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EMBRACING DEPARTMENTS DEVOTED TO

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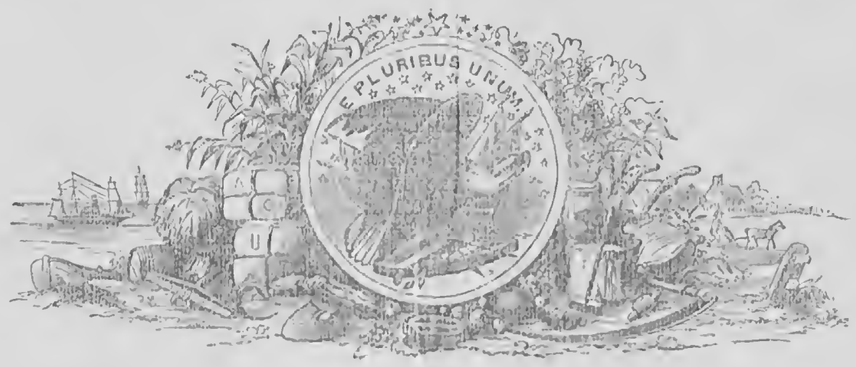

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INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS IN VOLUME XI.

BUILDINGS, PLANS, &C.

Academy, Cortland 121
Barn, A Convenient Stock 261
— Basement 261
— Main Floor 261
— Ground Plan for a 86
Bee House, An Ornamental 317
— — Ground Plan 317
Church, Garden st., New York 67
— Middle Dutch 67
Cottage, Plan for a 133
— Suburban, Design for 365
— — First Floor 365
— — Second Floor 365
Farm House, A Convenient 21
— — 1st Floor 21
— — 2d Floor 21
— — and Barn 85
— — — — Ground Plan 85
— — An Octagon 277
— — First Floor 277
— — Second Floor 277
— — Italian 5
— — Plan A—Ground Floor 5
— — — B— Ground Floor 5
— — Arrangement of Studs and Ribs 5
— — for the West, Cheap 349
— — — — First Floor 349
— — — — Second Floor 349
— — — — Carriage Room and Stable 349
— — Rural Cottage 37
— — — — First Floor 37
— — — — Second Floor 37
Piggery, plans for a 61, 94
— Plan for a 294
Residence of a Chinese Merchant 89
— — S. B. Rockwell 69
Sheep Barn and Sheds 405
"Sunnyside," Residence of Washington Irving 17
Villa, A Modern 141
— — — Ground Floor 141
— — — Second Floor 141
— of the Banyans 209
Washington Homestead—Mt. Vernon 65

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &C.

Apple-Packer, Robert Law's 310
Bee-Hive, An Octagon 22
Chicken Coop, Box 189
Chickory Plant 85
Conoidic Cistern 134
Corn Horse 302
— Husker, the American (3 Ill.) 246
— Planter, Prindle's Empire State and Prairie 29
Gooseberry Saw Fly 157
— — — Cocoon 157
— — — Grub 157
Grain Cleaner, Potter's Patent 189
Granary Weevil 157
— — Pupa 157
Hessian Fly—Female 157
Horse Rake, Lounsberry & Wilson's 196
Hydropult, the 270
Kohl-Rabi 77
Leaf-Cutting Bee—Megachile 53
— — — front view of Head 53
Leaf-Cutting Bee—Larva 53
May Weed 181
Onion Fly 45
— — Larva 45
— — Pupa 45
— — where it works 45
Ox-Eye Daisy 181
Pea Beetle 149
Phryganæ 93
— American Yellow Sally 93
— Larvæ 93
— Leptocerus 93
Plantain, Broad-Leaved 165
Plow, Carrington's Drain 101
— Ditching, Bartlett's 221
— Steam, Fawkes' 13
Plowman, Whitney's Patent 125
Quack Grass 133
Quitch Grass 397
Quinoa Plant 85
Scraper, Thomas' No-Patent 239
Seed-Sower, Clod-Pulverizer and Harrower, Hewitt's 237
Sheep Dipping Box 94
— Rack, Cheap 413
— — Portable Folding 413
Side Hills, Advantages of 229
Stump Elevator, Harris' 357
— Machine, Hand Power, Hall's 389
Tea Plant, Bohea 13
— — Common 13
— — Paraguay 13
Terracultor, The American 397
Tile, Circular 197
— Horse-Shoe 197
— Sole 197
Turnip, Purple-top Swede, Skirving's 77
— — — — Laing's Improved 77
— White Stone Globe 77
Wagon Brake, Brown's Improved 117
Wheat Fly, Female 157
— Stalk showing worms at work 157
Willow Peeler, Wood's Patent 301

DOMESTIC ANIMALS.

Bull, Short-horn, "Hiawatha" 149
— — — "Prince of Oxford" 21
Cow, Short-horn, "Grace" 213
— — — "Snowstorm" 253
— Galloway, Fat 45
Fowls 341
— Black Spanish 285
— — — Head of Cock and Hen 285
— Leg of Dorking 285
Heifer, Short-horn, "Hortense" 109
Horse, Black Hawk, "Live Yankee" 205
— Clydesdale Stallion 381
— Draft, "Champion" 123
— "Flying Wildfire" 309
— Senator Seward's Imported Arabian 333
Sheep, Group of Pure Bred Leicester 373

HORTICULTURAL.

Apple Borer 175
— Henwood Seedling 399
— Seedling 87
— Tree, Red Astrachan, Paradise Stock 167
— Yellow Bellefiower 7
Barberry 39
— Fruit 39
Blackberry, Dorchester 63
— New Rochelle 63
Buffalo Berry 119
Celery, Blanching 103
— How to Grow 103
Chair, Rustic 71
Cherry, Hovey 223
— Pontiac 223
— Red Jacket 223
— Reine Hortense 223
Chrysanthemum Perfection 367
— Perfect Form of 367
Climbing Cobea 127
Cranberry, Upland 63
Crocus, Cloth of Gold 119
Crown Imperials 191
Currant, Bang Up 247
— Bush, form of growth 87
— Cherry 247
— Plant Trained to Hoops 247
— Pruning the 247
— Training and Culture of the (5 Ill.) 247
— Tree, Form of growth 87
— Versaillaise 247
— Victoria 247
— White Grape 63
Eudryas grata 267
Feather Bush 183
Fritillaria Pluto 151
Gooseberry Saw-Fly 247
Grafting Knife 7, 87
— — Chisel 7
— — Wedge Point 7
Gaillardia 279
Grape, Cuyahoga 343
— Elizabeth 231
— Ontario 95
— Propagating the 295
Grass, Feather 375
— Quaking 375
Hand Glass 111
Helichrysum 375
Insects, Destructive—Pine Weevil 359
Narcissus, Common 159
— Polyanthus 159
Palmer Worm 183
Peach, Yellow Alberge 111
Pea-Nuts—Manner of Growth 135
Pear, Amire Joannet 239
— Belle Epine Dumas 39
— Beurre Andusson 287
— Clapp's Favorite 391
— Dana's Hovey 15
— Doyenne d'Ete 239
— Jaminette 47
— Little Musk 239
— Muscat Robert 239
— Prince's St. Jermain 39
— Tyson 175
— Winter Nelis 47
Phlox, Julia Roussel 31
Plum, Denniston's Superb 191
— Diapree Rouge 359
— Jaune Hative 239
— Jefferson 295
— McLaughlin 351
Plum, Mamelone 255
— Prince Englebert 255
— Royal De Tours 271
Procris Americana 207
Quince Cuttings, how to grow 87
Radish, Chinese Rose Winter 263
Raspberry, Ever-Bearing Black 391
Salpiglossis 255
Seat, Rustic 71
— — Section of Frame Work 71
Solandria Vitis 207
Slug Worm and Fly 207
Smyntharus Fuscus 159
Spergula Pilifera 151
Strawberry, Austin Shaker 207
— Jenny Lind 191
— Randolph Pine 199
— Scott's Seedling 199
— Wilson's Albany 199
Suburban Garden, Design for a 33
Summer House, Rustic 71
— — Ground Plan 71
— — Panels 71
Tree Mover 383
Trees Injured by Mice—Remedy for 119
— Packing 47
Trellis, New Grape (3 Ill.) 79
Trumpet Flower 199
Tulip, Duc Van Thol Single 143
Turk's Cap 135
Vine Scale Insect 191
Wardian Case 271
Yucca stricta 407
Zinnia Elegans 271

YOUNG RURALIST.

Birds, How to Stuff 173, 153
Chicken Coop—Box Form 49
— — Tent Form 49
Cocoa Fruit 105
— Leaf and Flower 105
— Tree 105
Grape, Propagating by Cuttings 353
Insects, Mode of Fastening to Setting Board 153
Mole, the 185
Pear-Shaped Moss 225
Royal Palmetto 225
Shrub, an Early Flowering 169
Squash, Pine Apple 9
Stonecrop 33
— Dissected 33
— Stamen and Pistil 33
Woodpecker, the 17

PORTRAITS.

Dollie Dutton, the "Little Fairy," 201
Washington Irving 9

MUSIC.

Hope is Shedding Holy Light 345
Let Flowers be Brought 169
Sing this Song with Me 369
Speak Ever Gently 401

HUMOROUS.

An Every-day Occurrence 92
Dissolving the Union 44
European Siamese Twins 108
How to Made Cheap Weeklies 396
Pike's Peak, First View of 20
Shakspeare Illustrated 52
The "Spirit of the Times" 132
The X-poser 68

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Clothes Bars 319
— — Their Construction 263
Durable and Economical Trimming 167
Knife Cleaner, a New 151
Quilting Frame, a Model 7
Washing Machine 175

NATURAL HISTORY.

Argus Pheasant 97
— — Plume of the 97
Cypress Tree (2 Ill.) 257
Harness-Deer 409
Humming Bird 185
Mole, the 185
Myriapoda—Centipedes, &c 305
Spiders, A Chapter on 337
Stuffing Birds 137, 153
Swans, Black-Necked 297
Travelers' Tree 40
Woodpecker, the 17

MISCELLANEOUS.

Animals of South Africa 393
Aurora, a view of 161
Canandaigua Lake, East Shore 233
— — Head of 233
— — West Side 385
Cayuga Bridge—Foot of Cayuga Lake 161
China, Mountain Scenery in 73
— the Golden Island 73
Coranuas and their Dwellings 377
Elephant hunting in the Forest 353
— — on the Plain 361
Falls of Fall Creek, near Ithaca 281
— — Taghanic, View of 193
Fulton Chain of Lakes 273
Hindoo Farm-Yard 129
Indian Threshing 129
Kaffirs, a Group of 313
— Bivouac of 329
Kingston, Canada West 137
Leg, Bly's Improved Artificial 145
— — — Blacksmith at Work 145
— — — Curved Joints 145
— — — Farmer at Work 145
— — — Section of 145
— — — Springs and Ankle Joint 145
London, Canada West 25
Map of Routes through the New York Wilderness 289
— — the Lake Region in Western and Central New York 321
Owasco Lake, Foot of 177
— — Near the Head 177
Seneca Lake, View on 249
— River, View on 321
Skaneateles Lake, View at the Head of 217
St. Anthony Falls 113
Sun, Eclipse of the 241
Trenton Falls 81

INDEX TO VOLUME XI.

Agricultural.

Acknowledgements, ...110, 310
Advertising, Free.......................... 23
Advice, Good, North or South,........126
— Logical 150
Agricultural and Mechanical Convention of Western New York,... 93
— — — Association of Western New York,.......................... 78
— Association, A New.................134
— — of Western New York,.....126, 142
— Cauldron and Steamer..............126
— College, Farm........................... 61
— — Michigan 23
— — New York..................6, 45, 158
— — State.....................................374
— Education.................................181
— Exhibitions, their Retrogression,.341
— Fairs for 1860............................ 46
— Improvement............................. 53
— Journal, A New.........................382
— Knowledge, Practical...............165
— Lectures.................................... 69
— Library......................................134
— Mechanics................................. 46
— Needs..125
— Patents......................................370
— Press, The.................................358
— Production, The Elements of......365
— Prospects in Illinois..................342
— Science in Genesee College,.......383
— Show in Australia......................214
— Shows, Canada..........................166
— Societies in California................110
— Society, Adams Town.................. 51
— — Allegany Co...........................174
— — A Western New York.......62, 178
— — Bainbridge Town..................... 46
— — Boylston Town........................ 30
— — Brockport Town.......................158
— — Brookfield Town...................... 30
— — Broome Co..............................293
— — Camden Town,......................... 30
— — Canaseraga Town..................... 46
— — Cayuga Co............................... 14
— — Cazenovia Town....................... 34
— — Chenung Co.............................. 78
— — Chenango Co............................ 30
— — Chittenango Town..................... 62
— — Clay Town................................ 38
— — Connecticut State..................... 22
— — Cortland Co.............................. 6
— — Coventry Town.......................... 22
— — Covert Town............................. 86
— — Delaware Co............................. 34
— — Erie Co..................................... 86
— — Essex Town............................... 38
— — Galen Town..............................102
— — Genesee Co................................ 30
— — Genoa Town.............................. 62
— — Gouverneur Town....................... 62
— — Hurlland Town........................... 46
— — Hector Town.............................. 86
— — Hemlock Lake Town.................... 70
— — International............................ 30
— — Iowa State................................. 78
— — Jackson Co. (Mich.).....................166
— — Jefferson Co.............................. 30
— — Lenox Town............................... 30
— — Little Falls Town......................... 22
— — Livingston Co............................. 22
— — Lodi Town............................51, 91
— — Marathon Town.........................102
— — Michigan State...........................331
— — Monroe Co.............22, 118, 158, 182, 206
— — Moravia Town............................ 51
— — New Hampshire State................. 22
— — New York State.................38, 182, 246
— — — — Annual Meeting,..... 61
— — — — Premiums, ... 51
— — — — Transactions 366
— — Niagara Co................................ 22
— — Ohio State................................. 6
— — Oneida Co.................................. 30
— — Onondaga Co............................. 22
— — Ontario Co...........................51, 166
— — Oregon State.............................174
— — Orwell Town.............................. 30
— — Oswego Co................................. 14
— — Otsego Co.................................. 14
— — Palmyra Town............................. 86
— — Philadelphia............................... 30
— — Rensselaer Co............................. 38
— — Richland Town............................. 30
— — Rodman Town.............................. 51
— — Sandy Creek Town........................ 30
— — Schuyler Co.................................. 22
— — Scipio Town.................................. 62
— — Seneca Co..................................... 38
— — Skaneateles Town.......................... 23
— — Smithville Town............................ 63
— — Springport Town............................ 62
— — Springville Town............................ 38
— — Steuben Co.................................... 22
— — St. Lawrence Co.............................. 30
— — Susquehanna Valley........................ 46
— — Tompkins Co.................................. 51
— — Tonawanda Valley........................... 22
— — Ulysses Town................................. 86
— — Union Town.............................14, 22
— — United States........................11, 22, 150
— — — — Annual Fair, &c..........406
— — Venice Town 62
— — Vermont State................................ 30
— — Washtenaw Co. (Mich.).....................102
— — Wayne Co....................................... 38
— — Willsboro Town............................... 38
— — Winfield Town................................. 28
— Warehouse Catalogue, A Model...366
Agriculture and Gov. Fairbanks, ...350
— European..53, 245, 277, 263, 309, 349, 373, 389, 405
— Gov. Morgan on......................... 14
— Improvement in......................... 77
— in China.....................................174
— Indiana State Board of................ 38
— Massachusetts Board of...............142
— Ohio State Board of....................406
— Poetry of...................................117
Agriculturists Appreciated,..............357
Alders, Destroying..........................118
Almanacs, Don't Make..................... 38
American Horse-Powers and Reapers, 53
— Yellow Sally, [Illustrated,].......... 94
Animals, Fattening—Stalls and Sheds.286
— In the Highway—The Law,....222, 270
— Light for....................................382
— Our Domestic—Hygiene,..............229
— To protect from Flies..................198
Apple Parker, Robert Law's [Ill.].....310
Architecture................................... 37
Artisan, The..................................126
Ashes, Plaster, &c.......................... 86
— Stone Coal.................................. 14
Autumnal Notes and Thoughts.........277
Ax-Grinding at Agricultural Fairs,....269
Ayrshire Cattle,..............................166
"Bacon, Singed"............................. 6
Barley, Beardless............................ 6
— Genesee in New York Market.....262
— Superior Winter.........................198
— Why it so often fails in Western New York......................142
Barn, A Convenient Stock [Illustrated]261
— Cellars...................................... 54
— Doors, Hanging..........................254
— Yard...174
— Yards, How to make..................... 86
Barns upon Side Hills,......................238
Barometers,...................................112
Beans for Sheep and Cows................ 14
— Sticking.....................................182
Bee Combs, How to Secure Straight...134
— — Renewal of,............................118
— — — Brood.................................131
— Culture..................................22, 118
— Dress..102
— Drones, How to Exterminate.........282
— "Frolic,"...................................294
— Hive, Large................................262
— — Octagon [Illustrated.]............. 22
— — Reducing size of.....................214
— Honey of the...............................246
— — Removing Boxes of....270, 310, 366
— House, An Ornamental [Ill.]..........317
— — Gilmore..................................134
— — Wanted...................................294
— Houses.......................................350
— Keeper in Great Trouble................334
— Keeping......................................102
— — as a business............................ 70
— Profitable,................................6, 86
— to make profitable........................ 70
— Ventilating Hives......................... 6
— Leaf-Cutting [Illustrated,]............ 53
— Moth, The..............................182, 198
— Queen..230
— — how produced,..........................150
— — the, and her Progeny.......38, 86, 134
— Second Swarms.............................134
— Sting..270
— — Curing.....................................166
— Stings, Sure Cure for.....................214
— Sweets for the People,................... 6
— Wonders of the [Illustrated,]......... 53
Bees,...103
— About Wintering............................366
— a Familiar Conversation about,......350
— Age of... 38
— Artificial Honey Combs,.................294
Bees, Bee Hives, &c..........................166
— Effects of Chloroform on............... 22
— Facts about.................................246
— for California,........................ 38, 398
— How I Hive and Manage..................262
— — to Hive them,.............................230
— in California,................................294
— — Tompkins County,......................366
— — Winter,..................................... 23
— Inquiries about.............................214
— Italian,..........................134, 182, 262, 278
— Selecting a Home,..........................102
— Stingless, from South America,.......278
— Swallows destroying 131
— Taking Honey from........................102
— Wax..102
Beef Barrels for Pork Packing,.............126
Beets for Poultry,................................350
— Large,..406
— White Sugar and Mangel Wurzel,.....141
Bird, A Curious..................................86
— Butcher..126
— — The...110
Blackbirds and Corn.............................173
Black Hawks the best Roadsters......... 46
Bloody Milk..189
Bone Dust and Guano.......................... 14
Bones for Fertilizing purposes.............214
— Reducing to Powder........................ 46
Books for Ruralists.............................126
Boulders, Splitting..............................126
Bovines, More large Junior...................230
Broom Corn... 6
— — About...................................38, 253
— — again... 86
— — Culture of.................................. 62
— — — on the Prairies.......................126
— — Dwarf...286
— — Press..270
— — Whitening.............................374, 390
Broome Co. Ag. Society—Progress, &c.293
Buckwheat,...213
— as Food for Cattle,..........................251
— for Fattening Stock,.........................270
— Turning under.................................286
Buffalo Robes, To remove scent from..234
Builder's Farm Book, Transcript of.... 54
Buildings, New Roofing.......................254
Bushes, Eradication of.........................286
Butter, How much Milk for a pound... 70
— Keeping through the Summer,.........175
— Making,.................................173, 285
— — Profitable.................................. 94
— — Report on..................................285
— Packing 358
— To Sweeten Rancid 30
Buttermilk, Scales in.............262, 302, 310
Call, A large......................................190
— — Weighty....................................214
California Farmer,...............................110
— Wool Growing in............................150
Calves, A Question in Metaphysics,.....245
— Care of..357
— Four at a birth..............................286
— How to raise.................................158
— Mangy... 70
— Raising..271
— Scours in.......................................318
— Sickness among the........................214
— Sugar Beets for..............................406
— What ailed the................................126
— with Sheep,....................................382
— Wintering 6
Canada, A visit to...............................349
— Cereals..262
— From..350
— Thistle....................................165, 174
— — How to destroy...........................246
Carelessness, Premiums on...................262
Carrots and Mangel Wurzel...................118
— Cleaning 190
— Culture of.......................................251
— Decaying, Are they Poisonous,...........198
— for Horses—How to Feed..................282
— Growing.. 78
Cattle, Ayrshire....................................166
— Breeder's Convention........................ 86
— Comforts for..................................... 51
— Disease...206
— — in Massachusetts,..............94, 141, 171
— — — Eastern New York,..................211
— — — England,..................................157
— — The new.......................................150
— *Diseases of*
— — Black Leg—Nature and Treatment,..133
— — — Remedy for...............................206
— — Black Tongue.................................390
— — Bloat in 238
— — Bony Tumors.................................. 14
— — Films, Curing................................ 46
— — — How to cure............................... 70
— — Foul in the Foot,......................197, 311
— — Garget..223
— — — Effects of Iodine..................108, 2 4
— — Lice on.. 94
— — — To Kill..................................142, 182
— — Mange in,......................................358
— — Murrain, Bloody.............................. 63
— — Pulmonary......................................206
— — Pharyngitis....................................222
— — Pleuro-Pneumonia..............94, 101, 50
— — — Diagnosis of,...............................230
— — — Or what.......................................232
— — Warts, Curing..................................171
— — — on.....................................142, 166
— Eyes of 270
— Fat, from Nebraska.............................134
— — Iowa... 70
— Fattening on Hay.................................358
— Handling in choice of...........................406
— Hornless... 46
— Horse Chestnuts for.............................142
— Housing..310
— Live and Dead Weight of....................... 38
— Native..294
— Polled—Fat Galloway Cow [Ill.].............. 45
— Purification of Water for......................405
— Premium 51
— Soiling..2 3, 349
— Stalls..166
— — Sparred Floors for.............................. 70
— Steaming Food for.................................. 30
— The Mooly Question...............................158
— Time for Breeding...................................398
— Turning out 301
— Use of the Curry-Comb............................310
— Valuation of in Massachusetts.................382
— Watering in Winter.................................406
Cauldron and Steamer, Agricultural, 126, 310
Cellar Bottoms, Cementing..........................333
— Root, above Ground.................................230
Census, Taking the......................................270
Charcoal as a Manure...................................213
Cheese, English Dairy.51, 119, 142, 350, 358
— Goshen..334
— Keeping in Winter..................................... 14
— Limburgh..366
— Making in Winter................................6, 110
— Pine-Apple...143
— Poisonous..262
— — Pressing—Heavy or Light,.....................126
— Yankee..286
Chicory...85, 102
— Plant, [Illustrated,].................................. 85
Chickens, Remedy for Gapes in....230, 291
Children of Farmers, Educating...................374
China, Agriculture in...................................174
Churn, an Air-Pressure..................................110
— Bog, A Patent 382
Cider Filter, Construction of..........................371
— Making in Connecticut,................................ 30
— Mill, The best...222
Cistern, Barn...166
Cisterns, Measuring and Building [Ill] 133
— Water...398
Clayey Soils, Culture of 270
Clydesdale Stallion, [Illustrated,]....................331
Clod-Crusher,... 78
— — Again,...157
— — Reply to A. B. Dickinson,.........................197
Clover,...143
— Analysis of,.. 86
— in an Orchard,.. 51
— Seed, Growing...118
— White...102
Colt, Management of a.....................................279
Colts, Training to Walk and Drive,.....................358
Concrete Buildings,..166
Corn, a Machine for Shelling, Cleaning, &c...262
— American,... 30
— and Blackbirds,...173
— — Grubs,..150
— Applying Manure to...128
— Boiled for Food,..366
— Chamomile, to destroy,.....................................238
— Crop, A big,..142
— — of Kentucky,.. 14
— — — the West...398
— — Safe,..310
— Culture, ...125
— Dry for Hogs,..382
— Egyptian...126, 312
— — Humbugs,...365
— — More about,...258
— — That...334
— for Turning Under,..190
— Grinding in the Ear,..254
— Harvesting, ...302
— Hilling and Level Culture,....................................221
Corn, Hoeing...189
— Horse, [Illustrated,]..302
— House, A Cheap..182
— How to grow 110
— Husker, American, [Illustrated,]..........................245
— Indian, for Fodder,...174
— Iowa,..294
— Keeping in Cribs,..350
— King Philip, Improving,...2 4
— Land, Grubs in 198
— Manure for.. 142
— Pearl, About 118
— Planter, Prindle's Empire and Prairie, [Illustrated,].................. 29
— Preparing Ground for...150
— Salt for 182
— Seed, How to select...150
— — Saving..318
— — — Baden's Method of..390
— — Smoking...174, 286
— shall it be topped or cut up.....................................302
— Sheller,..358
— — Improved "No-Patent"...390
— Shocking, [Illustrated,]...302
Correspondents, To.......................................38, 70, 406
Cottage, Design for a Suburban [Ill.]...........................366
— Plan for a [Illustrated,]...143
Cotton, Culture of,...198
— Seed Cake for Feeding,...270
— — for Meal,..174
Country, Great men close their lives in the 30
Countryman in the City...285
Cow, A Good,...190
— Farrow, Experience with a....................................166, 233
— Losing her Hair,.. 62
— Mammoth.. 70
— Sucking herself, How to prevent,..............................302
— The Calving..254
— What shall I do for my..374
Cows, Cost and Profit,...390
— — Quaker..106
— Drying off Milch...262, 302
— Frost-Bitten feet in..390
— Garget in..310
— Leaking their Milk,..174, 233
— Milch, Driving,...286
— — Rearing and Training...119
— Oil Cake for..126
— Water for...103
Cream and Milk, Yield of..358
— an Excess of in Curd...251
— Management of, in Cold Weather,..................................366
Crickets, Destroying..206
Crops and the Weather,...214, 222
— in Canada,...190
— — Central Iowa...262
— — Genesee County,..238
— — Illinois,..222
— — Ireland,..209
— — New York, are they decreasing.. 61
— — Ohio, ...222
— — — Premium 6
— — Southern Kentucky..220
— — — Wisconsin...190
— — the West,..198
— — Virginia,..262
Cultivation, Thorough most Profitable.206
Cultivators, Facts for..181
Cut Worms, Tobacco for...112
Dairy Farmer, The..174
— Painted Vessels for the..214
— Products at the N. Y. State Fair,...326
— Questions,...134
— Stock, Selection and Management of..350
Dairying on the Prairies,...70
Dairymen, A Caution to...398
Dairymen, A Query for 46
Daisy, Ox-Eye..165
— — — [Illustrated,]...181
Debts, Western, About...110
Discussions at the N. Y. State Fair,..325
Ditching, Day's Work at..118
— Experience in..171
— Inquiries about...158
Dog-Power,.. 61
Dogs, An excellent use for...301
Domestic Department of the N. Y. State Fair, ...326
Don't Know...358
Draining, About...230
— — To J. T...238
— Experience in..321
— Non Improvers in the Way..331
— Public Roads,...350
— Why it is beneficial,...310
Drains and Drain Tile, [Illustrated,]..197
— Disturbance of Tile.. 94
— in Quicksand and Marshes,...214
— Laying in Quicksand...182, 198
— Open *vs.* Covered... 6
Drill, A good Grain...216
Drouth in Southern Kentucky..278
Ducks, Laying low for Black,...371
— Raising..166
Eggs, Large 206
English Agricultural Implements,...278
— Harvest, The 277
Evidence, go according to...413
Fair, Clymer 230
— Crawford County, (Pa.)...311
— Dundee...350
— Genesee County...238
— Holley, Monthly Market..278
— Horse, International...254
— Illinois State...86, 318
— Indiana State...326
— Jefferson County..334
— Livingston County..78, 331
— Medina...302
— Michigan State...270, 326
— Monroe County...286, 310
— New York State..294, 310, 326, 334
— — — — Premiums...366
— Ohio State...326
— Ontario County..326
— Oswego County..326
— Provincial, Canada West,..270, 310
— Seneca County...326
— St. Louis..318, 334
— Tennessee State..222, 262
— United States Agricultural 230, 310, 326, 350
— Virginia State...222
Fairs, Agricultural...262
— County 286
— for 1860,...278, 294
— Maj. Plowhandle on "Running".. 61
— State,...102
Famine Prophesied in Europe,..230
Farm Ag. College, New York 61
— Fencing,...110
— House, A Convenient [Illustrated,] 21
— — and Barn, [Illustrated,]... 85
— — An Octagon [Illustrated,]..377
— — Cheap, for the West [Illustrated]349
— — Italian [Illustrated.].. 5
— — Rural Gothic [Illustrated,].. 37
— Labor-Hours for Eating and Working,..325
— Operations for November..378
— Record, Comprehensive...126
— School, Ohio.. 39
— Small Suburban, Wanted 102
— Work for June,...197
Farmer, and his Friends,..101
— Business qualities of the..110
— Nothing but a.. 94
— The Progressive, Successful.. 70
Farmers, aged—how they may enjoy life 198
— A Golden Rule for 222
— Educating their Children,..374
— Clubs, ... 46
— English *vs.* American..214
— Facts for...142
— Home,.. 70
— Meteorology for..229
— Out-Buildings, [Illustrated,] 413
— Position of the..406
— Young, Advice to.. 54
Farming, Does it Pay..301
— in Kane Co., Illinois...350
— is Business..390
— Knowledge required in...405
— Labor-Saving Machinery in..269
— Profits of...174
— Thorough..245
Feed and Water, warm in Winter,..358
— Steaming...118
Feeding and Manuring, High...6, 37
— Hints on... 6
— The Art of.. 77
Fences and other matters... 85
— More about..142
— Straight, again...205
Fence, Making 313
— Post and Rail,...150
— Posts and Salt,..286
— — How to Preserve...110
— — Setting 158
Fencing, A Chapter on...334
— Patent Wire..158
Fish Culture, ...110
Fleas, Destroying...230, 254
— Those, Again..262
— To get rid of..262
— — Kill...262
Flies. To Protect Animals from..198
Flower Seeds,.. 86
— — the Trade..198
Fodder, Corn Stalks for...318
Fodder, Saving and Using Rough......350
— — by Using Grain,........................ 63
— Value of Straw for 53
Food, Waste of,..............................381
Forests, Destruction of..................... 30
Fowls, Black Spanish,..........38, 102, 126
— — — [Illustrated,]........................285
— Caponizing...................................238
— Docking, Legs of [Illustrated,]........285
— Gapes in [Illustrated,]....................189
— Lice on 62, 126
— Silver Spangled Bantams, [Ill.]......341
— White Spanish............................118
Galloway Cow, Fat [Illustrated,]...... 45
Game Law, A New............................166
Geese, Picking by Machinery............ 14
— White Wild....................................110
Genesee College, Ag'l Science in......383
Gentian,...262
Good and Evil,..................................277
Gooseberry Saw-Fly [Illustrated,]....167
Grain and Roots for Exhibition,.........181
— Cleaner, Potter's Patent [Ill.].......189
— Drill, A Good 246
— Drilling and Cultivating...............134
— Measurer,..................................... 14
— *vs.* Hay, Straw, &c.................37, 61
Granary Weevil, [Illustrated,]..........157
Grass, Couch..............................174, 198
— Crop of Seneca County,...............182
— — — — and Pork Raising.............190
— Farm, A Good..............................262
— for an Orchard,.............................270
— Hungarian 22, 142
— — Why it should not be grown....286
— Killing Couch or Quack [Ill.]........ 33
— Land, Fall Feeding.........................370
— Lands of Seneca County.................. 46
— Quitch [Illustrated,].....................397
— Seed, Plowing in...........................286
— Stock Growing, &c........................206
Grubs in Corn Land,...........................198
Guano.. 46
— and Bone Dust............................... 14
Guanos, Comparative Value of,..........317
— Effects of..................................... 29
"Happy New Year,"............................ 6
Harness, Oil for...............................318
Harvest, A Late................................342
— and Crops....................................238
— Field, Thoughts in the..................238
— Prospects in Illinois.....................342
Harvesting in Wet Weather,..............349
Hay Caps, About..............................238
— Old... 62
— Pea Vine......................................318
— Unloading....................................318
— *vs.* Grain...................................... 6
Haying and Harvesting, Labor of.....206
— Tools and Implements...................191
Hedges for Protection,.....................110
Hens Eating their Eggs,....................230
— Feeding in Winter 358
— Killing Chickens..........................238
— To Keep from Sitting.........182, 198
Herd-Book, American.......................374
Hessian Fly, The [Illustrated,]....157, 246
Hog Pens—Profit of Raising Pork,....181
Hogs, Boiled Corn for.......................302
— Chester County 294
— Fatten Early.................................310
— Fattening................................14, 342
— — on Dry Corn..............................382
— Feeding Sorghum to 30
— Fermentation of Food,..................342
— Good Points of.............................110
— Hay for Wintering 46
— Heavy 22
— No Mange in Black 318
Homestead, Beautify the 390
Hominy Machine..............................358
Horn Scrapings for Manure,..............174
Horse, Black Hawk, "Live Yankee," [Illustrated,] 295
— Clydesdale Stallion, [Illustrated,].381
— "Consternation,"....................110, 171
— *Diseases of the*
— — Bone Spavin............................ 38
— — — — Remedy for,.................... 78
— — Colds.......................................197
— — Colic in................................270, 310
— — Contracted Cords......................251
— — Corns on 6, 14
— — — Evils of same........................173
— — — Those....................................198
— — Cough in...................................310
— — Crib-Biting 232
— — Dislocated stifle........................262
— — Eyes, Diseased...........................158
— — — Sore......................................118
— — Films, Curing,............................ 46
— — Galled......................................102
— — Heaves, Remedy for...........11, 318
— — Lampas.....................................134
— — Lockjaw....................................358
— — Lumps on the Shoulders..............251
— — Lung Fever in.............................302
— — Moon-Blindness..........................261
— — Poll-Evil....................................190
— — — — Cause and Remedy.............143
— — — — Once more,........................174
— — — — Treatment of....................158
— — Ringbone on............................. 76
— — — Remedy for............................118
— — — To Cure..........................54, 86
— — Sandcrack.................................342
— — Scratches, Cure for..............102, 190
— — — Remedy for............................ 86
— — — The.................................78, 158
— — Shoulder-Slipt.......................142, 214
— — Spavin, Blood............................150
— — Splent......................................286
— — Sprains, Treatment of................. 46
— — Springhalt..........................62, 197
— — Staggers....................................230
— — Sweeny.....................................118
— — — Another Remedy....................166
— — — Cure for..............................134
— — — Remedy for...........................134
— — Thoroughpin.........................38, 357
— Doctor, A New..............................371
— Flesh at Pur................................390
— Flying Stallion, "Wild-Fire," [Ill.]309
— How much Hay will keep a.............102
— Market, New York......................... 94
— Points of Merit in a Farm 390
— Senator Seward's Imported Arabian [Illustrated.]..........................322
— Show, Free 134
— — — of Monroe County,........150, 222
— — International.............................286
— — National....................................171
— — — at Kalamazoo, Mich...............238
— — Orleans County...........................174
— — Springfield 302
— What ailed the.............................246
Horse Chestnuts for Cattle and Poultry,...142
Horses, Beds of Sand for,..................254
— Best Farm.....................................173
— Breeding—Reform Needed,..............294
— Care of Young................................126
— Docking and Nicking...............237, 286
— English..277
— Eyes of..270
— Weak in 318
— Facts about Feeding.....................390
— Fast Walking................................118
— — — and Oxen..............................102
— — — Premium for............................190
— Gov. Seward's Arabian 382
— Grooming and Blanketing................206
— how to Feed...................................406
— Mr. Seward's Arab..........................342
— Pasturing.......................................222
— Shoulders of...................................206
— Should they be kept near Oxen,.......131
— Stable Floors for............................ 51
— Stabling...109
— — with Cows.................................... 46
— the kind we Need...........................309
— Vermont, for Napoleon, ...270
— *vs.* Mules.......................................206
How and where shall we begin........... 39
— Many...382
Humbugs, Swallowing 62
Hungarian Grass,......................22, 143
— — and Millet...................................310
— — Why it Injures Stock,....................358
— — — should not be grown................286
— — with Timothy...............................126
Hussey, Obed, Death of......................262
Hydropult, The [Illustrated,]...............270
Ice-House, An Out-of-door.................. 62
— — How to build an........................... 14
— — Plan for an 333
Ice-Houses, About.............................398
Illinois, Agricultural Prospects in.......342
— Harvest Prospects..........................302
Implements, &c., at the N. Y. State Fair,...326
— English Agricultural.......................278
— Farm, take care of the....................286
— Seeds, &c.. 91
Improve the Mind and the Soil,..........397
Information Wanted, ...86, 94, 254
Inquiries and Answers,......................102
— and Notes....117, 173, 189, 197, 221, 229, 269, 285, 333, 311, 357, 373, 397
— Answered,.......................................310
Inquiry,...158
Insects and Weeds, Imported [Ill.]157, 165
Intelligent Appreciation,....................118
Items,..390
Iowa, Progress in..............................198
Jerusalem Artichokes,........................ 94
Johnston, John, My Jo,...................... 46
— — Testimonial to 6
Kansas—Crops, Climate, &c...............301
— Drouth Sheep Raising, &c.................374
— for Sheep Husbandry.......................374
— Rain in...350
— Short Crops in.................................365
Kohl-Rabi, [Illustrated,] 77
— The..118
Labor Effects of Steam Farming on... 53
— Saving In-doors—Women's Rights 390
— System in......................................302
Laboring Days in a Month,.................182
Lambs, Summer Care of.....................149
Leptocerus, [Illustrated,] 93
Light for Animals...............................383
Lightning Rods.............................94, 126
— — again,...142
— — How to Construct.......................293
Lime and Ashes.................................117
— — Wheat...382
— Gas, Shell and Stone, Compared....350
— — Application of............................405
Living Memento, A..............................134
Locusts are coming............................. 94
Long Island Farming Lands, ... 22
Low lands that will bear a team,........286
Lucerne, ... 62
Lumpy Ground, Remedy for...............214
Machines, Be careful with the...........270
Mangel Wurzel,...........................94, 141
— — and Carrots..................................118
— — How to grow..........................150, 166
— — Planting, ...133
Manure, Animal 222
— Bone...358
— — Value of......................................373
— Charcoal as a..................................213
— Composting....................................373
— Heaps, Fermentation in..................357
— — To keep from Heating 382
— Hen... 63
— Horn Scrapings for..........................174
— Liquid...269
— — Tanks for....................................405
— New Concentrated...........................290
— Salt as a..126
— Sawdust for.................................... 62
— Spreading 14
Manures, A Chapter on...................... 21
— Adulteration of 245
— Facts about.................................... 5
Manurial Experiments, Prizes for...... 38
Manuring and Feeding, High........6, 37
— in the Hill.....................................118
— Pastures and Meadows,........109, 158
— The Surface............................206, 238
Maple Sugar, Extra..........................102
— — Making....................................... 38
May Weed, [Illustrated,]....................181
Meadows... 69
— Burning Straw on...........................190
— Manuring.................................109, 158
— Reclaiming Worn out...............366, 406
— Salt in Laying Down......................228
— Sward-Bound................................... 30
Medal, A Beautiful 278
Metaphysics, A Question in...............245
Meteorology for Farmers,..................229
Michigan, Good for...........................118
Milk and Cream, Yield of 358
— Bloody 189, 198, 230
— Heating.. 14
— how it is Condensed,...................... 29
— Lumpy..230
— Paris 358
— Room, Constructing a....................206
— Scalding.......................................222
Milking often...................................291
— Quick and Steady..........................158
— Regularity in.................................230
— The Art of....................................222
Minnesota—Lands, Crops, Prospects,.262
Mixing of Varieties............................126
Mole Catching...................................318
Moolys *vs.* Short-horns,....................118
Mowing and Reaping Machine, The best.................................. 30
— Machines, American......................302
Muck, Pond,.....................................166
— Treatment of................................371
Mules *vs.* Horses,............................206
Mushroom Beds................................262
Mutton as an article of Food,.............190
National Circulation, A.....................358
Natural History and Rambling [Ill.]... 93
New Hampshire, Season and Crops in.302
New-Yorker, Canvassing for the 22
Not Preference, but Equality............. 14
— this Paper....................................366
Noxious Weeds.................................253
Oats, Fine..251
— — Canada.....................................310
Obituary.. 22
Ohio Cultivator,................................ 70
— Farmer,.. 70
Oil for Boots and Harness,................318
"One thing Needful."........................261
Onion Fly, [Illustrated,].................... 45
— — Remedy for the........................... 62
— Wild, To Destroy...........................194
Onions... 62
— A Crop of...................................... 62
— Beds of, Salt for Killing Weeds.....126
— Growing.......................................126
Ownership the great Stimulus,..........110
Ox, A Heavy..................................... 70
— Cart, The Old...............................173
Oxen, Don't Abuse the.....................302
— Managing and Feeding.................. 14
— Whipping.....................................366
Ox-Eye Daisy, [Illustrated,]..............181
— — — How to Kill............................234
Painting Roofs,................................110
— Houses, Best Time for..................390
Palmerston, Lord, on Rural Affairs,.... 22
Paper from the Sorghum,................... 38
Paris, High Living in.......................102
Parsnip, The.....................................141
Passing our Misfortunes along.......... 46
Pastures, Long.................................206
— Meadows, and Keeding Stock,........ 69
— Manuring.............................109, 158
Pasturing in the Highway..............78, 162
Patent Office—To be Continued........ 22
Pea Beetle, [Illustrated,]..................149
— Bug, How to Destroy 158
— Culture of the 149
— Vine Hay 318
Peas Sticking...................................182
Percival's Veterinarian,...................158
Phenomenon, a singular...................406
Phryganea, Larva of [Illustrated,]..... 93
Picture, Is this anybody's................ 78
Pigeon Weed, or Red Root,...............165
Pig, An Extra................................... 38
Piggery, Plan for a [Illustrated,]...... 61
— — of a [Illustrated,].................... 94
Pig-Pen, Plans for a [Illustrated]....14, 291
Pigs, Clovers for..............................293
— Fine Berkshire..............................301
— In Clover,....................................118
— Lameness in..................................198
— Teaching to Eat Slow,....................366
— What ails the....................174, 190
— Young, Mange in..........................286
Pitchfork, Gladding's Horse,..............190
Plantain,...165
— Broad-Leaved, [Illustrated,] 165
Plain Talk.. 22
Planters' Convention, Southern.........278
Planting Bag, Convenient 166
Plants, Interesting and Useful........... 85
Plaster, Ashes, &c.,.......................... 86
— Sowing.................................102, 118
— Use of 173
Pleuro-Pneumonia......................94, 101
— — Diagnosis of.............................230
— — or What....................................222
Plow, A New and Good.....................118
— Another New................................294
— Ditching, Bartlett's [Illustrated,]....221
— — — A Success............................406
— Drain, Carrington's, [Illustrated,].....101
— Holder, A New..............................118
— Steam, Fawke's [Illustrated,]......... 13
— — The..174
— Subsoil... 54
— The Steel..................................... 94
— Universal 390
Plowing by Steam,...........................142
— — — a fixed fact,...........................150
— Match, A Novel............................. 14
— — Woman's Rights at a.................242
Plowhandle's, Maj., Writings,........... 86
Plowman, Whitney's Patent [Illustrated,].125
Pork, Packing in Beef-Barrels,...........126
— Profit of Raising 181
— Raising 190
— — in Western New York,................365
— Why it Shrinks in the Pot,............. 78
Postage on the Rural, ... 22
Potato, A New Enemy to the...............246
— Blight,..293
— Colebrook Seedling........................134
— Crop and Disease..........................253
— Digger, ...110
— — A New.......................................246
Potato Disease...........................14, 333
— Garnet, Chili 126
— Introduction into France,..............270
— Raising, ... 22
— Rot, The......................134, 302, 358, 366
Potatoes, again................................173
— and their Culture.......................... 61
— Best Distance for..........................126
— Big Crop of.................................. 54
— Depth for Planting......................... 62
— Diseased, Cutting the tops of.........269
— Experiment with 21
— Fact about 125
— for Seed, ...357
— from Michigan...............................158
— — the West,................................... 94
— Keeping 302, 318
— Mixing in the Hill..........................397
— Peach Blow and Davis' Seedling.....166
— Planting 174
— Seedling.......................................293
— Sweet, Keeping 334
— To keep from Rotting.....................285
— — — in the Cellar.........................310
— Will Spring Frosts Injure................ 78
— Yield of..166
Poultry, Horse Chestnuts for............142
Poverty of the Subsoil,....................229
Practical Sermons from Short Texts....390
Premiums, Liberal 270
President, Who'll be........................ 54
Promoted..302
Prospective Sterility, ...85, 213
— — Objections answered 333
— — once more..................................263
— — Question....................................229
— — Re-affirmed.................................2-6
— — Reply to H. T. B.........................254
Pump, A Good Wanted.......................358
Queen Victoria's Stables and Horses,...302
Quinoa,.. 85
— Plant, [Illustrated,]....................... 85
Rain, Production of.......................... 54
Rarey among the Arabs....................182
Rawhide, Use of...............................390
Read the Terms................................318
Reapers and Mowers,.......................166
— Great Trial of..............................230
— Trial of 198
Reaping Machines on the Prairies,.....286
Rennet,.. 14
Reporters, Premiums to.................... 38
Request and Offer Timely.................331
Residence of S. B. Rockwell, Esq., [Ill.]... 69
Roads, Abuse of...............................190
— Draining Public 354
Roofs, Painting................................110
— Shingle, Preserving......................334
Roofing Materials.............................397
Roofing Tile and Snow for................373
Rooms, How to Finish......................382
Root Cellar,.....................................230
— Crops 77
— — for Live Stock............................373
— Culture of.....................................141
Roots and Grain for Exhibition,........181
— Harvesting 342
Rural, Advertising in the..................278
— Annual, A Good............................366
— Appreciated.................................310
— Everybody goes for the.................374
— Exhibitions for 1860,....................246
— Fall Campaign,.............................342
— Gleanings,....................................254
— In California,...............................342
— Index to the..................................270
— In Michigan..................................406
— Items,.. 70
— Lectures at Yale............................374
— Letters from the People.................398
— New-Yorker Advancing..................390
— — — and one of its Imitators.........390
— — the, its Past, Present and Future,...................................413
— Postage on the............................. 22
— Press of America.......................... 38
— Progress, Reporting...................... 38
— Building Advertisement,................382
— Show-bill for 1861 382
— The, A Gradual but Sure Increase..... 51
— — a New Year and Volume............. 5
— — Progressing 51
Ruta Baga Seeds..............................102
— Large...406
Rye Crop...206
Salt as a Manure,.............................126
— and Fence Posts 286
— for Killing Weeds in Onion Beds.....126
— in laying down Meadow Land.........238
— — the Spring.................................190
Saw-Dust for Manure........................ 62
— — Oak and Hemlock, for Bedding.... 62
Saw-Mill, Portable 118
Scientific American,..........................230
Scraper, Thomas' No-Patent [Illustrated].230
Season and Crops..................174, 190, 246
— — — in England.............................398
— — — In New Hampshire..................302
— The...150
— — Results and Labors,...................317
Seasonable Hints..............................329
— Notes..237
Seed, Change of 214
— Sower, Clod-Pulverizer and Harrower, Hewitt's [Illustrated,]................237
Seeds and Cuttings from Syria, ...286
— Destroy the...................................285
— Implements, &c., ...94, 238
— Influence of Extreme Cold on.........350
— Soaking before Sowing................... 70
— — in Chemical Solutions,...............174
Shade Trees, Premiums on................168
Sheep, About...................................203
— A Day among the..........................191
— and Dogs...................................... 54
— — Sheep-Driving...........................270
— An Experiment in Feeding............. 70
— Apparatus for Salting...................342
— Barn and Sheds [Illustrated,].........403
— Breeds of 245
— — — English...................................389
— Calves with 382
— Cotswold, Good.............................102
— — The...389
— Cutting Food for............................350
— Discussion on................................342
— *Diseases of*
— — Brain 165
— — Foot-Rot in................................ 13
— — Pulling their Wool,................86, 102
— — Scab in............86, 118, 158, 174, 182
— — — Remedy for............................110
— — Scours in...................................173
— — Ticks on 94, 102
— Facts about..................................302
— Grain for Breeding Ewes,................149
— Hampshire Downs 389
— Hay for one...................................294
— High-Feeding of............................406
— How I saved my............................. 94
— — shall I save my........................... 30
— — to save the................................ 46
— Husbandry, Profits of,...................158
— Leicesters.....................................389
— — Group of Pure [Illustrated,]........371
— Lincolnshire.................................381
— Management, Hints on......102, 149, 165
— Marking..165
— Mauchamp-Merino,.......................303
— Oxfordshire 89
— Pulling the Wool from others.........134
— Raising in Kansas..........................374
— Salted, Water for 22
— Salting..................................62, 86
— — Food for............................102, 142
— Save the....................................... 51
— Shearing at Palmyra......................262
— — Exhibition..................................214
— Shropshire 389
— South Down...................................389
— Summer Care of, and Lambs,...........149
— Tagging 171
— to Protect from Dogs,.....................102
— Valuable from Ontario County.........102
— Vermont, in the Pacific States,.......142
— *vs.* Dog.......................................285
— Weight of Hay for.........................310
— Wintering......................................301
— — Water, Ventilation, &c.,.............371
— Wool and Mutton,..........................325
Shingles Chestnut, Durability of........406
Shingles Lime for Preserving............350
Shingling, Hints on..........................390
Short-horn Bull "Hiawatha," [Ill.]......149
— — — "Prince of Oxford," [Ill.]....... 21
— — Cow "Grace, [Illustrated,]..........213
— — — "Snowstorm," [Illustrated,]....253
— — — Heifer "Hortense," [Illustrated,]...109
Side Hills, Advantages of [Ill.].......229, 262
Skins, Tanning with the Fur on.........270
Soda Ash for the Wire Worm,............358
Soil, A Hard....................................126
— Clay, Improving...........................241
— Heavy, Advantages of.............110, 194
— Impoverishing the—Criticisms,......142
— Light Sandy, to Improve................314
— Rich and Good Stock,....................406
Soiling and Steaming........................ 69
— Cattle, ...213
Something must be done,.................. 77
Sorghum and Fairs,.........................357
Sorghum at the West,.......................374
— Culture,.......................................374
— Evaporator, New...........................230
— Experience, ... 54
— for Feeding Hogs,.......................... 30
— In Michigan,.................................406
— in the West,..................................374
— Paper, ... 38
— Where is it ?.................................381
Sorrel, Killing..................................390
Southern New York, Matters and things in 221
Sprains, To Cure a........................... 30
Spring Campaign.............................. 94
— Hints for.....................................109
— Prepare for..................................110
Squashes, Winter.............................350
Stables, Floors for........................... 54
— Underground 54
State Fair and Mr. Plowhandle,..........253
Steam Farming Effects upon Labor..... 53
— Plowing, a Fixed Fact...................150
Steers, Good.................................... 6
— Weighty....................................... 22
— — Beauty..................................... 46
Sterility—Mr Hathaway Reviewed,......381
— Objections Answered,....................333
Stock at the N. Y. State Fair,.............326
— Auction Sales of Pure Bred.............318
— Boiled Corn for............................302
— Cutting Straw for.........................406
— Feeding, An Experiment in............ 62
— — Extensive.................................. 46
— Growing and Grass,.......................206
— Keeping.. 69
— Pays all the time,.........................222
— Protection for..............................358
— Raising,.......................................293
— — Good Advice,.............................366
— Recent Sales of.............................214
— Root Crops for..............................373
— Sale of Improved...........................174
— Salting in Winter........................... 62
— Soiling of.....................................261
— the Base of Agriculture..................205
— Will Brine Kill.............................. 62
— Wintering Young...........................389
"Stop my Paper,".............................. 30
Straw, Burning on Meadows...............190
— for Roofing....................................373
— Value of 126
— — — for Food,................................ 53
"Strike, but Hear,"............................ 94
Stubble, Turning under......................318
Stump Elevator, Harris' [Illustrated,]...357
— Machine, Hall's Hand-Power, [Ill.]...389
Subscribers, Shall we have 100,000.......366
Subsoil, Poverty of the 229
Subsoiling,.......................................374
— and Deep Tillage,..........................118
— Experiments in 270
Sulky, An Agricultural......................142
Surface Manuring.....................206, 238
Swamp Lands, Reclaiming................. 86
Sweets for the People,...................... 6
Table, Useful 126
Tartar Camels for Utah.....................286
Team, A great old.............................291
Tea Plant in the United States [Ill.]...... 13
Tennessee, East, Table Lands of.........182
Terra-Cultural Honors Disclosed,.........158
Terra-Cultor, American [Illustrated,]....397
— Humbug,......................................222
The Best Way and the Right Time,....... 37
— "House that Jack Built,"................333
— Times and the Panic,......................389
Thermometers, Superior....................134
Tile, Circular [Illustrated,]................197
— Drainage,......................................254
— Drains, Disturbance of.................... 94
— for Roofing...................................373
— Horse-Shoe [Illustrated,]................197
— Laying..286
— Sole [Illustrated.].........................197
Till Less and Raise more,................... 94
— Well and Raise more,......................126
Timber Contents of a Piece................. 86
— Deadening..............................174, 206
— Question,......................................158
— — More about.................................182
— That Piece of................................150
Timothy, When to Cut.......................238
— with Hungarian Grass,....................126
Tires, to Keep Tight on Wheels...........142
Tobacco,...................................38, 110
— Culture of 117, 166
— for Cut Worms,..............................142
— Growing and Curing....................... 22
Top-Dressing in the Fall,...................230
Tree Woodman Spare that..................406
Troubles and Blessings, Our...............245
Turkeys, Fattening...........................294
— Raising 14
— Young, Diseased 190
— Those Bronze................................406
Turnip, Laing's Improved [Illustrated,]... 77
— Seed Crop in England, Loss of.........158
— Skirving's Improved Purple-Top Swede, [Illustrated,]................. 77
— Sweet German, ...134
— White Stone Globe, [Illustrated,]..... 77
Underdraining, Advantages of.............245
— Experience in.......................189, 205
— how it Pays,.................................. 78
— New Process of.............................166
— The effects of................................ 78
— Value of.. 62
Union, Saving the.............................358
United States Census, The.................. 38
Up the Valley Notings,......................189
— to the Times 53
Van Bergen, Jodes, Death of.............. 14
Villa, A Modern [Illustrated,].............141
Villages, Beautify the........................ 86
Virginia, Weather and Crops,.............150
Volume, Our Twelfth 358
Wagon-Brake, Brown's Improved [Ill.]....117
Wash for Out-Buildings......................158
Water and Feed, warm in Winter,.......358
— Rams, Pipe for..............................311
— Spring, Modes of Conveying.......206, 230
— Troughs should be kept clean,.........222
Weather Item from China..................113
— The..6, 30, 78, 102, 142, 166, 198, 206, 214, 222, 234, 254, 313, 366, 382, 406
Weed for Name.........................198, 270
Weeds and Insects, Imported [Ill.]....157, 165
— Imported [Illustrated,]...................181
— In Ireland, Destruction of...............293
— Noxious..253
West, the 406
West, Why People should Emigrate.......221
What shall it be ?.............................. 21
— the Farm will Produce,...................381
— will we do with it ?........................238
Wheat after Potatoes.........................254
— and Chess upon the same Stem,........238
— — Idiots, ...382
— at their Old Tricks again................262
— at the West and Southwest,.............110
— best Fertilizer for.........................406
— California.....................................270
— China Tea......................................166
— Crop of Michigan,...........................238
— — — Onondaga Co.......................... 86
— — — the West................................398
— — — Western New York,.................182
— — Sale,..206
— — The..246
— — — British 30
— Culture in New York, &c.,.........253, 349
— Dayton.................................254, 278
— Dickinson's Imperial......................310
— Fine Canada 316
— — Samples of 238
— Fly [Illustrated.]...........................157
— Genesee at New York 262
— "Giant,".......................................318
— Good Yield of................................286
— Granary Weevil, [Illustrated,]..........157
— Growers,.......................................206
— Growing, Sterility,.........................398
— Harvest,.......................................230
— Harvesting in Wisconsin,.................310
— Hessian Fly [Illustrated,]..........157, 246
— Hints about Selling.........................205
— In New England,.............................270
— — Wisconsin,..................................262
— Midge...157
— — is the Ichneumon Fly destroying...254
— — The...190
— — *vs.* the Ichneumon Fly,................270
— New kinds of................................. 54
— Pasturing in the Fall......................342
— Premium that.................................102
— Queries about................................238
— Seed, about...................................262
— — In Demand,.................................254
— Seeding...326
— Spring.....................................6, 150
— — Midge and Rust,.......................... 6
— — In Illinois,..........................222, 318
— Steep for 389
— Tennessee May..............................270
Whence it Emanates,..................30, 318
Wilderness, A Voice from the.............318
Willow Peeler, Wood's, [Illustrated,]....301
Wire Fencing, Patent........................158
Wisconsin Products, ...405
— Worm, Soda Ash for.......................358
Women, Honorable to........................398
Wood Lots—A Suggestion,..................109

Wood Lots, Management of.....46
— — Sawing Machinery.....262
Wool, Artificial Clip.....222
— Coloring on the Skin.....46
— Fine at the Fonts.....291
— Grower and Stock Register.....6, 338
— Growers, are they at Fault.....246
— Growing in California.....150
— — — Texas.....222
— — Profits of.....182
— Market.....184
Word, Just a.....2 6
Young Farmer's Manual.....14

Horticultural.

Acknowledgements.....279
Aldors, Killing by Flooding.....95
American Fruits for Japan.....223
— Gardeners and Gardens.....191
— Pomological Society.....247, 343
— — — Deceased Officers of.....203
— — — Eighth Session of.3 3, 311, 319, 327
— — — Meeting of.....63
— — — Pres't Wilder's Address.....3 3
— — — Transactions of.....3-3
— Pomology.....63
Annuals.....167
Apple, An English.....259
— Crop of Niagara and Orleans Counties, 31
— Hayward Seedling, [Illustrated,].....309
— King, Origin of.....159
— Kingsley.....79
— Orchard, To Renovate an Old.....55
— Pie Melon.....295
— Rawle's Janette.....351
— Seedling, [Illustrated,].....87
— Seeds, Planting.....63
— Tree Borer, [Illustrated,].....175, 183, 3-3
— — Caterpillar.....175
— — Red Astrachan [Illustrated,].....167
— Trees, Bearing of.....341
— — Bursting of the Bank.....329
— — Pruning.....183
— Western Baldwin.....87, 111
— — Agelu.....139, 183
— Yellow Bellflower [Illustrated,].....7
Apples, Best twelve for Illinois.....47
— — — — Southern Ohio.....143
— Compound.....151
— Dwarf.....79, 103
— Falling from the Trees.....143
— in Wisconsin.....39
— Mixed, or Compound.....127
— Northern Spy.....255, 350
— Picking and Barreling.....359
— Received.....71
— Recommended as Promising Well.....311
— Russet from Michigan.....31
— Want is the matter with the.....271, 343
Arbonal Correspondence.....263
Asparagus, Culture of.....127
Asters, Double.....84
Barberry, The [Illustrated,].....39
Bark Lice.....383
Beauty and Song in the Winter.....47
Birds and Fruit Buds.....207
Blackberries, &c.....63, 319
— and Raspberries.....151
— New Rochelle and Dorchester.....67
Blackberry, Another White.....111
— A White.....343
— Dorchester, [Illustrated.].....63
— Lawton.....281
— New Rochelle [Illustrated,].....63
— Propagating the.....239
— The.....229
— — in Britain.....167
Black Knot and the Curculio.....135
Bondnell's Statice.....199
Bone Dust, How Prepared.....283
Boquets, Winter.....375
Borer, Cure for the.....185
Budding, Stocks for.....287
Buffalo Berry, [Illustrated.].....119
Bugs, Striped, Remedy for.....127
— Sulphur for.....167
Buildings and Fruit for the West.....287
Cabbage Tree Wonder.....81
— What Destroyed the.....199, 231
Camellia, Culture of in the Drawing-Room 3-3
Canada, Horticulture in.....207
Catalogues Received.....2-7
Cauliflower and Cabbage.....235
— The.....87
Celery.....71
— Blanching with Sawdust.....31
— Charcoal as a Blanch for [Illustrated.]103
Chair, Garden, (Illustrated.).....71
Cherries, Discussions on.....215
— [Illustrated,].....223
Cherry, Dovey, [Illustrated,].....223
— Pontiac [Illustrated.].....223
— Red Jacket [Illustrated,].....223
— Reine Hortense [Illustrated.].....223
Chinese Yam.....183
Chrysanthemum, Form of a Perfect [Ill.] 267
— Perfection [Illustrated.].....367
— Propagation and Cultivation.....367
— The [Illustrated.].....367
Cineraria.....199
Clay Soil and Strawberries.....231
Clianthus Dampieri.....223
Climbing Cohen, [Illustrated.].....127
Colored Plates, Hewating's.....71
Correspondents, To.....191
Cranberries.....191
— Mouraiant.....95
Cranberry Culture.....149
— The.....63
— Upland [Illustrated,].....61
Crocus—Cloth of Gold, [Illustrated.].....149
Crown Imperial, [Illustrated.].....191
— Imperials, The.....191
Cucumber, New Forcing.....119
Curculio and Black Knot.....135
— in Michigan.....159
— The.....175
Curculios and May Bugs.....159
Currant, Bang Up [Illustrated.].....247
— Black, Wine from.....391
— Cherry [Illustrated,].....247
— The [Illustrated,].....247, 319
— Versailaise [Illustrated.].....247
— Victoria [Illustrated.].....151, 247
— White Grape [Illustrated,].....63
— Wine,.....119
Currants.....135
— Culture and Training [Illustrated,].....247
— Discussion on.....215
— Enemies of.....247
— Form for Cultivating [Illustrated.].....87
— New Varieties of.....351
— on the Quince Root.....75
— Pruning [Illustrated.].....247
— Their Value and Neglect.....274
— Trained to Hoops, [Illustrated.].....247
— Varieties of.....247
Dahlia, Changing the Color of.....359
Dahlias and their Treatment.....295
— Introduction of into England and America.....313
Dielytra Spectabilis.....119
Dioscorea Batatas, The.....367
Egg Plant, The.....223
Ernst, A. H., Death of.....63
Evergreens.....127
— Transplanting.....229, 375
— — for Hedges.....207
Farmers as Fruit Growers.....103
Feather Bush, [Illustrated.].....183
Flowering Trees and Shrubs.....151
Flower for Name.....239
— Garden, Annuals and Bedding Plants, 151
— — The.....143, 151, 159, 167, 175, 191
— Seeds.....127
Flowers, Bulbous [Illustrated,].....151
— Double.....375
— Early Spring [Illustrated.].....119
— for Name.....375
— The Love of.....203
Fritillaria Pluto, [Illustrated.].....181
Fruit and Flower Plates.....39
— Book, A New.....159
— Books.....271
— Buds and Birds.....207
— Crop of Pennsylvania.....119
— Culture.....223
— — in Iowa.....79
— Exhibition of.....15
— for Minnesota.....143
— from Cuba.....199
— Growers Association, Missouri.....71, 111
— — of Wisconsin, Convention of.....39
— — Society of Western New York, 7, 175 215, 319, 367
— — — — Annual Meeting.....15
— — — — Discussion.....23, 31
— — — — June Meeting.....215
— — — — Objects of.....15
— Growing in Michigan.....295
— in Michigan.....383
— — Minnesota.....79
— — Wisconsin.....7, 51
— most Profitable to Cultivate.....23
— Plates, Colored.....239
— Preserving.....151
— Prospects.....167
— — in Ohio.....75
— Received.....31, 55, 127
— Selection of.....191
— Shelter for.....23
— Trees and the Winter.....55
— — Another Enemy to.....239
— — Buying and Selling.....119
— — Culture of.....303
— — Mr. Barry on.....71
— — to make Bear.....143
Fruits, American, English Opinions of.....95
— for Japan.....223
— and Flowers, [Illustrated.].....271
— as Farm Crops.....61
— Gathering and Picking.....271, 279
— in Massachusetts.....279
— — Season, [Illustrated.].....239
— — the New York Markets.....239
— New Native.....203, 399
— of Western New York.....335
— Picking and Marketing.....279
— — — Transporting.....287
— Received.....35, 111, 143, 159, 223, 231, 263, 271, 279, 287, 295, 311, 319, 343, 351, 367
— Small, R. G. Pardee on.....63
— — that Promise well.....319
Funch'as, New.....223
Gaillardia [Illustrated,].....239
Garden Chair, [Illustrated.].....71
— Flower.....255
— Hand Glass, [Illustrated.].....111
— My.....223
Garden, Notes in the.....255
— Seat, Rustic [Illustrated.].....71
— Spring Work in the.....111
— Suburban, Design for [Illustrated,].....39
— The [Illustrated,].....199
— Vegetable.....127
— Walks.....71
— Work, Rustic [Illustrated,].....71
Gardeners and Gardens, American.....191
— Monthly.....39
— Society, The Progressive.....79
— — — — Election of Officers.....391
Gardens.....383
Gooseberries.....327
— American and Houghton Seedling.....287
— Discussion on.....215
— Enormous.....255
Gooseberry and Currant Slug.....183
— Saw Fly, [Illustrated,].....247
— Seeds, Planting.....295
— Slug.....279
Grafting.....183
— Chisel, Best form of [Illustrated.].....7
— Knife, [Illustrated,].....87
— Wax.....87
Grafts and Plants.....359
Grape, Allen's Hybrid.....135
— A Seedling.....343
— Bullitt, The.....351
— Canadian Chief.....143
— Clinton.....103
— — An Insect on.....263
— Concord.....119
— Culture.....3-3, 367, 399
— — Dr. Grant on.....63
— — in Cincinnati.....367
— — — Houses.....359
— — Treatment of Bearing Vines.....143
— Cuyahoga [Illustrated,].....383
— Delaware.....15, 87
— — Again.....47
— — at Cincinnati.....407
— — Failure.....63
— Diana or Anna?.....359
— Diseases of and Culture.....343
— Elizabeth [Illustrated.].....231
— Franklin.....231
— Grafting the.....31, 87, 119
— Massachusetts White.....119
— New Work on the.....111
— Northern Muscadine.....119
— Ontario [Illustrat d,].....95
— Preparing Ground for the.....343
— Propagating the.....295
— Rogers.....367
— — Look out for Good.....135
— Scuppernong.....7
— Trellis, New [Illustrated.].....79
— — Wire and Lightning.....87
— Vines and Raspberries.....383
— — Insects Destructive to [Illustrated.]207
Grapes.....327
— and Corn in Egypt.....151
— — Wine.....399
— at Kelly's Island.....367, 383
— Catawba.....359
— Discussion in Fruit Grower's Society of Western New York.....23
— for Iowa.....391
— — Minnesota.....287
— — the South.....111
— Hardy.....119
— Ontario County.....267
— Pruning.....207
— Tartaric Acid in Native.....255
— Tannate of Potash in our.....351
Grass, Feather [Illustrated.].....375
— Orchard.....119
— Pampas.....119
— Quaking [Illustrated,].....375
Grasses, Ornamental [Illustrated.].....375
Gravel for Walks, Substitute for.....135
Guano and Raspberries.....103
Hedge Plant, The Syrian.....287
Hedges and Bones.....383
— Evergreens for.....207
— on Railway Embankments.....159
Helichrysum, [Illustrated.].....375
Home, Away from.....295
Hop Tree.....251
— — Seeds of the American.....295
Horticultural Club, Poughkeepsie.....71
— Discussions, Reports of.....263
— Exchange.....151
— Exhibition and Discussion.....303
— Exhibitions.....231, 263
— Festival at Naples.....239
— Label Ink.....7
— Lectures.....39
— — New Haven.....63, 71
— School for Boys.....207
— Side of the N. Y. State Ag. Society.....55
— Societies, Union of.....7
— Society, A New.....15
— — Buffalo.....119
— — Fort Wayne, Indiana.....71
— — Genesee Valley.39, 63, 155 247, 319, 3-9, 383
— — of Adrian, Michigan.....31
— — Cincinnati, Ohio.....31
— — Geneseo.....351
— — Illinois.....47, 87, 399
— — Indianapolis.....351
— — Keokuk, Iowa.....31
— — Massachusetts.....183, 351
— — — Transactions of.....63
— — Milwaukee, Wis.....31
— — Naples, N. Y.....87
— — Ohio.....31
— — Pennsylvania.....391
— Visits.....287
Horticulturists of the N. Y. State Fair.....327
— — — South.....175
— — — West.....47
— Book on.....159
— in Canada.....2-7
Horticulturist, The.....39
Hot-Bed.....407
House Plants; Keep Clean.....359
Hyacinths.....143
Ink, Horticultural Label.....7
Insect, Destructive to Grape Vines, [Ill.]..267
— Vine Scale, [Illustrated,].....191
Insects, Destructive [Illustrated,].....3 9
— Injurious, [Illustrated.].....151
— on House Plants, To Destroy.....7
— — Roses.....191
— Smyrnium Perfoliatum, [Illustrated.]....119
Intemperance and Wine.....31
Killing with Kindness.....223
Lawn, Seed for a.....119
Leaf Roller, Destructive.....199
Locust Seed.....127
Locusts, Seventeen Year.....255
Longworth's Vineyards at Cincinnati.....279
May Bugs and Curculios.....159
Melon, Apple Pie.....295
— Seed, To Preserve Pure.....95
Mountain Ash Seeds.....55
Mulch, Tan Bark as a.....167
Narcissus, Common [Illustrated.].....159
— Polyanthus, [Illustrated.].....159
Nasturtiums, New.....199
New Year, The.....7
Norway Spruce.....71
Nurseries, Rochester.....359
— Subterranean.....7
Nursery Again, Every Man his own.....359
Nurseryman and his Customers.....119
Nurseryman's Catalogues.....279
Onions, Salt for.....231
Orchard Culture.....135, 279
— Highly Cultivated Not Bearing.....7
— Profitable.....63
— Setting out an.....103
— To Renovate an Old.....119
Orchards, Grafting Old.....111
— Preparing Ground for.....31
— Trimming.....111
Palmer Worm, [Illustrated.].....183
Parsnips, Growing.....159
Peach Baskets.....191
— Buds.....31
— — in Missouri.....47
— Cooper's Mammoth.....295
— Crop, Failure of the.....31
— New Early.....279
— Treating the.....287
— Trees and Worms.....224
— Worms.....95
— Yellow Alberge [Illustrated.].....111
Peaches.....95, 351
— Planting.....383
— Shipped from Rochester.....351
— Shipping.....287
Pea-Nuts, [Illustrated.].....135
Pear, Anjou [Illustrated.].....239
— An Unknown Insect on the.....127
— Belle Epine Diamas.....39
— Bourre Andusson [Illustrated.].....287
— — Goubault.....7
— Flight.....231
— Clapp's Favorite [Illustrated.].....391
— Culture.....255
— — The Tyson.....287
— Dana's Hovey [Illustrated,].....15
— Discussion on the.....215
— Doyenne D'Ete [Illustrated.].....223
— — Seulle [Illustrated.].....239
— Gall Fly.....231
— Jamhaste [Illustrated.].....47
— Josephine De Malines.....239
— Little Musk [Illustrated.].....239
— Muscat Robert [Illustrated.].....239
— Preparing Ground for the.....343
— Prince's St. Germaine [Illustrated.].....39
— Pruning the.....343
— Seckel.....143
— Seeds, Planting.....63
— Tree Best.....351
— Tyson [Illustrated.].....175
— Winter Nelis [Illustrated,].....47
Pears, Dwarf.....23
— — Culture of in Canada.....79, 87
— — for Farmers.....191
— — on Cobb Stocks.....111
— — — Seedl. Stalks.....335
— — Self Pruise.....399
— Best Six.....191
— Discussion on in American Pomological Society.....335
— Duchesse D'Angouleme.....3-3
— in Wisconsin.....335
— Market for.....87
— on Quince Stocks.....335
— Winter.....7, 39, 47
Pens, Creeper.....151
— Garden.....159
Peonies and Border Plants.....263
Phlox, The [Illustrated,].....31
Pie-Plant, Dividing.....31
— — Wine.....19
Pine Weevil, [Illustrated.].....359
Plant for Name.....383
— Lice.....359
Plants and Grafts.....359
— Packing.....151
— Climbing [Illustrated].....199
— Herbaceous and Perennial.....151
— New.....159
Plum, Denniston's Superb [Illustrated.]..191
— Empire Range [Illustrated,].....359
— Jaune Native [Illustrated,].....239
— Jefferson [Illustrated.].....295
— Magnolone [Illustrated,].....295
— M'Laughlin [Illustrated,].....351
— Prince Engelbert [Illustrated.].....255
— Royal De Tours [Illustrated,].....271
— The.....311
Plums, To save the.....63
Pomological Meetings.....407
— Society, American, Eighth Session....303
— — of Ohio.....407
Potato, Davis' Seedling.....63
Quince Blight.....231
— Stocks.....87, 295
Radish Chinese Rose Winter [Illustrated.]263
Railway Embankments—Hedges on.....7
— Traveling and Mushrooming.....295
Raisins, Making.....39, 791
Raspberries.....151, 319
— and Grapes.....103
— Black.....295
— Discussion on.....215
Raspberry, Allen.....295
— American Black Cap.....279
— Black.....287
— English Black.....231
— Ever Bearing Black [Illustrated.].....191
— French.....383
— Plants by Mail.....295
Readers, To our.....31, 303
Rhubarb, Transplanting.....399
— White.....103, 119
Roads, Salt for.....167
Rose, A Green.....391
— Australian.....55
— Sing.....231
Roses, Perpetual Bloomers.....199
— Summer.....199
Salpiglossis The [Illustrated,].....255
Salt for Onions.....231
— for Roads.....167
Sap, Circulation of.....87
Seasonable Notes.....295
Seed for a Lawn.....119
— Locust.....127
— Melon, to preserve, pure.....95
Seeds, Patent Offices.....151
Shade Trees—A Good Example.....255
Shrubs, Shade for.....95
Slander, A.....15
Soap Suds.....127
Soil and Climate of Western New York.....15
— Good use for a hard.....151
Spergula Pilifera, [Illustrated.].....151, 183
Spinach, New Perennial.....151
Spring Notes.....135
Squash, Hubbard.....63, 79, 127, 151
— Feed, How to Preserve Pure, 39, 71, 79, 95, 175
Squashes, Keeping Winter.....391
— To Perpetuate Best Kinds.....7
Stocks for Budding.....287
Strawberries.....231, 263, 319
— American in England.....55
— — — France.....375
— at Dayton, Ohio.....159
— Autumnal Bearing.....287
— Best.....207
— Culture of.....175
— Description of.....199
— Discussion on.....215
— Influence of Location on.....263
— Late.....271
— Mr. Prince's.....271
— Preserving.....183
— — to Retain Color.....159
— Prince's Seedling.....239
Strawberry, Alpine.....127
— Austin Shaker [Illustrated.].....207
— Culture of the.....127
— Fertilizing the.....199
— Jenny Lind [Illustrated].....191
— Plants by Mail.....279
— Qualities and Culture of.....21
— Russell's Fine [Illustrated.].....199
— Scott's Seedling [Illustrated.].....199
— The.....255
— Wilson's Albany [Illustrated.].....199
Summer Houses.....31
— — Plans for.....13
— — Rustic [Illustrated,].....71
Tan Bark as a Mulch.....167
Ten Weeks Stock, Saving Seeds of.....359
Thorburn, Geo. C., Death of.....295
Tomato, A Fine.....287
— Improved.....383
Tomatoes, Early.....95
Tree Mover, [Illustrated.].....383
— Pruner.....391
Trees, Hardy, Transplanting.....287
— Injured by Mice, Remedy for [Ill.].....119
— Loss of.....15
— on Prairies, To save from Rabbits.....7
— Packing.....47
— Planting and Preparing.....31
— — Best Age for.....31
— — — Time for.....31
— Quail his Necessary for General Culture.....15
— Raising from Cuttings.....95
— Select Ornamental in Winter.....127
Trumpet-Flower, [Illustrated,].....199
Try all things.....2-3
Tulip Due Van Thol [Illustrated.].....143
Tulips, The.....143
Turk's Cap, [Illustrated,].....135
Vegetables in the New York State Fair.....327
Verbenas, Diseased.....295
Vinery, Cold, Color of Inside.....375
Vine Scale Insect, [Illustrated,].....191
Vineyards at Cincinnati, Longworth's.....359
Vintage at the West.....287
Vogel, Dr., Death of.....119
Volume for 1860, End of.....407
Wardian Case, [Illustrated.].....271
Walks, Garden, Making.....119
Weather, The.....103
Wine and Intemperance.....31
— Currant.....143
— from the Black Currant.....391
— Rhubarb.....103, 119
— Unfermented.....295
Winter Bequets.....375
— Ornament, A Beautiful [Illustrated,]..167
Yards, On Laying out Front.....159
Yucca Pannaeifolia.....191
— Stricta [Illustrated,].....407
Yuccas, The.....407
Zinnia Elegans, [Illustrated,].....271
Zinnias, New Double.....287

Domestic Economy.

Ants, Black.....191, 239 287
— — and Red.....215
— Prevention of.....239
— To drive away.....295, 383
Apple Butter.....279
— — how to make.....391
— Dumplings.....15, 71, 383
— — Sweet.....383
— Pickles.....295, 327
Apples, Dried.....175
— Machine for Quartering.....327
— Pickling.....335
— Sweet, Pickling.....183
— To Pickle.....127
Asthma, Remedy for.....199
— Tea.....207
Baker's Gingerbread.....127
Baker's Varnish.....367
Barrels, Musty.....375
Beef, New Orleans Recipe for Corning....175
— Preparing for Drying.....407
— Salting.....407
Beer, Ginger.....271
— Lemon or Root.....127, 151
Bee Stings, Curing.....239
Biscuit, Cream Tartar.....367
— Making.....2 3
— Soda.....383
— — all about.....359
— White of Eggs in Raised.....367
Blacking for Stoves.....167
Bonnet, Ornamenting with Leaves.....367
Bread, Brown.....71
— Buckwheat.....7
— Corn.....2-7
— Graham.....103, 119, 191
— Indian.....39, 103, 143
— Poor—New Wheat.....47
— Rye and Indian.....111
— Steamed.....143
— Use for Pieces of.....159
Breakfast, Dish for.....39
Buckwheat Johnny Cake.....7
Buns.....39
Butter Ilk Preserving.....159
Butter, To make Yellow in Winter.....55
— Unsparing use of.....75
Cake, Buckwheat Corn.....183
— Currant.....391
— Bread.....391
— Buckeridge.....379
— Buckeye.....407
— Citron.....391
— Clay.....183
— Cocoanut.....2-3
— Coffee.....375, 399
— Cream.....7, 95, 239, 335
— — Tartar.....375
— Cup.....7, 151
— Delicate.....7
— Economy.....111
— French.....407
— Fruit.....7, 295, 391
— — Cheap.....175 199
— Genuine.....263
— Glen Cottage.....183
— Gold.....7
— Graham Tea.....215
— Jelly.....3-1
— Jenny Lind.....79
— Johnny.....199
— Ladies.....263
— Lemon.....223, 183
— Lincoln.....235, 3-3
— Loaf.....151, 183
— — Plain.....223
— — with Hop Yeast.....191
Cake, Molasses.....143
— Park.....183
— Pic-Plant Short.....199
— Pork.....295
— Potato, White.....119
— Raisin.....235
— Snow.....15
— Soda.....95
— Sponge.....7
— — Sponge.....143, 239
— — Cheap.....271
— — Jelly.....251
— Starch.....7
— Sugar.....119
— Swiss.....7
— Tea.....239
— Temperance.....271
— Unleavened.....215
— Varicated.....7
— Wedding.....199
— — White.....183
— Wingate.....391
Carrots, How to Cook.....359
Carving, Antique Oak.....135
Cauliflower, Cooking.....279
Cement for Crockery.....279
Chilblains, Remedy for.....47
— To Cure.....79
— Zinc Solution for.....79
Cider, To Improve and Keep Sweet.....335
— Wine.....343
Citron Sauce.....351, 383
— to Prepare for Fruit Cake.....183
Clothes Bars, (Illustrated.).....207, 263
— — Again, (Illustrated.).....319
Coffee, Clearing without Eggs.....127
Collars, Starched.....51
— Starching.....111
Colors, To set oil.....55
Corn Baskets.....31
— Fritters.....31
Cookies.....15, 327
— Delicious.....335
— Ginger.....199, 591
— — Extra.....367
— Molasses.....167
— Mother's.....143
Cooking Vegetables.....191
Crackers.....255
— Bakers'.....223
— Boston.....239
— Graham.....71
— Soda.....32, 255
Cream Tarts.....191
Crullers, To make.....239, 295, 359, 383
Currants, Dried.....175
Currant Shrubs.....15
Curtains, Cleaning.....319
— Lace, to Clean.....223
Dessert, A Delicious.....95
— — Superior.....15
Dumplings, Apple.....15, 71, 383
— — Sweet.....383

Dyeing Recipes.

— Black.....119, 367
— — on Cotton.....135
— — Wool.....143
— Blue.....71, 231
— Brown for Wool.....119
— Cotton Green.....55 143
— Dark Brown.....7, 23, 103
— Domestic—Logwood Chips.....135
— Dish on Woolen.....7
— Grass Green.....71
— Green.....119, 159
— Lend Color.....143
— Orange.....71
— Purple.....367
— Red.....71, 287
— Scarlet.....143
— Slate Color.....127
— Yellow.....71, 207
Egg Plant, Cooking.....391
Eggs, Keeping in Winter.....367
— Poached.....175
— Preserving for Winter.....15
Erysipelas, Cure for.....183
Eyes, Wash for the.....135
Felon, Cure for.....39
— How to Cure a.....71
— Remedy for a.....231
Flannel, Marking for Embroidery.....343
Flies, Destroying the.....263
Fritters, Cheap.....143
Flour, How to Select.....103
Food, Steaming.....15
Fruit, Picking.....231
— Preserving.....199, 223
— — in Cans and Bottles.....343
Frumenty.....15
Furniture, Spots on.....127
Gingerbread, Bakers'.....127
— Good.....367
— Hard.....255
— Molasses.....183
— Soft.....223
Ginger Cookies.....199
— Snaps.....183
Gloves, Cleaning and Coloring.....23
— Coloring Nankeen.....23
— — Purple.....23
— French, Cleaning.....23
— Kid, Washing.....23
Gooseberry Jelly.....207
Grahm Tea Cakes.....215
Grease in Woolen Fabrics.....227
— Spots and Stains, to Remove.....175
— to Remove from Boards, Marble, &c....31
— — — out of Matting.....167
Hair Oil, Home made.....151
Hams, How to Keep.....55
— — Keeping.....47
Honey.....47, 143
Hop Yeast.....359, 384
— How to make.....391
Husband, My Labor-Saving.....79
Hydrophobia, Sure Cure for.....183
Ice Cream.....95
— — Lemon or Orange.....183
Impression Paper.....287
Information Wanted.....127
Ink, Black.....31
Inquiries.....119, 151
Inquiry, A Reasonable.....391
Iron Rust, To Remove.....295
— — — — from White Cloth.....47
Jelly, Gooseberry.....207
— Sweet Apple.....407
Jumbles.....7
Kitchen Culture.....55
— Floors, To Paint.....127
— Fixtures.....295
Knife Cleaner, A New [Illustrated.].....151
— Handles, To Fasten.....31
Knitting Machine, A Good.....119
— Machines.....71
Kohl-Rabi, How to Cook.....215
Leaf Work, Ornamental.....227
Lemon Syrup.....31
Mango Pickles.....227
Meats, Fried.....119
Meringues, To take Grease out of.....167
Mildew in Linen.....255
— — — To Remove.....287
Milk, Skimming.....199
Mock Cream.....239, 287
— Oysters.....103
Moths, To Destroy in a Carpet.....223, 295
— To Keep from Clothes.....255
Muffins, Corn.....191, 199
— Raised.....119, 167, 183, 191
— Wheat.....199
Nails, Cure for Ingrowing.....407
Oak Carving, Antique.....135
Oil Cloth, Care of.....287
— — Cleaning.....399
Okra, Cooking.....95
Onions Pickles.....351
Opodeldoc, To make.....183
Oriental Painting.....199
Oysters, Mock.....103
Painted Trays,—To Parents and Nurses,....31
Painting Kitchen Floors.....127
— Oriental.....159
Paper Hangings, Poisonous.....271
Papering Whitewashed Walls.....127, 255
Paste for Scrap-Books.....215
Peaches, Canning.....279
— Pickled.....279
Pears, Cooking.....191, 207
Perfumes, Economical.....271
Pickles.....223
— Apple.....127, 359
— — Sweet.....183
— Cucumber.....103
— — Ripe.....223
— Flat.....231
— Mango.....327
— Onion.....351
— Perch.....279
— — and Pear.....367
— Plum.....223
— Putting up.....127
— Spanish.....375
— Tomato, Green.....287, 303, 351
— — Ripe.....271, 303, 327
Pickling Fruit.....231
Picture Frames, Veneering with Straw....399
Pie, Crust, Good.....37, 79
— — A Recipe for making.....103
— Carrot.....259
— Lemon, Delicious.....119
— Molasses.....191
— Pumpkin.....7
— Vinegar.....39
Potato Crust.....15
Premium Recipes.....7
Pudding, Apple.....375
— — Sweet.....383
— Balloon.....271
— Boiled.....295
— — Cracker.....15
— Cracker.....343
— Dyspeptic's.....55
— Green Corn.....279
— Indian.....143
— — Old Fashioned.....39
— — Patent.....127
— Potato.....15
— Rice.....231
— — Flour.....71, 95
— — Ground.....111, 2-3
— Strawberry.....207
— Suet.....239
— Sunderland.....391
— Sweet Apple.....151
Quilting Frame, A Model [Illustrated,].....7
Recluse, Healthy.....15
— Premium.....7
Ribbons, Cleaning.....327, 375
Rice Cups.....391
Rugs.....79
Rusk.....255
— Indian.....71
Saleratus, Use of.....15
Sausages.....383
Sewing Machine, A New.....383
Silk Dresses, To Renovate.....159
— Restoring Lustre to.....55
Smoothing Irons, to keep from sticking....71
Soap, Hard.....263
— — to make from Soft.....399
Sore Eyes, Scrofulous.....255
— — Wash for.....135
Sores, Remedy for.....319
Starch Polish.....31
Steaming Food.....15
Stickles—An Arkansas Dessert.....159
Stocking Loom, That.....239
Stoves, Cements for.....375
— — — How to make.....391
— To Prepare Blacking for.....167
Straw, To Color Drab.....199
Tarts, Cream.....191
Tomato Catsup.....287
— Chowder.....295
— Jelly.....271
— Pickles, Green.....287, 303
— Toast.....271
Tomatoes, Baked.....279
— Ripe.....319
— — Pickling.....271, 287, 303, 327, 335
— — Stewed.....279
Trimming, Durable and Economical (Ill.)..167
Varnish, Copal.....31
— Japan.....31
— Leather.....31
Veal, Fricandeau.....71
Vegetables, Cooking.....191
Velvet, Restoring Damaged.....119
Whittles, Water-Lime.....103
Wash for the Eyes.....183
Washing Compound.....239
— — Good.....31
— — Machine, (Illustrated.).....175
— — made Easy.....151
— — Recipe.....167
Weeping Fingers.....375
— — Cures for.....399
White Swellings, Cure for....119, 163, 223, 391
Whitewashed Walls, Papering.....127, 135
Window Shades, Transparent.....263
— — — Cleaning.....319
— — — Preparation for.....215
Yeast, Cider.....375
— Hop.....359, 383
Yellow Wash.....119

Young Ruralist.

Agricultural Fairs, Youth at.....281
A Man; or the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect.....401
Animal Intellect.....369
Aquariums, Fish and Plants for.....321
Atmosphere, the.....193
Ball, Mrs. Grammar's.....153
Beautiful Thought.....87
Begin Now.....73
Birds, Animals, &c., Preservation of [Illustrated,].....137, 145, 153, 161
— Canary.....73, 393
— — Treatment of.....201
— Spare the [Illustrated,].....17
— to Trim a Case of Stuffed.....97
Botany for Ladies, [Illustrated,].....89
Boys in Winter Evenings.....17
Brick, the Theory of a.....345
California Tree, Great.....297
Chicken Coops, [Illustrated,].....49
Chinese Proverbs.....121
Cocoon, [Illustrated,].....105
Cone Frames.....41
Contentment.....113
Dissolved.....185
Do it Well.....257
— Right.....211
Don't Run Away.....377
Energy.....49
Esteem.....257
Evil Passions, Treachery of.....209
Exercise.....329
Experience in City Life.....281
Failure, Causes of.....129
Fame.....209
Farmer, the.....49
— Why I am a.....129, 169
Farmers' Boys.....385
— — Advice to.....49
— — Letters to.....313, 361, 393
Fish and Plants for Aquariums.....321
Fishes, Skeletons of.....289
Flower, a Pretty Wild.....169
— Dissected, [Illustrated,].....89
— Stamen and Pistil of [Illustrated,].....33
Flowering Shrub, [Illustrated,].....169
Fowls, Bantam.....401
Fowls, Lice on.....241
Fruit Culture Inquiries.....233
Garden in the City, [Illustrated,].....9
— Lessons of the.....81
Genius.....9
Getting Rich.....329
Goodyear, the India Rubber man.....281
Grape, Propagating by Cuttings, [Ill.]..353
Grasses, Crystallizing.....41
Grasshoppers.....17, 41, 89
— History, Description, &c.....73
Hold On.....81
Hollyhock.....257
Honor thy Father and thy Mother,...265
How Men Grow.....257
Humanity.....169
Idleness not Happiness.....401
Influence.....97
Insects, Mode of Fastening to Setting Board, [Illustrated,].....153
Intellect without Heart.....353
Japanese Little Folks.....337
Jokes and Jokers.....121
Kindness.....49
Knowledge, Benefits of.....337
Life, Duties of.....369
Light Reading.....297
Linnæus the Botanist.....249
Little Acts Great.....401
Live, 'tis a Fearful thing to.....305
Lying.....361
Marbles.....241
Man, the Timid.....329
Mental Discipline.....289
Microscope.....281
Minutes, Heard the.....17
Mole, the [Illustrated,].....185
— How to Destroy.....241
Moral Courage.....345
Music.....177, 408
My Humble Opinion, Mr. Swell.....225
Oriental Painting.....217
Paper, a Good Impression.....329
— Copying.....225
— for taking Impressions of Leaves..193
— Impression.....345
Pasta for Scrap-Books.....257, 321
Peach Trees, Worms in.....241
Pear Trees, Selection of.....345
Pebbles mistaken for Diamonds.....385
Poverty.....169
— and Riches.....65
Power of Thought in Animals.....201
Prince of Wales, Genealogy of.....3-1
— — — Correction.....369
Profane Companions.....265
Progress, False.....177
Punctual, Be.....137
Quadrupeds, Skinning.....161
— Stuffing.....161
Questions for Debate.....177
Reading for Youth.....321
— Light.....297
School Grounds, Ornament the.....3-7
Science.....361
Sentiment, a Beautiful.....337
Sir Walter Scott's Youthful Neglect.....337
Spring, a Leaf from my Diary.....121
— and Autumn.....297
Squash, Pine Apple [Illustrated,]....9, 113
— — — Maturity of Seed.....97
Squashes, How Nat grew.....289
— Hubbard.....281
— Notes on.....81
— Summer.....81
— Winter.....81
Strawberry, a Great.....223
Success.....25
Tea.....105
Things I Love.....217
Time, None to Spare.....65
Time, Employment of.....401
Tree Planting.....305
Turkeys—A Curiosity.....289
— Raising.....329
Twilight Thoughts.....305
Vision, Introvert your.....65
Water for Ocean Steam Boilers.....241
Wax Fruit.....73
Wealth, Advantages of.....25, 57, 113
— and Poverty.....89
What I can do.....153
Woodpecker, the [Illustrated,].....17
Work.....225
Working out.....201
Yes or No.....169
Young Men.....113
— — Thoughts for.....401
— — To.....113

Poetical.

A Chic-a-dee Song.....200
— Deaf and Dumb Girl's Prayer.....248
— Fleet Carriage Horse.....264
— Hymn.....83, 208
— Life Picture.....393
— March Reveille.....96
— National Hymn.....324
— Nead to Mr Bunnin.....356
— Poor Girl's Soliloquy.....240
— Prayer.....136
— Retrospection.....160
— Score of Years Ago.....396
— Soul's Question.....22
— Thrilling Sound.....408
— Woman's Question.....61
Above and Below.....152
Agnostics.....72, 128
Address to the Birds.....392
After Rest.....360
— Strife.....360
Agriculture and Horticulture.....84
An Evangel.....28
An Evening Voice.....168
— Invitation to Ned Buntline.....328
Ashes.....128
Ask, Seek, Knock.....384
Aspirations.....54
"At the Last.".....44
Bereaved.....220
Beautiful Things.....216
Beauty for Ashes.....272
Bright, Merry May.....152
Broken Lyres.....372
"Brother Charlie.".....280
By and By.....288
Cheer Up! Cheer Up!.....144
Chimes.....328
Church Bells.....96
Clouds and Dreams.....240
Come in and Shut the Door.....72
Content.....52
Daylight.....40
Despondency.....376
Distant Music.....312
Distrust.....232
Early Snowdrops.....108
Earthly and Heavenly Interest.....48
Fairy Lore.....316
Farmers' Boys.....361
Flowers.....280
Footsteps of Angels.....144
Friendship.....408
Gather while you may.....336
Garden of the Heart.....184
God Save them all.....408
Gone.....304
Guardian Angels.....61
Haymaker's Song.....240
Heaven.....224
Home.....184
Hope.....128, 232
— Thou in God.....304
How the Money Comes.....152
— to Cure a Scold.....172
Hymn for a Troubled Heart.....248
Hymns for Devotional Hours, 40, 72, 104, 128, 280, 312
If we Knew.....161
I'm Twenty-One.....232
In Memoriam.....112
Jacob's Ladder.....80
Jesus Our Friend.....120
John Bull to Brother Jonathan.....248
June.....203
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.....321
Knitting Work.....272
Lady Golden.....168
Larva.....24
Leaflets from Memory.....264
Let Flowers be Brought.....169
— in the Sunlight.....48
Life and Love.....321
Lines to a Friend.....414
Linger not Long.....88
Little Carl.....52
— Kindnesses.....8
Make your Home Beautiful.....100
Memories.....24
— of my Early Home.....232
Memory's Token.....80
Meridian View.....184
Midnight Musing.....12
Mid-Summer.....260, 276
Mine.....200
Misunderstood.....209
Mortality.....264
Mrs. Grammar's Ball.....153
Musings.....400
My Brothers.....320
— Childhood Home.....32
— Darling's Shoes.....140
— Life.....288
— Little Boat.....56
— Native Vale.....120
— Nanny.....48
— Wife.....336
Nature.....16
Nature's Voices.....304
Night's Mission.....192
Noon.....232
— Sea, where do they quench thirst.

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With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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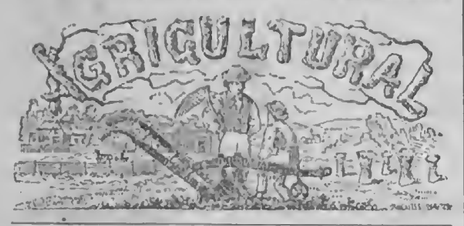


THE RURAL TO ITS READERS,

ON ENTERING UPON A NEW YEAR AND VOLUME.

Ten years ago, with full faith in the intelligence and wisdom of the Ruralists of this happy land, we sent forth the first number of the Rural New-Yorker on its goodly mission. We then resolved, whether success or failure, prosperity or adversity, should be the result, to furnish a journal devoted to the dissemination of light and truth and the destruction of their opposites, and never to permit a line to appear in its pages calculated to do evil, or cause a blush on the cheek of purity. How well and faithfully we have fulfilled this determination is not for us to affirm;—it has, however, been fully and triumphantly decided by those for whose interest and happiness we have earnestly labored. From the day of its commencement the Rural has been an uninterrupted success. Each year has added thousands to its readers and supporters, until now we can truly say there is no Agricultural Journal in the world with so many warm, working friends—none with so long an array of subscribers, and none that is exerting an influence so large, wide and beneficial. Its success and influence may be appreciated, to some extent, when it is stated that this article is penned at the close of a day (Dec. 27,) during which over three thousand subscriptions have been received for the new volume, (while the receipts of the preceding day were nearly equal.) This indicates an appreciation on the part of the public, and substantial progress and popularity, which we never anticipated in the early days of the enterprise, and for which we may well express the most profound acknowledgments on such an occasion as the present.

Commensurate with the progress of the Rural has been the advancement of the Agricultural Interests of the Country. The history of no other decade since man left the first and best of gardens, exhibits such rapid and rational progress in the Art that feeds and clothes the world. The old prejudice against book farming has rapidly diminished. Farmers are fast becoming reading and communicative, as they have long been thinking, men—are laying aside old notions and signs, and beginning to realize that good sense, the highest intelligence, and even science, can as profitably be employed in cultivating a farm, an orchard, or a garden, and in caring for the creatures over which God has given Man dominion, as in any other pursuit of life. No one can have failed to observe this improvement. It is proclaimed to every passer-by, in language not to be misunderstood,—in the better appearance of houses, barns and stables,—in the sleek and comfortable appearance of the cattle,—in the thrifty appearance of the orchard, the bright flowers that decorate the garden, and the happy faces at the garden gate.

But enough of the past. Of the future we will only say that our motto is, as heretofore, "*Excelsior.*" Every Department of the Rural we design to make as near perfect as possible, and therefore employ the very best talent and that best adapted to each. Comprising eight or ten Departments, either of which is nearly or quite as valuable as any whole journal or work devoted to only one, our subscribers have in each volume a library of practical and literary matter that could not be procured in any other form at ten times the cost.

Our Agricultural Department certainly will not suffer in comparison with that of any similar work, either in this country or Europe. In addition to the labor of the Editor and his Associates, the Rural has a goodly number of special Contributors and general Correspondents—practical and scientific men of ability and experience, who communicate through its pages the facts they learn in the field, garden and laboratory. Thus we have the records of success and failure, of the greatest value to all, and which must save to every reading, discriminating farmer, many times the cost of the paper annually. This department alone, in one year contains sufficient matter to make three or four books of 500 pages each, such as sell for at least a dollar per copy, while the contents are more fresh and seasonable, and certainly equally reliable and valuable.

The Horticultural Department of the New-Yorker, as is conceded by the best pomologists, is unequalled for practical utility, the seasonableness of its articles and illustrations, and the judgment and ability displayed in its management, by any other work in the country. This is strong language, but its truthfulness could readily be demonstrated by the personal letters and public statements of many of the most prominent horticulturists of the country. In all the exciting controversies which have arisen it has taken a decided position for the Right, regardless of friends or foes, and its influence in favor of truth has been felt throughout the land. The gentleman who has charge of this important department is competent, and devoted to the cause—an enthusiastic lover of all that pertains to Horticulture, and knows whereof he affirms concerning Fruits, Flowers and Vegetables.

Of our other leading Departments—Literary, Scientific, News, Commercial, &c., &c.,—we can only say that each will receive special attention during the year, as the design is to improve in all respects as we advance, and render the whole paper more interesting and valuable.

—We cannot close this article without extending a cordial greeting to the "hosts of friends" who have again invited the Rural New-Yorker to their homes, and we trust hearts also, and properly saluting its thousands of new acquaintances. To the former we have little more to offer, in addition to the congratulations of the season, than the assurance that it will be our aim in the future, as in the past, to so fill every column, page and number of this Journal as to render it worthy the increased confidence and encouragement of the judicious, the progressive, and the discriminating—of all who favor Substantial, Instructive and Pure Literature. But all who are conversant with the Rural, know its aim and objects, and scarcely need assurances as to its future course or position—and we will only say, to such, our design is that it shall, more than ever before, excel in all the essentials which have rendered it the most prosperous, popular and ardently esteemed Rural and Family Newspaper of the age. The thousands whom we now address for the first time as subscribers—whether residents of Country or City, or located in the East, West, North or South—are welcomed to the Rural Circle in the hope that they will find this journal worthy the partiality they have bestowed. The accession of their names to its list gives further assurance of the truth of our remark in closing the tenth volume, that "the Rural New-Yorker is a favorite with tens of thousands of intelligent, progressive and enterprising cultivators all over the land—not only in our own highly favored 'Empire State,' but throughout the rich valleys and prairies of the West, the steep and rocky hills of New England, the naturally fertile sections of the 'Old Dominion' and other localities of the sunny South, and in the better portions of the British Provinces at the North." In all these sections it has become a welcome visitor to the Farmer, the Horticulturist, and the Family Circle.

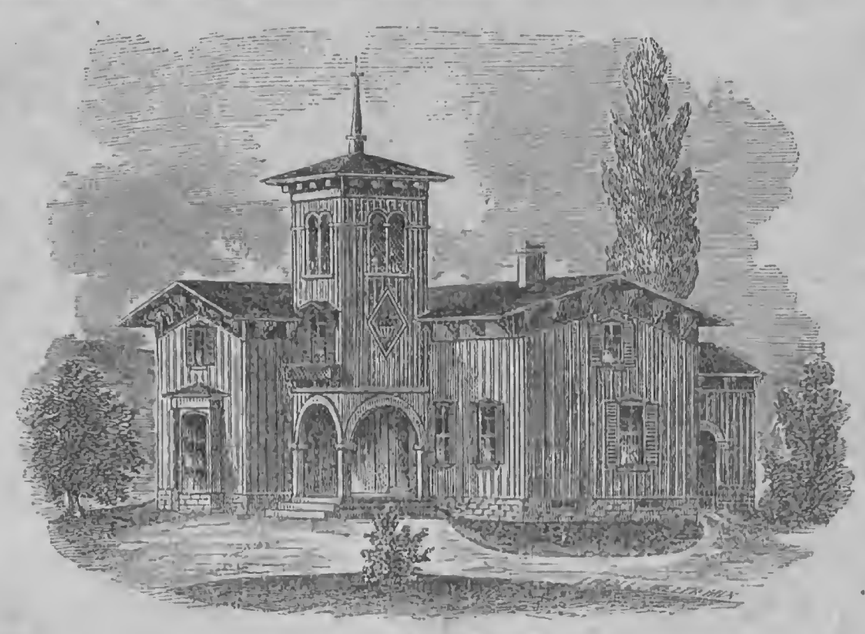
FACTS ABOUT MANURES.

For many ages it has been known that the droppings of animals enrich the soil and aid the growth of plants, and under the name of manure they have been used for this purpose by agriculturists of all countries. Books, almost without number, have been written on the subject; essays, long and short, learned and unlearned, theoretical and practical, appear from time to time in the agricultural journals, and yet, with due respect to all, we must be allowed to say that writers and readers, instructors and learners, appear to be a good deal in the dark. Of this no one can doubt who reads their various contradictory theories and recommendations, while every agricultural editor,—owing to the singular questions often presented for solution, even by good and intelligent farmers,—is led to feel the necessity of more light among practical men. Occasionally we meet with an article plain, lucid and sparkling with truth. Before its brightness the fogs of ignorance are scattered. The progress of truth, however, is slow but sure. The destruction of the night of error has commenced, but the truth must shine clear and long before the noon-day shall appear. The signs of the times are encouraging—the honest inquirers after truth are more numerous than ever, and the opportunity for boasted "scientific" empirics to rob the people, by teaching error and selling manures, is growing less, and they may soon learn that "honesty is the best policy."

We were led to these reflections, and also to present a few facts about manures, by an article from a correspondent now before us, a part of which we quote:—"Please tell me just how to prepare my ground, and instead of saying 'enrich with stable manure,' or with 'well-rotted manure,' &c., please be plain and say what kind of manure, whether of the horse, cow, or hog, and then we will know just what to do." A few years ago when attending the Annual Meeting of the New York State Agricultural Society, at Albany, we heard an intelligent gentleman, well known as a horticulturist, remark that he had substituted blooded stock for the natives, and that he had made this change principally for the sake of the manure, which he needed for his trees, that from blooded stock being so much richer than from our common cattle. Such facts as the above show that the matter is not well understood, even by intelligent men, hence we purpose to present a few hints occasionally that we hope will throw a little light on the subject.

Our domestic animals we may consider, in some sense, manufacturers. The farmer must furnish the raw material from which the manure is made, and its quality and value will be in accordance with the value of the material supplied. The miller when he puts corn or oats in the hopper would be very foolish to expect fine wheat flour to be produced by the grinding process. And yet this would be just as reasonable as to expect rich manure from poor feed. To this it may be said—is not the manure from sheep, and hogs, and fowls more valuable than that from cattle, and even horses? and is not the celebrated guano, so rich as to destroy seeds or young plants with which it comes in contact, and so highly fertilizing that a handful or two is a heavy manuring for a square rod—is not this the manure of birds? Why is this so much more powerful than that made by the farmer? We reply, that the same feed given to a horse, cow or sheep would produce manure of nearly the same value. But horse manure, generally, is better than that of cattle, because horses generally receive richer feed; the manure from fattening pigs is richer than that of horses, because pigs under these circumstances are fed almost entirely on corn, without hay, straw, or any bulky substance that will produce a large quantity of poor manure. The manure of fowls is better than that of pigs, because they feed not only on grain, but even on more highly concentrated food, such as worms, insects, &c., and from another fact that all is saved, while a portion of the manure of domestic animals is lost, and that the most valuable, by the waste of urine. Guano is richer than the manure of our domestic fowls, because the birds, by which it was produced, fed entirely on fish. From these facts it will be seen that manure is not necessarily rich or poor, because voided by any particular animal, but that its value depends upon the food from which it is produced. Boussingault tells a story of a farmer near Paris who had purchased the produce of the vaults of a celebrated hotel in the city, and the manure was so rich, and the results so beneficial, and the speculation so profitable, that he became desirous of obtaining a larger supply of the article, and rented the products of several of the barracks of Paris. The manure which he thus obtained, however, he found to produce an effect greatly less than he had anticipated, so that he lost money by the bargain. It is a great error to judge of the value of manure by its bulk, as is too often done. A pile of manure may be of little more value than the same quantity of swamp muck, or it may be quite as valuable as guano.

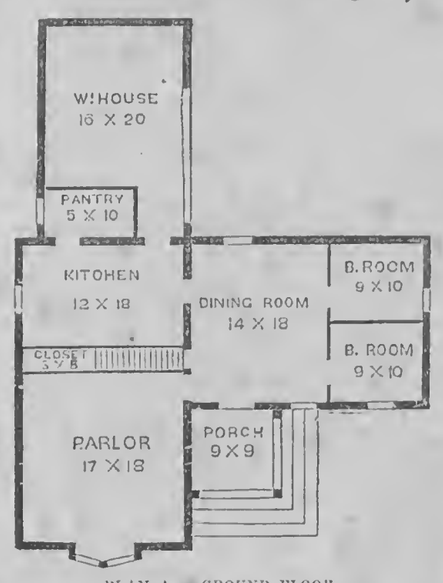
We do not wish to be understood to say that a certain amount of feed fed to different animals will yield the same amount of manure, but manure of about the same value. For instance manure contains less water than that of the cow or pig, and that of the sheep much less than either. This is one reason why horse manure is more readily ferments, becomes "fire-fanged," and is seriously injured when laying in heaps. An application of water, or a cool and slowly decomposing substance, like muck, will prevent this. Both these things affect the bulk as well as the value of manure, but of these we may speak hereafter.



AN ITALIAN FARM HOUSE.

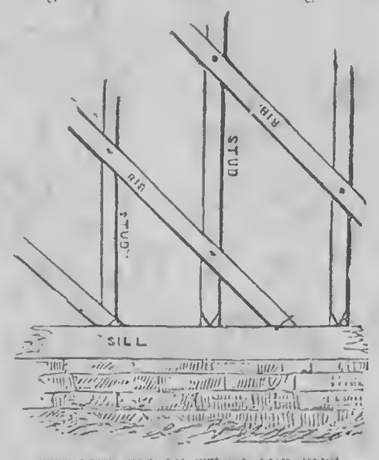
The accompanying design for an Italian Farm House is furnished by C. B. Rider, of Pike, Wyoming Co., N. Y. In appearance it is tasteful, without the common fault of excessive ornamentation, while the arrangement is exceedingly convenient. The dining-room is well situated in its relation to both kitchen and parlor, and two small bed-rooms are provided for on the ground floor, but one large one would, perhaps, be better.

"I have long been impressed with the idea that the Italian style is the one most perfectly adapted to the wants of the farming community; accordingly I have selected it for the following study.



PLAN A.—GROUND FLOOR.

Cellar.—The cellar requires 14 cords of stone. It will be found as cheap to make the cellar under the whole building, as the walls should be of the same height, seven feet throughout, to prevent unequal settling. Cellars are generally dug too low. My excavation is only 18 inches. The practice of setting stone edgwise for "underpinning" should be avoided; they are better laid flat, taking care that none reach through the wall.



ARRANGEMENT OF STUDS AND RIBS.

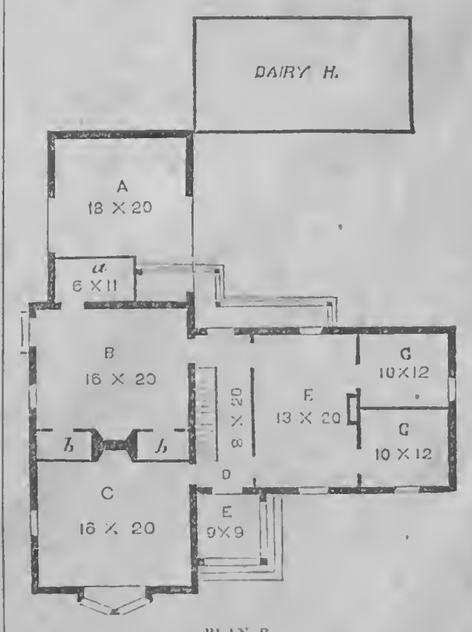
The Frame.—A well-made "balloon" frame is much cheaper and better for all houses of moderate height than a timber frame. It *adapts* itself better to circumstances. It is more *plastic*, so to speak. My plan of constructing a frame is as follows:—The sills are 6 by 8 inches, laid flat, the studs are 3 by 4 inches, "toe-nailed" to the sills, *two inches from the outer edge*. This space of two inches is afterwards filled out with 2 by 4 inch "ribs," set, diagonally, 3 feet apart, and nailed to the studs at each intersection. (See figure.) These ribs serve as braces to the building, besides acting as supports for the outside boarding. I nail them on over doors and windows, and afterwards saw out those that interfere with the openings. It will be seen that it requires no more lumber or labor than to put them on horizontally, yet they make the building much stiffer. My house might be rolled over and not be crushed. The Italian style requires a low roof. Mine is one-fifth pitch.

Construction.—The order of putting the house together is:—The cellar walls, sills and lower joists, studs and upper joists, rafters, ribs, vertical boarding, window frames, cornice, and, lastly, the roof. All the joists are 18 feet long, 2 by 8 inches, and 16 inches apart, so that the lower joists will rise 2 inches above the sills, which are 6 by 8 inches. This arrangement is for the purpose of giving the sills *plenty of air*, as nothing contributes more to the destruction of timber than close confinement. The space thus left between the floor and sills must be filled with cobble stones and coarse gravel, to allow the air to circulate, and keep the rats out. I prefer machine-planed vertical boarding to clapboards, but they must be of uniform width, and 11 inches wide; battens 2 inches.

The Roof.—Zinc or copper gutters must be used where the tower joins the main building, and at the angles of the roof.

The Tower will be considered by many a needless expense. I do not think so. The lower story forms the open porch, the second may be used as a library or bed-room, and the third as an observatory, a summer sleeping room, a room for drying herbs, &c., and as a means of reaching the roof, in case of fire, &c. It is the most picturesque and not least valuable part of the house. At all events *the style* requires it.

Cost.—*Here*, where "clear stuff" costs $24, "house boards" $16, and "barn-boards" $8, hemlock scantling $7 per thousand; stone $6 per cord; and joiner work $1 50 per day; this house can be built for $1,200. If the builder furnishes stone from his own land, and does a considerable part of the "coarse work," of course it can be built for much less.



PLAN B.

A, Wood House; *B*, Kitchen; *C*, Parlor; *D*, Hall; *E*, Porch; *F*, Sitting Room; *G*, *G*, Bed Rooms; *a*, Pantry; *b*, *b*, Closets.

For those requiring a more complete establishment plan B is offered—it is simply an extension of the original."

HIGH FEEDING AND MANURING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I am afraid my notions of higher feeding don't sit altogether right on the stomach of our friend H. T. B. I will try to set him right, if possible.

H. T. B. says—"If Mr. Johnston's plan of making all our stock gain through winter shall be adopted generally, it will occasion a very large consumption of grain, and would doubtless sensibly affect the departments of labor and commerce." Now, my friend Mr. H. T. B., I would like to make your ideas take a wider range. Supposing my plan of a much higher system of feeding was generally adopted, of course a much higher system of manuring would follow; hence the crops of grain and grass might be more than doubled. Now, I ask what effect that would have on labor and commerce? I think it would have a remarkably good effect on the country at large. Surely cattle that are only frames in spring, and *a vast number* of dead sheep, can have no good effect on the State, and it always seems to me that farmers who are for five or six months in the year making their cattle and sheep of less value daily, must pursue a course ruinous to themselves, while none are benefited thereby, excepting those few who keep their stock improving the year round.

Now, Mr. H. T. B., if you are ever to improve the farming in this country, you must look a long way ahead; you must not only take thought for to-morrow, but you must take thought for many years ahead, even if you do not expect to live to see those years. Some one will be tempted by your example, if a good one.

As a proof that high feeding and high manuring is the true course to follow, I will state that I can with more certainty calculate on three tuns of hay per acre, now, than I could on one thirty-six years ago, and I can safely calculate on one acre in pasture feeding more stock and much better, than three would have done at that time, while I can almost always make one-half more grain of any kind than I did then—of oats or corn far more than double. High feeding and high manuring did all this. Now, my dear sir, if I can only put the right *faith in you*, you will make a shining light to the farming community, and you have only to think over and ponder well these remarks. Think, reason on the subject, and you will gain knowledge, so that you will be satisfied that sheep and cattle can never be profitable to the owner when they are not gaining in value in some way; what they consume is a dead loss, and the labor of attending them is lost also. Now, what becomes of him who is making them worse, daily, from November until the middle of May or later? The fact is, that way of keeping stock is absurd nonsense, and I know if men could be induced to reason on the subject there would soon be no such cattle or sheep in the State.

I am never afraid to feed grain when high; if corn is high, beef and mutton are always high. I fed 24 tuns of oil meal last year to 501 sheep and got pay for cost of sheep, pay for the oil meal, interest of money on cost of sheep, interest of money paid for oil meal, and $745 over, to pay for forty days' hay for the sheep. Now, I have often done far better than that. I have fatted more or less sheep or cattle for over thirty years, and I never lost money but one season; sometimes made but little clear profit, but always on the right side, except one year, and when I kept a regular stock of sheep. When I fed hay all winter I always fed grain or oil meal. I often fed 100 lambs (Merinos) during winter, and either sold in April or at shearing time, and some five to seven years ago, for a few years they netted me $5 each. It don't take much grain or oil meal to make a lamb fat if in good condition when winter sets in. I have had them average 110 to 115 pounds after being shorn. I don't think 100 wethers, 3½ years old last fall, could have been found on any one farm west of this in this State that would weigh 100 pounds,—I mean Spanish Merinos, such as I raised. Good keeping did it all with me. I have only got a little over 100 acres, or will not have after the first of April; indeed I have no more now, my tenant having sold out his fodder, corn and oats to the gentleman that has purchased about 200 acres of my farm. He is now on it with his family, has got on some 350 sheep which he is making fat for spring market: has also plenty of cattle and horses, and I have no doubt will make, or rather is, a very progressive farmer. I have 200 sheep making fat daily, and eight head of cattle, but have not enough stock to consume my stuff. True, I might sell my hay and grain, but then my farm would feel the loss of it bye-and-bye. I never sold hay, corn or oats since I came here, and I have raised as high as 1,400 bushels of corn in a season, and fed it all to cattle and sheep, excepting to make as much pork as my family needed, and always got as much as it would bring in market, and sometimes twice that, *one year excepted*.

John Johnston.

Near Geneva, N. Y., Dec. 17, 1859.

SPRING WHEAT—MIDGE AND RUST.

Editors Rural New-Yorker:—L. G. D., of Morrisville, asks some of your correspondents to name the best kind of Spring wheat, the best time for sowing to escape the midge, and also the rust, on the hills of Madison County. There are but two reasons for sowing Spring, instead of Winter wheat in Madison. The first is, to escape the midge. Late fall plowing, after the ground commences freezing, is sure destruction to the most of these pests. The only other reason that any rational man can assign, is the want of means to drain his land,—for if the land be thoroughly drained the frost will not heave it sufficiently to injure the wheat. It is the water in the soil that causes the frost to draw out the roots of the wheat.

Wheat sown sufficiently early in the fall to get a good top, if not disturbed by the midge, on the same soil, with the same treatment, will yield from three to eight bushels per acre more than wheat sown in the Spring: first, for the reason that wheat sown in the fall has six months the advantage in accumulating ammonia from the atmosphere, the rains and snows. The wheat plant, like that of grass, picks off every particle. The water that runs over either wheat or grass eight rods, becomes as poor in ammonia as wood; while much of that which runs over plowed ground, if a soft-water soil, remains as rich in ammonia as when it dropped from the clouds, until it reaches some plants or material to pick it off. That which falls sufficiently slow for the ground to soak it, of course is retained for the growth of plants. Again, the winter wheat gets such a start in the Spring that it covers the ground before there is any drouth to affect it.

The best variety of Spring wheat that I have ever seen is the variety known in this section as the China Tea. There are many names for the same wheat, it is necessary to give a description of the variety that there shall be no mistake. It is a white chaff, bearded, and grows (on good land) very late. The head is very long; kernels not very close together; berry large; a good variety to mix with the Canada or Milwaukee Club, either of which grows six or eight inches shorter. When sown together they ripen at the same time, and yield 4 or 5 bushels more to the acre mixed than sown separately. I have just threshed 45 dozen sheaves of the mixed, which yielded a bushel to the dozen, or 30 bushels to the acre, and neither of the varieties will yield alone more than 25 bushels to the acre, sown on equally good ground, and equally well cultivated on a part of the same field.

And now, Mr. L. G. D., if you will tell me what the weather will be in July and August, I will tell you what time to sow your wheat to escape the rust,—for if the weather be clear and cool from the time your wheat heads out until it is out of the milk rust, will never injure it. Two or three bushels of salt to the acre, sown broadcast, is a good preventive,—if sown on the wheat when a foot high, or on the ground after the wheat is sown.

To escape the midge is my apology for sowing Spring wheat. After learning their instincts, habits, and fashion of wintering, I ask no favors, and show them no quarter. I not only plow late in the fall, where I sow wheat in the Spring, but for everything else I sow or plant, and if once broken up in their winter quarters in cold weather, they are quite too frail to make new, or repair their old ones. If the winter proves favorable I only use a cultivator and harrow for putting in my seed. If there should not be snow to lay long, and the ground should freeze and thaw so much as to settle down so hard that I cannot make it in order with the cultivator, I then use a narrow plow with a straight moldboard that shoves the furrow off without turning any portion over, so as to save the ammonia on the top, which is so important for the manuring of wheat, and makes the soil soft and deep for the roots to get moisture.

A. B. Dickinson.

Hornby, N. Y., Dec., 1859.

WINTERING CALVES.—HAY vs. GRAIN.

For many years I have had uniform good success in wintering calves without grain, and can fully endorse H. T. B.'s theory that, if good hay is freely and regularly supplied, grain is measurably unnecessary. Wintering and summering reciprocally affect each other to such a degree that one cannot well write of one without reference to the other. Let it be premised, then, that the calves have had milk, and summer pasture, sufficient to keep them growing in good shape and condition. For winter quarters I assign them an acre lot adjoining the barn, with a low, open shed, made very tight and warm on three sides and overhead, kept well littered with straw, in one corner of said lot. A rack or manger, so constructed that they cannot waste the hay, is freely and regularly supplied with good, bright, tender hay, *cut before harvest*, in such quantity that said manger is never entirely empty, except when a little brine, sprinkled on the orts, induces the calves to eat them clean. Water at will. With this care my calves have always kept growing and thriving through the winter, and if they have good pasture through the ensuing summer, and good keep the next winter, I can scarcely ever keep them longer than the month of February, because butchers passing by will offer such high prices for them that it would be folly to do so.

The question whether grain is necessary in wintering stock, depends for its answer very much on the quality of the hay provided. In some sections of the country where I have been, good, choice hay is almost unknown. You may visit twenty different barns at chore-time without seeing the article. A hard, ripe, wiry, late cut and pale-colored commodity, called hay, certainly needs some grain as an accompaniment. In these sections of country advocates may be found for late cutting of meadows. Cause why—the hay goes further. So would a stone fore-stick in the fire-place last longer than one of hickory.

I once worked a pair of farm horses for several years on grass in the summer, and hay in the winter, with less than the contents of a barrel of grain per annum. They were in good health, flesh and spirits. I sold one of them at fourteen years of age, which was soon re-sold for eight, his actions and appearance corresponding with that age.

In the spring of the year, when sheep's appetite for hay somewhat fails, and the springing grass is unsubstantial, I think grain may be fed to great advantage.

P. H*

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1859.

MAKING CHEESE IN WINTER.

There may be truth in the saying that there is "nothing new under the sun," but I should like to know if anybody ever made cheese in the winter. It seems to me that the present practice of making it in the summer is both absurd and expensive. The winter is by far the best time to make cheese, because the milk is richer, more easily managed, and there is no danger from flies, or souring of vessels. There is also more time, and milk can be produced cheaper, and of a better quality than in summer.

So also with butter; and it is only from lack of proper knowledge of well authenticated facts that farmers generally adhere to the custom of making it in summer.

T. Curtis.

Chautauqua Co., N. Y., 1859.

The Bee-Keeper.

Sweets for the People.

All our readers will recollect what an excitement was created by the belief that in the *Sorghum* was found a plant that would enable the farmers of the north to supply their own families with all the syrup and perhaps sugar they would need. Others were elated at the idea of becoming growers and manufacturers of syrup, and it was confidently prophesied that enough could cheaply be grown by northern farmers to furnish the market. We will not undertake to say how far these hopes have been or may be realized, but we do say that almost every section of our country can supply itself with the most delicious sweet ever provided for the use of man. It is scattered all over the land, in the forest, on the prairie, on the mountain, in the valley, in the garden and the field. It needs no crushing, no manufacturing, no cleansing with lime or eggs or blood, but is grown pure, and to be had for the gathering. Nature, too, has provided workers for gathering this sweet, that will work if only invited, and treated decently, without pay, and board themselves; so that this delicious sweet can be had almost "without money and without price."

Honey enough is wasted in this country every year, by being left ungathered, to supply every family; and we saw a careful calculation made by a gentleman, which went to show that enough might be gathered in the State of New York to pay its taxes. If honey is so plenty, and the keeping of bees so profitable, it may be asked why this interest is so sadly neglected? To this we will briefly reply.

1st. Those who are not acquainted with bees think them vicious insects, laying in wait to inflict pain with their terrible sting on every one who comes near them. They approach their hives with fear and trembling, ready to start and run at the first sign of an attack, and if a bee approaches them singing ever so gently and peaceably, they are ready to retreat, fighting as they go to keep off the enemy, and it is not strange if the little bee gets enraged at the insult, and they thus bring on themselves the evil they were so anxious to avoid.

If bees were without stings, like flies, every farmer would have a number of hives, they would be seen in every garden, and every table would be well supplied with honey each day in the year. Now, the majority of people never taste honey, and with the few it is a luxury to be enjoyed only occasionally. We cannot, of course, extract the sting from the bee, nor would it be desirable to do so if we could, for it is needed as a protection against enemies; but we can tell our readers that when they manage their bees properly they have very little cause to fear their stings, as they will not attack any one unless injured or made angry in some way, which can easily be avoided. We have examined them and handled them, and never yet received a sting which we could not attribute to our carelessness. In future numbers we will give all necessary information for their proper management.

2d. Under improper treatment, and with little knowledge of the habits of the bee and its great enemy, the *Moth*, many have been unsuccessful. Hundreds of hives have been destroyed, and many have become discouraged and given up the business. Of this there is no necessity, for a little watchfulness and care, will prevent any serious mischief from this source. Of this and all other matters connected with bee-culture we design to keep our readers well-informed.

Profitable Bee-Keeping.—One of our subscribers in the town of Parma in this county, procured six swarms of bees in the spring. He now has fourteen good swarms, and sold during the summer honey which brought him $100.

Ventilation.—Do hives that are placed in the cellar during the winter need any ventilation other than the opening at the bottom where the bees enter?—S. T., *Trumansburgh, N. Y., Dec.* 1859.

An opening at the top of the hive, to allow the vapor to pass off, is more necessary than the opening at the bottom.

Inquiries and Answers.

Corns on Horses.—I would like to know what causes corns on horses' feet; the symptoms attending them; the cure, if any; or, whether they can be cured or helped. If you will answer, you will greatly oblige your humble servant.—S. Wheaton, *Prattsburgh, N. Y., Dec*, 1859.

Improper shoeing, it is supposed, is the cause of corns. Dr. White says:—The only mode by which a corn can be either cured or palliated, is to take off all pressure from the diseased parts; and this not only for a short time, but till the injured part has lost its tenderness, and formed horn of sufficient strength to enable it to bear pressure. When a horse becomes very lame from a corn, it will be advisable to leave off the shoe for a short time, and apply a large bran poultice. When tenderness is perceived about the coronet, and a little matter is seen oozing out from the horn of the heel, it should be pared away, that the matter may escape freely. The exposed part may be dressed at first with a solution of blue or white vitriol; afterwards with tincture of myrrh.

Beardless Barley.—For the benefit of myself and some of my neighbors, I take the present occasion to make the inquiry in relation to a variety of grain that bears the name of *Beardless Barley*. We hear much of its merits from abroad, but practically we know but little of its qualities. Is it well adapted to the soil and climate of Western New York? Is it a spring or fall grain? What yield does it produce to the acre? Can the seed be obtained in quantity in your section? If so, what can it be bought for per bushel? Any information to the above inquiries will be gratefully received by one of your subscribers.—A Young Farmer, *Attica, N. Y., Dec.*, 1859.

Beardless Barley is a spring grain. It is not only beardless, but without the strong skin of the common barley, and has somewhat the appearance of wheat, or rather prepared barley, such as is generally called *pearl barley*, and for sale at the stores for soups, &c. It yields well, but we have only grown small quantities by way of experiment. Perhaps some of our readers can answer the inquiries as to cost, &c.

Broom Corn.—A correspondent wishes to know how to prepare the ground, the best variety, the best fertilizer; also, for what purpose the seed is most valuable; if the stalks are of value for any purpose; the aggregate cost of growing an acre, the product, and the price for which the brush generally sells. Here is a chance for some of our broom-corn growers to impart a good deal of information.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Testimonial to John Johnston.

In noticing what it denominates a "Tribute to the Great Tile-Drainer," the *N. Y. Tribune* of late date says:—"It may be of general interest to know that a number of our most respectable citizens, personally interested in our State Agriculture, have united in an appropriate and well-merited testimonial to the venerable farmer of Seneca county—Mr. John Johnston. Mr. J. is now about 70 years of age, and has long been in the habit of communicating valuable information on farm topics to the agricultural journals. He has kept up a correspondence, to the extent of more than one hundred letters annually, with strangers addressing him from all parts of the country. Better than all this, however, he has shown by many years of actual demonstration that tile-draining is profitable, * * and that a man can begin farming with little or no money, and reach an independence. A testimonial of respect to such a man as this is eminently proper; and one from such men as have united in this instance has a greatly enhanced value. * * The testimonial consists of a massive silver pitcher and two goblets, on all of which are engraved and embossed appropriate agricultural emblems. On one shield of the pitcher is represented a reaping field as it appears in our day, on another a mowing machine at work, and the third bears the following inscription:

Presented to John Johnston, in recognition of his services to the Agriculture of New York, by his fellow citizens.

John A. King,	Luther Tucker & Son,
B. P. Johnson,	Samuel Thorne,
Henry Wager,	Erastus Corning, Jr.,
A. B. Conger,	D. D. T. Moore,
William Kelly,	A. P. Cumings,
James J. Mapes,	A. O. Moore,
Lewis G. Morris,	James S. Wadsworth,
B. N. Huntington,	C. & W. McCammon,
James O. Sheldon,	Addison Gardiner,
J. B. Williams,	Henry S. Olcott.

The goblets bear the representation of men laying tiles for drains, a ditch-digging machine; tile machine, and all manner of small tools used in 'the stupid burial of crockery'—as an English lord was pleased to term tile-draining a few years ago."

"Singed Bacon."

Thomas Nash, an enterprising packer in Chicago, has lately brought out a new feature in the Provision trade of this country—singeing the hog after slaughtering instead of scalding. The editor of the Chicago *Tribune* says that the prime object of Mr. Nash just now, is filling English orders for this class of provisions. The hogs are carefully selected of the same size, about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and eighty pounds weight each. After the knife, the carcasses, in number twelve at a time, are covered with straw and this is burned upon them. They are then turned and the process of burning is again repeated leaving them perfectly blackened. This dark coat scales off before the scraper and the hog is found to be perfectly cleaned of bristles. Each is then dressed, cut in half, head and legs cut off, blade and backbone cut out, the whole neatly trimmed with the knife, and the sides then laid in tiers, skin side downward, the meat surface plentifully strewn with salt—this is the pickling process, and in about two weeks, or less, the whole process is completed, and the *singed bacon* ready for shipment, in boxes, direct to London by steam from Portland or from New York. Mr. Nash will ship about a thousand hogs this packing season on English orders. The leading reason of the introduction of this modification of our usual pork curing process is that it is an old and favorite mode in some parts of England, and this *singed bacon* is sent over to compete with the home product of "John Bull." There is a claim that seems well sustained, that the singeing less affects the firmness of the fibres of the pork, than the action of hot water in the tub, and several of our experts in provision matters concede that this advantage compensates for the increased trouble and expense.

Premium Crops in Ohio.

The State Ag. Society of Ohio, together with the Board of Agriculture, met at Columbus on the 5th and 6th ult. A Committee from the latter made a report upon Field Crops, in which they regret that more applications for premiums have not been made in conformity with the rules.

They find that Jno. Loughey of Adams county, raised on two acres of ground 6 tuns and 1,209 pounds of hay, for which he is entitled to a premium of $10.

That Samuel Scott of Morgan county, having raised on one-half an acre of ground, 159 bushels and 51 pounds of potatoes, is entitled to the premium of $20.

That John Kelley, of Cuyahoga county, having raised on one-half acre of ground, 159 bushels and 51 pounds of potatoes, is entitled to the premium of $20.

That John Kelley, of Cuyahoga county, having raised 267 bushels and 2⅞ quarts of onions upon one-fourth of an acre of ground, is entitled to a premium of $10.

That John Loughey, of Adams county, raised on one acre 113 bushels of corn. That Robinson Baird raised on one acre 84½ bushels of corn, and that Guerdon Perrin, of Erie county, raised on one acre 64 bushels and 16 pounds of oats. As the premium for oats and corn are offered on crops of not less than five acres, it would be improper to award any premiums on the applications made for the same.

Jno. Meiser raised 52 bushels of turnips on one-eighth of an acre of land, being at the rate of 416 bushels per acre. As no premiums were offered for turnip crops, the Committee do not feel authorized to recommend one.

Open vs. Covered Drains.

Mr. Mechi thus explains the reason why covered drains are much more effectual than open ones:—"A deep, open ditch will not drain the adjoining soil, because, when the sides are dry, the water rises up towards the surface by capillary attraction, and thus heads back the water behind it. Put pipes into the bottom of this ditch, fill it up, and it will then drain the adjoining soil.

Agricultural Miscellany.

"A Happy New Year" to all Rural Friends,—Correspondents, Subscribers, Readers, and even borrowers. To each of these classes we have something to say, but no space for an appropriate address to either—this No. being already so full that we are obliged to defer a page or two of matters *intended* therefor. Please, therefore, take the will for the deed, Gentlemen all, and consider yourselves respectively addressed in the most becoming manner.

Agricultural Societies.—*Annual Meetings.*—The Eighth Annual Meeting of the U. S. Agricultural Society is to be held at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, on Wednesday next, (Jan. 11th,) when officers will be elected for 1860, and the location of the next Fair be designated.——The Annual Meeting of the N. Y. State Ag. Society is to be held at the Agricultural Rooms, Albany, on Wednesday, the 11th of February. —— That of the Monroe Co. Society at the Court House in this city on Wednesday next, Jan 11th.——That of the Tonawanda Valley Ag. Society, at Attica, Tuesday evening, Jan. 10th. (Address by D. D. T. Moore.)

—Secretaries of Ag. Societies will oblige us by furnishing brief abstracts of proceedings of annual meetings, as we wish to publish their most important transactions, and especially lists of officers elected.

The Weather of the past two or three weeks has been quite uniform for the season,—with general good sleighing over a large region of country. In this section there has been just snow enough, and the temperature generally favorable for out-door operations. Sleighing has been improved to good advantage by farmers and others. We never knew so great a crowd of teams from the country, in December—bringing pork, &c., to market—as during the past two weeks, (we write this Dec. 30.) The "cold snap" of the past two days—the Thermometer 7 deg. *below* zero yesterday morning—checked operations somewhat, but the weather is more moderate to-day, and business people and pleasure seekers who follow the merry bells, are again on the top wave.

Hints on Feeding.—*Good Steers.*—In a recent letter to us, John Johnston writes:—"Mr. H. T. B. says 'a successful Livingston Co. farmer, largely in the wheat business, used to buy steers in *tax times*, (Jan. and Feb.) winter through on straw, put them in good pasture, and sell them in the following summer or fall, at a good profit. The steers were lean when bought,' &c. Now, if the 'successful Liv. Co. farmer, had fed the lean steers ten bushels of corn from Jan. to Feb., until he could turn them to good pasture, I have no doubt whatever he would have been more successful, because the animals would have been good beef by the end of June or early in July, when beef is generally much higher than in fall—and their manure would have been worth a great deal more. But perhaps they don't use manure in Livingston Co.—if they do not, I know they ought to. I have some steers now, that gained between the 12th of May last and the 17th of December, inst., 592½ lbs. each;—yes, five hundred ninety-two and a half pounds each, in seven months and five days! They had nothing but pasture from 12th of May until the 2d of Dec., when I commenced feeding them meal. Can any of the Livingston Co. farmers beat that?"

State Agricultural College.—We are indebted to the President of this Institution for a document which we cannot at present more appropriately notice than by quoting what the *Southern Field* says of the same, as follows:—"We have received a pamphlet containing the Act incorporating the New York State Agricultural College; a brief history of the institution, the names of the trustees and other officers, and the plan of its collegiate studies, and farming operations. The whole subject has been maturely considered, and from our knowledge of the gentlemen who have the interests of agricultural education in charge, we cherish the belief that the farmers' college will soon take rank as a model establishment of the kind. Major M. R. Patrick, its President, is a graduate of the government school at West Point, a man of talent, energy, and firmness, a capital disciplinarian, yet genial, courteous and conciliating, and, withal, an excellent practical farmer. He will command, at once, the entire confidence of the Board of Trustees, professors and students. The college is located on a large farm near Ovid, in Seneca county, between Cayuga and Seneca Lakes."

Ohio State Ag. Society.—The annual Meeting of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture was held at Columbus on the 5th ult. The Treasurer's report showed a balance on the wrong side—an indebtedness of $217. An animated discussion was had upon a resolution in favor of permanent location of the State Fair; but it was so amended as to direct the Board to "consider the propriety of locating the Fair at one point for two consecutive years." Officers of the Board for the ensuing year were elected as follows: *President*—J. M Trimble of Highland Co.—*Treasurer*—John Reber of Fairfield Co. *Secretary*—C. T. Jones of Delaware Co. *Cor. Secretary*—John H. Klippart of Columbus.

Cortland Co. Ag. Society.—At the recent annual meeting of this spirited Society the following excellent board of officers was elected for 1860: *President*—W. P. Randall, *Vice President*—T. T. Tallman, *Treasurer*—Morgan L. Webb, *Secretary*—Alonzo D. Blodgett, *Executive Committee*—Samuel Babcock, Norman King, Richard S. Van Hoesen, George Conable, John Corp, Lyman Hubbard, Alfred L. Chamberlain, Henry McKevitt, Martin Luce, Andrew E. Kingsbury, Francis H. Hibbard. It is the intention of the Society to erect permanent buildings during the ensuing year upon their new grounds.

Wool Grower and Stock Register.—As we not unfrequently receive inquiries and cash orders for this journal, we again state that it was merged in the Rural New-Yorker some years ago,—and that we *cannot supply complete sets of the work*. As we remarked last year "though tolerably well sustained, the W. G. and S. R. was discontinued because many of its subscribers preferred the Rural, on sight and examination. Perhaps we made a mistake in sending specimens of the Rural to its readers, but if so it is too late to repent, and we are satisfied with the result. The W. G. and S. R. is not the only *monthly* that has had to succumb to the more varied, interesting and progressive weeklies."

The Letters we are receiving about these days talk sensibly, and are substantially lined withal. As a sample of many like unto it, we quote a remark or two from one just received from Mr. E. S. Bartholomew, of Chautauqua Co., containing a remittance for ninety-two subscribers. Mr. B. writes—"I hope to yet extend my list to one hundred, which you may consider a large circulation for next year, as a great many have got to labor to 'save the *Union*' by taking rabid political papers and mixing up in the whirlpool of exciting political strife—saying and doing much to the injury of a sound political brotherhood that might be sustained if the Rural was read more, inducing more calm thought. I consider it a highly conservative paper, both morally and nationally. Its objects and aims are to elevate and ennoble, to make man what he should be—a productive being instead of a leech upon society, to debase and derange. I wish it could be in every house in our country."

Those of our readers interested in extending the circulation and benefits of the Rural are requested to read the Publisher's Notices on advertising page.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE NEW YEAR.

With the present number we commence our labors for another year. To the tens of thousands who have been readers of the *Horticultural Department* of the Rural the last and previous years, we need only remark that we shall pursue the same course as heretofore—say at all times what we believe to be the truth of every tree and shrub, fruit and flower, new and old, regardless of the wishes or interest of any. Our great aim is to promote the good of our readers, and we design to pursue the even tenor of our way, turning neither to the right or the left to court the smiles or shun the frowns of friends or foes. The memory of the past year is pleasant. Together we have walked in the garden and orchard, and taken notes of the opening buds, the fragrant flowers, and the luscious fruits. We commence another year under the most auspicious circumstances. Our field of usefulness is rapidly enlarging, and every day adds thousands to our large list of readers, increasing our facilities for doing good by spreading a knowledge of fine fruits and flowers, and improving the taste and increasing the happiness of the community.

HIGHLY CULTIVATED NON-BEARING ORCHARD.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—An enterprising, excellent farmer—a worthy neighbor of mine—has an apple orchard of rare beauty, containing some 1600 trees, varying from 12 to 16 years of age, from their setting, and occupying about 40 acres of ground. The trees are handsome in shape, vigorous in growth, and of ample size for full bearing—the results of great care in their cultivation, annual pruning, washing, manuring, spading of the ground, &c. Yet the returns of fruit are scanty, many of the trees not having begun to bear at all; while my own orchard—planted about same time, in similar soil and locality, and embracing mostly the same varieties, but the trees far inferior in size and thriftiness, having been almost wholly neglected in their cultivation—has borne well for a number of years, and just yielded me a bountiful crop of fruit for market and home use.

The purpose of this communication is to seek the philosophy or explanation of the marked difference described between the two orchards, in respect to their bearing development. Is it the high cultivation in the one case, or the neglect in the other? And what is the proper remedy for the defaulting orchard? what is the requisite treatment to bring it into bearing in proportion to its apparent capacity! Will the editor of the Rural New-Yorker, or some contributor for his columns whose science and experience may qualify him for the purpose, have the goodness to favor the public, through the medium of that valuable publication, with the *rationale* on this subject? Doubtless many others are equally interested with my neighbor and myself, and will with us gratefully appreciate a compliance with this request. Wayne.

Remarks.—Our correspondent, no doubt, has judged rightly of the cause of the difference in these two orchards. If we sow seed of the Aster, or any other late flowering annual in the spring, and as soon as ready to transplant put a part in very poor soil and a part in rich, damp soil, those in the poor soil will flower prematurely in July or August, and die, those in the rich soil will make stronger plants and give finer flowers, but will not blossom until Autumn, and the first frost of Winter will be likely to find them in full vigor. All gardeners who wish to raise early tomatoes for market, set the plants in the poorest soil, where they will make but a small growth and ripen their fruit early. The same plants put in a rich soil would make a much larger growth, give double the quantity of fruit, but be much longer in coming to maturity. We have seen standard pear trees, three years old, crowded in nursery rows, and in a poor and badly worked soil, bearing fruit, while the same trees, if planted out in good soil and well cared for, would not have fruited until ten or twelve years old. Procure two dwarf pear trees, plant one in a poor sandy soil, and give it no care or culture, and it will be very likely to give a few specimens of fruit for several years, without making wood, become "*stunted*" and die. Plant the other in a rich, strong soil, and it will make wood rapidly without giving much, if any fruit, for several years, but will make a well-formed healthy tree, and in a few years reward the patience and care of the cultivator.

In the early stages of their formation all buds are leaf buds. The transformation of some of these leaf buds to fruit buds is accomplished in some varieties, as the plum and cherry, the second season, and in others, as the peach, the latter part of the first season. It is generally observed that the smallest and least developed leaf buds are those which are changed to fruit buds. The cause of this transformation is not, perhaps, satisfactorily settled, yet some facts in relation thereto are well known. A tree furnished with a rich humid soil, containing an abundance of watery nutriment, well cultivated and left unrestrained to pursue its natural habits, may attain the age of twelve or fifteen years, or even more, without forming fruit buds, whilst another tree of the same variety being placed in a poor or dry soil, less favorable to rapid growth, or by being constrained in its growth by training, or by grafting on some particular stock, or dwarfed by neglect, may produce fruit buds and fruit in three or four years, the time depending upon the amount of restraint to which the tree is subjected.

On this subject we find the following interesting remarks in Barry's Fruit Book—"An apple tree on a common stock, planted out in ordinary orchard soil, does not usually bear until it is in most cases seven years old from the bud, often more; whilst the same variety grafted or budded on a paradise apple stock will produce in two or three at most. We frequently see one branch of a tree that has been accidentally placed in a more horizontal position than the other parts, or that has been tightly compressed with a bandage or something of that sort, bear fruit abundantly; whilst the erect, unconstrained portion of the tree gives no sign of fruitfulness whatever. As a general thing, we find that where there is an abundant and constant supply of sap or nutriment furnished to the roots of trees and conveyed by them thro' the unrestrained channels which the large cells and porous character of young wood afford, the whole forces of the tree will be spent in the production of new shoots; but that as trees grow old, the cells become smaller, and the tree being also more branched the free course of the sap is obstructed, and becomes in consequence better elaborated, or in other words more *mature*, and commences the production of fruit. Circumstances similar in all respects to these and answering exactly the same purpose, can be produced by art at an early age of the tree; and this is one of the leading points in the culture and management of garden trees, where smallness of size and early fruitfulness are so highly desirable."

We do not think that the neighbor of "Wayne" will have cause to regret that his trees were rather long in coming into bearing, as they must have become large, strong, and healthy. It is a poor policy to sacrifice the form and vigor of a tree to secure early fruitfulness. It might be well now, however to check growth a little. We once knew a young orchard in a somewhat similar condition. The ground had been kept well cultivated from the time the trees were planted. It was then "seeded down" with grass, and in two years the trees commenced bearing, and gave a crop every year for several years, while those in other orchards near only bore alternate years. They had attained such vigor as to bear a good and increasing crop for five years that more than paid for the lack of a few small crops which might have been obtained a few years earlier. Orchardists make a great mistake in allowing their trees to bear when very young, or to over-bear at any time.

Railway Embankments.—The English railways are generally fenced with a live hedge, and embankments and waste places are often planted with shade trees, which must be kept closely cut or entirely removed when they get large. A correspondent of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* recommends the substitution of low growing evergreens.

YELLOW BELLEFLOWER APPLE.

The *Yellow Belleflower* is a large, beautiful and excellent winter apple. Our engraving gives a good representation of a specimen of medium size. It originated in Burlington, New Jersey, and thrives exceedingly well in the sandy soils of that State, from whence the Philadelphia market is abundantly supplied, where it is a great favorite, as it deserves to be. It is recommended by the American Pomological Society for *particular localities*, and we find that it has been recommended by the Fruit Committees of New York, Pennsylvania, Delaware, New Jersey, Vermont, Michigan, Iowa, Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, Indiana and Illinois.

D. R. Underwood, of Michigan, in reply to the Circular of the General Fruit Committee, says that in an orchard of 100 trees, he would plant 30 Yellow Bellellowers; Verry Aldrich, of Illinois, recommends 5 of this variety in 100; Cincinnati Horticultural Society 8; Wm. Reid, of New Jersey 10; D. W. Coit, Connecticut 6; and H. R. Robey, of Virginia, 20 in an orchard of 1,000 trees.

Mr. Downing describes the apple as follow:—"Fruit very large, oblong, a little irregular, tapering to the eye. Skin smooth, pale lemon yellow, often with a blush next the sun. Stalk long and slender, in a deep cavity. Calyx closed and set in a rather narrow, plaited basin. Seeds in a large hollow capsule or core. Flesh tender, juicy, crisp, with a sprightly sub-acid flavor; before fully ripe, it is considerably acid. Wood yellowish, and tree vigorous, with spreading, drooping branches. A regular and excellent bearer, and worthy of a place in every orchard. November to March."

It is called the *Belle-Fleur* by some authorities, but we can see no propriety in giving a French name to an American apple, while we have so many fruits and flowers of foreign origin which we are compelled to call by foreign names, much to the annoyance of cultivators.

SQUASHES—TO PERPETUATE BEST KINDS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—It is now admitted very generally that the *Hubbard Squash* is one of the very best squashes known in this country, and how to preserve pure from all foreign or bogus mixtures is an inquiry of considerable importance. To answer this inquiry, I will give you my mode of doing so, and experience. In the first place it is necessary to preserve the seeds from a number of pure squashes put up in separate packages, and each package numbered. In planting time, the next process is to place a stake to every row of hills, numbered with the same number that is on the package from which you have taken the seeds, and in no case to plant all of the seeds, but a large portion should be retained for the next year's use. Now the solution of the above inquiry is self-evident, to wit: that if you have a crop of pure-blood squashes on any one of these rows having a stake and numbered, then you know of a certainty which package of seed to plant from the ensuing year. And so on, from year to year, good seeds may be on hand always.

Messrs. Editors, I doubt not that you will receive many complaints from your correspondents that have received seeds through the post-office from various sources and different seedsmen, that a large proportion of them have proved bogus and not the true *Hubbard*, and my name among many others may be in this category. Yet suffice it to say, that no man that has any self-respect for integrity would impose upon community on so small a scale. Although the seeds which I sent out last season were all taken from squashes consumed in my own family, and from the purest and best squashes I ever ate, still it should not be expected that all will produce pure kinds. If the laws that govern fertilization and also amalgamation in vines were better understood, very many men would be prepared to exercise charity for those that furnish seed for the cultivator. They are apt to forget that the "busy bee," with his yellow heels is into all the squashes good and bad, for miles around him, thus fertilizing and fixing the character, for good or bad, of all that comes in his way.

Greece, Monroe Co., N. Y. H. N. Langworthy.

To Save Trees on Prairies from Rabbits.—Twist cornstalks and brush close around the roots to the height of twelve or fifteen inches.—Not however in such a way that the rabbit can jump upon the pile and sit on it while he gnaws higher up. A few sticks stuck around the tree at a distance of ten inches, and a tarred string wound around them two or three times will do till the tar hardens, but it is troublesome to renew it.

Horticultural Notes.

Winter Pears.—We are indebted to Ellwanger & Barry for a fine lot of *Winter Pears* in good condition. We have taken notes and drawings which we will give our readers in a future number. Also, to C. M. Hovey, for several specimens of *Dana's Hovey*, a new variety, and a very high-flavored winter pear. Of this, too, we will soon give a drawing and description.

Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York.—The Annual Meeting of this Society will be held at the Court House, Rochester, on the 4th inst., at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. As we anticipate the day of publication, this notice will reach some of our readers before the meeting, of which we will give a full report.

Horticultural Label Ink.—We are indebted to H. C. White, of Buffalo, for several bottles of *Mathews' Horticultural Label Ink*. It is to be used on slips of zinc, with with a quill pen. The writing is quite distinct, at first, and becomes more so after exposure to the weather. Labels we made last summer are now much better than when first written.

Union of Horticultural Societies.—The *Revue Horticloe* says that the various Horticultural Societies of Belginm have united into one confederation. Some kind of union between the Horticultural Societies of this country would result in great good.

Subterranean Nurseries.—The *Gardener's Monthly* says an enterprising Frenchman of Newark, N. J., has started an underground establishment for the growing of *Mushrooms* and *Truffles*, for the table.

Scuppernong Grape.—Mr. Van Buren says in the *Horticulturist*, that the impression of many that there is a white and black variety, identical in every respect but color, is erroneous. The true Scuppernong is a seedling from the Southern Muscadine or Bullet grape, and is white. The wild (black) one has imperfect flowers; this has not. Some class it as a fox grape, Mr. B. says it has nothing in common. It belongs to Vitis Vulpina, and not V. Labrusca.

Inquiries and Answers.

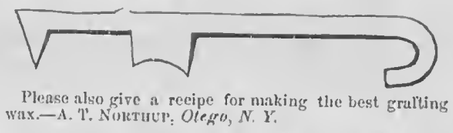
Beurre Goubault Pear.—I am a bit of a tree man, in a small way, and wish to say a word about the *Beurre Goubault Pear*. I have several dwarfs, of the popular varieties, but with me the Goubault has proved the best grower, *decidedly* the best bearer, and my wife thinks it is *good enough*. I never see any mention made of it. From my own experience, I would recommend it highly. My soil is a limestone loam. Is it because my soil just suits it, or is it worthy of more general favor?—J. H. F., *Shelby, N. Y., Dec.*, 1859.

We are pleased to hear so good a report of the *Beurre Goubault* pear. It is somewhat new, and not well known by cultivators, who have the last few years principally given their attention to a few of the leading and better known varieties. The tree makes a vigorous growth, and bears early and well, and the fruit, though not high flavored, is juicy and melting.

To Destroy Insects on House Plants.—Please inform the readers of the Rural how to destroy insects on house plants.—J. T. G. B., *Madison Co., N. Y.*

Place the plants in a box, or cover with something that will confine the smoke, and fumigate them with tobacco. Or, make a weak tobacco water and dip the plants into it; if too strong, it will injure the tender shoots.

Best Form for a Grafting Chisel.—Can you or any of the readers of the Rural give me any better form for a grafting tool than the one drawn below? Next spring I hope to do considerable at grafting over an old orchard, and I wish to have a tool made that will be the best adapted to the purpose.



Please also give a recipe for making the best grafting wax.—A. T. Northup, *Otego, N. Y.*

Perhaps we could not better serve our correspondent than by giving several forms of grafting knives, which we find in the *Annual Register of Rural Affairs* for 1860, and gathered from several sources.

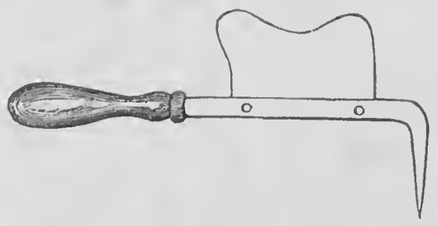


Figure 1.

Those unacquainted with fig. 2, will, after an explanation of its advantages, desire to procure it. Fig. 1 is taken from the April number of the American Agriculturist. Fig. 2 is the knife used by most western grafters. I have handled both. The wedge-point should be made of steel, well tempered, and not of iron, (as was the one I purchased, and which gave me much trouble by bending,) for the point, in pressing open the slit just before placing the graft, receives a considerable strain.

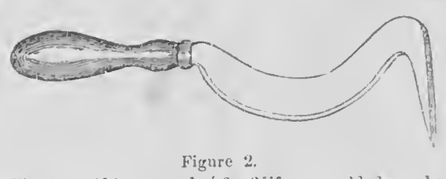


Figure 2.

Fig. 1 would be as good as fig. 2, if you could always be in a favorable position to handle it; but limbs are sometimes very difficult to get at. In such cases, fig. 2, from its form, is preferable, and a man can in a day accomplish more with it, and with greater ease, for in driving in the wedge-point there is no projecting knife-blade in the way of your mallet, (which should be a round piece of hard wood,) to interfere with the direction of the blow or worse still, in some awkward positions, there is a risk of hitting your hand against the blade. I mention this feelingly. No. 2 is frequently made too thick in the blade, but when properly made is a very satisfactory tool to work with, much more so than the other, according to my experience.

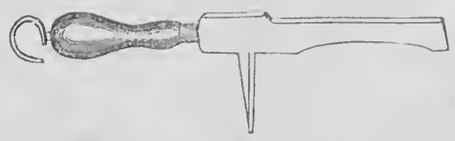


Figure 3.

Another correspondent of the same paper says:—I send you a rude draft of a good grafting-knife and chisel, (fig. 3,) Those who have used them, say that the advantage of this form is in having the instrument *balance* when the wedge is in the stock, so that it does not fall out. The hook is for hanging on a limb.

Good Grafting Wax is made of about equal parts of rosin, bee's-wax and tallow, melted together.

Fruit in Wisconsin.—A young man who has become possessor of 80 acres of land in Shawanaw county, Wisconsin, wishes to know, before deciding to remove there, whether apples, pears, peaches, cherries, &c., succeed in that section of the State. Apples and plums would, no doubt, do well, and so would the hardiest sorts of cherries and grapes. Peaches, we should think, would be uncertain. Who in that section will give the desired information?

Domestic Economy.

PREMIUM RECIPES.

The following list of recipes accompanied the collection of Cakes exhibited at the Monroe Co. Fair in 1859, and which were of such excellence that the lady—Mrs. N. J. Rice, of Henrietta,—whose skill in matters culinary was thus displayed to so much advantage, received the First Premium:

Soda Sponge Cake.—One cup white sugar; 1 do. flour; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; 1 do. soda; 1 do. salt; 1 do. essence lemon; whites of 6 eggs.

Fruit Cake.—One cup sugar; ½ do. butter; ½ do. water; 2 eggs; 1 teaspoouful cream tartar; ½ do. soda; cinnamon; nutmeg; citron 1 oz.; 2 lbs. raisins.

Jumbles.—Two cups sugar; 1 do. butter; ½ do. water; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; ½ do. soda; nutmeg, flour sufficient to mix; roll thin.

Cup Cake.—One cup butter; 2 do. sugar; 1 do. water; 5 do. flour; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon cream tartar; ½ do. soda; nutmeg.

Cream Cake.—One cup cream; 1 do. sugar; 2 cups flour; 1 egg; 1 teaspoon soda.

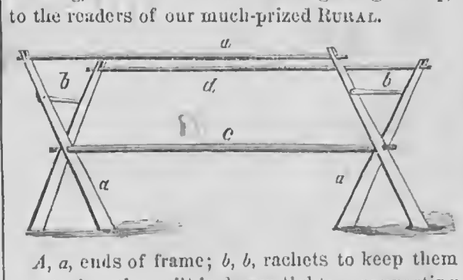
Delicate Cake.—One cup white sugar; half do. butter; 2 do. flour; half do. sweet milk; 1 teaspoon of cream tartar; half do. soda; 1 do. lemon; the whites of 4 eggs beaten to a stiff froth.

Gold Cake.—One cup brown sugar; half do. butter; 2½ cups flour; half cup sweet milk; 1 teaspoon of cream tartar; half teaspoon soda; yolks of 7 eggs; nutmeg.

Variegated Cake.—Delicate and Gold Cake intermixed.

A MODEL QUILTING-FRAME.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having a plan for a Quilting-Frame which I think equal if not superior to any other in common use,—being so very simple in its construction that any one who can use a saw, auger and plane can make one in a few hours,—and occupying but little room, easily operated, &c., I take the liberty of sending a drawing, and a few instructions in getting one up, to the readers of our much-prized Rural.



A, a, ends of frame; *b, b*, rachets to keep them apart when the quilt is drawn tight; *c*, connecting piece, to which the ends of the frame are joined; *d, d*, rollers. The frame should be made of hard wood. The ends are 3 inches wide at the bottom, 2 inches wide at top, 1¼ inches thick, and 4 feet long. The connecting piece and rollers 2½ inches in diameter and 8 feet in length. The ends of the rollers are made 1 inch square, to fit the notches in the tops of the end-pieces of the frame, which must be square also to keep them from turning when put in. The rollers may be wound with cloth of any kind, to sew the quilt to, and the frame is complete. *Directions for Using:*—Fasten the quilt to the rollers with twine; take one of the rollers out and roll the quilt upon it,—leaving a space as wide as desired, inside of 3½ feet,—then put the roller back, spread the ends apart as tight as will do, and as fast as you get this space done, wind upon the other roller until finished.

Attica, Ohio, 1859. E. B. Tanner.

Buckwheat Bread.—Buckwheat cakes are good, but buckwheat bread is better,—at least to our taste, and that of some others we know who have tried both. But supposing the bread only as good as the cakes, who would not try it,—and then, to the dear wives and cooks, how much less trouble in preparing, and the doctors can't say it has been cooked in burnt grease.

To Make Buckwheat Bread or Johnny Cake.—To one quart of buttermilk, add a teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a thin batter—put in an egg if convenient—bake in a quick oven. Try it!—F. K. P., *Bloomington, Ill.*, 1859.

Coloring Drab on Woolen.—For coloring drab on woolen, take a teacupful of tea, steeped in three quarts boiling water till the strength is obtained, then pour off the water into an iron kettle, and boil your articles in it for a few minutes, air them, put in a small tablespoonful of copperas and boil them in it for a few minutes, then wash thoroughly in soapsuds before drying.—A. E. P., *Aurelius, N. Y.*, 1859.

Pumpkin Pies—New mode of Making.—My wife believes that she has discovered a new method of making pumpkin pies which has many advantages. Instead of stewing the pumpkin, bake it in large pieces with the skin on in the stove oven, then scoop out the pumpkin and treat it as if stewed. The labor and care is very much diminished, and the pie improved in quality.—P. H., *Erie Co., Ohio.*

To Color Dark Brown.—Can any of your readers inform the inquirer, through the columns of the Rural, how to color a dark brown? If so, will they, and oblige—A Rural Friend, *Galen, N. Y.*, 1859.

Swiss Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar four tablespoonfuls of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, two eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, and one and a half teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Flavor to your liking.

Save all your pieces of bread for puddings, dry, or they will mould.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE INDIAN MOTHER'S LULLABY.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Gently dream, my darling child,
Sleeping in the lonely wild,
Would thy dreams might never know
Clouds that darken mine with woe,—
Could I smile as thou art smiling,
All my hopeless hours beguiling
With the hope that thou might see
Blessings that are hid from me;
Lullaby, my gentle boy,
Sleeping in the wilderness,
Dreaming, in thy childish joy,
Of a mother's fond caress.

Sleep while gleams the council fire
Kindled by thy hunted sire,
Guarded by thy God above,
Sleep, and dream of peace and love;
Dream not of the hand that perished
From the sacred soil they cherished,
Or the ruthless race that roams
O'er our ancient shrines and homes.

Sleep, while Autumn glories fly
'Neath the melancholy sky
From the trees, before the storm
Chased by winter's tyrant form,—
O! 'tis thus our warriors wasted,
From their altars torn and blasted,
Followed by the storm of death,—
Fly before oppression's breath.

Sleep, while night hides home and grave,
Rest, while mourn the suffering brave,
Mourning as thou too wilt mourn
Thro' the future wild and worn,
Bruised in heart, in spirit shaken,
Scourged by man, by God forsaken,
Wandering on in war and strife,
Living still, yet cursing life.

Could thy tender fancy feel
All that manhood will reveal,—
Could'st thou dream thy soul would share
All the ills thy fathers bear,
Thou would'st weep as I am weeping,
Fearful watches wildly keeping,
By the silver beaming light
Of the long and lonely night.
Lullaby, my gentle boy,
Sleeping in the wilderness,
Dreaming, in thy childish joy,
Of a mother's kind caress.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

IMPROVEMENT OF HOME.

There is said to be in some languages, even of civilized nations, no word which corresponds in meaning to our good old Saxon word, home. And among ourselves there is a vast difference in signification attached to this word by those who use it. I once heard it said in favor of a place which was to be sold, that although the house was old, and old-fashioned, and in some other respects not as good as it might be, yet the whole, house and grounds, with their fixtures and adornments, had the air and expression of home to such a degree as to more than counterbalance all defects.

In almost every neighborhood we can find illustrations, probably, of the difference between a house and a home. When the owner arrives at one from his day's toil in the field, or on his return from a journey, he has reached a building which will shelter him. It has a room where his food may be prepared,—another, where he may stay till morning. It answers the purpose of shelter and protection. It is every way as good for him as the barn is for his horse. With what a thrill of delight does the occupant of the other open the gate between the great, cold world, where he has been for a time employed, and his own loved home! This is not to him merely a shelter from the storm and the cold,—a place to eat in, and to sleep in,—it is *home*, the dearest, sweetest spot in the world,—the source of his best earthly enjoyments, and intimately associated with all his liveliest hopes of happiness hereafter.

It would be no easy task to attempt to point out all the differences between these two places. A few of them, however, may be glanced at, as a means of stimulating us to do what we can to make our homes more homelike still.

Affection is an absolute and first requisite to home. Love, parental or filial, or fraternal conjugal, or ties of the closest and purest friendship,—something of this kind is absolutely essential, and the more the better. Without this the architect's and gardener's skill are of no avail. It is a house, or a place, or a beautiful cottage, or villa, or whatever else you may call it, it is not a home. Whatever, therefore, contributes to increase mutual affection among those who dwell together, contributes to make home what it should be. With affection there may be home however homely the surroundings. Still, as our affections are intimately connected with, and in a great measure dependent upon, our surroundings, everything which can be made to contribute to the beauty, and harmony, and utility, of what we so often behold, and use, adds its influence to the power of home upon our hearts. Who ever planted a tree, or shrub, or flower in his garden, or gave graceful shape to those already growing upon the lawn, and did not forevermore love his home? We venture to say no one. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Who ever substituted a neat fence or gate in the place of an old, decayed, or otherwise unsightly one, and did not love more his home? No one. Every nail driven, every convenient fixture, outside or inside, every new pane of glass in place of those broken or cracked, every stroke of the paint-brush, where it can add utility or beauty, endear more to all who dwell there, their home.

"But," says some one, "these things cost time and money, and I may not occupy my place long, and the one who gets it after me will not be willing to pay me, or my estate, anything like what such improvements cost." And so you will deny yourself good for fear that you shall do some one else good and get no pay for it! You will not plant a tree because you may not live to eat the fruit of it! You will perhaps negligently let what you have done be ruined because the place which you have occupied is about to pass out of your hands! Shame on you! Such a spirit, unless changed, can have a home nowhere. H.

Hudson, O., 1859.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MEDDLESOME CHILDREN—TO MOTHERS.

Mothers, do not allow your children to *meddle*. It is not so difficult to teach them they are not to handle certain things you must have about for use and convenience. If you cultivate in yourselves habits of order and neatness, *uniformly*, you will not find it hard to keep them within bounds, and in nearly every instance where you find them unreasonable and disagreeable, suspect the fault is in your own want of watchfulness and thorough government. If you are too careless and indulgent with your first child, you will have extra trouble with the next, and so on, until you are harassed out of all patience by an increasing, and unruly household. A child is very impressible, and easily biased, being full of imitation, which is the reason why you should be the more careful to enforce precept by example, and not by fits and starts,—to-day insisting upon obedience, and to-morrow passing the same faults unnoticed. Consistency, above all things, is necessary in the successful government of your family. It is lamentable to see the confusion and mismanagement of most households, and consequent sorrow and unhappiness. Who has not seen a whole house, in an uproar, just for the timely want of some trivial convenience—perchance a needle, or a pin, or shears?

Some mothers raise families, and never have a work-basket, or any definite place for thread, needles, pins, &c. How can you think of living without a decent, well-supplied needle book, pincushion, and work-box, or basket, for such various articles, as every housekeeper must have, and know just where to find them, *always?* You need not say you cannot afford to get them, for every woman who attempts to live without them, loses more needles, buttons, etc., than would pay for a whole set of materials. Your children have no business touching them until they are old enough to learn their use, and then, under your immediate supervision, they have been taught to place a value on even a needle, as being a dangerous instrument to lose, and something that should be put safely up when done with. You might as rationally suffer a child to play with razors, as allow them to get and lose your needles at pleasure. And to insure regard for your authority, you do not need whips or loud words, but a quiet, constant, uniform attention to your business and to their real wants and pleasures. Be prompt and decided to check the first small delinquencies, and you will win victory, and also their love and respect. If you respect yourselves, and your duties, your children cannot fail to grow up useful and beloved.

How many tears, how much scolding, wrangling, vexation, and fretting would be saved, if mothers would make home, and the charge of their families, their supreme care and pleasure. If you have placed yourself in the position of wife and mother, nothing can excuse your inattention and neglect. Be a real helpmate, a *whole mother*, and you will reap a full reward.

Queechy.

Employment for Women in London.—A Society has been established in London for the purpose of promoting the employment of women. Among its members are many eminent and titled gentlemen and ladies. A statement has been published from which it appears that it is the intention of the society to establish a large school for girls and young women, where they will be specially trained to wait in shops, by being thoroughly instructed in accounts, bookkeeping, &c.; be taught to fold and tie up parcels, and perform many other little acts which a retired shopwoman could teach them. The necessity of politeness towards customers, and a constant self-command, will also be duly impressed upon them. Girls educated in this school will be capable of becoming clerks, cashiers, and ticket-sellers at railway stations. It is also contemplated to establish workshops in connection with the school, where the girls may be taught the other trades—trades well suited to women, but now almost exclusively in the hands of men, such as printing and hair-dressing, for instance. As the means of the society increase so will the number of workshops and the variety of trades taught. No girl will be admitted to either school or workshop who does not bear a good character; nor, on leaving, will she be recommended for employment till she has passed such examinations as will prove her to be competent for it.

Memory's Chimes.—The bells that ring in holidays have to me a far off melancholy cadence; they strike upon the memory, and sound the past as well as the present; retrospection awakes at their touch, and things dead, things gone, things a thousand times better forgotten, come up from the Dead Sea, and flood me with sadness. And while mirth clashes its cymbals, hilarity bursts into carols, and pleasure leaps up shaking its lusty limbs and free locks, my heart, amid the clashes, and the jocund mirth, and the rich laughter, sinks deeper and deeper into the retrospective melancholy.

The kind words that were spoken by the long dead, come back to make us miss them, when times and things are changed; and simple phrases, heard long ago by hearts that are, it may be, dark and distant; often recall the past, with its lights and its shadows.

Attention, steady and continuous, is the corner stone of the intellectual temple.

OVER THE WAY.

Gone in her childish purity,
Out from the golden day;
Fading away in the light so sweet,
Where the silver stars and the sunbeams meet,
Paving a path for her waxen feet,
Over the silent way.

Over her bosom tenderly
The pearl-white hands are prest;
The lashes lie on her cheek so thin—
Where the softest blush of the rose hath been—
Shutting the blue of her eyes within
The pure lids closed in rest.

Over the sweet brow lovingly
Twineth her sunny hair;
She was so fragile that Love sent down—
From his heavenly gems—that soft bright crown,
To shade her brow with its waves so brown,
Light as the dimpling air.

Gone to sleep, with the tender smile
Froze on her silent lips
By the farewell kiss of her dewy breath,
Cold in the clasp of the angel Death—
Like the last fair bud of a fading wreath,
Whose bloom the white frost nips.

Robin—hushed in your downy bed
Over the swinging bough—
Do you miss her voice from your glad duet,
When the dew in the heart of the rose is set,
'Till its velvet lips with the essence wet
In orient crimson glow?

Rosebud—under your shady leaf
Hid from the sunny day—
Do you miss the glance of the eye so bright,
Whose blue was heaven in your timid sight?
It is beaming now in the world of light,
Over the starry way.

Hearts—where the darling's head hath lain,
Held by Love's shining ray—
Do you know that the touch of her gentle hand
Doth brighten the harp in the unknown land?
Oh, she waits for us with the angel band,
Over the starry way.

—*Louisville Journal.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SHORT SERMONS ON SHORT TEXTS.

"There is this good in real evils—they deliver us, while they last, from the petty despotisms of all that were imaginary."

It is true, and if the hundreds and thousands groaning under this "petty despotism," were but stricken by one real human sorrow—had their hearts probed to the deepest depths of affection and trust, by the threatening of real ill to one beloved—how quickly all dreary forebodings and imaginary evils would drop away, unseen in the presence of living sorrow.

Perhaps we have all known, to a greater or less extent, how apt human nature is in the building of "mountains out of mole-hills;" how, even the thought of the *may* be,—with no present prospect of the *must* be,—abides in some minds till faith and reason are pained and lost in the vague wanderings of the heart that "borrows trouble." It is possible that there are times for all, however strong in wisdom and steadfast in faith the general tenor of life may be, when both strength and steadfastness drop away—when, no matter how strongly reason clamors, the heart "goes by contraries," and *will* believe that never life so dark, or trouble so grievous fell to mortal lot, as that which it is bearing, or fears that it *must* bear.

It must be of such life-seasons as these that Lowell quaintly says:

"We, too, have Autumns, when our leaves
Drop loosely through the dampened air,
When all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare;"

yet we doubt not that to every heart that has felt this, there will come, in some after time of life, a living and wounding trouble, a pain that not only reaps from life its *good*, but strikes its sickle sharply and fearfully to that life's heart, making for the soul a *winter*, in whose wild dreariness the "Autumns" of life, with their vague restlessness and fruitless forebodings fade, even from memory.

"There is no labor, no condition in life, which a generous, unselfish aim will not exalt and ennoble."

If those who are ready for action, but are yet in doubt as to their beginning, could realize this, the world would be saved the record of many a wretched life—would bury a less number of "blighted hopes" and "wretched anticipations"—would know more of the strong, free hands, the self-reliant spirits, that *work* as well as pray for the rewarding "well done."

"A generous, unselfish aim!" The pen pauses over the words, and the mind goes out in the thought, that though such aim *will* exalt and ennoble any labor or condition, it *does* so exalt but few;—few can answer the questions of conscience regarding the motive that prompts their decision as to life's sphere of action—few are content with a condition that wars against the fulfillment of aims for selfish ends.

But the words are wise, nevertheless. No matter how lowly the sphere of life may be—no matter how the rich may sneer or the worldly despise, no matter if even your own heart has to be fought with and conquered before you can accept the condition and labor that lay before you, if you have at last taken up the crosses that it calls you to bear, and welded with your life-purpose *a generous, unselfish aim*, your labor and your life are "sanctified before God," as well as exalted and ennobled in the sight of men.

"The great secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few large ones are let on long leases."

Trifles make up the sum of human life, and perhaps the greater share are of a kind to vex our impatient natures, yet it is truly the great secret of comfort made plain, when one gains so even a balance of temper as not to *suffer* them to disturb the mental equilibrium.

The "undergrowth of small pleasures" is a great help toward the attainment of this end, do we but appreciate, thoroughly, the points wherein they overbalance great ones. It is true that from their being mostly cultivated as an "undergrowth," the world has a habit of deeming them nearly valueless, but we may usually calculate that such feeling is caused by the "running out" of the heart-soil in the cultivation of great pleasures; for these latter, if they give in one direction, must gain in another, in order to keep proper balance, and as the fields of the heart are not wide enough to allow such drainage to last forever, they eventually fall away, their "leases" expire, and unless the undergrowth has been or is immediately put in cultivation, the soil runs to waste, becomes filled with "gulfs of despair," etc.

"Too much of a good thing is worse than nothing," is an adage that we generally prove with sugar-plums in our childhood, but it takes a great many of the seasons of despondency, that almost invariably follow great pleasures, to learn us that it is as true in all after life, and in regard to all other surfeiting. Ellen C. Lake.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1859.

THE SNOW.

Surely, of all things that are, snow is the most beautiful, and the most feeble! Born of air-drops less than the fallen dew, disorganized by a puff of warmth, driven everywhere by the least motion of the winds, each particle light and soft, and falling to the earth with such noiseless gentleness that the wings of ten million times ten million makes no sound in the air, and the foot-fall of thrice as many makes no noise upon the ground, what can be more helpless, powerless, harmless!

But not the thunder itself speaks God's power more than this very snow. It bears His omnipotence, soft and beautiful as it seems! While it is yet in the air it is lord of the ocean and the prairies. Ships are blinded by it. All harbors are silent under this plushy embargo. The traveler hides. The prairies are given up to its behest; and woe to him that dares to venture against the omnipotence of soft falling snow upon those trackless wastes! In one night it hides the engineering of a hundred years. It covers down roads, hides bridges, fills up valleys. It forbids the flocks to return to the fields. The plow cannot find its furrows. Towns and villages yield up the earth, and obey this white diffusive despot!

Then, when it has given the earth a new surface, and changed all vehicles, it submits itself again to the uses of man, and becomes his servant in its age, whom it ruled and defied in the hour of its birth. But, when flake is joined to flake, and the frosts within the soil join their forces to the frosts descended from the clouds, who shall unlock their clasped hands? Who shall disannul their agreement? or who shall dispossess them of their place? Gathered in the mountains, banked and piled till they touch the very clouds again in which once they were born and rocked, how terrible is their cold, and more terrible their stroke, when, slipping, some avalanche comes down the mountain side, the roar and the snow-stroke loud as thunder, and as terrible as lightning! God gives to the silent snow a voice, and clothes its innocence and weakness with a power like his own!

But, behold again! That august might that buried the fields, that shut up husbandry and drove back from the field its herds, that wound the very wilderness with a burial sheet, and sat watchful over its work, from the tops of mountains, defying men, and storms even, which, when once enthroned, could not move nor change its mighty power—that very might, when God pleases, shall go, as quick and as silent as it came! When God remembers the earth from the south, and His breath returns again, warm and life-giving, in an instant the snow goes back to its former state. Its flakes die to drops of dew, and the field drinks up the depths and banks that hid its face; and the ice and snow that sat silent on the hills, now sing down the brooks and rills, prophets of the coming flowers!—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Little Kindnesses.—The author of the following lines, which beautifully render a beautiful truth, is Thomas Hood, the younger:

Look how a slender rivulet steals along,
In windings devious through a meadow's grass,
Its waters all too scant to raise a song
Of murmurous pleasure unto all that pass:
Wherefore with lowly aim it doth but seek
The thirsting herbage to refresh unseen;
Whereat each tiny leaf and floweret meek
Doth clothe itself with sweets and livelier green.
So the Good Heart, who hath no store of wealth
His poorer neighbors to enrich withal,
Doeth his little kindnesses by stealth,
That so the world may not perceive at all;
Nor should we know the virtues which he hath
Save for the brightening looks that mark his humble path.

Hindu Proverbs.—The following are translated from the Sanscrit:

"Sweet is the music of the lute to him who has never heard the prattle of his own children."

"The house where there is no Divine worship is filled with the sighs of God."

"When salt water rises to the clouds it loses its saltness, and becomes fresh and sweet; so with the human soul."

"Do good to others, and it will come back in blessings to you. The water which you pour at the foot of the cocoa tree, comes back to you a sweet beverage at the top," alluding to the fact that that tree requires frequent watering, and that its fruit, which grows at the extreme top, is filled with a delicious milk.

All governments ought to aspire to produce the highest happiness, by the least objectionable means. In a state of civilization, each individual voluntarily sacrifices a part of his liberty, to increase the general stock. But he sacrifices his liberties only to the laws; and it ought to be the care of good governments, that this sacrifice of the individual is repaid, with security and with interest.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LIVING WATER.

O'er life's desert dreary, dreary,
Man would tread the burning sand,
Daring not a hope to cherish
Of a fairer, happier land—
Wandering in a clime of ruin,
Seeking rest and finding none,
Meeting storm, and thirst, and famine,
'Till life's weary race was run,

Were it not that Justice yielded
To be led by Mercy's hand,
While Love ope'd a living fountain—
Ope'd it at our God's command.
Constant, abounding, is this fountain,
Swelling to earth's thirsty sod,
With the pure and crystal river,
Flowing from the Throne of God.

Many messengers of Mercy,
Out upon the dreary waste,
Sinful men are ever pointing
To the waters they may taste;
Yet oft view they broken cisterns,
Deaf alike to love and fear;
Thus they perish on the desert,
With Salvation's waters near.

Come, each weary, thirsty pilgrim,
Breathing now the desert air,
You may drink life-giving water
From the golden cup of prayer;
Yes, the waters gush up brightly,
And the pilgrim's weary eye
May rest on a bright oasis
Tho' abroad the sands are dry.

Drink and live, or thirst and perish,
Wafts the desert breeze afar,
While the waters 'mid the darkness
Gleam, Hope's bright celestial star:
Draw near,—bow before the fountain,—
Drink while breathing humble prayer;
Thirst no more for sinful pleasure—
Holy angels guide you there.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1859. Ellath.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SAVIOR.

None may follow Christ through His mission on earth without receiving benefit. The coming in contact, as it were, with so perfect a being, tends to make us more noble, more holy. The Christian heart is, however, peculiarly susceptible to the sanctifying influence. Even though some doubt the Divinity of the Savior, they cannot but think His a remarkable character. What simplicity and innocence, united to perfect dignity and wisdom. Walking through all the lowly places of life,—coming in almost constant contact with sin and misery, still, remaining uncontaminated,—surrounded on every hand by bitter enemies, yet ever fearlessly declaring the whole truth,—surely there is here a striking contrast to the disposition manifested by most of us, and, with something so wondrous and winning, that we are constrained to desire a like nature. Well may poets employ their sublimest strains, and sages their most persuasive eloquence in singing and teaching of so wonderful a being as Jesus.

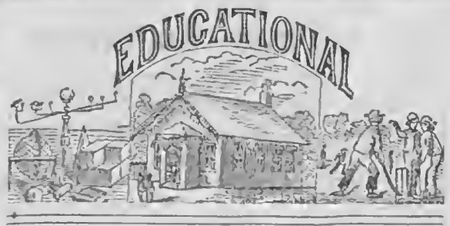
Many, very many, events occurred in the life of our Savior calculated to awaken within the soul the deepest emotions,—time would fail us to mention the half of His works of love and mercy, or speak of the wonders that attended Him through all His sorrowful journey here. But we would inquire the object of His mission among us—for, surely, He never would have forsaken a heavenly home for an earthly one, had it not been to attain some great end. He came to exalt fallen humanity,—to open a way whereby we, sorrowing, sinful ones of earth, might become sharers with Him in the glories of the world above. And, oh, what should we do, when "weary, desolate, dismayed,"—when disturbed by "fightings without and foes within,"—were it not for the Savior! To Him we may go and receive refreshment and rest,—upon Him cast our burdens, and be sustained. His presence can lighten the darkest shadows that ever hover over our pathway, and with the soul thus illumined and strengthened, it becomes a beautiful and blessed thing to live even on this sin-stained earth. Eulalie.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1859.

The Fruits of Christianity.—It is not by men's professions, but by their fruits, that we are to know them. By their fruits, not by their position in the vineyard of God; they may be planted by the rivers of water, and fostered by the genial influence of heaven, and yet there may be no fruit; the tree itself may be corrupt; not by the verdure of the foliage, not by the luxuriance of the blossoms; these may be fraught with the odor of a sweet fragrancy, and very beautiful to look upon; but the frost of a single night may nip them in the bud, and the violence of a single blast may scatter them to the winds of heaven; and when the gathering of the harvest comes, there may be no fruit. By their fruits ye shall know them, not by their appearances.—*James Hamilton, D. D.*

The True Religious Spirit.—As the sunlight tints the flowers and colors the rock—as it alternately sparkles in the dew-drops and shines in the broad ocean—so the true religious spirit is present in the humblest bargain, the lowliest word of kindness, as much as in the grand songs of Hebrew bards and the profound teachings of St. Paul, the Apostle, those ancient headlands of Christian thought.

Our lives are better for the rain that falls into them. They who have known no sorrow have felt the honey-dropping balm of consolation. We are nearer heaven after the ministry of grief. As the rain drops gently from the skies, so may all things lovely and of good report fall into our human hearts.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT COMPOSITIONS.

"I DO wish I knew what to write about," exclaims the school-boy who has been thinking over all the subjects he ever heard of, from Education, Temperance, etc., to the Seasons and Riding Down Hill. None of them suit him; but a composition he must have by next Friday afternoon, when all studies are laid aside to hear the general exercises.

Every individual who has attended the District School, well remembers the aversion he felt, and the trouble he encountered in attempting to perform this exercise, both because he could with difficulty find a suitable subject, and, when it was selected, he was perplexed to know how to commence, or how to proceed. This same drudgery is still insisted upon in our schools, and no scholar can be blamed for disliking such a task. All readily admit the importance of it. Even the scholar, after many unsuccessful attempts, will frequently launch off upon Composition Writing itself, and, lamenting his own inability, extol the value of the task he hates, and his teacher for requiring it of him, such a prevailing sentiment is there that this is an important branch of education. And this is true; but why it is so, or how to derive the most benefit from it, comparatively few understand as they ought.

A right conception of the end to be obtained, is necessary to a knowledge of the use of the proper means to be adopted for it. What is the object of this exercise? One important use is, to enable the student to express his thoughts with ease, propriety and force. The difference is very striking between the production of one who has been accustomed to write, and one who has not. It is sufficient for the present purpose, to mention only one other object, viz.: to awaken and develop thought. The present method of conducting this exercise, is just as consistent as a parent would adopt who should command his son to perform a certain work, of which he knew nothing, without giving him any directions concerning it. The teacher, with a countenance full of meaning, makes the declaration to the school, that, on such a day, compositions must be read by all the older portion of the scholars. When the day arrives, part, duly prepared, read a collection of disconnected, unmeaning sentences, some evade the duty by reading half a dozen lines, and the rest have nothing at all, so that the next week or two is spent in compelling these delinquents to write. This is the manner in which the system works, and, before the term is out, the teacher, in all probability, will have alienated the affections of many of his scholars by attempting to enforce a requirement that is so disagreeable.

Now, we will throw out a few suggestions which must commend themselves to all who are interested in this subject, and who understand the difficulty of obtaining compositions from a promiscuous collection of students, such as compose most of our country schools. It is evident that the teacher cannot expect to awaken any enthusiasm among his pupils unless he feels it himself; therefore, let him convince them that he is interested in their improvement in this department, and duly feels the importance of it. On account of its being an occasional exercise, he *must enter into the spirit of it*, if he would be fully successful. Again, he must expect to devote considerable time and attention to it. If he makes it interesting and profitable to his scholars, he must prepare himself specially for it; for, from the nature of the study, the resources of his own mind must furnish much of the material upon which his pupils work. An excellent plan is, to form the whole school into classes, according to their attainments, and have them exercise in writing regularly — say once a week — in whatever way he may think best. He may give the younger scholars simple and familiar objects to describe; the more advanced cannot do anything with more profit than to form and re-cast sentences, with reference to their perspicuity, energy, neatness, etc., and also to the choice of words. His own judgment must determine the character and length of these exercises.

When a stated time is appointed for the scholars to prepare compositions that are to be the products of their choicest thoughts, direction should be given them in regard to their subjects. They are very likely to select one upon which they are least qualified to write. It is well for the teacher to frequently select their subjects,—such as are adapted to their individual capacities and habits of mind. Direction should also be given as to the manner of treating them. No one thinks of constructing a building without having a regular plan before him. Every writer, also, must have what he designs to prove, or illustrate, clearly defined in his own mind, else he writes at random. Every subject, however simple, is capable of certain natural divisions. If the learner has these before him, he immediately has something tangible upon which he can work; and he will see that there is something more in writing compositions than merely stringing sentences together. The subject matter must first be attended to; the form of expression is a secondary consideration. The teacher will find it advantageous to make these divisions for the pupil at first, until he forms the habit of distinguishing the various relations of the parts of any subject, when he will soon learn to lay out his own plan. The benefit the teacher himself will derive from these exercises, will amply repay him for all his labor.

C. E. B.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

DISCRETION in speech is more valuable than eloquence; and to speak agreeably, than to speak good words, or in good order. To use many circumstances before one comes to the matter is troublesome, and to use none is blunt.

The Reviewer.

A MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE, for the School and the Farm. By J. L. CAMPBELL, A. M., Professor of Physical Science, Washington College, Va. With numerous Illustrations. Philadelphia: LINDSAY & BLAKISTON. [12 mo.—pp. 442.]

THIS we judge, from an hour's examination, to be one of the best books published on the subject. It is elementary in its character, and designed for use in schools and academies, though equally well adapted for the private student and the farmer. It is well arranged, clear in its statements, and finely illustrated. Any young man who obtains this book and makes it his study the present winter, will get a good idea of the formation of soils, the constituents of plants, the general principles of vegetable physiology, and lay a solid foundation for future progress. He will then begin to appreciate the dignity of the farmer's calling, the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, and strive to know more of nature and its mysterious laws. This book is not calculated, as too many are, to discourage the learner, in his first attempts at gaining knowledge, as it leads him on step by step, gently smoothing the rugged path, and making progress not only endurable, but pleasant. For sale by D. M. DEWEY.

EVENINGS AT THE MICROSCOPE; or, Researches among the Minuter Organs and Forms of Animal Life. By PHILIP HENRY GOSSE, F. R. S. [12 mo.—pp. 477.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1860.

THE design of this volume is "to open the path to the myriad wonders of creation, which, although unseen by the unassisted eye, are made cognizable to sight by the aid of the microscope." So great, indeed, is the field of microscopical research, that the author professes only to have gleaned enough to illustrate the *principal* forms of animal life, but so as to leave no important branch of the subject unnoticed. While the present work does not aim to instruct the student in the use of his instruments, and hence cannot take the place of treatises prepared especially for the *practical* Microscopist, it is nevertheless well adapted, by its numerous illustrations and familiar descriptions, to make the general reader acquainted with the most interesting and important objects in microscopic zoology; and it is therefore well worthy the attention of all who wish to increase their acquaintance with this most curious and wonderful department of natural science. For sale by ADAMS & DARNEY.

MOUNT VERNON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS—Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by Numerous Engravings, chiefly from Original Drawings by the Author, engraved by LOSSING & BARRITT. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

THIS is a most charming and instructive volume. Though attractive externally, it is far more so in internals—for while the style of the work is unique and beautiful, its contents are of great interest to all interested in the home, family and private history of "the father of his country"—he who was justly characterised as "first in War, first in Peace, and first in the Hearts of his Countrymen." The work is appropriate for every section and all seasons, but we commend it especially as a Holiday or New Year's Gift. Its Illustrations—including portraits of WASHINGTON, and the various members of his family, relatives, &c., views of Mt. Vernon, its statuary, furniture, etc.,—are a most attractive and interesting feature of the volume. For sale by E. R. HALL.

WOMEN ARTISTS IN ALL AGES AND COUNTRIES. By Mrs. ELLET, author of "The Women of the Revolution," etc. New York: Harper & Brothers.

IN a handsome volume of nearly four hundred pages, Mrs. ELLET has made a brief review of Art in all ages, and, while it has not been her object to present elaborate criticisms upon the productions of female genius, the aim of the work,—to show what woman has done, with the general conditions favorable or unfavorable to her efforts, and to give such impressions of the character of each prominent artist as may be derived from a faithful record of her personal experience,—has been completely developed. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Re-Printed by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

THE Foreign Reviews furnish a goodly portion of the standard literature of the day, and prominent among these is the *London Quarterly*. The number now before us embraces nine articles, as follows:—Illustrated Hand-Book of Nature; New Zealand—Its Progress and Resources; Geography and Biography of the Old Testament; Order of Nature; Tennyson's Poems; Stirkes; Farm Weeds; The Orchard House; Parliamentary Reform, &c. This single issue contains mental pabulum for the Architect, Historian, Biblicist, Philosopher, Agriculturist, Horticulturist and Political Economist. Truly, a rich array. DEWEY, Agent.

Books Received.

THE PILOT: A Tale of the Sea. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by DARLEY. [12 mo. pp. 486.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL, 5 Athenæum Building.

[We have also just received the following five volumes of the splendid series of COOPER'S Novels, published and sold as above:]

THE WEPT OF WISH-TON-WISH: A Tale. [pp. 474.]

THE HEADSMAN; or, The Abbaye Des Vignerons. A Tale. [pp. 496.]

THE PRAIRIE: A Tale. [pp. 479.]

LIONEL LINCOLN; or, The Leaguer of Boston. [pp. 464.]

THE SEA LIONS; or, the Lost Sealers. [pp. 490.]

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. In Three Volumes. By JAMES PARTON, author of "Life of Aaron Burr," "Humorous Poetry of the English Language," etc. Vol. I. [pp. 636.] New York: Mason Brothers—1860. Rochester—DEWEY.

MANUAL OF PUBLIC LIBRARIES, Institutions and Societies, in the United States, and British Provinces of North America. By WM. J. RHEES, Chief Clerk of the Smithsonian Institution. [pp. 687.] Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, from the Discovery of the Continent to the close of the First Session of the Thirty-Fifth Congress. By J. H. PATTEN, A. M. [pp. 806.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1860. Rochester—E. R. HALL.

MOUNT VERNON AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS—Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial. By BENSON J. LOSSING. Illustrated by Numerous Engravings, chiefly from Original Drawings by the Author, engraved by LOSSING & BARRITT. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL.

A MANUAL OF SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE, for the School and the Farm. By J. L. CAMPBELL, A. M., Professor of Physical Science, Washington College, Va. With numerous illustrations. [pp. 442.] Phila.: Lindsay & Blakiston. Rochester—DEWEY.

UNGAVA: A Tale of Esquimaux-Land. By ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE. With Illustrations by the Author. [16 mo.—pp. 406.] Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

BARLEY WOOD; or, Building on the Rock. By Mrs. J. M. PARKER, author of "The Boy Missionary," etc. [pp. 320.] New York: Daniel Dana, Jr. Rochester—DEWEY.

THE DIVINE HUMAN IN THE SCRIPTURES. By TAYLER LEWIS, Union College. [16mo. pp. 400.] New York: Robert Carter & Bros. Rochester—C. G. HOUSTON.

A FAMILIAR COMPEND OF GEOLOGY. For the School and Family. By A. M. HILLSIDE. [pp. 150.] Philadelphia: J. Challen & Son. Rochester—DARROW & BRO.

ALCOHOL: Its Place and Power. By JAMES MILLER. From the Nineteenth Glasgow Edition. [pp. 179.] Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF TOBACCO. By JOHN LIZARS From the Eighth Edinburgh Edition. [pp. 138.] Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Rochester—DEWEY.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WE know not in what manner our Portrait Gallery for 1860 can be more appropriately opened, than by placing before RURAL readers the likeness of him around whose grave a whole nation has recently been gathered to pay the last sad tribute of respect—the Father of American Literature, WASHINGTON IRVING. The RURAL NEW-YORKER of December 10th, contained the announcement of his demise, together with a review of his literary labors, and we now present a sketch of the youthful days and early associations of the man to whom all conceded the merit of being "a true gentleman, a kind neighbor and a consistent Christian."

WASHINGTON IRVING was born in the city of New York, April 3d, 1783. His early education was limited to the advantages then afforded by the ordinary schools of the city, and his boyhood passed away in the customary pursuits and pleasures of youth. If he possessed any marked peculiarity, it was a *penchant* for visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. "Even when a child," he writes, "I began my travels, and made tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier. As I grew, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge, by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of terra incognita, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited."

Scarcely had the subject of our sketch attained the age of sixteen when he made choice as to "what manner of man" he should be, and installed himself in the law-office of the celebrated JOSIAH OGDEN HOFFMAN. After reading the allotted time, he was admitted to practice, and opened an office in his native city. It is said that he never was unfortunate enough to have more than a single client; his cause he was too diffident to manage, and turning over both client and cause to one of his brethren who had less modesty, he left the profession in disgust. Very narrowly did his genius escape bondage. One who knew him well, remarks, "had his first plan been carried out, a little tin sign in Wall street would have indicated the office of 'WASHINGTON IRVING, Attorney-at-Law,' while inside would have been found the graceful original in a threadbare coat, reading SHAKSPEARE instead of COKE, and writing essays instead of writs." Constituted as he was, the legal profession would have been productive only of unhappiness, and this fate the kindness of his brothers enabled him to evade. The rambling propensity, so apparent in Mr. IRVING'S youthful days, strengthened with his years. Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association, and these he eagerly desired to enjoy. "There," he writes, "were to be seen the masterpieces of art, the refinements of highly-cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise. Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very rivers told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of personal achievement—to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity—to loiter about the ruined castle—to meditate on the falling tower—to escape, in short, from the common-place realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past."

Crossing the ocean we find him wandering through different countries and witnessing the shifting scenes of life. While in England, Mr. IRVING composed the great majority of papers, (all but two, we believe,) which make up "The Sketch Book." These were published piece-meal in the United States, and were copied, with many kind encomiums, by the London *Literary Gazette*. Hearing that a London bookseller intended publishing them in a collective form, Mr. IRVING determined to bring them forward himself, that they might, at least, have the benefit of his superintendence and revision. The printed numbers were accordingly taken to the eminent publisher, Mr. JOHN MURRAY, (who had presented to the public the works of Lord BYRON,) and left with him for examination. Several days elapsed without any reply, when Mr. IRVING, constructing his silence into a tacit rejection, sent a note requesting that the numbers might be returned. The reply, which it brought out, was as follows:

MY DEAR SIR:—I entreat you to believe that I feel truly obliged by your kind intentions towards me, and that I entertain the most unfeigned respect for your most tasteful talents. My house is completely filled with workpeople at this time, and I have only an office to transact business in; and yesterday I was wholly occupied, or I should have done myself the pleasure of seeing you.

If it would not suit me to engage in the publication of your present work, it is only because I do not see that scope in the nature of it which would enable me to make those satisfactory accounts, between us, without which I really feel no satisfaction in engaging—but I will do all I can to promote their circulation, and shall be most ready to attend to any future plan of yours.

With much regard, I remain, dear sir,
Your faithful servant,
JOHN MURRAY.

The "lack of scope in the nature of the work"—pounds, shillings and pence, we suppose—prevented a consummation of business arrangements, and utterly disheartened Mr. IRVING. "Had the question of re-publication rested entirely with me," he writes, "this might have deterred me from any further prosecution of the matter." But the fear of a spurious edition urged him on, and he though of seeking the assistance of the Edinburgh publishing house of Mr. ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE. Before doing so, however, he determined to submit the work to Sir WALTER SCOTT, and accordingly sent his printed numbers by coach, at the same time addressing a letter by mail, stating that a reverse had taken place in his affairs which made the successful exercise of his pen all-important, and begging Mr. S. to look over the literary articles, and, if he thought they would bear European re-publication, to ascertain whether Mr. CONSTABLE would be inclined to be the publisher. Sir WALTER proved a sincere friend. The first mail brought a reply, in which all the assistance wished for was readily proffered, offering, in addition, the situation of editor upon a weekly journal then coming into existence, with a salary of five hundred pounds yearly. Writing again, SCOTT took the liberty of expressing an opinion of the merits of Mr. IRVING'S literary labors totally at variance with those entertained by the eminent publisher, remarking, "I am just come here, (Edinburgh,) and have glanced over the Sketch Book. It is positively beautiful, and increases my desire to *crimp* you, if it be possible." London, however, was destined to be the place of issue, and after many trials and vexatious failures, Sir WALTER SCOTT, when, as IRVING says, "I was sticking in the mire, put his shoulder to the wheel," and induced MURRAY to undertake its publication, and that gentleman afterwards treated the author with that fair, open and liberal spirit which had obtained for him the well-merited appellation of the Prince of Booksellers. Thus began Mr. IRVING'S literary career in Europe, and while it would gratify us to follow him step by step, we have, in the RURAL of December 10th, rendered such a course unnecessary. Suffice it to say, the briefless barrister returned to his native country the greatest of American Authors.

SELF-ENDURANCE AND CONTENTMENT.—As a gladiator trained the body, so must the mind be trained to self-sacrifice, to endure all things, to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion, at least, of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of states is that of constantly recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties enough without seeking them; let them not repine, but take them as part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at his highest good.

READING.—Keep your view of men and things extensive, and depend upon it, that a mixed knowledge is not a superficial one. As far as it goes, the views that it gives are true; but he who reads deeply in one class of writers only, gets views which are almost sure to be perverted, and which are not only narrow, but false. Adjust your proposed amount of reading to your time and inclination; this is perfectly free to every man; but whether that amount be large or small, let it be varied in its kind, and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion on any one thing connected with the government of the human mind, it is this.—*Dr. Arnold.*

A GARDEN IN THE CITY.

By way of preface, please grant the writer the privilege of uttering a few words, cautioning Young Ruralists against indulgence in any of the vagaries of imagination. For even a single moment, the numerous class referred to must not fancy they are to be conducted amid the labyrinthine windings of another Eden,—an enchanted spot where, on every hand, gleam the

"Stars of earth — the golden flowers,"

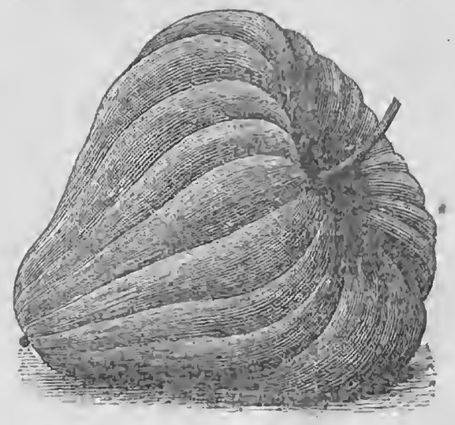
dazzling the eye with their glory and chastening the heart with their purity,—nor will luscious fruits tempt the appetite to sensuous gratification. "A plain, unvarnished tale" is ours, recounting aspirations in which we have indulged, rather than the difficulties encountered and the victories it has been our good fortune to achieve.

Ever since our solitary summer in the harvest-field, a few years agone, we have possessed a strong desire to live a farmer's life, and the perusal of our standard authority—the RURAL NEW-YORKER—has not lessened this love of the beautiful, as exhibited in the golden gatherings of CERES, or the ruddy richness of POMONA. The fates, however, have willed otherwise. A city life is a *necessity* to the occupation of the "head of our family," and where father is, there the *boy* must be also. Hence, walls of brick obstruct my vision, and we are separated from our nearest neighbor by just whispering distance. When property is purchased where the surroundings are the habitations of fifty thousand mortals, and the hum of industry and busy tramp of the populace have usurped the sweet sounds of Nature, ample room is given perpendicularly—as to *spreading* yourself horizontally, the thing is impossible. The object of ambition was never lost sight of, however, and, "in the course of human events," the fickle goddess bestowed forty by sixty feet which we could "tickle with the hoe" as much as desire might prompt,—our reward would come just as soon as it "smiled with a harvest."

When Spring put on the melting mood a small lake stood where we, in waking dreams, of course, had viewed, with the intensity of youthful ardor, a "vine and fig-tree" all our own. Filling-up came first in order, and materials procured where an excavation was being made preparatory to the erection of a block of buildings. Unfortunately, the soil obtained was taken some feet below the surface, and was not of that nature which would commend itself for cultivating purposes,—its principal features, poverty, and a coherence which, while it would do honor to a man in a worthy cause, is very much out of place in a garden. Here was opportunity for labor, if nothing more, and working in three small loads of coarse manure we let out the first season's labor to the elements, hoping that the decay of organic matter furnished, together with the action of JACK FROST, would aid in the work of pulverization.

Autumn came and we began to make ready for setting out trees, shrubs, vines, &c. The RURAL was counselled, advice asked for, and its weekly columns brought the needed information. On the higher portions of the lot were several cherry trees,—of good varieties,—and to these were added ten dwarf and two standard pears, three vines of the Isabella, and one of the Diana Grape. Currants, Gooseberries and Raspberries had each a small space allotted them. Time flies, we are well aware,—Winter reigned its due season,—the breeze, laden with the warmth of Southern skies, called forth the early flowers, and upon hill-top and in the valley, all over the land, were heard notes of preparation for the Summer Campaign of the Farmer.

Once again we sought "the source of knowledge," and upon its RURAL hints were laid the plan of operations. The "Vegetable Garden" became a fixed fact, and the reward of our boyish exertions daily found its way to the family board.



PINE-APPLE SQUASH.

Having already exceeded the space we intended — or have any right to use,—we will close for the present by sending RURAL editors a drawing of the Pine-Apple Squash, together with the specimen from which the draft was taken. This squash we consider the *earliest* and the *best* of the Summer varieties, its keeping qualities are excellent, while for gratifying the palate it will (in our estimation,) compare favorably with the much-talked-of Hubbard. More anon.

HARRY GAYLORD.

Rochester, N. Y., 1859.

GENIUS.—Literally, it is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and enforced results of such work will be always the things that God meant him to do, and will be his best. No agonies and heartrendings will enable him to do better. If he be a great man, they will be great things; if a small man, small things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow and despicable.

OUR NEW VOLUME—PROGRESS.

Its friends will, we are confident, rejoice to learn that the RURAL NEW-YORKER enters upon a new year and volume under more favorable auspices than ever before. As near as we can estimate about FIFTEEN THOUSAND SUBSCRIPTIONS were received during Holiday Week—the best evidence that its Subscription List is increasing more rapidly than ever before, and that the RURAL is a *progressive* "institution." We bend low in grateful acknowledgment to friends everywhere for this unexpected and most substantial encouragement of the paper and the cause to which it is devoted. We trust their noble efforts will be *continued* for a few weeks, and that others, new subscribers, will emulate their example.

—We have endeavored to make some decided improvements in the RURAL, but as new type, &c., never appear to advantage the first week, this No. may not *shine* as much as will its successors. We use better and heavier paper this year, while the ink and printing denote progress. ☞ The rush of subscribers is such that it will be impossible to mail the early numbers of this volume to *all* by the printing process; but we are doing the best we can, with four men putting the list in type. As we are daily receiving *additions* to clubs, our friends must not complain if we send different packages the same week—for, after mailing one, the next mail not unfrequently brings new names which must of course be sent separately. Our mailing force is strong and complete, *and there will be no delay in sending papers the same day that orders are received.* See Publishers' Notices, next page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 7, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The President's Message.

This document was sent to the Senate and House on Wednesday, the 27th ult., it being pretty evident that the President had become tired of watching and waiting for the discordant elements to quiet themselves down to a perfect calmness and tranquillity. Its length is such that we cannot possibly give more than a brief review of the leading topics it discusses.

Harper's Ferry, and the events connected therewith, form the subject for the opening paragraphs. "These events," remarks the President, "however bad and cruel in themselves, derive their chief importance from the apprehension that they are but symptoms of an incurable disease in the public mind, which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and terminate at last in an open war by the North to abolish Slavery in the South. Whilst, for myself, I entertain no such apprehension, they ought to afford a solemn warning to us all to beware of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such inestimable value as to demand our constant and watchful vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, North and South, to cultivate the ancient feeling of mutual forbearance and good will towards each other, and strive to allay the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. This advice proceeds from the heart of an old public functionary whose services commenced in the last generation, among the wise and conservative statesmen of that day, now nearly all passed away, and whose first and dearest earthly wish is to leave his country tranquil, prosperous, united and powerful."

Slavery in the Territories comes next in order, and the President congratulates Congress upon its settlement by the Supreme Court of the United States. He says:—The right has been established of every citizen to take his property of any kind, including slaves, into the common Territories belonging equally to all the States of the confederacy, and to have it protected there under the Federal Constitution. Neither Congress nor the Territorial Legislature nor any human power has any authority to annul or impair this vested right. The supreme judicial tribunal of the country, which is a co-ordinate branch of the government, has sanctioned and affirmed these principles of constitutional law, so manifestly just in themselves, and so well calculated to promote peace and harmony among the States."

Popular Sovereignty is again defined, and as the true meaning of this theme has been a "bone of contention" among politicians for the past year, we give the ideas contained in the Message. These are as follows:—"When in the progress of events the inhabitants of any Territory shall have reached the number required to form a State, they will then proceed, in a regular manner, and in the exercise of the rights of popular sovereignty, to form a Constitution preparatory to admission into the Union. After this has been done, to employ the language of the Kansas and Nebraska act, they 'shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as the Constitution may prescribe at the time of their admission.'"

For the Suppression of the Slave Trade, "all lawful means have been employed, and shall continue to be employed, to execute the laws against this traffic." The President states that "after a most careful and rigorous examination of our coasts and a thorough investigation of the subject, we have not been able to discover that any slaves have been imported into the United States, except the cargo by the Wanderer, numbering between three and four hundred. Those engaged in this unlawful enterprise, have been rigorously prosecuted; but not with as much success as their crimes have deserved."

Our negotions in China are next reviewed, and satisfaction is expressed at the result of the recent mission among the Celestials. Paraguay, and the adjustment of our difficulties with that country, are commented upon, and the Navy complimented for its efficiency. The "fever" which has arisen with Great Britain in consequence of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is said to be disappearing, and hopes are entertained of a complete recovery. The wrongs we have suffered from Mexico are detailed, and the President regrets being obliged to inform Congress that there has been no improvement in the affairs of that nation since his last Annual Message. "There is scarcely any form of injury which has not been suffered by our citizens in Mexico during the last few years. We may in vain apply to the Constitutional Government at Vera Cruz, although it is well disposed to do us justice, for adequate redress. Whilst its authority is acknowledged in all the important ports and throughout the sea coasts of the Republic, its power does not extend to the city of Mexico and the States in its vicinity, where nearly all the recent outrages have been committed on American citizens. We must penetrate into the interior before we can reach the offenders." This being the state of that Republic the President recommends Congress to pass a law authorizing him, "under such conditions as they may deem expedient, to employ a sufficient military force to enter Mexico for the purpose of obtaining indemnity for the past and security for the future."

With a review of each of the various Departments of the Government,—Treasury, Navy, War, Postal, etc.,—President Buchanan closes his Third Annual Message. Concerning this feature of the document we will await the Reports of the Secretaries.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—A considerable number of bills have been introduced, the most prominent of which are as follows:—For the building of the Pacific Railroad; the establishing of a Court of Claims; the payment of expenses incurred by the people of Oregon and Washington Territories to suppress Indian hostilities; also for like purposes in Iowa; for the Territorial Organization of Arizona, &c.

A message was received from the President of the United States, transmitting executive communications, whereupon the Senate went into executive session.

Upon the opening of the doors again, Mr. Bright submitted a resolution for the appointment of the Standing Committees which was carried.

The following are the more important committees, as adopted:

Foreign Relations.—Messrs. Mason, Douglas, Slidell, Polk, Crittenden, Seward and Sumner.

Finance.—Messrs. Hunter, Pearce, Gwin, Bright, Hammond, Fessenden and Cameron.

Commerce.—Messrs. Clay, Bigler, Toombs, Clingman, Salisbury, Hamlin and Chandler.

Military Affairs.—Messrs. Davis, Fitzpatrick, Johnson, of Ark., Chestnut, Lane, Wilson and King.

Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Mallory, Thompson, Slidell, Hammond, Nicholson, Hale and Anthony.

Judiciary.—Messrs. Bayard, Pugh, Benjamin, Green, Powell, Trumbull and Foster.

Post Office.—Messrs. Yulee, Gwin, Rice, Bright, Wigfall, Hale and Dixon

Public Lands.—Messrs. Johnson of Ark., Johnson of Tenn., Lane, Pugh, Bragg, Harlan and Bingham.

Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Sebastian, Fitch, Rice, Hunn, Hemphill, Doolittle and Clarke.

Pensions.—Messrs. Thompson, Clay, Salisbury, Powell, Durkee, Harlan and Grimes.

Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Toombs, Crittenden, Nicholson, Durkee and Ten Eyck.

Claims.—Messrs. Iverson, Mallory, Bragg, Sumner and Foote.

Patents.—Messrs. Bigler, Thompson, Toombs, Hemphill, Simmons and Trumbull.

Public Buildings.—Messrs. Bright, Davis, Kennedy, Clark and Doolittle.

Territories.—Messrs. Green, Douglas, Sebastian, Fitzpatrick, Hunn, Collamore and Wade.

HOUSE.—The House is in the same "order of business" as when last noted. Incessant talking and wrangling, with an occasional vote for Speaker—by way of variety, we suppose—seem to be the main objects for which its members were sent to Washington. If we are correct in this conjecture, the "dear people" have an exceedingly faithful body of workers at the National Capitol.

Washington Matters.

A POSTAL convention has been concluded between the P. M. General and the Minister of Belgium, establishing a regular exchange of correspondence on closed mails conveyed by way of England, once a week or oftener, and in coincidence, as far as possible, with the regular sailing of the Anglo-American steamers. The single rate for letters and samples of merchandise originating in the United States and destined for Belgium, or vice versa, is fixed at twenty-seven cents.

The information brought by the steamship Tennessee, is that Minister McLean remains at Vera Cruz with the expectation of making a satisfactory treaty. The understanding in the best informed circles was, that the point on which the late treaty failed has been substantially concluded by the Constitutional Government.

Among the Washington rumors is one that Mr. Baring and several others of the most prominent bankers in London, have made a joint appeal to the British Cabinet to recognize the Constitutional Government of Mexico. Lord John Russell appointed the 6th of Dec., for an official interview with this gentleman, and it was believed that the British government was favorable to the appeal.

The War Department received a letter on the 29th ult., from Capt. Ricketts, dated Brownsville, Dec. 1st, which contradicts the reports with regard to the troubles. There are no signs of any immediate attack on Brownsville, and the Captain thinks the whole affair has been much exaggerated. He refers the origin of the difficulty to a falling out between parties concerning private affairs.

The Secretary of the Navy renews the recommendation to the still further increase of the Navy, and, instead of spending millions in constructing a few large ships, it is earnestly recommended to prosecute with vigor the line of policy which has been adopted by Congress and build a much larger number of steamers which can be maintained at comparatively small cost.

The Secretary of War says that of the army of nearly 17,000 men, not more than 11,000 are available for active service in the field, and that they are scattered over an area of 3,000,000 square miles. He hopes to make such an alteration in the disposition of the troops next season as will prevent any further outrages on the Southern and Mexican border. He recommends the enlistment of men for a mounted corps for six months, beginning in May. He recommends a provision for retiring disabled and infirm officers, as a measure for increasing the efficiency of the army. It is not deemed advisable to proceed in the manufacture of rifled cannon beyond those required for experimental purposes. He speaks favorably of breech loading arms. He recommends the withdrawal of the army from Utah.

Political Intelligence.

THE official vote of the State of New York, as rendered by the Board of State Canvassers, differs considerably from the figures heretofore published, and we give it, as follows:

	Repub.	Dem.	Maj.
Secretary of State	251,139	252,580	1,441
Comptroller	273,952	227,304	46,648
Treasurer	275,587	226,755	48,832
Attorney General	276,792	226,345	49,447
State Engineer & Surveyor	246,041	250,247	4,206
Canal Commissioner	245,976	251,777	5,801
Inspector of State Prisons	243,440	237,579	5,871
Judge of Appeals	265,568	223,525	42,043
Clerk of Appeals	275,286	221,084	54,202
	For.	Against.	
Loan	125,370	77,466	47,904

These alterations are in consequence of the fact that the returns from several localities have been found erroneous and thrown out. The majorities are slightly changed, but the result on candidates is not affected by these alterations.

Owing to an informality in the vote returned from Otsego, all the votes cast for Chapin in that county were thrown out. The votes of Rensselaer, Suffolk and Sullivan on State Prison Inspector, were thrown out for similar reasons. There were other informalities in the returns, though of less magnitude. In all there were about eighteen counties, more or less, wrongly returned.

THE official canvass in Minnesota shows the following vote on Governor:—Republican, 21,355; Democrat, 17,582. Republican majority on Lieut. Governor was 3,247; Secretary of State, 2,693; State Treasurer, 3,910; Attorney-General, 3,556.

THE Republican and Free Democrat Convention of Missouri, called for the 28th of the past month, is postponed to the 22d of February.

A NATIONAL Republican Convention will meet at Chicago, on Wednesday, the thirteenth day of June next, at 12 o'clock, for the nomination of candidates to be supported for President and Vice-President of the United States at the next election.

THE Legislature of Texas has elected the Hon. Mr. Wigfall, the regular Democratic candidate, U. S. Senator. The election is for a vacancy in the term expiring in 1861.

By the election of Mr. Breckenridge from Kentucky, John J. Crittenden, the oldest member of the U. S. Senate, retires from public service.—Mr. Crittenden is now in the 74th year of his age. He entered the Senate as early as 1817—forty-two years ago—although he then served but two years. Mr. Crittenden has never been a member of the House of Representatives. Besides his different terms in the Senate, Mr. Crittenden served the public as Governor of Kentucky, and Attorney-General under President Harrison, and also under President Fillmore.

THE National American Central Committee met at Philadelphia on the 21st ult. Hon. Jacob Broome was appointed Chairman, and Blanten Duncan, Secretary. A Committee was then appointed to confer with the Committee appointed at the Washington meeting, to consider a plan for uniting the opposition to the Administration, consisting of H. H. Stewart, of Va.; Anthony Kennedy, of Ind.; Erastus Brooks, of N. Y.; Blanten Duncan, of Ky.; Jacob Broome, of Pa. A Committee was also appointed to prepare an Address to the American People. No other action was decided on. The session was chiefly devoted to a private discussion of the claims of a number of prominent men to fill the Presidential Chair.

A SPECIAL dispatch from Columbia, S. C., dated 19th ult., says that both Houses had adopted a resolution that South Carolina owes it to her own citizens to protect them and their own property from every enemy, and that for the purpose of military preparations for any emergency the sum of $100,000 be appropriated. The Senate also adopted a resolution—that while still deferring to her Southern Sisters, she respectfully announces to them that in her judgment the safety and honor of the slaveholding States imperatively demand a speedy separation from the free-soil States of the Confederacy, and earnestly urges her Sister States of the South to originate the movement of a Southern separation, in which she pledges herself promptly to unite.

THE Hon. Lynn Boyd, Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky, died at his residence on the 20th ult. Mr. Boyd, during the Administration of President Polk, was the leader of the Democratic party in Congress. During the Mexican war, he was placed on the Committee of Military Affairs, at that time the most important Committee in the House, and discharged the duties with distinguished ability. He filled during his life many responsible positions. He was elected for two consecutive terms Speaker of the National House of Representatives. The Hon. Thos. P. Porter succeeds him as Lieut. Governor.

News Paragraphs.

IT is reported that a distinguished foreigner who was present at a debate in the unorganized House of Representatives the other day, inquired in the best of faith if the Union would be "dissolved before or after the election of Speaker!" Really, those gentlemen at Washington are putting our country in a most humiliating attitude before the world.

ON Thursday, Dec. 9, at noon, says the Charleston *Mercury*, umbrellas were found necessary to ward off the heated rays of the sun; at midnight it was freezing, and several persons had to break the ice in their chambers to perform their morning's ablutions.

THE Moors, against whom the French are fighting in Africa, are as hard to conquer now as ever. The French reprints show a great disparity in the number of casualties on each side, the Moors losing four or five times as many as the French. The latter, however, *take no prisoners.*

THE four Liverpool merchants who wrote to the Emperor Napoleon continue to be objects of reproach and censure, and there had even been some talk of a prosecution against them. At a meeting of the Liverpool Law Society it was resolved to tender the Attorney-General the assistance of the Society, should it be determined to take any proceedings against the offenders.

AT last, says a Washington letter, we are to have an American coinage. The mint has prepared a specimen half-dollar, bearing the head of Washington, and it is proposed to have the profile likenesses of other distinguished statesmen and soldiers thus made familiar to the people.

SEVERAL years ago President Buchanan invested $4,000, the interest of which is annually disbursed in the purchase of fuel for "poor and indigent females" in Lancaster, Pa. The annual distribution took place last week, and the Lancaster papers report a large number of worthy and deserving claimants.

THE New York papers chronicle the death of a young man who lost his life by skating till he was tired and then lying down on the ice to rest. The cold struck to his vitals and he contracted a disease which speedily terminated his existence.

A FIRM in New London Ct., are doing a good business in manufacturing horse nails by machinery and steam power. The *Star* says that about fifteen tons a day of horse nails are used in the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It is stated that the English and French governments were consulting together upon an arrangement of the Italian question, which will probably satisfy Austria, and which will encounter no serious objections at Berlin or at St. Petersburgh.

The Directors of the Great Eastern have postponed their explanation of their embarrassments to the shareholders, for the month, which caused much dissatisfaction among the latter.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the News denies that the army, or any other constituted body, desires to wage war on England.

It is stated that Austria and France have agreed that no delegates from Central Italy, the government of which is not recognized by European Courts, are to be admitted to Congress.

The Le Nord says the exiled sovereigns and chiefs of the present government of Central Italy, will plead their cause before the Congress, by notes and memorials.

The Bank of France has gained 6,000,000 francs during the month.

The pacific policy of France towards England was making progress.

The French Budget for next year reaches nearly £73,000,000 sterling.

Marshal Randon, the French Minister of War, had resigned.

It is stated that the French government is about to expend upwards of £500,000 in fortifying the forts of Algiers.

AUSTRIA.—A letter from Pesth reports that the Emperor of Austria contemplates abdicating the crown in favor of his son, a child, from the 21st of August, 1858, and appointed as Regent his brother, the Arch Duke Maximilian, formerly Governor of Lombardy. The reason assigned for the projected abdication is, that the Emperor sees with dismay that Austria is going to wreck and ruin, and shrinks from the risk of figuring personally as the last of the Hapsburgs.

PRUSSIA.—The difference between Prussia and Hesse will soon be settled, through the intercession of the Diet.

ITALY.—The Tuscan Moniteur says that the Congress will find Italy resolved to maintain her rights. The Central Italians are better armed than they were at the end of the war, and will persevere in demanding a strong Italian Kingdom and National Union, which will efface old divisions.

The electoral agitations throughout Lombardy are unprecedented.

The provincial government at Florence has dispatched orders to all diplomatic agents and public functionaries appointed by the Grand Duke and being at present abroad, to return to Tuscany within a fortnight, under penalty of losing their pecuniary allotments or pensions.

The Paris Universe undertakes to prove that the reforms which are called for in the Papal States by the Liberal party, cannot, by any possibility, be accorded by the Sovereign Pontiff.

SPAIN.—Reports were current in Madrid that dysentery and even cholera had broken out among the Spanish troops in Morocco. It was thought that the Spanish Generals would not assume the offensive until all their forces were concentrated. Official details of the Spanish losses on the 19th of November and subsequent days, show the following result: Officers, 9 killed and 45 wounded; soldiers, 75 killed and 717 wounded.

INDIA.—The Bombay mail of Nov. 11th had reached London. The Governor General had made a triumphant entry into Lucknow. He had announced a new policy by which the proclamation and entire policy, since the annexation of Oude, are thrown to the winds. The aristocrats are restored to their estates *en masse* and granted a perpetual settlement. The effect anticipated is, that rebellion in Oude will be an impossibility hereafter.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—Wheat was in better request, chiefly induced by new American red, which sold to a moderate extent at previous prices. Quotations for red are 9s3d@10s; white 9s6d@11s0d. Flour—No sales reported, and value nominal—22s@27s. Indian Corn quiet. Yellow 30s6d@32s. James Hewett & Co.'s circular says breadstuffs during the entire week have been very limited, and as holders have exhibited some desire to effect sales, prices have declined about 2d ₱ cental on wheat, 6d ₱ bbl on flour, 5d ₱ quarter on corn. Farmer's seem satisfied generally at present prices. Most all the Continental markets are lower, but yet considerably too high for profitable export to this country. We quote Wheat ₱ bushel 70 lbs., western red 6s5d@7s; do. white 7s@7s4d; southern red 6s8d@7s3d; do. white 7s@7s6d. Western Canal flour superfine, 23s@24s6d; New York and Ohio do. 24s@26s; Baltimore and Philadelphia 24s@25s. Indian Corn, mixed and yellow, 30s@31s; white 34s@35s. *Provisions*—Continue very dull, especially old American, which holders seem anxious to sell. Pork drags heavily. Repacked 50s@53s. Lard extremely depressed and prices declined 1s, without inducing buyers to come forward, except for the most limited retail prices.

The News Condenser.

— General Scott has arrived in New York.

— Seneca Lake has been lower for weeks past than ever before.

— The total loss by fires in Chicago, last year, was $750,030.

— Further Indian murders are reported at Spirit Lake, Minnesota.

— The Philadelphians complain that their city is glutted with cents.

— The Legislature of Vermont has passed a law against playing billiards.

Gen. Scott has traveled a distance of 13,000 miles in the last two months.

— The entire Census of Great Britain was taken in 1851, in a single day.

— In Philadelphia the rate of taxation has been fixed at $1,75 on the $100.

— One farmer in Illinois sold 2,500 head of cattle last fall, yielding him $75,000.

— A reward of $10,000 is offered for the capture of Cortinas, the Guerilla Chief.

— Strawberries were growing in the open air around San Francisco a month ago.

— The ladies of Richmond, Va., attend their balls and parties in homespun dresses.

— Boston is getting quite excited again over the proposed removal of the Post Office.

— At the Philadelphia Mint, in November, 3,300,000 of the new nickel cent were coined.

— Every day of the week is observed as a Sabbath by some of the nations of the globe.

— The total assessed value of real and personal property in the city of Albany is $25,962,395.

— A St. Louis gentleman recently paid $80 for the use of a six horse sleigh for four hours.

— The Juarez party in Mexico seems to be dying out. Miramon and the church are successful.

— The owners of the steamship Great Eastern are about to mortgage her to meet their liabilities.

— Brandy is now made in the West from the paw-paw berry, and is pronounced very drinkable.

— Last Saturday an otter, weighing 18½ pounds, was trapped in a pond at Mystic, Connecticut.

— Out of eighty-five deaths in Boston, last week, eleven were of small pox, and ten of scarlet fever.

— A meeting of soldiers of the war of 1812 is to be held at Columbus, Ohio, on the 10th inst.

— The widow of the famous Morgan, of anti-Masonic notoriety, is a resident of Memphis, Tenn.

— The first train of cars ran over the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, on the afternoon of the 25th ult.

— There was a beautiful Aurora display seen on Wednesday morning in some parts of Massachusetts.

— The Connecticut Star says that about fifteen tons a day of horse nails are used in the United States.

— An Eastern paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician." Are such cases very rare?

— All the old swamp lands in Barnstable, Mass., are being bought up and converted into cranberry beds.

— Twenty acres of the New York Central Park have been flooded with water to freeze for a skating pond.

— Gov. Magoffin, in his message, asserts that Kentucky loses, annually, more than $100,000 by slaves escaping.

— The small pox is raging with more or less severity in many of the cities and towns in the vicinity of Boston.

— The Utica Herald says the County Poor House at Rome is full of paupers, and can accommodate no more.

— The citizens of Syracuse have resolved, in public meeting, in favor of another Gas Company in that city.

— An English architect says:—"So far as I have observed, all artificial systems of ventilation are a failure."

— A bill is now before the Mississippi Legislature to create the office of State Superintendent of Public Schools.

— There are 531 prisoners confined within the walls of the Michigan State Prison, 20 more than there are cells.

— The Illinois Central R. R. Company has sold government lands granted to them to the amount of $16,023,115.

— A party of one thousand skaters were assembled at once upon Washaccum Pond, Sterling, Mass., a few days since.

— The Morning Post says crowds of Jesuits are seeking refuge in Sardinia since the suppression of their order in Romagna.

— Florida has about 350 miles of railroad graded, and about 280 miles of rail laid, upon which the cars are running daily.

— Professor Whitney, of Yale College, is engaged in the translation and publication of a Hindoo work on astronomy.

— A Nebraska paper of the 1st ult., contains direct news from Kit Carson, who contradicts the report of his own death.

— On the first of December there were 292 prisoners at Alton, Ill., in the State Prison, and 385 at Joliet—making a total of 687.

— The New York Post says that not less than six hundred thousand pairs of skates have been sold in that city the present fall.

— The number of slaves in Kentucky in 1840 was 104,-517; in 1850, 207,555; in 1859, 208,635. Increase during last year, 1,076.

— A committee in the South Carolina Legislature has reported to the effect that the State has a right to secede from the Union.

— Four "toilettes" a day are the requirements at Compeigne, France. The Court invitations are for eight days—thirty-two dresses!

— The number of students in the Medical School connected with the Harvard University is 185,—larger than at any former period.

— There are rumors at Washington of a new fillibustering expedition being organized at the South, destined, it is supposed, for Mexico.

— The stock of the Great Eastern has declined very rapidly. There is but little confidence felt that she will ever be made seaworthy.

— A banquet was given in Baltimore to commemorate the opening of the new jail. The banqueters probably expect to live outside of it.

— Martin Koszta, about whose rendition, some years ago, our government had so much trouble with Austria, died in Guatemala last April.

— A bill has passed the Legislature of Alabama, imposing a fine of $500 upon spiritual mediums for each exhibition they give in that State.

— A proposition to hang a portrait of Thomas Paine in Independence Hall, has encountered violent opposition in the Philadelphia Select Council.

— Great efforts are being made in Virginia to establish a line of packet ships direct to Liverpool. A large sum of money has already been raised.

— The Prince of Wales attained his eighteenth year on the 9th ult., and is now of a legal age to take the crown of England if his mother should die.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

The Rural to its Readers, on entering upon a New Year and Volume, ... 5
Facts About Manures, ... 5
An Italian Farm House, [4 Illustrations,] ... 5
High Feeding and Manure, ... 6
Spring Wheat—Midge and Rust, ... 6
Wintering Calves—Hay *vs.* Grain ... 6
Making Cheese in Winter ... 6
The Bee-Keeper.—Sweets for the People; Profitable Bee-Keeping; Ventilation.
Rural Spirit of the Press.—Testimonial to John Johnston; "Singed Bacon;" Premium Crops in Ohio; Open *vs.* Covered Drains ... 6
Agricultural Miscellany.—"Happy New-Year;" Annual Meetings of Agricultural Societies; The Weather; Hints on Feeding—Good Steers; State Agricultural College; Ohio State Agricultural Society; Cortland Co. Agricultural Society; Wool-Grower and Stock Register; The Letters we are Receiving ... 6

HORTICULTURAL.

The New Year, ... 7
Highly Cultivated Non-Bearing Orchard, ... 7
Yellow Bellflower Apple, [Illustrated,] ... 7
Raitway Embankment, ... 7
Squashes—To Perpetuate Best Kinds, ... 7
To Save Trees on Prairies from Rabbits, ... 7
Horticultural Notes.—Winter Pears; Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York; Horticultural Label Ink; Union of Horticultural Societies; Subterranean Nurseries; Scuppernong Grape, ... 7
Inquiries and Answers.—Beurre Gobautt Pear; To Destroy Insects on House Plants; Best Form for a Grafting Chisel, [four Illustrations;] Fruit in Wisconsin, ... 7

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Soda Sponge Cake; Fruit Cake; Jumbles; Cup Cake; Cream Cake; Delicate Cake; Gold Cake; Vegetable Cake; A Model Quilting-Frame, [Illustrated;] To Make Buckwheat Bread or Johnny Cake; Coloring Drab on Woolen; Pumpkin Pies; To Color Dark Brown; Swiss Cake, ... 7

LADIES' OLIO.

The Indian Mother's Lullaby, [Poetical.] Improvement of Home; Meddlesome Children—To Mothers; Employment of Women in London; Memory's Chimes.... 8

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Over the Way, [Poetical.] Short Sermons on Short Texts; The Snow; Little Kindnesses; Hindoo Proverbs. 8

SABBATH MUSINGS.

The Living Waters, [Poetical.] The Savior; The Fruits of Christianity; The True Religious Spirit, ... 8

EDUCATIONAL.

A Few Words About Compositions, ... 9

THE REVIEWER.

A Manual of Scientific and Practical Agriculture; Evenings at the Microscope; Mount Vernon and its Associations; Women Artists in all Ages and Countries; London Quarterly Review; Books Received, ... 9

USEFUL OLIO.

Washington Irving, [Illustrated;] Self-Endurance and Contentment; Reading, ... 9

YOUNG RURALIST.

A Garden in the City; Pine-Apple Squash, [Illustrated;] Genius, ... 9

STORY TELLER.

Midnight Musings, [Poetical.] Lydia Mathewson's Journal, ... 12

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Harper's Weekly—Harper & Brothers.
The Horticulturist—C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.
The Most Entertaining Book of the Season—Dick & Fitzgerald.
The Gem of the Year—Beadle & Adams.
To Housekeepers—D. B. DeLand & Co.
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—G. & C. Merriam.
To Architects, Carpenters, Builders, &c.—Alex. Harthill.
Wanted—Cherry Currant Plants and Pear Trees.
Saw Mills—J. Rapalje, Agent.
Saratoga Female Seminary—E. F. Carter.
Gale's Universal Feed Cutter—J. Rapalje, Agent.
Farm For Sale—Martin Metcalf.
A Farm For Sale—G. W. Nicholas.
Mechanics and Housekeepers—S. Culver.
Lithographed and Colored Fruit Plates—Thos. Wright.
Apple Seed For Sale—J. Rapalje, Agent.
Cattle Breeders—H. & M. C. Mordoff.
A Farm For Sale—J. F. Shepard.
For Sale—C. K. Ward.
Cheap and Valuable Newspapers—Hebard, Tracy & Co.
Cumings' Feed Cutter—McKindley & Phelps.

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☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ OUR published terms will be strictly adhered to, and no one has authority from us to offer the RURAL at less than our rates. The RURAL is *not* a "dollar paper," as $1,25 is the *lowest* club rate, even if a thousand copies are taken. *Persons remitting less than our terms will be credited in proportion to amount received.*

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59—bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1858 and 1859—price, $2 each.

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☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Dec. 31, 1859.

As we anticipate our date of publication just one week our Market Report will consequently be somewhat deficient. This defect will be remedied, however, when all things are once more in trim, and our good ship leaves port on her regular sailing day. We intend to make this department in the future, as it has been in the past, a reliable chart upon which all interested may place complete reliance.

FLOUR—The only change observable is in that made from Spring Wheat, and here an advance equal to 25 cents per barrel on choice has been effected. Buckwheat is declining, the falling off being in the range of 12@25 cents.

GRAIN—Wheat at last quoted rates. Corn dropping, and now selling 3@5 cents per bushel lower than at date of last report. Oats are in the same category—2½@3 cents being taken off.

HAY—The large quantity of coarse fodder in market has affected the rates for Hay, and a depression in prices is the result. Hay is worth $12@20 per ton; Straw, $10; Corn Stalks, $10. A very great amount of both Straw and Corn Stalks have been sold in Rochester the present winter; indeed, we have seen more offered on some single days than during entire seasons heretofore.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	17@18c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,25@6,25	Honey, box	10@15c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5½	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	00@00	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,25@1,40	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12½
Corn, old		Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	60@70c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	16@18c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	65@70c	Plums, dried	00@00c
Oats, by weight	33@35c	Potatoes	31@37½c
Barley	58@62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@45c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ℔ cwt	$3,00@5,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	3@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	6@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	8@9c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,18
Butter, roll	17@18c	Hay, tun	$15,00@22,00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Straw, tun	$10,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	37½@50c
Lard, tried	12@12c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	10½@10¾c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 30.—FLOUR—Firm and in moderate demand, merely confined to speculators. Sales at $5,15@5,20 for super State; $5,40@5,50 for extra do.; $5,20@5,30 for super Western; $5,35@5,50 for common to good extra do.; $5,60@5,75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet and firm. Canadian unchanged; sales 450 bbls. at $5,30@6,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and very firm; rather more inquiry for export and speculation, but buyers and sellers are about 2c apart in their views. Mil. club held at $1,23@$1,25c without buyers. Rye very firm at 90@92c. Barley quiet at 76@86c. Corn heavy and drooping; sales at 85@88c for new white and yellow. Oats firm at 45½@47c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull; sales at $16@16,12 for mess; $11,50@11,62 for prime; $15 for Western prime mess. Dressed hogs steady at 6¾@6⅝c. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 10⅝@10¾c. Butter quiet at 11@16c for Ohio, 15@23c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11½c.

BUFFALO, DEC. 30.—FLOUR—is very quiet, and we have no change to note in quotations. Sales at $5,35@5,65 for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat continues quiet and nominal. Corn is steady and in fair demand. Sales at 70 cents. Oats firm.—Sales Canadian at 39c. Barley and Rye nominal. Peas are steady. Sales Canadian at 65c.

PROVISIONS—New heavy mess, wholesale and retail, $15,50@16. Cut meats in better request. Sales sides, in dry salt, at 8c, and shoulders at 6c. Dressed hogs firm. Sales Canadian, average not yet ascertained, at $6,20@6,25, and do. averaging 212½ lbs. on private terms.

CINCINNATI, DEC. 30.—FLOUR—Quiet at $5,30@5,40.

GRAIN—Wheat firm. Corn steady.

HOGS—A shade higher. Those averaging 200 lbs. wholesale at $6,15@6,25; 1,700 sold at $5,90@6,10. Mess pork buoyant at $16,50.

TORONTO, DEC. 29.—FLOUR—Market inanimate, and quotations are almost impossible. The following rates show the views of buyers and sellers:—Double extra, $5,50@6; extra, $5,20@5,30; fancy, $1,75@5; Superfine No. 1, $4,55@5,55; Do. No. 2, $4,20@4,30.

GRAIN—The market for Fall Wheat has been very steady throughout the week, with receipts ranging from 1,000 to 1,500 bushels per day. The feeling is not one of excitement, yet there is sufficient animation to keep prices well up to their extreme limit. The ordinary rates have been, for good to prime, from 1,15 to $1,20 per bushel—the latter, although the highest figure, being frequently paid. The quality of the Wheat has been more uniform, and there has not therefore been such a wide range of prices. Medium and good lots bring readily $1,13 and $1,18, while inferior and common have brought from $1,08 to $1,12. The average price of the week's receipts would be about $1,17 per bush. The steadiness in the price of Spring Wheat, which we have noted for several weeks past, still continues, and during the week from 95c to $1 per bushel has been freely paid, while for extra prime samples slightly higher figures have been realized. The Canadian Spring Wheat this year is of very even quality, and the sample of the entire crop would be hard to beat. Barley has come in very sparingly, and only a few loads have changed hands at 60c. A very fine sample would bring 65c per bushel. Rye has been scarce, and remains steady at 70c to 75c for the best. Oats have not been offered so freely as in previous weeks, and prices are again up to 33c and 35c per bushel. Pease not plentiful, and are in brisk demand at 53c to 58c per bushel. A choice lot might command 60c.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

ALBANY, N. Y., DEC. 29.—Market inactive. The only sales reported are the following:—State, averaging 240 lbs. 7c; do. averaging near 300 lbs. 7¼c; do. dividing 175 lbs. 6⅝@7c; do. do. 175 lbs. 6⅝@7c; do. heavy 7c; Western heavy $6-91.—*Atlas and Argus.*

LOUISVILLE, KY., DEC. 27.—Hog market is dull and drooping, and we have heard of no transactions, but quote nominally at $5 75 to $6 net. The total slaughter thus far this season is about 230,000, with the expected receipts of about 20,000 head more, chiefly from Indiana.—*Courier.*

CINCINNATI, O., DEC. 26.—Yesterday, the long expected falling off in the receipts took place, and in the forenoon holders became greatly excited, and seemed careful about naming a price, lest they might be "picked up." An advance of fully 25c per cental was established, but when all parties met on 'Change, and as soon as it was found that buyers were not as excited as sellers, there was an evident disappointment and the feelings of owners became more subdued, and the market closed tame.

The receipts of Hogs during the week by the various channels were 74,763; previously reported, 246,978; total this season 321,731; same time last year 306,905; 1857, 222,301; 1856, 287,916; 1855, 300,658; 1854, 257,696.

From the above it will be seen that the receipts this season, so far, are now larger than they were at the corresponding date back to 1854, and we may add, larger than any season the last ten years.—*Price Current.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 28.—The demand is quite limited, as usual during Holiday week, but the supply is insufficient to meet the wants of the trade, and prices are firmly maintained, and are likely to continue high till the next clip comes on the market. The stock in the hands of manufacturers is becoming reduced, and as they have bought sparingly recently, it is anticipated that ere long many of them at least will be obliged to enter the market for supplies. An auction sale is announced in Boston for the 12th of January; this will probably draw out the trade and stimulate the demand. The transactions include 125,000 lbs. State, Western, and California fleeces, at full prices; 45,000 lbs. Pulled at 35@52c., as to quality; 600 ballots common Chili at 11¾c.; 120 bales of Smyrna at 18c. for unwashed and 28c. for washed; also, 100 bales Buenos Ayres and 120 do. black and short Donskoi, on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	54@57
Am. half-blood and Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	38@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	36@40
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@12
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@13
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, DEC. 28.—The market is steady for fleece and pulled Wool, and buyers appear disposed to wait until the auction sale of the 12th January before purchasing. The transactions of the week have been 75,000 lbs. at prices in the range. In foreign Wool no movement of any importance; some 200 bales Mediterranean have been sold at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	58@70	Western mixed	38@45
Full blood	51@57	Smyrna, washed	17@30
½ and ¾ blood	44@57	Do, unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	48@57	Cape	24@60
Do. superfine	42@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2		Peruvian, washed	25@32

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, DEC. 28.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt., $9,50@10,50; ordinary, $8,25@9,25; common, $6,50@7,50; inferior, $5@6.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5@6; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3@4; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@6⅛c; all others 5 3-5@6c.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 28.—Whole number of Cattle at market 579—about 459 Beeves, and 129 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, match Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,50; first quality, $6,75; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $3,75; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen ℔ pair, from $75@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@67.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@20; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,300 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2 each; extra, $2,50, $3, $4@7 each, or 4½@6c. ℔ lb.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,50 each.

TORONTO, DEC. 29.—BEEF—Now that butchers have got their holiday supplies of a prime article, ordinary and good Beef will find a market, although as yet the demand is very dull and prices unsettled. We quote nominally $4,50 to $5,25 per 100 lbs. of Beef for good; and $3,50 to $4,25 for common. Sheep, $3,50 to $4,50. Calves, $4 to $5. Lambs, $2 to $2,50 each.

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FOR SALE—A Farm, (121 Acres for $6,000,) near the depot and village of West Bloomfield. J. F. SHEPARD.

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MECHANICS AND HOUSEKEEPERS, by addressing S. CULVER, Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., and enclosing a ONE CENT stamp to pay return postage, will have sent to them a circular stating terms, &c., upon which they may obtain instructions for preparing, at trifling expense, and in the very best manner, their own PREPARED GLUE.

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FOR SALE—A Farm of Sixty Acres, at Royalton Centre, Niagara county, N. Y., eight miles from Lockport, on the Batavia Road, about three miles South of the Canal.—Has upon it a House and small Barn, about One Hundred Apple Trees, and Twenty Acres of Timber. Price, $45 per Acre. For particulars apply to the subscriber, or to GEO. W. HILDRETH, Lockport. MARTIN METCALF, Grand Rapids, Mich.
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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MIDNIGHT MUSING.

THE midnight hour is brooding near
With noiseless wing,
And blackness, like a sabled bier,
Veils everything,
While silence, voiceless as the tomb,
Adds something fearful to the gloom.

I scarce know why,—but still it seems
I cannot sleep;
Though all around are wrapt in dreams,
Or slumbers deep,—
There's something nameless in my soul
That spurns such idle, still control.

It is not rage,—for in my heart
No thoughts I find
That are at war with any part
Of frail mankind,—
No, I could quickly sink to rest,
With all the hate that's in my breast.

It is not care, for little sees
My brow its blight,—
It is not pain—hands of disease
Rest on me light,—
Nor is it grief,—my griefs are few,—
And disappointments—they are, too.

It must be love!—'tis no such thing.
Who ever heard
That faded flowers grow fresh again?
That is absurd.
Spring may bring back each tint and name,
But those as sweet, are not the same.

Yet it is love,—the Angels' theme
That fills my mind;
Bright, holy, beautiful, they seem,
Thoughts undefined.
O! Heavenly Minstrels, tune the string
And teach the yearning heart to sing!

For O! I love all things on Earth,
And all above;
Each object Nature giveth birth
Is worthy love,—
If not within itself, 'twould be
For sake of Him who gave it me.

Then teach me that I breathe some strain,
In this still hour,
That *might* be echoed back again
With gentle power,
When my earth-form has ceased to be,
And the chained spirit is set free.

I would not sing for glittering gold,—
Gold that will rust;
Nor yet to please the world so cold,—
A world of dust!
Nor would I strive for earthly fame,—
What signifies an empty name?

Then, though I fail to please the world,
I would not sing
Like some lone bird, which Fate had hurled,
With broken wing,
On Earth's cold bosom,—out of sight
From those who soar in life and light;

But, joying in the boundless space
Of blue above,
I'd seek a higher, brighter place
To sing my love,
Not *gazing downward* would I pour
My praise, but *upward* sing and soar;

For He to whom all praise is due,
Dwelleth above;
He to whom nothing can be new
Is "God of Love."—
And, *since my "treasures" are with* THEE,
FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, *my heart shall be.*

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1859. G. P.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LYDIA MATHEWSON'S JOURNAL.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

Jan. 1st, 18—. I think I am a heroine. I have always thought so, ever since my tow-colored hair was long enough to be tied up with pink ribbons, in two little horns on each side of my forehead. I was fully convinced of it when I grew bigger, and crept up into the dusty garret to read the "Arabian Nights Entertainment;" and, now that I have reached the mature age of eighteen, my belief is as settled as ever. To be sure, nothing very remarkable has happened to me yet, but then I have always been unfavorably situated. What chance have I for a respectable adventure!

I am neither handsome nor downright homely, but just moderately good-looking. My hands and feet are certainly not small, and my hair could never be coaxed into a curl; it is as uncompromising in its way as were the stiff-necked old Puritans, in the days of Charles the First. This circumstance was always a grief to me, for I think I never read of a heroine whose head was not at least adorned by rippling waves of hair, and after abandoning curl papers in despair, I tried braiding mine of nights, until, what, with the tight strain, that would hardly let my eyes shut together, and the uncomfortable feeling of the hard braids between my soft head and the softer pillow, I was forced to the conviction that it was of no use at all.

I have had other trials—for instance my name. Now I don't object to LYDIA. It is of ancient origin, and has a pleasant enough sound—looks well written, too—but people will persist in calling it "LIDDY." Fifty times a day I hear it, and as if that was not bad enough, Aunt ESTHER always calls me "LIDDY JANE." Aunt ESTHER—she is another of my trials. I don't believe she ever was a girl. I am sure she must have been born with that sunfly-brown foretop of false hair, and her cross face, that looks like the dolls' heads we used to make out of walnuts. I never contrived any nice plan for enjoying myself that she did not contrive to upset. She thinks all girls are silly, all children nuisances, and all men the legitimate descendants of the very father of evil. She is not my Aunt, there is some comfort in that, for it leaves me the privilege of saying ugly things about her to you, my dear Journal, but she has been housekeeper and commander-in-chief over this house, and everybody in it, not excepting my father, for more years than I have lived. She was some distant relative of my father's, and as she was homeless and destitute, and my mother's health was delicate, they offered her a home with them, and we children grew up to call her Aunt ESTHER.

I was born upon New Year's day, and in less than a twelve-month my mother died. "She used to call you her New Year's Gift," said Aunt ESTHER once in her snappish way, "but a sorry gift you was to anybody. Your poor mother never saw a well day, and I am sure the world will never be any better off for forty such."

May be it never will, but I think if my mother had lived, things would have been very different with me. I am sure I should have been more gentle and patient, and her hand would have found enough germs of good in my nature to train over all its natural roughness, and make me lovely, at least to loving eyes.

My father loves me, I think, but he is an easy, well-to-do man of business, and, if all seems to be going smoothly, never troubles his head about me any further.

Then there is HELEN, but she is almost four years older than I, and is too much taken up with CHARLEY ANDREWS to bestow much attention upon me; besides, nothing could convince her that I am anything more than a child. I am glad she is going to be married so soon, and then I shall be Miss MATHEWSON instead of "my sister LYDIA," and then we shall see if everybody comes here just to see HELEN.

I have got one unmitigated blessing, and that is EDDY, my brother EDDY. He will be twenty next June, when the roses blossom, just the birth-month for such a dear, sunshiny heart as his. They say it is natural for boys to teaze the girls, but I am sure it never was EDDY'S nature. It was he who fought my battles at school, initiated me into the mysteries of marbles, made wonderful furniture and dishes for my play-house, and comforted me under all Aunt ESTHER'S frequent scoldings, by promising to send her to jail when he grew to be a man. How little time it seems since we sat on the back door stone, in our blue check aprons, and played "keep store," with skeins of corn silk for our principal stock in trade, and yet I am already eighteen, and EDDY is a man grown, "a Freshman in good and regular standing." If I ever wished anything fervently in my life it was that I could go away to College with him. I wanted to be with EDDY, but that wasn't all. I know just how it will be bye-and-bye, when he comes to be a thorough student, and I only a poor little ignoramus. I shall know nothing of what interests and delights him most, and gradually we shall get further and further apart, and it will seem to me as if I had lost my brother. Only last vacation he laughed because I asked him who in the world XENOPHON was. I went up garret and cried an hour about it. I never can bear to have EDDY laugh at me. Oh, dear! why don't girls go to College? When he went away I told him I meant to study all the time he was gone, and he only said,

"Oh, you know a plenty for a girl now. Don't spoil your eyes over books, nobody likes these learned women."

Now, why don't they, I should like to know? I can't see why education is such a good thing for a man and not for a woman. If I had a husband I should not want him to be in constant fear, whenever he opened his mouth, lest he should say something stupid or silly, and I should think a man would feel just the same about his wife. I remember when I was at Judge HYDE'S, last summer, there were ever so many distinguished gentlemen spending the evening there, and Mr. HOWE came in with his beautiful wife. Judge HYDE was relating an anecdote of SHERIDAN, and when he had finished, Mrs. HOWE asked, "Did he live in Boston, Judge HYDE? I used to know a MARY SHERIDAN there."

"This was probably another family, Madam," said Judge HYDE, in his polite way, but ever so many people smiled in spite of themselves, and poor Mr. HOWE looked as if he was ready to die with mortification. They say he is one of the most talented lawyers in the State, and everybody says it is a great pity his wife is so ignorant, yet she is beautiful and graceful, and makes a fine appearance in society. One thing is a great comfort to me—all men don't think just alike about this matter of educating women. I asked Judge HYDE something about it, and, as nearly as I can remember, this is what he said:

"It is a very common opinion that to educate woman thoroughly, tends to destroy what is gentle and feminine in her character, and make her, in popular language, 'strong-minded.' This is a great mistake, I think, yet a very natural one, and arises in this way. Her opportunities for obtaining an education are so scanty, compared with the other sex, and the way is so hedged up to her, that only those naturally gifted with the most resolute wills, who have made up their minds to endure the martyrdom of public opinion, ever attempt it. The gentle, quiet woman, who shrinks from all such struggling, has never yet had an opportunity to try the effect of such training. Once open the way for all women to gain the mental discipline that our colleges afford to young men, and then we may fairly judge of its results, but not before. You will probably live to see that day, if I never do, and you will then see men forced to acknowledge that those womanly qualities which we most admire, which make their possessor emphatically the angel and guardian of home, are far from being the offspring of ignorance, but have their source in her very nature, and will shine the brighter when illuminated by a cultivated intellect. The popular course in regard to educating females is like keeping the pearl forever in the darkness of its native shell, lest its purity and lustre should be dimmed by placing it in a worthy setting."

This was such a comfort to me, for father and Aunt ESTHER, and almost everybody that comes to our house, condemn these new schools for girls as the worst things that could be started. Father says girls are not worth much now, and if they go to studying Latin and Greek, and Mathematics, he would not give a rye straw for five hundred of them. Aunt ESTHER says she never studied anything except what was taught in the district school, and one year in a boarding-school, where they taught her to work her sampler, paint in water colors, and turn out her toes when she walked. Father will be satisfied if I ever make as good a housekeeper and as useful a woman as Aunt ESTHER, and I suppose I ought to be satisfied, but somehow I *can't*. I should like to be all that, and something more—I don't know exactly what, and I can't tell how, and so I only *wait* and *hope*.

This is my birth-day—my eighteenth birth-day. Aunt ESTHER hopes now I will leave off my trifling ways, and try to be useful. HELEN hopes I shall stop romping and learn to be a little more lady-like. And I—I, too, have hopes, hid away in my heart, whose fulfillment lies far off in that solemn future to which my life is tending. I do not think lightly of them, but I believe I shall meet them one day face to face, and then I shall be satisfied.

Jan. 25th. Such a hubbub as this house is in, from garret to cellar. Everything movable is in motion, and everything else stands quivering in its place. And all because HELEN and CHARLEY ANDREWS have taken it into their wise heads to be married at a week's notice, instead of waiting until May, as they dutifully promised to do when father gave his consent.

Father looks grave and thoughtful at the prospect of losing his oldest daughter so soon, for HELEN is a great comfort to him; he says she is very like her mother in looks and ways. Aunt ESTHER is a concentrated hurricane, and keeps everybody in a violent commotion—everybody but HELEN; she moves about through it all, as calm and stately as ever. I think she is beautiful, in one way at least; a kind of still stateliness that wins your admiration, yet makes you continually wonder if you are seeing any below the surface, it is so strangely unruffled. I remember when she first told me of this sudden arrangement, I was so much excited I could hardly listen until she was through explaining the reasons, and how calmly she said, "Now don't get excited about it, LYDIA, for you will never accomplish anything if you do. I think we had better finish these shirts for father and EDWARD the first of anything, so they can go into the wash on Monday, and I want you to see to doing them up yourself, as I have always done."

I sat there on the floor at her feet, with my arms folded in my lap, and looked in her face wonderingly. Not one bit hurried, every pulse beating as regularly as ever, she was the same calm, thoughtful HELEN. I took my sewing with a little sigh, I can hardly tell for what, but I felt disappointed about something; I think it was this:

I have dreamed much of love. I suppose all girls do, sooner or later, vaguely, perhaps, but as something that should glorify and illumine life. I have thought these hearts of ours were temples, into whose outer courts the world came daily; but that some time in every human life, its High Priest came to it; privileged to enter into its Holy of Holies, and kindle the fires upon the altar there. I have thought that then the heart would stand transfigured by a new glory, and that something of this would be visible in all its outward manifestations. I have thought, into quiet hearts like HELEN'S, this love should come like a limitless flood, and I looked to see something of it brimming over from lip to eye, and so I was disappointed.

We sat and sewed in silence. HELEN'S active fingers flew over the work like magic; mine, I must confess, dragged a little. "HELEN," I asked at last, from a sudden impulse, "do you *really love* CHARLEY ANDREWS?"

"Of course I love him," was the quiet answer, "or I should not marry him; nobody compels me to. You are stitching that wristband miserably, LYDIA; do for once give your mind to your work."

I am not given to tears, but that morning I felt so miserably, I was so much perplexed and troubled, that I could not help crying; and when HELEN noticed it, she was more astonished at me than I had been at her. It did not last very long, for there was to be company at dinner, and Aunt ESTHER presently called me to help her. I liked that better. It was beating eggs, and stoning raisins, and rolling sugar, till my arms ached, and my head was fairly dizzy, but anything was more endurable than quiet. To be sure I brought Aunt ESTHER a bottle of olive oil to flavor the cake with, instead of rose water, and made a few such blunders, till she declared I acted like "all possessed," but it did'nt trouble me as it does sometimes, and I really tried to do the best I could. It has been just so ever since, only, if possible, father grows graver, HELEN calmer, Aunt ESTHER more hurried, and I more bewildered. Poor MAGGIE is so overwhelmed by the sudden avalanche of work, and the constant calls for her stout arms, sometimes in two or three directions at once, that her Irish wits are completely exhausted. "Indade," said she to-day, as Aunt ESTHER called her from the cellar, and HELEN from the dining-room, at the same moment, "there was niver such times in this house before. It's all officers and no men, and how shall a body mind so many orders."

Two days more will end this excitement, and, in the meantime, EDDY is coming; and that will put new life into us all. I wonder if I shall ever call him *Edward*. HELEN does, and she says it sounds so silly and babyish in me to call him EDDY, as if he was a little boy. He always calls me SIS, and says LYDIA is only fit for an old maid. It was EDDY who shared my childish sports, and who is shrined deepest in my heart's love now, and he can never be any one else to me; not even EDWARD.

I have had a glimpse into a strange place to-day—I mean Aunt ESTHER'S heart. It has been so long shut up and darkened, the windows have been so barred and bolted, that mould has gathered thickly over the walls. Yet to-day it was thrown open a little while to the sunlight, and memory went wandering through all its silent chambers, brushing away the dust and cobwebs from the pictures hanging there, and for a little blessed time their sweet familiar faces looked clearly out upon that poor desolate heart. It was but a very little time, and then it was as dark and silent as ever, but I had a glimpse into it, and I shall always remember. It happened in this way:

HELEN'S bridal dress was sent home from the city this afternoon. It was perfectly exquisite, for HELEN'S taste in dress is faultless, and as I could not persuade her to try it on for my gratification, I determined to put it on myself. So I came into the room, where HELEN and Aunt ESTHER were sitting, in full costume, veil and all. HELEN complimented my appearance with unusual warmth for *her*, and I think was secretly pleased at the beauty of the dress, but Aunt ESTHER actually turned pale, and after looking at me a moment, took me abruptly by the arm, and led me in front of the large mirror. She stood there a full minute beside me, evidently comparing my figure with her own, and indeed, if I had not been too much astonished, I should have smiled at the strange appearance we made together. A look of real pain came over her face, as she turned from the mirror, saying, "No, no. No one would believe it—I can hardly realize it myself, and yet it is true that I was once just as young and fresh as you are, this minute, and wore wedding robes too, as white as those, instead of these black"—She stopped and hurried from the room, leaving HELEN and me in perfect astonishment.

"What has happened; what does she mean?" I asked in a bewildered way.

"I am sure I don't know," was HELEN'S answer; "most likely we never shall know anything more about it." Then, after a moment, "You had better put the dress away, LYDIA—it would be a pity to injure it to-night—and light the lamps in the parlor, for it is nearly time for father to come home."

So easily HELEN dismissed from her mind this strange revelation that had flashed across our even life; but not so with me. I pondered on it all the time I was removing the wedding dress, and laying it away in its wrappings; and then I resumed my plain merino, that looked dark and heavy enough, in contrast with the glistening silk and delicate laces, and went slowly down to the parlor. MAGGIE had been before me, for the lamps were lighted, and father sat by the table reading. He looked up as I entered, and gave me a letter for Aunt ESTHER. I was glad to carry it to her, for I secretly hoped to learn more of what had so startled me. Her door was partly open, and, as she took no notice of my knock, I stood looking at her a moment, and then entered the room. She was kneeling beside an old-fashioned, hair-covered trunk, that I had never seen open before in all my recollection. On a chair beside her lay a veil of white lace, heavily wrought, and in her hands she was holding up a dress of fine cambric, but of a strange fashion, and yellow with age.

"It looks odd and forlorn enough now," she said, more to herself than to me, "but I remember it was handsome then, and I felt proud enough of it. My veil, too, every stitch of it worked by my own fingers; nobody would think they had ever been white and delicate enough for such work. It is just like me, though, and I little thought when I sat working the flowers into it, that we should both be saved up useless so many years only for other folks to laugh at." She began to put away the things, smoothing the folds nervously, and looking so sad all the time, that I felt as if something in my throat were choking me, and I could not speak. So I stood there, still holding the letter, while she opened a little box containing some dried flowers, and a plain gold ring. She put the ring on her finger, but it was far too large, and easily dropped back into the box. "It fitted me once," she said, "and these dead things were roses, *white roses*, gathered for a wedding thirty years ago. There is'nt sweetness enough left to tell that they were roses; that is like me, too. Ah, well!" She shut the trunk and locked it, and put the key in her bosom, and then I gave her the letter; but she did not open it, or seem to really know that she held it in her hand. "It is strange," she began, after a moment, "how all this has come over me to-night. I have not opened that trunk for twenty years, and never meant to open it again, but something, I think it was your dressing up in those wedding clothes, brought it all back so fresh, I could not help going to look at it once more. I'm glad I did. I've got so old, and seen so much trouble, that sometimes I forget it was ever any different with me. I never was handsome, like HELEN, but I was just such a headstrong, quick-hearted thing as you are, and one reason why I am so apt to be impertinent with you, is that you are always reminding me of my young days, and bringing back things that I want to forget. I'm not fit to be loved, I know that, but if anybody had ever loved me, I believe I should have been different."

I never had anything touch my heart like these words from that poor, desolate woman; and at the same time came the thought of the injustice I had always done her. From the impulse of the moment I threw my arms about her, and said, "Aunt ESTHER, I love you,—I shall always love you; I only wish I had known all this before. I see now how much I have misjudged you." She did not return my embrace; it is not at all like her to be demonstrative, but she did not repel me, and I think it made her glad. Just then the bell rang for tea, and it seemed to recall her at once from the world of past memories, and she smoothed her cap and went down with me to the table, the same stern woman I had always known her. It was not an hour before she was scolding me vigorously, for some sin of omission on my part, but I do not think I shall ever feel towards her as I have done. She has had some great sorrow, I have learned enough for that—something that came like a sudden winter upon the buds of her heart's young summer, and there has never been enough of love's sunshine in her life since then to melt away that first full of snow, but her heart has been ice-bound ever since.

She spoke of a wedding, yet I know she never was married, and I never shall dare ask her anything more about it; so here is a secret, or rather half a secret, locked up in my heart for the present. Well, I can keep it. [To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 20 letters.
My 1, 2, 12, 2 is a Latin noun of the third declension.
My 6, 12, 2 is an active verb of the first conjugation.
My 12, 2, 3, 11, 4 is an active verb of the second conjugation.
My 13, 14 is a conjunction.
My 7, 8, 9, 11, 10 is a noun of the third declension.
My 15, 16, 17, 19, 18 is also a noun of the third declension, and is intimately connected with my 7, 8, 9, 11, 10.
My 3, 4, 5, 20, 11 is a noun of the first declension.
My 20, 16, 7 are abbreviations of Marcus, Aulus, and Publius.
My whole is one of the ten commandments.

Lobo, Middlesex Co., C. W., 1859. JACOBUS L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

PRIZE ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

TO EACH of the three persons (residing out of this city,) sending us the first correct answers to above Rebus, within TWO WEEKS, we will send a good Gold Pen (post paid,) or the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1860. Taken all in all, it is supposed to be the best Rebus ever published. Try it, you who have a genius for the solution of knotty problems.

☞ Answer in three weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A FARMER bought a number of sheep, which, together with the increase the first year, amounted to a number equal to the square of the number purchased. Afterwards, he lost, by disease, three times the number of the original sheep, and the number remaining was equal to twice the square root of the same. How many sheep did he buy? G. H. F.

Murray, Orleans Co., N. Y., 1859.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 519.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Harper's Ferry Insurrection.

Answer to Acrostical Enigma:—An Acrostical Enigma.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—3 .215388 inches.

Answer to Arithmetical Question:—12 Calves, 12 Sheep, and 16 Lambs.

Answer to Illustrated Enigma:—Young ladies adore the mirror, fancy extra diamonds in rings, and watch the handsome beaux.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
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☞ For Special Notices, &c., see preceding page.

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RURAL NEW-YORKER.

"PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT."

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VOL. XI. NO. 2.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 522.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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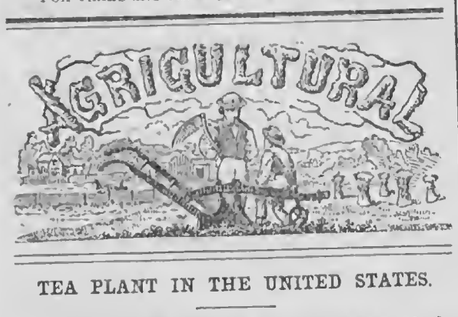


TEA PLANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

SEVERAL attempts have been made through the Patent Office to introduce the Culture of Tea into the United States, by the importation of seed from China. All, however, until the last, proved failures, from the fact that tea seed will retain its vitality but a short time when kept out of the ground. We have received, at different times, perhaps a dozen packages of seeds, but could never get one to germinate. It thus became apparent that some other course must be taken to obtain seeds in good condition, or living plants, or the attempt to give tea culture a trial in this country must be abandoned. Early in 1845 Mr. FORTUNE, who had introduced to the horticultural world so many new and valuable Chinese plants, and who had been so successful in procuring seeds and plants of Tea for the English East India Company, was employed by the Commissioner of Patents to proceed to the Celestial Empire and procure an abundant supply for this country. Mr. FORTUNE shipped his seeds in Wardian cases, and they arrived in excellent condition, a part in April last, with the seeds sound, but not germinated, and a part in June last, having sprouted, as was anticipated, on the voyage, and in good condition for transplanting.

Mr. FORTUNE has returned to England, and the last number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* contains a communication from Mr. F., giving an interesting report upon the final result of his expedition, from which we make the following extract:

"It will be seen that the result of my expedition to China for the Government of the United States has been very satisfactory. In little more than one year about 50,000 Tea plants, and many other vegetable productions useful in the arts or of an ornamental character* have been introduced to America from the Tea countries of China.

"This success was mainly owing to experience acquired during former visits to these countries. Arriving in China in the month of May I spent the first few months in visiting numerous Tea farms in different parts of the country, where I made arrangements with the natives for large supplies of seeds as soon as they ripened in the autumn. In October and November I repeated my visit to the same districts, and I everywhere found supplies of seeds awaiting me. In former transactions with these Tea growers I had always treated them kindly and liberally, and I now found the advantage that resulted from such treatment. Seeds had been saved for me in all directions; I had only to pick them up and proceed onwards, and was thus enabled to get through a large amount of work in a short space of time. In December I reached the port of Shanghae with the whole of my collections in excellent condition.

"Tea seeds will not retain their vitality long if kept out of the soil. In order to guard against all risk a large number of WARD'S cases had been previously prepared and filled with earth, and to these the seeds were immediately transferred. The first shipment was made in December, a few days after my arrival in Shanghae Knowing that the vessels would probably arrive in America about the middle or end of March, I thought it likely the seed would remain in the earth without vegetating during the voyage. Instead, therefore, of sowing the seeds near the surface in the usual manner, I mixed up large quantities with soil, and filled the case up with the mixture of earth and seeds. By this simple plan many thousands of seeds were carried to their destination, and when they arrived there were as sound as if they had been all the winter on a Chinese seed-bed. Of course it was necessary to unpack them immediately on arrival and sow them thinly in other quarters. In the other cases which were shipped later, this mode of packing would not have been safe. The seeds were therefore sown thickly and covered with earth in the usual manner, and in this state might vegetate on the voyage without any risk whatever. In the one case the object was to get the seeds quickly to their destination without vegetating, for had this taken place the experiment would have been a failure; in the the other they were placed in circumstances favorable for vegetation, and the only change likely to occur would be this; that in China they were only seeds, while towards the end of the voyage or at its termination they would have changed into healthy young plants. The watering, closing the cases, shipping, and last, but not least, securing the good-will of the captain and officers, were all important operations."

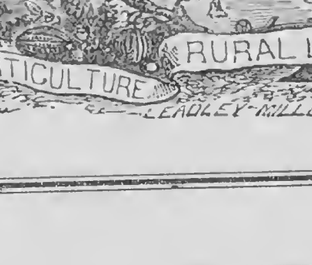


FIG. 2.—Common Tea Plant (*Thea Viridis.*) Shrub 8 feet high; leaf 2½ inches long.

PREVIOUS to the arrival of the seeds a propagating-house had been prepared, upon the public grounds, at Washington, under the direction of the Commissioner of Patents, where they seem to have received proper treatment, grew finely, making strong plants, and the experiment bids fair to be crowned with success, so far at least, as procuring the plant is concerned.

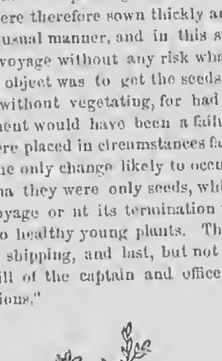


FIG. 1—Bohea Tea Plant (*Thea bohea.*) Shrub about 5 feet high; leaf 1½ inches long.

As this matter will doubtless attract considerable attention for some years to come, a brief description of the plant, mode of culture and curing, &c., will not be uninteresting to our readers, and may not be unprofitable.

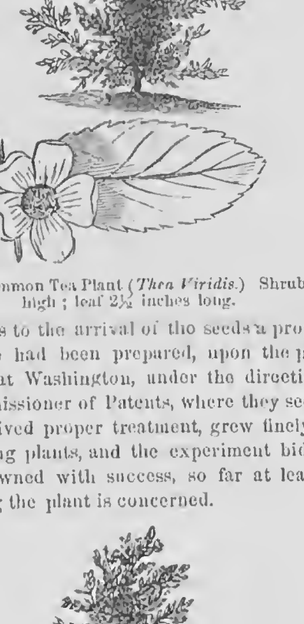


FIG. 3—Paraguay Tea Plant, (*Ilex Paraguayensis.*) Shrub about 15 feet high; leaf from 4 to 5 inches long.

DESCRIPTION OF PLANTS.—The tea-plant (*Thea sinensis*) has much resemblance to the Camellia Japonica. There are several varieties, but all are now recognised as belonging to one single species, somewhat altered in habit and appearance by cultivation, climate, and soil. The two most marked varieties are represented by the annexed woodcuts. Figure 1 is the *Thea bohea*, which produces the inferior green and black teas which are made about Canton. Figure 2 is the *Thea viridis*, the more northern variety, from which are made all the fine green teas. The plant is believed to be a native of China, and grows wild still among the hills both of that country and Japan. It thrives best in the cooler parts of the tropical zone, but grows in the temperate zone even as far north as the 40th degree of north latitude. The districts of China which supply the greater portion of the teas exported to Europe and America lie between the 25th and the 31st degree of north latitude, and the best districts are between 27 and 31 degrees.

Figure 3 shows the *Mate* or Paraguay Tea plant, the Brazilian Holly, the leaves of which are dried and rubbed to powder, when it has much of the aroma of the Chinese tea. It is much loved by the Brazilians, and is the common tea of South America.

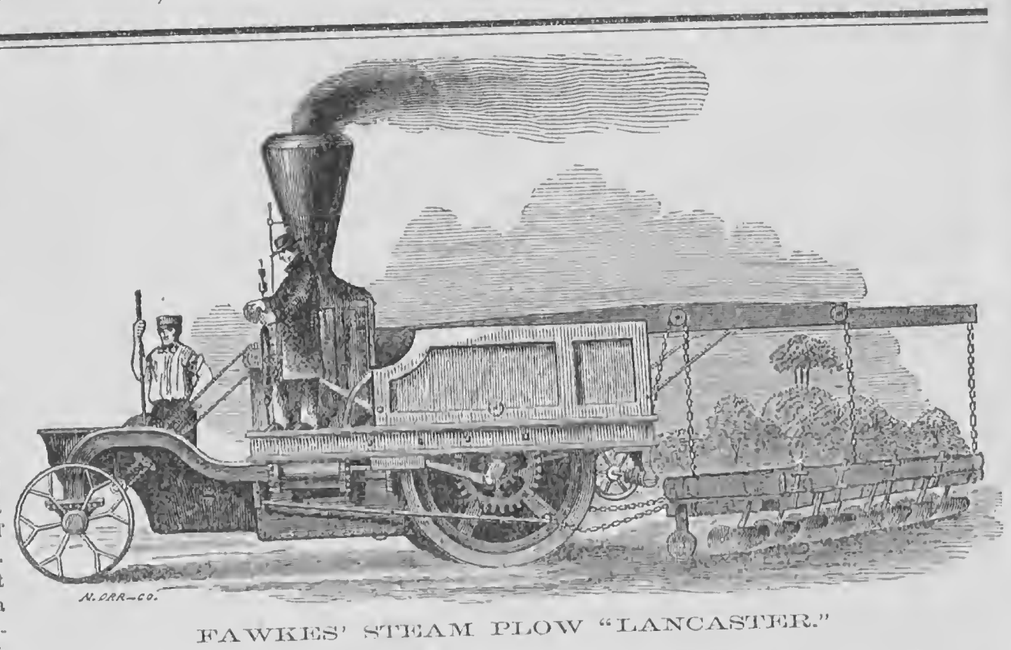
CULTURE.—The tea-plants are raised from seed, which, to secure germination, is kept over winter in moist earth, and sown in March. When a year old, the young bushes are planted out, and then by cropping the main shoot for the first year they are kept down to a height of about three feet, and made to grow bushy. Being placed in rows three or four feet apart, they have some resemblance to a garden of gooseberry bushes. The cropping of the leaves begins in the fourth and fifth years, and is seldom continued beyond the tenth or twelfth, when the bushes are dug up and renewed. The plant thrives best on dry, sunny slopes, where occasional showers fall and springs appear, and where an open, somewhat stony but rich soil prevents the water from lingering about its roots. The season for gathering varies in different districts, but the principal leaf-harvest ends in May or June. The leaves are plucked by the hand, and chiefly by women. They are generally gathered at three successive seasons. The youngest and earliest leaves are the most tender and delicate, and give the highest flavored tea.

CURING.—It may not be known to all of our readers that green and black tea is produced from the same plant, yet such is the fact. The difference is in the preparation or curing. In making *green* tea the leaves are laid on trays of bamboo for about two hours, to evaporate a part of their moisture; they are then placed in hot pans and rapidly shaken for about five minutes, when they are placed upon a table and rolled with the hands; thrown again into the pan and a slow charcoal fire kept up, the leaves being constantly stirred by the hand. In about an hour and a half the leaves are well dried and the color fixed. They are then stored away for leisure, when they are heated again from once to four times, scived, examined and assorted into Young Hyson, Gunpowder, &c.

The leaves designed for *black* tea are spread out in the open air for half a day or more after they are gathered, when they are tossed about in the air till they become wilted and soft. They are then roasted for a few minutes and rolled, after which they are exposed to the air for some hours in a soft and moist state, and, lastly, slowly dried over a charcoal fire.

The practical question at once arises, whether in this country, where labor is scarce and valuable, where none are so poor as to be compelled to labor for a few pence a day, and none so fond of labor as to be willing to "work for nothing and board themselves," we can ever make this business of picking, and roasting, and rolling profitable, even at the price which we are now compelled to pay for tea. We have sometimes thought that in this country we could not gather the beech leaves from the forest, and prepare them thus, and sell them at the price which the Chinese obtain of our merchants for their tea. The labor of saving our fine garden seeds costs more than the same varieties can be obtained for in France, as we have often found by experience. Perhaps the inventive genius of the country will devise some means to lessen the labor. On this point the *Gardeners' Chronicle* makes the following sensible remarks:—"But there still remains the question whether they (the Americans) can turn the tea plant to profitable account.—That their climate will be found to suit in some of the vast regions of the West there can be no reasonable doubt. But merely growing tea plants will not make commercial tea. The difficulty lies in the preparation of it, an operation which, as conducted in China, demands an enormous quantity of labor—the article of which beyond all others the United States have the least to spare.—But is it really necessary to prepare tea Chinese fashion?—to chop it up into little balls and twist it into all sorts of queer shapes with all sorts of names, in order to give it its dietetical value?—Surely not. We have ourselves found out that the painted article called green tea is not very wholesome and by no means the better for the paint; and we quite anticipate that our United States friends will have even already projected some sort of machine that will produce good marketable tea without the aid of human hands. This indeed, we know, is the opinion of Mr. FORTUNE himself."

* For example: the Camphor and Tallow trees, Chusan Palm, green dye plant, (Rhamnus,) manure plants (Trifolium and Coronilla,) Wax-insect tree, (Fraxinus sp.,) Yang-mae (Myrica sp.,) Southern fruits, such as the Lee-chee, Longan, Wampee, &c., &c.



FAWKES' STEAM PLOW "LANCASTER."

ON page 349 of our ninth volume we gave an engraving and description of FAWKES' first Steam Plow. Since then Mr. F. has improved his invention, and constructed a plow which was operated somewhat successfully the past season in Pennsylvania and Illinois. We now have the pleasure of presenting RURAL readers an accurate representation of this plow, named the "Lancaster," as it appeared on exhibition at the late Illinois State and the National Fair. We have heretofore described this plow, and given the results of several trials. It has worked successfully in some instances—plowing up and down hill with equal facility, while its furrows are even and regular and of any required depth. The machine is said to be perfectly manageable in turning and backing, and to possess the other requisites of a field locomotive. We believe it is only adapted to plowing sward or breaking up, (a fact, if it *is* a fact, which would restrict its usefulness,) and that it did not succeed as well in some of its late trials last fall as earlier in the season. It is the invention of JOSEPH W. FAWKES, of Christiana, Pa.

—We do not consider this plow perfect, or what is wanted or will be supplied, yet it is in some respects a triumph, and will, we trust, lead to more successful results. As we said a few weeks ago, "The Steam Press is the forerunner of the Steam Plow. The former has long been a successful—aye, an indispensable—institution, and the latter is as sure to follow as is the sun to shine in the heavens. The hint has gone forth, and the result will be "*Eureka*"—although many still doubt and disbelieve. And with Steam Cultivation, as with Steam Navigation, will come vast facilities and economies to the people and a large extent of our country. Who can tell the advantages and benefits that are to accrue from this improvement, and those which follow as necessary accompaniments. What followed the invention of FULTON? What will be the result of the success of FAWKES' and his coadjutors. Human ken may not foresee, but time will determine."

SAVING FODDER BY USING GRAIN.

IN the popular rage, just now, for saving fodder, it may not be out of place to caution our readers against imitating the example of the man who tried to learn his cow to live on one straw a day by gradually decreasing the amount given, first to one bundle, then one-half, and finally only three or four straws per day—when, just as he had *almost* succeeded, unfortunately for the result of the experiment, the cow died! The truth is, all kinds of animals *must* have a certain quantity of food to sustain life of each and keep it in same flesh as at first. The amount varies, of course, with the size of the animal and the temperature of the weather; and the principal if not *only* saving which a farmer can make in wintering stock, aside from keeping them stabled or in warm, comfortable sheds, must result from providing those kinds of food which furnish the most nutrition at least expense. If he tries to save fodder by stinting his cattle and not giving them enough to eat, it only results in their losing flesh, which is just no saving at all, for it always costs a good deal more to *put* flesh on an animal than it does to *keep* it on.

We believe the comparative cheapness of the coarse grains, corn, oats, &c., has been too much overlooked by farmers in calculating how to get their stock through the winter. A *little* corn meal, or corn and oats ground together, will save a *good deal* of hay. There is sound philosophy in the directions which a father gave to his son about feeding the visitor's horse:—"TIM," said he, "you need not give Uncle JOHN'S horse much hay, you know he has oats." TIM nodded assent and a "Yes, Sir," to this self-evident proposition.—"And," added the thoughtful father, after a suitable pause, "*you need not give him many oats, you know he has hay!*" You laugh, reader, but there is good *common sense* in this view of the case—*in so far* as it assumes that *some* grain is *cheaper* than *all* hay.

Grain is almost always relatively cheaper than hay, but especially now when good hay is worth $21 and $22 per ton, while corn brings only 70 to 80 cents, and oats 36 and 37 cents per bushel,—neither of the grains much more per pound than the hay. Any one can see at once that at these prices grain is much the cheapest, but who among our readers or correspondents can tell us the comparative value of corn, oats rye and barley, and wheat, rye, oat and barley straw and hay?

An intelligent and practical farmer in a neighboring town informs us that he considers ten bushels of corn, with two tons of hay, as good as three tons of hay without the corn. This estimate is not the result of carefully conducted experiments, but is the shrewd *guess* of a practical business man who has had some experience in feeding corn, and we think it is not far from the mark—that is, *if the corn is ground* and the meal sprinkled on cut hay. Assuming the estimate to be correct, and we could figure out some most remarkable results, ten bushels of corn at 80 cents per bushel would save $21 worth of hay, making a saving of $13, which we think would amply pay for all the extra cost of grinding corn and cutting feed. But a still greater proportionate saving may be made by using for cut feed the coarse but equally nutritious parts of fodder, which, when whole, cattle will not touch, but when cut fine and sprinkled with meal, they will eat greedily.

Cattle thus wintered, even on the coarsest of fodder and corn meal, will, of course, be in excellent condition, if not fat, by spring, and we frankly confess we consider this no objection whatever, especially as it costs less than to keep them poorer on hay. We cannot agree with this idea that we should never feed cattle any grain till just before we butcher them. We want to have *young* cattle, especially, in good condition every spring—ready to grow all summer, instead of losing half of every season to recover from their last winter's starvation. In fact we are really *glad* to believe, and glad to announce our belief, that the *cheapest* way to keep your cattle *this* winter, at least, *if* not *every* winter, is to *keep them fattening all the time.*

FOOT-ROT IN SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Some remarks in your issue of Dec. 10th, upon this disease and the treatment, which you quote from a writer in the State Ag. Transactions, induce me to give a short chapter of experience in regard to it.

Fifteen years ago perhaps, in the month of June, a drover received of my father permission to bait a flock of sheep a few hours. When the sheep were removed, a few of them were inadvertently left. These were afterwards observed to be lame, but as very little was then known of foot-rot the circumstance caused no alarm. The infection communicated to the sheep on the farm, these strays being turned with them, and it became apparent that there was serious trouble ahead, the flock then numbering several hundred.

On inquiring as to what should be done, we were told to clean and pare the hoofs, and apply

an ointment made of lard and blue vitriol. At it we went in the expectation of soon eradicating the disease from the flock. Good results uniformly followed the application, but some how they would not *stay* cured. Got the flock apparently quite well, in a short time the disease would rage as badly as before. I shall not soon forget the dreary days and even months of hard labor doctoring sheep—the work made disagreeable beyond measure by the offensive odor of decaying hoofs, and the disgusting sight of crawling vermin without number.

At last it was decided that to eradicate it from the flock was the next thing to an impossibility, and that it was best to sell out. To get the sheep in condition for profitable sale was the next step, and, having become heartily sick of handling and paring, I devised an easier method of keeping the malady sufficiently at bay to allow the sheep opportunity to get in suitable order for the market. I first made an inclosure on a dry, clean grass plot, and an aperture therefrom just wide enough to admit the egress of the flock, single file. Then placed in this opening, on the ground, a water-tight box or trough of same width and three or four feet long, so protected on the sides and above as to force the sheep to step into the box. Then, in dry weather, when the hoofs of the animals were clean, a weak solution of vitriol was put in the box to the depth of two or three inches, and the sheep were turned into the yard and made to pass through. In this way, without touching a sheep, or without severe labor of any kind, a flock of considerable size received cheaply an application to each foot which would so check the disease for a season that it would not materially interfere with their thrift. This practice was continued throughout the summer, as often as the case required, till the entire flock were fitted and sold for the shambles.

During a period of three or four years that the malady was on the farm, it seemed to communicate its virus to the soil and actually to taint the productions of the ground. In proof of this, I purchased a flock of 120 sound ewes in February, and put them where no hoof had been since the fall previous. The sheep thrived well and evidenced no disease; but their lambs were not a month old before scores of them became so lame as actually to slide along on the grass upon their knees. From the lambs the infection extended to the dams, and necessitated a second clearing off of the entire flock. I had a *theory* in regard to it, as follows:—The soil and the hay growing thereon retained such a taint that a half winter's freezing did not wholly neutralize it; and this poisoned the blood of the ewes too slightly to manifest itself in their tougher natures, but sufficiently to break out virulently in the more tender and susceptible progeny. Else why should the disease have first appeared among the lambs.

It is possible that this disease is not so malignant throughout the country now, as it was with the winter fifteen years ago; but if it anywhere is so, as a practical conclusion I should recommend to the owner of any considerable flock to

1*st*—Sell out as quickly as possible; and,

2*d*—To *stay* sold out till at least one year's growth of the farm has been gathered and consumed.

W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., Dec., 1859.

RENNET—KEEPING CHEESE IN WINTER.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I noticed in the Rural of Dec. 19th, an inquiry respecting the best method of preparing, saving and using Rennet, and also keeping Cheese in winter, &c. Thinking perhaps my experience in the manufacture of cheese would benefit the friend who has made the inquiry, and perhaps other persons, I will give my method.

The first essential in the making of a good article of cheese, is in having good rennet, and perhaps as good a way to preserve them is to take them from the calf as clean as possible. Turn them, and should there be dirt in them, which is sometimes the case when the calf gets to the earth, they should be carefully rinsed, as too much rinsing will extract the strength in a measure. The curd, if any should be found in the rennet, should be put in a bag made for the purpose, and kept in a jar in brine. The rennet should be turned rigid side out and filled full of good pure salt, and tied up and hung where it will dry moderately. When used it should be put into a stone jar, (the same with the curd if you choose,) with a good quantity of salt and water added as you use it; salt should be added occasionally—enough to keep sweet. It should be put in a cool place to keep.

The flavor of cheese is improved by adding sage and spices—nutmeg and cloves I would say. The sage with the spices should be steeped and added. The quantity of rennet to be used will depend on the strength of the fluid—it being so strong at times that a half teacupful will be sufficient for a cheese of sixty pounds. My method, when using a new article, is to add as much as I think will be sufficient, carefully watching the result; and in case it should not coagulate, then add more. The time required for milk to "come," as it is called, should be from thirty to forty-five minutes. The temperature of the milk, when set, should be about eighty degrees.

The quantity of salt used should be about a teacupful to eighteen pounds of curd in the warm weather; in cool weather, in the fall and spring, when cheese is sold green, the same quantity to twenty pounds. My practice in making double curds is to press the second curd on the preceding one, and my manner of doing it is this: when I prepare my curd, I take from the press the first, slip it from the hoop, pull the strainer from the top, and take a fork and pick it up as thin as possible, taking care to get all of the outside rind off. The pieces should be put in after turning, adding some of the new curd. The advantage gained in pressing on is, it will make more cheese than the old way of mixing, for the reason that the old curd has to be scalded over the second time, thereby losing in shrinking. I have practiced doing so for the last two years, never failing in a single instance.

The best way of keeping cheese over winter, is to keep them in a cheese-room with sufficient fire to keep them from freezing, when they are not properly cured. They should, however, go to market and save the expense of keeping through the winter.

H. S. Green.

Cherry Valley, Ashtabula Co., Ohio, 1859.

HOW TO BUILD AN ICE-HOUSE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Without attempting to persuade any of the importance of a judicious use of ice, or the pleasure to be derived from it during the warm weather, I will submit my plan for building an Ice-House.

The perfect success which I met in keeping ice last summer, I think, is owing largely to a new principle involved in the building; therefore, I speak of the plan for the consideration of those who are about to build for that purpose. Instead of one hollow wall, for a non-conductor of heat, as in ordinary ice-houses, I have two, with a space *between* them, for *confined air*. The site is on a gravel slope. The foundation, for convenience in storing ice, is dug two feet below the surface of the ground. The outside wall, for non-conducting material, is six inches in the clear. The inside wall is four inches, with a space between for confined air of four inches. The doors for entrance correspond perfectly with the hollow walls in thickness, and are lilled in the same manner—being shaped to shut with a bevel edge, like the door to safes used by merchants and bankers. At the lower side of the plates is a ceiling, upon which I put spent tan one foot thick, which tan is in direct connection with the side walls, so that any settling in the walls may be supplied from overhead. From the under side of the ceiling runs a ventilator, with a hole of one and a half inch bore, up through the roof, and is finished with an ornamental cap.

The room for ice is eight by ten feet in the clear, and eight feet high. Without a more minute description, I think the building will be understood. If not, inquire further, any who wish to do so. About all the waste of ice that I observed during the summer, was at the bottom; and this was so slow that we used the ice without regard to economy, for a large family, and in a dairy of thirty-five cows, beside giving freely to our neighbors.

I put sticks four inches thick in the bottom, to put ice on, and also some straw about the sides, as well as underneath the ice. Can you suggest how I can prevent water at the bottom? The ground is so porous as not to need draining, I think. I have thought of placing sticks crosswise of those already in, so as to form an open space at the bottom. Will that do?

B. S. Carpenter.

Chemung Co., N. Y., 1859.

Remarks.—A quantity of brush, covered with straw, makes a good bottom, but is better if covered with boards; or, a bottom may be made of scantling and boards covered with straw. If the water does not drain off well, the ice will melt, and the same is the case if the warm air is permitted to enter. If a drain is made at the bottom it should be filled with stones.

BEANS FOR SHEEP AND COWS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—The subject of wintering farm stock would seem to be almost exhausted, if we consider the number of able and timely pieces that have been published in your journal, showing the minds and experience of all of the early contributors. But, by adding one more, according to the old adage, there might be something advanced that has passed the notice of many. Good, warm barns and sheds, with good fodder carefully fed out, is first rate advice. After all, it becomes us small farmers to use all the economy we can in feeding roots and grain, and the last should be chosen from the relative value and the market prices of city and county papers. There is one article in this line that I consider very plenty, judging from the tables, viz., beans. The prices are the lowest, comparatively, of any farm produce, and their nutritive value, according to chemical analysis, is higher than anything that the farmer can raise. I have not seen them mentioned except as feed for the bristly tribe, and, as far as my experience goes, they have but very little relish for them. Why not, for the sake of experiment, try grinding them, and use the meal to season our cut straw and other fodder for cattle and horses? We can feed them whole to our sheep instead of corn, as that is worth, in this vicinity, from eighty cents to one dollar, making a saving in price, and adding the most nutritious of articles to our coarse feed, thus saving in two ways. Beans, of all kinds and colors, good and poor, may be used in this way, and, I think, to a little better advantage than to be carried to market and bantered off for about the same as nuts are worth.

I would say, in addition, that the less a man has the better he wants to know how to manage it, and one of the best ways to learn this is to take one or more of the best papers he knows of in his line of business.

W. L.

Verona, N. Y., 1860.

RAISING TURKEYS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your journal I noticed an inquiry for the best plan to raise Turkeys, and have seen several answers to that inquiry, but feeling that my Cayuga friend is not sufficiently well-posted upon the subject, permit me to give between sixty and seventy years of my experience.

To take a fair start, let him furnish himself with *Black* turkeys, and learn them to be gentle before they commence laying. As soon as they begin to lay, take away their eggs—let their nest egg be a hen's egg. When they have laid out their litter destroy the nest, feed them well, and in ten days or less, they will generally commence laying again. Turn those they have laid once or twice a week. When they have the second lot, and want to sit, let them have what eggs they can well cover, and put the balance of the first litter under a hen at the same time, or as near as may be, so that they will hatch nearly together. Take the young chicks from the hen and put them all with the old turkey, she will brood them all.

My first and only feed is curd from sour coagulated milk, scalded, turned on a seive, or a board will answer, and the whey drained. I do not use any salt or pepper. I keep them in the stable, or on the barn floor, a day or two, and then let them out if the weather is favorable. Put them up every night early, until they are two or three weeks old. By this time they have formed a habit of coming home, and the grasshoppers and insects have become so large they mostly supply their appetites. See that they come up every night, and feed them well in the morning.

By my plan they are about three weeks later, but will go-a-head and make up lost time. I would not let them sit as soon as they have laid the first litter, if I could have a cart load of eggs given me.

The year that General Harrison was elected President, I had one hundred and five hatched, which were doing well. When five or six weeks old, I drove them in the morning into a broad lane where our cows came up to be milked and lie over night, as there were swarms of flies, and I thought the turkeys would be a match for them. I attended a funeral that day, returned towards night, went to drive up my turkeys, when I found several of them dead. I examined them in order to learn the cause, and not finding any marks of violence, my conclusion was that some passer-by had a small dog that had chased them and worried them. Twenty-six were among the missing. I was told, afterwards, that the cause of their death was by eating salt, as it very much resembled the curd; I kept salt in handfuls on the ground for the cows, near by, so I do not approve of giving them salt, though a little might not hurt them. I raised seventy-six to full growth.

Now, if my friend of Cayuga will follow my directions, and fail, he will stand as an invited guest to partake of my best stuffed and baked turkey on Christmas, 1860, at 4 o'clock P. M. Should he try the plan, will he please give me the result in the Rural, or otherwise.

Jabez Hawley.

Westfield, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

Spreading Manure.—Will much loss take place from spreading manure in the winter and plowing it under in the spring? This is a very convenient plan, and if the loss is not great, I would like to practice it.—J. R., *Monroe, Mich., Dec.*, 1859.

Very little if any loss will occur from spreading manure in the winter, except the land is so situated as to carry off a portion by the melting snow and early spring rains.

Plan for a Pig Pen.—Will some of the numerous Rural correspondents give, through its columns, a plan of a pen of sufficient capacity to accommodate five to eight hogs, with all necessary details as to apartments, troughs, floors, beds, &c. Should corn in the ear be fed in the trough or on the floor?—should the floor be level, or lowest on one side?—should the bed be enclosed separately?—and any other incidentals thought of. A compliance with the above would very much oblige me, and perhaps others, as this subject is too much neglected by farmers generally.—M., *Dec. 27th*, 1859.

Stone Coal Ashes.—I wish to inquire if coal (stone coal) ashes are good for anything on land? If so, what kind of soil? Ours is sandy soil, and we burn hard coal, and have a good many ashes. Will you please say thro' the Rural if they are good for anything on land, and oblige?—*A. A., Collinsville, Conn.*

Coal ashes produce a good mechanical effect on light land. They are found valuable as a top-dressing for grass. We have used them in the garden for vegetables, especially on heavy land, for root crops, and found them very advantageous; but think the effect is mostly mechanical.

Remedy for the Heaves.—Will the editor of the Rural please publish the remedy for the heaves which appeared in that journal Sept. 11th, 1858?—M. W., *West Yorkville, Hancock Co., Me.*, 1860.

This prescription, which is said to be a sure cure, is as follows:—One-half ounce each of aloes, assafœtida, flower of lavander, fenyreek, rose water, saltpetre, sarsaparilla, spirits of nitre, anise seed, camphor gum, and three-fourths of an ounce Spanish flies, all put into a jug containing one quart of alcohol. The quantity to be given is one teaspoonful every other morning—give nine times.

Guano and Bone Dust.—Please inform a subscriber whether the Jarvis Island Guano is a cheap and valuable fertilizer, and if it can be procured at Rochester or Buffalo, and at what price. Also, whether there is a bone manufactory at either of the above named places, or if it can be procured there or elsewhere at a reasonable rate—W. Burpee, *Wyoming, Dec.*, 1859.

Jarvis Island Guano we bought a small quantity of last spring to this city at $60 per ton, the same price we paid for Peruvian in New York. We believe it can be bought in New York from $30 to $40 per ton. Even at this price we think *Peruvian* the cheapest. There is no manufactory of bone-dust here, but small quantities can be obtained at the button factories, and of the bone turners.

Heating Milk.—Can you, or any of your correspondents, inform me about heating milk for butter purposes? Can the cream be more easily churned, and will the quantity be increased without injuring the quality?

Salt on Quack Grass.—Will salt kill quack grass, and what quantity should be applied to the square rod?—A Subscriber, *Lewis Co., N. Y.*

Heating milk causes the cream to rise in a short time, and makes the work of churning light; but that it injures the butter for keeping purposes we believe is generally admitted by all who have tried the experiment. *Salt* will kill quack grass, but it requires a heavy dressing. You will have to apply until you get enough. Enough to kill quack grass will kill almost any other crop.

Bony Tumors.—I have a valuable cow which has a bunch on her upper jaw about as large as a hen's egg. It appears to be of a bony substance, and is situated just under the eye. It is about two weeks since I first discovered it, but should think it had been longer than that forming. My neighbors tell me it is what they call a wolf, and will eventually prove fatal. A short time ago the horn on that side began to drop, and is now nearly in a horizontal position. The cow is in every other respect perfectly healthy. Can you or any of your correspondents give me any light upon the subject—is there any cure?—W. W. Hodge, *Lake City, Minn.*, 1859.

Were there nothing but the mere tumor present it might be eradicated, but the fact of the horn "dropping nearly in a horizontal position," indicates ulceration,—the bones are in a decaying condition, and no possible good can be done. Humanity and interest require that a speedy termination be put to the sufferings of the animal. In Dr. Dadd's new work upon "The Diseases of Cattle," it is argued that this malady may be *prevented*, when we become aware that the osseous structure is deficient in earthy matters, by the use of the following:—Phosphate of Lime, 6 oz.; powdered Golden-seal, 2 oz.; powdered Sassafras, 3 oz.; powdered Ginger, 2 oz.; Oatmeal, 4 lbs Mix, divide into sixteen parts, and incorporate one portion with the food each night. This gives tone to the function of nutrition.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Fattening Hogs.

The philosophy of increase of fat in animals, says the Maine *Farmer*, is, that the digested food not needed to supply waste in the system, is laid up in the form of fat around the muscles, ready to be absorbed again into circulation, if needed. Waste is induced by exercise, or use of the muscles, and also by combustion in the lungs, of the digested food, to supply animal heat. Hence, the same amount of food given in warm weather will, if digested, afford greater surplus of fat than when fed in cold weather. Some advocate close quarters for hogs, so that just room for standing or lying be afforded; but the danger is that in this way the health of the animal is apt to be injured, because a moderate degree of exercise is necessary to promote digestion. Cleanliness, too, in the fattening pen, is recommended. Although pigs proverbially are filthy, they are not really so; they do not delight in the effluvia of their own droppings, as any one can see by noticing that they generally appropriate one portion of the pen to filth. An occasional washing and scrubbing with soap suds will conduce much to their thrift—all animals keep in condition more easily when the skin is kept clean and healthy.

Corns on Horses.

In our last issue a subscriber made inquiry as to the causes of corns upon the feet of horses, and the treatment therefor, which was answered to some extent. Since that period we found the following in the *American Stock Journal*:—"The only chance of relieving the animal is to remove the shoe and apply one having a slight concavity at the former seat of pressure; or, if the animal has a prominent frog, the bar shoe can be attached; previous to doing so, however, the corn spot may be slightly pared, and whenever there appears to be any pressure on the sole, at the quarters, the shoe must be removed and adapted as above. The theory, therefore, in the treatment of corn, is to secure a vacancy between the heel and the shoe. If the horse happens to be 'dead lame,' and tenderness and swelling are observed at the upper part of the hoof, the part may then be punctured with a lancet; after squeezing out the imprisoned matter, the part should be dressed, daily, with fir balsam. In some cases of suppurated corn, the matter must be liberated by making an opening through the sole, at the inner quarter; this is also to be dressed with fir balsam; the shoe to remain off for a few days."

Munaging and Feeding Working Oxen.

Oxen working on a stone-drag, on the foot of a plow, on the sled tongue, cart spire, or twitching stones or timber, should carry their heads up, as this enables them to do this work much easier; those that work as leaders, forward of other oxen, should carry their heads low, and have the yoke the right length, let the bows suit the neck; the yoke and bows to the leaders should set a little snugger than the nib oxen. Never use the whip but from necessity. When about to strike the young steer or ox, ask yourself, "Will he know what I strike him for!" Let each ox have a name, and be sure he knows his name. Never speak a word to an ox without meaning; have a particular word to start your team by, that all may pull together. Never hurry your team while riding behind them, lest they learn to haul apart. The best feed for oxen at hard work, is to give to each two quarts of meal, wet, mixed with good chopped hay, three times a day, and as much hay as he will heat; this is the highest feed working oxen ought to have, and on this they will work every day. So says the *New England Farmer*.

The Potato Disease.

Of the potato disease, Dr. Lang, in a prize essay recently published by the British Agricultural Society, says it "is of a fungoid nature, increased in virulency by atmospheric causes." The same writer says that all manures are injurious except lime and salt; that the earliest potatoes in ripening should be exclusively raised, and that earthing up repeatedly with fine earth is the only effectual preventive to the ravages of the disease.

Agricultural Societies.

The Oswego County Ag. Society, (located at Mexico,) at its recent annual meeting elected the following board of officers for 1860: *President*—T. H. Austin of New Haven. *Vice President*—Wallon Marks of Sandy Creek. *Secretary*—Edwin Midlam of Mexico. *Treasurer*—L. H. Conklin of Mexico. *Directors*—Harvey Palmer of Parish, and Solomon Mathews of Mexico, for 1 year; Clark Kenyon of Hastings, and Clark H. Snell of Mexico, for 2 years; Jesse Babcock, of Volney, and Solomon Fellows of Richland, for 3 years. The time designated for holding the Fair is Sept. 18th, 19th and 20th, 1860. Hon. A. S. Warner and T. H. Austin, Esq., were appointed delegates to the annual meeting of the State Ag. Society.

Cayuga Co. Ag. Society.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were chosen for 1860: *President*—Wm. Webster of Sennett, 1st *Vice President*—Wm. D. Osborn of Mentz, (and twenty-one additional Vice Presidents, one for each town in the county.) *Secretary*—Benj. B. Snow of Auburn; *Treasurer*—L. C. Mann, of Auburn. *Directors*—Chas. Burlew, John Bluefield, J. F. Phelps, Harrison Hopkins, Chas. P. Wood, Wm. J. N. Shepherd. The Society has a small balance in the treasury.

Otsego Co. Ag. Society.—Officers for 1860: *President*—Alfred Clarke. *Vice President*—Arthur A. Brown. *Secretary*—Chas. Stillman. *Treasurer*—G. P. Keese. *Directors* (for three years)—Chas. Bates and P. H. Potter.

The Union Ag. Society of Ridgeway and Shelby held its annual meeting at Medina on the 4th inst. The meeting was well attended, and the reports of officers showed that the Society was in a sound and progressive condition. The receipts during 1859 were $1,457 06, and expenditures $1,301 92—showing a surplus of $155,14, which, added to balance previously on hand, leaves a fund of $314,75 in the Treasury. The following board of officers was chosen for 1860: *President*—Volney A. Acker. *Vice Pres't*—Lewis Marshall. *Rec. Sec'y*—S. C. Bowen. *Cor. Sec'y*—E. F. Brown. *Treasurer*—G. T. Anthony. *Directors*—Harvey Clute, G. C. Cook and Nelson McCormick. In the evening a large and appreciative audience listened to an excellent Essay, prepared for the occasion by Mrs. A. A. Barnes, and read by Prof. Butts, and to an Address by D. D. T. Moore.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Not Preference, but Equality.—For the information of all concerned we would state that the Rural New-Yorker, though proverbially liberal to promoters of any branch of improvement, has never been in the custom of publishing, at the suggestion or request of interested parties, what has appeared in its contemporaries a week or month before. It endeavors to be fully "up to time," and generally in advance of its exchanges, in advising the public of all matters of interest to the Rural Population—as reference to past numbers and volumes will show—and spares no reasonable effort or expense in procuring and announcing reliable Agricultural and Horticultural intelligence. But we are not disposed to specially favor parties who have recently sold or purchased improved stock, invented and patented machinery and implements, (the rights of which they are very anxious to dispose of for the benefit of the dear public,) or got up a new Agricultural School or course of College Lectures on Agriculture—unless they send us their announcements as early, at least, as they are furnished to other journals. We ask no *preference*, but simply insist that matters of intelligence in which both the agricultural public and individuals (the originators) are interested should be communicated to the Rural *as early as they are to its contemporaries*. We must do our share of this class of free advertising *in season*, if at all; and while we concede to none an equal circulation, or more ready disposition to aid any laudable object, we propose to maintain our self-respect and independence. If this brief paragraph fulfills its mission, it will answer a number of recent letters of request and solicitation, and *prevent the writing* of many others of similar character.

Gov. Morgan on Agriculture.—In his recent Message, Gov. Morgan has some orthodox and truthful remarks on the Agricultural Interest of this State, which we believe are uttered in all seriousness, and not merely to make himself a "good enough Morgan" on the subject temporarily. He says:—"The agricultural interest has been unusually prosperous, notwithstanding the partial drouth of summer and early frosts of autumn. Lying, as this great interest does, at the base of our prosperity, you will not omit to extend to it all reasonable care and protection. Its security depends upon an equitable development of all the resources of the State, coupled with a just and economical administration of the government. The moderate annual appropriation for the encouragement of agriculture in the counties and in support of the State Agricultural Society *has been fully returned to the treasury in the enhanced valuation of property and an hundred fold in the general prosperity.* The State, County and Town Societies, at once a source of usefulness and a satisfaction to the public, owe their prosperity, perhaps their existence, to the co-operation of the State. The more general participation in these organizations by many of the best members of the community; the increased interest felt in the pursuit, as manifest in the augmentation of the agricultural press, and the renewed desire for the highest institutions for agricultural instruction are in part the fruits of this fostering care."

United States Ag. Society.—After noticing the annual meeting of this Society, held in Washington the present week, an exchange remarks:—"Gentlemen who may wish to become Life Members of the Society, can do so by paying or remitting ten dollars to the Treasurer, Hon B. B. French, Washington City. This will entitle them, without any further payments, to the full privileges of membership—among these are: free admission to all exhibitions of the Society, the annual volume of published Transactions, the *Journal of Agriculture*, and the large and elegant Diploma. The fee for Annual Membership is two dollars, which ensures the receipt of the *Journal of Agriculture*."

—The editor of this journal has been a life member of the U. S. Ag. Society some two or three years, (since July, 1857,) yet has not been favored with "the annual volumes of published Transactions," or "the Journal of Agriculture"—and is constrained to say that if other members are served in like manner, such "privileges" as the above should not be announced. *We* make no complaint in the premises—have scarcely missed the documents specified, and probably should not appreciate them, if received—but beg to suggest that, inasmuch as such offers no doubt induce many to become members, it might be for the interest of the Society to *perform* as well as *promise*.

"The Young Farmer's Manual" is the title of a work by S. Edwards Todd, now in press and soon to be issued by C. M Saxton, Barker & Co., of New York. Mr. T. is a practical man and ready writer, as those who have read his contributions to the Rural can attest, and we presume the work will prove valuable. We are assured that the Manual will contain "plain, practical directions for laying out the farm—for erecting every style of farm fence and gates; directions for draining a farm in a most thorough, systematic and economical manner; how to select good tools and farm implements, and how to handle them with skill and dexterity, as well as how to put them in order—how to adjust a plow—how to hold plow—how to perform almost every operation of the farm," &c.

The Death of Judge Van Bergen, of Coxsackie, Greene county, is announced, at the age of 73 years Judge V. B. belonged to one of the old Dutch families on the Hudson, and has ever occupied a high position in social as well as in public life. He was an intimate friend of ex-President Van Buren, and of Dr. Beekman, of Kinderhook, and has always been esteemed for his probity and highly honorable character. For a long period he was one of the most active promoters of agricultural improvement, and in connection with the late Jesse Buel, of Albany, and others, took a prominent part in the organization of the New York State Agricultural Society, of which he was one of the early Presidents.

A Grain-Measuring Invention.—A Chicago paper says there has been invented in Kalamazoo, Mich., an instrument which bids fair to prove of great value. It is called a grain meter, and is so constructed as to weigh and discharge every kind of grain with entire accuracy, without the attendance of any person, numbering, without the possibility of fault, every bushel or fraction of bushel discharged by it; and all this more certainly, and with a nearer approach to precise results, than can be done by any other known method. A wheat dealer, in order to know the contents of a given bin of a grain, has but to draw it off through the machine, which is self-operating night and day, and when the whole is discharged he finds the result as plainly marked on the register of the machine as the time of day on the dial of a clock.

Picking Geese by Machinery.—The Scientific American announces a machine for picking geese, the result of a number of years' labor, and one of the most ingenious pieces of mechanism ever seen. It not only plucks the feathers, but separates the long ones from the short while passing through the machine. It picks 45 geese per hour.

Kentucky Corn Crop.—The assessors in Kentucky and the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, report a corn crop of three hundred and eighty millions of bushels! Admitting this estimate to be correct, the value of the crop would be about $130,000,000.

A Novel Plowing Match came off in Montgomery, Ala., recently—a plowing contest between one of Mrs. Watson's camels and a mule. A Montgomery paper expresses the opinion that the camel bore off the palm.

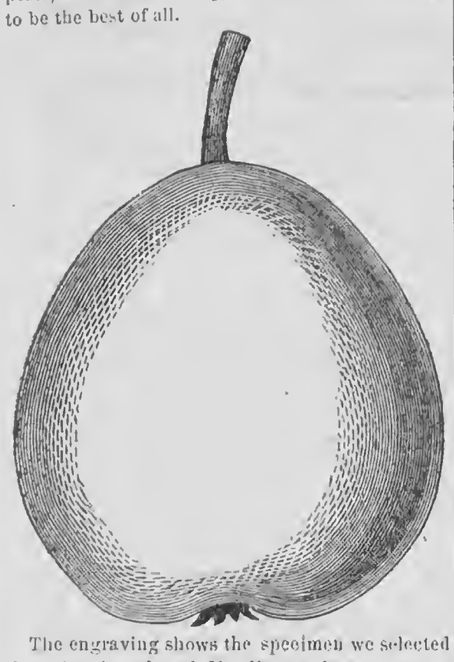
A SLANDER.

In many of our Pomological Meetings, and in the Agricultural and Horticultural papers, we often hear and read the most slanderous statements made against farmers as a class. This we have endured until our human nature can bear it no longer—until forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and now, for once and forever, we enter our protest. How often is it said that it will not do to recommend farmers to plant pears, particularly dwarfs, for they would not take care of them—that farmers need trees that will bear neglect, as hardy as oaks, and with as many lives as a cat.

This is all slanderous. There is nothing about the culture of the dwarf pear, or any pear, beyond the comprehension of the farmer—nothing more difficult than a score of other things that he performs every year. It would be strange, indeed, if the farmers who breed our fine Durhams and Devons, so soft and sleek, with such beautiful forms; the Saxony and Merino sheep, with their fine fleeces, and the South-downs, making such delicious mutton; who grow tobacco and perform the nice process of curing; who are trying to make our sugar, and are seriously talking of growing our tea; who subsoil and drain, and feed and clothe the world: we repeat it would be strange, indeed if the men who do so much and are striving for the accomplishment of even more than this, are too careless or too stupid to grow an acre of pears, which requires but very little more care, or skill, or time than to grow a decent acre of corn. Let us then hear no more of this slander. It is an insult to the farmers that we can endure no longer. He who repeats it does so at his peril.

DANA'S HOVEY PEAR.

About the 15th of December we received from Hovey & Co., Boston, several specimens of a new winter pear, raised from seed, by Mr. Dana, of Roxbury, Mass., and named *Dana's Hovey*, in honor of the well known pomologist C. M. Hovey. Mr. Dana has for some years been engaged in growing pears from seeds of the best varieties, in opposition to the theory of Van Mons, that seeds of the finer varieties will never produce fine fruits, and the result has been, thus far, very gratifying. He is said to have grown several excellent pears, but *Dana's Hovey*, we believe, is conceded to be the best of all.



The engraving shows the specimen we selected for a drawing, though Mr. Hovey, in a note, says those sent us were "not quite up to size." It somewhat resembles the *Winter Nelis* in appearance, and we were fortunate in having a few specimens of this fine pear in good condition, with which to compare it, in company with a few pomological friends.

In *form* it is obovate, regular, and largest about the middle. *Skin* yellow, like the *Nelis*, but is more evenly covered with a thinner bright russet coating. *Eye* open, cavity very shallow. *Flesh*, dullish white, very fine and sweet, more so than *Winter Nelis*, but not so juicy and refreshing. *Flavor*, sugary, lucious, with an aroma peculiar to itself, and which some thought resembled the *Seckel*, yet it is far from being so spicy or musky.

This is the first time we have had an opportunity to taste this new pear, yet we have no hesitation in placing it with the highest flavored of our winter pears. If the tree proves hardy and productive, it will be an important acquisition.

A New Horticultural Society has been organized at Marietta, Ohio. The following are the officers:—George Dana, Jr., President; Joseph Holden, Jr., Vice President; Timothy L. Andrews, Secretary; William S. Ward, Treasurer; W. R. Putnam, Henry Fearing, Louis Soyez, W. F. Curtis, W. W. Rathbone, Council. Heartily do we wish this Society a career of usefulness. Let every officer and every member do his duty with promptness and efficiency. The Ladies, too, must grow flowers for the Summer and Autumn Shows. A few good annuals and verbenas, and other bedding plants almost every lady can grow with a little care and a little knowledge. The latter we will give freely in the columns of the Rural.

The Delaware Grape.—Mr. Ott, of Pennsylvania, who talked so flippantly of giving away any quantity of cuttings of the Delaware grape to those who would apply, and who further stated that it was unproductive, has made the discovery that he was mistaken. He acknowledges that it was not the Delaware. Now, he advertises cuttings of the *true* sort at a high price. For the sake of those who may chance to buy, we hope he is not *again* mistaken.

Catalogues.—We are in receipt of a large number of nursery and seed catalogues, which we file away for reference or give to those who call on us for such documents.

T. Piper, of Brantford, C. W., wishes to obtain *roots and herbs* from some one in the neighborhood of Philadelphia who is in the habit of gathering.

FRUIT-GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Fruit-Growers' Society of Western New York was held in the city of Rochester, on Wednesday, the 4th instant. The attendance was large, almost every county embraced in the territory known as "Western New York," from Onondaga to Erie, and the better fruit-growing parts of Canada, being represented. The session lasted nearly two days, and the interest was kept up until the moment of adjournment. The discussions were practical, interesting, and often exciting. The officers for the past year were unanimously re-elected, and are as follows:

President—Benjamin Hodge, of Buffalo.

Vice-Presidents—J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; W. Brown Smith, Syracuse; Prof. W. R. Coppock, Buffalo.

Secretary—C. P. Bissell, Rochester.

Treasurer—W. P. Townsend, Lockport.

Executive Committee—P. Barry, Rochester; J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; C. L. Hoag, Lockport; W. B. Smith, Syracuse; Joseph Frost, Rochester.

The President, Col. Hodge, delivered the Annual Address, which we know our readers will thank us for giving entire.

Gentlemen of the Association:—In closing my official term, I desire to call your attention, briefly, to a few subjects of interest.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

The great object of this Association, as I understand it, is to promote the advancement of the science of Pomology, and the art of Fruit Culture generally. Or in other words to ascertain the best varieties of fruit, and the best modes of growing them.

That we have made *rapid advances in the right direction* during the past five years, no one will deny. But if much has already been accomplished, very much more remains to be done.

SOIL AND CLIMATE OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

Perhaps no country in the world possesses greater advantages for *fruit growing*, than Western New York. In soil, climate and position we can hardly be surpassed. The large bodies of water on our northern and western borders, together with our numerous inland lakes; all have a most beneficial influence on the atmosphere, and enable us in many places to grow even the peach and other tender fruits most successfully.

Our soil and climate are most admirably adapted for growing trees to great advantage. It has been asserted again and again, that within a circle of ten miles about Rochester, there are more trees grown than in any other place of equal extent on the face of the globe. Beside these we have many other large and extensive nursery establishments, in various places in Western New York. From the nurseries, there are sent out annually immense quantities of trees, amounting in the aggregate to many hundreds of thousands of dollars in value.

LOSS OF TREES.

In connection with this matter comes a most startling announcement; which, if true, demands our most serious consideration. Some of our *best informed* and most reliable *pomologists*, who have had the most extensive observation, assure us that at least *three-fourths* of all the fruit trees, which leave the nurseries, never reach a successful bearing state. Others assert that at least nine out of ten perish, from various causes, during the first few years. If this be so, then truly it may be said that we have not as yet attained to perfection in the art of tree culture. It follows as a matter of course that three-fourths at least, of all the money invested in the purchase of these trees is a total loss to the purchasers. Now I will not assert that this ratio of loss is applicable to the large and enlightened audience of pomologists now before me, for I would hardly dare to make such a declaration in your presence unless I had at least one foot on the platform of a car attached to the lightning express train, all ready to start. But, I do say, there is no doubt at all, that at least three-fourths of all the trees sent out from the various nurseries, throughout the length and breadth of the land, are a total loss to the purchasers.

The question then arises is there is no remedy for this wholesale destruction of our choice trees? Comparatively but few of them perish from the effects of disease; or from the ravages of injurious insects. But man, thinking and reflecting man alone, is responsible for the loss of the most of them.

If three-fourths of the *wheat* or *oats* sown by the farmer, should never vegetate or come to maturity, then I apprehend the farmer would conclude that his cultivation has proved a failure. If the merchant should lose three-fourths of the money invested in merchandise; then, truly, we should say that he had made a failure. And does not the same rule apply to the cultivation of fruits? It has been said that more dwarf pear trees are lost than of any other sort. Without admitting this, for dwarf pear trees may be transplanted with the greatest ease, we will look at

THE CAUSES.

Let us enumerate some of the causes of this wholesale loss.

1st, *Bad Planting*, and I will name a few cases which have come under my observation. Many plant a tree just as they would a post. Dig a small hole in the hard soil, thrust in and double up the roots, and fill in with the same hard soil. A gentleman purchased some 40 or 50 fine fruit trees, and had them planted near the house; the ground was not plowed, and in planting, the earth had been drawn up around the base of the tree forming a cone near a foot high—neither sun or rain could penetrate to the roots. Near one-half of the trees died the first season. It was a mystery to the man that his trees should die. He put the blame on the nurseryman for selling bad trees. The same season, there was planted on a farm not many miles distant, a thousand peach trees, less than two per cent. of which died. A five acre field was plowed very deep, and the soil well pulverized, and then planted with standard pear trees. A row was planted near the fence, where the soil had not been plowed. In this row, nearly one-half of the trees died. Of the others less than one in twenty. All were equally well planted.

2d, *Planting in an improper soil*,—a wet soil; an impervious sticky soil, without sufficient drainage. Also on a high, dry gravel soil, the Dwarf pear rarely prospers, unless the trees are kept in a very high state of cultivation. Instances not a few could be cited where individuals, even in Western New York, have planted orchards in unbroken fields of grass land, merely by excavating holes in the hard soil, just large enough to thrust in the trees. It is to be hoped that this tribe of *genus homo* have now pretty much become extinct. If any are left among us it is most devoutly to be wished, that they might be sent to a certain institution in the vicinity of Utica, and not suffered again to go at large, until a competent board of pomological doctors shall pronounce them cured.

3d. *Destruction by the Quince Borer.*—The Dwarf Pear often suffers from the depredations of this insect. This is mostly owing to the trees not being planted deep enough in the soil. When the junction between between the pear and quince is kept an inch or two below the surface of the ground, the borer rarely meddles with the trees. Hence, great attention should be paid to this matter.

4th. *Bad Trees*; or varieties of the pear not well adapted to growing on the quince. It is well known that there are many varieties of the pear that do not unite well when worked on the quince. And, indeed, among our very best growers, not a few are often found that do not unite firmly and kindly, but often leaving a large unsightly bulge; showing that the parts are not well united. A storm or heavy wind often breaks them down, and then the defect is seen. Strong, healthy, vigorous growing trees, of medium size, are by far the best.

5th. *Bad Cultivation*; or, rather, no cultivation at all. Sowing the land to wheat or oats, or other grain; or stocking down the land to grass; suffering the grain, or grass, or weeds, to choke the trees to death. Much more might be said under this head.

6th. *Winter Killing.*—This is the most prominent cause of the destruction of the peach, the cherry, and, more particularly, the dwarf pear.—The constant freezing and thawing in a wet soil—or, indeed, in almost any soil where the water is permitted to stand around the tree. Often, during the rain and wet of autumn, the dwarf pear, with its heavy top and feeble roots, swinging back and forth in the wind, loosens the tree in the ground, forming a cavity around the tree; this cavity soon becomes filled with water, and when the winter sets in the tree is completely encased in solid ice. This freezing and thawing during the winter and spring, is almost sure to destroy the tree. The roots of the tree are often dead while the top is alive. What is sometimes called frozen sap blight, often grows out of this cause.

7th. *Fire Blight.*—This is generally a local malady, mysterious and unaccountable in its appearance. The wisest heads are as yet ignorant of the causes producing it. Prompt and fearless cutting away of all the diseased parts of the tree, is, perhaps, the most efficient remedy yet known.

SUCCESS AND THE CAUSES.

That there are difficulties to be surmounted in the growing of the pear, successfully, no one will deny. Many, very many, perhaps, have been very much disappointed in the result of their labors; and, perhaps, some almost ready to abandon the pear altogether. But that the dwarf pear, as well as the standard pear, can be grown successfully, we have many living witnesses in Western New York. Let those who have any doubts in regard to this matter visit these plantations. There they can gain much valuable information—information that will convince the most skeptical, that with a good soil, fine trees of the right sorts, and good clean culture, there is no very great difficulty in the way.

Of some of these plantations which are now in successful bearing, we might give figures showing the quantity of fruit per tree and per acre; and also the prices per barrel for which they have been sold in the eastern market. But as these facts would perhaps appear somewhat fabulous to some of our credulous Down-Easters, therefore, on the whole, it has been thought best to withhold the figures for the present. The great secret of their success will perhaps be found in the following: 1, A deep, rich clay-loam, well drained. 2, A sheltered situation. 3, Healthy, vigorous trees. 4, A few varieties only. 5, Proper pruning. 6, Deep, rich culture.

The most of the above programme, together with my remarks generally, are intended to apply not merely to the dwarf pear, but also to the standard pear, and other fruits also. For extensive orchard culture, many are of the opinion that the standard pear is the most desirable. Sending forth its long, branching roots deep into the ground, it very soon becomes a solid fixture, and will sometimes succeed well, even in spite of bad treatment and total neglect.

QUALITIES NECESSARY FOR GENERAL CULTURE.

One of the greatest disappointments in fruit-growing, has arisen from the growing of inferior sorts; or, rather, not confining their culture to a few choice, productive varieties only. The cardinal points of varieties of fruit, worthy of extensive cultivation, may be summed up under four distinct heads:

I. Fruit of superior flavor, ranking as best.

II. Fruit of fair size, and handsome in appearance.

III. Productiveness.

IV. Trees hardy, and strong, healthy, vigorous growers.

Beside these, there are a few other minor points, which we will pass over for the present. At first sight, and perhaps without much reflection, we may fancy that we have abundance of varieties of fruit, possessing all these good qualities. But on a more close examination we shall find comparatively but few that come up to the standard of perfection; but enough, indeed, that comes so near that the intelligent fruit-grower finds no difficulty on this head. Let us examine some of these varieties of fruit, commencing with the apple.

The *Baldwin* apple, is perhaps one of our most popular varieties, and truly worthy of the most extensive cultivation; fruit of fair size, and handsome in appearance; the tree very productive, and a strong, vigorous grower. The fruit, however, is not of superior flavor, but *good*, to *very good*. On the whole, it has but few equals.

The *Esopus Spitzenburgh* is, in flavor, the standard of perfection; of fair size, and beautiful in appearance. Tree a rather feeble grower, and not generally very productive. Somewhat extensively grown for its very fine flavor.

The *Rhode Island Greening*, in size, flavor, productiveness and growth of tree, compares very well with the Baldwin, and is extensively cultivated.

Fall Pippin. Fruit of fine flavor; and of good size and appearance. Tree a strong, vigorous grower, but not productive. Perhaps not much more than one-half as productive as the Rhode Island Greening.

Northern Spy. Fruit of superior flavor, generally of fair size and handsome in appearance; the tree a fine, upright grower, and may be called productive, and with all, a fine keeper. Here we have a combination of good points—but we are obliged to add, the tree is very tardy in coming into bearing, and its upright shoots, require annual thinning to let in the sun and air; and also, requires rich, high culture, in order to produce good fruit.

Large Sweet Bough, considered as our best early sweet apple; a beautiful fruit, of large size and of fine flavor. Tree a moderate grower, and can hardly be called productive.

Early Harvest possesses many good qualities; but requires rich, high culture.

Williams' Favorite and *Dutchess of Oldenburgh* possess many fine points; and for early autumn varieties for market purposes can hardly be excelled.

The *Autumn Strawberry* and *Gravenstein* are also among our most prominent autumn varieties, and possess such good qualities, that both are becoming very popular. We might mention many other very fine varieties; such as the Early Joe, Benoni, Red Astrachan, Fameuse, Tompkins County King, Porter, Hubbardston Nonsuch, Minister, Red Canada, Winter Swaar, &c. All these, and many others that might be named, possess more or less good qualities.

Now let us for a few minutes turn to the list of pears, and here we shall find about the same state of things. We will say nothing about the many hundreds of varieties of the pear, laid down in some of the books and catalogues of the day, three-fourths of which are perfectly worthless and the sooner they die out the better.

We will name in the first place, our old favorite, the White Doyenne. In flavor, size, productiveness and fine growth of tree; it is all we could wish, or rather has been. But the blight, fungus, or something else, has of late rendered it almost an outcast in some localities; but in other places it is truly the pear *par excellence*.

The Seckel is celebrated for its superior flavor; tree a slow grower, but producing fair crops; fruit of small size, and, on that account, not extensively grown; yet on the whole a favorite with many.

The Bartlett would have come up to the standard of perfection had its flavor been a little higher. Even as it is, few varieties are more worthy of extensive cultivation than this.

The Flemish Beauty has all the four good points: but has some drawbacks. The fruit sometimes prematurely falls from the tree, and it is not a very good keeper, requires to be gathered early, or it very soon rots at the core. For a home market, however, it has but few superiors.

The Rostiezer, as a standard or dwarf, is of superior flavor, productive, and a good compact grower, often needs cutting back; fruit of small size, too small to be popular.

Duchesse de Angouleme, one of the best sorts for dwarf culture, but in flavor it generally falls short of many others, and yet comes so near the standard of perfection as to render it a great favorite, and very justly so.

Louise Bonne de Jersey, a fine grower on the quince; very productive, fruit of fine size, but not of fine flavor. However, there are some who prefer its vinous flavor, and with such it is a favorite.

Among our favorite varieties, we may name *Beurre de Anjou, Beurre Diel, Tyson, Belle Lucrative, Stevens' Genesee, Lawrence, Urbaniste, Glout Morceau, Winter Nelis, Sheldon, Vicar of Winkfield, &c., &c.*

All these, and many other sorts that we might name, have good points which go into the composition of our most valuable varieties. The amateur, growing for his own use, will of course grow many varieties, while the orchardist for market purposes, finds it for his interest to confine himself to the culture of a very few sorts only. One of our most successful fruit growers of the dwarf pear, grows only the Duchesse de Angouleme; another one grows nothing but the Bartlett, as a standard.

The grape culture of late has raised a new impulse. Until within the past few years but little attention has been paid to the cultivation of our hardy American varieties. But of late the public mind has been turned that way, and now it may almost be said, that we are in the midst of a grape mania.

A very large number of new seedling varieties have of late made their appearance. Not a few of them are said to be of rare excellence, and of course sold for high prices. Time, alone, however, can determine the value of these new sorts. The great *desideratum* is to obtain varieties that will ripen some two or three weeks earlier than the *Isabella*, and of flavor, size, productiveness, and hardiness, equal, if not superior to this old favorite variety. It is said we have such; indeed it is noticeable that in the various descriptions of the new grapes, nearly all are said to be earlier than the Isabella, and many of them from one to four weeks earlier. It is to be hoped that these declarations will prove true. But many well praised humbugs are yet fresh in the minds of some of us, and, consequently the bump of caution is just now rather prominent.

I do not know as I can better express my views in regard to this subject, than by relating a little anecdote which occurred in the State of Connecticut, in the early settlement of the country. An Indian who had been out hunting one day, came to a tavern and informed the landlord that he had killed a very fine fat buck, which he had left down in Waugum meadow, lying by the side of a large birch tree, and which he offered to sell to the landlord for a small compensation. The landlord being satisfied with the truthfulness of the Indian's story, purchased the deer, and soon after started off with his team to bring it home. The Indian went on his way. The landlord had no difficulty in finding Waugum meadow, and the large birch tree; but the deer was not there—nor any indication that a deer had ever been there. Of course the landlord returned home, not a little chagrined at being so badly cheated.

Some time after this the landlord met the Indian and accused him of cheating and lying, saying,—"You are a very bad Indian, you cheat and lie." "Ugh!?" said the Indian, "sometime Indian lie, sometime white man lie, sometime Indian cheat, sometime white man cheat—you no find Waugum meadow?" "Yes," said the landlord, "I found Waugum meadow, but the deer was not there." "Good, good," replied the Indian, "you find Waugum meadow, good. You no find large birch tree?" "Yes," said the landlord, "I found the large birch tree, but there was no deer there." "Good, good," said the Indian, "you find large birch tree, good; you find Waugum meadow, and you find large birch tree but you no find deer. Well, two truths to one lie; pretty good for Indian, after all."

I fear it will be pretty much so with some of these highly recommended varieties of the grape. Perhaps for size and productiveness, they will correspond very well with Waugum meadow, and the large birch tree; but for earliness, and perhaps for good quality, we may well have our fears that they will be very much like the Indian's deer.

CONCLUSION.

Other subjects I had intended to notice, but I have already detained you quite too long. I now take my official leave of the members of this Society, and I can assure them that it is with great pleasure that we are now about to transmit to other, and I trust more able hands, the chief executive office of this Association. I have already apprised my friends that I desire to be released from my present position. Let me say, however, that my humble efforts, and most willing assistance in this good work in which we are engaged, will not be relaxed. Let us all, as far as possible, attend the Summer, Autumn, and Winter meetings of this Society. Pleasant, indeed, it is, to meet our pomological friends in these delightful convocations. May they long be continued.

EXHIBITION OF FRUIT.

A very fine exhibition of fruit was made. We never saw so fine a collection of *Winter Pears* as that of Ellwanger & Barry, consisting of 53 varieties. The Committee presented the following report:

The collections presented they found to contain many specimens of much interest—the most so is the admirable display of winter pears from Ellwanger & Barry, consisting of fifty-three varieties, a large portion in fine eating order, and well worthy of being eaten. Among some of the best or most interesting, the committee observe the following:

Comparatively new sorts—Josephine de Malines, Edne Dumas, Doyenne Sieulle, Bezi Sanspariel, Brands St. Germain, Doyenne d' Alencon, Belle Williams, Reading, Willermoz, Seutin, Bergamont, d' Esperen, Niles.

Older kinds in fine condition—St. Germain, Beurre d' Arenburg, Vicar of Wakefield, Easter Beurre, Jaminette, Prince's St. Germain, Winter Nelis, Striped St. Germain, Bezi Vart, Chaumontel, Winter Bon Chretien.

The same exhibitors also presented sixty dishes of fine winter apples, comprising nearly all the celebrated standard sorts, and the newer ones most sought at the present time.

J. Donnellan & Co., of Greece, presented a dozen fine dishes of apples, containing among others very large and well grown Northern Spies, Newton Pippins, and Wagoners.

Fine specimens of the Orthey and of Rawles' Janet, (the latter the largest and best colored the committee have met with) were sent by P. V. A. Davis, of Union Co., Ill.

J. B. Pierson, of Union Springs, forwarded specimens of the Springport Pippin, a new variety, which originated in that neighborhood, and which was found to be "very good," according to the scale adopted by the American Pomological Society.

A collection of ten fine varieties of apples were exhibited by Benjamin Fish, containing some excellent specimens—and another similar collection was presented by H. Comstock, of Sweden, N. Y., and E. L. Speice, of Murray, N. Y., a branch of about two feet in length, containing 28 good specimens of Roxbury Russet.

L. B. Langworthy, Chairman.

In our next we will give a full report of the discussion.

HEALTHY RECIPES.—USE OF SALERATUS, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your paper of Nov. 26th, a lady writing in the Department of Domestic Economy complains bitterly of the use of saleratus, soda, &c., in cooking. She is right. I suppose that those articles have a truly deleterious effect upon the stomach; and since she has led the way I cannot refrain from finding my share of fault with the recipes which have from time to time appeared in your columns. I notice an unsparing use of *butter* and *lard*. Do the fair ladies who recommend their favorite dainties, know that these articles are hurtful, indigestible and actually ruinous? I opine if they did, they would endeavor to invent some dishes which can be made palatable and wholesome; and avoid recommending poisonous dainties. I am *very fond* of good things, but I value my health, (what little I have,) and I also value the health of others. Permit me, therefore, to give you a few recipes which are perfectly healthy, as far as I know. I would like to have others "follow suit."

A Superior Dessert.—Quarter and core a quantity of apples, put one layer into a deep pan, sprinkle over sugar and a little flour, lay on slices of bread, (toasted if preferred,) sprinkle more sugar and cover with another layer of apples. Bake, and eat with sugar, or sweetened cream. A little nutmeg might be added, but spices are *all* more or less unhealthy.

Potato Pudding.—Take two pounds of mealy potatoes and roll them well with a rolling-pin. While still hot add half a pound of sugar and a pint of cream, which have been well stirred together, and then add, gradually, seven well-beaten eggs.

Boiled Cracker Pudding.—Put four pounded crackers to a pint of new milk; add four eggs beaten to a froth and a little salt. Tie it up in a floured cloth and allow a little for swelling,—boil an hour. Eat with sweetened cream.

Potato Crust.—Take nice, mealy, boiled potatoes, mash them very fine, put a teacupful of thick cream and some salt to five or six good sized potatoes and add flour enough to roll out. Excellent for pot-pie or meat-pie. Good also for plain pies.

Snow Cake.—One pound of flour; one do. of crushed sugar; half a pint of cream, and the whites of sixteen eggs.

Cookies.—Two cups of cream; three of sugar; three eggs; a little salt; flour enough to roll out. Where coarse brown sugar or molasses are used, it is necessary to add a little saleratus or soda; for *sour* or *heavy* bread and cake are unfit for any stomach.

Frumenty.—Put boiled hulled corn or wheat into a kettle, pour on plenty of milk, and when it boils up stir in a little flour which has been wet in cold water, and add sugar to your taste. A favorite dish among the English in haying-time.

Here is a refreshing and wholesome beverage for summer:

Currant Shrub.—Put a pound of loaf or crushed sugar to a pint of currant juice; boil five minutes; stir constantly while cooling, and when cold, bottle. When wanted to use put a spoonful or two into a glass of cold water.

Farmers have every opportunity to procure good, healthy food—if they would forsake *pork*—use cream instead of butter—wholesome bread instead of hot biscuit—fruit and nuts instead of cakes and preserves—and throw spices, pickles and pepper to the—pigs I was going to say, but I mean in the fire; they will be a heartier, better-natured and *better-looking* race. Who agrees with me?

A. T. Jones.

Black Rock, Erie Co., N. Y., 1860.

STEAMING FOOD.—APPLE DUMPLINGS, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Did house-keepers and cooks more generally understand and appreciate the advantages of steam in cooking, our stoves would be much better supplied with conveniences for that purpose. Almost anything can be cooked by steam much quicker, and with a less amount of fuel than in any other way. Potatoes, and most other vegetables, to say nothing of puddings, custards, &c., are *much* better if steamed till nearly done, and then placed in the oven, for a short time, only. In warm weather, particularly, when a great fire would be necessary to heat the oven, (as well as the house,) a very little would heat a steamer and be much more comfortable as well as economical. Apple dumplings are much better steamed than cooked in any other way. If baked, they are apt to be dry and hard,—if boiled in water they are quite as likely to become water-soaked and clammy. Steaming avoids *both* these extremes.

Best Method for Making Apple Dumplings.—On baking days, take a bit of the bread dough, according to the size of the family, and work in a little more butter, or other shortening, than for biscuit. Make out the dumplings, put them on a plate to rise the same as biscuits, and when light set the plate with the dumplings upon it in the steamer, and steam half an hour, then set them in the oven for a few minutes for the moisture to dry from the surface, and they are ready for the table. Serve with whatever sauce you please.

Preserving Eggs for Winter.—Pack them in a close vessel, with the small end down, strewing bran between each layer, then place one or two thicknesses of brown paper over the top and cover with about an inch or inch and a half of salt. Cover close and keep in a cool place, and they will be much better than the old method of salting down, which only hardens them.

A Countrywoman.

Venice Centre, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE CRUSADER'S WIFE.

The roses by Castle Raby
Glessoned in the soft, June air,
Some tinted with regal crimson,
Some as a lily fair;
But the cheek of the lady Edith,
And her brow, as calmly white,
And her lips like cleft pomegranates,
Were fair as the roses bright.

Alas for the lady Edith!
Sir Launcelot had gone
To the distant land of the Paynim,
Where lance and buckler shone.
"I will bring thee a wreath of laurel,"
Were the parting words he said,
"And thy loving hand shall bind it
About the victor's head."

Thus spake the stern Crusader,
But his gentle-hearted bride
Had been content with the ivy
That decked their castle's side.
Months passed, and the soft-eyed summer
Perished among her flowers,
And the golden days of autumn
Gave place to wintry hours.

Three times had the "Merry Christmas"
Come to the welcoming earth,
To tell to monarch and peasant
Of the Blest Redeemer's birth.
And oft had the lady Edith
Looked over the foamy main,
And her eyes were dim with watching,
And her heart was sick with pain.
At last the bark of the pilgrim
Came slow over the emerald wave;
He brought the wreath of laurel
And she placed it *on his grave!*

When next June brought her roses
To smile by the castle wall,
To scent the tapestried chamber,
And the wide emblazoned hall,
The cheek of the lady Edith
Mocked no more the *red* rose bloom,
But the *white* rose paled with envy
'Till it flourished on her tomb!

Cohocton, N. Y., 1859. Laura E. W.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

"Good morning, Mrs. Adair. I called to have you go with me to see Mrs. Barlow—her babe is very sick. I hear they think it extremely doubtful whether it recovers."

"Certainly, Mrs. Carr. I always make it a point to call wherever there is sickness, even if I have to neglect some of my home duties. Sit down a moment, until I get my cloak and bonnet."

Mrs. Adair entered the parlor in a few moments, ready for the walk, and the two friends were soon on their way to Elm street, the residence of Mr. Barlow, a young and prosperous merchant, and his amiable wife. It was a sorrowful time for the young couple—their first born, their only child, the little, bright boy, was very sick; so sick that Mr. Barlow had not gone to his store that day, but remained with his wife, watching every symptom of their precious little one. Little Harry was sinking into a quiet slumber, his moanings were hushed, and the red flush had left his cheek—he needed sleep and quiet. Mrs. Barlow had just placed him in his crib, dropped the curtains to exclude the morning light, and sat down beside the cradle, looking anxiously upon the thin face and the loved features. Oh, might her darling live—the silent prayer went up, the prayer of that mother's heart, for life—life for her babe—her cheek was pale with watching, and the tears fell fast from her clear blue eyes.

There was a knock at the door, and her two friends, Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Carr, were shown in. They were valued friends, but those parents wished in their hearts that they could be alone with their child in that critical hour, when undue excitement might close that little life—an hour when rest and quiet were absolutely necessary.

The ladies made many inquiries about the babe, gave some advice and some prescriptions—as persons always will—told the news, that Mrs. Dow's' little girl was dead—that Mrs. Eldridge's child was not expected to live, and so on; their strange voices wakening the babe, who moaned and cried, while the bright flush again came to his cheek.—He could not be quieted; the fond mother walked the floor, trying to hush the little sufferer, but he still heard the strange voices which caused him to start and his eyelids to open. Half an hour they remained thus chatting, thinking they were doing a great kindness to Mrs. Barlow—an hour had passed, and still they lingered. That mother's heart was deeply pained by the cry of her little one, and the effort to keep up the conversation with her visitors, whom she did not wish to offend, made her about distracted. When they took leave, she innocently, though truthfully, said, "Call again when Harry gets well."

The door was closed. "Did you hear that?" said Mrs. Carr—"'Call again when Harry gets well.' I guess she did not thank us for our trouble. Just think, too, of the morning's work that I have neglected—the pies for dinner, and the loaf cake for tea, that should have been baked by this time. For my part, I shall let such people alone after this."

"And I, too. Did you notice how cross Mr. Barlow looked? I don't think he spoke three words while we were there."

"Poor Harry, poor little one," said his mother, pressing him to her heart, "I am afraid you will die."

"It is a shame, Janette—these gossiping women! What did you try to keep up a conversation with them for?"

"I did not like to offend them, when they meant it for a kindness. I hope they will not call again."

"Well, if you think more of your friends than of the life of our dear boy, do so. There will be more visitors, likely, before the day is out, and God only knows how much worse it makes him.—His fever is on again—see how excited he is. I do detest this visiting the sick, when no good can be done by it. Give Harry some of those soothing drops, and I will lock the outside door, and friend or foe will not come in again without I invite them."

"Do, Mr. Barlow. I am sure our Harry's life and comfort are of more consequence than anything else in the world."

They were troubled no more with friendly calls; the morning visitors spread the news that Mrs. Barlow did not wish her friends to come there while her babe was sick—that they were treated uncivilly. Many ladies thought about it, and brought the case home to their own hearts, and they acknowledged that Mrs. Barlow was right, while others were offended, and dropped her acquaintance.

What cared that happy mother, as the shades of evening deepened around their elegant little cottage home, that she had lost some friends, when she saw her darling in quiet, gentle slumber, the fire of fever and excitement gone—the smile of returning life playing on the delicate, beautiful features? There was a holy joy and thankfulness in her soul, and father and mother bowed together in humble prayer, by the side of the cradle of their first-born child, and returned thanks that the life and joy of their household had not departed forever, and that they had been spared the mistaken kindness of their neighbors.

Mrs. Adair and Mrs. Carr never called again, always passing with a cold bow, but Mr. and Mrs. Barlow are too happy in their blooming, bright-eyed and gleesome little Harry, to mourn the loss of such friendship.

Tulip Hill, Iowa, 1860. Mrs. Luella A. Morris.

YOUNG LADIES, READ!

What a number of idle, useless young women—they call themselves young ladies—parade our streets! "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them." Do they ever look forward to the time when the real cares and responsibilities of life will cluster around them? Have they made, or are they making any preparation for the onerous duties which will assuredly fall to their lot—duties to society, the world, and God? They lounge or sleep away their time in the morning. They never take hold of the drudgery, the repulsive toil, which each son and daughter of Adam should perform in this world. They know nothing of domestic duties. They have no habits of industry, no taste for the useful, no skill in any really useful art. They are in the streets, not in the performance of their duty, or for the acquisition of health, but to see and be seen. They expect thus to pick up a husband who will promise to be as indulgent as their parents have been, and support them in idleness. They who sow the wind in this way are sure to reap the whirlwind. No life can be exempt from cares. How mistaken an education do these girls receive who are allowed to imagine that life is always to be a garden of roses! Labor is the great law of our being. How worthless will she prove who is unable to perform it!

It has been observed that "by far the greatest amount of happiness in civilized life is found in the domestic relations, and most of these depend on the home habits of the wife and mother." What a mistake is then made by our young girls and their parents when domestic education is unattended to! Our daughters should be taught, *practically*, to bake, to cook, to arrange the table, to wash and iron, to sweep, and to do everything that pertains to the order and comfort of the household. Domestics may be necessary, but they are always a necessary evil, and the best "help" a woman can have is *herself*. If her husband is ever so rich, the time may come when skill in domestic employments will secure to her a comfort which no domestic can procure. Even if she is never called to labor for herself, she should, at least, know how things ought to be done, so that she cannot be cheated by her servants.

Domestic education cannot be acquired in the streets. It cannot be learned amidst the frivolities of modern society. A good, and worthy, and comfort-bringing husband can rarely be picked up on the pavement.

"The nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap for all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare,
But men of sense avoid the snare."

The highest and best interests of society in the future demand a better, a more useful, a more domestic training of our young ladies.—*Hartford Courant.*

PLEASANT WORDS.

How little these cost, yet how full of power they are. A writer says of them:

"They come bubbling up in a good natured heart, like the freely gushing waters of a fountain. It is as easy to speak them as it is to breathe. They come forth as easily and naturally from the lips of kindness as the rays from the sun. There is no pains-taking about the matter. Pleasant words beget other words, like themselves, in other people. We have been in a crowded omnibus. A few snappish, sulky words have multiplied their species, till most of the travelers have taken shares in the same stock. But a genial soul enters. His kind words get wings. They produce an epidemic. Growler number one, and number two, change voice and visage. The magic of a few kind words has done wonders. Ill nature has jumped out of the coach, and is off for parts unknown; and good nature keeps all things in excellent trim for the rest of the trip. If all this is so, then let us fling up our caps in the air, and go into a revolution. Hot words and sharp words, have had the sceptre long enough. Let us overset the government, and put the dominion in a better hand. Pleasant words, born of kind and loving hearts, are to be welcomed back to supremacy. They will fill the throne with honor.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WORLDLY FRIENDS.

BY ELLEN C. LAKE.

Count the friends the world has willed you
From her millions wealth of men,—
Count, but let no triumph fill you
At what is, 'gainst "might have been;"
For however smooth the grading
Of the track your car is on,
Days may come when sorrow's lading
"Ruins stock and breaks the bond."

Mark the lips that count all blessings
Into crowns that you should wear,
Trusting you, or thus professing,
With the gifts none else may share.
Then, let but Dame Fortune fail you,
Slander dare your name to touch,
First and foremost to assail you,
"All their lives they've thought as much."

Number all the gifts you've given
To the poor and pinched by need,
Those that called you, under heaven,
Friend in word and friend in deed;
Yet, when first you failed in granting
Other wish or dearer boon,
All your good was pious canting,
And you'd "turned your coat" full soon.

Faith in man grows none the stronger,
Counting up the friends that fail,
Learned are we to trust no longer
Seas where treach'rous barks we hail;
But held sacred in your keeping
All your life's true good must lie,
Friend or foe, or joy or weeping,
Rightful aims must not put by.

If in all the dark unfolding
You can find one slender gain,
One true heart about you holding
Love that shares your joy or pain,
Leave the rest to clearer seeing,
To a stronger, wiser rod,
While your life writes laws of being,
Watched by conscience and your God.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MAN, THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNE.

An artist was bending with earnest solicitude over a block of marble. The well-worn chisel was firmly grasped by his steady and unerring hand. His eye was fixed and his whole soul seemed to enter into his work. You could not understand the delicate touches he was giving the yielding stone. They were cautious and oft repeated. The image of beauty was in his soul, and he was endeavoring to transfer this image to the marble column. Day by day he had toiled, and day by day had hope bid him toil on, as he saw the adamantine stone yield to his firm endeavor. This artist did not begin with some blind purpose, some indefinite design. He saw in the clear mirror of his sensitive soul the bright ideal of his fond purpose and desire. He well understood his work. He could almost have counted the strokes of his chisel, before the first blow was struck. There was nothing but steady toil and unyielding purpose which might hope for success. But the most laborious portion of his task was accomplished,—he had hewn away the rough edges, and the gross material was beginning to assume a form of beauty. How his eye kindled,—how lightly and rapidly he dropped his shining steel upon the solid marble. I saw him give it the last stroke, and heard the proud exclamation, "It is finished," ring thro' the studio. Was there no joy there?—no self-congratulation?—no conscious pride, as his eyes now beheld the image which had lain enshrined upon his soul so long, glowing and almost speaking before him? That was a noble pride. That emotion of the heart was neither improper nor sinful. It is one of the sweet ingredients mixed in the cup of human bliss. That polished statue is not the result of chance. It did not happen to be. It is the product of calculation, and careful, assiduous toil.

Man models and moulds his own fortune. He is emphatically an artist, and the character he forms is the statue he makes. The boy who is striving, with all his powers of mind, to master the difficulties in the road of knowledge, who wastes no time in careless, idle sport, is engaged on an important work of art,—is carving from the most delicate material a statue far more worthy and beautiful than ever the chisel of Angelo polished,—a noble character, an unsullied reputation, a fortune over which the golden lines of beauty shall linger forever. This is his own work. No one else may do it for him. I know one such noble boy,—he is looking up with eager, fond desire. Think you there are no images of the grand and beautiful floating over his spirit? Has he no ideal after which he is toiling? He would be a man. Some noble statue has charmed him. With conscious, noble pride he toils early and late. He is not wearied with a few feeble strokes. He knows this will never accomplish his high purpose. That boy will succeed. I can see in the determination and energy with which he labors, sure omens of complete triumph. But let the idler never deceive his heart with vain, delusive dreams. The statue of noble manhood is not the product of blind circumstance. It will not, some future day, spring up beside your pathway in beauty and loveliness. It must be produced by your ever careful, unremitting toil. If you would be rejoiced in after life to gaze upon the work your hands have made,—if you would bless and honor your own being with happiness,—if you would adorn the world in which you live, then seek to carve out for yourself the bright, undying statue of a *noble Character*. J. W. Barker.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., 1859.

He who never changes any of his opinions, never corrects any of his errors.

GROWING OLD.

If one has a young heart in his left breast-pocket, and everything has gone right with him ever since he can remember, and he sits in his arm chair, he may easily fancy himself young—indeed, quite young—in fact, a *juvenile*, but it will not all do; he is old in spite of his heart, and his arm chair, and his fancies.

It is a painful process, that beginning to find out what all the world has known ever so long—that one is growing old. How it shocks him some day, as he is walking in the garden, to hear the gardener talk to the cook about "the *old man*," and the old man, nobody in life but his own adolescent self. Old man! And he steps as spry as a cat, and discharges the unfortunate gardener, and is too much in a passion to give him "a character."

Then, again, "the grass-hopper is a burden," for little things trouble him, as they never did years ago, but, he thinks, little things have got their growth since those old times. But this doesn't quite satisfy him, and he muses over it, and he wonders why his shadow extends so far to the eastward.

Some day he meets a stranger in the street; he is booted like a trooper, and bearded like a pard; he looks him "square" in the eye. He is glad to see him; wonders if he don't remember him; declares that he is little Bill Stokes that was, that he made basswood whistles for when he "kept" in the old red school-house at Bogg's Corners; and there he is right before him, man to man. There is no use denying it; he cannot prove an alibi, and he falls into a brown study as he thinks of it.

Then again, there's something the matter with his back, but he always calls it a "crick," when all the day it is the river Time that is playing the mischief. He knows it will not do for him to sit near an open window as he used to do, but it has latterly been a favorite idea with him that the summers grow briefer, and the winters colder.—And what work they make now with the baking; such crusts of granite to them. Not such did his old mother bring out from the old oven on the long-handled shovel, on those long-gone Saturdays, when he fancied ginger-bread the daily fare of the angels.

By-and-by he begins to experience some difficulty in reading his old newspaper—something with an L or an LX vol. in the corner of it, that he never remembers that he has taken since it was two X's and an I; but then he charges it upon the type, and pronounces an anathema upon nonpareil and minion, when it is nothing but brevier.

He fancies, too, that the girls have changed, when the change is nearer home, for the man is growing old, and those same maidens are wondering the while, if *he* ever had a sweetheart, or could possibly, at any time, have been young enough to love.

So this painful process of discovery progresses, until, a prisoner, he keeps the old arm chair, and the old clock dial grows dim, and the old clock bell sounds a great way off, and he dozes in the open door, and loves to look at the setting sun, and shares the children's toys and talks himself to sleep. It is a summer evening; yellow light falls upon the threshold, and along the floor, and invests the old man's form with an old glory. He sits in the dwelling of his son's son; his head reclines upon his breast. Light steps steal softly around him, but he hears them not. A set of little fingers are playing with his thin, white hair, but he does not heed it. Two generations call to him; the second is strong and manly; it is "father" they utter; the third is child-like and gentle; it is "grandfather" *they* say, but he returns no answer to either.

"The sun has set," somebody says; "the clock has just run down," cries another; "the old man is asleep," whispers a third; and sure enough he is, for the old man is dead.

HAPPINESS EVENLY DISTRIBUTED.

I incline to think that were our minds capable of apprehending the essential facts of the life we see, we should be convinced that happiness is one of the most evenly distributed of all human possessions. The laborer loves his wife and children as well as the lord, and takes into his soul all the tender and precious influences that flow to him through their love as well as his. Food tastes as sweet to the plowman as the placeman. If the latter have the daintier dish, the former has the keener appetite. Into all ears the brook pours the same stream of music, and the birds never vary their programme with reference to their audience. The spring scatters violets broadcast, and grass grows by the roadside as well as in the park. The breeze that tosses the curls of your little ones and mine is not softer in its caresses than those who bound over the velvet to meet it. The sun shines, the rain falls, the trees dress themselves in green, the thunder rolls, and the stars flash all alike. Health knows nothing of human distinctions, and abides with him who treats it best. Sleep, the gentle angel, does not come at the call of power, and never proffers its ministry for gold. The senses take no bribes of luxury; but deal as honestly and generously by the poor as by the rich; and the President of the United States would whistle himself blind before he could call our dog from us.—*Timothy Titcomb.*

Hobby-Riding.—The Archbishop of Dublin tells of a horseman, who, having lost his way, made a complete circle; when the first round was finished, seeing the marks of horse's hoofs, and never dreaming that they were those of his own beast, he rejoiced and said, "This, at least, shows me that I am in some track!" When the second circuit was finished, the signs of travel were double, and he said, "Now, surely I am in a beaten way;" and with the conclusion of every round the marks increased, till he was certain that he must be in some frequent thoroughfare; but all the while he was riding after his horse's tail, and deceived by the track of his own error. So it is with men that ride a hobby.

The noblest contribution for the benefit of posterity, is a good character, formed by good conduct.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NATURE.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

O, holy mother Nature! Unto thee I fly,
From all the toil and strife,
The turmoil of a life
Of strangely intermingled hope and agony.

O, tender mother Nature! Unto thee I pour
The tide of my full heart!
For thou wilt heal its smart,
As lovingly and often thou hast done before.

While lying on thy bosom, soothingly and sweet
Thy low voice whispers me
In breeze, and bird, and tree;
I hear in ev'ry streamlet thy soft pulses beat.

Daughter of the Infinite! Minister to men
Of peace, and hope, and love!
Thou callest those who rove,
And at thy gentle bidding they return again.

O, hear me, mother Nature! For my brain is wild
With all the shame and wrong,
With which the World so long
The weak hearts of thy children deeply hath defiled.

O, speak! and let the music of thy voice be heard
In every home and land,
'Till heart and soul expand
With love as pure as ever angel bosoms stirred;

'Till ev'ry creature, ev'ry flower of the sod
Has pow'r to teach and bless—
With gentle loveliness
Leading us "thro' Nature, up to Nature's God."

Dedham, Mass., 1859.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SOWING AND REAPING.

"As ye have sown so shall ye reap that day."

Notwithstanding the great value of time, most men use it in pursuit of unworthy objects. This is the course of the miser, who thinks that the great end of life is the acquisition of wealth. Such a creature is of no use to the world, and often his heirs impatiently await his death. Can a more favorable judgment be passed upon the ambitious man than upon the miser? The applause of the multitude is more apt to be bestowed upon the villain and the madman than upon the wise and virtuous. Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, was not the only hero who ought to have been confined in a mad-house. Byron would have been less a curse to the world than he was had he been a cobbler. And, what shall be said of the pleasure seeker? He lives as though he were born merely to eat, drink, sleep and die. A million such beings would be dearly purchased were they gained in exchange for one true man. They are mere burdens upon society, and a nation of Chesterfields would be a nation of fools. All these characters are wasting their time in the pursuit of unworthy objects, as is every one who does not labor for the glory of God and the good of mankind. No man can innocently be a cipher in society.

There is enough to do in the cause of God and humanity. The ignorant are to be instructed, and the vicious reclaimed,—the youth of our land are to be shielded from the allurements of vice and led into paths of virtue,—the oppressed are to be released from their burdens, and the inebriate brought back to sobriety,—the Church is to be aroused to her duty toward those who are destitute of the Gospel; and the Empire of Superstition is to be overthrown. If *we* are ever saved we must, by the blessing of God, work out our own salvation by overcoming our evil passions and keeping a constant watch over our spiritual foes. Is not all this enough to fill up the longest life? How important is time in relation to eternity. The poet who wrote the profane couplet,

"Life is a dream and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it,"

for his own epitaph, has, doubtless, by this time, found out his mistake. Life is a fearful reality, and in a very important sense,

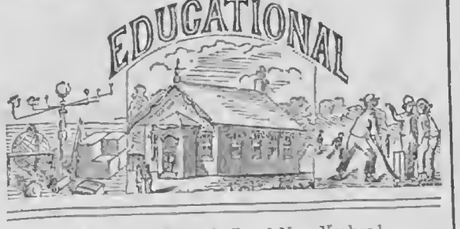
"Man is the maker of immortal fates."

He is here forming a character that is to fix his destiny beyond the grave, and none but he who has carefully used the talents committed to his charge shall stand approved when his Master reckons with him. How many a life that has gained the applause of the world, will lose all its glory when it comes to be viewed in the light of eternity. It will then afford no consolation to him who has lived to himself, that his fellow men once thought him fortunate. The man of misapplied talents will not then congratulate himself upon the use he has made of his mental powers,—the miser will be fully convinced of his folly in sacrificing the eternal interests of his soul for the love of gold,—bitter to the man of pleasure will be the recollection of his hours of hilarity and revelry. But while all these shall shrink from the frowns of the infinitely just God, the good man shall then receive the reward for his life of labor in the vineyard of Our Father.

Bristol, Wis., 1859. S. S. Leonard.

God's bow is never bent at a venture. He never loses sight of his arrows. No word of his ever misses its mark, but each accomplishes its purpose. And yet it is not the less a joy to him when that word finds a welcome, and of all men he is to the Most High the dearest, in whose affections God's words are hidden the most deeply, and in whose conduct they most conspicuously re-appear.

A lamp lighted while it is yet day, such a lamp as is let into the roof of a railway carriage, and the little child wonders why they should put it there at noon, but for which no one is more grateful when they plunge into the tunnel; such a lantern as the prudent traveler provides before he is benighted,—such a lamp is no bad emblem of our own case in relation to the Bible.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THE PARENT-SIDE IN THE WORK OF EDUCATION."

In the RURAL of Dec. 10, containing the report of a recent meeting of "The American Institute of Instruction" at Bedford, Mass., I note the above as one of the topics of discussion on that occasion, and I believe it to be one which ought to be discussed and *acted upon*, not only in public educational gatherings, but also in our school districts, and in our home circles.

The subject is, indeed, one of no little importance. The very words which compose it imply whole volumes of instruction which should be sown broadcast throughout our entire land. Our Common Schools are, emphatically, the rock—the foundation of our Government; for there is the youthful mind moulded into shape and developed,—there it receives its first and lasting impressions of good or evil,—there are formed those habits of person and of character which follow their possessor through life, and which fail not to point out the *sluggard*, the *villain*, or the MAN. When we contemplate the subject in its immediate bearing on our Common Schools, and, consequently, on the welfare of our youth and the nation, we become the more convinced of the almost vital importance of a just conception of its true idea. Our educational system has now arrived at a point where the light of true intelligence begins to manifest itself. The time has already come when the "poor pedagogue" is no longer looked upon as "a necessary evil," to be tolerated with impatience; but he is ranked with the real philanthropists of our land, and takes his stand on equal terms with the philosopher and the divine. Praise be to the founders of that system which has brought the teacher to his noble position, and which is continually working throughout the mass, like leaven in the loaf, raising the standard of teachers' qualifications to a still higher degree of perfection.

Parents, it is true, have done much for the advancement of this educational reform; but, parents, much yet remains for you to do. Your interest in the great cause does not end in perfecting the teacher. No; it is with your child, and follows your child through life. It is linked with his very being, and ceases not even when he arrives at the age of manhood and starts forth to battle with the trials and vicissitudes of life.

"But," you ask, "what more can I do, when I have provided my child with a capable and trusty teacher?" You can do much in a hundred ways. Begin by inculcating in the mind of your child a generous spirit of study,—make him to understand, and, in part, to realize the great importance of acquiring knowledge. Furnish him with good, moral newspapers, and with histories, with which he may pleasantly pass away the long winter evenings, remembering that "reading is the KEY to all knowledge." Teach him the duty of obedience. Provide comfortable rooms for your schools, and furnish them with maps and historical drawings, to which the teacher may make timely references during the several recitations. And, lastly, visit scholars and teacher *often*, while at their work, and thus, by giving countenance to the educational school, encourage them to move patiently, trustingly onward, till they shall have reached the goal in triumph. If your noble colt goes to be trained and disciplined by other hands than your own, you visit him almost daily. Will you then careless for the education of your own child? He is possessed of an immortal soul to live through all eternity. Take the question home to your own calm judgments and decide. That man or woman must needs be more than human, to whom you would confide the sole care and trust of your own child. Think, then, what may be done on "The Parent-Side in the Work of Education," and let every energy bend to the work. Spare no sacrifice on your own part which shall secure to your child a good name, and a character beyond reproach.

Schuyler Co., N. Y., 1860. TEACHER.

THE EDUCATION MOST NEEDED.

THE idea too commonly prevails that a mere knowledge of books is the beginning and end of education. The sons and daughters, especially of the rich, grow up with this notion, in idleness, as it were, with little idea of the responsibilties that await them. Their natures revolt at the mention of "labor," not dreaming that the parents before them obtained the wealth they are so proud of by industry and economy. How many young men, college bred though they may be, are prepared to manage the estates which their fathers possess, and which it may have required a lifetime to acquire? How many young women, though they have acquired all the knowledge and graces of the best schools, know how to do what their mothers have done before them, and which the daughters may be compelled to do at some period of their lives? The children of the poor have to labor or starve, and as far as that goes they are educated to be practical. The education that scoffs at labor, and encourages idleness, is the worst enemy for a girl, man or woman. Instead of ennobling, it degrades; it opens up the road to ruin. The education which directs us to do what we are fitted to do—that respects labor—that inculcates industry, honesty, and fair dealing, and that strips us of selfishness, is the education we *do* need, and that which must become the prevailing system of the country before we can be a people either happy or prosperous.—*N. Y. Express.*

HUMBOLDT said ten years ago, "governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate a man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man. Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

MUSIC IN SCHOOLS.

THE following is an extract from a speech of Gov. BANKS, of Massachusetts, delivered at Boston Music Hall, a short time since:

The study of music is one of the most *practical* studies in which men or women can engage. There is no hour of the day, no hour of life, no occupation in which men or women may be engaged, when the power of impressing the human thought or the human sympathies in harmonious numbers, is not only practicable, but where it is not needed.—It softens the atmosphere of the boudoir; it makes more pleasant the darkened shop of the artisan; in the street it takes the place of riot and ribaldry; and in whatever association or on whatever occasion, men or women may be gathered, the power of common utterance and human sympathies in these harmonious numbers as expressed by that most majestic organ, the *human voice*, never, never can be heard without moving the heart to its deepest, highest and severest pleasure. More than that, teaching music in the Common Schools is the first step in *physical culture*. It is a step of the *highest* and most *important character*. It is the *culture of the voice*, the human voice, that organ which has more *power* over the world than any other power of which man is the possessor. More than the love of the schools, more than the cunning of the artisan and the craftsman, more than the skill of the professor, the human voice can mould and direct the masses of men in the right way, to the general good. And there can be no culture of this majestic organ of which alone the poet has well said that it has the power of

> "Untwisting *all* the links that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony"—

there can be no *general* culture of that organ, except it be through music in the Common Schools, to the high and the low, to the learned and the unlearned, to those who have taste and to those who have come to acquire a taste. And to give this power to one and to all, is the only method and the only principle we have to improve and increase us in the use of the finest instrument with which God has strengthened the human system.

NORMAL SCHOOLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—We learn the Trustees of the Normal School at Millersville, have brought that popular establishment under the requirements of the State Normal School Law, by enlarging the building and making all the improvements contemplated by the provisions of that law. The school is in complete operation as a State Normal School, including a fine working model school. It was formally opened on Thursday and Friday, the 1st and 2d of December, under the examination, as required by law, of a Committee consisting of the State Superintendent, Mr. Hickok, Ex-Governor Pollock, Col. A. G. Curtin, Hon. Wm. M. Hiester, Secretary of the Commonwealth, H. L. Dieffenbach, Esq., Deputy Superintendent, and three County Superintendents of that Normal School District.—*N. Y. Teacher.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

To him who is accustomed to trace in the order and variety of Nature's works the evidence of a designing mind,—to investigate with philosophic minuteness the phenomena daily occurring within the limits of observation,—her mysteries present an inviting field for laborious research, speculation, and bold experiment.

The mystery which hangs over this untrodden territory seems to awaken curiosity, and fan into a flame the zeal of those indomitable spirits who are striving, each in his proper sphere, to extend the domains of science and "bring to light the hidden things of darkness." With cautious tread the Chemist seeks to enter the vast laboratory where Nature's agents are busy in decomposing and re-organizing animate and inanimate matter, giving form to each perishable atom, and breathing into the inactive mass that vitality which shall prepare them for the several stages of progress and decay. He gazes in silent wonder and admiration at the exhibitions of that power which confers, with such ease and rapidity, upon all its fair creations their separate properties and combinations. The hand of Nature has given to the diamond its brilliancy, moulded the crystal in its unequaled form, and, unaided by the alembic of the Alchymist, she is daily changing into pure gold the base alloy of her impenetrable mines. Deep in the gloomy cavern she hides the dashing torrent and unhewn pillar, yet, thither will the geologist turn his footsteps in search of some faint memorial rescued from the oblivion of an antediluvian age. His is not a fruitless search, for there, imbedded in the primeval rock, are hidden images of those forms long since passed away and forgotten.

Nature has consigned to the coral caves of ocean a numberless store of her choicest treasures. There, in rich profusion, are scattered pearls and shells of rainbow hue and unequaled form, and the

"Sea-girt halls where the Mermaid spreads her couch."

From those unmeasured depths comes up a confused murmur, which is caught by the listening ear, and interpreted in the beautiful and impulsive language of Nature. There, too, the raging whirlpool, styled not inaptly "*the hell of waters*," where they "howl and hiss, and boil in endless torture," yawns ready to swallow the presumptuous wretch who dares venture within its whirling bounds. Well may the terror-stricken mariner turn pale and tremble, in view of that maddened Maelstroom, in whose seething vortex his frail bark would find a "long, last resting place." Guided safely o'er "old ocean's wild domain" by his compass and chart, he vainly asks, "why turns the needle to the pole." Nor will Nature reveal to him the cause of that endless flow, wave after wave, in quick succession, across the "wide waste of waters." From the ocean's surface rise innumerable mists, which ascend to the summit of lofty mountains and form their cloudy canopy. What unseen hand congeals the ice-bound glaciers upon those lofty mountains, "where the eagle spreads not his pinions, and the startled chamois fears to climb?" Whose the strength to hurl the mighty avalanche from Alpine heights, of weight sufficient to crush the inhabitants of the lowly vale beneath? We ask, and the echo dies away unanswered. We know not where the storm-spirit makes his dwelling, or when he will ride forth on his whirlwind car, rolling his loud thunders, and flashing his lightnings athwart the sky, shutting out the sunlight from the horizon, or wrapping the desolate earth in the snowy mantle his chilled fingers have woven.

Upon many an altar hath Nature kindled up those volcanic fires which are to burn unquenched, unquenchable, through the lapse of revolving ages. Their mingled smoke and flame rises upward like a cloud, to find a resting place high in air, while the burning lava winds its desolating folds around the habitations of men, and sends forth its destruction over the green-carpeted earth. We gaze and shudder, for who knoweth the might of the volcano. The earthquake causes terror and dismay. Man fears to question a power which "shakes the foundation of the everlasting hills," destroys the city of his habitation, and throws its dismal funereal dirge over the affrighted sea. In the obscure paths of the forest Nature walks unseen, spreading a leafy canopy over the majestic oak, giving each fibrous root its appropriate nourishment, and distilling from the morning dew a pleasant scent for each simple flower that springs up in her pathway. At her calling the refreshing shower and genial sunshine descend, which contribute to expand the leaf-bud on its slender stalk.

"The store of rainbow color which the seeds conceal
Sheds out its tints from its dim treasury
To flash and circle in the flower."

When the rosy light of morn gleams faintly in the East, unaided and unseen, Nature throws wide the gates of day and bids the flaming chariot of the sun roll its appointed round, and when "eve is purpling cliff and cave" she draws the curtain of night around the weary earth. With azure and vermillion she colors the fleecy clouds, and traces the brilliant hues of the rainbow where dwells the spirit of the beautiful, unapproached by mortal passion or mortal care. Nature alone stands on the brow of the awful precipice, heedless of the warring elements; measuring the roaring torrent in the hollow of her hand; saying to the mighty deep, "hitherto shalt thou come, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," and "weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance." When we turn our eyes upward to examine the fields of ether, who shall number for us the stars, guess the date of their existence, or teach us their choral symphonies? Will the astronomer stay the meteor in its flight, or can he summon, with powerful voice, those brilliant corruscations of light which so often tinge with roseate hue a Northern sky?

But Nature has mysteries still more deep and unsearchable. They are united with the nature and destiny of man. In the words of another it may be said, "Mystery and marvel bind that lofty thing, the human soul." Who hath measured the depth of the human heart, or unfolded the mysteries of that "more startling thing," the human soul? Nature's GOD has enshrined it in a temple of unrivalled symmetry and beauty, given it ability for suffering and enjoying, and will hereafter unveil to its astonished vision mysteries that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world.

January, 1860. S. F. HADDOCK.

DAY-DREAMING.—Like the dreamer who is getting great sums of money in his sleep, and who, when he awakes, opens his till or his pocket-book, almost expecting to find it full; so the day-dreamer, the projector awaking up at the close of life, can hardly believe that after his distinct and glorious visions, he is leaving the world no wiser, mankind no richer, and his own home no happier, for all the golden prospects which have flitted through his busy brain. What a blessed world it were, how happy, and how rich, if all the idlers were working, if all the workers were awake, and if all the projectors were practical men!

OUR sweet illusions are half of them conscious illusions, like effects of color that we know to be made up of tinsel, broken glass and rags.

HOME OF THE LATE WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE last issue of the RURAL contained a portrait of WASHINGTON IRVING, and we now present a view of the beautiful spot which his graceful character and cheerful mien so much adorned. Upon the return of IRVING from Europe he established a *home*, and the name he gave it—Sunnyside—was emblematic of the hours he passed therein. IRVING never married,—an early grave chronicled the only sad episode in his life,—but here he lived in the devoted attachment of his younger relatives, a large circle, who surrounded him with every token of affection. Quite a number resided with him; others flitted to and fro as inclination prompted, for the doors of the "Cottage," as it was familiarly termed, were ever generously opened. "Sunnyside" has a peculiar and interesting history, and we extract from "Stories and Pictures of the Hudson," as published in the *Knickerbocker*, which was so often enriched by his glowing thoughts, the following:

"At Irvington, and along the whole reach of the two miles thence to Tarrytown, the villa homes are close as autumn leaves, and every succeeding season they grow in numbers and in beauty. Our gallery would soon run over, were we to attempt the picture of all the worthy architectural attractions here: the examples already chosen must therefore suffice to tell the long tale, excepting that portion of it which concerns the little cottage at 'Sunnyside,' revered as the home of WASHINGTON IRVING. No other house on the river, or in all the land, will serve as a prototype to this most unique and most remarkable edifice. Pleaty are there, all about, of more spacious and more magnificent abodes, but not one of such graceful beauty, of such picturesque aspect, of such similitude to our romantic dreams of the home of love and poesy. And yet it is but a little box, with little rooms, surrounded by little lawns and lanes—all shrinking from public gaze in the modest shades of woods and shrubbery and vines. 'It is an old-fashioned, stone mansion,' says the venerable occupant himself, 'all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked-hat. Years and years,' he says, speaking of its aspect in other days, 'passed over the time-honored little mansion. The honeysuckle and the sweet-brier crept up its wall; the wren and the phœbe-bird built under the eaves; it gradually became almost hidden among the trees through which it looked forth, as with half shut eyes, upon the Tappan Sea. The crow-stepped gables were of the primitive architecture of the province. The weather-cocks which surmounted them had crowed in the glorious days of the New-Netherlands. The one over the porch had actually glittered of yore on the great Vander Heyden Palace at Albany.'

This is as truthful a picture of the quaint old homestead at this moment as it ever was. For a minute history we commend the reader to Mr. IRVING'S researches into the records of 'Wolfert's Roost,' in the volume published under that title. Here he will read how in years long gone by, the edifice received its original name from its ancient owner, WOLFERT ACKER, who inscribed over its portals his favorite motto of 'Lust in Rust,' or pleasure in quiet; hence it became known as Wolfert's Rest, says the historian, and 'by the uneducated who did not understand Dutch, Wolfert's Roost.' This was at the period of the Dutch ascendancy in the New-Netherlands, when PETER STUYVESANT ruled the land with his iron sceptre and his wooden leg.

During the Revolution, the Roost was the home of JACOB VAN TASSEL, a valiant patriot, who converted his hearth into a private military post. It was in the heart of the neutral ground heretofore mentioned as the Africa into which both armies of the time carried their devastating war, and of course it suffered no little damage thereby. In point of fact, it degenerated into the ruinous abode of bats and owls only. At this second epoch in its history it was called the 'Van Tassel House.' Mr. IRVING'S residence in the eventful mansion began about the year 1835, when it received its present agreeable and characteristic baptismal of 'Sunnyside.' The cottage stands close to the river, some half-mile above the railway-station at Irvington, and may be seen in peeps, *en passant*, but only by eyes well informed as to its precise geography."

YOUNG RURALIST.

BOYS IN WINTER EVENINGS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Allow a YOUNG RURALIST to advise others of the same class to endeavor to profitably spend their winter evenings. This can be done by reading the RURAL and other Agricultural papers, and thinking of the subjects therein treated; by reading of books on practical subjects and *thinking* and talking of the matters of which they treat. The mind thus becomes stored with useful information. This is well, and the greater part of the winter evenings may be thus well employed. But, young men love the society of their young friends, and this they should have. There is no necessity that when young men meet they should talk nonsense or spend their time in folly—that all winter gatherings of the young should be to dance and "*spree*" and spend their money and strength in vain, or in doing and receiving evil. Far from it.

Allow me then, Messrs. Editors, to suggest the formation in every neighborhood of Literary Clubs, where the young can meet to discuss questions of interest, thus not only bringing out facts, but pitting mind against mind in peaceful conflict, for thus will the intellect become sharpened, and every one will see the advantage of knowledge, and the ability to state the facts with which we are acquainted, with clearness and force. Those who have not yet acquired this power will strive for its acquisition, unwilling to be mastered in an intellectual conflict by those whom they have not considered their superiors. Habits are in this way formed that will continue through life. Our young men will thus become prepared for public or private usefulness, and always have cause to bless the day that they first united with a literary club.

The young ladies, too, might unite with such associations, having a certain part of time allotted to reading essays from those appointed at a previous meeting to prepare them. Having derived much benefit from these associations, I am anxious that others should enjoy them.

Niagara Co., N. Y., 1860. RICHARD SWIFT.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

To all our young readers we say, spare the birds. Their usefulness, if not their beauty and innocence, should not appeal in vain for mercy. Our plums and apples and cherries, and almost all other fruits, are suffering more and more from insects; and thousands of trees are annually destroyed by them. The evil is increasing, and whoever now undertakes to grow fruit must wage a long and persevering war against scores of destructive depredators, on both trees and fruit. Why is this evil on the increase? Because our forests, which afforded a safe shelter for the birds, are falling before the woodman's axe, and because foolish men and boys take delight in killing these useful helpers of man.

Look at the Woodpecker, and there is no more industrious and ingenious searcher after injurious insects, pursuing his useful vocation; and yet slowly and stealthily the foolish man with murderous intent approaches, and in a few moments he will lie bleeding upon the ground, while the insect depredators will live and increase, and destroy our luscious fruits, and kill our valuable trees. Again, we say, spare the birds, and do not grudge them the little fruit which they take merely as a dessert to their more hearty meal of bugs and beetles.

GRASSHOPPERS.—I would like to inquire through the RURAL or some of its readers about grasshoppers. Whether they hatch from an egg deposited in the ground, or whether they are brought into existence through or by some other insect; and if so, what is the average age? It is argued by some farmers that their wings become affected at a certain age, and after that they can do no harm to growing crops. What I want to know is, if any person has any positive knowledge.—R. G. H., *Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

HOARD THE MINUTES.—Try what you can make of the broken fragments of time. Glean up its golden dust—those raspings and parings of precious duration, those leavings of days and remnants of hours which so many sweep out into the waste of existence. Perhaps, if you be a miser of moments, if you be frugal and hoard up odd minutes and half hours and unexpected holidays, your careful gleanings may eke out a long and useful life, and you may die at last, richer in existence than multitudes whose time is all their own.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Tea Plant in the United States, [Illustrated,]....13
Fawkes' Steam Plow "Lancaster," [Illustrated,]....13
Saving Fodder by Using Grain,....13
Foot-Rot in Sheep,....13
Rennet—Keeping Cheese in Winter,....14
How to Build an Ice-House,....14
Raising Turkeys,....14
Beans for Sheep and Cows,....14
Inquiries and Answers.—Spreading Manure; Plan for a Pig-Pen; Stone Coal Ashes; Remedy for the Heaves; Guano and Bone Dust; Heating Milk; Salt on Quack Grass; Bone Tumors,....14
Rural Spirit of the Press.—Fattening Hogs; Corns on Horses; The Potato Disease; Managing and Feeding Working Oxen,....14
Agricultural Societies.—Oswego Co.; Cayuga Co.; Otsego Co.; Ridgeway and Shelby Union,....14
Agricultural Miscellany.—Not Preference, but Equality; Gov. Morgan on Agriculture; United States Ag. Society; The Young Farmer's Manual; Death of Judge Van Bergen; A Grain Measuring Invention; Picking Geese by Machinery; Kentucky Grain Crop; A Novel Plowing Match,....14

HORTICULTURAL.

A Slander,....15
Dana's Hovey Pear, [Illustrated,]....15
A New Horticultural Society,....15
The Delaware Grape,....15
Catalogues,....15
Fruit-Grower's Society of Western New York—Annual Meeting,....15

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A Superior Dessert; Potato Pudding; Boiled Cracker Pudding; Potato Crust; Snow Cake; Cookies; Frumenty; Currant Shrub; Steaming Food; Best Method of Making Apple Dumplings; Preserving Eggs for Winter; Use of Saleratus, Butter, Lard, &c.,....15

LADIES' OLIO.

The Crusader's Wife [Poetical.] Mistaken Kindness; Young Ladies, Read; Pleasant Words,....16

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Wordly Friends [Poetical.] Man, the Architect of his own Fortune; Growing Old; Happiness Evenly Distributed; Hobby Riding,....16

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Nature [Poetical.] Sowing and Reaping, &c.,....16

EDUCATIONAL.

"The Parent-Side in the Work of Education; The Education Most Needed; Music in Schools; Normal Schools in Pennsylvania,....16

USEFUL OLIO.

The Mysteries of Nature; Sunny Side [Illustrated.] Day-Dreaming,....17

YOUNG RURALIST.

Boys in Winter Evenings; Spare the Birds; The Woodpecker [Illustrated.] Grasshoppers; Hoard the Minutes,17

STORY TELLER.

The Old Canoe [Poetical.] Lydia Mathewson's Journal...20

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spalding's Prepared Glue—Henry C. Spalding & Co.
The New York Tribune—Horace Greeley & Co.
Frolic Master for Every Household—Dick & Fitzgerald.
Corn Sheller—McKindley & Phelps.
The Laws of Life—M. W. Simmons.
Flower Seeds for the Million—J. M. Thorburn & Co.
Water Pipe—Wyckoff's Patent Boring Machine—Wyckoff, Hobbie & Co.
Seeds at Wholesale—J. M. Thorburn & Co.
Glass Honey Boxes—M. Quinby.
Thorburn's Descriptive Catalogue of Seeds—J. M. Thorburn & Co.
Conjuring—M. M. Sanborn.
Hubbard Squash Seeds—H. N. Langworthy.
Corn Shellers—J. Rapalje.
Early Kent Peas—J. Rapalje.
Wanted—G. T. Hollingsworth & Bro.
Pear Seed—A. Frost & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 14, 1860.

THANKS most sincere to the generous People who are aiding the circulation of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and to appreciative conductors of the Press for their kind commendation of it to community. To these classes we are largely indebted for the remarkable success of the paper—a success which enables us to announce that we have received far more subscriptions from *all sections* of the Union, Canada, &c., during the past month, than in any corresponding period since it was established.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE delegate from Utah will, after the organization of the House, present the application of that Territory for admission to the Union. They adopted a Constitution several years ago. He represents that Utah has a population of 100,000, and that if the Mormons were allowed to elect their officers, they would be almost as well satisfied with a Territorial as a State organization, and probably would be willing to pay the expenses of their Government besides.

It is said that a sharp correspondence has passed between the Consul of the new Almaden Mining Company, of California, and the Attorney General, Secretary of State, and the President, in respect to the instructions issued to the Consul in Mexico, not to take testimony there as a Notary, as is authorized by act of Congress. The Consul claims that the instruction is equivalent to the suspension or abrogation of the law and without precedent; an invasion of the rights of citizens, injurious in its effect and of dangerous import.

There are rumors here of a military organization for Mexico in aid of the Liberalists. There is no doubt that the organization of volunteers attempted last fall, under the influence of General Vidaurcy, and then suspended, has been revived. The leaders have consulted the Administration on the subject, but with what result is not known. Some of them go to Vera Cruz to make terms with Juarez.

Col. SEAWELL, of the Department of Texas, has ordered the following troops to Brownsville:—Companies C. and F., 2d Cavalry; Co. K., 1st Artillery; Co.'s A. and F., 1st Infantry; Co.'s C., D. and F., 8th Infantry, and a detachment of Capt. Stoneham's Co. now at Camp Hudson. The whole under the command of Major Heintzelman. Co. K., 2d Cavalry, is to proceed to the head of the Neuces river; Co. H., 2d Cavalry, now en route to Fort Clark, is to proceed to and establish a camp at Eagle Pass.

Information has been received from Madrid, by which it appears that our Minister to that Court is encouraged to believe that our claims against Spain are now in a position for adjustment. The official correspondence seems to justify this conclusion.

Present members of Congress are privately discussing the propriety and justness of amending the existing laws, which authorize the President to repel Indian incursions and foreign invasion, and to suppress armed expeditions organized in this country. Legislation on this subject has been suggested by the recent Harper's Ferry raid, and a bill for this purpose will probably be introduced at an early day.

Official information has been received that England has concluded a treaty with Honduras, by which the Bay Islands are ceded to that Republic.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—There is but little doing, save the presentation of petitions, introduction of bills, &c. Among the more important bills that have been introduced, we notice one to abolish the franking privilege. The Senators are having a quiet talk among themselves, the President's Message and Slavery forming the subjects for discussion.

HOUSE.—The wheels of Government have still got the brakes on—there being no movement except when a vote for Speaker is taken. On the 7th inst., the last ballot was had, and the result is about as heretofore. We give the figures:—Whole number of votes, 211; necessary to a choice, 106. Sherman, 103; Hamilton, 84; Gilmer, 14; Scattering, 3.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—But little has yet been done except election of officers, and fixing the hours for daily sessions—11 o'clock A. M. On Tuesday, 3d inst., Mr. James Terwilliger of Syracuse, was elected Clerk, James C. Clark of Warsaw, Sergeant-at-Arms, George A. Knapp of Dutchess, Peter Kilmer of Schoharie, France, of Ulster, and C. C. Walters of Monroe, Doorkeepers, Joseph Garlinghouse, Janitor, and Nathaniel Goodwin, Keeper of the Chamber.

ASSEMBLY.—In the Assembly Mr. Littlejohn was re-elected Speaker, and Mr. Richardson, Clerk, the latter without competition. E. A. Williams of Onondaga was elected Sergeant-at-Arms, Joseph Hall of Erie, Bradford Davis, and C. L. Curtis, Doorkeepers. The Governor's Message was received, read and referred to the Committee on the Whole. The following is a brief abstract of this document:

The canal question is treated at great length. The funded debt of the State now amounts to $33,313,338 85. The receipts for tolls were $1,859,879 63. The payments were $897,878 96. Nothing, however, will so effectually increase the revenues of the canals as their entire and speedy completion, for which it is estimated there is needed the sum of $1,280,540 37 exclusive of land damages, which are also estimated at $700,000 00, making the total sum necessary, $1,980,540 37. The canals are to remain the property of the State. Their sale, inexpedient at any time, even if permitted by the Constitution, would be doubly so at a period when by unwise legislation and uncontrolled competition their revenues have been reduced to the lowest point, and when their completion, now so soon to be realized, will enable us to reap the fruits of the sacrifices and expenditures hitherto made. The system of economy and retrenchment, which was vigorously entered upon by the Legislature of 1859, should be continued, and the expenses of every branch of the Government reduced to the lowest point consistent with efficiency.

The number of convicts in the prisons of the State is 2,486. Expenses of the prisons last year $279,333 68. The Governor recommends certain alterations in the mode of criminal practice in the State. He alludes to the pardoning power of the Executive, and reports the number of pardons he has granted.

The reports of the Banking Department, Common Schools, State Militia, State Lunatic Asylum, and other Charitable Institutions, the New York Central Park, and the defenses of New York, are successively discussed.

Upon Federal politics the Governor remarks: "New York yields to none of her sister States in her devotion to the Union. She reveres it as the fruit of a long protracted contest for liberty and independence, and she cherishes it for its present benefits, and its guarantees for the future. Her citizens discovered at a very early period that slavery was an evil, and prompt and considerate provision was made for its extinction. So far as our example was worthy of imitation the other members of the Confederacy had the advantage of it; but we never claimed that we had the right to interfere, directly or indirectly, with slavery as it existed in the other States of the Union. We are satisfied with the solemn and earnest declaration recorded upon our statute book that we regarded slavery as a government and social evil, and treated it accordingly. New York still maintains the same position. She emphatically disavows all sympathy or co-operation with those misguided men who, no matter under what provocation, have sought in the past, or who may seek in the future, unlawfully to interfere with the institutions of any of her sister States."

Political Intelligence.

THE Maine Legislature was organized at Portland on the 4th inst. Thos H. Marshall, of Belfast, was chosen President and Jas. M. Lincoln, Secretary of the Senate, and Frederick A. Pike, of Calais, Speaker, and Chas. A. Miller, of Rockland, Clerk of the House.

THE Massachusetts Legislature convened on the 4th inst. In the Senate Chas. A. Phelps was re elected President, receiving 32 out of 36 votes.—In the House John A. Goodman, of Lowell, was chosen Speaker, receiving 179 votes, against 51 for other parties. The Message of Gov. Banks was delivered. It mainly relates to the affairs of the Commonwealth. The Governor devotes some space to the present position of the National question, in which he says the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was the most stupendous public wrong ever committed in this country. The people of Massachusetts, under all circumstances, are inflexibly opposed to, and will resist, by every constitutional right, the extension of Slavery, the re-opening of the slave trade, the consolidation of despotic power in the Federal Government, or restrictions on freedom of speech, the press, or opinion; she will support the Constitution and the Union, not because they are respected elsewhere, but because she knows their cost and appreciates their value. He also says:—In my judgment dissolution is one of the evils not within the scope, if it be within the purposes of human power.

THE Ohio Legislature organized on the 2d inst. R. C. Parsons was elected Speaker by 14 majority. Gov. Chase's Message was read. It was confined mainly to State affairs, but at the close recommends the re-enactment of the acts repealed by the last General Assembly, prohibiting slaveholding and kidnapping in Ohio, securing more effectually the benefits of the *habeas corpus*. Referring to letters addressed to him by the Governor of Virginia, he condemns all inroads into other States and attempts to excite servile insurrection within their borders, but the whole blame should not fall on the free State of Ohio, which had frequently been entered for the purpose of kidnapping, and the Fugitive Slave law executed under circumstances of great aggravation. Her citizens, traveling in Slave States, have, on mere suspicion of obnoxious sentiments, been subjected to espionage, indignity, arrest and imprisonment. Still the people of Ohio hold fast to the Union—neither will she dissolve it herself or consent to a dissolution by others.

THE New Hampshire Republican State Convention, held at Concord on the 3d, was presided over by Frederick Smith, of Manchester. Ichabod Goodwin, the present Governor, was nominated for re-election by acclamation. J. C. Filton was nominated for Railroad Commissioner. A resolution was adopted, instructing the State Committee to call a Convention sometime after the March election, for the choice of delegates to Chicago.

THE Rhode Island Republican State Convention met in Providence on the 4th inst., to nominate candidates for State officers and to elect delegates to the Chicago Convention. Hon. Thomas Davis was elected President. Seth Paddleford, of Providence, was nominated for Governor over Thomas A. Turner, the present Governor, and Stephen N. Mason, of Smithfield, was nominated Lieut. Governor over Isaac Saunders, the present incumbent. John R. Bartlett was re-nominated for Secretary of State, and Samuel G. Parker for General Treasurer. Thomas A. King was nominated for Attorney General in place of Jerome B. Kimball, who declined a re-nomination. The Convention was large, every town being represented.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature convened on the 3d inst. Wm. Francis, of Venango, was elected Speaker of the Senate, and Russell Errett, of the Pittsburg Gazette, chief Clerk. Gov. Packer's Message refers to the Harper's Ferry difficulty, and says that it is gratifying to Pennsylvanians to believe that the citizens of the commonwealth did not in any manner participate in that unlawful proceeding, and to know that some of the guilty parties were arrested within its jurisdiction and were promptly surrendered. He adds, while entertaining no doubt that our Republican institutions, which have been carried forward to their present exalted condition in the eyes of the world, will continue to the last generation, it is the part of wisdom and patriotism to be watchful and vigilant to guard the treasure so priceless. Let moderate counsels prevail. Let a spirit of harmony, good will, and National fraternal sentiment be cultivated among the people everywhere and the disturbing elements which temporarily threaten the Union, will assuredly pass away. Pennsylvania's central position, with 3,000,000 of freemen, enables her to say with emphasis to the plotters of treason on either hand, that neither shall be permitted to succeed, that it shall not be in the power of either to disturb the perpetuity of a Union cemented and sanctified by the blood of our patriotic fathers.

THE Democrats of Illinois met in Convention at Springfield on the 4th inst. Hon. John Moore was chosen President. Resolutions were adopted re-affirming the Cincinnati platform, utterly repudiating such new tests as the revival of the Slave trade or a Congressional Slave code for the Territories; denying that Slavery derives its validity from the Constitution of the United States; declaring that the position of the Illinois Democracy to be that of Mr. Buchanan, in his letters of acceptance; denying the interpretation which the Republicans give to the Dred Scott decision, that it denies the right of the people of a Territory to regulate the Slavery question to suit themselves; deprecating the John Brown foray; instructing delegates to vote for the re-adoption of the Cincinnati platform, and declaring their determination to abide by the decision of the Charleston Convention. The Convention instructed their delegates to use all honorable means for the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas for the Presidency.

News Paragraphs.

OF the whole population of New York, which in 1855 numbered 629,816 souls, at least one-half reside in the new part of the city, above 14th street, which in 1831 contained but 11,901 inhabitants.

THE Senate of Mississippi has passed a bill to exclude from circulation in that State the bank issues of other States of all denominations under twenty dollars.

THE *Courier des Etats Unis*, a French paper in New York, on the morning after the reception of the President's Message, gave a translation into French of the entire document, which occupied some fifteen columns.

THE Managers of the New York Institute for the blind have completed the purchase of a fine tract of 35 acres on the bank of the Hudson River (at Washington Heights) adjoining the Deaf and Dumb Institution, whither they will remove the Institute.

AT a fire recently in St. Paul, Minnesota, the owners of goods had to fight in earnest to prevent their goods from being carried off by robbers. One poor jeweler had all his stock of watches forcibly carried off.

GEORGE WOODHOUSE, a free colored man, died at Norfolk, Va., on Saturday morning, aged one hundred and twenty years. He was born in Princess Anne county, Virginia, in 1739, and had reached the average age of man when the revolutionary war broke out.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The London *Times*, on the execution of Brown, ridicules Northern sympathy when too late, and predicts the matter will tend to strengthen the South.

A hastily summoned Cabinet Council was held on the 15th. Another Council was held on the 16th.

The gold saved from the Royal Charter amounts to £275,000 sterling.

The weather throughout England has been very severe, and in some places the thermometer is reported to have fallen within 3° or 4° of zero.

Canal navigation was effectually suspended by ice, and Railroad traffic more or less affected by snow which had fallen, but at the departure of steamer a thaw had set in.

A small tin canister was picked up at the mouth of the Mersey with the announcement inside that the screw steamer Great Britain had foundered off the Western Island. It was supposed to be a villainous hoax, as the Great Britain only left Liverpool on the 11th for Melbourne, and the canister was picked up five days thereafter.

Hon. H. Fitzroy, first commander of the public works was dead.

FRANCE.—Report says that the Congress will meet about the 20th or 22d of January.

Count Cavour was to represent Sardinia, with M. Desamdrois as second plenipotentiary.

It was stated that the belligerent powers only would be represented by their Ministers of Foreign Affairs, the remaining powers to send plenipotentiaries.

The Paris Patrie mentions, as a rumor, that Gortschakoff will decline to attend the Congress unless England is represented by some important member of the Cabinet.

The Paris *Pays* publishes the following as the definite official Plenipotentiaries: Austria—Count Rechberg and Prince De Metternich. Great Britain—Lord Cowley and Woodehouse. Prussia Baron Schlenitz and Count Pourtates. Russia—Prince Gortschakoff and Count Kissleoff. France—Count Walewski and Prince Laton De Amogne. Spain—Martines De La Rosaes and M. Mow. Portugal—Count Lavaradia and Viscount De Palva.

The Federal Council at Switzerland intends to ask the Congress that the neutrality of Savoy may be guaranteed by the Italian confederation, as it already is by Piedmont in virtue of the treaty of 1816.

The *Presse* contains an article to the effect that England and Sardinia must have demanded and obtained serious guarantees before sending answers to the invitation of France, and also that a Congress would have been impossible if the principle of non-intervention had not been accepted by all the powers.

Prince Jerome Napoleon is alarmingly ill. Latest advices report his case as very serious.

The *Times* correspondent at Aden says the port of Abool, in the Red Sea, has been ceded to France, and a French vessel of war is shortly expected there to take possession.

A Swiss paper says Napoleon refused permission to McMahon to accept the sword being got up for him in Ireland.

The weather in France corresponds with that in England. The temperature had not been so cold for 19 years. The Seine at Paris was full of ice, and railroad traffic was impeded by snow.

SPAIN.—The Spanish expedition for Morocco was reinforced on the 14th by 4,000 infantry and 6,000 cavalry.

A Madrid telegram says, yesterday 15,000 Moors attacked the left redoubt, but Gen. Enos De Olavo surrounded them with his right wing, and drove them back at the point of the bayonet. Our artillery inflicted great loss upon them as they invariably do, and displayed great valor. The enemy lost 1,500 men.

AUSTRIA.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* gives information that the Emperor of Austria contemplates abdication, and says the Arch Duchess was at the head of the scheme.

A letter from Pesth, the 12th, says the die is cast. The government is resolved so adopt the vigorous policy toward Hungary. One hundred and eighty Protestant noblemen and gentlemen have been imprisoned for taking part in the assemblies which protested against the Imperial patent of December. The Austrian army in Hungary will soon be near 50,000 strong.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, writing the 14th, says the danger of a conflict between the Imperial authorities and the Hungarian Protestants daily increases.

ITALY.—Letters from Naples state that during the fight between the 12th and 13th of December, numerous arrests were made, including several eminent persons. The persons arrested were accused of clandestinely printing journals, and having supported a subscription on behalf of Garibaldi, several documents concerning which were seized.

The Sardinian Consul was arrested, but speedily released.

RUSSIA.—A telegram from St. Petersburg of the 18th says, that Mahomed, the principal Chief of the Mountaineers of the right wing of Caucasus, has submitted, the consequence of which is the submission of the whole people of that country.

The St. Petersburg *Journal* published news from Caucasus, announcing that the people of Abedehle, numbering 100,000, with their Chiefs, had directed their submission, and that other tribes were preparing to submit.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—James Heuritt & Co.'s circular per Canada, says breadstuffs there have been steady. The country markets are firm. On the Continent, at the latest dates, prices have been firm, with an advancing tendency. We quote wheat ℔ bushel of 70 lbs.: western red 6s5d@7s; western white 7s@7s4d. Flour—Western Canal superfine 23s@24s6d; New York and Ohio 24s@26s; St. Louis 25s@28s. Indian Corn, mixed and yellow, 30@31s; white 34s@35s ℔ quarter. *Provisions.*—Land.—The latest news from the United States has rather strengthened the confidence of holders, but nothing has been done to test prices, the business being confined to a few retail parcels. Refined qualities held at 56@57, and choice at 58s@59s.

A RACE from London to Hong Kong in China has been undertaken between two clipper ships—the Sea Serpent of New York, and the Fiery Cross of London. Both started at the same hour.

The News Condenser.

— Toledo, Ohio, claims a population of 17,000.

— The total value of the Kentucky tobacco crop this year is $2,954,670.

— Every liquor establishment in Greencastle, Indiana, has been demolished.

— The Bastrop (Texas) Advertiser is rejoicing over the luxury of a sleigh ride.

— Last Saturday a man's nose was bitten off in Cincinnati by a vicious horse.

— Twenty-six persons aged one hundred and over, died in the United States in 1559.

— A Monument is to be erected at Cooperstown to the memory of Cooper, the Novelist.

— Mules are in great demand in Kentucky, and are fast superseding horses in farm work.

— The Georgia Legislature has passed a law prohibiting the manumission of slaves by will.

— The cheapest gas in the United States is sold in Pittsburg at $1,50 per thousand feet.

— The largest Orthodox church in New Hampshire is in Nashua, numbering 461 members.

— There is a demand for good cider in New York, says the News, at from $5 to $6 per barrel.

— The Philadelphia census shows a population of 680,000; an increase of 271,238 since 1850.

— On the 17th ult., 60,000 drums and 1,400 cases of figs arrived in Boston, per ship from Smyrna.

— The losses by fire in Philadelphia last year was $238,965, on which there was $191,730 insurance.

— The number of steamboat accidents during the year 1859 was 21, persons killed 242, wounded 146.

— Nine ships are now on the stocks at Quebec—the tonnage 8,050; 580 men are employed on them.

— Hon. Isaac Black, President of the Board of Claims, died last week. He resided latterly in Indiana.

— Wisconsin is building a House of Refuge at Waukesha. It is to be ready for use by the 1st of June.

— In the year 1859 there were, in the city of New York, 15 murders, 44 homicides, and 77 suicides.

— Hon. Isaac Casey, recently deceased, was appointed Treasurer of the United States by President Pierce.

— Snow in the vicinity of Richland and thence through to Cape Vincent, is said to be over three feet deep.

— The new Canadian Capital is a cold place. The mercury went down to 38° below zero on the 29th ult.

— Two salmon, weighing nearly 20 pounds each, were caught in the river near Bangor, Me., a few days since.

— Two hunters caught 41 mink about two weeks since, in the vicinity of McLeod Lake, Minnesota, in three days.

— The number of fires in the city of New York during 1859 at which life was lost was 51, and 112 lives were lost.

— The importation of silks for the port of New York alone was, last year, 1859, $33,683,648. All for the ladies.

— Some of the Southern papers are in favor of exchanging the six New England States for the Island of Cuba.

— A bill has unanimously passed the Missouri State Senate, appropriating $2,500 for a monument to Colonel Benton.

— The French are again urging the Suez Canal project, despite the opposition of the Porte and the ridicule of the English.

— In 1858, Paris consumed 62,000,000 pounds of meats of all kinds, while New York consumed 150,000,000 pounds beef alone.

— The students of Western College in College Township, Linn Co., Iowa, raised about 4,000 bushels of corn the past year.

— The number of railroad accidents in the United States in 1859, by which life was lost, was 79; killed 129, wounded 411.

— A gale occurred at Halifax, N. S., on the 21st ult., which caused the loss of thirty-one lives at the entrance of the Harbor.

— A North Carolina lady, who liberated upward of 20 slaves a few years ago, is now in the poor house of Warren Co., Ohio.

— Four steamers left New York for Liverpool on Saturday week, taking an aggregate of 284 passengers, and $330,000 in specie.

— The number of slaves in St. Louis, by a census just taken, is 3,616, valued at $1,038, 920 They have fallen off 500 in seven years.

— The Alta Californian states that a salt water lake, or inland sea, has lately been discovered on the coast of Lower California.

— The Chinese are ahead of the Yankees in numbering instead of naming streets. Mr. Ward was lodged in Pekin in Thirteenth street.

— The fires in the country in 1859, where the losses have been over $20,000, have been 208. The losses amount to $16,058,000.

— The London papers state that the annual demand for penny postage stamps in Great Britain is little short of five hundred millions.

— The long-rumored fact that the Empress Eugenie has determined to abolish crinoline, has been announced in a quasi official manner.

— A new kind of cotton is being grown in South Carolina. The fibre is nearly two inches in length, and is as fine and glossy as floss silk.

— The total number of emigrants arriving at the port of New York, during the past year is stated at 79,070, against 77,460 during 1858.

— Since the opening of the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, upwards of 13,000 bbls. flour have arrived, via Grand Trunk Railroad, at Portland.

— The number of steamboat arrivals at St. Paul during the season of navigation recently closed, was 808, being 260 less than the previous year.

— Albert B. Auer, foreman in the press-room of the Leader office at Chicago, has fallen heir to $80,000 by the death of a relative in Germany.

— The New York Tribune estimates the number of people in that city who are, from various causes, idle for at least half the year, at 100,000.

— The Cleveland papers state that two hundred convicts are now sick in the Ohio Penitentiary, with what is denominated corn-bread diarrhœa.

— The weather was very cold in Texas about two weeks since. Sheep and cattle upon the prairies, and fowls upon their roosts, were frozen to death.

— The last novelty in France is the fashion of ladies wearing a glass stuck in their eye. In the country they wear the same hats as the cavalier.

— In the schools of San Francisco are nine children who were born off Cape Horn. Between seven and eight hundred were born in Massachusetts.

— John Brown appeared to the Spiritualists at Cincinnati, a few evenings ago. He prophesied that the Union would hold together three years longer.

— The jewel box of an Egyptian Queen, which was found in one of the king's tombs in Egypt, has been taken to Paris, and excited considerable attention.

— The Geographical Society of Paris has prepared a prize of 6000f. to the traveler who shall go from Algeria to Bengal, or *vice versa*, passing by Timbuctoo.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Jan. 10, 1859.

THE weather, for a few days past, has been anything but favorable for out-door transactions—the sleighing is all gone, and farmers' teams are only occasionally seen in our streets.

FLOUR—Winter wheat Flour has put on 12@25 cents since the date of our last report. Spring Wheat manufacture, and Buckwheat, are at last quotations.

GRAIN—Our figures for Genesee Wheat have been reduced somewhat—Canada as last quoted. Corn, old, is worth 70 cents; new, 60@70. Rye is a little better—70@71 cents marks the rate to-day. Oats have started up a little. We have raised the range for Beans from 75 to 80; but would say that nothing but the Kidney will reach the latter figure.

MEATS—Pork dull and drooping—$6@6,50. Chickens and Turkeys a cent per pound better.

HAY and Straw are falling off, the reduction being equal to $2,00@3 per tun.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	17@18c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,38	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,10@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,53@1,63	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12½
Corn, old	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	60@70c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	16@18c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	70@71c	Plums, dried	15@16c
Oats, by weight	33@36c	Potatoes	31@37½c
Barley	58@62½c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@45c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@80c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,00@6,50	Clover, bush	$,00@5,50
Beef, ℔ cwt	$3,00@5,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	3@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, tun	$12,00@20,00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Straw, tun	$8,00@9,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	37½@50c
Lard, tried	11@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—FLOUR.—Transactions moderate, and prices without change. Demand chiefly speculative. Sales $5,20@5,30 for super State; $5,40@5,50 for extra do; $5,00@5,30 for super Western; $5,40@5,50 for common to good extra do; $5,75@5,85 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Canadian in limited supply and firmly held; sales at $5,65@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and unchanged; holders generally exhibit no very pressing desire to realize. Milwaukee club in store held at 125c., with buyers at 124c.; sales white Southern at 144½c.; red do. at 130c. Rye firmly held; sales at 92c., and that price is refused for more. Barley unchanged; sales State at 76@78c. Corn quiet; sales at 85@86c. for new white and yellow; 93c. for old white Southern. Oats in better request at 45½@46½c. for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork more active and prices unchanged; sales at $16,37 for mess; $11,75 for prime; $17,00 for extra city prime mess. Dressed hogs dull at 6¾@6½c. for Western; 7@7½c. for city. Lard dull; sales at 10¼@10½c. Butter in fair request at 12@13c. for Ohio, 16@23c. for State. Cheese steady at 9@11½c.

BUFFALO, JAN. 9.—FLOUR. The market is still quiet, while quotations are unchanged. Transactions unimportant.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet, and market, with the exception of small milling lots, merely nominal. Corn a shade easier.—About 900 bushels changed hands Saturday afternoon, at 69c. Oats nominal, at 39c.

PROVISIONS—Pork nominal at $16. Lard nominal at 10¾@10½c. Dressed Hogs dull and tending downwards.

ALBANY, JAN. 8.—There is no new feature to notice in Flour; the demand is moderate and the market steady. In Grain nothing worthy of note has transpired.

TORONTO, JAN. 7.—FLOUR—We have still but comparatively little business on the Flour market, although there is perhaps more doing than at the date of our last. The offerings are more liberal, but the demand not more active yet we have no alteration to notice in rates, which are nominally as follows: Double extra, $5,85@5,80; extra, $5,25@5,50; fancy, $4,80@5; Superfine No. 1, $1,60@4,60; Do. No. 2, $4,20@4,30; Oatmeal, $4,50@5; Corn meal, $3,75@4,00.

GRAIN—An unusually steady market for Winter Wheat, without any change in prices. Receipts small. The rates paid during the week have not varied from those current during the past three weeks, and the market is animated and firm. For good to prime lots, $1,15@1,20 ℔ bushel and now and then for extra prime lots, $1,20@1,23 ℔ bushel.—The figure most frequently paid for shipping lots has been $1,20, and the average price for the week is fully $1,18 ℔ bu. For inferior and common samples, $1,08@1,12½ is the price paid. The quality of the Wheat has generally been pretty even and of a good description. Spring Wheat has been in the usual active request during the week, and at steady prices. There is a good demand for a good article here, and at various other points, at all of which good prices are being paid. The rates current here are from 95c to $1 for ordinary to good, and $1@1,04 for prime and extra prime samples.—Barley is in small supply, with a rather improved inquiry, resulting from purchases for spring seeding. Prices continue steady at 60c@65c per bushel. Rye is scarce and in steady distilling demand at 70@75c per bushel. Oats still come in very slowly, and an advance in rates has been established during the week. From 34c to 37c ℔ bushel has realized, but 35c and 36c are the current rates. The demand is mainly for local consumption.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 4.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt., $9,50@10,50; ordinary, $8,25@9,25; common, $6,50@7,50; inferior, $5@6.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5@6; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3@4; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@6¼c; all others 5 3-5@6c.

ALBANY, JAN. 7.—The market is somewhat favorable for drovers.

We make no alterations in our quotations, except on the better grades, which we advance a trifle.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5¾	5¼@5½
Extra	4½@5¼	4¾@5
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3¼@3½	3¼@3½
Third quality	2½@3	2½@3
Inferior	2¼	2 @2¼

One or two lots 5⅞c was offered, and 5¾c asked.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts comparatively light, and demand good. As compared with last week's prices, are fully 2s ℔ head better.

HOGS—Receipts light, and but little doing. One lot of "stock," averaging about 115 lbs., sold for 4⅝c. Fat are held at 5⅜@5¾c, and 5⅛@5⅜c offered.

DRESSED HOGS—The receipts during the past five days have been fair, averaging nearly 1,000 per day, and the weather being favorable, business has been pretty active, at something of a decline from last week's rates. Saturday morning the weather moderated considerably, and in anticipation of a thaw, packers came forward and nearly closed the market.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 4.—Whole number of Cattle at market 540—about 500 Beeves, and 40 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,50; first quality, $6,75; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $3,75; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen, none.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@67.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $15@21; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,600 at market; prices in lots, $2,00@2,50 each; extra, $3, 4, 5@7 each, or 1@6½c ℔ lb.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,50 each.

BEEF AND PORK IN NEW YORK.—The reports of the stocks of Beef and Pork in New York are, we presume, ahead of the calculations of the speculators. The Cincinnati papers, which represent the short-cut operators, were calculating upon a stock of pork in New York on the 1st inst., not exceeding 30,000 bbls.—whereas it is 41,121 bbls. The stock of beef is 80,818 bbls., larger by several thousand bbls. than last year, and ahead of several years, except that of 1856. We give the following figures:

		Beef.	Pork.
1856, Jan. 1	bbls.	84,588	32,678
1857, "		19,489	8,153
1858, "		39,144	10,558
1859, "		71,880	66,828
1860, "		80,818	41,121

The stock of pork in New York, Dec. 1, 1859, was 32,610 bbls., and of beef 62,637 bals.

Marriages.

ON December, 22d inst., by the Rev. Mr. BESSIE, Mr. JAS. WILEDEN to Mrs. SARAH A. BANTA, all of Oxford, Oakland Co., Mich.

AT Buffalo, on the 3d inst., by the Rev. A. D. WILBOR, Prof. W. R. COPPOCK to Miss KATE RAPELYEA, all of that place.

ON January 4th, 1859, by Rev. S. PARKER, Mr. DE WITT DILL, of Hume, N. Y., to Miss HULDAH L. COOLEY, of Pike, N. Y.

Deaths.

IN this city, on the morning of the 2d inst., in the peace and happiness of the Christian faith, A. MARIA STARR, aged 58 years.

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☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line, each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

☞ To secure insertion advertisements should reach us on Monday. ☞ We are obliged to defer several adv'ts intended for this number, for want of space.

PEAR SEED.—We have a fine lot of fresh Pear Seed, of the crop of 1859, for sale. A. FROST & CO., Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y. 522-3t

WANTED. 500 Green Salted Horse Hides, for which the Subscriber will pay $1,25 each, Cash, delivered at the Railroad Depot, Utica. Address G. T. HOLLINGWORTH & BRO., Utica, N. Y. 522-3t

EARLY KENT PEAS.—I have now on hand and offer to the trade, 200 Bushels PURE EARLY KENT PEAS; also 25 Bushels Champion of England Do., the Best Late Pea in this country. All orders promptly attended to, at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, by [522-tf] J. RAPALJE.

CORN SHELLERS!—CORN SHELLERS!!—Now on hand at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y., a full supply of Hand and Power Corn Shellers, capable of shelling from 100 to 1,000 bushels per day. Prices from $8 to $45. All warranted perfect, and to do their work well.

HUBBARD SQUASH SEEDS—For sale by the Subscriber for 1860, taken from the full-blooded Hubbard Squashes. Good Seed being scarce, price will be as heretofore, 25 Seeds for Twenty-Five Cents, in stamps or specie. H. N. LANGWORTHY, Rochester Post Office. 522-2t

CONJURING.—The whole art of Conjuring made easy, with full directions for performing 150 of the most Astounding and Wonderful Feats of Hocus Pocus, Sleight-of-Hand, Ventriloquism and Legerdemain. Profusely illustrated. Price 15 cents. Sent post paid by mail. Address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y. 522-2t

THORBURN'S DESCRIPTIVE ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF KITCHEN, GARDEN AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS, FOR 1860—Is now ready for mailing to applicants enclosing a Postage Stamp. It contains directions for cultivation, and other useful information for Amateur Cultivators. J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John-St., New York. 522-1t

GLASS HONEY-BOXES—By the dozen or hundred, sent by Railroad. *Circulars containing particulars sent free*, on application. Also, a *Practical* work on Bee Culture, that *all* can understand, sent free, for One Dollar. Address M. QUINBY, St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y. 522-3t

SEEDS AT WHOLESALE.—Our new TRADE CATALOGUE of *Garden, Field, Flower and Tree Seeds* for 1860, is now ready for mailing to all dealers enclosing a Postage Stamp. OUR STOCK OF SEEDS is the finest and most extensive ever offered in this country, and to parties requiring them in LARGE quantities, we offer unusual inducements. J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John-St., New York. 522-4t

WATER PIPE—WYCKOFF'S PATENT BORING MACHINE.—This machine will bore a perfectly round and smooth hole, of any required size, exactly through the centre, without of splitting, wrenching, or backing out for chips. It is simple in construction, durable, occupies little space, requires but little power, bores with great rapidity, gives large profits for a small investment. Applications for State and County and Shop Rights, should be addressed to the undersigned, WYCKOFF, HOBBIE & CO., 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y. 522-tf

CORN SHELLERS.—We have in store a good supply of the best Corn Shellers made in the country, among which may be found

The Buffalo Corn Shellers	5 sizes.
The Eastern (Whittemore & Belcher)	7 "
The Northern and Western, *with Separators*	3 "
The R. L. Allens, N. Y.	4 "
The A. F. Mayhers, N. Y.	3 "
The Young America, Rochester	2 "

All in want of Corn Shellers will do well to call and examine our stock. Prices as low as any other House in Western New York. McKINDLEY & PHELPS. (Old Stand of D. R. BARTON.) 522-1t

FOR SALE.—Superior Short-Horn Cattle, male and female, by C. K. WARD, Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—A Farm, (121 Acres for $6,000,) near the depot and village of West Bloomfield. J. F. SHEPARD.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. [518-10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

FLOWER SEEDS FOR THE MILLION.—We publish, on the first of February, a new descriptive *Catalogue of Flower Seeds*, containing over 1,000 Standard and Beautiful Varieties, as well as all the novelties of the day, with directions for cultivation. We send by mail, post paid, and our own selection,

25 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds, for	$1 00
50 " " " "	2 00
100 " " " "	4 00

J. M. THORBURN & CO., 15 John-St., New York. 522-4t

THE LAWS OF LIFE.—An Original Monthly Health Journal of Sixteen Quarto Pages. Published by M. W. SIMMONS, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y., at Seventy Cents a year. *Specimens Free.* Men live as they list, and act as they please, assuming that over their health they have no control, and that *conditions* of living have no influence in the matter. To change the general sentiment, and to show that Life has its *determinate* conditions, that the Body, no less than the Sun, has its laws, to obey which is to live, and TO BE FREE FROM SICKNESS, is the object of this Journal. The Editors have made for long and laborious years Human Health their study. 522-2t

FROLIC MASTER FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD.

THE SOCIABLE;

Or, One Thousand and One Home Amusements.

Containing Acting Proverbs, Dramatic Charades, Acting Charades, or Drawing-Room Pantomimes, Musical Burlesques, Tableaux Vivants, Parlor Games, Games of Action, Forfeits, Science in Sport and Parlor Magic, and a Choice Collection of Curious Mental and Mechanical Puzzles, &c.

ILLUSTRATED WITH NEARLY

300 ENGRAVINGS AND DIAGRAMS.

The whole being a fund of never-ending entertainment.—By the author of "The Magician's Own Book." Nearly 400 pages, 12mo. Price, cloth, gilt side stamps, $1. THE SOCIABLE; *Or, One Thousand and One Home Amusements*, is a repertory of games and other entertainments calculated for the use of family parties, the fireside circle, or those social gatherings among friends and neighbors, which pass away the winter evenings with so much animation and delight. It is impossible for any company to exhaust all the sources of irreproachable mirth and mutual enjoyment produced in this volume. Published by DICK & FITZGERALD, No. 18 Ann Street, N. Y. Also, for sale by all Booksellers in this place. Copies of the above book sent by mail, to any address, free of postage, on receipt of One Dollar. 522-1t

THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

UPWARD AND ONWARD.

THE receipts of THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE during the last week in December, from subscriptions, sales, and advertisements, amounted to.....$40,073 12

Corresponding week of last year.....27,336 16

Increase.....12,736 96

The regular circulation of THE TRIBUNE is now:

Daily Tribune	39,000 copies.
Semi-Weekly Tribune	22,500 copies.
Weekly Tribune	181,000 copies.
Edition for California	4,500 copies.
Total	247,000 copies.

The following table of mail subscriptions (our orders through newsmen not being included) received in the month of December last, indicates where THE TRIBUNE circulates:

Number of Copies of THE TRIBUNE *subscribed for during the month of December*, 1859.

Maine	2,904	Oregon	128
New-Hampshire	2,104	Nebraska	126
Vermont	3,555	Utah	31
Massachusetts	1,623	Virginia	78
Rhode Island	345	Maryland	47
Connecticut	950	Delaware	3
New-York	14,462	Kentucky	40
New-Jersey	701	Tennessee	57
Pennsylvania	5,873	North Carolina	7
Ohio	5,608	South Carolina	2
Indiana	3,218	Georgia	6
Michigan	2,639	Alabama	3
Iowa	2,575	Mississippi	2
Wisconsin	2,141	Arkansas	1
Illinois	3,393	Florida	1
Missouri	416	District of Columbia	93
Minnesota	679	Canada	55
Kansas	522	Europe	31
California	2,623		
Total			57,122

The circulation of THE TRIBUNE being larger than any other newspaper in the world, makes it the most valuable medium in which to advertise, and, for the information of Merchants, Manufacturers, Mechanics, Schools, Real Estate owners, &c., we give our prices for advertising:

RATES OF ADVERTISING IN THE NEW-YORK DAILY TRIBUNE.

Ordinary Advertisements, classified under appropriate heads, 10 cents per line each insertion, or Two Dollars per line per month.

LEADED ADVERTISEMENTS—SIXTEEN CENTS a line.

FANCY DISPLAYED ADVERTISEMENTS—Double rates.

SPECIAL NOTICES—First Page 12½ CENTS a line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS each insertion.

BUSINESS NOTICES—Fourth Page, before the Leader—TWENTY CENTS a line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than ONE DOLLAR each insertion.

IN CITY ITEMS—(followed by the word [Advertisement.] TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a line each insertion. Nothing inserted for less than ONE DOLLAR each insertion.

A Line averages about Nine Words.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a line each insertion.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

ONE DOLLAR a line each insertion. No less by the quarter or year.

To the hosts of friends who are working to increase our circulation we return our heartfelt thanks. We shall strive to make THE TRIBUNE still more worthy of their enthusiastic support.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

DAILY TRIBUNE, $6; SEMI-WEEKLY, $3; WEEKLY, $2. For Club terms see TRIBUNE of any date. Address HORACE GREELEY & CO., Tribune Buildings, New York. [522-1t]

FOR SALE—A Farm of 143 Acres, (30 acres wood,) adjoining the Village of Geneva, N. Y. There are on the premises a convenient Brick Dwelling-House, Out-Houses, two Barns and an excellent Orchard. Will be sold in a body, or divided to suit purchasers. For terms inquire of G. W. NICHOLAS, Geneva, N. Y. 521-2t

FOR SALE—A Farm of Sixty Acres, at Royalton Centre, Niagara county, N. Y., eight miles from Lockport, on the Batavia Road, about three miles South of the Canal.—Has upon it a House and small Barn, about One Hundred Apple Trees, and Twenty Acres of Timber. Price, $45 per Acre. For particulars apply to the subscriber, or to GEO. W. HILDRETH, Lockport. MARTIN METCALF, Grand Rapids, Mich. 521-2t

SAW MILLS! SAW MILLS!—The *very best* Circular and Cross-Cut Saw Mills in the known world, are manufactured by the subscriber, and await only your order to be sent any where you may desire. The Circular Saw Mill furnished with 24 inch Saw, filed and set, is capable of sawing from 20 to 25 cords of stove wood in one day, and all at the cost of only $57. Cross-Cut Saw arrangements, with best Cast Steel Saws (warranted) all ready for use at $25. Orders solicited and circulars sent gratis by CHAS. E. PEASE, Excelsior Ag'l Works, Albany, N. Y. 521-4t Sold by J. RAPALJE, Agent, Rochester.

CHEAP AND VALUABLE REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS.—THE ROCHESTER DAILY AND WEEKLY EXPRESS—office corner of Exchange Place and Mill street—opposite the Post Office. THE EVENING EXPRESS (Daily,) is now the largest penny paper in existence, except the New York Sun—(only $3,00 per year.) THE WEEKLY EXPRESS is only $1,00 per annum—or 10 copies $8,00, 20 copies $15,00, or 50 copies $35,00. A large list of valuable premiums is also offered in addition to our club rates for the Weekly. Every description of Book and Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and promptly, at the EVENING EXPRESS Book and Job Office. Address HEBARD, TRACY & CO., Proprietors. [521-3t]

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!

Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!

D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S CHEMICAL SALERATUS!

"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,

D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S "*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"

is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas." Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

HERRING'S PATENT

FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES. With Hall's Patent Powder-Proof Locks, HAVE NEVER FAILED IN MORE THAN 300 DISASTROUS FIRES. The Safest and Best Safe in Use.

Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States, or Canada, at the very lowest rates, by JAMES G. DUDLEY, Sole Agent, at 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. 518-tf

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!!

SPALDINGS PREPARED GLUE!

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

SAVE THE PIECES!

ECONOMY! DISPATCH!

☞ "A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE." ☜

As accidents will happen, even in well-regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE

meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready and up to the sticking point. There is no longer a necessity for limping chairs, splintered veneers, headless dolls, and broken cradles. It is just the article for cone, shell, and other ornamental work, so popular with ladies of refinement and taste.

This admirable preparation is used cold, being chemically held in solution, and possessing all the valuable qualities of the best cabinet-makers' Glue. It may be used in the place of ordinary mucilage, being vastly more adhesive.

"USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE."

N. B.—A Brush accompanies each bottle. *Price, 25 cents.*

Wholesale Depot, No. 30 Platt St. New York.

Address HENRY C. SPALDING & CO., Box No. 3,600, NEW YORK.

Put up for Dealers in cases containing four, eight, and twelve dozen—a beautiful Lithograph Show-card accompanying each package.

☞ A single bottle of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE will save ten times its cost annually to every household. ☜

Sold by all prominent Stationers, Druggists, Hardware and Furniture Dealers, Grocers, and Fancy Stores.

Country merchants should make a note of SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, when making up their list. It will stand any climate.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY STATIONERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY HARDWARE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY FURNITURE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY FANCY-GOODS DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY GROCERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.

Manufactured by HENRY C. SPALDING & CO., 30 Platt-St., New York.

Address Post-Office, Box No. 3,600.

Annexed is an Alphabetical List of Articles which, if damaged, may be restored to their original strength and usefulness by

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

A....Mends ACCOUNT BOOKS....A
B....Mends BUREAUS....B
C....Mends CRADLES....C
D....Mends DOLLS....D
E....Mends ETAGERES....E
F....Mends FANS....F
G....Mends GUITARS....G
H....Mends HARPS....H
I....Mends INLAID WORK....I
J....Mends JARS....J
K....Mends KNOBS....K
L....Mends LEATHER-WORK....L
M....Mends MIRROR-FRAMES....M
N....Mends NEWEL POSTS....N
O....Mends OTTOMANS....O
P....Mends PIANO-FORTES....P
Q....Mends QUILT-FRAMES....Q
R....Mends ROCKING-HORSES....R
S....Mends SOFAS....S
T....Mends TABLES....T
U....Mends UMBRELLA-STICKS....U
V....Mends VASES....V
W....Mends WORK-BOXES....W
X....Mends XYLOGRAPHIC WORK....X
Y....Mends YARDSTICKS....Y
Z....Mends ZEPHYR WOOD-WORK....Z

&....In conclusion, SPALDINGS PREPARED GLUE is useful in Libraries and Schools.

1...S...Mends SOFAS....S...1
2...P...Mends PITCHERS....P...2
3...A...Mends ACCORDEONS....A...3
4...L...Mends LETTER-SEALING....L...4
5...D...Mends DAGUERREOTYPE CASES....D...5
6...I...Mends IMAGES....I...6
7...N...Mends NEW BREAKAGES....N...7
8...G...Mends GUN-STOCKS....G...8
9...S...Mends SCHOOL-BOOKS....S...9
10...P...Mends PARASOLS....P...10
11...R...Mends RULERS....R...11
12...E...Mends ELECTRICAL MACHINES....E...12
13...P...Mends PAPER-HANGINGS....P...13
14...A...Mends ARM-CHAIRS....A...14
15...R...Mends RICKETY FURNITURE....R...15
16...E...Mends ERASER HANDLES....E...16
17...D...Mends DESKS....D...17
18...G...Mends GLOBES....G...18
19...L...Mends LOOSENED LEAVES....L...19
20...U...Mends UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE....U...20
21...E...Mends EGG-BEATERS....E...21
22....Mends ACORN-WORK....22
23....Mends CHESS-BOARDS....23
24....Mends FIDDLES....24
25....Mends SHELL-WORK....25
26....Mends FILLET WORK....26
27....Mends HOBBY-HORSES....27
28....Mends KALEIDESCOPES....28
29....Mends MONEY-BOXES....29
30....Mends PICTURE-FRAMES....30
31....Mends SECRETARIES....31
32....Mends VENEERING....32
33....Mends SCHOOL FURNITURE....33
34....Mends PAPIER-MACHE....34
35....Mends WARDROBES....35
36....Mends PARIAN MARBLE....36
37....Mends CRIBS....37
38....Mends BABY-JUMPERS....38
39....Mends IVORY-WORK....39
40....Mends MATCH-SAFES....40
41....Mends PICTURES....41
42....Mends QUILL-WHEELS....42
43....Mends TOWEL-RACKS....43
44....Mends WASH-STANDS....44
45....Mends BEDSTEADS....45
46....Mends DRUMS....46
47....Mends CHESSMEN....47
48....Mends BALLOT-BOXES....48
49....Mends HERBARIUMS....49
50....Mends BACKGAMMON-BOARDS....50
51....Mends BAND-BOXES....51
52....Mends BLACK-BOARDS....52
53....Mends BASS VIOLS....53
54....Mends BILLIARD-TABLES....54
55....Mends BILLIARD-CUES....55
56....Mends BIRD-CAGES....56
57....Mends BROOMSTICKS....57
58....Mends BOOK-CASES....58
59....Mends BOOT-CRIMPS....59
60....Mends BRUSH-HANDLES....60
61....Mends BRUSHES....61
62....Mends CABINETS....62
63....Mends CHURNS....63
64....Mends CLOCK-CASES....64
65....Mends CRUTCHES....65
66....Mends CUPBOARDS....66
67....Mends CURTAINS....67
68....Mends CASINGS....68
69....Mends CADDIES....69
70....Mends CAMERAS....70
71....Mends CHAIRS....71
72....Mends CHARTS....72
73....Mends CLOTHES FRAMES....73
74....Mends CARD-CASES....74
75....Mends CHESTS....75
76....Mends DIARIES....76
77....Mends WORK-STANDS....77
78....Mends DRAUGHT-BOARDS....78
79....Mends DISHES....79
80....Mends DIVANS....80
81....Mends DICE-BOXES....81
82....Mends DOORS....82
83....Mends DOMINOES....83
84....Mends FIREBOARDS....84
85....Mends FLUTES....85
86....Mends BALUSTERS....86
87....Mends GLASSWARE....87
88....Mends HANDLES....88
89....Mends GUTTAPERCHA-WARE....89
90....Mends KITES....90
91....Mends TOPS....91
92....Mends ORGANS....92
93....Mends MODELS....93
94....Mends SEWING-MACHINE STANDS....94
95....Mends PANELS....95
96....Mends PASTEBOARD WORKS....96
97....Mends PATTERNS....97
98....Mends SIDEBOARDS....98
99....Mends WOODEN-WARE....99
100....Mends WILLOW-WARE....100

ARCHITECTS, CARPENTERS, BUILDERS, MACHINISTS, DECORATORS, and all connected with Mechanical and building operations, should see the

ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL,

Containing engravings of practical details, valuable to every Constructor and Decorative Artist. It is the only weekly illustrated paper of the kind in this country, requires only to be seen to be taken regularly by all engaged in the above pursuits. Published every Saturday—price, 5 cents—subscription, $2 per year, or one dollar for six months, payable in advance. Edited exclusively by practical men. The *Scientific American*, of October 29th, says it is "Altogether, the best work of the kind, ever published in our city." Published by ALEX. HARTHILL, Sun Building, 128 Fulton street, New York, to whom all subscriptions must be remitted. News agents supplied through any house, who supply them with other papers. 521-6t

PIANOS FOR $150.

WARRANTED GOOD IN EVERY RESPECT.

MADE BY BOARDMAN GRAY & CO., Albany, N. Y.

THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

☞ These Pianos are FULLY WARRANTED, and have all our late improvements. ☜

Circulars Furnished on Application, giving Full Particulars.

They also furnish a

HANDSOMELY FINISHED PIANO, Adapted for School Practice and Purposes, at ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS! (SEND FOR CIRCULARS.)

Our Regular Styles of LARGE PIANO-FORTES, 6¾, 7, and 7⅓ Octaves, we continue to make with all the late Improvements, at from $300 to $600, according to Size and Finish. Large Discounts made to Cash Buyers. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND CIRCULARS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. All our Piano-Fortes have our Great Improvement,

THE INSULATED IRON RIM, Making them the Best and Most Durable in the World.

☞ SEND FOR CIRCULARS. ☜

Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.

BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO., Albany, N. Y. 514-tf

FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Farm, containing about forty-five acres of land, situated about 3½ miles south of the large and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, Seneca county, N. Y. On said Farm is a good Farm House and all necessary out-buildings, with Fruit of all kinds and the best varieties. The soil is first quality and well watered. Persons desiring to purchase a good Farm, well located, would do well to see this before purchasing elsewhere. For further particulars inquire of J. H. MURRAY, Esq., Seneca Falls, or of J. B. C. VREELAND, on the premises. 518-13t

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S

IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, 505 Broadway, New York.

These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work. Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra. S. W. DIBBLE, Agent, Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y. 515-tf

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,

THE BEST IN USE!

First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.

HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.

Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.

No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.

Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.

Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY, General Western Agent, 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. 518-tf

REMOVAL.—I would respectfully announce to my friends and patrons, that I have removed my office from Gaffney Block (cor. of North St. Paul and Main sts.) to

NO. 7 MANSION HOUSE BLOCK. (Over No. 51 State Street.)

My new rooms will be open on and after Monday next.—After a constant practice of 20 years, a large acquaintance with the best Dentists in the Union, and with extensive conveniences for doing all kinds of work required in dentistry, I am prepared to perform all operations in the most approved styles, and at prices that will please all. Rochester, Nov. 4. [511-tf] E. F. WILSON, Dentist.

WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN. 82331 is the drawn number of the Patron's Ticket for the first series of 100,000 gross. $1,000 will be paid to the holder of that ticket on presentation at the office of the Company, 58 Cedar street, New York. The Second Series is now being issued. The Pens are now all EXTRA-FINE POINTS, and more perfectly made in every respect than ever before, and are put up in new and expensive boxes. A sample Pen sent on receipt of two 3 cent P. O. stamps. Address W. M. PEN CO., Box 3,135 P. O., New York. 511-tf

"SHAWMUT MILLS," ROCHESTER—We continue to do CUSTOM GRINDING at the lowest rates, and having improved the machinery of our mill for that purpose, we pledge ourselves to give full satisfaction to all customers. We have for sale at all times, wholesale and retail, the best and most reliable brands of Flour. Also, Corn Meal, Rye Flour, Mill Feed and Screenings at the lowest prices, and we solicit the attention of the farming community. JAS. M. WHITNEY & Co. Brown's Race, Rochester, Sept. 25, 1859. 510-13t

PHIPPS UNION FEMALE SEMINARY, Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y. The next School Year of this Institution, commences on the first Thursday of September next. For Terms, see catalogue at this office, or apply to H. L. ACHILLES, Proprietor. Albion, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1859. 501-tf

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.

SAPONIFIER, OR, PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH.

Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. One pound will make twelve gallons good strong Soap, without lime and with little trouble. Manufactured and put up in 1, 2, 4 and 6 lb. cans, in lumps, with directions, at the CHALLENGE CHEMICAL WORKS, New York. E. R. DURKEE & CO., 181 Pearl street, N. Y., Proprietors. Sold everywhere. 500-25t

TO HOUSEKEEPERS—SOMETHING NEW.

B. T. BABBITT'S BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS.

68 AND 70 — Is manufactured from common salt, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus.—All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce Bread, Biscuit, and all kinds of Cake, without containing a particle of Saleratus when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of Saleratus is turned to gas, and passes through the bread or Biscuit while Baking; consequently nothing remains but common Salt, Water and Flour. You will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus. It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. Babbitt's Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, twisted loaf of Bread, with a glass of effervescing water on the top. When you purchase one paper you should preserve the wrapper, and be particular to get the next exactly like the first—brand as above. Full directions for making Bread with this Saleratus and Sour Milk or Cream Tartar, will accompany each package; also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry; also, for making Soda Water and Seidlitz Powders.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP, WITH B. T. Babbitt's Pure Concentrated Potash.

Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. Put up in cans—1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs.—with full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market. Manufactured and for sale by B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 68 and 70 Washington st., New York, and No. 38, India st., Boston.

HOMES FOR ALL! FOR SALE,

At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania. Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 146 Broadway, New York.

LIME—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

THE OLD CANOE.

WHERE the rocks are gray and the shore is steep,
And the waters below look dark and deep;
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride,
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the reeds and rushes are tall and rank,
And the weeds grow thick on the winding bank;
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea-bird's wings that the storm hath lopped,
And crossed on the railing, one o'er one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between,
The spider stretches his silvery screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-hoo,"
Settles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its living grave,
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the *mouldering* dust away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a fallen tower;
While many a blossom of liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waters are dead and still—
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again,
It floats the length of its rusty chain,
Like the weary march of the hands of Time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew,
By the dripping bow of the old canoe.

O, many a time with a careless hand
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream runs quick,
Where the whirls are wild and the eddies are thick,
And laughed as I leaned o'er the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two,
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I lean o'er the crumbling side,
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see there is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hands that lent to the light skiff wings,
Have grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms waved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LYDIA MATHEWSON'S JOURNAL.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

[Continued from page 12, last number.]

Jan. 30th.—The wedding is over at last, and, after its short spasm of excitement, our household has settled back again into its usual quiet, that just now seems almost like stagnation. We are all tired of the hurry and bustle into which we have been thrown, and glad of rest and quiet, yet I think every member of the family feels the sense of desolation that is fairly oppressive to me. HELEN is married, and although I have gained a new brother, I feel vastly more as if I had lost a sister. EDDY has gone back too. He staid with us a day after the wedding, and kept our spirits up so we hardly missed HELEN, but now we miss him too.

HELEN looked perfectly queenly in her bridal dress, and bore herself through the whole ceremony with a graceful self-possession that every one admired. There were a great many guests, and everything passed off smoothly and pleasantly. Even Aunt ESTHER seemed satisfied, for the supper was faultless, and poor MAGGIE did not make a single blunder.

One thing during the marriage ceremony was such a pretty inroad upon the usual arrangements, that I was delighted with it. HELEN had no bridesmaid, as she preferred to stand up alone, but just as Mr. EMMONS commenced repeating the marriage service, cousin JULIA's little NELLIE stepped forward, and placed herself beside HELEN, and stood looking earnestly up into the minister's face while he was speaking, and when HELEN and CHARLEY responded to the vows, NELLIE added a very distinct "*Yes,*" in her clear, childish voice. "Now we are all going to be good," said she when the ceremony was concluded, "cousin HELEN, and me, and that man with the big whiskers, 'cause we all promised the minister so;" and the little witch went dancing through the parlors, scattering smiles and sunshine all about her. There was the usual round of kissing and complimenting the bride; the usual amount of chatting and gossiping; some singing, some promenading, and a good deal of eating and drinking, and then the gay company were whirled away, amid a shower of kind wishes, and good-nights.

As usual, I became excited, then half bewildered, and pretty much all of this went by me as a sort of gliding pageant, unreal and phantom-like. Only a very few incidents impressed themselves as realities—some from their pleasant nature, and *one* because it fell harshly on a sensitive spot in my nature. Among the invited guests was a Dr. HARLEY, from somewhere near Boston, a particular friend of CHARLEY ANDREWS, but a stranger to all the rest of us. I had heard a great deal of him, for CHARLEY has always held him up to me as his ideal of perfection in a man, but I must own to being somewhat disappointed. He is rather fine-looking, but by no means handsome, and I thought him decidedly dull in conversation. Father was wonderfully taken with him, and would not hear of his going back to the Hotel, so he staid here all night.

Next morning, after breakfast, while HELEN was packing her trunk, he and CHARLEY sat in the parlor, talking. HELEN sent me to the library for some books of hers, that she had forgotten until that moment, and as I stood there looking over the shelves for them, I heard every word of what was meant to be a private conversation. Perhaps I ought to have stopped up my ears and run, but I would have defied any legitimate daughter of Eve to do so, after having heard the very first question put by my brother-in-law.

"Well, FRED, how do you like my new sister LYDIA?" To be sure, how did he like me? That was just what I wanted to know myself, and I wonder they did not hear my heart beat, for all I held both of my hands over it as tight as I could—would Dr. FREDERICK HARLEY be good enough to tell how he liked me?

"She has rather a fine face," was the dubious answer. Have I, really, well that is encouraging, thought I, half turning to glance in the mirror—"but," the speaker went on, "its expression is often marred by that sarcastic smile that you must have noticed. I have a horror of sarcastic women; the trait is bad enough in a man."

Indeed, Dr. HARLEY, thought I, with a smile that may or may not have been the one in question; I wonder what amiable trait of character you are indulging just now—good-natured sarcasm may be as desirable as ill-natured criticism.

"She is very young," said CHARLEY in apology, "hardly eighteen, I should think."

"I know, and for that reason it is hardly fair to form an opinion of her. In plain terms she is only an untutored, ungoverned girl, with a mind singularly developed in some directions, and as singularly untrained in others. She has some fine traits of character, that may make her a noble woman if she happens to get the right sort of discipline, but the chances, I think, are against it. I can see that there is continual clashing between her and that Aunt ESTHER, a state of things better calculated to sharpen the wits than anything else. There, I will stop—but I hope I have convinced you that I have at least made careful use of one day's opportunities for studying character."

There were two doors into the library—one from the dining-room, by which I had just entered, the other from the parlor, where the two gentlemen were sitting. I hesitated a moment, and then gathered up the books in my arms, and walked straight through the parlor, bowing as I passed them with a smile that, if it was not sarcastic, was a little bit *malicious*. I carried the books to HELEN, and then went up to my room and sat down on the floor and considered. I was terribly mortified, and no matter how much I might say I did'nt care, I really *did* care a great deal. This man, this stranger that I had tried to please, had been all the time coolly forming an estimate of my character, spying out my defects and weak points, and now had come sweeping down upon my self-complacency, with a scathing criticism, that was really unmerciful. It was too bad, it was outrageous, but then, in one respect, I had the advantage of him. He knew I had overheard his remarks, and the consciousness of this would be more mortifying to him, and make him feel more uncomfortable than I could possibly feel. I had not very long to meditate upon it, for it was only an hour to the time for the morning boat; and I went down to HELEN again, this time very calm and resolute. CHARLEY came up to see if everything was ready. He looked at me awkwardly, out of the corners of his eyes, at which I laughed outright, and then he came straight up to me, and took hold of both of my hands, and said:

"It is *too bad*, LYDIA. If HARLEY wasn't my best friend I would thrash him. I wouldn't have had you hear that for a thousand dollars."

"And I wouldn't have missed hearing it, for five times that amount," said I; "there is no telling what good it may do the ungoverned, undisciplined girl to know what distinguished gentlemen think of her; and then, you know, he did say I had rather a fine face."

"Hurry up your trunks; there is only just time to get to the boat," shouted EDDY at the foot of the stairs, and in the bustle of starting away everything else was forgotten. It was no small undertaking to see HELEN wrapped in shawls and mufflings carefully enough to suit Aunt ESTHER, but she was ready at last, and we all stood in the hall saying good bye.

"Where is Dr. HARLEY?" asked EDDY, looking into the parlor.

"Gone," said CHARLEY with a mischievous look at me; "he had business to attend to, and he left his adieus for me to deliver. He would go through fire and water sooner than face you," he added in a whisper to me.

When they were fairly gone, and EDDY and I were left alone, my fortitude gave way, and I cried passionately. EDDY drew me into the parlor, and tried to soothe me, telling me HELEN would not be far away, and we should often see her, until I finally began to realize it was not so much HELEN that I was crying about, as Dr. HARLEY, and what he had said about me. So I dried my eyes, and tried to laugh and talk with EDDY as usual. Dinner was dull enough, nobody felt like eating or talking, and when it was over, EDDY went down town with father, and Aunt ESTHER and I sat down to sew. I was still musing on the events of the morning, and by-and-by I said, suddenly—"Aunt ESTHER, I wish you would tell me what my worst traits of character are; my principal faults, I mean."

"*Your principal faults,*" said she in an astonished tone, then added sarcastically, "it would take a great deal less time to tell your principal virtues," and went on with her sewing. I sighed and bent over my work, but the tears dropped and dropped, and my needle went slower and slower, and then stopped. My mind did not stop—I was thinking, thinking.

That evening EDDY and I sat alone in the library. He was graver than usual, partly because he hated to go back in the morning, and partly because he did not feel quite well. I came and knelt down beside the arm chair where he was sitting, and laid my head on his shoulder. "EDDY," said I, very seriously, "I want to ask something of you, and you must not refuse me. You must tell me truly what I ask you. Will you promise?"

"To be sure I will, if it is anything reasonable," was his answer.

"Well, then, I want you to tell me what are my greatest faults. I know I have a great many, but I want to know the prominent ones, that are getting to be traits in my character."

"Your *faults!* my dear little sister," he began in a laughing way.

"Don't, EDDY," said I, looking in his face, I am in real, sad earnest, and you ought to tell me."

"Well, then," said he, after thinking a little while, "if you really want to know I will tell you, though I think you are plenty good enough now. In the first place, you know you are a little wilful; so much so that I believe you sometimes act contrary to your own best judgment, rather than give up to other people, especially to Aunt ESTHER. You are rather apt to be irritable, and impatient, I think, if people cross your wishes in any respect, but that is natural to you, father is just so nervous. I am sure I dont know of any thing else, unless it is that your love of fun, and sense of the ridiculous, sometimes leads you to be a little too severe in your sarcasm. I know you don't mean any harm, but sarcasm is an ungraceful weapon for a woman, and people are always afraid of it. There, now, I have made you uncomfortable, but don't think any more about it. Every one has some faults. I am sure I would not like to have my best friend set mine in array against me, and you will make the finest woman in all New England yet, or I am no prophet."

I think EDDY was very glad that father came in and so put a stop to the conversation. I was not sorry myself, and we passed a pleasant evening.—He left early this morning, whispering as he bade me good-bye, "Don't improve too fast, Sis, but let me have a chance to get used to perfection gradually."

I have taken a deliberate survey of myself to-night, by the help of these two estimates of my character; one of them softened by a brother's love, yet in the main very much the same as the other.—Standing out in my character so prominently as to strike a stranger upon the acquaintance of a few hours, I find at least three ugly traits. I will write it down here in my journal that I am WILLFUL, IMPATIENT, SARCASTIC. There they stand, to be looked at, struggled with, *conquered.* Even Dr. HARLEY said I *might* make a fine woman, a noble woman. By GOD's help I will change that most doubtful may be into a *shall be.* It may be a long and discouraging struggle, but it is worth trying for, and I believe the attainment is possible at least.

"And he who sees the *future* sure,
The baffling *present* may endure."

Feb. 17th.—It is strange how we all miss HELEN. She was always so quiet and calm, that no one realized how large a place she filled in the household. Now there are a score of things continually coming up to demand somebody's attention, and every one all at once remembers, "Oh, HELEN always used to do this." I am sure I should not be half so much missed, and yet I always thought, and even Aunt ESTHER thought, that I did a great deal more of the work than HELEN. It is pretty much as Aunt ESTHER said, yesterday, to father, "LIDDY JANE, is just like a March wind; she makes such a terrible bluster and confusion when she undertakes to do anything, that a body would naturally think she was accomplishing all the world; but HELEN is always so still and soft in her ways, she never gets half the credit she deserves. She is just like the dew and the sunshine, most folks don't notice them much." After all, there is a streak of poetry in my practical Auntie.

March 2d.—A long, long letter from EDDY to-day, and, under its inspiration, I have taken down my journal, for the first time in nearly a month, brushed the dust off from the cover, and will try to make another record. I dread these gusty March days, that are neither winter nor spring. When the snow only lies here and there in little patches, stained and discolored, and the bright sunshine tempts one out of doors, only to meet the raw, boisterous wind, that is worse than keen, searching cold.

I have felt uncommonly dull and low-spirited for a long time, but this letter of EDDY's has helped me wonderfully; there is something of his sunshiny spirit in everything he says or does. He has been spending a couple of weeks with HELEN, in New York, as he was not well enough to study. "Do you know, Sis," he writes, "that there always was something incomprehensible to me in our beautiful HELEN? I went to New York with the expectation of feeling very foolish, in the midst of their honeymoon raptures, but determined to endure it like a martyr. Well, I had not the slightest approach to a trial. Everything went on in the same smooth way, from first to last. To tell the truth, it was *too* smooth to suit me. I always fancied masculine and feminine natures, in their truest types, were as essentially unlike as an acid and an alkali—(we are attending chemical lectures now.) Throw these two elements together into the crucible of matrimony, and, if they are both good, there ought naturally to be considerable effervescence at first, just to show that they thoroughly combine; and where not even a bubble is thrown up, the chance is that you have put the wrong things together. They may be both acids, and then they will most likely corrode the crucible till it spills them—or, what is more likely, both alkalies, and make the most insipid of compounds.—There, I am sure our respected Prof. would be delighted at the extent of my chemical knowledge! I do think I will show it to him, for only yesterday he gave me a lecture for going sound asleep, while he was demonstrating the subject of 'Elective Affinities.'

"I spent one day at Judge HYDE's on my way back. The family all inquired for you, and wished to be remembered to you. FRANKIE says you are coming to make her a long visit in May. I am glad of it, for she is a sweet girl, and you must be dull enough now HELEN is gone. By the way, an odd thing happened the evening I was there, and I must tell you about it, for your wits are quicker than mine, and I will own myself completely mystified. We were speaking of HELEN's marriage, and the Judge remarked that it was a little singular that he should have become so well acquainted with every member of our family, without ever visiting our home. 'All but Aunt ESTHER,' said I, remembering the contempt with which she always met our rhapsodies about Judge HYDE. 'Ah, yes,' said he, 'I had forgotten her. By the way, who is this Aunt ESTHER, I hear so much about?' 'She is not an own Aunt,' I explained, 'but a distant relative of my father's who has taken the charge of the housekeeping ever since my mother died. Her name is ESTHER WALLACE, but I can hardly realize that she has any other title than Aunt ESTHER.'"

"'Papa!' exclaimed FRANKIE, springing from her seat, 'what is the matter! Are you sick?'

"I turned quickly to look at the Judge, but he seemed to have recovered himself, though his face was very white, and his hand shook, as he tried to take a glass of water from FRANKIE. 'It is nothing,' said he, smiling, 'I think I walked a little too far after dinner. Don't let me interrupt you—you were speaking of your Aunt; do you know anything of her early history? WALLACE is hardly a New England name.'

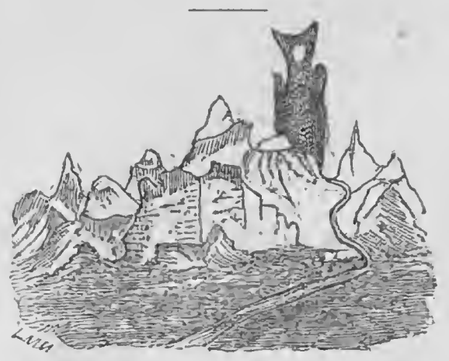
"I told him I believed she was of Scotch descent, and that her early days were passed somewhere in Western Virginia, but, beyond that, I knew nothing of her history. He turned whiter than before, and got up, saying, 'You really must excuse me, but my head feels strangely. I think I will go to the open air.' He went out and walked up and down the verandah. FRANKIE was so troubled the tears would come into her pretty eyes in spite of all her efforts to keep them away. In the course of half an hour the Judge came in, looking as well as usual, and joined in conversation with his accustomed spirit; in fact, I thought him unusually interesting. Now what can you make of this, my imaginative little sister? I have no doubt that your fancy will readily supply all the missing threads, and build up a 'three-story romance' out of this most meagre foundation."

Of course I could supply the missing threads, for I had them all in my possession. That little hair-covered trunk, with its hoarded treasure of faded flowers, and time-stained wedding robes, held some of the threads; the rest had been laid away for years in my memory. I well remembered having heard old ELSIE, who was nurse to all Judge HYDE's children, speak of her mistress, his first wife. "A great beauty she was," said the old woman, "a handsomer never was seen in these parts. The master married her for her pretty face, and a terrible life she led him. She was worse than briers and nettles, and the poor man never knew what peace was. It served him rightly enough, though, for he was spoken to a young girl before he ever saw the mistress. A nice body she was, too, they say, with a plain face, but a winsome heart, and the day was all fixed for the wedding, and the bride dressed in her wedding clothes, when the word came that the Judge was already married, and gone on a journey. He had met the mistress somewhere, and was just fooled by her beauty, and the pretty ways she put on, and she would neither let him write to his lassie, nor go to tell her, until they were married, and it was too late to repent. They say the girl was like a crazy thing, when she knew all, and the master has been mourning all the days of his life I be thinking. Well, well, this is a queer world, but they says there's another that will set it all right."

I felt half guilty at the time, for having heard from the talkative old body this bit of family history, and tried to forget it. But in spite of all, I used to find myself dreaming about this poor forsaken love, and picturing her face when the "winsome heart" shone out with a tender beauty.—And now I have found out at last, that all the time I have been living my daily life by her side, and forgetting in her caprices and my own selfishness that her heart had ever a summer. Well, as old ELSIE says, "this is a queer world." Here I have the other half to my secret. The explanation of at least two mysteries, and how many more may lie about me, who can guess? I don't think I shall tell EDDY about this. I know he would laugh at the ring and the roses, and the queer old dress, and somehow I feel as if they were sacred.

So Judge HYDE loved my Aunt ESTHER once, or told her so at least—and Aunt ESTHER loved Judge HYDE, and sat working flowers into her bridal veil, while her heart wove fairer wreaths to crown her young life and his. And all this is past and forgotten. I wonder if she loves him still?—[To be continued.]

FIRST VIEW OF PIKE'S PEAK.



Pike's Peak as it appeared to the first gold-seeking emigrants. Rather *fishy* in its aspect.

PRENTICEANIA.—Mr. William Hood was robbed near Corinth, Ala., on the 13th ult. The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt that he was Robbin' Hood.

A YOUNG lady of New Orleans, who recently performed a remarkable feat in rowing, has been presented with a beautiful yawl. A *smack* would have been more appropriate.

THE editor of the Boston *Liberator* calls upon the ladies of the North to make use of nothing that is produced by slave labor. He needn't expect them not to use cotton. They will not *expel so old a friend from their bosoms.*

THE common opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to *let them slide.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters.
My 14, 12, 4, 7 is a town in Allegany county.
My 9, 13, 8, 1, 3, is a county in Michigan.
My 13, 11, 4, 1, 3 is a county in Ohio.
My 6, 13, 2, 7, 11 is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 12, 7, 5, 5 is a county in Kentucky.
My 6, 1, 2, 8, 10 is a district of South Carolina.
My whole is a native of Australia.
Scio, Allegany Co., N. Y., 1860. JAMES N. HYDE.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 29 letters.
My 10, 11, 28, 22, 29 was a king in the Savior's time.
My 15, 19, 23 was the father of Abner.
My 26, 7, 20, 3, 14 is a book of the Old Testament.
My 18, 2, 22, 29, 6 is the name of a damsel mentioned in the New Testament.
My 1, 6, 2, 3, 11 was a city in Palestine.
My 24, 25, 27, 24, 5, 10 was the name of a prophet.
My 8, 5, 13, 9, 10, 24, 15, 17, was a Roman coin.
My 5, 15, 29, 23, 2, 4 was one of Jesus' disciples.
My 17, 19, 15, 11, 21, 24, 16 is a book of the Old Testament.
My 14, 12, 26, 3, 15, 20 was a city of ancient Greece.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.
Homer, N. Y., 1860. J. D.
☞ Answer in two weeks

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A MAN bought a farm for $6,000; he paid $3,000 down, and is to pay the remaining $3,000 in seven years, and in seven equal payments. The money is to draw compound interest at 6 per cent., and each payment is to cancel a certain part of the debt, with the interest on that part up to that time. How much must he pay annually in order to cancel the debt in seven years?
Kinsman, Ohio, 1860. J. B.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

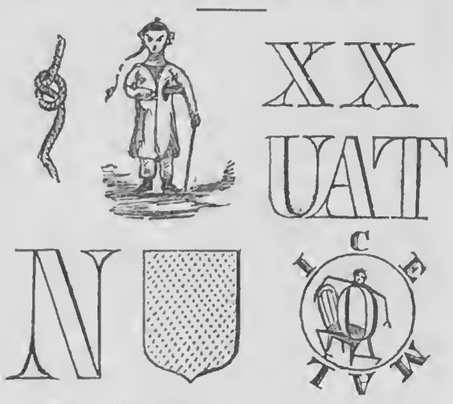
I HAVE a circular field, 40 rods in diameter. I hire a man to plow it at $1,50 per acre. He commenced plowing through the centre of the field, and plowed each side of said centre an equal distance, till the arch line at the end of his plowing was just 30 rods. He then quit. What does the work come to at the above rate per acre?—and what is the length of each of the outside furrows, they being of equal length?
Waterloo, N. Y., 1860. B. P. W.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANOTHER LOVE-LETTER.

A RURAL friend in Vernon, Vermont, (JOHN STEBBINS,) extracts from an almanac published in 1807, the following letter to a young lady, and sends it to the puzzle-loving readers of the NEW-YORKER:

He.	one,	me;	same,	She.	one,	he;	one,
only	only	unto	the	only	only	only	only
are	but	you	for	are	but	am	but
you	love	say	too	you	loves	I	is
and	I	and	Requite	and	that	and	there

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 520.



Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Nothing extenuate nor aught set down in malice.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Neither make, buy, sell, nor use any intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Hearts.

Answer to Carpenters' Problem:—9.9 plus 6 equals 59 .4 inches.

Rule.—Multiply 9.9 by one-seventh of the given side.

Note.—The above is a simple, convenient, and consequently, very useful rule; and though it is but an approximation, yet it gives a result so nearly exact as to show the length of the diagonal within one inch of the truth, though the side be 70 rods. Consequently, for the carpenters' use it is equivalent to perfect exactness.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XI. NO. 3.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 523.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. AS A FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal, rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

THE lessons of the year to which "finis" has recently been written are with us, and the present [illegible] opportunity for the farmer to survey the result of his labors,—to reflect upon the successes which have crowned his efforts, and search out the causes contributing to the difficulties he has been compelled to encounter, and the losses he has sustained. In addition to any retrospective glances he may make, the enterprising culturist will endeavor to raise the veil which hides the future from mortal vision, and upon the smiling plains of the "to-be," will flourish many a darling project of fruitful imaginings. A wide field is furnished in which thought may revel,—and these "flights of fancy" will not be without their full share of benefit if we tarry only when a form and a being are conferred. Good intentions are not the salt with which a profitable life is seasoned,—it is the embodiment of our faith in our works that stands a living record to be known and read of all men. Dreaming, of itself, never alleviated an iota of the sorrow and suffering with which the world abounds,—never gave to humanity a sterling truth calculated to elevate and ennoble,—never achieved a work the memory of which will fall like the early dews, ever freshening the grateful remembrances of a people entwined about the name of their benefactor. But when these dreams are wrought out into actions—what then? The singing of the tea-kettle called up a host of these brain-children in the mind of WATT, and when form and fashion were given them they became the monuments of himself and his co-workers. Whenever we look upon the workings of the steam-engine, and listen to its ponderous breathings, how quickly rises before the mental eye the boy at his mother's fireside, deeply impressed by the secret power of the uncaged demon, his young mind just entering upon a problem the solving of which was to work a revolution throughout the world. FITCH and FULTON perfected the embryotic idea, and what prouder memorial need they than this servant of man now "harnessed down with iron bands." With what persistent effort did STEPHENSON labor that the crude bantling of his thoughtful hours might be fitted to take its place in the busy drama of life, and with what glorious success were his years of battle against the superstitious and unlearned terminated!

We have drawn only upon a single sphere of concentrated toil and action in the mechanical world, yet we might follow out the line through all branches of knowledge and skill. The farmer has his work to perform, nor will the task be accomplished by the isolated labor of the hands. If we would hasten the dawn of the "good time coming,"—if we would dispel the clouds of ignorance, and scatter the mists of error,—if we would gladden the eye, cheer the whole man, and make the "desert place to blossom as the rose," there can be no dissolution of the union between the teeming brain and its ready, willing servant, physical force.

That there are serious defects in our system of culture all will admit, and to their remedy each should give the fullest powers he possesses. Wants there are which must be supplied,—errors which need to be removed, root and branch,—and the concentration of effort on the part of both the practical man and the theorist, is the only means by which this may be accomplished. Each cultivated field in our country may be turned into a laboratory, and each intelligent, thinking farmer is its presiding genius. Here may be solved many of the doubts which now surround agricultural pursuits, and tillers of the soil owe it as a duty to themselves and their profession to assist in dispelling the darkness in which their calling is enveloped. Will they meet the responsibilities thus placed upon them with the feeling and determination which the spirit of the age demands? There can be no doubt of their capacity to combat with error, nor their efficiency when once enlisted in the struggle, and we hope that all so situated as to engage in this search after knowledge, will evince a readiness of disposition and liberal use of appliances equal to the emergencies which may arise, or the importance of the subject requires. Not a single department of farm economy is closed to the thoughtful seeker after truth; each will offer material for the closest scrutiny and the profoundest investigation. Looking the matter fairly in the face, and resolving that a good work will be accomplished during the year now entered upon, we can but express the wish that those who weekly welcome the RURAL to their homes and firesides, will take a proud position among such as labor faithfully and devotedly in any cause calculated to promote the welfare of the great industrial interest of our country.

EXPERIMENTS WITH POTATOES.

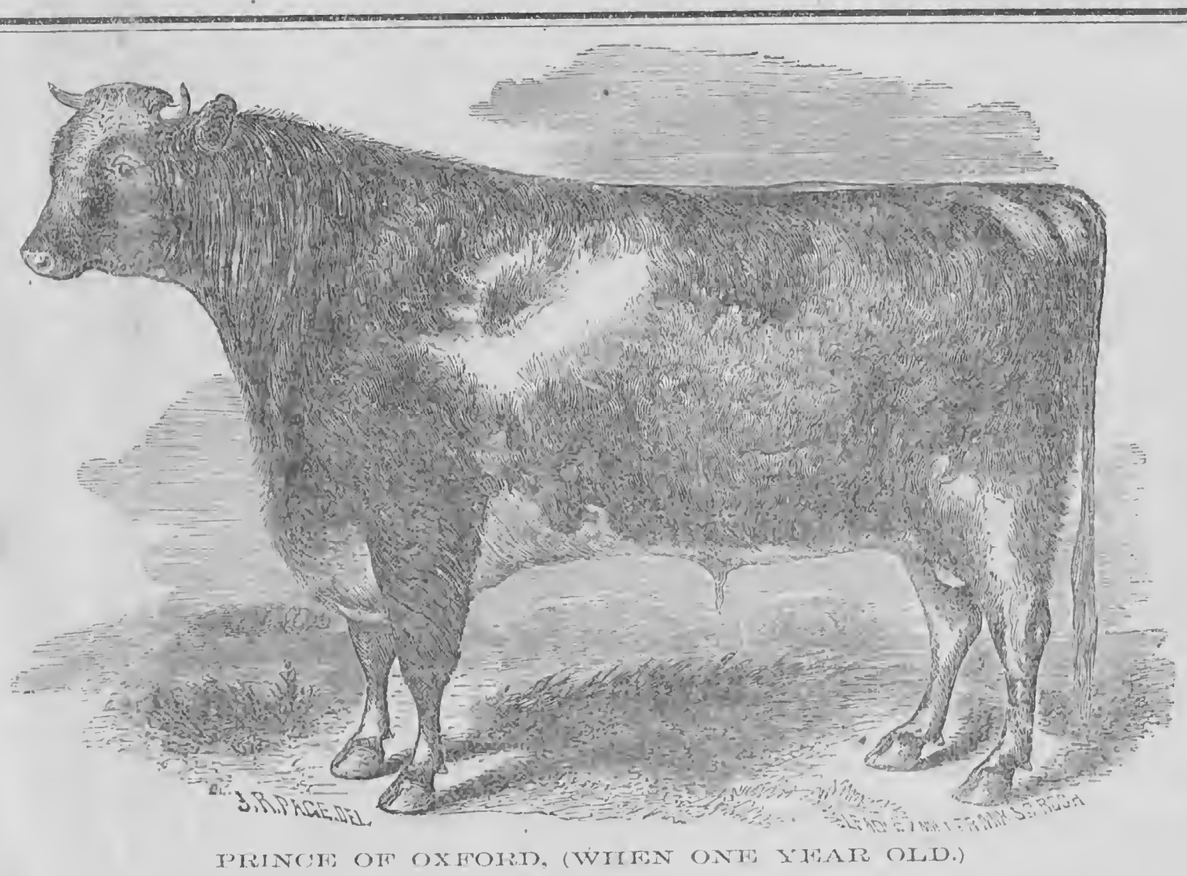
LAST season we tried some experiments with potatoes, and a few facts from our note book may not be uninteresting to readers of the RURAL.—The lot on which the experiments were made is bordered on the front by a row of young maples, some twenty or more feet in height, and believing that the roots of these trees would monopolize the soil to about the same distance in each direction, we commenced planting twenty feet from the trunks of these trees, but found that the fibrous roots extended much further, to the material injury of the crop. During every dry spell, the tops of the potatoes nearest the trees became much wilted, and turned yellow, particularly the lower leaves. At digging, the influence of the roots of the trees was plainly shown by measurement. The rows were 120 feet in length, 2 feet apart, and a set with two good eyes placed one foot apart in the rows. The first five rows yielded 4 bushels 39 pounds, all small, from the size of a marble to that of half a good potato.—The second five rows yielded 6 bushels 45 pounds, about one-half of small, salable size. The third five rows, 8 bushels, of fair size. Fourth five rows, 9 bushels 25 pounds, large and fine, and this was about the average of the lot, showing that these rows were beyond the influence of the trees.

The results from different modes of planting were as follows:—Five rows, 60 feet long and 2 feet apart, with sets of two good eyes 1 foot apart in the rows, produced 5 bushels 25 pounds, or at the rate of about 400 bushels to the acre.—Five rows of same length and distance apart, planted with sets of one-fourth of a potato cut lengthwise, two feet apart in the rows, produced 3 bushels and 25 pounds, or at the rate of 230 bushels to the acre. Five rows the same, planted with whole potatoes, 1 foot apart, yielded 5 bushels 10 pounds, or about 370 bushels to the acre.—Five rows with whole potatoes, 2 feet apart in the rows, gave 4 bushels 15 pounds, or about 300 bushels to the acre.

Five rows of hills, 60 feet long and 3 feet apart each way, with two sets containing two good eyes, in each hill, produced 4 bushels 45 pounds, or at the rate of 330 bushels to the acre. Five rows of hills, same as before, planted with 3 sets in a hill, made by cutting a medium-sized potato into three parts, 5 bushels 25 pounds, or about at the rate of 260 bushels to the acre. Five rows of hills, with two half potatoes in the hill, yielded 5 bushels 11 pounds, about 248 bushels to the acre. Five rows of hills with one set in each hill, containing three good eyes, gave 3 bushels 7 pounds, or about 150 bushels to the acre.

Occasionally dug up sets to examine them, and found that from a whole potato, as a general rule, only from two to four of the strongest eyes grew, the others remaining dormant, the eyes obtaining the first start appearing to have exhausted the nutriment in the potato before those slower in growing had got ready to claim their share. The same potato cut in two, three, or even four pieces, would give about the same number of shoots to each set, though the smaller the sets the weaker were the shoots. To these rules there were some exceptions, for occasionally most of the eyes in a whole potato would commence growth about the same time, and a good many small shoots would be the result, while sometimes a very small set would give one or two strong shoots.

The soil on which these experiments were conducted is a yellowish chestnut loam, rather poor from constant cropping, and 350 pounds of Peruvian guano to the acre was used. *Davis' Seedling* was the variety. Of the comparative productiveness of several of the leading sorts, and of the effects of different kinds of guano, we shall give a few facts hereafter.



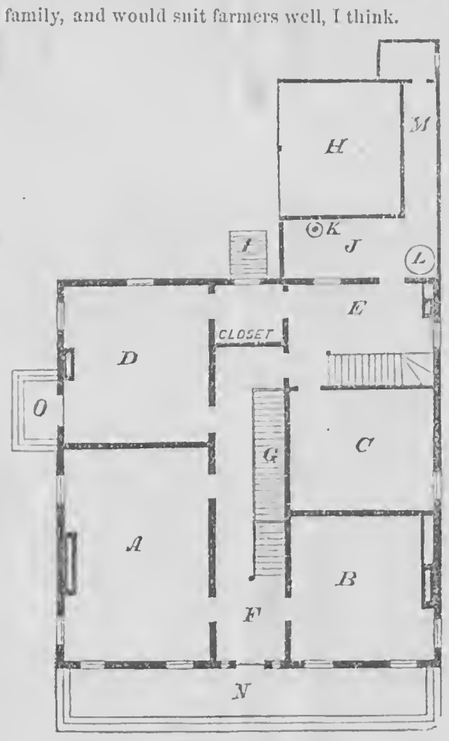
PRINCE OF OXFORD, (WHEN ONE YEAR OLD.)

THE Short-horn Bull "Prince of Oxford" is one of the best animals of [illegible] have ever seen. He was awarded the first prize in the class of yearling bulls at the New York State Fair, Syracuse, 1858. The above portrait was taken when the "Prince" was only one year old, and does not flatter the original, as those who had an opportunity of seeing him when at that age can attest. The gentlemen who own "Prince" have several superior animals—the nucleus of what promises to be one of the finest herds of Short-horns in the State or Union—and we congratulate the breeders and farmers of Western New York thereupon. His Pedigree is as follows:

PRINCE OF OXFORD,—Red roan, bred by Samuel Thorne, of Dutchess Co., N. Y., the property of H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Altabrook Farm, near Rochester, N. Y., calved July 3, 1857, got by Duke of Gloster (11382,) out of Maid of Oxford, by Lord of Eryholme (12205,)—Oxford 13th, by 3d Duke of York (10166,)—Oxford 5th, by Duke of Northumberland (1940,)—Oxford 2d, by Short-tail (2621,)—Matchem cow, by Matchem (2281,)—by Young Wynyard (2859.)

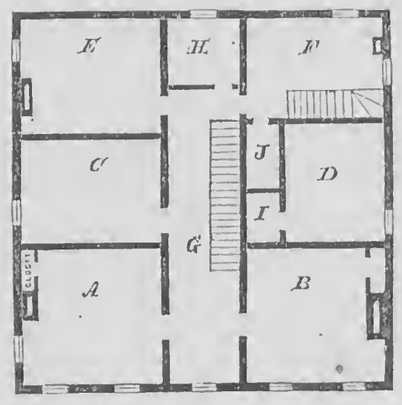
A CONVENIENT FARMER'S HOUSE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I take the liberty of enclosing you a rough drawing of a plan of a house, of my own getting up. Perhaps you will think it worthy of a place in your journal. You will observe that it is carefully drawn with a view to carpeting,—a matter that is seldom thought of by most mechanics. It is also got up with a view to convenience and comfort of the family, and would suit farmers well, I think.



FIRST FLOOR.

A, Parlor—15x21; *B*, Sitting-Room—13 feet 6 inches by 15; *C*, Bed-Room—12x15; *D*, Dining-Room—15x16 6 inches; *E*, Kitchen—7 feet 6 inches by 15; *F*, Hall—7 feet wide; *G*, Wash-Room under the stairs—entrance from room *C*; *H*, Wood House; *I*, Cellar Stairs; *J*, Well Stoop; *K*, Well; *L*, Cistern; *M*, Hall; *N*, Veranda; *O*, Side Entrance.



SECOND FLOOR.

A, Bed-Room—15x15; *B*, Parlor—13 feet 6 inches by 15; *C*, Bed-Room—10 feet 6 inches by 15; *D*, Bed-Room—10 feet 6 inches by 12; *E*, Bed-Room—12x15; *F*, Girl's Bed-Room; *G*, Hall—7 feet wide; *H*, Closet—6 feet 6 inches by 7.

It is 39 feet square, and two stories high. The first story ten feet between ceiling and floor, second story 9 feet; and 23 feet posts, with attic windows. Though no one may adopt this plan, yet I think it may perhaps be studied with profit by some of your readers. The side entrance O, may not be deemed necessary by some, and can be omitted. S. H. MAXWELL.

Horseheads, N. Y., 1860.

A CHAPTER ON MANURES.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Manure is a *fruitful* theme. To the wide-awake, intelligent, improving farmer, it is always a subject of absorbing interest. How to make it, how to save it, and how to apply it so that he may *reap* the largest benefit, are, to such an one, topics worthy of the closest scrutiny. Such would we be.

There are many ways of accomplishing a given thing. There may be many *good* ways of doing a given thing; indeed, we know that such is the fact. In mathematics, for instance, we may perform the process of *elimination*, by at least three methods, all of them good,—in mechanics we have the choice of several methods of applying power to a given resistance,—and in chemical manipulations we have a variety of agents, tests, &c., each and all good, and well-adapted to some of the ever-varying circumstances in which the operator may find his chemicals. Precisely so in agriculture. In all our operations we have the choice of many methods, and that farmer will be most successful who exhibits the most skill in adapting himself to circumstances, and adopting the best means of accomplishing desired results.

There are many ways of making manure. There are many good ways; but there is no way entirely applicable to all circumstances, or perfectly satisfactory to every individual. Some make their manure in the open yard,—others under sheds,—others in close stables, throwing the manure into the cellar beneath, or pitching it out of the door or window,—others fodder about the fields, leaving the manure just where it was dropped. Now, each of these methods has something to recommend it, and to each may be made some plausible objection. No one of them can be universally adopted and give universal satisfaction; hence, the necessity of discussing various methods, in order that each may adopt a practice the most satisfactory and available in his particular circumstances.

An accident has led the writer to adopt a method of manufacturing manures, somewhat different from either the above, and possessing some advantages. In the construction of a new barn, with a basement story under the whole designed for stables, straw-room, &c., a space of 12 feet wide was left between two rows of stalls, which was excavated to a depth of three or four feet from the top of the sill and designed to receive the manure from the stalls on its opposite sides. This manure depot is so arranged that we can enter at one end and drive out at the other, thus affording great facility for loading. It so happened that we could not finish the stables before the cold weather set in, so we led the cattle,—oxen, cows, and young animals,—into this space, arranged temporary mangers, covered the earth with fine straw, chaff, &c., a foot deep, and commenced feeding. The thing worked well. Each day a liberal supply of coarse-cut straw was thrown down for litter. This process went on until the manure had accumulated beneath the cattle to a depth of thirty inches. Fermentation was proceeding slowly, and the possibility of the heat and gases generated by the process proving injurious to the stock, we introduced the team and delivered the whole in the field, when the process of refilling was again commenced. This was filled and drawn out three times during the last winter.

This way of manufacturing manure was new to us, and the novelty of the thing induced us to suspend work on the stables, and continue the experiment through the winter, and so well satisfied are we with the results, that, at the present writing, we are cutting out the cross sills and sleepers, on one side this space, and in the area so enlarged, are building two rows of permanent stalls directly on the ground; the earth having been excavated under the intended stable to a level with that in the original manure depot. This makes us two parallel rows of stalls, the cattle standing tail to tail, with sufficient space to pass between. Muck, and coarse-cut straw being still used so liberally for litter, the cattle are always dry and clean.

This plan has obvious advantages—it may have serious objections. The latter we have not discovered,—some of the former we will enumerate. 1st, The manure is made and saved under cover, until hauled to the field. 2d, It can be hauled at any time, and during winter, as it never freezes. 3d, It saves the time and labor incident to cleaning stables. 4th, It saves all the manure most effectually, both liquid and solid, with no additional rain water. 5th, The cattle are kept much cleaner than on floors, and with much less trouble. This requires liberal littering, and this, again, increases the pile of manure. 6th, In consequence of the close packing of the materials, by the treading of the cattle, fermentation is never rapid, but sufficient to cause a thorough germination of all seeds, fair and foul, and their consequent destruction. This point we have this day tested by removing a portion of the dry litter on the surface, and discovering a network of roots and sprouts of vegetating grains. 7th, The gently fermenting manure beneath the cattle and under the dry litter, makes a warm, comfortable bed, which they highly appreciate, and which the experience of a winter and a half, is convincing us, contrary to our first impressions, is not detrimental to the health of the animals, but, on the contrary, highly conducive to fat and thrift.

Corunna, Mich., Jan. 1860. C. M. REYNOLDS.

HUNGARIAN GRASS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your paper of Sept. 3d, 1859, I notice that Hon. A. B. DICKINSON says (without comment,) that the "Hungarian Grass of *last year*, and the Honey-Blade Grass of *this year*, is nothing more than what was known as *millet* forty years ago,—what was cultivated as barnyard, or summer grass, seventy-five years since,—and is the meanest grass of all that grows."

Does this intimate that there has been this remarkable rate of progression from the "meanest of all grasses" to our present rich and fruitful Hungarian, or that the Hungarian is but a synonym for the "meanest grass of all that grows?" Take it either way it is remarkable. "What's in a name?" has been asked in matters of more and less importance than whether this grass shall be called "millet," "Hungarian," or "barnyard." "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," we are told, and this leads me to hope that this grass, even under the undignified appellation of "barnyard," will still continue to satisfy our Western farmers, which will be the more easy, as its known productive capacity is from two and a half to six tuns of hay per acre, and it yields a seed as rich, at least, as oats, at the rate of six to ten bushels per tun. What it might do under careful and thorough farming I do not know, as our Western farmers are not addicted to cultivating their farms in that way.

Our "Millet" is as distinct from the Hungarian Grass raised in this country, as wheat is from oats. The history of the introduction into the United States of Hungarian grass, as given to me by the citizens of Southern Iowa, where I first saw it, is that a colony of Hungarians, who settled at New Buda, in that State, brought the seed with them from "Faderland," and disseminated it throughout their immediate vicinity, whence it rapidly spread over the West. Two years ago the present winter, I believe, the seed of this grass sold in Central New York, at the rate of sixteen dollars per bushel, and, at the same time, it was a drug in the limited markets of Southern Iowa at thirty cents per bushel. I only mention this fact as partial proof that this part of the West was probably its first place of growth in the United States. J. C. B.

Galesburg, Ill., 1860.

GROWING AND CURING TOBACCO.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A correspondent of Sheridan, N. Y., asks how to cure tobacco. I will give him the farmers' mode here, as it differs from the way you proposed, and I think it the best. I have been raising tobacco for ten years, and have always had good luck in curing it, and I will give you a description how we fix our barns. Put poles in them four feet apart, and make tobacco sticks four feet long. Cut your tobacco, split the main stalk to within two or three inches of where you intend to cut it off, set it down, invert astride of the ridge of the row until it begins to wilt; then let it up in a hill, and drive up two forks, and lay up your tobacco stick in the forks. Then hang the tobacco astride of the stick, and put on from ten to fifteen plants, according to the size. Then hang in the barn, or on a scaffold if too far to take to the barn. The way we build a scaffold is to take a good stout pole, say twelve feet long, rest one end on a stump, if convenient, some four feet high, raise the other end up level with two forks; then put on the end of the tier poles four feet apart; then raise the other end with two forks, and hang the sticks of tobacco on the scaffold, crowding them up as close as you can, but not to bruise them.

Great care should be taken in handling tobacco when green, or it will bruise, which will spoil the leaf. Tobacco scaffolded out in the sun will yellow quicker than that which is hung in the barn, and it needs the greatest attention. When it begins to turn yellow, look at it every day, and as soon as you see the lower corner begin to turn a brownish color, open it on the scaffold, or take it to the barn and hang it up so that it will not touch. Now, for the color you want it. If you want a dark brown, start your fire a little, a mere smoke for two or three days, then make it hotter gradually, until it is cured up. If you want what is called *fancy tobacco*,—like Jacob's cattle, ring-streaked,—you must cut it at about the color you want it; then put on the fire and cure it up quick. A great many people don't fire any, but fire a little if you can.

Stripping is a pretty nice job—to assort it right, the large leaves should be put by themselves, and the small ones in a different pile. The different colors also should be kept separate. Sweating we don't do, as we always sell it by hand to what is termed a tobacco buyer, who buys up from 100 to 200 hogsheads, and presses it for market.

Burrillville, Logan Co., Ky., 1859. W. H. W.

CANVASSING FOR THE NEW-YORKER.

[Of late we have received many interesting letters from Agent-Friends, relative to their experience in canvassing for the RURAL, some of which are quite spicy and readable. Among these is the following from a correspondent in Washington county—H. K. FISHER, Esq.,—who recently volunteered his efforts in aid of the RURAL, and has already obtained *over one hundred subscribers* in a locality where but very few copies were taken last year. It shows what a tone of energy and influence can do in a good cause, and we trust others will regard the example as worthy of imitation.]

MR. MOORE:—I have had such a pleasant time circulating your paper here, that I wonder our farmers do not take it up as a means of recreation from the toils of the field. The RURAL is the paper for the people, and a great favorite with the ladies. To the latter I am much indebted for the club I send you. Designed as your paper is to interest the whole household, I did not consider that I had fully discharged my duty till its merits were presented to all. That the expense might fall lightly, and the interest in the paper be doubled, I have recommended two members of a family to join. As the result, it is gladdening many more homes than I send you names. There is something mysterious in the power of the RURAL to relax the features and unloose the purse strings. There is such a furore now for the RURAL that I have got to work on whether I will or not. Every time I attempt to close up the business, the deeper I get in. I wrote to the publisher telling him rather ungentlemanly, that he put me in mind of a certain old fellow who gets people into scrapes, but is never known to help them out. Where the matter will end I do not know, for the ball is still rolling. I was weak enough to show the first No. for this year, all bright and beautiful as it came from the press, to a man who had peremptorily refused to subscribe. "I declare," said he, "it is splendid; I must have it," and he signed forthwith.

Though I am somewhat resigned to my fate, I must say that I do not like canvassing well enough to follow it as a steady business, more than I should teaching or peddling tin. If any dealer in the shining article thinks this derogatory, he will please lay it to the tin. It is more guilty of *reflection* than I am. But for a change. Canvassing for a paper, especially such a paper as the RURAL is agreeable. Besides increasing your circulation, I have enlarged my own acquaintances. Many that I only knew by sight, I have now the pleasure of knowing by name. Canvassing is a good deal like prospecting for gold. Now finding nuggets and placers, and again meeting with nothing but disappointment. Your paper being the best of its kind, I did not show it to any but first rate people. If any to whom I have not shown it, take this as a reflection, they will bear in mind that if I did not show it to them, it was because I could not get to them. One, I think, took the RURAL to get rid of me. Another said he would take it if I would read one of my articles in the paper to him. I did so, though I thought the penance rather hard, and a good deal like making a physician swallow his own medicine. How trusting, accommodating and kind, after all, is human nature. Of the many that I have called upon, from Center Cambridge east, to the State line, and south from Shushan to the Hoosic river, not one has hesitated to extend to me the fullest confidence. The courtesy and hospitality that I have received will always be gratefully remembered. I forbear mentioning names, well knowing that what I may say cannot add to, or take from, the well earned reputation of the large-hearted men and noble women of Cambridge Valley and vicinity. I shall take occasion in some future number of the RURAL to describe the barn of THOMAS SHILAND, Esq., of Cambridge, and also the management of sheep as pursued by Mr. GERRETT S. LAKE, of White Creek. I had not the pleasure of seeing the very fine flock of Mr. CALVIN SKINNER of Cambridge, but shall the first opportunity. Accept then, Col. MOORE, this band of new recruits from Eastern New York. Nine-tenths of them are farmers—real "bone and sinew." I have not the least doubt but they will behave as admirably as the corps of old regulars who have so long marched under your banner. The volunteers, you know, won the brightest wreathes of bay at Churubusco, Monterey and Buena Vista, during the Mexican war. Long may they swell the ranks of the great RURAL army, standing by you, shoulder to shoulder, doing battle for Progress and Improvement. H. K. F.

Cambridge Valley, N. Y., 1860.

LONG ISLAND FARMING LANDS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As much attention and inquiry have been excited by the advertisements and notices relating to the new, or wild lands of Long Island, as published in the RURAL, I propose to state for the benefit of your readers who have taken an interest in this matter, and those who have doubted the existence of any good lands under such circumstances, the fact that a gentleman, Dr. STIMSON, from St. George, Brandt Co., C. W., who read the advertisement, and thought it could not be true,—that there must be some mistake about it,—after seeing some further statements concluded to come to the Island and see for himself. He came and after a thorough and careful examination, purchased 30 acres, near Mr. TAYLOR'S (a notice of whose grass land has been published,) for $25 per acre, paid the cash for it last week, and before he left made a contract to have it cleared and plowed—20 acres to be done by the first of May next, and the remaining 10 acres by the first of June. The land is entirely wild, and only a fair sample of all of this region.

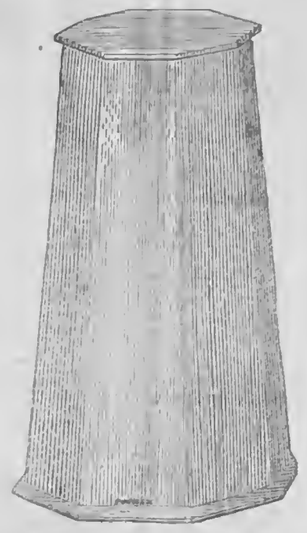
North Islip, L. I., Dec. '59. AGRICOLA.

EXPERIMENT IN POTATO RAISING.—I cut twelve good sized potatoes, one eye in a piece, and put two pieces in each hill, the hills about four feet apart each way. Manured in the hill with hog manure. The vines covered the ground handsomely, but the frost killed them before they matured. The number of hills was one hundred and sixty-eight. I obtained *eighteen bushels and a peck*. A majority yielded a bushel from eight hills, or a bushel from sixteen eyes.—T. O., *Bedford, Monroe Co., Mich., Dec.*, 1859.

The Bee-Keeper.

Octagon Bee-Hive.

IT is an established fact that bees, during the winter, congregate in a body, and work up for their food; and it is not unfrequently the case that they eat up through their hive, and then starve to death, when there is plenty of honey in the corners. For if the weather is very cold, they will not go down to begin anew; and if they should, they would find it like the boy's four-pence, a penny in a place, and would rather starve than to look it up. Now, to remedy the evil, I build an



octagon hive out of eight staves, and confine them with two hoops. The hive should be about twelve inches in diameter on the bottom, and ten on top, inside, and twenty-one inches high. In a hive this shape and size, the bees will take nearly all of the honey as they go up so that their food will always be above them, and the hive being tapering, it decreases as the bees decrease during the winter. If the winter is very severe, there can be an empty barrel set over it. The hive should be made of inch or inch and a quarter stuff, simply held together by the hoops, with the top nailed on. If you want to exhibit *something nice*, after destroying or driving the bees, take off the top, then slip a hand-saw in between the comb and hive, to saw off the rods and loosen the comb, then raise the hive off and you will have a cone of honey fit to present to a king. H. MCDONOUGH.

Profits of Bee-Culture.

HIRAM W. BULKELEY, of Saratoga county, sends the following interesting account of his success with bees, to the Secretary of our State Society, Col. JOHNSON. We are satisfied that nothing will pay better than keeping bees; but care is required, and a knowledge of their habits, and, for want of this, many fail:

Dear Sir: I take the liberty to send you a copy of my account with my bees for the current season. The profits foot up, as you will see, to something *over one hundred per cent.* above every expense. I can make my other stock pay half as well. I have charged them no ground rent, as they hang on cleats, and I get a full crop of grass under them. Experience is continually improving my skill in their management. I have just learned that much may be gained in amount of honey in boxes, by changing boxes partly filled from industrious swarms to more idle ones, even without emptying the boxes of the bees, as I find they do not quarrel. Another improvement is to put empty combs into each box before inserting it in the chamber; some stragglers finding empty cells, will put a little honey into them; and a beginning being thus made, the process of filling is soon undertaken in earnest.

I am glad that bee-culture is gaining attention among farmers. Immense quantities of delicious sweet are annually produced in our fields, and lost for want of the little winged laborers to gather it.

1859.		*Dr.*
June 1.—To 29 swarms wintered, worth $7 each		$203 00
30 hives for new swarms, $1,50		45 00
100 honey boxes, 18c		18 00
13 frames on which hives are suspended, 50c		6 50
labor bestowed, estimated at		10 00
expenses of marketing		3 46
		$285 96
		Cr.
By sales of 520½ lbs. clover honey, including boxes, 25c		$130 12
By 489 lbs. buckwheat honey, including boxes, 14c.		68 46
By 7 swarms taken up, honey estimated at $3 each		21 00
By 7 hives for use again, $1,50		10 50
By honey on hand and used in family, estimated		30 00
By 35 swarms on hand, $6		210 00
By 17 swarms sold after honey season		100 00
By First premium at State Fair		5 00
By First premium at Saratoga County Fair		1 00
		$576 08
Deduct debits		285 96
Profits		$290 12

CARE OF BEES IN WINTER.—It is rather late in the season to ask the question, but as we have had some dispute on the subject, I wish to know whether it is best to stop the opening to a hive when the winter sets in; as some say the cold air benumbs and freezes the bees, and that they often leave their hives on sunny days and become lost in the snow, not being able to arise if they once alight. Others say that the air is necessary, and that it is also necessary that they should leave the hive to rid themselves of their feces.—R. S., *Michigan*, 1860.

THE entrance should not be stopped, but it is best to protect the hive so that it is not exposed to the severe winds. If bees leave the hive when the snow is crusted, they will seldom be lost, and those only the feeble and diseased. Still, we have covered the hives with straw, which with the snow kept them covered until spring, and they came out strong and healthy in the spring. In the cellar, too, we have kept them where they remained dormant until spring, consuming little honey, and appearing right every way when put on the stands.

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM ON BEES.—Mr. ARNAN, of Downefield, wishing to have the honey taken from a hive, without killing the bees, and having before heard of chloroform being used, felt anxious to try the experiment. He first closed the doorway, then covered the hive with a cloth to shut out the light as much as possible, after which he commenced to blow chloroform into the hive. When it was discovered that the bees had fallen asleep, they were easily removed to another hive without harm to any one, and next morning were all awake and in a lively state, humming around their hive.

Agricultural Societies.

U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this organization, held at Washington last week, HENRY WAGER, of this State, was elected President, to succeed Gen. TILGHMAN, of Maryland. The Treasurer, B. B. FRENCH, and Secretary, B. PERLEY POORE, were re-elected. We have not received the official proceedings.

CONNECTICUT STATE AG SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were chosen: *President*—R. H. HYDE, 2d, Stafford. *Vice-Presidents*—Robbins Battell, Norfolk; John T. Norton, Farmington. *Cor. Sec'y*—Henry A. Dyer. *Rec. Sec'y*—T. S. Gold, West Cornwall. *Treas.*—F. A. Brown. *Directors*—Charles P. Pond, Washington Wash, Jas. A. Bill, George Osborne, Charles Osgood, Abijah Catlin, Levi Coe, R. B. Chamberlin. After organization the report of the Treasurer was read and accepted. It showed the receipts of 1858 and 1859 to have been $14,726 86. Disbursements $12,624 39, including a payment of $2,105 61 of last year's indebtedness. Balance on hand $2,102 41.

NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were elected: *President*—WM F. ESTES, of Dover. *Sec'y*—Aaron Young, Dover. *Treas.*—Frederick Smith, Manchester. *Directors*—Dana Woodman, Joseph B. Walker, Alfred Hoit, John Preston and John S Walker.

MONROE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at the Court House, Rochester, Jan. 11th. Though the weather was unfavorable, there was an unusually large attendance. Measures were adopted to pay the debts of the Society, about forty gentlemen agreeing to take life-membership tickets to the amount (some $2,000.) The following board of officers was elected for 1860:—*President*—D. D. T. MOORE. *Vice Presidents*—J. H. Sutherland, Pittsford; Asa Rowe, Sweden; H. W. Jones, Rochester. *Treasurer*—M. C. Mordoff, Rochester. *Secretary*—Samuel Miller, Rochester. *Directors* (to fill vacancies)—James Upton, Greece; W. C. Tracy, Penfield; V. P. Brown, Wheatland. The Democrat says—"The officers were elected with great unanimity, (the President receiving 80 of the 84 ballots cast,) and the best spirit prevailed throughout. We never attended a more progressive and enthusiastic meeting of the Society, and congratulate all interested upon the prospect of speedily extinguishing its indebtedness."

NIAGARA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1860: *President*—FRANK SPALDING, of Lewiston. *Vice-Presidents*—O. P. Knapp, Lockport; E. F. Holden, Porter; Benj. F. Freeman, Royalton; George B. Leonard, Newfane; L. Pickard, Tonawanda; H Hayward, Lewiston; N. Colt, Cambria; J. Goodrich, Lewiston; G. W. Sherman, Tonawanda; J. W. Davis, Hartland; E. P. Graves, Niagara; J. N. Sawyer, Wilson; S. Mead, Somerset. *Sec'y*—P. D. Walter, Lockport. *Treasurer*—E. A. Holt, Lockport. *Directors*—Alexander Campbell D. A. Van Valkenberg, Daniel Bosserman, W. Robinson, Philip Freeman and Thomas Scoville.

SCHUYLER CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the Annual Meeting of this Society, held at Watkins, officers were elected for 1860, as follows: *President*—WM. VAUGHN of Hector. *Vice-Presidents*—Charles Prince, Walter Savory, R. B. Hall, J. M. Jackson, Samuel Ross and Jerome B. White. *Executive Committee*—Jacob Banker, William A. Ward, Samuel Barker, G. B. Thompson, Leroy Wood, Robert Mills, Isaac Fero, James M. Secor and John Force. Thos. Evans, of Watkins, was re-elected Treasurer, and has served the Society faithfully in that capacity since its first organization. S. W. Sackett of Catharine, (Burdette P. O.,) was re-elected Secretary.

LIVINGSTON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting officers were elected as follows: *President*—ALONZO BRADNER. *Vice-President*—F. B. Pierson, Avon. *Sec'y*—H. V. Cult, Geneseo. *Geologist*—J. V. Lauderdale, Geneseo. *Directors*—E. P. Fuller, Groveland, in place of Wm. A. Mills, Mt. Morris, and Z. Longyor, Lima, in place of Jasper Barber, Avon, who was re-elected, but declined.

ONONDAGA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following board of officers was elected for 1860: *President*—JAS. M. MUNRO, of Camillus. *Vice-Presidents*—Silas Corey, Otisco; George Butts, Manlius. *Sec'y*—Hiram Wiard, Syracuse. *Treasurer*—E. Hopkins, Syracuse. *Directors*—Willard L. Adams, Salina; Luther Baker, LaFayette.

STEUBEN CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were elected for 1860: *President*—JOHN W. TAGGART, of Urbana. *Vice-Presidents*—Robert G. Benton, Pultney; Henry McElwee, Savona; Lyman Balcom, Painted Post; H. Marlatt, Woodhull; John W. Whiting, Howard; Lorenzo N. Rider, Fremont. *Sec'y*—Robert M. Lyon, Bath. *Treasurer*—Reuben Robie, Bath.

THE UNION AG. SOCIETY, comprising several towns in Western part of this county, held its annual meeting at Brockport on the 7th inst. The Society is in a prosperous condition, with a small fund in its treasury over all liabilities. The following board of officers was chosen for 1860: *President*—E. B. HOLMES. *Vice-President*—J. H. Watts. *Sec'y*—H. N. Beach. *Treasurer*—Thomas Cornes. *Directors*—C. H. Mason, E. Patten, James Ross, H. W. Moore, H. Mordoff and S. V. W. Requa.

THE TONAWANDA VALLEY AG. SOCIETY held its annual meeting at Attica on Tuesday evening, Jan. 10th. The Treasurer's report showed a small balance on hand, over all liabilities. After the transaction of other business the following officers were elected for 1860: *President*—J. G. SHEPARD. *Vice-Presidents*—Lyman Brainard, Attica; Leverett Peck, Alexander; H. L. Harlow, Alden; Benjamin Pringle, Batavia; Henry Rowley, Bennington; D. R. Priudle, Bethany; H. T. Brooks, Covington; Miles Wallis, Darien; D. H. Bogue, Elba; W. F. Graves, Eagle; Wolcott J. Humphrey, Java; J. B. Bass, Marilla; F. W. Capwell, Middlebury; Ephraim Wheeler, Orangeville; Henry Hatch, Warsaw; Ormus Doolittle, Wethersfield. *Treas*—F. R. Wright. *Cor. Sec'y*—A. S. Stevens. *Rec. Sec'y*—Silas Folsom. *Librarian*—Gardner Dorrance.

SKANEATELES FARMERS' CLUB.—This Club has made choice of the following officers for 1860:—*President*—RUSSEL FROST. *Vice-Presidents*—Joab L. Clift and George H. Bently. *Treasurer*—W. J. Townsend. *Sec'y*—Wm M. Beauchamp. *Ass't Sec'y*—C. Moses. *Board of Directors*—Dr. Austin, Chairman, C. C. Wyckoff, W. P. Giles, Wilis Clift, J. H. Allen, H. Ellery, J. Davey, Jr., Edward Shepard, Wm. E. Clark and H. T. Hooker. This Farmers' Club instituted the first Agricultural Fair ever held in the State of New York. It is in a prosperous condition—has a small balance in the treasury—and holds regular meetings for lectures, discussions, &c.

LITTLE FALLS FARMERS' CLUB.—At the recent annual meeting the following board of officers was chosen for 1860: *President*—ZENAS GREEN, of Danube. *Secretary*—X. A. Willard; of Little Falls. *Corresponding Secretary* A. W. Eaton, of Little Falls. *Treasurer*—P. Roed, of Little Falls

COVENTRY (TOWN) AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1860: *President*—E. P. BLAKESLEY. *Vice-Presidents*—B. B. Blake, E. A. Trowbridge and J. S. Parker. *Sec'y*—M. S. Parker. *Ass't Sec'y*—N. G. Hunt. *Sec'y for Foreign Stock and Articles*—S. F. Allis. *Treasurer*—D. Beecher. The sixth Annual Fair is to be held Oct. 3d and 4th, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

PLAIN TALK.—Some of the enthusiastic, influential and successful friends of the RURAL—and it has hundreds of that stamp—complain because sundry farmers and others will take a political paper *only*, thereby neglecting their own interests and depriving their families of the pleasure and instruction which such a journal as the RURAL affords. One thinks "a man who won't allow his wife and sons and daughters to have a family paper, is too mean to enjoy life." Another sends us the names of the wives of "several men of means who have declined to take anything but a political paper *this year*—wise, economical souls, who want to confine every member of their families to the fibs and fights of politicians, and the interminable accounts of 'Conventions,' 'Union-Saving Meetings,' and President-making generally"—and suggests that others send names in like manner, and that we forward specimens to the ladies. We have no objection, and will send specimens in response to all requests. But we beg our friends to "keep cool," for such men as they describe are comparatively rare. Wise men—good husbands and judicious fathers—are as careful to provide proper mental entertainment and instruction for their families as for themselves; and the *fact* that thousands of *new* subscribers have recently been added to our list proves that politics are not making sensible people crazy.

THE LEGAL POSTAGE ON THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is the same as that on an ordinary newspaper—only 3¼ cents per quarter (of 13 numbers) to any part of this State, and 6¼ cents to any other State or Territory of the United States, *if paid quarterly in advance at the Post Office where received*,—and yet we now and then hear of instances where Post-Masters charge double these rates. A letter just received from an agent in Erie Co., N. Y., says—"Our P. M. makes out double postage on the RURAL this year. What shall we do?" *Refer him to the Legal Rates of Postage*, (a copy of which he ought to possess and understand,) and inform him that, while you insist upon "nothing but what is clearly right," you will "submit to nothing wrong." The matter is a very plain one, and we hope none of our subscribers will have any difficulty in its adjustment. As a class Post-Masters are clever and intelligent, but some of them probably do not understand the law fully, or put a wrong construction upon its language. And, beside, the people are so eager for the RURAL that it is barely possible some P. M's charge in proportion to the demand—as merchants do for their wares!

MICHIGAN STATE AG. COLLEGE.—The Lansing Journal (published at the capital of Michigan, where the State Ag. College is located,) makes this announcement:—"We were not surprised to learn, the other day, that the professors and officers of the Agricultural College had all resigned. This was done, we understand, with the concurrence of the Board of Education, who have a scheme to remodel the whole thing." The same paper adds some severe language about the inception and management of the institution—which we hope is partisan talk, rather than plain truth—but admits that "the faculty and teachers of the institution have done everything in their power, and as well as any set of men could do, to give character to their department. And in this they have not been unsuccessful. But they could not carry the dead weights." Thousands of the friends of Agricultural Education are watching the Michigan College with solicitude, and it is sincerely hoped that its success will not be jeoparded by the blighting curse of politics or partisan wrangles. It should be kept free from all such matters.

"TO BE CONTINUED"—The Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, if report is true—for the Washington correspondent of the Charleston Mercury affirms that Hon. THOS. G. CLEMSON, a son-in-law of the great South Carolina statesman, is to be appointed "Agriculturalist of the Patent Office," in place of Mr. BROWN, removed. We had hoped that *that* farce was "played out"—having been done up so very *Brown*—but it, like the Ledger's interminable stories, and about as uselessly, is to be continued. It is about time for this Nation of Farmers to have an independent Bureau, under the control of competent men, (if such a thing is possible,) or none whatever—a subject on which we shall have something to say anon.

FREE ADVERTISING.—We must again decline, as we did in several instances last year, to publish in our reading pages the proposals of those who offer to *give away*, exchange, or send on receipt of stamps, choice vegetable or other seeds. Though the motives of applicants for such favors may be good, the system of free communication is liable to abuse, beside being unjust to seedsmen and others who advertise legitimately. Indeed, *all* who endeavor to advertise their wares free by sending us communications (with eulogistic descriptions, price, terms, &c., or even a casual "puff,") are advised to save such a waste of time, labor and stationery.

LORD PALMERSTON ON RURAL AFFAIRS.—A foreign paper says that Lord PALMERSTON, in his 76th year, as lively and versatile as Rover, in the old comedy, recently delivered a lecture at Romney, very valuable for its practical truths, on the mode of building cottages, and how to reform untidy people by making their homes comfortable. He threw out valuable suggestions on the subject of practical farming, and showed that the stingy husbandman was a bad political economist who gave unremunerative wages to his laborers. In short, his Lordship was overflowing with practical wisdom, the fruit of long experience and observation.

OBITUARY.—It becomes our painful duty to announce the death of Judge TURRILL, of Oswego, President of the Oswego Co. Ag. Society, and Vice-President of the State Ag. Society for that district. B. B. KIRTLAND, of Greenbush, for many years Treasurer of the State Society, also died last month. CHARLES POWIS, of Greece, in this county, for many years a prominent nurseryman, and highly esteemed as a christian, citizen and neighbor, has also finished his earthly work.

SALTED WATER FOR SHEEP.—One hundred sheep were lately receiving regularly, in three fodderings, 187 pounds of hay and 175 pounds of cut straw. This has been replaced by 110 pounds of hay and same of cut straw, the sheep being watered over night with 33 gallons of water, in which 1¾ pounds of sea salt is dissolved. In spite of the reduction of food, the sheep, even those which are with lamb, are kept in as good condition as before. So says the N. Y. Tribune.

WEIGHTY STEERS.—While enjoying the kind hospitality of Judge STEVENS, of Attica, last week, he informed us that Mr. JOHN SKAATS of that town had a pair of Devon steers, less than a year old, that weighed 1,426 lbs. when only nine months old! When the Tonawanda Valley makes such a weighty report, our stock-grazing friends of the Genesee Valley must look to their laurels.

HEAVY HOGS.—A recent letter from Mr. J. L. THORNTON, of Princeton, Gibson Co., Ind., says:—"BARTON & DEVIN, of this place, have recently slaughtered two heavy hogs—one, owned by Mr. GEO. KENDALL, weighing 727 lbs. net, and another, owned by Mr. WM. ARMSTRONG, weighing 730 lbs. net." Our Hoosier friends are ahead on weighty specimens of the genus Sus.

THANKS to numerous Correspondents for recent favors. They will aid in enriching future numbers.

FRUIT-GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

ANNUAL MEETING.

REPORT OF THE DISCUSSION.

MORNING SESSION.

Dwarf Pears.

Is the Dwarf Pear a humbug?

AUSTIN PINNEY, of Clarkson.—Could name one variety which was no humbug—the Louise Bonne de Jersey. It would bear more than any other sort. Had from one and a half to two bushels on trees eight years planted, and two years at the time of planting. No other fruit tree will give more weight of fruit on the same limbs.

WILLIAM P. TOWNSEND, of Lockport.—For the last ten years the Louise Bonne de Jersey with me has borne three to one over any other variety. If planting a pear orchard again would not set a single standard. Would plant dwarfs in rows 12 feet apart and from 6 to 8 feet in rows. Any moderate investment in dwarf pears, with good culture, is a safe one. Not the least danger of failure on a moderately clayey soil. Would recommend as first on the list for dwarfs, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Doyenne de Alencon, Virgalieu, Vicar of Winkfield, Beurre Diel, Osband's Summer and Bartlett, even upon the quince, although it has been condemned as unsuitable for the quince root. Have rows of trees 400 feet long planted 9 years ago, the fruit of which now brings me $100 for each row. In answer to the question, what he considered *good cultivation*, Mr. T. said he considered it to be the thorough culture of the whole surface of the soil. A fruit orchard should be a fruit garden, with the whole surface mellow. It was no place for weeds, or a hard, baked soil.

Prof. CORROCK, of Buffalo.—Dwarfs do well at Buffalo, when good trees are planted in a good soil and they receive any care. The Louise Bonne de Jersey had been spoken of as much more productive than any other variety. Liked it well, but must except his favorite, the Vicar of Winkfield, as it bore two to one over any other sort. Spading around dwarf trees does a great deal of mischief, for the roots lie near the surface and are cut and injured. No other implement than the fork should be used near the trees.

Mr. TOWNSEND would add to the list previously named, Flemish Beauty and Seckel.

C. L. HOAG, of Lockport.—The Flemish Beauty exceeds most other varieties, making a beautiful, spreading tree after once established.

Prof. CORROCK.—The Flemish Beauty does well, but sheds its foliage too early, and earlier on the quince than on its own roots.

C. M. HOOKER, of Rochester, in answer to an inquiry how many varieties of pears succeeded on the quince root, said he planted an orchard with 80 varieties 3 years ago, and over 70 varieties had done well.

W. B. SMITH, of Syracuse.—The better question would be, what varieties do not succeed on the quince. Think the number few. Will some one name them?

GEORGE ELLWANGER, Rochester.—Will name a few of the leading varieties that will not grow on quince—Beurre Rose, Paradise d'Automne, Dix, Sheldon. These are good sorts and should be double worked. Preferred the Virgalieu stock for double working. In answer to an inquiry in regard to the Belle Lucrative, Mr. E. said it was one of the best of all on quince, on their grounds, though almost worthless on the pear.

D. W. BEADLE—Belle Lucrative is excellent; fine, healthy tree, equal to Louise Bonne de Jersey, and the fruit is much better.

Prof. CORROCK.—There was no use of enlarging our list of dwarf pears, as it was large enough already. In a market, fruit size is indispensable. The Bartlett sells higher than some better pears of small size.

Mr. TOWNSEND.—Was opposed to recommending a poor pear because it was of large size. Such associations as this should endeavor to correct public taste.

H. T. BROOKS, of Wyoming.—I represent the fruit *eaters* more than the fruit *growers*. Don't think it is profitable to send dwarf pears out among farmers, and would not recommend them. What farmers want is a tree that will bear grief well. Could not tell what was in the future, but was among the hopeful.

W. B. SMITH.—It is not best then to recommend improved stock to farmers, the Durham and Devons, for they are not as hardy as our common stock. Farmers should keep stock that will bear grief.

Mr. BROOKS.—Stock growing is the farmer's business, fruit growing is only incidental.

Mr. SMITH.—If farmers would plant dwarf trees and take care of them, in many cases fruit growing would become the business and stock growing be incidental. At least, every farmer should have a few trees in his garden to furnish a supply for family use.

Mr. BROOKS.—What we call a garden where I live, and all around, is a place back of the house where we have a few hills of potatoes and—and several hundred pig-weeds and the like.

Mr. FISH, of Rochester.—Farmers must learn to cultivate their trees, and then they will find the business profitable.

S. H. AINSWORTH.—Have in the course of my life said some things against dwarf pears, and this was in consequence of the indiscriminate manner in which varieties were at first sent out. Now, we have found out what sorts are hardy and productive, and what are suited to culture on the quince. The Louise Bonne de Jersey is one of the hardiest and best. Have standards 14 years old, and young dwarf bearing trees. On dwarfs the fruit is larger, better flavored, and always ripens, which it does not on its own roots. The Virgalieu is a little larger on quince, but quality a little better on its own roots. Belle Lucrative, excellent on both roots. Little larger on the quince. Vicar of Winkfield, bears and ripens well on quince. Good every way. Nothing excels it on quince. On standard, good for nothing. The great secret of success is culture and pruning. Ground should be all well tilled, and deeply; and this fact should be impressed upon farmers. With me, Virgalieu does better than Duchess de Angouleme. Tyson succeeds well on quince, larger than on pear, but good either way. Had no trees that blighted but Glout Morceau. Sold my crop in Boston last autumn at $10 per barrel. Would have got more in New York. Winter Nelis has proved a failure. Cracked so as to be worthless like Virgalieu in some places. Beurre d'Aremberg very fine this year as standards. The first quince stocks obtained could not make work. Find the Angers the best.

Mr. ELLWANGER.—The Fontenay quince is as good as the Anger's quince, and better for some pears; it is hardier and closer grained. Some varieties did better for a year or two on Angers, but the Fontenay expands much faster, and as a general thing was better, though some varieties of pears were partial to one, and some to the other.

Mr. TOWNSEND.—Agree with Mr. Ellwanger.—There was but little difference between the Fontenay and Angers quince, but some varieties of pears were partial to each.

Mr. PINNEY.—Would like to know if small Duchesse de Angouleme pears were, of any value?

T. G. YEOMANS, of Walworth.—Small Duchesse, as a general thing, are worthless, but specimens of medium size were good.

Mr. PINNEY.—Found none but the large specimens good.

Prof. CORROCK.—What is the quality of the fruit of the Angers quince. Have more than 200 trees and would like to know if they were worth preserving.

W. P. TOWNSEND.—Smaller, but in all other respects equal to the orange.

Mr. YEOMANS, in answer to an inquiry, as to his success in pear culture, said he had but a small number of trees in bearing, about one-third of an acre, 140 trees, gave 30 barrels of fruit. Five barrels blew off during a high wind before picking time, and for these obtained from $8 to $18 per barrel. For those picked by hand from $16 to $30. Total product $500. Trees planted 8 years last spring; soil a strong loam; not highly manured, not more in the whole eight years than farmers will sometimes give a corn crop in 1 year. Aside from pruning, four acres in dwarf pears would take no more time than one in potatoes.

G. ELLWANGER.—We have fine crops of Louise Bonne de Jersey. For selected lots, got $16 to $20 per barrel.

J. J. THOMAS.—How many dollars, with the very best culture could be raised from an acre in Louise Bonne de Jersey trees?

G. ELLWANGER.—Our trees are from 5 to 6 feet apart, and 8 years old from bud. Planted about 8 to 10 feet apart, would give 1,000 trees to the acre. They would average at 7 or 8 years after planting a bushel to a tree. Thinned the fruit to prevent over-bearing.

P. BARRY.—The culture of dwarf pears is one of the most important branches of fruit culture and that too, if farmers never plant a pear. Hundreds and thousands residents of villages have in their gardens dwarf trees, and are enjoying the fruit who but for them would never taste a good pear. Dwarf trees were just the thing for old people to plant, as they might reasonably hope to enjoy the fruit. The pear on the quince root, it was easy and safe to resume, under almost all circumstances, while standard pear trees are comparatively difficult of removal. The dwarf is subject to no more accidents and no more diseases than the standard. Dwarfs will not do for farmers to plant in fields of wheat, or in pastures, where cattle roam, but farmers can have them in their gardens. They are of great advantage to nurserymen, enabling them to test the qualities of fruits and judge of their quality. But for dwarf trees we should know nothing of the quality of a large list of our pears, for we could not have tested them or known anything about them. They are the greatest boon ever conferred on this country, in the way of fruit. Was not in favor of recommending a long list. Jaminette was the finest grower possible on the quince, nearly as good as the Vicar, and ripens easier.—Would recommend the following:—Louise Bonne de Jersey, Duchesse de Angouleme, Beurre de Anjou, Beurre Superfine, Beurre Diel, White Doyenne, Urbaniste, Easter Beurre, Doyenne d' Alencon, Figue d' Alencon, Vicar of Winkfield, Glout Morceau, Pound, Calillac, Jaminette. There is not one in this list but any one may succeed with—as simple as growing a hill of corn.

J. J. THOMAS.—A friend planted out a small dwarf pear orchard of Jaminette and Duchesse de Angouleme; neglected it, and all grew up to grass. The Duchesse were destroyed, but the Jaminette persevered against all difficulties, and survived the neglect. The very best grower on the quince I know.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Shelter.

Best Protection of Fruits from the effects of Severe Winters—shelter, underdraining, &c., and the hardiest sorts of apples and pears.

J. J. THOMAS.—Not much experience, but observed by the discussion at the Illinois State Fair that Western men were not agreed as to the advantages of shelter. Some thought it did injury, but noticed in the cases reported where shelter had proved injurious, the fruit trees were planted *among* growing trees and were thus *shaded* as well as sheltered, while in obtaining nourishment they had to contend with the roots of forest trees.

Mr. BARRY.—In the case of pears shelter is of great benefit. Last season, in consequence of perhaps unusually high winds, much of the fruit was blown off. Here the prevailing high winds are from the West, and a belt of trees should be provided, which in a few years will afford ample protection. A dry soil is of great importance. In wet soils the wood does not mature, but remains soft and perishes in severe weather. Draining is of the greatest benefit and should be urged upon all planters of fruit trees. In our own grounds even forest trees and Norways suffered on the western sides. The branches on that side were more slender, and sometimes blackened.

W. P. TOWNSEND.—Is not the winter sun in a great degree the cause of this injury?

Mr. BARRY.—In the West trees suffer from the bright winter's sun during cold weather, but in Western New York the weather is generally cloudy during cold weather, and our trees suffer but little from the sun. Our climate is getting colder and colder. For ten years after I came to this country there was no failure of the peach crop, and the experience of old peach growers showed that there was not a failure more than once in ten years. Now the peach crop is very uncertain. Some varieties are hardier than others, and planters could not be too careful about sorts. Crawford's Early is one of the hardiest varieties.

D. W. BEADLE.—What varieties of apples are most tender in this section of country?

Mr. BARRY.—Our climate is not severe enough to test the hardiness of apples, as there are none tender here.

L. B. LANGWORTHY.—A heavy mulching of the roots in the autumn is a great protection against injury from frosts.

Mr. BARRY.—The roots of all trees ought to be well protected, but this is particularly necessary with dwarf pear trees, as the roots are near the surface.

H. N. LANGWORTHY.—Would suggest the building of high fences, say twelve feet high, around the fruit garden and orchard. These fences could be covered with grapes, and would afford immediate shelter, without waiting years for the growth of trees.

W. B. SMITH.—The remedies suggested are good, but there is another which should not be forgotten; form the head low, and the wind will not have so much power over the tree, while the trunk will be well protected. This, with the mulching, as a general thing, will afford ample protection.

H. T. BROOKS.—Will the remedies proposed protect the tree when in blossom? Our fruit trees suffer much at this critical period.

P. BARRY.—Yes, protection is of great benefit at this time. Trees might be planted for protection which would make a rapid growth; either the Larch or Norway Spruce would make three feet or more in a year, and so would some deciduous trees.

H. T. BROOKS.—This question of protection is of the utmost importance, not only to fruit growers but to farmers. This is a lesson farmers will have to learn. Many farm crops were ruined for want of protection. A belt should be planted all over our lands, to stay the sweeping winds. Strong forest trees, with evergreens at the bottom would form a good protection, and help the growth of crops, cattle, and man, himself.

Mr. SHARP, of Niagara.—Had a belt of forest trees left as a protection, but they are wasting away, not half as many remaining as there were ten years ago. The trees were suffering from wind and exposure on the western side.

Col. HODGE, of Buffalo.—The great body of farmers care nothing for trees. My orchard on Grand Island is protected on three sides by belts of trees. Would not have them removed on any consideration. Norways form the very best protection. Protection was particularly essential at the West.

D. W. BEADLE, of St. Catharines, C. W.—Belts of trees will be put out. Farmers in Canada are beginning to put out trees to protect their farms, although they don't seem to care much about trees around their houses. If a belt of trees is planted with the orchard it will keep pace with the growth of the fruit trees. Have confidence that these belts will be planted, and help our fruit as well as our grain and our cattle.

J. J. THOMAS.—An old and experienced farmer, in whose judgment I have great confidence, told me that in clearing the country if a belt of timber had been left every eighty rods, much more grain would have been produced than now. In ten years Norways will grow thirty feet. Belts will be planted. What is proved to be necessary and profitable will be done.

Mr. BARRY.—Saw last Spring two fields of wheat, one fine, and the other destroyed by winter. Inquired the cause, and could find that none could be assigned, but the fact that one was protected by a piece of woods from the northwest winds, and the other exposed. The loss in this one field of wheat would pay for planting a belt of trees.

H. T. BROOKS.—Such facts as that mentioned by Mr. BARRY, are apparent to every farmer.

S. H. AINSWORTH.—We often see this protection on a large scale, and its effects are apparent. Whole townships are protected by being on a slope to the east, where the crops are good, while in an adjoining township sloping towards the West, the grain crops are much injured by winter. Lima and York, are protected in this way, while in Bloomfield, which slopes to the West, the snow is blown off, and winter wheat and rye is killed.

L. B. LANGWORTHY.—The timber, fencing and fire-wood which could be obtained from such belts are items worthy of consideration.

SAMUEL MILLER, of Rochester.—It is difficult to preserve belts of the old forest. The trees are tall, twenty or thirty feet without a limb, giving a strong leverage, while the soil is loose, so that when exposed to the winds they are blown down.

T. G. YEOMANS.—This is a very important matter, but for apple orchards prefer to plant the trees quite thick, particularly on the west side, so that they protect each other, a few rows only suffering. It is the custom in Wayne county to plant apple and peach trees together in the same orchard. The apple trees protect the peach trees, and when these become old and exhausted, they are removed, leaving the apples at the proper distances. The peaches are planted each way between the rows of apples, and are so well protected that they never suffer from wind, even when bearing the heaviest crops. By the time the apples need the ground a good round profit has been realized from the peaches. The trees on the west side of the orchard give a little fruit, and afford protection.

Grapes.

The results of the past season, as well as previously, as to the Comparative Value of the Different Varieties of Grape, both for market and home use.

What are the Effects of Winter on grape vines—comparative hardiness and best modes of protection?

Influence of Culture on Early Ripening and on the Hardiness of the Vine.

Propagation of Grapes—are layers or eyes best?

H. N. LANGWORTHY.—A very important subject at this time. The Isabella has exceeded all other varieties in this section. We need a better way of testing new varieties. We have usually got our new grapes from the propagating houses, mere straws, and must wait from four to six years before we see the fruit. Would like to learn some new way of grafting, so that new varieties could be tested in one or two years.

C. P. BISSELL.—Had in the spring of 1859 a number of yearling Diannas in pots, left over from sales. They were of course not the best plants, yet of over 700 set out in the open ground, we did not lose one, and some of them even bore fruits that summer. The difficulty in grafting scions upon old roots of the vine, is the great tendency to bleed, by the old stock, the sap pushing the scion from its position. The old process of incarcling, as practiced by us, does away with these objections, as only a small slice is removed from the side of the stock to which the scion is attached, without being removed from its own root. Inarching had all the advantages of grafting, and none of its uncertainties.

Mr. HOAG, of Lockport.—In the spring of 1856, got 12 Diannas, small plants, in the summer of 1858, those that were permitted to bear full gave 40 clusters each.

G. ELLWANGER.—Grapes can be grafted as successfully as apples or pears, by the common mode of cleft grafting. Graft after the old vine has grown an inch or two in the spring. Put on wax paper and bury under ground all but one eye. Always graft under ground, as the wood is firmer there.

S. H. AINSWORTH.—The grape can be grafted with success. Have grafted from 1 to 10 years old Isabellas. Saddle graft small roots, and waxed only at the point of union. Roots start out at the point of union, and afterward the root often dies. Young plants grown in this way in pots make a better growth than one or two year old Isabellas from the open ground. They have all their roots, and have nothing to do but to grow. At the time of planting, the roots should be nicely spread out. Have had a growth of the Delaware 15 feet long in one season, from a small pot plant, no bigger than a straw.

T. C. MAXWELL, Geneva.—Which is preferable for out-door planting, a plant one year old from the eye, or an older plant, or one grown from a layer?

S. H. AINSWORTH.—Preferred a one year old plant, but it was very important that the roots should be straightened out. If set just as they were taken from the pot, with the roots all curled up, they must grow in that shape, or what is more likely, decay and new roots start from the collar. The result of such planting is that the roots start for a little while, and furnish food for the plant, but from their cramped and crowded condition soon die, and the plant languishes.

L. B. LANGWORTHY.—The first Clinton vine grown in this country I grafted on an old Fox vine.

EVENING SESSION.

Mr. PECK, of Bloomfield.—Grape growers had poor success last summer, and they would like to know the cause of the failure. My grapes, I think, were injured by the winter, as they didn't start well. The ends of the shoots and some buds were killed. If they had been laid down, think they might have been saved. Some persons blame the June frost, but I think the principal injury was from the winter. The buds didn't start well and what grew afterwards seemed to be forced growth. Where the bloom appeared the fruit set. Only sold $75 worth; last season from the same vines 4,000 lbs. Think if I had laid my vines down would have made $100 a day for my time, for the few branches that had dropped off the trellis and remained covered were not injured and produced well.

J. J. THOMAS.—Dr. FARLEY sold $2,000 worth of grapes in 1858. This year the crop very small.—He told me he would have made thousands of dollars by a few day's labor in covering his vines.

J. PECK.—A neighbor had 1,000 vines, 3 years set, and they were protected from the West and North by a piece of woods. They were not injured, and he obtained 3,000 pounds, which he sold at 20 cents a pound.

Mr. BEADLE.—Have a little experience in covering vines. The cheapest and best way is to lay them down and cover them with earth.

S. H. AINSWORTH.—Lay down some vines every year which get covered by snow. About two-thirds were laid down last year, and one-third remained on trellis. Those that were well covered started well, but on those that were uncovered the buds were killed. It is difficult to bend old vines down, and some were bent above the line of snow and suffered. When the horizontal branches are a foot or so above the surface it is difficult to bend the canes down. Mr. ALVIN WILCOX thinks the horizontal branches should be below the ground, where they will throw out roots. Know of no objection to this plan, except the fact that the dirt will spatter over the berries and injure them.

J. PECK.—It is impossible to cover the vines when the horizontal branches are a foot or so above the ground.

Mr. AINSWORTH.—If planting a new vineyard, would train the horizontal branches close to the ground and cover.

J. J. THOMAS.—A friend exhibited a single cane at one of our State Fairs containing 21 pounds of grapes. He had laid down the old wood. How would this answer?

Mr. AINSWORTH.—Mr. WILCOX pursues this plan.

Mr. BARRY.—Has any one compared the difference in ripening between a vine trained to a board fence or wall, and one trained to an open trellis, or stake. This seemed to be an important matter.

Mr. AINSWORTH.—The Catawba on a board fence or wall will ripen as early as the Isabella on an open trellis.

J. PECK.—The grape was much more liable to mildew on the south side of a fence than on an open trellis. Catawba ripened well this year, and were not injured where the Isabella was killed. It is hardier than the Isabella, but too late for profitable or general culture.

Mr. BARRY.—Noticed a striking case of the advantages of planting on the sheltered side of a fence or building. Planted a Delaware and Rebecca on the east end of a house. Both made strong canes from 15 to 18 feet long; the leaves of the Rebecca green and healthy. In a vineyard a few rods distant the leaves of the Rebecca were injured and the growth poor. If there was a trellis a few inches from the wall or fence to allow a circulation of air, think the vines will not mildew.

Dr. MINER.—Never had a ripe Isabella or Catawba from an open trellis. On north and east side of house they ripen. The Diana ripens on a trellis.

Mr. WESTCOTT, of East Bloomfield.—Ripened the Catawba on a side hill, terraced, where the soil was poor, but where manured with a compost they would not ripen.

H. T. BROOKS.—There are three or four vines growing on the back of a shed I have, with a southern exposure, trained on a trellis one foot from the shed, and protected by a dense wood on the west. They have invariably borne well, and not mildewed.

Mr. ELLWANGER.—Has any one made experiments which would go to show the best soil for a vineyard?

Mr. TOWNSEND.—A neighbor set out Catawbas in a sandy soil, so sandy as to blow with the wind, with a southern exposure, sloping and sheltered by hills. Ripened three crops successively.

H. T. BROOKS.—Always find fine grapes in the season, at a neighbors in York. He allows them to follow nature, which, perhaps, we disregard too much.

Mr. SHARP.—My vineyard is a small one consisting of one scattering vine, planted ten years ago. It has got up into an apple tree, and last year it ripened about four bushels of grapes. Now shall I cut it down so as to conform to rules and recommendations, or shall I allow it to grow and have the grapes?

J. PECK.—What is the condition of the apple tree?

Col. HODGE.—There was something in this.—Saw a vine that had been cut down by frost, a year or two previous, and it had thrown up seven or eight strong shoots, which had not been pruned, and the crop surpassed almost anything I ever saw.

J. J. THOMAS.—After another season it will need another frost. What some people call nature is another term for neglect. Dr. FARLEY tile drained his vineyard, subsoiled 24 to 30 inches deep, worked 200 loads of rich lake muck into the soil, which was rich before. He trained the vines to trellises and pruned severely; rows run north and south, vines 12 feet apart in the rows, and the rows from 8 to 10. Last year his grapes were ripe while the others were green, and twice as large as anything growing under common culture, or according to nature, which means total neglect.

H. T. BROOKS.—Hope the cultivation of grapes may be extended, as well as of all other fruits, even dwarf pears, but the farmers are careless and neglectful—if you don't believe it come to my place, and you will be satisfied, and if you are not satisfied then, I will take you to any of my neighbors, and if they do not furnish you as illustrious examples as my own, they will at least furnish some additional evidence. Farmers want trees and vines that will prune and manure themselves, or some way in which this can be done providentially. I have a few vines providentially cared for; they are on the back end of my horse-shed, and my friends, when they call on me, drive under this shed and tie their teams. The manure from their horses soaks into the soil and a portion of the roots of the vines are thus providentially furnished with manure. The droppings from the eaves keep the vines well watered. One part of the shed is divided off for a wool-room, and in sorting our wool the refuse is thrown out of the window; which makes manure for the outside; thus these vines are providentially cared for. This is the kind of culture that suits farmers.

Mr. SHARP.—Convince the farmers that money can be made by growing pears on dwarf trees and they will take care of them or anything else by which money can be made.

H. T. BROOKS.—The culture of the pear must be confined to the small holders of land. Large landholders must have something that they can cultivate more easily. The time, however, will come, and it is not far distant when every farmer will be disgraced, who does not provide his family with such luxuries as we see before us.

Most Profitable Fruit to Cultivate.

Comparative merits, all things considered, of Pears, Apples and Small Fruits, for extensive market cultivation, by skillful cultivators.

P. BARRY.—The answer to this question will depend very much on circumstances. Near a city with a small piece of ground, the culture of small fruits would be profitable. With more land and more distant from market, a person would do better to grow apples or pears, and those varieties that will bear transhipment. A person embarking in the business should take these circumstances into consideration. Those who have the right soil, I think, can engage in pear culture with every prospect of success, if they possess the necessary experience. The farmer who has no experience in fruit culture can plant apples. No crop the farmer raises is so sure as the apple crop—more certain than wheat, or corn, or potatoes. Western New York must become the great fruit garden of the country.

S. H. AINSWORTH.—Is not the pear more certain to yield a crop than the apple. Does Mr. BARRY recollect of an entire failure with the pear, or any season when the crop was much below a medium one?

Mr. BARRY.—Never knew of a failure in this section. The pear seems to be more certain than most of our cultivated fruits—more so even than the apple.

Mr. SHARP.—Have any pear orchards been entirely ruined by blight?

Mr. BARRY.—Knew of none ruined, but some very materially injured. Every farmer should have on hand a few reserve trees—in a little nursery of his own—with which to replace those that are destroyed by blight.

H. T. BROOKS.—How long has it existed here?

Mr. BARRY.—It has been known in the country for many years. First appeared at the East, in Massachusetts; now it is unknown there. After it appeared here it was unknown even as near as Lockport, for some time. Afterwards it appeared there, where it is now troublesome. Believed, at least hoped, it was passing away. It was not very injurious here now.

W. P. TOWNSEND, of Lockport.—Lost a great many trees by blight. Never lost a Duchesse de Angouleme nor a Seckel, and but very few Louise Bonne de Jerseys. My father has been traveling a number of years for health and pleasure, and has just returned from a sixteen month's tour in Europe. He congratulates the fruit growers of Western New York on their favorable position.—He says as a general thing the apples of Europe cannot compare with ours, while the pears even of France and Belgium, are not equal to those shown at our exhibitions. Don't think there is much difference in the profits of apples and pears, taking twenty years from first planting.

W. B. SMITH.—More bushels of pears can be grown on a given piece of land in ten years than apples, and the price increases as people become better acquainted with this fruit. A few years ago Summer Bonchretien sold in Syracuse at from six shillings to one dollar per bushel. Now they sell for $4. Pears can be grown for $1 per bushel.

Col. HODGE.—Great use has been made of the argument, that the culture of pears is a failure, because the price has increased. Good peaches were sold here 30 years ago at 75 cents a bushel. Now they will bring from $3 to $5. Not one-half of the people have yet tasted a good pear, and the pear-eaters increase as the quantity of pears increase. Am not prepared to say which would give the most profit in 20 years, 10 acres in Baldwin apples, or in Flemish Beauty, or Bartlett pears.

SAMUEL MILLER.—Spent part of the last three winters in New York city, and was surprised at the high price of winter pears. A pear that you could get for 15 or 18 cents would astonish you by its smallness and meanness, while for a decent pear three or four shillings would be asked.

H. T. BROOKS.—Know of three Baldwin trees that bear 6 to 8 barrels apiece. Each of these trees yielded more profit than the average yield of an acre in grain in Wyoming county. An acre in apples will produce more than 10 acres devoted to grain or grass, or any other crop, except fruit.—No danger of getting too many apples, for they are worth more than they cost to feed to horses, cows, pigs, or hens, for there is nothing that lives or ought to live, that will refuse a good apple.

S. H. AINSWORTH.—Find apples very profitable for general culture. Forty trees will grow on an acre, and after ten years, will give an average of two barrels to a tree, and if sold at $1 per barrel, give $80 a year. On an acre, 150 standard pears may be planted, and these will commence bearing the second or third year after planting, and in seven years after planting, they will average one bushel each. From this it will be seen that a bushel of pears can be grown quicker than a bushel of apples. On an acre may be planted from from 300 to 500 dwarf pear trees, and if at seven years from planting, these trees average only one peck each, a very small yield, we have 100 bushels to the acre. Pears, too, bear regularly every year, there is no barren season, no failure, and the profit is 6 to 8 times as great as from apples. The only drawback is, that pears need regular and thorough tillage, more so than apples, but not so much as a crop of corn or potatoes.

The report of the second morning's discussion we will give in the next number, and that will close our report.

CLEANING AND COLORING KID GLOVES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed in looking over your valuable paper a request for some reader to send a recipe to color soiled white kid gloves. In looking over a recipe book, I find the following:

HOW TO WASH KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel folded three or four times. On the cloth spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub a good quantity of soap on the wet flannel, and commence to rub the glove downwards, towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if colored, till it looks dark and spoiled. Lay it to dry. Old gloves will soon look nearly new; they will be soft, glossy, smooth, well-shaped and elastic.

TO CLEAN FRENCH KID GLOVES.—Put the gloves on your hand and wash, as if washing your hands, in some spirits of turpentine until quite clean; then hang them up in a warm place, or where is a current of air, and all smell of the turpentine will be removed. This method is practiced in Paris, and since its introduction into this country, thousands of dollars have been gained.

TO COLOR GLOVES NANKEEN.—Steep saffron in boiling hot soft water for about twelve hours; sew up the tops of the gloves, to prevent the dye staining the insides, wet them over with a sponge dipped in the liquid. A tea-cupful of dye will do a pair of gloves.

TO COLOR GLOVES PURPLE.—Boil four ounces of logwood, and two ounces of rock alum in three pints of soft water till half wasted; strain and let it cool. Sew up the tops. Go over the outsides with a brush or sponge twice; then rub off the loose dye with a coarse cloth. Beat up the white of an egg, and rub it over the leather with a sponge. Vinegar will remove the stain from the hands.

J. D. F. W.

Preble, N. Y., 1860.

TO COLOR DARK BROWN.—Two pounds of camwood; 4 pound madder; an even table-spoonful of the extract of logwood; copperas the size of a walnut. The dye woods to be boiled separately, then mix. To be colored in brass. For a lighter brown, use less logwood.—C., *Clarendon, N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MEMORIES.

BY MYRTA MAY.

Sad are the echoes the wild winds wake
In my weary, unquiet breast,
A wail for the loved of long ago
Who have gone to their dreamless rest.

Sad are the memories the wild winds bring,
And my spirit grows faint and cold,
As I hear the sweep of the tempest's wing,
And remember the days of old.

The long-ago, when Youth's morning light,
Like a glory, was on my brow,
When all the future, with Hope was bright.
Oh, where are those visions now?

Gone, like the flowers when summer is o'er,
When winter's breath is nigh,
Flown, like birds to a far off shore
To sing 'neath a sunnier sky.

When the spring-time comes with her balmy breath
The earth will grow bright flowers,
The birds will come from their wanderings
To sing in the wood-land bowers;

Sad are the memories the wild-winds bring,
My tears fall like autumn rain,
For I know the hopes of *Life's* early spring
Will never come back again.

Homer, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE GRANDMOTHER.

COME and spend an afternoon with me at our very near neighbor's across the way, in that pleasant-looking little domicil, which, for neatness and comfort, within and without, is but the counterpart of scores of others that deck our goodly land,—its prettily arranged flower beds and interwining walks in front, and well stocked fruit and vegetable garden in the rear, all surrounded by a low white, fence. You see no loose pickets, no gates ajar, as you approach, no weeds among the flowers, no pigs or poultry in the garden, no anything where it ought not to be, betokening a slack hand at the helm of affairs. No mud hangs from the door-scraper, no dust finds repose on the well-shaken mat, and you involuntarily inspect your fingers ere you grasp the polished door-handle, while the coquettish flutter of the snowy-like curtains before the half-open shutter, almost draws your heart in with it. Will the inner court of this sanctuary of cleanliness correspond with the outer? Yes, and were it not for those conveniently disposed mats you would be afraid to enter the kitchen lest your feet should dim the pure whiteness of the smallest spot of that immaculately clean-scoured floor, that looks all the whiter from contrast with the polished jet of the cooking-stove; and if you are even so much as moderately good-looking, that army of glittering tins, brass and copper articles will be sure to elicit your admiration. You see that the spectre, poverty, is as great a stranger to this dwelling as disorder and filth, for see that long array of the whitest, lightest, sweetest loaves you ever looked upon, just out of the oven, along with a host of epicurean dainties.

Come, now, you must accept that urgent invitation to lay aside your bonnet and stay for tea. It is served up in that dear little bird's-nest of a parlor, so simple and perfect in its arrangements. You are hardly seated at the table, before little, curly-headed JOHNNY comes rattling in from school. He wants some pie, of course, and is told pie is not good for little boys, to go to the kitchen and eat his bowl of bread and milk with grandmother. "Grandmother!" you mentally exclaim. "I have seen nothing of one. Is there a grandmother in this house?" Yes. Did you notice nothing imperfect in all the display of order and neatness in that kitchen? Did you not see something on a stool behind the stove very like a bundle of old clothes? You did. Very well, tea is over, and as you are no stranger, we will leave the parlor, take our needle-work and sit in the kitchen while the mother and her two tidy, active daughters, models of neatness and industry for the neighborhood, perform their several duties.

Two great, comfortable easy-chairs are drawn forward for us, with their soft cushions and their broad, lazy arms, almost tempting you to go to sleep. You are completely astonished at the amount and quality of house-keeping tact that mother and daughters display at every turn, while the good sense, intelligence and ready wit of their conversation would quite fascinate you, were not your attention divided, one-half fixed upon the aforementioned bundle of clothes, or so much of it as the stove does not hide from view. How much you would like to take a peep around the stove just to satisfy your curiosity—to see if it actually be a real, live grandmother, and you are just upon the point of moving your chair a little towards the window, when a ball of yarn comes rolling to your feet. Lucky, isn't it? You snatch it up, take it back in the direction whence it came, and you are satisfied now, I trust. The withered, parchment-colored face, and sunken eyes, that are not so much as lifted to yours as the bowed head bows a little lower in acknowlgement of your trifling service, and the trembling hands that so slowly move the needles, belong to no other, surely, than that time-honored being you have been taught to reverence—a grandmother. If you doubt still, it is not long, for a petulant voice calls out, "I do wish, granny, you would leave the knitting-work alone, for you drop two stitches for every one you knit. The trembling fingers shake still more, and presently the knitting is rolled up and laid at her side. You could not tell from any change of expression in the face, half hid by the dingy, slouchy cap-border, how much disturbed the heart's depths were by that rude address, but the increased trembling of those trembling fingers hurried the beating of *your* heart. You begin to feel uncomfortable, thinking there must be something very deceptive in the pleasant words that are being addressed to you, while that aged one, who is so much more entitled to them, has had her long hours of silent neglect broken only by the disrespectful, irritating tones of the fault-finder. All those prettily-worded, nicely-toned, complimentary speeches now, are to you, indeed, as the golden apples of the Red Sea. While those apples of Sodom roll out unchecked, you watch the grandmother. "Granny is forever making some miss," and that sacrilegious hand is raised to push the grandmother away. Your very blood is chilled, and well it may be, for if GOD so summarily punished the presumption that raised UZZAH's hand to the sacred ark, you may be sure he will not let go unvisited the hand that is lifted in defiance of his express command, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Your heart sickens, and now pants far more eagerly to escape through the open window, than it did this afternoon, standing by the door, to be wafted in with the window-drapery. The sun is going down, and you feel quite ready to take your leave, your visit concluded, but await the climax if you do not think it already reached in the scene passed. Little JOHNNY comes in, tired of romping with Carlo, and wants the little stool to sit on,—the stool "granny" occupies, and JOHNNY's father tells "granny" to get up and let him have it,—that it is time for her to be off to bed, now that the sun is down.

The infatuated, infuriated mob who cried "His blood be on us and our children," are very far from being extinct at this day, for we see parents who not only make haste unto wickedness themselves, but are also eagerly conferring it on their children, by example if not by precept. "Granny" gets up, opens a low door in the corner, and with her palsied limbs crawls up stairs to her *garret* while her robust son and his wife, with their healthy, rosy-cheeked boy, and two strong, grown up daughters have their comfortable bed-rooms on the first floor.

Reader, is this your grandmother? GOD forbid, and yet it is no fancy scene, and it would be well to see that no *part* of it lies within our *own* doors. Happily, if you have the care of a grandmother, I trust your own mind reverts to a placid face, serenely fair, though wrinkled by time, surrounded by the faultless frill, upon which, and the smoothly-brushed silvery locks, some gentle fingers daily and proudly exercise their skill, thinking or fearing none others would or could do it neatly enough, to her who is first placed at the table, first served, and upon whom all hands are officious to wait; who occupies the easiest seat by the parlor fire,—the first to whom you introduce your friends, and the last one you would think of allowing to suffer any inconvenience,—in fine, to the revered being to whom even your revered mother payeth deference. What are we with all our wealth, learning, wit, or other worth, if we possess not the love that is ever prompting kindness toward our fellow-beings,—the charity that, though it endeth not there, surely beginneth *at home?* Skeletous, decked with diamonds that, flashing out, light up to view our ghastliness.

KATE KIRK.

Brantford, C. W., 1860.

STYLES OF WOMEN.

AN English lady, Mrs. MURRAY, has been voyaging among the Spanish Islands, and has written a book descriptive of the women she meets—particularly at Santa-Cruz, the capital of Teneriffe. It is cleverly reviewed by an English critic, and we quote a passage:

"They are pretty portraits which Mrs. Murray has given us; but one bright, brave Englishwoman with her energy and her courage, her self-reliance and her honor, is worth the whole bevy. The marble skin and languid loveliness of the harem beauty, her glorious eyes, her matchless hair, her bewitching mouth, make her very effective as a portrait; so is the Spanish woman, with her natural flowers braided into her magnificent hair, and her dark eyes speaking so eloquently from under her arched brows. Let the palm of beauty pass; let the fair-haired English girl look pale and expressionless beside these glowing beauties; but at home, who but she bears off the prize before all women of the world? Who so neat, so hourly well-appointed, so regular in her habits, so charming in her management?—who so sweet a home companion, so reliable, so truthful, so *matelike*, as she? Not the Moorish maiden, ignorant and to be protected by cage-wires and impregnable walls; nor the Spanish woman, who washes her babies on the dining-table, trails through the morning dressed like a ragged beggar, and may not go even to mass without her *duenna* and her guardian. For our own parts, we would rather pay our homage to such women as we see painted in the Academy, in scarlet petticoats, Balmoral boots, turned hats, and gauntlet-gloves, with that fearless look of honesty and daring which only exists where there is freedom, self-respect, and social esteem, than to all the lights of the harem."

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The following beautiful verse conveys a sentiment which many of our readers will recognize in a feeling they have no doubt experienced, but never known how so touchingly to express:

"O, never breathe a lost one's name
When those who loved that name are nigh;
It pours a lava through the frame
That chokes the breast and fills the eye;
It strains a chord that yields too much
Of piercing anguish in its breath,
And hands of mercy should not touch
A string made eloquent by death!"

ONE'S happiness depends greatly upon the feelings that govern his heart. If sunshine is there, it will radiate out and make everything in the external world beautiful, or, at least, it will give to surrounding objects a bright side that may be contemplated with pleasure.

LARVA.

[UNDER this title the *Atlantic Monthly* recently gave its readers one of the prettiest and most suggestive poems we have seen for many a day. What a truth is suggested in its lines. How many things there are in this world that we, in childish ignorance, call deformity and ugliness, which are but the initials of a nobler growth. We see only the caterpillar,—let us wait, and future days shall develop the butterfly.]

My little maiden of four years old,
(No myth, but a genuine child is she,
With her bronze-brown eyes and her curls of gold.)
Came, quite in disgust, one day to me.

Rubbing her shoulder with rosy palm,—
As the loathsome touch seemed yet to thrill her,
She cried—"O, mother, I found on my arm
A horrible, crawling caterpillar!"

And with mischievous smile she scarce could smother,
Yet a glance, in its daring, half-awed and shy;
She added—"While they were about it, mother,
I wish they'd just finished the butterfly!"

They were words to the thought of the soul that turns
From the coarser form of a partial growth,
Reproaching the infinite patience that yearns
With an unknown glory to crown them both.

Ah! look then largely with lenient eyes,
On what so beside thee may creep and cling;
For the possible beauty that underlies
The passing phase of the meanest thing.

What if God's great angels, whose waiting love,
Beholdeth our pitiful life below,
From the holy height of the heaven above,
Couldn't bear with the worm till the wings should grow!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

JOURNALIZING.

THERE are probably few persons, young or old, who would not be benefited in one way or another—many of them in more ways than one—by keeping a journal. The demand such a practice makes on one's time is very trifling, and, if rightly conducted, the advantages to be gained from it are very great. The profit, of course, would not be alike in all cases; depending, in some measure, on the age and capabilities of the journalizer, and, still more, on the object proposed to be accomplished and the consequent plan on which it is undertaken, and the zeal and perseverance wherewith it is carried out.

For young persons wishing to make a beginning in literary composition there is, perhaps, no easier nor better way to meet the awkwardness of a first attempt at talking, on paper than to commence with a simple form of journal. A daily statement of the weather—whether warm or cold, wet or dry, calm or windy, clear or cloudy, if possible a brief abstract of the lessons learned, or the book, magazine, or newspaper read, an account of the manual tasks accomplished and a recital of the various little incidents that fill up the day, with, perhaps, a few reflections on passing events—these may be noted down with far more ease and quite as much profit as usually attend the preparations of first exercises in composition.

Those who have gained such skill in writing as to render them independent of this practice will, yet find great advantage in keeping what may be termed a thought-diary. As a means of improvement in thinking, or as a stimulant to thought, few exercises are more to be commended than a habit of daily noting down some one or more ideas or sentiments, chosen on account of the importance of the subject to which they relate, or because they are of superior quality to the general run of the writer's reflections, or, perhaps, for some worth they possess in the way of hint or suggestion of newness, if they have not the merit of decided originality. The effort to speak, each day, some word so raised above the ordinary thought of the individual, as to entitle it to preservation, naturally leads the mind to dwell much on exalted themes, while the practice of saying but little on each occasion is favorable to the cultivation of a habit in the writer of giving utterance to the very best thought of which he is capable on any subject.

The plan of keeping a journal of thoughts as they occur, has another advantage which should not be overlooked. In the preparation of set articles, even after careful consideration of the subjects to be treated, many things relating to the theme of discourse which have from time to time presented themselves to the writer's mind, and which would go far toward enriching his composition, are apt not to be remembered; and, so, are of no avail for the purpose in hand. Chance thoughts, as we call them—ideas and sentiments which enter the mind unsought and at times when they are not wanted for any present use of literary composition—are often of more value—are more fresh and original—than what the writer produces when he sets himself to thinking upon the same subjects. But as these thoughts come unexpectedly, so they are apt to take leave without giving notice, and it is difficult to recall them; therefore, we propose the plan of laying them by in a book kept for the purpose. After a few weeks or months, the keeper of such a diary will be surprised on looking over his little book, to find what an accumulation of thoughts and opinions it contains, and, if he undertakes to write out at length his impressions on every subject that has considerably occupied his mind, he will be both surprised and pleased to find how much help this thought-diary will afford him.

A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

CHEERFULNESS is the best promoter of health; repinings and murmurings of the heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine. Cheerfulness is as friendly to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent; soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in perpetual calm.

EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE AGE.

A SHREWD writer who is in the habit of telling home truths which go direct to the heart of the popular follies of the day, has the following in relation to the pernicious system system of domestic education, so fatally prevalent at the present time:

In the town of Somewhere lives Mr. Manygirls. He is a toilsome merchant, his wife a hard-working housekeeper. Once they were poor, now they are ruinously rich. They have seven daughters, whom they train up in utter idleness. They spend much money, but not in works of humanity, not even in elegant accomplishments, in painting, dancing, music, and the like, and so paying in spiritual beauty what they take in material means. They never read nor sing; they are know-nothings, and, only in vain show, as useless as a ghost, and as ignorant as the blocks on which their bonnets are made. Now, these seven 'ladies,' as the newspapers call the poor things, so ignorant and helpless, are not only idle, can earn nothing, but consume much. What a load of finery is on their shoulders, and heads, and necks! Mr. Manygirls hires many men and women to wait on his daughters' idleness, and these servants are withdrawn from productive work in nursing these seven grown up babies.

On the other side of the way, the Hon. Mr. Manysons has seven sons, who are the exact match for the merchant's daughters; rich, idle, some of them dissolute; debauchery coming before their beard; all useless, earning nothing, spending much, wasting more. Their only labor is to kill time; and in summer they emigrate from pond to pond, from lake to lake, having a fishing line with a worm at one end and a fool at the other. These are fast families in Somewhere. Their idleness is counted pleasure. Six of these sons will marry, and five perhaps of Manygirl's daughters, and what families they will found to live on the toil of their grandfather's bones, till a commercial crisis, and the wear and tear of time has dissipated their fortunes, and they are forced reluctantly to toil.

Besides, there is an enormous waste of food, fuel, clothing,—of every thing. We are the least economical civilized people on earth. Of course the poor are wasteful everwhere, they do not know how to economize, and they have not the means. They must live from hand to mouth, and half that is put into the hand perishes before it reaches the mouth. So, likewise, are the rich wasteful who have inherited money, almost never such who have earned it. The great mass of the people are not economical, but wasteful. It is the habit of the whole country.

THE WIND IS A MUSICIAN.—Extend a silken thread in the crevice of a window, and the wind fills it and sings over it, and goes up and down the scale upon it, and, like Paganini, performs on a single thread. It tries almost everything on earth to see if there is music in it. It persuades a tone out of the great bell in the tower when the sexton is asleep; it makes a mournful harp of the forest pines, and it tries to see what sort of a whistle can be made of the humblest chimney in the world. How it will play upon a great tree till every leaf thrills with the note in it, and winds up the river that runs at its base, for a sort of murmuring accompaniment. What a melody it sings when it gives a concert with a full choir of the waves of the sea, and performs an anthem between the two worlds, and goes up, perhaps, to the stars that love music most and sang it first.—Then how fondly it haunts the old houses, moaning under the eaves, singing in the halls, opening old doors without fingers, and sighing a measure of some sad old song around the fireless and deserted hearth.

LIVING FAST.—This phrase is applied frequently to certain young men who are following a fashionable course of life, attended with more or less dissipation and extravagance. But with great propriety this term may be applied to all those who are hurrying through life—overworking the brain and giving but little rest to their bodies or minds. Carlyle very truly remarks that "the race of life has become intense; woe be to him who stops to tie his shoestrings." What a fearful amount of "wear and tear" to the nervous system is there in every department of life! What a continual strife is there in every community for wealth—for distinction and pleasure! How much disappointment and envy may be found rankling in the breast of many persons! Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, used to say, "it is not work that injures a man; it is vexation that does it." It is this "fast living" in our country which produces so many of the ills that flesh is heir to—it undermines the constitution—breaks down the nervous system—produces premature old age and shortens life.

POPPING CORN.

We were popping corn,
Sweet Kitty and I;
It danced about,
And it danced up high.
The embers were hot,
In their fiery light;
And it went up brown,
And it came down white.
White and beautiful,
Crimped and curled,
The prettiest fairy dance in the world!
The embers were hot,
In their fiery light;
And it went up brown,
And it came down white.
Ah, many a time are the embers hot,
And the human spirit can brook it not,
Yet radiant, forth from the fiery light,
Cometh transformed and enrobed in white.

TIME wears slippers of list, and his tread is noiseless. The days come softly dawning, one after another; they creep in at the windows; their fresh morning air is grateful to the lips as they pant for it; their music is sweet to the ears that listen to it; until, before we know it, a whole life of days has possession of the citadel, and time has taken us for its own.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THE MORNING COMETH."

Lo! the sun goes down in darkness
And no halo gilds the west,
Yet we mourn not through the night-time
Where the sunbeams went to rest;
Nor through all the gloomy night-hours
Do we sadly wait and pray,
But we calmly rest, believing
In the east shall rise the day.

But, behold! when any life-light,
From our world goes down in gloom,
We are clothed about with sack-cloth,
And sit wailing by the tomb;
With no hope in future blessing,—
With no joy in present cheer,—
We look not up and eastward,
But think only "they were here;

They were, but are no longer,"
And the wail is thus far true,
If you seek them here forever
They will never come to you;
But look with Faith—not graveward,
Not the dreary way they've gone—
Far beyond you and above you
Shall you see the coming dawn.

Not alone the olden beauty
Shall your ardent eyes behold,
But renewed and wreathed in glory
With a wealth of peace untold;
You shall hail the resurrection
Of all holy hopes and true,
And no good you e'er have cherished
Shall be henceforth dead to you.

Hastings, N. Y., 1860. ROSELIA.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year has run its course—another link has been added to the great chain of eternity—and another warning has been given us to prepare ourselves for a better world. Let us count the moments in retrospect—how fleet has been their course, how full of hope and happiness, misery and despair, and, alas, how profitless. How many the events that have taken place wherein hopes have been blasted and warnings given, and how many have gone to that bourne from whence no traveler returns. Day after day has passed as a shadow, and we remain—storm after storm has swept the world, and we are still unscathed—but what better are we than living monuments of sin and perfidy—thousands from around us have been summoned to the last great reckoning, and we have been allowed time and opportunity of which we take not any heed. We still pursue the world's wide-beaten track, still lust after its vanities and pleasures, nor stop to consider how melancholy a thing it is to "take no note of time but by its loss," or to think that there is a dread hereafter.

Led from the path of wisdom and virtue like the school-boy by the butterfly that crosses his track, so by the tinsel glare and glitter of this perishable world, we are more bent on the procuring of present than future happiness, always forgetful that the wages of sin is death. Year follows year unheeded and unprofited, and at length, when the moment of departure arrives, we find too late that the lamps of dissipation have guided us to a fearful quicksand; no straw to grasp at, we sink into oblivion; no staff to lean on, we yield ourselves a prey to despondency, and tumble headlong into the abyss, on the verge of which we passed our worthless lives.

Let us view the face of nature as the year approaches to its end—how typical is it of the grave. The proud forest trees despoiled of their foliage, and the loud torrent stayed in its course, are fit emblems of the fall of man. The new year advances—nature assumes again her smiles and verdure—mankind hail her advent, and bend the knee in thankful adoration of Him whose handmaidens the seasons are. Does not the year just gone teem with countless examples, but have we profited by them?—have we taken advantage of the lessons which have opened to our view?—Though we have wept over the graves of numbers of departed friends—have stood with bursting hearts at the tomb of a dear parent, sister or brother, or idolized, darling child—though we may have been struck by the chill hand of desolation, have we fitted ourselves to become inheritors of that kingdom where only is rest for the weary and heavy laden? How many of us must say no? The sorrow of the moment has passed, and though, for the time, we were not to be comforted, feeling alone in a world where, to our jaundiced eyes, all before seemed beautiful and gay, yet, like PHARAOH, our hearts have again hardened, the tear is dried up, and new friendships have been formed.

Like the new year, youth begins his glad and joyous course, his spirit is uncontrollable—mark well his daring and high ambition—loving and beloved, his soul aspires to the greatness of this earth. Look at him again; the hand of death is upon him. Alas, poor worm! how fleeting have been thy triumphs, how short-lived thy arrogance. The funeral procession has retired, the green grass waves over the grave of him departed, and the chill and icy fang of loneliness has twined itself around the hearts of those that are left. No new year beams in the distance, nor dare we cherish a hope of a life beyond the grave. It has been said that the end of death is the beginning of life, and revelation attests the truth thereof. JESUS, the Savior of the world, proclaims that for those who follow righteousness a new year shall come, and peace and gladness; and the stillness of the grave be broken in upon by a spring-time of joy and happiness.

Oh! reader, ponder on these truths; choose the narrow path that leadeth to eternal life; cast behind thee the soul-destroying pleasures and hollow vanities of this perishing world; fight the good fight, for He that hath said, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden," is now waiting to conduct his chosen ones in safety through the valley of the shadow of death.

Port Hope, C. W., 1860. J. C., JR.

Spice from New Books.

Gen. Jackson's Choice of a Profession.

PEACE was formally proclaimed in April, 1783. The peace, it is well known, produced a remarkable effect upon the legal profession. By excluding the old tory barristers, and creating many new causes of action, it threw into the hands of the whig lawyers a very lucrative business. At the same time, a career in public life lay open to the young men of the triumphant party, large numbers of whom the peace had thrown out of the profession of arms. The result was, that young men of spirit in all parts of the country were looking to the law for a vocation, and the old lawyers had plenty of new students. Some time between the proclamation of peace and the winter of 1784-5, Andrew Jackson resolved upon studying law. In that winter he gathered together his earnings and whatever property he may have possessed, mounted his horse again, and set his face northward in quest of a master in the law under whom to pursue his studies.

He rode to Salisbury, North Carolina, a distance of seventy-five miles from the Waxhaws. Either because he met no encouragement at that place, or for some other reason beyond our guess, he then journeyed sixty miles westward, to Morganton, Burke county, North Carolina, where lived Colonel Waightstill Avery, for instruction, and for board in his house. It was a new and wild region of country, and the house of Colonel Avery, like all others in the vicinity, was a log-house of the usual limited size. He was, therefore, much against his will, compelled to decline receiving the applicant into his house; and as there was no other boarding-place to be found in the neighborhood, the young man had no choice but to return to Salisbury. At Salisbury he entered the law office of Mr. Spruce McCay, an eminent lawyer at that time, and, in later days, a judge of high distinction, who is still remembered with honor in North Carolina. Andrew was not quite eighteen years of age when he found himself installed as a student of law. He thus had the start of most of the distinguished men with whom, and against whom, he afterwards acted. Henry Clay was then a fatherless boy of seven, living with his mother in the Slashes of Hanover county, Virginia. Daniel Webster was toddling about his father's farm in New Hampshire, a sickly child of four. Calhoun was an infant not two years old at his father's farm-house in South Carolina. John Quincy Adams was a young man of seventeen, about returning home from Europe to enter Harvard College. Martin Van Buren, a child two years old, might have been seen, on fine days, playing on the steps of his father's tavern in Kinderhook. Crawford—once so famous, now reduced to twelve lines in a biographical dictionary—was a Georgia school-boy of twelve. Aaron Burr was getting into full practice as a New York lawyer, amiable, happy, fortunate, the future all bright before him. Benton, Biddle, Taney, Cass, Buchanan, Blair, Kendall, Lewis, Woodbury, Eaton, Duane and the rest, were not born.—*"Life of Andrew Jackson," by* JAMES PARTON.

Coral Reefs in Torres Straits.

THE most peculiar formation of the coral is revealed in the reefs, which surround nearly all the islands—we might say all, without exception—at a distance of about a mile or a half a mile, and over which the sea incessantly breaks. They generally rise to the surface of the water, and thus provide the islands with a broad belt of perfectly still water, let the sea beyond rage and storm as much as it pleases, in which the islanders not only carry on their fishery unimpeded, but are also enabled to maintain a constant and always certain connection with the different portions of their island.

At a spot where a little stream of sweet water pours down from the hills, and mingles with the salt water, these corals, for which pure and unmixed salt water is a necessity of existence, form deep and convenient passages for ships, which frequently widen out into large and spacious havens within the reefs, and usually in the vicinity of the stream of fresh water. On the other hand, however, there are many islands which do not possess this convenience, and consequently are utterly inaccessible to larger vessels.

Within these reefs, the depth of the water often varies from many fathoms to scarcely a foot; at one spot the deep blue sea appears fathomless, while, close by, the light coral ground is visible, covered, as it were, with a crystalline case, out of which the wondrously twisted branches and trees rise up, and little fishes, glistening with all the colors of the rainbow—conscious of the security of the hiding-place—dart backward and forward, through the jagged, irregular, flower-laden masses. —*"Frank Wildman's Adventures," by* FREDERICK GERSTAECKER.

Costumes and Customs.

SEARCH deep enough, and I believe you will generally find that the costumes of every people are the joint result of many causes acting together. The Oriental costume, for example, is light and loose, because the climate is warm. They do not sit on chairs, because they are hard, perpendicular, and uncomfortable, and the relaxed system in this country requires an easier and more recumbent posture to insure rest and refreshment. Under these circumstances, tight garments are very inconvenient and incongruous.

Then, as you observe, they scrupulously drop their slippers, shoes, or boots, at the door when they enter a room, and keep on their head-dress. This seems strange to us, but it is necessary. As they sit on the mat, rug, or divan, with their feet under them, shoes would soil both couch and clothes, and besides, would make a very uncomfortable seat. The demands of decency and the calls of comfort introduced and enforced the custom of dropping the shoe at the entrance into the sitting-room, and it was thence extended to every place entitled to respect. From this to the idea of defilement from the shoe was but a step, and certain to be taken. Hence the strict requisition to put it off on entering temples and sacred places of every kind. Mohammedans have preserved this idea in all its force, and you cannot enter any of their mosques or holy shrines with your shoes on.—*The Land and the Book.*

VIEW OF LONDON, CANADA WEST.

ONE of the pleasantest cities that we have ever visited in Western Canada is that of London, situated at the junction of the two branches of the Thames river, about 80 miles west of Hamilton, on the Great Western Railway. It contains, we believe, about 7,000 inhabitants; the business part of the town is substantially built, mostly of the light-colored Canada brick, though some of the old wooden buildings still remain. In the suburbs are many beautiful residences, highly ornamented with well-kept lawns and gardens, among which a few years since we spent a day very pleasantly and profitably. London is the Capital of the county of Middlesex, which is one of the most fertile districts in Canada, and most of the farms are under excellent cultivation; the farm buildings are good, many of the cattle of the finest blood, and everything indicates the intelligence and thrift of the rural population. This city, like others, we learn has suffered by the late financial embarrassments, but its prosperity is founded on a permanent basis, and the depression can only be of a temporary nature, as the people are imbued with an enterprising and progressive spirit.

The Reviewer.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A DANA. Volume VIII. Fugger—Haynau. [pp. 788.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As each successive volume of this great American work appears, our admiration of the ability and judicious management of its editors is augmented. The North American Review justly remarks:—"We can turn to no title which does not confirm our confidence in the judicious distribution of the work. Each article seems to have been written by an expert in the department to which it belongs. There can be no doubt that, at least for the use of American readers, and in some respects wherever the English language is spoken, the Cyclopædia will greatly surpass in its value as a reference book, any similar compilation that has yet been issued on either side of the Atlantic."

The eighth volume opens with an account of the FUGGERS, a family of wealthy German merchants of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and closes with a biography of HAYNAU, an Austrian General who was mobbed by the London brewers for his infamous treatment of women during the Hungarian war for independence. The volume comprises many articles of great value on Historical, Scientific, Literary, Political, Theological and other subjects. It also contains, among others, Biographical Sketches of Garibaldi, J. R. Giddings, George Gilfillan, Stephen Girard, Emile de Girardin, Parke Godwin, S. G. Goodrich, John B. Gough, Grattan, Gray, Horace Greeley, Horatio Greenough, R. W. Griswold, Count Gurowski, Gen. Gyulai, J. H. Hackett, Sir Matthew Hale, Judge Haliburton, John Hancock, the Harpers, Joel T. Hart, Kaspar Hauser, Francis L. Hawks, D. D.;—and articles on Ganoids, Gelatine, German Silver, Geysers, Gibraltar, Girondists, Gladiators, Glasgow, Gorilla, Gun-Shot Wounds, Gymnastics, Gypsies, Hemorrhage, Halifax, Hamburg, Hammer, Harem, Harlequin, Hartford Convention, &c., &c.

Among the contributors to the present volume are Edward Everett, Prof. Felton, Rev. Tryon Edwards, Rich. Hildreth, Rev. Drs. Cummings, Sprague, Curry, Ellis and Spencer, Parke Godwin, Dr. A. A. Gould, W. C. Prime, C. C. Leland, W. G. Simms, Prof. Reuben, Prof. G. W. Greene, &c. The volume is of course issued in a style worthy its character and contents. The work may be obtained of E. R. HALL, 5 Athenæum Building, who is Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

WESTMINSTER QUARTERLY REVIEW. Re-Printed by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

NINE articles are in the October issue, as follows:—Militia Forces; Rousseau—His Life and Writings; Spiritual Freedom; Modern Poets and Poetry of Italy; Physical Geography of the Atlantic Ocean; Garibaldi and the Italian Volunteers; Tennyson's Idyls of the King; Bonapartism in Italy; Contemporary Literature. Certainly here is standard reading equal to the most ardent desire. DEWEY, Agent.

Books Received.

A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA: From the Discovery of the American Continent to the Present Time. By MARY HOWITT. Illustrated with numerous Engravings. Vol. I. [pp. 406.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

Volume II of the above History—pp. 387—same Publishers, &c.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHAS. A. DANA. Volume VIII. Fugger—Haynau. [pp. 788.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL, 5 Athenæum Building, Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

CHRISTIAN BELIEVING AND LIVING. Sermons by F. D. HUNTINGTON, D. D., Preacher to the University, and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard College. [pp. 528.] Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.—1860. Rochester—DARROW & BRO.

FRANK WILDMAN'S ADVENTURES ON LAND AND WATER. By FREDERICK GERSTAECKER. Translated and Revised by LASCELLES MAXALL. Eight Illustrations printed in Oil Colors. [pp. 312.] Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. 1860. Rochester—DARROW & BRO.

THE DIARY OF SAMARITAN. By a Member of the Howard Association of New Orleans. [16mo.—pp. 324.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

HISTORY OF PETER THE GREAT, Emperor of Russia. By JACOB ABBOTT. With Engravings. [16mo.—pp. 368.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By JACOB ABBOTT. [pp. 201.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

HARRY'S SUMMER IN ASHCROFT. With Illustrations. [pp. 204.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX.

AND near the Pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphinx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshiped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation; and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty, now forgotten,—forgotten because Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world; and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with the sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big, pontlug lips of the very Sphinx.

Laugh and mock, if you will, at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one regard the stone idol bears awful semblance of Deity,—unchangeful in the midst of change,—the same seeming will and intent, forever and forever inexorable. Upon ancient dynasties of Ethiopian and Egyptian kings,—upon Greek and Roman, upon Arab and Ottoman conquerors,—upon Napoleon dreaming of an Eastern empire,—upon battle and pestilence,—upon the ceaseless misery of the Egyptian race,—upon keen-eyed travelers,—Herodotus yesterday, Warburton to-day,—upon all, and more, this unworldly Sphinx has watched and watched, like a Providence, with the same earnest eyes, and the same sad, tranquil mien. And we, we shall wither away; and Islam will wither away; and the Englishman, leaning far over to hold his loved India, will plant a firm foot on the banks of the Nile, and sit in the seat of the Faithful; and still that sleepless rock will lie watching and watching the works of the new, busy race, with those same sad, earnest eyes, and that same tranquil mien, everlasting. You dare not mock at the Sphinx!

EUROPEAN CONGRESSES.

DURING the past two centuries, there have been no less than seventeen Congresses to settle the affairs of Europe. The earliest one of importance was that of Munster and Osnabruck, in 1644. The subsequent ones were those of the Pyrenees in 1659, of Nimeguen in 1676, of Ryswich in 1697, of Utrecht in 1712, of Aix la Chapelle in 1748, of Teschen in 1779, of Rastadt in 1797, of Erfurt in 1808, of Chatillon in 1814, (which resulted in Napoleon's banishment to Elba,) the great one of Vienna in 1815, (which re-constructed Europe on the ruins of his Empire,) of Aix la Chapelle in 1818, Carlsbad in 1819, Troppau in 1820, Laybach in 1821, and Verona in 1822, (all to adjust new questions, arising under the decrees of that of Vienna,) and finally that of Paris in 1856, to settle the hostilities in Russia, Turkey and the Danubian Principalities. The Congress shortly to assemble to adjust the affairs of Italy, will make the eighteenth of these important assemblages.

The authority of a general Congress was at first admitted in Europe as an exception, but has now become established as a rule. The hesitation which Sovereigns evince about entering one, show that they recognize the impossibility afterwards of withdrawing from it. Its decrees are final and supreme; they cannot be appealed from, nor disputed. No one Throne can stand against a combination of all the others. Kings and Emperors must bow to the edicts of half a dozen gold laced diplomats seated around a table at Paris or Vienna. Thus Europe is gradually ceasing to be a set of distinct and jealous kingdoms, and becoming, instead, a Federation of Sovereigns.—*Albany Journal.*

MEASLES.

THIS disease prevails extensively in cities during the winter season, and will usually cure itself, if only protected against adverse influences. The older persons are, the less likely they are to recover perfectly from this ailment, for it very often leaves some life-long malady behind it. The most hopeless forms of consumptive disease are often the result of ill-conducted or badly-managed measles. In nine cases out of ten, not a particle of any medicine is needed.

Our first advice is, always, and under all circumstances, send at once for an experienced physician. Meanwhile, keep the patient in a cool, dry, and well-aired room, with moderate covering, in a position where there will be no exposure to drafts of air. The thermometer should range at about sixty-five degrees, where the bed stands, which should be moderately hard, of shucks, straw, or curled hair. Gratify the instinct for cold water and lemonade. It is safest to keep the bed for several days after the rash has begun to die away. The diet should be light, and of an opening, cooling character.

The main object of this article is to warn persons that the greatest danger is after the disappearance of the measles. We would advise that for three weeks after the patient is well enough to leave his bed, he should not go out of the house, nor stand or sit for a single minute near an open window or door, nor wash any part of the person in cold water or warm, but to wipe the face and hands with a warm, damp cloth. For a good part of this time the appetite should not be wholly gratified; the patient should eat slowly of light, nutritious food. In one case, a little child, almost entirely well of the measles, got to playing with its hands in cold water; it gradually dwindled away and died. All exercise should be moderate, in order to prevent cooling off too quickly afterward, and to save the danger of exposure to drafts of air, which, by chilling the surface, causes *chronic diarrhœa* if it falls on the bowels, *deafness for life*, if it falls on the ear; or *incurable consumption*, if it falls on the lungs.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

UNFAITHFULNESS TO THE DEAD.—Amidst the importunate solicitations of daily business, many of us must accuse ourselves of unfaithfulness to the dead, and when tranquil moments call up their familiar images, we marvel how we can deal so treacherously with the great and good departed. Vanished from our view, expunged from our correspondence, dropped from our very prayers, no longer expected as visitors in our homes, it is marvellous how faint and intermitting their memory has grown; and we upbraid our ungrateful fancy that it preserves so little space for old benefactors and the once-cherished friends of our bosom. But the same fate awaits ourselves; we, too, are going hence, and when we are gone,

> "A few will weep a little while,
> Then bless our memory with a smile."

One or two may cling to it with tender fondness, while existence lasts; but even with friends affectionate and true, tenderness will soon soften into contentment, and contentment will dull away into sheer forgetfulness.

OUR LIFE-LABOR.—What infatuation to end each day in a hurry, and life itself in a panic; and when the flurried evening has closed, and the fevered life is over, to leave half your work undone. Whatever the business be, do it immediately, if you would do it easily; life will be long enough for the work assigned, if you be prompt enough. Clear off arrears of neglected duty; and once the disheartening accumulations of the past are overtaken, let not that mountain of difficulty rise again. Prefer duty to diversion, and cultivate that athletic frame of soul which rejoices in abundant occupation; and you will soon find the sweetness of that repose which follows finished work, and the zest of that recreation in which no delinquent feeling mingles, and on which no neglected duty frowns.

WE never respect persons who aim simply to amuse us. There is a vast difference between those we call amusing men and those we denominate entertaining; we laugh with the former and reflect with the latter.

YOUNG RURALIST.

THE ADVANTAGES OF WEALTH.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have a great respect for the kindly, genial essayist, TIMOTHY TITCOMB. He belongs to that class of whom SCOTT and IRVING are representatives, the truly healthful writers.

The popular editor of a commercial people, has imbibed, I think, the spirit of the class, and in his article upon the blessings of poverty, has given that view of life an honorable and clear-minded man might be expected to present. Allow me to sum up my thoughts after reading his essay.

If a young man is born poor there is no reason why he should despair, but I do not think he should thank God for it. There are disadvantages attending *poverty* in early life, that no after exertion, not even genius, can overcome. LOCKE says, "A middle-aged plowman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well-proportioned, his joints as supple, and his natural parts in no way inferior." The English nobles are acknowledged to be the best educated class in the world, and not inferior in morals; and it should not be forgotten that they are likewise physically superior, the bone and muscle of the patrician is better than that of the commoner. Are the less fortunate to thank God that their hands are rough and unshapely from toil; that their faces are hardened by exposure, their constitutions weakened by constant exertion, and the golden days of youth irretrievably lost for study? When the rabble of Paris in the days of the Revolution saw a newcomer in the street, there was a cry "has he white hands!" luckless wretch if his hands were found soft and clean, his head and body soon parted company. We Americans, though never thus maddened by oppression, are nevertheless intensely democratic. Many must recollect the election of 1848, when the country went mad over log cabins and cider barrels. President HARRISON was nominated by the conservative party, but the Democratic *element* elected him. Twenty years having passed, we may be cool enough to ask—"was the sturdy General any better for living in a log cabin?" The leaders of the Revolution were gentlemen. WASHINGTON, the adored, "the Cincinnatus of the West," did not much harden his hands with the plow handle; his attire was elegant, his servants dressed in livery; he commanded or sat in the chair of State with the conscious ease of a man of the best breeding, and the admired serenity of one through whose veins coursed the proud blood of English barons.

We admire the independence of JEFFERSON, who, tying his horse one morning before the Capitol, entered alone to be inaugurated third President of the United States; but he could afford to do it. At Monticello he spent his mornings in his library, he drank French wines at his dinners, and entertained his friends by his charming conversation in the leisure of his evenings. A polished man in the most polished court of Europe, he would stand alone but for EVERETT, the most accomplished of American statesmen.

The popular idea of success in our country I apprehend is somewhat limited; such men as the indolent GRAY, or STEELE, beset with bailiffs, or GOLDSMITH, unable to pay his landlady, or JOHNSON wandering with SAVAGE about the streets of London, whiling away the night for the want of a lodging, I suspect would be considered little better than drones in our hive. When a young man was introduced to the notice of NAPOLEON, his question was, *"Qu'est ce qu'il a fait?"* what has he done? An American may not say directly—what has he got? but he will be very apt to inquire, "is he doing a good business?" Does his professional practice pay?

It seems but repeating truisms to dilate upon the great advantages only possessed by those who have the means of avoiding the turmoil of the multitude, the half or whole of whose lives must be passed in a hard strife with want. The real blessing of wealth is, that it enables its possessor to attain a thoroughly cultivated mind, to gratify the more generous impulses of our nature, and to avoid the sordidness which early poverty often engenders, concealing meanness under the specious name of economy, and carrying even "to the very verge of the church-yard mould" the insatiable love of acquisition. LE SAGE tells an anecdote in the introduction of a well known book, perhaps worth repeating. Two students going from Penafiel to Salamanca, stopped to rest by a fountain, and near it, on a well worn slab, found this inscription: *"Aqui esta encerrada el alma del licenciado* PEDRO GARCIAS." Here lies buried the soul of the licentiate PEDRO GARCIAS. "A soul buried!" said the younger, and laughing at the inscription went on; the other had wit enough to remain and pry up the stone; *he found under it an old leather purse containing two hundred ducats.*

ARTHUR WALTON.

Plant, near Bowling Green, South Ky., Dec. 1859.

REMARKS.—The above is open to criticism, and we leave it to our young readers.

IN his lecture on "Success," Ralph Waldo Emerson says:—"Respect the excellency of your work, not its availableness. There is too much 'job-work' in some lives. Do your work; it is clownish to insist on doing everything; do what you can do best. It may be accepted as a maxim that society can never prosper, and must become bankrupt, unless each does what he was made to do, and says what he was created to say."

SAY nothing respecting yourself, either good, bad, or indifferent; nothing good, for that is vanity; nothing bad, for that is affectation; nothing indifferent, for that is silly.

"THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON!"

We are daily receiving hundreds of well-lined and encouraging letters from all parts of the country. With a large increase in this State, the Rural's friends in the Western and Southern States, New England and Canada, are *striking us* with large clubs, and more of them, than last year, notwithstanding the recent excitement and the agitation already commenced relative to the great political campaign. Thanks to Ruralists everywhere for this large and continued manifestation of approval.

—Back Numbers of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers—and will be for some weeks to come, or until we otherwise announce. It is not, therefore, too late to form new clubs, or make additions to present ones.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 21, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

The War Department is preparing for effective operations in the spring against the Indians, who are committing depredations on the Santa Fe mail route. Col. Sumner's command is to furnish the forces. Col. Johnson's Utah command is to be ordered into Arizona.

The Post-Office scrip for the quarter ending December 13, has not been issued, though many accounts are adjusted. Bankers refuse any further purchases, owing to the uncertainty of the House organizing. In cases where contractors have thrown up the mails, Mr. Holt has directed a new arrangement to be made at same prices, but generally a substitution of weekly service.

The official report of Capt. Heintolman has been received by Secretary Floyd. It gives the details of the battle of the 27th ult., with Cortenas. The latter, with 600 men, was entrenched one mile above Rio Grande city. Capt. H. attacked him with 159 regulars and 289 rangers; Cortenas retreated, and a regular running fire was kept up for ten miles, when the outlaws dispersed, and Cortenas with twenty men swam the Rio Grande. All Cortenas' artillery and supplies were captured. Cortenas soon afterwards appeared before Roma, a small town higher up the river, and threatened to burn it. Capt. Stone's company of cavalry was sent to occupy it. Company C, first artillery, is occupying Fort Ringgold. Capt. H. begs that new troops may be sent him, and urges the positive necessity for them on that frontier.

The N. O. Picayune of the 8th instant says that Assistant Postmaster King has written a letter to the Postmaster of New Orleans, instructing him as the distance from New Orleans to San Francisco overland, via San Antonio, is less than 3,000 miles, to charge only single postage—3 cents on letters by that route.

The receipts in the Treasury for the last week for customs and treasury notes, were about $2,000,000, which, added to the amount on hand, makes upwards of $6,000,000 subject to draft.

Reliable letters from Sonora say that Capt. Porter's mission there was a failure, he having been overreached by Gov. Pesquiera, and that nothing better need be expected until our Government shall enforce reparation for the outrages committed on Capt. Ewell.

The people of Arizona, at the latest account, were discussing the question of Provisional government, or distinct organization from New Mexico, in case Congress fails to establish a territorial government for Arizona.

Information has been received from Mexico, that Miramon has organized a force of over 3,000 men for the purpose of attacking Vera Cruz, with the confident expectation of taking it and ending the struggle. Mr. McLane's treaty was obtained after earnest resistance by Juarez, as a last alternative for preserving his position. Leordo had been sent here for the purpose of raising money and failed. Mr. Belmont, to whom application was made, conditionally pronounced that if the treaty was made and ratified by the Senate, advances might be obtained. Under that prospect Mr. McLane succeeded when it was least expected, and when Senor Mata, Juarez's representative, was about giving up his residence and abandoning all hope.

Political Intelligence.

The New Jersey Governor's message went to the Legislature on the 11th inst. He takes strong Union grounds, and regards the tide of disunion very remote. He disapproves the African slave trade, and urges retrenchment, recommending sundry measures to that end.

An address to the Union-loving people of the U. S., appeared in the N. Y. city papers on the 12th inst., announcing the formation of a new party, with General Scott for the candidate for the Presidency, and General Houston for Vice President. The address is signed by G. W. Savage, chairman of Scott Committee.

Gov. Dennison, of Ohio, gave his inaugural at Columbus on the 9th inst. Among other things, he recommends annual sessions of the Legislature, and amendments of the constitution to provide for a different system of representation. He deprecates the neglect, by Congress, of Internal Improvements, and discusses the Slavery question at some length, from Anti-Slavery points of view.

The Democrats of Indiana held a Convention at Indianapolis on the 11th inst. The Convention was called to order by Hon. Jas. W. Chapman, of the Central Committee, and J. J. Bingham and J. D. G. Nelson were selected as temporary Secretaries. Hon. Robert Lowry, Douglas, received 183½ votes; Samuel C. Perkins, Administration, 174½. Lowry was declared elected. The resolutions are very long, and in favor of the strict construction of the constitution, and that it is inexpedient and dangerous to exercise doubtful constitutional powers. They repudiate all sectional parties and the platforms concerning slavery. They endorse principles contained in the organic laws establishing the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. They instruct their delegates to Charleston to vote as a unit for Douglas. They protest against all acts which tend to make this Union less perfect; denounce the Harper's Ferry raid; accept the decisions of the Supreme Court as evidence of the true meaning of the Constitution.

The Kentucky Democratic State Convention met at Frankfort on the 9th instant. David Merryweather was elected Chairman. Every county was represented. The Committee on resolutions reported a majority and a minority report. Both endorse the Dred Scott decision, and express the choice of Kentucky to be for Guthrie, as the nominee for the Presidency by the Charleston Convention.

The majority report endorses the Buchanan Administration, and the minority declares for Douglas and Popular Sovereignty doctrines, and deprecates the application to Congress for legislation in favor of Slavery.

The Democratic State Convention of Ohio met at Columbus on the 5th inst. A large number of delegates were present. The Hon. William B. Woods presided. Resolutions were adopted by a large majority declaring Stephen A. Douglas the favorite of the Ohio Democracy, and instructing the delegates to the Charleston Convention to cast their entire vote for him.

The people of the unorganized Territory of Dacotah have elected a Delegate to Congress, in anticipation of Congressional action authorizing them to do so.

Dreadful Calamity.

One of the most terrible catastrophes on record occurred in Lawrence, Mass., on the 10th inst. The Pemberton Mills fell about 5 o'clock in the evening, while six or seven hundred operatives were still at work. The building was five stories high, 280 feet long by 70 wide, with a wing on the west side 45 feet square, like the letter L. It ran 2,700 spindles, and 960 operatives were employed. The building was never considered to be as staunch as it ought to have been. It was built about seven years ago, and was then thought a sham. Indeed, before the machinery was put in, the walls spread to such a degree, that some twenty iron stays were put in to save it from falling by its own weight. From the best information that can be gathered, the building appeared to crumble and fall from the eastern corner or end. It fell inwardly. The Fire Department immediately repaired to the spot, but there being no fire, they at once set to work with a will to remove the rubbish. They very soon reached some of the rooms, so that the dead and wounded were taken out as fast as they could be reached.

In this instance calamity succeeded calamity. About half past nine it became apparent that a fire had broke out amid the ruins. This additional horror struck terror to the hearts that had before been hopeful of saving more lives. Still the work of removal went on. The force pumps and engines on the ground were at once got at work, and poured torrents of water on; but all in vain; for the entire mass was one sheet of flame at 10 minutes past 12 o'clock. Before the building caught fire a number of those imprisoned beneath the ruins could be seen and conversed with. In some instances refreshments were passed to them. When the fire spread over the ruins they bade adieu to friends, and in several cases gave directions as to the disposition of their effects. In one part of the building a hole was battered through the wall, and through it could be seen three young women, who said they were not at all injured. One thrust her arm through the small aperture and begged to be drawn through it, but before the aperture could be made large enough, the flames drove the men away, and the prisoners perished.

John Ward, operative in the carding room, second story, miraculously saved, with his wife, who worked near him, describes his escape as follows:—"I was in the carding room, with the second overseer, lighting up; was there five or ten minutes before five; we had several burners lighted; suddenly heard a thundering crash overhead, and looking up saw shafting coming down upon us all over the room; terrified, I stood nailed to the spot, although I knew the building was coming down upon me; then I heard the overseer shout; I tried to jump out of the rubbish, but something struck me senseless; when I came to my senses I found myself in the rubbish, covered with blood from wounds on my face; finally crawled up; got to the top and found a lot of ruins hanging over me, which liked to have taken my life, but I succeeded in getting out; passed a dead girl and two mangled bodies; when first knocked down, I fell under a large grind-stone, which was too heavy to give way to the weight above."

Up to the present writing, (Monday, A. M.,) the summing up shows that 162 persons are missing. These embrace all those known to have been killed, and those of whom no tidings have been ascertained. It is admitted by those who have gone into the investigation, that 52 persons are yet buried in the brick and mortar. One hundred and thirty dead bodies have been removed to the City Hall or delivered to recognizing friends. The wounded counted up 206 at last accounts, very many of whom cannot recover.

Various reports are in circulation as to the cause of this awful disaster, and the testimony before the Coroner's Jury is very conflicting, but it is thought that when the citizens will have had sufficient opportunity for the intense excitement now existing to partially subside, and a thorough examination of the ruins has been made, the truth will be reached. If wrong can be proved, it is to be hoped that those who have trifled with human life will be made to meet the full measure of responsibility.

The Albion Normal Music School will close with public exercises in the New Baptist Church in that village, on the 20th inst.

News Paragraphs.

Texas seems about to take the lead in the South in home manufactures. A large amount of cabinet ware is produced in all towns. In Rusk county, carriages are made of the best workmanship and the latest styles. In other counties there are excellent cotton and woolen factories; and flouring mills are beginning to be numerous. For a young State, Texas has a very handsome beginning.

Not less than 11,804,000 tons of coal were shipped from the various coal regions of Pennsylvania during the past year, valued in that market at about $30,000,000.

During the month of December the coinage at the United States Mint in Philadelphia amounted in value to $208,109, and consisted of 2,595,270 pieces. No less than 2,200,000 cents were among the sum coined.

A person named Roger Largos recently died at Paris, at the age of 100, precisely. It was at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of December, 1759, that he was born, and at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of December, 1859, that he died. He excelled as painter, engraver, poet and musician; and yet he was unknown to the public, because he would never consent to exhibit or publish any of his productions.

A Milford, Mass., insolvent pays his creditors the liberal dividend of one cent and two mills on the dollar. The smallest dividend made by the Boston men who burst in 1857 was one-fifth of one per cent., or just two mills on the dollar,—"next to nothing."

On Monday week twelve Mayors in Massachusetts addressed messages to their several city governments, and nearly every one—every one that said anything about it—recommended the adoption of steam fire engines.

An Alabama paper gives circulation to a story that, by the recent death of a rich Cuban creole, developments have been made showing that Lopez was not garroted in 1851; that he was rescued by bribery, Gen. Concha conniving, and died in his bed at the house of a friend near Matanzas, in 1857. A criminal was executed and passed off for Lopez.

The Omaha paper of the 22d ult., announces the arrival in that city of a gentleman from the Nebraska mines, with twenty-two pounds of gold dust, the product of his labors during the past season. He fully confirms the richness of the gold regions of Western Nebraska. His summer's work will produce about $95,000.

The destruction of property in the United States, from all causes, is estimated at the enormous figure of fifty millions per annum. Seventeen millions are annually struck out of existence by fire. The marine losses are more than twenty millions, exceeding by a considerable per cent. the English losses, and by still more those of France. The balance is made up of losses by railroad accidents, and other casualties attributable to careless and reckless "go a-head-ativeness."

According to a recent report, the workmen in the city of Paris number 360,000. It has hitherto been generally supposed that the majority were those connected with building operations—masons, carpenters, and the like. But it is now stated that the branch of business which occupies the greatest number of hands, is that of the tailors and dealers in ready-made clothes—100,000 workmen being engaged in that branch of business.

Latest from California.—The Atlantic arrived at New York on the 9th inst. She brought $1,800,000, and the following intelligence: The first Legislature of Nevada Territory met on the 15th at Genoa, and took measures for procuring an immediate recognition of the Territory by Congress.

Three schooners had arrived at San Francisco from Japan, bringing full cargoes of rich Japanese wares. The advices they bring are to Nov. 15th, and are unimportant.

The American settlers at San Juan held a meeting, and adopted resolutions approving the course of General Harney, and expressing the opinion that that Island was American soil, and ought to be preserved to the United States.

From Buenos Ayres.—Later news has been received from Buenos Ayres. After Urquiza's victory over Mitre, he marched to Buenos Ayres, where he was met by a committee of citizens, and a friendly agreement entered into between them, of which the following are the leading portions: Buenos Ayres to form part of the Argentine Confederation. A Convention to be convoked to examine the National Constitution. The home and foreign debt of Buenos Ayres to be recognized as a National debt. Urquiza to retire with his army within two weeks after the signing of the treaty. Alsina had resigned the government of Buenos Ayres, and was replaced by Llavallol. The agitation throughout the country had ceased.

From Mexico.—We are in the receipt of the following Mexican Intelligence: The Juarez Government have directed Pesquiera to revoke the order for the expulsion of Captain Stone. It is expected that Pesquiera would refuse, as he was raising troops for some mysterious purpose. The combined French and Spanish fleets are expected at Vera Cruz to enforce the pecuniary demands of Spain against Mexico. The Liberals had obtained several victories over the Church troops at Tehuantepec. Alvarez was acting against Coboz. The Liberals had re-taken Zacatecas. The report that the French and Spanish fleets were expected at Vera Cruz, was denied from the French and English legations at Mexico.

A Snowy Country.—There is one part of this State, in which, we apprehend, the late thaw made but a trivial impression. We take the two paragraphs which follow from the *Democrat*, published at Pulaski, Oswego county:

On Saturday night and Sunday last, snow fell here to the depth of about three feet. This, with the old snow, after settling, leaves us with a fine body of four feet or more.

Redfield.—The snow is six feet deep in this town, and the roads are almost impassable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The London Herald lately announced that a complete reform bill is to appear in the Constitutional Press Magazine, and that in the event of postponement of the Ministerial Reform bill or its proving exceptionable to the constitutional party, the bill to be published will be immediately brought before the House of Commons.

Lord Palmerston has been making speeches highly eulogistic of the volunteer movement.

Lord John Russell tells the memorialists, relative to Mexico, that England is endeavoring to come to an understanding with the other powers respecting the course to pursue. He points out the difficulty of the United States recognizing one President and England and Franco another.

A great riot occurred Sunday night among the military at the Camp at Aldershot. Three militiamen were shot dead. Six soldiers had been arrested with rifles loaded with ball cartridges.

The Times' British Columbia correspondent complains of the American authorities at San Juan, both civil and military. He says they have been guilty of many petty acts calculated to annoy the British authorities.

Col. Cardigan, attache of the British Legation at Piedmont, has been ordered to proceed to head-quarters of Gen. Fanti at Bologna. This is considered new proof of the interest taken by the British Government in Central Italy.

The Government has determined to issue to rifle volunteers an additional supply of long Enfield rifles.

The ship Blovoie Castle from Liverpool for Australia, was wrecked in the English channel. All on board, 22 passengers and 24 crew, are supposed to have perished.

France.—A pamphlet entitled "The Pope and the Congress," signed by Mr. De Lagueronniere, has been published, and had attracted great attention, both in France and England, as it was believed to express the sentiments of the Emperor. The pamphlet is written in a spirit of conciliation and compromise, and although it does not promise to take away the temporal powers of the Pope, it advocates a curtailment of them, and urges that Romagna should not be restored to the Papal dominion. The Constitutionnel, in an article by its principal editor, approves of the general contents of the pamphlet, declaring, however, that it intends to combat some of the propositions made by the author.

The English papers generally eulogize the pamphlet. The Times says:—"We leave others to arrange forms and ecremonies for us, if there is a reasonable probability that the great European powers will be arrayed side by side in defence of the rights of the Italian people, and that Protestant England will find a hearty and efficient supporter in the Emperor of Catholic France."

Later intelligence states that the Pope refuses to be represented in the Paris Congress, unless the above noticed pamphlet be denied by the Emperor Napoleon.

The Paris Constitutionnel says the London Times is correct in considering the pamphlet entitled "Pope and Congress," as a political expression of good understanding and conciliation between England and France, and congratulates itself on the result. It says, further, that France is far from intending the destruction of the temporal power of the Pope, but will, on the contrary, consolidate it.

Spain and Morocco.—A Madrid telegram of the 21st of December, says:—"Yesterday eight thousand Moors attacked the Spanish army, but were repulsed energetically and compelled to retreat in great disorder, caused by grape shot and grenades." The Spanish had 51 wounded.

Ten men-of-war formerly stationed at Havana, had just arrived, to re-inforce the squadron at Algiers. A great quantity of provisions had been dispatched to the army in Africa.

Austria.—A telegram from Prince Metternich to Count Reehberg says Count Walewski declares to the diplomatic corps at Paris, that while he remains head minister of foreign affairs, the pamphlet entitled the "Pope and Congress," should not contribute to the programme of the French Ministry.

Breadstuffs.—The market quiet, but steady. Wheat has an advancing tendency. Provisions dull.

A Noble Compact.—The genial Albany correspondent of the Utica Herald communicates the following pleasant item of news. All good men will bid "God-speed" to the movement:—"One circumstance has occurred since New Year's day, which is so novel in its character, and which seems likely to become so important in its results, that I must mention it here. When the old year went out and the new year came, a party of gentlemen met in the room of Mr. Jaycox, Canal Commissioner, and there resolved that during the year 1860 no drop of intoxicating liquor should be drank by any of their number, except it was prescribed by a practising physician. A pledge and bond of agreement was drawn up by Jaycox, and one by one the gentlemen affixed to it their names. I will send you in another letter a copy of this agreement. It is a solemn and binding compact, and the men who have signed it mean to keep it. Gradually, and day after day, new names are added, and if I do not greatly mistake, the influence of this movement will be greater and more profound than that of anything of the kind since the great movement emanating at Baltimore many years ago.

Among the gentlemen signing the bond are many leading politicians of your county and elsewhere. The Commissioner's room is the head-quarters of the association. Quietly, and with no parade, the list increases in numbers. Heavon knows how sadly this thing was needed by some whose names are upon the roll. The wine bill of more than one of these was more than ten dollars a day. More anon."

The Prussian authorities now subject all horned cattle coming from Austria to a quarantine of twenty-one days. The murrain is said to be advancing further west.

The News Condenser.

— Gen. Comonfort, Ex-President of Mexico, is in New York.

— Gerrit Smith has returned to his home from the asylum.

— There are 250 newspapers and periodicals in Massachusetts.

— France will spend a million and a half in fortifying Algiers.

— Dow, Jr., (E. G. Paige) committed suicide in San Francisco.

— The valuation of real estate in Toledo, O., is put at $2,228,000.

— The weather in the South has been intensely cold this winter.

— A dead whale worth $250 has been picked up on the Jersey shore.

— The slave property of St. Louis is about one-ninetieth the population.

— The financial condition of Iowa is decidedly better than last year.

— The people of Spain are dissatisfied with the war against Morocco.

— Gen. Lamar, ex-President of Texas, died on the 19th ult., of apoplexy.

— There were 2,104 buildings erected in Philadelphia during last year.

— It is said the silver mines of California are of greater value than the gold.

— In Falmouth, Mass., 25,000 bushels of onions were raised the past season.

— In Lancaster, N. H., the thermometer has been down to 22 degrees below zero.

— The Morse telegraph patent expires in 1861, and will then be free to the public.

— Delegates have met in Washington to arrange for a National Union Convention.

— The sum of $193,333 has been paid by the ladies on the Mount Vernon property.

— The month of December, 1859, is regarded as one of the coldest Decembers on record.

— A family in Chicago, apparently starving to death, had $1,500 secreted under the bed.

— Homespun meetings and resolutions are the order in the South. "Encourage your own."

— Concha, late Governor of Cuba, made a fortune of $7,000,000 during his administration.

— A Texas paper reckons up fifty or sixty deaths from freezing during the late cold weather.

— The telegraph companies between New York and Pennsylvania have all been consolidated.

— A brigand has been captured in Sardinia who is known to have perpetrated sixty murders.

— It is now expected that the work of tunneling Bergen Hill, N. J., will be completed in April.

— The papers of Kentucky are urgently recommending the erection of a monument to Henry Clay.

— The average number of letters delivered in N. Y. city, per quarter, during 1859, was 2,400,000.

— The cities of Montreal and Quebec entertain projects for the construction of railways in their streets.

— Six thousand men and two thousand women were in the Central Park, N. Y., skating, Sunday week.

— The pews in Henry Ward Beecher's Church, Brooklyn, have been let for the year 1860, for $29,429,50.

— The railroads centering in Chicago have determined to issue no more passes, or half-tickets to clergymen.

— A human skeleton has been found at Marietta, Ohio, under six feet of loam and three feet of conglomerate rock.

— The Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown contains 491 convicts, of which number 36 are incarcerated for life.

— It is stated that the voluntary fund for the relief of John Brown's family is likely to reach thirty thousand dollars.

— The Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England has proved to be a defaulter to the amount of $10,000.

— A crazy man took the Speaker's chair the other day at Washington, and called the members to order. No wonder.

— The Library of the State of Pennsylvania contains 22,000 volumes—next in number to the New York State Library.

— The first quarter of the month of January of 1860, was the coldest that has been experienced in Boston for 36 years.

— A percussion cap factory exploded in Brooklyn Saturday week, instantly killing a young man named Charles Hallonbrook.

— A bill is before the Alabama Legislature requiring a residence of ten years in the State before any one can teach school.

— There are in the United States 55 different religious orders belonging to the Catholic church—24 of men and 31 of women.

— The number of Indians within the limits of the U. S. and Territories is set down by the Secretary of the Interior at 350,000.

— A few days ago a mad dog in Milwaukee, Wis., before he could be despatched, bit ten persons, fifteen dogs, one cow and a pig.

— The District Attorney of Washington Co. reported more money collected for fines the past year than the amount of his salary.

— A "leopard seal," weighing between 200 and 300 pounds, was shot on the rocks at Seaconnet Point, near Newport, R. I., lately.

— A child froze to death in its cradle at Milwaukee on the night of Friday, the 30th ult., the mercury being at 24 degrees below zero.

— During the past year 186 applicants for divorce were filed in the Philadelphia Common Pleas Court, and 70 couples were disunited.

— The first railway locomotive ever constructed in California has just been completed at one of the San Francisco iron foundries.

— The "January thaw," a time-honored institution, extended through New England, making sad havoc with the sleighing and skating.

— The President's Message does not particularly please the Canadian papers. Among other compliments, they say it is stupid and endless.

— In Chicago a beef packing firm have, during the past season, paid over to David Strawn, of Ottawa, $18,941,88 for beeves of his own feeding.

— The ladies of Turkey, who have recently been wearing thin veils in public, have been the subject of an edict requiring the use of very thick ones.

— A large collection of anonymous contributions to periodical literature, by Major Andre, has recently been discovered and satisfactorily authenticated.

— E. Merriam says that 83 persons lost their lives last year by burning fluid explosions, and 106 were injured, some of whom are not expected to recover.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. — PAGE.

What Shall it be? 21
Experiments with Potatoes 21
Prince of Oxford (when one year old.) [Illustrated] 21
A Convenient Farmer's House [Two Illustrations] 21
A Chapter on Manures 21
Hungarian Grass 22
Growing and Curing Tobacco 22
Canvassing for the New-Yorker 22
Long Island Farming Lands 22
Experiment in Potato Raising 22
The Bee-Keeper.—Octagon Bee-Hive, [Illustrated]; Profits of Bee-Culture; Care of Bees in Winter; Effects of Coloroform on Bees 22
Agricultural Societies.—United States; Connecticut State; New Hampshire State; Monroe Co.; Niagara Co.; Schuyler Co.; Livingston Co.; Onondaga Co.; Steuben Co.; Tonawanda Valley; Brockport Union; Coventry, [Town] Skaneateles Farmers' Club; Little Falls Farmers' Club 22
Agricultural Miscellany.—Plain Talk; The Legal Postage of the Rural New-Yorker; Michigan State Ag. College; "To be Continued;" Free Advertising; Lord Palmerston on Rural Affairs; Obituary; Salted Water for Sheep; Weighty Steers; Heavy Hogs 22

HORTICULTURAL.

Fruit-Grower's Society of Western New York—Annual Meeting—Report of Discussion 23

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cleaning and Coloring Kid Gloves; How to Wash Kid Gloves; To Clean French Kid Gloves; To Color Gloves Nankeen; To Color Gloves Purple; To Color Dark Brown 23

LADIES' OLIO.

Memories [Poetical;] The Grandmother; Styles of Women; A Beautiful Sentiment 24

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Larva [Poetical]; Journalizing; Extravagance of the Age; The Wind is a Musician; Living Fast; Popping Corn 24

SABBATH MUSINGS.

"The Morning Cometh," [Poetical]; The New Year 24

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Gen. Jackson's Choice of a Profession; Coral Reefs in Torres Straits; Costumes and Customs 25

THE REVIEWER.

The New American Cyclopaedia; Westminister Quarterly Review; Books Received 25

USEFUL OLIO.

View of London, Canada West, [Illustrated]; The Egyptian Sphinx; European Congresses; Measles; Unfaithfulness to the Dead; Our Life-Labor 25

YOUNG RURALIST.

The Advantages of Wealth 25

STORY TELLER.

An Evangel, [Poetical]; Lydia Matheweson's Journal 26

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

To Architects, Builders, &c.—Alexander Harthill.
Every Man a Magician—Dick & Fitzgerald.
A Superior Farm for Sale—H. C. & J. K. Wood.
The People's Farm Mills—R. L. Howard.
Good Grain Farm for Sale—L. M. Pritchard.
100,000 Standard Apple Trees—John A. Nichols.
Farm for Sale—Jonathan Scobey.
To Nurserymen—Jayne & Splatman.
"Family Pictorial"—Marie Louise Hankins & Co.
Pure Honey Dew Hungarian Grass Seed—R. L. Howard.
500,000 Apples Grafted—A. Fahnestock & Sons.
10,000 Two Year Old Apple Trees—A. Fahnestock & Sons.
Evergreens and Strawberries—A. Fahnestock & Sons.
Who's Going West!—Kent & Goldsbury.
Farm for Sale—C. Morgan.
The Elmira Female College—Rev. A. W. Cowles.
Farm for Sale—S. C. Holden.
A Small Farm for Sale—L. A. Williams.
Portable Steam Engines—E. A. Wood & Co.
Farm to Let—John Woodruff.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Jan. 17, 1860.

THE mild weather of the past week so broke up the roads as to deter farmers from visiting the city in any number, or except on compulsion. As a consequence, business is dull, and the changes in rates a very few—these will be readily observed by reference to table of quotations:

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	17@18c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,28	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,63@1,63	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,25	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,25@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12½
Corn, old	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	62½@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@18c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	71@72c	Plums, dried	15@15c
Oats, by weight	35c	Potatoes	38@40c
Barley	58@62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@45c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@80c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,00@6,50	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,50
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	3@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	33@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, ton	$11,00@19,00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Straw, ton	$8,00@9,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	37½@50c
Lard, tried	11@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 16.—FLOUR—Holders are a little disposed to realize, and we notice a better business doing both for export and home use. Prices, however, show no material change. Sales at $5,20@5,25 for super State; $5,35@5,45 for extra do—including 5,000 bbls. for export at $5,35@5,40; $5,20@5,30 for super Western; $5,35@5,50 for common to good extra do.; $5,70@5,85 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, closing steady. Canadian scarce and firmly held; sales at 5,65@5,90 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat a shade firmer, with a little more doing for export; sales Chicago spring at 120@121½c; Milwaukee club at 122@124c; white Canada at 143@145c; small parcel white Michigan at 155c. Rye dull at 90@92c. Barley in good supply and nominal at 70@85c. Corn dull and heavy; sales at 83@85c for inferior to prime new white and yellow. Oats plenty and dull at 45@48c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy; sales at $16,12 for mess; $11,50 for prime. Lard quiet; sales at 10½@10¾c.—Butter 12@17c for Ohio; 15@24c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11½c.

ALBANY, JAN., 16.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—With only a retail demand for flour the market is steady with a moderate business doing. Corn meal unchanged. In the street buckwheat flour is selling at $1,94@$2.

GRAIN. Wheat quiet with a moderate milling inquiry. Corn steady, with sales western mixed at 85c., delivered. Other grains are quiet. In the street oats 43@45c.; rye 85@86; barley 70c.; corn 92@93 for new and $1 for old.

TORONTO, JAN. 11.—FLOUR—There has been a good deal of activity in the flour market this week, and considerable sales have been effected, while the inquiry for all the grades, especially for superfine, continues animated. The purchases have been made both on account of orders from the east and on speculation, and the market has taken a decidedly more lively turn. Rates show a slight advance, and may be stated as follows: Double extra, $5,50@5,75; Extra, $5,25@5,37; Fancy, $4,90@5; Superfine No. 1, $4,50@4,65; Do. No. 2, $4,30@4,40; Oatmeal, $4,50@5; Corn meal, $3,50@4.

GRAIN—The demand for fall wheat, which for the past six or eight weeks has been steady, without any excitement or movement in either direction, continues with a market slightly more buoyant, and a shade of improvement in prices. Spring wheat is in steady demand, with a slight improvement in rates. The quality offering is very good, and but few lots have brought less than $1 ℔ bushel; while $1,02 and quite $1,05 has been paid for prime samples. The amount of this brought out thus far is comparatively small, to the known extent of the crop; and although the home consumption is likely to be confined to this description of the wheat, yet there must still be a large amount to come to market. Barley comes out slowly, and is bought up by the local brewers. Rye is scarce, and in demand at 70@75c ℔ bushel. Oats are scarce, and prices are again a shade better. During the week there has been a very small supply, and the accumulation here is insignificant; and the consumptive demand requires all and more than is offering.—Rates are, therefore, firm at 36@37½c., the latter being the frequent figure. Peas are also in light supply, and are in demand, principally for seed, at 56@60c—the latter being freely paid for good varieties.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 11.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt., $9,25@10,00; ordinary, $8,50@9,00; common, $6,50@7,50; inferior, $5@6.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@30,00; Inferior, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@6½c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5@6; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3@4; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, $5½@6½; all others, $4@6½.

ALBANY, JAN. 16.—CATTLE—Prices have changed but little since last week. The average quality in all the yards is equal, if not a little above that of last week. The drovers report that cattle seem to be growing more plenty in the West, every week, and as the season advances, with little prospect of hay becoming cheaper until the next harvest, farmers show more anxiety to get rid of them.

The sales do not justify us in altering our quotations from last week, except on premium, and the alteration on this grade is predicated on the market superiority of the offerings, rather than because of any rise in the market. We quote as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@6	5¼@5⅜
Extra	4½@5¼	4½@5¼
First quality	3½@4½	3½@4¼
Second quality	3½@3½	3¼@3½
Third quality	2½@3	2½@3
Inferior	2½	2 @2½

DRESSED HOGS. Throughout the latter part of the week the demand has been good, partly on Eastern account, and prices have been well maintained. In some instances slight advances have been secured from Albany, Lansingburgh and Troy packers, who have been picking up the best lots. The following are the latest sales made:

13 head State, averaging 270 lbs		7¼c
12 " " " 281 lbs		7¼c
89 " " " 285 lbs		7¼c
14 " " " 300 lbs		7½c
83 " " dividing 175 and 175 lbs		6⅝@7
36 " " (coarse)		6⅝c
275 " Michigan, averaging 200 lbs		7 c
65 " Western, div. 175 lbs		6¾@6⅞c

—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 11.—Whole number of Cattle at market 725—about 600 Beeves, and 125 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,75; first quality, $6,75; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $3,75; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen, none.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@67.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $10@21; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,560 at market; prices in lots, $2,00 @2,50 each; extra, $3, to 8 each, or 4@6c ℔ lb.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each.

BRIGHTON, JAN. 12.—At Market 1,400 Beeves, 175 stores, 3,400 sheep and lambs, and 200 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,25@0,00; first quality $7,50 @0,00; second quality, $6,00@6,50; third quality, $5,00@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 100@115.

MILCH COWS—$30@40; Common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@21; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2@2,75; Extra, $3@6.

PELTS—$1,00@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5c ℔ lb.; retail, 5@6½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 12.—Our market is dull, pending the result of the Boston auction sale; but as the stock of most descriptions is quite small, prices are firmly maintained.—We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	54@57
Am. half-blood and Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	38@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@23
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@11

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, JAN. 12.—The transactions in fleece and pulled Wool have been moderate, comprising 60,000 lbs. at previous prices. Buyers are holding back until after the auction sales take place to-day. The sales of foreign comprise 450 bales, mostly Mediterranean, at steady prices.

Saxony & Merino	58@70	Western mixed	34@45
Full blood	51@57	Smyrna, washed	17@30
½ and ¾ blood	44@57	Do. unwashed	9½@19
Common	40@42	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	48@57	Cape	21@40
Do. superfine	42@50	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	34@45	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2		Peruvian, washed	25@32

GREAT WOOL SALE IN BOSTON.—The wool sale was well attended by many dealers from New York, as well as by a large number of interested parties from New England. The bidding was very spirited for the domestic, and all the lots were disposed of—aggregating 248,000 lbs. A large part of the foreign was withdrawn. The following were the sales of domestic:—4,000 broken fleece and tub at 33c; 12,000 do nowashed fine and mixed fleece, 32c; 12,000 do. fine and medium tub, 45c; 8,000 do. graded fleece, 43@50c; 45,000 do. extra graded do., 53c; extra do. do., 53@54c; 15,000 double do., 62½; 3,000 common medium fleece, 39c; 45,000 graded fleece, 45@50½c; 20,000 extra graded, 54c; 18,000 common and medium fleece, 38c; 35,000 extra graded do., 52½@54c; 10,000 double do., 58c; 35,000 graded fleece, 45@50c; 2,000 double extra pulled, 42c; 3,000 extra pulled, 46c; 20,000 superfine pulled, 34@37½c; 25,000 No. 1 do., 29c; 1,500 black do., 26c; 20,000 superfine pulled, 33½@34c; 25,000 unwashed fleece, 12½c; 2000 medium and common fleece, 41c. Foreign—45 bales unwashed s. fax., 12c; 98 mats Dudigus, 15c; 27c bales washed Morocco, 26c; 125 bales washed s. fax., 27c; 33 bales at 34½c ℔ lb.

Marriages.

ON January 5th, at the residence of the bride's father near Newark, Wayne Co., by the Rev. G. R. H. SHUMWAY, MARSHALL B. SPIER and Miss ELLIE, daughter of LAWRENCE BAKER, Esq.

Publisher's Department.

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Three Copies, "	$5
Six " and 1 free to Club Agent,	$10
Ten " " " "	$15
Fifteen " " " "	$21
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And any additional number at the latter rate—only $1,25 per copy!—with an extra free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Twenty. Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired. ☞ Bills on all solvent Banks taken at par, but we prefer drafts on New York, Albany, or Boston, (less exchange,) payable to our order, and all such drafts may be mailed at our risk.

☞ As we pre-pay American postage on papers sent abroad, Canada subscribers should add 12½ cents per copy to above club rates.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, at club rates.

☞ Subscriptions can commence with the Volume or any number. No deviation from our Terms.

☞ For offer of Extra Gratuities, &c., see last No.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, please send us the best money conveniently obtainable—and do not forget to write plainly and correctly, the names of Subscribers, Post-Office address, State, &c.

☞ OUR published terms will be strictly adhered to, and no one has authority from us to offer the RURAL at less than our rates. The RURAL is *not* a "dollar paper," as $1,25 is the *lowest* club rate, even if a thousand copies are taken. *Persons remitting less than our terms will be credited in proportion to amount received.*

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59—bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1858 and 1859—price, $2 each.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

THE POSTAGE ON THE RURAL is only 3¼ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6 cents to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line, each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

☞ To secure insertion advertisements should reach us on Monday. ☞ We are obliged to defer several adv'ts intended for this number, for want of space.

FARM TO LET. 190 acres, at East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y. Rent part paid in boarding minors. See advertisement in RURAL of February 12, 1859.
523-1t JOHN WOODRUFF.

10,000 TWO YEAR OLD APPLE TREES. We offer 10,000 Apple Trees, two years old, our selection of sorts, 3 to 4 feet, at $45 per 1,000.
523 A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

FOR SALE.—A Farm of 100 acres choice grain land, with good Buildings, an excellent Orchard, well watered &c., lying 1½ miles southwest of the village of Le Roy.
523-6t C. MORGAN.

PURE HONEY DEW HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED.—For sale, 200 bushels of this Seed, a *pure article*, of my own raising. Price $3 per bushel, in quantities to suit purchasers.
523-9t R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE—With a full course of Academic and Collegiate Study. *Whole expense of Board and Tuition, $75 per half-yearly session.*—Next Session begins February 9th. Address
523-1t Rev. A. W. COWLES, D. D., President.

500,000 APPLES GRAFTED.—We offer 500,000 Apples, grafted this winter, for Spring, setting at $6 per 1,000, or where 20,000 or more are taken, at $5 per 1,000. Apple Seeds, clean and fresh, $7 per bushel.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS,
523 Toledo, Ohio.

"FAMILY PICTORIAL" $5 a Day. Female Agents Wanted at home, or to travel, on salary or commission, for the LARGEST ILLUSTRATED PAPER in the world, at ONLY 50 CENTS a year. For "Confidential Terms," to Female Agents, and a copy of the paper, enclose a stamp to MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO., Publishers, New York City. 523-1t

EVERGREENS AND STRAWBERRIES.—50,000 Norway Firs, 18 inch to 2 feet .... $12 per 100
Do. Do. Do. .... $90 per 1,000
100,000 Do. 9 to 12 inches .... $50 per 1,000
50,000 Wilson's Albany and Hooker Strawberries $1,50 per 100
Do. Do. Do. Do. .... $10 per 1,000
523 A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

TO NURSERYMEN.—30,000 Cherry Seedlings at $3 per M; 20,000, Plum Do. at $8 per M; 10,000 one year old Horse Chestnut Seedlings, $6 per M; 2 year old Do., $10 per M; 3,000 Peach Trees, one year old, $60 per M; 20,000 2 year old Cherry Trees, first class; Apple Scions, and other Nursery Stock.
523-1t JAYNE & SPLATMAN, Benton, Yates Co.

WHO'S GOING WEST!—PRESENT INDUCEMENTS WHICH IOWA OFFERS TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, MERCHANTS AND OTHERS. A work just published, and sent free of charge to any person who will send one letter stamp to
KENT & GOLDSBURY, Davenport, Iowa.
N. B.—No one should think of emigrating till he has read this work. 523-1t

FOR SALE.—A Farm containing 150 acres, situated near Cayuga Lake, in Romulus, Seneca county, N. Y. The soil is of first quality, and well improved, with 15 acres of timber. For beauty of situation, and every advantage to be desired in a Country Residence, it cannot be surpassed. On the Farm are two good Dwelling Houses, and three good Barns, with Choice Fruit, and convenient water. For particulars inquire of the Subscriber on the premises, or address him at Romulus P. O. [523-3t] JONATHAN SCOBEY.

FOR SALE.—A valuable Farm adjoining the village of Batavia, next west of Heman J. Redfield's, on the Lewiston or Caryville Road, known as the Searle's Farm. It is under a high state of cultivation, over a mile of stone wall, about 25 acres of heavy timbered land, fruit of all kinds, with *Extensive and Valuable Buildings.* Will be sold cheap, and a liberal credit given to suit purchasers. The location makes it desirable. Possession given 1st of April. Inquire of GEO. H. HOLDEN, at the Clerk's Office, or of
Batavia, Jan. 15, 1860. 523-3t S. C. HOLDEN.

A SMALL FARM FOR SALE.—Situated 1½ miles east of Shipman, a flourishing village on the C. A. & St. Louis R. R., in a good and healthy neighborhood, convenient to Schools, Churches, &c. It contains 40 acres of well improved prairie land, has a comfortable Frame House, Stabling, good water, over 100 choice young Fruit Trees, Shrubbery, &c., and 23 acres of very promising, growing wheat. Also, 20 acres of good timber adjacent. All of which is offered at the low price of $35 per acre, one-half cash. Inquire of L. A. WILLIAMS,
523-1t Shipman, Macoupin Co., Ill.

A. N. WOOD & CO., EATON, N. Y.,
Manufacturers of their celebrated
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
and Dealers in Machinery.
THESE Engines are simple in arrangement, built compact, and are adapted to all kinds of Mill or Farm use. Received the First Premium at our late State Fair. Send for Circular. 523-13t

A SUPERIOR FARM FOR SALE.—The Subscribers offer for sale their *Valuable Farm*, containing 114 acres of choice land, under a high state of cultivation, with fences and buildings in excellent condition, situated opposite the N. Y. Central Railroad Depot, in the village of Pittsford, Monroe Co., six miles east of Rochester. This Farm has on it an Apple Orchard of 350 trees choice fruit, just in bearing; a Peach Orchard of 900, and a Dwarf Pear Orchard of 800 trees, set two years ago; is abundantly watered by a never-failing spring brook, and possesses many very great advantages in location. Terms liberal. For particulars inquire of DANIEL WOOD, No. 30 Arcade Gallery, Rochester, N. Y., or of the Subscribers on the premises.
523-1t H. C. & G. K. WOOD

THE PEOPLE'S FARM MILL.—This Mill is now in successful operation, and no Portable Mill was ever offered to the public that gives such universal satisfaction.
It is simple, durable, requires but little power, and is cheap, and will grind all kinds of grain in the most perfect manner, at the rate of eight bushels per hour. It is made on an entire new principle, which wholly overcomes the difficulty that exists in all cast iron *rotary* mills.
Full description, with cut of Mill, will be forwarded on application. A Mill can be seen in constant use at my shop in Buffalo; also at No. 17 Spruce street, New York.
Price of two-horse power Mill, capable of grinding eight bushels per hour, $40. R. L. HOWARD,
523-9t Buffalo, N. Y.

GOOD GRAIN FARM FOR SALE.—A tip-top Grain or Dairy Farm, containing 70 acres, including ten acres of good timber land, situated in Chili, Monroe county, eight miles from Rochester, and one mile from village and Central Railroad Depot, in one of the best sections of Western New York. This is the Farm on which was produced 40 bushels of extra quality Mediterranean Wheat per acre, in 1858, as stated at the time in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and of course the land is in a high state of cultivation. Extra fine Buildings; a good variety of Choice Fruit; also good fences. The Farm is well watered.
The subscriber offers this Farm on account of poor health only. It will be sold at the low price of $75 per acre; part can remain on mortgage. Apply to, or address
523-1t L. M. PRITCHARD, No. Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y.

100,000 STANDARD APPLE TREES—Of the leading varieties, from 5 to 8 feet high, stocky and well grown, for sale, cheap, at the Washington Nursery. Also, 3,000 Standard Cherries, 4 to 7 feet high, with fine heads, at $10 per 100; Extra fine, 7 to 10 feet, $15 per 100. Standard and Dwarf Pears equally cheap. Currants, bearing size, at $6 per 100. European Mountain Ash, 10 to 12 feet high, very stocky, at $25 per 100. Catalpas, 6 to 8 feet, at $20 per 100. 5,000 Norway Spruce, 12 to 18 inches, at $12 per 100; 2½ to 3½ feet high, $25 per 100—together with a general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Plants, at equally low rates. 50,000 roots grafted with the Tompkins Co. King, packed in boxes for transportation to any part of the country, at $6 per 1,000.—Persons wishing to purchase in this form, by sending their order soon can have any variety grafted they desire, at the same price.
Apple Scions of all the leading varieties furnished at $1,50 per 1,000 sticks. Orders solicited for Spring of 1860.
JOHN A. NICHOLS, Proprietor Washington Nursery,
523-3t Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y.

TO ARCHITECTS, BUILDERS, CARPENTERS, MACHINISTS AND DECORATORS.
Now Published Weekly,
THE ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL,
The only Illustrated Weekly publication of its kind in this country, and indispensable to all engaged in Building and Mechanical Operations.
EDITED BY PRACTICAL MEN,
Who are well known as among the ablest men in this country. Every week, Illustrations appear of great practical utility, such as
ENGRAVINGS OF NEW BUILDINGS,
Already erected, now going up, or intended for erection, in different parts of the country.
DESIGNS AND WORKING DETAILS
Connected with Building Operations, of great value to Architects, Builders and Carpenters.
THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT
Is enriched by Engravings, connected with new Inventions, as well as a complete synopsis of everything which is going forward in the Mechanical World.
Subscription, $2 per annum, in advance. Send 25 cents, for sample copies, for 6 weeks.
The Scientific American, of October 29, in noticing the ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL, says it is "Edited with evident ability .... Altogether, the best work of the kind ever published in our city." [New York.]
Published by ALEXANDER HARTHILL,
523-3t 128 Fulton Street, New York.

EVERY MAN A MAGICIAN.
THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK;
Or, The Whole Art of Conjuring.
BEING a Complete Hand-Book of Parlor Magic, containing OVER ONE THOUSAND Optical, Chemical, Mechanical, Magnetical, and Magical Experiments; Amusing Transmutations, Astonishing Sleights and Subtleties; and Celebrated Card Deceptions, Ingenious Tricks and Numbers, Curious and Entertaining Puzzles—Together with all the Most Noted Performers. The whole ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 500 WOOD CUTS. And intended as a sort of amusement for ONE THOUSAND AND ONE EVENINGS. 12mo, cloth, 400 pages, gilt side and back stamp. PRICE ONE DOLLAR. Published by DICK & FITZGERALD,
No. 18 Ann-St., N. Y.
Also, for sale by all Booksellers in this place.
Copies of the above book sent by mail, on receipt of $1, to any address, free of postage.
Reliable Agents wanted to canvass for "THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK," and other popular works; send Cash Orders to the above address. Descriptive Catalogues of our Books mailed to any address *free.*
. Editors of Country Newspapers giving the above advertisement three prominent insertions, calling attention to the same in the Editorial column, and sending a marked copy of the paper to the Publisher, will receive "THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK," per return of mail, free of postage.

EARLY KENT PEAS.—I have now on hand and offer to the trade, 200 Bushels PURE EARLY KENT PEAS; also 25 Bushels Champion of England Do., the best Late Pea in this country. All orders promptly attended to, at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, by [522-tf] J. RAPALJE.

CORN SHELLERS! CORN SHELLERS!!—Now on hand at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y., a full supply of Hand and Power Corn Shellers, capable of shelling from 100 to 1,000 bushels per day. Prices from $8 to $45. All warranted perfect, and to do their work well.

PEAR SEED.—We have a fine lot of fresh Pear Seed, of the crop of 1859, for sale. A. FROST & CO.,
Genesee Valley Nurseries,
522-3t Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED.—600 Green Salted Horse Hides, for which the Subscriber will pay $1,25 each, Cash, delivered at the Railroad Depot, Utica. Address
G. T. HOLLINGWORTH & BRO.,
522-3t Utica, N. Y.

HUBBARD SQUASH SEEDS—For sale by the Subscriber for 1860, taken from the full-blooded Hubbard Squashes. Good Seed being scarce, price will be as heretofore, 25 Seeds for Twenty-Five Cents, in stamps or specie.
H. N. LANGWORTHY,
522-2t Rochester Post Office.

CONJURING.—The whole art of Conjuring made easy, with full directions for performing 150 of the most Astounding and Wonderful Feats of Hocus-Pocus, Sleight-of-Hand, Ventriloquism and Legerdemain. Profusely Illustrated. Price 15 cents. Sent post paid by mail.
Address M. M. SANBORN,
522-2t Brasher Falls, N. Y.

THORBURN'S DESCRIPTIVE ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF KITCHEN, GARDEN AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS, FOR 1860—is now ready for mailing to applicants enclosing a Postage Stamp. It contains directions for cultivation, and other useful information for Amateur Cultivators. J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
522-4t 15 John-St., New York.

GLASS HONEY-BOXES—By the dozen or hundred, sent by Railroad. *Circulars containing particulars sent free*, on application.
Also, a *Practical* work on Bee Culture, that *all* can understand, sent free, for One Dollar. Address
M. QUINBY,
522-3t St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y.

SEEDS AT WHOLESALE.—Our new TRADE CATALOGUE of *Garden, Field, Flower and Tree Seeds* for 1860, is now ready for mailing to all dealers enclosing a Postage Stamp.
OUR STOCK OF SEEDS is the finest and most extensive ever offered in this country, and to parties requiring them in LARGE quantities, we offer unusual inducements.
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
522-4t 15 John-St., New York.

WATER PIPE—WYCKOFF'S PATENT BORING MACHINE—This machine will bore a perfectly round and smooth hole, of any required size, exactly through the centre, without of splitting, wrenching, or looking out for clubs. It is simple in construction, durable, occupies little space, requires but little power, bores with great rapidity, gives large profits for a small investment. Applications for State and County and Shop Rights, should be addressed to the undersigned, WYCKOFF, HOBBIE & CO.,
522-tf 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

FLOWER SEEDS FOR THE MILLION.—We publish, on the first of February, a new descriptive *Catalogue of Flower Seeds*, containing over 1,000 Standard and Beautiful Varieties, as well as all the novelties of the day, with directions for cultivation.
We send by mail, post paid, and our own selection,
25 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds, for $1 00
50 " " " " " 2 00
100 " " " " " 4 00
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
522-4t 15 John-St., New York.

THE LAWS OF LIFE.—An Original Monthly Health Journal of Sixteen Quarto Pages. Published by M. W. SIMMONS, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y., at Seventy Cents a year. *Specimens Free.*
Men live as they list, and act as they please, assuming that over their health they have *no* control, and that *conditions* of living have no influence in the matter.
To change the general sentiment, and to show that Life has its *determinate* conditions, that the Body, no less than the Sun, has its laws, to obey which is to live, and TO BE FREE FROM SICKNESS, is the object of this Journal. The Editors have made for long and laborious years Human Health their study. 522-2t

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

FOR SALE—A Farm of 113 Acres, (30 acres wood,) adjoining the Village of Geneva, N. Y. There are on the premises a convenient Brick Dwelling-House, Out-Houses, two Barns and an excellent Orchard. Will be sold in a body, or divided to suit purchasers. For terms inquire of
G. W. NICHOLAS,
521-2t Geneva, N. Y.

FOR SALE. A Farm of Sixty Acres, at Royalton Centre, Niagara county, N. Y., eight miles from Lockport, on the Batavia Road, about three miles South of the Canal.—Has upon it a House and small Barn, about One Hundred Apple Trees, and Twenty Acres of Timber. Price, $45 per Acre. For particulars apply to the subscriber, or to GEO. W. HILDRETH, Lockport. MARTIN METCALF,
521-2t Grand Rapids, Mich.

CHEAP AND VALUABLE REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPERS. THE ROCHESTER DAILY AND WEEKLY EXPRESS—office corner of Exchange Place and Mill street—opposite the Post Office. THE EVENING EXPRESS (Daily,) is now the largest penny paper in existence, except the New York Sun—(only $3,00 per year.) THE WEEKLY EXPRESS is only $1,00 per annum—or 10 copies $8,00, 20 copies $15,00, or 50 copies $35,00. A large list of valuable premiums is also offered in addition to our club rates for the Weekly. Every description of Book and Job Printing done, neatly, cheaply, and promptly, at the EVENING EXPRESS Book and Job Office. Address HEBARD, TRACY & CO.,
[521-3t] Proprietors.

"GET THE BEST!"
WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.
NEW PICTORIAL EDITION.
1,500 *Pictorial Illustrations.*
9,000 to 10,000 NEW WORDS in the Vocabulary.
Table of SYNONYMS, by Prof. Goodrich.
Table giving Pronunciation of names of 8,000 distinguished persons of Modern Times.
Peculiar use of Words and Terms in the Bible. With other new features, together with all the matter of previous editions.
In one Volume of 1750 Pages.
PRICE $6,50. SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
"*GET THE BEST.*" *GET WEBSTER.*
G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass.

APPLE SEEDS FOR SALE.—I have now on hand Forty bushels good clean Apple Seeds, orders for the same will be promptly attended to at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y., by J. RAPALJE. 521eow-tf

GALES UNIVERSAL FEED CUTTER FOR SALE at the GENESEE SEED STORE AND AG'L WAREHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., by J. RAPALJE, Agent, at the manufacturers prices for from $10 to $27. This is decidedly the BEST CORN-STALK CUTTER now in use, and as good for Hay and Straw as any other. I have also on hand a full supply of the celebrated Rawhide Roller Cutters. Price from $7 to $28, all warranted perfect. 521-eow-tf

HERRING'S PATENT
FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.
With Hall's Patent Powder-Proof Locks,
HAVE NEVER FAILED
IN MORE THAN 300 DISASTROUS FIRES.
The Safest and Best Safe in Use.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States, or Canada, at the very lowest rates, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY, Sole Agent,
518-tf at 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOMES FOR ALL!
FOR SALE,
At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee.
Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.
Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 489tf

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free.* Agents wanted. [518-10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

SAW MILLS! SAW MILLS!—The *very best* Circular and Cross-Cut Saw Mills in the known world, are manufactured by the subscriber, and await only your order to be sent any where you may desire. The Circular Saw Mill furnished with 24 inch Saw, filed and set, is capable of sawing from 20 to 25 cords of stove wood in one day, and all at the cost of only $87. Cross-Cut Saw arrangements, with best Cast Steel Saws (warranted) all ready for use at $25. Orders solicited and circulars sent gratis by CHAS. E. PEASE, Excelsior Ag'l Works, Albany, N. Y. 521-4t
Sold by J. RAPALJE, Agent, Rochester.

PIANOS FOR $150.
WARRANTED GOOD IN EVERY RESPECT.
MADE BY
BOARDMAN GRAY & CO.,
Albany, N. Y.
THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.
☞ These Pianos are FULLY WARRANTED, and have all our late improvements. ☜
Circulars Furnished on Application, giving Full Particulars.
They also furnish a
HANDSOMELY FINISHED PIANO,
Adapted for School Practice and Purposes, at
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS!
(SEND FOR CIRCULARS.)
Our Regular Styles of LARGE PIANO-FORTES, 6¾, 7, and 7¼ Octaves, we continue to make with all the Late Improvements, at from $200 to $600, according to Size and Finish. Large Discounts made to Cash Buyers. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND CIRCULARS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. All our Piano-Fortes have our Great Improvement,
THE INSULATED IRON RIM,
Making them the Best and Most Durable in the World.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULARS. ☜
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.
BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
514-tf Albany, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Farm, containing about forty-five acres of land, situated about 3½ miles south of the large and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, Seneca county, N. Y. On said Farm is a good Farm House and all necessary out-buildings, with Fruit of all kinds and the best varieties. The soil is first quality and well watered. Persons desiring to purchase a good Farm, well located, would do well to see this before purchasing elsewhere. For further particulars inquire of J. B. MURRAY, Esq., Seneca Falls, or of J. B. C. VREELAND, on the premises. 518-13t

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
516-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

CAST STEEL BELLS,
FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES,
FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.,
from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard further than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than
THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,
which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.
Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,
or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.
Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
518-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

REMOVAL.—I would respectfully announce to my friends and patrons, that I have removed my office from Galluey Block (cor. of North St. Paul and Main sts.) to
NO. 7 MANSION HOUSE BLOCK.
(Over No. 51 State Street.)
My new rooms will be open on and after Monday next.—After a constant practice of 20 years, a large acquaintance with the best Dentists in the Union, and with extensive conveniences for doing all kinds of work required in dentistry, I am prepared to perform all operations in the most approved styles, and at prices that will please all.
Rochester, Nov. 4. [514-tf] E. F. WILSON, Dentist.

WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN. 8734 is the drawn number of the Patron's Ticket for the first series of 100,000 gross. $1,000 will be paid to the holder of that ticket on presentation at the office of the Company, 58 Cedar street, New York.
The Second Series is now being issued. The Pens are now all EXTRA-FINE POINTS, and more perfectly made in every respect than ever before, and are put up in new and expensive boxes.
A sample Pen sent on receipt of two 3 cent P. O. stamps.
Address W. M. PEN CO.,
511-tf Box 3,135 P. O., New York.

PHIPP'S UNION FEMALE SEMINARY,
Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.
The next School Year of this Institution, commences on the first Thursday of September next. For Terms, see catalogue at this office, or apply to
H. L. ACHILLES, Proprietor.
Albion, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1859. 501-tf

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.
SAPONIFIER,
OR,
PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH.
Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. One pound will make twelve gallons good strong Soap, without lime and with little trouble. Manufactured and put up in 1, 2, 4 and 6 lb. cans, in lumps, with directions, at the CHALLENGE CHEMICAL WORKS, New York.
E. R. DURKEE & CO.,
181 Pearl street, N. Y., Proprietors.
Sold everywhere. 500-25t

TO HOUSEKEEPERS—SOMETHING NEW.
B. T. BABBITT'S
BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS.
(68 AND 70 — 68 AND 70)
Is manufactured from common salt, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus.—All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce Bread, Biscuit, and all kinds of Cake, without containing a particle of Saleratus when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of Saleratus is turned to gas, and passes through the bread or Biscuit while Baking; consequently nothing remains but common Salt, Water and Flour. You will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.
It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. Babbitt's Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, twisted loaf of Bread, with a glass of effervescing water on the top. When you purchase one paper you should preserve the wrapper, and be particular to get the next exactly like the first—brand as above.
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AN EVANGEL.

A RIFTED leaf went quivering by
Beneath the blue of heaven;
A yellow leaf—and summer's sigh
Passed with the breath of even.
It was a weird-like messenger
Of darkness and decay—
A lonely, mournful traveler
To point the weary way;
The sexton wind would surely pass
To bury all the flowers,
And leave his spade upon the grass
His mattock in the bowers.

And still as deeper grew the e'en,
A blood-red dome raised high
Its disc, above the clouds between
The earth and crimsoned sky;
And the flood of glory shone
Down golden vistas bright,
Till darkness clasped a starry zone
Around the waist of Night.
And then I knew September kept
Within her burnished Hall
An orgie wild, and never wept
O'er Summer in her pall.

I questioned then the sleepless Night
Upon her ebon car,
Chasing the fiery steeds of light,
Led by the vesper star—
And asked, "What meed is to be won
Within the round of years,
That Summer's golden belt's undone,
When Autumn's finger sears
And King October's crown of grain
Falls 'neath old Winter's snows,
That yield when April's tender rain
Is kissing up the rose?"

And low and deep a voice came out
The starry sweep, and said,
"O, man, the wisdom do not doubt
That has these changes made,
From evil still evolving good—
The wholesome lesson see,
And o'er it humbly ponder, brood,
'Twas written all for thee!"
E'en in the storm-cloud's angry din
A golden page appears—
The prism-bow of promise in
A baptism of tears! [*Louisville Journal.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LYDIA MATHEWSON'S JOURNAL.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

[Continued from page 20, last number.]

April 12th.—Another long column of silent days in my journal, but Nature has been more busy than I, and she has written up her books day by day. Ah, what sweet things she is writing—what tender prophecies are hidden away in the swelling buds, on every naked bough, and how soon May will intepret them in glad fulfillment. There is a hum and a stirring everywhere, and it seems to me as if the great earth were awaking from her slumber, and I can hear the life-throbs pulsing in her brown bosom, and the blood coursing through her myriad veins again. Spring comes slowly in New England, but I believe we prize its leaves and blossoms more for their tardy unfolding than if they burst at once into full beauty and bloom. The blue birds have been singing for some time, and now and then a robin ventures a warble, but a few weeks will work miracles in these silent woods and meadows, and a thousand wings will tremble in the sunny air.

April 20th.—Aunt ESTHER and I went over to the pine woods for a walk this afternoon. I had no difficulty in persuading her to go, as the ground was dry, and the air soft and balmy, and rambling in the fields and woods is one of the few things she really enjoys. She was brought up to run almost wild in the woods, and it seems as if, while every other love has died out of her heart, the love of Nature lives as strong as ever.

We found a few blossoms of that darling of all wild flowers, the trailing Arbutus, in the sheltered hollows of the pine grove, and with the pretty green leaves and coral berries of the partridge vine, I made quite a charming boquet. Aunt ESTHER sat down to rest upon a little knoll, all carpeted with the dry leaves and cones of the pines, while I wove my flowers into symmetry. There was a faint resinous smell from the pines that was very pleasant, and the warm south wind seemed to me to bear a freight of old memories on its wings. It stirred so many happy thoughts, that I longed to utter but dared not; so I sat, saying them over and over in my heart, as I arranged the delicate woodland blossoms. I looked up, by-and-by, at Aunt ESTHER. She was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, and her head leaned back against the tree. Her face was sad, and wistful in its expression, and I saw that the wind had left its burden of memories with her. Pleasant memories they were, and she told them over in silence, as the pilgrim tells his beads in prayer. "Aunt ESTHER," said I, softly, "is it not beautiful here? It seems to me this sunshine falls straight down into my heart."

"Yes, child," said she, half starting at my voice, "it is very pleasant here. I think I should go mad sometimes if it wasn't for the quiet I get out of doors. Sometimes, when I get to thinking over all my life that is past, and all the trouble and toil I've been through, my brain seems to get fairly on fire, and I think all kinds of wicked thoughts. And then I go away under the trees, and where everything is green and quiet, and it seems as if there was a great, cool hand laid right on to my head; and the wind, and the water, and the trees, and everything says, 'hush! hush!'; and so I grow calmer, and patienter, for it seems as if they pitied me.

"I don't always feel so sad though. I was just thinking, when you spoke, of the pine woods in Virginia, where I used to ramble when I was a child. There was miles and miles of it, I'm sure I don't know how many, but it began away above us, and stretched down into Carolina. People there always called it the Piney Woods, and the trees were not like these—oh, what splendid trees they were. Great, smooth trunks, shooting way up like pillars, without any branches for a great many feet. The dead leaves always lay thick over all the turf, and we used to scrape them away, to find the little wild flowers that came up thick in the spring. We lived on a plantation, a long way from any neighbors, so I never had much young company, and I used to spend my time reading foolish novels, and doing fancy work, and rambling in the woods with my old nurse, CELIA. I have done a great deal of embroidery, and I always in summer time used to go out to the woods, only a few rods from the house, and, while CELIA lay and slept on the pine leaves, I would embroider, and think over the stories I had read, and build air castles. It was a foolish way of spending time, but I didn't know of any better, and I was young and light-hearted, and full of happiness. It all seems like a dream now, but I always feel, when I think about it, as though, if I could only go back once to the old spot, and sit under those pine trees as I use to, listening to the wind, all the old peace would come back again, and I should forget all the years between now and then."

I had laid my hand upon her arm, as an involuntary expression of sympathy, when she first spoke of the soothing influences of nature, and, almost without knowing it, her hands were unfolded to clasp mine, as she went on, and when she stopped talking she sat still for some moments, holding my hand in hers. How beautiful it was in that quiet wood! The sun was so low that the long, slanting beams stole in unbroken under the pine branches, and lay warm and golden on the brown turf. Small, shy birds were flitting about, looking at us with their clear round eyes, as if full of wonder. Far down in the woods, we could hear that constant surge of the wind among the pines; but coming nearer it died away to a soft sigh, as the trees grew more scattering, and was only strong enough to waft us the breath of the resinous gums, that scented it like spices of Araby. For a little while we sat so, and then my aunt got up and folded her shawl closer around her, and I gathered up my flowers that had fallen neglected from my hand, and we went home. Home through the bustling streets of the village, with a woodland memory fresh in our hearts. Home to our daily routine of wearisome duties, yet it was not all in vain, for I think we are coming nearer together—that our lives and our hearts are not quite so far apart, and that is a great deal gained.

May 4th.—Next week I am going to Judge HYDE'S for a long visit with my sweet FRANKIE. I am so glad when I think about it, that I can hardly wait for the day to come. I do believe EDDY is more than half in love with FRANKIE, though he would be very indignant if I should hint such a thing. I am sure I don't see how anybody can help loving her, with her sweet, pure face, that looks like a delicate blossom with the dew lying fresh upon it. Her father calls her his sunshine, and so she is; she makes light and summer everywhere. Aunt ESTHER is not at all pleased with the prospect of this visit. "We can get along without you well enough, for that matter," said she this morning, "though you are more useful than you used to be, and it will be rather lonesome to have you and HELEN both gone, but I don't believe visiting is good for folks, especially for young girls; it makes them discontented at home, and puts all sorts of flighty ways into their heads."

"Oh, you have forgotten your young day, Aunt ESTHER," said I, laughing. "I'll warrant you used to enjoy getting out of those 'Piney Woods' for a visit now and then; and when you came back the quiet old place seemed all the pleasanter for a short absence."

"I never went away from home to spend a week visiting, but once in my life, till I was a deal older than you are—never but once, and I had a great deal better have laid down under the old pine trees and died, than have gone then. Oh, *how much better,*" said Aunt ESTHER, brushing up the hearth with a vigor that sent sparks and ashes sailing in a cloud about her head. I wanted to ask her about that visit, but I knew it would be useless, so I went on with my dusting, and only ventured to imagine that it was then she first met the lover that turned all her girlish dreams in a new channel.

May 13th. From my open window I can look out to-night over the beautiful grounds around the mansion of Judge HYDE. Every tree and shrub stands out, clearly defined in the moonlight, and, beyond the garden, I can see the white boughs of the orchards that are just bursting into bloom. This is a lovely home. About two miles from Boston, it is one of those charming suburban villas with which so many of our New England cities are begirt, as COWPER says of London,

"Like a swart Indian with his belt of beads."

I am always happy here. The pleasant grounds, the richly stored library, the rare pictures and works of art, and above all, the refined and intelligent family, in which there seems no element of discord—these are surely enough to secure happiness to every inmate of the house. I have been here now three days, and nothing has occurred to even shadow my joy until to-day. FRANKIE and I had dressed for dinner, and were in the parlor, waiting for the Judge to come in from the city. We were bending over a beautiful geranium in the window, admiring its rich green leaves, and did not notice that any one entered the room, until Judge HYDE suddenly said, "FRANKIE! here is an old friend of yours, I believe," and I turned from the window to be formally introduced to Dr. HARLEY.

"I think I have met Miss MATHEWSON before," said he, coloring awkwardly, and greatly puzzling both FRANKIE and her father by his evident embarrassment. "I did not know you were visiting here," said he, a moment after, as if conscious that something must be said.

"I supposed not," was my rather malicious answer, and then I added, "I have been here only a few days."

Thanks to the joyous FRANKIE, who helped us through an awkward scene by her ready spirits. She had fifty questions to ask the Doctor, and must challenge his admiration for every new leaf and flower that had made its appearance. Then came dinner, and in the pleasure of listening to the conversation I quite forgot my uncomfortable feelings. There was a pleasant company assembled. Judge HYDE, at the head of the table, presided with all that dignity of bearing that he never lays aside. Opposite him, his gentle, lady-like wife, who wears upon every feature the visible impress of her womanly virtues; and, occupying the remaining seats, were the other members of the family—FRANKIE and WALLACE, the two unmarried children; ARCHIE, a married son, who lives near by, with his young wife beside him; Dr. HARLEY and myself, mere guests of the family.

In some queer way the conversation turned upon the reliability of our impressions of character, and how far the mere formation of feature and expression was an index to the mind and heart. Some curious instances were adduced on both sides, and I was listening with great interest to the Judge, whose well-stored mind is a perfect treasure-house on almost every subject, when all at once he turned to me, saying, "I believe we haven't heard a word from my friend LYDIA, here. Come, you are something of a philosopher; what should you say in this case ARCHIE mentions, where two persons, with the same opportunities for observation, and with equal capabilities, came to almost opposite conclusions in regard to another?"

"I have somewhere read, sir," said I, "that we draw out from those with whom we are associated the qualities that are most prominent, or, for the time, most active in ourselves. If this is so, an amiable person might find in his friend many lovely qualities, while one inclined to be censorious and harsh, would only observe the traits that responded to his own. Something as if the shadow of one spirit fell over the other."

"I think you are about right," said the Judge; "a great deal depends upon the mood of the observer."

Dr. HARLEY gave me an expressive glance, as if to say, "I understand your theory, and can make the application."

Then the conversation took a wider range, and turned upon national and sectional characteristics. Judge HYDE related a circumstance, in speaking of our Yankee propensity for finding out just how everything was done, that pleased me much. "When I was last in Virginia," said he, "I went to see an old school-mate of mine, a native of Massachusetts, who has lived for a good many years at the South, farming it in a small way, and working at his trade as a mason. He is a very intelligent man, and we had some conversation about business matters. He told me that the most profitable work he did was making cisterns, lined with a kind of cement. These he got from twenty-five to thirty dollars for, while the actual cost to him was a mere trifle. 'Now,' said I, 'why don't you go back to New England and follow your trade there? You would get more work, and could certainly enjoy life more among your old friends.' 'Well,' said he, 'I will tell you just how it is. I have been here now for ten years, and have built cisterns on half the plantations within a hundred miles, besides all that I do in the towns. It is a very simple process, and any two smart slaves could do it, but nobody has attempted any opposition. I have the whole business, and control my price. But if I should do this at the North, the first farmer I worked for would stand by and *reckon it wasn't no great shakes to do that,* and the next day he, and his wife, and hired man would make one just like it, and my business would be gone in a year.'"

After dinner the gentlemen started for the orchard, and FRANKIE and I strolled into the garden, after a half hour's lounging in our room.

"I did not know you were acquainted with Dr. HARLEY, FRANKIE," said I, twisting some apple-blossoms into her soft hair.

"I! why I have known him ever since I can remember. He doesn't live a great way from here; but where did you ever meet him?"

"At HELEN'S wedding," was my answer; "I am not much acquainted with him."

"Well, you will like him, I know," said the enthusiastic girl; "at any rate I do, and so does papa, very, very much."

Somehow her words irritated me, and when she insisted upon my owning that I thought I should like him, I exclaimed impatiently, "Don't talk to me about Dr. HARLEY, I believe he is my evil genius. He stirs up everything bad in me."

The trouble was that I was vexed with myself for having been betrayed into making several sarcastic remarks to him, after having so earnestly resolved, and so really striven, to overcome the fault. I saw the wonder in FRANKIE'S face, and I said lightly, "Never mind about him, dear; let's have a run to the summer-house; come, Splendid!" and snapping my fingers to the great Newfoundland dog, we all raced down the walk together. We had not gone far before we saw the gentlemen standing by a group of evergreens, only a short distance from where we had been talking. What if they overheard us! was my instant thought, as the Judge beckoned us to come to him. I dared not look at Dr. HARLEY, but I was satisfied in a moment that the Judge had not heard.

"I was showing these gentlemen," said he, "an instance of what I call Nature's wonderful instinct, and I want you should notice it, too. These pines have been set out here for several years, but have made a very slow growth, because the soil is deficient in their natural nutriment. They want silica, and that is not abundant in this garden. Two years ago I had a few loads of beach sand and gravel put upon the walk yonder, which you see is nearly a rod from the trees. Straightway the roots found it out, and went creeping after it, and the branches did their best to keep pace with them, so that in two years the trees have made a greater growth than they had done in five before, and, what is curious, made it almost wholly in one direction, so that my trees are all one-sided. They are not quite so symmetrical as they were before, but they are a great deal more interesting, and I have become really attached to them."

ARCHIE looked at Dr. HARLEY and smiled. "I was thinking, sir," said he to his father, "that most men would simply have said, 'it is odd how these trees have all grown out of shape,' and then had them trimmed up, and thought no more about it."

"Trimmed them!" exclaimed the Judge, "trim a pine! Barbarous! I wouldn't have a man on my premises that would do such a thing. I should expect him to be cutting the horns and ears off from my cattle. How many pine trees I have seen spoilt by this absurd fancy for shaping everything by one model. Why can't men find out, with so much of Nature's gardening before their eyes, that diversity is the soul of harmony? I never could admire our New England factory villages, as many do. So many rows of white houses, all precisely alike; just so many doors and windows in each—why I believe I should go crazy in one. I should feel as if I was on a checker-board, and must not move out of my place."

The afternoon passed pleasantly, and in the evening some friends came in, and we had conversation and music, and Dr. HARLEY read aloud, at Mrs. HYDE'S request, from Evangeline. He has a fine voice, and the reading was perfectly fascinating to me. That was two hours ago, and, since the company separated for the night, I have been sitting by my window, sometimes writing, and sometimes looking out upon the beauty of the night, and repeating the lines that haunt me yet,

"Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of Heaven,
Blossomed the beautiful stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels."

May 14th. Dr. HARLEY—I am provoked to see his name appearing again in my journal, but I have one thing more to write of him, and then I shall drop him forever. Dr. HARLEY went back to the city with the Judge after breakfast, and, as he is going South on business, we are not likely to meet again. This morning I wanted to write to EDDY in time for the mail, so I took my portfolio, as I often do, and went to the summer-house, to get a breath of the sweet air, and finish my letter before breakfast. Who should I find there but the omnipresent Dr. HARLEY, very comfortably stretched on the seat, reading the paper. I could have retreated unseen, but, as I turned, the wind fluttered the leaves of my portfolio, and I was forced to stop and apologize. "I beg pardon for interrupting you, sir, but I came out here to write, thinking I was the only early riser."

"And much to your dismay," said he, laughing, "you found your *evil genius* here before you."

Then he *did* hear, after all;—I was too much confused to do anything but color deeply and bow, as I turned away.

"Stop," said he, "I beg you will not run away from me. I will leave you the arbor, if you say so; but I wish you would allow me to beg your pardon first, for some remarks that were really *unpardonable.*"

I sat down, too much frightened to realize what was going on, while he commenced speaking of that unfortunate occurrence at HELEN'S wedding; said he had made human nature a close study, and had prided himself on his ability to read character infallibly, and that his own self-confidence had often led him to be severe and unjust in his judgments of others. In short, I cannot begin to remember what he said, for I did not hear half of it, only that he had been deeply mortified, and taught a profitable lesson, and that he begged my forgiveness, which, of course, I granted. In regard to my remarks yesterday, he said he lingered in the orchard with little WALLACE, to look at a bird's nest, and so was passing close by us, to join the others, when I declared him my "evil genius." He smiled as he repeated the words, yet he looked a little troubled; so, after some hesitation, I told him all about it. How I had asked EDDY about my faults, and how he had given me the very same list, and how earnestly I had resolved to overcome them, and how much stronger I had grown by struggling with them; until yesterday, when I met him so unexpectedly, and the memory of his words came back so fresh, with all the bitter resentment they awakened. Then I gave way to them just as bad as ever, and forgot all my resolutions—not exactly forgot, either, but—

"But," said he, "you thought this conceited young man would think you were trying to overcome your faults out of regard to his opinion, and you were determined to show him you did not care at all what he chose to think of you. Was not that it?"

"Yes," said I, laughing in spite of myself, "that was exactly the case."

"Well," said he, more gravely, "with all my conceit I should hardly have imagined that."

The breakfast bell rang at this moment, and we started slowly up the walk. "I am going directly after breakfast," said he, "and we shall probably not meet again, for years at least. Allow me to say one word in regard to this struggle with easily besetting sins. It is a life-work, so do not be discouraged if you fail at first in some measure: and the greater the difficulty, the greater the triumph. The sculptor would find it easier shaping the soft sandstone than the unyielding marble, but in one case the block soon crumbles back to its original shapelessness, and in the other, the beautiful statue, wrought slowly into symmetry, keeps through ages its perfect proportions and exquisite polish. Do you remember Bishop DOANE'S lines?

"Sculptor's of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dreams passes o'er us.'"

FRANKIE came bounding down the steps to meet us, and, with a merry good morning to the Doctor, and a roguish glance at me, ushered us both into the breakfast room, where the family awaited us. It was a cheerful meal, and I almost regretted when it was over, and the Judge drove away from the gate, driving his beautiful grays, and—carrying the Doctor with him. Well, I think I have got considerable good from him, after all, so I can afford to forgive him his unmerciful cutting and slashing at my self-esteem. Those were grand lines he repeated—"*Sculptors of life.*" I wonder what kind of a statue I shall carve mine into? [To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 14, 22, 17 is my favorite classmate's name.
My 5, 28, 7, 12, 13, 16 is a boy's name.
My 9, 26, 2, 26, 14 is one of the nine digits.
My 13, 6, 4, 20, 19, 1 is a goddess of the morning.
My 17, 27, 12 is a part of the human body.
My 21, 11, 4, 9, 23 is the superlative of 31, 13, 34.
My 25, 13, 10, 5, 28, 14, 19, 22 is a small thorny tree, sometimes cultivated for hedges and ornament.
My 29, 14, 3, 18, 20, 27, 22 is a quadruped spoken of in the Psalms.
My 31, 19, 15, 12, 30, 23, 7, 14, 26 is a mineral, very combustible.
My 32, 8, 5, 6, 12, 22 is one of the four seasons of the year
My 33, 29, 14, 18, 15, 11 is an embassador of the Pope.
My 34, 26 is a prefix denoting separation.
My whole is a Proverb. HANNAH LEE.
Cross Creek Village, Pa., 1860.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 14, 9, 13, 13, 16, 17 was the name of an island in the Mediterranean, noted for the licentiousness of its inhabitants
My 2, 3, 10, 14, 6, 16 was a native of Archi, and a particular and faithful friend of David.
My 3, 8, 16, 12, 2 was an officer in David's army, and murdered at his instigation.
My 4, 12, 17, 6, 8, 16, 15 was a city of Judea, founded by Omri, and subdued by Shalmanezar, in the reign of Hosea.
My 5, 12, 17, 6, 13, 2 was a province, originally the residence of the Canaanites.
My 6, 1, 14, 12, 7 was a son of Carmi, by whose sin brought judgment on the whole camp of Israel.
My 7, 15, 6, 17, 12, 7 was a Syrian general of great bravery and renown.
My 8, 15, 17, 6, 11 was a town in Benjamin, noted for being the birth-place of Samuel, and where Rachel was buried.
My 9, 4, 12, 16, 6, 14 was a prophet of Israel, of whose history but little is known.
My 10, 5, 15, 6, 8, 12, 9, 17 was a descendant of Benjamin, and father of a powerful people.
My 11, 15, 8, 12, 7 was the residence of Laban, and is still known by its ancient name.
My 12, 8, 1, 14, 9 was a town in the southern border of Ephraim.
My 13, 6, 8, 4, 14, 16, 10, 5 was a city with which Hiram and Solomon traded, and took three years to complete a voyage there.
My 14, 6, 3, 8, 12, 7 was a country east of Jordan, supposed to be the same as Iturea.
My 15, 5, 16, 12, 2 was the son of Shisha, one of Solomon's scribes.
My 16, 10, 4, 12, 1, 11, 15, 8 was a son of Jacob, whose posterity was noted for their industry and love of agriculture.
My 17, 6, 14, 12, 7, 15, 9, 17 was a city of Gad, situated on the river Jabbok.
My whole was a king of Mesapotamia, who oppressed the Israelites.
Ovid, N. Y., 1860. "EXPRESS."
☞ Answer in two weeks

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A MAN'S desk was robbed three nights in succession—the first night half the number of dollars were taken and half a dollar more; the second, half the remainder was taken and half a dollar more; the third night, half of what was then left and a half a dollar more, when he found he had $50 left; how much had he at first?
Burnt Hills, N. Y., 1860. D. A. W.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 521.

Answer to Classical Enigma:—Latin—*Honora patrem et matrem.* Translation—Honor thy father and mother.
Answer to Algebraical Problem:—Four sheep.

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

HOW AND WHERE SHALL WE BEGIN?

THE above inquiry is frequently made by some who have newly awakened to the importance of "Progress and Improvement," but who do not know exactly what to do first. And, in the multitude of recommended improvements, such are apt to become confused and discouraged, and too often conclude to go on in the same old beaten track as before. As the subject is an important one, we propose to devote an article to it for the benefit of those interested.

It cannot, of course, be expected that we can give any definite directions which would apply equally to the improvement of every farm, without regard to kind of soil and other controlling circumstances. The old adage, "What is one man's meat is another man's poison," true of advice generally, is *especially* true of agricultural advice. The course of treatment which greatly improved one kind of soil might produce very little effect on another, and some things which pay very well near a good market, might be of very doubtful expediency in other localities. In fact, this whole question of farm management is so modified by the varying circumstances of each particular case, that we despair of giving any explicit directions, and shall content ourselves with throwing out some general hints, which each reader must use his own judgment in applying.

In the first place, let each beginner proceed gradually and even cautiously at first, carefully noting the result of each experiment. Let him find out just where he stands before going ahead too far. Let him get some experience in *small* experiments before proceeding on a larger scale. For we have noticed that a *little* experience, if rightly used, is worth as much as more, *and it often comes a good deal cheaper.* It don't pay to get your experience by wholesale, or to try to do everything at once, at first. But because you cannot do everything, you are not, therefore, O, Reader, excusable for not doing what you can.—You do not propose to underdrain your whole farm this A. D. 1860, and we do not advise you to make the attempt. Yet you might, nevertheless, put a drain of about thirty rods in length through that wet springy place, in the back lot, where you propose to sow wheat next fall, or plant corn this spring, but where your wheat always *would* "winter-kill," and where corn always turned out "nubbins," and in a *very* wet season hardly that. You can put an underdrain there before spring's work fairly sets in. It won't cost much, and will save nearly an acre of your best land. You need not raise five or ten acres of carrots or sugar beets for your stock next winter, but you *can* raise a *small* patch without very much trouble, just for "old mooly" and the two yearlings, with an *occasional* "dose" for the rest. And if you don't want to buy ten tuns of guano next spring, to sow on all your wheat, oat, barley and corn ground, *and we advise not to,* you *might* buy a *little,* just to see how it works and find out if you want more. (But, Progressive Reader, if *you,* having had some experience in such matters, have *concluded* to do any of those things herein disadvised, we would say to you, *privately,* "*Go ahead!*" We would not discourage you in your good work, for anything; but we are not writing this article for *your* particular case!)

The inquiry how and where to begin, generally comes from those who are in debt, or possess limited means. The rich or amateur farmer can *afford* to begin anywhere, and spend three or four hundred dollars experimenting. But the farmer who has to get his living by farming, has to be more careful; and especially one who is in debt for his farm, is naturally, and we think properly, cautious about spending too much money on land for which he has not, and may never have a perfect title. We say *properly* cautious, for a great many improvements, especially the more *expensive* ones, which will pay very *well* in the long run, will *not* pay in three or four years, and will not add half their cost to the value or price of his farm. Nor is this any disparagement. It is just so with everything else. You go into a jewelry store and purchase a watch for one hundred dollars, and admitting that you were not unreasonably cheated, (which was probably the case)—admitting that you got it very cheap—you probably could not step out into the streets five minutes after and sell it for seventy-five—or even fifty. Yet you can afford it, and feel pretty well satisfied with your bargain. But the man who is in debt must make all his improvements with a view to their possible sale. That mortgage hangs over him night and day, like a drawn sword, and the vision of a Sheriff's sale rises between him and every improvement he desires to make. In fact, some think a *mortgage* is, after all, the great *conservative power* in American society, and *about* the only thing that *can* make "Young America" old fogyish, *or even keep it steady!* And yet *we* do not so highly approve of such an incumbrance as to recommend to any except those who need a weight to keep them in ballast.

Now, those in debt want some *cheap* way to improve their farms—something that will not cost too much in the first place, and will pay for itself in two or three years at farthest, and will after all add its cost to the *price* as well as value of the land. For, good friends, the *only* way you can extricate yourselves from debt is by an *improved system* of farming, *cautiously* and judiciously persevered in. You must make the most of what you have. Whatever your *rich* neighbor can do, *you* cannot *afford* to raise poor crops while manure is wasting in your barn-yards that should go to the hungry plants. If you cannot get enough of *that,* sow clover seed and *plaster,* and plow under a good crop of clover. That alone is a pretty good manuring, and by raising your own clover-seed, it won't cost much either. Don't buy blood stock at fancy prices, for if *you have to sell,* it must be at a *sacrifice;* but you *can profitably cross* your own with the best blooded animals in your vicinity. You can't *afford* NOT to do this. And, further, we would very humbly suggest that you cannot "afford" to work as hard as you do for *nothing, wherever a very little* extra means, expended in ditching or manure, would produce good crops.

Finally, in these and other ways, try to make your stock worth more, and your farm worth more, and *produce* more every year than on previous ones, and in this way you will in time be free from debt, with an *improved* farm (instead of the *worn out* farm that so many are vainly trying to get out of debt with.) And when you are free from debt, you can do about as you please, and will perhaps know about what to do better than we can tell you.

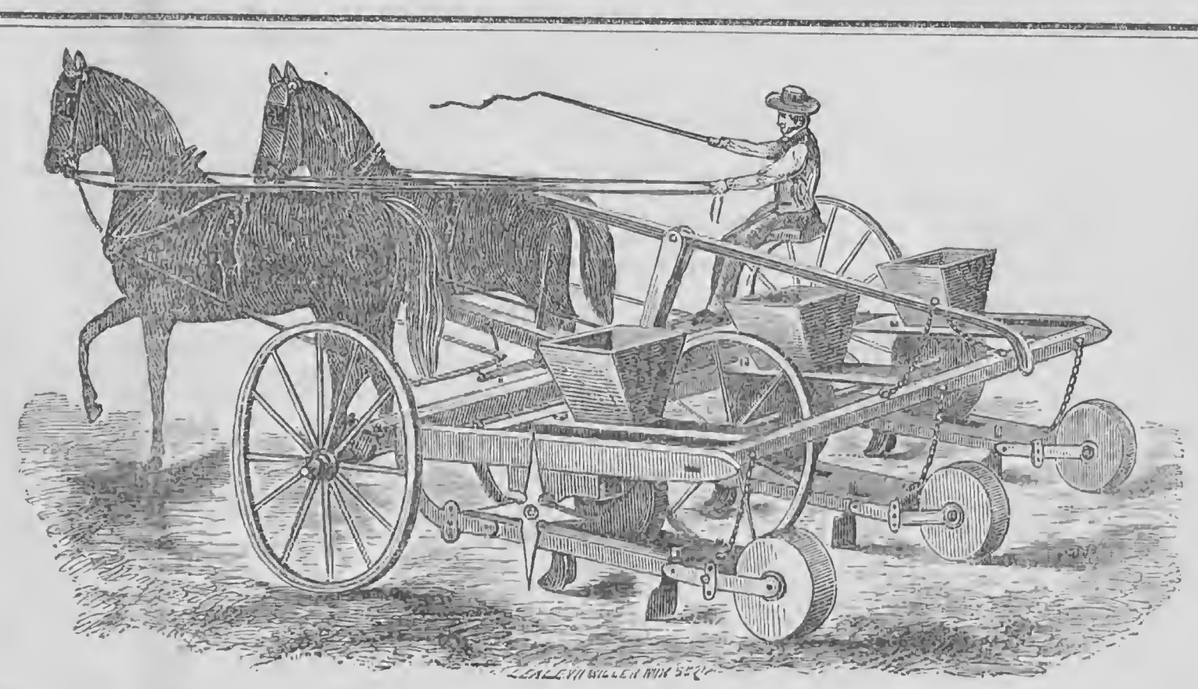
EFFECTS OF GUANOS.

A GREAT effort is now being made to induce the farmers to believe that they will advance their own interests, and largely increase their profits by purchasing of the dealers what is called American Guano, from Jarvis Island. Now, if this American guano could be used with as good success and with as much profit as Peruvian, we would prefer that our own people should pocket the profits of the guano trade. But we are not willing that farmers should be robbed of their hard earnings for the purpose of enriching guano speculators, nor are we prepared to believe half the wonderful stories told of this wonderful manure. We scarcely take up a paper but what contains a report of some experiments in which the American always comes out ahead. Among them is one which we have met so many times that it looks quite familiar, and we will give it a few moments attention.

AMERICAN GUANO.—The following is the result of an experiment of the value and results of American guano taken from Jarvis Island, compared with other guanos and manures now in use:

ISLIP, Long Island, May 14, 1859.

This day I planted eight separate plots of land, with the following fertilizers, each plot 50 by 100 feet, containing 286 hills, 23 hills one, and 11 hills the other way, with American guano, two handfuls to a hill.



PRINDLE'S EMPIRE STATE AND PRAIRIE CORN PLANTER.

THE above engraving represents a new and novel Corn and Bean Planter, recently patented by D. R. PRINDLE, of East Bethany, Genesee county, N. Y. The inventor claims that it possesses superior advantages over all other planters, and challenges the world to produce its equal without infringing upon his patent, which is based upon four distinct claims. In describing its operation and advantages, Mr. PRINDLE says:

"This machine plants Corn, Beans, &c, *in hills* by horse power—easily planting twenty acres of corn per day, and doing the work of thirty men in planting beans, corn for fodder, &c. It was thoroughly tested last season in planting both corn and beans. The machine holds and tracks itself, requiring only one person to operate it, and he can either ride or walk as desired. It plants two rows of corn, and three or four of beans, or any other crop which needs close planting, and the rows can be made any required distance apart. It marks the furrows, and drops, covers and presses the soil upon the seed at any required pressure or depth, while the machine, from its peculiarity of construction, conforms to uneven as well as level surfaces. On good ground the driver can row and check both ways, with only one mark at the outside of the field. One peculiarity and great advantage of this planter over all others, is its adjustable axletree, which always enables the operater to guide the machine by the last track made, and plant rows of different widths, either narrow or wide, with uniformity. The machine dispenses with all marking of ground, and *plants the crop* in less time than is required to mark in the ordinary manner. Unlike any other planter, it is so mounted that it can be readily moved without handling or lifting, and carries both driver and seed. It possesses many other advantages, several of which the practical reader will understand by examining the illustration. This Planter was awarded a diploma at the last New York State Fair, and the highest discretionary premium at several other Fairs."

For further information see advertisement of the inventor in this paper.

Sombrero	do.	do.
Peruvian	do.	do.
Swan Island	do.	do.
Barn-yard manure, one shovelful to a hill.		
Bunkers (fish) three to a hill.		
Nothing (as a stand-point.)		

ISLIP, Long Island, Oct. 6, 1859.

This day I gathered the above lot of experiments, with the following results, viz:

On the plot planted with American guano the yield of husked corn was			666 lbs.
Peruvian	do.	do.	556 "
Sombrero	do.	do.	497½ "
Swan Island	do.	do.	399 "
Barn-yard man.	do.	do.	466 "
Bunkers (three)	do.	do.	575 "
Nothing (as a stand-point.) On the last there were a few sound ears			271⅛ lbs.

The land on which the above test was made was of uniform character and exposure, being composed of a sandy loam, and very poor. The number of pounds of guano used was 140 of each kind.

The first thing that strikes us as extraordinary in this experiment, is the very large amount of guano used, about *twelve hundred pounds* to the acre, while every body who uses guano knows that from three to four hundred pounds is a heavy manuring with Peruvian Guano. Three times this quantity would be sure to destroy the seed, especially if put in the hill as this was. Half a pound of guano to a hill of corn! No sane man would do it! If the plants survive this extraordinary dosing, we would expect an extraordinary crop, but here is another surprising thing, the product of the plot manured with Peruvian Guano was only at the rate of about 70 bushels to the acre, while the first cost of the guano would have been some $36. The plot manured with American Guano produced at the rate of about 88 bushels to the acre, or 54 bushels over that which was unmanured, while the first cost of the guano, at $40 per ton would be $24, not a very encouraging result, as the manure for this increase, without cost of applying, harvesting, &c., cost 44 cents a bushel, and this without deducting anything for weight of cobs.

Having tried some experiments with the different guanos on potatoes, we give the results. The guano was carefully weighed out at the rate of 350 pounds to the acre, and applied in the rows, the potatoes being planted in rows 60 feet long, two feet apart, with sets of two or three eyes one foot apart in the rows. The result was as follows:

10 rows without guano			7 bush. 45 lbs.
10 "	Sombrero guano		8 " 00 "
10 "	American guano		8 " 30 "
10 "	Peruvian guano		9 " 40 "
10 "	without guano		8 " 00 "

The ground was very uniform, a light loam, but at one corner of the piece, occupied by the last ten rows, there had been an old drain to carry off the waste water from an adjoining house, and here the crop was better.

The experiment was repeated with about the same result:

10 rows no guano			7 bush. 45 lbs.
10 "	American guano		8 " 35 "
10 "	Sombrero guano		8 " 00 "
10 "	Peruvian guano		9 " 53 "

The increase by the Sombrero Guano over that unmanured, is at the rate of 9 bushels to the acre, while the cost of the guano, at $30 per tun, would be a little less than $5, not a very cheap way of making potatoes, as they would cost 55 cents a bushel, besides all extra trouble. The increase by the use of American Guano was 30 bushels to the acre, while the guano which produced this increase, at $40 per tun, would cost about $7, or some 23 cents per bushel. We paid higher than this for what we used, and cannot state its present price, therefore we take the lowest figure in our estimate. The increase where the *Peruvian Guano* was used over the unmanured lots was at the rate of 72 bushels to the acre. For the guano we paid $60 per tun, and the quantity used to produce this result, would cost $10, or about 14 cents per bushel. This is, of course, without adding cost of transportation, applying, digging, marketing, &c. From these figures our readers may learn somewhat of the advantages to be gained by the use of the different guanos, and govern themselves accordingly.

Since the above was written we have received the *Homestead,* containing an experient with different special manures on corn, the result of which is given in the following table. The rows contained 28 hills each.

Rows.	Fertilizers.	Quantity. lbs	oz	Cost ₱ T $	Sound corn. lbs	oz	Unsound corn. lbs	oz
13—14	Sombrero guano	11		36	23	4	11	8
15—16	American guano	7	8	46	33	4	9	12
17—18	Coe's superphosphate	7	4	51	38	8	8	8
19—20	Mapes' improved do.	7		56	38	8	8	
21—22	Nothing				16	8	11	
23—24	Castor pummace	11		22	21		11	8

It is to be very much regretted that the city and country press allow themselves to become the dupes of designing dealers, by publishing wholesale puffs and ridiculous experiments, which are only calculated to mislead. Nothing but carefully tried and oft-repeated experiments will establish the true value of special manures, or satisfy the mass of farmers that they can afford to pay for them from $40 to $60 a ton, for growing ordinary farm crops. These experiments may be tried on a small scale, and all should feel a pride in adding to the stock of general knowledge.

HOW MILK IS CONDENSED.

MR. MOORE:—I arrived in this place of my nativity a few days since, after a dozen years absence, and find that it has become noted for other matters than being the birth-place of JOHN BROWN. Your readers would probably be interested with some account of The Condensed Milk Establishment of Mr. BORDEN, at Burrville, in the north-east part of the town, which it was my good fortune to visit, and through the courtesy of the gentlemanly proprietor, was allowed to examine and understand the process.

The establishment has been in operation about two years, and is the only one of the kind in the country. The proprietor is the originator of the Texan Meat Biscuit, and has, it seems, a peculiar faculty for contrivances to effect a condensation of the nutritious qualities in food and drinks. His meat biscuit was good for the purpose, and was used by Dr. KANE, and for other long voyages, but the demand for it has never been sufficient to warrant its extensive manufacture. With his condensed milk the case is different; he is not able to supply the demand.

His factory is situated near Winsted, the northern terminus of the Naugatuc Railroad. The milk is furnished by the farmers at 2 cts. per quart in the summer, and 3 in winter. When delivered at the factory, it is first scalded slightly, in tin cans, placed in warm water, to remove certain impurities which would otherwise adhere to the large cast iron boiler in which the process of condensing is carried on. This boiler is made of a partially circular form, and is air-tight. After the milk is poured in, it is raised to a temperature of 140°, *and no higher,* and is made to boil by exhausting the air. This is done by an air pump, the machinery of which is turned by a water-wheel. By this means the evaporation of the watery portion of the milk goes on very rapidly, the temperature being so low there is no danger of burning or injury from heat. The process requires constant watching. The state of vacuum and the heat of the milk are both ascertained and regulated by ingenious contrivances; the air pump also removes the vapor as fast as it is formed, condenses it by passing it through cold water, when it runs away in a constant stream. When 75 per cent. of the milk has been evaporated, the process is completed, and the milk occupying only one-quarter its original bulk, in a semi-fluid state, is ready for market. It is sent to the office of the Company, Canal street, N. Y., every day by the cars, and is used by the Ocean steamers and other vessels, beside being sold to some extent to consumers in New York and other cities on the route. Mixed with sugar, and put up in sealed tin

cans, this milk will keep perfectly sweet and good for an indefinite time. The demand for the plain, condensed milk is so great, however, that but little of the sugared milk is made.

The Company claim that their milk can be afforded cheaper than common milk, because being procured at a distance from the city, it is beyond the competition of milk dealers, while the saving in the cost of transportation is more than the cost of condensing, and no loss by souring, as experienced by other milk dealers. To which might be added, should the system become general, the advantage of non-delivery on the Sabbath, as the milk will keep good several days without any preparation. It is desirable for all purposes of transportation where space is an object, and from the Report of a committee appointed by the New York Academy of Medicine, who saw the cows milked, and watched the entire process, it appears to be perfectly healthy and deficient in none of its nutritive qualities, being simply pure milk deprived of its water, without the agency of heat to injure its quality.

The capacity of the present apparatus is to condense 3,000 quarts of milk in twenty-four hours. Should the demand continue as it has done, other establishments will doubtless be located in different parts of the country, and a revolution in the milk business may be the result. It may tend to equalize the price of lands, if those at a distance from market can in this way be made equally profitable.

Mr. BORDEN has also turned his attention to the manufacture of other articles, such as "Cream Chocolate," from cocoa, sugar and milk; also coffee and tea condensed and ready for use. Last fall he tried his hand on cider, and by boiling 4 barrels into one, made a superior article of molasses, which retains all the qualities of cider, and by mixing with water makes a pleasant beverage; or, by a slight application of heat is converted into a very nice apple jelly, which will doubtless, ere long, become an article of general use, judging from the specimens I tasted. It has none of the common taste of boiled cider, but is much superior, as I will give you a chance to notice if I succeed in reaching Monroe county with the specimens I have procured.*

As this article is already longer than you may like, I will not give you all the speculations which an examination of this most successful application of a simple principle to a direct, practical result called forth in my mind. I could not help thinking, or forbear suggesting, however, that this was a most striking instance of that progress in Agricultural knowledge which your paper and others have been instrumental in effecting. This man, Mr. BORDEN, by a happy combination of inventive genius and true benevolence has added thousands of dollars to the value of land in this neighborhood, even though he may not be benefited pecuniarily thereby, a matter which seems to trouble him but little. Science revealed the principle and he applied it. That is all his patent claims. KNOWLEDGE and THOUGHT—together, the source of all patents—can the farmer dispense with them? The man of science and research is seldom the man of practice. Who can say how far this same principle is yet to be applied for our benefit. The manufacture of sugar and syrup affords a wide field for operations. Perhaps Mr. B. would do the country a favor if he could succeed in condensing speeches in Congress, &c., &c. But perhaps you will say he had better first try his hand upon your humble servant. WILLARD HODGES.

Torrington, Litchfield Co., Conn., Dec. 1859.

* Having tasted both the condensed milk and jelly, we can endorse our correspondent's opinion.—ED.

STEAMING FOOD FOR CATTLE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the RURAL NEW-YORKER of Dec. 17th, I saw an article on steaming food for cattle, by E. W. STEWART, wherein the facts and figures are given so fully that no one can doubt the economy of that mode of feeding. He says, "I have practiced upon this method for three years, and experimented quite extensively to determine the relative value of straw to hay. I first used two quarts of Indian meal per bushel of straw, and fed cattle upon this and hay side by side. The straw and meal fattened the animals, while the hay did not. Further experiment satisfied me that a bushel of straw, with from one to one and a half pints of Indian meal, dusted upon it, and well steamed, was equal to the best Timothy hay."

Will Mr. STEWART please inform us, through your paper, how much straw was given at *one* time to *one* animal?—how often in twenty-four hours it was given?—whether the animals that were fed were expected to produce milk or beef, or were intended for labor, and how many pounds of Timothy hay was one mess of straw and meal equal to? Immediately after reading the article above alluded to, I looked over the volumes of forty dollars worth of agricultural papers, and though I found many articles setting forth the economy of steaming food for cattle and hogs, yet nowhere could I find a description of the process, or of the apparatus necessary for performing the work. True, I found pictures of "Farmers Steam Boilers," and had seen such things at our State Fairs, but they are costly, and they won't hold enough for *one* feed for a pair of six year old Durhams, and if any farmer was to attempt to "get up steam" in one of them within a gunshot of his barn, he would certainly forfeit his insurance, even if he was lucky enough to escape a fire. To steam food for twenty or twenty-five head of cattle, three times a day, the steamer should be convenient to the raw material, and also to the place of feeding, or the loading and unloading will too much reduce the profits. Will Mr. STEWART, or *any* of your correspondents, give a plain and concise description of the necessary fixtures, the time occupied in steaming twenty or thirty bushels of feed, and such other information as will enable those who have never practiced the method, to go to work understandingly? W. D. S.

West Chester, Chester Co., Penn., 1860.

IN answer to the closing inquiry of W. D. S., attention is directed to the new STEAMER of D. R. PRINDLE, advertised in this paper.—ED.

DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Do our American farmers sensibly realize that the great majority of them are laying the foundation, and that permanently, to have their farms without a good wood or timber lot, in fifty years? I am led to such a conclusion when I compare the present condition of the heavy timber lands with that of forty-five and fifty years ago. Let them have the same treatment fifty years to come, and the words of the Prophet will be fulfilled:—"The trees of the forest shall be so few in number that a child can write them." Now, Messrs. Editors, would it not be beneficial to a large proportion of your readers, to give this subject a thorough investigation in the RURAL,—show how it is being done, and also what is the remedy? To effect this object, I send you a few of my reflections and conclusions on the subject.

First—How are timber lands likely to be made bare of timber? By continually pasturing them. In such woodlands the underbrush has long ago disappeared, and much has become seeded to grass. This gives a good chance for the wind, when the leaves drop from the forest timber, to blow them into the hollows, or pile them up into heaps by old logs, or carry them along by the wind among the timber, and lodge them in gullies or over the brink of the ridges in windrows. Examine such woodlands, and where the leaves are carried off, the most of the timber is dying out fast. Why? Because there it has become the most seeded to grass, its roots occupy the soil and collect most of the nutriment from the small amount of leaf mould, and the roots of the timber are driven to the subsoil for support. The tops of the trees, of all sizes, are fast becoming dry, because the roots are robbed of that food they need to keep up a thrifty growth of timber.

Second—What treatment should timber lands receive to give the most thrifty growth to the timber? This is the question that should be understood. I answer, stop pasturing them and let a thicket of underbrush start up. This is actually necessary, for several reasons, to give a thrifty growth to the larger timber. It keeps a supply of young timber coming along to fill the place of the old that is decaying by age. A thicket of underbrush keeps the grass from growing, and holds the forest leaves where they drop, keeping them spread in an even coat over the ground, preventing evaporation in the summer, and holding moisture more evenly in the soil. Examine the leaf mould, and it is found filled with a thicket of small, fibrous roots, clear up to the dry leaves. Here is found the very nutriment needed to give a thrifty growth to the timber.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1860. ALVIN WILCOX.

SWARD-BOUND MEADOWS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—There is much complaint of short crops of grass, and particularly on what are called sward-bound meadows. As a general thing, the farmer pays less attention to his meadows than to any other part of his farm. From my own experience, I have come to the conclusion that more profit can be derived from the same amount of labor and expense laid out upon the meadow than in any other department in farming.

I will give my method and experience in growing grass. In 1840 I seeded a lot of six acres with timothy and clover. It did well for three or four years, then it began to fail. I fed off the full feed quite close, to prevent the mice from living in it under the snow and digging out the timothy roots, which they often do to the great detriment of the meadow during the winter. Late in the fall I dress with a light coat of rotten manure, and drag with a sharp harrow until quite raw. The first of May I sow one bushel of plaster per acre, which I think doubles the value of the manure. Under this culture I have never cut less than three tuns per acre of good hay, and there is no prospect of a failure. If manure is not to be had, a thorough harrowing will do good to meadows. It is my opinion that early mowing soon destroys them, and the hay is of less value.

Port Byron, N. Y., 1860. WM. HAYDEN.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

American Corn.

OUR "star-spangled banner," of course, is a flag which has had an ear of corn rolled over it—that monarch of all the grain of the world being found only in America. Like all other national claims to superiority, this claim of America to "*corn*," as its indigenous peculiarity, is disputed by the carping philosopher; and, at the meeting of the Scientific Association at Springfield last summer, it was made a question of discussion. Says the Report:—"Indian corn is not known in Europe. Some years ago a young English gentleman carried home with him as a walking-cane a stalk of Indian corn, neatly varnished. His old country friends admired it very much, and farmers inquired 'what wood it was made of?' naturally comparing its lightness with their own heavy timber. The youngster gravely informed them 'it was the straw of the American corn, with which the Yankees littered their cattle.' He then added to their surprise by presenting a large ear of Indian corn, the grain produced by such a straw. The English farmers invariably placed the corn ear on top of the stalk, supposing it grew like wheat-corn."

We add a passage or two from the discussion:—"Dr. Gibbon did not pretend that Indian corn, tobacco, or cotton, grew native in any portion of Europe; yet he had no doubt those plants existed in Asia and Africa before Columbus discovered America. * * "Prof. Gray, of Cambridge College, who had early interrupted the reading of this paper, said, 'Dr. Gibbon had proved that the people of the countries to which he referred, used breadstuffs in the same way in which we use Indian corn; but he would like to hear one single piece of evidence that Indian corn was known before the discovery of America by Columbus.'" * * "Prof. W. D. Whitney, of New Haven, said he 'thought it hardly fair to rob America of the honor of having furnished such an important esculent as Indian corn to the world.' He objected to a 'general disposition to take away from America the credit of her natural productions.' The potato was always called 'Irish,' and the turkey was named the 'Calcutta cock,' as if it came from India." —— "Dr. Gibbon replied, 'he could not regard this as a question of patriotism, but one of scientific truth. He had no disposition to deprive America of any of her honors, but wished to know where the Almighty had originally planted Indian corn; not where certain professors decide it ought to have been grown for the honor of the country!'" —— "Hon. George Folsom, of New York, inquired of Prof. Gray, 'if there did not exist in Oriental countries at the present day, a variety of Indian corn?'" —— "Prof. Gray replied 'he had no doubt of it.'" —— "Mr. Folsom said '*he* had no doubt of it, for he had seen Indian corn in Egypt, where it was manufactured into meal, very much like our corn cakes.'" —— "Prof. Gray asked 'if it was Indian corn, or dowra, which was *probably* our broom corn?'" —— "Mr. Folsom replied, 'he saw both Indian corn and dowra there, but they were both called by *the same name*. He could not learn that there was a distinctive name for each, although he repeatedly endeavored to do so. One was sorghum, or millet, and the other was a small variety of what we call Indian corn.'"

Cider-Making in Connecticut.

"VERY few are aware," says the New Haven *Journal*, "of the extent to which the manufacture of cider is carried within a few miles of this city. In conversation with a gentleman from Cheshire a few days since, we were surprised that in that town alone, eight thousand barrels have been made the past season, nearly all of which is now in process of clarification, and will be ready for market early in the spring. Four establishments alone have made from 1,500 to 2,000 barrels each, which is already disposed of, and will be sent to market as soon as ready for use. This, when clarified, is as pure as wine, and is sold readily in New York, to bottle, for $4 per barrel for the liquid, and when bottled is in great demand at the South at $5 per dozen. The business is rapidly increasing, and the cultivation of the apple is likely to prove as profitable as that of the grape at the West, where thousands of dozens of wine are put up yearly. The fruit growers of Connecticut can cultivate the apple with but little expense, and can realize at least 20 cents a bushel for all they can raise. The past season those who have mills at Cheshire have paid from 18 to 20 cents per bushel for all they could find, taking them from the orchards where they have been collected, the raiser being subjected to no expense except that of picking and piling in heaps."

Sorghum for Hog Feeding.

ONE of the correspondents of the *American Farmer*, writes to that journal the following:—"Last spring my father appropriated one acre to its culture, in drills two and a half feet apart, and six inches apart in the rows, which he cultivated after the manner of Indian corn. About the 10th of August he commenced feeding a lot of 12 hogs upon it, then in low order, and they regularly improved till the 1st of November, without any other feed, when it gave out—leaving all the hogs thus fed in excellent condition. They have been maturely fattened for killing with boiled corn, with the most satisfactory results. It was with many doubts of its utility and economy, that he tried it, being one of the many who wisely look with suspicion upon new things—but a short corn crib put him on the alert for a substitute, and the one tried (Sorgho) firmly convinces him myself, and many others around him, that the acre of cane saved him an expenditure of $75 for corn, that he would have, without it, been compelled to purchase.

Inquiries and Answers.

TO SWEETEN RANCID BUTTER.—A subscriber at Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y., wishes to know how to make rancid butter sweet. I would say that it has been done to perfect satisfaction in our family by the following process:—Place the butter in a churn, add to it as much new milk as the same amount of butter would produce of buttermilk, churn them well together, and then proceed the same as with new butter, salting to suit the taste.—W. S. CURTIS, *Fairwater, Green Lake Co., Wis.*, 1860.

BEST MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES.—Please inform me through the RURAL which is the best Combined Mowing and Reaping Machine?—H. J. S., *Mercer Co., Pa.*

IF H. J. S. will examine our advertising columns, he will discover that there are a *good many best*. But, really, where farmers who use them, and committees who are appointed by State and County Agricultural Societies to decide this question, disagree, it would be presumptuous for us to attempt a decision.

HOW SHALL I SAVE MY SHEEP?—There is a small brook running through my marsh, and I have straightened it by cutting a ditch five feet wide, and three feet deep, and deposited the muck in the old channel. It works like a charm, and, so far, I am satisfied with it; but after the hay is secured I use it for a sheep pasture, and several of the sheep have been drowned. This "troubles me some." Some of my neighbors have lost sheep in the same way. They do not take the trouble to go to the bridge. What shall I do? Will cutting the ditch broader prevent their attempting to jump it?—or shall I be under the necessity of fencing it? Who among the RURAL subscribers can tell?—WM. H. CHAFFEE, *Byron, Shiawassee Co., Mich.*

HOW TO CURE A SPRAIN.—I have a fine young mare that has been lame for a considerable time, and have neglected making any inquiries, thinking that she would recover in a few days. The lameness is in the fore foot, about the fetlock, or in one of the small joints below, which it is I cannot tell. Any information from some of your numerous readers would be thankfully received.—L. C. EVANS, *Lexington, Ill.*, 1859.

THE fetlock-joint is very complicated, and, being the principal seat of motion below the knee, is exceedingly liable to injury. If the sprain is a simple one, and confined to this part, our correspondent can try cooling applications,—a cold water bandage, for instance,—for the inflammation. Tincture of arnica and pure water, equal parts, will prove of service in bathing. Should a cold water bandage be tried this cold weather, cover the wet bandage with dry cloths. The difficulty may be in some of the lesser bones, so numerous about the foot, and should the foregoing prove ineffectual, and Mr. EVANS can more definitely locate the seat of disease, we will be pleased to render any assistance in our power.

Agricultural Societies.

VERMONT STATE AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held at Middlebury, Jan. 5th, the following officers were elected for 1860: *President*—E. B. CHASE, Lyndon. *Vice-Pres'ts*—Edwin Hammond, Middlebury; J. W. Colburn, Springfield; H. H. Baxter, Rutland; and Henry Keyes, Newbury. *Secretary*—Charles Cummings, Brattleboro'. *Treasurer*—Edward Seymour, Vergennes. *Directors*—Frederick Holbrook, Brattleboro', U. H. Penniman, Colchester; David Hill, Bridport; H. S. Morse, Shelburn; John Jackson, Brandon; John Gregory, Northfield; D. B. Potter, St. Albans; Daniel Needham, Hartford; D. A. Bennet, Bridport; Elijah Cleaveland, Coventry; and Henry E. Root, Bennington. The Society has a balance of $3,332,75 in the treasury.

THE "PHILADELPHIA SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING AGRICULTURE" held its annual meeting on the 5th inst., and elected officers as follows: *President*—CRAIG BIDDLE. *Vice-Presidents*—Charles W. Harrison, (one vancancy.) *Cor. Sec'y*—Sidney G. Fisher. *Rec. Sec'y*—Dr. A. L. Kennedy. *Ass't Rec Sec'y*—F. R. Frear. *Treasurer*—George Blight. *Librarian*—John McGowan. *Chemist*—J. C. Booth. *Executive Committee*—David Landreth, John Lardner, Samuel Williams, Charles W. Harrison, Dr. C. R. King, Aaron Clement. *Library Committee*—David Landreth, Craig Biddle, George Blight.

CHENANGO CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society the following officers were chosen for 1860: *President*—HORACE PACKER, Oxford. *Vice-Presidents*—James H. Phillips, Coventry; L. S. Sweet, Smyrna; John Banks, Bainbridge; Charles P. Tarbell, Smithville; Benedict Frink, Plymouth; Grant B. Palmer, Columbus; Ira Crane, Sherburne. *Secretary* and *Treasurer*—Jonathan Wells. The first premium, for best managed farm of not less than 50 acres, was awarded to JOHN A. RANDALL, whose income from a farm of 250 acres is $1,933.

DELAWARE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1860: *President*—S. F. MILLER, Franklin. *Vice-Presidents*—C. Becker, Stamford; J. B. Yendes, Delhi; Henry W. Heywood, Kortright; Porter Frisbee, Meredith; M. L. Bostwick, Hamden; Cyrenus Gibbs, Harpersfield; William B. Dowle, Andes; Porter C. Northrup, Franklin; Edward Hoyt, Walton; Elijah Roe, Sidney; Alex. Storie, Bovina; A. J. Keator, Roxbury. *Cor. Sec'y*—Z. H. Sloat, Delhi. *Rec. Sec'y*—Chas. B. Wade, Walton. *Treasurer*—H. Olmsted, Walton.

GENESEE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society, held at Batavia a few days since, is said to have been of the right stamp. The best feeling prevailed, spirited resolutions were adopted and the following board of officers elected: *President*—CHAS. K. WARD, Le Roy. *Vice-Presidents*—Geo. Radley, Stafford; Addison Foster, Elba. *Rec. Sec'y*—Horace M. Warren, Batavia. *Cor. Sec'y*—N. K. Cone, Bethany. *Treasurer*—Homer Bostwick, Batavia. *Directors*—W. S. Miller, Byron; S. M. Short, Batavia; Danforth Newton, Alexander.

JEFFERSON CO. AG. SOCIETY.—Officers for 1860: *President*—WM. ROUSE, Orleans. *Secretary*—A. P. Sigourney. *Treasurer*—Dr. E. S. Lansing.

ONEIDA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting, held at Clinton, Jan. 5th, the following board of officers was elected: *President*—NATHANIEL S. WRIGHT, Vernon. *Vice-Presidents*—Stephen A. Coville, Vienna, and Horace Dunbar, Camden. *Sec'y*—R. N. Morrison, Westmorland. *Treasurer*—Silas C. Greenman, Utica. *Executive Committee*—George Benedict, Verona; G. K. Eells, Kirkland; C. W. Eells, Westmoreland; Lorenzo Rouse, Marshall; Henry Rhodes, Trenton, J. E. Morgan, Deerfield; Morgan Butler, New Hartford; William Potter, Marcy; William Ferguson, Oriskany Falls. The Society is in a prosperous condition, having a balance of over $300 on hand. The display of Fruit at the meeting was very large, eclipsing any previous year. Premiums were awarded on Grain, Root Crops, Fruit, &c., to many persons who are known as progressive and successful cultivators.

ST. LAWRENCE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The ninth annual meeting of this Society was held at Canton, Jan. 10th. Officers elected: *President*—Hon. CALVIN T. HULBURD, Brasher. *Vice-Presidents*—Joseph Whitney, Madrid; George A. Sheldon, Hermon; Reuben Nott, Oswegatchie; Joseph E. Orvis, Massena; Charles N. Conkey, Canton. Alexander J. Bike, Depeyster; Nelson Donlittle, Russell, Joseph E. Dunphey, Hopkinton. *Sec'y*—L. E. B. Winslow, Canton. *Treasurer*—George C. Bogue, Canton. The Society is in a prosperous condition. It was resolved that "in future the premiums of the Society be open to the world for competition." Also, "that the time of holding the Fairs of this Society should be fixed and permanent, and that the last Wednesday of September in each year be and hereby is fixed upon as the first day of the Fair."

INTERNATIONAL AG. AND MECHANICAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the St. Lawrence International Agricultural and Mechanical Society, the following officers were elected: *President*—Hon. CHARLES G. MYERS, of Ogdensburgh. *Vice-Presidents*—Thomas L. Harrison, Morley; Edward M. Shepard, Norfolk; Peter McGregor, Morristown. *Sec'y*—Charles Shepard, Ogdensburgh. *Treasurer*—William J. Averill, Ogdensburgh. *Directors*—Chester Dike, Depeyster; Henry Hooker, Morristown.

THE BROOKFIELD AG. SOCIETY (Madison Co.) held its annual meeting Jan. 10th, and elected officers for 1860 as follows: *President*—ELEAZER BEEBE. *Vice-Presidents*—Nathan T. Brown, Herman A. Hull, Thomas R. Gorton, Peleg Stanbro. *Sec'y*—John T. G. Bailey. *Treasurer*—Calvin Whitford. *Directors*—Samuel Burdick and Warren D. York.

THE CAZENOVIA Farmers' and Mechanics' Association has elected the following board of officers for 1860: *President*—ELLIOT CARD. *Vice-Presidents*—Cyrus Parsons and Merwin Clark. *Sec'y*—E. D. Loomis. *Treasurer*—C. L. Chappell. *Directors*—Albert Card and John Stebbins. Action was taken to secure inclosed grounds and buildings for permanent use. The Society has a balance in its treasury.

THE CAMDEN (Oneida Co.) Industrial Association held its annual meeting Jan. 4th, when the following officers were elected: *President*—THOMAS D. PENFIELD. *Vice-Presidents*—Alden Pathbun and David Sears. *Rec. Sec'y*—P. C. Costello. *Cor. Sec'y*—George Elder. *Treas*—Thomas Stone.

THE LENOX (Madison Co.) Farmers' and Mechanics' Association, at its annual meeting, elected the following board for 1860: *President*—RALPH H AVERY. *Vice-Presidents*—F. M. Whitman and M. E. Hitchcock. *Sec'y*—I. N. Messinger. *Treasurer*—T F. Hand. A premium was awarded to ROBERT KIRKLAND for best crop of Mediterranean wheat—40½ bushels per acre; and to MILTON E. HITCHCOCK for oats—63½ bushels per acre, by weight. The Society has the handsome sum of $368,58 on hand.

THE UNION AG. SOCIETY of Sandy Creek, Richland, Orwell and Boylston, held its second annual meeting Dec. 20th, 1859, and at which the following officers were chosen for 1860: *President*—O. R. EARL. *Vice-President*—Horace Scripture. *Sec'y*—E. H Sergeant. *Treasurer*—P. M. Newton. *Directors*—John Boomer, J. L. Bartles, W. B. Randolph, Solomon Fellows, John Parker and Edmund Bonner.

Agricultural Miscellany.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR LIVES IN THE COUNTRY, or prefer to, the world over. In a late address, speaking to young men of the advantages of country over city life—alluding to the reliability of the farmer's occupation, and the uncertainty and temptations of city trades and professions—we stated that all truly great men desired to spend the evening of their existence in the pure, invigorating, God-made country, after vainly seeking peace and contentment elsewhere. We are aware that there is much cant on the subject of farming and rural life—much "talking to Buncombe" by politicians and would-be governors and statesmen—yet the simple fact stated should prove a stronger argument with young men who are looking city-ward, than all the fulsome speeches ever uttered.

—Confirmatory of the above, (both as regards the *fact* and the Buncombe) is the report of what transpired at the recent annual meeting of the U. S. Ag. Society:—"The President attended the U. S. agricultural society, Thursday morning, to receive his diploma as an honorary member. The President of the Society, in delivering it, said it was a strange coincidence that every President of the United States had either been called from the plow like Cincinnatus, or else had retired to it at the expiration of their term of office. Mr. Buchanan in reply spoke of his taste for agricultural pursuits, though he had but little opportunity to indulge in them. He paid a high tribute to the patriotic worth of the tillers of the soil, and anticipated his return to Wheatland in less than eighteen months, to enjoy the independence and quiet of rural life. His speech was frequently interrupted by applause."

WHENCE IT EMANATES.—*Rochester, N. Y.*, is the "local habitation," or place of publication, of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. It don't emanate from New York *city*. Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Buffalo, or any other small town, but from ROCHESTER, the *Metropolis of Western New York*—in the midst of what is said to be the best populated and cultivated "Rural District" of America—and people who address us will please govern themselves accordingly. *Why?* We almost daily receive letters which have been misdirected to New York, or elsewhere, and kindly forwarded by the Post-Master. No doubt many epistles, thus wrongly addressed, never reach us at all. Letters intended for us not unfrequently go to some other Rochester than this in N. Y.—for there is a Rochester in almost every State. Business and other correspondents will please note that our address is simply "Rochester, N. Y." (not Rochester) The State should be designated by *N. Y., very plainly written*, to distinguish it from N. H. and other States having a post-office of the same name. Some letters probably go astray because New York is written in full, instead of N. Y. The term *New-Yorker*, especially with the prefix *Rural*, don't mean N. Y. city by any means. Friends, please "be sure you're right" in this matter.

"STOP MY PAPER!"—A few days ago a subscriber in Seneca Co. wrote us demanding why we did not furnish 53 numbers in 1859. He averred that we gave but 51 in 1853, that subscribers were entitled to 53 in '59, and that unless he and others received a satisfactory explanation, they wished the money which they had advanced for 1860 returned! We replied, briefly, that we did publish 52 numbers in 1858, as we had every year—that we had no time to give satisfaction in writing, but tendered it to *him* by striking his name from the list of over 100 subscribers from his place for 1860, and returning the money—adding that we would cheerfully favor others who felt grieved in like manner, if he would give us their names, and that we inclosed a stamp to prepay his letter containing them! We hope it wasn't wicked, but it gave us pleasure to strike *that* person's name from our books.

—The above was written the first week in January. After it was in type, the aggrieved party sent us the money again, owning up like a man—and we only publish the item now for the benefit of a few queer specimens of humanity who don't comprehend why we did not issue a paper on the 31st of Dec. (the 53d Saturday of 1859,) although the reason was fully explained in the RURAL of Dec. 17th. People who wish more than 52 numbers of the RURAL for a year's subscription, or desire us to begin a new volume at any other time than the first week in January, cannot be accommodated.

THE WEATHER of the past week has been remarkably fine for the season—more like April than January. The bright sun and mild atmosphere have evidently been appreciated and enjoyed by both man and beast. Indeed, the weather of the whole month has been remarkably mild in this region—like an oasis in the desert, after the frigidity of December. *Per contra*, we observe by the last accounts, that our California friends are having a Boreas season—that while the prices of hay, &c., are down here, they are so elevated there as to be almost out of sight. We quote—"Latest accounts from Carson Valley represent the snow from three to five feet deep on the inhabited districts on the western side of the mountains. Mining operations were suspended. The stock in Honey Lake Valley was starving in large numbers. Hay was $150 per ton! The number of cattle wintering in the Valley east of the mountains was estimated at 20,000, and in ordinary weather stock had thrived well there all winter."

THE BRITISH WHEAT CROP—The Mark Lane Express (London, Eng.) of Dec. 19th, says that inquiries with regard to the wheat crop in Britain demonstrate that whilst the weight of wheat last season averaged 4 lbs. per bushel less than the previous year, the actual deficiency in flour will be at least 5 lbs.; the proportion of bran in light wheat being much greater than in heavy. Now, 5 lbs. per bushel is 40 lbs. per qr., which, upon 16,000,000 qrs. (the average produce of the kingdom,) amounts to 2,285,714 sacks of flour; and reckoning 6 bush. of wheat to each sack, we have 13,714,284 bushels, or 1,714,285 qrs., representing the reduction in the produce of flour. The total deficiency of food, therefore, in the wheat crop, would be as follows:

In Wheat	1,480,000 qrs.
In Flour	1,714,285 "
Total	3,194,285

OUR ADVERTISING FRIENDS whose favors do not appear this week must exercise that cardinal virtue yclept Patience. We omit all our own notices to make room for others, and yet are obliged to defer over a column of advertisements. We are doing the best we can, every week, to accommodate as many advertisers as possible without infringing upon the rights of subscribers.

—Those who write us—as many have of late—asking about advertising,—if we will make a discount to them, &c.,—are referred to our published rates, and advised that we have neither the time or disposition to write letters on the subject, or any occasion to deviate from terms—especially so long as we have more advertising at full rates than we can give. "A word," &c.

THE OHIO FARM SCHOOL is represented by the Board of Commissioners to have been very successful the past year. There are 102 boys on the farm who have been profitably employed, and the "moral tone" is constantly improving.

GOV. BOUTWELL, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, has received an urgent offer to take the Presidency of the Michigan State Agricultural College.

HORTICULTURAL.

TO OUR READERS.

Much of our space has been taken up the past three weeks with the report of the proceedings of the Fruit Growers' Society. This has prevented our usual variety, which we always regret, though we think we could not serve our readers better than by giving a full report of the sayings and doings of a body of men of so much intelligence and practical skill. We have condensed as much as we could without injuring our report, and are satisfied that its perusal will twice repay every one desirous of information on the subject. Many of those present traveled scores of miles, spent from two to four days, and no little money to obtain the information which we present to our subscribers almost for nothing, and which they can peruse at their own firesides, or discuss with friends at their leisure. We have many favors which shall receive attention in our next.

BLANCHING CELERY WITH SAWDUST.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London *Gardeners' Chronicle* recommends the use of *Sawdust* for blanching celery, as he finds it to answer the purpose better than any other material, and is especially valuable for the late crops to be kept during the winter. He says:—"Having had some trouble in the winter of 1857 in keeping late celery from rotting in a new kitchen garden, where the soil was very retentive and damp, and the plants earthed up in the usual manner, I have since used sawdust for the purpose, and find that it answers perfectly. Last winter all the late celery was earthed up with sawdust, and it kept quite sound till April, and no slugs or insects attacked it underground, the heads being very solid, clear and crisp, and well flavored. I had some doubts that the sawdust from resinous trees might give the celery a disagreeable flavor, but on trial I found this not to be the case, and the sawdust is now taken indiscriminately from the sawpits, where different kinds of trees are sawn up. Before the late severe frost occurred in October I had just finished the earthing up of all the late celery with sawdust, and I find it is now wonderfully fresh, the frost not having penetrated far through the surface to the hearts."

Another correspondent recommends charred earth in preference to sawdust, "as it will not only answer the purpose as well, but will allow the rain water to percolate more freely to the roots of the plants, and be of infinite service to a soil of a damp retentive nature." The sawdust he thinks will induce an injurious growth of fungi in the soil.

Horticultural Notes.

THE APPLE CROP OF NIAGARA AND ORLEANS COUNTIES.—The papers of the above counties are making careful estimates of the product, in dollars, of the apple crop of 1859. That of Niagara foots up at $300,000, and Orleans at $250,000. This is the amount received for fruit sold for exportation. No estimate is made of that used for home consumption.

WINE AND INTEMPERANCE.—The *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, in acknowledging the receipt of W. R. PRINCE'S Grape Catalogue, quotes the remarks so often made by Mr. P., that "an ample supply of pure American Wine is the most sovereign preventive of intemperance," and says—What can that mean? Is it that American wine is not intoxicating? or that it is not good enough to induce people to drink it?

FRUIT RECEIVED.—From H. E. BANGS, Chili, a good-looking, greenish apple, with a fine blush on the cheek. Rather coarse, but juicy and spicy. Name not known.

—From WILLIAM CULROSS, Rochester, eleven specimens of apples, for names, numbered. No. 1, Pomme Gris; 2, Peck's Pleasant; 3, natural fruit, and worthless; 4, Twenty Ounce; 5, R. I. Greening; 6, a greenish russet, somewhat resembling Roxbury Russet, name not known; 7, Roxbury Russet; 8, Twenty Ounce Apple; 9, Golden Russet; 10, a sweetish apple, name unknown, probably natural; 11, Rambo.

—From a gentleman, a dish of Twenty Ounce Apples, with a request to exhibit them at the meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society. They were shown accordingly, and the memorandum we took at the time of the gentleman's name and residence placed on the dish with the fruit, and in this way became lost.

—From E. J. SPICER, Murray, N. Y., a branch of an apple tree a little over two feet in length, containing 28 specimens of the Roxbury Russet.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE.—Can the grape be propagated by grafting? If so, please state in your valuable journal the mode of grafting.—G. SMITH, *Milford, Conn., Jan. 9th*, 1860.

SEE the discussion on this subject by the Fruit Growers' Society.

DIVIDING PIE PLANT.—Will some one or more of your correspondents (if they know by experience) inform me what they have found to be the best manner of dividing and transplanting pie plant which has been planted three to four years?—G. W. S., *Centralia, Ill.*, 1860.

TAKE up the plants in the fall and divide them, giving one or two good crowns to each plant. It can be done in in the spring as well, but it will not answer to gather the leaves to any extent the same season. The division if left until the spring should be done as early as possible.

RUSSETS FROM MICHIGAN.—I send you a sample of Russets, which I have, with a view of ascertaining the correct name. Some call them Howe's Russet, others the Boston Russet. This russet is good for early cooking—tree vigorous, full top, and great bearer. The specimens I send are about medium size, though they are in a bad condition. They are, however, the best I have. If you can give a correct name through your columns, I shall be lastingly obliged.—L. BISBEE, *Monroe, Mich., Jan.*, 1860.

THE apples sent us by Mr. Bisbee were very fine specimens of the Roxbury, or Boston Russet—one of the very best late keeping apples.

PROF. WM. HOPKINS, of Lima, N. Y., who has long been connected with the Genesee Wesleyan Seminary, has purchased a place in New Jersey, a short distance from New York city, where he proposes to devote his time principally to the growth of fruits. The Professor has long been a zealous and successful amateur. He may also find time to attend to the private instruction of a few young men.

THE PHLOX.

THERE is no class of flowers more interesting and more worthy of attention, than the phloxes. There are so many species, and such an almost endless number of varieties, that the garden may be made gay with their varied colors from early spring until autumn's frosts. The *Annual Phlox* of every color, all are acquainted with, and the seeds can be obtained at most of our seed-stores. Every one should sow a bed in the spring, and nothing will be gayer or more admired in June and July, and even later.

But, it is the *Herbaceous Phloxes* of which we wish particularly to speak, as they are too much neglected by our amateurs. The roots can be obtained of the nurserymen or florists, either in the fall or spring, and should be planted out in a good, rich, deep soil, where they may remain unprotected, and will freely bloom every summer.

There is an early class that flowers in May and the first part of June, which are valuable on account of their early flowering and their brilliancy, though inferior to the summer and autumn varieties. The second class flowers in June and July, and embraces some of the most beautiful sorts. They are larger than the early varieties, but not as tall as those flowering in the autumn. The third class flowers from about the first of August until frost, and are prized by all who are acquainted with them on account of their beauty and brilliancy, showing every shade of purple and red, and also the purest white.

The Phlox is an American plant, and grows in the greatest abundance in the fields and on the prairies of the West. When detained by a railroad accident in Michigan a few years since, we felt ourselves well repaid for the lost time by a ramble in the "*openings*," where we found the phlox growing in the greatest abundance and of surprising beauty. Yet, we are indebted to European florists for our most beautiful varieties, and particularly so to the French.

Our engraving shows a new French flower named *Julia Roussel*, which is represented as dwarf in habit, growing about two feet high, very round, thick petaled, white, with a large crimson eye. Fine form, good habit, large flower, the finest of its class.

QUALITIES AND CULTURE OF THE STRAWBERRY.—We have a string of questions (fourteen in number,) from a correspondent in Michigan, in regard to strawberries, embracing the comparative size, flavor, productiveness, length of stalk, &c., of the different varieties. Also, the most valuable single variety, the best soil, the product per acre, the cost of growing a bushel, the cost of picking a bushel, the best method of packing to carry a hundred miles or more by railroad, &c., &c. No two men in the country would give the same answers to most of these questions, and many of them can only be answered by the cultivator himself after trial on his own grounds. Varieties that are highly prized by cultivators in one place are discarded as worthless by those in other localities. The Scott's Seedling, which here is only valuable on account of its profuse bearing, in Boston is condemned for its unfruitfulness.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE OHIO POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—A very neat pamphlet, just received. The Ohio Pomological Society was organized in 1847, and is the oldest State organization of the kind in the Union. The regular meetings of the Society are now held biennially, alternating with the meetings of the American Pomological Society; but special meetings are held at any time, on the call of the President and Secretary. A. H. ERNST, of Cincinnati, is President, and M. B. BATEHAM, of Columbus, Secretary and Treasurer. We may notice this report further, and perhaps give some interesting extracts.

MILWAUKEE (WIS.) HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held at their rooms January 7th, when the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: *President*—ALEXANDER MITCHELL. *Vice Presidents*—Dr. J. B. McVicker, Lansing Bonnell. *Secretary*—Thomas Hislop. *Treasurer*—David Ferguson. *Executive Committee*—Charles Gifford, Hans Crocker, I. A. Lapham. The Society resolved to hold two public exhibitions during the coming season—one the last week of June, and the other the last week of September; also to hold weekly exhibitions at the Society's Rooms for the benefit of members alone.

ADRIAN (MICH.) HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society recently held its annual meeting for the election of officers, with the following result: *President*—WILLIAM H. SCOTT. *Vice President*—L. G. Berry. *Secretary*—T. D. Ramsdell. *Treasurer*—Samuel Lothrop. *Librarian*—Dr. Woodland Owen. *Executive Committee*—D. K. Underwood, Samuel Lothrop, B. F. Strong, B. W. Steere, James Holmes.

KEOKUK (IOWA) HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—A horticultural society has been organized in Keokuk, Iowa, the present winter. It holds regular meetings on the first Thursday of each month. The following are its officers: *President*—A. BRIDGMAN. *Vice President*—W. W. Belknap, Esq. *Secretary*—J. R. Tewksbury. *Treasurer*—S. A. Dake. The Secretary writes us that "this Society is thoroughly organized, and *promises well*." We recommend such a spirit for "*general cultivation*."

CINCINNATI HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, recently held, the report of the Treasurer showed a good balance in the Treasury, which indicates that the Society is in a prosperous condition. The following officers were elected: *President*—WILLIAM ORANGE. *Vice Presidents*—William Stoms, John P. Foote, F. G. Cary. *Recording Secretary*—E. J. Hooper. *Corresponding Secretary*—E. P. Cranch. *Treasurer*—Robert Clarke. *Librarian*—T. F. Allen. *Council*—J. H. Gerard, A. Strauch, and Robert Reill.

A CABBAGE-TREE WONDER.—The San Andreas (Cal.,) *Independent* describes a vegetable wonder now growing in Dr. HEPBURN'S garden, Mokelumne Hill. "It is a cabbage tree, which, in five years, from an ordinary cabbage plant, has grown to be some nine feet high. The stalk has become hard as wood, and it bore this year about fifty or sixty heads of cabbage. The doctor intends to keep it growing, and thinks in a few years more that he will be able to boast the possession of the most profitable tree in the country; for, besides great quantities of green cabbage and crout that it produces, he every season gathers many papers of first-rate seed, and hundreds of plants which spring up spontaneously beneath its boughs." Of course there is no *sell* in the above—except it may be in the Doctor's desire to dispose of the seeds of such a wonderful production.

FRUIT-GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

ANNUAL MEETING.

REPORT OF THE DISCUSSION

MORNING SESSION—SECOND DAY.

[Subject continued from page 23, last number.]

D. W. BEADLE.—In Canada we have a clayey loam soil, which we call admirably suited to pear culture. In such soil our farmers are cultivating the apple and raising from 6 to 8 barrels per tree; one of my neighbors nets $2 50 per barrel for the apples by shipping them to Scotland. Yet, despite these profits on the apple, I am sure that if judiciously cultivated the pear will be far more profitable.

W. P. TOWNSEND, in his calculation of the profits of the pear and the apple, took into consideration the extra care required by the pear, loss by blight, and the want of knowledge among cultivators.

H. T. BROOKS.—It is a law of trade that the supply will equal the demand, and though pears may now sell at an almost fabulous price the supply will be increased by the incentive of these high prices, until pears will be soon sold at a price fairly remunerating the grower for his time, labor and skill. If extraordinary knowledge or skill is required to grow pears, or they can be grown only in a small territory so as to give the favored growers a monopoly, these things may keep up the price.

GEO. ELLWANGER.—Twenty-five years ago there were not a hundred pear trees in this city or county. In 1845 I brought the first dwarf pear trees to this city. It takes ten years to get up a stock of trees. At that time apples, and good apples, were abundant.

P. BARRY.—When we are speaking of the market being glutted, we are assuming that a great proportion of the land can be made to grow large crops of pears per acre. Now it is folly to suppose that *all* the land in Western New York will or could be devoted to pear culture. I have had occasion to carefully examine the soil and capabilities of many of the farms in Monroe county; and I have not seen a single farm where one-half the land was suited to the pear. Skill is necessary in growing, picking and marketing pears, and skill in any kind of manufacture or production is not speedily acquired by the masses. It is not strange nor surprising then, that pears are not plenty. It takes time to grow pears, and also to turn the attention of farmers to business with which they are unacquainted. They know how to raise good wheat and oats, but will not rush into a business about which they know little or nothing. Pear orchards will not start up as if by magic, but we shall see them gradually and constantly increasing in number and in value.

L. B. LANGWORTHY.—Will not pears sell without ripening?—and what other ripening is necessary than to place them in a barrel like apples?

P. BARRY.—They will sell unripened, but will will bring a higher price if sent to market just before becoming fit for use. Many varieties will ripen packed in barrels like apples, but a fruit room of a proper temperature, with shelves is a great convenience. When pears are plenty so as to make it an object, the fruit dealers will provide rooms and ripen the fruit they purchase.

Mr. LANGWORTHY.—Does not those varieties of pears that will not grow on quince, succeed when double worked?

Mr. BARRY.—Some varieties can be double worked, but others make a freeble growth, caused, I think, by the double obstruction to the flow of sap.

Failure of the Peach Crop.

The per centage of years that the Peach Tree bears in the various portions of Western New York, and what places are best for it.

T. G. YEOMANS.—I should say that there had not been more than 3 or 4 entire failures of the peach crop in 30 years. In fact two entire failures are all that I can now recall. As to places best for it, the peach tree requires that the ground be dry; decidedly upland is the best. One peach orchard was planted upon ground not dry enough and the trees all died in 3 or 4 years, went to work and thoroughly underdrained the land, and the trees which were then set out were a complete success. Had gathered from one acre of trees six years old, 270 bushels of fine peaches. I seldom prune my peach trees at all until after they have borne a crop, and I then go through the orchard at any time during that winter and cut out about one-third of the top of each tree. I select and cut out the longest branches, even though they be the size of a hoe-handle. The peach tree inclines to die out in the center; but this course of pruning gives increased vigor to the central portion of the tree, it prevents long branches and there is no danger of that splitting of the tree, which we see so often, where the tree is allowed to make all its growth at the ends of the limbs.

W. P. TOWNSEND.—During 26 years there has been but one *entire* failure, and the very short crops of the last two years, almost a failure except in very favorable locations. Our experience in Niagara county, is that within five miles of the Lake the crop is much more certain than elsewhere in the county.

D. W. BEADLE.—Can corroborate, by my experience, most fully, all that Mr. TOWNSEND has said as to the near neighborhood of bodies of water exercising a favorable influence upon the crop.

J. J. THOMAS.—In Cayuga county, back from the lake, we have peaches two years out of three. On the shores of the lake, where the water does not freeze, as at Aurora, peaches every year, while at Union Springs, where the water freezes, the crop is more certain than further back, but not as sure as at localities on the lake where the water does not freeze. At Macedon, in Wayne county, the crop is good, perhaps three years out of four, but orchards planted on the high hills always give a crop. Saw one orchard that had produced a good crop for 20 years. Noticed the same fact in Steuben county.

H. N. LANGWORTHY.—Practice the system of pruning recommended by Mr. YEOMANS. I begin pruning early and prune to a good round head.—The peach district of Western New York is limited to that portion lying on the borders of Lake Ontario, from Lewiston to Sodus Bay—a strip about 15 miles wide.

Preparing Ground for Orchards.

What is the best manner of Preparing Ground for Orchards?

W. B. SMITH.—1st, Thoroughly underdrain the ground. It will especially need that this be well done if it be a strong soil. 2d, Work the ground deeply, subsoil at least 20 inches, and not 10 and call it 20. 3d, Make the soil fairly rich—suitable for corn, and in doing this, I would apply the manure upon the surface after the working of the soil.

J. J. THOMAS.—In the large majority of the farms in Western New York it would be a great improvement to work with a large sized double Michigan plow, and mix some of the valuable subsoil with the top. Once was working some land with one of these plows and putting it in as deeply as three yoke of stout oxen could draw and in the common way of speaking, we plowed it two feet deep; yet upon actual measurement it averaged exactly 11½ inches. That soil, was however, so thoroughly loosened that there was 20 inches of loose soil. A farmer in my neighborhood was telling how perfectly he had subsoiled his land, and I had the curiosity to see the depth of his subsoiling. I found it about five inches deep.

T. G. YEOMANS.—I would prepare the ground for my orchard same as I would for my garden.—Underdraining is one of the best investments a farmer can possibly make. Sometimes have had to drain land a second time, because not done well enough the first, but never had to regret doing it too well.

P. BARRY.—Am more than ever convinced of the advantages and the necessity of drainage.—Scarcely a farm that I have examined the present year, contained ten acres that would not be greatly benefited by drainage. Land may be dry during the summer and answer for annual crops that are entirely unsuited for orcharding without thorough drainage. In selecting ground for an orchard my preference would be for land which had been seeded down to clover for years. I would first drain, then plow 8 inches deep, and I follow this plow with a subsoil plow and four horses. If the subsoil be of a loose, gravelly nature, the double Michigan will answer well enough, but if the subsoil be clayey in its character, stiff and impervious to the surface water, and retentive of moisture.—It will certainly need the subsoil plow. If the soil is of moderate fertility, would not advise the use of manure at the time of planting. Fresh manure should not come near the roots. After growth has commenced put manure on the surface and work it in with the cultivator.

Preparing and Planting Trees.

What is the best manner of Preparing and Planting Trees?

T. G. YEOMANS.—If trees are well taken up and the ground properly prepared, the work of planting is very light and simple. Cut off the bruised roots, spread the roots out naturally and cover with good mellow soil. Shorten in the limbs pretty severely, sometimes removing all the branches and the work is done. Plant apples from two rods to 40 feet apart. Generally start the head at about 5 feet from the ground, and then with half a crop the limbs will be borne to the surface. The fruit on the lower branches is not as good as that higher up. Plant dwarf trees 10 feet apart. Standard pears do not cultivate.—Plant deep so as to have the quince stock below the ground.

P. BARRY.—The quince roots should be buried even with the soil as it promotes their growth and saves them from the borer. They cannot head too low in this severe and windy climate. The fruit on the lower branches is just as good as that above, if the tree is properly pruned, so that it is not shaded. The fruit on the lower limbs of a pyramidal pear tree is as good as any above.

BENJ. FISH.—Had occasion lately to plant an orchard and tried the following experiment.—Some of the trees I pruned very carefully and closely. I might almost say, that I cut off the whole top; while part I left with many more branches, very much as buyers like to see their trees. Those which I cut off most, made by far the most rapid growth, and are now the handsomest trees altogether. If the trees are properly trained and pruned while young, the lower branches will be still, and never droop to the earth with their fruit.

Mr. PECK.—Had trained low and admitted all the advantages which had been stated, but there was one advantage about Mr. YEOMAN'S system of pruning to 5 feet high,—we can plow beneath the branches and close to the trees.

Best Age of Trees for Planting.

What is the most suitable Age for Planting Fruit Trees, especially the Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry &c.?

COL. HODGE.—Like peaches, one year old, not too large, but stout; cherry two years; standard pears, from 4 to 6 feet high; apples from 5 to 7 feet high, and 3 to 4 years old.

H. N. LANGWORTHY.—Do not like to set large trees because they lose too much of their roots in digging.

F. W. LAY.—Found that peaches two years from bud do better than those one year. Like pears two years old.

J. J. THOMAS.—Formerly thought that peach trees should be the smallest and youngest trees planted—now would plant them as large as any tree—they bear pruning well, and a new and beautiful head can be formed on a two year old tree.

Time of Planting.

Is Spring or Fall Planting preferable on dry soil?

JOSEPH FROST.—I prefer to plant most hardy things, as the apple, pear, and cherry, in the autumn, and the peach and the other rather tender trees in the spring.

L. B. LANGWORTHY.—Like to plant apples and other hardy trees in the fall. Cherries prefer to plant very early in the spring, before peaches.

Mr. LAY.—Never saw any difference between spring and autumn planting.

J. J. THOMAS.—Those that do not stir the soil around their trees should plant in the spring, for then the ground remains pretty mellow all summer. But the ground around fall planted trees becomes quite hard in the spring.

The consideration of this subject was continued for a few minutes after our report closed, but nothing further of importance was elicited. The Association agreed to hold its next June meeting and exhibition at Buffalo.

A Committee of three was appointed to draw up and report suitable resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Association upon the death of DAVID THOMAS. The Committee made a report, alluding to some of the more prominent events of the life of this noble man. The report was adopted and ordered printed.

A COLLECTION OF RECIPES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being much interested in your column of "Domestic Economy," I concluded to offer a few recipes, hoping some of them will be acceptable. I would be pleased to have some one give me through the RURAL, a recipe in full for dyeing a permanent black, on woolen.

GOOD WASHING COMPOUND.—Take one gallon soft soap; 4 oz. sal soda; ½ gallon soft water; ½ gill spts. turpentine. Boil about 20 minutes.

STARCH POLISH.—Common starch sufficient to make one pint of starch when boiled; when boiling add half a drachm white wax, and 1 drachm stearine. Use the iron as hot as possible.

LEATHER VARNISH.—Take common shellac, 5½ lbs.; yellow rosin, white turpentine, each three and a half pounds; lamp black, half a pound; alcohol, three and three-quarter gallons. Melt, mix, and agitate occasionally for two weeks.

GOOD COPAL VARNISH.—Pale, hard copal, 2 lbs. fuse; add hot drying oil, one pint; boil until quite stringy and then thin, with *quant suff.* rectified spirits turpentine.

TRANSPARENT JAPAN VARNISH.—Oil turpentine, 8 oz.; oil lavender, 6 oz.; camphor, 1 drachm; bruised copal, 2 oz.; dissolve the whole. To be used for tin wares, &c.

BLACK INK.—Copperas, ½ lb.; pulv. gall, ½ lb.; logwood ½ pound; gum Senegal, 2 oz.; water, 1 gallon. Agitate, now and then, for a week or more.

LEMON SYRUP.—First dissolve 4 lbs. of white sugar in 1 quart of water; put it on the fire till it boils; then cool it and flavor it with Oil Lemon, dissolved in alcohol.

TO TAKE GREASE OUT OF BOARDS, MARBLE, &c.—Make a paste of fresh slaked lime, water and pearlash; cover the spots therewith, let it dry on; next day scour off with soft or yellow soap. But, ladies, don't touch your fingers to this, if you do you will get them injured. H. H.

CONE FRAMES, BASKETS, &C.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Perhaps some of your readers may be interested in my way of making Cone Frames, Baskets, &c.

The cones are fastened to the foundation by dipping the ends in melted cement, such as is used for sealing fruit jars. Grafting-wax may be used, by adding rosin sufficient to harden it. Arrange small acorns in their cups. Hemlock cones, &c., in the form of a wreath, or vine, interspersed with roses, rosettes, cup flowers, &c. Roses may be made of the scales of pine cones, or of a group of Hemlock cones. Cup flowers may be formed by digging out the centre of Spruce cones, leaving a little of the central stem for stamens. Clusters of Tag Alder seed-vessels, are pretty. The flat bottom of the Yellow Pine Cone makes a pretty rosette. The upper part must be removed with a saw, as it is too hard for a knife. After the vines and flowers are arranged, cover the ground work with scales of the White Pine cone trimmed to a uniform size. The same may be used for beading, or Coffee Berries may be chosen for that purpose.

The work is now ready for staining. To one pint Alcohol add one ounce gum Shellac. Place the bottle in a vessel of cold water over the fire. When the water boils, the gum will be dissolved. To a portion of this, add a small quantity of Vermillion, and brush over the cone work. Take another portion of the Shellac varnish, and stir in a very little lamp-black, and with it give the work a second coat. Finish with Copal Varnish, and the frame will be equal in beauty to nice carved work. L. B. J.

Colchester, Vt., 1860.

TO FASTEN KNIFE HANDLES.—In well made table cutlery, the handles are riveted to the shank of the blade, and will remain fixed with ordinary care. These, though costing more at first, will prove cheapest, and we would purchase no other. When knives or forks have come off the handle from being carelessly put in hot water or otherwise, a cement made as follows, will be useful to re-fasten them:—Take of gum shellac two parts and prepared chalk one part; reduce them to powder, and mix thoroughly. Fill the opening in the handle with the mixture, heat the shank of the knife and press it in. Then keep the handle out of hot water. So says the *Chemical Gazette*.

TO PARENTS AND NURSES.—PAINTED TOYS.—From a Belgian medical journal we learn that a child about a year old who appeared to be in dreadful pain, and had a sort of foam at the mouth, was taken to an apothecary at Bossu, when it was found that the little creature had been poisoned by sucking the painted face of a doll in which an extract of lead had been mixed. He administered medicines which saved the child's life, but he properly suggests that toy-makers ought to be prohibited from employing poisonous substances in painting playthings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY CHILDHOOD HOME.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

A BEAUTIFUL spot, by memory's light,
My childhood home appears,
Through the forest shadows gleaming white,
With its garden wide and flowers so bright,
And the charm which each endears.

'Twas there that my mother cradled me oft
Within her encircling arms,
And nestled my head on its pillow soft,
Or tossed me in babyhood's glee aloft,
Or stilled my needless alarms.

'Twas there that my father knelt in prayer,
Far back in my childhood years,
And lifted me up, his knee to share,
And to twine the curls of his silken hair,
Or to kiss away my tears.

The grave has hidden his form from view,
It gladdens that home no more,
While the heart which beat so warm and true,
Grown still on earth, is throbbing anew
With love on a better shore.

My brothers and sisters sported free
As the sunshine, within those walls,
And the voice of mirth and the song of glee
From morn till night rang merrily
Through those ancestral halls.

My brother lies in the churchyard low,
Where the marble gleams so white,
And dust was heaped on the beautiful brow
Of my sister, who dwells an angel now
In a land of Heavenly light.

Sad changes have come to my childhood home,
And its happy household band,
Broken and scattered, afar the roam,
Some dwell in the light of a fervid zone,
And some by the ocean strand.

But the thought of that home each heart willl swell
With emotions of fondest love,
Whate'er our joys, or where'er we dwell,
Till each shall follow the tolling bell,
And we meet in the home above.

Ashaway, R. I., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE CHURNDASHERS AND PLOWHANDLES.

DEAR RURAL:—What *has* become of Mr. JOHN PLOWHANDLE? Has he failed to get an election to Congress, and absconded to parts unknown? I have been thinking the matter over, and have concluded that we are "relations;" for I remember hearing, years ago, that the PLOWHANDLES and CHURNDASHERS were of the same family. I have been looking a long time to see his nomination to the Presidency, in which case I would like the honor of the relationship; besides, he might give Mr. CHURNDASHER some high office, for I have always thought Mr. C. "might be something better than a farmer"(?) But, perhaps Mr. P. will not own his "poor relations" now. Some people, if you lift them up a bit, will become suddenly so exalted and superhuman as to affect their eyesight and hearing, rendering them unable to see, or hear, common things. And, again, some will bear lifting to the loftiest pinnacle of human greatness and power, and still retain the simplicity of their former life. Now, I am quite sure that we are first cousins, at least, of Mr. PLOWHANDLE, and I don't think he used to be at all ashamed of the relationship. One reason why I am anxious to establish our consanguinity is this. But suppose the Honorable gentleman is, himself, reading this column, (let me say aside to you, Mr. P.,) did you observe how politely, but decidedly, Mr. Editor declined giving his portrait, in reply to a request of some contributor, which was one I have been wishing to make myself this long time, and did not *dare* to be so presumptuous? I do really think it is too bad—we must wait till he is in the decline of life, to see his face. Probably you have met him often is there no copy of his phiz, in book, or periodical, or paper, that a body could be allowed to look at? "A cat may look at a Queen;" and, friend JOHN, could not you manage, "by hook or by crook," to get a shadow, and send us? Do please to consider the matter, for I know a popular member of Congress has great influence, and may be he would give it to you; and, then, being we are *cousins*, you could send it to us. I am sure Mr. C. will not forget to vote for you, next election, and I will teach the young CHURNDASHER, to honor the PLOWHANDLE family forever.

Finally, seeing SAM and SUSAN are married and settled, why could not you get out the sleigh and robes, and bring your wife over to see us? The sleighing is fine, and we will treat you to real, native grape wine, of the finest quality. Ours is that big, spreading brick house, without dormor or bay windows—a real, genuine farm-house, and room enough for a President—green blinds, &c.—just a pleasant ride from one of the prettiest little towns in Western New York.

Hoping to see you soon, here is a happy New Year to yourself and good vrow, and all the *grand-children*. MRS. JANE CHURNDASHER.

Rail-Fence Farm, Over Yonder, Jan., 1860.

UNKIND WORDS.—If all unkind words were arrows, like needles and pins, and if, instead of piercing the ear and the heart, they flew against the bodies of those to whom they were directed, the children in some men's families would be like pin cushions, stuck completely full of sharp and painful weapons.—*Beecher.*

CONTENT.

THERE is a jewel which no Indian mine can buy,
No chemic art can counterfeit,
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
Makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold;
Seldom it comes, to few from heaven sent;
That much in little—all in naught—*Content.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

Oh, the past! As I look back through the dim distance, how little of sunshine mingles with the shade—how little of joy unmixed with sorrow.—Childhood's sunny hours look, through the mists of years, like the first faint blush of morning. The memories of those early days linger around my heart, and call to remembrance scenes I fain would forget. Who does not love the home of their youth,

"The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that our infancy knew."

The old homestead, 'twas where I first drew my breath and learned the blessed name of mother. There commenced my school-girl days, when I used to wander in the dim aisles of the forests, and make the tree-tops echo with my mimic preaching.—There friendship wreathed her fading chaplets, and love exerted her bewitching influence. 'Twas there death entered the family circle, and sorrow threw its gloomy shadow across my pathway.—There girlhood's "airy castles" were peopled with creatures of imagination and the heart, buoyant with hope, lived in dreams of the future. That future has slowly mingled with the present. But where now are the bright anticipations that gilded my youthful imagination? Long, bitter years have fled since cruel injustice thrust us forth from the sacred enclosures of the old homestead, yet time cannot efface, nor the world's cold-hearted selfishness crush, from my heart the fondly cherished remembrances that cluster around it. Clouds have obscured the sunlight, disappointments have crushed the air castles, hope has well nigh set in despair. The heart is almost weary of life, and trembles at the thought of sorrow.

Oh, the past! Her halls are deserted—flowers faded—hopes fled. The present—how changed from my youthful fancy! Dreams have given place to stern realities, and

"Truth's fondest hopes that once I cherished,
Have left me naught save memory."

Amid the gathering gloom is there no star to guide the weary pilgrim—no hope to save the sinking soul? Ah, faint heart! why wilt thou despond!

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

Friends may forsake and love prove false—clouds may obscure the vision and storms toss the frail life-boat; yet all around glows the sunlight of GOD'S love, and they whom He *loveth* He *chasteneth*. 'Tis *thy Father's* hand that chastens, 'tis thy Father's voice that calls, to win thee away from earth and lead thee on to Heaven.

When light is fading from my vision, when I am nearing the brink, and about to step into the dark river of Death, if I can but feel that my SAVIOR'S arm is around me, and that I shall be born by the surging billows peacefully into the harbor of Heaven, then, indeed, will I bless GOD for these afflictions, which have been but as preparations for that world of eternal happiness, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." LAZZIE.

Potter, Yates Co., N. Y., 1860.

BE A MOTHER TO YOUR CHILDREN.

BE a mother to your children; be a companion for your boys and girls. The follies of the young are too often only the manifestations of the sins of the mother—sins of omission, of neglect of the child's thought, which, instead of being trained, as the gardener inclines the twig, is allowed to be blown about by every passing breeze. Fill your child's thoughts full; stuff them to repletion with the good, and there will be no room for the bad to get in. You know how to satisfy the demands of his stomach, yet you do not attempt to cater for his nobler, mental and moral nature. Be a companion for your children. Teach them that, if weaned from your breast, they are not put away from your heart; and from thence let them still draw their spirit, as they before found their life's blood. Be a mother!

"My ear is pained,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled."

A mother! The fashionable woman whom we once met dancing wantonly at a city ball, when her only child lay at home sickening with scarlet fever, is not the type we urge you to copy. She was but an ostrich who leaves its young on the desert sands. No, be a true mother, instinct with all the holy attributes of maternity. There are many of you who can, like us, point to the mansions of the blest for the type of a mother not dead, for she yet lives in our hearts, stirring us up with a sweet, soft voice, yet ringing louder than clarion blasts through our inmost souls, to duty.

Ah! if you will but accept the noble office you are called upon to perform, if you will but *occupy* the heart of your husband, if you will but fold your children into your own self, know their inmost thoughts, be their confidant, their life-spring, their guide, "truant husbands," as they are called, sons designated as "only a little wild," will be rare, and the world will be renovated.—To these pure joys, does the true woman say dress and fashion are preferable?

Like all good actions, these will redound with blessings. In the exercise of these duties, in the cultivation of home joys and affections, the exposures and consequent diseases will not be met with. Life will not be a state of constant invalidism. Will you think of these things?—*Knickerbocker Magazine.*

IT is good to meet in friendly interconrse and pour out that social cheer which so vivifies the weary and desponding heart. It elevates the feelings and makes us all better for the world. Yes, yes, give to all, the hearty grasp and the sunny smile. They send sunshine to the soul and make the heart leap as with new life and joy. Thus may we become brothers in every good word and deed, and Peace and Good Will spread in the earth.

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power! They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ROUND THE HEARTH-STONE.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

GATHER often round the Hearth-stone
When the twilight draweth near,
Let each heart be calm and quiet
As the evening shades appear;
All the brightest tints of daylight
Now are mingling in the gloom,
Shadows everywhere are length'ning—
Creeping softly o'er the room;
Much I love this peaceful calmness
At the close of every day,
Life seems ever pure and tranquil
When the evening shadows play.

Gather often round the Hearth-stone
Whether fortune frown or smile,
There is soothing in the twilight
That our sorrows may beguile;
Let the social circle gather
In the confidence of love,
Thinking often of their treasure
In the brighter "Home Above;"
Do not hurry with a taper,
Do not close the shutters yet,
Twilight's quiet is refreshing,
And its going brings regret.

Gather often round the Hearth-stone—
Let each heart be trusting there,
Let each spirit help the other
To forget all anxious care;
Thus how pure, and sweet, and quiet
Is the passing day's decline,
While the trusting, happy household
Everything but love resign;
Let each spirit there rejoicing
Love to count its mercies o'er,
Looking to a dawn of brightness
On the other shining shore.

Gather often round the Hearth-stone
With the evening's peaceful hours,
Shadows, fanciful and softly,
Gathering into mythic bowers;
There each heart should love to linger
In an earnest, just review,
Listening to the spirit's whispers
Like the gently falling dew;
There forbid the world intruding—
Pure the altar and the shrine,
Thus the hour of evening incense
Yieldeth pleasures, pure, divine.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HALF-HOUR MUSINGS IN A COURT-ROOM.

WE have often thought what an extensive field for observation and inference, what a wide range for imaginative speculation and investigation, was presented in the infinite variety of the human face. Is it not a little singular how many minor peculiarities attach themselves to men, proving their position, occupation and character to our full satisfaction,—the expression, the features, the peculiarities of form and manner, though oftentimes similar, yet never exactly the same in two individuals. It is a pastime entertainingly improved, and soon comes to be deeply interesting, to mingle in a promiscuous assembly, and study the dissimilar features, the varying expression, and manner of such of the sons of men as we may chance to meet there. We have whiled away a half-hour's leisure in the Court-Room, permitting fancy and imagination to roam at will, and occupying and amusing our thoughts in noting and perusing the lights and shadows of human nature and education which the scene opened to our view. A case of high crime, the decision in which the community had watched with no little anxiety and interest, occupied the learned ministers of the law, and all ages and classes, from the *a-b-ab* schoolboy to the silver-headed octogenarian, bowing the burden of many winters heavily upon his staff—the tobacco-scented, dissipated *attache* of Satan, and even the quiet, peace, humility-teaching Rev. were there, while all the varied tastes, positions and occupations that came in to fill up between, had sought a stand and foot-hold, all agog to hear, see, and count one more in the interested multitude. The conceit, the stupidity, the mulish propensities, the mediocre intelligent and refined the few cultivated and noble minds assembled in this promiscuous assembly spread out a page for fanciful thought and physiognomic speculation, alluring and racy.

In the study of the ever-varied multitude of human faces may we read plain written, a gratifying record of the poetry of common life. A pleasing fancy is it to let imagination paint, in all her keen sense of colors, the pulsations of this man's heart to honor, purity and good, the yearning of that one's soul in all wide, deep-moving channels of humanity, as he buffets the swelling waves of opposition and popular opinion, unfurling his banner whereon gleams, in letters of light, the golden rule, as toiling he strives to cheer and soothe the down-cast who lays him down to die by the wayside, defeated, worn-out, crushed in the fierce conflict of life, urging him on, painting glowing hopes, picturing bright and beautiful promises of the future's treasury, yet a little while concealed, which he may not relinquish to oblivion. The deep, dire working of unholy ambition, graven in characters imperishable, leaving an index there which no art can wipe out—no assumed carelessness, no studied apathy, however well worn, can conceal—the looker on may translate and read to his full satisfaction, determining inevitable consequences which follow the fulfilling of tho't and purpose there so speakingly delineated, the shadow of whose commission even in the dim distance, wakens a chill of horror, while he avoids, in pity and repulsion, association and contact with the wearer of a countenace bearing such an index. Peruse attentively the features of that man, who, composed and seemingly indifferent, sits before the Judge, arraigned for the commission of a crime the first perpetration of which moved an offended GOD to make an inquiry, and set a mark upon him whose brother's blood cried aloud for vengeance. Scan close the expression of those serpent eyes from under whose lowering, half-closed lids, gleams forth that expression, speaking of a will desperate in evil deeds—a purpose chained to violence—a sworn secrecy and deep caution, that his movements shall leave no trace—shall wake no sound that will pursue him to discovery and justice,—remembering that nature has no counterfeit,—that a seal is set upon all her issues, establishing the genuine beyond a peradventure,—and then pronounce sentence of the fully assured heart, that the voice of a brothers blood hath again called and is heard,—another CAIN is come to judgment. Mark that face, number three from the wall, near the stove. Is it not, assuredly, a hard face, wearing an expression at once suggestive of iron doors, strong and intricate bars and locks, unyielding as his own iron will, stamping him one who has allowed the icicle to form in the heart where genial sunshine should claim a place,—one who has shut out and forever debarred kindly sympathy, chilling humanity and freezing benevolence. Deliver us from the cruel mercy of such a juror. And that one at the far end of the attorneys long table, engages and fastens our attention, while an involuntary tribute of respect and esteem goes out to the stranger, whose name even we know not. A countenance glowing with the mellow light of benevolence,—an eye through which beams a soul full of kindly nature, charity and good will to men,—while, traced with a pencil of beauty and light across that broad and noble brow we read—"*An honest man is the noblest work of* GOD." BEN. BURDOCK.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHAT I THINK.

WHAT is the reason that some people get an idea there is nobody in the world knows anything but just themselves? How I do want to tell such folks that they are what THACKERAY would call "snobs,"—nothing more. They live in every community, and there is another class who are content to worship at the shrine of so much supposed talent, and that makes them more silly than they would otherwise be. What do you suppose, I care what this "snobbish" aristocracy does? You and I are just as good as they. Some are created with five talents,—some but with one, and all are accountable for what they have, not what they have not. Each is dependent on the other, and what is the use of trying so hard to make out that we are better flesh and blood than others. What is the reason that people cannot have a mind of their own. I am tired of hearing that "they say," which is ever in readiness as an excuse for everybody. Why not "be sure you are right, then go ahead." Surely that is the better way. But such people will cut a dash, and will make others think they are a little better, as long as the world stands. Let them do it; they never will overpower me with a sense of their superiority, and I'll always tell the RURAL just what I think. AMELIA.

Cayuga, Jan., 1860.

WELL-GOVERNED CHILDREN.

IT is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and counselors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of inexperience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, or, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle; that they do not find fault without reason; that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard and unsympathizing manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken.—*Mother's Magazine.*

LIVE NOT FOR THYSELF.—No wonder men are unhappy in the world. There is always clashing when the machinery is out of gear. There is always trouble when the wheels are "off the track." Man seeks to live for himself. God made him to live for others. How swells that mother's heart with joy when she can make her children happy! What a thrill of delight comes with that look of gratitude, that tear of joy, and that one of love, which are all that the widow and the orphan can render to ther benefactor. The cup of happiness is an overflowing cup. It is like a bubbling fountain, ever pouring forth its blessings to refresh the weary and fainting, and made pure only by its own overflow. It is like the quiet meadow rill, fringed all along with flowers, yet concealed by the very exuberance of beauty and verdure itself doth nourish.

THE LAUGH OF A CHILD.

I LOVE it—I love it—the laugh of a child,
Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild,—
Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,
Like the thrill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;
Floating off on the breeze like the tones of a bell,
Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell.
Oh, the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,
Is the merriest sound in the world for me!

THIS world cannot explain its own difficulties without the assistance of another.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A SOUL'S QUESTION.

BY I. M. BEEBEE.

IF we are souls that Time's eternal waves
Shall never surge o'er in sequestered graves,—
Souls that begin to live when this frail clay
Deep in the earth is ever laid away,—
Integral breaths, whose inspiration lies
Beyond the life that lives a day, then dies—
Spirits immortal, of mysterious make,
Whose subtle life not Heaven or Earth may take—
Souls whose deep promptings move our every deed—
Brave Sentinels to guard us in our need—
Yet all susceptible to loss and gain,
To pride and woe, to pleasure and to pain—
Whose normal radiance may be lost, and all
With Sin be black as Death's accursed pall—
If we have souls that all the Powers above
May influence to gladness and to love;
Or that the vengeful Fates that live below
May lead to endless hatefulness and woe—
Oh, Souls! in view of this vast loss and gain,
What glory should we struggle to attain!
In view of our deep consciousness and claims,
Our mystic Sovereignty o'er these poor frames,
Our Hidden Life—our omni-present Thought,
Our Spirit's being, so divinely wrought,—
Of all the Shades that gather in our ways,
Of all the Light that lends us guiding rays,
Of all the Good whose glory we may gain,
Of all the Bad whose blackness we retain,
In view of all these opposites, should we
Inert, indifferent and self-wronging be?
Should we not guide these tabernacles frail
Into the fresh and verdure-covered vale—
In pastures green, the calm still waters by,
Naught separating, but the cider-sky,
Us from the Soul's eternal, blest abode—
The Dwelling of the Soul-Inspiring GOD?

Watertown, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME.

VERY many of the trials of daily life arise from a want of feeling and consideration in those with whom we mingle. Mankind are prone to regard the trials of life *as trials* only in proportion as they have power to affect themselves; and sympathise with other's sorrows just so far as they feel a similar affliction would press upon them. The man of cold, selfish, calculating nature, whose heart-tendrils never entwine themselves with another's existence, cannot measure the desolating effects of the bereavement that darkens another's path through life; nor can the man of iron nerve and sinew, strong to do and to bear, comprehend the woes of one who, weakened by an ordeal of suffering, meets the changes and accidents of time with an ever anxious and shrinking heart.

But the LORD, while He assures us that "like as a father pitieth his children" so He pities, adds: *for He knoweth our frame.* He understands every necessity of our nature—our own peculiar circumstances and sorrows, each quiver of the heart-string, the recoil of the spirit which we seek to hide from careless eyes—all are seen and considered by a compassionate SAVIOR. He knows how much our burdened hearts can bear,—He understands the agony that racks our feeble frame, and while hearts that should have sheltered us treat lightly our sorrows, and add to to our griefs, JESUS pities, for *He* knoweth our frame.

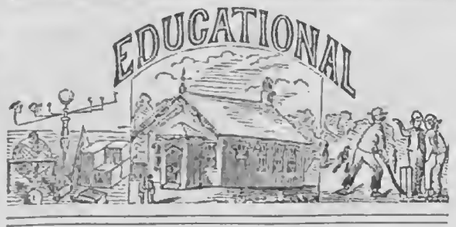
"He remembers that we are but dust." He does not forget to adapt our trials to our strength, to lighten the burden just when it would otherwise overpower us,—to reach forth His hand for our help when the waves are about to enclose our sinking form. Oh! what a refuge and resting-place has that heart that can stay itself on CHRIST. How like "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" is the hiding place to which we may flee, away from lips that taunt us with our weakness, and eyes that watch for our halting, and repose our sinking hearts upon One ready to pity and mighty to save. Other hearts may pity, but not as CHRIST pities, no other can so understand our needs, no other sympathy has so perfect an adaptation to our necessity, no other arm so potent to sustain. Happy they who, clinging to this sure refuge, can say, "whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." LINA LEE.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1860.

THE LOVING-KINDNESS OF GOD.

THE loving-kindness of God! what a beautiful expression! How rich and consoling the thought contained in it! It is not mere good-will, nor mere complacent friendship, nor the mere neighborly kindness of human beings, although these are of high and precious account; it is the good-will, the friendship, the kindness of love—of the love of God, who is love itself. We know something of the loving-kindness of father and mother. We have been gently tended and nursed by this kindness; or, parents ourselves, we know full well the throbbing of parental affection. Deep, earnest, self-sacrificing is human love in many tender relations. We trust in it fervently, and without fear. O! if there were no human love in which we could trust, what a desolate place would this world be! But the loving-kindness of God, of that great incomprehensible being who fills the universe with his presence, and before whose majesty the pillars of heaven tremble—what a loving-kindness that must be! the kindness of infinite love wedded with infinite power! There is nothing that love can conceive of, or wish to do for its object, but is contained here, and rendered not only possible, but absolutely certain.

LIKE a gale of summer wind unspringing and lifting all the fog from the mountain-top, the breath of the Omnipotent Spirit can scatter every cloud and leave the soul on a pinnacle of wildest survey, rejoicing in the purest light of God.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

The two columns devoted to the Educational Department of the Rural are always viewed with great interest by me, and the articles perused with much eagerness, for I expect to find something well worth reading, nor am I often disappointed, unless, perchance, it happens to be blank, *i. e.*, occupied with other matters. My interest, perhaps, in that particular department arises from the fact that I have taught the "young idea," and I well know how to sympathize with those who follow so noble a vocation.

Would it not be a good idea for teachers to compare notes occasionally?—give each other's experience in that greatest of all *patience-trying* professions?—for by so doing, not only would we benefit one another, but learn those who have just commenced, or are about to commence teaching, things that would otherwise cost them much trouble and experience.

The great secret of successful teaching, as I have learned it, is in governing a school; and the secret of governing is in beginning right. It wants a combination of traits,—I might say a decided talent, to make a good teacher. First of all we want *firmness*,—it is more efficient than an acre of hazel and birch, *decision*, to determine in a moment what it is best to do under the most extraordinary circumstances,—*confidence*, to carry out our plans, and lay down our rules, especially if they are new ones,—*quick perception*, to tell at a glance how matters stand when trouble is brewing,—*kindness*, so as to lill the minds of the pupils with affection and respect. And, lastly, we should understand human nature, so as to read the disposition of each new customer. Partiality should ever be discarded; it is a monster that will beget trouble whenever it enters within the walls of a school-room. Use every honorable means to beget a laudable spirit of competition, and so regulate it that all will be stimulated, and none discouraged. Use the rod as little as possible. For my own part, I never use it unless in extreme cases. Let the pupil know that if he obeys the rules, studies hard, and endeavors to do as near right as possible, he will gain the esteem and respect of his teacher, and, in nine cases out of ten, he will try and do his best.

The idea of moving several spheres above the pupils, so as to cause them to think you are better and greater than they, and should therefore be obeyed implicitly, is an erroneous one, and should be discarded at once. After governing the school right, then teaching commences. Teach them, not only by causing them to learn their lessons, but by questions, short lectures, practical illustrations, and interesting stories, and success will surely crown your efforts. Hebron Bell.

Out West, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUPPORT YOUR TEACHER.

Yes, we say support your teacher. If a young gentleman or lady have been employed to teach your winter school, this is the more important, as such will need your influence. It may be their first attempt in battling with the realities of the world. It may be the commencement of a bright career,—under your kindly guidance they may be laying the foundation of a character. How is it, parents, that you expect so much of a young, inexperienced teacher, having under his care from twenty to thirty bright-eyed, mischief-loving children, two of which you may yourselves find it hard to govern even at home? How inconsistent for you to expect perfection from one so frail. But how shall we support our teacher. In several ways.

1st. Support him by your influence at home. If your children return from school, some afternoon, with the complaint that the teacher would not hear their lessons,—or that he had punished them too hard,—or some other wonderful news, be sure that it is really so before you blame the teacher, and thus encourage your children in disobedience. Listen to no petty complaints. Do not allow your children to speak disrespectfully of the teacher.

2d. Aid him by your influence abroad. Always speak well of him, if you possibly can, especially before your children. This will inspire reverence and love in their hearts for him, without which he teaches in vain.

3d. Support him by your presence in the school-room. Let him see that you are interested in the education of your children. Let him know that you wish to sustain him in his labor of love,—that, as far as you can, you will assist him in controlling the stubborn and uncontrollable. To these few remarks, add common sense in the treatment of your teacher, and he will fare well.

Elk Horn, Wis., 1860. A. J. W.

Death of Dana P. Colburn.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal, under date of Dec. 15, writes as follows:—"With profound regret I hasten to inform you that Dana P. Colburn, the Principal of the State Normal School in this town, is no more. He was almost instantly killed this afternoon, at 20 minutes before 5 o'clock, under the following circumstances:—He had been taking a ride to Bristol Ferry in a light two-wheeled buggy, and on his return, when near the corner at Walker's bridge, he was suddenly thrown out, and in striking the frozen ground, as is supposed, his skull was badly fractured. He breathed but once or twice after he was taken up."

Mr. Colburn was an eminent and enlightened educator, and has done much for the schools of his State. His untimely death will be mourned by a large circle of his professional brethren.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS, MADE AT ROCHESTER, STATE OF NEW YORK.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER—ANNUAL ABSTRACT—T. T. FILMER, OBSERVER.

Latitude 43°, 8′, 17″. Longitude 77°, 51′. Height of Station above the Sea, five hundred and sixteen feet.

1859.		Jan.	Feb.	March	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Annual Results. 1859.	1858.
Thermometer.	Monthly Mean	30.04	30.00	39.8	42.58	62.2	64.8	70.67	69.8	59.5	46.44	41.19	23.0	48.33	48.36
	Highest Degree	51	55	68	79	88	92	94	91	79	76	68	60	94	91
	Lowest Degree	—7	11	20	29	47	31	51	55	43	27	27	0	—7	—2
	Range	58	44	48	50	21	61	43	36	36	49	41	60	101	93
	Warmest day	20	23	23	30	25	27	11	11	19	4	4	1	11th July.	25th June.
	Coldest day	10	13	2	9	10	4	4	30	15	26	14	29	10th January.	31st. January
Barometer	Monthly Mean	29.52	29.45	29.17	29.23	29.33	29.31	29.37	29.24	29.30	29.30	29.36	29.38	29.33	29.41
	Highest Observation	30.19	29.76	29.92	29.71	29.63	29.65	29.78	29.44	29.64	29.66	29.86	30.01	30.19	30.04
	Lowest Observation	28.86	28.85	28.15	28.60	29.06	29.15	29.03	29.03	28.85	28.92	28.60	28.94	28.15	28.03
	Range	1.33	.91	1.77	1.11	.57	.50	.70	.41	.78	.74	1.17	1.07	2.01	2.01
Winds	North	3	0	⅛	⅝	0	0	1⅜	2⅛	1	1⅜	⅛	0	11	40⅛
	North-East	0⅜	1⅛	1⅜	0	1⅛	0	4	3	5	2⅜	5	2⅛	24⅜	23⅜
	East	5	0	6	1⅛	4	0	1⅛	1	1	0		1	21⅛	37⅜
	South-East	0⅛	⅛	2⅜	1⅜	2⅜	0	⅜	1⅛	2⅛		3⅜	4	18⅜	24⅜
	South	3	3	1⅛	2⅜	2⅜	⅛	1	2⅜	2	1	1⅜	1⅜	22⅜	29⅜
	South-West	7	4⅜	2⅜	2⅛	8	7⅜	5⅜	8	5	10	2⅜	9	79	41⅜
	West	9	6⅛	13	14⅜	10	7	11	6	5⅛	2⅜	7	8	101	108⅛
	North West	3	12⅛	2⅜	7⅛	2⅜	15⅛	5⅜	6	8⅛	13⅜	4⅜	4⅜	86⅜	54⅛
	Total of each Month	31	28	31	30	31	30	31	31	31	31	30	31	365	360
	Prevailing Winds	W	N W	W	W	W	N W	W	S W	N W	N W	S W	S W	W.	W.
Weather	Fair days	3	5⅛	9⅜	7	17	12⅛	9⅜	12	5	7	3⅜	1⅛	93	111⅜
	Cloudy days	28	22⅜	21⅛	23	14	17⅜	21⅛	19	25	24	26⅛	29⅜	272	253⅛
	Total of each Month	31	28	31	30	31	30	31	31	30	31	30	31	365	365
	Rain	3	4	7	11	5	14	6	10	13	14	11	1	99	73
	Snow	6	13	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12	33	34
	Rain and Snow	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	5	7
Amount of water in inches		1.37	1.07	2.49	4.03	1.36	1.17	4.06	5.14	2.86	1.21	1.92	4.62	31.30	36.90

Observations made at 7 A. M., 2 P. M., and 9 P. M. Barometer corrected + 037.—T. T. F.

Remarks.—The average heat of the year was 48.3°, nearly the mean heat for 22 years. December was a cold month, 23°, very near the average of Dec., 1838, the two coldest Decembers in 22 years. The warmest December was in 1848, being 34.4°. The heat of Dec. 29th, was 6 degrees below zero. In only four Decembers in 22 years, has the cold been so low as cypher, viz., of 1850, 1851, 1854 and 1856. Frost has occurred in every month in 1859, and that of June was considerably destructive. Corn, beans, potatoes, &c., and even wheat was killed in many places; still, the harvest has proved to be large, except in hay, and especially abundant in apples and fruits.

COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM OF MISSOURI.

We take the following items from an address read before the Missouri State Teachers' Association, July, 1859, by W. B. Starke, State Superintendent of Common Schools, and published in the November number of the *Missouri Educator*.

The State Constitution requires that "Schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged. One school, or more, shall be established in each township as soon as practicable and necessary, where the poor shall be taught gratis." The present School Law was passed in 1853. There is at the head a Superintendent, who is elected biennially by the people. Each county has a Commissioner of Schools, whose duty it is to examine teachers and grant certificates of qualification; apportion the school moneys of his county; call meetings of the voters when necessary, and visit the schools. Each Congressional township is a school township, which may be divided into as many school districts, not exceeding four, as the inhabitants may desire. Each district is under the control of three trustees, who employ teachers, levy taxes, etc. Twenty-five per cent. of the State revenue, and the dividends arising from the funds invested in the Bank of the State of Missouri, are annually apportioned, by the Superintendent, to the several counties, in proportion to the number of children in each between five and twenty years of age. This, together with the county funds, composed of the interest upon the monies arising from the sale of the sixteenth sections, the fines, penalties, etc., accruing to the county, and the income derived from the proceeds of the swamp and overflowed lands, constitutes the amount annually appropriated to the payment of teacher's wages, and is divided amongst the school districts in proportion to the number of children in each.

The capital of the School Fund is now $680,000. In the year 1853 there were in the State 4,916 school districts; 3,878 school houses; 31 colleges; 100 academies; 4,198 male, and 855 female teachers; 337,248 children between five and twenty years of age; $530,767 were paid to teachers, and $107,599 for building and repairing school houses.

It is a hindrance to the complete and general introduction of this school system, that in some parts of the State the population is too sparse to admit the establishment of even one good school in a township six miles square. A greater evil is the apparent apathy manifested by many of the people. In some districts, the majority of the people, instead of regarding the public school monies as a simple encouragement to them to do their duty, trust to it to accomplish the whole work of educating their children. When the annual apportionment is made, such a district will employ a teacher for three or four months, until their public money is exhausted, and then the school house will be shut until the next year brings another apportionment.

Missouri is not without her model schools and teachers. Especially has St. Louis set an example worthy of all honor. But there is a great want of a sufficient number of well-qualified, professional teachers, who would take hold of the work, not from a selfish or temporary interest, but as a lifetime business. The man who would undertake to practice medicine to-day, law to-morrow, and blacksmithing the next day, would be regarded either as a fool or a madman. Yet in this most difficult and delicate of all undertakings,—the proper training and developing of the youthful mind,—persons frequently enter upon the business without any adequate preparation, and, what is fortunate for the pupils, many of these soon leave it in disgust.

Educational Affairs in Sacramento.—The School Census for Sacramento, California, for the years 1858 and 1859, is as follows:

Census of 1858.—Whole number of children between 4 and 18 years, 1,690; whole number of children under 4 years, 985; total, 2,675.

Census of 1859.—Whole number of children between 4 and 18 years, 1,681; whole number of children under 4 years, 1,028; total 2,712. Whole number born in California, 1,432.

CULTIVATING THE FACULTY OF SPEECH.

There is a power which each man should cultivate according to his ability, but which is very much neglected in the mass of the people, and that is the power of utterance. A man was not made to shut up his mind in itself; but to give it voice and exchange it for other minds. Speech is one of our grand distinctions from the brute. Our power over others lies not so much in the amount of thought within us, as in the power of bringing it out. A man of more than usual intellectual vigor, may, for want of expression, be a cipher without significance in society. And not only does a man influence others, but he greatly aids his own intellect, by giving distinct and forcible utterance to his thoughts. We understand ourselves better, our conceptions grow clearer by the very effort to make them clear to others.

Our social rank, too, depends a good deal upon our power of utterance. The principle distinction between what are called gentlemen and the vulgar, lies in this, that the latter are awkward in manners, and are especially wanting in propriety, clearness, grace, and force of utterance. A man who cannot open his lips without breaking a rule of grammar, without showing in his dialect or brogue, or uncouth tones, his want of cultivation, or without darkening his meaning, by a confused, unskillful mode of communication—cannot take the place to which, perhaps, his native good sense entitles him. To have intercourse with respectable people, we must speak their language.—*Channing.*

Application to useful study is a powerful guard, and a crown of glory to youth.

BOTANY FOR LADIES.

Messrs. Editors:—In the Rural for January 14th, you gave some excellent advice to the boys, and also to the young ladies, telling them how to spend their winter evenings pleasantly and very profitably. To all there said, I give my most hearty assent, and would urge all young persons, who have any desire for their own improvement, and wish to be fitted for usefulness in the world, in any position in which they may happen to be placed, to heed such wise counsel. But, I wish to say a word to young ladies about a very pleasant way of spending the leisure time of spring and summer, by the study of botany. This must be done, first, in the books, so as to obtain the rudiments, and then in the fields, in the valleys and woods, and over the hills.

We hear much lately about the importance of athletic exercise for ladies, of the formation of skating clubs and rowing clubs among the fair sex. All this is well enough, but a half day spent in rambling over the country, climbing hills and jumping ravines, and walking logs, and scaling fences, will give more varied and better exercise than any of the proposed games—strengthen the body equally well—while, in addition, the mind will become stored with useful knowledge, and the heart enlarged and filled with gratitude to the All-Wise Creator, who has clothed even the lilies of the field with a beauty and glory which man may imitate but can never equal.

Well do I know that those who attempt to study botany generally get discouraged at the first outset, by the great array of difficult and apparently meaningless terms, but this is the fault of most of our text books, and not of the science itself. Sometimes it is the fault of the learner who attempts to grasp too much at first, without properly understanding the first principles, or rudiments. Mrs. Loudon, the wife of the celebrated botanist and author of our best standard works on gardening, and who afterwards became an invaluable assistant to Mr. L., and the author of several works of her own, thus describes the difficulties which she encountered and overcome:—"When I was a child, I never could learn botany. There was something in the Linnean system (the only one then taught) excessively repugnant to me; I never could remember the different classes and orders, and after several attempts the study was given up as one too difficult for me to master. When I married, however, I soon found the necessity of knowing something of botany, as well as of gardening. I always accompanied my husband in his visits to different gardens; and when we saw beautiful flowers, I was continually asking the names, though alas! these names, when I heard them, conveyed no ideas to my mind, and I was not any wiser than before. Still the natural wish to know something of what we admire, impelled me to repeat my fruitless questions; till at last, vexed at my ignorance, and ashamed of not being able to answer the appeals which gardeners often made to me in doubtful cases, (supposing that Mr. Loudon's wife must know everything about plants,) I determined to learn botany if possible; and as my old repugnance remained to the Linnean system, I resolved to study the Natural one. Accordingly I began; but soon I was in despair, for I thought it quite impossible that I ever could remember all the hard names that seemed to stand on the very threshold of the science, as if to forbid the entrance of any but the initiated.

Some time afterwards, as I was walking through the gardens of the Horticultural Society at Chiswick, my attention was attracted by a mass of the beautiful crimson flowers of Malope grandiflora. I had never seen the plant before, and I eagerly asked the name. 'It is some Malvaceous plant,' answered Mr. Loudon, carelessly; and immediately afterwards he left me to look at some trees which he was about to have drawn for his Arboretum Britannicum. 'Some Malvaceous plant,' thought I, as I continued looking at the splendid bed before me; and then I remembered how much the form of these beautiful flowers resembled that of the flowers of the crimson Mallow, the botanical name of which I recollected was Malva. 'I wish I could find out some other Malvaceous plant,' I thought to myself; and when we soon afterwards walked through the hothouses, I continued to ask if the Chinese Hibiscus, which I saw in flower there, did not belong to Malvaceæ. I was answered in the affirmative; and I was so pleased with the newly-inspired knowledge, that I was not satisfied till I had discovered every Malvaceous plant that was in flower in the garden. I next learned to know the Cruciferous and Umbelliferous plants; and thus I acquired a general knowledge of three extensive orders with very little trouble to myself. My attention was now fairly aroused, and by learning one order after another, I soon attained a sufficient knowledge of botany to answer all the purposes for which I wished to learn it, without recurring to the hard words which had so much alarmed me at the outset."

Now, the learner should not give herself any uneasiness about the long array of hard words. Let them alone. All will be easy enough at the right time. I will endeavor to give a few facts, as a starting point to the learner.

Plants are divided into *orders*, which are the grand divisions, and each order contains a number of *genera*, and the different plants of the genus have *specific* names. The *order* may be likened to a *nation*, the *genera* to the families in the nation. Thus in the English nation there are the Smith, Brown and Jones families, each having his *generic* or *family* name, and each belonging to the English *order* or *nation*. But there would be great confusion in the Smith and Jones family if the children were called only by their generic or family name, so Mr. Jones and Mr Smith give their children *specific* names, calling one John, another Robert, &c. So it is with plants. Each has its *specific* as well as its family name, and by these two it is called. Thus, *Rosa alba*, which means simply a white rose, *Rosa* is the family name, common to the white rose family, while *alba* is the specific name, only applied to the white rose. The order is not usually given in the name of a plant, nor do we usually give the nation a man belongs to when stating his name.

If I have succeeded in making this plain, I have gained one important point, and with your permission, will dissect and describe a flower, showing its parts, and the names by which they are known, for it is useless for any one to try to learn botany, without becoming *entirely familiar* with the rudiments.

In figure 1 the reader will perceive a familiar flower, a species of stonecrop, which, with one other illustration, I take from *Gray's Botany*. The flower, like the human body, is made up of several parts. First the *calyx*, which is the outer circle of green leaves seen in almost all flowers; second, the *corolla* or inner circle of leaves of bright colors, which gives the flower its beauty; third, a set of stamens, some nine of which are shown, each looking like an oval cap on a slender stem; and in the center of the flower, the pistils.

Fig. 1.

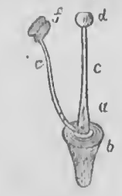


Fig. 3.

In figure 2 the same flower is dissected, showing its parts more plainly, and every lady who reads this article and can obtain a flower should dissect it, and carefully observe its construction. *a* is a part of the *calyx*, *b* part of *corolla*, *c stamens*, *d pistils*.

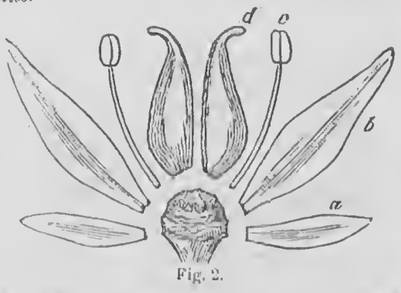


Fig. 2.

Figure 3 shows a *stamen* and *pistil* attached to the receptacle, *b*, which is the end of the flower stalk. The other parts of the flower have been removed so as to plainly show a stamen and pistil, that we may examine their parts. *a, c, d* is the pistil; *a* is the part called the ovary, which contains the seeds; *c* is the *style*, and *d* the *stigma*. *e, f* is the *stamen*, which is composed of two parts, *e*, filament, *f*, anther. Of the various offices of these parts and other things I will speak in my next. Old Gardener.

A GRAND OFFER TO YOUNG PEOPLE!

Boys and Girls, Young Men and Maidens, Listen!

In the Rural of Nov. 5th last, after quoting a letter from one of our young agents, (A. J. Rumsey,) in which he expressed the hope of being of enough service in obtaining subscribers to deserve a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, we made the following offer:

"That's right!—for a Dictionary will be a good investment. And, by way of encouragement to our young friend, and all other Young Men and Maidens of like disposition, we will here make a *special offer* to all Young Ruralists—viz., To every minor who remits payment, according to our terms, for Forty Subscribers to the Rural New-Yorker previous to Christmas Day (Dec. 25th, 1859,) and competes for no other premium or gratuity, we will give a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—the new and splendid Pictorial Edition. *'Boys, Do You Hear That?'*"

We subsequently extended the time of competitors from Christmas to Jan. 10th, and the result of the offer was that Master Rumsey and several other boys and young men—and two or three maidens, we believe—became the happy recipients of the splendid Pictorial Dictionary. One of the acknowledgments, just received (from Master G. W. Finlay, of Kalamazoo Co., Mich.,) reads in this gratifying wise:

Mr. Moore:—I received that Dictionary with great thanks. If I could see you I would thank you a dozen times; but as I cannot see you will please accept these written thanks instead. I am now attending school at the above named institution, (Gregory's Commercial College,) and have found it of great utility to myself and others."

—Now, we desire to make many other Young Ruralists happy in a similar manner, and at the same time increase the circulation of their favorite paper. We therefore make the following proposition to our Young Readers:

☞ To every minor who obtains and remits payment, according to our terms, for Forty Yearly Subscribers to the Rural New-Yorker (at least twenty of the number being *new* subscribers—persons who did not take the Rural last year,) *previous to the first day of April*, 1860, and competes for no other premium or gratuity, we will give a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—Pictorial Edition—the lowest cash price of which is Six Dollars; or, the same prize to the minor remitting, as above, for Thirty new Subscribers,—persons who did not take the paper last year.

2. To the minor remitting payment, as above, for Twenty Yearly Subscribers (at least ten of which are *new* ones,) we will give a handsomely bound copy of the Rural New-Yorker for 1859—cash price $3;—or, the same for Fifteen new Subscribers.

—There, Young Ruralists, is *our* proposition. What will be your response? We have recently purchased and received one hundred copies of the Pictorial Dictionary for distribution as prizes to agents, and shall obtain more if necessary. Those of you who wish to secure it can do so by proper effort, and we will cheerfully furnish specimen numbers, show bills, &c., to aid in rendering your canvass successful. There are hundreds of towns and neighborhoods in which from 30 to 50 subscribers may be obtained, (we do not confine competitors to one town or post-office, however,) and hope scores of our young friends will secure the Valuable Prize. ☞ Those who failed to win previous to the 10th, can now complete their lists and obtain the Dictionary.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

How and Where shall we Begin?.....29
Effects of Guano.....29
Prindle's Empire State and Prairie Corn Planter, [Ill.].....29
How Milk is Condensed.....29
Stemming Food for Cattle.....30
Destruction of Forests.....31
Sward-Bound Meadows.....30
Rural Spirit of the Press.—American Corn; Cider-Making in Connecticut; Sorghum for Hog Feed.....30
Inquiries and Answers.—To Sweeten Rancid Butter; Best Keeping and Mowing Machines, How Shall I Save My Sheep, How to Cure a Sprain.....30
Agricultural Societies.—Vermont State; Philadelphia Society, Chemango Co.; Delaware Co.; Genesee Co.; Jefferson Co.; Oneida Co.; St. Lawrence Co.; International; Brookfield; Cazenovia; Camden; Lenox; Sandy Creek Union.....30
Agricultural Miscellany.—Great Men Close Their Lives in the County, Whence It Emanates "Stop My Paper!" The Weather; The British Wheat Crop; To Advertisers; The Ohio Farm School.....30

HORTICULTURAL.

Fruit-Grower's Society of Western New York—Annual Meeting—Report of Discussion.....31
To our Readers.....31
Blanching Celery with Sawdust.....31
The Phlox, [Illustrated;].....31
Horticultural Notes.—The Apple Crop of Niagara and Orleans Counties, Wine and Intemperance; Fruit Received; Grafting the Grape; Dividing Pie Plant; Russets from Michigan; Qualities and Culture of the Strawberry; Transactions of the Ohio Pomological Society; Milwaukee (Wis.) Horticultural Society; Adrian (Mich.) Horticultural Society, Keokuk (Iowa) Horticultural Society; Cincinnati Horticultural Society; A Cabbage-Tree Wonder.....31

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Good Washing Compound; Starch Polish; Leather Varnish; Good Copal Varnish; Transparent Japan Varnish; Black Ink; Lemon Syrup; To Take Grease out of Boards, Marble, &c.; Cane Frames, Baskets, &c.; To Fasten Knife Handles; To Parents and Nurses—Painted Toys.....31

LADIES' OLIO.

My Childhood's Home [Poetical;] The Churndashers and Plowhandles; Unkind Words; Content; Memories of the Past, Be a Mother to your Children,.....32

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Half-hour Musings in a Court Room; What I Think; Well-Governed Children; Live not for Thyself; The Laugh of a Child [Poetical;] Round the Hearth-Stone [Poetical].....32

SABBATH MUSINGS.

A Soul's Question [Poetical;] He knoweth our Frame; The Loving-Kindness of God.....32

EDUCATIONAL.

Suggestions to Young Teachers; Support your Teacher; Common School System of Missouri; Educational Affairs in Sacramento; Cultivating the Faculty of Speech; 33

YOUNG RURALIST.

Botany for Ladies [Two Illustrations;] A Grand Offer to Young People.....33

STORY TELLER.

Lydia Mathewson's Journal.....36

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Spalding's Prepared Glue—Henry C. Spalding & Co.
Prindle's Empire State and Prairie Corn and Bean Planter—D. R. Prindle.
Universal Knowledge Box—Dick & Fitzgerald.
For Sale—A. H. Shuson.
Hay Cutters—Chas. E. Peare.
Tree Seeds—R. E. Schroeder.
For Sale—Jane L. Davis.
For Sale—Benjamin Carll.
Darrow's Colored Fruit and Flower Plates for Nurserymen—E. Darrow & Brother.
Annual Meeting State Ag. Society—B. P. Johnson.
For Sale—J. H. Bixby, Agent.
100 Agents Wanted—B. M. Padgett.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Agricultural Cauldron and Steamer—D. R. Prindle.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 28, 1860.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO CLUB AGENTS, &c.

THE continued large accessions to our subscription list—for which we again tender grateful acknowledgments—have rendered it impossible for us to make out and report the result of the competition for gratuities offered for early clubs as soon as we desired and expected. We hope, however, to be able to give the result in a Supplement during the present week, and shall mail a copy to every person interested. Our pages are so crowded that we cannot give the statement in our regular edition, but it will be published complete in the Supplement, and the gratuities promptly forwarded on the order of those entitled.

— As we are obliged to omit all Publisher's Notices this week, we refer to late numbers for information as to clubs, gratuities, &c.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

OFFICIAL dispatches have been received from Vera Cruz, confirming the newspaper accounts of the victories for the Liberals. Advices received there from England, favorable to the recognition of the Juarez Government, which is expected soon to take place, have, together with President Buchanan's recommendation relative to the Mexican affairs, heightened the hopes of the Liberals of complete success, and produced a corresponding depression among the Re-actionists. The Mexican Cabinet, however, do not think it will become necessary to call for the aid of American troops in the contingency suggested by Mr. Buchanan. A number of military men have written to Washington as to the truthfulness of the report, that the Juarez Government have invited volunteers from the United States, but there is no official or any other authority to sustain it, nor would they be accepted without the concurrence of our Government. The armed men who have gone, and others who are prepared to go South, may have other schemes in view, or be in expectation of a call for their services in Mexico. As the protest of Mr. McLane against the Tacubaga massacre, met with no recognition from Miramon, so the protest of the latter against the recognition of the Juarez Government will receive no favor or official notice from our own.

A report has been prevalent for several days, that Post-Master General Holt contemplated resigning his position. This originated from the understood difference between him and the other members of the Cabinet, respecting the interpretation of the law relative to the curtailment of mail service, but it is now understood that the conflicting views have been reconciled.

The Treasury balance is under $8,000,000, including amounts subject to draft and reserved for the mint service, upon which advances are made by deposits of gold dust for coinage. Half of this sum is intended to meet the Post-Office deficiency due last July, whenever Congress shall pass an appropriation bill, and the rest is required for six months ending on the 31st of December.

Information has been received at Washington, that three thousand five hundred men are now in New Orleans ready to embark for Vera Cruz. They go out as emigrants, and will be received into citizenship by the Juarez Government, when they will be mustered into service under American officers, such as Generals Ring and Wheat, and will sustain the Liberal Government until the Senate ratifies the McLane treaty. The leaders of this expedition expect as a reward for their services the renewal of the grant for a railroad from Aranjas Bay to Mazatlan, the original charter of which was granted under Santa Anna. The immigrants are to remain as laborers in constructing this railroad—keeping up their military organization for self-protection.

Political Intelligence.

A PRIVATE dispatch was received at Washington, on the 20th inst., stating that the Democratic State Convention, Tenn., on the 18th, nominated Senator Johnson of that State for President, subject to the decision of the National Convention. The Delegates selected for the State at large are Langdon C. Haynes and N. C. Whittborne. The other delegates are Andrew Ewing, Samuel Mallaghan, Wm. M. Quarles and J. C. Atkins.

THE Minnesota Democratic State Convention met at St. Paul on the 10th inst., for the purpose of electing delegates to the Charleston Convention. Resolutions were adopted endorsing the Cincinnati Platform, opposing the re-opening of the African Slave Trade, denouncing the Harper's Ferry raid, desiring Stephen A. Douglas to be their first choice for the Presidential nomination, instructing their delegates to vote for him as long as such support will prove available, and declaring the democracy of Minnesota will support the Charleston nominee, whoever he may be. A resolution instructing the delegates to vote for Douglas until the majority decided otherwise, was voted down by 38 majority.

THE Iowa Legislature, on the 16th inst., re-elected James Harlan, U. S. Senator. The vote stood 73 to 53 for A. C. Dodge.

GOV. STEWART has refused to sign the bill lately passed the Missouri Legislature for the exclusion of free negroes from the State.

THE two wings of the Kansas Legislature still remain at their respective points, the majority at Lawrence, the minority at Lecompton. An attempt to reconcile the difference on the question of a temporary Capital will soon be made the introduction of a resolution into both bodies favoring an adjournment to Leavenworth as a compromise. Lawrence correspondence says quite a strife occurred in the organization of the two Houses, by the Senatorial aspirants—Lane and Winchell entering the field for their respective friends, in which Lane seems to have been worsted. The principal Republican candidates for the Senatorship are Gen. Pomeroy, Gen. Lane, James M. Winchell, M. J. Parrott, H. J. Adams, J. C. Vaughn, and A. Danfore.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Douglas' resolution, instructing the Judiciary Committee to report a bill for the better suppression of invasion, &c., was specially assigned for 1½ P. M., on Monday, 23d inst.

A debate of some length took place on the point whether the Senate had a right to transact any business until the House organized.

The Senate finally, by a vote of 45 to 7, overruled a point of order to that effect, and referred a private bill on which the debate had sprung up, to the Committee on Private Land Claims.

The Senate Investigating Committee commenced the examination of Mr. Arney, a member of the Kansas National Committee. He informed the Committee that he was acquainted with matters appertaining to Brown's affairs in Kansas, which may throw some light upon his movements at Harper's Ferry; but that before testifying he would be obliged to return to Kansas to procure certain books and papers (this privilege has been refused,) so that he could give a more full and accurate statement of money placed in his hands by individuals and committees, and how it was appropriated, thereby showing definitely how much was paid to Brown, by whose order, and for what purpose. He accounted for large sums of money and a great quantity of arms collected in 1856 and 1857, to be employed in Kansas, but nothing was elicited from him concerning Brown's raid. Realf, the Secretary of State in the "Provisional Government" of John Brown, is under examination, but nothing of importance has, as yet, been elicited.

The Senate in Executive session have confirmed Samuel Smith of Tenn., Commissioner of General Land Office: Col. Stambaugh of Pa., Surveyor General of Utah; Geo. Griffin of Indiana, Receiver of Public Money at Washington, Oregon; W. Macaboy of Wisconsin, Register of Land Office at Superior, Wis.; K. Means of Iowa, Receiver of Land Office at Iowa City; W. Avens of Arkansas, Receiver of Land Office at Bateville, Ark.; M. Rose of Ark., Receiver of Land Office at Clarkville, Ark.; H. A. Setseer, Receiver at Cambridge, W. T.; J. B. Culver, Register at Portland, W. T.; J. Clark, Receiver at Fort Scott, Kansas; H. McGill, Secretary of the Treasurer of Washington Territory.

HOUSE still unorganized. Voting for Speaker is occasionally indulged in, with similar results to those last noted.

New York Legislature.

ASSEMBLY.—A large number of bills have been introduced and referred to the various committees. Everything seems to be in working order at present, and should the session escape the various "sensation" matters, which so much retard business, it is probable that all needed legislative action will be had ere the period for adjournment arrives.

Bills Passed.—Making appropriation for the payment of interest on temporary loan; to provide for the payment of the floating debt of the State; to legalize certain doings of the Charleston Congregational Society of Lima; to authorize the shareholders of the Lockport Gas Co. to reduce the number of directors.

SENATE.—A large number of bills have been presented.

The following bills were reported favorably from committees:—To confer additional powers on Courts of Special Session; to compel the attendance of witnesses before the committees of Common Council, and punish false swearing by such witnesses; to make general election days public holidays; fixing the fees of Justices of the Peace, in both civil and criminal cases; exempting firemen from taxation to the amount of $500, and making appropriations for the Canal debt, and the maintenance of the Canals for the next fiscal year; authorizing the County Clerks to enter satisfaction of judgments relative to division; relative to unclaimed deposits in Savings Banks; to amend the Revised Statutes relative to punishment of crime.

The bill to compel the attendance of witnesses before the committees of Common Councils of cities was read a third time and passed.

From the Pacific Side.

By the arrival of the Overland Mail at St. Louis, we glean the following items of interest:

Business at San Francisco unchanged since the departure of the mail, and the large number of vessels due tended to increase the indisposition to operate.

The ship Franklin, from Bristol, Eng., arrived at San Francisco, Dec. 24, with 1,500 tuns railroad iron for the Sacramento Valley Railroad.

The Christmas festivities engrossed the sole attention of the people of San Francisco, on the day the mail left. The weather had been rainy since the 23d.

The crop of grapes in California was less per vine this year than any season since 1832. This diminution was caused by unfavorable weather.

There was but little doing at the Indian Creek mines, though there are several claims on the Creek which continue to yield well and probably will for a year or two longer. Quartz mining is still going ahead; both the Liskigon and New York companies are doing well. The Liskigon mill has been laid up for repairs. Before stopping the company crushed some rock for the Cherry Creek Quartz Co., and it yielded over $32 a tun. Several quartz leads are being opened in the neighbood of Oralino.

The Portland (Oregon) Advertiser of the 7th, says the United States steamer Massachusetts, bound for Vancouver with the soldiers who had lately occupied San Juan Island, was detained at that port by ice.

The message of Gov. Gholson, of Washington Territory, expresses astonishment that the war debt of that territory had not been paid by Congress, and is particularly severe upon Gen. Scott on account of his concessions in the San Juan affair.

The Governor states the number of acres of land surveyed in the territory at 2,000,000, over 11,000 of which have been entered during the past year by 73 persons. He speaks favorably of the explorations and labors of Lieut. McMullen, for the opening of a military road from the Walla Walla to Fort Benton, on the Missouri river, and says the explorations have developed large quantities of fine farming and grazing lands upon this route, which he regards as a favorable one for emigrants and the transportation of the mail, and for a railroad.

Sandwich Islands dates are to the 6th inst. The fall season was about over. More than half the whalers had gone out, but some few were to return in the spring for provisions, cordage, whalemen, &c. The amount of oil and bone being shipped for Atlantic ports this season is estimated at 9,730 bbls. of whale oil, 868,691 lbs. of bone, showing a large falling off from the usual amount of shipments.

News Paragraphs.

IN the South of France the weather has been so severe that a sentinel was found dead of cold in his sentry-box at Lyons. Several persons have perished in the snow in the mountains of Dauphine, where they imprudently ventured in pursuit of game. Two boys, of eight and ten years of age, died of cold while returning from school.

THE annual meeting of the American Colonization Society was held at the Smithsonian Institute during the past week. The attendance was large. Addresses were delivered by Hon. Mr. Kylor, of Tenn., Dr. Styles, of Georgia, and Rev. Dr. Penny, of New York. The receipts of the year amount to nearly $161,000, and the expenditures $80,000. The Society have sent about 300 emigrants to Africa during the same period.

THE number of hogs packed in the principal packing cities of this country the past year is estimated to be 1,562,329—a decrease from 1858 of 56,876.

ACCORDING to the report of the managers of the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, it appears that 333 deranged persons were admitted during the past year.

THE Tea plant is cultivated in Louisiana without any difficulty. It has shown its power to withstand the hottest days of Louisiana, and also the late freezing cold weather. Labor, however, is too dear in Louisiana to permit the Tea plant to be cultivated for commercial purposes.

THE female nose in America is now the subject of philosophical discussion. A German traveler says of our ladies:—"They cannot be called in general beautiful, because they are apt to be wanting in that fullness of form which perfect beauty requires; and because the majority of these have long noses!" The Home Journal asks if the length of the American nose is owing to the fact that the sex of our country does not allow its nose to be snubbed?

THE lake traffic has, of late years, become perfectly enormous, the increase of the Western navigation being unprecedented. For example, 3,065 steamers passed up from Lake Erie to Lakes Huron and Superior, by Detroit, in 1859; and 3,121 passed down. The greatest number up in a single day was 85; down 73.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A scheme for the conversion of the public debt of Canada into one consolidated 5 per cent. stock, irredeemable for the twenty-five years, has been generally promulgated in London, and structed considerable attention. The liabilities of the Colony are stated at £11,500,000.

The Loudon *Times* says that present appearances indicate that the contemplated European Congress will not take place. Other authority says nearly the same thing, but the statement lacks confirmation.

The Daily *News* remarks that the projected Congress was indefinitely postponed, and that no friend of the cause of freedom in Italy need regret the temporary difficulty in which the diplomacy finds itself, as every month gained confirms the liberties of the Italian States, and justifies their revolution before the world.

Lord Macaulay, the Author, died in London on the 28th ult., of disease of the heart, after a fortnight's illness.

FRANCE.—Nothing had transpired relative to the Congress, and it was still uncertain whether it would assemble. The retirement or dismissal of Count Walewski from the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs attracted more attention than anything else in a political way in Europe. The English journals construe it as evidence that Napoleon intends to espouse the Italian cause.

It was rumored that the visit of Lord Cowley, British Embassador at the French Court, to London, had reference to the settlement of the Italian question, without the assemblage of the European Congress.

Marshal McMahon had succeeded Marshal Vallant as commander of the French army of occupation in Italy.

It was stated in official quarters that the budget of the Ministry of War for 1860 would be prepared for a strictly peace establishment, the army being reduced to less than 400,000 men.

Commercial and financial affairs in France were in a less favorable condition, owing to the uncertainty which had arisen relative to the Congress.

A rumor has prevailed that the Pope's Nuncio had threatened to demand his passports on account of the recent pamphlet, but the Paris correspondent of the London *Post* pronounces the rumor untrue. An official denial was also posted in the Paris Bourse.

It was reported at Paris that Guizot was engaged on a pamphlet upon the temporal power of the Pope. The Paris *Pays* publishes an article by Granier De Cassagna on the pamphlet, in which it is asserted that the pamphlet has been erroneously interpreted by the press. It says the pamphlet does not propose to deprive the Pope of the Legations, but advises His Holiness to submit to the present state of things.

ITALY.—The Milan *Gazette* announces that the ex-Duke of Modena had advanced with his troops towards the frontiers of Modena. Part of his army was already at a frontier town.

Gen. Guyon, commander of the French forces at Rome, had been ordered, by telegraph, to proceed to Paris. This, in some quarters, was interpreted into a menace to the Papal Government.

A dispatch from Modena says, that in consequence of a demand made by the family of the boy Mortara, who had given proof that the kidnapping of the child was ordered by the Rev. Father and Inquisitor Seilette, the latter had been arrested, and judicial proceedings had been instituted.

Garlhaldi had been honored with an enthusiastic ovation at Milan, although he endeavored to pass through that city—en route for Turin—quietly and unobserved. Garibaldi's mission to Turin is said to have reference to his probable appointment as Commander-in-Chief of all the National Guards of the Kingdom.

A general amnesty in Naples had been deferred. But fifty individual pardons had been granted.

SPAIN.—Dispatches to Jan. 2d from the Spanish army furnish the following items:

Yesterday the Spanish squadron burned and blew up the fort at the mouth of the river Tetuan. Two tribes not wishing to continue the war, have withdrawn to their mountains.

MADRID, Jan. 1.—On Friday evening the Moors vigorously attacked our encampment, but were repulsed with great loss. The Spaniards displayed great bravery. Their loss, however, was not considerable. The rumor of peace having been concluded is altogether false.

MADRID, Jan. 2.—After a glorious fight the Spanish army, commanded by Gen. Prim, defeated the Moors on the whole line, and advanced as far as Yastiligos. The Hussars executed several heroic charges and captured a flag. The Moors were 40,000 strong, and lost at least 1,500. The Spanish loss was from 400 to 500. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed in the army.

AUSTRIA.—Vienna letters say that a very unfriendly feeling towards the French again prevailed in that Capital.

The addresses to the Pope, which had been lying in the Vienna Churches, were not so numerously signed as was expected.

An Imperial order directs that there shall be no levy of recruits in 1860, and that no more than the ordinary number of men shall be raised in 1861. The Emperor had announced his intention to dissolve 34 regiments, and effect such other reductions as would shortly place the army on a peace footing.

The statement that the aristocratic officials in Austria had placed their pay at the service of the Emperor, is denied. It was put forward as a hint for them to do so, but they did not respond.

Vienna letters say that the Austrian statesmen are beginning to see the impossibility of restoring the Italian Dukes, and were almost reconciled to the idea of Central Italy organization.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour dull and steady at 24@27s6d for American in barrels. Wheat tending downward, but prices unchanged. Red 9s3d@10s; white 9s6d@11s6d. Corn dull; yellow 31s@32s. Pork firm, with a speculative demand for old at 50@52s; new quiet, 75s@77s6d. Lard dull. Sugar firm. Coffee steady. Rice quiet.

The News Condenser.

— There are 216 vessels laid up at Chicago.

— Lake Erie has fallen two feet since April last.

— Unprotected female. The Goddess of Liberty.

— The total indebtedness of Indiana is $10,286,855,57.

— The first jury ever empanelled was in England, in 970.

— The yield of wheat in Minnesota averages 20 bushels per acre.

— The tax on negroes in Wilmington, N. C., is $3,39 per head.

— Ice-houses, to hold 50,000 tuns of ice, have been erected in Paris.

— Twenty million bushels of coal are consumed annually in Cincinnati.

— Buenos Ayres has become a member of the Argentine confederation.

— Important discoveries of gold, platina and tin have been made in Missouri.

— The total debt of the State of Minnesota, January 1st, 1860, was $102,015,55.

— At a recent ball, given in Warrenton, Va., the belles appeared in linsey dresses.

— A fox was caught in the cellar of an old vacant house in Pittsburg a few days since.

— Sharp's Rifle Co., at Hartford, manufacture 250 of these life-destroyers per week.

— Eight miles of a horse railroad are in the process of construction in Detroit, Mich.

— Andrew Tarr recently died near Paximos, Northumberland Co., Pa., aged 110 years.

— In Newcastle, Switzerland, 20,000 women and girls are employed at watch-making.

— It is stated that there are now in Canada 45,000 fugitive slaves valued, at $45,000,000.

— Steamship communication is again resumed between Philadelphia and Liverpool, direct.

— A large slaughtering establishment has just been completed in Baltimore, 600 feet long.

— Elder Knapp has been holding revival meetings in Boston, but they were thinly attended.

— During the present century, the year will end on Saturday in 1864, '70, '81, '87, '92 and '98.

— The schooner Sandusky, with a load of wood, arrived at Chicago on Saturday week from Saginaw.

— The population of the provinces (Canada East and West,) is now estimated to be exactly 3,000,000.

— The Hudson North Star states that the people about Superior are suffering for the necessaries of life.

— Five thousand builders in London are still "out on the strike," and reduced to the greatest poverty.

— The Rev. Dr. McClintock, of New York, it is stated, will take charge of the American Chapel in Paris.

— According to a correspondent of the N. Y. Times, coal has been discovered in the Rocky Mountains.

— During the past week, nearly ten tuns of eels have been sent to New York by parties in Orleans, Mass.

— The Missouri Legislature have voted $25,000 for the erection of a monument to the late Thomas H. Benton.

— Gen. Planche, who fought at the battle of New Orleans, died in that city on the 2d inst., aged 75 years.

— A golden bedstead and carpet have lately been presented to Queen Victoria, of the value of over $700,000.

— The iron exported from the Lake Superior mines during the past season, is estimated at $402,000 in value.

— The Mississippi is frozen over from Galena to St. Paul. The ice is from eight to fifteen inches in thickness.

— The London Times recommends the expenditure of fifty million dollars in defences for the coast of England.

— A tenement house to accommodate 5,000 people, with ample room for each family, is about to be built in New York.

— The New York Alms House "Governors" have voted themselves $250 each for carriages, liquors and cigars.

— The Mayor of Trenton, N. J., was recently fined by an alderman, for fast driving through the streets of that town.

— January 1st, the spirit thermometer in St. Paul, Min., was 50 degrees below zero, the mercury being congealed.

— Three States have abolished the death penalty, viz.: Michigan in 1846, Rhode Island in 1852, and Wisconsin in 1853.

— The Comptroller of New York city has submitted his report. The expenditures last year were upward of $19,000,000!

— In the U. S. Senate on Tuesday, Mr. Bowman was elected Printer. He received twenty-seven out of forty-eight votes.

— Eighty-eight divorces were granted in Brooklyn last year. The hymnial halter evidently sits uneasily upon many necks.

— A petition has been presented to the Legislature of this State requesting them to pass a law compelling citizens to vote.

— During the past year, 186 applications for divorce were filed in the Court in Philadelphia, and 70 couples were disunited.

— The use of the decimal system, as regards measures of length, is to be obligatory in Portugal from the 1st of January next.

— The authorities of Wisconsin estimate the population of that State at 863,093, taking the vote at the late election as a basis.

— The amount of flour manufactured in Chicago in 1859 was 185,020 bbls. against 140,602 bbls. in 1858, and 90,000 in 1857.

— The Viceroy of Egypt is as extravagant as a Sultan. He had a royal railway carriage built at Springfield, Mass., which cost $10,000.

— In the Pike's Peak regions, such delicacies as chickens bring $4 a pair, eggs $2 per dozen, and sweet potatoes 45 cents a pound.

— There are 934 prisoners confined at the Auburn Prison; the largest number that has ever been in this prison at one time.

— It is proposed to divide Livingston county, and make Nunda the county seat. "Carroll" is the proposed name of the new county.

— A stream of salt water has been found at the Montezuma salt works which yields 62 per cent. The yield at Syracuse is 53 per cent.

— Two elk calves have been introduced into Bell Co., Texas, from Russian America. An experiment is to be made domesticating them.

— The Supreme Court of Wisconsin has affirmed the constitutionality of county, town and city bonds issued in aid of railroads in that State.

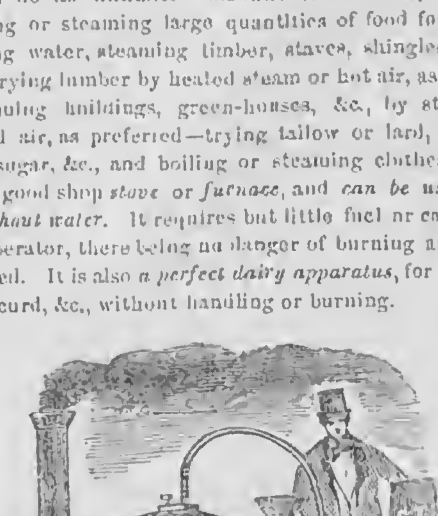
— A Court in Massachusetts has decided that subscriptions for benevolent and public purposes are valid in law, and collection can be enforced.

— It has been ascertained by careful investigation that there are in the city of London, one million persons who never enter a place of worship.

Special Notices.

AGRICULTURAL CAULDRON AND STEAMER.

THE engraving represents an entirely new apparatus recently patented by Mr. D. R. PRINDLE, East Bethany, Genesee Co., N. Y., and *awarded a Silver Medal* at the last New York State Fair at Albany. Among the most important advantages of this apparatus is its peculiar construction, which enables the operator to use it as a cauldron kettle, or to change it in a moment to an enclosed spherical boiler for steam, in which situation it can do an unlimited amount of business, such as cooking or steaming large quantities of food for stock, heating water, steaming timber, staves, shingles, &c.,—kiln-drying lumber by heated steam or hot air, as desired—warming buildings, green-houses, &c., by steam or heated air, as preferred—trying tallow or lard, making soap, sugar, &c., and boiling or steaming clothes. It is also a good shop *stove* or *furnace*, and *can be used with or without water*. It requires but little fuel or care from the operator, there being no danger of burning anything steamed. It is also *a perfect dairy apparatus*, for heating milk, curd, &c., without handling or burning.



With this apparatus the farmer or stock-feeder can greatly economize his time and fuel, prepare properly and convert all his coarse fodder, vegetables, &c., into pork or beef, as may be, thereby adding *millions of dollars* to the actual wealth of our country, which is now lost, as the best conducted experiments both in Europe and America go to prove. The patentee flatters himself that in introducing this new apparatus to public favor, he is removing at the same time that *stumbling block* upon which many a practical man has grounded in his experiments, as the trouble, cost of fuel, &c., incident to the *boiling process in kettles* has overbalanced all gain. To the practical observer this cut, although small, sufficiently explains itself. But it will be readily seen that with a small, cheap, portable apparatus of this kind, more business can be done than with a *wagon load* of kettles. The steam may be conveyed in any suitable pipes to the point where required, using tubs, boxes, casks, &c., as convenient.

In offering this new apparatus to the public, the subscriber would suggest that simplicity of construction, cost, durability, &c., are the fundamental principles in any important invention. For full particulars, or complete description of apparatus, agencies, sale of rights, &c., address the Patentee, enclosing stamp to pre-pay his *Illustrated Circular*. D. R. PRINDLE,
East Bethany, Gen. Co., N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Jan. 24, 1860.

IN almost all branches of business dullness is the pervading feature, and, as a consequence, the changes we have been enabled to make are very few.

FLOUR is as last quoted. In Grain we note a decline in Oats.

PORK is pretty firm this morning, and a considerable quantity of light is offered for sale.

CLOVER is drooping—$5,00@$5,25 is the full range to-day. Timothy unaltered in rates.

HIDES AND SKINS.—We observe a slight advance in Hides, equal to ½ per cent. per pound. Dealers in Sheep skins are beginning to think that they have been paying rather high rates during the winter, and are inclined to get out of the market. We do not change our quotations, but it is only now and then that the extreme rates, $1,50, can be obtained. The average for best pelts is about $1,25. It is thought, since the Boston Wool Sale, that dealers will be losers to a considerable extent.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	17@18c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,38	Honey, box	10@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,63@1,63	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12½
Corn, old	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	62½@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	16@18c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	71@72c	Plums, dried	15@15c
Oats, by weight	35c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	58@62½c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@46c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Beans	62½@80c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,00@6,50	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	3@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	31@41c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, ton	$11,00@19,00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Straw, ton	$6,00@10,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	37½@50c
Lard, tried	11@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 23.—FLOUR—Market dull, heavy and declining, with only a limited inquiry for export and home use. Holders, however, are unwilling to submit to any material decline in order to realize. Sales at $5,10@5,15 for super State, $5,25@5,30 for extra do; $5,00@5,15 for super Western; $5,25@5,35 for extra do; $5,65@6,75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Canada—Demand limited and market unchanged. Sales at $5,40@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and drooping. To sell freely holders would be compelled to submit to a decline of 3@5c. Sales choice White Kentucky at $1,60c; good White Canadian at $1,40c in store. Rye quiet at 90@91c. Barley more active; sales two and four rowed State at 78c; prime Milwaukee at 80c. Corn a shade firmer; sales at 78@81c for inferior to prime new white and yellow Southern. Oats in moderate request at 45@46c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market more active and firmer. Sales at $16,50@16,62 for old mess; $17,50 for new do; $11,70@11,75 for old prime; $13 New Albany prime; $13,25@13,50 city prime. Lard firmer; sales at 10½@10¾c; kegs 12c. Butter 11@16c for Ohio; 15@23 for State. Cheese in fair request at 9@11c.

ASHES—Are without change; 50 bbls. Pot brought $5,25, Pearl are quiet, but steady, at $5,37½.

BUFFALO, JAN. 23.—FLOUR—The market is very quiet, not a single sale having been reported.

GRAIN—Wheat is also quiet, and no sales of importance have been effected. Corn is less firm; sales part deliverable at 63c, and on track at 69c. Oats are held at 37½@38c. Barley and rye are nominal.

PROVISIONS—Dull and nominal.

DRESSED HOGS—Steady and in moderate request. Sales Saturday evening and to-day, Canadian averaging 170lbs at 5¾c, do averaging 190 lbs at 6c, do averaging 207 lbs at $6,05 per cwt.; do averaging 190 lbs at 6c, and do averaging 215 lbs at $6,10 per cwt.

ALBANY, JAN. 21.—FLOUR—Sales at unchanged figures. Buckwheat flour 15@16s, and Corn meal 15s6d@16s6d ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—A sale of White Canadian Wheat is reported at $1,40c. Nothing doing in Barley. Some 700 bush. Oats changed hands at 43c. delivered. Of corn, sales round yellow at 8½c, at the Central Railroad Depot. Rye in the street at 35@38c.

SEEDS—Small sales State Clover at 9c.

FEED—Sales 2000 bush. 22 lbs feed at $1,05 lb 100 lbs.

TORONTO, JAN. 21.—FLOUR.—The demand for the lower grades of flour has continued moderately active during the week, and transactions to a considerable amount have been consummated. For the fancies and extras there is not much inquiry, except at low rates for special lots, on which account indeed the principal purchases have been made. The offerings are small and the market generally steady. The following are about the quotations:—Double extra, $6,50@6,75; extra, $5,75@5,90; fancy, $4,85@4,90; superfine No. 1, $4,65@4,70; Do. No 2, $4,25@4,30; Oatmeal, $4,50@4,75; Corn meal, $3,75@4,25.

GRAIN.—We have still to report a remarkably steady market for all qualities of grain. For fall wheat, the price remains much the same as has been current for the past three or four weeks, and rates have seldom ruled so long without fluctuations. The deliveries continue very limited, the receipts of the week not amounting to more than 5,500 bushels, both of fall and spring wheat. The rates paid for fall wheat during the week have ranged from $1,10@1,25 ℔ bushel for good to prime, and for these figures have been paid very freely. For inferior and common grades $1,15@1,18 has been the range, but the greater portion of the receipts have bought at above $1,20 ℔ bushel, which rate, we think, would be below the average for the week. Spring Wheat continues in excellent demand, and has been freely bought at $1,00@1,05 ℔ bushel. The quality continues excellent and more uniform. Barley—The receipts of Barley have been small, and with an improved demand for seed, and an active inquiry from local breweries. The market is firm at 60@65c—the latter figure being realized in a few instances. Rye is scarce and very quiet at 70@75c per bushel. Oats have been scarce for another week, and the advance noted in our last has been sustained. The quantity yet brought bears a small proportion to the crop, or even the probable surplus; but farmers perhaps are on the safe side in keeping plenty of fodder on hand. The wintering of the stock over, we opine that large deliveries of oats will be witnessed. The present price varies from 38c to 40c per bushel. Peas have come in more freely, and have found ready sale both for export and for seed. Prices have kept very firm at 56c@61c per bushel. A large amount of this cereal is no doubt still in the country.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 18.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt., $9,25@10,00; ordinary, $8,00@9,00; common, $6,50@7,50; inferior, $5@6.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $20,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb, 6@6½c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $6@6; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3@4; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 5¾@5½.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 18.—Whole number of Cattle at market 797—about 700 Beeves, and 97 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,75; first quality, $6,75; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $3,75; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen, none.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 15@62.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,206 at market; prices in lots, $2,00 @2,50 each; extra, $3, 4@8 each.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

ALBANY, JAN. 23.—CATTLE.—The market opens dull this week, as compared with last, and promises to continue so to the end. There is nothing that we are aware of upon which to base a hope for an improved demand before the close. The supply is about the same.

We quote the market inactive at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5½	5¾@6
Extra	4¾@5	4½@5½
First quality	3¾@4½	3¾@4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3½@3½
Third quality	2½@3	2½@3
Inferior	2½@2¾	@2¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The supply is somewhat in excess of that of last week, but not sufficiently so to affect prices. The weather, however, is soft and unfavorable, and sales are perhaps 2s per head lower, as compared with the ruling rates of last week.

HOGS—Very few on this side of the river, and no sales making. We quote nominally at 5½@5¾.

DRESSED HOGS—A fair business has been done in Dressed Hogs during the week, with, however, a falling off in the demand, and the receipts. Prices have changed but little. The following sales were made yesterday:

121 head State, averaging 250 lbs		7c
91 " Canada dividing 175 lbs		6 31@6½
24 " Western, Pigs		6½
25 " "		6 44
40 " Michigan, averaging 230 lbs.		c
19 " heavy State		7
80 " "		6 94

—*Argus.*

BRIGHTON, JAN. 19.—At Market 1,200 Beeves, 100 stores, 1,000 sheep and lambs, and 750 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,00 @7,50; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,00@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 98 100@105.

MILCH COWS—$30@40. Common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@24; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2@2,75; Extra, $3, 4, 6@7.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5c ℔ lb.; retail, 5@6½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

Deaths.

Died in Jamesville, Onondaga County, N. Y., NANCY M., wife of J. M. GOULD, and daughter of Col. John Montgomery, of Lodi, Seneca County. Aged 35 years.

Died in Victor, Jan. 19th, EMELINE D. NORTON, aged fifty-six years.

In Clarkson, N. Y., on the 19th inst., of Croup, WILLIAM W., only son of SETH and MELISSA BELL, aged 5 months and 23 days.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

☞ To secure insertion advertisements should reach us on Monday. ☞ We are obliged to defer several adv'ts intended for this number, for want of space.

100 AGENTS WANTED—To sell the American Hand Gas-light Burner. For particulars, send stamp to
524-1t B. M. PADGET, Newark, N. Y.

FOR SALE—A half acre lot, with comfortable House and small barn, fruit trees, &c., 1 mile east of Royalton Centre, 4 from R. R. and Canal. Price $275.
524-1t J. H. BIXBY, Agt., Royalton, Niag. Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—The farm of the late CHARLES POWIS, on the Ridge Road, in Greece, six miles from Rochester, containing one hundred and four acres, ten acres wood, good Buildings, excellent Fruit of all kinds, and a valuable Grapery. Will be divided to suit purchaser. For terms, apply on the premises to JANE L. POWIS, Executrix.
524-2t Greece, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1860.

DARROW'S COLORED FRUIT AND FLOWER PLATES FOR NURSERYMEN.—We are adding a large number to our list. Send $1,00 and get 4 specimen pictures and catalogues, which we will mail you post paid. Plates 25 cents each. Books containing 100 plates $25. No charge for binding where 50 or more plates are ordered. Address 524-1t E. DARROW & Bro., Rochester, N. Y.

ANNUAL MEETING STATE AG. SOCIETY—Will be held at the Capitol, Albany, on the 2d Wednesday (8th) February. Exhibition and examination of Grain and Dairy Products, Winter Fruits, &c., on Thursday, at the Agricultural Rooms.
Addresses on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.
B. P. JOHNSON, Sec'y.
524-2t Ag'l. Rooms, Albany, Jan. 23d, 1860.

FOR SALE—A desirable country residence, adjoining the village of Newark, Wayne County, containing one hundred and four acres of land with new and commodious house, barn and out buildings, a fine young orchard, consisting of all kinds of fruit. The farm is well watered, and adapted to grain or grass. For particulars, call on the Subscriber on the premises. BENJAMIN CARLL,
524-4t Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., Jan. 16th.

FOR SALE—A choice farm of 61¼ acres, all under improvement, one mile North, and in full view of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y. Dwelling house, cottage plan; 32 by 40, well finished; Tenant house, 18 by 24; barn, 30 by 40; horse barn, 20 by 30; all well painted, and new within six years; good well of water and cistern; 90 Apple trees, 30 bearing fruit, and other fruits in proportion: 30 acres of said land is adapted to the culture of Peppermint, upon which was grown 600 pounds of Oil the past year, and a crop now in of 20 acres, at a low estimate will yield 700 pounds this year. A Peppermint Still in good order on the premises. I will divide said farm, and sell 30 acres with all buildings and orchards, except the Tenant house and Still, for $3,500, or the whole farm for $5,500. Terms made easy. For further information inquire of the subscriber on the premises. A. B. SLAUSON,
524-3t Waterloo, N. Y.

EVERGREENS AND STRAWBERRIES.—50,000 Norway Firs, 18 inch to 2 feet $12 per 100
Do. Do. Do. $90 per 1,000
100,000 Do. 9 to 12 inches $50 per 1,000
50,000 Wilson's Albany and Hooker Strawberries $1,50 per 100
Do. Do. Do. Do. $10 per 1,000
523 A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free*. Agents wanted. [518-10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

TREE SEEDS. TREE SEEDS.
R. E. SCHROEDER'S
Horticultural Agency, Rochester, N. Y.

Norway Spruce	$0,70 per lb.
Austrian Pine	1,75 "
Scotch Pine	1,75 "
Maritime Fir	1,00 "
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Cembrian Pine	1,00 "
Larch (European)	0,35 "
Dwarf, or Mountain Pine	2,00 "
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All seeds are perfectly clean, and warranted fresh. Imported fruit tree stocks, as well as all articles usually imported by nurserymen, at exporters' prices, adding freight. 524-1t

HAY CUTTERS.
FARMERS AND STOCK RAISERS, ATTENTION!
The great economy of using cut feed for horses and cattle being universally admitted, the next question is as to the best and cheapest way of preparing the fodder.
WILSON'S PATENT TELEGRAPH FODDER CUTTER is fast taking precedence, and will eventually supercede all others in market. It is the best straw cutter, the best Hay cutter, the best stalk cutter, and, in fact, the very best cutter for general use ever offered to the public. It has without exception taken the HIGHEST PREMIUMS wherever it has been exhibited. Orders are solicited, and will be promptly attended to by addressing the subscriber. A liberal discount will be given to the trade. Price of medium size, for general use, is $30.
A general assortment of agricultural machines constantly on hand. Circulars sent free. CHAS. E. PEASE,
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Whether in the Parlor or the Kitchen, the Chamber or the Boudoir, at Home or Abroad, it may be very appropriately called the
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Reliable Agents wanted to canvass for "THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK," and other popular works; send Cash Orders to the above address. Descriptive Catalogues of our Books mailed to any address *free*.
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PRINDLE'S EMPIRE STATE AND PRAIRIE
CORN & BEAN PLANTER.
THIS new Machine, which is illustrated on the first page of this paper, is not so much the result of any mechanical knowledge, as that untiring *perseverance* and practical experiments, to produce a *hill planter* which would be peculiarly adapted to the *great prairie region of the West.* In offering this new machine to a discerning public, the Patentee takes pleasure in announcing that he is only a practical and experimenting *Farmer*, never having had any special knowledge of mechanics. His first machine was built about twenty years since, for one row only, and for the last few years has been enlarged, modified, improved, &c., from time to time, as practical demonstration demanded. The Patentee assures the public that, in principle, his Planter is *just perfection*, and is only susceptible of improvement in mechanical skill, the ground work of the invention, which is secured by four distinct claims, being unalterably fixed. The Patentee feels, therefore, warranted in *challenging the world in competition at the next U. S. Fair*, for a purse of $500, *to be made up by the competitors.*
The Planter has been thoroughly tested the past season, both for corn and beans, and has received a Diploma at the New York State Fair, and the highest discretionary premiums at several County exhibitions. The Subscriber claims that simplicity of construction, convenience of form, cost, and labor-saving capacity are among its greatest recommendations, and that it needs only a trial to be appreciated.
Machines for one or two horses will be furnished the coming season, at Batavia, N. Y., and *warranted to please.*—Price, for One Horse Planter, $20; Two-Horse, $30. For further information, sale of Rights, Agencies, &c., address the Subscriber, inclosing stamp, and obtain his circular giving all necessary information, including certificates of recommendation, &c., &c. D. R. PRINDLE,
524-1t East Bethany, Genesee Co., N. Y.

10,000 TWO YEAR OLD APPLE TREES.—We offer 10,000 Apple Trees, two years old, our selection of sorts, 3 to 4 feet, at $45 per 1,000.
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523-6t C. MORGAN.

PURE HONEY DEW HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED.—For sale, 200 bushels of this Seed, *a pure article*, of my own raising. Price $3 per bushel, in quantities to suit purchasers. R. L. HOWARD,
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THE ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE—With a full course of Academic and Collegiate Study. *Whole expense of Board and Tuition, $75 per half-yearly session.*—Next Session begins February 9th. Address
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500,000 APPLES GRAFTED.—We offer 500,000 Apples, grafted this winter, for Spring, setting at $6 per 1,000, or where 20,000 or more are taken, at $5 per 1,000. Apple Seeds, clean and fresh—$7 per bushel.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS,
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FOR SALE.—A Farm containing 150 acres, situated near Cayuga Lake, in Romulus, Seneca county, N. Y. The soil is of first quality, and well improved, with 15 acres of timber. For beauty of situation, and every advantage to be desired in a Country Residence, it cannot be surpassed. On the Farm are two good Dwelling Houses, and three good Barns, with Choice Fruit, and convenient water. For particulars inquire of the Subscriber on the premises, or address him at Romulus P. O. [5.3-3t] JONATHAN SCOBEY.

FOR SALE—A valuable Farm adjoining the village of Batavia, next west of Heman J. Redfield's, on the Lewiston or Caryville Road, known as the Soule's Farm. It is under a high state of cultivation, over a mile of stone wall, about 25 acres of heavy timbered land, fruit of all kinds, with *Extensive and Valuable Buildings.* Will be sold cheap, and a liberal credit given to suit purchasers. The location makes it desirable. Possession given 1st of April. Inquire of GEO. H. HOLDEN, at the Clerk's Office, or of
Batavia, Jan. 15, 1860. 523-3t S. C. HOLDEN.

A. N. WOOD & CO., EATON, N. Y.,
Manufacturers of their celebrated
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
and Dealers in Machinery.
THESE Engines are simple in arrangement, built compact, and are adapted to all kinds of Mill or Farm use. Received the First Premium at our late State Fair. Send for Circular. 523-13t

THE PEOPLE'S FARM MILL.—This Mill is now in successful operation, and no Portable Mill was ever offered to the public that gives such universal satisfaction.
It is simple, durable, requires but little power, and is cheap, and will grind all kinds of grain in the most perfect manner, at the rate of eight bushels per hour. It is made on an entire new principle, which wholly overcomes the difficulty that exists in all cast iron *rotary* mills.
Full description, with cut of Mill, will be forwarded on application. A Mill can be seen in constant use at my shop in Buffalo; also at No. 17 Spruce street, New York.
Price of Two-horse power Mill, capable of grinding eight bushels per hour, $40. R. L. HOWARD,
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The Scientific American, of October 29, in noticing the ARCHITECTS' AND MECHANICS' JOURNAL, says it is "Edited with evident ability ...... Altogether, the best work of the kind ever published in our city." [New York.]
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CORN SHELLERS!—CORN SHELLERS!!—Now on hand at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y., a full supply of Hand and Power Corn Shellers, capable of shelling from 100 to 1,000 bushels per day. Prices from $3 to $45. All warranted perfect, and to do their work well.

WATER PIPE—WYCKOFF'S PATENT BORING MACHINE.—This machine will bore a perfectly round and smooth hole, of any required size, exactly through the centre, without of splitting, wrenching, or backing out for chips. It is simple in construction, durable, occupies little space, requires but little power, bores with great rapidity, gives large profits for a small investment. Applications for State and County and Shop Rights, should be addressed to the undersigned, WYCKOFF, HOBBIE & CO.,
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100,000 STANDARD APPLE TREES—Of the leading varieties, from 5 to 8 feet high, stocky and well grown, for sale, cheap, at the Washington Nursery. Also, 3,000 Standard Cherries, 4 to 7 feet high, with fine heads, at $10 per 100; Extra fine, 7 to 10 feet, $15 per 100. Standard and Dwarf Pears equally cheap. Currants, bearing size, at $5 per 100. European Mountain Ash, 10 to 12 feet high, very stocky, at $25 per 100. Catalpas, 6 to 8 feet, at $20 per 100. 5,000 Norway Spruce, 12 to 18 inches, at $12 per 100; 2½ to 3½ feet high, $25 per 100—together with a general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Plants, at equally low rates. 50,000 roots grafted with the Tompkins Co. King, packed in boxes for transportation to any part of the country, at $6 per 1,000.—Persons wishing to purchase in this form, by sending their orders soon can have any variety grafted they desire, at the same price.
Apple Scions of all the leading varieties furnished at $1,50 per 1,000 sticks. Orders solicited for Spring of 1860.
JOHN A. NICHOLS, Proprietor Washington Nursery,
523-3t Spencer, Tioga Co., N. Y.

FLOWER SEEDS FOR THE MILLION.—We publish, on the first of February, a new descriptive *Catalogue of Flower Seeds*, containing over 1,000 Standard and Beautiful Varieties, as well as all the novelties of the day, with directions for cultivation.
We send by mail, post paid, and our own selection,

25 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds, for	$1 00
50 " " " "	2 00
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PEAR SEED.—We have a fine lot of fresh Pear Seed, of the crop of 1859, for sale. A. FROST & CO.,
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WANTED.—500 Green Salted Horse Hides, for which the Subscriber will pay $1,25 each, Cash, delivered at the Railroad Depot, Utica. Address
G. T. HOLLINGWORTH & BRO.,
523-3t Utica, N. Y.

THORBURN'S DESCRIPTIVE ANNUAL CATALOGUE OF KITCHEN, GARDEN AND AGRICULTURAL SEEDS, FOR 1860—Is now ready for mailing to applicants enclosing a Postage Stamp. It contains directions for cultivation, and other useful information for Amateur Cultivators. J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
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GLASS HONEY-BOXES—By the dozen or hundred, sent by Railroad. *Circulars containing particulars sent free*, on application.
Also, a *Practical* work on Bee Culture, that *all* can understand, sent free, for One Dollar. Address
M. QUINBY,
522-3t St. Johnsville, Montgomery Co., N. Y.

SEEDS AT WHOLESALE.—Our new TRADE CATALOGUE of *Garden, Field, Flower and Tree Seeds* for 1860, is now ready for mailing to all dealers enclosing a Postage Stamp.
OUR STOCK OF SEEDS is the finest and most extensive ever offered in this country, and to parties requiring them in LARGE quantities, we offer unusual inducements.
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
522-1t 15 John-St., New York.

EARLY KENT PEAS.—I have now on hand and offer to the trade, 200 Bushels PURE EARLY KENT PEAS; also 25 Bushels Champion of England Do., the Best Late Pea in this country. All orders promptly attended to, at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, by [524-1t] J. RAPALJE.

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Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely our OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-1t

SAW MILLS! SAW MILLS!—The *very best* Circular and Cross-Cut Saw Mills in the known world, are manufactured by the subscriber, and await only your order to be sent any where you may desire. The Circular Saw Mill furnished with 24 inch Saw, filed and set, is capable of sawing from 20 to 25 cords of stove wood in one day, and all at the cost of only $37. Cross-Cut Saw arrangements, with best Cast Steel Saws (warranted) all ready for use at $25. Orders solicited and circulars sent gratis by CHAS. E. PEASE, Excelsior Ag'l Works, Albany, N. Y. 521-1t
Sold by J. RAPALJE, Agent, Rochester.

HERRING'S PATENT
FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.
With Hall's Patent Powder-Proof Locks,
HAVE NEVER FAILED
IN MORE THAN 300 DISASTROUS FIRES.
The Safest and Best Safe in Use.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States, or Canada, at the very lowest rates, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY, Sole Agent,
518-tf at 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

FOR SALE—The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Farm, containing about forty-five acres of land, situated about 3½ miles south of the large and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, Seneca county, N. Y. On said Farm is a good Farm House and all necessary out-buildings, with Fruit of all kinds and the best varieties. The soil is first quality and well watered. Persons desiring to purchase a good Farm, well located, would do well to see this before purchasing elsewhere. For further particulars inquire of J. B. MURRAY, Esq., Seneca Falls, or of J. B. C. VREELAND, on the premises. 518-13t

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
THE BEST IN USE!
First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.
HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.
Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.
No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.
Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
General Western Agent, 93 Main street,
518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

WASHINGTON MEDALLION PEN.—8234 is the drawn number of the Patron's Ticket for the first series of 100,000 gross. $1,000 will be paid to the holder of that ticket on presentation at the office of the Company, 68 Cedar street, New York.
The Second Series is now being issued. The Pens are now all EXTRA-FINE POINTS, and more perfectly made in every respect than ever before, and are put up in new and expensive boxes.
A sample Pen sent on receipt of two 3 cent P. O. stamps. Address W. M. PEN CO.,
511-tf Box 3,135 P. O., New York.

PHIPPS UNION FEMALE SEMINARY,
Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.
The next School Year of this Institution, commences on the first Thursday of September next. For Terms, see catalogue at this office, or apply to
H. L. ACHILLES, Proprietor.
Albion, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1859. 501-tf

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP.
SAPONIFIER,
OR,
PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH.
Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. One pound will make twelve gallons good strong Soap, without lime and with little trouble. Manufactured and put up in 1, 2, 4 and 6 lb. cans, in lumps, with directions, at the CHALLENGE CHEMICAL WORKS, New York.
E. B. DURKEE & CO.,
181 Pearl street, N. Y., Proprietors.
Sold everywhere. 500-25t

HOMES FOR ALL!
FOR SALE,
At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee.
Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.
Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 489tf

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [431-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

[From the New York Courier, August 21, 1859.]
PREPARED GLUE.
MR. SPALDING has certainly conferred a great blessing upon all householders by his preparation of "Prepared Glue." It is always ready for use, and can be applied immediately to a fractured table, a broken chair, or, in fact, anything that requires glue to mend it, by anybody who likes, without the trouble of having to mix it in any shape or way, thereby saving the trouble, inconvenience and expense of sending furniture to the cabinet maker's to be repaired. This alone, independent of its intrinsic value, will make it an article universally kept in all families.

[From the Times and Messenger, August 21, 1859.]
ADVICE TO FAMILY FOLKS.
One of the most convenient and useful of all articles recently discovered, with a view to elicit the blessings of the careful housekeeper, and abate her pains to keep things domestic, intact, and tidy, is certainly Spalding's Prepared Glue. No matter what you break, (unless it be your head, perhaps) this Glue steps forward like the genii of order, and promptly unites the dissevered parts—reduces the fracture, as a surgeon would say—and renders all whole again. Toys or tools, chairs or vases, leather, silk, wood or glass—it operates alike magically on all; and at its bidding the sobs of the child cease, the gratification of the matron is complete. No family should be without Spalding's Prepared Glue.

[From the Hartford Daily Courant, Sept. 22, 1859.]
Everybody needs a Glue-Pot occasionally, but everybody knows that the old-fashioned mode of dissolving glue is inconvenient. Spalding's Prepared Glue is chemically held in solution, is equal to the best preparation of Cabinet-makers' Glue, and is used cold. A brush accompanies each bottle, and the whole costs only twenty-five cents.

[From the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Oct. 11, 1859.]
A USEFUL ARTICLE.
A new and useful article, called Spalding's Prepared Glue, has been introduced to the notice of housekeepers. It is reliable and really adhesive, and enables every housekeeper to repair furniture and household ware without trouble, as it is always ready for use.

[From the Ladies' Visitor, September, 1859.]
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin, Sept. 17, 1859.]
H. C. SPALDING is astonishing the natives with his Prepared Glue, which has won a great reputation, and is fast enriching its inventor. Mr. Spalding is remarkable for intelligence and tact, which he exhibits in the style of his advertising. He is a type of the genuine Yankee.

[From the Independent, July 28, 1859.]
GLUE.
Our advertising columns contain some testimonies to the value of a new article known as "Spalding's Prepared Glue," useful to housekeepers for mending furniture. It is prepared with chemicals, by which it is kept in the proper condition for immediate use, the chemicals evaporating as soon as it is applied, leaving the glue to harden. We can assure our readers that this article has the excellent phrenological quality of "large adhesiveness."

[From the Boston Evening Transcript, Oct. 10, 1859.]
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.
The value of this Glue for domestic purposes is inestimable. The difficulty of preparing common sheet glue for use led to the new article. In a liquid state the preparation can be used without heating, dries slowly, emits no offensive effluvia, and is ready for application. It is put up in glass bottles, securely corked, and sold, with a brush to apply it, at the low price of Twenty-five cents. Every family should have the compound constantly on hand, as thereby any article of wood, paper, crockery or glass can be mended. It will save more than its cost every month in the year.

[From Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine, Sept., 1859.]
SMALL INVENTIONS—PREPARED GLUE.
The numerous small inventions and mechanical conveniences adapted to aid in saving time, money, and labor on the farm and in the household, are most promising for our material and social progress, and we are always happy to chronicle all such, however apparently insignificant.
It is estimated that there are over five millions of households in the United States supplied with cabinet and other furniture, the various parts of which are chiefly united with cabinet makers' glue, and which are likely to become loosened and otherwise injured or broken by constant use.
From one to two dollars is required for annual mendings and repairs, nearly all of which goes to the professed repairer, who is usually called in when the dilapidation has become unbearable, notwithstanding the homely maxim, "a stitch in time saves nine."
Nine-tenths of such repairs could and would be made at home and in season, were a convenient and reliable holdfast always at hand to be brought into requisition. The want of such an article has long been felt.
Spalding's Prepared Glue is designed to supply this universal want. It is convenient, cheap, remains soluble, retains its tenacity, is stronger than the best cabinet makers' glue, is put up in a bottle with a brush, ready for use, similar to the ordinary mucilage. It is also admirable for refastening book covers and loosened leaves, and it is just the thing for the library and for use in schools, where books are constantly liable to need repair.

[From the Home Journal, Aug. 27, 1859.]
Among the many apparent trifles continually being brought to the surface from the ideal under-world of the unknown, there are occasionally simple articles costing but little in detail, but whose combined benefit, usefulness and economy of time and money, aggregate on the basis of millions.
Such an article is Spalding's Prepared Glue. Its uses, as may be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column, are enumerated, and as its cost is next to nothing, the demand for it is universal. It is prepared with chemicals, and used cold, requiring but little skill or time for its application.

[From the New-Yorker, July 30, 1859.]
Among desirable articles, we may name as foremost the want of a useful glue, easy of use, and of general and universal application to the repair of furniture, crockery, shell work, and other ornamental and serviceable purposes.
The prime qualities of a good glue are immediate readiness for use at all times, and reliability as a holdfast. And this is the article which Mr. H. C. Spalding has been so fortunate as to introduce. In convenient bottles, with a handy brush, Spalding's Prepared Glue requires no day's preparatory softening in water; no heating for use, and no tedious delays to secure its junction and cohesion, being held in solution chemically, and capable of being applied instantly, and to every variety of work and requirement.
Spalding's Glue thus proves itself to be a true household friend, and will be welcomed heartily in all parts of the country. We have given it a trial, and found it quick as hunger in taking hold, and firm as death in holding fast.

[From the New York Freeman's Journal, Aug. 6, 1859.]
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE is such a simple and cheap preparation that it is a pity any house should be without it. Read the advertisement in another column for a fuller description of the valuable uses to which it may be applied.

[From the Middletown Sentinel and Witness, July 26, 1859.]
SPALDING'S CELEBRATED PREPARED GLUE is a useful, ever-needed article in the household and office. It is simply the best glue, chemically held in solution, is always ready to use without heating, and does not thicken by having the vessel holding it uncovered. It is put up in neat little bottles, and is accompanied with a brush.

[From the Springfield Republican, Aug. 19, 1859.]
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, the same that Van Amburgh glued his lion together with, is doing wonders hereabouts. A boy, up town, glued his play-wagon together "wrong side up," and the glue did its duty so well, that the wagon had to be broken again before it could be made right.

[From the Merchants' and Manf. Journal, Aug. 20, 1859.]
Having experimented with a bottle of Spalding's Prepared Glue, and the same having proved itself "A. No. 1," we are now prepared to say to every individual receiving our journal, that a more convenient article to be upon the mantle of every house in our country, cannot be found.—For all purposes where the old-fashioned glue-pot is required, it is an excellent substitute; it is neater, quicker and cheaper, while it "sticks" better.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!
USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY STATIONERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HARDWARE DEALERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FURNITURE DEALERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FANCY-GOODS DEALERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY GROCERS.
SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.
SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.
Manufactured by
HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
48 Cedar street, New York.
Address Post-Office, Box No. 3,600. 517

UNDER THE SNOW.

The sky looks pale, through a misty veil;
The winter wind wails loud;
And cloud-shapes grieve, as they rapidly weave
The cold, still earth a shroud.

Now, spirits in white, with footsteps light,
Come trooping down the sky—
Like the shapes of a dream, or like angels they seem,
As they float so airily by.

O, the winter snow! the winter snow!
We loved it once full well!
And with childish shout, ringing merrily out,
Hailed the fleecy shower as it fell.

But now since we know that under the snow,
Hid from the light of day,
There are treasures fair—treasures most rare,
In darkness hidden away;

Our gladness is o'er, and we love no more
To see the snow-fall come;
For a heavy chill, and a sense of ill,
It brings to our heart and home.

O, the treasures fair! the treasures so rare
Hidden under the snow,
Are not the sweet flowers that in summer hours
Set mount and meadow aglow.

Something more bright to our yearning sight,
Something far dearer than they
Is lying low, under the snow,
On this bleak, sad winter day.

If we think with dread of the blossoms dead,
Under this covering chill,
What a deeper woe must our sad hearts know
For that something dearer still!

O, snow-flakes fair! fall light as air—
Fall light and soft, I pray,
On the treasures we yet so wildly regret,
Buried, and hidden away. [*Home Journal.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LYDIA MATHEWSON'S JOURNAL.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

[Continued from page 28, last number.]

June 7th.—Home again, and seated with feelings of real pleasure in my own quiet room, with the maple boughs nestling close up to the window, and half shutting out the long reaches of meadow and upland beyond. I had a delightful visit, but so crowded with pleasant incidents, so many walks, and rides, and excursions, that, after the first day or two, I did not touch my journal. It was too much for my indolent pen to record all, and I could make no selections. I had a warm welcome home from every member of the family, and that is worth a great deal. Since tea I have answered questions, and talked till I am fairly tired out, and it seemed so good to get away from it all, and sit down here alone, to think a little. There is music somewhere near us, an unusual thing for our quiet street. Some devoted lover is playing the guitar under what he imagines to be MARY FOWLER'S window. It would damp his ardor considerably if he only knew that Miss MARY is not even in town, and that the light, which appeared in response to his serenade, was placed in the window by the big, red hands of BRIDGET, who, no doubt, is listening behind the curtain, with a grin of admiration.

I wish some one would come and serenade me. Let me see—I would like a flute; no, a rich voice to sing, and a guitar accompaniment. I think I will write a song that my lover should sing, standing just in the shadow of the maple:

Over the dewy hills, moonlight is creeping,
Up in her chamber still, my love is sleeping,
Her white arms are tossing in dreams on her pillow,
Light as the foam on the crest of a billow.

Angels, go watch where she softly reposes,
Fairer than lilies, and sweeter than roses;
Winds of the summer night, murmur above her,
"Look from your lattice, and smile on your lover."

There, I think that would do if it were well sung; and yet, after all, I do not know of a mortal being in whose mouth it would not be mockery, if addressed to me. It is a fact, I never had a lover, or even an ordinarily attentive beau, while half the girls of my acquaintance can count them by sixes. I believe there is not a single attractive or fascinating quality about me. Well, I may some day be loved, if I am never admired; at least I will try to be worthy of love, such love as would satisfy me.

June 11th.—All the morning, as I was busy helping Aunt ESTHER make the pies, I stole longing glances towards the south orchard, where the clover rolled into green billows as the wind went over it, and the trunks of the trees, like grey old sentinels, stood half knee deep in the grassy sea. This afternoon a neighbor dropped in, to gossip over her knitting work with my aunt, so I took my journal and stole away to the orchard. I have been looking over a book that I found upon my table, a present from Aunt ESTHER, and endorsed by her as every word "*true as gospel.*" It is "FENELON on the Education of Daughters." I opened it with due reverence, and the first passage my eye fell upon was this:—"A young lady ought never to speak except when there is a real necessity for it, and then she should speak with an air of doubt and deference; *she should not give her sentiments on subjects that are above the capacity of ordinary young ladies, even though she should herself be acquainted with them.*"

I wish somebody would make out a list of those subjects which may be reasonably supposed to lie within the capacity of "*ordinary young ladies.*" In regard to education, the author thinks "ladies should be taught to read and write correctly—they should also understand the grammar of their own language; not to learn it as boys learn Latin, but so that they may avoid taking one tense for another in speaking, and use proper terms. They should likewise understand the four rules of arithmetic; and, to help them to this knowledge, you may make them keep accounts. This will be a very difficult occupation. It would also be well for them to know something of the fundamental principles of justice—for instance, the difference between a legacy and a donation; the principal laws and customs of the country where they reside," &c. He "would not recommend the Spanish or Italian languages,—Latin would be more improving, but must only be allowed to those young ladies who possess discretion enough to conceal what they know. They may read History, attend to Music if they have decided talent for it, and Painting, as it will help them in their embroidery."

This is the extent to which a lady may sip from that spring, which, we are told, intoxicates the brain, if drank in "shallow draughts." I gave the Archbishop a toss into the clover, and made up my mind summarily, that the course of discipline that was, no doubt, very good for the French dolls of the seventeenth century, would never do for the Yankee girls of the nineteenth.

Dear me, I am quite a learned lady according to FENELON'S standard—the only trouble is, I must have got so far above the range of "young ladies of ordinary capacity." What particularly stirred up Aunt ESTHER to give me this book was this:—A day or two ago I had a long letter from FRANKIE, in which she informed me that she was going to Holyoke in the fall, and her father joined his entreaties with hers that I would go too, both for my own advantage, and because it would be so pleasant for FRANKIE. "Oh, if I only might go," thought I, as I read the letter, and waiting for a favorable moment I opened the matter to father.

"Go to Holyoke!" exclaimed he, "you and FRANKIE HYDE had better stay at home and take care of your old fathers."

"Judge HYDE has got a wife to take care of him, and I am sure you don't need anybody but Aunt ESTHER to look after you."

"Well, I want you here for company; do you think I am going to let every one of my children go away?"

"But I am no company for you, father; you haven't said five words to me in a week, I do believe."

"Haven't I? well I ought, that's a fact. I have got so used to talking to HELEN, that I never realized you was anything but a baby. It is a great comfort to me to have you here, and I think I should be miserable if I couldn't see you three times a day. I'll tell you what, little one, if you go away to school *I'll get married*, see if I don't;" and my father folded up his paper, thrust it into his pocket, and went out of the room, laughing and shaking his head at me. So this is to be the end of my beloved dream, thought I, sadly, and I shed a few tears in secret over this dear dead hope of mine, and then put it quietly away; for, after all, I had something to console me. My father had said it was a great comfort to him, and this made me very happy; for I have been foolishly jealous of HELEN, because she was admitted into his confidence, and shared all his plans, while I had only occasional caresses. I see how it has been now, and it will not trouble me any longer. I can read and study at home, and do a great deal that way. I have been reading ancient history ever since last winter. It is my favorite study, and then I wanted to find out about XENOPHON. But I must not sit here in the clover, dreaming; for I can see Aunt ESTHER standing in the door shading her eyes with her hand, and wondering, I am sure, "where LIDDY JANE has raced to." She will be sure to lecture me for trampling down the grass—just as if it would grow so, all over the ground, if it wasn't meant to be stepped on. I must pick up the Archbishop out of his nest of buttercups and clover, and take him in my hand to ward off her wrath. Good company is a great deal.

June 19th.—It is all settled at last, and I am really to go to Holyoke after all. Yesterday, at dinner, father suddenly asked me if I would not like to go to Madame D.'s boarding school a couple of terms, just as well as to Holyoke. You would be so near us we could see you every week, and that French Madam will teach you all manner of elegant nonsense, that those old maids up in Massachusetts never dreamed of."

"I don't want to learn elegant nonsense," was my answer; "I hate embroidery, and French, and dancing; but I want a real practical education, that will be something to rely upon. Who knows but I may have to make my living by teaching yet?" My father tried to smile, but he looked troubled, and so I said, "I will not ask to go away if you want me here. I have given that all up now."

Nothing more was said about it, until to-day he came to me and told me he had concluded that, if I did not change my mind before fall, I might go to school. "You are right about it," said he; "no one knows what may happen in this world, and you may need it yet." I don't know what to make of it, but Aunt ESTHER did not say one word against my going, when I told her of it, and only remarked, "well, make the most of your privileges while you have them."

I must spend every leisure moment this summer in study and preparation, so I shall not touch you again, my old journal, unless to record some important event, until I make an entry at Holyoke.

Aug. 15th.—I must break my resolution, and write once more from my sweet home, which I begin to dread leaving for new scenes. EDDY has been at home all summer, and has helped me much with my studies; for, since he knows FRANKIE is going to Holyoke, his ideas of propriety have greatly changed, and he heartily approves of the plan. FRANKIE writes me often, and her letters are a great pleasure to me. Last spring when I was there, little WALLACE, who cannot talk plainly, gave me the name of "LILLY;" and FRANKIE adopted it at once, because it did not sound so stiff as LYDIA. EDDY, of course, followed her example, so I seldom hear my own name now, except from Aunt ESTHER. One thing mars my pleasure at the prospect of going away, and that is, that father has seemed so nervous and low-spirited all summer. Every one notices it, but neither EDDY or I can find out the reason. Something is troubling him, and if I thought it was because I am going from home, I would gladly give it all up to see him cheerful again.

Aug. 20th.—Only a few days more to spend at home. I have never been away for a long time in my life, and now there is a choking in my throat whenever I think of a year's absence. We are none of us cheerful, and father, I fear, is really sick. He looks miserably, and has scarcely eaten for the last two days, yet he goes to his business regularly, and says nothing ails him but lassitude from the extreme heat.

Aug. 23d.—It is as I feared. Yesterday was a dreadful day. One fairly gasped in the sultry air, that seemed to suffocate everything. Father came home from his office utterly exhausted, and, after trying in vain to keep up, threw himself upon the bed from which he has not yet risen. He had a high fever in the night, and EDDY was anxious to call a physician, but father would not allow it. This morning he seemed better, but too weak to rise, and almost all day I have been by his bedside, fanning him, bathing his head, and praying; oh, how fervently, for rain to cool this heavy air, that seems to come in billows of heat at every door and window.

Aug. 25th.—There was a heavy shower last evening. It was coming up for hours, and the masses of black clouds that gradually shut in above us, the intense lightning, and the heavy thunder, sent a feeling of awe and dread through my heart. Until nearly midnight the rain dashed against the windows, and dripped down the panes, and this morning the air is clear and cool, and everything glitters and sparkles as if it had received new life; all the outer world, I mean, for the wasting fever seems every hour to hold with a more terrible grasp my father's life. What its issue will be, no one can tell. We look in each other's faces, and shudder with what we read there, yet no one speaks his fear.

Sept. 16th.—There is no need of silence now. The windows, so long darkened, are thrown open to the sunshine; and light and fragrance from without steal in, and float about the empty chamber. There is no suffering form upon the bed; for my father, my beloved father, has gone. Fatherless and motherless!—it is a bitter thing to say. I have been so stunned and stupified by my sorrow, that I have scarcely realized anything until to-day, that every feeling has been harrowed up by the scenes that have been transpiring. It is a week since the funeral, of which I can now remember nothing, and the lawyers have been examining the business affairs. I know now that Mr. FOWLER came here some days ago, and told us that things were in a very bad condition. I remember hearing him talking with EDDY and CHARLEY ANDREWS about selling the house, but it was all vague to me. I was only thinking of my lost one, of the smile on his white face as he told me, in dying, he should wait for me in heaven. Ah, how should I ever find my way there alone.

To-day some strangers have been here, and have been all over the house, and examined every article of furniture, making out estimates of their value. They went even into *that chamber*, and talked and laughed as they sat by the table, where I have so often seen my father sit, leaning his tired head upon his hand. I felt as if I should go wild before it was all over, but night has come at last, with the darkness and silence that have so often fallen like dew upon my heart. Alas, they have lost all power to soothe. God pity me—for earth has left me very desolate.

Sept. 19th.—We are absolutely penniless—there is not even enough to pay debts; and all because of these "*accursed suretiships,*" justly so called. It does not seem right and just to take the very bread out of our mouths, because my poor father, in the kindness of his heart, endorsed for a friend who has failed to meet his note—but so the law says, and we can only submit. EDDY has a small legacy from Grandmother MATHEWSON, that will help him through his college course, and every one advises him to go on. Aunt ESTHER and I can do nothing at present but accept CHARLEY'S kind offer of a home with them in New York. Aunt ESTHER suffers greatly in leaving this place, but she is very patient, and seems only thoughtful of my feelings. "You can't realize so well as I do," says she, "that it is a blessed thing to be taken away from the evil, and be at rest."

Sept. 24th.—We start for New York this evening. I have taken a last look at the old familiar places. Everything wears the soft, mellow beauty of the early autumn days, those witching days that I always so much loved. Never before was there sadness to me in the beautiful decay of summer—but now everything speaks of the grave—the shroud.

May 8th.—Spring in the great city; how strange it seems to one who has been wont to mark its progress by the swelling of the lilac buds, and the freshening of the meadows, to note it here only by the softer blue of the sky they cannot quite shut out, and the mild air, that all the noisome scents of the crowded streets cannot quite rob of its purity. A country boy was selling cowslips in the market to-day, as I chanced to be passing; poor, withered things they were, but I bought a few and carried them home, and put them in fresh water, until, to my joy, they revived. What a delight they are to me—and how well I know the sweet meadows where they shine by thousands in the cool grass, their cups of gold held up to the sunbeams. Oh, to see them once more!

May 15th.—I am going away from here. CHARLEY is far from rich, and I cannot be a burden upon his hands any longer. My plans were all formed before I mentioned them to any one; and, as I expected, I have met opposition from all.—Judge HYDE, rightly divining one thing that has influenced me, urges me to accept a home with them, but I will not be dependent while I have the ability to support myself. Mrs. LEE, who was once a near neighbor of ours, but who went to Western New York several years ago, wrote me a letter last winter, to induce me to come out to Wellbridge, as a companion for her, and a teacher to her little AGNES. She has lost her husband, and feels very lonely, beside there are no good schools in the vicinity, and AGNES needs instruction. I have fully decided to go, and am sure that the change, and having something to occupy my mind, and call out my energies, will be well for me in every way. I am sure there is something for me to do in the world, and if I can find it, I will not shrink from at least attempting it.

June 7th.—One year ago this very night I sat in my pleasant room in the dear old home. Ah, me! I wonder who looks out through its windows now.

I reached Wellbridge two days ago. It is a little country village, almost on the borders of Pennsylvania. Everything about it savors greatly of a rude state of back-woods civilization. Mrs. LEE, with her refined and cultivated manners, seems to me sadly out of place here; yet she tells me she has learned to greatly love these people. Her husband left enough property for her comfortable support, but it is in such shape that she cannot leave here without much inconvenience and sacrifice. AGNES is a lovely child of eight, but delicate and fragile as a woodland blossom.

July 3d.—I am greatly interested in my work as a teacher, and little AGNES is indeed a lovely pupil. As to the people, I am getting accustomed to their ways, and find them warm-hearted and hospitable. Letters from home friends come often to cheer me, and I believe EDDY and I are getting better acquainted than ever before. His letters are full of his own cheerful, buoyant spirit, but he complains of me as a tardy correspondent. "Your letters," he says, "come like little quadrangular loaves of manna to the poor, grammar-fed student, half choked with Greek sawdust, only I wish the supply might be more constant."

Well, I must try and do better in future.

Aug. 2d.—Death! death! It follows me everywhere, "the shadow unto every substance."—When I last wrote, little AGGY was full of life and gladness; now, "*the clods of the valley cover her.*" She died of brain fever, after an illness of only three days. Mrs. LEE is very calm, much calmer than I can be, for I have a dreadful thought to haunt me. I fully believe that AGGY would not have died but for medicine administered to her by the physician, Dr. EATON. Nothing could exceed the unbounded confidence placed by the people here in that man, yet I am confident he is intemperate. The night that AGGY died, I was watching with her. She seemed better, and we thought her in a quiet sleep. Mrs. LEE, who was utterly exhausted with watching, went to her room for a little sleep. Presently I heard some one fumbling at the gate, and, looking out, saw Dr. EATON trying to open it, but for some minutes without success, although the light in the hall shone full upon it. He came in noisily, and went up to the bed, rudely pushing me aside, as I tried to tell him that the child was sleeping.—"Humph!" said he, "she is sinking ten knots an hour; we must give her a stimulant;" and going to the table, he poured out a wine-glass full of wine. His face was flushed, and his hand unsteady. I could not see him administer a powerful stimulant to that helpless child, so I spoke earnestly in entreaty, "Oh, Doctor, you do not mean to give her that wine. She is sleeping quietly, see—her temples are moist." "Attend to your own business, Miss," was his angry retort, and he attempted to wake the child. "You *shall* not," said I, still more excited by his reeling step; "not, at least, until I call Mrs. LEE. He swore at me, but Mrs. LEE had heard the voices, and came hastily in.—"What is it," she asked anxiously, "is she worse?" "She is sinking, Madam," said the Doctor, controlling himself with difficulty, "but this young lady objects to my doing anything." "Oh, my child!" exclaimed the mother, "save her, Doctor—where is the wine! anything, only be quick."

I had no time to say a word. He raised her head, and held the wine to her parched lips, and she drank it eagerly, dropped back upon her pillow, and seemed to fall asleep again. With a contemptuous glance at me, Dr. EATON went out, and with a beating heart I joined Mrs. LEE in watching AGGY. The mischief was done, whatever it might be, and I determined not to say a word now it would be worse than useless. Soon the hot flush began to stain the white cheek again, as the wine crept through the system, and the moans of delirium came back, only to be stilled by death. "*Murdered!*" cried my heart, as I kissed the pure clay, after the soul had fled; but I would not add to the mother's agony by speaking my thought.—Dr. EATON came in the next morning, and seemed surprised to learn of her death, and was evidently totally forgetful of his last visit.

All this new sorrow has come suddenly upon me. Ah, Dr. HARLEY, the "*undisciplined girl*" is being sadly schooled.

Aug. 14th.—Still more changes. Mrs. LEE has gone to visit her friends at the east, and I consented, in her absence, to teach a small school in the village, at the request of many of the people. This is a new experience for me, but thus far I like it well. I have a new home, for Mrs. LEE'S house is closed, and I am to board with a widow lady, a Mrs. WATSON. I should think her about sixty years old, a smart, active body, with a great, warm heart, and kind, motherly ways. She lives in an old-fashioned farm-house, and her son SETH carries on the farm. This SETH is a brawny six-footer, as ungainly in person and manners as can well be imagined; but he is the youngest of a large family, and to his fond mother is still the petted baby. I have quite a pleasant sleeping-room, but no chance for a fire in it; so I shall spend my evenings in the great kitchen, when the cool weather drives me from my chosen solitude. This is the dining and living room for the family, and the "north-room," as they call it, a ghostly place, hung round with curious pictures, is only opened once or twice a year, on grand occasions. It has a bed in it, and serves for a "spare room," in times of need.

Aug. 20th.—My school hangs wearily upon my hands this sultry weather. I am thinking, too, almost constantly, of the dreadful scenes of last summer, and the pain seems little dulled by the lapse of time. [To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 49 letters.
My 1, 2, 3 is a pronominal adjective.
My 4, 5, 6 is a common noun.
My 7, 8, 9 is a verb.
My 10, 11 is a preposition.
My 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 is a nonn.
My 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 is an adverb.
My 23, 24, 25, is a conjunction.
My 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 is a verb.
My 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38 is an adverb.
My 39, 40 is a preposition.
My 41, 42, 43 is an article.
My 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49 is a noun.
My whole is one of Poor Richard's sayings.

Bethany, N. Y., 1860. M. J. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

ALL languages I can command
In learning, yet don't know a line;
Without my aid none understand
A word, not e'n the best divine.

The lawyer must forget his pleading,
Without me, who can kill or save;
The scholar could not show his reading,
To whom I am an abject slave!

I grant some thousand pounds a year,
Which only hastens on my fate;
I make the beggar of a peer,
While thus my life I do relate.

My tongue is black, my mouth is furred,
I die unpitied and forgot;
Even now I scarce can force a word,
And by the wayside I must rot.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWER TO PRIZE REBUS.

When you *in-cup-ass-it-ate* the *sea-ties-ends* of this *rip-hub-lick* from *thair in-Ali-n-Able rye-toe-frieze-peach* you *in-auk-curate an-arc-key* and *in-car-cerate thief-or(*)-m-o-flea-bur(†)-tie.*

When you incapacitate the citizens of this republic from their inalienble right of free speech, you inaugurate anarchy and incarcerate the form of liberty.

* The heraldic manner of expressing gold (or) in engraving.
† The butt end of the lance used in tournaments is called a bur.

☞ No correct answer received in response to offer.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 522.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—The way of the transgressor is hard.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Ornithorhynchus.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—$537 .4058.

Answer to Mathematical Enigma:—$9.36, or, more exact, $9.359576835. Length of outside furrows, 29 .5384 rods.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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THE BEST WAY AND THE RIGHT TIME.

IT is essential to the success of every undertaking that whatever is necessary to be done for its accomplishment should be well done, and it is an old and truthful maxim, that whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. To this we would make an addition, that what is worth doing, is worth doing at the right time. Indeed, a work cannot be well done unless it is done at the right time. The right time is when the greatest amount of good can be accomplished with the least labor. If "a stitch in time saves nine," it will not take a great deal of wisdom to determine the right time to make the stitch. To no class of men is this subject of more importance than to farmers. Each season, each week and day during the time of vegetation, brings its peculiar work that should be done at once, and which, if neglected or delayed, causes hurry, vexation and loss. And yet a good many farmers treat their work like the boy who was left by his father hoeing corn. He was soon missed from the field, and did not make his appearance until supper time. When asked why he had neglected his work, he stated that he had been bird's-nesting, and when reprimanded for so doing, made what he considered an unanswerable defence, by declaring that "bird's-nesting must be attended to in the time of it, corn can be hoed all summer."

At the late meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society in this city, a gentleman of Bloomfield said he lost nearly his whole crop of grapes last year because he did not lay down the vines in the autumn and cover them, and that he would have made a hundred dollars a day for the time required to accomplish this work. Of course every one supposed he would not risk another winter without covering, after this experience. But some one was curious enough to ask the question, when the gentleman informed the meeting that he had not found time to lay down his vines, and had not been able to husk his corn. JOHN J. THOMAS informed the same meeting that an extensive grape grower on the borders of Cayuga Lake had told him that a few days' labor in laying down his vines in the fall of 1858 would have saved him thousands of dollars, which he lost by the effects of the severe winter on the buds. And yet we understood friend THOMAS to say that no time had been found to lay down the vines the last autumn. We select these because they are fresh in our mind, as representative cases, for farmers are doing about the same thing, or things equally unwise, in every county and town, almost every day in the year. The gentlemen to whom we have referred are intelligent and energetic, in this respect "head and shoulders" above the masses, and yet we see how greatly they are at fault. Men could have been hired at a dollar or seventy-five cents a day, who would have laid down their vines beyond all risk of injury from the winter, and yet they neglect this and run the risk of loss. This is done, too, in the face of the fact, acknowledged by all, that though no extraordinary loss may occur from the neglect, enough is gained in ordinary seasons by laying down, to more than compensate for every dollar expended in the work.

The great trouble is, we endeavor to get along with too little labor, too little help, upon our farms. Perhaps, if the seasons are favorable and work comes along gradually, little difficulty is experienced, but when, on account of the peculiarities of the weather, work presses, something must be neglected, and the loss from this neglect is greater than would be the cost of an extra man for six months or a year. The corn and potatoes need cultivating and hoeing at the same time, but before both can be attended to with the ordinary help, one or the other becomes overrun with weeds, and the plants receive a check from which they never recover, or are put back so much that the crop does not ripen if the fall is unfavorable. The carrots and the beets, too, are calling loudly for help, being in great danger of smothering, but these small things cannot be attended to until the main crops are cared for, which is not likely to be the case until time for hay-making. But, a broken half-day after a shower is finally given to the carrots, and when dug, during a thaw sometime before Christmas, instead of having two or three hundred bushels on that quarter of an acre, the product is but twenty or thirty bushels, and the grower is discouraged with root crops.

The hay harvest is barely commenced before wheat is ready and must be got in, so the grass and clover remain in the field until dead ripe, and when at last secured have lost a good portion of their nutritive qualities. Then comes potato digging, corn cutting and husking, and all other fall work. The corn needs all the season to ripen, and it will not answer to dig potatoes until the tops are dead. Here is another hurry; a portion of the potatoes are frozen before they are secured, and cold, aching fingers are the lot of the husker.

Our picture, we think, is not overdrawn. It is what we have seen and felt scores of times, and we see it every season. Every farmer can afford to employ labor enough to do his work in the best manner and at the proper time. No farmer can afford to have his crops injured for want of a little extra help. Like the merchant and mechanic, he should drive his business, and not allow it to drive him.

ARCHITECTURE.

SOME useful and suggestive articles have appeared in the RURAL NEW-YORKER upon *Architecture*, worthy of *careful consideration*. Can any body tell why a subject of this kind should not be considered?

Young America is a patriot, a philosopher, and by turns a saint; but Young America, I will affirm it at the stake if needs be, is no *architect*. Travel everywhere, like the thread and needle man or the *tax-gatherer*, and you shall see twenty chaotic compounds called dwellings, for one house adapted to its uses and surroundings, elegantly modeled and appropriately finished. Young America must be original. If a thing has been tried and answers the purpose, Young America wants nothing to do with it. When he copies the Parthenon, he vindicates his independence by putting a gothic gable at one end and a *lean-to* at the other.—"Composite," conglomerate, or whatever, when the thing is finished—if that happens—with a carpenter's rule you can settle just how far it is from the sublime to the ridiculous! The Union would be safe even though *orders of architecture* were as unconstitutional and dangerous as "*orders of nobility*."

Not to be altogether ungrateful, I will confess that the inventive genius of the country has been diverted somewhat from house-building into other channels. What spectrous shapes, additional, would have haunted us, if Yankeedom had not been employed upon churns, washing machines, and perpetual motion, is now left to conjecture. These last are the real safety-valves of the American Union. They have let off the surplus vitality, which, after it had done its worst upon our houses, would have run riot with our creeds and constitutions.

Can men never learn that we can't do some things well without knowing how? Architecture is one of the subtlest and sublimest of human attainments. Nobody is presumptuous enough to attempt a shoe or a wagon wheel without study and instruction, but thousands will extemporize a house, expected to last for ages, with as little consideration as a good party man gives to his candidates. Genius in its pride and power never grappled with a greater subject than architecture. Like other branches of the fine arts it requires refined taste and nice discrimination, but it demands a breadth of understanding, compass of thought, and comprehension of details, not so fully required in painting and statuary.

Journals and books devoted to Rural Life have done something at presenting good models and in cultivating the public taste, but it is worthy of inquiry whether the genius of America can not give us an Architecture worthy of our country.—Granted that the architectural models that have come down to us from distant centuries have a high order of merit, does it follow that they are precisely adapted to our modern civilization? Does not our altered relations, call for new expressions as well in our abodes as elsewhere?

Our age is utilitarian and ought to be. Economy, convenience, and comfort should no where be lost sight of. The stern grandeur of feudal times, and the elaborate elegance of the classic ages we have little to do with. Simple, cheerful and chaste our dwellings should be—we should aim at elegance without ostentation, beauty without redundance. Our architects have a great work before them; may they prove themselves equal to it.

These remarks are aimed mainly at the almost total neglect of architectural proportions and designs on the part of our Rural Population in the erection of their buildings. Would it not be well for persons not architects by profession to take counsel of those who are, select some building for a model which is worthy of being copied and follow it implicitly, or, if you alter, let the alterations be made by an architect. Of course different sites require different styles of building, and this is an additional reason for making Architecture a study. H. T. B.

GRAIN vs. HAY, STRAW, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In looking over your issue of January 14th, 1860, my eye fell on an article headed "Saving Fodder by using Grain." In this article the question is asked, "Who, among our readers and correspondents, can tell us the comparative value of corn, oats, rye and barley, and wheat, rye, oat and barley straw, and hay?" I am well aware it is a question quite difficult of solution. To determine the value of corn for feed, compared with oats, &c., we not only must experiment, but we must resort to chemistry for an analysis of their different properties and parts. All who are familiar with plants, grain, &c., &c., are aware that each and all of them possess life-sustaining and fattening qualities in a greater or less degree. We find, upon experiment, that if we burn any part of a plant, by far the largest part burns away, and that the parts which disappear in burning consist of four elementary substances—carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen—and we know of the three last named substances being different kinds of air. Now, of all the crops we cultivate, we find that a very large proportion of them are woody fibre, starch and sugar, gluten and oil, and that all these are necessary to the life and growth of animals. Now, let us look for a moment at Prof. JOHNSTON'S "Relations of Chemical Philosophy to the Animal," and we shall very soon become convinced that feeding grain is by far the most economical way to winter a stock of cattle, when fodder is scarce and dear.

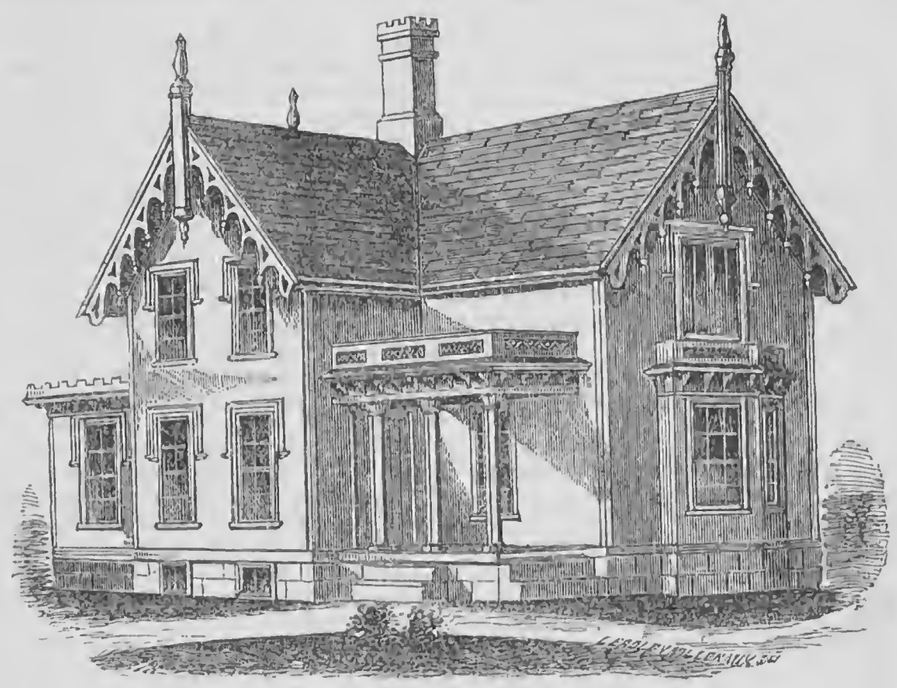
Average composition of 100 parts of the more common grains, roots, grasses, &c.:

	Water.	Husk or woody fiber.	Starch, Gum and Sugar.	Gluten, Albumen, etc.	Fatty matter.
Wheat	15	15	55	10 to 19	2 to 4
Barley	15	15	60	12 to 15	2 to 3
Oats	16	20	50	14 to 19	5 to 7
Rye	12	10 to 20	60	10 to 15	3 to 4
Corn	14	6	70	12	5 to 9
Buckwheat	15	25	50	8	0.4
Rice	13	3	75	7	0.7
Beans	14	8.11	40	24.28	2.3
Peas	14	9	50	24	2.1
Potatoes	75	4	18	2	0.3
Turnips	88	2	9	1.5	0.3
Carrots	85	3	10	1.5	0.4
M. Wurtzel	85	2	11	2.0	?
Meadow hay	14	30	40	7.1	2 to 5
Clover hay	14	25	40	9.3	3 to 5
Pea Straw	10 to 15	25	45	12.3	1.5
Oat Straw	12	45	35	1.3	0.8
Wheat Straw	12 to 15	50	30	1.3	2 to 3½
Barley Straw	12 to 15	50	30	1.3	?
Rye Straw	12 to 15	45	38	1.3	?
Corn Stalks	12	25	52	3.0	1.7

SALINE MATTER.—Wheat, 2; Barley, 3; Oats, 4; Rye, 2; Corn, 1½; Buckwheat, 4; Rice, 0 5; Beans, 3; Peas, 3; Potatoes, 1; Turnips, ½ to 4-5; Carrots, 1½ to 2; Mangold-Wurtzel, ¾ to 1¼; Meadow hay, 5 to 10; Clover hay, 9; Pea Straw, 4 to 6; Oat Straw, 6; Wheat Straw, 5; Barley Straw, 5; Rye Straw, 4; Corn Stalks, 3 to 7.

JOHNSTON says some of these are only approximations, especially the buckwheat, and the fatty matter, which is very uncertain. This table contains all that is known at the present time of the composition of crops. In looking over it, we see that water forms a part of all the different grains, grasses, roots and straw, varying from 12 to 88 per cent. So, also, with the other substances.—The woody fibre varies in grain from 10 to 20 per cent.; in the roots less, and in hay and straw more, equal, in some straw, to one-half of the amount. About one-half of wheat is starch, while all of the roots and straws are comparatively poor, except pea straw, which is quite rich in it. All grains contain a substance analogous to gluten—there exists in flour from 10 to 19 per cent., barley 12 to 15, in beans and peas from 24 to 28, which is much more than is contained in any of the grains—hence these produce the greatest effect upon certain functions of animal life. In the potato and turnip it is very small, for nine-tenths of these are water. Now, if Indian corn contains only 6 per cent. of woody fibre, and the residue are those parts or properties which go to sustain animal life, and for the laying on of fat, is it not genuine economy to feed grain instead of hay, when the latter contains 30 per cent. of woody fibre? Most certainly, every one will say, there is economy in feeding some grain, if not to make it the principal part of their dependence for their stock during the winter. Indian corn contains 70 parts of starch, gum and sugar, and from 5 to 9 of fatty matter, while meadow hay contains only 40 parts of starch, gum and sugar, and but 2 to 5 of fatty matter. Now, if hay is worth $21 or $22 per tun, we get but 800 lbs. of starch, gum and sugar; while for $22 laid out in corn, at 70 cents a bushel, we get 1,739 lbs. of corn, containing 1,217 lbs. of starch, gum and sugar—life-sustaining qualities. I think every rational minded person will decide in favor of more grain and less hay. Perhaps I may say something, hereafter, in relation to cooking food for cattle, but enough for the present.

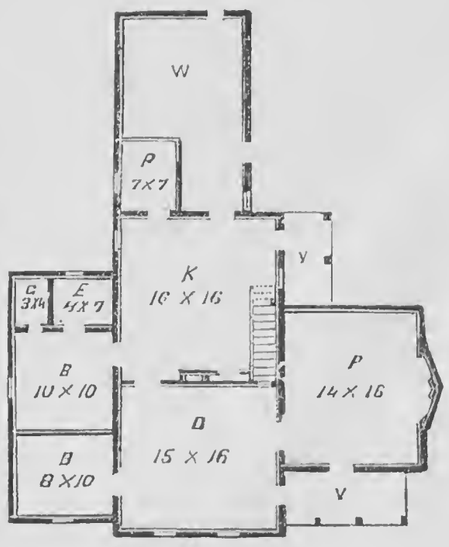
Fluvanna, N. Y., 1860. H. WHITTEMORE.



A RURAL GOTHIC FARM HOUSE.

WE present our readers with another plan for a rural home, furnished us by S. NEWCOMB, of Pike, N. Y. With the exception of the cornice on the gables and a few cheap brackets, there is no ornamentation to cause an unnecessary outlay of money and nothing likely to get out of repair, as is often the case with the flimsy ornaments attached to so many modern cottages. Mr. N. gives the following description:

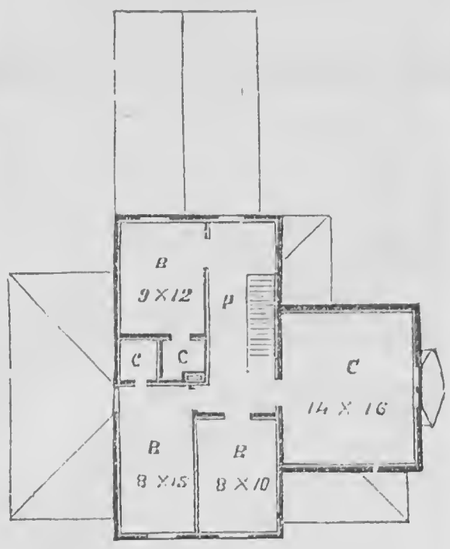
This house is situated in the west part of the village of Pike, Wyoming Co., N. Y., on a lot of eleven acres of undulating land, with back ground of forest and hill. The house fronts the south and the highway. It is in the *rural Gothic style*, a style which, with its broken outline, its verandas and bay windows, expresses no small amount of domestic and home feeling.



FIRST FLOOR.

P, Parlor; *D*, Dining-Room; *K*, Kitchen; *B*, *B*. Bed-Rooms; *C*, Closet; *E*, Bath; *P*, Pantry; *V*, *V*, Verandas; *W*, Woodhouse.

This house was planned for a family who aim to do their own work; therefore, utility, compactness and economy of labor were first considered, yet the external appearance is quite picturesque and truthful. The part containing the two bedrooms, bathing and clothes-room is quite economically obtained, it being a lean-to addition, one story high, with a flatish roof. Above this is a gabled window with its stool resting on this roof. This gable rises to the height of the main roof, thus breaking the otherwise monotonous appearance of that side of the building, and balancing in a degree the mass of the other side.



SECOND FLOOR.

B, *B*, *B*. Bed-Rooms; *C*, Chamber; *c*, *c*, Closets; *P*, Passage.

The main roof rises at an angle of 45°; the wood-house part is one-story—roof one-fourth pitch. The inside is finished appropriately plain and neat. The lower story is nine feet high in the clear; the upper story finished to collar beams, is eight feet six inches. The cellar under kitchen and dining-room is well lighted, and the chimney standing in the centre is furnished with openings for ventilation; with this arrangement the cellar can be kept sweet and wholesome. The chimney is also supplied with ARNOT'S chimney valves, for ventilating different rooms. The rooms are warmed by stoves. Fire-places may be easily built in the dining-room and kitchen, if desired.

The bathing-room is easily accessible, it being connected with the kitchen bed-room, which renders it a convenient and useful department. This house was built in 1854. I have since built two farm houses on the same plan, with but little alteration, all giving good satisfaction to the inmates.

The cost of this house, with a light timber frame, clapboarded, lined on inside with inch lumber, then furred with strip lath, lathed and plastered with two coats finish, is about $1,100.

HIGH FEEDING AND MANURING.

UNDER the above caption, two of the magnate farmers of Western New York, JOHN JOHNSTON of Seneca, and H. T. BROOKS of Wyoming, have, in the columns of the RURAL, each set forth a theory founded on his own individual experiments in growing and fattening farm stock. H. T. B. in his demurrer to JOHN JOHNSTON'S practice says, "If Mr. JOHNSTON'S plan of making all our stock

gain through the winter shall be generally adopted, it will occasion a very large consumption of grain, and would doubtless sensibly affect the department of labor and commerce." Mr. JOHNSTON replies, "Supposing my plan of a much higher system of feeding was generally adopted; of course a much higher system of manuring would follow, hence the crops of grain and grass might be more than doubled. Now, I ask what deleterious effect would that have on labor and commerce?"

Had the writor of this never been out of the region of the warm, dry climate, and calcareous soil of little Seneca, he would now most decidedly endorse the theory of Mr. JOHNSTON. But having often visited the higher and cooler sandstone dairy regions of Western New York during the growing season, he has had to confess that what a kind Providence had denied to the cooler and moister regions in the edible cereal crops, was amply made up in the superior growth of the more herbaceous grasses, and the leguminous clover. When all pasture is dried up in Seneca county, in late summer and early autumn, and while clover can hardly claim a *status* in the hard, dried soil, I have seen it half leg high in the pastures of the grass regions proper, of Western New York. Hence, the soundness of H. T. B.'s theory for his own highly favored grass-growing region, where neither wheat or Indian corn succeeds as well as in the warmer soil, and dryer climate of Seneca county, but both the cereal Timothy, and other meadow and pasture grasses, give the maximum yield almost every year; and the pasture not only continues, but is even sweetened and improved, by the same hot summer weather that dries up ours.

To judge, then, correctly between the two theories, cannot be done on the formula, that if one is right, the other must be wrong. But it may be fairly inferred that both are right,—that the one is suited to the calcareous grain-growing region, where the grass crop is short, and tho other to a grass-growing region where hay is more easily grown than Indian corn.

MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the season of the year is fast approaching when some of us will be out in the forest collecting sweets from maple trees, I thought I would pen down a few items respecting my short experience in sugar-making. I am a minor, living at home with my father, and have to work on a farm for a living.

We tap about 270 trees each spring, with very different results. In the spring of 1856 we made 325 lbs. of sugar; in 1857, 1,633 lbs.; in 1858, a little over 400 lbs.; and in 1859, 864 lbs., with scarcely any difference in the number of trees each year.

We boil our sap in two cauldron kettles, set in an arch, each of which will hold eight or ten pailfuls. When we sugar off, we have a small cauldron kettle hung on a crane, which answers a very good purpose. The arch is situated at the foot of a hill, (under cover) and the holders are placed part of the way up the hill above the arch, and are supplied with faucets, so the sap can be drawn off into spouts which conduct it into the kettles. Then, at the top of the hill, is a bridge where we drive up with the sap, and draw it off into the holders. We hang our buckets upon the trees, three or four feet from the ground, and have short, sheet iron spiles.

In the spring of 1857 I kept an account of the cost of making, and the value of the sugar and molasses realized, with the following result:

	Dr.
To 32½ days' work, $1 50 per day	$ 48 75
To 16½ cords old wood	16 50
Total	$ 65 25
	Cr.
By 1,653 lbs. sugar, 10c. per lb	$163 30
By 5½ gallons molasses, $1 per gallon	5 50
Total	$168 80
	65 25
Net profit	$103 55

Gainesville, N. Y., 1860. MARTIN BRAINERD.

BLACK SPANISH FOWLS, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your valuable paper of 23d July, '59, I gave a statement of my first experience in fowl keeping, with their profits for six months, which has been criticised by some of the papers, nevertheless it is true, with the exception of one mistake. I ought to have taken off two dollars for four dozen eggs for my own setting. I have kept a regular account from the first of July to the first of January, and got 937 eggs, making 2,072 eggs during the year. My first brood of chickens began to lay (the middle of September,) when about five months old,—there was only two days in the year that I did not get eggs, and those two days I got an egg each day. I find that the young hens are the best layers during the fall and early winter. I believe that fowls of all kinds would lay better if kept warm during the winter.

	Dr.
11 fowls	$11 00
30 Chickens	15 00
Food for six months	10 56
Total	$36 56
	Cr.
7 dozen eggs, sold 50c	$ 3 50
35 10-12 do. do. 16c	5 73
35 3-12 do do. 24c	8 46
6 fowls killed	2 18
13 fowls sold	13 00
22 on hand	22 00
Total	$54 87
Take	36 56
Profit the last six months	$18 31
$38 87 do. first six months, less $2	36 87
Profit for the year	$55 18

The above profits are from a $12 investment. It has been remarked by one editor that few eggs would give 50 cents per doz., or chickens 50 cents each in July. Very true, yet in September I got $1 each, and at the present time I would not sell for less than twelve shillings each. But it is easy to calculate from my statement what the profits would be, providing the eggs were sold at market price, and the fowls the same. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., Jan., 1860.

ABOUT BROOM CORN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In reply to your correspondent respecting Broom Corn, I will state my experience in the business for the last four years. In the preparation of the ground, I would recommend plowing in the fall; then, in the spring, just before planting-time, cross-plow and harrow well, for the soil must be thoroughly pulverized to grow a good crop. The best variety, I think, is that known in this part of the country as the "Ohio." It was first introduced here two years ago, and has given entire satisfaction, both as to quantity and quality. Its being superior is evident from the fact that brooms manufactured from this corn command a higher price than those of the other variety. Another advantage arises in growing this corn which ought not to be overlooked in these days of scarcity in fodder. The stalks I believe are equal, if not superior, to the best Indian stalks that can be produced. From two acres grown on my farm last season, not a bundle of the stalks now remains, having been consumed readily by both cattle and horses. The best fertilizer I think is common barn-yard manure. Good seed, when ground, makes valuable provender for both cattle and horses. The aggregate cost of growing an acre is from $15 to $20,—yield from 6 to 7 cwt. to the acre,—from $5 to $7 per cwt. is the average selling rates. H. S. B.

Chautauqua Co., N. Y., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

THE QUEEN BEE AND HER PROGENY.

IT is asserted by all writers on Bees, that have come to my knowledge, that the Queen Bee is made a Queen by the workers, by feeding her with a particular kind of jelly, which is said to be composed of bee-bread, honey and water—which is contrary to every principle of physiology and the laws of the Creator, who gave them their seed, and by which they receive their physical form and propensities. A recent author has truly said, "the production of queens is so marvelously wonderful, and so contrary to all common analogy, and in fact so improbable, that many when asked to believe it, feel that an insult is offered to their common sense."

The following will give a better and more rational view of the production of the queen and uses of the drone, being well authenticated by the laws of the Author of Nature. To produce queens the workers take the eggs or larvæ, which would produce workers, either in royal cells or in workers' cells, which latter they convert into royal cells, and infuse them with a full supply of the semen of the drone, which will cause a sufficient impregnation of her ovary in her embryo state to give her productive power and strength to give life to her drone progeny. To produce workers, the queen must have a deposit of the semen from the drone in her small receptacle in the neck of her egg sack, in order to infuse the full grown eggs with the drone seamen as they pass her receptacle, and the eggs so infused become workers. Drones are produced by the uninfused eggs of the queen; she having been impregnated with the semen of the drone in the embryo or immature state. It sometimes happens, however, that fertile workers are produced by a partial infusion of semen, which causes them to lay eggs that produce drones only. Or, the theory may be more simply and concisely stated in the following order:—There are three distinct classes of bees to be accounted for, each possessing an organism and propensities peculiar to itself. The drone is the first in order, and comes from the *un*infused egg of the queen—her ovary in its original state being sufficiently impregnated to produce drones only. The worker is an entirely different bee, and is made so by the eggs *being infused* by the semen of the drone. The queen is distinct in her organism from both the others, and is so made by the workers infusing the egg or larvæ in the cell a *second time* with the semen of the drone. HUBER, it is said, (see *Langstroth*, page 191,) by introducing royal jelly into cells containing worker-brood, obtained queens. These he supposed were produced by the worker larvæ feeding upon the royal jelly. This, however, could not have been, as it is contrary to all the facts and all the principles of both nature and science. The only principle in accordance with which queens could have been thus produced, is the one contained in the above theory, viz.—that the royal jelly contains the semen of the drone—and when brought into contact with the worker larvæ, the latter receives a *second* infusion or impregnation.

In relation to the semen of the drone being deposited in brood comb, it can hardly admit of a doubt of its remaining at least nine months in the year without destroying its vitality, as the seed of most other insects remains in the open air during winter. Those doubting as to semen being affected by the open air, I would refer, *as circumstantial evidence*, to *Langstroth on the Honey Bee*, (one of the most reliable works published, see last edition, page 41. Also, on the same point, Dr. DONNOFF's experiments as noticed in *Langstroth's* note on the same page.) Some have undertaken to produce "artificial" queens, but have failed in the attempt. Something seems to have been wanting. (See *Langstroth*, pages 55, 193, 197.) Was it not for want of a deposit of semen in the comb? The effect of queens' jelly in giving physical form and propensities can be nothing short of the seed of the bee deposited in the cells with the jelly, which the Author of Nature gave them for their reproduction, (see *Langstroth*, pages 64, 66, 190.) To say that bees can secrete bee-bread, honey and water alone is absurd, and contrary to every natural law that the Creator has instituted for the reproduction of animal and insect life, and contrary to every rule giving them organized life. To illustrate my ideas I will take a pair of common fowls which possess entirely distinct propensities and form; and in egg-laying, like the bee, the semen in the egg or cell will bear exposure to the air, and for a long time, without destroying its vitality; the one crowing in a lordly manner, the other attending to her duties as a mother. From whence came these different propensities? Were they not given by the Author of Nature in their seed, which gives each their physical form and animal propensities? God has never delegated his power to man or insect, to give them their particular form, propensities, or their sex. It is preposterous, therefore, for any one to believe that the working bee can take the larvæ that would produce one of their own sex, and by feeding it with a peculiar kind of food gathered by themselves, cause it to become a queen, which is entirely a distinct bee from the workers or drones. As to the queens producing drones only, I fully agree with the theory advanced by DZIERTZON. The only point of difference between my theory and his, is in reference to the impregnation of the queen in her embryo or immature state. DZIERTZON does not regard such impregnation necessary, while I maintain that without such impregnation in some form there can be no reproduction of life.

Henrietta, N. Y., Jan., 1860. E. KIRBY.

REMARKS.—We publish the above, though it is far less practical than articles we like to give our readers. These curious theories we may discuss by-and-by, but at the present we wish to show our readers the importance of bee-keeping, and the way in which it can be made very profitable. For this end we shall, in a week or two, commence the publication of a series of conversations on the subject, in which we think will be found all the information necessary to the successful pursuit of bee-culture. Reasoning from analogy in regard to the nature and habits of bees is rather unsafe, for they are in many respects unlike other insects. Mr. K. opposes the *royal jelly* theory taught by HUBER and a host of others, because it is "opposed to all the facts and all the principles of both nature and science." The "*second infusion*" theory of Mr. KIRBY is, at least, equally at fault in this respect.

AGE OF BEES.—Do bees live for many years, or do they die after reaching one year of age, or even, as some think, after a summer's labor, without enjoying the fruits of their toil? Do the cells become smaller from any cause, so as to be unfit for rearing bees?—YOUNG BEE-KEEPER, *Near Ravenna, Ohio, Jan.* 1860.

Bees live but a few months. Those that commence life in the spring, and have to endure the hard toils of summer in gathering honey, live but a few months, it is generally supposed, and we believe correctly. Those that are reared in the latter part of summer, do but little work, and spend the winter in repose, live longer, and perform the early summer labor. If an Italian Queen, a variety larger and darker than our common bees, is given to a colony of common bees early in the working season, in three months nearly all the common bees will have disappeared, and the occupants of the hive will be a cross between the Italian and common bee. This seems to furnish conclusive proof of the short life of the worker. The cocoons spun by the larvæ are not removed by the bees. They adhere so closely to the cells that the work of removal would be difficult, and is never attempted. This of course reduces the size of the cells, and after a number of years they no doubt become too small for the proper development of the young, and should be removed. This would not be necessary, oftener than once in six or eight years. It is thought by some bee-keepers that the cells are warmer and better for having the cocoon lining.

Inquiries and Answers.

TOBACCO.—I have a quantity of tobacco which is unfit for cigar wrappers, and I would like to make fine cut of it. Can you, or any of your numerous correspondents, tell me how to do it, and also where I can obtain Havana seed?—A. R., *Clarence, N. Y.*, 1860.

You will have to sell your tobacco to the manufacturers, or employ some one to manufacture it for you. A tobacco-cutting machine is necessary to do the work, and this is an expensive article, requiring considerable power for working. The Havana seed can generally be procured of THORBURN & Co., Seedsmen, New York.

FRIEND MOORE:—While digging a post hole on my farm, I dug into an Indian's grave and found, just below the skeleton, about *two quarts of seed*, of a kind unknown to me—a specimen of which you will find inclosed. The seed was evidently buried with the body some fifty or sixty years ago, that the Indian might cultivate it in the "Spirit Land." But, with more curiosity than reverence, I took the seed out of the grave, and doubtless the Indian now wanders a hapless ghost, with no food to refresh his famished spirit. Be this as it may, my query is, of what kind are the seeds?—of grain, flowers, or weeds? I am somewhat curious about the matter, as they were dug on the Council Grounds of the Six Nations, and whatever is found there, possesses a local interest at least.—SILAS ADAMS, *Oneida Castle, Oneida Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

THE seeds are probably the seeds of the poke berry, (*Phytolacca decandra,*) the juice of which, when ripe, is of a bright scarlet or carmine, and is used for painting the savage face. It has also quite a reputation among them as a remedy in rheumatism and other disorders. It is common for them to bury their paints, and these may have been in a mass with the pulp of the berry, the latter decaying, leaving the seeds. There is nothing left of the seeds but its cortex, and if planted, there is no probability of a single seed being found with life sufficient to germinate.

BONE SPAVIN AND THOROUGH-PIN.—Will you, Mr. Editor, or some one of your correspondents, give, through the columns of the RURAL, the best *practical* method of treating a bone spavin, and also thorough-pin?—A CONSTANT READER, *Niagara Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

WE very much doubt whether a bone spavin *can be radically cured*, but as our correspondent desires a practical mode of treatment, we subjoin the following:—YOUATT states the treatment to be simple enough, but far from being effectual. The chisel, the mallet, the gimlet and the pointed iron, so much in vogue among the torturers of the horse, must be avoided, yet considerable severity needs to be resorted to. Repeated blisters will usually absorb the deposit—as a last resort the heated iron may be applied. DADD considers a blister as the *last resort*, and acetate of cantharides is used for that purpose. In the inflammatory state, would give the animal rest, and apply cooling, evaporating lotions to the parts. The usual remedy in this stage is:—Muriatic acid, 4 ounces; Water, 2 quarts; Tincture of blood root, 6 ounces. Apply daily by means of a sponge, binding it round the parts affected. Another equally useful remedy may be thus prepared:—Strong Acetic Acid, 4 ounces; Water, 1 quart; Proof Spirit, 2 ounces; Common Salt, 3 ounces.

THOROUGH-PIN is a sad blemish, and some of the most eminent writers upon the horse deem it incurable. Veterinarians recommend *acupuncturation* and *pressure*. Take a large bottle cork, pierce it with four common-sized darning-needles, so that their points will project about half an inch from the surface, and plunge them into the sac. After the discharge of matter, see that the hock is well fomented, then apply the pressure. There is a truss recommended for the latter purpose by skillful veterinarians.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE RURAL PRESS OF AMERICA has become an "institution" of great power, influence and usefulness. Taken all in all we think the Rural Journals of this country will compare favorably with those of any other class—the Religious and Moral not excepted—and that they are accomplishing more for the real interest of the nation (the salvation of the Union, if you please.) With rare exceptions, they are earnest, progressive, able, independent and truthful to the People and the Cause of Improvement. Hence, we are glad to note that most of our exchanges enter upon the year 1860 under favorable auspices,—with renewed vigor and promise of augmented usefulness. Several have improved in style and attire, while some have made changes which we do not consider improvements—but tastes differ. All our favorites look neat, are rich in contents, and we wish time and space permitted an extended and particular notice of each; but while many are worthy, it would be invidious to specify a few only. We cordially wish our friends increased prosperity—for as they advance the country and its population will increase in wealth and intelligence.

—Those who have read it for ten years can bear witness that the RURAL has frequently commended its Agricultural and Horticultural exchanges; not only so, but in noticing them (especially new journals) almost invariably, given the terms and other particulars. We have rejoiced in the success of every honest advocate of Rural Improvement, and never withheld a kindly and encouraging notice where we thought it was deserved. Such has been our course and will continue to be, although comparatively few of our cotemporaries ever notice their exchanges in a manner to prove of the least benefit; but this is probably an oversight, and cannot be on account of jealousy, or any fear lest their own "bread and butter" might be diminished! But as we can afford to be both just and generous, we shall continue to say what we think deserved in favor of meritorious journals, without intimating that they are expected to reciprocate—on the principle of "You tickle me," &c. There is "ample room and verge enough" for every Rural Journal worthy the name, and experience demonstrates that those which are the most liberal toward others are the best sustained.

REPORTING RURAL PROGRESS.—Hundreds of Agent-Friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, have reported decided progress during the past two months. In many places where we had from one to five subscribers last year, we already have from ten to fifty for 1860, and more are being added daily. We have neither time nor space to give a comparative statement of receipts for the two months of this and the preceding year; but the books show that our receipts in December, 1859, *exceeded those of Dec. 1858, just* $7,800 90! To show what some of our agents have done—and scores have done equally well—we give a few figures. In 1859, L. WARNER, of Orleans Co., obtained 104 subscribers; this year he has reported over 200. A. H. MCKAY, of Cortland Co., who had 23 in 1859, has already 95 for 1860, all at one post-office. S. E. NORTON, of Ontario Co., had 180 last year—this, 220. M HUTCHINSON, Erie Co., Pa., had 64 last year—this, 122. H. E. SMITH, Seneca, had 75—now has 118. H. C. RINGHAM, C. W., had 60—has 140. E. S. BARTHOLOMEW, Chautauqua, had 72—has 150. And thus we might go on. Our lists from distant States, Territories and Canada, are largely increased. We have larger lists at the South than ever before—especially in Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee. And yet the *first month* of 1860 has not expired, (we write this in Jan.) We need not add that we feel grateful for such a manifestation in behalf of the RURAL and the cause it advocates.

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS, to be taken the present year, ought to be an improvement on any of its predecessors—not taken at hap-hazard, but minute, full and accurate. An exchange suggests that our Government might learn something from the English in this matter. "The entire census of Great Britain was taken in 1851, in a single day, and the reports were collected, compared and published by the Government within three months. This was accomplished by the division of the whole country into districts so small that a man could collect the statistics of these districts in less than a day. The number of these districts was over 39,000, and the blanks previously prepared by the Government weighed 52 tons. In classification and arrangement we might also copy after the English with advantage."

BEES FOR CALIFORNIA.—*Novel Cargo.*—A conductor on the Niagara Falls Division of the N. Y. Central Railroad informs one of our daily papers that a train passed eastward, a few days since, having on board two hundred swarms of honey bees. They were the property of a gentleman who has spent several years in California, but who had returned to this section to engage in the novel enterprise of shipping such live stock as bees to the Golden State. The bees were purchased in the vicinity of Niles, Michigan, at an average cost of five dollars per swarm. He estimated that it would cost some thirteen dollars per swarm to transport them to the Golden State, and that when once there they would bring him one hundred dollars each! Quite a speculation.

LIVE AND DEAD WEIGHT OF CATTLE.—A great bullock, known as the "Haxton Steer," raised in Columbia county, after being in New York for three weeks, was slaughtered on the 19th ult. Before leaving home he weighed 3,452 pounds. Before slaughtering he weighed on different scales 3,419 and 3,418. After being killed the four quarters were hung up for a week, and then weighed in the aggregate 2,309 pounds, not quite 69 pounds per cwt. upon his last live weight. A good many bets were made on the result, varying from 61 to 71 per cent of live weight.

PRIZES FOR MANURIAL EXPERIMENTS.—The Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture, offers the following liberal premiums for experiments with manures: First premium, $100; second, $75; third, $50. In awarding the premiums, all other things being equal, preference will be given to those which are tried on the largest space of land, and also where the competitor weighs the whole crop instead of an average rod. Notice of an intention to compete must be given to the Secretary on or before the first day of January, 1861.

PREMIUMS TO REPORTERS.—The U. S. Agricultural Society has awarded a silver medal to HENRY S. OLCOTT, Agricultural Reporter for the *N. Y. Tribune*, for the best letters from its last Annual Fair. Also the same to GEO. P. UPTON, of the Chicago *Journal*, for the best report of the Fair in the local papers, and to CHAS. D. BRAGDON, of the *Prairie Farmer*, for the best reports of the evening Farmers' Talks during the Fair.

SORGHUM PAPER.—It is said that the Philadelphia *Ledger* is printed upon paper made chiefly from the stalks of the Chinese Sugar Cane—75 per cent. stalks and 25 per cent. rags. Whether the paper is of superior quality, or sweeter than "the entire rag," is not stated; but if a good article can be advantageously made from the Sorghum, its growers and advocates will soon ascertain and promulgate the fact.

AN EXTRA PIG.—A correspondent says that a pig was raised and fattened by JOHNSON UNICK, of Caroline, Tompkins Co., which was killed when only nine months old, and weighed, dressed, 449¼ lbs. The pig was half blood Yorkshire, and bought by JAS. MOTT, of Ithaca.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are under great obligations to Contributors and Correspondents for numerous favors received during the past month, intended for various departments—Practical, Scientific, Literary, &c. Many of these are on file for publication, and others will be examined at our earliest convenience.

—A word to would-be contributors. We are constantly receiving applications from persons who wish to become regular contributors, asking what we will pay them, &c., while many wish to receive the RURAL in exchange for articles. Within the past month we have probably entered the names of full one hundred correspondents (or persons who proposed to become such,) on our free list—and "still they come." Now, it is but just to both classes of applicants, to say that we have (and have long had) more contributers and correspondents, especially on literary and miscellaneous topics, than we can accommodate—that we now have sufficient manuscript on hand to fill the miscellaneous departments of the RURAL for weeks and months—and that *we do not at present wish to add to our list of paid contributors in any department*. While we are always glad to hear from experienced men on practical subjects, we beseech all story and sketch writers (not already among our contributors or correspondents,) to withhold their effusions, and spare us the performance of an unpleasant duty—the rejection of their articles. Pray, stranger-friends, do not send us any more *samples* in the literary line—such as a story, or the first chapters of one—for we cannot make any new engagements. We are already *hooked* for large amounts this year, and think we have engaged all the talent necessary, if properly used, to make, what we intend, the best combined RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER published.

DON'T MAKE ALMANACS.—As we receive occasional orders for Almanacs, we beg to announce that we publish nothing of the kind. The making of almanacs and rural annuals is a highly respectable business, but we prefer devoting our entire time and attention to the RURAL.

Agricultural Societies.

N. Y. STATE AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Meeting of this Society is to be held at the Capitol, Albany, on Wednesday next, Feb. 8th, when officers will be elected, time and place of holding next Fair designated, &c. The exhibition and examination of Grain, Dairy Products, Winter Fruits, &c., will take place in the Agricultural Rooms, on Thursday. Addresses are announced on Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

THE INDIANA STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE has elected the following officers for 1860: *President*—GEO. D. WAGNER, Warren. *Vice-President*—J. D. Williams, Knox. *Sec'y*—W. T. Dennis, Wayne. *Treasurer*—Thos. K. Sharpe, Marion. The location of the State Fair was referred to a committee to decide.

RENSSELAER CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The recent annual meeting was quite interesting. The retiring President, Judge BALL, delivered the annual address, and a committe was appointed to select permanent grounds, erect buildings, &c., provided a certain amount should be raised by subscription. The following officers were elected: *President*—GEO. VAIL. *Vice-Pres'ts*—L. Chandler Ball, (Honorary,) John B. Tibbits, Thos. B. Carroll, H. L. Shields, John H. Willard, Troy; Stephen R. Haskell, Lansingburgh. *Sec'y*—J. C. Markham, Troy. *Treasurer*—H. W. Knickerbocker, Lansingburgh. *Directors*—Wm. Guitay, Troy; Alanson Cook, Brunswick; Wm. Newcomb, Pittstown; Nicholas S. Miller, Schodack; Nicholas Weaver, Lansingburgh; Amos Briggs, Schaghticoke; Jacob Minick, Poestenkill; D. W. C. DeForrest, North Greenbush; Ebenezer Stevens, Grafton; Daniel Wight, Sandlake; Lyman Wilder, Hoosick Falls; Amasa Bailey, Nassau; Jos. S. Lewis, Petersburgh; Sylvanus Carpenter, Stephentown; Jonathan Dennison, Berlin; Thos. B. Simmons, East Greenbush; Jonas Whiting, Greenbush; P. F. Forbes, North Greenbush.

SENECA CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, held at Waterloo a few days ago, the following board of officers was elected for 1860: *President*—EBENEZER MUNSON. *Vice-President*—John G. King. *Treasurer*—John D. Coe. *Secretary*—Charles Sentell. *Directors*—O. W Wilkinson, Ira Johnson. The Society is in a healthy condition, financially at least, having a balance of $658,84 in the treasury—evincing good management and progress. Among the premiums awarded on Grain and Root Crops, we observe one to JAS. WHEELER, of Waterloo, for "best sample of Wheat, weighing 63¾ lbs., 40 bushels per acre."

WAYNE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society, the Treasurer reported that after paying premiums and expenses of the year there was a balance of $143,72, and that the debt of the Society had been diminished over $350. The following officers were elected: *President*—DE WITT C. VAN SLYCK, Lyons. *Vice-President*—James Rogers, Lyons. *Secretary*—Henry P. Knowles, Lyons. *Treas.*—Wm. D. Perrine, Lyons. *Directors*—E. N. Thomas, Rose; Joseph Watson, Clyde.

ESSEX AND WILLSBORO AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting the following officers were chosen: *President*—CALEB CONGER. *Vice-Presidents*—A. B. Morehouse and Henry N. Gould. *Secretary*—John Ross. *Treasurer*—P. S. Baldwin. *Executive Committee*—John Burt, Jr., H. E. Sheldon, Edgar Blin, H. A. Thrall, N. P. Rowell, Jer. Cunningham. It was voted to hold the next Fair at Essex Village.

THE UNION AG. SOCIETY, composed of the south part of Erie, north part of Cattaraugus and small parts of Wyoming and Chautauqua counties, held its annual meeting at Springville on the 10th inst. The report of the treasurer shows the Society to be in a flourishing condition, there being above $100 in the treasury over all liabilities. The Society was formed some eight years ago as a Town Society for the town of Concord, but has been gradually enlarged until it now comprises twenty-five towns. The following board of officers was chosen for 1860: *President*—ALEXANDER SCOBY. *Vice-President*—E. W. Cook. *Rec. Sec'y*—Wm. H. Dayton. *Cor. Sec'y*—Luther Killam. *Treasurer*—Pliny Smith. *Librarian*—Frederick Crary. *Executive Committee*—Wm. Smith, L. H. P. Vaughan, Mathew Weber, Edwin Wright, James Hopkins, and a Vice-President for each town. The Society holds its Fairs at Springville, where it has leased ten acres of land which is admirably adapted to its use, and arranged with taste and convenience.

WINFIELD UNION AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, (which comprises several towns in Herkimer and Oneida,) held 12th inst., the following officers were elected: *President*—A. L. FISH, Litchfield. *Vice-President*—J. B. Murray, Plainfield. *Sec'y*—P. B. Crandall, Bridgewater. *Treasurer*—Hiram Brown, Winfield. *Town Secretaries*—G. W. Palmer, Bridgewater; C. D. Miles, Columbia; Albert Holcomb, Litchfield; B. D. Brown, Plainfield; Wm. Warren, Richfield; J. A. Morgan, Winfield. *Directors*—A. Vosburgh, Richfield; J. D. Eaton, Columbia; Wm. Brown, Plainfield; Anson Rider, Litchfield; J. H. Clark, Winfield; John Tuckerman, Bridgewater.

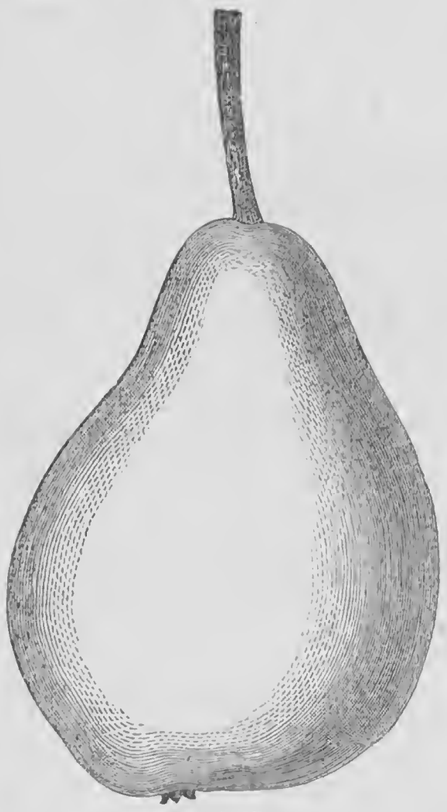
A FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' CLUB has been organized in Clay, Onondaga Co., for discussion of various practical topics. Meetings are held every Saturday. Officers:—*President*—Col. WM. COON. *Vice-President*—Cornelius Cronkhite. *Cor. Sec'y*—John F. Moschell. *Rec. Sec'y*—Thomas H. Scott. *Treas.*—Daniel Schoolcraft.

WINTER PEARS.

Some hopeful people think the time will soon arrive when good winter pears will be as plenty as winter apples. Of this we have some doubts, but we do not doubt that before many years winter pears will be grown by most of the cultivators of fine fruit, so that they will be found on the tables of amateurs, and of the principal hotels, and that the leading markets will be supplied with pears at something like reasonable prices eight months of the year. We are beginning to ascertain the best varieties, the best way to grow them, and the best way of keeping and ripening. Some of the tedious processes heretofore recommended for ripening, have been found, in regard to some varieties, at least, not only unnecessary but injurious—and a good, cool, dry cellar—just the place for keeping apples—perhaps after all, will be found the very best place for storing and ripening winter pears. On this point, however, we are anxious to learn, and not to teach. It is a question of vast importance, and all should embrace every favorable opportunity to gain and impart knowledge.

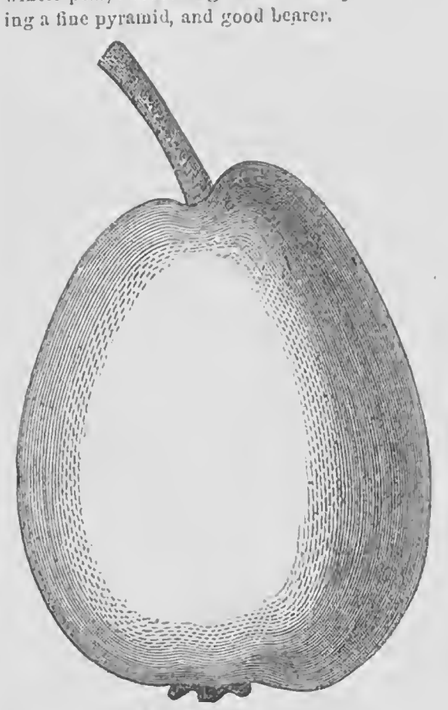
A few weeks since Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry presented us with a basket of pears, just in condition for eating, and of these we have made a few notes and some drawings.

Doyenne Sieulle.—A medium sized roundish pear, skin greenish-yellow, thickly sprinkled with brownish dots. The flesh of this pear is white, coarse, buttery, juicy, with a vinous refreshing flavor. Specimens not as good as we have before tasted. Tree vigorous and productive, and does well on the quince. This pear was highly recommended by several members at the last meeting of the American Pomological Society. Mr. Corr, of Connecticut, stated that his largest and finest pyramids were of this variety. Messrs. Barry, Hovey and Prince also spoke in its praise.



Belle Epine Dumas.

Belle Epine Dumas.—A long yellow pear, stalk long, calyx closed. The flesh is white, buttery, a little coarse, juicy, sweet, and of quite a peculiar, yet an agreeable flavor. A very good winter pear, succeeding well on the quince, making a fine pyramid, and good bearer.



Prince's St. Germain.

Prince's St. Germain.—This is a fine pear and a great keeper. The specimens are juicy, melting, sweet, vinous and exceedingly agreeable. Its beauty is equal to its quality. On the shady side it is a mixture of green and yellow, almost covered with russet dots, forming a kind of net-work On the sunny side it is a bright red, but this color is somewhat subdued and rendered dull by a partial coating of russet. Somewhat striped with red and yellow towards the stem. This pear, it is said, will ripen in the barrel as easily as a Baldwin apple.

Josephine de Malines.—A very beautiful, bright-yellow pear, thickly sprinkled with small russet dots. It is medium size, turbinate, with a long stem. It is delicate and beautiful in appearance, and when cut it appears still more beautiful; for the flesh is of a delicate rose-color, mottled with white, with a strong rose perfume. It is buttery, sweet, not high flavored, but the juice, which is abundant, is of a most delicate rose-water flavor. It would not require a great stretch of the imagination to believe that in this pear we have a union of the king of fruits and queen of flowers—the pear and the rose.

We will continue our notes in the next number.

APPLES IN WISCONSIN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Respectfully, we would inquire where the Yellow Belle represented in Rural of Jan. 7th, was manufactured?—whether it is designed to be the well known *Yellow Belle*, of Downing, or some new variety that needs to be named for, to us,—who supposed we knew this well known and highly esteemed hardy variety,—the cut looks more like a peach with a stick stuck in it. The *Yellow Belle* ranks high for Western culture. We seek 1st, *hardiness;* 2d, *Early productiveness*, and 3d, though of no use without the first, we place *quality.*

I herewith send a list which promises well, where we must have occasionally the thermometer at 30 degrees below zero.

Red Astrachan,	Wine Sap,
William's Favorite,	English Golden Russet,
Carolina Red June,	Yellow Belleflower,
Sweet June,	Fulton,
Keswick Codling,	Jonathan,
Early Harvest.*	White Winter Pearmain,
Famense,	Pomme Grise,
Dutchess of Oldenburgh,	Rawle's Janet
Fall Queen,	Red Romanite,
St. Lawrence,	Domine,*
Talman Sweet.*	

These *will* succeed in all favorable locations.—The best for orchards are *high, dry, gravel loams,* or clayish soil. No fertilization and little pruning needed. Plant from 20 to 25 feet each way,—*young trees,* two or three years old—not older, at your peril. With a little patience the result is a good orchard. G. J. Kellogg.

Belle Cottage, Janesville, Wisconsin, Jan., 1860.

* A little tender.

Remarks.—Our engraving of the *Yellow Belleflower* was a little at fault, the artist not having selected a fair specimen for the engraving. It is not sufficiently conical to show the true character of the variety, but in other respects is correct.

TO PRESERVE SQUASH SEED PURE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In No. 1 of the present volume I observe an article from the pen of our excellent friend, H. N. Langworthy, concerning "*Squashes, and how to perpetuate the best kinds.*" I am one of those who have purchased the *Hubbard Squash* seed, and have been disappointed in its fruits, although I did succeed last year in raising a *very few* which may be called *pure*, as far as the squash is concerned; but the seeds of even these are not to be relied on for the coming season. Our friend says, truly, "How to preserve pure from all foreign or bogus mixtures is an in inquiry of considerable importance." It seems to me that the plan which he proposes is susceptible of improvement, as at best it is an uncertain mode, and in a few years would most likely run all his pure seed "into the ground."—He says "If the laws that govern fertilization, and also amalgamation in vines, were better understood, very many would be prepared to exercise charity for those who furnish seed for the cultivator. They are apt to forget that the 'busy bee,' with his yellow heels, is into all the squashes for miles around him, thus fertilizing and fixing their character for good or bad." Now, if I understand the "laws which govern fertilization" correctly, a pure seed of its kind will produce its like to an indefinite time, provided it is kept from intermixing with other sorts. I understand also that the mixing or fertilization of the blossoms does not affect the squash for the present year, but the seeds which come from it are not certain to be pure, or to produce pure squashes. Assuming that the above view is correct, I think I can apply a remedy or a preventive for the mischief of our busy little "yellow heeled" friends, as follows:

Provide a number of little boxes or covers, made of wire-gauze, or even of millinet, secured to wire frames of size sufficient to cover a small squash, with wires extending below to fasten them to the ground. When a squash has set before it blossoms, cover it over with this screen and let it remain until the blossom falls, when it may be moved to another one which is setting, first marking the one which you uncover for *seed.* In this way I see no reason why we may not have as many *pure seed squashes* as we desire, be it one or a thousand, if we treat them in this way. Of course we must have pure seed to start with.—Those which are not covered with the screen will be as good for the table as the others, but cannot be relied on for seed.

If this plan will not produce the desired effect, I will thank Mr. L., or some other of your correspondents, to set me right, as I, with thousands of others, am desirous of perpetuating in its purity so great a luxury as the *Hubbard Squash.* The first thirty-six years of my life I lived in perfect hatred of anything which bore the name of *squash*, but since I have found the *Hubbard*, my hatred has turned to the warmest admiration.

Pittsford, N. Y., Feb., 1860. A. S. Clackner.

DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN GARDEN.

The ground for which this design was prepared is a parallelogram 340 by 620 feet, a trifle less than five acres, adjoining the public road in the western part of the village of Le Roy, Genesee Co., N. Y., and owned by E. B. Hinsdale, Esq. It is bounded on the east, south and west by land used for farming purposes, and on the north by the public road. The proposed dwelling marked B on the plan, shortly to be erected, will have two fronts—the main or principal one facing the road—the other looking east and commanding a good view of the village.

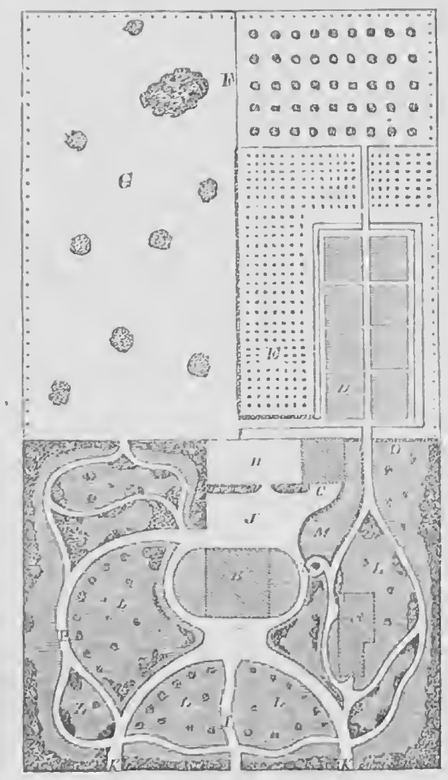
In making my preliminary visit to the place, the present dwelling A, the stables C, and well N, occupied their present positions as indicated by the letters on the plan, and the proprietor had nearly completed the large semi-circle in front. Viewing the place in all its aspects, I recommended leaving these as they existed, and adapting the future improvement to them. The most natural site for a dwelling is the one indicated on the plan opposite the large semi-circle, as the ground slopes easily and gradually from that point to the north and east. The object I had in view in forming this design was to combine the useful and ornamental in as great a degree as possible, and at the same time to secure perfect harmony throughout, without any attempt at extra display. On my first visit there were but few trees on the place, except an old apple orchard, which ought scarcely to be taken into account, as the trees are mostly to be removed to make way for buildings, &c. The number of deciduous ornamental and evergreen trees planted, is 387—and these are to serve the double purpose of shelter and ornament. The plan also provides for a large number of the different varieties of shrubs suitable to a place of this description. The trees embrace a large portion of the different varieties of our native forest trees, so blended as to produce at the different seasons of the year the most pleasing effect.

The dwarf pear orchard contains 280 trees of the leading varieties, which can hardly fail in a few years to prove a considerable source of pleasure if not profit. The orchard for standard trees, such as apples, cherries, plums, &c., contains 45 trees, and the kitchen garden, either side of the main walk, is to be planted with gooseberries, currants, &c. The two squares at the south end of the kitchen garden are to be devoted to other kinds of small fruits, such as raspberries, blackberries and strawberries.

It will be observed by reference to the plan, that the graveled space between the semi-circle and house is sufficiently large to admit of the turning of carriages. The two semi-circles at each end of the ground plan for house, will, in all probability, have to be somewhat modified, as the plan for the dwelling is not yet complete. In all other respects the design will be fully carried out according to the plan.

The road marked P, on the plan, is intended to be used exclusively as a means of transit to and from the stables and offices, for carrying hay, wood, coal, or any heavy loads, which by their weight would cut up the roads, or cause litter. I think the necessity of such a side road, both on the score of convenience and cleanliness, must appear obvious to every person of taste.

I would like to call the attention of every farmer to the study of this plan—not that it is one which could or ought to be universally or generally adopted—but I think it is one which presents many valuable hints. The points to which I desire to call attention in this plan are, first, everything in its arrangement is so simple that the grounds can be easily kept in order. Secondly, under good management a large quantity of fruit will be yearly produced from so small a portion of ground as the orchards cover. I have not the slightest hesitancy in saying, (and I think those who are at all conversant with the raising of the finer kinds of fruit will bear me out in the assertion,) that in less than ten years the fruit which can be produced from the orchards, would not only pay for all expenses incurred, but after that time leave a good yearly surplus after paying current expenses.



A, Present Dwelling; *B*, Proposed Dwelling; *C*, Stables; *D*, Kitchen Garden; *E*, Dwarf Pear Orchard; *F*, Orchard for Standard Fruits; *G*, Pasture for Cows; *K, K*, Carriage Entrance; *I*, Main Walk to Dwelling; *J*, House Yard; *H*, Yard; *L*, Lawn; *M*, Laundry Ground; *N*, Pump; *O*, Hedges; *P*, Road to Stables and Offices.

It will be seen by reference to the plan, that the *kitchen garden* and dwarf pear orchard is entirely surrounded by a hedge, in addition to which there is a belt of evergreens and shrubbery ten feet wide the whole length of the west line to shelter the grounds. This is an important matter which I am happy to perceive is attracting general attention among intelligent fruit growers.

The *laundry ground* is entirely secured from all parts of the ground by a good evergreen hedge and numerous trees, so that the bleaching and drying of clothes can be carried on at all times out of sight of the other portions of ground. The advantages of this plan, in most cases, seem to be entirely overlooked. W. Webster.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan., 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

Making Raisins.—We have a question in dispute, and have agreed to refer it to you, if you will oblige us with the desired information. The question is this:—How is the raisin of commerce produced from the grape?—Wm. Hilger, *McDonough, N. Y.*, 1860.

The grapes are carefully picked without injuring the bloom, and laid upon the ground to dry. When dried sufficiently they are packed and shipped. No sugar is used in their preparation, as many suppose. The sugar contained in the raisin is the natural product of the fruit.

Pie Plant Wine.—Being a reader of your valuable paper, I wish to inquire of you or some of your numerous subscribers, of the manner of making wine from the Rhubarb plant, and whether it is a profitable business. Any information on this subject would be thankfully received.—A Subscriber, *Onondaga Valley*, 1860.

The juice is expressed, sugar added, and then it is placed in a cask and allowed to ferment before corking up. Never having made this wine, we cannot give the particulars. Perhaps our readers will do so.

Summer Houses—The Barberry.—Will the editor of the Rural New-Yorker please give us a draft of a *Summer House* or *Arbor.* As we wish for something unique in its style, we know of no better way to obtain it than through the columns of your valuable paper. We would also like to know something of the *Barberry*, seeing an article in your paper recommending it for hedges. How is it propagated—if from the seed, where can it be obtained? By answering the above you will oblige—A Subscriber, *Chatham, Jan.* 1860.

Cheap rustic work is the most appropriate for a summer house or arbor. This is made of the limbs of trees, and the wild vines of our woods. A half day spent in the forest with an axe would procure plenty of material, then with a saw, and hammer and large nails, and a little ingenuity and patience, seats, arbors, &c., can be made of very pretty designs. In a week or two we will give some plans.

The Barberry is a prickly shrub, growing from five to ten feet high. It is very hardy, and of rapid growth, bearing almost any kind of ill usage. The form of a plant four or five years old is shown in the small engraving. It throws up a great many suckers, and young shoots, and soon forms a thick bush. This disposition to spread is the only objection to the plant for a hedge, for it would require some care, we thing to prevent its spreading much more than would be desirable. The flower is pretty, and the fruit, which is of a pinkish scarlet, is shown of the natural size in the drawing, and is quite ornamental. It is used for preserves, jellies, &c., and last season we picked several quarts from the bush we have shown in our engraving. It is propagated by seeds, but mostly by suckers and offsets. Small plants fit for a hedge can no doubt be obtained at most of our nurseries, and also large plants, which can be divided like currant bushes, making a large number of each plant. There is an old prejudice against the use of this plant for a hedge, many believing it causes blight in grain growing near, but we think without foundation in truth. Indeed this seems now to be the general opinion. We would like to see it generally tried for hedging. The branches are not very strong, but they grow up thick so as to leave no opening, and are furnished with sharp spines.

Horticultural Notes.

Genesee Valley Horticultural Society.—The Annual Meeting of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society will be held at the Court House in the city of Rochester, on Monday, the 6th of February, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

The Horticulturist.—The January number of the *Horticulturist* is before us, and is quite a readable number Peter B. Mead, is announced as Editor..

The Gardener's Monthly for January is also on our table. Its form has been changed to octavo, (32 pages.) a much more convenient form for binding than the old quarto.

The Peach Buds.—Some of the peach growers in this section were a little anxious after the last severe cold to ascertain its effect upon the peach buds, as rumors that they were badly injured began to gain credence. On trees that from any cause made a rapid growth late in the season, some of the buds have been destroyed, but in the main, they are uninjured.

Later reports and examinations have shown that the buds have received more injury than we supposed. However, we have yet hopes of a fair crop in this section. A letter received from Ohio speaks discouragingly of the prospects in some portions of that State.

Colored Fruit and Flower Plates.—E. Darrow & Bro., it will be seen, advertise in this number colored plates of Fruits and Flowers. There is a great demand by nurserymen and others for these plates, and the publishers, we are glad to see, are making an effort to give more correct and life-like representations.

Convention of Wisconsin Fruit Growers.—A Convention of the Wisconsin Fruit Growers, and the annual meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association, was to have been held at Whitewater on the 19th and 20th ult. The object of the convention was to obtain a full discussion of various topics of special interest to those engaged in the cultivation of fruits in that State, such as the value of different varieties considered with reference to their quality, hardiness and productiveness—the best methods of planting and cultivation—the best methods of protecting trees and vines against the severity of Western Winters—the best remedies against insects injurious to the orchardists, etc., etc. The circular calling the meeting, says:—"The experience of the last few years has demonstrated that, notwithstanding the rigor of our climate, fruits of the finest quality *may* be grown here, and a leading object of the convention is to determine, from the experience of its members, a list of those varieties that may be depended upon as hardy, excellent and productive. With such a list, it is anticipated that, in spite of the discouragements of the past, the planting and cultivation of fruit trees will again be entered upon, and prosecuted with a spirit that will soon render us independent of other States for the supply of the fruit we consume." We have not yet received any report of the proceedings.

Horticultural Lectures.—Our readers have been informed that the Agricultural and Horticultural Lectures at New Haven, under the auspices of Yale College, commenced on February 1st. The Horticultural course commences on Monday next, and continues through the week. The following are the subjects and lecturers:—*General Pomology*—Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. *Grapes*—Dr. C. W. Grant. *Berries*—R. G. Pardee, Esq. *Fruit Trees*—P. Barry, Esq. *Fruits as Farm Crops*—L. F. Allen, Esq. *Arboriculture*—Geo. B. Emerson, Esq.

Our report of the proceedings of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, has been published in pamphlet form by the Society, and will be forwarded to all members by the Secretary. Those who wish to become members may do so by forwarding their names with $1 to W. P. Townsend, Lockport, or C. P. Bissell Rochester.

AN OLD-FASHIONED INDIAN PUDDING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As I am in possession of a capital pudding recipe that I have never seen published in your excellent paper, with your permission I will give it to your numerous readers. It is for making the same kind of old-fashioned Indian pudding which our grandmothers used to make, when father and mother, and our uncles and aunts and cousins were invited to the old homestead, to partake of Thanksgiving Dinner. Ah, those good old times! Well do I remember the long, pleasant kitchen, with its huge fireplace piled full of hickory logs, that were snapping and crackling, and the ruddy blaze streaming up the throat of the chimney, as if it delighted to kiss the pot-hooks that were ranged in a row on the old iron crane. And then the table, that reached almost the length of the long kitchen, well filled with roast turkeys, chicken pies, and puddings, with grandfather and grandmother standing at the head—the dear old man asking a blessing on the many good things which the Creator had so bountifully bestowed. I shall never forget how grandmother looked as she stood there, with folded hands, and a devout smile lighting up her handsome face—my grandmother was handsome in spite of her being old. Then father and mother, uncles and aunts, stood next, followed by a whole row, on each side of the table, of little

Bennys and Tommys, Sammys and Johnnys,
Marys and Fannys, Susans and Annas,

with clean faces, new dresses, and well-combed hair; and such rows of laughing, dancing bright eyes as they glanced around upon the goodies that the old table seemed to fairly groan under. But where are all of those happy, smiling faces now? Echo answers, where? The good old grandfather and grandmother have been gathered home-like shocks of corn fully ripe, a long time; some of their numerous descendants are scattered up and down the earth, but the most of them have been carried with silent footsteps to their last resting-place. I had almost forgotten, Mr. Editor, in my revery of the past, to give you the pudding recipe. But here it is:

Take off the cream from the milk of last night,
The hot fire will cause it to foam up all right,
Then stir in the meal—it should be rather thin—
Then salt it, and spice it, and put the cream in;
A cupful of sweetening, with raisins, a pound,
And then with the pudding stick make it fly round;
It should not be hurried, but boil up all o'er,
Should stay in the oven three hours or more,
This makes a fine pudding, and one that will do
For Printer, for Farmer, and President, too.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1860. Simple Susy.

INDIAN BREAD, SODA CRACKERS, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—We love the Domestic Column in your valuable paper, as we do every other column. Please accept a few receipes which my mother thinks are very nice.

Indian Bread.—One quart buttermilk or sour milk; 2 quarts sweet milk; 1 cup molasses; tablespoon saleratus; a little salt; 1 pint rye or wheat flour—stir in Indian meal until thick as for Johnny Cake. This is sufficient for a five-quart pan.—The best way to cook it is to set the pan of bread in a dinner-pot two-thirds full of boiling water, cover with a larger pan, and let your bread steam three hours, then place in a moderate oven for two hours. We have read many recipes in the Rural for Indian bread, but none equal to this, in our folks' estimation.

Soda Crackers.—Stir into 14 cups of flour 2 teaspoons soda, 4 of cream tartar; after which rub in 1½ cups shortening, lard or butter; mix with cold water, mold and pound half an hour, bake in a hot oven.

Vinegar Pie.—Eight tablespoonfuls of vinegar; 8 of sugar; 2 of flour; when lemon extract is added it resembles rich lemon pie. Leila.

Burns, N. Y., 1860.

Cure for a Felon.—Having nearly lost a finger by one of these excruciating ills to which our flesh is heir, I feel impelled by a sense of duty to proclaim the following remedy. After suffering so much with the one aforesaid, I knew the symptoms *too well* to be mistaken in regard to them, and after a day and night of torture rose at 2 o'clock, and administered the following:—Take a half gill of *strong vinegar*, dissolve in it a tablespoonful or more of saleratus—heat as hot as the flesh can bear—soak the felon as long as desirable—repeat the application as often as the pain returns, and a cure is certain. The writer prevented two in this way. To all afflicted we say try it. This remedy must be applied in the first stages, as it is of no avail after it is greatly swollen.—A Country-woman, *Cayuga Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Dish for Breakfast.—Take half-a-dozen, or as many as may be necessary, nice, large, fall pippin apples, or other good cooking apples. After wiping them nicely, cut them in slices about one-fourth of an inch thick; have a pan ready, in which there is a plentiful supply of fresh, sweet lard. The lard must be *hot* before the slices of apples are put in. Drop in the slices just as you would fritters. Let one side of them fry until brown, then turn, and put a small quantity of sugar on the browned side of each slice. By the time the other side is browned, the sugar will be melted, and spread over the whole surface. Serve them up hot, and you will have a dish good enough for anybody.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

Good Pie-Crust.—Will some of your numerous readers please inform Sarah Ann the *modus operandi* of making *good pie-crust*, and greatly oblige,—S. A. S., *Palmyra, N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

DARK is the night, from the murky skies
Not a ray doth cheer my longing eyes;
Darker the way of my future lies.

The storm beats wild on the window pane,
The air is heavy with sleet and rain;
Wilder yet is the storm in my brain.

The wind, like a restless spirit, moans
To the breaker's dirge-like monotones;
The oaken forest trembles and groans.

Wail on, wild Winds! Moan ever, oh, Sea!
Far better thy music suiteth me
Than the most angelic melody.

To-night I make in my heart a grave,
For Love is dead;—a requiem brave
Ye're chanting for him, oh, Wind and Wave!

Dedham, Mass., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TO A LITTLE GIRL.

BY HEBRON BELL.

THE warmest heart of noble worth
More often beats 'neath homely looks,
And thus the fairest flowers of earth
Oft blossom in secluded nooks.

The rich and proud may boast of wealth
With never-ending care and strife,
But calm contentment, peace and health
Are found in humble walks of life.

And thus the sweetest girl I know
Can boast of neither wealth nor power,
I've searched the ranks of high and low,
But never found a fairer flower.

Her soul is free from every stain,
Her heart is warmed by Pity's touch,
Her thoughts are never proud nor vain—
Oh, that the world had many such.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FAMILIAR CHAT WITH FRIENDS.

WHO does not linger with fond thoughts over the memory of precious ones, and, when the name of friend is spoken, where is the heart that does not respond fervently to the sound? Aye, and with it too, come sighs and tears, perchance; not unmoved can we think of some who shared with us in childhood's joys—who, with us, met youthful disappointments that prepared us for the sterner sorrows of later years. We have been thinking of friends, some who mingle with us in the sacred home-circle, and of others who have found other homes in western lands,—tearfully, too, do our thoughts dwell on one, the eldest, fairest of our little household band, who at her Father's call entered a home more glorious and holy than earth affords. We have been thinking of dear ones, scattered, it may be, far over land and sea, but more of a pleasant little circle where we are passing some of youth's happiest hours.

Would you know these? Go with me into our cosy little school-room, where scores of young and happy hearts are daily receiving impressions that are to influence them through life. Do we think of this, dear friends, as we gather here, that our characters are being formed, and that we are to carry from this place these impressions? Are we entering the field of life with noble purposes, high resolves, and with the firm determination to overcome all opposing obstacles? Have we resolved that not one precious moment,—not one golden opportunity, as it comes to us freighted with hope, shall pass unimproved? Surely, we do not, cannot fully realize the importance of our life-work, if we listlessly come and go, accepting willingly whatever circumstances may offer, with no *high purposes,—no ambition to become better,—no aim in life,—no hope in the unfathomed, and unfathomable future.* Shall we say our influence is naught,—that we were not placed here to be instruments in doing good to our associates? What though, at times, our efforts prove unavailing, and doubt and despondency almost overcome our feeble resolutions when our faith in human goodness is so faint and wavering that our hearts, chilled and despairing, cry out for strength to persevere in well doing? Some writer has beautifully said, that each word we breathe, each thought to which we give utterance, carries with it either good or evil to those with whom we associate. Then shall we despair? Rather let us, with renewed diligence, press onward, striving to fulfill the great ends of life. Now, when we are entering upon this varied sea,—this troubled, checkered waste,—how shall we choose, how distinguish between good and evil, right and wrong. The scene is broad and varied—lights and shadows—clouds and sunbeams—error and truth—vapors and realities. From these we are to choose, and Oh! to us, life is not a vain thing, no empty show in which we for a time, are actors, and as we leave the stage others come on, the world, while careless and thoughtless, applauds each varied act. Not a vain thing to live, when there are errors to oppose, mighty wrongs to be undone, sorrows to alleviate, and tears to wipe away.

Each of us must take upon ourselves the whole duty of life. Not when we please can we lay aside its responsibilities and burdens. As we look forward into the future, a strange, sad vision rises before us. Familiar forms mingling in life's busy scenes,—filling places of honor and distinction, as some of our number will,—some moving on, grasping bubbles and finding naught but vanity. Are we to be of this number? Before us two paths are opening, and shall we thoughtlessly, recklessly, enter? The first, a broad and glittering way, very pleasant to the sight is it, and the many hued flowers look so fair, the landscape so bright, that youth, all restless, pursuing the phantom pleasure, needlessly enter, eagerly striving to grasp the innumerable seeming gems. But alas! one by one, these worldly, unsatisfying pleasures crumble and fade while yet the possessor has them in his grasp; and the same vague, restless yearning fills the heart,—the same wild, sad longing for something purer and better. Are we deciding? Ponder well, O! youth! not lightly may we enter, not thoughtlessly partake of these pleasures, which, like the apples of the Dead Sea, though very fair to the sight, we shall find as ashes on our lips.

A narrow path hedged in by difficulties, which to our young eyes looks dark and uninviting—a path so narrow that, if we step aside, tottering and dizzy, we shudder as we look down the steep bank over which we hang. But as we enter, an angel form, is pointing far on ahead,—on, beyond these difficulties, dangers and temptations; the path grows broader; crystal streams and flowing fountains, flowers, not false ones, but those of hope and truth,—azure skies and lovely verdure; and on, still on,—so far that the brain grows bewildered as it strives to measure the distance,—a glittering goal.

We shall meet but few travelers, who, like us, are striving for truth and purity. But a strength will be imparted by that angel guide, and not vainly shall we strive, if zealously we press forward, for before us is a throng of happy ones, who, braving and overcoming all obstacles, have reached that goal. Which will we choose, dear friends? The broad and glowing way—the "Path of Worldly Pleasure,"—or the narrow one—the "Path of Right,"—the guide, our guardian angel, and the goal, a great and good character. Oh! if our influence is going forth hourly, daily and yearly, shall we not, by kindly words in good season, raise the despairing among us, and by untiring efforts render this little circle purer and better fitted to meet life, and fulfill its duties?

Cleveland, N. Y., 1860. CLARA.

GIRL HEALTH.

IT will be an immense advantage when the day comes for boys and girls learning and playing together as children of several foreign countries do. Climbing trees is admirable exercise for everybody; and so is cricket, and trap-ball, and ball-play of all kinds; and racing and jumping. Instead of this, we see not a few schools where the girls, after sitting and standing all day, are taken out for a walk in the twilight, to save lighting candles. They seldom feel the sun; they have chilblains and other ailments from bad circulation; and in such schools nearly every girl has more or less distortion of the spine when she has been there more than two years. In the last century people knew no better. Little girls were put upon hard benches without backs, and so high that the feet hung in the air; and so perched, they were required to sit bolt upright, and sew for hours together. The consequence was, the deformed shoulder, the humpback, the weary, aching spine, which many thousands of English women have carried to the grave. There is no more reason for women being crooked than any other creature born with a proper backbone; and this is better understood than it used to be. We see that the seats in schools are oftener accommodated to the height of the children; and if leaning back is not countenanced, there is more frequent change of posture and of occupation. Calisthenic exercise, and even the inclined plane for the relief of the backs of fast-growing girls, are common sights in our day. The improvement is marked; but the condition of school girls needs more consideration than has yet been given to it. Their average of health is far below that of boys; more of them will languish in invalidism; fewer will have genuine, robust health; more, in particular, will die of consumption within ten years. The main cause of this is the unequal development of the faculties. There is too much intellectual acquisition, though not too much mental exercise, if it were made more general; and there is an almost total absence of physical education. If the muscles were called upon as strenuously as the memory, to show what they could do, the long train of school girls who institute the romance of the coming generation would flock merrily into ten thousand homes, instead of parting off—some to gladden their home, certainly, but too many to the languid lot of invalidism, or to the actual sick-room; while an interminable procession of them is forever on its way to the cemetery—the foremost dropping into the grave while the number is kept up from behind. Many a survivor will be still wondering, with grandchildren round the fire, that this and that and the other pretty or clever school-fellow should have died so early.

THE WIFE.—To partake secretly, and in her heart, of all his joys and sorrows, to believe him comely and fair, though the sun hath drawn a cypress over him, (for as marriages are not to be contracted by the hands and eyes, but with reason and the heart, so are these judgments to be made by the mind, not by the sight,) and diamonds cannot make the woman virtuous, nor him to value her who sees her put them off then, when chastity and modesty are her brightest ornaments. Indeed the outward ornament is fit to take fools, but they are not worth the taking. But she that hath a wise husband, must entice him to an eternal dearness, by the veil of modesty, and the grave robes of chastity, the ornament of meekness, and the jewels of faith and charity; her brightness must be purity, and she must shine round about with sweetness and friendship, and she shall be pleasant while she lives, and desired when she dies.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

AMBITION is frequently the only refuge which life has left to the denied or mortified affections. We chide at the grasping eye, the daring wing, the soul that seems to thirst for sovereignty only, and know not that the flight of this ambitious bird has been from a bosom or a home that is filled with ashes.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DAYLIGHT.

BY MRS. M. F. A. CROZIER.

O, WHY do you lie 'mid the darkness of night,
When the day-dawn of Heaven upon you is beaming?
O, why do you cover your eyes from the light
That down from the portals of glory is streaming?
Tear off the black bandage—the light will not harm you;
There are flowers a blooming upon every side;
Have these, in their beauty, no power to charm you,
That thus you should seek the gay vision to hide?

A heaven-wrought jewel, new-polished and fair,
Like a starlet is flashing on each purple blossom;
As meekly as angels their coronets wear,
It weareth the gem on its pure, tinted bosom!
Have all the bright gifts of the newly-born morning,
No brightness for you, poor, conservative soul,
That you sigh, when we herald its glorious dawning,—
That forward, not backward, the ages must roll?

To make the earth glad, God hath given the day,
Yet you dare to despise the sweet sunshine of Heaven;
You can walk by the light of the star-beams, you say,
So you blindfold your eyes that the daylight is given!
When the angel announced, from the top of the mountain,
The breaking of morn to the valley below,
The chill of the night-time had frozen the fountain
Of feeling that once from thy spirit did flow!

So while we look up to the blue sky above,
And rejoice in the orb that is shining there brightly,
And while we give thanks to the Father we love
For the flowers that our children trip over so lightly;
And while we are glad that the dim mists of error
Have folded their banners and laid them away,
Your blindfolded spirit, in silence and terror,
Is crouching in midnight, surrounded by day.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"LIFE IS A DREAM."

"LIFE is a dream." Stay, my friend—is it so? Is the great drama which is being constantly enacted on the stage of life but a fantastic vision, which shall fade away and leave no trace behind, when the flood-gates of Eternity shall be opened, and the resplendent light of the World where comes no night shall dispel the shades of mortal life? The sweet unfoldings of the youthful bud,—the untiring action of maturer thought,—the rich possessions which may crown the ripened age,—are *these* of no account? Oh, yes, most truly they are, for life is *no dream*, it is a *solemn reality*, and naught should hinder it being as beautiful and harmonious as it is solemn and real. We are to act, then, not as listless voyagers on the sea of life, but with energetic power, with elevated aim, and with unfaltering faith, are we to work our way to higher points of intellectual worth and purity of soul. We are to apt to forget that such should be our aim, and so we wander carelessly on, plucking, it may be, now and then, an unfolding bud of Truth, or gathering a scanty store of Wisdom's priceless fruits, content to leave the richer blooms and riper stores for those who may not think "life is a dream."

To those who are thus allowing the precious hours of this short but momentous life to glide away in ignoble ease, a voice from every flying moment seems to cry, "Oh, Dreamer, wake to dream no more." Let not the frivolities of fashion or the glitter of gold forever fill the heart and eye; for this life will soon pass away to make room for a nobler, more extended sphere of action. When once the Dark River is passed, then will the soul, freed from its bonds of clay, wing its upward flight, circle above circle, in the unending realms of Wisdom, and bask forever in the loving presence of Deity. And for *such* a destiny is this life the preparatory school. One of Old Scotia's greatest and best philosophers has thus written in regard to learning *here*, and *there*:—"Truth, of every description, is, from its very nature, eternal and unchangeable, and consequently it cannot be supposed a preposterous opinion, that the established principles of several of our sciences will be the basis of reasoning and of action in a future as well as a present state of being." There will be no ignoble ease there,—the holy anthem will be hymned from every tongue to tell the "wondrous love and story" of Redeeming Grace," but *more* will as surely be required as Wisdom is combined with Love in the attributes of Deity. Is it becoming, then, with such a destiny before us, that we have no settled purpose in this life, that a being, created in the image of GOD, and endowed with a mind, lasting as eternity, should have no thought but for the present enjoyment, that all the rich mines of wealth which are garnered here should lie unheeded; the precious talent, bestowed for worthy use, he laid within the napkin to rust itself away? No,—for each attainment we make, each problem we solve, each noble thought we clothe in words "fitly spoken," each triumph we achieve over the allurements of sin,—all, all, tell on our future destiny. We are not garnering for time alone, but for eternity. How great, then, is the inducement to systematic action. No listless dreams, no careless thought, no heedless word, no squandered time,—for each dream, each thought, each word, are tracing impressions on the mind, lasting as eternity itself. And should it not thrill every heart with joy that what is once learned, is learned forever,—should it not be our delight to cultivate to the highest degree of excellence those powers which are destined to live and improve when time itself shall be no more?

E. S. T.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1860.

TRUE HEROISM.—Patience is a sublime virtue The truest heroism in human life is that *private heroism* which bears with calmness inevitable ills, regardless of the consolations of a fruitless sympathy, and without the soothing consciousness of public attention.

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

THE broad steep of Zion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethseda's pool; further on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though it is the noon of night, traces with ease the street of Grief, a long, winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary, called the Street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human as well as the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the Divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame which is now throughout Christendom the emblem of triumph and honor. Passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisedeck built his mystic citadel; and still remains the Hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the Temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital, and the God of Abraham, Isaac and of Jacob, is now worshiped before every altar in Rome.

Jerusalem by moonlight! 'Tis a fine spectacle, apart from all its indissoluble associations of awe and beauty. The mitigating hour softens the austerity of a mountain landscape, magnificent in outline, however harsh and severe in detail; and, while it retains all its sublimity, removes much of the savage sternness of the strange and unrivaled scene. A fortified city, almost surrounded by ravines, and rising in the centre of chains of far-off spreading hills, occasionally offering, through their rocky glens, the gleams of a distant and richer land!

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright on the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze, that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the sky is dark, the stars are hid; all become as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehosaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar. Bethseda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of Sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the height of Scopas, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon of light.—*D'Israeli.*

AVARICE.

IT is not so easy to account for the fact that the vice of avarice commonly increases with age where it has been one of the characteristics of the man in his better days, or that it often springs up in the bosom of an old man as a new trait of character, in cases where it had in no way distinguished his earlier years. Perhaps the true solution is to be found in the fact that, though it may have existed in middle life, either in the germ or in the development, yet it was then kept in comparative subjection because the man was in a condition to satisfy its cravings, or was able from day to day by his labor to meet his own wants and the wants of those dependent on him. In old age the power of accumulating by toil has passed away. The old man can add nothing to what he has already gained, and the exhaustion in the supply of his own wants, and of those who may be dependent on him, is felt by him to be constantly lessening what had been accumulated in his better years. By a natural illusion of the mind, the man, forgetting that he is old, and that he will pass away long before all is gone, looks forward to the time when every grain shall be carried away from the heap, and when he will be penniless. If he cannot hoard, he can at least endeavor to retain; or if he cannot add by labor to what he has, the desire to do it may manifest itself in the meanest forms of avarice and parsimony, and this becomes often the main and the melancholy characteristics of an old man. To learn the art of growing old is, then, to discipline the mind on this point; to form early habits of liberality, and to carry them forward resolutely in advancing years. "What avarice in an old man," says Cicero, "can propose to itself, I cannot conceive; for can anything be more absurd than, in proportion as less of our journey remains, to seek a greater supply of provisions?"

THE SILENT CONFLICTS OF LIFE.—A triumph in the field is a theme for poetry, for painting, for history, for all the eugolistic and aggrandizing agencies whose united tribute constitute Fame; but there are victories won by men *over themselves,* more truly honorable to the conqueror than any that can be achieved in war. The battles in which they are obtained are fought in solitude and without help, save from above. The conflict is sometimes waged in the still watches of the night, and the struggle is often fearful. Honor to every conqueror in such a warfare! Honor to the man or woman who fights temptation, hatred, revenge, envy, selfishness, back to its last cover in the heart, and then expels it forever. Although no outward show of honor accrues to the victor of these good fights, they have their reward—a higher one than Fame can bestow. They ever come out of the combat self-ennobled.

THE fact that mankind "know the right, and yet the wrong pursue," settles the point that depravity lies in the heart and not in the head.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HYMNS FOR DEVOTIONAL HOURS.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

WILL that sweet moment ever be
That I so long have wished my own,
When CHRIST shall be as dear to me
As to the saints around the throne?

Oh, what a sweet, delightful state!
Who would not daily strive for this?
And with a zeal that cannot wait
So long for the delaying bliss.

CHRIST, precious to the longing heart!
Light, peace and joy, instead of gloom!
When will the long desire depart
To give the thing desired room?

That we may taste the bliss, and know
The larger liberty and love
Of that sweet state that gives, below,
A foretaste of the bliss above.

Climax, Kal. Co., Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WEB OF LIFE.

["THE web of our life is of mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues."]

IF it be true that we may superintend the weaving of the fabric, let us endeavor to have the golden threads of truth unbroken throughout the whole length and breadth of life's changeable web. Truth, like a beautiful flower, will shed a healthful fragrance around our pathway, surrounding us with a halo of glory more bright and enduring than the stars which gem the vault of night. We must scatter, here and there, in the woof, kind words and little acts of love, like stray sunbeams, whose mellow light will irradiate with joy the hearts crushed with disappointment and anguish. Kind words are priceless pearls, which, if freely used, will make this earth a beautiful place—one such as angels love to visit; but if withheld by a miserly spirit, it becomes a place over which angels may well shed the bitter tears of pity.

Some one has very truthfully said, "If we would hear a sweet and pleasing echo, we must speak sweetly and pleasantly ourselves." Instead of speaking harshly and angrily to those we meet in life's busy thoroughfare, we should speak "sweetly and pleasantly," and every passing breeze will return to us echoes fraught with joy and happiness. Let us ever be possessed with that spirit of benevolence which seeks the good of others—this should be our highest aim—the glorious summit to which our ambition should aspire.

"All worldly joys are less
Than the one joy of doing kindness."

If we would have the good overshadow the ill in the web of life, we must weave in the silken thread of charity, which "endureth all things."—Speaking of this virtue, an elegant writer says:—"Charity, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart and reflected from all the angles of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in GOD, a gladness in our neighbors' good, a pleasure in doing good."

As each word, thought and deed, will appear with distinct outline, when the fabric is held up to the gaze of an assembled universe, should it not be our ceaseless endeavor to keep it free from the dark and forbidding figures of falsehood or unkindness, so that when our Father pronounces the work complete, we may have to present to Him a web all "pure and spotless," with truth for the substance and kind deeds the ornament? It will be a sufficient reward for all we may have done or suffered on earth, to hear the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

F. M. TURNER.

Oxford, N. Y., 1860.

OUTLIVED SORROW.—He had not outlived his sorrow, nor felt it slip from him as a temporary burden, leaving him the same man again. Do any of us! God forbid. It would be a poor result of all our anguish and wrestling, if we were nothing but our old selves at the end of it,—if we could return to the same blind loves, the same self-confident blame, the same light thoughts of human suffering, the same frivolous gossip over blighted human lives, the same feeble sense of that unknown, toward which we have sent forth irrepressible cries in our loneliness. Let us rather be thankful that our sorrow lives in us as an indestructible force, only changing its forms, as forces do, and passing from pain into sympathy—the one poor word which includes all our best insight and our best love.—*Adam Bede.*

WORDS OF MAN'S WISDOM.—The truth of the Gospel shines best in its bare proposal; and its beauty, in its simple and naked delivery. We may observe from the Church history, that still as soundness of doctrine and the power of godliness decayed in the Church, the vanity of an affected way of speaking, and of writing of divine things, came in. Quotations from the Fathers, Latin and languages, are pitiful ornaments unto preaching, if a man designs conversion and soul edification. And yet more despicable are all playing on words, jinglings, and cadences, (which things are in all the rules of true eloquence justly exploded:) and yet some men reckon much on them. But would any man think his friend in earnest with him, that would accost him in any affair with such sort of language and gesture?—*Trail.*

CHRISTIAN FAITH is not the committing of one's thought, in assent to any proposition, but the trusting of one's being to a being, there to be rested, kept, guided, moulded, governed and possessed forever.—*Bushnell.*

The Reviewer.

COOPER'S NOVELS.

COOPER'S NOVELS—Splendid Illustrated Edition, issued in a style of Unsurpassed Elegance, and Beautifully Illustrated with Five Hundred Original Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY, executed on Steel and Wood in the costliest style of the most Eminent Engravers in the Country. Published by W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., New York. E. R. HALL, 5 Athenæum Building, Subscription Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

THE superb Illustrated Edition of COOPER'S NOVELS, now in course of publication by W. A. TOWNSEND & Co., New York, is worthy the attention of every admirer of the greatest of American Novelists. Twelve volumes of the series are now before us, and although we have specially noticed several of them during the past year, we cannot refrain from reiterating our admiration of the beauty of their illustrations, typography, etc., and again commending the publishers for presenting the works of the great delineator of American life, scenery and manners, in a style so recherche and enduring. The edition is illustrated with designs on wood and vignette drawings on steel, in line and etching, by DARLEY, while the printing, paper and binding correspond—rendering the series unsurpassed in taste and elegance. Among the volumes already issued are. "The Pioneers," "Red Rover," "The Spy," "Last of the Mohicans," "The Pilot," "Wyandotte," "The Prairie," "The Bravo," "The Sea Lions," &c. Each volume contains a novel complete, and averages about 500 pages. The edition is published by subscription,—E. R. HALL, 5 Athemæum Building, being the Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

— Since penning the above our eye has fallen upon a very appreciative review of COOPER'S Novels, from a late number of the *North American Review*. The article is attributed to H. T. TUCKERMAN, a gentleman of superior critical taste and scholarship and true American feeling. It is based upon the superb edition above mentioned, of which it speaks in the highest terms. Regretting that we are unable to give the entire review, we quote the following:

"To be thoroughly appreciated, the American novels of COOPER must be read, even by his countrymen, abroad. His fresh and spirited pictures of colonial life in the West gain infinitely, as regards vividness and effect, by the perspective attainable only from a European stand-point. It is when surrounded by the visible tokens of ancient civilization—when the effigies of national maturity and decline, the arts, the polity, the social conventionalities which centuries have made mellow, are visible and audible—that the young life and the virgin nature of the world laid open by COLUMBUS impress the imagination and win the heart. Our idea of COOPER'S originality and vigor of conception—especially of his scenic limning and elaboration of native character—was vague, until we thoughtfully communed with his descriptions amid the mediæval architecture of Florence, and on the fertile and historical shores of Sicily. To turn from the massive symbols of European feudalism—from ancient temples, vast palaces, jewelled mausoleums, refined art, Southern nature, trophies that were old when America was discovered—to the leafy forest isles, the sea-like prairies, the settler's lonely log-hut, the primitive communities, the inartificial habits, and nascent civil life, which he delineates, is a contrast so entire, that the mind takes in, as never before, the whole significance of the picture. We feel the very spirit of our native land and our hardy progenitors in its original freedom and purity. Aboriginal figures seem more distinct to the fancy, when invoked in the atmosphere hallowed by sculptured deities and a living race moulded by the highest civilization; the wilderness has a singular charm when contemplated from an old European city; and frank, natural character, bred on the sea or in the forest, has a most attractive reality when beheld with the extreme types of artificial humanity beside and around us. We seem, in such circumstances, to inhale the balmy fragrance of the primeval woods, we catch glimpses of dusky forms in the twilight, and nestle to the very heart of Nature in her verdant solitudes or ocean haunts, as we follow the firm step and piercing eye of a writer who has caught the inspiration of unhackneyed scenes and fresh, free, intrepid, isolated, but most characteristic life, which, compared with that around and within us, seems indeed born in another hemisphere, and fraught with higher issues than can ever result from the effete civilization of the Old World. COOPER then becomes to us what ARIOSTO is to the Italian exile, CERVANTES to the Spaniard, Scripture to the Hebrew—the literary representative of our nationality—the enchanter through whose spells we are transported, at will, to the bogs and meadows, the Indian trail, the hunter's lodge, the frontier bulwark, the rocky coast, the patriotic strife, the secret council, the ambush, the skirmish, the pure domestic altar, and the simple human sympathies, which make up the adventurous ordeal through which our ancestors passed to win the heritage that is their children's vast and vaunted home. For many years the only two native authors ever found in the American artist's meagre library abroad, on the *diplomat's* table, and in the banker's *salon*, were COOPER and BRYANT—because through the novels of the one and the poems of the other, the history and the scenery of home could be so authentically revived." * * *

"European readers, satiated with the worn-out romance of Italian amours, German mysticism, and French intrigue, turned with avidity to the grand natural panorama, the novel Indian warfare, the simple colonial life, the magnificent scenery and heroic endurance in the wild and on the billow, unfolded in the pages of COOPER. The American traveler found in the remotest provinces of Europe, that next to WASHINGTON and FRANKLIN, the household word of his nationality was COOPER."

THREE EXCELLENT BOOKS.

THE remark is sometimes made derisively, that if farmers are "the bone and sinew" of the land, they are nothing more,—they are not its nerves and brain. They do little of the country's thinking; they read but few books and papers, and those are of the commonest sort. This may be true to some extent, and in some parts of the country, but not as a general rule and everywhere. It is less so now than it was twenty-five or thirty years ago. A large portion of our agriculturists have as good educational advantages in youth as any other class in society, and they have as much leisure for mental improvement afterwards, as any other. The houses of many farmers are graced with good family libraries, in which history, science, biography and poetry are well represented. Many of the agricultural papers of the day are conducted with eminent ability.

But we have no desire to measure lances with those who speak disparingly of agriculturists. We have been led to touch upon this subject by reading, of late, several excellent Agricultural books, published by A. O. MOORE & Co., of New York, (now SAXTON, BARKER & Co.) Among these, we would specify, in particular, the following:

I.—FARM DRAINAGE, by Hon. HENRY F. FRENCH, of New Hampshire. This volume is handsomely printed and illustrated. It is written in a vigorous and racy style, abounds in practical allusions and hints, is pervaded by a genial humor, and is at the same time as plain and practical as DABOLL'S Arithmetic. The importance of gratings at the outlets of drains, to prevent mice, toads and other vermin from clogging them up, is not a very poetical topic, one would think, yet, while treating of it, Mr. FRENCH gives us flashes from SHAKSPEARE, VIRGIL and COLERIDGE. Still, these rhetorical embellishments do not interfere at all with the practical aim and execution of the book. We doubt if the English language contains a more complete and instructive treatise on the whole work of Draining, than this.

II.—DARLINGTON'S AMERICAN WEEDS AND USEFUL PLANTS. The paper and illustrative embellishments of this volume are fully equal to the last. Among the pictorial sketches, we think we discover the same skillful pencil of the publisher which adorned many pages of his new edition of DOWNING'S "Landscape Gardening." The leading design of this work is to give farmers and gardeners a full and accurate knowledge of the plants (both useful and pernicious) with which they have most to do. The author well says that the farmer who informs himself on these points, "will find that he has obtained many new and interesting views of objects connected with his profession—that he has acquired a capacity for observing and profiting by numerous processes and phenomena in the vegetable economy which had heretofore been unheeded, or imperfectly understood. A spirit of research will often be awakened, which, in itself, is an unfailing source of gratification to ingenious minds, and not unfrequently leads to important, practical results." It seems to us that no true farmer, proud of his profession, and desirous to honor it will, voluntarily remain uninformed on these and related topics. To intelligent farmers, and those who are seeking to become such more and more, we commend this book.

III.—STRAY LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE; by Prof. DE VERE. Here is a different sort of book—one which deals less with facts than with the poetical sides of facts. If anybody wants to see how Botany can be relieved of its supposed dryness, let him open these pages. If anybody thinks Geology, and Chemistry, and, in short, any of the natural sciences are repulsive and uninteresting, let him forthwith look here. The author does not try hard, of set purpose, to show that these studies are useful and important; he does it indirectly, and so all the more effectively. For the parlor table, or for any young gentleman's library, few books can be better suited than this.

Mr. Editor, if any of your readers may be induced hereby to read either or all of the above excellent books, I am confident they will thank you for publishing my humble advice.—A. D. G.

Books Received.

LIFE IN SPAIN: Past and Present. By WALTER THORNBURY, author of "Every Man his own Trumpeter," "Art and Nature," "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," etc. With Illustrations. [16mo.—pp. 388.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.]

MORPHY'S GAMES: A Selection of the Best Games Played by the Distinguished Champion, in Europe and America. With Analytical and Critical Notes by J. LOWENTHAL. [16mo.—pp. 473.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE in Behalf of their Rights as Authorized Interpreters of the Bible. By CATHERINE E. BEECHER, author of "Common Sense Supplied to Religion," "Domestic Economy," etc. [16mo.—pp. 380.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

SELF-HELP: With Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "The Life of George Stephenson," [16mo.—pp. 363.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.]

THE BOOK OF POPULAR SONGS; Being a Compendium of the best Sentimental, Comic, Negro, Irish, Scotch, National, Patriotic, Military, Naval, Social, Convivial and Patriotic Songs, Ballads and Melodies, as sung by the most celebrated Opera and Ballad Singers, Negro Minstrels and Comic Vocalists of the Day. [pp. 320.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. From the Publisher.

THE DISEASES OF CATTLE—with Descriptions and Illustrations of various Organs and Functions of the Animal Economy. Containing also, Useful and Practical Information on Breeding, Ventilation and Diet. By GEO. H. DADD, Veterinary Surgeon, author of "Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse," "Modern Horse Doctor," etc., Lecturer on Veterinary Science at the Boston Veterinary School. [pp. 396.] Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—1860. From the Publisher.

Spice from New Books.

Jackson at Twenty.

OUR young friend was twenty years of age when he completed the preliminary part of his education at Salisbury. Before sending him forth to try conclusions with the world, we will take the liberty of detaining him a moment here on the threshold while we survey his person and equipment. It is, indeed, necessary to state briefly what kind of a young man young Jackson was, in order to render credible much that is soon to be related, as well as to correct the impressions which the wild ways of his youth may have made upon the reader's mind. The occasional audacities and irregularities of a young man like this were likely to be remembered and exaggerated.

He had grown to be a tall fellow. He stood six feet and an inch in his stockings. He was remarkably slender for that robust age of the world, but he was also remarkably erect; so that his form had the effect of symmetry without being symmetrical. His movements and carriage were singularly graceful and dignified. In the accomplishments of his day and sphere he excelled the young men of his own circle, and was regarded by them as their chief and model. He was an exquisite horseman, as all will agree who ever saw him on horseback. Jefferson tells us that General Washington was the best horseman of his time, but he could scarcely have been a more graceful or a more daring rider than Jackson. Young Jackson *loved* a horse. From early boyhood to extreme old age he was the master and friend of horses. He was one of those who must own a horse, if they do not a house, an acre, or a coat. Horses may be expected to play a leading part in the career of this tall young barrister.

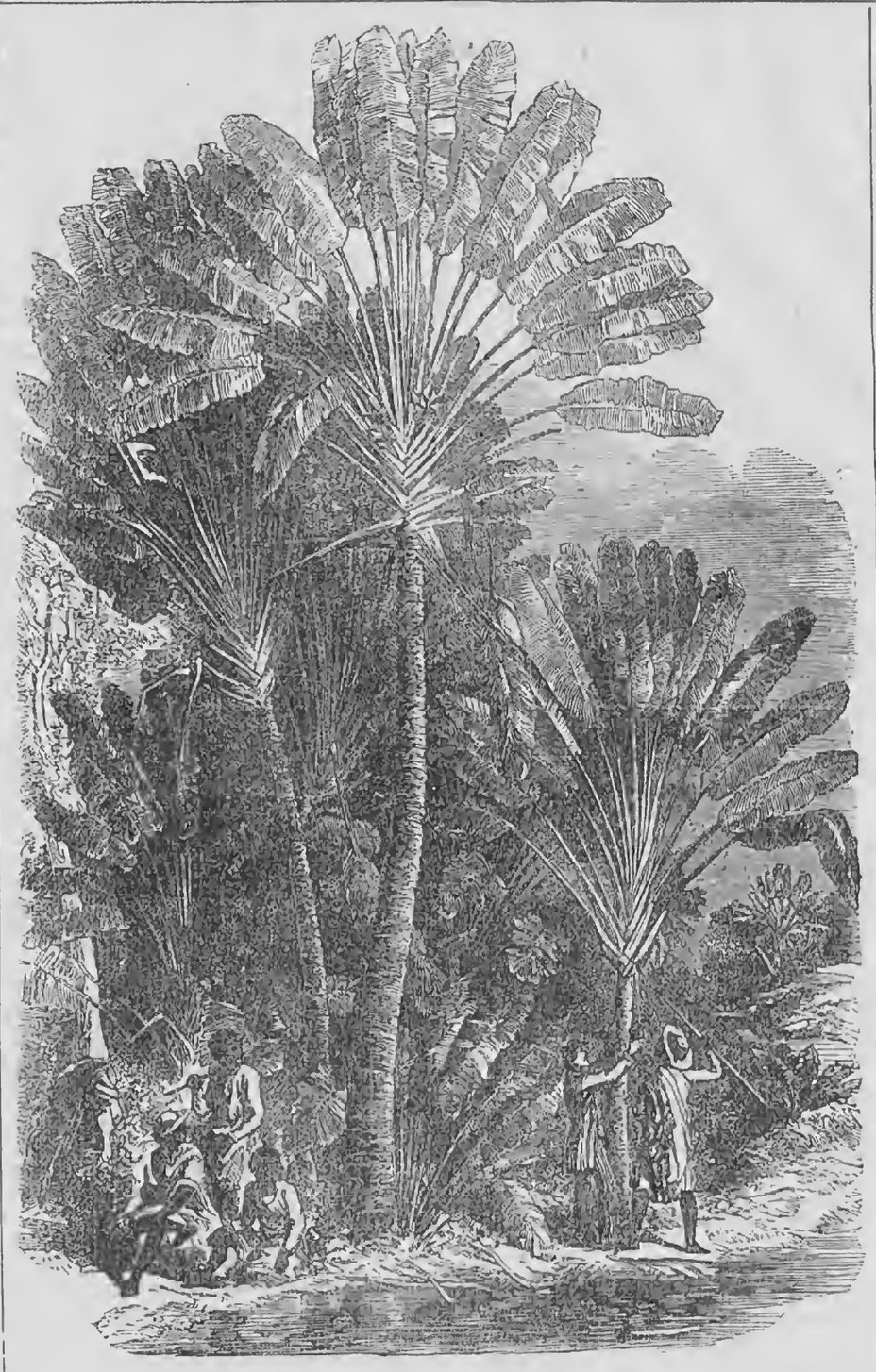
Into the secrets of forest and frontier life Jackson was early initiated. He was used to camping out, and knew how to make it the most luxurious mode of passing a night known to man. He was a capital shot, and became a better one by-and-by. "George," his favorite servant in after years, used to point out the tree in which he had often seen his master put two successive balls into the same hole. His bodily activity, as we have seen, was unusual. He was a young man of a quick, brisk, springy step, with not a lazy bone in his body; and though his constitution was not robust, it was tough and enduring beyond that of any man of whom history gives account.

He was far from handsome. His face was long, thin and fair; his forehead high and somewhat narrow; his hair, reddish-sandy in color, was exceedingly abundant, and fell down low over his forehead. The bristling hair of the ordinary portraits belongs to the latter half of his life. There was but one feature of his face that was not common-place—his eyes, which were of a deep blue, and capable of blazing with great expression when he was roused. Yet, as his form seemed fine without being so, so his face, owing to the quick, direct glance of the man, and his look of eager intelligence, produced on others more than the effect of beauty.—"*Life of Andrew Jackson*," *by* JAMES PARTON.

The Seclusion of the Soul.

WHO is so unthinking as not to be sometimes impressed with the great mystery of our spiritual being, its utter isolation from the all-surrounding universe. How perfect the seclusion in which every individual finite soul dwells apart from every other! We do, indeed, hold an imperfect intercourse by telegraphic signals passing thro' matter, but walls of adamant could not more effectually separate us from direct spiritual communing than the state in which God has created us. There is something impressively solemn in this deep seclusion, this everlasting loneliness. No other soul knows us; no other finite spiritual eye has ever seen us; the nearest friend has only inferred our existence; like the natural belief in a God, "our invisible things are understood from the things that are seen," even our inward power and humanity. The thought is sometimes our pride; it places in such gloomy grandeur each soul's inviolable individuality. It may also give rise to a feeling tinged with melancholy. O, could another know us, as we are sometimes led to exclaim, just as we know ourselves; we would be willing even that he should know our sins, could he also feel and know to the fullest extent all the palliations to which they are entitled in human eyes.

There is one soul that knows us, personally, intimately, thoroughly—knows us not by media, by signals outward or interior, not by induction from effects, or foreknowledge from causes, but by direct and immediate presence,—by more than presence, even by spirit, pervading, interpenetrating spirit,—not only an occasional or partial beholding, but an unintermitted knowledge of our all, our sense, our memory, our intelligence, our consciousness, even when least sensible, least known, least conscious to ourselves. "Thou hast possessed my reins; Thou knowest my thoughts; when I awake, I am still with Thee." And then think of this soul pervading all other souls—forming the universal medium, if we may use a term so much profaned, of all spiritual existences, and yet losing nothing of that distinct personality which it presents to each, not impairing in the least, that distinct individuality with which every finite spirit stands before the Infinite. There is in such a view, all that the highest philosophy can demand, and yet all that meets our lowliest human thought, our deepest human sympathy.—"*The Divine Human in the Scriptures*," *by* TAYLER LEWIS.



THE TRAVELER'S TREE.

THE above engraving, for which we are indebted to the *American Agriculturist*, gives the general form and structure of that splendid specimen of tropical vegetation known as the "Traveler's Tree." Rev. Mr. PHILIPS, who went to Madagascar in the employment of the London Missionary Society, has written a work descriptive of that country, and, among other novelties, pictures and describes this curiosity of the vegetable world.

The remarkable property of this tree is the fact that it furnishes a large supply of pure water in the driest season, even when growing upon the most arid sandy plain. From this boon of fresh, pure water, afforded to the thirsty traveler, it derived its name. The water furnished by it is said to be of such excellent quality that the natives resort to it in preference to going but a little distance further for supplies from the stream.

The leaves, which furnish the fluid, are each from four to six feet long, and about two feet broad, and they are attached to the body by a stalk six or eight feet long, and of proportionate thickness, each tree having from fifteen to twenty-four leaves. The base of each leaf-stalk contains a reservoir of water, holding a quart or more, which is drawn out by the natives by striking a spear or other sharp-pointed instrument four or five inches deep into the stalk near its junction with the trunk of the tree, when the water flows out freely. The main stem of the tree is thick and succulent, resembling a plantain tree, rising sometimes thirty feet high, and sending off the leaves from each side of the top of the stem. As the leaves increase in number and size, they extend horizontally and droop at the end, thus giving the tree the appearance of a gigantic fan, with a very long handle.

Madagascar, however, is not the only spot where water-producing trees are to be found. In the Canary Islands we find the "Fountain Tree," which distils water so plentifully as to answer all the purposes of the inhabitants who live near them. "There are," says GLASSE, "only three springs of water in the whole island of Hierow, wherein the Fountain Tree grows. These springs are used for the cattle, the people preferring that obtainable from the trees." Travelers inform us that the same tree is to be found in the island of St. Thomas, in the bight of Guinea; and in COCKBURN'S Voyages we read an account of a dropping tree near the mountains of Fera Paz, in South America.

Mr. PHILIPS thinks the name "Builder's Tree" would be even more appropriate than its present title. The enormous leaves are used to thatch all the houses on the eastern side of the island, the leaf-stalks furnish materials for constructing the partitions, and even the sides of the house; and the hard bark, inclosing the stem, is stripped off, beaten out flat, and laid for flooring—the pieces often being eighteen inches wide, and from twenty to thirty feet long. The dusky housekeepers of Madagascar also make portions of the green leaves serve the purposes of wrapping-paper, table-cloths, dishes, plates, spoons and drinking vessels.

A SHORT SERMON ON MANLINESS.—Learn from the earliest days to inure your principles against the peril of ridicule; you can no more exercise your reason if you live in the constant dread of laughter, than you can enjoy your life if you are in the constant terror of death. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear; do it not for insolence, but seriously and grandly—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion.—*Sidney Smith.*

THE chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

YOUNG RURALIST.

GRASSHOPPERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed in your valuable farm paper of the 14th of this month, the inquiries of R. G. H., a youth of Oswego Co., respecting grasshoppers. I am a young Onondaga county Naturalist and know all about grasshoppers. I was down in Oswego county in 1858, in grasshopper time, and saw millions of them, enough, as I then thought, to devour all the green things in that county; and last year in Granby, in that county, in June, I saw innumerable quantities of miniature grasshoppers which, but for the providential frosts and cold weather which destroyed them, would have consumed the entire vegetable products of that section.

You will please, through your interesting RURAL, say to R. G. H., that the grasshopper is produced from an egg deposited in the ground by the female grasshoppers,—the mode of operation he can witness by observation during the latter part of next autumn. The female grasshopper will at that time be greatly distended with eggs. Nature has provided her with an instrument at the end of her body which she can sheathe or unsheathe at will, and with that she pierces a hole in the earth and lays her eggs, one by one, to the number of about eight. The eggs are white, oval, of a horny consistence, and contain a viscous, transparent fluid. In this climate the eggs remain in the earth secure from frost and the action of moisture until about the middle of May, when the vernal influence of the sun brings forth from each an insect about the size of a flea, of a light gray color, changing in a few days to green, and when about twenty days old, changes again from the imperfect grasshopper to the more perfect grasshopper, by bursting its first skin and coming out with four magnificent wings.

The age of the grasshopper in Oswego county, may be reckoned at about four months, and during its brief life it undergoes several changes. In California, and some other sections of our National domain, the grasshopper lives about ten months, and during that time undergoes five changes.

I would advise my young friend to study the grasshopper,—he will do well in the warm days of early June to visit some grass lands and see the little hopper, as he comes out of his diminutive shell. If he has not got a glass for examining insects he should get one.

You can tell our young friend that the Grasshopper and Locust tribes are numerous and interesting—their habits have drawn the attention and engaged the minds of the most eminent naturalists in all ages, and in all countries. The wise savans of our Agricultural Department, and the Faculty of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, are seeking information as to the most speedy, safe and effectual mode of destroying them. But enough of the hopper, at this time, and when I come again I will come with more interesting items. WASP.

Onondaga County, N. Y., Jan. 16, 1860.

MAKING CONE FRAMES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Somebody (I've lost the paper, and can't tell exactly why,) wanted the Young Ruralist, to tell them how to make cone frames, &c. I've waited several weeks, and seen no answer, and finally decided that I would try to give such information as I possess, for the benefit of all concerned.

In the first place, I decide of what size the glass shall be to suit the purpose for which I intend it, then get some one to fit a wood frame, narrow, but strong enough to hold the glass firmly; then cut a frame of whatever shape I like best, from stiff pasteboard. I like those best that roll backward and scollop at the edge. Sew the pasteboard together, wire the outer edge, and nail it to the upper side of the wood frame, letting the pasteboard just conceal all the wood. If the board is white, I stain it with ink or dye. Prepare the glue by putting it in a cup, covering it with cold water, and setting it in a basin of boiling water on the stove until thoroughly dissolved, and then I am ready for the cones. The white pines I bake until the gum is hard when cold, then cut off the leaves with the scissors, each one about two-thirds of an inch in length; yellow or pitch pine cut about one-third of an inch. Walnut shucks, tamarac and cedar buds, beech nuts, coffee, red corn, acorns, and everything else pretty that is available, all come in use now; but the *beauty* of the frame depends on the skill and nicety with which they are put on. I begin with a plan or design of the figure I wish, and be it wreath, vine, braid, or rosettes, or all mingled, put it on *first*, with shucks, white pines, or any showy material, and after this is done, fill all the crevices with pitch pine leaves, put on in diamonds, stripes, &c., as they are light or dark, according to the age of the cone when gathered. The stem end of pitch pine, neatly sawed off, makes nice rosettes, by putting a small acorn over where the stem grew, and surrounding it with kernels of red corn, all turned toward the centre. When the crevices are all filled, I put on three or four coats of good varnish, and the work is done. Vases, pin-cushions, &c., are all made in the same way. Some spread putty over the pasteboard, and put on yellow corn in some form, and make frames resembling gilt. There are ways innumerable, and if any one knows of one superior to this, I wish they would make it known, for it might be of much benefit to some of us "readers of the RURAL." YANKEE ETTE.

CRYSTALLIZING GRASSES.—J. C. P., Westville, Conn., inquires how to "crystallize grasses different colors." Take your grasses when dry, and dip them in a solution of gum arabic, shake off the loose drops, and roll them in dry paint. You can by this means make them any color you wish, and when put with crystallized grasses, make a handsome winter boquet.—G. B. W., *Penn Yan, N. Y., Jan.*, 1860.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

The Best Way and the Right Time ... 37
Architecture ... 37
Grain vs. Hay, Straw, &c ... 37
A Rural Gothic Farm House, [Illustrated] ... 37
High Feeding and Manuring ... 37, 38
Making Maple Sugar ... 38
Black Spanish Fowls, Again ... 38
About Broom Corn ... 38
The Bee-Keeper.—The Queen Bee and Her Progeny; Age of Bees ... 38
Inquiries and Answers.—Tobacco; About Seeds; Bone Spavin and Thorough-Pin ... 38
Agricultural Miscellany.—The Agricultural Press of America; Reporting Rural Progress; The United States Census; Bees for California; Novel Cargo; Live and Dead Weight of Cattle; Prizes for Manurial Experiments; Premiums to Reporters; Sorghum Paper; An Extra Pig; To Correspondents; Don't Make Almanacs ... 38
Agricultural Societies.—Indiana State Board of Agriculture; Rensselaer Co.; Seneca Co.; Wayne Co; Essex and Willsboro Co.; The Union; Whitfield Union; Farmers' and Mechanics' Club; New York State Ag. Society ... 38

HORTICULTURAL.

Winter Pears ... 39
Belle Epine Dumas Pear, [Illustrated] ... 39
Prince's St. Germain Pear, [Illustrated] ... 39
Apples for Wisconsin ... 39
To Preserve Squash Seed Pure ... 39
Design for a Suburban Garden, [Illustrated] ... 39
Inquiries and Answers.—Making Raisins; Pie Plant Wine; Summer Houses; The Barberry, [Illustrated] ... 39
Horticultural Notes.—Genesee Valley Hort. Society; The Horticulturist; The Gardeners' Monthly; The Peach Buds; Colored Fruit and Flower Plates; Convention of Wisconsin Fruit Growers; Horticultural Lectures ... 39

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

An Old-fashioned Indian Pudding; Indian Bread; Soda Crackers; Vinegar Pie; Cure for a Felon; Dish for Breakfast; Good Pie-crust ... 39

LADIES' OLIO.

Without and Within, [Poetical;] To a Little Girl, [Poetical;] Familiar Chat with Friends; Girl Health; The Wife; Ambition ... 40

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Daylight, [Poetical;] "Life is a Dream;" True Heroism; Jerusalem by Moonlight; Avarice; The Silent Conflicts of Life ... 40

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Hymns for Devotional Hours, [Poetical;] The Web of Life; Outlived Sorrow; Words of Man's Wisdom; Christian Faith ... 40

THE REVIEWER.

Cooper's Novels; Farm Drainage, by Hon. Henry F. French; Darlington's American Weeds and Useful Plants; Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature, by Prof. De Vrio; Books Received ... 41

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Jackson at Twenty; The Secession of the Soni ... 41

USEFUL OLIO.

The Traveler's Tree, [Illustrated] ... 41

YOUNG RURALIST.

Grasshoppers; Making Cone Frames; Crystallizing Grasses ... 41

STORY TELLER.

"At the Last," [Poetical;] Lydia Mathewson's Journal ... 44

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 4, 1860.

THOSE GRATUITIES TO AGENTS, &c.

We were unable to complete and publish, last week, the result of the competition for the Extra Gratuities, &c., offered for early clubs of subscribers to present volume, as the labor was greater than anticipated. The report and awards are, however, now published in full in a Supplement, which will be sent to all interested (every person who has formed a club) during the present week.—The statement is full, and we think will be found accurate in all respects. We take this occasion to again tender acknowledgements to all who have contributed to the large increase of our circulation during the past two months—an increase which has, for once, far exceeded our most sanguine expectations.

☞ See notice "To Correspondents" on second page.

☞ Publishers' Special Notices, &c., on next page.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

In the examination by the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee nothing of special importance has been elicited.

The intelligence of the disastrous defeat of the Liberals in Mexico, by Miramon, has damaged the prospects of Mr. McLane's treaty, it being manifest that Juarez has no foothold out of Vera Cruz, and that even there his tenure is frail.

The President has ordered from the National Armory at Springfield, Massachusetts, one hundred and fifteen thousand muskets for Southern use, to be stationed at Charleston, South Carolina; Augusta, Georgia; and Baton Rouge, Louisiana; and also nine thousand rifles from the Watertown and Waterville arsenals for Southern use.

The exciting topic in the "City of Magnificent Distances" just at the present time, is the selection of a Speaker for the House. On Friday a vote was taken, and, had the members been compelled to stand by their previously assumed positions, Wm. N. H. Smith, of North Carolina, would have been chosen. The result of the ballot was as follows:

Whole number of votes	228
Necessary to a choice	115
Sherman	106
Smith, N. C.	112
Corwin	4
Scattering	6

Several withdrew from the support of Mr. Smith voting for Corwin and Pennington. After this vote the House adjourned until to-day, (Monday.) Caucuses have been the order since, and we would not be surprised were a choice speedily obtained. Telegraphic dispatches seem to indicate the dropping of Sherman and the substitution of Corwin or Pennington, in which case it is thought the chances will favor the Republicans.

The telegraph of this morning (Tuesday,) gives the result of the three ballots taken yesterday, as follows:

Whole number	234
Necessary to a choice	118
Pennington	115
Smith, N. C.	112
Scattering	6

Mr. Winslow moved that the House proceed to another vote. The House again voted.

Whole number	232
Necessary to a choice	117
Penuington	115
Smith	113
Davis, of Ind.	2
Allen	1
Bocock	1

The aggregate vote was lessened by Messrs. Pennington, and Smith, of N. C., not voting.—Another vote was taken previous to adjournment, the result of which was precisely similar to the last above noted. We are, consequently, still without a Speaker.

Hon. Wm. Appleton has addressed a communication to the Boston Board of Trade, suggesting that a memorial be presented to the President of the United States, requesting the mediation of our Government in the existing difficulties between England and France and China. The Board of Trade at a special meeting adopted a resolution to that end, and also invited the Boards of Trade of New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore to join in the act.

There are about $3,000,000 in possession of the Post-Office Department, but which cannot be paid out till an appropriation bill is passed.

Political Intelligence.

The growth of the West is forming quite a problem for the mathematically-inclined politicians. The total vote for Governor in Wisconsin at the last election was 123,299. Estimating a vote to every 7 of population, the total population is 863,093, an increase of over 550,000 since 1850. Estimated on the same ratio, the vote at the last election in Illinois would indicate that in November, 1858, the population of that State was nearly 1,800,000, which is probably not far from the actual figures. Illinois now has nine members of Congress, and Wisconsin three—total twelve. If the ration be fixed at 105,000 for a member of Congress, it will give Wisconsin eight and Illinois seventeen members after 1861.

The Democracy of Tennessee met in Convention, in Nashville, on Wednesday week. They unanimously presented Hon. Andrew Johnson, of that State, as their first choice for the Presidency. The following are the delegates to Charleston:—Samuel Millegan, J. D. C. Atkins, Andrew Ewing, W. A. Quarles.

The official vote of Kansas has been published, and is as follows:—*Governor*—Whole vote 13,283. Charles Robinson, (Rep.) 7,881; Sam'l Medary, (Dem.) 5,399; Robinson's majority, 2,485. *Chief Justice*—Whole vote 18,295. Thomas Ewing, Jr., (Rep.) 7,996; Joseph Williams, (Dem.) 5,299; Ewing's majority, 2,697. *Member of Congress*—Whole vote, 13,225. M. F. Conway, (Rep.) 7,660; J. A. Halderman, (Dem.) 5,565; Conway's majority, 2,095.

The Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society held its annual Convention on the 26th ult. Francis Jackson, President of the Society, presided. The annual report of the Treasurer shows the receipts of the past year to be a little over $3,800, and expenditures $3,400. Most of the leading Abolition orators were present.

The Legislatures of Kentucky, Tennessee and Ohio have been enjoying themselves the past week. The law-makers of Kentucky visited their Ohio brethren at Columbus on the 26th, and were conducted to the hall of the House of Representatives, where they were received by the general Assembly in joint convention, and heartily welcomed in an address by Gov. Dennison. Gov. Magoffin, of Kentucky, responded, returning grateful thanks in the name of the people of his State for this most cordial welcome. He had expected a warm welcome from the people of Ohio, but was entirely unprepared for such a greeting as had been given. He would take home this welcome to the people of Kentucky, and tell them all we will have to do to keep the government together is to see each other oftener and to know each other better. Gov. Magoffin then introduced Col. Newcome, of the Tennessee Legislature, who responded in behalf of that State. He said that while Congress cannot organize, Ohio, Tennessee and Kentucky can meet and greet each other as brethren. He eulogized the Union and Constitution. His speech was received with great applause. After the adjournment of the convention a meeting was extemporized, at which numerous speeches were made. The best of feeling and greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

The Republicans of Connecticut met in convention at Hartford on the 25th ult. A ballot for Governor and Lieut Governor resulted in the unanimous choice of Wm. A. Buckingham for Governor, and Julius Colton for Lieut. Governor. The following delegates, for the State at large, to Chicago, were selected:—Gideon Wells, E. K. Wooster, Chauncey F. Cleveland, A. H. Holley.

The Kansas Territorial Legislature re-assembled at Lecompton on the 20th ult., in conformity with the special Proclamation of Gov. Medary, and immediately passed a joint resolution adjourning to Lawrence. The Governor having returned this resolution with his veto, it was immediately taken up and passed over his veto by a vote of 9 to 3 in Council, and 20 to 8 in the House.

News Paragraphs.

The St. Anthony News says that the Sioux Indians, to the number of 2,300, have been scattered through the Big Woods, Minnesota. They have killed about 2,000 deer, cutting off the supply upon which many of the poor whites relied. They are inveterate beggars, and sometimes enforce their applications by threats, though they always retire when they are met boldly by the whites.

A statement of the imports and exports at the Port of Toronto for the year 1859 has been published. The imports show an increase over those of 1858 of $249,000, and the duties collected an increase of $127,000. The increase in the value of the exports is $268,299.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his history of Europe, writes as follows:—"It never rains in Egypt; centuries may elapse without more than a shower of drizzling mist moistening the surface of the soil. It is said that it has not rained in Egypt for 1,700 years." A correspondent of the Times writes from Alexandria, Oct. 31, 1859, as follows:—"Englishmen express their astonishment at the heavy rains we have lately experienced, having come with the erroneous impression that it never rains in Egypt." Upon this, it is asked whether the rain which is referred to by the above correspondent is the first which has appeared in Egypt for 1,700 years.

D. D. Owen, State Geologist of Arkansas, reports to the State Board of Agriculture that during the progress of the survey of the State, several beds of iron ore were found, usually either interstratified with the coal measures, or near the margin of the coal basin, some of which ores evidently contain a large per centage of iron.

Mr. Thomas Marcy, one of the early settlers of the Western Reserve, died at Freedom, Portage Co., Ohio, on the 12th of January, aged 90 years lacking one month. He removed to Ohio from Otis, Berkshire Co., Mass., and traveled the ground from Massachusetts to Ohio thirty-four times with his own team.

A flat boat of immense dimensions is in progress at St. Paul, Minnesota. It is designed to carry a load of ice down the Mississippi. The boat is built with three compartments, each 104 feet in length, and 18 feet wide.

The Spanish war in Africa is becoming unpopular at home. It has already cost 7,000 lives and fifty millions of francs, without being anywhere near an end, and latterly the Moors are gaining upon the Spanish troops.

The Virginia Legislature has passed the bill providing for the payment of the Harper's Ferry expenses. The bill appoints the Secretary of the Commonwealth, the Auditor and Attorney-General, a Board to audit the claims and issue warrants, to be paid by the Auditor, provided not more than $150,000 be so paid; that all claims shall be presented within six months; and provided when doubts arise as to the claims, they shall be reported to the House. The bill also excepts and requires to be reported to the Legislature the claims of all general, staff and field officers, and all railroad companies.

It is a remarkable fact that nearly all of the candidates for the Vice Presidency in the Democratic National Convention at Cincinnati in June, 1856, have since paid the debt of nature. Lynn Boyd of Kentucky, J. C. Dobbin of North Carolina, General Quitman of Mississippi, General Rusk of Texas, Aaron V. Brown of Tennessee, were presented as candidates by their respective States, and obtained a large support. They are now all dead!

The London correspondent of the New York Herald, writes that the Government of Great Britain has appropriated £200,000, about a million of dollars, to keep up the slavery agitation in the United States.

Abram F. Scranton of Madison, Conn., who is now seventy-six years of age, has never ridden in a railway car in his life, and has determined that he never will. He invariably walks from Madison to New Haven, when business calls him, and performed the feat on Tuesday, returning on Wednesday, a distance of twenty-one miles, in about five hours and a half, without serious fatigue.

The Habaneros are quite enthusiastic in regard to the Moorish war. A number of young gentlemen have offered themselves as volunteers, and the Spanish Bank at Havana has put at the disposition of Her Majesty three hundred thousand dollars, without interest, for one year. This bank can well afford to be patriotic, as it has just declared a semi-annual dividend of *fifteen per cent.*

At the last President's levee in Washington, considerable amusement was created during the evening by the rather strange conduct and uniform worn by a gentleman present, who made himself unusually conspicuous. It was ascertained that he was a stranger from the West, and had been persuaded to adopt the attire he wore by some wags, who informed him that he must wear a court dress or military uniform on his appearance at the reception of the President.

Eight persons were drowned near Rhinebeck on Tuesday week. A party of 20 or 25 persons, from the opposite side of the river, were crossing on the ice in a large covered sleigh drawn by four horses, when the ice gave way and the sleigh went down, carrying with it eight of the passengers, who were drowned. All but eight succeeded in getting out of the sleigh before it went down. The horses were saved.

An Exiled Frenchman in a Station House.—The Boston Bee speaks of an elderly man, a Frenchman, 62 years old, who is in such straightened circumstances as to be compelled to lodge in station houses. He was banished from France by Napoleon III., for an article which appeared in one of the Paris papers on the Italian question, the views taken in it being a little anti-Napoleonic. He sailed from Havre six weeks since, deprived of everything in the shape of money and valuables. He is a learned man, being master of seven languages.

Silver Product of California.—The silver discoveries in California promise to be of far more importance than the discovery of gold in 1848, inasmuch as the product of the lighter metal will be now more abundant, and its comparative appreciation in value, growing out of its relative scarcity, will cease, thus removing the apprehensions of a troublesome change which has given so much uneasiness to political economists. The sample of silver-bearing quartz fully justifies the reports just published. The ore is worth, in its richest development, about $5,000 per ton, and the field of discovery appears to be a solid mine of this wealth, thirty miles in length.

The Chinese Official Organ.—A copy of the Pekin Gazette, the organ of the Government, issued daily, and the only paper in the Chinese language now published in that country of four hundred and fourteen millions of people, has been received by the Boston Traveler. It is printed, says the Traveler, on rice paper of a dingy, drab color, with a yellow paper cover. Each page contains twenty-six lines, of seven characters each. In all there are seven pages of about four inches in width and ten in breadth. Its entire contents would not fill a half column of the Traveler. It is a remarkable fact that this paper was received via Japan and California.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—An address to Lord Palmerston, praying the Government to use its influence in maintaining the integrity of the Pope's dominions, was in course of signature by the Roman Catholics in Ireland.

The London Times regards the dismissal of Walewski as a declaration that Napoleon is disposed to commit himself to the more liberal and generous line of policy, to cast himself into the Italian cause, and to maintain it against all the power of despotism and all the hostility of the Church. The Times warns the Emperor that although he may count on the sympathy of England in his stand for the Italians, he must not expect that she will join him in an offensive alliance against the other powers. Other English journals regard the change as hopeful for the Italian cause.

The funeral of Lord Macaulay took place at at Westminister Abbey on the 9th inst.

The London News, commenting on the summary of the President's Message, says there is no reason to complain of the manner in which the President deals with the general relations between England and the United States.

France.—A Paris dispatch says it was becoming every day more doubtful whether the Congress would assemble, and the Paris correspondent of the London Times says the chances of the Congress meeting were of the most shadowy kind.

A French journal—*The Opinione Nationale*—which was supposed to speak with some authority, believes that if Italy decided for the annexation of the northern and central parts of the Italian peninsula, England would gladly accept the combination, whilst France would accept it with still greater eagerness, on condition that Savoy should be restored to her. The *Opinione* does not anticipate that the Cabinet at Turin would object, and after arguing that neither Austria, Russia or Prussia will, or have a right to interfere, says it is assured that this combination is seriously entertained by the governments of London and Paris.

Lord Cowley has returned to Paris. The *Patrie* says his mission to London is truly one of importance. He is represented, by one authority, to have announced Count Walewski's retirement very materially facilitated the relations between the Cabinets of England and France.

In Paris, the appointment of McMahon to the command of the army in Italy, numbering 50,000 men, was regarded as a sign of war-like complications.

Italy.—The news of Count Walewski's resignation had produced a very painful impression on the Pope. He called together the principal members of the Sacred College, and declared to them that he would never fail in the mission which God entrusted him with, but that, like his predecessor, Pius VII., he would suffer exile and even martyrdom, rather than do so.

It is said that France supports the protest of Piedmont against the enlistment of foreigners for the Papal army, and particularly against the wholesale introduction of Austrian recruits into Ancona.

Letters from Genoa speak of the probability of hostilities being resumed in Italy. It was believed that the Papal troops, reinforced by the Austrians, would enter the legations, and in that case Sardinia would send a force to the aid of the Roman insurgents. The King of Naples was reported to be largely increasing his army. The Pope had addressed another note to all the Catholic powers except Sardinia. Rumors had been current of an intention on the part of the Pope to quit Rome, but the Paris *Patrie* gives denial to the report.

Austria.—Charges were rife against Austria of disguised irruption in Italy.

The Austrian government had ordered Prince Metternich to declare to the French Cabinet, that it would decline to enter into negotiations on any other basis than the agreement of Villafranca, or treaty of Zurich.

Agitation against the Concordat was increasing. The Austrian *Public* openly speaks of the propriety of selling Venetia. Employees and some government officers have received orders not to take part in public conversation respecting the events of the times.

India and China.—A Trieste dispatch gives additional news from China and India, under date of Canton, Nov. 25th, and Calcutta, Dec. 8th.

The treaty between the United States and China had been put in force.

Part of the English troops designed for operation against the Chinese, had already left for the North.

India dispatches announces that Jung Bahador was operating against the rebels in Seria.

Commercial—*Breadstuffs.*—James Hewitt & Co's. circular reports breadstuffs: A slight advance noted on the close of last week has been lost during this week. The demand continued limited but there was no general disposition to push business, consequently no material variations. The deliveries by farmers continue large, apparently indicating a more abundant supply in their hands than was generally supposed. Stock in Liverpool, Dec. 31: Wheat, 287,000 quarters. Indian Corn, 185,000 quarters. Flour, 108,000 sacks, 115,000 barrels. *Provisions.*—No change of importance has occurred in prices of American provisions, but there is an improved demand for most descriptions. Pork has been in good demand, and several lots of mil, repacked, have been sold at about 50s. Lard remains extremely inanimate, and prices are but little better.

The Winter in Great Britain.—The weather was very severe in London on the 19th ult. On the 18th it was estimated that there were at least 12,000 skaters and sliders upon the Serpentine. Several accidents occurred. In the Regent's Park the numbers are stated to have been about 20,000, and skating and sliding were kept up throughout the day with the utmost vigor. Large quantities of snow have fallen in the North of England and Scotland. In the neighborhood of Edinburgh the trains on the North British Railway have been stopped completely by the drift, the snow lying for several miles four feet deep or more upon the track. The stoppage of traffic on this line is unprecedented during its thirteen years' existence.

In 1835, only twenty-five years ago, there were not five thousand white inhabitants between Lake Michigan and the Pacific Ocean. Now there are more than two millions.

The News Condenser.

— In 1859 there died 26 British peers.

— The Prussian peace army is to be increased by 65,000 men.

— Lord Holland, the distinguished literary Englishman is dead.

— A monument to Luther is about to be erected in the square at Worms.

— A monster catamount was shot in Monroe Co., Ohio, a few days since.

— The total value of the Kentucky tobacco crop last year was $2,954,670.

— The total receipts of the Croton Aqueduct Board for 1859 were $800,219.

— The Eastrop (Texas) Advertiser is rejoicing over the luxury of a sleigh-ride.

— Twenty-six persons aged 100 years and over, died in the United States in 1859.

— Saturday week a man's nose was bitten off in Cincinnati by a vicious horse.

— The receipts of the fur trade at St. Louis, for the season, amount to $529,492.

— The taxes in St. Louis now amount to 2¼ per cent., and yet the people don't grumble.

— The Waterville Mail puts down the measure of cold in that region to 30° below zero.

— Ohio has more colleges in it at the present time than any other State in the Union.

— The largest Orthodox church in New Hampshire is in Nashua, numbering 461 members.

— The duties at the port of Portland, Me., amounted to $30,000 more in 1859 than in 1858.

— Railroad communication is now complete from Holland to Switzerland along the Rhine.

— A chimney has been built near Boston ten feet higher than the Bunker Hill Monument.

— The telegraph line between Sydney and Melbourne, Australia, pays 15½ per cent. dividend.

— Fifteen hundred persons are employed in Lansingburg, N. Y., in manufacturing brushes.

— New Orleans, just now, is very gay. Money plenty; health never better; weather magnificent.

— The telegraph work of the London Telegraph Company is to be carried by female employees.

— The King of Sardinia has ordered a frigate to proceed to China, and represent his interests there.

— The new Canadian Capital is a cold place. The mercury went to 28° below zero on the 29th ult.

— Alfred Tennyson, the poet, has received $50 per line for a poem lately, from an English publisher.

— The California steamer Baltic took out from N. Y., on the 19th inst., several hundred hives of bees.

— Col. Fremont has obtained possession of all the mines adjusted to him by decisions of the courts.

— The agent of the Viceroy of Egypt has recently concluded a contract for a large supply of Sharp's rifles.

— Sewing machines have been introduced into some of our female seminaries, and instruction is given thereon.

— The Marquette Lake Superior Railroad conveyed from the mines during the last season 80,000 tuns of iron ore.

— The shipment of gold dust from Victoria during September, October, and November amounted to $450,000.

— From statistics published, it is inferred that the income of the Sheriff of New York is at least $60,000 a year!

— The value of coal shipped from the Pennsylvania coal districts, last year, amounted to thirty-five million dollars.

— All law officers in France have been ordered to dress in black, with white cravats, and to stop smoking in the streets.

— The Leavenworth (Kansas) Register states that the ice in the Missouri river at that place is 21 inches in thickness.

— Small-pox continues very prevalent in the towns around Boston, it is said, although there are not many fatal cases.

— The Salem, N. J., Standard speaks of a lost hog in that vicinity which, for five weeks, lived without eating or drinking.

— People have died in Louisiana lately in consequence of the severe cold; the thermometer indicating 7° below freezing.

— During the reign of Napoleon III, the French mints have coined upward of £100,000,000 in gold, and £9,000,000 in silver.

— A bill has been introduced into the Alabama Legislature to protect females from insult and injury at public assemblies.

— The Philadelphia Ledger complains that business in that city is thoroughly prostrated. There is literally nothing doing.

— Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen married two years ago, when 72 years of age, and last week had born to him a son and heir.

— Shocks of an earthquake were felt at Charleston, Augusta, Macon, and other other points, at 6 o'clock on Thursday week.

— There is preserved in the Alnwick Museum a bottle of Egyptian perfume which still retains its odor, though 2,000 years old.

— The California Telegraph Line, via the overland route, is completed to about two hundred and fifty miles west of St. Louis.

— A man in the vicinity of North Adams, Mass., lost his wife, married another, and had one child, all in the year 1859. Fast.

— The Indian Chief, Gov. Blacksnake, of the Seneca Tribe, died lately, on the "Alleghany reservation," at the age of 110 years.

— There are one thousand six hundred tin peddlers in Massachusetts. A queer set of fellows they are. Sharp as some of their wares.

— A new process of making paper from African plants is in operation at Bordeaux and Marseilles, France, by which 30 per cent. is saved.

— Three or four hundred men are now at work making the excavations for the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, the new capital of Canada.

— It is estimated that if the Great Pyramid of Egypt was to be built, with all the aids of modern science and art, it would cost $135,000,000.

— A preacher in Wisconsin offers a reward for "a Wisconsin Christian who can be recognized by the world as such, without the aid of a church label!"

— Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, in his annual address, said he hoped soon to see the Fire Department of that city supplied exclusively with steam fire engines.

— The largest chime of bells in the United States, nine in number, the largest weighing 1,700 pounds, has been placed on the St. John's Church, Newark, N. J.

— Mr. Derby, proprietor of the Dusseldorf collection, has it in contemplation to build several large fine art galleries in the vicinity of Union Square, New York.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Peale's Court of Death—G. Q. Colton.
The New York Chronicle—P. Church & Co.
Inquire Within—Dick & Fitzgerald.
Farm for Sale—J. G. Ramsdell.
Farm for Sale—C. F. Weaver.
Farm for Sale at Auction—F. H. James, Assignee.
Choice and Rare Seeds—Allen & McElwain.
Burrall's Excelsior Clover Hullers—Burrall, Snyder & Co.
The Seymour Farm for Sale—Edward M. Day.
$150 Per Month, and No Humbug—J. S. Pardee.
300 Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.
Teeth for the Million—Something New—E. F. Wilson.
16,000 Apple Seedlings for Sale—A. Anthony & Son.

Publisher's Department.

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☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, whether in ones, twos, fives, tens or twenties, at club rates.

☞ Subscriptions can commence with the Volume or any number. No deviation from our Terms.

☞ For offer of Extra Gratuities, &c., see last No.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

—BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers—and will be for some weeks to come, or until we otherwise announce. It is not, therefore, too late to form new clubs, or make additions to present ones.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, please send us the best money conveniently obtainable—and do not forget to write plainly and correctly, the names of Subscribers, Post-Office address, State, &c.

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59—bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1858 and 1859—price, $2 each.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

THE POSTAGE ON THE RURAL is only 3¼ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6 cents to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Jan. 31, 1860.

OUR market is almost entirely without alteration in rates this morning, and extreme dullness pervades all departments of trade. Such transactions as we have been able to note are altogether confined to the home demand, the weather being so unsettled that our streets are comparatively bare of farmers or strangers. See table for prices.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	17@18c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,38	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	11c
Meal, Indian	$1,63@1,63	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,25	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Canada	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, old	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	62½@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	16@18c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	71@72c	Plums, dried	14@16c
Oats, by weight	35c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	58@62½c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Beans	62½@80c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,00@6,50	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@4,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	3@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	15@18c	Hay, tun	$10,00@18,00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Straw, tun	$7,00@10,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	37½@50c
Lard, tried	11@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 30.—FLOUR—Market is a shade easier, with transactions to only a moderate extent. Shippers will buy good extra State to only a fair extent at $5,15@5,20. Sales at $4,90@5,00 for super State; $5,15@5,25 for extra do; $4,90@5,00 for super Western; $5,15@5,30 for extra do; $5@5,75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. In Canadian there is only a limited business doing at unchanged prices; sales at $5,50@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat very quiet and nominally in favor of buyers, without anything of moment doing. Shippers are holding off for a material decline, to which holders are unwilling to submit. The nominal quotations are 115@118c for Chicago spring, and 118@122c for Milwaukee club. Rye quiet; sales at 90@92c. Barley plenty, dull and heavy; sales good four-rowed State at 76c. Corn dull and drooping; sales at 78@81c for new white and yellow. Oats plenty, dull and lower, at 44@45c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer and more active; sales at $17,25 for old mess; $17,75@18,12 for new do; $12@12,12 for old prime; $13,50 for new do—closing buoyant. Dressed hogs in fair request at 7¾@7⅞c for Western. Lard quiet and firm; sales at 10½@10¾c. Butter dull at 11@15c for Ohio; 15@20c for State. Cheese 9@11½c.

ASHES—The market is steady, with a fair demand for both kinds; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,37½.

BUFFALO, JAN. 30.—FLOUR—The market to-day has been dull in the last degree. Scarcely any sales are made outside of the small retail business being usually transacted. Quotations, nevertheless, are unchanged, and holders remain firm.

WHEAT—Nothing worthy of report done in wheat. The same may be said of corn, oats and barley. Peas—There is some little inquiry for this product; sales 300 bu at 65c.

PROVISIONS—Dull. Sales uninspected heavy mess at $16. Light do quiet at $15@15,50. Lard nominal at 10½c. Dressed hogs quiet, and retail sales of light to average weight hogs at $6,25@6,50.

TORONTO, JAN. 28.—FLOUR—The market is again dull. Speculators hold the entire stocks, and appear much disinclined to buy at former rates. The offerings are small, but the receipts continue fair. The transactions during the week were limited, and our quotations are almost nominal: Double extra, $5,50@5,75; extra, $5,25@5,50; fancy, $4,75@4,90; superfine No. 1, $4,50@4,60; superfine No. 2, $4,25@4,30; corn meal, $3,50@3,75; oat meal, $1,50.

GRAIN—The receipts of Fall Wheat for the week have been very light, not over 2,500 bushels. The quality has been of a fair character, and the average sample is equal to that of former weeks. The demand has been very brisk, and with competition has resulted in creating a slight advance in prices. The rates paid within the past few days have been from $1,20 to $1,25 for ordinary to good, and from $1,25 to $1,28 for prime and extra prime. The average price yesterday was not less than $1,25, and the market closed buoyant. Spring Wheat has been in the usual good demand, without, however, any improvement in quotations, which remain steady at $1@1,05 ℔ bushel. Barley is in somewhat better demand, a prime article being wanted for seed. The supply has been small. Prices have ranged from 60 to 65c ℔ bushel. Rye is in very small supply, and the market is quiet at 70@75c ℔ bushel. Oats come in slowly. Prices were very buoyant at 39@40c. Peas are in active request, principally for seed. The market is less freely supplied, and prices are firm at 58@61c ℔ bu.—*Globe*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JAN. 25.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt., $10,00@10,50; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,50@8,50, inferior, $6@7.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb, 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 5¾@6; all others, 5½@5¾.

ALBANY, JAN. 30.—CATTLE—The prospects of sellers are more encouraging this week. In New York, last Wednesday, prices went up ¼c ℔ lb., York weight, and this advance has its effect in Albany to-day. The inquiry thus far has been brisk, but sales are somewhat checked by the firmness of holders.

PRICES—The market is comparatively brisk at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¾@6¾	5½@5¾
Extra	4¾@6¼	4¼@5
First quality	4 @4½	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3½@3¾	3 @3½
Third quality	2½@3	2¼@3
Inferior	2@2¼	2@2¼

HOGS—None have arrived on this side of the river during the week. We quote nominally at 6⅞@7½c for fat, and the tendency of prices is upward.

DRESSED HOGS—There is quite a falling off in receipts, and some improvement in the average quality and weight of those now coming in. Since a week ago prices have gradually advanced, until they are now 50@55c ℔ 100 lbs. higher than they were on the 21st. The following were the sales on Saturday:

125 head State, averaging 250 lbs	$7,50
35 " " " 240 lbs	7½
70 " " light and heavy	7,25@7,44
108 " pigs	7,50
125 " Western, averaging 230 lbs	6½
15 " " " 270 lbs	7½

—*Argus.*

BRIGHTON, JAN. 26.—At Market 1,200 Beeves, 190 stores, 2,800 sheep and lambs, and 170 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@9,00; first quality $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,50@6,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@110.

MILCH COWS—$38@40; Common, $17@18.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@23; three years old, $24@28.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2@2,75; Extra, $3@5.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5¼@6½c ℔ lb.; retail, 5@7½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

CAMBRIDGE, JAN. 25.—Whole number of Cattle at market 658—about 700 Beeves, and 178 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,75; first quality, $6,75; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $3,75; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen, $100, 125@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 42@60.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,850 at market; prices in lots, $2,00@2,50 each; extra, $3, 4@8 each.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

TORONTO, JAN. 28.—BEEF—Very extra animals have brought $5,50@6,00, but the running price for first-class beef in $5@5,25; second rate animals $4@5, and some have been got as low as $3@3,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep scarce at $4@5 each. Lambs $3@4, and Calves plentiful at $4@5 each.

PORK—The market, notwithstanding the thaw, is still buoyant, and purchases for export have resulted in higher rates. Hogs, well-fed, weighing 220 lbs., were bought at $5,87½@6,25; over that and equal to 280 lbs., $6,30@6,40, in a few cases. Lower qualities brought $5,25@5,50 ℔ 100 lbs. The quantity held here on speculation is considerable, and rates are not very firm.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

LIVERPOOL, (ENG.,) DEC. 31.—The Annual Wool Circular of ABRAM GARTSIDE has been received, and we gather the following intelligence, which is of interest to the wool-growers and dealers of the United States:

"All branches of the Wool Trade have been fully employed throughout this year, and goods are now principally made to order. The manufacturers will commence the new year with light stocks of fabrics on hand. A good demand both from Home and Foreign Markets, and, from all appearances, a continued increased consumption may be looked for, which bids fair to overtake the supplies—they not having increased this year—and particularly so if the accounts are fully corroborated of the great dearth in sheep, through drouth in several of the wool-growing countries abroad. Since my last Annual Circular our markets have been characterized with a good, steady demand, and present quotations show an advance, in most kinds, on this period last year, of 10 to 15 per cent., which seems likely to be maintained, especially when the stocks on hand are extremely low. The imports for 1859 are 165,193 bales, against 140,309 bales in 1858.

"UNITED STATES WOOLS—Owing to the increased consumption at the place of growth, and prices being so close to ours, there has been little exported to this country.

"MEXICAN—The better class and free from burrs would command full rates; the lower and burry parcels our manufacturers do not like."

NEW YORK, JAN. 26.—The market is quiet, but the stock of desirable grades is small, and prices rule firmly; sales of 75,000 lbs. half to full-blood choice Saxony, at 47@62½c; 20,000 lbs. California at 20@37½; 35,000 do pulled at 36@52c, and 400 bales unwashed Greek, Donskoi and Mestizo on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	51@57
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	38@42
California, fine, unwashed	27@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	26@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, JAN. 26.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool has been moderate since last week, and prices of pulled, particularly the lower grades, have eased off. The sales have been 60,000 lbs. The transactions in foreign comprise 200 bales Mediterranean and South American at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	58@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	53@57	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	44@52	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	36@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@50	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@42	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

On the 23d of Jan., by the Rev. THOS. TOUSEY, Mr. WM. E. BOULLS and Miss KATE J. LEWIS, all of Rochester.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

☞ To secure insertion advertisements should reach us on Monday. ☞ We are obliged to defer several adv'ts intended for this number, for want of space.

16,000 APPLE SEEDLINGS for sale, 2 years old. Rochester, Jan. 31. A. ANTHONY & SON.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street, Rochester, N. Y. [525] E. F. WILSON.

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in a new and honorable business, which pays from $3 to $7 per day. For particulars address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

$150 PER MONTH, AND NO HUMBUG.—Agents wanted in every Town. It is no Patent Medicine, nor Book Agency, but something new and of real value. Particulars sent free. Address J. S. PARDEE, 525-1t Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.

BURRALL'S EXCELSIOR CLOVER HULLERS—three sizes—3, 3½ and 4 feet cylinder. Also Corn Shellers, Clod Crushers, &c., &c., for sale by BURRALL, SNYDER & CO. Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y. 525-4t

SEYMOUR FARM FOR SALE, of 110 acres—excellent land, good buildings, fences, water, &c.—situated in the town of Victor, Ontario county, N. Y., one mile from the village and half a mile from the New York Central Railroad Depot. For terms and particulars address 525-4t EDWARD M. DAY, Rochester, N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent *free.* Agents wanted. [515-10t] SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

CHOICE & RARE SEEDS.

OUR CATALOGUE FOR 1860 is now ready—a pamphlet of seventy pages of closely-printed matter—and will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three-cent postage stamp. ALLEN & McELWAIN, 525-2t Seedsmen and Florists, Springfield, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE, AT PUBLIC AUCTION, ON Wednesday, the 29th February, 1860, at 1 o'clock P. M., situated in the town of East Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y., about midway between Victor and East Bloomfield Railroad Stations. Said Farm is well located and well watered, with a good two-story dwelling house, two good grain barns and horse barn, with suitable out-buildings. The Farm contains about 234 acres, well calculated for grain or stock, and is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars inquire of GUY COLLINS on the premises, or of F. H. JAMES, Rochester, N. Y. [525-3t] F. H. JAMES, Assignee.

FARM FOR SALE—Containing 40 Acres, all under a good state of cultivation; fences and buildings good; land well underdrained and free from stumps and stones; a good apple orchard and other fruits on the place; situated ¾ of a mile east of Penfield Village, at which place is Penfield Seminary, in a flourishing condition. Price $100 per acre—terms favorable. Also, 20 acres wood land, heavily timbered—mostly beech and maple—situated on what is known as the 1000 acre tract, 7 miles from Penfield Village and 10 from Rochester, on the Rochester and Walworth Plank Road. [525-2t] C. F. WEAVER, Penfield, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned having engaged in the Nursery business, offers for sale his Farm, situated in the Town of Perinton, Monroe Co., three miles from the village of Fairport, on the N. Y. Central Railroad, ten miles east of Rochester.

Said Farm contains 180 acres, being a part of the well-known farm of the late GIDEON RAMSDELL, and has been pronounced by good judges to be one of the very best farms in the county, all things considered—being well adapted to both stock and grain raising. It is in a very high state of cultivation, with good fences, mostly new, of cedar and ash; good buildings, all in good repair; ten acres of first rate apple orchard, all grafted, and pears, peaches, cherries, &c., of the best varieties, and living water in every field. One half or more of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For further particulars address J. G. RAMSDELL, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

REFERENCES—HENRY S. POTTER, Esq., Rochester, N. Y.; Hon. MARTIN BUTTERFIELD, Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.; J. H. COGSWELL, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; WM. R. POTTER, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; R. B. HOWLAND, Esq., Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y.; D. H. RICHARDSON, Esq., Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y. 525-2t

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Death is personified as a King or Monarch, and there is not a skeleton or anything repulsive in the Picture.

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PARLOR ORNAMENT

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The Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, Editor of Christian Advocate and Journal, New York.
The Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, (Spingler Institute.)
The Hon. Horace Greeley, New York.
The Hon. Erastus Brooks, New York.
The Hon. Henry J. Raymond, New York.

☞ Since the new and more liberal terms have been made to Agents, copies have been ordered as fast as the printer could furnish them—so that the subscriber has been compelled to take his advertisements out of the New York city papers, in order to supply the mail subscribers.

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"AT THE LAST."

MAN goeth forth unto his work, and to his labor until the evening.—Psalms, civ: 23.

THE stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most tuneful at the close of day.
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best;
For Morning calls to toil, but Night brings rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of Day in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrows, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh, when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like summer evening, down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping day!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LYDIA MATHEWSON'S JOURNAL.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

[Continued from page 36, last number.]

Oct. 10th.—I have been out for a ramble in the woods. It is very beautiful now that the leaves are wearing their brilliant colors, and the sunlight seems only softened and subdued, not dimmed and saddened. The days will soon begin to seem old and weary, in spite of their brightness, and the leaves will flutter down to quench their glow in the snows of November. We have no such trees in New England as make up the forests here; grand old monarchs they seem, yet I would give them all to stand to-day where the wind is surging through the pines at the old, old home.

Oct. 25th.—Mrs. LEE has returned, but will board for the present, so I shall stay where I am, and continue my school through the winter. I am getting much attached to my scholars, yet teaching is very wearisome to me. I hardly think it my mission.

Jan. 1st.—This is my twentieth birth-day. I passed my last one over in silence, and felt almost disposed to do the same to-day, for my journal has grown distasteful to me. I have no records to make except of weariness, bodily and mental. A sense of great loneliness is every day growing upon me, until sometimes it is almost too much to bear. How my hopes have been shattered!—My loved father gone forever; our family all scattered; and strangers in the dear home, hallowed by so many memories. I feel as if cut loose from the sheltered moorings of home and friends, and drifting out alone into a dreary, troubled world. All the clasping hands that led me onward, have unloosed their hold, and I can only go on alone.—Yet not alone, for I have learned to lift my hands upward to a heavenly guide, since they were stretched out in vain for human help, and I believe I have been led.

It is some comfort to know that all these bitter teachings have not been wholly lost upon me; that from these goading thorns I have gleaned some precious fruit. I have cried out sometimes at the "sharp incisions," as the sculptor's chisel wrought upon my heart and life, but I think some roughnesses have been hewn away, and a more perfect symmetry brought out. So, after all, I enter upon this New Year hopefully, and trust I may live a truer, nobler, less selfish life.

"The Night is mother of the Day,
The Winter, of the Spring,
And ever, upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling;
Behind the cloud the sunbeam lurks,
Through showers the sunlight falls;
For GOD, who loveth all his works,
Hath left his hope in all."

March 4th.—Another long gap in my journal, and I am almost discouraged at the thought of going back to fill it. I am just recovering from a severe sickness, and can only write a little, as my strength is literally weakness; yet I want to write down some of the events of this illness as I remember them. I remember several days of painful attendance to my school duties, when I was suffering from what I called a severe cold; of coming home one night, with a racking pain in every limb, and sitting despondingly in the chimney corner, while good Mrs. WATSON related the remarkable antics of "JOSEPH'S little BILLY," who had been making a visit to his grandmother, and greatly delighted her by his precocity. "JOSEPH'S wife thinks there never was such another young one in this living world," said she, smiling over her knitting, "but that is pretty much the way with all mother's, and I suppose its a good thing they should think so." The needles clicked busily for a moment, and memory was busy too.

"I remember when SETH was a baby," said the dear old lady, stopping to wipe her spectacles. "I used to be thinking about him every blessed minute that I was awake. I used to take his little mite of a hand in mine, just as white and soft as a snow-flake it was, and wonder if it ever would be big and brawny like his father's. And then, when he began to toddle about the house, and say a few words in his broken baby talk, it sounded just as sweet as a robin to me. I remember many a time I've stopped right in the middle of my work—with my hands all over flour or suds, may be—and caught the little fellow up, and hugged and kissed him, just because my heart was so full I could not help it. JOSIAH used to laugh at me, and call me a silly thing, but somehow I think it was nature in me."

Ah, these mothers—how many beautiful things they remember of the prosiest of us. They don't see this dull, practical man or woman, that moves about absorbed in the daily duties of life, so much as the little prattling child that memory has hidden away in their heart of hearts, to live there in a perpetual freshness of youth.

I looked at SETH, as he came in with the brimming pails of milk, and tried to imagine his huge red fists, "as soft and white as a snow-flake, but there was no picture daguerreotyped on my heart, and I only smiled at the thought. Yet I think I felt more kindly towards him, and as he stood, stamping the snow from his heavy boots, I thought how well it was for him that one dear heart remembered *"when Seth was a baby."*

"It's snowin' right smart, Miss LIDDY," said he, as he stood by the hearth, unwinding the long woolen tippet from his neck—"I reckon it's a chance if you get to school to-morrow. The road will be pretty much blocked 'fore mornin."

"I hope it will," said the old lady, "she isn't no more fit to go into school than I be to go to chopping wood. You need'nt laugh, child, you look a deal more like having a fever."

She bustled about from kitchen to pantry, straining the milk and setting it away, and then SETH was ready for supper, and we three sat down at the table. *We three*—how pleasant it might have been if some other three had been there in our places. It was a very comfortable room, and had a cheery look, with its clean hearth and crackling fire—a nicely spread table, with its steaming coffee, golden butter, and generous pile of bread; not snowy white, but that delicious creamy tint the epicure delights in. I was in no mood for eating, so I sipped my coffee and *imagined.*

Suppose, LYDIA, said I to myself, things were not just as they are. Suppose SETH was somebody else. EDDY for instance, or—or—Dr. HARLEY. Then if the old lady wore a dark grey silk, with a neat cap and collar, instead of that blue and yellow calico, she would do very nicely to fill the arm-chair on that side of the table. This room is not bad, only I think I would have a picture or two on the walls, in place of those strings of red peppers and sweet corn; and I should rather like a carpet on the floor, but I would'nt mind, if the people could only be changed. I think I could bear this headache, and this throbbing and burning in my throat, if only somebody's dear eyes were watching me anxiously. I don't know what foolish thing I might have fancied, but just then Mrs. WATSON urged upon me a piece of her nice pumpkin pie, and I made some odd reply to her solicitations, for my thoughts were not fairly home from dreamland, which set the kind old body to wondering if I was not crazy, and provoked SETH to boisterous laughter.

"Guess your thoughts have been wool-gathering, Miss LIDDY," said he at last, blundering nearer the truth than usual. I made some attempts at an excuse, and then withdrew to my corner, where I sat watching the curling steam pouring from the spout of the tea-kettle, and the flames that went roaring and rolling up the black throat of the chimney, and strange, shapeless fancies went flitting through my brain. I had a dim impression of figures moving, and of voices about me, but everything else was drowned in the rushing of some great torrent, that seemed to be bearing me helplessly onward. I was sleeping I suppose, for, by-and-by, I awoke with a start, half strangled by my parched and burning throat, and a feeling at my lungs as if a volcano were pent up there, and sending its red hot lava through every vein in my body.

I opened my eyes, and looked around the room. SETH had gone off to bed; that was a relief, and Mrs. WATSON sat by the little round stand busy with her darning. She rose and came to me, when she saw I was awake, and laid her motherly hand on my forehead. "Bless me," she exclaimed, "I believe your blood is on fire. I was in hopes you would feel better for sleeping a bit, so I didn't wake you, but you are going to be sick as sure as you are born. I'll call SETH, and send for the Doctor this minute."

She was thoroughly frightened, and it was only by earnest entreaties that I succeeded in getting her to promise not to send for the Doctor until morning. "I shall doctor you myself, then," she declared emphatically, "and if you don't do just as I tell you, I'll send off for Doctor EATON quicker'n a wink." So she hurried about, and made a fire in the north room, and put me to bed there, after an unmerciful dose of some abominable herb drink, to give me a sweat." Half laughing and half crying, I watched her as she tucked up the blankets, till I felt as helpless as a mummy; pinned a shawl over the window, to keep out a possible draught of air; piled the wood into the capacious fire-place, and put down that curious fender to guard the carpet from stray coals and sparks; and, finally, assured that I was as comfortable as possible, she fluttered out of the door, with the promise to look in again before morning.

And there I was, alone in that ghostly "north room" that never wore an inhabited look even by daylight, and now that it was peopled by the flickering shadows, and my own sick fancies, I am ashamed to own it, but I was half afraid. I grew accustomed to it after a while, and actually fell asleep with my eyes fixed upon the portrait of Mrs. WATSON'S stern old Puritan ancestor, of whom she felt so proud, and in my dreams I saw the grim soldier following me everywhere with those cold unmerciful eyes, never once losing sight of me through all the labyrinth of dreaming, till I started up, broad awake, to find them looking down at me from the canvas. The whole night passed so, in troubled sleeping and waking, till a little grey light straggled in through the curtain, and I heard SETH raking open the fire in the kitchen, and knew it was morning. The storm was over, so Mrs. WATSON said when she came in to see me, but the snow was almost even with the tops of the fences, and no one could get through the woods to school. I was glad to hear this, for it gave me the prospect of a day of rest; and, with that strange feeling of weakness in every limb, I was willing to own I greatly needed it.

I kept my bed all day, wrote a little in my journal, tried to read, but my head grew confused, and somehow I could not understand.

Towards evening a man on horseback came wading slowly up the lane, and then I heard a strange voice in the kitchen. Presently Mrs. WATSON came in, with her hands covered with flour,—she had been mixing biscuit,—and told me that Dr. EATON happened to be up this way, and had stopped in to warm; and she thought he had better come in and see me. *"Happened,"* thought I to myself, as if a man rode round the country, through three feet of snow, unless he was sent for; but I said nothing, for the kind old soul was delighted with her stratagem, and so Dr. EATON came in. His breath was always odious enough with its freight of tobacco, and on this occasion I was uncharitable enough to smell brandy also. I am sure my fever rose several degrees at the very sight of him, and by the time he had examined my pulse, and asked me two or three questions, I could see that peculiar twinkle of satisfaction in his wicked grey eyes, that said plainly enough, as I had once heard him say of poor little AGGY LEE, "beautifully developed case—chance for a fine run of fever"—as if the widow's only darling was a mere manikin for him to experiment upon! He did not say much to me, but I heard him in the kitchen a long time, and, from the clatter of cups and saucers, I think he staid to tea. After he rode away, Mrs. WATSON came in with some powders in her hand, and a glass of currant jelly. "There, dear," said she, "this will cure you right up, and I've fixed it in some of this nice jelly, so you wont taste it a speck."

"I can't take it," I began in an excited manner, "I *hate* Doctor EATON, and I shall die if I have to take his medicine. He killed AGGY, and he'll kill me," and I sank back upon the pillow and burst into tears.

The good woman looked at me in perfect astonishment for a moment, and then, setting down the medicine, she came to the bedside and soothed me as if I had been a child; stroking my hair in her motherly way, that only made the tears flow faster. Oh, my mother! how my heart cried out for you then—so sick, so weary, yet with no one in whose hands to trust myself implicitly; no one whose love and wisdom seemed great enough to venture upon. I was calmer after a while, and looking up into the kind face that bent over me, so troubled, so compassionate in its look, I half repented of my words, and told her I would take the medicine. She gave it to me quickly, as if afraid I should change my mind, and I swallowed it as quickly. "There," said she, with a little sigh of relief, as she patted up my pillows, "now you'll sleep good all night." The powder was probably an opiate, for I slept heavily a part of the night, and tossed in horrible dreams the rest of the time. The next day and the next it was the same, only the fever, like a hungry tide, rose higher and higher, until it swamped and drowned in its hot waves all consciousness of the world of realities, and my soul, like a lost bark, drifted helplessly about upon it. Dark clouds hung like a pall above it, and wild visions and moaning voices haunted it, until my life would have gone down forever, but for the merciful hand that all the time watched and guided it. I lost all note of days and hours, until at last I woke, in the grey dawn of a winter morning, and wondered who and what I was. Some one near me said "Thank GOD," and then moved quickly away. Bending over my pillow was Mrs. LEE, dressed in her deep mourning, and smiling on me with her sweet, patient smile. I wanted to ask her some questions, but in a moment I fell asleep again, and when I woke next it was broad daylight, and Mrs. WATSON sat in the room reading in her big Bible. She came and raised my head and gave me a little wine, but forbade my saying a single word, so I lay there for hours, wondering at my thin, white hands, that I could hardly raise from the blankets, and trying to remember what had happened, but in vain—all was a blank. "Mrs. WATSON," said I, after a while, "you must tell me one thing; have I been sick long?"

"Well, yes, child, a good bit; but don't trouble about it now."

"How long?"

"Well, pretty near three weeks, I reckon; now try and go to sleep again."

"Has Doctor EATON been attending me all the time?"

"Bless your heart, no indeed. There's been a new man here that never was in these parts before. Doctor HARLEY his name is, and it was the luckiest thing he happened along; but, dear me, your fever is coming on again. Shut your eyes straight up, and don't you say another word, for I shan't answer you if you talk till doomsday."

I was willing enough to shut my eyes, for it seemed as if I might shut in the gladness that was in my heart. Doctor HARLEY had been there, and would be there again; and with this new, unlooked for happiness I fell asleep, and while I slept he came and went away. The next day, at my entreaty, Mrs. WATSON told me more about my sickness, and how it had happened that Dr. HARLEY came to Wellbridge. "I believe," said she, "it was the very next day after Doctor EATON was here, that they sent for him to go to Westford to meet some men that were going to hold a consultation in the case of a young woman there. It was a dreadful bad night, and they tried to get him to stay till morning, but he was so set in his way he would'nt hear a word to it, and just after dusk he started home.

"I suppose he had a fit, or something of the kind, and fell off his horse, for he was found towards morning, lying by the roadside, about half way between here and Westford, almost frozen to death. Dr. HARLEY was one of the men that was at Westford,—that woman was some relation of his, I believe,—and JIM BARNES was a taking him down to Wellbridge to take the cars home. I don't remember now just where he lives, and they saw the Doctor a lying there, and picked him up and brought him home. When Dr. HARLEY found there was'nt any other Doctor here, he said he would stop a day and take care of him, and so he did. After Dr. EATON came to, he said, 'Well, I'm in a pretty bad fix.' 'Yes,' said Dr. HARLEY, 'and if you are not crippled for life you will have reason to be thankful. I expected this when you left Westford.' Dr. EATON turned very red, and said something about 'not exposing him for the credit of the profession,' but I don't know what he could have meant by it. Well, the amount of it all was, that Dr. HARLEY came round next day to see some of Dr. EATON'S patients, and he came in here just as I was getting scared a most out of my wits about you; you was a raving and taking on so—just as crazy as a loon. I never saw a man act so queer as he did when he saw you. He tried all he could to quiet you, and kept saying, 'my poor child, my little LILLY,' though what he meant is more than I can tell, for you didn't look a bit like a lily, your face was as red as a piny. You got sicker and sicker all the time, till nobody around here thought you ever would get well; but Dr. HARLEY watched you night and day, as careful as if you had been his own sister, and I do believe, if it hadn't been for him, you would have been in your grave this blessed minute. They say he has been very attentive to poor Dr. EATON, too, but it's doubtful if he ever can walk again, his feet were frozen so bad. It will be a dreadful loss to Wellbridge if he has to give up practicing.

"But here it is most time for Dr. HARLEY to be here, and I wanted to brush your hair and tidy up the room a little. Maybe I shall have time now before he gets here.

"We had to cut your hair off, and it seemed a dreadful pity, but there was such a heap of it we could'nt do much with it any way, and then it kept your head hot all the time. I laid it away in your room—though I didn't much think you ever would see it again—but I saved out a lock of it, and thought, if you should—if you didn't get well,—that I would have it put in that pin JOSEPH'S wife gave me last Christmas. Well, it was the oddest thing, but when the Doctor came in I was telling about my cutting it off, and I showed him that lock, just to show how nice and long it was, and he kept rolling it around his finger, as he sat talking, and then he got up kind of sudden, and went away, *and I haven't seen that hair since*, though I've looked for it high and low. Widow LEE was in here, and she said most likely he tucked it in his pocket, he seemed rather absent-minded, and I dare say didn't rightly know what he was about. Any way he is a real likely man, and—

"There he comes up the lane this very minute, and I've got my old wash dress on. If you don't mind, LIDDY, I'll run into my room and fix up a bit, and let him come right in here; he don't stop to knock since you've been so sick, for fear of disturbing you."

Before I had time to answer, she disappeared, and in another moment Dr. HARLEY came into the kitchen—waited a little, as if expecting to find some one there, and then came softly into the "north room." I remember a few hurried throbs of my heart, and then he stood quietly holding my hand, and looking down into my face, with his calm, handsome eyes, that seemed to put new life into me at once. "You are better this morning," said he, in a steady voice, and these were the first words he spoke to me. I heard Mrs. WATSON bustling about, and knew she would come in presently, so I said quickly, "Mrs. WATSON thinks we are strangers; let it pass so for the present." He bowed in assent, and the old lady hurried in, with her cap-strings flying, fastening her dress sleeve as she came.

"Well, Doctor," said she, groping after the cap-strings, "I suppose you don't need any introduction to your patient, but I'm afraid now she's got her senses she'll be ordering you off. She's dreadful set against Doctors."

"I don't wonder," said he; "they are a disagreeable clan, always reminding us of the infirmities of our nature, but I think Miss LYDIA will have to tolerate me a few days longer. She is not strong enough to be dangerous yet."

After a little conversation he went away, and left me alone with Mrs. WATSON again. Some of the little children from the school came in, and stood in the door with their hands behind them, and scared-looking faces, but they would not be persuaded to come into the room. In the afternoon the Widow LEE came in to sit with me, while Mrs. WATSON went to the sewing society. It was very good to look at her gentle face, and have the soft hand arrange my pillows and brush away from my forehead the short locks that were left me. "You have seen this Dr. HARLEY before, have you not, dear?" asked she, with her quiet smile. So I told her all about our acquaintance, and while I was talking the Doctor came in, and she left us alone. Then I learned how it was that he had come to Wellbridge. He had gone to Westford to see the young lady who is sick there, and who, by the way, is his neice, and Judge HYDE had charged him with a message and a letter for me. How he found me I have already written; and then he read me the letter, for my eyes were too weak to use at all. It was a good, kind letter, and every word of it went straight to my heart. It contained an urgent request that I would come back to Massachusetts in the spring, to spend a year at least with them. "You know how glad we should be to give you a permanent home, but if you still persist in refusing that, at least make us a visit. FRANKIE is not well at all, and we want you here to cheer her up." This, and a great deal more, was in the letter, and when Dr. HARLEY had finished reading it, and looked inquiringly in my face, I said, without any hesitation, *"I will go."*

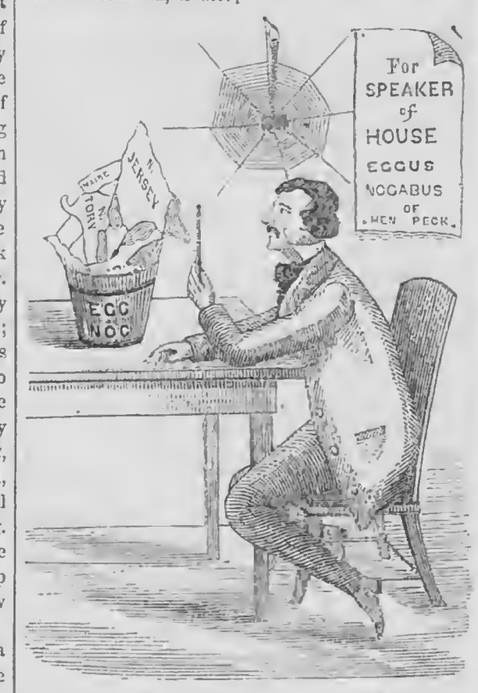
"I am very glad," was his reply, "you will be happier there than here, and you will hardly be fit for any more missionary work very soon," and he smiled as he looked at my poor white hands.

After he was gone I told Mrs. LEE all about the letter, and that I should go back when I was strong enough to bear the journey. "That will not be for weeks yet," said she, "you will not get over this fever in a year." But I am tired of writing these details. Little by little, as I have been able, I have noted down these events of my sickness which have gradually come back to my recollection. Dr. HARLEY has been gone now for nearly three weeks. I tried to speak of my obligations to him, when he came to bid me good-bye, but he would not hear a word. "Do you think I am worse than the Levite," said he, "that I should go by and leave you, after you had fallen among thieves? When you are well we can talk about a settlement. I'll keep my bill to present to you at Judge HYDE'S." Then he added in a whisper, "Don't trust your life in Dr. EATON'S hands whatever happens. He was dead drunk when I found him by the roadside."

I gain strength very slowly, and these long, tedious days of convalescence are hard to bear. Next week I am going to try a journey to the kitchen. It seems to me I should be well if I could sit in the cheerful room again, and lose sight of this one, where everything is associated with my feverish fancies. [Concluded in our next number.]

Wit and Humor.

[THE editor of this brief but (we trust) interesting department of the LITERAL is eminently a *national* man, and believes in hitting or "taking off" the salient points of all political parties and prominent partisans. In treating upon men and parties he "knows no North, no South, no East, no West." He has prepared several *Punchy* illustrations of men and things political, the first of which appears and reads as followeth, to wit:]



"DISSOLVING" THE UNION.

Extra Billy Smith—"This Union arrangement produces most capital *Egg Nog*, but it is so confounded slow in *dissolving*, that if I wait until the operation is completed I am afraid I shall be *most dreadful thirsty!* The ingredients are in beautiful proportion, The *Sugar Plantations of the South* will supply the necessary saccharine principle, while the *Ice of the North* will keep it at an agreeable temperature. The *Principality* of *New Jersey* will furnish the *Champagne* flavor, and for the Egg part I shall put in the '*Lay* of the last Minstrel.'"

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 17 letters.
My 4, 6, 17 is the name of a distinguished physician.
My 7, 17, 1, 11, 10 is a city in one of the Western States.
My 6, 7, 14 is something you wear.
My 2, 3, 4, 13, 9, 11, 10 is the name of a noted Senator.
My 11, 4, 13, 15 is a river in England.
My 7, 17, 8, 15, 10 is a county in Ohio.
My 16, 12, 6, 8, 11, 10, 15 is a town in Ireland.
My 12, 15, 15, 13 is a river in England.
My 5, 14, 6, 15, 17, 15, 10, 7 is an island famous for the banishment of a fallen Emperor.
My whole is a command for all.

County Line, N. Y., 1860. MARSHALL.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

IN the segment of a circle, the versed sine is 3 feet and 8 inches, and the chord of the arc 19 feet. Required the diameter of the circle to which the segment belongs.

Bennettsburgh, N. Y., 1860. H. D. DONNELLY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A RIDDLE.

BEFORE my birth I have a name,
But soon as born I lose the same;
And when I'm laid within the tomb,
I do my father's name assume;
I change my name three days together,
Yet live but one in any weather.

St. Jerome, Canada East, 1860. ROBERT SHAW.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 523.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—To be, or not to be, that is the question.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—Chushan-rishathaim.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—$407.

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☞ For Special Notices, &c., see preceding page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of Intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

N. Y. STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, as most of our readers are aware, was incorporated in April, 1853, though it is not yet in operation as a College. We have before us two pamphlets relative to the Institution and the Farm upon which it is located, from which we purpose to condense and extract some facts which it is believed will prove interesting to the Agricultural Public. One of these documents has recently been issued by the Trustees of the College, and contains a brief history of the institution—its charter, ordinances, regulations, and the studies which the students are to pursue during their three years' course. The other embraces a description of the College Farm—"its characteristics, as exhibited by its general Botany"—from the pen of Prof. BREWER. These pamphlets comprise the gist of all the information on the subjects discussed that has yet been made public, and we shall avail ourselves of such portions as seem most pertinent to our object—the presentation of a brief history of the institution, its condition and prospects.

JOHN DELAFIELD, of Seneca county, one of the most efficient in procuring its charter, was unanimously elected President of the College soon after its incorporation. Mr. D. and other Trustees made considerable progress in obtaining subscriptions to the stock; but his sudden death, in the fall of 1853, for a time almost paralyzed the efforts of his associates. In 1855, the people of Ovid and vicinity obtained a subscription which (added to that previously procured by Mr. DELAFIELD and his friends,) amounted to over $40,000, for a College to be located at Ovid; and on the 1st of March, 1856, an act was passed securing the institution at that place, provided the Trustees should comply with certain conditions—including the purchase of a suitable site for it, with 300 acres of land. The conditions of this act were subsequently complied with, and the College located in the town of Ovid, on the east side of Seneca Lake, the Trustees having purchased about 700 acres of land for its purposes. The location of the Farm, and its advantages—both as to *situation* and *soil*—are thus spoken of in the pamphlet issued by the Trustees:

"The farm is upon the western slope of the county, bounded west by the Seneca Lake, and persons may leave Albany or Buffalo in the morning, and, by the way of Geneva, reach the farm the same day; or New York or Buffalo in the afternoon, and, by the New York and Erie road and the head of the Lake, reach the farm the following morning. The spot selected for the College is one commanding a view of great beauty and grandeur, taking in the town of Geneva and more than twenty miles of the Lake, and the whole eastern slope of the county of Yates and part of Ontario. Still, the spot is retired, and the Trustees think none the less desirable, for that cause, for the purposes intended. It is easy of access from any part of the State.

"All persons will concede that if an Agricultural College has attached to it a farm, either for purposes of experiment, illustration, or means of employment to students, it is of the highest importance that it should possess the greatest variety of soil possible. The Trustees of the New York State Agricultural College felt the *vital* importance of this matter, and only made the selection they did after much deliberation. Had they selected a farm having no variety of soil, however fertile it might have been, or how complete all its other qualifications were, the general feeling would be that it was unfit to, its purpose, or at least ill adapted to it."

The *location* of the College is not, as some have inferred, objectionable on the ground of lack of accessibility. We believe it is within one mile of the landing on Seneca Lake, which never freezes, and where steamers pass twice a day, landing passengers from the Erie road on the South, the Central on the North, and from the Canandaigua and Elmira road (via Penn Yan stage of 7 miles to Dresden, opposite Ovid,) on the West. That it is *not* directly on any great thoroughfare, or near a large village or city, we think important to the welfare of students, for the further they are removed from the temptations of populous towns the better. The students *ought* to attend for the purpose of studying and learning the art, science and practice of Agriculture and kindred branches, and the location is well adapted for the purpose. Ovid is one of the most healthy and pleasant towns in the State, and moreover has a highly moral, intelligent and progressive population. The view from the village—overlooking Seneca and Cayuga lakes, and a large extent of country—is one of the most beautiful and far-reaching we ever beheld.

It is proposed to have two terms of study annually—the Summer commencing in April, and the Winter in December. The only requisites to admission are that candidates be able to read and write the English language well, and be well acquainted with its grammar and higher arithmetic—though it is suggested that an acquaintance with the branches of science taught at the academies and colleges of our country, will prove of great advantage to the student on entering the institution. No student under sixteen years of age will be admitted. The annual charge for instruction, with board, lodging, lights and fuel, will be $200.

The general plan of the course of studies is given at length, the main portion of which we quote, as follows:

"FIRST YEAR—*Summer Term.*—English language, Arithmetic reviewed and completed, commencement of Algebra, and principles of Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, and Botany. (English language and the elementary studies will be carried on during the terms, with mathematics. Although this is *not intended to be a manual labor school*, still, the students will be required to spend much time in the field as may be necessary to apply the Theory to the Practice of Husbandry. Therefore, the Freshman during this term will be instructed in plowing, spading, care of hoed crops, gathering hay and grain crops, management of the dairy, &c.)

"*Winter Term.*—Algebra completed. Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, and Botany continued; Geometry, Drawing commenced. (The Freshman class during this term, to be instructed in making and preserving manures, care and feeding of store animals, root and stock grafting, taking and preserving scions, &c.)

"SECOND YEAR—*Summer Term.*—Trigonometry, Analytical Geometry, Surveying, Construction of Roads, &c., Agricultural Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology, and Botany continued, Outlines of Comparative Anatomy, Vegetable Physiology, and Drawing. (Practical Instruction to the Juniors—in sowing grain, planting, gardening, setting trees and shrubs, making fences and walls, draining and irrigation, training, pruning, grafting and budding, handling teams, loading wagons and carts, collecting specimens of plants and minerals, &c.)

"*Winter Term.*—Descriptive Geometry, Engineering, Carpentry, Bridges, &c., Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Agricultural Chemistry, Mineralogy, Geology and Botany reviewed, Human Physiology, Zoology and Comparative Anatomy continued, Principles of Veterinary practice, Book-keeping, Drawing, Farm Implements, Machinery, Architecture, &c.) Practical instruction in fattening, breeding, and rearing stock, training steers, handling cattle, training colts to saddle, harness or draught, preparing timber for fences, posts, &c.)

"THIRD YEAR—*Summer Term.*—History of Literature, General and Agricultural; Physical Geography, &c., Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric and Logic, Constitution of the United States and of the State of New York; Laws of New York relating to Contracts, Highways, Fences, &c.; Book-keeping applied to the Farm; Entomology, Ornithology, Acoustics and Optics. (The Senior class to make up Topographical maps, from their own and other surveys, with reference to drafting, irrigation, and landscape gardening; examine and collect botanical, mineralogical, anatomical, and entomological specimens for winter analysis, Essays, Lectures, &c.)

"*Winter Term.*—Astronomy, Electricity, Magnetism, Meteorology, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, (including evidences of Christianity and Natural and Revealed Religion.) Rhetoric and Logic continued, Veterinary Practice; Drawing of Animals, Landscape, Composite, &c. (The Senior class to continue experiments in the Chemical Laboratory and prepare essays on any subject that may be designated by the Faculty. They also will take charge of *all experiments* in fattening and feeding Stock, &c.")

It is not possible to foresee how this course of instruction will work, and as it appears the Trustees are not committed to it any longer than is necessary to test its practical workings, we offer no comments, either pro or con, at present. The pamphlet says:—"The President and Professors of the College will, as they may deem it important for the benefit of the institution and the students, suggest modifications of the course of studies, and submit the same to the Trustees, that the instruction may in all respects be such as to accomplish in the most thorough manner the results for which this institution was founded."

After discussing ordinances and finances, the Trustees conclude their publication with the following announcements:

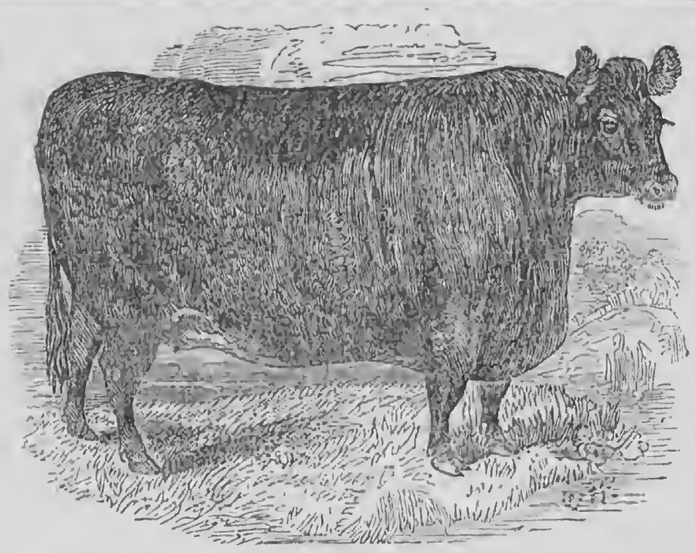
"The President of the College, as well as the Trustees and such Agents as may be employed, will present to the public the subject of funds. The Trustees appeal to all Professions to advance the only institution in our State which is solely designed for the purpose of furnishing an education suited to the wants of the great majority of our young men. It is believed that the great interests of practical education can in no other institution be more fully promoted than in this.—The Trustees will be be pleased to receive from the various Agricultural Associations in our country their Transactions for the Library of the institution, and from others, such works as may be useful to the institution.—Students, contemplating joining the institution, will be furnished with every necessary information by applying, personally or by letter, to M. R. PATRICK, President of the College, Ovid, Seneca Co., N. Y."

We have thus endeavored to present the main features of the publication emanating from the Board of Trustees, and regret our inability to give, in this connection, the most interesting portions of Prof. BREWER'S description of the College Farm. That it embraces a rare variety of soil, and is admirably suited to the objects of an Experimental Farm, is already generally known. JOHN JOHNSTON—whose opinion is entitled to great weight—says that "It is a body of land *unequaled* for the purposes in view."

A portion of the College Buildings (two wings) are in the course of erection, the corner stone having been laid, with appropriate ceremonies, (as noticed by us at the time,) on the 7th of July last, and it is expected that a limited number of students can be admitted the ensuing spring. The wings now in the course of erection are designed for 150 persons; the whole buildings, when completed, will accommodate 350 students.

And here, perhaps, we should close this article, and leave the subject; but it is one of such interest to a large number of RURAL readers that we cannot refrain from extending our remarks. In this age of "Progress and Improvement"—of marvelous advancement in the arts and sciences, and all industrial pursuits—the subject of Agricultural Education is becoming one of vast importance to the people of Rural America. The time is not distant when every young man who intends to pursue farming as a profession, must be intimately acquainted with both the science and practice of Agriculture—when the true farmer should be as emphatically a member of the "learned professions" as any physician or lawyer in Christendom. We have long been of the opinion that suitable text-books on Agriculture, &c., should be adopted in our Common Schools, and that the sciences connected with Rural Affairs should be taught in our Academies and higher institutions. But Knowledge and Thought are being brought to bear upon this subject, and the best manner of establishing and conducting Agricultural Schools and Colleges will ere long be discovered and adopted. That "good time" *is* soon coming, if it has not already arrived, when our State and National Legislatures (and the People in their individual capacities,) will do something tangible to promote Agricultural Education—when special facilities will be furnished farmers' sons, at a moderate expense, for obtaining a knowledge of the Natural Sciences, &c. This nation of farmers have "learned to labor and to wait," yet will ere long demand and secure the rights to which they are clearly entitled. In this age of thought and progress, even ordinary farmers begin to admit that in Agriculture, as in every other pursuit, that "higher power," *the culture of the mind*, should keep pace with the culture of the soil.

—Such are our convictions. Whether the New York State Agricultural College will prove such an institution as is needed remains to be determined. Let the experiment be fairly and thoroughly tested. We do not speak as the organ of the College or its officers, but in behalf of the cause of Agricultural Education, in which tens of thousands of our readers are vitally interested.—The institution is now in good hands, and we wish it God-speed. The State and the People should second and sustain the Trustees in their efforts to speedily place it upon a useful and enduring basis. The new President, Maj. PATRICK, is, we believe, entitled to the confidence of the entire community. So far as we learn, his acceptance of the unsolicited and most responsible position has inspired the friends of the College with renewed confidence in its early success and usefulness. The Board of Trustees comprises some of the best men in the State, yet they are only mortal, and can do little without the counsel and substantial encouragement of those who ardently desire to further the laudable objects sought to be accomplished by the institution.



POLLED CATTLE—FAT GALLOWAY COW.

BY reference to another portion of the present issue of the RURAL, it will be observed that a stock-grower of this State has thrown down the gage of battle in favor of Polled Breeds, and exhibits a readiness to meet the advocates of "Horns," be they "Long" or "Short." The merits of the Polled varieties are numerous, and in the excitement which has followed the Durhams, Devons, etc., both in England and America, these good qualities have been overlooked to a great degree. In order to place the various representatives of this class more fully before our readers, we now give a portrait of a Fat Galloway Cow, and shall follow, in future issues of the current volume, with illustrations of the Angus, Norfolk and Suffolk Breeds.

The Galloways are natives of Scotland, and derive their name from the ancient province in which they originated. According to YOUATT, the "Galloway cattle are straight and broad in the back, and nearly level from the head to the rump, are round in the ribs, and also between the shoulders and the ribs, and the ribs and the loins, and broad in the loin, without any large projecting hook bones. In roundness of barrel and fullness of ribs they will compare with any breed, and also in the proportion which the loins bear to the hook bones, or protuberances of the ribs. When viewed from above, the whole body appears beautifully rounded, like the longitudinal section of a roller. They are long in the quarters and ribs, and deep in the chest, but not broad in the twist. There is less space between the hook or hip bones and the ribs than in most other breeds, a consideration of much importance, for the advantage of length of carcass consists in the animal being well ribbed home, or as little space as possible lost in the flank.

The Galloway is short in the leg, and moderately fine in the shank bones—the happy medium preserved in the leg, which secures hardihood and disposition to fatten. With the same cleanness and shortness of shank, there is no breed so large and muscular above the knee, while there is more room for the deep, broad and capacious chest.—He is clean, not fine and slender, but well proportioned, in the neck and chaps; a thin and delicate neck would not correspond with the broad shoulders, deep chest, and close, compact form of the breed. The neck of the Galloway bull is thick almost to a fault. The head is rather heavy; the eyes are not prominent, and the ears are large, rough, and full of long hairs on the inside.

The Galloway is covered with a loose mellow skin of medium thickness, which is clothed with long, soft, silky hair. The skin is thinner than that of the Leicestershire, but not so fine as the hide of the Short-horn, yet it handles soft and kindly. The prevailing and fashionable color is black—a few are of a dark brindle brown, and still fewer speckled with white spots, and some of them are of a dun or drab color. Dark colors are uniformly preferred, from the belief that they indicate hardiness of constitution."

The reputation of the Galloway cows, as milkers, is not what may be considered superior; but although the quantity is not great, it is rich in quality, yielding a large proportion of butter. A cow that gives from twelve to sixteen quarts daily would rank very high, and this amount will produce more than a pound and a half of butter.—The average milk product, however, cannot be estimated at more than six or eight quarts per day, for the five summer months after feeding her calf. For the next four months, half this quantity is about all that will be obtained, and for two or three months she will be dry.

The docility of the Galloways is remarkable, constituting a most valuable point. It is very rare that even a bull is furious or troublesome.

THE ONION FLY.

FOR a year or two past the onion crop, particularly in the Eastern part of this State, has suffered materially from the grub of the onion fly, which eats into the tubers when in a growing state, giving the tops a withered and sickly appearance, and often almost entirely destroying the crop. This enemy has been very destructive in England and other parts of Europe for a score or more of years, but until recently has not appeared in this country, at least in such numbers as to cause alarm. We have had several inquiries as to the best means of destroying this new enemy, but could give no information of value, and many of the experienced growers of Europe have been compelled to abandon the culture of the onion, failing to discover any efficient remedy. In the *American Agriculturist* we find a good article on this subject, which describes the insect, and proposes some means which may have a tendency to check its ravages:

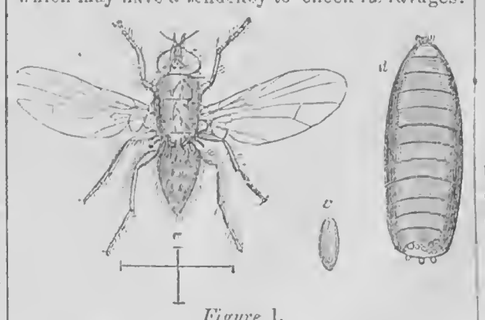


Figure 1.

Much uncertainty still seems to prevail among Entomologists respecting the peculiar habits and instincts of this little depredator, and we greatly fear that they will long remain in ignorance, unless some interested and intelligent individual, residing on the spot, and having daily access to the plants, shall establish a series of practical observations on their habits, and in this manner trace them through their various stages of existence, up to the perfect fly. Until this is accomplished, and not till then, will we, with any degree of certainty, be able to suggest any reasonable method for effectually removing them. If it be not done speedily, a knowledge of the prolific manner of their increase, makes it probable that they will, in the course of but a few years, spread over the whole country, and almost, if not entirely, obliterate this highly useful vegetable from our gardens.

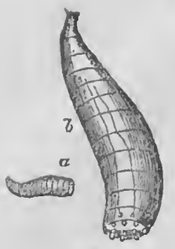


Fig. 2.

Fig. 3.

This insect depredator is, I think, undoubtedly the *Anthomyia ceparum*, of Meigen, or a species so closely allied, as to differ but little from it in any of its habits.

It is shown at *c*, fig. 1, somewhat magnified, the actual length being indicated by the perpendicular, and the spread of the wings by the horizontal line, below the cut of the fly; *c* and *d*, same fig., show the pupa, from which the insect emerges, *c* being the natural size, and *d* magnified. It belongs to the second general division of the *Muscides*, that of the *Anthomyzides*, which is composed

of species, all of whom have greatly the appearance of common flies.

The *larva* of this insect, *a* in fig. 2, is about ½ of an inch in length, fleshy, and of a white color. It is of a conical form, with a smooth and shining surface, and entirely free from any external superficial appendages. The incisions are finely granulate, and the last and largest segment is obliquely truncated at its base, upon which is placed a surrounding border of eight small knots, or projecting points, as seen at *b*, fig. 2, representing the larva magnified.

Fig. 4.

Fig. 5.

The female fly deposits its eggs on the base of the stem near the surface of the ground, which, in a few days become hatched, the larvæ immediately penetrating between the leaves to the bulb, upon which it preys unseen; but the effects soon become visible, for the leaves turn yellow, fall prostrate on the ground, and quickly wither away. These are shown in figs. 3 and 4. In the course of about two weeks they arrive at maturity, and change to the pupa state, fig. 5, and in from fifteen to twenty days more emerge the perfect fly, fully prepared to accomplish their depredations by depositing their eggs upon the more healthy plants. As many as from one to five of the larvæ were frequently to be met with on a single plant.

The perfect insect is about half the size of the common house-fly, with a few thinly scattered hairs covering the surface of the body. It is of an ash gray color, the males being distinguished by a series of dark stripes upon the back. The head is marked with a brownish spot upon its apex. The wings are exceedingly transparent, exhibiting beautiful iridescent reflections from their surfaces, the shoulders of which are of an ochery-brown color, and the veins of brownish-yellow.

This fly may not unfrequently be met with in the spring of the year, basking in the sunshine about the windows of the neighboring dwellings. And from the circumstance of finding their larvæ in the greatest profusion, committing their depredations in the middle and latter parts of August, we are inclined to believe that they pass through several generations in a season, and that they probably make use of the seed of the plant, on which to deposit the egg for the larva of the ensuing spring. If this be so, steeping the seeds in brine, before sowing, we should suppose would be the proper remedy; if otherwise, the process will not materially affect their germination. They appear to show a distinct predilection for the white onion, in preference to that of any other color.

This insect it is exceedingly difficult to destroy. Strewing the earth with ashes has proved of little avail; powdered charcoal answers a much better purpose, and is generally in use in this section of country, but it should only be thrown over about two-thirds of the bed, so as to leave a portion of the plants for them to resort to on being brought to the perfect state, and driven from their original resting place. When they have been converted to the larva state and commenced their depredations, these plants should be pulled up and consumed by fire.

It has been recommended to prepare the beds as early in the spring as convenient, and suffer them to remain eight or ten days for the noxious plants to vegetate, then to cover them with straw to the depth of ten inches, and burn them over; after which plant the seeds for the ensuing crop immediately. This process, it is stated, has proved perfectly successful in driving away the insects and insuring good crops, and in addition to this, has furnished a capital top-dressing to the soil. Onion beds prepared from the hearths upon which charcoal has been burned, have likewise been mentioned as producing the perfect vegetable, entirely free from the attacks of the fly.

Should the charcoal method here mentioned, be universally adopted, we have little doubt but that this insect depredator will in a short time become greatly reduced in numbers, if not entirely destroyed, and afford a much better chance for a more healthful crop of the onion plants hereafter.

HORNLESS CATTLE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—You need not be told that "Young America" is prone to give new subjects and new theories a scrutinizing glance at first presentation, and, if appearances are favorable to their peculiar notions,—if all is right,—"they go it with a rush;" should the case prove otherwise, however, be the proposition ever so meritorious, it is denied candid consideration and allowed to pass unnoticed. As the Rural for 1860 is to be a "new thing under the sun," I propose a *new thing* be in it to take its chances, viz: a *favorable* notice of the "polled," or hornless cattle, sometimes called Moolys, or Mullys, and "all sorts" of names which, either for their sarcastic properties, or want of definite expression, Mr. Webster has thought proper to deny a place in his *Book*. Even a modern American journalist writes, when describing a cow in a foreign land, that had she been *adorned* with a pair of horns she would have compared favorably with some horned cattle of his particular fancy; or, perhaps, more properly that variety which is so popular because it is "dear bought and far fetched," and has that *progressive* word "*Short*" attached to its horns. I trust *thinking* breeders of stock will carry that *goring* appendage through *all* degrees of comparison, until its invisibility is a sure indication that no more cattle are to "suffer and die" with the "Hollow-horn," or colts and sheep be found running their last race, mad with suffering, at the loss of a portion of their intestines.

It is respectfully asked if *any one* can name a *single* advantage of horns upon the heads of cattle, other than to gratify a mistaken fancy,—the child of accustomed observation,—which time can change in reference to cattle, as well as men, and with much less of the repulsive to overcome, than in submitting to the change from a clean upper lip, to the nauseating appearance of that expressive little portion of the human face obscured in modern, popular, filthy disguise, which was considered but *few* years since, when worn by a lecturer of foreign phiz, *most hideous*, but has *now* become a requisite to win the favor of those whose *assumed* delicacy contrasts beautifully with their surprising fancy.

Excuse this digression from horns to hair. The latter gives no pain as an appendage, though it may excite disgust in some, and its *fascinations* induce others to be ensnared. But *Horns are offensive and defensive*, and when possessed by the brute, not unlike man, he soon becomes conscious of a superior "coat of arms," and will quite as soon intrude upon the rights of inferiors in consequence, when otherwise, he would peacably consume the provender laid before him and "ask no questions."

Some few acquaintances have suffered utility to take the place of horns amongst the cattle, and are rejoicing at the progress in their change of fancy, as they *can* see beauties in *good* cattle *without* horns. One yard confines together within an area of less than 50 by 80 feet, well sheltered and watered, seven hornless cows and heifers, and sixty valuable Cotswolds, that would not be suffered for a moment to be in like condition if the cattle had horns. They are harmless, *social* and peaceable, as if all were sheep, and the owner frequently passes amongst them in the dark without fear of running upon even a "*short* horn," and feels quite sure none of them will die in the spring with the "Horn-ail." His feed boxes are so constructed that a cow or sheep can not get the others' fodder, although within the same inclosure. His judgment and fancy have become so *bewildered* by their smooth, innocent, harmless-looking heads, that he thinks there is not so much beauty and value in any other seven cattle, of the same age, belonging to any other yard in town. But enough. I wait to learn if any one can say sufficient against well-bred "Moolys" to subject them to any *real* disrepute whatever. W.

Clyde, N. Y., 1860.

MANAGEMENT OF WOOD LOTS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Since an interchange of thought through the medium of an Agricultural Journal is one of its beauties, and especially as it is desirable to combine the ornamental and the useful, I feel that it may not be amiss for a Canadian to advance a few ideas on the management of *wood lots*, which, during the mania of clearing a new country, have been shamefully neglected, and which many now see to their lasting regret. I need not urge the benefits of a belt of wood to North and West of the premises, as a protection to man, beast, and crops from the piercing winds of winter, or from the no less inhospitable heat of summer, but will at once proceed with my views (though crude they may be,) on the best means of securing our wood lots from that ragged, thin, ghost-like appearance which they too often assume.

In a well kept lot, cattle should no more enter than into an orchard of young fruit trees, but when so situated, in regard to water, that such a course would not be expedient, or where a scarcity of pasture urges the necessity, a portion should be set apart and carefully protected until well stocked with seedlings, when the timber may be taken clean off, leaving the brush, old logs, and other rubbish scattered over the ground, as even as may be, as a mulching to the ground and to retain all the leaves, which, when rotted, form food for a new forest springing up with amazing rapidity and beauty. In like manner, another portion should be treated, as fast as required for fuel, until the whole lot is gone over, when the first will be fit for a repetition of the process or can be thinned out for fuel as experience may suggest. By this means we secure a lasting supply of fuel, and if our wood lots do not possess the majestic stateliness of the original forest, they will, at least, possess the no less desirable quality of luxuriant growth and dense shade.

How different the aspect of a neglected wood lot, where, one after another, the noble specimens fall before the driving winds of an open country; or the roots, grass-bound and barked by cattle pawing to keep off flies, fail to yield sufficient food for the tops until the limbs die and the whole instead of pleasing, is rather an object of disgust, the axe of the woodman finally finishing the work and the noble forest of our youth is a forest no more. W. P.

Whitby, C. W., 1860.

PASSING OUR MISFORTUNES ALONG.

Friend Moore:—Thy correspondent, W. B. P., gives in a late Rural some sensible and ingenious remarks upon foot-rot in sheep, but in conclusion he says—"It is possible that this disease is not so malignant throughout the country now, as it was with the writer fifteen years ago; but if it anywhere is so, as a practical conclusion I should recommend to the owner of any considerable flock to, 1st, Sell out as quickly as possible; and, 2d, To *stay* sold out till at least one year's growth of the farm has been gathered and consumed."

Will selling out make the disease any better?—Certainly, if it will, something is gained; but if it merely passes thy troubles over to thy neighbor, thou art not, friend W. B. P., a missionary of good. Let thy bequests be in love and good will, and thy joy shall much more abound. Meet and subdue thy troubles, or, failing in that, endure them. Granted that the world is much more given to selfish practices, from which even my brethren of the broad brims are not wholly exempt,—shall we take courage in wrong-doing by the multitude of our abettors?

How very common is it when we perceive a defect, or have reason to expect one, to "put the thing off" before such defect becomes obvious to others. The advice quoted above does not necessarily imply fraud or deception, and friend W. B. P. will not understand me as being personal with him in these remarks, but I could wish that he had left the matter so as not to seem to give any encouragement to the pernicious practice of esteeming our comfort or profit above others.

William Penn.

HOW TO SAVE THE SHEEP.—CURING FILMS.

Mr. Moore:—In your issue of Jan. 28, Mr. Chaffee wishes to know how to save his sheep from drowning in his ditch. I will tell him how I should do in the same circumstances, and it is no theory, for it has been practised on my farm for a number of years past with complete success.

It is this. Get some plank, 10 feet long will be of sufficient length for his ditch, and 20 inches, or 2 feet wide; (if narrow nail two together with cleats to prevent their getting apart,) then lay them across the ditch, letting their ends rest firmly on each bank. A plank as often as 8 or 10 rods apart, will, (if his sheep are like mine,) be sufficient, as they will run for the plank when they want to cross the ditch, and cross singly and in safety. Please try it, Mr. Chaffee, and if you succeed as well as I have done with them, you will be satisfied.

I will here give my recipe for taking a film from the eye of any domestic animal. It is simple and effectual, and withal humane, I think. Take of strained honey in a spoon, (or anything that suits the convenience of the operator,) as new as can be had, and open the eyelid and turn the honey in the eye, letting the lid close over it. I perform the operation night and morning; never had a failure of a cure in a few days. The longer the film has been on the eye the longer it will take to remove it. I think it a better remedy than I have ever seen in print, easily obtained, and never does harm. Jonathan Talcott.

Rome, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1860.

HAY FOR WINTERING HOGS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your issue of Jan. 28th, there is copied a short paragraph from a correspondent of the *American Farmer* in laudation of Sorghum for fattening hogs. The statement of the writer calls to mind a fact touching the practice of a farmer not a thousand miles away, viz., that he winters his shoats on *mere hay alone*. As compared with corn, in all grass regions hay is measurably cheap, and this method saves all "expenditure" for anything that is adapted to the animal's needs, and leaves them in the spring (if the vital spark still lingers) in "excellent condition" to devour anything eatable that they can find on seven farms. When we can winter hogs on hay, summer them by stealing, and fatten them with Sorghum, pork must inevitably be cheap. W. B. P.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., Feb., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Reducing Bones to Powder.

Prof. S. W. Johnson, of the Yale Analytical Laboratory, has given the following method of reducing bones to powder, first communicated to the public by Mr. Pusey, an English Agricultural Chemist. The process depends upon the fact that bones consist, to the amount of one-third their weight, of cartilage, or animal matter, which under the influence of warmth and moisture, readily decomposes, (ferments or decays,) and loses its texture, so that the bones fall to the dust.

From the closeness and solidity of the bony structure, decay is excited and maintained with some difficulty. A single bone, or a heap of bones, never decays alone, but dries and hardens on exposure. If, however, bones in quantity be brought into close contact with some easily fermentable moist substance, but little time elapses before a rapid decay sets in. So, too, if fresh crushed bones are mixed with sand soil, or any powdery matter that fills up the spaces between the fragments of the bone, and makes the heap compact, and then are moistened with pure water, the same result takes place in warm weather, though more slowly.

The practical process may be as follows:—The bones, if whole, should be broken up as far as convenient by a single sledge hammer, and made into alternate layers with sand, loam, saw-dust, leached ashes, coal ashes, or swamp muck, using just enough of any of these materials to fill compactly the cavities among the bones, but hardly more. Begin with a thick layer of earth or muck, and as the pile is raised, pour on stale urine or dung-heap liquor enough to moisten the whole mass thoroughly, and, finally, cover a foot thick with soil or muck. In warm weather the decomposition goes on at once, and in from two to six or more weeks the bones will have nearly disappeared. If the fermentation should spend itself without reducing the bones sufficiently, the heap may be overhauled and built up again, moistening with liquid manure and covering as before. By thrusting a pole or bar into the heap, the progress of decomposition may be traced, from the heat and odor evolved. Should the heap become heated to the surface, so that ammonia escapes, as may be judged by the smell, it may be covered still more thickly with earth or muck. The larger the heap the finer the bones, and the more stale urine or dung-liquor they have been made to absorb, the more rapid and complete will be the disintegration. In these heaps horse dung or other manure may replace the ashes, etc., but earth or muck should be used to cover the heap. This bone compost contains the phosphates of lime in a finely divided state, and the nitrogen of the cartillage, which has mostly passed into ammonia, is retained perfectly by the absorbent earth or muck. When carefully prepared, this manure is adapted to be delivered from a drill-machine with seeds, and, according to English farmers, fully replaces, in nearly every case, the superphosphate made by the help of oil of vitriol.

Agricultural Mechanics.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Farmer* and *Gardener* pictures the careful and intelligent farmer as follows:

"A neighbor of mine is a plain, unassuming man—one of that class who never intrude their opinions upon others unsolicited. He is an intelligent man, with a small library of well-selected books, the majority of which treat of subjects connected with agriculture. He is of an investigating turn of mind, always debating a subject well with himself, and also through undoubted authorities, before he is prepared to take sides. He is not the first man in the neighborhood to take hold of an improvement, nor is he the last. If satisfied that it is the thing he requires, he purchases it, not otherwise. He is a considerate man, and is willing to admit his own imperfections. Consequently, if an accident happens to any of his machines, he does not rail out against the manufacturer until he first inquires whether the accident was not the result of his own negligence. But accidents are not frequent with him. Why? Because he understands the principles of mechanics so well that he provides against their occurrence. When he is prepared to take the field with his plow or his mowing-machine, you may rest assured of the fact that it is all in perfect order. His wrench, oil-can, screw-driver, hammer, &c., always go with him, so that if he has occasion to use them, they are always convenient. Now, what is the secret of his success? It all lies in the simple fact that he has made agricultural mechanics a subject of close study. When he goes to purchase a machine, his knowledge of mechanics enables him, almost at a glance, to determine whether it is as well or better adapted than others to the purposes for which he wishes it. If, upon trial, difficulties present themselves, you rarely see him hastening to the blacksmith or manufacturer for help. Here, again, his knowledge of mechanics befriends him. He readily discovers the cause, and generally is ready with the remedy."

A Query for Dairymen.

Do *cows yield milk in proportion to their weight?* was asked by Mr. Copeland, of Ohio, in the *Cultivator*, a few months since. Abel Krum, a dairyman of Cherry Valley, O., in the *Ohio Farmer*, says—"I have no hesitation in answering that cows do *not* yield milk in proportion to their live weight. On the contrary, I think that very great size or weight has been obtained at the expense of the milking properties. This question, I believe, is well settled in the minds of practical dairymen; and I have never known a successful dairyman who preferred cows of great size. The dairyman expects to milk a good cow as long as she does well, say six, or eight, or more years. It is of no consideration to him that a cow will make two or three hundred more pounds of beef when fatted for the butcher; for if she subject him to two or three dollars additional expense per year for her keeping, and at the same time make 40 or 50 pounds less cheese than the medium sized cow, it is easy to see that he keeps her at a loss. No doubt breeding may have much to do in producing a race of good milking cows, but so far as my experience and observation go, I am satisfied that the medium sized cow has a great advantage, upon the short pastures of our dairy farms, over a large sized animal."

Inquiries and Answers.

Coloring Wool on the Skin.—Can any of the readers of the Rural inform me how to color wool a black or dark color, while it remains on the skin, without injuring the skin?—A. T. N., *Otsego Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Stabling Horses with Cows.—Will some of the friends of the Rural be so kind as to inform me through its columns whether it is injurious to horses to stable cows with them, or not? The first part of the winter I kept my horses in the stable alone, and they did very well, but the cold weather came on, and as I had room for two cows in the stable, besides the horses, I put them in. My horses soon lost appetite, and have fallen away, although I have taken the same care of them, and have worked them no harder. Whether it is because I have stabled the cows with them, or some other cause, I cannot tell. —J. E. B., *Farmington, N. Y.*, 1860.

Guano.—It was with pleasure that I read your valuable communication on the use of Guano, in your issue of the 28th. It just hits my case. Will you be so kind as to state through your valuable paper, the mode of applying Peruvian Guano to a piece of corn, the amount for a hill, and the probable cost per acre. Also, where I can purchase it, either in Rochester, Syracuse, or New York.—Jas. D. Mather, *Marcellus, N. Y., Feb.* 1860.

Guano we like best to scatter in the hill, and mix well before planting, using care that it does not come in contact with the seed. Some prefer to scatter the guano on the top of the soil just before the first hoeing, but our experience is against this method, for we think the plant in this way, does not receive the full benefit of the guano. From three hundred to three hundred and fifty pounds is a good manuring for an acre. Count the number of hills in a row, and then calculate how much will be required for the row to give this quantity to the acre, and then have a measure that will hold sufficient for a row. By trying once or twice you will soon find how much is required for a hill. Use pure Peruvian Guano, as obtained from the shippers. You had better order it of some reliable agricultural warehouse in New York. Before applying the guano it should be passed through a sieve, and the lumps left must be broken up.

Treatment of Sprains.—In reply to Mr. L. C. Evans, in the Rural of Jan. 28th, inquiring "How to cure a Sprain," I would say, that I have found the application of Hemlock Oil to the parts affected, very beneficial. Several quick and permanent cures having been effected by its use among my own and my neighbors' horses. One case of a young horse sprained in the lower, or coffin joint, *very bad*—another of a sucking colt lamed in the gambrel joint, which my friends said I had better knock in the head, but by the faithful use of Hemlock Oil he was cured, and is now a valuable horse. Will Mr. Evans try the above, and report the result in the Rural?—Stephen Brainard, *Adams, N. Y.*, 1860.

Another Remedy.—In the Rural of Jan. 28th, I noticed the request of L. C. Evans, of Lexington, Ill., for a prescription to cure a sprain, *which often occurs in the coffin joint.* I will give my experience for more than 50 years. For a sprain or stifle, wash the part affected with a strong decoction of the inner bark of white oak, three times each day,—apply Liquid Opedildoc, well rubbed on with the hand, twice each day,—for swelled limbs apply Gargling Oil. To make Liquid Opedildoc, take one quart of alcohol; add Castile soap, 2 oz.; camphor gum, one oz.; Oil of Origanum and Oil of Rosemary, each one drachm. Dissolve the soap in the alcohol, then add the other ingredients. Try Opedildoc for chilblains.—J. Townsend, *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

JOHNSTON JOHN, MY JO.

O, Johnston John, my jo, John,
When first you bought your farm
The surface had "o'er muckle" drink,
The subsoil was nae warm.

And then you dug your ditches, John,
And laid your "crockery" low,
And took away the "extra drink,"
O, Johnston John, my jo.

We read it in the Rural, John,
How you make farming go,
And try to follow in your wake,
O, Johnston John, my jo.

We keep the racks plethoric, John,
Our mangers overflow—
We learn from you and "Major Hugh,"
O, Johnston John, my jo.

They say your turning auld, John,
Your sun is getting low—
We'll meet you in the "Better Land,"
O, Johnston John, my jo.

Michigan, 1860. Ypsilanti.

Agricultural Fairs, 1860.—Several State Agricultural Societies have already designated the places, and some the times, of holding their Annual Fairs. The Ohio State Fair is to be at Dayton, Sept. 25–28. The Canada West Provincial Show is to be held at Hamilton in Sept. The Virginia State Fair will be located at Richmond, if proper provision is made. The Penn. State Fair is to be held on the grounds of the Luzerne Co. Society in the Wyoming Valley. The Mass. Board of Agriculture purpose to hold a State Exhibition at Springfield, in Sept. At the proper time we shall give a list of Fairs for 1860—National, State and Local.

Farmers' Clubs are being organized in all parts of the country. We hear of them in most sections of the Northern, Middle, Eastern and Western States, and the Canadas, where much attention has been given to improved agriculture. In some localities these practical and highly useful organizations have taken the place of the lectures and debates of literary associations. The Springfield (Mass.) Republican says:—"The lecture courses in this part of the State have been few and fragmentary this winter. But their place has been supplied in some measure by the farmers' clubs and other associations for conversation and discussion, which have been started in very many places and been attended with gratifying results."

The Grass Lands of Seneca County.—The following note from John Johnston, Esq., explains itself:—"Your correspondent, *, (see Rural of Feb. 4, page 37-38,) is a good writer, but I think has taken a wrong view of the lands in Seneca Co., and the grass growing region of Western New York. My feet never trod, nor my eyes never saw, land that would grow more grass than the best-farmed land of Seneca Co.; and I have yet to learn where there is any land that will make Cattle or Sheep more fat on grass than this County of Seneca. If your correspondent will call on me next summer, any time from the 25th June till 5th July, if I cannot take him around and show him meadows equal to any ever he saw on upland, then I will own up that Seneca Co. is not what I thought it was—one of the best, or decidedly the best, grass-growing counties in the State. Thirty-eight years ago it was called a good county for wheat and clover, (none better,) yet poor for grass, oats and corn; but the fact was, farmers did not then try to raise much else except wheat and clover. Indeed, no man ever saw clay soil that was not excellent for grass, if it was properly managed; and it will keep more stock than any other land."

The "Weighty Steers" Beaten.—In response to the notice in Rural of Jan. 21, of a pair of Devon Steers, owned by John Skaats, of Attica, which weighed 1,426 lbs. when nine months old, we are informed that Ellsworth & Willie Rogers, of Wheatland, Monroe Co., have a pair of grade Durham Steers that weighed 1,450 lbs., at the same age, and while wintering with sheep! And it is intimated that, "if well taken care of, they could have been made to weigh 2,000 lbs."—which is more than problematical. At any rate, the figures leave the Genesee slightly ahead of the Tonawanda Valley.

"Black Hawks are the Best Roadsters," says an exchange, and offers this evidence to sustain the assertion:—"At the Agricultural Fair at St. Louis, Mo., last fall, $1,000 was offered as a premium for the best roadster stallion. The judges, from the great number offered, selected six which were deemed the best, and then made a critical examination of them to find the best *one*. Of these six, five were sons of Black Hawk, and the sixth a grandson. 'Stockbridge Chief,' bred in Massachusetts, and now owned in Ohio, won the premium."

Extensive Stock Feeding.—It is said that David Strawn, the well known Illinois stock feeder and the owner of 7,000 acres of improved land, has marketed this winter 2,500 head of beef cattle at an average price of $31 per head, or a total of $77,500. He has fed to these beeves 10,000 bushels of corn, and is estimated to have still on hand at his barn 20,000 bushels of corn and 800 bushels of oats.

Hartland Ag. Society, (Niagara Co.)—Officers for 1860:—*President*—E Seeley. *Vice-President*—J. A. Gladding. *Secretary*—J. C. Deuel. *Treasurer*—Zeno Boag. *Directors*—Curtis Root and Storrs Bennett. The $10 offered to the person planting the largest number of Fruit Trees during the season of 1859, (the competitor cultivating not less than 40 acres,) was awarded to Wm. Dutton. Mr. D. planted 441 trees on a farm having only 40 acres under cultivation. There were seven competitors—the lowest entry being 101 trees on 55 acres cultivated. [This and other premiums were offered under the head of *Moore's Premium List*—D. D. T. Moore having delivered an address before the Society in 1858, on condition that a certain amount should be awarded in such premiums as he should designate.]

Susquehanna Valley Ag. Society.—At the annual meeting, held Jan. 28th, the following officers were elected: *President*—Ira E. Sherman, of Sidney. *Vice-Presidents*—Sylvester Arms, of Unadilla, and William J. Hughston, of Sidney. *Secretary*—Robert W. Courtney, of Sidney. *Treasurer*—Clark I. Hayes, of Unadilla. *Directors*—S. G. Comp, Unadilla; Wm. T. Hodges, Sidney; John Hough, Wm. McClelland, Unadilla. Abner Johnston and William Dewey, of Sidney, hold over.

Canaseraga Ag. Society.—(Officers for 1860: *President*—Hugh McCartney, of Sparta. *Vice-Presidents*—Lester B. Faulkner, Dansville; Geo. Martin, Springwater; Wesley Fritz, S. Dansville; Wm. T. Curtis, Groveland; Geo. F. Coe, Conesus. *Secretary*—George A. Sanders. *Treasurer*—Wm. M. White. The Society is reported to be in good condition.

Bainbridge Town Ag. Society.—Officers for 1860: *President*—Joseph Bush. *Vice-President*—A. J. Sands. *Secretary and Treasurer*—Joseph Juliand, 2d. *Managers*—Charles Bixby, Walter Higby, John Sanders, D. C. Brestol, Reuben Searles, C. P. Kirby. The Society is free from debt, its liabilities and premiums all promptly paid.

HORTICULTURE AT THE WEST.

ILLINOIS STATE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The Annual Meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society was held at Bloomington on the 10th of January, and we are indebted to the *Pantagraph* of that place, for a report of the proceedings. The attendance, we should judge, was not large, but the discussions were interesting and valuable. The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

President—Samuel Edwards, of La Motte. *Vice-Presidents*—One for each Congressional District were elected as follows:—1st, L. Montague; 2d, J. W. Wakeman; 3d, E. W. Waterman; 4th, N. Overman; 5th, —— Scarboro; 6th, J. A. Hilliard; 7th, —— Hostetter, Decatur; 8th, C. A. Montrose; 9th, G. H. Baker. *Cor. Sec'y*—J. T. Little, Dixon. *Rec. Secretaries*—T. Star, Alton, and H. C. Freeman, La Salle. *Treas.*—S. C. Minkler, Kendal Co.

A great interest is felt in everything that emanates from practical men at the West. It is a question, perhaps, not yet fully settled in the minds of many, whether that extensive and fertile territory is adapted to the culture of fruit. So many failures have been reported, such great destruction to fruit trees, even of large size, by terribly severe winters, that some, and even Western men of experience have freely expressed the opinion that the prairies of the West were unfitted to the growth of fruit, while others have thought a selection of the hardier varieties would succeed, and still others have contended that the West must rely on varieties raised from seed and inured, from the first, to the changes and rigors of a Western winter. In view of these facts we had a little curiosity to know the origin of the twenty-one varieties recommended for cultivation in Northern Illinois, and we found that 2 originated in Massachusetts, 5 in New Jersey, 2 in New York, 1 in Russia, 1 in Canada, 1 in Carolina, 1 in Rhode Island, 1 in Delaware, 1 in Illinois, and the origin of several is unknown. The varieties that prove too tender will show as diversified an origin as the above, proving we think that a fruit is not necessarily tender because it came into existence in a warm, mild climate. But, really, it is difficult to ascertain what varieties at the West are hardy, or whether all are not hardy under favorable circumstances, and all tender under circumstances that are unfavorable. Sorts that are reported tender at one place seem to be hardy at another, tho' the climate is especially severe. We came to the conclusion, some years since, when studying this question upon the wide prairies, that *good drainage* and *shelter* were the great requisites to successful fruit culture at the West. The prairie soils hold water like a sponge during wet weather, and in a dry time they are exceedingly dry, seeming entirely destitute of moisture. We give some of the most interesting reports made to this Convention of Illinois fruit growers.

BEST TWELVE APPLES.

The Committee to recommend a list of twelve best varieties of apples for cultivation in the northern, central and southern portions of the State, reported as follows:

Northern Illinois.—Summer—Red Astrachan, Early Pennock, Carolina Red June. Fall—Maiden's Blush, Fameuse, (Snow) Keswick's Codlin. Winter—Dominie, Jonathan, White Pippin, Winesap, Willowtwig, Little Red Romanite, Tallman's Sweeting, (for a sweet apple.) Supplementary: Summer—Benoni, Sweet June. Fall—Rambo and Lowell. Winter—Fulton, Swaar, Yellow Belleflower and Romanstem.

Central Illinois.—Summer—Early Harvest, Carolina Pine, Benoni. Fall—Maiden's Blush, Fameuse, Rambo. Winter—Jonathan, Yellow Belleflower, Jannet, Winesap, Domine and Willowtwig. Supplementary list: Summer—Sweet June, Red Astrachan, Early Pennock. Fall—Haskell's Sweet, Keswick's Codlin, and the Fall Wine for drying. Winter—Buckingham, Peck's Pleasant, White Pippin, Newton Pippin, Tallman's Sweet and New York Pippin. [This latter apple was, after much debate, voted by the Society to be known in future as the "Carolina."]

Southern Illinois.—Summer—Early Harvest, Carolina June, Red Astrachan. Fall—Maiden's Blush, Fall Queen, Rambo. Winter—Rawle's Jannet, White Winter Pearmain, Limbertwig, Winesap, Yellow Belleflower, N. Y. Pippin (Carolina.)

DECIDUOUS ORNAMENTAL TREES.

Mr. Bryant was called up, as the leading authority on this topic, and gave his views and responded to questions. He thought the *Silver-leaf Maple* the best ornamental tree, all things considered, to plant on the prairies; it was a hardy and beautiful tree, clean and free from suckers, and a rapid grower. *Silver-leaf Poplar* and *Black Locust*, objectionable in many situations for ornamental purposes, on account of their sprouting so freely from the root. *Tulip Tree* or *American Poplar*, a noble tree; one of the finest for ornamental purposes. He raises them easily; has no difficulty in getting them through the winter. *Magnolia Acuminata* or *Cucumber Tree*, a very fine ornamental tree, and very hardy. *Sugar Maple*, a very desirable ornamental tree, where one has time to wait for it to grow. *White Elm*, another very desirable tree. *Box Elder*, a beautiful tree for a small one. *Horse Chestnut* does not succeed in this State; which is singular, since its cousin, the *Buckeye*, grows readily.

Chestnut—Will succeed with proper management. Must be very careful to get good seed; must take up the young trees at one year old and replant them, cutting off the tap root. Grows best on the highest ground.

American Linden (basswood) often makes a beautiful tree when standing alone. *Blue Ash* was a fine tree. Had always failed with the *Spanish Chestnut;* would not stand the northern winters. (Mr. Starr remarked he had raised them at Alton.) The European *Mountain Ash* succeeds; single tree very ornamental. *Red-bud*, strikingly beautiful when in bloom; handsome when only in leaf. *Beech*, very slow grower; difficult to make succeed. (Others concurred.) *Larch*, very desirable; suits prairie soil well, and is very ornamental. The American species, or *Tamarack*, is at home in a swamp, yet does about as well on upland. European species rather finer, but succeeds best in dry soil. *Weeping Willow*, preferable to any other willow, but unfortunately wont stand the winters north. *Golden Willow*, rather desirable. *Birches* succeed well with him, (Mr. B. lives at Princeton, Bureau county,) and are fine trees; the kind known as *Paper, Canoe* or *White* Birch, is finest.

EVERGREENS.

The Committee on the Cultivation of Evergreens, made a report strongly recommending the planting of evergreens for shelter, the Norway Spruce being considered particularly desirable for that purpose. The Committee say "the following is a list of Evergreens which prove perfectly hardy in Bureau county,—all of them will doubtless succeed much further north. They are all well worthy of cultivation,—those marked † are most desirable.

† White Pine,	† Norway Spruce,
† Austrian Pine,	† Black Spruce,
Cembran Pine,	Red Spruce,
† Red, or Norway Pine,	White Spruce,
Gray, or Labrador Pine,	† Hemlock,
† Scotch Pine,	† Balsam Fir,
† Yellow Pine,	Sabin,
Jersey Pine,	American Yew,
American Arbor Vitæ,	† Swedish Juniper,
Siberian Arbor Vitæ,	† Irish Juniper,
Red Cedar,	Trailing Juniper.

The American and European Larch, although not evergreen, belong to the family of Conifers. They thrive well in the soil of our prairies; the former better than in its native swamps. The European Larch does best on a dry soil. Larches produce a fine effect interspersed among evergreens. The Pines, the Red Cedar and other Junipers are particularly adapted to high knolls on the prairies, but will grow well in almost any of our soils not absolutely wet. The Spruces, and especially the Arbor Vitæ, thrive best in moist locations. They will grow well, however, almost anywhere in the deep loam of our prairies. In dry, sandy or gravelly soils, the Norway Spruce is said to become stunted and short lived. The Hemlock in this latitude does not thrive well unless protected from the hot sun of summer by a shade of some sort.

In planting evergreens singly, or in clumps upon a lawn, the soil should be prepared by spading it deeply a foot or two beyond the extent of the roots. Care should be taken not to set the trees too deep. It is better that the collar should be considerably above rather than below the level of the lawn. After the trees are well planted, give them a dressing of rotten chips and leached ashes if at hand. Then mulch thoroughly with prairie hay, old straw, or corn stalks if nothing better can be had. The mulching should be at least 3 or 4 inches thick, and extend considerably beyond the length of the roots all round the trees. This mulching should be renewed often enough to prevent grass from growing near them until their growth is well established, and they have attained a size to need no further nursing. The roots of most evergreens are near the surface; they, therefore, do not bear much digging near them.

For planting evergreens in belts for protection or screens, the ground should be trench-plowed as deeply as possible. Plant the trees, if Pines or Norway Spruces, in two rows ten feet apart with spaces of ten feet in the rows, alternating so that the trees in each row may be opposite the spaces in the other. If but a single row is planted, place the trees six or seven feet apart. If the Red Cedar or Arbor Vitæ be used, they should be planted closer—little more than half the distance. After planting, give a dressing of rotten chips, stir the ground two or three times early in the season, and as soon as the first of July mulch liberally as above directed. The ground may be planted with potatoes, beans or other low hoed crops for a few years, taking care not to interfere with the trees. After two or three years' growth, the plow must not be allowed to pass so near as to disturb their roots; but grass and weeds should not be permitted to grow near them while small. Cattle must be carefully prevented all access to evergreens, as they are certain to injure if not destroy them.

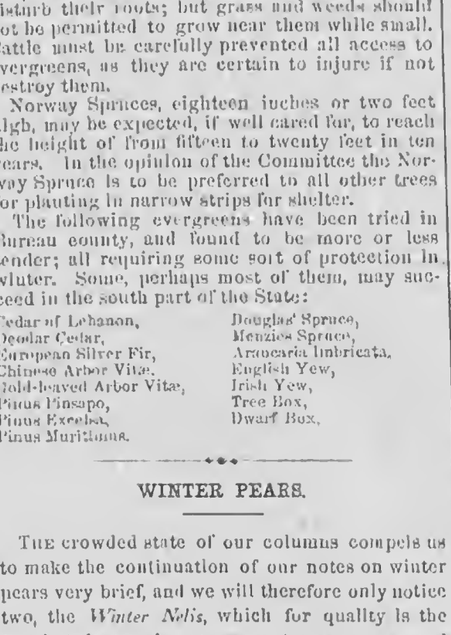
Norway Spruces, eighteen inches or two feet high, may be expected, if well cared for, to reach the height of from fifteen to twenty feet in ten years. In the opinion of the Committee the Norway Spruce is to be preferred to all other trees for planting in narrow strips for shelter.

The following evergreens have been tried in Bureau county, and found to be more or less tender; all requiring some sort of protection in winter. Some, perhaps most of them, may succeed in the south part of the State:

Cedar of Lebanon,	Douglas' Spruce,
Deodar Cedar,	Menzies Spruce,
European Silver Fir,	Araucaria Imbricata,
Chinese Arbor Vitæ,	English Yew,
Gold-leaved Arbor Vitæ,	Irish Yew,
Pinus Pinsapo,	Tree Box,
Pinus Excelsa,	Dwarf Box,
Pinus Maritimma.	

WINTER PEARS.

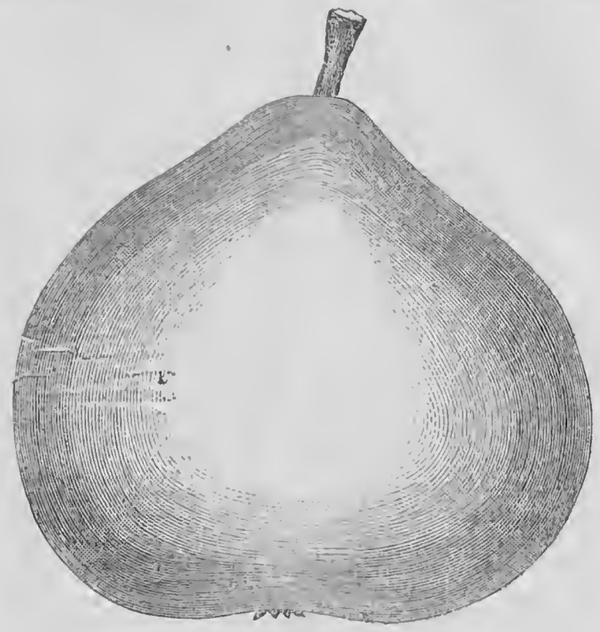
The crowded state of our columns compels us to make the continuation of our notes on winter pears very brief, and we will therefore only notice two, the *Winter Nelis*, which for quality is the *best*, but the tree is not a very strong grower, and some do not succeed very well with it on the quince, while others succeed and recommend it highly for general culture, as a dwarf. The other is the *Jaminette*, which is a large, good pear, though not high flavored, an excellent grower on the quince, making, with very little trouble, a beautiful pyramid.



WINTER NELIS PEAR.

Winter Nelis.—This is the perfection of a winter pear, ranking for flavor among winter pears as the Seckel does among those of autumn. After eating it, some very good sorts taste poor. It is rich, juicy, and exceeding high flavored. Skin yellow, but almost entirely covered with a rich brown russet coating.

The *Jaminette* Pear seems not to rank among what are called popular varieties, but this is not so much owing to want of merit as to the fact that it has somehow escaped the attention of cultivators, and it is for this reason that we now call the attention of our readers to it. It is a large pear, of good quality, melting, buttery and very juicy, sweet and agreeable, though not high flavored.



THE JAMINETTE PEAR.

It is green when gathered, becoming yellow covered with russet dots and having a patch of russet all around the stalk. Specimens gathered in September were in fine condition the middle of January. It may be set down as keeping well until the first of January, and ripens in a common cellar as well as an apple. The tree has no superior for vigor and symmetry on the quince stock, and bears every year very abundantly. For many years we have watched this variety, and have never seen it fail either in growth or productiveness. Among a dozen trees on the quince we certainly think that the *Jaminette* should be one.

DELAWARE GRAPE, AGAIN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Though I will not undertake to give its history, as several writers have done—for in that case I might, also, only lose myself in the "fogs of Frenchtown"—I wish to place on record my "protest" against its being a *true native*, an inhabitant to the "manor born!" It has all the marks of an exotic—a true *vitus vinefera*. How it is, that Horticulturists of the most extensive knowledge and experience should continue to insist that it is a *native*, "the *type* even of a certain class of natives," is "past finding out." In the Rural for 10th December, you have a long article—to prove, what?

Mr. J. C. Rennison, from his article, appears to be more intimately acquainted with the Delaware than any other man living; and yet what "light" does he give us on the subject? "He *knows* the Delaware." Well, why then does he not let us, out-siders, *know* also? He went to Mr. Ott's—"where I found a *vine*—and Mr. Ott and Mrs. Ott," and what further he learned, "will speak to *you* on another occasion." Of something he "*inferred*, I may speak to you in private." Truly, this is worse than throwing dirt in our eyes. Out with it, man alive! Let us have light—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing *but* the truth. Mr. R. says he had a "not uninterested general or special knowledge of the greatest part of the vines that have left the garden of Judge Prevost, of Frenchtown and its vicinity, and of their products, many thousands have passed through my hands!" Truly, this language seems to argue, "there's a cat in the bag!" Out with her!—you'll certainly smother poor grimalkin, if ye don't let her out.

And how fares Mr. Ott? After having *tasted* the *true Delaware* at Mr. Meehan's, and saying, "why I have that grape at home!" he directly offers cuttings by the "*cart-load*, for merely the price of cutting," and behold his "little black, sour grape," was on the eve of being most extensively distributed!—a friend of mine wrote to him for 10,000 cuttings, but didn't get them. Then Mr. Ott, being told his error, traverses the country far and near, like a western hunter after *game*—searching for *true* Delaware to *sell* at $2 00 for twenty-four eyes! As Mr. Ott seems to be a *judge* of grapes—those who want *true* Delawares had better send their orders in time!

Your own remarks, Mr. Editor, also, "that there is not the least proof that the Delaware was brought from Europe, nor that it originated from seed of any European variety—nor on the other hand, do we see any evidence that it can be found growing wild in any section of our country." If it is not from Europe, nor a seedling of a European, nor yet an American grape, what is it? Whence does it hail from? Has it fell from the clouds? or, is it a gift from the *spirit world?* Do enlighten us. Some person has said that "he can point to scores of places, where the Delaware grows *wild*—as truly aboriginal as the rocks around it." I'm in search of those places, and when found, will make a note of it.

And then, again, all those who pretend to be most intimately acquainted with the grape, trace it to one and the same locality—Judge Prevost's garden at Frenchtown. Is this not something more than circumstantial evidence? To my mind it is *conclusive* evidence that the Judge brought the grape from Europe.

When I was a "youngster" I used to hunt *opossum, muskrats* and *polecats*—and if I could find their tracks in the snow all terminating in a common centre—a hole in the ground, an old log, or a hollow tree; and particularly if the *last* track pointed towards the burrow, I always was pretty certain that the game was at home. So in the case of the Delaware, all the tracks converge at *that garden* of the Judge's! At that time no *native* grape was known better than Fox or Frost, and the inference is irresistible, that it came from Europe.

Some six or seven years since I sent a V to Mr. Thomson, of Ohio—and he sent me three fine and large plants of the Delaware. And had I felt disposed to raise plants *to sell*, I might by this time have realized twenty to fifty, for each dollar invested. I never regretted *that* investment. I am, however, greatly amused at a certain Editor who some years since made an investment in that stock of three dollars for "one little vine the size of a goosequill." He has been scolding at the "Ohio speculators" ever since—and like a "cross dog with a bone in his mouth," while munching the grapes lets out a "growl" now and then, but fearful of dropping the bone, "wont bark!"—only growl. Well, there's no denying the fact,—the grape is so delicious that when once in the mouth 'tis sure to go down.

Columbia, Pa., Jan., 1860. J. B. Garber.

Remarks.—Of what Mr. Garber says of others we undertake no explanation or defense, further than to say that justice is not done in the quotations to Mr. Rennison's letter, the important fact being omitted that Mr. R. found the vine that Mr. Ott called a Delaware, to bear "a small black grape, far below the Clinton in quality." To ascertain the true character of Mr. Ott's grape was the purpose of the mission, and was far more important than any incidental matters or inferences. Of our remarks, quoted by Mr. G., we have not a word to take back. On the contrary, we repeat what we then said, "that there is not the least *proof* that the Delaware was brought from Europe, nor that it originated from seed of any European variety. Nor, on the other hand, do we see any evidence that it can be found growing wild in any section of our country." To this Mr. G. innocently replies—"If it is not from Europe, nor a seedling of a European, nor yet an American grape, what is it? Whence does it hail from? Has it fell from the clouds, or is it a gift from the *spirit world?* Do enlighten us." Our correspondent misunderstands the plain meaning of words. We did not say that it did not originate in either of these ways, but that there was *no proof* to show in which of those ways it came into existence, if either. Nor does Mr. G. present one particle of proof to enlighten us on this matter. All the facts seem to point to the garden of Judge Prevost of Frenchtown, as the place from which it was disseminated, and Mr. Garber, if he chooses, may *jump at the conclusion* that, therefore, Judge P. procured it from Europe. But such lame logic don't suit us, nor will it satisfy any honest inquirer after truth. The Judge may have grown it from seed of a foreign or a native grape, or he may have imported it,—so far as the facts are shown, there is nothing proved.

The opossum story is very well. Mr. G. could tell that the critter was in his hole, but it would be rather tight work to say, from this fact, where the animal was born. Our correspondent is surprised that "Horticulturists of the most extensive experience should continue to insist that it is a native," while he insists that it is a foreign variety; but this is not strange, for wise men will differ, and "doctors disagree."

Horticultural Notes.

Beauty and Song in the Winter.—A winter garden is an object of no small beauty; and by a winter garden we do not mean a garden covered with glass and heated to a summer temperature, where blossom the Primrose, the Azalea, and many other beautiful flowers, a luxury to be enjoyed only by the rich; but an out-of-door garden, where the dark foliage of the Norway Spruce is covered with flowers and wreath of snowy whiteness that glisten in the sunlight, and where the scarlet berries of the Mountain Ash hang like clusters of bright coral. This is a winter garden that can be enjoyed by all.

Could we add to this winter scene the singing birds—the gentle robin, usually the first harbinger of spring, to give us an occasional song on pleasant days, then winter would be robbed of much of its loneliness. Perhaps we may astonish some of our readers by saying that even this is possible, but on the 20th of January, a fine, mild day, we first observed robins in the gardens, and 1st of February, with the thermometer at zero, they were cheerfully hopping about the trees in our garden, and feasting on the berries of the Mountain Ash.

We had been looking for the robins all the winter, for last fall Prof. Kirtland, of Cleveland, while on a visit here, expressed the opinion that, with such an abundance of Mountain Ash berries, we would tempt some of the robins to make their home with us during the winter. If this is all that is necessary to furnish the robins a comfortable home in the North during the cold months, then would we advise all our friends in villages and cities to plant that beautiful tree, the Mountain Ash, in their gardens and parks, and along the public avenues.

Peach Buds in Missouri.—The *Valley Farmer* reports the peach buds in Missouri very generally destroyed by the severe cold of the middle of December, suddenly following the warmth of the early part of the month.

Inquiries and Answers.

Packing Trees.—Nothing, I believe, connected with the growth and sale of nursery trees is more important than thorough packing, so as to prevent injury during the transportation. Please give a few directions in our Rural, to which we look at all times for needed instruction, as to the best and easiest mode of packing trees. —Young Nurseryman.

We have but on hand for some time, marked for publication, a valuable article on this subject by J. J. Thomas, which will give the information sought by a "Young Nurseryman." It was written for the *Annual Register of Rural Affairs:*

Whether encased in bundles or boxes, it is absolutely essential that trees be protected from bruising, and that the roots be kept constantly moist from the moment they are dug up, till they reach their destination. The first named object is accomplished by sprinkling straw through every portion of the mass of trees; and the latter by first dipping the roots in an artificial bed of thin mud, and then imbedding them in damp moss. The mud or the moss alone may answer for very short distances, (the moss should, however, never be omitted;) but as there are frequently unexpected detentions, the best nurserymen always pack about as well for a journey of fifty miles as for two thousand. The additional labor is but small—the benefit may be great.

Packing in boxes, which is always best for long distances, does not require so much practice, although as much care as in bundles. If the trees are well encased in straw, or properly protected by it on every side and through every part, the roots shielded from the dry air, and sufficient pressure given to them to prevent chafing and rattling, they cannot become easily injured. The boxes, if large, need the additional strength of iron hoops at the ends or corners.

To pack a bundle, first provide two simple blocks of wood, like that shown in fig. 1, into which two diverging stakes are inserted, loosely, so as to be withdrawn easily.

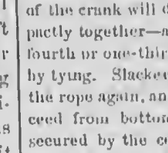


Fig. 1.

Place these a few feet apart to form the trough for building the bundle. Lay the trees in this trough, perfectly parallel, and with the roots together, sprinkling straw among the stems and branches, and damp moss among the roots as the bundle progresses, until enough are ready. Fifty medium sized trees will make a fair-sized bundle. Then tie it up with three or four twisted straw bands, as tightly as one man can conveniently draw. This may be facilitated by using first a broad leather strap to draw the bundle together. The strap may be 2 inches wide, 8 feet long, with a buckle. The bundle is then ready for receiving the straw.

Next, place upon and across the little truck or wagon represented in figure 2, four strings or cords, then a layer of rye straw to form the outside coating. As the bundle

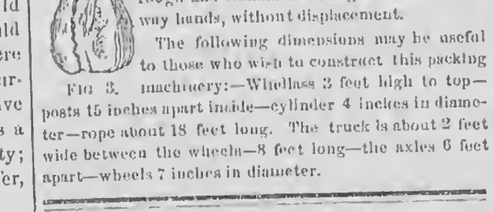


Figure 2.

is longer than the straw, the latter must be spliced, which is effected by first placing a layer towards the place for the roots of the trees, and then another layer overlapping this, towards the tops. Place within the side boards other portions of straw, and finally cover the top, observing now to lay the straw first on the tops, and lastly on the roots. Then tie together the ends of each of the four strings, which will hold the straw in place. Raise the bundle a few inches by placing beneath it short pieces of scantling to admit passing the cord under. Then apply the rope connected with the windlass, as shown in fig. 2, by simply passing it once around the trees. A few turns of the crank will draw the bundle with great force compactly together—at which place pass a strong cord (one-fourth or one-third of an inch diameter,) and secure it by tying. Slacken the rope; move truck a foot, tighten the rope again, and add another cord. In this way proceed from bottom to top, till the straw is so firmly secured by the cords that no handling, however rough, can displace it. By tying each cord separately, the rest will hold the straw, if one happens to become worn off or cut. Add moss to the exterior of the roots, encase the moss in damp straw, and sew on a piece of strong sacking or gunny cloth, and the bundle is completed, as shown in fig. 3.

Fig 3.

The former practice among nurserymen was to draw the bundle together by dint of stout pulling by hand; but the present mode by the use of a windlass, is not only many times more expeditious, but much better—as it was formerly almost impossible to bind on the straw in so firm and secure a manner as to withstand all the kicks, thumps, and rough-and-tumble handling of modern railway hands, without displacement.

The following dimensions may be useful to those who wish to construct this packing machinery:—Windlass 3 feet high to top—posts 15 inches apart inside—cylinder 4 inches in diameter—rope about 18 feet long. The truck is about 2 feet wide between the wheels—8 feet long—the axles 6 feet apart—wheels 7 inches in diameter.

Keeping Hams.—Noticing an inquiry in the Rural for a recipe for keeping hams, I send you one that I will warrant, by using the ingredients prescribed, will keep them any reasonable length of time—that is for one or two years—sound, sweet and good. When the hams are sufficiently dried after killing, pack them away in dry salt, in a box or barrel, taking care to fill all the open places among the hams, until they are completely covered.—Matthew C. Hyland, *Lebanon, Madison Co., N. Y.*

Honey.—The following recipe has never appeared in the Rural to my knowledge; and although the article made might not "fool" the *bees*, it certainly comes near enough for all common purposes. Take two pounds of brown and two of white sugar; one pint of water; boil, and add one teaspoonful of powdered alum, two of rose water, and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Keep in a covered dish or jar, as it will candy soon if exposed to the air.—Jennie, *Prattsburg, N. Y.*, 1860.

To Remove Iron Rust from White Cloth.—Take oxalic acid, pulverize it, wet the cloth where the iron rust is, warm it by placing on a tin cover over a vessel of boiling water; spread on a thin coating of acid with the handle of a spoon, or some like instrument. In a few minutes the iron rust will disappear, when immediately rinse in clean water. Care should be taken not to let the acid remain too long, and also have it thoroughly rinsed off.—S. K. R., *Chicago, Ill.*, 1860.

New Wheat—Poor Bread.—Can any of your correspondents tell why the flour from new wheat will not make light bread without hop yeast? There appears to be an excess of gluten, at least the batter appears to be tougher than usual in making salt rising.—G., *Parke Co., Ind.*, 1860.

Remedies for Chilblains.—Immerse the parts affected in cold water immediately on rising in the morning, for several mornings in succession.

Another.—Bathe the parts in strong Saleratus water, and heat it in by the fire. It will allay the aching, and a few applications will effect a cure. This remedy is to be used only when there are no blisters.—Farmer's Wife, *Ballston, N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY NANNY.

BY WINNIE WILLIAN.

An humble, working man am I,
And dollars scarce have any;
One little cot beneath God's sky
Is all I own with Nanny.

The world is blind,—it calls me poor,—
Yet I'm worth more than money;
No man was e'er so rich before
As I am with my Nanny.

Far better fed than Jupiter,
I live on "milk and honey;"
But Hebe ne'er was lovelier
Than my "cup-bearer," Nanny.

Her eyes so blue,—her brow so fair,—
Her mouth "sae sweet and bonnie,"
Like golden cloud the waving hair
That decks the head of Nanny.

With her soft arms around my neck,
All else on earth may leave me;
The world's cold looks I'll little reck,
I only care for Nanny.

Her love gilds life with sunshine rare,
And yields me blessings many;
Each morn and night I kneel in prayer,
And thank my God for Nanny.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AUNT MAG. ON MATRIMONY.

It was the day after I had dismissed "Dr. John Smith." Mamma didn't like it, and had been lecturing me upon the subject all the morning. I was to die an out-and-out, fidgety, forbidding, forsaken, forlorn old maid,—nothing less. *That* was *flat*. I was to be President of a Sewing Circle, and was to be vitally interested in carrying around budgets of tracts and temperance pledges. I was to be as thin as a knife-blade, and to love cats and *puppies*, and to drink torrents of tea, and be spiteful to pretty girls and babies, (the celestial creatures,) and then I was to die and have everybody shedding only "crocodile tears" over my grave! Well, really, I quite quailed before my "manifest destiny."

Aunt Mag. came over in the afternoon. Now Aunt Mag. is—well, she is a regular none-such. She is my oracle, and "sensible to the last gasp."

"You see, child," said aunty, "that people in general,—vulgar people,—those whose powers of perception and reflection are either undeveloped or naturally deficient, will never judge you by the quality of your actions, but only by the outward consequences of them—here's your Dr. John Smith, now! What do four hundred and ninety-nine out of the 'dear five hundred' see in him? A handsome, popular, polished, rich man, and they bow down to him worshiping accordingly. Bess and he, married, would be a splendid match,' Bess would have an establishment, and position, and the applause of ever so many half and three-quarter fools. 'What do I see in Dr. John,' do you ask me? I see a man of ignoble purposes and low aims, whose thoughts and feelings are to those of my dear Bess as tinsel is to pure cloth of gold, a sham man, highly varnished, but not of sound timber,—a man who, if he ever becomes thoroughly honest, will have to hold himself uncommonly indebted to divine grace for the quality. In your marriage I see a young girl selling her body to Dr. John Smith, receiving position and the concomitant applause of the four hundred and ninety-nine, etc., etc., in part payment. But, Bess, dear, were *I* in *your* place, and were one of my feet in the poor-house, I'd become a life-long resident of that institution, before I'd deliberately stain my soul with a matrimonial perjury—that's what *I'd* do.

"You'll be an old maid, perhaps, and, Bess, it isn't a bit 'nice.' It is a great deal pleasanter to be presiding deity at your own hearth-stone than to be an intruder at anybody else's. Napoleon (the great) styled himself 'an architect of battles,' you know. Well, we women are natural architects of those indefinable but most blessed abstractions which men call *homes*. It always seems a thousand pities,—it cuts me to the heart to see a woman *wasted*. But the woman at the door of whose heart its master has not yet knocked, or whose heart is filled with a dead love, or barred by inexorable duty against a living one, has no *call* to be a wife, depend upon it, no matter how many hearts men may fling at her feet. God, himself, forbids the bans. I honor the old maid, who, without '*going sour*' over her misfortune, *wills* to walk solitary to the end of her darkened way here rather than to enter into an unloving alliance, and who is strong enough to bear up in her course against the current of vulgar public opinion, no matter if she is, in other respects, as commonplace as the Professor's 'poor relation!' By the way, I could never quite forgive the Professor for not puffing the poor creature's *nature* a little after he had made her capable of swelling up in the throat at the mention of her Hiram's name, 'bumpkin' though he was."

"But I don't want to be venerated and honored, Aunt Mag," said I, "and I can't bear to have people think I'm 'disappointed.'"

"There, Bessy," answered Aunt, tying her bonnet-strings, "you'll do. Be thankful that you are not some large-brained, whole-souled man, waking up a little after the close of the honey-moon to find his angel transmuted into a very pretty and very wooden-headed doll, or that you are not Mrs. Bessy John Smith, married by mistake, and just waking to the conviction that your *sometime* idol is very well in the line of clothes and manners—very well indeed in fact, but nothing whatever viewed in any other light.

Coldwater, Mich., 1860. F. Bessy Tyler.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

"This world is not so bad a world
As some would like to make it;
But whether good, or whether bad,
Depends on how we take it."

It is altogether the best world we know anything about, as yet, and if each one of us would do our duty, it would probably be as good and pleasant as any we ever shall inhabit. Sickness, sorrow and trouble, are mostly of our own making. The earth itself is gloriously beautiful, and full of wonders, and treasures to the ideal and inquiring mind. No doubt a wise Creator designed it as the abode of peace and happiness; but man, instead of following the dictates of nature everywhere exhibited, is constantly seeking new inventions whereby he can make his life more miserable, usually under the impression he is doing himself and the world a great kindness.

Ignorance is at the foundation of most of our trials, and by the time we have learned the truest and best way, our physical system is used up; and wisdom, no matter how great, will never restore to life and action an exhausted body. O, if we had only known *how to live!* If we could have known how to "take life" at first,—in our youth. We had advice, sometimes, but there were some truths and mysteries hidden from us, and we are compelled to learn them by sad experience.

But, with all the sad mistakes we have all made, there *might be* more happiness were families more united. There is so much disaffection and misunderstanding allowed to rankle, and fester, and poison our domestic peace. Parents and children, husbands and wives, are living estranged and disaffected, and die unreconciled, just for the want of perfect trust and confidence in each other; or, often, perhaps, through ignorance of intentions, and neglect of explanations. But time does not wait for us, and death, ere long, will open the eyes of many an estranged heart to the truth, when it will be forever too late to recall the lost, and restore them to that place they deserved in our affections.

How we stumble over and crush the rich gems and flowers that lie in our every day-path,—enough to make life precious and beautiful—only because they are small and unobtrusive, while we are looking far off for some great treasure to fall into our grasp. Ah, well, it is "all in a life-time!" But let us remember, we are each one of us our own worst enemies, and might have a happy world if we would. Is it not so? Who says, "nay?"

Queechy.

A WORD ABOUT SCHOOL GIRLS.

The principal of one of the best and most popular female boarding-schools in New York, lately said that she considered almost every one of her pupils a proper subject for medical treatment. At first thought we would say she ought to name her school Mrs. ——'s fashionable hospital. But what, then, should we style the numerous schools which are not so good as hers? The fault is with no one person, but with our habits of life. It is a notorious fact that the women of this country are far less robust and healthy than their cousins in England. They live too much in-doors and in over-heated and ill-ventilated rooms. They take too little exercise. Their nervous system is developed too rapidly, and the muscular system, the vital powers, are too much neglected. The school occupies the girls' morning entirely, music and other accomplishments the afternoon, study or society the evening, and too much of the night, and the few hours left for sleep do not suffice to rest and refresh the body for the same wearying round the next day.

The over-tasked, over-excited frame becomes an easy prey to insidious disease. Intellectual and social ambition, both of parents and child, forbid her to relax her efforts on account of any slight derangement of health, and she toils on under the most tremendous pressure, till at last poor nature can endure it no longer, and the girl glides into her grave, or takes her place in that great and increasing company of permanent invalids, who remain as mere wrecks of their former selves, victims of their mistakes, and eloquent warnings to those who come after them.

We do not now speak of carelessness about food and dress, which is so fruitful a source of disease. We limit ourselves to this excessive stimulation of the brain, this overworking of it and the body, and the want of proper and sufficient out-door exercise. Owing to our hurrying system there is danger that girls, in the old-fashion sense of the word, will be classed among the extinct species, as boys have been for some time in our cities. We lift up our voice, asking parents and educators to try to avert such a calamity as that. We know that we have said, and that we can say, nothing new upon this theme; but we can at least call attention to these simple facts, which everybody sees and knows.—*Providence Journal.*

Beautiful Extract.—You cannot go into the meadow and pluck up a single daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations, and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the finny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle has been formed around that germinating daisy. The sun-beam and the dew-drop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. The earth took them to the daisy gem: and all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an aliment that made it grow. And when it lifted its eyes towards the sky they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves and smiled as he passed on; and, by starlight and the moonlight, they worked on. And the daisy lifted up its head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on its silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE MESSENGER OF LIFE.

A SEQUEL TO THE "UNWEARIED SUMMONER."*

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them, who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.—Hebrews, 2 chapter: 14 and 15 verses.

A Messenger to man has come
With healing on his wings,
Whose trident breaks the power of death
And takes away its stings.
The Messenger—a mystery—
Though clothed in flesh and blood,
Came from above with Strength and Love—
The attributes of God.

To man He blest assurance gave,
His saddened heart to cheer,
That victory by Him achieved
Removed the life-long fear
Which held the dying sons of earth
In bondage dark and dread,
And made them shrink from the river's brink
That joins us with the dead.

And He came not in rich attire,
As come the kings of earth,
Nor did the trumpet's martial strains
Proclaim His heavenly birth.
Upon His head no crown did wear,
Held neither sword or pen,
Nor grasped His hand the golden wand
That sways the hearts of men.

All silently He came to bless,
As comes the light of day,
Or as the spring-time when departs
The Winter's dark array.
And when a sacrifice for sin
He freely gave His blood,
A crimson tide flowed from his side
More potent than the flood.

And, glorious thought! The grave did ope!
Whence His unmarbled clay
Arose in majesty supreme
To Heaven's eternal day;
Where by the ransom made for man
Is endless life enjoyed;
For he that hath the power of death
Shall likewise be destroyed.

Weep not for those who go before
To that immortal land,
We know they wait to welcome us
And with the angels stand.
We know the Messenger of Life
Did break the tyrant's rod,
O'er Death and pain, through Him we reign,—
The Incarnate Son of God.

Burns, N. Y., 1860.

* The "Unwearied Summoner" appeared in the Rural of December 17th, 1859.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE AUTHOR.

It is a serious thing to write a book for the masses. The thoughts that go bounding out from the heart of the writer to pulsate through the great arteries of society and permeate its minutest capillaries, should go freighted with an invigorating life-principle. The strength of the social body needs to be sustained. Those conservative habits of thought and of action which have served their time, and become, as it were, effete, need to be replaced by healthy material, and that which is adapted to the present state of the organism. An equilibrium of temperature needs to be preserved, that the fever of passion does not consume, nor the chill of apathy freeze its vitals. The pure and bracing atmosphere of God's love should impart of its vitality to every current, and then, where'er its mission may be, an exuberance of life will laugh out its gladness, disease will be healed, and health will "sit a queen."

The author in his studio is moulding images of beauty or of deformity, the conceptions of his own mind, to awaken kindred emotions in other minds to those which he experiences in giving them expression. He is giving form to vibrations of the harp strings of his own heart. Has he drawn near to the gates of Heaven, and caught glimpses of the angels passing in and out?—has he beheld half veiled a reflection of the brightness of Jehovah?—have these been transformed to the canvass of his own soul?—what glorious images will he fashion for the gaze of others?—Has he heard the faintest echoes of the lyres that are struck upon the Eternal Hills?—have these echoes been reprodnced within his own heart?—what music will he pour out upon the astonished ears of those who are so "clip-winged" that they scarce essay a skyward flight!

On the other hand, is he in league with the Prince of Darkness, drinking in with avidity the fearful wines the demon pours, how distorted, how blackened will be the visions which he reveals to the world! How terrible may be the strains to which he gives an utterance! The one, by his influence, makes man Godlike, the other leads him Satan-ward! Do you ask examples? Who, with a soul alive to its meaning, can read Isaiah's grand message—who can drink in the praises of Israel's musician—who can imbibe the eloquence of Paul, without becoming wiser, purer? Who can sip the effervescing wit of Tom Paine, or quaff the deadly dregs of the chalice that he proffers, without feeling the fearful poison burning through his soul, and consuming, one by one, the threads of his moral life?

Every one who gives a good book, a good essay, or a good poem to the world, has accomplished a work for the ages. It may be but a little pebble that has disturbed the sea of human life, but *somewhere*, away on the borders of the "Happy Land," will a circled wavelet kiss the shore.

There is a great inducement to the Christian author to prosecute his work with vigor. A little delay, and one who might have been benefited may have passed beyond his influence. The weary heart, the crushed spirit, that might have been lifted up by a word of sympathy, may have sighed away its life. The faltering one who might, by a word in season, have been gained to the cause of truth, may have plighted his troth to error. Does he whose task it is to utter "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," shrink from the toil? Toil!—blessed toil, that lifts the throbbing heart of humanity nearer to the great heart of God! Blessed toil, that dries up grief, that lifts burdens of care, that incites to noble deeds, that breaks the bonds of oppression! Blessed toil, though it silver the locks before the winter of age, for those whitened locks shall be a coronet of glory!

What can be more beautiful than the decline of his life, who has spent its meridian thus nobly? Tho affection and gratitude of multitudes whom he has blessed filters into *his* heart like sweet waters, and refreshes it for his labors. The light of his life of love reflected upon him at every step, yet he acknowledges his imperfections, and, humbly as a little child, enwraps himself in the atonement of his Savior, and lies down in the sleep of death with no fear that He whom he has loved and served will forget him in the morning when God's buried jewels shall be brought to light to adorn a Redeemer's crown of glory.

Mrs. M. P. A. Crozier.

Grand Rapids, Mich., Jan., 1860.

MANLY MEN

A man may chain his appetites, and hold the realm of knowledge within the cincture of his brain, and yet in the saddest aspect of all be overcome by the world. And again I say, how startling is the fact that one may hold on steadily up to a particular point, and there all gives way. O, my brother man, meaning to live the life of duty, the life of religion! the world is a mighty antagonist, subtle as it is strong; more to be dreaded in its whispers to the heart's secret inclinations than in gross shapes of evil. And let me say to you that it is a great thing in this respect to overcome the world. It is a great thing by God's help and your own effort to keep it in its place, and say to its eager pressure, "Thus far and no farther." A great thing, O merchant! to carry the line of rectitude through the labyrinths of traffic, and to feel the woof of eternal sanctions crossing the warp of daily interests. A great thing, O politicinn! to withstand the fickle teasings of popularity, to scorn the palatable lie, and keep God's signet upon your conscience. A great thing, O man! whatever your condition, to resist the appeals of envy and revenge, of avarice and pleasure, and to feel that your life has higher ends than these. Strenuous must be the endeavor, but proportionately blest is the victory of him who in these issues overcomes the world.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

SUPERSTITIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

An old writer says, "Superstition is the greatest burden in the world," of the truth of which remark many persons are sensible from their earliest childhood. Indeed, superstition is the bugbear of the nursery; whereas the great aim should be to divert children of this pernicious fear. "If too great excitability and power of imagination be observed in childhood, much may be done by a sound discipline to restrain it. Let the child be protected from the sheeted spectres of servants, and the boy from the schidonis, and rattling curtains, and palls of romance writers. Let his first ideas of the Almighty be those of a God of Mercy, who gives him every blessing—who offers himself to childhood under the most benign of characters, as taking little children in his arms and putting his hands upon them and blessing them. Let him be taught to 'see God in storms and hear him in the wind,' not as the poor Indian, but by having his mind tutored to trace the regular course of God's providence in the most striking phenomena of natural science; and we see no objection and little difficulty, in explaining to him so much of the metaphysics as may enable him to unravel the associations of darkness and the churchyard." *Quarterly Review.*

SEE TO IT YOURSELF.

Important affairs must be attended to in person. "If you want your business done," says the proverb, "go and do it; if you don't want it done, send some one else." An indolent gentleman had a freehold estate producing about five hundred a year. Becoming involved in debt, he sold half of the estate, and let the remainder to an industrious farmer for twenty years. About the end of the term the farmer called to pay his rent, and asked the owner whether he would sell the farm. "Will *you* buy it?" asked the owner, surprised. "Yes, if we can agree about the price." "That is exceedingly strange," observed the gentleman; "how happens it that, while I could not live upon twice as much land, for which I paid no rent, you are regularly paying me two hundred a year for your farm, and are able, in a few years, to purchase it." "The reason is plain," was the reply, "you sat still, and said *Go;* I got up, and said *Come;* you laid in bed and enjoyed your estate, I rose in the morning, and minded my business."

Earthly and Heavenly Interest.

Ben Adam had a golden coin one day,
Which he put out at interest with a Jew;
Year after year awaiting him it lay,
Until the doubled coin two pieces grew,
And these two, four—so on, till people said,
"How rich Ben Adam is!" and bowed the servile head.

Ben Selim had a golden coin that day,
Which, to a stranger asking alms, he gave.
Who went rejoicing on his unknown way.
Ben Selim died, too poor to own a grave;
But when his soul reached heaven, angels with pride
Showed him the wealth to which his coin had multiplied.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LET IN THE SUNLIGHT.

BY J. W. BARKER.

Let in the sunlight,—morn is advancing,—
Darkness hath vanished from meadow and hill.
Mellow the rays through the foliage glancing,
Sweet is the song of the robin and rill.

Why will ye darken the life of the Spirit?
Cover with shadows the dream of your bliss?
Beauty and joy ye all may inherit—
Gleams from the fairy land brighten in this.

Open the shutter and let in the sunlight,
Softly it rests on thy wearisome heart,
Like the sweet stars through the curtain of midnight,
Beauty is wooing the shadows apart.

See the sweet flower its petals unfolding,
Roused by the life-giving whispers of dawn,
Smiling the first golden ray in beholding,
Laughing outright at the gushing of morn.

What if the flowret, far down in the valley,
Shrouded all night in its darkness and gloom,
Scoffed at the first golden beams of the morning,
Closed its bright lips and withheld it perfume?

Thus shall the soul, with its powers of communion,
Close up its windows and bar out the light?
Scorn with the beautiful ever a union,
Draw round its avenues darkness and night?

Open the shutter and let in the sunlight,
And with the beautiful wooing thy heart,
Soon will arise o'er the darkness of midnight,
Sorrow and gloom from thy spirit depart.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

JESUS WEPT.

Did He weep at whose advent all Heaven was moved, while upon the night-air of Judea's plain rang out the joyful acclamations of the herald-angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men?" Did He weep at whose death-hour the pillars of the earth were shaken, while the terror-stricken sun refused to look upon the solemn scene? *The Son of God in tears!* Surely the sweet anthem of Heaven slept while the sympathizing angels looked down upon the wondrous scene. And when again the choral symphonies swelled full-toned along the golden streets and around the Throne of God, methinks the melodies were sweeter, and the emotions of the harpists higher in their fullness of love, on account of the new and wondrous scene which they had looked upon.

What an indication of the Savior's tenderness and sympathy for fallen man. Ah! those sacred tears that coursed his cheek, were,—like the workings of his miraculous power,—so many silent, yet powerful witnesses, incontestibly proving that He was of Heaven!

"Jesus wept that we might weep!"

The raven wing of the Angel of Grief may often o'ershadow the home-circle, and Death draw near and make a fatal thrust to the heart of a loved one. Tears ease the burthened heart, and we may go on our pilgrimage of life, letting fall for friends severed from us affection's silent tear of remembrance, but let us remember them as saved in a world of life and blessedness, through the love of Him of whom it was said during the days of His earthly pilgrimage,—"Jesus wept,"—and let us strive to meet them there.

The brightest anticipations of to-day may perish before the realities of to-morrow; the dearest hopes pass away before the on-coming darkness of the future, like the day's departing glories; but though all things *earthly*, fail, and this world seems one desert spot, dreary and measureless, we may look up, remembering the unseen Friend above, and listen to the tale of love and tenderness as it comes swelling to us through the gloom.—"Jesus wept."

A. T. E. C.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860.

"Say Jesus."—As the late Professor Hope, of Princeton, was lying on his dying bed, and just before he breathed his last, after saying, "My work is done—the pins of the tabernacle are taken out," &c., he began to repeat the lines,

"A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall."

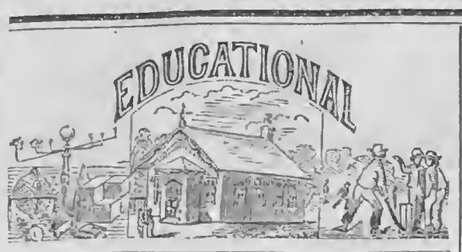
when his power of utterance seemed to fail. His sorrow-stricken wife, who was by his bedside, finished the stanza thus:

"Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My *Savior* and my all."

"Say *Jesus*," said her dying husband; and then breathed his last. Our collection has it "Jesus," and not "Savior," but probably our lamented brother said it, not in the way of correction, but because that name sounds so sweet in the believer's ear. That delightful passage, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, *for he shall save his people from their sins*," was probably in his mind. —*Presbyterian.*

Charity.—Charity embraces the wide circle of all possible kindness. Every good act is charity: your smiling in your brother's face is charity; an exhortation of your fellow-man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving: your putting a wanderer in the right road is charity; your assisting the blind is charity; your moving stones and thorns from the road is charity; your giving water to the thirsty is charity. A man's good wealth hereafter is the good he does in this world to his fellow-man. When he dies, people will say, "What property has he left behind him?" But the angels will ask, "What good deeds has he sent before him?"—*Irving.*

Run for It!—Run for it! for he that will have heaven *must* run for it. The devil, law, sin, death, hell, are all making after thee! Run for it!—*Bunyan.*



SCHOOL MATTERS OF NEW YORK.

THE Annual Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, H. H. VAN DYCK, Esq., was given to the Legislature on the 27th ult. The length of the document precludes our publishing it entire, but it contains so much of general interest, that we shall, from time to time, present each of its prominent features as our space will permit.

COUNTRY SCHOOL DISTRICTS.—The whole number of School Districts in the State, exclusive of cities, is 11,358; being an increase of 49 during the past year. As far as practicable, the Department has exerted its influence to prevent the multiplication of districts. In its estimation the number might be materially lessened with decided benefit to the educational interests of the State.—The fact that one-third of the school moneys is apportioned equally amongst all the districts, without regard to size, property, or the number of pupils, is a continual provocative to efforts at subdivision, requiring no little firmness on the part of Commissioners successfully to resist them. The average number of persons between the ages of 4 and 21 years in each district is 79⅔. The average number attending school in each district is 53. As the schools of the various villages in the State are included in this calculation, it becomes obvious that the pupils in the purely country districts are already reduced, on an average, to a point below the requirements of an efficient and healthy organization. In my estimation educational progress will be subserved by the consolidation, rather than the subdivision, of existing districts. As a matter of mere convenience, proximity to the school-house may be desirable. But it needs no extended argument to prove, that a district feeble in property, deficient in scholars, and scanty in its receipt of public money, is not likely to maintain a vigorous and efficient school. On the contrary, a combination of these elements to an appropriate extent, will enable those interested to secure teachers of competent qualifications; will permit the scholars to be so classified as to separate the more advanced from those in the primary branches; and give to all that degree of attention which cannot be secured in a promiscuous assemblage, presided over by a teacher selected with reference to the means of the district, rather than with a view to the proper education of its children.

SCHOOL-HOUSES IN THE RURAL DISTRICTS.—The number of school-houses in the rural districts is reported at 11,318; being an increase of 43 over the last year. The character of these structures is indicated as follows:—Log, 281; Frame, 9,768; Brick, 681; Stone, 588. In comparison with 1858, there is a decrease of 11 in the number of log school-houses, and an increase of 53 in those built of wood, brick and stone.

These statistics, in themselves, present a very inadequate view of the improvement which is taking place in almost every section of the State, in the condition of the structures devoted to educational purposes. The number of new school-houses erected in the place of those in dilapidated condition, does not appear in the above exhibit. This may be more correctly apprehended from an examination of the amount of money expended for this and kindred objects within the last few years. Thus it appears that there was expended for sites, building, hiring, purchasing, repairing and insuring school-houses, and for fences, out-houses, furniture, &c.

	Cities.	Rural Dists.
In 1857	$470,402.60	$295,123.99
1858 (9 months)	351,999.41	168,703.95
1859	440,961.75	283,330.72
Total in 2 years 9 months	$1,263,363.76	$747,158.66

An expenditure thus large, devoted for the most part to the erection of substantial edifices, and furnishing them with the requisite accommodations for the comfort, convenience, and educational facilities of their inmates, bespeaks a praiseworthy interest on the part of the community in the welfare of the rising generation. It adds greatly to the weight of evidence thus adduced, that the *two millions of dollars*, thus expended, in less than three years, for the mere appliances of education, was raised by taxes voluntarily imposed.

SCHOOL POPULATION OF NEW YORK.—The number of persons between the ages of 4 and 21 years, is reported as follows:

	Cities.	Rural Dists.	Total.
In 1859	378,054	894,432	1,272,486
1858	349,273	886,902	1,236,175
Increase	28,781	5,530	34,311

So far as the statement regards the school population in the cities of the State, it is merely a proximate estimate. The public money apportioned to them is applied to the schools by the municipal authorities, which being free to all residents, no enumeration of the children within their corporate limits is either made or required. But in the rural sections of the State it is otherwise. Two-thirds of the public money is apportioned to each county upon the basis of its population at the last census. The sum thus received is re-apportioned by the School Commissioners amongst the various districts, in proportion to the the persons between 4 and 21 years of age, resident in each. Hence trustees are careful to enumerate each individual of the required class.—For all purposes of comparison it is sufficiently accurate; and if the reported attendance at all schools was equally correct, a reliable standard would be afforded by which to measure the proportion of those who fail to receive benefit from the common schools.

THE noblest powers of nature stand in need of the nurturing hand of education. The uninstructed mind resembles the unpolished diamond.

PATIENCE IN THE SCHOOL-ROOM.

WHAT qualification does a teacher need to possess more important than that of patience, real, genuine patience? Not a careless indifference that says, by and by all will come right, only wait; not a sluggish waiting that says I can do nothing more, time will accomplish what I fail to perform; but an earnest, working patience; a patience that will persevere. This qualification is not unfrequently brought to mind by the exclamations of parents and others who visit our schools. "What an amount of patience one needs to possess to get along with so many different dispositions," says one; "I should think your patience would be severely tried sometimes," says another; "My patience would soon be entirely exhausted," remarks a third. Very few speak of the knowledge it requires; they do not even think it must require a vast amount of knowledge to be able to teach. Our attention is also directed to the subject of patience by those who would advise and suggest the best methods of teaching. We should employ no incentive to study which might seem to buy the pupil's interest, but labor patiently in "striving to imbue them with the true spirit of a scholar."

We should not be discouraged if a class fail in the recitation of a difficult lesson, but patiently explain some of the difficult points, and perhaps relate an anecdote and give some information not contained in the text-book. We should not severely punish a scholar who has thoughtlessly committed a slight offense, but with kindness and patience reprove him, and if he is a true scholar, he will be more thoughtful, more careful in the future.

Patience is needed in every situation in life, but in the school-room it is surely indispensable; here the true, genuine article never "ceases to be a virtue."—*N. H. Teacher.*

EDUCATION.—Education is an art or science which, despite the great improvements that have been made in it in modern times, is yet but in its infancy. The experience of almost every day teaches us how much the success of any one system of education depends upon the character and resolution of the instructor. A Dr. Arnold can work wonders with means that prove utterly inadequate with weaker spirits. We agree with Prof. Pillans, that in almost every case "where young people are taught as they ought to be, they are quite as happy in school as at play; seldom less delighted, nay, often more, with the well-directed exercises of their mental energies, than with that of their muscular powers." It is, however, so very seldom that young people are as happy in school as at play, that we are forced to believe that they are equally seldom taught as they ought to be. We hail, however, as a change not less admirable than noticeable, the desire, which is now so general among teachers, to make the acquirement of knowledge itself an object of pleasure, and to conform their plans and modes of teaching to juvenile opinion, when reasonable.—*London Critic.*

EDUCATIONAL INTERESTS OF WISCONSIN.—The following statistics, from the Annual Report of the Superintendent of Instruction, will give some idea of the magnitude of the educational interests of Wisconsin, and of the extent of the supply provided for the educational wants of the State:—Number of School Districts in the State, 3,538; average number of months schools have been taught, 5⅓. Total number of children over 4 and under 20 years of age, 278,871; average amount of wages per month paid to male teachers, $22 93; average per month paid female teachers, $14 20; amount of money paid for teachers' wages, $536,-860 66; amount of money expended for other purposes, $147,175 54; amount of money raised by tax and expended on school houses, $144,-328 79; amount of money raised by tax and expended for other purposes, $80,220 50; total value of schoool-houses, $1,175,191 73; highest value of any schoool-house, $20,000; lowest, $25. Number Select and Private Schools other than incorporated Academies, 210; average number of pupils attending such schools during the year, 7,772.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER ABROAD.—A petition was recently sent to the Common Council of Buffalo asking for the abolition of the Central School in that city. After our readers have perused the prayer of the petitioners,—which we publish *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*,—they can judge for themselves how much importance should be attached to so precious a document:

"*To the Hon. the Comon Council of the City of Buffalo:*— We the under signed Tax payers of the City of Buffalo respectfully petition your Hon. Body to discontinue the central School, it should not be required of the tax-payers to give the children of the public more than a comon education which they can obtain at our comon Schools, more than this should be payed by the parent or Gardeans."

EVIL EFFECTS OF EXCESSIVE STUDY.—The pressure upon young men to complete their educational course at the earliest possible date is constantly on the increase, and enough, undoubtedly, may be seen on all sides of the injurious results of this premature high pressure. The healthy action of the understanding is being constantly impeded by a crowd of unconnected and unprolific recollections which are forced in upon the unformed memory, and can neither be digested nor retained. It is, indeed, a most injurious practice, which cannot fail to make its results known at a future day.—*Lancet.*

EDUCATIONAL MATTERS IN GEORGIA.—It appears by the last message of the Governor of Georgia, that in one hundred and two counties from which returns had been received, the whole number of children between the ages of eight and eighteen years was one hundred and seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-five. The average tuition in the elementary branches was fifteen dollars and fifty cents per annum; in the higher branches twenty-six dollars. The whole number of schools is seventeen hundred and twenty-seven.

MONTHLY VARYING LEVEL OF LAKE ONTARIO,

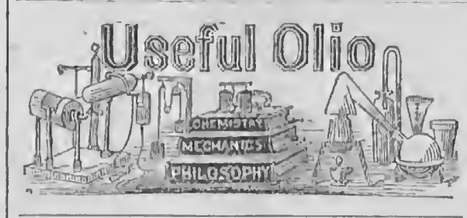
MEASURED, IN INCHES, FROM A FIXED POINT ABOVE THE SURFACE DOWNWARDS, FOR FOURTEEN YEARS, AT CHARLOTTE, MOUTH OF GENESEE RIVER.

YEAR.	JAN.	FEB.	MAR.	APRIL	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUG.	SEPT.	OCT.	NOV.	DEC	Mean	Range	
1846	51	54	48	45	42	39	39	42	45	45	48	45	45.2	15	Low.
1847	48	42	36	36	29	25	25	25	36	39	43	46	35.8	23	Higher.
1848	29	34	43	38	38	37	38	39	44	49	54	53	41.3	25	Lower.
1849	50	50	52	46	36	33	44	39	45	38	38	41	42.7	19	do.
1850	45	40	40	40	32	29	34	46	47	52	55	43	41.9	26	do.
1851	44	54	48	47	44	38	35	38	42	47	53	51	45.0	19	Low.
1852	50	51	48	44	26	26	22	24	30	23	38	34	34.7	29	Higher.
1853	35	32	32	25	20	14	27	20	24	28	38	39	27.8	25	Mean.
1854	30	39	38	38	27	24	25	27	36	44	48	50	36.2	26	Lower.
1855	52	53	36	40	40	36	34	36	36	34	33	33	38.6	20	do.
1856	35	35	33	31	23	18	23	30	37	46	53	53	34.7	35	Higher.
1857	54	56	46	44	35	24	19	12	14	9	24	22	30.0	47	Mean.
1858	19	13	13	18	4	6	4	2	8	12	14	16	10.9	17	V. high.
1859	20	24	16	10	6	2	8	11	17	22	28	25	15.7	26	Lower.
Mean.	41	41	38	36	29	25	27	28	33	35	40	39	34.3	25	

1. The Lake is generally *higher* in the warmer months and *lower* in the colder.
2. The *lowest* was in February, 1857, and the *highest* in August, 1858, and June, 1859, the range being 54 inches, and its mean, of course, 27 inches.
3. *Mean level lowest* in 1846 and 1851, and mean highest in 1858 and 1859.
4. Lake *near the lowest point*, or down 30 inches or more, in Jan. and Feb., 1846; in Nov. and Dec., 1848; in Jan., Feb. and March, 1849; in Oct. and Nov., 1850; in Feb., Nov. and Dec., 1851; in Jan. and Feb. 1852; in Dec., 1854; in Jan. and Feb., 1855; in Nov. and Dec., 1856, and in Jan. and Feb., 1857.
5. Lake *near the highest*, or within 4 inchest of it, in May, June, July, and August, 1858; and in May and June, 1859, when the average of both years was high. The highest in any year, except the last three, was at 14 inches in 1853.
6. Lake *near the mean level* in 1853, and only a little less than the mean in 1857, when the first half of the year was *low*, and the last half *high*.

These particulars *disprove* regularity of rise and fall, or *periodic* elevation and depression, and show that the changes of level are due to the ordinary causes of supply of water, or its diminution, over this great water-shed, in the lowest part of which lies the chain of Great Lakes. In Ontario, the level was high in 1858 to the close of the year, and only the usual fall of water must have continued the height for much of 1859, in the latter part of which the level fell even to the mean level. In December, however, there was some rise from the early fall rains, great at the west, which had flowed in due time into Lake Ontario.—C. D.

NOTE.—The Government has instituted an important series of observations on the Great Lakes, from which high results may be expected.



WILD GEESE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In an article upon Wild Geese, published in the RURAL, and signed "E. W. K.," an inquiry was made whether any of your readers "have ever seen or heard of a *white* wild goose?" The writer stated that some of his "Friends that have been in California insist upon it, that they have seen and killed them."

For the information of that writer, allow me to say, that among the myriads of wild geese, so called, that were seen in the early stages of American settlements in California, (the numbers have now greatly diminished,) there were frequently, and perhaps always, found many *white ones*. But a misapprehension has existed in the minds of such as have heard accounts of these beautiful birds, which was occasioned by an improper name given them. The vast numbers of them so often described, are not properly the wild geese known to us, but other species of geese.

The wild goose, noticed in spring and fall in their migratory flights over this region, is the *Anser Canadensis*, a large, stately bird, of which the head, the largest portion of the neck, the quills and the tail-feathers, are black. I believe they are uniformly of that color, except that the females are not quite as distinctly marked as the males.

Those found in California, are generally of other species, the *Anser Hyperboreus* of the books—*Snow Goose* or *White Brant*. They bear the description given of the latter in the Natural History of New York, though in that work they are not represented as being entirely white in plumage. Some of those found in California are doubtless of another species called Brant—*Anser Bernicla*.

Among the thousands of these birds seen in California is found the real *Anser Canadensis*, but the great mass of them are of different species from that, being much smaller and of a great variety in size and color. I have seen them nearly black, which is about the color of the *Anser Bernicla*, as described by authors. Many of them are entirely gray, like our gray geese; some are beautifully mottled, nearly black and white; others are pied, and some are *entirely white in plumage*, with red bills and legs, resembling our domestic geese.

None of these bears much resemblance to the proper wild goose, either in form or color. I have seen millions of them feeding on the plains in California, and flying over the waters and fields. An extensive flock feeding at a distance sometimes appears much like a snow bank, there being among them such a large proportion of white ones. I cannot find any species described by authors, that will exactly answer for many of these. But they are not our wild goose. Many of them are as white as any domestic goose among us.

While on this subject it may not be amiss to remark that some of the species found there seem to be like our domestic geese, except in size. All are less, while some nearly approach ours in weight. Hence it is probable that the common goose of this country is of the same species as the goose described by different authors as the *Anser Hyperboreus, Snow Goose*, or *White Brant*. The difference in size may be easily accounted for by habits of domestication. H. G. W.

Rochester, Jan., 1860.

POPE AND SWIFT.—Swift once said in a letter to one of his friends, that he hated human nature, but all his love was towards individuals. "For instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor such-a-one, and Judge such-a-one But principally I hate and detest that animal, *man*, although I love Peter, John, Thomas, and so forth." Pope, on the contrary, said his love was for human nature, and his hatred against particular persons. Perhaps this little thing illustrates the characters of the two authors.

NATURE confers genius, education furnishes, minds; but circumstances, divinely controlled, make distinguished men develop their genius, manifest their surprising powers, and invest their deeds with fame. God himself has formed earth's mighty men to fulfill his own counsels, though they have commonly overlooked His hand and designs.

GOOD HEALTH—HOW TO PRESERVE IT.

DR. FRANK H. HAMILTON has delivered an excellent address on Hygiene, before the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College. We make a few extracts:

"Within a few years our houses have been robbed of the domestic hearth, toward which so many associations have always centered, and air-tight stoves have been substituted for the iron dogs. Not content with this, the enemies to our race have still more lately taken away the stoves which, destitute of the essence, served to remind us at least, of the ancient fire-places; and instead, they have built for us iron furnaces—Etnas—under ground, so that now what of the oxygen we are not able to consume, and convert into carbonic acid, is vitiated by impure gas escaping from its hidden chambers, by invisible particles of coal dust, and by other impurities which clog up the air-cells, and close the avenues of life, or stick along the parched fauces as if reluctant to convey their poisons to the lungs.

"Stoves have, no doubt, abridged the sum of human life, but by these subterranean iron furnaces we are truncated—cut short in the middle. It is an error to suppose that hot-air furnaces can ever be so constructed or managed, at least in private houses, as not in any degree to prove detrimental to health. We wish we could persuade ourselves that this is not so, for it is certainly very agreeable, in a climate like ours, to enjoy throughout all the rooms and passages of the house, warm and uniform temperature; but it is just this even warmth which is one of the sources of mischief. The inmates are so little accustomed to the cold within doors, and become so morbidly sensitive, that they shudder at the idea of going out, and if they ever do venture into the air, the frost enters into their open pores, and they hasten back to their shelter, chilled, exhausted, and discouraged. They are no better able to endure the storms of winter than a plant reared in a hot-house. It was the venerable Bede, I think, who said, 'When men lived in houses of willow, they were of oak; but when they lived in houses of oak, they were of willow.'

"We need for our dwellings more ventilation and less heat; we need more out-door exercise, more sunlight, more manly, athletic, and rude sports; we need more amusements, more holidays, more frolic, and noisy, boisterous mirth. Our infant's need better nourishment than colorless mothers can ever furnish, purer milk than distilleries can manufacture; our children need more romping and less study; our old men more quiet, and earlier relaxation from the labors of life. All men, both young and old, need less medicine and more good counsel.

"Our cities need cleansing, paving and draining. The Asiatic cholera, the yellow fever, the plague, and many other fearful epidemics are called the opprobria of our art, and our fellow-citizens upbraid us with the feebleness and inefficiency of our resources in staying their fatal progress. When will they learn that, although we do not fail to cure these maladies, the more precious secret of prevention is in our possession, and has been for these many years!"

MINING IN THE UNITED STATES.

ALTHOUGH America, from its discovery until this day, has furnished the great bulk of the precious metals, mining as an art, or as a science, has never been well understood here, nor systematically followed, especially in the United States. Gold being found, for the most part, on the surface, or in the alluvial sands, is extracted by the rudest means and the most unskillful operators, the process being unworthy of the name of mining. The few deep mines in Virginia and the Carolinas, where the gold-bearing rocks are wrought, scarcely form an exception to this remark.

The ores of silver, and those of the less valuable metals, are, however, to be procured only by deep mining, and the resources of the United States are to be developed in this direction. The galena—ore of lead—of Missouri and the adjacent regions, has been hitherto dug from beds of clay at a considerable depth. There is no regular lode or vein, and the process of procuring it is even less like mining than the washing of auriferous sands. The native copper of Lake Superior has no analogy in the previous history of mineral exploration.—*National Intelligencer.*

THE human mind has a much greater talent at asking questions than at answering them; and many minds have a greater propensity to raise doubts and start difficulties, than to repose in that measure of truth which is already ascertained and infallible.

THE FARMER.

[ON looking over some old manuscripts a few days ago, I found the following lines. I do not know who the author is, or that they ever were printed before I copied them; but it occurred to me that they contained some very encouraging advice to the young men of the present day:]

Of all pursuits by man invented,
The farmer is the best contented;
His calling's good—his profits high,
And on *his* labors *all* rely.
Mechanics all by him are fed,
Of him the merchants seek their bread;
His hands give meat to everything,
Up from the beggar to the king.
Our clothes from him must first arise
To deck the fop—to dress the wise—
We then by vote may justly state
The farmer's rank among the great.
All hail! Ye Farmers, young and old,
Push on your plow with courage bold,
Your wealth arises from your clod,
Your independence from your GOD.
If, then, the plow supports the nation,
And men of rank in every station,
Let kings to farmers make a bow,
And every man procure a plow.

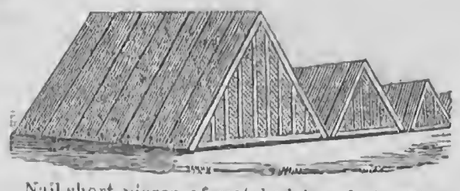
Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860. W.

CHICKEN COOPS.

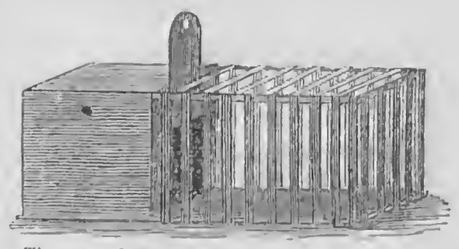
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a short time we shall be hatching chickens, and I want to know how to make the best kind of a coop to keep them in when young. Father likes to have the chickens in the garden where they can eat the bugs, and I would like a coop that could stand in the walks. I lost some last year by the cats, and this spring I would like to make coops that I could shut up nights. CHARLEY.

Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1860.

WE present CHARLEY, and all other young poultry growers, with a very good plan for a coop, easily and cheaply made.



Nail short pieces of matched boards together, as indicated in the preceding cut; then board up the rear end tightly; nail narrow strips of boards or lath in front; put a floor of boards in the back part of the coop, large enough for the hen to brood her young upon, and lay a wide board in front to feed upon, as long as the width of the coop. The coop should be at least two feet high, and from two to three feet deep. The board in front may be turned up at night to protect the young against rats, cats, &c., and should remain in the morning until the dew is off from the grass. The coop should be moved every two or three days to a clean place.



The second engraving shows a coop of our own construction, which we like better than anything we have tried. The tight apartment at the end with a side door to let down every evening, keeps the little inmates secure from rats or cats, or any other enemy. A few auger holes must be made for ventilation. The front is a simple frame, with lath attached at sufficient distances to allow the chickens to pass through. The top should be made separate and attached to the side by leather hinges. Anybody with a little ingenuity, can make this coop.

KINDNESS.

BE kind to all. In these few words how much meaning there may be,—meaning of vital importance to the person concerned. By being kind nothing can be lost, much may be gained,—even if nothing is gained directly to the donor of kindness, there is, indirectly, a never-failing supply of benefit accruing to him. By an act of kindness, not only the blessings of the benefited, but of the world, and of GOD, alight on the head of him who does the act. Through all our lives we may look in vain for any other trait which gives greater celebrity to its possessor than kindness. WASHINGTON was a great man, but was that the only reason why his name is revered and blessed by thousands? No,—it is because he used that greatness for the benefit of his country and fellow-beings. NAPOLEON is recollected; but is it with the same kind regard with which we remember WASHINGTON? No,—it is with bitter feelings and a loud lament that the name of BONAPARTE is recalled. And why? Because he had no nobleness in his soul. May each and all read and reflect upon the lives of the departed great, of our own as well as other countries, judging whether they are recollected for kind deeds or for evil ones,—consider how they are regarded, whether like WASHINGTON or NAPOLEON, and then make a solemn vow—I will be kind—renewing the vow as often as the tempter comes. Those who thus live, at the coming of gray hairs, will have little to repent of. S. W. A.

Seneca, N. Y., 1860.

ENERGY of mind is necessary in order to do good in the world, because it is to be expected that wise and benevolent designs will be opposed with energy. The greatest and best purposes have been the most vigorously opposed.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

N. Y. State Agricultural College 45
Polled Cattle—Fat Galloway Cow, [Illustrated] 45
The Onion Fly, [Three Illustrations] 45, 46
Horuless Cattle 46
Management of Wood Lots 46
Passing Our Misfortunes Along 46
How to Save the Sheep—Curing Films 46
Hay for Wintering Hogs 46
Rural Spirit of the Press.—Reducing Bones to Powder; Agricultural Mechanics; A Query for Dairymen 46
Inquiries and Answers.—Coloring Wool on the Skin; Stabling Horses with Cows; Guano; Treatment of Sprains 46
Agricultural Miscellany.—Johnston John, My Jo, [Poetical.] Agricultural Fairs for 1860; Farmers' Clubs; The Grass Lands of Seneca County; The "Weighty Steers" Beaten; Black Hawks the Best Roadsters; Extensive Stock Feeding; Hartland Agricultural Society; Susquehanna Valley Agricultural Society; Canaseraga Agricultural Society; Bainbridge Agricultural Society 46

HORTICULTURAL.

Horticulture at the West 47
Winter Pears 47
Winter Nelis Pear, [Illustrated] 47
The Jamlnette Pear, [Illustrated] 47
Delaware Grape, Again 47
Horticultural Notes.—Beauty and Song in the Winter; Peach Buds in Missouri 47
Inquiries and Answers—Packing Trees, [Three Ills.] 47

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Keeping Hams; Honey; To Remove Iron Rust from White Cloth; New Wheat—Poor Bread; Remedies for Chilblains 47

LADIES' OLIO.

My Nanny, [Poetical;] Aunt Mag. on Matrimony; How to Take Life; A Word About School Girls; Beautiful Extract 48

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Messenger of Life, [Poetical;] The Author; Manly Men; Superstitions of Childhood; See to it Yourself; Earthly and Heavenly Interest, [Poetical] 48

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Let in the Sunlight, [Poetical;] Jesus Wept; Say Jesus; Charity; Run for It 48

EDUCATIONAL.

School Matters of New York; Patience in the School-Room; Education; Educational Interests of Wisconsin; The School-Master Abroad; Evil Effects of Excessive Study; Educational Matters in Georgia; Country School Districts, School-Houses in the Rural Districts; School Population of New York 49

USEFUL OLIO.

Monthly Varying Level of Lake Ontario; Wild Geese; Pope and Swift; Nature; Good Health—How to Preserve it; Mining in the United States; The Human Mind 49

YOUNG RURALIST.

The Farmer, [Poetical;] Chicken Coops, [Two Illustrations;] Kindness; Energy of Mind 49

STORY TELLER.

Little Carl, [Poetical;] Lydia Mathewson's Journal; Old-fashioned Comforts 52

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Reason Why—Dick & Fitzgerald.
Steel Plows—Sayre & Remington.
Water Pipe—I. S. Hobbie.
Hallock's Circular and Cross-Cut Saw-Mill—E. D. Hallock.
Short-horn Durham Bulls—E. Marks.
Extra Devon Stock—Wm. R. Booth.

☞ We are again under the necessity of deferring several advertisements for want of space. We give preference to the first and briefest received.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 11, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE President has prepared a special message recommending the Pacific Railroad, which will be submitted in a few days. He favors no particular project.

Mr. McLane returns to Washington by order of the Government, that he may be present to explain and aid in the ratification of the Mexican treaty.

The President sent to the Senate a message, in which he says he deems it a sufficient reason for having retained the bill appropriating $55,000 for deepening the channel over the St. Clair Flats, that it was not presented to him until the last day, when he had no opportunity to examine it. He says that a Constitutional mode may, in its discretion, raise money to improve this channel. He does not mean to intimate a doubt of the power of Congress to construct such Internal Improvements as may be necessary for defence and protection against the invasion of a foreign enemy, but doubted whether this belonged in that category.

The Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee does not seem to be making much progress.—Thaddeus Hyatt, President of the National Kansas Aid Committee, has written to Senator Mason a letter in answer to the subpœna, to appear before the Investigating Committee, in which he informs the Committee, that while he will so far regard the summons as to appear before them, he will not answer any of the interrogatories. He calls in question the exercise by a legislative body of powers purely judicial, that are neither incidental to the Government nor conferred by any express provision of the Constitution. In this position Mr. Hyatt is said to be sustained by the best legal advice of Massachusetts and New York.

James Redpath, of Malden, Mass., author of the Life of John Brown, has also been subpœned to appear and testify, but he, in a very spicy, and what might be considered a very saucy letter, refuses to comply with the summons.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Owing to the lock in the House, at last so happily broken, but little business has been transacted aside from the introduction of various measures. We make note of such matters as possess general interest:

A message was received from the President, enclosing a statement of the fees paid at the Consular office.

Mr. Hale introduced a resolution, that the Committee on Military Affairs, be instructed to inquire into the expediency of paying the officers of the army a gross sum per annum, instead of allowances. Mr. Grimes moved an amendment to include marines.

Mr. Davis introduced a series of resolutions relative to obligations imposed on the States by the constitution, the rights of the people in the Territories, &c. He said he offered them with the intention of having a vote taken on them separately. He would be glad if they could be adopted unanimously. Ordered printed and made special order for Wednesday.

Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution in regard to the expediency of repealing hospital tax on seamen, and abolishing the present system of Marine Hospitals. Adopted.

HOUSE.—On the 1st inst., the proceedings were opened with prayer by Rabbi Raphael. It abounded with fervently expressed, patriotic and religious sentiment. He implored Divine blessing to direct the House in the election of a Speaker who may preside without favor or fear, and that the members might speak and act for the glory and happiness of their common country. The prayer was listened to with marked attention.

The Clerk having stated the question pending was the motion of Mr. Sherman, the House proceeded to vote for Speaker. Upon a call of the House it was found that Mr. Pennington, of New Jersey, lacked but one vote of an election, whereupon Geo. Briggs, of New York city, remarked that a certain contingency alluded to by him a few days previous, had now arrived, and it became him to state his reasons for his vote. The time has come when my vote will elect a Speaker. I have said on several occasions, I could cast my vote for any conservative gentleman, like Mr. Pennington or Mr. Corwin. Gov. Pennington now has 116 votes, and 117 will elect him. I give my vote to a gentlemen who I am assured will act fairly and impartially to all sections of the country. Aware of the responsibility I assume in so doing, Mr. Clerk, I now withdraw my vote from Mr. McClernand, and cast it for Wm. Pennington.

The vote was then announced.

Whole number	232
Pennington	117
McClernand	85

Balance scattering.

The Clerk decided that Mr. Pennington was elected.

On motion the House proceeded to a ballot for Clerk. The ballot resulted as follows:

Whole number	221
Necessary for a choice	111
Forney,	112
Allen,	77
Taylor,	23
Dawson,	8
McKnew,	1

On motion of Mr. Sherman the House proceeded to the election of Sergeant-at-Arms.

Mr. Hoffman was elected Sergeant-at-Arms, who received, 141; Mr. Glossbrunner, 92; Mr. Underwood, 7. Adjourned.

Political Intelligence.

We give below a statement of the number of votes to which each State is entitled at the next Presidential election, which we think will prove valuable for future reference.

The Northern States will be entitled to votes in the electoral college as follows:

Maine	8	Michigan	6
New Hampshire	5	Indiana	13
Vermont	5	Illinois	11
Massachusetts	13	Iowa	4
Rhode Island	4	Wisconsin	5
Connecticut	6	California	4
New York	35	Minnesota	4
New Jersey	7	Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	27	Kansas	3
Ohio	23		
Total	186		

The Southern States will be entitled to votes in the electoral college as follows:

Virginia	15	Louisiana	6
Delaware	3	Arkansas	4
Maryland	8	Tennessee	12
North Carolina	10	Kentucky	12
South Carolina	8	Missouri	9
Georgia	10	Florida	3
Alabama	9	Texas	4
Mississippi	7		
Total	120		

Total vote of Northern States	186
Total vote of Southern States	120
Majority for Northern States	66
Aggregate vote of Northern and Southern States	306
Number necessary to elect a President	164

THE New York Republican State Central Committee met at Albany on the 31st ult., and agreed to call a State Convention, composed of two delegates from each Assembly district, to meet at Syracuse on the 19th of April, to elect delegates to the Republican National Convention. Some discussion as to the election of delegates by Congressional districts was had, but the final action of the committee was unanimous.

A BILL for a Convention to frame a State Constitution has passed both Houses of the Nebraska Legislature, and has received the Governor's signature.

IN the Ohio Legislature, on the 2d inst., Ex-Gov. Salmon P. Chase was elected U. S. Senator on the first ballot. The vote stood—Chase, 75; Pugh, 64; Corwin, 5.

THE New York Anti-Slavery Convention held its closing session in Albany on the 28th ult., with a poor attendance. Addresses were made by Messrs. Phillips, Pillsbury, Powell, Robinson and others. Revolutionary and insurrectionary doctrines were advocated. A resolution was adopted strongly censuring Gov. Morgan and the Legislature, for inviting the man-stealing Governors and Legislatures of two Slave States to visit New York, as the guests of the State. The invitation was denounced as an insult to the people of this State, and an atrocious servility to the slave power, while Northern citizens are daily punished in or exiled from the South.

Gov. HOUSTON'S Message to the Legislature of Texas, transmitting the resolutions of the South Carolina Legislature, opposes the Southern Convention. The Legislature introduced resolutions sustaining Gov. Houston's views. Texas gave up her independence to the Union, and is unwilling to surrender the Union on an emergency not deemed sufficient to cause so important a step.

PEALE'S "COURT OF DEATH."—Mr. G. Q. COLTON has undertaken something new in the world of art. He is issuing 100,000 large engravings of REMBRANDT PEALE'S celebrated painting, "The Court of Death"—and instead of selling them at $5 a copy, the usual price of such works, he furnishes them for $1 each (as advertised in this paper,) under the conviction that, at this small price, he can sell 100,000 copies. Mr. COLTON and his enterprize is thoroughly indorsed by such papers as the New York Observer, Christian Advocate and Journal, and the Independent. We have received a copy of the engraving, and can say it is a beautiful and impressive picture.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The object of Lord Cowley's mission to London was to resume the negotiations between England and France, which were instituted by the former, and interrupted by Count Walewski's resignation. The principle of these negotiations was non-intervention with the affairs of Central Italy. France adopting the same basis, is desirous that the whole of Europe should give its formal assent to the principle. With this view Lord Cowley was solicited to sound the feeling of the British Cabinet as to the advisability of addressing a collective vote to the European Cabinets. In this note, infraction of the principle of non-intervention was to be treated as a *casus belli*.

The British Cabinet, while expressing its readiness to support the principle of non-intervention, either at the Congress, or in its communication with the Foreign Powers, pointed out the impossibility of pledging itself, without the consent of Parliament, to a course of policy which might involve hostilities. The feeling of the Northern Courts gave rise to some fear that Europe would not submit to so threatening an intimation, and which also implied the adoption of principles opposed to the independence of every State which possesses the right of forming alliances as it may think proper, at its own peril. The British Cabinet having thus declared their proposition to enter into engagements having such an important bearing, the question of an early meeting of the Congress has again revived.

The London Times editorially criticises the financial statement of the American Government, and points out that, allowing the youth of one State and the maturity of the other, there is the strongest possible analogy between the proceedings of England and America. In another leader this same journal expatiates on Mexican affairs, in connection with the President's Message. It says there is not a question, but what Americans, if they are so pleased, can march to Mexico.—Nor is it to be doubted that the advance would be attended at least with a temporary benefit of tranquility. Serving British interest we should look on such a proceeding with but little dissatisfaction; but as Mr. Buchanan's description is a faithful picture, it will require far more than one casual intervention to restore the country to the rank of an organized State.

In anticipation of the meeting of Parliament on the 24th of January, Lord Palmerston had issued the usual circular to his supporters in the House of Commons, requesting their attendance at the opening of the session, as business of great importance is at once to be brought forward. The leaders of the respective parties had likewise issued invitations to the customary dinners which are given prior to the assembling of Parliament.

The Times has eulogistic articles of Garibaldi and Cavour. The return of the latter to power, it considers as a proof that an Italian policy will now be permitted and protected from Paris.—Venice, we may hope, will become again Italian by purchase, but how will Naples? The King is acting, like those who build little white villas halfway up Vesuvius. The article concludes by exclaiming:—How dry must be the elements of combustion laid upon such a Kingdom, and how readily may they catch fire, when Cavour will bring his king-like influence close up to the frontier.

FRANCE.—Napoleon's address to his Ministers of State was a most important free trade manifesto. It is dated Jan. 5th, and published in the Moniteur of the 15th. The letter, in effect, is as follows:

Despite the uncertainty which still prevails on certain points of foreign policy, a pacific solution may be confidently looked forward to. The moment has therefore arrived to occupy ourselves with giving greater development to the different branches of the national wealth. I communicate to you here the basis of a programme of reform, several parts of which will have to receive the approbation of the Chambers. Our foreign commerce must be developed by exchange of products; but we must first improve our agriculture and free our industry from all interior impediments which place it in a position of inferiority. A general system of sound political economy alone can, by increasing the national wealth, spread prosperity among the working class.

Every year the State grants considerable sums to agriculture for clearing woods and lowering hilly grounds; great works of draining, irrigating and clearing ground are to be continued. To encourage manufacturing productions, it is necessary to exempt from all duties primary articles indispensable to industry, and to advance capital at a moderate rate of interest, which will assist in perfecting it materially.

By these measures agriculture will find an issue for its products of industry, freed from all interior obstacles, will advantageously compete with foreign products, and commerce will make a fresh advance. To counterbalance the reduction of duty on primary materials and provisions of great consumption, the redemption of the public debt will be provisionally suspended.

The letter sums up the intended reforms, viz.:—Suppression of duty on wool and cotton, successive reduction of duties on sugars and coffee, vigorous improvement of the measures of communication, reduction of canal duties by a general lowering of transport costs, loans to be granted to agriculture and industry, considerable works of utility, suppression of the prohibition in customs, and commercial treaties with foreign powers. The 160,000,000 of francs remaining disposable from the last loan, will be applied in three yearly credits to the erection of great public works.

The Emperor concludes:—"I am convinced that I shall obtain the support of the Senate and Legislative bodies to these reforms. I am anxious to inaugurate with them a new era of peace and assure its blessings to France."

The letter attracted great attention. With scarcely an exception the Paris press applauded the project, and in England it gives great satisfaction.

General Montalban, Commander-in-Chief of the French expedition to China, had embarked with his staff at Marseilles.

The monthly returns of the Bank of France showed an increase of 45,000,000 francs, and an increase in discounts of nearly 46,000,000 francs.

The marine telegraph cable had been successfully laid between the Channel Island and France.

ITALY.—The King of Sardinia was expected to visit Milan in February.

The commissioners to trace the frontiers between Austria and Piedmont had commenced their work.

Some riotous demonstrations had taken place at Parma, the mob calling for a reduction in the price of bread, and the recall of Garibaldi.—Forces were required to restore order.

AUSTRIA.—The Austrian and Sardinian commission for the regulation of the boundary line, have already held three meetings.

The Austrian custom officers have been reinforced by the military, to avert any provocation from the other side of the frontiers.

The Vienna Gazette publishes an imperial decree enacting that the testimony of Jews is to be regarded as of the same value as that of Christians. The measure is considered preliminary to according full civil and political rights.

At Vienna it is fully believed that the government intends only to interfere in Central Italy in favor of the exile Dukes and Papal government.

SPAIN.—The Le Nord states that on the 10th of January, the Spanish government had in the hands of the British Minister, at Madrid, the sum due to the British government—about 10,500,000 francs.

A Madrid telegram of the 15th, announces that the Spanish in Morocco were masters of all the positions of Cabo Lagro. After having obtained a complete victory, they were commanding all the heights of the Valley Tetuan, and would be before Tetuan as soon as the artillery was able to pass.

Late advices from Mogador state that 60,000 men, the pick of the Moorish army, were encamped on the hills beyond the Mogador, ready for action.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The Calcutta mail of Dec. 10th, and Hong Kong mail of November 27th, had reached England. The goverment dispatch from Oude confirmed the complete overthrow and dispersion of the remainder of the rebel army. All the leading rebels had been taken except the Begum, and she could not hold out alone. The salt tax was to be increased 1s on the 80 lbs., adding nearly a million sterling to the revenue.

The Chinese were reported to be making warlike preparations. Imports at Hong Kong, and Canton were dull, but prices were generally sustained, owing to light stocks. Tea was quiet, but holders refused to reduce prices. Imports at Shanghai were quiet. The tea business was almost stopped, owing to the exorbitant rates demanded.

At Japan trade progressed favorably.

It was said the Chinese had addressed a demand to Russia that she evacuate all the country of the Amoor.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—The Paris flour market was dull and sales difficult. Wheat was quiet but steady.

LIVERPOOL, Jan. 18.—Liverpool breadstuffs heavy. Flour very dull at easier, but not quotably lower prices. Wheat dull and declined 1d. Red 9s6d@9s9d. White 9s10d@11s6d. Corn dull, but steady. Yellow 31s@32s. Pork quiet. New Eastern 77s6d. Lard dull, and quotations nominal.

LONDON, Jan. 17.—Breadstuffs declined. Foreign wheat unchanged.

From the Pacific Side.

THE overland mail coach, with San Francisco dates to the 13th ult. and telegraphic advices to the evening of the 14th, arrived at Maloy Station on the 4th inst.

Milton S. Lathan, on the tenth night after his inauguration as Governor, was nominated in caucus for U. S. Senator, and on the day following was elected to that office by the Legislature. The vote in caucus stood:—Lathan 51, Weller 42, Washington 2. In the Legislature the vote stood: Lathan 97, Edmund Randolph (anti-Lecompton) 15, C. L. Shafter (Rep.) 3.

Lathan's nomination in caucus was on the first ballot after his name was introduced as a candidate. The use of his name took the Weller adherents by surprise, and was quite unexpected to the public at large. The new Senator was to start for Washington on the 5th of February.

Lieut. Gov. Downey by this change becomes Governor for the ensuing two years, and will be inaugurated on the 14th. He is but little known in public life, and is a successful business man rather than a politician. He is a native of Ireland, and came to California from Maryland. Mr. Quinn, who had been elected President *pro tem.* of the Senate, becomes Lieut. Governor by virtue of that election.

Gov. L. on the 11th sent a special message to the Senate, in relation to the six southern counties of California, on their proposed separation from the State, and organization under a territorial government. The Governor says a two-third vote is required to an act authorizing a separation, before it can be obtained, and no further action is necessary on the part of the State to consummate the purpose. The authorization of Congress, however, he suggests, is required to perfect a separation. He doubts not the aggregate sentiment of the entire State is opposed to the division, and considers it proper that Congress decide whether the opinion of the people of the proposed territory ought to be accepted as conclusive. They, the southern counties, undoubtedly consider the union of the southern and northern counties of California unnatural.

A messenger arrived at Sacramento on the 12th, from the Mendocino country, with reports of Indian outrages. Dwellings had been burned, and 400 head of stock killed.

New gold mines had been discovered in the Utah mountains, twenty miles from Canon City, producing much excitement in Sonora and Yuba counties.

A silver mine had been discovered in St. Helena mountain, which attracted much attention, some 400 people having gone there to prospect.

The News Condenser.

— On Wednesday week, six fires occurred in New York city.

— Homespun meetings and resolutions are in order in the South.

— The defalcation of Treasurer Peck, of Maine, amounts to $94,073.

— Counterfeits on the Chemung Bank of Elmira, are in circulation.

— The Washoe Indians are dying in scores by cold and starvation.

— The financial condition of Iowa is decidedly better than last year.

— The public debt, according to Mr. Cobb's showing, is $60,202,777 66.

— The tax for city purposes in New York for 1860, is $14,392,219 50.

— The people of Spain are dissatisfied with the war against Morocco.

— Large cakes of silver are getting to be quite common in San Francisco.

— The amounts in the various Savings Banks of Massachusetts is $34,494,000.

— Prof. James P. Espy, a famous meteorologist, died in Cincinnati on Thursday week.

— Accounts from New Mexico represent the Navajo Indians as being again hostile.

— The Great Eastern Steamship Co., have negotiated a loan of £45,000, at 7½ per cent.

— M. Cloquet has succeeded in raising good dates on his estate near Toulon, in France.

— In the past week, 371 emigrants have landed at New York; and 1,524 since 1st January.

— Jenny Lind has made up her mind to endow and erect an asylum for decayed singers.

— A proposition is before the Virginia Legislature to exempt one slave from levy for debt.

— The Ohio Editors' and Publishers' Convention was held at Tiffin on Wednesday, the 18th ult.

— Active measures are being taken in Baltimore towards establishing an asylum for inebriates.

— A movement has been started in England to encourage young women to learn the watch-making trade.

— From one of the newly discovered oil wells in Pennsylvania, a gallon of oil every minute is pumped up!

— A letter from Lake Superior, dated January 8th, reports the snow four feet deep in the mining districts.

— Advices from California to the 10th ult., announce the capture at Pitt River, by Gen. Kibbe, of 450 Indians.

— Madame Bodisco attended the President's last levee in her court dress, valued at $50,000. The masses stared.

— Over two thousand dozen of quails have been shipped East by a single dealer at Galena, Ill., this season.

— The Governors of Florida and Missouri have refused to sign the bills excluding free negroes from those states.

— There have been about 200 murders committed in Utah during the last three years, but not a single arrest.

— A human skeleton has been found at Marietta, Ohio, under six feet of loam and three feet of conglomerate rock.

— John Frost, the writer of many popular historical and other books, died at Philadelphia on Wednesday week.

— An ovarian tumor weighing fifty-two pounds, was taken from Mrs. Eddy, of Painesville, Ohio, a few days since.

— There are but four ex-Presidents living—Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Franklin Pierce.

— The Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society of England has proved to be a defaulter to the amount of $10,000.

— Gen. Cass has given to the Board of Education of Detroit a lot of land, valued at $15,000, for a Union School.

— The Massachusetts State Prison at Charlestown contains 401 convicts, of which number 36 are incarcerated for life.

— The first quarter of the month of January of 1860 was the coldest that has been experienced in Boston for 36 years.

— Hon. Henry W. Miller, of North Carolina, has added four thousand dollars to the Mount Vernon fund by his lectures.

— The bill abolishing slavery in the Territory of Nebraska passed the House on the 17th ult., by a vote of 21 to 17.

— The Denver correspondent of the New York Times states that coal has been discovered twelve miles from that place.

— During the past week the Central Railroad brought to Albany some $50,000 worth of furs. These furs came from St. Louis.

— There is prospect of a brush between our country and Peru. The Peruvian bark will not be followed by much of a bite.

— They are manufacturing brogans at a great rate in Marietta, Ga., but cannot sell them, in consequence of the high price.

— The number of gallons of milk sent into the city of New York from Orange County, by the Erie R. R., in 1859, was 5,359,839.

— A bill has passed the Legislature of Kentucky, appropriating $5,000 per annum to the Kentucky State Agricultural Society.

— The Pennsylvania Senate has under consideration a bill to prohibit the circulation of bank-notes of a less denomination than $5.

— Several business houses in Buffalo have concluded to decline receiving the bills of the Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Missouri banks.

— Over one hundred soldiers of the war of 1812 were in convention at Columbus, O., Jan. 10th, and much attention was shown them.

— A child was killed in New York city lately by having arsenic administered to it, by mistake for rhubarb. How could such a mistake occur?

— Several members of the Virginia Legislature returned to their seats, after the holidays, in full suits of homespun gray woolen cloth.

— The Richmond correspondent of the New York Herald represents that the cost of living is advancing in an intolerable ratio, in that city.

— The cost of transportation of troops, arms, and ammunition to and fro from Charlestown during the Brown rebellion, is estimated at $25,000.

— Henry D. Gilpin, United States Attorney-General under President Van Buren, and ex-Mayor of Philadelphia, died in that city last week.

— There is a remarkable skater, one of the actors at the Broadway Theatre, New York, who turns a somersault while gliding over the ice on his skates.

— Chief Justice Taney has so far recovered from his attack of pneumonic catarrh as to believe that he will soon be able to resume his seat in the Supreme Court.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

— BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers — and will be for some weeks to come, or until we otherwise announce. It is not, therefore, too late to form new clubs, or make additions to present ones.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, please send us the best money conveniently obtainable—and do not forget to write plainly and correctly, the names of Subscribers, Post-Office address, State, &c.

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others — 1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59 — bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1858 and 1859 — price, $2 each.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

THE POSTAGE ON THE RURAL is only 3¼ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6 cents to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Feb. 7, 1860.

THERE is but little activity exhibited in any department of trade, the demand being principally local, and confined, almost altogether, to the wants of retailers.

FLOUR is without change in rates, and as the stock is light, holders do not seem anxious to force sales.

GRAIN—The only alteration that we can make this morning is in Rye, for which we observe a better distilling demand and an advance equal to 1@2 cents ℔ bushel. Beans have taken a start during the week, and are now worth 75@88 cents. We have heard of a still higher rate being reached, but it was only for a small and very choice sample.

PROVISIONS—During the latter portion of the past week Dressed Hogs, under advices from the East, and a renewed demand in the home market, went up to $7,50 for choice heavy. The weather softened Saturday, and there are no present indications of returning frigidity, consequently these figures would not be obtainable to-day were any pork offering. The extreme figures heretofore quoted for Hams and Shoulders, are taken off, as will be seen by reference to table of quotations.

SEEDS—We do not alter our range for Clover and Timothy, although some dealers are inclined to consider them rather high. The fact is, nothing is transpiring as yet, and they may be considered nominal until the market opens for the season.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16@17c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,38	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,63@1,63	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, old	70@70c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	62½@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	16@18c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	71@73c	Plums, dried	15@15c
Oats, by weight	35c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	55@62½c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,50	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@2,75
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	3@5c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@10c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	8@8½c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@41c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, tun	$10,00@18,00
Butter, firkin	16@17c	Straw, tun	$7,00@10,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	37½@50c
Lard, tried	10½@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 6.—FLOUR—Holders of flour are disposed to insist upon a slight advance, to which buyers are unwilling to concede. The demand, both for export and home use, is limited, but a moderate speculative inquiry is noticeable. Sales at $4,95@5 for super State; $5,20@5,25 for extra do; $4,95@5 for super Western; $5,15@5,30 for extra do; $5,60@5,75 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet and firm. More doing in Canadian at unchanged prices; sales at $5,40@6,70 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—There is but little doing in wheat, and prices unchanged; shippers are not in market to any material extent, while millers refuse to purchase more than sufficient to supply pressing wants; sales good white Canadian at 140c; white California, supposed, at 135c. Rye quiet and unchanged; sales at 90c. Barley in better demand; sales State at 76@80c—latter price for choice four-rowed. Corn is without material change; demand moderate; sales at 81@82c for new white and yellow; 84c for old white; 82½c, afloat, for old mixed western. Oats limited, 44@45c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork without striking change, while the demand is moderate; sales at $17,25@17,37 for old mess; $18,12 for new do; $15,70@16,25 for prime do; $12@12,25 for old prime; $14,25@14,37 for new do. Dressed hogs in moderate request at 7¼c for Western; 8c for Jersey; 8¼c for city. Lard unchanged and firm; sales at 10½@11c. Butter plenty and dull at 11@15c for Ohio, 15@20c for State.—Cheese 9@11½c.

TORONTO, FEB. 4.—FLOUR—There has not been much activity in the flour market during the week. The transactions have been chiefly confined to the lower grades, and these are limited. The offerings are fair, and, it is supposed, will continue to increase. Rates are somewhat lower than at the date of our last, but as yet prices are unsettled. The following quotations must, therefore, be received as somewhat nominal, especially for the better grades:—Double extra, $5,50@6; extra, $5,25@5,50; fancy, $4,65@4,75; superfine No. 1, $4,45@4,50; superfine No. 2, $1,10@4,20.

GRAIN—Of Fall Wheat the supply for the entire week has not amounted to over 4,000 bushels. Yesterday about 1,500 bushels changed hands at $1,17@1,25, the latter being the extreme figure, and $1,20 being the average price for the day. There was a good deal of activity between buyers, but $1,25 appeared to be the limit, which was only paid in a few instances. Spring Wheat continues in good demand, but at considerably lower rates. The supply is not so large, and although the market is active, a considerable decline has taken place. A few loads of the primest "golden drop" might command $1 ℔ bushel, but it is a question whether over 95 or 97c ℔ bushel could be realized for any quantity of ordinary quality. Barley very quiet and but little offering; prime lots are in request for seed at 60 to 65c ℔ bushel. Rye is in good local demand, with very slender receipts; small sales at 70 to 75c. Oats within the past few days have been offered very freely, and prices have gone down to 37½c ℔ bushel. Should the supply continue as large as on Tuesday, even this rate cannot be maintained. Peas are in good demand for seed, and the supply is moderately large. Prices range from 58 to 62c ℔ bushel, the current rate being 60c. Seeds begin to be inquired for, but we have yet to hear of sales. Nominal quotations are:—Clover $6,75@7,25 ℔ bushel of 60 lbs.; timothy $2,25@2,25 ℔ bushel of 48 lbs. Outside rates are the very extreme, and we question much if they could be realized.—*Globe.*

TORONTO GRAIN TRADE.—The *Globe* publishes the statistics of the grain trade of Toronto for 1859. The total shipments of wheat were 970,564 bushels, of which 87,993 went to Rochester. In 1858 the total shipments were 579,833 bushels, of which they took 31,604 bushels. In 1857 the total shipments were 505,622 bushels, of which 39,644 bushels went to Rochester. There was no flour exported from Toronto to Rochester in 1859, and but a few thousand barrels in the previous years.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 1.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt., $10,00@11,00; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,50@8,50; inferior, $6@7.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6½c; all others, 5½@6.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 1.—Whole number of Cattle at market 564—about 500 Beeves, and 64 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,75@8,00; first quality, $7,00; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen, $80, 150@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@66.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,205 at market; prices in lots, $2,00@2,50 each; extra, $3, 4@8 each, or 4½@7c ℔ lb.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

ALBANY, FEB. 6.—CATTLE—There was a buoyancy in the market to-day that we scarcely looked for, after learning that the receipts are some 600 head more than last week. The quality is above an average—better, in fact, than we have noticed here for several weeks.

PRICES—We alter our quotations on certain of the grades—the advance being justified by the improved quality:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@6	5¼@5¾
Extra	5 @5½	4¾@5¼
First quality	4½@4¾	4 @4½
Second quality	3¾@3¾	3½@3¾
Third quality	2½@3	2½@3
Inferior	0 @2½	2¼@2½

SHEEP—There is an increase in the supply, and the demand is about the same as last week. Pelts have declined 20c here and 25c in New York.

DRESSED HOGS—During the week, until Friday morning, the market was decidedly buoyant—buyers being plenty and receipts comparatively light. Prices advanced from ¼ to ½c. A lull, however, has succeeded. The following are the closing sales of the week:

34 head State, averaging	259 lbs	$7,70
58 " " "	323 lbs	8
6 " " "	260 lbs	7,75
12 " " "	300 lbs	7,75
50 " " "	290 lbs	7,75
57 " Pigs		7⅞
70 " Canadas, averaging	259 lbs	7,25
200 " Illinois "	240 lbs	7,50

—*Atlas and Argus.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 2.—The market at the moment is quiet, but the stock of Domestic is light, and prices rule firmly; sales of 75,000 lbs. Native Fleece in lots, and 35,000 lbs. Pulled, at prices within our range. Foreign is also quiet, and sales confined to 150 bales Greek, African and Mestizo, on private terms. An auction sale is announced for the 16th inst., which accounts in a measure for the limited inquiry at the moment. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	54@57
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	38@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, FEB. 2.—The market has been more active for Domestic Wool, the low prices of Pulled having attracted the attention of buyers. The sales comprise 150,000 lbs. Pulled and 50,000 lbs. Fleece. The sales of foreign comprise 400 bales Mediterranean, South American and East Indian, at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	58@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	53@57	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	44@52	Do. unwashed	9@13
Common	36@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

COMMERCE ON LAKE ONTARIO.—The Oswego *Commercial Times*' annual statement of Commerce of the Lakes, now being prepared, shows that, by converting flour into wheat, the total amount of grain shipped from the lake regions eastward over Lake Ontario in 1859, was 14,800,000 bushels, against 21,800,000 bushels in 1858. Shipments by other routes leading to seaboard, show a considerable decrease compared with 1858.

Marriages.

IN Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Jan. 12, by the Rev. L. B. BARKER, Mr. PETER H. CLOCK, of East Schuyler, and Miss LOUISA M. JACKSON, of Fairfield.

IN Elba, February 1st, 1860, at the house of M. HOLLISTER, by Rev. WM. EMMONS, Mr. W. L. BARR, of Portland, Mich., and Miss HELEN HOLLISTER, of Elba, Genesee Co., N. Y.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

EXTRA DEVON STOCK.—For sale, a full blood Devon Bull, 2 years old; also one Cow 4 years old. Prices to suit the times. Address WM. R. BOOTH, Rochester, N. Y.

SHORT-HORN DURHAM BULLS.—I offer a few good thorough-bred Short-horn Durham Bulls, from 6 months to 3 years old, at low prices for the quality.
Camillus, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1860. E. MARKS.

HALLOCK'S CIRCULAR AND CROSS-CUT SAW-MILL, combined, for wood, fences and farm use—the best article of the kind offered. Send for a circular and description. Also, EMERY'S *Patent Railroad Endless Chain Horse-Powers*, and all machinery adapted to them.
Address E. D. HALLOCK, Ag't, Rochester, N. Y.

WATER PIPE.

THE undersigned has purchased the entire interest of I. S. HOBBIE & Co., in the manufacture and sale of Wooden Water Pipe, and will continue to furnish the cheapest and best Pipe in use for water courses of every description, and chain pump tubing. This Pipe is universally admitted to be the best for all farm purposes. The ordinary size (1½ inch) is put up in bundles convenient for handling and shipping, and can be sent by Railroad or Canal, direct from the Factory, (which is at Tonawanda, Erie Co., N. Y.) Price 4 cents per foot on delivery.
Send all orders or inquiries to I. S. HOBBIE, 41 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:
John Johnston, Geneva, N. Y.
J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Summer, Pomaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Summer, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
A. Bradley, Mankato, Minnesota.
F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.
We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.
SAYRE & REMINGTON,
526-3t Union Agricultural Works, Utica, N. Y.

THE REASON WHY:
A Careful Collection of Many Hundreds of Things which, though Generally Believed, are Imperfectly Understood.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "ENQUIRE WITHIN."
It is a handsome 12mo volume of 356 pages, printed on fine paper, bound in cloth, gilt, and embellished with a large number of wood cuts, illustrating the various subjects treated of.
PRICE $1.
It contains a collection and solution of THIRTEEN HUNDRED AND THIRTY-TWO FACTS IN SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, some of which, on their first discovery, puzzled the most learned and apt scholars. Some idea may be formed of its vast usefulness, when we inform the reader that it has an *index of contents requiring 40 columns of fine type.*
If, therefore, you want to acquire a knowledge of Natural Science and Philosophy in a nutshell—in other words, to become a learned person without the trouble of much study—buy this book.
Copies of the above book sent by mail, to any address, free of postage, on receipt of $1.
Reliable Agents wanted to canvass for "THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK," and other popular works; send Cash Orders to the Publisher's address. Descriptive Catalogues of our Books mailed to any address *free.*
Send cash orders to DICK & FITZGERALD, No. 18 Ann street, New York.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street, Rochester, N. Y. [525] E. F. WILSON.

BURRALL'S EXCELSIOR CLOVER HULLERS—three sizes—3, 3½ and 4 feet cylinder. Also Corn Shellers, Clod Crushers, &c., &c., for sale by BURRALL, SNYDER & CO.
Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y. 525-4t

FOR SALE—THE SEYMOUR FARM, of 110 acres—excellent land, good buildings, fences, water, &c.—situated in the town of Victor, Ontario county, N. Y., one mile from the village and half a mile from the N. Y. Central Railroad Depot. For terms and particulars address
525-4t EDWARD M. DAY, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE, AT PUBLIC AUCTION, ON Wednesday, the 29th February, 1860, at 1 o'clock P. M., situated in the town of East Bloomfield, Ont. Co., N. Y., about midway between Victor and East Bloomfield Railroad Stations. Said Farm is well located and well watered, with a good two-story dwelling house, two good grain barns and horse barn, with suitable out-buildings. The Farm contains about 220 acres, well calculated for grain or stock, and is in a good state of cultivation. For further particulars inquire of GUY COLLINS on the premises, or of F. H. JAMES, Rochester, N. Y. [525-3t] F. H. JAMES, Assignee.

CHOICE & RARE SEEDS.
OUR CATALOGUE FOR 1860 is now ready—a pamphlet of seventy pages of closely-printed matter—and will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three-cent postage stamp. ALLEN & McELWAIN,
525-2t Seedsmen and Florists, Springfield, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE—Containing 40 Acres, all under a good state of cultivation; fences and buildings good; land well underdrained and free from stumps and stones; a good apple orchard and other fruits on the place; situated ¾ of a mile east of Penfield Village, at which place is Penfield Seminary, in a flourishing condition. Price $100 per acre—terms favorable. Also, 20 acres wood land, heavily timbered—mostly beech and maple—situated on what is known as the 1600 acre tract, 7 miles from Penfield Village and 10 from Rochester, on the Rochester and Walworth Plank Road. [525-2t] C. F. WEAVER, Penfield, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—The undersigned having engaged in the Nursery business, offers for sale his Farm, situated in the Town of Perinton, Monroe Co., three miles from the village of Fairport, on the N. Y. Central Railroad, ten miles east of Rochester.
Said Farm contains 180 acres, being a part of the well-known farm of the late GIDEON RAMSDELL, and has been pronounced by good judges to be one of the very best farms in the county, all things considered—being well adapted to both stock and grain raising. It is in a very high state of cultivation, with good fences, mostly new, of cedar and ash; good buildings, all in good repair; ten acres of first rate apple orchard, all grafted, and pears, peaches, cherries, &c., of the best varieties, and living water in every field. One half or more of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For further particulars address
J. G. RAMSDELL, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.
REFERENCES—HENRY S. POTTER, Esq., Rochester, N. Y.; Hon. MARTIN BUTTERFIELD, Palmyra, Wayne Co., N. Y.; J. H. COGSWELL, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; WM. R. POTTER, Esq., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; R. B. HOWLAND, Esq., Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y.; D. H. RICHARDSON, Esq., Henrietta, Monroe Co., N. Y. 525-2t

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in a new and honorable business, which pays from $3 to $7 per day. For particulars address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

PEALE'S COURT OF DEATH.
The Subscriber is now issuing
100,000
BEAUTIFUL COLORED ENGRAVINGS
OF
Rembrandt Peale's Celebrated Original Painting of
THE COURT OF DEATH.
At the unprecedently Low Price of
☞ ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH. ☜
Size, 23 by 31 inches.
The lowest regular price for engravings of the size and quality of this is $5; and in answer to the question, "How can they be sold for *One Dollar?*" the subscriber would state that, instead of issuing 5,000 copies at $5, he issues 100,000 copies at $1. The main expense of such a work is, not in the paper and printing, but in getting up the plates. If 5,000 only are sold, $5 is but a fair price. But if 100,000 are sold at $1, the aggregate profits are larger than on the 5,000.
The original Painting, of which the Engravings are a *fac simile copy*, was painted by Rembrandt Peale, in the city of Baltimore, in 1820, and has been the study and admiration of tens of thousands of our citizens. It has long been valued at
25,000 DOLLARS.
Death is personified as a King or Monarch, and there is not a skeleton or anything repulsive in the Picture.
There are *twenty-three full-sized figures* in the Engravings, and arranged into five groups, giving representations of *DEATH, WAR, SENSUAL PLEASURE, INTEMPERANCE*, and the *TRIUMPHS OF CHRISTIAN FAITH* over the Terrors of Death.
It is a work to DELIGHT THE EYE and IMPROVE THE HEART. It can be studied and understood by a child, while its sublime conception affords scope to the strongest imagination.
It has been made the subject of special discourses by Rev. Dr. Sprague, Rev. Dr. Welch, Rev. Dr. Bacon, Rev. Dr. Cleveland, Rev. Dr. Wayland, and others. A more impressive, instructive, or beautiful
PARLOR ORNAMENT
could not be purchased.
The subscriber was advised to have the drapery of the figures brilliant and showy, to gratify the taste of the "country people," but he determined to imitate exactly the rich mellow tints of the original Painting in this respect. The wisdom of this decision is verified not only by the Artists of this city, but by the venerable Rembrandt Peale himself, as will be seen by the following unqualified certificate:
"PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 16, 1859.
"I have seen the Chromo-Lithographic Engraving of my Painting of the Court of Death, recently executed for Dr. G. Q. Colton (the present proprietor) by Sarony, Major & Knapp, of New York, and can certify that IT IS AN ACCURATE AND ADMIRABLE COPY OF THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.
"REMBRANDT PEALE."
☞ Each subscriber is entitled to a *Numbered Certificate of Proprietorship* in the Original Painting; the painting to be at the disposal of the subscribers as soon as the 100,000 Engravings are sold.
By inclosing ONE DOLLAR, and four letter stamps to pay postage, the Engraving will be forwarded, post-paid, rolled in a strong case.
CLERGYMEN can add largely to their yearly income (in commissions) by interesting themselves in the distribution, and at the same time place in the hands of each subscriber "*a sermon on canvas.*"
Six Copies for $5, postage free.
Gentlemen or Ladies can make money rapidly by taking subscriptions for this beautiful work. One dollar and six stamps from Agents, for one copy and a letter of Agency, stating special terms.
An active Agent cannot make less than from three hundred to four hundred dollars per year in the business, above expenses. A description will be sent with each picture. The subscriber
Refers to the following Gentlemen:
The venerable Rembrandt Peale, Philadelphia.
The Hon. Millard Fillmore, Buffalo.
The Rev. S. I. Prime, D. D., Editor N. Y. Observer.
The Rev. Asa D. Smith, D. D.
The Rev. Dr. Abel Stevens, Editor of Christian Advocate and Journal, New York.
The Rev. Gorham D. Abbott, (Spingler Institute.)
The Hon. Horace Greeley, New York.
The Hon. Erastus Brooks, New York.
The Hon. Henry J. Raymond, New York.
☞ Since the new and more liberal terms have been made to Agents, copies have been ordered as fast as the printer could furnish them—so that the subscriber has been compelled to take his advertisements out of the New York city papers, in order to supply the mail subscribers.
Money can be sent safely by mail, as not one letter in one thousand fails, if plainly directed.
To avoid mistakes, the *Name, Town, County* and *State* should be *plainly* written. Address
G. Q. COLTON,
No. 37 Park Row, New York.
P. O. Box No. 3,391. 525

FOR SALE—A desirable country residence, adjoining the village of Newark, Wayne County, containing one hundred and four acres of land with new and commodious house, barn and out buildings, a fine young orchard, consisting of all kinds of fruit. The farm is well watered, and adapted to grain or grass. For particulars, call on the Subscriber on the premises. BENJAMIN CARLL,
521-4t Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y., Jan. 16th.

FOR SALE—A choice farm of 64¼ acres, all under improvement, one mile North, and in full view of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y. Dwelling house, cottage plan; 32 by 40, well finished; Tenant house, 18 by 24; barn, 30 by 40; horse barn, 20 by 30; all well painted, and new within six years; good well of water and cistern; 90 Apple trees, 30 bearing fruit, and other fruits in proportion; 30 acres of said land is adapted to the culture of Peppermint, upon which was grown 600 pounds of Oil the past year, and a crop now in of 20 acres, at a low estimate will yield 700 pounds this year. A Peppermint Still in good order on the premises. I will divide said farm, and sell 30 acres with all buildings and orchards, except the Tenant house and Still, for $3,500, or the whole farm for $5,500. Terms made easy. For further information inquire of the subscriber on the premises. A. B. SLAUSON,
524-3t Waterloo, N. Y.

10,000 TWO YEAR OLD APPLE TREES.—We offer 10,000 Apple Trees, two years old, our selection of sorts, 3 to 4 feet, at $45 per 1,000.
523-9t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

FOR SALE.—A Farm of 100 acres choice grain land, with good Buildings, an excellent Orchard, well watered &c., lying 1½ miles southwest of the village of Le Roy.
523-6t C. MORGAN.

EVERGREENS AND STRAWBERRIES.—50,000 Norway Firs, 18 inch to 2 feet .... $12 per 100
Do. Do. Do. .... $90 per 1,000
100,000 Do. 9 to 12 inches .... $50 per 1,000
50,000 Wilson's Albany and Hooker Strawberries $1,50 per 100
Do. Do. Do. Do. $10 per 1,000
523-9t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

PURE HONEY DEW HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED.—For sale, 200 bushels of this Seed, *a pure article*, of my own raising. Price $3 per bushel, in quantities to suit purchasers. R. L. HOWARD,
523-9t Buffalo, N. Y.

500,000 APPLES GRAFTED.—We offer 500,000 Apples, grafted this winter, for Spring, setting at $6 per 1,000, or where 20,000 or more are taken, at $5 per 1,000. Apple Seeds, clean and fresh—$7 per bushel.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS,
523-9t Toledo, Ohio.

EARLY KENT PEAS.—I have now on hand and offer to the trade, 200 Bushels PURE EARLY KENT PEAS; also 25 Bushels Champion of England Do., the Best Late Pea in this country. All orders promptly attended to, at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, by [522-tf] J. RAPALJE.

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

CORN SHELLERS!—CORN SHELLERS!!—Now on hand at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y., a full supply of Hand and Power Corn Shellers, capable of shelling from 100 to 1,000 bushels per day. Prices from $8 to $45. All warranted perfect, and to do their work well.

A. N. WOOD & CO., EATON, N. Y.,
Manufacturers of their celebrated
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
and Dealers in Machinery.
THESE Engines are simple in arrangement, built compact, and are adapted to all kinds of Mill or Farm use. Received the First Premium at our late State Fair. Send for Circular. 523-13t

THE PEOPLE'S FARM MILL.—This Mill is now in successful operation, and no Portable Mill was ever offered to the public that gives such universal satisfaction.
It is simple, durable, requires but little power, and is cheap, and will grind all kinds of grain in the most perfect manner, at the rate of eight bushels per hour. It is made on an entire new principle, which wholly overcomes the difficulty that exists in all cast iron *rotary* mills.
Full description, with cut of Mill, will be forwarded on application. A Mill can be seen in constant use at my shop in Buffalo; also at No. 17 Spruce street, New York.
Price of two-horse power Mill, capable of grinding eight bushels per hour, $40. R. L. HOWARD,
523-9t Buffalo, N. Y.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!*" It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
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19....L....Mends LOOSENED LEAVES....L....19
20....U....Mends UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE....U....20
21....E....Mends EGG-BEATERS....E....21
22....Mends ACORN-WORK....22
23....Mends CHESS-BOARDS....23
24....Mends FIDDLES....24
25....Mends SHELL-WORK....25
26....Mends FILLET WORK....26
27....Mends HOBBY-HORSES....27
28....Mends KALEIDESCOPES....28
29....Mends MONEY-BOXES....29
30....Mends PICTURE-FRAMES....30
31....Mends SECRETARIES....31
32....Mends VENEERING....32
33....Mends SCHOOL FURNITURE....33
34....Mends PAPIER-MACHE....34
35....Mends WARDROBES....35
36....Mends PARIAN MARBLE....36
37....Mends CRIBS....37
38....Mends BABY-JUMPERS....38
39....Mends IVORY-WORK....39
40....Mends MATCH-SAFES....40
41....Mends PICTURES....41
42....Mends QUILL-WHEELS....42
43....Mends TOWEL-RACKS....43
44....Mends WASH-STANDS....44
45....Mends BEDSTEADS....45
46....Mends DRUMS....46
47....Mends CHESSMEN....47
48....Mends BALLOT-BOXES....48
49....Mends HERBARIUMS....49
50....Mends BACKGAMMON-BOARDS....50
51....Mends BAND-BOXES....51
52....Mends BLACK-BOARDS....52
53....Mends BASS VIOLS....53
54....Mends BILLIARD-TABLES....54
55....Mends BILLIARD-CUES....55
56....Mends BIRD-CAGES....56
57....Mends BROOMSTICKS....57
58....Mends BOOK-CASES....58
59....Mends BOOT-CRIMPS....59
60....Mends BRUSH-HANDLES....60
61....Mends BRUSHES....61
62....Mends CABINETS....62
63....Mends CHURNS....63
64....Mends CLOCK-CASES....64
65....Mends CROTCHES....65
66....Mends CUPBOARDS....66
67....Mends CURTAINS....67
68....Mends CASINGS....68
69....Mends CADDIES....69
70....Mends CAMERAS....70
71....Mends CHAIRS....71
72....Mends CHARTS....72
73....Mends CLOTHES FRAMES....73
74....Mends CARD-CASES....74
75....Mends CHESTS....75
76....Mends DIARIES....76
77....Mends WORK-STANDS....77
78....Mends DRAUGHT-BOARDS....78
79....Mends DISHES....79
80....Mends DIVANS....80
81....Mends DICE-BOXES....81
82....Mends DOORS....82
83....Mends DOMINOES....83
84....Mends FIREBOARDS....84
85....Mends FLUTES....85
86....Mends BALLUSTERS....86
87....Mends GLASSWARE....87
88....Mends HANDLES....88
89....Mends GUTTAPERCHA-WARE....89
90....Mends KITES....90
91....Mends TOPS....91
92....Mends ORGANS....92
93....Mends MODELS....93
94....Mends SEWING-MACHINE STANDS....94
95....Mends PANELS....95
96....Mends PASTEBOARD WORKS....96
97....Mends PATTERNS....97
98....Mends SIDEBOARDS....98
99....Mends WOODEN-WARE....99
100....Mends WILLOW-WARE....100

LITTLE CARL.

BY ANSON G. CHESTER.

Little dimpled fingers,
Little fairy feet,
Little silvery accents—
Silvery and sweet—
Cheeks as fair as lilies,
Hair as golden bright
As the stars of heaven
On a summer night,
Eyes as blue as harebells,
Lips as red as wine,
Brow as white as snowdrops—
Mother's brow and mine!
Such is my baby-boy—
Such is little Carl.

'Twas but now he kissed me—
Kissed me ere he slept,
Pillowed on a bosom
Where I oft have wept;
While I gaze so fondly,
As in sleep he lies,
Lo! he is transfigured
To my wondering eyes;
And his mother changes,
As I look upon her—
Surely this is Bethlehem,
Christ and the Madonna!
Blessed, blessed baby-boy—
Blessed little Carl.

Life is sad, my baby!
Man is false and strange;
Earth is full of sorrow,
Bitterness and change!
Meet them like a hero,
As thy years increase—
Fearful is the struggle,
But the end is peace!
Angels hover o'er thee,
Cherubs sing thee on,
Till thy race is ended,
Till thy work is done!
God keep my baby-boy—
Keep my little Carl.

[*Buffalo Courier.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LYDIA MATHEWSON'S JOURNAL.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

[Concluded from page 44, last number.]

March 12th.—I have been sitting for an hour in the great chintz-covered rocking-chair, by the kitchen hearth. I walked across the room, too—and as our Irish MAGGIE used to say, "It is so good that I can go through the floor again." It is understood in the family now that I am to go away as soon as I am fairly well; and while I measure my strength day by day, as eagerly as a miser would his gold, Mrs. WATSON is continually pointing out my weakness and bad symptoms. I believe she will heartily regret losing me; and I am sure I shall never forget her motherly kindness.

I looked in the mirror to-day for the first time since I was sick. My hair has nearly all fallen out, and I am as bald as a Chinaman; and altogether I present rather a ludicrous visage.

March 30th.—I begin to feel very much like my old self, and watch from the window to see how the snow is disappearing, except little strips on the tops of the bleak hills. Spring is stealing into these valleys slowly but surely; and I think I shall see them green again before I leave them. I have seen very little of SETH lately, as he is overseeing the spring work on a farm several miles from here, and only comes home occasionally. But last evening Mrs. WATSON went out to a neighbor's and left me all alone, and I promised myself a delightful time. I drew the little stand in front of the bright fire, got out my portfolio, and established myself for a long chat with FRANKIE. I was very happy, both in the actual present and in the possible future, to which I looked forward; but I had got no further in my letter than "My Dearest FRANKIE," when I heard somebody's heavy boots "*a raspin on the scraper,*" and in a moment SETH walked in, bade me a civil good evening, and hung up his hat and whip in their accustomed places. "Oh dear!" thought I, my heart sinking at the sight, "then he has come to stay all night, and I shall have to talk to him till his mother comes home."

SETH drew a chair before the fire and stretched out his great feet towards the blaze; ran his hands through his shock of straw-colored hair; now and then glanced slyly at me, but did not seem at all disposed to converse. I tried in vain to think of something to say about his farm work, and finally went to writing. SETH began to fidget in his chair, and I knew something was coming,—as Mrs. WATSON says of the approach of a northeaster, "*I felt it in my bones.*"

"'Spose you're mighty glad you're goin back east," he began after several stammering attempts.

"Yes," said I, "it will be pleasant to be with my friends again, although the people here are very kind to me."

"Waal, I shouldn't like livin east. JIM BARNES says, down in Connecticut where he has been visitin, they don't raise no wheat; live on a kind of brown bread, that looks as if the meal was ground in a saw-mill, and bolted through a ladder."

I laughed, but did not refute the charge. After a moment he began again—"I reckon I've got about the nicest farm here that can be scared up in this neck of woods; there aint no prettier land in the State of New York than them south medders." Then another silence, during which he looked anxiously at me to see the effect of this eulogy, then went on. "I've been thinkin some about gettin married. Mother is gettin middlin old to have the care of the dairy, and, any way, a right smart girl would bring in more money than 'twould cost to keep her, I reckon, takin one year with another." Again I laughed, and commended his resolution, but he hardly waited to hear me through before he said, "'Spose you wouldn't like farmin, would you? cause if you would I'd—you might—*I'd be willin to marry you myself.*" The last words were bolted out with a desperate energy, and, as if greatly relieved by the utterance, he pulled out his red silk handkerchief and rubbed his forehead vigorously. I very calmly assured him that I did not think I should like farming at all, and suggested that it was nearly nine o'clock, and he had better go after his mother. "I reckon I had," said he, slowly, resting his hands upon his knees, and gazing into the fire. "Tell ye what," said he, "I'd be willin to have it in the bargain that you should have all the egg and butter money to get gimcracks with, and I'll give you that red heifer besides. Come, now, that's fair." I was obliged to decline even this tempting offer, and then he put on his hat and started for the door. Coming back in a moment, he said, "I reckon you'd better take a day or two to think about it. 'Taint every day you'll git so good a chance, and you aint uncommon handsome, nor no ways smarter than the ordinary run, as I know on."

With these complimentary words, SETH vanished, leaving me to laugh or cry over the occurrence, as I saw fit. I think I did both, and then went off to bed, thinking to myself, sure enough, I am not "uncommon handsome"—I shall find it out, by-and-by.

April 17th.—It is all arranged that I am to start to-morrow. My good-byes are all said, my trunks nearly packed, and I am ready to leave this place, where I have passed so many hours of mingled joy and sorrow. Mrs. WATSON has made me a parting present of a Plaster of Paris cast, representing a green parrot standing on a coal-hod full of frost-bitten tomatoes. She bought it of a traveling peddler, because, as she said, "the tomatoses was so natural."

I shall go directly to New York, and spend a short time with HELEN; then go to Judge HYDE'S until HELEN gets to house-keeping, in the fall, when I shall make my home with her.

Oct. 8th.—Ever since last spring this journal has been lying untouched in the bottom of my trunk. I pulled it out this afternoon and sat down and read it all over. I am glad I have written it; for it will always keep fresh in my memory things that I should be very sorry to forget. I am pleasantly situated here in HELEN'S new home, and I think I would rather be here than at Judge HYDE'S. I was there all summer, but I do not think I was quite as happy as usual. Dr. HARLEY was often there, and was quite attentive to me, as the guest of his friends, but it did not take much penetration to see that all his thoughts were with FRANKIE. I am sure he loves her, but some how I never could bring myself to say anything to FRANKIE about it. EDDIE has noticed it too, and I think it is troubling him. I may as well write it down here that I was not at all pleased with this discovery. I am not willing to own that I have foolishly fallen in love with this Dr. HARLEY, but I must confess that I have have become altogether too much interested in him, and have allowed myself to treasure up a few idle words, that were forgotten as soon as uttered, and give them an undue weight. How blind it was in me not to have seen all this long ago, or to have imagined that any one would have a thought for me, when one so beautiful, so lovely as FRANKIE was by.

At the time when I settled all this in my mind, I took up a miniature of FRANKIE and gazed long at the exquisite beauty of the pictured face; then, walking resolutely to the mirror, I took a deliberate survey of myself, and inventoried every feature. "It is a fact, LYDIA," was my conclusion, that you are, as SETH said, "not uncommon handsome. You are in every respect, quite ordinary, and you may as well make up your mind to be a quiet sort of a nobody." I have made up my mind, but as the old lady said, "sometimes I don't know, and then again I'm in doubt."

Nov. 3d.—Aunt ESTHER has had an ill turn, and was greatly alarmed, and fancied she was going to die. I sat with her last evening, and read to her until she was tired of listening. All at once she began to question me about Judge HYDE,—his house, his children, his present wife, and finally himself. "How does he look," she asked. I described him as a noble old man, with a fine head, and a face that I should think must once have been very handsome. "He was," said she, eagerly interrupting me; "he was the handsomest man I ever saw." "Then you knew him," said I, smiling at her involuntary betrayal of this long-cherished secret. "Who said I knew him," was the pettish answer. Then, after a moment of silence, she said, "I may as well tell you all about it." So she gave me the story of her life, and of her engagement with Judge HYDE—how it was broken up on the very eve of her expected marriage; almost shaking her reason by the suddenness of the shock. Even now she could not speak of it without some bitterness. "It was not just because he didn't love me, for I had no right to have expected that, but he did me the greatest wrong in taking from me all my trust in human affection and honesty. It came back to me very slowly, and even now I make my life bitter by doubting where others only confide. One thing I want you to promise me. When I die I want the dress and veil that are in that little trunk put into my coffin, and the dead roses, too; and I want the ring put on my finger—it will stay on when my hands are still—and I don't want to leave any of these things behind me, for folks to laugh at. Will you promise me this?" I promised, and she lay quietly for a while; then, raising herself up, she looked at me, and said, "I've said this to you because I think you'll be more apt to remember. HELEN will have her husband and family to think of, and she'll forget all about me; but I don't think you'll ever be married. You'll be an old maid like me, only I hope you will have more comfort of your life than I ever had."

"Why do you think I shall be an old maid, Aunt ESTHER," I queried.

"Oh, I can't tell you exactly, but you never had any of HELEN'S winning ways. You look well enough, but somehow people never seemed to take to you very much, and—perhaps it's only a whim—but I always felt from the day of your birth that my fate was on you."

"*An old maid,*" thought I, as I sat there in the silence, "can I quite accept that prophecy? Am I strong enough to go through this life without some love to lean on that will be greater than any human love I have yet found? Is there no throne for me in any earthly love? Well, if this be so, I will try to accept my fate, and remember that though the finite fails us in our utmost need, the infinite love is offered unto all."

Dec. 18th.—FRANKIE has sent me an urgent invitation to come and spend the Christmas Holidays with them, and HELEN insists upon my going. EDDY will be there, and that is one inducement, but I do not know as it will be well for me to go. FRANKIE writes that she has something very special to tell me, but will not write it. I know well enough what it is, and hope I shall be sensible enough to hear quietly from her lips that she is engaged to Dr. HARLEY. I think I shall go.

Dec. 23d.—FRANKIE has just left my room. I was sitting by the fire, half stupid from the effects of my journey in the cold, for I only reached here late this evening, when the door opened, and FRANKIE stole in and crouched down on the floor beside me. We talked of indifferent matters for a while, and then she said, timidly, "I wanted to tell you about my engagement before I went to bed"—she hesitated, and I said, calmly," I know all about it, FRANKIE, and am not so very much astonished."

"Oh, then he has told you, has he? Well, I am glad—but," she added, looking doubtfully in my face, "are you *really willing?*"

So she fancied I was in love with him! My pride was touched, and I answered quickly, "I am sure I don't know why I should have any objections. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because," said she, hesitatingly, "I always thought you thought he was so perfect, that he was most too good for anybody."

"You are very much mistaken," I answered, "I do not think him such a paragon by any means?"

"Well, then, *I do,*" was her laughing retort, and she kissed me, and ran off to her room.

It is strange how a little pride has helped me.—If FRANKIE had not so plainly intimated that she thought me an ardent admirer of the Doctor, I do believe I should have felt badly; as it is, I never cared less for any announcement. One thing I would like to know, and that is, if he really did take that lock of my hair?

Dec. 24th.—I am so bewildered by the occurrences of this day that I can hardly feel sure that it is really I, LYDIA MATHEWSON, sitting here and making this record.

EDDY and I were sitting alone in the parlor this morning after breakfast; I pretending to look over a book of engravings, and EDDY drumming upon his boot with FRANKIE'S little riding-whip. "I suppose," said he, after an awkward pause, "that FRANKIE has told you about this new engagement."

"Yes," said I, dryly, and turned over several leaves in the book. Then, looking in his happy face, I added, in a surprised tone, "you look as if you were very glad."

"Glad! Why shouldn't I be glad, I should like to know? Isn't FRANKIE the very dearest, sweetest girl in all New England, and the rest of creation besides—and am I not the very luckiest fellow in this universe! Glad! I should like to to know why not!"

"Eddy!"—and I dropped my book, and stood facing him—"do you mean to say that FRANKIE HYDE is really engaged to *you?*"

"Of course I do," was his astonished answer. "I don't see anything else to be specially happy about. Are you going crazy? I'll call FRANKIE and get her to testify."

I went straight up to my room and sat down, and tried to think. Everything was confused at first, but by-and-by I saw how it all was, and really blushed to think how glad I was that FRANKIE was not going to marry Dr. HARLEY. The light-hearted girl came singing along the hall,

"I sing because my heart is light,
My heart is glad by day and night."

She called me to come down and help her make evergreen wreaths for the windows, and we sat all the forenoon on the dining-room floor, tying up wreaths and festoons of evergreen and the bright red berries of the Alder and Bitter-Sweet. EDDY pretended to help, but it was only to be near FRANKIE, and as I watched him, following her always with such a world of pride and tenderness in his eyes, I wished such a love might be for me. Just before dark Dr. HARLEY came, and I was so much afraid of having him think me too glad to see him, that I surprised him by an unusual coldness and formality. Ah, it was a bright, merry evening, and with songs and smiles, and pleasant words, the long hours sped lightly by. We played some merry games, in which even the dignified Judge joined heartily. In redeeming some forfeits, Dr. HARLEY was sentenced to repeat a verse of poetry. He stood a moment to think, and then in his clear voice repeated,

"Sculptors of Life are we as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at GOD'S command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives, that angel vision."

There was perfect silence in the room for a moment, as if every one of us were repeating the beautiful words over in our hearts. "Sculptors of Life," said the Judge slowly, "that is grand;" and he sat looking thoughtfully into the fire.—For me, I hardly heeded the rest of them, memory was so busy with me, bringing back the picture of that sweet May morning, almost three years ago, when I first heard from those same lips the noble words of the poet. They were spoken then to encourage me in a struggle upon which I was just entering, and in a moment all the changes that had swept by me since that hour came up to my mind. Some one else was thinking of it too, for presently, when the merry voices were ringing again, a familiar voice asked, close beside me, "Is there not more of pleasure than of pain in looking back over those old conflicts and victories?"

I started from my reverie, and glanced around the room. EDDY and little WALLACE were going through a pantomime amid the laughter of the company, and no one seemed to be noticing that I sat alone by the window—not alone, for Dr. HARLEY was still waiting the answer to his question. I answered him presently, amid smiles and tears, for after all it was pleasant to look back, even though my heart had traveled over more than one grave in coming from that May morning to this blessed Christmas Eve. Thrice blessed it was to me, for before the chiming bells warned us of the late hour, and voices and footsteps died away from the pleasant rooms, I knew that I held in my keeping a precious gift—even the great love of a noble heart.

"Oh, teach us, CHRIST, to overflow
Our love with prayer, and hallow so
The human by divine."

Jan. 1st, 18—Three years ago to-night I began this journal, and now I make my last record on its pages before closing it. I may keep another journal, but I shall write no more in this. I shall seal it up as a precious package of memories.—How many changes have been crowded into those three brief years! I have lost some treasures, and have gained many. No, not *lost.* All my dearest treasures that have been taken from me, shine purely upon my soul, whenever I catch a glimpse into that storehouse, where they are laid up beyond the reach of moth and rust. Some of my old hopes and dreams are gone; I have found better in their stead, and just now I am dreaming the one fond dream of womanhood. When June comes next with her roses I shall, if it please GOD, be married. No one looks for storms and darkness in so looking forward; how can I? Yet even if it comes, it seems to me it will not be so hard to wait for the dawning, if I have this great love, like a glorious planet on the brow of night. Of all my ambitious dreams and longings for fame, I have only this left—to be truly worthy of the love that has been bestowed upon me—to be to this man, whom I once called "my evil genius," a true type of all that is most gentle and tender and womanly. And if, when we have lived our lives, he may truly say to me, "You have been my good angel, in all high and noble promptings, in all tender consolings," then *I shall be satisfied.*

OLD-FASHIONED COMFORTS.

THE following graphic picture of some of the old-fashioned comforts of New England farmers is given by the Exeter *News Letter,* and its truthfulness will be recognized by thousands of New England hearts:

Our ancestors were a frugal, self-denying people, inured to hardship from the cradle—they were content to be without almost all the luxuries of life, but they enjoyed some of its comforts to which many of us are strangers, old-fashioned comforts, we may term them, and among these the old fire place, as it used to be termed, held no mean rank. How vividly the picture of one of those spacious kitchens of the olden time comes to our mind with its plain furniture, and sanded floor innocent of paint, but as white as the neatest of house-wives could make it. In one corner stood the old clock, its very face wearing an aspect of good cheer, and seeming to smile benignantly upon a miniature moon over its head, which, tradition said, had at a remote period followed the rising and setting of its great prototype in the heavens, though its days of active service were long ago over.

But the crowning glory of that kitchen was not its white sanded floor, nor the high desk with its pigeon holes, and secret drawers which no venturous youngster ever dared invade, nor yet, the old clock ticking so musically in one corner, but it was the old-fashioned fire-place with its blazing embers, huge back-log and iron fire-dogs that shed a glory over the whole room, gilded the plain and homely furniture with its bright light, and rendered the place a fit type of true New England homes "in ye olden time."

Never were there such apples as those which swung round and round upon strings before the bright fire of a winter's evening,—never such baked potatoes as those hurled deep in the ashes upon the hearth,—never such corn-stalks as those which caught a golden hue from the blazing embers, or turkeys like those turned slowly upon a spit, filling the room with savory odors so suggestive of a dainty repast.

Before the fire was the wooden settle, and here the children were wont to sit in the long evenings, telling stories, cracking nuts, conning their lessons for the morrow, or listening in silence to the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of their superiors,—and anon gazing in silence into the bright fire and conjuring up all sorts of grotesque and fanciful images from among the burning coals. No fabled genii with their magic lamps of enchantments could build such gorgeous palaces, or create such gems as the child could discern, amid the blazing embers of the old fashioned fire-place.

And we must not neglect the chimney corner, where sat our grandfather in his accustomed seat—his hair silvered with the snows of many winters,—a venerable man to whom old age had come "frostily but kindly," and whose last days were like those of an Indian Summer, serene and beautiful even till the stars appeared in the heavens.

How pure was the air of the room in those days! The huge fire-place, with its brisk draught, carried off the impurities of the atmosphere and left the air pure, life-giving and healthful. Now we crouch around hot cooking stoves and think it strange that we feel so stupid and drowsy of an evening, or we huddle about air-tight stoves and wonder that the air seems burnt and impure; or we sit down in chilly rooms heated by a furnace, and marvel that with all our costly furniture, soft carpets, bright mirrors and damask curtains, they are such cheerless places, so little like our ideas of a New England home.

Alas! that with all the so-called improvements of our advanced civilization, the fire should be permitted to go out forever in our old-fashioned fire-places, thus burying in the ashes of the past so many means of health, home comfort, good cheer and happiness.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 35 letters.
My 1, 7, 31, 16 is a river in Europe.
My 25, 27, 4, 3, 13 is a peninsula.
My 22, 26, 4, 18, 24, 6 is an ancient Empire.
My 28, 33, 9, 27 is a cape of Africa.
My 2, 6, 29, 30, 34, 9 is an island in Polynesia.
My 31, 21, 33, 7, 9, 5 is a city in Prussia.
My 32, 29, 8, 13, 18 is a city in Portugal.
My 23, 11, 10, 13 is a gulf in Russia.
My 14, 30, 12, 16 is a river in Africa.
My 18, 27, 15, 17, 3, 19, 35 is a cluster of islands in Oceanica.
My whole is the watchword of every patriot.
Flint Hill, Fairfax Co., Va., 1860. L. P. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks

CHARADE.

WHY for my first should tears bedew my eyes,
While for his health my fondest prayers arise?
But that my second waits the fav'ring breeze
To waft that first to cold Arcadia's seas;
Oh, may my third no loss of absence find,
No weak suspension in my laboring mind;
But in this breast, as durable as fair,
Forever keep its much-loved image there.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A DUG a square well which was 5 feet by 5 feet and 32 feet deep. He walled it up with stone which he bought of B, agreeing to pay 75 cents per perch. (the perch to consist of 25 cubic feet,) leaving a circular hole down the centre 2½ feet in diameter. How much must A pay B for the stone?
Kinsman, Ohio, 1860. J. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

No. 1. No. 2.

TAKE five pieces, either of pasteboard or wood, the size of No. 1, and four the size of No. 2, and form a square, which shall be 13½ inches each way.
King's Ferry, N. Y., 1860. S. BOYER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 524.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:
All men are by nature equal,
But differ greatly in the sequel.
Answer to Poetical Enigma:—A Pen.

BOYS OUT NIGHTS.—Going out nights is often one of the causes of evil with our boys. There is too much of it with most boys, especially in our cities. Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, who has a thorough knowledge of boys, as well as seamen, says, in his apt way, that "night-running is ruinous to the morals of boys in all instances. They acquire, under the cover of night, an unhealthy state of mind, bad, vulgar, and profane language, lawless and riotous bearing. Indeed, it is in the street, after nightfall, that boys principally acquire the education of the bad, and capacity for becoming rowdy, dissolute men." This is a true word. Boys, be careful of night strolling. Keep in evenings, at home, and seek good company, good books, or innocent amusement there.

Wit and Humor.

SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

Hamlet—Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape that I'll speak to thee."

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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"UP TO THE TIMES."

AMONG the many cant phrases indulged in by the progressives of this go-ahead age, none so fully develop to the mental eye the entirety of an individual—his heighth and depth, length and breadth—as the expression "he is, or is not up to the times?" By it we can tell precisely how much surface he covers,—what his influence upon the society in which he moves,—whether he is one of a class that would be sought out and enlisted in the furtherance of projects requiring skill, sagacity, forethought and untiring energy, or a component part of that body, respectable only in numbers, that lazily shuffle their way through the world.

In acquiring a knowledge of the abilities and peculiarities of any person, we need not, of necessity, catechise his neighbors in reference to his position upon any or all of the topics occupying the public mind. "Show me the man's business, for a brief moment, and I will show you the man," wrote an eminent political economist. "Much of the character of every man may be read in his house," remarked the lamented DOWNING. If these propositions contain the element of veracity,—and who will dispute their triteness,—does not the calling of the farmer continually proclaim just where he may be found? Enterprise and diligence will relate their own history—is not negligence and slothfulness trumpet-tongued?

"I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was grown all over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

"Then I saw and considered it well: I looked upon it and received instruction.

"Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep: So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth; and thy want as an armed man."

It would seem that laggards were to be found in the days of SOLOMON, and his portrait of one is drawn with all the truthfulness of the master-hand. Cause and effect are brought so vividly before the imagination that the dullest may readily comprehend. The same governing principles are to be recognized at the present day, and the same line of action will inevitably produce like results. An agricultural contemporary has been indulging in a little word-painting recently,—has put upon paper the image of a man evidently behind the times, and then quaintly asks his readers, "Is this anybody's picture?" We do not propound any queries, but are confident some of those who glance at the article mentioned will recognize an old friend.

The impress of the age is observable in the profession of the Agriculturist. When our fathers followed the plow, February and early March furnished a season of leisure. "The chores being done up about house and barn" in the old "pod-auger days" they read politics before the large open fire-place, or saved the nation in village groceries and post-offices, patiently waiting the south winds which should woo them to active employment in the fields. Now, we talk of "taking time by the forelock," and the shortness of spring, together with the hurrying manner in which work pours in when Sol begins to shed his genial rays, prove this maxim to be one of great value to the farmer. If we would be "up with the times," we cannot "leave things for their season," and our present purpose is to jog the memory of readers upon a few matters, some of which can be better, others just as well, performed at the present time as to be put off until necessity clamors for their accomplishment.

The wood-house ought to be well stored before out-door active operations commence. We give this place prominence, because we believe *home* needs should first receive attention. When peace forsakes a man's castle, and confusion reigns in its stead, we cannot expect that the labors incident to the day will move off amid calm and pleasantness. If the boys must be called from the field to prepare material for cooking all through the summer months, it cannot be a matter of surprise if tasks turn out incomplete, if the good wife's temper be aroused, and the "lord of the manor" be subjected to occasional lectures, *a la* Mrs. CAUDLE. The man who leaves the women-folks to forage for themselves deserves nothing better, and when "blown up," it should be on the *high-pressure* principle.

Special care given to the making and saving of manure now, will yield a large per centage for the time and labor bestowed. Keep the compost heaps at work digesting and assimilating the food for your coming crops. Very many farmers have made it a practice to cart out their manure to the fields before the frost is out of the ground. It is contended by those who have experimented, that the loss of its fertilizing properties is imperceptible, and there is this additional advantage,—the labor of drawing will not prove such a tax upon both teams and men now, as if it were accomplished amid the hurry and bustle of spring work.

From the inquiries we have received relative to artificial manures, we are under the impression that considerable quantities will be used, for garden and field purposes, during the coming season, and would say to those who intend experimenting therewith, that they should provide themselves with what is required as early as possible. When these are where you can put your hands upon them at any moment, favorable opportunities may be seized upon for calling their powers into action, and their full fertilizing properties obtained.

After the experience of the past year, it is to be hoped that farmers will devote such attention to meadows and pastures as will insure against scarcity of provender for their stock. If any are possessed of a fine, well-pulverized compost heap, it will pay to give such fields a top-dressing, and the present will be found just the time for making the application.

The wheat fields, the stock, the fences, the implements, the seeds you will need, and a hundred other matters, all call for care and attention. If this is given now, when you can calmly prepare for the active duties of Spring and Summer—if each day's toil is manfully met as it presents itself—there will be no clashing of interests, everything will move upon its course in perfect harmony, and you may congratulate yourself upon being fully *"up to the times."*

ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

OUR columns have been so fully occupied the past few weeks with interesting and important matter which we could not well omit, that we have not found space for our usual abstract of the sayings and doings of English farmers. It is our intention to keep the readers of the RURAL well informed in regard to the progress of English Agriculture; for while our systems of farming are necessarily somewhat dissimilar, yet they are becoming every year more nearly allied. From the practice of the best English farmers we can learn many useful lessons, while they are beginning to acknowledge that they may study our practice, and even adopt some of our plans, with profit. In proof of this, we need only refer to the following facts:

Effects of Steam-Farming on Labor.

THE use of steam for the heavier labor of the farm, has not had the effect, which was prophesied, of reducing the hand labor and depressing the laborer. Mr. MORTON declares that, on farms where steam is used, more hand labor is employed than on farms where steam is not employed.—It also creates a demand for a more intelligent class of farm laborers, for which farmers find it to their interest to pay higher wages. Notwithstanding the many horse and steam machines employed in agriculture, there has never been so great a demand for farm labor as during the past summer. "Agriculture is in fact experiencing the truth taught in the history of all other manufactures—that machinery is in the long run the best friend of the laborer. We feed and use some 1,500,000 horses, of which probably 800,000 are strictly for farm purposes. We are annually inventing and manufacturing labor-saving machines at an extraordinary rate, and every year at least 10,000 horses are added to the agricultural steam-power of the country, which must certainly displace both animals and men to some extent. We have taken the flail out of the hand of the laborer, and the reaping-hook is going; on many a farm he no longer walks between the handles of the plow—he no longer sows the seed—he does but a portion of the hoeing and the harvesting,—and yet so far from being able to dispense with his assistance, he is more in demand than ever he has been."

American Horse-Powers and Reapers.

IN a long article on "American Agricultural Implements," in the Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, the author, among other things, very highly recommends the American horse-powers, of the endless chain, or tread-mill principle.—"This," he says, "is undoubtedly the most effectual method of applying a limited amount of animal power to such purposes as threshing, winnowing, grinding, churning, sawing wood, and all others which require rotary motion. I am convinced they would be found a great convenience to many small farmers in this country; and in many of our colonies, where steam is out of the question, they would be invaluable." A power on the American principle has been manufactured in Yorkshire, and was recently subjected to severe and careful tests, which showed that it did sixteen per cent. more work, with the same force, than the best English horse-powers.

JOHN C. MORTON, author of the *Cyclopedia of Agriculture*, read a paper, before the Society of Arts, upon "The Forces [illegible] Agriculture," in which he stated that one manufacturer had sold 1,900 of MCCORMICK'S Reapers since their introduction, and three of the leading manufacturers had sold 2,200 of HUSSEY'S, and that reaping machines were at work, last harvest, capable of cutting more in a day than 40,000 laboring men.

Value of Straw for Food.

Mr. NESBITT, in an address before the Central Farmers' Club, pointed out the relative nutritiveness, as a general rule, of the different parts of plants—the straw and the succulent parts being ultimately exhausted in order to fill the seed. At the close of the address, there was an interesting discussion among the practical men present. Some considered the value of straw due simply to its giving bulk and substance to those additional portions of the daily ration on which the feeding animal depends. That it furnishes nutriment and economises other food, was earnestly contended for by others, and that its powers in this were very apparent when given with mangold wurtzel and pulped roots generally.

WONDERS OF THE BEE.

THE insects comprising the family of Bees, APIDÆ, are either solitary in their habits, like the carpenter and leaf-cutting bee, or they are temporarily social, like the humble bees,—composing the genus "Bombus,"—which are distinguished by their size, but, more particularly, by having their posterior tibiæ spurred; or, they are permanently social, like the hive and other honey bees, which have the posterior tibiæ without spurs. The spur indicates the habit of those that construct their dwelling under ground, in meadows, pastures, or hedge-rows, generally employing moss for this purpose.

It is not my design to enter into a description of the economy of the various sub-families, but simply to glance at a few interesting features connected with this subject.

The ordinary observer of a hive of bees, cannot fail but be interested in the construction and ingenuity displayed in the groups of cells, with their intervening passages, like streets,—a miniature city, enlivened by the "hum" of the busy artificers industriously engaged in providing building material, &c., and erecting their thin, lucid walls, with the exactitude of the most accomplished geometrician, each in turn employed with the greatest order and precision in the various structures erected for store-rooms or the several sized breeding cells.

Profound philosophers have found much to excite their wonder and astonishment, in contemplating the instinct with which the Creator has endowed these little creatures. MARALDI took the trouble to measure the angles of their cells with the greatest exactness, and found that the greater angles were in general 109° 28′; the smaller ones 70° 32′. REAUMER desired M. KONIG, a skillful geometrician, to determine, by calculation, what the angles of such an hexagonal cell should be, so that the least possible material and space should be required. Ignorant of MARALDI'S measurement, he set to work to solve this problem, having recourse to the infinitesimal calculus, and found the greater angles should be 109° 26′, and the smaller 70° 34′, (a difference of 2′ conversely.) This surprising coincidence between accurate measurement of the fact, and its calculation, strikes us with the truth of POPE'S remark, who says:

> "Reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
> In this 'tis GOD directs, in that 'tis man."

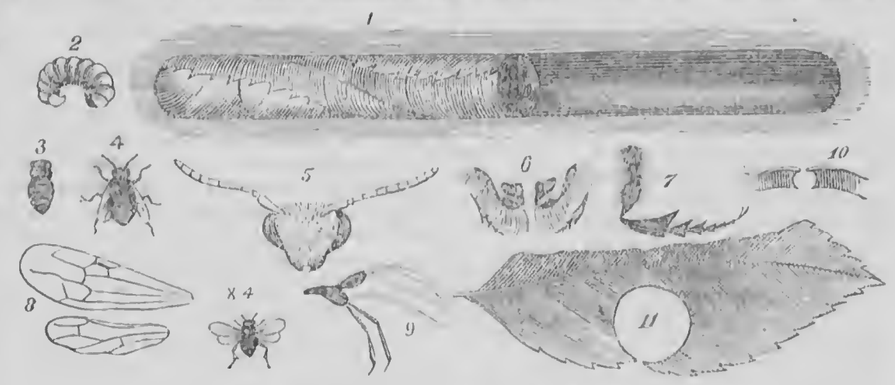
Notwithstanding, in this, as with other works of the Creator, there are found cavilers who question this ingenuity of the Bee,—who assert that the cells are made cylindrical, in conformity with the insect's body, and that they assume the hexagonal form by mere external pressure on their sides, caused by the multitude of bees engaged upon them, in accordance with the common law incident to cylinders constructed from such a plastic material. HUBER, by his patient investigations, has proved clearly that such is not the case, but that the bees work in turn, and shape the cells in *successive* order, and not *simultaneously*, besides displaying equal skill in adapting the adjoining sides to cells of greater dimensions for the young brood of the *males*. Circumstances may interfere that will give the comb an irregular appearance; generally, however, they will be found symmetrical.

As much has been written respecting the honey bee, I propose rather to confine my remarks to the equally interesting habits of a few species not so generally known, from observations of my own, contrasted with those of others bearing on the subject.

Among the solitary bees, the genus MEGACHILE embraces several species of our common leaf-cutting bee. Dr. LE CONTE, in his late compilation of Say's Entomology, mentions seven species, but says nothing of their economy; and on close scrutiny, one is unable to determine the species by it with any degree of certainty.

Those who have examined rose-bushes, have no doubt observed circular holes and segments cut out of leaves, as if made by a sharp instrument. This, in most cases, is the work of a small bee, which may be seen hovering for a moment over a leaf, as if to reconnoiter and make sure of the right curve on its edge, or portion best adapted for the purpose required. When ascertained, she alights, and with the greatest skill and accuracy, cuts out the desired piece with her jaws, which are peculiarly fitted for the purpose, carrying its shape and dimensions in her eye, which, without the aid of square, or compass, or measuring rule, proves just to fit. This, when detached to its last fibre, she seizes, poises her wings ready for flight, and carries it off in triumph, to build her cell in some channeled stump or log, or excavation in the soil.

On splitting a piece of timber in my woodpile, on the 3d of September, 1856, I discovered, in a channel laid open, four cells, the leaves of which were quite fresh and green. Whether the female bee made this channel,—of about six inches in length and nearly half an inch in diameter,—or whether she merely availed herself of the channel made by a wood-boring larva, I cannot say; but that they do bore their own channels, is so stated by Messrs. KIRBY and SPENCE, especially in decaying wood; but this appeared solid. Fig. 1 illustrates the manner of packing the cells, of which there are frequently six. Both ends are closed with a double or triple circular piece, the one end externally convex, the other concave, but not open, (in this instance,) as stated by KIRBY and SPENCE, speaking of the *Megachile centuncularis*, an European species. I removed these cells into a large pill-box, and opened one, by taking off the convex top. I found the cup filled with a jelly-like substance, (a compound of honey and pollen, prepared for the larvæ's food.) This jelly, or conserve, as KIRBY calls it, was of a deep *orange* color, (not *rose*, as the European.) In the bottom of the cup and jelly were six



LEAF-CUTTING BEE — MEGACHILE.

Fig. 1, Manner of packing the cells; 2, Larva; 3, Pupa; 4, Natural size of bee at rest; 5, Front view of the head and antennæ; 6, Fore legs; 7, Spurred hind leg; 8, Nerves of the wings; 9, Structure of the mouth; 10, The jaws; 11, Part of leaf with a piece cut out for a cell.

small oblong-oval eggs, of a white color. This proves, also, that not a single egg is deposited as there stated. The cups or cells are wonderful, being perfectly honey tight, by the simple fitting of the leaves and close adjustment, without any cement to bind them that I could detect.

November 3d, I opened another cell. In this I found a single larva, plump and lively, like figure 2, (somewhat magnified.) Fig. 3 is the pupa subsequently examined. The remaining cell was undisturbed until the following 26th day of May, 1857, when my attention was called to the box containing the cell, by hearing a boring noise, as the perfect bee was engaged in eating out her passage through her prison. Fig. 4 is the natural size of the bee at rest. Fig. 5, a front view of the head and antennæ; 6, the fore legs, with their fringes of long, yellow hairs; 7, a spurred hind leg; 8, the nerves of the wings; 9, the structure of the mouth; 10, the jaws; 11, a part of leaf, with a piece cut out for a cell.

By observations like the foregoing, we arrive at a knowledge of the various stages of insect development; and if all who have an opportunity to do so, would give their attention to the subject, we would soon have a full history, not only of the structure and color of insects, but also of their habits, time of development, &c.

For a highly interesting account of another species of this genus, I would refer the reader to the Sixth London Edition of an Introduction to Entomology, by Messrs. KIRBY & SPENCE, (Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1846,) page 285, where an account is given of the *Megachile papaveris*, which decorates its cells with the petals of the wild poppy, delighting in the brilliant scarlet color, instead of the more sober green, as described by REAUMUR.

J. STAUFFER.

Lancaster, Pa., January, 1860.

AGRICULTURAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—On account of some efforts, recently, to obtain subscribers to the RURAL, I have been led to reflect upon the necessity for agricultural improvement, and the class of persons through which it must be principally wrought.

Although agricultural, and other reading, must be continually increasing among the rural population, there is yet a want of taste for general, and a pretended abhorence for agricultural, reading, that is surprising. Some seem to regard agricultural papers with suspicion, as though an attempt was being made to thrust upon them propositions, and reforms, which they *must* adopt without being allowed to exercise their own thoughts and judgment. Instead of regarding them as a medium through which the various persons engaged in Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may speak, for each other's hearing and benefit, they look upon them as containing rules and instructions which must be followed wholesale, if they have reason to *expect* any benefit.

Of course it is useless to write and publish for those who *wont* read; yet these are the persons, it is scarcely necessary to say, that are most in need of *some* stimulus to improvement. But reading, thinking farmers can communicate with each other; and if the benefit to be derived therefrom manifests itself by *visible* proof, it certainly must exert a salutary influence upon the non-reading and non-thinking portion; for even among these there are many who have a disposition to excel, in some things; and if they can be incited to *begin*, the work of agricultural improvement will go on, and attain to excellence.

I am compelled to think that the "native talent" that exists in many farmers' families, is too often enticed to other fields of exercise that,—particularly to the mind of a youth,—appear more congenial and profitable. Independent-minded youths, that are disposed to answer their own questions, are not long in coming to the conclusion that

there is very little about the homes of many, if not a majority, of the farmers to admire, and a vast deal to dislike. Dwellings that never saw paint,—rail fences in front of the house,—piles of rubbish, here and there,—old, worn-out tools beside the road, in front of the house, and other places, in sight, and to be walked over,—gates off the hinges, barn doors the same, and other things "too numerous to mention" generally out of order, and combining to form an appearance of general disorder,—are not apt to create thoughts in the mind of a youth that there, above all places, he can imagine is a spot to admire and dwell upon. I speak of this as being the general appearance of not a few of the farmers' homes in many parts of the country through which I am acquainted—although there are a few gratifying instances, even here, in which these features are not observable, and occasionally a whole neighborhood that forms an exception.

Whatever can be done to entice a fair share of the farmers' *thinking* youths to adopt, and practice, the vocation of their fathers, will, in the course of time, prove profitable in the cause of improvement. Attempts to *make* farmers of intelligent, ambitious boys, against their choice, are generally fruitless; and those that labor on land because their fathers have, or because they are too stupid to *choose* a calling, do no good in the way of improvement. Farmers who have reason to expect their sons will *choose* farming as an occupation, will furnish to their view evidence that it is worthy their attention.

Some effort among farmers is needed that shall give to their business a more attractive and commendable appearance. To contribute to this end, more attention should be paid to the orderly and systematic arrangement of farms and farm buildings,—which is consistent with the plainest economy,—also to the convenience and adornment of dwellings; not forgetting the importance of proportioning the extent to the means. Limited outlay and tasteful arrangement will go further in making a rural home inviting, than large and careless expenditure.

A worthy model farming establishment, where everything is made to answer its purpose to the fullest extent,—consistent with circumstances,—a place provided for everything that needs a place,—the thorough practice of a system that bears harmony with the general arrangement,—where the practical shall approach somewhat the ideal,—is a place that I have never seen, yet I believe the idea could be realized. Suppose it were. The influence that such a pattern would shed abroad, would be something of a power. In this, practical and ocular demonstration is more valuable than philosophical. If we expect and wish farming to commend *itself* to those in whose hands we must ultimately leave it, should we not strive to have our practice approach, as near as is possible, and economical, the ideal?

Pavilion, N. Y., 1860. J. W. CHADDOCK.

GRAIN vs. HAY, STRAW, &c.

YOUR correspondent, H. WHITTEMORE, writes a good article on Grain vs. Hay, Straw, &c., showing from JOHNSTON'S tables the analysis of grain, hay, straw, and other vegetable products of the farm; from which formula he arrives at the conclusion that, as Indian corn contains 70 per cent. of starch, gum and sugar, and 5 to 9 of fatty matter, while meadow hay contains only 40 parts of starch, gum and sugar, and but 2 to 5 of fatty matter, that corn must be much more profitable as food for animals, according to its cost, than hay. So far from this, I apprehend that the result of JOHNSTON'S analysis, properly considered, only shows that while corn is richer in some of the elements of nutrition, it is deficient in that available carbon contained in hay and straw; and as about one-third of the food eaten is required to support respiration and animal heat, the woody fibre of hay and straw performs this office more cheaply than it could be done by an increased ration of corn. A horse might be well kept on oats alone, but it would be unprofitable, because, to obtain sufficient available carbon to keep up heat, he must eat more oats than would be necessary to support nutrition—thus wasting much, not only of the starch and sugar of the grain, but the ingredients of nitrogen also.

But there can be no doubt that it is good economy to feed corn, or other cereal food, with hay and straw. When hay is dear, feed less of it, and more grain; and if straw is substituted for hay, still more grain should be fed with it, to compensate for its poverty in gluten, albumen, &c. But to show that the nutriment in grain does not depend on the least woody fibre, or the most starch and sugar it contains, rice has 5 per cent. more of the latter ingredients and less of the former than any other cereal, and of all others it is the least nutritious, as it contains little fatty matter, and less gluten and albumen than any other grain.—Beans and peas being so much richer in gluten than corn, should be a great boon to those regions where it is too cold for corn, as a less quantity fed with hay or straw would suffice animal nutrition. Bean or pea meal would undoubtedly be a good substitute for oil meal for milk cows, as they are alike rich in nitrogen.

One word more as to Prof. JOHNSTON'S analysis of hay. He gives meadow hay (probably timothy) the same amount of water, the same starch, gum and sugar, with 5 per cent. more woody fibre, and two per cent. less gluten, albumen, &c., than to clover hay. This clearly makes out clover hay to be more nutritious than meadow hay. But probably the meadow hay analyzed was either late cut or badly cured, and the clover was cut and cured with all its juices intact. Yet there are many farmers, even in this progressive age, who will stoutly contend that timothy hay, cut after the seed is ripe, is in its most nutritious state. If so, chemistry is at fault. *

A SORGHUM EXPERIENCE.—Let me give you my experience with Sorghum the last year. I planted seven-eights of an acre, from which I cut nine large two-horse wagon loads of cane, after the leaves and tops were taken off. From this there were made 150 gallons of good syrup.—H. G. J., *Mechanicsburg, Ohio*, 1860.

TRANSCRIPT OF A BUILDER'S FARM BOOK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As there is much being said, "these days," about small farms, and their comparative profits, I thought perhaps a transcript of my Farm Book for the year ending January 1st, 1860, might not be altogether uninteresting to some of my "half-brother farmers," for this is as near relationship as I can claim at present. I, therefore, place it at your disposal.

	Dr.
To man's wages 1 year	$150 00
Paid for extra help	100 00
Clover seed	23 00
Manure	10 00
Ware and tear of tools	10 00
Interest on 53 acres, total number in the farm, at 90 cents per acre	332 20
Taxes	39 10
Total	$666 00
	Cr.
By 300 bushels rye @65c	$196 00
98 bush. barley @66c	64 00
300 bush. potatoes @38c	114 00
700 bush. corn (ears) @38c	266 00
40 bush. apples @25c	10 00
14 tuns corn stalks @$4	56 00
4 tuns hay @$10	40 00
Pigs and pork	75 00
Calves and growth of young Cattle	50 00
Lambs and wool	50 00
Milk and butter of 3 cows	50 00
Work done off the farm by team	140 00
Total	$1,111 00
	666 00
Net balance in favor of the farm	$445 00

It is but justice to the farm to say that I have not given it credit for the various articles of *substantials* and luxuries usually produced by a farm of its size, and used by a family of eleven persons, (milk and butter excepted,) and that I have grain and coarse fodder not credited above, sufficient to winter seven head of horn cattle, thirty sheep and a span of horses. And further, I am a builder, and have not been able to give the farm any further attention than to offer such general directions as my limited knowledge of Agriculture might suggest, on returning from—or leaving for—my more appropriate (if not more important,) calling.

C. V. BUSH.

"Prospect Hill," Penn Yan, Yates Co., N. Y., 1860.

REMARKS.—If a mechanic, who gives little attention to his farm, and "works it" by proxy, can show such a profit as above, what could an industrious, intelligent and progressive cultivator and manager of his own acres accomplish? We need not answer the question.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Advice to Young Farmers.

A RECENT issue of the *New Hampshire Farmer* contains the following paragraph for the special benefit of "Young America" upon the farm:—"Let our young farmers throw their novels to the dogs, and fill their own heads with *facts*. Let them get up village lyceums, debating societies, agricultural meetings, anything adapted to the locality, and encourage the latent talent in the place, to show itself. There is no reason why a farmer should not be a well informed man, and be able to speak or write in such a manner as to demand attention. He has, or might have, more leisure time than men in other professions, and instead of sitting down and complaining that the government is administered for the benefit of the idle at the expense of the worker, and that he does not get his share of the offices, let him *fit himself* for the performance of legislative duties. An intelligent farmer, who is able to draw his own conclusions, and form his own opinions, and give his reasons for them, in a clear, concise and logical manner, will have more influence in any legislature ever assembled in the State, than any lawyer, because it is generally believed to be the peculiar art of a lawyer to 'make the worse appear the better cause.'"

Barn Cellars—Under-Ground Stables.

THESE subjects were discussed by the Farmers' Club of West Cornwall, Conn., lately, and the conclusion arrived at we find reported in the *Homestead*, as follows:—"All the Club were agreed upon the value of such a place for depositing manure, where it may be composted and ferment, even during extreme weather.

It was the universal opinion of all who had tried it, that hay kept perfectly well in a deep bay, going below the surface, if it was well drained so that water would not rise. It should be well cured, and then it will preserve its color and fragrance better than upon open mows or scaffolds.

There was a division of opinion upon the point whether horses and cattle did as well, kept in under-ground apartments. The truth appears to be, that with proper light, ventilation and cleanliness, there is no better stabling; but if the animals wallow in filth, or a reeking dung-heap occupies half the stable, and ventilation is only secured by doors sometimes open and producing currents of air, the natural consequence will be coughs and colds, and other diseases resulting from impure air and sudden changes of temperature."

Big Crop of Potatoes.

WM. SCOTT, of Franklin Co., Ohio, relates, in the *Ohio Cultivator*, his experience and success in raising potatoes, last season, as follows:—"The ground cultivated was two years from the primitive forest, the first two crops were corn. We broke it up well on the second of May, then spread a good coating of partly rotted wheat straw, and about the 25th of May we plowed the ground over again, and harrowed well, and on the 26th and 27th we planted 3½ bushels of potatoes, of about equal parts Mercers and Long Johns, (separate, of course,) on thirty-six rods of ground. About the 20th of June, when the tops were about four inches high, we gave them one dressing with a one-horse harrow, and in about three days we gave them one dressing with a shovel-plow, three times in a row, and dressed up with a hoe, and that was all the working they got. We lifted the potatoes on the 26th and 27th of October, and from the enormous size of the pile, I was induced to measure them, when I found I had 52 bushels of Long Johns and 34 of Mercers, making 86 bushels, harvested from 4 rods less than one-fourth of an acre, which gives an average of 384 bushels per acre. We took from one row 4 potatoes that weighed 9 pounds, and 2 from another that weighed 5 pounds,—aggregate weight of 6 potatoes, 14 pounds. If anybody has gone ahead of this, last season, let us hear from them and their success."

Sheep and Dogs.

MR. POWERS, of the *Wisconsin Farmer*, after publishing the statement that, in only eleven of the nearly one hundred counties of the State of Ohio, the Assessors return over 7,000 sheep killed and nearly 8,000 injured, in the year 1858, by dogs, at a cost to the owners of over $25,000, says:—"Is it not a shame and disgrace that the United States, with all its various and unequaled facilities for wool-growing, should, through its love of dogs and hydrophobia, buy some twenty to thirty millions of pounds of wool from foreign countries, because its farmers dare not and cannot safely keep sheep?

We have sold our last sheep this fall, and a fine flock at that, and for a low price, because we dare not keep them, through fear of dogs. That many others are abandoning the business within the range of our acquaintance for the same reason we know. How long shall this condition of things last?"

"English Dairy Cheese."

THE editor of the *Country Gentleman* states that he has used in his family for many years what is known as "English Dairy Cheese," from the dairies of Litchfield Co., Conn., and the Western Reserve, Ohio, some of which has been of very fine quality; but a gentleman of this State, who has been engaged for several years in making it, last week presented one of 254 manufactured by him in 1858, of an average weight of 17 lbs., which is superior to any cheese he ever tasted; and that others appreciate its good qualities, there is evidence in the fact that the entire lot he made that year was sold to a dealer in New York, at nineteen cents per pound.

Inquiries and Answers.

DOG POWER.—Will some correspondent give through the RURAL a first-rate plan for a dog or sheep power. Should like to have it simple in its construction and cheap—also capable of doing the churning for 25 cows.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Lewis Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

SUBSOIL PLOWS.—Will some one give us in the RURAL a description of a good subsoil plow, which one team can easily handle? Perhaps Mr. A. B. DICKINSON will tell us again how to make a small one on *his plan*. We very much need a good subsoil plow to loosen the subsoil from five to eight inches deeper than we ordinarily plow, but I have never seen one that worked well yet. Have any of the readers of the RURAL used "Mapes' Steel Subsoil Plow," and what of it?—G. P. LINSLEY, *Millville, Orleans Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

TO CURE RINGBONE.—Some time since, one of your correspondents inquired for a remedy for Ringbone. I have succeeded in removing the lameness, in a case where all other remedies failed, by a free use of oil of spike, well rubbed in with the hand, three times a day, for one or two weeks.—M. L. B.

CLOVER IN AN ORCHARD.—Will sowing clover in an orchard injure the apple trees? The trees are old and past their prime.—S. N. B.

SOWING clover in an orchard, after the trees become established, say six or eight years planted, does not seem to injure them; indeed it may be useful sometimes in checking the growth and inducing fruitfulness. Whenever the trees appear to be making a very small growth, or becoming stunted, the clover should be broken up, and this will furnish a tolerable manuring.

STABLE FLOORS FOR HORSES.—In the issue of the RURAL NEW-YORKER for January 21, I notice a communication from G. M. REYNOLDS, of Corning, relative to stabling cattle on ground floors, in which I fully concur. I wish to inquire of you, or of your correspondents, what is the general experience in keeping horses in the manner recommended by Mr. REYNOLDS for keeping cattle. Any information relating to the subject, will be thankfully received by at least one—SUBSCRIBER, *Union City, Mich., Feb. 2*, 1860.

WILL not those among our readers who have tested the matter, respond to "Subscriber's" query?

SAVE THE SHEEP.—In the issue of the RURAL for January 28, Mr. WM. H. CHAFFEE asks how he shall save his sheep. The ditch, he says, is 5 feet wide and 3 feet deep. I would advise friend CHAFFEE to fence the ditch with boards, say two boards high, with posts driven in the ground at suitable distances,—the lumber here being so cheap that a few of the sheep saved would pay, as I know they are of the first quality. Lumber here can be had for that purpose for $6 per M. With such a fence, and suitable crossings, your sheep will not trouble your ditch.—R. HAVILAND, *Byron, Shiawasse Co., Mich.*, 1860.

PRODUCTION OF RAIN.—I would like to inquire, through the instructive columns of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, the cause of an east or south wind blowing up a storm, and why the west and northwest winds produce fair weather. This has been a subject of some thought for me, and as I am not able to arrive at any definite conclusion, would be obliged if some one would enlighten me on this subject.—A FARMER, *Schuyler's Lake, N. Y.*, 1860.

THE vapor in the atmosphere, which is invisible, passes into a cooler atmosphere, and is changed to cloud. If the cold increases, the cloud becomes water, and falls in rain. A south wind blows the warmer vapor towards a colder atmosphere, which is blowing from the west, for this west wind is found nearly constant over a wide belt in our country, up a mile or two high. Thus warmer and colder strata of vapor are mingled, till the rain falls; the west wind is the stronger, and bears the raining part of the atmosphere towards the east. We see thunder showers formed in this way always over the United States. Two strata of vapor are mingled, and we can see the shower move eastward. The south or southeast wind brings the warm vapor, and the cold west current ever condenses the vapor into falling water, and drives it eastward. This is a brief statement of the facts.

A GRADUAL BUT SURE INCREASE.—At almost every post-office where the RURAL was ever before taken, we have this year very gratifying accessions. Indeed, in most places the increase has been constant for several years. For example, Mr. H. W. DONNELLY, of Gilley's Station, Mich.,—in a letter directing as to the forwarding his gratuity—writes us as follows:—"Gratuities, &c., are a source of gratification to the recipient; but to me the greatest is to look over my lists of subscribers to the RURAL for the last four years. The first introduction of the RURAL into this office, commenced with 10 copies; and after a lapse of only four years it now (in 1860) numbers 65 copies, and is still on the increase. It is the leading weekly now in this office. The RURAL *will* increase in subscribers with a little effort from its friends. Long live the RURAL!"

Agricultural Societies.

N. Y. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of this Society was held in Albany, last week. The Society having been called to order by the President, Hon. A. B. CONGER, Mr. Treasurer TUCKER read his annual report, of which the following is a brief abstract:

Receipts—

Amount on hand at the last annual meeting of the Society	$2,650 93
From Albany Local Committee	1,200 00
State Appropriation for Dr. Fitch	1,000 00
State Appropriation for Society	700 00
From State Fair	18,111 33
Making, with other receipts, a total of	24,410 26

Expenditures—

Salaries, traveling expenses, &c., (including Dr. Fitch's salary	$3,779 71
State Fair expenses	5,969 84
Premiums paid at last State Fair	6,115 20
Premiums on Winter Meeting	691 00
Premiums awarded at previous Fairs	547 14
Various smaller amounts for sundries	
Cash on deposit	5,636 97

This last sum will be somewhat reduced when some unliquidated claims of the Albany Local Committee are settled.

Mr. Secretary JOHNSON submitted his annual report. An appropriate report and resolutions were adopted commemorative of the death of Messrs. KIRTLAND, TURRILL and VAN BERGEN, former prominent and highly esteemed members and officers of the Society.

The usual Committee of twenty-four was appointed to nominate officers and designate the place for holding the next Annual Fair. The Committee subsequently reported ELMIRA as the place for holding the Fair, and the following as officers for the ensuing year—which report was adopted:

President—BENJAMIN F. HUNTINGTON, of Rome, Oneida county.

Vice-Presidents—1st District, John Jay, of Westchester county; 2d, Charles S. Wainwright, of Dutchess; 3d, Herman Wendell, of Albany; 4th, Calvin J. Hurlburt, of St. Lawrence; 5th, John Butterfield, of Oneida; 6th, Francis M. Rotch, of Otsego; 7th, James O. Sheldon, of Ontario; 8th, T. C. Peters, of Genesee.

Cor. Secretary—R. P. Johnson, of Albany.

Rec. Secretary—Erastus Corning, Jr., of Albany.

Treasurer—Luther H. Tucker, of Albany.

Executive Committee—Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Steuben; L. Chandler Hall, of Rensselaer; Charles P. Wood, of Cayuga; Ezra P. Correll, of Tompkins; and Samuel P. Thorn, of Dutchess.

Addresses were delivered on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and an Exhibition of Grain, Seeds, Winter Fruit, &c., had on Thursday. Our Horticultural editor, who was present, furnishes a letter (see next page) relative to the display of Fruit, and one of the lectures.

PREMIUMS were awarded as follows:

ON FARMS, DRAINING; &C.

Grain Farm—First premium, Lewis Sherrill, Greenville, Greene Co., $50.

Dairy Farm—First premium, Hiram Mills, Martinsburgh, Lewis Co., $50.

Draining—Best experiment, W. T. & E. Smith, Geneva, (83 acres) $20. T. C. Maxwell & Bro., Geneva, special premium, (30 acres) S. Medal.

Fertilizers for Indian Corn—W. P. Ottley, Phelps, Ontario Co., $50.

Irrigation of Land—C. S. Kiersted, Kingston, Ulster Co., $20.

Prepared Grasses and Herbage—Mrs. J. T. Vannamee, Pittstown, Rensselaer Co., (97 varieties) $15.

Grain and Seeds—Mrs. Henry Wier, Johnsonville, Rens. Co., 35 varieties Grain and Seed bottled, and 17 do. in stalk, $10.

FIELD CROPS.

Best crop of Spring Wheat, C. W. Eels, Westmoreland, 68 48-60 bush., two acres, $15. Best crop Spring Barley, Hiram Mills, Martinsburgh, 122 9-48 bush., two acres, 15. Best crop Rye, C. L. Kiersted, Kingston, 302 bushels, 8 35-100 acres, 15. Best crop Oats, C. L. Kiersted, 213 bushels on two acres, 15; 2d, W. H. Slingerland, Albany Co., 618½ bush., 6¾ acres, 10. Best crop Buckwheat, C. L. Kiersted, 35½ bush., one acre, 8.

Discretionary—Corn in the Ear, W. C. Deforest, Rensselaer Co., Trans.; Same, W. P. Ottley, Ontario Co., Trans. Samuel Cheever, Waterford, 26 varieties of Potatoes, raised from seed furnished by C. A. Goodrich, Utica, the fifth year from planting, special premium recommended. B. P. Huntington, Rome, exhibited nine varieties of Potatoes. Trans. W. P. Ottley, some fine specimens of Chilian Potatoes. Trans. D. A. Buckley, Williamstown, five samples of early and late Potatoes, Trans. Wm. A. Gurner, Watertown, Carrots, Trans.

GRAINS AND SEEDS.

Winter Wheat, Oliver J. Tilson, New Paltz, 60 lbs., $8. Spring Wheat, best, C. W. Eels, 63 lbs., 3; 2d, W. P. Coonradt, Brunswick, Rens. Co., 62 lbs., 2; 3d, A. E. Van Allen, East Greenbush, 62 lbs., 1. Rye, best, O. J. Tillson, New Paltz, 59 lbs., 3; 2d, E. W. Bushnell, Hillsdale, 58 lbs., 2; 3d, W. P. Coonradt, 56 lbs., 1. Barley, 2-rowed, best, H. Mills, Martinsburgh, 50 lbs., 3; 2d, Norman Gowdy, Lowville, 49 lbs., 2. Oats, best, C. W. Eels, Westmoreland, 42 lbs., 3; 2d, George Cary, Bethlehem, 42 lbs., 2; 3d, Henry Wier, Johnsville, 40 lbs., 1. Corn, yellow, best, E. S. Elting, New Paltz, 61 lbs., 3; 2d, Wm. Newcomb, Rensselaer Co., 59 lbs., 2; 3d, W. P. Coonradt, Rensselaer Co., 57 lbs., 1. Corn, white, best, Henry Wier, 58 lbs., 3. Peas, best, Henry Smith, Lowville, 62 lbs., 3; 2d, Norman Gowdy, 61 lbs., 2; 3d, E. W. Bushnell, Hillsdale, Col. Co., 62 lbs., 1. Beans, white, best, W. P. Coonradt, 64 lbs., 3; 2d, O. Howland, Auburn, 63 lbs., 2; 3d, Henry Wier, 61 lbs., 1. Flax Seed, best, Henry Wier, (red-flax,) 53 lbs., 3; 2d, Henry Wier, (white,) 52 lbs., 2; 3d, Wm. Newcomb, (red,) 50 lbs., 1. Buckwheat, best, O. J. Tillson, New Paltz, 52 lbs., 3; 2d, Wm. P. Coonradt, 52 lbs., 2; 3d, A. E. Van Allen, East Greenbush, 51 lbs., 1.

FRUIT.

Pears, best collection, Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, Medal; 2d, E. Dorr, Albany, Medal. Apples, best 20 varieties, Ellwanger & Barry, Dip. and $4; 10 do., W. H. Slingerland, Dip. and $3; 2d, W. P. Ottley, copy of Barry; best dish, H. C. Defreest, Rensselaer Co., Medal; 2d, Cornelius Chase, Columbia Co., Vol. of Trans. Grapes, best Isabella and Catawba, R. P. Wiles, Albany, Vol. of Thomas.

WINES.

Best Isabella, Dr. V. F. Presberry, Buffalo, copy Downing. Currant, Ellwanger & Barry, copy Downing. Elderberry, A. F. Chatfield, Albany, copy Downing. Pure Cider, O. Howland, Auburn, copy Thomas. Maple Molasses, Hiram Mills, Lowville, Vol. of Trans. Pressed Strawberries, Ph. Myers, Bethlehem, Thomas.

BUTTER.

Best 3 tubs, Elisha Crofoot, Turin, Lewis Co., $15; 2d, Hiram Mills, 10; 3d, F. B. Rugg, Leyden, Lewis Co., 5; 4th, Mrs. P. Lathy, Phelps, Ontario Co., Trans.

Best Three Tubs made in June, August and November—Best, F. B. Rugg, $15; 2d, Elisha Crofoot, 10; 3d, S. S. French, Warren, Herkimer Co., Trans.

Winter Butter—Best sample, R. H. Wands, College, from Ovid, Seneca Co., $5; 2d, Sanford Coe, Constableville, Lewis Co., 3; 3d, N. Gowdy, Trans.

Discretionary—Mrs. James Winchell, for the best specimen of Butter from Hamilton Co., ——. Miss Jane E. Mills, Martinsburgh, Lewis Co., handsome specimen of Butter, ——.

CHEESE.

Best 3 Cheese, Norman Gowdy, $15; 2d, E. F. Carter, Le Roy, Jefferson Co., 10; 3d, Hiram Mills, 15; 4th, Theron Van Auken, Phelps, Ontario Co., Trans.

Discretionary—R. H. Wands, New York Ag. College Farm, Ovid, $5.

MISCELLANEOUS.

T. A. Jebb, Buffalo, Patent Telegraph Churn, manufactured by B. D. Gilbert, Buffalo, Dip. Wm. Richardson, Albany, fat Hog, 529 lbs., ——. W. P. Ottley, very fine Poultry, S. S. M. O. Howland, Auburn, Poultry, Trans. Walter A. Wood, Hoosick Falls, Rensselaer Co., model Wood's Patent Mower, ——. S. E. & M. P. Jackson, Boonville, Oneida Co., model of Mowing Machine, with improvements on side draft, ——. T. E. Van Zandt, Albany, painting of Bull "Neptune," owned by Hurst, Bullock & Slingerland, Dip.

TOMPKINS CO. AG. SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*—A. B. BENHAM, Dryden. *Vice-Presidents*—N. Crittenden, Ithaca; Levi C. Beers, Danby; H. Lampkins, Dryden; H. D. Blakeslee, Newfield; H. Brown, Enfield; Johnson Quick, Caroline; Peter Dubois, Ulysses; Chandler Benson, Groton; J. N. Townley, Lansing. *Secretary*—Austin N. Hungerford, Ithaca. *Treasurer*—O. B. Curran, Ithaca.

ONTARIO CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The recent annual meeting of this Society was largely attended and the best spirit prevailed. It was resolved to pay the debt of the Society by voluntary subscription,—when $1,000 was at once subscribed, and town committees appointed to add to the amount. The following board of officers was elected for 1860: *President*—WILLIAM S. CLARK, Victor. *Vice-Presidents*—W. G. Donilson, Bristol; C. Edward Shepard, Canandaigua; Theo. Sprague, East Bloomfield; Lindley W. Smith, Farmington; John Robinson, Gorham; John H. Benham, Hopewell; Sandford G. Angevine, Manchester; Lester Sprague, Naples; David E. Hammond, Richmond; Wm. Johnson, Seneca; Shotwell Powell, South Bristol; Jared H. Boughton, Victor; Hiram Taft, West Bloomfield; Joshua Swan, Canadice. *Cor. Secretary*—Gideon Granger, Canandaigua. *Rec. Secretary*—John W. Holberton, Canandaigua. *Treasurer*—George Gorham, Canandaigua. [Mr. JAS. S. COOLEY was re-elected Treasurer, but declined serving—whereupon a resolution was adopted, cordially thanking Mr. C. "for his long and honest administration of the duties as Treasurer of the Society."]

MORAVIA AG. SOCIETY.—This Society, comprising several towns in Cayuga Co., has elected the following board of officers for 1860: *President*—G. L. MEAD. *Vice-Presidents*—G. Stowell, Summer Hill; Alvin Freeman, Scipio; Hyatt Tiff, Venice; Lucius Fitts, Sempronius; E. Greenfield, Moravia; Dwight Cheney, E. Niles; H. Lockwood, W. Niles; Ashbel Avery, Genoa; Parker Booth, W. Green, Locke; T. Gould, Ledyard; J. B. Cuykendall, Owasco. *Secretary*—John L. Parker, *Treasurer*—H. H. Tuthill.

UNION AG. SOCIETY (JEFFERSON CO.)—The following are the officers elect for the ensuing year: *President*—A. D. STANLEY, Adams. *Vice-Presidents*—C. S. Gage of Rodman, and Sardis Abbey of Lorraine. *Secretary*—R. H. Huntington, Adams. *Treasurer*—T. V. Maxon, Adams. *Directors* (for three years)—G. A. Fox of Lorraine, and Hugh Heuslis of Rodman.

LODI AG. SOCIETY, (Seneca Co.)—Officers for 1860: *President*—STEPHEN B. SMITH. *Vice-President*—E. Van Vleet. *Secretary*—James Van Horn. *Treasurer*—A. Woodworth. *Directors*—Stephen V. Minor and David Mc Nair.

Agricultural Miscellany.

WHO'LL BE PRESIDENT?—Though we can't answer this question, we will publicly express a private opinion, and that is this—The "salvation of the Union," and welfare of the People, don't altogether depend upon the election of a President of this or that political stripe, or geographical location. The politicians and party organs are beginning to play high-keyed tunes, and preparing for a great time generally, but we advise our friends all over and around the Union to keep quiet and take things calmly. Don't get unnecessarily excited or alarmed at anything which may appear in the political horizon from now to the "ides of November." It's a repetition of the old scenes—enacted, with variations, every four years. Each party will predict the ruin of the county, the rending of this glorious Union in twain, and all that sort of thing, unless *it* succeeds. A few women and children will become frightened, and a good many men get excited and act like ninnies. Now, we repeat, "keep cool." It's our solemn conviction, seriously expressed, that whoever may be elected President, or whichever party triumphs, (exclaiming, "to the victors belong the spoils,") the "perpetuity of the Union"—we think that is the statesman-like phrase—and prosperity of the People, depend somewhat on growing corn and other crops abundantly. We may be mistaken, but firmly believe that those who cultivate the earth most advantageously and successfully during this A. D. 1860, will not only do considerable toward "saving the nation," but also find the business profitable.

—People who are *very* anxious to learn our political sentiments are advised that the above is the RURAL'S "platform," to each plank of which we purpose to adhere to "the bitter end"—pledging, in the language of politicians who proclaim great principles in strong resolutions, "our efforts, reputation, sacred honor," &c.

NEW KINDS OF WHEAT.—A writer in a French journal—the *Independence Belge*—justly satirizes the way in which the productiveness of new kinds of grain is estimated. We commend his remarks to fancy cultivators, and especially those who claim to have "new, very rare and valuable" seeds of any kind, which they wish to distribute—for a consideration. He says:—"When a man buys a new kind of wheat at its weight in gold, it is quite natural that he should take the greatest care in the preparation of the soil in which he plants it. He selects the best spot of ground he has, with the best exposure, and watches it continually after it has come up. Let a weed start near the dear grain; it is immediately pulled up, which gives a very beneficial cultivation to the plant. And when the grain is ripe, the heads are cut off with scissors while they are moist, so that not a kernel shall be lost; they are placed in a handkerchief, and the threshing is done on a parlor table, by rubbing them in the hands. So then, the crop being weighed and measured, a calculation is made that if a surface as large as a pocket handkerchief gives such a yield, a large field—say an acre—would give so much. Then the calculator goes on to estimate the increase over the present production of wheat in France, were this kind of wheat sown instead."

COMFORTS FOR CATTLE—*A Hint to Graziers.*—It is recorded that SIDNEY SMITH, the celebrated English wit and divine, was something of a farmer—that he used to visit his cattle daily, and feed and pat them, until they knew his voice and welcomed his coming. He used to do all in his power to make them comfortable. He has been heard to say:—"I am for all cheap luxuries, even for animals: now all animals have a passion for scratching their backbones—they break down your gates and paling to effect this. Look! this is my universal scratcher, a sharp-edged pole, resting on a high and low post, adapted to every height, from a horse to a lamb. Even the Edinburgh Reviewer can take his turn; you have no idea how popular it is. I have not had a gate broken since I put it up. I have it in all my fields."

PREMIUM CATTLE.—A pair of premium steers, purchased of JAS. WADSWORTH, of Livingston county, for this market, were exhibited here a few days ago and subsequently slaughtered. They were four years old, and their live weight four thousand one hundred and forty-five pounds. A pair of fat cattle, eight years old, raised by HENRY GALENTINE, of Greece, and brought to this market last week, attracted considerable attention. Their live weight was 4,065 pounds. They were fine animals—of about equal size, weight, color and form.

THE "RURAL" PROGRESSING.—Many of our agent-friends, having reached the number of subscribers to this volume which they first aimed at, now set their marks higher. For instance, Mr. BARTHOLOMEW, of Chautauqua, who wrote us, a few weeks ago, that he intended to obtain 100 subscribers, has reached that number, and now puts the mark at 160. Many who commenced for a club of 20 only, have already obtained from 40 to 50 subscribers, and are still adding to their lists. Go on, kind friends! Our books are not yet full, and when they are, we can make additions as well as you.

N. Y. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Horticultural Side.

The show of fruits at Albany, last week, was unusually small, and the collection is never large. It is strange that the farmers who attend this meeting, if they grow decent apples, don't bring them for exhibition. Ellwanger & Barry made a fine display with winter pears,—about 50 varieties,—and these were the most attractive part of the Exhibition. Beside this collection, there were only a dish or two of pears. The same gentlemen exhibited about the same number of apples. There were several other small collections of apples,—probably fifty or sixty plates in all. Some one — Judge Cheever, we believe,— made an interesting display of well-grown potatoes, the most striking feature of which were some 26 varieties of Goodriche's Seedlings. A few specimens of native wine and preserved fruits, made up the meagre collection of horticultural products, which, but for the one lot named, would have been poor enough.

On Wednesday evening, Dr. Fitch, the well-known Entomologist, delivered a Lecture on the *Curculio* and the *Black Knot* on Plum and Cherry Trees. When this Lecture was announced, we had some faint hopes that we would derive from it valuable information that would enable us to save our plums without so much trouble as their preservation now costs. We expressed this hope to some of our Pomological friends, who only looked, without expressing their doubts. Perhaps they thought they knew as much about the curculio as the Doctor.

Mr. Fitch said the curculio had been in his thoughts, and had occupied much of his time, the past year. He considered it the most destructive insect we have in our country. The wheat midge had done more injury the few past years, but he thought its parasite would master it. The curculio, unlike other injurious insects, was a native of the country. It had been known for one hundred years, and yet its ravages had not been checked. We had evidence, from Bartram and others, that in 1806 it destroyed the nectarines around Philadelphia, but did not injure the plums. It afterward attacked the plums, and finally cherries, apples and pears. All the Agricultural Journals contain articles describing this insect and its habits; and yet it is not generally known where it keeps itself three-fourths of the year. It is known that the insect deposits an egg in the young fruit, which falls, and the maggot makes its way into the ground, and in three weeks it is ready to come out a perfect beetle. But what becomes of it until the next June, was a very important question. The Doctor was of opinion, from his own observations, that what was known of the curculio was only a small part of its history, and that if there was no young fruit it would not be discommoded, but would live on and prosper. They are found upon the plum, cherry, thorn, apple and butternut. Those upon the butternut are larger than those upon other trees, showing that this tree is congenial to them. They are plenty until autumn, at which time they may be found in great numbers upon the golden rod. They generally appear three weeks before there is any young fruit in which they can deposit their eggs. Some of them appear to be epicures, and choose the best fruit, while others, from choice or necessity, are content with the apple and other more common fruits. The non-productiveness of apple orchards was chargeable to the curculio.

The Doctor combated the idea of Harris, that the curculio that appears in the spring is the late crop that has remained dormant in the ground from the July previous, as he thinks the heat of August would certainly mature them. He believes they are hatched in due time, and in the absence of fruit in proper condition for their use, deposit their eggs in the under bark of the apple, pear, butternut, &c., and in the black knot excrescences on the plum and the cherry limbs. Mr. Langworthy, of Rochester, sent him some apple bark, on which was plainly visible the crescent mark of the curculio. It was also plainly seen on the butternut bark. The thorn apple, falling from the bush in early winter, often contains the egg of the curculio. These remain dormant until the warm weather of spring, as doubtless do those that are laid in the bark late in the season. Many of the matured beetles, no doubt, shelter themselves for the winter in crevices of the bark and other snug places, where they remain dormant.

The *black knot* was a disease analagous to cancer in the human system, yielding only to similar severe treatment.

The Doctor summed up the subject by stating that there were three generations of the curculio during the season. The earliest, no doubt, deposite their eggs in the tender bark of the young shoots before the fruit appeared. Many of the last crop were overtaken with the cold and sought shelter in the crevices of the bark. Some of the worms had entered the ground so late as to remain dormant until hatched by spring warmth, while others doubtless remain in the bark of trees in the larva state.

No parasite had been found to prey upon this insect until within a few months. D. W. Beadle, of St. Catharines, sent him some flies which he supposed caused the black-knot. On examining these, he found them to be a curculio parasite — a black, ichneumon fly, with yellow legs and a bristle-like sting, with which it deposits an egg in the curculio worm.

Of the remedies for this insect, Mr. Fitch had nothing new to offer. He spoke of shaking the trees, but not with much confidence, as he said it sometimes failed, and the process bruised the bark and injured the tree. If the Doctor had more experience he would not talk so. Another remedy which he appeared to favor, was a wash of whale-oil soap and tobacco water.

The next day we heard the Doctor recommending plum growers to make troughs of water under their trees, as the cheapest and wisest way of saving their plums. If Mr. Fitch will obtain twenty-five plum trees, and take care of them for ten years, he will be able to talk much more wisely on this subject. Practice is the only balance-wheel for such men.

AMERICAN STRAWBERRIES IN ENGLAND.

It is unfortunate for us that few of the American Agricultural or Horticultural journals are read in England either by Horticulturists or Horticultural editors, while nurserymen's catalogues and the circulars of those who have anything *wonderful* to puff and sell seem to be sent over in abundance, and furnish our English brethren with all their horticultural knowledge of this country. The consequence is, that in most of the articles on American fruits in the English journals, we see allusions made only to these catalogues, and sometimes severe, and perhaps just criticisms. A better acquaintance with the horticultural literature of the country would give European Pomologists a more correct and more favorable opinion of American Horticulturists and fruits. The following article on *American Strawberries*, we take from the last number of the London *Florist and Fruitist*:

Are American Strawberries worth growing? is a question often asked of us, and doubtless it is a question likely to interest many of our readers, more especially now that the Strawberry is a fruit of especial notice, which is manifest by the number of seedlings continually coming before the public.

There are now a great many varieties of American origin, and we may suppose that nine-tenths are worthless, judging from those we have grown, such as Hovey's Seedling, Ross's Phœnix, &c., which are considered by all American Pomologists to be among the best in their collections. Now, those varieties are quite inferior to our class of Pine Strawberries, and Mr. Rivers, who is a good authority on the subject, having imported and proved a great many varieties of American fruit, says of the Strawberries, that they "do not seem to be adapted to our climate," and "the best of them is Hovey's Seedling, which grows most vigorously, but is a shy bearer, and of a brisk, agreeably flavor, but not at all rich." And Downing, in a work on American fruit, says, "that Hovey's Seedling is undoubtedly the finest of all varieties for this country, and is well known throughout all the States, and has everywhere proved superior for all general purposes to any other large fruited kind." Although we have not grown or heard of an extraordinary American Strawberry finding its way across the Atlantic, it is no reason why a good one should not some day come forth, that is, when they have passed through many stages of improvement like our own, for, in all probability, our original stock, from whence all our present excellent varieties sprang, were natives of America, viz., the Old Scarlet and Carolina.

The Americans admit that some of the European varieties are superior to their own in size and flavor; still they say, "it is impossible to cultivate them with success, and that every recommendation of these foreign hermaphrodites, as productive and valuable for market purposes, is a *gross imposition*." They are also termed *fancy* varieties, and Dr. Bayne, who is said to be a "highly intelligent cultivator," says, "all English varieties have proved with me *worthless trash*." Now, I think, we may return the compliment with a good grace; the only difference is, that we could grow the American varieties in this country perhaps better than they can themselves, only for this simple reason, that they are not worth growing in comparison with our own kinds.

It seems evident that the climate of the States is not well suited to the successful cultivation of the Strawberry, and that none of our fine European varieties thrive so well as their own inferior strain of seedlings, which are mostly of the Old Scarlet class, and which nearly every grower in this country has ceased to cultivate, to give place to other kinds of superior merit.

Lately, we have received a descriptive catalogue of American Strawberries grown by W. R. Prince & Co., of Long Island, N. Y., which enumerates 153 varieties, among which number, 63 named kinds, and said to be *splendid*, are their own seedlings, and sent out by themselves; now if all are as good as they are represented, we may suppose them to be the most successful raisers of Strawberries in the world; and in all, their catalogue contains 109 varieties of American origin, and mostly all the European kinds are rejected, among which are all *Myatts seedlings;* and, when we find that Nicholson's May Queen is described as of fine flavor, Omar Pacha very large and beautiful, and Sir C. Napier as a late kind, we cannot place much confidence in their display of judgment, or the correctness of the description of other kinds.

We have also before us a circular respecting a new Strawberry, named Downer's Prolific Seedling, from J. S. Downer, a nurseryman near Elkton, Todd county, Ky. This wonderful Strawberry is reported to be "ten times as productive as any of the 100 varieties cultivated in that vicinity, averaging 123 berries to each single plant, and of course, in size and flavor, equal to any other variety in cultivation, and not to be sent out till 25,000 plants are ordered;" so Mr. Downer intends, if possible, to be on the safe side, as it is coming out at a very high price, accompanied with a deal of *puff;* and all who may think fit to favor Mr. Downer with an order will have to pay about £7 for 100 plants.

We must leave our readers to judge for themselves whether it is all gospel that our American friends set forth; as for ourselves, we think no American variety would improve our present collection.

We are obliged to defer a fine illustration of the *White Grape Currant*, intended for this number, on account of the tardiness, for once, of our usually prompt engravers.

FRUIT GROWING IN WISCONSIN.

Dear Rural:—A young man (in Rural of January 7) wishes to gain some information in regard to Shawano Co., Wis.,—whether fruit will succeed there, &c. The south line of Shawano Co. is forty miles north of this city, (Oshkosh;) and as that county cannot be favorable to the growth of fruit that will not grow hereabouts, I will give him the benefit of nine years' experience in growing fruit here.

Peach trees grow very fast, and by covering in the winter can be kept in good order for three or four years; after that, as they are too large to cover, they will kill down in the winter, and sprout from the roots every spring for two or three years, and finally freeze out. Pears do not do well. They grow well in the summer, but the frequent freezing and thawing during our Wisconsin winters, crack the bark, and in three or four years kill the tree. That is my experience with pears.

Most kinds of apples do well, though I have lost several trees in the same way my pears were killed. The common red cherry bears profusely here, but the light cheek and dark cherry do not bear well and are short-lived. All kinds of plums do well; our winters do not seem to affect the plum. All but the hardiest kinds of grapes have to be covered in the winter. The vine bears profusely, but the grapes are not as large as the same kinds are in New York. The Clinton grape is not affected by the winters. The Isabella kills down about every fifth winter.

Small fruits, such as currants, gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries, succeed as well as could be desired. I grow the black raspberry, (taken from the woods near the lake,) and I have not failed of having a good crop but one year in seven; that year was an exceeding dry year. I have two varieties of red raspberries, and the yellow Antwerp. They all bear well.

One friend may not know that Shawano county is a *pine* county; and his eighty acres may be covered with a heavy growth of pine that will have to be cut off and sent down to this market, before he can commence farming. And whether it will be good farming land, when the pine is off, is a question that he can answer better by coming and looking up his "eighty."

Oshkosh, Wis., February, 1860. A. H. Raymond.

TO RENOVATE AN OLD APPLE ORCHARD.

In plain view of where I am now writing, is an old orchard of some sixty trees, which were planted more than forty years ago. The trees were allowed to follow the dictates of nature.—The ground has been plowed and cropped a few times, but most of the time it has lain in pasture, and no manure of any kind has ever been applied. Some twenty-five years ago, more than half the trees were grafted, mostly with winter fruit, but the branches of the old stock were suffered to remain, to the great damage of the grafted fruit. There still remained 24 trees which had never been grafted, and having fallen into other hands, the proprietor, in the spring of 1855, employed two young men to graft them with winter russets, which they accomplished in little more than one day. In four years' time, (Oct., 1859,) the owner gathered eighteen barrels of as handsome winter russets as I ever saw, beside what windfalls were devoured by cattle, hogs and horses. The good fruit he sold for $1 25 per barrel, (the barrels were furnished,) amounting to $22 50, which was sufficient to pay for the labor of grafting several times over, and I see not why these twenty-four trees, if well cared for, may not produce the same good fruit for forty years to come.

Axeman, spare that *old orchard!* Don't cut down a tree, unless it is dead or dying. Make new tops by grafting every prominent branch of an inch or more in thickness, with some good winter fruit. Prune away the natural branches; not all at once, but by degrees. Dig about them and dung them, and you will be astonished at the result. S. Pierson.

Le Roy, February, 1860.

FRUIT TREES AND THE WINTER.

The effects of the extreme cold upon the vitality of fruit trees, seems not yet to be fully realized. Whether it is the cold, or the sudden changes of heat and cold in winter, or the bleak winds of spring, and late frosts, that so much of late damage the trees, and what remedy or preventive can be applied, is still open to observation and experience. Last March, I had occasion to remove from a distance, to my garden, two pear trees, of my own planting and grafting some fourteen years since, and having set them out, I wound their main trunks with ropes of straw, as a protection from the heat of the sun in summer and of the cold in winter, during their acclimation. I trimmed them severely and anchored them firmly, and watched them closely during the summer and fall. One withstood the transplanting and its incidents well, and the other, though not doing as well, put forth foliage, and, up to the beginning of winter, appeared to be in living condition, with a fair prospect of surviving its transplantation. Since the cold weather of 16 degrees below zero, I examined them again. The first tree referred to that grew the best, is uninjured, but of the last, the whole limbs and top, down to the straw, is entirely dead, but under the straw it appears uninjured. *Query.*—If I had also wound with straw the main branches and limbs, would it have saved the whole tree? and if so, ought not the fact to be heeded? S. N. Holmes.

Syracuse, N. Y., Feb., 1860.

Fruit Prospects in Ohio.—The Ohio Farmer, of Feb. 24th, says:—"We have examined the peach buds in the vicinity of Cleveland, and do not find a single one hurt by the frost. If the weather should prove favorable, a good crop of all kinds of fruit may be expected. Cherries promise well; and plums, apricots, apples and pears, are covered with blossom buds, that are of course uninjured, and have not yet swollen much."

Horticultural Notes.

Fruits Received.—From Isaac C. Pierce, Chili, N. Y., a large coarse apple, very much like the Cabashee, but with less color. No name that we know of.

— From E. Gray, Rochester, specimens of the Baldwin apple.

— From B. G. Buell, Little Prairie Ronde, Cass Co., Michigan, two varieties of apples. No. 1, a rather large, smooth apple, with a light yellow skin, and a delicate blush on the sunny side. It is called Newtown Pippin by the neighbors of Mr. B., but is not that variety. It was too far gone to judge well of its quality, but we have no doubt it is a good early winter apple. Name not known. No. 2, a bright red apple, striped and stained with shades of a darker color, with light spots. In form, it is oblong, slightly conical, and a little angular in some specimens. In quality, it is "*best*," tender, fine-grained, rich and juicy, with somewhat of the Spitzenburgh flavor. We have eaten no better apple this season. This apple is called in Van Buren and Cass counties, Mich., the Western Baldwin, and is supposed by Mr. B. to be a seedling raised in Van Buren county, about twelve miles from Prairie Ronde. It is very much like Wine Sap, and we are almost willing to take the responsibility of naming it such. If Mr. B. can obtain the Wine Sap grown in his neighborhood, we hope he will compare them, and report to us the result. If it proves to be a seedling, we will thank Mr. B. for a few of the scions, for it is an apple worthy of general cultivation.

— We regret to learn that the extensive grapery of Dr. Grant, of Iona Island, was almost entirely destroyed by the recent storm on the Hudson. New York papers estimate Dr. Grant's loss at $20,000. This is a severe calamity, and occurs in the infancy of a most laudable enterprise.

Inquiries and Answers.

Mountain Ash Seeds.—In reply to S. B. S., of Erie Co., we would say the general practice is to mix the seed with sand or earth, lay it in the ground for one year, then take up and plant in rows.

Australian Rose.—Will you be so kind as to tell me whether you have a rose that is called the Australian; and if so, how it can be obtained?—Diana Carskaddan.

We know of no rose with this name. Are you not thinking of the Austrian, a class of yellow roses?

Currants on the Quince Root.—While renewing my subscription, I take the liberty of asking a question. Has the currant ever been successfully grown on any other stock but its own? An agent of a nursery somewhere in your State was in this vicinity lately, and stated that he had Cherry Currant trees, 15 years old and 6 feet high, that bore annually immense crops. If I am correctly informed, he stated they were grown on quince stocks, and he cultivated that particular variety for making wine, &c., &c. If there is such a thing as above described, it has escaped my notice, and I trust to your well known generosity for information.—E. W., *West Bloomfield, N. J.*

We hear a great many stories told by traveling agents, but this last is the richest of all. The currant will not grow on the quince root, and is never grown on any root but its own.

Horticultural Advertisements.

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPE VINES, at $35 per 1,000, by GEO. BEEK, Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y.

PEAR SCIONS of leading market varieties, at $3,00 per 1,000 at Walworth Nurseries T. G. YEOMANS.

30,000 IMPORTED PEAR STOCKS.—We will sell the above extra fine stocks, free from leaf blight, at $15 per 1,000. A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

75,000 MAZZARD CHERRY SEEDLINGS.—Price $3,50 per 1,000
50,000 Plum Seedlings, $3,00 per 1,000.
50,000 Pear, second size, fine and healthy, $3,00 per 1,000.
For sale by INGERSOLL, MURPHEY & CO.,
527-4t Dansville, N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
For Spring of 1860.

Ellwanger & Barry solicit the attention of Planters, Nurserymen, Dealers and others, to their large and fine stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs and Plants, which they offer at wholesale and retail. All who intend to purchase Trees this Spring, in large or small quantities, will do well to consult the Catalogues named below. Our new Descriptive Fruit Catalogue is now ready for distribution. In general terms, the stock may be enumerated in part as follows, viz:

STANDARD FRUIT TREES FOR ORCHARDS,
embracing all the most esteemed and valuable sorts for different parts of the country.

Dwarf Trees for Gardens—All the best varieties adapted to garden culture in this form.

Grapes—Hardy varieties, including
Delaware, | Hartford Prolific, | Emily,
Diana, | Rebecca, | Rhabe,
Concord, | Clara, | Brückle, &c.

Grapes, Foreign, for vineries, including the Muscat Hamburg, Stockwood Golden Hamburgh, Lady Downe, Buckland's Sweetwater, &c.

Strawberries—All the American and Foreign varieties of proved excellence in this country.

Blackberries—Dorchester and New Rochelle or Lawton; of the latter, a great stock of strong plants.

Gooseberries—The best English sorts, and a great stock of the American Seedling, that bears wonderful crops and is exempt from mildew.

Currants—White Grape, (the largest and best white Currant,) Victoria, Red Dutch, Black Naples, &c.

English Filberts and Spanish Chestnuts.

Figs—Several finest sorts.

Rhubarbs—Linnæus, Giant, Victoria, and several new and fine English sorts.

FRUIT TREES FOR ORCHARD HOUSES.

Dwarf Maiden Trees—Of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Apricot, &c., of the finest sorts for pot culture or Orchard houses. Suitable selections made by E. & B. if desired.

ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

The stock in this department is the largest and best we have ever before offered, and embraces everything desirable, new and old, among

Deciduous Ornamental Trees, | Paeonies,
Evergreen Trees, | Dahlias,
Flowering Shrubs, | Phloxes,
Climbing Shrubs, | Border Plants.
Roses.

Bulbous Roots—Summer flowering, including Amaryllis; Gladiolus; Lilies, Japan, &c.; Tuberose, Tigridia, Tritonia aurea, Colchicum, &c.

STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN.

Pear Seedlings, our own growth, 1 and 2 years.
Mazzard Cherry, 1 year.
Mahaleb Cherry, 1 and 2 years.
Quince Stocks, 1 year from Cuttings.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following Catalogues, which will be sent gratis, pre-paid, to all who enclose one stamp for each:

No. 1.—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., &c.
No. 3.—Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Green-house and Bedding Plants, &c.
No. 4.—Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers, and others, who purchase in large quantities.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
526-2eow. Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

10,000 TWO YEAR OLD APPLE TREES.—We offer 10,000 Apple Trees, two years old, our selection of sorts, 3 to 4 feet, at $45 per 1,000.
523-9t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

500,000 APPLES GRAFTED.—We offer 500,000 Apples, grafted this winter, for Spring, setting at $6 per 1,000, or where 20,000 or more are taken, at $5 per 1,000. Apple Seeds, clean and fresh—$7 per bushel.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS,
523-9t Toledo, Ohio.

EVERGREENS AND STRAWBERRIES.—50,000 Norway Firs, 18 inch to 2 feet.....$12 per 100
Do. Do. Do.....$90 per 1,000
100,000 Do. 9 to 12 inches.....$50 per 1,000
50,000 Wilson's Albany and Hooker Strawberries $1,50 per 100
Do. Do. Do. Do. $10 per 1,000
523-9t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

APPLE SEEDS FOR SALE.—I have now on hand Forty bushels good clean Apple Seeds, orders for the same will be promptly attended to at the Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y., by J. RAPALJE. 521eow-tf

KITCHEN CULTURE.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler, of New York, in a letter addressed to the Christian Intelligencer some time ago, makes some practical suggestions in reference to the value of the kitchen department in all institutions for the education of young ladies.—We make the following extract alluding to a female seminary he had just visited.:

"They have good teachers of all the stereotyped studies of ladies' seminaries; but, in addition to all these, the college graduates its girls also *from the kitchen*. Each pupil is required to spend a certain time of each day in housework and in practical cookery. Premiums are bestowed for skill in housewifery, as well as for skill in painting landscapes, or solving problems. As a matter of good morals, as well as of economy, every woman should be an expert housekeeper.—Because the Divine Teacher gently reproved Martha for excessive carefulness, I am persuaded that he did not mean to discourage the womanly tact and training which fit their possessor to guide a household well. To fashionable girls in these days a larder or a kitchen are as unknown regions as Dr. Livingstone's new found jungles and lakes in Central Africa. Yet these young ladies, who are so much above housekeeping, do not seem to be above having a house to keep their idle bodies in. So they rush into matrimony as naturally as a duck takes to the water. As soon as the wedding tour is achieved, and the honeymoon has waned (how sad it is that the 'old moon' comes so soon)—when the new upholsteries are all adjusted, and the stupid formalities of wedding calls are over, *then comes the tug of war*. A sensible couple marry to be happy. The husband expects to do his work out of doors, and expects, too, that his wife will do hers as well within doors.

But perhaps instead of a *wife*, the young bridegroom has only married a delicate doll, or a flip-plant flirt, or a pretty plaything. She is no *Martha*, nor no *Mary*, either. In market she can barely distinguish between a calf's head and a pig's foot; in cooking, she is as much puzzled as poor old King George, who could not conceive 'how the apples got into the dumplings.'

But she can dance. She can spoil Bristol board. She can play polkas. She has an ear for music, if she has not an eye for dirt. She is accomplished; but alas! her tired and hungry husband cannot live on accomplishments. He would gladly give all her dashes 'in oil,' and all her embroidered stool-covers, for one clean table-cloth, and for a loaf of bread that will not give him the nightmare.

A wife need not be a drudge; nor any more should she be a drone. The most cultivated women I have ever met have known how to prepare a dinner as well as how to criticise an essay by Macaulay."

Dyspeptics Pudding.—Take clean rye (or wheat,) and grind it in a coffee mill (or other mill,) very coarse, then put it in an enameled stew-pan and stew or cook in a very little water, adding more occasionally, as it stews out or grows too thick. Have enough water in at first to make it pour easily. Some other dish may be used to cook it in, if it is kept tightly covered, and cooked very slowly, half a day or more. When done, salt a little and serve with sweetened cream. This is an excellent dish for others as well as dyspeptics.—A. T. Northup, *Otego, N. Y.*, 1860.

Coloring Cotton Green.—In answer to a request from "Jennie," for a recipe to *color cotton green*, I send one which, if strictly followed, I know to be excellent. One pound fustic; 4 oz. chip-logwood; 1 oz. blue vitriol to 5 lbs. cloth or yarn. Soak the chips of both over night in brass or tin. In the morning heat it, and add the vitrol. Put in your goods and boil 15 minutes. Wet them in suds previous to putting them into the dye, and wash in suds.—Farmer's Wife, *Ballston, N. Y.*, 1860.

Restoring the Lustre to Silk.—Noticing an inquiry in a late Rural how to restore silk to its original lustre, and having a recipe which I have found good, I cheerfully submit it for the benefit of all who may be thus unfortunate: Peel and grate two good-sized potatoes into a pint of warm water; when settled pour off the liquid, sponge the silk on the right side, and iron on the wrong. I think this will be found satisfactory.—A Minnesota Girl, *Minneapolis*, 1860.

How to Keep Hams.—In the spring cut the ham in slices, fry partly done, pack in a stone jar, alternate layers of ham and gravy. If the ham should be very lean use lard for gravy. Be sure and fry the ham in the lard so it will be seasoned. When wanted for use take up, finish frying, and it is ready for the table. The only trouble is that we can't keep it half long enough, it is so good and handy.—Frances, *Niles, Cayuga Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Starched Collars.—I have tried the recipe given a short time ago for starching,—"white wax and spermaceti,"—and though it gives a nice look, it fails to give the polish we see upon those we buy. Can any one tell us how that is done?—It seems as though some one ought to know. Amelia, *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1860.

To Make Yellow Butter in Winter.—Just before the *butter comes*, stir in the yolks of one or two eggs, well beaten,—this will give it a fine flavor, not impair the taste, and is far better than annato or any other drug.—A Countrywoman, *Cayuga Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Alum or vinegar is good to set colors off, red green or yellow.

MY LITTLE BOAT.

I have a little boat
To sail upon the tide;
In it three little children
Are sitting side by side.
And I work, because these children
Are sitting side by side.

All 'round me on the sea of life
Are stronger ships than mine,
With better sails and brighter flags—
And they tell me, "Mine is thine—
Come into ours." I bless them!
But my boat, it keeps its way,
For I'm trusting to a Pilot
Who never leads astray!
And I will not leave my little boat;
It shall sail upon the tide;
Because three little children
Are sitting side by side.

They tell me that it cannot be
Upborne on the world's wild wave
That a woman's heart and a woman's hand
Were not made to be so brave;
That fashion cannot cover,
With her robes of grace and lace,
The form of her who over-
Steppeth her rank of place;
That the power of human prejudice,
And the strength of human pride,
Will wreck my little boat,
With the children side by side.

Would you tell the shipwrecked not to land,
Though the land be near to see,
Because it is a woman's hand
Trembling for mastery?—
Because it is a woman's voice
That riseth o'er the tide,
To ransom back her little boat,
With the children side by side?

Oh! when earth's forms shall pass away,
And the *fashion* perisheth—
When the greater ships come riding home—
Where the wandering entereth—
Then shall my feeble woman's boat
Safely at anchor ride;
Because three little children
Are sitting side by side.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A PLEA FOR XANTIPPE.

A few years since, an Athenian lawyer made an effort to reverse and expunge from the records the sentence of Socrates. How it resulted we do not know, but it has suggested to us that it is not too late to sue before the bar of public opinion, for some change in the popular verdict against *Mrs.* Socrates, generally called, *out of spite*, we suppose, Xantippe—a name held ever since as a term of reproach and a synonym of shrew, vixen and scold.

The world has never heard but *one side* of this story. Plato, and all the other pupils and disciples of Socrates, would, of course, unite in praising their illustrious master, and they would naturally portray, as vividly as possible, any outbrakes of his wife's temper, in order to show the wonderful patience and forbearance of their idol,—these being qualities on which he particularly prided himself.

Now we can readily believe that Socrates was very patient—more so even than Job. It has always been a private, pet heresy of ours, to picture Mrs. Socrates as an active, energetic, go-ahead woman, married—as is often the case with those who have the reputation of being shrewish wives,—to one of these *quiet, easy, goodish, good-for-nothing* fellows, who hated nothing so much as work, (in fact was *too easy to hate* any thing else,) and who liked nothing so much as lounging around the market place, and talking and arguing with every one that came in his way. All this fine talk about his superior Philosophy, and about beating the Sophists in argument, is a humbug, and you would see it so too if you had been in *Mrs.* Socrates' place. Socrates lounging around the market place and disputing with the other philosophers, is not a *bit more respectable* than a modern loafer-husband, lounging around the tavern, post-office, or corner grocery. It is *distance* that "lends enchantment to the view."

We can see the whole case just as it was.—Socrates getting up in the morning just as Mrs. Socrates, who was up "bright and early," has built a fire and got breakfast, which he helps to eat with such uncommon good appetite, that there is nothing left for dinner, (nor anything to be cooked, even if there had been any wood to cook it with,) and then leisurely saunters off, telling Mrs. Socrates, (if he condescends to speak to her,) that he is going "down town" (slip of the pen, dear reader, we *meant* to say market-place,) and leaves Xantippe (she begins to be Xantippe *now*, and we don't blame her,) to get dinner out of nothing and get through the day as well as she can. She, like a sensible, energetic woman, as she is, concludes that something must be *done*, and concludes to do it, and so goes out washing at one of the neighbors, to get some flour and meat to cook for supper. She washes till dark, without any dinner, comes home hungry, and wants to cook something to eat, but cannot find any wood. At last, after much searching, she finds three half-rotten sticks, which she cuts up and proceeds to prepare supper, when, just as she is ready to sit down, in comes Socrates. He has been disputing with the Philosophers and asking them puzzling questions. He had a first-rate dinner at the house of one of his disciples, and at night went to sup with Aspasia, (think of *that*, and that Mrs. Socrates knows it, too,) but *her conversation* is so interesting, he does not eat much, so that he is quite hungry when he reaches home. He sits down quietly and eats two-thirds of the scanty meal (scanty for *both*, but then Xantippe was not expecting him,) when the following scene occurs — — — — — — — — — — (The blank spaces indicate that the scene is indescribable.) It would be enough to provoke an angel, to be treated thus (all men think their wives are angels, when they marry them, not even excepting Socrates,) and we think even Xantippe was a good-tempered woman—not quiet and easy, to be sure, but only a little active and energetic, though Socrates *did* say he married her to *try his temper*, and see how *patient* he could be under trial. He tells his disciples so next morning, when they assemble at his house, Xantippe hears what he says and — — — — — — — — — — They believe what he says, and write down that Xantippe was the worst scold in the world, and it has since passed into history.

Moral.—Never marry a Philosopher, especially one of the quiet, *easy* sort. Plowpoint.

Henrietta, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

He was going away, my bright, impulsive, generous-hearted, wayward Cousin Harry, who had been to me even as a brother ever since the sorrowful time when my Aunt Alice, his youthful mother, had closed her blue eyes in the fresh summer of her life, and laid down beside her noble husband, where the trees of the "Pine Tree State" wailed a sighful melody above her grave. He was going where the blue Pacific waves dash everlastingly against the coral reefs of Australia, and most bitter was the pain of parting, for we knew that the years that must elapse before the wanderer's return would bleach the sunny brown curls and dim the flashing eye, and change the merry-hearted boy to a care-worn, weary man, and, perhaps,—ah, no! we never dwelt on that thought,—it was too great anguish to admit even the possibility of a lasting farewell, to think that the singing voice might be hushed, and the rare sweetness of the winning smile might be quenched forevermore, in that distant land, so far removed from home. But I knew all the trials and perplexities that would beset his way, and yet, amid all the parting counsel, I never pointed him to that tender Guide who would smooth the thorny path to his young and untried feet,—who would sojourn in the lodge of the way-fairing man in the wilderness, and cheer his sinking heart with many a wise and loving word. I saw him launch his frail boat, and sail away on life's great ocean, and knew he was destitute of compass and guiding-star; yet, I never told him of the Great Master who would "sit at the helm while the wearied sailor slept." For years he has rested beneath the shadowy trees of that clime, and the bitterness of my great sorrow is unsoftened by the thought that my untiring hand guided him to the Gentle Shepherd who would lead him "in the green pastures and by the still waters" of the better land.

Another lost opportunity will awaken the deepest remorse in my guilty conscience as long as my dulled ears hear the heavenly whisper, "ye knew your duty and ye did it not." It was a stately man in the full flush and splendor of his vigorous manhood, whom I heard covering with scornful ridicule sentiments so sacred that angels might utter them with hushed breath and wing-shaded face. I had long respected and esteemed him, and the reviling words fell with a cold weight on my heart, but I was silent. A single word, nay, a mildly, rebuking glance, might have had gentle power to turn his wandering feet from the broad and dangerous way along which he was hastening, but the word was unspoken. I was faithless to the trust confided to me, and the golden opportunity fled by on rapid wings, never to return.

One pleasant summer, I often noticed a pale, lovely girl, who sat opposite to me in the village academy. She was dressed in the deepest mourning, and the silken lashes of her dark eyes were often heavy with unshed tears. I noted this,—I saw that the fair cheek was pale with sickness of the mind rather than of the body,—I knew that she was a stranger and an orphan, unloved and unknown, and that sympathy would be precious to her, and I longed to go and comfort her with loving words and soothing attentions. But pride, and timidity, and selfishness prevailed, and, like the Priest and the Levite, I passed coldly by on the other side. There was no good Samaritan to bind up the bleeding wound, and ere the frosts of autumn, May Somers had died of a broken heart.

Oh, these lost opportunities! how often our guardian angels have cause to weep sadly over us because of them. How many despairing hearts might be comforted,—how much good seed might be sown in neglected soil,—how much of human misery might be alleviated,—if poor humanity would but improve faithfully every chance for good. Laura, E. W.

Cohocton, N. Y., Feb., 1860.

"Made to be Better than Man."—In a recent discourse, Henry Ward Beecher said that "God made woman to be better than man," and we agree with a cotemporary that the learned divine never uttered a truer sentiment. The remark had been made substantially often enough before, by preachers, lecturers, romancers and poets. Like many trite maxims which survive in form when their meaning is almost forgotten, few who uttered, and still fewer who heard it, perhaps, understood the full scope and force of its allusions. How eloquently, pathetically full of suggestion it is! "God made woman to be better than man"—made her to be, morally and physically, "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." But what does man make her—what does society, what do the cold, crushing conventionalities of a crude civilization make her? Michelet, in his celebrated book, tells us that "they all tend to make her existence an organized misery."

Leap Year.—A Scotch statute of 1,228 reads as follows:—"It is statut and ordaint that during the reine of her maist blissit Magestie, ilk forth year, known as leap year, ilk maiden layde of baith high and low estait, shall hae liberty to bespeak ye man she likes; albyit, if he refuses to tak hir to be his wif, he shall be mulcted in ye sum of ane poundis (£1) or less as his estait moi be, except and awis if he can mak it appear that he is betrothed to ane woman, that he then shall be free."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WASHINGTON IRVING.

BY CLARA P. YAWGER.

He "sleeps his last sleep," in his dear native land,
On the banks of his own noble river;
Where the Highlands he hallowed, like sentinels stand,
To watch o'er his slumbers forever.

To that "Grave" on the Hudson, from o'er the vast main,
Fond eyes are now tearfully turning;
And the hearts that so loved him, in England and Spain,
Are over it tenderly yearning.

How proudly America boasteth his birth—
Great Master Magician of story!
While love for the beautiful lingers on Earth,
His name will be haloed with Glory.

Oh the hearts he with rapturous emotion has thrilled—
The brows with glad smiles he has brightened—
The eyes that with pity's sweet tears he has filled—
And the dark, lonely hours he has lightened.

O'er his grave's "peaceful bosom," no wife's wild despair,
No daughter, or son's lamentations:
But the large, loving heart, that lies mouldering there
Is mourned by the tear drops of nations.

Where the waves gently murmur, and mountain winds sigh,
He rests with the laurel above him;
But Washington Irving—as ages go by,—
Will live in the hearts that must love him.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LABOR.

"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat," was the decree of Omniscience. Omnipotence set the law in glory above the heavens, and graved the record imperishably in the foundations of the earth, for, "the firmament sheweth his handiwork; and the earth he has established forever." Thousands of years of experience; the multitudinous productions looming up in grandeur, beauty and sublimity,—giant achievements of this Protean power,—have proven its adaptation to man's necessity, and well established the proverb,—Labor is honor.

Look around upon the world's greatness,—its triumphs of art,—its brilliant achievements,—its philosophic and prophetic wisdom. What power erected those proud structures of the ancients,—reared those lofty encircling walls of a Jerusalem, a Thebes, a Nineveh,—constructed those time-defying pyramids, which have stood thousands of years, objects of a world's curious wonder? What powerful voice called into existence those white-winged messengers that "walk the waters like a thing of life?" Whence, again, those splendid cities,—that grand imposing cathedral with its spire reaching hundreds of feet in the heavens,—that eighty-thousand-hiding theatre of a Pompey,—or that more curious combination of bolts, bars and cables, swung high above the seething, raging waters, uniting an Empire and a Republic—Niagara Suspension Bridge.

Rough-handed, hard-fisted labor, tugging, sweating and groaning, lifted the huge rock from its bed; raised the smooth marble from the quarry; piled up those walls; reared those lofty Pyramids,—those monuments of human strength, which seem to challenge the time-god as he sweeps the cycle of eternity. It has rescued from the secret caverns of ocean its rich store of pearl and coral, torn from the flinty depths of earth its hidden treasures of ore, and bade it live again in the coronal of kings, in the glittering emblems of wealth, the massive anchor; or, as bone, sinew, and pathway of that majestic steed, the "Iron Horse." All the productions of utility, beauty and elegance, have emanated from the hand of labor—struggling up through darkness—against continued and strong opposition—over numerous and mighty obstacles.

Beautifully illustrating the advantage which mental labor has gained in lessening the consumption of human strength, we cite the building of one of the great Pyramids of Egypt. A mass of stone, amounting to 10,400,000 tuns, was raised to a great height, which employed the labor of one hundred thousand men for twenty years.—Now, one man, aided by a steam engine, and working at the same rate, would accomplish as much as twenty-seven thousand Egyptians.

Consider history the great mistress of wisdom—giant production of untiring mental toil—to whose records we are indebted for the experience of bygone years, furnished with a pleasing and instructive panorama of actual and real life in the misty ages of the past—and, if we but heed, giving wisdom in the morning of life. How naturally a smile of incredulity curls the lip, when history tells us that hardly four centuries back in time, an eclipse was viewed with fear and amazement, and a comet considered a sign of God's wrath. Though we look upon this as an absurd superstition, but for the earnest, persevering labors of a Newton, a Kepler, and a Herschell, we, to-day, might cherish ideas equally ludicrous and absurd.

Pre-eminent among the benefactors of their race are the names of Watt, Peele and Stephenson. Graven in letters of light above those inventions which shall benefit all ages and classes, when their originators have mingled with the dust of the wayside, stand the names of Faust, Fulton, Franklin and Morse. Without printing, what would we be? Without means for rapidly multiplying copies of printed matter, and their speedy circulation, what were we but half a century past?

Are there those who look upon labor as degrading?—as a system meriting their hatred and contempt? Contemplate, for a moment, the condition of mankind in those countries where the lavish hand of nature has furnished means of subsistence with little or no labor. They are weak and effeminate, physically and mentally. They are devoid of energy, ignorant, superstitious and averse to any employment. If labor is recognized at all by them, it is performed by females with the simplest, rudest kinds of utensils. Inventions of comfort, economy and utility, are unknown among them. Are they noted for anything it is fierce cruelty, barbarity and insolence. Their costume, their dwellings, their customs and characters,—all plainly exhibit a lack of comfort, utility and refinement, which *Labor* has produced and established for us.

From the myriad evidences thickly crowding the historic page, and looming up around us in imposing beauty and magnificence, we can but believe the Omniscent decree expressly adapted to, and immediately calculated for, arousing the energies and might of man's secret nature, and perfecting the purpose of his creation.

Jackson Co., Mich., 1860. S. F. Haddock.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PUT AWAY THAT FROWN.

Your pardon, sir; wait a moment if you please. Do not go in there with that dark frown on your face,—you are angry,—really vexed, and, perhaps, with good reason. Something has gone wrong—or you think so—and you are indignant. But is your care-worn wife, or your little children, in there, to blame? Did they cause your trouble? If you go in now, you will knock down the first chair that comes in your way—kick away the play-things—frown at the children, and snap at your wife, if she ventures a word ever so pleasantly. The little ones will huddle off in the corner, and whisper about their "cross father," and the patient wife will sigh and look more weary than ever.

Why will you allow yourself to darken the fire-side thus whenever you happen to feel out of humor? Suppose you were to go in pleasantly, and receive sharp words and cross looks from those within, and not know or imagine why you should be thus treated? How long would that home be dear to you? Would you not seek some more chary place? How, then, can you expect to be met with a warm, pleasant welcome, if you take a shadow with you often. Depend upon it, every time you go to your home cross, snappish, unreasonable, you weaken the love and respect, and alienate those hearts it should be your pleasure and pride to cherish and make happy. They all look up to and lean on you, or they should. You are strong, intelligent, and should receive heartfelt respect and honor from every member of your household, and you will, if you do not forget what is due to yourself and them. Then, put away that heavy frown, and go to your home, this once, with a smile, or, at least, a kind answer if you are questioned, and a serene conscience, will repay you for the self-control. Q.

VALUE OF WIT.

A wit is a priceless man for a community: not a scandal-monger, a heel-biter, a detractor, a cynic, whose own happiness in life being spoilt, is bent upon making others miserable, but a genial, benevolent reformer, a wholesome and winning though caustic surveyor of events.—People breathe more freely when they know there is such a man in the ascendant; for wicked men will be afraid of him, weak men will strive to be stronger, and quacks will not have it all their own way. Society is continually in need of the exploits of that knight-errant, the wit. Evils creep in unawares; some good, but very foolish man, perpetrates a good deal of nonsense, which is tolerated, and even admired, by virtue of his goodness, and fixed as an institution before its inconvenience is fully suspected. Honest sentiments, with errors sticking to them, are gradually heaped up into a monstrous aggregate of prejudice.—Some bloated and over-fed truth weighs society down like a huge nightmare, till the wit comes along to tickle the sensorium and wake us up once more into day-light with a sensation of free, honest living, or the old moralities of the world get dull and commonplace, worn, trite, and battered, the effigies nearly off from them. The wit is a general refurbisher, re-casting the old coin, and presenting it to us again current with the image of to-day.—*Century.*

Living too High.—Mr. Hume hit the mark when he stated in the House of Commons—though his words were followed by "laughter"—that the tone of living in England is altogether too high.—What was true of the "mother country," is emphatically true of the present "day and generation" Republicans. Middle-class people are apt to live up to their incomes, if not beyond them; affecting a degree of "style" which is most unhealthy in its effect upon society at large.—There is an ambition to bring up boys as gentlemen, or rather "genteel" men: though the result frequently is only to make them gents. They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries and amusements, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is, there is a vast number of gingerbread young gentry thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulls sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board.

We Pass for What we Are.—A man passes for what he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and all fear of remaining unknown is not less so. If a man knows that he can do any thing—that he can do it better than any one else—he has a pledge of acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment days, and into every assemblage that a man enters, in every action that he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is well and accurately weighed in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school with a better dress, trinkets in his pockets, with airs and pretensions. An older boy says to himself, "It's no use; we shall find him out to-morrow."—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SPIRIT OF HOPE.

Thou art with me, ever near me, all my heart to thee has grown,
Spirit! all my strength and blessing, leave me not this hour alone.
O, *this* hour! of all hours darkest—when my soul in fearful strife,
Murmurs at the troubled present—rages at the coming life—
Tempest-toss'd and passion-wearied, ready almost to despair,
Fearful of the midnight darkness and the lurid noonday glare;
Weakened in the myriad struggles where so oftentimes subdued,
It has sought, amid the rubbish, vainly for the promised good—
Doubting—sickened by the falsehood found where most it look'd for truth;
Wandering—seeking, but not finding faith, the faith and hope of youth,—
Only weeping, sorrow-stricken—more than this, Cain-marked with sin;—
Not the foes without so fearful as the dreaded foes within;
Only mourning for the treasure, early lost and early mourned—
And the Future mourning, also—Future for which once it yearned;
Passion-wrecked and tempest-beaten; tortured in the cruel strife,
Leave me not this hour, O, Spirit,—leave me not alone with life!

Hastings, N. Y., 1860. Rosella.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOPE.

"True Hope," says one author, "is based on energy of character. A strong mind always hopes, and always has reason to hope, because it knows the mutability of human affairs, and how slight a circumstance may change the whole course of events." The idea last expressed, of the liability to change, might at first appear inconsistent with hope. When we think, however, of the many times that our future prospects have brightened by the occurrence of an apparently trivial event, we may still hope that, be our present condition ever so unpromising, it may ere long change for the better. Adversity may spread dark clouds over our sky to-day; on the morrow the sunlight of prosperity may dispel them all. Even while the rain-drops of sorrow are falling, Hope bends her beauteous bow of promise o'er us, radiating with its bright prismatic colors the darkest storm-cloud.

Hope is an exquisite artist—beautiful pictures does she paint upon the canvass of the future; and when weary, wayworn, despairing, we think never again to taste of the fount of joy, Hope will lend to her lovely creations their greatest charm, and thus lure us onward, often to positions of honor and usefulness. Without Hope, seldom would there be anything great or good achieved—none may expect success to attend them on life's great battle field, who go half-hearted to the conflicts—and Hope it is that inspires the soul with strength and courage for every emergency.

A propensity to hope is a mine of wealth that proves a never-failing source of comfort to the fortunate possessor. Never do we see such an one constantly thinking and talking of the ills of life; never speaking of this world but as a "vale of tears"—a desert where blossom no beautiful flowers—where flow no cooling streams. Ah, no, they delight to turn away from the dark side of life; they joy to find a "silver lining to every cloud," and to think of the many sources of happiness our bountiful Creator has placed within the reach of all. They look not upon the earth as a desert waste, but as a beautiful garden where grow, in rich luxuriance, the lovely plants and flowers of Joy and Peace, of Faith and Charity—where gush the fountains of Friendship and Love, their pure crystal waters refreshing and beautifying all the rest; and if the dark Cypress of sorrow springs up to shadow their pathway, they turn to the tree of Hope, finding it ever flourishing—*budded* if not *blossomed*.

But we are forced to acknowledge that the most beautiful, most promising of earthly hopes, must pass away. We are sometimes tempted to think that Hope has inexhaustible stores, even in this life, but all know her fair gifts often fail to satisfy when culled from the fading things of time.—And when the soul becomes weary of the fetters that bind to earth, and longs for a purer, truer life—when we realize that our most noble powers are blighted and degraded, when we would have them strengthened and elevated—when the darkness of despair comes stealing o'er us, and we feel forsaken of all,—Hope! *immortal* Hope! will come like an "Angel of Mercy," and, bending over us, will tell in gentle whispers of One that is "mighty to save and strong to deliver," who has gone to prepare a place of rest for those who walk in the "narrow way" unto the end of their pilgrimage. Truly, many a weary wanderer has Hope helped to resist the blighting influence of the cares, sins and sorrows of earth, many—a difficult lesson of patient waiting taught the desponding Christian.

We are thankful for the hopes of this earth, but more grateful for those that center beyond this "stage of action," in that world of bliss, where every hope will be swallowed up in glorious realization. Eulalie.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1860.

The last, best fruit that comes to perfection, even in the kindliest soul, is tenderness toward the hard; forbearance toward the unforbearing; warmth of heart toward the cold; and philanthrophy toward the misanthropic.

No man knows one whit more of God than he possesses of Him.

The Reviewer.

THE DISEASES OF CATTLE—with Descriptions and Illustrations of various Organs and Functions of the Animal Economy. Containing, also, Useful and Practical Information on Breeding, Ventilation and Diet. By GEO. H. DADD, Veterinary Surgeon, author of "Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse," "Modern Horse Doctor," etc., Lecturer on Veterinary Science at the Boston Veterinary School. [pp. 395.] Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.—1860.

DURING the past few years the stock-breeders of America have expended vast sums of money in the improvement of neat cattle, and some of the finest specimens to be found in the world are the property of our citizens. The stock-growing interest is now immense,—it is constantly increasing,—and the publication of any work calculated to render this branch of rural industry more safe and certain, should be hailed with gratification. Such a volume is this last emanation from the pen of DR. GEO. H. DADD, as it will aid, not only in imparting such information as will enable the owner to protect his property against the ravages of disease, but also in solving the more important query:—"How shall disease be prevented?" Most of the works of this nature now obtainable, seem to have been written for the benefit of the practiced Veterinarian, rather than the edification of the mass needing such knowledge, but in the present volume the author has endeavored to render everything so plain as to be readily understood. Dr. DADD says:—"This work is intended for men who are not expected to understand Latin; therefore, I have deviated from the accustomed mode of using the same, in all cases where it could be dispensed with; and knowing that most, if not all of my readers, will consult these pages more for practical than theoretical information, I have endeavored to be as practical as possible, and have given the reader the benefits of my past experience in as brief a manner as the various subjects can be presented."

This book cannot but prove a very valuable addition to the library of every farmer. From the publisher.

SELF-HELP: With Illustrations of Character and Conduct. By SAMUEL SMILES, author of "The Life of George Stephenson." [16mo.—pp. 363.] New York: Harper & Bros.

YOUNG MEN, and especially all who are destined to create their own success, (and how few in this country are not?) will find this work worthy of careful perusal. Though an English book, its contents are applicable and will prove useful throughout Christendom. It reiterates, with appropriate and impressive illustrations, what is known to all who have succeeded in life, unaided by friends or accidental fortune, that industry, perseverance, self-reliance and integrity are the great and only reliable instruments in acquiring either fortune, position, or extended usefulness. Starting with the axiom that "Heaven helps those who help themselves," the author imparts many lessons of practical wisdom, which should be heeded by all who are obliged to labor and wait for successful results. The anecdotes and sketches of self-made-successful and useful men are highly interesting, and will naturally have a most salutary influence upon the mind and conduct of every young reader who desires to excel and "act well his part" in the great drama of life. We earnestly commend "Self-Help" to all necessitated to help themselves, as one of the very few books of recent publication, worthy of their careful consideration. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW. Re-Printed by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

WE have received the issue of this valuable Review for *January*, and find it sustaining its ancient reputation unimpaired. Among the various matters treated in its pages, we find papers upon Government Contracts; The Realities of Paris; Ceylon; The Social Organism; Sicily as it was and is; Christian Revivals; Italy—The Design of Louis Napoleon; Contemporary Literature, etc., etc. D. M. DEWEY, Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

Books Received.

THE WATER-WITCH; or, The Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. Darley. [12 mo—pp. 462.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL, 5 Athenæum Building.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH; The Story of its Introduction and Marvelous Progress among the Burmese and Karens. By Mrs. MACLEOD WYLIE. [pp. 332.] Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LIFE AND TIMES OF GEN. SAM DALE, the Mississippi Partisan. By J. F. H. CLAIBORNE. Illustrated by JOHN M'LENAN. [pp. 223.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LUCY CROFTON. By the author of "Margaret Maitland," "The Days of my Life," "The Laird of Norlaw," etc., etc. [pp. 222.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

QUINTI HORATII FLACCI OPERA OMNIA Ex Recensione A. J. MACLEANE. [pp. 211.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

ÆSCHYLUS Ex Novissima Recensione FREDERICI A. PALEY. [pp. 272.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE AVERY & Co.

Spice from New Books.

The Religion of Burmah.

THE prevalent religion of Burmah, and the established religion of the court of Ava, is Buddhism, the faith alike of China, Siam, Ceylon, Thibet, and Tartary. Buddh is a general term for divinity, and not the name for any particular god. In this world, it is said, there have been four Buddhs or incarnations, the last of whom was Gaudama. One is yet to come, Arumaday.—Gaudama was born about B. C. 626, having previously lived in four hundred millions of worlds, and passed through innumerable conditions in each. The narratives of his adventures in former states are preserved, and form a considerable part of the sacred books. He became a Buddh in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and remained so forty-five years, at the end of which time, having performed all kinds of meritorious deeds, and promulgated excellent laws, he obtained "nigban," that is, entered into annihilation.

No laws or sayings of the first three Buddhs are extant, but those of Guadama were orally transmitted until about A. D. 94, when they were reduced to writing in Ceylon. These are the only sacred books of the Burmans, and are all in the Pali language. The whole are called the Betagat.

The sins which are to be avoided are described in a moral code consisting of five principal and positive laws:—1. Thou shalt not kill. 2. Thou shalt not steal. 3. Thou shalt not commit adultery. 4. Thou shalt not lie. 5. Thou shalt not drink intoxicating drink.

Of any Supreme God, or any eternal self-existent being, Buddhism affords no intimation, nor of any creation or providence. Merit consists in avoiding sins, and cultivating virtues, and the reward of it is the sole hope of the Buddhist. He knows nothing of eternal life, anticipates ultimate annihilation, is ignorant of the doctrine of forgiveness of sins through an atonement, and of the gift of righteousness through faith. Antecedently to annihilation he anticipates a prolonged existence in various conditions and degrees of happiness, but his creed has practically little influence upon his moral conduct.—"*The Gospel in Burmah*," *by* MRS. MACLEOD WYLIE.

The Aboriginal City of Paris.

THESE intervals of genial labor Julian passed at a pleasant place on a little island of the Seine, belonging to a Gallic tribe named the Parisii, and which he distinguished as his "dear Luketia," just as more modern visitors denominate it their "dear and delightful Paris." In the days of Cæsar, when its few inhabitants valorously resisted the legions of his lieutenant, Labienus, it was a small village of mud-covered huts, connected with the main land by two rude bridges of wood. A range of hills inclosed the marshes by which it was surrounded in a spacious amphitheatre, which forms the site of the splended metropolis of France. Commanding the fruitful valleys of the Seine, the Marne, and the Oise, the first occupants were merchants and boatmen, who conducted the trade of the rivers, and as early as the reign of Tiberius had formed a powerful corporation. During the revolts of the Bagaudæ, in the third century, it acquired an unhappy celebrity as the stronghold from which they harrassed the peace of the surrounding region. Subsequently, when the advances of the Germans drove the government from Treves, the emperors selected the town of the Parisii as a more secure position.—They built a palace there, and an intrenched camp for the soldiers; and very soon afterward, several of those aqueducts and amphitheatres, which were inseperable accompaniments of Roman life. It was in that palace, which the traveler still regards with curiosity, in the mouldering remains known as the *Palais des Thermes*, that Julian found his favorite residence—there that he conversed with his friend Sallust and physician Oribasius, of his aspirations for future eminence—there that he discussed the nature of dreams and the deep oriental mysteries—and there that he sung the praises of the sun-god, the regulator of the world, the archetype of ideas, the brilliant emanation of an eternal and absolute deity.—*Godwin's "History of France."*

A Heroic Woman.

SABINUS (a Gaul who revolted against Vespasian, and failed,) was supposed to have burned himself in his house, but he had taken refuge with his wife, Epinona, in a cave. Nor has history failed to record the touching devotion of this woman, who, nobly sharing his confinement for nine long years, supplied his wants, reared his children, and, finally, succeeded in getting him to Rome to solicit his pardon from Vespasian.—Kneeling before the Emperor, and pointing to her children, who had been born in the cave, she said, "I have nourished them that there might be more suppliants for their father at thy knees." But neither her words, her sorrow, her beauty, nor her heroism could move the too inflexible magistrate. Sabinus was condemned to death, and then she prayed to be allowed to be executed with him.—"Grant me this last grace, O, Vespasian," she said, "for continued life under laws such as thine, would be more intolerable than the old dreary twilight of the cave." Her wish was granted, and in death as in life, their destinies were not divided. (Tac. Hist., I. iv., c. 67; Dio., l. lxvi.; Plut., *Amator.*, p. 770.)—*Ib.*

What Insures Success in Life.

ACCIDENT does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called "a happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the old and common highway of steady industry and application is the only safe road to travel. It is said of the landscape painter Wilson, that when he had finished a picture in a tame, correct manner, he would step back to some distance, with his pencil fixed at the end of a long stick, and, after gazing earnestly on his work, would suddenly dash up, and by a few bold touches give a brilliant finish to his painting.—But it will not do for every one who would produce an effect to throw his brush at the canvass in the hope of producing a picture. The capability of putting in these last vital touches is acquired only by the labor of a life; and the probability is, that the artist who has not carefully trained himself beforehand, in attempting to produce a brilliant effect at a dash will only produce a blotch. Sedulous attention and painstaking industry always mark the true worker. The greatest men are not those who "despise the day of small things," but those who improve them the most carefully.—"*Self-Help*," *by* SAMUEL SMILES.

Andrew Jackson's Marriage.

IT was a happy marriage—a very happy marriage—one of the very happiest ever contracted. They loved one another in the highest respect.—They loved one another dearly. They *testified* the love and respect they entertained for one another by those polite attentions which lovers cannot but exchange before marriage and after marriage.—Their love grew as their years increased, and became warmer as their blood became colder. No one ever heard either address to the other a disrespectful, or irritating, or unsympathizing word. They were not as familiar as is now the fashion. He remained "Mr. Jackson" to her always—never "General," still less "Andrew." And he never called her "Rachel," but "Mrs. Jackson," or "wife." The reader will become better acquainted with their domestic life by-and-by. Meanwhile, let it be understood, that our hero has now a home, where lives a friend, true and fond, to welcome his return from "wilderness courts," to cheer his stay, to lament his departure, yet give him a motive for going forth; a home wherein—whatever manner of man he might be elsewhere—he was always gentle, kind, and patient.—"*Life of Andrew Jackson*," *by* JAMES PARTON.

HE who can express a great meaning by silence, when a common man would have been prolix, will speak like an oracle.

OLD CHURCHES OF NEW YORK.

THE "GARDEN STREET CHURCH."

WE present RURAL readers with two novel specimens of Church Architecture. Both of these the visitor to our Commercial Emporium might have inspected a few years since, and, were he so inclined, instituted a comparison between the Temples wherein our ancestors bent the knee in humble adoration to the Great Father of all, and those modern edifices, dedicated to the worship of GOD, but where, too often, Fashion flaunts her tinseled robe, and Mammon receives the homage of worldly hearts.

One of the first buildings erected for public worship in New York was the Church of St. Nicholas, which was built within the walls of the fort. It was small and inconvenient, and did not long furnish accommodation for the increasing population, consequently the officers of the Church, in 1696, purchased a lot in Garden street, (now Exchange Place,) 125 feet in front by 180 feet rear, for which they paid 180 pieces of 8, (one hundred and eighty dollars,) and erected what was afterwards known as the "Garden Street Church." This building was destroyed in the great fire of 1835.

In 1726, the Garden Street Church having become full to overflowing, a portion of the congregation determined to withdraw and found another Church. A lot of ground was purchased on the corner of Crown (now Liberty,) and Nassau streets, and the erection of a Church, known as the Middle Dutch, was commenced, but was stopped for want of funds. Three years after (in 1729,) a license having been granted by the Governor for the congregation to make a collection of money in aid of its completion, the necessary amount was soon raised, and the Church was completed the same year. The services for the first thirty years were performed exclusively in the Dutch language, after which the English service was used half the time, much to the dissatisfaction of the elder portion of the congregation. During the war of the Revolution, in 1776, the pews were torn out and used for fuel, while the Church became the prison-house of three thousand Americans. When no longer desired for this purpose, it was converted into a riding-school for the British cavalry, and the walls which had so often re-echoed the fervent prayers of the pious dominies, now rang with the caracolling of steeds and the jests of the soldiery. At the close of the war it returned to its original use, and in 1844 it was sold to the United States, by whom it is now used as a Post-Office. On the Sunday evening before its final surrender by the congregation, the old building was thronged to its utmost capacity by those anxious to take a last leave of this relic of the olden times. The farewell exercises were conducted in Dutch and English by Drs. NOTT and DE WITT; a sermon was preached; a historical sketch of the structure given, a psalm sung, and the benediction pronounced,—the last words of the prayer being spoken in the language of the ancient Knickerbockers.

The illustration given of the Middle Dutch Church is a *fac-simile* of an engraving drawn by WM. BURGIS, and dedicated to "The Honorable RIP VAN DAM, Esq., President of His Majesty's Council for the Province of New York."

YOUNG RURALIST.

THE ADVANTAGES OF WEALTH.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have never wielded a critic's pen, but an article in the RURAL of January 21st, over the signature of ARTHUR WALTON, offers such an insult to my pride (for I am a poor man's son,) that for once I am tempted to do so.

In his second paragraph are these words:—"The popular editor of a commercial class, has imbibed, I think, the spirit of the class, and in his article upon the blessings of poverty, has given that view of life an honorable and clear-minded man might be expected to present."

In the first place the sentence is an ungrammatical one; in the second, the idea is exceedingly indefinite. If he means to say, that a certain nameless "popular editor" writes only for "commercial people," then I remark that he is very exclusive. If he intends to say that "TIMOTHY TITCOMB writes only for commercial people," why does he not so word it? If he intends to have us believe that those for whom TIMOTHY TITCOMB does actually write, are a "commercial people," I will inform him that we shall do no such thing.

Further on he says:—"There are disadvantages attending *poverty* in early life, that no after exertion, not even genius, can overcome."

There are disadvantages attending *wealth* "in early life," also, which the drift of this article may point at. The quotation from LOCKE does not bear upon the subject. I can see no particular "disadvantages" attaching to the "middle-aged plowman," except the discomforts he might experience in an attempt to bring him "to the carriage and language of a gentleman;" and even then his hearers might have the worst of it.

In the following sentence he says again:—"The English nobles are acknowledged to be the best educated class in the world, and not inferior in morals." If the education and morals of English noblemen, as a class, are necessarily concomitants of wealth, and if corresponding wealth gives corresponding results in *all* countries, then I not only "thank GOD for poverty," but earnestly pray that I may always remain poor. "It should not be forgotten that they are likewise physically superior; the bone and muscle of the patrician is better than that of the commoner." It is also a matter of history, that to be a dwarf, in some countries, is almost conclusive evidence of noble (?) origin.

Again he says:—"Many must recollect the election of 1848," &c. Is he not a little mistaken about the date? "Twenty years having passed, we may be" foolish "enough to ask, was the sturdy General any" *worse* "for living in a log cabin?" "The Democratic *element*" answered the question to general satisfaction, in his election.

I will leave unnoticed much that follows, and comment briefly upon what ARTHUR calls "the real blessing of wealth." He says:—"It enables its possessor to attain a thoroughly cultivated mind." Not if the capacity and disposition are lacking. "To gratify the more generous impulses of our nature." It enables "English nobles" to practice what MACAULAY terms the "generous vices of Courts and Kings," such as gaming, horse-racing, fox-chasing, &c.; "and to avoid the sordidness which early poverty often engenders, concealing meanness under the specious name of economy, and carrying even 'to the verge of the church-yard mould' the insatiable love of acquisition."

Wealth "enables its possessor" to do much toward oppressing the poor, and "to avoid" doing much that might aid in their "progress and improvement."

Wealth does not make the man; but struggles with, and victories over those influences from without and within, which tend to make him otherwise than manlike.

The charge of "meanness" and "insatiable love of acquisition," when applied to the heirs of poverty in general, is both untrue and unjust. The poor man has a moral right to the last penny of his earnings, and if he does not choose to spend it in driving fast horses, drinking, and smoking cigars, (which *wealth* enables "*fast*" Young America to do,) he is none the less "a man for a' that." The millionaire may have a soul prostrated as low before a shilling, as the meanest beggar's at our gate.

"And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom. The rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom."

I quote these passages, not to apply them to all beggars, nor to all rich men, but to impress upon the minds of my young RURAL friends this truth, that nothing dishonorable pertains to unavoidable poverty, nor aught worthy of praise to the mere possession of wealth which we have not acquired.

This is the partial "summing up of my thoughts after reading" ARTHUR WALTON'S essay.

Vernon, N. Y., Jan., 1860. J. E. LAWRENCE

MEN are made of different executive forces, of different acquiring powers. And in the fact that men are made relatively weak or strong, that they are in ranks or gradations of inferiority or superiority with respect to natural endowments, there is the most unequivocal evidence that human society was not meant to be one long, flat, prairie level, but that it was meant to be full of hills, and valleys, and gradations of every kind.

IT is better to be born with a disposition to see things on the favorable side, than to an estate of ten thousand a year.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

"Up to the Times,".... 52
English Agriculture—Effects of Steam-Farming on Labor; American Horse-Powers and Reapers; Value of Straw for Food,.... 53
Wonders of the Bee,.... 53
Leaf-Cutting Bee—Megachile (Illustrated).... 53
Agricultural Improvement,.... 53, 54
Hay vs. Grain, Straw, &c,.... 54
A Sorghum Experience,.... 54
Transcript of a Builder's Farm Book,.... 54
Rural Spirit of the Press—Advice to Young Farmers; Barn Cellars—Under-ground Stables; Big Crop of Potatoes; Sheep and Dogs; English Dairy Cheese,.... 54
Inquiries and Answers—Dog Power; Subsoil Plows; To Cure Ringbone; Clover in an Orchard; Stable Floors for Horses; Save the Sheep; Production of Rain,.... 54
Agricultural Societies—N. Y. State Ag. Society; Tompkins Co.; Ontario Co.; Moravia; Union; Lodi,.... 54
Agricultural Miscellany—Who'll be President; New kinds of Wheat; Comforts for Cattle; Premium Cattle, 54

HORTICULTURAL.

N. Y. State Ag. Soc'y—Horticultural Side,.... 55
American Strawberries in England,.... 55
To renovate an old Apple Orchard,.... 55
Fruit Trees and the Winter,.... 55
Fruit Growing in Wisconsin,.... 55
Horticultural Notes—Fruits Received,.... 55
Inquiries and Answers—Australian Rose; Mountain Ash Seeds; Currants on the Quince Root,.... 55

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Kitchen Culture; Dyspeptics Pudding; Coloring Cotton Green; Restoring the Lustre to Silk; How to Keep Hams; Starched Collars; to make Yellow Butter in Winter,.... 55

LADIES' OLIO.

My Little Boat [Poetical.] A Plea for Xantippe; Lost Opportunities; "Made to be Better than Man;" Leap Year,.... 56

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Washington Irving [Poetical.] Labor; Put away that Frown; Value of Wit; Living too High; We Pass for What we Are,.... 56

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Spirit of Hope [Poetical.] Hope,.... 56

THE REVIEWER.

The Diseases of Cattle; Self-Help; Westminster Review; Books Received,.... 57

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Religion of Burmah; The Aboriginal City of Paris; A Heroic Woman; What Insures Success in Life; Andrew Jackson's Marriage,.... 57

USEFUL OLIO.

Old Churches of New York; The Garden Street Church [Illustrated;] Middle Dutch Church [Illustrated,].... 57

YOUNG RURALIST.

The Advantages of Wealth,.... 57

STORY TELLER.

Song for the Times [Poetical.] Busy Hands make Happy Hearts,.... 60

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 18, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THERE is reliable information from Vera Cruz that Gen. Degollado has been appointed Secretary of Foreign Affairs, to serve during the absence of Mr. Ocampo, who is expected to arrive here this week, on a special mission from the Constitutional Government, and more especially to arrange such details of the McLane treaty as are left to the Executive authorities of both Governments, including the designation of the places through which merchandize from the United States may either pass free, or at such rates of duty as our own Congress may impose, and also, to arrange that the boundary of the Rio Grande shall be better protected, and persons guilty of crimes committed on either side, punished.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, decided last week to report on the treaty, but this was deferred in order to ascertain the opinions of Republican Senators, some of whose votes are necessary for its ratification. Nearly all the Democratic Senators are already in favor of it. The explanations which will be made by Mr. McLane and others, as to the actual legal status of the Juarez Government, must, it is confidentially asserted, have the effect of removing the objections which are now interposed. The indications as to the ratification of the treaty, are, as claimed by its friends, more favorable than otherwise. A letter, dated London, from a distinguished source, says the features of the treaty, as published, have produced a good feeling among the leading merchants and bankers of England, who regard it as promising an improvement of Mexico, by the restoration of peace. Mr. Wyke, the new British Minister, goes there with full instructions, and the Executive authorities, at Vera Cruz, are still confident that the Liberal Government will soon be recognized by England.

The aggregate amount reported by the Commissioners for expenses incurred in the Indian war in Oregon and Washington Territories, is is over six millions; but the 3d Auditor of the Treasury has reduced it to $2,750,000, on the basis of instructions adopted by the last House of Representatives.

There is a company of gentlemen now in Washington, who are about to make a proposition to Congress, to carry the entire inland mails of the United States, provided the franking privilege is abolished, for the revenue arising therefrom. The company is abundantly able to perform the work. Should the franking privilege be abolished this session, there are a number of members who have resolutions already prepared, abolishing the whole Post-Office system, and allowing the mails to be carried by private enterprise, or in the same manner as express matter is now conveyed.

The Interior Department will shortly send preliminary instructions to various Marshals for taking the next Census. The schedules will soon follow.

Minister Faulkner has, in accordance with the views of President Buchanan's Inaugural Message, been instructed to propose to the French Government the removal of its discriminating duties, both on tunnage and on other articles—the growth, produce or manufacture of the one country when arriving in vessels belonging to the other, which restrictions seriously affect American commerce. The object is to obtain such principles of reciprocity as this Government has secured with other nations, France being the only exception.

Interesting accounts of the war in Morocco have been received here. It is stated that there were 60,000 Moors at the battle of Scatellegos. Col. Lassura, about 30 years of age, a younger brother of the Spanish Minister at Washington, distinguished himself nearly at the head of his regiment. The most of the high officers of the Spanish army are young men. The army had been obstructed in its operations, and suffered much from constant rains. Spain is prosecuting the war with vigor, and will have, before long, a force of 80,000 men in Morocco, incident to the unexpected delay of the passage of the Po.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The President sent a message to the Senate returning the joint-resolution passed the last day of the last session, appropriating money for removing the bar and obstructions at the mouth of the Mississippi.

The Post-Office Deficiency Bill was taken up and read.

The first amendment made by the Committee on Finance, was to make provisions for wrapping paper, mail paper, &c. Agreed to.

The 2d amendment was to the 3d section, providing that interest should only be paid to contractors themselves, and in full claim of damages, and provided that no interest is to be allowed on the last quarter.

The 3d amendment provides for the abolishment of the franking privilege after the 1st of May, but that all persons now entitled to the privilge, are exempted from the pre-payment of postage.

Mr. Hale moved to amend by changing the time till the 20th of April.

Mr. Toombs accepted the amendment, which, after considerable debate, was agreed to—yeas 31, nays 21.

The following resolutions were introduced and adopted:—For the relief of Com. H. J. Harstein, appropriating $6,000. Authorizing Com. Shubrick to accept a sword from Uriquiza. Instructing the Committee on Post-Offices to inquire into the expediency of establishing a line of mail steamers between San Francisco and China via. the Sandwich Islands. To print 13,000 extra copies of the Agricultural portion of the Patent Report. Adj.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Morse, the Committee on Commerce were directed to inquire into the expediency of prohibiting, by law, all American vessels from engaging in the Coolie trade, or transporting apprentices for the West Indies, or other parts of the world.

Mr. Morse introduced a resolution that the several Standing Committees, who were authorized to employ clerks at the last session of Congress, be now authorized to do so, with the addition of the Committees on Accounts and Territories. Without disposing of it, the House resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Washburn, of Ill., in the Chair.

We give a list of such Committees as possess a National importance.

Ways and Means—Messrs. Sherman, Davis of Md., Phelps, Stevens, Washburne of Me., Millson, Morrill, Crawford and Spaulding.

Commerce—Messrs. Washburne of Ill., Wade, John Cochrane, Elliott, Smith of N. C., Morehead, Lamar, Nixon and Clements.

Military Affairs—Messrs. Stanton, Curtis, Banham, Buffington, Olin, McRae, Pendleton, Longnecker and Botcler.

Naval Affairs—Messrs. Morris of Me., Bocock, Pottle, Winslow, Wilson, Curry, Sedgwick, Harris of Md., and Schwartz.

Territories—Messrs. Grow, Perry, Smith of Va., Gooch, Waldron, Clark of Mo., Case, Vallandingham and Ashley.

Judiciary—Messrs. Hickman, Bingham, Houston, Taylor, Nelson, Kellogg of Ill., Reynolds, Robinson of R. I., and Porter.

Public Lands—Messrs. Lovejoy, Cobb, Covode, Davis of Ind., Trumbull, Vandever, Windsor and Barrett.

Post Offices and Post Roads—Messrs. Colfax, Woodruff, English, Adams of Ky., Allen, Davis of Miss., Craig of Mo., Helmick and Lee.

Public Expenditures—Messrs. Haskins, Palmer, Edmondson, Killinger, Somes, Hindman, Wood, Cloff and Fouke.

Manufactures—Messrs. Adams of Mass., Scranton, McQueen, Leake, Moore of Ky., Freach, Dunn, Riggs and McKean.

Agriculture—Messrs. Butterfield, Cary, Whittley, Stuart of Pa., Wright, Bristow, Aldrich, Burch and Grow.

Indian Affairs—Messrs. Ethridge, Burroughs, Woodson, Farnsworth, Clark of N. Y., Scott, Leach of Mich., Edwards and Aldrich.

Militia—Messrs. Tomkins, Irvine, Jenkins, Webster, Ruffin, Wells, Packer and Simons.

Foreign Affairs—Messrs. Corwin, Burlingame, Barksdale, Morris of Pa., Branch, Boyce, Hill, Miles and Humphrey.

Patents—Messrs. Millward, Stewart of Md., Burnham, Niblack and Frank.

Expenditures in the State Department—Messrs. McKean, Stout, Barr, Love and Dawes

Expenditures in the Treasury Department—Messrs. Loomis, Quarles, Wells, Thomas and Train.

Expenditures in the War Department—Messrs. Stuart of Pa., Larabee, Tompkins, Cooper and Morrill.

Expenditures in the Navy Department—Messrs. Hatton, Underwood, Blair, Hughes and Sherman.

Expenditures in the Post Office Department—Messrs. Palmer, Martin of Va., Moore of Ky., Landrum and Stanton.

Expenditures in Public Buildings—Messrs. Brayton, Walton, Harris of Va., Bell and Nelson.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—A memorial was presented from the State Medical Society, asking for a law to compel general vaccination.

The bill to empower members of Charitable and Religious Societies to vote by proxy, was reported favorably.

Mr. Manniere brought in a bill to facilitate the sale and foreclosure of the N. Y. & Erie R. R. It provides for selling the road, its personal property and franchise, together as a whole, under the fourth or fifth mortgage, subject to the third, second and first. Also for the organization of a new incorporation by the purchasers, to be called the Erie Road. It provides for the erection of a new stock, and shall not exceed the amount of the old stock and unsecured debt, and authorizes the distribution of this stock among the old stockholders and unsecured creditors. The bill is understood to be designed to carry out an amicable arrangement made between the New York & Erie Co. and its stockholders and creditors.

Among the bills passed was one to secure a more just division of the estates of debtors, who assign for the benefit of creditors.

A bill relative to wills was read a third time, and passed.

Also the bill donating $1,000,000 to the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad, by a vote of 20 to 10.

ASSEMBLY.—Over ten bills having accumulated for third reading, that order of business was taken up under the rules, and the following bills were passed, among others:

The one to amend the act allowing the continual use of co-partnership names in certain cases, so as to extend its provisions to firms only doing business in this country.

In relation to District Attorneys, requiring them to file testimony in criminal trials, with County Clerks, within thirty days after the close of term of Court.

To facilitate the completion of Lake Ontario and Hudson Railroads.

To compel County Treasurers to pay over the amount of State tax in their hands before the 1st of March, or compel them to pay 20 per cent. on same. Ayes 66, nays 33.

Concurrent resolutions to abolish property qualification for colored persons, was taken up as special order, and debated.

The concurrent resolutions for amendment to the constitution by abolishing property qualification, were taken up as a special order.

Mr. Van Horn said the friends of these resolutions did not desire to debate them, but were ready to give them support.

Mr. Callicott spoke at length in opposition to the proposed amendment, taking the broad ground that colored persons were not citizens, and had no rights as such, but that citizenship is confined to white men.

After debate the resolutions passed 70 to 36.

The bill to enable Common Councils of cities to compel the attendance of witnesses, and punish false swearing by such witnesses, was passed.

Political Intelligence.

THE citizens of Rhode Island who are not Democrats, and who are opposed to the regular Republican nominations for State Officers, held a Convention on the 8th inst., and nominated the following State ticket:—*Governor*—Col. WILLIAM SPRAGUE, of Providence. *Lieut. Governor*—Isaac Saunders, of Scituate. *Attorney General*—Thos. K. King, of North Providence. *Secretary of State*—John R. Bartlett, of Providence. *Treasurer*—Samuel A. Parker, of Newport.

VERY strange modes for transacting business has the Legislature of Pennsylvania. Governor Packer lately sent, in one batch, *seventeen veto messages*, which were nearly all unanimously sustained by the legislative power. First, the law-enactors passed bills which they knew were wrong, threw upon the Governor the responsibility of vetoing them, and then nearly unanimously sustained him in defeating bills which they had solemnly sanctioned.

VIRGINIA has been expressing her choice upon the Presidential question,—at least, so says the Richmond *Enquirer*:—"Of the fifty-one counties whose proceedings have been published in the *Enquirer* and *Examiner*, *twenty-eight*, polling 17,561 Democratic votes, have declared a preference for Henry A. Wise. Twenty-two counties, polling 12,355 Democratic votes, have expressed *no preference*. And one county polling 298 Democratic votes, has expressed a preference for R. M. T. Hunter." As there are one hundred and fifty-two counties in Virginia, this statement affords no indication of Democratic preference in the State.

JUDGE SMALLEY, Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has just returned to New York from Charleston, where he has been making arrangements for the meeting of the National Convention. He secured the Charleston Institute, which is sufficiently large for the purposes required. It will accommodate nearly three thousand persons. He says ample accommodations will be made for all persons desirous of attending the Convention.

IT will be remembered that at the Southern Convention held in Vicksburg last May, the vote of Mississippi was cast in favor of opening the African slave trade. The present Legislature, however, has set the State right on that subject. The bill to repeal the State law against the introduction of Africans into that State, was rejected on Thursday, the 26th ult., *by a vote of three to one*. On a motion to indefinitely postpone the whole subject, the yeas were 66, nays 22.

IN the last issue of the RURAL, we gave a brief extract from the Message of Gov. Houston, defining his position in reference to a Southern Convention for the purpose of forming a Southern Confederacy. The New Orleans *Picayune* endorses the message. We quote as follows:

"These are sound Southern as well as Union sentiments for the Southern States to adopt and live by. They express the all but unanimous opinion of all parties in the South—that the constitution, 'fairly and honestly interpreted,' and the law 'faithfully and impartially administered by the Federal Government' to protect the rights of property and guarantee the same—make a union which it would be faction and frenzy to assail. So long as a government exists 'ready and willing to maintain the constitution and guard every man in the enjoyment of his individual rights,' and 'the Federal arm is to be stretched forth as a barrier against all attempts to impair them,' the South is contented and the Union perpetual."

A REPUBLICAN State Convention is called for Missouri, to meet at St. Louis on the 10th of March, to send delegates to Chicago.

THE New Hampshire State Election takes place on the 13th of next month. Both parties are engaged in an active campaign, as the result will show what may be expected from New Hampshire at the Presidential Election in the fall.

FROM TEXAS.—The steamship Arizona arrived at New Orleans on the 11th, with Brownsville, Texas, dates of the 5th inst. A courier from Col. Ford to Maj. Heintzlman, reports that the American steamer Ranchero was fired into, 30 miles above Brownsville, by Mexicans bearing the Mexican flag. Several shots passed through the steamer. Subsequently the Mexicans fired upon Col. Ford's forces, from the Mexican side of the river, dangerously wounding one man. Col. Ford returned the fire, and crossed the river in pursuit of the enemy. Capt. Siordman's dragoons had been reinforced, and now number 200 men. The people of Matamoras sympathize with Cortenas. War was considered inevitable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament was formally opened, by a speech from the Queen, on the 24th ult. We condense therefrom as follows:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN:—My relations with foreign powers continue on friendly and satisfactory footings. At the close of the last session I informed you that overtures had been made to ascertain whether a conference should be held by the great powers of Europe, for the purpose of settling arrangements connected with the present state and future condition, of Italy, and that a Plenipotentiary would be sent by me, to assist at such conference. I have since received a formal invitation from the Emperor of Austria, and from the Emperor of the French, to send a Plenipotentiary to a Congress, to consist of the representatives of the eight powers who were parties to the treaty of Vienna. The object of such a Congress is stated to be to receive communications of the treaties concluded at Zurich, and deliberate, associating with the above powers, the courts of Rome, Sardinia and Sicily, on the means best adapted for the pacification of Italy, and for placing its prosperity on a solid and durable basis. Desirous, at all times, to concur in the proceedings, having for their object the maintenance of peace, I accepted the invitation, but at the same time made known that in such Congress I should steadfastly maintain the principle that no extreme force should be employed to impose upon the people of Italy any particular government or constitution. Circumstances have arisen which have led to the postponement of the Congress, without any day having been fixed for a meeting; but whether in Congress, or in separate negotiation, I shall endeavor to obtain for the people of Italy freedom from foreign interference, by force of arms, in their internal concerns, and I trust the affairs of the Italian peninsula may be peacefully and satisfactorily settled.

I am in communication with the Emperor of France, with a view to extend commercial intercourse between the two countries, and thus draw closer the bonds of friendly alliance between them.

A dispute having arisen between Spain and Morocco, I endeavored, by friendly means, to prevent a rupture, but regret to say without success.

My Plenipotentiary, and the Plenipotentiary of the Emperor of the French, having, in obedience to their instructions, proceeded to the mouth of the Pehio river, in order to repair to Pekin to exchange, in that city, ratifications of the treaty of Tien Tsin, in pursuance of the 56th clause of that treaty, their further progress was opposed by force, and a conflict took place between the Chinese forts, at the mouth of the river, and the naval, by which the Plenipotentiaries were escorted. The allied forces displayed, on this occasion, their usual bravery, but after sustaining a severe loss, they were compelled to retire. I am preparing, in concert and co-operation with the Emperor of the French, an expedition, intended to compel redress, and the fulfillment of stipulations of the treaty.

An unauthorized proceeding, by an officer of the United States, in regard to the Island of San Juan, between Vancouver's Island and the main land, might have led to a serious collision between my forces and those of the United States, but the collision has been prevented by the judicious forbearance of my naval officers on the spot, and by the equitable and conciliatory provisions, and the arrangements proposed in this matter, by the Government of the United States. I trust that the question of boundary, out of which this affair has arisen, may be amicably settled, in a manner conformable with the justice of the two countries, and defined in the first articles of the treaty of 1846.

The last embers of the disturbance in my East Indian dominions have been extinguished. The Vicoroy has made peaceful progress through the districts which had been the principal scenes of disorder, and by a judicious combination of firmness and generosity, my authority has been everywhere solidly, and, I trust, permanently, established.

The remainder of the speech is devoted to local matters of interest.

The public revenue is pronounced in a satisfactory condition. The estimates have been prepared with a view of placing the army and navy, and the defences of the country, upon an efficient footing. The volunteer movement is referred to with pride and gratification.

In the House of Lords, Earl Fitzwilliam moved, and Lord Truro seconded, the address to Her Majesty, in response to the speech.

Earl Grey, after giving a disapproval in the general foreign policy of the Government, and questioning the advantage to be derived from the new commercial treaty with France, complained that the Ministers had not called Parliament together, before undertaking the expedition to China, and moved an amendment, expressing regret that they did not adopt such a course.

Lord Derby spoke on the same side, regretting the conduct of the Government in the Chinese affairs. He also entered into the Italian question, and urged a strong non-intervention policy.

The amendment was negatived, and the address was voted.

FRANCE.—M. Thouvenal had assumed the office as Minister of Foreign Affairs. On the 24th, he issued a circular to the various Ambassadors, pledging his best efforts to maintain and consolidate the existing friendly relations.

The commercial treaty between France and England continued to attract attention and speculation. The Constitutionel publishes several articles of the treaty, among which are the following:

On and after the 1st of July next, the import on duties on cotton and wool will be suppressed. English coal and coke will be subjected to the same duty as in Belgium after October next. A duty of seven francs will be substituted for the actual duty on iron in December next. Duties on machinery will be diminished in January, 1861.

The sugar duty will be reduced from June, 1861. Prohibition of the importation of thread and hemp will be replaced by a duty not exceeding thirty per cent., and from Oct. 1st, all remaining prohibitions will be abolished.

The project for the annexation of Savoy and Nice to France, was being openly alluded to by French semi-official journals as an almost accomplished fact.

ITALY.—The Independent, of Turin, Count Cavour's organ, says nothing now opposes Carignaci's assumption of the Regency.

TURKEY.—Sir Henry Bulwer had ordered the British Consul in Rodosti to break off official relations with the authorities.

ABOUT twenty thousand tuns of ice are being packed in Peru, Illinois, this season. Thirty-six hundred tuns of it are loaded on barges for Baton Rouge and other places South.

The News Condenser.

— The Canadian Parliament is to assemble on the 25th inst.

— The American Board of Foreign Missions is $130,000 in arrers.

— In 1859, 76 persons were killed and 41 injured by lightning.

— Gerrit Smith is about to sail for Europe, for the benefit of his health.

— An Indian, near Kingston, Canada, lately captured a pure milk-white doe.

— The total debt of the State of Minnesota, January 1, 1860, was $105,015 55.

— Alum, of a superior quality, has been discovered near Fort Buchanan, Arizona.

— "Crinoline Hall" is the name of a new hall just completed in Bristol, R. I.

— At a recent ball given in Warrenton, Va., the belles appeared in linsey dresses.

— Three young natives of Madagascar have been sent to study medicine in Paris.

— Steamship communication is again resumed between Philadelphia and Liverpool direct.

— A very fine wine from the Muscat grape, has been received in London, from Australia.

— Marshall McMahon has been put in command of the French army of occupation in Italy.

— A South Carolina paper notices the death of a mule whose age was known to be 64 years.

— Seasoned maple wood is delivered at the door at West Bend, Wis., for only 87c. a cord.

— A large slaughtering establishment has just been completed in Baltimore, 600 feet long.

— The name "Minnesota," or, as it was originally spelled "Minnay Sotor," means turbid waters.

— A Mexican sheep drover lost 1,090 head in one night, during the recent severe weather in Texas.

— A St. Paul paper estimates the fur trade of Minnesota at over a quarter of a million dollars a year.

— The scarlet fever is very prevalent and fatal in New York. Last week there were 68 deaths from it.

— The Government pays the California and Oregon Members of Congress $7,000 a term for mileage.

— According to a correspondent of the N. Y. Times, coal has been discovered in the Rocky Mountains.

— Grance Greenwood gave a lecture to the convicts and visitors in the Ohio Penitentiary on Sunday week.

— The San Francisco correspondent of the New York Times says there is not a poor-house in California.

— There are about eight thousand Justices of the Peace in Commission in the State of Massachusetts.

— There are eight military companies in Berkeley Co., Va. Before the Brown war, there was scarcely one.

— The total exports of Mobile, Ala., mostly cotton, for three months past, have amounted to over $12,000,000.

— The authorities of Troy offer a reward of $1,000 for the conviction of the incendiaries who infest that city.

— The Fifth Avenue Hotel has a car in which the boarders are to be raised by steam to the different floors.

— Madame Bodisco attended the President's last levee in her court dress, valued at $50,000. The masses stared.

— In the Maine Legislature there are 82 farmers, 34 merchants, 10 lawyers, and 6 physicians, out of 170 members.

— It is said to be fifty-three years since any accurate survey for a map of the State of Connecticut has been made.

— At West Rosendale, Wis., a few days since, the mercury registered 54½ below zero. But how did it get there?

— They talk of having a Central Park in Baltimore that shall occupy between four and five hundred acres of ground.

— Prof. Espy, the distinguished meteorologist, died of paralysis last week, at the house of a relative in Cincinnati.

— The enlistment of Germans by the Papal Government had been protested against by the Sardinian Government.

— The Vermont Freeman is informed that a German pedlar named Stearns was killed by a bear in Stowe, week before last.

— The Beaver (Me.) Argus records the marriage of John Colburn, only three feet high. No wonder he wanted to get married.

— Illinois has 2,850 miles of railroad, being an increase of 808 miles since 1856. This is more than any other State in the Union.

— President Lord, of Dartmouth College, though 75 years old, is a very agile skater, and takes great delight in the exercise.

— A gentleman was hammered out of twenty thousand dollars, in Memphis, Tenn., last week, by an implement called "old sledge."

— The City Council of St. Louis have appropriated $8,000 to aid in the removal of the Rock Island Bridge over the Mississippi.

— The total value of dry goods entered at New York for 7 months, ending February 1, is $75,500,000, against $49,600,000 in 1858-9.

— The infant recently presented to her loyal subjects by the Queen of Spain, has been christened, and received no less than 21 names.

— Kossuth has recently written a long letter on Hungarian affairs. There are evidences of a strong concerted movement in that country.

— Among the projects of the French Emperor is a permanent World's Fair, at Paris, where articles may not only be exhibited, but sold.

— Leavenworth, Kan., was illuminated with gas on the night of January 24th, for the first time, much to the gratification of the citizens.

— The right to lay down and operate passenger railroads in the city of New Orleans, has been sold by the city for 30 years for the sum of $130,000.

— Four Liberian vessels, freighted with palm oil, camwood, ivory, sugar, syrup, and gold dust, have entered the ports of the U. S. within a few months.

— Two recent cases of child-burning, in which the helpless ones had been left alone for "just one minute," are chronicled by the Massachusetts papers.

— It is believed that small pox prevails to a greater extent throughout New England at the present time than for any period for the past fifteen years.

— James W. Jones, Jr., of Augusta, Ga., for twenty years editor of the Augusta Chronicle, died in that city, on the 18th ult., at the age of fifty-two.

— Thirty-two steamers have been lost on that part of the Missouri River between St. Louis and Alton (24 miles) during the past twenty-two years.

— Mons. Charles Heidsick, the celebrated Champagne Wine proprietor, has arrived in New York, en route to the West to hunt buffaloes and other animals.

— The increase of buildings in Detroit was 342 in 1859 over the number erected in 1858, besides which 228 were in progress of erection when the report was made up.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees for Spring of 1860—Ellwanger & Barry.
Brown's Bronchial Troches.
Hay Cutters—Charles E. Pease.
Share's Coulter Harrow—Wm. W. Eggleston.
Helper's Impending Crisis—A. B. Burdick.
Book Agents Wanted—Geo. F. Tuttle.
Life Illustrated—Fowler and Wells.
Potato Oats and Seed Potatoes—P. P. Bradish
On Trial—Fowler and Wells
Family Pictorial—Marie Louise Hankins & Co
P. O. Stamps—Fowler and Wells.
Mazzard Cherry Seedlings—Ingersoll, Murphey & Co.
Good Looking—Fowler and Wells.
Imported Pear Stocks—A. Fahnestock.
Hark—Fowler and Wells.
Pure Hubbard Squash Seed—John S. Goold.
Gentlemen Like it—Fowler and Wells.
Beardless Barley—D. S. McCullum.
Ladies Like it—Fowler and Wells.
Pear Scions—T. G. Yeomans.
A Short Voyage for 25 cents—Fowler and Wells.
Patents—J. Fraser.
Isabella and Clinton Grape Vines—Geo. Beck.
☞ For Horticultural Advertisements see page 55.

Publisher's Department.

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PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

—BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers—and will be for some weeks to come, or until we otherwise announce. It is not, therefore, too late to form new clubs, or make additions to present ones.

☞ OUR YOUNG FRIENDS will please remember the very liberal offer to minors, (see RURAL of Jan. 28, page 33,) of a copy of Webster's Great Pictorial Dictionary, for Thirty NEW subscribers—or for Forty, half of them being new—sent us previous to April 1st, 1860. We also offer bound volumes of the RURAL for clubs of half the above numbers.

Extra Gratuities for Clubs!

In *addition* to free copies, as above offered, we will give (and mail *post-paid*, if to any part of the United States,) a DOLLAR PACKAGE OF IMPORTED FLOWER SEEDS, containing from **15** to **20** choice varieties, to *every person* who remits payment according to our terms, *after Jan. 1st and previous to April*, 1860, for a club of either Six, Ten, Fifteen or Twenty Yearly Subscribers. OR, if preferred to the Seeds, we will give for each club received soon (or until further notice) an unbound copy of the RURAL for 1859. New subscribers and others wishing to obtain the 10th volume should note this liberal offer, remembering that NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO FORM CLUBS. ☞ We have just engaged $1,500 worth of choice Flower Seeds, to be imported the present winter, for distribution among the working Agent-Friends of the RURAL. Those who have already formed clubs will be remembered in the distribution—or at least all who do not secure some of the *extra* gratuities heretofore offered for early lists. ☞ We can still supply back numbers so that all may have the complete volume.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, please send us the best money conveniently obtainable—and do not forget to write plainly and correctly, the names of Subscribers, Post-Office, address, State, &c.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

THE POSTAGE ON THE RURAL is only 3¼ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6 cents to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

☞ A VALUABLE VOLUME.—The fifty-two numbers of *Moore's Rural New-Yorker* which compose the tenth volume of that excellent agricultural and family journal, contain a vast amount of valuable and interesting matter. There are not less than ten thousand distinct articles and paragraphs, of which over thirty-five hundred are indexed, and the volume is embellished with three hundred and twenty-six engravings. Take it all in all, we are certain a more valuable book for the library of the farmer, mechanic and general reader, can scarcely be found—certainly none equal to it exists, taking the price into consideration. The price of the volume bound, is only $3. Mr. MOORE is now prepared to fill orders, and those who have not already done so, should send in their names as soon as possible.—Many subscribers are getting their own numbers bound, thus evincing the estimation in which they hold them.—*Rochester Daily Democrat & American.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Feb. 14, 1860.

FLOUR, Meal, etc., stand at last quotations, and the state of the market is anything but lively.

GRAIN.—The only description of grain in which any change can be observed is Rye, which has taken an advance and is quite firm, at 74@75 cents. We do not alter rates for old Corn at present, but it would require a very choice article to bring the prices noted.

MEATS AND POULTRY.—There seems to be an upward movement pervading this branch of trade. The range of Pork is now $7,00@7,75, an advance equal to 25 cents for heavy during the week. Mutton is worth 4@5½ cents per lb., according to quality. Chickens are in demand at 9 cents, and Turkeys at 10@11c.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter is declining in rates—16 cents is about all that can be obtained for the best. Lard higher and in demand. Eggs falling off and becoming somewhat plenty.

SEEDS.—No change in Clover, although the market seems to be opening. Timothy has put on 25 cents per bushel.

WOOL.—The auction sale at Boston, a few weeks since, has made purchasers rather fearful, and as another sale is to come off in New York next week, buyers are somewhat inclined to hold off for a reduction. They are now offering only 30@45 cents for common to choice.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.			
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,38	Eggs, dozen	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, box	12@13c
Meal, Indian	$1,63@1,63	Candles, extra	14c
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Corn, old	70@70c	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, new	62½@65c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Rye, 60 lbs, ℔ bu	74@75c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	16@18c
Oats, by weight	35c	Plums, dried	15@15c
Barley	58@62½c	Potatoes	31@40c
Buckwheat	40@40c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Beans	75@88c	Slaughter	5½@6c
MEATS.		Calf	10@10c
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Sheep pelts	50c@$1,75
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,75	SEEDS.	
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	Timothy	2,75@3,00
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	SUNDRIES.	
Hams, smoked	10@10c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Shoulders	7@7c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Chickens	9@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Geese	31@44c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
DAIRY, &c.		Coal, Char	10@12½c
Butter, roll	16@16c	Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, firkin	14@16c	Hay, tun	$10,00@18,00
Cheese	8@10c	Straw, tun	$7,00@8,00
Lard, tried	11@11c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Tallow, rough	7½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$1,60@5,25
		Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 13.—FLOUR—Only a limited business doing. There is some speculative inquiry, but the demand is chiefly to supply the pressing wants of the local trade.—Sales at $5,05@5,15 for super State; $5,30@5,45 for extra do; $5,05@5,20 for super Western; $5,30@5,50 for extra do; $5,80@5,95 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull for fancy and extra. In Canadian a limited business is doing, and market heavy; sales at $5,40@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN.—Wheat quiet and unchanged; demand chiefly for local milling; sales very handsome Milwaukee club at $1,25 delivered alongside of ship. Rye dull at 87c. Barley more active and firmer; sales at 69c. for inferior two-rowed State; 75c. for good do.; 74c. for four-rowed do; 86c. for good Canada West. Corn in better supply and lower. Oats 44@46c. for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork firm and in fair demand; sales at $17,50 for old mess; $18,37 for new do; $12,25 for prime old; $14,37 for new do. Lard firm; sales at 11@11⅛c. Dressed hogs quiet at 7½@8c. for Western. Butter selling at 11@15c for Ohio, 15@20c for State. Cheese at 9@11½c.

ALBANY, FEB. 13.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for flour is moderate and the market steady. Corn Meal quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat is in limited request and the market is dull. Corn is dull and with a liberal supply the market is drooping. There are few buyers of round yellow at 78c., and some below that figure. Barley is in moderate request, but holders of lots in store are firm. Oats quiet.—*Journal.*

TORONTO, FEB. 11.—FLOUR—The transactions of the week have been limited, and the market is dull. The unpromising aspect of affairs deters speculators from further increasing their risks, while the large stocks held at all eastern points leave but a poor chance for any consumptive demand. There have been no sales of sufficient importance to determine quotations, and the following must be regarded as merely nominal:—Double extra, $5,45@5,75; extra, $5,20@5,30; fancy, $4,70@4,85; superfine No. 1, $4,40@4,45; superfine No. 2, $4,10@4,20.

GRAIN.—The receipts of fall wheat at this point continue to be limited, and in our immediate vicinity it is beginning to be evident not a large surplus remains to be brought out. The market has been dull and unsettled, and prices have had a downward tendency. There has hardly been sufficient supplies to give the market a tone, yet there can be no doubt that prices are from 5@10c. lower on the week. The impression has become more and more general that high rates will not prevail, and there is a less disposition on the part of dealers to buy, and even then at much lower prices. The receipts of the week amount to 3,000 bushels. Prices since Monday have ruled from $1,05@1,08 for ordinary and good, and $1,20 now and again for very prime; common and low grades, $1,10@1,12½ ℔ bushel. The average price would not be over $1,15 ℔ bushel. Spring wheat is not in such active request as in the previous week, and prices have ruled lower. For the very primest samples $1 ℔ bushel was realized in the early part of the week, but recently even this extreme rate has not been paid. Ordinary samples command 95c. and good and prime 97@98c.; common and inferior 90@93c. Barley is in very small supply and is bought for local breweries at 65c. for the best, and 60c. for common, ℔ bushel. Rye is exceedingly quiet, a load offering only now and then. The price is steady at 70@75c. ℔ bushel. Peas continue steady, the demand for seeding and export being active. Good varieties sell freely at 60c., and low qualities at 55c. ℔ bu. Oats have continued to offer more freely, and prices begin to decline. Each day's supply regulates that day's quotation, and the market is far from steady,—yesterday and on Tuesday the deliveries were pretty large and rates varied from 36@37½c ℔ bushel, the first figure being most frequently realized.

SEEDS.—The trade in seeds is commencing, but owing to high rates we do not expect large transactions. Timothy is very scarce, the late spring frosts of last year destroying the seed, and this spring the greater part of the consumption will have to be imported from the United States. As yet, rates are unsettled, but lots cannot be had at under $2,50@3 ℔ bushel. Clover seed is in fair stock, and is held firmly at $5,75 to $6,25 ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

PORK PACKING IN THE WEST.—The returns from the various points in the West have come in very freely the past week, and we have now the official statements from 151 places, leaving about 100 to hear from. Reserving the details for our full and final statement, which we expect to be able to make in two weeks from now, we give the aggregate, so far as heard from, as follows:

		1858-9	1859-60
38 places	in Ohio	505,104	553,138
40 do	in Indiana	326,663	336,881
12 do	in Kentucky	357,851	321,987
11 do	in Missouri	122,130	140,726
5 do	in Tennessee	65,172	26,800
39 do	in Illinois	489,636	405,385
7 do	in Iowa	136,442	138,123
2 do	in Wisconsin	38,000	54,000
154		2,079,878	1,976,040
		1,976,040	
	Decrease this season	93,038	

These embrace nearly all the principal points, but the returns from the remaining points will, we think, increase this deficiency, but to what extent, we have no means just now which would enable us to make any estimate. It is not probable, we think, the deficiency will exceed 150,000. As regards the average weight and the yield of lard, the returns from Indiana, this State, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri, show a nett increase, but from Kentucky and Tennessee, a decrease, not having placed our reports in shape, as regards the matter, we can not say how much this increase will be; if there is any, however, we think it will be small.—*Cincinnati Price Current, Feb. 8.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 8.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt., $9,50@10,25; ordinary, $8,75@9,25; common, $7,50@8,50; inferior, $6,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $22,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6⅜@6¾; all others, 6@6⅛.

ALBANY, FEB. 13.—CATTLE—Again the receipts are quite heavy—over 200 head more than were on the market last week, and nearly double the receipts of the corresponding week last year. This fact, together with the decline that marked the New York market last week, owing to an over supply, tends to check operations here.

PRICES—We alter our figures as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾	5½@6
Extra	4⅞@5¼	5 @5½
First quality	4¼@4¾	4½@4¾
Second quality	3¾@3¾	3½@3¾
Third quality	2¾@3	2¾@3
Inferior	0 @2½	0 @2½

SHEEP—There is a falling off in the supply, and prices are tending upward.

HOGS—Few or none offering. Prime fat, weighing 160 or 170 lbs, would command 6c. Some 400 store pigs changed hands at 4½@5c ℔ lb.

DRESSED HOGS—Receipts moderate and demand fair. The market closed buoyant Saturday evening, and holders were asking higher rates than have ruled before this season.—There is a noticeable improvement in the quality, also.—The following were among the closing sales:

24	head State, averaging		240 lbs	$7,50
207	"	"	300 lbs	8,25
85	"	"	270 lbs	8,00
80	"	"	300 lbs	8,20
13	"	"	120 lbs	6,00
7	"	"	300 lbs	8,00
27	"	"	light and heavy	7½@$8,10
79	"	"	Pigs	$7,75
40	"	"		7½c.

Atlas and Argus.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 8.—Whole number of Cattle at market 714—about 680 Beeves, and 68 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $7,00; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen, $80, 100@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$31, 49@65.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,490 at market; prices in lots, $2,00 2,50@3 each; extra, $3,00, 4@8 each, or 4½@7½c ℔ lb. live.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

BRIGHTON, FEB. 9.—At Market 1,270 beeves, 100 stores, 3,200 sheep and lambs, and 270 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,00@7,75; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $5,50@5,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$39@40; Common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@24; three years old, $24@26.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,75@3; Extra, $3,75@6.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 6½@7½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

TORONTO, FEB. 11.—BEEF—First-class animals have brought $5.50; second class $4,50@5, and inferior cattle have been purchased at $3,50@4 ℔ 100 lbs. Sheep have been very plentiful at $4@5 each. Lambs $2,50@3; and calves scarce at $4@5 each.

PORK.—The demand for dressed hogs has continued active throughout the week and only towards the close does it show signs of falling off. The supply has been moderately large. We estimate the week's purchases at between $15,000, and $18,000, which is nearly altogether for shipment to Montreal, Portland, &c. The prices have been very satisfactory to producers, the best fed animals of over 250 lbs. selling freely at from $6,12½@6,50, and for some prime, rates a shade higher. For good ordinary hogs of from 200 lbs. to 250 lbs. this has been a common figure. For light weights and inferior, $5,50@6,75 have been the rates. Some very excellent pork has been purchased and the week's business, both as regards quantity, quality and price, are very satisfactory.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 9.—The market is rather quiet, pending the auction sale next week; the supply is light, however, particularly of desirable grades, and prices rule steadily, though strong efforts are being made among interested parties to influence the press to break down prices. But it appears the demand exceeds the supply, as all persons who have occasion to purchase know right well; consequently any declension in prices must be based on misapprehension.—It is also well known that the mills throughout the country are now, and have been during the past twelve months, running full blast. Under all these circumstances, therefore, we see no reasonable cause to "cry wolf," before the 1st of May, at all events. On the contrary, we think the market will take care of itself, and we will be much disappointed unless the result of next week's sale will bear us out. Our manufacturing friends may probably consider we are now writing against their interest, but we would not have them think so; we are only dealing with facts, and in so doing we are at a loss to know where the producers are going to get their supplies from during the next five months. They undoubtedly will have to fall back on supplies of Foreign descriptions; but, unhappily, the market is not well stocked even with this, so far as desirable qualities are concerned.—Next week we look for more activity, in view of an increased number of distant buyers, which are likely to be drawn hither on account of the auction sale, but never by us in giving a fictitious report of this market in order to draw buyers forward in times of inactivity. The sales include 125,000 lbs. State, Western, and California fleeces, in lots, at prices within our range; 35,000 lbs. Canadian do., at 35c.; 35,000 lbs. Pulled at 32@52c., as to quality; 26 bales Oregon at 34c., 6 mos.; and 50 do. Texas and 250 do. Donskoi and South American on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	53@62
Am. full-blood Merino	51@57
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	33@42
California, fine, unwashed	23@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@13
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, FEB. 9.—The transactions in Wool the past week comprise 100,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, mostly the latter, at prices ranging from 38@52c. superfine and extra. The transactions in foreign comprise 350 bales Mestizo, South American and Mediterranean, and 40,000 lbs. Valparaiso on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	58@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	53@57	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	44@52	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	36@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

IN Rushford, N. Y., on the 26th inst., by the Hon. A. H. ALLEN, Mr. MARION PLUMB and Miss SARAH DAVIS, both of Rushford.

On the 6th inst., at the residence of the brides father, by Rev. P. H. SIMPSON, Mr. J. WALTER SIMPSON, of New York city, and Miss ANNIE M. MIDDAUGH, of Scio, Allegany, Co., N. Y.

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Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

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527-1t D. S. McCALLUM, Hornellsville, N. Y.

PURE HUBBARD SQUASH SEED.—25 Seeds of this fine Squash will be forwarded by mail, on receipt of five three-cent stamps. JOHN S. GOOLD,
527-1t Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

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P. O. STAMPS may be sent in a letter for Life Illustrated, which is not filled with "trash" or quack medicines; it is an elegant quarto of eight pages, a perfect model of excellence, altogether one of the most sensible of live papers. Only $2 a year, $1 for half a year, and on trial, three months, for 25 cents. Address FOWLER & WELLS, New York.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SONG FOR THE TIMES.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

Give me the man whose earnest heart
To principle is ever true,
One who from right would not depart,
Although a crown were placed in view—
A man whose principle avails,
In every place,—wherever tried,—
One in whose soul the true prevails,
Although the multitude deride.

Give me the man that wavers not,
With hope to catch the rabble votes,
Nor filiates with drone or sot,
Nor with the selfish current floats;
But who, with manliness of soul,
Opposes evil—censures wrong,—
Whose influence is high control—
To such the smiles of GOD belong.

Give me the man that never bends
A moment from the line of right;
Who never with the halting blends,
But stands up firm, with manly might,—
A man that loves an upright way,
Although that way be trod by few,—
One who from justice would not sway,
For coronet of brightest hue.

Give me the man whose high intent,
Is fixed to do what good he can—
Whose energies are wisely bent,
To carry out each useful plan,—
A man who never skulks and hides
When principles are brought in sight;
But firm, and true, and strong, abides,
And manfully defends the right.

I would indeed the world had hosts
Of men like these, a noble dower,
Forever faithful at their posts,
Unflinching in each trial hour,—
Undaunted by each menace strong—
Unmoved by censure or applause,
But ever firm against all wrong,
The champions of each noble cause.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BUSY HANDS MAKE HAPPY HEARTS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. ST. JOHN, despairingly, "were there ever such children in a Christian land? They might well pass for a parcel of wild Arabs. Do see if you cannot quiet the uproar, my dear," and she looked up beseechingly from her sewing to her husband, who, in dressing-gown and slippers, was enjoying the evening paper, with as much unconcern as though he had no particular interest in the noisy group assembled in the next room.

"There!" continued his wife, "that was MARY's voice; I never heard such a loud voice from any girl in my life; she never will be a lady, try as I may to make her one."

"What are they doing now?" asked her husband, quietly.

"Doing?—it would be easier to tell what they are not doing; it is nothing but mischief from morning till night; and the only peace I have is when they are at school or asleep."

"Can't you find something for them to do?" was Mr. ST. JOHN's next inquiry.

"Yes, and have to work three times as hard myself, seeing that it is done. No, I have tried that to my heart's content,—I have given MARY stint after stint in sewing,—I have coaxed and threatened until I am heartily tired of it, and have come to the conclusion that she is hopelessly lazy. Why, when I was *ten* years old I could make the whole of a fine shirt alone, and here MARY is twelve, and I don't believe she could stitch a wristband properly." And Mrs. ST. JOHN heaved a sigh at the degeneracy of the human race at the present day, while her husband remarked, dryly—"I suppose *you* never had to be taught how to do anything—it all came by intuition."

"No, indeed! I was *obliged* to work, and in those days children were far more obedient than they are now. And then, the boys are backward in their studies; WILLIE, at fourteen, ought to be in the high school, but he is not even in the first class at the public school, while HARRY is too full of fun to learn anything from his books."

"Do they never study at home?" asked their father, now apparently aroused to a sense of his paternal duties.

"Oh, I tell them every day to bring home their books at night, but half the time they forget to do so, or if they do bring them they cannot remember where their lessons are to be; or else there is sliding or skating after school, and when they come into the house they are so sleepy that I have to send them to bed the minute they have eaten their supper. There! do you hear that racket? I dare say HARRY is on all fours, playing *bear*, and chasing the rest of them round the room. What will Sister MARY think? You know she will be here to-morrow night, and not being used to children, I fear ours will drive her distracted."

"Oh, don't be afraid of MARY," was the response; "nothing ever troubles her. I only wish she was not so much of a stranger here,—it is five years since she visited us, and I really long to see her."

The next evening there was an unusual stillness in the cosy sitting-room of our friends, the ST. JOHNS; and a degree of order truly refreshing to the weary mistress. The family were waiting the arrival of "Aunt MARY," whom Mr. ST. JOHN had gone to the depot to meet. The children, in their Sunday clothes, with smooth hair and clean faces, formed quite an attractive spectacle, sitting very straight, with folded arms, and motionless feet. They had not a very definite idea of the expected guest, and their fertile imaginations clothed her with a variety of terrors; at any rate, they considered it safest to make as favorable an impression upon her mind, at first sight, as possible. The table was laid in the dining-room, and all awaited the arrival of the visitor.

MRS. ST. JOHN bustled from room to room, arranging and re-arranging the furniture, that all might wear a cheerful and inviting look. She was evidently one of the many MARTHAS of our land, "careful, and troubled about many things."

The coal burned brightly in the grate, and the little French clock on the mantel ticked loud and distinctly. At length, WILLIE, grown tired of counting the red and green spots on the carpet, and the figures of the wall paper, managed to creep unperceived behind HARRY's chair, and startled him prodigiously by tickling his neck with a long slate-pencil. This was the signal for a general uproar, and little SUSIE gladly left her seat in the corner to join in the frolic.

Their mother had gone to the kitchen to superintend the preparations for supper, the evening train being already due; so the children decided to have just one game of "*bear*" before she returned; they would be very quiet; and WILLIE and HARRY who were both to become quadrupeds *pro tem.*, promised to growl very softly, and not to scratch any more than they could help. In a minute more, Sunday clothes and manners were alike forgotten, and all four of the children were making the circuit of the room in anything but a graceful style.

Of course, at this very moment, Mr. ST. JOHN returned from the station, accompanied by his sister, and Mrs. ST. JOHN hurried in to receive her. The children scrambled back to their seats, but their dishevelled locks and tumbled garments were far from meeting the approval of their mother's discerning glance; but Aunt MARY, sunbeam that she was, never noticed the crest-fallen air of her nephews and neices, but kissing them all, and speaking a kind word to each one, she soon won their childish hearts, and after tea there was considerable strife for the seat next Aunt MARY. She arranged the matter amicably by placing herself between MARY and WILLIE on the lounge, with HARRY and SUSIE on an ottoman at her feet.

Never had the children been more quiet or respectful than during this evening, while their parents and aunt were engaged in conversation. At last, little SUSIE, whose brown head had been lying in her aunt's lap, and gently stroked by her hand, was discovered to be fast asleep; and HARRY giving an unmistakable yawn, they were all sent off to bed, with a kiss from Aunt MARY on their lips, and a kindly thought of her in their hearts.

In a day or two, however, the restraint which had at first produced so happy an effect, appeared to wear off, and Miss ST. JOHN soon had an opportunity of seeing the usual course of affairs in her brother's family. Unlike some maiden ladies, she was very fond of children, and thinking that she had discovered the root of the evil in their case, she determined to commence a reformation. Not in a loud and bustling manner, for that was at variance with her nature; ever quiet and unassuming, her influence was exerted silently, but none the less surely.

One morning, when the children were to have a holiday, a season always dreaded by their mother, Aunt MARY invited them to come to her room directly after breakfast, as she had something to tell them. The largest and pleasantest chamber in the house had been assigned to her, and the children thought they had never seen it look so cheerful as it did now, lighted by the sunshine of Aunt MARY's presence. That lady now seating herself in a low chair by the fire, made known her plans to the children.

"You know, my dears, that Christmas will be here in a few weeks, and I thought perhaps you would like to prepare some presents for your father and mother,—what do you say to it?" The united voices of the children joyfully agreed to the proposal, but the next moment they all declared their inability to do anything "because they didn't know how."

"Oh, I will help you about it," said their aunt, prepared for this objection. I have been thinking of several things you could make, such as watch-cases, pin-cushions, tidies and the like.

"Oh, that's girl's work!" interrupted WILLIE, with masculine contempt. "And surely, you could do as much as a girl, couldn't you, WILLIE? See here!" and she took several pink and white wheels from her work-basket, "wouldn't you like to learn how to make these?" "Well, yes, they are pretty, that's a fact," said WILLIE, taking them in his hand carefully. "WELL, these, and a great many more like them, will make a very handsome tidy, which your mother will value all the more for being your work." "Agreed," said WILLIE, "I guess I'll try."

"And what shall I do?" asked HARRY.

"Wait a moment until I find something for MARY—you know I must take you in order. I will show you, MARY, how to crochet a watch-case for your father; they are very pretty, made of shaded zephyr, and very easily done, too.—HARRY can notch some nice pieces of broadcloth for pen-wipers, and then I will fasten them together; and, SUSIE, can you sew?"

"Only a little, 'over and over,'" said SUSIE, despondently.

"Well, never mind, my dear, you can easily learn. First, I will help you work a book-mark, and after that, perhaps, you can learn to hem, and so make a nice handkerchief for papa. And MARY will have time to work her mother a pin-cushion, after the watch-case is done."

Another hour found the children busily at work; Aunt MARY having been to ask their mother if they might remain in her room all the forenoon. Mrs. ST. JOHN gladly acquieseed, for Saturday was always one of her busiest days, and it was quite a relief, as she expressed it, "to have the children out of the way." Aunt MARY's unfailing patience and ready tact did not desert her during the rather tedious process of initiating beginners in the mysteries of any art or science; and before noon each had made visible progress in the labors assigned them. They would willingly have resumed them after dinner, but their Aunt, well knowing how soon youthful enthusiasm, however ardent, expires, told them they had done quite enough for one day, but promised them they should come to her room for one hour every evening, until their presents were all completed. And she also proposed that they should study at home an hour every morning and night, agreeing, in case they did so, to give them each a dollar, in order that they might make any little additions they wished to their Christmas stores. To all this they eagerly acceded, and mutually enjoining the most profound secrecy in regard to their morning's employments, and plans for the future, they went down stairs for a nice play, after their unusually quiet half-day's experience.

Aunt MARY found an opportunity to speak to the children separately, in regard to their giving presents to each other; so there was any quantity of delightful privacies, and many stolen interviews in her room.

Mr. and Mrs. ST. JOHN could but notice the difference in their children's behavior, now so orderly and studious. Of their industry in other respects, they had no opportunity of judging; but morning and night their school-books were open for a full hour, while Aunt MARY was ever ready to explain any difficulty in their lessons.

One evening, when she had left them all quietly at work in her room, she went down to the back-parlor, where her brother and his wife were seated, apparently well pleased at the new order of things existing in their household.

"I have been thinking," said Aunt MARY, "that we might get up a pleasant surprise for the children, in preparing a Christmas tree for them; what do you say to it?"

"I am willing," replied their father, "but you must ask Mother, who would have the most trouble about it."

"Oh, as to trouble," rejoined his sister, "I'll see to that; the most that I want is your consent, and a tree, which you must smuggle into the parlor without the children seeing it."

"I certainly have no objection," said Mrs. ST. JOHN, "and I must say I feel more like doing something for them than I did a month ago, for your influence has wrought a great change in them. But I don't know much about such things, and I am afraid it would be too much extra care for you, MARY."

"Never fear that—only get the tree, WILLIAM, as soon as you can, and I will make some little things for the children between now and Christmas Eve, when we will have a splendid time—only they must know nothing of what we are about until the right moment comes."

She returned to her charge up stairs, leaving their parents to discuss the new plan, and to decide on the gifts each one should receive.

"We must get something nice for MARY," said Mrs. ST. JOHN, "she has been such a blessing to us about the children."

Every day now passed pleasantly, each member of the family being animated by the desire to add to the happiness of all the rest. They were beginning to learn the truth of the sacred proverb:—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Aunt MARY, especially, was in her element; for nothing could please her better than the series of pleasant surprises she was helping to prepare.

The children completed one gift after another, and entrusted them to her for safe keeping; and when they inquired how and when they should be presented, she replied:—"You will, I know, trust me to find some good way, and let the time be Christmas Eve."

One day, during school hours, a tall and well-proportioned tree was brought to the house, and being fastened in a strong standard, was set in the center of the parlor—the curtains of that room being closely drawn, and the door securely locked, to prevent any intrusion.

The day before Christmas came at last, although it seemed to the impatient children a long while on the way. Their little tokens of love were neatly done up and labeled by Aunt MARY, and she suggested that they should meet in the parlor in the evening, to surprise their parents. Their mother readily assented to their request that they might be allowed to "dress up" on the occasion; and long before the hour appointed, they were in a state of eager expectation, with nothing to do but wish it would grow dark, which event, as it usually does, whether desired or not, finally transpired.

At the tea-table the children evinced a remarkably delicate appetite, and were very soon satisfied, and only waiting for the rest to conclude their repast. The tedious suspense at length terminated—the parlor door was thrown open, and there, before the astonished eyes of the children, stood the Christmas tree, glistening with its many wax tapers, and well laden with attractive gifts.—After duly admiring its charms, and expressing their unbounded delight, in the emphatic language childhood always uses, Aunt MARY was unanimously chosen to distribute the articles. Great was the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. ST. JOHN to receive so many neatly-made and really useful keepsakes, with the assurance that they were the work of their children's hands, and the mystery of their unwonted quietness and good behavior was now fully and most satisfactorily explained. Nor was Aunt MARY less gratified when each of the children handed her a duplicate of the presents they had made for their parents, which unknown to her they had prepared. Although of trifling value, in themselves, they seemed to please her no less than the elegant silk and set of furs, which Mr. and Mrs. ST. JOHN had placed upon the tree for her. And with great glee the children received the gifts which they had made or purchased for one another, and the more costly ones furnished by their parents, or bearing witness to Aunt MARY's kind thoughtfulness. Nor did their light supper prevent their enjoying the abundant and delicious confectionery.

Thus passed the evening, fraught with pure and unalloyed pleasure. It was a time never to be forgotten in the annals of the ST. JOHN family; for it marked a new era in their history, and was the turning-point in their destiny—the harbinger of brighter and better days.

The habits of industry and perseverance formed in the few weeks preceding this joyful occasion, were not forgotten when the excitement was over. The children had learned from that best of all teachers, Experience, that time well employed is always the happiest. True, they still devoted many hours to healthful exercise and merry frolics, but their books and work were not neglected; but their mother had no cause to complain either of their idleness or backwardness in their studies.

Ere many months WILLIE passed a creditable examination, and entered the High School; and HARRY soon ranked among the best scholars in his class. MARY gave efficient aid in domestic duties, and was soon able, as Mrs. ST. JOHN admitted, to sew even as neatly as *she* could at her age. Little SUSIE had her daily task, and it was always well performed.

And when, in the early spring-time, Aunt MARY bade her dear friends good-bye, she was followed by their heart-felt benedictions, and received the sweet assurance of her own conscience, that her sojourn among them had not been in vain.

Thus, kind readers, have we told our simple story, and fain would we impress upon your minds the truth of its moral. Learn that by your own fireside true happiness may be found; that from elements however discordant sweet melody may be educed, if skillfully touched by the hand of love.

Would you make your home an attractive one?—let it be the dwelling-place of industry, self-denial, and kind thoughtfulness one for another. Make it your aim wisely to improve each passing moment—let not one be lost in idleness, nor a single opportunity for ministering to the happiness of others be unimproved. And on the scroll of memory, beneath the time-honored maxim of the poet, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," inscribe this truth, which in our humble way we have endeavored to inculcate:—Busy Hands make Happy Hearts.

Rochester, N. Y., January, 1860.

Wit and Humor.

PRENTICEANIA.

MR. S. FALL, a Mississippi editor, asks when we shall get wise. Undoubtedly *before Fall*, if ever.

THE editor of an Indiana paper says "*more villainy is on foot.*" We suppose the editor has lost his horse.

A BUFFALO paper announces that Dr. Brandreth has introduced a *bill* into the Legislature. Is the editor sure that he minded his *p's* in his announcement?

THE Ohio river is getting lower and lower every day. It has almost ceased to run. All who look at it can at once perceive that it exhibits very little speed, but *a great deal of bottom.*

THERE is said to be "many a slip between the cup and the lip," but it would be well for some of our young men, and old ones, too, if there were a good many more.

W. H. HOOE, a post-master in Virginia, publishes that two hundred dollars of the public funds are missing from his office, and he asks "*who* has got the money?" Possibly echo may answer—*Hooe.*

WE received a newspaper two days ago, professing to give a full account of the creation of the world. We shouldn't be much surprised if the enterprising editor were to bring up the news in his next number to Noah's flood.

FLEAS must be long-lived. The "industrious fleas" that were taken through the country fifteen years ago, are advertised as having gone to Cape Cod. They will have to be "industrious" there, or they will starve to death.

A POLITICAL editor of a village newspaper cries aloud to his party, "Let your trumpets bray in the front of the battle." A good many political partisans can bray well enough without such instruments. The use of trumpets is a needless expenditure of brass.

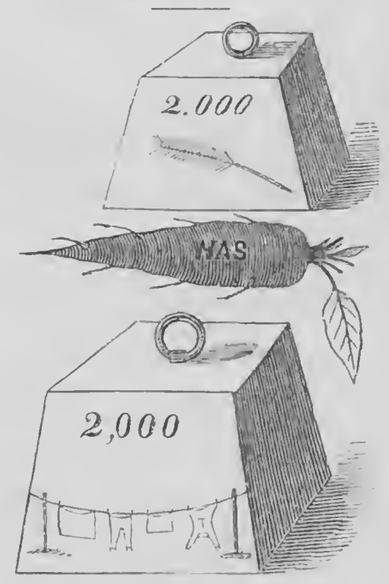
UNHAPPY SPINSTERS.—The ugliest and most mischievous Miss we ever knew was Miss-Government. Her sister, Miss-Management, is no beauty. Miss-Demeanor surpasses them both; and, while she is uglier and haughtier than either of her sisters, she is still constantly getting "courted." While we have no particular liking for Miss-Government, Miss-Management, or Miss-Demeanor, we have a decided disliking for Miss-Fortune. She is ever sticking her nose in where it is not wanted. Among these unfortunate Misses may be placed Miss-Take, who is generally compelled to bear the blame for the acts of Miss-Government, Miss-Management, Miss-Fortune, and sometimes Miss-Demeanor. As for us, we can endorse and even tolerate any of the above-named Misses as well, or better, than Miss-Ann-Thropy. Of her we have a perfect abhorrence. There is a whole family of Misses, whose company had better be avoided; for instance, Miss-Chief, Miss-Lead, Miss-Judge, Miss-Quote, Miss-Represent, Miss-Rule, Miss-Trust, etc.

A COMPLIMENT IN SEASON.—"My dear madam, you really must not eat that," said a gallant gentleman to a beautiful lady, as he abruptly snatched away a plate of beautiful duck that had been placed before her; "I really cannot allow you to commit cannibalism." The lady, buried under a rose-heap of blushes, declared she would never forgive him. As a proof of it, they were married the next week.

PRECOCIOUS WIT.—A few days since a little ragged urchin was sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill. He began in the usual way, but becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, "You need not dun me so sharply—I am not going to run away." "I don't suppose you are," said the boy, scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."

LITTLE FOLKS—*Hear Ye!*—We have a great many inquiries relative to the "rules governing candidates for admission to the 'Youth's Corner,'" and will answer that the only requirements are *correctness and completeness* in the offerings of our young friends. Enigmas, Problems, Charades, &c., *must be perfect in detail, and accompanied with the answers*, in every case, or they soon find a resting-place in the waste-paper box. We have no initiation fee, as some would seem to infer,—but want the "Corner" *jam full* of the bright, happy thoughts of childhood. Make your figures plain; get in all the facts needed to put the finishing touches upon your brain-creations,—*be sure you are right*,—and when this is done, Uncle Sam's mail-agents will so perform their part that we can *then go ahead.*

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

DEDICATED TO MISS S. WHITNEY.

I AM composed of 25 letters.
My 1, 22, 16, 21, 12 was the goddess of fire.
My 18, 11, 24, 17, 23, 1, 5 was the goddess of wisdom, war, and the liberal arts.
My 6, 4, 23, 14 was the deity of war.
My 14, 20, 3, 13, 24 was a goddess noted for singing.
My 8, 2, 23, 13, 16 was the goddess of corn.
My 19, 25, 24 was the deity of shepherds.
My 1, 22, 16, 10, 5 was the mother of Saturn.
My 24, 2, 23, 22, 9, 14, was a sea-nymph, the daughter of Nereus and Doris.
My 14, 19, 4, 3, 15, 7 was a race of men, said to have sprung from the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed.
My whole is a Latin saying, beautiful and true.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860. ELLATH.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

SIX lads start in company to take a walk around a park which is 200 rods in circumference; the first walks 25 rods per minute; the second 23 rods; the third 21; the fourth 19; the fifth 17; and the sixth 15 rods per minute,—in what length of time will they all be together again, and at what distance from the starting point will they meet?

Pittsford, N. Y., 1860. L. L. N.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

Three-fourths of a place where an army oft lies;
The head of a creature that in the night cries;
To these add eight furlongs; you need have no more;
It will tell you an herb of great use to the poor;
A plant very hardy, whose vigorous shoot
Can flourish, and still bear the trampler's foot.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

COMPANY TO BE AVOIDED.

1st. Those who ridicule their parents, or disobey their commands.
2d. Those who profane the Sabbath, or scoff at religion.
3d Those who use profane or filthy language.
4th. Those who are unfaithful, play truant, and waste their time in idleness.
5th. Those who are of a quarrelsome temper, and apt to get into difficulty with others.
6th. Those who are addicted to lying and stealing.
7th. Those who are of a cruel disposition; who take pleasure in torturing and maiming animals or insects, and robbing birds of their young. S. K. R.

Chicago, Ill., 1860.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 525.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Thou shalt not steal.

Answer to the Geometrical Problem:—28.2803030303 nearly.

Answer to Riddle:—To-Morrow.

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☞ For Special Notices, &c., see preceding page.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XI. NO. 8.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 528.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. AS A FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

N. Y. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

ANNUAL MEETING.

IN our last number, we gave a list of the officers elected at the Annual Meeting of the State Agricultural Society, the premiums awarded, and other minor matters,—for we consider these things of far less importance than the interchange of opinions among practical men, and the recital of their experience,—and now we propose to give an abstract of what was said by the farmers who attended this annual gathering. We pass over, for the present, the Lecture of J. STANTON GOULD, on *Manures for Grasses*, as we wish to make a few passing remarks upon what was presented by the speaker, and for which we cannot now find room. According to the programme adopted by the officers of the Society, the second day was devoted, mainly, to discussions, and at 10 o'clock a goodly number of farmers assembled in the Agricultural Hall. Chancellor MCCOUN took the chair, and made some appropriate remarks.

Potatoes, and their Culture.

J. STANTON GOULD wished information on a very interesting and important subject, and as there was at least one gentleman present who, from long experience, had fitted himself to impart this information, he called upon Hon. A. B. DICKINSON, for his views upon *Potatoes, and their Culture.*

A. B. DICKINSON was very ready to impart any information, he possessed. Had learned enough from Dr. FITCH about destroying the weevil, to pay his whole salary. Now, he asked no favor of the weevil, and showed no quarter.—In answer to the question how he conquered the midge, Mr. D. said by late fall plowing and sowing spring wheat. (Rather a doubtful victory this, in which the victor has been compelled to abandon the culture of winter wheat!) There was one kind of soil where, when new, the potato would not rot—that natural to the red raspberry. Had learned much from observation. Nature is a good teacher, and it is well to observe the wild plants. Mr. D.'s mode of culture was to make the furrows so as to be certain to draw the water, but to draw it as slow as possible. Made the rows in the way the water runs. Plow and subsoil eighteen inches deep. Planted in double rows, one set in a place, fourteen inches apart, and cover with the plow, roll and drag. Drag, if weedy, even after the potatoes are up, and plow between the rows. If grass comes up, let in the sheep. When the potatoes begin to set, run the subsoil plow between the rows, and even under the potatoes, so that people think they are killed; but it don't hurt them. The largest crop he had grown, was 425 bushels to the acre.

In answer to several questions from gentlemen present, Mr. DICKINSON said he allowed two eyes to a set, and they were planted zig-zag, in rows, 14 inches apart. Before planting, the sets were wet with tar-water, made by dissolving a pint of tar in six or seven pails of water, and they are then rolled in plaster. The heaviest potato is best to withstand the rot, but it is difficult to find a heavy potato fit to eat. Tested their weight by brine. The best soil is a clay, cool and moist, but not wet. Fresh manure had a tendency to rot potatoes.

The Agricultural College Farm.

HERE, Mr. DICKINSON, while entertaining a great respect for the Trustees of the Agricultural College, criticised some of their sayings and doings. They had a clod-crusher—an implement that should have no place on a farm, and he recommended the Trustees to bury it. The ground should be plowed so that there would be no need of a clod-crusher, shaved up thin, and then it would be light and mellow, and a foot higher than where clods were turned over. Even the roller was a dangerous implement on heavy land. The death of forest trees on the farm was attributed by the Trustees to the removal of the underbrush, which they stated had shaded the land and preserved the moisture.

T. C. PETERS.—What caused the death of so many of the trees?

Mr. DICKINSON.—They had lived out their time, exhausted the soil of the elements necessary to their growth, and, in the order of nature, must give way to another variety of timber.

Are the Crops in New York Decreasing?

P. M. WETMORE wished to inquire of the gentleman on the floor, and any others who could satisfactorily answer the question, whether the crops in the State of New York were decreasing. It had been so stated, publicly and confidently, and he had seen no facts to contradict the statement. Such statements were injurious, driving purchasers of land from this to the Western and other States, and lessening the value of lands here.

A. B. DICKINSON.—There is no truth in the statement. Farmers now raise more than their fathers did, live better, dress better, travel more, live in better houses, educate their children better, and are, in every way, more prosperous.

P. M. WETMORE.—Mr. PELL says our crops are decreasing, and quotes the State Census as authority. How are we to meet these figures? The Agricultural Society should take pains to gather facts and figures on this point.

Mr. DICKINSON.—Mr. PELL has said a great many strange things. He delivered an address before the American Institute, in which he stated he could put something in the water given animals to drink which would cause them to fatten in six weeks. He also recommended digging drains eight feet deep.

Mr. GEDDES—of Onondaga—In the past year had traveled over the county where he lived, and entered almost every man's house. The wheat crop last year averaged 35 bushels to the acre, and yet is the most unprofitable and the most uncertain crop raised. Corn is much more certain and more profitable. The Census returns are unreliable, often carelessly taken, and the estimates guessed at by those who give the information.—Few farmers know how much they raise on an acre,—they do not even know the size of their fields,—all is guess-work. The census is made once in five years. The last census was taken in 1855, and gave the report of the unfortunate season of 1854. The next census will give us the very favorable year of 1859; but this, like 1854, was merely accidental. Mr. G. knew Onondaga when but little of its soil was under cultivation, with here and there a log house. Now the soil was nearly all under good cultivation, well fenced, with excellent barns for grain and stock, and good houses for the farmer and his family. The farmers of Onondaga were independent, living in good houses, educating their families, and possessed of all the necessaries and many of the luxuries of life.

T. C. PETERS had occasion to go over the State the past season. The universal answer to the question was, "We are improving in our agriculture. We are raising more food than ever before." These men that generalize on our statistics do not understand the changes in our agriculture. Corn has quadrupled in the last 20 years. On account of the facilities afforded by railroads, the West can send wheat to our leading markets cheaper than we can, while we find other crops more remunerative.

Mr. WETMORE was a very small farmer, and had been a merchant all his life. It is the duty of farmers to aid their profession. Mr. PELL, had said, among other things, that the potato crop had largely decreased. These statements go uncontradicted. No class of merchants or mechanics would allow such statements, injurious to their profession, to go forth uncontradicted, even for a month. Mr. W. thought the census should be taken every year.

—We have notes of remarks on other subjects, but they are necessarily deferred.

MAJ. PLOWHANDLE ON "RUNNING" FAIRS.

Maj. PLOWHANDLE in office—He magnifies his office—A new Club—Invitation, &c.

KART-TAIL COTTAGE, Jan. 24, 1860.

COL. MOORE:—I've been thinking for a good while, about writing to you, but some how or other I hain't got at it. The fact is, I have been purty busy, some of the time, and blessed happy other some; and you see, when I'm real happy, it kinder runs over me so gentle, like, that I don't have any words. My heart goes out so lovingly to every body around me, that my mind don't get pinted, like, and I havn't any hitchin' post to fasten to. However, I have just now got into a corner, so that I must write.

You see we've been forming a kind of society at the Corners, called the "Toemuddy and Punkin Hill Grub and Blow Society," for improving matters and things generally, and I'm one of the officers. We made SMITH President, because he'd been to the Legislature, and knew how to do the thing up brown; and, between you and I, he had the dimes, and we thought he'd pay for the honor. Well, they put me in one of the directors, and I'm a committe on filling-up; that is, to get every thing to make the people come.

We had a stormy time the other day, at our last meeting. Some of the officers out back in town are green enough to think the Society ought to confine itself to such things as are really useful. But SMITH told them that was all gammon, for no Society that pretended to any distinction, or that wanted to live, would think of such a thing now.

The premium list was under discussion. JONES moved that a premium of $10 be allowed to the three best Squaws that should ride aroond the ring, bare-backed. The out-towns went in dead on that.

Spiles—"Mr. Chairman, how much do we give for best Short-horn bull?" (SPILES is in the Short-horn line.)

Smith—"The highest premium is $2."

Spiles—"I would just like to know whether this Society considers Squaws a better breed than Short-horns?"

Smith—"Brother SPILES, the Squaws are all right, and so are the Short-horns, in their places; but we want something to get the people, or we ain't going to get the dimes."

The *dimes* carried the Squaw premium.

The next item was $25 to the five Indians that went round the ring the quickest on one leg, no staff or pole allowed, and they to be dressed in full costume and sing war songs all the way.

Spiles—"How much has been given for premiums to the farmers?"

Jones—"About $50."

Spiles, (very angry)—"I call this downright robbery, to give the people's money away for such tom-foolery."

Smith—"Mr. SPILES, you're excited. We shan't get the people's money to give away unless we humbug them in some way or other. I've no objections to the domestic article."

Spiles—"I move, Mr. President, that a premium of $10 be offered for the five greatest Jackasses exhibited, and that members of this board be allowed to compete for it!"

I see'd there was going to be a storm, so says I, "I don't much like this Ingin business myself. I can't see any particular advantage in improving the breed."

"But that ain't the thing," says SMITH. "What we want," says he, "is to get up some great thing that'll bring in the people, and I tell you it's all the fashion to get 'em in by humbug."

"Well," says I, "it may be so, but can't we do it a little slicker than with the Ingins?" Says I, "Suppose we invite some pretty noted man to give us an oration, when we have the show."

You see the idea took, right off. JONES went in for it; says he, "It won't cost more nor five dollars more than we've offered for the Ingins to get a man that will draw a ten-acre lot full, and the feller that wants to show the three-legged snakes, and the fat woman and the big calf, will give that in a minute to come in."

Finally they sorter settled the matter by appointing me a committee on filling up. I'm to leave off the Ingins if I can, and I want to consult with you a little about it. We're all agreed that if we can get you to come and give us the oration, it will be near upon as good as the other shows to get the folks in, because every body in these parts want to see the man who prints the RURAL. I tell you, Col., you don't know what heaps of friends you've got all up and down the Toemuddy, and on Punkin Hill, and over in the Hollow. I do believe if you'll only come we can get out near upon as many as a gineral trainin.' If you can come, do you think we'd better have the Squaws, and the other Ingins? Seeing I'm committee, I kinder want to get everybody in.—But after all, I don't quite like the idea of too much of the hog; besides, I think the people ought to support these Societies for their own good.

Now, Col., I wish you'd just help me a little with your advice, and say you'll come. But if you don't, why I shall have to fall back onto first principles, and go in for the Ingins. If you can't come yourself, may-be you know of somebody who'll sorter make your place half good, so that we shan't have to get only the Squaws.

I meant to tell you about the family, but I must tend to my official duties first, you know. You can say to my old friend POLLY KREAM, now Mrs. CHURNDASHER, that when we get our Society all up right, I'll either write to her or go and see her.

Yours to Command,

JOHN PLOWHANDLE.

P. S. We've engaged all the big barn-doors at the Four Corners, to post bills on, and if you'll come we'll put your name in the biggist kind of letters, so that every body will know you're to be here. J. P.

REMARKS.—Aforetime we have been favored with the proceedings of many new Societies—have received several complimentary invitations to "orate"—and our advice has been solicited relative to the management of divers associations and exhibitions; but friend PLOWHANDLE'S kindly-intended epistle is the most singular one in its way that it ever became our duty to acknowledge. It is amusing and instructive, if not complimentary—and we by no means believe our confiding friend intended to be personal or satirical in the portion which embraces his pressing invitation. The reader will be amused at the ambition to excel—to secure the dimes by drawing the people—displayed by SMITH and his associates. It appears that our Toemuddy and Punkin Hill friends are resolved to "rush" things on the start—with a view, no doubt, of showing that a new organization can do quite as much in the elephant or sensation line, as have, of late years, some societies of long-standing and good reputation. A desire to excel is *generally* laudable, yet we submit that there are matters in which its exhibition is *not* praiseworthy. What, with their tracks, "trials of speed," and other *fast* innovations, some Agricultural Societies have within a few years introduced features at their shows which not a few sensible people consider unworthy of imitation, or efforts to surpass. True, we have entertained and expressed the opinion that, inasmuch as we have but few National Holidays, (the "Glorious Fourth" being about the only one, in fact,) something should be combined with our Annual Rural Exhibitions which would render them of a festive and holiday character. We have conceived that entertaining, attractive, and perhaps amusing features, might be added, without detracting from the main objects and characteristics, which should be practical, useful and instructive. But it is difficult to specify the desideratum—to designate what new features can be introduced without danger of abuse. For, if one society has a track for the mere display of the "style" of horses, another will have "trials of speed" like unto a race course. If one Society introduces an Indian ball-play, some more ambitious one, like the Toemuddy, will have a war-dance and pow-wow, or the aborigines running on one pedal extremity—while "Female Equestrianism" will be eclipsed by squaws on unsaddled specimens of the equino race. A balloon ascension at one Fair, will be rivaled at another by a more decided attraction in the shape of a BLONDIN or DE LAVE walking the tight-rope over a wide river or deep ravine. The greased pig, sack races, and similar amusements—which may be unobjectionable, perhaps, in proper places—will naturally accompany the sights named. Hence, many believe the tendency is toward sporting exhibitions—such as should be avoided by associations designed to advance improvement in Rural, Mechanical and Domestic Arts and Manufactures. But we will not digress further on this point.

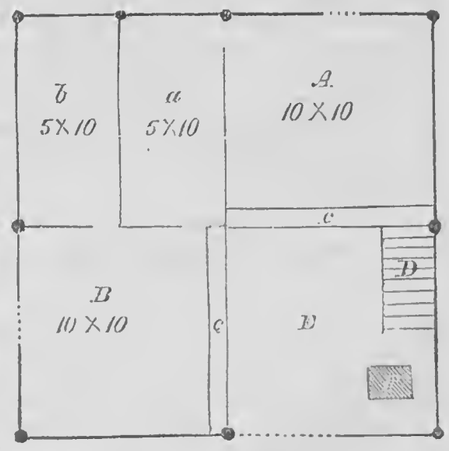
As to the oration, we should be glad to accommodate Maj. PLOWHANDLE, and other friends in his section—and also to see SAM, SUSAN, and the rest of the young folks—but fear, if they forego the Indian show, many will be disappointed when they see and hear us. We are not *very* modest, yet can't help thinking that SMITH and his fast friends would prefer a superior exhibition of *muscle* to an ordinary effort of *mind*. And, beside, (this is "strictly confidential," friend P.,) don't the Major think the Colonel would *lose* rather than *gain* reputation on being seen and heard by those who have a good opinion of him now?—(and wouldn't it be better to get some statesman or notable who has no reputation to lose?—say DOUGLAS, GREELEY, or some member of the present House of Representatives!) The fact is, the Colonel is not so old, dignified or venerable in appearance as many strangers imagine, (we *don't* say he is *ugly looking*, mind you,) and is not confident of his ability to either compete with or take the place of a band of stalwart aborigines—especially with the idea of giving satisfaction to such a large audience as our friend thinks the big bills would convene. [A word, confidentially, about those big bills, Major. If you had the Indians, wouldn't they be named first and in *larger letters* than the orator—as has been the case hereabouts, even when distinguished honorables were the speakers?] He will think of it, however.

—Meantime, we suggest to our Toemuddy and Punkin Hill friends, that instead of fast and fancy features, they encourage the more practical, useful and serviceable evolutions. For instance, ignore fast trotting—or at least the trial of trotting horses *together*—and offer a handsome premium for the horse, or span of horses, which walks around the track, or a certain distance, in the least time, carrying an ordinary load. Say, the span of horses, before a lumber wagon, which shall carry a load of twenty persons a mile or more the quickest, at a walking gait, shall have the first premium. Offer the "horned horses" good premiums, on similar conditions. There are other matters which we would like to mention, suggestively, but *must* close what we intended should be very brief remarks.

PLAN FOR A PIGGERY.

PERHAPS no other domestic animal is more allowed to run the streets, and suffers so much from cold and hunger, as the hog. Why not have a warm, cosy place for them in winter, and a cool retreat in summer, thereby saving them from much misery, and their owners many dollars. To this end we will endeavor to give a cheap and yet convenient plan, which we hope will answer the inquiry of M. in the RURAL of January 14th.

The building should be twenty feet square, and placed upon a good wall one foot high, laid up with mortar, ten feet posts, and six feet between lower and upper floors. The roof can be made to slant either way, or four ways, and come to a point at the center. In the former case a chimney could be placed at the front end,—in the latter case, it would be better in the center. The roof should project at least sixteen inches. If you have a "hipped" roof, a balustrade around the whole would add much to its appearance,—with the common roof, a plain cornice will answer. A pipe may pass up through the chamber floor, and thence into the chimney, for a ventilator to let off steam from the cooking food, and the foul air emitted by the swine.



A, Hogs' Feeding-Room; *a*, Hogs' Sleeping-Room; *B*, Pigs' Feeding-Room; *b*, Pigs' Sleeping-Room; *c*, *c*, Troughs; *D*, Stairs to Loft; *E*, Cooking-Room; *F*, Stove, or Furnace.

It will be seen by the engraving that the feeding pens and cooking room are 10 feet square, and the sleeping apartments 5 by 10 feet. The upper floor may be used for storing soft corn in the autumn—and with trap doors one foot square, over each pen, will be found very convenient in feeding. It also would be a good place to store farming implements during the winter and summer, when not in use. Upon each side of the main door, there should be a window, and small doors to each pen, leading into separate yards, on the side and in the rear.

MATERIALS AND CONSTRUCTION.—The frame should be made of good, sound timber. The sills, posts and plates should be 6 by 8 inches; the girts and door posts 4 by 6 inches; rafters and studs 4 by 4 inches. The lower floor, where the swine feed and sleep, should be composed of three-inch plank, and slant two inches from the troughs; cooking room, level, two-inch plank, and upper floor, inch boards. Side up with inch

boards, one foot wide, and batten with three-inch stuff. The troughs should be made of hard wood, and well fastened down. The spouts to conduct the swill and feed into the troughs, should also be made of hard wood plank, and ought to be the same length as the troughs, so that the feed may be thrown into any or all parts of it. There should also be a two-inch cleat nailed down strong in each pen, about five feet from the troughs, to keep the corn from sliding down too far, which I think is a better way than to feed—corn in the ear—in the trough. Now paint outside with cheap paint, and the affair is complete. The cost of this building will be about seventy-five dollars, not including stove and furnace, or "*patent steamers*," but can be built for much less by a *farmer*, who can do the most of it at leisure hours. G. B. JOHNSON.

Palermo, N. Y., 1860.

OLD HAY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Winter is rapidly passing away. This season often remains long enough to satisfy stock-growers, generally; but, when the farmer is impressed with a fear that his supply of fodder is small, the days and weeks pass more tardily to his moody state of mind. His hay-mow is rapidly sinking, and there begins to be less by less in market, of all kinds of feed, with greatly increasing prices. Extreme cold weather, and scanty meals, give his stock a keen appetite and lively relish for almost any quality, and, to use his own language, any quantity of food; while his purse looks light, in view of the greatly advanced prices which he must pay to procure more. Perhaps his cattle begin to fall off in flesh as spring advances, which is the very time, above all others, that profit requires them to be healthy and strong. His animals call after him, whenever he appears in sight, for that food which nature requires to make them comfortable; and it is difficult to determine which of the two endures the most, in such a condition of trials.—Now, this is not the proper way of taking care of stock, for comfort, pleasure, or profit.

It is the privilege of farmers to sufficiently provide, to a certainty, for what he intends to keep through the winter. Let him sit down and make his figures from past experience, and good advice—let him act with candid judgment in the fall, endeavoring to have a little overplus in the spring. Three cows, well kept, will afford more real profit than four kept in an ordinary way; besides, there is comfort in being able to give them all they will eat, when you go out in a morning with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero. All reasonable pains and care to promote the growth and comfort of stock, will add pleasure to profit. There is nothing lost in having hay on hand in the spring to keep over summer. The best judges agree that the same increases in value, and this accords well with our own observation and experience. I have often been disappointed at witnessing with what relish cattle will eat an old remnant of my mow, lain over the summer, while they would keep in good heart and look well. What property old hay extracts from the atmosphere, or how it increases in virtue, is beyond my philosophy to determine; but from my own observation, I believe that cows, and younger stock, will eat the same hay better than they would the winter previous.

Many old farmers deem it better than money at interest, to keep hay over summer in a good, dry place, where it will not receive moisture from the ground. Will some one of the readers of the RURAL favor us with their opinion on this subject? It is one full of interest. Through fear that hay will waste by standing, many have sold the surplus early in summer, and have been caught in the ensuing March, with a meager, lean herd of cattle, and are scarcely able to procure enough, even by paying great prices, to keep them through in a half-famished condition. Such men would have been the gainers to have disposed of one-quarter, at a low price in the fall, and fed his supply to the rest, Now, what argument would be more potent in reversing this system of economy, than the belief that any overplus will be gaining for the succeeding winter. A conviction once impressed upon the farmer's mind that hay, well-secured, kept over on hand, is a good investment, and he will not only take more pains to have ample barns for storing, but he will also make his stables more warm and dry, and be more industrious in improving many opportunites for saving which are now neglected. G.

Mellonough, N. Y., 1850.

CULTURE OF BROOM CORN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of Jan. 7th, I notice an inquiry in regard to the culture and value of broom corn. Not seeing any answer from our celebrated broom raisers, I will answer to the best of my ability, premising that, although not in that business, I am somewhat familiar with it in all its details.

In the first place, the ground should be dry and rich; the same conditions of soil being required as for Indian corn. After the ground is plowed and *thoroughly pulverized*, it must be marked out in rows, three feet apart one way, and eighteen inches the other. The rows should be perfectly straight, if possible, as this will enable the most of the cultivation to be done with a horse. Plant at the season for planting maize, dropping from 6 to 8 kernels in a hill, and cover about one inch deep.

As soon as it appears above the ground, put on a handful of ashes, or ashes and plaster, mixed, if the ground is not rich enough without such top-dressing. In about one week, the horse and cultivator can be started, and the first hoeing performed. Great care is required to do this well—if the ground is weedy, it is hard to distinguish the broom corn from "pigeon grass," "barn grass," and similar coarse weeds—if the weeds are left, the corn gets stunted, and never will recuperate. The corn should be thinned, when hoed the second time, to five stalks in the hill, and the cultivator should be busily employed, to keep the ground mellow and free from weeds.

After the seed is, say one-half out of the milk, the corn may be tabled and cut. The tabling is performed by walking between two rows, and bending or breaking the hills in each row, alternately, toward and across the other row, behind the table; or, as some do it, go backward between the rows, breaking the hills down, alternately, as before, across each other, at an angle with the row, of 45 degrees. The tops will then usually reach over the table about far enough to cut easily. The tables should be 16 or 18 inches high, in order that the cutter may not be obliged to stoop too much at his work. A shoemaker's broad, thin knife, is the best to cut with. The cutting is performed by taking hold of the brush, or tops, and cutting the stalk about eight inches from the brush. It requires much skill and practice to cut rapidly and easily. The brush should be left for a few days on the tables, to dry thoroughly—it is then bound in bundles and housed. The seed can be scraped off at any time, when convenient. Good seed is worth, for feeding purposes, about the same as oats. Good seed, well ripened, and fit for planting, is worth here, usually, $4 per bushel. The average worth of brush here, is about $150 per ton. Brooms, from such brush, sell here, *if well made*, for $2 25 for second quality, and $3 for the first quality.

I do not know the exact cost of raising, but it is just about double the work that it is to raise maize. The average crop per acre, on good land, is 1,000 pounds. Rich, *well-cultivated* land, will give 1,500 lbs. per acre. The crop is under the control of the cultivator as much as is Indian corn, and *good* farmers will always get good crops. The best fertilizer is good barn-yard manure—to be applied as for Indian corn. The stalks are usually plowed under for manure; but some few take pains to pull the fodder, as used to be the custom in the southwest. Probably the best way to do this is to let the cows into the field, for an hour each day, after the brush is harvested, and let them pull their own fodder. It is equal to the famed sorghum, or to "sowed corn," for the purpose of increasing the yield of milk, as long as it lasts. D. A. A. NICHOLS.

Westfield, N. Y., 1860.

SWALLOWING HUMBUGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a recent issue of your journal, is an article that cannot help enlisting the sympathies of all. It appears that W. B. P. attempted to swallow a "humbug" some two or three hundred feet long; but, owing to its inflexibility, he was not able to get it down. Hence, it has been protruding ever since, and the world would not have been any the wiser, had not one end found its way into the RURAL, perchance to convey a spark of sympathy to the unfortunate W. B. P. If I mistake not, it is the same W. B. P. that made the great and important discovery, that "Sorgho was a *grand humbug*." Surely, his name should be written in gold upon the Temple of Fame, for this *great disclosure*. And now, that he has made another astounding discovery, surely, the "generations shall rise up and call him blessed."

If lightning rods are not a protection to houses, it is high time the people knew it. So far as my experience testifies, it is in favor of rods. I knew a house that was struck by lightning, and very much injured. A rod was put up; another storm arose, whose "bolts were neither hurled by chance, nor thwarted by any heaven-defying three-eighths wire;" yet, strange to relate, it (the lightning,) did condescend to go down the little "three-eighths wire." Such cases are, by no means, rare.

It is to be much regretted that W. B. P.'s article on "Sorgho" could not be universally read and known of all men. The amount of toil and labor that would be saved would be immense. Why, Messrs. Eds., if you could have been here last fall, you could have seen the Sorgho rearing its panicles aloft, proclaiming the sweet time coming; and it *did* come. I planted one-eighth of an acre last spring, but it did not do well. I hoed it twice—plowed it twice—and realized at the rate of one hundred and twenty gallons of molasses to the acre, and got an article that was equal to the *best* sugar-house or golden syrup. As to the quantity that is raised here, I will only state that our merchants sell but one gallon where they formerly sold five. I fear that unless something can be done for W. B. P. ere long, we shall hear him denouncing his plow as a humbug: perchance weeds and grass will gather upon it when using it. In short, everything that does not come up to his pre-conceived standard of right, will be denounced a *humbug*. OBSERVER.

Monmouth, 1860.

AN EXPERIMENT IN STOCK-FEEDING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Hearing of the scarcity of fodder in your State, and frequently observing the question—"what shall we feed?"—I thought I would throw in my mite of experience. Some fourteen or fifteen years ago, while living on the Reserve in Ohio, we had all of our wheat, hay, &c., killed by frost in June; so scarce was fodder that many sent their cattle to the Miami Valley, to be kept for the half—but I thought I could not afford that. Being possessed of only one cow, and two horses, I thought I would experiment a little, and purchased 400 pounds of hay, paying $4 for it—about 500 pounds of oat and wheat straw, and 30 bushels of ears of corn. Took the corn and had it ground, cob and all. Being too poor to own a cutting-box, I took an ax and cut the hay and straw as fine as I could—sprinkled a little of the meal on, and then poured upon it some boiling water. All being in a light box, I let it stand from one feed to the next, to let the straw steam a little, then gave it to my horses and cow. The result was, I had to buy 12 bushels more of corn, which lasted until grass—and I never had horses and cow look better in my life than did mine that spring. This satisfied me that I can keep an ox or horse without a particle of hay. Use corn and straw, grinding the corn and cob together,—feed after steaming, and your cattle will not only look well, but you will be surprised to see how cheaply you have kept your stock through the winter.

My word for it, that from 12 to 15 bushels of corn, with the cob, will keep an animal through the winter with straw. Some are afraid to feed cob meal, but it is only fear. I have seen it fed, for twelve consecutive months, to a team, without any injury. R. P. R.

Quincy, Ill., 1860.

WILL BRINE KILL STOCK?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Several writers in the RURAL say that it will. My experience, for twenty years past, says no; that is, if your stock are fed salt, or brine, as often as they should be. I give all of my pork brine, (which is considerable,) to stock of various kinds, and have never seen any injurious effects result from it. My stock have all the salt, or brine, that they will consume, once a week. Those who have killed their stock by feeding brine, I would ask whether they salted them often, or did they neglect to do so for weeks, or months, and then give them enough brine to gorge them to death? Salt, or give brine, to your stock often, and regularly, and my word for it, they will not die, in consequence, but will thrive and do well. I think that salt is very beneficial to stock. Some say, stock do not want salt, or but very little, in winter. This, I think, a mistake. Give your stock all the salt they will consume during the winter, and see if they don't eat it with apparent zest. I keep salt where my sheep can help themselves to it at all times during the winter, and 150 sheep, consume, on an average, five quarts in a week,—in summer still more. S. H. L.

Springport, Jackson Co., Mich., 1860.

BLOODY MURRAIN.—Frequently seeing valuable information in the RURAL, I think, in return, I ought to give my experience in a certain case of bloody murrain. I had a two year old heifer taken with that disease about the close of last August. At first, I supposed the sickness to be hollow-horn, or dry murrain—but soon saw proof unmistakable,—large quantities of blood passing off with the urine. First gave a dose of saltpeter and epsom salts, dissolved in chamber ley,—about a tablespoonful of saltpeter and two of salts. In about three hours, gave a handful of salt mixed with sulphur; in three hours, a dose same as at first, after which I saw no signs of the disease. Since that time, she has been very healthy, and has become exceedingly fat.—S. H. D., *Wales, Mich.*

Rural Spirit of the Press.

An Out-of-Door Ice-House.

A WRITER in the *Southern Homestead* states that he had an ice-house out of doors, last season, and had plenty to spare in September. The mode of packing and keeping is thus described:—"Threw wood, four feet in length, upon a space eight feet square—sufficient to keep the ice from the ground. The spaces between the sticks were filled with sawdust or tan bark. The ice was then packed snugly in a pyramidal form. To make the mass more compact, in order to keep the air from it, a few pails of water were thrown over it. The mass was then covered with sawdust.

Lice on Fowls.

THE *Field and Fireside* gives the following remedy from a correspondent. He had tried everything he could hear of, with indifferent success, and was about despairing, when we heard accidentally, that clay would not harbor them as much as a sandy soil. He says:—"I soon had my poultry houses dug down three or four feet, filled up with clay, a layer of beaten brick on the surface, and the partitions of the nest made of brick.—This is two years ago, since which time I have neither seen, felt, or heard of the insect, and therefore think I have got entirely rid of them."

Value of Underdraining.

J. W. PROCTOR gives, in the *Boston Cultivator*, three reasons why farmers should adopt a system of underdraining. 1. The soil will be more readily pulverized, consequently better fitted to promote vegetable growth; it being an established principle of culture, the more complete the pulverization of the soil, the more readily is it used by the growing plant. 2. It hastens the process of vegetation in the *spring*, and guards against premature cold in *autumn*, consequently extends the season for growth and maturity—a very desirable consideration in our climate. 3. It affords a protection against *winter killing* of grass, grain, and other crops—an evil that has been extensively felt the present season.

Depth for Planting Potatoes.

T. M. CARR, of Lafayette, Ind., relates, in the *Ohio Cultivator*, an experiment on this subject.—He was stopping with a friend, whom he found planting potatoes, covering lightly, say two or three inches deep, and advised deeper covering. His friend thought not, but allowed him to cover a row his own way. He picked out the largest potatoes, (his friend had them cut up quite fine,) and dropped a row, covering six or eight inches deep. This row did not come up as soon as the rest, but when the plants did come, their superiority was manifest as far as you could see them, and they kept ahead through the season, and at digging time told the whole story, yielding two or three times as much as any other row.

Sawdust for Manure.

THE *Commercial Bulletin*, as quoted by the New England Farmer, contains a statement of the successful use of sawdust, in substance as follows:—The stable floor was covered three or four inches deep with dry sawdust, and over this, coarse litter as additional bedding. The litter was daily thrown out and replaced, or so much of it as was necessary. The whole was cleaned out once a week. The sawdust so thoroughly absorbed all liquids, that on throwing it out, the floor of the stable was left perfectly dry. In the spring, the shed, into which all was thrown, contained 148 large ox-loads—from the sawdust 70 loads, and muck 20 loads. "The crop of corn, to which it was applied, fully responded to the treatment" it thus received.

Inquiries and Answers.

COW LOSING HER HAIR.—Can some one of your numerous readers inform me, through the RURAL, of the cause of a cow shedding her hair and its not growing again? I had a valuable cow some three years since, whose hair began to fall off in spots, and continued to do so until she became perfectly denuded. Her skin, the whole time, was soft, oily, and apparently healthy. Is it a disease that is contagious? I have another cow that I am afraid is affected in the same way. Any information on the subject will gratefully oblige a subscriber.—V. D. B., *Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

LUCERNE.—I would be very glad to be informed where I could obtain some of that *Lucerne* seed, that was referred to in the RURAL of September 24, and also the price per pound.—SUBSCRIBER, *Grand Traverse, Mich.*

LUCERNE SEED can doubtless be obtained of THORBURN & CO., New York, or of HOVEY & CO, Boston, or of any of the seed-dealers in the Eastern cities. The price we cannot state.

SALTING STOCK IN WINTER.—Do horses, horned cattle, or sheep, need as much salt in cold as during warm weather?—DWIGHT L. POND, *Greene Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

THIS is a point upon which there has been much discussion, and the disputants appear to be pretty equally divided in numbers. We refer MR. POND to an article in present issue of the RURAL, by "S. H. L.," of Jackson Co., Michigan, where the affirmative view to his query is sustained.

SALTING SHEEP.—Can you inform me, through the RURAL, whether salt, thoroughly mixed with grain, at the rate of one quart to the bushel, and fed to sheep daily, would be injurious or beneficial?—G. G. BURTON, *Manchester, Vermont*, 1860.

WHILE we will not undertake to answer our correspondent directly, we may say that we would much prefer keeping salt where the sheep can help themselves, as wanted, to giving it in the manner suggested by his inquiry.

OAK AND HEMLOCK SAWDUST FOR BEDDING.—I wish to inquire of you, or some of your correspondents, about Oak and Elm Sawdust. It is the most convenient thing that we can get to bed cattle in the stables, and is first-rate to hold the liquid manure. I have heard that it injures the manure, and also sours the land. How is it? —J. L. PARSONS, *Grand Blanc, Genesee Co., Mich.*, 1860.

WE cannot conceive that this sawdust would prove injurious to either the manure or the soil, when used in the way proposed. Any of our readers who have tried the experiment, will please report.

A CROP OF ONIONS.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me how many bushels per acre of onions are considered a fair crop in the vicinity of Rochester, where I understand they are extensively cultivated? I would like to know what kind of soil is best adapted to their growth. Will they do well on a sandy loam?—A CANADIAN FARMER, *Hamilton, C. W., Feb.*, 1860.

ONIONS are not grown extensively in this section, as they are in some parts of the country, like Connecticut. In that State four hundred bushels are considered only a fair crop by good growers, and they sell at about 75 cents a bushel, sometimes going as low as 50 cents, and sometimes selling for more than a dollar. To raise a good crop of onions, the soil must be very rich and the cultivation thorough. A sandy loam is suitable, if it is made rich enough with well-rotted manure.

HEN MANURE—ONIONS.—(1.) I wish to be informed through the columns of the RURAL, how I can most profitably dispose of about twenty-five bushels of hen manure which I have in my hen-house, and with which I have daily mixed wood ashes, as we take them from the fires. If applied to benefit a corn crop, should it be put in the hill with the seed, or as a top-dressing after the corn is up? Was I right in mixing ashes with it? (2.) I wish to put in three-quarters of an acre, of a rich, sandy loam soil, in onion seed. How should the seed be put in, so as to be cultivated with the hoe, and what variety of seed does best on such soil? (3.) Will different varieties of raspberries mix, by allowing them to grow near each other?—L. A. W., *Macoupin Co., Ill.*

(1.) HEN manure should be kept dry and cold. Ashes should not be mixed with the dung of fowls. Charcoal dust, dry muck, or even common mold, is much better. The best result will be found from applying a good handful in the hill at the time of planting.

(2.) Plant in shallow drills, about fourteen inches apart, and put the seed in the drills quite thin. Cover very shallow, and roll if you have a roller. Don't allow a weed to grow, but keep them down from the first. As soon as the young plants appear, which will be in about three weeks, keep them well hoed and weeded by hand, and after they have been up about three weeks, thin out the plants so that they will stand about four inches apart in the rows. The *Common Red*, called sometimes the *Connecticut Red*, is the variety most liked by growers for a general crop.

(3.) Raspberries will not mix by growing near each other, any more than apple trees.

SPRINGHALT.—Please inform me the cause and cure of Springhalt in horses, and oblige—S. LEHMAN, *Schoharie Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

AS a general thing, this peculiar spasmodic affection of the muscles in the hind extremities, is one over which the veterinarian, with all the assistance of the whole *materia medica*, has little power, for the disease first originates in the nervous system. Where it is the result of minor derangement of the system, it may be relieved by removing the morbid habit by which it is induced. Regarding the treatment, Dr. DADD remarks it will be proper, when the attack is sudden, to let the horse rest; for, in a sudden attack, we might naturally suspect that some injury, either by blow or strain, had been done to the nerves of voluntary motion: in that case, cold water bandages, (around the body,) rest, light diet, nauseating medicines, with an occasional light dose of cathartic medicine, to clear out the bowels, will be indicated. Fomentations, light frictions with antispasmodic liniment, and the vapor bath, may assist materially in the recovery of the patient.

In chronic cases of long standing, all hopes of recovery must be abandoned. Should the subject, however, be in a state of debility, the general health may be improved, and the spine should be daily rubbed with embrocations calculated to restore nervous energy; in this view, we recommend the following embrocation for springhalt:—Linseed oil, 1 pint; spirits of hartshorn, 2 ounces; fine mustard, ½ ounce. The medicine to consist of powdered goldenseal, powdered gentian, cream of tartar, charcoal, each 1 ounce; assafœtida, ½ ounce. Mix; divide into eight parts; one to be given morning and evening, in the food.

REMEDY FOR THE ONION FLY.—In the RURAL of the 11th inst., you speak of the destruction of the Onion Fly, and say:—"We have had several inquiries as to the best means of destroying this new enemy, but could give no information of value, and many of the experienced growers of Europe have been compelled to abandon the culture of the onion, failing to discover any efficient remedy." SALMON CURRIER, of Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., an extensive gardener and seed-grower, told me a few weeks ago, that he found a *perfect* remedy three years since. His remedy is ergot, or rye smut, and co-balt, steeped very strong and made very sweet. Fill common pint bowls half full, and place them one rod apart each way, and cover them with a stool, the legs pointed so as to stick into the ground. This cover serves two important purposes. It prevents the rain from diluting and the sun from drying the liquid, and will stop the fly and cause it to fall back into the dish, when attempting to fly away after eating the poison. He assures me this, with proper attention, will insure a crop of onions, and that no one can form any idea of the number of flies this process will destroy. Should any one try this, be *very careful*, and not let the dear little ones get near the sweet stuff, for it is a deadly poison.—GEORGE PARKER, *Gouverneur, N. Y., Feb.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

A WESTERN N. Y. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—There appears to be a very general sentiment in favor of a Western New York Agricultural and Mechanical Association. Both the People and the Press of the large district named, very generally—indeed almost universally in this section—advocate such an organization, and the holding of a Western New York Fair the present year. The location of the State Fair at Elmira has probably engendered this feeling in some localities, and caused its public expression, though many of the most influential friends and promoters of Rural and Mechanical Improvement throughout this region have long entertained views similar to those now daily expressed. Should such an Association be formed on a judicious basis—comprising the territory of Western New York, looking to the benefit of all sections, and under the management of the County Ag. Societies therein—we see no good reason why it could not become one of the most useful and successful in the Union. It is important, however, that, if an organization is formed, it should be started aright—not as an antagonist of any existing Society, State or Local, but for the purpose of co-operating with others, and advancing the leading industrial interests of the large, fertile and populous region for which it is designed.

FREE ADVERTISING.—*The Quintessence of Frigidity.*—We are occasionally favored with singular requests to advertise free,—some so worded as to exhibit a vast deal of assurance, and others so imbued with soft soap as to render them nauseating. The former usually assume that what they wish heralded is of the utmost importance to our readers "and the rest of mankind," (they being the judges,) and take it for granted that the RURAL was purposely created to gratuitously advertise patent rat-traps, bee-hives, back-action hen-persuaders, JONES' squash seed, "SMITH'S hall," everybody's wild land, etc., etc.,—while the "palavering" class evidently expect all favors asked will be granted if they "pile on the agony" in praising the RURAL. Some comprise both frigid and oleaginous ingredients. One of the richest requests we have received for many a day is from an extensive land agent or "commissioner," in an Atlantic city, who incloses a long circular and his card, and modestly says:—"You will oblige both your readers and *me* [ah!] by publishing the inclosed inducements for actual settlers in ——, *together with my card*, in your valuable RURAL. If you should satisfy my wish, please send me a copy of the number containing the affair, and let me know terms and conditions of advertising. *After this* I will pay for an advertisement, *if conditions are agreeable!*"

—Now, we submit whether *that* request, and *qualified* proposition to advertise (*if* our terms are *agreeable*, and we give from $50 to $100 worth of space free,) isn't refreshingly modest and magnanimously liberal! Indeed, we feel incapable of doing justice to the subject in the way of acknowledging our appreciation of so great a boon—that we, away out here in the "rural districts," should be selected as the organ of a man so wise, benevolent and patriotic toward our readers and those who would become "actual settlers" in the paradise for which he is "commissioner." Of course, if we "satisfy my [his] wish," we *will* "send a copy of the number containing the *affair*"—to be sure we will—giving our patronizing friend no intimation of the simple FACT that we have *expended tens of thousands of dollars* in establishing the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and making it, beyond question, the best advertising medium of its class in the world. We design to *suppress* all such facts in the number containing said "circular and card," nor will we hint therein that, if ever another Arctic Expedition is proposed, it will become our bounden duty, as it will be our pleasure, to suggest the "commissioner" as eminently qualified for the post of commander-in-chief.

DON'T WRITE US ANONYMOUSLY.—All who write articles for the RURAL, without communicating *real name* and *residence*, have their labor for their pains—besides wasting valuable time and stationery. "A Subscriber," "A Reader," A. B., or any other cognomen or initials may be appended to an article as published, but we must know the name and location of the author as a guarantee of good faith. Those who send us articles anonymously—and we receive many every week—will please note that we *do not* publish, and rarely even read, communications of that character. And, in order to save them the time, trouble and expense of writing such, we hereby notify anonymous writers that we can furnish any quantity of rejected articles, on various subjects—in prose, poetry, blank verse, and neither—*cheaper than they can possibly be produced*. They are, in fact, a drug in *this* market, and becoming a nuisance.

THE WEATHER was decidedly Boreas last week, closing with a driving storm of snow, and high winds, on Saturday. More snow fell hereabouts than during any previous storm this winter, though it was so blown into drifts as to render an *average* depth uncertain. Probably the depth was from 6 to 10 inches. A change of temperature has occurred, however, and warm sunshine is now (Feb. 21.) rapidly melting the snow, with prospects of a decided freshet.

THE "SOUTHERN CAYUGA UNION AG. SOCIETY" held its second annual meeting at Sherwoods, Feb. 7th. It was attended by a large number of the most influential farmers in the district, all of whom expressed a deep interest in the prosperity of the Society, and a strong determination to make the next Fair fully equal, if not superior, to anything of the kind in Western New York. The reports of the Secretary and Treasurer show that, after paying all expenses and premiums, there is a handsome balance in the treasury. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*—LYMAN MURDOCK, Venice. *Vice-Presidents*—Calvin Tracy, Scipio; P. L. Atwood, Venice; G. H. Post, Genoa; A. J. Culver, Ledyard; Edward Eldridge, Springport; John Hammond, Fleming. *Secretary*—Thomas Gould, Aurora. *Treasurer*—S. S. Coonley, Ledyard.

SMITHVILLE AG. SOCIETY, (Chenango Co.)—Officers for 1860: *President*—C. B. MILLER. *Vice-Presidents*—Jeremiah Tillottson, Greene; Israel Reunion, McDonough; Geo. H. Livermore, German; Seymour Fitch, Ransom Yale, Ira Whitemarsh, Smithville. *Secretary*—Benj. Brown. *Ass't Sec'y*—J. G. Bailey. *Treasurer*—Benj. Brown. *Executive Committee*—Lambert Terrell, John Kinnier, G. A. Whipple, Graham Henry, B. B. Read, Uri Rorapaugh, Lyman Cole, J. M. Bunnel, James Ferguson, J. B. Baily, Murillo Cole and J. L. Grant. The Society is free from debt, and in good condition.

GOUVERNEUR AG. AND MECH. SOCIETY, (St. Lawrence Co.)—Officers for 1860: *President*—HENRY H. HAILE, of Fowler. *Vice-President*—George Rodgers, of Gouverneur. *Secretary*—George Parker. *Treasurer*—Augustus E. Norton, of Gouverneur. *Directors*—Edward Hartley and John Pooler, of Gouverneur. This Society held its first Annual Fair September 15th, 16th and 17th, 1859. There were 449 entries and $242 awarded in premiums, $92 of which were generously donated to the Society. After paying all indebtedness, there is $131 77 on hand.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' ASSOCIATION (Chittenango, Madison Co.) elected the following board of officers at its recent annual meeting: *President*—DANIEL F. KELLOGG. *Vice-Presidents*—A. S. Wager, Allen Scoville, George Rector, John R. Chapman, Alvin Keller. *Treasurer*—Fay H. Hutchins. *Secretary*—A. E. Gorton.

HORTICULTURAL

NEW HAVEN HORTICULTURAL LECTURES.

THE Managers of the Agricultural and Horticultural Lectures, at New Haven, under the patronage of Yale College, wisely determined to devote one week exclusively to Horticulture, for the convenience of those particularly interested in the subject. The series was opened on Monday, the 6th inst., by

Hon. M. P. Wilder, on "American Pomology."

The lecturer here gave a historical account of the progress of fruit raising, both in Europe and in our own country, mentioning that the first Pomological Societies in our land were the Pennsylvanian and Massachusetts, in 1829, and that of New Haven in 1850. Now there are more than 1,000. In 1817 there were no nurseries of any note in New England. Now there are many. Then Western New York was just beginning to be settled; now Rochester is the great Pomological emporium of our country, and contains the largest commercial nursery in the world. It is estimated that the nurseries of Onondaga and adjoining counties contain fifty millions of trees for sale. Fruit was formerly a luxury; now it is numbered among the common bounties of Providence, and the most humble cottage is rarely without a fruit-tree or a grape vine.

Our country has taken a leading part in this enterprise. Native fruits are fast superseding foreign varieties. Formerly our only native grapes were the Catawba and Isabella. A mania now exists for American sorts, some of which will doubtless prove of excellence.

All the strawberries used to be brought from the fields, now a cultivator in Massachusetts produces 160 bushels, valued at $1,300 per acre, and another in Connecticut more yet. Other parts of the country have improved equally with the East. A Boston apple dealer received last autumn 20,000 bbls. of apples from Niagara county, N. Y. In the fall and winter of 1858–9, Boston exported 120,000 bbls., mostly Baldwins. The progress of fruit culture is well illustrated in the returns of the fruit crop of Massachusetts. In 1845 it was valued at $744,000; in 1855 at $1,300,000, and in 1860 it will be $2,000,000 or over. The soil and climate of the South, contrary to common opinion, are favorable to the culture of fruit. There is an orchard in Georgia of 9,500 pear trees, and another in Mississippi of 15,000. Many fruits, nearly worthless North, are rendered valuable under the warmer climate and genial sun of the South.

Mr. WILDER next passed to the inquiry, "What are the best means of promoting this art and science?" and urged upon the attention of his audience, thorough drainage, good culture, intelligent and systematic pruning, and concluded with a congratulation for those who were entering upon the invitiog field of pomological culture. "The innate hope to regain a 'Paradise Lost,' inspires event the most humble to have a country home, and to embellish that home with fruits and flowers. * * * * The mission of the pomologist is to multiply nor varieties of good fruit—to increase their abundance—to scatter them profusely along the rugged path of life, and thus would he extend the sphere of rational enjoyment, dignify labor, adorn our beloved land with orchards, gardens and vineyards, and fulfill one of the great purposes of our being—to promote the health and happiness of our fellow-men."

Dr. Grant, on "Grape Culture."

The Doctor's Lecture was long and interesting and illustrated with the vine in hand. We have space only for an extract or two:

In vino cultore, as in other things, the greatest skill and care gives most favorable results. Not a quarter century will pass before Connecticut farmers, at least those of the Southern part of the State, will hail the grape harvest as the most joyous part of the year. Wine-making is an art in which the most complete success can only be attained through much accurate observation, and with great pains-taking and skill; but grape-growing for table fruit is so simple an affair as to be within the reach of any one who will give it the slightest attention. If any one thing in wine-culture is more important than another, it is good pruning. The objects of pruning are: 1st. To restrain the roots and branches within convenient limits for cultivation. 2d. To concentrate the strength of the vine, and not suffer the production of useless wood and foliage. 3d. To get just enough wood to bear full crops of good fruit, and plan its distribution with reference to the health of the vine. There are three kinds of buds—the premaries, which come at the axils of the leaves, or where the footstalk joins the shoot, and which, in bearing vines, are the fruit buds one season, and the next produce the shoots on which fruit is borne; the secondaries, which come in the side shoots, or laterals, and which are removed in summer pr uning, and the adventitious buds, which are unseen, until they burst through the bark of the former year's wood. They are called wood shoots, as they produce no fruit, except in a few varieties of remarkable productiveness. A bunch is a productive tendril; a tendril an abortive bunch. The points, or ends of bunches, should be cut off, as this causes a complete ripening and sweetening of the opper grapes, and prevents the growing of shriveled berries at the point, which is a sheer waste of substance. If a vine is left to itself to grow, the tendency of vitality is upward, the fruit goes beyond our reach, has a coarse quality and a woody flavor, while the buds near the ground soon perish, and no after care can re-vitalize them. It is scarcely possible to fix the duration of a well-set vineyard; it may as well last 1,000 as 100, or a score of years. The vine needs moisture ever, wetness never. Nitrogenous manures are good, if well rotted and composted, for they attract moisure, as a well-prepared grape border is nevery dry in even the hottest seasons.

Lewis F. Allen, on "Fruits as Farm Crops."

Mr. ALLEN, although announced to lecture on *Fruits as Farm Crops*, it appears, from the following notes of his Lecture in the *Tribune*, dwelt mainly on his favorite topic, dwarf pears, and told that story about the Jesuits and the pear trees on the Detroit river, for the hundred and fiftieth time:

"Mr. Allen says that there are parts of the United States better adapted to fruit culture than any other part of the world. He took a general survey of New York State, and other Middle States, New-England, and parts of the West, to show that all sections, and even all localities, are not equally friendly to fruits in general or particular. The pear he thinks not entirely suited to this country, and, to support this opinion, quoted Mr. Berckmans. This fruit tree is subject to leaf-blight, at an early age, and hence stocks are imported. It is a capricious fruit, too, but if it chooses upon a locality well suited to it, scarcely any amount of abuse destroys it. The country along Detroit river, which joins Erie to Ontario, was settled by the Jesoits, who planted at each of their stations some fruit trees. The lecturer had measured pear trees in that section of country, which measured three feet in diameter, and were laden down with fruit of fair quality, albeit now 150 years old. He believed that the more refined a fruit was, the more refined would be its wood and leaves; and hence it would be less hardy, and able to survive ill-treatment. If he wished to get pear trees to grow thrifty and to endure, he would take a half wild stock, cut it off half shoulder-high, and graft it with a desirable kind. The pear has been grown on the quince, in Europe, for hundreds of years; Normandy and Belgiom were its proper home; and yet in those countries, and elsewhere, pears were dear, and a precarious crop. Mr. Allen thought it would pay any one to cultivate dwarf pears in his garden, and perhaps, if soil and climate exactly right could be found, a man might be warranted in venturing upon field culture. Speaking of apples, and in fact of fruits generally, Mr. Allen said that if one thought of commencing an orchard, he should first learn what kinds were best adapted to his particular locality, and which were most salable in market, and then go it strong on as few a number of choice varieties as he could consent to rely upon. This was the great secret of success. Take one good thing and make the most of it."

"Mr. Allen complained that the census statistics embraced no information on the fruit crop; and yet, after careful computation, he was convinced that its aggregate value could not be less than $26,000,000 Ten counties, alone, in New York State, gave an average of $200,000 each. Niagara county, only 25 miles square, yielded $250,000 worth of fruit in 1859; Orleans, $200,000; Wayne gave, of green apples, $168,650 for exportation, and $25,000 more for consumption, and $35,000 in the dried state. The crop of all New York is about $6,000,000; of New England, $4,000,000; Ohio, $3,000,000; Pennsylvania and New Jersey, $3,000,000; the Northwestern States, $4,000,000; and the Southern States, $6,000,000, in all."

It would have been well had Mr. ALLEN told his audience a little about the *capriciousness* of the apple—how our favorite R. I. Greening is considered worthless, even as near as Ohio, and that the Bartlett pear is so *capricious* that it is good in England, France, Belgium, in New York, New England, on the Mississippi—everywhere, and others are like it.

R. G. Pardee, on "Small Fruits."

Mr. PARDEE delivered two Lectures. The following he recommended as the best way of cultivating the Strawberry:

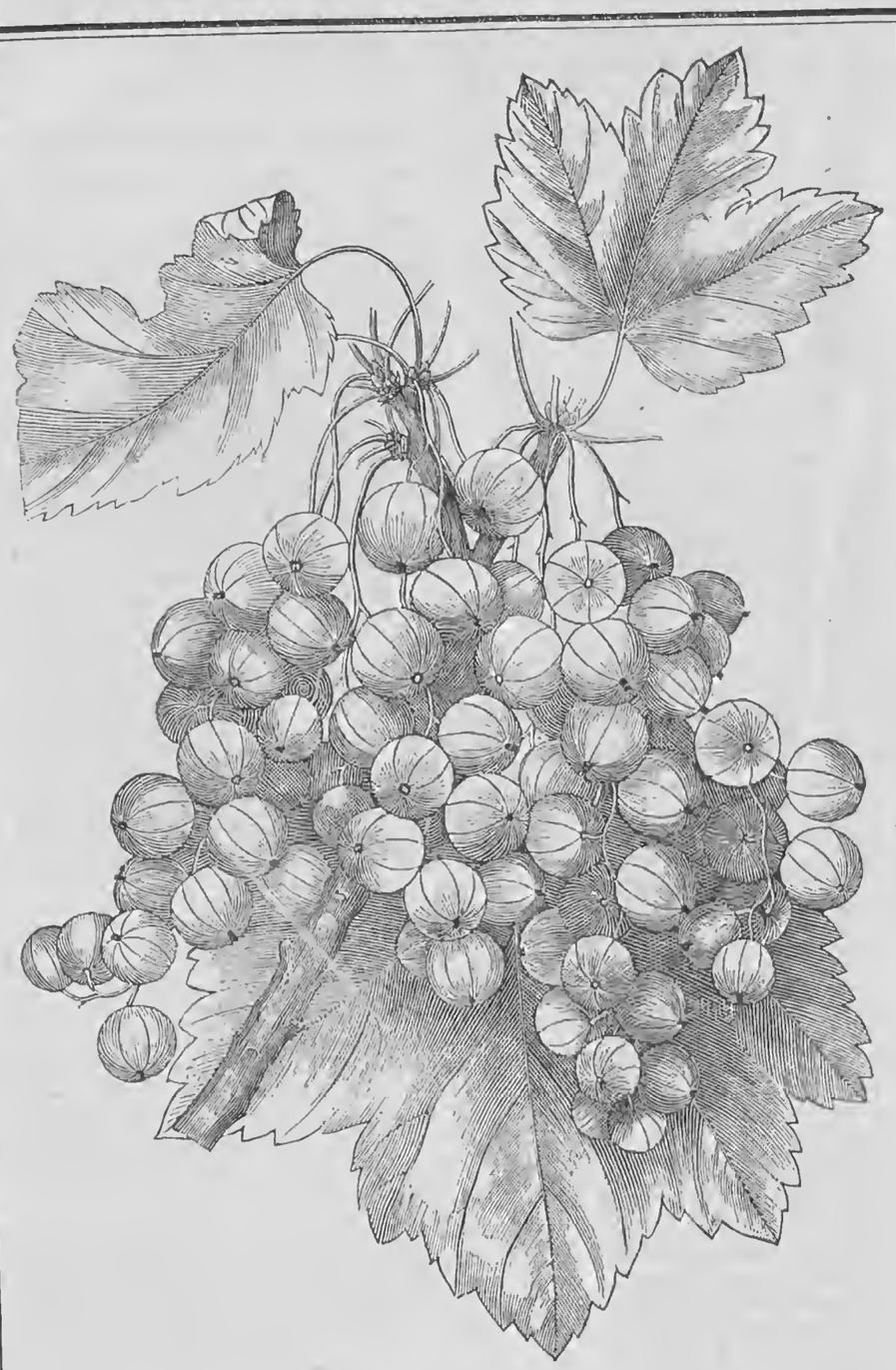
Select a warm, moist, but exposed situation; for early berries, let it slope to the East or South; for late ones, to the North. The soil should be a fine, gravelly loam. Avoid high, barren soils, and those which are wet. To prepare the soil, make it clean; underdrain, leaving the drain open at both ends to allow the circulation of air. Pulverize at least two feet in depth, making 10 per cent. of the soil as fine as superfine flour. For manures, apply 30 bushels of unleached ashes and 12 bushels of lime, slaked with water, holding 3 bushels of salt in solution to the acre. Transplanting should be done with great care and the rootlets of the plant injured as little as possible. The best time to transplant is in the Spring, though, with care, it may be done any time during the Summer. The lecturer said he would, in starting a new bed, place the plants three feet apart each way, and allow them to spread till they were only twelve inches from each other. Nearer than this they should never grow. The beds should be mulched with tan bark, straw, or some such material, to the depth of half an inch—no more. This keeps down weeds, and keeps all but the strongest runners from taking root. Water may be added, with great advantage, in large quantities, except during the flowering and ripening periods, provided always it does not stand and become stagnant on the soil. After this preparation, little attention is needed. The hoe should never be used about the plants, as it injures the roots.

The Raspberry needs high manuring, and so does the Blackberry. The Gooseberry is a fine fruit, and with me it never mildews. The currant is one of our very best small fruits. Like the raspberry, it cannot be manured too highly. Those who cultivate only the Red or White Dutch Currant, do not know what a good currant is. The best kinds grow to the diameter of five-eighths of an inch, and are as much finer in flavor as superior in size. The following are, in my opinion, the best varieties:—La Versailles, La Hative Cherry, White Gonquoin, and Sargent White Province.

The strawberry may be made ever-bearing by entirely preventing the growing of runners. This may be done by planting in soil composed of three-quarters river sand and one-quarter woods-mould. This dwarfs the plant, and makes it ever-bearing.

We would not give much for the fruit produced on plants so stunted and dwarfed by starvation that they cannot propagate themselves by runners. This is one of those fanciful theories well enough to talk about, but useless in practice.

— The notes of Mr. BARRY's Lectures we are compelled to omit until next week.



THE WHITE GRAPE CURRANT.

THE White Grape is the finest of all our White Currants, and sells for the highest price. Last season, when our common Red Currant, *as generally grown*, (for even the commonest currant is wonderfully improved by good cultivation, and the best is poor when neglected,) was selling at a price that would barely pay for picking, the White Grape Currant was eagerly sought for at $4 per bushel. It is large, showy, delicate, excellent for the table, and for wine it is superior. It will make much better wine than most of the native grape wine sold in the country.

The engraving shows a cluster of bunches, and the drawing was taken from a branch exactly as grown, showing its productiveness. If a little pains is taken in pruning, by cutting out the old wood, the bunches will grow much longer, and the berries larger. This and the Cherry Currant may be grown with great profit for market near large cities, where the *Currant Moth* is not troublesome.

We have several varieties of recent introduction, which will be in fruit next season, and among the largest and most promising of these are the La Caucase and the Versaillaise, of which we hope to give our readers drawings and descriptions the coming summer.

DELAWARE GRAPE—FAILURE.

I AM sorry to say that this grape is a failure with me. From the high recommend given it by some of our most prominent horticulturists, I was led to expect much of it; but, alas, I have been most grievously disappointed. I obtained plants of this grape of some of our most reliable nurserymen, and, of course, have it genuine. They were not the "dwarfed specimens, that excessive tenuity of propagation has sent out," but strong, well-rooted layers, that cost me $3 per plant, and were planted in the spring of 1858, and again some in 1859.

A dry, rich, sunny soil, was selected for the reception of the plants, ground trenched two feet deep, and no manure used, but good, rich, mellow earth used instead. They were planted about the first of May, and received the best of care; the ground was hoed frequently, and no weeds allowed to grow on the border. They were quite tardy in starting, but after a while they grew finely, till about midsummer, when they were struck with the mildew, and cast their leaves prematurely.—Those planted in 1858 died in 1859, and those planted in 1859, I am quite sure, will die in 1860. Now, this is enough to dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic grower of the Delaware grape.

The writer is acquainted with the Sweetwater, and some other kinds of foreign grapes; have never grown them, but others in this section have; and they are in the habit of casting their leaves prematurely, just like the Delaware, and I would not undertake to grow them in the vineyard, could I obtain first rate plants for nothing. From the experience that I have with the Delaware, I am fully satisfied that it is either foreign or of foreign origin, and every one acquainted with the history of the grape in America, knows that such are of no value in the vineyard, or, in fact, in any other place, except when grown under glass.

I am acquainted with the Delaware, have eaten of the fruit, and have no fault to find with the quality, but have much fault to find with certain propagators, who, in order to deceive the public, are in the habit of applying sulphur, and other things, to their specimen vines, which counteracts the mildew, and enables the vines to retain their foliage, and ripen the fruit. Ask one of these gentlemen if the Delaware ever suffers from mildew, and he will exhibit the most profound astonishment, tell you he never saw anything of the kind on his plants, and point to his well-grown specimens, as proof of what he asserts. Now, examine his specimens closely, and you will probably find sulphur adhering to the under side of the leaves, and also more or less mingled with the soil. * * * * * *

GRAPE GROWER.

REMARKS.—The above is the main part of a communication, from one who has previously sent us some interesting articles, over his own proper signature. It is right to give *experience* on this, as on all other subjects, whether favorable or otherwise; but it is not best to impugn the motives of those whose experience may be unlike our own. Charges of deception should not be lightly made, nor is it right to charge the sins of one upon a class, or a profession. We have examined scores of Delaware vines, in the open ground, and picked the ripened fruit, but never have we detected the presence of sulphur. The latter part of the article of "Grape Grower" we omit, for he there argues from what he assumes to be facts, while a little investigation would show his premises false.

PROFITABLE ORCHARD.—My father, E. PHELPS, of Castile, N. Y., has an orchard of 105 bearing trees, all grafted with standard sorts, save a very few trees. It occupies three acres of ground. The product last year was 940 bushels, 815 of which were sold at from two to five shillings per bushel, but only a very few early apples at the latter price. The product from the three acres was as follows:

Cash for apples sold,	$208 00
5 barrels cider, sold at $2,	10 00
10 bushels dried apples at $1,50,	15 00
20 bushels given away, worth 25 cents,	5 00
15 bushels now in cellar, now worth 50 cents,	7 50
60 bushels barley, worth 63 cents,	37 50
	$283 00

The above is regarded in this section as a good crop and fair returns for so frosty a season as the past one. Large orchards four miles from this produced scarcely an apple. E. PALMER PHELPS, *Castile, N. Y., February*, 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

PLANS FOR SUMMER HOUSES.—You publish, from time to time, various plans for Dwellings, Ice-Houses, Hen-Houses, Barns, &c. Some—quite a number of said plans—have been built after in this vicinity, to the satisfaction and benefit of all concerned. Can you not add plans for Summer-Houses?—L. S. L., *Ionia, Ionia Co., Mich.*

IN a few weeks, as soon as we have time to prepare them, we will give several plans for Garden-Seats, Summer-Houses, &c.

THE CRANBERRY.—I feel desirous of trying Cranberry culture, on a small scale, and want information concerning the same. Where can the seed or plants be got? Is there such a variety as the Upland Cranberry? Any information concerning their treatment, will be thankfully received.—J. BAILEY, *East Schuyler, N. Y., February*, 1860.

I HAVE a farm in Genesee county, Michigan, on which there is a quantity of land well adapted to the cultivation of Cranberries. I would, therefore, be much pleased to hear, through your valuable paper, the best method of preparing the ground. Should it be immersed in water during the winter or any portion of the year? What is the proper time for setting the plants? Please give such other facts as are necessary to a successful cultivation of the fruit.—E. STANTON, *Hay City, Mich., Feb.*, 1860.

Is the cultivated Cranberry the same, or anything like, the wild Cranberry? I can get plenty of the wild plants; are these worth cultivating?—J. R., *Wisconsin, Feb.*, 1860.

THE Upland Cranberry, in our estimation, is not worth cultivating. It is the low, running Cranberry, found wild in wet places, that should be planted. We have seen several varieties cultivated under different names, such as the *Bell, Cherry*, &c., but they differ but little in their general characteristics, and their superiority over the wild Cranberry is the result of culture. We give an engraving showing the appearance of the fruit and a small part of the vine.

Those who can get wild plants should do so, and those who cannot, may obtain them of the cultivators. The spring is a good time to plant, and they are generally advertised in the agricultural papers in March. The Cranberry requires a damp soil in which to grow, and we do not think, although we have heard reports to the contrary, that it can be made to flourish in a dry, upland soil. The place selected for the Cranberry, should be temporarily drained, so as to admit of plowing or spading. This should be done well, so as to bury up all the weeds. The plants will then get possession of the soil, so as to prevent much injury from the weeds afterwards; but if the plants are put in an unprepared soil, among weeds, they will have a hard struggle for some time, and finally be overcome by swamp grass and aquatic plants. After the plants are set, the water may be allowed to take its course, unless there is so much as to flood them. Flooding for a short time in the spring, occasionally, would do no injury, and may be beneficial. We have not had much experience with the Cranberry, but enough to teach us that a thorough preparation of the ground and destruction of the weeds are necessary to their successful culture. We set our plants three feet apart.

DAVIS' SEEDLING POTATO.—Will you, or some of your subscribers, please inform me where the Davis Seedling Potato can be obtained—also at what price?—YOUNG FARMER, *Toledo, Feb.*, 1860.

THEY can be obtained in this place, at $3 per barrel.

PLANTING APPLE AND PEAR SEEDS.—As we are an inquisitive people, and want to know many things, allow me to ask when is the proper time to plant Apple and Pear Seeds? I have been told once, at least, on a small scale! In the spring of 1853 I planted some Apple Seeds, and they came up and grew well, and I have some fine trees from them; but last spring, 1859, I planted some more under similar conditions, and not one of them came up. Some of the seed were dry, and others were just taken from the apple; and now, if you will tell us all the right way, you will at least oblige one subscriber. —W. H., *McDonough, N. Y., Feb.*, 1860.

APPLE and Pear Seeds may be planted in the fall, as soon as taken from the fruit. If saved until spring, the seed should be well dried and put in boxes, mixed with dry sand, and then should be put in the cellar until spring. If the seed is allowed to remain exposed until spring, much of it will not germinate. Plant as early as possible in the spring, in trenches some three inches deep. Cover with a mellow soil that will not bake. A little leaf mold from the woods is excellent.

BLACKBERRIES, GRAPES, &C., FOR SOUTHERN ILLINOIS. —Will the Lawton Blackberry grow well in Southern Illinois? also, Wilson's Albany Strawberry? What kind of Grape would you recommend, suitable for eating, for our climate? In ordering such things from the East, would they be well packed and accompanied with directions?—G. W. H., *Troy, Mad. Co., Ill., Feb.*, 1860.

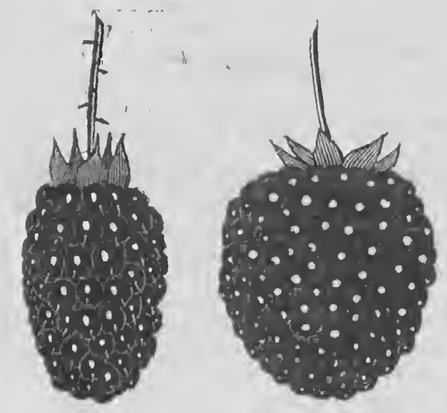
THE *Lawton* Blackberry, we have no doubt, will do exceedingly well in Southern Illinois. We don't know that *Wilson's Albany* has been cultivated to any extent at the West, but we should plant it with confidence. The *Catawba* and the *Isabella* will both ripen in Southern Illinois, and when well ripened they are fit for any table. In addition to these, we would recommend that best of all hardy grapes, the *Delaware*. The *Concord* is of the same character as the *Isabella*, but earlier and a little larger. Our nurserymen generally do their packing well, so that plants will not receive injury in going a thousand miles, but they do not generally give specific directions for planting. For these you must look to the books and papers, and the practice of the best cultivators.

NEW ROCHELLE AND DORCHESTER BLACKBERRIES.—Will you, or some of your RURAL readers, please inform me what time the *Lawton* Blackberry seeds should be planted?—whether in the spring or fall?—D. N. KENNEDY, *Abington, February*, 1860.

WHAT is the difference between the Dorchester and New Rochelle Blackberries?—are the berries alike in form and quality?—and which is the best to plant?—W. P., *Springfield, Ill., February*, 1860.

AS a general rule, the seeds of all fruits are best planted as soon as the fruit is ripe in the autumn, but there is little difficulty in saving them in proper condition until spring. You had better procure plants of the Blackberry, unless you wish to experiment in raising new varieties.

There is considerable difference between the *New Rochelle* and *Dorchester* Blackberries. The accompanying engravings show the form of each, though the specimens selected for engraving are below even medium size. With good culture and high manuring, they will grow much larger. The *New Rochelle* makes stronger canes and a more straggling growth, than the *Dorchester*. The fruit is of good flavor when fully ripe, but turns black before ripening, and until fully ripe it is very sour. Those who pick it for the first time, get wonderfully annoyed with sour fruit, but a little experience will enable the cultivator to select only well-ripened fruit.



Dorchester. *New Rochelle.*

The *Dorchester* makes a strong, upright growth. The fruit is longer than the *New Rochelle*, as shown in the engraving, sweet, and of excellent quality when well ripened, and not unpleasant even before that time. The blackberry needs good cultivation, and no one need expect good fruit if he allows his plants to grow wild, as they do in the fields and waste places where they thrive naturally.

Horticultural Notes.

HUBBARD SQUASH SEED.—S. N. HOLMES, Esq., of Syracuse, wishes us to say that he has seed of the celebrated Hubbard Squash, which he will distribute gratuitously among the farmers and amateurs of Onondaga county.

MEETING OF THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY IN 1860.—By a letter from the President, Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, we learn that the 11th of September has been selected as the time for the next meeting of the American Pomological Society, at Philadelphia.

DEATH OF A. H. ERNST.—The Cincinnati papers announce the death of A. H. ERNST, well known to our readers as an intelligent Nurseryman and Horticulturist. Mr. E. had been out of health for some months, but we did not learn that a fatal termination was anticipated.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—At the annual meeting of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society, the following officers were elected:—JOSEPH HARRIS, President; W. A. Reynolds, L. A. Ward, Vice-Presidents; C. W. Seelye, Secretary; F. W. Glenn, Treasurer.

TRANSACTIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We are indebted to our ever attentive friend, EBEN WIGHT, Corresponding Secretary, for a copy of the Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society for 1859. It is a valuable pamphlet of 132 pages. We may make some extracts from its pages at another time.

TO SAVE THE PLUMS.—While traveling in Massachusetts, an elderly gentleman informed us that he had successfully combated the Curculio for four successive years, by casting through the tree two or three handfuls of air-slaked lime, two or three times a week, (selecting a still, warm night for making the application,) commencing at the time the plums are setting, and continuing for two or three weeks.—WILLIS WILMOT, *Webster, N. Y.*

REPORTED DESTRUCTION AT IONA.—We are very much rejoiced to learn that the report which we published last week, of the almost total destruction of the grape-houses of Dr. GRANT, at Iona Island, was false. The New York papers now say that the extensive glass hooses of the Doctor, endured the terrible tornado without suffering the least injury. We had written a nice little article expressing our sympathy with our good friend, which is now worthless. So the Doctor will please sympathize with us in our loss.

SEVERAL communications on hand, and in type, we are compelled to defer for another week.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WEAVING.

BY KATE CAMERON

In and out the shuttles go,
Weaving light and dark between,
Like the Winter's drifted snow
And the Summer's wealth of green.
Now a smile, and then a tear,
Joy to meet, and grief to part,
Here a hope, and there a fear,
Pleasure's thrill, and sorrow's smart.

Every action, every thought,
On the fabric leaves its trace;
And with good or evil fraught,
Each has its appointed place.
Working ever, day and night,
Is this tireless human loom,
Weaving in the threads of light
'Mid the lines of cloud and gloom.

Not for us the shades to blend,
Seeming good and seeming ill,
Nor can we the pattern end
Till the last heart-throb is still.
Often to our view appear
Broken threads of purpose crossed;
Thus the truth is taught us here,
Naught is ever wholly lost,—

For at last those threads will be
All united, smooth and fine,
And no flaw we then shall see
In the mighty plan divine.
Be it ours in faith to wait,
Hoping ever, toiling still;
We are not the slaves of Fate,
But the creatures of GOD'S will!

And from His almighty hand
All our blessings we receive,
He our destiny has planned,
Let us in His love believe.
All that now so dark appears
While earth's shadows dim our sight,
All our doubts and all our fears
Will be *clear* in Heaven's light!

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY MOTHER.

"MY MOTHER!" Sweetest words in the vocabulary of expression. Perhaps the eyes of some world-worn man may spy them in this niche of "*the* RURAL," and I know that they will linger reverently, while he heaves a weary sigh, and memory gems the thread of feeling with large, bead-like tears. Yes! tears of regret for her who heaped his childhood's treasury with her gentle ministrations, pouring the sweet oil of her consolation upon the wounds in his young, sensitive nature. The calm, innocent faces of his youthful years are looking up to him now, and he clasps their hands gratefully, for they are leading him back to his "Mother." A pale, sweet countenance, which once bent nightly over his pillow, while loving lips invoked blessings upon his head, now appears, like a star in the firmament of the Present, and it shines serenely upon him, as in times past. Every cloud of ambition is swept away from the clear depths of filial affection, while he thinks of "Mother, Home, and Heaven." Holy trio of associations, inseparably connected!—can we wish it otherwise?

Perhaps I have conjured up to the mind of my reader, an humble dwelling-place. Its roof was thatched, mayhap, and wild roses latticed the windows with Nature's curtain of hanging vines.—The morning sunlight struck through it, and fell upon a carpetless floor; but was not that old "wooden settle," by the chimney corner, softer than the velvet cushioned sofa, where your weary form is now reclining? And why? Ah, the heart was lighter—conscience did not strew your pillow with thorns then, or make you cry out in uneasy slumber. "Away, phantoms of the Past! do not haunt me longer with stern, reproachful gaze." Perhaps, many years have elapsed since you have thought of "Heaven;" but the name of "Mother" is closely associated with it. You do not utterly discard the Bible, or deny the existence of a GOD, but your time is too precious to dwell upon those subjects. "My mother's spirit is in Heaven—if there is such a place," was the conclusion which you arrived at, when you bent over her coffin-lid, to take "the last look" of the cold, marble features—beautiful in their calm repose—and the withered hands, clasped over a heart that throbbed out its life for you; and now her memory is always linked with that hymn she used to sing, about

"The bulwarks with Salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold."

Pause here a moment, and recall that time, when a loved voice read to you about "the city of the Great King." You listened with wonder and silent awe, and then stole away to ponder alone upon its glories, and wish that you could die when Mother did, for she knew the way *there*.—Thank GOD! *my* mother is yet alive, and although the "blue waves of distance" roll between us now, I often murmur:

"Can I e'er forget my mother,
Her, whose love has round me twined:
Tho' in distant climes I wander,
Love like her's I ne'er can find.
Soft and gentle was the kiss
She bestowed upon her child.
Sure on earth no more such bliss,
Can again be mine."

Illinois, Feb., 1860. A. P. D.

HEROISM lives longer in the mind when associated with women than with men. Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling will be remembered when hundreds of their masculine peers and superiors are forgotten.

CHEERFULNESS, temperance and tranquility are nature's best nurses.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOME.

WHAT pleasing memories, what fond recollections, cluster around the word *home*. There is no other word in our language that can awaken such happy thoughts as this simple monosyllable,—there are joys surrounding it that all cares and turmoils of life cannot destroy.

No spot on earth can be more dear to us than our childhood's home. It matters not that time, in his ever-changing course, has scattered the happy group that once gathered around its hearth, or placed many weary miles between us and it,—aided by imagination, we cross mountain and desert, forest and lake, and once more stand beneath its peaceful roof. Again do we join the joyful group gathered there, and grow happy in its association. The kind neighbors and friends, the old school-house with its group of merry children, the little stream that flowed gently by, the clump of stately pines that made such sweet music in the passing breeze,—all are subjects that memory loves to dwell upon.

In after years, when childhood has merged into youth, and youth into manhood, when the ties that bound us to childhood's home have been severed far and wide, when the group that used to welcome us there has been scattered,—some to the tomb, and some out upon the great sea of life,—we still dream of a home; not, perhaps, the one of our childhood, for hope points in the future to a cottage with its clambering vine, its warm hearts, and we almost imagine we are participating in its joys.

The wanderer in a foreign land whiles away many an hour in the fond recollections of home, and often, at twilight, when the gentle influence of eventide steals over him, he thinks of the joy and pleasure that he left behind. 'Tis then he feels there is no place on earth like home.

"Without a home." What more deplorable condition can be imagined? No haven, when the storms of life surround us, and its surging billows threaten to overwhelm our weary-laden life-boat; no tie to bind us to earth,—for the ties of home are the last to be severed,—this the only place from which memory refuses to be separated.

Geneva, Wis., 1860. J. A. SMITH.

WOMAN'S TURN, AT GIVING ADVICE.

IN the Newburgh *Daily News* we find the following "letting off of steam," by an angry woman:

"We've been lectured long enough, and now it's our turn. Wouldn't a series of "Hints to the Gentlemen" be particularly appropriate? Think how nice it would sound, now! * * * Do be a little sensible in your fashions—wear that stove-pipe hat of yours so that it will protect your head and cover your ears—what is the use of that miserable little concern perched on the top of your head? And as for the ridiculous way you have—which fashion sanctions, *of course* (!)—of going with your chests unprotected, except by a thin shield of starched linen, when all the rest of you is snugly encased in warm broadcloth, we can't find words strong enough to denounce it! * * * Of all unmanageable brutes, a sick *man* is the worst. We'd rather have charge of a wild hyena—Van Amburgh's big elephant is hardly more difficult to get along with. * * * Exercise, gentlemen! don't sit curled up over your ledgers and law-papers all day long. Help your wife about her sweeping—chop the kindling wood—go out and dig in the garden. Don't you see how much healthier your man Patrick is than you are? Patrick never has the dyspepsia; Patrick never complains of feeble health! Then we might go on at the same rate for half-a-dozen columns, and say nothing but the truth, either.—Now, isn't it very evident that you need lecturing, as much as we do? and does not the cap fit remarkably well, when it is turned the other side out? At any rate, there is no necessity for troubling yourselves so *very* much about our welfare.—Pray don't take the trouble to lavish advice on us, when we go out, and when we come in. We're getting tired of it. And we *should* think, after so much experience, people would have discovered that we generally do about as we please."

WOMAN'S WORK.

IF half, or one-hundredth portion of the time bestowed by ladies upon following, with monotonous labor, those lines and figures which may now be bought in any country shop were given to invention, instead of servile imitation, what a new and glorious era would dawn upon our manufacturing world! So soon as figures of beauty become so common as to be exhibited in the windows of every shop, they ought surely to be left to mere mechanism to multiply and carry out.—The higher orders of taste and fancy should then invent others, fresh from those cultivated and expanded minds which have enjoyed the advantage of observing what art has accomplished at different times and in different regions of the globe, as well as of what nature exhibits under its most favorable aspects. So soon as machinery is able to take up any kind of work, or even so soon as the poor are able to make a trade of it, the hand that is not obliged to labor should lay it down, and take up something new and better. So soon, also, as science has invented fresh dyes or new materials, the same fair hands should assume the office of assortment into fresh patterns and new combinations of colors and materials, keeping always the highest agency employed upon the noblest work, and thus maintaining, by a just balance, the true economy of labor. Ladies often want amusement; here is a wide field open to them—a field of intellectual amusement, too; for while the fancy is busily engaged with the creative process, all the higher principles of art must be called in to aid in the construction of something which shall afford lasting pleasure and improvement to the beholder.—*Once a Week.*

NIGHT brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths; we can never see the stars till we can see little or naught else—and thus it is with truth.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ASPIRATIONS.

BY HEBRON BELL.

How dark and drear the frowning sky
Bends o'er the cheerless path I tread,—
I weep where life's loved idols lie,
And hear the muttering blast o'erhead;—
I pause where hearts, as brave and strong
As that which beats within my breast,
Have ceased their weary throbs, and long
Have slumbered in unbroken rest.

I pause where Friendship's smiling form,—
The *idol* of my early life,—
Bowed 'neath Adversity's wild storm;
Forsook me in the hour of strife,—
I pause and weep, for surely there
Is comfort in the tears that start,—
Yet why thus bow to dark Despair
While Hope is left to cheer my heart?

Here, 'mid the wrecks that thickly lie
Around me in the battle's strife,
Beneath the dark and frowning sky
That mirrors back a wretched life,
I'll dash these bitter tears away,
Blot out the past and weep no more,—
Change clouds and storm to blooming May
And bid sweet Hope spread out her store.

'Tis done,—she stands beside me now
Gently, and full of tenderness,
One hand is pressed upon my brow,
The other points to future bliss,—
Points to a charming rural cot
'Mid fruits, and flowers, and leaping rills,
And such a sweet, enchanting spot
Low down between two lofty hills.

And here she bids me rest in peace,
Nor longer o'er the wide world roam,
She bids me let all sorrow cease,
And seek enjoyment in my home,—
To watch and tend my budding flowers,
And in their beauty comfort find,
Devoting all my leisure hours
To cultivate the heart and mind.

Free from necessity's stern sway,
These willing hands will proudly toil
Throughout the pleasant hours of day
In turning o'er the fertile soil,
And when the plenteous harvest smiles
On the glad earth's prolific breast,
I'll throw the golden corn in piles,
Then fold my arms and take my rest.

Dear Hope! thy lesson I receive
With a thankful, grateful heart,
No more o'er trouble will I grieve,
Nor let the tear of anguish start,—
No more see clouds that fill the sky,
Nor muse upon the present strife,
But with a firm, unflinching eye
Look to the future of my life.

Fayette, Mo., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRUE GENIUS.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

THE human heart is a restless thing,—ever craving, never satisfied. This must be the reason why we so often think ours the most common-place, negative, wearisome life in the world, and really long for some variety of interest,—some excitement, different from this quiet, every-day kind of an existence. We have sometimes even gone so far as to half murmur at Providence for casting our lot in such a very comfortable, but out-of-the-way quarter of the "foot-stool." Foolish children!—we do not know what we are thinking about. It is not at all probable that we should be happier in every respect, could we have the whole world to select our habitation from, and all the convenient "appurtenances thereto," of gold, honor, and fame. Fame?—foolishness!—that is not *happiness*, and never brings the peace and blessedness which human nature so instinctively craves. We have been eye-witness to enough, in less than a quarter of a century, to discover that the man with his second honor is more dissatisfied than with his first,—(JOHN *is Path-Master in our district again,*) and honest PAT, who has "niver been honored at all, yer honor," but gets "petaties three times a day, and a dollar to boot in haying-time," is about the most cheerful and the richest man, after all.

Somebody has said, that the secret of all enterprise, research, and perseverance, is the inborn love for honor, and influence. Doubtless this is true in some instances; but while a certain kind, and amount, of pride or ambition, is commendable,—even necessary,—he who labors to excel in any position, merely for the "name of the thing," seeks to gratify the most earthy part of his nature. It may be very natural to enjoy a "*sensation*" of our own creating,—to triumph over petty rivals, and jealous enemies,—while *we* stand coolly by *incog.* and witness even *them* doing homage to our powers. But this is a low gratification, and goes far to prove that we are, in reality, unworthy of much that a willful ambition obtains for us.

It is not often that those most competent and worthy *occupy the highest positions*, as the world goes; for they have sense, and soul enough, to shrink from so great responsibility. They do not wish that notoriety, and fame, which authorizes the world to make public property of every thought, word, and deed,—even commenting upon their physical points, and giving lengthy descriptions of the same, for the amusement and *homage* of genius, appreciating outsiders, generally. No, no; the many superlatives, "*first*," "*best*," "*greatest*," &c., look better applied to other names than our own; and it is deceitful "distance" that "lends enchantment to the view."

We would not hint that genius is, or ought to be, a rare thing in this world,—far from it—but we are led to believe that it exists in quantity and quality which might be likened to jewelry. Such the cunning of the workmen, that even "the best judges often get "*sold*," and the most glittering articles prove to be undeniable "*tin*" and "*brass*." What little genuine is made now-a-days, is mostly for "private individuals;" so that the "true metal" exists chiefly in the unpretending, old-fashioned pieces, that few know of, save the possessor. Nevertheless, this is just as pure and valuable as if a thousand covetous eyes daily gazed upon it, or a thousand smooth-tongued, and false of heart, breathed constantly around with their corroding influences.

This world is about half "bogus," any way,—gold and glory are resident humbugs, that most of us fall in love with, and if we do not get bitten, "it is more good luck than management." But a true Genius would scorn the idea of creating only to get a *name*,—would not thank the world to build him a monument, simply because he had "*earned it*." When there is music in the soul, he sings, "because he cannot *help* but sing." It is the *soul* that gives the wondrous cunning to the artist's pencil. "The thoughts that breathe, and words that burn," are not those born with many a thirsty effort,—hand on the purse, and eyes on fame,—but they speak because they *live*, and cannot die. The spirit of a real mind is plainly visible in every work to which he directs his attention; it pursues Art and Science from pure love of the truth and wisdom they contain. No labor is degrading to the true of heart,—for "there is no excellence without labor,"—and the consciousness of a *will to do*, and the *power to succeed* wherever Fortune places us, is far more satisfaction, than all the *world* can *say* about it.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1860. JENNIE.

MERE MONEY-MAKING.

CERTAINLY nothing is more common than energy in money-making, quite independent of any higher object than its accumulation. A man who devotes himself to this pursuit, body and soul, can scarcely fail to become rich. Very little brains will do; spend less than you earn; add guinea to guinea; scrape and save; and the pile of gold will gradually rise. John Foster quoted a striking illustration of what this kind of determination will do in money-making. A young man who ran through his patrimony, spending it in profligacy, was at length reduced to utter want and despair. He rushed out of his house intending to put an end to his life, and stopped on arriving at an eminence overlooking what were once his estates. He sat down, ruminated for a time, and rose with the determination that he would recover them. He returned to the street, saw a load of coals, which had been shot out of a cart on the pavement before a house, offered to carry them in, and was employed. He thus earned a few pence, requested some meat and drink as a gratuity, which was given him, and the pennies were laid by. Pursuing this menial labor, he earned and saved more pennies; accumulated sufficient to enable him to purchase some cattle, the value of which he understood, and these he sold to advantage. He now pursued money with a step as steady as time, and an appetite as keen as death; advancing by degrees into larger and larger transactions, until at length he became rich. The result was, that he more than recovered his possessions, and died an inveterate miser. When he was buried, mere earth went to earth. With a nobler spirit, the same determination might have enabled such a man to be a benefactor to others as well as to himself. But the life and its end in this case were alike sordid.

THE MIRAGE OF LIFE.

THE child's eyes are enchanted, but he does not know it, and he believes in all he sees. He does not doubt the shimmer and the glory of the scenes that lie before him. To him the future is no sandy desert strewn with dead men's bones; it is a wide-spread savanna, fruitful as the tropics, and delightful as Elysian plains. He gazes down the vista of life, and every phantasm seems to his ardent sight as a real, pleasant thing. There is not a pageant looming in the distance, there is not one of the dissolving views which hope creates and fancy touches up to bewildering brightness, that the child does not accept as real, and soon to be proved so. All the prismatic views that appear to flash across his forward path he thinks are really lighting it, and that he shall be touched and beautified by their radiance when once he is there. Bright and fair is the apparent prospect before him; no wonder that the child is in haste to get on. There is everything to lure him—freedom, plenty, sweet gardens, flowing fountains, noble forms, smiling faces, and beckoning hands. He sees the waving of palms and the glitter of jewels; he hears the voice of trumpet and of harp; O! all is before him; on, on, on. And on he rushes, breathlessly, to the end of childhood, through youth, and often into manhood, before he becomes fully aware that the shape, complexion and mien of his phantoms have all been rapidly changing, and that what he took for true worth and beauty is, in reality, no better than a raree-show, or a mirage of the desert. At last, grown keen-eyed by hard lessons, he pierces through the cheat, and sees the bare and barren seeds of life. For him there is afterwards no more enchantment.

A PRETTY FANCY.—When the day begins to go up to heaven at night, it does not spread a pair of wings and fly aloft like a bird, but it just climbs softly up on a ladder. It sets its red sandal on the shrub you have watered these three days, lest it should perish with thirst; then it steps to the tree we sit under, and thence to the ridge of the roof. From the ridge to the chimney, and from the chimney to the tall elm; from the elm to the tall church spire, and then to the cloud, and then to the threshold of heaven; and thus, from round to crimson round, you can see it go, as though it walked up red roses.—*B. F. Taylor.*

A MIND too vigorous and active serves only to consume the body to which it is joined, as the richest jewels are soonest found to wear their settings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

In the vale where drooping willows
Slow and silent wave;
Where the winding streamlet murmurs,
There they made thy grave.
When the sweet repose of Nature
In her beauty dressed.
Wooed the pensive Autumn sunshine
Didst thou sink to rest.

Calm as summer's mildest zephyrs
Came thy quiet sleep,
And it bowed our hearts in sorrow,
Silent tears to weep:
But we knew an angel message
Bade thy spirit go,
Leaving all thy soul held dearest
In the world below.

Swiftly moved the tiny vessel
Near the darkened stream,—
Sweetly closed the waxen eyelids
Calm as childhood's dream,—
Pressed they then the drooping lashes
On the marble cheek,—
Closed the lips that never after
Loving words might speak.

In the churchyard, by the brooklet,
There they made thy bed,
And the winter snow is lying
Cold above thy head;
But we know thou hast gone homeward
To that happy land,
And thy spirit walks triumphant
'Mid an angel band.

There are stronger ties in Heaven
Since we know thou'rt there,
And we hope some day to meet thee
All thy bliss to share.
Sometimes, as we walk in darkness,
Thou wilt hover near,
When rough waves are beating hardest,
Calming every fear.

Brightest thought that cheers our pathway,
Is that angels fair
Guard and guide our wayward footsteps
By their watchful care,—
That those loved ones gone before us
To that region far,
Whence no trav'ler e'er returneth,
Guardian Angls are.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860. MARY A. B.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

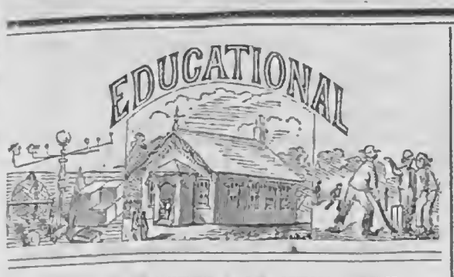
LIFE.

How strange is Life! 'Tis a mingling of sunbeams and shadows, smiles and tears, mirth and sadness; and on our frail barks swiftly glide down the river Time. Some are freighted with a rich store of sympathy and love, and at each port leave a treasure of light and joy; others are laden with selfishness and bitter hate, steering clear of each green islet, never blessing, yet ever blest, floating 'mid the throng, on, on to the end. What is life? A flying phantom,—a passing thought,—the lightning's flash,—a floating bubble, sparkling a moment upon the wave, then gone forever,—a dream,—a vain and empty show. Listen to the silvery laugh of that sweet babe—how bird-like it gushes forth, free and wild,—it ceases; lo! 'tis changed to the old man's groan. Life to some is as though heaven's pure light were ever streaming around their pathway; loving words, like constant strains from a sweet Æolian harp, ever sound in the ear, distilling as delicious dew through the heart; while to others, alas! 'tis all sadness, all sorrow—no ray of bright gladness struggles through the mist to dispel the gloom—the heart-lyre seems broken, no strain comes upon the anxious, listening ear to play with harmonious sweetness,—all, all is harsh discord, and the unbidden tear starts to the drooping eye. O, why will we withhold the word and smile of love? Its influence is as the sweet, fragrant flower, shedding its rich perfume,—it costs us nothing; why will we refuse to give it utterance?

What a mystery is the human frame,—we can but wonder and adore. How God-like is the mind of man, capable of grasping a knowledge of the Universe—climbing with fearful strides the ladder of Ambition, never satisfied until the topmost round is reached, and the Temple of Fame possessed. How the human heart throbs and swells with its passions and emotions—always longing—*never* at rest. What are we in this great Universe? Floating atoms in the sunlight—mere worms of the dust,—on this revolving globe, almost invisible particles. And yet the infinite GOD and Creator of all, deigns to watch over with Omniscient Eye and with Omnipotent Arm, and ever holds us up. Aye, the meanest creature upon the earth is regarded with gracious love and tender pity by our Heavenly Father. Peace! then, poor heart,—why in sorrow be dismayed?—why in trouble cast down? Hope in GOD! When thou hast passed through the dark stream of Death, a crown awaits thee, a shining host stands on the heavenly shore to welcome thee; and as thou nearest the bank, will sweep their harps anew, that thou, through much tribulation, hast at last reached home. And as thy soul, enraptured, enters heaven's portals, and joins the bright and blissful throng—touching with immortal finger thy new lyre—falling in adoration low at the feet of Him who redeemed thee,—Life will then, indeed, appear but a passing dream.

Philadelphia, Pa., 1860. BESSIE MORGAN.

BE PREPARED.—No man knows what a day may bring forth; what miseries, what good or what evil, what afflictions, what temptations, what liberty, what bonds, what good success, or what bad success, a day may bring forth; and, therefore, a man need every day be in the closet with God, that he may be prepared and fitted to entertain and improve all the occurrences, successes, and emergencies which may attend him in the course of his life.—*Thomas Brooks.*



SCHOOL MATTERS OF NEW YORK.

In the RURAL NEW-YORKER of the 11th inst., we gave a condensation of such portions of the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, for New York, as referred to the "School Population of the State;" "School-houses in the Rural Districts;" "Country School Districts," etc., and now resume the presentation of such features as possess general interest:

ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.—It appears that, of the 894,432 persons of school age reported, 600,625 attended school during the last year, for a longer or shorter period. "The Reports," says Superintendent VAN DYCK, "show 1,520 private schools, with an attendance of 44,395; but this exhibit falls far short of the real number, as in New York, Buffalo, Troy and Schenectady, no private schools are reported, while the same remark is applicable to the returns of several School Commissioners. The number of pupils in attendance upon the academies of the State during the last reported year, was over 30,000. If we assume the private schools, outside of the cities, to have taught 50,000 pupils, it would leave about 200,000 persons between the age of 4 and 21, in the rural districts, not in attendance on the schools."

The number of children attending the public schools for a series of years is as follows:

	1849	1856.	1857	1859.
10 mos. and over	27,534	53,850	54,434	52,995
8 " " less than 10	59,215	65,972	53,716	58,539
6 " " " " 8	106,100	133,113	117,507	115,832
4 " " " " 6	167,732	182,854	179,611	178,069
2 " " " " 4	198,922	205,971	221,656	239,708
Less than 2 months	200,128	191,175	215,213	206,390
Totals	758,831	832,735	842,137	851,533

It will be seen from this table that the attendance of pupils during the last year, was 92,702 more than it was ten years ago. It would have been much greater had the attendance increased in the same ratio with the increase in the number of persons of school age. Thus the ratio of increase in the aggregate population of the State from 1845 to 1855 (the latest period of enumeration,) was equal to 33 per cent.—and it is believed an actual census of those between the ages of 4 and 21, for the last ten years, would exhibit about the same ratio. Not much reliance, however, is to be placed on the correctness of the returns as to attendance in the schools, either at this or any previous period. We are dependent for their reliability entirely on the records kept by Teachers, and the carefulness of Trustees in transcribing them. In too many instances these details of daily attendance are kept upon loose scraps of paper—not unfrequently they are lost altogether, or carried away by the Teacher after serving as the basis of a rate-bill,—while the absence of actual data at the time of making the Annual Report of the district, is supplied by the "guesses" of intelligent Trustees.

TEACHERS EMPLOYED.—The teachers employed within the last two years were:

	1858.	1859.
Males	8,266	8,515
Females	17,877	17,896
Totals	26,153	26,411

The above statement probably exaggerates the number employed in teaching in the State, as many teachers are employed in more than one district each, and are therefore more than once reported. The "number of teachers employed at the same time for six months" or more, is:

In the cities	2,527
In the rural districts	12,132
Total	14,659

It is fair to presume that this is about the number of teachers employed when all the schools are supplied.

COMPENSATION OF TEACHERS IN CITIES.—In the cities, the average payment to teachers is about $385 per annum. The following table shows the number of teachers employed, the whole amount paid for teachers' wages, and the average amount per teacher, *per annum:*

CITIES.	No. of Teachers.	Amount paid for Teachers' wages.	Average amount per Teacher.
Albany	79	$30,057 41	$393 13
Auburn	25	8,784 74	351 39
Hudson	16	3,385 39	211 59
Poughkeepsie	35	7,146 14	204 18
Buffalo	203	81,184 93	399 93
Brooklyn	391	114,438 73	292 68
Rochester	101	34,928 82	345 83
New York	1375	595,602 30	433 21
Utica	47	16,058 38	341 67
Syracuse	64	19,247 17	300 74
Oswego	47	16,721 31	355 77
Troy	86	23,924 00	278 19
Schenectady	25	9,855 79	394 23
Totals	2494	$961,395 14	$385 48

We find here nearly a million of dollars paid to twenty-five hundred teachers, *of whom at least two thousand were females.* In the rural districts, however, the rate of compensation to both sexes falls much beneath that paid for similar services in the cities. This arises, in part, from the higher order of talent and attainment required for the city schools, and partly from the fact that the cost of living is higher than in the country districts, where board not unfrequently forms a constituent portion of the teacher's wages, in addition to the money value paid for the services rendered.

DR. ARNOLD once observed of a bad pupil and his instruction:—"It is very often like kicking a football up a hill. You kick it upwards twenty yards, and it rolls back nineteen. Still you have gained one yard, and then in a good many kicks you make some progress." Here is genuine encouragement for the teacher placed among the rough and rude. It is not in the nature of instruction and correction, wholly to be thrown away.

MOUNT VERNON,—WASHINGTON'S HOMESTEAD.

As the anniversary of the natal day of GEORGE WASHINGTON occurs this week, the above illustration must be regarded as peculiarly appropriate. The view of Mount Vernon will at once awaken kindly thoughts of him who was "First in War, First in Peace, and First in the Hearts of his Countrymen"—of one who was adored by Americans and respected and honored by the wisest and most distinguished men and potentates throughout the civilized world. In the minds of many intelligent and patriotic readers our illustration may inspire sentiments similar to those which filled the soul of the Rev. WILLIAM JOY, of England, who, on seeing a picture of Mount Vernon, wrote impromptu—

"There dwelt the MAN the flower of human kind,
Whose visage mild bespoke his noble mind.
There dwelt the SOLDIER who his sword ne'er drew
But in a righteous cause to Freedom true.
There dwelt the *Hero*, who ne'er fought for fame,
Yet gained more glory than a Cæsar's name.
There dwelt the STATESMAN, who, devoid of art,
Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart.
And, oh! Columbia, by thy sons caressed,
There dwelt THE FATHER of the realms he blessed.
Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise,
Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise,
But, there, retiring, breathed in pure renown,
And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown."

The mansion at Mount Vernon, as it now appears, was erected by WASHINGTON on his return to his estate at the close of the Revolutionary War. The excellent volume from which our illustration is taken,* speaking of WASHINGTON'S retirement to private life at the close of the war, says:

"Washington now took a general survey of all his affairs, and turned his thoughts to the improvement of his farms, the enlargement of his mansion, and the adornment of the grounds around it. These improvements were commenced in the spring of 1784, and then the construction of the house, in its present form, was resolved upon. The mansion built by Lawrence Washington, and called a 'villa' by the general, was of the old gable-roofed style, with only four rooms upon each floor, as we have observed. It was about one-third the size of the present building, and in the alteration, it was made to occupy the central portion, the two ends having been built at the same time. The mansion, when completed by General Washington, (and as it now appears) was of the most substantial frame-work, two stories in height, ninety-six feet in length, thirty feet in depth, with a piazza fifteen feet in width, extending along the entire eastern or river front, supported by sixteen square columns, twenty-five feet in height. Over this piazza is a balustrade of a light and pleasing design; and in the center of the roof is an observatory with a small spire. There are seven dormer windows in the roof, three on the eastern side, one on each end, and two on the western or lawn side.

"The ground floor of the house contains six rooms, with a spacious passage in the center of the building, extending through it from east to west. From it a massive staircase ascends to the chambers. The rooms and the passage are all wainscoted, and have large worked cornices; and they present to the eye the appearance of great solidity. On the south side of the passage is a parlor, and the library and breakfast-room of Washington, from which a narrow staircase ascends to his private study on the second floor. On the north side of the passage are a reception-room and parlor, and a large drawing-room, in which, when there was much company, the guests were sometimes entertained at table. These apartments and their present appearance and uses we will consider elsewhere.

"Near the mansion, a substantial kitchen on one side, and store-room and laundry on the other, were built, and these were connected with the dwelling by very neat open colonnades, each with roof and pavement; and, at a little distance from them, two other strong buildings were erected for house-servants' quarters. The mansion, the kitchen and store-house, with the connecting colonnades, and the servants' quarters, all remain, and exhibit the same external appearance which they bore when Washington left them. These may be best seen from the lawn that spreads out before the western front of the mansion, which is first approached by visitors in carriages, there being no road for horses upon the grounds before the river-front.

"In the prosecution of these improvements, Washington was his own architect, and drew every plan and specification for the workmen with his own hand. Every measurement was calculated and indicated with exactness; and in every arrangement for his home, he appears to have made *convenience* and *durability* the prime objects of his care."

The lawns, gardens and other surroundings were in keeping with the mansion, but we must forego any description.

Through the efforts of American women Mount Vernon has become the property of the nation. EDWARD EVERETT has done much, with voice and pen, to rescue the HOME and TOMB of WASHINGTON from speculators. His "Oration upon the Character of Washington" has been delivered to large audiences in various parts of the Union, and so successfully that in less than two years he paid into the treasury of the *Ladies' Mount Vernon Association* one quarter of the purchase money of the mansion and two hundred surrounding acres. The work from which we quote above states this fact, and adds:—"The whole amount has been obtained, and now Mount Vernon is no longer a private possession, but the property of the multitudes of men, women and children of the land, who have contributed in ever so slight a degree to its purchase. It is to be theirs, and their posterity's, forever. In a word, it belongs to the nation; and while these pages were in preparation, the work of renovation and restoration was commenced at Mount Vernon. Nothing now remains for the Association to do but to obtain a sum fully equal to that of the purchase money, for the complete restoration and future support of the estate, and a general supervision of its management. This, American women will speedily accomplish, for the heart of the nation beats in unison with their own."

*"Mount Vernon and its Associations—Historical, Biographical, and Pictorial. By Benson J. Lossing. New York: Wm. A. Townsend & Company." An elegant and instructive volume, noticed in RURAL of Jan. 7th.

MR. IRVING'S CELIBACY.

HIS EARLY BETROTHAL.

SELDOM has a more unanimous sentiment of affection, respect and sorrow, attended the demise of an eminent man than that which has signalized the departure from earth of the pioneer of American literature. The voice of the pulpit, the tributes of the press, the proceedings of societies, and the tender retrospections of private friendship, have united in their spontaneous testimony to the worth and genius, the attractiveness and the excellence of the man and the author. Hence the slightest exception to the harmonious elegy is striking, and challenges remarks. "There is, perhaps, one defect," says the Portland Transcript, "in this otherwise well-filled life. Mr. Irving never married.

This gratuitous criticism, by one who is evidently ignorant of the circumstances, illustrates a common impertinence. It seems to be thought not only justifiable, but praiseworthy to condemn single life, sneer at its votaries or victims, and take it for granted that they are recreant to social claims, and flagrant examples of egotism and selfishness; whereas the motive and the cause of this unpopular exception to the average economy of American life may be of the highest and most disinterested character.

How often have we heard those who would repel the charge of ill-breeding or inhumanity with scorn, sneer at the lonely life of men who, to our knowledge, have voluntarily denied themselves the comforts of domestic life, that they might minister to the wants of indigent kindred, or maintain fidelity to what they esteem "dearer than self!" We once overheard three so-called gentleman berate such a celibate as this, who replied with the utmost patience and good-nature to their badinage, and was too magnanimous to refer to the notorious fact that each of these complacent husbands had married an ordinary woman for her money!

It is time that celibacy was treated as a misfortune until proved to be a fault. When a man shows unmistakably a kindly, affectionate heart, and generous sympathies, the inference is that he has remained single for a reason that does him honor and should secure him consideration; and be it remembered that the most noble characters are the most fastidious in self-respect, and the world is not likely to know their private history. The world knew not why Charles Lamb never married, until his death.

At the present time, so extravagant are the habits of women, so precarious the resources of men,—so far from frugal the life of the household—that those who hesitate in the matrimonial path, especially such as have relations dependent on them, are the conscientious and self-devoted; and whoever has shared the family troubles incident to the contrary course, when rashly adopted, will never thoughtlessly reproach a celibate. We have been led to this strain of remark by the observation quoted, because it is an example of the manner in which this subject is habitually discussed.

And now what are the faults in this particular case? Instead of being a "defect," the celibacy of Irving was his crown of glory. Those who have studied his writings must have been struck with the remarkable transition from humor to pathos, from the broadest fun to the most meditative sentiment, which occurs between the facetious History of New York and the Sketch Book. Many, perhaps, imagine that this is accounted for by his loss of fortune. But the feeling is too soulful for such an interpretation. It had its origin in one of those disappointments of the heart, which color all the subsequent life of a true man.

We trust that now there is no want of delicacy in alluding to the fact that the early object of Irving's love died during their betrothal. We have heard the last interview described by a member of her family; and to the sacred sorrow thus engendered is to be ascribed much that is touching and true in the sentiment of Irving's writing; to his fealty to this affection, in no small degree, is owing the continued sensibility which kept his heart to the last; and, above all, that respect for and sympathy with the innate and holy sentiments of humanity, which he so uniformly cherished and manifested in letters and in life.

Nor is this all. Time may have healed the wound and reconciled the bereft to another relation; but there intervened a period of disaster which drove his eldest brother to bankruptcy; for his sake and that of his family of daughters, Washington Irving continued single, took them all home, and became a father to the children. Beautiful was their mutual devotion; happy their congenial household; and Sunnyside is now bequeathed to them.—*Boston Traveler.*

TEACH THE WOMEN TO SAVE.

THERE'S the secret. A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank yet established—one that receives deposits daily and hourly, with no costly machinery to manage it.—The *idea* of saving is a pleasant one, and if "the women" would imbibe it once, they would cultivate and adhere to it, and thus many when they were not aware of it, would be laying the foundation for a competence, security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The woman who sees to her own house has a large field to save in, and the best way to make her comprehend it is for her to keep an account of current expenses. Probably not one wife in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family.

Where from one to two thousand dollars are expended annually there is a chance to save something, if the attempt is only made. Let the housewife take the idea—act upon it—and strive over it—and she will save many dollars—perhaps hundreds—where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty—not a prompting of avarice—a moral obligation that rests upon all—upon "the women" as well as the men; but it is a duty, we are sorry to say, that is cultivated very little, even among those who preach the most, and regard themselves as examples in most matters.—"Teach the women to save," is a good enough maxim to be inserted in the next edition of "Poor Richard's Almanac."—*Selected.*

HE who writes with insolence and abuse, when anonymous, adds cowardice to his baseness.

POVERTY AND RICHES.

MESSRS. EDS.:—I saw, in the YOUNG RURALISTS' Department of one of the late issues of your paper, a letter from a gentleman of Kentucky, who says, if a young man is born poor, there is no reason why he should dispair, but does not think he should thank GOD for it. Now, such a sentiment as this, although somewhat popular, is erroneous, and not only so, but dangerous. Dangerous, if considered in no other light than the fact that all men are dependent upon GOD for whatever measure of success they may have in life; and if they cherish such feelings as these, He, in His displeasure, may withdraw His sustaining hand.

He says further, that there are disadvantages attending poverty in early life, which no after exertions not even genius, can overcome. I do not know but this may be true in a certain sense, and under certain circumstances. But the Being who created man, and assigned him his lot, did it in the fullness of his wisdom, and no man has a right to ask, in a dissatisfied spirit, why he was, or why he was not, made a vessel unto honor. But, he has a right, and it is his duty, to put his hand and mind at work to fulfill his high calling.

Many are the instances, some of which I might mention, if space would permit, in which the pinchings of poverty have been the means of drawing out and developing traits of character, without which the man would be as nothing. Wealth, indeed, is an instrument which, if rightly used, accomplishes much. But he who has to contend with poverty and adversity, comes out as a new coin from the mint—purer for having passed through the furnace—shining brightly with virtues which he could not otherwise have obtained—enstamped with the imago of a true man. GEORGE C. COLEMAN.

Bellona, Yates Co., N., Y., 1860.

"NO TIME TO SPARE."

"MR. S., would you like to subscribe for the ——? It's a very useful and interesting periodical,—devoted to Agriculture, Science, and General Literature." "How much is it?" "Only two dollars a year." "N—no,—I rather guess not; I can hardly afford it; besides, the children are not much given to reading; and as for myself, I positively have no time to spare in that way."

I cast my eye observingly about the room, and it rested upon Mr. S.'s Library,—an old family Bible,—covered with the "dust of ages," which generation after generation had apparently failed to remove,—an old spelling book, an arithmetic, and a volume of "Arabian Knights." Not a newspaper was anywhere visible. And this, tho't I, is to be the nursery of these young intellects. Here must they pass the morning of life, which should be all sunshine and happiness, in a dark and threatening cloud of ignorance. This home, which should be alike a school to the heart and the intellect, is no better than a prison-house, where both must slumber and waste away.

I no longer wondered that "the children were not much given to reading,"—that they were so ill-mannered, and threw stones after passers-by. I no longer wondered how it was that Mr. S. was continually laboring, sweating, and blustering about, and invariably failed to "make his ends meet,"—that his door-yard was grown up with rank weeds instead of fine shrubbery, and his front gate hanging by one hinge. The mystery was solved,—the secret was no longer a problem. No books, no periodicals, no "weeklies," were brought home, to make cheerful those blunted hearts,—to light up those melancholy countenances with a "new delight," and turn those long, long weary hours of a winter's night, into moments of joy and happiness.

Oh! that HOME—the most sacred and most to be cherished of all places in the world—should thus be made miserable, and those youthful minds thus pitiably steeped in ignorance, because the father *cannot afford* to subscribe for a paper, or *"has no time to spare in that way!"* WESTON.

INTROVERT YOUR VISION.

THERE is a class of persons whose only desire seems to be to search out the faults of others, and herald them to the world. Such people, if they would stop but for a moment, and study their own characters and proclivities, would be surprised, perhaps, to find in themselves the same faults and weaknesses. Shame on them! Of all the pests that infest the city and country, these are the most to be despised—dreaded. They not only injure, in some degree, the persons whom they thus backbite, but their despicable practice has a contaminating influence on the youthful mind, which, if not constantly guarded and guided by Religion, is susceptible of the worst influences that mankind can impart.

If they can detect any palpable faults in their neighbors, why do they not frankly and kindly tell them of it, or else say nothing about it at all? Simply because they are too pusillanimous, cowardly and mean, and would rather have the pleasure of indulging their evil propensities, by "spreading" it (no matter at whose expense,) to the world.

Reader, if you have hitherto been guilty of this practice, abstain from it in future. Go into some more lucrative business—"introvert your vision"—"Know Thyself;" and instead of being "pests" to the society in which you move, you will be honored and respected citizens. Young men, young women, heed this before you form a habit that shall destroy your peace.

Hudson, Ohio, 1860. JAMES T. HASSETT.

HE who shows his passion tells his enemy where to hit him.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 25, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE House Committee on Territories have under consideration the subjects of territorial governments for Nevada, Pike's Peak and Dacotah. Bills, it is said, will be reported in these cases, certainly to the last-named. The Committee contemplate nothing further for Arizona at present, than a Surveyor-General and Judicial district.

The Committee on Agriculture had decided to report a Homestead bill, which will pass the House, but its success in the Senate is uncertain.

The friends of protection are confident that the Committee on Ways and Means will soon report a bill imposing specific instead of ad valorum duties, wherever the same are practicable.

Those who have closely scrutinized the subject, say the House are almost equally divided on the question of the franking privilege, and the preponderence of feeling is against its abolition.

A requisition has been made by this government upon that of Canada, under the Ashburton treaty, for the rendition of a fugitive from justice named Ritchie, who escaped recently from St. Lawrence Co., New York.

The President having approved of the P. O. bill, it is therefore a law as amended previous to its passage. It appropriates $2,496,000 for supplying the deficiency in the revennes and defraying the expenses of the department, ending with June last; $4,000,000 toward the support of the department for the fiscal year ending June next, and after the sum of $2,400,000 in payment of the salaries of officers and clerks, the transmission of mails, wrapping paper, bags, stamps, &c. Interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum—to commence 60 days after the expiration of the quarter in which the service was rendered, but in no case prior to May 1st, 1859, to the present date; shall be paid on all sums due to contractors for carrying the mails; the interest to be paid to contractors themselves in full of all damages by reason of failure or delay in payment; no interest is to be allowed on payments for the last quarter, ending with December last; a sum for this purpose is appropriated.

So far the Senate's Harper's Ferry committee has made no important new discoveries or added any material facts not known before. Its proceedings excite no public interest whatever.

In order to show that Kansas has the requisite population under the law of Congress to entitle her to admission as a State into the Union, Judge Arney has sent for certified copies of the registry and census taken last year, and for copies of the various election returns of last year. They have not been forwarded by the Secretary of the Territory, to the State department here. From certified copies of the returns, which Judge Arney has obtained from the Clerks of some of the counties in Kansas, he concures with Judge Pettit and others, in the opinion that there are over 100,000 inhabitants within the boundaries prescribed for Kansas, in the Wyandott constitution. In Allen county, which is on the New York Indian Reserve, there are over 2,000 people, and in Lima county, which includes the Miami Reserve, there are over 1,300 registered voters. These are two of the extreme Southern counties, and owing to the troubles growing out of the claims of the Indians to the land, Judge Arney says their settlement has been retarded.

Official despatches from our Minister at Lima, say that outrages are continually perpetrated on American citizens, and that no efforts are made by the government to redress them. This matter, with the Peruvian difficulties, are before the President, and he will doubtless take such action as the importance of the subject demands.

The Paraguayan Commissioner has met with a cordial reception from the executive officers of our government, after the formal exchange of ratifications of the Bowlin treaty. This week he will enter upon his duties under the special convention for the settlement of the indemnity due to the Hopkins Company.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Gwin introduced a resolution, instructing the committee on military affairs to inquire into the expediency of making provision for the payment of the Indian war debt of California. Adopted.

The resolution, providing for the appointment of a committee of three, to act with a similar committee on the part of the House, in making arrangements for the inauguration of the equestrian statue of Washington, on the 22d inst., was taken up. The resolution was adopted. It appropriates $3,000.

Mr. Mason, from the Harper's Ferry Committee, reported a resolution that the President of the Senate issue warrants for the arrest of Messrs. Sanborn, John Brown, Jr., and Redpath, who had refused to obey the summons of the committee, to testify, and bring them before the Senate, to answer for contempt. Adopted, 46 to 4.

Mr. Hunter moved to postpone prior orders, and take up the P. O. deficiency bill. Carried.

The House having refused to concur in the amendment of the Senate, abolishing the franking privilege, Mr. Hunter moved the Senate recede from its amendment. He was unwilling to attempt to force legislation on the other House.—Agreed to—yeas 42, nays 11.

Mr. Toombs moved to re-consider. He was opposed to the Senate receding. The motion to reconsider was lost—yeas 14, nays 42.

Mr. Gwin now asked the Senate to proceed to the consideration of the bill abolishing the franking privilege. Agreed to.

The first amendment by the committee on Post-Offices and post-roads was, that the law abolishing the franking privilege should not apply to those who were granted by name. Mr. Gwin moved an amendment, that during the session of Congress, and for 30 days before the meeting, and for 30 days after the adjournment, the President, Vice President, heads of departments, and members of Congress, shall be allowed to send mail matter, not over two ounces in weight. Mr. G. said the object of the committee was to abolish the franking privilege. If other legislation was necessary, it could be done at another time.

Mr. Hamlin moved to strike out all the bill except the few lines abolishing the franking privilege. He wanted to abolish the system in toto. Mr. Hamlin's motion was carried.

Mr. Mason moved to add that hereafter nothing pass free by mail. Carried.

Mr. Trumbull moved as a new section, that publishers of newspapers be allowed to print on the same the date of subscription. Agreed to.

The bill was then read the third time, and passed, only two voting against it, and 54 in favor of it.

HOUSE.—The Post-Office deficiency bill was taken up. The committee rose and reported the bill to the House. The Senate's amendment, directing the Post-Office to have blanks of contract printed, was agreed to—150 to 21. The Senate's amendment, abolishing the franking privilege, was rejected—60 to 112. The other amendments of the Senate were concurred in.

The House passed the Senate resolution, giving the consent of Congress to Captain Shubrick to accept the sword tendered him from President Urquiza, of the Argentine Confederation, as a mark of his appreciation of the distinguished character of that officer.

Mr. Sherman offered a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Post-Office Committee to inquire into the expediency of reporting a bill for the division of the territorial jurisdiction of the U. S. into postal districts, of not less than one State each; secondly, the letting of the entire postal service, including the delivery of mail matter, in such districts, to the lowest responsible bidder, over present post routes; thirdly, the re-organization of the Post-Office Department and foreign mail service, to conform to the foreign propositions; fourth, the entire abolition of the franking privilege.

Mr. Bingham offered a resolution, which was adopted, referring so much of the President's message as related to payment of the Amistead case claimants, to the Judiciary Committee, with instructions to report on the propriety of the President's nominations; and also, as to the legality of slavery in the territories.

A message was received from the President, announcing that he had signed the Post-Office Appropriation Bill. Adjourned.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The presentation of petitions, introduction of bills, and reports of committees, have occupied the entire attention of the Senate, during the past week. Not one thing of interest has had the finishing touches applied.

ASSEMBLY.—The Pro-Rata Bill has been under consideration during the week, and some rather lively occurrences have been witnessed. On the 15th inst., the debate was resumed, and the amendment appeared likely to prevail, when the Speaker took the floor, and made a distinct charge that a member of the House had written a letter to New York, inviting the use of $100,000 by railroads, to defeat the bill. He warned members that he should move a committee of investigation, if he had any reason to suspect that money had been used, as it appeared it was intended to be used, to defeat this measure. He would take care, if a member of that committee himself, that it was not conducted as a similar committee was last year.

The following are the precise words of the Speaker, when he made the charge of corruption on the floor of the House.

"SIR:—I have learned this morning, from four or five sources, that this House is to be influenced on this question, by the disbursement of money to the members. I have received this information from such a source that its accuracy is undoubted. I repeat, Sir, for I desire to be understood, that money is to be used by the opponents of this Pro-Rata measure, to influence the action of members upon this floor, in regard to it. I have learned that a letter was exhibited in Wall street, written by a member of this floor, saying *'that if this measure is to be defeated,* $100,000 *must be sent to defeat it with!'* The member who wrote that letter is within the sound of my voice, and knows whether the charge is true or false. Sir, I speak what I know, when I say that money is to be used by the opponents of this bill, to defeat it in this House."

The 17th inst. was consumed in the examination of an individual who had been declared "guilty of a breach of privilege"—said "breach" consisting of a castigation administered to one of our Honorable law-makers—after which an adjournment until the 23d was effected.

Political Intelligence.

By a late arrival from California, we learn that the Republican Convention to elect delegates to the Chicago National Convention, was called for the 22d inst. The anti-Lecompton State Central Committee adjourned without calling a State Convention to elect delegates to the Charleston Convention. There were indications that an attempt would be made to elect Douglas delegates by the Lecompton Convention. Many leading Lecomptonites were manifesting Douglas proclivities, including Senator Lathan.

THE Democrats of Connecticut held their State Convention at Hartford, on the 15th inst. The following ticket was put in nomination:—Governor—Hon. Thomas H. Seymour, of Hartford. Lieutenant Governor—James E. English, of New Haven. Secretary of State—Nathaniel B. Stevens, of Norfolk. Treasurer—Col. Thomas H. C. Kingsbury, of Franklin. Comptroller—Horace Taylor, of Voina. Twelve Delegates to Charleston were chosen, eleven of whom are said to prefer the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas.

THE Washington States and Union of the 15th inst., announces that those who have *not* received the places they desired, talk of parading on the twenty-second. They take the idea from the procession in Paris on the return of the army of Italy, when the "injured and wounded" occupied a conspicuous position in the column. Of course, they will not be at any expense for music; for every man is experienced in blowing his own trumpet!

THE Democratic State Convention for Rhode Island, was held at Providence, on the 16th inst. William Sprague was nominated for Governor, J. Russell Bullock, for Lieut. Governor, and Walter S. Burgess, for Attorney General. Elisha R. Potter, Alfred Anthony, Geo. H. Brown, Edward F. Newton, John N. F. Brown, Charles S. Bradley, and Welcome B. Sayles, were elected delegates to the Charleston Convention.

THE Louisville Courier gives the following list of Speakers of the House of Representatives, from the formation of the Government down to the present time:

Frederick Muhlenberg	Pennsylvania
Jonathan Dayton	New Jersey.
George Dent	Maryland.
Theodore Sedgwick	Massachusetts.
Nathaniel Macon	North Carolina.
Joseph V. Varnum	Massachusetts.
Henry Clay	Kentucky.
Langdon Cheeves	South Carolina.
John W. Taylor	New York.
Andrew Stevenson	Virginia.
John Bell	Tennessee.
James K. Polk	Tennessee.
Robert M. T. Hunter	Virginia.
John White	Kentucky.
John W. Jones	Virginia.
John W Davis	Indiana.
Robert C. Winthrop	Massachusetts.
Howell Cobb	Georgia.
Lynn Boyd	Kentucky.
Nathaniel P. Banks	Massachusetts.
James L. Orr	South Carolina.
William Pennington	New Jersey.

Mr. Muhlenberg served as Speaker two terms, Mr. Dayton four years, Mr. Macon three terms, Mr. Varnum two terms, Mr. Clay about three years, Mr. Cheeves served that portion of Mr. Clay's term when he was negotiating the treaty of Ghent. Mr. Stevenson served three sessions, Mr. Polk two terms, Mr. Jones during the extra session following the twenty-eighth Congress, and all the others one term each.

News Paragraphs.

NAPOLEON III. is charged with having purchased the London Morning Chronicle newspaper. He means to have a situation ready when he shall have lost his throne.

A CELEBRATED London physician recently stated that of ninety-three cases of small pox investigated by him in the city of London, three-quarters of the number had been vaccinated.

ABOUT 30,000 Sharpe's rifles are made every year at Hartford. They are generally used to equip the U. S. cavalry, and cost $34 each, delivered. An expert soldier can load and fire one of these pieces twenty times in a minute.

THE California Indians are very restive, and promise to draw heavily on our national treasury, which is so light that it ought to be easily moved. The red man avenges the wrongs of his race by disturbing the white man's dollars, absorbing them as sand absorbs blood.

ON the morning of January 1st, Paris was enlarged so as to draw within its limits three hundred thousand new inhabitants. Paris now contains a population of a million and a half.—When completed, the new city will be 30 miles in circumference, with 92 gates.

AMONG the hostile parties now contending in Africa, there are three Sabbaths celebrated in each week. The Sabbath of the Moors is on Friday, the Sabbath of the very few Jews who fight in the ranks, as irregulars or settlers in the country, for their hearths and homes, is on Saturday, while the Sabbath of the Roman Catholic Spaniards is on Sunday.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The most important portion of the proceedings of the 2d and 3d, in the Commons, had been published, namely, the refusal of Lord John Russell to lay before the House the correspondence touching Savoy, and the defeat of the Government on a minor question.

In response to an inquiry, Lord John Russell said the Government had no reason to suppose that warlike preparations were going forward on an extraordinary scale in France. The Government had earnestly endeavored to prevent a renewal of hostilities, now that the Congress was not likely to meet, and had received most satisfactory assurances.

The London Times, in an editorial, explains the present position of the San Juan difficulty. It says:—We have reason to think that the proposals made to the Americans are such as may fairly satisfy both countries. Instead of standing out for the Rosario channel, and the whole group of islands, as Haro channel is proposed for the boundary line, which will not only evade the two disputed courses, but will leave the Americans in the possession of the largest share of the disputed territory. This channel, in its course, cuts off the island of San Juan alone to the west, and consequently leaves us with this island only, while the Americans will retain the remainder. So considerable, in fact, is the concession made, that it treasonably suggests a little compensation, and we believe the American Government will be asked to give us the whole of a certain coast of headland which the 49th parallel now cuts in two. We do hope this reasonable proposition will be accepted.

The Post says, the stubbornness of the Pope bids fair to deprive him of the whole of his temporalities. Naples groans under a heavier tyranny than ever, and the cries of Venice are loud enough to strike our ears; however, we may shut them. The Italian question then being likely to take still larger proportions, our best, safest and most beneficent policy is that line of strict duty, by which, last year, we might have prevented war, and by which we may now guarantee the peace of Europe. That line is no foreign intervention, but Italy for the Italians.

Kossuth had suddenly disappeared from London, and it was thought he had gone to Hungary. An address of the Hungarian Protestant Association says, the National movement will resemble an avalanche. Hungary will detach herself at the first opportunity from Austria. Austria is said to be directing more troops toward the Tyrol and Venice.

The Globe's Paris correspondent says it was generally understood that France and England were about to make a joint summons to Austria to desist from sending troops into the marches of Ancona, and to evacuate Venetia at the earliest period, and to accept such indemnity as Italy is now ready to offer.

FRANCE.—The French army is to be considerably reduced, and the policy of the Emperor tends more than ever toward peace.

The French troops are to be withdrawn from Northern Italy, and from Rome, at an early opportunity.

The Monitour, in publishing the decree for the suppression of the Paris Universe says, among the reasons for the measure, is the irritating controversy of the Germans, by which religious opinion was disconcerted, the country agitated, and the fundamental basis on which the relations between church and civil society are established, undermined. It is stated that the immediate offence, which led to the suppression of the Univers, was its publication, on the 29th, of an Encyclical letter of the Pope to the Arch-Bishops and Bishops, in which he states the motives for his refusal to accept the advice of the Emperor to give up Romagna. Other journals had been forbidden to publish the letter.

The Paris journals publish a dispatch from Chambery, which states that on the 29th, the party hostile to the accession of Savoy to France, made a demonstration. Nearly 250 persons assembled from all parts of Savoy, at the request of many citizens of Chambery, and asked information from the Government as to whether it was the intention of the King of Sardinia to cede the province to France. The Governor replied that the King would not willingly cede the province. The statement was received with loud cries of "Vive le Roi."

AUSTRIA.—It is no secret that Austria, having regard to the Western Alliance and her own serious difficulties, has given up all hope of retrieving her position and influence in Italy, and not only sheaths her sword, but puts it aside. An attempt will be made to induce her to grant reforms in Vienna, of which she is still left as mistress.

It was considered not unlikely that a state of seige would be proclaimed in Hungary, as well as Venetia, before long. Agitation continually prevailed at Venetia. In the course of one day, seven officers were attacked and wounded in Verona, and the cavalry were ordered to clear the streets. Attempts were made to hoist the tricolored flag at Chioggra, Porlesco and Palestriana. Numerous individuals had been arrested at Venice for insulting promenading while military music was being performed. The authorities of Venice had been made acquainted with the determination of the Austrians to retain that place and defend it to the utmost.

The Hungarian Protestant deputation has left Vienna without obtaining an audience of the Emperor. His Majesty offered to admit to his presence two members of the deputation separately, and two private individuals, but this was declined. The Hungarians demanded the restoration of all their rights and privileges of their church, and will accept nothing less. If the Emperor complies, it would be tantamount to a confession that the Austrian policy for the last few years had completely failed. One side or the other, must, in the end, give way, and a violent struggle is feared.

ITALY.—The London Post prominently announces that England and France are allied on the Italian question, and firmly determined that no intervention shall be permitted.

It was rumored that the two Governments were determined to recognize annexation to Sardinia as the only true solution of the Central Italy question.

The Post says the treaties of Villa Franca and Zurich are virtually annulled. The Western Powers have commanded that no armed intervention shall take place in Italy, unless it is previously sanctioned by the unanimous approval of all the great European Powers. Practically, such a condition is tantamount to absolute non-intervention.

An affray had occurred at Ancona between the Papal chasseurs and their artillerymen on one side, and the gensdarmes on the other. Three hundred of the former were said to be under arrest—of whom about 40 were wounded.

The Mazzini party were said to be active at Rome.

A Turin letter says that the military ties between Sardinia and Central Italy are very positively and openly being drawn closer, and they almost authorize the assertion that a military union is accomplished.

The question being discussed at Turin, at the present time, is, how the de facto annexation will be effected, and it is thought most probable that the deputies of Central Italy will meet first in their respective capitals to decide whether they ought to take, as subjects of King Victor Emanuel, their places in the National Parliament at Turin. There can be no doubt their decision will be in the affirmative.

CHINA AND INDIA.—The China mails from Calcutta, of December 22d, and Hong Kong, of December 13th, have been delivered. The news was generally anticipated.

The death of Nana Sahib was regarded as almost certain. He is said to have died with fever, and his chief adviser in the Cawnpore massacre survived him but a few days.

The Hong Kong correspondent of the Times, says:—The only point of any importance was the intended establishment at Swatow of British and American Consuls—the latter under the new American treaty, and the former claiming the most favored native clause under the old supplementary treaty.

The News Condenser.

— Spain has 80,000 men in Morocco.

— The late vote of Kansas was 13,283.

— They have had sleighing in Texas, this winter.

— There are 4,000,000 voters in the United States.

— A new dime piece has been issued from the mint.

— The Tennessee Penitentiary contains 378 convicts.

— Gold discoveries in Brown Co., Ohio, are talked of.

— The last Kentucky tobacco crop sums up $2,054,670.

— There were 60,000 Moors at the late battle of Castellegas.

— In 1828, the number of voters in the United States was 1,100,000.

— There were 123,299 votes polled at the Gubernatorial election of Ohio.

— Twenty-two million bushels of coal are consumed annually in Cincinnati.

— The duties at the port of Portland, Me., were $30,000 more in 1859 than in 1858.

— Strawberries were growing in the open air around San Francisco, a month ago.

— Mrs. Elisha Holmes, of New Jersey, died of lockjaw, caused by a recent pin scratch.

— The San Juan dispute, it is reported from Washington, will be settled by arbitration.

— The black-lead pencils imported into this country last year, were valued at $129,312.

— Governor Goodwin has appointed Thursday, April 12, as Fast Day in New Hampshire.

— Mrs. Catharine Douglass recently died at Lansingburg, N. Y., at the age of 101 years.

— The Salem (Mass.) Gazette says that it is against the law to smoke in that place on Sunday.

— By mail and telegraph, San Francisco is soon to be brought within one week of New York.

— The Post-Master General has re-established a post-office at Onondaga Castle, Onondaga Co.

— The Kenyon College difficulty between the faculty and students, has been amicably arranged.

— There is a young girl in Delaware who has become, by her own exertions, a skillful machinist.

— It is rumored that the Administration has decided to withdraw most of the troops from Utah.

— The estimated Catholic population of the United States is about three and a quarter millions.

— During the last month, a great quantity of cotton passed through San Antonio, Texas, for Mexico.

— Navigation has been resumed on the Detroit river. Boats are running between Detroit and Malden.

— The valuation of real estate in Maine, has increased from $95,242,254, in 1850, to $162,472,914 in 1860.

— Some 15 ladies received Masonic degrees at the meeting of the Jordan Lodge, on Tuesday week.

— A smoke-consuming locomotive, in Paris, recently made good speed, 117 miles, on 25 bushels of coal.

— By a new discovery, raw bituminous coal is successfully substituted for charcoal in manufacturing iron.

— The number of fires in New York, including false alarms, that occurred in that city last month, was 98.

— A lady in Cleveland, a few days since, while drawing a pail of water, was blown into the well and drowned.

— The election expenses of Hon. G. W. Allen, in Canada, are set down at $21,000; those of Romain, $15,000.

— The longest railway line in England is the London and Northwestern, 910 miles; the Northwestern is 746.

— On Friday week a heartless vagabond, in Philadelphia, cut a woman's nose off in the Walnut st. Theatre.

— All the coffee grown in the West Indies has sprung from two plants taken there in 1720, by a French naturalist.

— Florence Nightingale is author of a new work announced—"Notes on Nursing; What it is and What it is Not."

— So great is the pressure to obtain divorces in England, that additional Judges must be appointed to the Court.

— The Gloucester News says that a couple have just been married in that town, after a courtship of thirty years!

— A Scotch paper announced the birth of twins to Charles Wilson—"one born Dec. 31, 1859; the other Jan. 1, 1860!"

— Ten thousand burners are required to illuminate the Continental House—the new large hotel at Philadelphia.

— A project is going forward to re-build Cayuga bridge. The old one was built in the first year of the present century.

— Some foolish fellow recently rode through Franconia Notch. He says it was so cold there that the wind could not blow.

— Two French generals are about to visit the countries of Europe, in order to study scientifically the armies of each nation.

— The aggregate amount, at present, insured in the life offices in the United Kingdom, is estimated at £200,000,000 sterling.

— Mr. Piper, of Camden, Me., is now selling in New York, at 60 cents a pound, *fresh* salmon, caught last June, and kept frozen.

— The Wheeling (Va.) Union says the sale of iron manufactured in that city the past year, will probably reach $2,000,000.

— The Philadelphia papers urge the Legislature to appoint a gas metre inspector, to stand between the public and the gas company.

— A recent letter from Havana says there have been three large Coolie contracts closed within the last three weeks, covering 35,000.

— The contributions received at Lawrence, in aid of the sufferers by the late catastrophe, have reached the generous sum of $25,521.

— The Chinese who die in San Francisco, and who are able to pay freight upon their bodies, are shipped to their native country for burial.

— A physician of Milwaukee, Wis., lately made a partially new nose for a man named Ward, out of a piece of flesh from the patient's arm.

— The exports of lumber from Jacksonville, Florida, chiefly yellow pine, during the last year, comprised 15,356,581 feet, valued at $276,508.

— The Canada usury laws were repealed a short time ago. Interest rose so high the people are almost unanimously asking to have them restored.

— Lord Macaulay is said to have made, by his "Lays of Ancient Rome," exactly as much money as Goldsmith did, owing to needy and exacting creditors.

— An arrival of diamonds, at London, lately, from India, included one for which the owner demanded £300,000, or about a million and a half dollars.

— The present winter, though not of unusual severity, has been marked by one unusual event—the freezing over of the Hudson river, twice, from New York to Albany.

— The population of Georgia, according to the census for 1859, is 1,024,000, of whom 576,716 are whites, and 443,745 slaves. The representative population is 884,567.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

N. Y. State Agricultural Society—Annual Meeting,...... 61
Potatoes, and their Culture,...... 61
The Agricultural College Farm,...... 61
Are the Crops in New York Decreasing?...... 61
Maj. Plowhandle on "Running" Fairs,...... 61
Plan for a Piggery, [Illustrated]...... 61
Old Hay,...... 62
Culture of Broom Corn,...... 62
Swallowing Humbugs,...... 62
An Experiment in Stock-Feeding,...... 62
Will Brine Kill Stock,...... 62
Bloody Murrain,...... 62
Rural Spirit of the Press—An out-of-door Ice-House; Lice on Fowls; Value of Underdraining; Depth for Planting Potatoes; Sawdust for Manure,...... 62
Inquiries and Answers—Cow losing her Hair, Lucerne; Salting Stock in Winter; Salting Sheep; Oak and Hemlock Sawdust for Bedding; A Crop of Onions; Remedy for the Onion Fly; Hen Manure—Onions; Springhalt,. 62
Agricultural Miscellany.—A Western New York Agricultural Society; Free Advertising—The Quintessence of Frigidity; Don't Write Us Anonymously; The Weather; Southern Cayuga Union Ag. Society; Smithville Ag. Society; Gouverneur Ag. & Mech. Society; Farmers' & Mech. Association, Chittenango...... 62

HORTICULTURAL.

New Haven Horticultural Lectures,...... 63
Hon. M. P. Wilder, on American Pomology,...... 63
Dr. Grant, on Grape Culture,...... 63
Lewis F. Allen, on Fruits as Farm Crops,...... 63
The White Grape Currant, [Illustrated,]...... 63
Delaware Grape—Failure,...... 63
Profitable Orchard,...... 63
Inquiries and Answers—Plans for Summer-Houses; Planting Apple and Pear Seeds; The Cranberry, [Ill.] 63 Davis' Seedling Potato; Blackberries, Grapes, &c., for Southern Illinois; New Rochelle and Dorchester Blackberries, [Illustrated,]...... 63
Horticultural Notes.—Death of A. H. Ernst, Meeting of the American Pomological Society in 1860; Genesee Valley Horticultural Society; Transactions of Massachusetts Horticultural Society; To Save the Plums; Reported Destruction at Iona; Hubbard Squash Seed, 63

LADIES' OLIO.

Weaving, [Poetical.] My Mother; Home; Woman's turn at giving Advice; Woman's Work,...... 64

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Aspirations, [Poetical.] True Genius; Mere Money-making; The Mirage of Life; A Pretty Fancy,...... 64

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Guardian Angels, [Poetical.] Life; Be Prepared,...... 64

EDUCATIONAL.

School Matters of New York; Attendance at School; Teachers Employed; Compensation of Teachers in Cities; Instructing Bad Pupils,...... 65

USEFUL OLIO.

Mount Vernon—Washington's Homestead, [Illustrated;] Mr. Irving's Celibacy—His Early Bethrothal; Teach the Women to Save,...... 65

YOUNG RURALIST.

Poverty and Riches; "No Time to Spare;" Introvert your Vision,...... 65

STORY TELLER.

The Two World's, [Poetical.] The List Slippers,...... 65

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Geneva Nurseries—W. T. & E. Smith.
Who Can Equal It?—G. Westinghouse & Co.
Important to Housekeepers—E. R. Durkee & Co.
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c—Wm. Reid.
Tree Seeds. Tree Seeds—R. E. Schroeder.
Farm Situation Wanted—G. Fairbairn.
All kinds of Agricultural Books.—C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.
Guano and Plaster—J. K. Chappell.
St. Catharines Nurseries—C. Beadle.
Heading Wanted—W. & J. Lovecraft.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Portable Steam Engines—A. N. Wood & Co.

Publisher's Department.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

—BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers—and will be for some weeks to come, or until we otherwise announce. It is not, therefore, too late to form new clubs, or make additions to present ones.

☞ OUR TERMS, CLUB RATES, &c.—Many people misapprehend the terms of the RURAL. For their information we would state that we do not furnish the paper at club rates, except to persons who actually form clubs. We cannot send a single copy to any person at the club rate because he was once a member of a club, or for the reason that there may be a club in his vicinity; but all club subscriptions must be sent by regular club agents. This rule is imperative—for, without it, we should be justly chargeable with violating our terms, and beside it would be manifestly unfair to exact $2 for a single copy in one instance, and furnish it in another at $1,50 or $1,25. Some send us the club price, with request to add to club of persons fifty to five hundred miles distant from them! Of course we cannot comply with these or *any* requests inconsistent with our terms, and hence our rule in such cases is to send so long as the money pays at the rate of $2 a year.

☞ A PRACTICAL JOKE, (which we hope none will repeat,) is perpetrated by a Western man! He was a subscriber for the RURAL last year, finds his wife and self "can't keep house without it," and hence sends $1,25 with a view of *presenting* this volume to his "better half" under our offer to send at that price when given as a present!—Now we would *hint* to our friend, that his point is *not* well taken—that our offer was, and is, that any *subscriber* can send the RURAL to friends, as a present, at $1,25 per copy.—Hence, he must first become a subscriber (by paying $2,) before he is *entitled* to the privilege claimed! The joke is so rich, however, that we are inclined to send the paper in this case.

☞ LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS!—If those ordering the RURAL would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, WE should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge *us* with their sins of omission, etc.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, please send us the best money conveniently obtainable—and do not forget to write plainly and correctly, the names of Subscribers, Post-Office address, State, &c.

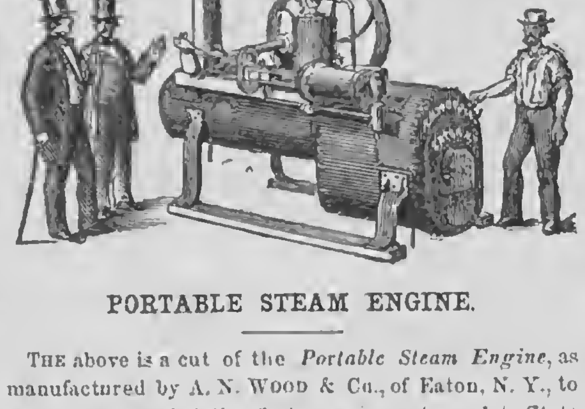
☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

THE POSTAGE ON THE RURAL is only 3¼ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6 cents to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

Extra Gratuities for Clubs!

In *addition* to free copies, as above offered, we will give (and mail *post-paid*, if to any part of the United States,) a DOLLAR PACKAGE OF IMPORTED FLOWER SEEDS, containing from 15 to 20 choice varieties, to *every person* who remits payment according to our terms, *after Jan. 1st and previous to April*, 1860, for a club of either Six, Ten, Fifteen or Twenty Yearly Subscribers. OR, if preferred to the Seeds, we will give for each club received soon (or until further notice) an unbound copy of the RURAL for 1859. New subscribers and others wishing to obtain the 10th volume should note this liberal offer, remembering that NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO FORM CLUBS. ☞ We have just engaged $1,500 worth of choice Flower Seeds, to be imported the present winter, for distribution among the working Agent-Friends of the RURAL. Those who have already formed clubs will be remembered in the distribution—or at least all who do not secure some of the *extra* gratuities heretofore offered for early lists. ☞ We can still supply back numbers so that all may have the complete volume.

Special Notices.



PORTABLE STEAM ENGINE.

THE above is a cut of the *Portable Steam Engine*, as manufactured by A. N. WOOD & Co., of Eaton, N. Y., to whom was awarded the first premium at our late State Fair, exhibited by G. W. FAIRMAN, of Albany. This machine received especial notice for the simplicity of its arrangement, and the appearance of ease and strength of motion. See advertisement of the Manufacturers in another column.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Feb. 21, 1860.

OUR market this morning is without a particle of animation, and the only change we have been enabled to make in our quotations, is in old Corn, which exhibits a decline in rates. Some few hundred bushels of Genesee wheat have changed hands during the week, at prices covered by our quoted figures.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16@16c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,38	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,63@1,63	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@50c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, old	65@70c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	62½@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	16@18c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	74@75c	Plums, dried	15@15c
Oats, by weight	35c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	58@62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5½@6c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,75
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,75	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@10c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@9c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	16@16c	Hay, ton	$10,00@18,00
Butter, firkin	14@16c	Straw, ton	$7,00@8,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 20.—FLOUR—More active, but the market exhibits no important change. Sales at $5,10@5,20 for super State; $5,30@5,45 for extra do; $5,10@5,20 for super Western; $5,30@5,60 for extra do; $5,85@6,00 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet but steady. Canadian in fair request at a shade better prices; sales at $5,55@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat firmer and in good milling demand; sales Chicago spring at $1,15 in store, do. at $1,20; Milwaukee club at $1,20 in store; while Michigan at $1,60; red Southern at $1,29@1,30 winter red Western at $1,31; good white Canadian at $1,45. Rye firm; sales at 87c. Barley quiet and firm at 70@85c. Corn in good request at better prices; sales new white and yellow Southern. Oats in good demand at 46@46c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork rules firm, with a fair degree of activity; sales at $17,50 for old mess; $18,50 for new do; $16,62@16,75 for old thin do; $11,50 for old prime; $14,87½ for new do. The U. S. Navy contract for 1,000 bbls. mess pork, and 1,000 bbls. mess beef is said to have been awarded at $19,75 for the former, and $15,40 for the latter. Dressed hogs firmer; sales of Western at 8½@8¾c. Lard dull; sales at 11@11½c. Butter rather more doing at 11@15c for Ohio, 15@20c for State. Cheese firm with a fair demand at 9@11½c.

ALBANY, FEB. 20.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The storm has prevented the running of freight trains, and those due here this morning had not arrived up to the close of change hour. The sales of Flour have been limited and confined to the city trade demand.

GRAIN—In Grain nothing of moment has transpired, and there is no change to notice in prices.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, FEB. 20.—FLOUR—The market is quiet, while prices are steady. Sales since our last at $4,75 for extra State; $5,50@5,75 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat is quiet, and the only sale reported was Canada club, in part to arrive, at $1,02. Other grains are nominal.

SEED—Clover is offering in round lots at $4,75@4,80, while Timothy is steady at $3,25@3,50.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork remains quiet at $17,00; light do, at $16,00, and prime at $12,00. Plain and sugar cured hams continue steady at 10@10½c. Dressed hogs are unchanged and in moderate request.—*Com. Adv.*

TORONTO, FEB. 18.—FLOUR—Prices continue steady, and so far there is no effect visible by the depression in the English market. Should they move at all, the probability is it will be in a downward direction. We quote from sales which have been made at the following rates, though they are almost nominal, as the transactions have been limited. Double extra, $5,40@5,60; extra, $5,25@5,36; fancy, (fall) $4,80@4,90; superfine No. 1, $4,65@4,60; superfine No. 2, none offering; Fancy (fall,) perhaps if of first rate quality would bring $5.

GRAIN.—The market for fall wheat continues active, and far larger supplies than those which come to hand would meet with ready sale, although larger stocks have accumulated, and the early opening of navigation is sincerely desired in order to get clear of them. The deliveries upon the market during the week of fall wheat foot up about 5,800 bush. The samples upon the whole have been very good. Toward the latter end of the week there was an advance of about three cents per bushel, which has been well maintained. The average prices of the week may be quoted a $1,20@1,22. Prime samples will bring $1,27, common to good $1,17@1,19, and inferior $1,16@1,17. About 4,000 bushels of Spring wheat have been sold during the week, at prices ranging from 93c. to $1. The latter figure has been very seldom exceeded, and then only for good seed wheat. Peas—The deliveries of peas upon the market have been above the average, about 4,000 bushels being the total for the week. For the last day or so, there has been a slight tendency downwards. From 55@60c may be quoted as the average rates, but the outside figure is not realized very frequently, and can only be got for first rate samples. Barley.—There has been very little barley offering. It is wanted at from 65@68c. Oats—The deliveries of oats have been light at from 35@37c.

CLOVER SEED—A large quantity of clover seed has been brought to market during the week, and has been sold freely at $5@5,50. The quality was good.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 15.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $10,00@10,50; ordinary, $9,50@10,00; common, $8,00@9,00; inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6@6½.

ALBANY, FEB. 20.—CATTLE—The prices of last week seem to be fully sustained, if not bettered. There is the full complement of buyers here, and the bids are comparatively smart.

PRICES—We quote the market pretty active at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾	5½@5¾
Extra	4⅞@5⅜	4⅞@5⅜
First quality	4¼@4¾	4¼@4¾
Second quality	3¾@4	3¼@3¾
Third quality	2¾@3¼	2¾@3
Inferior	2½@2⅝	0 @2½

SHEEP—The demand is well up to the supply, and the favorable weather and a brisk inquiry for mutton imparts buoyancy to the market. Of the sales made we have the following to report:

62	average	110 lbs.	at	$6,75 per head.
101	"	84	"	4,60 "
90	"	80	"	5,00 "
140	"	101	"	5,35 "
144	"	103	"	5,00 "

HOGS—Nothing doing. But one car-load arrived on this side, and for this lot, averaging 100 lbs., 5c. was offered and refused.

DRESSED HOGS—There is a falling off, both in the supply and the demand. The quality of the receipts has been good, the weather favorable, and as a consequence prices have been fairly maintained. On Saturday the storm tended to check operations, and we could not learn of any sales of moment. Friday evening 400 head Canadas changed hands at 7½@7½c, dividing on 100 lbs.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 15.—Whole number of Cattle at market 797—about 700 Beeves, and 97 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $7,00; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen, $80, 100@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$34, 12@60.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@22; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,120 at market; prices in lots, $2,50 3@3,50 each; extra, $4,00, 5@8 each, or 4½@8c ℔ lb. live.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

BRIGHTON, FEB. 16.—At Market 1,200 beeves, 90 stores, 3,000 sheep and lambs, and 250 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,00@7,75; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $6,00@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$00, 00@000.

MILCH COWS—$38@40; Common, $16@18.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6@6½c. ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,75@3; Extra, $3,75@6.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 6½@7½c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

TORONTO, FEB. 18.—BEEF. The beef market has been fairly supplied. Good steers bring $5,50 ℔ cwt. Inferior have been sold at from $4@5.

SHEEP may be quoted at $4@5 each.

PORK—The supply of hogs is beginning to fall off, as by this time the farmers have but few hogs left to dispose of. The entire deliveries during the week have not exceeded 650 to 700 carcasses. The price has been from $6@6,50, and for the last few days the latter has been the ruling figure. Prices may now be quoted for 100 lbs. to 150 lbs. hogs, $6,10@6,35; 150 to 200, $6,35@6,60; 200 to 250, $6,60@6,80.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB 16.—The market has continued quiet, and some small parcels have been pressed at a decline of 1c ℔ lb. by parties anxious to realize, but this can hardly be regarded as a fair criterion, and can only be looked upon as a species of manœuvring, which is to be continued with more or less success, by interested parties during the next three months, as is generally the case previous to contracting for the new clip. But with all the woolen machinery of the country running full blast, and the fact of light supplies in all the seaboard and interior markets too, stating us in the face, we are entirely at a loss to see why anybody who is not very hard up for money should sacrifice his property by selling it at a reduction of 3@5c. ℔ lb., as reported by most of the city journals for some week's past.—But this is only a part of the tricks of trade, for the purpose, no doubt, of breaking down prices at the action sale announced for to-morrow. The result of this sale will no doubt depend a good deal in the manner of conducting it, but we are glad to see that it has been intrusted into the hands of auctioneers who are in every way capable of conducting a sale properly. It is to be expected that the sale will be numerously attended, and if holders offer the lots without reserve there is no doubt but buyers will be inclined to pay better prices than they would in case sellers reserve to themselves the right of withdrawal. The transactions comprise 75,000 lbs. Native Fleece at 44@62c. for quarter to extra full blood Saxony; 15,000 lbs. Common to fine California at 12@28c; 20,000 lbs. Black Coarse California, on terms we are requested not to print; 36,000 lbs. pulled at 32@52c., as to quality, the latter rate for extra Country Saxony; 50 bales Texas at about 25c., cash, and 130 do., unwashed and washed Smyrna, and 50 do. unwashed African, on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	54@57
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	37@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

THE NEW YORK AUCTION SALE.—The public sale of Wool in New York, on the 16th inst., was largely attended and quite spirited. The entire catalogue, with a few exceptions, and they were mostly inferior qualities, were disposed of at prices about equal to current rates at private sale, and satisfactory to sellers.

Lot No. 1,—600 lbs. common fleece at 32½c; 600 lbs. extra fleece at 45c; 1,000 lbs. medium Ohio fleece at 40c; 2,000 lbs unwashed extra fleece at 33c; bale of Washington Co., Penn wool, 1,400 lbs. picklock sorts at 63c, 1,100 lbs. extra at 98c; washed fleece, 7,500 lbs. at 43c; 2,300 lbs. medium New York State fleece at 42c; 900 lbs. mixed pulled at 26c; 600 lbs. No 2 fleece at 50½c; 6,000 lbs. do. at 51c; 400 lbs. unwashed fleece at 32½c; 300 lbs. No. 3 fleece at 35c; 14 lbs. picklock fleece at 37½c; 1,200 lbs. No. 1 New York fleece at 44c; 3,000 lbs. extra New York fleece at 48c; 6,000 lbs. New York fleece at 47c; 1,000 lbs. fine selected at 98c; washed at 41½c; 2,000 lbs. double extra Dutchess Co., fleece at 50c; 2,000 lbs. Morrell's fine clip at 62½c; 2,000 lbs. No. 1 fleece at 43½c; 400 lbs. unwashed extra fleece at 41½c; 4,500 lbs. extra at 37c; 30,000 lbs very fine double extra New York at 54c; 5,000 lbs. double extra Penn. fleece at 54c; 3,100 lbs. mixed New York fleece at 39c; 10,000 lbs. light medium fleece at 38c; 5,000 lbs. double extra Ohio and Penn at 54c; 11,000 lbs. light common and quarter blood fleece at 37@37½c; 5,000 lbs. picklock Washington Co., fleece, 2 years old, at 67½c; 3 bales black fleeces at 29c; 3,500 lbs. No. 1 Ohio fleece at 42c; 3,500 lbs. double extra Ohio fleece at 51c; 2,000 lbs. Dutchess county picklock at 57½c; 4,000 lbs. extra Ohio fleece at 47c; 4,000 lbs. double extra New York State fleece at 45½c; 2,500 lbs. unwashed at 27c; 10,000 lbs. choice Ohio at 50c; 3,700 lbs. fine and heavy fleeces at 39½c; 1,300 lbs. tub washed at 37½c; 10,000 lbs. New York State fleece at 46½c; 2,300 lbs. No. 1 fleece at 43c; 6,000 lbs. fine No. 1 fleeces at 47c; 4,000 lbs. common at 38c; washed wool at 31c; 10,000 lbs. double extra Ohio and Penn. at 54c; 6,000 lbs. No. 1 Ohio and Penn. at 44c; 20,000 lbs. double extra Ohio and Penn. fleece at 53@53½c; 12,000 lbs. extra Ohio and Penn. fleece at 49½@50c; 5,000 lbs. light common and quarter blood Wisconsin at 27½c, and 20,000 lbs. double extra Ohio and Penn. at 52½@53c. The Shoddy flock brought from 2½ to 10c.

BOSTON, FEB. 16.—The demand for Domestic is steady but moderate, with sales of 125,000 lbs. mostly pulled, at 38@50c ℔ lb. for superfine and extra. The transactions in foreign comprise 600 bales Mediterranean and South American, on terms we did not learn.

Saxony & Merino	58@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	53@57	Smyrna, washed	16@30
¾ and ½ blood	44@52	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	36@43	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	24@52
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

AT the First Baptist Church in this city, on the 21st inst., by the Rev. G. D. BOARDMAN, EDWIN A. LODER, of Rochester, and JULIA A. JENNINGS, daughter of A. D. JENNINGS, Esq., of Irondequoit.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

☞ Marriage Notices, not exceeding four lines, inserted at Fifty Cents each. [Some send no fee; others $1, which is not refused, as we consider the parties very happy.]

HEADING.—2,000,000 sawed Elm, Oak and Basswood heading wanted, by W. & J. LOVECRAFT, North Water Street, Rochester, N. Y
523-1t

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.—All kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Shrubs, Flowers, &c., suited to this climate.
Address C. BEADLE, St. Catharines, C. W.

GUANO AND PLASTER.—Always on hand, Peruvian Guano, Government brand. Also, the American Company's Guano, and Garbutt's Plaster.
J. K. CHAPPELL, AGENT,
523-2t 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

WHO CAN EQUAL IT!—A gentleman residing in Jefferson County having sold one of our THREE HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN POWERS AND COMBINED THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS, wrote to us upon remitting pay for the same, that Mr. Sprague, the purchaser, had threshed 240 bushels of barley in three hours, and that he was doing more than the eight-horse machines. Also, Mr. Clark, from Chautauqua Co., wrote to us that he had threshed 69 bushels of wheat in 70 minutes, and 100 bushels of oats per hour. Our Endless Chain Powers for one, two and three horses, Lever Powers, Combined Threshers and Winnowers, and Threshers with Vibrating Separators, have met with unequalled success wherever introduced.

We also manufacture a CLOVER MACHINE, lately much improved, and which cannot be surpassed for durability or quality and quantity of work. We warrant all our Machines to suit the purchasers.

A Descriptive Circular with Price List, will be sent to all applicants by addressing the subscribers.
G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.,
523-3t Agricultural Works, Schenectady, N. Y.

ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL BOOKS.—Farmers, Gardeners, Nurserymen, Fruit-Growers, Dairymen, Cattle-Dealers, and all persons interested in tilling the soil or adorning their grounds and dwellings, will be supplied with the most complete assortment of Books relating to their business that can be found in the world, by

C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO.,

Agricultural Booksellers, and Publishers of The Horticulturist, No. 25 Park-row, New-York.
Catalogues gratis. Books sent by mail. AGENTS wanted.

FARM SITUATION WANTED—By a Scotchman, who has been a Practical Farmer from boyhood, having had large experience in Scotland, England and in this country. Understands draining and reclaiming land, the raising and taking care of stock, &c. His wife was also raised on a farm and thoroughly understands butter-making and indoor farm work generally. The advertiser would like to take charge of a farm for a Gentleman or Farmer. For references as to character and ability address E. B. FENNE, Esq., Pres't Buffalo Saving's Bank, or CHAS. SHIELS, Esq., Buffalo S. Bank; and for conditions, &c., address
G. FAIRBAIRN, Cheektowaga, Erie Co., N. Y.

TREE SEEDS. TREE SEEDS.
R. E. SCHROEDER'S
Horticultural Agency, Rochester, N. Y.

Norway Spruce	$0,50 per lb.
Austrian Pine	1,75 "
Scotch Pine	1,25 "
Maritime Fir	1,00 "
Douglass Spruce	8,00 "
Cambrian Pine	1,00 "
Larch (European)	0,85 "
Dwarf, or Mountain Pine	2,00 "
Pear Seeds	2,50 "

All seeds are perfectly clean, and warranted fresh. Imported fruit tree stocks, at exporters' prices, adding freight.

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.
E. R. DURKEE & CO'S
SELECT SPICES.

IN this age of adulterated and tasteless Spices, it is with confidence that we introduce to the attention of housekeepers these superior articles. We guarantee them not only

ABSOLUTELY AND PERFECTLY PURE,

but ground from fresh Spices, selected and cleaned by us expressly for the purpose, without reference to cost. They are beautifully packed in tinfoil, (lined with paper,) to prevent injury by keeping, and are full weight, while the ordinary ground Spices are almost invariably short. We warrant them, in point of strength and richness of flavor,

BEYOND ALL COMPARISON,

as a single trial will abundantly prove. Manufactured only by E. R. DURKEE & CO., New York. For sale by dealers in fine Groceries generally.

WM. REID offers for sale, this Spring, at his NURSERIES, ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J., a general assortment of

Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.

The collection of Fruits includes nearly all the new varieties of late introduction, as well as those in general cultivation.

The collection of ORNAMENTAL TREES and SHRUBS is also extensive, and comprises nearly all the hardy Trees and Shrubs suitable for Park and Lawn planting, and when large quantities are ordered, the prices will be greatly reduced. Also, a large stock of *Norway Spruce, Scotch Pine*, &c., of all sizes suitable for planting Belts, Parks, Screens and Hedges. Having a larger stock of these than I require, will, when a quantity is taken, sell them fifty per cent. less than the usual price.

For a list of new and rare *Evergreens, &c.*, see General Catalogue, which will be forwarded on application.

Trees securely packed and forwarded to all parts of the United States.

Orders by mail, or left at the Nursery, will receive prompt attention. 528-1t

W. T. & E. SMITH,
Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y.,

Offer for sale a large quantity of the following Trees and Plants, Standard and Dwarf Cherry, Standard and Dwarf Pear; Peach Trees, one year, fine growth; Grape Vines of the new sorts, such as Delaware, Rebecca, Concord, Diana; older sorts of Isabella, Catawba, and Clinton. A large stock of the Oporto Grape Vines, the best for making wine.—Lawton Blackberry Plants, Wilson's Albany Strawberry Plant (true) and other valuable sorts at reduced prices.

Norway Spruce, from 6 inches to 3½ feet; Mahonia Aquifolia. Roses of Hybrid Perpetual, or Everblooming, 150 varieties, at reduced prices. A general assortment of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, always on hand.

SEEDLINGS.

Pear Seedlings, just imported, in good order, now pruned, ready for planting, at $12 per 1,000. Apple, Cherry, and Plum, one year old.

Hedge Plants of the Honey Locust. This is undoubtedly the best Hedge Plant in cultivation, for this climate. For a farm hedge, or as a shelter and protection for orchards, it is unsurpassed, being perfectly hardy, makes a rapid growth, and when kept sheared, makes a handsome, strong and durable hedge fence, price only $6 per 1,000. Plant 6 inches apart; will grow on any soil. 528-2t

PATENTS obtained on the most favorable terms.
527-2t J. FRASER, Patent Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPE VINES, at $35 per 1,000, by GEO. BECK, Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y.

30.000 IMPORTED PEAR STOCKS.—We will sell the above extra fine stocks, free from leaf blight, at $15 per 1,000. A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

75.000 MAZZARD CHERRY SEEDLINGS.—Price $3,50 per 1,000
50,000 Plum Seedlings, $8,00 per 1,000.
50,000 Pear, second size, fine and healthy, $8,00 per 1,000.
For sale by INGERSOLL, MURPHEY & CO.,
527-4t Dansville, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED—To canvass a new and very valable work, entitled

"LIVES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN OF AMERICA,"
BY W. L. BARRE.

In one large volume, royal octavo, over 900 pages, and embellished with finely engraved and accurate portraits of 23 distinguished American Statesmen, Politicians, Generals, Orators, Legislators, Judges, Naval Heros, etc., with separate Biographies.

Experienced agents can find permanent and profitable employment in canvassing this popular work, as it is sold exclusively by subscription. For further particulars apply to, or address GEO. F. TUTTLE,
527-4t 100 Nassau Street, New York.

EXTRA DEVON STOCK.—For sale, a full blood Devon Bull, 2 years old; also one Cow 4 years old. Prices to suit the times. Address WM. R. BOOTH, Rochester, N. Y.

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:
John Johnston, Geneva, N. Y.
J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Summer, Pomaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Summer, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
A. Bradley, Mankato, Minnesota.
F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.
We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.
SAYRE & REMINGTON,
526-3t Union Agricultural Works, Utica, N. Y.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION SOMETHING NEW.
Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street,
Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

BURRALL'S EXCELSIOR CLOVER HULLERS—three sizes—3, 3½ and 4 feet cylinder. Also Corn Shellers, Clod Crushers, &c., &c., for sale by
BURRALL, SNYDER & CO.
Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y. 525-4t

FOR SALE—THE SEYMOUR FARM, of 110 acres—excellent land, good buildings, fences, water, &c.—situated in the town of Victor, Ontario county, N. Y., one mile from the village and half a mile from the N. Y. Central Railroad Depot. For terms and particulars address
525-4t EDWARD M. DAY, Rochester, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A Farm of 100 acres choice grain land, with good Buildings, an excellent Orchard, well watered &c., lying 1½ miles southwest of the village of Le Roy.
523-6t C. MORGAN.

10,000 TWO YEAR OLD APPLE TREES.—We offer 10,000 Apple Trees, two years old, our selection of sorts, 3 to 4 feet, at $45 per 1,000.
523-9t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

PURE HONEY DEW HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED.—For sale, 200 bushels of this Seed, *a pure article*, of my own raising. Price $3 per bushel, in quantities to suit purchasers. R. L. HOWARD,
523-9t Buffalo, N. Y.

500,000 APPLES GRAFTED.—We offer 500,000 Apples, grafted this winter, for Spring, selling at $6 per 1,000, or where 20,000 or more are taken, at $5 per 1,000. Apple Seeds, clean and fresh—$7 per bushel.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS,
523-9t Toledo, Ohio.

EVERGREENS AND STRAWBERRIES.—50,000 Norway Firs, 18 inch to 2 feet......$12 per 100
Do. Do. Do. ......$24 per 1,000
100,000 Do. 9 to 12 inches......$50 per 1,000
50,000 Wilson's Albany and Hooker Strawberries $1,50 per 100
Do. Do. Do. Do. $10 per 1,000
523-9t A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, Toledo, Ohio.

THE PEOPLE'S FARM MILL.—This Mill is now in successful operation, and no Portable Mill was ever offered to the public that gives such universal satisfaction.

It is simple, durable, requires but little power, and is cheap, and will grind all kinds of grain in the most perfect manner, at the rate of eight bushels per hour. It is made on an entire new principle, which wholly overcomes the difficulty that exists in all cast iron *rotary* mills.

Full description, with cut of Mill, will be forwarded on application. A Mill can be seen in constant use at my shop in Buffalo; also at No. 17 Spruce street, New York.

Price of two-horse power Mill, capable of grinding eight bushels per hour, $40. R. L. HOWARD,
523-9t Buffalo, N. Y.

A. N. WOOD & CO., EATON, N. Y.,
Manufacturers of their celebrated
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
and Dealers in Machinery.

THESE Engines are simple in arrangement, built compact, and are adapted to all kinds of Mill or Farm use. Received the First Premium at our late State Fair. Send for Circular. 523-13t

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!

"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!*" It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,

D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,"

is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."

Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale his valuable Farm, containing about forty-five acres of land, situated about 3½ miles south of the large and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, Seneca county, N. Y. On said Farm is a good Farm House and all necessary out-buildings, with Fruit of all kinds and the best varieties. The soil is first quality and well watered. Persons desiring to purchase a good Farm, well located, would do well to see this before purchasing elsewhere. For further particulars inquire of J. B. MURRAY, Esq., Seneca Falls, or of J. B. C. VREELAND, on the premises. 518-13t

HERRING'S PATENT
FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.
With Hall's Patent Powder-Proof Locks,
HAVE NEVER FAILED
IN MORE THAN 300 DISASTROUS FIRES.
The Safest and Best Safe in Use.

Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States, or Canada, at the very lowest rates, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY, Sole Agent,
518-tf at 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

CAST STEEL BELLS,
FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES,
FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.,

from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than

THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,

which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.

Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,

or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.

Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
518-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
THE BEST IN USE!

First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.

HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.

Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.

No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.

Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.

Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
General Western Agent, 93 Main street,
518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.

These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching and Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.

Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

PIANOS FOR $150.
WARRANTED GOOD IN EVERY RESPECT.
MADE BY
BOARDMAN GRAY & CO.,
Albany, N. Y.

THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

☞ These Pianos are FULLY WARRANTED, and have all our late improvements.

Circulars Furnished on Application, giving Full Particulars.

They also furnish a

HANDSOMELY FINISHED PIANO,
Adapted for School Practice and Purposes, at
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
(SEND FOR CIRCULARS.)

Our Regular Styles of LARGE PIANO-FORTES, 6¾, 7, and 7¼ Octaves, we continue to make with all the Late Improvements, at from $250 to $800, according to Size and Finish. Large Discounts made to Cash Buyers. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND CIRCULARS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. All our Piano-Fortes have our Great Improvement,

THE INSULATED IRON RIM,
Making them the Best and Most Durable in the World.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULARS.
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.
BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
514-tf Albany, N. Y.

PHIPP'S UNION FEMALE SEMINARY,
Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y.

The next School Year of this Institution, commences on the first Thursday of September next. For Terms, see catalogue at this office, or apply to
H. L. ACHILLES, Proprietor,
Albion, N. Y., Aug. 8, 1859. 501-tf

TO HOUSEKEEPERS—SOMETHING NEW.
B. T. BABBITT'S
BEST MEDICINAL SALERATUS,

is manufactured from common salt, and is prepared entirely different from other Saleratus. All the deleterious matter extracted in such a manner as to produce Bread, Biscuit, and all kinds of Cake, without containing a particle of Saleratus when the Bread or Cake is baked; thereby producing wholesome results. Every particle of Saleratus is turned to gas, and passes through the Bread or Biscuit while Baking; consequently nothing remains but common Salt, Water and Flour. You will readily perceive by the taste of this Saleratus that it is entirely different from other Saleratus.

It is packed in one pound papers, each wrapper branded, "B. T. Babbitt's Best Medicinal Saleratus;" also, picture, twisted loaf of Bread, with a glass of effervescing water on the top. When you purchase one paper you should preserve the wrapper, and be particular to get the next exactly like the first—brand as above.

Full directions for making Bread with this Saleratus and Sour Milk or Cream Tartar, will accompany each package; also, directions for making all kinds of Pastry; also, for making Soda Water and Seidlitz Powders.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP,
WITH
B. T. Babbitt's Pure Concentrated Potash.

Warranted double the strength of ordinary Potash. Put up in cans—1 lb., 2 lbs., 3 lbs., 6 lbs., and 12 lbs.—with full directions for making Hard and Soft Soap. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

Manufactured and for sale by
B. T. BABBITT,
Nos. 68 and 70 Washington st., New York,
and No. 38, India st., Boston.

68 AND 70 68 AND 70 68 AND 70 68 AND 70 68 AND 70

HOMES FOR ALL!
FOR SALE,

At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee. Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.

Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 116 Broadway, New York. 429tf

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tons of coal to 100 bbls.—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

THE TWO WORLDS.

Two worlds there are. To one our eyes we strain—
Whose magic joys we shall not see again;
Bright haze of morning veils its glimmering shore.
Ah, truly breathed we there
Intoxicating air—
Glad were our hearts in that sweet realm of
Nevermore.

The lover there drank her delicious breath
Whose love has yielded since to change or death;
The mother kissed her child, whose days are o'er.
Alas! too soon have fled
The irreclaimable dead;
We see them—visions strange—amid the
Nevermore.

The merrysome maiden used to sing—
The brown, brown hair that once was wont to cling
To temples long clay-cold; to the very core
They strike our weary hearts,
As some vexed memory starts
From that long faded land—the realm of
Nevermore.

It is perpetual summer there. But here
Sadly may we remember rivers clear,
And harebells quivering on the meadow-floor.
For brighter bells and bluer,
For tenderer hearts and truer
People that happy land—the realm of
Nevermore.

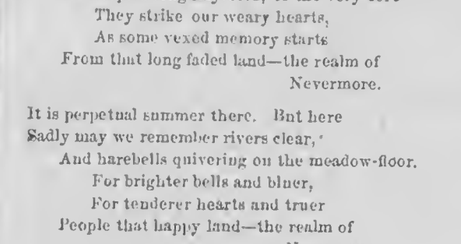
Upon the frontier of this shadowy land
We pilgrims of eternal sorrow stand;
What realm lies forward with its happier store
Of forests green and deep,
Of valleys hushed in sleep,
And lakes most peaceful? 'Tis the land of
Evermore.

Very far off its marble cities seem—
Very far off—beyond our sensual dream—
Its woods unruffled by the wild wind's roar;
Yet does the turbulent surge
Howl on its very verge.
One moment—and we breathe within the
Evermore.

They whom we loved and lost so long ago
Dwell in those cities, far from mortal woe—
Haunt those fresh woodlands, whence sweet carollings soar.
Eternal peace have they;
God wipes their tears away;
They drink that river of life which flows from
Evermore.

Thither we hasten through these regions dim,
But, lo! the wide wings of the Seraphim
Shine in the sunset! On that joyous shore
Our lightened hearts shall know
The life of long ago;
The sorrow-burdened past shall fade for
Evermore.

[*Dublin University Magazine.*



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LIST SLIPPERS.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

It was growing dark rapidly, still Olivia sat in the rustic seat beneath the great elm. It was late Summer, just that season when the middle of the day will be warm and bright, and the sweet airs of the South linger amid the fast changing foliage, like a mother who seeks, by kisses and caresses, to rouse once more, to animated life, the dying child whom she cannot believe is fading surely from her embrace. There was no moon, and at evening the mists crept up from the marshes, and the shallow river, and hung like a veil over the evergreens upon the hill, whereon the night winds were wont to play, as upon a harp of many strings.

It was a very lonely spot, this country-seat of Judge Bagley's, though very beautiful and picturesque, in the Summer and Autumn. On this particular evening, it was especially lonely, as the family had all gone to ride. There was no one within, but one of the maids and the black boy, who scoured knives, tended the door, and served as a sort of under-waiter. So Olivia preferred wrapping her shawl more closely around her, and remaining in the open air awhile longer, to going in, to endure the seclusion of her own room, or the cheerless gloom of the deserted parlors.

Something of an unpleasant nature seemed to weigh upon her mind, for at intervals she would press her hands tightly upon her head, or, rising hastily, would walk for a few moments up and down the gravel walk, with a quick, nervous step. Returning again to the seat, she sat for some time gazing with a half vacant stare into the dark aisles, and impenetrable nooks of the wooded lawn. Gloomy thoughts, suggested by something within herself, and heightened by the surrounding landscape, began to prey upon her mind. All that she had ever heard, or read of robbers, or assassins, lurking in a place like this, was called up by her over-wrought fancy, until she trembled and started, if a leaf fell at her feet, or the wind sighed a note louder than before. This was becoming unendurable, and had well-high forced her to return to the house, as being the least of two evils, when her quick ear distinguished, as she thought, a sound like a heavy foot, crushing the twigs and dry grass. "Fanny," a small terrier, which had been lying upon the seat near her, seemed to have heard it, too, for she started up, her eyes all fire, and stood gazing at the opening of a little path which led through the woods, to a small, natural arbor, near the water's edge. Following the direction of the little creature's eager eyes, Olivia perceived, against one of the trees, a dark outline, somewhat resembling a man.—With a short bark, "Fanny" leaped from the seat, and Olivia turned towards the house, almost paralyzed with fear. Her own name spoken in a loud whisper arrested her steps, and glancing back, she saw the figure more distinctly. It was beckoning to her with one hand, while the other patted the head of the dog, which gave unmistakable signs of pleasure. Disguised as it was, she knew the voice; something, too, in the form seemed familiar. In a moment her arms were around his neck, and in tones only audible to himself, she spoke his name with expressions of endearment.

"Come with me. We cannot talk here," he said, as glancing toward the house, he perceived a light flashing in one of the lower windows, and a shining, ebony visage pressed close against the pane. Before she could recover breath to reply, she found herself in the little Summer-house in a twilight so sombre as to render objects scarcely visible.

"Dear Ned! what does this mean? How came you here?" was her first ejaculation.

"Speak low and you shall hear. I have come to bid you good-bye. I am going on a long journey, and it may be years before I shall see you again."

"Where? Why must you go, and why this secrecy?"

"To Australia. I have borne with hard work and poor pay, at the hands of that skin-flint, Thorndyke, long enough, and I can bear it no longer. I only wish I could take you with me."

"Has Mr. Thorndyke discharged you?"

Discharged me! Not he, indeed! He would hold me with a grasp of iron, so long as he could make any thing out of me. No! I've run away. You'll hear of me to-morrow in the papers, I dare say, as a truant apprentice, whose honorable employer 'forbids all persons harboring or trusting him, on his account.' If it was not for you, I wouldn't care a straw."

"O, Ned, I am sorry! Not that you are to be rid of thankless toil, and a hard master, but that you are driven to such a course. Only six months more and you will be done with him, at any rate. I know it is hard, but could you not have borne it a little longer?"

"Never! never! Neither you nor any other woman can know what I have endured in silence, till I thought my heart would burst, or all manliness be crushed out of me. Do not try to persuade me, else I fear I shall give way, for it is the thought of you that has been like the breath of life to me, through the past wretched year."

"But how can you go away? You have no money."

"Don't you fret yourself about that. I've got a berth on board the "Alhambra," and shall work my passage. Dick Wilson and Joe Lewis are going as steerage passengers."

"Dear Ned, you know I never liked to have you with such fellows. If you must go, I wish it were not with them. You remember how you were when we met, after so many years, and I fear it will be so again."

"Never mind about that! That I was a sad dog once, is no sign that I am now, though I am far enough from good, the Lord knows!"

"Hush! you mustn't speak so."

"Well, the *angels* then, if that'll suit, you being one."

"Ah! Ned, do not think me unkind, you know you are all I have in this world, and I cannot help being anxious about you. You are so impulsive, so open, that I fear the influence of evil minds upon you. Promise me, do promise, by all the love you bear me, and the memory of our sainted mother, that you will not give way to temptation in drink, or any other vice."

"I promise, though, may be, it's a promise I shall break; but I *mean* to do right Livy, and one of the days I will come back with plenty of money and you shall live like a lady. There, don't begin to cry and shake your head. You can't deceive me with all your talk about having such a pleasant home, and being so kindly treated. I know better! Don't I know that Judge Bagley and his wife are just like other rich people?—cold as ice and as hard. They think because you are their children's nurse, or governess, or whatever they call it, they have a right to you, body and soul, and may screw all they can out of you for the least money possible. Curse them! I wish—"

"Edward!" It was only one word, but it expressed volumes. Olivia withdrew from his protecting arm, and stood at a distance, in an attitude of dignity and sternness. He could not see her face, but he felt its expression. In a voice of mingled apology and entreaty he said,

"Come sis, don't quarrel with me now,—I did not mean to say that, and I will try not to do it again. Perhaps you will never hear me say anything after to-night, so bear with me a few moments, for your *dear* family will be home pretty soon, and I must be off."

He drew her upon his knee and began to talk soothingly of all she had to bear, and how they must both take courage and look for brighter days soon. But she checked him, saying,

"The time is too short to say all I wish to you, do not waste any of it on me. You must write to me as often as you can. Write all about yourself. Not the bright side only, but the *whole*. I know you will have many hard trials, and if your letters are too cheerful, I shall be worried far more than if you tell me the whole truth. And, Ned, you will read the little Bible I gave you,—now, won't you, to please me? It will remind you of me, and if you will read it every night, when I am reading mine, we shall seem nearer to one another. I shall pray for you continually. I hear the carriage, I must hasten in!"

"Stay, Livy, one moment. You know Judge Bagley got me the place with old Thorndyke, for which I thank him little enough, and to-morrow he will tell you, as a piece of news, that I have bolted. Do you tell him that you knew it, and tell him why I did so. Tell him, also, from me, if you like, that I said it would be just the place for that great, good-for-nothing son of his, as he told Thorndyke that I was a hard case, and needed to be kept under, with a tight grip."

"O! hush! some one will hear you."

But the caution was unheeded, for with a kiss and an earnest clasp, he had fled, and Olivia stood alone. For a few seconds she felt like one in a dream, but children's voices above, recalled her scattered senses, and by another way she hurried to the house and to her room. That night her sleep was restless and broken by frightful dreams. To these her adventure of the evening gave shape and color. The form of Ned Markland was continually present to her thoughts—always in positions of danger and extremity. Once, turning wearily, she moaned, and unclosing her eyes she thought she saw him in the room, he seemed to have been bending over her, but moved away and melted into the darkness as her eyes closed again heavily, and unconsciousness chased away the dreaming illusion.

She was always an early riser, but on the morning which followed these events, she was glad to leave her unrefreshing couch with the first streak of dawn. She often went out in the morning, before the family were stirring, and she thought to do so now. On retiring, she always placed beside her bed a pair of list slippers, which she wore, because of their warmth and lightness, the latter rendering her gentle foot-fall almost soundless.—Mrs. Bagley was a fashionably nervous woman who had a horror of heavy footsteps or creaking shoes. So Olivia had kept herself provided with soft slippers, of her own manufacture, and as her services were in constant demand, if the children, or any of the family, were sick, she found them very useful. On this morning, however, they were not to be found. She searched every corner of the room, opening the blinds to obtain more light, but was compelled to give them up for the present, and make a different pair serve the purpose. Returning from her walk, she found several of the children dressed and playing in the sitting-room. She questioned them about the slippers, but neither of them had seen them. She was about to enter the dining-room to inquire of the maid, when several little voices cried,

"You can't get in there! Pa and ma have locked the door."

A low murmur of voices, in which Olivia could distinguish the thick tones of Harry, the black boy, came from the room, and wondering at such an unusual occurrence, she turned away. The younger children did not breakfast with the family, so there were present only Mr. and Mrs. Bagley, their eldest son and daughter, with the governess. It was a silent and cheerless meal to Olivia. An indefinable feeling of approaching evil oppressed her, and she fancied herself an object of unusual coldness, even of suspicion. As they left the table, Judge Bagley turned to her and, with much dignity, said—"Miss Markland, you will oblige me by a few moments conversation in the library."

Wondering in what way she could possibly have offended, she obeyed. From that interview she came forth with tearful eyes, but compressed lips and a firm step. She spoke not a word to any one, of what had transpired, but we must take the liberty of informing ourselves.

Judge Bagley had the misfortune to have to inform her that the house had been entered in the night and the plate-closet rifled. What rendered the matter still more aggravating was, that no locks were broken, no windows forced, and there was every sign that the burglar, or burglars, had been admitted by some one from within. He had no suspicion of any of the household except one, against whom there were two strong points of evidence. One, that she had been seen by two of the servants to hold communication with a strange man upon the grounds, long after the time when *modest* young ladies preferred retirement to the house—the other, that near the safe in the closet a slipper had been found which was evidently one of those which that young lady was in the habit of wearing.

Having thus delivered himself, Judge Bagley paused, and smacking his lips, as was his custom when he had said anything particularly convincing, he rested his hands upon his knees and gave Olivia a keen, cold stare, which seemed to say:—

"There, I think, I have you now. What can you say to that?"

And for several minutes she said nothing She was perfectly astounded that a man of Judge Bagley's sense could for a moment harbor such a suspicion, after her having been an inmate of his family for nearly five years. But something must be said, and she knew of but one thing to say. With regard to the man whom she had met the evening before, she told the truth, unreservedly, only omitting those portions of their conversation which she knew would irritate her employer. Of the finding of the slipper, she knew no more than he, having missed them but this morning. When she spoke of her brother, Judge Bagley's brow contracted, and he looked harder than ever, and dismissed her with an air which showed that his suspicions, so far from being allayed were but directed into a new channel.

[Concluded next week.]

SOCIETY OF CHILDREN.

When we feel, like Wordsworth, that "the world is ever with us;" that we are growing of the earth, earthy; that our perceptions of the beauty and truth of God's universe are becoming dull—we rush into the society of children—into the company of hearty, happy, silly children, who love flowers and birds, pet rabbits, clowns and pantomimes, strange, wonderful legends and mystic elfin traditions—not the abominably clever little men and women produced by the "forcing system," who have no relish for the simple joys of childhood. We join them in their revels; we listen to their prattle; we make their pursuits ours, their pleasures ours, and, as far as we can, their nature ours. It is as if we were in the company of angels unawares. Our heart grows purer, our mind grows healthier; something of a new life and a new spirit, however evanescent, lifts us above ourselves. Who is it speaks of children as "birds without wings from Paradise?" His must have been a wise and kindly nature—the comparison is so apt, so true: for do they not, with their pleasant voices, make a sweet and happy music, which seems like an air from heaven,—like the tender strain of some angelic choir?—*London Illustrated News.*

A cheerful man will do more business, and do it better, than a melancholy one; beside diffusing happiness everywhere he goes.

Wit and Humor.

THE X-POSER.

Frank Leslie *reads the banner* of the Sons of Malta without the *danger* of initiation.

He becomes convinced there is an insect of the genus *Pulex* in his ear when each letter is pointed out to him and he is asked *what it spells.*

Matrimonial history is a narrative of many *words;* but the story of love may be told in a few *letters.*

"Ma, do you know why horses don't wear hats?" "No, Johnny." "Because it would give them a *hos-tile* appearance."

What were the feelings of the Minotaur after devouring the king of Athens daughter? He suffered from a lass-he-chewed.

A pretty girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief; for the one runs away with a fellow's body, and the other runs away with his heart.

What is the difference between an oriental fire-place and the largest ship in the world? One is an Eastern Grate, and the other is the Great Eastern.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 2, 10, 3 is a wild animal.
My 12, 24, 13, 21, 2 is the name of a famous rifleman.
My 12, 2, 9, 5 is a common vegetable.
My 18, 25, 16, 21 is a kind of grain.
My 9, 23, 23, 11, 2 is a fruit of many varieties.
My 18, 13, 20, 10 is a very useful article.
My 23, 25, 16, 3 is a kind of meat.
My 26, 9, 12, 1, 17, 7 is a small animal.
My 18, 16, 20, 5, 2 is a kind of bird.
My 1, 9, 26, 21 is what every farmer has.
My 19, 9, 5, 22 is a part of the body.
My 14, 20, 11, 3 is what we do every day.
My 1, 10, 9, 5, 18, 15, 20, 26, 6 is the name of an inventor.
My 18, 9, 23 is a covering for the head.
My 12, 20, 10, 10, 5, 24, 6 is an invention.
My 23, 4, 2 is an article of food.
My 25, 18, 7, 13, 1, 2, 26 is a month of the year.
My 18, 11, 13, 16, 3 is a useful instrument.
My whole is a maxim.

Glendale, Hamilton Co., Ohio, 1860. Jerry.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

Four farmers, A, B, C, and D, each own a certain number of acres of land. A says to B, "If I had ⅓ of your farm added to mine, I should have as many acres as C." B says to A, "If I had your farm and 1-9 of C's added to mine, I should have twice as many acres as I now have." "Well," says C, "If I had ¼ of B's farm added to mine, I should have as many acres as D." D says to C, "My farm contains 30 acres more than yours." How many acres had each?

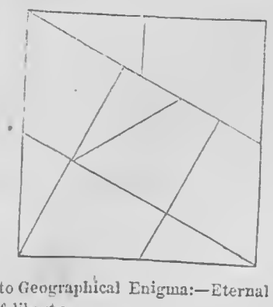
J. Martin Brainerd.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 526.

Answer to Puzzle:



Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Answer to Charade:—Friend-ship.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—$25 .7168 plus.

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☞ For Special Notices, &c., see preceding page.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

[From the New York Courier, August 21, 1859.]

PREPARED GLUE.

Mr. Spalding has certainly conferred a great blessing upon all householders by his preparation of "Prepared Glue." It is always ready for use, and can be applied immediately to a fractured table, a broken chair, or, in fact, anything that requires glue to mend it, by anybody who likes, without the trouble of having to mix it in any shape or way, thereby saving the trouble, inconvenience and expense of sending furniture to the cabinet maker's to be repaired. This alone, independent of its intrinsic value, will make it an article universally kept in all families.

[From the Times and Messenger, August 21, 1859.]

ADVICE TO FAMILY FOLKS.

One of the most convenient and useful of all articles recently discovered, with a view to elicit the blessings of the careful housekeeper, and sicken her pains to keep things domestic, intact, and tidy, is certainly Spalding's Prepared Glue. No matter what you break, (unless it be your head, perhaps,) this Glue steps forward like the genii of order, and promptly unites the dissevered parts—reduces the fracture, as a surgeon would say—and renders all whole again. Toys or tools, chairs or vases, leather, silk, wood or glass—it operates alike magically on all; and at its bidding the sobs of the child cease, the gratification of the matron is complete. No family should be without Spalding's Prepared Glue.

[From the Hartford Daily Courant, Sept. 22, 1859.]

Everybody needs a Glue-Pot occasionally, but everybody knows that the old-fashioned mode of dissolving glue is inconvenient. Spalding's Prepared Glue is chemically held in solution, is equal to the best preparation of Cabinet-makers' Glue, and is used cold. A brush accompanies each bottle, and the whole costs only twenty-five cents.

[From the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Oct. 11, 1859.]

A USEFUL ARTICLE.

A new and useful article, called Spalding's Prepared Glue, has been introduced to the notice of housekeepers. It is reliable and really adhesive, and enables every housekeeper to repair furniture and household ware without trouble, as it is always ready for use.

[From the Ladies' Visitor, September, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin, Sept. 17, 1859.]

H. C. SPALDING is astonishing the natives with his Prepared Glue, which has won a great reputation, and is fast enriching its inventor. Mr. Spalding is remarkable for intelligence and tact, which he exhibits in the style of his advertising. He is a type of the genuine Yankee.

[From the Independent, July 28, 1859.]

GLUE.

Our advertising columns contain some testimonies to the value of a new article known as "Spalding's Prepared Glue," useful to housekeepers for mending furniture. It is prepared with chemicals, by which it is kept in the proper condition for immediate use, the chemicals evaporating as soon as it is applied, leaving the glue to harden. We can assure our readers that this article has the excellent phrenological quality of "large adhesiveness."

[From the Boston Evening Transcript, Oct. 10, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

The value of this Glue for domestic purposes is inestimable. The difficulty of preparing common sheet glue for use led to the new article. In a liquid state the preparation can be used without heating, dries slowly, emits no offensive effluvia, and is ready for application. It is put up in glass bottles, securely corked, and sold, with a brush to apply it, at the low price of Twenty-five cents. Every family should have the compound constantly on hand, as thereby any article of wood, paper, crockery or glass can be mended. It will save more than its cost every month in the year.

[From Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine, Sept., 1859.]

SMALL INVENTIONS—PREPARED GLUE.

The numerous small inventions and mechanical conveniences adapted to aid in saving time, money, and labor on the farm and in the household, are most promising for our material and social progress, and we are always happy to chronicle all such, however apparently insignificant.

It is estimated that there are over five millions of households in the United States supplied with cabinet and other furniture, the various parts of which are chiefly united with cabinet makers' glue, and which are likely to become loosened and otherwise injured or broken by constant use. From one to two dollars is required for annual mendings and repairs, nearly all of which goes to the professed repairer, who is usually called in when the dilapidation has become unbearable, notwithstanding the homely maxim, "a stitch in time saves nine."

Nine-tenths of such repairs could and would be made at home and in season, were a convenient and reliable holdfast always at hand to be brought into requisition. The want of such an article has long been felt.

Spalding's Prepared Glue is designed to supply this universal want. It is convenient, cheap, remains soluble, retains its tenacity, is stronger than the best cabinet makers' glue, is put up in a bottle with a brush, ready for use, similar to the ordinary mucilage. It is also admirable for refastening book covers and loosened leaves, and it is just the thing for the library and for use in schools, where books are constantly liable to need repair.

[From the Home Journal, Aug. 27, 1859.]

Among the many apparent trifles continually being brought to the surface from the ideal under-world of the unknown, there are occasionally simple articles costing but little in detail, but whose combined benefit, usefulness and economy of time and money, aggregate on the basis of millions.

Such an article is Spalding's Prepared Glue. Its uses, as may be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column, are enumerated, and as its cost is next to nothing, the demand for it is universal. It is prepared with chemicals, and used cold, requiring but little skill or time for its application.

[From the New-Yorker, July 30, 1859.]

Among desirable articles, we may name as foremost the want of a useful glue, easy of use, and of general and universal application to the repair of furniture, crockery, shell work, and other ornamental and serviceable purposes.

The prime qualities of a good glue are immediate readiness for use at all times, and reliability as a holdfast. And this is the article which Mr. H. C. Spalding has been so fortunate as to introduce. In convenient bottles, with a handy brush, Spalding's Prepared Glue requires no day's preparatory softening in water; no heating for use, and no tedious delays to secure its junction and cohesion, being held in solution chemically, and capable of being applied instantly, and to every variety of work and requirement.

Spalding's Glue thus proves itself to be a true household friend, and will be welcomed heartily in all parts of the country. We have given it a trial, and found it quick as hunger in taking hold, and firm as death in holding fast.

[From the New York Freeman's Journal, Aug. 6, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE is such a simple and cheap preparation that it is a pity any house should be without it. Read the advertisement in another column for a fuller description of the valuable uses to which it may be applied.

[From the Middletown Sentinel and Witness, July 26, 1859.]

SPALDING'S CELEBRATED PREPARED GLUE is a useful, ever-needed article in the household and office. It is simply the best glue, chemically held in solution, is always ready to use without heating, and does not thicken by having the vessel holding it uncovered. It is put up in neat little bottles, and is accompanied with a brush.

[From the Springfield Republican, Aug. 19, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, the same that Van Amburgh glued his lion together with, is doing wonders hereabouts. A boy, up town, glued his play-wagon together "wrong side up," and the glue did its duty so well, that the wagon had to be broken again before it could be made right.

[From the Merchants' and Manf. Journal, Aug. 20, 1859.]

Having experimented with a bottle of Spalding's Prepared Glue, and the same having proved itself "A. No. 1," we are now prepared to say to every individual receiving our journal, that a more convenient article to be upon the mantle of every house in our country, cannot be found.—For all purposes where the old-fashioned glue-pot is required, it is an excellent substitute: it is neater, quicker and cheaper, while it "sticks" better.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY STATIONERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HARDWARE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FURNITURE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FANCY-GOODS DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY GROCERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.
SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.

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48 Cedar Street, New York.
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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VOL. XI. NO. 9.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 529.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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AGRICULTURAL LECTURES.

Our limited space will not permit us to give even brief sketches of the many Agricultural Lectures delivered at New Haven, the past few weeks. From ten to twenty, each week, in such abundance that we cannot use, or perhaps, appreciate, and of which, even the daily press fail to give an intelligible outline. Unless, therefore, some means are taken to publish the Yale Lectures in a volume, we fear most of the wise and unwise things there said, will be lost to the world. However this may be, we shall occasionally rescue a thought from oblivion, for some are too good, and others too bad, to be lost.

J. STANTON GOULD, of Columbia county, in this State, who was honored above most of his comrades, by being announced for three or four lectures, we had the pleasure of hearing in Albany, on *Manures, as applied to the Grasses*. In this Lecture, Mr. GOULD gave very ingenious plans for preparation of manures heaps for different crops, giving to one a little nitrate of soda, to another magnesia, &c., &c., all very puzzling if not very useful to the farmers present, no doubt, not one of whom will attempt to carry these notions into practice. But, what seemed to us one of the greatest blunders of the lecture, was the declaration that *an analysis of the soil was essential*, before anything could be done in the way of improvement—that this was, in fact, the very first step in improvement. This was emphatically stated and repeated.

In our notes of the Lecture, we had marked this passage, for a few comments at our leisure, but in the report of the Lecture of Prof. JOHNSON, at New Haven, we find some very sensible remarks on this subject, which we prefer to anything we might say, as showing how "doctors disagree," and how very little farmers can learn from some of their vaunted scientific instructors. We quote the *Tribune's* report:

"As to soil analysis, JOHNSON reasons thus:—One foot deep of the soil, in an acre, weighs 2,000,000 pounds; a crop of wheat will remove say 200 pounds; if that 200 pounds be not in an available state, no crop will grow; to know if there be enough for the crop, you take a little sample, say 100 or 1,000 grains, and analyze it; now, does any man living expect the chemist to tell by even the most miraculously sensitive balances or tests of the infinitesimal sample, whether the 2,000,000 pounds contain enough phosphoric acid, or ammonia, or other ingredients to raise a crop? Take a barren soil, or one called so, on which the application of 400 pounds of guano will make all the difference of sterility or a crop, now, can a chemist tell in his laboratory, by testing 100 grains of that soil, taken promiscously from all parts of the field, whether the guano had or had not been added? Verily not, says Prof. JOHNSON. He thinks that if one would take 50 pounds of soil, and wash it with an enormous quantity of water to dissolve out the soluble salt—a little job which would take at least a fortnight, and might a month—he might, by analysis, find whether there was a great excess or deficiency of plant-food in the field from which the sample came.—But the cost and trouble of the experiment are serious objections to putting the scheme into practice.

"The most fertile soils contain the finest particles, or in other words, soils are like linen, better for having fine texture. Most soils are deficient mechanically rather than chemically. There is great store of plant-food, but not finely enough divided. A field, therefore, which, in a certain state of pulverization, will produce 15 bushels of wheat, would, or should, yield 30 if worked up twice as fine. Why? Because there is twice the amount of surface of particles exposed to the action of heat, and cold, and rain, and therefore twice as much plant food set free. Take your multiplication table, and figure up this idea as far as you like, and then you will see the use of subsoil plows, and clod-crushers, and good harrows, and deep plowing, and all these modern contrivances for breaking up our fields into a good seed-bed."

Thus it will be seen, that what Mr. GOULD states to be the very first step in improvement, and for which he urged farmers to spend their hard-earned money, Prof. JOHNSON declares to be utterly useless. Prof. J. is a gentleman of good sense, and while devoting his time and energies to the investigation of the sciences in their bearings on agriculture, and to the dissemination of these truths, he makes no unfounded and ridiculous claims for science, which may be calculated to astonish, but never benefit the farmer.

PASTURES, MEADOWS, AND KEEPING STOCK.

THE amount of manure made, and judiciously applied, on any farm, is about the surest index to its fertility, and the good management of its owner. And a general increase of manure, which must form the basis in every effort for farm improvement, can only be secured by an increase of the stock to produce it. Special manures may be profitably applied to some crops, in times of high prices, and on lands near large cities, when most of the produce is sold, instead of being consumed on the farm; but, as a *general rule*, the manure necessary to retain and *enhance* the fertility of the soil, (and no farmer should be satisfied if his lands are not constantly *improving*,) must be made on the farm where it is to be used.

How to keep an increased amount of stock, must be the great question with every farmer.—We have been looking over the U. S. census of 1850, and find that of the 96,000,000 acres of improved and cultivated land in the country, 33,000,000, or more than one-third, are devoted to pastures and meadows. A larger proportion could hardly be spared for such purpose, without excluding a proper and profitable area to grain, cotton, and other products. Thus more than one-third of our improved land is *exclusively* devoted to stock raising and keeping, without taking any account of the great area of waste and *unimproved* lands used for the same purpose, or of all the straw, cornstalks, and three-fourths of the coarser grains, which are consumed on the farm where raised. But, notwithstanding this, it is very doubtful whether farming lands throughout the country are improving in fertility. Such terms as "worn out lands," and "impoverished soils," which are heard every day, indicate the general tendency, while the term, "improved farm," sometimes heard, almost always relates to buildings, fences, orchards, or other improvements *put on* the farm, and very rarely to increased fertility of soil. One reason of this is that from one-half to four-fifths of the manure is generally wasted on most farms; but we think, after all, that not enough stock is kept, and not enough manure *made*, to secure the increased fertility of the soil.

But, as we have shown above that this proportionate area of pasture and meadow land, now more than one-third, cannot well be increased, we must find some other means of keeping stock, or secure an *increased production* from our *present* pasture and mowing lands. Our meadows and pastures are most shamefully neglected—but we believe, at the best, they do not furnish the best means for keeping the largest quantity of stock. The average quantity of hay is probably not more than one ton per acre, and we think not that. As a cow, in our long winters, will consume one and a half or two tons, and a horse, without grain, two and a half or three tons, it is evident that the manure will not go far in covering the ground from which the feed was produced, or will have to be spread *very thin*. But if the same ground were planted with corn, and well tended through the season, the stalks alone would be worth, if carefully taken care of, nearly twice as much, as food for stock, as the hay, with the addition of thirty, fifty, or sixty bushels of corn. Root crops are also valuable, as giving a large amount of food for stock, on a small quantity of ground, but they require too much labor for most of our farmers,—(not so much, however, as many suppose, provided it is given at the right time.) And even the much-abused Sorghum is well worthy the attention of farmers, if only as food for stock. We know that land is cheap, and labor dear, in this country, and that meadows, which yield less per acre of food for stock, than almost any other crop which the farmer can raise, are still adhered to, because of the comparatively trifling labor needed to manage them. But we think that where land is from forty to one hundred dollars per acre, farmers can winter stock most profitably, by making something else than hay their main dependence. And, indeed, everywhere, we think, farmers can profitably devote some portion of their present meadow lands to corn, root crops, or sorghum, as food for stock. And it is possible that the present high prices of hay, may prove in the end a blessing, (*very much disguised now* however,) by showing farmers how well they can substitute other feed.

About pasture lands, and soiling cattle, we are not so sure. The gain in saving of land by using green clover, corn, and other summer crops, carried to cattle, instead of allowing them to run over a large portion of the farm as pasture, is even greater than that of other crops over hay; but then it involves a large extra amount of labor.—JOSIAH QUINCY, in his recent work on the Soiling of Cattle, states that he kept the same number of cattle on seventeen acres, which had formerly required fifty by the old system of pasturage. This is a large saving of land, and we think that near large cities, it is the only profitable way of keeping stock. In fact, we think that *all* our farmers might advantageously drill in two or three acres of corn, to be used as green feed in August and September, at which time pastures are often dried up and cattle often suffer from insufficient food. We do not think that pastures or meadows are to be abandoned, just yet, nor would it be advisable; but as a means of increasing the stock in the country, and consequently the manure produced, and thus enhancing the fertility of the soil, we would recommend to every farmer the partial substitution of other and more productive crops in place of hay—and a small piece of ground each year for soiling purposes—selecting therefore those crops which will prove most productive with least labor.

In the meantime, take extra pains with your pastures and meadows. Plow up and seed down often, and with no sparing hand, especially with clover. Spread a coat of manure over your meadows as often as you can spare it, and sow plaster on your clover;—it will *always pay there*, if nowhere else. And above all, do not turn your cattle out too early in the spring, to trample the ground and destroy the roots for the rest of that season. You can keep one-tenth more stock on your land if you do not turn them out till the first of May, and about one-quarter more than if you let them have the "run of the lots," as some do, all winter. See to it that the finer grasses do not get "run out," especially in your pastures, and their place filled by coarse, sour herbage, which cattle will not eat, till they are almost starved. It is a certain sign of stagnant water. If you cannot drain such land, do the next best thing—plow up and *re-seed* with clover, and then, in a year or two, plow under a good crop of clover. This will keep the land light for three or four years, *almost* as well as drains. Finally, by making the *most* of your meadows and pastures, you can keep more stock, make more manure, raise more grain, hay, and other produce; and this again will enable you to increase your stock, and go on repeating the above process to the end of the chapter.

SOILING AND STEAMING,—AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Since I ventured to write an article under the above heading, published in your issue of Dec. 17th, I have been reminded by private letters, as well as through your correspondent, in a late number, that I am expected to go more into detail. This I will do very cheerfully, as the subject appears to me to lead to the "gold diggings" upon every man's farm—and no class more need to know where the "nuggets" are, than the farmers.

There are several methods of feeding cattle in summer—in the open field, in the yard or open shed, and in the stable. I prefer the stable, well ventilated, to feed in. Feed the animals in the same position, winter and summer. Once a day let the animals out for air and exercise. Let them take such exercise as they choose. Give them a small field, or a lane, to run in. Being always fed at the stable, they will be there at the appointed time. They should be fed with perfect regularity. Some would say twice, others three times a day—and three times will answer, but I should prefer at least four, properly divided, say at six and ten A. M., and at two and six P. M., giving air and exercise between ten and two. But, however many or few times they may be fed, let it be at precisely the same hour each day. There are strong arguments for numerous feedings. Less will be fed at a time, and the food will be fresh. A good feeder will give no more each time than the animal eats up clean, and with a relish. Too much at a time tends to cloy the animal, and impair easy digestion. The experienced feeder well knows that it is better to give less than the appetite craves, than more. It is especially necessary to be prudent in this particular in summer, as animals are more easily cloyed in warm than cold weather. The food should be slightly salted once each day. Keep the animals clean, if you would have them thrive.

Next, how shall the animals be arranged for feeding? This will vary according to the idea of order and convenient arraugement entertained by the feeder. Perhaps the method of fastening in stanchions, so generally used, is the best for holding the animal to its position, and is not found to be injurious to the health. They should be so arranged as to feed conveniently from the barn floor. And where a large number of animals are kept, there should be a stable on each side of the floor, so that a one-horse cart may be used to bring the summer food. By this method, there is but little more labor in feeding fifty than twenty-five animals in the ordinary way. Then there should be a convenient arraugement for watering.

VIEW OF A NEW-ENGLAND HOMESTEAD.

RESIDENCE OF S. B. ROCKWELL, ESQ., MIDDLEBURY, Vt.

THE FARMER'S HOME should be pleasant and agreeable to both inmates and strangers. The past decade has wrought great changes, and in many instances improvements, in the construction of rural dwellings and the arrangement of their grounds and other surroundings, yet no man of taste can ride ten miles in any inhabited section of the country, without observing many slips of either omission or commission in the style, location and appurtenances of the homes of the people—in places where neatness and appropriateness, the useful and ornamental, should be exhibited. The man of refined taste and genuine progress, is manifested in the location, style, construction, and general appearance and arrangement of his dwelling, out-buildings, fences and other homestead belongings—such as the lawn, shade and ornamental trees, garden and orchard. The buildings, fixtures, and other surroundings of the truly progressive farmer, indicate to the passing observer, the residence—nay, more, *the loved and cherished homestead*—of a man and family possessing refined taste and superior intelligence. In the construction and arrangement of all buildings, fences, &c., durability and neatness are so combined as to impress the traveler, or visitor, with the belief that taste, beauty, convenience and utility were all consulted and appreciated in their design and completion. Such a home, externally,—with corresponding indoor features, including love, kindness and courtesy among the various members of the family circle—will always be left with regret and remembered and returned to with pleasure. How few parents realize the importance of making home and its surroundings pleasant to their children, or appreciate the influence which it has upon their happiness and destiny! The son or daughter reared in a pleasant home, indoors and out—with suitable play and pleasure grounds around the dwelling—whether in city or country, will be saved from many associations and temptations to which those who are not thus highly favored are subjected. And this brings us to the consideration of our illustration, which exhibits the attractions of a home with pleasant grounds, etc.

Some months ago, we chanced to see the view above given, of the residence of one of our correspondents, and subsequently requested the privilege of presenting it to RURAL readers. Our request was received on the eve of the departure of the proprietor for the Golden State—see the first two numbers of a series of letters, entitled "A Trip to California," published in this paper,—yet was kindly complied with, and hence we are enabled to present a view which alone teaches an important lesson. In a private letter, accompanying the engraving, Mr. ROCKWELL writes:

"I would like to do something to stimulate a desire for improvement not only, with DOWNING, in Rural Architecture alone, but in the laying out of "Pleasure Grounds," as they are by that lamented author *appropriately named*. My grounds are some twenty rods square, and the house is nine rods from the iron fence in front of it. The large number of deciduous and evergreen trees in the grounds, render them in summer at once beautiful and inviting. The out-buildings are tastefully ornamented, and with flower and fruit gardens and nicely-graveled walks leading to different parts of the grounds, I confess they afford me a full cup of pleasure every twenty-four hours. The secret, silent influence of one or two nicely-arranged pleasure grounds in a town or neighborhood, works a reform in the minds of those who have any taste for the beautiful. For instance, last spring a gentleman residing some six miles from 'Spring-Side,' was about to build him a *very* elegant house. He also intended to place it only one rod from the road, and in near proximity to his barns and piggeries, and when completed, fence up a 7 by 9 door-yard and fill it with briers and brushwood, and have the impudence to pronounce it elegant, tasteful, beautiful. He visited 'Spring-Side' ere he began, and went home and pushed away from the stench of his barns and the dust of the highway, and put his house in the center of a plat of ground some eighteen rods square. He has christened his place 'Farmingdale,' and within a few years his grounds, when filled with fruit and ornamental trees, will be an object of attraction, and demand and obtain the eulogies of every passer-by. * * O, how beautiful might the whole country become if the tastes of farmers were properly educated in that direction! But the public mind is partially aroused and awakened in New England, to strike a blow at that old system which makes thousands of homes in the country look more like crows' nests than human habitations. A change is coming over the minds of men in this respect, and they begin to learn that just in proportion as their home is beautiful and lovely, so will they cling to their paternal acres, and not leave them to run a hopeless adventure with the chances of trade."

"I ought to say that the view of 'Spring-Side' sent you herewith, does not do it justice in several particulars. This is allowed by everybody who has seen it. I might point out the defects, but it is unnecessary."

This may be by having a tank in the yard, near the stable; more convenient still by pumping the water in front of the animals, so that a man at the pump may water any number at once. In the best arranged barns, the manure is dropped through the floor into a cellar. This is an economy of labor, as also a great economy in manure. But space will not permit me to go into this branch of the subject.

The field which is to furnish the summer food should be as near the place of feeding as possible,—and being near the barn, it may easily be made fertile, if not originally so; and food enough may be raised upon one-half acre to keep a cow in good condition from the 20th of May to the 20th of November, or a half year.

Clover will furnish the earliest green fodder. It may usually be cut in the later end of May, and on moist land will furnish three cuttings in a season. This may be mixed with hay or straw, and cut together, which will render the hay or straw palatable, and prevent any injury to the animals from the use of green clover. But clover may be fed alone, safely, if not fed in too large quantities. Clover will furnish food till other grasses mature, and then there will be food from various sources to carry the animals through the rest of the season. When the farmers of this country shall engage in raising the turnip, carrot, and beet, for stock, there will be no difficulty in furnishing our animals with a juicy and nutritious food in winter and spring. The carrot comes the nearest to representing green grass for the cow. Butter may be made with carrots, in greater quantity, of better color and flavor, than from any other food, except grass. And I believe, with a proper mode of culture, the carrot is as cheap as any food which can be raised for the milk cow and for the horse. I have some experience in raising and feeding the carrot, which I may, at some future time, lay before the readers of this journal.

Soiled animals will take at least one-tenth less food than those pastured. The labor incident to gathering and masticating the food of an animal, over a field sparsely covered with herbage, (as most pastures are,) is a draft to that extent upon the animal economy, and must be honored by a larger quantity of food, or by a corresponding decrease of condition.

Perhaps the most important point to settle in this matter of soiling is:—Does the animal flourish as well, and does the cow give as much milk when fed in this manner, as when fed in the pasture? If this question can be answered truly in the affirmative, then the utility of soiling must be settled in the minds of all thinking farmers. When land is worth twenty-five dollars per acre, no man can afford to fence and devote three acres to keeping a cow through the grazing season. And that animals fed in this way thrive as well, are as healthy and produce as much, and even more milk, we have the testimony of every man who has fairly tried it. Many farmers near the city of New York, who have tried it for years, among whom is Mr. R. L. Pell, give emphatic testimony in its favor. Then it has been practiced in some parts of Germany for a half century. Let the intelligent farmer try it and decide for himself. It will cost him but little, and may turn out an unexpected mine of wealth.

Cutting and steaming fodder of various kinds, is intimately connected with soiling, as by this practice the feeder is greatly assisted in giving his animals a food more nearly resembling the succulent nature of grass when that cannot be obtained. First, let the hay, straw, or corn stalks, be cut fine with a good machine. And here, let me say, it is impracticable to cut any large quantity by hand. Horse-power is vastly the cheapest, on all farms, where fifteen or more cattle and horses are kept. I use a one-horse endless chain-power, and one of "Cumming's Patent" Straw Cutters. And, without wishing to advertise anybody's wares, I can heartily say, after using a dozen different kinds, this is the best machine for cutting all kinds of fodder by hand or horse-power, which I have ever seen. My steaming apparatus consists of a 40-gallon kettle set in a brick arch, with a tight-fitting wooden cover, and a four-inch tin pipe leading from this cover to the steam-box. The pipe enters the steam-box on the side, near the bottom. The tin pipe has two elbows. The steam-box is on a level with the fire-bed of the arch, and holds a little more than 50 bushels. It is 4½ feet by 5, and 3 feet deep; made of inch and a quarter pine boards, matched. The cover is hung with hinges so as to be opened easily. I also have a kettle of 120 gallons, set beside this, to be used for steaming or other purposes, if needed. But I have found the small kettle sufficient for what I steam. The cover is held tight by temporary braces against a beam over-head, and any small crevices are easily caulked with strips of old cloth. After the straw is cut, it is taken in a square basket 4 feet by 2½, and 1 foot deep, to the steam-box, moistened with water, and dusted with meal, or bran, or both. When the box is full, steam from 1 to 2 hours. When meal is used, a pint and a half to the bushel of straw is sufficient, or two quarts of good bran or middlings. I am of opinion, that a rubber pipe would be preferable to tin, to connect kettle with steam-box, as it would not radiate heat.

The editor of the Rural refers "W. D. S." to the new *steamer* of D. R. Prindle. I saw this steamer at the last State Fair, and was much pleased with some of its features. The kettle, with its tight-fitting iron cover, is certainly an improvement. But economy of fuel requires this to be set in a brick arch, instead of iron. In steaming, the heat should all be thrown upon the kettle, and not radiated into the room. It would, probably, be a great improvement to surround this steamer with brick, or the kettle could be used alone. In a properly constructed arch, the fire passes under the kettle, rises a little, and passes in a flue round the kettle and then into the chimney. This renders it safe to place the steam apparatus in the barn-yard, in the most convenient position for using the feed after it is steamed. Mine is so placed, and although I have experimented with the most inflammable wood, I have never been able to force a spark out of the chimney top. It is inclosed by a tight building, and the housewife may here, comfortably and expeditiously, manufacture her soap, and do her other work requiring the use of a large kettle.

In reference to the quantity of straw, thus mixed and steamed, to be fed to an animal, experience will soon determine this in each particular case. Feed all the animal will eat with a good appetite, and no more. My cows will eat about three bushels each, per day. That is a large feed. Horses will eat about the same. It is a good substitute for steaming to put the straw, mixed with the meal or bran, into a cask, and pour boiling water over it, an hour or so before using, and cover with a blanket to keep the heat in.

I hope the short crop of hay, and the experiments now going on, will convince the farmer that his straw is worth more care and attention, and show him at the end of the year a more interesting balance sheet. He has only to look at the analyses of the grain and straw, to show him what a treasure he has been wasting for so many years. Oats contain 3½ per cent. of fat; oat straw, 5 per cent.; wheat, 2 per cent.; wheat straw, 3 per cent.; dry clover hay, 2 per cent.; clover in blossom, 4 per cent. This is about the average of analyses. Let the farmer study his own interest. He will see where he has thrown away enough in ten years to more than double his property. Let him educate his sons for their calling. Impress upon their minds the necessity of a thorough knowledge of all the processes of nature, connected with the growth of plants, the constituents of soils, and the best method of their cultivation. Impress them with a sense of the importance of their occupation, and of its true elevation in the scale of human affairs. Teach them that no profession or occupation in life, requires more accurate, or more thorough knowledge. Teach them that no occupation or profession brings honor to the individual, but the individual to the occupation. Above all, teach them to shut their eyes to nothing, examine all things, and select that which is good. E. W. Stewart.

"Glen Erie," near North Evans, N. Y., 1860.

PRAIRIE DAIRYING.

The grasses of the prairie are native, or indigenous to the soil. Their milk-producing properties are fully equal to herds-grass in the early part of the season, but in autumn they become dry, and, although yet nutritious, are not juicy enough to be valuable for dairy cows. For butter-making we do not consider the wild pastures of the prairie free enough from weeds and herbage imparting a bad flavor to butter, to be very well adapted to its manufacture for long keeping, or to come in favorable competition with that made from the clean pastures of Eastern dairy regions. But this objection is removed in cultivated, inclosed pastures, which are cleaner or freer from herbage noxious to butter-making than even the pastures of the East. The wild grasses are, however, well adapted to the production of butter for immediate use—the cause of poor butter resting, more universally, upon the manufacturer, than any hindering property in the material from which the butter is produced.

One other obstacle is found, in some localities, to the successful manufacture of butter. This is the stagnant, or dead water, resting in ponds undergoing evaporation, of which the cows drink. In fact, a great portion of the West will always depend upon wells, or artificial fountains, for good water for stock, or dairy cows. When streams are at hand, good water is found within reach of animals, but few fountains exist upon the open prairie, hence the necessity of cows and other animals drinking such as they can get access to.

The whole of prairie land, with the exception of the objections urged, is a natural dairy region. Summer pasture is found in abundance,—free of tax or rent,—and the native upland grasses make the best of hay for wintering cows and other stock.

For the cheese dairy, none of the objections urged against the production of butter are valid. Food taken by the cow, if hearty and nutritious, has no further influence in the production of cheese than to make it rich or poor. Good food is necessary, that the cow may give rich milk; and rich milk, skillfully managed, produces superior cheese. We have heard no objection urged against the nutritive qualities of the prairie grasses for the production of cheese, and judging from the product of well-managed dairies, believe no obstacle exists to hinder the grazing of our natural pastures by cows, for the production of cheese.

We append the figures taken from the dairy of Mr. Savory, a neighbor, who, during the past summer, has milked twenty cows, which did not run on the unfenced prairies, but in an inclosed field, and after August 1st had a scanty supply both of grass and water. Mr. S. thinks he had not more than seven fair or average cows, and that he can increase the product of his present herd fully one-third by better keep, which would quite double the profits. His result for 1859 is as follows:

	Dairy Cr
Cheese, 4,200 lbs., @10c. per lb	$420 00
Butter, 220 lbs., @14c. per lb.	30 80
Calves, 20, $1 50 each	30 00
Whey and sour milk	25 00
Total	$505 80
Contra.	
To care and keep of 20 cows one year, at $8 each	$160 00
Girl, @$3, 30 weeks	90 00
Interest on value of cows	40 00
Total	290 00
Profit	$215 80

A dairy in Will Co. exceeded this product by ten dollars per cow. We would say here that it is the universal testimony that corn for soiling should be grown to keep up the supply of milk after the feed fails.

Prairie farmers can get the difference between these figures and grain-growing by a little calculation, and should bear in mind that dairying and stock-growing go hand in hand, and leave the soil more productive from year to year. If more profitable, they are doubly so, for that which maintains or increases the fertility of the soil, as surely enriches the farmer as gold at usury. We have written the above in answer to numerous letters of inquiry. W. H. Gardner.

Amboy, Lee Co., Ill., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

Bee-Keeping as a Business.

Messrs. Eds.:—It is a pleasure to the lovers of honey, to witness the rapid increase in amount of this luxury in our markets, and to know that this branch of rural economy is commanding a respect even among business men, and is no longer looked upon merely as some fanciful pursuit, for the gratification of pleasure-seekers. But it is, and promises to be, still more, a lucrative business, as well as a pleasant one, and one which may be followed to a considerable extent in combination with any other rural occupation, a business which requires but little capital to commence with, and but little expense to maintain. In consideration of these facts, it seems to me—although, perhaps, an enthusiast—that the bee interest will not subside, but will still continue to advance,—that new light will be thrown on the subject of bee management, by scientific and practical men,—that inventions of true merit will be made for their more economical management,—and that the traditions of luck will no longer hold their spell, and obstruct the path of improvement. The time will come when such hives only will be patronized as are worthy their recommendations,—such as are the result of practical experience. The humbugs who have monopolized the field will no longer be listened to, when men shall know from the knowledge of the bee what is required. As our countrymen are, at the present time, emphatically a financial people, the first question that arises is, Will it pay? And we bee-keepers may consider ourselves called upon to answer this all-important question. I, as one of the bee-keeping fraternity, would respectfully present my testimony and opinions, drawn from experience and observation.

First, let us glance at the general aspect of the business. Everything in nature works together in the utmost harmony, from the siderial to the most minute of nature's works on our sublunary sphere. In fact, in God's household there appears to be no family jars, and the little busy bee is as much a cog in the great work-wheel of nature, as some of the *great* things much talked of and little understood. Our country is one vast storehouse of honey liquid, which is gradually escaping from the nectarian cups, filling the atmosphere with that fragrance which greets the olfactories when approaching the flowery fields. Now, suppose all this sweetness to be converted into honey, and allowing a yield of but one pound of honey to the acre as an average for our State, which is a small estimate, there being a little more than 30,000,000 acres, we may have an equal number of pounds. Carry out the computation for the entire country, if you choose. This makes a vast field for the increase of the bee interest, and one not liable to be overstocked very soon.

The amount to be obtained from any particular section, of course depends on its fertility and the sources of honey. Mr. A. W. Ford, of Middleville, Herkimer Co., N. Y., has, the past season, from an apiary of 130 stocks, received an increase of 170 swarms and 6,000 lbs. surplus honey, which sold at 20 cents, and the swarms at $4, making an income of about $1800 from a capital of $600 or $700. This, he says, is better than he has ever done before, but it shows what may be done in a good locality with a favorable season. M. Quinby, of St. Johnsville, N. Y., who has, I believe, the most extensive apiaries in this country, and is a practical bee-keeper, says, in his treatise on bee-keeping:—"In some seasons particularly favorable, your stocks collectively will yield from one to two hundred per cent." Again: "I have known a single stock in one season to produce more than twenty dollars, in swarms and honey, and ninety stocks to produce over nine hundred dollars." He speaks of these as instances of an extra yield, and further remarks, "that a proper estimate can be made only by the average of the proceeds of several years," but that "a single stock, rightly managed, in the long run, is worth more than $100 at interest."

Do not imagine these results can be realized every season, for I have known circumstances so unfavorable as to render the income of an apiary barely sufficient to defray expenses. But, placing the average yield at about twenty pounds of surplus honey, and an increase of one swarm to a stock, and you have a fair estimate for the profits of bee culture. I know that these figures are much below what writers generally give, but I find in large apiaries, for a succession of years, this is as much as an average can be marked for ordinary localities, although some localities with which I am acquainted, in our poorest seasons, do even more than this. But, even at these, it *will pay* far better than most other rural pursuits. We of course do not expect, each succeeding winter, to keep all old stock and swarms; but even those which it is necessary to dispose of, if properly managed, may be turned to good account. One great object to insure a good yield, is to keep strong stocks, and when the frame, or movable comb hives, are sufficiently improved to be practical, they will greatly facilitate economical management. T. S. Underhill.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1860.

To Make Bee-Keeping Profitable.

I am a regular reader of the Rural, and I see in your number of January 7th, that a subscriber had six swarms of bees in the spring, and he now has fourteen, and sold one hundred dollars worth of honey. I have sixteen swarms now, and I would like to know how to manage them to make them as profitable. If he can inform me how to manage mine, he will greatly oblige. I have had many valuable hints out of your paper, but I never wrote for information before, as I am a plain, old farmer.—I. C., *Conneautville, Feb.*, 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

A Sheep-Feeding Experiment.

The N. Y. Tribune says that the following experiment has been tried successfully in feeding sheep:—One hundred were fed regularly in three feeds with 187 pounds of hay and 175 pounds of cut straw. This has been replaced with 110 pounds of hay and the same of cut straw,—the sheep being watered over night with 33 gallons of water, in which 1¾ pounds of salt is dissolved. The sheep continue in good condition.

Sparred Floors for Cattle Stalls.

A Canadian correspondent of the Country Gentleman strongly recommends the adoption of Mr. Mechi's plan of having the floors of cattle pens constructed of spars placed 1¾ inches apart, so as to allow of the droppings passing through into a cellar below. He has tried this method both with cattle stalls and hog pens, and says he finds it just the "thing." He found the droppings did not freeze, that the manure was better and more concentrated, that the animals kept very clean and dry, and appeared to be equally as warm as if bedded in straw. For the pig-pen the slats are placed closer together.

Soaking Seeds before Sowing.

This practice, says the *Country Gentleman*, is not so extensively adopted in this country as it might be, with advantage both for the farm and the garden. In this respect, we are far behind a people whom we are apt to regard with feelings nearly approaching to contempt. There are few, probably, either in England or this country, who are not disposed to think themselves much superior to the Chinese, and yet, in one respect at least, we think they are much in advance of most farmers, in either England or America. Liebig states, in his "Letters on Modern Agriculture," that no Chinese farmer sows a seed before it has been soaked in liquid manure, diluted with water, and has begun to germinate; and that experience has taught him that this operation tends not only to promote the more rapid and vigorous growth and development of the plant, but also to protect the seed from the ravages of worms and insects. There would be not only some trouble, but some inconveniences also in the adoption of this practice on an extensive scale; but we are pretty confident, notwithstanding, that those who commence it on a small scale, will find it productive of advantage enough to induce them to extend their operations. We may suggest that we have, on more than one occasion, been informed by one of our correspondents, that he makes much use of hen manure in water, as a soak for his seeds.

Inquiries and Answers.

How to Cure Films.—In a late issue of the Rural New-Yorker I noticed an inquiry as to the best way of removing a film from the eyes of cattle, and herewith send my mode. I took bone-dust, obtained by burning a bone of any kind until it becomes chalky, and can be easily powdered in a mortar, or coffee-mill. This I administered by blowing through an elder twig into the eye. With this I use good oil, which may be brushed in with a feather, or injected with a small syringe. This remedy I have used successfully for years, having cured one case of total, and very many of partial, blindness.—G. H., *Rome, N. Y.*, 1860.

Water Wheels.—I wish to make an inquiry, through your valuable paper, the Rural, concerning water wheels. I have a spring that discharges about twenty-four cubic inches of water constantly, which I can raise six feet high very easily. What kind and size of a wheel had I better make, and how much power can I get? The object is to get the greatest amount of power with the least outlay.—A Subscriber, *Castalia, Ohio*, 1860.

Our friend at Castalia is not so definite in his statements, that we are able to answer the questions. We would recommend him to apply to an intelligent and practical mill-wright, who can help him.

Mangey Calves.—I have three spring calves which have always appeared healthy, until within the last two weeks. The hair about the eyes and face has fallen off, and on these spots, after the hair has gone, appears a scaly surface. It first appeared on the best of the three, thence it spread to the rest. If you, or any of your numerous correspondents, can give a name, cause, and remedy, for the disease, you will oblige—A Subscriber, *Lewiston, N. Y.*, 1860.

Mange is due to the presence of parasites, and can be communicated by contact, consequently diseased animals should be separated from healthy ones. Dr. Dadd recommends the following treatment:—Let the animal have a tablespoonful of sulphur in the food, for three or four days in succession; in the meantime, anoint the affected parts daily, with a portion of the following:—Cod Liver Oil, 6 ounces; Sublimated Sulphur, 2 ounces. Mix, and apply by means of a sponge. In the course of four or five days wash the surface of the body with warm water and soap, and then give the body a thorough sponging with the following:—Lime Water, 1 quart; Sublimated Sulphur, 2 ounces. This treatment generally cures the most inveterate cases.

Ringbone on Horses.—I would like to know if there is a cure for ringbones on horses. Can they be taken off with safety, or otherwise cured? I have a valuable colt which I would like to cure if it is possible. Any information will be thankfully received.—R. C. T., *Medina Co., Ohio*, 1860.

We have heretofore expressed the opinion that ringbone is incurable, and have no reason to change our views thereupon, although this belief is at variance with the views of very many practical men. The best that can be done is to relieve the animal. There are two modes of treatment, and, as we give both, R. C. T. can make choice as to which he will adopt. Dr. Dadd,—one of our most skillful veterinarians, and in whom we have much faith,—states that "the old method of treating exostosis by fire and blister is fast giving way to a more rational proceedure. It has been discovered that there is not, really, any cure for this malady; if we can relieve the horse from lameness, that is all that can be expected. We treat the disease, when first discovered, just as we would a recent splent or spavin, by cooling, evaporating lotions, cold water bandages, &c.; rest, too, so much disregarded by physicians, is of some importance." In chronic cases, Dr. D. applies acetate of cantharides daily, until the parts appear hot and tender, then substitute cold water bandages, repeating the process, if necessary.

Mr. Spooner, one of the most distinguished of England's veterinary practitioners, says "the best treatment for ringbones of either kind is, after the inflammation has been in a great measure removed by cooling applications, to fire the part, or otherwise, well rub in the iodide of mercury ointment, washing off the effects on the following day, and thus repeating it again and again. We have by such means succeeded in removing the lameness, diminishing the enlargement, and restoring the animal, in many instances, to a state of usefulness."

For a more extended article upon this subject, we refer our correspondent to the Rural of Oct. 15th, 1859.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Correspondents will please bear in mind that the Rural, like many other mundane institutions, is somewhat circumscribed in dimensions, and cannot contain, weekly, the half that *they* or *we* desire to have published. With all our labor, and efforts to condense, we are obliged to defer from week to week many articles eminently worthy of early publication. Those who send us communications to appear at a certain date, are informed that a great portion of each number is prepared, and in type, from ten days to two weeks in advance of publication day; hence, with scores of articles in type and on file for publication, we are rarely able to comply with requests which arrive on the eve of going to press. We often receive important and seasonable articles, intended for a certain number, *just too late*—such as should be given at once if at all.

—This explanation is made that correspondents may not misapprehend our position or action concerning their favors—many of which are good enough to keep on file for weeks or months, while others arrive too late to be rendered available at the proper season. We have many rich and interesting contributions in store for our practical, literary and miscellaneous departments, and shall use them, as soon as convenient, to the best advantage of those for whose instruction and entertainment they were designed. Meantime, correspondents and contributors will remember that Patience is a cardinal virtue, and, like Faith and Hope, may be exercised relative to things expected but not seen—in print

The Progressive Farmer is Successful.—A New England exchange—the Springfield *Republican*, we think—concludes a sensible article on the profits of farming with these pertinent and truthful remarks:—"The excellencies of agriculture are chiefly found in the progressive farmer, almost the only man who can be said to grow richer by farming, and consequently the only *good* farmer. Guided by the discussion of the Club, we find him a reading, thinking man, who understands true economy, and with sense enough, if he must raise a small crop, not to go over a large field to do it. He is a believer in high farming, which means high manuring, large crops, systematic labor, and cautious, careful experiments. He keeps farm accounts, and knows accurately what crops and animals cost, and which pay best. By constantly making discoveries, and gaining new light, he invests his employment with all the charm of novelty, while at the same time he fills his own pocket and becomes a benefactor to his race.

The Farmer's Home.—This is the attractive title of a new monthly "Journal for the Field, the Fireside and the Forest," published at Cincinnati by E. M. Spencer & Co.—50 cents a year. No. 1, the only one we have seen, is filled with judicious selections and original articles. We believe this is the fifth or sixth rural journal in Ohio, and though we regard monthlies as not fully up to time in this progressive age, we are not sure but the Buckeyes, and "the rest of mankind," will amply sustain the new enterprise.

The Ohio Farmer.—We are indebted to Thos. Brown, Esq., Editor, for a handsomely bound copy of this capital Agricultural and Family Journal for 1859,—a favor which we appreciate and cheerfully reciprocate by sending our tenth volume, bound, in exchange. The *Farmer* has donned a new and beautiful vignette heading this year, and is otherwise improved. Success to it. Published by Thos. Brown, Cleveland, at $2 per annum.

The Ohio Cultivator comes to us in a neat and attractive new dress, and vies with its good-looking editor in both manners and matter. Glad to note this evidence of progress and prosperity. The shadow of both the Colonel and the Cultivator will of course continue to widen as their usefulness augments. The Cultivator is published semi-monthly at Columbus, by S. D. Harris—$1 a year.

Mammoth Cow.—The Boston *Cultivator* describes a "mammoth cow," ("Lady Washington," the property of W. W. Chenery,) which recently died at Belmont, Mass. She was reared in Pittsfield, Vt.,—dropped Feb., 1854—and at 5 years old is said to have weighed 3,200 lbs. Her length was 9 feet, height 5 feet 4 inches, girth 8 feet 8 inches. It is stated that she was "of the Durham breed, from stock known in the vicinity of Lake Champlain as the Keyes importation," and that "her dam was a first-rate milker, and of extraordinary size—her weight, when five years old, having been 2,000 lbs." She produced four calves, one of which weighed 1,200 lbs. at a year old.

Iowa Fat Cattle.—A late number of the Chicago *Journal* says:—"A drove of fifteen head of some of the finest cattle that have arrived in this city this season, reached here on the Dixon Air Line this morning. They are from Cedar Rapids, and are noble specimens of Iowa beeves. We are informed that there are a thousand head now feeding near Cedar Rapids, and that in Marion county there are 1,600 on one farm, that are being fed on corn, which can be bought there at about 11 cents per bushel."

How Much Milk for a Pound of Butter?—As the result of two experiments made this winter, at intervals of about ten days, we found by actual measure and weighing, that the cream of 10½ quarts of milk produced one pound of butter. The cows were fed on cut stalks and straw, and two quarts of provender per day. The provender was made by grinding oats and corn together in equal quantities by measure.—P.

Rural Items.—Napoleon III is turning attention to farming. By buying up many of the waste acres of France and improving them, he stands a better chance to rival the Roman Cincinnatus, than by generalship.——Marshall P. Wilder has this year purchased 250 cords of manure from one stable near Boston, for $375.——Eight cows, belonging to a member of the Springfield Harvest Club, made 33 feet, or a quarter of a cord, of solid manure, without litter, in a week.——A. A. Leach, of Middleboro, kept 36 hens two months, and sold 80 dozen of eggs, besides using nearly 7 dozen in his own family. The cost of keeping this stock was $9, and the products have been $20. The same man once cleared on a flock of hens $40 in one year.——Ex-Gov. Boutwell, of Mass., has found by an experiment of five months that he made $71.63 more by turning his milk into butter than he would have received by selling his milk to the Boston milk-dealers at wholesale.——David H. Sherwood, of Southport, raised the premium carrot crop of Connecticut last year, producing 1136 bushels from 1 acre 66 rods, (804 bushels an acre,) at a cost for labor of $15. He also took the first premium for onions, raising 130 bushels on a quarter of an acre, at a cost of $16.

Heavy Ox.—There is *said to be* a Durham ox in Boston, 5 years old, 6 feet 5 inches high, 13 feet four inches from head to rump, 9 feet 3 inches in girth, weighs over 4,000 lbs., and has frame for an additional 1,000 in weight. His owner intends taking him to England when he gets his growth.

The Union Ag. Society of Hemlock Lake is to hold its annual meeting March 6th, for election of officers and transaction of important business relative to permanent grounds and improvements.

HORTICULTURAL.

NEW HAVEN HORTICULTURAL LECTURES.

In our last, we gave, very briefly, notes of all the Horticultural Lectures at New Haven, with the exception of those of P. Barry, Esq., who delivered two upon Fruit Trees. We regret that our notes of these lectnres are necessarily so brief.

Mr. Barry, on "Fruit Trees."

The lecturer said that he had invited them to no literary entertainment, that he was not an orator by profession, but that he had come to say a few plain, practical things about the management of fruit trees.

His subject related rather to nursery management than to fruit culture in general, and therefore might not be so interesting to all; still every orchardist ought to know how to grow young trees, and, in the main, the same principles were applicable in the treatment of young trees as those of larger growth.

He would speak first of the location of the nursery. Almost every farmer has a place suitable for growing a few trees, but every farmer is not situated to become a nurseryman. The nurseryman should be placed near a large town, where laborers could be easily procured when wanted; near a railroad, so that he can send his trees quickly off, and so as to be within easy reach of his customers, and also should be on a fine tract of land. Second, soil and situation. The surface should be level, or sloping so gently as not to prevent the planting of the trees in regular lines, and also not to suffer injury by the washing of the soil in heavy rains. It should be sheltered from fierce winds, by rising grounds, forests, or by planting out rows of larch or spruce, two or three hundered feet apart. The soil should be dry, and not too light nor too heavy. A light sandy soil, even with heavy manuring, will make starved and stinted trees. A retentive clay will not give fibrous roots, and is therefore difficult to transplant from. The strong alluvial soils of the west keep the tree growing too long to allow it to harden into wood, and fit it for transplanting. A stony soil should of course be avoided. Draining should be done, and much more thoroughly than for farm crops. Third, laying out the ground. This should be done with every regard to convenience; and one part of the nursery should be set apart as a specimen orchard. Every nurseryman should know his own fruits, should be his own experimenter, and not rely on what others tell him. It will not do for him to say, "I am no fruit grower; I am only a nurseryman." Dwarfs have much facilitated this. Five hundred pear trees, or one thousand apples, may thus stand upon half an acre, and bring forth fruit in a few years. Fourth, preparation of soil. An old pasture, or a clover lay, is the best for nursery purposes. Plow deep. It is utterly in vain to attempt to grow nursery stock on land having a hard unbroken subsoil, usually called "hard pan," for, at the very moment when the best growth should be made, dry weather may come on and arrest the progress of the tree to such an extent that it will not recover during the remainder of the season. Fifth, the propagation of stocks. This has become a highly important branch of the nursery business, one firm last year planting twelve bushels of pear seeds alone; millions are imported every year from Europe. Any stick in the shape of a tree used to be taken and be grafted on, but it has been discovered that only the best of stocks should be used. It is exceedingly difficult to get good pear stocks, owing to the "leaf blight" which attacks them. The best remedy for this is to sow the seeds in a dry soil, where no trees have been grown, and cultivate with unremitting care to get a good growth before the season for the blight arrives. To get good stocks of any kind, the seed must be sown thin. Nurserymen are at fault in sowing too thickly, particularly apples, pears, and plums. The plum stock is difficult to get, but the wild plum from the west furnishes, when properly worked, the best seedling—or the best that can be obtained in any quantity. Our practice is to grow them in beds, and transplant to nursery rows at the end of the first season. Here they are left to grow one year, and are grafted in their places the following spring, and below the ground. The cherry stock is easy to get, particularly from the "Mazzard" and the "Mahaleb."

Mr. Barry passed next to speak of the quince stock, giving as a reason for the apparent failure to raise the pear on the quince, "the profound ignorance both of the sort of quince capable of producing a good stock, and the varieties of pear that succeed on the quince." The two varieties which should be grown for this purpose are the "Angers" and the "Paris," or "Fontenay"—the former being the more rapid grower, the latter the more hardy.

The best way to obtain good quince stocks is to plant what are called "stool" or "mother" plants, in a deep, rich soil, cutting them down to the ground the first season; the second they will grow finely; then, in the spring, often earth them up like celery. In the fall, they can be separated from the parent stem, set out in the nursery the next spring, and be budded the same season. Quince stocks should be strong before being worked with the pear. For dwarf apples, two kinds of stocks are used—the Paradise, a very small species of apple, and the Doucin, a somewhat larger variety; and both grown in the same manner as the quince stocks for pears.

The lecturer next spoke of grafting and budding. He had nothing new to offer on the common methods, but held to root-grafting for apples, (a mooted subject among nurserymen,) when properly performed. The process had been abused, and hence fallen into disfavor. Its great advantage consisted in allowing of indoor grafting.

The treatment of trees in the nursery is an important matter. Most nurserymen plant trees too thick; three feet between rows, and trees five to six inches apart in the rows, does not give air and light enough to make a strong tree. An apple tree ten feet high, with a tuft of leaves on its top and with a trunk all the way of a size, s fitted for a hop pole, not for an apple orchard. But this is not all; the knife must be used to cut back trees and give them proper strength and form. But customers are so apt to judge of the value of a tree by its height, that nurserymen are hardly to be blamed for raising just what they can best sell. Taking up and packing are important matters which receive too little attention from too many nurserymen.

Mr. Barry concluded his interesting lecture by naming the qualifications for a good nurseryman, the last and not least important of which was the possession of sufficient capital. The want of this has been the ruin of many a man. The people of our day are so exceedingly ambitious that no one seems willing to start in a small way and work up by degrees. They must begin large, advertise a great nursery at once—call it perhaps the "Empire State"—issue an imposing catalogue, and try to make the world believe they are somebody. This lasts perhaps for six months or a year, when a slight discrepancy appears between the demand and the supply of funds, and the "Empire Nursery" is sold at a great sacrifice. A nursery cannot be made in a day nor in a year. If millions of money are at command it cannot be done. It must have a gradual development, and with it will grow experience, capacity to manage, reputation, customers, and in the end complete success.

Sound doctrine for some folks beside nurserymen.

RUSTIC GARDEN WORK.

During the past few weeks we have received several inquiries for directions how to make rustic garden seats, summer houses, &c., some of which we have published, promising to give the necessary information, as soon as we had time to prepare engravings, &c. We will now endeavor to answer these questions, and hope to make the matter plain. Fancy architectural work, arbors made of boards and painted, and sculpture, should be introduced very carefully into gardens, especially such small and unartistic gardens as are the mass in this country, or the effect is decidedly bad. Rustic work, however, harmonizes well with trees and shrubbery, and all the natural objects around, and may be introduced freely, and, as a general rule, the more simple in form, the better.

Rustic work has another advantage, and that is its cheapness. With a few hours' time, and a little ingenuity, any one may construct very tasteful garden ornaments. No morticing or anything of the kind is necessary. First, fix on the form of the seat or house, then get an idea of the different forms of branches required for its construction, and go into the woods with an axe, and in an hour or so you will have all the materials necessary, without cost. A few nails, hammer, and saw, are all else that are needed.

Our first engraving is a costly building, which few of our readers will be likely to build, and which would be appropriate only for large gardens. It shows, however, what can be done with this kind of material.

Below, we give an article, prepared at our request, by Mr. Webster, a Landscape Gardener, of this city. Mr. W. has made some excellent rustic work in this State, and also at the West.

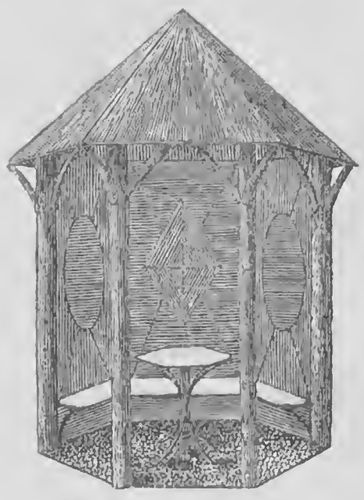


FIGURE 1—SUMMER HOUSE.

In the formation of Rustic Ornaments, no precise rules can be laid down for our guidance. Taste alone must be the presiding genius in this matter. To form a rustic chair or summer house, it is not necessary that, like a building or piece of household furniture, every piece used in its construction, should be marked out with rule and square, and fitted together with the utmost nicety; for it is merely a combination of limbs and branches in their natural state, so adjusted as to present a variety of pleasing forms. I think the following designs may be found useful to those who desire to construct anything in the rustic line, by furnishing hints for the selection of suitable materials. Fig. 1, is a drawing of a Rustic Summer House, which I erected for Hon. A. Boody, on his grounds in this city, about six years ago, and it is now in as perfect a state of preservation as when completed.

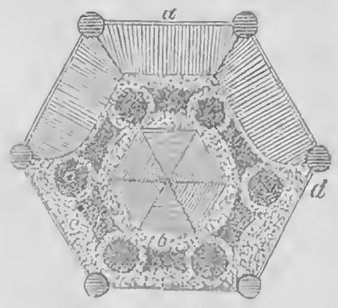


FIGURE 2—GROUND PLAN.

Fig. 2, shows the ground plan; *a*, is the seat, made of pine boards covered with bark; *b*, hexagon table. The top of this table is cut out of a wide board, and the sections are covered with small maple rods, from a quarter to half an inch in diameter, putting the smallest at the center.

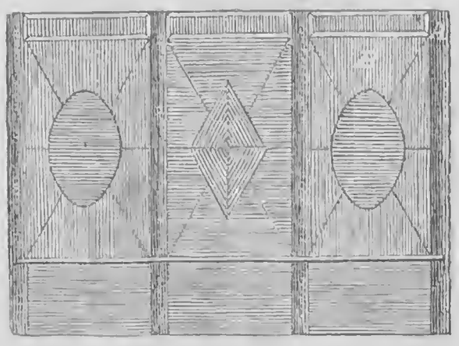


FIGURE 3—PANELS.

Nail these rods on the board with inch brads, in the direction shown by the lines of the engraving. The supports or legs of the table are made of rough branches; *d*, cedar posts that support the roof; *c*, floor, paved with small pebbles, of different colors, in Mosaic. The ground work may be light-colored pebbles, and different patterns to suit the taste formed by those of a darker color.

Figure 3, plan of pannels; *A*, posts; *B*, spaces between the posts, is filled in with common boards, the outside of which is covered with basswood bark; the inside is overlaid with rods of different colors from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter, in the way shown in the plan.

The roof of this summer house is covered with boards, with bark nailed on the outside, and the inside is lined with moss.

Figure 4, is a design for a Rustic Seat. To construct a seat of this kind, procure two crooked limbs of the shape shown in fig. 5; *a*, to form the back; the arms and front legs may be formed of two pieces similar to fig. 6. The open work at the back can be formed with pieces something like *b* and *c*, using, when necessary, smaller pieces for filling in. For the seat, use a piece of pine board; mark out with chalk any figures that fancy may dictate, and nail on the outlines pieces of grape vine, which, from its flexible nature, is admirably adapted to this kind of work, as it can be readily bent to any shape. Then fill the spaces with some smooth kind of bark of a sufficient thickness to bring it even with the top of the grape vine outlines. A suitable ornament for the center of the back, is a good-sized fir cone.

Figure 6, is a design for a Rustic Chair. The back of this can be formed by taking two pieces of the shape shown in fig. 5, *d*, and joining them nicely together at top. The front legs and arms can be made of two pieces similar to *e*, fig. 5. The seat may be made of smooth, clean rods,

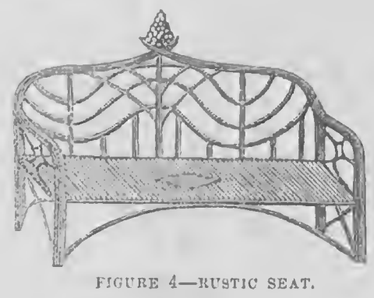


FIGURE 4—RUSTIC SEAT.

nailed on the back and front rail, the interstices being filled in with moss, and the open work at the back may be formed with pieces of grape vines.

Summer Houses may be constructed in various ways, and of different materials. The simplest way, if the form desired be a hexagon or octagon, is to strike a circle on the ground 6, or 8, or more feet in diameter, according to the size required. Mark out the 6 or 8 divisions, and sink a hole in

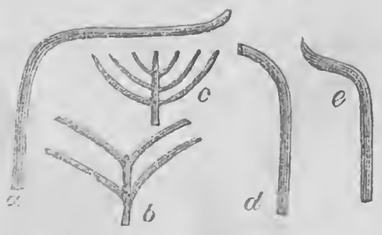


FIGURE 5—SECTIONS OF FRAME WORK.

the angle of each. Then set the posts, allowing about 7 feet above ground, and 3 feet in the ground. Saw the posts off perfectly square, and nail pieces of 2 by 4 scantling on the top, for a wall plate. Spike on a rafter over the center of each post. Saplings of 2½ or 3 inches in diameter, will make good rafters. Then nail on the rafters about two courses of purlins, to which the roof boards may be fastened, and then covered with bark. The three upright spaces at the back, between the posts, may then be finished off in the same way as described in figure 3. The floor may be either boarded or paved with small pebbles of different colors in Mosaic, as shown in *c*, figure 2.

FIG. 6—CHAIR.

In conclusion, we would urge all our readers who have gardens to try their hands at a little work of this kind—a simple seat under the shade of a tree, in a retired place, commanding, if possible, a good view of the flowers and shrubbery and surrounding scenery, if nothing more. It will be found not only a "thing of beauty," but a source of comfort. The garden needs furniture as much as the parlor.

TO PRESERVE SQUASH SEED PURE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—When we have so edible a vegetable as the Hubbard Squash, and when it is difficult to preserve the seed in its purity, and prevent it from becoming mixed with other inferior varieties, melons, pumpkins, &c., it is not strange that the lovers of this vegetable should tax their wits to keep it uncontaminated from year to year.

While the plans of Mr. Langworthy, as detailed in the Rural of January 7th, and that of Mr. Clackner, contained in the issue of February 4th, are both good, I think I have one better still. It is this:—Plant a few seeds as early as the 1st or 10th of March, in a box or flower-pot, in the house; and as soon as the weather will admit, transplant, taking care that the roots shall be disturbed as little as possible when the plants are removed. In fact, the better way is to remove all the earth in the pot or box with the plants. By this method, the squashes from which you save your seed will have parted with their blossoms long before those planted in May will appear, and thus all means of mixing with any others will be avoided. Another advantage is, that you will have several nice squashes ready for the table several weeks earlier than by the ordinary method of planting, and with no more extra labor than is required to raise an ordinary house plant. H. W. L.

Iowa City, Feb. 10, 1860.

Remarks.—The only objection to this plan, is, that in this section of country, at least, plants put out in the open ground, before the first or middle of June, become stunted by the cold, and make but little growth until warm, settled weather. In case small frames were made and covered with glass, to protect the plants during nights, and cold storms, something would be gained, but in the ordinary way little is gained by starting melons, squashes, &c., in the house. *Hand-Glasses*, though much needed, are little used in this country.

Inquiries and Answers.

Downing's Colored Plates.—I have tried to learn where Downing's Illustrated Fruit Book could be obtained. A good many have inquired for it. I mean that having colored plates. Will you notice it in your paper? —P. L. Haines, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1860.

Downing's edition with colored plates, we think is not now in the market. Mr. Downing took great pains to have his plates well colored, but many of them were very defective. A few years since there was some talk of a new work on American Fruits, with colored plates, to be got up by two of our best Pomologists, but latterly we have heard nothing in regard to it, and we presume the idea has been abandoned for the present.

Celery—Norway Spruce.—I wish to know how to earth up Celery for market, and when and how to plant Norway Spruce seed? Can I plant the seed where I want them for a belt round my orchard? I want to plant a dwarf pear orchard, and a small vineyard with grapes. The land is a sandy loam. The rock is from twelve to eighteen inches from the surface. I wish to know if you or some of your many readers think I can succeed with my orchard. Where can I get Havana Tobacco seed?—E. L. R., *Clarence, N. Y.*, 1860.

Celery should be earthed up a little, so as to keep the leaf-stalks erect during its growth. In October, when the weather becomes cool, commence to earth up for blanching. Give about six inches of earth the first time, and add more every two weeks, as the plants will bear. Be careful to keep the leaf-stalks close together while earthing, so that no soil will get between them. Norway Spruce is planted in beds of well-prepared soil, in shallow drills. Our climate is unfavorable to the growth of evergreens from seed, and the beds must be shaded from the sun by cloth awnings, or some other means. If you want only a hundred or two of plants for your own planting, the better way would be to procure young plants from the nursery. You would doubtless succeed with vines, and we think with dwarf pears too. Havana Tobacco seed you could doubtless get of Thorburn & Co., New York, B. K. Bliss, Springfield, Mass., or of Hovey & Co., Boston.

Horticultural Notes.

Poughkeepsie Horticultural Club.—This Club, we perceive, by the Poughkeepsie papers, is holding monthly meetings for discussion. These meetings are interesting and profitable, both to those who attend and to those who read the proceedings, which seem to be well reported. The next meeting is to be the first Tuesday of March, when "The Cultivation of Pears, and the Preparation of the Ground for Early Gardening," will be discussed.

Fort Wayne (Ind.) Horticultural Society.—Weekly meetings of this Society are held, at which Horticultural productions are exhibited, and their merits, adaptation to soil, climate, &c., fully discussed. Apples are the great staple fruit of the country. The Horticultural Society have recently commended the following varieties for cultivation in that section of the State: *Summer*—Sweet Bough, Red Astrachan, Early Harvest, Carolina Red Sweet June, Summer Queen. *Autumn*—Rambo, Fall Pippin, Malden's Blush, Bullock's Pippin, Fall Wine, and Trenton Early. *Winter*—Newtown Pippin, Winesap, White Pippin, Seek-no-further, May, Baldwin, (tender,) Yellow Bellefleur, Ortley, Smith's Cider, Jersey Black, Rawle's Janet, Belmont, Tollman Sweeting, and Michael Henry. The following are the officers of the Society: *President*—I. D. G. Nelson. *Vice-Presidents*—M. W. Huxford and Thomas Covington. *Secretary*—H. C. Grey.

Missouri Fruit-Growers' Association.—The second annual meeting of this Association was held at Jefferson City, on the 29th and 30th December. The session was very interesting, and many facts of importance to the fruit-growers of Missouri were elicited from the experience of the members. The proceedings of this and the previous meetings will soon be published, together with an Essay on Grape Culture, by Mr. Geo. Husmann, of Hermann. It will form a pamphlet of much value to all interested. The officers for the current year are as follows: *President*—N. J. Colman. *Vice-Presidents*—Dr. A. W. McPherson, Prof. G. C. Swallow, Gen. M. Horner, Dr. McGuire, E. Burden, W. C. Price, John Dedrick. *Corresponding Secretary*—Dr. L. D. Morse of Allenton, Mo. *Recording Secretary*—Wm. Muir. *Treasurer*—Dr. C. W. Spalding.

Apples Received.—From Milner Haynes, of Liberty, Clay county, Missouri, splendid specimens of Rawle's Janet, in fine condition.

—From Judge Thorp, of Liberty, Missouri, specimens of a large red apple, with white flesh, tender and juicy, called the Queen. It is represented as being an excellent winter apple, keeping in Missouri until about the first of February. The specimens received were too far gone to judge well of quality, but we think when in perfection it must rank among the best.

Domestic Economy.

APPLE DUMPLINGS, INDIAN RUSK, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having gained much information, and found many excellent recipes in the Culinary Department of your valuable paper, I thought I would send to such of your lady readers as are fond of apple dumplings, my way of making them, as the old-fashioned mode of boiling is apt to render them so indigestible. Take a pint of flour and prepare the same as for soda biscuit,—roll it out the size of a common pie tin,—let the dough come up the sides even with the top of the tin, and bake. When done, have ready 6 or 8 apples, stewed and seasoned to your taste, and fill the crust, grating a little nutmeg over the top. The crust does not need any shortening, but a tablespoon of cream, and should be allowed to cool fifteen or twenty minutes before filling with the apple.

Indian Rusk.—Take a pint of milk, heat till boiling, and slowly stir in Indian meal until it is stiff as hasty pudding. Now put in half a teacup of molasses, a little ginger, and when cool enough, work in two tablespoons of butter or lard, and yeast to raise it, with flour to make it stiff as biscuit. When light, mould and cut. Let them stand and rise twenty minutes; then bake.

Graham Crackers.—I would like to inquire how to make the genuine Graham crackers, such as are used at the Water Cure establishments.

Rice Flour Puddings.—Will some of your lady readers please inform me how to make puddings out of rice flour, both baked and boiled?

New Haven, Feb., 1860. Mary E. C.

BROWN BREAD.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Wishing to contribute my mite in sustaining the Culinary Department, I send you a recipe for making brown bread. Those who have a good appetite will be likely to relish it,—those who have not, will probably acquire one by eating it. Take 2½ pints warm water, (a teacup of sugar will improve the quality,) stir in unbolted flour without sifting, then add your emptyings, and stir as thick as you can consistently, but not too thick if you like moist bread,—then pour into a five-quart pan, and when light, place in a quick oven. Look well to your oven for about twenty minutes, then bake moderately until done. Bake 1½ hours, then remove and cover with a thick cloth. If part Indian is preferable, scald your meal, and mix as before.

Will some of my seniors please give their method of making Graham bread?—also, rye and Indian bread?

Will light-colored silks take a good black? If so, will some one favor us with a recipe for dyeing black?—C. H., *Orangeville, N. Y.*, 1860.

COLORING RECIPES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a December number of the Rural I perceive Jennie asking for a recipe to color flannel red, and cotton green.

Dyeing Red.—For a cheap, bright red, suitable for rag carpet, one pound nicwood, boiled 2 or 3 hours, then add half pound of alum. This will color 3 pounds old flannel, or 2 pounds new. Let it remain in the dye twenty-four hours.

If Jennie wishes a splendid grass-green, and will have patience to dye it, first blue, and then yellow, according to the following recipes, she will feel amply repaid:

Blue.—One ounce prussiate of potash; 1 tablespoonful of copperas; 1 do. oil of vitriol. Bring to a boil, then put in the goods for twenty minutes, stirring them often. Rinse in clear warm water. This is sufficient for five pounds.

Yellow.—One-half pound sugar of lead, dissolved in hot water; one-fourth do. bi-chromate of potash, dissolved, in a vessel of wood, in cold water. Dip first in lead-water, then in the potash, and alternate until the color suits.

Orange.—To make the yellow a bright orange, take quick lime, slake it, settle, and drain off clear. Add sufficient water so that the goods will not be crowded in the least; bring to a scalding heat for an hour, or until it is bright enough.

Bag Hollow, N. Y., 1860. Aunt Rachel.

How to Cure a Felon.—A felon can be cured in 10 or 12 days, simply by putting on an egg skin and keeping it on as long as you are able to bear the pain, repeating if necessary. A felon starts from the bone, and the egg skin draws so hard it will soon come to a head so as to be opened. If it is let go too long, many months, and perhaps a year, will elapse, before it gets well; sometimes amputation is necessary.—A Reader.

Knitting Machines.—Lying upon our table are four inquiries, from different portions of the Union, each and all of which request information as to "Family Knitting Machines," where procurable, and the prices at which they are selling. We believe that factories are in operation in Seneca Falls and Oswego, but do not know the parties using the machines, or the rates at which they may be obtained.

Fricandau Veal.—Take a loin of veal and chop the meat as for sausage, then add 3 eggs, well beaten, pepper, salt, nutmeg, 3 tablespoonfuls of butter. Roll 8 small crackers, mix half in the meat, the other half put on the outside, after making in a form. Bake an hour and a half, basting with butter.—L. C. B., *Elbridge, N. Y.*

Stir Poland starch with a common candle, and it will not stick to the smoothing-iron, and will be much nicer.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SNOW.

BY JENNY A. STONE

PURE as a dream of Heaven
Falls the snow o'er hill and dale
Weaving the old year's shrond
And the new year's bridal vail;
And many a restless heart
Has stilled its feverish beat;
There is rest for the toil-worn hands,
There is rest for the weary feet.

"Sweet Mother Earth," they sighed,
"Let us go to rest with thee;"
And the trembling hands were clasped,
And the struggling soul set free;
To-day, from earth's shrouded breast,
They will raise one pearly fold,
And lay to a dreamless rest
The heart that has grown so cold.

To die when the cup is drained,
When the future's shrouding vail
Hides never a hope or fear
That the cheek could flush or pale;
When the jewels all are fled
And the empty casket left,
And not a tear to fall
On the heart of life bereft.

To die when the soul is filled
With a dream for earth too bright,
When the heart o'erflows with love,
And the future bathes in light;
Is it sadder to die alone,
With a spirit dead to pain,
Or to feel the love tears fall
On the brow, like summer rain?

O, why should the beautiful snow
But bring me this dream of death?
And why should the shivering winds
Bear this only upon their breath?
Is my spirit to falter at last,
In the path which my feet have pressed?
Then raise thy white shroud, Mother Earth,
And take me again to thy breast.

Hadley, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SPIRIT VOICES.

"THE story of life, from the cradle to the grave," is not all told in tones that are melody to the heart of man, nor yet alone in harsh unmelodious accents. There are sweet voices, that, breaking in upon the discord of life, hush it all, inspiring the soul to noble purposes, and noble deeds. Spirit voices they are, for they speak to the heart alone. Not like the sounds of earth, that are heard for a time, then die away—these *never die*, until the spirit, shrouded in forgetfulness, heeds no more its own existence. From silence we came, yet He who taught the morning stars their minstrelsy, bade the deep waters, and the mighty winds, join in the universal chorus—the "music of the spheres" had tuned the spirit's harp to celestial melody, bidding it throb in joy and gladness. Woe to man! that so soon discordant sounds should mar the harmony, so soon the angels' song should be forgotten.

Yet not entirely thus. In every heart there are chords that thrill and quiver, responsive to the voices that call them from their slumbering.—Many are these voices, ever are they with us. In the "holy hush of night" they whisper to us,—in the glad morning they call to us,—in every passing emotion of the soul they speak, cheering us, soothing us, guiding us aright. The voice of love—'tis the sweetest music upon earth, nay, in Heaven. In infancy it lulls our cradle slumbers, charms the baby life with its gentle influence, leading the little pilgrim on to the years of youth—not forsaking him then, but throwing a spell around the bright hours that even suffering cannot tear away. In life's decline, the weary way is cheered by the soft whisperings of love,—yea, in the "valley of the shadow of death" do they come, for a loving Father meets the spirit there, cheering it in its sorrow, guiding it Home.

The beautiful things of earth seem never voiceless—they speak to me, and well I love their teachings. We had watched all the weary day by the side of one we loved, but when darkness brooded over the still earth, the angels carried our loved one to their home. Then, bowing in hopeless agony, I forgot the hope, the rest, the Heaven. Glancing upward, I saw a star, the "brightest in night's diadem," looking in through the half-opened shutters, seeming, as it shone, to tell of the bright home where our loved and loving ones are blest. A sweet peace it breathed into my heart—a holy trust and confidence. Ever since, I have loved the stars. Sentinels they seem to be, guarding the gates of day, pitying the sorrows of mortals, pointing to the land where darkness never comes.

The sweet, returning summer-time, brings myriad voices with its floral treasures, haunting the soul with old, buried memories—memories of the bright summer gone. Chaplets of rose and myrtle, twined by fingers that are idle now, fairy-like bunches of dewy mignonette, and bright, sweet pea—all withered are they, even as the love that prompted the gift, is mine no longer.—The little wild-wood flowers, lying half hiden 'neath the leaves and mosses—O, how they speak to me. Over the bright green hills, in the early spring, we roved, MARY and I, charmed by the woodland minstrelsy, nor dreamed, in our joy, of aught but coming pleasures. I am thinking that when violets shall come again, I shall seek them in their forest home, and the yellow cowslip and the butter-cup, but I shall fling them all upon the mosses—weeping for her who loved them too.—Yet why do I weep?—for flowers of bright, immortal bloom, are clustering 'round her brow, in the land where beauty fades not, where eternal summer dwells.

I love the music of the winds. The little, laughing zephyr, sporting with the summer-time, flirting with the flowers, playing all manner of freaks with the half-scared leaves,—a happy thing it is. But sadder the sighings of autumn wind—the dirge-like wailings, that awaken in the soul a strange grief, half sorrow, half fear. Akin it seems to the voice of death. O, the voice of death! Tremblingly the soul shrinks from its call—mingling all of woe in great sorrow, instinctively it clings to earth, fearing the great futurity—yet lingers not. Shrouding itself in shadows, it goes hence, "Through darkness unto light."

Hillsdale, Mich., 1860. BESSIE DAY.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHAT I HATE

I'LL tell you one thing I hate, and that is dull, prosy, newspaper articles. I do not wonder that Mr. MOORE, and every other editor, is continually begging correspondents to be brief. If I were an editor, I would ask it in such a way they would understand it. Who wants to read long essays on Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, upon the Pleasures of Hope, the Necessity of Cheerfulness, and the like? All these things are good enough in their place, but for "conscience sake," if you must write something as long as the "moral law," don't send it to a newspaper. It does not do one particle of good, for people will invariably turn to a shorter piece, that comes more to the point, even if it be of inferior merit. We live in an age when there is enough that is real to write about, without running off into long dissertations that are not worth the time spent upon them.—And there is one thing more I hate. It is this *stuff called poetry*, which tries to tuck itself into the corner of every newspaper, bearing no more resemblance to the true article than these lines of mine would, if they had a rhyme on the end of each one. What, in the name of sense, is the reason that the "MOLLIES" and "POLLIES" and "DOLLIES," when they *do* read poetry, cannot see the difference. Go on a farm, ye meek, sentimental "daughters of EVE," whose melancholy langor bespeaks the hidden poetry of your nature, wash dishes, milk cows, &c., for one summer, and if the inspiration does not leave you, and you do not come down to the level of ordinary mortals, I am mistaken. Do act as if you had some sense.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1860. AMELIA.

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

THE following extract from a recent letter of an English traveler, who has had the best opportunities of observation in the first circles of the United States, may surprise some of our idle *fine ladies*, if any such there be among our readers:

"It would be well if a noble emulation could be excited among our women to imitate what is worthy of imitation in the privileged classes abroad. They would then flood their country with light and happiness, instead of degrading it with poor copies from English and French novels, and reproducing from *parvenu* Parisian society foreign *idlesse* and its concomitants—gossip, flirtation and extravagance.

I can assure you that having lived all my life about in the different castles and manor houses of Great Britain, and having been accustomed to the industrious habits of Duchesses and Countesses, I was utterly astonished at the idleness of American fine ladies! No English woman of rank (with the exception of a few parvenus,) from the Queen downward, would remain one half hour unemployed, or sit in a rocking chair unless seriously ill. They almost all, with hardly an exception, copy the letters of business of their husbands, fathers or brothers; attend minutely to the wants of the poor around them, and even take part in their amusements, and sympathize with their sorrows; visit and superintend the schools; work in their own gardens; see to their household concerns; think about their visitors; look over the weekly accounts, not only of domestic expenses, but often those of the farm and the estate; manage penny clubs in conjunction with the working classes, to help them keep themselves; and with all these occupations, by early hours, they keep up their acquaintance with the literature and politics of the day, and cultivate the accomplishments of music and drawing, and often acquire, besides, some knowledge of literary pursuits.

The late Marchionness of Lansdowne was so well acquainted with the cottagers in her neighborhood, that she used to visit and look at the corpses of the dead, because she found that her doing so soothed and comforted the bereaved. I have known her to shut herself up with a mad woman in her poor dwelling, who used to lock the door, and could not be induced to admit any one else. Lady Lansdowne's only daughter used one hundred guineas (given by her Father-in-law, Lord Suffolk, to buy a bracelet) to build pig-sties, with his permission, at her husband's little country residence. She educated her own children without assistance, teaching the boys Latin, and the girls all the usual branches of education.

The late Duchess of Bedford, I accidentally discovered, when on a visit to Woburn, had for thirty years of her married life, risen at 6 o'clock, summer and winter, lit her own fire, made some tea for the Duke and herself, and then, as he wrote his own letters of business, she copied them, and then came down to a large party of guests at 10 o'clock, to dispense breakfast, without saying one word of their matutinary avocations, so that you might have been a visitor in the house without finding out that the Duke and Duchess had transacted the necessary business of the day, before you perhaps had risen.

I rather mention those who are gone to their reward, than write of women still among us, but you may believe me when I say that I am constantly among those who live such lives of energy and usefulness—but they so apply themselves without ostentation, or an idea that they are doing more than their simple duty."

DESPONDENCY is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good, the giving up the battle of life with dead nothingness. He who can infuse courage into the soul, is the best physician.

COME IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

Oh! do not stand so long outside,
Why need you be so shy?
The people's eyes are open, John,
As they are passing by!
You cannot tell what they may think,
They've said strange things before;
And if you wish to talk awhile,
Come in and shut the door!

Don't say, "No, I thank you, Jane!"
With such a bashful smile;
You said when ladies whispered "No,"
They meant "Yes," all the while!
My father, too, will welcome you,
I told you that before;
It doesn't look well, standing there—
Come in and shut the door!

You say I did not answer you
To what you said last night;
I heard your question in the dark—
Thought on it in the light;
And now my lips shall utter what
My heart has said before,
Yes, dearest, I—but stay awhile—
Come in an shut the door!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHAT DO YOU READ?

IT behooves the young of the present day to look well to their ways. The *way* to read, so as to derive benefit from reading, should especially receive their attention. The importance of attending to this subject is evident from two reasons. First, there is such a flood of worthless reading matter deluging the land, that the reader must use much discrimination, else he will receive positive harm; and, in the second place, reading exerts such a moulding influence over the whole mind and character.

It is not necessary to bring statistics to show that the youth of our land,—saying nothing of any other class,—are, to an alarming extent, engaged in the perusal of trash—this fact comes under the observation of all. The literature designated by the term just used, includes not only what is frequently called 'yellow-covered,' but also the great mass of the fictitious productions placed before the public, in every form that can make it attractive. A few gain their support by thus attempting to pamper and amuse the popular taste. The effect of this literature is to fascinate the mind, give false views of life, and create a morbid appetite, which rejects the substantial material a healthy mind craves.

Can it be possible that all realize the effect their reading produces upon them, in the course of a life time! It acts upon the mind, just as the food taken into the system, affects the body. The body can not be healthy and vigorous, if its wants are supplied by an unwholesome material; so, every thing that is taken into the mental organism, becomes an inseparable part of it, and if it is of this meagre quality, its results are unavoidably manifest. Then, let every one take heed, lest, when advancing years shall bring upon him its arduous duties, and place him in constant contact with the truly intelligent, he may have cause to lament, with shame, that he laid up a store of knowledge for the future, so utterly worthless.

As those should be most watchful of their various tendencies, who are at that age when their plastic natures are receiving influences which will give direction to their future character, to these, a few remarks concerning what to read, may not be out of place.

Persons read for pleasure, or profit. By pleasure, is meant present gratification, merely.—Pleasure, however, should not be the only object of reading, any more than it should be the only end of life. Hence, this becomes unlawful, when it is immoderately gratified, even though by means, in themselves, harmless. But these two objects should be blended, and in the well-proportioned mind, the desire for improvement will grow more and more to be the controlling one, while, at the same time, the solid gratification produced by the reception of new truths into the mind, gradually grows into that insatiable *thirst for knowledge*, which should be felt by every immortal mind.

Do not, as you desire to be respected for your intelligence and judgment, waste your time over this current mass of fiction, the more of which you read, the less you will relish any thing really profitable. All the light reading that any one should reasonably desire, can be obtained from a few of the standard weekly and monthly periodicals, judiciously selected, as well as from an occasional selection of books from some of our most eminent authors.

A knowledge of history becomes to the mind an unfailing resource. It is that, alone, which can form a broad and strong foundation—upon which to build the intellectual fabric. This fact should be impressed upon every mind. It is a good plan for the individual to mark out for himself a course of historical reading, but if he is at a loss to know what to take up first, and has no particular inclination for any one branch, some competent friend will give him the necessary advice. There are works to be found in abundance, suitable for every age, and able to gratify every taste. Let those who find history distasteful at first, perseveringly apply themselves to it, feeling that without it their education will be deficient in the most important particular, and it will be strange if, instead of regarding it long as dry and dull, they do not, in time, find it a delightful study.

It is evident that only general rules can be laid down concerning the subject in hand. Let every individual properly realize, on the one hand, the benefit, on the other the inquiry, of which reading may be the means,—let him carefully study his own tastes, and seek to make the exercise, at all times conducive to some good end.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. C. E. B.

FIXEDNESS OF PURPOSE.

WHEN a child is learning to walk, if you can induce the little creature to keep its eyes fixed on any point in advance, it will generally "navigate" to that point without capsizing; but distract its attention by word or deed from the object before it, and down goes the baby. This rule applies to children of a larger growth. The man who starts in life with a determination to reach a certain position, and adheres unwaveringly to his purpose, rejecting the advice of the over-cautious, and defying the augurles of the timid, rarely fails, if he lives long enough, to reach the goal for which he set out. If circumstances oppose him, he bends them to his exigencies by the force of energetic, indomitable will. On the other hand, he who vacilates in his course, "yawing," as the sailors say, towards all points of the compass, is pretty sure to become a helpless castaway before his voyage of life is half completed. There can be no question among philosophic observers of men and events, that fixedness of purpose is a grand element of human success. Weathercock men are Nature's failures. They are good for nothing. Better downright pig-headed obstinacy than eternal vascillation; better willful blindness to danger, however menacing, than the hesitancy which is forever weighing the possibilities of defeat against the chances of victory. The men of action, whose names are written imperishably on the pages of history, were men of iron. Silky fellows may do for intrigue; but the founders and conquerors, and liberators, and saviors of empires, have all been of the warrior metal. No human being who habitually halts between two opinions, who cannot decide promptly, and having decided, act as if there was no such word as fail, can ever be great, as Cæsar would never have crossed the Rubicon, nor Washington the Delaware, had they not fixed their stern gaze on objects far beyond the perils at their feet.

ACROSTICS.

WALTER SCOTT.

WONDROUS Wizard of the North,
Armed with spells of potent worth!
Like to that greatest Bard of ours,
The mighty magic of thy powers;
E'en thy bright fancy's offspring find
Resemblance to his myriad mind.

Such the creations that we see—
Character, manners, life in thee—
Of Scotia's deeds, a proud display,
The glories of a bygone day;
Thy genius foremost stands in all her long array.

LAMB.

LIKE the bright impress of thy genial mind,
Are "Elia's" essays, humorous, gay, refined;
Most amiable wert thou, gentle, brave,
Burying all thought of self, as in a living grave.

SOUTHEY.

SERENELY bright thy life's pure stream did glide,
On sweet romantic Derwentwater's side.
Under great Skiddaw—there, in Epic lays,
Thou dream'dst a poet's dreams of olden days,
How Madoc wandered o'er the Atlantic wave,
Eastern Kehama, Roderic the brave;
Years cannot from our fondest memory lave.

WORDSWORTH.

WANDERING, through many a year, 'mongst Cambria's hills.
O'er her wild fells, sweet vales, and sunny lakes,
Rich stores of thought thy musing mind distills,
Day-dreams of poesy thy soul awakes;—
Such was thy life—a poet's life, I ween;
Worshiper thou of Nature! every scene
Of beauty stirred thy fancy's deeper mood,
Reflection calmed the current of thy blood;
Thus in the wide "Excursion" of thy mind,
High thoughts in *words* of *worth* we still may find.

IRVING.

IN easy, natural, graceful charm of style,
Resembling Goldy's "Vicar,"—free from guile;
Vein of rich humor through thy "Sketch-Book" flows,
Imagination her bright colors shows.
No equal hast thou 'mongst thy brother band,
Genial thy soul, worthy our own loved land.

MACAULAY.

MASTERLY critic! in whose brilliant style
And rich historic coloring, breathes again—
Clothed in most picturesque costume the while—
All the dim past, with all its bustling train.
Under this vivid, eloquent painting, see
Life given anew to our old history's page;
And in thy stirring ballad poetry,
Youth's dreams of ancient Rome once more our minds engage.

LONGFELLOW.

LAYS like thine have many a charm;
Oft thy themes the heart must warm.
Now o'er Slavery's guilt and woes,
Grief and shame's deep hues it throws;
Far up Alpine heights is heard
"Excelsior," now the stirring word;
"Life's Psalm," now, onward is inviting,
Longings for nobler deeps exciting;
O'er Britain now resounds thy name,
While States unborn shall swell thy fame.

TENNYSON

THY verse is like rich music to the ear;
Elegant, tender, sweet, thy varied lays;
Now soft as lute, or as the clarion clear,
Now pensive as some song of olden days.
Young fancy revels in thy poet dreams,
Steeped in such melody of words as none
Of elder laureate bards have poured—it seems
Now like Æolian strains from breezy zephyrs won.

DICKENS.

DELIGHTFUL Novelist! loved by youth and age,
In many-colored life how rich thy page!
Comic, pathetic scenes alike to thee;
Kindliest benevolence in all we see,
Ennobling humble worth and struggling poverty.
No sickly, sentimental trash we find;
Sweet sympathy pervades thy bright, thy glowing mind.

ALLITERATIVE ACROSTIC.

THE following alliterative acrostic is a gem in its way. Miss Kitty Stephens was the celebrated London vocalist, and is now the Dowager Countess of Essex:

She sings so soft, so sweet, so soothing still,
That to the tone ten thousand thoughts there thrill;
Elysian ecstasies enchant each ear—
Pleasure's pure pinions poise—prince, peasant, peer.
Hushing high hymns, Heaven hears her harmony—
Earth's envy ends; enthralled each ear, each eye;
Numbers need ninefold nerve, or nearly name,
Soul-stirring Stephens' skill, sure seraphs sing the same.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HYMNS FOR DEVOTIONAL HOURS.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

SICK of the world's illusive show,
I long for real peace and joy,
And turn from all else here below,
To seek for bliss without alloy.

What are the treasures I have sought
But perishable toys, or less,
Which, in possession, only brought
A show of wealth and happiness.

And now, arising from the dust,
I strive for something more than this,
Which, in its realization, must
Bring with it much the greater bliss.

Long for the higher life, O, heart!
Thirst for the Living Waters more!
Till the sweet peace shall be a part
Of each desire that goes before.

Climax, Kal. Co., Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MOUNTAINS OF PALESTINE.

WHAT a strange, thrilling interest, these words possess. Not that there is anything peculiar about the names,—it is simply the incidents connected with them. How sacred all those places, all those events, which transpired "when JESUS was here among men," seem to us. How it used to animate our childish hearts when our mother told us stories connected with that little town of Bethlehem. How eagerly we used to listen to the stories of the star in the East,—the babe in the manger,—and the song of the angel band which announced the advent of our Redeemer,—and, in later years, with what wrapt attention have we listened while these things were described and pictured to us from the sacred desk. Methinks if I was a traveler, if it was my privilege to roam over distant lands, there is no place that would prove more attractive than the sacred plains of Palestine. How I should love to stand on that mount where JESUS sat and taught the multitude; or wander amid the solitude of Olivet, His favorite resort, where His disciples first listened to those words of instruction which we gather from the inspired volume,—those words which have come down to us as a precious legacy. What could inspire us with that sacred awe which we feel at the mention of Mount Taber, were it not that the feet of JESUS had lingered there, and a halo of glory from the eternal world had crowned its summit, beside the glorious presence of MOSES and ELIAS just from Heaven resting upon it. How sacred to us is the memory of that garden where the prayer first went up which has been so often repeated by earth's sorrowing ones, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." With joy would I hail thy rugged summits, O, Mountains of Palestine! With joy would I tread in the footsteps of that little band who daily listened to the words of "Him who spake as never man spake." Yes, Jerusalem, though thou hast fallen,—though thou art reaping the fruit of thy disobedience and rejection of thy King,—yet will I remember thee with sacred pleasure, as being so nearly connected with the names of those whom I one day hope to meet in the city of GOD. MARION.

Girard, Pa., 1860.

IS THE WORLD A MISTAKE?—One of the saddest mistakes which the good people have made, is in supposing the world to be a mistake. To these people—and their number is not small—the earth is but a theatre of pain and sickness, sorrow and death. Joy is illusive, pleasure a cheat, laughter a mockery, and happiness a thing impossible, and not even to be looked for on this side of the grave. The performance of all duty is the "taking up" of what they call "a cross." They are actually afraid to be happy, under an overshadowing impression that they have no right to be happy in this life. They believe there is something intrinsically bad in the world that they inhabit and all the joy that proceeds from it. They have an idea that the moral evil which afflicts the human race has struck in. To them life is a trial—severe, unrelenting, perpetual. All that seems good, and graceful, and glorious in the world, is a hollow sham, for the deception of the unwary and the ruin of the unwise.

DIVINE KNOWLEDGE.—A perfect knowledge of nature is nowhere to be found but in the Author of it; no less wisdom and understanding than that which made the world, and contrived this vast and regular frame of nature, can thoroughly understand the philosophy of it, and comprehend so vast a design. But yet there is a knowledge which is very proper to man, and lies level to human understanding; and that is the knowledge of our Creator, and of the duty we owe to him; the wisdom of pleasing God by doing what he commands, and avoiding what He forbids. This knowledge and wisdom may be attained by man, and is sufficient to make him happy.—*Tillotson.*

JOY AND SORROW.—There is much comfort in the word of God, and as much beauty in his works, and as much kindness in his dispensations, as, admitted into the soul, would inundate it with ecstasy. But many hearts are perverse; they let gloomy thoughts and bitter fancies flow freely in, and are almost jealous lest a drop of strong consolation should trickle through on this deluge of Marah. Brethren, it depends on which flood-gate you open, whether you be drowned in a tide of joy or sorrow. It depends on whether your well-springs are above or beneath, whether your consolation or your grief abounds.

Do all the good you can in the world, and make as little noise about it as possible.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER I.

Departure from New York—Parting with friends—Sabbath at Sea—Personages on board—An Evening on Deck—Sunset at Sea—Statistics of the "Atlantic"—Debate with two Champions of Southern Rights.

STEAMER "ATLANTIC," January 25, 1860.

To the tourist, standing upon the hurricane deck of a first-class steamship, taking its departure from New York harbor, for Aspinwall, is presented a scene of intense and thrilling interest.—At the announced hour for the clearage of the gallant *Atlantic*, the dock was literally packed with passengers and their friends, who had come down to exchange farewells, and bestow their blessing upon father, brother, friend, or lover, about to leave their native shores for California, or Oregon, on the Pacific coast. The length of the sea voyage, (nearly twice that from New York to Liverpool,) its perils and incidents, and the fact that many were parting, not to meet again in long, long years, if ever, set hundreds of eyes afloat, and caused thousands of hearts to pulsate with sorrowful affections.

After an hour of intense hurry and bustle, the baggage was all transferred from the dock to the ship, and the bell announced her immediate departure. Slowly she bore away, causing a thousand eyes to glisten and float sorrowfully in their watery beds, and many an invocation went up to GOD for his preserving care, to follow and attend departing friends. When the ship was fairly afloat, she fired three heavy guns, at intervals of some five minutes, thus signalizing the event.—Now commenced a scene of telegraphic exchanges between those on ship and their friends on shore. The waving of white handkerchiefs commenced, and continued between the parties, until those we left appeared like children in size, and their handkerchiefs like the tremulous motion of the "silver leaf" in an autumn day. I had anticipated the falling tear and farewell sigh, but the impressive language of these farewell signals was no less interesting than novel, to me. Though their utterances were mortal, they seemed angelic and divine, and we confess, ever since, our conviction to more exalted views of the true dignity of human nature.

For twenty-four hours and more, every passenger suffered from the cold. After we entered the gulf stream, the weather was mild and bland.—The third day out (Sunday,) we had no use for overcoats or shawls, and, except a slight shower at 10 A. M., the weather was delightful. At 11 o'clock, Rev. Mr. MAPLES, (Episcopal,) of Long Island, going to his charge in Oregon, held divine service in the dining-room. It was conducted in an impressive and solemn manner, and I felt thankful for this means of grace. Rev. R. LEWIS, Chaplain of the U. S. Navy, was on board, returning to the war frigate *Lancaster*, his ship of labor. He has held a Chaplaincy for twenty-one years, and is, I judge, well constituted to deal with sailor character. General HARRAN, a minister from one of the South American States, (New Granada,) was on board. Two gentlemen from St. Louis, Mo., were with us, destined to Lima, South America, in search of health, and one gentleman was bound for Guyaquil, South America, he having been engaged by a party of wealthy native gentlemen there, to come on and superintend the erection of a cotton mill, or factory. Thus, Yankee skill, genius, and enterprise, are put in requisition in every quarter of the globe, to advance the interests and well-being of its inhabitants.

We left New York, at 2 o'clock on Friday, and on Sunday evening we had run out of January into June. So bland and delicious was the breeze, that we lingered upon the hurricane deck until a late hour. The whole 300 feet of deck was studded with knots of friends, groups of singers, sacred and profane, and enlivened by bands of promenaders, passing merrily from point to point, and feasting their eyes upon the glories of the sea, and the calm, bright heavens above it.—We must not forget to mention that beautiful Sabbath evening sunset. We had passed the Gulf Stream the previous midnight, and suffered much in our state-room, from excessive heat. This past, the following morning and day was tempered kindly to our wishes, and closed with a sunset of unsurpassed and bewitching splendor. I cannot paint on paper what GOD so touchingly delineated, on the fleecy heavens that gathered around the chariot of the *sun*, as he slowly buried himself in the vast sea.

If the countries we visit have interests, so have the means of locomotion and intercommunication. The steamship *Atlantic* is one of the old Collins Line of Steamers, that used to ply between New York and Liverpool. It is of 4,500 tuns burden, and its cost and furnishing was about $600,000.—Its crew consists of 130 persons, all told. The average expense of a trip, from New York to Aspinwall, and return, is $40,000. The *Atlantic* is an elegant ship, and its commander, Capt. PIERSONS, a true gentleman. She rides the waves with great steadiness, and seldom or never rolls from side to side. The *Adriatic*, a steamship belonging to the same Company, is much larger. The dimensions of her paddle-wheels are greater than those of any other ship in the world. Her entire cost is $2,000,000. She will make her first trip next month.

My state-room has two occupants beside myself, both gentlemen are from Missouri. As might be expected, we have had several back-hold hugs on the vexed question of slavery. In my last wrestle, one of these gentlemen so far yielded the bone of contest, as to exclaim, "Well, I would give $20,000 if Missouri was a free State to-day," for, he added, "My lands would, in that event, be immediately doubled in value. "Good," said I. "But, mark ye," he added, "it is not because I care for the negro, my pocket is father of the wish."

Yours, &c., S. B. R.

LETTER II.

A wet morning—Order of meals—Dinner, its importance—Sea-sickness—Ocean Islands—Climate in the Caribbean Sea—How matters jog, &c.

STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC," JANUARY 28, 1860.

TUESDAY morning was ushered in attended by murky clouds and weeping skies. April never gave birth, in the Empire State, to a finer shower than did January, on this occasion. At eleven, the sky wiped from its face the dusky clouds and falling tears, and robed itself in gay attire. The day was lovely to the end.

The order of meals, on shipboard, is as follows: The second-class passengers breakfast at 7,—dine at 1,—and take tea at 6 o'clock. The first cabin passengers breakfast at 9,—dine at 4,—and take tea at 7½ o'clock. The children and nurses of first and second-class passengers take their meals immediately after the second-class have left the tables. All eat in the same dining-room, and all have substantially the same food, the only difference is, that the first cabin passengers are treated to a few more luxuries, but as they pay $50 more for their passage, they are doubtless entitled to this difference. The steerage passengers eat standing, at tables swung breast high. Hard sea-biscuit, cold, boiled salt beef and vegetables, with tea and coffee, make up their bill of fare. As they pay but $50 for their three weeks board and lodging, the Company, after the railroad charges and San Francisco taxes have been paid, retain only about eight dollars, for which, it is hardly fair to look for princely bedding or Aldermanic dinners.

The sleeping apartments of the first and second cabins differ somewhat. In the former nothing was left to be sensibly desired. In the latter, they are not so well lighted or ventilated, and in the tropics get uncomfortably hot. I should have said that each person has his (numbered) seat at the table, and, consequently, there is no hurry nor confusion, for a few minutes delay does not deprive you of your rights. This is an excellent arrangement. Dinner is taken very quietly by the first cabiners,—about one hour and a half is usually spent in the affair, and the tables are as well furnished, supplied and attended, as at almost any first class hotel.

The sea-sickness that passengers dread so much in advance, is a good deal of a humbug. We will not say it is altogether so. For the first forty-eight hours scores were put upon the sea-sick list. The men who were stalwart enough to endure the cold, and keep on deck, partially escaped, but the ladies and children, who kept below, suffered and surrendered to unutterable (except at brief intervals,) nausea, and rendered up their accounts.—Deep called unto deep, and the voice and noise of exiled dinners, resounded on every side. Women groaned, and children cried lustily, suffering mostly from hunger. Men buttoned their overcoats to their chins, perched themselves on chairs by the bulwarks, and rejoiced in the falling rain and dashing spray, and promptly responded to the mute call of the "Sea Lawyers" (*alias* sharks) for more. Such women as staggered out from their state-rooms lay scattered along the guards, and generally had courage to slide down to the ship's side, when the crisis came. By the way, is there, in all human experience, any sickness that flesh and blood is heir to, that so completely divorces one from all earthly good—so dements the reasoning powers and enshrouds one in a network of "the blues?" A day, by the best chronometer, is two weeks long. On the contrary, what more pleasing sensation than when the cascading is just over, and the cold sweat breaks out. The flood-tide of mercy is prodigious!

Early on Wednesday morning, the "gem of the Antilles," called us from our state-room to the hurricane deck, to view its hills, and lovely green foliage. Cuba, coveted Cuba, was, for the first time, spread out to our gaze. We passed her, leaving her to the right, and so struck clear of the Gulf of Mexico. The Island of San Salvador, first discovered by COLUMBUS—the boldest navigator the world has produced, we had passed to the right of us, and in the course of the day, we had a fair view of Jamaica, rising boldly out of the sea, and all jubilant with freedom and independence.

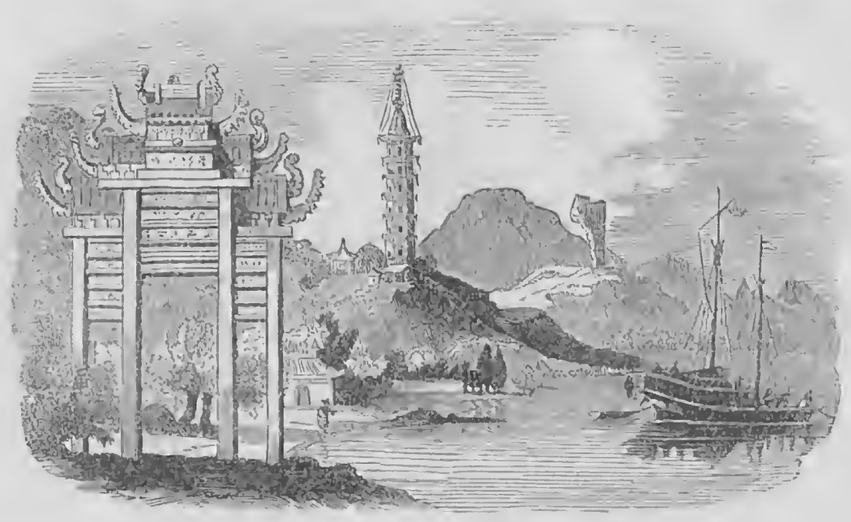
Our course was now through the Caribbean Sea to Central America. The weather began to be terribly tropical. The ladies came out in thin dresses—gentlemen appeared in white linen pants, thin coats and palm-leaf hats, and the sailor-boys looked relaxed and seemed to climb the ropes, mount the yard-arms, and furl the sails with a larger degree of moderation than when nerved by the frosts of a more northern latitude.

Friday morning, the eighth day from New York, found us in about eleven degrees north latitude. The severe heat was tempered by a fresh sea-breeze, and all were assured that ere sunset, the gun would announce the *Atlantic* along side of her wharf, at Aspinwall, and so it did. Through the day a few sea gulls and flying-fish, testify that there is other life than we carry. All had passed bravely their sea-sickness, except those nervous ones, who would sicken at a tempest in a tea-pot. One universal appetite rose up like a giant and haggled at nothing set before it.

All goes well, only the diminished ballasting of coal permits a little more pitching than the ladies deem agreeable. But, I have a bit of advice to give those going to California, relative to their baggage, the treatment of which, by the Company, is considered by passengers an unmitigated *bore*. As my sheet is already full, I will defer it until my next. Yours, &c., S. B. R.

TRUTH is the most powerful thing in the world, since even fiction itself must be governed by it, and can only please by resemblance. The appearance of reality is necessary to make any passion agreeably represented; and to be able to move others, we must be moved ourselves, or at least seem to be so, upon some probable grounds.

AN INSIDE LOOK AT CHINA.



MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

THE mountain scenery of China is remarkable for its sublimity and variety of beauty. The loftiest mountains in the world are those which inclose the high table-lands of Thibet and Tartary, from which the mighty rivers in China take their rise, and which seem, by a violent effort or convulsion, to have rent their giant barriers, to make a way for the fertilizing waters to flow through. They present, in some instances, the most jagged and irregular features, as if thrown into their present shape by some sudden and terrible convulsion; and yet they are almost everywhere covered with verdure, and brought under cultivation by a numerous and industrious population. All the prominent points along the water-courses, and among the promontories and ravines of the mountains, are made more prominent by some kind of ornamental structure, as if in commemoration of some important event which had transpired there. A fanciful arch, a pagoda, or a tower of curious construction, will present itself here and there, as you pass along. They have no inscriptions, and seem generally, with the exception of the pagodas, to have no purpose but that of ornament. They are all so light and fantastic in their forms and decorations, that they impart a gay and cheerful aspect to the surrounding scenery, and seem to say, that the people enjoy life, cultivate a graceful taste, and find something more to do than merely toil for a living, or grub for wealth.

But the vast territory of China is even more remarkable for broad, fertile and beautiful plains, magnificent in extent and productiveness, than for lofty ranges of mountains. The heart of this vast empire is one immense, unbroken plain, extending a thousand miles from north to south, and about three hundred miles in width—the most extensive prairie on the face of the earth. It is watered by two majestic rivers, and covered, in all its length and breadth, with the most luxuriant harvests. It swarms with a busy, industrious population, while numerous large towns and splendid cities adorn its river banks. Stretching from the mountainous district on the north, to the tropical region of Southern China, this vast plain presents almost all varieties of climate and of production. Sugar and rice, fruits and spices, and almost perennial verdure, mark the south; while coarse and hardy grains, stunted trees, and short, cold seasons, distinguish the north.

One of the most beautiful and romantic spots in China is Kinshan, or the Golden Island. It is on the right bank of the Yang-tse-keang, not far from its mouth. The river, which is one of the largest in the world, is a mile and a half in width at this place. A chain of high hills, rising one above another, forms a beautiful background on the north. They sweep down to the edge of the stream, covered with a rich and varied foliage, and dotted here and there with pagodas, towers, arbors, and all sorts of fantastic and tasteful structures. The "Golden Island" is a bold, beautiful promontory, jutting out into the river, covered and surrounded with numerous works of Chinese art and refinement, and is certainly one of the most fairy-like and romantic places to be found in this or any other country.—*Merry's Museum.*

KINSHAN, OR THE GOLDEN ISLAND.

GRASSHOPPERS—HISTORY, DESCRIPTION, &c.

OF all the pests that feed on and destroy the product of man's industry, and their name is legion, the worst and most destructive are the grasshoppers. Wretched is that district that suffers from their ravages. Great is their havoc in the meadows and pastures. They often feed off more pasture than the entire stock kept by the farmer; they strip the trees of their foliage and the gardens of their beauty. The devastation which they make is forcibly described in the following passage from the Book of Joel:—"The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness." The depredations they committed in 1858, in the grain fields of this county and State, will long be remembered. The corn crop suffered very considerably even after the corn had glazed, and was supposed to be secure from their destruction. Grasshoppers have a very remarkable appetite, and what is no less extraordinary, they cannot be said to be in any manner very dainty or squeamish in regard to what they eat; but they devour with the utmost avidity everything that is grown, from a vegetable to wild a berry. Even docks, that are disliked by almost everything else, are taken hold of with intenseness, and not deserted till it is actually denuded; nor is tobacco rejected, but they *chew* to a very excessive extent.

From the earliest period of antiquity, of which we have record, the locusts, of which the grasshopper is a species, upon their appearance in a country, have inspired more dread than the army of an invading enemy, for famine, pestilence, and death, were their almost invariable and constant followers.

ORASIUS, a learned Spanish ecclesiastic, who flourished in the fifth century, and who wrote a history under the title of "Miseria Humana," tells us that in the year A. M. 3,800, there were an incredible number of locusts which infested Africa; and after having eaten up everything that was green, they flew off, and were drowned in the African Sea, where they caused such a stench, that the putrefying bodies of hundreds of thousands of men could not equal it.

The following well-authenticated fact may appear no less incredible to many than the foregoing:—It is recorded that in 1690 an immense cloud of locusts appeared in Russia; thence they spread themselves over Poland and Lithuania, in such innumerable numbers that the air was darkened, and the earth covered with them. In some places they were seen lying dead, heaped upon each other four feet deep; in other places they covered the surface like a black cloth; the trees bent beneath their weight; and the damage which the country sustained exceeded computation.

There are several species of this insect, the largest of which is the *L. Dux*, said to be a native of Brazil. Its length to the end of the abdomen is 4¼ inches, and expanse of wings 8 inches. In the United States there are a number of native species, all of which are called by the general name of grasshopper. The damage annually committed by them is very great; nor does there seem to be any means of destroying, or arresting the ravages of, this most pernicious pest. The grasshopper may be briefly described as follows:—This insect is divided by Naturalists into three parts, named the head, the corselet, and the belly. The head is oblong, and bears some resemblance to the head of a horse. Its mouth is covered by a kind of round buckler jutting over it, and has teeth hooked at the points. Its bite is very acute for so little a creature. The corselet is elevated, narrow, armed above, and beneath by two serrated spines. The back is armed with a strong buckler, to which the muscles of the legs are firmly bound, and round these muscles are seen the vessels by which the animal breathes, as white as snow. It has three pairs of legs, the last pair much stronger made than the others. It has four wings, the anterior ones springing from the second pair of legs, the posterior from the third pair. The belly is considerably large,—it has eight rings, and terminated by a forky tail, covered with down. It very strongly resembles a ruminant animal in its internal conformation; possessing, as it does, three stomachs like a cow. When it is able to "go alone," as in the case of human creatures, then it commences its career of courting, and fills the air with its love-notes. It is a very musical little creature—that is, the male, for the female is never vocal. On examining one at the base of the wings, there will be noticed a little hole in its body, covered with a transparent membrane. This was thought by that great Naturalist, CHARLES VON LINNÆUS, to be the instrument it employed in singing; but others have supposed the sound to be produced by rubbing its hinder legs against each other. Truly, a weary way of making love. It is asserted by writers upon the subject, whether truthfully or otherwise I know not, having never witnessed anything of the kind, that mortal combats are not uncommon between members of the sterner sex, when crossed in love. (O, grasshopper! O, man!—how alike ye are.)

Toward the approach of cold weather, the female prepares to deposit her burthen, and her body is then seen greatly distended with her eggs, which she carries to the number sometimes of 150. In order to make a proper lodgment in the earth for them, nature has furnished her with an instrument at her tail, somewhat resembling a two-edged sword, which she can sheathe and unsheathe at pleasure; with this she pierces the earth as deep as she is able; and into the hole which her instrument has made, she deposits her eggs, one after the other. Having now outlived the Divine purpose of her existence in providing for the continuation of her posterity, the animal herself does not long survive, but dies from the effects of age, of severe frosts, or total decay. The eggs that were deposited in the ground continue unaltered, notwithstanding the inclemency of winter weather, unless of unusual severity. They are described as being of an oval figure, white, and of the consistence of horn; their size nearly equals that of a grain of anise; they are enveloped in the body within a covering, branched all over with veins and arteries,—and when excluded, they crack on being pressed between the fingers. Their substance within is a whitish, viscous, and transparent fluid. Generally, about the month of May, every egg produces an insect, about the size of a flea, of a whitish color; in a few days they turn black; and again turn in few days to a reddish-brown. They have the appearance of grasshoppers without wings, and hop about in the grass with great activity. They are not, however, without wings,—but these are concealed within four minute bunches on their sides; there they lie rolled up in a most curious manner. After a period of about three weeks, they undergo a transformation, and enter upon a life of greater liberty and pleasure. The operation of transformation we have not space to describe, but after the change has been perfected, the insect becomes of a greenish white, which grows more vivid as the moisture on the surface is gradually dried away. An unfavorable season will, during this period, destroy nearly the whole race. J. M. H.

Oswego Co., N. Y., 1860.

BEGIN NOW!—If you are resolving to leave off an injurious habit, begin now. If you would commence a new mode of performing your daily labor in search of a plan improvement, or a more rigid scheme of application for mental culture,—begin to-day. While your resolution is sound, is the most auspicious time to break off from the accustomed course, and start anew on a voyage of experimental reform. Delays stupify the mind, weaken the firm resolves of the heart, and hedge up the ways which are now open and free, when a little *present* action might easily introduce you on the desirable and elevating course of prosperity and happiness. There are thousands of laudable schemes awaiting the happy originator for advancement of every kind, which are to be sought for and searched out by experimental labor, in order to be found existing in the great field of reason and nature equally accessible to all. G.

WAX FRUIT.—TRIMMING BIRD CAGES.—Will you, or some of your many readers, please inform me of the method of making *wax fruit?* I would also like to have some one give me the directions for trimming a case for stuffed birds. I have seen some that were trimmed with colored grass and leaves, but could not ascertain how they were prepared. Perhaps the gentleman who gave the directions for preserving birds, &c., in 1858, could give the desired information; if so, he will greatly oblige—G. F. A., *Palmyra, N. Y.*, 1860.

IT is a most wicked thing for a man with great capacities to go out of the active affairs of life in the full strength of manhood, and refuse to have any participation in the events of time which he sees go thundering on. We were born for active labor from the beginning to the end of life. And blessed is that man the ring of whose harness is heard when he falls; blessed is that man who dies with his sword in his hand; blessed is that man who, when he dies, is mailed from head to foot, and in the field.

CANARY BIRDS.—Will not some of those who pen so many useful things for our RURAL, tell us something about the treatment of Canary Birds? They are becoming very common among us, and almost every one has a different method of caring for them. I believe this is one of the *very few* things I have never seen noticed in our paper.—AMELIA, *Cayuga, N. Y.*, 1860.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Agricultural Lectures, ... 69
Pastures, Meadows, and Keeping Stock, ... 69
View of a New-England Homestead, ... 69
Residence of S. B. Bridewell, Esq., Middlebury, Vt. [Ill.] 69
Soiling and Steaming—Again), ... 69, 70
Prairie Dairying, ... 70
The Bee-Keeper—Bee-Keeping as a Business; To make Bee-Keeping Profitable, ... 70
Rural Spirit of the Press—Sheep-Feeding Experiment; Sparred Floors for Cattle Stalls; Soaking Seeds before Sowing, ... 70
Inquiries and Answers—How to Cure Films; Water Wheels; Mangey Calves; Ringbone on Horses, ... 70
Agricultural Miscellany—To Correspondents; The Progressive Farmer is Successful; The Farmer's Home; The Ohio Farmer; The Ohio Cultivator; Mammoth Cow; Iowa Fat Cattle; How much Milk for a pound of Butter; Rural Items; Henry Ox; Union Ag. Society of Hemlock Lake, ... 70

HORTICULTURAL.

New Haven Horticultural Lectures, ... 71
Mr. Barry, on Fruit Trees, ... 71
Rustic Garden Work [7 Illustrations], ... 71
To preserve Squash Seed pure, ... 71
Inquiries and Answers—Downing's Colored Plates; Celery, Norway Spruce, &c., ... 71
Horticultural Notes—Poughkeepsie Horticultural Club; Fort Wayne [Ind.] Horticultural Society; Missouri Fruit Growers' Association; Apples Received, ... 71

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Dumplings, Indian Rusk, &c.; Brown Bread; Coloring Recipes; How to Cure a Felon; Knitting Machines; Fricandeau Veal, ... 71

LADIES' OLIO.

Snow, [Poetical,] Spirit Voices; What I Hate; Interesting to Ladies, ... 72

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Come in and shut the door, [Poetical,] What do you Read; Fixedness of Purpose; Acrostics—Walter Scott, Lamb, Southey, Wadsworth, Irving, Macaulay, Longfellow, Tennyson, Dickins, Alliterative Acrostic, ... 72

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Hymns for Devotional Hours, [Poetical,] Mountains of Palestine; Is the World a Mistake; Divine Knowledge; Joy and Sorrow, ... 72

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letters No. 1 and 2, ... 73

USEFUL OLIO.

An inside look at Cuba—Mountain Scenery [Illustrated,] Kinshan, or the Golden Island [Illustrated,] ... 73

YOUNG RURALIST.

Grasshoppers—History, Description, &c.; Begin Now; Wax Fruit; Canary Birds, ... 73

STORY TELLER.

Nothing to Give, [Poetical,] The Last Slippers; Mattie's Smoking Cure, ... 76

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The New York Weekly—Street & Smith.
Free for One Month—P. Church & Co.
Steel Plows—Sayre & Remington.
Eastman's College Lecture Course.
Dietetic Saleratus—James Pyle.
Gales' Universal Feed-Cutter—J. Rapalje.
Those who Want a Good Business—E. G. Storke.
Farm for Sale—H. M. White.
$20 a Week—Marie Louise Hankins & Co.
Bloomington Nursery—E. K. Phoenix.
Baker Apple Grafts by Mail—F. A. Rockwell.
Farm for Sale—S. Billings.
No meal complete without it—John Duncan & Sons.
300 Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.
Flower Seeds by Mail—J. M. Thorburn.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 3, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE revenue for the six months ending Dec. 31, exceeds by $4,238,000 the same period last year. The increase at New York, for January and February, authorizes the belief that Secretary Cobb's estimate of $56,000,000 for the present fiscal year, will be fully sustained and, perhaps, exceeded, if the imports continue to crowd in as recently.—The amount subject to draft in the Treasury is $5,500,000. Besides this sum, the Secretary has at his disposal about $2,500,000 of Treasury notes, capable of re-issue. These notes will cover the Post-Office liabilities of the last quarter, whenever required by that Department, leaving the other balance for ordinary purposes,

The Secretary of War has instructed the commander of Fort Bliss that, at the request of the civil authorities at El Passo, U. S. troops may be placed there for the protection of American citizens and their property. It is probable that the Congress of Chihuahua and the civil authorities of that State may go to El Passo, on the Rio Grande, opposite Fort Bliss. The invaders of that State have come from Durango, and by some are reported as robbers, and by others, as supporters of Miramon's Government.

No orders have been issued by the War Department for any movement of the troops in New Mexico into Chihuahua, to redress the alleged outrages upon our citizens, and no official information has been received justifying so serious a step.

The Senate Post-Office Committee met on the 24th ult., says the *N. Y. Herald*, and had under consideration the subject of overland mail service. The committee are maturing a bill changing the whole postal service between the Atlantic and Pacific. They intend to abolish all the routes and urge the adoption of a daily overland mail starting from two different points. The committee will have a special meeting to-morrow, when the whole subject will be disposed of.

Information has just been received at Washington that, not long since, the Navajo Indians, in New Mexico, attacked a party of soldiers near Fort Defiance, killing four and wounding others, and driving off a number of oxen belonging to the Fort. A war with these Indians seem inevitable.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Seward introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas into the Union. It was made the special order for Wednesday of the present week.

Mr. Hunn offered a resolution that the Committee on Public Lands inquire into the expediency of making a survey of the silver and other mines on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

Mr. Mason, from the Harper's Ferry Committee, reported a resolution, that the Sergeant-at-arms be instructed to bring Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, before the bar of the Senate to answer for contempt, for refusing to come here to testify before the committee. A considerable discussion ensued, in which some of the Senators expressed the opinion that this was a dangerous precedent; that there was no warrant for it in the Constitution; that the Senate had no power to summon any witness from beyond the District of Columbia, &c. On the other hand, it was argued that the Senate had the same power as a court to compel the attendance of witnesses. The resolution was adopted—yeas 43, nays 12.

Mr. Hale introduced a resolution, asking the President to communicate whether Peru had complied with her treaty stipulations with this country, and what measures were adopted to enforce them. Adopted.

Mr. Sumner introduced a resolution, that the President communicate any information in his possession in regard to the occupation of a certain island in the West Indies by American citizens. Adopted.

Mr. Pugh reported a bill in relation to bounty land warrants, which prevents assignees locating lands. Passed.

The bill to prohibit the circulation of bank notes in the District of Columbia was taken up. Mr. Baird moved to prevent the circulation of notes from abroad of less than $50. Carried.

Mr. Davis moved to strike out $50, so as to prohibit altogether the circulation of bank notes in the District. Carried—yeas 36, nays 11. Adj.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Vallandingham, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Public Lands to inquire into the causes of the great delay in issuing land patents, and report such measures as may be necessary to remedy it.

The Speaker laid before the House a message from the President, inclosing four memorials from residents of Kansas and Nebraska at or near the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains. They invoke the interposition of Congress for the extinguishment of the Indian title to their lands, and ask for the establishment of an Assay Office in that quarter, and the creation of a Territorial Government composed of parts of New Mexico, Utah, Kansas, and Nebraska, and that an enabling act be passed for this purpose, and that a census be taken. They represent their increasing population and the importance of such action. The President, in accordance with the request of the memorialists, encloses these memorials with a special message recommending that such provision be made for their protection as the exigencies may require. The memorials were referred to the Committee on Territories. Several ballots were had for a Printer, but without effecting a choice. Adjourned.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—If the proceedings of the past week, in our State Legislature, are remarkable for any one feature, it must certainly be for the small amount of labor performed. In the upper house the act relative to the Association for improving the breed of horses, has been amended. What this amendment may be, we cannot tell.

The New York Tax Levy was considered—advocated by a large number, and adopted.

The bill relative to Revised Statutes relating to deeds of Trust, so as to dispense with technical formality, was ordered to a third reading.

Mr. Robinson gave notice of a bill to abolish the Alms-house Department and create a new department of public charity and correction, under the patronage of the Comptroller.

ASSEMBLY.—A bill introduced by Mr. Briggs, for the purpose of re-organizing the Harbor-Master's Department, has given rise to a considerable talk. This bill makes the department consist of one harbor-master and ten assistants; puts the assistants under the direction of the harbor-master, and provides that until the expiration of the term of the harbor-masters now appointed, one of the present force shall be named as master, and the others be considered as assistants. There is a clause in the bill reserving the piers on the East River for canal boats, as heretofore. Provision is made for the office, clerk hire, &c., for the department. A fee of one and one-half per cent. per tun is levied on vessels, to be divided equally between all harbor-masters and assistants, after payment of expenses, in lieu of all other bills.

A petition for the New York Institution for the Blind, asking for relief, was reported adversely. Report agreed to.

The Senate bill extending the time for the collection of taxes throughout the State came on.—Mr. Conkling moved to strike out the enacting clause, on the ground that the Governor last year took ground against the bill, and gave notice that he would not sign any such law in the future.—Mr. Bingham and Mr. Ellsworth took ground against the position of the Governor, as originating in ignorance of the subject and prejudice.—The bill was read the third time and passed—78 to 27.

Political Intelligence.

THE Democratic State Convention of Iowa met at Des Moines on the 22d ult., for the purpose of electing delegates to the Charleston Convention. A. C. Dodge, B. M. Samuels, Ex-Gov. Baker, and D. O. Finch, were chosen Delegates at large. Resolutions instructing the delegates to vote for Douglas, were passed.

The New Jersey State Convention of the National Union party, met at Trenton, on the 22d ult. It was largely attended. Lewis Condit, of Morris, was chosen President. The following Delegates to the National Convention in Baltimore, were elected:—At large—Joseph F. Randolph, James Bishop. District Delegates—Jesse Payton, Col. J. W. Allen, Peter J. Clark, Samuel A. Vansaun, James H. Williamson. Resolutions against the Republicans were adopted.

THE Virginia Opposition Convention at Richmond, on the 25th ult., adopted the majority report to send Delegates to Baltimore. They do not adopt any other suggestion in the address of the National Convention. The Convention does not mean to discourage the movement now being made elsewhere for the formation of a great National Conservative Union party. The Convention expressed no preference for any candidate.

As the weather waxes warm, so do politicians, and every opportunity is eagerly sought for airing opinions, and discussing the chances of the various aspirants to Presidential honors. The Charleston Convention is the exciting topic just at present, and we give the following tabular view of the votes, (303 in number,) which will be brought out in the choice of a candidate by the Democratic party:

FREE STATES.

	Votes.		Votes.
Maine	8	Indiana	13
New Hampshire	5	Illinois	11
Vermont	5	Michigan	6
Massachusetts	13	Wisconsin	5
Rhode Island	4	Iowa	4
Connecticut	6	Minnesota	4
New York	35	California	4
New Jersey	7	Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	27	Total, 18 States	183
Ohio	23		

SLAVE STATES.

	Votes.		Votes.
Delaware	3	Louisiana	6
Maryland	8	Texas	4
Virginia	15	Tennessee	12
North Carolina	10	Kentucky	12
South Carolina	8	Arkansas	4
Georgia	10	Missouri	9
Florida	3	Total, 15 States	120
Alabama	9	Add 18 Free States	183
Mississippi	7		

Whole caucus ... 303
Two-thirds necessary to a choice ... 202

THE Republicans of Pennsylvania met in Convention at Harrisburgh, on the 23d ult. The Convention proceeded to nominate a candidate for Governor, when, on the 3d ballot, A. J. Cartin was nominated. We have nothing further relative to the nominations. The following resolution was passed by the Convention:

Resolved, That a Committee of seven be appointed by the Chair to prepare an address and resolutions, and also to report the names of eight Senatorial Delegates of the National Convention, and the names of two persons for Senatorial Electors, and that the Delegates from each Congressional District report to the Convention the names of four persons from each Congressional District, who shall be the Representatives to the National Convention, and one name, for Presidential Elector; and the Delegates to the National Convention are hereby instructed to cast the vote of the State as a unit, and to vote for Gen. Cameron while his name remains before that body.

DELEGATES to the Charleston Convention have been chosen by thirteen States, and it is stated that their preferences for candidates are as follows:—For Douglas, 109; for Gen. Lane, Oregon, 3; for Guthrie, Kentucky, 12; for Andrew Johnson, Tennessee, 12; for Jeff. Davis, Mississippi and Alabama, 16; for Mr. Cobb, Georgia, 10. The friends of Douglas say that he will get the Oregon, Tennessee, and Georgia delegates after the first ballot.

From California.

By the arrival of the Overland Mail we have advices to the 2d ult., from San Francisco.

Two thousand hives of honey bees, which arrived at San Francisco from the Atlantic States, during January, have been sold, averaging $10 per hive, which was a great decline, the price previously being $50 to $100.

The Board of Supervisors of San Francisco had offered to donate to the State a square of ground, and to erect thereon a State House worth $150,000, provided the seat of government be removed from Sacramento to San Francisco.

It is stated that Capt. Garboos' company of mounted rangers, numbering about 20 men, had killed 200 Indians and taken as many more prisoners, within a few months, in Mendocina, in the northwestern portion of the State. Not a ranger has been killed. The company have done this Indian hunting voluntarily, and without authority from the State or Federal Governments.

Ex-Governor Miller had been chosen by the different wings of the Democratic party, as their candidate to head the delegation to the Charleston Convention.

Gen. J. W. Denver, Ex-Governor of Kansas, has commenced canvassing for the successorship of Dr. Gwin in the U. S. Senate.

A wire suspension bridge has been completed over the Mokolumar river, at Poverty Bar.

The new Igra quick-silver mine, in Fresno county, had been opened since litigation closed. The new Almaden mines has yielded 1,400 flasks of quick-silver within six months. Other mines of this kind are to be opened soon, so that the recent deficiency in the quick-silver product will not long continue. Tuns of silver ore from the new mine in Santa Cruz Co., are on the way to San Francisco for assay.

Rich surface diggings had been discovered near Georgetown.

Ten thousand signatures had been obtained at San Francisco, petitioning the Legislature to prevent Chinese immigration.

Accounts from Carson Valley say the condition of the cattle in that section was terrible in the extreme. In the vicinity of Warm Springs it was estimated that at least 1,500 carcasses were in sight at one time. The snow was going off, and it was expected that grass would soon be obtainable.

The San Francisco markets were quite depressed, and too dull for quotations.

News Paragraphs.

GRACE GREENWOOD is to deliver a lecture (in EASTMAN'S College Course,) at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on Thursday evening, March 8.

REV. DR. PROUDFIT, Emeritus Professor of Greek and Latin at Union College, and for many years an honored member of that Institution, died on Saturday.

LETTERS from Japan state that the Missionaries sent out to Japan by the Presbyterian and Reformed Dutch Churches, have thus far met with no obstacle to their teachings.

EUNICE MANWEE, an Indian Princess, the last full blood of the Pishgachtigok (or Seaghticoke) tribe, died last week near Dover, Dutchess county, at the age of 103. She was a member of the Congregational Church.

A STONE has been taken from the monument of the Emperor Napoleon I., in St. Helena, and presented to the American Consul there, by order of the Emperor of the French, to be placed in the monument at Washington. The stone is two feet long and one foot broad, and is suitably inscribed. It was enveloped in the flags of the two countries, and packed for transportation.

THE NEW YORK CHRONICLE is one of the ablest religious and family newspapers in the land. Its accomplished editor, the Rev. PHARCELLUS CHURCH, D. D.,—favorably known throughout Western New York as the former pastor of the First Baptist Church of Rochester—has an enviable reputation as an author and divine, and we are glad to learn that he is achieving success, and gaining new laurels, in the important and laborious position now occupied. See advertisement of the Chronicle in this paper.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY.—The telegraph, on the 21st ult., conveyed the intelligence that a large steamer was ashore on the west side of Cape Sable,—that the probabilities seemed to point out the Hungarian as the wreck,—and that all on board were undoubtedly lost. Two days later a dispatch was received by the agents of the Cunard line in New York, as follows:—"A steamer's lights were seen on Monday morning at 3 o'clock. At day-break the spars and pipes were seen standing, and at 10 A. M., all had gone by the board. Then the ship settled fast. A heavy sea was running, breaking mast-high over the ship. Communication with the ship was impossible. All on board must have been lost, unless the boats left the ship before daylight, which is not likely. At low water, a part of the ship is still visible. On the 25th, the clearance of the ill-fated steamer was found, from which it appears she had 360 passengers. In opposition to this, the Shipping Journal of London, of the 10th, says the Hungarian had 70 passengers. It will be some days before the facts are ascertained.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons on February 8th, Sir J. Trelawney's bill abolishing church rates was debated. Sir J. C. Lewis and other government supporters favored the measure, and Mr. D'Isreali and others opposed it; but the second reading was carried, by a vote of 262 to 234. The majority was smaller than was anticipated.

On the 9th, in the Commons, Lord John Russell stated that no Convention had been entered into between England and France relative to combined operations in China, but an ordinance on the subject had been issued, which settled the basis of proceedings, and the question of a permanent occupation by either power, or any portion of Chinese territory.

Mr. Gladstone made his financial statement. He stated that the annual income had been satisfactory, having produced £70,678,000, while the expenditure was £68,953,000. The estimated expenditures of the ensuing year were £70,000,000, and the estimated income from existing resources would only be £60,700,000, an apparent deficit of £9,300,000. To meet this he proposed an income tax for the year of 10d in the pound on incomes above £150, and 7d on incomes below that sum, which would give a surplus of nearly half a million. The tea and sugar duties he proposed to reserve for another year.

He entered into the provisions of the French Treaty, and intimated that the duties would be reduced—wine from 9s 9d to 3s per gallon; brandy from 15s to 8s 2d per gallon; timber from 7s 6d to 1s; currants from 15s 9d to 7s; raisins and figs from 10s to 6s; hops from 45s to 13s; chicory from 1s to 6s; on agreement, stamps from 2s 6d to 6d. The duties are to be entirely abolished on paper, tallow, cheese, oranges, nutmegs and liquor. Broker's notes are to bear a stamp of one penny. There is to be a duty of one penny per package on all goods exported and imported. France agrees to reduce the duties on coal and coke in 1860, and on flax, hemp, and other items on January 1, 1861. France will reduce the duties on all articles of British production to an advalorem duty of 30 per cent., and after three years to 25 per cent. England engages to reduce all duties on French manufactured goods.

The annexation of Savoy to France was debated in the House of Lords, stating the sentiments against it.

Lord Granville said the government had assurances that annexation was not now contemplated.

Lord John Russell announced that England made four propositions to France and Austria relative to Italy, neither power to interfere without the consent of the five great powers. The French troops are to be withdrawn. Venetia will be left to Austria, and the central Italian States be left to again express their desires. France agreed to all but the 4th proposition. Austria had not replied, but objected to the two last propositions.

Lord John expressed confidence in an amicable settlement.

FRANCE.—It is confirmed that the French troops in Italy have received notice to march, at a day's notice, and it is supposed the occupation of Tuscany is contemplated, if Piedmont continues to oppose the annexation of Savoy.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria received a portion of the Hungarian deputation, and promised them satisfaction.

The Austrians are constructing four new forts around Pescheria, and making great military preparations.

ITALY.—It is reported that the Pope is about to excommunicate Victor Emanuel.

The correspondent of the Times has been ordered to quit Rome.

The Pope made another speech extremely hostile to France.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs*.—The Liverpool Breadstuff market is generally firm and corn had an advancing tendency, and all qualities are slightly higher. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour firm, but quiet, 23s@28s 6d; Wheat firm, but quiet; red 9s 6d@9s 10d; white 10s@11s 6d; corn advanced 6d since Tuesday; yellow 32s 6d@34s. *Provisions*.—Bigland, Althyn & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., and others, report pork steady. Sales, new, 79s; old, neglected.

The News Condenser.

— The present depth of water on the St. Clair Flats is only nine feet

— The loss by fire in Boston, in 1859, was $761,370. Insurance, $646,200.

— Vice-President Breckenridge was 39 years old on the 15th of January.

— The mercury was from 12° to 14° below zero, in Springfield, February 2d.

— It costs the city of New Orleans $60,000 annually to support its Parish Prison.

— Gold has lately been discovered in the Chagres river about 20 miles from Panama.

— The French government is making experiments with the electric light for lighthouses.

— At a sale of real estate in London, the property sold at the rate of $4,000,000 per acre.

— The artificial breeding of fish has recently been successfully attempted in Canada.

— A daily line of steamers will be maintained between St. Louis and St. Paul next season.

— Miss Swisshelm, of St. Peters, Minn., has been appointed surveyor of logs and lumber.

— Milton S. Latham has been elected U. S. Senator from California, in Mr. Broderick's room.

— There are 40,820 libraries in the United States, and the whole number of volumes 12,720,686.

— The courts in Cincinnati have decided that colored people have a right to ride in the city cars.

— Sewing machines are to be exempt from attachment in Massachusetts, but their owners are not.

— The people of Cuba, by subscription, have sent $81,000 to Spain, in aid of the Morocco war.

— It is understood that the visit of the Prince of Wales to Canada will be made in June next.

— According to the official returns of the Assessors, the population of Kansas Territory is 63,950.

— The Cuban Government is getting up a regiment of Zouaves at Havana, for the defence of the island.

— Letters from Hayti report a considerable emigration thither of free colored men from the United States.

— An attempt is being made to get telegraphic communication between St. Paul and the Eastern cities.

— Mr. J. F. Mitchell, of Howard Co., Iowa, has a herd of 32 head of fat cattle, averaging 1,800 pounds each.

— The Dutch population of Wisconsin numbers nearly 50,000. Not one of these is confined in the penitentiary.

— One of the N. Y. bogus ticket sellers has been sentenced to State Prison for two years, for cheating a German.

— The President intends to purchase a rural home near Washington, in which to reside after the close of his term.

— Charles Marsten and family, of Sioux City, have lately renounced Christianity, and embraced the Jewish faith.

— Philadelphia has now so many steam fire-engines (twenty-one) that hand engines have become a superfluity.

— Crockery-ware was invented in the year 1309, and the manufacture of glass was introduced into England in 1457.

— It has been decided that women are entitled to vote at the elections for School Trustees in Upper Canada, if taxed.

— According to a rumor afloat in London, Thackeray contemplates a continuation of Macaulay's History of England.

— The telegraph line on the Butterfield Overland Mail Route has been extended to Fresno, 180 miles from San Francisco.

— Peck, the late Treasurer of Maine, owes $70,000 to individuals, in addition to the $94,000 of which he swindled the State.

— It is asserted that there are not less than seven hundred persons engaged in counterfeiting money in the State of Ohio.

— A Virginia member of the House of Representatives franked a gallon can of oysters to one of his constituents the other day!

— The Chicago Free Press says there is a prospect that prices of lumber will rule low in that market during the coming season.

— In several departments of the hardware trades in England, the working men now enjoy a half holiday every Saturday.

— The jury of inquest in the Lawrence tragedy find that the cause of the fall of the mill was the weakness of the iron pillars.

— The territory of Savoy contains 186 square miles and 550,000 inhabitants; the county of Nice, 68 miles and 210,000 inhabitants.

— There are at present employed on the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa, Canada, between 400 and 500 men, and 200 teams.

— Louis Napoleon has directed that the name of every street in Paris shall be inscribed on a gas lamp, to be placed on the corner.

— Since the year 1853 the coinage of silver has exceeded $41,000,000, of which $33,298,863 was silver of domestic production.

— M. Bome, a Dutch astronomer, announces that the famous comet of Charles V., which was seen in 1558, will re-appear in August next.

— A project is on foot for building in Paris 12 large palaces for 12 Marshals of France, on the Avenue de Segur, near the Invalides.

— The franking privilege originated in England in 1660. Under it, members of Parliament used to frank "entire bucks and packs of hounds."

— It is reported that the Mexican Liberal forces number 30,000 men. If this be the fact, why do they need so much help from this country?

— The proposed settlement of the Massachusetts and Rhode Island boundary question encounters boundless denunciation all along the line.

— Lord Palmerston, in reply to a deputation which recently visited him, took ground strongly against the abolition of privateering in war.

— The Venetian ladies refuse to attend balls and parties given by Austrians. They have no desire to attempt to enslave their enslavers.

— The Rockport (Ind.) Democrat says that a fine vein of coal has been discovered near that village. It is reported equal to the Pittsburg coal.

— The Directors of Griswold College, Davenport, Iowa, contemplate establishing an observatory for keeping regular meteorological observations.

— In China it is a maxim that if there be a man who does not work, or a woman that is idle in the empire, somebody must suffer cold or hunger.

— The explorations of Capt. Page, of the S. American Expedition, have been extended to the headwaters of the Paraguay, 2,000 miles above tide water.

— The Senate of Alabama has passed a joint resolution, appropriating $50,000 for the relief of Virginia in paying the expenses of the Harper's Ferry affair.

Publisher's Department.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

—BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers — and will be for some weeks to come, or until we otherwise announce. It is not, therefore, too late to form new clubs, or make additions to present ones.

☞ OUR YOUNG FRIENDS will please remember the very liberal offer to minors, (see RURAL of Jan. 28, page 33,) of a copy of Webster's Great Pictorial Dictionary, for Thirty NEW subscribers—or for Forty, half of them being new—sent us previous to April 1st, 1860. We also offer bound volumes of the RURAL for clubs of half the above numbers.

☞ LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS!—If those ordering the RURAL would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, we should receive less scolding about *other people's errors.* Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge *us* with their sins of omission, etc.

☞ IN ordering the RURAL, please send us the best money conveniently obtainable—and do not forget to write plainly and correctly, the names of Subscribers, Post-Office address, State, &c.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

THE POSTAGE ON THE RURAL is only 3½ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6 cents to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

☞ OUR TERMS, CLUB RATES, &C.—Many people misapprehend the terms of the RURAL. For their information we would state that we do not furnish the paper at club rates, except to persons who actually form clubs. We cannot send a single copy to any person at the club rate because he was once a member of a club, or for the reason that there may be a club in his vicinity; but all club subscriptions must be sent by regular club agents. This rule is imperative—for, without it, we should be justly chargeable with violating our terms, and beside it would be manifestly unfair to exact $2 for a single copy in one instance, and furnish it to another at $1,50 or $1,25. Some send us the club price, with request to add to club of persons fifty to five hundred miles distant from them! Of course we cannot comply with these or *any* requests inconsistent with our terms, and hence our rule in such cases is to send so long as the money pays at the rate of $2 a year.

Extra Gratuities for Clubs!

In *addition* to free copies, as above offered, we will give (and mail *post-paid,* if to any part of the United States,) a DOLLAR PACKAGE OF IMPORTED FLOWER SEEDS, containing from 15 to 20 choice varieties, to *every person* who remits payment according to our terms, *after Jan. 1st and previous to April,* 1860, for a club of either Six, Ten, Fifteen or Twenty Yearly Subscribers. OR, if preferred to the Seeds, we will give for each club received soon (or until further notice) an unbound copy of the RURAL for 1859. New subscribers and others wishing to obtain the 10th volume should note this liberal offer, remembering that NOW IS THE BEST TIME TO FORM CLUBS. ☞ We have just engaged $1,500 worth of choice Flower Seeds, to be imported the present winter, for distribution among the working Agent-Friends of the RURAL. Those who have already formed clubs will be remembered in the distribution — or at least all who do not secure some of the *extra* gratuities heretofore offered for early lists. ☞ We can still supply back numbers so that all may have the complete volume.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Feb. 28, 1860.

FLOUR remains as last quoted, and but little doing except for the supply of the home demand. Corn Meal is falling off a little in price.

GRAIN—Wheat, Corn, Rye, and Oats are unchanged, and any transactions that have transpired are light. We hear of a sale of Mediterranean at $1,13 ℔ bushel. Brewers are unwilling to pay more than 58@60 cents for Barley,—the latter figures for very choice,—as they seem to have a pretty fair stock on hand.

MEATS.—The Pork season is almost over, and the two or three warm days we have had have completely checked all operations, except for retail purposes. A decline of 25@50c ℔ cwt. is observable.

FRUITS AND ROOTS.—Apples (green) have gone up suddenly, a demand being noticeable for the Eastern market.—The early portion of the past week the range was 25@50c. for common to choice, at the present writing 50@75c are about the figures. We hear of several purchases at $2@2,25 per barrel, for Greenings and Baldwins—very superior would probably bring a little better rates. Dried Cherries and Plums are also advancing.

SEEDS—Clover remains at last quotations. Timothy has taken quite a start within the past few days, nor is the advance confined to this locality, as will be noticed by reference to the reports from Canada and our Eastern and Western markets. The range here is $2,75@3,25 as to quality.

HAY is down another dollar per ton for the best quality—$17 being the highest rates now offered.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	15@16c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,38	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,50@1,50	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	Apples, bushel	50@75c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, old	65@70c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	62½@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	74@75c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	35c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	58@60c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	10@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,75
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$21,00@21,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,25	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@10c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@9c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	16@16c	Hay, tun	$10,00@17,00
Butter, firkin	14@16c	Straw, tun	$7,00@8,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB 27.—FLOUR.—Transactions are to a fair extent, and market without material change. Inquiry is chiefly for the pressing wants of the home trade. Sales at $5,10@5,25 for super State; $5,30@5,50 for extra do; $5,15@5,25 for super Western; $5,35@5,50 for extra do; $5,85@6,00 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet and firm.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair milling demand, but the firmness of holders checks business; sales prime white Canadian at $1,52; common Milwaukee club at $1,22 in store. Rye quiet and firm; small sales at 87@88c. Barley in less inquiry and market scarcely so buoyant; prices unchanged; sales Canada East at 80c. Corn dull and prices drooping; sales at 80@83c for common to prime white and yellow. Oats in moderate request at 44½@45½c for Western and Canadian; 45½@46c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork continues firm, with moderate demand; sales at $17,50@17,62½ for old mess; $18,10@18,50 for new do; $12,62 for old prime; $14,87 for new do. Dressed hogs in less request; sales of Western at 8c. Lard firmer, with good demand; sales at 11@11¼c.; kegs at 12¼c. Butter in fair request at 11@16c for Ohio, 14@20c for State. Cheese steady at 10@12c.

ASHES—The market for Pots is buoyant at $5,25, and Pearls are in request at $5,50.

ALBANY, FEB 27—FLOUR AND MEAL.—For Flour the market is steady and unchanged, with a fair business doing. Corn meal is firm.

GRAIN—Wheat is more firmly held but the market is quiet. Corn quiet. Barley in moderate request, with sales four-rowed State at 75c. Oats quiet.

BUFFALO, FEB 27.—FLOUR—The market is quiet, and nothing doing beyond a slight local trade.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and in moderate demand. Corn quiet and steady; sales on track at 61c. Nothing doing in other grains.

SEED—Steady and in fair request. Sales Clover at $4,62½; Timothy at $3,12½. Wisconsin do. held at $3.

PROVISIONS—Dull and almost entirely nominal. Heavy mess pork remains at $17; light do. at $16; $12@11 for old and good new. A sale of lard was made at 10½c. Dressed hogs quiet, at 7¼c.

TORONTO, FEB. 25.—FLOUR—The transactions in flour are few and far between, and our quotations are almost purely nominal. There is a considerable diversity of opinion as to the prices which would be brought were an increased quantity thrown upon the market by the millers. We quote as last week, Double extra, $5,40@5,60; extra, $5,25@5,35; fancy, (full) $4,80@4,90; superfine No. 1, $4,45@4,60. No lower grades offering.

GRAIN.—The deliveries of fall wheat upon the market during the week have exceeded 12,000 bushels. The price has been steady, varying from $1,20@1,27; in the early part of the week it reached $1,25@1,32 for prime, and $1,16@1,22 for common to fair. The deliveries of spring wheat for the week are over 5,000 bushels. The quality has been excellent, and the price has sympathized with fall wheat. Prime 98c@$1,01; common 90@97c ℔ bushel. Barley is in both small demand and supply, though the deliveries have not furnished all that was wanted. There is on the week an average advance of one cent. Last week we quoted 65@68c; this week we quote 66@70c, but the latter prices can only be brought by samples of extra quality. Peas—The deliveries of peas have been rather large, footing up perhaps 5,000 bushels. Outside rates are less freely paid than at last report. We quote them at 55@57c ℔ bushel. There has been a decline of fully three cents on the week. Oats—Few oats offering, and not much inquired for; 34@35c are the average prices paid.

SEEDS.—But few parcels of clover seed have changed hands since our last report, much less having been done in that article during this week, than the week before. We hear of sales of inferior samples, 60 lbs. to the bushel at $5,25@5,50, but a really good article will bring $5,75. Timothy, very little offering. From $3,30@3,70 is a nominal quotation.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 22.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,50@9,75; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $6,50@7,00; inferior, $6,00@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6¼@6¾; all others, 6@6¼.

ALBANY, FEB. 27.—CATTLE—Heavy receipts again, although over 200 head short of last week. Then there were 3,145 head on the market; now 2,924, or 700 more than were received here during the corresponding week last year. The decline on all grades is equal to ¼@½c ℔ lb, live weight, and sales are slow at this.

PRICES—But few sales are making at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¾@5¾	5¾@5¾
Extra	4¾@5	4¾@5¼
First quality	4¼@4¾	4¼@4¼
Second quality	3¾@3¾	3¾@4
Third quality	2¾@3	2¾@3¼
Inferior	@2¾	2¼@2¾

SHEEP—Demand good, and during the week fair prices have been paid; but the market is rather dull to-day, and a decline seems inevitable. During the week sales have been made at prices ranging from $4,16 to $5,60 ℔ head.

HOGS—Only one small lot of fat on this side. We hear of a sale of State stillers at 7¼c, over 200 lbs. dressed.

DRESSED HOGS—The packing season is now so far advanced that we cannot expect much activity in the market from now until the close. The receipts have fallen off considerably; yet the supply is about equal to the demand.—During the week choice, heavy hogs were in request, and for this description high prices were secured. The closing sales were as follows:

80 pigs, State and Canada,		7½c
32 Canadas, over 300 lbs.,		8c
25 State,	" 251 lbs.,	8¼c

—*Atlas and Argus.*

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 22.—The supply of Beef Cattle, this week, though not very large, was about equal to the demand. The offerings amounted to 1,650 head, many of which were in fine condition, and the best sold as high as $10,25@10,50 ℔ 100 lbs. The average price, however, was from $7,50@10 for ordinary and good. Among the Beeves was a small lot of choice ones from Ohio. They brought good prices, and will be slaughtered as show beef.

SHEEP—This market continues to be largely supplied, but notwithstanding this fact, sales are brisk, and former prices well maintained. The sales this week amounted to over 7,000 head, at from 5@6c. gross, or 10@12c. ℔ lb. dressed.

HOGS—The demand for Hogs continues active, and all offered, 2,400 head, were sold at from $7,25@8 and $8,25 for Still-fed Hogs, and from $8,50@9,50 ℔ 100 lbs. for Corn-fed Porkers.

COWS—The sale of Cows amounted to 225 head, at prices ranging from $25@50, according to quality and condition.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 22.—Whole number of Cattle at market 785—about 650 Beeves, and 135 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; first quality, $6,75; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$35, 45@62.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@22; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,100 at market; prices in lots, $2,25@2,75@3 each; extra, $4,00, 5@6,50 each, or 4@6½c ℔ lb. live.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

BRIGHTON, FEB. 23.—At Market 1,000 beeves, 160 stores, 3,000 sheep and lambs, and 250 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,00@7,75; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $6,00@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 80@100.

MILCH COWS—$29@41; Common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@2; Extra, $3, 4, 6@7.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Stores,—wholesale.

Fat Hogs—None. Pigs, 5¼@6¼c; retail, 6@7½.

TORONTO, FEB. 25.—BEEF—The supply of beef has been large and somewhat in excess of demand. Prices have consequently fallen. First class cattle are worth $5,50 ℔ cwt.; common to good $4,25@4,5; inferior $4.

SHEEP, Lambs, and Calves are coming in rather freely.—Sheep average $4; Lambs $2,25; Calves $5,50@6,50.

PORK.—The supply of Pork is steadily declining, not more than 500 carcasses having been sold during the week. Prices ranged from $6@6,60. First-rate heavy hogs, say over 250 lbs., will fetch $6,75.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, FEB. 23.—The market is firm for Native Fleece, with a fair inquiry; sales of 100,000 lbs. in lots, at from 40 to 62c., as to quality. Pulled has been in fair request, at slightly lower rates; sales of 70,000 lbs, at 31@50c. for No. 1 City and Extra Country. Foreign is in moderate request, at steady rates; sales of 250 bales Smyrna and Western, on private terms. The auction sale referred to in our last issue came off as announced, and resulted satisfactory. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	54@57
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	37@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

ALBANY, FEB. 22.—Wool—There is some inquiry for fleece, but the demand is not active. Sales 2,000 lbs. extra at 55c. and 7,000 lbs. extra super on p. t.

BOSTON, FEB. 23.—There is a fair demand for fleece and pulled Wool, and the market remains without material change. The sales of the week have been 130,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, at 40@52c. for fleece, and 28@50c. for superfine and extra pulled. An import of 527 bales fine Mestizo wool has been received on manufacturers' account. The sales of Foreign had been 100 bales at various prices as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	50@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	51@55	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@50	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	36@41	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	26@32

Marriages.

AT Geneva, Feb. 22, by the Rev. T. S. HILL, Mr. WALTER S. DAVIS and Miss SARAH E. HERRINGTON, both of Canandaigua.

Deaths.

IN Franklin, Mich., January 5th, 1860, ADELPHIA, daughter of GEO. W. and ANN CLEMENT, aged 3 years and 11 mos.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line, each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

FARM FOR SALE.—46 acres with good buildings and fruit near the depot, Pittsford, Monroe Co., N. Y.
529-1t S. BILLINGS.

BAKER APPLE GRAFTS BY MAIL. (post-paid,) 50 cents per dozen, in oiled silk.
529-2teow F. A. ROCKWELL, Ridgefield, Conn.

"NO MEAL COMPLETE WITHOUT IT."—LEA & PERRINS' Worcestershire Sauce. Agents,
529-4t JOHN DUNCAN & SONS, New York.

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in an honorable business, which pays from $4 to $8 per day. For particulars address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILL.—80 acres, Fruit and Ornamental. Root-Grafts, 10,000, $50. Wilson's Albany Strawberry 1,000, $10, &c., &c. *See New List.*
529-1t F. K. PHOENIX.

FARM FOR SALE.—Of 240 acres, of which 70 are timbered land, in the town of New Hudson, Allegany Co., N. Y., 7 miles from Cuba, on the Erie R. R., and 3 from the Genesee Valley Canal. There is a house and four barns on the farm. Price, $25 per acre. For terms, &c., address
529-2t R. M. WHITE, Cuba, N. Y.

$30 A WEEK.—FEMALE AGENTS wanted for "THE WOMAN'S FRIEND," a periodical of pure and wholesome reading for the Female sex, at only 50 cents a year. And also, for the MAMMOTH FAMILY PICTORIAL, at only $1 a year. Enclose a three cent stamp for specimen copies, terms to Agents, &c., to MARIE LOUISE HANKINS & CO., New York City. 529-eowtf

GALES' UNIVERSAL FEED-CUTTER.—They cut *fast, easily*—can be set to cut different lengths from one-half to two inches. *Warranted* to work well on hay, straw, or corn-stalks, and to give entire satisfaction to the user. We refer to 2,000 farmers and others, who are now using them in the State of New York. One person can cut from 25 to 60 bushels per hour. Will last for years without repairs. For sale by nearly all the Hardware Merchants in the State—18 sizes, from $9 to $26. For sale by
529-2t J. RAPALJE, Rochester, N. Y.

THOSE WHO WANT A GOOD BUSINESS—Near Home, free from risk, and that is certain to pay them well, one too, that any active person can profitably follow "*all the year round,*" and year after year, should send for the PRIVATE CIRCULAR OF THE AUBURN PUBLISHING CO., and engage at once in canvassing for their new AGENTS' BOOKS. The Circular gives *minute instructions* how to do the business, what it pays, &c., &c.
☞ SEND TO E. G. STORKE, AUBURN, N. Y.

Flower Seeds by Mail.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.
Our own selection of
25 Varieties for $1 00
50 do. 2 00
100 do. 4 00
Persons ordering either of the above assortments may rely upon a beautiful collection.
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
15 John Street, New York.

Flower Seeds by Mail.

EASTMAN'S
COLLEGE LECTURE COURSE.
GRACE GREENWOOD,
OF PHILADELPHIA,
Will deliver her celebrated and popular Lecture, entitled
"THE HEROIC IN COMMON LIFE."
THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1860,
AT
CORINTHIAN HALL.
☞ Tickets 25 cents. May be obtained at the Bookstores, at Eastman's College, and at the door. Free to Students.
Rochester, March 1, 1860. 529-1t

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:
John Johnston, Geneva, N. Y.
J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Summer, Pomaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Summer, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
A. Bradley, Mankato, Minnesota.
F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.
We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.
SAYRE & REMINGTON,
529-1am-tf Union Agricultural Works, Utica, N. Y.

ANOTHER
SPLENDID STORY!
WRITTEN EXPRESSLY
FOR
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY.
WILL BE COMMENCED
IN
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,
On Thursday, March 1st, 1860,
THE PUBLICATION OF
A NEW AND BEAUTIFUL STORY,
ENTITLED
AMY RAYNER;
OR,
THE TANGLED PATH,
From the pen of
OUR GIFTED LADY CONTRIBUTOR,
Miss LUCY A. RANDALL,
Daughter of the widely-known and greatly esteemed City Superintendent of Public Schools,
S. S. RANDALL, Esq.

Miss RANDALL has already earned for herself an enviable reputation as a sketch-writer under various *nome de plums,* but she is better known, perhaps, as "HELEN FOREST GRAVES," in the NEW YORK WEEKLY, and "Mrs. Geo. Washington Wyllys," in a cotemporary journal.

Tens of thousands have admired the beautifully-written sketches of this talented young lady, and every one of these will hail with delight the announcement that she has undertaken a serial narrative. It has often been remarked by many that so exquisite a writer as Miss RANDALL would accomplish wonders in a novel; and we beg to assure all who have formed this opinion that they are not mistaken.

THE TANGLED PATH
WILL BE READY IN
THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,
ON THURSDAY, MARCH 1ST, 1860.
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

OUR TERMS.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY is sold by all respectable News Agents in the United States. The price is FOUR CENTS, but in some cases, where Agents have to pay extra freight or postage, a higher price is necessarily charged. When there is a News Agent in the town, we desire our friends to get THE WEEKLY through him. We do not wish to mail the paper except to places where there is no other means of getting it. When sent by mail, the price will invariably be $2 a year, in advance. Subscriptions taken for three months. Two copies will be sent for a year for $3; four copies for $6; eight copies for $12. Post-masters, and others, who get up clubs of ten, and send us $15 at one time, will be entitled to an extra copy for their trouble. The bills of all solvent banks taken at par for subscriptions. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents extra with every subscription, to pre-pay the American postage.

Specimen Numbers Sent Free.

STREET & SMITH,
PROPRIETORS OF "THE NEW YORK WEEKLY,"
No. 22 Beekman, Street, N. Y.

LADIES USE
JAMES PYLE'S
DIETETIC SALERATUS.
The great improvement for all Baking purposes. All other kinds of Saleratus now in use, have no utility in comparison with this. It is the only Saleratus in use, that is entirely free from injurious properties, and one pound of it is equal to two of the common article. Beware of poisonous imitations, the genuine has the name of JAMES PYLE, 315 Washington St., N. Y., on each package, and is sold by grocers generally. 529-4t

FREE FOR ONE MONTH!
FREE FOR ONE MONTH!
EVERY Baptist family should have a Baptist paper. To all such, THE NEW-YORK CHRONICLE commends itself as a Religious Family Journal, aiming to be always fresh and interesting, always readable, always reliable, always courteous to its cotemporaries, always deprecating useless and tiresome controversy, while always upholding a primitive and pure faith in the large spirit of true Christian charity. A paper, in short, embracing a wide range of reading of current interest and intrinsic value, suited to entertain and instruct every member of the family, from the grandparent of 70 to the child of 10; and handsomely printed in large and clear type, which does not try the eyes. Every number contains, in addition to a great variety of strictly religious reading, *Poetry, Literary Notices, Anecdotes, Stories for Old and Young, Hints for the Farmer and Farmer's Wife, a Complete Digest of the News, Foreign and Domestic, Religious and Secular—the Markets, etc., etc.*
A SERMON FROM REV. C. H. SPURGEON is published every other week.
Many have a vague idea that a denominational paper is of necessity a stupid paper. As the surest way to prove that THE CHRONICLE is not of this class, we will send it
FREE FOR ONE MONTH!
to all who wish to examine it with a view to subscribing. If they do not like it sufficiently well to order its continuance, we will trouble them no further. Published weekly at No. 41 Park-row. Terms, $2 a year in advance. Address P. CHURCH & CO., N. Y. Chronicle, New-York.

GUANO AND PLASTER.—Always on hand, Peruvian Guano, Government brand. Also, the American Company's Guano, and Garbutt's Plaster.
J. K. CHAPPELL, AGENT,
528-2t 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL BOOKS.—Farmers, Gardeners, Nurserymen, Fruit-Growers, Dairymen, Cattle-Dealers, and all persons interested in tilling the soil or adorning their grounds and dwellings, will be supplied with the most complete assortment of Books relating to their business that can be found in the world, by
C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO.,
Agricultural Booksellers, and Publishers of The Horticulturist, No. 25 Park row, New-York.
Catalogues gratis. Books sent by mail. AGENTS wanted.

TREE SEEDS. TREE SEEDS.
R. E. SCHROEDER'S
Horticultural Agency, Rochester, N. Y.
Norway Spruce .... $0,50 per lb.
Austrian Pine .... 1,75 "
Scotch Pine .... 1,25 "
Maritime Fir .... 1,00 "
Douglass Spruce .... 8,00 "
Cembran Pine .... 1,00 "
Larch (European) .... 0,85 "
Dwarf, or Mountain Pine .... 2,00 "
Pear Seeds .... 2,50 "
All seeds are perfectly clean, and warranted fresh. Imported fruit tree stocks, at exporters' prices, adding freight.

WM. REID offers for sale, this Spring, at his NURSERIES, ELIZABETHTOWN, N. J., a general assortment of
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.
The collection of Fruits includes nearly all the new varieties of late introduction, as well as those in general cultivation.
The collection of ORNAMENTAL TREES and SHRUBS is also extensive, and comprises nearly all the hardy Trees and Shrubs suitable for Park and Lawn planting, and when large quantities are ordered, the prices will be greatly reduced. Also, a large stock of *Norway Spruce, Scotch Pine, &c.,* of all sizes suitable for planting Belts, Parks, Screens and Hedges. Having a larger stock of these than I require, will, when a quantity is taken, sell them fifty per cent. less than the usual price.
For a list of new and rare *Evergreens, &c.,* see General Catalogue, which will be forwarded on application.
Trees securely packed and forwarded to all parts of the United States.
Orders by mail, or left at the Nursery, will receive prompt attention. 528-4t

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NOTHING TO GIVE.

"NOTHING to give!" said the rich man bold,
As he hastened on in the bitter cold,
While so closely wrapped was his stately form.
That he heeded not the driving storm.
"Nothing to give!"—and a wailing cry
Went up to GOD as the blast swept by.

"Nothing to give!" said a lady fair,
While jewels gleamed in her raven hair,
And the Eastern looms their skill had sought
For her gorgeous robes in beauty wrought.
"Nothing to give!"—and a shivering form
Went sadly forth 'mid the raging storm.

"Nothing to give!" said a maiden gay,
As she lightly sped on her joyous way,
And thoughtlessly turned from the pleading face,
Where famine and want their impress trace.
"Nothing to give!"—and wild despair
Is mingled now with the pleader's prayer.

"Nothing to give!" said a bright-eyed boy,
Of his princely home the pride and joy;
"Your clothes are ragged, your eyes are wild,
So go away, little beggar child."
"Nothing to give!"—and the naked feet
Go pattering on 'mid the frozen sleet.

"Nothing to give!"—be it not our cry,
As we listen to the pleading sigh,
But with a generous heart and open hand,
May we gladly aid earth's suffering band,—
Something to give, be it ever so small,
Something to give when the needy call.

[*Hallowell Gazette.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LIST SLIPPERS.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Concluded from page 68, last number.]

Secure in the privacy of her own room, the poor girl gave way to her pent-up distress in tears and prayers. Then, summoning all her strength and dignity, she resumed her daily duties. She felt so conscious of her own and her brother's innocence, that she chided herself for her anxiety. She was sure it would all come right, and her grief was solely that her employers should have so low an opinion of her character as they had exhibited. Busying herself among the children, she tried to forget what had happened. All day long, there were whispered conferences between Miss BAGLEY, her brother, and their mother, and among the servants. OLIVIA noticed that in these, black HARRY took a conspicuous share, and she then remembered how he had watched her from the window the evening before.

It was trying to her sensitive feelings to see the averted looks, and the sudden silence among them all when she appeared, but she bore it as well as she could. HARRY'S manner seemed different from the others. KATE and JANE looked serious, even pitiful, toward her, but HARRY would turn his shiny head on one side, in the most knowing way, and if she looked at him, would grin or hum a tune, as he shuffled away. HARRY was a notorious liar, and they all knew it, but he was good-natured and willing, seldom quarreling with the other servants, so they kept him. He did not like OLIVIA, and she had once detected him in a piece of mischief which came near costing him his place. Since then he lost no opportunity for annoying her when he could, for as she would sooner bear injury than make complaints, he felt secure in so doing.

Judge BAGLEY returned from the city in the forenoon, bringing with him a gentleman, who went all over the house, carefully examining the plate-closet, the windows and doors, and making memoranda in a little book. OLIVIA did not know who he was, but she guessed. She knew that he talked with the servants, but her heart throbbed quickly when she was herself summoned to the parlor. There were the Judge, the gentleman from the city, with HARRY, and JANE, the chambermaid.

Judge BAGLEY said:—"Sit down, Miss MARKLAND; this is Mr. KEENE. He would like to ask you a few questions."

By skillful questions, not unkindly put, Mr. KEENE drew from her a brief account of her connection with the family up to that moment, with some facts of personal history. To JANE he said, "Did you say that you saw Miss MARKLAND talking with a man, after dark last night?"

"No, sir. I said I saw her sitting under the trees till it grew dark, and I was going to tell her she'd catch cold, when HARRY looked out of the window, and said he could see a man among the trees. I said 'sho!' He said, 'look yerself,' so I looked, and saw only the flutter of her dress, as she went down the path by the river. So I told HARRY to leave off fooling."

"'Twa'n't fooling!" put in HARRY. "When Fan' barked, I seed a man with my very own eyes, and sez I—"

"Be still!" said the Judge. "Go on, Jane, if you have more to say."

"Nothing more, plase ye, only I said to HARRY that if he see a man, to run down across the lawn and see who it was. Maybe it was her beau.—But he would not leave the house. He said it might be a robber."

"I knowed Miss LIVIA didn't bear no good will to me," deprecatingly remarked HARRY; "and I'se feared if I follered she'd find out and get me sent away."

"For what does Miss MARKLAND dislike you?" asked Mr. KEENE, gravely.

Somewhat disconcerted, HARRY looked down and stammered, "Well, I dunno, 'cept's cause I'se black, and niggers is 'gusting to some white ladies."

"HARRY," spoke OLIVIA, in a clear, pleasant voice, "you *know* that is not true. Have you told so many lies that you have forgotten that there is such a thing as truth?"

HARRY began to mutter some reply, but was dismissed immediately.

That night OLIVIA scarcely closed her eyes, but lay upon her bed, endeavoring to see her path clearly through the darkness which seemed to be closing around her. She reviewed all the circumstances of the robbery, but could arrive at no clue. She even acknowledged to herself that what evidence there was, pointed more strongly toward her than to any other member of the household. One thing, however, seemed strange to her, and that was HARRY'S manner; but as he was but a poor, ignorant boy, she would not lay it to heart. She resolved, however, to leave her situation as soon as the affair should be settled.—She told Mr. and Mrs. BAGLEY that if circumstances did not arise to make it necessary to detain her, she would like to seek some other situation, as her stay could not be agreeable to them or herself. They were somewhat surprised at the dignified manner in which she made the request, but acquiesced in it. In fact, Mr. KEENE had told the Judge that he felt convinced that they were doing her injustice.

When Mr. KEENE had ascertained the hour at which NED MARKLAND went on board his ship, and the fact that he took no baggage, except a small bundle, he justly concluded that it would be of no use to recall him, as the evidence against him was too slight.

Weeks passed away in quiet but active search, on the part of the police, and thanks to their industry, a few pieces of plate were recovered, but not in such a manner as to discover the author of the crime.

OLIVIA had left her place, and was boarding with a widow, in the city. She had obtained a little work, and was looking out for a situation as governess. On leaving Judge BAGLEY'S, she would not ask for a recommendation, and they did not offer her one. This made a new situation difficult to obtain. She had grown pale and thin, and people looked pityingly at her as she passed along the street. As yet, no word from NED, and the young heart hoped on. One morning, in a rapid walk to the store where she hoped to obtain some sewing, she encountered Mr. KEENE. She drew down her veil, hastily, for the sight of him called up unpleasant associations; but he had recognized her.

He wished her good morning, with an apology for addressing her, and walked by her side, making some inquiries as to her present occupation and residence, and requested the privilege of an interview at her house. He seemed kind; his was the first friendly voice which she had heard in a long time, and in the hope that he might open for her some way out of her troubles, she consented to see him.

When he came, he spoke frankly and considerately of the trials which she had undergone, and said that he felt sure that injustice had been done her. He could not sanction Judge BAGLEY'S course, and knowing that she was alone in the world, he had feared the effect of misfortune upon her mind, unless some friend came to her assistance. He had influential acquaintances, he said, and thought he could procure her a good situation. It would be a pleasure to do so.

OLIVIA could but accept his kindness with grateful acknowledgments. His appearance inspired her confidence, and she trusted in the protection of a higher Friend. The promise was amply fulfilled, and she had no cause to regret the change. She met Mr. KEENE occasionally, though he never intruded his presence upon her. When he came to the house, it was on business.—He was always busy, but if the truth were known, he was still earnestly seeking to unravel the plot to which OLIVIA seemed to have been made a victim. He had a double motive therefor.

A little more than a year after the robbery, she was suddenly surprised by a visit from him. A carriage was at the door, and he said he would like to take her to see an old acquaintance, if she would trust him. Her brother was, of course, her first thought, though a mistaken one. In some trepidation she accompanied him. When the carriage stopped at the city jail, Mr. KEENE smiled at her look of amazement, but re-assured her, and together they were shown through a labyrinth of cells, till the door of one was closed upon them. At first OLIVIA thought they were alone, but as her eyes became accustomed to the dimness, she saw something coiled up on the couch before her. A nearer view disclosed the sable features of HARRY, Judge BAGLEY'S servant boy.

"Now, HARRY," said Mr. KEENE, "I have brought the young lady, and you will tell her what you have told me."

"O, sar, I can't. I'se most dead. This place kill me, sure."

"Well, perhaps I'll speak to the Doctor for you to have a better place, till your wound is healed, if you behave well. Come, Miss MARKLAND can't wait long."

"O, Miss 'LIVIA, I s'pose yon'se very glad to see me caught at last. I s'pects yon think's good for me. Well, I forgive you—"

"Miss OLIVIA did not come for your forgiveness, she came that you may get hers; so make haste."

"Well, it's all up with me, as you see, else maybe I wouldn't been so willing to tell. You see I didn't stay long to Judge BAGLEY'S, but went to de Merchant's House, and t'other night a gentleman thought he seed me opening his trunk, so he fired his pistol and shot me in de shoulder—a wonder it wa'n't my head. Oh! it do hurt. I thought I'se killed sure, and fust I knowed they had the perlice, and here I is. Well, I has a father and mother, like most folks, and after I left the Judge, I stayed home a while, and some of my things was there. Well, this here man went and overhauled 'em, and the fust thing he seed was an old shoe that he brought right here, and said he knowed 'twas yourn. I'se sure I can't tell how he knowed, but he said I let the robbers in that time, or let the silver out, and stole your shoes to walk sly, and left one there to make 'em think you did it. 'Twa'n't jest so, but I thought if my time 'd come, 'twas no use lying any more; so I said I'd tell you how 'twas. I went into de room and took de shoes by de bed, and you opened your eyes and groaned like, so I made off. The keys was in Missis BAGLEY'S room, by de door, in a box, and I reached in and took 'em. I put de silver out de window to de men—I shan't tell who—and then I was in such a hurry I lost one shoe, and I didn't dare take de other back to your room. Now, that's all, and I hope you don't bear no hate."

So the slipper had come back. It had served a bad purpose, and atoned for it by a good one.

Mr. KEENE did not relinquish the self-imposed task of vindicating Miss MARKLAND'S honor, until it was thoroughly performed. She received the united apologies of the BAGLEY'S, with the offer of a handsome present, which she firmly declined.

HARRY was sentenced to ten years in the State prison, and as his wound did *not* prove fatal, he is now serving his time out. His subsequent examinations discovered his father as his principal accomplice, and he was furnished with similar quarters.

The people with whom OLIVIA resided shared in her new found joy and hope, and a letter of glad tidings from NED just filled the measure of her happiness.

Poor NED, he never saw OLIVIA MARKLAND again, for when he returned, after an absence of nearly five years, she had been so completely transformed into the handsome *Mrs. Keene*, with a miniature NED and OLIVIA by her side, that he would not have known her had he not been prepared for such an event. In sympathy with her sisterly anxiety for him, we will state that NED was greatly improved, and though we called him *poor* NED, a moment ago, we must sustain our credit for veracity by adding that he was by no means *poor* in *purse* or *person*.

It is a fact, that Mrs. KEENE still wears *list slippers;* probably from old association.

MATTIE'S SMOKING CURE.

A WILD girl was Mattie Lee. I knew her when she was fifteen; she was the first in every frolic; a favorite with the master; yet the scholar who oftener than any of the rest, caused a shade to rest upon his brow. I knew her when a grown up young lady; she was first in every party of pleasure; a favorite with all the gentlemen, yet a coquette who oftener than any other caused a shade to fall upon their hearts. I knew her, too, when a true-hearted woman, she gave her hand, with her heart in it, to Richard Forrest, the editor of one of our village newspapers. Now, Richard was a fine fellow, but, like a good many other "nice young men," he had one habit—he would smoke. This habit annoyed Mattie quite as much as it would most young ladies, but she did not commence curing him of it as they would have done—with prayers and tears entreating him for "the love he bore her, to give up the noxious weed;" not she. Mattie took a plan less threadbare, and it was this wise:

They were boarding, and had a nice room, second story front. On a certain evening, just before dark, Mattie busied herself with putting the room in perfect order—placed every chair where it belonged, arranged the books on the table, and the mantel ornaments in the most tasteful manner. After taking a careful survey of the room, and satisfying herself that everything was as it should be, she went to a bureau, and took from one of the drawers a small package, neatly wrapped in tissue paper; some jewel, probably, you will say, "with which she intends adorning herself to meet her lord." She carefully unrolled the paper, and took from it a new, spotless tobacco pipe; then opening at one end a little roll of carefully sealed silver paper, she commenced stuffing the pipe with the fine cut tobacco. How strange her little white fingers looked, diving into the hateful stuff! The pipe well filled, she laid it carefully on the table, placed a match beside it, to await the coming of her "better half."

Soon she heard the street door open, and a well known footstep in the hall below. Quickly lighting the match, she applied it to the herb in the pipe, seated herself, and when her husband entered, sat quietly by the stove, with wreaths of blue smoke curling gracefully over her head, which was thrown back in that peculiar position of enjoyment which gentlemen assume while inhaling the weed.

Mr. F. had opened the door with visions of Mattie's smiling face, looking lovingly on him, floating through his mind. How different the picture that met his astonished gaze! On hearing the door open Mattie looked up, and taking the pipe deliberately from her mouth, bid her husband "good evening," as though nothing unusual had happened, then quietly resumed her smoking.—Richard regarded her with a mixture of surprise and horror for a few moments, and then gave vent to his feelings in words:

"Why, Martha, what am I to think? Have you suddenly lost your senses?"

"I do not see any very strange evidence of such being the case," answered the lady addressed; then, as if just comprehending the cause of his astonishment, she immediately asked:—"Is it possible, Richard, that you are so astonished merely because I am enjoying a comfortable smoke? Has no one ever informed you that I smoked?"

We would here state that one of Martha's faults was, that she would not always stick to the truth as closely as she ought to have done. Like thousands of others, she would occasionally "do evil that good might come."

Each particular hair seemed to stand on end, in contemplating the tale unfolded by that reply.—The only outward manifestation he made of the state of his feelings, was an emphatic "impossible!" accompanied by a look of horror.

"Why impossible, my dear? If I had taken to smoking only lately, I am but following in your footsteps, thereby showing a willingness to be guided, as a dutiful wife should be, by the inclinations of my husband, and a laudable design to consult in all things, his tastes; since it adds to your enjoyment, and you have told me how much all your pleasures are heightened by being shared by me, I have concluded it my duty to keep you company in this delightful enjoyment, instead of each of us enjoying it separately. How delightful it will be to sit together during the long winter evenings, and thus taste the thoughts of social intercourse. Come, sit down; I have here a cigar in readiness for you; I prefer the old-fashioned pipe."

By this time Richard's brain was well nigh stupefied.

"It cannot be possible that you would so degrade yourself! Am I dreaming, or is this real! Tell me, Martha, tell me that you are not in earnest."

"Why, Richard, it seems to me that you are making a great ado about a small matter. I do not think it so dreadful to enjoy a harmless, innocent pipe, here in my room, occasionally, where no one can possibly know it but yourself. Beside, if there is any degradation in the practice, as you hinted a moment ago, I am only coming down to a level with my husband. You expect me to love you, notwithstanding the habit, why not vice versa? And if it makes no change in your feelings toward me, I care not what others think," and Mattie now looked up in his face with such an expression of veneration for him, and all his actions, that he almost laughed, annoyed as he felt.

"Come Mattie," said he, more pleasantly than he had yet spoken, "let us make an agreement.—If you will leave off smoking, I will use but one cigar a day, for a week, and then give it up entirely. What do you say?"

"I do not see why I should not have the same privilege as yourself," said Mattie, pretending to be offended, "it is probably quite as difficult for me to give up a long established habit;" then, after a moment's consideration, she added, "However, since I consider that proviso in your favor, an acknowledgment of the superiority of the strength of woman's will over that of the stronger sex, I will accede to your proposition."

If Richard ever smoked that "one cigar a day for a week," Mattie never knew it. On that eventful night he had seen himself as others saw him, and with the sight vanished forever his love of smoke.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

A RIDDLE.

YE talk of riddles, here I come,
A most accomplished rake;
When young and growing I was dumb,
But now aloud can speak.

When young I wore a cap of green,
Behold how modes do change!
In black or brown now mostly seen,
What clime soe'er I range.

Old Argus had a hundred eyes,
That subtle watchful cousin;
One truth pray hear, without disguise,
I've half a baker's dozen.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 24 letters.
My 3, 6, 18, 2, 8, 14, 2 is a county in Virginia.
My 7, 6, 13, 15, 16 is a county in New York.
My 16, 3, 12, 18, 23, 2, 13, 12, 11, 4, 24 is a lake in N. York.
My 6, 13, 20, 12, 22, 24 is a county in Ohio.
My 8, 5, 10, 13, 23 is a county in Illinois.
My 15, 1, 2, 22, 17, 23, 11 is a county in Georgia.
My 9, 6, 7, 16 is a county in Texas.
My 19, 4, 21, 22, 4 is a river in France.
My 1, 10, 11, 13, 19, 21, 18 is a mountain in Africa.
My whole is a good motto for farmers.

Bradford, 1860. YOUNG AMERICA.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A HAD one hundred dollars, for which he wished to buy one hundred animals. He could get cows at $10; sheep at $3; pigs at fifty cents. How many could he buy of each kind? W. H. HARPER.

Parish, Oswego Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 527.

Answer to Mythological Enigma:—*Vera amicitia eet sempiterna*—True friendship is everlasting.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—Time, 1 hour and 40 minutes; distance from starting point, 100 rods.

Answer to Charade:—Cam-o-mile.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Pennington has beat in Washington.

Advertisements.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
For Spring of 1860.

ELLWANGER & BARRY solicit the attention of Planters, Nurserymen, Dealers and others, to their large and fine stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS and PLANTS, which they offer at wholesale and retail. All who intend to purchase trees this Spring, in large or small quantities, will do well to consult the Catalogues named below. Our new Descriptive Fruit Catalogue is now ready for distribution. In general terms, the stock may be enumerated in part as follows, viz:

STANDARD FRUIT TREES FOR ORCHARDS,
embracing all the most esteemed and valuable sorts for different parts of the country

Dwarf Trees for Gardens—All the best varieties adapted to garden culture in this form.

Grapes—Hardy varieties, including

Delaware,	Hartford Prolific,	Emily,
Diana,	Rebecca,	Reabe,
Concord,	Clara,	Brinckle, &c.

Grapes, Foreign, for vineries, including the Muscat Hamburg, Stockwood Gohlen Hamburgh, Lady Downs, Buckland's Sweetwater, &c.

Strawberries—All the American and Foreign varieties of proved excellence in this country.

Blackberries—Dorchester and New Rochelle or Lawton; of the latter, a great stock of strong plants.

Gooseberries—The best English sorts, and a great stock of the American Seedling, that bears wonderful crops and is exempt from mildew.

Currants—White Grape, (the largest and best white Currant,) Victoria, Red Dutch, Black Naples, &c.

ENGLISH FILBERTS and SPANISH CHESTNUTS.

FIGS—Several finest sorts.

Rhubarbs—Linnæus, Giant, Victoria, and several new and fine English sorts.

FRUIT TREES FOR ORCHARD HOUSES.

Dwarf Maiden Trees—Of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Apricot, &c., of the finest sorts for pot culture or Orchard houses. Suitable selections made by E. & B. if desired.

ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT.

The stock in this department is the largest and best we have ever before offered, and embraces everything desirable, new and old, among

Deciduous Ornamental Trees,	Peonies,
Evergreen Trees,	Dahlias,
Flowering Shrubs,	Phloxes,
Climbing Shrubs,	Border Plants.
Roses.	

Bulbous Roots—Summer flowering, including Amaryllis; Gladiolus; Lilies, *Japan*, &c.; Tuberose, Tigridia, Tritonia aurea, Colchicum, &c.

STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN.

PEAR SEEDLINGS, our own growth, 1 and 2 years.
MAZZARD CHERRY, 1 year.
MAHALEB CHERRY, 1 and 2 years.
QUINCE STOCKS, 1 year from Cuttings.

For full and detailed information respecting the stock, prices, terms, &c., we refer to the following Catalogues, which will be sent gratis, pre-paid, to all who enclose one stamp for each:

No. 1.—Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.
No. 2.—Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c., &c.
No. 3.—Descriptive Catalogue of Dahlias, Green-house and Bedding Plants, &c.
No. 4.—Wholesale Catalogue for Nurserymen, Dealers, and others, who purchase in large quantities.

ELLWANGER & BARRY,
526-2eow. Mount Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

SHARES COULTER HARROW.—Three things which every Farmer will have, are Share's celebrated Patent Coulter Harrow, Pulverizer, and Grain Coverer—price $15
Share's Potato Covering and Hoeing Machine 10
Do. Potato and Corn Cultivating and Hilling Machine 10
Which will save their cost in three days' work.

The success which attended the sale and use of these extraordinary machines during the past year, induced the subscriber to extend his facilities for manufacturing them—he would suggest to farmers who feel inclined to save labor and money, to order them immediately, so that he may approximate to the number he will want to supply the demand. Many of the best farmers of this and other States used them with great success last season: and I would respectfully refer to the following:—J. J. Thomas, Union Springs; Hon. Robt. M. Hale, Elizabethtown; Hon. Wm. Johnson, Geneva; Hon. Penn Howland, Auburn; Hon. Amos Briggs, Schaghticoke; Hon. A. B. Conger, Rockland, President N. Y. S. A. S.; Hon. Wm. Kelly, Ex-President do., all of this State. Space forbids the mention of hundreds of other good farmers' names. For further information, descriptive catalogues will be sent gratis on application to

WM. W. ECCLESTON, Dealer in Seeds and Implements, 84 State street, Albany, N. Y. 527-2teow

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.
COUGHS.

THE great and sudden changes of our climate, are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections*. Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, let the Cold, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

BROWN'S	"That trouble in my Throat, (for which the "*Troches*" is a specific) having made me often a mere whisperer." N. P. WILLIS.	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"I recommend their use to PUBLIC SPEAKERS." REV. E. H. CHAPIN	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"Have proved extremely serviceable for HOARSENESS." REV. H. W. BEECHER.	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"Almost instant relief in the distressing labor of breathing peculiar to ASTHMA." REV. A. C. EGGLESTON.	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"Contain no Opium or anything injurious." DR. A. A. HAYES, *Chemist, Boston.*	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"A simple and pleasant combination for COUGHS, &c." DR. G. F. BIGELOW, *Boston.*	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"Beneficial in BRONCHITIS." DR. J. F. W. LANE, *Boston.*	TROCHES.
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BROWN'S	"Beneficial when compelled to speak, suffering from COLD." REV. S. J. P. ANDERSON, *St. Louis.*	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"I heartily unite in the above commendation." REV. M. SCHUYLER.	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"EFFECTUAL in removing Hoarseness and Irritation of the Throat, so common with SPEAKERS and SINGERS." Prof. M. STACY JOHNSON, *LaGrange, Ga.*	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	Teacher of Music, Southern Female College.	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	"I have been much afflicted with BRONCHIAL AFFECTION, producing Hoarseness and Cough. The "*Troches*," are the only effectual remedy, giving power and clearness to the voice." REV. GEO. SLACK,	TROCHES.
BROWN'S	Min. Ch. of England, Milton Parsonage, *Canada.*	TROCHES.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

☞ *Cures Cough, Cold, Hoarseness and Influenza.*
Cures any Irritation or Soreness of the Throat.
Relieves the Hacking Cough in Consumption.
Relieves Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh.
Clears and gives strength to the voice of SINGERS.
Indispensable to PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
Soothing and simple, CHILDREN *can use them,*
As they assist Expectoration and relieve Hoarseness.

☞ Sold by all Druggists in the United States, at TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOX. ☜ 527-2teow.

GALE'S UNIVERSAL FEED CUTTER FOR SALE at the GENESEE SEED STORE AND AG'L WAREHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., by J. RAFALJE, Agent, at the manufacturers prices for from $10 to $27. This is decidedly the BEST CORN-STALK CUTTER now in use, and as good for Hay and Straw as any other. I have also on hand a full supply of the celebrated Rawhide Roller Cutters. Price from $7 to $28,—all warranted perfect. 521-cow-tf

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Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,
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D. D. T. MOORE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office, Union Buildings, Opposite the Court House, Buffalo St.

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☞ For Special Notices, &c., see preceding page.

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VOL. XI. NO. 10.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 530.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

THE ART OF FEEDING.

THE preparation of food to gratify the palate of the biped, man, has become, in a greater or less degree, a science in all civilized countries. Among the inhabitants of *la belle France*, it has positively grown to the stature of an art, and as much, if not more, attention is given to elucidating the intricacies connected therewith, as to the cultivation of those faculties, the possession of which alone places the "crowning work of creation" above the varied forms of animal life with which our world abounds. As an instance of the extent to which this is carried, we have credible information that the *chef de cusine* of a Parisian *cafe* will present an egg in more than two hundred appetizing forms; while the skill displayed in the cooking and transformation of meats, etc., is equally wonderful. The denizens of this Republican land have not yet attained this elevated position in the scale of sociality, probably because we are not—like the more fortunate subjects of NAP. III.,—possessed of a mentor pointing out the true path leading to their possession. If we except the vagaries of a metropolitan journal, which recently enlightened its readers in a series of articles upon "*Country Cooking*," the press of the land have not made a single effort to rescue the masses from the error of their ways, and instil those principles upon which the sensuality of appetite may be appeased. Notwithstanding this great want, Young America seems determined to solve the problem, and, amid other baneful plants of a foreign growth, we are fast introducing the mode of living adopted by European gourmands,—fast leaving the plain, simple, healthful habits of the fathers, among the old fogy notions and exploded ideas of the past.

It was not our intention, however, to write a gastronomic essay for the benefit of the "lords of creation" when we took up the pen, but rather to review the incidents of the past year, and see what we are doing for the care of those animals over which Deity has given us dominion.

Last season was very unfavorable, throughout a great portion of our country, to the production of such provender as the American farmer has usually depended upon for the care of his stock; and it was imperative that the amount procured should be fed out with a sparing hand, and in the most advantageous manner, if we would avoid witnessing the disastrous effects arising from the prevailing scarcity. To aid in the accomplishment of this end, the Agricultural Journals of the country spread before the people such knowledge as was obtainable,— cattle owners were driven by necessity to experiment,—the subject became a standard topic of Farmers' Clubs, and in the discussions thereupon, mind came in contact with mind, and much valuable information brought out for the use of all interested. Material heretofore considered almost worthless, was suddenly invested with new and genuine value,—if properly prepared for consumption,—and those who had no faith in book-farming, cutting-boxes, steaming apparatus, or any of the "new-fangled" adjuncts of an intellectual system of culture, gave favorable indications of conversion to the new light by which they found themselves surrounded.

We find in the Springfield *Republican* a full report of the meeting held by the "Harvest Club," at which *Feeding* was the theme of conversation, and we purpose condensing a portion of it for our readers, not doubting but the statements there made will prove of much value.

One member, whose stock is always in good order, said that he fed closer now than formerly,—that he fed little and often,—that his cut feed principally consisted of oat straw and corn stalks,—that he fed each full grown cow 4 quarts of grain daily, using grain for economy,—that he moistened his feed with cold water in mild weather, and hot water in cold weather,—that he kept his cattle eating about two hours after the morning's milking,—that they were let out into the yard usually from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M.,—and that they were then shut up, and fed as in the morning, finishing off at night with long hay.

Another member chaffs straw, corn stalks and coarse hay, and puts on meal, for his stock. He thinks this the most economical way of feeding. The bare cutting of the feed, he said, did not improve it, but its admixture with meal and other grasses. The benefit of cutting poor hay is to get cattle to eat it well, and it was thought there was no danger of chaffing poor hay and stalks too fine.

Another member, of such close observation as to merit the title of Philosopher of the Harvest Club, said he had tried various methods of feeding, and still was not satisfied. He believed that horses wanted longer hay than cattle. Fine cut hay will always give horses sore mouths. Long cut hay lies up lighter in the manger than that cut short, and therefore is more agreeable to the animal. Stalks and straw perhaps could not be chaffed too fine. He did not like to see animals eat in a hurry, as they were apt to, where feed is very short.

Another member, who cuts his feed by horse-power, says that three men have cut a ton of stalks in his barn, with a self-sharpening cutting machine, in an hour; that he cuts enough at a time to last about a week; that he never feeds corn stalks to his stock unless chopped and mixed with meal. This gentleman has a feed box on wheels. He fills it with stover twice a day for 22 cows and 25 calves, yearlings and other neat stock. He puts on about two barrels of water to wet it. His feed absorbs double the quantity of hot water that it will of cold. After the water is in, he spreads his meal on top about an inch thick, or two bushels of cob-corn meal and a peck of oil meal for the mass, and lets it steam three or four hours. The meal keeps heat and moisture in, and the feed box needs no other covering. The thicker the cover, the better for the cattle. After the feed has steamed sufficiently in this way, it is shoveled over, thoroughly mixed, and distributed to the cattle in baskets. Each mature animal gets about a bushel of this mixture after milking, the quantity varying with their size and product. The quantity of meal is slightly increased in very cold weather. Three times as much stock it was thought could be kept on an acre of grass. About noon the animals are turned out to drink, and while out, the stables are put in order, and uncut turnips, at the rate of half a bushel each, or its equivalent in long hay, are placed in the mangers. This is all the feed the cattle get till the evening meal. Animals thus fed need little drink, and he thinks he has one yearling that has not drank water this winter.

— Experience is a dear teacher, but possesses, also, the reputation of being a good one, (which cannot be truthfully said of all costly instructors,) and it is to be hoped that the lessons received at her hands will be carefully treasured up and acted upon by our farmers. Then will the sad teachings of the past winter prove to be, what a merciful Providence doubtless intended they should,—*blessings in disguise.*

IMPROVEMENT IN AGRICULTURE.

ROOT CROPS.

IN what direction must we now look for improvement in our agriculture, is a question that occupies the thoughts of all thinking, observing farmers, and one which a subscriber wishes us to answer. To do this satisfactorily would require more space than we can now devote to it. We will, however, give a few hints on this point, which we hope will be both interesting and profitable. We look for improvement by means of thorough drainage and deep plowing, and the cultivation of those crops that will furnish the greatest amount of food for stock on the least quantity of land. American farmers have doubtless done as well, and we believe even better than any other class of men under the same circumstances. With new farms to be cleared and paid for, taxes to be met, with labor dear, and in many cases not to be obtained at any price, land and produce cheap, it could not be expected that our farmers could engage in any expensive or laborious system of improvement. To obtain as much as possible from the land at the least possible cost became a necessity. Times, however, have changed. Our farms are cleared and paid for, and most farmers have some capital to invest; the lands are becoming impoverished, produce always sells at a remunerative, and often at a high price; labor is cheaper and more abundant than formerly, and land is dear. A crop now put in and cultivated on our old farms as was done thirty years ago on new land, would not produce enough to pay for seed, labor and interest on the value of the ground. We are compelled, therefore, to take a step in advance, to strive for a system that will give us larger products on a smaller surface.

Drainage and *subsoiling* are the foundation of all improvement. There may be cases where drainage is not necessary, but these are the exceptions, and our experience and observation teaches us that they are few. The importance of this matter we have always urged upon our readers, and have given them the experience and opinions of the best cultivators in this country and Europe. We will not, therefore, dwell upon this part of our subject, but proceed to glance at those crops which furnish the greatest amount of food for stock, and consequently the greatest amount of manure for the soil.

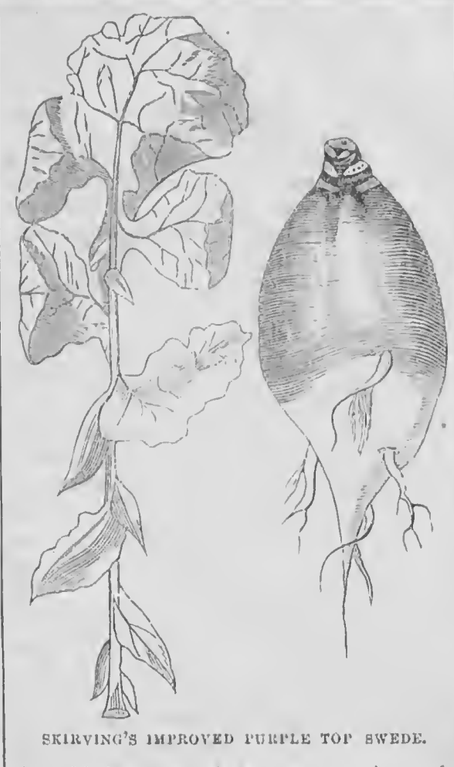
CORN is an important crop. It is truly American, and we are glad to know that while it is believed that other crops are decreasing in this State, corn is receiving more attention than ever, and the product has more than doubled during the last ten years. If every farmer would sow an acre every year for fodder, we should hear of no more suffering on account of a short crop of hay. But it is the *Root Crops* that furnish the largest amount of food on the least land, and, where labor is to be had, nothing is more profitable.

The CARROT is grown to some extent in this country, and its culture is rapidly increasing. The seed dealers inform us that the demand for seed is becoming greater every year.

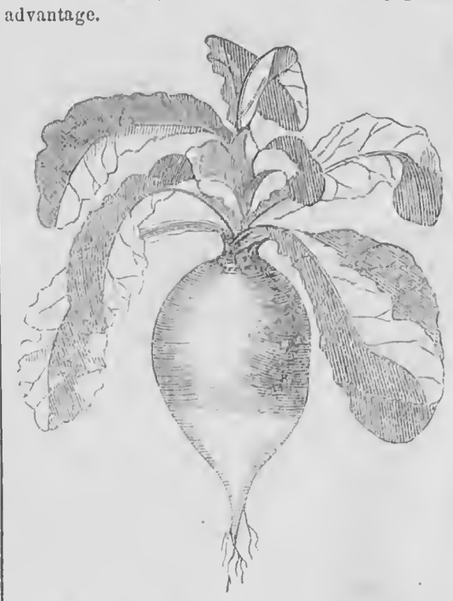
The PARSNIP is one of the most valuable roots that can be grown. In the Island of Jersey it is used almost exclusively for fattening both cattle and swine. According to LE COUTEUR the weight of a good crop varies from 13 to 27 tuns per acre. When Parsnips are given to milch cows, with a little hay, in the winter season, the butter is found to be of as fine a color and excellent flavor as when the animals are feeding in the best pastures. As Parsnips contain 6 per cent. more mucilage than Carrots, the difference may be sufficient to account for the superior fattening, as well as butter-making quality of the Parsnip. In the fattening of cattle the Parsnip is found superior to the Carrot, performing the business with more expedition, and affording meat of exquisite flavor, and of a highly juicy flavor; the animals eat it with much greediness. The result of experiment has shown, that not only in neat cattle, but in the fattening of hogs and poultry, the animals become fat much sooner, and are more healthy than when fed with any other root or vegetable; and that, besides the meat is more sweet and delicious. The Parsnip leaves being more bulky than those of Carrots, may be mown off before taking the roots, and given to oxen, cows, or horses, by which they will be greedily eaten. Another thing in favor of Parsnips for this country, is that the frost does not injure them. They may remain in the ground until spring, when they make splendid spring feed, at a time every other kind of root or green thing is scarce, or they may be slightly buried, where they can be obtained almost any time during the winter. On account of their rapid growth when young, the weeding is less trouble than weeding Carrots.

It is acknowledged by all that the TURNIP has worked a revolution in English Agriculture—that this simple plant has added millions of wealth to the country, given her agriculturists property and independence—and fed the teeming millions of her people. We may not look for such a result in this country, but still we may derive much benefit from attention to the Turnip.

Among the TURNIPS the *Ruta Bagas* or *Swedes* are most desirable. *Skirving's Improved Purple Top* does exceedingly well in this State and Canada, and we know of one establishment here which has raised very large quantities, equal to the average of English Swedes. The appearance of the bulb and leaf are shown in the engraving. It is a good grower, coming early to maturity, and keeping well when stored. MORTON says:—It differs from the other "purple-tops" in the more oblong shape of the bulb, having a longer neck, standing more out of the ground, and consequently not keeping so well when allowed to remain in the ground all winter. It is also more liable to run to seed in autumn. To counterbalance these defects, it possesses the properties of being a very free grower, coming early to maturity, and keeps well when stored. It is a good variety to sow in shallow or hard clay soils. In the former case, it produces a better crop than any of the other varieties of Swedes, in consequence of the slight hold it requires of the ground; and in the latter, it swells out on the surface, and when lifted there is not such an adhesion of earth as with the deeper seated sorts. In a wet season, however, this is a very great advantage.



SKIRVING'S IMPROVED PURPLE TOP SWEDE.



LAING'S IMPROVED PURPLE TOP SWEDE.

Laing's Improved Purple Top Swede is another favorite variety. In LAWSON'S *Agriculturists' Manual*, the author says of this turnip, "that it differs from all hitherto known varieties of Swedish turnips, in having large, entire cabbage-like leaves, which, by their horizontal growth, form a thick covering to the soil, thereby materially checking the vigor of autumnal weeds." This peculiarity of shape will be seen in the engraving, where both the leaves and bulb are seen in their natural condition; and by comparing the leaf of this turnip with that of Skirving's Swede, the difference of formation is very apparent. In point of shape, hardiness, and quality, it is represented superior to all varieties of turnips whatsoever.

WHITE STONE GLOBE TURNIP.

Of the COMMON TURNIPS the *White Flat*, or *Norfolk*, is the most grown in this country, and it is the best for new or low soils. The *Scotch Yellow*, or Aberdeen, is a favorite variety for drier and older soils. The *White Stone Globe*, of which we give an engraving, MORTON says is the hardiest of all the white sorts. The bulbs are not so large, grow deeper in the ground, and are consequently better able to resist frost. In shape it is more uniformly round than the common White Globe; and the skin is rougher, and sometimes marked with little scars.

It is well known that our climate is not as favorable as that of England for the cultivation of the turnip—our hot, dry weather often making it a partial failure, and yet we have seen many crops in this State, and still more in Canada, rivaling the best that England ever produced. It has often occurred to us that in the KOHL-RABI we have a plant that is peculiarly suited to our climate, and that may prove as valuable to the farmers and stock growers of this country as the turnip is to those of England. Even in England it is somewhat taking the place of the turnip for heavy lands, and is found to succeed much better in dry summers. At the fairs and exhibitions last autumn it was noticed by all the English Agricultural Journals, as far excelling the Ruta Bagas. MORTON says, "Kohl-rabi is the bulb for dry summers—heat and drouth are congenial to it, and the plant grows, prospers, and yields an enormous crop under circumstances wherein white turnips and Swedes could barely exist. It is extraordinary that so few farmers avail themselves of a plant that, in the driest season, if properly treated, will rarely fail to bring the largest

KOHL-RABI.

return of sound and excellent food. During the parching summer of 1847 the plants grew on, and retained the highest verdure. Labor and pains, directed by a vigilant eye, are indispensable; but, where these conditions are strictly observed, the weight and quality of the bulbs are astonishing. Perhaps it would not be too much to estimate the average of the former at eight pounds per root; and, certainly, the weight of some has, in many cases, amounted to from fourteen to sixteen pounds. As to disease, who ever saw mildew upon Kohl-rabi?"

STEPHENS says, in the *Book of the Farm*—"The advantage which the Kohl-rabi is said to possess over Swedish turnips, by those who have cultivated it in England and Ireland, are these:—Cattle, and especially horses, are fonder of it; the leaves are better food; it bears transplanting better than any other root; insects do not injure it; drouth does not prevent its growth; it stores quite as well, or better; and it affords food later in the season, even in June."

Few, we think, will read these statements without feeling that this plant is peculiarly adapted to this country, where our hot summers make the turnip crop uncertain, and where cheap food for stock is so much needed. It will bear transplanting better than anything of the kind we know of. Seed may be sown early, in a bed as for cabbage, and the plants grow in this until about six inches in height, and then transplanted. Our engraving is too small to do this plant justice, being far inferior in size and execution to those of the Turnips.

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—However unwilling the eulogists of the Western Country may be to admit the fact, it has become evident that something must be done to renovate the older portions of western farming lands. Although it was common, a few years ago, to hear persons boldly assert that the prairie soil would *never* "wear out,"—that the supplies of vegetable nutrition possessed by these lands were perfectly inexhaustible,—a man would have to travel far, and interrogate closely, to find an individual who preaches this doctrine at the present day.

Any one acquainted with the products of western soil for the past fifteen or twenty years, cannot fail to see that, in the yield of every kind of crop susceptible of cultivation here, there is a falling off of at least one-third. Twenty years ago, a piece of land in this county, comprising ten acres, produced, to my certain knowledge, an aggregate of five hundred and twenty bushels of winter wheat. For the past five years, or more, the same field has not produced an average of twelve

bushels per acre. Farms which, in those days, produced corn at the rate of eighty bushels per acre, now yield perhaps fifty,—oftener less. I have not official statistics at hand to demonstrate this point with that exactness which is so desirable in these matters, but it is generally conceded that something has "turned up" which operates to abbreviate the prolific statistical figures of the earlier years of Illinois agriculture.

The idea so generally entertained and promulgated during the early settlement of the West, that the prairie soil would "never tire," has been assiduously adhered to, both in theory and practice, and to this may be ascribed the chief cause of the diminution in our agricultural staples.

In a recent number of the *Cincinnatus*, an article on the "Causes and Effects of the Diminution of Crops," gives, as the cause of the demonstrated diminution, the comparatively sparsely settled condition of the country, of which the effect is to engender negligent and wasteful tillage. Owing to the transitory character of the western limit,—always keeping in advance of the pioneer, and decoying him toward the setting sun by acting upon the natural disquietude of the human mind, and the intuitive desire for the *Ultima Thule*,—there is a boundless expanse of fertile country in the prairie States yet uncultivated, and a similar extent in a worse condition from careless culture.

Another cause of the manifest imperfections which exist in agricultural practice at the West, is attributable to the inherent principle, that "to the victor belong the spoils,"—which principle has actuated those who divested this country of the terrors of which a *terra incognita* is always possessed,—to secure the largest possible area of the reclaimed domain to themselves and their posterity, that they might, thereby, possess all the advantages known,—from the earliest days of "fees simple,"—to accrue to those who, by virtue of their manorial possessions, were "lords of the land."

The sequel to ownership was, in a majority of cases, an *attempt* to cultivate, with insufficient means and appliances; which pernicious example has been followed by subsequent settlers, and continued, (though under constant modification,) to the general disparagement of the best interests of the West. It is to be hoped that a "little farm well tilled" will soon become the rule instead of the exception, and when that consummation is effected, we may look for a better state of things in Western Agriculture.

Of the superior productiveness of the prairie soil, in its earliest stages of culture, the causes are probably various, but to me the most obvious, is the natural *underdraining* to which it was subjected by the ramifications of the long penetrating roots of the luxuriant grasses, and wild herbaceous plants, which so completely overspread the primitive West. These, as their tops were killed by the huge "breaking" plow, decayed and left the stiff, clayey subsoil riddled by the multitude of perforations accomplished by their roots in their natural search for nutriment. This may possibly account for the successful growth of the fruit trees planted by those of the early settlers who were sufficiently devoted to the goddess Pomona to give her mundane representations a "local habitation" in what was then the "Far West." And the closing up of this natural drainage by a skimming, surface cultivation, (formerly quite popular in this country,) it is equally possible may account for a *few* of the deaths in the ninety per cent. of fruit trees which die annually in Illinois.

When Western Horticulturists choose to take the hint afforded by the difference between the ninety per cent. which die now-a-days, and the ten per cent. calculated upon as the loss in former times, perhaps the *true* cause will be sought, and less blame attached to the weather, climate, &c. But within the past year or two, a new era has been inaugurated in this matter, and members of the State Horticultural Society, at the last meeting of that body, unanimously adopted the opinion that *underdraining* was an indispensable requisite in the preparation of any Illinois land for an orchard.

The animation with which the subject of "manures" is discussed in our Western Agricultural Journals of late, leads me to believe that a decided improvement may be expected in the quality and quantity of our agricultural productions.

But while LEIBIG, JOHNSTON, and others, are discussing the relative merits and virtues of phosphates and "super"-phosphates, of silicates and potashes, I hope I may advise (without being charged with officiousness,) the farmers of Illinois to go to work, if not scientifically, to go to work on the plan of the orderly and thrifty Pennsylvania Dutchman who *knows*, without ever having heard of LEIBIG, that stable manure and lime, if properly applied, will PAY! J. C. B.

Galesburg, Ill., 1860.

THE CLOD CRUSHER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—By the report of the discussion at the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society, at Albany, I perceive that Mr. A. B. DICKINSON disposed of the Clod Crusher in a very summary way. The opinions of Mr. D. have, very deservedly, great weight with the Agriculturists of the whole country. It would have been much more convincing, however, if he had given his reasons, or if it had appeared that his assertions were founded upon experiment. Experiments with the Clod Crusher for the last five years, have given me a very different opinion of the implement, from that expressed by him. I would advise the "Trustees of the Agricultural College" not only not "to bury it," but to keep it in active use, if the soil is heavy. I should infer that Mr. DICKINSON'S unfavorable opinion arose from its rendering the soil compact, but this objection is equally tenable against the harrow, and even more, for the same amount of pulverization with the harrow will make soil more compact than with the clod crusher. One passage of the crusher will pulverize the soil more effectually than four to six of the harrow.

The crusher is almost indispensable to the proper cultivation of a heavy soil for winter wheat. My custom is to follow the crusher with the cultivator, which lifts and leaves, in a loose, friable state, the soil broken and pressed down by the crusher. It is much less work to pulverize the soil with the crusher and cultivator, than to do it by three plowings, as recommended by Mr. DICKINSON. I fully agree with Mr. D. in deep plowing and subsoiling, and think his mode of raising potatoes is both philosophical and practical. But he has evidently thrown away the crusher without sufficient consideration. His implement is highly prized in England upon their heavy soils, and I think must be here, until some implement shall be devised both to break up or plow and pulverize at the same time, which must be a rotary implement. The crusher has been of great service to me in preparing a stiff soil for garden crops. Fall plowing dispenses with the crusher for spring grain, but root crops require spring cultivation and fine tilth.

Erie Co., N. Y., 1860. E. W STEWART.

GROWING CARROTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As others are relating their experience in regard to farming, permit me to say a few words relative to raising carrots,—one of the cheapest crops that can be grown for feeding purposes. On the 22d of April last, I plowed 59½ square rods of ground,—a clay and loamy soil,—from eight to ten inches deep, and on the the 30th, harrowed thoroughly and rolled, then left it till May 7th, when it was again harrowed, and sown to carrots, the seed planted one-half inch deep with a drill. The drills were 16 inches apart. Afterward I passed over the ground with a roller, that the seed might all germinate. Between the 28th and 31st of May, I weeded them for the first time. The weather being dry, the ground got so hard I began to think the crop would not pay me for my trouble. The 22d and 23d of July, I went over them again, feeling somewhat encouraged, as the weather was quite favorable for the crop. On the 3d of November, finished digging them, and, contrary to all expectations, had the round number of 375 bushels, from the 59½ rods of ground. This, I suppose, is no great yield for those acquainted with the crop, yet, under the circumstances above named, we consider it good. They were mostly the Orange Carrot. The cost was as follows:

	Dr.
To eight loads of manure	$ 8 00
One-half day plowing	1 00
One-half day dragging and sowing	1 00
One pound seed	1 00
Fifteen days' weeding, boys and men	9 00
Sixteen days' digging	10 50
Interest on value of land	1 25
Total	$31 75
	Cr.
By three hundred and seventy-five bushels carrots, at my estimate, twenty-five cents	$93 75
	31 75
Balance in favor of crop	$62 00

Perhaps I may estimate them at too high a figure, but I think not for feeding purposes. I think they are worth as much as potatoes, if not more,—others may figure to suit themselves.

Akron, Erie Co., N. Y., 1860. ASHER WHEELER.

PASTURING ON THE HIGHWAY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A question of some interest, to farmers at least, is the proper management of our highways. Shall they be pastured, or not? The pasturing of our highways by many of our able farmers, is often a great nuisance to their neighbors. Cattle, sheep and pigs, that are confined principally to the highway, are generally unruly, and have to be watched to prevent them doing mischief. It is certainly an unneighborly act for one man to let his stock run at large in harvest, or other busy period, (or at any time,) when he knows his neighbor is drawing grain from the field to his barn, passing by the road, and compelling him either to watch, or shut the gate each time he passes through, or submit to have his grain destroyed by the ever-watchful road-stock. Among the advantages claimed for pasturing the highway, are, first, the necessity of keeping the grass down, which is often entirely obviated by the industrious pigs, and instead of a smooth lawn, there is a medley of loose sods, and a rank overgrowth of unsightly weeds, that have to be cut at least twice each year to prevent their seeding the whole farm. Again, the poor man, at least, should have a right to pasture the highways, as he has no land of his own, but that class seldom find it profitable to do so. It is the well-to-do farmer that is the aggressor, nine times out of ten.

This subject is a proper one for discussion in the agricultural journals, and if you will present the matter to your numerous correspondents and readers, a public feeling may be created that might induce Legislative action in the premises.

Lyons, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1860 A SUFFERER.

WILL SPRING FROST INJURE POTATOES?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—There were many inquiries relative to the effects of frost upon certain kinds of crops, especially potatoes, after the frigid visitation of the 4th June, 1859. Many were discouraged, and plowed up whole fields in potatoes, and sowed to oats, buckwheat, &c. Some, possessing more faith in the ways of a kind and beneficent Providence, trusted to His promises of "seed-time and harvest," and left their potatoes to mature, as best they could, with the proper cultivation, and were blessed with an abundant harvest. Such was the case with one GEO. D. HILLS. He planted 140 rods of ground in potatoes, the 23d of April, in drills three feet apart. Potatoes, cut one eye in a piece, and dropped one and a half feet apart; covered with a hoe; four and a half bushels seed on the piece; dressed with a composition of ashes and plaster, as soon as up; were cut some with frost about May 25th, and again June 4th, frozen to the ground; many sets frozen to the potatoes; at this time were fair size for the cultivator and hoe; remained apparently dead for near a week; cultivated and hoed twice; dug about the middle of October, and had 250 bushels of good, sizable potatoes. No signs of rot were discovered. The land was a light, sandy loam, of fair producing qualities; stumped, and in corn, the previous year. These potatoes proved much better than expected, as far as it regards their qualities for the table, being equal to the Pink Eye, Peach Blow, Mercer, &c. H. A. WHITTEMORE.

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Is this Anybody's Picture?

A correspondent of the *Ohio Cultivator* has been word-painting, and we present our readers with the portrait he has perfected. Critical examination may bring to our recollection an old friend:

There's neighbor S——. He is content with his farm, and believes that draining is too costly to be practised, and sheds will not pay as a protection to stock. He leaves a dilapidated fence in front of his dwelling, backed by a row of scraggy peach trees. His wood-yard is in front of the house, consisting of an unsightly pile of green logs, to be cut up as occasion requires. His barn! the roof decayed and ragged, with the boards here and there missing from the sides; an open yard, where all winter a herd of lowing cattle may be seen, pinched with cold, and trampling their fodder under their feet. His farming implements! they are few and simple. Go into the road, and there, by the fence—where they are carefully placed when not in use—you will see them. An old wagon with an older box, stands ready to go to pieces by its own weight, a three-cornered drag rests confidingly against it, while a little way off the plow, which, by the wear and tear it has been subjected to, might be referred to any age since Methusaleh. Neighbor S—— believes one plow will answer for all purposes, and all soils, and thinks new inventions in this line humbugs. In the spring he yokes a pair of poor starved oxen, that have lain out to freeze in the open yard last winter, hitches them to his plow, and proceeds to spring plowing. He usually gets into his field by letting down the fence; an easy task by the way, for the corners are all down, or thrown this way and that, till he cannot easily make it worse. He usually begins in wet weather, as his team is too light to plow when it is dry. He plows shallow, for his team is not strong enough to plow deep. He don't subsoil it; it would take another team. When harvest comes, he wonders why his fields yield but half a crop!

Such are the men—I will not say farmers—who disgrace the pursuit of agriculture. But their number is lessening. Stupid indeed must be the man who in this age does not improve. Every appliance science and art can bring, is placed in the hand of the farmer. He has but to signify his wants, and the inventor is ready to devote years in his service. He but asks and he receives. The heaven is working, and the farmer for intelligence stands equal to the best. If he does not, then he is to blame. If he will not read and think, if he will not strive to improve, then he merits contempt, and should be degraded, not only by other professions, but by all true farmers, as a reproach on the honor of their calling.

Why Pork Shrinks in the Pot.

DURING the publication of the tenth volume of the RURAL, the question of Lunar influence was discussed at some length, and we perceive that the farmers of Connecticut, through the columns of the *Homestead*, are now urging their *pros* and *cons* in the matter. "Old Farmer" gives his notions, relative to the effects of the moon's rays upon pork, thus:

"If hogs have been fed mostly on animal food, as at slaughter-houses, the pork will shrink. If you kill your sows when in heat, the pork will shrink. I have heard of a paddy who fed his hog to repletion one day and let him squeal without any food the next, so that he might have pork with a streak of fat and a streak of lean. This kind of pork will shrink.

My neighbors frequently borrow or buy a little pork from my cellar, and they say it never shrinks. There is no necromancy about it. My way of managing hogs is this. In the first place I have a good breed. I never allow them to fall off in condition from the start they get with their mother's milk, and they never know stint nor stunt, till the last day, when I feed them with a stick. Early in the autumn I take them up in high order and begin to fat them, gradually increasing their rations of grain till they are *fat and ready to kill*. Then I feed them one week more. During that week, if my pork has not been already engaged at my own door, I make a market for it.—Then secure plenty of help of the right kind, and see that everything is all right in the house and out of the house, so that the hog can be butchered and dressed without any vexatious delays. Take an early start and stick the hogs. Be sure that the pork is thoroughly cooled upon cutting up, but cut up and salt down soon after it is cold. It is better not to allow it to freeze. Use plenty of the best salt and fill up the barrels with brine, and and not with water as some do. (An old *beef* cask will ruin your pork.) Do this and you will have pork, white, firm, compact and almost as solid as marble, which, when well cooked, will be tender, juicy, melting, and more delicate than the meat of any other critter that THE GIVER has provided for us, and you may defy the moon and all the men and women in it to make it shrink."

How Underdraining Pays.

A VERMONT correspondent of the *N. E. Farmer* tells a brief and pleasant story of his underdraining two acres of cold stony upland, at an expense of $30 per acre, using some tile and some stone—the latter being plenty on the ground. The crop, the year before draining, was two small loads of brakes and some hay, hardly worth cutting. Of the crop the year after draining, he says:—"This spring I broke it, manured lightly, and planted to potatoes, corn and beans. The crops did well, and at harvest were worth, in our market, about $100, which paid the $60 invested for draining, and $40 for labor. The land is now worth, at least, $50 per acre."

Inquiries and Answers.

THE SCRATCHES.—Will you inform a subscriber the cause of scratches in horses, and the cure? I have a valuable horse whose limbs are constantly swelled on this account, and it has thus far defied all attempts at a cure.—W. D., *China, N. Y.*, 1860.

WE give W. D. four modes, either of which he can test to his own satisfaction:—In its early stages, diet, cleanliness, and ventilation require the attention of the groom. When the heels are swollen and hot, apply a poultice of slippery elm (powdered) ¼ pound; fine salt, 2 ounces. Mix with hot water, and when cool, spread a portion on cotton cloth and bind. *If the horse is fat*, a mild cathartic, consisting of aloes, 4 drachms; gentian, 2 drachms; ginger, 1 drachm—all powdered—may be administered. If, on the other hand, the horse be poor, use no medicine, but allow a generous diet. Prof. MORTON, of the Royal Veterinary College, recommends the following:—Equal parts of vinegar, linseed oil, and turpentine. Wash the heels with luke warm water and Castile soap, and, after wiping dry, apply the mixture.

A Toledo, Ohio, correspondent of the RURAL says any person having a horse troubled with the scratches, will find that, by taking a soft or fresh corn-cob, and using warm dish-water, or warm water and Castile soap, (I prefer the former,) and rubbing the affected part with the cob, dipping it frequently in the water, until he has the scruff all off and perfectly clean—then drying it with a cloth, and applying the following salve—rubbing it well, that it will take but a few greasings until the horse is perfectly cured. I have used this method repeatedly for 30 years, and have never known it to fail. Scrape from the outside of the iron pots used for cooking, the soot, or black that is on them, with a case knife, and then mix tallow with it until it forms a good salve, or paste, and rub the scratches with it, after being cleansed, three or four times, or even six times, if necessary. An improvement will be seen immediately. The horse should be kept in the stable, or out of the mud, until he is cured, or nearly so.

Another correspondent, residing at Lockport, N. Y., possessed of what he claims is a simple preventive and cure, pens it, as this is one of the worst seasons of the year for horses to be troubled with them. It is as follows:—When the horse comes in at night, his legs should be washed clean, and rubbed as dry as may be, then apply good vinegar, rubbing it well to the skin. Two applications a day are sufficient. I have always found it a sure preventive and a certain cure. If the legs have become cracked and sore, apply the vinegar freely, and add a piece of copperas, the size of a common hickory nut, to a quart of vinegar.

REMEDY FOR BONE SPAVIN.—For the benefit of "Constant Reader," in Niagara Co., and all others who may have horses afflicted with Bone Spavin, I send you the recipe which is considered a sure cure:—Take one pound of angle-worms, fry them well in a pound of butter, and, after it is cool, add one gill of spirits of turpentine. Take one ounce of origanum oil, which mix with one gill of spirits of turpentine. Every morning rub the spavin with the angle-worm mixture, heated in with a hot iron. Every evening rub with the origanum mixture. By the time these are used, the horse will begin to improve. During the operation, it will often appear to make him worse, but this must not be regarded as injurious. It does not remove the bunch, but will remove the disease and cure the lameness. I have used the remedy in several cases, and in no instance have failed of effecting a cure. During the last year, a neighbor of mine has used it on a spavin of seven years' standing, the horse being so lame that it could not be used. For the last four or five months it has been entirely free from lameness, and is now considered sound. The bunch is so large sometimes as to bind the joints and make it difficult for the horse to step over bars, or a fence, when not let down low. The horse may be worked moderately, but not drawn hard, or driven fast, until a cure is effected. Care should also be taken to keep the horse-shoe so calked as to prevent his slipping, either on the ice or stable floor.—C. H., *Berkshire, Tioga Co., N. Y.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

SOME weeks ago we stated that there appeared to be a very general sentiment in favor of a Western N. Y. Ag. and Mech. Association—the People and Press of this section almost universally advocating such an organization—and we now give (see next column,) the action of citizens of Rochester on the subject. It will be observed that a Convention of all interested is to be held in this city on the 15th instant. As we believe improvement can best be accelerated by associated effort—the organization and action of local clubs and societies, and County, District and State associations—we cheerfully publish the proceedings of our citizens, and the call for a Convention. We trust the subject will be fully discussed and considered on the occasion, and that the result—whether for or against the proposed Association—will redound to the advancement of the Rural and Mechanical interests.

IOWA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Board of Directors of the State Ag. Society of Iowa, met at Des Moines on the 11th ult., and continued in session three days. Having disposed of some preliminary business, they proceeded to the election of Officers, with the following result: *President*—Hon. GEO. G. WRIGHT of Van Buren. *Vice-President*—Mark Miller of Dubuque. *Secretary*—J. H. Wallace of Muscatine. *Treasurer*—M. L. Morris of Johnson. *Directors* holding over one year—J. D. Wright, Marion; P. Melendy, Blackhawk; G. W. Kincaid, Muscatine; Henry Olmsted, Harrison; Robert Seevers, Mahaska. *Directors* for two years—T. K. Brooks, Polk; J. M. Cannon, Scott; George Sprague, Butler; H. G. Stuart, Lee; Oliver Mills, Cass. Iowa City was the place fixed upon for holding the next State Fair, which is to be held on the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th days of October next.

CHEMUNG CO. AG. SOCIETY.—On the 29th ult., at an adjourned meeting of those interested, an Agricultural Society was organized in Chemung Co., and the following board of officers elected: *President*—A. I. WYNKOOP. *Vice-Presidents*—J. T. Rathbun, I. O. Seudder, Youngs Little, S. Minier, William Wordeu, J. G. Widrig, Hiram Tuttle, Jacob Swartwood, and Willis Savary. *Secretary*—B. S. Carpenter. *Treasurer*—S. T. Arnot. *Trustees*—Harvey Luce, S. C. Smith, O. Fitch, J. S. Hoffman, A. Frost, and J. Livesay.

LIVINGSTON CO. FAIR.—The annual Fair and Cattle Show of the Livingston County Ag. Society, is to be held on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the 26th, 27th, and 28th of September.

THE WEATHER is very fine and warm for the season. March opened gently, and, with the exception of high winds, the weather has thus far been quite favorable for out-door business. As we write (March 6,) the sun shines brightly, with a warm atmosphere and other indications of an early Spring, which we sincerely trust will be vouchsafed.

EFFECTS OF UNDERDRAINING.—The editor of the New England *Farmer* says two acres of his land, which he underdrained, "has been affected about as much as though the season had been lengthened three weeks."

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS in this and recent numbers of the RURAL. We refuse many, aiming to give such only as are from reliable sources and of interest to our readers.

PROPOSED WESTERN NEW YORK

AGRICULTURAL AND MECH'L ASSOCIATION.

AT a meeting of the citizens of Rochester, held at the Court House, on the the 20th ult.,—Mayor MOORE in the Chair and JAMES VICK Secretary,—to consider the propriety of organizing an Agricultural and Mechanical Association for Western New York, it was resolved that such an organization is expedient and every way desirable. Messrs. A. KELSEY, D. D. T. MOORE, P. BARRY, B. M. BAKER, and D. WARNER, were appointed a committee to prepare a plan of organization, in accordance with the spirit of the resolution, and report the same at an adjourned meeting to be held February 27th.

At the adjourned meeting, on the evening of the 27th, Gen. GOULD was called to the Chair. The Committee on organization, being called upon, reported as follows:

The Committee appointed by the meeting of Citizens, held on the 20th of February, to prepare and report a plan for a *Western New York Agricultural and Mechanical Association*, in conformity with a resolution adopted on that occasion, would respectfully state that they have been unable to consult upon the subject properly, or give it that deliberation its importance demands. The first meeting of the Committee was held on Saturday, when barely a quorum was present, yet, though unprepared to report a definite plan, we would submit for consideration the following necessarily crude and imperfect suggestions relative to the contemplated association:

Without alluding to other cogent reasons, your Committee believe that the great and growing interests Agriculture, Horticulture, and the Mechanics and Domestic Arts in Western New York, render it of the first importance that a Society be organized for the encouragement and promotion of improvement in these prominent and indispensable pursuits,—and also to augment the professional skill and intelligence of all engaged therein throughout the territory designated. As the people of Western New York must mainly rely upon the products of its soil and manufactures for substantial, permanent prosperity, and the accumulation of wealth, your Committee consider it of paramount importance that its leading industrial pursuits—Agriculture, Horticulture, Mechanics, and Manufactures—should be fostered by associated effort, with public awards to, and eulogiums of, the most successful and meritorious producers and products in the various departments. Western New York has long maintained an enviable reputation in Agriculture and Horticulture—the fertility of its soil, and the industry, skill, and intelligent enterprise of its cultivators having become favorably known to the whole civilized world. With all its imperfections, our system of Agriculture is, as a whole, probably better and more advantageous than that of any other district of equal extent in America—while Western New York, (and especially a large section, including Rochester,) is celebrated in both our own and foreign countries, as one of the most favorable regions for fruit growing and the nursery business on the globe. In those rural pursuits peculiarly adapted to our soil, climate, and location, we are, it is believed, far in advance of Eastern New York, New England, the West, the South, and the Canadas, and it remains for us to determine, by wise, timely, united, and energetic action, whether this superiority shall be fully maintained at least, if not materially augmented. That such an organization as is proposed, properly managed, would accomplish much in the direction desired, no one can gainsay—for, if Town, Union, and County Societies, designed to promote Rural and Mechanical improvements are beneficial, as is generally conceded, surely an Association combining all important branches of production, and holding both exhibitions and Sales Fairs, (as has been suggested,) must greatly accelerate the cause of improvement.

Your Committee are firmly of opinion that the Mechanic Arts and Manufactures are an indispensable element of success and prosperity in Western New York—that they can be prosecuted most advantageously in our cities and villages, and that their encouragement, in the manner already intimated, would redound to the benefit of all classes of community within the territory. Buffalo and Rochester are already somewhat extensively engaged in manufacturing, while Lockport, Brockport, Seneca Falls, Batavia, Dansville, Lyons, and many other towns, are becoming more than embryo Lowells—and it is for the interest of their citizens, and the people of the surrounding country, to make them such in fact. For example, we hold that it is the bounden duty of the citizens, and especially the capitalists of Rochester, to take measures to avail themselves of the advantages derivable from its superior facilities for manufacturing—as herein lies one of the great levers of its future increase in wealth and population. With a rich adjacent country, having a large, industrious, and enterprising population, and possessing great facilities of communication and shipment to other sections—East, West, North, and South—it is surprising that more of our citizens have not already embarked in those branches of manufacture for which we have peculiar facilities, and can command a ready and profitable market. And what is true of Rochester is also true, to a greater or less extent, of other towns in the large, fertile, and populous region embraced in what is termed Western New York—(a region of greater extent, population, and wealth, than many States of the Union, and which some sensible people have declared *ought to be* an independent Commonwealth; but *that* is a question we do not propose to discuss.) Whatever, therefore, tends to encourage Agriculture, Horticulture, Mechanics, and kindred arts and pursuits, is of vital consequence to the whole people of Western New York—a corrollary too evident to any intelligent person to require a special argument or reference to the teachings of political economy.

But your Committee were appointed to prepare a *plan* for a Western New York Agricultural and Mechanical Association, rather than to give *reasons* why such an organization should be formed, and they would fain present a platform upon which those interested in the great interests involved could harmoniously unite. But they have not been able to devote sufficient time and attention to the subject. Your Committee have discussed several plans, but are not prepared to make a definite report as to what would, in their opinion, prove most feasible. We would therefore respectfully ask further time, in order to mature a plan more worthy the important objects of the proposed Association than any we can now submit.

On motion, the report was accepted and the Committee granted further time, with instructions to call a meeting when prepared to submit a further report.

CONVENTION TO FORM AN ASSOCIATION.

In accordance with the resolution adopted at the meeting held on the 27th ult., the Committee called a meeting of citizens to convene on Thursday evening, March 1st. Said meeting was organized by calling SAMUEL MILLER to the Chair, and appointing JAMES VICK Secretary. The Committee then submitted the following:

Your Committee would respectfully report, that since the Citizens' Meeting, on Monday evening, they have met and further discussed the subject of a plan for the proposed Society. After canvassing several plans, and comparing the views of the various members of the Committee, it was apparent that, in order to report understandingly and definitely in regard to the plan which appeared most feasible, it would be necessary to correspond with persons at a distance, to obtain information as to details, which would require from a week to ten days. The Committee determined to enter upon this correspondence at once, that they might, if called upon, be prepared to report at a future meeting or convention of the people of Western New York interested in the subject. It was then resolved to call a meeting of citizens this evening, for the purpose of submitting the following statement or recommendation preliminary to further action:

That the Committee recommend the citizens of Rochester to issue a call for a Convention, (to be held in this city,) inviting the attendance and co-operation of the farmers, horticulturists, mechanics and manufacturers of Western New York, and those of as many other counties in the State as desire to unite in organizing a Western New York Agricultural and Mechanical Association, to be located permanently at some central point which the Convention (or as many of its members as may join in the enterprise,) may designate; and that the question be left entirely open for such Convention to determine upon what basis or plan said Association shall be formed. That notices of the time and place of holding said Convention be given by the Secretary of this meeting to the Officers of all Agricultural Societies in Western New York, so far as known to him, by mail; and that a general notice and invitation be extended to all interested, through the press of our city, with the request that all papers in Western New York will copy the same.

The report was accepted and ordered to be published in connection with the report made at the last meeting. It was then resolved that the proposed Convention be held on Thursday, the 15th day of March, at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, at the Court House in the city of Rochester, and that the officers thus acting be requested to invite the officers of all agricultural associations, and all prominent agriculturists, horticulturists, mechanics and manufacturers in Western New York to attend and participate in the proceedings of the Convention.

JAMES VICK, *Sec'y.* SAMUEL MILLER, *Ch'n.*

DWARF PEAR CULTURE IN CANADA.—No. I.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—With your permission, I would like to avail myself of the extensive circulation of your valuable paper in Canada, to say a few words to my own countrymen on the subject of Dwarf Pears. With our characteristic patience, we have been waiting to see how you succeeded; and now, if I may judge by the number of the trees of late ordered from the nurseries, we are going to try our hand at growing dwarf pears. It is my wish that, as far as possible, those who are thus trying to supply themselves with good fruit, should be saved from needless disappointment,—and with this view, seek to make to them a few suggestions through your columns.

The dwarf pear is certainly one of the greatest boons in the fruit line that art has given to man. It enables us, in from three to five years, to enjoy, upon our own premises, the finest and newest varieties of both Europe and America; and in most instances produces fruit of finer size and higher flavor than the pear stock. In fact, the time is at hand, when no one who has sufficient taste to endeavor to make his home attractive, will feel satisfied until he has planted an assortment of dwarf fruit-bearing trees, which will contribute so much to the adornment of his grounds, while ministering so abundantly to the delicacies of the table.

I said the dwarf pear tree is the gift of art; and it is by remembering this simple fact, and treating it accordingly, that it can be successfully grown and made to bear its yearly burden of delicious fruit. *Nothing valuable without labor,* is a maxim that has its application here. The man who is not willing to bestow the requisite care, ought never to plant.

First, then, as to where to plant. Great care should be exercised in selecting a suitable place in which to plant dwarf pears. It should be a rich, warm, dry spot, where no water stands; and where, if you dig a hole two feet deep into the ground at any season of the year, water will not remain in it for more than twenty-four hours. If the soil be not thus drained naturally, it should be thoroughly underdrained. The best soil is a strong clay loam; yet any soil that will yield good corn or potatoes, may be used. If, however, it should be very deficient in clay, and such earth can be procured, a liberal dressing will be found highly beneficial.

Then, in planting, let it be done carefully. Spread out the small roots and fibres in their natural position, and pulverize the soil well as it is placed among and over them—settling it, if need be, with water, so that it may come closely in contact with the smallest roots. It is a tree, not a post, you are planting. *Let no manure be placed with the soil among the roots.* It is very injurious. Many, anxious to make their trees grow rapidly, have committed this error, and killed them. Bury the stock in the ground up to the place where the pear bud was inserted, but not deeper. The quince, on which the pear is worked, is liable to the attacks of an insect known as the borer, but these are entirely prevented by burying the quince portion below the surface. If planted deeper, the pear often throws out roots, thereby depriving us of the advantages of working on the quince.

After the tree is planted, a mulch or covering of leaves from the forest, spread on the surface under the tree, will help to keep the ground moist and at a uniform temperature, thereby greatly promoting the growth of the tree during its first summer. Coarse manure is sometimes recommended, but the rains often carry down a solution too strong for the newly transplanted tree, and on this account, if leaves can not conveniently be had, sawdust, chopped straw, moss, or spent tan, would be preferable to manure.

And now, it is just here that so many seem to think that their work is all done; that henceforth the trees will care for themselves and their master too. It is a great mistake, from which has resulted much of the disappointment that has been experienced in the growing of dwarf pears. In truth, it is just here that the labor really begins. The trees are well planted in a warm, thoroughly-drained, fertile soil, and in a few days they will begin to grow. But about the same time the weeds will begin to grow also. These must be kept down, perfectly subdued, and *the soil kept mellow by repeated cultivation;* and that not only during the first summer, but during every subsequent summer while the trees stand. The cultivation should not be deep; not by spade or plow, lest the roots be cut and torn; but with the cultivator or hoe, so that the surface may be kept mellow and the weeds destroyed; and that not for a little circle just around the tree, but for a radius of at least ten feet.

Again—*the trees must be fed.* And that they may be supplied with a suitable quantity all the time, they should receive an *annual* dressing. The best fertilizer I believe to be a compost of well-rotted barnyard manure, leaf mold, and charcoal, of which the manure forms two-thirds; that the fall is the best time to apply it, and the best method of application is to spread it on the surface of the ground. By this means the too stimulating effects of fresh manures is avoided, the roots are protected from the severe and sudden changes of weather during the winter, while the early spring rains carry down the soluble portions into the soil.

Then, *in the spring, comes the pruning,*—and that not once in three or four years, but *every* spring. The pruning is a point in which many fail, and because of this failure on the part of the cultivator, the trees soon fail also. It seems to be hard, after taking so much pains to make the trees grow, to cut that fine, thrifty growth away. But the tree is a creature of art,—and as art has given it being, so art is required to keep it in vigor. Those who have succeeded best, have uniformly, every spring, cut back the previous summer's growth so as to leave but three or four good buds remaining on the shoot. It is impossible here to give a detailed description of the best method of pruning. Practice will soon teach an observing man what branch needs to be cut closest, and where to let in the light and air. I have never yet seen a dwarf pear tree that had been pruned too much, and am fully persuaded that, without proper attention to this part of the culture, the trees cannot be preserved in health and vigor, nor the fruit be large and fine.

Then, there is the *thinning out of the fruit.* Some varieties of pear set their fruit in clusters, and these need to be thinned so that the pears will not touch each other. Besides this, there is a great tendency in the dwarf pear tree to bear too much. This must be prevented by taking off a part of the fruit. It is best to do it early in the season, before the pears attain much size, selecting the smallest and the ill-shaped specimens. As to the quantity that should be taken off, I can only say, aim to bring the size of the crop to a just proportion to the size and vigor of the tree. It is harder to screw one's courage up to the right thinning point when pears are to be cut away, than only the branches. But the fruit taken is not so much lost. The nourishment, distributed among so many, would not have been enough to have brought any of them to perfection. Properly reduce the number, and those that remain will be brought up to the highest degree of excellence of which the variety is capable. Besides, the tree that is allowed to overbear will soon exhaust itself.

If any, who have had the patience to follow me thus far, think they cannot find time to prune their trees in the spring, to thin out the fruit and keep the ground mellow and clean in the summer, and to give them a good top dressing in the fall, let them not plant. To such, dwarf pears would only be a disappointment and a vexation.—Slightly to change the words of one of your eminent statesmen, the price of good fruit is eternal vigilance. Nor need they read further; the few suggestions that will follow in my next are for those who are willing to endure the toil that they may reap the fruit.

D. W. Beadle.

St Catharines, C. W., 1860.

NEW GRAPE TRELLIS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I herewith present you with a description of my mode of trellising grapes, which I think will be quite useful to grape-growers in some localities, especially so where there is much danger from severe winters.

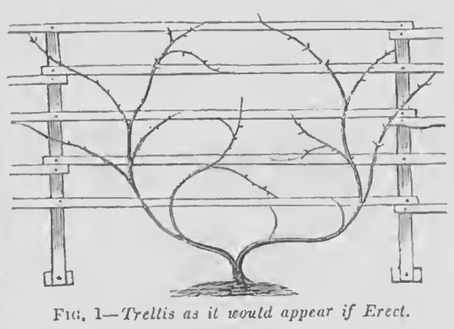


Fig. 1—*Trellis as it would appear if Erect.*

Figure 1, shows the appearance the trellis would present if erect. Figure 2, shows the end view of trellis raised up for spading. Fig. 3, trellis as it lies during summer. Figure 4, as laid down for winter.

Fig. 2—*Trellis Elevated for Spading.*

I construct the trellis in the following manner: For the beams for the slats to rest on, I use two-by-four-inch hemlock, six feet long, where the rows are eight feet apart. For blocks under the foot of the beams, three-by-four, eight inches long; for slats, pine, one-by-one and a half inches, sixteen feet long. I reduce the thickness of the foot of the beam to about one inch, and nail it to the block with two tenpenny nails,—and when all are prepared, scatter them through the vineyard. Then I begin at one end of a row, the rows running east and west, and place the foot of the beam exactly in a line with the stock of the vines, and lay the other end directly northward, placing the beams eight feet apart along the rows. Then I begin with the slats,—begin with three, to reach to two beams, and two long ones, reaching to three beams, placing the first slat about twenty inches from the foot end of the beams. Having these nailed down, I continue with full-length slats, thus getting a part of the joints upon each beam, which is actually necessary to make the work strong enough to bear handling.

To obviate the necessity of cutting the slats exactly of a length, I slip the ends past each other, as shown in figure 1, which, at the same time, makes stronger work. The short props should be two-by-four, eighteen or twenty inches long, and the long ones should be about four feet long, one by-three-inches. Of these, enough to set up one or two rows at a time is sufficient. This trellis may be made any continuous length; but still, in a large vineyard, roads must be left across for hauling in manure, and from there it must necessarily be carried in wheelbarrows over the vineyard. A slight hillock may be kept under the foot of the beam, or a larger block used, to clear the fruit sufficiently from the earth.

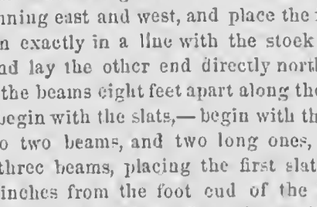


Fig. 3—*Trellis in Proper Position for the Summer.*

After the spading in the spring, is done, I let the vines down, as shown in figure 3, and do the hoeing during summer without disturbing the vines—my hoe being so shaped, with a long handle, as to admit of reaching under and working up the soil thoroughly.

What I mostly seek, by keeping my vines so low, is to have the fruit ripen better. I have, every year, tried the experiment by setting up a row or two higher than the others, and have always found those lowest the ripest, but, of course, they must not be so low as to touch the ground. Where it is necessary to lay vines down during the winter, there cannot be a more convenient or more suitable trellis constructed for the purpose, than this; for, it is difficult to take a strong vine from an upright trellis and lay it down, and in the spring raise it up again, without, more or less, loosening the bark and injuring the wood, which, if followed up for a few years, must necessarily injure the vine. But with this trellis, (it never being necessary to raise it more than half upright,) a vine does not get strained enough to cause any injury. Where there is much danger from severe winters, the vines should be trained on the under side, and firmly tied to the trellis. The smaller branches and canes may be brought up between the slats and properly spread and tied; or, where they cannot be brought on top, they may be firmly tied to the under side of it, as it does not matter much; for the young wood will naturally grow upright, and finally lap over on the trellis. Then, when winter comes, and the vines are pruned, the tying may be cut and the vines let down—and, if desirable, some litter thrown on, and the trellis dropped down upon them. If any snow falls, the trellis will prevent the wind from blowing it off.

Fig. 4—*Trellis as Laid Down during Winter.*

There is one drawback to this trellis, in the opinion of some, and that is, the cultivation of the soil has to be done by hand—though, where laborers can be had, I consider it the cheapest; for I think one spading, in a vineyard, better than all the plowing that could be given it during the season. With the spade, you lay the soil where you want it, but with the plow, you lay it where you can. I think a plow should never enter a vineyard after vines begin to bear.

Perhaps it will not be amiss here to state how the idea was first brought to my mind, of placing grape vines low down, as it will the more clearly show the object which I sought to obtain by it. When I first commenced putting out grape vines, I at the same time began looking after our wild ones, with a view of testing some of them, with regard to their quality for wine. As I was strolling along the river bank, one day, quite early in the fall, looking to see how they were prospering, I came to a vine, spread out on a grass plat, which was covered with beautiful clusters of black grapes, all fully ripe, at which I was greatly surprised, as it was so early that I had not expected to find anything of the kind. My first idea was that I had discovered an early variety; but, on tracing the vine to its root, I found branches of the same running up on some bushes, and there the grapes were but just beginning to color, although they were favorably situated for ripening—at least, what would usually be considered so. Now, the question arose, how I could train my grapes low—spread out flat, and in such a manner as would admit of cultivating the soil. I was satisfied that the difference here was caused by their lying on the ground, where they were not exposed to the cold winds as much as those higher up. The result, after about a year's consideration, was the trellis here presented. Now, although I do not find as much difference between the upright ones and those lying down, as there was between those wild ones, I still find enough to induce me to continue the same style.

Charlotte, N. Y., Feb., 1860. Geo. Beck.

Remarks.—We present our readers with the above, and will only remark that we have often been surprised at the magnificent and early ripened grapes shown by Mr. Beck. He grows *Clinton* as large as people generally grow the *Isabella.* Next season we will have an eye to Mr. B.'s vineyard.

TO PRESERVE SQUASH SEED PURE.

Dear Rural:—I notice in your columns of Feb. 4th, a communication in relation to "Preserving Squash Seed Pure." I agree with the writer, Mr. Clackner, that, "a pure seed of its kind will produce its like to an indefinite time, provided it is kept from intermixing with other sorts." Yes, but then, how are we to do this? It does seem next to impossible to keep them pure, and from all I have read, I don't see that we are any nearer a practical way to do it, than before all the plans were proposed. Mr. C. takes it for granted that a squash "sets" before it blossoms. I think it does not "set."

One question I will ask; does not a squash vine produce blossoms, both male and female, on different parts of the vine? In Mr. C.'s mode of protection, if a vine of another kind were planted near by, it might fertilize the plant on which we place our hopes for "pure seed,"—the pollen from the other vine might impregnate the *Hubbard* before the pollen of the *Hubbard* would reach the blossom of the *Hubbard;* at least, so I think, but then, if (?) the squash produces a perfect flower, then Mr. C.'s mode is perfect. I hope you, Mr. Editor, will state in your next, after you get this, if the squash has "perfect blossoms."

I think the only reliable way is that which some seedsmen have adopted, viz., plant for seed, on a neck of land out in the sea, at a long distance from where they raise any other kind.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb., 1860. J. H. Foster, Jr.

Remarks.—The female flowers of the squash need fertilizing by the male flowers, so that Mr. C., to make his system perfect would have to protect a few of the male blossoms and fertilize by hand. This is a nice operation, as the pollen must be taken just at the right time.

We give up this department the present week almost entirely to correspondents, and still several valuable articles are crowded out.

Inquiries and Answers.

Fruit Culture In Iowa.—I wish to set out quite a number of fruit trees the coming year. I see in the Rural of Feb. 4th that G. J. Kellogg has kindly furnished a list of 21 varieties of apples that are adapted to the soil and climate of Wisconsin. Now, can any of your correspondents give us a list that will be hardy, excellent, and productive, in this part of Iowa? The fact of it is, very many of the old inhabitants say that fruit cannot be grown here; but I have seen has good apples that were grown here, as I ever saw anywhere, and I think what has been done by a few, can be done by many, with proper investigation, judgment, and care. They say that after the ground is frozen hard, that no snow, or but very little, covers the ground to protect the roots of the trees, in consequence of which, a few days of warm weather, such as we have here, even in winter, will thoroughly soften the ground and thaw the roots, and the sap springs to the tree, when a northeaster catches it, and, in freezing it, bursts the bark and kills the tree. Now, would not a simple application of straw manure around the tree, after the ground is thoroughly frozen in the fall, prevent this unseasonable thawing till it is removed in the spring, and thereby save the tree?—G. W., *Edgeville, Iowa,* 1860.

Heavy mulching would no doubt be of great benefit in all sections where trees suffer from frost. Will not some of our readers in Iowa give us such facts in regard to fruit culture in that State as will be profitable to our correspondent and others who are desiring knowledge on the subject.

Dwarf Apples.—Will you, or some of your experienced correspondents, give us a chapter upon the apple dwarfed upon the Doucain. How large a size does the tree attain? How early and how long do they bear, under proper treatment? In what does the treatment consist? What are the twenty varieties best suited to the Doucain for profitable culture—say five early, five autumn, five winter, and five long-keepers? An answer to the above, with such other advice as experience may suggest, would, we believe, induce thousands to plant dwarf apples, whose grounds are too limited for large trees, or whose sun having passed the meridian, cannot wait for their bearing. A good neighbor of ours, who owns plenty of land, but was impatient for the fruit, planted, a few years since, 700 dwarf pear trees, with which his success has been so complete that he, last fall, purchased 1,000 apple trees, dwarfed on the Doucain. In reading, for years past, with increasing interest, the reports of Fruit Growers' Associations, I have often wondered why an item so important as this, should be overlooked.—A Constant Reader, *Oxford Co., C. W.*, 1860.

The apple on the Doucain stock, when well treated, makes a small tree, from eight to ten and more feet in height. The only pruning necessary, is such as is required to produce the desired form. For dwarfs, Mr. Barry recommends: *Summer*—Red Astrachan, Large Sweet Bough, Summer Rose, and William's Favorite. *Autumn*—Alexander, Beauty of Kent, Duchess of Oldenburgh, Fall Pippin, Gravenstein, Hawthornden, Hawley, Maiden's Blush, and St. Lawrence. *Winter*—Baldwin, Bailey Sweet, Dutch Mignonne, Northern Spy, Rambo, Wagner, and White Winter Calville. In a week or two, we will give an article on Dwarf Apples.

Kingsley Apple.—Will you be so good as to give me a little information? I wish to know is there such an apple as the Kingsley? Elliot, in his Fruit Book, says it is a native of Monroe Co., N. Y. If you, or any of your correspondents, will answer this in the Rural, and give a description of the apple, you will oblige a subscriber. Also, please describe the Summer Bellefleur of Dutchess Co., N. Y.—Wm. L. W., *Rosamond, Christian Co., Ill.*, 1860.

The Kingsley is a small apple, of only fair quality, but a long keeper. It originated, we believe, in this county, and was a great favorite with an old citizen of Rochester, now deceased, Dr. Long, who, in addition to his medical practice, did something at the nursery business. The Dr. called it "*the apple of apples of the world,*" but it has not generally been deemed worthy of cultivation.

The Summer Bellefleur is a medium sized, oval, yellow apple, with white, fine grained, tender flesh, rich, and half acid. Ripe, latter part of August.

Horticultural Notes.

Fruit in Minnesota.—In the *Minnesota Beacon,* published at Minneapolis, we observe a very interesting discussion, at the Farmers' Club at that place, on the subject of fruit,—the best soil, the difference between seedling and grafted fruit, &c. Mr. Hough, of Washington Co., "had trees five years old, grafted in the root, and seedlings of the same age. He saw no superiority in the former,—they were about the same size. Soil, clayey; land, high. Was confident of having fruit next year. None of his trees had been entirely killed. Mr. Ford was satisfied that Minnesota could be a good fruit country in time. Even now we hear of apples growing in many parts of the State, but mostly on *heavy clay soils* and high land, particularly in the openings and timber. Many of the kinds now in cultivation may be grown in such localities, and for the prairies, and all lighter soils, we shall have seedlings of a hardy character. Grapes will do finely here, if covered a little in the winter, and vineyards could be made highly profitable along our river bluffs. Currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, are at home with us, and every man may have his

'Dish of ripe strawberries
Smothered in cream!'"

At the conclusion of the meeting, it was resolved that, with proper care, the culture of apples and pears can be successfully carried on in that State.

The Hubbard Squash.—Dr. Jewitt, the well-known lecturer, writes to the *Milwaukee Democrat* to say that in his discourse on the nutrition of the human body, at Albany Hall, he alluded to the fine arrangements of the elements of nutrition in the Hubbard Squash. It has a rind, or shell, when thoroughly ripened, almost as hard as a gourd, and may be kept through the entire winter without injury. In point of flavor, this variety is unrivalled. Dr. Jewitt says that he analysed a Hubbard Squash with the following results:—He cut from a fine specimen a pound and a half, and found that it yielded a large quantity of vegetable fibrine, a considerable quantity of albumen, identical in composition, and equal in value, to the white of eggs; along with these ingredients he also obtained two ounces of a fine syrup, scarcely inferior to Stewart's best, and one or two tablespoonfuls of pure starch. From the results of this analysis, he is fully convinced that this variety of squash is one of the best and most nutritious vegetables that can be raised.

The Progressive Gardeners' Society.—The gardeners of Philadelphia have organized a Society under this name, the object of which is "*Mutual improvement* in the branches connected with the profession of horticulture, the elucidation of doubtful points in relation to the culture and treatment of trees, plants, and garden crops generally, and the dissemination, by means of essays and other similar channels, of reliable information on the various operations of gardening. The majority of the members are professional gardeners, actively engaged in the pursuit of their calling. The following are the officers:—(The President to be appointed at each meeting from the roll of members, each member in rotation being eligible.) *Treasurer*—John Gerney. *Secretary*—R. Robinson Scott.

Calls.—During the past week, we had a call from our friend F. K. Phoenix, the well-known nurseryman of Bloomington, Illinois. Mr. P. is doing a good work at the West, in introducing fine fruits and encouraging their culture. We hope he will pay us a visit next summer, when we shall be pleased to show him and other friends around among the flowers and fruits that abound here.

—Also, from M. D. Freer, of Watkins, in this State. Mr. F. has for several years been extensively engaged in the nursery business, and is probably the largest grower of tobacco in this State. We hope to have an opportunity to return these calls.

MY LABOR-SAVING HUSBAND.

Some husbands are more plague than profit, and make vastly more work than they do; but mine is one to brag about. When I was married, to my shame be it spoken, I had never made a loaf of bread or a pie. I had no idea of saving time or saving work, but had a husband who had love enough for me to bear with my simplicity, and not scold when the bread was burned and the pies not fit to eat. Going into the kitchen one morning, he saw me baking buckwheat cakes, and greasing the griddle with a piece of pork on the end of a fork. He said nothing, but went into the wood-house, and soon returned with a smoothly-whittled stick, about six inches long, through the split end of which he passed a folded strip of white cloth, and then wound it around the end and tied it with a bit of string. So I had a contrivance which could be dipped in melted grease, and put it smoothly over the griddle.

One day he saw me scouring knives with a piece of cloth. "Dear me!" said he, "you will surely cut your fingers." So he contrived a machine, by nailing a broad piece of cork to a spool for a handle, sinking the head of the nail into the cork so far that it should not touch the knife. This lifts the hand from the knife, and does not cramp the fingers.

I used to call him occasionally to thwack over the heavy mattress and straw bed for me. "What a nuisance!" he exclaimed, and so replaced them with a spring mattress. Of all the nice things for beds, this is the best. It is always in place, requires no shaking up, and it takes only three minutes to replace the bed clothes, and the bed is made. It always looks round and inviting, and gently yields to the weight of the sleeper.

He saw the dish-towels hanging hilter-skilter around the kitchen stove, and forthwith made the most convenient hanging-frame, over the wood-box, where it can take up no room and is near the stove. Here the towels hang smoothly and always in place.

I fretted because my refrigerator had no shelves, and I could not make room enough for all the meat, butter, and milk. So he made two racks, and fitted ventilated shelves from the one to the other. The shelves are ventilated by being bored thick with auger holes, and can be removed for scrubbing.

He is troubled to see me sew, sew, and stitch, stitch, and makes sewing machines the constant topic of conversation. He reads to me every advertisement and every letter from women who praise them in the papers. If he could make one I should be in possession of one immediately, but as he cannot, I must wait till "the ship comes in." These are some of the ways by which he lightens the labor of the house. Would more husbands were like him. Perhaps, another time, I shall tell you how he contrives his own garden tools, and saves time and money by his ingenuity. —*Fireside Monthly.*

Rugs.—It is muddy out of doors—in the house, grandmother says, with a sly, good-natured glance at those boots which are always sure to find mud, and the bottoms of pants or skirts with unfortunate tendency. There is an old piece of carpet or a what do you call it?—a rug very conspicuous on the steps of the front and back door, which you are expected to wipe your feet on ere you go in. You forget it till the door closes behind you; then somebody calls from beyond in a sharp, shrill voice, "Wipe yer feet, sir!" or in an affectionate tone, "My dear, did you notice that rug?" or in a jovial way, "You've forgotten the rug, I'll bet my bonnet!" A most provoking thing is that rug, but it is as necessary to gain an entrance anywhere, just now, as the door bell. Next to praising the blessed baby, the most effectual way of gaining an entrance into a woman's heart is by a timely notice of the rug outside. We sometimes think there is a "wiper" at the door of women's hearts; and if your own ever goes into that household, it must first go through the cleaning process.

To Cure Chilblains.—Upon a furnace of live coals put a few corn cobs, hold the feet in the dense smoke, ten or fifteen minutes, having them covered close around by a blanket, to keep the smoke in, thus giving them a good smoking before retiring at night. If one application does not cure, two or three will prove effectual.

Zinc Solution for Chilblains.—Sulphate of zinc, one oz., to two and a half pints soft, boiling water. It is advisable not to apply the solution where the skin is off, because the zinc is poison. —S., *Lyons, N. Y.*

Good Pie Crust.—I notice in your paper of February 4, under head of Domestic Economy, Sary Ann wishes to know the *modus operandi* of making good pie crust. For her benefit I give you my recipe: For 6 pies, three cups thick, sour cream; two-thirds cup of sweet milk; two teaspoons saleratus, dissolved in the milk. Salt to taste, and mix very stiff; bake slow. Sary Ann will discover the above recipe to be free from that abominable scrofulous generator, swine's grease, which I think progressive women of the Nineteenth Century should discard. — Mary, *Whitewater, Wis.*

Jenny Lind Cake.—Beat together 1 egg and 1 cup of sugar. Stir in one-fourth of a cup of butter; add 1 cup of milk; 1 teaspoon of soda; 2 of cream tartar; a little salt. Flavor to the taste. Two cups of flour will make it stiff enough to bake.—Julia, *Marion, N. Y.*, 1860.

Starch Cake.—One cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 2 of flour; 1½ of corn starch; 1 of sour milk, or cream, with a little soda; the whites of 8 eggs—beat to a stiff froth.—Hoosier, *Kendallville, Ind.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MEMORY'S TOKEN.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

THERE'S a chaplet of faded rose-buds
I've carefully laid away
That I love to go and look at
At the close of the busy day;
And remember the gentle giver,—
A beautiful, fair-haired girl,—
Who is lost to me forever
In the world's wide, mazy whirl.

'Twas a day in the pleasant summer,
And I seem to see her now,
As she bound the budding blossoms
In a garland for my brow;
And the thorns were then all covered
By the shining, dewy leaves,—
As our future paths were hidden
By the vail the present weaves.

Alas! for the flowers that wither
Like the beautiful dreams of youth;
Alas! for our life's warm spring-time,
Its gladness, and joy, and truth,—
But the breath of these faded flowers,
And the memory of the past,
Is all too sweet for Time's mildew
Or the World's rough winds to blast.

Cambria, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOME WANTS.

"CERTAINLY, my dear, MRS. WILTON must be happy,—she has everything she wants, and she must be unreasonable if she is not contented." MAUD WILTON pushed aside the heavy lace curtains that sheltered her, and gazed curiously at the speaker. She was a fair and stately matron, attired in the latest style, with jewels shining in her dark hair. The young girl, thus addressed, raised a pair of sweet blue eyes, timidly, to her companion's face, but meeting there only a world of cold and selfish hauteur, she diverted her gaze to the glowing rose-buds in the yielding carpet at her feet, evidently feeling rebuked for having expressed a doubt of the perfect happiness of the bride of the millionaire. MAUD dropped the shielding curtain, and sank back into the luxurious depths of a great easy chair, with a quick, impatient movement. On her lips there lingered a smile half scornful, half sweet, but most touchingly sorrowful, and a brighter flush than usual burned on her cheek. Tears gathered in the prideful dark eyes, that many thought were never dimmed by a soft emotion, and dropped one by one on the luxurious folds of her dress.

"She has everything she wants!"—she gazed downward over her fair person, radiant in "shimmer of satin, and glimmer of pearls,"—raised her rounded arm to the soft gas light, and marked the purity of the links of gold that encircled it,—did the fetters chafe the less because they were not of baser metal? Surely, the measure of her prosperity was full when judged by wordly standards, but what were all those golden waters to one draught of the cooling fountain that had cheered her childhood and youth? Her home arose before her, a stately marble mansion, rearing its regal front in one of the most fashionable streets in the metropolis. Within, pale, classic statues gleamed through the gorgeous gloom,—rare paintings hung in every nook,—carpets, bright as a prairie in June time, and soft as forest moss, covered the wide drawing-rooms. But to this princely dwelling, (home it was not in the kindly sense that use has rendered familiar to us,) came her husband when released from the counting-room, his head full of

Gross and nett,
Tare and trett;"

and after the first formal recognition, became as oblivious of the presence of his lonely wife as he was of the statues around him. It never occurred to him that the pale and lonely being who returned his greeting with such graceful indifference was longing with the whole intensity of her impassioned nature, for one word of endearment from him,—he would as soon have thought of saying "love" or "dear" to one of the statues. The drapery in which happiness might be enveloped, was there, but the soul was wanting, and with a bitter swelling of the heart she thought of the many "wants" of her nature,—the kind words and loving smiles which were denied. As she recalled the cold splendor of the place she called home, the gay scene before her melted away, and dimly, as "with eyes that see through tears," she saw again a little low-roofed dwelling among the mountains. Moorland and meadow, "dipped in dusky gold," chiming waterfalls, cleaving apart the solid hearts of frowning precipices, kingly mountain peaks flinging their shadows over the very roof-tree,—how different these from the weary world of buildings and the noisy throng of human beings surging along Broadway. Merrily fleeted the young girl's life among the peaceful mountain fastnesses,—sunny-haired sisters and manly brothers made music around the home hearth—a mother's mild eye rested lovingly on her bright, wayward, winsome child—and a father's strong arm was ever ready to guide her over stony places. And there was one, yet dearer than all beside, whose clear voice joined with hers in the merry glees that woke the sleeping echoes,—whose firm step kept pace with her light tread in threading lonely glens, by glad, blue streams, and over breezy uplands. But for long years, that brave young heart had been resting under the palm trees of some fair tropic island, and MAUD knew that she alone was accountable for his death. Wealth and power,—all that she had bartered away a life to obtain,—were hers, but was there not something, "better than diamonds," that she would never more possess? LAURA E. W.

Cohocton, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUPERFICIAL RESPECTABILITY.

A LADY, writing from a western city, regrets that the amiable and truly gifted pastor of her church is compelled to resign his pastorate because his salary, so necessary to a large family, is neither fully nor promptly paid! The question may arise, who are the delinquent payors of pew rent, in a congregation so fashionably and extravagantly dressed, that the value of the furs alone, worn by the female part of the auditory, amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars? Perhaps, hereby hangs the tale why the rents are unpaid. Furs are in fashion, and, of course, indispensable, and not to be had on exhausted or shaky credit; but a fashionable pew in church is always rented, as the trade say, on time. True pride and self-respect, in default of religious principle, might cause a blush at being dunned the second time for the rent of a pew; but a true man, or woman, would feel no humiliation in dispensing with expensive articles of dress they could not afford to wear. The tyrant fashion might indeed rave at such overt disregard of his decrees, but honor and honesty, and that noble self-denial which the Gospel so emphatically enjoins, would not fail to gain the victory.

"I know my husband cannot afford to pay so much for JANE'S furs," said Mrs. MATCHEM to her dissenting, wiser sister, "but you know JANE is every bit as good as the rich Miss PAKVENUE, and I mean she shall have a chance to get as rich a husband." Alas! poor JANE—she is now to be disposed of for money, and not for what she is intrinsically worth at that, but only for what her outside dress and decorations will bring—a sad, maternal fraud on her future son-in-law; but how much worse is the heartlessness it instils into the mind of the poor daughter. It is true that sails and rigging have sold many a ship; but, nine times in ten, her top timbers must be known to be sound, before the sails and rigging are taken into account. If a man had to take a spinster to wife hap-hazard, as they perambulate the side-walk in daily throng, which would he choose—the one so disfigured in costly sables as to bring to mind the tamed quadruped itself, now translated for the first time from hyperborean regions; or the erect, bright-eyed, jaunty lass, with elastic step, buoyant, rosy health,—furless, perhaps, but with neat mantilla, shawl, or fluted cape, a collar of her own exquisite handicraft, and with *chaussure* that corresponds in elaborate neatness? True, the maid in furs may bring the largest jointure, or the most *recherche* and costly outfit; but she will also bring with her ten times more imperative wants, with less than a tithe of the well trained industry, physical health and endurance, or domestic tact and capacity, that will perhaps characterize the furless maiden. There is probably nothing so true, that is so little practiced on or understood, as the old aphorism—"A fortune in a wife is better than a fortune with a wife."

Some worldly-wise men and matrons, really suppose that there is a certain respectability attached to female extravagance in dress, and that their physical helplessness and ignorance of the domestic *menage* is the *sine qua non* that sets the seal to their gentility! Just as though a female ever yet arrived at, or ever can attain, anything great in art, literature, or even in domestic life, without patient labor, much study, self-training, and self-denial! And to this end, she who shines as a thorough, intelligent housewife,—who is mistress in her own house, instead of being cheated out of commons by her better-practiced, but unscrupulous and often saucy, *help*,—is more of an an artist than one-half the music-teachers that preside over the piano at most of the fashionable female boarding schools. And what are the poor graduates from those schools? Nine out of ten, with a very little French, and such music as vulgar laudation alone can glorify, and good-natured criticism alone will spare! *

OLD MAIDS.

IN his New Year sermon, Henry Ward Beecher paid the following tribute to Old Maids:—"I have no sympathy with that rude, unfeeling, and indelicate phrase, *old maid*, which is bandied about in the mouths of rude, unfeeling, and indelicate persons. It is true that a selfish nature, cut off from all duties and ties, and sinking back into the solitary life of a selfish heart, becomes most unlovely and useless. But shall the few cloud the true nobleness of the many? How many elder sisters, it may be unblessed with outward comeliness, have entered into a brother's or a sister's family, and accepted all its cares as the duty of their life, and, joining hands with the mother given to each child, as it were, two souls of love, like two wings of God, to help it fly up withal from weakness and ignorance to manhood and strength! How many have cheerfully given up their own whole life, built no nest, sought no companion, but sang in the tree and near the younglings of another's nest, patient in toil, watchful and laborious in sickness, frugal amidst poverty, rich in nothing but good works, and in these abounding in wealth! When the roll is read above, and they are named that lived in self-sacrifice, in gentleness, in patience, in love, and in the only triumph of disinterested mercy, they who are unmarried and childless, that they might more heroically serve the households of others, and become mothers of children not their own, shall stand high and bright."

THE BROKEN HEART.

I SAW on the top of a mountain high
A gem that shone like fire by night,
It seemed a star that had left the sky,
And dropped to sleep on its lonely height.
I climbed the peak and found it soon,
A lump of ice in the clear cold moon.
Can you its hidden sense impart?
'Twas a cheerful look and a broken heart.

GOD never sends an angel to afflict a human soul but what another follows in its footsteps to heal and to bless.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TO MY OLD SCHOOLMATES.

BY J. NEWTON BARTHOLOW.

"I GAZED upon the ruins of those memorable walls, and wept."—*Extract from a letter written to a lady, in sight of the old school-house.*

I KNOW not how it is, but when
I gaze upon the past,
The happy scenes of schoolboy days
Still cling to memory fast;
Their joyous hours, so free from care,
Cannot return again,
And nothing but their memories
Unto us now remain.

O, well do I remember how
We, on the green award, played,
And laughed as only schoolboys laugh,
As in the woods we strayed;
O, those were bright, angelic days,
That dawned upon us then,
When Fancy held life's magic brush,
And Poetry its pen.

Though parted now by space, yet we
In unison still dwell,
And memories of the happy past
Do still within us swell;
And 'midst the busy scenes of life
There comes a keen regret
That the bright sun of schoolboy days
Has now forever set.

Yet, in my heart's remotest cell,
There is a safe retreat,
Where schoolmates, as in day of yore,
Shall still together meet;
And there, in memory's magic glass,
We can the past review,
And love the schoolmates of past years,
While gazing on the new.

Then on sweet memory's magic stream
I pass away my hours,
And weave bright garlands of my youth
From fancy's fairest flowers;
And schoolmates, one and all, shall have
This solace to them given,—
We once again shall taste the bliss
Of schoolboy days in Heaven.

Hillsdale, Dubuque Co., Iowa, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BE READY!

HUMAN LIFE is a series of responses to this call. Many are active and energetic in the work of obedience, while others reply only with pledges, and worthless apologies, for indolent neglect.—Events of interest and responsibility are continually occurring, to be *ready* for which is matter of thought and plan, in every mind. No one can be so isolated and free from care, as not to anticipate some circumstances and events, for which he should be *ready*. And the thought, plan, and effort, should bear some proportion to our responsibilities, and the importance of the events, in our relations to them. The farmer, or the lone traveler, will take thought to be *ready* for an expected fall of rain, or for the approaching night; but their emotions of mind are not to be compared with those of a master of a ship, who, while he taxes all his skill, and summons his men to their posts, to prepare for an anticipated storm and gale, feels that the destiny of the ship not only, but of hundreds of passengers, will be determined by his *readiness*, for the hastening event.

All have to do with matters and events of greater or less importance, to *be ready* for which we are, and must be, responsible. And these events are so closely linked together, that in the duties and experience of one, we begin the preparatory work for its successor. When the farmer is ready to plow, he begins the work of getting *ready* to plant and sow; and in the latter, he is doing the work necessary to be *ready* to reap, and so on, through the successive departments of his business. The same is true of the work of the lawyer, the clergyman, the editor, the publisher, and the statesman. It is the same doctrine that imparts such life to commerce, and so richly rewards careful and active men of trade. All understand that to be *ready* for any, and every event, is to do the whole duty. Those who do not make this maxim the active creed and watch-word of life, must necessarily fail to answer the ends of their existence. He who is *ready* for nothing, really does nothing; while he who is *ready* for every thing, really does his whole duty.

This doctrine should be among the first impressed upon the mind of the child. Let him be trained to be *ready* for all the little events and duties that come in the ordinary routine of childhood life, and in this process he will be fitted for the responsibilities of manhood. Who ever knew an efficient business man, or a tidy, systematic housekeeper, who in childhood was never *ready* for the morning dawn, for breakfast, for school, or for any of the little events that involve care and responsibility? Multitudes of children are spoiled, instead of being prepared for manhood, by not having been taught and required to be always *ready* to render cheerful obedience to every call to duty. The proper kind of training, with appropriate surrounding influences, will raise up staunch men and women, "*ready to every good word and work.*"

There is a voice in every circumstance, event, and season, which forcibly urges this doctrine upon our careful consideration, and calls to the cheerful discharge of duty. Nor do any fail to *hear* it, however many neglect to *heed* it. The day admonishes us to be *ready* for night, and the night for day,—the summer calls us to prepare for winter, and the winter warns us to be ready for summer—*seed time and harvest.*

Nor can we conceive of an act that is not preparatory to another. The expression of a tho't; each issue of a paper; the various acts of our daily business; the most minute, as well as the more important; all belong to this work of getting *ready* for something. I see the farmer in every season, while doing the business of the present, getting *ready* for that which is soon to follow. This is the life-work of an editor. *Ready* is his doctrine, his monitor, spurring his thoughts and driving his pen. And so it is in all other active departments of life. All are engaged in preparatory work, nor shall we be released from this care and labor, until the spirit leaves the body to return to dust. Nothing human is really finished, as GOD finished the work of creation, pronouncing it "*good*" and leaving it incapable of improvement.

But in our life-work of *getting ready* we may not overlook that great event with which all the acts of life are intimately connected. "*Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit to* GOD *who gave it.*" Nor should the duties devolving upon us with reference to this event, be regarded as secondary to any that claim our attention in life. Will we be instructed by Him "who taught as never man taught?"—then shall we, with tender emotions of soul, carefully consider these words that fell from his sacred lips. "Be ye also *ready*, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." In preparing for minor events, and providing for finite necessities, we may fail to give this subject the place in our thoughts, plans, purposes, and efforts, which its importance demands. Did CHRIST mistake its importance? His incarnation, His doctrines, His prayers, His preaching, and His blood, combine to present to our view His desire that we may be *ready* for his second coming. The *cross* displays the value of the soul, and the preciousness of eternal bliss, as estimated by Diety. We are to act under the impulses of this estimate, and follow the dictates of the same wisdom. How beautifully does our Sacred Teacher illustrate this subject in the parable of the ten virgins,—five of whom were wise, and five foolish,—and what power attaches itself to this word "*ready*," as used by Him in that parable. "And while they (the foolish,) went to buy, they that were *ready* went in with Him to the marriage, and the door was shut."

True, it is duty, as far as may be, to be *ready* for summer and winter, for commercial reversions, national convulsions, and the successive events of life; but these involve the lesser responsibilities of man, and must not be allowed to intrude upon the more weighty. We should be ever *ready* to hear the solemn announcement, "behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."—How worthy of imitation is the life of the great apostle, who, when he heard this announcement, joyfully responded,—"I am now *ready* to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.—I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the LORD, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also, that love His appearing." O. P. C.

Menasha, Wis., 1860.

FASHIONABLE FRIENDS.

THE hardest trial of those who fall from affluence and honor to poverty and obscurity, is the discovery that the attachment of so many in whom they confided was a pretence, a mask to gain their own ends, or was a miserable shallowness. Sometimes, doubtless, it is with regret that these frivolous followers of the world desert those upon whom they have fawned; but they soon forgot them. Flies leave the kitchen when the dishes are empty. The parasites that cluster about the favorite of fortune, to gather his gifts and climb by his aid, linger with the sunshine, but scatter at the approach of a storm, as the leaves cling to the tree in summer weather, but drop off at the breath of winter, and leave it naked to the stinging blast. Like ravens, settled down for a banquet, and suddenly scared by a noise, how quickly, at the first sound of calamity, these superficial earthlings are specks on the horizon!

But a true friend sits in the center, and is for all times. Our need only reveals him more fully, and binds him more closely to us. There are more examples of unadulterated affection, more deeds of silent love and magnanimity than is usually supposed. Our misfortunes bring to our side real friends, before unknown. Benevolent impulses, where we should not expect them, in modest privacy, enact many a scene of beautiful wonder, and plaudits of angels. And upon the whole, fairly estimating the glory and the uses, and the actual and possible prevalence of the friendly sentiment, we must cheerily strike the lyre and lift our voice to the favorite song, confessing after every complaint is ended, that

"There is a power to make each hour
As sweet as heaven designed it;
Nor need we roam to bring it home,
Though few there be that find it!
We seek too high for things close by,
And lose what nature found us:
For life hath here no charms so dear
As home and friends around us."

[*North American Review.*

HINTS TO PARENTS.—We sometimes meet with men who seem to think that the indulgence in an affectionate feeling is a weakness. They will return from a journey and greet their families with a distant dignity, and move among their children with the cold and lofty splendor of an iceberg surrounded by its broken fragments. There is hardly a more unnatural sight on earth, than one of these families without a heart. Who has experienced the joy of friendship, and value of sympathy and affection, and would not rather lose all that is beautiful in nature's scenery, than be robbed of the hidden treasure of the heart? Who would not rather follow his children to the grave than entomb his parental affection? Indulge in the warm, gushing emotions of filial, parental and fraternal love. Think it not a weakness. Bind your whole family together by the strong cords of love. You cannot make them too strong. Religion is love—love to God, and love to man.

JACOB'S LADDER.

BY REV. WILLIAM ALEXANDER.

AH! many a time we look, on starlit nights,
Up to the sky as Jacob did of old,—
Look longing to the eternal lights
To spell their lines in gold.

But nevermore, as to the Hebrew boy,
Each on his way the angels walk abroad;
And nevermore we hear, with awful joy,
The audible voice of God.

Yet, to pure eyes, the ladder still is set,
And angel visitants still come and go;
Many bright messengers are moving yet
From the dark world below.

Thoughts, that are red-crossed Faith's outspreading wings;
Prayers of the Church, are keeping time and tryst;
Heart-wishes, making bee-like murmurings,
Their flowers, the Eucharist;

Spirits elect, through suffering rendered meet
For those high mansions—from the nursery floor
Bright babes, that climb up with their clay-cold feet,
Unto the golden door;

These are the messengers, forever wending
From earth to heaven, that faith alone may scan,—
These are the angels of our God, ascending
Up to the Son of Man.

PROGRESS IN HOLINESS.

I SHOULD do injustice to my subject, and to my convictions of duty, if I should omit, in conclusion, to speak of *progress in holiness.*

The brightest glories of to-day, are but shadows of the world to come. All is dross which ends with time. Life's great secret has been found by few, though sought by all,—sought amid all the walks of pleasure and all the haunts of sin,—sought in the busy marts of Commerce and in the ample fields of science—sought in society and in solitude, in youth and in age, in life and in death, but sought in vain. Philosophy could not master it, ambition could not attain it, gold could not buy it.

GODS own Son came from heaven and revealed it in these words:—"Whosoever will save his life, shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

Its meaning, hid from the impure in heart, is this: he lives for himself who lives for GOD.—Man's desires should not center in himself. Happiness is for those who make others happy. He enjoys who bestows. What we keep is lost, what we give is gained.—*Extract from* H. T. BROOK'S *Lecture on Progress.*

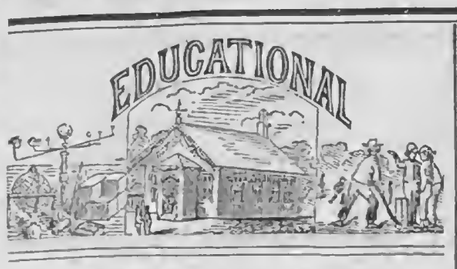
HOW TO HAVE LIGHT.

WE are responsible not only for what we do, but for what we see. More than we often think, the eyes of the soul are in our power. Say what we will of the obscurities of Revelation, and the mysteries of Providence, truly spiritual and believing men and women go on reading both, deeper and deeper, clearer and clearer, all their lives, till at last, no longer through a glass darkly—the veil taken away—they see as they are seen, know as they are known, stand face to face with the Savior they have so long and so trustingly followed, and have "open vision for the written word." If we do not behold the constellation of splendid truths that radiate their evangelic light from the gospel, it is because blindness is in the dim pupils of our eyes, unused or abused. Just as fast as we will let it, the day will dawn and the day-star arise in our hearts. By living out all the goodness we know, in the daily beauty of holiness, we shall behold life's grand proportions. By walking with Christ, you shall wear His likeness. Nay—for He is a living Christ—you shall have Him formed within you, not only the hope, but the present possession of glory. And because you know Him spiritually, in the purity and love of His life and cross, men will also take knowledge of you, that you have been with Him, are with Him now, and shall be his people forever.—*Rev. Dr. F. D. Huntington.*

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no grey hairs. The flowers fade, the heart withers, man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages; but time writes no wrinkles on eternity.—Eternity! Stupendous thought! The ever-present, unborn, undecaying, and undying—the endless-chain, compassing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe.—Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces—they are but the gilded sepulchres; its pleasures—they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untried bourne. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its way will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night.

BRIDGING DEATH.—When engineers would bridge a stream, they often carry over at first but a single thread. With that they next stretch a wire across. Then strand is added to strand, until a foundation is laid for planks; and now the bold engineer finds safe footway, and walks from side to side. So God takes from us some golden-threaded pleasure, and stretches it hence into heaven. Then he takes a child, and then a friend. Thus he bridges death, and teaches the thoughts of the most timid to find their way hither and thither between the two spheres.

IN sickness we perceive our former faults and wrong doings. In sickness the mind reflects, and surveys itself with judgment, and reflects its former course. Pliny said sickness was the period of philosophical reflection, and it would be well for us if we would, on recovering, perform what we promised when sick.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUGGESTIONS TO YOUNG TEACHERS.

Upon this subject, Heeron Bell presented some thoughts in the Rural, of Jan. 28th, which could be profitably considered by all, but which are especially worthy of careful note, by those who are just beginning to act in this important sphere. The writer is a young a-b-c-darian, very much attached to the "Educational Department" of the Rural; perhaps, he may be able to add something of interest.

"The great secret of successful teaching is in governing a school," says Heeron Bell, and in this, probably all will be agreed. Mismanagement on the part of the teacher will insure confusion in all the operations of the pupils. If a teacher fail in government, though he may have excellent qualifications, and a good ability for imparting instruction, his labors will be almost entirely useless. But good teachers have different methods by which they accomplish so necessary a result; and while a teacher should not fail to appropriate to himself whatever may be useful of the experience of others, independence and self-reliance are as essential in school-teaching as in any of the various vocations of life. The spirit in which any particular plan of action is carried out, very often determines whether success or failure will be the result, consequently one teacher can act successfully in accordance with a particular plan, while in the case of another teacher, if he follow the same plan, a failure will be the result. Doubtless many young teachers have failed to secure good reputations,—to their own chagrin and disappointment of their friends,—simply because they attempted to imitate some one *instead of acting out themselves*, and relying upon their own good sense for guidance in the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed.

"After governing the school right, teaching commences," is the doctrine advanced by Heeron Bell. This may be correct, and yet there be "a more excellent way." "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," is just as true in the school-room as out of it, and is the principle which leads me to advocate the following theory. Do not turn the attention of the school to government, unless it seems necessary to make a very few general rules. Ascertain at once the branches which your pupils have already studied,—the advancement which they have made,—and without delay, begin the work of awakening an interest in the studies to be prosecuted. The energy and ingenuity of the teacher should be engaged in accomplishing this.

A great portion of a teacher's reading should be on subjects connected with his calling; then he will be able to give additional interest by illustrative facts and anecdotes. Young persons are influenced more powerfully by example, than by any other means, and if you manifest an interest in subjects before your pupils, they will, without doubt, be interested also. Thus see that all are busy, and interested as much as possible. No exception should be made in the case of the little ones, if you have them in your school. Doubtless, many teachers have been harmed by attempting to put undue restraints upon them. Children who are sufficiently old to study but little, should be allowed to be much out of doors; but when in school, ought to be kept busy and interested in one way or another. Prove, by kind words and acts, that you are interested in the welfare of those committed to your care, and you will certainly be potent in the school-room. Your scholars, if interrogated in regard to your government of the school, will be likely to reply, "Well, I don't know,—haven't thought much about that,—but every thing is passing off finely, and we are having a pleasant time."

Thus you will be, by an indirect, instead of a direct, method, undisputed sovereign in the school-room. Some of the most powerful demonstrations in geometry are those in which the indirect method of reasoning is employed. Many schools can be governed in the way pointed out, without a case of discipline,—only hardened characters would fail to be conquered. If you thus succeed in interesting your pupils and winning their love, you will have a certain triumph,—a triumph of the most brilliant character.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860. Ellath.

CORRUPTIONS OF LANGUAGE.

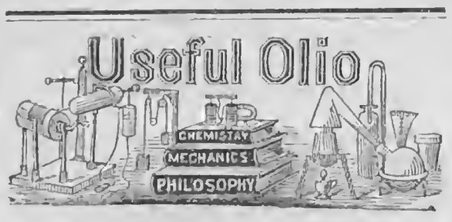
A correspondent, for whose opinion in such matters we have great respect, says:

"While you were speaking of the barbarisms in speech, the other day, I wonder very much that you did not take notice of the use of *commence*, instead of the good old Saxon word *begin*. There is scarce a boarding-school girl who, after she has written *begin*, does not scratch it out and substitute the hideous Gallicism *commence*, because she imagines it is the finer word. Of late it has got into the kitchen, as well as into the boarding-school. Our house-maid, Biddy, the other day, came home from church in a driving snow-storm, saying, 'It commenced to snow before I got to church, ma'am, and while I was there it commenced to blow, and before I got out it commenced to drift.' Of late, I see the word *endorse*, in the metaphorical sense of approve, adopt, sanction, has become so much into use that its repetition is absolutely nauseating. If a man agrees with another, he is said to *endorse* his views, and so on; this one poor word being made to do duty for twenty others. The gift of fluency is certainly possessed by our public speakers, but, as a general rule, they have a very meagre vocabulary, and they and the newspaper writers ring the changes upon the same word with a perseverance which, as the saying is, 'would do them honor in a better cause.'

"How is it that *prestige* is now so often printed in Italics, as if it were a French word, and pronounced *presteesh*, with the accent on the second syllable? Prestige is a legitimate English word, formed in the same manner from the Latin as *vestige*, and pronounced so as to rhyme with it. It is a common affection to call a singer an *artiste*, as if using the French orthography made a difference in the thing. If a singer be an artist, call him so boldly in English; if he be not, call him a performer, a vocalist. The phrase *en route*, I see, has lately come much into use in the newspapers, instead of the English word *on the way*. If a member of Congress be on his way to Washington, he is said to be *en route* for Washington. Now, nobody who is not acquainted with French knows how to pronounce the words *en route*, and this gives those who have a smattering of the language a decided advantage and an opportunity to show off their accomplishments—they therefore say *en route*.

"I might enlarge this list, but you must think it long enough for the present. If I am allowed, I may speak at another time of other corruptions which have crept into our newspaper dialect."—*Buffalo Com. Advertiser.*

The Public Schools of New Jersey.—The annual report of the State Superintendent of the Public Schools of New Jersey, was presented to the Legislature last week. The following is an abstract:—The school system of New Jersey embraces the Normal and Model Schools, at Trenton; the Farnum Preparatory School, at Beverly; and 1,690 Public Schools, established in the various cities and townships of the State. The Normal School is reported to be more prosperous than ever before, and the number of pupils greater—being 140 at the last term—and 216 have been sent out for service as teachers. In the Model School the average attendance is 215. The whole number of pupils registered was 131,748; average attendance, 65,475. Total amount of money raised, $550,732 45. The School Fund, January 1, was $441,769, being an increase of $10,474.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A CHAPTER ON FUEL.

In the article entitled "The Best Fuel," on page 401 of the Rural, are, as it appears to us, some errors; and on a subject so directly concerning the *million*, both in purse and health, small mistakes are matters of importance. We do not propose to combat the assertion, that coal requires a stronger draft than wood. The assertion is a very general one, and in a few circumstances may be true. The truth is, the quantity of air requisite to the combustion of fuel, depends not so much on the oxygen contained in fuel, as on the affinity of the fuel for oxygen, and its poverty as a conductor of heat. The writer speaks of making charcoal, but charring and combustion have but little similarity. The one is a partial decomposition by heat, driving off the oxygen and hydrogen, and leaving the carbon. The other is a decomposition by chemical affinity—the oxygen of the air uniting with the carbon of the fuel, and forming carbonic acid.

But, the error of most importance is, that in burning fuel, "the oxygen necessary for its combustion, must be supplied from the air of the room, leaving it closely oppressive." Here is a doctrine at open issue with the fixed laws of atmospheric pressure, and with the first principles of ventilation. Can the writer suppose that the air in the room is decomposed before entering the stove or grate, and only the oxygen taken in, leaving the nitrogen to oppress the lungs? Surely not. Or can he suppose a room so tight and so strong, that it can stand the atmospheric pressure of 14 pounds on every square inch of its six sides, while the air within is drawn out and passes through the fire and up the chimney, against the pressure of the atmosphere above it? Such a chimney must be "powerful to draw." We think a very little exhaustion of the air in the room would make the chimney resemble one we have often seen, which was said to draw the wrong way, and so strongly that, on one occasion, it drew a large turkey, that happened to be flying over the house, *down* into the fire below. Every one should know that the more air passes into the fire, the more comes into the room from without; so the fire is a ventilator.

But our chief object in this article is to state a few principles in warming our dwellings, sustained alike by *science, economy, and health*. It should not be necessary to say that the oxygen, making about one-fifth of the atmosphere, is the only supporter of combustion and of animal life, while the nitrogen, forming the remaining four-fifths, can do neither; that every breath we draw, and every fire we kindle, causes a portion of oxygen to unite with carbon, and form carbonic acid gas,—a gas hostile to life. What, then, shall we do with the air we have breathed, and the air we have burned? We answer, get the first out of the room by the most approved ventilation, and keep the second from coming into it.

A room warmed by passing steam through a sufficient length of pipe is said to give the pleasantest and healthiest heat that can be made. Why? Simply because steam, as usually formed, has a heat never exceeding 212 degrees, and can never heat the pipe containing it hotter than itself, and at this temperature it will not absorb oxygen, or in any way change the air, except to render it warmer. Now, if you will cut off your steam, and send through the same pipes air heated to the temperature of steam, and sufficient to heat the room to the same temperature, no mortal could tell the difference. It is not, then, in the steam, but in the large amount of heating surface,—so large that the requisite amount of heat is secured without heating any part of it so hot as to make it absorb oxygen. But in most of our dwellings, the heating apparatus is placed in the room itself. How, then, shall we manage to warm the air without diminishing its oxygen? We should recollect that we have only to do with the air on the outside of our heater. All the air that goes inside is safe, (unless the concern is a smoker,—and a smoker, on black feet or white ones, is a nuisance anywhere,) and purifies, rather than injures the air in the room.

Suppose you wish to heat a large room, and take a small stove and short pipe. Everybody knows you must heat it very hot, often, as we have all seen, to a red heat. Now, what is this red heat? What is going on? Simply this:—You have built a fire on the outside of your stove and pipe, and the combustion of oxygen is so rapid that light is given out. The oxygen in the air you are to breathe, aided by all the dust on the stove, or brought in contact with it by the circulation of air caused by the heated surface, furnishes the fuel and carbonic acid and nitrogen,—the results of this combustion are left in the room. But it is not necessary that this combustion should be so rapid as to evolve light. It may be much slower than this, and yet destroy oxygen so rapidly as to make the air "closely oppressive."

But in the cause, we often see the remedy. *A large stove and long pipe*,—so large and so long that the requisite warmth may be obtained without heating any part of it so hot as to consume oxygen on its outer surface. If there is any fashion of Satanic origin, it is one which tries to warm a large room with a small stove placed near the wall. Look at this scene, and tell me if it is not life-like:

"Bridget, make up a good fire in the stove." Soon it becomes red hot. "O, how close this room is. Bridget, open the window." A cold chill traveling from the extremities to the brain of each person, reports the order executed. The north wind sends in its cold air, and the hot stove steals its oxygen. But Boreas has the larger resources, and soon we hear, "Bridget, you may shut the window now." But the fire inside, as well as out, has burned out, and we soon hear, "Bridget, this room is growing very cold, make another fire;" and with this routine, hours, days, and long months, are consumed. S. Reed.

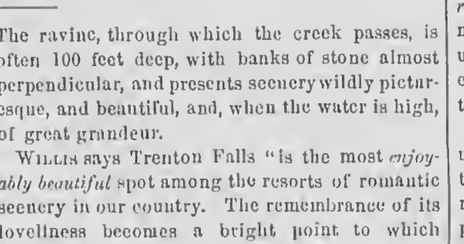
THE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

In a recent issue of the Rural we made brief mention of the death of Gen. John B. Plauche, an estimable citizen of New Orleans, who fought in Jackson's memorable battle. In a notice of his death the N. O. *Delta* remarks as follows:

An incident with which the name of General Plauche is connected has been made the text of one of the most invincible errors that has ever crept into history. It is a striking illustration of the difficulty of arresting a false statement which happens to interest the fancy of mankind. Nothing was ever more transparently absurd than the idea which is embodied in nearly all the histories, poems, and pictures relating to the battle of New Orleans, than the assertion that the mound behind which Gen. Jackson's army was entrenched was composed of cotton bales. The only basis of this story was the attempt of some young soldiers, in the rivalry which sprang up after they had occupied the line of the Ariguez canal, to increase the height and breadth of the parapet in front of them by throwing in a few cotton bales. Others, too, were used to form the embrasures for the guns. These bales had been thrown out of a flat-boat, which had come down to Jackson's camp with flour, pork and other supplies, and were lying on the levee. They were a portion of a lot which had been consigned to Major Planche, and had been sold by him to Vincent Nolte. The speculative efforts of the latter financier no doubt contributed to give form and currency to this story. He set up a preposterous claim for his cotton after the war, and, to maintain it, set on foot the story of the great service it had rendered. We are pleased to see that in a recently published and highly spirited poetical description of the battle of the 8th of January, by Thomas Dunn English, this vulgar fiction is very effectually disposed of:

No cotton bales before us,
Some fool that falsehood told;
Before us was an earthwork,
Built from the swampy mould.

Major Planche, by the orders of Gen. Jackson, as soon as it was discovered that a few bales of cotton had been used in making the parapet, and that they greatly endangered the strength of the works, and exposed the ammunition to explosion by the flying particles of burning lint, had the bales taken out and thrown into the river.



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 2, 6, 11, 14 is a large body of water.
My 4, 7, 12, 10, 8, 4 is an article much used by both sexes.
My 5, 12, 10 is an article worn by men.
My 7, 3, 10, 10, 8, 9 is a domestic animal.
My 4, 13, 12, 7, 1 is an ugly reptile.
My 10, 1, 6, 11, 14, 10, 10, 2, 8 is a kitchen utensil.
My whole is the name of an Arctic Adventurer.
Hooper's Valley, N. Y., 1860. L. H. White.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 10, 6 is a verb.
My 5, 11 is an adverb.
My 1, 8, 14, 16 is a relative pronoun.
My 4, 13, 3 is an adverb.
My 2, 5, 12, 16, 17 is a perfect participle.
My 7, 2, 14, 10, 9 is a noun.
My whole has been answered many times.
Leicester, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1860. A. Olin.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA.—TO THE GIRLS.

Six letters form a female's name;
Forward and back they are the same.
When you omit the first and last,
Another lady's name thou hast;
Read back and forth, and you will find
They are the same,—the same combined.
The second, third, and fourth displayed,
Or else the fifth, the fourth, the third,
Will be the name of some fine girl
That dearly loves, in dance, to whirl.
The fifth and sixth, or second, first,
An exclamation was, in erst.
Now, girls, who will expose these names?
And then point out the one she claims;
Then send the answer here to me,
And I will come with priest to thee.
Oakfield, Kent Co., Mich., 1860. H. A. Rowley.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

A gentleman has three gardens, of different form,—one in a square form, one in the form of a right-angle-triangle, and the other in the form of a rectangle. It is required to find the area from the following:—The side of the square is double that of the shortest side of the rectangle; the shortest side of the rectangle is equal to one-half the base of the triangle; and the perimeter of the triangle, plus the perimeter of the rectangle, is equal to the perimeter of the square, increased by twenty-five. S. G. Cagwin.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1860.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 528.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Be kind to all, both rich and poor.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—A owned 78 acres; B, 90; C, 108; D, 138.

TRENTON FALLS.

Trenton Falls, a very good view of which we give in the engraving, is one of the most romantic spots in the State, just the place for a summer resort. The Falls are upon West Canada Creek, a branch of the Mohawk, 22 miles above its junction with that river. Its name is hardly proper, as it is a tremendous torrent,—a series of falls and cascades. There are 6 separate falls. The first, called the Upper, 26 feet perpendicular; the 2d, the Cascades, 18 feet; the 3d, the Mill dam, 14 feet; the 4th, the High falls, which have 3 separate cascades, of 48, 11, and 37 feet; the 5th, Sherman's, 35 feet; 6th, Conrad's, where is a mill dam. The whole descent of the stream, from the top of the Upper fall to the foot of Conrad's fall, is 312 feet, and the distance is about 2 miles. The ravine, through which the creek passes, is often 100 feet deep, with banks of stone almost perpendicular, and presents scenery wildly picturesque, and beautiful, and, when the water is high, of great grandeur.

Willis says Trenton Falls "is the most *enjoyably beautiful* spot among the resorts of romantic scenery in our country. The remembrance of its loveliness becomes a bright point to which dream and reverie oftenest return. It seems to be curiously adapted to enjoy, being, somehow, not only the *kind*, but the *size* of a place which the (after all) *measurable* arms of a mortal heart can hold in its embrace. Niagara is too much, as a roasted ox is a thing to go and look at, though one retires to dine on something smaller."

NOTES ON SQUASHES.

Having endeavored to relate some portions of a boy's experience at city gardening, in the Rural, please give me an opportunity to express a few notions (drawn from dinner-table criticisms,) concerning certain members of the "Squash Family," for the purpose of calling upon Young Ruralists to furnish their opinions. We may, in this manner, compare notes,—get out the facts,—work understandingly,—cultivate *nothing but the best*. A great deal of ground is cumbered with a vegetable growth which is comparatively worthless, and much time almost squandered in its production.

Winter Squashes.—The *keeping property* has, until within a few years, been considered the *first requirement* in a winter squash, but as quite a number of varieties may now be readily preserved until spring, the *quality* is the principal object of consideration. In our notes we have steadily held this in view.

Hubbard.—The best of all the squashes for table use. Size, from eight to sixteen pounds. Have tested them boiled and baked. Prefer the latter mode of cooking, as they are then dry as a sweet potato, and very much resemble that esculent, in texture and flavor. A very little admixture of foreign varieties in the seed sadly deteriorates their value.

Tooker's Premium.—Seed obtained from Michigan. Large, ranging from 25 to 40 lbs. in weight; pumpkin-shaped; orange-colored, with slight russet-spots, externally; flesh, deep orange. For *pies* rate this a good squash—of rather fine flavor, and containing considerable saccharine matter.—Not fit for table—size, objectionable for family use. A fair keeper.

Boston Marrow.—Whether this old-time famous variety has degenerated, or whether the *Hubbard* effected its ruin in our estimation, we are not enabled to say. At all events, the decision of the "board" was not at all favorable.

Custard.—This squash was reported as possessing everything to be desired; and the house-wife so fortunate as to be able to spread it before her family, in any of the various modes of which culinary skill is capable, would never after display her powers upon any other kind. Baked, it was quite moist and coarse,—boiled, very wet and stringy,—in a pie miserable. Some one has said, anything will make a pie if you put in a sufficiency of eggs, milk and sugar,—we only wish "some one" had been compelled to devour the pies made from our famous Custard.

Summer Squashes.—We have tried only two varieties, and in these found opposite characteristics—representing the indifferent and the excellent in quality.

Crookneck.—This variety is too well known to need any description.

Pine Apple.—The general shape of this squash can be seen by reference to the Rural, of Jan. 7. The *earliest and best* of the summer kinds. Fit to eat when it has attained the size of a Rhode Island Greening, and will keep until the middle of January. Ours gave out at that time, from the fact that the appetite craved the last—not because *decay* had put in any claim. Color, when first formed, pale green, changing to white in a few days, then a beautiful cream, and, lastly, a deep orange. Size, from three to six or seven pounds. We note one defect in this squash,—*its seeds do not mature.* In the four hills planted, but one squash,—that from which a drawing was taken for the Rural,—perfected any of its seeds. Last season, it will be remembered, was cold and damp, and it may be that the weather was in fault, although we have heard that this is characteristic. If this is so, we would be glad to have some of those who grow it explain.

It was our intention to say a few words relative to the various articles which have appeared upon keeping seeds pure, but will refrain at present.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. Harry Gaylord.

Hold On!—Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or use any improper word.

Hold on to your hand when about to strike, pinch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame, or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are angry about you.

Hold on to your heart when evil associates seek your company, and invite you to join in their games, mirth and revelry.

Hold on to your good name, it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout eternity.

Hold on to your virtue—it is above all price to you, in all times and places.

Hold on to your good character, for it is, and ever will be, your best wealth.

The Lesson of the Garden.—A garden is a beautiful book, written by the finger of God; every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that cannot, if he will do that—to learn them, and join them, and then go on reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short—that grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to a man. And then there are some flowers, they always seem to me like ever-dutiful children; tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy faces to you.—*Jerrold.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

The Art of Feeding,... 77
Improvement in Agriculture. Root Crops,... 77
Skirving's Improved Purple Top Swede Turnip [Ill.]... 77
Laing's Improved Purple Top Swede, [Illustrated,]... 77
White Stone Globe Turnip, [Illustrated,]... 77
Kohl-Rabi, [Illustrated,]... 77
Something must be done,... 77
The Clod Crusher,... 78
Growing Carrots,... 78
Pasturing on the Highway,... 78
Will Spring Frost Injure Potatoes?... 78
Rural Spirit of the Press—Is this Anybody's Picture? Why Pork Shrinks in the Pot; How Underdraining Pays,... 78
Inquiries and Answers—The Scratches; Remedy for Bone Spavin,... 78
Agricultural Miscellany—Proposed Western New York Agricultural and Mech'l Association; The Weather; Iowa State Ag. Society; Chemung Co. Ag. Society; Livingston Co. Fair; Effects of Underdraining... 78

HORTICULTURAL.

Dwarf Pear Culture in Canada,... 79
New Grape Trellis, [Illustrated,]... 79
To Preserve Squash Seed Pure,... 79
Inquiries and Answers—Fruit Culture in Iowa; Dwarf Apples; Kingsley Apple,... 79
Horticultural Notes—Fruit in Minnesota; The Hubbard Squash; The Progressive Gardeners' Society; Calls,... 79

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

My Labor-Saving Husband; Rugs; To Cure Chilblains; Good Pie Crust; Jenny Lind Cake; Starch Cake,... 79

LADIES' OLIO.

Memory's Token, [Poetical] Home Wants; Superficial Respectability; Old Maids; The Broken Heart,... 80

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

To my Old Schoolmates [Poetical] Be Ready; Fashionable Friends; Hints to Parents,... 80

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Jacob's Ladder, [Poetical] Progress in Holiness; How to have light; Eternity; Bridging Death,... 80

EDUCATIONAL.

Suggestions to Young Teachers; Corruptions of Language; The Public Schools of New Jersey,... 81

USEFUL OLIO.

A Chapter on Fuel; Trenton Falls, [Illustrated.] The Truth of History,... 81

YOUNG RURALIST.

Notes on Squashes; Hold On; The Lessons of the Garden 81

STORY TELLER.

Agriculture and Horticulture, [Poetical.] Elfin's Grove,.. 84

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 10, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

In consequence of information received at the War Department from Gov. Houston, of Texas, Col. Lee, who commands the Department of Texas, is especially ordered to pursue and capture Cortenas and his band, whether they go into Mexico or not, the purpose being to strike a decisive blow, even if other consequences be involved. There are 642 men, belonging to the infantry and cavalry arms, stretched from Fort Brown, near Matamoras, to Fort Clark, about 25 miles above, under competent officers, and with special instructions as to vigilance. Information received at Washington represents Cortenas as an American citizen, who recruited his followers by opening the jail at Brownsville, and then plundering on both sides of the river. The belief is, that he has more Americans than Mexicans in his band.

The letter of Gov. Houston to the President has not been, but may soon be made public, in response to the resolutions of both branches of Congress, calling for information in relation to troubles along the Texas border. It is understood, however, that Gov. Houston, among other things, represents the existence of actual war, and urges immediate succor, and indicates his intention to call out volunteers in sufficient force to pursue and punish the enemy to the fullest extent. It is known from the latest Texas dates, that he is vigorously prosecuting his plans to the letter. A reply has been sent by the President, who, there is reason to believe, is opposed to this independent course in waging war, especially as our affairs with Mexico are in a critical condition, and as orders have been dispatched for the marching of large bodies of troops to the frontier, and these instructions are of such a character as to accomplish the objects contemplated without unnecessary delay. Gov. Houston has been so informed by the President; also, that the calling out of volunteers for the purposes mentioned, properly devolves on Congress.

The order of the War Department for the relief of New Mexico and the Texas frontier, have just been completed, and will be at once forwarded to the proper officers. They direct the withdrawal of two regiments from Utah as soon as the movement can be effected. The first column will march by Bridger's Pass, and take the eastern foot of the Rocky Mountains in the advance toward New Mexico, near Fort Massachusetts. The other column will pursue the route over which Col. Loring returned from Fort Bridger. These forces are to scour the plains in the region of the hostile Indians, and where the mails have been obstructed in Navajo county. They will be posted in strong detachments in New Mexico. The troops now stationed there, thus relieved by these forces, will march to the Texan frontiers and take a post in the regions where the greatest disturbances from Indian hostilities exist. In addition to these arrangements, and the ordering of a battery of light artillery from Fort Leavenworth to Fort Brown, all the companies already on the frontier will be filled out with recruits.

Instructions have been sent from the Department of State to Mr. Ward, our Minister in China, requiring him to remain at his post and carry out the purpose of Mr. Reed's treaty. He had intimated his intention to return.

The report received at the State Department, dated November last, from the parties surveying the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions, say the 49th parallel of latitude, as far as determined, shows a mountainous country, and that with the exception of a few localities, the whole region is eminently unfit for occupation or settlement. The work of the next season will extend from Columbia river to the Rocky Mountains.

The authorities of the State of Chihuahua recently applied to the President for the aid of our troops stationed near them, to prevent the depredations on American citizens and property alleged to have been committed by marauders and banditti in the interest of Miramon, who were drilling and organizing for the defeat of the Liberal cause. Orders have been sent to Captain Walker, commanding at Fort Bliss, near El Passo, notifying him of their application, and directing his forces to be marched into Chihuahua for the purpose stated.

Mr. McLean left Washington on the 5th inst., for Mexico. He is clothed by government with complete authority and instructions to protect American citizens and property in case of an attack by Miramon's party. The movements of the Home Squadron will also be governed in a great degree by Mr. McLean's orders, as he is fully empowered for any emergency that may arise.

Mr. Geo. Sennett, counsel for Stephens and Hazlett, (two of those connected with the Harper's Ferry raid, and now under condemnation,) arrived in Washington on the 5th inst., and had an interview with the President, in the hope of obtaining his personal influence with the Governor and Legislature of Virginia, to obtain their pardon. The President treated Mr. Sennett kindly, and expressed to him his warmest sympathy and the hope that he would succeed in his mission, but if he did not decline to act directly, he did not promise to take action. Mr. Sennett leaves for Richmond, having the assurance of Gov. Letcher that he should have a hearing before the Committee on Pardons in behalf of his clients. He will ask for a general amnesty in their case.

Congressional Proceedings.

Senate.—Mr. Collamar introduced a resolution that the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads inquire into the expediency of having letters, which may remain in any Post-Office undelivered for 30 days, returned to their writers. Mr. C. advocated the resolution as necessary to relieve the Dead Letter Office of the immense amount of matter thrown upon it. The resolution was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Mason, a resolution was adopted calling upon the President to furnish a copy of any report made by the Commissioners for making the boundary between the United States and Great Britain.

The Invalid Pension Bill was reported and passed.

Mr. Grimes offered a resolution that the Secretary of the Navy inform the Senate as to the number of marine hospitals, the number of patients, and the expenses since 1854. Adopted.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution that the President communicate every communication received from the Governor of Texas, relative to the disturbances on the Rio Grande. Adopted.

With the exception of the passage of quite a number of private bills and some Kansas speech-making, the foregoing comprises the transactions of the week.

House.—Mr. Gurley, from the Committee on Printing, reported a resolution that there be printed for the use of the House 25,000 extra copies of the President's Annual Message, with the reports proper of the Heads of Departments and Chiefs of Bureaus connected therewith, omitting the statistical parts, and that there also be printed 5,000 extra copies of said message and accompanying documents complete. Adopted.

On motion of Mr. Fenton, a resolution was adopted calling on the Secretary of the Interior to report to the House the present condition of the trust lands west of the Missouri, set apart for the New York Indians, and whether the same has been brought into market as a part of the public domain, and if so, by what authority.

Mr. Sherman reported a bill proposing in place of the present mileage to members of Congress, to allow 20 cents per mile, to be computed by a straight topographical line, and repealing all acts and parts of acts on this subject. Adopted—128 to 44.

On the 2d inst., the House managed to choose a printer. Thomas Ford, of Ohio, receiving a majority of the votes east, was declared elected. The votes were, Ford, 96; Glosbrenner, 72; Seaton, 7.

Bills Passed.—For the payment of the invalid and other pensions; for the support of the Military Academy; making appropriations for carrying into effect the treaty and stipulations with the Indians of Washington and Oregon Territories; authoring publishers to print on their papers the dates when subscriptions expire. Adjourned.

New York Legislature.

Senate.—A message was received from the Governor, warning the Legislature that one-half of the session had passed, and yet nothing had been done to replenish the impoverished treasury. He closed by urging the passage of an equitable railroad toll bill.

Bills Passed.—For the protection of property in trade, and the earnings of married women; to authorise the sale of West Washington market property to the city of New York.

Assembly.—The majority of the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill tolling all railroads of the State competing with the canals.—The bill was made the special order for Wednesday next.

The minority of the Committee will present an adverse report.

The Governor sent in a communication from the French Ambassador, objecting to the appointment of Commissioners of Deeds in France, under the law of 1858.

The pro rata bill was lost on the first vote, which stood 64 to 62. Payne changed his vote to affirmation, and saved the bill.

Bills Passed.—To confer additional powers on boards of town officers; to authorize the city of Brooklyn to establish public markets; to amend Hellgate pilot laws; to empower the State Engineer, when complaint is made of the condition of the track and bridges of any road, to examine the same, and if found unsafe, to apply to the court for an injunction, to prevent the running of trains until proper repairs are made.

Political Intelligence.

A call has been issued in Virginia, directing all who are opposed to the policy of the present Administration, and who favor the doctrines held by the Republican party, to meet at Wheeling on the 2d of May, to appoint delegates to the Chicago Convention.

The question of the propriety of changing the time of holding the Republican National Convention, having been submitted to the members of the Republican National Committee, and their views having been communicated by letter, it has been determined, in accordance with the wishes of a majority thereof, that the said Convention be held on Wednesday, the 16th day of May next, instead of the 16th day of June, as heretofore proposed.

Three hundred delegates, Democrats of Douglas' native district, assembled at Vergeunes, Vt., in Convention, on the 29th ult. John Carn, of Rutland, was chosen President, and Charles P. Eastman and P. W. Hyde, Douglas Democrats, were elected delegates to Charlestou.

Governor Letcher, of Virginia, on the 3d inst., sent to the Legislature a communication from Gen. Starke, the Mississippi Commissioner, urging speedy action by Virginia in favor of a Southern Conference, for the preservation of the Constitution and the Union, and the equal rights of all the States and the people in the confederacy. It was made the special order for Tuesday, the 6th inst., in the Senate, and referred to a committee in the House.

The Democracy of Pennsylvania met in Convention at Reading, on the 29th ult. George R. Smith, of Cambria, was chosen Chairman. Henry D. Foster received the nomination for Governor. Delegates to Charleston, and Electors, were appointed.

The Wisconsin Republican State Convention met at Madison on the 29th ult. Carl Shultz, Hans Crocker, John P. McGregor, and Thomas Stoddart were chosen delegates at large to the Chicago Convention. Strong resolutions were passed, instructing the delegates to vote for Wm. H. Seward as the Presidential candidate.

A large Convention of all the elements of Opposition, from all parts of Missouri, met at Jefferson City on the 29th ult., and nominated Judge Bates for President, with entire unanimity. The proceedings were harmonious and enthusiastic.—The platform adopted protests against the doctrines of the National Democratic party, in relation to slavery in the Territories.

The delegates at large from Maine to the Republican National Convention, chosen by a legislative caucus, are as follows:—George F. Talbot, Wm. H. McCrillis, R. Cram. It also declared itself enthusiastically for the nomination of Mr. Fessenden for the Presidency.

The Opposition State Convention of North Carolina, on the 22d, nominated Wm. A. Graham for the Presidency. The Hon. Kenneth Raynor made a vigorous speech against the Democracy. He said the South Americans from North Carolina in Congress, should never have voted for a Democrat to defeat a Republican, and lauded Winter Davis for his manly, independent, and patriotic conduct.

From California.

The Overland Mail coach arrived at Maloy's Station on the 3d inst., with San Francisco dates to the 10th, and telegraphic dispatches of the 11th ult. We gather the following items of interest:

The Pacific Railroad Convention has been in session at Sacramento since the 6th. It is composed of about seventy members, representing California, Oregon and Washington Territory.—Its object is to concentrate public sentiment, memorialize Congress, and recommend legislative action on the part of California and Oregon. A resolution has been unanimously adopted, urging the California Legislature to offer a bonus of $60,000 to any company that shall first complete an overland mail telegraph to the Atlantic States, and $40,000 to the company completing a second line, by a different route, provided both lines are finished within eighteen months.

Several days have been spent in discussing the propriety of recommending the Legislature to pass a law subject to the ratification of the people of California, at the next general election, creating a State debt of $18,000,000, for the purpose of building a railroad to the eastern boundary of California. Members of the Legislature have been invited into the Convention, to express their views on this subject. The proposition will probably be rejected as premature, and an appropriation be recommended sufficient to thoroughly explore all the mountain passes through which the Pacific Railroad may be built.

Petitions in favor of a Sunday law continue to be sent into the Legislature, so numerously signed, that it is evident that a legal day of rest is demanded.

An act has passed to protect California bound emigrants, by establishing a State Agency in New York, to detect bogus ticket swindlers.

A vigorous effort has been made in the Legislature, to pass resolutions asking Congress to dissolve the injunction which has resulted in closing the new Almadin quicksilver mine, and throwing 600 laborers out of employment, rendering unavailable one of the richest mineral resources of the State. The question is still under consideration. The argument advanced in favor of the resolution is, that the Government has been deceived by speculators, into the commencement of an expensive suit, which can result in no public good; that it is a scheme to make the United States pay the expenses of litigation, when only private parties can derive any benefit. It is also urged that if the Government closes the quicksilver mines, to determine title, it may with equal propriety, close the gold mines.

Three silver mines have been discovered in Calaveras county, within a week, represented as very rich.

In Napa county, what was at first regarded as a silver mine, producing such an excitement that one thousand congregated at the spot at one time, turns out to be a very extensive vein of cinnabar, or quicksilver. About 400 people have taken possession of it, and are continuing examinations. New gold diggings are also reported in Cavaleras county, and in extensive veins, easy of access from Tuolumne county. There are good accounts of the quartz mills in operation, and generally throughout the State. Advices from Carson Valley continue to speak favorably of the Washoe gold and silver mines. While this betokens an increasing, and probably extensive, demand for goods in that direction, the San Francisco merchants express much uneasiness as to the effect in the mining localities in California, many of which it is feared will be nearly depopulated, as soon as spring opens, and the stampede commences on the other side of the mountains. Everything betokens that the ensuing season will witness one of the most exciting hunts for new mining regions ever experienced on this side of the continent.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The attention of all classes is concentrated on the budget, and meetings pro and con are held in all directions. The conservatives show increasing hostility to both budget and commercial treaty with France, and in the House of Lords an explanation had been called for of the article which binds England not to prohibit exportation of coal.

Lord Ralso announced that he would introduce a reform bill the first of March. He also said that a correspondence was progressing with the government of the United States, with respect to the free admission of British shipping to American coasting trade, between the Eastern States and California, etc., but the matter was not in a position to be laid before the House. In response to Mr. Peel, Lord R. said that inquiries had been addressed to Sardinia, as to whether there was an intention the cede Savoy to France. Sardinia denied any such intention.

The Earl of Granville, also, announced in the House of Lords, that France will do nothing touching that annexation without first consultiug the Great Powers and obtaining the consent of the inhabitants.

A motion in the House to abolish flogging in the Navy was negatived.

It is denied that Austria has replied to the propositions of England, touching the Italian question. It is also reported that Russia rejects the propositions.

The land forces of England are fixed at 143,000, being an increase of nearly 6,500, in addition to the East Indian army, which numbers 52,000.

It is rumored that the Government has late intelligence from Pekin, via. St. Petersburgh, to the effect that the Emperor is disposed to make every concession for averting further hostilities, and that his disposition is met in an honorable spirit by England. All further contest may thus be avoided.

France.—It is said the French Government has entered into relations with Prussia, as a member of the Zoll Verein, with a view of negotiating a commercial treaty similar to that with England.

M. Thouvenals' circular to the French diplomatic agents, in response to the late encyclical letter of the Pope, is published, and is attracting attention. It apparently convicts the Pope of improperly using his spiritual office for temporal purposes. A despatch from M. Thouvenals to the French ambassador at Rome, is also published, explaining the present state of affairs in legations, and the causes for the same.

The Paris correspondent of the Times says that orders were given on Thursday morning to the newspapers, not to allude to the annexation of Savoy to France, but in the afternoon countermanded, and the papers were instructed to write it up as before.

Austria.—The Vienna correspondent of the Times reports that Austria is about to make another attempt to bring about a coalition between Russia, Prussia and herself.

A large number of political prisoners from Venetia are being sent to Selavonia and elsewhere. Austria had seized a large quantity of arms on the way to Servia through her territory.

Italy.—The King of Sardinia arrived at Milan the 15th of February, and was received with extraordinary enthusiasm.

A new Roman loan had been negotiated with Belgium capitalists. Nine hundred Bavarians enlisted for the Papal army, had arrived at Ancona, and more were expected.

Prussia.—The First Chamber has discussed government matrimonial law, and rejected civil marriage in every form.

Spain.—Advices state that Marshal O'Donnell is actively engaged in reconnoitering the country surrounding Tetuan. He had received a delegation from the Moorish Government, asking on what terms peace would be granted, and had referred the question to his Queen, who had despatched a messenger to Tetuan with the conditions upon which peace will be granted. The public spirit in Spain, however, is warlike, and it is believed that war will continue.

Commercial.—*Breadstuffs.*—Breadstuffs quiet. Flour nominally unchanged, but difficult to sell. Quoted 23s@23s6d. Wheat inactive and unchanged. Corn dull, and easier. Yellow 33s@33s6d. *Provisions.*—Pork selling freely, at 75s@80s for new; 49s@52s6d for repacked. London commercial market firmer.

Telegraph between France and America.—An overland route for telegraphic communication with America, has been proposed in France, making use of the existing lines from London to Dresden, and from thence entering the Russian Empire, and passing through Moscow and Kasau; then crossing the Ural Mountains to Yakoutsk and on to the Behring Strait, crossing this and passing through Russian America to Canada and the United States.

The News Condenser.

— Boats are loading at St. Louis for St Paul.

— There are twenty banks, in Wisconsin, now winding up.

— The Common Schools of Ohio contain about 600,304 scholars.

— A brother of Congressman Keitt has been murdered by his slaves.

— A new copper mine has lately been discovered in Bristol, Conn.

— Blue birds have been seen in the neighborhood of Springfield, Mass.

— The extra cost of collecting the taxes of Ohio semi-annually, is $80,000.

— The gold mines of Missouri promise to rival those of more western lands.

— According to a census just taken, Lockport contains a population of 9,446.

— The Univers, suppressed by Louis Napoleon, was the Pope's organ in Paris.

— The Missouri river has been spanned by a telegraph wire at St. Joseph, Mo.

— The New York and Mediterraneau line of steamers are doing a good business.

— The river is open at Dubuque, for a space of half a mile, so that the ferry boat runs.

— North Carolina used 29,000 bales of cotton in her factories last year; Georgia 26,00.

— A movement is making to extend the telegraph lines up the Mississippi river to St. Paul.

— Europe is divided into 55 governments, 5 of which are republics, and 5 absolute monarchies.

— There are 21 savings banks in Rhode Island; depositors, 31,333; amount deposited, $7,765,771.

— A stone from Bonaparte's tomb on St. Helena has been obtained for the Washington Monument.

— In addition to "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," the Liverpool (Eng.) Mercury now adds the "Divorces."

— The Massachusetts Legislature consists of sixty Senators and two hundred and forty Representatives.

— An ingenious eastern artist thinks he has got up a pair of scales that will weigh the fiftieth part of a grain.

— The Bishop of Michigan received a Christmas present of a thousand dollars from his parishoners at Detroit.

— Petitions to the California Legislature are being circulated, praying for the punishment of robbery by death.

— It is said that 3,000 Americans are, before this time, in Sonora, and in possession of the government of that State.

— John Angell James, a distinguished divine, died at Birmingham, England, February 1st, aged seventy-one years.

— A young girl of Bristol, R. I., died there, lately, in consequence of injuries received from a fall, while skating.

— Very extensive ruins of an ancient city have been discovered in New Mexico, ninety miles northeast of Fort Stantou.

— A story is going the rounds about the drowning of 49 children, at Hardin, Ill., in which there is not a word of truth.

— Mr. Daniel Fanshaw, of New York, one of the oldest and most successful printers in the country, died on Monday week.

— There is a project under consideration for forming a new county, from the counties of Greene and Albany, in this State.

— The Papal treasury has been replenished by the addition of £207, the contributions of the Pope's friends in Ireland.

— A Mr. Amunn, late from India, has arrived in London with a parcel of diamonds, for one of which he asks $1,500,000.

— The total production of gold last year, throughout the world, is estimated at $260,363,000, and of silver, $50,883,000.

— The King of Siam has expressed his admiration of American character by naming his youngest son George Washington.

— A thousand Chinese in San Francisco are preparing for a stampede to Washington Territory and the gold regions thereabout.

— The Bostonians are "down" upon the copper coin of the country, and petitioning government for the abolition of that currency.

— The New York Journal of Commerce says that more vessels have been fitted out in that part for the slave trade than ever before.

— The authorities of Springfield, Mass., have ascertained that there were 325 cases of small pox in that city last year. Deaths, about 30.

— The national revenue for the six months ending the 31st December, exceeds, by $4,238,000, the revenue for the same period last year.

— A dispatch from New Orleans says the great Almaden quick-silver mine case in California, had been decided in favor of the United States.

— Old Jerome Bonaparte has been ill again. He is the last of the original Bonaparte breed, and perhaps of the French Waterloo generals.

— A recent letter to a New York Journal, reports the death, in Germany, of Caroline Richter, widow of the world-renowned Jean Paul.

— The Maryland House of Representatives has passed an act withdrawing its contributions of $5,000 per annum to the Colonization Society.

— In Prussia, the Minister of the Interior has ordered that the bastinado, as an instrument of punishment for prisoners, shall be abolished.

— Fire was discovered in the ship Yorkshire, about to start from New York for Liverpool. It originated from matches packed in the cotton!

— Foreign letter writers say that Louis Napoleon, like Henry IV, of France, is in great danger of assassination by the hand of some Catholic.

— The bill for the expulsion of free negroes from the State, which passed the Mississippi House of Representatives, was defeated in the Senate.

— The winter has been very severe in Italy, and, judging from the accounts we have seen, the Italians have had more snow than the Yankees.

— The post-master of Racine died, a few days since, and before his burial, there were over 100 applications for the office on their way to Washington.

— A lady and child, the first that have ventured, we believe, were among the passengers by the last Overland Mail from San Francisco to St. Louis.

— It appears that every dollar coined at the mint, in Georgia, costs 12 cents, and every dime coined at the branch in Charlotte, N. C., costs one cent!

— The Mississippi Legislature has appointed seven delegates to the Southern Convention. This is the only State that has responded to South Carolina.

— A man accused of stealing in Wis., was acquitted because the indictment read twenty dollar gold pieces, instead of double eagles, the legal name of the coin.

Publisher's Department.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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TERMS IN ADVANCE:

Two Dollars a Year—$1 for six months. To Clubs and Agents as follows:—Three Copies one year, for $5; Six, and one free to club agent, for $10; Ten, and one free, for $15; Fifteen, and one free, for $21; Twenty, and one free, for $25; and any greater number at same rate—only $1,25 per copy—with an extra free copy for every Ten Subscribers over Twenty. Club papers sent to different Post-offices, if desired. As we pre-pay American postage on papers sent to the British Provinces, our Canadian agents and friends must add 12½ cents per copy to the club rates of the Rural.—The lowest price of copies sent to Europe, &c., is $2,50—including postage.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

—Back Numbers of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers—and will be for some weeks to come, or until we otherwise announce. It is not, therefore, too late to form new clubs, or make additions to present ones.

☞ Our Young Friends will please remember the very liberal offer to minors, (see Rural of Jun. 28, page 33,) of a copy of Webster's Great Pictorial Dictionary, for Thirty new subscribers—or for Forty, half of them being new—sent us previous to April 1st, 1860. We also offer bound volumes of the Rural for clubs of half the above numbers.

☞ Look Sharp, Friends!—If those ordering the Rural would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, we should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the Rural Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge *us* with their sins of omission, etc.

☞ The Rural is published strictly upon the cash system—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

The Postage on the Rural is only 3½ cents per quarter to any part of this State, and 6 cents to any other State, if paid quarterly in advance at the post-office where received.

☞ Our Terms, Club Rates, &c.—Many people misapprehend the terms of the Rural. For their information we would state that we do not furnish the paper at club rates, except to persons who actually form clubs. We cannot send a single copy to any person at the club rate because he was once a member of a club, or for the reason that there may be a club in his vicinity; but all club subscriptions must be sent by regular club agents. This rule is imperative—for, without it, we should be justly chargeable with violating our terms, and beside it would be manifestly unfair to exact $2 for a single copy in one instance, and furnish it in another at $1,50 or $1,25. Some send us the club price, with request to add to club of persons fifty to five hundred miles distant from them! Of course we cannot comply with these or *any* requests inconsistent with our terms, and hence our rule in such cases is to send so long as the money pays at the rate of $2 a year.

Extra Gratuities for Clubs!

In *addition* to free copies, as above offered, we will give (and mail *post-paid*, if to any part of the United States,) a Dollar Package of imported FLOWER SEEDS, containing from **15** to **20** choice varieties, to *every person* who remits payment according to our terms, *after Jan. 1st and previous to April*, 1860, for a club of either Six, Ten, Fifteen or Twenty Yearly Subscribers. Or, if preferred to the Seeds, we will give for each club received soon (or until further notice) an unbound copy of the Rural for 1859. New subscribers and others wishing to obtain the 10th volume should note this liberal offer, remembering that Now is the Best Time to Form Clubs. ☞ We have just engaged $1,500 worth of choice Flower Seeds, to be imported the present winter, for distribution among the working Agent-Friends of the Rural. Those who have already formed clubs will be remembered in the distribution—or at least all who do not secure some of the *extra* gratuities heretofore offered for early lists. ☞ We can still supply back numbers so that all may have the complete volume.

☞ No Traveling Agents are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, are impostors.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office, Rochester, March 6, 1860.

Flour is without change, and but little doing except in the retail line. The reduction of freights upon the railroads might put some life into the trade, but wheat, in any quantity, is not obtainable.

Grain.—Corn will not now bring more than 65 cents.—Oats are a little better than last week.

Dairy, &c.—Butter has again fallen off in rates. Cheese is very firm at quotations. Eggs are somewhat plenty at 14 cents per dozen.

Fruit.—Apples are in good demand, and best varieties have put 12 cents upon the prices of last week.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	14@14c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,88	Honey, box	16@18c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,50@1,50	**Fruits and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	Apples, bushel	50@88c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, old	62½@65c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	62½@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	74@75c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	35@36c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	68@80c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	10@10c
Meats.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,75
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**Seeds.**	
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,25	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	Wood, hard	$1,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@10c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,60
Shoulders	7@7c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@9c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	14@15c	Hay, tun	$10,00@18,00
Butter, firkin	13@14c	Straw, tun	$7,00@8,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	9@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

Pork Trade of Rochester.—The huge piles of pork displayed, almost daily, under our windows during the past purchasing season, by the proprietors of the store 86 Buffalo St., prompted us to make some inquiries concerning the magnitude of the trade in this city. On requesting an exhibit from the gentlemen occupying the premises above referred to,—Messrs. Moore & Cole—they kindly prepared the following statement:

Whole number purchased	3,637
Total weight of same, in lbs.	571,775
Sold in Rochester, and cut up for our retail trade, 184 Hogs, weight in lbs.	37,180
Shipped to Albany, Worcester and New York 3,453 Hogs, weight in lbs.	534,595
Total amount of Pork sales	$44,689 24
Paid R. R. freights (nearly all to N. Y. C. & H. R.)	$2,644 40
Paid Commissioners to our Consignees	$1,216 51
Paid cartages in New York and Albany	159 02
Shrinkage on shipments, in lbs.	5,002

We have in this city some six or eight houses purchasing almost exclusively for the Eastern market, each of which did a brisk business during the season, and have left a large amount of money among the farming population of Monroe County.

Packing expressly for retail trade has become a business of much magnitude in our market. Mr. A. De Vos, of 48 Front street, is probably the leader in this department. His purchases, for the season, are as follows:

Whole number of Hogs packed	2,038
Total weight of same in lbs.	489,120
Average weight in lbs.	240
Total cost	$33,015 00
Average cost, ℔ cwt	$6 75

When we consider that our city has upward of fifty retail packing establishments, where the outlay ranges from $3,000 all the way up to the expenditures of Mr. De Vos, we can form some slight idea of the amount of capital invested in this one branch of trade.

NEW YORK, March 5.—Flour—Market 5@10c better on choice grades, and fair for common and medium; demand fair. Sales at $5,20@5,25 for super State; $5,40@5,55 for extra do; $5,20@5,36 for super Western; $5,45@5,50 for extra do; $5,90@6,10 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm and quiet. Canadian scarce and a shade better; sales at $5,75@7,10 for common to choice extra.

Grain—Wheat 2@3c better for choice white, and very firm for all other kinds; demand moderate; sales prime white Indiana at $1,65; Chicago spring held at $1,19@1,22, and Milwaukee club at $1,23@1,25. Rye quiet at 87@88c. Barley firm; sales Canada East at 85c; Illinois on p. t. Corn steady; sales at 80@81c for white, 77½@80c for yellow. Oats 44@44½c for Western and Canadian, 45c for State.

Provisions—Pork not active, but a little more steady; sales at $17,37 for old mess; $18,37 for new do; $14,75 for new prime; $12,50 for old do. Dressed hogs dull at 7¾@8c for Western. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 10¾@11½c. Butter 11@14c for Ohio, 14@20c for State. Cheese firm at 11@13c for common to prime.

Ashes—There is a strong inquiry for both kinds, and the market is firm; sales at $5,25 for pots and $5,50 for pearls.

ALBANY, March 5.—Flour and Meal—There is a good business doing in flour at full previous prices. Corn meal is unchanged.

Grain—In wheat nothing has transpired. The supply of corn is very small and the market is firm. Sales round yellow at 78. Barley rules steady, with some inquiry for home consumption. Sales four-rowed State in store at 80. Oats dull, with but little if any inquiry.

Seed—In clover there is only moderate business doing, with sales of medium State at 8½@8¾, do. large at 9c. Ohio may be quoted almost nominal at 7½ for old and 8 for new. Timothy is in moderate request at $3@3,50, as in quality.—*Journal.*

TORONTO, March 3.—Flour—The transactions of the week are limited, for notwithstanding the large amount held, there is not sufficient pressure on the market to cause a sacrifice,—millers and holders preferring to remain quiet until the opening of navigation, so long as the English markets reflect their present tone. Quotations, under the circumstances, are therefore nominal as follows:—Double extra, $5,75@6,00; extra, $5,25@5,62½; fancy, $4,80@4,90; superfine $4,40@4,75.

Grain—The market for fall wheat has been buoyant throughout the week, although, perhaps, a shade easier towards the close. The competition between buyers has been keen, and full rates have been realized wherever a fair sample is presented. The English markets are more steady, and in New York there is more disposition shown toward improvement, but we see nothing in the present aspect of affairs to show any reasonable ground for the activity and high rates on the market, and we are therefore unable to account for it. Prices range from $1,28@1,32 for prime and extra prime fall wheat; from $1,24@1,28 for good and prime, $1,18@1,25 for other grades. Spring wheat is steady at 97½c@$1 for common to good, and $1@$1,05 for good and prime. Extra qualities of Golden Drop bring $1,05@$1,07 per bushel.

Barley is not very active, and prices are steady at 65c ℔ bushel. The supply was larger in the early part of the week, but has fallen off. A very fine sample might bring 70c ℔ bushel. Oats—Quotations vary each day with the extent of supply. Car loads have sold at 32c. In smaller lots 35c is the current rate. Peas are in moderate supply, with a slightly easier market. For the best varieties 60c is an outside figure, and 58c by the current rate for ordinary lots.

Seeds—Clover $5@5,25. Timothy scarce, and selling at all prices between $3@$4 according to quality.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Feb. 29.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,00@10,00; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $6,50@7,00; inferior, $6,00@6,50.

Cows and Calves—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

Veal Calves—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

Swine—First quality, 6¼@6¾; all others, 6@6¼.

ALBANY, March 5.—Cattle—The market is rather inactive, although there are plenty of buyers on the ground. There is a falling off in the supply of something over 400 head, and the average quality is inferior to that of last week. Taking the same number for comparison, there is much less weight, or beef, here now than then. Offers to buy are plenty, but holders and buyers are wider apart in their views than we have known them to be for many weeks, and hence we have but few sales to report.

Prices—We have but little alteration to make. Drovers are perhaps asking a trifle more on some grades than ruled last week, but there is little or no probability of their getting it.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5½	5½@5½
Extra	4¾@5	4¾@5
First quality	4@4½	4½@4½
Second quality	3½@3¾	3¾@3¾
Third quality	2¼@3	2½@3
Inferior	2¼@2½	@2½

Hogs—None selling on this side. We quote nominally at 5½@5¾c for good still fed, and 6¾@6c for prime corn fed.

Dressed Hogs—The packing season has closed, and during the past two or three days only a few small lots have changed hands at 7½@8c for heavy Western and State. During the entire week only 535 head were received.—*Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 29.—Whole number of Cattle at market 730—about 650 Beeves, and 85 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; first quality, $6,75; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3.

Stores—Working Oxen—$70, 80@175.

Cows and Calves—$25, 45@60.

Yearlings—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $25@28.

Sheep and Lambs—2,855 at market; prices in lots, $2,00, 2,50@2,75 each; extra, $3, 5@6,00 each, or 4@6c ℔ lb. live.

Hides—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

Calf Skins—10@11c. ℔ lb.

Pelts—$1,25@1,75 each.

Veal Calves—None.

BRIGHTON, March 1.—At market 1,200 beeves, 90 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 500 swine.

Beef Cattle—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,00@7,50; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $5,00@5,50.

Working Oxen—$85, 90@110.

Milch Cows—$39@40; Common, $17@18.

Veal Calves—$3, 4@5.

Stores—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $22@27.

Hides—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

Tallow—7@7½c ℔ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,50@3; Extra, $3@7.

Pelts—$1,25@1,75c each.

Swine—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5¾@6c ℔ lb.; retail, 6@7c. Fat Hogs—None.

TORONTO, March 3.—Beef.—The supply of beef has been large and somewhat in excess of demand. Prices have consequently fallen. First class cattle are worth $5,50 ℔ 100 lbs.; common to good $4,25@$5; inferior $4. Sheep, lambs, and calves are coming rather freely. Sheep average $4; lambs $2,25; calves $5,50@6,50.

Pork.—Not more than 200 carcasses have been placed in the market during the week; and these sold at former prices. The market is not very active. We quote 100 to 150lb hogs $6@6,25 per 100lbs; 150 to 200 lb do., $6,25@$6,50 ℔ do.; 200 to 250lb do., $6,50@$6,75 ℔ do.; 250lb and upward, $6,75@$6,87 ℔ do.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The demand at the moment is moderate, from the fact of dealers having supplied their pressing wants during the past fortnight, both by public and private sale, but as the stock of desirable grades is light, particularly that of Domestic, there appears no anxiety on the part of holders to realize unless at full prices. It is probable, however, that prices have reached the highest pinnacle, as the demand for the manufactured fabrics is by no means active, nor are the prices in accordance with the high cost of the raw material. Those circumstances combined, together with the approach of the new crop, will cause dealers and manufacturers to purchase sparingly during the next two months, in anticipation of a lower currency in the month of May. The transactions include 75,000 lbs. State and Western Fleeces at from 40c. to 62c, elderly at 50@57c.; 25,000 lbs California at 18@33c. for fair to fine; 20,000 lbs. Texas at about 22c, cash, and 35,000 lbs. pulled at 30@50c., as to quality. Foreign is quiet, and Cape is offered at slightly lower rates without leading to business of importance. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	51@57
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	35@38
California, extra	37@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

ALBANY, March 1.—Wool—The stock here is now quite small. Sales 3,000 lbs. super pulled, at 33½c; 25,500 lbs. fleece at 42@51c. as in quality, and 2,000 lbs. Lambs' do. at 44c.

BOSTON, March 1.—There is a fair inquiry for fleece and pulled Wool, and the market has become more steady and firm. Sales of 100,000 lbs. at 40@52c for fleece, and 38@52c. for superfine and extra pulled. The transactions in foreign comprise 250 bales Mediterranean and East Indian at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	56@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	51@55	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@50	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	38@41	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	45@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

What Everybody Wants—John E. Potter.
Flower Seeds, by Mail—Allen & McElwain.
Stump Machines—R. H. Hall & Co.
New Hardy Grapes—Hoag & Craine.
Country Agents Wanted—J. W. Harris & Co.
Cortland Academy—S. W. Clark.
Grape Vines, &c.—M. D. Freer & Co.
Falley Seminary—John P. Griffin.
Situation Wanted—Teacher.
Seed Leaf Tobacco Seed—M. D. Freer & Co.
Inventors—J. Fraser.
Isabella and Clinton Grape Vines—Geo. Beck.
Employment all the year round—Sanderson & Bro.
Lawton or New Rochelle Blackberry—H. B. Lum.
30,000 No. 1 Cherry Stocks, &c.—Williams, Ramsden & Co.
Vegetable Egg Seeds for Sale—Wm. A. Saunders.
20,000 Apple and 2,000 Cherry Trees—A. Anthony & Son.
Agents Wanted—H. C. Lake.
Frank Miller's Leather Preservative and Water-Proof Blacking—E. R. Durkee & Co.
Fairfield Seminary—Rev. J. B. Van Petten.
$150 Per Month, and No Humbug—J. S. Pardee.
Morgan Horse "General Gifford, Jr."—E. Yeomans.
Pay Your Taxes!—Bedee & Mendenhall.
10,000 Isabella Grape Roots For Sale—H. Payne.
Who Can Equal It?—G. Westinghouse & Co.

Deaths.

Died, on the 14th ult., in Richmond, Tioga Co., Pa., in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality, through faith in Jesus Christ, ALMIRA PRATT, wife of Robert Pratt, in the 48th year of her age.

In Chili, N. Y., February 12th, L. M. PRITCHARD, at the age of 29 years.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—Thirty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. Special Notices—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the Rural had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the Rural New-Yorker has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

☞ Marriage Notices, not exceeding four lines, inserted at Fifty Cents each. [Some send no fee; others $1, which is not refused, as we consider the parties very happy.]

SEED LEAF TOBACCO SEED for sale, by
530-2t M. D. FREER & CO., Watkins, N. Y.

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPE VINES, at $35 per 1,000, by GEO. BECK, Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y.

INVENTORS!—Your applications for PATENTS are often *unjustly* rejected. Good Patents will be obtained on such, or no charge made, by J. FRASER, Rochester, N. Y.

VEGETABLE EGG SEEDS FOR SALE.—Enclose ten cents and receive 30 seeds by return mail. Address
WM. A. SAUNDERS,
Dover Center, Cayhoga Co., Ohio.

20,000 APPLE, 2,000 CHERRY TREES, wholesale and retail, or exchange for Pear, Plum, Quince, Cherry and Evergreen stocks.
A. ANTHONY & SON, Rochester, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Reader, do you want business that pays from $3 to $4 a day. If so, take an agency. Send stamp for particulars, to
530-2t SANDERSON & BRO., Newark, N. Y.

LAWTON OR NEW ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY, by Mail.—For $1, I will send, post free, 25 root cuttings of this famous plant, which will be sure to grow. Directions to accompany. H. B. LUM, Sandusky, Ohio.

SITUATION WANTED—By an experienced Teacher, a graduate of Yale, as Principal, or Assistant, in some School or Seminary. Best of references given.
Address TEACHER, Greenfield Hill, Fairfield Co., Ct.

10,000 ISABELLA GRAPE ROOTS FOR SALE, made from cuttings of good length one year old and well rooted. Price $40 per 1,000.
Lockport, N. Y., March 5, 1860. H. PAYNE.

30,000 NO. 1 CHERRY STOCKS, at $3,50 ℔ 1,000. 8,000 New Rochelle Blackberry Plants, very fine, $40 per thousand, for sale by
WILLIAMS, RAMSDEN & CO.,
Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y., March 1, 1860.

$29.50 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS, pays for Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.
Spring Term opens March 22d, 1860. For Circulars or Catalogues, address JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

GRAPE VINES—Cherry Seedlings for sale at the Schuyler Co. Central Nurseries.
100,000 Grape Vines, Isabella and Catawba. Also,
30,000 Cherry Seedlings. Address
530-2t M. D. FREER & CO., Watkins, N. Y.

$150 PER MONTH, AND NO HUMBUG.—Agents wanted in every Town. It is no Patent Medicine nor Book Agency, but something new and of real value. Particulars sent free. Address J. S. PARDEE,
530-1t Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.

MORGAN HORSE "GENERAL GIFFORD, JR.," if application be made soon, will be sold a bargain. Is five past, dark chestnut, 15 hands, in good flesh (1050 lbs.) No marks; only needs to be seen. Pedigree and particulars given on application. E. YEOMANS, Walworth, N. Y.

PAY YOUR TAXES!

BEEDE & MENDENHALL, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, will attend promptly to the paying of *Taxes* for Non-residents. 530-3t

COUNTY AGENTS WANTED.—$50 a month and all expenses paid, to introduce our New National Double Thread $20 Sewing Machine. The cheapest and the best. For complete instructions and a permanent business, address, with stamp, J. W. HARRIS & CO., Shoe and Leather Exchange, Boston, Mass. 530-2t

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY.—The Spring Term of this well-known and flourishing Institution begins March 28th. Board, washing and room rent per term of 14 weeks, $27.50. Tuition from $4 to $6. N. B.—*Send for a Catalogue.* For rooms address REV. J. B. VAN PETTEN,
Fairfield, Herk. Co., N. Y., March 1, 1860. Principal.

CORTLAND ACADEMY, HOMER, N. Y.—The Spring Term of this Institution, will commence on Monday, March 19th. Tuition, per term of 14 weeks, $6 00. This includes, without extra charges, all the higher English studies, Mathematics, Latin, Greek, French and German.—For further information address
530 S. W. CLARK, Principal.

WANTED—About 30 Agents in Northern, Central and Western New York, and a few in other localities, to sell my premium *Wood-Sawing Machine*, which is warranted, with one team, one man, and boy to drive, to cut 2 cords of blocks per hour. None but responsible men, who have the confidence of the community where they reside, need apply. H. C. LAKE,
Charlotte Centre, Chautauqua Co., N. Y.

NEW HARDY GRAPES.—We are prepared to furnish one year old vines (true to name,) of most of the New Grapes. Also,
New Rochelle or Lawton Blackberry, Wilson's Albany, Hooker and Chilian Strawberry Plants.
☞ Priced Catalogues sent free to all applicants.
530-1 HOAG & CRAINE, Lockport, N. Y.

DAVIS SEEDLING POTATO.—I have a few bushels of this celebrated potato, to which was awarded the *gold medal* by the *Massachusetts Horticultural Society*, after five years trial. It is *the best Potato*, and has no equal in yielding. I will ship them at $1,25 per bushel, without charge for bags or barrels. I refer all to the Editors of the Rural New-Yorker. GEORGE BABCOCK,
530 Box 880, Rochester, N. Y.

FRANK MILLER'S LEATHER PRESERVATIVE AND Water-Proof Oil Blacking.
Twenty-two Years this article has enjoyed a constantly increasing popularity. Its sales have extended and increased from year to year, and are now larger than ever before. Purchasers who desire protection against pretended imitations, will please notice the name of *Frank Miller, Warsaw, N. Y.*, on the cover of each box. For sale by
E. R. DURKEE & CO., 151 Pearl st., New York.

STUMP MACHINES.
Twenty years of close application to the manufacturing and use of Stump Machines, have enabled the Subscribers to produce an article, which *defies competition*. We are prepared to furnish any number at short notice and at low rates.
Our Machines are simple in construction, very durable and not liable to get out of order. The demand for them has increased four fold within the past year, which removes any doubt of their great superiority over other machines.
Send for a Circular, which will give you full particulars.
R. H. HALL & CO.,
530-4t Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

WHO CAN EQUAL IT?—A gentleman residing in Jefferson County having sold one of our THREE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN POWERS AND COMBINED THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS, wrote to us upon remitting pay for the same, that Mr. Sprague, the purchaser, had threshed 240 bushels of barley in three hours, and that he was doing more than the eight-horse machines. Also, Mr. Clark, from Chautauqua Co., wrote to us that he had threshed 50 bushels of wheat in 70 minutes, and 100 bushels of oats per hour. Still more we have, from Mr. E. H. Barnard, of Pittsford, Monroe Co., relative to our Two Horse Powers and Thresher and Winnower. He says, the Messrs. Millers threshed 60 bushels of Oats in 55 minutes, for four consecutive hours, without extra exertion, and the Oats were fed loose, never having been bound. Our Endless Chain Powers for one, two and three horses, Lever Powers, Combined Threshers and Winnowers, and Threshers with Vibrating Separators, have met with unequalled success wherever introduced.
We also manufacture a CLOVER MACHINE, lately much improved, and which cannot be surpassed for durability or quality and quantity of work. We warrant all our Machines to suit the purchasers.
A Descriptive Circular with Price List, will be sent to all applicants by addressing the subscribers.
G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.,
530-5teow Agricultural Works, Schenectady, N. Y.

FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.
ALLEN & McELWAIN,
SEEDSMEN AND FLORISTS, SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts.
We invite the attention of all Cultivators of Flowers, to the following collection of choice and rare Seeds, comprising the most beautiful and showy Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, and embracing the finest Peony Flowered Asters, Camellia Flowered Balsams, German Stocks, English Pansies, Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Double Hollyhocks, Calceolarias, Cinerarias, &c., which will be forwarded to any address in the Union, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

No.	COLLECTIONS.	PRICE.
1	Contains Twenty varieties of Annuals	$1 00
2	Twenty varieties of Biennials and Perennials	1 00
3	Ten extra fine varieties of rare Annuals and Perennials	1 00
4	Five choice varieties, from prize flowers, of French Asters, German Carnation and Picotee Pinks, English Pansies, Verbenas and Hollyhocks, each of which is sold at 25 cents, singly	1 00
5	Fifty varieties (including Collection No. 4,) Annuals, Biennials and Perennials	2 50
6	One Hundred varieties	5 00

We also offer many other collections, by mail, for list of which see Catalogue, which will be forwarded to any address upon receipt of a three cent stamp.
Address ALLEN & McELWAIN,
530-2t Springfield, Mass.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS.
EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,
BY FRANK CROSBY,
OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.
It Tells You How to draw up Partnership Papers and gives general forms for Agreements of all kinds, Bills of Sale, Leases and Petitions.
It Tells You How to draw up Bonds and Mortgages, Affidavits, Powers of Attorney, Notes and Bills of Exchange, Receipts and Releases.
It Tells You The Laws for the Collection of Debts, with the Statutes of Limitation, and amount and kind of property Exempt from Execution in every State.
It Tells You How to make an Assignment properly, with forms for Composition with Creditors, and the Insolvent Laws of every State.
It Tells You The legal relations existing between Guardian and Ward, Master and Apprentice, and Landlord and Tenant.
It Tells You What constitutes Libel and Slander, and the Law as to Marriage Dower, the Wife's Right in Property, Divorce and Alimony.
It Tells You The Law for Mechanics' Liens in every State, and the Naturalization Laws of this country, and how to comply with the same.
It Tells You The Law Concerning Pensions and how to obtain one, and the Pre-Emption Laws to Public Lands.
It Tells You The Law for Patents, with mode of procedure in obtaining one, with Interferences, Assignments and Table of Fees.
It Tells You How to make your Will, and how to Administer on an Estate, with the law and the requirements thereof in every State.
It Tells You The meaning of Law Terms in general use, and explains to you the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Powers of both the General and State Governments.
It Tells You How to keep out of Law, by showing how to do your business legally, thus saving a vast amount of property, and vexatious litigation, by its timely consultation.
Single copies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to Every Farmer, Every Mechanic, Every Man of Business, and Everybody in Every State, on receipt of $1.00, or in law style of binding at $1 25.
$1,000 A YEAR can be made by enterprising men everywhere, in selling the above work, as our inducements to all such are very liberal.
For single copies of the Book, or for terms to agents, with other information, apply to or address
JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,
530-4t No. 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"NO MEAL COMPLETE WITHOUT IT."—Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce. Agents,
529-4t JOHN DUNCAN & SONS, New York.

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in an honorable business, which pays from $4 to $8 per day. For particulars address M. M. Sanborn, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, ILL.—80 acres, Fruit and Ornamental. Root-Grafts, 10,000, $50; Wilson's Albany Strawberry 1,000, $10, &c., &c. *See New List.*
529-3t F. K. PHOENIX.

FARM FOR SALE—Of 210 acres, of which 70 are timbered land, in the town of New Hudson, Allegany Co., N. Y., 7 miles from Cuba, on the Erie R. R., and 3 from the Genesee Valley Canal. There is a house and four barns on the farm. Price, $25 per acre. For terms, &c., address
529-2t H. M. WHITE, Cuba, N. Y.

GALES' UNIVERSAL FEED-CUTTER.—They cut *fast, easily*—can be set to cut different lengths from one-half to two inches. *Warranted* to work well on hay, straw, or corn-stalks, and to give entire satisfaction to the user. We refer to 2,000 farmers and others, who are now using them in the State of New York. One person can cut from 25 to 50 bushels per hour. Will last for years without repairs. For sale by nearly all the Hardware Merchants in the State—18 sizes, from $9 to $26. For sale by
529-2t J. RAPALJE, Rochester, N. Y.

Flower Seeds by Mail. FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL. Flower Seeds by Mail.
Our own selection of
25 Varieties for $1 00
50 do. 2 00
100 do. 4 00
Persons ordering either of the above assortments may rely upon a beautiful collection.
J. M. THORBURN & CO.,
15 John Street,
529-3t New York.

LADIES USE JAMES PYLE'S DIETETIC SALERATUS,
The great improvement for all Baking purposes. All other kinds of Saleratus now in use, have no utility in comparison with this. It is the only Saleratus in use, that is entirely free from injurious properties, and one pound of it is equal to two of the common article. Beware of poisonous imitations, the genuine has the name of James Pyle, 345 Washington St., N. Y., on each package, and is sold by grocers generally. 529-4t

ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL BOOKS.—Farmers, Gardeners, Nurserymen, Fruit-Growers, Dairymen, Cattle-Dealers, and all persons interested in tilling the soil or adorning their grounds and dwellings, will be supplied with the most complete assortment of Books relating to their business that can be found in the world, by
C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO.,
Agricultural Booksellers, and Publishers of The Horticulturist, No. 25 Park-row, New-York.
Catalogues gratis. Books sent by mail. Agents wanted.

WM. REID offers for sale, this Spring, at his Nurseries, Elizabethtown, N. J., a general assortment of
Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.
The collection of Fruits includes nearly all the new varieties of late introduction, as well as those in general cultivation.
The collection of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs is also extensive, and comprises nearly all the hardy Trees and Shrubs suitable for Park and Lawn planting, and when large quantities are ordered, the prices will be greatly reduced. Also, a large stock of *Norway Spruce, Scotch Pine*, &c., of all sizes suitable for planting Belts, Parks, Screens and Hedges. Having a larger stock of these than I require, will, when a quantity is taken, sell them fifty per cent. less than the usual price.
For a list of new and rare *Evergreens, &c.*, see General Catalogue, which will be forwarded on application.
Trees securely packed and forwarded to all parts of the United States.
Orders by mail, or left at the Nursery, will receive prompt attention. 528-4t

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THEY leave no sting in the heart of Memory, no stain on the wing of Time.—*Hon. M. P. Wilder.*

BROWN CERES, on day, with Pomona was meeting
'Neath Autumn's spirited smile;
So giving each other a sisterly greeting,
They sat down to gossip awhile.

"I hope you're quite well, dear, this elegant weather,
How charming the country," they said,
"And how do you prosper," both speaking together,
"With regard to your business and trade?

"Look where the rude thorn bush and bramble were springing,
With fruitage the apple tree bends,
The scythe of the mower at sunrise is swinging,
And the song of the reaper ascends.

"Let us walk hand in hand, for no obstacle earing,
Till vines o'er the mountains shall grow;
Its suit of green velvet, the brown heath be wearing,
And deserts with plenty o'erflow.

"The gold in its mine, with excitement and wonder,
May summon an emigrant band,
And the chariot of Mars trample on in its thunder,
But we're the true strength of the land.

"For us no lorn wife, in her cottage, is grieving;
Earth welcomes us both in her prime,
No sting in the bosom of Memory we're leaving,
No stain on the pinion of Time."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"ELFIN'S GROVE."

BY D. D. RAYNOLDS.

OLD TIME has left his mark on you, said I, addressing an old lady, in whose conversation I had been particularly interested. He has silvered your hair, he has furrowed your cheeks, dimmed your eyes, and palsied your limbs; but one thing he has left untouched, which is the freshness and vigor of your mind, and you have stolen from him stores of wisdom and experience, worth more than all you have lost. What a history must be a life of three-score years and ten, if carefully written out.

"Ah!" replied the old lady, with a sigh, "life, whether it be long or short, is but a chain of yesterdays extending backward, and the longer the chain, the heavier and more galling to the wearer. True, I am old now. I have moved in all the different phases of society, mingled with all classes, and have experienced the extremes of destitution and wealth. Mine has been an eventful life, yet I look back over it as does a homesick mariner who has been buffeted with winds and waves,—who has experienced calms and tempests,—yet done his duty amid sunshine and storm, and at length, with a saddened heart, stands upon deck, in harbor at last, the winds soft, the sky cloudless, and the sails of his weather-beaten bark furled, as a weary dove folds her wings to rest, longing only to seek the spot whence he went out, and lie down and die."

But to one like you, who goes about doing good,—ministering to the sick and relieving the necessities of the poor,—there must be some scenes in life to which you can look back with satisfaction. I know that there are many hearts that bless you.

"Let them rather bless GOD," said she. "If freely I have given, still more freely have I received; and when I look closely at the motives which prompted many deeds the world called generous, I see but little wherein to glory. My child," she continued, with a sudden lighting up of her eyes, "these winter evenings are long and dull, and when you find an unoccupied one among your gay companions, recollect there is an empty chair by Aunt FANNY'S fireside, and I will relate to you some incidents in my past life which may not be uninteresting. If you can gather from them any instruction, which will be of service to you when you go out to mingle in the world's strife, or if it prove merely a pleasant passing away of time, your Aunt FANNY will be amply rewarded for raking out the ashes from smouldering heaps of memories, even though those memories scorch afresh the ugly wounds they inflicted."

I shall draw upon your kindness often, I replied, and would fain begin to-night. See, it is only seven,—the wind howls outside,—the fire burns brightly within,—Aunt FANNY sits in her arm-chair, and I upon an ottoman at her feet. Why not begin to-night?

She smiled and leaned her head thoughtfully upon her hand for a moment, and then said, "I will to-night tell you something of my mother,—my sainted mother,—early lost yet dearly loved. It carries me back to my childhood, and the house where I was born, which was a country seat near the town of A——, in the old Bay State. The grounds around this house were laid out with taste, and comprised gardens, walks and arbors, fountains, long shady avenues, and a magnificent park of native forest trees, which spread off far to the right. Last year I visited this old home, and it was nothing but a ruin. Old Time has made worse havoc with those groves and gardens, and with the house itself,—for it was a complete desolation,—than with the once prosperous family who dwelt there, and gave it the name of "Elfin's Grove." Of that family I am the only relic. I will not stop now to tell you how I felt as I gazed at the old ruin, nor with what feelings I wandered through the solitary fields. There was a blight on everything, like the curse of GOD. Had I been given to superstition, I might have fancied that I saw Aunt HESTER'S ghost stalking among the ruins, and I am sure I should have quailed, as of old, beneath the flash of her eyes. This Aunt HESTER was my father's sister, and, at the time of my earliest recollection, our family consisted of father, mother, Aunt HESTER, myself, and a sister younger, called LILLIAN, and baby GEORGE.

"My father was a dark, handsome man, seldom at home, for he was a sea captain and made long voyages,—in character a cold, hard man. I think my mother was never happy with him, yet, doubtless, he loved her as much as a selfish man could love, for he watched her with jealous attention when in company, and in his absence Aunt HESTER never ceased her petty persecutions at home or abroad, so that between them both my mother never knew rest until she found it in her grave. In person Aunt HESTER was unlike my father, for she was tall and thin, with an awkward stiffness in her movements, coarse black hair, and very peculiar gray eyes, sharp and round, in expression like to a vulture's.

"These two were the dark shadows of our household,—shadows which cast over its memory a gloom like a funeral pall. My mother was a perfect specimen of frail, spiritual beauty. I have her likeness," continued the old lady, touching a spring in the side-board, which opened a hidden drawer, and handing me a small miniature set in a gold frame. "It was taken in her girlhood," she added, noticing my surprised look. "At the time of which I am speaking, she was paler, but none the less beautiful. That expression of girlish joyousness was gone, and in its place one of sad, tender thoughtfulness."

A beautiful woman, certainly, I replied. I have never seen one more beautiful.

"She was as perfect in character as in feature," said the old lady, resuming her chair and her story. "She was all goodness and gentleness, and I have since learned the secret of her sorrow. It was the same experience which has been lived, over and over again, ever since the world was, and never will cease to wreck its victims until the earth becomes regenerated. She loved one who was noble, and generous, and talented, but poor, and her haughty father dismissed him, and bade her accept the suit of the rich and highly connected, but cold, proud, passionate, overbearing, CHARLES PRIDE. He was my father, this CHARLES PRIDE. He led an unwilling bride to the altar, and the world went around and around as it went before, as though nobody cared for the bitter experiences resulting from such a union. The lone woman, in time, found comfort in her children, but beyond them the world was an utter blank.

"I was ten years old at the date of the incident I am about to relate, and it was a beautiful day in summer time. The sky smiled at the verdant earth, and gazed down lovingly upon the bosom of the sea,—each smiled on each and on us, awakening a desire for a ramble. Mother was a passionate admirer of nature in all her varied forms of beauty, but especially where the sublime and beautiful stooped in affectionate embrace. I have seen her gaze up with rapture at the spreading boughs of a giant forest tree, and listen for the slightest murmur of its many voices with a true lover's devotion, nor find less pleasure in the varied forms of the moss that draped its trunk, or festooned its branches. We stood upon the veranda, and she placed her hand upon my head, and then pointed to the wood over which the gentle sea breeze swept, and said, 'See, the trees beckon to me with their long arms, and the waves chime their melodies with a softened roar. Let us go down and talk with them.' She tied on my hat, and throwing a light scarf over her own head, went down toward the sea shore,—down through the park, and over a beautiful little stream, skirted with flowers and willows, and out among the rocks which bordered the water's edge.

"You may think it strange that I recollect so minutely all these incidents, but every scene of that eventful day was daguerreotyped on my memory, and is now as fresh and vivid as the one before my eyes. The sky was never so blue,—the wild waters were but another sky, with a heaving, undulating motion, now and then broken into a flash of foam which seemed but a reproduction of the pearl-like mist winged across the blue above. We could see the church spires of the town of A—— glistening between the green foliage of the trees on the one side, and on the other a rugged promontory lifted up a dark, dense growth of pines, while immediately in front was "Elfin's Grove," with its park and fountains. The tide was out, and we wandered down the beach, amusing ourselves with shells, when suddenly a party of gentlemen and ladies on horseback galloped around a jutting point of rock toward us. They seemed in high spirits, fine riders, and riding spirited animals. As they neared us, one of the ladies loosened her hat, and it blew off, the ribbons and plumes fluttering and snapping in the breeze, which frightened her horse, and it began to rear and plunge in a frightful manner. One of the gentlemen threw himself from his horse, and seized the frightened animal by the bit, but too late, for the lady was unseated, thrown to the ground, and the horse becoming more furious, threw down the man and trampled him under foot, then bounded away and was out of sight in a moment. All this was done in less time than I could tell it. But a moment before they were laughing in high glee, full of life and gayety, their riding habits glistening in the sunshine, and their plumes nodding before the sea breeze coming inland with the tide,—now, two of them were stricken as with a bolt from heaven.

"They picked up the lady and found she was only stunned, but the man had a bad wound in his side and his arm broken. He was bleeding profusely, and soon fainted from loss of blood. One galloped away after a surgeon, and others lifted the unconscious man, and bore him rapidly up the path to our home. Mother was so shocked that she had stood motionless during this scene, but recovering herself, joined the ladies, and proffered them the hospitalities of her own house. After seeing the frightened lady comfortably placed on a sofa, and giving directions that the man should be laid upon a bed, she hastened to bring restoratives. Bearing them in her hand, she entered the room where lay the wounded man, and for the first time looked full in his face. He was pale as a corpse, his eyes closed, and his dark hair brushed back from his broad temples. They thought it was the sight of blood that made her start back and lean against the wall for support; I thought so, too, for I was not then an adept at reading the human face, but when they offered to take the salts from her hand, she motioned them back, imperiously, and gazed with clenched hands and strained eyes upon the motionless form, as though gazing at the wreck of her last earthly hope. The old lovers had met,—the cruelly separated, the hearts that could not forget! 'Is he dead?' she asked, with an imploring look around the room. 'Is he—is he dead! O, HENRY, would to GOD we had never met again!' There were no tears, the agony was too sudden and too deep.

"When the man's eyes slowly opened, for a moment their gaze met. I stood at the foot of the bed, looking from one to the other, endeavoring to read the conflicting emotions which became visible in the face of the man, and the gentle woman bending over him. In him it was, at first, a pleasant recognition, as though wakening from a dream, then a start of surprise, succeeded by something which was inexplicable to me. 'MARY WALTERS,' he gently murmured, 'thank GOD, MARY, dear MARY.' This brought a look of acute pain across her features,—she remembered she was no longer MARY WALTERS, but a wife and mother; and though the heart never grows old, it has with added years, added memories which bind its fountains with chains of ice. She gently withdrew the hand he had taken, and asked, in a constrained voice, 'Are you much hurt? I feared the horse had killed you!' 'No, no, I think not, but do not leave me now—dear MARY!' 'Not MARY WALTERS,' she said, with gentle dignity, 'but MRS. CHARLES PRIDE. You forget;' and then, as if to ease the pain she had inflicted, added, 'I thank GOD you are now better, and the surgeon will soon be here!'

"She turned away, but ere she passed out of the room she looked back, and again their gaze met. That look, I shall never forget. The man turned from it with a groan, and she, pale as a shadow, glided up to her own chamber. I knew some grief had touched my mother, though what that grief was, I could not then even guess; but I longed to comfort her with my caresses and followed, after passing Aunt HESTER in the hall, looking darker and fiercer than ever before. Mother had thrown herself upon her couch, in an attitude of abandoned grief. I stroked back her curls and nestled my face close to hers, and she clasped her arms around me and straining me to her bosom wept, and I wept with her."

The old woman was weeping now, weeping as bitterly as though time had not worn wrinkles in her brow, since the cause of her grief. As she wept silently, I could not but think of the many bitter experiences of this life,—particularly of the wrongs of my sisterhood, wrongs suffered over and over, ever since this world became the abode of sin,—suffered in silence; the canker in the core, concealed until it eat out life, or else, made desperate by wrongs unredressed, daring a worse fate,—rushing madly down into crime and degredation. Man is woman's natural protector; that is, man as GOD made him is, yet some there are, who stand up erect in the image of their Maker, for whom there will be a fearful reckoning, bye-and-bye.

"Yes, there will be a fearful reckoning bye-and-bye," echoed the old lady, and I wondered if I had thought aloud. "A fearful reckoning," she repeated,—"he who broke the strongest and purest ties of affection to gratify his pride and stubbornness, and caused a blight to fall upon his child, as mildew blights a rose bud in its first sweetness, so that it withers upon its stem and dies, that man, if he prospers here, will have a fearful hereafter; but, mark my word, he seldom prospers here. My grandfather lived to be poor and destitute, lived to be turned from a son's door, to wander and die in the street, while the man he spurned, because he was poor, rose rapidly to position and wealth. But my mother,—you wish to hear about my mother. I will tell you, though it fires my blood even now, old as I am, to think of the indignities she suffered, without a murmur. Divine grace alone sustained her in it,—she looked away from this world to a heavenly, for all her stay in trials and afflictions, and, like her pattern, she could pray, even in the certainty of blighted hopes and premature death,—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

"We heard the roll of carriage wheels, and knew the surgeon had come,—we listened and heard the groans of the man, as he set the broken bone and dressed the wound, and shortly after we were startled by loud talking and vociferations, which sent the crimson to mother's cheek, and make my nerves tingle, even now, with shame and indignation.

"'I tell you, I will not have him here!' was screeched out in an angry tone. We knew that voice well enough,—we heard it every day,—and that tone, too, was like an electric shock to both of us, and we listened breathlessly. There followed a confused mingling of voices, in which all words were lost to us.

"'I tell you he *shall* march, or I will move him out! Here JOHN! here JOHN!' calling to the gardener.

"Mother comprehended the scene below, in a moment, and bounded to the door. It was fastened on the outside, and our united efforts could not force it. There was a passage leading down a back way; that too, she tried in vain, she was a prisoner in her own house. She rang the bell, but no servent answered the summons; and again more violently, but without effect. It was then she began to realize how completely she was in the power of her bitterest enemy,—began to reflect how her conduct would be misrepresented to the world, and to the man she called, husband.—She knew she had not wronged him, even in tho't, for he knew, when he led her to the alter, that she was there only in obedience to her father's command. She had told him that her heart was not her own, but if he insisted on the sacrifice, she would perform her duty, and he need not expect nothing more. She had performed her duty, Heaven knew how well, through years and years,—long years to her,—but had never learned to love a man who could not even command her respect.

"We looked from the window and saw the wounded man borne on a litter to the gardener's house, at a little distance beyond the garden, and presently heard the clanking of horses' hoofs, and then all was silent. This silence was soon broken by footsteps in the hall, a key turned in the lock, the door, opened and Aunt HESTER'S sallow face and round eyes protruded through the opening, immediately followed by her lank person. She turned the key in the lock again, and confronted my mother. Mother rose with composed dignity. There was an unusual flush on her cheek, and brightness in her eye, but her features were calm and self-possessed. She looked in the eyes of the intruder, and awaited her pleasure to speak. I do not wonder that there was an awkward silence, for that scene has always haunted my imagination as an angel of light, being confronted by a power of darkness. As a fallen angel might be supposed to gaze on one who had lost nothing of beauty, purity, and innocence — gaze for a moment with involuntary admiration, to be followed by a fiercer hate and satanic desire to drag all Heaven to its own level,—so Aunt HESTER gazed for a moment abashed, and then her grey eyes blazed with a fire that made me tremble.

"'None of your staring at me with your sanctimonious face,' she growled through her teeth; 'you never deceived me with it. I've heard tell of wolves in sheep's clothing, and a nice, pretty lamb you'd like to pass for, wouldn't you?'

"'HESTER,' said mother firmly, 'I would like to know who has dared to make me a prisoner in my own house?'

"'Your own house, eh! I guess you'll find whose mistress of this house. This house belongs to CHARLES PRIDE, and I am HESTER PRIDE, commissioned to look after his nice little wife, in his absence. A model wife, to be sure, to bring men with broken bones home, to stay with her, in her husband's absence. CHARLES PRIDE shall hear of this, as sure as my name is HESTER! he shall hear of your rambles, nobody knows where; and, in the meantime, you'll find I hold the keys,' giving them a shake in her pocket. 'I guess you'll find whose mistress and who ain't!'

"Mother turned deathly pale, and her eyes filled with tears. 'HESTER you cannot—'

"'Yes, I can; I'm just the stuff to do it, and what's more, I will do it, too! None of your ringing that bell, for it won't do any good,—just compose yourself ma'am—you'll not get any more rambles out in the woods for one while, I'll assure you.'

"'HESTER, you know I'm not guilty of what you accuse me,' pleaded mother, the tears coursing slowly down her face, though unrelaxed from its calm dignity.

"'O, yes, yes, I know too much about it, if that's all; but none of your crying, you'll spoil your pretty face afore CHARLES gets home, and that's the worst thing that can happen to you.—Here JANE,' she said, seizing hold of me, 'come out, or I'll lock you up too!'

"I resisted, and declared I never would leave my mother, but she drew me gently to her bosom and whispered to me to go, and be good to GEORGE and LILLIAN, and kissed me. I went out, but rushed from the house half choked with rage and grief. I found GEORGE and LILLIAN in the garden, and I was telling them what had been done with mother, mixing the story with bitter imprecations, for my hot blood was up, when I saw mother waving her hand to us from the window. She bade us be good and happy, and pointed up at the sunset sky, lit up with the gorgeous colors which mark our sunsets, as tho' to excite the hope of meeting up there, if never before. For days after this, she would speak to us from this window, and I saw she was daily growing paler and thinner, but we were not permitted to go to her room, although I earnestly pleaded with Aunt HESTER for the privilege.

"One day the stage stopped before the door, and father alighted. He was the same cold, dark man, as when he went away, but I thought he greeted us all more kindly than usual, and inquired for MARY. Aunt HESTER bade us go out of the room, and then they conversed for a time, in a low tone. I suspected the meaning of this, and listened breathlessly at the door, until I heard father stamp with impatience on the floor, and rush madly by me up the stairs, and into mother's room. I heard his voice raised to an excited tone, and stole up after him and looked through the half-open door. Father was pacing the floor, and talking vehemently, in language that seemed to me strange and awful, and at length approached her with his hand uplifted as though about to strike. My GOD, if he had struck my mother, it seems to me that blow would have clove through my heart! but she dropped upon her knees, and with streaming eyes, and sweet, pale face, upturned to his, protested her innocence in language which must have touched a heart less like stone than his. It stayed the stroke, his uplifted hand dropped to his side, but he spurned her with his foot, and hurried out of the room.

"O, how my heart bled for her, but I could not move,—horror deprived me of motion. I could only gaze at her and drink in the look of utter anguish that followed him as he passed out, and then as though her life had departed with him, her eye-lids drooped and she fell senseless to the floor. I uttered an involuntary shriek, which quickly summoned the household, and they took up the senseless form and laid it on the bed.—Blood was streaming from her mouth and nostrils, and all efforts made by the frightened servants to quench the flow, were unavailing. Father undertook the task with trembling eagerness, and grew haggard at the fruitless effort, while Aunt HESTER chafed her cold hands with an energy that seemed the effort of awakening pangs of remorse. When the physician came, the perturbed servants and weeping children were ordered out of the room, and we stole off to our beds; but O, what a night was that to me!

"I listened with intense eagerness for every sound, wept, and prayed, and watched, and would venture sometimes half-way to the door, determined to know if she yet lived, but fear of my father drove me back to bed again, and at last, worn out with excitement, I fell asleep. I dreamed my mother came to me, looking, O, how beautiful and happy, wreathed with flowers, bright as rainbow hues, and stooping over me for a kiss, murmured a prayer, and was gone. I called after her, imploringly, but she only pointed up, up towards the pearl-like clouds, and I thought, as I gazed, the clouds resolved into shape, and each one was a bright-winged seraph, looking down at me, and shedding a heavenly radiance on my soul.—It was nothing but a dream, but it has been the source of great satisfaction to me all my days. I started from this blissful dream to feel the blinding sunshine in my eyes, as it streamed through the crimson curtains, full in my face, and slowly the dream faded, crowded out by the bitter realities with which I was surrounded. I hastily dressed myself and entered mother's room, with a half defined dread. The white curtains were drawn closely around the bed, and a strange lady, I never recollected having seen before, sat by the window. She greeted me affectionately, and told me she was my aunt, who had come a long way to see my mother. Then she took me gently by the hand and drew aside the curtains that I might look on my mother, but there, instead, lay a pale and ghastly corpse. It was not mother, for her eyes were sealed, her voice silent, her hand motionless, and no tears or importunities could arouse her. Do you wonder that I was overwhelmed with grief? I had lost the only friend GOD had then given me! Words are imperfect avenues to convey an impression of such dessolation, and yet"—the old lady paused and looked at me with a saintly smile lighting up her face, "yet, those bright winged seraphs, and that murmured prayer brought me strange consolation which followed me for years, and follows me now," she added, as she glanced out the window at a swift-winged cloud, as it dipped the surface of the moon. She gazed up at the sky, and I listened for the ticking of the clock over the mantle, and the beating of my own heart, until the cloud shut out the moon and spread a shadow over forest and meadow, then she continued, slowly, "There was a shady little covert down in the wood, where a giant oak spread its branches, and around which a grape vine twined and hung its yearly clusters. Mother said she wished no sweeter resting place, nor prouder monument than the blue forget-me-nots that yearly lift there their cups to catch the dew and sunshine, but she was borne away to the cemetry at A——, buried with the pomp becoming a rich man's wife, in the family vault, and a marble shaft rises high to blazon to the world that underneath, the PRIDE family are food for worms.

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F....Mends FANS....F
G....Mends GUITARS....G
H....Mends HARPS....H
I....Mends INLAID WORK....I
J....Mends JARS....J
K....Mends KNOBS....K
L....Mends LEATHER-WORK....L
M....Mends MIRROR-FRAMES....M
N....Mends NEWEL POSTS....N
O....Mends OTTOMANS....O
P....Mends PIANO-FORTES....P
Q....Mends QUILT-FRAMES....Q
R....Mends ROCKING-HORSES....R
S....Mends SOFAS....S
T....Mends TABLES....T
U....Mends UMBRELLA-STICKS....U
V....Mends VASES....V
W....Mends WORK-BOXES....W
X....Mends XYLOGRAPHIC WORK....X
Y....Mends YARDSTICKS....Y
Z....Mends ZEPHYR WOOD-WORK....Z

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1....S....Mends SOFAS....S....1
2....P....Mends PITCHERS....P....2
3....A....Mends ACCORDEONS....A....3
4....L....Mends LETTER-SEALING....L....4
5....D....Mends DAGUERREOTYPE CASES....D....5
6....I....Mends IMAGES....I....6
7....N....Mends NEW BREAKAGES....N....7
8....G....Mends GUN-STOCKS....G....8
9....S....Mends SCHOOL-BOOKS....S....9
10....P....Mends PARASOLS....P....10
11....R....Mends RULERS....R....11
12....E....Mends ELECTRICAL MACHINES....E....12
13....P....Mends PAPER-HANGINGS....P....13
14....A....Mends ARM-CHAIRS....A....14
15....R....Mends RICKETY FURNITURE....R....15
16....E....Mends ERASER HANDLES....E....16
17....D....Mends DESKS....D....17
18....G....Mends GLOBES....G....18
19....L....Mends LOOSENED LEAVES....L....19
20....U....Mends UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE....U....20
21....E....Mends EGG-BEATERS....E....21
22....Mends ACORN-WORK....22
23....Mends CHESS-BOARDS....23
24....Mends FIDDLES....24
25....Mends SHELL-WORK....25
26....Mends FILLET WORK....26
27....Mends HOBBY-HORSES....27
28....Mends KALEIDESCOPES....28
29....Mends MONEY-BOXES....29
30....Mends PICTURE-FRAMES....30
31....Mends SECRETARIES....31
32....Mends VENEERING....32
33....Mends SCHOOL FURNITURE....33
34....Mends PAPIER-MACHE....34
35....Mends WARDROBES....35
36....Mends PARIAN MARBLE....36
37....Mends CRIBS....37
38....Mends BABY-JUMPERS....38
39....Mends IVORY-WORK....39
40....Mends MATCH-SAFES....40
41....Mends PICTURES....41
42....Mends QUILL-WHEELS....42
43....Mends TOWEL-RACKS....43
44....Mends WASH-STANDS....44
45....Mends BEDSTEADS....45
46....Mends DRUMS....46
47....Mends CHESSMEN....47
48....Mends BALLOT-BOXES....48
49....Mends HERBARIUMS....49
50....Mends BACKGAMMON-BOARDS....50
51....Mends BAND-BOXES....51
52....Mends BLACK-BOARDS....52
53....Mends BASS VIOLS....53
54....Mends BILLIARD-TABLES....54
55....Mends BILLIARD-CUES....55
56....Mends BIRD-CAGES....56
57....Mends BROOMSTICKS....57
58....Mends BOOK-CASES....58
59....Mends BOOT-CRIMPS....59
60....Mends BRUSH-HANDLES....60
61....Mends BRUSHES....61
62....Mends CABINETS....62
63....Mends CHURNS....63
64....Mends CLOCK-CASES....64
65....Mends CRUTCHES....65
66....Mends CUPBOARDS....66
67....Mends CURTAINS....67
68....Mends CASINGS....68
69....Mends CADDIES....69
70....Mends CAMERAS....70
71....Mends CHAIRS....71
72....Mends CHARTS....72
73....Mends CLOTHES FRAMES....73
74....Mends CARD-CASES....74
75....Mends CHESTS....75
76....Mends DIARIES....76
77....Mends WORK-STANDS....77
78....Mends DRAUGHT-BOARDS....78
79....Mends DISHES....79
80....Mends DIVANS....80
81....Mends DICE-BOXES....81
82....Mends DOORS....82
83....Mends DOMINOES....83
84....Mends FIREBOARDS....84
85....Mends FLUTES....85
86....Mends BALLUSTERS....86
87....Mends GLASSWARE....87
88....Mends HANDLES....88
89....Mends GUTTAPERCHA-WARE....89
90....Mends KITES....90
91....Mends TOPS....91
92....Mends ORGANS....92
93....Mends MODELS....93
94....Mends SEWING-MACHINE STANDS....94
95....Mends PANELS....95
96....Mends PASTEBOARD WORKS....96
97....Mends PATTERNS....97
98....Mends SIDEBOARDS....98
99....Mends WOODEN-WARE....99
100....Mends WILLOW-WARE....100

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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FENCES AND OTHER MATTERS.

WE must premise, as an axiom, that fences, like government, are a necessary evil, to be tolerated and got along with as best we can. They *produce* nothing, and beside they occupy land which might otherwise prove productive. It is therefore the business of the farmer to manage with just as *little* fencing as possible. All more than this is a dead loss of capital invested. He must, of course, be guided by the circumstances of his own case, depending somewhat whether his farm is most suitable for dairy or for grain, or both. The size of the lots will depend upon the size of the farm—a large farm requiring few, if any, more than a smaller one, an advantage in saving fences not generally noted. From six to ten lots, exclusive of the wood lot, are ordinarily sufficient for any farm from fifty to three hundred acres, and they should be *permanently* arranged, as may seem most convenient,—carefully making all the corners right-angles, and avoiding all irregular and awkward shapes so far as possible. There is also another advantage, in these days of mowing and reaping machines, in having your fields large and in regular shape—they are so much more convenient to cut over, and in a few years, with steam plows, they will be so much better to *plow* over.

When, as will sometimes be the case, you happen to have a crop of wheat, oats, barley, or a meadow, in parts of the same field with a corn or potato crop, do not be unnecessarily troubled about the fall pasture of the land. In nine cases out of ten, it will not pay to build a temporary fence to save it. It will *generally* pay better to leave it on the ground, even if you could turn into it as well as not, especially if next year it is to remain as meadow, the increased growth will generally pay for it. It is an evil in our farming that so many think they must have their grass eaten down to the roots before winter, or at least by spring. It will be all there next year, even if you leave it uneaten to sink on the ground, and it will do more good to the roots of the grass than it could to your stock, especially in an open, freezing and thawing winter. We *might, perhaps,* make an exception, for last year and this winter, when hay is so dear and scarce, but, on the whole, we conclude we won't, for there are enough others who *will.* If you make a temporary fence, there are also the rails, boards, or other material to be removed, or else be in the way of the next year's work, and it rarely pays to fence ground for so short a time.

But your fences, be they never so few, must be *good,* and a sufficient bar to any kind of stock on the place. *And a little more* than sufficient, for it is a *good thing* for *cattle* and *horses, as for men, not* to be led *into temptation* by four or five rail fences adjoining some coveted grain-field. If a *good* fence even can be considered only as a necessary *evil,* then surely a *poor* fence is an *unnecessary evil, utterly* loathsome and *abominable.*

What you build with is also a matter of comparatively little consequence, whether stone, board and post, or rails. You can make a very good fence out of either, and you can make a miserably *poor* fence from any one of them. We have seen it tried with each, *with most admirable success.* If stone are plenty, you can make an excellent fence from them, and at the same time be clearing your land, thus "killing two birds" by the operation. But wherever the land is very wet, and heaves much by freezing and thawing in winter, we would not advise stone, except in drains. A stone fence in low, wet ground, is more bother than it is worth. Every spring you will have almost to build anew. And, finally, if you are a careless, slovenly farmer, that does not keep the place "slicked up," we would not advise you to build stone wall on any consideration. It will need seeing to every year, and generally two or three times a year, to replace stones thrown down by boys, frost, and animals. Some fences, like board, or rails staked and wired, can be built up *thoroughly* in the first place, and if nothing extraordinary happens, you may go to sleep for two or three years without much danger of their going down. But a stone wall needs seeing to the first year as much as any other, and if not seen to, will become the poorest of all poor fences—a stone wall sunk down into a mere long stone heap. If you are neat and careful, however, it will require only a moderate degree of attention, on moderately dry ground, to make that same wall a good and permanent fence.

As to gates and bars, which you should use, it all depends upon whether you are *thorough,* and will see to things once in a while. Nothing is better than a good gate, but it must be thoroughly made, and the posts set *firmly* in the ground, and occasionally seen to afterwards, for a *poor* gate, such as we sometimes see, is a good deal worse than any pair of bars we could conceive of.

PROSPECTIVE STERILITY

I HAVE seen young men, in conscious health and strength, waste improvidently their mental and physical resources. The more richly endowed by their Creator, the more profligate their conduct. Encouraged by past impunity, they despise caution. Too confident to be advised in time, they wait the inexorable teachings of premature decrepitude and decay.

A new and fertile country furnishes a parallel to these fast young men. "*A great country*"—"*an inexhaustible soil,*" exclaims the popular declaimer; "an inexhaustible soil," repeats the greedy and improvident cultivator; and he proceeds accordingly.

At first, all that is required for good crops is to fence, plant and sow. Presently the yield diminishes, which is met by cropping more acres and bringing into use virgin soil. "The seasons become bad," the crops fail. Plow deeper, pulverize more thoroughly, drain off the water, and keep out the weeds—surely this will do; the crops are good again. Again the yield diminishes; and this diminished yield, with myriad new mouths to fill, is an overwhelming fact in our modern civilization.

It is time, it is quite time, that we awoke to this truth—"*Our Agriculture and Commerce are every year robbing the soil of its essential elements, and placing them beyond recovery.*" It is well known that plants draw their sustenance in part from the atmosphere and in part from the soil. The atmospheric supply is deemed inexhaustible; the earthly materials certainly are not so. Every bushel of grain, and every pound of meat, that goes to the seaboard and is consumed, carries off ingredients that the soil ought not to spare, and cannot continue to spare without ultimate and complete barrenness and sterility. The bones, blood, hoofs, horns, and hair of animals, should be scrupulously returned to the soil. No fertilizer, however insignificant, should be wasted, while *provisions adequate and ample should be made to preserve and return to the cultivated earth the night soil and sewerage of our villages and cities.* Nothing short of this will do. If the rivers and the ocean are to swallow up the best part of the land, the days of our prosperity are numbered. On this subject Mr. MECHI, of Tiptree, England, the acknowledged head of British agriculture, speaks thus earnestly in the London *Times:*

"'I consider it a public duty to direct attention to a danger of great magnitude which threatens British agriculture, and through it the nation at large. I mean the gradual, but sure, exhaustion of the soil of Great Britain by our new sanitary arrangements, which permit the excrements (really the food) of 15,000,000 people, who inhabit our towns and cities, to flow wastefully into our rivers. The continuance of this suicidal practice must ultimately result in great calamities to our nation.' He quotes Baron LIEBIG on the subject. Speaking of the Romans, who also had their sewers and wasted their human excreta, the celebrated chemist says:—'All these rules had, as history tells us, only a temporary effect; they hastened the decay of Roman agriculture, and the small farmer ultimately found that he had exhausted all his expedients to keep his fields fruitful., etc.; and, as the history of the three first centuries of our era informs us, there ensued a condition of the population the most calamitous and frightful into which a nation can fall. It is true that many causes co-operated in producing this result, but assuredly one of these was the exhaustion of the soil by the spoliation system of agriculture then pursued.'

"Thus the question, how shall we manage to apply our sewerage to our soil?—a question to which we have long and often drawn our attention—is one of great political and national, as well as social, importance. The Chinese, as LIEBIG remarks in one of these quotations, have, for 3,000 years, kept their soil in a remunerative state by close attention to this subject; while, by neglecting it, the Anglo-Saxon race in 100 years have literally exhausted the finest tracts of the old States of America."

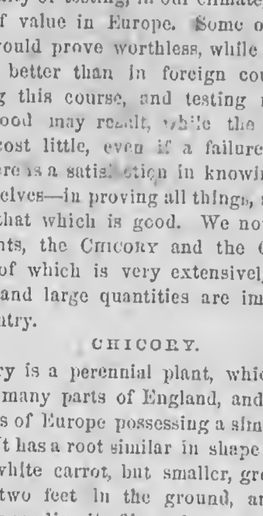
I will add nothing more to Mr. MECHI's emphatic declarations on this subject, than to express the hope that we may estimate the immense amount of valuable material sent away from our farms, never to return, under the present system. Making the best use we can of our barn-yard manure, it still remains that our thoroughfares are crowded with agricultural products, *every grain of which has left the soil poorer than it was before.* It may be a long road to ruin, but it is a sure one if we continue to travel it.—D. T. B.

INTERESTING AND USEFUL PLANTS.

OCCASIONALLY we have called the attention of our readers to plants not generally cultivated, or even well known, in this country. We have done this in the hope that our seedsmen would be induced to import the seed of those varieties not yet grown here, that our farmers might have an opportunity of testing, in our climate, plants that prove of value in Europe. Some of them, no doubt, would prove worthless, while others may succeed better than in foreign countries. By pursuing this course, and testing new things, much good may result, while the experiment would cost little, even if a failure. In either case, there is a satisfaction in knowing the truth for ourselves—in proving all things, and holding fast to that which is good. We now introduce two plants, the CHICORY and the QUINOA, the former of which is very extensively grown in Europe, and large quantities are imported into this country.

CHICORY.

Chicory is a perennial plant, which is found wild in many parts of England, and in various countries of Europe possessing a similar temperature. It has a root similar in shape to the parsnip, or white carrot, but smaller, growing from one to two feet in the ground, and in some instances sending its fibres downward for four or five feet. The plant grows in the form of a lettuce; bearing, after the first year, blue flowers upon a rough, leafy stem, which shoots up from one to six feet high. Chicory has long been extensively cultivated on the continent of Europe as an herbage and pasturage plant, and is much used as a salad; while in Flanders and Germany, the roots are in great request, as a substitute for coffee is prepared from them. MORTON says it was introduced into field culture in Europe, by ARTHUR YOUNG, in 1780, and was grown principally for sheep-feed, and found to be very profitable, as it will flourish upon almost any kind of land, and probably keep more sheep per acre, during the early summer months, than any other kind of herbage plant. Lucerne requires a rich soil, or its cultivation will not be accompanied by much advantage; but chicory has been found to be abundantly profitable upon poor sandy lands, and soils which were weak and wanted rest, as well as on richer and more productive soils. It also thrives on fen and peat soils; and will last for seven or eight years, yielding several cuttings during each year, though the full crop is not obtained until the second year.



CHICORY PLANT.

When it is intended to grow chicory for grazing purposes, the seed is usually sown broadcast, in April, upon land that has been dug or deeply plowed, from seven to twelve pounds per acre; and growing in this manner, it forms a considerable proportion of many of the best meadows in the south of France, and in Lombardy. The best mode of culture, however, for *a fodder or herbage crop,* is as follows:—Prepare the soil, by thorough cleansing and pulverization, as early in the spring as the season will admit; apply a good coat of partially decayed fold-yard dung, and drill in the seed during March, four pounds per acre, at about nine-inch intervals between the rows. When the plants are about five inches in height, carefully hoe them, and single out, leaving them about six inches apart, after the usual method of turnip culture,—that is, by boys following the hoers.—Some recommend that the seed be sown in a bed, and when the plants are fit for transplanting—which will be when about five inches high—they are to be set out in rows nine inches apart, and at six-inch intervals from plant to plant in the rows. In either case, the land must be kept clean, and well hoed, particularly in the first season; ordinary attention will afterwards suffice, and the crop will continue luxuriant and profitable for five years at least, and frequently from eight to ten. When the plants begin to exhibit symptoms of failure, the ground should be cleared of the roots, another course of cropping pursued for a few years, and it may then be again sown or planted with chicory.

Chicory is of far more value to mow than to graze. It has been much used as a pasturage for sheep, and found to be very useful in this respect, for a small extent of chicory ground will fatten a large number of sheep; but then it is only the radical leaves shooting up close to the ground which are continually cropped by the sheep, the stalks not affording them proper nourishment.—The best way is, to let the plant reach its full growth, the full succulence being retained until the flower-buds appear, in which state (not being permitted to flower) it has attained its greatest perfection; it may then be cut off near the ground, and will be eaten by all kinds of stock with the greatest relish and benefit.

As it is a plant of such speedy growth, and in all seasons, wet or dry, it cannot be too strongly recommended for general use, and more particularly for the smaller occupiers. Cow-keepers would do well to cultivate it, and cottagers ought by all means to employ it in a double manner.

Chicory is now grown in many parts of England, chiefly for the sake of preparing a "substitute for coffee" from the root—a practice which has existed on the Continent for nearly seventy years; "and of all plants," says VON THAER, "which have been proposed as substitutes for coffee, and which, when roasted and steeped in boiling water, yielded an infusion resembling coffee, chicory is the only one which has maintained its ground."

Great quantities of chicory are imported into this country, and used in the adulteration of coffee, or as a substitute for this article. It is this that is now so largely advertised as *dandelion coffee.* Much of it must be used at the West, for in the autumn of 1856 we saw very large quantities in the warehouses at Chicago.

QUINOA.

The Quinoa *(Chenopodium quinoa)* is a Peruvian annual, inhabiting the high table land of the Cordilleras, where it was, at the conquest by the Spaniards, the only farinaceous grain employed as food. It is largely cultivated in those countries still; its nutritious seeds are made into soup, bread, and all such purposes as are served by rice in other countries. The plant grows from four to six feet high, with many angular branches; the leaves stand on long, narrow stalks, are dull, glaucous, of a somewhat jagged triangular outline; the lowermost on the stem have sometimes a small auricle or two at the base. The flowers appear in large, compact, branched heads, and are succeeded by minute shining flat seeds, which are either black, white, or red; for there are several varieties of color, both in seeds and leaves.

The plant was first introduced to Europe by the late A. B. LAMBERT, and much interest has been taken in its cultivation. It proves to be a plant perfectly suited to the climate of England, and, in cultivation, merely requires to be sown broadcast in April, in good subsoil, and to be thinned out to eighteen inches apart. The crop soon fills the ground, and the seeds are ripe in September. Very large quantities of seed have been obtained in France in this way; but the grain has an unpleasant taste, to which few persons are likely to reconcile themselves.

The only account of cooking this grain is the following, by M. VILMORIN:—"Whether it is that it does not acquire in France the same quality as in America, or, which is more likely, that our taste is not accustomed to it, few people have found it palatable. It has the great fault of being distinctly bitter and acrid, and it can only be rendered otherwise by repeated washing. With great care, however, very good cakes, and tolerable *potage,* have been made in my house; but their preparation was quite a serious affair, in consequence of the bitterness, which must be got rid of, and of the long boiling which the seeds require."

QUINOA PLANT.

At the best, we must regard quinoa as a vegetable upon which man will feed only if he can get nothing better. It is, however, a capital grain for poultry, a good green food for cattle, and the leaves may be served at table as a palatable substitute for spinach.

FARM HOUSE AND BARN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having noticed several designs for buildings in your admired sheet, and being, as the majority of mankind is, rather self-conceited, I thought that I would send you some plans which I have labored hard and long in mind, and not a little in drafting and revising, to arrive at. If the inclosed plans should fail to suit others as well as they do me, they will at least help make up a variety, and perhaps may be just what some one may desire, as there is a great variety of taste in the human family. If you see fit to give them a place in some future issue of the RURAL, you will very much oblige a subscriber; and if you, or some of your many correspondents, will give an elevation that will be suited to this design for a house, that shall combine taste and beauty, keeping in mind cheapness, (should prefer siding to board and battening,) you may consider one humble subscriber very much pleased.

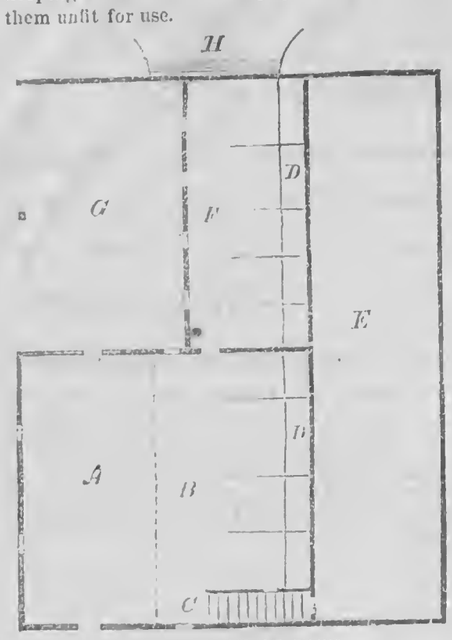
GROUND PLAN.

A, Front Room, or Parlor—13x16 feet; *B, B,* Bed-Rooms—7½x9 feet; *C,* Family Bed-Room—13½x15 feet; *D,* Clothes-Room—3x8 feet; *E,* Stairways—3x8 feet; *F,* Hall—8x11½ feet; *G,* Kitchen—14x15 feet; *H,* Pantry—7½x12 feet, less jog; *I,* Stairways—3x9 feet; *J,* Wood-House, or Summer Kitchen—12x12½ feet; *K,* Passage from Pantry to Cellar and Wood-House, or out-doors—3x4 feet, leaving room for 3 feet outside door and casings.

DESCRIPTION OF HOUSE.—You will, at first glance, notice three rooms of about the same size, containing, respectively, as follows:—Front room, or parlor, 208 square feet; family bedroom, or room for sick, with outside door, 209; and kitchen, 210. The upright is 24 by 28 feet, the

wing 23 by 26 feet, it being quite a small or moderate-sized house, but still quite roomy. There are no doors exposed to rains, except door to woodhouse and outside cellar door, and those I would have batten doors, shutting down over the sill, with windows over, of one light high. The first and second floors would be very nearly the same. The upright, if desired in particular localities, could be carried up, except 5 feet all round for an observatory. The 5 feet would just clear the stairs, leaving a room 14 by 18 feet, except stairs for third story or observatory.

I would have a cellar under the whole house, the one under wing to be dark, so as to exclude light from potatoes and other roots, consequently keeping them from turning green and making them unfit for use.



GROUND PLAN OF BARN.

A, Carriage floor in horse-barn; *B*, balance of horse-barn, with stairs and stalls; *C*, Stairs to barn-floor; *D*, *D*, Mangers; *E*, Bay; *F*, Cow, or Cattle Stable; *G*, Open Shed; *H*, Embankment and Bridge for driving in.

DESCRIPTION OF BARN.—The barn is to be 38 by 48 feet, with posts from 20 to 24 feet, with bay 12 by 48 feet up to bay girt, then 14 by 48 feet. The horse barn, as I style it, is 24 by 26 feet, with floor overhead; 12 by 24 feet of it raised 3 feet above the rest, giving room to drive in with top carriage, or even a load of hay. A cow stable, 11 by 24 feet. An open shed, 15 by 24 feet, making a good place to house the manure from both stables. A floor over cow stable and open shed for threshing with horses, 24 by 24 feet, with low scaffold over part, 12 by 24 feet; the balance, 12 by 24 feet, to have a high scaffold to thresh with flails and to drive into with hay and grain. The balance of the floor, 12 by 24 feet, extends over horse stable, to be so that there can be a low scaffold placed down just high enough for a team to be driven under. I would have the rack and manger taken out of what would otherwise be bay, 2 by 48 feet in both stables, except stairs. I would have a slope from bay girt of 2 feet into the bay, until it gets on a level with floor, then to go down perpendicular, which gives a chance in ceiling under bay girt, to have trap doors to let down, to put fodder into the racks. I would also have a trap door on opposite side of floor, in ceiling under the elevated floor, over carriage floor, so as to throw down bedding for horses.

I would have no partition in horse barn between carriage floor and stables for horses, as might be supposed by the dotted line drawn there. That is merely to show how much is to be elevated above the rest, up to the height of bay girt. I would have the horse barn open directly into the road, and would raise a mound at back end to drive in, if there was not a natural one, with a short bridge just sufficient to keep the dirt from coming against the barn. This I shall call a combination barn, combining the horse barn and common barn, saving the transporting of bedding and hay, when out, from main barn to horse barn, as is the usual practice, while in this all is combined.

BROOM CORN, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an article in your valuable paper on the culture of broom corn, and having had twenty years' experience in the business, without cessation, and occasionally for forty years, I claim to know something about this matter. That the ground should be rich, I agree with the writer in the RURAL of Feb. 25th. I should prefer a sandy soil, or sandy loam—a sod is much the best; a clover ley is good enough for me. The ground should be well pulverized, marked in rows 3 feet one way, and 2 feet the other. I should prefer to plant 18 inches, as it will give a larger growth per acre. The rows should be as straight as possible, and instead of putting six or eight kernels in a hill, I should put fifteen or twenty, and thin to six or seven. When the corn is up, and you can distinguish the rows, use the cultivator, and thin out at the first hoeing instead of the second, as it is easier done then than afterward. I would hoe but twice, unless weedy. I should plant from 20th to 25th of May.

As regards the use of plaster on the plant, when up, I would as soon *whistle* over it. The ashes may do some good. If the land is rich, and season good, I will warrant the crop. As regards the manner of harvesting, I agree with Mr. NICHOLS, but should take off the seed as soon as possible after cutting, as it will need less room to cure it. It can be spread out on poles in a building to dry. Corn thus cured is worth a cent a pound more than when frost-bitten. I think Mr. NICHOLS has over-estimated the profits of the business, and thinking some farmers might be misled, is my only apology for correcting some of his statements, as follows:

1st. The average value of the corn, I should say, is $120 per ton, instead of $150. The price varies as much as any other farming product. I have sold as low as $80 per ton. Brooms, of course, vary in the same proportion.

2d. As regards the average yield, Mr. N. says from 1,000 to 1,500 lbs. per acre. Now, the land in Westfield must be much richer than on Connecticut river, or in those portions of Western New York where I have had my experience, to do it. With me, 800 lbs. is more than an average.

3d. As regards the value for fodder being equal to sorghum, or Indian corn stalks, I say it is a great mistake. The best farmers in Massachusetts let them remain on the ground, and either plow them under, or burn them in the spring, thus leaving the land in a mellow condition for a crop.

It is not an exhauster, as many suppose. I have planted a piece of ground ten years in succession, and the last crop was as good as the first,—manuring highly every year. A. P. GRAVES.

East Pembroke, N. Y., 1860.

RECLAIMING SWAMP LANDS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Since your columns are open for the liberal interchange of thought, I purpose giving a simple statement of my experience in reclaiming swamp lands. On my father's farm is a piece of ground which, two years ago, was a complete mire-hole. No four-footed animal of any size ever attempted to cross it, even in the driest season of the year. In the spring of 1858 we engaged the services of one extra hand, and set him at work upon it. The ditches were stoned up to within six inches of the surface, then covered, and the ground plowed as well as it could be, and sowed to buckwheat in June. An early frost injured it, and it was not more than half of an average crop. Last spring (1859) the ground was again plowed, and sowed with just two bushels of oats the 5th day of May, harrowed twice over and left two days,—then harrowed again. This was done to kill the wild grass. The oats were harvested in August, threshed the 29th of November, and from the acre we measured up just sixty-one bushels and a half. We weighed one bushel of them, which weighed 35 lbs. If they will hold out that, which, I think, they will, there would be, by weight, 66 25-32 bushels. This is from land which three years ago was considered valueless. Next spring we intend seeding it down with clover and timothy, with another crop of oats.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860. M. A. BEERS.

The Bee-Keeper.

THE QUEEN BEE AND HER PROGENY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your number of the 4th inst., I observe an article on the production of queen bees from "worker" eggs, in which the author, Mr. KIRBY, argues quite ingeniously, that the "royal jelly," upon which the queen larva is fed, is the semen of the drone, previously deposited in the cell. As I take some interest in the subject of Bee Culture, with your permission I will state a few *facts*, which I noticed in a recent experiment. In the early part of this month, I abstracted the queen from a stock, leaving eggs and brood in the hive with the bees. A few days afterward, on examining them, I found they had started three *entirely new* queen-cells, upon the *edge* of a comb some two inches distant from any eggs or brood, in each of which cells was a young larva, embedded in "royal jelly;" as there were no drones in the hive, and the cells were *entirely* newly constructed, certainly they could not have contained "semen." That the eggs had been conveyed by the bees from other cells, and deposited in the new ones was evident. This I have known to be done frequently, but that the bees had carried "royal jelly" from other cells, strikes me as improbable. But to test Mr. KIRBY's theory, I would suggest that he take a piece of "worker" comb, soak it in water, or by any other process destroy the efficacy of the semen he supposes it to contain, without destroying the comb, then at this season, while no drones exist, place the comb in the midst of the cluster of bees, in one of his stocks, until the queen shall have deposited some eggs in it, then place the comb, with its eggs, in a hive with a queenless swarm, and some combs containing honey and bee-bread, but where there are no empty cells, or cells which contain semen; if they then produce a queen, it must, as I think it will, decide his theory negatively.

I notice, in your reply to "*Young Bee-Keeper*, near Ravenna, O," you are, in some particulars, not quite correct. You say, "If an Italian queen, a variety larger and darker than our common bees, is given to a colony of common bees, early in the working season, in three months nearly all the common bees will have disappeared, and the occupants of the hive will be a cross between the Italian and common bee." Having imported some of the Italian variety, directly from Mr. DZIERZON, I am enabled to speak knowingly upon this subject. In the first place, there is very little, if any, perceptible difference in the *size* of the two varieties, except that the Italians are the *longer* of the two. There is, however, a decided difference in the *color*, the Italians being much the lighter in color, having yellow, or straw-colored rings around their abdomens, somewhat similar to our "yellow jacket." If a pure Italian queen, *fertilized by an Italian drone*, be given to a queenless stock of common bees, *her progeny* will all be purely Italian, and, as you stated, within three months but few of the common bees will be found existing in the hive; but if an Italian queen be fertilized by a common drone, *her drone* progeny will be Italian, while her worker progeny will be a mixture of Italian and common. A long experienced and most intelligent bee-keeping friend of mine, tells me he has a stock of common bees which has occupied the same hive, without change of comb, for upward of twenty years, yet there is no perceptible change in the *size* of the bees bred in it. I purchased some forty stocks of bees, late last fall, in common box hives. Some two or three weeks ago, on transferring them to the Langstroth Hives, I found, almost invariably, where the comb was old and thick, fewer dead bees were found on the "stand," and they had much more young brood in their cells than swarms of the same size with new comb. There is, therefore, I conceive, little doubt but that the old comb, if sound, protects them from cold better than the new. RICHARD COLVIN.

Baltimore, Feb. 11th, 1860.

REMARKS:—We are much obliged to our correspondent, who is quite correct in his comments on what we said in answer to *Young Bee-Keeper*.—Our statement was made simply as proof that the bee is short-lived, and we had not time or space to fully explain. If the Italian queen given to a new swarm is impregnated by a common drone, then in a few months, the workers will be a mixture of Italian and common; but if impregnated with an Italian drone, all the workers will soon be pure Italians. In either case, the fact is proved that the bee lives but a few months, which was all we attempted to show. We stated, too, as does our correspondent, that "some bee-keepers thought the cells warmer for having the cocoon lining." As every year makes them less, it seems natural that in time they will become too small to accommodate the bee, and this is the opinion of LANGSTROTH, and other apiarians of great experience, we believe.

PROFITABLE BEE-KEEPING.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Having seen a statement in one of the January numbers of the RURAL, headed, "Profitable Bee-Keeping," and supposing it had reference to me, as the person living in Parma; and wishing to correct it, as the friend to whom I made the communication must have misunderstood me, I submit the following. Last spring I procured six good swarms of bees. The hives which contained them being too large, I sawed them all down, except one, to such a length as would contain 2,000 cubic inches inside the hives. I then made covers and boxes to them, and at the proper time, put on the boxes, for the surplus honey. The hive which I did not cut off being more than twice the proper size, and a poor one at that, I concluded to let remain, and drive the bees. At the proper time after swarming, I accordingly drove them, sawed the old hive in two, about half way from the bottom, cut off the combs, and transferred them from the lower part of the old hive to another of the right size, and secured them as best I could. I then inverted the hive into which the bees were first driven, and placed the one containing the transferred combs on the top of it, raising about three-eighths of an inch, to give air and a passage for the bees. The bees very soon secured the combs to the hive, worked as well in it as though they had not been disturbed, and made 20 lbs. of pure surplus honey in boxes. I have now eight new swarms, worth at least $4 each, amounting in all to $32. I have taken from the six old, and eight new swarms, in all, 32 boxes of honey, weighing, on an average, 12½ lbs. each, including the box, which I sell by the pound, the same as the honey. I have sold my honey in the Rochester market for 18c per lb.; 32 boxes of 12½ lbs. each, make 400 lbs. This, at 18c, amounts to $72. I had, in the top of the old hive, from which I drove the bees, over sixty lbs. of honey, worth $5. Increase, including honey and bees, $109. My bees are now in the cellar, bottom up, "with care," uncovered, and able to defend themselves from the rats. The friend, in giving the profits made the value of the surplus honey amount to $100. The facts are as above stated. My first ideas of the system of bee-keeping were obtained by reading M. QUIMBY's articles in the RURAL of 1858. This is my first year of managing bees systematically, and I am well satisfied with the results. I am positive it pays to subscribe for and read the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

YOUNG APIARIAN.

Parma, Monroe Co., N. Y., Feb. 18, 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Analysis of Clover.

THE *Prairie Farmer* says that Prof. Horsford, of Cambridge, when in Germany, ten years ago, at the Giessen Laboratory, made an "ash analysis" of red clover, and at the same time made some investigation relative to its organic constituents, an abstract of which cannot fail to interest a large class of our readers:

Of the dry plant altogether, the per cent. of ashes was	11.19
Of the leaves	10.68
Of the stems	8.52
Ingredients of the Ashes.	
Potash	16.101
Sodium	1.874
Soda	40.772
Lime	21.914
Magnesia	8.289
Phosphate of Iron	.670
Chlorine	2.856
Phosphoric Acid	3.915
Sulphuric Acid	1.063
Silica	2.605
Total	100.000

Besides these ingredients, the plant gave nearly 23 per cent. of carbonic acid. Judging from this analysis, there can be no question as to the value of clover as a manure for wheat.

"It is well known," remarks Mr. H., "that the juice of clover heads contains more or less sugar. The nectaries of the fully developed head are especially rich in a honey-like liquid which bees gather. In cutting the clover, when the heads are fully formed, but not ripe, the sugar of this honey is secured. The water will evaporate, leaving the sweetness with the vegetable fibre, and other organic matter, to be fed to stock. If the clover be cut before the heads begin to develop, the sugar, if formed, must be in the stems and leaves. If not cut till the seeds are ripened, the sugar may have accomplished one of its supposed ends—that of keeping up a higher temperature within the seed, for the elaboration of its various parts, and thereby have been destroyed."

How to Make Barn-Yards.

L. F. SCOTT, of Connecticut, gives the following upon this subject, in the *Country Gentleman*: First, make the yard level, (large or small,) then commence in the middle and scoop out in the form of an apothecary's scale, deepest in the middle, to the depth of one foot in the deepest place. Then collect straw, leaves, old hay, bog grass, sawdust, or anything that can be made into manure, fill it up level, with a row of managers around the outside; then have living water in the yard, and when you commence foddering, shut the bars or gate, and keep every creature in the yard when not in the stable; then fill up with litter to give them a good bed, and keep doing so until spring, and the manure is three feet deep or more if possible. Then dispose of it as best you can. Some let it remain until fall, and use it for top-dressing; others cart out in spring, and commence filling up again to keep the weeds from growing.

A dry yard is good for nothing to make manure in, while one made from six to twelve inches dishing will always be dry around the outside, and the dish will hold water enough for the mass above to suck from. Have good eave troughs on all the buildings, to keep out all the water possible.—Spread the horse manure from the stable over the yard as fast as made. Sprinkle in ashes, plaster, muck, turf, chaff, &c., and waste nothing, and you will soon have a pile of manure that would greatly astonish some that (falsely) bear the name of farmers.

Inquiries and Answers.

SCAB IN SHEEP.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL be so kind as to give a description and cure of scab in sheep?—J. H. MCNALL, *North Star, Wash. Co., Penn.*, 1860.

CONTENTS OF A PIECE OF TIMBER.—Will some of your readers inform me the best method of reducing a stick of timber to board measure? There has been much dispute in this section in regard to the contents of a log thirty feet in length, two feet square at one end, and one foot square at the other. How many feet of boards does such a log contain, and by what rule is it ascertained?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Webster, N. Y.*, 1860.

A CURIOUS BIRD.—A few days since, Mr. B., a neighbor, and subscriber of the RURAL, told me the following:—In an orchard near his residence, several dead mice and a frog were discovered fastened to the limbs in the top of the trees. They were dried, and had the appearance of having been there considerable time. Through another neighbor, I since learned that this is the work of a bird called here the "Butcher bird," and that bugs and other insects, as well as mice and frogs, are thus hung up in the trees by it. Who can give us the name of this curious bird?—W. H. GARDNER, *Amboy, Ill.*, 1860.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Will you, or some of your readers, tell me how to make a compost to manure my corn in the hill this present spring? The materials on hand are green manure, both horse and cow, swamp muck, and hard wood ashes, if wanted. Will I have time to prepare before planting, and how?—NEW SUBSCRIBER, *Randolph, N. Y.*, 1860.

THE principal advantage in composting is prevention of loss of valuable parts of the stable manure, and in the decomposition of the rougher material used in the compost. The time is now too short to effect much in this way. Still, it would do no hurt to compost the manure and muck, but use the ashes separately.

SHEEP PULLING THEIR WOOL.—Can you, or some of your numerous subscribers, inform me what is the cause and cure for sheep pulling their wool from their flanks and sides? There is no appearance of disease on the surface of the skin, neither is it occasioned by ticks, or confined to one locality, but exists in almost every flock throughout the length and breadth of our land. What seems strange is, that those affected are generally the most healthy otherwise, and in the best condition. All who raise sheep must feel a deep interest in the solution of this mystery, and I know of no way that I shall be as likely to get the required information as by addressing the Wool Growers through the columns of the RURAL. Any light upon this subject will be gratefully received, not only by me, but many others of your subscribers.—JOHN S. BEECHER, *Livingston Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

WE are somewhat inclined to the belief that the sheep of our correspondent are troubled with the itch. This disease of the skin is exceedingly common among sheep almost all over the civilized world. According to Mr. YOUATT, there are several varieties of it. "A sheep is occasionally observed to scratch himself in the most furious manner, and with scarcely a moment's intermission. He rubs himself against every projection of the fence, and every post, and the wool comes off from him in considerable flakes. When he is caught *there is no appearance whatever of cutaneous disease.*" Mr. YOUNG says, that "the sheep rub themselves in all attitudes—they have clear skins without the least sign of scab—never observed that it was catching—and the better the food the worse they become" The sheep should be caught and housed, shorn as closely as possible, washed all over, and most carefully, with soap and water; and after that, on the second day, with a wash of lime-water and tobacco decoction, of equal parts.

PLASTER, ASHES, &C.—As I am now a bona fide shareholder in the benefits distributed by the RURAL, I wish to draw a dividend, by asking you one or two questions. 1. Can I profitably sow plaster upon my meadows at the present time,—a rapid thaw; or is it necessary, for real benefit, to sow it upon a *growing* plant? I would also ask if you consider it beneficial to old meadows, nearly all timothy? 2. Is it chemically injurious to mix wood ashes with feces? 3. What proportion of sulphuric acid should I use to dissolve uncrushed bones?—C. D., *Stanwich, Conn.*, 1860.

1. Practical men differ very much in their experience as to the effects of plaster, and the conditions under which it should be used. Some contend that it should be sown upon the growing leaf, to produce a good effect. We never saw a better result from plaster than in its use upon an old meadow, principally timothy, upon heavy clay land, near Lockport, in this State. The product was more than doubled.

2. Wood ashes should never be mixed with stable manure, or any manure containing ammonia. If the ashes were well leached the injury would not be serious, but unleached ashes would work injury.

3. It is next to impossible to dissolve *uncrushed* bones with sulphuric acid.

SALTING SHEEP.—In answer to G. G. BURTON, of Manchester, Vermont, as regards proportion of salt to grain, I would say it depends on the number of sheep you feed it to. I mix about one pint of salt to the bushel of feed, which I give daily to about three hundred head,—a quart of salt per day might not be too much for that number. It is suggested in the RURAL to keep salt where the sheep can help themselves. Imagine a man eating food without salt—then going to the salt barrel to eat salt! It is enough to set a person's teeth on edge to think of it.—J. H. MCNALL, *North Star, Wash. Co., Penn.*

A REMEDY FOR THE SCRATCHES.—Among the inquiries in the RURAL, I noticed one for curing the Scratches. I send you one tried by my neighbors and by myself, and have never known it to fail. It is as follows:—Three oz. antimony; 3 oz. saltpetre; ½ lb. sulphur—all pulverized and mixed. Give one tablespoonful in meal, or bran, once a day, and not oftener. A horse needs no other treatment.—R. B. RANDALL, *North Wilna, Jeff. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

CURE FOR RINGBONE.—I succeeded in removing the lameness of a ringbone, by making a bag of strong linen cloth, about two inches broad and eight inches long, which I filled with copperas, tied on the foot just above the ringbone, and wet twice a day. Kept it on about four weeks. The man that told me of this said he had cured several in this way.—W. H. CHAFFEE, *Byron, Mich.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

BEAUTIFY THE VILLAGES!—*A Good Example.*—Homer is one of the most beautiful villages in the State, but its citizens are determined to augment its attractive features. Listen! We are in receipt of a circular comprising the constitution and list of officers of the "Homer Rural Improvement Association,"—headed by our worthy friend, PARIS BARBER, Esq., as President, and followed by the names of many good MEN and WOMEN—the objects whereof are most laudable. The main idea is to improve and beautify the whole town and vicinity, by planting and protecting shade trees, ornamental shrubbery and flowers. We shall endeavor to give the Constitution in a future number, in the hope that our village readers, all over the land, may be induced to "go and do likewise."—It is made "the duty of each male member to plant at least one tree or shrub, annually, in such places as the officers may direct." *We* hope to be *honored* in the clause which decrees that "any person, not a resident of Homer or vicinity, may become an honorary member, by contributing in money or in valuable trees, shrubs, flowering plants, seeds, &c., to the general purposes of the Association."

MAJ. PLOWHANDLE'S WRITINGS seem to meet with much favor from our readers and the press of the country. His recent article "On Running Fairs," has already elicited several complimentary allusions from correspondents, and various verbal endorsements; it is also being widely copied by our exchanges. We are glad the Major is becoming so justly famous through our feeble instrumentality, and hope his future contributions to the RURAL will be frequent, as we are confident they will prove both edifying and instructive. In response to late requests to re-publish the Major's account of his experience at the State Fair at Buffalo—wherein he relates how it came to pass that SMITH'S bull won the first premium—we would say that we will comply soon as convenient.

WHEAT CROP OF ONONDAGA—*Correction.*—In reporting the discussions at the Annual Meeting of the State Ag. Society, it seems that our reporter, or the printer, made the figures untruthful, in at least one instance. Hon. GEO. GEDDES, of Onondaga, writes—"I notice in your RURAL of Feb. 25th, that I am reported to have said at the Ag. Meeting in Albany, that the wheat crop of last year averaged 35 bushels to the acre. I tried to say 25 (twenty-five.) Please correct this. I am also reported to have said that I had 'entered almost every man's house.' I intended to say that I had been over nearly every part of the county in gathering materials for my Report, and therefore felt qualified to give an opinion on the subject."

CONVENTION of CATTLE BREEDERS.—The second Annual Meeting of the (New England) "Association of Breeders of Thorough Bred Neat Stock," was held in Springfield, Mass., on the 7th inst. The chief business embraced reports and discussions on pedigrees. The committee on pedigrees reported that they had examined the pedigrees of nearly 100 Short-horns, 150 Devons, 8 Ayrshires, and 12 Herefordshires,—no Alderneys having been presented. They recommended, as the best scale of points for Short-horns, that given in the first volume of the American Herd Book. On the other varieties they made no recommendation. The following officers were chosen for the current year: *President*—PAOLI LATHROP, of South Hadley, Mass. *Vice-Presidents*—Josiah Fogg, of Deerfield, Mass.; William Birnie, of Springfield, Mass.; R. Linsley, of West Meriden, Ct.; Jacob N. Blakeslee, of Watertown, Ct.; John Brooks, Jr., of Princeton. *Secretary and Treasurer*—H. A. Dyer, of Hartford, Ct.—*Committee on Pedigrees*—On Short-horns, Herefords and Alderneys—S. W. Buffum, of Winchester, N. H.; S. W. Bartlett, of East Windsor, Ct.; Phineas Stedman, of Chicopee. On Devons and Ayrshires—Sanford Howard, of Boston, E. G. Faile, of West Farms, N. Y.; B. H. Andrews, of Waterbury, Ct.

ERIE COUNTY AG. SOCIETY.—At the recent annual meeting of this Society, the following board of officers were elected for the current year: *President*—William Hambleton. *1st Vice-President*—D. D. Stiles. *2d Vice President*—H. C. White. *Secretary*—Ellis Webster. *Treasurer*—George W. Scott. *Directors*—T. J. Murphy, Nathaniel Tucker, Henry Atwood, Warren Granger, S. R. Reed and Austin Kimball. *Finance Committee*—Benj. Baker, Chester Sweet and J. W. Hamlin. There was also a committee of twenty appointed to procure subscriptions for enlarging and improving the trotting course on the Fair Grounds.

THE "UNION AG. AND HORT. SOCIETY," comprising the towns of Ulysses, Covert and Hector, held its annual meeting in Trumansburg, Jan. 28th. Hon. TRUMAN BOARDMAN, President, called the meeting to order, and in a short address, gave a very interesting history of the formation and progress of the Society, and also submitted many important suggestions for the future. He deprecated in strong terms the use of any *shows* or other *clap-traps* at Fairs, disconnected with Agriculture; and urged, that the more steadily we kept in view *Progress and Improvement* in Agriculture, the more enduring would be the benefits of the Society. The Treasurer's report showed that the receipts during 1859 were $76,14 more than the expenditures. Officers elected: *President*—Hon. TRUMAN BOARDMAN. *Vice-Presidents*—Warren Halsey, Isaac Banker, Lewis Porter, Jr. *Secretary*—L. H. Owen. *Treasurer*—F. S. Dumont. *Directors*—James M. Mattison, John Herald, Nestor Woodworth, A. H. Greig, Elnathan Wixom, Samuel M. Barker.

PALMYRA UNION AG. SOCIETY.—It is announced that the Managers of this spirited Society have determined to establish an Annual Sheep-Shearing, at which specimen sheep from the choice flocks of this region may be exhibited, and affording those who wish to sell or purchase as favorable an opportunity as could be desired. The first gathering of this kind will take place on the fine Fair Grounds of the Society, in Palmyra, on the 23d of June next. The idea is a good one—especially as the "Wool Growers' Association" has ceased its operations. The Annual Fall Exhibition of the Society is to be held Oct. 2d, 3d, and 4th.

THOSE FLOWER SEEDS.—A friend at Madison, Wis., writes:—"From some of your kind offers in the RURAL, I am induced to solicit the favor of a few Flower Seeds. I would just observe that I have acted as an agent for some five or six years, getting from six to ten subscribers annually, and have never yet either *obtained, deserved*, or *desired* a premium. But now, seeing the flowers named, and having daughters who take a pleasure (as well as myself) in their cultivation, it is at their suggestion this application is made, and I believe the request will not be made in vain."

—Yes, Sir, you and also every other person who has remitted for a club of six to twenty subscribers to our present volume, (unless entitled to a much more costly gratuity,) will soon receive a package of choice imported Flower Seeds. The seeds were delayed on the way from Europe, but have recently arrived and are being put up for mailing. We shall probably commence distributing them next week—and, after supplying those already entitled, we will send a package (in addition to free copy of RURAL.) to each person who shall remit for a club of 6 to 20 between this and the 1st of May.

THE NEXT ILLINOIS STATE FAIR is to be held at Jacksonville, from the 10th to the 15th of September.

DWARF PEAR CULTURE IN CANADA.—No. II.

PLANTING IN GARDEN BORDERS.

It is often suggested that the garden is an appropriate place in which to plant dwarf pear trees, and they are often set in a border that surrounds the vegetable plat. Here I wish to give a word of caution. The roots of dwarf pear trees, not more than fifteen years planted, have been found to have extended ten feet from the tree. This will show how much too narrow these borders are as they are generally laid out. The roots soon find their way into the bed devoted to vegetables, where they are subjected to an annual cutting and tearing by the spade or plow.

CHOICE OF TREES.

In selecting trees to plant, be careful to choose those that have been budded as near the ground as practicable. We, who grow them for market, sometimes become negligent, and work them six, and even eight inches, above the ground; and it is well that we should know that our purchasers are sufficiently informed to reject such slovenly cultivation. A tree worked so high has to be set so far into the ground in order to cover the quince stock, that the roots are all down in the cold subsoil where the conditions of healthy growth are all wanting. It is true, that portion of the quince stock nearer the surface will throw out roots, and endeavor to make amends for the nurseryman's errors; but my experience satisfies me that the lower roots soon decay and cause the tree to become diseased and die.

WHEN TO PRUNE.

The Canadian needs to be somewhat particular as to the time when he does his winter pruning. Our climate is so severe that if it is done too early the branch is very apt to be killed back. It should not be done until the cold, frosty, drying winds have been made milder by the approach of spring; and yet it should be done before the buds break, in order to husband the forces of the tree. Judicious summer pinching will be found of great assistance in avoiding the necessity of making large wounds in the spring.

VARIETIES.

One word as to the varieties which seem to me most likely to give satisfaction. My list will be small, because I wish to name only those that grow well on the quince, and are of superior quality. Of the early kinds, Osband's Summer has been perfectly satisfactory. The Madelaine, Bloodgood, and Dearborn's Seedling, do not seem to do as well on the quince, nor to yield fruit of as uniform excellence. Among the autumn pears, I give the preference to the Belle Lucrative, Buffum, and White Doyenne. The Louise Bonne de Jersey is a great bearer, and the fruit large and handsome; but I have not succeeded in raising it of the same excellence, and doubt very much whether it is ever as good as either of these three. The Duchess d'Angouleme is so large, and withal so "good," the tree so hardy and vigorous, that it will be desirable, though it is not as high flavored. For late autumn, often early winter, the Jalousie de Fontenay Vendee, and Beurre Diel, are the best that I have yet tested. Of the winter varieties, I can only say that I have a great deal yet to learn. The fruit seems to be large and fine, but does not ripen up to my expectations. The much praised Vicar of Winkfield, after many years' trial, has not been fit to be eaten. Are our summers too short to give the winter pears flavor, or the trees too young? One winter pear only have I found to equal its reputation, and that is the Catillac. For baking in February it is excellent.

I am trying a large number of varieties, and hope to find many more suited to our climate, and of the highest excellence. Of some I can already say, "they promise well." D. W. BEADLE.

St. Catharines, C. W., 1860.

THE DELAWARE GRAPE.

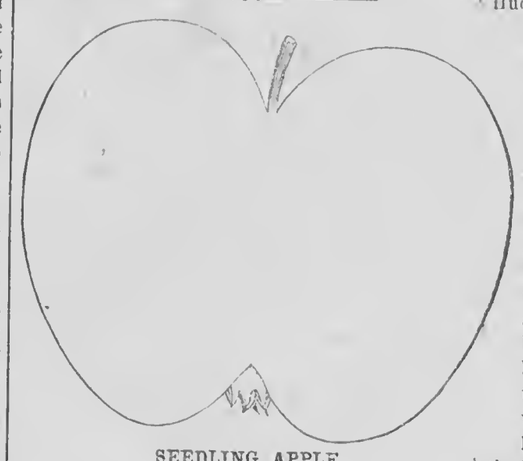
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the last number of your paper, I find an article headed "Delaware Grape—Failure." The writer, after giving his experience with well-rooted layers, which, with "the best of care," lived just one year, and from that concludes that other vines of the same sort will live a like period,—that it has the habit of casting its leaves prematurely, and is of no value for open culture. He also charges certain propagators with the attempt to deceive the public, by application of sulphur to counteract the mildew, which he claims the Delaware is subject to, on account of its foreign character. Being fully satisfied, as I suppose most of your readers are, of its native origin, I do not propose to discuss that point, but give my own experience and observation of the Delaware, during the past three years, and leave the reader to decide as to the probable truth of the charges of "Grape Grower," of the Delaware being subject to mildew, and the attempt of propagators to deceive the public.

I purchased in October, 1857, one hundred Delaware vines, pot plants, of C. W. GRANT; all, except a few sold, were set in the spring of 1858, in rows four by four. All lived and made a fair growth. In the spring of '59 most of the vines had made two to three feet of new wood, when they were cut down by the June frost; but not a single vine was killed. All made a good growth during the remainder of the season, and those that escaped the frost made over thirty feet of good, strong wood. I also set a number of Delawares last spring, all of which, in growth and healthiness, equaled expectations. Several of my vines fruited last season, and I agree with "Grape Grower," that there is no fault to find with the quality of the fruit.

I have not lost a single vine, nor seen a particle of mildew on leaf, vine, or fruit, and no sulphur or anything else was used to prevent its appearance. It is quite possible "Grape Grower" may have seen vines of the Delaware standing in unfavorable situations, that might have been affected by mildew; perhaps he has also seen the Isabella badly mildewed, in soils and locations unsuited to the grape. If he has not, I have seen acres of Isabellas that were entirely destroyed by mildew, both fruit and leaves; but can see in that, no reason for rejecting that variety on suitable soils.

In September, 1858, I visited the grounds of Mr. CHARLES DOWNING, of Newburg, where I first saw the Delaware in bearing. Also, in the adjoining grounds, one vine five years old had about one hundred bunches of beautiful amber-colored fruit, not surpassed in beauty by any other grape that I ever saw. I next visited the extensive vineyard of Dr. C. W. GRANT, on Iona Island, where I saw a number of Delaware vines in bearing, and hundreds of others in different stages of growth. I also saw a number of vines of the same variety on Long Island and other localities, and on all the above-mentioned vines saw not a particle of mildew on leaf, wood or fruit, neither did I see any signs of "sulphur and other things," on vines or fruit. Will "Grape Grower" please give his real name, the next time he has occasion to expose the deceptions of nurserymen? I am inclined to think a real name would have more weight in such an exposure. C. L. HOAG.

Lockport, N. Y., February, 1860.



SEEDLING APPLE.

AT the exhibition of fruit at Albany, during the Annual Meeting of the State Agricultural Society, our attention was called to a very fine seedling apple, grown and exhibited by DEWITT C. DEFREEST, of Defreestville, Rensselaer Co., N. Y. It is a small, delicate looking apple, with white flesh, very tender, juicy and rich, an excellent dessert apple. Stem short, slender, inserted in a rather deep cavity. Skin, deep yellow, sparsely spotted with large, brownish dots, with a red tinge on the sunny side; calyx partially open, in a small, smooth, rather deep basin, very finely plaited. Core and seeds small. We brought home a few specimens, from one of which we made the outline above.

THE WESTERN BALDWIN APPLE, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I see in the last RURAL a description of two varieties of apples, sent you by B. G. BUELL, of Cass Co., Mich. I will give you a history of the two varieties:—No. 1 was sent out from a nursery near Kalamazoo, Mich., as the Green Newtown Pippin, but, as you say, is not that variety. It resembles, somewhat, the Red Check Pippin, but I think it is not that variety. It does not keep as well, but is a good early winter apple. Name unknown. No. 2 I know to be a seedling apple. It is not known in Cass county, or in this, except by a very few. I have been propagating it for the last two years, for I consider it the best apple in cultivation. It will keep until July or August, and the tree is a good bearer, but rather a slow grower. I called it Western Baldwin, (as it somewhat resembles that variety,) but changed it to a more definite name, the Rubicon. This will save you the responsibility of naming it Wine Sap.

As for scions, Mr. BUELL has but four or five, which I let him have this winter, when he got the apples. The apples he sent you were poor specimens. I intend to exhibit the fruit at Rochester next winter. If you want a few scions for your own use, I will send them to you.

Paw Paw, Van Buren Co., Mich., 1860. L. L. HALL.

SEND us a few of those scions, so that we can test them here. We believe it to be an excellent apple.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—That portion of the discussion of the late *Fruit Growers Convention*, touching the propagation of grapes by grafting, will be of some service to the many having worthless sorts to convert into the finer new varieties. But it all wants, somewhat, the definiteness that novices need. Mr. ELLWANGER "had found no difficulty in grafting—doing the work in winter by the cleft-grafting mode;" but whether the operation was performed upon the stem, or upon the root, he does not say.

Another gentleman says, that the operation should be delayed until after the first great flow of the sap is over. About when is that time? Is it when the leaves are of the size of squirrels' ears?—or should they be fully expanded?

The fact that many amateurs, having good success in grafting other fruits, have not succeeded equally well in grafting the grape, goes to show that it is *not* so easy to transform as the apple, pear, &c., as some assert; or that there must be some simple fault in the practice which those who are fully let into the modus operandi might readily master.

Before your report of this grape discussion, I thought I had come pretty safely to the conclusion that not much reliance could be placed upon grafting as a mode of propagating the grape. I have in several instances tried Diana and Concord scions upon Clinton and Alexander roots—grafting three or four inches under ground by cleft mode, fastening well by a ligature and covering all but the eye with dirt. But yet, though this was all carefully effected, and, too, as I supposed, just as the "first great flow of sap was over," I have not been successful. Some years ago, I took up quite a number of wild vines from the woods, grafted, and planted them. Much the larger number of the grafts grew finely. My inference is, that the removal of the wild roots so checked the flow of sap as to prevent an over-supply of sap to the scion. Mr. AINSWORTH states that he had successfully practiced grafting by taking up early in spring two-years-old roots. He will oblige me by saying whether he has been equally successful in grafting plants that have not been removed previous to grafting. Has he grafted upon the roots unconnected with the stem? If he has, with what proportion of grafts growing well after the operation?

If the thousands of now almost worthless vines at the North may be converted into luxuriant Dianas, Delawares, and Concords, with one-half the certainty attending apple and pear grafting, our amateurs should not be kept in the dark as to the process.

While upon the subject of grapes, allow me to ask why the Delaware is so highly recommended, (and especially by those having it largely for sale,) as a "perfectly hardy" variety? Is there yet *proof* that the Delaware is "perfectly hardy" north of 41°? True, it has been "hardy" with CHARLES DOWNING; but the grounds along the Hudson we all know to be more exempt from the injurious effects of winter changes than most locations in the same latitude. Neither Dr. GRANT, nor the dealers in grape roots in Middle and Southern Ohio, nor in New Jersey, may yet be regarded as entirely safe authority on this point. Who, *in* Central New York, (which region is at least as favorable to grapes of doubtful hardiness, as the great lake country west of it;) or who *in* New England can speak from a partial experience of five years? New varieties are apt to get choice protected locations. Only trellis culture in an entirely open and exposed situation, away from walls and buildings, may be considered a safe test of a hardy grape; such, for instance, as the Clinton. The Diana, *when at the height of fashion*, was called "perfectly hardy" in New England. It is a little, but not much, hardier than the Isabella. W. H. SCOTT.

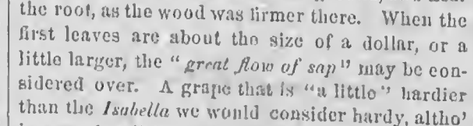
Adrian, Mich., 1860.

REMARKS.—Mr. ELLWANGER states that he grafted after the stock vine had made a growth of an inch or two in the spring. Tie up with wax cloth and bury under ground all but one eye. He always grafted upon the stem under the ground, and near the root, as the wood was firmer there. When the first leaves are about the size of a dollar, or a little larger, the "*great flow of sap*" may be considered over. A grape that is "a little" hardier than the *Isabella* we would consider hardy, altho' in some localities and in some seasons it may be destroyed. The apple is called hardy, and yet we have seen hundreds of trees and a score of different varieties killed in one winter in a single orchard. If the *Delaware* is only as hardy as the *Isabella*, it is a very great acquisition.

Horticultural Notes.

THE CAULIFLOWER.—The cultivation of this delicious vegetable is not general, from the fact that often the season is too short for it to mature, and thereby the labor and care in its culture are lost. Having been, heretofore, disappointed, last fall I resolved to wrestle with the Jacob of Nature, in order to receive the desired blessing. As winter approached, many of the plants not having matured, I took them up with care,—disturbing the roots and the earth attached as little as possible,—set them upon the cellar bottom, adjoining the wall, to keep them upright, and covered their roots with rich, mellow earth, wet it well once, and the most of them headed finely; and not only have we had the luxury during the winter, for ourselves and our friends, but still have them growing in the cellar.—S. N. HOLMES, *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1860.

GRAFTING KNIFE AND WAX.—In your first issue of the RURAL for 1860, I noticed a variety of grafting knives and also a recipe for making grafting wax. I have a knife that I made last spring, that is, in my opinion, better calculated for grafting middling and large-sized trees than those mentioned in the RURAL, and I therefore venture to send you a rough draft, hoping that it may be of some use to those that desire a cheap and convenient tool for grafting. The body of the knife should be made of iron. The edge should be steel, of moderate temper, connected with the body the same as the edge of an ax. The object of having the body iron, is to prevent its breaking when driving it into the limb. By lifting gently on the handle of this knife, and striking upwards on the end, the wedge is withdrawn, leaving the scions undisturbed.



GRAFTING KNIFE.

For grafting wax, take 1½ pounds of clean tallow, 2 pounds of beeswax, and 4 pounds of pulverized resin. Put the tallow in first, then the beeswax, and melt slowly; then stir in the resin, melt and mix well, pour into a pail of water, and work until it is light colored, when it is ready for use. This is also an excellent salve for cuts, or old, inflamed sores.—S. H. D., *Springwater, N. Y.*, 1860.

NAPLES HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—This Society holds weekly meetings, and discussions are had on horticultural productions which are exhibited before the Society. The RURAL is quoted as good authority, and a great disseminator of truth. The members acknowledge an advance in the knowledge of cultivating horticultural products, and good taste in embellishing pleasure grounds and all the surroundings that now become necessary to the homestead. The following are the officers for the current year: *President*—J. B. JOHNSON. *Vice-President*—C. W. FOX. *Secretary*—S. H. Sutton. *Treasurer* A. Stoddard.—S. H.

ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We are indebted to E. M. PHILLIPS, Esq., for a report of the proceedings had at the last meeting of the Illinois Horticultural Society. Our correspondent's article, however, did not arrive until several weeks after we had received a full report of proceedings, and published such portions as we deemed most important.

CIRCULATION OF SAP.—Some time ago, in the RURAL, I read with pleasure the discussion relative to the circulation of sap. I wish to ask some of the gentlemen who figured in that discussion, to explain the following:—In 1856 I saw a currant plant, the cutting of which was planted with the bud end downward. This plant was then, when I saw it, in its second year's growth, and looked very thrifty. The cutting was left about eight inches above the ground; the uppermost bud was the one which grew, and was about an inch from the top of the cutting. It grew downward about two inches, then gradually curved upward. It had grown eight inches the first year, and about ten the second. The leaves looked very fine, large and healthy.—P. HERON FOSTER, JR., *Pittsburgh*, 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

CURRANTS—QUINCE STOCKS, &C.—By your permission, I will ask you a few questions, to which I desire an answer through the columns of your paper. 1. Which is the best form to cultivate the Currant in, the tree or bush form? 2. What is the proper distance to set Strawberry Plants apart, for garden culture? 3. Are the Angers Quince Stocks (for dwarfing the pear) ever raised from the seed? 4. Where or who has the seeds of the Paradise Apple for sale? 5. What of H. H. DOOLITTLE'S "Improved American Black Raspberry?" 6. Where shall I send for "Pardee on the Strawberry," and be sure of getting it? I have written to C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. twice, but have not succeeded in getting it. An answer to the foregoing queries will very much oblige a new subscriber and young farmer.—A. B. D., *Franklin Mills, Ohio, February*, 1860.

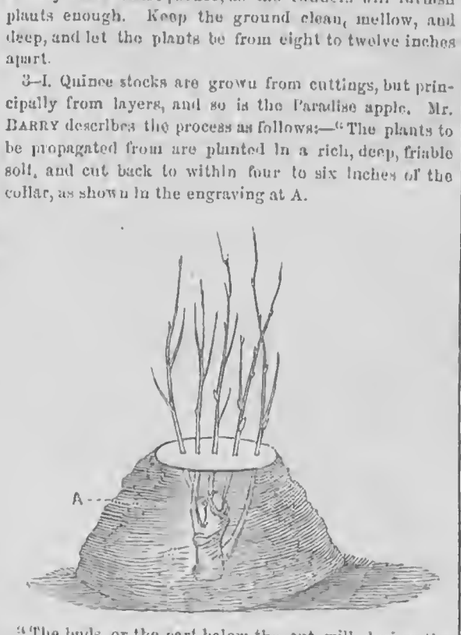
1. WE like the tree form, as shown in the engraving below, (fig. 1,) and with care in pruning out the old wood so as to keep the head young and vigorous, this form will answer well, and the tree may be kept healthy and productive a number of years. Another good way to grow the currant, is in the form of a *bush*,—not the kind of a bush generally seen, as shown in figure 2, but with only three, or at the most, four, shoots starting from the ground. After bearing two years, allow one or two strong shoots to start from the bottom, to take the place of one or two of the old ones, which should be cut away. One shoot may be allowed afterward to grow every year, to replace an old one; and thus the plant will be entirely renewed every three or four years. If you have an opportunity, try training on a fence or wall, like a grape vine.

FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 2.

2. Rows two feet apart and one foot apart in the rows, is a very good distance; but the distance of planting is of very little consequence, as the runners will furnish plants enough. Keep the ground clean, mellow, and deep, and let the plants be from eight to twelve inches apart.

3—I. Quince stocks are grown from cuttings, but principally from layers, and so is the Paradise apple. Mr. BARRY describes the process as follows:—"The plants to be propagated from are planted in a rich, deep, friable soil, and cut back to within four to six inches of the collar, as shown in the engraving at A.



"The buds, or the part below the cut, will, during the next season, produce strong shoots; the following spring the earth is drawn up around each plant in the form of a mound, so that the whole of the stem and the base of all the shoots will be covered at least three inches deep; during that season all the shoots will produce roots, and should be separated from the mother plant or stool, as such plants are termed, in the fall. If left on till spring, the frost would be likely to injure them. The stools are then dressed, the soil around them is spaded up and enriched with well-decayed manure, and the following season another crop of shoots is produced, much more numerous than the first, to be treated in the same way. Every year these stool plants increase in size and in the quantity of their productions, if well treated."

5. Doolittle's Raspberry is our common Black Cap, improved by cultivation. It sells well, and is highly prized for preserves, &c.

6. We can send you "Pardee on the Strawberry," by mail, if you so desire, for 75 cents.

MARKET FOR PEARS.—Is there any danger of the market for Pears being overstocked for a long time to come? I would like to plant about eight acres in pears, if I thought that the prices would remain remunerative.—D. W. W., *Clinton, Pennsylvania*, 1860.

ALL good fruit, even apples, sell at higher prices now than they did twenty or thirty years ago. As our country increases in population and wealth, and people become acquainted with good fruit, the demand increases much faster than the supply. Not one in a hundred now eat half a dozen good pears in a year, and not one in a thousand consumes as much fruit as would be of advantage both to their health and comfort. There is no danger of an over-supply of good fruit. Pears brought from France, at a great cost, are sold every day in New York city. Twenty years hence pears may not sell for $15 or $20 a barrel,—at least we hope not,—but they will sell high enough to pay and enrich the cultivator.

WIRE TRELLISES AND LIGHTNING.—Can any of your many readers inform a subscriber of any instance where wire trellises have been struck by lightning, where used for training grapes? Having four acres of vines, I had arranged to trellis with wire this spring, but am led to doubt its expediency, after the results said to have followed the use of wire in the hop region in the center of the State.—OTIS F. PRESBEY, *Buffalo, N. Y.*

New Horticultural Advertisements.

50,000 APPLE STOCKS of good quality, for sale, by U. BIGNALL, Elba, N. Y.

CANADIAN WILD PLUM STOCKS FOR SALE—Strong and healthy, at $10 per 1,000.
531-4t J. S. KELSEY, Simcoe, Canada West.

CHERRY TREES—Strong Trees of the choicest varieties, *Standard and Dwarf*, for sale cheap, by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

GENUINE HUBBARD SQUASH SEED—From the original introducer, (J. J. H. Gregory,) at 20 cents per package, or by mail 29 cents. $2 per pound. For sale at the Albany Seed Store.
WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

ISABELLA GRAPE CUTTINGS for sale by
531-3t E. A. McKAY, Naples, N. Y.

ARBOR VITÆ AND HEMLOCK SPRUCE—For Evergreen fence, $2 per 100; $10 per 1,000, with a liberal discount to the trade. A. J. McCLAVE,
531-3t Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y.

CRANBERRY PLANTS—Cultivated by Sullivan Bates, Esq., of Massachusetts, the CELEBRATED BELL AND CHERRY VARIETIES. For sale by the 100, 1,000, 10,000, or 50,000, by W. H. STARR, General Agent, *East New London Nurseries*, New London, Conn. 531-2t

CRANBERRY CULTURIST.—A Practical Treatise on the CULTURE OF THE CRANBERRY, both *Marsh* and *Upland*. Will be forwarded, pre-paid, on receipt of four three cent stamps. Address W. H. STARR, East New London Nurseries, New London, Conn. 531-2t

CRANBERRY VINES.—Lowland Bell Vines, from one to four feet long. The fruit has taken the first premium at each State Fair, exhibited in 1855, '7 and '8. Price $1 per 100, $5 per 1,000—sent by Express, promptly.
531-1t NOBLE HILL, Canton, Steuben Co., N. Y.

RASPBERRIES.—A good assortment of the best sorts, including *Brinkle's Orange*, Belle de Fontenay, *Fastolf, Franconia, Knevitt's Giant*, &c., for sale by T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

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DELAWARE, DIANA, CONCORD, REBECCA, HARTFORD PROLIFIC, and several other of the newer sorts—good one year plants, well rooted. Isabella and Catawba, two and three years; also, a few choice Foreign varieties, one year—for sale at the most reasonable prices, by the dozen or hundred. T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
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The Genuine "Early Northern Muscadine."
Wine from this celebrated *early* and *hardy* variety of Grape, received the *first* premium at the late N. Y. State Agricultural Fair, held at Albany, 1859. Roots and cuttings for sale from the parent vine, by addressing as below.
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A very choice selection of the leading varieties, neatly put up in Packages of 10 varieties for.....$0,50
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Will be forwarded by mail, free of postage.
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Norway Spruce	$0,50 per lb.
Austrian Pine	1,75 "
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All seeds are perfectly clean, and warranted fresh. Imported fruit tree stocks, at exporters' prices, adding freight.

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The past season, though the coolest and most unfavorable for grape maturing, we have had for many years, the subscriber ripened his whole crop,—proving that his Isabellas and Catawbas have become perfectly acclimated. This gives him full assurance that, by improved cultivation, pruning, &c., a crop of good fruit can be obtained EVERY YEAR, in most of the Northern, of all the Middle, Western and Southern States.
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Also, APPLE-QUINCE TREES, (which are sometimes called the Orange Quince,) for sale as above.
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embracing everything that is new and desirable among Annuals, Biennials, Perennials and Green-house Plants, suitable alike for the Flower Garden, Pleasure Grounds, Lawns, Shrubberies and the conservatory, as well as many matchless novelties of the highest merit, which have been selected by his European correspondents from the most reliable sources.
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The following collections have been sent out from his establishment for the past six years, and are now favorably known in every section of the country.
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Any one remitting $3,00 will receive the four assortments postage free.
The following additional assortments will also be sent at the prices annexed, *free of postage*.
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All orders must be accompanied with the cash. Remittances can be made in Bank Bills or Postage Stamps.
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531-4t Springfield, Mass.

LINGER NOT LONG.

Linger not long! Home is not home without thee,
Its dearest tokens only make me morn;—
Oh, let its memory, like a chain about thee,
Gently compel, and hasten thy return.
Linger not long!

Linger not long! Though crowds should woo thy staying,
Bethink thee—can the mirth of friends, though dear,
Compensate for the grief thy long delaying
Costs the poor heart that sighs to have thee here?
Linger not long!

Linger not long! How shall I watch thy coming,
As evening shadows stretch o'er moor and fell;
When the wild bee hath ceased her weary humming,
And silence hangs on all things like a spell.
Linger not long!

How shall I watch for thee when fears grow stronger,
As night grows dark and darker on the hill!
How shall I weep when I can watch no longer—
Oh, art thou absent, art thou absent still?
Linger not long!

Yet I should grieve not, though the eye that sees me
Gazeth through tears that make its splendor dull;
For, Oh, I sometimes fear, when thou art with me,
My cup of happiness is all too full!
Linger not long!

Haste—haste thee home unto thy mountain dwelling,
Haste, as a bird, unto its peaceful nest!
Haste, as a skiff, when tempests wild are swelling,
Flies to its haven of securest rest!
Linger not long!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LETTER-WRITING.

To be obliged to write a *letter*,—a stiff, formal letter,—to Miss this, or Miss that, is one of those "must be's" which we so often meet with in journeying through this life. Seated at a writing-desk, with a *large* or *small* sheet of gilted, neatly ruled, spotlessly white paper before us, trying in vain to bring forth facts which must be, at one and the same time, new and interesting, neither too sorrowful, nor too trifling, and yet that will make up an epistle, which, after it has been read, will be pronounced by the reader, a first rate letter—what a perfect picture of despair do we present. Now and then dipping the new, bright-looking pen, into the ink, as if too "hook up ideas,"—gazing listlessly out of the window,—looking at the paper before us,—and, almost unconsciously, counting the number of line to be filled with words, which, ere they can be intrusted to the care of that self-same paper, must be arranged grammatically, of course, in sentences, principal and auxiliary, simple, compound and complex; not mentioning the numberless phrases, which must be thrown in, to make the sense complete, and render the composition lengthy, as well as spirited—we surely present a "study" for the skillful etchings of the artists. And all this must express facts which are not meaningless, but fraught with interest, to the person addressed.—Times without number, have I found myself in this self-same position, and a sorry predicament it is. Is there no remedy? No "Native American" who stands ready, with his inexhaustible fund of inventive genius, to frame up something which, propelled by the expansive force of steam, will write those epistolary communications, the composing of which have so often brought heart-aches and headaches, thus winning for himself a remembrance through all coming ages, and a name to be handed down to posterity as one of the alleviators of human sorrows. As yet, no such article has found its way to the Patent Office, and we must, ourselves, invent some method, whereby the tedious task of letter-writing may be made easier.

First, we must make use of a dictionary, by selecting therefrom a number of those words which are so lengthy that one will fill a line.

Second, take care to write them in a manner much resembling the spinning of a woolen roll, and you will be amazed to note the progress you make.

Third, let your letter be made up of many paragraphs, leaving sufficient space between each, to acquaint the reader with the agreeable intelligence that you have introduced a new subject.

Such a letter, when finished, is very much like a morning visit, made only because the rules of society require it, and not on account of that pleasant intercourse between friends which is so unmistakably delightful,—forcing our company where, were it not for custom, it would not be at all desirable. As there is a difference in those where we visit, so there is in those to whom we write. There are those to whom it is a pleasure to write; thinking the while, that your friend will be interested in whatever interests yourself. Under these circumstances thoughts form themselves readily into words, and are as rapidly committed to paper. What a contrast between the two.—Who does not love to write to those in whom they confide; while, on the other hand, is there a more irksome duty than that of writing merely because we must? LYDE.

Tekonsha, Calhoun Co., Mich., 1860.

MATERNAL INFLUENCE.—Some one has finely said:—"It is related of Phidias, that in constructing the statute of Minerva, at Athens, he so wrought *his own image* into her shield, that it could not be removed without destroying the statute itself. Thus ineffaceably does the mother engrave her mental likeness, her moral character, upon the soul of the child. Not until the latter shall have been annihilated will the maternal image be removed."

THOSE who, from the desire of our perfection, have the keenest eye for our faults, generally compensate for it by taking a higher view of our merits than we deserve.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BEAUTY.

THERE'S beauty all around our paths, if but our watchful eyes
Can trace it 'mid familiar things, and through their lowly guise."

THERE are few insensible to the beautiful, whether exhibited in the daisies that bloom at our feet, or the fragrant and delicately tinted rose,—in the deep forest where the wild birds carol their songs unheard save by the All-wise, or the meadows where the tall grass bows gracefully to the passing breeze,—in the splendor of a glowing sun-set, or the picturesqueness of a cataract dashing wildly over rugged rocks, and sending the fleecy spray high in the air.

There is beauty in all earth, sea, and sky,—beauty in the first rosy streak of light that shoots across the horizon at dawn of day, followed by another, and still another, until the orient becomes one flood of glory, and the rosy light leaps from hill-top to hill-top, crowning their hoary heads with gold, then down into the valleys it peeps, kissing the tears from the blue-eyed violets, and around all nature fondly folding a mantle of mellow light.

It seems one could never tire of gazing on the different phases of beauty as exhibited in Nature,—"for glorious beauty fills all the world." Day and night the fair goddess of beauty reigns supreme. Sometimes, as I gaze far away into the vaultless sky, when night draws her sable curtain and suspends miriads of silver lamps in the dome of her lofty temple, such feelings come over me as words can never express, and I would fain soar from earth to the throne of the Great Author, and dwell forever where unsullied beauty alone is found,—for the sins of our first parents have done much to mar the beauty of our earthly home. Still, so beautiful is earth, it is impossible to conceive what it must have been before it felt the curse which robbed it of half its wondrous grace, and mingled with the sweetest flowers the sharpest thorns.

Yes, beauty dwells in all our paths, but sorrow, too, is there,—
How oft some cloud within us dims the still, soft summer's air:
But we feel, by the lights and the clouds, through which our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for the skies.

Maple Grove, N. Y., 1860. F. M. TURNER.

INFLUENCE OF FEMALES ON SOCIETY.

FROM an accurate account of the condition of women in any country, it would not be difficult to infer the whole state of society. So great is the influence they exercise on the character of men, that the latter will be elevated or degraded, according to the situation of the weaker sex. Where women are slaves, as in Turkey, the men will be the same;—where they are treated as mortal beings,—where their minds are cultivated, and they are considered equals,—the state of society must be high, and the character of the men energetic and noble. There is so much quickness of comprehension, so much susceptibility of pure and generous emotion, so much ardor of affection in women, that they constantly stimulate men to exertion, and have, at the same time, a most powerful agency in soothing the angry feelings, and in mitigating the harsh and narrow propensities which are generated in the strife of passions.

The advantages of giving a superior education to women are not confined to themselves, but have a salutary influence on our sex. The fear that increased instruction will render them incompetent or neglectful in domestic life, is absurd in theory, and completely destroyed by facts. Women, as well as men, when once established in life, know that there is an end of trifling; its solicitudes and duties multiply upon them equally fast; the former are apt to feel them much more keenly, and too frequently abandon all previous acquirements to devote themselves wholly to these. But, if the one sex have cultivated and refined minds, the other must meet them from shame, if not from sympathy. If a man finds that his wife is not a mere nurse or a housekeeper; that she can, when the occupations of the day are over, enliven a winter's evening; that she can converse on the usual topics of literature, and enjoy the pleasures of superior conversation, or the reading of a valuable book, he must have a perverted taste, indeed, if it does not make home still dearer, and prevent him from resorting to taverns for recreation. The benefits to her children need not be mentioned; instruction and cultivated taste in a mother enhance their respect and affection for her, and their love of home, and throw a charm over the whole scene of domestic life.—*Wm. Tudor.*

NOTHING FORGOTTEN.—There is nothing, no nothing, innocent or good, that dies and is forgotten. Let us hold to that faith, or none. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and play its part, through them, in the redeeming actions of the world, though its body be burnt to ashes, or drowned in the deepest sea. There is not an angel, added to the host of Heaven, but does its blessed work on earth in those who loved it here. Imbued with this faith, we can truthfully appreciate the sentiment of those touching lines of Robinson:

"We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,
Our love no broken ties;
We shall roam at the banks of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our Heaven shall be—
The little boy that died?"

As mere erudition stands to real knowledge, so does knowing stand to doing and being. Action and character stand above science. Piety stands above theology; justice above jurisprudence; health and healing above medicine; poesy above poetics; freedom and good government above politics.—*Prof. Lieber.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LIFE-CLOCK.

BY J. W. BARKER.

What is this within my being,
Ticking, ticking evermore,
Like the sound of fairy footfalls
Dropping on some distant shore?
I can hear it in the midnight,
Hear it in the busy day,
Hear its clear and measured numbers
Wheresoe'er I chance to stray.

On that mystic little dial
There are clear and telling lines,
Over which the sunlight glitters,
And the passing hour defines.
Quicker, quicker it is beating,
Swifter move those mystic hands,
With their lean and spectral fingers
Pointing to the shadowy lands.

But the day of life is waning,
Soon its shadows will decline,
And within my spirit's dwelling
Cease the little mystic chime.
Dust, o'er all its motions falling,
Gathers deeper day by day,
Voices, from the future calling,
Seem to beckon me away.

Thrilling tales this clock is telling,
As the days and hours recede,
Noting every thought and action,
Yet we give it little heed.
Sometimes we may hear it ringing,
Loud and clear, the passing hour,
Sending through the soul's deep chamber
Tones of deep, mysterious power.
Yet we fold our arms and listen
To a thousand stranger sounds,
While the Life-Clock, all unheeded,
Plods its tireless, solemn rounds.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WORKINGS OF THE YEARS.

"CHANGE of days
To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the recording sun, conducts us on
Further in life, and nearer to our goal."
KIRK WHITE.

WE are astonished when we contemplate the changes which have taken place in the course of years,—yea, long years. How rapidly the sweeping tide of time rolls on. The morning of life flies away like a dream, and we vainly gaze around with eager eye for the companions of our younger days. Where are the youth, so happy, so beautiful, so gay, with whom we once rambled over hill and dale with lightness of heart, and step, and buoyancy of enjoyment. They were here,—we knew them, we respected and loved them. We floated with them down life's gay and sunny stream, in pleasure's fairy bark,—but, alas! where are they now? They have gone from us,—scattered to the four winds of heaven. The whirlwind of death drove them rapidly down the steeps of time, and they are now sailing on the wide, unfathomed, shoreless sea of eternity. The scenes of our childhood become changed,—they fade away,—and soon not a vestige of them will be left as a token of remembrance. The forest in which we loved to roam for pleasure and to gather the wild flowers, is no more. The sound of the woodman's ax was heard, and those stately oaks and towering pines have fallen. No more will the birds hop from branch to branch, and tune their voices in praise to GOD. That sunny mound upon which we loved to play in childhood days is removed,—no trace of it remains. The wheels of Time's stupendous car are ever rolling on. Ten years, and where will we be?—where those with whom we associate? Our present companions, our friends,—will they remain with us?—will those who now impart instruction, and "teach the young idea how to shoot," remain?—will they then point out the road of usefulness, honor and knowledge? The archer, Death, may have aimed at them his never-deviating arrow, and they may have fallen; if not, they may have removed, and will be strangers in a strange land. Ten years, and the aspect of things to many, very many, will be changed. The homes that now smile them a welcome, will be filled with other faces, and they will pass it as strangers. The anxious and careworn miser that bends over his hoard of worse than useless treasure, where will he be? He, too, will have passed away, and his wealth will have gone, to be enjoyed by more worthy persons, or squandered in dissipation. Ten years, and the aspiring politician may have reached the summit of political fame, or he may have retired to private life, unwept and unhonored. Ten years, and the student that is poring over volumes and seeking with such avidity for knowledge and the sciences of the world, may have classified and stored his mind with the lore of ages. He may have been

"Large of understanding,
Of memory infinite, of judgment deep;
Who knew all science, and all learning knew:
And all phenomena, in heaven and earth,
Traced to their causes; traced the labyrinths
Of thought, association, passion, will:
And all the subtle, nice affinities
Of matter traced; its virtues, motions, laws;
And most familiarly and deeply talked
Of mental, moral, natural, divine.
Leaving the earth at will, he soared to heaven,
And read the glorious vision of the skies;
And to the music of the rolling spheres,
Intelligently listened.
And yet in misery lived, in misery died."

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1860. H. A. WHITTEMORE.

PRIDE, passion, and other vices, in these days, go armed. Touch them ever so gently, yet, like the nettle, they will sting you: and, if you deal with them roundly, roughly, and cuttingly, they will turn and taunt you, as the Hebrew did to Moses, "Who made thee a judge over us?"

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DISTRIBUTION OF TIME.

"HAVE you ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence?" Certainly you have—poets have versified the theme, and moralists have speculated upon it, ever since the old monarch began his despotic sway. But the panegyric of the philosopher, and the harmonious measure of the muse, have alike failed to charm him—age after age he wields his mighty sceptre, with the same rigid grasp. The *scorn* of the gifted is equally powerless, for though his praise is now left almost solely to the pupils of the "district school," he recks their sneer as little as their flattery, rolls on with the same peerless majesty, relentlessly dragging us, helpless mortals, chained to his chariot. But let him exult in his triumph now—ere long his golden wheels will sink in the ocean of eternity, our fetters will be broken, and we shall sail forever on the surface of the tranquil sea.

Ah! but this felicity is conditional, depending very much upon the manner in which we improve the treasure connected with our time-bondage, for there is appended to it a priceless gift,—earthly existence. Let us glance at the jewel,—four precious stones, arranged with artistic skill. The first is childhood,—a milk-white pearl. A holy inscription engraven thereon will produce, as it were, a magic effect upon the others, rendering them still more beautiful. The second is youth,—a sparkling ruby. A thin mist envelopes it, lest its dazzling brilliancy, its fond hopes and bright ambition, eclipse the soft radiance of the remaining two. The third is mid-age,—an amethyst, whose purple richness reflects the lustre of the former, mingled with a glory peculiarly its own. The fourth,—"than gold more precious,"—is old age. It emits a mellow light, like the rays of the setting sun. The contemplation of this one thrills the heart with a sacred awe,—for "old age is the stepping stone to Heaven."

Thus has nature distributed our life-time. If we prize it rightly, we are resolved that it shall not be squandered,—we have devised a plan for its improvement, and are zealously pursuing it,—for the sculpture of the life-statue should not be a chance work, wrought by circumstances. If so, we shall have only an unshapely mass, telling, if it speak at all, not how pure and noble it is, but merely what it *might have been*. Nor should the energies of the sculptor be expended in perfecting one portion to the neglect of others. Our labor should not tend to physical development while the higher requirements of our nature are disregarded, or to the culture of social virtues, or the garnering of mental stores or moral fruits, alone, luscious though they are; for thus the life-tree would be pruned into a lopped, unsightly growth.

It is invariably seen by the correct observer, that he will never be a truly noble man who pores over the classic page, intent only upon becoming master of its treasures; or penetrates the depths and scales the heights of science, without one emotion of love and adoration toward the Author of its mysteries, and without a response to the claim of society upon his talents. But one is even more deeply impressed with this fact, with regard to him whose highest aim is to catch the approving smile of the social world, or to develope his physical system to the standard now-a-days called perfection. It is wiser far to give each portion of our nature a proper development; and that this may be accomplished, a proper amount of time should be devoted to each. In order that the years and months of life may be rightly improved, the morning of each day should find us possessed of a chart to guide us to the evening. The poet has beautifully sketched a portion for us:

"When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty; true hearts spread and heave
Unto their GOD, as flowers do to the sun;
Give Him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep."

Let it provide for the increase of our intellectual store, and for the weaving of a wreath for HYGEIA, while the joys of the social circle are fondly remembered. In short, let it tend to nurture every noble aspiration. Once in port, let us review the day-voyage. If there have been no collisions,—if we have lost no moment-gems, and can truthfully say, "I have *gained* a day," our chart is perfect, and worthy to be adopted, as nearly as possible, on the morrow. By thus distributing and improving the moments of life, we mould them into a diadem of good deeds, which will never cease to shine. ABBY SUMMERS.

Michigan, 1860.

HOW MUSIC IS MADE UP.

THE following ingenious and beautifully expressed thoughts upon the sources of music, are from the pen of Taylor, of the Chicago Journal:

It is a curious thought that the great translators of the dialect of heaven—the Mozarts, the Handels, and Jubals of all time—have caught their notes from the hammers of Tubal Cain, or the murmur of running streams, or the winds sighing among the reeds, or the songs of singing birds; that, should there be a bird convention, upon a summer's day, by a flowing river, near a ringing forge, and some master-piece that has rolled a tone of melody through mighty ministers, were performed, its author would be pronounced a faithful listener—"only this and nothing more." How the robin would claim its warble, and the brown-thrush recognize its own; the bell-note, Robert O'Lincoln would catch up and repeat, and the quail whistle back its little share of the song. The soft-sighing winds would echo a tone now and then; the stream, through the reeds, murmur on with its own; the hammers beat out the battle-like strain, and the rain on the roof wash away a whole bar of "the score."

So, when the anthem was ended, it would all be drifted, like the down of the thistle, back to nature and labor again. The lark would go up with a carol, and the little ground sparrow fly away with a note, and the music be scattered abroad.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A HYMN.

BY KATE CAMERON.

FATHER! before Thy gracious throne
With humble hearts we bend;
Grant that we each in Thee may own
A faithful Guide and Friend.
Whate'er our hearts of mortal ill
Thou mayst ordain to know,
May we, resigned unto Thy will,
All murmuring forego.

Help us to serve Thee as we ought,
With reverence and love,
And may each deed, and word, and thought,
Tend to our home above.
Oh, may we triumph over sin,
And break temptation's chain,
While foes without and foes within
Assail our souls in vain.

Through changing scenes of joy and woe,
As pilgrims here we roam;
While broken ties of friendship show
That earth is not our home.
Were Death and Change unknown to us,
Our hearts would never rise;
'Tis in Thy wisdom, LORD, that thus
Thou leadst us to the skies.

Help us to consecrate to Thee
The talents Thou hast lent,
Help us, amid all trials, to be
Strong, patient, and content.
And when the path of life is trod,
Our toils and conflicts o'er,
Grant us in mercy, Oh, our GOD,
To love and serve Thee more!

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

EARTH'S TREASURES.

THERE are as many opinions afloat in the world, as to what the treasures of earth consist, as there are classes which compose it, and, invariably, will each class be found bending all their energies toward securing their ideal treasure. They who find it in shining gold, or glittering pearls, may be seen wending their way over rugged heights, and deep ravines, to the golden land of promise—or, perchance, plunging far below things animate in order to glean from Ocean depths, the wished-for treasure. With this class, no sacrifice seems too great to offer,—life, health, home and friends, are objects not too dear to be relinquished, if only their ideal treasure be won.

With another class, wealth seems to possess no charms, but Fame's broad scroll is unrolled, and they gaze upon the names thereon inscribed, with an inherent desire to see their own written in more glowing characters, far above those of their predecessors; and being actuated with such emotions, they begin their arduous task. Inspired by a vain, delusive hope, they struggle onward until the wheels of life grow weary; and if, perchance, their hopes are realized, in getting to themselves a name, which is to live while "ceaseless ages roll," what a worthless treasure, when so soon they must pass from sublunary scenes, to an untried eternity.

There is another class whose treasures are found amid the groveling, sensual things of earth—of these we forbear to write.

But there is a treasure obtainable on earth upon which we love to dwell, for it proves to be not only a beacon light to guide the mariner over life's tempestuous ocean, but serves to point out to others the shoals and breakers of false doctrine and sin. The miser, the lover of fame, and the pleasure-seeker, feel the influence of that irradiating power as its possessor moves along unruffled by the storms of life, and when the grave messenger, Death, approaches, how quickly he smiles a welcome. Such is earth's noblest, heaven-bought treasure,—"the pearl of great price."—Reader, would you seek it? You may obtain it without money and without price, and it shall not only secure thy happiness in this world, but in the world to come,—life everlasting.

Bergen, N. Y., 1860. ANNIE P. R.

THE OFFICE OF GRACE.—When the house is on fire, if a man should only pray or cry, he may be burnt for all that; therefore he must be active and stirring; he must run from place to place, and call out for help, and bestir himself as for life in the use of all means whereby the fire may be quenched. So grace must be acted on; it is not all a man's praying and crying that will profit him or better him; grace must be exercised, or all will be lost—prayers lost, tears lost, strength lost, time lost, soul lost.

THE GOOD THINGS OF THIS WORLD.—Much of this world's goods usually cause great distraction, great vexation, and great condemnation at last to the possessors of them. If GOD give them in his wrath, and does not sanctify them in his love, they will at last be witnessed against a man, and millstones forever to sink him in that day when GOD shall call men to an account, not for the *use*, but for the *abuse of mercy*.

THE HIGHEST GLORY.—The highest honor and glory that earthly princes can put upon their subjects, is to communicate to them their greatest secrets. Now this high honor and glory the KING of kings hath put upon his people. "For his secrets are with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant."

'TWAS an excellent saying of Ambrose, "If thou canst not hide thyself from the sun, which is GOD's minister of light, how impossible will it be to hide thyself from him whose eyes are ten thousand times brighter than the sun! Though a sinner may baffle his conscience, yet he cannot baffle the eye of GOD's omniscience."

Spice from New Books.

The Grinders of Sheffield.

THE *Edinburgh Review*, for January, furnishes an exceedingly interesting article upon the "Mortality in Trades and Professions," drawn out because of the recent appearance of several works treating upon this important topic. Foremost among those artisans who suffer from the inhalation of dust and other gritty particles given off in the pursuit of their employment, are the grinders of Sheffield, and Dr. J. C. HALL, in a series of papers, recently published, draws a picture of the condition of these unfortunate men, which is, indeed, appalling:

"Grinding is divided into dry, wet, and mixed; that is, the various articles of steel turned out of the cutlers' shops of Sheffield, are subjected to the stone entirely dry, revolving in water, or to processes involving both methods. Of the three, the former is by far the most deadly; forks, needles, brace-bits, etc., are ground entirely on the dry stone, and the amount of finely divided metal dust and silicious grit given out in the process may be imagined, when we state that a dozen of razors, weighing two ponnds four onnces as they come from the forge in the rough, lose, in the process of 'shaping' on the dry stone upward of five ounces, and the stone itself, seven inches in dimeter, would be reduced one inch. To receive the mixture of stone and steel dust thus rapidly given off, the position of the grinder is but too convenient; straddled across his 'horsing,' as the frame in which the grindstone revolves is called, with his knees bent in an acute angle, his body inclined forward, and his head hanging over the work, his mouth is brought into fatal contact with the poisonous dust, and his eyes with the rush of the sparks. Fork-grinding is performed entirely on the dry stone, and consequently it is the most deadly occupation pursued in Sheffield. About 500 men and boys are at present devoting themselves to destruction during the period of early manhood, for the benefit of the users of steel forks. 'The silver fork school' imagines, perhaps, that these vile appliances have long been banished to the same limbo as snuffers, and will be surprised to learn that more steel forks than ever are thus fashioned in Sheffield, and the poor grinder, as he receives into his lungs the prodncts of the fashioning in his own person, exemplifies the awful passage in the burial-service — 'dnst to dust'— as the disease thus induced cuts him off at the average age of twenty-nine years! 'I shall be thirty-six years old next month,' remarked a grinder, pathetically, to Dr. Hall, 'and you know, measter, that's getting *a very old man* in our trade.'

"Another operation, almost as deadly as fork-grinding, is that of 'racing the stone.' These grind-stones are but roughly reduced to the circular form by the quarry-men, and the grinder undertakes the business of reducing and removing all their asperities, which he does by revolving them against a piece of steel — a tremendous dust being given off in the process. In wet grinding, which is employed in the manufacture of saws, files, sickles, table-knives, and edge-tools, comparatively little dust is made, and in these employments the grinders enjoy comparatively longer life; their average age ranging from thirty-five to forty years. In addition to the destructive effects of these particles of metal and stone upon the delicate membrane of the lungs, the dry-grinder is subjected to serious injury of the eyes from the red-hot particles of steel thrown off in the shape of sparks. The more careful of the workmen protect themselves from the danger, however, by wearing large spectacles of ordinary window glass. These spectacles, when they have been in use a little time, give practical evidence of their utility, for on examining them they are found to be speckled all over with the particles of steel, which, when red-hot, become embedded in the glass.

"We give a list of the average duration of life of artisans in steel in Sheffield:— Dry-grinders of forks, 29 years; razors, 31 years; scissors, 32 years; edge-tool and wool-shears, 32 years; spring-knives, 34 years; files, 35 years; saws, 38 years; sickles, 38 years — the ascending longevity being in proportion to the amount of water used on the stone, and to the greater amount of adult labour employed; such articles as saws, sickles, and tools, are happily too heavy to be manipulated by the children employed, and thus early diseased in the manufacture of the lighter articles."

The Arctic Shark.

I men wish to capture one of these monsters (sharks,) as wonderful stories are told us of their doings in Greenland: whether they are the white shark or the basking shark of natural history, I cannot find out. It is only of late years that the shark fishery has been carried on to any extent in Greenland; they are captured for the sake of their livers, which yield a considerable quantity of oil. It has very recently been ascertained that a valuable substance resembling spermaceti may be expressed from the carcass, and for this purpose powerful screw presses are now employed. In early winter the sharks are caught with hook and line through holes in the ice.

The Esquimaux assert that they are insensible to pain; and Petersen assures me he has plunged a long knife several times into the head of one, while it continued to feed upon a white whale entangled in his net! It is not sufficient to drive them away with sundry thrnsts of spears or knives, but they must be towed away to some distance from the nets, otherwise they will return to feed. It must be remembered that the brain of a shark is extremely small in proportion to the size of its huge head. I have seen bullets fired through them with very little apparent effect; but if these creatures can feel, the devices practiced upon them by the Esquimaux must be cruel indeed.

It is only in certain localities that sharks are found, and in these places they are often attracted to the nets by the animal entangled in them. The dogs are not suffered to eat either the skin or the head, the former in consequence of its extreme ronghness, and the latter because it causes giddiness and makes them sleep.—"*Wonders and Curiosities of the Arctic Regions*," *by* Capt. MCCLINTOCK.

How to Secure Progress.

NATIONAL progress is the sum of individual indnstry, energy, and uprightness, as national decay is of individual idleness, selfishness, and vice. What are we accustomed to decry as great social evils will, for the most part, be found to be only the outgrowth of our own perverted life; and tho' we may endeavor to cut them down and extirpate them by means of law, they will only spring up again with fresh luxuriance in some other form, unless the individual conditions of human life and character are radically improved. If this view be correct, then it follows that the highest patriotism and philanthropy consist, not so much in altering laws and modifying institutions, as in helping and stimulating men to elevate and improve themselves by their own free and independent action as individuals.— *Self-Help, by* SAMUEL SMILES.

Help Yourself.

"HEAVEN helps those who help themselves" is a well-worn maxim, embodying in a small compass the results of vast human experience. The spirit of self-help is the root of all genuine growth in the individual; and, exhibited in the lives of many, it constitutes the true source of national vigor and strength. Help from without is often enfeebling in its effects, bnt help from within invariably invigorates. Whatever is done *for* men or classes, to a certain extent takes away the stimulus and necessity of doing for themselves; and where men are subjected to over-government, the inevitable tendency is to render them comparatively helpless.—*Ibid.*

Self-Improvement.

THE greatest results in life are usually attained by simple means and the exercise of ordinary qualities. The common life of every day, with its cares, necessities, and duties, affords ample opportunity for acquiring experience of the best kind, and its most beaten paths provide the true worker with ample scope for effort and room for self-improvement. The great high-road of human welfare lies along the old highway of steadfast well-doing, and they who are the most persistent, and work in the truest spirit, will invariably be the most successful.—*Ibid.*

The Reviewer.

MORPHY'S GAMES: A Selection of the Best Games Played by the Distinguished Champion, in Europe and America. With Analytical and Critical Notes by J. LOWENTHAL. [16mo.—pp. 473.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN the beautiful style so characteristic of the publishing house from which this volume emanates, we are presented with more than one hundred and fifty games contested by PAUL MORPHY against the best players of Europe and America. A collection like this cannot but be welcomed by all those who delight in the intricacies of chess, especially when it is remembered that the task of analyzing and preparing was allotted to the masterly mind of LOWENTHAL. The reputation gained by Mr. L. in his former labors for the honor of Caissa, is sufficient guarantee for the faithfulness and energy brought to bear in the production of the work before us. The copious notes which the volume contains are a portion of this gentleman's labors, and will well repay every votary of the game. Mr. MORPHY'S *best games*, as a general thing, are those brought to the eye of the reader; those played blindfolded, and his matches, however, are given entire. A brief and well-written sketch of the youthful champion prefaces the description of the fields he has entered, and the battles in which he came off victor. For sale by ADAMS & DARNEY.

THE GOSPEL IN BURMAH; The Story of its Introduction and Marvelous Progress among the Burmese and Karens. By Mrs. MACLEOD WYLIE. [pp. 332.]

THIS volume breathes such a true Christian spirit, and exhibits so much fervor in enterprises of a missionary character, that it cannot but aid in developing, among those who peruse it, a feeling of interest in all kindred endeavors. Mrs. MACLEOD WYLIE being a resident of Calcutta, enjoying a perfect knowledge of the history of events connected with the labors of missionaries on the field, and with very many of the laborers themselves, she is, therefore, well qualified for the work of giving a succinct history of the efforts put forth, and privations endured by those who have devoted their lives to the spread of the "Story of the Cross" among the heathen. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

EDINBURGH REVIEW. Re-printed by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

A VERY interesting number of the old "Scotch Quarterly" is the one now before us. Ten standard articles fill its pages, as follows:—Mortality in Trades and Professions; Rawlinson's Herodotus; Rogers on the Coal Fields of North America and Great Britain; Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan; Alison's History of Europe; Acclimatization of Animals; Progress of Legal Reform; Souvenirs and Correspondence of Madame Recamier; British Taxation; Lord Macaulay, etc., etc. As the volume begins with the present issue, those who may wish to supply themselves with solid literature, have now an excellent opportunity for so doing. DEWEY, Agent.

Books Received.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA: A Narrative of Seven Year's Explorations and Adventures in Siberia, Mongolia, The Kirghis Steppes, Chinese Tartary, and part of Central Asia. By THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON. With Numerous Illustrations. [pp. 483.] Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. From the Publishers.

THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT, Or Hints and Methods in School Discipline and Instruction; Being a Series of Familiar Letters to one entering upon the Teacher's Work. By CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M., author of "The Teacher and Parent," etc. [pp. 358.] Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

HOMEWARD BOUND: or, The Chase. A Tale of the Sea. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 532.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL, Athenæum Bookstore, No. 2 Athenæum Building.

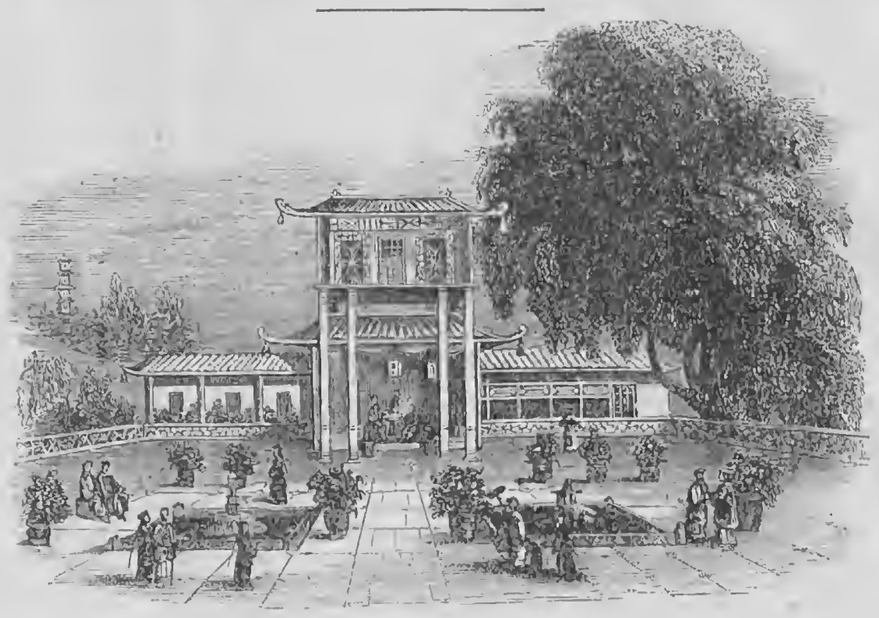
NOTES ON NURSING: What it is and What it is Not. By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. [pp. 140.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY. By BENN PITMAN. Cincinnati Phonographic Institute. From the Author.

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW. By T. S. ARTHUR [pp. 307.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

ATHENÆUM BOOKSTORE.—Mr. E. R. HALL, the popular agent for the sale of the new edition of COOPER'S Novels, and many fine illustrated works, has opened a Bookstore and Periodical Depot at No. 2 Athenæum Building, Exchange Place, Rochester. We have no doubt he will merit, as we trust he will achieve, success in this new enterprise.

AN INSIDE LOOK AT CHINA.



RESIDENCE OF A CHINESE MERCHANT.

No country in the world has so many large towns and cities as China. The houses of the wealthy, both in the city and in the country, are generally tasteful and comfortable, and well adapted to the peculiar climate. The style of architecture would not exactly suit our American taste, nor would the houses be comfortable in our variable climate. In one respect, at least, they are superior to many, if not most of the houses in our country: they are not too high. They have seldom more than two stories. They cover a great deal of ground, and are not crowded closely together. Each story is, in some sort, a separate house. The first has a complete tiled roof, as if it were intended to go no higher. The second is then raised over it, on pillars, and forms a kind of elevated piazza for the main house. Each part has its overhanging roof, with pendant ornaments. There are three principal entrances: a broad one, with folding-doors in front, and narrower ones on each side, at each of which are hung handsome lanterns, inscribed with the name and titles of the master of the house. The principal rooms also have lanterns, suspended from the ceiling. The doors between the different apartments of the house are not, like ours, all made after one uniform rule and pattern, but are of many fantastic shapes, according to the taste or whim of the owner, or architect. Glass windows are not generally used, but are becoming more common, since the late war with England, and the consequent opening of the country to foreign customs and comforts.

Chinese houses almost always are somewhat removed from the street or highway. They have court-yards in front, and gardens all around, which are cultivated with great care and taste. They are great lovers of flowers and fountains, and their court-yards, as well as gardens, are full of them.

CURIOSITIES OF THE SUNBEAM.

SIMPLE as the white ray of the sun's light appears, it is found, on close observation, to be composed of at least three distinct elements, and to possess many curious and wonderful properties. The three elements of which we speak, are light, heat, and chemical force; and they may be separated from each other by means of a very simple instrument. Darken a room, and bore a small hole through one of the window-shutters, so as to admit a ray of light from the sun. Place a triangular prism of glass horizontally across the ray, with one edge down, so that the light may pass through it. The ray will be bent upward, and will strike the wall at a higher point than before the prism was interposed. It will not, however, all be bent equally, so as to make the round spot it did before, but will form an elongated image of seven brilliant and most delicate colors, which shade into each other and fade away indefinitely at the ends of the image. The lowest of these colors, when the prism is placed as directed, is always red; and the others, in the order as we ascend, are orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. Suspend a delicate thermometer in each of the colored rays, and it will be found that the violet ray imparts the least heat, and that the heat increases as we pass down through the several colors. If we continue our observations with the thermometer down beyond the red ray, we find a point, where no light falls, where the thermometer receives more heat than it does anywhere within the light. The rays of light are separated by the prism from those of heat.

Another curious fact which has been observed, also proves that the light and heat of the sunbeam are distinct elements. If we suspend a thermometer in the vicinity of a close stove, which emits heat but not light, the heat radiating from the stove will raise the mercury in the thermometer. But if we interpose a plate of transparent glass, none of these dark rays of heat can pass through it; it is entirely opaque to them. If we now increase the temperature of the stove until it becomes red-hot, the rays of heat begin to pass through the glass and affect the thermometer; and if we raise the temperature to a white heat, the rays pass freely through the glass. If we vary the experiment, and use crystals of rock salt, instead of glass, we find that the dark rays of heat pass out as freely through the salt as do those which are accompanied with light.

Some of the alchemists discovered, centuries ago, that the chloride of silver, which is as white as snow, turns black on exposure to the light; and more recently it has been found that a large number of bodies are thus affected by light. It is this power of light which is used in the daguerreotype and photograph process. By more than one means, the force of this element can be measured in the several parts of the spectrum, and it is found to be most powerful in the violet ray, and to extend entirely beyond the light. It is not visible to the eye; and it is, therefore, neither light nor heat. It is easy, after thus dividing the sunbeam, to re-combine its parts, when the white ray will produce the several effects of light, of heat, and of chemical change, which are produced separately by its several elements.—*Scientific American.*

ONE watch, set right, will do to try many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

DIVISIONS OF TIME.

THE first division of the day was into morning, noon, and night; and these are the only parts of a day mentioned in the Old Testament. But it is probable that men of science had other more accurate divisions, because we find they had sun-dials. Afterwards they divided their days into twelve hours; and to this division our Savior refers when he says, "Are there not twelve hours in a day?" But their hours must have been of different lengths, at different seasons of the year; for their hour was a twelfth part of the time the sun continued above the horizon. And as this time is longer in summer than in winter, their summer hours must, therefore, have been longer than their winter hours. This difference, however, would not be so very sensible in that country as here, as Judea is much nearer to the equator than we are, and the days there, in consequence, nearer equal. Their hours were computed from sun-rise; their third hour divided the space between sun-rising and noon; the ninth hour divided the space between noon and sun-set. But in the New Testament, we find that they sometimes made use of the Roman mode of reckoning.

The Roman reckoning was the same as ours, beginning at midnight, and reckoning to noon, twelve hours; and again from noon till midnight.

The Hebrews divided their night into four watches of three hours each. The first from six to nine in the evening; the second from nine to twelve; the third from midnight to three in the morning; and the last to six or sun-rising.

The Jews began their year in March, and the months were:—Nisan, Zif, Sivan, Tamuz, Ab, Etul, Tisri, Bul, Cislieu, Tebeeth, Shebat, Adar. Their civil year commenced with the new moon near the autumnal equinox, in the month called Tisri, corresponding with part of our September and October.

The Jewish months were alternately 29 and 30 days, and their year of twelve lunations—354 days. To recover the lost days, they added a whole month after every two or three years, following their twelfth month of Adar, and they called this extra month Ve-adar.

The Mohammedans reckon their days from sun-set till sun-rise. The Chinese begin theirs an hour before midnight, and divide the rotation into 12 parts of 2 of our hours, and give a name to each division. The Hindoos divide their days into four watches, and each watch into guhrees of twenty-four minutes each.

ACTIVITY OF BIRDS.

THE activity of birds, when they have young, is most surprising. Dr. Macgillivary records the observations, made by a friend, on a pair of blue titmice, when rearing their young. The parent birds began their labor of love at half past three o'clock in the morning, and did not leave off till eight o'clock P. M., after being almost incessantly engaged for nearly seventeen hours. Mr. Weir counted their various returns to the nest, and found them to be 475. Up to four o'clock, as a breakfast, they were fed twelve times: between five and six, forty times, flying to and from a plantation more than one hundred and fifty yards from their nest; between nine and ten o'clock, they fed them forty-six times; and they continued at their work till the time specified, sometimes bringing in a single large caterpillar, and at other times, two or three small ones. The number of destructive insects removed by birds when feeding their young, must be astonishing, if they are, in any degree, as active as the two titmice, so patiently observed by Mr. Weir, on the fourth of July, 1837. Great as the number of returns seem to be, it certainly does not exceed that of the common window swallow.—*Adam White's Popular History of Birds.*

HE only who can give durability to his exertions, has genuine power and energy of mind.

WEALTH AND POVERTY.

IN the RURAL of the 21st Jan., A. W., of Kontucky, writes on the "Advantages of Wealth." He says:—"When a young man is born poor, he should not thank GOD for it." Now, I would ask, if he is not to thank GOD for it, what is he to do? not to curse him, surely. If he *is* poor — if he has a strong body and sound mind—he is in possession of two inestimable blessings, of which many are deprived; and is he not to thank GOD for these? Secondly, he quotes approvingly LOCKE, who says "that the middle-aged plowman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman," &c. Now, I firmly believe that gold does not bring good manners with it. We often see, or have seen, young of the poorer class move with all the "conscious ease of those of the best breeding," while some of the young of upper-tendom, not knowing what good manners are, have so much of affectation about them as to render themselves disgusting to every well-bred person. Again, he says, that those reared in poverty carry with them to the grave "the insatiable love of acquisition." Now, who is it that "shaves the poor man's notes?" Who is it that turns the poor man out in the street, in a cold wintry night, simply because he has not been able to pay the rent at the precise stated time? Who is it that will ride all over town to find a man that will do his work for half of the ordinary wages? I say, who is it that does these, and more than these? The answer is, the wealthy man. And what instigates him to do these things? "The insatiable love of acquisition." Again, before this, A. W. asks if those whose "hands are rough and unshapely from toil" should thank GOD. I say again, as I did before, that they surely should not curse Him, but rather invoke divine blessings upon themselves and upon the labor done by those "rough, unshapely hands," at the same time. A. W. speaks of the golden hours of youth irretrievably lost for study. We believe in the good old adage, "that where there is a will there is a way;" and I believe that when a young man or young woman takes the ground and says, I *will* have an education—I *will* fill a high and noble position in life—I will *not* be a mere "drone in the hive"—they will surely succeed, and thus become an honor to their country and a blessing to mankind. Young persons can realize all of the above without being what is termed wealthy, if they will only be patient, perseverIng, energetic, and willing to toil for the reward. If we strive to be true men and true women, it matters little whether we are rich or poor. Let us remember that if poverty has its ills, wealth brings its cares and anxieties. Let us all strive to become what we *ought* to be, remembering that this life is but a probation granted us, to prepare for eternity, where "the rich and poor shall meet together, for the Lord is maker of them all." J. H.

Pultneyville, Wayne Co., N. Y., 1860.

GRASSHOPPERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I notice in your paper of January 14th, some inquiries, made by R. C. H., of Oswego county, N. Y., about Grasshoppers. Not presuming to impart "any positive knowledge," I will simply give what I have seen. About the beginning of August, 1856, on returning to my work, after dinner, my attention was attracted by the great number of grasshoppers flying from the path before me. I looked to see where they alighed, and to my astonishment, there were as many beside the path as in it; and, not only this, but the atmosphere was filled with them, coming from the northwest and descending to the ground. They alighted among us, and the result was, our crops were cut short, and in many places the corn and potatoes were entirely stripped of their leaves. They devoured everything before them—even eating bits of wood, gnawing the fences, clothes-lines and clothes.—They would come into our houses, eat our bed-clothes, &c.

"Their wings becoming affected so that they are unable to injure the crops," I am inclined to think is an erroneous idea, for they can hop and crawl without wings.

It was about the beginning of August they first appeared among us, and during that and the following month, they were very much engaged in depositing *their eggs* in the ground, which they did by means of a sword-shaped bone, or protuberance, similar to that with which the locusts splits the twig of trees to deposit their *eggs*. I am unable to say how many *eggs* a single female will deposit, yet it is certainly very great in proportion to the size of the Insect. The eggs are about the size of a small radish seed and very similar in shape, of a dirty whitish color.—The latter part of September and October, the old ones were all dead. The eggs remained in the ground, (thermometer ranged to 45° below zero,) and in the month of May the tiny grasshoppers made their appearance. In many instances the plow would turn up the eggs, and when they came in contact with the rays of the sun, the little black things would pop out, completely lining the ground. Impelled by some, to me unknown, motive, they immediately commenced their march from the northwest, devouring fields of winter grain, oats, potatoes, onions, &c., and this, too, before there was any sign of wings. By the latter part of July their wings were sufficiently developed to admit of their flying, and apparently all of a sudden, and very much to our gratification, they rose in their might, up, up, higher than the eye could reach, going to the southeast, and we heard of them and their ravages below.

It was, indeed, a sad time with many of us, who had come here to find homes. Our first exertions were cut short, many not raising as much as they planted, while some who planted the following year, never realized the pleasure of seeing their fields green—for as a spear would peep through, it was cut. But another day has dawned; those who were then discouraged and unhappy, are now rejoicing over well-filled barns. No country was ever more prosperous. JUNIUS.

Minneapolis, Minnesota, 1860.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A New Quarter of the RURAL *will commence with April—a good time for new Clubs, additions to present ones, (started Jan. 1st, or since,) or for single subscriptions to begin. Agents and Subscribers will, it is hoped, kindly continue their efforts in behalf of our circulation. For Publisher's Notices and Offers, see last week's paper, and last page of this number.*

☞ *Back Numbers (from January) still furnished to all who wish this Volume complete for reference or binding;—or subscriptions can commence with the New Quarter—April. Members of he same Club can begin at different times if desired—some with January and others in April, or all at either time.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 17, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE President, on the 6th inst., replied to the Senate's resolution, calling for information in reference to the present condition of affairs on the Rio Grande. Among the documents is a letter from Gov. Houston, dated Austin, Feb. 15th, addressed to the Secretary of War, in which he says he deplores the situation of Texas, with an emyty treasury, and her unexampled Indian troubles for the last ten years, and the forays of Mexico on her southern boundary, and asks, in the name of humanity, if the federal arm shall not be speedily raised in behalf of her suffering frontier. Should this not be done, he says he will, in a short time, be compelled to resort to the indefeasible right of self-defence to protect the border, not only to defeat the enemy, but to prevent the recurrence of similar disorders on the frontier. Texas can and will, if applied to, be able to muster 10,000 men. Can she hope for aid from the Federal Government? She will, in addition to her manifest forbearance, venture yet to defer to the action of the Federal Government.

The Secretary of War, in his letter to the President, of March 5th, gives a synopsis of all the recent transactions on the Rio Grande. Nothing, he says, can exceed the contrariety of opiniou in relation to them, among those having the best opportunity to inform themselves. The call of Gov. Houston is the first that has yet been made by the authorities of Texas, for any assistance in these disturbances from this Government.

The Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, after a long deliberation, have formally agreed not to call Gov. Wise before them. The minority of the Committee have been very desirous to have the testimony of Gov. Wise, in order that the contents of John Brown's papers, captured by him, might be brought to light, but the majority refused. Secretary Floyd appeared before the Committee, and testified to the receipt of an anonymous letter, already published, warning him of a threatened attack on the Government Arsenal in Maryland. As there was none in that State, he thought the letter a hoax, which detected itself.

Late intelligence from Vancouver's Island speaks of the arrest of some deserters at Langley, Frazer River, by a Sergeant's guard from the United States army, as a belligerent move. The men are deserters from Lt. McKibben's company, and have been on the river some time. The authorities of Vancouver's never objected to such a step, as, last November, word was sent to Major Haller, in command of the U. S. troops, on the San Juan Island, that deserters had landed at Victoria, whom he could have, if he would send a proper officer and cognizance. In this respect, the British authorities have ever acted fairly, and Lord Lyons declines noticing complaints.

About thirty of the forty cases affected California land claims have been argued before the Supreme Court, during the present term. The decision, as to a few of them, will establish the principles applicable to all.

The friends of the admission of Kansas, under the Wyandott Constitution, are becoming more hopeful of the success of the measure before the expiration of the present session.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Haun presented the credentials of Milton S. Latham, Senator from California, who appeared, was sworn in, and took his seat.

Mr. Mason stated that the Sergeant had arrested Thaddeus Hyatt, and moved that he be brought before the bar of the Senate, and asked first what excuse he had to offer for refusing to obey the summons of the Committee of the Senate, and record, whether he is now ready to answer, and that he be required to answer such questions as may be propounded by the Committee in writing, and under oath. Adopted.

Mr. Hyatt was accordingly brought in, the queries propounded, and, on motion, he was remanded into custody of the Sergeat-at-Arms, and given until 2 o'clock Friday next, to answer the questions.

A message from the President was read, inclosing Gen. Houston's letter and a lengthy communication to the Secretary of War, communicating official reports of the difficulties on the Rio Grande.

Bills Passed.—Making appropriations to carry into effect the treaty stipulations with the Indians of Oregon and Washington; to create an additional land district in Washington Territory; for the relief of the widow of Gen. Percifer Smith.

Thaddeus Hyatt was brought in and replied in writing to the questions propounded him. He denies the authority and jurisdiction of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee.

After a portion had been read, a debate sprung up as to the reference of the whole to the Committee, to report a synopsis of the documents, occupying several quires of paper. After further debate, the reading was ordered by yeas 40, nays 12. The reading lasted two hours in the presence of only ten Senators.

Mr. Mason offered a resolution that Thaddeus Hyatt be committed to jail until willing to appear before the Committee and answer all questions propounded. Some Senators intimated a desire to discuss it, and Mr. Mason accordingly offered a resolution remanding him to the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms till further orders of the Senate, which was adopted. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—Mr. Millson offered a resolution providing for the election of a Chaplain, which was adopted, to officiate alternately with the Chaplain already elected by the Senate.

Mr. Covode asked leave to offer a resolution for the appointment of a Select Committee of five, for the purpose of investigating whether the President or any other officer of the Government has, with money, patronage, or any other improper means, sought to influence Congress or any Committee thereof, as to any act referring to the rights of the States or Territories, whether any officers, by combination or otherwise, have sought to defeat the execution of any laws, and whether the President has refused to compel the execution of the same; said Committee to inquire into the abuses of the Chicago and other Post-Offices, and Philadelphia and other Navy Yards and Public Works, and taking the President's letter of November, 1858, on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration at Pittsburgh, Pa.; what amount of money was used in Pennsylvania for electioneering purposes, and in what districts the same was expended, and from what sources it was derived; said Committee to have power to send for persons and papers, and to report at any time. After a considerable discussion the resolution was adopted.

The Special Committee was announced as follows:—Messrs. Covode, Olin, Winslow, Frain, and Robinson, of Illinois.

The House prepared for the election of a Chaplain. There were upwards of twenty persons nominated, including, by Mr. Briggs, the Jewish Rabbi, Dr. Raphael.

Whole number of votes	190
Necessary to a choice	96
Ball, Methodist	41
Proctor, Southern do.	41
Thomas H. Stockton	31
Nadal	14

The remainder were scattering.

The House again voted, and Mr. Stockton, of Philadelphia, was elected by 16 majority.

Mr. Hoard offered a resolution asking for a Select Committee to inquire into certain statements made by Messrs. Adrian, Haskin and Hickman, last December, to the effect that the President had endeavored to bribe them from their course of duty. Mr. Houston and others participated in an exciting debate, after which the resolution was adopted.

Washburn, of Illinois, from the Committee on Commerce, reported a joint-resolution directing the unexpended balance of the appropriation of March, 1859, for repairing the works and piers in order to erect a Light House at Chicago, to be diverted to the repair and improvement of the harbor of that city. He said the origiual appropriation was eighty-seven thousand dollars, of which sufficient had been expended for the Light House, leaving sixty-four thousand dollars for the harbor. The resolution was passed.

Bills Passed.—Enabling Minnesota and Oregon to reclaim overflowed or swamp lands within their limits; authorizing patents to issue to mail contractors for the lands heretofore authorized to be selected for mail stations on routes west of the Mississippi to the Pacific, and providing that the Post-Master General may provide lands for similar purposes; to reduce mileage from 40 to 20 cents per mile, to be computed by a straight geographical line.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The Canal Appropriation Bill was amended, on its final reading, as follows:—Striking ont the clause providing for enlarged locks, and authorizing the Canal Board, after the full depth of the Erie, Oswego and Cayuga and Seneca Canals, shall have been obtained this spring, to extend the locks on said canals in any manner they deem best, so as to increase their capacity to boats with 100 tons burthen more cargo than the present; provided this can be done within the means herein appropriated to the said canals, and provided they deem it for the best interests of the State.

Thus amended, the bill was passed. Ayes, 17; nays, 15.

The minority of the Senate Committee reported favorably, through Mr. Prosser, on the Assembly Toll Bill. The bill was made the special order for next Wednesday, by 12 to 10.

The bill to prevent the sale of fraudulent passenger tickets passed.

The Senate voted to postpone the constitutional amendment relative to the judiciary, until the 2d of April—19 to 10.

The Governor sent in his veto on the bill to extend the time for collection of taxes throughout the State, and the Senate strongly sustained the Governor's veto. In the question, shall the bill pass over the Governor's veto, the vote stood 8 to 19.

ASSEMBLY.—The Canal Appropriation bill was passed.

The Railroad Toll Bill came up for a third reading, and was passed. This bill imposes full rates (the same as canal) on the Central, Oswego and Syracuse, Albany and Vermont, Rensselaer and Saratoga, Saratoga and Whitehall, Chemung, Rochester and Genesee Valley Railroads, during the season of navigation; three-fourths of the same rate on the New York and Erie, Buffalo and New York City, Niagara Bridge and Canandaigua, Syracuse and Binghamton, New York and Elmira, Jefferson and Canandaigua Railroads upon all through freight; also on the Ogdensburgh road. Live stock, fresh meat, &c., exempt.

The Comptroller sent in a report on the finances and revenues of the State, in reply to the resolution of the Assembly. The following taxation is necessary for the ensuing year:

General fund 1⅛ mill—yielding $1,575,000.—Completion of the canal, ¼ mill—$710,000. School tax, ⅛ mill—$1,060,000. Interest of the $12,000,000 debt, ¼ mill—$710,000. Interest on Sinking Fund, ¼ mill—$355,000. Immediate wants, ⅛ mill—$1,060,000. Total, 3⅛ mills. If any more works are authorized, the tax will have to be increased to meet the expense. The Comptroller expresses the opinion that no new works can be commenced with propriety. In regard to the anticipated revenues, the Comptroller knows of but two available sources of taxation and canal revennes, and argues at length in favor of the review of the canal rates and imposition of tolls on railroads. He estimates that if this be done, a revenue will be secured of $3,600,000. This policy would reduce the future tax for all purposes to 2⅛ mills.

Bills Passed.—In addition to those above mentioned, the following were finally acted upon:

To repeal the act of 1856, to provide for more thorough supervisions and inspection of common schools.

To authorize the construction of a railroad from Lexngton Avenue to Park Row, New York.

To authorize the building of a Court House in Kings county. It authorizes the Treasurer to borrow $100,000.

To authorize the receiver of the Reciprocity Bank, Buffalo, to compromise and settle with the stockholders of the bank for any judgment recovered against them.

Political Intelligence.

THE Union-Conservative National Convention is called at Baltimore for the 9th of May.

THE Virginia House, on the 9th inst., adopted a resolution adverse to a Southern Conference, by a vote of 90 to 42. The Senate rejected the majority report favoring a Southern Conference, and agreed to the minority report, adverse to the Conference.

THE Republican State Convention of Missouri was held at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, on the 10th inst. B. Gratez Brown called the Convention to order, and was afterwards chosen President. Four delegates at large and alternates, two delegates and alternates from each Congressional District, were elected to the Chicago Convention. The delegates at large are, F. P. Blair, B. Gratez Brown, Fred. Muenich, James O. Sutton.

THE Democrats of Louisiana held a Convention at Baton Rouge on the 6th inst. A series of resolutions were adopted expressing admiration of the patriotic conservative Northern men, and undimiuished confidence in Mr. Buchanan's administration—embodying the principles of Mr. Davis' territorial resolutions; recommending the adoption by the Convention of the two-third rule, and that the vote of the Louisiana delegation be cast as a unit—and in the case of the election of a Republican President, that Louisiana should meet her sister slave-holding States in council, for the adoption of measures for their protection. The delegates are entirely untrammeled by instructions, but Mr. Slidell is recommended for the Presidency, though the Convention pledged the Democracy of the State to support the nominee, whoever he may be.

ON the 8th inst., the Opposition State Convention of New Jersey was held, and well attended. Judge Porter, of Camden, was President. The resolutions are strongly Republican, and against the administratiou of President Buchauan, against a slave code, in favor of a tariff, and in favor of the homestead bill. Twenty-eight delegates were appointed to Chicago,—eight Senatorial and tweuty District. The delegates were not instructed.

THE Republicans of Massachusetts held their Convention, for the purpose of choosing delegates to the Chicago National Convention, on the 7th inst. The Convention organized by the choice of Hon. J. S. C. Knowlton, of Worcester, for President. The ballot for delegates resulted as follows:—John A. Andrews, of Boston; Ensign H. Kellogg, of Pittsfield; George S. Botwell, of Groton; Linus B. Commius, of Roxbury. The delegation are of Seward proclivities.

THE Opposition Convention of Tennessee lately adopted a long address, pointing out the abuses which have grown up under our Federal Government, and the necessity for a movement to purify it. The resolutions passed declare that the Convention will unite with all good men everywhere, and devote all their energies to maintain the Union under the present Constitution; that obedience to the latter is the true test of loyalty to the former; that the continued agitation of the slavery question is fraught with infinite mischief to the whole country; that they are opposed to direct taxation, and in favor of a tariff and specific duties, with an economical administration of the General Government; that Mr. Bell, by his long and distinguished public services, enjoys their warmest confidence; that they commend him to their fellow-citizens everywhere, and instruct their delegates to use all honorable means for procuring his nomination.

THE Minnesota Republican Convention met at St. Paul on the 22d ult. John W. North, of Rice county, presided. The following delegates were chosen to the Chicago Convention:—Stephen Miller, David A. Lecombe, S. P. Jones, S. P. Smith, A. H. Wagerner, J. W. North, Aaron Goodrich, and John McKusic. The resolutions adopted maintain the union of the States, the rights of the States, and the liberties of the People; demand the entire divorce of the General Government from any participation in the evils of slavery; oppose any abridgment of the right of naturalization; favor the granting of the public domain in limited quantity to actual settlers; condemn the doctrines of the Dred Scott decision; call for a railroad to the Pacific, with appropriations for river and harbor improvements; protest against the past policy of the National Administration, and conclude by declaring William H. Seward their first choice for the Presidency.

From the Pacific Side.

By the arrival of the steamer Atlantic, at New York, and the Overland Mail at Leavenworth, we are put in possession of the following intelligence:

CALIFORNIA.—The Jews of California forwarded by this steamer over $23,000 for the relief of their brethren, driven out of Morocco.

The weather at Carson Valley had moderated and but little snow remained in the valleys. The large companies at Virginia, had resumed operations, and would soon transport ore to San Francisco.

A ditch company had been formed to turn the waters of Clear creek and several mountain streams into the Placer gold diggings of Carson City diggings, requiring the construction of a canal 35 miles long.

The Railroad Convention, lately in session at Sacramento, has passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Legislature of this State be, and is hereby requested to offer, under proper safe-guards to prevent frauds and abuse, $60,000 to such company or companies as shall first construct and put into complete working order, a continuous line of telegraphic wire from any point in the State of California, connecting with the telegraphic system of this State, to any point east of the Rocky Mountains, connecting with the telegraphic lines of the Atlantic States, and $40,000 to such other company as may complete a second telegraphic connection, as aforesaid, both to be completed within eighteen months after the appropriation.

THE ISTHMUS.—The British corvet Pylandes had arrived at Panama from the coast of Mexico, with a large amount of specie on British account.

NEW GRANADA.—The steamer Laura Frances was bought by the New Granadian Government. She will probably be seized by the Liberals on her arrival at Carthagenia.

Advices from Buenaventura report that a revolution had broken out in the State of Canca. The contending factions had met and life been lost.—The revolutionists are commanded by Carrillo.—Gen. Murgacitio, of the government side, was killed. Gen. Abando was reported to have 1,500 men ready to march against the revolutionists.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Advices from British Columbia are to the 8th. An American officer had marched with a Sergeant's guard to Langley, and taken two prisoners, and conveyed them over the boundary line to Washington Territory. The Victoria newspapers were highly incensed at this new infringement of the rights of the British Government.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Mr. D'Israeli's motion for the consideration of the French treaty in advance of discussion on the budget, created a warm debate. The result of the vote was as follows:—For the motion, 230; against it, 293. Majority for the Government, 63. This considerably guarantees that the treaty will be ratified.

Lord Lucan's motion against reducing the tariff and increasing the income tax, was under discussion.

It was reported that the French Government will agree to a modification in the coal stipulations.

Funds have opened with increased strength, owing to the confidence entertained in the position of the Ministry, and the prevailing impression was that great diplomatic efforts are being made to prevent existing foreign complications from ending in hostilities. Consols closed at 95¾ for money, and 95⅞ for account.

Heavy gales had prevailed along the coast of England. The steamer Odione, from Dublin for London, came in collision with the schooner Heroine on the 19th ult. The steamer sunk in 20 minutes afterwards, and from 40 to 50 passengers were drowned.

FRANCE.—The ship Luna, from Havana and New Orleans, had been wrecked on the French coast near Cherbourg. She had 88 passengers and 22 crew on board. Only two passengers were saved, whose names are not given. The vessel has proved a total loss.

There was a report current that a plot against the Emperor of the French had been discovered.

The French Ministerial circulars demand obedience to the laws from the clergy on the Roman question.

ITALY.—Rumors were current of an address attributed to Victor Emanuel himself, calling Naples and Sardinia to insurrection.

The armaments in Piedmont were being accelerated.

A consultation held at the Vatican had decided that the King of Sardinia should not be excommunicated, whatever political events might supervene.

Advices from Rome announce that the Pope holds in readiness a *motu proprio*, already signed, realizing promises made at Gaeta, but that before promulgating it he demands that the Patrimony St. Peter shall be guaranteed him.

The Electoral Committee of Florence recommended annexation to Piedmont as the only programme which candidates should profess.

AUSTRIA.—An Austrian Imperial Decree concedes to the Jews, in nearly all the provinces of the Empire, the right to hold real property.

PRUSSIA.—Prussia and Russia, it was reported, had joined in a proposal for a conference of the five Great Powers.

SPAIN.—A Madrid telegram states that the garrison of Mellilla had made a sortie, and that the Spanish loss was 33 killed, 146 wounded, and 21 missing. The Spanish press were unanimous in their demand for an energetic policy against Morocco.

CHINA.—A Hong Kong letter says that the claims of American citizens for losses sustained at Canton in the year 1856, are in a fair way of liquidation. A dividend is to be paid forthwith, and the remainder guaranteed.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFF MARKET.—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co., report flour dull, but firm at 28s@28s6d; wheat firm and advanced 1d; sales red at 9s10d@10s6d; white 10s6d@12s. Corn quiet; sales of yellow at 33s@33s6d. Lard quiet, 57s@6s.

The News Condenser.

— The Ohio Canal is open.

— There are 4,000,000 voters in the United States.

— Fast Day in Connecticut is named for the 6th of April.

— The Sons of Malta, in the United States, now number 164,487.

— In 1828 the number of voters in the United States was 1,100,000.

— New Irish potatoes were in the market at Florida, three weeks since.

— It is proposed to devote $30,000 to the State Geologic Survey of Kentucky.

— The water in the river below Pittsburg, for 2,000 miles, is 12 feet deep.

— The price of gas in Boston is to be reduced ten per cent. to all customers.

— The first shad of the season was caught in Delavan Bay, on Thursday week.

— March opened at Savannah, Ga., with a severe storm of thunder and lightning.

— The cold weather is said to have killed most of the orange trees in Louisiana.

— Twenty regiments of English troops have been ordered for operations in China.

— The annual production of iron in the United States is 850,000 tons, valued at $50,000,000.

— By mail and telegraph, San Francisco is soon to be brought within one week of New York.

— Thirty-eight physicians graduated from the Kentucky School of Medicine on Wednesday week.

— Gold has been lately discovered in Arizona, near Tubac, on the line of the Overland Mail.

— A new fire-proof mill is to be erected on the site of the recent terrible disaster at Lawrence.

— The Kentucky Senate rejected the bill prohibiting the marriage of cousins—yeas 11, nays 19.

— Santa Anna is said to be secretly co-operating with the Church Party in Mexico against Juarez.

— At the delivery desk of the New York city Post-Office, letters for ladies are delivered by a lady.

— The Government pays the California and Oregon Members of Congress $7,000 a term for mileage.

— Strawberries and asparagus (from Savannah, Ga.,) have made their appearance in the New York market.

— The Providence Journal says the small pox is unusually prevalent in Rhode Island at the present time.

— Advices from Havana state that the introduction of coolies is prohibited by royal order, after Dec. 31, 1860.

— Delaware is rapidly getting rid of her slaves. She had 8,000 at the first census, and but 2,200 at the last one.

— The Connecticut river opened almost simultaneously with the Hudson, and steamboats have commenced their trips.

— President Benson, of Liberia, was again inaugurated on the first of January, having been elected for a third term.

— There were, at the latest dates, 404 divorce cases in hearing order, in England, and 600 more waiting to be fixed.

— There are said to be 50,000 gold-diggers at Pike's Peak. By the first of June the number will be increased to 100,000.

— A law is pending in the Ohio Legislature prohibiting any person from keeping a dog without a license and a collar.

— It will take three years more to finish the new dome of the Capitol at Washington, and the total cost will be $994,000.

— About two hundred dogs were killed at Ottawa, Canada, a week or two since, during an excitement caused by mad dogs.

— The Deputy Marshals commence taking the census on the 1st of June, and are to complete it by the 1st of November.

— The great strike of the working men of London has ceased. Both sides—journeymen and employees—claim the victory.

— Some fifty Members of Congress visited Mount Vernon, on Tuesday week, by invitation of the Ladies' Association.

— Mr. Rowland Hill, the working head of the British postal system, has been appointed a Knight Commander of the Bath.

— A plot to assassinate Gov. Pesquiera, and overthrow the Liberal Government in Sonora, has been discovered and frustrated.

— The painter Linde has found, on the island of Ragen, a collection of northern antiquities, traced to a period of 500 years B. C.

— It is a notable fact that the places of public amusement in Paris, pay one-tenth of their receipts to charitable institutions.

— William J. Lane, Jr., the Clerk convicted of embezzling $60,000 of the funds of the Fulton Bank, has gone to Sing Sing Prison.

— A resolution in the School Board of Cleveland, Ohio, to separate white and black pupils, has been negatived by a vote of six to four.

— A bill is pending in the New Jersey Legislature to establish an Agricultural district in Liberia, and support 600 families thereon.

— The Apache Indians are again becoming troublesome to the Overland Mail, in the mountainous neighborhood lying east of Tucson.

— Ten new missionaries sailed from Boston to China last week. Three or four of them were young ladies who go out as teachers.

— The citizens of Tarrytown have erected a tablet to the memory of Washington Irving, in the church at that village, which he attended.

— Major Gaines, paymaster of the army, died at Fort Smith, on the 18th of February, from injury received by being thrown from a buggy.

— The people of Stockton, Me., recently turned out, into the woods, and hauled a generous supply of wood to every widow in the village.

— It is said that out of a German population of fifty thousand, in the State of Wisconsin, there is not a single individual in the Penitentiary.

— The Masonic Register for 1860 states that the whole number of Lodges of Free Masons in the U. S. and Territories, and other countries, is 6,360.

— The Boston and Worcester Railroad Company have placed upon their road a car made entirely of iron. The cost is about the same as a wooden one.

— The mansion house of Sir Edmund Head, Governor General of Canada, was destroyed by fire on Saturday week. Most of the furniture was saved.

— The N. Y Herald has a story to the effect that Sam Houston, with an army of 30,000 Texans, is about to march on Mexico to conquer that country.

— The resignation of Rev. Prof. Huntington has been accepted by the Fellows of Harvard University, and his connection with the College will soon cease.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Fences and other Matters, ... 85
Prospective Sterility, ... 85
Interesting and Useful Plants, [Two Illustrations,] 85
Farm House and Barn, [Illustrated,] 85, 86
Broom Corn, Again, ... 85
Renovating Swamp Lands, ... 86
The Bee-Keeper—The Queen Bee and Her Progeny; Profitable Bee-Keeping, ... 86
Rural Spirit of the Press—Analysis of Clover; How to Make Barn-yards, ... 86
Inquiries and Answers—Scab in Sheep; Contents of a Piece of Timber; A Curious Bird; Information Wanted; Sheep Pulling their Wool; Plaster, Ashes, &c.; Salting Sheep; A Remedy for the Scratches; Cure for Ringbone 86
Agricultural Miscellany—Beautify the Villages—A Good Example; Maj. Plowhandle's Writings; Wheat Crop of Onondaga—Correction; Convention of Cattle-Breeders; Erie County Ag. Society; Union Ag. and Hort. Society; Palmyra Union Ag. Society; Those Flower Seeds; Next Illinois State Fair, ... 86

HORTICULTURAL.

Dwarf Pear Culture in Canada—No. II, ... 87
The Delaware Grape, ... 87
Seedling Apple, [Illustrated,] 87
The Western Baldwin Apple, &c., ... 87
Grafting the Grape, ... 87
Horticultural Notes—The Cauliflower; Grafting Knife, [Illustrated;] Grafting Wax; Naples Horticultural Society; Illinois Horticultural Society; Circulation of Sap 87
Inquiries and Answers—Currants, Quince Stocks, &c., [Three Illustrations;] Market for Pears; Wire Trellises and Lightning, ... 87

LADIES' OLIO.

Linger not Long, [Poetical.] Letter-Writing; Maternal Influence; Beauty; Influence of Females on Society; Nothing Forgotten, ... 88

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Life-Clock, [Poetical.] The Workings of the Years; Distribution of Time; How Music is made up, ... 88

SABBATH MUSINGS.

A Hymn, [Poetical.] Earth's Treasures; The Office of Grace; The Good Things of this World; The Highest Glory, ... 88

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Grinders of Sheffield; The Arctic Shark; How to Secure Progress; Help Yourself; Self-Improvement, ... 89

THE REVIEWER.

Morphy's Games; The Gospel in Burmah; Edinburgh Review; Books Received, ... 89

USEFUL OLIO.

Curiosities of the Sunbeam; Divisions of Time; Activity of Birds, ... 89

YOUNG RURALIST.

Wealth and Poverty; Grasshoppers, ... 98

STORY TELLER.

The Old Pine Tree, [Poetical.] Marrying a Farmer, ... 92

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rare and Beautiful Flowers—B. K. Bliss.
Illinois Lands for Sale—John S. Hayward.
Isabella and Catawba Grape Vines—R. T. Underhill.
Egyptian Corn—M. C. Crandall.
The Kedzie Filters—James Terry & Co.
Peas! Peas! Peas!—J. Rapalje.
Tree Seeds—Tree Seeds—R. E. Schroeder.
Pine Hill Nursery—Godfrey Zimmermann.
East New London Nurseries—W. H. Starr.
Grape Vines—T. C. Maxwell & Bros.
The Prairie Farmer—Emery & Co.
Wilson's Albany Strawberry Vines, &c—Jos. Caldwell.
Farms for Sale—Geo. H. Preston.
Information Wanted—Roswell Crane.
Gladiolus—B. K. Bliss.
Strawberry Plants for Sale—J. S. Haskins.
Cranberry Plants—W. H. Starr.
The New Black-Cap Raspberry—H. D. Munson.
Cranberry Culture—W. H. Starr.
Raspberries—T. C. Maxwell & Bros.
Cranberry Vines—Noble Hill.
Cherry Trees—T. C. Maxwell & Bros.
Book Agents Wanted—Geo. F. Tuttle.
Canadian Wild Plum Stocks—J. S. Kelsey.
50,000 Apple Stocks—H. Bignall.
Isabella Grape Cuttings—E. A. McKay.
Wilson's Albany Seedling Strawberry—C. L. Twing.
Premium Wine Grape—Jesse Lewis & D. C. Brainard.
Arbor Vitæ and Hemlock Spruce—A. J. McClave.
Peavine Clover—Wm. Thorburn.
Seeds! Seeds! Seeds!—Wm. Thorburn.
White Top Onion Seed—Wm. Thorburn.
Genuine Hubbard Squash Seed—Wm. Thorburn.
Extra Early Daniel O'Rouke Peas—Wm. Thorburn.
Trant's Evergreen Pea—Wm. Thorburn.
Flower Seeds!—Wm. Thorburn.
Chufas or Earth Almonds—Wm. Thorburn.
New Jersey Long Orange Carrot—Wm. Thorburn.

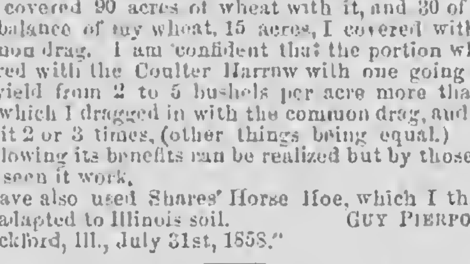
SPECIAL NOTICES.

Shares' Coulter Harrow—W. W. Eggleston.

☞ For New Horticultural Advertisements see page 87.

Special Notices.

SHARES' COULTER HARROW,



Sold by W. W. Eggleston, Albany, N. Y.

"HAVING used the Coulter Harrow patented by D. W. Shares, of Hamden, Ct., when a resident of Connecticut, and learned some of its benefits, on my removal to this State I procured one, although at an advanced price, and have covered 90 acres of wheat with it, and 30 of oats; the balance of my wheat, 15 acres, I covered with the common drag. I am confident that the portion which I covered with the Coulter Harrow with one going over, will yield from 2 to 5 bushels per acre more than the part which I dragged in with the common drag, and went over it 2 or 3 times, (other things being equal.) Upon fall plowing its benefits can be realized but by those who have seen it work.

I have also used Shares' Horse Hoe, which I think is well adapted to Illinois soil. GUY PIERPONT.

Rockford, Ill., July 31st, 1858."

In a letter accompanying the above recommend, and in one since received, Mr. Pierpont explains why he got from 3 to 5 bushels more to the acre. Where he used the common drag or harrow, the grain was not covered as deep and uniform, yet it grew well for a time, but, to use his own words, he says, "when the sun was up and the rains abated, it withered away, because it had not much earth." Grain lying upon the surface or slightly covered, will not fill as well, and the heads are apt to be short, especially if the season is dry, and for fall sowed, will be injured by the frost. He says 800 bushels of his wheat weighed 60 lbs. to the bushel, and was much superior to his neighbors', as he took the highest premium at the Fair, and he attributes his success to the perfect and uniform manner in which it was covered. At three and a half bushels to the acre, in his 90 acres, he gained 315 bushels. He informed me he sold his wheat for one dollar per bushel, making a clear gain of 315 dollars on one field of wheat, beside taking the premium.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, March 12, 1860.

FLOUR.—We do not note any change in the rates of flour, and transactions are altogether confined to the supply of the local demand. Holders, however, are very firm, and the quoted rates are well sustained.

GRAIN.—Nothing of importance is doing in wheat beyond purchasing such as is needed to keep the mills in operation. Large stocks are accumulating in Canadian ports, and our millers are almost daily looking for arrivals of cargoes.—Thus far only one vessel has arrived, but under the influence of the genial weather we are at present experiencing, it will not be long ere our harbor will present a scene of activity. Corn is 3 cents better on the bushel than last week. Oats lower, and dull.

MEATS.—The blustering weather of yesterday infused some spirit into Eastern pork buyers, and the market opens active, with an advance of 25 cents ℔ cwt. Hams have put on 1 cent ℔ lb—Shoulders ½ cent. Chickens are worth 10c, and Turkeys 12 cents ℔ lb.

DAIRY.—Butter is still falling off in rates, 12½@14c. being the range for roll.

HIDES AND SKINS.—Calf is down to 9@10 cents. Pelts are advancing.

SEEDS.—But little doing yet, and the market is not so firm as at the date of our last issue.

HAY has lost $2,00 per ton for best qualities since our last report.

For all other matters see table of quotations.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	14@14c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,58	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,75@2,00	Candles, extra	11c
Meal, Indian	$1,50@1,60	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,36	Apples, bushel	50@88c
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, old	65@68c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	65@68c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	74@76c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	34@36c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	58@60c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$17,00@17,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$7,00@7,50	Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	00@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$7,00@8,00
Cheese	9@11c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 12.—FLOUR—A shade firmer and in fair demand. Sales at $5,30@5,40 for super State; $5,50 @5,75 for extra do—chiefly at $5,50@5,65; $5,30@5,40 for super Western; $5,50@5,75 for extra do; $6,05@6,25 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Canadian scarce and firmly held; sales at $5,90@7,25 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat firmer; transactions restricted by the advanced prices insisted upon by holders; sales white Indiana at $1,62; white Canadian at $1,60; white Southern at $1,65; very choice Milwaukee club at $1,30. Rye quiet at 88c—small sales. Barley firmer; sales at 82c. Corn in fair request; sales at 78@81c for yellow and white, and 78½c. for mixed Western. Oats at 44@44½c. for State, 43½@44c. for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy; sales at $17,10@17,12 for old mess; $18,12 for new do; $12,50 for old prime; $14,50 for new do. Lard—sales at 10¾@11c. Butter 11@14c for Ohio, 14@20c for State. Cheese firm at 10@13c.

ASHES—The market is without change; the demand fair; sales at $5,25 for pots, and $2,62½ for pearls.

ALBANY, MARCH 10.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Demand continues active and prices improving. The following are the closing quotations of the week:

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,30
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,62
Common to good Western,	5,50@5,90
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	6,00@6,75
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,20
Common Canadian,	5,25@6,00
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,75@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,60

Corn meal, 1¼@1,58 ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Sales street barley at 78c; State two-rowed at 75½c. A sale of State oats, in store, at 43c. Corn—yellow round, at Central depot, at 78c. 400 bush. two-rowed barley at 77c; 4,000 bush. do. on p. t.

SEED—State Clover, 8¾@8¾c. for medium, 9@9½c for large; Timothy, $3,25@3,50 ℔ bushel—*Argus*.

BUFFALO, MARCH 10.—FLOUR—The market has been dull to-day. Sales are 850 bbls, mostly all double extra brands from Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Canada, at prices ranging from $5,75 for common to $6 for good, and $6,25@6,37 for choice. Some Illinois and Iowa extras are among the sales at $5,37@5,50, and 100 bbls. extra Wisconsin at $5.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and no sales. Corn dull at 61c. in store. Oats continue inactive. Sales were made at 35c.

SEEDS—Timothy active at $3@3,12, and Clover at $4,50@4,62.

PROVISIONS—Quiet, and no sales except at retail.—*Cour.*

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 12.—FLOUR—Flour firm but scarce; super $6@6,25.

GRAIN—Wheat active but scarce; red $1,50; white $1,60.—Corn unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Provisions firm. Old mess pork $17,43; new prime $14,50. Lard steady.

TORONTO, MARCH 9.—FLOUR—There is but little doing in flour at this point, the views of holders being considerably higher than the ideas of buyers, who for the most part operate in speculation. The advance in wheat increases the firmness of holders, and they seem but little disposed to give way. We have more than the usual difficulty to come at correct quotations in the absence of sales, but give the following as nearest the mark. The amount of flour in store at this point is about 35,000 barrels, and at Port Credit 8,000 barrels. Double extra, $5,60@5,80; extra, $5,25@5,50; fancy, $4,65@4,80; superfine No. 1, $4,45@4,55; do. No. 2, $4,20@4,25. Oatmeal, $4,25@4,50. Cornmeal, $3,25@3,00. Oatmeal is dull, and outside rates are the extreme views of holders.

GRAIN.—The price of fall wheat has had a movement in an upward direction during the week, and closes five cents better than at the date of our last review. The deliveries have been moderately large for this season of the year, averaging about 1,000 bushels per day. The quality has been good, and the best portions of the crop are now being brought out. The rates paid have ranged from $1,32, $1,35, $1,38@1,40 for good to prime qualities; common $1,20@1,24. The average price for the week could not have been less than $1,30. Spring wheat, of good quality, is in active request at $1@1,05 ℔ bush. from farmers. We question much if over $1 ℔ bushel could be realized for car loads, unless it was of very prime and uniform quality. Barley is quiet with limited receipts. Prices remain steady at 60c. ℔ bush. Rye is very scarce, and is wanted at 65@70c. ℔ bushel—the latter being a very extreme rate. Oats in the early part of the week were plentiful at 33@33c. ℔ bushel, but recently the supply has not been large and rates are firmer—farmers getting 36@37c. by the load, delivered. Car loads would hardly bring 31c. on the track. Peas are in fair request, although hardly as active as previously. Sales have been made at 58@60c. ℔ bushel. Lots are held at much higher rates.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 7.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $10,00@10,50; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,50@8,00; inferior, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@55,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb, 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4,50@5,50; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6½c; all others, 5@6.

ALBANY, MARCH 12.—CATTLE—We have to report extremely heavy receipts again—about 600 head more than last week, and 1,000 more than were received here during the corresponding week last year.

Our market is unusually dull. The New Yorkers are buying next to nothing, and the Eastern men are shy—purchasing only sparingly and pretty much on their own terms. It is estimated that nearly 2,000 head will go from here to the New York market, almost all in first hands; and we learn that the number taken over the Erie Road was unusually large.

PRICES—Taking quality (the average of which is noticeably higher than last week) into consideration, the few sales made and the offers to sell justify us in quoting a decline of ¼@½c on all grades. We quote as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½	5¼@5¾
Extra	4½@4¾	4¾@5
First quality	3¾@4¼	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3½@3¾
Third quality	2½@2¾	2¾@3
Inferior	@2½	2¼@2½

—[*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 7.—Whole number of Cattle at market 596—about 500 Beeves, and 96 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $7,00; second quality, $5,75; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$75, 80@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 42@60.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,600 at market; prices in lots, $2,25 2,50@3,00 each; extra, $3,50, 4,50@6 each, or 4½@6½c ℔ lb. live weight.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

BRIGHTON, MARCH 8.—At market 1,200 beeves, 100 stores, 1,600 sheep and lambs, and 700 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,00 @7,75; second quality, $6,50; third quality, $6,00@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@115.

MILCH COWS—$33@40; Common, $17@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,50@2,75; Extra, $3@7.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5½@6½c ℔ lb.; retail, 6½ @7½c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

PHILADELPHIA, March 7.—There was a very good supply of Cattle this week, the offerings at the three yards amounting to about 2,100 head, principally of Ohio Cattle, and those from counties in this State. A few extra Cattle sold at $10,50 ℔ 100 lbs., but the average prices were from $7 $8,00@10 for common, ordinary, and prime.

SHEEP—This market was quite active, and notwithstanding the arrivals footed up to nearly 10,000 head, prices had an upward tendency. All offered were sold at from 5½@6½c. ℔ lb, according to quality and condition.

HOGS—The demand for Hogs was not so good as last week and only 2,000 head were disposed of at from $7@8 for still-fed, and from $8@8,75 for corn-fed. The market closed rather dull.

TORONTO, MARCH 9.—Beef is very plentiful, and cattle of first rate quality have been reshipped here from Montreal and New York markets. Quotations are first class animals, per 100 lbs. of beef $5,50; for second class $5, and for inferior $4@4,50. Calves are becoming plentiful with a good demand at all rates from $3@7. Sheep $4@6, and lambs $2,50@3,50 each.

PORK—The supply of fresh is falling off, and sales are limited. Prices are steady at $6@6,87½ ℔ 100 lbs, for fair and prime lots of heavy weight. Cured meats are firmly held at the following rates: Wholesale—mess pork ℔ bbl. at $18@18,50; prime mess, $15@16; prime, $13@14. Hams, smoked, ℔ lb, 10@12c; unsmoked, 9@10c. Bacon—sides, 8 @9c—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 8.—The demand has slightly improved, but the market is by no means active; the stock of Domestic is light, but that of California and South American has been augmented by more liberal receipts; owing to the high cost of importation, however, prices are not quotably lower; the transactions comprise 120,000 lbs. Native Fleece and Pulled Wools, at 38@62c. for the former, and 30 @50c. for the latter; our extreme prices only for choice selected Saxony; sales also of 130 bales washed Smyrna, at 20@28c; 20,000 lbs. California at 18@24c, 6 mos., and 460 do. (80,000 lbs.) scoured Mexican, on terms not made public.—We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	58@62
Am. full-blood Merino	54@57
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	47@50
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	40@44
Extra, Pulled	47@52
Superfine, Pulled	40@45
No. 1, Pulled	25@38
California, extra	37@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, MARCH 8.—There is a fair demand for fleece and pulled Wool, and prices are quite steady. Sales of the week 100,000 lbs. at 40@52c for fleece, and 38@52c. for superfine and extra pulled. In foreign sales 200 bales Mediterranean, Cape and South American on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	56@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	51@55	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@50	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	36@41	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Marriages.

IN Palmyra, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. WARHAM MUDGE, NELSON J. HILL, of Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y., and Miss MARY A. YOUNG, of Syracuse.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

CHUFAS OR EARTH ALMONDS, at 10 cts. per ounce; by mail, 19 cents. For sale by
WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

NEW JERSEY LONG ORANGE CARROT—A very superior article, for sale at $1 per pound by
WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

PEAVINE CLOVER.—(See Country Gentleman for Jan. 5, 1860, page 17.) The genuine article just received. At 12½ cents per pound. For sale by
WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
☞ For Circulars address GEO. F. TUTTLE,
531-13t No. 100 Nassau St., New York.

WHITE TOP ONION SETS—A large quantity. The finest ever offered, to which the attention of Market Gardeners is particularly called. Price only $5 per bushel, (dirt cheap,) sacks 25 cents—delivered at Albany. For sale by WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

EXTRA EARLY DANIEL O'ROURKE PEAS.—These celebrated Early Peas, (to which the particular attention of Market Gardeners is called,) for earliness, productiveness and length of pod, cannot be surpassed. Price $6 per bushel—25 cents per quart. For sale by
WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.

SEEDS! SEEDS! SEEDS!
Garden, Field and Flower Seeds,
Fresh and genuine, at wholesale and retail, for sale by
WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
☞ Send for a Catalogue.

TRANT'S EVERGREEN PEA can be planted as early as the ground will admit of cultivation, and also very late, so that a family can have a supply all the season.—They are productive, cook easy, and have been pronounced unequaled for their delicious flavor, by all who have tried them. Very highly recommended. Price $1 per quart.—For sale by WM. THORBURN, 492 Broadway, Albany, N Y.

INFORMATION WANTED of NANCY CRANE and her child, Catharine, who left Rockaway Valley, Morris Co., N. J., in company of her mother, the widow of Thos. Crane, in 1826, for the Genesee country, N. Y. Any information of them, addressed to the subscriber, will turn to their advantage. ROSWELL CRANE
Waterloo, N. Y., March 5, 1860.

FARMS FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale *SIX IMPROVED FARMS*, situated in the town of Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y., containing, respectively, twenty-five, forty, fifty, seventy, seventy-five and eighty acres.
TERMS—Twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. down, the balance may run a term of years. Address
GEO. H. PRESTON, Red Creek, Wayne Co., N. Y.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER,
Is just the paper the Western farmer needs. It is devoted to *Western Farming, Fruit Growing and Markets*. Its being published in the greatest grain market in the United States, gives it an advantage that is of great importance to the Agriculturist. Published Weekly, at $2 per year.—*Samples free*. 3 months, on trial, for 25 cents.
Address EMERY & CO., Chicago, Ill.

THE KEDZIE FILTERS.—These Filters possess every *practical* and *scientific* arrangement, for the objects intended, viz., rendering the most impure rain and river water free from all decomposed organic matters and gases, color, taste or smell. *Pure water* is the chief conservator of the human system, and can be surely obtained by using this, the best portable Filter known. They are durable, convenient and cheap; can be transported in safety, any distance, and are sure to give satisfaction. Manufactured by
JAMES TERRY & CO., Rochester, N. Y.
☞ Descriptive Circulars sent free. 531-tf

PEAS! PEAS! PEAS!—Now on hand and for sale at the "GENESEE SEED STORE," No. 65 *Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.*
100 bushels Irish Marrowfat.
50 " Black Eye do.
50 " Missouri do.
50 " Early Kents.
100 " Early Washington.
50 " Dwarf Blue Imperial.
25 " Champion of England.
200 " Canada Creepers, for field sowing.

EGYPTIAN CORN.
THE Subscriber offers to Farmers throughout the country the *EGYPTIAN CORN*, which upon trial last year was found to ripen, planted *even the first of July*. It is estimated, from its very prolific qualities, to yield 200 bushels per acre, and weighs by *sealed measure*, 65 pounds to the bushel. This Corn was produced from some procured direct from Mr. JONES, our Consular Agent, directly on his return from Egypt. It requires no different culture from that of other varieties, and in the South two crops can be raised in one season on the same ground. It grows in the form of a *Tree, and twenty-two ears* have grown upon one stalk, and will average from five to fifteen. *For domestic use* it is unparalleled. When ground and properly bolted, it is equal in color and fineness to wheaten flour. *As a forage crop*, by sowing in drills or broadcast, for early feed, there is no kind of corn so well adapted to milch cows, and none that will yield half the value in stalks or corn.
It can be successfully grown in any State of the Union, from Maine to Texas. I can give the most satisfactory references that the corn is, in every respect, what I represent it to be, and further, I am the only person throughout the country who has this variety of corn. Having secured a quantity, I am now able to fill all orders, for those desirous of testing it.
To any person who will inclose in a letter, One Dollar, in Stamps or Currency, directed to me, I will send, postage-paid, sufficient corn to produce enough to plant, the following year, from twenty to thirty acres;—*also, directions for planting and cultivation.*
Give your full name, Post-Office, County and State, written plain, so that no errors may occur.
Address M. E. CRANDAL,
531-1t Sandwich, De Kalb Co., Illinois.

ILLINOIS LANDS FOR SALE.
The Subscriber offers for sale, at low prices and on very accommodating terms,
52,000 ACRES OF CHOICE FARMING LANDS,
Situated in Central Illinois, in the Counties of Montgomery, Christian, Shelby, Macon, Moultrie, Platt, Fayette and Clay.
Said lands were mostly selected and entered at an early day, and are very choice selections of Rolling Prairie, or valuable Timbered Lands. Many of said lands are adjacent to Railroad Stations, and all are situated within convenient distances of completed Railroads.
Said lands are offered for sale in small parcels to actual settlers, on very reasonable terms, or will be sold in large parcels, at wholesale rates, on very accommodating terms. The titles are perfect, and all conveyances will be made by warrantee deed. Also,
400 Valuable Business & Residence Lots in Pana,
Being at intersection of Illinois Central and Terre Haute, Alton and Saint Louis Railroads.
Persons whishing to purchase any of the above Lands or Lots, will please apply to the Subscriber, by letter or otherwise, at Hillsboro', Montgomery County, Illinois.
Catalogues and Maps of said Lands will be forwarded to persons who may request the same.
Plats of said Lands and Lots may also be seen at the office of E. R. BULLENS, Land Agent, at Pana.
631 JOHN S. HAYWARD, Hillsboro', Ill.

SEED LEAF TOBACCO SEED for sale, by
530-2t M. D. FREER & CO., Watkins, N. Y.

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPE VINES, at $35 per 1,000, by GEO. BECK, Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y.

INVENTORS! Your applications for PATENTS are often *unjustly* rejected. Good Patents will be obtained on such, or no charge made, by J. FRASER, Rochester, N. Y.

VEGETABLE EGG SEEDS FOR SALE.—Enclose ten cents and receive 30 seeds by return mail. Address
WM. A. SAUNDERS,
Dover Center, Cayhoga Co., Ohio.

EMPLOYMENT ALL THE YEAR ROUND.—Reader, do you want business that pays from $3 to $4 a day. If so, take an agency. Send stamp for particulars, to
530-2t SANDERSON & BRO., Newark, N. Y.

LAWTON OR NEW ROCHELLE BLACKBERRY, by Mail.—For $1, I will send, post free, 25 root cuttings of this famous plant, which will be sure to grow. Directions to accompany. H. B. LUM, Sandusky, Ohio.

$29.50 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS, pays for Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.
Spring Term opens March 22d, 1860. For Circulars or Catalogues, address JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

GRAPE VINES—CHERRY SEEDLINGS for sale at the Schuyler Co. Central Nurseries.
100,000 Grape Vines, Isabella and Catawba. Also,
30,000 Cherry Seedlings. Address
530-2t M. D. FREER & CO., Watkins, N. Y.

MORGAN HORSE "GENERAL GIFFORD, JR.," if application be made soon, will be sold a bargain. Is five past, dark chestnut, 15 hands, in good flesh (1050 lbs.) No marks; only needs to be seen. Pedigree and particulars given on application. E. YEOMANS, Walworth, N. Y.

PAY YOUR TAXES!
BEEDE & MENDENHALL, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, will attend promptly to the paying of *Taxes* for Non-residents. 520-3t

COUNTY AGENTS WANTED.—$50 a month and all expenses paid, to introduce our NEW NATIONAL DOUBLE THREAD $20 SEWING MACHINE. The cheapest and the best. For complete instructions and a permanent business, address, with stamp, J. W. HARRIS & CO., Shoe and Leather Exchange, Boston, Mass. 530-2t

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY. The Spring Term of this well-known and flourishing Institution begins March 28th. Board, washing and room rent per term of 14 weeks, $27.50. Tuition from $4 to $6. N. B.—*Send for a Catalogue.* For rooms address REV. J. B. VAN PETTEN,
Fairfield, Herk. Co., N. Y., March 1, 1860. Principal.

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE OLD PINE TREE.

Where the steep hillsides their shadows throw
O'er the deep, dark waves that roll below;
Where the sunset glimmers at close of day,
And the shimmering moonbeams softly play;
Where the breezes gambol, light and free,
Stands, in its grandeur, "the old Pine Tree."

Its feathery boughs bend low to meet
The crystal wavelets that kiss its feet;
The pebbles beneath it are worn by the tide
Of sparkling waters that o'er them glide;
And the light-winged zephyrs carol free
O'er the lofty brow of "the old Pine Tree."

The trailing Arbutus, and Harebell blue,
With chalices laden with pearly dew;
The varnished leaves of the Wintergreen,
With scarlet berries that peep between;
All cluster in beauty, and oft for me
Have blossomed and grown 'neath "the old Pine Tree."

The moss is green on its northern side,
Where the crystal dew drops deftly hide;
And the white raceme of the Shinleaf green
Looks up with a smile through its feathery screen;
Oh, I've sported oft in careless glee
'Neath the drooping boughs of "the old Pine Tree."

I've glided over the lakelet blue,
In the rustic, bounding, birch canoe,
And moored my bark on the pebbly strand,
Where mouldering it lies on the shining sand;
Covered with flowers that smile to see
The sunbeams peep through "the old Pine Tree."

Just under its shade I've oft reclined,
And wondered to here the singing wind,
In whispers weird, rock light and free,
And wished that there my grave might be;
And that the requiem sung o'er me
Might be the dirge in "the old Pine Tree."

Portland, Mich., 1860. J. M. S.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MARRYING A FARMER.

BY MRS. N. S. AVERILL.

CHAPTER I.

"The good, the true, the tender.
These form the wealth of home."

"A farmer! Mary Wood, surely, you are not in earnest!"

"I was never more so in my life, Jessie."

"What has possessed you? I'm out of all patience with you!"

"Why, Jessie?"

"Because, you are pretty—"

"I know it."

"Indeed! you know it, do you, Miss Vanity?—Perhaps you are aware that you are talented, also?"

"Yes."

"And the best scholar among the learned Seniors?"

"I am so reported, I believe."

"And that Miss Luce has chosen you to write the valedictory, which will doubtless prove a melting affair to your classmates, and the large and intelligent audience, which will assemble to-morrow?"

"Yes, but Jessie, are these my misdeeds for which you declare yourself out of all patience with me?"

"No, you provoking girl, you know better.—But tell me, seriously, Mary, do you intend to take all these well-earned laurels from your brow, which become it so well, to accept the hand of a farmer—a real, hard-fisted farmer?"

"Most seriously, Jessie, I intend to become the wife of a farmer who has honored me with the offer of his manly heart."

"Honored! Mary Wood, are you crazy?"

"No, I hope not."

"But consider the sacrifice. To-morrow, you graduate with the highest honors of your class, you leave these 'classic shades' for—"

"A log-cabin in the far West," suggested Mary, as Jessie hesitated.

"And a circle of refined and intelligent minds and hearts, who delight to love and do you homage,—"

"Allow me to finish your sentences, Jessie. I leave them, as you say, for a circle of warm-hearted people, whom good sense and experience teach me are very far from being either fools or clowns, and whom I hope to make love me as I do them."

"You must forsake your literary pursuits, which have occupied all your previous life to—"

"Learn to make butter and cheese."

"But what will you do with your learning and accomplishments—your music, and drawings, and books?"

"I will use them as much as possible, in adorning my home, amusing and entertaining my husband and friends, and in recreation for my own mind, after the necessary but more uninteresting toils of the day are over. Although not strictly essential to my position, I hope they will prove no detriment to the fulfillment of my mission as a woman, in all her high and holy duties."

"But, Mary, you never can be happy! I fancy I see you now, with your dark calico gown, plain linen collar, check apron, and your hair drawn straight back over your ears, presiding at your table and administering to the wants of your honest farmer and his train of red or blue-shirted laborers."

"Well, does the costume and position become me?"

"No! it is a disgusting picture! Mary Wood, I had rather bury you, dearly as I love you, than to give you up to that great, rough farmer and his log cabin."

"Well," replied Mary, with a peculiar smile, "it seems to be one of the decrees of Providence, and Miss Luce says it is our duty to submit to them, without a murmur."

"But I don't believe Providence ever decreed you to be a farmer's wife."

"The event will prove that point."

"But I cannot imagine what has possessed you to make such a choice, when, to my certain knowledge, you might secure a splendid home right here in this beautiful village."

"Very much the same as possessed my friend, Jessie, to make a somewhat different choice, a few months ago."

"But, how can you marry a farmer—that Mr. What's-his-name?"

"Because I love him better than I love myself."

"No doubt he does the same, the selfish creature! Men are all alike. They demand the whole soul and being of a woman, then complacently congratulate themselves upon the possession, without having yielded even a moiety of their own."

"Quite a compliment to the genus homo," rejoined Mary, laughing. "Perhaps you forget that your sweeping assertion includes a certain black-eyed specimen of the genus, who has lately appropriated the heart of Jessie Morgan."

"Oh! he is an exception of course," replied Jessie, blushing.

"Permit me, also, to claim an exception for my farmer, who gives me, I seriously believe, the love my nature craves, and to whom I yield my own, unhesitatingly. With him, I expect to be very happy, whatever may be our outward circumstances."

Jessie replied to this, by humming,

"True love is at home on a carpet,
And mightily likes his ease,—
And true love has an eye for his dinner,
And starves beneath shady trees"—

She was interrupted by the sudden entrance of several other girls, all in quite a high degree of excitement.

"Now, Lucy Brown," said Kate Rice, "here we seniors are, all together; tell us what Miss Luce has ordered respecting our dress to-morrow."

"White muslin, and ribbon sashes, all alike; flowers in our hair, and no other ornament whatever."

"Not even a brooch?"

"No, we are to substitute a moss-rose bud, and sprig of geranium," because she says the widow Wright cannot afford a brooch for Louisa, and we must be dressed exactly alike."

"How stupid!" ejaculated Georgine Clare, as she angrily snapped a showy bracelet on her white arm. "I shall rejoice when to-morrow frees me from a thraldom that compels me to imitate the dress of a beggar."

"Oh, Georgie," interposed Mary, "Louisa is not a beggar, but one of our best pupils. Her mother has had to struggle hard to educate her, but, although very poor, I know her to be a most estimable lady."

"I believe I have not asked information respecting the family or position of Miss Wright, as, after to-morrow, I shall not extend my acquaintance any further in that direction," retorted Georgine haughtily.

"Girls," said Jessie, anxious to remove the cloud of ill-humor which was fast gathering over the group, since learning their teacher's decision, "what do you guess Mary and I were talking about, just as you came in?"

"Oh, tell us!" said Libbie Waters, "it is so tiresome to guess, after taxing our brains a whole year, as we have been obliged to here."

"I will, then, on that plea—it was about that important theme, marriage."

"I suppose, then, you are disposed of, as you are so deeply interested in the subject—tell us who the happy lords are," replied Kate Rice.

"Not yet," returned Jessie, pleasantly; "we want to know first, what your choice will be."

"Oh, I've not made up my mind as to what I shall marry, but I know what I shall not—a man who has red hair, or a freckled face, or homely teeth—no, nor I won't marry one who uses, in any way, liquor or tobacco!"

"Take care, Kate," laughed Jessie. "Remember the story of the girl who made up her mind never to marry a minister, a Scotchman, or a Presbyterian, but finally married all three in one!"

"No danger of me, though," rejoined Kate.—"Lucy Brown, what choice will you make?"

"Some handsome young fellow, who has money enough to take me all over Europe. This being married and settled, is too hum-drum for me. I mean to try my wings a little, before I build my nest."

"I shall marry a soldier—a real, splendid officer," said Libbie Waters. "Some one who has been promoted on account of a great, honorable wound on his head, where it wont prove dangerous."

"I'll marry a poet," said romantic little Flora Martin.

"And I a merchant," added Jessie.

"Louisa Wright is to be married soon, to the lawyer who is to deliver our annual address to-morrow," said Mary.

Georgine started a little at this unexpected announcement, for she had been favorably impressed herself, with the fine appearance and brilliant talents of the stranger orator, but instantly affecting indifference, she said:—"I shall be in no hurry to marry. When this ridiculous farce of to-morrow is over, I shall consider myself duly 'finished,' and in my aunt's house, at New York, I shall be free to enjoy myself as I choose. When I have conquered all hearts and have them at my feet, I will choose the handsomest one among them, provided he is the richest, and, in consideration of my consent, will lavish magnificent presents upon me without regarding their costliness."

"Mary Wood, you have not spoken yet," said Kate Rice.

"Let me pronounce her doom," said Jessie solemnly. "Girls, our respected valedictorian is about to sacrifice herself to the goddess Ceres.—Soon shall we behold her brown hair waving among the golden harvests of the West; her white arms shall gather the finest of the wheat and the full corn in the ear; lambs shall frolic at her feet, doves shall nestle about her head, and all manner of fowl shall gather around her. She shall prepare meat for her household, a great while before day, words of truth and gentleness shall fall from her lips, and from her fingers shall drop butter and honey."

"Jessie has poetically informed you of my choice," said Mary, laughing. "Next week I expect to marry a farmer, and remove to the West, where he has prepared a home for me."

"What!" exclaimed Lucy Brown, "a farmer! a coarse farmer!"

"Is their anything, Lucy, in the pursuit of a farmer, that must necessarily render him coarse and rude in his manners, or ignorant and unfit to claim an educated wife?"

"I don't know, I am sure," replied Lucy, "but farmers, that is all I have ever seen, wear very coarse clothes, and have hard, weather-beaten faces—"

"And great, rough hands!" interrupted Kate Rice.

"That may be true of the great majority of those who dignify labor by participating in it themselves, but do these affect the man, after all? What are these mere externals? They do not affect, in the least, the character, nor add one real particle to the sum of our happiness."

"But farmers are not intellectual," said Flora Martin.

"No, nor brave and spirited!" added Libbie Waters.

"Surely, girls, you forget the history of the past, and knowledge of the present, or you could not make such assertions. Our best statesmen, our bravest generals, our most learned professors, our richest and most successful merchants, our most ingenious mechanics, men who have adorned our nation since the landing of its courageous founders, themselves farmers, remember, have been largely drawn from this class. The hope of the future greatness of the nation rests more with its farmers, than any other class. With a few exceptions, they are the most moral portion of community, and have furnished the most examples of right principles and sound patriotism. Their calling, if rightly pursued, demands habits of neatness, order, system, and patient industry; these incline the mind to reflection and habits of investigation, and, if not all liberally educated, they are certainly intelligent and well informed. The church and the school-house, are the first care of our pioneer farmers, after the necessary comforts of life are provided, showing their sturdy determination to furnish their children the advantages they have themselves enjoyed. Some of the minor luxuries and refinements of life they may lack, but it is well, for these too often tend to chill the heart and enervate the mind. The necessity for labor, devolving upon all, keeps the body sound, the mind cheerful and happy, and nowhere shall we find broader and warmer love to man, combined with a deep reverence for God and obedience to his commands, than in the farm homes of our country."

"Miss Wood has treated us to quite a homily," said Georgine, with a sneer. "Minds seek their level, and it is but natural that hers should fall into its own low grade. But, of course, they have no power to drag others to the same position—nor can they hope to occupy two grades at once. So, as school girls and women are two different things, Miss Wood may expect that I, for one, shall forever disappear from her orbit, as soon as to-morrow establishes our social positions. I claim no acquaintance with farmers' wives."

The call of the bell for study hour checked the murmur of indignation with which this coarse remark was received by the assembled class. Jessie threw her arms around Mary's neck and kissed her cheek warmly. For a moment the color mounted to her brow, and tears gathered in her eyes. But checking them, she resumed her books, and was soon intent upon her studies.

CHAPTER II.

A pleasant social circle was gathered about the ample table of farmer Washburne. At the head, presided with grave dignity the venerated father, whose broad brow was shaded by silver locks, whose face, marred by age, beamed with kindly benevolence. Opposite, the dear old mother poured tea from a little old-fashioned urn into the china cups and saucers, which still remained from her "setting out." On each side were ranged daughters, who, with their husbands and little ones, came up yearly to the old homestead and sat down beneath its blessed roof-tree. At the mother's right hand sat Frank, the only son, the child of their old age, who, last week, returned from College, his studies finished, and the honors of his Alma Mater clustering about his brow. It is a beautiful scene, when thus the aged, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, sit calmly down amid those who rise up and call them blessed, and spend the evening of their days in peace. Voices mingled in pleasant harmony as each inquired of the other of the ways through which they have passed, and the hopes and aims of the future. At a little lull in the murmured converse, Mr. Washburne gravely addressed his son. "Frank, as your education is now finished, and you have chosen your calling for life, there remains another important step to be taken, and it is time you directed your attention to the subject."

"The choice of a wife, you mean, I suppose, sir," replied Frank, smiling.

"Yes, my son, the choice of some wise woman, who will aid you in making a home—some one who will brave the storms of life, by you side, and in sorrow or joy be your sympathizing friend and companion."

"I have expected this suggestion, sir, although I have not waited for it; my choice is already made," returned the young man.

This announcement was met by an eager "Who?" from Frank's three sisters, and an inquiring glance from his mother.

"Mary Wood, who is to graduate to-morrow from Rosedale Seminary, has consented to adorn my farm-home in the Far West, and to become my companion for life," answered Frank.

"Is she pretty?" asked Sister Sarah, who had had reason in earlier youth for pardonable pride, in consequence of her fresh and natural beauty of face and figure.

"Very pretty," replied her brother, "if I am competent to judge with eyes which love proverbially renders blind."

"What are her family," asked Sister Ruth, who had unbounded reverence for the name and pedigree of the Washburnes.

"Mary Wood is an orphan," returned Frank. "Her parents lived long enough to commence the harmonious development of the elements of true womanhood; and she has been enabled to finish her education, as I believe, in accordance with their cherished plans."

"I hope she is amiable," added Frank's youngest sister Grace, whose sweet face was the index of the pleasant spirit within.

"I am quite sure she is, Gracie," said Frank, "but, mother, why don't you ask somewhat of my bride elect?" he asked, noticing that she was silently musing, with a troubled brow.

"I don't know, Frank; I'm afraid, though, that she will have too much edication for a farmer's wife," replied his mother, shaking her head gravely. "One who has been constantly in school improvin' the mind, knows nothin' at all about the duties which your wife must meet and discharge. Now, when your father and I commenced, as you are about to do, we had nothin', and we both had to work. While he plowed and sowed, I spun and wove, and before harvest commenced, I made a great store of butter and cheese. I cared for the wants of all my little children, and the burden of my house-work required my unceasing efforts. Had I been eddicated, I suppose I should have felt too fine for such a toilsome life: and now, Frank, do you suppose the lady you have chosen can do for you as your mother has done, with all her fine eddication?"

"She could scarcely do as well, whether educated or not," returned Frank," affectionately. "But wait and see, dear mother. I have great hopes that Mary Wood's good sense will lead her to a performance of duty, for which an education, if rightly applied, will be of the greatest service. As I hope to imitate my dear father's example, in my future life, although I set out with a greater treasure than he enjoyed, a thorough education, so I trust my wife will accept my mother as her beloved exemplar."

"Mother, we need have no fears for our son," said farmer Washburne, cheerfully, to his wife—and now, as of old, his strong spirit sustained her desponding one, and the family conversed happily until the old clock struck the hour for retiring.

CHAPTER III.

That was a pleasant sight, when, on the following day, eight young maiden's stood up to receive the highest reward of their teachers, and to be given to the world trained and prepared as far as possible for its duties and trials. Especially interesting was it to the Washburne family, who were seated in a group, and endeavoring to decide which one was their brother's choice. After a whispered conference, Sarah and Ruth decided it must be Georgine, whose haughty bearing and brilliant beauty rendered her conspicuous among her companions. Grace believed it was our friend Jessie, although the energetic movements and flashing black eyes of that young lady, suggested anything rather than an amiable temper. But the parents chose Mary in their hearts, for they read her beautiful character in her unassuming manners, quiet dignity, and expressive countenance. So when their son stepped forward, after the exercises were closed, and presented the blushing Mary, she was warmly welcomed by all the family—but more tenderly by the aged father and mother. Georgine bit her lip for vexation—for in all the crowd her eye had selected the handsome face and manly figure of Frank Washburne as superior, and only worthy her attention. Concealing her anger, she swept from the room without deigning a glance toward the group, while Jessie headed the remainder of the class, and by a sly pinch reminded Mary Wood that she would like to be introduced. After that ceremony, it was arranged that Jessie and Mary should accompany the family home to spend the intervening week before the wedding—and that all the class should officiate as bridesmaids when the important event took place. An invitation was extended to Georgine, but haughtily refused,—so Mary reluctantly banished her from heart and memory, while she thanked God, who had given her into the bosom of a family whose tenderness soothed her spirit which had mourned so long its own lost loves.

The few days passed pleasantly away. Jessie had become quite reconciled to her friend's choice. "It is a different thing," said she, "if marrying a farmer is to become the wife of such a splendid fellow as Frank Washburne."

"And yet, Jessie," said Mary, slyly, "we are to remove to the Far West and live in a log-cabin for a while."

"It will be a palace with him," answered Jessie, enthusiastically.

"But consider the sacrifice," pursued Mary. "To forsake intellectual pursuits for butter and cheese-making, refined society for a coarse farmer and his red-shirted laborers, my bridal dress for calico gown and check apron——"

"Oh, hush, Mary!" pleaded Jessie, "I did not know Frank then."

"But you declared it a disgusting picture, and trembled lest your friend would never be happy—you even rebelled against the decrees of Providence, which gave me to this dear circle of friends."

"I am resigned now, I assure you," answered Jessie. "But let us change the subject, and try on your dress once more. The shoulder did not fit exactly this morning, so I just altered it while you and Frank were out riding."

The dress was pronounced complete, and the girls agreed to make no further reference to Jessie's former fears, but to wait the developments of the future, to prove the wisdom of the choice of each. The wedding passed off quietly, and the young couple shortly after left for their home in Wisconsin, then a new State, which was just opening its woody arms to the hardy pioneer. A lovely spot, containing a large tract, surrounded by lakes, to which the Indians had given the euphonious names, Winona, Mendota, and Mouona, and which almost converted it into an island, was "entered" by Frank, and a comfortable cabin, the germ of a future home, erected upon it. And here we leave them. A few years, and "the wilderness shall blossom as the rose;" huge forests shall give place to thriving cities and towns, and the saddened Indian shall forsake the graves of his sires to retire before the advancing march of civilization. But in these few years shall be crowded trials and sorrows, sickness and toils incident to a new country, and our young friends will find need for all their bravery ere they can sit down calmly to enjoy their victory. Still all this cannot rob them of their happiness, and though their fair faces may become marred by time and toil, though their forms may bend beneath the storms of life, there shall no happier hearts be found in the wide world than those who have chosen a farm-home in the Far West.

Wit and Humor.

AN EVERY-DAY OCCURRENCE.

She falls in love with a fellow
Who sports with a foreign air;
He marries her for her *money*,
She marries him for his *hair*.
One of the very best matches,
Both are well mated in life,—
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 65 letters.
My 1, 12, 13, 4, 15, 9 is a town in New York.
My 3, 6, 8, 31, 5, 26, 8, 62 is a town in Arkansas.
My 6, 34, 2, 19, 52, 11, 33, 14, 55 is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 9, 18, 25, 58, 20, 21, 51, 8 is a town in Massachusetts.
My 12, 5, 24, 17, 53, 16, 22 is a town in New Jersey.
My 15, 45, 4, 55, 56, 63, 33, 65, 41 is a town in North Carolina.
My 18, 31, 30, 54, 55, 27, 59, 53 is a town in Kentucky.
My 21, 51, 62, 32, 44, 16, 55, 12, 48 is a town in Maine.
My 24, 56, 29, 45, 63, 5, 29 is a town in Wisconsin.
My 27, 7, 23, 34, 30, 31, 5, 3 is a town in Illinois.
My 30, 16, 40, 12, 37, 38, 14, 63, 56, 16 is a town in Missouri.
My 33, 41, 38, 36, 30, 42, 59, 13 is a town in Michigan.
My 36, 40, 28, 31, 50, 65, 63, 44, 17 is a town in Ohio.
My 39, 21, 43, 26, 36, 35, 36, 3 is a town in Iowa.
My 42, 26, 29, 58, 55, 26, 40, 47, 46, 61, 15, 63 is a town in California.
My 45, 16, 36, 64, 33, 62, 50 is a town in Texas.
My 48, 49, 47, 39, 61, 58, 63, 5, 8 is a town in Virginia.
My 51, 4, 50, 38, 52, 43, 65, 24, 55 is a town in New Hampshire.
My 54, 40, 58, 27, 41, 62, 8 is a town in Connecticut.
My 57, 55, 44, 60, 29, 33, 16, 22 is a town in Georgia.
My 60, 62, 50, 49, 52 is a town in Michigan.
My 63, 56, 2, 3, 10 is a town in Illinois.
My whole in an extract from Cowper.

Springfield, Ill., 1860. M. V. Z.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A boy spent a sum of money for apples, half of which money he paid out at the rate of 3½ cents each, and the other half at the rate of 2½ cents each, and sold them at the rate of 6½ cents for two apples, thereby gaining 11 cents. How much money did he spend, and how many apples did he buy? Wm. H. Mason.

Gidley's Station, Mich., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 529.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Make hay while the sun shines.

Answer to Riddle:—German Flute.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Five cows, one sheep, and ninety-four pigs.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—In-a-tent-eve she stood, and in-comb-push-eye-on-8 ass death. ["Inattentive she stood, and incompassionate as death."—*Byron.*]

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Publisher's Special Notices and Offers.

☞ A New Quarter of the Rural begins with April, a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. We can, however, still supply back numbers, so that all who wish the complete volume for reference or binding, will be accommodated. ☞ Every person remitting, according to our terms, for a club of 10, 15 or 20 *previous to 1st of May*, 1860, will receive a package of choice imported Flower Seeds, as heretofore offered for early clubs.

☞ Voluntary Agents for the Rural.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the Rural, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*—that's the best way to get subscribers—we will duplicate them in order to complete their files for binding.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XI. NO. 12.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 532.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the Important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

WESTERN NEW YORK AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL CONVENTION.

[Abridged from the report given in the Rochester Daily Democrat and American of March 16th.]

This body assembled in the Common Council Chamber, Rochester, March 15th. There was a good attendance, not only of prominent farmers, horticulturists and mechanics, from this county, but also from adjoining counties, showing that the object of the meeting was regarded with considerable interest throughout this section of the State. Hon. SAMUEL MILLER called the Convention to order, and nominated Gen. JACOB GOULD, as President. Gen. GOULD was chosen.

On motion of D. D. T. MOORE, the following Vice-Presidents were elected:—JACOB HINDS, Orleans; C. K. WARD, Genesee; J. E. PATERSON, Monroe; ORANGE SACKETT, Livingston; WM. S. CLARK, Ontario; C. B. ROGERS, Wayne.

B. M. BAKER nominated the following gentlemen for Secretaries, and they were chosen:—SAMUEL MILLER, D. D. T. MOORE, JAS. VICK, and V. A. ACER, of Orleans county.

On motion of P. BARRY, a committee of five, consisting of the following gentlemen, was appointed to present a plan of organization for an Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Society for Western New York, and report at the opening of the afternoon session:—P. BARRY, Monroe; MARTIN BRIGGS, Monroe; P. P. BRADISH, Genesee; F. B. PIERSON, Livingston; E. M. PARSONS, Monroe.

Mr. SPERRY, of Henrietta, said it would be well to know what had been done already. It was understood that several meetings had been held in this city, with reference to the object for which this Convention had been called.

Dr. KELSEY said it was very easy to state all that had been done, so far as Rochester was concerned. He gave a history of the failure of the effort to secure the holding of the Annual Fair of the State Agricultural Society at Rochester, and enumerated the advantages offered to such gatherings in this part of the State. Under the circumstances, it was thought that a Fair might be gotten up for Western New York, which should be equal to any that could be held elsewhere, in this State or out of it. The meetings already held, had been for consultation, with reference to this project, and the subject of discussion at them was mainly the means by which the sentiments of the people of Western New York could be ascertained. It had finally been determined to call this Convention, and it was a gratifying thing that the response had been so general and satisfactory.

J. H. MARTINDALE, Esq., took the floor. He deprecated the idea of inaugurating a policy of hostility to the State Society, or any other organization of the sort; nor did he think anything of the kind was designed. The Society to be organized here, was intended to promote the great interests of agriculture and mechanics, upon which the whole structure of society rested. In this all classes were interested. Even the profession of which he was a member, found it advantageous to be located where the land was full of fatness, and where a spirit of energy favorable to development prevailed. He did not believe the capabilities of Western New York were half exhibited by any means now in existence, and gave a glowing picture of the vast benefits which might be conferred upon this section of the State by such a Society as that now contemplated. These benefits were confined to no class, and extended not only to those engaged in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, but incidentally to tradesmen and professional men of all kinds.

Mr. MARTINDALE spoke of horticulture in particular, as a department of industry which should be an especial object of care in a Western New York Association. On this branch of the subject he dwelt with the zeal and eloquence of an enthusiast. With reference to a plan of organization, he thought no difficulty ought to be experienced, and suggested some practical thoughts tending to further it. First, as a stimulus, he considered the spirit of emulation most effective. With one-tenth of the energy that will be wasted in furthering political ends during the present year, and one-tenth the money that will be paid out by the contending parties, a permanent good that could not be measured in its effects upon the wealth and happiness of the people, might be invoked. A society, to be successful, must be permanently and centrally located, and offer such inducements as would attract the favorable consideration of the farming and mechanical communities spread over a wide extent of country.—He insisted upon the propriety of paying money premiums large enough to make it an object for people to come to the Fairs.

D. R. BARTON was called out as a prominent representative of the mechanical and manufacturing interest. He would be happy to aid in the organization of such a Society as the one proposed. It seemed to him that a Society which should include all industrial interests, mechanical as well as agricultural, ought to be formed. He spoke of the location of Rochester as eminently favorable to the establishment of manufacturing enterprises. He had traveled over the country a great deal, and never came home without feeling a greater regard for the city where he had pitched his home. Though very flattering, and sometimes tempting offers, had been received by him to move elsewhere, he had definitely determined to say in Rochester as long as he lived. With its remarkable facilities for manufacturing and shipping in all directions, he was surprised that greater attention had not been given to Rochester, as a suitable location for manufacturing enterprises. With regard to the location of the Fairs of the proposed Society, he believed that no better spot could be chosen than Rochester, situated as it is, in the midst of a section of country which, more than thirty years ago, the editor of Niles' Weekly Register had designated as a garden. Mr. BARTON hoped nothing would happen to give this Convention the appearance of having been called through any feeling of hostility to the State Society. For himself, he wished that Association all prosperity; but he believed a Society for Western New York, with a fixed location for holding its Fairs, was needed by the people of this section, and such an one might, in his judgment, be formed and sustained, without conflicting with the interests of the State Society.

The Convention adjourned till 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

When the Convention re-assembled, D. D. T. MOORE read a letter from Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, of Seneca county, stating that he was unable to attend, owing to feeble health.

Mr. BARRY, from the Committee on Plan of Organization, reported that several suggestions had been made and debated in the Committee; among which was one to form a Society something on the plan of the State Society, holding Fairs alternately at different places in Western New York; but that idea was rejected mainly because it would have the appearance of antagonism to the State Society, and that, above all things, they wished to avoid. They fully recognized the obligations conferred upon the cause of Agriculture by the State Society, and were anxious to see it properly supported. It had been determined to recommend a plan entirely different. The Committee unanimously reported—

"That, as the object of the present movement is to organize a comprehensive and powerful Association to promote improvement, and awaken a more general interest in Agriculture, Horticulture, Arts, and Manufactures in Western New York, by offering liberal premiums, by furnishing extensive and attractive grounds, convenient and ample buildings for the various departments, by continuing the Annual Exhibitions a considerable length of time, and connecting with them a Fair for the sale and exchange of farm stock, implements, machinery, &c., and as this can only be carried out with the aid of ample means and a thorough system of management, and as experience shows that the present mode of organizing and managing Agricultural and Horticultural Societies will not accomplish these ends, the Committee recommend the plan of a Joint Stock Association, to be designated the Western New York Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Association, to be located permanently at Rochester, to have a capital of at least $50,000 in shares of $10 each; to obtain a charter from the State; to procure forty to one hundred acres of suitable land for Show Grounds, and erect thereon spacious and convenient buildings for the display of articles in the various departments.

"That a Committee be appointed by this Convention to solicit subscriptions to the stock and to carry out the entire work of organization on the plan suggested in the report, and that said Committee be empowered to call further meetings of subscribers to the stock whenever they may consider it necessary or expedient."

The report was accepted, and a motion being made to adopt it, H. G. WARNER, Esq., asked what advantage such an Association as the one proposed, would be able to offer more than our Agricultural Societies as usually carried on.

Mr. BARRY took the floor, and made an earnest and telling speech, explaining and advocating the plan of a joint stock company. He said that everybody understood the embarrassments under which our County Society labored, in getting means to carry on its operations, because there was nobody having any individual interest to be advanced, and it was hard to raise money enough for premiums. It was included in the design of the Committee, to have the Fairs continue a longer period than those of the State Society, or any of the County Societies, so as to enable farmers and mechanics to bring their stock and implements on the ground, and exhibit them for sale. Commodious buildings would be erected to give room for displaying all sorts of domestic productions and manufactured articles, better than they have been usually shown.

Judge WARNER did not concur with the Committee, and criticised the plan proposed. Thought it would tend to injure the County Society, and did not believe the mass of farmers in this vicinity would be satisfied with the arrangement.

The question was discussed at some length by Messrs. SPERRY, BARRY, and KELSEY—Mr. S. fearing that the proposed Association would interfere with the County Society. He expected that this meeting would result in a sort of extension of the plan on which the County Society was organized, instead of a joint stock company. D. D. T. MOORE, President of the County Society, stated in explanation, that the various propositions for organizing a Western New York Society had been submitted to the Board of Managers of the County Society. The joint stock plan had been discussed at the last meeting of the Board, and every member present favored it, if so organized that the County Society could unite harmoniously, and life members become shareholders to the amount of their tickets in case the Society was merged in the new Association.

Judge MILLER favored the joint stock plan. He would favor Mr. SPERRY's plan if he thought it practicable, but had come to the conclusion, after looking the matter all over, that the necessary money to procure grounds, erect buildings, &c., could not be raised in that way, by subscription.

Further remarks were made by Mr. SPERRY, Judge WARNER and Dr. KELSEY.

Mr. WM. S. CLARK, President of the Ontario County Agricultural Society, said the formation of an Agricultural Society for Western New York had been talked over in his section, and everybody was in favor of it there. The farmers in Ontario would be very glad to have the fairs held in their county, and would not be afraid of its influence on their local society. He was astonished to find that anybody in Monroe county could be found that was opposed to it. He favored the joint stock project very earnestly. If such a company would take the Ontario County Fair Grounds, the members of that Society would be glad to sell out. His speech was quite animated, and excited a good deal of applause. It was the most effective speech delivered in the Convention—went right to the point in a moment, and settled the question in favor of a stock company at once. He concluded by saying that if the people of Monroe were afraid of such a company, the people of Ontario were not; and would be glad to have the fairs held there.

J. H. ROBINSON, of Rochester, said he claimed to feel a strong interest in agricultural enterprises. In his opinion a Western New York Agricultural Society might be successfully organized and carried on. Such a Society had been in existence once since his time, but it failed. That, however, was no reason why the present effort should fail. Farmers were not now so contemptuously opposed to "book farming" as they were once. If the farmers in the counties of this section of the State can be induced to come to Rochester and sustain these fairs, he said he was inclined to be in favor of a joint stock company.

The question was taken on adopting the report of the committee, and carried nearly unanimously.

On motion, the number of the committee mentioned in the report was fixed at thirteen, and the following named gentlemen appointed:—B. M. Baker, D. R. Barton, P. Barry, Samuel Miller, W. A. Reynolds, D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, Monroe county; Wm. S. Clark, Ontario; P. P. Bradish, Genesee; Orange Sackett, Livingston; V. A. Acer, Orleans; C. B. Rogers, Wayne; E. B. Holmes, Brockport; I. H. Sutherland, Pittsford.

[After the adjournment of the Convention, the above Committee, to which was intrusted the duty of organizing an Association, met and appointed a sub-committee to draft a petition to present to the Legislature to obtain a charter.]

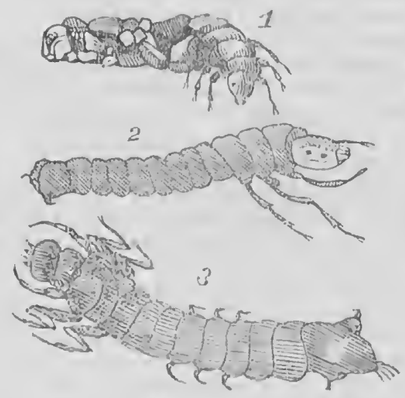
RAMBLING, AND NATURAL HISTORY.

How refreshing it is, during the summer months, to retire from the crowded street of dusty bustle, or to escape from the close confinement of an office, or the like, and breathe the pure, invigorating country air. Tastes, however, differ in this, as in countless ways; each has his will or ideal of happiness, that prompts to action, in the line that meets the fancy. Some writer has aptly said, "That in the same meadow the dog may be seen to hunt the hare, the ox the herbage, and the stork the lizard"—hence, it does not follow, that all who seek the country are actuated by the same motives. With me, an occasional ramble, for a day or two, among the hills and valleys, in the interior of Pennsylvania, in quest of botanical and entomological novelties, has been, and, I trust, will continue to be, a source of great satisfaction and pleasure; for novelty, after all, is the ruling passion of the Naturalist as well as of others, who may chase some "will-o'-the-wisp," which they call pleasure, yet look with contempt upon the collector of *weeds*, and catcher of *moths*—who, by-the-by, is not the less wise nor happy, in the choice of his pursuit.

Enthusiasm is considered by some a moral inebriety, of which I plead guilty, if the heartfelt delight I feel, when in the deep solitude of our primitive forests, is inspired thereby; but, can we call that a solitude, where the mountain streamlet is merry with a thousand tongues,—dashing from ledge to ledge, and playing at "bo-peep" among the mossy stones that have been undermined and hurled down the hill-side, to find a lodgment in its channel—where the stately pines or noble oaks stretch their giant arms o'er head, and the rugged hill-side, whose brows have braved the storms of ages, speaks to the soul with its myriad familiar voices? Here, too, the most mild and gentle of all the sylvan deities, Zephyrus himself, fans you with his cooling breath, made fragrant with odors from beds of violets, or the spicy aroma of the sweet birch and spice wood. A scene like this fills us with reverence, and the contemplative mind is led through "Nature up to Nature's God." Each natural object finds an echo in the heart, and the soft cadancy of the breeze, as it stirs the leaves of those venerable pines, is soothing to the soul and calms the fretted spirit worn with the stirring cares of daily toil.

Apart from moralizing and poetic fancy, there is much that recommends such rambles; the reflecting mind will find it a source of real enjoyment, and of mental culture; not to enumerate the varied wild flowers, shrubs and trees, geological or mineral curiosities, or the relics of the red man occasionally met with, the mountain scenery, and the geographical disposition of hills, valleys, and water courses, all are highly interesting, and adapted to a variety of tastes. In these lone and lovely haunts, where flows the mountain brook, the angler, too, may find the speckled trout reposing under its mossy banks, or sporting in its crystal waters, to entice it with the wily fly. This reminds me of the interest with which I examined the curious stony cases of the cad-bait, the first time I met with it—about which IZAAK WALTON has given many particulars, especially as regards their piscatorial qualities, and which he calls *cadis, pipers, cock-spurs, straw-worms*, or *ruff-coats*. Although THOMAS SAY has described them at some length, and figures four species of the perfect fly, I never saw the larva figured, and will give the result of my own observations and sketches taken at the time.

On the occasion referred to, my attention was arrested by the movement of certain tubular, glommerated particles of sand, in the bottom of a spring, at which I refreshed myself by a draught of its cool and sparkling water. On a closer scrutiny, I observed the head and anterior segments of the body of an insect protrude from the motly-colored casing, as shown by figure 1. This case was a regular Mosaic structure, composed of bits of quartz, yellow sand, red shale, and stone coal, intermingled and stuck together by means of a water-proof cement. I also noticed a grate-like opening at the rear. One peculiarity is, that the



FIGS. 1, 2 and 3—Larva of Phryganeæ.

insect, in the selection and combination of the materials employed, instinctively keeps up a balance so as to preserve the specific gravity of water, by which judicious selection, its habitation is neither too heavy nor too buoyant to impede its crawling motions. With some effort I succeeded in dragging out one of the inmates, which is shown by figure 2, somewhat enlarged. They hold on by means of a pair of hooked processes at the anal extremity, with which they also drag their cases after them in the bottom of springs. All my efforts to induce the creature to re-enter its abode, proved fruitless. It resisted all my coaxing and hacking up,—obstinately determined to shun that shelter from which it was so rudely expelled. Fig. 3 is a species found in a different locality, and has what seem external respiratory filaments, to the sides of the central segments of its body, which those of figure 1 had not.

M. PICTET, of Geneva, has published a valuable work upon the Phryganeæ of Switzerland, of nearly 120 species, of which he had noticed the preparatory state of no fewer than 52. We may have also numerous species not yet found or described, beside those here figured. During the spring and summer, we often notice a moth-like insect enter our houses at candle-light, attracted or blinded by the light, around which it flies, and often singes its wings, and, crippled, spins around in fruitless efforts to escape, or burns outright in

FIGS. 4 and 5—Phryganeæ. FIG. 6—Leptocerus. FIGS. 7 and 8—American Yellow-Sally, for Trout Fishing.

the flame. Figure 4, is the *Phryganea subfasciata*. Figure 5, the *P. semi-fasciata* of SAY. These are of a yellowish color—others are of a uniform gray color. Figure 6, is a species of *Leptocerus*, an allied insect of like habits, distinguished by its long antennæ, and its very long, pilose, five-jointed maxillary palpi. This specimen I obtained from Prof. S. S. HALDIMAN. Its color is a deep yellow, with pretty black markings. The specific name he did not communicate. These moth-like creatures, like the Ephemera, often appear in swarms, and are of short duration. The weak structure of the mouth is evidence that they take little or no nourishment, and are only anxious to continue their species. The females deposit their eggs on the leaves or stems of aquatic plants, from whence the larvæ descend into the water and construct their cases.

The insects' wings are not covered with scales, hence they form the link that connects the

Neuroptera and Lepidoptera. (The larvæ of Lepidopterous insects, like that of Oiketicus of Guilding, which the Germans call *Sacktrager*,—the English basket-worms—have similar habits of forming terrestral abodes from leaves, and other materials.) They are classified in a separate order, called the Trichoptera, by Kirby, the character for which is thus given:—Wings, four; membranous; the anterior generally pilose, with branching nerves, the posterior larger and folded when at rest. Prothorax very short. Tibiæ with long calcaria at the tip, and often beyond the middle of the limb in the four posterior legs. Mouth unfitted for mastication; mandibles rudimental. Larva hexapod, ordinarily residing in a case formed of various materials, in which it retains its station by means of two hooked anal processes. Pupa incomplete, inactive during the greater part of its existence.

Such is a brief history of the well-known caddice-flies or water-moths of the angler. Figures 7 and 8 illustrate the American Yellow-sally—well known to the angler as an excellent bait for trout—the *Chloroperla viridis*, in May, termed the *Yellow-sally*, or, according to Curtis, the *Willow-fly*—which latter is, however, usual in September, and a species of Nemoura,—(*Ronald's Fly-Fisher's Entomology.*) Say describes a similar species among his *Sialis* or *Perla*. The larvæ of this family are naked—not inclosed in a case.

Lancaster, Pa., 1860. J. Stauffer.

MANGEL WURZEL.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I now feel confident that root crops, such as beets, carrots, and mangel wurzel, can be grown as good in this country as in England. I have grown the mangel wurzel, the last five years, with good success, increasing them in size every year. Last spring I planted a piece of ground with the Long Red, and the Yellow Globe mangel wurzel, in rows two feet apart, and one foot in the rows. As soon as the weeds were an inch high, I gave them a good hoeing, which kept the weeds down for a considerable time. I thinned them to one strong plant in each foot,—another good hoeing was all they required. I had the lower leaves taken off, and given to the cattle, which I consider would pay for the hoeing. When they were taken up in the fall they weighed 23,946 pounds. There were hundreds of them from 9 to 12 pounds each. The piece of ground they were grown on measured 38¼ rods,—this yield would be about 48 tons to the acre,—which, at 25 cents per 100 pounds, would be $240. The above distance would be rather close between the rows for field culture. It is quite a mistake to plant closer than the above to obtain large roots. I planted the first two years, nine inches in the rows, and the roots were smaller. One great cause of failure in this country is, we do not hoe in time, but let the weeds get too strong, which takes double time, and the work cannot be well done. I hope my statement will encourage those that never tried root culture, to commence this spring, and report progress in the Rural. J. C.

Troy, N. Y., 1860.

TILL LESS AND RAISE MORE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—While casting the eye over many portions of our rural country, we pause, and wonder how some people can still indulge in the bad practice of trying to till twice—and some, three or four times—as much land as is profitable. Is it because their fathers did? Is it because they like to boast how many acres they plant, sow, or mow? or is it because they do not take the Rural? We will wait for some of these victims to answer.

Many farmers—no, they are not worthy the name of *farmers*, but persons of my acquaintance—there are, who do not raise three per cent. from the land they attempt to till. The losses are very visible to the observing farmer,—such as extra cost of fence, seed, wear of tools, and double, many times, treble, amount of land to till for the same crop. But, for the opposite: We have known others to raise one hundred per cent. from their farms, and the extra expense of tillage was but a trifle more than the former. What causes this vast difference? Our experience teaches us that it is owing *to doing the work well*, and to the *application of manure*. Such being the fact, let us endeavor to remember the maxim, "Work once well done, is twice done;" and also try every way to enlarge our compost heaps, (the farmer's bank,) not only in *quantity*, but in *quality*, and soon our labor will give strong evidences that it is far better to *till less and raise more*.

Palermo, Oswego Co., N. Y., 1860. Tyro.

THE STEEL PLOW.

The following letter from John Johnston, Esq., was written in reply to one from Mr. H. A. Whittemore, of Chautauqua Co., inquiring about the Steel Plow advertised in the Rural New-Yorker:

H. A. Whittemore, Esq.:—*Dear Sir*—Yours of yesterday is before me. I am of opinion that the Steel Plow is a decided improvement on the cast iron one. It is of much easier draft, much lighter to handle for the plowman, and no fear of the mould-board clogging in any kind of land. It is also said the mould-board don't wear out so soon. I like it much. I only plowed about thirteen acres with mine, and did not take notice about the cost of sharpening the share, but the manufacturers wrote me that they made them for cast shares as well as for steel shares. Mine had rather too little land for stubble. I wrote them about it; they informed me how I could remedy it, but I had done plowing before I received their answer. I was at their works two weeks ago, and ordered a three-horse steel plow to plow a foot deep, which they will have ready for me before needed. That will be a good article. I think we must go deeper to find the gold; the surface has been worked too long, already. Their price, I believe, is $15 for two-horse plows. I got mine on trial, and I told them when they sent the three-horse plow, to send the bill and I would send the pay for them both, and also for a new-fashioned corn-cultivator which I am getting made after my own plan. We never had right cultivators for stiff soils. I will say nothing about it until I see how it works. I have just been out and weighed the plow, which is 105 lbs., coulter and all. I suggested to the makers another mode of putting on the clevice, which will be an improvement, and which I think they will adopt in future. I mind nothing more.

Yours, respectfully, John Johnston.

Near Geneva, N. Y., Feb. 21st, 1860.

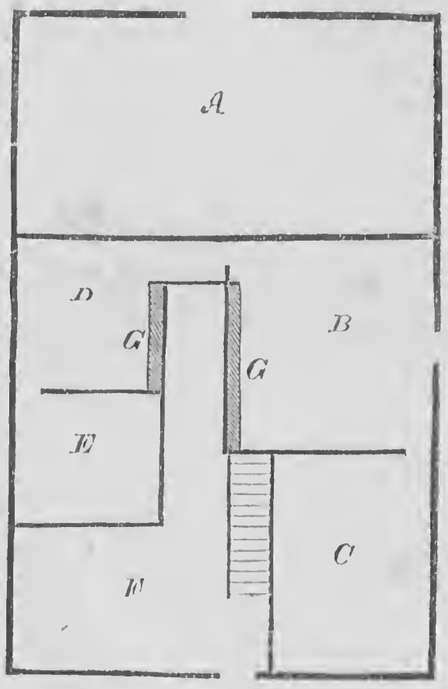
P. S.—If you would send this to the Rural New-Yorker for publication, it would save me answering more letters. I have answered several before this. J. J.

PLAN OF A PIGGERY.

Editors Rural New-Yorker:—Inclosed I send you a rude drawing of the ground plan of a piggery, which, if you think proper, you can present to Rural readers. I am the more inclined to do this, from having noticed an inquiry for a plan of a building for the special accommodation of the porkers, and from a desire to contribute, if possible, to the improvement of that class of farm buildings:

The improvement to which I wish to direct particular attention, is a convenient arrangement for saving the manure, the most valuable, probably, of any made on the farm, and which is often partly, if not wholly, lost. Some three years ago, being about to erect a piggery, and wanting one that would accommodate from six to ten hogs, I began to consider the size and general arrangement that would best secure the object, *the desideratum being to save all the manure without losing any of its value*, and a convenient place to receive what might be added to increase the quantity,—such as chaff from the barn, leaves from the forest, or muck from the bed. After three years' use, were I again to build, I would not know how to improve the plan, the object sought being fully met at a cost of about $125.

The building is 20 by 30 feet, standing on a good foundation of stone and mortar. Posts 12 feet long, and the upper part of the building is arranged for storing corn and other coarse grain. It will be seen, by referring to the plan, that only two-thirds of the building, or 20 by 20 feet, is to be used as a piggery,—that being all that is necessary for ten hogs, whether fattening or stores, or both. The remaining one-third, or 10 by 20, is conveniently arranged for receiving the manure, both liquid and solid, and over it can be fitted up, if desired, a place for poultry.



A, 10 by 20, receives the manure. A girt is placed 6 inches above the sill, to which girt and the beam above, the boarding is attached, leaving a space 3½ inches between the girt and floor; the floor made of two-inch plank, and lined with half-inch boards. The floor extends one foot over the sill into A, and is sufficiently elevated at the other end under B and D to carry off the liquid manure, the bedding and other manure being thrown over by means of convenient windows or openings for the purpose. B, 10 by 10, is an apartment for fattening hogs. C, 8 by 10, for bedding fattening hogs, connected with B by door. D, 7 by 8, is for shoats. E, 6 by 7, to receive bedding for shoats, connected with D by doors. F, embraces alley and stairs, with ample room for boxes to contain feed. G G, feeding troughs.

In conclusion, permit me to say that, in the opinion of the writer, no plan of a piggery is worthy of adoption, unless there are ample arrangements for saving the manure, a conclusion, I trust, in harmony with the views of intelligent farmers. J. B. Salls.

West Potsdam, 1860.

LIGHTNING RODS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a recent issue of your journal, I noticed an article entitled "Experience with Lightning Rods," in which the author condemns all lightning conductors, because his were not durable, and consequently were out of repair; and also states that he shall not hereafter depend upon any heaven-defying contrivances of man, but upon the God of storms, who always accomplishes the purpose His wisdom designs. Now, the query in my mind is, whether the wisdom of God ever designed any of His creatures to be killed by lightning, frozen to death, or drowned; yet these are actual occurrences; and the man that believes all things were foreordained, says, of course, that it could not be otherwise. Let us see if this holds good in all cases. The physician tells us that we are constituted with certain physical laws, which, if broken, will cause sickness; but it is not necessarily designed that we should be sick. We find by observation that the Creator, in forming the elements, made it necessary for man to make some effort to protect himself. The rain is sent to water the earth, and the cold winds of autumn are designed for an equally wise purpose; yet we have no surety that if we neglect to provide ourselves with the necessary means for protection, that we shall not be injured thereby. If it is heaven-defying to place lightning conductors upon our buildings, why is it not to place roofs upon our houses, or wrap our persons in warm furs in winter? It seems to be a settled fact in nature and philosophy, that electricity can be attracted and conducted by artificial means. If this be the case, why cannot a conductor, if properly placed upon a building, and well inserted in the earth, (the center of attraction,) be a protection from atmospheric electricity? This, I believe, is claimed by most writers on electricity; and unless W. B. P. can bring forward some arguments to confute theirs, I see no reason why he should disbelieve them. D. E. H.

Avoca, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Cattle Disease in Massachusetts.

Our Massachusetts exchanges come to us with detailed reports of a destructive disease which has made its appearance among the cattle of North Brookfield. Great excitement prevails in the farming community, and the attention of the Legislature has been called to the subject. Dr. Dadd, and other experienced veterinarians, have visited the locality of the contagion, and pronounced the malady epidemic *Pleura Pneumonia*. The Boston *Journal* says that the disease was introduced last summer by a calf of foreign breed, brought from the town of Belmont. It fixes itself upon the lungs, and produces a violent cough, and the lungs are finally destroyed. Some of the cattle attacked with it linger along for weeks; others die in a few days after the attack. None have recovered. Letters from farmers in North Brookfield, say that the disease is apparently making a clean sweep through the herds in that section, where it has got a foothold. One man has lost ten head of cattle, and has as many more sick. Another man has lost seven, and the best of his herd are sick. In North Brookfield and New Braintree, the disease is in five or six herds. One gentleman in North Brookfield writes to a member of the Legislature that the disease is of the most alarming character. The calf from Belmont was carried to Leonard Stoddard. His cattle began to be taken sick, and one after another died. He sold an animal to Mr. Olmstead, and the stock of the latter are all dying. Mr. Stoddard also sold a cow to Mr. Huntington, who has since lost seven cows, and has ten more sick; so of another herd in New Braintree, where some of Mr. Stoddard's stock were sent. If allowed to spread, continues the writer, the disease will cause general destruction. It is a foreign disease, and the same that prevails in Holland at this time. It seems almost certainly fatal. We learn that the disease has entered the herd of the gentleman in Belmont who sold the calf to Mr. Stoddard, and that his cattle are nearly all exterminated.

Disturbance of Tile Drains.

A late writer in the *New England Farmer* stated that tile drains were very liable to displacement by loaded teams passing over them, and, thereby, seemed to imply that their lasting qualities were not to be relied upon. In the March issue of the same journal, another correspondent, who has more faith in this style of "crockery," comes to the rescue. He remarks:—"The statement of W. D. that tiles are liable to be displaced by loaded teams passing over them, is contradicted by my experience, and I cannot believe that it is borne out by fact in any case where tiles are well laid. W. D. may lay tile even on his meadow land without fear that they will be injured, if ordinary care is used. Stone drains are much more liable to disturbance from every cause than tile drains, and any assertion to the contrary must be based upon extraordinary experience, if upon any. A tile drain about two hundred feet long was laid by my direction in a swamp where the trench was three feet deep, and the tile laid on hard-pan bottom. A drive-way was immediately constructed over it, and all the stone for a house cellar, and loads of other heavy material, carried over without any disturbance. A constant use has been made of the drive-way since that time, and for two years, without ceasing, the drain has discharged an average of two thousand and four hundred gallons of water daily. In another case, drains were laid four feet deep in a meadow where the mud was soft and of undetermined depth; after the drains had been discharging for two or three months, and the meadow had dried enough to allow teams to cross, sand and other earth was carted on, to the depth of six or eight inches; no care was used in driving over the drains, and yet they have continued to discharge, to their full capacity, for nearly a year since the earth was hauled on. I have directed about twelve thousand dollars' worth of draining, and never used any care about the crossing of loaded teams, yet no drain of the whole number has, to my knowledge failed, or been at all injured from that cause."

Nothing but a Farmer.

The idea is often expressed that the business of farming requires rather physical than mental activity. The editor of the London Saturday Review, after returning from a Cattle Show, gives expression to some reflections on the demands which modern agriculture makes on the mental powers of the farmer, from which we copy a paragraph. "Mere idlers are not the anxious, cautious heads engaged all the week in manipulating and admiring the scarifiers and reaping machines and steam plows in Baker street. If farming is all that its extant instruments betoken, it is among the most difficult of economical pursuits. The British farmer must be an accountant holding his own against Messrs. Quilter and Ball; for he must be able to get the exact cost of every bushel of corn raised on his fields, and of every beast and sheep consigned to the butcher. He must know what he wins and loses by every acre, and he must be possessed of the natural history of every bushel of manure throughout its career of raw material, grass, beef, or flour. In other words, the farmer must be a good arithmetician, something of a chemist, not unacquainted with animal and vegetable physiology, a practical mechanician, skilled in at least the theory of several branches of natural philosophy, possessed of that administrative faculty which can rule and attract subordinates, with moral qualifications, which, to say the least of them, must embrace sobriety, punctuality, quickness, tact, and what is generally known by business habits. If the farmer is not this, he is naught; and the fact that the trade has compelled him to be this, is not the least of its blessings. There is probably no class which the last quarter of a century has so much elevated and refined as that of the British farmer."

Remedy for Lice on Cattle.

A correspondent of the Boston *Cultivator* says, that keeping the stable floors sprinkled with wood ashes, for two weeks after the cattle are brought to the barn, will rid the animals of lice, if they are troubled with them. He adds, "If an animal is very badly covered with lice, a thorough washing with strong soap suds will always effect a permanent cure."

Inquiries and Answers.

Information Wanted.—Will Mr. Brown, of Cedar Falls, Iowa, give your readers the ingredients he used in physicing his cattle? If he will, such prescription may prove of much benefit in this section, as there are some cases among us.—J. H. Stow, *Dane Co., Wis.*, 1860.

Jerusalem Artichokes.—I have applied to a number of seedsmen for Jerusalem Artichoke seed. They have not got it. If you would inquire through your valuable paper where it could be got, you would much oblige a subscriber.—Abner Stephenson, *Fairfax C. H., Va.*

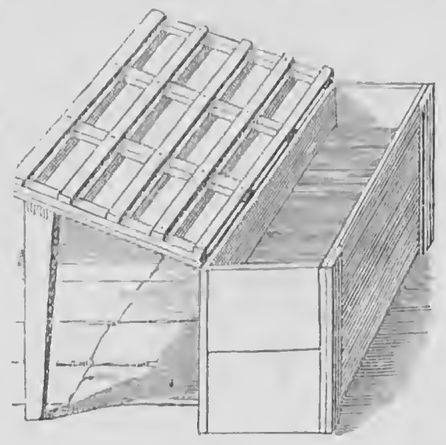
We don't know where the seed is for sale. There is no demand for it, we presume, and for this reason it is not kept by seedsmen. Perhaps some of our readers can supply you with tubers, which would be better. We have a few tubers growing in one corner of our garden, and we will increase them the present season, and supply you with either seeds or tubers next fall or spring, unless you are otherwise provided for. A subscriber, whose name we have forgotten, sent us a bag of fine artichokes last autumn. He, no doubt, could supply you, and if this meets his eye, we hope he will write you on the subject.

Potatoes from the West.—I send you, by express, a few potatoes, marked as they are called here. Please give me the true names.—C. S., *Cuyahoga Falls, O.*

The potatoes accompanying the above were labeled:—No. 1, Peach Blow; No. 2, Prolific Blue; No. 3, Carter; No. 4, St. Helena; No. 5, Strawberry. These potatoes are mostly new to us, and we can find no one to name them. No. 1 is not the new Peach Blow, quite popular in the New York market for several years past, but is a red, yellow flesh potato, looking much like what is called here the Western Red. No. 2 resembles what is called here the New England Seedling. No. 3 is not the celebrated Carter of Massachusetts. No. 5 is not what we grow here as the Strawberry, and we do not know it. We wish something could be done to ascertain the true names of potatoes worthy of cultivation. Nearly every variety now has a dozen names by which it is known in different localities, and the same name is given to a dozen different sorts.

Ticks on Sheep.—I have a flock of sheep much afflicted with ticks, so much so that it is impossible to keep them from running down poor. Will you, or some one of our correspondents, give, through the columns of the Rural, some method of freeing the sheep of their tormentors?—A Rural Reader, *Lockport, N. Y.*, 1860.

There are various modes adopted and recommended. Randall, in *The Shepherds Own Book*, remarks as follows:—"Ticks, when very numerous, greatly annoy and enfeeble sheep in the winter, and should be kept entirely out of the flock. After shearing, the heat and cold, the rubbing and biting of the sheep soon drive off the tick, and it takes refuge in the long wool of the lamb. Wait a fortnight after shearing to allow all to make this transfer of residence. Then boil refuse tobacco leaves until the decoction is strong enough to kill ticks beyond a peradventure. This may be readily tested by experiment. Five or six pounds of cheap plug tobacco, or an equivalent in stems, &c., may be made to answer for 100 lambs.



Dipping box.

The decoction is poured into a deep, narrow box, kept for this purpose, and which has an inclined shelf one side, covered with a wooden grate, as shown in the cut. One man holds the lamb by the hind legs, another clasps the fore-legs in one hand, and shuts the other about the nostrils to prevent the liquid entering them, and then the lamb is entirely immersed. It is immediately lifted out, laid on one side on the grate, and the water squeezed out of its wool. It is then turned over and squeezed on the other side. The grate conducts the fluid back into the box. If the lambs are annually dipped, ticks will never trouble a flock."

Another mode, and one successfully adopted by one of our correspondents, is to feed the flock sulphur. His views are thus expressed:—"When sheep are fed salt, (which they should have often,) mix common sulphur with it thoroughly, so as to give each sheep a common-sized teacupful, and by the time you have given them three such portions, you will find the ticks have taken a furlough, and left for parts unknown. This is the cheapest remedy I have ever found, and I am satisfied that if sheep are fed sulphur once a month, in this manner, through the year, they will never be troubled with ticks, and it will conduce to keep sheep in a healthy condition."

How I Saved my Sheep.—My inquiry, "How to Save my Sheep," not appearing in the Rural as soon as desired, I will now give you the plan I adopted. I cut the ditch two feet broader. It is now seven feet wide, and the result is, I have lost no more sheep in the ditch. They have not attempted to jump it. It appears that narrow ditches are more dangerous for sheep than broad ones.—Wm. H. Chaffee, *Byron, Shiawassee Co., Mich.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Spring Campaign.—What campaign—political? Nay, verily, but one of equal if not greater importance than any of that ilk now being prosecuted. We mean *the Campaign of the Ruralist*—of every one who cultivates the earth for a livelihood. The Farmer, the Horticulturist and the Gardener must now buckle on their armor for the good fight—for the season of Nature's hibernation hath passed, and Spring cometh on apace. Earth, air and sky are propitious. Nature, in her boundless laboratory, has already commenced operations on a grand scale, and to secure her productions abundantly and profitably, it is only requisite for the Ruralist to be timely and judicious in seconding her efforts to multiply and replenish the whole vegetable and animal kingdoms. Those who are ready to do this in season—to do the right thing at the proper time—will not only prosecute the Spring, but also the Summer and Autumn campaigns most profitably, as well as pleasantly. Are you ready, Ruralist reader? Have you completed all your Winter work, including the maturing of plans for the active operations of the oncoming season?—decided exactly *what* you will do, and *how* it shall be done, and engaged and prepared men and teams, implements and seeds, to enter upon and prosecute the laborious campaign with vigor and success? If not, you must be up and doing. Be ready in season, start aright, work with mind and might,—trusting in Providence and keeping the fear of the Lord before your eyes—and the result will not only be profitable to yourself, but redound to the sustenance (if not the saving) of the nation.

"Strike, but Hear!"—Under date of "——, Shelby Co., Ky., Feb. 22, 1860, an agent-friend of the Rural, writes us as follows:—"Will you be so kind as to change my address from ——, Shelby Co., Ky., to ——, Wash. Co., Mich.? The few who subscribed for the Rural here, commend it in the highest terms, *although their neighbors speak of it as an abolition paper, because it is published* North *of Mason and Dixon's line!* I have incurred the displeasure of several of the neighborhood where I have been teaching school, *by circulating the* Rural, and therefore, as they do not want me to teach any longer, I shall return to Michigan."

—Those who read the Rural New-Yorker at the South—and it has as ardent friends and admirers among the planters of Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Louisiana the Carolinas, &c., as in any part of the Union—know that people who thus *strike before they hear* (or read,) must be fools or knaves, and we leave them to properly characterize the act above chronicled. Their cordial and continued appreciation of the Rural.—It having many more subscribers south of Mason & Dixon's line this year than ever before—is the best evidence of its national character and laudable objects, and that it needs no defence from such unfounded and ridiculous aspersions

Profitable Butter Making.—The following statement of the amount of butter made and sold during eight years, has been furnished us by Mr. Luther Hovey, of Henrietta, in this county. Considering the limited number of cows, and the amount of butter probably used by the family, the figures show successful dairying:

"1852—Sold 403 lbs. butter for $65,35; made from two cows.

1853—Sold 411 lbs. for $69,53; from two cows.

1854—432 lbs., for $82,68; from two cows.

1855—492 lbs. for $98,36; from two cows, and one two year old heifer which came in in August.

1856—528 lbs. for $96,36; from one cow and two 2 year old heifers after August.

1857—669 lbs for $120,33; from three cows, and one heifer in August.

1858—593 lbs. for $86,17; from four cows, one of them being farrow.

1859—800 lbs. for $127,12; from four cows.

The first seven years do not include the butter used in the family, which consisted of four persons, beside visitors. The last year includes all the butter made. Mr. Wm. G. Griffin, of Rochester, has purchased almost every pound sold."

"The Locusts are Coming."—Dr. G. B. Smith, of Baltimore, announces that the locusts will appear extensively this year. According to his statement, the following States and parts of States, will be occupied by them:

"New York and Connecticut—From Long Island Sound to Washington county, New York; from the Connecticut river to the Hudson river; and several counties in New York, west of the Hudson river, to Montgomery county, on the Mohawk river. New Jersey—Occupying the whole State. Pennsylvania—In that portion bounded by Peter's Mountain on the south, Mahantango Mountain on the north, the Delaware river on the east, and the Susquehanna river on the west. Maryland—From Anne Arundel county to the middle of St. Mary's county; from the Chesapeake to the Potomac river. Virginia—From the south part of Loudon county to the Roanoke river; from the Blue Ridge to the Potomac river. North Carolina—Caswell, Rockingham, Stokes, Guilford, Roman, Surry, and adjacent counties. Michigan—About Kalamazoo. Indiana—Dearborn and adjacent counties. They will commence emerging in North Carolina about the 10th of May, and a few days later for every hundred miles as we progress north, until the 1st of June, in Washington county, New York. This will afford a fine opportunity to test the correctness of the assertion that they do not appear regularly every seventeen years. None of the Southern tribe (thirteen year locusts) appear this year."

New York Horse Market.—In a recent article on the Horse Market, the N. Y. Tribune says that a greater number of horses were sold in that city, in the first ten days of March, than during the corresponding period for many preceding years. They were almost entirely work horses, and a considerable portion of them railroad and stage horses, such as ordinarily sell for about $125 to $135 each. The city and farm-work horses have sold from $100 to $250 each—very few at the highest figure. Generally speaking, the prices of horses this Spring are almost precisely the same as last Spring. The only difference in the market is, that owing to the favorable weather in February, and the first week of March, the business has been much more lively, more horses have arrived, and they have not, as they sometimes do, stuck on hand till they "eat their heads off."

Implements, Seeds, &c.—We receive, by almost every mail, inquiries relative to where various implements, seeds, plants, &c., may be obtained, and the price. We cannot always answer definitely by letter, and it is not our province to do so in print, (having a department wherein manufacturers and dealers can make their own announcements,) and hence refer all to our advertising columns for information. A careful perusal of our advertising department would save many the trouble of writing us—for there is scarcely anything worthy of notice or purchase by Rural readers that is not therein announced.

Lodi Ag. Society, (Seneca Co.)—Officers for 1860:—*President*—S. B. Smith. *Vice-President*—P. E. Van Vleet. *Secretary*—Jas. Van Horne. *Treasurer*—A. Woodworth. *Directors*—T. C. Osgood, Daniel Bramble, R. Van Lew, C. B. Vescelius, D. McNair, S. V. Miner. A Fair for Exhibition and Sale of Stock, Farm Implements, Mechanical Products, &c., will be held on the 6th of June.

HORTICULTURAL.

ENGLISH OPINIONS OF AMERICAN FRUITS.

We almost despair of getting folks to talk and write and act right. We hardly get them about sound upon the dwarf pear question, before they are all astray upon grapes, or something else, and so we are compelled to labor and wait for the good time coming, when all men will be reasonable and write only of what they know. Lately there appeared in the *London Gardeners' Chronicle*, an article on *American Fruits*, which is, no doubt, justly attributed to the venerable English nurseryman, Thomas Rivers. Speaking of the apple, he says:

"There is, perhaps, no quarter of the world where the apple is cultivated that produces such fine and perfect fruit, as a portion of the United States. It is strange that such an inhabitant of the Old World should have been so perfectly acclimated in the New, and to have such a tendency to 'make itself good,' for, from our European sorts, many, doubtless of inferior quality, when introduced about two hundred years ago, have sprung numbers of the finest sorts of apples in the known world. The great peculiarity in American apples is their tender, juicy, delicate, half-melting flesh, rich, sugary and agreeable, without, however, any decided aroma, at least as far as I have tasted, like our Ribston Pippin, when grown in Kent or Sussex, and some other English varieties. These have, perhaps, more piquancy, but the flesh is hard and breaking, requiring, like the Cornish Gilliflower, iron teeth and a stomach of leather. American apples are, on the contrary, 'old men's fruit,' and a large Newton Pippin can be eaten with as much comfort as a melting pear. I can imagine no apple more agreeable than the Mother, the Northern Spy, the Melon, and the Reinette du Canada. The American kitchen apples are remarkable for their crisp, juicy flesh, neither too sweet nor too acid, but of the exact quality for pies and puddings. The Rhode Island Greening and the Baldwin are two excellent examples of this class of apples.

There are also a class of apples quite peculiar to the States, viz., sweet apples, or *pig feeding* apples. These have scarcely any trace of acid, even when grown in England, but are of a luscious, rather dull, sugary flavor. Pigs thrive upon them, and they are grown largely by the farmers, for autumn feeding. The Jersey Sweet, Tolman Sweet, Ramsdell's Sweet, and hundreds of seedling sweeting apples are planted to 'please the pigs.' But few of the American apples can be grown to advantage in England. Cobbett, when he imported his American locust and apple trees, used to obtain some specimens to sell his trees by from trees trained to a southern wall at Kensington, and most magnificent apples they were, quite enough to make his admirers American apple tree mad, as they then were. This, however, is sufficient to remind us that American apples should be cultivated in a warm English climate, like the neighborhood of London, and be grown either trained to walls or in some very warm situation. The peculiarity of the American climate, in bringing apples to such high perfection, is very remarkable. The neighborhood of Rochester, in the western part of the State of New York, is a great fruit growing district. It is also a great tree-manufacturing place, for it is said that there are 10,000 acres under nursery cultivation, just around Rochester. Well, Rochester is just about in the latitude of Toulouse in France, the most favorable fruit-growing district in Europe, but how inferior are the apples of France to those of America! And yet the summer heat of most seasons at Toulouse would not exceed that of Rochester. But we can go further north in Europe, and take Belgium and Holland—the latter, one would think, approaches to the American shore of Lake Ontario in a moist and warm summer temperature. Hard, dry and poor are nearly all their apples. America must, therefore, take rank as a first-rate apple country, which, by the way, is the only fruit that grows to perfection, except the peach, when properly cultivated."

In the main this is very well, and perhaps shows as much knowledge as we have a right to expect from a man who has never visited this country, and whose knowledge of most of our fruits, except apples, was obtained from a few specimens, subjected to the vicissitudes of a sea voyage, and consequently not likely to be tested under very favorable circumstances. It strikes us that a person in this country, who had never visited England in the fruit season, would simply render himself ridiculous by writing a description of English fruits, or of making comparisons between the fruits of the two countries. But, will not some one take pity on Mr. Rivers, and learn him that baked Tolman's Sweets are a luxury fit for the table of England's Queen.

Pear cultivators in America, Mr. R. says, are always "in a deadly warfare with a host of enemies," and in enumerating this "host," the pear blight is given under three different names. The peaches here are destroyed by the yellows, and the plums by the curculio, while our grapes are worthless on account of their hard pulp and foxy smell. We guess Mr. Rivers never tasted a Diana or a Delaware, nor did he ever visit the great peach orchards in Western New York or Ohio, or in Delaware.

Speaking of blackberries, Mr. R. says: "The Americans are very fond of blackberries, and have two or three kinds that are very popular. The Lawton, or New Rochelle, seems to be the favorite. This succeeds pretty well in England, and produces fruit of the *same size*, but rather more conical than our hedge blackberry. It ripens a month earlier, but has no peculiarity in flavor, which is sweet and dull, quite calculated to please children, who, in this country, are our principal blackberry eaters."

Now, having picked and eaten quarts of the English hedge blackberries, we are prepared to say that they do not grow to one-half the size of the New Rochelle or Dorchester, under ordinary culture. Indeed, they are not as large as the American wild blackberry, and are generally hard, woody things.

Mr. R. claims that England is the paradise of fruit, but we have just received from C. M. Saxton & Barker, a re-print of Rivers' "*Orchard House, or the Culture of Fruit Trees in Pots under Glass.*" With such a climate as Mr. R. boasts, where, "although we grumble about our spring frosts and cloudy summers, we are able to grow the finest fruit in the world, with fewer drawbacks on our fruit culture than our cousins over the water meet with, who are apt to boast of their country, their climate and their productions," we don't see the sense or economy of growing fruit in pots, under glass, and we rather think when Mr. R. wrote his *Orchard House*, he had not so good an opinion of its character as when comparing it with the American climate.

MORE ABOUT CRANBERRIES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—It is nearly a year since an article appeared in your excellent paper, over my signature, on the subject of *Cranberry Culture*. Since that time, many inquiries have been addressed to me by enterprising gentlemen from all parts of the land. I know not how I can answer such inquiries better than through a little space in your columns, if you can allow me such space. The inquiries addressed to me are something like the following, viz:

1st.—What soil is best adapted to the culture of the cranberry? and how should it be prepared?

2d.—Is a cranberry meadow likely to prove durable after the vines are regularly rooted?

3d.—Can cranberries be successfully transplanted?

4th.—Does the soil need enriching, as in the case of other vegetables?

The answers to these questions will, perhaps, meet the points of inquiry so often repeated in the course of a few weeks. To the first, I reply:—That low, wet land, is the best. It must not, however, be too wet—the surface water, if any there be, should be removed by drains; and where the water has not been so deep as to prevent the formation of a tough sod, it will be necessary to pare off the sod to a sufficient depth to remove all grass roots. A sufficient number of drains should be cut to dispose of all redundant water, and not more—for the ground should be moist. I think it well to close up the drains in the fall, and let the water spread over the meadow during the winter. It will do the plants no injury, but will be likely to prevent weeds and grass from taking root, and growing, which would soon prove too much for the plants in question. The sod removed, if snugly piled, will soon furnish an excellent compost for fruit trees.

The ground thus divested of its sod and surface water, is prepared for the plant. The first thing in the labor of transplanting, is to open shallow, parallel trenches, 1½ or 2 feet apart; into these trenches, I plant my vines—varying from one to eight feet in length. These I cover slightly every six or eight inches, when the labor of transplanting is done. The plant, now left to the secret operation of natural laws, will weave its ligaments into the yielding soil, and send its slender tendrils outward, until, in the course of two or three years, it covers the entire surface—and from the first year of its setting, will reward the labor and time given to it in a greatly increasing ratio. April and May I consider the best time for setting plants—as those set in the fall are more liable to be raised out by the freezing of winter.

What I have already stated, answers the question—"Can cranberry vines be successfully transplanted?" but in addition, I may state, that while on a journey eastward, recently, I saw meadows that had been set with plants, bearing in rich abundance. No fears need be entertained of "the loss of plants," if set in moist soil.

As to the durability of cranberry meadows, I am not able to see why they should not be durable. The plant is, what might be termed a slender semi-aquatic evergreen—and does not, like some overgrown annual plants, make heavy drafts upon the soil which they do not return. It is satisfied to feed temperately upon water and the slightly alluvial deposits, afforded by the wash of the neighboring highlands, so that "the soil needs no enriching." That they have been picked from Martha's Vineyard ever since 1803, is a further proof of the durability of the cranberry. Finally, I believe there are hundreds, not to say thousands, of farmers throughout our prosperous country, who have low, wet lands, that are, and will continue to be, sources of annoyances to their enterprising owners, until they put them to the use for which nature has fitted them, viz., cranberry culture.

Noble Hill.

Caton, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1860.

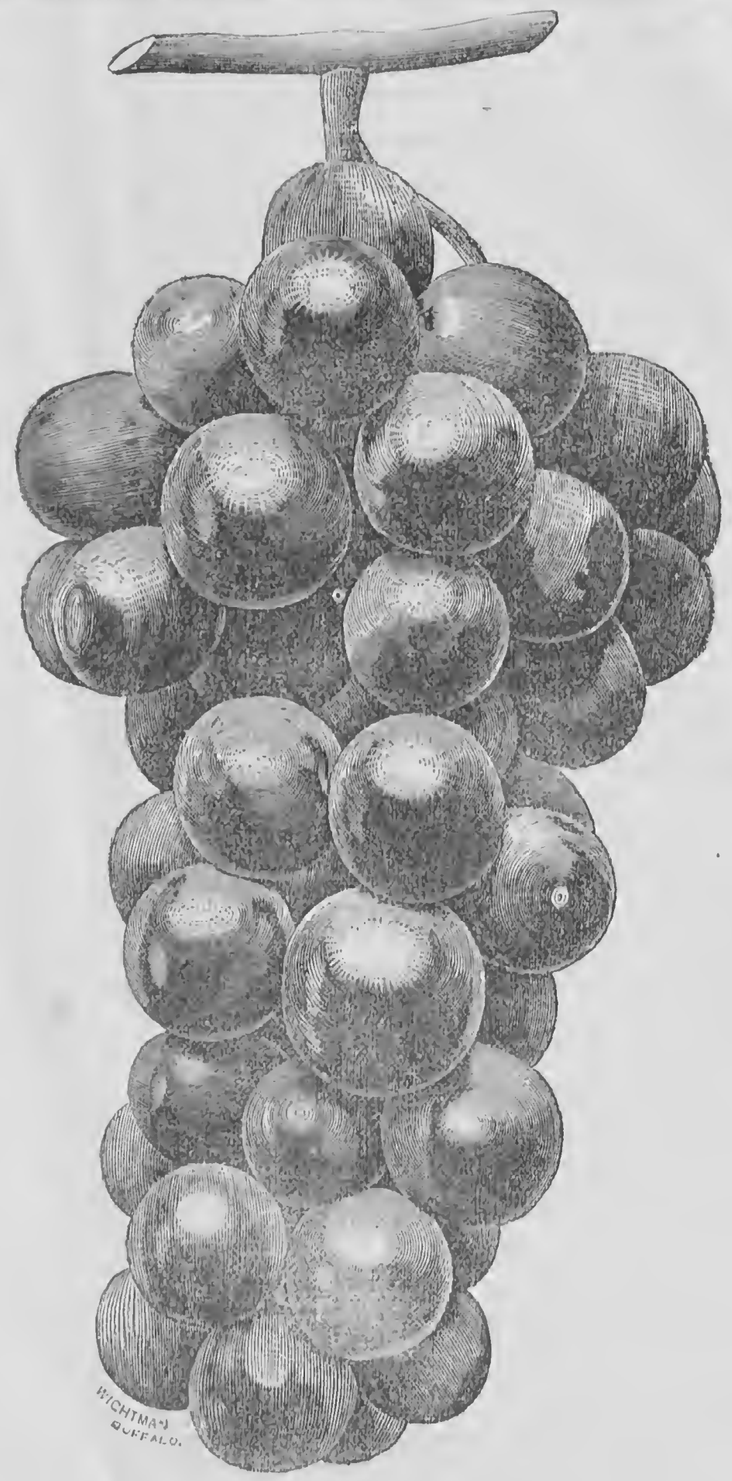
TO SAVE SQUASH AND MELON SEED PURE.

The following method of obtaining pure seed, where different kinds of melons, squashes and cucumbers were raised on a small plot of ground, was practiced by me about twenty years ago:

Rise in the morning by break of day, before the bees are abroad. Select a number of *female* blossoms which have opened during the night. They may be known by growing on the end of the young squash, melon, &c., while the male blossoms ("false blows," as they are often called,) have no fruit. Scatter the pollen of the male blossoms upon the stamens of the female ones, and carefully cover the latter with millinet, or anything which will protect them from the visits of the bees. A piece of cotton cloth, or even a squash leaf, kept in place by a few clods of earth, will answer a good purpose. When the blossom withers, the covering may be removed, and the fruit marked by a colored string tied loosely around the vine. To cover the fruit, as recommended by one of your correspondents, without performing the fertilizing office of the bee, will not answer. A little attention will in this way enable any one to raise pure seed, no matter how many varieties are planted on his premises. I think that it is the only plan that will be found always reliable.

L. L. Langstroth.

Oxford, Butler Co., O., 1860.



THE ONTARIO GRAPE.

The Ontario is said to be the largest of the new grapes. It originated on the grounds of Mr. Reed, of Port Dalhousie, Canada West. Mr. Pressley, who claims to have purchased the entire stock, makes the following statement:

"My attention was first called to this grape from a description given me by a gentleman who saw it on exhibition at the Provincial Show in Toronto, in the fall of 1858. About the middle of last June I called on Mr. Reed, the proprietor, to learn the facts in regard to its origin and quality. I found the vine set with fruit, clusters well formed; the size of the grape, at this early period, was double that of the Isabella and Concord, grown on the same trellis. I learned from Mr. Reed that the vine was a seedling from a native grape, found on the limestone ridge skirting the shores of Lake Ontario, which had been transplanted and grown in immediate proximity to a Black Hamburgh and an Isabella; the indications from the size, color, and cluster, would favor the idea that it was fertilized by the Black Hamburgh. I saw it again on the 20th of August, when the grapes were a jet black, and appeared to be entirely ripe. On the 17th of September I was furnished with some of the fruit, which was exhibited at the Horticultural Show in Buffalo, and was awarded a premium; the clusters were as large, as fair, and as beautiful, as the Black Hamburgh.—The fruit ripened this year at least 15 days earlier than the Isabella. It has grown in clusters weighing 1½ lbs., the berries, in some instances, measuring 1¼ inches in diameter. The clusters are compact, cylindrical, and often shouldered.—The fruit, when ripe, has less pulp than the Concord or Isabella—is filled with fine, rich juice, aromatic and vinous, and is covered with a rich bloom. It does not drop its fruit—never mildews. The vine is a vigorous and luxuriant grower, perfectly hardy. The leaf is much larger than the Isabella—has a slight pubescence on the under surface."

We have not grown this grape, nor even seen it on exhibition, and therefore can say nothing in regard to it from our own experience or observation. Last season we were presented with a berry or two, and in appearance and flavor was very much like Isabella. A friend visited the original vine last season, in July, and informed us that the fruit at that time was double the size of the Isabella, growing on the same ground and apparently receiving the same culture.

SHADE FOR SHRUBS.

The ravages made by insects among flowering shrubs, especially roses, and the difficulty of finding any effectual means of prevention, have naturally much discouraged the planting of such shrubs in localities where this evil is most prevalent; for their cost, though moderate enough, if the plants were pretty sure to live and flourish, is yet too great to tempt many, who would otherwise be purchasers, to run the risk of their destruction by bugs, blight, or other cause. Even in regions yet unvisited by these plagues, reports of their havoc in other districts are likely to make amateur florists timid about undertaking, at the necessary outlay of trouble and expense, the culture of shrubs so liable to destructive attacks.

Without knowing anything of the comparative success of flowering shrubs in countries having a moister climate and a less ardent sun than our own,—but, having observed how much better fruit-bearing shrubs do when shaded during a part of the day by trees, fences, or other screen, than when exposed to the full blaze of the sun from morning till night, I have thought that perhaps a partially shaded situation might have its advantages for ornamental shrubs also. Persons of any experience in picking raspberries and blackberries, cannot have failed to notice that the largest, finest, sweetest fruit, is found on bushes or branches not fully exposed to the sun, while that which grows on the topmost branches, and without any friendly over-hanging tree or other shield from the sun's scorching rays, is apt to be small, dry, and shrunken. Now, if shade is so beneficial to fruit-bearing shrubs, why may it not be to flowering ones also? If our fierce, American sun, hinders fruits reaching their fulness of size, flavor, and texture, why may it not also prevent flowers attaining their perfection of bloom?

Another possible benefit to flowering shrubs from being planted in a somewhat shaded situation, the suggestion of which is the object of this article, is their greater exemption from the attacks of destructive insects. Is it not true, that pestiferous bugs and worms are more likely to visit, with their fatal ravages, shrubs which stand fully exposed to the heat of a scorching sun, than such as grow in a cooler, more tempered situation? Information on this point will be very welcome. Meanwhile, for persons setting out flowering shrubs the coming spring, there can be little risk in trying the experiment of planting them among their shade trees, or in other like situations—taking care to place them where they will have sunshine enough to bring the blossoms to their full size, and their perfection of color. The result of the trial may be larger, handsomer flowers, and at least partial immunity from the attacks of hostile insects.

A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

Early Tomatoes.—I will give you the way of growing *Tomatoes* that I have practiced for ten years. A good many of my neighbors have adopted the same way. I always have ripe tomatoes on the first of August. I plant the seed about the 10th of March, in the house, in a pot, or box. By wetting them a little each day, and keeping them in the sun as much as possible, they will be up in ten or twelve days. When they have been up two week's, I plant 16 plants in a box, 16 by 12 inches, 6 inches deep. I divide the box with the small ends of shingles, so that each plant will be separate. I plant them in the garden about the 20th of May, four feet apart, in soil that is not too rich, or too poor. Do not put the vines on frames, but let them run on the ground.—A. W., *Howard Bush, near Utica, N. Y.*

Inquiries and Answers.

Raising Trees from Cuttings.—I have read or heard sometime that apple orchards can be started by taking limbs of two or three years' growth from grafted trees, and setting them. I want to inquire of you, or your correspondents, if it can be done, and how? What time should the limbs be cut, and how prepared, and when and how set?—L. L., *Branch Co., Mich.*, 1860.

It is useless to attempt to raise apple trees in the way suggested. Buy good three or four year old trees from the nurserymen, and plant your orchard, and take good care of the trees, and while they are growing, you can experiment at making trees from cuttings at your leisure.

Killing Alders by Flooding, &c.—Can some reader of the Rural tell me whether flooding an alder flat will kill the alders? If so, when should it be done? Will such land be suitable for cranberries? Where can I obtain a book on the culture of cranberries? Answers to any of these questions will be gratefully received by a subscriber.—E. F. S., *East Pierpont, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

We can send you a little book on cranberry culture, or you can obtain it of the publishers, C. M. Saxton & Barker, New York—price 50 cents. Flooding might eventually destroy alders, but we think it would be a slow process. However, we have no experience in this cold water cure.

Peach Worms.—Can you tell me of any remedy for the white worm, in peach trees, that harbors in the root or body of the tree, near the top of the ground? If you can, you will greatly oblige—H. C. R., *Hillsville, Carroll Co., Va.*, 1860.

It is very easy to prevent injury from the peach grub. In May, place a pile of leached ashes, say about half a peck, around each tree, in the form of a cone. This will prevent the moth from depositing its eggs in the soft bark, just at or below the surface, and your trees will be safe. Another way is to examine the trees every spring and autumn, and remove the grub with the knife. On removing the earth, for an inch or two, gum will be seen oozing out, showing the presence of the worm.

Horticultural Notes.

Peaches.—As it is pretty well settled that we are doomed to disappointment again, allow us to make a suggestion to peach growers, viz.:—To cut away the tops of their old peach trees. Last spring the peach buds presented the same appearance they do now, a black center. Being *then* satisfied the fruit was killed, we cut away the tops of our oldest trees, with the view of renovating, or inducing new tops. The result was, neither loss or gain of fruit; but we have some fine, thrifty tops, now, with an abundance of fruit buds. This spring we have gone over an orchard, (which is twelve years old, thrifty and healthy trees, but too much inclined to mount higher and higher,) and cut away an "awful heap" of brush, letting in the sun, so that we can cultivate the orchard while the new tops are forming, and if we are favored again with a peach season, we anticipate having some of the best.—I. W. R.

Fruits Received.—Fruits sent us for name, we give a careful examination, and endeavor to name correctly. In cases where we are in doubt, we usually consult with Mr. Barry, who is one of the best Pomologists in the country. Still, we may sometimes be in error, for often we have sent us but a single specimen, and this, sometimes, not in good condition. The past week we received from H. B. Hart, of West Rush, a large apple, which proved to be the Fallowater, and from Henry Way, of Gates, a well preserved Fall Pippin.

PUDDINGS, CAKE, ICE CREAM, &c.

Rice Flour Pudding.—Beat 4 eggs light, with a teacup of rice flour; add a quart of milk; half a teacup of sugar; a tablespoon of butter; half a nutmeg, and a small teaspoon of salt. Bake half an hour in a quick oven, and you will have a very nice pudding.

Cream Sponge Cake.—One cup of fine, white sugar; one cup of flour; half a cup of sweet cream, and the whites of four eggs; saleratus, about the size of a pea, dissolved, and a teaspoon of lemon extract or vanilla. First, beat the sugar and cream light, then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, and, lastly, mix in the flour and other ingredients, and beat until very light and white. Double refined white sugar should be used in making all nice cakes, frosting, &c.

Soda Cake.—Three cups of flour; 2 cups of finely ground white sugar; one cup of sweet milk; two-thirds of a cup of butter and two eggs; mix a teaspoon of cream tartar with the flour, while dry, and dissolve half a teaspoon of soda in the milk, add a teaspoonful or two of lemon. This quantity is sufficient for two loaves. When done, and while hot, take them from the pans and spread with an icing made in the following manner:—Beat the whites of two small eggs until still; then add one-fourth of a pound of white sugar, and a teaspoon of powdered starch; flavor with lemon or vanilla, and beat until it can be spread smoothly on the cake; the longer it is beaten the more firm it will be. This soda cake is delicious.

Ice Cream.—Beat the yolks of three eggs light, and stir them into a quart of milk, then add half a pound of sugar; a pint of cream; and the peel of two lemons. Set over a moderate fire and stir constantly until boiling hot, then take out the lemon peel, let it become cold, and freeze it.

A Delicious Dessert.—Two cups of sweet milk and one of sour cream, (or one cup and a half of sweet milk and one and a half of buttermilk;) two well beaten eggs; a small teaspoon of saleratus and half a teaspoon of salt; use flour enough to make a batter about as thick as for griddle cakes, add a teacup of dried cherries, plums, or currants, and pour into a tin pail, or moulds, with a closely fitting cover; place it in a kettle of boiling water deep enough to reach the top of the mould, and boil fast for two hours. Serve with any sauce. It is very good without fruit if you have none.

Homer, N. Y., 1860. Annie.

Cooking Okra.—As I raised a little okra last year, which, I hear, is good to eat, will you, or some of the readers of the Rural, please inform me how to cook it, and oblige?—Mrs. G. C. V., *Buffalo, N. Y.*, 1860.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,—
Before I let thy future give
Color and form to mine,—
Before I peril *all* for thee, question thy soul to-night, for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
One shadow of regret:
Is there one link within the past
That holds thy spirit yet?
Or is thy faith as clear and free as that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost, oh tell me before all is lost!

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow, but in *true mercy* tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfill?
One chord that any *other* hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now, lest at some *future* day my whole soul wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid,
The demon spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone, but shield my heart against thy own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day,
And answer to my claim,
That fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou, had been to blame.
Some soothe their conscience thus, but *thou*—oh *surely thou* wilt warn me now!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THE OLD ARM-CHAIR."

Have you one in your home, reader?—and does your heart beat quicker with emotions of love and tenderness as you look upon it? Quaint and old-fashioned it may be, and yet money would not tempt you to part with it, and the hallowed associations which cluster around it. You can remember when it was the height of your felicity to sit closely clasped in the loving embrace of a mother, and listen to her sweet voice as she sang the evening lullaby, keeping time to the tender melody with the rocking of *that chair*. Perhaps she has gone from you, now, to that *far home* of blissful rest, and you have no more a mother here. Years may have gone by since she left you,—little ones may now call *you* by that hallowed name, and you may sit in *her* chair at the sweet twilight hour and sing to them that dear old hymn, while tears of tender regret steal unbidden to your eyes as you con those old familiar words, and remember that the lips which taught them to you are sealed with the signet of death. The old chair may look awkward and uncouth to stranger eyes, but to yours 'tis a "sacred thing," and you often think, with unavailing sorrow, of the tears which were shed there on your account. You remember, too, with a thrill of delight, the *sweet kiss* of forgiveness bestowed upon you there, when the childish folly was repented of and confessed. But, perhaps, the honored parent is still spared to you,—the "old arm-chair" is not *vacant in your home*,—the loving heart of a *mother*, as warm, as tender, and as strong, as when in the first blush of life, still blesses you with its faithful sympathy. The once brown and glossy locks may be bleached white as snow,—the aged cheeks wrinkled and thin, which once wore the blended tints of the lily and the rose, but their beauty and freshness were wasted for you; for you, those now feeble hands toiled early and late in the morning of life; for you she denied herself; for you she looked with anxious eyes into the future, striving by her untiring watchfulness to guide you in that way which should prove the "path of peace" to your young feet, and for you she now lives over again the years that are gone forever. Then, can you love too well, or do too much for her, who has been a true and faithful mother to you? There is something indescribably beautiful in the homage which a dutiful child pays to an aged and infirm parent,—the sands of a well-spent life are running low, and oh! how tender and considerate should be the attention bestowed. No trait is so beautiful in childhood, youth, or maturer life, as an affectionate regard, and delicate respect to age, which may be shown in a thousand little attentions, insignificant in themselves, but which are, to the aged heart, as gentle dews and pleasant sunshine to the tender flower.

Then honor thou the aged friend
Who lingers with thee now;
The lines which time and care have traced
Across the furrowed brow,
The withered cheek, the trembling hands,
The gentle eyes grown dim,
The faltering step and failing strength,
Should tenderest tributes win;
For though the "feeble body fail"
Beneath the weight of years,
The loving heart that beats within
Unfading beauty wears.
Then strew the path her feet must tread,
With *fragrant flowers of love;*
Oh! strive with *every word and look*,
Affection's strength to prove.
And when the precious life is closed,
The loving heart-throbs stilled,
No bitter tears shall fill thine eyes
For duties unfulfilled.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1860. E. S. T.

There is many a good wife who can neither dance nor sing well.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MONUMENTS FOR WOMEN.

The Rural has long been a favorite with me; I have read it for years; but amid the multitudinous articles which the ladies have written, I have not observed even a hint upon a subject which I long to see noticed in popular papers, and by the whole community,—the important subject of erecting monuments to the memory of the brave and noble-hearted Women, who have diffused as much knowledge, and rendered as much valuable assistance, in the rise and progress of the American Nation, as have the men. If peace, temperance, patience, long forbearance, meekness, benevolence and zeal for good works—which is happiness,—be the aim in the onward march of the nation, then, I say, award the standard bearers the highest honors bestowed upon any class. The great Daniel Webster said, in his speech at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument:—"It is not from my lips, or from any human lips, that the stream of eloquence is to flow which shall be competent to express the emotions of this vast multitude. The potent speaker stands motionless before you."

If monuments speak more forcibly than great orators, let us have them to speak in favor of humanity, justice, religion, and truth,—such monuments would draw the attention of the female portion of the community from being absorbed in the fashionable turns and quirks of society, and induce many to help in carrying forward the standard of the nation's progress. I descended from a mother of the Revolution, but do not, therefore, contend that my ancestors have loftier privileges than the mases; yet I know that there are high claims which are neglected. My desire is to bring the matter to the notice of the many able writers for the Rural; and should a discussion of the subject thereby arise, my wishes will be accomplished. S. Secrest.

West Liberty, Logan Co., O., 1860.

LOVE A WIFE AND RULE A WIFE.

I wish every husband would copy into his memorandum-book this sentence, from a recently published work:—"Women must be constituted very differently from men. A word said, a line written, and we are happy; omitted, our hearts ache as if for a great misfortune. Men cannot feel it, or guess at it; if they did, the most careless of them would be slow to wound us so."

The grave hides many a heart which has been grieved to death, because one who might, after all, have loved it, after a certain careless fashion, was deaf, dumb, and blind to the truth in the sentence we have just quoted, or if not, was at least restive and impatient with regard to it. Many men who marry late in life, being accustomed only to take care of themselves, and that in the most erratic, rambling, exciting fashion, eating and drinking, sleeping and waking, whenever their fancy, or good cheer and amusements, questionable or unquestionable, prompted, come at last, when they get tired of this, with their selfish habits fixed as fate, to matrimony. For awhile it is a novelty. Shortly it is as strange as irksome, this always being obliged to consider the comfort and happiness of another. To have something always hanging on the arm, which used to swing free, or at most but twirl a cane. Then they think their duty done, if they provide food and clothing, and refrain (possibly) from harsh words. Ah! is it? Listen to that sigh as you close the door. Watch the gradual fading of the eye, the paling of the cheek, not from age—she should be yet young—but that gnawing pain at the heart, born of the settled conviction that the great hungry craving of her soul, as far as you are concerned, must go forever unsatisfied. God help such wives, and keep them from attempting to slake their souls' thirst from poisoned fountains!

Think you, her husband, how little a kind word, a smile, a caress to you, how much to her. If you call those things "childish," and "beneath your notice," then you should never have married. There are men who should remain forever single. You are one. You have no right to require of a woman her health, strength, time, and devotion, to mock her with this shadowy, unsatisfactory return. A new bonnet, a dress, a shawl, a watch, anything, everything but what of all woman's heart most craves—sympathy, approbation, love. She may be rich in everything else, but if she be poor in these, and is a good wife, she had better die.

There are hard, untoward, ugly, monstrosities of women, (rare exceptions,) who neither require love nor know how to give it. We are not speaking of these. That big-hearted, loving, noble men have occasionally been thrown away upon such, does not disprove what we have been saying. But even a man thus situated has greatly the advantage of a woman in a similar position, because, over the needle, a woman may throw herself into an insane asylum, while the anxiety or turmoil of business life, is at least a sort of reprieve to him.

Do you ask me, "Are there no happy wives?" God be praised! yes, and glorious, lovable husbands, too, who know how to treat a woman, and would have her neither fool nor drudge! Almost every wife would be a good and merry wife were she only loved enough. Let us, husbands, present and prospective, think of this.—*London Journal.*

The heart is the spring and fountain of all natural and spiritual actions; it is the *primum mobile*, the great wheel that sets other wheels going; therefore keep it with all custody and caution, or else bid farewell to all true joy, peace and comfort.

A modest diffidence in our own wisdom, strength, attainments, and abilities, with confidence in God, and respect for superiors, is hopeful; while a desponding diffidence is half-brother to nothing.

"Pride," saith Hugo, "was born in Heaven, but forgetting by what way she fell therefrom, she could never find her way thither again."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A MARCH REVERIE.

BY HARBON BELL.

The day has passed, and chilling winds
In fitful gusts are sighing,
While o'er the sky a broken mass
Of gloomy clouds are flying;
And in the west we see the sign
That gives us truthful warning
Of driving snow and freezing rain,—
A dreadful storm ere morning.

Now to the blazing fire we'll draw
Our easy chairs still nearer;
Such clouded skies and wailing winds
But render home still dearer
To those who love a quiet life,
Secure from all intrusion,
Remote from every anxious care
And from the world's confusion.

With books we love, we'll smile to hear
The chill winds wildly shrieking,—
We'll stir the coals and trim the lamp,
Then, after knowledge seeking,
We'll read the thoughts of gifted ones,—
Of Poets, Statesmen, Sages,—
Thoughts that will live throughout all time,
On their immortal pages.

Thus March, the chill and dreaded month,
With wind and storm is reigning,
We see the clouds and feel the cold,
But, never once complaining,
We'll think of April's sunny skies,—
Of flowers in woodland peeping,—
And bursting buds,—and murm'ring rills
Adown the hillside leaping.

Fayette, Mo., March, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

EXPERIENCE OF A BACHELOR.

BY SOL. L. TARY.

For reasons which I need not now give, (suffice it to say that they are good ones,) I never have "for-better-or-worst" myself. By so doing, I, of course, have not escaped the malicious sneers and contumely usually showered upon those who delight in the quietude of a single life, by the whole marital race, who seem to think that we are a class of nondescript beings—suffered to exist only as privileged subjects for their opprobrious epithets.

It is supposed that we are insensible to the finer feelings? If so, it is a mistaken idea. How, think you, such a very euphonious and silver-toned *soubriquet* as "Old Bach," rings on our ears, which is so inappropriately and wickedly given to us worthies. Why, I would an enough-sight rather be called an old—anything else; for then there would be something charming about the antiquity of the thing. Everybody and everything else but an "Old Bach," or an "Old Rat," is favored, and courted, and loved, and reverenced, because they *are* old. There is something connected with the antiquity of most objects, that, on beholding them, fills one with awe and reverence; and this reverential feeling which thus comes over the individual, makes them objects to be sought after and loved. But not so with us antiquated, dont-wish-to-marry gentlemen. Instead of these votaries of Hymen paying us the deference that they do to other ancient objects, they insult and mock us, and seem to have as much abhorrence of our presence as they would of a camphene explosion. What horrid ideas they have of us,—not worse could they have of lions, hyenas, or tigers,—and if they dared to, I verily believe they would call us *cannibals;* but as they dared not call us *man-eaters*, they come the next thing to it—they are uproarious, both great and small, in calling us *woman-haters.*

They say that we are cold, crusty, odd, fretful, peevish, mean, and I dont know what more. Now, is it not almost past endurance? If such treatment is not enough to make one crusty, what is? But then, we chums are not crusty,—it is as false a charge as was ever made upon the purest innocence. How is it the world have always mistaken our true character. The mass of mankind have such a decided *penchant* for matrimony, that it cannot be expected they will ever represent us in a true light. The truth is, we are, very generally,—there are exceptions to all rules,—a fun-loving, warm-souled lot of fellows,—jolly, and fond of a good time generally,—and the happy, jovial manner in which we receive the sneers and insults heaped upon us by the poor, deluded followers of Hymen, is proof of it.

Again, we are not only insulted and sneered at, but are often teased, tweedled, and bamboozled, till I wonder there is an ounce of patience among the whole of us. Only a day or two ago, while I was sitting, as we "Baches," if you please, know how to sit, enjoying the luxuries of a cigar, my books and papers scattered around upon the table for convenience—*as we "Baches" know how to have things convenient*,—my clothes, which were not in immediate use, lying about on the floor, on the chairs, or hanging gracefully upon the bedpost for the same reason,—my gun, ammunition, and other hunting "*fixens*"—for I am fond of hunting,—*we "Baches" generally are*,—all nice and tidy around the stove-pipe to keep them shootable,—in came, harem-scarem-like, my sister! Now, Mag. don't like to have things handy, nor ever did; and as she entered the door, she cast a look of horror about the room, and soon commenced a series of gyrations, curves, and various shaped figures not demonstrated in conic sections. I, knowing a perfect tornado to be near at hand, prepared myself the best I could, to meet it. I concluded that the only thing I could do, and which would cause me the least trouble, was, possum-like, to feign indifference. (Who in the world but a "Bach," a quiet, affable "Old Bach," could or *would* have withstood the effects of such a "hauling over the coals?" Most assuredly, no one.) So I put myself into a chair in as unassuming and indifferent an attitude as I knew how to—threw my feet into another, and commenced a rocking motion with the one I occupied—puffing away dull care and sorrow with my "mild Havana," and watching the beautiful wreaths of smoke as they went rolling and curling above my head, creating a peculiar haziness, which "spiritualized and made poetical" everything of rudeness about the room—except my sister Mag. Her rudeness changed not a whit.

In her usual high-toned key, she sang out—"Do stop your smoking—it is so blue here, I can't tell whether I am a man, or a woman;" but I made no reply, nor moved a muscle. "You are not fit to be in the society of Hottentots—I am *so tired* of picking up after you, trying to keep you in any kind of order. I can't come over but once a week, but you are buried alive,—oh! you dirty sloven,—how long do you 'spose you'd let these chairs, and this sofa, and this mahogany bureau go without dusting?" On opening one of the drawers, she exclaimed,—"and I do declare, if here aint your blacking-box and brush, boot-jack, and hand-saw, and I don't know what else, right among those nice linen shirts and collars that I took so much pains with a while ago. It is discouraging to ever think of making anything of such a crusty, old, good-for-nothing nobody as you are. Sit there, as mum as a log, if you want to—I would advise you not to speak—there are your boots, they have got *easy* a cart-load of mud on them, (there wasn't half a load,)—your coat is out at the elbows—a long rent in your pants—and—indeed, you are the very picture of misery and woe. You look as though you had eaten nothing but gutta percha biscuit and India-rubber flap-jacks, and slept on hickory mattrasses with sheet-iron bed clothing, for these six months that you have been living alone over here."

By this time the room had become so filled with blue smoke, blue noses, and blue ——, well, I began to feel singularly uncomfortable, and wished myself deep in the forest with my dog and gun, and out of sight and hearing of my termagent sister. Happily, I was near the door,—unperceived I caught my hat and "hunting rig," and off I started. I do not know how long sister Mag. kept up her *high*-toned eloquence. It is enough to say, that I could hear disconnected sentences—such as,—get married,—I can't come over,—you've enough of the needful,—wife, &c., for a half a mile away. J. A. G.

Waverly, N. Y., 1860.

HALLAM, MACAULAY, CARLYLE.

A late writer in Fraser's Magazine says the three British historians, Hallam, Macaulay, and Carlyle, seem to have been given to us for the purpose of showing in how different ways history may be written. The critic thus discusses the question:

Mr. Hallam, with a style chaste even to prudery, and a judgment impartial almost to a fault; thoughtful, indeed, but thoughtful only about facts; treating all actions and events as matters of course, neither strange, nor startling, nor affecting, and important only as generating certain facts which we call social and political results; so dry and cold that you shrink from contact with him, and yet so useful and so sound that you avoid it at your peril.

Lord Macaulay, the stately yet impetuous march of whose clear and brilliant narrative, corruscating with well-polished epigram and nicely poised antithesis, "all clinquant, all in gold," carries you on with it with an irresistible impulse, yet wearies you at last by the very monotony of its elaborate excellence and the studied modulation of its vigorous and ringing tread; Macaulay, with a keen eye for the picturesque, and a large share of that sort of poetic feeling which attained its perfection in Scott, recognizing (like Hallam) the importance of events in their social and political aspect, and also (unlike Hallam) strongly affected by incidents in themselves, provided they are out of the common way, but seeing little to wonder at or to weep over in the ordinary course of that sorrowful mystery, the life of man, looking scarcely beyond the surface of things—hating all philosophies except those which minister to the material welfare, despising ethics, sneering at metaphysics, barely tolerating creeds, and distributing praise or blame without hesitation and without stint, under a strong party bias and from a standard of morality of the simplest and most conventional kind.

And Mr. Carlyle—what shall we say of Carlyle?—writing an English exclusively of his own, part German, part classical, part colloquial, part poetical—in itself a wonderful creation of genius, startling indeed to Edinburgh reviewers of the "able article" order, and to old ladies who have "no patience with such nonsense," but digging up, as it were, and bringing to light from the depths of our glorious language a power and a beauty unknown before—valuing events, not for the political or social, but for the human interest that is in them, and looking upon every action or event, however ordinary, with intense interest, curiosity, and almost awe, as matter for wonder, laughter, or tears; as "a strange fact, not an unexampled one, for the strangest of all animals is man;" with a humor exuberant enough to rob history of her dignity, and a pathos and earnestness deep enough to restore it to her tenfold; with a jealous and passionate love, and a quick and steady discernment of all that in human action is lovely, and true, and great, and a graphic power which causes scenes and persons to live and move before us as they never lived in history till now; with a turn of mind singularly unjudicial, yet a judgment of character eminently impartial because of the marvelous insight which he possesses into the secret chambers of the human heart. No question but of the three Carlyle comes nearest to the ideal of perfect history; and that is because Carlyle is a poet. Poetry, indeed, is not history, nor is history, poetry; and yet it is eternally true that, except by a poet, no perfect history can be written.

Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its *kind.*—*Canning.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CHURCH BELLS.

I love to hear their earnest ringing,
With joyous tones they fill the air,—
Like heavenly spirits, gently bringing
Mortals to the "house of prayer."

I love to hear their sacred tolling,—
"These are hallowed hours," they say;
Then cease our thoughts their idle strolling,
For "holy is the Sabbath day."

I love to hear their last sounds dying,
As worshipers their praises blend;
Then comes a thought, how soul-inspiring,
"Eternal songs will never end."

I love to hear from Zion's watch-towers,
How Christ is but the "Life, the Way,"
And that His home may soon be ours,
If we will only "Watch, and pray."

Monroe county, N. Y., 1860. E.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"HE SO LOVED THE WORLD."

Behold Christ, on His radiant throne, enjoying, with the Father and the holy angels, the glories of the heavenly world,—then view Him on this sin-cursed earth, going about doing good, having not even a place to lay His head. Behold Him, again, in the garden, praying, while from every pore gushes the bloody sweat,—hear Him, in agony, imploring the Father to remove the cup if it were possible, yet, in all meekness, adding, "not my will, but thine be done."

O, can we witness all this, and finally see Him yield Himself up to be crucified, wearing on His brow, instead of a crown of glory, one of piercing thorns, and not feel our hearts overflow with love for One who loved us so freely, and suffered so much to procure for us what we could not have without such a sacrifice. "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him might not perish, but have eternal life." *Eternal life!* how the very thought makes our hearts leap for joy, yet when we realize at how dear a rate it has been purchased, tears fill our eyes, and we feel that language is too poor to express our gratitude to the dear Redeemer who left the shining courts of heaven, assumed our nature, suffered and died on the ignominious cross, to gain for us admittance into the blissful realms of Paradise, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

O, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious tongues
The Savior's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Oxford, N. Y., 1860. F. M. Turner.

A New Creature.—A Scotch girl was converted under the preaching of Whitefield. When asked if her heart was changed, her true and beautiful answer was—"Something I know is changed; it may be the world, it may be my heart; there is a great change somewhere, I'm sure; for everything is different from what it once was." A very apt commentary on that passage (2 Cor. 5: 17,) "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

The Sabbath.—This is the loveliest, brightest day of the week, to a spiritual mind. These rests refresh the soul in God, that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to mind its own business, which has other days to attend to the business of its servant, the body? And those are a certain pledge to it of that expected freedom when it shall enter on an eternal Sabbath, and rest in Him forever who is the only rest of the soul.—*Leighton.*

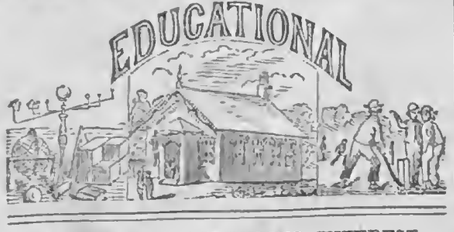
Prayer.—As every sacrifice was to be seasoned with salt, so is every mercy to be sanctioned by prayer. As gold sometimes is laid, not only on cloth and silk, but also upon silver, so prayer is that golden duty that must be laid, not only upon all our natural and civil actions, as eating, drinking, buying, and selling, but also upon all our silver duties, upon all our most religious and spiritual performances.

The world gives a *little*, that it may give no more; but Christ gives "that he may give." He gives a little grace, that he may give grace upon grace. He gives a little comfort, that he may give fullness of joy. He gives some sips, that he may give full draughts. He gives pence, that he may give pounds; and he gives pounds, that he may give hundreds.

A minister of God from a foreign land once remarked to a Christian assembly in this city, "To *one* sinner that reads the Bible, there are *twenty* who read professing Christians." How important, then, that we should all *shine* as moral light-houses, that men may not, from our shortcomings and sins, make shipwreck of their immortal souls!

Wise men give their choicest and richest gifts in secret; and so doth Christ give his loved ones the best when they are all alone. But as for such as cannot spare time to seek God in secret, they sufficiently manifest that they have little friendship or fellowship with him to whom they so seldom come.

Sinful omissions lead to sinful commissions.



METHODS OF COMPUTING INTEREST
ON NOTES OF PARTIAL PAYMENT.

As many who read the RURAL, especially its Educational Department, have to do with the more difficult questions of arithmetic, either as teachers or scholars, perhaps an article on the "interest question," while it may interest many others, may not be without special interest to them. Judging from the various rules given for computing interest on a note, on which partial payments have been made, and from the discussions of the subject, from time to time, in public journals, the "interest question" is evidently one of the *vexed* questions of arithmetic. The difficulty seems to lie, not so much in rightly understanding the different methods of solving a question in partial payments, as in deciding which of the methods is the *just* and *correct* one. And this difficulty, I apprehend, arises from the want of a proper consideration of the principles on which those methods are based. I will, therefore, briefly allude to the several methods pursued, pointing out wherein they agree or differ, stating the principles on which they are based, and which gave rise to them, in connection with which I will explain another method, one I think which is new, and therefore has never been pursued.

Many of our arithmetics give three rules for solving examples in Partial Payments—1st, the United States Rule; 2d, the Connecticut Rule, and, 3d, the Vermont Rule.

The first rule applies the payment to the discharge of the interest then due, the balance of the payment, if any, being applied to the principal. In case the payment is *less* than the interest due, then "interest continues on the former principal until the period when the payments, taken together, exceed the interest due.

The second rule is precisely like the first, when the time from the date of the note to the first payment, or from payment to payment, is a year or more. When *less* than a year, then find the amount of the principal for *one year*, and from it deduct the amount of the payment from its date to the end of the year, or the sum of their amounts, when more than one such payment.

The third rule deducts from the amount of the principal, or debt, at the time of settlement, the amounts of the several payments, from the date of each to the same time. This rule differs from the latter part of the second only as to length of time—not being limited, like that, to one year.

A fourth rule, sometimes used, deducts from the amount of the principal, at the end of the first year, the amount of the payment from its date to the end of the year; or the sum of their amounts, when more than one such payment. The balance forms a *new* principal, with which proceed as before for the next year, and so on, computing annual interest. This rule is the latter part of the second, repeated for each successive year, from the date of the note.

In analyzing and comparing these different rules, we shall find that they are all based upon different answers to the same fundamental question, viz.: *When* must the *interest* be paid?—Thus the first rule is based on the principle that the interest must be paid at every payment—*as often* as that, and *only* so often. If the payment be less than the interest, the surplus interest is to be added to the interest due at the next payment.—The second rule is based on the principle that the interest must be paid *not oftener* than once a year, but *as often* as that, or *less* often, according to the time of the payments. The third rule requires no interest till the final settlement. The fourth rule requires interest *annually*.

If, again, we compare these rules with reference to two subordinate questions which arise, viz.:—1st, Shall surplus interest draw interest? 2d, Shall a payment draw interest? we shall find that the first rule admits neither principle, the second rule admits only the second, the third admits only the second, and the fourth rule admits both. Now, since the principles on which these rules are founded are entirely arbitrary, (for the answers to the questions above are entirely arbitrary,) any of them may be adopted by private agreement between the parties concerned, and consequently the rule founded on them will be a *just* and *correct* one. If the courts are left to decide the matter, then the rule founded on whatever principles they may adopt, will be a *just* and *correct* one. Thus, if we adopt the principles laid down by the Supreme Court of the United States viz.: that payments must be applied to *keep down* the interest, but that neither *payment* nor *interest* shall draw *interest*, then the first only will be just and correct. If we adopt the principles laid down by the Supreme Court of Connecticut, then the second will be the only just and correct rule. And so on.

Hence the foolishness of disputing the *justness* and *correctness* of any of these rules, without first deciding as to the principles to be adopted. I will now explain the new method alluded to, which may be termed the fifth rule, in distinction from those already given.

This rule is based on the principle that *interest* must be paid at every payment; not the interest on the *whole* principal, however, as required by the first rule, but simply the interest due on that part of the principal which is then paid, the interest on the balance of the principal remaining unpaid. In other words, each payment must pay a part of the principal, together with the interest due on that part. Thus, if eight months from the date of a note, a payment of $520 be made, it will pay, at 6 per cent., $500 of the principal, and the $20 interest due on that $500. If payment of only $10.40 be made, it will pay $10 of the principal, and the $0.40 interest due on it. To ascertain how much of each payment is to be applied to the principal, simply divide it by the amount of $1, from the date of the note to the time of the payment. Hence, for solving examples by this method, we have this rule: Divide each payment by the amount of $1, from the date of the note to the time of the payment; deduct the sum of the quotients thus obtained from the principal, and the balance, with the interest on it from the date of note to settlement, will be the amount then due. According to this method, each payment is a *settlement* of a *part* of the note, with *its* interest, and therefore the result is the same as if, instead of *one* note, so many different notes had been given, all bearing the same date as the one, but made severally due at the different times of the several payments, and each given for that sum which, when due, would amount to the payment then made. This rule, it will be observed, combines the principles of the first and third rules, since a part of the interest is paid at every payment, and a part remains unpaid till the final settlement.

As to the final results obtained by solving examples according to each of the five rules now given, the following statements will be found, on a careful examination of these rules, to be correct:

1st. When *annual* payments are made on a note, each of which exceeds the interest then due, then the first, second and fourth rules agree, and give one and the same result.

2d. When the lengths of time from the date of a note to the first payment, and from payment to payment, are each less than one year, and the amount of the payment, (or payments,) at the end of each year, exceed the interest then due, then the second and fourth rules agree, and give the same result.

3d. When the time from the date to the settlement of a note is one year or less, then the second, third and fourth rules agree, giving the same result.

4th. When the time from the date to the settlement of a note exceeds one year, then the first, second and fourth rules will each give a result greater, equal to, or less, than each of the other results, according to both the length of time from payment to payment, and the size or amount of each payment; but each of the results will, except in cases where the payment is less than the interest due, be greater than the result by the fifth rule, and still greater than the result by the fourth rule. In *all* examples, the first rule will give a greater result than the fifth, and the fifth a greater result than the third.

There are some other considerations connected with this subject, which it is not necessary to mention, as they will readily suggest themselves to any who carfully attend to those already given.

House of Refuge, Rochester, N. Y. E. M. C.

WORKING TEACHERS.

"This is the working world in God's Universe," and we find in every sphere of action that nothing great or good can be accomplished without earnest, self-denying effort. And the teacher's life is not an exception. Whoever assumes the responsibilites of a teacher, should do so expecting to *work*. Not only during the time allotted to school exercises, but at all times and in all places, he is to have a mind awake, eagerly searching for truth, and a heart full of love for his particular calling.

First, there is a preparatory work. However varied and extensive may be the knowledge of a teacher, a reviewal, each day, of the lessons to be recited, is necessary, in order that incidents and illustrations that will be of benefit to the pupils, may be in mind at the time of recitation. Every teacher should also pursue some course of study, for in this way he will not only gain much useful information and discipline his mind, but also experience the difficulties of close study, and thus be better fitted to assign lessons to others.

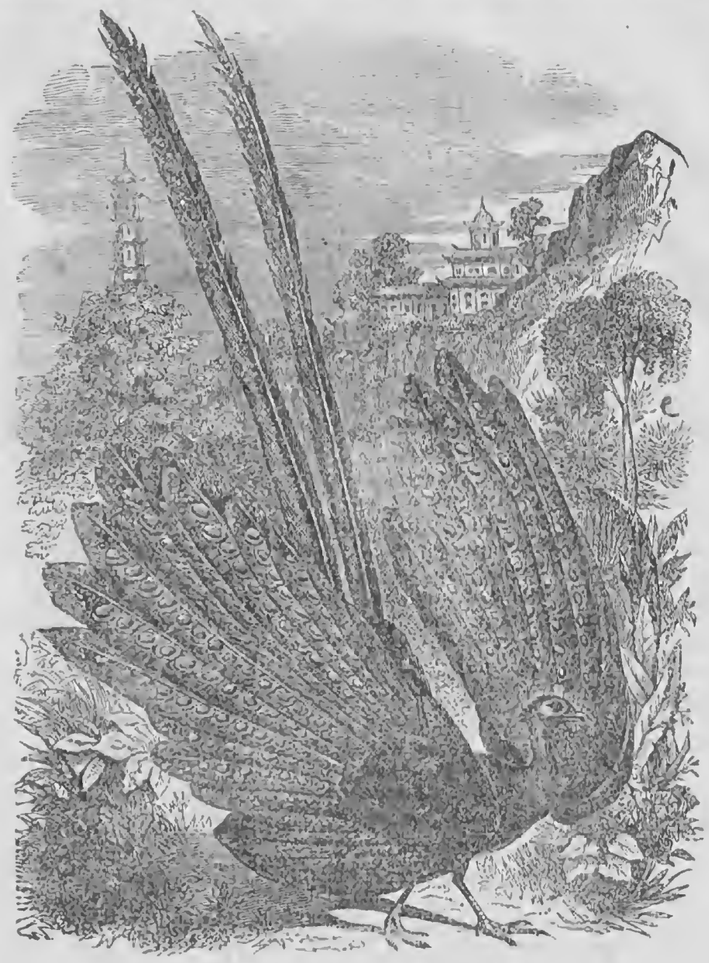
Next, is the teaching work, which taxes both physical and mental powers. For instance, a teacher has a class numbering from twenty to thirty pupils to recite in half an hour. These are to be so questioned that the teacher can ascertain just the preparation each scholar has made for this recitation. Then he is to feed their opening minds with such new thoughts as will leave them hungering for more. During the whole time, close attention is to be paid to the deportment of each pupil. And in order to discharge all these duties well, in so short a space of time, a teacher must work. In this manner several hours each day are spent.

There is also the general work. This includes numberless duties. Those who fill the responsible situation of Principal have a double portion to perform, having not only the government of pupils not directly their own, but what often requires more patience, the direction of other teachers. But we are so constituted that work is an element of our being, and therefore necessary for our happiness. And though the calling of a teacher has peculiar trials, it has also peculiar joys. It is the general influence of the teacher which impresses his own character most deeply on the minds of his pupils.

And thus the working christian teacher will never lose his reward. He will find it in the approval of his own conscience, the gratitude of his pupils, and the blessing of the Great Teacher.—*Connecticut School Journal.*

A SPELLING MATCH.—There was a spelling match in Trumbull county, Ohio, a few evenings since. The best speller from each district in the county was engaged. The prize for the one up longest was a Webster's Dictionary. There were thirty-three champion spellers. McGuffey's Spelling Book was used. All were spelled down in three hours. The last one got the Dictionary. A correspondent says:—"It appears that the short and common words generally conquered the classes, and not the polysyllable words. The word 'razor' shaved one member cleanly off; 'sew' sewed up another; 'travel' traveled out another; 'quiescence' quieted another; 'satiric' satirized another; 'varilate' reeled over another; 'scene,' 'perennial,' 'chirurgery,' 'christmas,' and 'spoon,' were also missed on."

EVERY man is the former of his own character, which determines individual destiny.

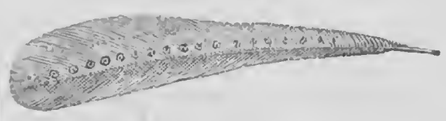


THE ARGUS PHEASANT.

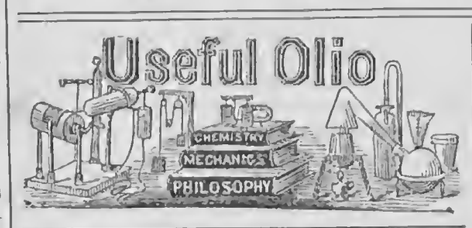
THE common Pheasant (*Phasianus Colchicus*, of LINNÆUS,) is the bird of Phasis, a river of Colchis, in Asia Minor, whence they were first introduced into Europe. Next to the peacock they are the most beautiful of birds, as well for the vivid color of their plumes, as for their happy mixtures and varieties. It is far beyond the power of the pencil to draw anything so glossy, so bright, or points so finely blending into each other. We are told that when CRŒSUS, king of Lydia, was seated on his throne, adorned with royal magnificence, and all the barbarous pomp of eastern splendor, he asked SOLON if he had ever beheld anything so fine? The Greek philosopher, no way moved by the objects before him, or taking a pride in his native simplicity, replied, that after having seen the beautiful plumage of the pheasant, he could be astonished at no other finery. In fact, nothing can satisfy the eye with a greater variety and richness of ornament than this beautiful creature. The iris of the eyes is yellow; and the eyes themselves are surrounded with a scarlet color, sprinkled with small specks of black. On the fore part of the head there are blackish feathers, mixed with a shining purple. The top of the head and the upper part of the neck, are tinged with a darkish green, that shines like silk. In some, the top of the head is a shining blue, and the head itself, as well as the upper part of the neck, appears sometimes blue and sometimes green, as it is differently placed to the eye of the spectator. The feathers of the breast, the shoulders, the middle of the back, and the sides under the wings, have a blackish ground, with edges tinged of an exquisite color, which appears sometimes black and sometimes purple, according to the different lights it is placed in; under the purple there is a transverse streak of gold color.

GOLDEN PHEASANT.—Of all the species of pheasants which are met with in preserves and in aviaries, the Golden Pheasant (*Phasianus pictus,*) is the rarest and most beautiful. The male bird, when in perfect plumage, measures nearly three feet in length, of which the tail alone forms about two-thirds. The feathers of the fore part of the head are very long, silky, and of a bright yellow; and considerably overhang those of the hinder part, which are of a brilliant orange, marked with transverse black rays. These last are elongated and extended backwards over the sides of the neck, and may be raised or depressed at will. A few minute hairs are scattered over the cheeks, which are of a livid complexion. The feathers of the back of the neck are tinged with a mixture of green and gold, and bordered with black, those of the back and the upper tail-coverts are bright yellow, the latter terminating in a crimson border.

ARGUS PHEASANT.—The Argus Pheasant, (*Argus giganteus,*) of which we give RURAL readers an engraving, is one of the most remarkable for the beauty of its plumage. The two middle tail feathers are the longest; secondary quills, much more developed than the primaries. The wings, the secondaries of which are three times as long as the primary quills, are painted and ocellated in a manner defying description. A very faint idea of the pattern of one of these secondaries may be obtained from the accompanying illustration.



The unwieldy size of the secondaries forms an impediment to the bird in its progress through the air, but they assist its pace when running, which it does swiftly with their aid. Its flight, when it does rise on the wing, is heavy and short. When the bird is at rest, or unexcited, the beauty spots on its secondaries are hardly visible; but when showing himself off in the presence of his harem, the wings are expanded, and trailed upon the ground, to display their beauties; and at this time the tail is comparatively spread, and is raised erect; when at rest it is carried in a line with the body, and with the two long feathers folded together. Its habits are not well known, and it is said not to thrive in confinement. It is a native of Sumatra, and probably of other Indian Islands, but principally of Malacca. No proof appears of its having been brought from China and Chinese Tartary, although ornithological writers name those countries as the places of its habitation.

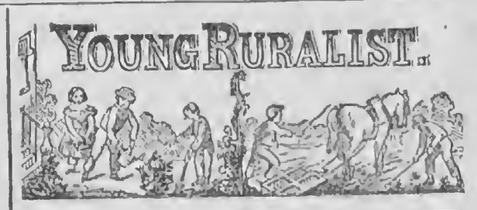


AN ASTRONOMER'S VIEW OF THE UNIVERSE.

IN wafting ourselves, in imagination, to our own satellite, the Moon—the nearest of our celestial bodies—we have passed over a distance equal to thirty times the diameter of our globe. In advancing to the sun, we travel over a distance equal to thirty times that of the moon; and before we reach Uranus, the remotest of the planets, we have traversed a space equal to twenty times the earth's distance from the sun. Thus placed at the limits of a system inclosed in a circle of eighteen hundred millions of miles in radius, our appreciation of distance would appear to be exhausted, and we seem to be as on the margin of an unfathomable abyss. The telescope, however, and the mural circle, enable us to span the void; and the genius of man, proud of the achievement—and justly, if humbly proud—has crossed the gulf twelve thousand times the radius of his own system, that he may study the nearest world in the firmament of heaven. Beyond this frontier lies the whole universe of stars—their binary systems—their clusters, and their nebulous combinations. The observed parallax of one-fourth of a second in *a* Lyra, carries us four times as far into the bosom of space; but though beyond this we have no positive measure of distance, it would be as unphilosophical to assign limits to creation, as to give it an infinite range.

In this rapid flight into space we have traversed it but in one direction, and the line which we have traced, is but a unit in the scale of celestial distance. Creation in its wide panorama is still above us, beneath us, and around us. The overarching heavens still inclose us, and innumerable worlds sparkle in its canopy. If from this bourne, from which the astronomical traveler alone returns, we look upon our course, our own planetary system ceases to be perceived. Its sun is dim—itself but an invisible point in the nebulous light that intervenes. Where, then, is our terrestial ball—its oceans—its continents—its mountains—its empires—its dynasties—its thrones?—Where is our fatherland,—its factions—its Christian disunions—its crimes and its unholy wars?—Where is our home—its peace—its endearments—its hopes—and its fears? Where is a man, the intellectual monad—the only atom of organic life that can pierce the depths, and interpret the enigma of the universe?—and yet the only spark of a spiritual nature, which disclaims the authority and resists the will of the universal King!—They have all disappeared in the far-off prospective—the long vista of space, whose apex, were it a sun, the largest telescope would fail to descry. No living thing here meets the eye, and no sentiment associated with life presses on the affections. The tiny organism, of earth and ocean,—everything that moves and breathes—that lives and dies—all are engulfed in the great conception of the universe. The straining mind cannot unite the immeasurable extremes. The infinite in space—the eternal in duration—the omnipotent in power—the perfect in wisdom—alone fill the expanded soul, and portray, in their awful combination, the Creator of the Universe.—*Selected.*

M. BABINET, of the Paris *Observatory*, has advanced before the Academy of Sciences the singular proposition, that in all rivers left to themselves, it is invariably the right bank that is washed by floods—that is to say, it is the right bank which suffers the most friction and the most destruction. He explains this by the direction and force of the earth's rotation. His contradictors at the Academy admit that this may be true of rivers running north and south, but they deny the principle for those which run east and west, in the direction of the earths' rotation. M. Babinet contends that even here the friction of the right bank is slightly greater than of the left.



PINE APPLE SQUASH—MATURITY OF SEED.

IN the RURAL of the 10th inst., HARRY GAYLORD furnishes us with a few "Notes on Squashes." Speaking of the Pine Apple, he remarks, "we observe one defect in this squash,—*its seeds do not mature,*" and calls upon those acquainted with the variety for an explanation. Having had some considerable experience in the culture of this new variety, I will relate it for the benefit of Young Ruralists in general, and H. G. in particular.

The defect mentioned is characteristic of this peculiar variety. It would seem to be the design of Nature, that if *both* seeds and squash cannot be perfected,—either on account of short seasons, weak soil, weak and stunted plants, (from the depredations of its enemies, the bugs,) her energies are thrown to the perfection of the fruit without seed, and hence we find unripe and small specimens nearly as good for the table as the riper and larger ones.

Such seed as I have was grown for me from seed I furnished from the original plant that first was christened with the name of Pine Apple. This distinctive appellation was not on account of any resemblance in taste, but because of its peculiar shape and size. If we had sought a name significant of its eating quality, we could not have done better than call it "Sweet Potato Squash;" but there are already some four or five varieties of squashes called by the latter name. Names of new varieties should signify something. Such names as Victoria, Washington, George the IIIf, &c., give us an idea of something *new*, but not of the *quality* or origin of the article in question. We only claim for our squash a resemblance in form to the name we have given it, believing the quality will *speak for itself*. At the Fair of the Union Agricultural Society, at Palmyra, we had one on exhibition, and the ladies came near eating it all up—declaring it fully equal to a raw sweet potato, and none being able to guess, or hardly believe it was *squash*. I. W. BRIGGS.

West Macedon, N. Y., 1860.

WHY did not friend BRIGGS inform us as to the mode in which his seed was grown? Are we to infer from his article that the climate hereabouts is the principal opponent with which the cultivator has to contend, and can a *perfect* specimen be produced in a more genial atmosphere, and under sunnier skies? Please tell the whole story.

TO TRIM A CASE OF STUFFED BIRDS.

IN your last paper, G. F. A., of Palmyra, N. Y., wishes to know how to trim a case of stuffed birds. I will say to him, if you want to make a tree to set your birds on, procure some wire about the size of a common knitting needle, anneal it in the fire, so it will bend without breaking; take as many pieces as you want limbs or have birds to set on, and as long as you want the limbs; fasten one end of all the wires in a piece of wood to make the bottom of the tree, then twist them all together as far up as you want the body of the tree, then bend out the pieces to make limbs to fit your case, wind all the limbs with cotton, or tow, or flax, and the whole wires; then bend them into any shape you wish for your birds to sit on. Next give the whole a good coat of glue, and then let it dry. After it is dry get some moss that you think wont fade, and commence glueing. The second time, as the glue cools, stick on the moss. You will then have a good tree, and one that you can fit to any case with leaves. You can get them already made at any bookstore, or where they sell artificial flowers. On the bottom of your case glue on moss. The back should be pure white—the birds show so much better. I should omit all colored grasses; they don't look natural.

South Otselic, Chenango Co., N. Y., 1860. J. W.

BY a little care, limbs can be procured that will answer the purpose, without the trouble of making in the way described. If there are not small limbs enough, they can be fastened on the main branch. Moss can be glued on as described above.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—"Grief and Joy—Hope and Fear—Tears and Smiles—Pain and Pleasure—are all twins, children of the same mother, linked together throughout the whole of humanity. No lot, no country, no climate, no scene, no condition may claim the enjoyment of one, without the rebuking companionship of the other.—No cloud, however, is without its inner light. The blue sky still harbors behind the gloomy canopy, ready with its sunshine, and keeping the sad soul from being entirely delivered to despair. No condition is so lowly, as to be without hope; no sorrow so poignant and oppressive, as not to permit the consolation of some sweet minister, interposing at the right moment, with compensation and perhaps delight. There is no such thing as unmitigated evil; as there is no such thing as pleasure and joy, without cloud or qualification. We have only to open our hearts to the smile and sunshine; not turn our backs, or shut our eyes to the angelic visitor, who is always sure to stand upon the threshhold, whenever we deserve most need, and are willing to give him welcome.—*Emerson.*

INFLUENCE.—Remember the power of *indirect* influences,—those which distil from a life, not from a sudden brilliant effort. The former never fail; the latter often. There is good done of which we can never predicate the when or where.

HE that gives good advice, builds with one hand; he that gives good counsel and example, builds with both; but he that gives good admonition and bad example, builds with one hand and pulls down with the other.

DIFFICULTY is like the panther; look it steadily in the face, and it cowers and turns away.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A New Quarter of the RURAL *will commence with April—a good time for new Clubs, additions to present ones, (started Jan. 1st, or since,) or for single subscriptions to begin. Agents and Subscribers will, it is hoped, kindly continue their efforts in behalf of our circulation. For Publisher's Notices and Offers, see last week's paper, and also the preceding number.*

☞ *Back Numbers (from January) still furnished to all who wish this Volume complete for reference or binding;—or subscriptions can commence with the New Quarter—April. Members of the same Club can begin at different times if desired—some with January and others in April, or all at either time.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 24, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Commissioner of Indian Affairs has issued a letter, in which he says:—Almost every Indian Reservation in Kansas has either been settled or trespassed upon by whites, in utter disregard of the law, which is imperative, and must be enforced. He would exceedingly regret a collision between citizens and United States troops, and hopes such a calamity will be avoided; but as at present advised, unless they obey the notice, the strong arm of the Government will be employed to enforce it, however formidable they may be in numbers.

John Ross, the Cherokee Chief, is now in Washington, with a view of selling to the Government about 800,000 acres of land, in Southern Kansas, belonging to these Indians. This question, however, is anticipated, the Senate at the last session having intimated that no treaty involving the payment of money from the Treasury will receive the assent of that body. A large amount of land in Kansas and elsewhere seems to justify this determination.

The Indian Bureau has received a letter from Superintendent Collins, dated Santa Fe, February 19, in which he says that a detachment of troops, together with a party of Mexicans, hotly pursued the savages who had committed robberies in the Valley of the Rio Grande. A large number of cattle had been re-captured, and 28 Indians were killed. On the other side two were killed and several seriously wounded. This is regarded as the most successful pursuit after Indians within the last ten years, and Mr. Collins thinks it will have the effect of checking them until a campaign can be put on foot.

Col. Henry Brown has arrived at New Orleans, from Brownsville, and telegraphed the War Department, on the 13th, as follows:—"I left Brownsville on the 8th inst. All quiet on the frontier. Disturbances are believed to be over, and Cortenas has given up the contest, and returned to the interior of Mexico. Major Heintzelman has officially reported the war ended."

The War Department received, on the 14th inst., advices from Capt. Jervis, who is in command of the Saranac, off Vera Cruz, who states that our Consul and the Juarez Government had been notified that the Miramon Government is taking measures to blockade Vera Cruz.

This is confirmatory of what has been heretofore stated.

It is also stated that ships had been purchased and were leaving Havana under the Spanish flag, but which, on reaching the vicinity of Vera Cruz, would hoist the Miramon flag.

Accounts from Chili represent a somewhat improved condition of affairs, so far as our country is concerned. It appears, further, that both the Government and Revolutionists have been collecting certain bonds of American citizens, but by the prompt interference of Minister Bigler, the the Government was held responsible.

Negotiations with Nicaragua for another treaty will be resumed. The rejection of the one on Friday was a surprise to our Government, which had no doubt of its ratification by the Senate.

The general impression seems to be that Congress will remain in session till about the first of July.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Mason moved that Mr. Hyatt be brought in. Agreed to.

The resolutions of Friday were read, proposing to commit him to jail until he consents to testify. A debate ensued, after which the resolutions were adopted. Yeas, 44, nays 10.

The chair presented a message from the President in answer to the resolution calling for copies of dispatches from the United States Minister in China, and the instructions to Peter Parker, United States Commissioner. Also, a communication from the acting Treasurer of the United States, with copies of the account of his disbursements for the Post-Office Department, for the last fiscal year.

On motion of Mr. Latham, a resolution was adopted, requesting the Secretary of War to furnish the Senate with all plans, estimates and reports relating to the construction of new barracks for troops at the Presidio of San Francisco.

A motion of Mr. Mason was adopted, instructing the Committe on Foreign Relations to inquire whether any and what legislation is necessary to carry more fully into effect certain treaty stipulations, between the United States and China, Burmah and Siam.

The Senate Committee on the Post-Office Bill have agreed unanimously to recommend an entire new system of postal service between the Atlantic and Pacific States. It will authorize the Postmaster-General to advertise for proposals for carrying the mail twice a week between St. Paul, Minn.—running between the 46th and 48th deg. of north latitude—and Olympia, W. T., and Fort Vancouver, Oregon, in twenty days. Also twice a week from St. Joseph, Mo.—on a line between the 40th and 43d deg. of north latitude—to San Francisco, in twenty days. Also twice a week from St. Louis, by the present overland mail route, by Fort Camanche, to San Diego and San Francisco, in twenty days. Also from New Orleans to San Antonio, Texas, and thence to Fort Camanche, where it will connect with the present overland mail route to San Francisco, in twenty days. This will give an overland service six times a week, between the Atlantic and Pacific States, through our own Territories. It contemplates, of course, the entire abrogation of the present mail service by steamers and the Isthmus.

Bills Passed.—Authorizing the enlargement and construction of a branch to the Louisville and Portland Canal; constituting Tampa Bay, Florida, a port of delivery; making an appropriation for a regiment of mounted volunteers, for the defence of the frontier of Texas; for the protection of female emigrant passengers; amending existing laws relative to compensation of the District Attorneys, Marshals and Clerks of the United States Circuit and District Courts.

HOUSE.—Mr. Branch offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Interior for copies of all correspondence in relation to the alleged frauds on the Menomonee Indians.

The Homestead Bill, as passed by the House, provides that any person who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of 21 years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who shall have filed his intention to become such a citizen, shall be entitled to enter, free of cost, 160 acres of public land, upon which such person may have fixed a pre-emption claim, or which may, at the time such application is made, be subject to pre-emption at $1.25 or less per acre; or 80 acres at $2.50 per acre. No certificate or patent is to be issued until the expiration of five years from the date of entry, and on payment of $10.

Bills Passed.—To repeal the third section of the act of 1858, to increase and regulate the terms of the District and Circuit Courts of the Northern District of New York; inviting proposals for carrying the Pacific and Atlantic mails on a single line; to establish mail routes in Kansas; Consular and Diplomatic Bill; the Homestead Bill.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—The Railroad bill was taken up. After a long debate, Mr. Sessions offered an amendment allowing the Central Railroad to pay $500,000, and other roads in proportion, in lieu of the amendment to the toll bill, which is a compromise agreed on, and favored by railroad corporations, was adopted.

The amendment was also adopted, allowing the road to charge 2½ cents for way passenger fair.

The concurrent resolutions to amend the Constitution, by extending free suffrage to negroes, was passed by 17 to 9.

Bills Passed.—Appointing Eli Leavenworth, Peter B. Sweeny, Ward Hunt, with one or more to be named by Richmond Co. Judge, if appointed within twenty days, as Commissioners to settle all claims for damages by quarantine burnings; to increase the fees of Grand and Petit Jurors; to require the filing of Treasurers' bonds; for the relief of corporations; for the relief of widows and children of clergymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church; to encourage and provide for general vaccination; to repeal the fifty cent military commutation law; for the relief of land owners in anti-rent districts; to provide for the payment of a bonus by railroads in lieu of tolls, and increasing way fare half a cent per mile; to raise two and a half millions for Central Park, New York city; the religions society proxy bill.

ASSEMBLY.—Mr. Flagler reported the annual appropriation bill. After salaries and expenses of State officers, the following appropriations, among others, are made:—To pay officers and members of the Legislature, $96,000. Stationary and expenses of Legislature, $20,000. Stationary for public offices and clerks of the Legislature, $4,000; for salaries and expenses of new Interest debt, $10,250; for State printing, $100,000; for State and Agricultural Societies, $8,000; for State Prison support, $275,000; for Western House of Refuge, $25,000, and for building, $10,000. For incorporated Orphan Asylums except Leak and Watts Asylum, $30,000, in proportion to the number maintained; to Hospitals of State, $15,000; for maintenance of expenses of Common Schools and Academies, from school fund, $180,200; from deposit fund, $230,000, and from Literature fund, $145,500.

Bills Passed.—The Railroad Toll bill; to incorporate St. Stephen's College, Red Hook.

Political Intelligence.

AT the Democratic primary election in San Francisco, 21 Latham and 4 Gwin and Weller delegates were elected to the State Convention.

The Republican State Convention met at Sacramento on the 22d, 230 members being present. Leland Sanford, F. P. Tracy, D. W. Cheeseman, and A. A. Sargeant, were chosen delegates to the Chicago Convention. No resolutions were passed, but a majority of the delegates are understood to be for Seward.

Tuolumne and Shasta counties, during the present week, have elected anti-Gwin delegates to the Democratic State Convention. Indications grow stronger that the delegates to the Charleston Convention will all be friends of Senator Latham.

Full returns from New Hampshire show the following result:—Goodwin, Rep., 38,099; Cate, Dem., 33,410; Goodwin's majority, 4,589. The Republicans have 10 out of 12 Senators. Republican majority in the House, 85.

The Central National Democratic Committee have been considering the propriety of changing the holding of the National Convention to some other point. The reason of this is owing to the exorbitant and outrageous prices which have been fixed upon by hotel keepers and other places of accommodation at Charleston. A large number of Senators and members have called the attention of the Committee to the matter, and are urging them to take immediate action. The Committee believe they have power to make this change, and if backed up by the Democracy of the several sections, they will change the place of meeting to Baltimore.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The taxes for the ensuing year on real estate and personal property in San Francisco, are fixed at two dollars and eighty-five cents on each $100 valuation.——A bill has been introduced to build a State Capitol at Sacramento, to cost not over $90,000.——Governor Downie has transmitted to the Legislature a petition signed by several thousand citizens of the interior, praying that the crime of highway robbery may hereafter be punished by the death penalty.——Capt. Gregory arrived on the 4th, with a company of 18, via the Platte route, in 42 days from St. Joseph. The Platte was being substantially bridged, at Henderson's ranche, 26 miles below Denver.——Some new and rich discoveries were reported in the neighborhood of the Blue River, yielding 75 cents on the pan.

FROM MEXICO.—Acapulco dates of the 27th ult. are received. Alvarez had ordered Gen. Wheat to Vera Cruz, to command the foreign forces there. Miramon was not expected to attack Vera Cruz. Carajaval, with 2,000 men, had cut off 1,000 of Miramon's troops, and communication of the latter with the capital was entirely destroyed. Miramon was short of provisions, and depending on the Havana expedition for supplies. Alvarado was blockaded by the Liberals. Since Mr. McLean left, the British, Spanish and French ministers had been endeavoring to effect a compromise between Juarez and Miramon. An armistice of six months was proposed. American influence was declining in Mexico. Commander Jarvis had commanded Miramon not to interfere with Americans.

EXECUTION OF STEVENS AND HAZLETT.—The telegraph from Charlestown, Va., on the 16th inst., conveyed the following intelligence:—"The town was thronged with visitors to-day, and several military companies were in attendance. Stevens and Hazlett were hung at noon. They appeared resigned to their fate. Stevens died very hard, while Hazlett died without a struggle. Both exhibited great firmness and resignation."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord John Russell has introduced in the House of Commons a reform bill. It extends the elective franchise to £10 occupancies in counties, and £6 burroughs; 25 of the smallest burroughs are to have one instead of two members, and the seats thus gained are to be distributed among the most populous counties, and the burroughs of Ireland and Scotland get two additional members each. A corresponding reduction is made in the franchise, but the present representation is not to be disturbed.

The Atlantic Telegraph Company had adopted the report of the Board of Directors, and agreed to raise £20,000 to make another attempt to resuscitate the cable or recover as much of it as possible.

The British channel fleet had gone to the Mediterranean, it was rumored, on account of Spain demanding a large cession of territory from Morocco as one of the conditions of peace.

On the 2d, in the House of Commons, Lord John Russell explained the Savoy question, and said, as far as he knew, no treaty was in existence between France and Sardinia, providing for the annexation.

The Emperor states that he will not proceed to the annexation without consulting the great powers, and he, Lord John, believed if the powers were unanimously opposed to the movement, France would not proceed to attempt it.

In the House of Lords, Earl Caernavon called attention to the statement that Spain, in her proposed conditions of peace to Morocco, demanded an extension of Spanish territory in Africa, and asked if the Government had any notice of this departure from the original declaration of Spain.

Lord Woodhouse said the Government had been informed that Spain demands a large indemnity for expenses incurred, numerous commercial advantages, an extension of territory, the establishment of a Roman Catholic Bishop at Tesc, and the admission of a diplomatic agent at the same place.

FRANCE.—The French Legislature opened on the 1st inst. The Emperor's speech promises every effort for the maintenance of peace; rejoices at the amicable relations of all the European powers, and hopes for a speedy peace with Cochin China, and the just chastisement of the Chinese for their perfidy. The Emperor also hopes that the Italian affairs are approaching a settlement, and says that he has advised the King of Sardinia that Tuscany must not be annexed, but that the wishes of the other Italian provinces may be entertained, provided the rights of the Holy See are respected in principle. The safety of the French frontiers, he adds, requires the annexation of Savoy, and he hopes that frank explanations of the question will cause the great powers to recognize the justice of the claim. He professes astonishment at the agitation of the Catholic world, and points to his efforts in behalf of the Pope. The French army has been reduced by 150,000 men, and would be further reduced but for the Chinese war and the Indian occupation. He concludes by referring to the new free trade policy, and predicting the most favorable results.

It is reported that Prince Lucien Bonaparte will probably be proposed as King of Tuscany.

The note by which the French Government requires Sardinia to give up the project of the annexation of Tuscany, is dated the 25th of February, and was dispatched the same evening to Turin.

AUSTRIA.—Intelligence has been received from a sure source in Vienna to the following effect:—Russia has decided on renewing her old alliance with Austria. The treaty is on the point of being signed, and will be carried to St. Petersburgh by Prince Alexander of Hesse.

There are excellent reasons for believing that its provisions will be found to be as follows:

1st. That most ample concessions as to all that relates to the holy places at Jerusalem will be made by Austria to Russia.

2d. With a view to the eventualities that have every probability of being refused, Austria agrees to conform her policy to that of Russia as to the Danubian provinces and Servia.

3d. As compensation for these concessions in the East, Russia will guarantee to Austria the whole of her territory, including Hungary and Venetia against insurrection and foreign foes.

A Vienna despatch of the 24th, gives further particulars of Reehburg's reply to England's proposition. It is dated the 17th. He expresses the high estimation of the Emperor to the communication from France, and says the Austrian Cabinet recognizes, that in the present circumstances, there is no opportunity either for Austria or France to interfere in Central Italy. The application for intervention applies to France, Austria having withdrawn from all parts of Italy not under her dominion. The organization of Venetia must remain quite extraneous to the negotiations between the powers, but the Emperor locally maintains all the promises of Villafranca, and if they had not been realized, the fault can only be attributed to the Italian revolutionary party. Austria confines herself to the expression of her conviction that the re-establishment of the former dynasties and the realization of the project of an Italian Confederation, would much better guarantee the future of the peninsula.

The circular of the Governor of Venetia states that all persons, who, from their previous conduct and known opinions, might seem capable of entertaining projects hostile to Austria, are to be compelled to enter the military service and be incorporated in companies of discipline. The military authorities are to be the sole judges of the propriety of enrolling any person denounced. The local authorities are ordered to send in a list of the suspected persons by the 5th of March.

The definite reply of Austria to the English propositions for the settlement of the Italian question, is issued. Reasons are given why Austria cannot accept England's proposals as a basis for an arrangement. Count Reehburg explains that the proposals do not essentially alter the right of the basis of the European equilibrium, which was founded by the treaties of 1815, but they are in open opposition to the fundamental principle upon which the legitimacy of governments in general, and especially the Austrian monarchy, is founded. The proposals destroy the rights of the Italian Princess, which were placed under the guaranty of Europe, and which the Emperor Francis Joseph has a sacred duty to protect in his quality of chief of the House of Hapsburg. Induced by these motives, Austria declines the proposed negotiations; she declares, nevertheless, that for the present she will not endeavor to undo, by force of arms, that which she cannot prevent, although reserving to herself full and entire liberty of action for the future. The tone of Count Rechburg's reply is exceedingly courteous and moderate.

ITALY.—The reply of the Holy See to M. Thouvenel's last message of the 12th ult., will be dispatched to France by the next courier via Marseilles. The Cardinals, convoked by his Holiness to a special congregation, have unanimously decided that the preservation of the patrimony of the Pope is too intimately connected with the general interests of the church to be treated simply as a political question.

A decree of the Minister of War orders officers on leave to join their regiments on the 5th of March. Part of the Municipal Guard have been mobilized. Agitation prevails in Palermo and in the Abbrusezi.

A Turin despatch says that the Russian Embassador had, in the name of his government, represented to Count Cavour the heavy responsibility that would fall upon Sardinia, if at the very moment when the European powers were endeavoring to make the affairs less threatening, she were to take steps for the annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont. It was said that in consequence of these representations and the following advance of France, all the projects in reference to Central Italy were to be abandoned for the present.

A circular had been issued by the Sardinian Minister of War, to facilitate the consolidation and organization of the Lombardy Sardinian army.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.—There is no news of importance from the seat of war. The whole Spanish press were violently attacking England, and one journal had gone to such a length in the matter that its circulation had been prohibited. A later despatch says that the Spanish squadron had bombarded Lavacha and Arcella, causing great destruction. Some of the Spanish vessels were slightly damaged, and one man killed. It was said that Rabalt had also been bombarded.

TURKEY.—It was reported that the Porte had ordered the loan of £6,000,000 sterling to be negotiated in Loudon.

Prince Milosh being seriously ill, his son had requested the Sultan to recognize him as the hereditary successor. The demand was supported by Russia. Fears were entertained that in the event of refusal an insurrection of the Slovians, in Turkey, might break out.

A new ministry had been formed at Belgrade.

CHINA.—A Shanghai telegram of January 7th, says the ports of Swatow and Kaiwam have been opened, and the provisions of the treaty extended to the British and other powers.

A Canton telegram says there is no change of affairs in Japan, but it was hoped the firm attitude would reassure the Japanese.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report American flour dull, but steady, at 23s@28s6d per barrel. Wheat steady, at Tuesday's improvement. Red Western 9s9d@10s1d. Red Southern 10s@10s1d. White 10s6d@12s. Corn quiet and easier, though quotations were unchanged. Yellow 33s@33s6d. *Provisions.*—Beef steady. Pork steady, but quiet. Cheese slow of sale at prices unaltered. Lard slightly higher. Fine 59s@61s.

The News Condenser.

— There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of July.

— Wolf hunts are the order of the day in many parts of Iowa.

— Ten cadetships, at the disposal of the President, were met by 400 applicants.

— The water works recently completed at Lyons, France, cost about $18,000,000.

— The new Captain General of Cuba is reported to have tendered his resignation.

— The North Carolina fisheries promise to be better this season than for years.

— It is proposed to devote $20,000 to the State Geological Survey of Kentucky.

— The strikers among the shoemakers in Massachusetts are said to amount to 15,000.

— Silver and copper have recently been found in the vicinity of Chippewa Falls, Wis.

— Nine of the Aldermen of St. Louis have been confined in jail for contempt of court.

— The estimated Catholic population of the U. S. is about three and a quarter millions.

— The Cubans are sending cigars and other tobacco soothers to the Spanish solders in Morocco.

— The paper money in circulation in the United States at the present time, amounts to $153,000,000.

— The golden harvest of Australia is on the decrease, while that of the United States is increasing.

— New England covers an area of 65,000 square miles, has 1,400 towns, and a population of 3,000,000.

— Miss Nightingale's health, which has for some time caused much uneasiness, continues to decline.

— The screw propeller has been employed as a fixed water-wheel power in some of our rapid rivers.

— "Woman's rights" do not extend to a seat in the cars occupied by a gentleman. So the courts decide.

— John Kelly still tends the same grist-mill in North Blackstone, Mass., that he has tended for sixty years!

— The Papal Government has succeeded in obtaining a loan of fifty million francs from a Paris banking house.

— Alexander Milliner, a Revolutionary drummer residing in this city, completed his hundredth year March 14.

— An eminent Hungarian statesman and historian, Paul Nagy, died at Eperies, Dec. 8th, 1859, aged eighty-one.

— The bill, granting three years for the redemption of property sold under mortgage in Minnesota, has become a law.

— The Carstang Breach of Promise case (in which a verdict of $100,000 was rendered,) is again on trial in St. Louis.

— Fifteen children were made orphans by the Lawrence disaster, and a fund of $45,000 is invested for their benefit.

— The Legislature of Virginia has appropriated over six millions of dollars for internal improvements this session.

— An effort is being made in Louisiana to have the seat of Government of that State removed to New Orleans.

— The war of Spain with Morocco has already cost the former ten thousand men, and an immense amount of treasure.

— A cannon, with a bore fifteen inches in diameter, and thirteen feet nine inches long, has just been cast at Pittsburg.

— Marl beds have recently been discovered along the line of the New Albany and Gulf Railroad, now building in Georgia.

— Lake Erie is open between Dunkirk and Toledo. The boats of the Erie Railroad line are running between these ports.

— A Philadelphian, says the Ledger, has just completed an engine for the running of passenger cars by compressed air.

— There are now confined in the Michigan State prison 596 convicts, and the cell accommodations are only sufficient for 520.

— An Assistant-Professorship of Law has been established in the University of Mississippi, by the Legislature of that State.

— The ladies of the Mount Vernon Association took formal possession of the homestead of Washington on Tuesday week.

— A Baton Rouge merchant, once worth $150,000, having squandered the whole in gaming, has been arrested as a vagrant.

— The widow of the gallant and eccentric Col. David Crockett, died, lately, in Johnson Co., Texas, of apoplexy, in her 74th year.

— During its present session, the Kentucky Legislature have appropriated twenty thousand dollars to finish the Clay monument.

— Kentucky has appropriated two thousand dollars for the erection of a monument over the remains of Daniel Boone and his wife.

— Andrew Jackson, Jr., protests against the removal of his father's remains from the hermitage, as contrary to his dying request.

— Some of the German States are again exercised about the exportation of horses to France, to recruit the French cavalry service.

— An inmate of the Newburgh Lunatic Asylum, a day or two ago, made his escape by sawing through the floor with a set of false teeth.

— A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 24th ult, says, in Russia, a financial crisis, which is almost as severe as that in Austria, prevails.

— A new copper mine has lately been discovered at the Sault St. Marie, by Mr. Palmer, a writer of some repute on the subject of mining.

— A proposition to build a branch mint in New York, for two hundred thousand dollars, has been made to the Secretary of the Treasury.

— The Boston Traveller records the death of Deacon Ebenezer Clapp, a direct descendent in the fourth generation of the Pilgrim stock.

— Lord Elgin has been appointed Special Commissioner to China, by the English Government, to see if the war can't be converted into peace.

— The mineral productions of the U. S., inclusive of the immense gold productions of California, amount to a yearly average of $120,000,000.

— A San Francisco letter says the eclipse of the moon, February 6, was a splendid sight. By 7 o'clock that luminary was almost totally obscured.

— Greenwood Cemetry was founded in June, 1840, and from that month up to the 23d ult., 69,040 bodies have taken up their residence in the silent city.

— Lord Brougham has introduced a bill in the English Parliament to exempt prisoners from the necessity of pleading guilty or not guilty to indictments.

— Mr. Israel Johnson, one of the old warriors of Kentucky and Ohio, and the first teacher of the first school commenced in the former State, died last week.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Western New York Agricultural and Mechancial Convention, ... 93
Rambling, and Natural History, [2 Illustrations] 92
Mangel Wurzel, ... 91
Till Less and Raise More, ... 91
The Steel Plow, ... 94
Plan of Piggery [Illustrated] 94
Lightning Rods, ... 94
Rural Spirit of the Press—Cattle Disease in Massachusetts; Disturbance of Tile Drains; Nothing but a Farmer; Remedy for Lice on Cattle, ... 94
Inquiries and Answers—Information wanted: Jerusalem Artichokes; Potatoes from the West; Ticks on Sheep [Ill.] How I Saved my Sheep, ... 94
Agricultural Miscellany—The Spring Campaign: "Strike but Hear;" Profitable Butter-Making; "The Locusts are Coming;" New York Horse Market; Implements, Seeds, &c; Lodi Ag. Society, ... 94

HORTICULTURAL.

English Opinions of American Fruits, ... 95
More about Cranberries, ... 95
To Save Squash and Melon Seed Pure, ... 95
Shade for Shrubs, ... 95
Early Tomatoes, ... 95
The Ontario Grape [Illustrated] 95
Inquiries and Answers—Raising Trees from Cuttings; Killing Alders by Flooding, &c; Peach Worms, ... 95
Horticultural Notes—Peaches; Fruits Received, ... 95

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Rice Flour Pudding; Cream Sponge Cake; Soda Cake; Ice Cream; A Delicious Dessert; Cooking Okra, ... 95

LADIES' OLIO.

A Woman's Question, [Poetical.] "The Old Arm-Chair," Monuments for Women; Love a Wife and Rule a Wife, 69

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

A March Reverie, [Poetical.] Experience of a Bachelor; Hallam, Macaulay, Carlyle, ... 96

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Church Bells, [Poetical.] "He so Loved the World;" A New Creature; The Sabbath; Prayer, ... 96

EDUCATIONAL.

Methods of Computing Interest on Notes of Partial Payment; Working Teachers; A Spelling Match, ... 97

USEFUL OLIO.

The Argus Pheasant, [2 illustrations,] An Astronomer's View of the Universe, ... 97

YOUNG RURALIST.

Pine Apple Squash—Maturity of Seed; To Trim a Case of Stuffed Birds; Beautiful Thought; Influence, ... 97

STORY TELLER.

Make Your Home Beautiful, [Poetical.] The Angel-Side 100

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Kansas Lands for Sale—T. H. Walker.
Patent Office Business—Munn & Co.
Shepard's Seedling Pear—L. W. Puffer.
New Squashes—I. W. Briggs.
Ontario Grape—O. F. Presbrey.
Skip This—T. & S. B. McMillan.
Chinese Sugar Cane Seed—I. W. Briggs.
Apple Grafts for Sale—C. Cook.
Choice Cows for Sale—Orin Anderson.
Land for Sale—B. Manvel.
Native Evergreen Plants—Jas. A. Root.
Cherry Stocks for Sale—Williams, Ramsden & Co.
Raspberry Plants—Robert Simpson.
Agents Wanted—Ephraim Brown.
Genuine Hubbard Squash Seed—Allen & McElwain.
Japan Apple Pie Melon—Allen & McElwain.
Choice Tobacco Seed—Allen & McElwain.
Ayers' Hotel—S. M. Strong & G. B. Redfield.
Early Six Week's Potatoes—J. Rapalje.
Canada Fife Wheat—J. Rapalje.
Large or Late Clover Seed—J. Rapalje.
Isabella Grape Vines—W. H. & G. S. Adams.
Davis Seedling Potato—Geo. Babcock.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, March 20, 1860.

FLOUR.—An advance of 37½ cents is noticeable upon choice brands from winter wheat. No change in inferior grades, nor in that made from spring varieties. Buckwheat is declining.

GRAIN.—No change in wheat or corn, though there is a dullness perceptible in the latter. Rye drooping. Oats are in the declining scale.

PROVISIONS—Pork falling off. Not more than $6,75@7 ℔ cwt. could be obtained this morning. Hams range from 10c to 11 cents.

EGGS are getting plenty, and bring only 12½c. ℔ dozen.

APPLES are still moving upward. We quote at 75c@$1,00 per bushel, a choice article is eagerly sought for at the latter figure.

HAY is dull. It is an occasional load only, that brings our extreme rates. The general price is $15 for superior.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	00@12½c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,50@1,50	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,35	Apples, bushel	75c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,35@1,40	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,25
Corn, old	65@68c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	65@68c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	72@73c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	32@34c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	58@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	75@83c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$17,00@17,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,75@7,00	Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.10
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@15,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$7,00@8,00
Cheese	9@11c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 19.—FLOUR—Market dull, heavy and lower; demand confined to supplying the most pressing wants of the local trade. Sales at $5,10@5,20 for super State; $5,25@5,40 for extra do; $5,10@5,20 for super Western; $5,25@5,65 for extra do; $5,95@6,10 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and heavy. Canadian in limited request at prices in favor of the buyer; sales at $5,40@7.00 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat very dull and nominally 1@4c lower on spring; choice parcels of white and red held at previous prices, without any inquiry. Rye a shade firmer, with fair demand; sales at 86½@87c. Barley quiet; sales choice State at 81c. Corn scarcely so plenty and a trifle better; sales at 73@80c for inferior to good white; 78@80c for Jersey and Southern yellow; 77c for mixed Western; 78c for yellow do. Oats plenty and heavy at 43@44c. for Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy and lower; sales at $17,25 for old mess; $17,87@18,00 for new do; $12,50 for old prime; $14,-56 for new do; $16,50 for Western prime mess. Lard quiet and steady; sales at 11@11½c. Butter 11@14c for Ohio, 14 @20c for State. Cheese steady at 10@12½c.

ASHES—The market is without change for pots; small sale at $5,25; pearls are firmer; sales at $5,62½.

ALBANY, MARCH 17.—FLOUR AND MEAL—No new feature to notice. The sales are moderate The following are the closing quotations of the week:

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,30
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,62
Common to good Western,	5,50@5,90
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	6,00@6,75
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,20
Common Canadian,	5,25@6,00
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,75@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, 14@15s. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—We hear of no sales of moment. Round yellow corn at East Albany 77c. and some sales reported as low as 75 cents.

SEED—Clover sells at 7½@8c. for medium, 9@9½c for large. Timothy, $3,25@3,50 ℔ bushel.—*Argus.*

BUFFALO, MARCH 17.—FLOUR—The market continues quiet. The decline at New York has taken away all speculative feeling for the present, yet holders are firm. Sales to-day were 500 bbls. at $1,80@5 for common to good extra State; $5 for extra Canada; $5,25 for upper lake extras from spring wheat; $5,60 for extra Ohio and Indiana, and $6@6,25.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and 1c lower; sales 900 bush Canada club in car loads at $1,10. Corn is quiet and steady; sales 3,000 bush. common Illinois at 56c. No sales other grains.

SEEDS are in fair request at $3,12@3,25 for Timothy, and $4,40@4,50 for Clover.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork steady at $17; light do. at $16. Dressed hogs firm; sales 42 head at $6,75.

TORONTO, MARCH 17.—FLOUR—The flour market exhibits a much more buoyant aspect than at the date of our last. Views of holders have had an important advance, whether resulting from the non-receipt of unfavorable news from England, or, because the wheat market has been so active, it is impossible to divine.

Double extra,	$6,00@6,50
Extra nominal,	5,60@6,00
Fancy,	5,25@5,40
Superfine No. 1,	4,75@5,00
Do. No. 2,	4,25@4,50
Oatmeal,	4,25@4,50
Cornmeal,	3,25@3,50

GRAIN.—The week has been characterized by an extraordinary degree of buoyancy in the wheat market, which has resulted in an important improvement in prices. The competition between a full number of buyers has been very keen, and each day has witnessed better prices than were paid on the day previous. On Thursday the receipts were pretty large, amounting to 2,500 bushels, most of which moved off the market at about $1,45, while the choice lots were picked out at $1,46, $1,48, and in one or two cases $1,50 per bushel. These rates of course refer only to the better grades of shipping wheat, which comprise the great bulk of the deliveries; but, even for com, and inferior lots, $1, 35@1,40 were frequent figures. Spring wheat has shared in the animation of the market for fall wheat. For prime samples $1,05 has been frequently paid, and on Tuesday $1,06, and in one or two cases $1,10 ℔ bushel was paid. The supply is limited, and the firmness of the market at these rates is hardly as yet tested Yesterday the rates were lower, $1,05 being the current outside figure. Barley is not much inquired for. The market is therefore dull at 60c ℔ bushel.—Rye is in good request and is very sparingly offered. A good sample would readily command 70@75c ℔ bushel.—Oats have not been in large supply and the market has been firmer. Sales have been made with ease at 35c, and in some cases 36c, but with increased receipts, these rates could not be maintained. The principal deliveries this week have been from farmers. PEAS—There has been a good business done in peas during the week, the prices for which are slightly better. For good samples 60@62c, will be freely paid.

SEEDS—Clover has been very freely offered during the week, and the purchases have been limited. Indeed it is not an uncommon thing for farmers to be sellers instead of buyers this season, and we cannot but notice favorably this commendable and proper change. The ruling figure for good clover is from $5@5,50 ℔ bushel. Timothy seed is not plentiful, but still the high rates check sales. The better qualities sells at $3@3,50, and inferior grades at $2@2,50 ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 14.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,50@10,00; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,50@8,50; inferior, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 5¾@6¼.

ALBANY, MARCH 19.—CATTLE—The market is more buoyant to-day. There is a marked falling off in receipts, and drovers are enabled to stand firm for better prices. The sales thus far indicate that they have secured ¼c ℔ lb. gross, better rates than ruled last week On extra the advance is not less than ½c. The apparent falling off in the receipts is 682 head, but the actual deficiency in beef is considerably greater, as among the arrivals this week were 100 working oxen and 100 milch cows.

PRICES—We advance our quotations ¼@½c. ℔ lb. live weight, the improved tone in the market fully justifying this:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	@	5 @5½
Extra	4¾@5¼	4¾@4¾
First quality	4¼@4¾	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3½@4	3 @3½
Third quality	2½@3	2¼@2¾
Inferior	2 @2½	@2½

SHEEP—Supply large for the season, and demand somewhat limited. McGraw Bros., report purchases during the week of 1,200 head, at 5@6c ℔ lb, weights ranging from 80 to 110 lbs.—[*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, MARCH 15.—At market 1,200 beeves, 85 stores, 1,700 sheep and lambs, and 650 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,75@0,00; first quality $7,00 @7,50; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,50@5,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$39@41; Common, $17@18.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@6.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $22@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,25@2,50; Extra, $3@6,50.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5½@6¼c ℔ lb.; retail, 6½ @7½c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

TORONTO, MARCH 17.—BEEF—The demand for first class cattle is more active, and 6c. ℔ lb. has been paid, while 5½ @5¾c. has been frequently realized. For second class cattle, 4½@5½c ℔ lb. is the current rate.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep $4@6 each. Lambs, none in the market.

CALVES—Scarce and in demand, at $4@6 each.

PORK—Fresh is becoming scarce at the nominal rates of $6@6,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Cured meats are quoted, wholesale at $18 ℔ bbl. mess pork; $14@15 for prime mess; $11@12 for prime. Hams, smoked, ℔ lb., 10@11c; unsmoked, 8@10c.—Bacon, 8c ℔ lb.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 15.—The market has been more active, as holders have submitted to a decline of a few cents ℔ lb. in prices all around. Sales of 100,000 lbs. common and quarter to full-blood Saxony Fleece at 38@55c; 110,000 lbs. California at 15@26c. for medium low to fine; 30,000 lbs. of pulled at 30@18c, for No. 1 City and extra Country; 600 bales Cordova at 20c., 6 mos., and 300 do. washed Smyrna. If our readers desire any explanation on the cause of the above decline we have only to tell them that several lots of wool have been held by dealers all along at very high prices; prices, perhaps, not obtainable at any time through the season, yet they held on, till the time arrived to foreshadow a decline, for the good reason that trade is stagnant among woolen dealers, and prices of manufactured articles favor the buyers. Consequently, when buyers have come forward, dealers have chosen to accept easier rates in view of existing circumstances, and the approach of the new clip.—We would remark, therefore, that our extreme prices for Native Fleece and Pulled Wools are only obtainable for double extra Saxony qualities. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	57@62
Am. full-blood Merino	52@56
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	38@43
Extra, Pulled	45@50
Superfine, Pulled	38@43
No. 1, Pulled	20@26
California, extra	37@42
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@23
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, MARCH 15.—There has been a steady but moderate demand for domestic Wool the past week, and the sales have been 125,000 lbs. at previous prices. The transactions in foreign have been quite extensive, comprising 700,000 lbs. Valparaiso; 50 ballots Peruvian, and 360 bales Cape, Mediterranean and South American on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	55@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	51@55	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@50	Do, unwashed	9@18
Common	36@41	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	28@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Deaths.

OF Typhoid Fever, in Hopewell, Ontario Co., N. Y., Feb. 27th, JOHN GRIFFIN WAUGH, aged 21 years, son of JOHN G. WAUGH, deceased.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class.

22 CHOICE COWS FOR SALE, by ORIN ANDERSON, Carlton Center, Orleans Co., N. Y. 532-2t

SKIP THIS!—But if you read, you will find where to get choice varieties of Strawberries.
T. & S. B. McMILLAN, E. Fairfield, Col. Co., O.

CANADA FIFE WHEAT—Can be had at the Genesee Seed Store, 65 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
532tf J. RAPALJE.

LARGE OR LATE CLOVER SEED.—I have now 50 bushels of the above seed on hand and for sale, at the Genesee Seed Store, 65 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
532tf J. RAPALJE.

1,500 ISABELLA GRAPE VINES, at $30 per 1,000. Also, 60,000 Isabella Grape Cuttings at $2 ℔ 1,000.
532-3t W. H. & G. S. ADAMS, Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y.

50 BUSHELS CHINESE SUGAR CANE SEED—Georgia grown, at $2,50 per bushel Address
532-1t I. W. BRIGGS, West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

50,000 GRAFTED APPLE—For Spring setting, for sale at the Central Nurseries, at $5 per 1,000. Packing and delivered to cars free. Terms easy. C. COOK, Hinmanville, Oswego Co., N. Y.

RASPBERRIES.—Several thousand fine plants of the improved Black Cap Raspberry, $3 ℔ 100; $20 ℔ 1,000. Also a quantity of New Rochelle Blackberry.
532-1t ROBERT SIMPSON, Geneva, N. Y.

JAPAN APPLE PIE MELON.—Packets containing 40 seeds, with directions for use, will be sent to any address upon the receipt of 3 three cent stamps.
532-3t ALLEN & McEWAIN, Springfield, Mass.

CHOICE TOBACCO SEEDS.—½ oz. Genuine Conn. Seed Leaf, for 25 cents; ½ oz. Celebrated Sperry, for 25 cts, post-paid. ALLEN & McELWAIN,
532-2t Springfield, Mass.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 4 new inventions. Agents have made over $25,000 on one,—better than all other similar agencies. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars, gratis.
532-9t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

GENUINE HUBBARD SQUASH SEED.—15 perfect Seeds for 4 three cent postage stamps; 100 perfect Seeds for 8 three cent postage stamps, sent to any address in the Union, post-paid. Address
532-3t ALLEN & McELWAIN, Springfield, Mass.

30,000 NO. 1 CHERRY STOCKS, at $3,50 ℔ 1,000. 8,000 New Rochelle Blackberry Plants, very fine, $40 per thousand, for sale by
WILLIAMS, RAMSDEN & CO.,
Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y., March 1, 1860. 532-5t

NATIVE EVERGREEN PLANTS—Of the following varieties:—Balsam Fir, White Pine, Arbor Vitæ, White Spruce, and Hemlock, 5 to 12 inches high, at $7 per 1,000. A liberal discount made on large orders.
532-2t JAMES A. ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Eleven acres of choice land, buildings, fruit, and about five acres of Nursery stock, near the city limits of Rochester, is offered for sale at a bargain. For particulars, address Box 1,169. B. MANVEL,
Rochester, March 24, 1860. 532-2t

AYERS' HOTEL,
S. M. STRONG & G. B. REDFIELD, Proprietors.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.
☞ BOARD, $1 per Day. Hotel 100 feet South of the Railroad Depot. 532-7teow.

ONTARIO GRAPE.—The subscriber has for sale a large stock of the Ontario Grape. This is the largest Grape grown in the open air, perfectly hardy, free from mildew, does not drop its fruit, and ripens from 15 to 20 days earlier than the Isabella. Price, $5 each. Address (inclosing stamp,) and secure circular for full description.
532-3t O. F. PRESBREY, Buffalo, N. Y.

EARLY SIX WEEK'S POTATOES (WHITE)—These potatoes received three premiums, as the best early variety, last fall, and combine more excellencies than any other variety known. They will attain a large size in a given short time than *any* other—they are *great* yielders, and of fine quality for the table during ten months of the year May be had of J. RAPALJE, Rochester, N. Y., or CHAS. C. HOLTON, near Brighton 12 Corners. 532tf

DAVIS SEEDLING POTATO.—I have a few bushels of this celebrated potato, to which was awarded the *gold medal* by the *Massachusetts Horticultural Society*, after five years trial. It is *the best Potato*, and has no equal in yielding. I will ship them at $1,25 per bushel, without charge for bags or barrels. I refer all to the Editors of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. GEORGE BABCOCK,
532 Box 820, Rochester, N. Y.

SHEPARD'S SEEDLING PEAR—Fruited for the first time in 1852. Received a SILVER MEDAL from the Mass. Horticultural Society. VIGOROUS, HARDY and PROLIFIC.—For further description, see "Downing's revised edition of Fruits and Fruit Trees of America;" Horticulturist, vol. 7, page 215. A limited number of the above trees for sale by the subscriber, packed and delivered in Boston, at $3 each. Those ordering from the South or West, will please inclose gold or stamps. Address L. W. PUFFER,
532-1t North Bridgewater, Mass.

NEW SQUASHES.—The Subscriber has introduced and named two of the best—the "Honolulu Nectarine," and the "Pine Apple." The former is lauded for its extremely fine texture and unequalled sweetness; the latter for being equally good for early summer use as for winter, and is not surpassed by any in these qualities. We will send a package of seeds, of each variety, with a specimen of the "Dried Nectarine" to any address, by mail, on the receipt of one dollar. Address I. W. BRIGGS,
532-2t West Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

PATENT OFFICE BUSINESS.—Messrs. MUNN & CO., Editors and Publishers of the Scientific American, have, for nearly fifteen years, attended to the business of procuring American and European patents for new inventions, and their business now amounts to nearly one-half of all the claims before the Patent Office. To render their Agency complete in every respect, Messrs. MUNN & CO. have associated with them, as Counselor, HON. CHARLES MASON, who for several years held the office of COMMISSIONER OF PATENTS. Inventions examined, and opinions given on questions of supposed novelty. Specifications, Drawings, Caveats, and Assignments prepared. Rejected Cases, Reissues, Interferences, Extensions, and Appeals prosecuted, and opinions upon the Validity and Infringement of Patents given. For full instructions send for a PAMPHLET OF ADVICE, which is furnished free. All communications considered confidential. Address MUNN & CO.,
532-2t Publishers, No. 37 Park-row, New York.

KANSAS LANDS
FOR SALE.
"THE GARDEN OF THE WEST."
TO CAPITALISTS, EMIGRANTS, and all others wishing CHEAP HOMES and SAFE INVESTMENTS.
FIFTY THOUSAND ACRES
OF CHOICE LAND FOR SALE!

This land has been selected with a *great deal of care*.—It lies near to SETTLEMENTS and TIMBER. It is well WATERED by LIVING STREAMS or SPRINGS, and most of it is near where Railroads must soon pass.

It is *known* and *warranted* to be GOOD AGRICULTURAL LAND.

The INDUCEMENTS which KANSAS offers to settlers, and consequently to capitalists, *are better* and *greater* than anywhere else upon the Continent.

The climate is the most congenial and agreeable, being in the same latitude with Virginia and Kentucky The crops are in no danger of being destroyed by late Spring or early Fall frosts.

The surface of the country is exceedingly beautiful and attractive. The soil is rich and enduring, and since the first settlement of the Territory none of the crops have failed.

Everything grown North, together with much raised South, is produced here, and it is the BEST FRUIT COUNTRY IN THE WORLD.

The Trade, Travel, and Emigration in NEW MEXICO, UTAH, PIKE'S PEAK, and all the inhabited interior, with the great OVERLAND EMIGRATION TO CALIFORNIA, begin here, leaving a large amount of capital. No Northern State or Territory is thus happily situated.

The gold of PIKE'S PEAK and vicinity, which late developments have proved to exist in great abundance, will find its way into Kansas for produce, provisions, and merchandise, aiding in its rapid development in population and wealth.

THE PACIFIC RAILROAD, which the present Congress will undoubtedly put in motion, *must pass through Kansas*.

St. Louis, the best market west of Buffalo, reached by the Missouri and Kansas Rivers, with the great caravans of trade and Emigration passing by different and diverging routes through the Territory, will afford a rich market for all the products of Kansas.

The great emigration of the country is now settling thitherward.

This fine body of land, situated in desirable localities, and SELECTED FROM PERSONAL INSPECTION, and WARRANTED TO BE GOOD FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES, will be sold at from

TWO TO THREE DOLLARS PER ACRE,

with almost a certainty that the large emigration which is to pour into the Territory, and the other and varied inducements which she offers, will advance its value with a rapidity unparalleled in the history of the West.

THE TITLE to these lands is *perfect*.

MAPS may be seen, and full information obtained at my office in LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS, where facilities can be readily procured to visit and inspect the land.

I am personally known to the following gentlemen, and refer to them as to character and responsibility:

TAYLOR BROTHERS, Bankers, No. 76 Wall St., N. Y.
THOMPSON BROTHERS, Bankers, No. 2 Wall St., N. Y.
B. F. BANCROFT, Esq., Cashier of the Bank of Salem.
E. ANDREWS, Esq., Cashier of the Washington County Bank.
JAMES THOMPSON, Esq., Cashier of Cambridge Valley Bank.
A. GROESBECK, Esq., Cashier Farmer's Bank, Lansingburgh.
JOHN B. KELLOGG, Esq., Cashier Central Bank, Troy.
CLARK, GRUBER & CO., Bankers, Leavenworth, Kansas
D. R. ANTHONY & CO., Bankers, Leavenworth, Kansas.

T. H. WALKER,
LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS.

N. B.—A CREDIT of ONE and TWO YEARS will be given to ACTUAL SETTLERS. 532-3teow.

ISABELLA GRAPE CUTTINGS for sale by
531-3t E. A. McKAY, Naples, N. Y.

50,000 APPLE STOCKS of good quality, for sale, by H. BIGNALL, Elba, N. Y.

BAKER APPLE GRAFTS BY MAIL, (post-paid,) 50 cents per dozen, in oiled silk.
529-2tom F. A. ROCKWELL, Ridgefield, Conn.

ARBOR VITÆ AND HEMLOCK SPRUCE—For Evergreen fence, $2 per 100; $10 per 1,000, with a liberal discount to the trade. A. J. McCLAVE,
531-3t Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y.

CHERRY TREES—Strong Trees of the choicest varieties, *Standard and Dwarf*, for sale cheap, by
T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.
☞ For Circulars address GEO. F. TUTTLE,
531-13t No. 100 Nassau St., New York.

RASPBERRIES.—A good assortment of the best sorts, including *Brinkle's Orange*, Belle de Fontenay, *Fastolf, Franconia, Knevett's Giant*, &c., for sale by
T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

CRANBERRY PLANTS—Cultivated by Sullivan Bates, Esq., of Massachusetts, the CELEBRATED BELL AND CHERRY VARIETIES. For sale by the 100, 1,000, 10,000, or 50,-000, by W. H. STARR, General Agent, *East New London Nurseries*, New London, Conn. 531-2t

GLADIOLUS.—NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FRENCH AND BELGIAN HYBRIDS.—Just received, by the subscriber, a splendid collection of the above, embracing upwards of *ninety varieties*, among which are many novelties, never before offered in this country. A descriptive priced Catalogue, with full directions for culture, will be mailed to all applicants. [531-4t] B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

CRANBERRY CULTURIST.—A Practical Treatise on the CULTURE OF THE CRANBERRY, both *Marsh* and *Upland*. Will be forwarded, pre-paid, on receipt of four three cent stamps. Address W. H. STARR, East New London Nurseries, New London, Conn. 531-2t

500,000 WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING STRAWBERRY $4 ℔ 1,000; 60c ℔ 100.
10,000 Hooker Seedling Strawberry—$10 per 1,000; $1,20 per 100.
30,000 Lawton Blackberry, very fine, $30 per 1,000; $1 per 100; $3 for 50. For sale by
531-9t C. L. TWING, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

EAST NEW LONDON NURSERIES.—A general assortment of Fruit Trees, (Dwarf and Standard,) Grape Vines, Gooseberries, Currants, Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, Pie-Plant, &c., together with Ornamental Shrubs, Evergreens, Green-house and Bedding out Plants, Bulbous Roots, &c., of the very CHOICEST VARIETIES. Descriptive Catalogues will be sent, pre-paid, on receipt of one stamp. Address W. H. STARR, East New London, Ct.

FARMS FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale *SIX IMPROVED FARMS*, situated in the town of Wolcott, Wayne county, N. Y., containing, respectively, twenty-five, forty, fifty, seventy, seventy-five and eighty acres.

TERMS—Twenty-five to thirty-three per cent. down, the balance may run a term of years. Address
GEO. H. PRESTON, Red Creek, Wayne Co., N. Y.

GRAPE VINES.
DELAWARE, DIANA, CONCORD, REBECCA, HARTFORD PROLIFIC, and several other of the newer sorts—good one year plants, well rooted,—Isabella and Catawba, two and three years; also, a few choice Foreign varieties, one year for sale at the most reasonable prices, by the dozen or hundred. T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

THE KEDZIE FILTERS.—These Filters possess every *practical* and *scientific* arrangement, for the objects intended, viz., rendering the most impure rain and river water free from all decomposed organic matters and gases, color, taste or smell. *Pure water* is the chief conservator of the human system, and can be surely obtained by using this, the best portable Filter known. They are durable, convenient and cheap; can be transported in safety, any distance, and are sure to give satisfaction. Manufactured by JAMES TERRY & CO., Rochester, N. Y.
☞ Descriptive Circulars sent free. 531-tf

PEAS! PEAS! PEAS!—Now on hand and for sale at the "GENESEE SEED STORE," No. 65 *Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.*

100 bushels	Irish Marrowfat.
50 "	Black Eye do.
50 "	Missouri do.
50 "	Early Kents.
100 "	Early Washington.
50 "	Dwarf Blue Imperial
25 "	Champion of England.
200 "	Canada Creepers, for field sowing.

TREE SEEDS. TREE SEEDS.
R. E. SCHROEDER'S
Horticultural Agency, Rochester, N. Y.

Norway Spruce	$0,50 per lb.
Austrian Pine	1,75 "
Scotch Pine	1,25 "
Maritime Fir	1,00 "
Cambrian Pine	1,00 "
Larch (European)	0,85 "
Dwarf, or Mountain Pine	2,00 "

All seeds are perfectly clean, and warranted fresh. Imported fruit tree stocks, at exporters' prices, adding freight.

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.
B. K. BLISS,
SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts,

WOULD inform his patrons that his new Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, is now ready, and will be mailed to all applicants inclosing a three cent postage stamp. It contains a descriptive list of upwards of

Eleven Hundred Varieties of Flower Seeds,

embracing everything that is new and desirable among Annuals, Biennials, Perennials and Green-house Plants, suitable alike for the Flower Garden, Pleasure Grounds, Lawns, Shrubberies and the conservatory, as well as many matchless novelties of the highest merit, which have been selected by his European correspondents from the most reliable sources.

Collections of Flower Seeds by Mail, Post-paid.

The following collections have been sent out from his establishment for the past six years, and are now favorably known in every section of the country.

Assortment No. 1.—Contains twenty choice varieties of Annuals, ... $1 00
No. 2.—Contains twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials, ... 1 00
No. 3.—Contains ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation, ... 1 00
No. 4.—Contains five very choice varieties selected from *Prize Flowers* of English Pansies, German, Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters, Double Hollyhocks, ... 1 00

Any one remitting $3,00 will receive the four assortments postage free.

The following additional assortments will also be sent at the prices annexed, *free of postage*.

Assortment No. 5.—Contains fifteen very select varieties of Green-house Seeds, ... $3 00
No. 6.—Contains one hundred varieties of Annuals, Biennials, and Perennials, including many new and choice varieties, ... 5 00
No. 7.—Contains fifty varieties of Annuals, Biennials and Perennials, ... 2 50

All orders must be accompanied with the cash.
Remittances can be made in Bank Bills or Postage Stamps
Address B. K. BLISS,
531-4t Springfield, Mass.

$29.50 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS, pays for Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.
Spring Term opens March 22d, 1860. For Circulars or Catalogues, address JOHN P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

WHO CAN EQUAL IT?—A gentleman residing in Jefferson County having sold one of our THREE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN POWERS AND COMBINED THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS, wrote to us upon remitting pay for the same, that Mr. Sprague, the purchaser, had threshed 240 bushels of barley in three hours, and that he was doing more than the eight-horse machines. Also, Mr. Clark, from Chautauqua Co., wrote to us that he had threshed 60 bushels of wheat in 70 minutes, and 100 bushels of oats per hour. Still more we have, from Mr. E. H. Barnard, of Pittsford, Monroe Co., relative to our Two-Horse Powers and Thresher and Winnower. He says, the Messrs. Millers threshed 60 bushels of Oats in 55 minutes, for four consecutive hours, without extra exertion, and the Oats were fed loose, never having been bound. Our Endless Chain Powers for one, two and three horses, Lever Powers, Combined Threshers and Winnowers, and Threshers with Vibrating Separators, have met with unequalled success wherever introduced.

We also manufacture a CLOVER MACHINE, lately much improved, and which cannot be surpassed for durability or quality and quantity of work. We warrant all our Machines to suit the purchasers.

A Descriptive Circular with Price List, will be sent to all applicants by addressing the subscribers.
G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.,
530-5teow Agricultural Works, Schenectady, N. Y.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS.
EVERYBODY'S LAWYER
AND
COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,
BY FRANK CROSBY,
OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.

It Tells You How to draw up PARTNERSHIP PAPERS and gives general forms for Agreements of all kinds, Bills of Sale, Leases and Petitions.
It Tells You How to draw up Bonds and Mortgages, Affidavits, Powers of Attorney, Notes and Bills of Exchange, Receipts and Releases.
It Tells You The Laws for the Collection of Debts, with the Statutes of Limitation, and amount and kind of property Exempt from Execution in every State.
It Tells You How to make an Assignment properly, with forms for Composition with Creditors, and the Insolvent Laws of every State.
It Tells You The legal relations existing between Guardian and Ward, Master and Apprentice, and Landlord and Tenant.
It Tells You What constitutes Libel and Slander, and the Law as to Marriage Dower, the Wife's Right in Property, Divorce and Alimony.
It Tells You The Law for Mechanics' Liens in every State, and the Naturalization Laws of this country, and how to comply with the same.
It Tells You The Law Concerning Pensions and how to obtain one, and the Pre-Emption Laws to Public Lands.
It Tells You The Law for Patents, with mode of procedure in obtaining one, with Interferences, Assignments and Table of Fees.
It Tells You How to make your Will, and how to Administer on an Estate, with the law and the requirements thereof in every State.
It Tells You The meaning of Law Terms in general use, and explains to you the Legislative, Executive and Judicial Powers of both the General and State Governments.
It Tells You How to keep out of Law, by showing how to do your business legally, thus saving a vast amount of property, and vexatious litigation, by its timely consultation.

Single copies will be sent by mail, postage paid, to Every Farmer, Every Mechanic, Every Man of Business, and Everybody in Every State, on receipt of $1.00, or in law style of binding at $1.25.

$1,000 A YEAR can be made by enterprising men everywhere, in selling the above work, as our inducements to all such are very liberal.

For single copies of the Book, or for terms to agents, with other information, apply to or address
JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher,
530-4t No. 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PAY YOUR TAXES!
BEEDE & MENDENHALL, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, will attend promptly to the paying of *Taxes* for Non-residents. 530-3t

STUMP MACHINES.
Twenty years of close application to the manufacturing and use of STUMP MACHINES, have enabled the Subscribers to produce an article, which *defies competition*. We are prepared to furnish any number at short notice and at low rates.

Our Machines are simple in construction, very durable and not liable to get out of order. The demand for them has increased four fold within the past year, which removes any doubt of their great superiority over other machines.

Send for a Circular, which will give you full particulars.
R. H. HALL & CO.,
530-4t Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

"NO MEAL COMPLETE WITHOUT IT."—LEA & PERRINS' Worcestershire Sauce. Agents,
529-4t JOHN DUNCAN & SONS, New York.

LADIES USE
JAMES PYLE'S
DIETETIC SALERATUS,

The great improvement for all Baking purposes. All other kinds of Saleratus now in use, have no utility in comparison with this. It is the only Saleratus in use, that is entirely free from injurious properties, and one pound of it is equal to two of the common article. Beware of poisonous imitations, the genuine has the name of JAMES PYLE, 345 Washington St., N. Y., on each package, and is sold by grocers generally. 529-4t

ALL KINDS OF AGRICULTURAL BOOKS.—Farmers, Gardeners, Nurserymen, Fruit-Growers, Dairymen, Cattle-Dealers, and all persons interested in tilling the soil or adorning their grounds and dwellings, will be supplied with the most complete assortment of Books relating to their business that can be found in the world, by

C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO.,

Agricultural Booksellers, and Publishers of The Horticulturist, No. 25 Park-row, New-York.
Catalogues gratis. Books sent by mail. AGENTS wanted.

30,000 IMPORTED PEAR STOCKS.—We will sell the above extra fine stocks, free from leaf blight, at $15 per 1,000. A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.

ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES.—All kinds of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Small Fruits, Shrubs, Flowers, &c., suited to this climate.
Address C. BEADLE, St. Catharines, C. W.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

A. N. WOOD & CO., EATON, N. Y.,
Manufacturers of their celebrated
PORTABLE STEAM ENGINES,
and Dealers in Machinery.

THESE Engines are simple in arrangement, built compact, and are adapted to all kinds of Mill or Farm use. Received the First Premium at our late State Fair. Send for Circular. 523-13t

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New?
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!

"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,

D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"

is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. Those brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."

Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

HERRING'S PATENT
FIRE AND BURGLAR-PROOF SAFES.
With Hall's Patent Powder-Proof Locks,
HAVE NEVER FAILED
IN MORE THAN 300 DISASTROUS FIRES.
The Safest and Best Safe in Use.

Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States, or Canada, at the very lowest rates, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY, Sole Agent,
518-tf at 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

CAST STEEL BELLS,
FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES,
FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.,
from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than

THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,

which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.

Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,

or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.

Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
518-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
THE BEST IN USE!

First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.

HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.

Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.

No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.

Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.

Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
General Western Agent, 93 Main street,
518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.

These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

PIANOS FOR $150.
WARRANTED GOOD IN EVERY RESPECT.
MADE BY
BOARDMAN GRAY & CO.,
Albany, N. Y.

THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

☞ These Pianos are FULLY WARRANTED, and have all our late improvements.

Circulars Furnished on Application, giving Full Particulars.

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MAKE YOUR HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Make your home beautiful,—bring to it flowers,
Plant them around you to bud and to bloom;
Let them give life to your loneliest hours,
Let them bring light to enliven your gloom;
Make your OWN WORLD,—one that never has sorrowed,—
Of music, and sunshine, and glad summer air,
A HOME WORLD whose forehead care never has furrowed,
And whose cheek of bright beauty shall ever be fair.

Make your home beautiful,—weave round its portal
Wreaths of the jasmine, and delicate sprays
Of red-fruited woodbine, with joy immortal
That blesses and brightens wherever it strays.
Gather the blossoms, too,—one little flower,
Varied verbena, or sweet mignonette,
Still may bring bloom to your desolate bower,—
Still may be SOMETHING to love and to pet.

Make your home beautiful,—gather the roses
That hoard up the sunshine with exquisite art;
Perchance they may pour, as your darkest day closes,
That soft summer sunshine down into your heart!
If you can do so,—oh! make it an Eden
Of beauty and gladness,—remember 'tis wise,
'Twill teach you to long for that home you are needing,
That haven of beauty beyond the blue skies!

Make your home beautiful,—sure 'tis a duty,—
Call up your little ones, teach them to walk
Hand in hand with the wandering Angel of Beauty,
Encourage their spirits with nature to talk.
Gather them round you, and let them be learning
Lessons that drop from the delicate wings
Of the bird and the butterfly,—ever returning
To Him who has made all these beautiful things.

Make home a hive where all beautiful feelings
Cluster like bees, and their honey-dew bring;
Make it a temple of holy revealings,
And LOVE its bright Angel with "shadowing wing."
Then shall it be when afar on life's billows
Wherever your tempest tossed children are flung,
They will long for the shade of the home "weeping-willows,"
And sing the sweet songs which their MOTHER had sung.

Nashville Patriot.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE ANGEL-SIDE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"BRUTAL, and mean, and dark enough,
GOD knows some natures are;
But He, compassionate, comes near,
And shall we stand afar?
Our cruise of oil will not grow less
If shared with hearty hand;
For words of peace, and looks of love,
Few natures can withstand.
Love is the mighty conqueror,
Love is the beauteous guide,—
Love with her beaming eye can see
We've all our *angel-side!*"

JACOB HARDING did not sustain a very enviable reputation in the thriving village of Glenville.—Had you inquired of any one there, what sort of a man he was, you would have been told that he was almost too mean to live,—that he was miserly to starvation, and as cross and crabbed as it was possible for a man to be. Indeed, had you looked upon the harsh lines of sun-browned face, you could scarcely have imagined it possible for the muscles to relax into a smile,—and the fact that he was once a pure and innocent little child, frolicking in the sunshine, seemed almost fabulous.

But JACOB HARDING had not always been as now—cold, stern, miserly. Years, years before the date of our little sketch, he was an industrious, cheerful young man,—prudent, but not penurious,—poor, but intelligent. His home was in an Eastern town, where dwelt his widowed mother and only sister, RACHEL, supported entirely by his hard-earned wages. It seemed to be his highest ambition to make them comfortable, and a kinder, more dutiful son, and brother, could not be found. But at length, a wealthy family moved into town, and the very first Sunday that they attended church, he saw, and was fascinated by the beautiful face of CLARA MORTIMER. What mattered it, that her father was rich, and he was poor? Love, it is said, knows no barriers, acknowledges no worldly distinctions. In short, ere the MORTIMERS had been for six months settled in the "great house," on the hill, JACOB's mind was filled with visionary plans for wooing and winning the fair young heiress; although, as yet, he had only worshiped her afar, their spheres being so entirely separate that they had not once met.

But one day, in the latter part of summer, as JACOB was busy at work in a field near his humble home, he heard the clatter of horses' hoofs coming down the road,—one glance showed him that it was no other than Miss MORTIMER, and a gentleman attendant, both mounted on spirited horses, and dashing along at a rapid rate. Suddenly the horse, which the young lady rode, began to rear and plunge, being frightened by a huge pile of stones at the road-side, and would have precipitated his fair burden on their rough and jagged points, at the certain peril of her life, had not JACOB, clearing the fence with one bound, seized the bits, and checked the animal at once.

Miss MORTIMER was exceedingly frightened, but soon regained her composure, and proposed to her companion, who had been too much terrified to offer any assistance, that they should return home immediately. She did not object to JACOB's walking by her side, first asking by what name she might call her brave deliverer. "HARDING—JACOB HARDING," said he. "Well, Mr. HARDING, you must go with us, and let my father have the privilege of thanking you for saving his daughter's life." Thus, they slowly passed over the three-quarters of a mile, which lay between the scene of JACOB's gallant deed, and the stately mansion of General MORTIMER.

The old man was seated on the front piazza, but left his easy-chair, as soon as the party entered the broad avenue, evidently much surprised to see the equestrians returning, and accompanied by a stranger.

"Why, CLARA! what's the matter?—anything happened?" was his hurried inquiry.

"Yes, dear father, I should have been brought home a mangled corpse, had it not been for the kindness of this gentleman, Mr. HARDING." And she recounted the adventure of the afternoon.

General MORTIMER did not notice the sunburned cheek, and the blue shirt sleeves, (for JACOB's coat hung on the fence, where he had been at work,) his tear-dimmed eyes only beheld the one who had rescued his only and darling child from a sudden death, and he grasped his rough hand warmly. "I cannot thank you sufficiently, in words, Mr. HARDING, but tell me what I can do to prove my gratitude, for what you have this day done." CLARA having now entered the house, JACOB made bold to say, that he did not ask any pay, but he would like to be allowed to call at the "great house," once in a while. "Certainly, certainly," replied the unsuspecting host, "come whenever you choose."

And JACOB, bowing profoundly, was soon hurrying back to his work, feeling as if his suit were already half won, while General MORTIMER leaned back in his arm-chair, and gazed around him, with a self-satisfied smile. "Well, well," mused he, "I suppose the lad has never seen anything half so grand in his life; and, with true Yankee curiosity, he wants to explore the mysteries of a richly furnished house, and find out how much all the fine things cost. I dare say, he will afford sport enough to some of our city guests, and, any how, I couldn't refuse him so simple a request after he saved our CLARA from such a dreadful death. But I expected he would have asked ten dollars, at least, for the job."

So JACOB HARDING was permitted to call as often as he pleased, at General MORTIMER's elegant home. CLARA always received him with genuine politeness, and his own good sense prevented him from rendering his attentions obtrusive; yet all the while, a strong and steadfast love was striking its roots deeper and deeper into his very heart.

The golden Autumn hours were merging into "the melancholy days,—the saddest of the year;" JACOB had called to see Miss MORTIMER once more, ere she left for the city, where the family were to spend the winter months. They were alone in the cheerful sitting-room, when JACOB, after much hesitation, said—"Ah, Miss CLARA, I wish I were rich!"

"Why so?" was the laughing rejoinder, "what would you do with your money?"

"I would lay it all at your feet, Miss CLARA, and beg you to love me, and to let me try to make you happy; but now,"—with a heavy sigh,—"it is of no use—no use."

"No, my friend, "said CLARA, seriously, "It cannot be. I am sorry you feel thus, for I can only be your friend. But one thing, Mr. HARDING, I pray you not to speak to my father about this, for it would do no good, and only offend him." And, rising, she extended her hand to her unfortunate lover, and bade him a kind good-bye.

It was a sad stroke to poor JACOB,—although he had not really expected any other result,—yet it seemed harder to bear, now that he *knew* the worst, instead of *dreading* it. For many days he scarcely spoke to any one, but worked on, as if in a dream. At last he grew desperate, and resolved to see CLARA's father, and tell him all. He fancied that *if* he could but gain his consent, he might yet win CLARA, for she had not said she could not love him, if all obstacles were removed. At any rate, he would try. So, one clear December afternoon, JACOB, dressed in his Sunday suit, proceeded to "the great house," having heard that General MORTIMER was to remain in the country until about Christmas time. He was conducted into the same apartment, where he had parted from CLARA, four weeks before. Her father received him with his accustomed hospitality, and chatted quite pleasantly for a while.—At length, JACOB made known the purport of his visit, when the rage of the old man knew no bounds. He called JACOB a clown, and a clod-hopper,—swore his daughter should never again speak to, much less wed, a beggar, such as he,—bade him leave the house instantly, and never darken his doors again. JACOB went forth "a sadder, and a wiser man," yet, with a crushed and bleeding heart, which would never again bound with youthful hope and joy.

"Fool, that I was," he muttered, as he slowly walked homeward. "I might as well have fallen in love with VENUS, herself, and tried to bring her down from yonder blue sky." (Had JACOB been well versed in poetry, he would doubtless have ejaculated—"It were all one, that I should love a bright, particular star, and think to wed it.") "No, no. It is all over; but I *will* be *rich*. No one shall again taunt me with my poverty.—If I can't have *love*, I will have *money!*"

Such was the experience that made JACOB HARDING a miser; that curdled in his breast "the milk of human kindness," and made him a hard, cold man.

But a few months longer did he remain in his native town. Before the spring again opened, his mother died; and his sister RACHEL—to whom, alone, had he confided the story of his hopeless love,—was married to a young farmer, and emigrated with him, to the Far West. JACOB raised what funds he could from the sale of their little homestead, and, dividing it with RACHEL, took his own share, and left his old home forever.

He went to a new settlement in one of the Middle States, and soon found enough to do, for he was strong, athletic, and inured to toil. Always steady, industrious, and honest, he could but succeed in whatever he undertook, yet there was something in his stern, uncommunicative way, that kept him from winning friends. Year after year rolled on, each adding to the shining piles of gold which had accumulated in JACOB's iron-bound chest. He was now old,—older at sixty than many are at three score and ten, for his life had been uncheered by the sweet loves of wife and children, and he was that most pitiable of beings, a friendless, homeless, old man. Not that he was without a sheltering roof,—but it scarce deserved the name of Home. He lived alone, in a miserable wooden tenement in the out-skirts of the village of Glenville, and by doing odd jobs of work—for he was getting too infirm for constant employment,—he eked out a miserly living, and contrived to add, little by little, to his hoarded store.

Just at twilight, on an early spring day, JACOB HARDING was crouching over the scanty fire which was smouldering in the old fire place of his desolate-looking kitchen. The air was chilly, and the few little chips and bits of wood by no means rendered the apartment comfortable, for the walls had sundry ventilators, in the shape of huge cracks, and more than one pane of glass was missing from the windows, the vacancy being imperfectly supplied by fragments of boards, and bundles of rags. JACOB was not thinking of these, nor of the rickety chairs and table. He was too much accustomed to his household inconveniences to take any notice of them. No, his mind was far away, roaming amid the still remembered scenes of youth. Never had the face of CLARA MORTIMER faded from his heart. He knew not whether she were living or dead; but he thought of her as he had seen her in the freshness of youthful beauty—it never occurred to him that if still alive, she, too, must be old. Then he thought of his mother and RACHEL, and sighed to think he was all alone.

The shadows had deepened,—it was quite dark out of doors, and the dying embers on the hearth cast but a feeble light within. JACOB started, for the rumbling sound of wheels stopped at his door, and opening it, he saw the stage coach standing near, while an old-fashioned, hair-covered trunk, thickly studded with brass nails, and with a huge bundle strapped on the top, was being taken down, and was at last deposited upon the broken door-step. A female figure now emerged from the stage, and came up to the door.

"Does Mr. JACOB HARDING live here?" said a sweet voice, for the new-comer now saw the old man in the door-way.

"Yes, I'm he; but what do you want of me?"

"Dear uncle," was the response, "I am your sister RACHEL's child; she is dead, and she sent me to live with you."

"Well, well! come in, then," was the not very cordial welcome. "I'll get a light and see how you look." And throwing another handful of chips upon the coals, JACOB proceeded to light a tallow candle, which was placed in a rusty iron candlestick. His visitor threw back her thick veil, and the face on which he looked, inquiringly, was very fair, and apparently that of a maiden of seventeen years.

"Yes, yes, you look like RACHEL,—and what's your name?"

"CLARA, sir," was the hesitating reply, for she knew from her mother that *this* name would possess a magic spell over her old uncle. It would either open his heart at once, to receive her, or it would close it more firmly against her.

"CLARA—CLARA," he repeated, "did RACHEL—did your mother name you CLARA?"

"Yes, sir; and she begged you to be kind to me, a poor orphan girl, for the sake of her who bore the name."

"*Amen!*" was the husky answer. "You shall be my child,—my CLARA. But take off your things, now, and I'll bring in your 'traps.' You've got a load of them," he added, as with difficulty he raised the cumbersome bundle and trunk."

"Yes, sir, I brought a feather-bed and some bedding with me. I thought it might be more convenient for you."

"Yes, yes, quite right. I haven't much to do with,—but, CLARA," lowering his voice, and pointing to an inner room, "there's gold in there, gold—gold!"

"Is there, dear uncle? Well, I'm very glad, for I was afraid you were so poor you could not afford to keep me. Shall I help get supper now?" she continued.

"Well," said JACOB, "I suppose you'll want something to eat. I generally have a bowl of bread and milk. I buy a quart of milk for four cents, and a loaf of bread for six, so it usually costs me only ten cents a day to live. But I guess, to-night, I'll buy a slice of ham, and there are a few potatoes in that box, in the corner. So we'll have a grand supper in honor of your coming."

There was something of novelty to our new friend, in all this; for although the child of poor and hard-working parents, she had never known what it was to lack for food, and the idea of such meagre fare was entirely new to her. Her uncle went out to buy the meat, and she busied herself in preparations for supper. She washed a half dozen potatoes, and put them in the ashes to roast,—then went to the cupboard, intending to set the table. There was nothing to be seen of a table-cloth, so she concluded to dispense with that article, and proceeded to put in order the few cracked dishes, broken knives and forks, and iron spoons. She found an old tin tea-pot, but no tea; and so sat down to await her uncle's return.

He came, at length, and laid down three or four parcels upon the table, saying, "Well, here's a slice of ham, and a loaf of bread, and a pat of butter, and a drawing of tea." CLARA cooked the meat in the frying pan, and soon the savory repast was upon the table, which, with the addition of a cloth, would have looked quite inviting.

"There isn't any sugar, is there?" she asked, when about to pour the tea. "No," said JACOB, "I thought I had bought *so much* to-night, that we could get along without that. But there's a little milk in a cup, on the lower shelf, which will make it do, I reckon."

CLARA's long ride had given her a good appetite, and JACOB seemed to enjoy his meal far more than he usually did. It was no wonder, with that bright, cheerful face opposite him, and the thought of the busy hands which were so ready to aid him. After supper, CLARA was going to wash the dishes, and inquired for some soap and a towel.

"Haven't got either," was the answer. "As for soap, that comes pretty high,—and I let the dishes dry without wiping. I have to be pretty careful about having many things to wash, for black NANCY comes once a month, to clean up, and if she found anything more than sheets and shirts to wash, she would make out quite a bill against me."

CLARA acquiesced, simply saying, "But I can do your washing now, Uncle JACOB; I always used to help mother."

Then followed a long conversation about her parents, brothers and sisters, who had, one after another, left her, until, save Uncle JACOB, she had not a relative in the world. Thus they talked on, for more than an hour, by the flickering firelight, the careful host having wisely extinguished the candle, that it might not be "all used up for nothing."

At last, CLARA said she was tired and sleepy, and her uncle helped her carry her trunk and bed into a little room, leading off the kitchen, on the other side from his own bed-room. There was an old bedstead here, which he had once received for some job, and which he intended to use for fire-wood; but, fortunately, it was still standing, and now received CLARA's feather-bed, and the snowy sheets which she took from her trunk, together with the outer covering, which she had also brought. She then kissed the rough, brown cheek of her uncle, and felt something very like a tear fall upon her own soft and rosy one. She said nothing of it, however, but bade him good night, and taking the bit of candle which he handed her, in a wooden holder, she retired to her little room. The only furniture it contained was the above-named bedstead, so she placed the light upon her trunk; it burned until she had read a chapter in her little Testament, but left her in darkness before she had finished her evening prayer, after which she soon sank into the peaceful sleep of innocence.—[Conclusion next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 19 letters.
My 16, 10, 11, 1, 10, 11 is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 10, 16, 8, 2, 4, 19 is a town in Tennessee.
My 8, 7, 3, 6, 5, 16, 12, 18, 6, 9 is a town in Ohio.
My 12, 9, 4, 14 7, 10 is an island off the coast of Patagonia.
My 8, 10, 3, 15 is a town in Illinois.
My 17, 11, 4, 5, 6, 13, 14 is a city in England.
My whole is the name of an eminent discoverer.

Durhamville, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1860. O. E. FRAZER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is generally dark,
Though sometimes very clear;
Adds lustre to the glittering spark,
And causes groundless fear.

My next among the British fair
Holds a superior place,
Too oft a very serious care,
And studied for its grace.

But when my first reigns dark or fair,
With undisturbed control,
My second is put by with care,
And gives place to my whole.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Aoswer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

H. A. ROWLEY'S POETICAL ENIGMA.

SIX letters form good *Hannah's* name,—
Forward and back they are the same;
When you omit the first and last,
My sister *Anna's* name thou hast.
Ann is the name of some fine girl
That dearly loves in dance to whirl.
Ah! Ha! Anna! (you meant the first,)
Were exclamations used in erst.
I've read thy riddle—solved the same,
But neither of the names I claim;
Then come not with thy priest to me,
Till thou canst tell what mine may be.
It has four forms—each is a name,
Though not alike, meaning the same;
Three syllables they all can show
Save one, that boasteth only two.
That one you'll find in hall and cot,—
There's scarce a home where it is not;
'Tis famed in story, sung in rhyme,
And borne by queens in olden time,—
By one whose soul was stained with blood,
Another who was called "the good;"
Another still we'll not forget,
So lovely and unfortunate!
The second form, in days of yore,
Two fair and hapless French queens bore;
As also did a queen of Spain,—
So hard and cruel was her reign,
That she was called "the cruel queen,"
As may by history be seen.
An authoress of pleasant fame,
Doth bear the third form of my name.
The fourth and last form, we are told,
A Hebrew songstress claimed of old.
This last is mine. Now, ROWLEY, try!
Who were those queens, and who am I?

Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 530.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Elisha Kent Kane.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—Why was Christ hated.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Area of square garden, 100 rods; area of the triangle, 37½ rods; area of the rectangle, 62½ rods.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

THE LARGEST CIRCULATED

Agricultural, Literary and Family Weekly,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

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☞ For Special Notices, &c., see preceding page.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

[From the New York Courier, August 21, 1859.]

PREPARED GLUE.

MR. SPALDING has certainly conferred a great blessing upon all householders by his preparation of "Prepared Glue." It is always ready for use, and can be applied immediately to a fractured table, a broken chair, or, in fact, anything that requires glue to mend it, by anybody who likes, without the trouble of having to mix it in any shape or way, thereby saving the trouble, inconvenience and expense of sending furniture to the cabinet maker's to be repaired. This alone, independent of its intrinsic value, will make it an article universally kept in all families.

[From the Times and Messenger, August 21, 1859.]

ADVICE TO FAMILY FOLKS.

One of the most convenient and useful of all articles recently discovered, with a view to elicit the blessings of the careful housekeeper, and abate her pains to keep things domestic, intact, and tidy, is certainly Spalding's Prepared Glue. No matter what you break, (unless it be your head, perhaps,) this Glue steps forward like the genii of order, and promptly unites the dissevered parts—reduces the fracture, as a surgeon would say—and renders all whole again. Toys or tools, chairs or vases, leather, silk, wood or glass—it operates alike magically on all; and at its bidding the sobs of the child cease, the gratification of the matron is complete. No family should be without Spalding's Prepared Glue.

[From the Hartford Daily Courant, Sept. 22, 1859.]

Everybody needs a Glue-Pot occasionally, but everybody knows that the old-fashioned mode of dissolving glue is inconvenient. Spalding's Prepared Glue is chemically held in solution, is equal to the best preparation of Cabinet-makers' Glue, and is used cold. A brush accompanies each bottle, and the whole costs only twenty-five cents.

[From the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Oct. 11, 1859.]

A USEFUL ARTICLE.

A new and useful article, called Spalding's Prepared Glue, has been introduced to the notice of housekeepers. It is reliable and really adhesive, and enables every housekeeper to repair furniture and household ware without trouble, as it is always ready for use.

[From the Ladies' Visitor, September, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin, Sept. 17, 1859.]

H. C. SPALDING is astonishing the natives with his Prepared Glue, which has won a great reputation, and is fast enriching its inventor. Mr. Spalding is remarkable for intelligence and tact, which he exhibits in the style of his advertising. He is a type of the genuine Yankee.

[From the Independent, July 28, 1859.]

GLUE.

Our advertising columns contain some testimonies to the value of a new article known as "Spalding's Prepared Glue," useful to housekeepers for mending furniture. It is prepared with chemicals, by which it is kept in the proper condition for immediate use, the chemicals evaporating as soon as it is applied, leaving the glue to harden. We can assure our readers that this article has the excellent phrenological quality of "large adhesiveness."

[From the Boston Evening Transcript, Oct. 10, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

The value of this Glue for domestic purposes is inestimable. The difficulty of preparing common sh et glue for use led to the new article. In a liquid state the preparation can be used without heating, dries slowly, emits no offensive effluvia, and is ready for application. It is put up in glass bottles, securely corked, and sold, with a brush to apply it, at the low price of Twenty-five cents. Every family should have the compound constantly on hand, as thereby any article of wood, paper, crockery or glass can be mended. It will save more than its cost every month in the year.

[From Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine, Sept., 1859.]

SMALL INVENTIONS—PREPARED GLUE.

The numerous small inventions and mechanical conveniences adapted to aid in saving time, money, and labor on the farm and in the household, are most promising for our material and social progress, and we are always happy to chronicle all such, however apparently insignificant.

It is estimated that there are over five millions of households in the United States supplied with cabinet and other furniture, the various parts of which are chiefly united with cabinet makers' glue, and which are likely to become loosened and otherwise injured or broken by constant use.

From one to two dollars is required for annual mendings and repairs, nearly all of which goes to the professed repairer, who is usually called in when the dilapidation has become unbearable, notwithstanding the homely maxim, "a stitch in time saves nine."

Nine-tenths of such repairs could and would be made at home and in season, were a convenient and reliable holdfast always at hand to be brought into requisition. The want of such an article has long been felt.

Spalding's Prepared Glue is designed to supply this universal want. It is convenient, cheap, remains soluble, retains its tenacity, is stronger than the best cabinet makers' glue, is put up in a bottle with a brush, ready for use, similar to the ordinary mucilage. It is also admirable for re-fastening book covers and loosened leaves, and it is just the thing for the library and for use in schools, where books are constantly liable to need repair.

[From the Home Journal, Aug. 27, 1859.]

Among the many apparent trifles continually being brought to the surface from the ideal under-world of the unknown, there are occasionally simple articles costing but little in detail, but whose combined benefit, usefulness and economy of time and money, aggregate on the basis of millions.

Such an article is Spalding's Prepared Glue. Its uses, as may be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column, are enumerated, and as its cost is next to nothing, the demand for it is universal. It is prepared with chemicals, and used cold, requiring but little skill or time for its application.

[From the New-Yorker, July 30, 1859.]

Among desirable articles, we may name as foremost the want of a useful glue, easy of use, and of general and universal application to the repair of furniture, crockery, shell work, and other ornamental and serviceable purposes.

The prime qualities of a good glue are immediate readiness for use at all times, and reliability as a holdfast. And this is the article which Mr. H. C. Spalding has been so fortunate as to introduce. In convenient bottles, with a handy brush, Spalding's Prepared Glue requires no day's preparatory softening in water; no heating for use, and no tedious delays to secure its junction and coherion, being held in solution chemically, and capable of being applied instantly, and to every variety of work and requirement.

Spalding's Glue thus proves itself to be a true household friend, and will be welcomed heartily in all parts of the country. We have given it a trial, and found it quick as hunger in taking hold, and firm as death in holding fast.

[From the New York Freeman's Journal, Aug. 6, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE is such a simple and cheap preparation that it is a pity any house should be without it. Read the advertisement in another column for a fuller description of the valuable uses to which it may be applied.

[From the Middletown Sentinel and Witness, July 26, 1859.]

SPALDING'S CELEBRATED PREPARED GLUE is a useful, ever-needed article in the household and office. It is simply the best glue, chemically held in solution, is always ready to use without heating, and does not thicken by having the vessel holding it uncovered. It is put up in neat little bottles, and is accompanied with a brush.

[From the Springfield Republican, Aug. 19, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, the same that Van Amburgh glued his lion together with, is doing wonders hereabouts. A boy, up town, glued his play-wagon together "wrong side up," and the glue did its duty so well, that the wagon had to be broken again before it could be made right.

[From the Merchants' and Manf. Journal, Aug. 20, 1859.]

Having experimented with a bottle of Spalding's Prepared Glue, and the same having proved itself "A. No. 1," we are now prepared to say to every individual receiving our journal, that a more convenient article to be upon the mantle of every house in our country, cannot be found.—For all purposes where the old-fashioned glue-pot is required, it is an excellent substitute; it is neater, quicker and cheaper, while it "sticks" better.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY STATIONERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
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SOLD BY HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES.

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SOLD BY FURNITURE DEALERS.

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SOLD BY FANCY-GOODS DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY GROCERS.

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SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XI. NO. 13.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 533.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

THE FARMER AND HIS FRIENDS.

How the idea became so general, that farming is a business requiring but little knowledge, and little natural ability for its successful prosecution, is a question that has puzzled us much. That this idea has been, if it is not now general among those in other trades and professions, it is idle to deny. To say that a man is a farmer, is equivalent, in the view of many, to saying that he is an honest, plodding kind of a person, who knows enough to plow, and sow, and grow corn, and feed cattle, but is entirely unfit for a legislator, or for taking any active part in the government of the country, or in anything else requiring quick perception, and an active, well-trained mind.

The merchant, the lawyer, or the manufacturer, after having acquired a competence, often feels a desire for rural pursuits, as a kind of pastime. He wishes for a little diversion from the great and *intellectual* work in which he is engaged, and which he imagines to be wearing upon the *brain*. For this, there is nothing like farming, as it can make but very little demand upon that delicate and over-taxed organ, and afford an opportunity for air and exercise. It will require some thought, to be sure, but not enough to make a ripple on the great ocean of his vast mind. He buys a farm within a few hours' ride of his residence, and employs what farm laborers are deemed necessary—any help will do, with a master-mind to direct. But, strange to say, things don't go right. There seems to be a perverseness about Nature that he had never noticed before. He never had such a feeling idea of the *fall* and its penalty—"cursed is the ground—thorns and thistles shall it bring forth for thee." The crops are poor where they should be good, and, in some places, lacking where an abundance was anticipated. The only persons that ever admired the place, or complimented the proprietor, were a couple of roving botanists, in search of a fine collection of natural plants, and they threw up their hands in perfect delight at the first sight of his corn-fields. At the end of the year, he finds himself a few thousands *out*, though he had the best evidence on purchasing, that the farm was a good one, and paid a fair profit over expenses. He is surprised, and the neighbors laugh and say nothing. It is tried another year, with even a worse result, and the thing is abandoned, the owner concluding that he is altogether too wise, his perception too quick, his mind too active, and too well trained for a farmer.

Another of the same class, but possessing more common sense, acts differently. He hires a good, practical farmer, and to him delivers sage counsels and wise instructions, but he soon learns how incapable he is of giving instruction worthy of being followed, and a mutual appreciation and understanding is soon established between the employer and the employed, which amounts to about this,—the one shall *talk* as he likes, and the other *act as he thinks best*, it being, at the same time, understood that the privilege of talking wise before visitors, and making speeches at Fairs and Agricultural Meetings, is reserved for the employer, who is also to have the right to tell what great things "I" am doing, uncontradicted, and of generally writing and talking himself up a great farmer, and the instructor of the less intelligent and enterprising, as fast as possible.

Another class of the farmer's friends are very anxious to become their scientific instructors. With fair scientific attainments, or, perhaps, with only a superficial knowledge of chemistry and a smattering of geology, they feel great pity for farmers on account of their ignorance, and particularly of those sciences nearly related to agriculture. They are very anxious to give them the benefit of their great acquirements,—to elevate the profession to its proper position, and themselves to places of profit and distinction. This is a very accommodating class,—extremely self-sacrificing,—always ready to let their light shine, and never entertaining the least idea of putting it under a bushel,—consequently they are on hand, on all suitable and unsuitable occasions, to figure in agricultural addresses and lectures, write prize essays,—which are deemed to be extremely wise because extremely unintelligible,—institute agricultural schools or colleges, or fill offices in those already established, or to endorse the compound of any patent manure manufacturer who is wise or unwise enough to make it an object for them to do so. With them the opinion of Liebig, or any smaller agricultural chemist, is both law and gospel, which it would be the height of folly to question, while the experience of a hundred practical men, for a series of years, is but a succession of blunders.

The farmer has another class of warm friends that seem to be in a chrysalis state, or at least dormant, most of the time, and are alive and active only a little time during the summer and fall of every fourth year, previous to each Presidential election. But during their activity they are extremely diligent and bold,—their love for the farmers is truly astonishing,—and their high opinion shows a great contrast when compared with the classes previously noticed. They freely assert that the farmers are the most independent, the most honest, the most intelligent, and the most virtuous class in the community,—that they are the true conservators of the country, and but for them it would have gone to ruin long ago. They consider it a great honor to associate with such men, and nothing but self-sacrificing patriotism,—the duty they owe their country,—prevents them from engaging at once in a calling so truly ennobling. These men figure largely at State, County and Town Fairs, and make most of the addresses,—their labors are arduous,—their love and admiration unbounded,—but after election their feelings suddenly subside, and they are not heard from for the next four years.

We like the signs of the times. Farmers are not much longer to be deceived. They have always thought, and they are beginning to *talk*, for themselves. We see abundance of evidence of this in the discussions held at different places the past winter. In some cases pretenders have received a check that, if not very flattering, will prove, we have no doubt, very useful. Let the good work go on. Insist on a reason for all statements that appear unreasonable, or that do not accord with your experience, and never fear to give your experience freely and manfully. An ounce of experience is worth pounds of untried theory.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA.

In the last issue of the Rural we made brief note concerning the ravages of this dreadful disease among certain herds of cattle in Massachusetts,—and, judging from the exchanges since received, there seems to be no abatement of the excitement in reference thereto. The State Legislature are now discussing the propriety of destroying the herds in which it has made its appearance, and a bill, appropriating ten thousand dollars, to remunerate the owners of such stock, has been presented for consideration. Three features, incident to Pleuro-Pneumonia in this country, invest this malady with a nameless terror to cattle breeders:—its insidiousness of attack; speedy and fatal termination; and the darkness which envelops the manner of treating it—of counteracting its effects, or producing safe and certain remedies. This distemper has, heretofore, been confined to foreign countries, (Holland, we believe, has been the most deadly scene of its operations,) and the present visitation may be called its first to our shores. Dr. Dadd states that the herd of the lamented Daniel Webster, about three years prior to the demise of that statesmen, suffered, to some extent, but the speedy destruction of all the remaining animals, by the knife, confined it to the limits in which it first appeared. Our farmers do not know its predisposing causes, mode of attack, symptoms, manner of treatment; and in battling with it, are fighting in the dark. The only knowledge obtainable is from foreign works and periodicals, in which Veterinary Science forms an important feature—and as these are not to be found ready at every man's hand, it is the duty of the press to disseminate all such information as will tend to place owners of stock in the most favorable condition for carrying on the war against so fearful and destructive an enemy.

With this view, we place before the readers of the Rural New-Yorker condensations from the various sources which are accessible. It may be well enough to premise that the advocates of bleeding and *non*-blood-letting, both have their say in these statements, and it is for farmers to judge which course they will adopt, in case necessity should compel. Our own ideas, whether worth little or much, we must admit, strongly favor the opinions of those who would prohibit the use of the lancet, preserving all the blood in the animal economy.

In detailing the *symptoms* attendant upon this disease, there are but slight differences in the descriptions of various authors, or observers, and a selection from the pen of W. C. Spooner, V. S., is offered.

"The earlier symptoms of this disease are very slight and obscure, and thus it is, that it often makes great inroads among a herd of cattle before its presence is known. A very slight but short cough, and a little staring of the coat, are the earlier tokens of a departure from health, and it may run on for weeks in this state. Then, with an increase of these symptoms, we may notice (if the cattle are in the field,) that the affected beast lags behind the herd, and does not feed so readily as before. This may be considered as the first stage. After some time we find the breathing greatly accelerated, the animal loses flesh, and often with great rapidity, and the appetite is further diminished, and now the attendants are alarmed, and begin to think something serious is the matter. We may call this the second stage, to distinguish it from the third, or latter stage, in which the most urgent distress is manifested; the animal is greatly reduced, the appetite fails almost entirely, and rumination ceases; also, respiration is greatly accelerated, short and catching; the beast, indeed, pants for breath, and soon dies from suffocation."

In the treatment, the same writer remarks, that if the herd be large, and only one or two animals appear to be affected, no matter what stage of the disease is exhibited, it is prudent to slaughter at once, and thus endeavor to nip the disease in the bud. In the third stage of the disease, it is absolutely useless to treat the animal at all,—safety demands it should be instantly dispatched,—and, in the second, medicinal care, is, to say the least, of very doubtful utility. It is in the first stage, while merely the short, husky cough, and staring coat are apparent,—but which betoken the existence of the disease with the utmost certainty,—that treatment may be instituted with a fair prospect of success. Mr. Spooner does not advise cutting down the vital powers by monstrous bleeding and purgatives; for it is by the aid of the vital powers we should endeavor to effect a cure. On the other hand, he considers half-way measures only weak and ineffective. In an early stage, he does not object to a moderate blood-letting, but he emphatically states "this must neither be large nor repeated." Active pleurisy may sometimes be driven from the animal system by copious bleeding, but not so with the disease under consideration. It can only afford a temporary stay while other measures are being instituted. We must not weaken or destroy the powers of life, but endeavor to change their direction, and with this object we should at once institute the most active counter irritation. The manner of accomplishing this is thus described:

"The skin of the ox is thick, and comparatively insensible, and it is almost impossible to get an ordinary blister to act. We may, however, effect by combination what we cannot accomplish by means of any single application. Thus have we been able to raise an excellent blister, by rubbing into the sides, previously stripped of hair, the ointment of iodide of mercury, that of tartarized antimony, and the ointment of cantharides, mechanically combined; and, if we wish to render it still more stimulating, we may add a little croton oil. We have never failed to raise a blister by such means. We may, also, insert a large seton in the dewlap, with the view of taking up and continuing the counter inflammatory action, after that of the blister has ceased.

"With regard to internal remedies," says Mr. Spooner, "we may first regulate the bowels by means of Epsom salts and linseed oil, and then administer the following sedative, respecting which experience enables us to speak most favorably:—White hellebore, powdered, 1 dr.; tartarized antimony, 1 dr.; nitrate of potash, 2 drs. This powder may be mixed up with gruel, and given morning and evening the first day, and once a day afterward, continuing the medicine for about four or five days. Bran and linseed mashes may be given; indeed, linseed, either in the form of crushed seed, or cake, is a very desirable food for an animal either suffering under, or recovering from, this complaint."

Having thus given the views of an English writer and veterinarian of repute, we offer those of an American, pursuing similar vocations,—from whose works we have often, and not vainly, sought information,—Dr. Geo. H. Dadd. The doctor remarks:

"If a sound and healthy tone of the physical powers of neat stock is the best preventive against this formidable malady, it follows, that a course of medication and management, calculated to restore the *lost* healthy tone, is the most rational. In the first place, the patient should be removed from its associates, into a loose barn or shed; the diet must be light and nutritious. The general indications of cure are as follows:—Restore the suppressed evacuations, secretions, and excretions; provided either are interrupted, and relieve all urgent symptoms.

"In view of fulfilling the foregoing indications, the following recipe is submitted:—Glycerine, 1 ounce; iodide of potassium, 5 drachms; tincture of lobelia, 1 ounce; podophyllum, 1 drachm; water, 6 ounces. Mix, and give one-sixth of this quantity morning and evening. Should peristaltic action of the intestines appear to be tardy or inefficient, a relaxing and stimulating enema may be administered in the following proportions:—Pulverized lobelia seeds, 1 ounce; pulverized ginger, 4 drachms; hot water, 2 quarts. Mix, and inject.

"It is a woeful error to resort to blood-letting in this malady; for, in the first place, all epizootic diseases are of a very prostrating character, and in a brief space of time generally commit the most fearful ravages, so that all the blood in the economy is needed; some of it goes to repair the mischief occurring in the organs of respiration and elsewhere; and another quantum is needed to carry on the vital operations; in fact, there is no blood to spare. In the next place, blood, under all the stages of this malady, is highly carbonized. Now, it seems to be more necessary to decarbonize it than to abstract it; it can be decarbonized by administering repeated doses of ammonia with much better prospects of success, than by the former process.

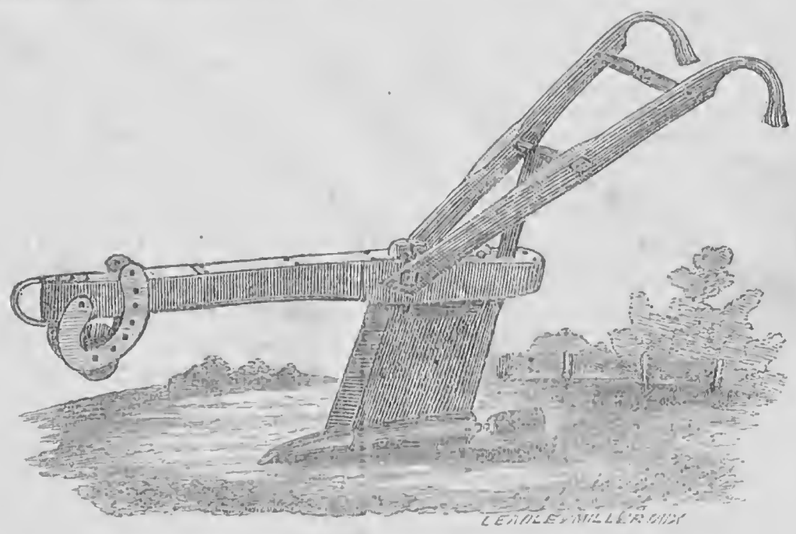
"The dose of aqua ammonia, as a diffusable stimulant, decarbonizer and antiseptic, is from two to four drachms; it should be largely diluted with water or gruel; for if given alone it will act as a vesicant and irritant, and thus do more harm than good. It may be given often, provided it is well diluted, as it does not accumulate in the system, but is generally excreted from the same through the common excretory outlets.

"Urgent symptoms may be thus relieved, for example: should the animal have a bad cough, a dram of *Tilden's* or *Thayer's* fluid extract of lobelia may be given occasionally, in a draught of water, and after the exhibition of ammonia, should the pulse indicate a sedative, half an ounce of powdered nitre, may be given at intervals of two hours until the pulse become softer and less frequent. The best purgative, should such an agent be indicated, is chloride of sodium—common salt. Dose, eight or twelve ounces dissolved in water. Should the animal be feverish, which may be discovered by the unnatural heat of the external surface, dry state of the mouth, accompanied by excessive thirst, scanty urine, etc., a few doses of the *solution of the acetate of ammonia* may be given. Dose, three ounces diluted with water."

With Youatt, Martin, Sewell, and others, bleeding forms the main remedy in the treatment of this malady. The first-mentioned says:—"Bleeding is the sheet-anchor, and should be pushed to its full extent." The last named considers "bleeding the sheet-anchor in all inflammatory diseases, and on the appearance of the first symptoms of the disease, a considerable quantity of blood, (say a gallon from a full sized animal,) should be taken at once, and then a regular practitioner should be called in to prescribe and administer the proper remedies. This is to be followed by external applications of powerful stimulants, or blisters to the sides of the chest, or setons in the dewlap and chest; or hellebore issues."

Mr. Milward, a member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, has given publicity to a prescription for the treatment of this disease, which he states has not been known to fail in a single instance. It is as follows:—"On the *first appearance of the disease bleed freely;* then give ½ lb. epsom salts, 4 oz. of sulphur, 1 oz. of nitre, and two drachms of emetic tartar, in three pints of gruel. Keep the animal warm and clean. Should the symptoms not appear to abate in twelve hours, give the following drink:—½ oz. of nitre, 1 drachm of camphor, 1 drachm of emetic tartar, and 2 drachms of powdered ginger, in a pint of gruel; and repeat this drink every eight hours until the oppression in breathing has nearly subsided. If the bowels do not act properly, repeat the first drink in three pints of gruel, omitting the emetic tartar. Feed sparingly on bran-mashes, grains and gruel, with crushed linseed, but do not give roots if there be any inflammation."

The subject is now before our readers,—to that extent, at least, which the limits of a journal like the Rural will admit,—and while we fervently hope that the stock-breeders and stock-owners of our country may be spared such a dreadful calamity as a visitation of this disease would entail, surely the labor of preparing to avert disaster, or of stemming the tide, should it portend wreck and ruin, may be characterized as a work of wisdom.



CARRINGTON'S DRAIN PLOW.

The above engraving represents a Drain Plow, patented by Mr. J. Carrington, of Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y., on the 29th of March, 1859. We give the substance of the inventor's claim and description of the advantages of this valuable improvement:

"The accompanying cut illustrates a Drain Plow patented by me in March, 1859. I claim the combination and arrangement of a replaceable pointed coulter, with a continuous plate or solid standard carrying the mole, (which is simply a round piece of cast iron nearly 4 inches in diameter,) and a brace in the rear, connecting the said mole to the beam, and also to the handles, as represented in the engraving. It can be so guaged as to make a drain from one to three feet deep, as desired. It works admirably in clay or hard-pan soil, making a complete tunnel (drain,) leaving its sides smooth and compact, so that it will remain open for many years."

We have had the pleasure of examining the model of this plow, and formed a very favorable opinion of its utility. We have also been shown several certificates from prominent farmers, speaking in the highest terms of the value of the improvement. Among others, Hon. A. B. Dickinson, of Steuben, has thoroughly tested this Drain Plow, and strongly commended it in his agricultural addresses and through the press. Mr. D. regards it as the best draining plow in use, and we need not add that his opinion is entitled to great weight. For further information, see announcement of the inventor and manufacturer in our advertising department.

"PASTURING ON THE HIGHWAYS."

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a recent number of your journal, I read an article on this subject, signed, "A Sufferer," in which it appears that the inhabitants of Wayne county,—particularly the farmers,—are suffering from the same nuisance that exists in, and annoys the farmers of Onondaga, and, in all probability, those of every other county in the State. Many a sufferer is waiting with folded hands for "public feeling to be created, which may produce legislative action in the premises," while his neighbor's pigs are destroying, with their long, pecked, unjeweled snouts, the grass plat in front of his door,—or, perhaps, his neighbor's cattle, half-starved, (for they run in the road,) come roaming along, protruding their haggard visages, like evil geniuses through every gate left ajar, barn door open, or bar down. These "lean kine" are not over delicate,—where green pastures or grain tempt their hungry maw, —in trying the strength of your new board, picket, or rail fence, constantly glancing around, while in these acts of petty larceny, as if expecting a shrill whistle, and a cry of "sick 'em, Tige."

Now, the man who owns those hogs or cattle, has mental faculties, and they are not so obtuse but that he would consider himself a thief,— one of the meanest stamp,—if he should send his hired man to rob your wheat field of its grain, your meadow of its grass, or the road of the turf in front of your house. He would expect, too, if detected, an immediate prosecution would follow, and he not only receive the mark of Cain, but pay the damages. And, Mr. sufferer, the laws that be, hardly know the difference, so far as damage is concerned, in the two cases. But we do not like to quarrel with our neighbors. Can you convict any man, of any crime, without a trial? Can legislative action frame any laws by which this may be effected? No! Then we do not need any such action; for "the powers that be" do not give your unscrupulous, opulent neighbor, any more right to turn his pigs, cattle, or any other stock, into the road, for the sake of eating off the herbage along your land, than they do to turn them into your wheat field or meadow. You would not be over-scrupulous about sueing him in the latter case—and, if you wish to abate the nuisance, sue him in the former. If you do not sustain an action against him for trespass and damage, I will acknowledge that you have a different executive in Wayne county from what we have in Onondaga.

"Again, the poor man should have the right to pasture the highways." Can he claim this as a *right*, or a *charity*? If he claims it as a right, why not claim the right to turn them into your pasture? You bought the road and pasture at the same price, giving to the public the privilege of using the road for all purposes that the statute grants,—nothing further. Now, I have been unable to find that the poor man has any right to pasture the highway, although charity may give him that privilege. H. B.

Baldwinsville, N. Y., 1860.

CHICORY.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a late number of your journal, you recommend the introduction of chicory as a forage plant among us. From your description, and that of Darlington, (see work on American Weeds and Useful Plants, page 200,) I think we have it, and consider it not only useless but a nuisance. More than thirty years since, the seed was purchased and sown as a kind of English clover; and the plant still thrives and flourishes under two mowings a year, showing no signs of failure, and looks as though it might last half a century longer. It has intruded itself into some of the fields and yards, and its rough, almost woody stem, does not at all improve the appearance, or walks, of the road-side; and though we have not tried it as a *substitute for coffee*, think, without it is better for that purpose than for feeding, would not recommend its cultivation by any farmer. I would as soon think of sowing Canada thistle seed.

Darlington says:—"Some European Agriculturists recommend it, though they admit that it gives a bad taste to the milk of cows, which feed upon it. In this country, it is generally, and I think justly, regarded as an objectionable weed, which ought to be expelled from our pastures.

So. Onondaga, N. Y., 1860. I. L. Skelv.

Remarks.—Our correspondent is mistaken. We did not recommend chicory, for we were not prepared to do so—but named it among other plants cultivated in Europe, but generally not known or cultivated here. Some of them we stated, would, no doubt, "prove worthless, while others may succeed better than in foreign countries." It may give a bad taste to the milk of cows, but we see no fact stated by the best English writers on the subject—and in this respect it is certainly no worse than the turnip. Morton particularly recommends it for cow-keepers. The fact stated by our correspondent, that it becomes a weed very tenacious of life, shows how well it is adapted to this country, and that there is no need of importing the dried root, as is now done. Perhaps it is unworthy of culture, but a root that gives several good cuttings of herbage in a season, and from 8 to 16 tuns of nutritious roots, is worthy of a passing thought.

SOWING PLASTER.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As the time of year has arrived to perform this labor, and the weight of the article making it somewhat laborious to carry it on one's back, I will give my method of sowing it. Hitch your team to a stone-boat, (if you have one,—if not, you should have,) place on it a barrel of plaster; lay a board across it; fill the half bushel and set it on the board; put a basin into the barrel to fill up the half bushel when empty. This keeps the plaster in reach all the time. Thus equipped, you are ready for operation. Drive to the field you wish to sow. If the wind is in the west, drive to the north-east corner of the field, then drive south, throwing your plaster to the east with the wind. Let a piece of chain drag under the fore end of the boat sufficient to make a mark. This will show you the edge of your sowing. When you have crossed the field, turn around and drive back, going as far from the mark as you can throw the plaster,—sowing with the left hand, and with the wind, as before. In this manner, with a moderate wind, I can sow faster and evener than any other way I ever tried,—it is not in streaks, as is the case when sown against the wind. If any one has a better way of sowing than this, I should like to hear how it is done. M. B. Roys.

Brady, Kal. Co., Mich., 1860.

CURE FOR SCRATCHES.

Take sugar of lead and hog's lard, and make a salve. Wash off the legs of the horse clean, and when perfectly dry, rub in the salve. Keep the horse out the mud for a few days, using the salve occasionally, and it will soon effect a cure. It appears to me absurd, to think of putting anything down the throat of a horse to cure scratches.—Only think of it, men; if you were to go in mud nearly knee deep, without boots or stockings, and let the mud dry on your legs at night, and continue that day after day, don't you think you would soon have fever in your legs and feet, and scratches, too? *Think, man, think! Put yourself (in your mind's eye) in the place of the badly used brutes, and you will almost always do what is right by them.*

Before I got my yards made perfectly dry, I was greatly troubled with the scratches in the legs of my cattle, in soft weather, in fall or early winter. I have had a dozen or more at once, with swelled legs and scratches, a hot fever, and greatly lame. Washing and fomenting the legs with hot water, using the sugar of lead and lard salve, and keeping in a dry place, soon effected a cure. Wash off the mud from the horse's legs, when he comes in the stable, never let it dry on, and a fig for scratches. Prevention is better than cure.

Near Genova, N. Y., March, 1860. John Johnston.

SALTING FOOD FOR SHEEP.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In the Rural of the 17th inst., J. H. McNall says:—"It is suggested to keep salt where the sheep can help themselves. Imagine a man eating food without salt, and then going to the salt barrel to eat salt! It is enough to set a person's teeth on edge." This reminds me of a remark once made by the Hon. A. B. Dickinson, in a discussion on irrigation, at a meeting of the N. Y. State Ag. Society. After listening to the remarks of others for a time, and considering the theories proposed very visionary, to say the least, he opened a speech by exclaiming:—"It beats all creation, sir, that men wont learn anything from God." So seems to me this talk about salting the food for cattle, or sheep. I have yet to learn that Providence has, in any way, devised a plan for salting their food otherwise than by letting them have access to the salines of the country. It may be well enough to salt some kinds of fodder when putting up for winter,—marsh hay for instance,—that cattle may be tempted to eat it more readily, not for the *benefit* of stock, or fodder. As a general thing, better place salt boxes or "barrels" where stock can help themselves, and I think, on examination, that their *teeth* will be found "all right."

Lenox, N. Y., 1860. A Subscriber.

FAST WALKING HORSES AND OXEN.

Mr. Editor:—In an answer to your peculiar correspondent, Maj. Plowhandle, you make some very excellent suggestions as to premiums to be awarded by the Societies at their coming fall meetings. One of the most valuable qualifications that a horse or ox can have, is a fast walk; and when we know that, by proper and early training, at least two miles an hour may be added to almost any animal, it becomes of great importance to obtain the extra speed. I hope, therefore, that all our Agricultural Societies will profit by the suggestions which you have thrown out for the enlightenment of that very ambitious Society, of which the Major seems to be so active an officer.

By the way, who is John Plowhandle? I suppose the secrets of the sanctum are inviolate, but that will not prevent a guess. May it not be our good and very agreeable friend, Major H. T. B.? Does the Major own up? If not the Major, then is he a real, *bona fide*, flesh-and-blood Plowhandler. I do not expect you to tell, after all; but I could not help asking the question, for he's a queer specimen.—P.

The Bee-Keeper.

Selecting a Home.

Eds. Rural:—I notice in your paper the question asked, "Do bees select a home before swarming?" I am fully convinced that they do, for I have, first and last, found four trees, the cavities of which were being cleaned out so as to be tenantable. The first was in your State, and I verily thought I had found a colony, and under that impression sold out to another boy; but after a few days they all left, having swarmed, probably,—a clean hive being given them, which they were wise enough to prefer to taking their chances in the woods, among ants, mice and other enemies. We soon after cut down the tree, and found the hollow "empty, swept and garnished"—they having knawed the inside completely over, and removed all their chips, so that it presented the appearance of having been recently passed over with a rasp. In one of the cases referred to, they showed as much activity as a heavy swarm at work, and the one just mentioned nearly so, but the two others considerably less; and one of them worked very light, but steady, for about two weeks after I found it. They were in one of our low burr oaks, and the entrance only about seven feet from the ground, so that I had an excellent opportunity to witness the operation. I conclude that they put on a sufficient force to do the job by the time they expect to have occasion to take up their abode there.

Your correspondent "S." further asks, "Do they always select a home before swarming?" I shall take the affirmative, although it is barely possible there may be, now and then, a silly swarm which regards swarming, as do some of our biped pairs their wedding day, "the end of toil the end of care." "S." also asks whether queens, drones, or workers, go to hunt up their new home. It is the workers, and Mr. S., or any one else, will find it so, if he will go to the woods on a clear day, when the swarming time is near at hand, and take his station convenient to some large, dry tree, or tall stub, which, if knotty and full of holes, is all the better; and if there are many bees in the vicinity, it will not be many minutes before a single bee may be seen, perhaps near the top, prospecting, (the same as you have seen them about your person, when you have been standing near a swarm which were disposed to be cross,) with a rapid motion sidewise, back and forth, and he will examine every hole, knot and crevice, frequently alighting and walking in, or under a loose bark, but soon re-appears, looks around the other side, generally keeping himself within six inches of the tree, and thus down, and around and around, and down he will come, perhaps to near the root, when you will see that he is no queen nor drone, but a genuine worker.

Springvale, Fond du Lac Co., Wis. A. A. Hubbard.

Bees-Wax.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your issue of the 27th of August, 1859, Mr. Quiney's reply to Mr. Brail recommends putting the combs into a sack or bag, and sinking it in boiling water, to extract the wax. He admits that this process makes it "black and unfit for market," but cannot tell why. I tried that process once, and spoiled a batch of twenty or thirty lbs. I knew why, too. The rocks put in the bag to sink it, forced the bag hard on the bottom of the kettle, and as it takes much boiling, it burnt on the kettle, and colored the wax. A good way is to put water enough in to prevent the comb from burning; put in your combs; stir them frequently at the bottom; when about all melted, the wax will gather on one side, and by making a small depression, you can dip it off gradually, with a tin dipper, into a tin pan, over which is a common wire seive, being careful to throw back the settlings and filth in the bottom of the dipper, each time. Let it boil very moderately, and in this way you will get wax nice and yellow as California nuggets. There will be some left; let it cool, and take it off from the great mass of dirt; then re-melt, and pass it through a common coarse cloth strainer, into a tub of water, pressing it out with a rolling-pin, two or three quarts at a time. The latter will not be near as nice as that dipped out, but will pass. I use a cauldron kettle for making up forty pounds, and it takes half a day to do it; and that which is dipped off does not need re-melting. B. S.

Vermillion, Ohio, March, 1860.

Bee-Keeping.—I have just bought four stands of bees, and, as I am not acquainted with their habits, will you please inform me, through the Rural, where I can get "Mysteries of Bee-Keeping Explained," by M. Quinby, and the price by mail, post paid.—Cyrus Goss, *Belmore, Ind*, 1860.

We can send you the "Mysteries of Bee-Keeping,"—price $1.

Taking Honey—Bee Dress.—Which is the best time to take off caps of honey? I did not take mine off, as I wished to see which would do best, to take the honey in the fall or spring. By the bye, as good a bee-dress as I have heard of, is a Shaker sun bonnet, with cape and veil. —A Subscriber, *E. Pembroke, N. Y., March* 1860.

Boxes of honey should be removed as fast as they are filled. If allowed to remain, the comb becomes somewhat discolored. Those boxes that are filled quickest will be the whitest.

I have seen several articles in the Rural about bees, that enlightened me a good deal on the subject. But I wish you to inform me how or where, in what part of the hive they hatch or breed their broods. I am altogether unfamiliar with bees. I caught two swarms last spring, and I had to use the old hives. I want information on their breeding, so as to construct a hive for the convenience of the bees and myself.

The Queen generally commences laying her eggs in the center of the hive, and where the bees are the thickest, for the sake of the warmth. This is particularly the case where the swarms are weak, as then all the warmth that can be obtained in the spring is needed. As the season advances and becomes warm, in what is called the height of the breeding season, all the cells not filled with honey or bee-bread will be used by the Queen for breeding purposes.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Hints on Sheep Management.

Mr. L. W. Green gives, in the *Michigan Farmer*, the following ways and means of getting up the right kind of a flock:—"First, then, I do not allow my ewes to breed till the spring they are three years old. I never desire to see twins. If they make their appearance, I give them an extra chance to keep them up with the rest of the flock. I never breed from any old broken-down ewes. I never allow my buck or bucks to run with the flock at any season of the year. I had rather tend my buck with one hundred ewes, than turn him in with twenty-five. This course is very beneficial to the buck, and still more so to his stock. These are points that any one will admit, that will reason for a moment. I never allow more than forty sheep to run together. I never keep my sheep in pastures where they cannot get on dry ground to stand or lie down. I raise carrots or rnta bagas for my sheep instead of feeding grain. I have my lambs begin to come about the 20th of April, and take them away from the ewes about the 20th of August. In this way the lambs become weaned and take to feed before the cold weather begins, and the ewes get up in grand order before winter, besides they are much more likely to bring lambs the next season. If at any time I have a sheep that does not appear to do well, I take it immediately from the flock, and if it does not readily recover, I kill, sell, or give it away. I give my sheep some kind of shed in winter to resort to when they choose. I never care about sheep having drink in the summer, if they have good pasture. Care should be taken not to give too much salt in hot, dry weather, where there is no water in the pasture. I keep a careful watch over my flock, and if I have any ewes that do not breed to suit me, I dispose of them and their stock. Much care should be taken with regard to injudicious crosses among sheep, as well as with other animals, and don't forget, or neglect, to give your sheep a sufficient amount of feed in winter, or pasture in summer, to keep them in good condition. There are many items, too numerous to mention here, that will suggest themselves to the careful observer as the process of care and feeding advances."

Valuable Sheep from Ontario County.

The N. Y. *Tribune* of the 22d ult., contains the following interesting information to those engaged in raising sheep:—The sheep-raisers of the western counties of this State, have, for several years past, been striving for the superiority, and considerable feeling of jealousy has been the result. Last week, Wayne county brought in 13 head, which averaged 233 lbs. each, but Ontario county comes in this week with 13, which average 238 lbs., and in our opinion, the latter county is entitled to the blue ribbon. These 13 were a lot of 23 brought down by E. Ottley, and sold for $400. They were raised and fed by H. J. Metcalf, of Gorham, Ontario county, N. Y., and the 23 weighed here 4,604 lbs.

How Much Hay will Keep a Horse?

A correspondent of the *Wisconsin Farmer* states that he has found by twenty years' experience, that 15 pounds of hay and 12 quarts of oat meal per day, will keep a good sized horse of 1,150 pounds' weight, in fine condition for farm or road work, and that, by using a cutting-box, one-third of the hay can be saved, and replaced by an equal weight of good straw or corn-stalks. The usual estimate among farmers is, that a horse will generally consume 2,000 pounds per quarter, of 13 weeks, or 22 pounds per day. This shows how much can be saved by a judicious method of feeding, as a horse will eat considerably more than is necessary for his well-being.

Water for Cows.

The Boston *Cultivator* gives an account of a recent visit to the farm of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., near Boston, and says the stables are so arranged that the cows have a trough of water before them, covered with a lid, hung on one side with butts, so that when the cow wants to drink, she has only to raise the lid with her nose to get at the water. Mr. Quiney is perfectly satisfied with a cow that gives 16 quarts of milk a day, whether she has a pedigree or not.

Inquiries and Answers.

Black Spanish Fowls.—Will "J. C.," whose statement, in regard to Black Spanish fowls, appeared in the Rural a few weeks since, send his address to—Wm. Eldrege, *North White Creek, Wash. Co., N. Y.*

Shoulder-Slipt Horse.—I have a horse that is shoulder-slipt, has been so all winter, and is little or no better. Will some one of your many subscribers inform me what will be best to do for it, and much oblige—W. C., *Fulton Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Ruta Baga Seeds.—Can you or any of your readers inform me where I can get seed of Skirving's Improved Purple Top Swede Turnip, and the price per ounce?—Also, seed of Laing's Improved Purple Top Swede, and price of seed per ounce.—D. S. Greene, *Colbrook, March*, 16, 1860.

Skirving's Improved Purple Top can be obtained here of the seedsmen at 75 cents per pound. Laing's has not been imported that we can learn. We can forward the seed by express or otherwise, if desired to do so.

White Clover.—Will some of the readers of your valuable paper, please inform me where pure White Clover seed can be obtained? and what are its merits as a lawn grass? Has it any relationship to the common sorrel?—D. C. Mog., *McGrawville, Cort. Co., N. Y.*

White Clover can be obtained of the seed-dealers here, and in all cities. It is invaluable for lawns, as, if sown early in the spring, the lawn will present a green pleasant appearance, by the latter part of June. It should be sown with Red Top or Kentucky Blue grass, and as the grass gets possession of the ground, the clover will in a measure disappear, but enough will always remain, as it is natural to our soil and climate.

Remedy for Ticks.—I have a cure for ticks on sheep; perhaps it will be of use to some of your readers. It is said that sulphur will exterminate ticks on sheep, if given in quantities of about a teaspoonful to each sheep once a month.—Dwight L. Pond, *Greene Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Cure for a Galled Horse.—Here is a recipe for curing galls on horses, worth more than three times the price I ask for it,—which is nothing:—Take the white of an egg, mix in a tablespoonful of pulverized alum, a little salt, and apply. Try it, all.—E. B. T., *Attica, Ohio*, 1860.

Sheep Pulling their Wool.—Our correspondents,—C. D Cronk, of Adrian, Mich., and J. E. Raymond, of Greenfield, Penn.,—will find the subject broached in their inquiries, discussed in our issue of the Rural for March 17th. To what was there stated, we will add that an experienced sheep-breeder informs us a dose of sulphur, occasionally mixed with the food of the flock, is a certain preventive.

Inquiries and Answers.—We have on hand a good many inquiries which it would be difficult to answer in a way satisfactory to those who make the inquiries. For instance, *How can eggs be hatched without the hen?*—Eggs can be hatched without the hen by keeping up a regular and moderate heat, and perhaps this can be done profitably, but we very much doubt it, and have no plan that we can recommend. With proper care, each hen set will bring up from ten to twelve chickens, and we find no difficulty in making them average ten each. This seems to us to be the most natural and the cheapest way.—Another question which we are not prepared to answer is *the cost of keeping a thousand hens a year, the product in chickens, and the profit.* We have never kept more than a hundred or so at a time, and have never failed to make them profitable. Where a great number are kept together, great care is necessary in keeping the houses and yards clean, and in supplying proper food and pure water, and also fresh earth. A yard that has become foul by droppings should have the surface removed, for at least six inches in depth, and fresh earth supplied. The value of the manure will pay for the trouble. Unless these precautions are observed, disease will make its appearance, and sad destruction will follow. Almost every one finds that a dozen or twenty fowls produce more eggs than fifty or a hundred, and this is because a dozen or so will, in a great measure, take care of themselves, while a large number cannot be kept together.

An Agricultural Association for the town of Van Buren and Lysander, N. Y., was organized at a meeting held in Baldwinsville, March 3d, and officers elected as follows: *President*—A. H. Toll. *Vice Presidents*—Henry Daboll, Sam'l H. Alden. *Secretary*—N. M. White. *Treasurer*—Bradford Chase. Meetings are held for discussion every Saturday afternoon.

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Weather has been decidedly Boreas since our last, with chill blasts and snow in abundance. We therefore beg to withdraw what we somewhat sanguinely said last week about the season of Nature's hibernation having passed, and earth, air and sky being propitious for Spring operations. Though there are *now* indications of a thaw, we shall not venture any congratulations until there is a decided change of temperature, lest readers in this region consider us talking in a Pickwickian sense, or attempting to force the season.

That Wheat Premium.—The receipt of a letter from Holly, Orleans Co., announcing the intention of the writer to compete for the premium we offered, last July, for the best ten acres of wheat grown this year, induces us to re-publish the offer, which is as follows:

Premium of $100 for Best Ten Acres of Wheat!—In order to encourage the production of Wheat, and obtain for dissemination reliable information as to the most successful modes of culture in sections where the midge prevails—as in Western and Central New York—we hereby offer a Premium of One Hundred Dollars for the Best Ten Acres of Winter Wheat (quantity and quality considered,) grown in the State during the ensuing year, on one contiguous piece of land, being a part of the farm owned and cultivated by the competitor. A sample of the grain, and statement of mode of cultivation, &c., (similar to that required by the N. Y. State Agricultural Society on Farm Crops,) must be furnished to D. D. T. Moore, Rochester, on or before the 1st day of October, 1860, by whom, in conjunction with Gen. Rawson Harmon of Monroe Co., Hon. T. C. Peters of Genesee, John Johnston, Esq., of Seneca, and Hon. George Geddes of Onondaga, (or other competent and disinterested persons,) the premium will be awarded. [For particulars as to conditions, statement required, etc, see Rural New-Yorker of July 23d, 1859.]

A Small Suburban Farm Wanted.—A lady who has boys coming on apace, and wishes to place them where they can assist her, writes:—"I have read so much in your Rural about the products of lands, that I have resolved to ask you to inquire if any of your readers can furnish information as to where I can secure a small piece of land, say from 3 to 15 acres, at a fair price. I desire a location near some village, where I can also establish a young ladies' school. Any person knowing of such a location, will confer a favor upon a lady, by addressing E. H., Watkins, Schuyler Co, N. Y."

"High"-Living in Paris.—An exchange says:—"Butter is excessively high in Paris; the best table butter is a dollar a pound, which usually sold for half a dollar, and common kitchen butter is forty cents a pound, a quality usually sold for twenty-eight sous. Vegetables are also very dear, and so is meat. The poor have a hard time of it in Paris; that splendid city is made for the rich, not the poor; but the latter 'Hurrah for the Empire;' it has such pretty uniforms, and so many of them, it is irresistible. Well! France ain't Yankeedom—so much the worse for France!"

Good Cotswolds.—An Albany paper says:—"Enoch Ottley, of Phelps, Ontario Co., had at the drove yards, West Albany, twenty-three Cotswold sheep, whose weight was 4,604 pounds; thirteen of these, which had been fed for four years, weighed 3,102 lbs. The residue had been fed for only about 16 months. Mr. Ottley is famed for the fine cattle and sheep exhibited at our Fairs. He often passes through here with cattle and sheep of very great excellence."

To Protect Sheep from Dogs.—An Indiana sheep farmer says that a number of sheep wearing bells, in any flock, will keep away dogs—he would allow ten bell sheep to every hundred or hundred and fifty. When sheep are alarmed, they run together in a compact body, in which act all the bells are rung at once, which frightens the dog, or makes him think some one is on his track—so he leaves without taking his mutton.

Acknowledgments.—We are indebted to our long-time friend and contributor, Hon. T. C. Peters, of Genesee, one of the State Assessors—and who, we are glad to notice, has just been re-appointed for three years—for a copy of the "First Annual Report of the State Assessors of the State of New York," an interesting and valuable document. Also, for a copy of the State Manual (or "Red Book") for 1860.

Extra Maple Sugar.—We are indebted to Mrs. Esther Knapp, of Clarkson, in this county, for a very superior sample of Maple Sugar. It is white, fine grained, and decidedly toothsome. Mrs. K. is now eighty-five years of age, and gathered the sap and made the sugar herself, from trees planted near her dwelling after she was sixty years of age.

The Union Ag. Society of Marathon, Freetown, Lapeer and Willet, Cortland Co., has elected the following board of officers for 1860: *President*—John Corp, Freetown. *Vice-Presidents*—D. C. Squires, Lapeer; Alanson Benjamin, Freetown; Stephen Adams, Willet; Alanson Carley, Marathon. *Directors*—Hugh McEvet, Freetown; Samuel Hammond, Marathon; Ransom Green, Lapeer; Ogden Gray, Willet. *Secretary*—Liman Adams, Marathon. *Treasurer*—Jerome Hurlburt, Marathon. *Marshal*—Morris Barry, Willet.

The Galen (Wayne Co.) Ag. Society held its annual meeting at Clyde on the 10th ult., and elected the following officers for the coming year: *President*—Daniel Jenison. *Vice-President*—Wm. Gillet. *Treasurer*—Thos. Plumtree. *Secretary*—Jos. Watson. *Directors for Three Years*—Hon. S. S. Ketcham and E. B. Kellogg. Annual Fair to be 12th September, at Clyde. Had a satisfactory and successful Fair last September. Society in flourishing condition, in all respects. Members in good spirits, and in no doubt of future profitable progress, independent of excitements that have no legitimacy with "pure and undefiled" agricultural associations.—W.

The Farmers' Club of East Maine (Broome Co., N. Y.) had an election of officers for the ensuing season on the 13th ult., which resulted in the re-election of Ab'm H. Greene, Esq., President, and Robert Hogg, Secretary. This is the second season since the Club was formed, and the discussions which take place weekly are both interesting and useful, the benefits derived exceeding all expectation. Every neighborhood ought to have a Club. Nothing is lost, but much gained, by comparing notes,—by giving and receiving information on the different subjects pertaining to the cultivation of the soil and the management of stock.—H.

Washtenaw Co. (Mich.) Ag. and Hort. Society.—Officers for 1860: *President*—H. Carpenter, Pittsfield. *Rec. Secretary*—N. Sheldon, Lodi. *Cor. Secretary*—J. L. Tappan, Ann Arbor. *Treasurer*—J. F. Miller, Ann Arbor. There are also five Vice-Presidents and an Executive Committee.

State Fairs for 1860, are announced as follows:—Illinois, at Jacksonville, Sept. 10-14. Indiana, Indianapolis, Oct. 2-5. Iowa, Iowa City, Oct. 2-5. New York, Elmira, Oct. 2-5. Ohio, Dayton, Sept. 25-28. Vermont, Burlington, Sept. 11-14. Wisconsin, Madison, Sept. 24-27.

HORTICULTURAL.

DWARF PEARS FOR FARMERS.

It has been stoutly contended by some that dwarf pears are entirely unsuited to farm culture—that though they might do well enough for the garden, the attempt to grow them in orchards for the purpose of raising fruit for market, would result in failure, and in loss to him who should be bold enough to try the experiment. We could never see either sense or philosophy in this, for we have always noticed that trees in gardens, as a general thing, receive no extra attention or culture, hardly what would be called good farm culture, and only in rare cases as clean and thorough culture as a good farmer would give his corn.

Did we wish to give dwarf trees a good chance, we would plant out a half acre, or more, in a good soil, prepare the ground well and deep, and then use the cultivator freely, just as we would do if we wished to raise a fine crop of corn or potatoes, only being careful not to injure the roots of the trees, of which there is little danger if the cultivator only is used. Close around the trees, however, the fork may be used to advantage.—Whatever may be doing in other sections, the farmers in this neighborhood are beginning to take a sensible view of this question. Peaches and apples have for thirty years been the favorite fruit crops of our farmers, but of late the peach has been so uncertain, that they are beginning to plant dwarf pears as a substitute, and it is no uncommon thing for farmers to plant 500 or 1,000, and even double this number of dwarf pears, not for fancy or experiment, but for profit. They, therefore, select a few of the leading varieties, and our nurseries, numerous and large as they are, are unable to meet this great demand.

FARMERS AS FRUIT GROWERS.

In looking over some of the back numbers of the RURAL, I saw in my favorite Horticultural Department, what seemed to me a *green* thing in mid-winter! Here it is: "How often is it said that it will not do to recommend farmers to plant pears, particularly dwarfs, for they would not take care of them—that farmers need trees that will bear neglect, as hardy as oaks, and with as many lives as a cat. This is all slanderous."—(See RURAL, Jan. 14.) "As hardy as oaks!"—Why, my dear sir, that won't begin to do! *Cast iron* would answer, if it wouldn't break. I've seen the oak, and the sugar maple, which is about as hardy, tried a thousand times, without success. They would struggle vigorously for dear life, but in the end yield to the inexorable hardships of country fare—run over and trod down, if small; barked, battered, hacked, hewed and gnawed, if large, they yield to inevitable fate; the noble tree, which should cast its shade for the weary pilgrim of coming centuries, a glory and a grace, folds its leaves, and goes out in premature decay.—Lest Pharisaical pride may be engendered, I will say I have seen such things in and about the cities. I know not what Blackstone will say; I pronounce such conduct *crime*. We insult the Giver of All Good when we disrespect His gifts. A tree is worth a thousand gems.

Wyoming is a pleasant village, in Wyoming Co. Several years ago, the patriarch of the place, with commendable enterprise, planted shade trees on both sides of the street, the entire length, but not more than two or three of the inhabitants made any efforts to protect them, and at last, ninety out of a hundred perished. But I wander from my subject.

"As many lives as a cat." That's only "*nine*" (except in extreme cases)—*I am frank to say that is a miserably small allowance!* How long do you suppose our country fruit trees would hold out at that rate? Why, I'll give you a bit of my own experience. Commenced with a few miscellaneous fruit trees, each one recommended to be the very best there was. I don't know whether the peddler lied as to the sorts, for dead trees, like dead men, tell no tales. I guess the coroner would say they died from *accidental* causes; it was a good while ago, and I forget.

Next a peddler came along, and I paid him $25 for as pretty a lot of apple, plum and cherry trees, as I ever saw. After I got them bought, it occured to me to ask him how long they had been out of the ground. He said "only a week." "But it is late in November," said I, "and it has frozen within that time, very hard." "Oh, I generally got them into a barn, nights." Well, I wish they had staid there, for so few of them lived that I hardly thought it best to keep the ground up for them, and so "let them slide."

Then I bought fifty apple trees, went after them myself, so that they should not suffer from the perils of the way. Got nice ones, paid a good price, grew well; wanted to be economical, and turned in my sheep to eat some weeds and grass that had started up after the corn was hoed. They never did well after that, for though I inserted one end of a sprout below where the sheep gnawed them, and the other end above, it didn't seem to work at that time of year.

Got discouraged, left off *raising fruit*—went to a pomological meeting, got my head turned, and bought two dozen trees, that had such hard French names that I thought nothing would dare to touch them. A friend sent me two little white rabbits in a box, and I was fool enough to let them out. I am sorry I ever did. I was gone a good deal that winter, and by spring they had barked just three-quarters of them.

Tried again—the mice took more than their share, and the cattle handled the balance very roughly. Lost some trees by the drouth, but made up my loss, in part, by a good crop of hay, that I took off from the land where they grew—I mean where they didn't grow. Some trees omitted by the plow, have been finished by the drag. I haven't time to pay my respects to the woodchucks. I hope my friend W. B. P. will keep them well stirred up; but if I haven't proved that "*nine lives*" wouldn't answer *my* purpose, I am much mistaken.

I "*calculate*" about twelve to fifteen "lives" would do, for at last I brought my teeth down firm together; said I, "an orchard I'll have;" bought over a thousand trees, filled up a twelve acre lot, and shut it up tight; have taken pretty good care of them, and they are now ready to bear, and, I hope, willing. A part I put elsewhere, and I have not lost 20 ℅ cent. of whole number—some farmers are doing better, and some worse. Fruit, particularly apples, are worth all they cost, and I am determined, by precept and example, to encourage their production. But I will not pretend that we are half way decent, take us on an average, in our treatment of fruit trees.

Mr. CHILSON, a neighbor of mine, and a successful wool-grower, remarked in my hearing, today, "Nothing has *paid me* so well as my apple trees;" and this is the general testimony of all my brother farmers, and yet not a soul of us takes any *particular* pains to give those trees good care.—Judicious thinning out of objectionable branches, suitable manuring, and stirring of the soil with a fork or cultivator, so as not to injure the roots, mulching, and, if need be, washing with soap suds or other preparation, and war with all worms—*these, and all of these* are essential to the good management of fruit trees. I'll give my head for a foot-ball, to the first loafer that comes, if one farmer in a hundred conforms to these conditions, or half of them.

I beg you will not publish this till after town meeting, as I am up for Justice of the Peace. My friend, the horticultural editor, is all right on the—, and I hope his friends have not forgotten to "bring him forward." I dare bet on his election. H. T. B.

ACCORDING to our correspondent's request, we have kept his production until after election, so as not to injure his prospects of becoming a *Justice*, for although he seems to have done no justice to his trees, we have no doubt he will deal out justice with a liberal hand to all the transgressors within his jurisdiction. As he believes, too, that destroying fruit trees is a *crime*, and as Justices are Judges, we believe, both of law and fact, he will, no doubt, arrest all guilty of this offence, and fine and otherwise punish, according to the enormity of the offence. This will secure plenty of business, and make the office both useful and profitable. The good people think too much of the dignity and importance of our present position to insult us by any offers of minor offices. When it is necessary for the salvation of the country, that we should run for President, we presume they will let us know.

CHARCOAL AS A BLANCH FOR CELERY.

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly* highly recommends the use of charcoal for bleaching Celery. As this is an interesting subject, we give our readers the substance of the article.

As a *blanch*, I find it superior to any material I have ever tried, including earth, dry sand, sawdust, tan-bark, leaves, hay litter, &c. Its advantages are manifold; no slug or insect will harbor in it; it drains perfectly, retains the solar warmth without overheating the plant, absorbs all the ammoniacal gases arising from the application of liquid or other fertilizers, will not rust the stalk, is easily washed out of the celery when dug, and can be used many times over with little loss. By proper management, also, two rows of celery may be grown where one is by the old method.

Dig trenches 2 feet apart, about 8 inches wide, and 6 deep, and *fill up to the level of the ground*, with a rich compost of loam, well decomposed manure, and *tanners' hair refuse*, (the latter being the best possible food for celery, and obtainable at the same price as stable offal,) and set out the plants about 8 inches apart, in single rows. On either side the rows, about 6 inches distant, commencing at one end, drive two stakes, say 3 feet long, and 1 to 1½ inches square, 1 inch apart, to allow a board to slip in between them, and repeat the stakes, at intervals of 5 feet, or thereabout, the entire length of your rows of plants; then, between the stakes, put boards 12 to 14 inches wide, and a piece of board at each end of the trench, connecting their ends. See figure 1.

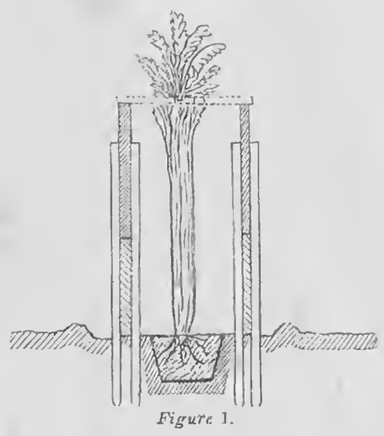


Figure 1.

The young plants will need shading for a few days after transplanting, if the trenches run north and south,—if east and west, they will not require it.

Draw the earth slightly away from the base of the boards, to form a *feeding trough*, into which pour liquid manure, frequently, during the growing season. When the leaf of the *central stalk* or *heart* of the plant shows itself above the board, fill in the whole space with coarsely pulverized charcoal, (cinders from the smoke stack of locomotives, or the braise of old charcoal hearths,) holding the stalks snugly together in the left hand while filling in with the right.

After a few days, place a second set of boards, which may be connected by cross pieces nailed on at intervals on the top of the first, and repeat the blanching as before. I have found two blanchings to be sufficient.

For winter celery the trenches should be dug 4 feet apart, 1½ feet wide, and the plants in two rows, 9 inches asunder, as indicated in figure 2.

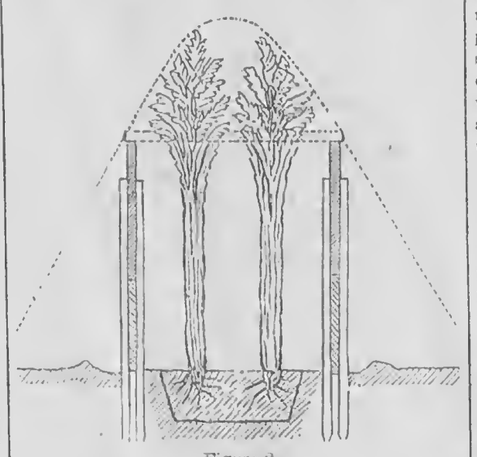


Figure 2.

They may be banked up in the usual way, first throwing a little litter on the top. Celery thus treated will keep perfectly; the loose texture of the charcoal preventing its becoming solid by the action of frost.

It may be objected that the above plan is more expensive than the traditional method, but it will be found productive of so much higher quality, longer blanched stalks, greater crispness and whiteness, and certain exemption from rust or decay, as fully to warrant the *apparent* increased outlay. If the boards are well coated with gas tar or good boiled linseed oil, they will last many years; and the charcoal is worth, for general garden purposes, more than its cost, if not required again for blanching.

CLINTON GRAPE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—No grape that I am acquainted with will bear so much neglect and ill treatment as the Clinton. It will thrive and grow anywhere, in damp clay, barren sand, or on bleak and sterile hill-sides, if it can only find soil enough to get a start. Wood short-jointed and very firm, always ripens to the extremities; foliage thin and quite distinct from that of all other kinds that are grown in this section, but somewhat resembles that of the "Frost Grape," which can be found in almost every hedge, and neglected corners of cultivated fields.

It ripens quite early in September, but the fruit is greatly improved by remaining on the vine until October, and is benefited by a frost or two, when it will be found quite sweet, and free from pulp, and very pleasant to eat. Berries and clusters small, and berries adhere well to the cluster. The writer has never sent any of the fruit to market, but thinks the clusters and berries too small to sell well.

Some of our most prominent pomologists consider it valuable, and well worth growing in the vineyard for wine; and we expect, in a few years, to test it in that way, as we have quite a nice plantation, that will soon bear. It is so very hardy and easy to grow, that every one ought to have it; and it will, even when suffered to run riot over the fences, bushes, and tree-tops, produce abundance of grapes, of tolerable quality, but, like all other sorts of grapes, it is greatly improved by pruning and generous treatment.

None of the books on horticultural subjects, that I am acquainted with, give the history of the Clinton. Can you, Mr. Editor, inform me who discovered and introduced it?

March, 1860. GRAPE GROWER.

REMARKS.—The Clinton Grape originated, or was first known, in the garden of Dr. FREEMAN, of Saratoga Springs. It attracted the attention of L. B. LANGWORTHY, Esq., who then resided in that county, and who, on his removal to this city, more than thirty years ago, brought cuttings with him, grafted them on wild vines, raised plants, and generally introduced them in this section. He named this grape in honor of DEWITT CLINTON. It has always been a favorite here, on account of its hardiness, productiveness, and wine-making qualities.

Inquiries and Answers.

GRAFTING.—Will you please inform me, through the RURAL, if scions set now, will do as well as those set later? I am told that they will not, because the warm weather causes the sap to run, and subsequent freezing kills the scions. If I could graft now, before the hurrying season comes on, it would be of great advantage to me.—AMATEUR, *New Lebanon, N. Y.*, 1860.

GRAFTING is not generally successful, if done too early. It is best to wait for moderate weather, and until the sap is in motion, which, with the stone fruits, as the cherry and plum, is quite early.

GUANO AND RASPBERRIES.—Last fall I set out 3000 Antwerp (Hudson River) Raspberry plants, and expect to set out 5000 more this spring on my farm in Esopus.—Manure is scarce in our neighborhood. Please inform me, through your paper, of a substitute for barn-yard manure for the raspberry. Is guano good for them? If so, how much will be sufficient for a hill? Please inform me in regard to the above, and oblige a subscriber.—C. BULKLEY, *Brooklyn, March*, 1860.

WE have never tried guano on raspberries, though we have done so for strawberries and pears, and with the most satisfactory results. We would give about 350 or 400 pounds to the acre, and work in well with the soil.—The number of ounces required for each hill you can easily calculate.

SETTING OUT AN ORCHARD.—If it would not be asking too much, I would like to ask a few questions in regard to setting out an orchard. The land I intend to set out is of ridge gravel, high and dry, and in good condition for setting. 1. Now, will trees from five to six years old be as good as those younger, providing a person takes great care in taking up, and as good care in setting out, and gives good culture afterwards? 2. What is the best manure for them? Is sawdust good? I have heard some say that sawdust sours land, and makes it almost worthless for a few years. If you, or any of your numerous correspondents, will give their experience on this subject, they will greatly oblige a RURAL reader.—B. C. N., *Cambria, N. Y.*, 1860.

1. WE would prefer trees three or four years old, because they are removed with less trouble and less danger of injury. Still, if we could obtain good, stocky trees, that had not grown crowded, and kept up a thrifty growth in the nursery rows, we would take all the pains necessary for their safe removal, and would not expect to lose two in a hundred. If, however, the trees, five or six years old, are stunted and mossy, and crooked from neglect and starvation, we would not plant them, but would procure vigorous young trees.

2. If the ground is in good condition, it may not be necessary to manure before planting, though generally it is best to give a good dressing, and plow in deep and thoroughly. Put no manure around or near the roots at the time of planting, but after the trees are planted, lay a good coating of rotten manure on the surface for a few feet around each tree. Sawdust is excellent for absorbing liquid manure, or for composting with heating manures, like fresh horse manure, blood, and other animal refuse; and this is the best way to use it.

Horticultural Notes.

RHUBARB WINE.—Wine, or something called wine, has been made from the pie plant for a few years past. One hundred pounds of stalks trimmed for grinding, it is said, will make ten gallons of juice. They are usually ground and pressed in the portable cider mills. An acre, well cultivated, will, therefore, give a great amount of juice. J. D. GILBERT, of Kenosha, Wis., gives us the following process of making the wine:

"Take the juice from the stalks of the garden, or Cahoon's, rhubarb, one gallon, and to it add one gallon of water and seven pounds of sugar. Put the mixture into a cask, with the bung hole open, and let it ferment. Keep the cask full by adding sweetened water, (or, what is better, some of the wine made at the same time, and kept in another vessel,) so that it may purge itself. When it is sufficiently fermented, bung down. Fine with isinglass before bottling; two ounces of isinglass, dissolved in a quart of wine, is sufficient for a barrel. I do not know as the above is exactly Mr. CAHOON'S process, but the proportion of sugar and water, to the juice of pie plant, is the same, and I know that the wine is O. K. I believe it to be a better way to make pie plant wine, and also currant wine, in open vessels, and as soon as the principal part of the scum has raised, (say in forty-eight hours,) skim, and then put into barrels, as above. In this way you get rid of the principle part of what rises, without much trouble."

THE WEATHER.—From the first of March until a week past, the weather was most delightful. The spring birds cheered us with their morning songs, the crocuses in sheltered situations were coming into flower, and our nurseries showed the activity of spring, and everything indicated an early summer. But, for a week past the ground has been covered with snow, and frost and cold winds have taken the place of bright sunshine and balmy breezes.

GRAHAM BREAD—WATER CURE WAFFLES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a recent number of the RURAL, I notice, a recipe is wanting for making Graham bread. The following I have tried, and found it to be excellent. Make the sponge of unbolted wheat-meal, in the ordinary way, with either hop or potato yeast, but mix it rather thin. Be *sure* and mold the loaves as soon as it becomes light, as the unbolted flour runs into the acetous fermentation much more rapidly than the bolted or superfine flour, and bake an hour and a quarter, or an hour and a half, according to the size of the loaf.

WATER-CURE WAFFLES.—Mix one quart of fresh wheat-meal, with a sufficient quantity of *cold* milk to make a thick batter, then add four beaten eggs; half a teacup of sweet cream, or one ounce of fresh olive oil, a little sugar, and bake in a quick oven.

INDIAN BREAD.—Dissolve one tablespoonful of butter in three and a half pints of boiling milk; into this scald one quart of Indian meal; when cool, add a half pint of wheat flour, a little sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, and two eggs, well beaten; mix well together, and bake in two cakes; tins well greased, or buttered.—A CONSTANT READER, *Red Mills, N. Y.*, 1860.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—The following rules for forming a judgment of flour, when purchasing for use, can, doubtless, be relied upon, and may be worth recollecting by housekeepers. First, look at the color; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, buy it. If it is very white, with a bluish cast, or with black specks in it, refuse it. Second, examine its adhesiveness; wet and knead a little of it between your fingers; if it works soft, and is sticky, it is poor. Flour from spring wheat is likely to be sticky. Third, throw a lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it falls like powder, it is bad. Fourth, squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given by the pressure, that, too, is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests is safe to buy. These modes are given by old flour dealers.

RECIPE FOR MAKING PIE-CRUST.—For the benefit of those who have not the luxury called cream. Two cups nice fresh lard; 2½ of water; one teaspoonful of salt. Mix stiff enough to roll smooth, and bake in a quick oven. We think this recipe as easily digested as that made with saleratus and sour cream, which we noticed in a late RURAL, and also believe that it is the abuse, not a moderate use, of our common article of food, which engenders scrofula and many other diseases.—D. C., *Whitewater, Wis.*, 1860.

COLORING DARK BROWN.—Seeing an inquiry in one of the late numbers of the RURAL, for coloring dark brown, I send one which I consider very good:—Take three ounces of copperas; break it up small, and boil in a pint of water, for half an hour; then strain and bottle it; dilute it in water, if you wish a paler tint.

Will some of the RURAL readers please tell me how to make paper stick to a wall that has been white-washed, and oblige.—CORA LEE, *Princeville, Ill.*, 1860.

MOCK OYSTERS.—To three grated parsnips add three eggs; one teacup sweet cream; butter, half the size of an egg; one teaspoon salt; three tablespoons flour; fry as griddle cakes.—Mrs. S. E. S., *Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y.*

Horticultural Advertisements.

FRESH APPLE SEEDS FOR SALE—By GEO. H. FLOWER, Syracuse, N. Y.

20,000 DOOLITTLE'S AM. BLACK RASPBERRY—BY ANTHONY & SON, Rochester, N. Y.

ISABELLA AND CLINTON GRAPE VINES, at $35 per 1,000, by GEO. BECK, Charlotte, Monroe Co., N. Y.

HUBBARD SQUASH SEED.—A package of the purest seed of this celebrated Squash, containing 50 seed, sent by the original introducer, for 12 cents.
533-4teow JAS. J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

MAHALEB CHERRY SEEDLINGS FOR SALE—We have a fine stock of Mahaleb Cherry Seedlings, 1 year transplanted, very fine, at $40 per 1,000
533-2t A. FROST & CO., Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

CRANBERRY VINES.—Lowland Bell Vines, from one to four feet long. The fruit has taken the first premium at each State Fair exhibited in 1855, '57 and '58. Price, $1 ℔ 100; $5 ℔ 1,000. Sent by Express promptly.
533-4t NOBLE HILL, CATON, Steuben Co., N. Y.

SMALL FRUITS, &c.—100,000 Wilson's Albany Strawberry; 2,000 Dorchester Seedling Blackberry; 1,500 Isabella Grapes, one year old from layers, *good roots*. Red Antwerp, Knevitt's Giant, Fastolff, Franconia and Allen Raspberries, $6 per hundred; $1 per dozen, or one dozen *of each variety* for $3. All of the above will be sold low by the quantity. JNO. S. GOOLD, Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

BUCKTHORN AND LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS.—Lawton Blackberry plants at 75 cts. and $1 per doz; $3 to $5 per 100; $25 to $40 per 1,000—strong and *warranted* true.
BUCKTHORN and Osage Orange, fine for hedging, at $3 per thousand.
ISABELLA and Catawba Grape, one year old layers, at $4 per 100. Address E. D. ROBINSON, Howlett Hill, N. Y.

TO NURSERYMEN AND DEALERS IN TREES.—I offer for sale the present Spring,

80,000 Apple Trees,	2 to 4 years old,		$70 ℔ 1,000	
5,000 Pear Trees,	2 to 3	"	standard,	$180 "
4,000 Pear Trees,	"	"	dwarf,	$120 "
5,000 Cherry Trees,	"	"	standard,	$110 "
2,000 Do. do.	"	"	dwarf,	$150 "
2,000 Plum Trees,	"	"	standard,	$130 "

Also a large quantity of Gooseberries, Currants, Lawton Blackberries, Raspberries, Strawberries, Ornamental Trees, &c., &c. D. W. RANNEY,
March 26, 1860. Commercial Nurseries, Syracuse, N. Y.

NEW BOOK ON GRAPE CULTURE.
BY WILLIAM BRIGHT,
LOGAN NURSERY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JUST PUBLISHED,
Bright's Single Stem, Dwarf and Renewal System of Grape Culture.
Adapted to the Vineyard, the Grapery, and the Fruiting of Vines in Pots, on Trellises, Arbors, &c.

In this work full Directions are given for Cultivating and Fruiting Pot Vines; A new system of Pruning for the Vineyard; New Method of making Vine Borders; New Management of Cold Grapery; New Views on Fertilizing the Grape.
This is not a compilation of old matter respecting the Vine, but *a purely original work*, full of new suggestions for planting, pruning, training and fruiting the Grape, under all kinds of culture; drawn from personal experience, and recently confirmed by the opinions of the best Grape-growers in England.
Price of the work, FIFTY CENTS per single copy. Sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Postage stamps received in payment.
* * A Liberal Discount to the Trade.
Address WILLIAM BRIGHT,
532-3t 627 *Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

1,500 ISABELLA GRAPE VINES, at $30 per 1,000. Also, 50,000 Isabella Grape Cuttings at $3 ℔ 1,000.
532-3t W. H. & G. S. ADAMS, Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y.

30,000 NO. 1 CHERRY STOCKS, at $3.50 ℔ 1,000. 8,000 New Rochelle Blackberry Plants, very fine, $40 per thousand, for sale by
WILLIAMS, RAMSDEN & CO.,
Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y., March 1, 1860. 532-5t

NATIVE EVERGREEN PLANTS—Of the following varieties:—Balsam Fir, White Pine, Arbor Vitæ, White Spruce, and Hemlock, 5 to 12 inches high, at $7 per 1,000. A liberal discount made on large orders.
532-2t JAMES A ROOT, Skaneateles, N. Y.

ONTARIO GRAPE.—The subscriber has for sale a large stock of the Ontario Grape. This is the largest Grape grown in the open air, perfectly hardy, free from mildew, does not drop its fruit, and ripens from 15 to 20 days earlier than the Isabella. Price, $5 each. Address (inclosing stamp) and secure circular for full description.
532-3t O. F. PRESBREY, Buffalo, N. Y.

ISABELLA GRAPE CUTTINGS for sale by
531-3t E. A. McKAY, Naples, N. Y.

ARBOR VITÆ AND HEMLOCK SPRUCE.—For Evergreen fence, $2 per 100; $10 per 1,000, with a liberal discount to the trade. A. J. McCLAVE,
531-3t Marion, Wayne Co., N. Y.

CHERRY TREES—Strong Trees of the choicest varieties, *Standard and Dwarf*, for sale cheap, by
T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

RASPBERRIES.—A good assortment of the best sorts, including *Brinkle's Orange*, Belle de Fontenay, *Fastolf*, *Franconia*, *Knevitt's Giant*, &c., for sale by
T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

GLADIOLUS.—NEW AND BEAUTIFUL FRENCH AND BELGIAN HYBRIDS.—Just received, by the subscriber, a splendid collection of the above, embracing upwards of *ninety varieties*, among which are many novelties, never before offered in this country. A descriptive priced Catalogue, with full directions for culture, will be mailed to all applicants. [531-4t] B. K. BLISS, Springfield, Mass.

500,000 WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING STRAWBERRY—$4 ℔ 1,000; 50c ℔ 100.
10,000 Hooker Seedling Strawberry—$10 per 1,000; $1,50 per 100.
30,000 Lawton Blackberry, very fine, $30 per 1,000; $4 per 100; $3 for 50. For sale by
531-9t C. L. TWING, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

GRAPE VINES.—DELAWARE, DIANA, CONCORD, REBECCA, HARTFORD PROLIFIC, and several other of the newer sorts—good one year plants, well rooted,—Isabella and Catawba, two and three years; also, a few choice Foreign varieties, one year—For sale at the most reasonable prices, by the dozen or hundred. T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, N. Y., March 8, 1860. 531-3t

GODFREY ZIMMERMANN,
Pine Hill Nursery, near Buffalo, N. Y.,
Offers for sale the following trees: Standard and Dwarf Apples and Pears, Cherries, Peaches, Plums (mostly the German Prune, the finest from the black knot,) Orange or Apple Quince, Currants, best varieties, Raspberries, Gooseberries. Of Grapes, besides the old varieties, Delaware, Diana, Concord, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, and Te Kalon. Downing's Everbearing Mulberry. Norway Spruce, Black Spruce, Hemlock Spruce, Red Cedar, Arbor Vitæ, &c.
☞ Price Catalogues sent on application. 531-2teow

RARE AND BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.
B. K. BLISS,
SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts,
WOULD inform his patrons that his new Catalogue of Flower and Vegetable Seeds, is now ready, and will be mailed to all applicants inclosing a three cent postage stamp. It contains a descriptive list of upwards of
Eleven Hundred Varieties of Flower Seeds,
embracing everything that is new and desirable among Annuals, Biennials, Perennials and Green-house Plants, suitable alike for the Flower Garden, Pleasure Grounds, Lawns, Shrubberies and the conservatory, as well as many matchless novelties of the highest merit, which have been selected by his European correspondents from the most reliable sources.
Collections of Flower Seeds by Mail, Post-paid.
The following collections have been sent out from his establishment for the past six years, and are now favorably known in every section of the country.

Assortment No. 1.—Contains twenty choice varieties of Annuals,	$1 00
No. 2.—Contains twenty choice varieties of Biennials and Perennials,	1 00
No. 3.—Contains ten extra fine varieties of Annuals and Perennials, embracing many of the new and choicest in cultivation,	1 00
No. 4.—Contains five very choice varieties selected from *Prize Flowers* of English Pansies, German, Carnation and Picotee Pinks, Verbenas, Truffaut's French Asters, Double Hollyhocks,	1 00

Any one remitting $4,00 will receive the four assortments postage free.
The following additional assortments will also be sent at the prices annexed, *free of postage*.

Assortment No. 5.—Contains fifteen very select varieties of Green-house Seeds,	$3 00
No. 6.—Contains one hundred varieties of Annuals, Biennials, and Perennials, including many new and choice varieties,	5 00
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All orders must be accompanied with the cash.
Remittances can be made in Bank Bills or Postage Stamps
Address B. K. BLISS,
531-4t Springfield, Mass.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR MAY.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

MAY'S was a fair and girlish face,
When the joy-bells rang sixteen,
As she put aside, with a dimpled hand,
The veil that hangs between
The sunny land that is childhood's home,
And the years that stretch away
To the shore of the vast and tideless sea,
Where the shadows forever stray.

But, O, how fast the kingly years
Were crowned, and passed away;
'Twas but a step to the silent tomb
From the coronation day;
And thirty years have bloomed and died,—
We have counted them all to-day,—
And thirty graves ranged side by side
Reach back to her natal day.

The graves reach back, but never she
To that blooming, happy land
Which she left behind her, with springing feet,
And an eager, outstretched hand,
Longing to grasp the fruits that hung
So fair on life's tempting bowers,—
Longing to kiss the fragrant dew
From the bright-hued buds and flowers.

The bowers were reached, and faded flowers
Were clasped to the heart of MAY,—
The fruit was ashes upon her lips,
And she flung the cheat away,—
And loves, and hopes, and thronging fears,
Came fast to her waking heart,
Fears for the past, but the burden was hers,
And bravely she took her part.

'Tis sad to think that her slender feet
Have been pierced by the cruel thorn;
That the stately head has been bowed with care,
And the brow with grief-lines worn;
That the ringing music of her laugh,
And the light of her sparkling eye,
Are sleeping now with the buried years
That along her pathway lie.

Joy has been hers, for a manly heart
Was given to her alone,
And dimpled arms have clasped her neck,
But the dimpled arms have gone,—
She loved, but her love was a fearful thing,
And she says,—but we know not why,—
That 'tis better never to love at all,
Than to love the things that die.

And MAY is a woman, her deep blue eyes
Are clear, like a summer sky,
But their light was so often quenched in tears
That we saw it fade and die;
And the fluttering hands have grown so still,
And the springing step so slow,
That her smiling only seems to mock
The sunbeams of long ago.
We wonder, indeed, if the MAY that *was*,
Is the MAY that is with us still,—
Sixteen and thirty,—woman and child,—
'Tis sad, but we bow to GOD'S will.

Hadley, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A DISCUSSION.—CHAPTER I.

"How many children have you, Mrs. CARLISLE? You had one boy when we met last, I believe, and, if I ever knew, I have forgotten about your family."

"Three boys, Mrs. WILSON,—the eldest, ten; the second, seven; and the third,—my baby—four years old."

"Indeed, how unfortunate! No daughters? I have three lovely girls, the eldest, seventeen; the next, fifteen; and the youngest, thirteen. I have always felt so thankful it was not my lot to train a pack of rough, rude boys. One can teach girls some gentility, and refinement, and keep clean, nice clothes, on them,—but these mad-cap, harum-scarum boys, it makes me nervous to think of them."

"As to being 'unfortunate,' Mrs. WILSON, it is just as we feel about it. I have no trouble with my boys, as yet, and, as you say, have been thankful that I had on girls to raise, for, unless I could have better success than most of mothers, in these days, I should prefer to be without children."

"How so, Mrs. CARLISLE? I do not see but my girls are very much admired, and sought for in company. In truth, there is scarcely anything going on but they must go—even ELLA, my youngest, cannot be kept at home often."

"That's it, Mrs. WILSON,—just the very mischief. Girls now, scarcely out of their bibs, must be running out every evening to some doings or other, coming home in the night, sleeping away the morning,—getting up jaded and listless, unfit for any employment,—full of false notions of gentility, of dress, of manners—affected, vain, extravagant, and utterly unprepared for home duties, and the realities of life. I do not refer to your daughters, Mrs. WILSON, for I am unacquainted with them. You and I were not thus educated. We went in company seldom, and then under care till we were of an age to know good from evil, and to choose proper associates."

"True, very true, Mrs. CARLISLE, and perhaps that was the best way. But, dear me, my girls would fret and chafe terribly at any surveillance, and I find it *impossible* to keep them in. 'Such ones, and such ones, are going, and it's a grand time, and this time we *must* go, Ma;' and so it goes. What *could* you do?"

"Well, I do not wish to dictate, Mrs. WILSON. I can only say, I consider it very wrong to suffer such things, nor could I have daughters taking any such course. I should presume to choose and dictate for them, until they could do it sensibly, taking care to provide plenty of wholesome home amusements and employments. What kind of an idea do you suppose nine-tenths of the girls, now-a-days, have of their duties, and their lives hereafter,—after they get the husbands they are hunting, and get settled? What kind of wives will they make,—what sort of mothers?"

"O, Mrs. CARLISLE, you are looking too far ahead,—time enough for these thoughts when the occasion comes."

"Not so, Mrs. WILSON. Accustomed to a continued round of trifling and folly, no useful employments, no love of the quiet duties of home, life becomes insipid,—duties, which should be a pleasure, are looked upon as drudgery,—husbands find fault,—quarrels ensure,—perhaps divorces, or else a life time of wretchedness. And these girls are ruining our young men. But I see you are impatient to go, Mrs. WILSON."

"Pardon me, Mrs. CARLISLE,—I *have* an engagement, but I will talk with you again, soon—you make me feel serious. But, for the present, good-bye."

"Adieu." Q.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

KIND WORDS AT HOME.

KIND WORDS! What a spell they weave around the heart. They are among "the charities that sweeten life,"—diffusing a perpetual ray of sunshine, which lightens the dark hours of sorrow and affliction, thus making home, to the troubled spirit, little less than a paradise,—a spot toward which the father or brother loves to turn his footsteps after weary days of toil,—a place wherein poets might love to build their theme, and over which angels love to spend their watchful care, and whispering, "blessed are the sons of peace."

How rarely do we find a home whose inmates are *habitually* kind from *principle*, yet of what inestimable worth is it! The customs of society demand that we shall be *polite* to visitors. What term can we better substitute for kindness? We wouldn't, for the world, be heard speaking rudely to a lady in the *parlor*,—what would people say, if we should,—yet, we never pause to consider that we are driving from our presence, and making *strangers* amid our own household, those who have nearer and dearer relations toward us, and whom we are bound to love, honor, and console, during the manifold daily trials which cast a shadow over the life-path of every human being.

Why need we wonder that so many seek enjoyments at the gaming-table, or club-room, since happiness is a stranger at their own firesides?—Nor need we remonstrate with them for their wrong-doing, for *unkind words* are rankling deep within the inmost recesses of the heart, shutting out the light of reason and truth. Our remonstrance would but place another barrier between them and reformation. Never having thrown around them the hallowed light of kindness, the change in our conduct toward them seems but made for the occasion,—for the accomplishment of some design, with which the affections have but little to do.

If, then, we would be rightly appreciated, and would be the means of doing good, let our lips ever give utterance to words of kindness. The *lightly falling rain* sinks deep into the earth, reaching "far down," giving support to the tender shoots, while the torrent in its wildness and madness, leaves nought but desolation in its track. So with words,—the more kindly spoken, the deeper they sink into the heart, nourishing the tender plants of virtue, which, perchance, have become rooted there; while unkind words grate harshly upon the ear, harden the heart, and sow the seeds of vice and wickedness, which thrive best in haunts where the light of kindness is never known. Then, if we would accomplish life's greatest mission here,—that of winning others from degrading, vicious influences, and sinful ways, to behold the "glorious light" of gospel truth and love,—let us practice that grand precept, which is worth being inscribed in characters of gold, and placed where all may read:—"Be ye kind one to another." EMILY ELLIS.

New Lebanon, Col. Co., N. Y., 1860.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

WHERE is the true sphere of woman! Where should she preside? Is it not at home?—is not this the place designed by her Maker? Should she not be in the social circle as a brilliant star in the midnight heavens?—should she not be an angel of mercy to others?—should she not be the instructor of her children?—should she not plant the gem of true greatness within their bosom?—Should she not, like the mother of Washington, teach her child to revere the truth? Yes! surely this is her sphere. In the family circle her influence is great; she is the best teacher for her little band; she can best train their minds and open for them the secret springs of literature and cause the crystal waters to flow. She can point them the road to heaven; she can lead them in the path of virtue; she can guide their wandering footsteps so they may falter not, but press on to the mark of their high calling. Such is the powerful and salutary influence which woman can exert, and for such will be given her a crown of glorious immortality. Through life she may have borne many ills, yet, when she draws near to the end of life, she will feel that she has endeavored to do her duty, of having faithfully performed the work of her Creator, and give a good account of her stewardship.—*Leisure Moments.*

THE TWO SEXES.—There is nearly always something of nature's own gentility in all young women, (except, indeed, when they get together and fall a giggling.) It shames us men to see how much sooner they are polished into conventional shape than our rough masculine angles. A vulgar boy requires, heaven knows what assiduity, to move three steps, I do not say like a gentleman, but like a boy with a soul in him: but give the least advantage of society or tuition to a peasant girl, and a hundred to one but she will glide into refinement before the boy can make a bow without upsetting the table. There is a sentiment in all women, and that gives delicacy to thought and taste to manner; with men it is generally acquired, an offspring of the intellectual quality, not as with the other sex, of the moral.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

GOOD thoughts are no better than good dreams, unless they be executed.

TO-MORROW.

DID we but know what lies beyond
This varied, shadowy path we tread,
How often would our souls despond,
Our eyes the tears of sorrow shed?
But God, who knows what's best to do,
Who sees us from his starry throne,
Has wisely hidden from our view
That which had best remain unknown

We walk to-day in conscious pride,
And hang the flag of hope on high;
But, ah, to-morrow, by our side,
Some friend may lay him down and die;
Some early flower that won our praise,
Some altar where we laid our trust;
Such flower, ere dies the evening rays,
May trampled be, and laid in dust.

Youth dreams of many glorious things,
As on he lies in pleasure's track;
Each day some new born promise brings,
He turns no eye of sorrow back;
The flowery fields are all before,
His eyes on some bright star are set;
Life is to him a sunny shore,
He'll learn it has its *shadows* yet.

To-morrow! In its secret shade,
I little know what is for me;
I may be with my fathers laid,
Or wrecked on dire misfortune's sea;
But far beyond life's boundary lives
The everlasting army bright;
And He alone, who takes or gives,
Can guide my wandering feet aright.

The World We Live In.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A PLEA FOR SELF-ESTEEM.

IF temporal happiness is worth securing, surely, then, that attribute of the human mind, which,—*theoretically* unpopular as it is,—has been chosen as my theme, deserves development, instead of suppression; for there can be no doubt that the man, best pleased with himself, and his achievements, has fewest causes for discontent. Self-esteem is, consequently, the most effectual armor one can wear, against both the petty and the potent annoyances of this world of change. It is alike a shield from the effects of undue adulation, and those of unmerited neglect; for when a person so endowed is successful, his own opinion of what is justly his due, can never be exceeded by that of others, and in consequence every ovation is accepted as a matter of course, and does no harm by the flattery implied; and in case he should fail, (which a person so organized, seldom does,) his consciousness of his merits,—imagined or otherwise,—renders him indifferent to the scorn of an unappreciative world; he does not feel its weight; it does not sink him, as it would a more sensitive person.

Again, self-esteem is, now-a-days, one of the principal elements of greatness; (I do not mean that almost mythical qualification of character distinguished by the perfacing adjective "true," but have reference to the modern acceptation of the term, which has for its special synonym, *notoriety;*) for what diffident man has the *courage* to be great, when he knows that he must face a proportionate share of detraction from enemies as well as the admiration of friends? Therefore, if any one desires to be *great*, let him cultivate,—more assiduously than he does anything else,—an unbounded confidence in himself. Had there not been a deficiency of this one qualification, I am sure that the past would have had twice her number of heroes, statesmen, and poets. It is probably due to that deficiency alone, that so many "gems of purest ray serene" were hidden in "the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean,"—the ocean of obscurity.

And now, if my position is a logical one, allow me to take just a little advantage of the "leap year" privileges, and give bashful gentlemen a short—very short—lecture. I would say, first, Conquer the delusion that you are not just as gifted, and have not as many "inalienable rights," as most of those who are successful in their undertakings. Assume that it is your prerogative to distrust every one, and every thing, before you do your own ability, and, ten chances to one, the sunshine of prosperity will scatter every cloud which may have hitherto closed in around you. An egotistical person need not, necessarily, render himself disagreeable; he must learn the art of skillfully concealing his self-esteem, under an air of *naivette;* at any rate, in the worst stages of obtrusiveness, it is to be preferred to that painful bashfulness which renders not only himself, but all around him, uncomfortable, and often perfectly miserable, the victim of mistakes, the target for the shafts of unjust criticism.

In conclusion, then, don't be bashful, or you will never succeed in this jostling, selfish world, taken as a whole, or with other men, individually; and lastly, you will fail to please the ladies—FANNY FERN to the contrary, notwithstanding—by subjecting them to unexpected disappointments, and never being able to realize their heroic sort of ideals. MARIE ESTELLE.

O——, Illinois, 1860.

UNWRITTEN POETRY.—It is stamped upon the broad blue sky,—it twinkles in every star,—it mingles in the ocean's surge, and glitters in the dew-drop that gems the lily's bell. It glows in the gorgeous colors of the decline of day, and rests in the blackened crest of the gathering storm-cloud. It is in the mountain's height and in the cataract's roar,—in the towering oak, and in the tiny flower. Where we can see the hand of God, there beauty finds her dwelling-place.

WHEN we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

THE following remarks, on the charms of mountain scenery, occur in an article upon the Rev. T. S. KING's work on the White Hill's, in the last *North American Review*. The paper is understood to be from the pen of the Rev. A. P. PEABODY, D. D., the editor:

Mountain scenery, beyond all other forms and aspects of nature, generates strong local attachment. The most intense love of country has always been found in dwellers among the hills.—No homes have been fought for with such earnest, self-sacrificing patriotism, as wild, and even barbarous, rocky fastnesses. Mountaineers can be destroyed in their homes more easily than they can be driven from their homes; and none feel the hardship of exile and expatriation so keenly as they. Summer tourists are bound by the same law of attraction. On other routes of travel they seek the zest of novelty, and are perpetually exploring regions previously unvisited; but the mountain journey or sojourn invites their return for season after season, and the same steps are retraced, the same haunt revisited, with an interest, a fascination, and a joy that never reach their climax. This is due in part, we doubt not, to merely physical experience. The pure, thin, bracing air of elevated regions is inhaled with a conscious luxury, which seldom accompanies the process of breathing on the plain or by the seashore. The sum of vitality is doubled, and the life of two days seems condensed into one. The undulating paths, the alternate ascent and descent, bring in turn all the muscles employed in locomotion into exercise, and give them in turn relief and relaxation, so that not only does the enthusiastic pedestrian find his capacity enhanced, but, as we have learned by repeated trial, the horse, in whose case the journey is a mere affair of muscle, can measure, day by day, a greater distance, and for a greater number of successive days, in a hilly country than on level ground.

But the transcendent charm of mountain scenery is its unceasing novelty. On no two days, for no two successive hours, is the panorama the same. Sunlight, cloud, and vapor, are presented in combinations that change as often, and are as incapable of repeating themselves, as the groups of glittering objects in the kaleidoscope. The caps, wreaths, and fillets of azure mists, the shadows of moving clouds, the prismatic hues that clothe barren crags with a transfiguring glory at sunset, the passage of dense columns of vapor among the hills and over the valleys, are at every moment as fresh a joy to the beholder as if the like had never been seen before. The midsummer day is too short, the brief midsummer night too long, for a feast of beauty and grandeur served by elemental spirits that know how to greet their guest with a new surprise at every moment.

TOPS HAVE COME.

YES, tops have come. We saw one yesterday—a veritable top,—we heard the music of its hum,—we watched it as it went to sleep,—and we waited until its last gyration died away, and it flew off, out of the magic circle, in the same old-fashioned and irregular tangent. "Well, what if tops have come," the reader may say, "is there anything particular in a top?" Good friend—although somewhat critical—there is much in a top. It has a story to tell,—it comes in with "Lent,"—it sings of white clouds and blue skies,—it is the fore-runner of April showers,—the first blossom of spring. Those urchins in roundabouts and tucked pataloons, cones and whip-cord, are the best chroniclers of the changing seasons. They watch for the ides of March, with eyes that will not be deceived, and they know when the sunshine is longer and stronger, as well as astronomers and meteorologists. Tops, marbles, and kites, are as regular in their round as the planets in their orbits,—and you may swear by them, as men sometimes swear by Jupiter and Mars.

And so yesterday, when we heard the creaking slip of the cord, and that soft, musical whistle which once filled our ears with joy, we knew that the winter was over, and that "the time of the singing of birds" had come. We knew that the snows were beginning to dissolve on the mountains, that the ice was melting in the brooks, the water cresses were sprouting in the meadows, and that the circling sap was warming up the hearts of ancient oaks and elms, and giving new life to their stout trunks and arms.—There may still be flurries of snow, Boreas may pipe in the North, and the winds may blow and beat against our doors and shake us in our beds,—but the winter is over and the sceptre of icicles and shadows is broken. Already the jocund day steps out of the East like a king in purple, and his sunset pavilions are bathed in showers of gold. Here and there, too, are blossoms in the grass, and the sleeping blood of the forest is shooting out into dripping buds and green leaves.

The school-boy carries a weight of wisdom in his top. You may put faith in his fore-knowledge. He notes the parallaxes of the stars and keeps the record of the sun. He is better than an almanac. And when tops come, and you hear them humming like bees in the streets and alleys, you may be sure that the vernal equinox is near, and you may look for clearer horizons and warmer skies.—*Selected.*

RESPECT TO THE SEX.—It should be the boast of every man that he had never put modesty to the blush, nor encouraged immodesty to remove her mask. But we fear there is far too little chivalry in the present day. If young men do not chuck their partners under the chin, they are often guilty of pressing their hands when the dance affords an opportunity. There is a calm dignity with which to show that the offense has been noticed, but if a lady condescends to reprove it in words, she forces the culprit to defend himself, and often ends by making the breach worse. On the other hand, let a woman once overlook the slightest familiarity, and fail to show her surprise in her manner, and she can never be certain that it will not be repeated.—*Habits of Good Society.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HYMNS FOR DEVOTIONAL HOURS.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

WHEN I consider what I am,
So vile and overwhelmed in sin,
I can but think how different
It is without from that within.

My nature is delighted with
The ways of the ungodly part,
And hates the mild restraint that holds
In check the passions of my heart.

I live beneath my privilege,
And spend my life and strength for naught,
And each day further find myself
From all the pleasure that I sought.

But here I make this new resolve,
To use the grace already given,
In striving up the narrow way
That leads to happiness and heaven

Climax, Kal. Co., Mich., 1860.

"IT IS FINISHED."

AMID the awful hush of stricken nature, and breathless men, the announcement, "*It is finished,*" thrilled the universe! The hand that lay in the manger is stiffened on the cross. The blood for which Herod panted has been shed by Pilate. The Deliverer is a captive; the Redeemer a corpse!

"Thus strange are divine processes. 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die.' In order to obtain life, you must embrace death! Every seed must become a corpse ere it cleave the soil, and wave its head in beauty and fruit. The resurrectional idea is every where characteristic of productive nature. God is about to plant a life-tree in the world, and Christ is the Seed; the seed dies, but will spring by Divine power into a glorious manifestation, and from its branches men will pluck the leaves which are for the 'healing of the nations.' There is no cause for alarm in witnessing that corpse. Did we know the realities of God, we should sing hymns over that lifeless frame. And yet we weep! We weep as though God had been thwarted, and his purpose foiled! Ignorance is a murmurer. Wisdom, indeed, weeps, but her tears are the jewelry of joy."

FATE OF THE APOSTLES.

ST. MATTHEW is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was put to death by the sword, at the city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put into a cauldron of boiling oil, at Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

St. James the great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Phillip was hanged up against a pillar at Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached to the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body by a lance, near Malipar, in the East Indies.

PURE HEARTS.—I think we must all admit there is nothing so beautiful as a pure heart,—a heart through which Jesus has gone as he went through the courts of the temple at Jerusalem, driving thence everything that offended,—all hatred, all malice, all jealousy, all envy, all uncleanness—a heart whose thoughts are pure, whose desires are pure, whose affections are pure, whose motives are pure, whose purposes are pure, whose principles are pure,—a heart that is the house of the immaculate Spirit of the infinite and eternal God! O, there is nothing beneath the skies so attractive, so beautiful, so desirable, so glorious as a pure heart? If not, if candor and conscience constrain us to answer in the negative, let me ask another question,—*would* we have pure hearts? Are we groaning after conformity to God? Are we hungering and thirsting after righteousness?—*Selected.*

LONG SERMONS.—Rev. Wm. Taylor, in "The Model Preacher," says:—"Often, when a preacher has driven a nail in a sure place, instead of clinching it, and securing well the advantage, he hammers away till he breaks the head off, or splits the board."—*Witness.*

IT is not plainer preaching, certainly it is not a clearer Bible, that you need: but it is a clearer eyesight, a power of sharper discernment, and a more perspicuous insight into yourself. This "opening of your eyes," this exaltation of your faculties, God alone can give.

THE gospel drops nothing but marrow and fatness, love and sweetness, and therefore God looks in these days that men should grow up to a greater height of holiness, heavenliness and spirituality than what they attained to in those dark days wherein the sun shone but dimly.

A HUMBLE soul can never be good enough; it can never pray enough, or hear enough, or mourn enough, or believe enough, or love enough, or fear enough, or joy enough, or repent enough, or loathe sin enough, or be humble enough.

FULL vessels will bear many a knock, many a stroke, and yet make no noise; so Christians, who are full of Christ and full of the Spirit, will bear many a blow, many a stroke, without murmuring.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER III.

How one should arrange his baggage—A morning in Aspinwall—Its inhabitants—Fruit dealers—Restaurants and Hotels—Departure of the trains for Panama—Fall in the Fruit Market.

ASPINWALL, January 28th, 1860.

FRIDAY morning the sun was out gloriously, the "Crooked Island Pass," and wicked Gulf, leagues astern. The Panama Railroad Company sends over an agent every trip, who weighs the baggage before getting to Aspinwall, takes the *ten cents* a pound for all that each man's "traps" weigh over fifty pounds, checks the whole, and surrenders it, when demanded, on the Pacific side. The baggage-room of the *Atlantic* was opened every day, unless it was rough, at 11 o'clock. With the baggage of eight hundred persons stowed closely in the hold, and each man's, practically, at the bottom of all, it may be readily guessed, that when it was open one might search for hours, and sweat like a race horse, under whip and spur, without finding it. For a fee, the porter will undertake in your behalf, but unless the offer is a tempting one, he may be two days about it, and fail you at last. But the day before arriving at Aspinwall the weighing begins, which is conducted in the hold. The owner must be on hand to designate his own, and that of all the widows who rely upon his gallantry for aid, drag the luggage to the beam, and take his checks. Then, for three days, he will see it no more. These baggage hunts, at the best, tend to provoke a deal of bad temper. In praise of the official in this "vexed" department, we can truly say, that, though he is the most run after, and teased, and annoyed, of all men on shipboard, he answers the thousandth question as courteously as the first, and spares no pains to make the nuisance as tolerable as possible.

But a word of advice for your 100,000 readers, many of whom may have occasion to use it within a twelve month. Take a carpet bag with you of such capacity as to contain all you need for a week,—take, (as it is no easy matter to provide against the emergencies of hottest summer and a New York winter,) also, a strong cotton or canvass sack on board, to stuff soiled linen and thick clothing into, and you need not suffer but one severe sweat, on your trunk's account, on each ocean. Let every trunk be as tough as sole leather, and strong as iron, and well strapped around. Cheap trunks meet with little sympathy—they rather provoke special hatred. At Aspinwall, the negros slide them from the bulwarks down to the dock, to the measure of double-quick time, and in such a zigzag manner as to cause a trunk maker's heart to leap for joy. Let the blame rest, however, on the excessive haste of the Company to unlade their vessel, rather than on the immoderate carelessness of those in their employ.

By day light, on Saturday morning, the *Atlantic* had disgorged her immense contents, and three trains of cars were made up to transport everything to the Pacific side. It was a starlight, misty morning. Emerging from the steamer was like taking a vapor bath. The Company's grounds; through which you pass from the wharf to the town,—are planted with coconuts, bananas, date palms, and the paw-paw tree, so that you feel at once that the land that presses your feet, for the first time since leaving New York, is a tropical country. Aspinwall dates back some six years, and numbers about two thousand inhabitants, composed of Spaniards, Frenchmen, Yankees, and Jamaica negroes, the latter largely predominating, I judge. The main street fronts the harbor, and is closely backed with stores, shops, restaurants, and hotels, (as they are called by courtesy.) The street is filled with fruit stands, near which sits or stands a half naked negress, hoping to sell you bananas, oranges, or sweet cake. The steerage pitch into the fresh oranges, bananas, and cakes, as though they were bent on expelling any suspected scurvy, and breaking the long fast from fruit. But curiosity, the strange scenery, and the advice of old travelers, frighten you out of too abundant an appropriation of fruit at first. You pass along, and are jostled in your walk by young negresses, crowding along with large, broad, wooden platters on their heads, filled with fruits, cakes, and bottles of claret, and advertising their wares by their tall, erect figures, many of whom were dressed cleanly and quite showily, and all indulged in "low necks" or *bare busts*, with the vanity and fastidiousness of a belle in a New England ball room. Curiosity impells you on; and now rings out upon your ear, the voice of a stout negro—"Here gemmens, your nice breakfast, only five dimes, and every man has three eggs and a cigar." But the five dime breakfast don't look temptingly, and you pass along to the *St. Charles*, and, for one dollar, get a luke-warm dish of coffee, with meats and potatoes, that, in any other than in a hot country, would have chilled the thorax in their descent to the stomach.

The town is the oddest mixture of Yankee enterprise, West India shrewdness, and Isthmus shiftlessness. The trades-people, who make such a bustle with their wares, are sharp for a bargain, witty, and full of merriment. They gabble in an unknown tongue together, but many of them talk English, fluently. The natives, or New Granadians, lazily look on, and worry nobody to trade with them. The young children toddle about stark naked, or go dressed up only in a hat. As the hour for the departure of the trains approaches, the main street is all alive with passengers, and the zeal of the fruit-sellers is largely increased. A crisis has arrived,—stocks fall, rates cheapen, low prices rule the fruit market.—and *importunity* is king of the edible mart. The trains are filled, and under each car window, raised upon the head of a flauntily-dressed colored girl, is presented the last golden offer. Some bargains are drove in spite of hissing engines and belching smoke-pipes, and, in the exchange, these yellow merchants experienced, doubtless, as much genuine satisfaction as does J. J. ASTOR, Jr., in salting down his daily interest money of about $11,540. But more anon. S. B. R.

LETTER IV.

Ride across the Isthmus—Scenes en route—Panama—Present and former condition—Its military—Men-of-War in the Harbor—Conveyance to the "Golden Age."

PANAMA, New Granada, January 28, 1860.

AT 5 o'clock in the morning, the three several trains are ready to dash off for the Pacific coast. Those who wait for the last train find ample room and abundant accommodations. The cars are light and airy, built to admit every breath of air and only to shut out the sun and rain. I had heard much of the terrible heat of this ride, and had prepared to be well used up at its end, but was much disappointed. We accomplished it in three hours, and would have been better pleased if it had taken five. It was, certainly, hot, but the motion of the cars produced a qualifying breeze, and, on the whole, the ride was a delightful one. The rank vegetation,—the trees all new to a northern eye,—the gorgeous flowers, in plenteous profusion,—the parasitic vines, climbing to every tall trunk, forming festoons and drooping from every horizontal branch to the ground,—the birds, of enormous size and richest plumage,—the mammoth forms of plants that are dwarfs at the north,—all combine and unite to make it a most entertaining ride. The surface is wonderfully variegated, being cut into mountain and dale, morass and glen. The road is marvelously crooked, and not without a reason,—it being easier to pass round a hill than through it.

The road is dotted with native villages and miniature towns. They are built principally of bamboo sticks, and thatched with broad palm or cocoa leaves. We saw one that aspired to the importance of a city, having some forty-five or fifty cabins in the group. They are situated on small eminences, overshadowed by the graceful cocoa, and surrounded by little clearings, which afford pasturage for their cows and mules. Their means of support comes from the wood they cut and sell to the railroad company. It was truly a laughable scene to witness a party of negroes, and their mules, or horses, carrying or transporting cordwood on their backs to the roadside. Each animal carried about a wheelbarrowful, and handled his backload with nicety and care, as he wended his way through tangled brushwood and fallen trees. The cattle along the route were small, of a dark, dun color, with black lines on the back, dark noses and legs, and very long black horns,—they looked smart and in good trim. Whenever we stopped to wood up, there was a rush of natives with fruit to sell, claret, lime juice, and ice-water.

We arrived at Panama about 9 o'clock, hence we had plenty of time to visit this ancient adobe town, the narrow streets of which, between high houses, shut out the sun, and render it cool and refreshing. This is an old town, built by the Spanish in the Sixteenth Century. It is decidedly a historic curiosity. It was once a walled city, strongly fortified and protected. It is this no longer,—its walls are torn down, its forts and strongholds are haunts for swine and turkey buzzards,—its once imposing and costly cathedrals are in ruins, and the swallows and bats scream and twitter on crumbling altars where long since the priest, in cassock and gown, said mass, and offered devout prayers for the guilty at the confessional. A few of the old churches escaped the fires of civil wars, and remain as specimens of the vast sums spent by the church in the erection of religious temples. The date on one we noticed was:—"Built in 1688." Dilapidated buildings and grass-grown ruins meet the eye at every corner. It is truly a forsaken and sad-looking place.

It would appear that in the constant war of races, the old Castilian blood is nearly merged in that of the native and negro stripe. We saw only a few specimens of the Spanish gentleman. The natives and negroes have patched up the town and contrived to have some 6,000 people stay there, beside all their dogs and hogs, monkeys and mules, hens and turkey-buzzards. Filth is an essential ingredient in all the suburbs. Children are reared *naked* until six or eight years old, and half of the male negroes seem happiest when the stump of a sleeveless shirt makes their entire costume. Nude babies, in the arms of nurses and mothers, they themselves with bare busts or a naked arm and shoulder, and a half dozen others, from two to five and six years,—all as naked as when they came into existence,—unite to form a spectacle unusual, to say the least, to a refined northern eye. But the heat of the climate may be their excuse, lame as it is.

The New Granada government keeps and sustains an armed native soldiery here to prevent any feuds between travelers and the inhabitants. Some forty black soldiers, with a white captain, all uniformed, and equipped with bristling guns, manage to make a show and cower the quarrelsome. They look strongest in the distance. On close inspection I found them mostly beardless boys, sleepy and dull-looking,—just fit to charge on a hen roost and carry it. Anchored in the harbor is one British man-of-war, also two American steam frigates, each carrying 32 guns, and manned with from four to five hundred sailors and marines. Thus our shipping interests are protected at the main port of New Granada.

A barge transported the passengers and freight from the dock to the steamer, which lay anchored some two miles out, beyond shoal water, and near the islands (two or three in number) on which the company have their machine shops. We left Panama at 4, and before 5 found ourselves on board the *Golden Age*, which had been put in best order for our reception. We had just time to find our state room, adjust mattress and things to our liking, look about over the spacious, airy, elegant steamer, cast another glance at that odd, mysterious, curious, uninviting sea port left behind, when the gun announced that we were off again. S. B. R.

CORAL FORMATIONS.

HILLS have been levelled, valleys filled up, and cities built, by the might of man, and his works have been justly considered as great and mighty productions. But if man has built proud cities, he may justly feel humbled in comparing his works with the little coraline insects of the sea, who have built islands in the deep ocean, with no other material for their walls than the matter held in solution by the waters. Coral is a stony product of the sea, resembling the productions of the garden, rivaling trees and shrubs in the gracefulness and delicacy of their forms. In olden times it was believed that coral was a petrified vegetable production, as it was well known that vegetation could produce stately forests and minute plants; and when it was first suggested that it was the work of little jelly-like animals, by the naturalist, Peysonnel, in 1751, scientific men pronounced the idea absurd.

It is well known that coral is the stony frames belonging to coraline insects, and a piece of it may be said to be composed of millions of their skeletons. We have received a large specimen of this marine marble flora, sent to us by Geo. E. Harkness, engineer of Fort Jefferson, Florida.—It is of the kind found at the Tortugas Islands, and is very beautiful, branching out into broad leaves, rivaling, in their tiny tracery, the works of the most skillful sculptors. Coral is principally composed of lime; the insects secrete it from the waters of the sea, and as each generation expires, its successors continue the building until it arises from the ocean as coral rocks and islands. The operations of these marine insects are principally confined to the warmer waters of the ocean, such as in the Gulf of Florida, and the Indian and Pacific Oceans. It is remarkable that, at 50 miles back from the sea-coast, in the Carolinas, as perfect specimens of coral are frequently dug from the marl pits as those obtained fresh from the sea. The limestone of New Jersey and of Missouri give evidence of their coraline origin, thus affording proof that many extensive tracts of this country were once under the waters of the great deep, and that these little creatures were the builders of many of the rocks and much of the dry land.

But the coral insects perform another great office beside increasing the boundaries of the land. It is well known that silica, lime, magnesia, alumina, oxyds of iron, and other soluble impurities, are carried down into the ocean by the waters from rivers. The little coralines act the part of scavengers of the sea, as they secrete only the impurities, and refuse the salts of sodium, and thus they build their houses from the very material which otherwise would accumulate and render the ocean waters as bitter as those of the Sea of Sodom. The coral insects and marine shellfish store away the excess of lime-water in the sea, and tend to purify its waters, in the same manner that trees and vegetation absorb carbonic acid from the atmosphere, and keep it pure for the welfare of man. It is thus that the operations of nature are conducted upon a wise, simple, and sublime plan, by the great Author of Creation.—*Scientific American.*

FRENCH HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL.

LOOKING over Allison's History of Europe, from the commencement of the French Revolution until the restoration of the Napoleon dynasty, in 1852,—a work which, despite its Tory bias, is a repertory of valuable facts, political and personal,—we were impressed with the idea of the mutability of politics in Paris. On a hasty thought, who would believe that all the great events in France, from the Revolution of 1789 to the close of the Italian war, in 1859, took place within the limited period of seventy years? This includes the destruction of the French monarchy, the first republic, the rise, progress, and fall of Napoleon, the restoration of the Bourbons, the return from Elba, the Imperial rule of the Hundred Days, the second return of the Bourbons, the imprisonment and death of Napoleon, the accession and deposition of Charles the Tenth, the "glorious three days of July," the rise of Louis Philippe to the French throne, as Lafayette's "best of republics," the revolution of 1848, and the exile of the Orleans family, the second republic with Lamartine's brief ascendancy, the election of Louis Napoleon to the Presidency, the *coup d'etat* of 1851, the restoration of the Empire, the *entente cordiale* with England, the visits of Napoleon to London and of Victoria to Paris, the Crimean war, and the recent contest of 1859, which aimed at making Italy free "from the Alps to the Appenines."

We shall gratify historical students, if not general readers, by condensing into a very limited space, the annals of the thirteen different changes of government which France has experienced in the seventy years between 1789 and 1859,—a period which is within the memory of numerous living persons:

1. Louis XVI and the Assemblies—May 5, 1789, to August 10, 1792.

2. The National Convention—September 24, 1792, to October 5, 1795.

3. The Directory—October 5, 1795, to November 7, 1799.

4. The Consulate; Napoleon, Sieges, and Ducos—December 24, 1799, to August 2, 1802.

5. The Consulate for Life; Napoleon—August 2, 1802, to May 18, 1804.

6. The Empire—March 27, 1804, to April 11, 1814.

7. The Restoration of Louis XVIII—April 21, 1814, to March 19, 1815.

8. Imperial Reign of the Hundred Days—March 19, 1815, to June 22, 1815.

9. Second Restoration of the Bourbons—July 8, 1815, to August 1, 1830.

10. Louis Philippe as King—August 7, 1830, to February 24, 1848.

11. Second Republic—February 26, 1848, to December 2, 1851.

12. Presidency for Ten Years—January 15, 1852, to December 2, 1852.

13. The Empire restored—December 9, 1853.

Here, then, in a few lines, is the history of the government in France during the last seventy years. What future changes may take place, no one can prophecy; but the moral of the past is, that in France nothing is stable except instability.—*Philadelphia Press.*

ROTTEN GLASS.

GLASS, above all other materials, is popularly supposed to be imperishable. The Portland vase, said to be above 1,600 years old, is still perfect in surface and details. Glass, however, will decay, particularly when made with soda instead of potash, as practiced by some manufacturers, for economy. Glass thus made will be found to sweat constantly, and although at first no difference in quality can be detected, yet eventually it will be found that the glass is rendered useless thereby, from the minute but perceptible exudation of soda, appearing like a vapor upon the surface.—If water be used in this description of glass, containing carbonate of lime, each glass is soon covered with an opaque coating which cannot be removed. This arises from the water having a greater affinity for the soda in the glass than for the lime which it holds in solution; the soda is therefore taken up by the water, and the lime deposited on the glass. Examples of this imperfect glass may be seen, covered thickly with a sort of crystalline substance; the glass, in time, cracks and falls to pieces. This should be a hint to housewives, and others who use large quantities of glass, that, owing to the extra breakage and labor of cleaning, the cheap glass formed of wrong materials is the most expensive in the end.

THE GULF STREAM.—There is a river in the ocean. In the severest drouth it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of water. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than ten times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that this line of junction with the common sea water may be traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in the Gulf Stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea, so sharp is the line and the want of affinity between these waters; and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of the Gulf Stream, to mingle with the common water of the sea.—*Lieut. Maury.*

TEA.

DEAR RURAL:—Inclosed I send you a sample of adulterated tea. The article that I send you was bought by my brother for tea, but appears to be a mixture of poisonous drugs, and makes silver black as iron. If convenient, will you please get this (what shall I call it?) stuff analyzed by some experienced chemist, and give the result in your columns, that all may read and know the impositions practiced upon them. I do not wish to be tedious, and will not write any more at present, but would like to have attention called to this subject, and hope that some of your correspondents will give their opinions in regard to this matter. G. C.

Kinsman, Trum. Co., Ohio, 1860.

THE article sent us with the above, is a miserable-looking compound, neither green nor black, but of various shades of brown and yellow, and something that, at one time, no doubt, was intended for green. If this is tea, it has probably been damaged by being wet with sea water. On some of the leaves, there are white spots, showing the appearance of plaster. It would require a thorough analysis to exhibit the composition of this tea, and this we cannot give at the present.

The adulteration of tea has recently been brought to the attention of Congress, by a motion instructing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of preventing the importation of adulterated or spurious teas. The member introduced his resolve with a statement in the preamble that "certain parties are preparing to send to America, as tea, certain substances, some of which are of a deadly nature, and others calculated to bring on the most fearful disorders in the human frame."

On this subject the *Springfield Republican* makes the following remarks:—"To allay all unnecessary squeamishness in the lovers of the fragrant drink, that 'cheers, but not inebriates,' it should be stated that the ankoi, or wild tea of China, with which the cheap black teas are largely adulterated, is quite as harmless as the tame tea, and the only objection to it is its disagreeable flavor. Then there are the 'Canton-made' teas, imitations of green teas, some of them being the grounds re-dried after the Chinese have drawn its first flavor, and mixed with old tea dust to give them an aroma.

When you find tea that is fragrant to the smell, but yields little strength in the tea-pot, the presumption is that it has already done service in some economical Chinese family, who considered the grounds quite good enough for 'outside barbarians.' The Chinese have even gone so far as to make imitations of the twisted tea leaves of tissue paper, coloring and glazing them so as to deceive the eye perfectly—a fact that shows how cheap human labor is. But as to deadly and insidious poisons, we don't believe a word. The idea exists only among members of Congress, who think all the rest of the world as corrupt as their associates. Our faith in tea and the Chinese is still unshaken, and we pass for the second and third cup without a misgiving."

COCOA.

WILL you please tell us how the cocoa, which we buy at the stores, is made, and what from? Also, is it a healthy and nutritious beverage, or is it injurious?

Smyrna, N. Y., 1860. R. I.

Cocoa (*Theobroma cacao*) is a species of bean, growing upon a tree, found wild, and also cultivated extensively in Mexico and other parts of Central America, in South America, in the West Indies, in Spain, France, Italy, etc.

The engraving shows the general form of the cocoa tree, growing 12 to 18 feet in height; and also the leaf, flower, and fruit,—these are largely magnified, as compared with the engraving of the tree. The fruit grows directly from the stem and principal branches. It is in the form of a thick cucumber, or small, oblong melon, four to five inches in length, like 2 in the figure. This pod contains from ten to thirty beans or seeds, embedded in rows, in a pulp or spongy substance, like that of a watermelon. These seeds are taken out when ripe, cleaned and dried, and are then ready for market.

The seeds are subsequently prepared in several ways. 1. The beans are freed from the surrounding husks, and broken or ground into coarse fragments. These are sold like coffee, and afterward treated and prepared for the table in a similar manner. 2. The bean, including the husk, (which forms about one-tenth of its weight,) is roasted and made into a paste by beating in a mortar, or grinding between hot rollers. This paste is then mixed with various ingredients, such as starch, sugar, etc., and often much adulterated. It is made into cakes and sold as cocoa, rock cocoa, or soluble cocoa. 3. The hulled beans are ground into a paste by means of hot rollers, which partially roast them at the same time; sugar, and various kinds of seasoning, such as vanilla, cinnamon, cloves, etc., are added.—This forms the well-known *chocolate*. Its value, taste, and flavor depend upon the skill or taste, or honesty of the particular manufacturer. The name *chocolate* is derived from the Mexican name of the plant "*Chocolatl*." It is said to have been used by the Mexicans from time immemorial.—The Spaniards found it in common use so long ago as A. D. 1520, and brought it thence to Europe. Linnæus was so exceedingly fond of the beverage prepared from the cocoa, that in naming the plant he called it *Theo-broma*, or Food of the Gods, (from *Theos*, god, and *broma*, food.)

Chocolate, prepared as above, is made up into sweet cakes, and eaten as a nutritious and solid food. It is also scraped into powder and dissolved in water, forming a thick, nutritious beverage or soup. The husks of the beans are also used alone in preparing what is called cocoa-tea. They can usually be bought separately.

Cocoa, and its preparations, chocolate, etc., are somewhat stimulant, like tea and coffee, and produce similar effects upon the system, though in a much less degree. It is far more nutritious, containing a large amount of oil, as well as a considerable proportion of gluten, starch, gum, etc.

The amount of oil renders it harder to digest than milk, beef-tea, and other similar beverages, and it does not agree with some persons; but when ground with sugar, starch, etc., as in chocolate, it is usually a very good diet, especially for invalids, since it combines nourishment with moderate tonic and exhilarating properties.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS had three ways of proving a man a fool. He is a fool who seeks that he can not find; he is a fool who seeks that which, if found, will do him more harm than good; he is a fool who, having several ways to bring him to his journey's end, selects the worst one.

WIT is not the produce of study, it comes almost as unexpectedly on the speaker as on the hearer, one of the first principles of it is good temper; the arrows of wit ought always to be feathered with smiles—when they fail in that they become a sarcasm.

DON'T live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves, and put their shoulders to the wheel.

QUARTER-DAY—RENEWALS, &c.

As this No. closes the first quarter of Volume Eleven, we would remind subscribers that our rule is to adhere strictly to the CASH SYSTEM. All whose subscriptions expire this week, will find the No. to which they have paid (633) printed after their address, and we trust those interested will not only renew their own subscriptions, but invite others to join them in taking the RURAL. The New Quarter, commencing with April, will be a good time for subscriptions to begin, and we hope that many herein addressed will kindly see what may be done in the way of continuing former and starting new clubs. Reader, If you consider the RURAL NEW-YORKER preferable to the trashy literary, and windy political organs, please manifest the same by appropriate action among your neighbors and acquaintances—remembering that we depend mainly upon the voluntary efforts of subscribers who are ardent friends of Improvement to maintain and augment its circulation. See Special Notices elsewhere in this and late numbers.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 31, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Secretary of the Navy received, on the 19th inst., the following dispatch relative to the engagement at Vera Cruz between Capt. Jarvis, commander of the U. S. naval forces, and Gen. Marin, who commanded the Spanish or Miramon naval forces:

NEW ORLEANS, March 19, 1860.

Hon. Isaac Toucey, Secretary of the Navy:

SIR:—Lieutenant Chapman left Vera Cruz on the 11th inst, in command of the prize steamer Marquis, of Havana, as bearer of despatches to department from Capt. Jarvis; but learning on my arrival here this morning that he had not arrived, I deem it my duty to forward the following report to you:

On the 13th inst., General Miramon commenced the seige of Vera Cruz, and on the 9th General Marin appeared before the city with this and another steamer, and not showing his colors, Commander Turner, in the Saratoga, with detachments from the Savannah and Preble, in the steamer Indianola and Wave, was ordered to proceed to the anchorage of the steamers, off Anti Lizardo, and ascertain their character. Upon nearing them one of them was seen to be moving off, when a shot was fired ahead of her to bring her to, and the Indianola sent to overhaul her. The ball from the Indianola was replied to by a fire from Gen. Miramon's guns, and a volley of musketry, when the Saratoga fired a broadside, and the action became general, resulting in the capture of both of Marin's steamers, with himself and a large number of his men on board.

Capt. Jarvis ordered both prizes to this port. The Preble will be here in a few days, with Marin and most of the prisoners on board, the rest being distributed between this steamer and the Marquis, of Havana.

Your despatch will reach me here.

Respectfully,
R. D. MINOR, Lieut. U. S. Navy,
Commanding prize steamer Gen. Miramon.

Some additional intelligence was received on the 20th, from Lieut. Chapman, who had reached New Orleans in one of the captured steamers, as bearer. The facts which he communicates are nearly the same as those in Lieut. Minor's dispatch. He states the engagement with the two Mexican war steamers of Miramon's government, and says:

I am in charge of one of the steamers. The Preble accompanies the other, with the majority of the prisoners. The loss of life is small, and among the crew only. They fired the first shot. I will be in Washington as soon as possible. The engine of the vessel commanded by me, broke down at sea. By order of Capt. Jarvis, I am directed to say that the ships at Vera Cruz are very short of provisions, particularly bread. It is imprudent for any of them to leave Vera Cruz at this time, in the present state of feeling there.

It appears that Capt. Jarvis, in this affair, acted without any instruction from this government. They had, however, sent out instructions by Minister McLane, and to the Commander of the Gulf Squadron, that in case any attempt was made by Miramon's vessel to blockade Vera Cruz, or any of the ports in the Gulf, to resist them at all hazards. Capt. Jarvis, who is a discreet and gallant officer, with a full appreciation of his duties in protecting American citizens and their property against the piratical operations of Miramon, has undoubtedly carried out the views and wishes of the administration to the letter.

Marin, who was captured with the steamers, was formerly a commodore in the old Mexican navy. Our government is possessed of information of all that passed between Miramon and him, and framed Mr. McLane's instructions under that knowledge. He had credit for eighty thousand dollars in one bill, which was subsequently increased, to purchase steamers and munitions of war, either in the United States or Cuba, to cooperate against Miramon, when the attack from land was made against Vera Cruz. He left Havana under the Spanish flag, which was the original colors of the steamers, but subsequently hoisted the Mexican flag. His movements were known and watched throughout.

The British Minister at Washington was informed of the intention of our government to disregard any blockade Miramon attempted at Vera Cruz, and of the extent of Mr. Lane's instructions to that effect—and, it is understood, acquiesced in the policy, upon the ground that Mexican privateers might be fitted out to the serious injury of the commerce in the Gulf.

The Navy Department have been advised by the flag officer of the Mediterranean Squadron, that the Iroquois had landed our Consul General at Morocco. In the absence of an American vessel, the commander of the English ship-of-war Vultura had offered to carry the Consul and his family away whenever they desired to leave the city.

A special Washington dispatch states that Spain is to be called out for an explanation with regard to the fitting out at the port of Havana, of the steamers recently captured by the Gulf Squadron, and if the explanations are not satisfactory, the neutrality laws, so far as regards Spain, will assuredly be suspended.

Consul General Harris, writing from Yeddo to the Secretary of State, says that American affairs there are in an unsatisfactory condition. The Japanese evade the faithful observation of the most important stipulations, or meet them with a passive resistance. He adds:—He is unwearied in his efforts to convince the government of the dangerous course it is pursuing, and until its eyes are open to the perils it incurs by its present course, no change for the better can be called for.

The documents sent to the Senate mention the fact that Lord Elgin has requested the Japanese to send an ambassador direct to England, but they evaded the application, giving this country the preference.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The House bill authorizing the publishers of newspapers to print on their papers the date when subscriptions expired, was taken up.

Mr. Yulee reported an additional section, to the effect that the drop letters delivered in large cities by carriers, be charged one cent postage, instead of two cents, as heretofore, which was adopted, and the bill then passed.

On motion of Mr. Johnson, the resolution asking the President for information as to the Mountain Meadows massacre, was adopted.

On motion of Mr. Mason, a resolution was adopted asking the Secretary of State for information as to the proposed diplomatic mission from Japan.

Mr. Sebastian introduced a resolution authorizing a treaty to be made with the Indians owning land in and about Pike's Peak, and providing for extinguishing their title to the land. Mr. Mason was opposed to acquiring more territory, and moved to strike out the latter part. After debate the amendment was disagreed to,—nays 33, yeas 5. The resolution was then passed.

After debate, the amendment by Mr. Hamlin, making the reduction 25 per cent. on the present prices, was agreed to, as was also an amendment offered by Mr. Fitch, that the reduction shall apply to all the printing of the present Congress, except the post-office blanks. The bill was then passed.

Mr. Hale offered a resolution, that the President of the United States inform the Senate if any instructions have been given to officers of the navy, by which, in any event, the naval forces of the United States were to take part in the civil war in Mexico, and by what authority certain Mexican steamers were captured, and their officers and crews made prisoners. Adopted.

Mr. Seward introduced a resolution calling on the President for information relative to the expulsion of a naturalized citizen of the United States from Prussia, in 1859, which was adopted.

Mr. Yulee, from the P. O. Committee, reported a bill in relation to undelivered letters. It provides that persons, by endorsing their names on letters sent, can have them returned, for additional charge, when undelivered. The bill was passed.

HOUSE.—The resolution, as reported by the committee, requiring Mr. Williamson to serve on Mr. Sickles within ten days, a particular statement of the grounds of the contest, and that Mr. Sickles serve an answer within twenty days thereafter, and that both parties be allowed sixty days to take testimony in support of their separate allegations, was then adopted—80 to 64.

Mr. Potter offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for all the papers appertaining to the removal of the late Collector at Milwaukee, as to whether he was a public defaulter.

The House then voted on the referring to the Committee on Military Affairs the West Point Academy Bill, as returned from the Senate, with the amendment making an appropriation for calling into service a mounted regiment of Texan volunteers. Agreed to, 111 against 72.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—Mr. Spinola called up the concurrent resolution requesting the return from the Governor of the bill to prohibit Sunday amusements in New York, and advocated the same on the ground that the bill was an offensive act of injustice to a large body of worthy citizens. The resolution was adopted.

Bills Passed.—To create the county of Conhocton; to amend the act to encourage the improvement of the breed of domestic animals; to amend the law relating to divorces; to amend the act relative to the sale of stamped bottles; to appoint Inspector of gas-meters; the bill to preserve public peace and order on the Sabbath, which really prohibits Sunday amusements as effectually as the bill vetoed by the Governor.

ASSEMBLY.—Mr. Miller made a majority report against the Senate bill, fixing the ferryage between New York and Brooklyn at one cent. The report was adopted.

The Railroad Toll Bill came down from the Senate as amended by that body.

Mr. Flagler moved to concur on all the Senate amendments, excepting those limiting the operation of the bill to three years, and allowing the roads to commute for tolls, and to raise way passenger fare one-half cent per mile.

Mr. Milliken regretted to see the humiliating position in which the House was placed, by having rushed so important a measure through, full of most absurd blunders, destroying the very principle of the bill. It was well to call the Senate amendments clerical, but they were not sound. The House had rushed the bill through at railroad speed, without knowing what it was doing. He hoped it would learn a lesson from the past, and moved to lay the bill on the table to print the amendments. Lost—31 to 52.

The House then refused to concur in the amendments named by Mr. Flagler, and the bill was returned to the Senate.

The House concurred in the Senate bill to increase the fees of the grand and petit jurors all over the State, except Kings county, to $1,50 per day.

Bills Passed.—Among a large number of private bills finally acted upon, were the following, of a public character:—To regulate Supervisors' compensation for distributing school moneys; in relation to the collection of payment of assessments; for closing the tunnel on Atlantic st., Brooklyn.

Highly Important from Mexico.

MIRAMON approached Vera Cruz on the 19th inst. with 5,000 men, a numerous train of artillery and ammunition stores, and encamped four miles from the city. The head-quarters were at Medina. His principal Generals are Robles and Negrete. The city was in the best state of defence. The garrison was composed of from 3,000 to 4,000 men, well supplied in every respect. Gen. Iglea James was in command, with Ampudia as chief of the artillery.

Miramon notified the foreign vessels that he would commence the bombardment of Vera Cruz on the night of the 13th, and he would not be responsible for the shipping anchored under the Castle on the night of that date. The bombardment began at the specified time, and continued until the 14th, but with little damage. On the 9th, two steamers appeared before the city, and refused to show their colors. Commander Jarvis, of the American Squadron, therefore, ordered the Saratoga, with detachments from the Savannah and Preble, on the steamers Indianola and Wave, to proceed to the anchorage and ascertain the character of the steamers. Captain Turner then sent a boat with a flag, to demand the nationality of the steamers. The boat was fired upon twice, whereupon the Saratoga fired her broadside into the steamer General Miramon, and the action became general. Both steamers now hoisted the Spanish flag.

The steamers returned the Saratoga's fire, and then tried to escape. The Indianola pursued the Miramon, whereupon the latter fired upon her. The Indianola returned the fire, and her crew boarded the Miramon at the point of the beyonet. A portion of the Indianola's deck was carried away by the shot. The Miramon was then run aground, and the Saratoga brought the Marquis to. After a spirited engagement Marin surrendered, and with most of his men, was taken prisoner. The American loss is but three wounded, one of whom is mortally. The Mexican loss is about 15 killed and 20 or 30 wounded.

Captain Turner asked Marin why he fired on the American vessels without provocation. Marin replied that his men could not be controlled. He knew the nationality of the Saratoga, and understood her signals. The men fired contrary to his orders. Capt. Turner replied, "you are entirely responsible for the outrage."

It is stated that the expedition cost $300,000, mostly furnished in Havana by the government, in accordance with a secret article in the Almont treaty.

There were captured with the two steamers six mortars, six 24 pounders and 2,000 stand of small arms. The steamers are worth $60,000. They broke down the third day out, and put into Sisal. The materials of war were stored away below, out of the sight of the men who were ignorant of the destination of the expedition, and who were forced into the service.

The prisoners corroborated the report in relation to the steamers, that they cleared from Havana as merchantmen, and hoisted the Mexican flag only after they left that port, and subsequently mounted six guns.

On the 14th, an armistice and conference was proposed between MIRAMON and JUAREZ, but it terminated on the 15th without any arrangement being made. The latest intelligence is to the effect that the bombardment recommenced on the morning of the 15th inst., with redoubled energy, the shot and shell taking effect in the city, killing several and doing much damage. Many shot fell among the shipping under the Castle, but without damage. Two Spanish war steamers arrived at Vera Cruz on the 15th.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Sir Robert C. Hill, a commander at Waterloo, and in the Peninsular War, is dead.

No more floating batteries, with iron sides, are to be constructed, owing to the Armstrong guns having completely riddled the thick iron plates of the exporimental vessels.

The projected annexation of Savoy and Nice to France, continued to attract much attention. The London Times, while editorially condemning the project, and applauding the firm protest of the Government against it, repudiates the idea of England demanding any explanations, which might any day lead to war. The Paris Pays, in an editorial,—complaining of the hostility of England to annexation,—says it would be unreasonable to suppose that the Emperor would renounce that which regards the security of one of the most important frontiers of France.

FRANCE.—The question of the annexation of Savoy to France was the prominent topic.

Sardinia had consented to the inhabitants of Savoy voting on the subject.

It was reported that since Sardinia rejected Napoleon's programme for Italy, the French troops have received orders to be ready to march at the first notice, and that the evacuation of Lombardy and the return of the army to France are threatened.

The Bank of France has gained four and a half millions francs in specie during the month.

The *Constitutionnel* publishes an article, explaining the French policy in Italy. In mentioning the solution proposed in the message of M. Theuvenal, the *Constitutionnel* says it is not a Sardinian solution, but it is an Italian one. Sardinia will possess in Tuscany an ally who will aid her to overcome the opposition of Naples and Rome, in order to constitute an Italian nation, with the concurrence of all its nationalists, and not an Italian kingdom, absorbing everything, without considering essential differences of opposing interest and distrust of Europe.

The Times' Paris correspondent says there is a rumor among military men that the soldiers now on leave, are to rejoin their regiments as soon as possible. It is said that the Imperial Guard is not to be exempted.

The cardinals and prelates who are members of the Senate, have presented petitions, demanding maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope.

The *Patrie* asserts that the reply of Sardinia to the last dispatch of M. Thouvenal has arrived at Paris.

The King is said to have agreed to the solution proposed by France in reference to Romagna, but as regards the solution of Tuscany, proposed by the Emperor, the reply of the King is said to be less distinct.

The *Patrie* adds:—We are unable to make known the exact reply of Sardinia, in reference to the annexation of Savoy to France.

The Paris correspondent of the Times states that the bulls of excommunication against Victor Emanuel are ready to be launched, the moment the approbation of the Central Italian States is decreed.

Marshal Rielly, Senior Marshal of France, is dead.

AUSTRIA.—The official *Wiener Zeitung* has published the following programme of reforms sanctioned by the Emperor:—The Council of the Emperor will be augmented by the nomination of Extraordinary Councilor, selected from among persons of known ability, and by nomination of thirty-seven ordinary Councilors, chosen from a list to be presented by Provincial Diets. The Council of the Empire will examine the budget, control laws relating to the financial matters, laws of general interest, projects for the formation of the provincial diets, and all questions submitted to its deliberation by the Emperor, until the convocation of the Provincial Diets. The Emperor will complete the Council of the Empire by appointing persons of great distinction, on the basis of population.

ITALY.—War is extremely probable between Austria and Piedmont. Piedmont is buying cavalry horses in France.

It is stated that Count Arese has been entrusted by the Emperor Napoleon with a mission to bring about a definite settlement between France and Piedmont, on the Savoy question.

A Government ordinance has been issued, suppressing all former decrees against the liberty of the Press in Florence.

The *Opinione* publishes Count Cavour's dispatch of the 2d, relating to Savoy and Nice. He declares that the aggrandizement of Sardinia never proved dangerous to France, but considering the obligations Sardinia is under to France, serious attention must be given to the Emperor's demand, at the moment when Sardinia demands for the inhabitants of Central Italy the right to dispose of their destiny. She exposes herself to the charge of inconsistency if she denies the right of freely expressing their wishes to her subjects. Dwelling on the other side of the Alps, however great the regret would be at the cradle of the Piedmontese monarchs demanding a separation, Sardinia would not refuse to recognize the weight of a manifestation, however slight, if made in conformity with the prescriptions of Parliament, in regard to the opposition of the great Powers.

The official Gazette publishes Farini's reply to Cavour's message of February 29th. He says if the form of the new vote is not decided upon, he should choose Universal Suffrage. The acts of Rome had destroyed every possibility of a Vicarate, as proposed by France, upon the Romagna. He guarantees full and absolute liberty in voting.

A dispatch from Cavour to Ricasola, dated July 29, communicates the French ideas relating to the settlement of Central Italy, says the assurances of the French Government show that the election of a Prince of the House of Savoy would be opposed by France. Whatever may be the result of the new vote for Tuscany, the King would accept it beforehand.

Ricasola, in a dispatch to Cavour, dated March 4th, denies that Tuscany aspires, without reflection, to a union with Piedmont. He says everything confirms the opinion that they were right in freeing themselves from Austria.

SPAIN.—News from Morocco is to the 28th of February. The permanent occupation of Tetuan by the Spanish had been definitely agreed upon, and 10,000 beds had been ordered to be sent there. Several battalions in the Peninsula had been ordered to be ready to go to Africa on the first summons.

A letter from the Sultan of Morocco was read on the 25th of February, at the principal mosque in Tangiers, announcing his objections to the conditions of peace proposed by Spain. He says that he is coming to the northern provinces with a large force; that there is little prospect of peace; that he has ample funds, and that he will prosecute the war to the end, if he loses all his his seaports. He exhorts all true believers to rise in defence of their country, and says he has given orders to put to death all plunderers. The Sultan, acting on the concluding announcement, had dismissed the Arab cavalry, who plundered Tetuan, and beheaded many of their chiefs.

An interview took place on the 23d of February between Marshal O'Donnell and Mulley Abbas. The cession of Tetuan was discussed, but the representatives of the Sultan were not prepared to accede to the demands of Spain, and the negotiations, therefore, came to an end.

TURKEY.—Another misunderstanding existed among the Ministers, and a change in the Ministry was hourly expected.

The Western Powers had made proposals to the Porte to assist in the maintenance of his rights in Servia and the Danubian Principalities, should any complications and an armed intervention occur there.

It is stated that the Porte had requested a treaty of alliance with them for certain emergencies.

It is certain that the Porte, besides calling out the Rediffs, has ordered a double enlistment as a precautionary measure. The Ulemas have recently protested to the Sultan against the taking of Tetuan, and have obtained a letter of encouragement and subsidies for Morocco.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs.*—Flour very dull, but steady at 23@29s. Wheat also very dull, but steady; red 9s 9d@10s 7d: while 10s 6d@12s. Corn dull; yellow 32s 9d@33s 6d. *Provisions.*—Pork dull for new lots, but firm for old, owing to reshipment for New York. Lard firm at 60@61s for fine qualities.

The News Condenser.

— The Canada Post-Offices are hereafter to be closed on Sunday.

— There is a prospect of a good grape crop in France this season.

— The Sant Ste. Marie Canal is to be opened on the 10th of May.

— Three prisoners escaped from Sing Sing prison on the 13th inst.

— The value of American vessels lost during February, is estimated at $518,000.

— The Charleston Mercury says the Carolina rice crop is a very large and full one.

— A deaf mute has been put upon his trial, on a charge of murder, at Oxford, N. Y.

— There are in Leavenworth, Kansas, one hundred and fourteen lawyers and judges.

— The decrease in the number of hogs packed in the West last season, was 114,214.

— The artificial breeding of fish has recently been successfully attempted in Canada.

— Bituminous coal, of an excellent quality, has been discovered near Plainfield, N. J.

— There are 8,473,861 acres of wild land in Maine, the valuation of which is $2,284,946.

— One thousand four hundred and fifty-seven emigrants arrived at New York in February.

— During the past ten years, the business of the French Post-Office has more than doubled.

— There is a project on foot in London for laying a new Atlantic cable the coming summer.

— Mr. Russell, the historian of the Crimean and Indian wars, will visit this country this year.

— The rumor that Spain had agreed to sell Cuba to the United States, is denied at Washington.

— The number of persons flogged in the British Navy, in 1858, was 997; of lashes inflicted, 1,239.

— A couple of youngsters were seen bathing in the Mohawk river, at Utica, on Saturday week.

— A German woman committed suicide in New York, recently, because her husband refused her $12.

— In a high wind at Painesville, Ohio, a woman, 35 years of age, was blown into a well and drowned.

— Seventy-five children died of scarlet fever in New York city last week, and seventy of consumption.

— A new and stringent act for the suppression of lotteries has just passed the Legislature of Maryland.

— The Russian government has ordered a steam fire engine from this country, for use at St. Petersburg.

— The Colonization Society is preparing to send out a pioneer colony to a new region—the Yoruba country.

— Baron Liebig has been appointed President of the Academy of Science, in Munich—successor of Thiersch.

— The appropriations made by the Virginia Legislature at its present session are estimated to exceed $5,000,000.

— The Utica Herald says Gerrit Smith is apparently quite recovered of his late attack and now entirely well.

— The next California State Fair has been located at Sacramento. The Society gains in prosperity every year.

— During the last month, nearly one million and a half of the new cents were issued from the Philadelphia mint.

— In Albany, on the 18th inst., Mrs. Johanna Harman died, at the advanced age of one hundred and three years.

— The Senate Committee on the Pacific Railroad are now said to be almost unanimous in favor of a single route.

— Three persons died at Westfield, Mass., during week before last, from the effects of vaccination with poisonous matter.

— It is contemplated to erect a grain elevator in Montreal, which shall cost five hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

— Ten thousand dollars have been appropriated by the Legislature of Louisiana towards building a Normal School.

— The English papers mention a dinner and dessert service, belonging to a right reverend bishop, which cost $60,000.

— There is a proposition before the Maine Legislature to remove the Capital of that State from Augusta to Portland.

— George Wood, Esq., a leading member of the bar of the city of New York, died on Sunday week. He was 71 years old.

— Gas is pronounced to be so complete a disinfectant, that no person can take the small-pox in a house where it is used.

— The aggregate production of tobacco, in Turkey, is 43,830,000 pounds, the sales of which amount to $2,191,500.

— Swamp lands in the suburbs of New Orleans are being drained, and the citizens anticipate a speedy extension of the city.

— The Legislature of Wisconsin has under consideration a bill which virtually abolishes all laws for the collection of debts.

— It is now proposed to call the Pike's Peak Territory Iobosa, an Indian word, meaning "dwellers on the mountain peak."

— It is said that a new Roman Catholic diocese is to be formed in the Northern part of this State, the Bishop to reside at Watertown.

— It is said that the French Emperor is about to confer the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon Major Philip Kearney, of New York.

— California Courts do a brisk business in divorces. In one day, recently, four were granted, and four applications heard and referred.

— The Dubuque Herald says that, on the 11th inst., not less than 30 teams passed through Marengo, Iowa, on their way to Pike's Peak.

— A letter from Salt Lake states that on the 15th of January, three shocks of earthquake were felt in Fillmore Co., and also in Toole Co.

— Ship-building is quite active at Boston. Thirteen or fourteen vessels, ships, and barques, will probably be built during the present season.

— Lord Macaulay was the third great Whig Statesmen who had commenced a History of the Revolution of 1688, and failed to finish the task.

— The National Era, published at Washington, once a popular and widely circulated journal, has been discontinued for want of support.

— The sufferers by the bombardment of Greytown are trying to get a commission appointed to inquire into and report the losses sustained by them.

— A company, with a capital of $3,250,000, is said to have been started in London to drain the city of Rio de Janeiro, under Government privileges.

— George W. Boyd, Esq., who died in Portland, Me., a few days since, bequeathed all his property, even to the most minute article, to Bowdoin College.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

The Farmer and his Friends,......101
Pleuro-Pneumonia,......101
Carrington's Drain Plow [Illustrated,]......101
"Pasturing on the Highway,"......102
Chicory,......102
Sowing Plaster,......102
Cure for Scratches,......102
Salting Food for Sheep,......102
Fast Walking Horses and Oxen,......102

The Bee-Keeper—Selecting a Home; Bees-Wax; Bee-Keeping; Taking Honey—Bee-Dress; Breeding......102

Rural Spirit of the Press—Hints on Sheep Management; Valuable Sheep from Ontario Co; How much Hay will keep a Horse; Water for Cows,......102

Inquiries and Answers—Black Spanish Fowls; Shoulder-slipt Horse; Ruta Baga Seeds; White Clover; Remedy for Ticks; Sheep Pulling their Wool; Inquiries and Answers,......102

Agricultural Miscellany—The Weather; That Wheat Premium; Small Suburban Farm Wanted; "High" Living in Paris; Good Cotswolds; To Protect Sheep from Dogs; Acknowledgements; Extra Maple Sugar; Marathon Ag. Society; Galen Ag. Society; East Maine Farmers' Club; Washtenaw Co. Ag. Society; State Fairs in 1860; Agricultural Association,......102

HORTICULTURAL.

Dwarf Pears for Farmers,......103
Farmers as Fruit Growers,......103
Charcoal as a Blanch for Celery [Illustrated]......103
Clinton Grape,......103

Inquiries and Answers—Grafting; Guano and Raspberries; Setting out an Orchard,......103

Horticultural Notes—Rhubarb Wine; The Weather,..103

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Graham Bread; Water-Cure Waffles; Indian Bread; How to select Flour; Making Pie-Crust; Coloring Dark Brown; Mock Oysters,......103

LADIES' OLIO.

Our May, [Poetical.] A Discussion—Chapter I: Kind Words at Home; Woman's Sphere; The Two Sexes,..104

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

To-morrow, [Poetical.] A Plea for Self-Esteem; Unwritten Poetry; Mountain Scenery; Tops have Come; Respect to the Sexes,......104

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Hymns for Devotional Hours, [Poetical.] "It is Finished;" Fate of the Apostles; Pure Hearts; Long Sermons,104

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letters No. III and IV,......105

USEFUL OLIO.

Coral Formations; French History in a Nutshell; Rotten Glass; The Gulf Stream,......105

YOUNG RURALIST.

Tea; Cocoa, [Illustrated,]......105

STORY TELLER.

Early Snowdrops, [Poetical.] The Angel-Side,......108

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Self-Help—Ticknor & Fields.
The Great Drain Plow—J. Carrington.
New Book on Grape Culture—Wm. Bright.
Books for the Season—Fowler and Wells.
Novelties! Novelties!—Wm. Thorburn.
Mend your own Tinware—Amos J. Root.
Attention Farmers—R. L. Howard.
Marblehead Drumhead Cabbage—Jas. J. H. Gregory.
Buckthorn—Lawton Blackberry Plants—E. D. Robinson.
Small Fruits, &c—John S. Goold.
Hubbard Squash Seed at Wholesale—Jas. J. H. Gregory.
Conn. Broad Leaf Tobacco Seed, &c—I. W. Briggs.
Seed Oats and Potatoes—P. P. Bradish.
Game and Fancy Poultry, Rabbits, &c—E. S. Ralph.
Kentucky Hunter for Sale—C. C. Phelps.
Hubbard Squash Seed—Jas. J. H. Gregory.
The Great Secret of Beauty—O. S. Howard.
Davis' Seedling Potatoes, &c—Wm. K. Gridley.
Fresh Apple Seeds—Geo. H. Flower.
Doolittle's Black Raspberry—A. Anthony & Son.
Davis' Seedling Potatoes—Geo. Babcock.
Cranberry Vines—Noble Hill.
Clark's Indelible Pencils—D. Stevens.
The Great Weather Guide—S. C. Bowen.
To Nurserymen and Dealers in Trees—D. W. Ranney.
Mahaleb Cherry Seedlings—A. Frost & Co.
Isabella and Clinton Grape Vines—Geo. Beck.
☞ For Horticultural Advertisements see page 103.

Special Notices.

THE SPRING CAMPAIGN!

A New Quarter of the RURAL *will commence with April—a good time for new Clubs, additions to present ones, (started Jan. 1st, or since,) or for single subscriptions to begin. Agents and Subscribers will, it is hoped, kindly continue their efforts in behalf of our circulation. For Publisher's Notices and Offers, see last week's paper, and also the last page of this number.*

SEND for RALPH'S Circular. See advertisement.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, March 27, 1860.

FLOUR is without change as to rates, but a very general dullness affects transactions.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in a little better demand than last week and prices have advanced. Corn lower, and considerable offered in the market. Oats declining.

PORK will now bring only $6,50@7 per cwt.—a decline of 25 cents on the week.

DAIRY.—This department of trade is without alteration in prices, with but little doing.

FRUIT.—Apples (green) are in demand and rates firm.—Dried are falling off, 5 cents per pound for prime being about maximum figure.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	12@13c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,50@1,60	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,40	Apples, bushel	75c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,10@1,15	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12
Corn, old	60@62c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	60@63c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	72@73c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	32@32c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	58@60c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	75@83c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$17,00@17,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,20@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.10
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$6,00@8,00
Cheese	9@11c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@4,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 26.—FLOUR—Market dull, heavy and drooping for all descriptions of State and Western, except super State, which is scarce and in moderate request at firm prices. Sales at $5,20@5,25 for super State; $5,25@5,40 for extra do; $5,20@5,25 for super Western; $5,30@5,65 for extra do; $5,95@6,10 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing tame. Canadian in limited request at easier prices; sales at $5,40@7,00 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Transactions in wheat are limited; market heavy, with a downward tendency; sales prime Milwaukee club at $1,21 in store; good Canadian at a trifle over $1,51. Rye quiet at 85@86c. Barley unchangeable; sales handsome Canada East at 85c. Corn easier and 1@2c lower; sales at 75@77c for yellow Jersey and Southern; 70@72c for mixed Western; 77c for good white Southern. Oats plenty and dull at 42@44c. for State and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork in fair demand and market firmer, while prime is quiet and unchanged; sales at $17,25 for old mess; $17,75@17,85 for new do; $12,50 for old prime; $14,37 for new do. Lard dull, but prices unchanged; sales at 10¾@11½c. Butter 11@14c for Ohio, 14@20c for State. Cheese at 10@12½c.

ASHES—The market is without change for pots; small sale at $4,25; pearls are firmer; sales at $6,68¾.

ALBANY, MARCH 26.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Our market for flour is quite languid. Corn meal quiet.

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,30
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,62
Common to good Western,	5,50@5,90
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	6,00@6,75
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,20
Common Canadian,	5,25@6,00
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,75@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,60
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,30

Corn meal, 14@15s. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Wheat is held above the views of buyers. Corn in moderate request for the East, with sales of round yellow at 74c. at the Central depot, asked 74½c, delivered at East Albany. But little doing in barley or oats.

SEED—We notice a sale of medium Clover at 7½c.

BUFFALO, MARCH 25.—FLOUR—The market continues remarkably quiet, and outside of a moderate home demand nothing is transpiring. The only sales reported were State at $4,90: extra Wisconsin at $5; ordinary extra Ohio at $5,25; double extras at $6,25.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy. Corn dull, heavy and weaker. Oats steady and in moderate demand; sales on track at 35c. Barley—Canadian nominal at 65@70c; one small lot, a choice sample, went at 72c. Rye nominal at 82c.

SEEDS—Clover dull and heavy, at $4,10@4,25; Timothy, at $3,10@3,25.

PROVISIONS—Dull and unchanged.

TORONTO, March 23.—FLOUR—The buoyancy in flour which was noted in our last issue, and which was caused by the excitement in wheat, has been lost during the week, and the market is now dull and inanimate. Sales cannot be effected, even at a considerable concession on the part of holders, and in the present state of the market, we have no resource but to give nominal quotations; at any of the following rates, we believe flour could be got:

Double extra,	$5,50@6,25
Extra,	5,25@5,50
Fancy,	5,00@5,25
Superfine No. 1,	4,65@4,85
Do. No. 2,	4,30@4,35
Oatmeal,	4,25@0,00
Cornmeal,	3,25@3,50

GRAIN. The deliveries of fall wheat during the week have been large and generally of very excellent quality. The extreme prices which we noticed in our last review were pretty freely paid up to Wednesday of last week, when the market began to give way, $1,40 being the outside figure for Thursday and Friday. On Saturday rates still further declined, and $1,35 was the highest realized. Since then the market has been pretty steady. On Tuesday, with receipts of 2,600 bushels, the best wheat was bought at $1,33@1,35, the latter figure being paid freely for good lots. Common and medium samples brought $1,23@1,32. The average price for the day was about $1,32 per bushel. There was not a great deal of animation on the market, the number of buyers was small, and their desire to secure wheat was less manifest than during the last week. The demand for the best descriptions of spring wheat for seed, imparts a firmness to the market which has prevented prices from sympathising with those for fall wheat. Good samples of desirable quality bring from $1,02@1,04, and common lots are sold at $1 per bushel. Barley is in very small supply, but rates are firm at 60c. per bushel. Peas are still firm, especially for the better qualities. The receipts during the week were very large, and the impression is general that large amounts are yet to be brought forward. Prices are steady at 58@61c. Rye is offered sparingly, and the market is in a nominal state, at 70c. per bushel. Oats continue to offer pretty freely, yet prices are well maintained at 34@35c per bushel.

SEEDS—Timothy and Clover seed remain quiet without important movement, at $2,75@3 for the first according to quality, and $5@5,50 for the last named.—*Globe.*

RECEIPTS OF PRODUCE AT CHICAGO.—Annexed is a comparative statement of the receipts of a few leading articles of produce at Chicago, from January 1st to the 21st inst:

	1860.	1859.
Flour, bbls	83,074	61,871
Wheat, bush	1,418,916	426,426
Corn, bush	1,531,170	312,289
Oats, bush	247,619	95,786
Pork, bbls	7,187	3,266
Cut Meats, lbs	1,807,019	1,258,628
Lard, lbs	2,726,985	289,325

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 21.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $10,00@10,50; ordinary, $9,50@10,00; common, $8,50@9,00; inferior, $7,00@8,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $6,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6¼@6½; all others, 5¾@6¼.

ALBANY, MARCH 26.—CATTLE—At the opening holders advanced their views ¼@½c. ℔ lb. live weight, above last week's quotations, but they have been compelled to recede, and the market is now but little stronger than then—none at all, in fact, on the lower grades.

PRICES—We make but slight alterations in our quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	@6	@
Extra	4¾@5¼	4¾@5¼
First quality	4½@5¼	4¼@4¾
Second quality	3½@4½	3½@4
Third quality	2½@3	2½@2¾
Inferior	2½@2¾	2 @2½

BRIGHTON, MARCH 22.—At market 1000 beeves, 130 stores, 2,500 sheep and lambs, and 750 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,75@0,00; first quality $7,00@7,50; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,50@5,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$39@40; Common, $17@18.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $23@26.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,50@2,75; Extra, $3@5,60.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 5¾@6½c ℔ lb.; retail, 6@8c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

CAMBRIDGE, MARCH 21.—Whole number of Cattle at market 687—about 550 Beeves, and 137 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $7,00; second quality, $5,75; third quality, $4,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$80, $110@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@60.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@22; three year olds, $23@27.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,700 at market; prices in lots, $2,00 2,25@3,75 each; extra, $3,00, 4,00@5,50 each, or 4@6c ℔ lb. live weight

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

TORONTO, MARCH 23.—BEEF—The supply of first class cattle is more liberal, and 6½c. ℔ lb. has been paid, while 5c @5½c. has been frequently realized. For second class cattle, 4½@5c ℔ lb. is the current rate.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep $4@6 each. Lambs, none in the market.

CALVES—Scarce and in demand, at $4@6 each.

PORK—Fresh is becoming scarce at the nominal rates of $6@6,50 ℔ 100 lbs. Cured meats are quoted, wholesale at $18 ℔ bbl. mess pork; $11@15 for prime mess; $11@12 for prime. Hams, smoked, ℔ lb., 10@11c; unsmoked, 9@10c.—Bacon, 8c ℔ lb.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MARCH 22.—The demand is less active, and we reduce our quotations slightly on native fleece and pulled wools; the transactions include 75,000 lbs. American fleece, in lots, at 37@60c. for common to choice; 40,000 lbs. California, at 12@32c. for common to fine sorts; 20,000 lbs. pulled, at 30@48c., as to quality; 100 bales unwashed black Smyrna, &c., at 10@13c., and 200 bags unwashed African on terms not disclosed. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	56@60
Am. full-blood Merino	52@55
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	37@42
Extra, Pulled	44@48
Superfine, Pulled	38@43
No. 1, Pulled	30@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@30
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@23
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, MARCH 22.—Fleece and pulled wools have been in fair demand, with sales of the medium grades of the former at 45@50c., and superfine and extra pulled at 28@32c., cash. The sales of foreign have been 1,000 bales, mostly carpet wools, at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	56@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	51@55	Smyrna, washed	16@20
¾ and ½ blood	42@50	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	38@41	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, March 22.—The market remains very quiet and almost entirely nominal at the following prices:

FLEECE—	Common, native	30@31c
	Quarter blood	33@35c
	Half blood	32@37c
	Three-quarter blood	38@42c
	Full blood Saxony	40@45c
PULLED—	No. 1	28@35c
	Superfine	30@35c
	Extra	35@40c
	Double Extra	40@42c

Marriages.

IN Wilmington, O., Feb. 16th, by W. B. FISHER, J. P., Mr. NATHAN NEWBY, of Canton, Ind., and Miss EMILY PYLE, of Sligo, O.

Advertisements.

Terms of Advertising—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion, in advance. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES—following reading matter, leaded—Seventy Cents a Line each insertion. These rates are predicated upon a circulation at least *double* that which the RURAL had when our rate of 25 cents a line was established. It is unnecessary to add that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, rendering it altogether the best advertising medium of its class. ☞ We commenced this volume with an edition of SIXTY-FIVE THOUSAND, and have not printed less than Fifty-Three Thousand copies of of any number for several months.

DAVIS SEEDLING and Peach Blow Potatoes, for seed, $2 ℔ bbl. WM. K. GRIDLEY, N. Chili, Mon. Co., N. Y.

DAVIS' SEEDLING POTATOES.—If the weather is suitable, I will ship all orders received, on or before the first of April. I can yet supply a few more.
GEO. BABCOCK, Rochester, Post-office Box 880.

GAME AND FANCY POULTRY, RABBITS, ETC.—Spring circular now ready—sent free—send for one. Eggs, fresh for setting, safely packed, from over 30 different varieties of Fowls. Address
533-2t E. S. RALPH, Box 21, Buffalo, N. Y.

CLARK'S INDELIBLE PENCILS.—For marking clothing, Patented May 31st, 1859. Price, 25 cents. More convenient than ink, not liable to accidents, and one pencil will mark 3,000 articles. Sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of the price. Address D. STEVENS, Hill, N. H.

KENTUCKY HUNTER FOR SALE.—A superb, entire colt, 4 years old June next, 15 hands, bright bay, beautiful in symmetry, and graceful in style of action. The above colt will stand, until sold, at the stable of the owner.
C. C. PHELPS, Vernon, Oneida Co., N. Y.

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SEED OATS AND POTATOES.—Potato Oats, 40 lbs. per bushel. Davis Seedling, Prince Albert, Jackson White and Peach Blow Potatoes—one dollar per bushel. Liberal discounts on orders for 10 bushels or over. Bags for oats 25 cts. each. No charge for packages for potatoes.
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5 LBS. CONN. BROAD-LEAF TOBACCO SEED—In any desired quantity, at 25 cents per ounce, by mail. ☞ Sample for the stamp. Address
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Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
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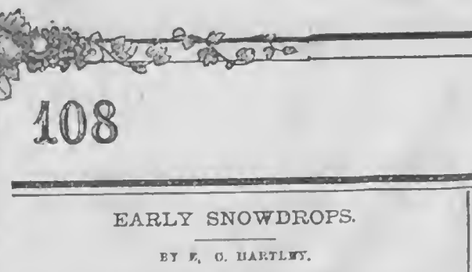
BY E. C. HARTLEY.

EARLY SNOWDROPS! pearls unfolden!
Laughed a blue-eyed child in glee,
Mingled with the crocus golden,
Ye shall make a wreath for me!
While the ice is on the river,
And its gushing song is dumb,
Ere the arrowy sunbeams quiver,
As the purple violets come.

Early snowdrops, white and shining,
Said a mother, with a sigh,
O'er a little grave you're twining,
Pure as angels' wings on high;
When my soul is tempest-driven,
Those starred portals brighten there,
Doth my little Rose in Heaven
Wreathed celestial snowdrops wear?

Early snowdrops, flowers of blessing,
Said a sick girl, bending low,
Shall I see the sun caressing
June's fair roses ere I go;
In my home were jasmines growing,
O'er the porch where sunrise burst?
But my tears ye urge to flowing,
Early snowdrops, ye were first.

Early snowdrops, meek and lowly
As the thoughts our childhood knew,
Types of faith so high and holy,
Watered by salvation's dew;
Angel flowers to mortals granted,
Teaching men white thoughts to wear,
Children's souls, to Heaven transplanted,
Once earth's early snowdrops were.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE ANGEL-SIDE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

[Concluded from page 100, last number.]

CLARA woke betimes in the morning, for she had been trained to industrious habits, and pre-eminent among them was early rising. She took a towel from her trunk before she went to the kitchen, where she performed her ablutions in the tin wash-basin. She found her uncle already up, and the fire kindled. She bade him a cheerful good morning, and asked what she should get for breakfast.

"Well, I'm in something of a hurry to get away to work, so I'll go for some milk, and we'll have a dish of bread and milk." After which simple meal, JACOB started out, saying he should not be back much before night.

CLARA asked him where she could find the nearest store, and he directed her to one about one-fourth of a mile distant,—charged her to be sure and fasten the door when she went out,—not to make up a great fire, and then bade her good-bye, saying to himself, "Well, she's a nice, tidy little girl, and will be a great comfort to me in my old age.

It was still early, so CLARA swept the room, as clean as possible, with the only old broom which she could find on the premises,—then made her own bed neatly, and put clean sheets, from her supply of linen, upon that of her uncle, resolving to wash the next Monday. She had much work planned for the day, and soon went to the store, which she easily found. There she purchased a cheap brown table-cloth, crash for towels, some soap, a broom, a small quantity of coffee, tea, sugar, flour, and lard, with a few other necessaries which she could not find in the scantily supplied cupboard at her uncle's. The merchant sent his little boy to help her carry home her packages, and she was soon busy at work hemming the table-cloth and towels, after which she made her own room as clean as soap and water could make the dingy walls and unpainted floor,—washed the little window which was darkened by dust and cobwebs, and found some cloth in her well-filled trunk, of which she made a curtain. A roasted potato and a piece of bread sufficed for her dinner; and at four o'clock, her uncle came in and found her humming a song by the neatly swept hearth.

"I hurried home to see how you were getting along," said he; "what do you want for supper?"

"Anything you choose, dear uncle," was the kind reply.

"Well, I guess I'll buy a pound of fresh beef; I've earned a little more than usual to-day, and I guess I can afford it. I will be back with it in about an hour."

When he returned, the table was spread, being first covered with the new table-cloth—the potatoes were boiling—the old tin oven was set down by the fire—and a pleasant odor, which, anywhere else, JACOB would have thought denoted the presence of coffee, greeted him as he entered the house,—but that being too expensive a beverage for him, he did not credit the olfactory evidence.

The steak was soon broiled, and then CLARA placed the supper upon the table. There were plates of snowy biscuit, beef-steak, boiled potatoes, and coffee, with both milk and sugar to use in it. JACOB looked astonished; but CLARA merely said, "I had a little money of my own, uncle, which I thought I would lay out for a few things which we needed in the family."

Her uncle was silent. "She doesn't say that I might get them with my *gold*," thought he; "perhaps she has forgotten that I told her about it." But CLARA had not forgotten.

"I declare," was JACOB's exclamation on rising from the table, "we've had a first-rate supper, and I shouldn't wonder if we could make out a breakfast of what is left."

"Oh, yes, uncle, I can fix it real nice, just as mother used to."

To-night CLARA washed and *wiped* the dishes, and then sat down with her knitting-work. The evening seemed shorter than the preceding one—her uncle was dozing in his chair, while she laid plans for the morrow and each succeeding day, until she should finally make their home comfortable and pleasant. The following morning, while they were eating their frugal breakfast, CLARA asked her uncle if he could get glass.

"To be sure I can—why?"

"I was thinking," said CLARA, "that it would be lighter, as well as warmer here, if the broken windows were mended; and I have some money to pay for the glass, if you will only get it and put it in.

"Nonsense, child," said JACOB, cheerily, "you'll do no such thing; I'll buy the glass, and put it in, too, and that right away." So he went to the same store where CLARA had traded the day before; and there the tradesman was loud in commendation of the "pretty-spoken girl," who had called herself Mr. HARDING'S niece. He told JACOB what she had bought, and, though the old man, as usual, said nothing, he felt none the less deeply the kind impulses which had actuated her.

The glass was duly set, and then CLARA washed the windows, and wished that she had some green paper, of which to make shades for them, which resulted in the desired article being brought home at noon. And then JACOB, under her directions, whittled some sticks for them, and before dark they were pasted, dried, and hung.

The next day being Saturday, CLARA suggested that she should made some pies "to last over Sunday," according to her mother's time-honored custom; but it would need more milk and eggs, if she made custard, and some apples and spices, if apple pies,—there was enough flour and lard in the house, she thought.

"Oh, make custard pies," was the eager reponse. "RACHEL used to make 'em for me, and she always grated nutmeg on the top, so I'll get some of that."

"And a grater, too," added CLARA; "and I guess you had better get two or three deep baking plates—the old ones would break, I am afraid, if I were to use them."

So eggs, milk, nutmeg, grater, and plates, were forthcoming, with a nice codfish and some more potatoes. Saturday night beheld the larder of JACOB HARDING in a far more prosperous condition than ever before.

CLARA was quite fatigued by her manifold labors, and retired early, her uncle saying he supposed they needn't hurry about breakfast the next morning, he generally lay in bed very late Sundays.

"But I want to go to Church and Sabbath-School," remonstrated CLARA.

"Oh, do you?—well, then, we'll get up, so you can be in season"—and he sighed, remembering the time when he, too, had been wont to enter the Sanctuary every Lord's day.

CLARA was ready to go when the bells began to ring, and, kissing her uncle, said, "I wish you were going with me."

"Sometime, perhaps, I will, but not to-day."

After their early supper, CLARA was reading her Bible by the window.

"Won't you read aloud?" asked her uncle.

"Certainly, if you wish me to," and she went on in her clear, sweet voice:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal;

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

And much more she read, until it grew too dark for her to see, and all the while JACOB sat, with his head bowed in his hands.

The next Sabbath, to the astonishment of all the Glenville people, JACOB HARDING went to church. CLARA had carefully brushed and mended his clothes, and although he did not look like a *rich* man, he had a respectable air, and wore a smile, which had been a stranger to his face for many a year. And this was but the beginning of a long series of Sabbaths that found the old man and his niece attentive listeners to the preaching of the Gospel.

We will not follow the career of our friends, step by step; but passing over one year, again enter the familiar kitchen, now so much improved by plaster, whitewash and paint, that we scarcely recognize it. Our attention is first attracted by a nice cooking stove, which JACOB has bought "to make the work easier for CLARA;" and for the same reason, many conveniences have been added to the household furniture. A good sink takes the place of the old wash bench,—the rickety chairs have been replaced by new ones,—the tea-table, which is neatly laid, displays a new set of crockery,—and in the pantry are sundry barrels and boxes—denoting that groceries are now purchased in greater variety, and larger quantity. A lamp is burning on a little work-stand, and in a low rocking-chair sits CLARA, hemming a silk handkerchief for her uncle,—we doubt much if his wardrobe could boast anything of the kind, one year ago.

The door leading into CLARA'S room is partly open—so we will take a survey of that. There is a strip of carpeting before the bed,—the old bedstead has been supplanted by a new one,—we see a wash-stand, bowl and pitcher, a little mirror, and two good chairs. But now the clock on the mantel (itself a new comer,) gives warning of the hour of six, and a well-known form enters the door. It is JACOB, we are sure, and yet he looks ten years younger than when we found him alone in his bachelor domicil. His clothes are tidy, his face smoothly shaven, and he stoops to kiss CLARA, who, folding up her work, declares tea to be all ready. They sit down to a repast which is lacking in none of the articles deemed essential to "good living,"—but it elicits no remark, for it is their ordinary fare.

That evening JACOB asked CLARA if she would like to move, saying that there was a pretty cottage for sale in the village, and he believed he would leave the old shell and go into that. Of course, CLARA joyfully acceded to the unexpected proposal, and another month found them located in a neat and convenient dwelling, tastefully furnished. CLARA was now perfectly happy, and her uncle gave her daily proofs of his affection for her. It was evident to all, that the magic key of Love had unlocked that iron heart, and JACOB HARDING, like every other mortal, the work of a Divine Creator's hand, had his *Angel-Side*.

But little remains to be told. CLARA, at her uncle's solicitation, occasionally went into society. Her gentle and winning manners, her amiable disposition, and true refinement, made her an universal favorite, and gained her many worthy friends,—while the fact that she would probably be heiress to old Mr. HARDING'S property, did not diminish her attractions in the eyes of the gallants of Glenville.

But of them all, one only found favor in the eyes of Miss CLARA BROWN. This was a young lawyer, MORTIMER LAWRENCE, by name. He soon became a frequent visitor at the cottage, and in due time offered his heart and hand to CLARA. It required no very urgent pleadings to induce her to grant his suit; for no one could know Mr. LAWRENCE without respecting him for his sterling integrity, as well as admiring his unaffected affability and fine talents. And in CLARA'S heart these sentiments had paved the way for love.

When Mr. HARDING'S consent was asked, altho' he freely gave it, he deemed it expedient to make a few inquiries relative to the young man's pedigree, and learned that his parents were both dead,—that his father had been a wealthy merchant in Boston, and his mother was CLARA MORTIMER, only daughter of General HORACE MORTIMER. He had but a faint recollection of his mother, who had died in his early childhood; but he had a large painting of her, which he promised to bring to the cottage, on learning that Mr. HARDING had once known and loved her. Of course, there was nothing to prevent a speedy marriage.

It being decided that CLARA was not to leave her uncle's, their present abode was re-furnished in a style of simple elegance. And CLARA, no longer obliged to devote the whole of her time to domestic affairs, which she was so well qualified to superintend, gave a portion of each day to the acquisition of those accomplishments which would enable her to move more gracefully in the new sphere which she entered when she became the bride of MORTIMER LAWRENCE.

JACOB HARDING is now a happy old man; and while he sits in his velvet, easy chair, wearing a rich dressing-gown and slippers, he often fixes his eyes upon one of the many pictures that adorn the parlor walls. It is the portrait of a beautiful maiden, whose name, for almost half a century, has been engraved upon the tablet of his heart—CLARA MORTIMER. He thinks of her now, and of his early trial, and long-life loneliness, not with repining or discontent. He has learned to trust in One, who knoweth what is for our good,—One who leadeth us by a way which we know not. And he has learned by experience, both bitter and sweet, the lesson which we are all prone to forget,—that amid all the roughness and darkness,—amid all the trials and disappointments, sins and sorrows of our earthly pilgrimage,—still, through GOD'S infinite mercy,—"*Life* has its Angel-Side!"

THE EUROPEAN SIAMESE TWINS.

LATE arrivals from the old world say:—"There is great joy among the British people on account of the *'free-trade' alliance* of England and France. Austria is exceedingly sore because of this alliance, while Russia takes no interest one way or the other."

So we have the spectacle of the *lion* and the *frog, united* by the ligaments of "free-trade;" and while the *double-headed "buzzard"* of Austria is furious at the sight, the old *black bear* of Russia sleeps on indifferent to all.

A MAINE LAW IN AFRICA.

AN African prince recently issued a proclamation to his people in relation to trade, which ought to put to the blush the civil authorities of Christian countries. Here is the proclamation:

I, Moshesh, writes for any trader, whoever he may be, already in my land, and for any who may come to trade with the Bashutus; and my word is this—Trade to me and my tribe is a good thing; I wish to promote it. * * * Further, the law that I issued on the 8th day of November, 1854, I renew this day, that people may be reminded of it, and conform themseves to it. The law runs as follows:—The brandy of the whites was unknown to Matie, and to Motlomi, and to the ancestors of the tribe as far as Manaheng. And Mokachane has attained to an old age, drinking only milk and water, for intoxicating drinks do not become a good judge. Drink brings in contention; it deteriorates the judgment; it cannot uphold the town. The brandy of the whites is fire. Therefore, let it be known that it is not lawful to sell it among Bashutus, and any man who brings, whether he be black or white, to sell it in the tribes exposes himself to its being spilled on the ground. And this is all. I am, MOSHESH, X (his mark) Chief of the Bashutus.

THE DOMICIL ERECTED BY JOHN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE VULGATE OF M. GOOSE, BY A. POPE.

BEHOLD the Mansion reared by dredal Jack.

See the malt stored in many a plethoric sack,
In the proud cirque of Ivan's bivouac.

Mark how the rat's felonious fangs invade
The golden stores in John's pavilion laid.

Anon, with velvet foot and Tarquin strides,
Subtle Grimalkin to his quarry glides—
Grimalkin grim, that slew the fierce *rodent*,
Whose tooth insidious, Johann's sackcloth rent.

Lo! now the deep-mouthed canine foe's assault,
That vexed the avenger of the stolen malt
Stored in the hallowed precincts of that hall
That rose complete at Jack's creative call.

Here stalks the impetuous cow with crumpled horn,
Whereon the exacerbatiug hound was torn,
Who bayed the feline slaughter-beast that slew
The rat, predaceous, whose keen fangs ran through
The textile fibers that involved the grain
Which lay in Hans' inviolate domain.

Here walks forlorn the damsel crowned with rue,
Lactiferous spoils from vaccine drugs who drew
Of that corniculate beast whose tortuous horn
Tossed to the clouds, in fierce, vindictive scorn,
The harrying hound, whose braggart bark and stir
Arched the lithe spine and raised the indignant fur
Of Puss, that with verminicidal claw
Struck the wierd rat, in whose insatiate maw
Lay reaking malt that erst in Juan's courts we saw.

Robed in senescent garb that seems in sooth
Too long a prey to Chronos' iron tooth,
Behold the man whose amorous lips incline,
Full with young Eros' osculative sign,
To the 'lorn maiden whose lact-albic hands
Drew albu-lactic wealth from lacteal glands
Of that immortal bovine by whose horn,
Distort, to realms ethereal was born
The beast catulean, vexer of that sly
Ulysses quadrupedal, who made die
The old morcadious rat that dared devour
Antecedaneous ale in John's domestic bower.

Lo! here, with hirsute honors doffed, succinct
Of saponaceous locks, the Priest who linked
In Hymen's golden bands the torn unthrift,
Whose means exiguous stared from many a rift,
E'en as he kissed the virgin all forlorn
Who milked the cow with implicated horn,
Who in fine wrath the canine torturer skied
That dared to vex the insidious muricide,
Who let auroral effluence through the pelt
Of the sly rat that robbed the palace Jack had built.

The loud cantankerous Shanghae comes at last,
Whose shouts arouse the shorn ecclesiast
Who sealed the vows of Hymen's sacrament
To him who, robed in garments indigent,
Exosculates the damsel lachrymose,
The emulgator of that horned brute morose,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that *kill*
The rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 4, 27, 18, 18 is a number.
My 3, 5, 10 is what we do every day.
My 11, 12, 15, 12, 19 is a woman's name.
My 8, 6, 14, 8, 6 is a vegetable.
My 21, 22, 27, 29, 30 is a month of the year.
My 9, 16, 17 is a kind of fruit.
My 2, 5, 27, 24 is a small animal.
My 7, 8, 29, 23 is the name of an herb.
My 26, 28, 27, 22, 21 was the name of an ancient king.
My 20, 27, 3, 19, 20 is the name of a river in North Carolina.
My 9, 15, 8, 27, 28, 13, 5 is one of the United States.
My 25, 14, 6 is a kind of metal.
My whole is one of Solomon's Proverbs.

Barrington, Wash. Co., Pa., 1860. J. McB.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

A RIDDLE.

MY number, definite and known,
Is ten times ten, told ten times o'er;
Though half of me is one alone,
And half exceeds all count and score.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 531.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:

"In early day the conscience has, in most,
A quickness, which in later life is lost.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—Eighty cents and twenty-eight apples.

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☞ A NEW QUARTER of the RURAL begins with April, a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. We can, however, still supply back numbers, so that all who wish the complete volume for reference or binding, will be accommodated. ☞ Every person remitting, according to our terms, for a club of 10, 15 or 20 *previous to 1st of May*, 1860, will receive a package of choice imported FLOWER SEEDS, as heretofore offered for early clubs.

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☞ LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS!—If those ordering the RURAL would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, WE should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge US with their sins of omission, etc.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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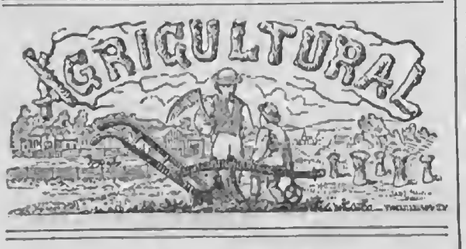


HINTS FOR SPRING.

Although for some weeks past the weather has been cold and wintry, and those in a hurry for spring have felt somewhat dissatisfied, and may have grumbled a little at the tediousness of northern winters and the fickleness of our early springs, still, summer is approaching, day by day, step by step, with a steady tread. Soon the season of toil will be upon us, and unless a good many little things are attended to at once, they will have to be done by-and-by, when time is much more valuable, and sadly interfere with the summer campaign. A few hints, therefore, by way of calling to mind things that are likely to need doing, and yet that are individually so small as to seem unimportant, and, therefore, likely to be neglected, will not be out of place. We may not suggest anything new, nor anything that we have not before mentioned, but all need line upon line and precept upon precept.

The fence posts have doubtless become thrown up with the frost, and while the ground was soft the wind has blown the fence far out of a straight line, and it needs straightening. The gate posts, too, unless very well set, need attention in the spring, or the gates will sag, and not shut well, and cause much annoyance and vexation. Many rails have doubtless been blown from the fences, and if they are not replaced, these low places will furnish excellent practice for cattle in jumping, and the younger members of the herd in a short time will become so proficient as to look with scorn upon the best of fences.

All tools and implements should be examined and put in first rate order, and the necessary purchases made. Nothing is more vexatious than to find out just as you need an implement, that it is out of repair, or so worn out that it must be replaced by a new one. The teams, too, should be in "good heart," so that they can be pushed a little when necessary. The farmer that has all his tools and implements in order, and those that are good and convenient, and plenty of "horse power," is not likely to be much behind in his spring work, let the weather be ever so unfavorable.

Every farmer, no doubt, before this, has marked out a plan for the summer campaign. See that you are prepared with seeds, plaster, and everything necessary to carry out this plan; for unless you do this, you are pretty certain to fail, and find yourself controlled by circumstances, without regard to your proposed line of operations.

Keep cattle out of the meadows until the grass has got a good start, and the soil is well settled. Much damage is done by allowing cattle in the meadows too early. A top dressing of ashes will do the meadows a deal of good, and if you have an old one that has yielded so poorly that you hardly know what to do with it, just give it a top dressing of well rotted manure, and pass over it with a heavy drag. Then, if you can afford the time, make a brush drag, and pass it over once or twice. After you cut the grass, tell us how much you got to the acre, and whether it paid for the extra labor and manure. A little fresh seed scattered over before the manure, is said, by some who have tried it, to be excellent.

Keep all animals, if possible, a little better than they have been kept during the winter. It is very easy, in the spring, by a little carelessness, or bad economy, to lose a great portion of the benefit of good winter keep. Let the feed be a little more generous until grass comes in.

A good deal of cleaning up is necessary in the spring, everywhere. The farmer's wife knows this, and attends to her duty in this respect in the house. Scrubbing paint, and white-washing walls, and cleaning windows, is laborious work, but it is done, and done well. But, to see a woman in the door-yard of a farmer's house, with a rake and shovel, clearing up the chips, and sawdust, &c., and carrying them into the side road of some out-of-the-way place, is an outrage upon humanity—a slander upon our civilization. Clean up the yards while you have time, and rake into a pile the sawdust, chips, &c., that have accumulated during the winter. If you had some corner in a shed, where you could place it under cover, and get the women to throw all the waste water from the house upon it, by the fall it would make a manure pile as rich as guano, without any outlay, except of a little good sense. If the pile is not large enough to absorb all the waste from the house, add a load of peaty-muck, or any old turf, or even common soil. In this way a nuisance is turned into money; for nothing looks more slovenly than an untidy door-yard.

By all means fence off a spot for a vegetable garden, and for the smaller fruits, such as radishes, peas, beans, currants, strawberries, and so on. There is no reason why the farmer should not live like a prince. He works hard in the most useful of all vocations, and is entitled to as many of the luxuries of life as anybody, and can have them with a little care. And if you should spade up the front yard, or a portion of it, so that the mothers and daughters could plant some flower seeds, if it was only a few asters, or balsams, or sweet peas, and a cluster of morning glories, to climb over the stoop, nobody would be any poorer, and some folks you love would be a great deal happier.

We could give a great many more hints, but all that is necessary is to get folks *thinking*, and they will think fast enough and well enough.

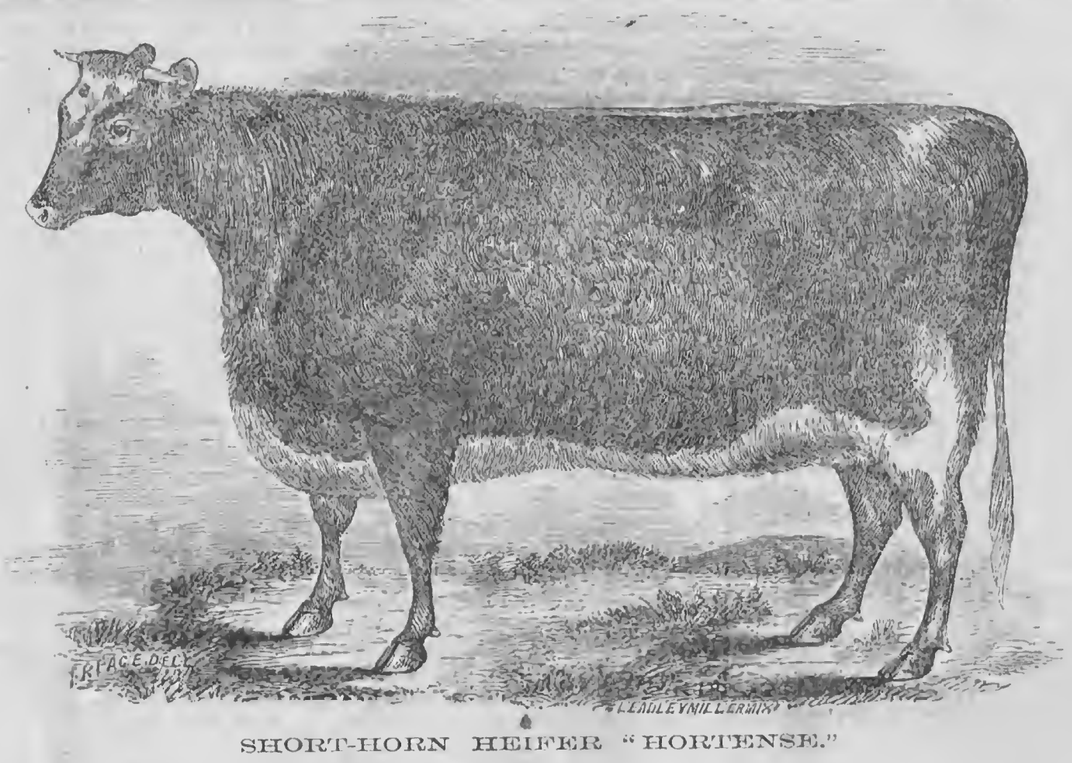
WOOD LOTS.—A SUGGESTION.

When Western New York was first settled,—about forty or fifty years ago,—a large portion of the country was heavily timbered, and the general anxiety, for a time at least, seemed to be to clear the land as quickly as possible. Wood was worth little or nothing beyond the expense of cutting, and large numbers of trees were cut down, the logs rolled together and burned, merely to get them *out of the way*. That time, however, has long since passed, and many who can remember these scenes of early pioneer history, now find their wood lots the most valuable portion of their farm. But trees do not thrive as formerly, and now the great difficulty is to preserve the wood lot from destruction. As the country has become cleared, high winds penetrate to trees which, being previously sheltered, are easily blown down, thus often destroying many large trees in a single night, and in turn exposing other parts of the forest to future tornadoes. Then, too, while the country was covered by trees, the leaves were scattered evenly over the surface, thus keeping the ground moist, and furnishing in their decay a proper food for the growing timber. But, as the wind is admitted, it sweeps these leaves into gullies, and behind fences, leaving the ground bare, which soon becomes covered with grass, thus checking, if not entirely preventing, the growth of the trees. Many farmers also permit their cattle and horses to have the run of the woods in summer, thus keeping down the underbrush, which is necessary, not only to keep out winds, and prevent the coming in of grass, but also to furnish young timber to replace the gradual decay and using up of the old.

As the great majority of trees in our woodlands grow very little, if at all, it is evident that they are really only so much unproductive capital. In fact, many of the larger trees are dying, or becoming hollow, and so worth less and less every year. At the present high price of wood, the amount of capital thus unprofitably invested is very large. And we would suggest that it would be good policy for many to cut down all the larger trees, and sell them, leaving a good growth of the young timber to spring up in its place, or else entirely clear the land for cultivation. At the present prices of land it might pay to clear the land, but as most farmers have already more land than they can well attend to, our wood lots may be spared yet awhile from cultivation. At any rate, it does not pay to leave five hundred to two thousand dollars' worth of wood on their farms, which is not increasing, but really *decreasing* in value. The annual interest on this sum would be quite an item in any farmer's profits, while in ten years the sum, with compound interest, would be doubled. Many farmers tax their land, year after year, to pay the interest on money which their unproductive wood lands would, in one year, wholly pay. But we can see even greater benefit than this. Many farmers want to make some improvements which will pay a large per cent. profit, but for which they cannot conveniently spare the money. In such cases we would unhesitatingly refer them to the wood lot. It cannot be said to be spoiling the farm, to take capital from one part, where it is unproductive, if not absolutely diminishing in value, and put it on other parts where it will yield twenty-five to fifty per cent. profit.

But, say some, "where shall we get wood, and what shall we have for fire after our wood lands are cleared?" Well, if nothing better can be done, we can burn coal. It is really no saving of timber to allow it to stand in the woods, not adding to its value, and we do not propose to have farmers *entirely clear* their woodlands of *young growing timber*, except in those instances,—which we think very rare,—where the area of cultivated ground can be profitably enlarged, in which case the crops on the land ought to much more than pay for all the wood or coal needed. If farmers would clear off the larger timber, and, if need be, *plant* young and growing trees in their places, they can obtain money for many valuable improvements, and their wood lot, if not as valuable as before, will be constantly *increasing*, instead of diminishing, in worth.

We throw out these suggestions for the *especial* benefit of those in debt, or otherwise unable to enter upon farm improvements as fully as they would wish,—*none others are expected to adopt them.* It has long been a trick of speculators, to buy farms with a good deal of wood land on them, and, after clearing it off, and realizing one or two thousand dollars for it, to sell at about the same price they paid, often realizing almost the entire cost of the farm from the wood lot; and it is nothing but fair that those who are trying to get out of debt, or who would spend the money thus obtained in farm improvements, should have the benefit of the hint. Let them consider these things, and report any objections they may find.



SHORT-HORN HEIFER "HORTENSE."

Pedigree of "Hortense."—Red, bred by Jas. O. Sheldon, Geneva, N. Y., the property of M. C. Mordoff, Altabrook Farm, near Rochester, N. Y., calved May 22, 1857, got by Island Duke of Oxford, 2997, out of Josephine, by Marquis of Carabbas (11789,)—Kate Horn, by Duke of Exeter (10152,)—Betsy 2d, by Duke of Wellington (3654,)—Betsy, by Bonaparte, 273,—Nancy, by Wellington, 1086,—Countess, by son of Comet (155,)—Princess, by Lancaster (360,)—by North Star (459,)—by Favorite (252,)—by Favorite (252,)—by Favorite (252,)—by Hubback (319.)

MANURING PASTURES AND MEADOWS.

We hold it to be nature's own way of enriching land, to apply the fertilizer, of whatever sort it may be, to the surface,—what would be termed a top-dressing. We are aware this is debatable ground, and shall not presume to enter the lists, but simply give facts, as seen by us, and by all who, "having eyes, see."

The annual fall of leaves, decay of grass and other herbage, with the deposits caused by overflow, and the decay of the many forms of vegetation, are the sources of fertility and its annual increase. The soil which retains any considerable portion, or all that grows upon it, ought to increase in fertility. For this increase there are two great sources—the growth above the soil, from the root; and the growth in the soil, of the root itself. The one is an application of a fertilizing property to the surface,—the other (the root) *in* the soil. The quantity of available plant food thus furnished by varied vegetable growth is widely different. Whoever thought of making a soil richer by growing *in it* a crop of wheat roots,—while a crop of clover roots will increase its fertility wonderfully. The same is true of timothy, and, in fact, of any of the tough swarding grasses. All the farmer has to do to manure his soil well, is to produce a heavy, thick sward, the roots of which, when killed, in decaying, give out the constituent elements of a series of great crops and leave the soil the better for being in grass.

But how to produce this thick sward, is the question, on a farm where the huge, wandering roots of the old forest trees are all decayed and extracted from the soil, in the form of "product," and sold,—how to get a good coating of grass,—a good, tough sward, and its adjuncts,—where the soil is *run* poor, and will hardly grow either root or stalk. We answer, mix your grass seed, using varieties suited to the soil, and then serve the product as the "young dandies do their coaxed monstaches"—nurse, care for, treat with outward applications, &c., until it grows, and when once a stiff sward is formed, *make it rich by what you put on it*, and it will make you rich by what grows *in* and on it. That soil which will not, nor cannot, be made to produce a growth of roots for the support of plants, is worthless. We plow, hoe, and mellow the soil, that these may spread, and to these we should look, as the great source of fertility and means of fertilizing our soils. As the chief end of our labor, we should endeavor to make a root-growing soil,—the root being the source of all or any share of success. How?

A poor soil may be fertilized by the application of manure spread upon it,—plowed in, if you will,—or by irrigation with water, bearing sediment. But a soil which had been rendered poor,—poor is a better word here than sterile,—by too long cropping from the same class of roots, we should seek to fertilize by change of product. And here we have to say, that a soil in grass, well swarded, is not poor, even if the crop is too thin and scanty to pay for gathering—any soil filled with grass-roots is like a loaded gun,—it's ready to make a report! But if it has been,—as is the case with too many Western New York soils,—cultivated in exhausting crops, or those the roots of which die each year, instead of carting on manure and plowing in to be thrown out and carted off again the next year in a spasmodic, or forced, or *bought-in*, crop, we should adopt the seeding down practice, with red and white clover, timothy, and red-top, or blue grass, and then cart on the manure, what an increase of fertility we would observe. One bushel of plaster, and a few cords of manure, on even an exhausted soil stimulate to the production of a paying crop, with the soil better, instead of worse; for it is left filled with more cart-loads of fertilizing grass-roots than were added to it in the top-dressing. Another, and another year, but adds to the triumph, and renders certain the victory.

From the above we are inclined to class farm crops as the fertilizing and non-fertilizing. Grain and all annually sown crops, only requiring roots to perfect a few week's growth, return to, or leave in the soil, much less than is extracted, while grass crops, continuing in a growing state for a considerable portion of the year, give a much greater proportionate return to the soil, and are less exhausting. Hence, one of the chief sources of fertility of the Western prairies, and also of the celebrated recuperative powers for the soil, is by depasturing with sheep.

We have witnessed much upon this subject in the practice of the Hon. A. B. Dickinson, who, twenty years ago, purchased several farms, more or less exhausted. His business being keeping sheep and fattening, in pasture, cattle for the New York market, he kept these farms seeded in grass for several years, and, applying annually a bushel of plaster per acre, let them receive as a top-dressing the droppings of the animals and ungathered herbage. The result was, a sward was soon made which took "power" to draw a plow through it, and the productive capacity of the soil was increased fully three-fold. We have seen whole hill-sides which had annually been shorn of their product until in his possession, and were so much exhausted as to be *seeded* with difficulty, after lying in grass five years, as pasture, broken and give a yield of oats worthy any soil in the State.

It used to be the maxim of neighbor Moses, now gone from earth, to seed no more than he could give a dressing of manure, at the time of seeding, with the crop grown. This we consider poor policy, if the grass crop is sought to be benefitted, as it will produce a larger growth of straw to smother the young grass and absorb all, or nearly all, the manure, leaving the "new seeding" little better for the attention.

The whole truth is here, labor to fertilize your meadows and pastures,—a thick, heavy turf will do more toward permanently enriching your soil, than all your applications of manure to cultivated crops—seed often and *manure your grass land*, and you will reap a return in two spires where but one grew before, and retain your manure hidden in the soil, payable to your order upon proper demand. Instead of plowing manure into the soil, put it on top, and let grass land vegetation carry it down. These are practiced principles, Mr. Editor.

Not Tubes.

Monterey, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1860.

STABLING HORSES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—"Subscriber," of Union City, wishes to know what is the general experience in stabling horses, pursuing the mode recommended for cattle by G. M. Reynolds, and as you wish the readers of the Rural to give their experience in the stabling of horses, I will endeavor to give mine, as briefly as possible. The

horse being differently constituted and constructed, and designed by our Creator for a different purpose, from that intended for the horned tribe, called cattle, it must follow that he needs different care and treatment, to comply with the requirements of nature, which strongly contend that he should hold a high, dry, warm, and well ventilated, position, to secure his greatest comfort and health. This, I suppose, is "Subscriber's" object.

In keeping horses, as recommended by C. M. REYNOLDS, for keeping cattle, a strong vapor and warmth would arise from fermentation, which would be bad for their feet and general health. The "Stable Book," in speaking of damp stables, says:—"Here it is we expect to find horses with bad eyes, coughs, greasy heels, swelled legs, mange, and a long, rough, dry, staring coat, which no grooming can cure." So far as my limited experience goes, I find this to be true. I will, furthermore, give my opinion on stable building. A stable for horses should be built so that it may be kept dry and avoid dampness. It should, also, be so constructed as to exclude every particle of air, and yet obtain perfect ventilation when desired, which is as essential to the horse as pure air is to man. As for cattle, a stable, with a good cellar under it, is very convenient in the way of cleaning, by having a moveable plank in the rear of the cattle. It is also good for keeping, saving, making, and retaining manures—and as it does not freeze, can be hauled during the winter season, which is no small consideration,—for by drawing out manure before the breaking up of spring, you are ready, as soon as the ground becomes settled, to put the plow forward with all possible dispatch. D. C. E.

Clinton, N. Y., 1860.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A few weeks ago there was an inquiry in the RURAL as to whether it was healthy for horses to stand in the stable with cattle. I will state what I know upon the subject, for the benefit of the inquirer, and for such others of the readers of your paper as may desire such information, and then I will make an inquiry, hoping that some one will gratify me in return.

I built a barn, 40 by 42 feet, three years ago last summer. There is a basement under it, and as it is in a side hill, three sides of the basement are above ground. I prepared this basement for stabling thirty cows, but as I had no stables for my horses, in the place that I had fixed for three cows, I made two stalls for horses. I have kept twenty-seven cows and two horses in that basement the past four winters; and it never has been cold enough therein to freeze potatoes standing in one corner, in open barrels. There have been but few days or nights so cold that I have not kept a small upper door open. There are nine large windows, and five doors, in the basement, so that I can easily ventilate, which I do freely, when the weather will answer. Now, in this warm stable, and together, I think, both my horses and cows have been equally as healthy as when kept separate and in cooler quarters.

The inquiry that I wish to make is this:—As my barn stands on a side hill, I can, with a very little trouble, prepare a place under the stable, very convenient to get at, to drop in the manure. Some say, by all means, make it, and others say, such a body of manure, directly under the cattle, will make it unhealthy for them. Will some that have practiced, for winters in succession, letting the manure thus drop under the stables, and remain there until the following summer, as I should want to, give their opinion to the readers of the RURAL, of its effect upon the health of the cattle? J. COLE.

Carmel, Putnam Co., N. Y., 1860.

PREPARE FOR SPRING.

Now is the time, farmers, to prepare for spring and summer labor. See that all of your tools are in order, such as rakes, forks, hoes, shovels, machines, &c., and everything that you will want for use through the busy season that is now approaching. Can you not think of some little job that will want doing very soon? And why not take time by the forelock, and do it immediately, rather than put it off until *necessity* compels you to do the work. Did I not see your plow and harrow laying by the road-side, not long since, with one handle out of the former, and a number of teeth out of the latter, with their vacancies filled with pieces of wood? Now is the time to have these teeth replaced with new ones, and the remainder of them well sharpened, so as to have the ground in good condition to receive the grain; also that missing plow handle replaced. All of these things can be looked to at present, and perhaps repaired by the smith or mechanic, for less money, now, than they could be when work is more plenty with all of them. By putting your farming utensils in good order at present, when the most of farmers are not very busy, you not only save labor, but have the satisfaction of being ready for work at any time; and, consequently, instead of work driving you, you drive the work.

It is a practice too common among farmers to lay away a broken implement, or a dull scythe, never thinking it would want to be used any more until a particular kind of work is to be performed, and then the question arises, where is that fork, hoe, rake, scythe, or machine; and is it in a condition to be used? If it is, well and good; if not, a great effort is made to have it repaired, and perhaps the job not half finished in a workmanlike manner; and then the work that was commenced, if everything had been in order, might be completed in many instances, before the broken tool could be mended. Here is one instance out of many that might be referred to, where a person, by proper care and management, can carry on farming successfully.

I have seen farmers that had equal chances when they commenced business; the one, is always complaining that farming never can be made profitable—but this man is always, especially rainy days, found at the village, or corners, puffing his Havana, and seeing which can stretch the truth the furthest without breaking the string; while, on the contrary, the other person is diligent in business when any important work is to be done, and on stormy days is either found in his shop repairing some broken tools, or putting them in order for a pleasant day; and when this work is accomplished, the library or reading-room is resorted to, thus storing his mind with useful knowledge, pertaining doubtless to agriculture and the news of the day. There are many farmers that take agricultural papers, and generally make it a point to examine them thoroughly; but when they come to a piece that is applicable to their case, many of them will either lay the paper one side, or turn the leaf over quicker than usual, without knowing what idea the author intended to convey, and by so doing remain in ignorance on whatever subject might prove to be of great value to them, if it had been read and rightly considered.

The next thing to be looked to is your team. See that they are well and healthy, and in proper condition to perform the labor you require. If they are poor in flesh, and you have not the material to put them in good condition, buy of your neighbors, or some one else, and have them in good working order before you commence hard work. A man that calculates to do his spring's work by feeding little or no grain to his team, is laboring under a *great* disadvantage; as I know by experience, that a good span of horses fed 24 quarts of oat and corn meal per day, will thrive with careful usage, and not only be in better condition when the work is over, but will perform the same labor, in the same time, that two teams fed only on hay and poor feed would do it in. The same is applicable to oxen, as well as horses. To farmers that have not the money to purchase grain, let them plow for their neighbors a few days; and by so doing, they can accumulate enough money to buy. I will say, in conclusion, see that you are well prepared for Spring Labor, and by so doing, you may save many dollars by the operation. E. L. B.

North Chili, N. Y., 1860.

FARM FENCING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—By your permission, I wish to offer a few thoughts and suggestions upon the subject of farm fencing, to the readers of your excellent paper. The greater part of the fences of our country are of the zig-zag pattern, and any observing man will not fail to see that there is a great waste of *timber* in their construction. He will also notice a considerable amount of *land* in the *corners*, which cannot be reached by the plow or other implements of culture, and unless great care be taken, will eventually be filled with brush, briars, weeds, &c.,—a pest and an eye-sore. A remedy for these evils, one within reach of all, and, without undue expense, will certainly be appreciated. I would propose as a substitute for the old zig-zag rail fence, a *post and rail* fence, as requiring far less timber for its construction, as well as less space on which to stand.

The fences of this style hereabouts, are constructed thus:—Posts are set the required depth, and about eight feet apart, then rails are nailed to these, the one end on the right side of the first post, and the other on the left side of the second, and so on. About six rails, of the ordinary width, are required for each *panel*,—rails are cut nine feet in length. Oak is generally used for the rails, and locust for posts. The fence will have a neater appearance if the rails are all on one side of the posts, but it requires more care and labor, and also broader posts. Perhaps I should mention two other good qualities, viz., neatness and durability.

For this fence I claim nothing original, but only wish to see the cause of Agriculture advance. Industry, Penn., 1860. E. ENGLE.

HEDGES FOR PROTECTION.

THERE is scarcely a question producing more anxiety in the practical farmer, than how he can, with economy and permanency, replace his decaying fences. Where timber and stones are wanting, it is already the conviction of the reflecting, that hedges of some material must be tried. In almost every field of experiment, ignorance and ill-treatment have resulted in a failure, which failure has been given to the world as the legitimate result of careful experiment. Mr. B. planted some *Osage Orange*, hoping for a hedge, but left it without cultivation and pruning, to contend with grass and elders, and the result was given to the public with the conclusion that *Osage Orange is wholly unsuited for hedging*. Like experiments satisfy him, that it is better to do without all fruits, than to make further efforts to raise them, because, as he says, his "farm wont grow them."

Through intelligence and skill, his next neighbor is rewarded with success in everything he undertakes. The occasional good hedges, and the testimony of their owners, demonstrate the value of the *Osage Orange*. What the hopeful wish, is instruction in planting, cultivating, and pruning, founded upon experience. If the views of TURNER and other writers on the *Osage Orange*, are sustained by practical farmers, good hedges will not long be a curiosity. Gentlemen, please give us the facts. H. J. F.

East Palmyra, N. Y., March, 1860.

REMEDY FOR SCAB IN SHEEP.

IF your Pennsylvania friend whose sheep have the scab, will get mercurial ointment, (generally called blue ointment,) take a pair of sheep shears, lift up a little of the skin of the sheep with the thumb and finger, clip into the skin so that he can turn it a little back, then rub in a little of the ointment on the part of the skin lifted off, turn back the skin on its place again—he may do this on three or four places on the sheep's back, or perhaps some about the neck or shoulders.—I think there is no doubt of a cure, but he must do so with every sheep in the flock, whether it has scab or not, and he must not put on much ointment, or he may kill the sheep. He had better experiment with a few at first. He may have to apply the remedy once a fortnight for several times, although I have no doubt if one knew the proper quantity to apply, once doing would be sufficient; but better err on the safe side, and not apply too much at once.

After the sheep are cured, they ought either to be sold or removed from the farm until another winter passes; it would not be safe to bring on sheep sooner. The fences, large stones, stumps and trees, or anything the diseased sheep can rub against, will affect sound ones, or themselves, even, after they are cured.

Near Geneva, N. Y JOHN JOHNSTON.

MAKING CHEESE IN WINTER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—T. CURTIS "would like to know if anybody ever made cheese in winter?" Certainly—that is "nothing new under the sun." We have, for several years, made cheese in small quantities in early winter, and find it an excellent plan, not only on account of the absence of flies, but the advantage of cold in keeping milk until a sufficient quantity is obtained to make a large cheese. If all the cream is put in, and the cheese pressed and cured in a warm place, it will be as good as any made in summer. If not cured in a place warm enough to keep soft, it will be bitter, and, of course, not good. Where an open fire-place is in constant use, a shelf, hung in the cellar close to the ceiling, directly under the hearth, is an excellent place to cure winter-made cheese. Can milk be produced cheaper and of better quality, in winter, as T. CURTIS affirms? Hamilton Co., Ohio, 1860. P. F.

AS T. CURTIS is, no doubt, willing to assume the defence of opinions advanced over his own signature, we leave the query of P. F. in his hands for solution.—ED.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Good Points of a Hog.

A WRITER in an English paper gives the following as the points of a good hog:

1. Sufficient depth of carcass, and such an elongation of the body as will insure a sufficient lateral expansion. Let the loin and chest be broad. The breadth of the latter denotes good room for play of the lungs, and a consequent free and healthy circulation, essential to the thriving or fattening of any animal. The bone should be small and the joints fine; nothing is more indicative of high breeding than this; and the legs should be no longer than, when fully fat, would just prevent the animal's body from trailing on the ground. The leg is the least profitable portion of the hog, and we require no more of it than is absolutely necessary for the rest.

2. See that the feet be firm and sound; that the toes lie well together, and press straightly upon the ground, as also that the claws are even, upright and healthy. Many say that the form of the head is of little or no consequence, and that a good hog may have an ugly head; but I regard the head of all animals as one of the very principal points in which pure and impure breeding will be the most obviously indicated. A high bred animal will invariably be found to arrive more speedily at maturity, to turn out more profitably than one of questionable or impure stock, and such being the case, I consider that the head of the hog is by no means a point to be overlooked by the purchaser. The description of head most likely to promise, or rather to be concomitant of high breeding, is not one carrying heavy bone, not too flat on the forehead, or possessing too long a snout; the snout should be short, and the forehead rather convex, corving upward; and the ear should be, while pendulous, inclining somewhat forward, and, at the same time, light and thin. Nor should the buyer pass even the carriage of a pig. If this be dull, heavy and dejected, reject him on suspicion of ill health, it not of some concealed disorder actually existing, or just about to break forth; and there cannot be a more unfortunate symptom than a hang-down, slouching head. Of course, a fat hog for slaughter, or a sow heavy with young, has not much sprightliness of deportment.

Advantages of a Heavy Soil.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* thus writes to that journal:—"A clay soil, well under-drained, is undoubtedly the most perfect soil in existence. I have heard cultivators say that they did not want a soil that needed any artificial drainage; in other words, they desired one so light and porous that the water could not be long retained by it. Long experience has led me to a very different conclusion. A porous soil will not retain manure long enough to become as fertile as I wish, and the cost of frequent manurings which it must receive, if I get large crops, is not a small item. On the other hand, a heavy or strong loam will hold for a great while all it gets. But unless a heavy soil has a porous subsoil, which is very rare, it will not allow the water to drain off so readily as good farming requires,—passing, as it must, during this drainage, across the whole breadth of a large, sloping field. But every disadvantage is removed if we tile drain it,—the manure is retained, and the water flows quickly off. We must not expect to find a perfect soil to order. I once asked one of the most skillful and eminent cultivators in this country, what was the relative value of a decidedly sandy soil, and a strong or clayey loam. His answer was, "If you give a hundred dollars an acre for the sandy, you can afford to give two hundred dollars for the strong loam; for you can do whatever you like with it. Manure will enrich it to any extent you wish; and by complete tile drainage, you can render it fit for any use."

How to Grow Corn.

A. H. WENN, of Mt. Gilead, states in the *Ohio Farmer*, that he has never failed in raising more than the average crop of the county, by pursuing the following course:

"When the ground is dry enough, (and not till then,) go in with a good team, a good steel plow, a good plowman, and plow deep, and turn the ground well over; in the proper season, when the ground becomes dry and warm, harrow thoroughly (for I believe in the old saying of tending the corn before it is planted;) ground all ready, procure good seed, and if it is late, soak it in warm water with a little saltpetre and copperas, from twenty to thirty-six hours; then roll it in plaster and plant immediately. If I drill it, I have the rows three to four feet apart, according to the strength of the ground, with the hills from twelve to fifteen inches apart, two stalks to the hill. If I check-row it, I have the rows about three and a half feet each way, with from three to five stalks in the hill, according to the quality of the ground. I generally plant about one-third more corn than I intend to let grow, (for it is much easier to pull up or cut down than it is to replace;) when the corn is three inches high, take two large horses and a large harrow, knock out the center teeth, straddle each row, let a boy follow with a dung or potato hook, and throw the clods off the corn; if the weather is dry, sprinkle a small spoonful of plaster on each hill. The second and third tending is done with an expanding steel-tooth cultivator, or those that prefer it, may take one of the improved horsehoes. In order to secure corn and fodder both, it is a good plan to cut it up as soon as the outside of the husk becomes dry."

Business Qualities of the Farmer.

THE thoughtful farmer may find a hint of value in the following, from Charles Betts, in the *Ohio Farmer*:

"If the farmer needs any two qualities, it is *forecast* and *force*—qualities which will enable him to look forward into the coming years, and lay his plans, and then, with a vigor which will override all obstacles, push them into execution. In any business where investments are made to-day, and returns reaped to-morrow, reliance is chiefly based on ready capital, and the circumstances of the hour. But the case with the farmer is different. He must exercise forethought; his calculations must run through a series of years; and, to be successful, he has many collateral influences to weigh, and in extensive operations a complication of influences which require for their proper adjustment and direction, the highest skill, judgment and forethought. His success, like one of those mysterious and almost stranger planets, takes ever a varying course, and is sometimes lost to view. But, if he is a true Le Verrier, he will count, and weigh, and demonstrate, the bearing of all controlling causes, and, with master ability, usher in the grand result."

How to Preserve Fence Posts.

AT a recent meeting of the Farmers' Club, in Hudson, N. Y., one of the members exhibited a post which, previous to being placed in the ground, had been soaked in a solution of blue vitriol—one pound of vitriol being used to twenty quarts of water. The post was pine, and when taken up was as sound as when first put down eight years since. The solution is good for all kinds of timber exposed to the weather—spouts, shingles, stakes, bean poles, &c.

Inquiries and Answers.

PAINTING ROOFS.—As I am about to re-roof some buildings the present season, I wish to make this timely inquiry of your many friends, whether it would be profitable to paint the roof or not.—I want experience, and not theory, to answer. My plan would be, using the sawn hemlock shingles, to lay on one course, and have a painter follow with a paint made of good linseed oil and some cheap material,—say Spanish brown,—and spread on a good coat, letting the brush pass freely one and a half or two inches above where the butts of the next course will come; then lay another course, letting the painter follow as before, and so on until the roof is on.—SAMUEL CROWELL, *Centreville, March*, 1860.

FISH CULTURE.—Will you, through the RURAL, name some good work on artificial propagation of fish, the price, and where to be procured?—W. P., *Whitby, C. W.*

C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO., of New York, publish a work on Fish Culture; price $1.

GROWING TOBACCO.—I am obliged to do everything on a small scale, but I try, by using my own judgment and noticing the experiments and observations of others, to make farming very profitable, even on a small scale,—enough so, at least, to satisfy me that it pays to do whatever I do in some kind of order. I would like to ask some of your subscribers that experimented on raising tobacco last season, whether it is thought by them to pay, their mode of culture, how much seed to the acre, and whether it is thought to injure the land for other crops, what kind of manure is used, &c.—A YOUNG FARMER, *Michigan, March*, 1860.

WE have several inquiries on this subject. Perhaps some of the experienced growers will answer the above. Some time since we published our views on the subject, and one of the largest growers in this State was so well pleased with our remarks, that he ordered a number of extra copies to send to friends who were constantly making inquiries, to save the trouble of writing letters. The main part of this we will re-publish, unless some of our correspondents give the desired information.

POTATO DIGGER.—An Illinois correspondent wishes to find a Potato Digger—and to be "put on the track" of the best, of course. Can't say which is *the* digger, but one was illustrated and described in the RURAL of Sept. 10, 1859—patented by ROBERT NIVEN, of this city. Others were noticed in our last volume, and we shall chronicle future improvements.

WHITE WILD GEESE.—In the RURAL of January 11th I saw an inquiry, signed E. W. K., in which the writer wishes to know if there are any white wild geese in this country. A friend of mine told me last week that he saw one in a large flock of the common black ones, flying about the Big Prairie in Wayne Co., within a few days. It was snow white, and was seen by several of his neighbors. Ducks, geese, and swans, frequent that place. My author, MARTIN D. TANNER, shot a swan there last winter, which I prepared, and have yet.—THOMAS BUSHNELL, *Hayesville, Ohio*, 1860.

THE BUTCHER BIRD.—In your paper, just received, I observe an inquiry from W. H. GARDNER, of Amboy, Ill., for the name of "a curious bird." From his description of its habits I take it to be the Great American Shrike, or Butcher Bird, (*Lanius borealis*, of VIEILLOT.) WILSON, in his Ornithology, says:—"The habit of the Shrike, of seizing and impaling grasshoppers and other insects on thorns, has given rise to an opinion that he places their carcasses there by way of baits, to allure small birds to them, while he lies in ambush to surprise and destroy them. In this, however, they appear to allow him a greater portion of reason and contrivance than he seems entitled to, or than other circumstances will altogether warrant, for we find that he not only serves grasshoppers in this manner, but even small birds themselves, as those have assured me who have kept them in cages in this country, and amused themselves with their maneuvers. If so, we might as well suppose the farmer to be inviting crows to his corn, when he hangs up their carcasses around it, as the Butcher Bird to be decoying small birds by a display of the dead bodies of their comrades."—JOHN I. HUMPHREYS, *Yates Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

ABOUT WESTERN DEBTS, &C.—The last number of the *Wisconsin Farmer* contains a capital review of and response to a late article in the N. Y. *Tribune* on the subject of "Western Debts and Repudiation." It is sensible, sarcastic, and withal "plucky"—just what any one, who has lived in the West and knows its people, will endorse. After quoting from Mr. GREELEY'S article—in which those embarrassed are advised to surrender their property to creditors, "with the least possible cost and delay, and go to work with unfettered hands and nothing in them"—the *Farmer* "pitches into" the philosopher right handsomely, pronouncing his logic stupid, and demonstrating its assertion by cogent illustrations and arguments. Considering the *Tribune's* article both unjust and uncharitable, (judging from our own knowledge of the West and its people,) we are glad to see this manly and caustic reply from an able and influential journal, and only regret we have not space to quote its main points. We think, with our contemporary, that it would be far better for the person who has a farm, with buildings, stock, &c., worth at least $5,000, and owes $1,000, to mortgage it and pay his debts, rather than take the *Tribune's* fool-hardy advice and give up in despair his homestead and property to creditors to whom it would not be worth one half as much as to him. Such advice is lost when addressed to Western men, who are proverbial for both pluck and enterprise, and unworthy the philosopher's reputation for discrimination. The *Farmer*, in its reply, makes some palpable hits, reminding the reader very forcibly of the adage about people who reside in crystal domicils.

THE CALIFORNIA FARMER is a very readable and attractive paper, especially in its advertising department. Lest this last allusion should seem a reflection upon its clever editor, Colonel WARREN—or his (we doubt not) more clever partner, "LIZZIE WILEY WARREN, M. D., Editress"—we will hereinafter explain. The *Farmer* is a large double quarto of 8 pages—a little larger than the RURAL—handsomely printed, and published at $5 per annum; $3 for six months. It ought to *pay* at that price, and we trust it does both editor and reader. But to the explanation. The advertisements are numerous and attractive—many of them illustrated and otherwise displayed and elongated. The last two numbers which have reached us are particularly noticeable in this respect—one containing over 19 columns (nearly 4 pages) of advertising, and the other about 18 columns. One of the numbers contains two double column advertisements, *each* of which occupies over *ninety square inches of space!* The rates of advertising are not given, but if they correspond with the price of subscription, the Colonel must be in clover. With such an example, (and inasmuch as our subscription terms are so low as to afford us little or no profit,) we are *almost persuaded* to give a little more space to advertising in the RURAL, hereafter.

AN "AIR-PRESSURE CHURN"—a recent invention—is described and commended by the *Tribune*. It says:—"This new churn will make more, and better butter, from a given quantity of cream, than any other we have ever seen, and in a reasonable time, usually less than half an hour. Nor has it any machinery to adjust or keep in order, and nothing but a plain, smooth barrel, inside and out, to keep clean. A child can fill it, churn it, empty it, wash it, with less strength than it takes to lift a bucket of water. It has no dasher, but is simply a plain barrel, of any required size, hung upon iron pivots in a frame, and made to revolve end over end by a crank, the cream dashing back and forth. One end of the barrel is made moveable and convenient to take off, and is fastened only by a thumb-screw, air-tight. After the cream is put in, and the cover fastened down, a small air-pump is attached, and the barrel charged with air, and then revolved. Without attempting a reason, we will say that this aerifying has a remarkable and beneficial effect upon the cream, and apparently improves the quantity and quality of the butter."

DISTRICT AG'L SOCIETIES IN CALIFORNIA.—The location of the California State Fair for 1860 at Sacramento, appears to have given great dissatisfaction. An Agricultural Convention was held at San Francisco, Feb. 24th, composed of prominent agriculturists opposed to the management of the State Society. The Convention recommended the division of the State into seven District Agricultural Societies, to which the County Societies therein may become auxiliary Societies, with a view to forming a State Society on the part of the Districts to which they may become auxiliaries. The Legislature is asked "to repeal the law appropriating $5,000 annually to the present State Society, and that a just and liberal appropriation be made to such District Societies as are now or may be organized, and may hold District Fairs during the year 1860."

OWNERSHIP THE GREAT STIMULUS.—The stimulus of proprietorship is undoubtedly the most powerful that can be applied to labor in any department, and especially that of soil culture. STUART MILL, one of the greatest of modern writers on Political Economy, sums up in its favor in this language:—"If there is a first principle in intellectual education, it is this—that the discipline which does good to the mind is that in which the mind is active, not that in which it is passive. The secret for developing the faculties is to give them much to do, and much inducements to do it. Few things surpass, in this respect, the occupations and interests created by the ownership and cultivation of land." A Swiss statistical writer speaks of the "almost superhuman industry of peasant proprietors." ARTHUR YOUNG says, "It is the magic of property which turns sand into gold." MICHELET says it acts like a ruling passion upon the peasantry of France, and that, in Flanders, the peasant cultivation is affirmed to produce heavier crops in equal circumstances of soil than the best cultivated districts of England and Scotland.

THE THOROUGH-BRED HORSE "CONSTERNATION," sold to a Kentucky breeder two or three years ago, has been re-purchased by Maj. BURNET, and brought back to this State. The stock of this celebrated imported horse is said to be remarkably promising, and this has induced his re-purchase. "Consternation" is to be kept at the stable of Gen. BURROUGHS, Medina, Orleans Co, the present season, as many of our Western New York readers will be glad to learn. See advertisement.

GLADDING'S HORSE PITCH-FORK is a very valuable labor-saving apparatus, and we take pleasure in commending it to the attention of those who have any considerable amount of hay to mow or stack. It will save both time and back-ache, and prove a great desideratum in the busy season of haying. It is now placed within reach of the farmers of Western New York, as will be seen by reference to an advertisement in this paper.

WHEAT AT THE WEST AND SOUTHWEST.—We are in receipt of unfavorable accounts of the wheat crop at the West and Southwest. Illinois correspondents speak of great injury from frost. The *Valley Farmer* states that "all the late sown wheat in Alabama, East Tennessee, and Southern Kentucky, has suffered severely from the frosts of last December. The early sown wheat is looking well, however, and gives promise of a good crop."

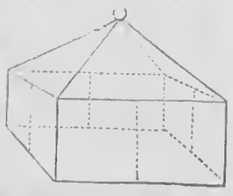
HORTICULTURAL.

SPRING WORK IN THE GARDEN.

The work in the garden will soon commence. Indeed, those who have been on the alert, have doubtless improved the fine weather to make walks and get everything in readiness for the spring campaign. Those who intend to make lawns should begin at once. Spade deep, and thoroughly pulverize the soil, and make the surface smooth with the rake. Sow Kentucky Blue Grass, or Red Top, or both, quite thick, and after this is done sow a little White Clover, and rake in well. The spring showers will cause the seed to quickly germinate, and in July the surface will be quite green. If you wait until May before sowing grass seed, the hot, dry weather will set in before the seeds have taken sufficient root, and much will perish. During the summer, pull up by hand the strongest weeds, and mow as often as the grass gets high enough to cut with the scythe.

Trees and *Shrubs* of all kinds can now be planted. Prepare the ground well and plant carefully, for one shrub or tree well cared for, affords more pleasure than a hundred neglected. Grape vines should have been pruned last month, and now may be carefully fastened to the stakes where they are to fruit. Roses, fruit trees, and shrubs, may now be pruned, manured, and put in order for their summer's growth. Lighten the soil around each, remembering that the feeding roots do not cluster around the trunks, but extend a long way in the soil.

Hotbeds should have been made last month, but even now a light heat will be of advantage in starting annual flowers, as well as for growing cucumbers, lettuce, radishes, &c. A *Cold Frame*, which is simply a hotbed frame and sash placed over a good, warm, well-prepared soil, without manure for producing heat, is an excellent thing for growing plants from the seeds of Annuals, as well as *Cauliflower*, and other plants for transplanting. It is not safe to transplant into the open ground until about the latter part of May, and even then we often have cold rains and harsh winds that are very apt to injure if not destroy newly-planted things, unless they have been well hardened in the frame, by exposure to the air. Nothing is more useful in American gardens than hand glasses. For covering hills of melons, cucumbers, and all tender plants, they are invaluable.—They may be made of a frame in which glass is set, as shown in the engraving, or may be a simple box, slanting toward the front, like a hotbed frame, with a large light of glass in the top.



Early Potatoes and *Peas*, and *Potato* and *Top Onions*, and *Spinach*, should be put in the ground at once. Old *Asparagus* beds should be dressed and new ones made. *Strawberry* beds should be put in order, and new beds made. It is useless to put in the main crop of vegetable seeds, such as beets, beans, &c., until the weather becomes somewhat settled and the soil warm, and Annuals we would not sow in the open ground in this climate until the middle of May.

The *Crocuses* are just coming into flower, having made but little advance for a week or two past, on account of the cold weather. A few warm days will bring them to perfection. We shall give brief notes of everything interesting as the season progresses, and such directions for planting and culture as will be seasonable and profitable to the lovers of flowers. We have many new things on trial, and among them the celebrated *Spergula*, recommended in England for lawns, as a substitute for grass, and the *Dianthus Heddewiggii*, of both of which we shall give engravings during the season.

GRAFTING OLD ORCHARDS, TRIMMING, &c.

Messrs. Eds.:—With your permission, I thought I would give, through the Rural, some general information about grafting and trimming orchards. I see one reader of the Rural is a going to graft considerable in an old orchard this spring. Is your orchard thrifty? If it is not, and has lain to meadow or pasture some years, it should be well manured with good strong manure, and plowed for a crop, but do not plow too deep near the trees, or you will break many of the roots. Corn is the best crop for an orchard, if the soil and climate are suitable. Have your trees been well trimmed? If not, it should be attended to. A tree that is large enough to bear fifteen or twenty bushels of apples, should be trimmed in such a manner that a man could climb around in the top with a basket and pick the apples without tearing his clothes off. Trimming should be done with a very fine saw, and in the nicest possible manner, so as not to mangle, or leave unnecessary wounds. No limb should be permitted to grow through, or between other limbs, where it may chafe or rub them. Select the most prominent and thrifty limbs to graft in, though I would not recommend to graft any limb larger than an inch and a half in diameter, and from that down as small as you can graft conveniently. It takes much longer for large limbs to heal over, and the grafts are more liable, if thrifty, to be broken off at the joint with the limb, in heavy gales and storms. You had better climb a little higher and graft smaller limbs. All limbs that do not need to be grafted, should be trimmed off, in the course of two years.

How many grafts to set in a tree is the question now. Let us reason a little on the subject. Suppose a tree has been growing twenty years, and is large enough to bear twenty bushels of apples, and this tree being properly trimmed, has twenty branches to bear them on, then I argue that they should all be preserved by setting two scions in each limb, grafting the lower limb as far away from the center of the tree as possible, so as to spread the top, for grafts are more inclined to grow perpendicular than the natural branches. Then in five or six years you will have top enough perhaps, to bear twenty bushels again, of choice fruit, when if you should graft only six or eight limbs, and cut the rest off, it would take ten years at least, to grow top enough to bear the twenty bushels.

In sawing off limbs to graft, great care should be taken not to let them sag while sawing and split the stock or peel the bark. When limbs are so far out of reach that you cannot hold them to prevent them from splitting, you had better saw them off a few inches beyond where you design to graft them, and then saw them again at that point. In splitting limbs that are horizontal, or nearly so, split them in a horizontal manner, so that one scion will not be directly above the other. I think the best time to graft is when the buds on the trees begin to open a little, though it can be done successfully much earlier, and as late as the 10th of June. Great care should be taken in climbing around in the trees, not to peel the bark off the limbs with your boots; for wounds on the upper side of the limbs will not heal very readily, and may cause them to decay and break down when loaded with fruit.

Two buds on each scion is sufficient, and the scion should be sharpened with a keen knife, to a true taper, like a wedge, for about an inch, commencing as close to the lower bud as possible, and in such a manner that the bud will be on the outside when placed in the limb, and insert it so that the sap in the stock will connect with the sap in the scion. It requires some care, with good judgment, to trim grafts as they should be. Most orchards that come under my observation are greatly neglected. If each bud should produce a shoot ten or twelve inches long, which would be about a medium growth, then each of these will produce five or six from the lower buds the second year, and this will be too many. Now this should be regulated in the start. If there are four shoots the first year, cut two of them off, leaving the two that are the furthest apart, generally. After the second year's growth, cut off those that grow toward each other. When large trees are grafted, it causes a great many body sprouts to shoot out, and these should be cut off every year.

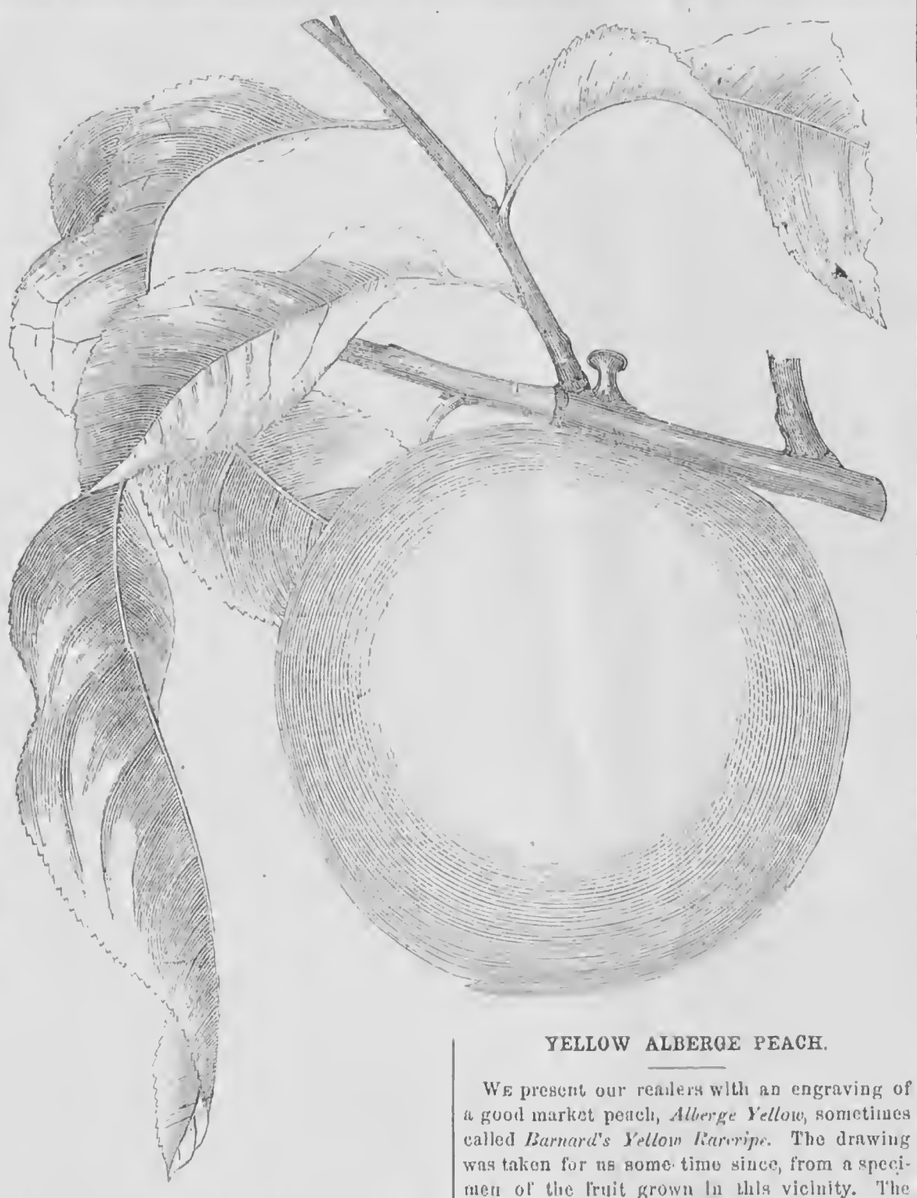
If any of the readers of the Rural have recently set out a young orchard, which I presume many of them have, and have neglected to trim the trees in a proper manner, I would here like to remind them of that neglect. If you wish to have tops high enough to drive under with a team, and plow up to your trees, cut off all the limbs, every year, below that height. I have seen young trees with limbs growing within three feet of the ground, for four or five years, and then cut off, because they were too low. What is the use of permitting such useless limbs to grow! They only retard the growth of the main top of the tree. Grafting cannot be done when the limbs are wet, or the weather too cool, as you cannot make the wax stick. Grafts may be cut any time in the spring before the buds swell, and kept in a cool place, covered with dry dirt or sand, but they should not wither, nor be kept so moist that the buds will start.

To make grafting wax—Take 1 pound rosin, half a pound of beeswax and six ounces of tallow; melt these together, and pour the mixture in a tub of cold water; when cool enough, rub your hands with tallow, and work it as you would shoewax.

No. 2, in the first number of the Rural this year, is the best form for a grafting knife, but I think it should be nearly straight, so that it will check the bark before the limb begins to open, for sometimes it will check a little one side if the knife does not check it.

R. T. F.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., March, 1860.



YELLOW ALBERGE PEACH.

We present our readers with an engraving of a good market peach, *Alberge Yellow*, sometimes called *Barnard's Yellow Rareripe*. The drawing was taken for us some time since, from a specimen of the fruit grown in this vicinity. The fruit is large, as shown in the engraving, deep yellow, with a dull red cheek, flesh yellow, juicy and rich. The tree is a vigorous grower, hardy, and very productive, and it is therefore an excellent variety to grow for market. It ripens early, in this section about the first of September, and about the same time, or a little before, *Crawford's Early*, by which it has been somewhat overshadowed of late. It is, however, well worthy of cultivation. The flowers are small, and the glands globose.

THE FRANKLIN GRAPE.

For facts relating to the origin and dissemination of this grape, those interested are referred to the Rural New-Yorker, Vol. 10, No. 13, in which a history of its origin, and description of its fruits, was given by me. I have advertised it in the "Rural," *Gardeners' Monthly*, and *Cincinnatus*, at twenty five cents per vine, with the design of giving all an opportunity of obtaining a valuable grape, and as a standard of comparison with other new grapes.

In the *Gardeners' Monthly* of March, 1859, Mr. Garber (to whom I sent the first vine,) gave his opinion of it, with an account of its origin. He also gave his opinion of it in the "Rural" of April 30, 1859, comparing it with other grapes, at the same time remarking that the vines were yet scarce, and that I was the only one who had vines for sale.

Subsequently Hon. A. Huidekoper, the owner of the original vine from which mine were derived, in a communication to the *Horticulturist* of 1859, described the grape, gave his opinion of it, and, unsolicited, mentioned it as being propagated and for sale by me. These are all, and the only facts known to the public, concerning the Franklin Grape, at the dates named; and yet, in the face of all the facts, and without a sentence from which to fabricate, some nurserymen have offered it in their catalogues as a "*seedling of Dr.* Garber," and "*Garber's Seedling*," and others ignorantly continue to copy the error. The reputation of Mr. Garber may account for the fabulous prices of $5 and $10, at which it is offered in his name. The attention of parties named has been called, to notice and correct the error, without effect.

O. T. Hobbs.

Randolph, Pa., 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

Fruits Received.—From E. W. Sylvester, Lyons, N. Y., some fine Baldwin apples. Mr. S. sends with the apples an interesting note, the spice of which we give our readers, reserving the apples for our own use:—"We read in the fruit books of apples which are tender, crisp, juicy, melting, sub-acid, and aromatic; but this is a long road for a live Yankee to travel when he wishes to describe an apple of more than usual excellence. An apple of a very fine variety may be so badly grown and kept, that the natural aroma is not developed, and though the appearance may be fair, yet it is wanting in those qualities which constitute a good apple. We term such an apple poor. Can we not carry out the analogy, and when an apple of a fine variety is every way of superior excellence, call it a *fat* apple? It is just the term,—it expresses in a single word all that buttery deliciousness which we all prize so highly in fruit. There is as much difference between a fat apple and a poor apple, as there is between fat beef and poor beef. Stall fed apples suit me exactly,—that is, we feed the trees from the rear end of the stall. The apples sent are from a tree grafted seven years since, (the tree then about fifteen years old,) which produced the past season seven barrels of apples. Let those who do not believe in grafting old orchards take note. Please try your editorial teeth (I hope they are good ones) on these apples, and judge for yourself whether they are lean or fat."

—From A. H. Campbell, Chili, N. Y., the Jonathan Apple, and a small yellowish apple, with a faint red cheek, fine grained, but not high flavored; undoubtedly a seedling.

—From G. M. Cooper, Williamson, N. Y., a delicate-looking apple, medium size, clear whitish skin, and a pretty red cheek. We think it a seedling. Not a very bad apple, probably, when in its best condition, but hardly worthy of cultivation while we have so many better.

—From D. M. Hanchett, Kendall, N. Y., some excellent Greenings. A part of them Mr. H. had been informed were not Greenings, as they were yellowish and had considerable color on the sunny side. These were probably grown on younger and more thrifty trees, and where they were more exposed to the sun, and may have been kept warmer, so as to ripen sooner. However this may be, they were all genuine Rhode Island Greenings.

—From G. W. Hanna, Lakeville, N. Y., some very good Roxbury Russets.

Missouri Fruit Growers' Association.—We have before given a brief notice of the Annual Meeting of this Association, the officers elected for the current year, &c., but we find in the last number of the *Prairie Farmer* a report of the discussion on the Grape, and the varieties best adapted to that State, from which we make some extracts:—"The discussion on the grape was particularly interesting, none the less so from having a dozen or more bottles of wine, choice specimens of different varieties. The varieties were Norton's Virginia, Catawba, Herbemont, Cunningham, and Black Reissling. They were nearly all excellent, and some samples of Catawba were pronounced, by several, quite equal to any they had ever tasted, either here, or at Cincinnati.

Mr George Husman, of Herman, recommended putting the Catawba on the list of rejected grapes, not deeming it worthy of future cultivation as compared with other more successful varieties. He had been led to this conclusion by a lengthy experience with it. He recommended Norton's Virginia Seedling very highly. It had been perfectly and unfailingly successful, and makes a very superior wine. Also, the Herbemont, he said, will adapt itself to our rocky declivities, and flourish where the Catawba will not. The only objection to it is that it is rather tender, and requires protection in our hardest winters. The Concord will produce a net profit per annum, of $1,000 per acre. It never rots, is easily propagated, will produce abundantly alongside the Catawba, and will be sound, while the latter rots. Of the Delaware, there seems to be but one opinion, and that is favorable.

The principal objection which was offered to Mr. Husman's proposition to reject the Catawba, was the fact that we have not yet a sufficient supply of the better varieties to meet the demand for planting."

Western Baldwin Apple.—In reply to L. L. Hall's singular remarks, in the Rural of the 17th ult., I will simply say, that I never received a scion, or apple, of or from him, of the seedling known as Western Baldwin, or any other variety of apple or scion. The Western Baldwin apples I left with you, when at your office, and the scions, since sent you, came from a tree in the orchard of Mr. Hathaway, a neighbor adjoining our place on Little Prairie Roode, Cass county. Lately, I have ascertained that Mr. Hathaway, a few years since, presented this apple at a meeting of the State Horticultural Society, where its merits were discussed, and received the name of Paw Paw, being the name of the place where it originated. You will find it noticed in the late edition of Elliot's Western Fruit Book, page 162. The tree producing No. 1, came from a nursery about six miles east of White Pigeon, St. Joseph county. Mr. Hall is evidently talking about another variety of apple.—E. G. Ruell, *Little Prairie Roode, Mich.*, 1860.

Another White Blackberry.—A correspondent of the *Prairie Farmer* describes a new White Blackberry, called the Albion, which originated in Southern Illinois. It is described by him quite enthusiastically, as follows:—"The Albion has a green stem, and its foliage has a peculiar tint of bright green. It is vigorous and productive, and such berries! They almost equal the wonderful stories we often hear of "blackberries as long as a man's thumb!" Their color may be admired or not, that is a matter of taste,—but when it comes to the question of *taste proper*, what can the blackberry connoisseur desire more delicious and satisfying than the honied dew of the mucilaginous syrup, which is contained within those beautifully transparent sacs of roseate tint, that are crowded together to make up these splendid berries! The fruit is large; it is as large as those of the New Rochelle, or of any other variety in cultivation."

A New Work on the Grape.—Messrs. Saxton, Barker & Co. have in press an elaborate work on the culture of the grape, by Dr. Grant, of Iona. It will probably be the best book yet published on that subject.

Grapes for the South.—Will any of your Southern correspondents give your readers an article on the culture of the grape south of Mason and Dixon's line, and more particularly the States of Kentucky, Indiana, Virginia and Maryland, and what portions of those States are best adapted to grape culture? If you have no correspondents in those States, please refer your readers to some book that will give the information desired, and oblige—Rookwood, *Oswego, N. Y., March*, 1860.

The discussion by members of the Fruit Growers' Association of Missouri, given in this number, will be interesting to our correspondent. Mr. Husman, an experienced grape grower of Missouri, is preparing a work on grape culture at the South, which we presume will be published in a short time.

—We look for some most interesting reports on grape culture, at the next meeting of the American Pomological Society, which is to be held in Philadelphia in September next. On this subject we are all learners.

RYE AND INDIAN BREAD, PUDDINGS, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In answer to the inquiry for a method of making Rye and Indian Bread, I extract the following from Mrs. Horace Mann's "Health and Economy in Cooking," a little volume which I would recommend to seekers of good recipes for the table:

"Take four quarts of sifted Indian meal, sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over it, pour upon it two quarts of boiling water, and be careful that all the meal is thoroughly wet. When lukewarm, mix in two quarts of rye meal, two tablespoonfuls of yeast, well soaked in a pint of warm water; add more water if necessary, as Indian meal absorbs a great deal of water. Put it into a large, buttered pan; smooth the top by dipping the hand in warm water, and patting down the loaf. In winter it may be placed in a warm place to rise, but not near the fire in summer. When it begins to crack upon the top, which will be in about two hours and a half, put it into a well heated oven, and let it bake three or four hours. Some persons use sweet milk instead of water, but the bread will not keep so well in the summer. Some prefer the rye and corn meal, in the proportion of half and half."

We have used the same recipe with the yeast known as "salt rising." A cup or more of molasses is an improvement, to some grapes.

Ground Rice Pudding.—From the same author: "One pint of milk, half a pint of ground rice; wet the flour with some of the milk; boil the rest and pour over the wet flour, stirring it that it may not lump; return it to the fire, and boil till a very thick mush. Great care must be used to prevent its getting burned; stir it all the time; when done, stir in half a cup of cream, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Take two or more eggs, beat the whites on a large, flat dish, till they are all foam, beat the yolks separately, season with lemon juice; before the rice and milk are cool, beat all together; put into a water-rinsed dish, and bake an hour.

Note.—Everything that is made of rice is very wholesome. Rice is an absorbent, corrects an acid stomach, and even when mixed with rich ingredients, tends to neutralize their deleterious qualities."

H.

Economy Cakes.—We have a way of using up bits of boiled or fried pork, which we thought some farmer's wife might be glad to hear. Cut off the rind, chop rather fine; then stir them in a batter made of flour, buttermilk, saleratus, and fry in small cakes. We think them excellent.—W., *Great Valley*, 1860.

Starching Collars.—In reply to Amelia's query, how to starch collars, and give them a gloss like those we buy, I would say, cook the starch, dissolve a little gum arabic, and add to the starch, and they will have the polish we see upon those we procure at the stores.—Miranda, *Steuben, N. Y.*, 1860.

Horticultural Advertisements.

TRUE FRANKLIN GRAPE VINES—From the original—$3 per dozen; $20 per 100, 1 year old.
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NEW EVERGREENS, And many new DECIDUOUS TREES and SHRUBS, collected from all the best sources abroad, can be furnished to amateurs at reasonable rates. The attention of the TRADE is particularly invited to the low prices, by the quantity, of CONIFEROUS TREES. For Catalogues address PARSONS & CO.,
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By WILLIAM BRIGHT,
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In this work full Directions are given for Cultivating and Fruiting Pot Vines; A new system of Pruning for the Vineyard; New Method of making Vine Borders; New Management of Cold Grapery; New Views on Fertilizing the Grape. This is not a compilation of old matter respecting the Vine, but *a purely original work*, full of new suggestions for planting, pruning, training and fruiting the Grape, under all kinds of culture; drawn from personal experience, and recently confirmed by the opinions of the best Grape-growers in England.

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SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, SPRINGFIELD, Massachusetts,
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Address C. BEADLE, St. Catharines, C. W.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

IN MEMORIAM.

BY CARLIE MAYNE.

They tell me thou art dead,
And yet, beloved friend, to me it seems
Like the dark visions of a midnight dream,
Which, when the morning comes,
Will all be fled.

If, when I saw thee last,
A revelation had to me been given,
That when we met again 'twould be in heaven,
More bitter tears had flown;
But now 'tis past.

I weep that thou, so soon,
With all life's pleasures bright before thee yet,
Shouldst pass away,—thy star so early set,
A flower that ope'd at morn,
And died at noon.

I weep for thy dear friends.
No more thy beaming eye, or gentle voice,
Or loving words, shall make their hearts rejoice.
Alas! each earthly hope
In sorrow ends.

And yet our tears are vain!
The golden doors have been unclosed for thee,
Of our Father's house "where the many mansions" be,
And there, life's conflict o'er,
We'll meet again.

Thy dying words were dear!
When loved ones round thee stood, in anguish wild,
And one said, "Thou art near to Heaven, my child,"
How sweet was thy reply,
"Yes, Heaven is near."

Ashtabula, Ohio, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WOMEN WILL HAVE THEIR WAY.

"Sarah, do, for mercy sake, think what you are about! Can't you let your husband have a moment's peace, when he is in the house? Must you be dinging and fretting about something or other? No wonder he has gone out! I'd not stay to hear such an everlasting harping and stewing as you make about nothing! You're enough to drive a man to the grog shop, and if you hadn't the best husband that ever lived, and the noblest of men, he'd never have lived with you till this time!"

"Why, my dear, outraged brother! you are lashing me right and left. What have I said, now? I meant to scold him; he might have gone and got up his team, and taken Mag. and me to town, as well as not. He's so 'fraid I'll run him in debt at the store, and get Mag., or me, some finery. We might just as well have some nice clothes and things, as the Joneses and Simpsons, and others. No sense in our staying here and moping ourselves to death, 'cause we can't go out and look as well as our neighbors! and I, for one, won't stand it much longer, I assure you!"

"Stand it! you won't stand anywhere a great while, if you go to flaring around. George has paid for his little farm by the closest economy and hard labor, and you know, very well, he was never robust and tough, and needs now to manage closely to keep his home and a roof above your heads. You'd be a great sight better off, if you had this place mortgaged for a few gewgaws and trinkets. Do be reasonable, Sarah. Besides, if Maggie wants some notions, why does she not make some effort to earn them in some way?"

"Fred Dickson! Mag. go out to work! That *would* be a pretty affair! You make a grand financier!"

"I did not say, 'go out to work;' I said, earn something—and why not? Her father is not too good to 'go out to work' by the day or job, or any way, when he can get employment and pay. You have nice distinctions. That is the way, in these days. Father may dig and delve in the sod, or behind the counter, or in the office, and mother may cook and wash the dishes, but the dear, lovely daughters, must finger the piano, and wear the fixin's, and play the (dis)agreeable to something or nothing."

"O, well, Fred, it'll do for you to go on that way, just as you always do. You never did think nor act a bit like anybody else, but it won't pass with me. What I know, I know, and if George aint a mind to go out with us, or get us anything, *I* can do it, and he may pay for it. If he is not able to, he ought to be. I don't see why he could not have plenty of money, as well as our neighbors."

"Go on, then. Where a woman says she will, she will, and there's an end of it. You'll see where you'll end, by and by. Come on, my good Carlo, we won't waste words here any longer,"—and whistling to his dog, Fred went out, very sure he was in the right, and very sorry for his kind brother-in-law. And Sarah set her face to give him a piece of her mind when he came back, and a good lecture to George for not staying at home more steadily. And so things were and went. Alas! what *is* so unaccountable as an unreasonable woman! Dido.

Gossip.—We have always found it difficult to reconcile our notions of woman's truthfulness and sense of justice, with her strange forgetfulness of her obligations to her neighbors. There is no difficulty experienced where her affections are engaged. It is easy to do justice to another, where personal gratification is to be obtained, but to deal fairly with those, of her own sex particularly, whose feelings and affections are not intertwined with hers, requires a moral strength, that, to say the least, we do not find in the majority of women. If there is one thing more than another that defaces the beauty of a woman's nature, it is that ungovernable appetite which is only appeased by the nicest and daintiest bits of mutilated character.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OLD BACHELORS.

Old bachelors are a very respectable class in community. They are gradually rising in public favor. True, they have suffered the storms of persecution, but they have borne up under them most heroically. Legislatures have even agitated the question of levying a tax on them. It must have been one of the sex who originated such a spiteful idea. No doubt the purpose was to drive them to desperation, and thus induce them to commit—not suicide—but matrimony. Well might one of these much-injured individuals put the query to the pioneer of such an indignity:—"Am I a *dog*, that thou shouldst do this thing?"

Turn, if you please, to the history of our celebrated men. The names of Locke and Newton are bright enough to cast a glory over all the ranks which they helped to form. Who could sweep the poet's lyre with more beauty than Cowper or Montgomery, or with more sweetness than Goldsmith or Percival? Where will you find a brighter example of heroic zeal and self-denial, combined with great intellectual capacities, than in an Asbury or a Cooper? Surely old-bachelordom has been honored with some bright names. Look at the three,—the mighty three, we might call them,—but just passed from the stage of action. Humboldt, of whom we might say that he intermeddled with all wisdom; Irving, who gained the affection,, almost the worship, of the nation; and Macaulay, the magical historian.

Why is it that such high literary merit is connected with a state of single blessedness? O, Socrates, hadst thou been wise, no Xantippe should have disturbed the calm majesty of thy brow with her unphilosophical scolding. Poor Milton! When he once got his neck out of the yoke matrimonial, why didn't he have the wisdom to keep it out? The sublime visions of his brain might then have been undisturbed by the "thorns" of his existence. Did Hugh Miller never wish he was an old bachelor? I fancy I see his noble Scotch countenance disfigured by a frown,—the effect of a curtain lecture,—as he takes refuge in his study and engages himself with his fossils and engravings.

And there was Wesley. Fancy his termagant wife in the act of pulling his beautiful, flowing hair, that hung "so like a glory round his brow." Just fancy him, the grave, benignant Wesley, retorting by quoting Greek to her. O, ye literary men, don't get married; or, if you will, never choose one of these stirring, *spirited* women. If you do, there will be trouble ahead, and more *scenes* than in Shakspeare. If you must leave the blissful regions of single life, get some meek, appreciative daughter of Eve, who will keep your stockings mended, your house in order, and who will open her blue eyes in admiration at all your performances. But if you would like good company, don't marry at all. There is a bright galaxy of names that you can ever recur to with pride and exultation, in the realms of bachelordom, from Locke down to James Buchanan.

Bristol, Kenosha Co., Wis., 1860. Ella.

BABY TALK.

I am not exalting trifles, when I remark that what is termed *baby talk*, at least, when addressed to children old enough to understand and imitate it, is detestable. The parents must remember that, when the child can comprehend one word, its education is begun. The mother, especially, is called to officiate as professor of languages in the domestic university. But who, in teaching a foreigner the English language, would say to him, that until he becomes farther advanced, he must call a horse a "horses," and a dog a "bow-wow," and that for the present he will address his maternal parent as his "mudder?" This seems sufficiently ridiculous, but this is not all; it would be unjust to the learner. It would teach him pronunciations which he must unlearn as laboriously as he learned them. You would thus, in fact, double his task.

The folly and the injustice are the same, when you teach a little child to speak a distorted, mangled, burlesque language, of which it becomes ashamed when older, and tries to unlearn it. I object to this clipped and barbarized English because it involves a waste of time, and of brain-power, and patience. I object to it even as a temporary expedient, because it has no value.—Good English is as intelligible to a little child as the most painful distortions can be. And, by encouraging children to retain their early errors, you hinder them in the acquisition of their native tongue. They ought, from their earliest years, to be taught to notice language closely; yet, by talking to them in their own imperfect words, you teach them to be careless. I am aware that the first broken utterances of the little one are very charming in the parental ear; but the charm ceases when the child is capable of doing better. So there is no loss, even of the poetry of childhood, in speaking English to children.—*Rev. J. T. Crane.*

A Beautiful Form.—Take abundant exercise in the open air,—free, joyous, attractive exercise, such as young girls, when not restrained by false and artificial proprieties, are wont to take. If you are in the country, or can get there, ramble over the hills and through the woodlands; botanize, geologize, seek rare flowers and plants, hunt birds' nests, and chase butterflies. Be a romp, even though you may be no longer a little girl. If you are a wife and mother, so much the better. Romp with your children. Attend to your bodily positions, in standing, sitting, lying or walking, and employ such general or special gymnastics as your case may require. Live, while in doors, in well-ventilated rooms; take sufficient wholesome and nourishing food, at regular hours; keep the mind active and cheerful; in short, obey all the laws of health.

It is as true of love and friendship as of anything else, that with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us again.—*Smith.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SPRING IN THE CITY.

BY J. W. BARKER.

I'm thinking of the golden light
That rests upon the smiling hills;
I'm listening for the joyous song
That rises from the gushing rills,—
Those beauteous scenes of long-ago
Lie spread before my fancy's eye,
And, tinged with all their wonted hues,
The mountains kiss the bending sky.

Oft, as the first glad light of Spring
Went wandering 'mid the laughing grove,
And Nature, long in dreary sleep,
Seemed listening to some words of Love;
Oft, as the flowers began to bloom,
And birds their lively carols sang,
My very soul seemed touched with life,
And lips and heart the chorus rang.

But here, in vain, the glorious sun
Seems struggling through a misty vail,
Nor bird, nor stream, nor laughing grove,
Give music to the stilled gale.
These stately domes, where human life
Is found in every varied form,
Forever cast their sable shade,
And intercept the glorious morn.

The mid-day sun will wander down
Where panting, pining mortals dwell,
And bless, with momentary bliss.
These captives in their spacious cell;
But glowing morn, or gorgeous eve,
Can never cheer the weary heart,
Nor Nature, with her thousand tongues,
Her richer melody impart.

I'm straying by the babbling brook
In morning's glad and cheerful light;
Or gazing on the purple gleams
That bathe the blushing brow of night.
I'm snatching from the velvet knoll,
Spring's early born,—or, through the woods,
Am seeking for the beautiful
Amid the sweetest solitudes.

Then sing amid your rural homes,
By singing stream, or smiling hill,
Where glowing morn and gorgeous eve
The sweetest wreaths of bliss distil.
Ah! never, in your green retreats,
Can ye desire our prison home,
Where ne'er a gladsome song is heard,
Or fragrant breezes ever come.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NOVEL READING.

True as Solomon's declaration,—"Of making many books there is no end,"—may have been in his time, it is still more so to-day; and, perhaps, no age has produced more books than the present. Many of these are of great value, and their publication is a blessing to the world; while others cannot be perused without detriment to heart and mind. Pre-eminent among the latter class stands the modern novel.

Novel reading weakens the intellect. The mental powers cannot be strengthened by any process that fails to tax their energies, and every book that fosters mental indolence, weakens the mind. Who will claim that novel reading tasks the intellect. Dickens' and Lover's writings can be understood without any great exertion of mental power. One finds no substantial food for the intellect in Sue's novels. The reading of works of fiction also weakens the mind, by keeping it employed upon trivial objects. Silly love stories are the material of which most novels are composed, and the execution is, generally, on a par with the plan. Most novelists would have but few readers, if their popularity depended upon the real literary merit of their works. And, does not the mental character of most readers become assimilated to that of their favorite authors?

The advocates of novel reading assert, that works of this kind often charm the young into a love of reading, which they would not otherwise possess. In one sense, this may be true! It may beget a love for light and trifling reading, but those who read the most novels, generally pay the least attention to works of sterling merit. The Waverly Novels may fit the young to love those of Ingraham and Lippard, but they never yet led any one to study the writings of Chalmers or Miller. Let one who has been accustomed to the perusal of books which tax all the energies of the mind, commence reading novels, and it will seldom be long before his interest in works of a more solid character begins to diminish. Can such a process take place without weakening the intellect?

Novels unfit their readers for the duties of life. They feed the imagination much more than either the reason or the heart. Few of the heroes of novels are such as are found in the common walks of life. They are either angels or fiends, and their homes are either palaces or hovels. The reader often associates with them until he or she lives in an imaginary world, a world very different from the one in which common mortals move. Shall she who has become so familiar with lovers who possess superhuman virtues, link her destinies with

"A being not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food?"

Shall she be expected to descend from her aerial height to the prosaic duties of a daughter, sister, or wife; merely because the happiness of a few persons may depend upon her performing those duties? Is it not absurd that so refined a sentimentalist as she is, should be expected to know how to darn stockings, or cook a dinner? Is such a dreamer fit for the duties of life?—will she prove of much use in the world? Did a habitual novel reader ever make an Elizabeth Fry, or a Hannah More?

But this is not the worst feature in this matter, for most novels tend to render their readers positively vicious. Persons generally imbibe the character of those with whom they associate, and no one can be much of a novel reader without constantly being brought into communion with the vilest characters. True, some novelists try to represent their heroes as christians; but their christianity is generally very different from that of the New Testament. It is evident that most novelists know very little about either christianity or virtue. Sue intends to represent the Prince, who figures so largely in "The Mysteries of Paris," as a paragon of virtue, yet how defective is his moral character. Many of the other personages that are represented in that tale, are monsters, whose originals could only have been found in Pandemonium,—or Paris. Can the mind be brought into daily intercourse with such characters as frequently appear in the writings of Dickens, without drinking in of their spirit? Did the youthful reader of the pages of Scott, or Bulwer, ever fail to close one of their volumes, with less detestation of vice than he possessed when he opened it?

There is no necessity that persons should spend their time in the perusal of works of fiction, for there are books enough that combine a pure moral tendency, with a high degree of literary merit, to furnish reading matter to all who desire it. Is it no sin for us to waste our time in reading works that weaken the intellect, while the vast fields of knowledge that stretch out before us remain unexplored? What novel can be more fascinating than Macaulay's History of England, or Irving's Conquest of Grenada? It will be time enough to turn to novels when there are not works enough that afford both pleasure and profit at the same time. S. L. Leonard.

Butler, Wisconsin, 1860.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

Benjamin Franklin attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his powers of speaking,—for these were but moderate,—but to his known integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow citizens. I was but a bad speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men in high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution. During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French gentry who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him, that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horse.

That character is power, is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power.—Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers in their way, but they may be powers only for mischief.—We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket, or the horsemanship of a highwayman. Truthfulness, integrity, and goodness,—qualities that hang not on any man's breath,—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery." When Stephen, of Colonna, fell into the hands of his base assailants, and they asked him, in derision, "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," was his bold reply, placing his hand upon his heart. It is in misfortune that the character of the upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and when all else fails, he takes stand upon his integrity and courage.

THE FOLLY OF THE DAY.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being "genteel." We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be "respectable," though only in the meanest sense,—in mere vulgar show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state, to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves, and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial, genteel world, of which we form a part. There is a constant struggle and pressure for front seats, in the social amphitheater; in the midst of which all noble, self denying resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are inevitably crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways,—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to seem poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.—*Home Journal.*

Energy.—It is astonishing how much may be accomplished in self-culture by the energetic and the persevering, who are careful to avail themselves of opportunities, and use up the fragments of spare time, which the idle permit to run to waste. Thus Ferguson learned astronomy from the heavens, when wrapped in a sheepskin on the highland hills,—thus Stone learned mathematics, while working as a journeyman gardener,—thus Drew studied the highest philosophy in the intervals of cobbling shoes,—thus Miller taught himself geology, while working as a day laborer in a quarry. By bringing their minds to bear upon knowledge in its various aspects, and carefully using up the very odds and ends of their time, men such as these, in the very humblest circumstances, reached the highest culture, and acquired honorable distinction among their fellow men. It was one of the characteristic expressions of Chatterton, that God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they chose to be at the trouble.

WAITING.

This wind that cools my burning brow,
What blessed peace it brings!
As if this summer air were stirred
By countless angel-wings.

As if our Christ had softly laid
His hand upon my brow.
The Shepherd's voice, the Master's words,
I hear them even now.

It is not strange—this golden light
That plays above my head;
Are not the angels of the Lord
Encamped around my bed?

I seem to press some Calvary cross,
Outstretched upon my bed;
And now I only wait to hear
The "It is finished" said.

Yes, through these days that tarry long,
These silent nights, I wait;
I only wait a little while
The opening of the gate.

I know that I am near the gate,
For when night comes again,
And lights in Heaven's wide windows flash
Behind each sapphire pane;

'Tis then my pillow, hard and rough,
Another Bethel seems;
I sleep, but all the night I watch
The angels in my dreams.

They flash along this heavenly way,
As if to Heaven's broad door,
A vine had climbed up through the sky,
And white-winged blossoms bore.

So now I know my home is near,
That I am near the gate;
I only fold my hands in prayer,
Then knock, and knocking—wait!

Knickerbocker Magazine.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE PAST.

Gone, forever gone, from us, is the past, with all its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and pains.—Never again, but in memory, shall we grow happy in the sunlight of its pleasures, or bow beneath the weight of its afflicting hand. Yet, at times, we love to wander back through its desolate halls, and imagine them again peopled with their former inhabitants. We love to go back to childhood's happy hours, and imagine ourselves surrounded by those who were our companions, when our highest ambition was some school-boy triumph, and our greatest grief no more lasting than a summer's day. We pause and consider if the hopes of those happy hearts that surrounded us in youth have been realized,—if, in the great battle of life, they have achieved the triumphs they anticipated. Ambition, the guiding star of youth, seemed to point an easy path to fame's summit. Hope whispered sweet words to the panting heart, and all was joy and gladness. But we pause not long for reflection,—a grassy mound, beside the stream where often we had wandered, points the resting place of some,—and anticipations never realized tell the fate of many still numbered with the living.

Yet, how instructive are the simple records of the past. There is a lesson read to us from out their midst that is not to be mistaken. As we review the season of youth, we may learn this lesson from its departure,—life is fast passing away, and before we are aware of it, another stage of existence will be ushered upon us. Let us remember that hope gleams out from every action of a well-spent life, and happiness is only found in doing good. J. A. Smith.

Geneva, Wis., 1860.

HOW TO HAVE LIGHT.

We are responsible, not only for what we do, but for what we see. More than we often think, the eyes of the soul are in our power. Say what we will of the obscurities of Revelation and the mysteries of Providence, truly spiritual and believing men and women go on reading both deeper and deeper, clearer and clearer, all their lives, till at last, no longer through a glass darkly—the veil taken away—they see as they are seen, know as they are known, stand face to face with the Saviour they have so long and so trustingly followed, and have "open vision for the written word." If we do not behold the constellation of splendid truths that radiate their evangelic light from the gospel, it is because blindness is in the dim pupils of our eyes, unused or abused. Just as fast as we will let it, the day will dawn and the day star arise in our hearts. By living out all the goodness we know, in the daily beauty of holiness, we shall behold life's grand proportions. By walking with Christ you shall wear his likeness. Nay—for he is a living Christ—you shall have him formed within you, not only the hope, but the present possession of glory. And because you know him spiritually, in the purity and love of his life and cross, men will also take knowledge of you, that you have been with him, and are with him now, and shall be his people forever.—*Rev. Dr. F. D. Huntington.*

Rule of Judgment.—Where Christ has set His name, there, Christian, set thou thine heart. Call things as Christ calls them; count things as Christ counts them; that should not be little in thine eye which is great in the eyes of Christ; nor should that be great in thine eye which is but little in the eye of Christ.—*Brooks.*

We carry our burdens in this life a great deal more heavily than we need to. They are made to be heavy that we may not be willing to carry them alone. It is said that an unhelped cross is the heaviest thing a man ever carried; but a Christ-touched cross is about the lightest thing a man ever carried.

The Reviewer.

NARRATIVE OF THE EARL OF ELGIN'S MISSION TO CHINA AND JAPAN, in the Years 1857, '58, '59. By LAURENCE OLIPHANT, Esq., Private Secretary to Lord ELGIN, author of the "Russian Shores of the Black Sea," etc. [8vo.—pp. 645.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THIS large and attractive volume comprises a very interesting history of Lord ELGIN'S Special Mission to China and Japan, which extended over a period of two years. The author remarks, in his preface, that the work "has been thrown into the shape of a personal narrative, in the hope that it would convey, in a more amusing and readable form, the record of our experiences in these empires." And in this he has succeeded, for the style of the work, and its arrangement and illustrations, are such as to render it entertaining to thousands who would never read a dignified, official report on the same subject. The descriptions of Japan, and the habits and characteristics of the people of that recently-opened-to-the-rest-of-mankind-empire, are quite interesting, and convey favorable impressions of a country and nation about which little is known. The author admits that "the circumstances under which Japan was visited were, perhaps, calculated to present to us the bright rather than the gloomy side of the picture. Our imaginations had not been excited by the glowing descriptions of former visitors, and our most sanguine expectations, therefore, fell far short of the pleasing reality. We met with frankness and courtesy where we expected suspicion and reserve. In a country noted for its jealous distrust of foreigners, we enjoyed an entire immunity from all restrictions upon our personal liberty. We were prepared for a diplomatic contest with a government rigid in its adherence to a traditional policy of exclusiveness. A fortnight sufficed to enable us to conclude a treaty with it upon a most liberal basis. We had just passed a year in China, and all comparisons made with that empire were in favor of Japan." The historical portions of the volume contain much valuable information, imparted in a pleasant and readable style, while the numerous illustrations are both attractive and instructive. The work is sold in Rochester by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

HOMEWARD BOUND: or, The Chase. A Tale of the Sea. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 532.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co.

THOUGH this is the fourteenth volume of the superb edition of the great American novelist's works, now in course of publication, our first remark must be in praise of its beautiful externals,—for, like its predecessors, it is faultless in typography, illustrations, and binding. Compared with the cheap editions of many works,—that of the Waverly Novels, issued by a Philadelphia firm, last year, for instance,—this series is, in all the essentials of book-making, as superior as is daylight to darkness. In noticing this volume, a contemporary remarks that EVE CUNNINGHAM, the heroine, is perhaps the best and most natural female character that COOPER has portrayed. "Homeward Bound" was first published in 1838, and excited much attention, chiefly from the fact that in it the author was very sarcastic upon American travelers, and showed up a Mr. DODGE in no enviable position. The race between the two vessels—Montauk and Foam—is vividly described. Sold by E. R. HALL

THE CHINA MISSION. Embracing a History of the various Missions of all Denominations among the Chinese.—With Biographical Sketches of Deceased Missionaries. By WILLIAM DEAN, D. D., twenty years a Missionary to China. [18mo.—pp. 396.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THIS volume gives, in concise form and simple style, a most complete history of Missionary enterprises in China. Dr. DEAN is perhaps the most competent person living for the preparation of such a work, and he has accomplished the important task in a very creditable manner. Persons of all denominations, interested in the Christianization of China, will find the work entertaining and instructive—including no little information relative to the homes, habits, and characteristics, of the people of the "Flowery Land." The biographies of many of the deceased missionaries are deeply interesting. We commend the volume to all who wish to know more of China and its Missions. Sold by ADAMS & DARNEY.

THE CHRISTIAN REVIEW. E. G. ROBINSON, Editor. No. XCIX—January, 1860.

THIS is the Baptist Review, a Quarterly of 180 pages, from the house of SHELDON & Co., of New York. It is issued in this city, as appears from the imprint, and is thus accessible to the accomplished Editor, who is favorably and widely known as the Professor of Theology in the Rochester Theological Seminary. The No. before us contains the following articles:—Sir William Hamilton's Lectures; Rives' Life of Madison; British India; Sprague's Annals of the American Baptist Pulpit; Thomson's Logic; Revelations of Romans; Early Baptist History; Notices of Books. The various articles exhibit superior ability and great versatility of talent on the part of the editor and his contributors, and the denomination may well be proud of such an exponent of its principles as the present number indicates. Its name will ever, it is hoped, be the true index of its character—the CHRISTIAN REVIEW. It certainly has great claim upon the patronage of the denomination, and will open a fund of knowledge to its readers of all sects and professions. Though sectarian in its principles, it is not confined to subjects purely Theological, as five of its seven principal articles fully prove. The Review is issued in neat style, typographically, and presents a fine external appearance. Terms, $3 per annum.

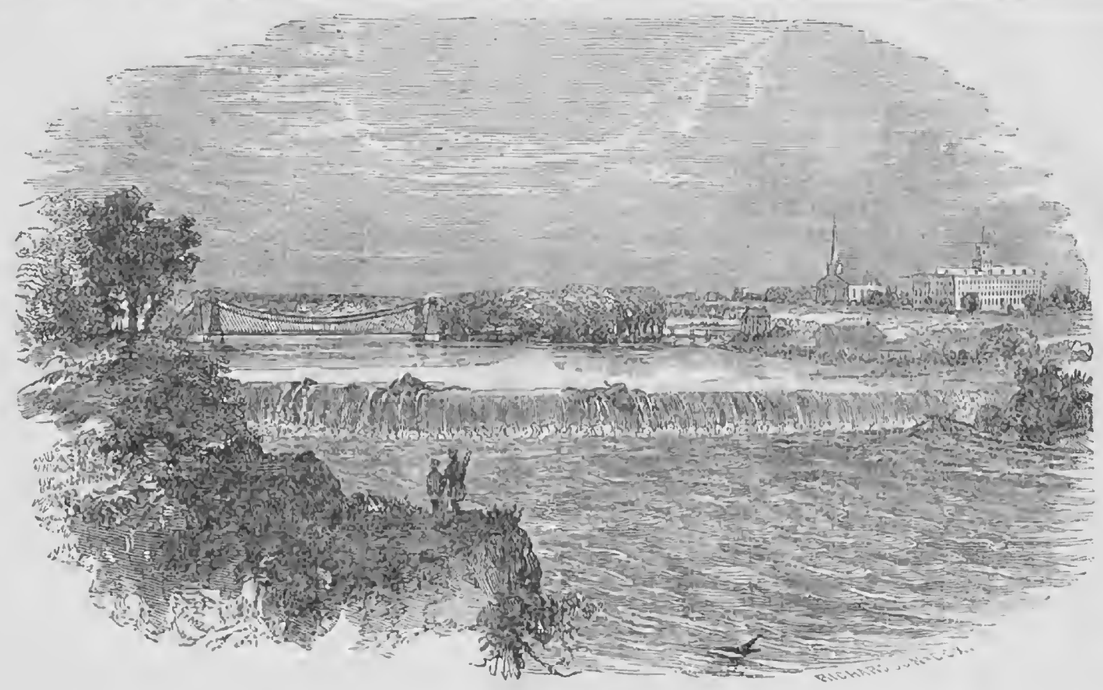
CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Useful Knowledge for the People. On the basis of the latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS work is issued in monthly parts, each portion containing sixty-three pages. Thus far, twelve numbers have been printed, and the publishers have performed their duties in an exceedingly creditable manner. All topics are treated in a masterly style, among the most prominent of which may be mentioned Geography, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Biography, Natural History, Topography, Theology, Medicine, etc., etc. The intention of the publishers is to issue a number monthly, completing the work in about eighty parts. For sale by ADAMS & DARNEY, and E. R. HALL.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Re-Published by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

THIS Review we have always held in especial favor, and the issue for January, now before us, is fully equal to its predecessors. The subjects treated in its pages are as follows:—The Three Colonies of Australia; Cotton-Spinning Machines and their Inventors; China and the War; The Roman Wall; Religious Revivals; Life and Works of Cowper; Reform Schemes, &c. The historical, political, mechanical, religious, or general reader, will find something to gratify his peculiar taste. As the present issue commences a new volume, it is a fit period for subscribing. DEWEY, agent.

HARPER'S GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.—Six inches in length, four in breadth, and half an inch in thickness, with cloth-limp covers and red edges, tells the size and style of a copy of HORACE, now lying before us, precursor of a series of text books. By having narrow margins, the use of fair, legible type is permitted, and the result is a book far handsomer and more convenient than the German editions so extensively sold in this country. Of course, within this narrow compass, as in the German editions, there are no notes. The series will be a favorite. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.



FALLS OF SAINT ANTHONY.

THE Falls of St. Anthony, in the Mississippi, lie within the territory of Minnesota, eight miles from St. Paul. The river at this pass is divided by an island, as at Niagara, forming the falls, the greater of which, on the western side, is 930 feet across. The descent of the water, in falls and rapids, is 58 feet in 260 rods. The beauty of the scene is thus not so much in the magnitude or height of the cascade as in the accessories of rock and forest group. The village of St. Anthony Falls is situated on the left bank, and at the Falls, where there is a perpendicular descent of 16 feet, (which is the fall shown in the plate,) and contained over 2,000 inhabitants some time ago, and is rapidly increasing. It has several good churches, a fine academy, seen in the engraving, a good number of stores, saw mills, &c. This place is at the head of steamboat navigation below the Falls, but from about a mile above the Falls the river is navigable for 150 miles, when the water is high.

"I visited the Falls of St. Anthony," said the Rev. Mr. Barnes in a sermon of two years ago. "I know not how other men feel when standing there, nor how men will feel a century hence, when standing there,—then, not in the *west*, but almost in the center of our great nation. But when I stood there, and reflected on the distance between that and the place of my birth and my home; on the prairies over which I had passed; and the stream—the 'Father of Rivers'—up which I had sailed some 500 miles, into a new and unsettled land,—where the children of the forest still live and roam,—I had views of the greatness of my country, such as I have never had in the crowded capitals and the smiling villages of the East. Far in the distance did they then seem to be, and there came over the soul the idea of greatness and vastness, which no figures, no description, had ever conveyed to my mind. To an inexperienced traveler, too, how strange is the appearance of all that land! Those boundless prairies seem as if they had been cleared by the patient labor of another race of men, removing all the forests, and roots, and stumps, and brambles, and smoothing them down as if with mighty rollers, and sowing them with grass and flowers; a race which then passed away, having built no houses of their own, and made no fences, and set out no trees, and established no landmarks, to lay the foundation of any future claim. The mounds which you here and there see, look, indeed, as if a portion of them had died and had been buried there; but those mounds and those boundless fields had been forsaken together. You ascend the Mississippi amid scenery unsurpassed in beauty probably in the world. You see the waters making their way along an interval of from two to four miles in width, between bluffs of from 100 to 500 feet in height. Now the river makes its way along the eastern range of bluffs, and now the western, and now in the center, and now it divides itself into numerous channels, forming thousands of beautiful islands, covered with long grass ready for the scythe of the mower. Those bluffs, rounded with taste and skill, such as could be imitated by no art of man, and set out with trees here and there, gracefully arranged like orchards, seem to have been sown with grain to the summit, and are clothed with beautiful green. You look out instinctively for the house and barn; for flocks and herds; for men, and women, and children; but they are not there. A race that is gone seems to have cultivated those fields, and then to have silently disappeared,—leaving them for the first man that should come from the older parts of our own country, or from foreign lands, to take possession of them. It is only by a process of reflection that you are convinced that it is not so. But it is not the work of man. It is God who has done it, when there was no man there save the wandering savage, alike ignorant and unconcerned as to the design of the great processes in the land where he roamed—God who did all this, that he might prepare it for the abode of a civilized and Christian people."

Spice from New Books.

The Hermitage.

THE country between Nashville and the Hermitage is more pleasing to the eye of a farmer than to that of the scenery hunter. Fields nearly level, or slightly rolling—very large fields compared with those of the North—fine groves and forests of hard wood, creeks flowing through deep ravines into the Cumberland; the Cumberland not visible, but its course indicated by the contour of the bluffs; only an occasional field of cotton, with its low, black stubble, tufted with white, to remind the visitor that he is not in the agricultural regions of Pennsylvania.

Seven miles from Nashville we rumble across the old covered bridge of Stone's River, and come in sight of the block-house where Jackson and Coffee kept their store, and contracted for the building of Burr's boats,—a pile without inhabitant now, to ruin running, a spectre of a house in a large field. Near by is Clover Bottom, where John Donelson encamped and planted corn, and lost his crop by an overflow of the Cumberland; where, too, General Jackson ran his horses, and strode tremendous to the rescue of Patton Anderson, wading knee-deep in dinner.

Soon we reached the Hermitage farm, a thousand acres in extent; four hundred cleared and cultivated; the rest forest—thick, lofty, luxuriant; only less so than the forests of Western New York or Ohio. No mansion yet in sight, however. What is this minute edifice of brick, too small for a school house, too desolate for a lodge? That is the Presbyterian Church which General Jackson built for the solace of his wife, soon after she joined the Church; and a solace indeed it was to the good lady, and to her religious friends in the neighborhood. It stands quite alone in a lane, out of sight of the Hermitage.

Now we leave the turnpike and turn into a private road, straight, narrow, a quarter of a mile long, the land on both sides a dead level. We come to a low iron gate in a white wooden frame, which admits us to an avenue of young cedars, ending in a grove, through which a guitar-shaped lawn is visible. But still no house. Not till the carriage begins to wind about the lawn, within a very few yards of the front door, does the mansion disclose itself to view—so level is the land, so dense the surrounding evergeen foliage. We alight, at length, on the stone steps of the piazza, and the Hermitage is before us.

It is not a very spacious building, and very far indeed from being an elegant one. A two-story brick house, with a double piazza, both in front and in the rear; the piazza wooden and painted white, supported by thick grooved pillars of the same material and color. The floors of the lower piazza are of stone, and each end terminates in a wing of the house. Just behind the edifice is a large garden, with pebbled paths, and beds bordered with bricks. The rooms are lofty, rather small, and plainly furnished. The parlors are hung with portraits of the General and his friends, Coffee, Bronaugh, Gadsden, Eaton, and others. There is a portrait of Mrs. Jackson in white satin, topaz jewelry, low neck and short sleeves; fat, forty, but not fair. In the hall are busts of Edward Livingston, Mr. Cass, and Levi Woodbury.

One would have expected to find the stables of such a lover of horses extensive and commodious; but they are neither. One building of unhewn logs, with stalls for nine or ten horses, and another still smaller for the shelter of the huge family coach, are all the out-buildings that now remain. The negro cabins, some of logs and a few of brick, are scattered about the farm, instead of forming a compact little street, as is often the case on large plantations.—"*Life of Andrew Jackson,*" *by* JAMES PARTON.

Religious Edifices in Bangkok.

IN Bangkok are about a hundred wats, or Budhist religious establishments, and each wat on an average contains about a hundred priests. A wat includes from one to three large and lofty temples in one enclosure, in which the images are placed, surrounded by a number of houses occupied by the priests. Each priest has a cell by himself, where he may eat and sleep, and he has not much else to do since he goes about among the people every morning and gathers his food already cooked. They are the fattest and the best fed men of the kingdom. These temples are built of brick and occupy the best sites in the country, and in expense and taste of architecture far exceed the dwellings even of the nobility. The ground about a wat, varying in extent from two to five acres, is generally laid out with walks paved with marble or granite, or tiles, and ornamented with shade trees and lotus flowers. It is regarded by them a work of great merit to build a wat, or feed the priests, which the nobles vie with each other in doing, and each family is in the habit of boiling a pot of rice every morning to feed to the priests as they come along for it, while the mother, with a little child before her, will give a cup of rice and make a salutation of worship to every man with a shaven head and yellow cloth, thus teaching the child to venerate the priesthood.—*Ibid.*

The Capital City of Siam.

BANGKOK, with a population of half a million, half of whom perhaps are Chinese, is the capital of a country where the snow never falls, where the grass is ever verdant, where the trees are ever green, where the flowers ever bloom, where the fruits ever ripen, where the summer lasts all the year; a country without railroads, carriage-roads, or bridle-paths; whose houses are without cellars or chimnies; whose inhabitants wear neither shoes nor hats, neither shirts nor pants, but a single cloth tied about the waist and hanging down below the knee, forms the only covering, except a scarf thrown over the shoulder, and passing over one arm and under the other; whose people use neither chairs nor tables, neither forks nor knives, neither sheets nor bed-quilts, but a mat and a pillow under them, and their daily covering and a musquito-net over them, is all they require for sleeping. They eat neither beef nor mutton, neither butter nor cheese—but rice and constitute their principal food—while they make up for all other deficiencies of eating, by a perpetual chewing of betel-nut and cerie, prepared with a little lime and tobacco. This is used both by men and women, and the little boys learn to smoke cigars before they are weaned from their mother's breast.—"*The China Mission,*" *by* WM. DEAN, D. D.

EVERY person must follow his conscience. There is no heresy so bad as that of refusing to go according to one's convictions.

YOUNG RURALIST.

THE ADVANTAGES OF WEALTH.

WE have not less than a dozen communications before us, on the *Advantages and Disadvantages of Wealth*, all, with one or two exceptions, in reply to an article by ARTHUR WALTON, of Kentucky, published in the RURAL several weeks since. We have also a second article by Mr. W., in which he argues for the Advantages of Wealth, and criticises an article published in reply to his first essay. One number of the RURAL, if devoted exclusively to this topic, would hardly contain the well-written communications we have on the subject, and as we hardly think it would be fair to make a selection, of one or two, we think we can do no better than to close the controversy, and at the same time assume the position of an umpire, or judge, make a brief charge, and leave the question to the jury, the great body of our readers, for their decision.

In the first place, we will say to W. that *truth* is none the less true, because half the world believes it false, or because all men act as though they thought it untrue. CHRIST was none the less the promised Messiah because the Jews believed Him an impostor, and cried with one united voice, "away with him—crucify him." It is childish and ridiculous to object to the axiom iterated by JEFFERSON, in the Declaration of Independence, that "all men are created equal," because men are not equal in size and in intellect. Every school-boy knows that this Declaration was one of natural rights, for following immediately after the words quoted, and in the same sentence, is this:—"and endowed by their CREATOR with certain *inalienable rights*, that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." No sane man ever supposed that physical or mental equality was meant by the author, or by the great and good men who unanimously adopted this world-renowned Declaration. Young men should not imitate the vices or follies of great men. It is strange, and yet true, that a man may say a thousand wise things and they are forgotten, but one foolish thing is remembered and quoted for generations.

Wealth possesses its advantages. It affords time, books, the best instructors, and every facility for gaining knowledge. But, at the same time, we must acknowledge that the fact that they are to become the possessors of great wealth, often, and we are almost disposed to say, from our observation, generally, has an enervating effect upon the minds of the young. They are led to think too highly of themselves, and to seek some "royal road to learning," being unwilling to travel the common hard road to knowledge and distinction. When we look back for the past twenty years, and call to mind the many sons of the rich that we have known, we are compelled to say that they have been distinguished more for their fashionable attire, their "killing" airs,—driving fast horses, drinking, smoking, and "spreeing" generally, than for their devotion to books, or their love of knowledge, or art, or honorable distinction. Wealth has its advantages, but it has its temptations, and these prove the ruin of hundreds and thousands. Wealth not only furnishes the means of gratifying the noblest impulses of our natures, but the basest passions.

Poverty has its disadvantages. The poor boy has to struggle for time to acquire knowledge; for books; and he has often to grope along without proper instruction, at a sad disadvantage. Some get discouraged, no doubt, and give up in despair, while a little help at the right time, would have saved them. Others struggle on, and among the best and most useful lessons they learn, are *self-reliance, industry,* and *indomitable perseverance.* He who possesses these traits, is great—ready for any work of usefulness. As a general thing, we are not born to these noble traits. They must be created, or, at least, developed by circumstances. He who struggles with adversity the first twenty years of his life, stands, at least, an equal chance with the rich, to have these characteristics fully developed.

The English aristocracy are quite sensible of the natural effects of wealth and position upon their children—and they are guarded with jealous care, and made to conform to the strictest rules. They are kept upon the plainest fare, many not being allowed to eat even white bread; they are placed under tutors who are strict disciplinarians, and the children are required to yield the most implicit obedience. They are taught that it must be their highest ambition to confer honor upon their name and their house, by excelling as statesmen or warriors, or in devotion to the arts and sciences. In this way, much of the evil incidental to their position, is counterbalanced. When the men of wealth in this country act thus wisely, we may talk of the *Advantages of Wealth.*

The character of the English aristocracy has been referred to by several correspondents. Among the English aristocracy are found some of the noblest specimens of men and women the world has produced, abounding in every good word and work; and others whose lives are a curse to the world, the patrons of prize fights, and gaming—devotees of every degrading vice.

But, it must be remembered, that the English aristocracy is not an aristocracy of wealth, but of birth. Some of the English aristocracy are far less wealthy than many of the middling classes, such as merchants and manufacturers, and are sorely troubled to find means to supply what they consider their necessities, and make "both ends meet."

PINE-APPLE SQUASH.

MESSRS. EDS.:—In the RURAL of the 24th of March, you say, "Why did not friend BRIGGS inform us as to the mode in which his seed was grown?" I would say, there is nothing peculiar about the *mode*, or different from the manner of cultivating any other squash. Some of the specimens mature their seeds, and some do not. We had some very fine specimens with prime and perfect seeds. I did not intend to convey the idea that perfect specimens could not be grown in Western New York. I meant to say, "the seeds I send *you* were grown for me, in Illinois, from seed of the original plant," &c. They are perfectly hardy, and quite early—more so than most of the winter varieties, and are *always* in season, from the size of a large apple to full maturity—and so on through the winter. The young fruit is used same as summer varieties of squashes, in which department they are not excelled by any other variety. I. W. BRIGGS.

CONTENTMENT.

ROTHSCHILD, with all his wealth, must be satisfied with the same sky that is over the head of the poor man. He cannot order a private sunset, that he may enjoy it with a select circle of friends, nor can he add one single ray to the clear, bright beams of the queen of night, as she sails magnificently through the heavens. The richest banker cannot have more than his share of the air to breathe, and the poorest of all men can have the same. Wealth may buy a brilliant bracelet, dazzling with diamonds and rubies, but wealth cannot buy a graceful and well-turned arm on which to display its splendor. God only can give that, and to many of the poor He has given it.

"I wish I had the health of that rosy-cheeked peasant girl," sighs the aristocratic invalid, propped up with pillows in her costly carriage. "Ah, me!" says the girl, "if I could only ride in such style as that!" Wealth cannot purchase health, nor can it give a contented mind. All that is most valuable can be had for nothing. They come as presents from the hand of a kind and indulgent Father, and neither the air, nor the sky, nor beauty, health, strength, and genius, can be bought and sold. Whatever may be thy condition in life, remember these things, and be content.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

YOUNG MEN are very apt to compare themselves with those who are worse than they are, and this proves a snare unto them, and oftentimes their ruin, as it did to the Pharisee in the gospel, who pleaded his negative righteousness; he was not as others are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, nor even as the publican; he stood not only upon his comparisons, but upon his disparisons; being blind at home, and too quick-sighted abroad, he contemned the poor publican who was better than himself, making good that saying of Seneca:—"The nature of men is very apt to use spectacles to behold other men's faults rather than looking-glasses in which to survey their own."

TO YOUNG MEN.—Don't rely upon your friends. Don't rely upon the name of your ancestors. Thousands have spent the prime of life in the vain hope of those whom they called their friends, and thousands have starved because they had a rich father. Rely upon a good name which is made by your own exertions; and know that better than the best friend you can have is unquestionable determination, united with decision of character.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Hints for Spring, ... 109
Wood Lots—A Suggestion, ... 109
Manuring Pastures and Meadows, ... 109
Short-horn Heifer "Hortense," [Illustrated,] 109
Stabling Horses, ... 109, 110
Prepare for Spring, ... 110
Farm Fencing, ... 110
Hedges for Protection, ... 110
Remedy for Scab in Sheep, ... 110
Making Cheese in Winter, ... 110
Rural Spirit of the Press—The Good Points of a Hog; Advantages of a Heavy Soil; How to Grow Corn; Rottenness Qualities of the Farmer; How to Preserve Fence Posts, ... 110
Inquiries and Answers—Painting Roofs; Growing Tobacco; Potato Digger; White Wild Geese; Butcher Bird; Fish-Culture, ... 109
Agricultural Miscellany—About Western Debts, &c; The California Farmer; An "Air-Pressure Churn;" District Ag. Societies in California; Ownership the Great Stimulus; The Thorough-bred Horse "Consternation;" Gladding's Horse Pitch-Fork; Wheat at the West and Southwest, ... 109

HORTICULTURAL.

Spring Work in the Garden, ... 111
Grafting Old Orchards, Trimming, &c, ... 111
Yellow Alberge Peach, [Illustrated,] 111
The Franklin Grape, ... 111
Horticultural Notes—Fruits Received; Missouri Fruit Growers' Association; Western Baldwin Apple; Another White Blackberry; A New Work on the Grape; Grapes for the South, ... 111

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Rye and Indian Bread, Puddings, &c.; Economy Cakes; Starching Collars, ... 111

LADIES' OLIO.

In Memoriam, [Poetical.] Women will have their way; Gossip; Old Bachelors; Baby Talk; A Beautiful Form, 112

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Spring in the City, [Poetical.] Novel Reading; Success in Life; The Folly of the Day; Energy, ... 112

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Waiting, [Poetical,] The Past; How to have Light; Rule of Judgment, ... 112

THE REVIEWER.

Narrative of the Earl of Elgin's Mission to China and Japan; Homeward Bound; or, The Chase; The China Mission; The Christian Review; Chambers' Encyclopædia; London Quarterly Review; Harper's Greek and Latin Texts, ... 113

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Hermitage; The Capital City of Siam; Religious Edifices in Bangkok, ... 113

USEFUL OLIO.

Falls of Saint Anthony, [Illustrated,] 113

YOUNG RURALIST.

The Advantages of Wealth; Pine Apple Squash; Contentment; To Young Men, ... 113

STORY TELLER.

Welcome are the Birds Again, [Poetical.] Hunting a Wife, ... 116

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 7, 1860.

A NEW QUARTER of the RURAL commences this week,—a favorable time to subscribe singly, make additions to clubs or form new ones. See Terms, Notices, &c., on last page. ☞ We have mailed nearly a thousand dollar packages of very choice Flower Seeds to RURAL Agents during the past week—sending a package (containing *twenty varieties*) to every person who has remitted according to our terms for a club of six or more subscribers to the present volume. A similar package will be sent (in addition to a free copy of RURAL) to every person remitting for a club (or completing one already begun) during the Spring.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Constitution makes the official announcement that information has been received at the Department of State, that the Cass-Herran Treaty between the United States and New Grenada, providing for the adjustment and payment of our citizens on account of injuries received in the Panama riots in 1856, has been ratified by the New Grenadian Government, and thus has been satisfactorily arranged another of our differences with foreign nations.

The dispatches of Captain Jarvis do not differ from the published statements concerning the collision with and the capture of the Mexican steamers. They state that one American marine was killed, and two wounded; that the Saratoga was towed down to Anton Lizardo by the Indianola and Wave, which are in the service of Juarez, and were sent to ascertain the character of Miramon's steamers, which had passed the castle of San Juan and the U. S. ship Savannah, without showing their colors. The Secretary of the Navy submitted these dispatches to the President.

The recently published statement that the Government will call on Spain for explanations as to the fitting out of the Miramon steamers at Havana, is not well founded, there being no official data to show that Spain is implicated with Miramon, or which should justify such a course on the part of the administration, even if there were no other reasons why such explanations should be demanded.

The General Appropriation Bill makes the following provisions:—For Pensions, $849,000; for military Academy, $180,000; Indians, $1,007,000; Consular and Diplomatic expenses, $1,082,000; Fortifications, $605,000; Army, $13,684,000; Legislature and Judiciary expenses, $3,491,000; Navy, $11,182,000; Deficiency in the Post-Office Department, nearly $6,000,000; total, $45,145,000, or a net requisition by the Committee of Ways and Means of $1,189,000 from the Secretary of the Treasury estimate. The appropriations estimated for the service of the fiscal year, ending with June, 1861, made by former acts of Congress, of a specific and definite character, amount to upward of $8,170,000, making with the above total nearly $53,314,000, for the service of the next fiscal year. The largest reduction by the Committee was $640,000 from the Army estimates.

The number of banks and branches on the first of January, throughout the United States, according to the returns of the Treasury Department, was 1562. The capital paid in, $451,880,000, and the amount of specie on hand, $83,994,000. The resources of these banks, including loans, notes, securities and real estate, is stated at nearly $1,000,000,000, and their liabilities $531,000,000.

Advices from New Mexico, state that the disturbances in Chihuahua will probably destroy the trade with El Paso, and prevent the exportation of specie. Most of the specie used by the U. S. Government and Overland Mail Company, has heretofore been drawn from Chihuahua.

Marin, signing himself an Admiral in the Mexican Navy, has published a protest against the capture of his steamers. He says that neither the Saratoga, Indianola, or Wave, showed their flags when he approached. He knew that the Indianola and Wave were Juarez steamers, and supposing them to be towing armed boats to attack him, he attempted to escape. Two shots were fired at him, which he returned. Then he recognized the Saratoga, and ordered the firing to cease,—notwithstanding which, the attack was continued, with the result already known. He says he purchased the steamers at Havana from merchants, by order of the Supreme Government of Mexico. He had nationalized one, and the other was to be nationalized on reaching Mexico, if she should be proved worthy.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The documents sent into the Senate relative to the capture of the Mexican steamers, embrace the instructions of the Navy Department to Captain Jarvis, under date of July 27, 1858. He is informed that the ship-of-war Savannah has been prepared for service in the Home Squadron, and he is directed to proceed with her to San Juan del Norte, Nicaragua. The following letter from the Secretary to Capt. Jarvis, had not reached him at the time of the capture of the Miramon steamers:

NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 13, 1860.—SIR:—With a view to afford the protection due our citizens at Vera Cruz, the President has directed Hon. R. McLane, should a hostile force approach that place, and he should consider the American citizens there in danger from its operations, to request the commanding officer of the United States vessels-of-war on that coast to land such forces as may be needed, and can be spared from indispensable duties, and to employ them for the protection of our citizens whose persons or property he may believe to be in danger. Should Mr. McLane, therefore, make of you, as senior commanding officer, the request which his instructions authorize him to do, you will promptly comply with it. Statements having been made which lead to the belief that arrangements are making by what is known as the Miramon Government of Mexico, to establish a blockade at Vera Cruz and other ports on the Gulf of Mexico, the President has decided that no such blockade will be recognized by the United States. You are, therefore, directed to employ the naval force under your command to afford vessels free ingress and egress at Mexican ports and fully to protect them.

The same orders were sent to Capt. Farragut, commanding the Brooklyn, and Commanders Turner, Jenkins, and Hazard, respectively commanding the Saratoga, Preble, and Pocahontas. In communicating the documents relative to the course of Captains Jarvis and Turner, in the seizure of the Miramon steamers, the Secretary adds—upon the facts stated in these official reports, the Department approves of the conduct of those gallant officers, and the officers and men under their command.

Bills Passed.—To authorize the sale of public arms to several States and Territories, and to regulate the appointment of Superintendents of National Armories. The Pacific Telegraph bill. The bill to facilitate communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States. The Consular and Diplomatic bill. Bill supplementary to the act to authorize protection to citizens of the United States who may discover deposits of guano. For the relief of mail contractors. To increase and regulate the pay officers in the Navy. Making Macon, Ga., a port of entry.

HOUSE.—Among the resolutions adopted during the week, were the following:—Calling for information in relation to the reciprocity treaty, and whether Canada has violated its spirit; requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish all information in his possession in regard to contracts for keeping public stores, and whether any member of Congress, directly or remotely, has a pecuniary interest therein; to provide for a Select Committee to inquire into the tobacco trade, with a view of removal of the restrictions of foreign nations; inquiring into the money paid for the transportation of the army of Utah; instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire and report, if they see fit, a measure relieving the shoemakers of Massachusetts from the tyranny of the capitalists of that State, by repealing the duty on leather and other imported articles which enter into the shoemaking business; calling for the correspondence relative to the Swiss treaty and the disabilities therein upon Hebrew citizens of the United States, a former resolution on the same subject not having been answered, and additional correspondence having since taken place; also, a resolution inquiring into the cruelties alleged to be practiced aboard of American vessels.

On the 29th ult., the President sent a message to the House, in reply to certain resolutions emanating from that body on the 5th, in which he protests against the first two clauses of the first resolution, and denies their authority in the premises. The clauses are in the following words:

Resolved, That a committee of five members be appointed by the Speaker, for the purpose of investigating whether the President of the United States, or any officer of the government, has, by money, patronage, or other improper means, sought to influence the passage of any law appertaining to the rights of any State or Territory; inquire and investigate whether any officer or officers of the government have, by combination or otherwise, prevented or defeated, or attempted to prevent or defeat the execution of any laws now upon the Statute Book, and whether the President has failed to refuse or compel the execution of any law thereon.

We make a brief extract from the President's remarks:—"I confine myself exclusively to these two branches of the resolution, because the portions of it which follow relate to the alleged abuses in the post-offices, navy yards, public buildings, and other public works of the United States. In such cases, inquiries are highly proper in themselves, and belong equally to the Senate and House as incident to their legislative duties, and being necessary to enable them to discover and provide appropriate legislative remedies for any abuses which may be ascertained.

Although the terms of the latter portion of the resolution are extremely vague and general, yet my sole purpose in adverting to them at present, is to mark the broad line of extension between the accusatory and the remedial clauses of this resolution. The House of Representatives possess no power, under the Constitution, over the first or accusatory portion of the resolution, except as an impeaching body, while over the last, in common with the Senate, their authority, as a legislative body, is cheerfully and fully admitted. It is solely in reference to the first or impeaching power, that I propose to make a few observations. Except in this single case, the Constitution has invested the House of Representatives with no power, no jurisdiction, no supremacy whatever, over the President. In all other respects, he is quite as independent of them as they are of him, and as a co-ordinate branch of the Government is their equal; indeed, he is the only direct representative on earth of the people of all and each of the Sovereign States. To them, and to them alone, is he responsible, while acting within the sphere of his constitutional duty, and not in any manner to the House of Representatives. * *

Amid all the political storms through which I have passed, the present is the first attempt which has ever been made, to my knowledge, to assail my personal or official integrity; and this has been done as the time is approaching when I shall voluntarily retire from the service of my country. I feel proudly conscious that there is no public act of my life which will not bear the strictest scrutiny. I defy all investigation. Nothing but the basest perjury can sully my good name. I do not fear, even, because I cherish an humble confidence that the gracious Being who has hitherto defended and protected me against the shafts of falsehood and malice, will not desert me now, when I have become "old and grey-headed." I can declare before God and my country, that no human being, with an exception scarcely worthy of notice, has at any period of my life, dared to approach me with a corrupt or dishonorable proposition, and until recent developments, it had never entered into my imagination that any person, even in the storm of exasperated political excitement, would charge me in the most remote degree with having made such a proposition to any human being."

New York Legislature.

As the session is fast drawing to a close, the members are talking less, and the business is being rushed through with more speed than precision. The following bills were passed:

To incorporate the Board of Foreign Missions of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church. To prevent the fraudulent sale or concealment of property held under chattel mortgage. To incorporate the Corn Exchange Warehouse Company. To regulate the rate of freight on milk on the N. Y. and Erie and Harlem roads. Relative to attempts at escape by State Prison convicts. To amend the charter of the Watertown and Rome Railroad. For the protection of boarding-house keepers. For the relief of the Utica and Black River mortgage bond-holders. To incorporate the Zoological Society. To provide for more certain punishment of frauds by bankers and trustees. To locate Schuyler County buildings at Havana. To amend the General Life and Health Insurance Act. To exempt family sewing machines from levy under execution. To insure punishment for the violation of election laws. To authorize the city of Auburn to issue $200,000 bonds to the Sodus Bay Railroad.

DOLLIE DETTON, the Little Fairy, 9 years old, 26 inches high and weighing only 13 pounds, gives levees in this city, on Friday and Saturday (afternoon and evening,) of the present week, as will be seen by reference to advertisement. She is also to give levees at Lockport, Albion, Medina, Brockport, Geneseo, Mt. Morris, Dansville, Bath, Harnellsville, Corning and Elmira. DOLLIE is certainly a great curiosity. On her recent visit here, 10,000 persons attended her ten levees in five days, and many were unable to gain admittance.

THE COMING CENSUS.—According to the best calculation, the seventh census of the United States, to be taken this year, will result about as follows:—Whites, 28,000,000; Slaves, 4,000,000; Free Blacks, 500,000. Within the memory of men now living, the population of the United States was but three millions. They have seen it multiplied by ten in a single lifetime!

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British Government had received a dispatch from France, declaring the annexation of Savoy as absolutely necessary, but stating that the feeling of the Savoyards will be consulted before decisive measures are taken.

Lord John Russell said the view of England would be forthwith embodied in a dispatch, and laid before Parliament.

Lord John explained the position of Chinese affairs, and said that reasonable indemnity will be demanded, and enforced, if necessary. He hoped it would not be necessary to go to Pekin.

In the House of Lords, on the 16th, the state of Naples was debated, and the Duke of Somerset said that protection would be afforded to political refugees who might seek for it on board British men-of-war in the Bay of Naples.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Haliburton asked if the attention of the Government had been directed to the fact that the Island of St. Pierre, near New Foundland, had been fortified by the French Government.

Lord John Russell said that the case had been referred to the law officers of the crown, who were of opinion that the French Government had not violated the stipulations of the treaty.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the Times says that an autograph letter from the Emperor Napoleon, couched in angry style, had reached Victor Emanuel. The Emperor invites the King not to accept Tuscany in his own name, notwithstanding the recent test of universal suffrage.—He may name a Prince of his own House for Tuscany, and according to the same report, he is debarred from occupying the Romagna, which may be governed by a Vicar acceptable to the Pope.

The *Moniteur* contains a report of the Minister of War, Marshal Randon, proposing, as the idea of war is receding, to reduce the effective strength of the battalions of the Chasseurs, from eight to six companies—the force which existed before 1853.

The Paris *Siecle* had received a warning for an alleged outrage against religion. The *Siecle* praised and endorsed a work in which certain dogmas of the Catholic and Jewish creeds were set down as shams.

The reply of the Holy See to the last proposal of France had reached Paris. The Pope declines the proposition to confine within an exclusive political compass a question, which, as it concerns the integrity of the patrimony of St. Peter, is intimately bound up with the independence of the Church. Although decidedly rejecting the proposition to create a Vicarate of the Romagna in favor of a foreign sovereign, his Holiness shows himself disposed to enter into the path of reform, on condition that the integrity of the States of the Church are guaranteed.

A Paris correspondent asserts that the foreign relations of France were silently undergoing a great change, and that Austrian influence was in the ascendent.

ITALY.—Full returns from the voting in Italy are overwhelmingly in favor of the annexation to Sardinia.

The vote in Tuscany was 860,000 for annexation, and 15,000 for a separate kingdom. No steps taken yet.

An insurrection in Naples was considered imminent.

A Turin letter of the 13th says the Sardinian Parliament will not meet till the 12th of April.—The King intends then to refer to the request of the inhabitants of Romagna, in regard to their annexation to Sardinia, and will declare his postponement of an acceptance at present, adding that negotiations have been opened for the purpose of reconciling those wishes with respect for the rights of the Holy See. Unfortunately, the negotiations only postpone the crisis a few days.

Annexation of Central Italy to Piedmont is everywhere accepted with great enthusiasm.—This great event will be celebrated here by fetes of all kinds. At the end of the week the King will start on a tour in the provinces which voted for annexation. One of the first acts of the Government, as soon as annexation is declared, will be to open a loan of one hundred millions, half to be negotiated abroad, the rest subscribed for at home.

The military Gazette, of Turin, states that the whole army of Sardinia is ordered to be upon a war footing by the 1st of April.

The latest voting on the question of annexation to Sardinia, took place on the 11th and 12th, in the various Italian States. Immense numbers of people assembled in all the towns, and much enthusiasm and confidence was evinced. Admirable order was maintained. The following are the first dispatches as to the result:

LEGHORN, March 13.—The result of the voting in Sunia Pisa and Leghorn, is as follows:—For annexation to Piedmont, 38,026; for a separate kingdom, 333; majority for annexation, 37,693.—The number of persons inscribed on the list is 45,218.

FLORENCE, March 13.—Returns of 30 Committees give 101,386 in favor of annexation, and 2,806 for a separate kingdom.

BOLOGNA, March 13.—The vote in this city is 21,694 for annexation, and two for a separate kingdom.

PARMA, March 13.—Of the 16,000 electors in this town, over 14,000 voted for annexation, and 51 for a separate kingdom.

The number of electors in the province is 57,211, of whom 46,070 voted for annexation, and 113 for a separate kingdom.

The army of Rome has been increased 20,000 men.

AUSTRIA.—It is stated that Austria, while declaring her intention to remain neutral in regard to the Savoy question, had assured Prussia that in the event of the Rhine frontiers even being menaced, she would immediately unite with Prussia for the protection of German territory.

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Chamber of Deputies had unanimously adopted the bill which guarantees the press against having its concessions withdrawn by Administration procedure.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.—Late accounts from Tangiers state that the Moors were evincing a fierce spirit of resistance, and preparations were being made for a strong defence of that town.

TURKEY.—A Constantinople dispatch says that two of the points of negotiation now pending, for the conclusion of a treaty of alliance between England, France, and the Porte, were a revision of the capitulation and the right of armed intervention in the principalities and Servia. The projected journey of Sir H. Bulwer to London was connected with this object.

It was said that the Porte had concluded a loan of 25,000,000f.

INDIA AND CHINA.—A telegram announces that Mr. Wilson, Chancellor of the Indian Exchequer, made his financial statement on the 18th of February. The deficit is about £9,000,000. He proposes a trade license of from 2s to 20s, yearly, a tax upon incomes of from £240 to £600, at 2 per cent., and above that at 4 per cent., with no exemptions, and large duties upon tobacco. The tariff is to be modified. There is to be no loan.

COMMERCIAL—*Breadstuffs.*—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour dull, and difficult of sale—25s@29s for American in barrels. Wheat quiet, but firm. Red 9s10d@10s7d; white 10s6d@12s. Corn dull—yellow 33s@33s6d. *Provisions.*—Pork dull. Lard quiet, at 59s@60s6d.

The News Condenser.

— The British Channel fleet has gone to the Mediterranean.

— On Friday week the Mississippi river was clear of ice at St. Paul.

— An English paper says Gen. Dred Scott commands the U. S. army.

— There are 8,473,761 acres of wild land in Maine, valued at $2,284,946.

— A project is on foot for the establishment of a free Art Gallery in New York.

— An Extradition Treaty with Sweden has just been concluded at Washington.

— Broadway, New York, is now cleaned nightly by street-sweeping machines.

— The Massachusetts Legislature consists of 60 Senators and 240 Representatives.

— England pays to foreign countries an average of $8,000,000 per month for food.

— The Atlantic Telegraph Co. propose making an attempt to restore the old cable.

— It is claimed that the Spiritualists increased 100,000 in the United States during 1859.

— A bill to establish Free Banking in Pennsylvania, has passed the House in that State.

— A parrot in Syracuse, the other day, saved a house from being burned by shouting fire, fire.

— The Legislature of Maine has authorized the establishing of 15 Normal Schools in the State.

— It is stated that the proceeds of the office of Sergeant-at-arms in Congress will amount to $200,000.

— Hon. John Wood, Lieut. Gov. of Illinois, has been inaugurated in place of Gov. Bissell, deceased.

— The number of Mormons in Utah is put down at 38,000. Of these, 4,627 men have 26,500 wives.

— The Commissioners of Emigration report a slight increase in the number of emigrants this year.

— Napoleon has conferred a pension of $6,000 on Capt. Delvigne, the first inventor of percussion locks.

— At Charleston they have ripe strawberries and new potatoes, the latter bringing fifty cents a quart.

— At Austin, Texas, they are paying $1 60 per bushel for corn meal, and five cents per pound for flour.

— The Sandwich Islanders are experimenting in raising cotton, with an encouraging prospect of success.

— It is reckoned that 3,000,000 pamphlets on the Papal question have been published and sold in France.

— It is calculated that the new Washoe silver mines will draw 25,000 miners from California this spring.

— Revival news comes from Oregon, where the congregations are large and the religious spirit active.

— The New York papers state that the value of street dirt produced annually in that city, is over $100,000.

— The number of deaths in San Francisco last year, was 1,463, or one death in every 47 of the population.

— A man, in Brooklyn, has recovered $486 75 damages from the owner of a dog which bit him in the hand.

— The boundary line just run between the Russian and Chinese Territories, is six thousand continuous miles.

— The Duke of Savoy, Victor Emanuel's nephew, who is talked of for the throne of Tuscany, is only five years of age.

— The appropriations made by the Virginia Legislature at its present session are estimated to exceed five million dollars.

— Mrs. Whitney, one of the pioneer missionaries of 1820, is about to return to Boston from the Sandwich Islands.

— The Legislature of Texas has passed a bill granting five leagues of land to all institutions of learning, worth $90,000.

— There is a manufactory of porcelain teeth in Philadelphia that turns off 700 daily, and its annual sales are $350,000.

— Six thousand nine hundred and six tuns of copper were shipped from the mining districts of Lake Superior during 1860.

— Seven hundred and nineteen is full the number proposed for the Philadelphia police bill, now before the Legislature.

— It is computed that there are at least 200,000 smokers in the city of N. Y., who, upon an average, consume two cigars a day.

— A lad in Memphis, Tenn., eight years of age, was sentenced to the workhouse for being found drunk on the sidewalk.

— Mr. Thomas Hood, of Ocean Co., N. J., lately slaughtered 33 hogs, the average weight of which was 650½ pounds.

— The slaves owned in the Southern States number 4,000,000, and their value in money reaches the figure of $3,000,000,000

— The cost of taking the U. S. census this year will reach $1,500,000, and the enumeration will exceed 31,000,000 of people.

— C. F. Train, of Boston, and Hiram Fuller, of New York, are about to publish, in Paris, a free trade, Louis Napoleon paper.

— An effort is making to reclaim the fallen women of Cincinnati, by furnishing a home for their reclamation and reformation.

— The amount of wheat in store in New York is estimated at over one million bushels, and flour at upwards of 700,000 barrels.

— Since the introduction of railways into France, there had been only one traveler killed outright in every two million passengers.

— The gold deposits at the Philadelphia mint, during February, amounted to $1,838,678. Silver deposits and purchases, $53,459.

— A bill has been introduced in the Alabama Legislature to transport all negroes, convicted of capital offences, into Massachusetts

— Out of 162,460 males in Maine, above 15 years of age, 77,000 are employed in agriculture, and pay more than 60 per cent. of the taxes.

— The sum of $10,000, bequeathed by Abbott Lawrence, deceased, to the Boston Library, was paid over by his executors on Monday week.

— There is news of an extensive and powerful revival of religion in South Australia. In a single congregation, 500 persons were converted.

— The proposition to repeal the law abolishing the death penalty in Wisconsin, has been defeated in the Legislature by a large majority.

— The Prussian Government has removed the restrictions which prevented Jewish students from graduating at the University of Konigsberg.

— The war with Morocco is estimated to have cost Spain $25,000,000 and 15,000 lives; for which she has conquered a city not worth the keeping.

— The Island of Barbadoes contains one hundred and twenty-five thousand eight hundred and sixty-four inhabitants, and an area of only 160 square miles.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Gifts for the Year 1860—George G. Evans.
Gladding's Horse Pitch-Fork—S. Bullock.
Egyptian Corn—M. E. Crandal.
Levees of Dollie Dutton—Albert Norton.
Garden and Field Seeds—E. D. Hallock.
Green-Houses, Hot-Houses, &c.—A. Harthill.
First rate Farm for Sale—R. D. Atchinson.
Wilson's Albany Strawberry Vines—Joseph Caldwell.
"Consternation"—J. B. Burnet.
Sorgho and Imphee Sugar Cane Seed—Hedges, Free & Co
New Evergreens—Parsons & Co.
Prince Albert Potatoes—R. Hale.
Guano and Plaster—J. K. Chappell.
Trees, by the 100 or Less—E. C. Frost
True Franklin Grape Vines—G. T. Hobbs.
Isabella Grape Vines—W. H. & G. S. Adams.
Apple Trees for Sale—G. F. Weaver.

☞ For Horticultural Advertisements see page 111.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
Rochester, April 3, 1860.

Flour—Market without much animation, but prices sustained. Such sales as are made are almost entirely for the supply of the home demand.

Grain—The only changes in this department of trade are in Corn and Barley, which have fallen off. The latter is very freely offered at our quotations.

All other matters are as last quoted.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

Flour and Grain.		Eggs, dozen	12@13c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,50@1,20	**Fruits and Roots.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,40	Apples, bushel	75c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,40@1,45	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,12
Corn, old	58@60c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	58@60c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	73@75c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	32@32c	Potatoes	31@40c
Barley	65@70c	**Hides and Skins.**	
Buckwheat	40@40c	Slaughter	5@5c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	9@10c
Meats.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$17,00@17,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**Seeds.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**Sundries.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5½c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	09@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
Dairy, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1.10
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$6,00@8,00
Cheese	9@11c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, April 2.—Flour—Market dull and heavy. A few small parcels are selling to the trade at previous prices, but large lots could not be realized upon except at a decline. Sales at $5,10@5,20 for super State; $5,25@5,35 for extra do; $5,15@5,20 for super Western; $5,25@5,60 for extra do; $5,00@6,00 for inferior to good shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and heavy. Canadian in moderate request at unchanged prices; sales at $5,35@7,00 for common to choice extra.

Grain—Wheat steady with a moderate milling demand; sales Milwaukee club at $1,22; winter red Michigan, Illinois and Ohio at $1,45 delivered; very choice white Canada at $1,62. Rye quiet at 83@85c. Barley dull at 70@85c. Corn, demand limited and market heavy; sales at 70@71c mixed Western, delivered; 73@75c yellow Jersey and Southern; 75@80c white Southern. Oats steady at 43@44c. for State, Western and Canadian.

Provisions—Pork quiet and without material change.—Sales at $17,37@17,40 for old mess; $17,74@17,85 for new do; $12,75 for old prime; $14,25 for new do. Total stock in packing yards, New York and Brooklyn, 62,236 bbls; same time last month 64,113 bbls; same date last year 82,762. Lard dull and drooping; sales at 10½@11c. Butter 11@14c for Ohio, 14@20c for State. Cheese steady at 10½@12½c.

Ashes—There is only a moderate inquiry for Pearls at $5,87; Pots are steady at $5,25.

ALBANY, March 31.—Flour and Meal.—Sales about 600 bbls flour; no change in prices. We quote:

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,30
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,62
Common to good Western,	5,60@5,90
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	6,00@6,75
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,21
Common Canadian,	5,25@6,00
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,75@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, 13@14s. ℔ 100 lbs. Buckwheat flour quite.

Grain—No sales of wheat; $1,62@1,65 is asked for the best samples of white Michigan in market. Corn the sales made are in car lots at the Central Railroad at 72@73c; 73c, delivered on board, and 74@75c at East Albany, according to quality. A lot of Canada West oats sold at 43c. In barley the only sale reported is 400 bu. two-rowed at 72c.

Seed—Clover seed 7¾@8c. for medium from first hands and in lots; large seed is scarce at 9¼@10c. Timothy sells steadily at $3,37@3,62 for Illinois, and $3,62@3,75 for State.

BUFFALO, April 2.—Flour—The market is quiet, the only sales reported being 200 bbls, at $5@5,25 for good to choice extra Wisconsin, and $5,75@6,25 for white wheat double extras and favorite brands.

Grain—Wheat is quiet, and we heard of no sales. Corn is in moderate demand and market steady. There were sales of 3 car loads, part bagged and on track, at 60@61 cts. Oats are quoted nominal at 35c for small lots. Barley remains at 65@70c. Rye nominal at about 80c.

Seed—Nominally unchanged. Timothy held at $3,25, and Clover at $1,25.

Provisions—Dull and no sales.

TORONTO, March 31.—Flour—Our quotations of flour are almost nominal. Both buyers and sellers are holding back, and very little is done.

Double extra,	$5,50@5,75
Extra,	5,25@5,50
Fancy,	5,00@5,15
Superfine No. 1,	4,65@4,70
Do. No. 2,	4,35@4,40
Oatmeal,	4,25@0,00
Cornmeal,	3,25@3,50

Grain—The deliveries of wheat were large last week, but this week have fallen off very considerably. Prices at present figures are firm. We quote:—Prime fall wheat $1,27@1,35; common to fair, $1,18@1,25; Spring wheat, 97c@$1,03. Barley—The supplies for the week have reached about 1,600 bushels. At first there was a slight increase in price, but a fall subsequently ensued. From 57@62c. ℔ bushel is a fair quotation. Peas—About 5,000 bushels; market firm at 55@60c—a reduction of about 2c on the week. Oats—Not much doing in oats. We have, however, to report a fall in the price of this grain also. We quote oats at 33@35c. per bushel.

Clover Seed—The market is glutted with clover seed.—Good samples sold at wholesale bring $4,50.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 28.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

Beef Cattle—First quality, ℔ cwt. $10,00@11,00; ordinary, $9,50@10,00; common, $8,50@9,00; inferior, $7,00@8,00.

Cows and Calves—First quality, $50,00@55,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

Veal Calves—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 6@6½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

Sheep and Lambs.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

Swine.—First quality, 6½@6⅞; all others, 5½@6½.

BRIGHTON, March 29.—At market 1200 beeves, 100 stores, 1,200 sheep and lambs, and 1,800 swine.

Beef Cattle—Prices—Extra, $7,75@8,00; first quality $7,00@7,75; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,50@5,75

Working Oxen—$—, $0@100.

Milch Cows—$39@40; Common, $18@19.

Veal Calves—$3, 4@5.

Stores—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $27@26.

Hides—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

Tallow—7@7½c ℔ lb.

Sheep and Lambs—$2,50@2,75; Extra, $3@6,00.

Pelts—$1,25@1,75c each.

Swine—Spring pigs, wholesale, 7@0c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

CAMBRIDGE, March 28.—Whole number of Cattle at market 651—about 551 Beeves, and 100 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

Prices—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@8,00; first quality, $7@7,25; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $4; ordinary, $3.

Stores—Working Oxen—$90, $120@175.

Cows and Calves—$35, 40@62.

Yearlings—None; two year olds, $17@22; three year olds, $25@28.

Sheep and Lambs—1,350 at market; prices in lots, $2,25@2,75 each; extra, $4,00, 4,00@5,00 each, or 4@6c ℔ lb. live weight.

Hides—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

Calf Skins—10@11c. ℔ lb.

Pelts—$1,25@1,75 each.

Veal Calves—None.

ALBANY, April 2.—Cattle—The receipts are again unexpectedly large—some 275 head in excess of last week, when it was supposed that about the maximum number had been reached.

Prices—Prices are about the same as last week for the better and lower grades, and somewhat easier for medium, which seem to be neglected, the New Yorkers evincing a disposition to secure the best droves. We quote:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¾@6c	@6c
Extra	4⅞@5¼	4⅞@5¼
First quality	4¼@4⅞	4½@4⅞
Second quality	3½@4	3½@4⅛
Third quality	2¾@3¼	2¾@3
Inferior	2½@3	2½@2¾

Milch Cows—In light request at $25@35 for inferior to ordinary, and $40@47 for the best on the market.

Sheep—In fair demand, and prices without material change. Purchases during the week at 1,123 head at $5@8 per head, or 5¼@6½c per lb., and 272 head at $4,50 per head—average weight 100 lbs.

Hogs—We could not learn of any sales.—*[Atlas and Argus.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, March 29.—The market is dull, buyers and sellers being somewhat at variance respecting prices. The state of the Goods market is anything but satisfactory.—Goods are slow of sale even at 10@15 ℔ cent from the opening rates of the season, no matter how good the style and finish. This is owing in a measure to conflicting interests and large importations. Manufacturers and their agents, consequently, seeing no good prospect ahead, are shy purchasers, and only buy according to their legitimate wants. Dealers, on the contrary, are reluctant to make any further concession at the moment, alleging that, with all their risks, prices are no higher now than at the clipping season, the *modus operandi* being to buy for cash and to sell on time—sometimes to doubtful creditors. They also assert that the stock of fine Domestic and Foreign available is quite small, and that the very finest qualities will maintain their prices the next two months, though there may be softening in the prices of the medium and lowest grades in view of the approach of the clip, combined with the circumstances above referred to. Another class, however, interested more or less in some small Woolen Mills, would have us believe prices have declined materially, and to demonstrate this, mix up State, Ohio, and Pennsylvania parcels to sell as Washington County Wool from the latter State. But such tricks can only be palmed off on those who are not well posted. We make no further alteration in prices; the transactions comprise 60,000 lbs. native common to full-blood extra Saxony at 37@60c; 30,000 lbs. California fair to fine at 18@25c.; 30,000 lbs. pulled at 30@48c. for No. 1 City and extra Country; 150 bales Donskoi at 21½@22c.; 50 do. Cordova at 20½c.; 25 do. white washed Smyrna at 25c., and a small lot of unwashed do. at 11c., 6 months; also, 100 bales Mestiza, on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	56@60
Am. full-blood Merino	52@55
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	37@42
Extra, Pulled	44@48
Superfine, Pulled	38@48
No. 1, Pulled	20@36
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, March 29.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool has been fair, and prices are steady. Sales of 100,000 lbs. at prices ranging from 45@55c. for medium to good fleece and 38@52c. for superfine and extra pulled. In foreign, the transactions comprise 2,000 bales Cape, South American, Mediterranean and Peruvian, at prices not public; of which 1,300 bales were Cape. Sales of foreign amount to near 1,000,000 lbs.

Saxony & Merino	56@70	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	51@55	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@50	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	36@41	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@52	Cape	21@32
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	20@41	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, March 29.—The market remains very quiet and almost entirely nominal at the following prices:

Fleece—	Common, native	30@31c
	Quarter blood	32@35c
	Half blood	35@37c
	Three-quarter blood	38@42c
	Full blood Saxony	40@48c
Pulled—	No. 1	30@35c
	Superfine	30@35c
	Extra	35@40c
	Double Extra	40@42c

Marriages.

At Utica, N. Y., March 27th, 1860, by the Rev. P. H. Fowler, Mr. GILBERT N. LAWRENCE, of Vernon, and Miss DOLLY FRANKLIN, of Ava.

In Parma, on the 22d March, by the Rev. C. D. Brooks, Mr. WESLEY GARLOCK and Miss LYDIA M. SMITH, all of Parma.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, In Advance—Thirty-Five Cents a Line, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. Special Notices, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

PRINCE ALBERT POTATOES.—The genuine article; selected, of medium size, expressly for seed; in barrels containing two and a half bushels, or more; will be delivered at the cars at *Ithaca*, or at *Cayuga Bridge*, for three dollars a barrel. Address, with remittance,
534-6t R. HALE, Aurora, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

SORGHO AND IMPHEE SUGAR CANE SEED.—We are offering for sale strictly pure and well ripened sugar cane seed, as follows:
Sorgho (Chinese,) Northern grown, $3 a bush; $1 a peck.
Do. Southern grown, $2 a bushel; 75cts. a peck.
Imphee, (African,) Southern grown, $6 a bush; $2 a peck, $10 for two bushels, in sack, and delivered to Express Co.
531-2t HEDGES, FREE & CO., Cincinnati, O.

GUANO AND PLASTER.—Always on hand, Peruvian Guano, Government brand. Also, the American Company's Guano, and Garbutt's Plaster.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent,
531-2t 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

FIRST RATE FARM FOR SALE. Situated on the south side of the Ridge Road, in Parma, containing 55 acres, improved. It has first class buildings, fences, and fruit, and is well watered. Convenient to Railroad, Churches, Schools, Mills, &c., and only 13 miles from Rochester. Also 12½ acres of wood-land, near the farm. Part of the purchase money can remain for a term of years.
R. D. ATCHINSON,
531-1t Parma, Monroe Co., N. Y.

EGYPTIAN CORN.

The Subscriber offers to Farmers throughout the country the *EGYPTIAN CORN*, which upon trial last year was found to ripen, planted *even the first of July*. It is estimated, from its very prolific qualities, to yield 200 bushels per acre, and weighs by *sealed measure*, 65 pounds to the bushel. This Corn was produced from some procured direct from Mr. Jones, our Consular Agent, directly on his return from Egypt. It requires no different culture from that of other varieties, and in the South two crops can be raised in one season on the same ground. It grows in the form of a *Tree, and twenty-two ears* have grown upon one stalk, and will average from five to fifteen. *For domestic use* it is unparalleled. When ground and properly bolted, it is equal in color and fineness to wheaten flour. *As a forage crop*, by sowing in drills or broadcast, for early feed, there is no kind of corn so well adapted to milch cows, and none that will yield half the value in stalks or corn.

It can be successfully grown in any State of the Union, from Maine to Texas. I can give the most satisfactory references that the corn is, in every respect, what I represent it to be, and further, I am the only person throughout the country who has this variety of corn. Having secured a quantity, I am now able to fill all orders, for those desirous of testing it.

To any person who will inclose in a letter, One Dollar, in Stamps or Currency, directed to me, I will send, postage-paid, sufficient corn to produce enough to plant, the following year, from twenty to thirty acres;—*also, directions for planting and cultivation.*

☞ To any person that will get up a club of five, I will send a package gratis.

Give your full name, Post-Office, County and State, written plain, so that no errors may occur.
Address M. E. CRANDAL,
531-1t Sandwich, De Kalb Co., Illinois.

LEVEES OF THE "LITTLE FAIRY,"
Miss Dollie Dutton.

The smallest girl in the world, of her age, 9 years old, 26 inches high, and

Weighing Only 13 Pounds.

An infinitely greater curiosity than Gen. Tom Thumb.

PROGRAMME.

1. A Song by Little Dollie.
2. Misses of her own age will be invited upon the stage with her to show that she can only reach to their elbows.
3. A Polka by Little Dollie.
4. A Song by little Wilhelmina Karpes.
5. The Little Fairy is carried about the house in a Flower Basket.
6. A Fancy Dance by little Wilhelmina.
7. A Comic Song by Dollie.
8. Dollie compared with the smallest child to be found in the audience.
9. A Song in German, by little Wilhelmina.
10. Dollie walks through the different parts of the house among the audience.
11. Dollie stands upon the extended hand of her father.
12. Violin Solo by Master George Monk.
13. Sailor's Hornpipe in character, by little Wilhelmina.
14. Dollie will sing I'M SIXTY-TWO, in character.

She will give Levees at
Corinthian Hall, Rochester,
Friday and Saturday, Afternoon and Evening, April 6th and 7th, at 3 and 7½ o'clock. Admission, 15 cents; Children, 10 cents. ALBERT NORTON, Manager.
J. H. Lillie, Agent. 531-1t

"CONSTERNATION."—This well-known imported, Thorough-bred Horse has recently been re-purchased by J. B. Burnet, Esq., in Ky., and brought back to the State of New York. He will stand the present season, commencing May 1st, 1860, at the stable of Hon. Gen. Burroughs, Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y., at $15 the season, and $25 to insure a foal, payable in advance. Pasturage at 75 cents per week. Mares at the risk of their owners. Address
531-8t WM. KEENAN, Groom, Medina, N. Y.

SEEDS! GARDEN AND FIELD SEEDS, at Hallock's Agricultural Warehouse and Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y. Great care has been taken in the selection of our stock of Seeds, which will be sold at as low rates as by any other establishment in the country. On receipt of one dollar, by mail, we will forward by Express, or otherwise, as directed, subject to freight, twenty-five sorts (*six-penny packages, well filled,*) of standard and reliable Garden Vegetable Seeds, selected by us, or the person sending. If you want a good assortment of Seeds, just try us. Our word for it, you shall be satisfied with the quality and quantity of the seeds. Address
E. D. HALLOCK, Rochester, N. Y.

GLADDING'S HORSE PITCH-FORK!
MANUFACTURED BY S. BULLOCK,

This valuable improvement possesses many important advantages over all other Forks, among which are the following:—The tines being allowed to drop to discharge its load, the tilting of the handle, as in other forks, is avoided; hence, hay can be unloaded with the utmost facility and ease into shed windows or beneath purline beams, and other places where other Horse Forks cannot be used. It can in all cases be managed with greater ease than any other Horse Fork. It is equally adapted to stacking. With this Fork a ton of hay may be unloaded in from five to seven minutes.

TESTIMONIALS.

Its simplicity, durability and perfect operation, as well as comparatively trifling expense, recommend its use to the farmers of our country. A. B. DICKINSON.

The best machine for the purpose within our knowledge, and therefore commend it to the attention of all interested. It must prove a decided acquisition in the haying season, when both time and labor are money.
D. D. T. MOORE.

It will prove a wonderful labor saving machine. I believe wherever tried, it will be found profitable.
JOHN JOHNSON, Geneva.

Unloading hay at the barn by horse-power is such a simple operation that it seems wonderful how a sensible farmer can continue the exceedingly hard labor of lifting it a forkful at a time in the stifling heat of a July afternoon.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The best apparatus for unloading hay we are acquainted with.—*Genesee Farmer.*

Gladding's Horse Pitch-Fork is one of the labor saving machines which will pay to purchase.—*Prairie Farmer.*

Unloading in a barn by means of a Horse Pitch-Fork is becoming quite common in some sections of our country, and will be practiced every where as soon as the farmers understand the operation. The Invention of C. E. Gladding is the best we have seen in operation.—*American Agriculturist.*

C. E. Gladding has constructed a Fork which after a recent trial we are satisfied is an important improvement.—*Albany Cultivator.*

☞ The above testimonials are selected from many others, the signers being generally known as distinguished agriculturists. All who have seen it operate, agree in the above opinion of its merits. This Fork has taken the First Premium at every Fair at which it has been exhibited, including the State Fairs of Pennsylvania and New York for 1858; and New York, Illinois, Michigan, and United States Fair at Chicago for 1859, besides numerous County Fairs.

Fork, Rope and Pulleys, $12. State and County Rights for Sale. Address
STEPHEN BULLOCK, Agent,
531-3tom. Columbia X Roads, Bradford Co., Pa.

☞ For sale by E. D. HALLOCK, Rochester, and by Implement dealers throughout Western New York.

DAVIS SEEDLING and Peach Blow Potatoes, for seed, $2 ℔ bbl. WM K. GRIDLEY, N. Chili, Mon. Co., N. Y.

GAME AND FANCY POULTRY, RABBITS, ETC.—Spring circular now ready—sent free—send for one. Eggs, fresh for setting, safely packed, from over 30 different varieties of Fowls. Address,
533-2t E. S. RALPH, Box 21, Buffalo, N. Y.

HUBBARD SQUASH SEED AT WHOLESALE.—1,000 pounds of Hubbard Squash Seed at wholesale, very cheap, by the original introducer. My seed are of the purest quality, to be sold at the lowest rates. Circulars and playcards supplied by the quantity, gratis.
533-3t JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

ATTENTION FARMERS! PRICE REDUCED!—*Howard's* (Ketchum's Patents,) *Two Horse Mower*, new pattern, all iron, light draft,—price only $100. Howard's new One Horse Mower, all iron, light draft, will cut six acres of any kind of grass per day,—price $75. Combined Machine,—price $120. Wood frame Two Horse Mower, price $80. All have Emery's patent adjustable lever and roller, *and warranted*. Send for pamphlet. Address
533-2t R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON. New Rural Manuals; Embracing The House, The Garden, The Farm, and Domestic Animals, bound in one large, handsome, gilt volume. Judge Meigs, Secretary of the American Institute and its Farmers' Club, says, "It comprises a good little library, very handy and useful to everybody as well as farmers and gardeners, and I will recommend it heartily." Price, $1,50.

"Fruit Culture for the Million."

A Hand-Book of Fruit-Culture; *Being a Guide to the Cultivation and Management of Fruit Trees*; with condensed Descriptions of many of the Best and Most popular Varieties in the United States. Illustrated with ninety engravings. By Thomas Gregg. A valuable and popular work. Price, muslin, 50 cents.
Address FOWLER AND WELLS,
533-2t 308 Broadway, New York.

THE GREAT WEATHER GUIDE, OR A BAROMETER FOR EVERYBODY!
Something New, cheap and handsome, the case being iron, japaned, and beautifully ornamented, and very attractive for an office, bank, hotel, or dwelling house. Sent by Express, at $8, $9, $10. Letters of inquiry attended to promptly.

☞ *Every Farmer should have one—send for a Circular.* Address S. C. BOWEN, Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y., *only Manufacturer.*

"We pity the neighbors who, not warned by the Barometer, are racing and chasing to save the out-lying crop."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

D. M. Dewey, Agent, Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.
E. H. Sanborn, Agent, 6 Long Wharf, Buffalo. 532-4t

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WELCOME ARE THE BIRDS AGAIN!

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

HARK! I hear the merry ringing
Of a joyful Blue-bird singing!
This betokens spring returning,
And we know the birds are coming;
Welcome every bright'ning hue
That is deckling earth anew,—
Most, among the glad'ning train,
Welcome are the birds again!

Welcome sunshine, bright and warm,
Following the wintry storm,—
Winter has its pleasures fair,—
Pleasing rides and bracing air;
But we see them pass away,
Nor would wish a longer stay,—
Now a song comes o'er the plain,
Welcome are the birds again!

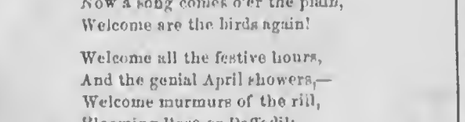
Welcome all the festive hours,
And the genial April showers,—
Welcome murmurs of the rill,
Blooming Rose or Daffodil;
Welcome humble Violet, too,
Sparkling in the vernal dew,—
But, while all these beauties reign,
Welcome are the birds again!

Yes, we welcome all the brightness,
And the joyful, spring-like lightness,—
Welcome March with bright'ning ray,
Smiling April, lovely May;
All the swelling buds and leaves,
All the garlands Nature weaves,—
Most of all the joyful train,
Welcome are the birds again.

Yes, the bright and genial spring
Pure and sweet delights shall bring,—
Bring a thousand precious joys,—
Bring ten thousand blooming toys;
Now each little brook is swelling,
And each sparkling fountain welling,—
Coming with the cheerful train,
Welcome are the birds again.

While we cherish every gem,
Every spring-like diadem,
While we see the brightness now
Glowing on the vernal brow;
While we see that GOD will bless
Nature with his bright impress,
Let our song's most grateful strain
Welcome here the birds again!

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HUNTING A WIFE.

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

CHAPTER I.

NOW, the Rev. SOLOMON PICKLE was, by no means, the acid-faced and gloomy-hued individual that his name would indicate; his sole misfortune being, too many friends and too much money. He had been praised, petted, watched over, sought and caressed, by a large circle of relatives, and being the "smartest" young man in his own immediate neighborhood, naturally commanded a certain deference, which has unsettled many a wiser head than his. And it must be admitted that he withstood, in a remarkable degree, this tacit flattery, and grew up a very good and intelligent young person, yet unmistakably lacking that vigor, unflagging resolution, and self-reliance, which surmounted difficulties ever bestow. He had met no thwartings,—pined for no love or friendship which he had not received,—and thus never found his capacities sharpened by the keen edge of friendless poverty, or the marvelous tonic of hard labor.

It is true that he had never been tempted to lavishness, by any undue amount of spending money; neither had he ever felt, that, in case of emergency, he should not be well supplied with every thing needful. Upon the whole, he had been judiciously brought up, and, save that one shade of vanity, was singularly free from any of the faults usually ascribed, in wholesale, to young men of the present day.

He was a diligent scholar, and graduated with honor, passing from College immediately to the Theological Seminary, and after finishing the required course, his ardor nothing abated, he sought an appointment from the Home Missionary Society. But, alas, he had no wife,—missionaries must have wives. They must exemplify the Christianity which they profess, by the patient forbearance and enduring love necessary in every phase of that beautiful existence, which is the dream of poet-souls,—the *finale* of every novel, and the basis of all the true comfort permitted mortals in this lower sphere.

This was a serious difficulty which the Rev. SOLOMON had not at all anticipated. He had a very natural liking for the sex, but had never wasted much time in the dallying and trifling which he deemed emphatically necessary in any attempts to please. It had been his fortune to win several, unsought; and he now, unquestionably, felt inclined to hasten away if he saw a deep, black eye turn langnishingly upon him, or one of azure hue droop perceptibly, if, by chance, he turned a full gaze upon it. That he had some tender memories and regretful thoughts of something lost, which had seemed to clash with his ambitions plans, can not be denied; but as this was now lost beyond remedy, he, philosophically and earnestly, turned to the new employment which demanded his energies, viz:—"Hunting a Wife."

And now begins our tale,—one of heart-burnings, thwartings, pinings, dreams, and languors, which seem as likely to beset young clergymen,—all immaculate as they are,—as any other class of men, who claim all the ills of humanity and some of the diviner elements.

Every young female face was deliberately scanned, and the perturbed student spent many hours dreamily, bringing out clearly to his mind the lovely ideal which he had unwittingly cherished in his heart of hearts, through long years of absorbed study and exalted meditation. He felt that he had seen glimpses of this ideal all along his path, and wondered if he had passed it scornfully by, as unworthy his lofty regard. Far back in the dimness,—in the crude days of his boyhood,—came a vision, which turned to ashes in his view:—A beautiful girl, who swayed him ere he was aware of his power, had met with a frightful misfortune, leaving her face scarred and seamed with fire, and he had passed from her almost with loathing, even when the calm eyes were beaming with confidence. The thought pained him now, and he could not banish that pleading gaze as it offered him love for the last time. He thought of her children, and the happy home which she now beautified for another, and sighed in his loneliness, feeling perhaps, for the first time, that it is a bitter and solemn thing to cast away the honest, enduring love of a faithful human heart.

He had a passive faith in the delights and benefits of matrimony, but he would gladly have foregone the blessing at this time, and saved himself from the awkward dilemma which soon became a subject of gossip with all his so-called friends. Each one had a dear, particular friend to introduce, who was a model of all that is desirable in a woman, combining in one frail, mortal tenement the aggregation of all feminine virtue and loveliness. He was so thoroughly confused, and so uncertain of his own desires, that he resolutely determined to "go the rounds" and see all before he attempted a selection. Accordingly, accompanied by his sister, he paid a visit to some relatives in a distant county. It so happened that his cousin, MAGGIE HOGARTH, had a school-friend visiting her, a "sweet, pretty" girl, very pleasant to look upon, and one whom it would be very easy to love. MAGGIE was vehement in her praises, asserting that during three years at school, she was never once out of temper, and never failed in the performance of any duty. "O, SAL," she exclaimed, "what a love of a minister's wife she'll make," and with this thrust she ran away, leaving her auditor looking extremely foolish and guilty. He had really been thinking the same, as her gentle figure flitted about the drawing-room, adding grace to every group, and harmony to every circle. It seemed the business of her life to smooth rough places and polish neglected gems. She had an oily word to check each note of passion, and an appealing glance to smother each breath of unkindness or reproof. It was impossible for any person to look into her clear, blue eyes, while conversing quietly, and not feel that she craved love, and, in return, held ready an overflowing heart.

She sometimes wrote tender verses, and often sang low, floating melodies, daintily touching her favorite instrument,—the guitar. She loved to wander alone by the river-side, strolling away during the long summer afternoon, when her friends were taking their accustomed *siesta*. MR. PICKLE had noted this habit, and about a week after his arrival, took occasion to saunter down the orchard, and along the hedges, hoping to meet the fair vision which had been so readily enshrined in his thoughts. He soon saw the flutter of her white dress through the green leaves, and found her seated upon a grassy bank, with LONGFELLOW'S "Hyperion," open in her hand. She had been reading of PAUL FLEMING'S early sorrow, and a look of mournful longing still rested upon her serene face, as he approached, exclaiming,—"Ah, I have found you, and in noble company. LONGFELLOW is as pure, and tender, and holy, as a dying saint. How he curbs and checks all earthly tendencies in giving his quaint, floating measures to the world; but 'Hyperion' is too misty and cloud-like for me. Can you fathom its 'dreamy obscure'?"

"Scarcely, but I can *feel* its vague yearning, and unsatisfied grasping after something spiritual, ever within reach, yet ever unattained. I can never reason out my faith, or obtain any clear views of doctrinal belief."

The Reverend gentleman made no reply, but, half-reclining upon the rustic seat, gazed upon the fleecy clouds far up in the blue canopy above, and after a few moments, quietly said,—"Do you know, Miss LAURA, that I have often wished that I were a cloud, soaring, floating, vanishing. I begin to tremble at the responsibilities of life,—the fearful issues,—the direful sufferings and heart-wrung penalties of existence. Like PAUL FLEMING, I dive in the crystal water for gems and find only sparkling sand. I would fain drop the burden, and be only a fairy land of vapor in the vaulted sky."

"The world cannot do without you, Mr. PICKLE. There are too many tendrils even now clasping your strong frame,—too many burdens resting upon you,—their weight should make you stronger."

"And yet, however strong, I must have something to lean upon,—something strong in its weakness, filling all the void, so empty and dreary. I sometimes think I have found it," and he glanced questioningly upon the glowing face beside him.

At this moment, voices were heard, and Mrs. HOGARTH appeared, saying to her companion, "Yes, you are just the person, Miss BUGBEE, so practical, so prudent, so superior in every respect."

"But I could never think of a mission."

"Good afternoon, aunt," said Mr. PICKLE'S pleasant voice, as the astonished ladies were just passing the little thicket which had concealed the speaker and his companion.

"Why, SOLOMON, how came you here? Allow me to present Miss BUGBEE, Mr. PICKLE. You are acquainted with Miss LAURA WYNDHAM, Miss BUGBEE."

Miss BUGBEE bowed distantly, evidently shocked at finding the young lady rambling alone with even so unexceptionable a gentleman as Mr. PICKLE. She was a tall, pale girl, with keen, grey eyes, and dark hair,—dressed with the most rigid propriety, and deporting herself with an air of meek conscientiousness that was admirable to behold.

Our hero immediately recognized her as the daughter of Rev. Dr. BUGBEE,—a lady who had been favored with every opportunity of culture which the neighboring city afforded, and who was considered worthy of any possible matrimonial honors. Mrs. HOGARTH had contrived a visit at her house, for the purpose of introducing her nephew to these distinguished persons, and now adroitly engaged Miss WYNDHAM in conversation, leaving the newly introduced couple to make their own acquaintance unaided. Miss BUGBEE thought it wrong to indulge in trivialities, and, therefore, gave the conversation as solid a cast as the temperature of the day would admit. She discoursed learnedly of the plants and trees, which they passed in their homeward walk, and especially of their uses, passing naturally to the economy of nature and the unlimited benevolence of Deity, in adapting the various objects of his vast creation to each other's use and benefit.

Miss BUGBEE'S conversational powers were very much admired by her friends, and Mrs. HOGARTH confidentially remarked to Miss WYNDHAM, "That girl was born for a minister's wife. Hear her talk. I hope she will like SOLOMON."

SOLOMON could not but think Miss BUGBEE very sensible, and very wise, but, unaccountably to his aunt, he allowed other members of the family to entertain her, while he silently listened, absolutely overwhelmed by the torrent of words. He afterwards said that he really thought she would be a capital wife for a clergyman, but,—but,—he wished to be excused. He began to conclude that he wanted a wife to suit *himself*,—not one expressly adapted to a minister's needs.

Miss BUGBEE remained several days, during which time our hero sought refuge in the winning smiles and calm, gentle words of LAURA WYNDHAM, being startled, however, by some new and unaccountable emotion, on the second day of her visit, when meeting in the hall a lady who had been calling upon his sister and cousin,—one whom he knew, and yet could not quite recall.—She relieved his puzzled look, by pertly saying, "KATE THORNTON, at your service."

"I ought not to forget and old fre—enemy, like that. Pardon me, but you have grown so handsome,—"

Dear Mr. PICKLE, I, your enemy? Indeed, I am a candidate for the honor that you are seeking to confer upon some love-lorn lass. Look at me well,—what if I haven't black hair and black eyes,—dear me, how solemn you have grown since LIBBIE DALTON refused,—"

"Unfeeling, tantalizing creature. How could I ever forget your talent at torture! Come, stop awhile, and we will have a regular, scientific battle."

Oh, spare me, my dear sir," said Miss THORNTON, with a mock, terrified air, "Miss BUGBEE absorbs all the action allotted to the feminines in this region. She is ready for you, doubtless, even now."

"It is too warm to talk with Miss BUGBEE,—beside, I haven't my armor on,—one must be encased in steel, double-banded, ere he can be safe from such charms," was Mr. PICKLE'S facetious reply.

"Sarcastic abuse from weak men, is the fate of all superior women like Miss BUGBEE. Do you know, sir, that she excels in everything, from the making of a pudding to the writing of an essay, or a poem?"

"Seriously, Miss KATE, did she ever write a poem?"

"To be sure," was the emphatic reply. "I saw it, with my own eyes, in the 'Puritan Recorder,' signed 'CAROLINE RUHAMAH BUGBEE.' It filled nearly a column, and all that I read of it was 'superior, very superior.'"

"All that you read of it! Very superior, no doubt, and just a little,—prosy."

"You are a pretty minister, reviling the elect in that manner. Do you know that it is universally believed that Miss BUGBEE was especially designed for that elevated and responsible station,—a missionary's wife? Any devoted minister would find his hands infinitely strengthened with such a help-meet. It ill becomes a herald upon the walls of Zion to sneer at his co-laborers, in whatever guise they may appear."

This was uttered with the most commendable gravity, and Mr. PICKLE could discern no satire in the tone or in the kindling face, as it turned to him for assent. He knew, however, that the embodied spirit of mischief would surely betray herself, and he made no reply, until his companion remarked, in the same solemn strain:—"I have long marveled at your lonely condition, when so bright a light was illumining your benighted pathway. What an aid such a 'superior' woman would be, comforting in sickness, consoling in distress, and,—and,—even writing sermons, if necessary."

With this last sally, the lurking smile deepened into a gay laugh, in which the reverend gentleman unhesitatingly joined, saying, "KATE, I am so glad to find just one person, who seems to understand that we, ministers, are base, mortal flesh, and *will not sacrifice all* the *human* feelings of a man to the demands of the public, whose servants, in other respects, we are so willing to become."

"Ah, Mr. PICKLE, that very master of yours, the public, will effectually prevent your ever marrying a wild, gay girl,—one totally unfitted for the duties required of her. You dare not do it.—You would crowd out the evangel, Love, if she knocked at the door of your heart in that guise. Some staid, perfect, 'superior' maiden, calmly awaits the offer of your name and protection,—same one who would not cry for love, and never satisfied, still cry, 'More, more.'"

Rev. SOLOMON looked offended, but simply remarked, as he opened the gate for the young lady at her own home, "Miss THORNTON is pleased to indulge her talent for satire at my expense, as usual," and gravely bowing, he turned abruptly away, not failing to hear the last remark of his companion,

"Clearing off the old score, sir?"

When Mr. PICKLE entered his aunt's parlor, an hour later, he found the ladies all assembled, and discussing the probabilities of KATE THORNTON'S engagement, MAGGIE HOGARTH affirming that "it could not be so. KATE was one of a thousand, and would not throw herself away upon such a stupid fellow as JOHN LANGTON,—it was only some mischief," and MAGGIE looked very wise, laughing immoderately, when Miss BUGBEE asserted that "such a common sort of girl, so heedless and thoughtless, need not look very high."

LAURA WYNDHAM said that, "with all her eccentric ways, KATE had a vein of deep feeling and elevated thought, that very few girls ever attain," which opinion RUTH PICKLE readily confirmed, adding "that she would hesitate at no sacrifice to serve her friends, and her bitterness against her enemies was more by habit than nature."

"She seeks enmity rather than friendship," said Miss BUGBEE, "and her conduct with this young man, from MAGGIE'S own showing, is very censurable."

"I did not intend to show any such thing, and I am positively certain, that, with all her erratic ways, she is a far better Christian than some who sanctimoniously assume to be censors. She has watched night after night with that poor woman in the valley, and has absolutely taken,—adopted,—her little orphan cousin. She does not count it the least goodness,—says that she only gratifies herself, and deserves no credit. She is beloved by every one who has penetrated that covering of singular obstinacy in which she strives to envelop herself. Don't you like her, SOL.?" said she, naively, to her cousin.

"Yes, MAGGIE, and no, for she invariably gets the better of me in all her bantering. There is a very unusual tone of vigor and good common sense underlying her nonsense. She sweeps away cobwebs with a masterly hand, when she undertakes to set a person right," and he thought of the defined picture of himself, which she had revealed in her last remarks. He looked at Miss WYNDHAM'S fair tresses as they grew golden in the western sunlight, at her sweet, pure face and liquid eyes, confirmed in the idea that she would make an irreproachable wife for a minister, but that her tender suavity and calm beauty did not, and could not, waken the depths of a fathomless nature not yet fully roused. She seemed tame and spiritless, too easily won, and as little valued. It was all surface, no depths to fathom, no labyrinths to tread, and hence no prize to win.

His pre-occupation vanished at once, and he lent himself with a facile grace to the various amusements and employments of those about him, inwardly rejoicing that two days hence he should return to his quiet home, safe from all maneuvering, and secure from any temptation to dispose of himself unworthily. Mrs. HOGARTH gave a grand party the next evening, introducing Mr. PICKLE to a multitude of "paragons," all of whom elicited only passing attention from the fastidious gentleman.

As he stood within the shadow of a deep window, conversing with LAURA WYNDHAM, he noticed a very graceful lady, bowing herself away from a bevy of gentlemen, and taking the arm of one, walked slowly toward the piazza, which was thronged with promenaders. She was dressed with the utmost simplicity and elegance, and although not entirely beautiful, had an air *distingue* that would command attention in any circle. As she turned toward the window, and met Mr. PICKLE'S astonished recognition, she laughed outright, saying,

"Ah, Rev. SOLOMON, I decline the honor before it is offered. I might excuse you for forgetting me in two years,—but in two days,—never."

"Miss THORNTON, you are a chameleon, changing hues with the occasion,—one day a rude hoyden, the next a saucy school-girl, and then,—ah, my heart!—a marvel of grace and beauty."

"I decline the honor, Rev. SOLOMON. My eyes are not black,—my hair is a countrified brown," and she passed on, with just the slightest tinge of *hauteur* in her manner, which changed to an earnest and absorbed air as she occasionally passed the window, conversing in low tones with her companion,—the gentleman before mentioned,—JOHN LANGTON.

The young clergyman's sensitive pride was wounded by the ill-timed and bravado thrusts which came in such full measure from KATE THORNTON'S wicked tongue and wickeder eyes, but he could not resist the temptation to glance at her queenly figure through the window, and silently wish that JOHN LANGTON would betake himself elsewhere. He was accustomed to reverence and awe, from country girls especially, and he felt piqued at this rough treatment, and could not forget it. He wondered that he cared,—such a saucy minx,—unworthy of any attention, and yet there was something so kindling in her eye, and penetrating in her vivacity, he really thought that such a rich and vigorous nature needed some foster care and development, which might be given, if he could only tame the wild bird that soared out of reach with a bound, if unwarily approached. Several times during the evening he strove to lure the watchful, winged creature to his side, but she, as often, flew to some covert ever open to receive her. Convinced that he was deliberately avoided, he yielded the point, astonished that she should thus refuse the benefit and *prestige* of his patronage. He might, perhaps, have taught her something, but "never mind, if she didn't care, he didn't."

Mr. PICKLE had once said that his wife must have black eyes and black hair, and KATE THORNTON had now a standing missile to hurl upon all occasions, which she freely used, glorying in her power to torture its unfortunate author. All agreed that KATE THORNTON was the belle of the party, and bantered their reverend friend upon not paying homage to the reigning queen, to which he replied by calling her a "spiteful creature," and decidedly "ill-bred."

The guests returned to their homes, and Mr. PICKLE, as he thought, to a week of solitude; but he was met upon his threshold by his mother and a beautiful girl, with magnificent black eyes, whose fascination he well remembered, and now gladly welcomed.—[To be continued.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 46 letters.
My 1, 15, 19, 3 is a county in Virginia.
My 2, 16, 39, 40 is a river in Prussia.
My 4, 14, 24, 2, 7, 21 is a county in New York.
My 5, 13, 8, 34, 31 is a gulf on the Mediterranean coast.
My 30, 22, 10, 37, 36 is a town in Virginia.
My 18, 26, 32, 41, 34 is a lake in Asia.
My 38, 8, 35, 46 is a county in Kentucky.
My 12, 15, 9, 43, 44, 11 is a town in Hindostan.
My 42, 29, 25, 4 is a cape on the Atlantic coast.
My 17, 44, 22, 6, 33, 27, 20, 15 is a town in Illinois.
My 12, 28, 11, 45, 36, 41, 23 is a mount in Asia.
My whole is found in the prophecy of Isaiah.

Rolling Stone Valley, Minn. H. D. MEDDICK.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SURVEYORS' PROBLEM.

A SURVEYOR is directed to run a line, starting from a given point, in latitude forty-three, and run due east ten miles. In complying with his directions, he starts correctly, and pursues a straight line, by ranging a row of stakes, accurately in line, the whole distance. How far must the last stake be moved to the north to place it on the same parallel of latitude as the starting point?

Pittsford, N. Y., 1860. L. L. N.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 532.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Christopher Columbus.

Answer to charade:—Night-cap.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Seward, Toombs, and Douglas—three Presidents in embryo.

Answer to Poetical Enigma:—The four forms of one name are Mary, Maria, Marion, and Miriam. The queen, "whose soul was stained with blood," was Bloody Mary. The one "called the good," was Mary, wife of William, Prince of Orange,—both queens of England. "The lovely and unfortunate," was Mary, Queen of Scots. The two French queens were Marie Antoinette and Maria Therese. The cruel queen of Spain was Maria de Padilla. The "authoress of pleasant fame," is Marion Harland. The "Hebrew songstress" was Miriam, sister of Moses, and I am, most humbly yours, MIRIAM E.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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☞ *Back Numbers (from January) still furnished to all who wish this Volume complete for reference or binding;—or subscriptions can commence with the New Quarter—April. Members of the same Club can begin at different times if desired—some with January and others in April, or all at either time.*

☞ A NEW QUARTER of the RURAL begins with April, a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. We can, however, still supply back numbers, so that all who wish the complete volume for reference or binding, will be accommodated. ☞ Every person remitting, according to our terms, for a club of 10, 15 or 20 *previous to 1st of May*, 1860, will receive a package of choice imported FLOWER SEEDS, as heretofore offered for early clubs.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and Club Agents will please forward the Subscriptions of those who wish to secure the RURAL. ☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers, and will be in all cases where ordered, until we otherwise announce. Send on the new recruits!

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

INQUIRIES in reference to practical matters, and requiring immediate answers to be of any value the present season, have so crowded upon us the past few weeks, that we find it impossible to answer them in the usual way, and therefore devote a few extra columns to the purpose. Some of these inquiries we cannot satisfactorily answer in a few lines, for such brief remarks would convey but little information, and call out a host of further inquiries on the same subject.

Lime and Ashes.

LIME has not generally been used in this country as a manure, but in Europe it has been used for centuries, and it has always been understood that large crops could not be produced without its application. Some English tenant farmers, with a long lease, spend at the outset thousands of dollars for lime, applying from two to four hundred bushels to the acre, and the effect of this is seen for twelve or fifteen years, and thought to be quite sufficient for that length of time. Others apply less quantities more frequently, but in most leases the application of lime is required of the tenant in stated quantities and periods. There has been much discussion, both among writers and practical men, whether lime was valuable only as a stimulant, for converting inert vegetable matter into proper food for plants, or whether it was itself a necessary part of this food. It is doubtless valuable in both respects, but particularly so in converting unavailable vegetable matter, such as roots, fibers, stems, &c., into active manure.

Lime is found to be of little value on undrained soils. Drain first and lime afterward, is an English maxim. It is particularly valuable on new land, abounding in roots, &c., and its effects are the most extraordinary when applied to drained swamp land, or any peaty soil. Frequent applications of lime will impoverish the soil, unless it is liberally manured with stable manure, as lime forces the soil to yield up to the plants growing upon it a larger amount of its available resources, in a much shorter time than it would without this application. Hence, it is an old maxim that "lime enriches the father, but beggars the son." The mechanical effect of lime in mellowing a stubborn soil, is very great. The light land farmer, MORTON says, "is not less benefited, for while the use of lime may act in some degree injuriously on the texture of his soil, by increasing its looseness, still this evil, which can only be called such as regards the growth of wheat, is more than counterbalanced by its greater cleanliness, the care with which it can be kept clean, and the great increase obtained in the crops of grass, turnips, and barley, which are the special and natural products of such soils." It is on the light and poor soils of this country that lime has been used with the most favorable results. The application of lime is by many considered the first step in the improvement of the worn-out lands of the South.

On peaty soils, and on all soils abounding in crude vegetable matter, it is recommended to apply lime in a caustic state, but in older soils, to which manure is applied, perhaps the better way is to lay the lime in small heaps until slaked. In all cases it should be applied in a powdered form, and be well mixed with the soil. The correspondent at whose suggestion we write this article, wishes us to state how many bushels he should apply to the acre. We can only recommend experiment, commencing with say twenty bushels, though in most cases a much larger quantity might be beneficial. On no subject is there more difference of opinion, than on the benefits derived from the use of lime. Some will, doubtless, contend that on limestone soils its application would be of no advantage, yet on the chalk lands of England lime is found very beneficial. A few years since we applied lime to part of a field used for corn, and underlaid with limestone, in some places within two feet of the surface, and with very evident advantage to the crop. JOHNSTON truly says, "the quantity of lime which ought to be given the soil is dependent upon so many circumstances, that it is impossible to give any general rule by which the practical man may safely regulate his procedure."

From what we have said, it will be seen that liming is an exhausting process,—in the main a rapid using up of the materials in the soil. Its use dates back for centuries, and was continued because it was found to increase crops, but the why and the wherefore was not understood. The best English farmers now make use of lime with some caution. We have no idea that it will become a popular manure in this country, or that it could be generally used with advantage.

WOOD ASHES, of course, contain the mineral elements of the tree, those necessary to the growth of wood, and most of those required for the growth of cereals and other plants. Leached ashes have lost most of their potash, but much valuable material, particularly the phosphates, remains. They are valuable on light lands. Fifteen or twenty bushels of unleached ashes we judge would be a good dressing for an acre. We once applied about double this quantity to land used for potatoes, and found the tubers injured by coming in contact with the caustic ashes. Leached ashes are bought in this city, carried to Long Island and New Jersey by boats, then taken by railroad thirty or forty miles, after which farmers draw them in wagons to their land. We have seen Rochester-made ashes applied to land in the center of Long Island, and talked with the farmers and gardeners there regarding their use, and all agreed that at the high prices paid they were a cheap manure. It must be remembered, however, that stable manure was scarce and dear, and the land poor. Farmers in this section can, if they will, make better manure much cheaper.

COAL ASHES contain lime and sulphuric acid, valuable as manure, and alumina and oxide of iron, and may be used for mixing with night-soil, and will, in a great measure, remove offensive smell. We have known coal ashes applied to grass in the spring, and the reports are very favorable; but we know of no well-tried experiments, so that we could say how much a farmer could afford to pay a bushel, or how far he could afford to draw them could they be obtained without cost.

The Culture of Tobacco.

THE growing and curing of tobacco, like the raising of hops, flax, and sugar from the Chinese cane, is somewhat of a manufacturing operation, requiring skill and experience, and the necessary fixtures and conveniences for curing and packing. Hence, many who engage in these operations will fail. Indeed, nearly all will be likely to fail in a great measure, in the first attempt; for however well the theory may be studied, much must be learned by experience. The extent of our experience in the business, has been confined to a few plants in the garden, but we have watched very carefully the operations of the largest and best growers in this section of the country, and the facts we have learned are cheerfully given. If what we say shall in any way differ from the experience of practical growers, we hope they will give us the facts.

Tobacco will succeed in any climate where corn will ripen, and any good corn land is suitable for tobacco. The tobacco grown at the north is most valuable when fit for cigar wrappers, and for this purpose a large, broad leaf, thin, of a silky texture, tough, and with small veins, is desirable. The *Connecticut Seed Leaf* is the variety most prized and generally sown. The tobacco, when cured, is assorted into two or three sorts, the best being composed of large, fine leaves, without holes, and of good color. These are used entirely for cigar wrappers, and sell for about $10 per hundred pounds. The second quality is made up of smaller and broken leaves, and the best of these are used for wrappers, and the balance for filling. The third quality, made up of leaves very much broken and discolored, &c., are used for filling for the commonest cigars, cutting for smoking, &c., and sells at a low price.

SEED BEDS.—Seed can be obtained at most of our seed stores, at about $4 per pound, but an ounce or so will produce plants enough for a couple of acres.—About the first of April, select some dry, warm, sheltered spot, make nicely prepared narrow beds for convenience in weeding, and sow the seed. It is very fine, and may be mixed with sand, as in this way it can be more evenly sown.—As soon as the plants make their appearance, a vigorous war must be kept up against the weeds, for if they got the start it will be almost impossible to eradicate them without destroying the plants. Some burn brush over their seed beds just before sowing, for the purpose of destroying the seeds of the weeds.

SOIL AND PLANTING.—To grow a good crop, coming near to a ton an acre, requires very rich land. Well rotted stable, or hog manure, should be used in abundance, and the ground be well prepared by plowing and dragging. From the first to the fifteenth of June the plants will be ready to set in the field, and this work should be done on a damp day, if possible. In taking up the plants, care should be exercised so as to injure the roots as little as possible. A few should be reserved in the seed bed to replace those plants that may not grow, or be killed by the grub. The best distance, perhaps, is *two* feet in the rows, and the rows *three* feet apart, so as to admit of the use of the cultivator one way.

CULTURE, TOPPING, AND CUTTING.—The after-culture is similar to that of corn—keeping the ground light, and the weeds destroyed. The hill, if any, around the plant, must be low, or it will interfere with the lower leaves. The tobacco worm sometimes makes its appearance about the time of the second hoeing, eating holes in the leaves, and must be searched for on the under sides of the leaves and destroyed.

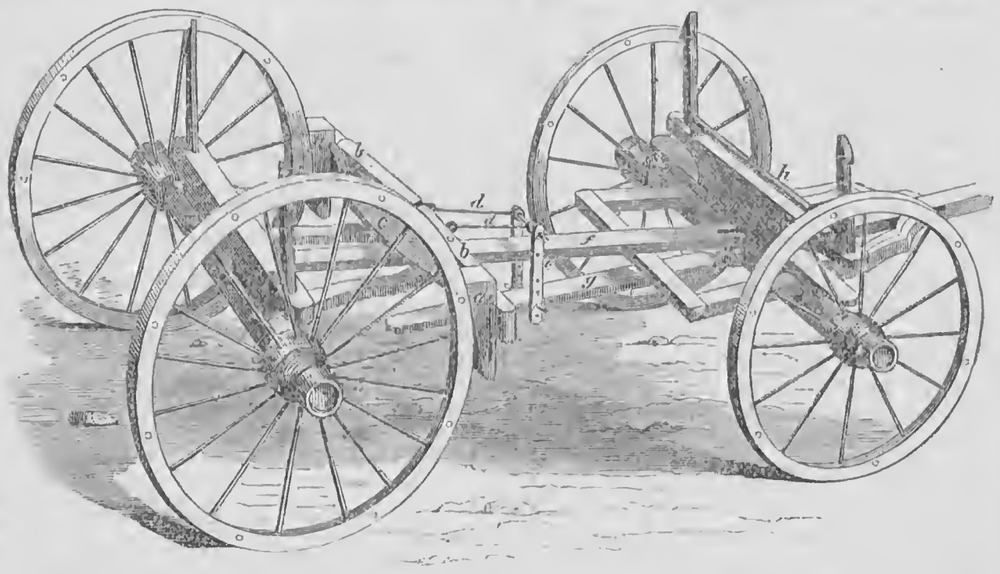
As soon as the flower buds appear, the tops must be broken off three leaves below the buds, which will increase the growth of the lower leaves. This topping causes shoots to start out at the base of each leaf, and these shoots must be broken off in about eight days after the topping, or they, too, will injure the growth of the leaves, and still further injure them in curing.

The time for cutting the crop is from the 5th of September to the 15th, in about 12 or 15 days after topping. The plant should be cut with a hatchet between the lower leaves and the ground, and be allowed to lay on the ground long enough to wilt the leaves, so that they may be handled without breaking, but not exposed to the noon-day sun, or they will become scorched and worthless. It is necessary, therefore, to cut early in the morning or the evening, and in either case it should be housed before noon. In all the operations, care must be taken not to tear or injure the leaves.

CURING.—This operation requires great care. As soon as gathered, it must be hung on poles in a tobacco house or shed, the butts being fastened to the poles, and the points hanging downward. The plants are fastened to the poles with twine, about six inches apart, and the poles about one foot apart. It will be necessary to have a circulation of air through the building, but when the wind is high, unless the building is closed, the leaves will be injured. As soon as sufficiently cured, it may be taken down and the leaves stripped from the stalks. It will generally be in this state about the first of December. If, on a dry day, the leaf stalk will break from near the butt, it is sufficiently cured to take down and strip. The tobacco grower, while stripping, assorts into different grades, the largest, soundest, and best colored leaves being put in the first class, and the narrow, torn, and light-colored leaves, make the second class. Some growers make three grades. There is a good deal of difference in the value, the price ranging from five to twelve cents a pound. After the leaves are assorted, they are made into "hands," by taking a large handful, with the butts even, and binding a leaf around, so as to hold them together. These "hands" are then packed away in a stack, with the butts and the points of the leaves overlapping each other, and in this way the leaves will be kept soft and pliable, and the butts be more thoroughly cured. Tobacco should not be handled when it is dry and harsh, and all handling is better done on a damp day.

SWEATING.—The last and most important operation is *sweating*. This operation is thus performed:—Boxes are made about two feet four inches by three feet six inches. Into these boxes the "hands" of tobacco are placed, lengthwise of the box, the butts at the end. In this way the box is filled. A heavy "follower" of two-inch plank, just made to fit the inside of the box, is then pressed upon it with a lever or screw. The top or "follower" is then removed, and more tobacco put in and pressed, and so on until the case is full of pressed tobacco, and these cases will generally contain from three to four hundred pounds. After the box is full the "follower" is removed, and the cover nailed on, and the cases packed away in a dry, close building, where they must remain during the next summer, until fall, when the tobacco is fit for market. When packed for sweating, the tobacco should be soft and pliable without being wet or sticky. Any that appears too damp may be packed at the top or sides of the box, or dried.

The profits to be derived from the culture of tobacco depend entirely upon the management. Farmers who grow an acre or so, will, as a general thing, find more trouble than profit from its culture, as it will interfere very much with other work, and in consequence be neglected at some critical point which will very much lessen its value; or the injury done by neglect of other crops will destroy more than the profits realized from the tobacco. Without a suitable building, one erected for the purpose, it is almost impossible to cure it properly. This is an expense that a small business will not warrant. Those who engage largely in tobacco raising, take pains to learn all that they can from the experience of others, and erect suitable buildings, if they are careful, enterprising men, and not discouraged, though at first they fail, will no doubt find it a very profitable business.



BROWN'S IMPROVED WAGON BRAKE.

Our engraving is intended to illustrate a Wagon Brake, patented in December last, by ROBERT D. BROWN, of Prattsburgh, Steuben Co., N. Y. Having examined the model of this invention, we are satisfied that it will prove a very useful and valuable improvement. It is cheap, self-acting, and efficient,—just what farmers and teamsters have long needed,—and so simple withal, that we are surprised no one has before hit upon the same contrivance. The inventor furnishes us this description of the Brake as above illustrated:

"The rubbers, *a a*, are attached to the levers, *b b*, which are pivoted to the crossbar, *c*. The inner ends of the levers, *b b*, are connected with the levers, *e e*, by means of the rods *d d*. The levers, *e e*, are pivoted to the coupling rod, F, of the wagon, and have their lower ends secured by a bolt to the rod, G. The kingbolt secures the rod, F, to the forward axle, by passing through an elongated hole or slot, which permits a motion backward and forward of the forward axle, carrying with it the rod, G, which, it will be seen, presses the brakes against the wheels whenever the wagon runs forward by its own gravity. A roller, *h*, supports the end of the bed over the forward bolster, to diminish the friction as the axle works back and forth under the bed. The rubbers, *a a*, are attached to the levers, *b b*, by means of long slots, which allow the rubbers to slide upward when the wagon is pushed backward, reversing the direction in the motion of the wheels, thus relieving the wheels from the friction of the brakes."

In noticing this improvement, the *Scientific American* says:—"While it is apparently as simple as any brake can be, it is perfectly self-acting, coming into operation whenever the descent is sufficient to cause the wagon to run forward of its own accord, and requiring no attention whatever from the driver." The inventor (who is, we believe, a worthy mechanic,) may be addressed as above, by those wishing further information.

POETRY OF AGRICULTURE.

THE feeling that farming is a coarse, vulgar, hum-drum employment, fit only for the rough and uneducated; that its instruments and aids are repulsive, and its processes tedious and uninteresting; that it lacks the variety and the excitement belonging to professional, commercial, and official life; that it discourages intellectual improvement, thus forbidding its followers to aspire to the society of the cultivated classes, is fast losing strength before the fact that farmers are becoming fully equal to any other class of men, in point of general intelligence, and that their ranks are being constantly recruited by the addition of names of men eminent in trade, politics, literature, and the arts and professions. One can easily believe it must be something pleasant that thus attracts men of such diverse pursuits as the preacher, statesmen, merchant, &c., from the scenes of their labors and their fame, to end their days together amid the quiet strife and the calm delights of agriculture.

If there be one employment especially calculated to develop the poetical element in man, it is the cultivation of the earth. In no other relation does man live so near to nature, as when, to gain his bread, he commits the germs of food to the great seed-bed she provides, and takes back with his own hand wherewith to support his life. The bird that follows in the wake of his plow, to pick up the worm it uncovers, lives not in more direct and intimate dependence on the kindness of Mother Nature. The rain, the dew, and the sunshine, visit the farmer with special grace and favor. The weather is his peculiar interest.—Landscape beauty, with its endless diversification of forest, meadow, mountain, rock, stream, fallow, grain-field, pasture, orchard, and garden, is all his own. He changes and improves the picture, year by year, till, after ages of cultivation, is realized what EMERSON says of English fields, that "they have been combed and rolled till they appear to have been finished with a pencil instead of a plow."

The delicate traits and processes of nature, which the citizen goes out to study for a holiday treat, are the farmer's every-day business. They meet him at every turn. No need for him to read pastoral poetry; the sights and sounds of his common life, his industry and its results, are the materials out of which such poetry is made. And he is wiser in nature's learning than any mere verse maker; for his hands have guided, for long days, the plow that cleaved the sward, while he snuffed the smell of the fresh, upturned earth; he has scattered the seed that sprang up again, a miracle of life and beauty; he has tended, and fed, and housed the animals that serve him, and has swung the axe, whose strokes have brought down the tree at whose foot the nimble squirrel burrowed, while birds gossiped and sung in its branches.—Glibly as the poet talks of nature, he has comparatively but an outside, surface acquaintance with her; untaught by the farmer, he could scarcely make her infinite resources avail for the support of his single life.

Look into the shops of artisans, and see into what curious shapes woods and metals, and the skins of animals, are being wrought for the farmer's use and convenience. Invention is constantly on the stretch, to fashion the products of mining, and the vegetable growth of ages, to greater efficiency in agricultural service. Science is

peering into the secrets of agricultural chemistry, and wooing the daintiest forces of nature to lend their power in aid of the farmer's industry. Commerce brings from foreign countries new implements and seeds, and plants, to develop and diversify the soil, and sends her ships to distant islands for fertilizers of more wondrous efficacy than can be obtained at home. The Englishman sows his fields with the dust of bones brought from the battle-fields of the Continent. Accident and experiment reveal new capabilities of improvement, and the opening of roads and canals leading to the great markets, stimulate to higher points of production. The beautiful kingdoms of fruits and flowers lend their treasures to add value and adornment to the homestead, and thus, in time, by means of the aids and appliances at his command, the farmer makes of his domain a scene fairer than any poem, and worthy, each day, of a new song.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860. A.

SUBSOILING AND DEEP TILLAGE.

Various opinions are entertained by men of science, in regard to the tillage of the soil, with reference to season, depth, &c. As one, I have always been in favor of stirring the soil as deep as it is possible to do it uniformly and leave it in a condition to be thoroughly pulverized by the harrow, or Jack Frost, before receiving the seed. Clayey soils need deeper tillage, as with subsoiling, to permit the surface water to settle down or run off, than those of a gravelly or loamy nature. Wherever the subsoil is of that tenacity to retain water on its surface for any length of time after the frost is out of the ground and the ground settled, the subsoil should be broken to a sufficient depth to assist the surface in becoming uniformly dry, that the plow might be started as soon as spring opens with her warm days and gentle breezes.

I have lately been at work on a piece of land that formerly was too wet to produce good pasture, from the effects of surface water. Subsoil, a stiff, gravelly clay. It was broken up in the fall of 1856, eight inches deep, with a sod plow, and subsoiled with a Hartfield plow, ten inches below the bottom of the other furrow. This was something like work, yet the result has been more than satisfactory. The piece contained five acres and ninety rods. One acre was plowed eight inches with a sod plow, and not subsoiled. In 1857 the entire piece was planted with corn. Through the season a marked difference was visible, and that in favor of subsoiling. The corn came up quicker by about two days, was larger when hoed, and much better cured when harvested. It was full one-quarter better as per quantity and quality. In 1858 it was again planted in part with corn and potatoes, and in part sowed with barley; the result as the year before. In 1859, three acres sown to oats and seeded, and two acres and ninety rods in meadow. Notwithstanding the frost in June, the grass was more than an average crop on the subsoiled part, while on that plowed with sod plow alone, it was not an average crop. The oats showed again a dividing line—not as heavy, nor yielding as much seed per acre as that part that had been subsoiled.

While working on this piece of ground, March 23, 1860, with a team and wagon, I judged the part subsoiled was dry enough for plowing, should such a thing be deemed practicable, while the other was quite too wet, and water standing on it in several places. Men may preach that such plowing will exhaust the soil in a few years; they may preach, but I shall follow my experience, which teaches me better, until, "Convinced against my will," I shall be "of the same opinion still."

Perhaps your readers may say I am too set in my way. Perhaps not. Experience is the best of teachers. In the spring of 1858, I subsoiled the half of a four-acre lot to be planted with corn, of a loose, loamy, gravelly soil, with a gravelly subsoil, ten inches below the sod furrow turned eight inches, and the result was visible to every passer-by through the entire season, and more marked at harvest, the ears being larger, better filled, and yielding more than one-quarter more to the acre. In 1859, the field was sown with barley, wheat, oats, and peas, and a dividing line was again visible through the entire field. These fields were subsoiled but once. The gold of the soil lies deep—therefore, we must dig deep, plow deep, pulverize thoroughly, and in season; then we shall realize our expectations.

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1860. H. A. Whittemore.

STEAMING FEED.

Eds. Rural New Yorker: —In the Rural of March 3d, is an article on *Steaming Food for Stock*, in which my name is called in question, in connection with my new Steamer, exhibited at Albany, at the last State Fair. I have spent years in experimenting with steam, and am as much interested in the subject, probably, as my friend Stewart, of Erie Co., or any other person, and I will give you a little of my experience. In the article referred to, Mr. S. says, economy in fuel will require the boiler to be set in an arch instead of iron. Now, I think that point needs a little light. For instance, suppose you wish to go to work at once, steaming for hogs or other stock remote from your hog pen, or in your basement or cellar, or cheese room, &c., would it be economy to build an arch, chimney and building, to protect the same in every place, costing more in each instance than the portable steam apparatus exhibited at the State Fair? Let every man answer this question for his own particular situation and his own wants.

Again, as regards fuel, there are not many common arches in the country, without doors or dampers to control the fire, but what waste a large per centage of the fuel, perhaps more than half. But Mr. S. thinks it would be a great improvement to surround this new steamer with brick, or use the kettle alone. On this point I prefer to give every one their choice, yet Mr. S., as well as some others, seems to think that my steamer is confined to use on the stove, while the fact is, it can just as well be used with the arch, or on the ground, and the steamer, without the stove, costs $10 less than with it. The light, cheap, portable stove is a convenient arrangement, dispensing with costly arches, chimneys, buildings, &c., &c.

As regards safety of buildings near, I believe every one is acquainted with the ordinary mode of conveying smoke either in pipes or chimneys. I have had a low chimney top near my straw stack for about 16 years, but never thought of danger yet, as it is constructed so as to be safe.

A word of caution may not be amiss, as steam is a powerful agent and is sometimes rather troublesome, doing much mischief. From the description of Mr. S., I find his apparatus corresponds exactly with what I used for my first experiments, some 16 years since, in common with other persons. In my experience I found it to be very unsafe in some situations, and very troublesome in others. For instance, cover your kettle with a flat cover of boards, and fill it; then instead of letting steam off through a four inch tin pipe, like the one described by Mr. S., without pressure, insert any small convenient tubing and undertake to force steam under pressure, when a head of steam is indispensable, and see where the cover and packing described will go to. Look out for hot water, too, about these times. Many accidents could be enumerated where a temporary steamer has been used by hired help or boys not posted in such matters. No apparatus of the kind is fit to use where inexperienced persons have access to it.

Another source of trouble I have found with a kettle covered with a tight fitting wooden cover, as described. Just let the water get low, with a good fire, and see if the packing and cover will not burn; or, remove the cover, and behold the swill, soap, or any other substance you are attempting to heat, in the kettle instead of the proper vessel, drawn back by the vacuum formed in the boiler by the water getting low, and perchance burned to a coal.

My experiments having all been in cooking food for hogs, instead of cattle, heating water in quantities for scalding, driving steam to any desired point, &c., have convinced me that a certain amount of pressure is necessary in most instances, as well as an apparatus that cannot explode or collapse.

East Bethany, N. Y., April, 1860. D. R. Prindle.

MOOLYS vs. SHORT-HORNS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—"W." says that "Young America is prone to give new subjects and new theories a scrutinizing glance at first presentation,—and, if appearances are favorable to their peculiar notions,—if all is right,—they 'go it with a rush.'" Can you, kind reader of the Rural, discover any new theory advanced in regard to hornless cattle, save that they will not die with the hollow horn, or gore "colts and sheep?" The disease known as the "hollow horn" is quite as likely to attack a hornless ox or cow, as one with horns; for the disease originates in the digestive organs of the animal,—in not being fed on food of sufficient stamina to supply the animal system with the waste it has to undergo in our rigorous winters. If every farmer would feed each animal two quarts of Indian meal, or its equivalent, daily, through the winter, my word for it, we should hear no more about the hollow horn, although they were fed on little else than straw; but straw and no meal is a sad business, and can but prove ruinous to all those who practice it.

The goreing propensities of the "Short-horns" are not bad. Farmer P. was in the habit of wintering from eighty to one hundred breeding ewes, Saxon and Merino, with his Short-horns, and I have no recollection of any one of them being injured for a period of twenty-five years. They were educated Short-horns, eight or ten in number, and perhaps they behaved better than other horned cattle.

When "W.," or his acquaintances, can show a better result, or less damage done, then, perhaps, "Young America" might be willing to change his Short-horns, with their broad backs, round barrel, and deep chest, straight limbs, fine head, and horns, for "Moolys," provided they would make more butter and cheese, and more beef from the same amount of feed.

And to show what the Short-horns will do in the beef line, the writer has just sold a cow that has had eleven calves, and nursed the last one till October; fed on poor corn, meal, and potatoes, for three months, which weighed, when slaughtered, 864 pounds,—the four quarters weighing 720 pounds. A two-year old steer, a son of said cow, was fed four bushels of corn meal, from the fifteenth of March, 1859, to the twentieth of May, when he was turned to grass, and received no more grain until November first, when he was fed on poor corn during the month, then on potatoes and carrots till the 20th of December, one bushel per day, then three quarts of corn meal additional until the 9th of January, when he was sold for $65, and weighed over fifteen hundred pounds.

But what about the Short-horns for milk. It is notorious that in and about London, the large milk establishments are filled up almost exclusively with full bred, or very high bred Short-horns. If they are as poor milkers as has been represented by some writers, it is strange that the milk-men of London have not found it out, and substituted "W's" Moolys, or some other breed of greater producing qualities. Farmer P. kept a dairy, and milked about twenty cows daily, for several years prior to the introduction of Short-horns, and the writer of this knows, from personal experience, they were not as good milkers as the Short-horns he afterwards obtained, after their introduction to this country. Agitation.

Newark, N. Y., 1860.

SOWING PLASTER.

Dear Rural:—In the last number, M. B. Roys says:—"If any one has a better way of sowing (plaster) than this, I should like to hear how it is done. I think I *have*, and with your permission I will tell him "how it is done."

In the first place, get your plaster and draw it into the field on which you wish to sow it. Hitch your fastest horse to your *agricultural sulkey*, ("if you have one—if not, you should have.") This sulkey has a very long axle, so you need not fear being upset. The shafts are also very long, and support a box, much like a long hog trough, with a crack in the bottom. In the crack is a rough saw, which is made to vibrate, by gearing, "as the wheel goes round." Now, Mr. Roys, fill up this box with plaster, and take your seat, (which is an easy arm-chair on springs, somewhat elevated,) and on you go. And the faster you ride, the faster you sow. You don't care a fig which way the wind may blow, for you are above the dust and the dirt, and going almost a 2.40 gait. Hold hard!—the fence—the fence. Down with your foot on the lever—its out of gear. Now, turn round, and as you come back, look sharp for the wheel-track. With your *agricultural sulkey* you can evenly sow, as thick or thin as you please, anything from millet to marrowfat peas—rye, oats, barley, or buckwheat—and for *wild* oats it can't be beat. For the faster you go, the faster you sow. I'll warrant an acre you can cover with four quarts of clover.

Jackson Halliard.

Manlius, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

Bee Culture—Renewal of Comb.

With the controversy between the patent venders respecting the frequent renewal of combs, I have no pecuniary interest,—consequently, I hope I shall not be accused of having an ax to grind in this matter. Six years ago I gave my opinion to the public, that it was unnecessary to remove combs for being old, short of six or eight years. With the additional experience since then, I would make the time ten years! I know that persons with hives made and patented expressly to facilitate the operation, will insist on the annual renewal of combs, or every second or third year at least. But as self-interest operates powerfully to bias the judgment, we can generally see why they fail to recognize facts as they are. Yet they tell *us*,—who ought to see more clearly, having no blinding interest,—that bees will thrive even better, when under the necessity of constructing combs in which to rear their brood. It is about as consistent and philosophical as to say that a farmer's prosperity would be enhanced by renewing fences every three years that would last ten, or that he would gain by renewing his team thus often for being old, when it would last equally well for a dozen. A little practice, with unprejudiced observation, ought to satisfy any one. Stocks frequently send out swarms until a very small colony is left, but having some honey and combs ready constructed, they usually increase, and make good stocks for winter. But remove them now, and compel them to build combs for brood and honey, the chances are, there will not be more than half stores enough for winter, even when the honey of the old hive is given them. This I have tried repeatedly.

Again, put a *small* late swarm into a hive *filled* with combs in good condition, and another into an empty hive, and the difference in winter stores will be one half; the one with combs will generally be in good condition for winter, while the other will be much too light. I have known a small second swarm, in the honey season, to store sufficient for winter in ten days, when empty combs were provided. Other swarms, equally good at the same time, put into empty hives, had barely sufficient at the end of the season, two months later. The reason is obvious,—one had to build combs, and then gather honey; the other is like the farmer who had his barn ready, and gave all his attention to gathering his crops in the season of it, instead of losing valuable time just then in building.

The combs of the honey bee grow dark colored with age, and are very dark at the end of a few years. Many apiarists who have not studied the natural history of the bee very attentively, or those that are in the habit of jumping at conclusions, would be very likely, on finding the bees running down, when the hive contains black combs, to conclude that they had discovered the cause,—yet in *reality* it might be loss of queen, diseased brood, drone queen, or any other cause among the multitude that affect them. I have watched this matter very closely, and have as much interest in arriving at correct conclusions as any one. I have had a great many stocks nine and ten years old, and one twelve, yet I do not think that I have ever lost a colony on account of old combs, nor have I transferred or taken up one in ten years, on account of its age. I believe that I have given the theory of the contraction of the cells dwarfing the bees, its due weight; but as I cannot discover the *least* difference in the size of the bee reared in a cell ten years old, from one in a comb perfectly new, I have dismissed it, as having in it more of theory than reality.

It is admitted by most observing bee-keepers that winter their bees in the open air, that combs, when thickened somewhat with cocoons, will winter a colony much better than one with new combs,—the cocoons seem to give additional warmth.

Whether it takes twenty-five pounds of honey to make one of wax, I am not prepared to prove; probably it is near the truth. Of this I am satisfied, that a swarm large enough to fill its hive with combs in one season, would, if the combs were ready made, store twenty-five pounds in boxes in the time, even if the combs were old. I keep bees for the profit of them, and have studied economy of management a long time, and have found that after combs have been once used for brood, that they cannot be applied to anything else so profitably, as long as healthy. Disease is just as liable to attack brood in combs *one* year old, as that which is eight or ten. No healthy ones are destroyed.

In conclusion, I would suggest that the readers of the Rural require of patent venders some other qualification of their hives than the facility of renewing combs. It is time that bee-keepers understood that this principle has already wasted far too much honey, and no one else but themselves will suffer the loss. M. Quinby.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

Sweeney.—Will some of your numerous readers please send a recipe for the Sweeney. I have a valuable mare that I wish to cure, if I can.—M., *Pompey, N. Y.*

English Dairy Cheese.—Will some of the readers of the Rural be so kind as to inform me how English dairy cheese is made?—A. M. Shepherd, *Henrietta, Ohio.*

Blacking Glass.—Will the Rural, or some of its numerous subscribers, state, in the columns of said paper, the process of blacking glass, such as is usually used in clock doors?—G. D. Jones, *Vandalia, Mich.*, 1860.

Growing Clover Seed.—I have six acres seeded to large clover. Last year I pastured it until June 20th, and then gave it a top-dressing with plaster, and let it grow for seed. It yielded five bushels per acre. Now, will some of the readers of the Rural tell me whether I can mow it this year, and then cut seed, or must I pasture it as last year? Will ashes and plaster make a good top-dressing? Should they be put on before mowing or pasturing, or in June, as last year?—N. H. Martin, *Pompey, N. Y.*, 1860.

"Live like Pigs in Clover."—Is it injurious to small pigs to let them run in large clover? Last spring I had an old sow with twelve very nice pigs, which I turned into the clover after it had got up pretty well. They became sore, the hair came off, the skin cracked, and they were the worst looking lot I ever saw. They did not recover until fall. I attributed the difficulty to the great amount of cut worms they eat, but some of my neighbors say it was running in the clover when the dew was on. I would like to have Rural readers give the cause, that I may, hereafter, avoid a like calamity.—David Gallaway, *Battle Creek, Mich.*, 1860.

Kohl Rabi, &c.—(W. P. C., *Penn Yan, N. Y.*)—Kohl Rabi seed can be obtained at the seed stores here at $2 a pound. Lucerne and Chicory may, perhaps, be obtained in New York.

White Shanghaes—(A. W. A., *Fairmont, Mo.*)—White Shanghaes are in form like other fowls of the same breed of other colors, but entirely white. We don't know where eggs can be procured.

Carrots and Mangel Wurzel—(I. C. W., *Red Wing, Minn.*)—The Orange Carrot is most generally grown here, though the White Belgian is somewhat grown. The latter is almost exclusively grown in Canada. Either are good for feeding. Mangel Wurzel is grown for feeding to cattle.

Destroying Alders.—In answer to an inquiry of E. F. S., in regard to the destruction of alders, allow me to say I have a piece of land which was covered with alders. I cut them, in December, close to the ground, which did the work. My neighbors have done the same, with good success.—T. H. H., *Stephentown*, 1860.

Remedy for Ringbone.—For the benefit of "R. C. T.," and all who may have horses or colts afflicted with ringbone, I send you a recipe which is said to be a sure cure, even though the disease be of long standing. Take one quart of Blubber Oil; one quart of Alcohol; one pint of Beef's Gall. Mix, and rub the affected parts well. —J. H. J., *Rutland, Tioga Co., Pa.*, 1860.

Portable Saw-Mill, With Cross-Cut Arrangement—(F. M. D., *Mt. Pleasant, N. Y.*)—E. D. Hallock, of this city, makes a good mill, such as would be likely to suit you. It is well recommended by those who have it in use, and has been awarded three premiums by our State Society. Price, $40; with circular saw attached, something higher. We have requested Mr. H. to send you all necessary information.

Manuring in the Hill.—(B. F. H., *Bethany, N. Y.*)—When manure is scarce, it is best to use it, when well rotted, as you describe, in the hill. It will show a much better result at harvest than if used over the whole ground. This, however, is not the way to improve the soil, or to prepare it for the crop that is to follow, which is an important matter not to be forgotten in manuring for corn. A heavy application of fresh manure, with clean culture, will give a good crop of corn, and leave the soil in excellent condition for almost any crop.

Day's Work at Ditching.—A correspondent wishes to know how many rods of ditching, at three feet deep, is considered a fair day's work. This would depend on the nature of the soil, width, &c. The English authorities say that a man, in a fair soil, can dig and throw out from fourteen to eighteen cubic yards of earth daily, and from this a calculation can be made. This is estimated for an open drain, 3 feet deep, and 4 feet wide at the top. In narrow drains for tiles, the operator works to disadvantage. It is also said that a man can dig, in a day, a drain for laying tile, three feet deep, fourteen inches wide at the top, four at the bottom, and six perches in length.

Scab in Sheep.—For the benefit of J. H. McNall, I would say that, in 1858, I bought fifteen sheep from a drover, and, in a short time, they began to pull the wool from their sides and flanks, and look scabby. Examined them and found spots where the wool was loose, and the skin raw, with a white scab. I began to feed them sulphur and salt with their meal,—one tablespoon sulphur, and one of salt, to two quarts of meal,—washed the sore spots with spirits of turpentine and tobacco. This did the work, and saved my sheep.—M. S. G., *Chittenango Falls, Mad. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Noticing an inquiry in your excellent paper, (No. 531,) for the cause and a cure of sheep pulling their wool, I would say I have been told by those who have tried it, that sulphur and tar, equal quantities, mixed with an amount of salt equal to both, and fed to the sheep,—having it placed in boxes where they can help themselves when they wish,—is a certain remedy. It will not injure the sheep if it does no good; and sulphur, I am well aware, is very excellent for sheep at all times of the year. I have never fed tar, although I have heard of it being used with good results.—E. Cook, *East Clarendon, Vt.*, 1860.

If J. H. McNall wishes to cure scab in sheep, let him dip them in tobacco water, sufficiently strong to kill ticks on lambs. Fifteen pounds are sufficient for one hundred sheep after shearing. I have cured some three hundred in this way. No mistake,—one dipping is sufficient.—S. W., *Honeoye, N. Y.*, 1860.

Sore Eyes in Horses—(W. F. W., *Hume, Alleg. Co., N. Y.*)—The eye of the horse is subject to several diseases, and, as you have not specified any peculiar form of soreness, we suppose that which troubles your animal is inflammation. Prevention is better than cure in this disease, as well as in the other myriad ailments of the animal system,—exercise, cleanliness, and the proper ventilation and lighting of stables, the means to be employed. As soon as inflammation exhibits itself, put the horse in a shed where he may be free from all annoyance, and let the place be darkened a little. A very light diet of scalded shorts or gruel is all that should be given until the inflammation seems to abate. Dr. Dadd commences the treatment by administering an active or light cathartic, as the case may seem to require. If the bowels are *soluble*, give a mild dose, consisting of socotrine aloes, 3 drachms; gentian, 2 drachms; cream of tartar, 1 drachm,—all powdered. If the excretions be hard, covered with slime, or dark colored, give aloes, 3 drachms; gentian, 2 drachms. Bathe the eye with tincture of arnica, 1 ounce; water, 1 pint. Select a very soft piece of sponge for making the application. Sponge the head two or three times a day with cold water,—"it puts out the fire of inflammation."

Agricultural Miscellany.

Intelligent Appreciation.—We never joined a "mutual admiration society," but confess that we entertain great respect for the opinions of members of our own profession touching matters connected with the "Art Preservative." For example, editors and printers are the best judges of the merit and value of a newspaper. They can properly estimate the brains and money—the taste, tact, care, hard work and cash investments—necessary to sustain a first class journal, and therefore are the most competent umpires. Hence it is that, though all classes of people who read it commend the Rural, we regard the voluntary notices of the press as the most complimentary, because the most appreciative and discriminating. Our brethren *know* that the publication of the Rural involves a vast amount of care, labor and expense, and it is to this knowledge (and the courtesy of its possessors,) that we are indebted for scores of recent notices which pronounce it *the* journal in its sphere. We are grateful to all who have thus kindly manifested their appreciation of whatever merit this journal possesses. But our object in commencing this paragraph was merely to introduce an extract from a private letter, written by a gentleman connected with one of the oldest and ablest newspapers in New England, as follows:—"I have read the Rural regularly for some time—like it very much—have spoken many good words for you, and intend to speak many more. Being a printer, editor and publisher myself, I think I know something of what you are doing. I consider your paper a *family necessity*. You inculcate good morals, good *cooking*, good homes, good everything, which is half the secret of good farming. Go ahead! The people cannot but appreciate your labors."

Monroe County Ag. Society.—At a recent meeting of the Board of Managers of this Society, it was resolved to have a Holiday Exhibition on the 4th of July The programme is not fully completed, but will comprise, as a prominent feature, an exhibition of horses—the Board having decided to offer more liberal premiums than ever before, for horses adapted to road and carriage, general utility, draft, &c. Liberal premiums are also offered for the fastest *walking* horses, both double and single. The Board also voted to have an exhibition of horses—principally designed for the display of stallions—on the 2d of May, to be free to both exhibitors and the public. Owners of stallions which are to be kept in this region the present season, as well as farmers and others who wish to breed good stock, should note and attend the exhibition.

Fast Walking Horses.—Last year, and also in a late number of the Rural, we suggested the propriety of substituting trials of fast walking horses, instead of trotting, at our Fairs and Horse Shows, and are glad to notice that the subject is attracting the attention of agricultural societies and the press. A Massachusetts paper says:—"Horses should be trained to walk fast; for farmers, fast walkers are more important than fast trotters; and we have known 'good ones to go' that lost in their slower walking all they made over horses of ordinary speed in trotting. A man who kept from two to four teams at work on the road, and never allowed them to trot at all, made the distance in quicker time than his neighbors, who made their horses trot at every convenient place. He said that when a horse commenced to walk after a trot, he walked much slower than his common gait if he kept on a walk, and thereby lost more than he gained."

Arctic Pearl Corn.—We are indebted to E. Ware Sylvester, of Wayne County, for an ear of corn, called the Arctic Pearl Corn. It is short eared, with large white kernels, and is represented to be very early, being fit to eat in seven weeks from the time of planting, and almost as good as the best sweet corn. Mr. S. says:—"I obtained the seed from a gentleman who said he had a relative, a missionary among the Indians in the Rocky Mountain region, who had sent home the seed. You will observe that the ear is small, white, and full. The growth of the stalks does not exceed three feet, and the ears set very near the ground. It needs from four to six stalks to the hill to fill well. In ordinary seasons it will be ready for the table in seven weeks from the time of planting, and though much earlier than sweet corn, it is nearly as tender and delicious. It can never take the place of the Early Darling, distributed by the Patent Office, but is so much earlier, that it deserves a small place in every garden."

A Weather Item from China.—A letter just received from a friend residing in Amoy, China, (Hon. T. H. Hyatt, Consul,) says:—"We have lovely winters here. The thermometer to-day (Jan. 21.) in the shade, on the outside of my library, under the shadow of the old banyan, stands at 70°,—and the odorous breezes from the hedges of flowering Mimosas sweep through our open windows like the fragrant odors of 'Araby the blest.' But the summers are so intensely hot that we are well-nigh roasted alive, and it is seldom that a foreigner can stand the climate without paying a dear forfeit for his temerity in undertaking it." The writer sends us an interesting account of a Winter Garden in the Celestial Empire—a survey and description of its appearance on New Year's Day—which we shall give in a future number.

Good for Michigan!—Friend DeLand, of the *American Citizen*, (Jackson, Mich.) heralds the success, in this State, of the agent for an Agricultural Implement establishment in that place, after this style:—"Mr. L. Wilcox, the energitic agent of the firm of Waters, Lathrop & McNaughton, has just returned from the State of New York, where he has been canvassing for the sale of their goods, with very good success. It is a matter of just pride that the goods of this enterprising company are appreciated, not only in the West, but in the State of New York, from where we have heretofore been under the necessity of procuring articles of this kind. The superior quality of their goods, and the gentlemanly address of their agent, is making a favorable impression for Michigan and her manufactories. We have the best Agricultural Implements, and Wheat—the Tallest Pines—the best of Plaster—the Toughest Iron—the Saltest Water, and the largest —— majorities. Who says Michigan is not a great State?"

A New Plow Holder.—We last week witnessed the trial of a new plow holder—the invention of J. M. Whitney, of Mass.—which seemed to fulfill the design of its invention very well. It is intended to hold the plow, and save any handling, in ordinarily good plowing. The contrivance is quite simple, may be easily attached to any plow, and not only guides the plow, but can be so adjusted as to govern the width of the furrow. The invention is patented, we believe, and called "Whitney's Plowman." We presume it will soon be advertised.

A New and Good Plow is being introduced in this section. It is known as Rulossen & Harvey's "Straight Draft Plow." While attending the trial of another implement a few days ago, we had an opportunity of seeing this plow at work, and were very favorably impressed with its construction and operation, as were quite a number of practical farmers and mechanics present. We believe it is manufactured by Gordon & Co., who will no doubt ere long make known its claims, price, &c., to the farming community.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE NURSERYMAN AND HIS CUSTOMERS.

The evil complained of by a correspondent and published below, we think is not general, yet a few thoughts and facts on the subject may not be without profit to all. The nurseryman has no right to compel the planter to buy trees that he does not want, nor has the planter any right to compel nurserymen to sell trees when it would be to his interest to keep them. The practice among all *good* nurserymen, and for aught we know, all nurserymen here, is to fill orders with just such trees as are called for, when they can do so consistently with their own interest, and when this can not be done to refuse the order. An old plan was to *substitute* other varieties which the nurseryman considered as good, and ripening at the same season, but this practice has been discontinued by the best establishments, and substitutions are only made when authorized. This course should be adopted by all.

The illustrations of our correspondent do not meet the case. The tailor, when he finds his stock of broadcloth getting short, can order a further supply of the wholesale dealer or manufacturer. The doctor can treat a score of fever cases without any danger of using up the supply of medicine useful in such cases. But, the nurseryman is very differently situated. He has twenty thousand apple trees, and the same number of pear trees ready for sale, principally the leading varieties, with a few thousands of less popular sorts, but which are occasionally called for, and which he must keep on hand. It took from two to four years to grow these trees from the bud, and the proportions were arranged, at the time, in the way most likely to suit the demand. But since the time of budding, one or more of these varieties, for some cause, has increased in public favor, and sometimes without any apparent cause, the demand is greatest for particular varieties, and the nurseryman receives two or three orders that will take all of his *Baldwin* apples, or all of his *Bartlett* pears, leaving the other sorts on his hands, without the ability to fill a general order, embracing a fair proportion of the leading sorts. Under these circumstances, it seems to us that it is too much to expect the nurseryman to break up his assortment and seriously injure the season's business, for the sake of accommodating a few customers. We have only space to-day for these few hurried remarks, but we will refer to this subject again, as it is an important matter, and not well understood.

BUYING AND SELLING FRUIT TREES.

The traffic in fruit trees, for transplanting into orchards, has grown to be an extensive business in nearly all parts of the country, but especially so in Western New York. From small beginnings, the nursery business has attained that point of magnitude, where hundreds of thousands of dollars are profitably invested in the trade.

It would, perhaps, be too much to expect, if we supposed that this branch of business had grown up without the usual attendant evils of other branches of productive industry. It is my purpose to allude to one such in the present communication. I shall take for granted, that the buyers of fruit trees for transplanting are, in the aggregate, as much interested in what they buy, as the comparatively few nurserymen are in what they dispose of to their customers. And the purchaser of any article, whether of trees or something else, is supposed to know *just what he wants*, as well as the man whose business it is to sell. How is it, then, if I wish to plant an orchard to certain varieties of fruit, which I believe to be the best for my location and the market, that I cannot get my quantity of trees without taking a share of such as I *do not* want, and regard as worthless?

This, I believe, is a requirement among nurserymen generally. Suppose the same system to be introduced in other branches of trade and the professions. I go to the merchant to purchase from him a coat, but he requires me to buy a cloak also; or I wish to buy broadcloth, but he insists that I shall take with it linsey-woolsey. I call a physician, but he refuses to treat me for a fever, unless I allow him to treat some one else for the rheumatism. Or a lawyer refuses to draw me a deed for land, unless I allow him to draw my will at the same time. The principle is simply absurd. The old adage may still hold good, that "beggars should not be choosers," but it is not quite so clear that *buyers* are in the same category.

Is not this the prime cause of so much poor and worthless fruit in the country. Orchardists have been compelled to set a great variety, much of which is found to be of no value when it comes into bearing. The evil could be borne if its effects were of a more transient character. But the mistake once made, no small share of a man's life will be gone before it is thoroughly righted.

If buyers of fruit trees were more tenacious of their rights in this matter, nurserymen would study more closely the true interests and real wants of their customers, and an increased amount and improved quality of fruit throughout the country would perhaps be the result.

Somerset, N. Y., March, 1860. I. H. BABCOCK.

EARLY SPRING FLOWERS.—THE CROCUS.

The earliest of all our spring flowers is the delicate little snowdrop, so modest as to be thrown into the shade as soon as the Crocus shows its golden petals. Too little attention has been given to these fine flowers. All admire them, yet in how few gardens is a fair collection, or even one or two varieties, to be found. Could they be planted when in flower, or in spring for early flowering, everybody would have them, but they should be set out in the fall, and are forgotten at that season by most planters. Now we advise all lovers of flowers to obtain a few dozen of the best varieties next September, and to aid in making the selection, we give drawings of two and descriptions of most of the best varieties. Fine bulbs, fit for flowering, can be obtained of most of the nurserymen, and at the principal seed stores, for about fifty cents per dozen.

There exists a fine variety of Crocuses, giving a very fine show of purple, yellow and white. The *Cloth of Gold*, shown in the engraving, is

the earliest variety, and is of a lively golden yellow, with a brownish stripe in the center of each petal. Those with a white ground and purple and blue stripes, such as *La Neige*, are very pretty, but besides the yellow, the purple and blue varieties, where these colors are finely blended, as in *Monstreuse*, are the most showy.

HARDY GRAPES.

NORTHERN MUSCADINE.

Much has been said for and against this grape, and its originators still claim that it is unsurpassed in quality by any other native grape, and in their advertisements they, in order to substantiate what they claim for it to be true, take the liberty to publish an extract of a letter from a certain Professor in Ohio, who seems to concur with them in his opinion of its merits. It has been widely disseminated in this section, (Eastern N. Y.) and for many years sold at extravagant rates, but owing to the ease with which it is propagated, it now can be bought quite cheap. The writer has never grown it, but others in the vicinity have, and he is well acquainted with it.—Certainly, it is *very* EARLY, and we must say that it has a fine, showy, compact cluster, somewhat resembling the Diana, but not equal in quality to that noble grape. When fully ripe it is very sweet and pleasant to eat, but unfortunately the *berries are so prone to drop from the cluster*, that I greatly fear it will detract much from its value as a wine grape as well as for market purposes.

The vine is a good bearer, exceedingly hardy, and never suffers from the mildew of the fruit or foliage, and will thrive and flourish in the most barren soil, and in the most bleak and exposed situation, without protection in winter, which makes it well adapted to the more northern sections of the country. Although it is very early, the fruit will not sell in the New York market as well as the Isabella, as the writer has frequently seen it sold.

CONCORD.

The Concord is a rampant grower, very hardy, though not apt to bear well until it attains the age of five or six years, when it becomes productive enough, but never suffers from over-bearing, like the Isabella.

Persons who have no time, or are unwilling to take the trouble to prune their vines, should by all means procure the Concord. It will bear the coldest weather that we have in New York, uninjured, without shelter or protection, and will thrive and produce fruit of fair quality, when planted in the poorest soil. The foliage is large, broad, and thick, and the berries never mildew or rot, but when dead ripe, they sometimes drop from the cluster. Our Massachusetts friends say that it is "*four weeks earlier than the Isabella*, and that it is *fully ripe* from the *3d to the 10th of September*."

Now, I will not say that such is not the case in Massachusetts, but I will say that with me it is only about one week *earlier* than the Isabella, and not what I call fully ripe till the latter part of September, when it will be found quite melting, and far richer in the saccharine principle than the Isabella, but has much more of the fox fragrance. A few pounds of the fruit, when ripe, will, in a few days, perfume a large room. Some persons are very fond of this foxy odor, and to others it is very offensive. Last fall (1859) I had quite a fine lot of these grapes, which sold in market the same as good Isabellas. The vine is much hardier than the Isabella, which makes it a valuable acquisition to grape growers in the northern sections of our country. Has any one tested it as a wine grape, and if so, how does it answer the purpose? Will it make a wine that will keep without the aid of sugar or alcohol?

Perhaps some one will say that I have not the *genuine Concord*, and like Mr. OTT, of Pennsylvania, write about a grape that I am unacquainted with. In order to satisfy the skeptical, if there should be such, I will here state that my original vine was purchased of Hovey & Co., of Boston, Mass., for $5, and is without doubt *genuine*, as I have exhibited the fruit a number of times, and also compared it with vines elsewhere.

It is quite easy to propagate, and young vines in the nursery are generally as large and well rooted when one year old, as most others are at two years. GRAPE GROWER.

TO RENOVATE AN OLD ORCHARD.—In the RURAL of Feb. 15th, I read an article teaching how "to renovate an old apple orchard." Sixty years ago I began to graft and make observations on orchards, and have occasionally grafted ever since; and from my experience and observation, I would by no means recommend renovating an old, scrubby, mossy-topped orchard, by grafting it. I would very much prefer, if I had other suitable ground for an orchard, to thoroughly prepare the soil, and plant young, thrifty, grafted trees of suitable size, and then take proper care of them till they began to bear plentifully, allow the old trees to bear what they would, and then cut them down. Then I would have a young, thrifty, handsome orchard, worth more than double what an old, scrubby, mossy one would be when grafted. But, if I had no other suitable ground, then I would thoroughly prepare the ground between the old trees, and plant young, grafted trees, and take care of them till they bore plenty and wanted room, and then cut down the old ones. To graft a very old orchard, so as to put on a new top, will rid you of apples for some three or four years, and will cost more than young, grafted trees, well planted.—E. S., *Harbor Creek, Erie Co., Pa.*

Inquiries and Answers.

GRAFTING THE GRAPE, &C.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, please answer a few inquiries through the RURAL. Will grafting the grape affect the fruit? For instance, grafting the Logan on Catawba, will the fruit be purely Logan, and will it ripen as early as on its own roots? Will grafting affect the longevity of the vine? Is it safe to propagate from a grafted vine as retaining quality of fruit? What varieties are the most profitable for vineyard culture? Are leached ashes good for grape vines? Should standard pear trees be cut back if the wood is not thoroughly ripened? Answer, and oblige—A FARMER AND FRUIT GROWER, *Wilson, N. Y.*

THE root may have some influence on the fruit, but it is so little that it is a debated question, and one on which there has been a good deal of discussion. By grafting upon a thrifty, strong root, we get a strong growth of the vine, or tree grafted upon it, and the reverse is the case where the root is a feeble grower, and this exerts an influence upon the fruit; but grafting a pear, or a grape, upon a wild stock, does not make the fruit wild, nor does grafting a white grape upon a stock that produces black grapes, affect the color of the fruit. We know good, practical cultivators, who contend that the earliness of the grape depends a good deal on the root. On this point we need experiment and proof. If grafting is well done in a young vine, its longevity will not be affected. Propagate from any grafted vine or tree. Nearly all our fruit is propagated from grafted trees. Can't tell which grape will prove to be the most profitable for vineyard culture. In five years from the present time, we shall know more on this subject. At the present time, we would plant here, Isabella, Diana, Concord, and Delaware, and a few each of the other new kinds. Leached ashes are good for grapes, and good stable manure is excellent. Cutting away unripe wood, that is, if it is not sufficiently matured to make a healthy growth, can do no harm, and a judicious cutting back of standard pear trees, in most cases, will result in good. The different varieties of pear trees grow very dissimilar,—some loose and straggling,—some erect and pyramidal. We must study their habits, and prune accordingly.

BUFFALO BERRY.—Is the Buffalo Berry, that grows in Western New York, the same variety as grows in Missouri, and, for aught I know, in other Southwestern States, and valuable for its fruit? A word from you, occasionally, about our native flowers and plants, would be very acceptable.—FLORA, *Allegany Co., N. Y.*

THE Buffalo Berry of Missouri is *Shepherdia argentea*, a very pretty shrub, growing from six to ten feet in height. The leaves are silvery, berries red, about the size of a currant, and good for preserves. It has the staminate flowers on one bush and pistillate on another, and the fruit is on the latter. To produce fruit, therefore, they must be planted in pairs. Our engraving shows the size and appearance of the berries as well as they can be shown by a wood cut.

The *Shepherdia Canadensis*, which is sometimes called the Buffalo Berry referred to by our correspondent, grows all over the Northern States, on the rocky banks of rivers. It is a small shrub, seldom growing more than four feet in height, with greenish flowers, in bloom now, before the leaves appear. The leaves are covered with rusty scales on the under side. Fruit, berry-like, yellowish red, insipid to the taste.

The *Hepatica*, the first of our showy spring flowers, may now be found in the woods and new clearings, of various shades of white, purple and blue.

The Trailing Arbutus is an evergreen, trailing shrub, with thick leaves. The entire plant is covered with rusty hairs. Its fragrant, spicy, white or flesh-colored flowers may now be found by searching among the fallen leaves. It delights in dry hilly woods.

Spring Beauty, with racemes of small, delicate, rose-colored flowers, having darker veins, may now be found in moist woods.

The early varieties of Willows and Poplars are showing their catkins. We will occasionally make a ramble in the woods, and take notes for the benefit of "Flora."

SEED FOR A LAWN—ORCHARD GRASS.—I am about to seed down a door-yard of three-fourths of an acre, and wish to know the best kind of grass seed to sow. Will orchard grass make a good sod, and how much seed to the acre; or is white clover the best, and where can I get the seed, and at what price? I also wish to know if orchard grass will make a good pasture for a cow, and how the seed should be sown? Will you, or some of your readers, answer in next week's RURAL, and oblige a constant subscriber?—S. H. SUTTON, *Naples, N. Y.*

Orchard grass is the poorest kind for a lawn, as it is perhaps more disposed than any other variety to grow in tufts. Its principal recommendation is that it will do well in the shade, where other varieties would die out. Kentucky Blue Grass, or Red Top, and a little White Clover, is the best thing for a lawn. Either of the grasses can be bought here for about $3 per bushel, and clover costs about 50 cents per pound. Four bushels of grass and four pounds of clover to the acre, will make a good lawn, but we would rather sow more than less.

CURRANT WINE—(W. G., *Willett, N. Y.*)—We know of no extensive experiments in making wine from currants that would show the number of gallons that could be produced from an acre, but there is not much limit to the amount as long as water and sugar are abundant. The best currant wine we ever tasted was made from the White Grape; perhaps other varieties would make as good, if as well grown, and treated in the same way.

THE DIELYTRA—(A. W. A., *Fairmont, Mo.*)—You had better get the roots of the Dielytra, and not try to grow the seed. They can now be had for about 25 cents of almost any nurseryman.

REMEDY FOR TREES INJURED BY MICE.—Can you, or any of your numerous correspondents, tell me what I am to do for a large number of apple trees which have been badly girdled by the mice? In many instances, the bark is gnawed off clear around for a length of three or four inches.—A SUFFERER, *Chicago, Ill.*, 1860.

THESE trees may be saved, if the portion of bark removed by the mice is not too great, by taking the bark from some large limbs and fitting it nicely around, as seen in figure 1. Then cover with grafting wax. A bandage of some soft material may be placed around to keep the bark in its place.

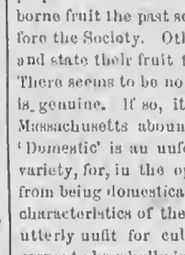


Figure 1.

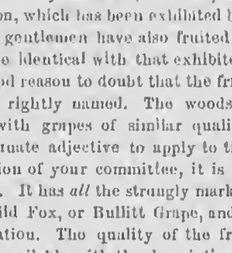


Figure 2

Another method, when the bark has been removed for a greater distance up the tree, is to connect the upper and lower portions of the bark by scions, as seen in figure 2. These shoots must be made wedge-shaped, and inserted in a cut made by a chisel, about an inch above and below the edges of the gnawed bark. Cover as above.

CRANBERRY CULTURE.—In answer to the inquiry of Mr. J. BAILEY, in the RURAL of February 25, about Cranberry culture, your idea is, I think, quite correct. Many acres of our present almost useless low lands can be made highly profitable by the cranberry culture; and, in fact, I think the cranberry can be grown on some higher lands. We have them here in great abundance, and the vines are plenty and cheap.—I. A., *Lake Mill, Wis.*

Horticultural Notes.

MASSACHUSETTS WHITE GRAPE.—Experience will no doubt prove many of the much lauded new grapes entirely worthless. The work of testing has commenced and must be pursued with vigor. In the Annual Report of the Fruit Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, the *Massachusetts White Grape* is noticed as follows:—"It was introduced by Mr. Watson, of Plymouth, Mass., who described it as 'the greatest acquisition ever made to our hardy domestic grapes.' 'The flesh is tender, juicy and melting, and entirely free from pulp.' A vine received directly from Mr. Watson, has borne fruit the past season, which has been exhibited before the Society. Other gentlemen have also fruited it, and state their fruit to be identical with that exhibited. There seems to be no good reason to doubt that the fruit is genuine. If so, it is rightly named. The woods of Massachusetts abound with grapes of similar quality. 'Domestic' is an unfortunate adjective to apply to this variety, for, in the opinion of your committee, it is far from being domesticated. It has *all* the strongly marked characteristics of the Wild Fox, or Bullitt Grape, and is utterly unfit for cultivation. The quality of the fruit seems to be wholly irreconcilable with the description of the introducer."

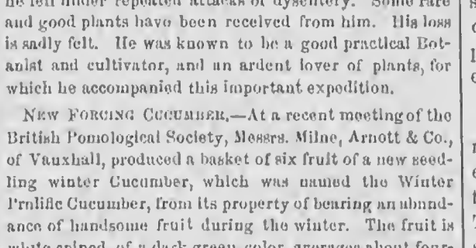
DEATH OF DR. VOGEL THE BOTANICAL TRAVELER IN AFRICA.—Mr. Herman, Consul at Tripoli, has just informed the family of Dr. Vogel, that this unfortunate traveler was assassinated immediately after his entrance into the Wady. He had his information from the Sultan of Bornou.

The Botanist Barter, of the Niger expedition, under Dr. Baker, is also dead. After many hardships endured, he fell under repeated attacks of dysentery. Some rare and good plants have been received from him. His loss is sadly felt. He was known to be a good practical Botanist and cultivator, and an ardent lover of plants, for which he accompanied this important expedition.

NEW FORCING CUCUMBER.—At a recent meeting of the British Pomological Society, Messrs. Milne, Arnott & Co., of Vauxhall, produced a basket of six fruit of a new seedling winter Cucumber, which was named the Winter Prolific Cucumber, from its property of bearing an abundance of handsome fruit during the winter. The fruit is white spined, of a dark green color, averages about fourteen inches long, is very straight, and of a uniform thickness of about an inch and a quarter throughout. The flesh is very solid and of excellent flavor. It was considered a very valuable and fine variety.

BUFFALO HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The annual meeting of this Society was held on the 3d instant,—HORACE WILLIAMS, President, in the chair. The following officers were elected for the current year:—*President*—JASON SEXTON. *Vice-Presidents*—Noah H. Gardner, Thomas Stephenson. *Treasurer*—Edward S. Rich. *Rec. Sec'y*—Henry Waters. *Cor. Sec'y*—Wm. Coleman. *Managers*—Horace Williams, Dennis Bowen, James W. Brown, Wm. R. Coppock, Otis F. Presbrey, Benjamin Hodge, Warren Granger, Jno. B. Eaton, Amos I. Mathews.

THE PAMPAS GRASS has stood out the past two winters, near Philadelphia, by having dry leaves thrown over it in the Fall, and a little brush to keep them from blowing away. It is a noble object on a lawn when in flower. —*Gardener's Monthly.*



COLORING RECIPES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—We have been subscribers to your paper for several years, and look upon it as one of the necessary appendages of home. It has contained many useful suggestions that have proved valuable to me, and I could think of no better way to express my thankfulness to my sister contributors, than to add my mite to the list of recipes.

COLORING BLACK.—Noticing an inquiry by "H. H." to color black, I send you a recipe which I know to be first rate. Dissolve four ounces of blue vitriol in water enough to cover two pounds of goods. Boil, skim, put the goods in, and keep them at a scalding heat for two hours, (airing them occasionally.) Then take them out and rinse in cold water until the water is clear. Have two ounces of the extract of logwood dissolved in the same quantity of water,—which should also be scalding hot,—put in your goods and let them remain three hours, then dry them and scour in suds. This recipe will color a paramatta or silk dress—but for this purpose, the dye should be made of cider, or vinegar, instead of water.

A BROWN DYE FOR WOOL.—Steep the goods in a decoction of walnut peels till they have obtained the wished-for color. The depth of the shade is proportioned to the strength of the decoction. If the cloth be first passed through a mordant of alum, the color is brightened. The root of the walnut tree contains the same coloring matter, but in a less degree. Birch bark may also be used.

TO COLOR GREEN.—One pound of fustic will color two pounds of woolen or cotton goods. Boil the fustic one hour, then put in one-fourth of a pound of alum. Put in your goods and let them remain one hour, airing occasionally. Now take out your goods and put in the compound of indigo until you get the wished-for color. To color cotton, put in a handful of logwood chips to make it more permanent.

INQUIRY.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL tell me, through its columns, how to color green without the compound of Indigo, as we cannot get any here, and oblige, MRS. H. M. TANNER.

Attica, Ohio, 1860.

CAKE, LEMON PIES, &c.

MESSRS. EDS.:—Perhaps Mr. RURAL will not object to a few recipes, which I think very nice.

WHITE POUND CAKE.—One teacup fine white sugar; one-half do. of butter; beat together about twenty minutes, or to a light cream; add the whites of two eggs; beat ten minutes longer; put one teaspoon cream tartar into one and a half cups flour, and one-half a teaspoon soda into a half cup sweet milk. Flavor with lemon or nutmeg. Beat all together fifteen or twenty minutes longer.—Bake in a round cake-pan, in a moderately quick oven, for about an hour.

SUGAR CAKE.—One cup sugar; half cup butter; one teaspoon saleratus, salt, and nutmeg. Mix slowly together with half a teacup of water.—Roll thin. Bake quick.

DELICIOUS LEMON PIE.—Four eggs; two coffee-cups sugar; beat to a froth; the juice of two fine, fresh lemons; grate the yellow peel off one, rejecting the peel of the second, and the pulps of both; beat all together a few moments longer. Have ready two pie-pans lined with rich pastry, into which turn the above, cover with pastry, and bake an hour. Be sure and have them well done.

South Cairo, 1860. EMMA.

A GOOD KNITTING MACHINE.—A lady subscriber contributes this item for the benefit of sister readers of the RURAL:—"I rather like your 'family arrangements,' by which your numerous household supply each other with valuable information. So here is an item in reference to knitting machines. J. B. AIKIN, Esq., of N. H., has patented a machine, with recent improvements, also patented, which knits *very rapidly*, say a yard in ten minutes—leaving the *shaping* to be done by an after process. If a person could afford the plates for three different sizes, (which anybody can remove and adjust upon the same stand,) hosiery of all sizes can be woven, hand stitch, upon one machine. Runs like a sewing machine, with a treadle, and by hand as well. I have one, and machinists who have seen it in operation pronounce it a very great affair. They seem almost spell-bound as they watch the play of the needles. Costs $65. What the extra plates would be I don't know—they are the costly part of the machine."

FRIED MEATS.—Frying is often a convenient mode of cookery, and, so far as fire is concerned, economical, but it is generally so carelessly done, that the preparations are uninviting and unhealthy. The oil, butter, lard, or dripping, used for frying, should be clean, fresh, and free from salt. Olive oil, when fresh and sweet, is preferable to any other article; next to that is fresh, sweet lard; butter is apt to scorch, and cooks do not often give the attention necessary to prevent this. To prepare butter for frying, set it in a dish, which place in a sauce-pan of cold water, over a slow fire. As soon as the butter melts, a scum begins to rise; take it off the fire and skim it, and it is fit for frying. It is the buttermilk which is left in the butter that causes it to scorch so readily, and also to which the rancidity of the butter is to be attributed. This rises to the top when the butter is melted, and taking it off leaves the butter like pure oil.—*Home Monthly.*

RESTORING DAMAGED VELVET.—The *Monitor de la Salud* publishes the following method of restoring velvet to its original condition. It is well known that when velvet has been wet, not only its appearance is spoiled, but it becomes hard and knotty. To restore its original softness, it must be thoroughly damped on the wrong side, and then held over a very hot iron, care being taken not to let it touch the latter. In a short time the velvet becomes, as it were, new again. The theory of this is very simple. The heat of the iron evaporates the water through the tissue, and forces the vapor out at the upper side; this vapor passing between the different fibres, separates those which adhered together in hard bunches. If the velvet were ironed after damping, an exactly opposite result would be obtained; it is, therefore, necessary that the substance should not come in contact with the heated iron.

YELLOW WASH.—As the time for whitewashing draws near, I would recommend the following for rooms that are not intended to be papered, viz.: prepare whitewash in the usual way as for whitewashing, then take horse radish leaves, as soon as they are grown enough, boil them as if for greens, pour the juice into the whitewash, and you have a beautiful bright yellow.—A. WILLSON, *Marcellus, N. Y.*, 1860.

CURE FOR WHITE SWELLINGS.—I wish some one of your numerous readers to inform me through your columns how to cure a white swelling. Having seen several cures for felons in the Domestic Department of your paper, I thought perhaps some one might be able to favor me with the desired information.—E. C., *Lenox*, 1860.

GRAHAM BREAD.—To five pounds of unbolted wheat flour, well mixed with nearly a tablespoonful of salt, add a cup and a half of yeast, a cup of molasses, and about a pint of warm water.—X. Y. Z., *New York*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY NATIVE VALE.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

IN this delightful western clime
That gives a forest home to me,
I think of that sweet vale where passed
My sunlit days of infancy;
And where the years, like humming birds,
Just poised a moment, on the wing,
To sip the nectar from the cups
Of life's sweet floral offering;
The homestead's old, familiar halls,
The grassy meadow, where I played:
The orchard, with its melting fruit,
And soft, refreshing shade;
The blacksmith's shop, where, all day long,
My noble father toiled and sang,
Where, in the morning and at eve,
The music of the anvil rang;
The garden, with its spreading vines,
Its roses and its daffodils;
The dark old forest in the east,
Beyond the heaven-aspiring hills;
The old, red school-house where I sat,
And studied in my spelling book;
The common, where, in glad recess,
We children wandered 'long the brook,
And sailed our chips upon its breast;
The church, that lifted up its spire
To point us to the Father, GOD;
The grave-yard, where dear sisters lie
And rest beneath the sod,—
All these come back to me again,
And, like some sweet and tender tale,
Thy memories linger in my heart,
Dear Honeoye, my native vale.

'Twas there I woke a mother's smiles
With infant carolings and mirth,
And there my soul began to grow,
And lift itself above the earth;
'Twas there that first I learned to love,
And trust the faithful heart of GOD,
And there he caused his erring child
To pass beneath the chast'ning rod;
'Twas there I first began to tread
The flowery paths of Science' hill
And then the muse oft softly came
My soul with poetry to fill:
'Twas there my sympathies became
Enlisted for the true and right,
And there I joined the battling host
That war against Satanic might;
'Twas there *he* came—my husband now,—
And stole away my girlish love;
And there I left a fathers care,
His faithfulness to prove.
O, often when my roving thoughts
On memory's golden circles sail,
They pause to linger long with thee,
Sweet Honeoye, my native vale.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AUNT BETSEY "RILED UP."

"I DECLARE if I wan't riled up," said Aunt BETSEY GREEN, dropping her knitting-work into her lap, and pushing her spectacles up over her cap-border, "I declare if I wan't! If I could only have taken that man by the collar, as I used to my REUBEN, when he didn't 'toe up' to suit me, I'd have given him such a shaking as he never heard on, I'll be bound.

"There he set in that rocking chair, his feet on the fender, and kept growling out at LIZY JANE to bring him his boots, or fasten his collar, or some such unreasonable thing, all the while that she was trying to dress them four young ones, and had the headache so she looked more like a ghost than a breathing woman. If I was in that ere place they call legislater, I'll bet there'd be a law passed to build a penitenshry, or some other kind of pen, for such critters as he is,—with no mercy on a woman whether she's sick or well, just keeping up their 'you do this,' or 'you do that,' from sun-rising to sun-setting.

"But then there's LIZY JANE is most as much to blame as he is. If she'd had a bit of spunk he never'd have got her under his thumb that way. Most likely he begun to order her 'round before the honey-moon was set, when she hadn't got her eyes open no more'n a three-days-old kitten, and thought she should be blessed forever 'cause she'd got her neck in the same yoke with his'n. If she hain't found out her mistake, and had some tears to shed over 'cracked idols,' as they tell about in poetry, I don't know what kind of stuff she's made of.

"When *I* was married,—thank my lucky stars,—I didn't get tied to any such kind of crockery. JOSHUA wasn't uncommon handsome to look at, to be sure,—any one might have thought of a brown earthen plate side of a china vase, comparing him with such a whiskered, scented-up chap as LIZY JANE's husband was, but I can tell you he is *just what I took him to be*, and I never shed one single tear, finding that my 'idol' must be handled careful, fussed over, waited on and run for to keep it in good humor without fear of breakage.

"I *did* feel kind of spiteful when LIZY JANE set her head up and acted like she kind of crowed over me 'cause she'd got a city husband; but ever since I stopped there, I've felt real christian about it. I forgive her from the bottom of my heart, and hope she'll be resigned 'cause she didn't have JOSH.

"I tell you, girls, when a chap asks you to stand up before the parson with him, you just find out whether he can stir out of a rocking chair long enough to find his boots, or not, and whether you are to be head-waiter or help-meet after your arrival in the County of Matrimony, State of Bliss." E. C. L.

Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1860.

WE are not rich, I think, by that which we are of ourselves, but by the ten thousand favors which we receive from hearts worthy to confer favors upon us.—*Beecher.*

THE AFFECTIONS.

THE very first lesson which you should teach your children should be the just value of your affections, since it is through their medium, chiefly, that you can hope properly to influence their obedience; it is idle to expect that you can train him properly in his ways of life. You are to teach him this lesson, by a careful discrimination between right and wrong, in your consideration of his conduct. You are to permit no misconduct, however trifling in itself, to pass without due notice; it must be promptly checked to be effectually conquered. Error is like that Genius in the Arabian Tale, who, though his bulk, when unconfined, reached from earth to heaven, could yet squeeze himself into the compass of a quart pot. It is surprising from what small beginnings most monsters grow. The first lesson which the boy learns from this observant discrimination is the value you place upon your affections. He soon sees that they are valuable—only to be acquired upon certain terms, and for a certain consideration. You have nothing to do but to prescribe the terms—to declare the conditions. You may make your affections cheap or dear, at your own pleasure. If too cheap, he will not value them; if too dear, he will despair of procuring them. The true principle by which to determine the conditions for securing them, is the simple one of always doing justice. If he deserves praise, praise him; if he merits blame, do not withhold it. In neither case be immoderate, for a boy seldom deserves any great degree either of praise or blame. The terms of your favor you are to unfold to him, not by set lessons, but by habitual conduct; and he will find it easy to comply with reasonable conditions in order to secure those affections, which, moved as they are by inflexible justice, he will soon discern, are beyond all price. This principle is one of the most obvious of every-day experience. We see it in the public thoroughfare, at all hours, at every turning. Affections are moral rewards! They are to be given, like money, very sparingly, and not till you have carefully inquired whether they be due or not. They are to be given to justice, not to partiality. The ill advised and lavish affection of the parent, like indiscriminate charity in the highways, soon makes the receiver wasteful of the treasure he receives. Besides, when the parent has been giving because of his blind love, what has he left himself to bestow, when the child deserves, and when it is the parent's duty, to reward! It is from this profligacy of bounty that children become capricious in moral judgment, perverse and wanton in disposition. From this they grow up preferring wrong to right; or, rather, practicing the wrong quite as commonly as the right, from an absolute incapacity to perceive the difference between them.

LIGHT AND RAIMENT.

OUR ladies need to be taught the value of light, independently of air. "When a gardener," says Johnson, "wishes to etiolate, that is, to blanch, soften, and render juicy a vegetable, as lettuce, celery, etc., he binds the leaves together, so that the light may have as little access as possible to their surfaces." In the same manner, the ladies, instead of opening their petals to the sun, as do the plants naturally and instinctively, cover their faces with veils and parasols to shut out its impertinent rays, in order that they may etiolate themselves as completely as possible. Take some pains to convince your patrons, and especially to convince mothers of the value of light; assure them, however, that to compensate for the loss of the lily, where the sun has cast his shadow, he seldom omits to plant the rose.

There is a natural connection between dress and exercise, although I suspect it has never occurred to you to consider dress in this light. Ladies' dress, which has constituted the point of so many jests and sarcasms, and has been the burden of so many cruel philippics and sober homilies, still needs, I am sorry to say, some reform; and ungracious as the service may seem to you, gentlemen, you will not be at liberty to withhold your voice.

It is not a question of hoops and bustles, of mutton or of bishop-sleeves; these are matters of taste, which we would leave them to settle among themselves; only claiming for ourselves the same exemption from officious criticism. But how can any lady go out of doors who "has nothing to wear?" Can she go out in cloth shoes?—I mean in this climate—in cambric dresses and without any bonnet upon her head? Yet they have actually, for the most part, no shoes, or dresses, or bonnets, which are suitable, or which were ever designed to protect them from the rain or snow, or from the cold.—*Dr. Frank Hamilton.*

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

CHILDREN, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you, which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep, security I felt, when of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet, still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macaulay.*

THE love that has naught but beauty to keep it in good condition, is short-lived, and subject to shivering fits.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE EVENING HOUR.

BY I. M. BEEBEE.

HEAVEN-MOVED hour! delicious evening hour!
How well the sun, as sinking far away,
Cools, with mysterious and grateful power,
The hot and fevered pulses of the day!
Toil and turmoil fade with thee beneath
The gray horizon of our daily life;
And the soft influence of thy soothing breath
Calms in our hearts the throes of bitter strife;

Or, if the memory of the past day's toil
Comes gloomily upon our weary mind,
The sunset sheds a tint, as golden foil,
And gilds the thoughts that linger yet behind.
Yet, as the deep'ning eve usurps the light,
Return again our life-engendered woes,
And mem'ry, dark and gloomy as the night,
On dreamy wing invades our brief repose

Oh, in the sunset's golden-flooded beams,
I would resign this life's ephemeral breath,
And fade into the deep, eternal dreams
That hover o'er the endless sleep of death!
I see the bird, at evening, fold its wings,
And drop the silver head upon its breast;
And so, in evening's gentle murmurings,
I'd fold my arms, and know the hidden rest.

Watertown, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PROGRESS.

LIFE! This strange, mysterious life of ours, is viewed from many different stand-points, and each man colors the scene he looks upon with "auxiliar light," coming from the imagination. Some are led by their own peculiar mental constitution to abide in the *Present* with quiet content, and take no more thought for the morrow than the lilies of the field. If they have no sunny glimpses of the Elysian fields of the great *hereafter*, they are amply repaid by the immunity they enjoy from their far-reaching, prophetic insight into future sorrows,—such as the wizard gave to the dauntless LOCHIEL. Others cling as tenaciously to the ruins of the past, as the ivy does to the towers and buttresses of an ancient castle. To them there is no light, no glory, no vitality, no abiding place and comfort in anything that is not of the *Past*. The word, "PROGRESS," suggests nothing but frightful images and disasters, of "noble crafts," alone on the "wide, wide sea," sweeping with all sails set, with creaking masts and straining cordage, upon the rocks of destruction, while the master and helmsman see not their peril in their mad haste to get *onward!*

But surely, there is a "progress" toward a sure and quiet haven, and it is for this that a third class is struggling with all the energy that the proud "I will," of a powerful mind gives to man! It always *has been* and *still is* "the conflict of ages." In all climes and seasons, in every stage of man's destiny,—from the infancy of nations to their vigorous maturity,—this "conflict" has gone on with over-varying results, but undiminished courage. The ultimate success of many great minds has been ruthlessly darkened by persecution and prison walls,—the superficial "time-servers" of the day ending the eventful tragedy with the assassin's dagger, or an official (?) "scene" on the scaffold; because they had, in their presumption, dared to believe that man was a progressive being; and acting upon this inherent principle, disturbed somewhat, the lethargic sleep of their self-righteous tyrants. Other champions have, however, rushed impetuously forward and filled the vacated places—the majesty of Truth, ever opposing the madness of Error!

The adventurous Spaniard, gazing from the mountain-peak, out upon the blue and radiant waters of the new-found Pacific, experienced no such delight as thrills the breasts of the enraptured *pioneers* of *progress*, when they look down from the calm heights they have attained, and see the glad Future smiling before them. Of this class was the great COLUMBUS, whose brave heart faltered not during the moons that waxed and waned while he was exploring a boundless sea, and searching for the fragrant shores of the unknown land,—hidden so long, and hidden still, but for him, and those like him. Such was the heroic LUTHER, whose life was a stern battle to preserve the never-to-be extinguished light, brought from the shades of antiquity, and leave the world to grope onward in the rayless obscurity of a moonless, starless night. Such, again, was the stately Florentine, GALILEO, whose explorations into the mysteries of nature, were rewarded with the prison-cell, not even his gray hairs shielding him from malice.

Many others there have been who dared to *act* and *think* beyond their age, and received in return no meed but the crown and palm of martyrdom; and have since been consecrated in all eyes, by a fame that will never die. Yet *we*, reaping the rich harvests *they* have sown, dare to stand with the light of the nineteenth century falling upon us, and lament that the march of progression has swept so many flowers from our pathway. We sigh wearily over the unceasing toil demanded of us, if we would keep pace with the arts and sciences in their swift career, and long for the patriarchial ages, when, as we imagine, life was one long play-day—full of fragrance, music, and beauty. Strange infatuation!

The man of letters, as he wipes the moisture from his brow, and pores over his manuscripts in his little attic amid the noise and murmur of a crowded city, may think of the lovely vales of Arcadia with something akin to regret that his lot is cast in an age when these peaceful pictures of Grecian life are regarded as mere fictions of the poet-laureate; but would he exchange his life of active intellectuality,—his meetings with kindred minds,—his enjoyment of the garnered wisdom of the great and gifted,—to spend his days in tending sheep beside Arcadian fountains, and celebrating, with an oaten pipe, the charms of some rustic AMARYLLIS. London, wrapped in fog and smoke, may be a less romantic object of contemplation, than a group of Arab tents, bathed in the mellow sunlight of Oriental climes, with palm trees fluttering their plumy leaves over them and the purple cones of mountains visible in the distance; but in reality there is more of the true poetry within the walls of the prosaic-looking city, than ever dwelt in the rude homes of the sons of the desert. We are so accustomed to *think* of the literary productions of by-gone ages, as embracing the highest order of intellect, that we are very apt to undervalue our own literature.

The *present*, is, indeed, the product of the *past*, but it surpasses it, as the fully ripened fruit is better than the flower. We contend that there *is* more pure and just sentiment,—higher views of man, his duties and destiny,—more exalted ideas of woman's worth,—and as much poetic brilliancy in the writings of modern bards, as in the well-filled pages of HOMER and VIRGIL. The sublime strains of MILTON,—the melting pathos, exquisite harmony, and justness of composition exhibited by the myriad-minded SHAKSPEARE,—the lays of quiet beauty that WORDSWORTH bro't from his lyre of many strings,—are unsurpassed by anything in the whole range of ancient literature. Our historians, orators, and philosophers are, at least, equal to those of Greece and Rome, while they have struggled under disadvantages of which the classical never even dreamed.

The indiscriminate laudation of ancient authors indulged in by those who cannot hope to rival their fame, would have repressed, if possible, the manifestations of genius in later ages; and when America awakens to the idea that there may be a progress in literature, as well as in art, science, and morals; then may our country witness the *rise* of a *national* literature, to which that of Greece, in her palmy days, will appear but as the day-star heralding the glorious sun!

Cohocton, N. Y., 1860. LAURA E. W.

GARRETS.

WE can never enter a garret—a place where Goldsmith flourished and Chatterton died—without paying a tribute of reverence to the presiding deity of the place. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with singular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face; its battered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig, and its numberless loop-holes of retreat for the north wind to peer thro' and cool the poet's imagination.

It was a lonely garret, far removed from all connection with mortality, in which Otway conceived and planned his affecting tragedy of "Venice Preserved," and it was in a garret that he ate the stolen roll which terminated in his death.—And it was in a garret that poor Butler indited his inimitable Hudibras, and convulsed the King and the Court with laughter, while he himself writhed in the gnawing pangs of starvation. A gentleman found Dryden, in his old age, exposed to the ills of poverty, and pining in a garret in an obscure corner of London. "You may weep for my situation," exclaimed the venerable poet, on seeing him, "but never mind, my young friend, the pang will be over soon." He died a few days afterwards.

Poor Chatterton! "the sleepless boy, who perished in his pride," overcome by poverty, and stung to the quick by the heartless neglect of a bigoted aristocrat, commenced his immortality in a garret in Shoreditch. For two days previous to his death he had not eaten anything. His landlady, pitying his desolate condition, invited him to sup with her. He declined her invitation, and put an end to his existence by poison.

FUN AT HOME.

DON'T be afraid of a little fun at home, good people! Don't shut up your houses lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh should shake down some of the musty old cob-webs there! If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded only as a place to eat, drink and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling houses and reckless degradation.

Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their hearth-stones, it will be sought in other, and perhaps less profitable places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the home-nest delightful with all those little hearts that parents so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour of merriment round the lamp and fire-light of home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the unseen influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.—*Selected.*

EARLY INFLUENCES.—There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only insures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it also makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. I think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and childhood's proper joyousness; and I never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heartache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind, or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air, and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering, or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at best prematurely old and turned inward on itself.—*Dr. Oldham, at Greystones.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

JESUS, OUR FRIEND.

JESUS, we come to thee;
Do thou our SAVIOR be;
Cleanse us within.
Our hearts feel dread alarms;
They know sins fatal charms;
Extend thy powerful arms,—
Save us from sin.

Be thou our constant guide;
O, keep us by thy side
Through all the way
Then shall we fear no ill;
Our hearts shall do thy will;
Our lives thy law fulfill;
Guide us, we pray.

May thy great love and free
Our wondrous blessing be.
Thy spirit send
To make our spirits know
That thou dost love us so,
We may, though bending low,
Call thee our friend.

Now, in our early years,
Ere worldly doubts and fears
Have bound us fast,
Our hearts we give to thee;
Guide, Savior, Friend, thou'lt be;
And through eternity
Our praise shall last.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. NETTIE.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BEAUTY.

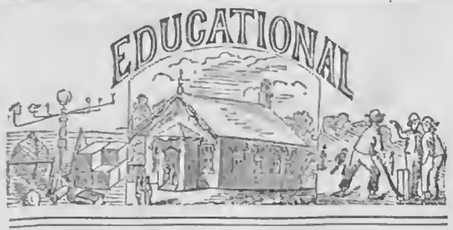
BEAUTY is written on the sun-bright clouds of morning, and on the star-gemmed sapphire of night,—on high-soaring mountain-top, and lowly violet bed,—on the snowy chalice of the lily, and on the gauzy wing of the ephemeral butterfly. Go forth in the dewy morning, and lo! what a wealth of beauty will claim your eye on every side! See, the golden orient gates wide unfold to usher in the majestic day-god. See how royally he mounts toward the zenith of his glory, while ten thousand timid dew-drops, under his fervid kiss, are transformed into as many brilliant diamonds.

There is beauty in the trilling bird-note that greets his entrance,—splendor untold in the glowing brightness of noon, but a far deeper and more touching beauty in the eloquent, yet voiceless night. Exquisite quietude, spangled stars, and a fairy moonlight, glimmering wierdly over all—*this* is the picture upon which we earnestly and wistfully gaze,—not with the glance of admiration, the soul is too deeply stirred within us for that,—but with a riveted, unblanching gaze, as if the soul in that hour of mystic communion with nature yearned to look through the darkness of night,—through its own trammels of clay,—up and onward, past the burning stars, to the infinitude stretching beyond. And the weight of that infinity bearing down upon the awakened soul, is too mighty to be lightly shaken off. Surging through it, rush thoughts grand and solemn; grand as the thunder of the pines when the wrathful storm-spirit is abroad,—solemn as the swelling organ peal in the pauses of Te Deum. Who ever came in from sad spirit-stirring communion with a scene like this, without feeling, with solemn awe, that they have drawn nearer the veil than ever before,—without feeling invisibly strengthened to fight with valor the great Battle of Life? O! how the heart is filled with unutterable longings to leap from its fetters of clay, away to supernal brightness, where expectation is lost in fruition,—away, away from earth's disquietude, and tears, and hourly disappointments, to where the restless and uncertain magnet of the heart may repose in everlasting tranquility. As the free born eagle spurns his gilded cage, and pants to soar, with boundless sweep, to his mountain eyrie, so the upward-tending soul yearns to cleave its way through the empyreal ether,—to gather its dust-defiled wings "and stretch onward, star by star, up into Heaven" where it shall forever abide in the "beauty of holiness" with the Great Maker of all Beauty.

Peosta, Dubuque Co., Iowa. OLIVE KENNETH.

CHRISTIANITY.—The defensive armor of a shrinking or timid policy does not suit her. Hers is the naked majesty of truth; and with all the grandeur of age, but with none of its infirmities, has she come down to us, and gathered strength from the many battles she has won in the many controversies of many generations. With such a religion as this, there is nothing to hide. All should be above board; and the broadest light of day should be made fully and freely to circulate throughout all her secrecies. But secrets she has none. To her belong the frankness and simplicity of conscious greatness; and whether she grapple it with pride of philosophy, or stand in front opposition to the prejudices of the multitude, she does it upon her own strength, and spurns all the props and all the auxiliaries of superstition away from her.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

WEARY OF LIFE.—And comes it ever to the *Christian*, in his conflicts with self, and sin, and Satan, to grow weary of the ceaseless warfare, and say, "I am weary of life?" Let him remember the promise is, "He that *endureth to the end* shall be saved." How much is included in the word "endureth;" how much of stern toil, of care, of bitter sorrow. He who gave this promise knew well all that His children would be called to endure. He Himself trod life's darkest, roughest paths. He was tempted, even as we, but never, never from His lips went up the murmur, "I am weary of life." How much more, were we like Christ, could we, in all our trials, lift to Heaven an unclouded brow, and say, in all sincerity, "Not my will, but Thine."



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LEARN IT ALL.

Every hour brings its changes; but more especially is change conceivable upon the minds of youth. Hence the importance of laying before its grasp, principles of truth to satisfy its yearnings for reality; to inculcate lessons of wisdom; to fill the vacuities of a vigorous, increasing intellect. Every question, solved by searching thought and attentive inquiry, has strengthened mental talent, and a benefit is thus retained long after the task has been forgotten, and prepared it for the next and more elevating duty. Principles are imprinted, though ceremonies are forgotten. Rules of science, that appear dry and useless, may be of great importance in future. Our youth are quite too apt to denounce many of these as impractical, or useless,—the creations of scheming device and pedantic skill, more to puzzle the learner than to expand their intellect,—to add useless systems of analysis, rather than to give light upon science.

If there are two methods of solving the same question, how can you determine which is preferable, or which to adopt, if you do not try, learn, and examine them both? Then you will have viewed all its bearings, and become much better qualified, than to have ceremoniously passed over the one, regardless of the other.

Remember, a book is not a science, but an explainer of one, and the rules it contains are founded on principles, the elements of which exist in nature, changeless and immovable. Do not try to master any rule easily, or too quickly; but let your aim be to see how much knowledge you may obtain from each. Our text books are mostly compiled by skillful men, adding little that may be omitted, with profit, to the student in his present progress, or future advancement, though he may desire to indulge present ease. The great object of education should be to give tact and perspicuity to the mind, as well as to commit, and fix therein, rules applicable to business practice, and, though the latter is important, yet enough will be learned by acquiring the former.

Let the fundamental rules lead you to reflect upon forms, and, in every endeavor, to ascertain the reason why. Forms will become familiar as a knowledge of these are acquired, and the practical will be doubly pleasing. Thus each succeeding step will prepare you for the next higher, and so convey you along up the high road to fame.

McDonough, N. Y., 1860. A. D.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

EVER AND NEVER.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—The signs of the times seem to indicate that it is becoming fashionable (in the land of Webster's Dictionaries,) for speakers and writers, to misuse the adverbs *ever* and *never*. They are diametrically opposite in meaning, yet they are frequently used in such a manner as to entirely destroy the sense of the sentences in which they are placed.

Some of the most able and popular writers and correspondents of the Rural, are not without fault in the use of these words, for, in the issue of March 17th, this sentence occurs,—"but your fences be they never so few, must be good." Never is here carelessly used instead of ever, and, as a consequence, the sentence is of doubtful meaning.

We lately heard a fine sermon in which never was used as follows:—"Let them deal with their neighbors *never* so justly," &c. Now, substitute *ever* in the place of never, and the meaning is evident. A distingnished senator, in a late speech, used this language:—"And even the criminals in the penitentiaries rehearse the story of your wrongs, and their own, never so eloquent, and never so mournfully," &c., using *never* in the place of *ever*. I will conclude this adverbial criticism, by requesting all interested in the subject, to refer to observation second, under the rule fifteenth, on the 167th page of Brown's Grammar.

Mount Morris, N. Y., 1860. Correspondent.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PARTIAL PAYMENTS.—AN INQUIRY.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—With the perusal of the article, in a late issue of your journal, relating to partial payments, by "E. M. C.," I was greatly pleased. Being somewhat conversant with the principles involved in the subject discussed, I have now, as I think, found the *only correct way* of treating them, to wit:—the *fifth rule* laid down by your correspondent. I would ask if "E. M. C." will not make some more contributions to the Rural, on the subject of arithmetic generally?—Also, can "E. M. C." devise a more practical method for the working of "compound proportion," and "allegation?" It is my desire to read essays on the above subjects in the future numbers of the Rural.—G. D. C., *Brighton, N. Y.*

Schools in the Caucasus.—A letter from St. Petersburgh states that the Emperor of Russia has ordered the establishment of six schools in six different places in the Caucasus, and has decided that the Russian language, writing, arithmetic, geography, history and drawing shall be taught in them. He has also decided that in each school there shall be 520 pupils, 245 of them to be maintained at the expense of the State; 150 of those 245 to be natives, and the remainder children of the Russian functionaries. One would think that schools conducted in this manner, would be somewhat Republican in character.

The great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy.

CORTLAND ACADEMY, HOMER, N. Y.

Cortland Academy is one of the oldest and most successful and prosperous institutions of its class in the State. It was incorporated in February, 1819, and has gradually advanced in public favor and usefulness until it ranks among the first academies in the land,—evidence of the skill, fidelity and wisdom of its management. The simple fact that of the 180 Academies recently reported to the Regents of the University, this institution stands among the first five in point of numbers, in the higher branches of English or in Classical studies, sufficiently indicates superior merit and popularity. The Academy has ever retained a firm hold on the confidence of community, and during the forty years of its existence over eight thousand students have received the benefit of its instruction. Many of its Alumni are occupying positions of usefulness and honor in their own and other lands, while not a few have risen to eminence "in the State, in the Church, and in the various professions of science and art." The influence of the institution has, therefore, already been vast and wide, as it will prove lasting and inestimable.

But our purpose is to briefly notice the present condition of the Academy, rather than eulogize it, though its former history would warrant the highest commendation The institution has ten competent instructors, and over two hundred pupils. The last catalogue gives an average attendance of 228 during the year, the number being 268 at the Winter Term. The course of study includes "all the branches usually pursued in the Common School,—in our best Academies,—and most of the studies pursued in our Colleges." We learn from the accomplished Principal, that special prominence is given to the English branches and the Natural Sciences,—such as Chemistry, Botany, Geology, Meteorology, &c. This is as it should be, especially as most of the pupils are sons and daughters of farmers, and can here acquire or lay foundation of a practical, substantial education.

Cortland Academy has long been celebrated for the ability of its teachers, and it is proper that we should here accord proper credit to the present board of instructors. The Principal, Stephen W. Clark, A. M., is widely known as a successful teacher and author of educational works. Prof. Clark received his early training on a farm, specially devoted himself to the Natural Sciences while in Amherst College, (under the care and instruction of the celebrated Dr. Hitchcock,) and is therefore well qualified to teach those branches of education suitable to farmers' sons who would excel in their profession. Miss Harriet S. Gunn, the Preceptress, has also attained an enviable reputation, being admirably qualified to perform the varied duties of her important position. The other Teachers, said to be able and competent, are—Heman A. Sanford, A. M., Languages; Fred. B. Downes, A. M., Mathematics; Miss Harriet Taylor, Modern Languages; Jas. S. Foster, Natural Sciences; Miss Lucy B. Gunn, English Department; Mrs. Mary Lund and Miss Harriet D. Gaylord, Instrumental and Vocal Music; Almon H. Benedict, Penmanship.

Homer is one of the most beautiful villages we ever visited; and the intelligence, morality and refinement of its citizens is widely known. It is indeed a model Rural Village—a pleasant and safe residence for pupils, and we regard this as an important consideration for parents who send children away from home to be educated.

The Academy building (of which we give a fine view, recently engraved for the Rural from an ambrotype,) is situated in the public park, nestled among the churches, and surrounded with ample grounds and fine trees—altogether a most charming location. "It embraces various apartments for study and recitations, a well-selected Library, philosophical apparatus, and every facility needed to impart a good, thorough and practical education." In this connection, and in conclusion, we may appropriately quote a brief but very complimentary and comprehensive notice which recently appeared in the *New York Examiner*, as follows:—"The Cortland Academy is one of the oldest, largest, and most prosperous Institutions in the State. Its Trustees are devoted to its interests, the most trustworthy and accomplished teachers are employed, and Homer, the place of its location, is a village of unsurpassed morality, beauty, and healthfulness. In other years we had the best of opportunities for knowing the excellent character of the Institution, and a reliable friend assures us that it was never in a more flourishing state than now."

ABOUT SPELLING.

I wish to say that I think some of our teachers do not act so wisely as they should, in all cases.—What is the object of spelling? Answer:—To impress on the memory a correct image of every word. But this cannot be done by a careless way of recitation, as if the only object was to see which would beat. If a scholar spells a word wrong, and it pass on till some other one gets it right, he is more likely to remember it wrong than right. This is my impression, and I have had considerable experience. To test the matter, put the same word to him at his next turn, and see if he don't miss it again.

What is the object of classing scholars? Ans.: That the teacher may drill a number at once instead of one. Now, what I have proved by practice, I would recommend to others, viz.:—See that the attention of the whole class is directed to the word that is being spelled; then, if one misses, say next immediately. When the word is spelled right, let it be repeated by those that missed it. Let the missed word be put again, and if missed again, again repeat, until they are impressed correctly on their memory. In this way you can see your scholars progress in the "manly art" of spelling,—one of the most useful accomplishments.—*Independent.*

HOW SHALL WE MAKE GOOD READERS.

This is an important question, and should engage the fixed thought of all workers upon minds. A good reader commands the undivided attention of all listeners. But how rare is such a treat? To what shall we attribute the *cause* of so few good readers? We answer, that it is for the want of a proper discipline of the voice, "that most wonderful of all instruments."

As teachers, we hasten over the elementary basis, so essential to make good readers, to repeat *words, words*, as though that was the key to attain what we so much desire. Pupils need to be drilled for weeks upon the elements, so that the organs of speech will perform involuntarily almost, the slightest elemental sound in articulation. If beginners were drilled regularly in the elements, articulation would be nearly faultless. A faulty articulation cannot be overcome, except by a daily discipline in the utterance of the elemental sounds. Vocal gymnastics, as a regular exercise, will not only secure a good articulation, but help to develop the physical structure, so important to the well-being of the child. The teacher should start with the monotone, or "*reading in a horizontal line.*" When that is thoroughly mastered, then the shades of voice will naturally follow, and all errors are quickly detected. Then *accent, emphasis, modulation,* and *pitch* of voice, with their various examples illustrative of each, will succeed each other legitimately. Difficult consonant combinations, and sentences of like character, should be repeated with every exercise, for this is not the production of an hour, a day, or a month; but the work of successive months and years, and will ultimately produce glorious results. The teacher should give interest to every exercise. He should be able to re-create into life each day, what most teachers consider a *dry, dull* and monotonous task. So it will be when the teacher fails to *thrill* the learner with the importance of the subject, and evidence the same, all over his own being. From his heart to the heart of his pupils the telegraph must be established, and along the unseen wires, such communications must pass as will make teacher and scholar a *unit.* Then progress will be attained, and good readers an inevitable result.—*New York Teacher.*

O-R-I-O-N.—Poets, unfortunately, accent this word on the second syllable.—*Webster's Dictionary.*

Do they, indeed? Well, that *is* unfortunate; but no more so, perhaps, than the fact that, because some hard-up rhymester,—who was it, the original sinner, we mean?—wanted emphasis in a particular place, in order to the requisite lengthening out of line, everybody else, for all time thereafter, should be obliged to endorse his nonsense, and participate in the torture of this harmless and beautiful word. O-*ri*-on! It's perfectly barbarous. We shall expect, one of these days, to see a certain very odorous and nutritious vegetable thrust out under our noses, with pronunciation changed to that of On-*i*-on. And, perhaps, too, when speaking of that beautiful little bird, which often builds its nest in the pendant, swinging branches of the weeping willow, we shall, as in duty bound, by the example of some "unfortunate" poet, be compelled to call it the O-*ri*-ole! Who talks of "poetic license?" We think the poet who was first guilty of this offence,—for it *is* an offence, even in the eyes of "good old Noah" Webster, or he wouldn't speak of the *unfortunateness* of the thing,—must have had his daily walks where *licenses* were either particularly plenty or entirely disregarded.—*Buffalo Commercial, Adv.*

The Office of Education.—In the middle of the first century a great dispute arose among astronomers respecting one of the planets.—Some, in their folly, commenced a war of words, and wrote hot words against each other; others, in their wisdom, improved their telescopes, and soon settled the question forever. Education should imitate the latter.—*Horace Mann.*

The Canadians are discussing the subject of supporting schools by direct taxation. The New Brunswick Herald is of opinion that a large majority of the people are in favor of such a policy.

Teach your children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

JOKES AND JOKERS.

As there is in all, or nearly all, natures, a desire and a taste for what are called jokes—and as these can be changed so as to suit all occasions, and to hit, at some time or place, all persons—there has been always a premium held up to induce a cultivation of the power of giving jokes. Jokes take a chief place in our periodicals, and they are the delight of common conversation. He who cannot give a good turn to words, or make a good joke (tho' he may be wise as Plato,) is considered far inferior to the brilliant and flippant wit, whose hits "are wont to set the table in a roar." Practical jokes, which are acknowledged to be the sport of the low, only, have gone mainly from good society; but, the cutting satire, the sneering slant at some well-known foible, the look, that, at some favorable moment, can bring the blush to the face—these are the delight of the social circle. And if some poor fellow, whose face is not hardened to the unblushable state, happens to feel misused, and resents it, he is branded as ill-natured, and "as one who cannot bear a joke;" no matter if he be one of the best of fellows in the world.

Now, I know that it is a fine thing to have all your tenderest feelings trampled upon,—to have all your own and your friends' faults held up to the ridicule of those who are totally unacquainted with the contrary virtues,—to have the little lapses from duty, which have been the fortune of all of us, dragged from oblivion by one whose friendliness leads him to remember all our past, both evil and good, and handled by no delicate hand; still, I must acknowledge that I never possessed that Christian meekness, that I could patiently endure, and love the one who thus used me, even though I have to be termed ill-natured,—"no one to take a joke." As we are endowed by Nature with a love of mirth, fun is allowable,—and I know that without it, this world would be a dreary world,—still, this indiscriminate joking is not conducive to mirth, but rather leaves a smart that lasts when the pleasure has departed.

It may be said that cutting jokes are not allowed in good society, but where is the circle in which the sensitive, or even those more hardened, have not felt shocked to feel some veil lifted, (by a friend, too,) rather than which, had the choice been given, they would have endured almost any suffering. Such things may bring the laugh, and cause the perpetrator to be called smart, yet they have not in them the soul of wit,—"*good nature.*" I am not an enemy to the spirit of laughter, but the joking of brothers and sisters, of husbands and wives, on something that pertains to them only,—they, who, by every-day association, have become intimate, and are expected to know the tender points of each other's character,—is dangerous, and should be avoided. The one who utters a good joke rarely thinks he is doing more than giving a good turn which will be as soon forgotten by its object, as by himself, while the receiver considers that he is injured,—is entitled to the privileges of the injured,—and feels that an equal return is not enough, but he will treasure it up till, at some unlucky moment, it returns with interest on the perpetrator, who feels that he, too, has been misused. I have felt, when the confidence that I would confide it to no one else than the friend to whom I did trust it, has been turned into a joke at my expense, that I would close my heart to all—brothers, sisters, friends—and cherish in my own soul, only, my thoughts and emotions. But we cannot do so,—we *must* impart to friends our joy, or we but half appreciate it, and the overflowing sorrow *must* be divided, or it will break the heart. Who can receive it so well as a brother or sister. We *will confide*, though it bring the blush, and send a pang to the heart, at every meeting, for fear these joys or sorrows will prove the subject of a joke. Solon.

Genoa, N. Y., 1860.

SPRING.—A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL

I have been chopping to-day, and all around me have been seen the evidences that spring has come. The poplar and the willow have thrown out their feathered buds, and sundry blades of grass look up in joyful expectation of a "good time coming." The air has that about it which makes one look involuntarily for the creeping flower, and listen for the song of spring birds. Long, icy winter has at last given the scepter to spring, and soon the earth will feel the effect of a more genial influence. The great resurrection of Nature will be ushered in, and the souls of flowers will come back to their old tenements, and earth will forget that it ever was winter; the jubilee of happy singers will break forth, in the midst of swelling buds, and springing grass, and God will rejoice that all things praise Him. A frog awoke from his long sleep, and upon trying his lungs, was surprised to find that he was not alone, but one of his neighbors was "up and dressed" before him. Then they held a conversation, probably on the subject of the next national song for the brotherhood of frogs. Two woodpeckers met in the top of an old tree, and held an animated conversation, of which I was an interested, tho' ignorant listener. Perhaps they spoke of the hardness of the times, and the deal of "picking" one has to do to get a living. Or they might have been making arrangements for house-keeping, and were considering the propriety of building a new or engaging an old house.

Again, the volubility of their language seemed to indicate that they were a couple of coquettes, holding in debate a gentleman woodpecker, who was busily engaged in hammering himself a home in an old "stub" in the distance. At least they seemed to be happy in that high degree which the God of Nature intended they should enjoy.

A community of crows held a convention near by, greatly to the delight of a little squirrel, who interrupted the solemnity of the meeting by exhibiting his skill in running and singing in the branches of his home-tree. The crows, in their speeches, imitated some of their human betters, in their confusion. They discussed the scarcity of provisions, and the prospect of carrion in "these diggings," and broke up without arriving at any definite conclusions; but each seemed to go away with a feeling of intense disgust.

Every season has its peculiar charms. Even winter, cold and dreary, has its rides, its social gatherings around the old hearth, and its long evenings at home; summer, its *haying*, the poetry of the farmer's life; autumn, its fruits, its Indian-summer, and the beautiful golden sunsets; but in spring, the earth seems buoyant with a new life. It has the rich green carpet dotted with gems of gold,—the magnificent "tree flowers," and the singing birds, and above all, the hope it brings of a season of plenty to the man who earns his bread with the labor of his hands. Let him not repine at his lot, for there is joy in honest labor; and though at night he may be weary, his mind will have a peace which seldom comes to the idle city dwellers. Emory Day.

Romeo, Mich., 1860.

CHINESE PROVERBS.

Good iron is not used for nails, nor are soldiers made of good men.

Wood is not sold in the forest, nor fish at the tank.

Ivory does not come from a rat's mouth.

An avaricious man is like a serpent wishing to swallow an elephant.

Exaggeration is to "paint a snake and add legs."

To ride a fierce dog to capture a lame rabbit, is to attack a contemptible enemy.

To instigate a villain to do wrong, is like teaching a monkey to climb trees.

An inefficient man, to do anything, is like taking a locust's shank for a carriage shaft.

To climb a tree to catch a fish, is talking much and doing nothing.

Looking for promotion, is hanging to the tail of a beautiful horse.

Two skins cannot be stripped from one cow, is to say that exertion has its limits.

To win a cat and lose a cow, expresses the folly of going to law.

Chickens will at last come out of eggs, is the equivalent to "murder will out."

Let every man sweep the snow from his own doors, and not busy himself with the frost on his neighbor's tiles, conveys a lesson for people of all nations.

Under all our winters lie flowers. Yea, beneath death itself, Heaven is waiting; and immortality sings but just beyond the sigh of desolation and the touch of weakness.

SPRING CAMPAIGN—NEW QUARTER.

A NEW QUARTER of the RURAL commences with April,—a favorable time to subscribe singly, make additions to clubs or form new ones. See Terms, Notices, &c., on last page. ☞ We have mailed nearly a thousand dollar packages of very choice Flower Seeds to RURAL Agents during the past week—sending a package (containing *twenty varieties*) to every person who has remitted according to our terms for a club of six or more subscribers to the present volume. A similar package will be sent (in addition to a free copy of RURAL) to every person remitting for a club (or completing one already begun) during the Spring.

April 7, 1860.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 14, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE President, on the 5th inst., transmitted to the Senate, for ratification, the recently concluded treaty of commerce and friendship with Honduras, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Although the Nicaraguan and Mexican treaties have received no attention from the Senate for weeks past, it is the opinion of some Senators that it is probable they will both be revised.

The President is preparing a message on our relations with Mexico, which he intends sending to Congress soon.

Charles E. Sinclair has resigned his position of Associate Judge of the United States Supreme Court for Utah. Judge Cradlebaugh, of that territory, is now in Washington. It is not known that any of the federal officers, excepting Gov. Cummings and Surveyor General Stambaugh, are now in Utah.

Capt. Swassey, of the ship Masconomo, from Liverpool, reports that on the 8th of March, while he was passing off Cuba, he was chased and fired at by a war steamer carrying Spanish colors. He hove to and was questioned by the war steamer as to where he was bound. The steamer then sailed away without giving any explanation. The Mascanomo had American colors and private signals flying all the time.

The receipts into the treasury last week were $1,227,000. The amount subject to draft was nearly six millions and a half.

It is a matter of comment that the anti-polygamy bill, which passed the House last week, excepts the District of Columbia from its operation, so far as marrying one person is concerned, but prevents the living or cohabiting here, if the marriage of polygamists takes place elsewhere.—There is, however, an existing law against polygamy in this district.

A case occurred about a month ago, which involved almost an identical question between England and the United States, as that which recently occurred near Vera Cruz, except that there was no capture. An American vessel near the Isle of Wight was brought to by a shot from a British man-of-war, for not exhibiting her colors; at least, such is the allegation on the British side, though contradicted on ours. The British officers subsequently apologized for the accident, but the facts stand, and have led to correspondence between the two governments.

Capt. Jarvis writes, under date of March 21st, that Miramon's bombardment had damaged the city considerably, with little destruction of life. The commander of the French fleet, who had addressed him concerning the capture of Mexican steamers, in offensive terms, subsequently apologized for the tone of his correspondence.

No action has yet been taken by Government in regard to the prisoners captured with the Mexican steamers. The State and Navy departments disclaim any further responsibility, and consider the question as entirely in the hands of the judiciary. Attorney General Black has been engaged in Court, and has not been able to examine the important legal points which are involved.

Statements have been received from Charleston by the State Department, concerning the recent capture of the brig Johnsoee, on the coast of Africa, by the British sloop-of-war Falcon, under suspicious circumstances, which will be immediately sent to Mr. Dallas, for the purpose of making a demand for reparation, if the alleged facts are substantiated. The cargo of the captured brig, and previous connection of some of the parties concerned in the Wanderer's slave expedition, create misgivings as to her true character.

The Secretary of War has notified the Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs, that he is now ready to recommend the raising of a volunter regiment for Texas.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Mason, the bill providing for the adjudication of the claims of the Rhode Island Co. against Paraguay, by the appointment of a Commissioner by each Government, to sit in Washington three months, was taken up and passed.

Mr. Sumner offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting the President to furnish copies of all correspondence not heretofore communicated, relating to the claim of a Foreign Government to the military service of naturalized American citizens.

Mr. Clay, from the Committee on Commerce, reported the House joint resolution, constituting Macon, Ga., a port of entry for the time being, and for other purposes. It was passed.

On motion of Mr. Mason, the joint resolution providing for the reception of the Japanese embassy, was passed.

On motion of Mr. Green, the bill concerning the Courts in the Territories, was taken up and passed. It provides that the jurisdiction of the Probate Court shall not be less than $2,000, with the right of appeal in all cases.

Mr. Douglas moved to take up the House resolution, providing for the manner of expending the balance of the appropriation for repairing works and piers, in order to preserve and secure the light-house of Chicago. Passed.

Mr. Lane offered a resolution, calling on the Secretary of State for the report of Henry R. Selby, on the occupation of the San Juan Island. Agreed to.

Forty-two private bills were passed, including all the House bills.

HOUSE.—On motion of Mr. Branch, the resolution was adopted requesting the President to communicate any facts in his possession touching the expulsion of American citizens from the city of Mexico, and the confiscation of their property by Miramon.

Mr. Stevens, a delegate from Washington, reported a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of State for Mr. Crosby's account of the facts and circumstances connected with the occupation of the Island of San Juan.

Mr. Milward offered a resolution, which was adopted, that the Committee on Expenditures in the War Department inquire into the action of the officers in charge, in regard to the contracts for the marble columns of the Capitol extension, and whether the late action of the War Department was legal and right, or in violation of the rights of the State by the contractors—Messrs. Rice, Bayard and Hubner.

Mr. Covode, from the select committee of which he is chairman, made a report, quoting from the testimony, of the progress made as to the examination of Augustus Schell, who it appears was connected with what is known as the New York Hotel Fund, amounting to $30,000 or $40,000, part of which it was supposed was sent to Pennsylvania, and a portion expended in New York, during the Presidential contest. The committee required him to produce a list of the subscribers, which he declined, on the ground that he could not do so, even were he certain that he had the paper, without authority of the persons whose names would appear; that it would involve a breach of implied confidence, and besides, no power was given to the committee to ask for the production of a paper entirely private in its character. The committee differed from Mr. Schell and insisted on the production of the paper as material to the investigation, and accordingly propose a resolution, that the Speaker issue a warrant, directed to the Sergeant-at-Arms, to take Mr. Schell into custody and bring him before the bar to answer for contempt in refusing to produce a certain paper when requested to do so by the committee.

Mr. Winslow will submit a minority report, and the subject put over for the 9th inst. The House passed 17 bills and adjourned.

New York Legislature.

SENATE—A Conference Committee on the part of the Senate and Assembly, with reference to Railroad tolls, was appointed, met and disagreed. The Senate Committee offered various propositions, one of which was to raise compensation for tolls to $1,300,000, and removing restrictions on fare on the N. Y. Central Railroad. The Assembly Committee declined this, and insisted on their own bill imposing tolls, or on the repeal of the law removing tolls. Upon reporting this condition of affairs, the Senate voted in favor of insisting upon the passage of the bill originated in that branch of the Legislature.

ASSEMBLY.—Mr. Van Horn called from the table the bill to abolish capital punishment.

The House, on his motion, substituted the bill introduced by Mr. Finch, which makes two degrees of murder, and limits capital punishment to treason and murder and arson to the first degree. It punishes murder in second degree by imprisonment for life. It defines murder in first degree by poison, assassination, premeditated, or while committing a burglary or robbery. It provides that no execution shall take place within twelve months from the time of sentence, nor until the Governor's warrant is issued. The bill was read a third time and passed—94 to 9.

Mr. H. H. Van Dyck was elected Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Upon presenting the report of the conference committee, Mr. Flagler moved that the House insist on its original bill. After discussion the motion was adopted.

Bills Passed.—The following bills of a public character were passed:—To amend the act to facilitate the collection of debts against corporations. In relation to the collection of taxes on non-resident lands. To authorize the sale of certain lands belonging to the State, and to empower the city of New York to purchase the same. The appropriation bill. To authorize addition to Kings County Lunatic Asylum building. To amend Brooklyn Drainage Act. To provide for the inspection of steam boilers in New York and Brooklyn. To authorize the sale of the Erie & New York Central Railroad to the Atlantic and Great Western road. To incorporate the South-Western Mining and Land Company.

Personal and Political.

HON. J. K. PAULDING, Secretary of the Navy under President Tyler, died at his residence in Hyde Park, near Tarrytown, N. Y., on the evening of the 4th inst.

THE Republicans of Vermont held their State Convention at Northfield on the 3d inst. Hon. LEVI L. UNDERWOOD presided. The following delegates were chosen to the Chicago Convention:—E. N. Briggs, of Brandon; Peter L. Washburne, of Woodstock; E. D. Mason, of Richmond, and E. C. Reddington, of St. Johnsbury. The following were chosen substitutes:—Reynolds Carpenter, Jr., Daniel Needham, W. C. Wilson, and H. K. Slayton.

THE election in Connecticut resulted in favor of the Republicans. The returns from every town in the State give Buckingham, Republican, for Governor, 536 majority. The official result, it is thought, will not vary the result much from these figures. The Representatives are stated to be 142 Republicans to 89 Democrats, and the Senators 13 Republicans to 7 Democrats. One district is doubtful.

THE Democratic National Committee met at Washington on the 5th inst. Geo. A. Caldwell, of Ky., was chosen Chairman pro tem. in the absence of Judge Smalley, and C. L. Vallandingham, Secretary.

It was unanimously resolved that it is inexpedient, under existing circumstances, to change the place of holding the Democratic Convention from Charleston to any other place.

Previous to action on the resolution, Mr. Vallandingham stated the reason for the call, which grew mainly out of the complaints about Charleston concerning the accommodation of visitors. He had received numerous letters on this subject. Gentlemen of Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia, and St. Louis, had presented inducements to change the place of meeting to these cities.

The Committee adjourned to meet at Charleston on the 21st, at 10 o'clock, in the Grand Lodge of the Masonic Hall, which has been tendered and accepted for the use of the Committee.

THE Annual Election in Rhode Island, for the choice of Governor, Lieut. Governor, Secretary of State, Attorney General, General Treasurer, and Members of both branches of the General Assembly, took place on the 5th inst., and resulted in the defeat of the Republicans. Wm. Sprague has a majority of 1,571 over Seth Padelford, and a clear majority of 1,428 over all opposition. J. Russell Bullock is elected Lieut. Governor, and Walter S. Burges, Attorney General. They were on the same ticket with Mr. Sprague. John R. Bartlett is re-elected Secretary of State, and Samuel A. Parker, General Treasurer, both without opposition, they having received the nomination of three separate State Conventions. The Sprague party have elected 13 of the 32 Senators, and 35 of the 71 Representatives.

THE State organization for Nebraska, has been voted down by 300 majority, the whole vote being about 5,000, for and against. But little interest appears to have been taken in the question.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—A proposition in favor of the ballot had been rejected by a large majority of both Houses of Parliament.

The squadron to convey the Prince of Wales to Canada, will consist of the screw steamers Hero, 91 guns, Ariadne, 26 guns, Flying Fish, 6 guns, and the Royal Paddle Yachts Osborn and Buans, 6 guns. The London Times strongly recommends that he visit the United States, and feels sure a visit to the President will be appreciated.

Mrs. Jameson is dead, and Florence Nightingale was seriously ill. Prayers were offered for her in the various garrison chapels in England.

The Mediterranean telegraph line will be completed in two months, when London will be in direct communication with Calcutta.

The London Times, in an editorial, admits that the annexation of Savoy must be quietly allowed, but at the same time denounces the act as one of spoliation and wrong, and on principle as bad as a march on the Rhine or a sudden attempt on Antwerp. It adds:—It must leave on all minds the conviction that there is no safety except in continual watchfulness and armed preparation against the attempts of a sovereign who thus seizes upon possesions of a friendly power.

FRANCE.—According to the Paris correspondent of the London Post, the relations of France and England were not in a very satisfactory state.

The camp at Chalons this year is to consist of sixty thousand men, under the command of Marshal McMahon.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News says it was reported that a French diplomatic manifestation would appear shortly, in which all designs upon the Rhine frontier would be expressly disclaimed.

The reports that French troops were under orders for Savoy, prove unfounded.

The provisions of the commercial treaty between England and France were in force, and the export of French goods to England had commenced on a larger scale.

The annexation of Savoy to France was generally regarded as an accomplished fact.

All of the appointments of officials for Savoy had been completed at Paris.

It is asserted that the French government, while still retaining Chevades and Fanceigny, is indisposed to give most solemn guarantees to Switzerland and Europe, that the Swiss interests shall be protected.

The population of Nice had signed a petition against the separation of the municipalities.

Gen. Dufaur, who is on a special mission from Switzerland, had an interview with the Emperor and expressed himself satisfied with his assurances to respect Switzerland.

Orders had been issued for the formation of two camps additional to that of Chalons—one consisting of infantry and the other of cavalry.

Le Nord says the reply of the British government had reached Paris, and was understood that it had not renounced all hope of preventing the annexation of Savoy, or at least reducing it to proportions which would make it a constant source of embarrassment to France.

Russia is said to have sent a dispatch to Paris, in opposition to annexation, and protesting against the application of the theory of natural frontiers.

ITALY.—Signor Farino arrived at Turin on the 18th, and was forthwith presented to the King. Signor Farino said, I have the honor to place in the hands of your Majesty the legal document containing the returns of the universal suffrage of the people of Amelia. May your Majesty deign to receive them with favor as a token of gratitude and confidence.

The King replied:—This manifestation of the national will is so universal, and so spontaneous that it confirms to Europe at a different time and under altered conditions, the vote already expressed by the national assemblies of Amelia. This manifestation completes the proofs of the order, perseverence, patriotism, and wisdom, by which these people have merited universal sympathy and esteem. I accept their solemn vote, and henceforth will be proud to call them my people. In uniting to my ancient powers not only the State of Modena and Parma, but also the Romagna, which has already separated itself from my deep devotedness to the chief, I am ready to defend the independence necessary to the Supreme Minister of religion, the Pope, to contribute to the splendor of his court, and to pay homage to his sovereignty. Our Parliament, in receiving the representative of Central Italy, will assure prosperity, liberty, and independence to the new kingdoms.

The official Gazette publishes a royal decree annexing the province of Amelia to Sardinia. Another royal decree convokes the electoral assemblies of the Amelian provinces for the 25th of March, and another decree appoints fifteen new Senators.

The Tuscan Assembly had dissolved.

The Paris Patrie states that 50,000 were about to be levied in Tuscany, and 25,000 in the Amelian provinces, thereby increasing the Sardinian army to 300,000 men.

It was asserted that Piedmont would contract a loan of 150,000,000 francs.

The Director of the Pope's public debt at Rome has gone to Brussels to contract a loan of 10,000,000 francs.

The Government of Rome had authorized the importation of wheat into the pontificial ports on the Mediterranean.

The Paris Constitutionnel states that the Pope had addressed a monitory to King Victor Emanuel intimating that henceforth all relations between his Holiness and the royal family must be considered as broken off, that his Majesty will understand that he has openly violated the laws of the Church, and is formally excommunicated. The Holy Father reserves to himself the duty of taking into consideration the interests of the universal church and the good Catholics of Piedmont, before proceeding to severer measures, which, in any event, weigh from henceforth upon the power of the King.

Le Nord says the moment the Pope's bull is fulminated, the cities of Milan, Genoa, Leghorn, Turin, Bologne, and Florence, have agreed to illuminate, and give the character of a national celebration to the event.

A great manifestion took place at the Vatican, on the 16th, in favor of the Pope.

It was reported at Rome that the French troops at Rome would retire to Civita Vecchia if the Pope excommunicated Victor Emanuel.

Another report from Vienna is, that the Neapolitan troops will at once enter the Papal States if the Sardinians take possession of the Romagna.

The Municipal Council of Nice have voted against the annexation to France, and sent a deputation to Turin on the subject.

The French army in Lombardy commenced the return on the 21st.

The Sardinian Consul of State had decided that the concordat concluded by Austria with the Pope, is not binding on Lombardy.

Baron Recasoli reached Turin on the 22d, and presented to the King of Sardinia the vote on the annexation question. The King issued a decree annexing Tuscany to Sardinia.

It is ordered that, on the promulgation of the decree, annexating Tuscany to Piedmont, the French legation at Florence would be dissolved, and return to Leghorn.

The Duchess' Regent of Parma has appealed to the great powers to support her protest.

A demonstration had taken place at Rome, in honor of the birthday of Garibaldi. The soldiers dispersed the crowds, and a number of persons were wounded.

AUSTRIA.—It is stated that the French Ambassador had informed the Austrian government of the approaching evacuation of Lombardy by the French troops, and in the name of his government expressed the wish that Austria would continue to observe non-intervention in the affairs of Central Italy.

The Austrian Note says that since the interview at Villafranca, the Emperor has made too many sacrifices for the maintenance of peace, to be able to recommence an European war; but although keeping a merely observant attitude, Austria desires, nevertheless, to draw the attention of France to the secret intrigues of Sardinian agents in Venetia, and repeats most distinctly that the Emperor Francis Joseph would not hesitate to make the greatest sacrifices in defence of his rights in Venetia.

Popular demonstrations took place at Pesth and other places in Hungary, in commemoration of the revolution of 1848.

Austria declines to renew diplomatic intercourse with Sardinia, owing to the flagrant violation of the treaty of Zurich, in the annexation of Central Italian States.

A dispatch from Vienna announces than Anstria will pronounce herself against any violation of the rights of Swiss neutrality guaranteed by treaties.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.—In the last engagement, before reported, the Spanish had 250 killed and wounded. The Moors numbered 15,000, and the action lasted seven hours. In another severe fight, on the 7th, the Spanish were victorious. Tangiers was expected to be attacked in a few days. The whole Spanish fleet had left Gibraltar for Tetuan.

INDIA.—A Bombay telegram reports important tariff alterations, including 10 per cent. increased duty on twist and yarns. An invasion of Kokees had taken place at Tipperara. 1,000 persons were murdered. A report was current of treason at Indoor, the capital of Holkar.

PERSIA.—The Shah of Persia is dead.

CHINA.—A collision, ending fatally, took place at Swatow, between the Anglo-Chinese Custom service and a British vessel.

Gen. Montanbon, commander of the French forces, had landed at Hong Kong.

The rebellion is gaining strength in the North.

The News Condenser.

—Peach trees are in bloom in Southern Illinois.

—The introduction of coolies into Cuba is prohibited.

—Maple sugar is very plenty and cheap in Minnesota.

—There are said to be 50,000 gold-diggers at Pike's Peak.

—There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 18th of July.

—The common schools of Ohio contain about 600,304 scholars.

—$5,000 have been subscribed for the Clay Monument at Washington.

—The total amount of debts owed by the City of Cincinnati is $3,752,900.

—It is estimated that the cost of the census of 1860 will reach $1,500,000.

—Utah is without Courts now, except such as the Mormons choose to hold.

—Over 1,200 factory operatives have struck for higher wages at Cohoes, N. Y.

—Cassius M. Clay informs the Country Gentleman that he has 1,000 head of cattle.

—The amount of gold thus far received at the mint from Pike's Peak is $460,000.

—Three men were recently sent to jail in Goderich, C. W., for refusing to pay taxes.

—The sixteenth child of Gov. Hicks, of Maryland, was born on Thursday of last week.

—A hard working man in New Orleans has received $75,000 by the death of an uncle.

—Value of oysters consumed in the city of Baltimore and vicinity last year, $1,000,000.

—At a recent sale of old coins in Philadelphia an old cent, date 1792, was sold for $65 50

—It is said that the late revival in Ireland has resulted in the conversion of 100,000 people.

—Michael Coon, a Revolutionary soldier, died in Philadelphia, March 21, at the age of 105.

—The Marion (Ind.) Journal says the hog cholera is raging fearfully in Kosciusko county.

—The amount of sales of the licensed merchants in Virginia, is reported to be $41,154,000.

—In the month of March, ninety-six counterfeits were put in circulation in the United States.

—The king of Sweden is on the sick list—cause, over exertion at a fire, and fall from a horse.

—The Kalamazoo Gazette says that the peach buds at Kalamazoo, and in that vicinity, are killed.

—Lorenzo Sibert of Virginia, has invented a gun that will discharge 100 or 500 balls consecutively.

—A model farm association is organized at Philadelphia, with a capital of $50,000; shares $50 each.

—The Cincinnatians have been experimenting with a locomotive for City Railways, with good success.

—A young lady "snuff dipper" died recently in Arkansas, having swallowed some of the tobacco juice.

—John A. Washington is preparing to remove from Mt. Vernon to his new estate, about 30 miles distant.

—A soldier died at Puget Sound, recently, from eating strawberries that had been put up in metal cases.

—The number of deaths in San Francisco last year was 1,473, or one death to every 47 of the population.

—In consequence of the death of Marshal Reille, Prince Jerome is at present the senior Marshal of France.

—Mr. Lew, of Lockport, last week distributed 300 bushels of potatoes among the poor of that village.

—The Virginia House of Delegates have passed a bill exempting the Mount Vernon estate from taxation.

—A strange disease has broken out, in New Orleans, among the canine race. It is similar to hydrophobia.

—The Virginia Treasury is deficient some $200,000—just about the amount of what John Brown cost them.

—Some forty colored residents of Springfield, Illinois, have arranged to leave for Liberia the coming summer.

—The Missouri Legislature have voted $25,000 for the erection of a monument to the late Thomas H. Benton.

—One of the newly bored salt wells at Grand Rapids, Mich., begins to show symptoms of petroleum or rock oil.

—Nothing is said, by the late arrivals, of the reported treaty between Russia and Austria. It was probably a hoax.

—A large seal was found at Rondout last week. It was the first one that had been seen in those parts for many years.

—They talk of having a Central Park in Baltimore, that shall occupy between four and five hundred acres of ground.

—It is estimated that 200,000,000 head of cattle have died in Europe, within the past century, of pleuro-pneumonia.

—A little girl about three years old, was recently literally roasted to death in Cincinnati, by a hot stove falling upon her.

—A war of extermination has been commenced by the authorities of Dubuque, Iowa, against the gamblers who infest the city.

—Great excitement was manifested at Havana on the announcement of the capture of the Miramon steamers by the Saratoga.

—In digging in Boston, lately, the remains of some of the old fortifications, erected for the defence of the city, were discovered.

—A Company is organized at Richmond, Va., to erect a large woolen manufactory, in answer to the demand for home-made fabrics.

—Notwithstanding the cry of "non-intercourse," large cotton and woolen factories are being erected in various parts of New England.

—A bridal party, four prisoners, and a funeral party with a corpse, were on a railroad train that left Pontiac, Mich., one day last week.

—A scoundrel in Columbus, Ohio, has lately been amusing himself by cutting the dresses of ladies who passed him in the streets.

—The cook at the Marine Hospital, Baltimore, has been arrested on a charge of introducing arsenic into the dishes prepared for breakfast.

—Mrs. Anna Bilansky, the first white person ever executed in Minnesota, was hung at St. Paul on Friday last, for the murder of her husband.

—A new kind of leather has made its appearance in market. It is made from the skin of the white whale, found in the river St. Lawrence.

—There is a proposition before the Canadian Parliament for a Provincial Bank, under the control of Government, like the Bank of England.

—Letters from Camp Floyd say the withdrawal of the troops from Utah will be followed by the emigration of most of the "Gentile" inhabitants.

—The obscure grave of Roger Williams, in Providence, R. I., has been opened, and his remains taken to a more public and honorable place of interment.

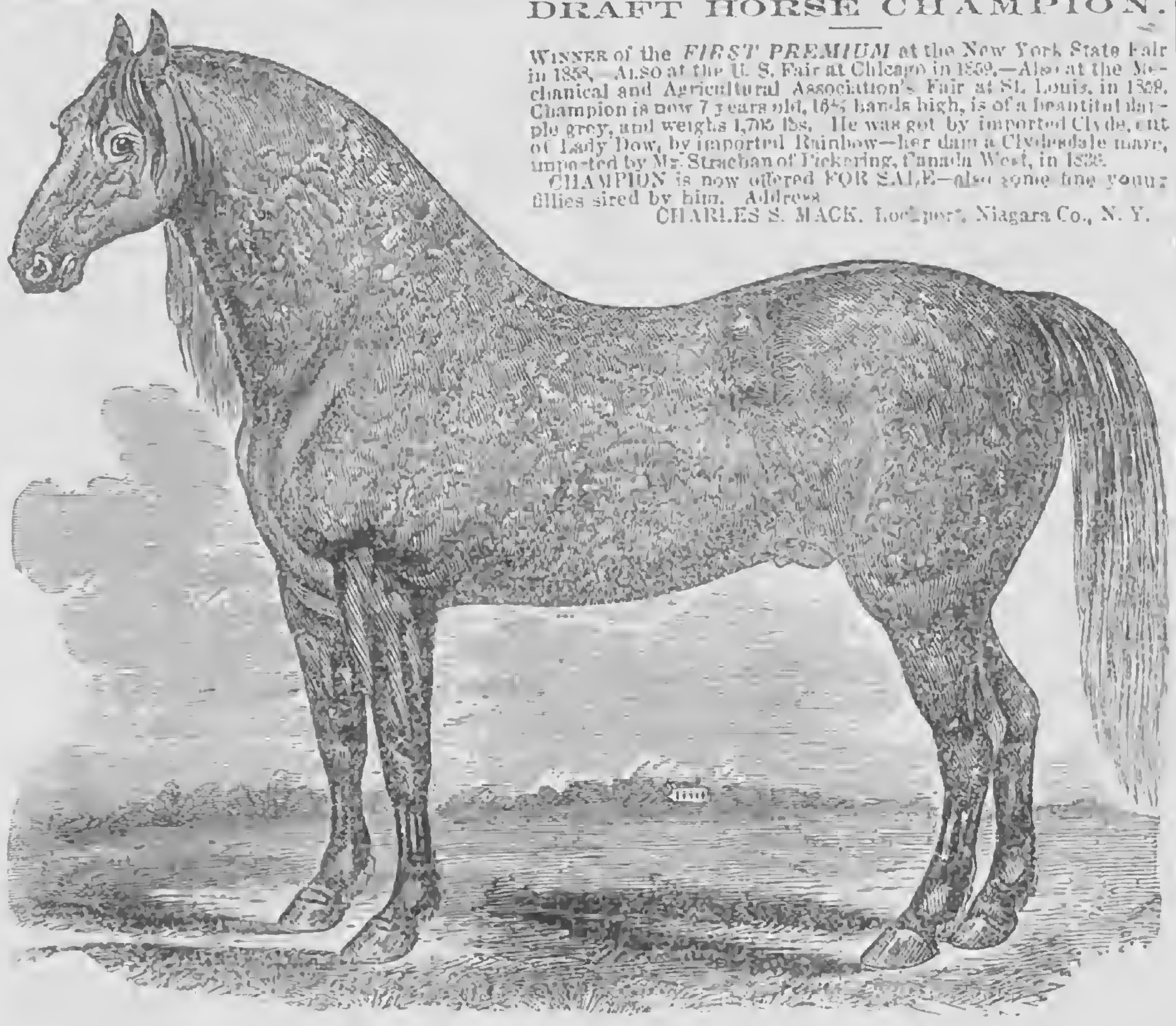
—Gloucester will have, by July, the most splendidly fitted and largest fleet of fishing schooners under weigh, that ever started from any port in the world.

DRAFT HORSE CHAMPION.

WINNER of the *FIRST PREMIUM* at the New York State Fair in 1858.—ALSO at the U. S. Fair at Chicago in 1859.—Also at the Mechanical and Agricultural Association's Fair at St. Louis, in 1859. Champion is now 7 years old, 16½ hands high, is of a beautiful dapple grey, and weighs 1,706 lbs. He was got by imported Clyde, out of Lady Dow, by imported Rainbow—her dam a Clydesdale mare, imported by Mr. Strachan of Pickering, Canada West, in 1838.

CHAMPION is now offered FOR SALE—also some fine young fillies sired by him. Address

CHARLES S. MACK, Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y.



DRAFT HORSE CHAMPION.

Special Notices.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*—that's the best way to get subscribers—we will duplicate them in order to complete their files for binding.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE

Inquiries and Notes,.....117
Lime and Ashes,.....117
The Culture of Tobacco,.....117
Brown's Improved Wagon Brake [Illustrated,].....117
Poetry of Agriculture,.....117
Subsoiling and Deep Tillage,.....118
Steaming Feed,.....118
Moolys vs. Short-horns,.....118
Sowing Plaster,.....118

The Bee-Keeper—Bee-Culture—Renewal of Comb,.. 118

Inquiries and Answers—Sweeney; English Dairy Cheese; Blacking Glass; Growing Clover Seed; "Live Like Pigs in Clover;" Kohl-Rabi, &c.; White Shanghaes; Carrots and Mangel Wurzel; Destroying Alders; Remedy for Ringbone; Portable Saw-Mill, with Cross-Cut Arrangement; Manuring in the Hill; Day's Work at Ditching; Scab in Sheep; Sore Eyes in Horses,.....118

Agricultural Miscellany—Intelligent Appreciation of the Rural; Monroe Co. Ag. Society's Summer Exhibitions; Fast Walking Horses; Arctic Pearl Corn; A Weather Item from China; Good for Michigan; A New Plow Holder; A New and Good Plow,.....118

HORTICULTURAL.

The Nurseryman and his Customers,.....119
Buying and Selling Fruit Trees,.....119
Early Spring Flowers—The Crocus, [Illustrated,].....119
Hardy Grapes,.....119
Northern Muscadine,.....119
Concord,.....119
To Renovate an Old Orchard,.....119

Inquiries and Answers—Grafting the Grape, &c.; Buffalo Berry, [Illustrated;] Seed for a Lawn—Orchard Grass; Currant Wine; The Dielytra; Remedy for Trees Injured by Mice, [Ill.] Cranberry Culture,.....119

Horticultural Notes—Massachusetts White Grape; Death of Dr. Vogel the Botanical Traveler in Africa; New Forcing Cucumber; Buffalo Horticultural Society; The Pampas Grass,.....119

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Coloring Black; A Brown Dye for Wool; To Color Green; White Pound Cake; Sugar Cake; Delicious Lemon Pie; A Good Knitting Machine; Fried Meats; Restoring Damaged Velvet; Yellow Wash; Cure for White Swellings; Graham Bread,.....119

LADIES' OLIO.

My Native Vale, [Poetical,] Aunt Betsey "Riled Up;" The Affections; Light and Raiment; A Mother's Love, 120

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Evening Hour, [Poetical;] Progress; Garrets; Fun at Home; Early Influences,.....120

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Jesus, Our Friend, [Poetical;] Beauty; Christianity; Weary of Life,.....120

EDUCATIONAL.

Learn it All; Ever and Never; Partial Payments—Inquiry; Schools in the Caucasus; About Spelling; How shall we make good Readers; Orion; The Office of Education; Cortland Academy, [Illustrated,].....121

YOUNG RURALIST.

Jokes and Jokers; Spring—A Leaf from my Journal; Chinese Proverbs,.....121

STORY TELLER.

Saturday Night, [Poetical;] Hunting a Wife,.....124

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Egyptian Corn—M. E. Crandal.
Pleasant and Profitable Employment—E. R. Hall.
Green-Centered Helianthus—J. Rapalje.
Wilson's Albany Strawberries, &c.—J. Knox.
Seeds—George F. Needham.
Seedling Potatoes—L. M. Parker.
Seed Potatoes—T. R. Peck.
Ontario Grape—A. W. Potter & Co.
The Vermont Wind Mill—A. P. Brown.
To Farmers, Mechanics, & Builders—Moore, Hebing & Co.
Agents Wanted—C. Beadle.
Seedling Potatoes—C. & W. Hebbard.
Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Draft Horse Champion—Charles S. Mack.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, April 10, 1860.

FLOUR.—The quotations of last week will cover all transactions at the present time. There is but little doing beyond the supply of home wants. Meal has fallen off 12 cts. per cwt. during the week.

GRAIN.—A considerable quantity of wheat has arrived from Canadian ports and is on sale in the market. Some cargoes have been disposed of at prices within our reported rates. Corn still declining, 55@56c. seems to be all that is obtainable. Oats are a little more in demand, and bring two cents better than when previously noted.

MEATS.—Mutton, (carcass,) and smoked shoulders are advancing slightly.

DAIRY.—Cheese is very much wanted at an advance 1½@2 cents per pound. Eggs are plenty and bring only one shilling per dozen.

POTATOES.—White Mercers, and other choice sorts, are unchanged in rates; the common varieties are exceedingly dull of sale, and are down to 25 cents per bushel.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	12@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,33@1,33	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,40	Apples, bushel	75c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,40@1,45	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Corn, old	55@56c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	55@56c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	72@73c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	32@34c	Potatoes	25@40c
Barley	55@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$17,00@17,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, ton	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, ton	$6,00@8,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9.—FLOUR—Market firm and tendency upward, but prices not materially varied; demand fair for home trade, and also some export inquiry. Sales at $5,25@0,00 for super State; $5,30@5,45 for extra do; $5,20@5,30 for super Western; $5,30@5,70 for extra do; $5,90@6,05 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet and very firm. Canadian in good request at firm prices; sales at $5,50@7,00 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat firmer, with a fair export demand; transactions much restricted by the advanced prices insisted upon by holders; sales good and prime Milwaukee club at $1,23@1,25; common white Southern at $1,50. Rye dull at 80@82c. Barley dull and nominal at 70@85c. Corn, demand active at better prices; sales at 73½@75c. afloat and delivered, for mixed Western; 71c for unsound white; 80c. for sound do; 74@77c for inferior to prime yellow Southern and Jersey. Oats buoyant at 45@45½c. for State, 43½@44½c, for Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull, and prices still rule in favor of purchasers. Sales at $17,10 for old mess; $17,68 for new do; $17,00 for thin do; $12,75 for old prime; $14,12@14,25 for new do. Lard steady and in fair demand; sales at 10½@11c. Butter dull at 11@13c for Ohio, 12@20c for State.—Cheese steady at 10@12½c.

ASHES—There is only a moderate inquiry for Pearls at $5,87; Pots are steady at $5,25.

ALBANY, APRIL 9.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour is moderate and the market is steady. Corn Meal is quiet.

GRAIN—There is a moderate milling inquiry for wheat, but no sales have transpired. Corn is steady and in limited supply at previous prices. Sales of a few car loads of round yellow were made at 75c. In other grains nothing has transpired.

BUFFALO, APRIL 9.—FLOUR—Is quiet and unchanged, with sales of about 300 bbls. at previous quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and nominal. Corn steady and in moderate demand. Sales 600 bush., on track, at 60c. Oats quiet and nominal at 35c. Barley and rye dull and no sales.

PROVISIONS—Unchanged and dull at $17 for heavy mess; $16 for light do; and $13 for prime. Bacon nominal. Lard quiet at 10½c.

TORONTO, APRIL 5.—FLOUR—There has not been much activity in flour during the week. Prices have had a downward tendency, and holders appear disposed rather to run the risk of a still further decline and continue as holders, than to submit to a sacrifice at the present time. There is, therefore, not much pressure in the market, although a much larger amount than usual is held. There have been no transactions within the past few days on which we can base quotations, but the following may be regarded as near the nominal rates:

Double extra,	$6,00@6,25
Extra,	5,50@0,00
Fancy,	4,90@5,15
Superfine No. 1,	4,60@4,75
Do. No. 2,	4,00@0,00
Oatmeal,	4,00@0,00
Cornmeal,	3,50@0,00

GRAIN.—The market for fall wheat has been steady throughout the week, and the supplies have been rather uniform and moderately large, amounting to about 1,500 bushels per day. The average price for the entire purchases of the week was about $1,20 per bushel. In the early part the rates paid had a wide range, and $1,32@1,37 was frequently paid for prime samples, but recently $1,35 has been the outside figure, and this is realized only in rare cases. There is yet an animated demand for wheat, although we cannot see how prices are to improve until some important movement is observed abroad. For the better grades of spring wheat, fit for seed, the demand is active at $1,05 and sometimes above that rate. For ordinary and good samples $1@1,02 per bushel is the current price. The receipts are not large but the quality of this grain is very superior. Barley has been in limited supply, and the market is without animation. Good samples bring 60@65c. per bushel. Rye is scarce, with a fair inquiry from local distilleries; quotations are steady at 65c per bushel—a very fine lot might command 70c. Oats have been plentiful during the week, the receipts by rail being unusually large. For car loads 33c. has been frequently accepted; but on Tuesday, farmers got 34c. and 35½c. per bushel for wagon loads. Peas have also been very plentiful, the supply on some days being larger than that of wheat. The demand has been pretty active, the principal purchases being made for shipment. The prices paid have ranged from 55c. to 60c—the latter being the extreme rate, especially during the past few days.

SEEDS.—Timothy is very dull, and the sales continue to be of the most limited character. There is a great variety of the article offering, and quotations range all the way from $2,75 to $3,50 per bushel. Clover is offered freely, and some very fine samples are shown. We quote the best grades at $5@5,25 per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 4.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,75@10,25; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,75@8,75; inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 5⅞@6¼; all others, 5⅛@5⅞.

ALBANY, APRIL 9.—CATTLE—This is one of the most discouraging market days the drovers have experienced here since last year, when on one occasion it was determined to hold back, until the following week, one-third of receipts. There are over 3,800 head of cattle on the market, and few or none of them poor, although there are plenty coarse.

PRICES—Market is quite dull at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5½c	5½@6c
Extra	4½@5	4⅞@5⅜
First quality	4 @4½	4½@4¾
Second quality	3½@3¾	3½@4
Third quality	2½@3¼	2¾@3¼
Inferior	@2¼	2½@3

SHEEP—Market not very active but steady. Receipts fully equal to the demand. Sales of the week about 1,800 head, at prices ranging from 5c to 6½c. ℔ lb.

HOGS—We hear of one sale; a lot of about 100 changed hands at 6½c; average weight 130 lbs. A portion were shoats. Those fit for slaughter weighed about 180 lbs.—*Atlas and Argus.*

BRIGHTON, APRIL 1.—At market 1,900 beeves, 100 stores, 1,900 sheep and lambs, and 1,700 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,75@0,00; first quality $7,00@7,50; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,50@6,00.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$34@39; Common, $17@18.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $25@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,50@2,75; Extra, $3@5,50.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 6½@7½c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 5.—Whole number of Cattle at market 550—about 475 Beeves, and 100 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; first quality, $6,75@7,00; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $3,75@0,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$75@170.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@65.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,935 at market; prices in lots, $2,00@2,50 each; extra, $3,00, 3,50@4,50 each, or 3½@6c ℔ lb. live weight.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

TORONTO, APRIL 5.—BEEF—The arrivals of cattle have been large throughout the week, generally of a superior quality, intended for the Easter holidays. Several lots were purchased for Eastern markets, but the rest were bo't and retained here. First class cattle were sold at $6 and sometimes $6,50; second class $5,50; and third $5 ℔ cwt.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Sheep are plentiful at $5@7 each.

CALVES—$4@7 and freely offered.

HIDES—Beef hides are firm at $5,50 per 100 lbs. Calf skins 10c ℔ lb. Sheep skins $1,25 each.

PORK—There is not much fresh pork offering, and sales are dull at $6 ℔ 100 lbs.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 5.—The market is quiet, yet steady; sales of 75,000 lbs. domestic fleece at 37@57c. for common to full-blood Merino and Saxony; 25,000 lbs. California at 15@23c. for low medium to fine; 30,000 do. pulled at 30@47c. for No. 1 City and extra Country, and 200 bales Mestiza on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	56@60
Am. full-blood Merino	52@55
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	37@42
Extra, Pulled	44@48
Superfine, Pulled	38@48
No. 1, Pulled	30@36
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@23
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, APRIL 5.—Prices of fleece and pulled wool remain without material change. The tendency is to lower rates, with a moderate demand from manufacturers. Sales of 80,000 lbs fleece and pulled at prices ranging from 45@65c. for medium and good fleece, and 38@55c. for superfine and extra pulled. The transactions in foreign, have been quite light, comprising 280 bales South American and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	53@65	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	50@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	40@48	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	35@38	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@55	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, April 5.—The newspapers generally are quite busy talking down the market, and all accounts from the East say that it already rules in favor of the buyer. The Shoe and Leather Reporter says:—"Both manufacturers and dealers purchase lightly of domestic fleece and pulled, while holders generally maintain prices as last noted, the stock on hand not being heavy. In foreign wools there is also but little doing, still prices have not further declined." The following are the nominal rates here:

FLEECE—	Common, native	30@34c
	Quarter blood	33@35c
	Half blood	35@37c
	Three-quarter blood	38@42c
	Full blood Saxony	46@48c
PULLED—	No. 1	25@35c
	Superfine	30@35c
	Extra	35@40c
	Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat.*

Deaths.

IN Cortland, N. Y., March 26th, 1860, of consumption, Mrs. AMELIA M., wife of STEPHEN W. CARD, and daughter of DAVID J. and L. S. ROBINSON, aged 28 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in an honorable business, which pays from $1 to $3 per day. For particulars address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

PEACH BLOW AND CLINTON POTATOES—For sale. Warranted genuine. Price, $2 per barrel, package included. Address C. & W. HEBBARD, Akron, Erie Co., N.Y.

"THE VERMONT WIND MILL"—A complete SELF-REGULATING wind power for pumping, grinding and all kinds of farm work. No. 1 pump, and all ready to run, $50. Address A. P. BROWN, Worcester, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED—At the ST. CATHARINES NURSERIES. Thirty Agents wanted, to sell Fruit Trees, &c., to whom liberal compensation will be given. Apply immediately to C. BEADLE, St. Catharines, C. W.

SEED POTATOES, WARRANTED PURE.—Prince Albert, Davis' Seedling, and English White Fluke, $1 per bushel; $2 per barrel (2¼ bushels.) Pure Hubbard Squash Seed, ten shillings per pound, 100 seeds (free by mail,) for eighteen cents cash, or stamps.
525-1t T. R. PECK, Waterloo, N. Y.

PRINCE ALBERT, ENGLISH FLUKE AND DAVIS' SEEDLING POTATOES.—Having a quantity of the pure seed of these three leading varieties of potato, I propose to price them so that they may be within the reach of all. I will deliver them at the Canal or Railroad, in Medina, at the rate of $2 per barrel. Address, with remittance,
M. L. PARKER, Lyndonville, Orleans Co., N. Y.

WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY—Over 1,000,000 plants for sale, at $1 per 100; $6 per 1,000; and $50 per 10,000.

New Rochelle Blackberry,

100,000 plants for sale, at $1 per dozen; $5 per 100, and $40 per 1,000. Wholesale purchasers and dealers allowed a liberal discount. J. KNOX, Box 478, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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Country Clergymen and School Teachers would find this an advantageous opening for the employment of spare time, and any person of energy and address, can secure from $70 to $100 per month. For particulars apply to
E. R. HALL, Publisher's Agent, Rochester, N. Y.

SEEDS.—PLEASE READ. Any person inclosing me 25 cents, in stamps, will receive by return of mail ½ ounce *Spanish Leaf Tobacco Seed*, fresh and genuine. On a remittance of $2, I will send by Express, two bushels *English Oats*, averaging 38 to 40 pounds to the bushel, and ten days earlier than the common oat. Very desirable, as they are ripe before the Grasshopper can injure them. Seed raised here. 20 packets choice *Flower Seeds*, by mail, for $1, or 16 of *Fresh Garden Seeds.* Address
GEO. F. NEEDHAM, Seedsman & Florist, Buffalo, N. Y.

GREEN-CENTERED HELIANTHUS.—This new and beautiful annual is of a dwarf habit for this family of plants, growing but little higher than the Dahlia, displaying a rich profusion of flowers, of a deep Golden Border, with a Green Centre from the crown of the plant, in perfect symmetry to the ground; one plant producing from 10 to 25 flowers at one time, and lasting in perfection from 10 to 12 days. It is highly commended for its beauty by some of the most intelligent Florists. Single paper seed, post-paid, on receipt of 25 cents.
Address J. RAPALJE, Rochester, N. Y.

ONTARIO GRAPE—One year old, Vines propagated from the original vine of Mr. Reed of C. W. Single plants $3; $25 per dozen. Send stamp for price list of 15 varieties. Address A. W. POTTER & CO., Grape Lawn Nurseries, Knowlesville, Orleans Co., N. Y. 535-1t

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It can be successfully grown in any State of the Union, from Maine to Texas. I can give the most satisfactory references that the corn is, in every respect, what I represent it to be, and further, I am the only person throughout the country who has this variety of corn. Having secured a quantity, I am now able to fill all orders, for those desirous of testing it.

To any person who will inclose in a letter, One Dollar, in Stamps or Currency, directed to me, I will send, postage-paid, sufficient corn to produce enough to plant, the following year, from twenty to thirty acres;—*also, directions for planting and cultivation.*

☞ To any person that will get up a club of FIVE, I will send a package gratis.

Give your full name, Post-Office, County and State, written plain, so that no errors may occur.
Address M. E. CRANDAL,
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SORGHO AND IMPHEE SUGAR CANE SEED.—We are offering for sale strictly pure and well ripened sugar cane seed, as follows:
Sorgho (Chinese,) Northern grown, $3 a bush; $1 a peck.
Do. Southern grown, $2 a bushel; 75cts. a peck.
Imphee, (African,) Southern grown, $6 a bush; $2 a peck, $10 for two bushels, in sack, and delivered to Express Co.
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NEW EVERGREENS, And many new DECIDUOUS TREES and SHRUBS, collected from all the best sources abroad, can be furnished to amateurs at reasonable rates. The attention of the TRADE is particularly invited to the low prices, by the quantity, of CONIFEROUS TREES. For Catalogues address PARSONS & CO.,
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SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THE week is past. Its latest ray
Is vanished with the closing day;
And 'tis as far beyond our grasp
Its now departed hours to clasp,
As to recall the moment bright
When first creation sprung to light.

The week is past! If it has brought
Some beams of sweet and soothing thought,
If it has left some memory dear
Of heavenly raptures tasted here,
It has not winged its flight in vain,
Although it ne'er return again.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HUNTING A WIFE.

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

[Continued from page 116, last number.]

CHAPTER II.

MATTIE ALLEN, the guest of MRS. PICKLE, was a distant relative, and now suddenly appeared upon the scene of action, in answer to a standing invitation, implying the assurance that she was ever welcome. A slight figure, with an oval face, strictly Grecian in its outline and pencilings, adorned with raven tresses, and lighted by brilliant, dark eyes, in truth—made up the *tout ensemble* of Mr. PICKLE'S ideal, in which he had so long and fruitlessly believed. A little glimpse of *finesse* twinkled in the often-vailed orbs, and a touch of art gleamed through the girlish sprightliness, which was always donned under fitting circumstances, even when the chafing soul was suffering bitter pain and humiliation. To those who knew her intimately, she seemed the deceiver that she really was, concealing under that air of innocent sweetness, a fiery heart that panted for power unlimited, disdaining no sacrifice that would give her authority or influence. Her parents had contended faithfully against poverty and sickness, while MATTIE had so diligently improved her limited opportunities, that she far excelled many to whom the gifts of fortune had not been denied. Quick, apprehensive, subtle almost to a fault, she intuitively adapted herself to every shade of character, and, conscious of her peculiar capabilities, ventured oftentimes upon the most daring expedients to win confidence and gain the regard of those who could assist her in accomplishing some desired object. Her manners were faultlessly gentle,—her temper outwardly placid, and her whole bearing habitually deferential and controlled. Hands of iron were continually upon her,—chains of steel bound her helplessly,—the fetter, public favor, which she dare not spurn. With the marvelous adroitness of her sex, this was all concealed from the passing observer under that disengaged air and charming *abandon* so pleasing in one of her sex and age, and so baffling to the suspicious observer. She had been known to utter the vilest untruths, deliberately separating friends and wounding tender hearts, by seemingly careless innendoes and gossiping remarks, which had been serenely calculated ere the poisoned shaft was aimed. Only those who had long watched her daily life, were assured of this, and now that she professed reformation, and united with the church, no one made haste to utter reproaches against so correct a copyist and so agreeable a companion. The PICKLE family had only seen her occasionally, and charmed by her brilliant intellect and undeniable beauty, in the rare goodness of their hearts, were quite unwilling to credit the few unfavorable reports which they easily imagined might be excited by that envy which is the penalty ever exacted from beauty and talent. She was now twenty-five years of age, and had refused all matrimonial offers, hoping for some settlement consonant with her ambitious schemes. She had become silently desperate, and now resolved to ventnre all in this last game. She and the Rev. SOLOMON had always maintained a tacit "mutual admiration society," and its tendency and capacity was now to be tested by this skilled tactician in heart warfare.

She easily perceived, by the slightest revealings, that something had gone wrong,—that the usually self-poised and complacent tone had vanished, and by a dexterous application of the numerous unguents at her command, at last found the right one. The effect was instantaneous, and the sly adept saw, at a glance, that he had been braved, defied, as it were, from some quarter that he had least expected. Little by little she healed the wound, and saw the rumpled feathers smoothing down to their glossiest hue, when she set about completing the snare which was to entrap her victim.

A tender admiration, not unmixed with reverential awe, was sometimes depicted in her expressive countenance, changing gradually to an absorbed deference and clinging affection, which it is not the nature of man to resist. These were but passing gleams,—a few of the innumerable shades of deep feeling which the long summer afternoons developed, and which it became our hero's delight to call forth upon every possible occasion. He felt that he was loved,—a delicious langnor crept over his senses, and he studied anew the ever-changeful heaven of beauty pictured in those deep, longing eyes, irresistibly turned upon him, as the needle to the pole. Thither his turned, unwaveringly controlled by this new magnetism, stealing all his senses with its mysterious power.

He was unwittingly sailing on in this delirious trance, unheeding the breakers ahead, when, as it chanced, they were all invited to visit one afternoon at a neighboring town, and Mr. PICKLE, being the pet clergyman, could not well decline the honor expressly proffered to him. Among the guests were Miss MARY ANDRUS, the elegant and accomplished daughter of the distinguished Judge of the Supreme Court,—the brilliant Miss HANFORD, late of Boston, and the wild KATE THORNTON, serene in her conscious equality, and resolute in her unaffected simplicity. She greeted Mr. PICKLE with a formal bow, Miss ALLEN with a cold recognition, and Miss PICKLE with a pleased welcome. The afternoon and evening passed with the usual gracious compliments and frothy observations, a bountiful supper, a fine duett, and Miss THORNTON'S touching and mournful solo,

"'Twas only a dream, I'm alone, all alone."

How the deep, wailing tone thrilled the silent company! They had expected some lively air, or comic song, but the wayward girl chose to reveal a page of her heart which she usually turned in impassioned silence; but now, moving her auditors to tears, and leaving the longing echo of her soul to reverberate in the still chambers of more than one then untenanted heart.

Mr. PICKLE was strangely moved, and as he handed MATTIE ALLEN to the carriage, felt no tremor when the soft hand lay lovingly in his. "'Twas only a dream, I'm alone, all alone," was the mute rendering of his soul. The hallucination was over,—the dark eyes melted and fired in vain. The spell was broken,—the vision cleared, and the unhappy young man intuitively felt that he had been duped, almost grieving to discover it, such a blissful episode had he enjoyed. MATTIE ALLEN inwardly chafed and raged at her evident failure, and could scarcely restrain her bitterness, when, a few days after, the carriage was sent for the three young ladies. She was all smiles, and beautiful ways, and thoughts, when they came, but no word or movement of the hero of our tale escaped her close scrutiny. He was, as usual, entirely the gentleman, yet never quite forgetting the minister. Miss THORNTON received her share of attention politely, but when, as the whole party were loitering upon the shaded lawn, he said, with benevolent accent and clerical composure,

"Miss KATE, did you ever pause to consider that each blade of grass upon yonder meadow is a written page from the Creator to the created?" she mockingly replied,

"My dear sir, I have conscientiously speculated upon all the magnificent mysteries of this lower world, and especially upon the possiblity of inducing you to run a race with me across that same meadow. Come, if you dare,"—and she sprang lightly forward; and he, obeying a sudden impulse of his lurking boyhood, dashed on, thus accepting the novel challenge. The young ladies looked shocked, the elder ones astonished, gazing with eager curiosity for the result. As all expected, the young lady half-fell, and was caught by her companion, and both soon returned in a sorry plight,—one with slippers torn and long locks flying; the other with neck-tie sadly disarranged, and a healthy flush upon his usually pale cheek. Ministerial airs were at a discount during KATE THORNTON'S stay,—also plotting,—her positive nature often dashing to fragments, in a moment, the fine air-castles of that ingenious and unwearied architect—MATTIE ALLEN.

Like all pleasant holidays, the visit ended, and Mr. PICKLE undertook a new series of calls, including every eligible "match" within the range of his acquaintance. One was a "love of a girl;" another, a "sweet creature,"—another "charming,"—many were "interesting,"—and all "amiable." He pursued the acquaintance so far, with several, that he was actually inclined to sigh and utter tender, unmeaning phrases, but it always so happened that as the incautious words were trembling upon his lips, some trifling incident would stifle them. Once he discovered a ragged shoe,—once a stocking not quite immaculate,—once he surprised a young lady in a careless morning attire—and once he unavoidably overheard, from an adjoining room, a boast in connection with his name, that effectually quenched the rising flame. He was, at one time, seriously enamored of a sparkling brunette, to whom he was dancing attendance upon every occasion, when, by chance, as it seemed, he met KATE THORNTON at a Concert, in the company of a noble-looking escort and a graceful lady. He gazed with a fascinated attention as her strong features glowed in the full blaze of light from the candelabra, the large eyes dilating and contracting, moistening and flaming, as the intricate mazes, the flowing harmony, and the wild enthusiasm of the magnificent music met her charmed ear, and reverberated, in rapt measure, through her impassioned soul. Her face was a grand, heroic poem, revealing glimpses of all the beauty, mystery, and sublimity of life. The young missionary grew indifferent to his fair companion, as he saw those familiar features betraying all the possible conflicts, raptures and agonies of which they were capable. He contemplated the future of that high-toned and finely wrought nature, not as a smoothly gliding river, but a mighty stream, rent into torrents, beaten into eddies, then sweeping on in calm majesty to the fathomless deep of an eternal rest. He was roused from his reverie by a voice at his side, uttering the common-place,

"What splendid music! what faultless time and expression!"

He turned mechanically, and looking into the brilliant eyes, thought, "again caught by glare." Thenceforth, he divided his attentions, yet always felt a film, a shadow, as it were, between himself and every woman that he met. He had been wont to guide his conduct by a spiritual talisman, an inward model, not always defined, and now, in his new occupation, he dimly saw a clear, spiritual face, coming unbidden between him and the many lovely forms which could not fail to command his admiration. He had, heretofore, reasoned out most of the problems of his faith, but here was an unsought mystery which he could not doubt, and yet could not reveal. Why did he not find his wife? That inspired face, ever present to his inward sight, assured him that she existed, yet his intuition as well as his reason was at fault. Sorely vexed and perplexed, jaded and chafed, he concluded to abandon the search, finding consolation in the tenets of his old theology, thus interpreted, "if it was decreed from the beginning that he should marry, his wife would ultimately appear, and he need concern himself no further." In moments of serious contemplation, he marveled that he had ever thought to take into his keeping the happiness of another; he, so inexperienced, so ignorant of the underlying mysteries of humanity, that he seriously expected to find an embodiment of that list of good qualities which he had written out for his wife to possess. He had endeavored to materialize the spiritual,—to degrade the holiest affections of his nature to the level of barter and merchandise. He thought, "I could have ordered a horse, and given every item of color, size, speed and motion,—but a woman!—black eyes and black hair!"—it is no wonder that he rushed to the city and resigned his mission.

CHAPTER III.

There are times when the errors, the hopes and the achievments of years, seem crowded into an hour's reflection, from which we emerge with clearer views and stronger resolves to bear the burdens and accomplish the labors allotted us. Happy those who can define their duties and *feel* assured that their energies are not spent in vain. Happy those, who, having experienced the throes of this new soul-birth, enter upon a renewed life, freed from the fetters of old habits and strong in the untested power of this heaven-sent faith.

The Rev. SOLOMON PICKLE was passing through one of these silent, inward purgations, as he sat bolt upright through that long night of railroad travel, unheeding the wierd and weary forms, faintly visible through the half-lighted darkness of the gloomy car.

He felt that he had wronged that spiritual guidance which he professed to follow, and listened to human counsel, thus banishing, for the time, that inward monitor, without whom he should sink and falter upon the high road of life. He had not thought that he needed a wife, until the Missionary Board suggested the necessity, which he was now sure that he had never really felt and would not longer cherish. He caught new glimpses of the magnitude of his ministerial vows, and could easily believe that the increased devotion to his work, without earthly ties, would more than counterbalance the quickening sympathies begotten by the presence of a wife and children.

The Mission was given up, and the young devotee betook himself to fasting and prayer, pouring out the richness of his young life in vague essays and profound dissertations, throbbing with the pulsations of a nobler existence,—kindling with the latent fire of eloquence, yet to blaze forth, radiant in the surrounding darkness.

His thoughts were involuntarily of the Great West, its cities rife with crime, yet throbbing with good impulses, and only waiting a leader to turn their impetuous force to the extermination of sin and evil. He went to look upon their changing multitudes, of every clime and nation, and felt with those of old that "it was good for him to be there." Hesitating, faltering no longer, he launched upon the tide which bore him to a flourishing western city, where his talents were readily appreciated, and he soon accepted the pastoral charge of a rising church,—to be the theatre of his manhood's most heroic efforts. Now, for the first time, he looked sternly and practically at the demands of existence, yielding his whole nature to the struggle. If he would be even the humblest instrument in checking that great wave of evil, just ready to deluge the land, he must toil and labor, study and write, think and talk, to the full limit of his mental capacity, stringing every nerve and fibre of his body to its utmost tension. He felt that the world had gained upon him, during the brief period that he had sauntered in drawing-rooms and idled upon sofas, and to atone for the mistake, he exacted of his rapidly developing energies, incredible prodigies of labor. He felt the surging billows dash over him at times, but nothing daunted, rushed again to the struggle. He mingled with men, identifying himself with their nearest interests, gaining influence and building up a bulwark of moral power, to endure when the heavens shall have passed away. He caught each note of human feeling and passion, elevated and ennobled as it floated from his lips in words of gentle persuasion, thrilling eloquence and fierce denunciation, or beautified his daily life with calm earnestness, tearful sympathy and unceasing activity. The stripling youth,—the oily-tongued beau,—become the grave, powerful man: possessing all the elements of usefulness and greatness. The flattered, pampered boy, could not be recognized, now that the full outline and self-satisfied expression had given place to lines of thought and care, and the lofty, impressive bearing of a man who feels that he holds in his hand but a tithe of the fearful responsibilities of human salvation. His clear perception and vigorous understanding never more fully appeared, than when roused to action by one of the so-called casualties of western towns.

He was hurriedly wending his way through the principal street of the city, one pleasant morning, when two men, in angry altercation, and evidently flushed with liquor, rushed from the door of a gambling house. A crowd soon gathered, and the quarrel becoming almost furious, both grasped the weapons which they habitually carried, and one was shot dead before any person could interfere. Just as he fell, a woman made her way through the crowd, shrieking and wailing; and at sight of her murdered husband, falling paralyzed at his feet. Fearfully agonized and excited, Mr. PICKLE, had them,—the living and the dead—the husband and wife,—borne to a carriage and conveyed to their home. The lady was a member of his church, and duty, as well as inclination, required his ministrations, which were most freely and effectually rendered. The murdered man was neither addicted to drinking nor gambling, but had been lured away by the adroit influence of a pretended friend, who, after filching his money and loading him with opprobrious epithets, received that maddened abuse from the victim which kindled his own fiery temper, already excited by liquor, until he furiously discharged his revolver and became a murderer in act, though not in heart.

Witnessing the crime, and thoroughly roused by its enormity and the frightful condition of society, our Reverend hero made the funeral sermon, to which thousands listened, an overwhelming argument and passionate appeal in favor of the Temperance reform, assailing with dauntless intrepidity and fearful invective, the dealers in this vile poison, and denouncing all their aids and abettors. He perilled much in this bold attack, losing popular favor, but his position was now defined, his forces marshaled, and he, henceforth, occupying every post of danger, leading on to final triumph and victory.

Skeptics may sneer, infidals rage, and reformers preach, but the combined moral power of the church, cramped as it often is by dire human infirmity, can neither be stifled, defied or persecuted from the hearts of men. [Concluded next week.]

Wit and Humor.

SOME LITTLE JOKERS.

AT what time of day was Adam created?—A little before Eve.

AN Irish paper advertises, "Wanted, an able-bodied man as a washer-woman.

As a man drinks he generally grows reckless. In his case, the more drams the fewer scruples.

ODD—that rivers should be so full just where they *empty* themselves.

BALD-HEADED men take a joke the more easily, because they are not at the trouble of "getting it through their hair."

"YOU seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend." "Yes, I have been straitened by circumstances."

WHY is a man climbing up Mount Vesuvius like an Irishman who wishes to kiss his sweetheart?—Because he wants to get at the mouth of the "cratur."

A LADY being asked to join a Union of the "Daughters of Temperance," replied, "It is unnecessary, as I intend to join one of the sons, soon." Sensible lady, that.

AT an examination in the primary department of a Pittsfield school, the listeners were "brought down" by the answer of a juvenile, when asked of what use whales were. One little Miss replied, that they were "good for hoopin' skirts!"

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

I AM in the Bible, but not in the leaves;
I am in the black dress, but not in the sleeves.
I am in the bread, but not in the flour;
I am in the bitter things, but not in the sour.
I am in the baker, but not in his eyes;
I am in the rainbow, but not in the skies.
I am in Great Britain, but not in the land;
I am in the body, but not in the hand.
I am in the bad things, but not in the good;
I am in the branches, but not in the wood.
I am in the boot, but not in the leather;
I am in the barometer, but not in the weather.
I am in the butcher, but not in his wife;
I am in the battle, but not in the strife.
I am in a book, but not in a letter;
I am in the back part, but not in the cover.
I am in the table, but not in the wood;
I am in the bonnet, but not in the hood.
I am in the builder, but not in the mason;
I am in the tribe, but not in the nation.
This enigma I give as a puzzle for thee,
And when you have guessed it, then write one for me.

Darien, Gen. Co., N. Y., 1860. WM. BROOKS, JR.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

LOGOGRIPHS.

1. WHAT animal, beheaded, becomes a grain?
2. What animal, beheaded, becomes an animal?
3. What animal, beheaded, becomes a favor?

Lakeland, L. I., 1860. CHANDOR.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

THE ratio of a two sides of a triangle is as 2 to 3, and the segments of the base, made by a perpendicular falling from the apex, are 525 and 275. What are the sides?

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1860. S. G. CAGWIN.

☞ Answer in two weeks

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 533.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—The hand of the diligent maketh rich.

Answer to Riddle:—Thou-sand.

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25		Mends SHELL-WORK	25
26		Mends FILLET WORK	26
27		Mends HOBBY-HORSES	27
28		Mends KALEIDESCOPES	28
29		Mends MONEY-BOXES	29
30		Mends PICTURE-FRAMES	30
31		Mends SECRETARIES	31
32		Mends VENEERING	32
33		Mends SCHOOL FURNITURE	33
34		Mends PAPIER-MACHE	34
35		Mends WARDROBES	35
36		Mends PARIAN MARBLE	36
37		Mends CRIBS	37
38		Mends BABY-JUMPERS	38
39		Mends IVORY-WORK	39
40		Mends MATCH-SAFES	40
41		Mends PICTURES	41
42		Mends QUILL-WHEELS	42
43		Mends TOWEL-RACKS	43
44		Mends WASH-STANDS	44
45		Mends BEDSTEADS	45
46		Mends DRUMS	46
47		Mends CHESSMEN	47
48		Mends BALLOT-BOXES	48
49		Mends HERBARIUMS	49
50		Mends BACKGAMMON-BOARDS	50
51		Mends BAND-BOXES	51
52		Mends BLACK-BOARDS	52
53		Mends BASS VIOLS	53
54		Mends BILLIARD-TABLES	54
55		Mends BILLIARD-CUES	55
56		Mends BIRD-CAGES	56
57		Mends BROOMSTICKS	57
58		Mends BOOK-CASES	58
59		Mends BOOT-CRIMPS	59
60		Mends BRUSH-HANDLES	60
61		Mends BRUSHES	61
62		Mends CABINETS	62
63		Mends CHURNS	63
64		Mends CLOCK-CASES	64
65		Mends CRUTCHES	65
66		Mends CUPBOARDS	66
67		Mends CURTAINS	67
68		Mends CASINGS	68
69		Mends CANDLES	69
70		Mends CAMERAS	70
71		Mends CHAIRS	71
72		Mends CHARTS	72
73		Mends CLOTHES FRAMES	73
74		Mends CARD-CASES	74
75		Mends CHESTS	75
76		Mends HARPS	76
77		Mends WORK-STANDS	77
78		Mends DRAUGHT-BOARDS	78
79		Mends DISHES	79
80		Mends DIVANS	80
81		Mends DICE-BOXES	81
82		Mends DOORS	82
83		Mends DOMINOES	83
84		Mends FIREBOARDS	84
85		Mends FLUTES	85
86		Mends BALLUSTERS	86
87		Mends GLASSWARE	87
88		Mends HANDLES	88
89		Mends GUTTAPERCHA-WARE	89
90		Mends KITES	90
91		Mends TOYS	91
92		Mends ORGANS	92
93		Mends MODELS	93
94		Mends SEWING-MACHINE STANDS	94
95		Mends PANELS	95
96		Mends PASTEBOARD WORKS	96
97		Mends PATTERNS	97
98		Mends SIDEBOARDS	98
99		Mends WOODEN-WARE	99
100		Mends WILLOW-WARE	100

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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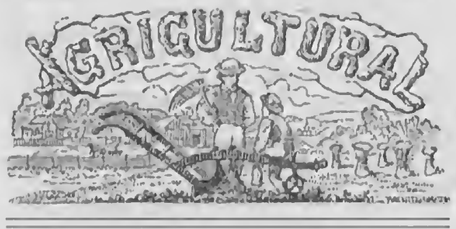


AGRICULTURAL NEEDS.

While the inventive minds of our country appear to fully realize the advantages to be derived from a successful application of mechanical skill and ingenuity in the varied pursuits intimately connected with the culture of the soil, our farmers, as a mass, do not seem to possess a clearly defined idea of the duties devolving upon themselves in the great task of evolving light, and disseminating knowledge. The agricultural inventions of the past ten years, now performing the drudgery of the farm, may be numbered by thousands,—banish these from the farm and what can be said concerning the progress of the tiller of the earth? Certainly, many of these are worthless,—worse still, a nuisance, cumbering the space they occupy,— but does not failure impress upon the inquiring, teachable mind, a lesson, as well as does success?

We are just entering upon another season of active labor,—once again will opportunities be afforded us to dive into some of those intricacies pertaining to the profession of the agriculturist. While we have great faith in the doctrine whose advocates persist in "holding fast to that which is good," we as firmly believe that any progress hitherto made by man was the offspring of an energy, willing and anxious to "try all things." One class desire no greater success than crowned the efforts of their fathers, hence, ancient modes of conducting labor, and the customs which marked the "olden time," are studiously sought out, (where not entirely understood,) adopted, and lived up to, as the only saving creed. Others are ever striking out new paths for their feet, yet, finding none which warrant ease, or whose extremity foreshadows reward. These latter, weary in well-doing, and faint ere the sun has reached mid-heaven.

The happy medium between these two classes of men, is one of the needs of our agriculture at the present time. We want such as are possessed of sufficient inquisitiveness to force them out of the beaten track; energy to drive onward, and firmness to carry out and complete—even to the bitter end, if such should prove the result,—any experiment which they may have undertaken. Such men are the light of the world,—to them are we indebted for whatever advancement has been made toward a higher standard of civilization, and these must solve for Agriculture, if the solution ever be obtained, the hitherto hidden problems.

What the agricultural profession of our country most needs, is the increase and diffusion of *sound, reliable* information. We seem to be, if we may so speak, a nation of writers. Every farmer, nearly, and every farmer's boy, can take up the pen and commit his views to paper, and we *rush* into print with the same headlong speed that marks our career in business, politics, morals,—even religion. Archimedes desired but a standing point on which to place his lever, and "he would move the world." The press is our lever, and being possessed of an idea that will not let us rest until, clad in coat of mail, it leaps forth to do combat in the intellectual arena, our special business is to assume its paternity,—to hurl thought-javelins at established facts, and long assumed theories. Herein lies the prime cause of the exceeding diversity of opinions entertained by such as cater to the intellectual wants of the age,—this is the reason why the followers of the plow have so few confirmed principles for conducting the labors incident to their vocation. There *is merit in discussion*, and this plan of eliciting information must be used if we desire to make advancement, but adopting the mode merely for the sake of producing a wordy war, without any well-defined conception of what we are talking about, is very apt to befog both speaker and listener,—and the result only proves that the "blind have been leading the blind."

Agricultural Schools and Colleges,—if properly conducted,—may also be classed among the prominent wants. These are to develop the minds of the youth, and prepare them for the accomplishment of duties peculiar to their chosen occupation. With the attainment of clearer mental vision, and thoroughly awakened faculties, we can better separate the chaff from the wheat,—better reason from cause to effect,—better perform the life-labor allotted to those who have reached the full stature of manhood.

But we need not to put off until Corporations or States endow institutions whence shall emanate agricultural light and wisdom. We must experiment for ourselves, and this is the point to which we would direct the attention of Rural readers. Will not they, during the season now about to open, originate practical tests upon such subjects as are not thoroughly comprehended by themselves, or the great body of their co-workers? Let it be remembered, also, that to make these experiments valuable they must be complete. Many who have, heretofore, established a series of trials, have failed to record the periods at which certain processes were performed,—the nature and condition of the soil,—the influences, atmospheric, and otherwise, under which the experiments were conducted—and a score of matters, great and minute, but all of which are necessary, and must occupy their proper position, ere we can write "it is finished." Conducting our search in a hap-hazard manner we will never be enabled to draw correct conclusions, but adopting a system, and abiding faithfully thereby, we will not only store our own minds with eminently useful information, but, in addition, become the exemplars of sound doctrine.

FACTS ABOUT POTATOES.

The earliest potato we know of is the Ash-leaved Kidney. It is small, white, and of a very perfect kidney shape, uniform in size and form. In quality it is very good, the best of the very early potatoes. In ordinary seasons this potato will be fit to eat the latter part of June, or beginning of July, and will be entirely ripe by the middle of the latter month, if the soil is not too rich or too moist, when it will keep green a little later. Next to this in earliness is the Early June, a small, white, round potato, skin a little russety, but smooth. There are several varieties called by the same name, but when growing, the true Early June can be distinguished by its glossy leaves, that look as though they had been varnished. In quality this is hardly as good as the Ash-leaved Kidney, but is a little more productive, and is a fair potato for an early variety. Neither of these yields enough to pay for growing by farmers, except for family use, or where they can be sold at a high price,—say a dollar a bushel,—in some neighboring city.

Next to the above, and very good for a succession, is the Mountain June, a large, white potato, yielding well, but not of the best quality, though far from being a bad potato for the season, especially when grown on dry ground. The Buckeye ripens about the same time as Mountain June, and is a large potato, giving an excellent crop. When grown on dry and rather poor ground, it is very good, but on soil that is rather rich, or moist, it grows too large,—becomes hollow, and somewhat watery.

The above four varieties furnish a very good succession, and all that will be necessary, until the late varieties are fit to dig. Indeed, two of them, as the Ash-leaved Kidney and the Mountain June, or the Early June and Buckeye, will answer a very good purpose. The Six-Weeks Potato is a variety that has been grown here to some extent, and is offered for sale at the seed stores. We believe it was brought from the East, and we have seen no evidence that it is a seedling. We planted it last year, but as we did not obtain our seed until some time after our other early varieties were up, we had no opportunity to test its earliness in comparison. It is represented as being earlier than the Mountain June, and from the little experience we had with it, we judge it to be a good yielder, and of fair quality.

Of late potatoes, the Mercer is a great favorite with buyers, especially with those who purchase for the New York market, but it is a most unprofitable variety for the farmer. It is only occasionally, and under the most favorable circumstances, that a fair crop is produced. It is only the fact that they are eagerly sought by buyers, and are a cash article at all times, that induces farmers to plant them.

The Peach Blow is a very good potato, yields well, and is pretty well liked in the eastern markets. It grows until quite late in the season, which is an objection where early frosts are prevalent, and the tubers are so scattered that digging is difficult. When in New York, last February, we noticed that it was quite plenty in the market, and retailing at ten cents per bushel less than Mercers. As a general thing, we think it can be grown at one-half the cost.

The Fluke has many good qualities. It yields well, and when fresh dug from a dry soil, is only a little inferior to the Mexican for baking. We know of no potato, however, that is so easily injured by exposure. Expose it to the light and air for a few days, and it is ruined. This is a great objection with retailers, but need not be for family use, as bins, covered when full, with sod, keep them in excellent condition.

The Prince Albert we once thought was the same as the Fluke, because we obtained seed for the Prince Albert several times, which proved to be nothing but that variety. Last season, however, we obtained the genuine Prince Albert, and they are very unlike the Fluke in growth. The leaves are of a much lighter green, and the haulms longer and lighter colored, more transparent, weaker, and consequently more drooping. The tubers are of about the same form, but grow larger, and have a thicker skin, which is covered with a russet coat. They do not, therefore, suffer as much from exposure. They are more productive than the Fluke, but we think hardly of quite as good quality. Some good judges, however, to whom we have given them, think they are quite as good.

The Davis Seedling is a favorite variety at Boston. Some eight years since the Massachusetts Horticultural Society offered their large gold medal, worth sixty dollars, for the best seedling potato, on condition that the varieties offered for the premium should be given in charge of a committee, who should test them for five years, when the award was to be made. A large number of seedlings were accordingly tested, and at the expiration of the time, some three years since, Davis' Seedling was awarded the prize. Last spring we obtained several bushels from the East, for the purpose of testing them here, and we will give our readers the benefit of our experience. We also wrote to the Secretary of the Society, Eben Wight, Esq., who very kindly gave us the facts in regard to this potato, stating that "after experience has proved the award a just one—Davis' Seedling proves remarkably good as a *late* keeping variety." Hon. Marshall P. Wilder about the same time informed us that it had greatly improved since the award, and from being remarkably good as a late variety, it had got to be excellent at any time.

We planted, about the first of May, pretty soon after the early varieties, about a peck in the garden, so that we could watch them, and were very much surprised to find them so good so early in the season. During the latter part of August and September, they were far superior to any variety in our garden, so dry as to render cooking, without breaking them to pieces, difficult, and they were used in preference to any others, although the tops were perfectly green, and growing. This was something we had not been led to expect from the description. A few weeks after digging the main crop, we found these potatoes were not as good as they were earlier in the season, and we felt somewhat disappointed, but now, and for some time past, they are the best potato we have for boiling. For baking we always grow a few Mexicans, and the best substitute is a good Fluke.

The Davis Seedling is a roundish potato, not very regular in form, and sometimes rather flat. The color is a beautiful bright crimson, somewhat subdued by the cuticle, or thin outside skin. When dug for an early potato, and gently scraped, they are perfectly beautiful. Flesh white, dry, and well flavored. The most productive good potato grown. This is our opinion, from one year's experience. We will try them again. There are so many inferior sorts of about the same form and color, that it is not likely this potato will sell well at once in the New York market, if ever. There is a great prejudice against red potatoes. We cannot, therefore, advise farmers who depend on Eastern dealers, to plant largely. It is not best to rely too much on the experience of one year. We can safely say, however, they are worthy of a trial.

The only varieties now bought here for shipping, are the Purple Mercers, White Mercers, Peach Blows, and Flukes. The latter are bought for shipping West for seed, and the other varieties are sent East. The White Mercer, a poor potato, sells for 5 cents a bushel more than Peach Blows, although far inferior, and the Purple Mercer for 11 cents more. Peach Blows and Flukes are at the same price. The best only brings 36 cents. This price will discourage planting, and next season they will doubtless be higher.

To prevent unnecessary letters of inquiry, we will state that all the varieties named, except the Ash-leaved Kidney, can be obtained in this city. Of this sort we know of none that can be bought. Davis' Seedling and Prince Albert, and true Early June, sell for about $1 per bushel for seed, and Buckeye and Fluke for about 63 cents.

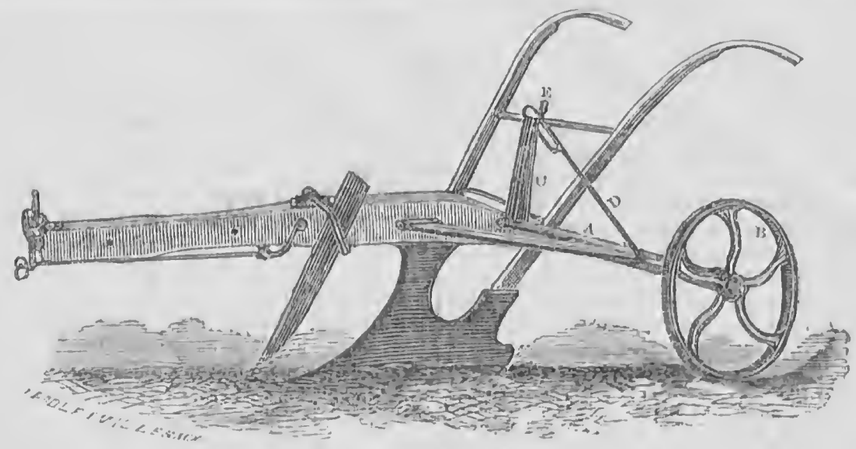
The wholesale prices in New York, on Thursday week, were reported as follows:—Buckeyes, $1 to $1,25 per barrel; Rochester Mercers, $1,75; Peach Blows, $1,12 to $1,31; Western Reds, $1.

CORN CULTURE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As the season is fast approaching in which we are to prepare the soil for growing corn, perhaps a few remarks on this subject may not be out of place in your valuable paper. With your permission, I will now state my method of raising this valuable crop, not only for the grain, but for the stalks, as feed for stock. In the first place, I almost invariably plant on what we call sod ground. My practice is to top-dress the sod in the fall, with well rotted barn-yard manure; that is, as far as it will go.—Here I will state that our practice is to feed our stalks in the yards, and as we do not make much account of straw as feed for stock, we usually keep the yards and stables well littered with it, during the feeding season. Therefore, as the stalks and straw are not sufficiently rotted to apply to the land in the spring, we heap it under the sheds, to prevent it from leaching away its strength through the summer rains, letting it remain there till fall, when it is nicely rotted. We generally heap it after the stock is turned out to grass in the spring. Our first plowing in the spring,—generally as soon as the frost is out and the ground settled,—is to turn under what manure was spread in the fall, letting the remainder of it be until the stable manure is all evenly spread out on what remains unplowed. This is generally done after the spring grain is sowed, and the stock all turned to grass. Here I would say a word in relation to spreading the manure. I think it very important that it be always spread evenly, and not leave half of it where it is dropped from the wagon or cart, as it is impossible to grow an even crop of grain or grass where the manure is not spread evenly over the surface. I am aware that there is much said about deep and shallow plowing for corn. Deep plowing on some soils, for corn, answers a good purpose, and on others, in my opinion, it is not as good as a less depth. I have experimented considerably in preparing ground for corn, and from what experience I have had, I have come to the conclusion that from four to six inches, on our soil, is best for the crop; but for the next crop, which is generally barley, we plow from eight to ten inches, and about the same depth for winter wheat, which we generally sow after the barley, and seed to clover and timothy.

After plowing the ground for corn, we try to select the dryest time we have before planting, to harrow the ground thoroughly, lengthwise the furrows first, and lastly we harrow it cornerwise. The object of dragging cornerwise is to prevent the planters from mistaking the drag-marks for that of the corn-marker, and thereby making the rows crooked. Another advantage is, it does not tear up the green sod as bad as to drag crosswise. We generally plant eight-rowed yellow corn, three and a half feet apart each way, allowing six to eight quarts of seed to the acre, and thin it the last time of hoeing to four or five stalks to the hill. Sometimes the worms, crows, or frost, thin too much; if so, plant in some early variety. Plant in all the missing hills, and it will make excellent fodder, if it does not ripen. We often mix several kinds of corn together at planting, when it is designed for feed for stock. I think you can get a greater yield per acre than to plant but one kind, but it is better, if you are raising it for market, not to mix it.

If there is the least doubt about your seed being good, by all means try it before planting. My way is to count out a certain number of kernels, and after the corn is all shelled and mixed up, plant them between a couple of sods, and lay them in some warm place, and the good seed will soon sprout. If it does not all grow, plant enough more seed to make up for the bad seed. Make the hills plain by a spat with the hoe, after covering; and be sure and cover with good, loose earth, not more than one inch deep. Have the ground marked both ways, and make the rows as straight as possible. As soon as the corn begins to come up, take equal parts of lime, ashes, and plaster, and mix well together, and apply about a tablespoonful to each hill, and



WHITNEY'S PATENT PLOWMAN.

One engraving represents an invention designed to steady and guide the plow, and thus take the place of a *live* plowman. It was patented in March, 1859, by J. M. Whitney, of Bolton, Mass., and has since been introduced and used with much success and satisfaction in various parts of New England. We recently attended a trial of this Plowman, on the farm of Mr. S. B. Grant, near Rochester, and were much pleased with its operation. As we remarked in briefly noticing it, last week, "the contrivance is quite simple, may be easily attached to any plow, and not only guides the plow, but can be so adjusted as to govern the width of the furrow." Several practical farmers and others present at the trial were highly pleased with this really labor-saving invention.

The engraving, with the following description, will give the reader an intelligible idea of the construction and operation of the Plowman:—"A represents an iron bar, two feet long, at right angle with wheel, B, at its end. C is a perpendicular standard, attached to bar, A, by a joint. D, is an adjustable rod, extending from bar, A, near the wheel, B, to the top of standard, C, where it is attached by a lever bolt, E, so as to regulate the width of furrow."

In noticing this improvement the *New England Farmer* says:—"This Plowman, like most good contrivances, is a very simple affair—merely a triangle of cast iron, with a wheel at one point. It is attached to the beam of the plow by bolts or screws, and is not easily broken or put out of place. Hitch it to your motive power, set it in place, and your men, without heads, or at least, heads innocent of much thought, will perform for you a good work. In company with the inventor, we took it to the field and set it in motion. When once in place, and properly adjusted, it kept on its way untouched by any one, and did work that would do credit to the best workmen. Its employment will save the labor of one hand, in many instances, and a saving may be made in a single week sufficient to pay for it. Look at it, and if it seems comely to you, test it."

—Mr. Gilbert C. Robinson is about introducing the Plowman into this and the Western States, and we refer all desiring further information to his advertisement in this paper.

this will enable you to see the rows distinctly.—Then follow immediately with the cultivator, both ways, and by this means you get the start of the weeds,and help forward the growth of the corn materially; and this, we all know, is very essential in our short seasons. If you cover up some of the hills, it will not injure it near as much as when it has made a larger growth, and, on an average, it will be much benefited by a slight covering of loose earth. There is very much lost, in my opinion, by waiting too long for the corn to grow up out of danger of being covered up by the cultivator, as the grass and weeds make a more rapid growth than the corn, especially in wet weather, which is very common at that season of the year.

I consider it of vast importance that we tend our corn well, not only on account of the present crop, but to subdue the ground and fit it for future use, by destroying all the noxious weeds possible. In times past, it was a very common practice to summer fallow our land, and especially if there were any foul weeds to be destroyed, but of late years a summer fallow is rarely seen in this part of our country. Since the wheat midge has made its appearance here, the wheat crop has been considered rather uncertain, and, therefore, the practice of summer fallowing has been almost entirely abandoned in this locality. Now, brother farmers, I would advise that, as near as possible, we summer fallow our corn ground, while the luxuriant growth of corn is waving over the surface. Depend upon it, it will be a paying investment to till our corn ground thoroughly, for if we do not, our land will soon abound with weeds of all descriptions. Let us remember the old maxim, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

I would say a few words in relation to my method of harvesting the corn crop; but, perhaps I am tiring your patience, as I have already written much more than I designed, but I will try and be very brief in the rest of my remarks. I am aware that there has been much said and written on this subject, but we are at liberty to learn all the different ways, and then choose the way that we think best answers our purpose. My way is this:—In the first place, I take some rye straw to bind the shocks with. I commence on four rows, and cut up enough at the roots to make a good sized bundle, and then carry it forward between the two middle rows, to where I want the shock to stand; then stand it up as near perpendicular as possible, between two hills of the standing corn; then reaching with one hand, while holding the bundle with the other, and taking generally about two stalks from each hill of the standing or uncut hills, form a band by crossing them on the opposite side of the bundle from where I stand, bringing them around, and giving them but one twist, as they are apt to break if twisted too much. I then lift up some of the stalks next to me, and simply tuck the twisted tops under them; and the bundle, by being bound to the standing hills, is very firm, as the hills stand bracing on each side. I then go on and cut enough and set up on each side of the bundle to make it as large as desired, and then take a band of straw, and bind the shock as *tightly as possible*. This is very essential, in order that it may stand up until husking time. I prefer cutting the rows north and south, as our hardest winds and storms generally come from the west, and by the shock being braced in that direction, it seldom gets blown down. Some might object to leaving two hills to be cut up on removing the shock, but it is easier to cut the two hills on the outside of the shock, than to cut one on the inside. Then there is an advantage by having two hills mostly on the outside of the shock, as the corn and stalks will dry out sooner and better than to have a hill of green corn bound up in the center.

This way of harvesting may be a little awkward at first, to any one not accustomed to it, but a little practice will enable one to get along with it much faster than any other way that I ever tried. There is another advantage in shocking in this way, especially when the wind blows; the hills standing bracing out at the roots on each side, makes the bundle in a flat shape instead of round, and then by standing the loose corn up on each side, brings it into a round shape, ready to bind.

Dryden, N. Y., 1860. A. B. BENHAM.

TILL WELL AND RAISE MORE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of March 24th we find an article by TYRO:—"Till less and raise more." We would beg leave to slightly change his caption, and say, till *well* and raise more.

It is an indisputable fact that there are many persons bearing the name of *farmers*, who scarcely realize the *bare cost* on the products which they cultivate. On the contrary, there are others who seem to labor no harder, till the same amount of ground, and yet, at the end of the year, a handsome profit is the result. And, as TYRO asks, "why this difference?" It is, "*in doing the work well.*" This is manifestly the cause. But this requires something beside mere physical force. A man may possess the strength of HERCULES, and still be unable to make farming profitable.

We often see farms, in the same locality, of the same size, possessed of like characteristics of soil, but under very different systems of management. But a short distance from our residence we find an example of this kind. The highway is the boundary line between the two farms. On the one side we find regularity of fields,—all as nearly of a size as possible,—the land well drained, fences in perfect order, comfortable sheds and stables for the stock, the grounds around the house tastefully arranged, with both fruit and ornamental trees,—in fact, go where you will, the same order and regularity is to be observed. On the other side, we find no regularity of fields,—"all as large as possible, as it saves fencing,"—the best of the land covered with water,—"it don't pay to drain,"—the barn with scarcely a shed or stable for the stock,—the grounds around the house, as barren of trees as the house is of paint,—all presenting the same cheerless prospect,—nothing to be seen which tells either of taste or progress. The one pursues such a course of management, in the rotation of crops, in the "application of manure," and the culture of his fields, that in every case he finds no difficulty in raising a superior crop. His neighbor wonders,—as he looks across the way and compares the crops in his fields, which have been under the plow for nearly a dozen years, with the luxuriant crops on the other side,—why *his* do not present the same appearance. Says he, "I used to raise just as *large crops* as my neighbor, but for some unaccountable reason, my crops *now* are scarcely *half* as large as his."

And further, we find one,—a reading, thoughtful, observing man, one that thinks before he acts, carefully considers each step he takes,—has a system of management that carries on everything profitably and harmoniously. The other scarcely exercises as much thought as the horse in his stable,—pursues the same course from year to year,—takes no pains to inform himself,—scarcely ever looks inside an agricultural book or journal, and yet wonders at his bad luck.

Here is the secret of "doing the work well." Where a person *understands the business* in which he is engaged, you may expect success, but one that *does not*, is sure to find it an *unprofitable business* in tilling either *ten* or *twenty* acres. Learn to *think* and *observe*, and you will have no cause to "*till less.*" RUSTICUS.

Meadow Brook Homestead, Cayuga Co., 1860.

BEEF-BARRELS FOR PORK-PACKING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As a practical farmer, and a reader of agricultural works, I am highly pleased to see your well-directed efforts to sift truths from notions. It is, no doubt, too true that farmers, as a class, stand in need of enlightenment in their daily practices, as much as any other class of working producers, and I believe no other class of people are more apt to follow their fathers' and mothers' views,—just as they followed in their ancestors' tracks,—than farmers are, without sufficient inquiry into the why and wherefore of things. To sift out truth from error and compare theories, notions, and habits, with the result of practical experience, I conceive to be one of the most laudable objects, and, in fact, the principle object of your valuable publication; and in that way it is capable of doing invaluable service to its readers. Taking this view of the case, permit me to call your attention to an article in a late issue.

In the RURAL of the 10th ult., you quote from the *Homestead*, "OLD FARMER'S" remarks on "Why Pork Shrinks in the Pot." He speaks well on the main question, and tells us well how to raise hogs from the jump to sticking time,—then how to dress them,—when to cut them, and how to salt them,—but in a parenthesis he says, "an old *beef* cask will ruin your pork." Now, as to the truth or falsity of the lunar influence, it is not my purpose to argue, but I protest against "OLD FARMER" promulgating, or endorsing any such granny notion, as that an old beef barrel will spoil pork. He probably adopted that idea because his grandmother said so, just as others do the lunar influence, without investigating for himself or allowing his reason to sift the thing at all. That an old beef barrel often spoils pork, is true, but the same barrel would spoil beef as quickly. It is not because the barrel previously contained *beef*. Not at all. It is because the barrel had contained *spoiled brine*,—and it is of no consequence whether beef or pork brine. The spoiled brine was the damager, and utterly destroys the value of the cask for future preserving uses. It is frequently the case that winter beef is all used out of the barrel, and the barrel neglected until the smell of something unpleasant calls attention to it, and then it is hastily turned out of the cellar and emptied, and, perhaps, washed; but, do what you may, that barrel is sure to spoil whatever meat is put into it afterward, whether beef or pork.

Take a Chicago beef barrel, which contains sweet beef, and you may put pork in it with perfect safety. I mention Chicago beef barrels only because they are generally packed for long keeping, sea voyages, &c. Any other beef barrel, packed on the same principle, would do just the same. If farmers packed their beef with as much salt as Chicago packers generally use, there would be no such thing as spoiled brine, or spoiled casks, *beef or pork*.

I think a moment's reflection would show this clearly to any practical farmer. I do not claim to be a scientific, but a practical farmer, and I do not aspire to be a writer for any paper; but when I see an "OLD FARMER" ably writing down a granny notion, and conspicuously promulgating another (I think as bad, or worse,) by a wholesale denunciation of beef barrels for pork packing, I cannot refrain from giving you my notion, (perhaps another granny's notion, you may think,) and you are at full liberty to pocket it or insert it in the RURAL, as you may judge it deserves.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860. H. DODGE.

BLACK SPANISH FOWLS.—As almost every householder keeps, or should keep, fowls, and as it costs no more to keep good ones than poor ones, it is an important question what breeds are most profitable. I have tried Shanghai, Java, Poland, Game, Cochin China, and, finally, Black Spanish; and am decidedly in favor of the latter. They are large, hardy, and handsome; good layers, and are very seldom inclined to set. I have two hens which have laid almost incessantly for eight months. Since the first of January they have missed only one day. I should like to hear a little more about poultry in the RURAL. Wont some of your readers, who are posted, give us a statement of their experiments with different kinds of fowls, and the relative profits of hens, geese, ducks, turkeys, &c.—T. W. TAYLOR, *North White Creek, N. Y.*, 1860.

VALUE OF STRAW.—Last summer I was obliged to cut my oats very green, on account of the grasshoppers. From eight acres, (only three hundred bushels,) I kept eighteen head of cattle two months on the straw alone, without a kernel of grain, and kept them well, too. The oats weighed 31½ pounds to the bushel.—HENRY S. BURT, *Norway, N. Y.*, 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Pressing Cheese—Heavy or Light?

WE make an extract from a communication to the *Ohio Farmer* on this subject, by J. D. HOLMES, of Newark, in that State, in which he says:

"I have had large opportunities to witness the results of the various modes of pressing cheese, and have seldom seen presses that were suitable for their work. It requires a pressure of full ten tons (20,000 lbs.) to a twenty-two or twenty-four inch cheese, at the last part of the process; and when the pressure is rightly applied,—that is, graduated by a steady increase from fifty to ten thousand pounds during the first twelve hours, and afterward increased to twenty or thirty thousand pounds,—the cheese will be found to *cure* in one-fourth of the time and with one-fourth the handling that is necessary when but a few hundred pounds of pressure are applied, leaving the whey to be dried out, or to *leak* out, as is frequently the case,—the cheese thus treated being of a porous or honeycomb texture, strong and sometimes sour from the fermenting whey before it leaves the cheese.

It may be adopted for a rule among cheesemakers, that they *cannot press their cheese too much* while the hoop and cheese-cloth remain around it, and the pressure is gradually increased.

Cheese, when thoroughly pressed, will not shrink much,—are not very liable to crack, or to be affected with skippers; while the rind is thinner and more palatable than when the whey is dried out instead of being pressed out."

Splitting Boulders.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* gives the following mode of splitting boulders. The plan is doubtless familiar to many of our readers:

First, clean away around the stone you wish to split, that it may rest only on the under side. Then build a fire over the center of the stone from the earth on one side, and to the earth on the other, about one foot in width, and keep it so confined by green sticks of wood or loose stones or sods, whichever is most convenient. Let the first fire burn entirely out. Then take your crowbar and take off the scale, which will easily separate from the rock. Then build the second fire as before, and keep it well supplied with good dry wood, (a free but not a fierce wind the best time;) near the evening the heat has, I think, the most powerful effect. When the fire is well a-going, you will, to your astonishment, hear a peculiar small noise in the rock, and then the fissure in the rock is commenced; the fire is to be continued until the rock is easily separated by a wedge or a bar. I broke a rock to pieces in this manner, with a few refuse rails and a small amount of maple wood, that made five pieces so large that it took two yoke of oxen to roll them from the center to the side of the road, and three stone-boat loads of smaller pieces.

Oil Cake for Cows.

A COTEMPORARY says:—Mr. Elijah Wood, Jr., of Concord, Mass., who keeps seventy cows, considers oil cake one of the best articles of food for them, even at $35 per ton, its present price. Of so much importance does he regard it, that he would sell corn at a dollar a bushel, and purchase cake, to some extent, for cow feed. He finds the cake of great utility in seasoning, and imparting a relish to coarse fodder—as hay, straw, &c. The fodder being cut and thrown into a large trough, it is moistened, and the ground cake mixed through it. After standing a few hours, the odor of the cake is found to have penetrated the entire mass, and the cattle eat it with avidity. Mr. Wood finds that no objectionable quality is imparted to the milk by feeding two quarts of the ground cake to each cow daily.

Applying Manure to Corn.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *N. E. Farmer*, who uses manure from a barn cellar, without any admixture of straw, thus gives his method of applying it to sward land for corn. He spreads it in spring upon ground plowed the previous fall, at the rate of fifteen to eighteen cords per acre, and then gives it a thorough harrowing, so as to mix it with the surface soil. Then, just before planting, he plows the ground to a depth of from three to five inches, harrows it, and plants the corn. In this way he has raised, on an average, from sixty to seventy bushels of corn per acre.

Lice on Fowls.

THE *Field and Fireside* gives the following remedy from a correspondent. He had tried everything he could hear of, with indifferent success, and was about despairing, when he heard accidentally, that clay would not harbor them as a sandy soil. He says:—"I soon had my poultry houses dug down three or four feet, filled up with clay, a layer of beaten brick on the surface, and the partitions of the nest made of brick. This is two years ago, since which time I have neither seen, felt, or heard, of the insects, and therefore think I have got entirely rid of them."

Treatment of Young Horses.

A WRITER in the *Michigan Farmer*, who has given considerable attention to the subject, thinks that fattening up colts for exhibition at fairs, ruins many very promising ones for life. He would never put a blanket upon them until they begin to work, or better shelter than a warm shed, with a yard by themselves, and plenty to eat and drink. So treated, they will make durable horses.

LIGHTNING RODS.—As there seems to be a little discussion in the RURAL with reference to the utility of lightning rods, I would say that I think it is poor economy to put them up in this section of country. I have lived in this place over thirty years, and I cannot recollect of one house being struck by lightning. Had I one-half the money that has been expended for lightning rods, I could pay all damage done by houses being burned, and have a large amount left. I would recommend them on barns, for when they are filled with hay and grain, there is a gas arising from it which draws lightning.—A. WILLSON, *Marcellus, N. Y.*, 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

CULTURE OF BROOM CORN ON THE PRAIRIES.—Being a subscriber of the RURAL, I would like to have some information with regard to the culture of broom corn on the Western Prairies of Illinois. How thick ought it to stand on the ground, and how much seed does it take to the acre? Will some of the Western RURAL-ists please inform me through its columns?—J. W. O., *Maroa, Ill.*, 1860.

WHAT AILED THE CALVES?—Last summer my calves were taken with a cough, one after another, just as though it was contagious. I lost three. Those that began coughing first, died first. They did not lose their appetite in the least after the began to cough,—if anything, they eat more,—but would begin to look hollow and grow poor, and ate hearty when they could not stand alone. Two others were taken quite late in the fall, and are alive yet,—have coughed all winter, and one of them is not as large now as it was at four months old. I have a cow, also, that has had a hacking cough all winter. If any one can give me any light on the subject, it will be thankfully received.—H. S. B., *Norway, Her. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

SALT FOR KILLING WEEDS IN ONION BEDS—(O. H. L., *Hindsburgh, N. Y.*)—You cannot depend on salt for killing weeds in onion beds. Enough to kill the weeds will destroy the crop. The hoe and fingers must do the work.

TIMOTHY WITH HUNGARIAN GRASS—(I. C. M., *Holly, Mich.*)—We do not think it would answer to sow Timothy with Hungarian grass. The first of June, as you propose, would be too late; and if you had a good crop of Hungarian, we thing the Timothy would be scarce.

GARNET CHILI POTATO—(T. H. W., *Vienna, N. Y.*)—The Garnet Chili is one of Mr GOODRICH'S seedlings. We grew it for the first time last year, and consider it a good and productive potato. Don't know where seed can be obtained, but we presume of CHAUNCEY GOODRICH, of Utica.

SALT AS A MANURE—(J. M., *Eglinton, C. W.*)—Salt has been used for manurial purposes with success, but we need more and careful experiments before we feel prepared to recommend farmers to purchase salt by the barrel in large quantities to apply to land. Those who live near salt works can obtain the refuse at very little cost. Some of our best nurserymen and fruit culturists apply salt to their orchards every spring, and claim that it destroys insects, and also acts as an efficient manure. Those who have had experience will please furnish us with the facts.

BEST DISTANCE FOR POTATOES—(S. R., *Orleans Co., N. Y.*)—Potatoes are planted too far apart to suit our notion, where the object is to raise a large crop on a small piece of ground. Three feet or three feet and a half each way, as some plant, we think, will never give a maximum crop, and is much further than necessary, unless the tops are very large. Those with rather small haulms, and these are the best to plant, other things being equal, will do well, and give a large crop, if the ground is right, when planted in rows, with one good strong set, not less than one-third or half of a potato, eighteen inches apart in the rows, and the rows thirty inches apart. At this distance, they can, with care, be cultivated one way.

GROWING ONIONS—(W. H. S., *Eddytown, N. Y., and others.*)—The common red and yellow are both grown in this section. The White, or Silver-skinned, is an excellent variety for the garden, and sells higher than other varieties, but is not much grown by farmers in this section. Top onions are not grown for a main crop. They cost about $2 per bushel, and at four inches apart in the rows, and the rows one foot apart, it would take about fifteen bushels to the acre. Sheep and hog manure are excellent for onions, but no fresh stable manure should be used, as it produces such abundance of weeds. We would not plant onions on a fresh sod. The weeding, under such circumstances, would be intolerable. A good, mellow, clean soil, should be selected for growing onions.

A HARD SOIL.—I gain much information by the Inquiries and Answers in your valuable paper, but don't find any that quite meets my present wants. I am a mechanic, and have just purchased what some would call a worn-out pasture. Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me the cheapest and best way to bring it into cultivation, as barn-yard manure is not got easily here? Some two acres are so thickly covered with flint stone as to render cultivation very difficult. Will it pay better to set it out to an orchard, or to leave it in a pasture? It was covered with timber four years ago. The trees will have to be cultivated with a pick and shovel.—C. F. N., *Lee, Mass.*, 1860.

WE leave the above for the consideration of some of our readers in Massachusetts. We have never been blessed with so hard a soil.

MIXING OF VARIETIES.—Being a subscriber to the RURAL, I venture to inquire of you, or some of your correspondents, what kinds of seeds will "mix," and how far should they be planted apart? When I planted citrons and watermelons, side by side, I could hardly tell what I did raise. I know they were not very good "raw." So with squashes and pumpkins, I have known several men mix them together through the corn-field. Have done so myself. Have generally planted different kinds of muskmelons, side by side, being careful not to mix them in the hill. Have planted three kinds kinds of pop corn, and several other varieties of corn, being careful to put them from five to twenty rods apart. But they would mix, and none of it "pop." The result of all is, I have "run out," and have no particular kind of anything, except potatoes; they have not mixed yet. My neighbors are all in the same "fix." Do tell what we can do.—W. W. P., *Princeton, Min.*, 1860.

EVERY kind of plant that bears seed, of which there are different varieties, will mix. Potatoes do not mix, because we do not use the seed, but part of the old plant—the tuber. But if we raise potatoes from the seed, they will be found "mixed." We raise grapes, or currants, from cuttings, and apple trees by grafting and budding, and the fruit is like that from which we obtained the cuttings, or scions. But if we grow plants from the seed of the grapes, or currants, or apples, the result will be something entirely different, showing a bad "mixture." Just how far seed must be planted from other varieties to prevent mixture, no one can say, but all the care we can possibly give, is necessary to grow pure seed.

"BUTCHER BIRD."—The bird spoken of by your Illinois correspondent, is rare, I think, in this latitude, having never seen but one in this State. He remained on the farm, and immediate neighborhood, during the past winter. His time seemed wholly occupied in catching mice. When the men began husking the shocked corn, he would perch upon a neighboring tree and watch for his prey. As soon as a mouse started from the shock, this mouser pounced upon it, and was off to some old stump or shock, where he deposited his prize, and returned to his station. Within ten minutes, I saw him secure four mice. His observatory was about twenty rods distant. Not a mouse escaped his searching eye, and but few evaded his deadly pounce. He seemed regardless of our presence, coming within two feet of us. I have seen great numbers of this species on the head waters of the Mississippi, and as far north as Pembina. It is known there as the "Canada Jay." On the shores of Lake Superior, he was a daily visitor to our camp, and seemed particularly fond of Porcupine. He is known among the Indians and Voyageurs as the "Meat Hawk." In the forests of Maine, he is called the "Moose Bird," as he follows this animal in all its roamings. This bird is shaped somewhat like the Cat Bird. A light lead color on the back; gray upon the breats; and a few white feathers in the tail. Has a black stripe on each side of the head. Is as quick in motion as the Brown Thrasher. Perhaps some of our young ornithologists can give us the name of this interesting fellow.—I. F., *Locust Hill Farm, Ind.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

WESTERN N. Y. AG'L ASSOCIATION.—The Act to incorporate the *Western New York Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association* has passed both branches of the Legislature, and only awaits the approval of the Governor to become a law. We are unable to publish the bill in this number. It provides that there shall not be less than thirteen Directors, that the capital stock be $50,000 to $150,000, and divided into shares of $10 each. The Association may purchase not to exceed 150 acres of land, and improve the same for holding Fairs, &c. The bill names the first Board of Directors, as follows: Benjamin M. Baker, David R. Barton, Patrick Barry, Samuel Miller, Wm. A. Reynolds, Daniel D. T. Moore, and John H. Martindale, of Rochester; Elias B. Holmes, of Brockport; Isaac H. Sutherland, of Pittsford; W. S. Clark, of Victor, Ontario Co.; James S. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, Livingston Co; Volney A. Acer, of Orleans Co.; Washington Hunt, of Niagara Co.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.—Having frequent calls for Agricultural Books, we have concluded to keep an assortment at the RURAL OFFICE, in order to accommodate subscribers and others. With this view we have recently procured quite a stock of books on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., and can now furnish almost every work treating upon any branch of Rural Affairs named in the catalogues of American publishers. A list of about one hundred different works is given in our advertising department, any one of which we will send, *post paid*, on receipt of the price named, (the same charged by the publishers.) We have no expectation of making this branch of our business profitable, but if we can be the medium of placing standard and popular books in the hands of our readers, near and distant, our object will be accomplished.

THE AGRICULTURAL CAULDRON AND STEAMER, recently patented and now being introduced to the public by D. R. PRINDLE, of Bethany, Genesee county, N. Y., is conceded by those who have witnessed its operation to be a very valuable invention. A public trial of the Steamer was made in this city, a few days ago, which resulted quite satisfactorily,—fully demonstrating that it would perform in a speedy and perfect manner, the important processes claimed by the inventor,—as will be seen by reference to the certificate accompanying an advertisement given in this paper. It is indeed a most complete apparatus for cooking food for stock, and such an one as has long been needed. The Steamer is also adapted to a variety of other purposes, such as heating milk for the dairy, steaming timber, kiln-drying lumber, warming buildings, green houses or baths, melting tallow and lard, making soap or sugar, heating liquid for tanners, &c. We commend it to the attention of farmers and others interested.

"EGYPTIAN CORN" has been advertised in the RURAL for some weeks past, and also in other agricultural journals, by Mr. CHANDAL of Illinois. It may be proper to state that we have no personal knowledge of this corn, having never seen a sample or any testimony in its favor (except such as is given in Mr. C.'s advertisement.) Nor had we seen anything questioning its value, until we received the last number of the *Prairie Farmer*, in which the corn is also advertised. The *Farmer* says it has received a communication from JOHN BOYNTON, of McConnell's Grove, Ill., embracing his experience with this corn, and quotes therefrom. Mr. B says he saw a similar advertisement from Mr. C. last spring, was induced to send a dollar for a package of the wonderful article, and received 121 grains of "little, poor, insignificant corn, having the appearance of the most worthless variety." The corn was planted in the garden, well cultivated, had a great many sets for ears, and the stalks grew from three to four feet high. Only fourteen ears matured—"one of which is so shriveled that it is not possible for a single kernel of it to grow. The others vary in length from three and a half to six inches, and are at the largest end a little larger than a man's thumb, and tapering to a point. The corn is very late and is much shrunken. The whole fourteen ears weigh just *twelve ounces!* Half of the ears are a dark red, and the others are a yellowish white."

USEFUL TABLE.—Counting plants one foot apart each way, we shall have forty-three thousand five hundred and sixty upon an acre, because an acre contains that number of superficial feet. Take the figure in the first column of the following table as the distance apart, and an acre will contain the number of plants in the second column:

1½ feet	19,360	12 feet	302
2 feet	10,890	15 feet	198
2½ feet	6,969	18 feet	134
3 feet	4,880	20 feet	108
3½ feet	3,530	23 feet	90
4 feet	2,722	25 feet	69
5 feet	1,742	30 feet	48
6 feet	1,200	35 feet	35
8 feet	680	40 feet	27
10 feet	435	45 feet	21

GOOD ADVICE, NORTH OR SOUTH.—A writer in one of our Southern exchanges—*Dr. Cloud's Rural Magazine*—closes an article with these truthful admonitory suggestions:—"So the secret of successful farming may be summed up in a nut-shell. Plant good seed in good order, and at the proper time. Plant no more than can be cultivated well. Suffer none of the crop to waste after being made. Detract nothing from your farm, but add to it. Make your meat and bread at least at home, and it will work well nine times in ten to make or have money before it is bargained or promised for property. Cash will command better trades, and free you from throwing your crop on the market at an unfavorable time, to meet a due debt."

"THE COMPREHENSIVE FARM RECORD, Arranged for twenty-five Years, with Directions for its Use," is the title of a new work by FRANKLIN B. HOUGH, Sup't of the N. Y. State Census of 1855, and just issued by C. M. SAXTON, BARKER & CO. A glance at its contents and arrangement, assures us that this work will prove a long-sought desideratum. It is admirably arranged for preserving, in systematic form, a record of all important operations on a farm. We shall recur to it again, after a more thorough examination,—yet are confident, from what we have observed in a few minutes, that the work will prove valuable. It is sold in Rochester by ADAMS & DABNEY.

HON. BENJ. V. FRENCH, widely known as an ardent friend and promoter of improvement in agriculture and horticulture, died at his residence in Dorchester, Mass., on the 10th inst., aged 68. For the past twenty years Mr. F. has devoted himself to the various branches of agricultural science, and his experimental farm attained much celebrity. He is said to have been a gentleman in the best meaning of the term, a good citizen, and a most valuable member of society.

THE ARTISAN.—This is a handsome quarto weekly, devoted to Science, Art, Discovery, Invention, &c., and published by the "American Patent Company," Cincinnati, Ohio, at $1.50 per annum. Each number contains Reports of Patents issued, illustrations and descriptions of new inventions, a "Field and Garden" department, &c. It has reached Vol. III, No. 15, and, judging from its appearance and contents, merits a successful career.

ARE your teams and implements ready for the various labors of the season? If not, "delays are dangerous."

HORTICULTURAL.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

This is a very busy month with the gardener. Success depends in a great measure upon getting a good start in the spring. Our readers will not therefore have time to read long articles on the culture of any particular vegetable. All that is needed is a few hints to refreshen the memory, so that nothing may be forgotten. *Asparagus and Rhubarb* beds should now be put in order. *Cabbage* and *Cauliflower* seeds should be sown in a warm and sheltered position. *Carrots* for table use do best sown early—the Early Short-horn is the best variety for culinary purposes. *Beets* should be sown the first of May for an early crop. *Spinach* sow at once, and continue to sow a little every two or three weeks for constant use. *Lettuce*, if not already in the ground, sow at once. *Peas* should be in the ground as early as possible, as frost will not injure them. Sow a quart or so occasionally to keep good the supply for the table. Have the brush in readiness for sticking, as well as the poles for beans. Plant *Early Potatoes* as soon as you can get the ground ready. Everybody should have good early potatoes on the table by the Fourth of July.

About the last of this month *Radishes* may be sown, and earlier if the weather and soil is favorable. Radishes always do well on new ground, and farmers should take advantage of the fact, as they generally have some virgin soil that could be used for the purpose.

SELECT ORNAMENTAL TREES IN WINTER.

In choosing fruit trees, we pay attention principally to the quality of the fruit they are expected to yield, its time of ripening, its keeping qualities, the age at which the trees come into bearing, their hardiness, their exemption from disease, and other points relating to their utility; the beauty of the trees, though by no means a matter of indifference, is yet the last consideration. No one thinks of sacrificing any want of size, flavor, texture, productiveness, or other excellence of fruit, or any substantial quality of tree, to a fanciful growth of branches or gracefulness and profusion of foliage.

But, when we come to select trees solely for shade and ornament, our sense of the beautiful may be indulged to any extent; as, also, in choosing vines and shrubs for mere decoration. We are apt, however, in making choice of ornamental trees, to take thought only of their summer beauty, overlooking the important fact that the different varieties of trees which drop their leaves in autumn, are as unlike in their appearance in winter as in summer, many of them even more distinct than when covered with foliage. Thus, for instance, the locust, though a passable summer tree, has comparatively little comeliness to recommend it as a winter ornament when its fallen leaves expose the scarcity of its branches and the loose, spreading, untrim manner of their growth.

Those to whom trees are nothing unless clothed with leaves, will, of course, care to see them only in summer, to decide which are the most desirable kinds for them to plant; but as our deciduous trees are, full half of the year, destitute of foliage, it seems a pity that for so long a period they should cease to be a source of pleasure to us. If they fail to interest us in winter, however, the fault is in our own carelessness and inattention; if trees bare of leaves all seem alike to us, it is because we do not look at them. There is as great a difference between the delicate spray of the hard maple and the coarser twigs of the black walnut, as there is between the finest thread lace and the commonest cotton fabric; and one cannot recognize the attractions a fine specimen of the former presents during the season of frost and snow, without being at a loss to determine whether its summer or its winter beauty is most admirable. If, then, some trees are more ornamental in winter than others, it is certainly wise to choose them at that season of the year.

One needs, also, to observe trees in winter, to learn what varieties birds most select for building their nests in. These cunning little architects hide away their houses so securely under the leaves, that without close search they escape observation till frost and wind have scattered their roofing to the ground. To one accustomed to look for these beautiful little structures, a tree in winter, without a bird's nest, looks comparatively sorry and desolate. It is curious, too, to see how small a tree of some kinds is found large enough to hold a bird's nest, while you may examine scores of certain other varieties, and of all sizes, in search of them, without finding a single one. It may be laid down as a rule, that those trees are handsomest all the year round which birds choose for their summer homes; the beautiful tree wins to itself the beauty of the bird's nest, thus securing an ornament that adds to its own attractions when winter has stripped it of the leafy glory wherewith it protected the dear little house and its inmates in summer.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860. A.

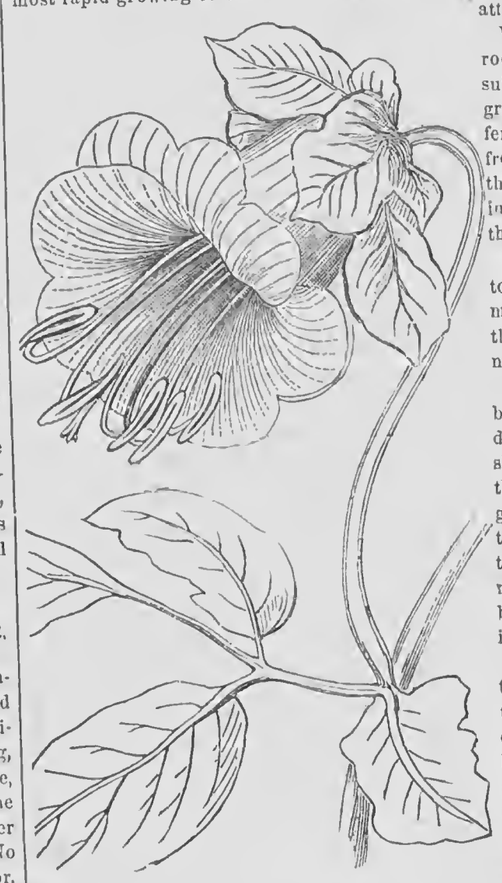
A BEAUTIFUL WINTER ORNAMENT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Last spring I planted in pots a few *Cobea scandens* seeds, and, as usual with these seeds, but few came up and grew. I put one of the plants in a small tub, and by October it had spread over a space of ten feet in the recess where it stood, and was full of blossoms. When frosty nights came on, I took it into the sitting room, first folding the vines about the small lattice frame. When in the room I put into the tub a large frame over the other, and spread the vines out upon it. From the top of this frame, which is eight feet high and four wide at the top, I have trained a part of the vines to the right, under the cornice of a book-case, and the other part of the vines over a door, (which is closed during the winter,) and, turning the corner of the room, over a window, and several feet beyond.

From the several parallel vines, many vines are spreading up and down from them, forming a beautiful festoon. At the tub, the one main stalk is not larger than a pipe-stem, but soon branches into several vines, the united length of which, my husband thinks, would exceed one hundred and twenty feet. Mrs. N. Allen.

Toledo, Ohio, 1860.

The *Climbing Cobea*, which our correspondent found so useful and beautiful as a winter ornament for the sitting-room, is one of the finest and most rapid growing of our summer climbers.



We give our readers an engraving of the flower, made from a drawing we had taken some time since. It is only about one-half the natural size. It is of a beautiful dark purple, and as the plant is a free bloomer, especially where it is favored with a sunny exposure, and continues to produce flowers for a long time, it is one of the most showy and desirable of our summer climbing plants. It secures itself by little tendrils, to a rough wall or trellis, and therefore does not require tying. The first hard frost destroys it. Plants in pots can be obtained of most of the nurserymen and florists, and if put out in the open ground about the first of June, they will cover the side of a small house.

If planted in a tub or box, they can be removed to the house before frost, as was done by our correspondent, when they will make a fine winter decoration.

EVERGREENS.

We know a farmer who resides in this county, has a very comfortable dwelling, fully equal to the average, and perhaps the buildings of but few counties in the State will average better; surrounded with good barns and out-buildings; his farm is cleared up, well fenced, and is productive; he is called a good farmer; and yet, strange as it may appear, not a single evergreen tree is growing about his dwelling.

This farmer is not a cripple, nor is he illiterate; can read and write, and transact ordinary business; takes and reads the newspapers of the day, and therefore is not blind; he is not intemperate, but a moral man, and more, is a member of a church.

He has a wife and children, too, who live with him on this farm, just as any other family live together; all occupy this dwelling, summer and winter; he is sociable, and makes and receives visits; there is nothing strange about him, his wife or children; she is not a slut or a scold, but industrious, intelligent, tidy and sociable, and, in short, a good wife and mother, so that no domestic jars have strangled a manly and commendable desire to make home cheerful, or aroused a baser passion of revenge to render it most dreary, gloomy and forbidding.

He attends church with his family, and sends his children to school; yet, we repeat, strange as it may appear, not a single evergreen tree is growing about his dwelling.

This farmer has some deciduous trees about his house, from which the leaves dropped last October, and since that time, not a green leaf has been seen about him. This man and his family have arisen from their slumbers, and looked out upon a picture where not a green shrub, twig or tree, is seen in the fore or background, to cheer and gladden their souls, but the whole scene is wintry, wintry, indeed.

This has been repeated about one hundred and sixty-five days, and enough more must follow to make up two hundred,—full more than half the year,—before leaves will again appear.

This apparently inhospitable, wintry abode, is not endured alone by this family, for many pass every hour, and this dreary sight is inflicted upon the public without, as well as those within.

What man, woman, or child, possessing the finer feelings of our nature, could pass without a sympathetic sigh and shudder, though conscious it is to be of but a moment's duration? The public have an interest in the general appearance of the country, and the passer-by shares the pleasure imparted by every green and cheerful spot.

This farmer owns that land; he is not a Millerite, who would expect all to be consumed in a few years, but intends to leave it to his family. We know there is nothing in the soil or climate to prevent or discourage the growth of evergreens, for our native varieties are seen flourishing in the vicinity with all the luxuriance and beauty of an Eden.

Now, this farmer we have described, can be found in nearly every neighborhood of every town of all the counties in the State. We not only advise the planting of evergreens in yards about our dwellings, as heretofore practiced by those who have possessed taste and judgment enough to do so, but we are about to advise what may seem radical, and really is, but nevertheless quite practical, as we hope to prove.

We advise planting a row of evergreens that will make trees of the largest class, to serve as a screen or belt, to protect the dwelling and yard about it, and also render the place ornamental, attractive and pleasant.

We will suppose the dwelling is from two to six rods from the road; if from six to ten, it would suit us much better. First, plant a row of evergreens along the street, four or five feet from the fence, on the opposite side from the dwelling; from each end of this row, plant one crossing the highway, and running each side of the dwelling, so as to plant the fourth in the rear, to close the square.

These rows will, really, after they have grown to ten or twenty feet high, make a front yard, no matter how many fences are inside, or what shape they are in, they being low, will comparatively be unobserved.

The width of this yard, or the area between the belt, along the road, must be governed by the depth from the highway to the dwelling, as it should be twice its depth; the distance in rear of the house is not so important, as that would be governed by the situation of other buildings and the make of the ground; and even the make of the ground in front may require a deviation from right angles, or straight lines. This line should be a greater distance from large and high buildings, than small and lower ones.

If White Pine can be procured near by, from ten to twenty feet high, this will be the best material, and will form a screen sooner than any other kind of tree. Trees of this size, with limbs near the ground, can be moved with safety during the winter season. Dig a trench around the tree to be moved, eighteen inches or two feet deep, leaving a ball of earth around it three to four feet in diameter; after letting it stand a few days, until the earth is frozen, pry or draw it over with a team, and let it lie until the bottom is also frozen, then draw it on a sled and place it where it is to stand; fill in about the ball, then build a frame about the trunk to steady it, or drive three or four stakes, fifteen to twenty feet from the trunk, and brace with wire running from the stakes to the body of the tree, two-thirds the distance from the base to the top, similar to braces attached to a tent.

If large White Pines cannot be procured from the forest, then put the ground in good order, and plant Scotch Firs or Norway Spruce; they are rapid growers, and make large trees. White Pines are not suitable for yards, or to plant near dwellings; but for a screen or belt, at a distance from buildings, or for a background, they answer a good purpose.

A second row, planted twenty feet outside of the first, would afford a greater protection from high winds, though, perhaps, would not add much to its appearance. Is it said that farms are often bounded by the center of the highway, and that others may own the land on the opposite side of the road? Then purchase the privilege of the owner. Any person owning land through which a highway runs, not less than three rods wide, has the right to plant and protect trees outside of the highway fence.

We anticipate the first question,—"will this pay?" Imagine such a belt of evergreens thirty feet high, standing around a good farm dwelling; you would think its proprietor insane, should he prize it less than two to five hundred dollars, or to put it in market at a less difference in price.

What a cheerful and cosy place in winter, and delightful retreat in summer. Every passing traveler would really pass through the front yard, and the enjoyment between him and the owner would be mutual. Pope must have been inspired by something similar when he wrote,

"And, what should most excite a mutual flame,
Your rural cares and *pleasures* are the same."

What a capital place this dense evergreen belt would be for birds to rear their young in. The profit and pleasure derived from this alone should not be overlooked.

"In lulling strains the feathered warblers woo."

What more pleasant, cheerful, desirable, and Eden-like, than a house surrounded by these forest songsters, of varied plume and note?

"Their warbling notes from inward cheering flow."

Is it said that no such planting has been done? How long since we talked by lightning, and rode through the country by steam? and why not the rural, as well as the business portion, improve? and why not improve our homes, as well as our highways? E. C. Frost.

Havana, N. Y., 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

Fruits Received.—From J. S. Clark, of Greece, beautiful specimens of the Ladies' Sweeting apple, one of the very first of winter sweet apples, and the very best for the dessert.

Hubbard Squash.—I raised a few of the celebrated Hubbard Squash last season, which I think, for size, will beat anything in the country. I weighed four as follows: 25, 26½, 30, and 35½ pounds each, respectively. Can any of your readers beat it? N. B.—No seeds for sale.—C. C. Cooley, *Manchester, Ohio*, 1860.

Remedy for Striped Bugs.—Take of asafœtida, not particular as to quantity, dissolve in hot water, or high-wines, and when the bug makes its appearance, take a feather and sprinkle a little on the vines. One or two applications will do the job. I have tried it with success. —Alonzo Beaman, *Pickaway, Benton Co., Iowa.*

Inquiries and Answers.

Culture of Asparagus.—As you seem to have a desire "to do good and to communicate," and as everybody expects you are fully competent to tell them all they wish to know about everything, will you be so good as to inform me the best method of cultivating Asparagus.—One who Loves it.

In planting an asparagus bed, it is the better way, if possible, to procure the plants of a nurseryman. Two-year-old plants can be obtained for about two dollars per hundred, and a crop will be grown two years sooner than if the seed was sown. The best variety is the Purple-Top, which is the purplish-looking variety commonly seen in our markets. Some suppose there is a larger variety, resembling this in everything but its size, while others think it is only good cultivation that makes the difference. We have seen that raised from what was called *giant* seed, made very *decerfish* by poor culture. To raise plants from seed it must be sown early in spring, in drills, an inch or so deep, and the rows eighteen inches apart. The best ground for the seed, is a light, rich, loamy soil. As soon as the plants are up, the ground must be well worked.

Asparagus may be grown in almost any soil, if well drained, yet the most suitable is a light, deep, sandy loam. This should be dug deeply, about two feet, and plenty of manure incorporated with the soil. A piece of ground fifteen feet by twenty, will produce enough for almost any family. This should be divided into three beds, four feet wide, leaving an alley 18 inches wide between each bed, and making three beds four feet wide and twenty feet long. Two such beds will be ample for a small family. At this stage it would be well to sow on the beds about half an inch of salt, and rake it in. The Asparagus is naturally a marine plant, and is very fond of salt. Now draw a line lengthwise along one of the beds, nine inches from the edge, and cut a trench on the outside of the line, six inches deep, and in this trench set the plants, nine or ten inches apart, and so deep that when the trench is covered, the crowns of the plants will be about two inches below the surface of the bed. As the plants are put in, draw a little earth over them, so as to secure them in their places. Having finished one row, cover them and rake off evenly, and proceed to make another furrow one foot from the first, and plant as before. This plan will give four rows to the bed. The beds will require no care the first summer, but simply to destroy the weeds, and this must be done carefully, so as not to injure the plants. If salt was sown pretty freely before planting, the weeds will not be troublesome; if not, salt can be sown over the beds any time during the summer. Enough salt to kill every weed will be only a nice relish to the Asparagus. In November cover the beds with three inches of rotted manure. In the spring this may be lightly dug in with a fork, care being had not to go deep enough to injure the crowns.

The second spring, if the cultivator is very anxious for Asparagus, the strongest can be cut, though most gardeners recommend leaving them untouched until the third year. We should not hesitate, however, to cut moderately the second season, if we had no other way to get this delicious vegetable. All the care the beds will require after this, is to cut down the old stalks, pull up the weeds, and cover with manure every fall, which should be forked in in the spring. After the manure is forked in, rake all loose stones, rough manure, &c., into the alleys. Give every season, in the spring, a dressing of salt. An Asparagus bed, if properly treated, will keep in good condition a long time. We have seen them fourteen or fifteen years old, producing bountifully. It should be cut close to the ground, before the head becomes loose, and will generally be about six inches high.

An Unknown Insect on the Pear.—Inclosed please find a section of a Duchess Dwarf, which was set one year ago this spring, with about forty others. They have made a good growth of wood, and look well, with one exception, the cracking of the bark, which is caused by the sting of some insect. On examining one of these cracks, you will find eggs or nits deposited. The question is, will they do any injury to the tree? If so, what can I do to prevent them from doing the injury? Some of the trees are covered with the cracks, from the ground to tip of the limbs. Please answer through the Rural, if worthy of notice.—Peleg I. Hicks, *Bristol, N. Y.*, 1860.

Ever since we have known anything of pear trees, we have noticed the marks of the insect of which our correspondent complains, but not in sufficient numbers to cause any apprehension. A cut seems to be made in the outside bark, about one-sixth of an inch in length.—Small, white, transparent eggs are then deposited in the inside bark. We know nothing of the insect that deposits these eggs. They seem to be laid in the latter part of the summer, and to hatch out in the following spring. We shall endeavor to keep those sent us by our correspondent in a proper condition for hatching, and learn something of their nature and habits.

Soapsuds—Flower Seeds—(C., *Courtland, N. Y.*)—Soapsuds are good manure for almost all trees and shrubs, if used in moderate quantities. Of course, it will not answer to keep the roots constantly soaked in any liquid. We don't know that they injure anything, except, perhaps, cherry trees. We have injured these with wood ashes, and rather think that soapsuds do them no good. The best way to get a package of flower seeds, of a particular variety that you need, is to send a few stamps to some seed dealer, enough to pay for what you want and return postage.

Culture of the Strawberry.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, be good enough to instruct me as to the best mode of cultivating the following varieties of the strawberry? I see by your paper that some descriptions require to be cultivated *in the hill*, and that others succeed best when allowed to run and cover the ground. I wish to learn the best treatment for each, viz.:—Triomphe de Gand, Hooker's Seedling, Wilson's Albany, Pyramidal Chilian, Trollop's Victoria, Jenny's Seedling, Richardson's Cambridge, Jeanning's Seedling, Alpine, Orange Prolific, Brighton Pine, Hovey's Seedling, Genesee.—An Amateur, 1860.

Some varieties will bear to grow crowded, or in a mass, better than others, but our experience is that the best fruit can be obtained from either by giving them good culture and plenty of room, so that each plant may be fully developed. Nor do we think allowing beds to run into masses will give the most quarts to the acre.

Mixed, or Compound Apples.—I would like to know, Mr. Editor, if you, or any of the readers of the Rural, can tell me how the compound apple, or the apple, part sweet and part sour, first originated? I have heard it said that it was done by splitting, and uniting parts of different buds, but this does not appear very consistent to me. Suppose a quarter from each of four different buds were united, and should grow, would not this form a limb of which each quarter would be like that from which that part of the bud was taken? And would not a limb, growing wholly from either quarter of this limb, produce apples like the tree from which that part of the bud was taken?—R. T. F.

The sweet and sour apple was no doubt a freak of nature, in the apple, produced from seed. Our correspondent is correct in his supposition, we think.

The Alpine Strawberry.—Will you inform us of the value of the Alpine Strawberry as a fruit for culture for market purposes, through "our" Rural, and very much oblige—G. H. M., *Buffalo, N. Y.*, 1860.

The Alpine strawberries are too small to be popular as a market fruit, and the picking is slow, and consequently expensive. A large, bright berry, and rather firm, sells the best.

Locust Seeds—*(G. W. Z., New Providence.)*—Locust seeds if old will not germinate, that is if they have been kept dry. Pour hot water upon them and let them stand for five or six hours, then repeat the hot water, and keep them in a warm place for 36 or 48 hours, and all the good seeds will germinate.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

Patent Indian Pudding.—This pudding can be made at any season of the year when milk can be obtained, and requires no eggs, which are not very plenty in the winter. Four bowls or coffee-cups of milk, one of fine Indian meal, is the proportion, which may be increased according to the quantity you wish to make. Grease the kettle you wish to make it in, as it is not so likely to stick and burn. Stir often. Put two bowls of milk on the fire to boil, and stir the meal in the other two, cold. When it boils, pour it in, stir it around, and let it simmer up but not boil. Take from the fire and, when partly cool, add one-half cup molasses, one small teaspoonful salt, one ginger, another spice, cinnamon, or nutmeg, and a few raisins. Bake one and a half or two hours.

Spots on Furniture.—To remove white spots from tables, or other furniture, rub the part with camphor, and it will disappear.

Slate Color on Cotton or Woolen.—Take beech bark, boil it in an iron kettle, skim out the chips after it has boiled sufficiently, then add copperas to set the dye. If you wish it very dark, add more copperas. This is excellent for stockings, as it does not fade.

To Pickle Apples.—Take the Swaar apple, Roxbury Russet, (some prefer the Tolman Sweeting,) steam them until soft, put into a crock, then take vinegar and sugar, with spices, and pour over them hot. Put on enough to cover. If the vinegar is too strong, reduce it, and pickle a peaches, or other fruit.

To Paint Kitchen Floors.—One quart boiling water, one ounce glue. When thoroughly dissolved, stir in paint the color you wish, while warm. It should be the thickness of other paint. Spread it on, and it will dry in a few hours; then go over it with a coat of boiled oil and it is ready for use. A Farmer's Wife.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1860.

PAPERING WHITEWASHED WALLS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing an inquiry from Cora Lee, as to the best method for making wall paper stick on whitewashed walls, I will "tell my experience." Wishing to paper some old walls, I obtained a recipe from an experienced house-finisher, which I used faithfully, but unsuccessfully. Where the coating of whitewash is *very* thick, being the accumulation of years, scraping is the only *sure* method I know of. But I have tried with good success the following:—Apply a solution of common glue to the wall, *hot*. Cannot give a definite receipe, but the solution may be quite thin, and as it grows thick, add more boiling water. The brush should be applied thoroughly (a clean whitewash brush is best,) and the wall must be well saturated with the solution. Apply a day or two before papering.

In papering, mix flour, for the paste, with a weak solution of glue. In this way you can avoid using thick paste, which is very detrimental to the beauty and durability of a papered wall.—B. R., *Grand Blanc, Mich.*, 1860.

Observing an inquiry in a late number of the Rural, in which the inquirer wished to know how to make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, I would say, make a strong brine of salt and water, heat it boiling hot, then take a broom and scrub the wall with it. When dry, put the paper on as you would on a new wall, and it will stick quite as well. Having tried it on a wall that had been whitewashed for years, I know it to be good.—Marietta Walrath, *Sharon, Schoharie Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Seeing in inquiry in your paper from Cora Lee, asking how to make paper stick to a wall that had been whitewashed, with pleasure I hasten to give her the desired information, through your valuable paper, which I peruse every week with much interest. Wash the walls with strong vinegar previous to putting on the paper, and I'll guarantee your paper will stick "closer than a brother."—Cerinthy Ann, *Le Roy, N. Y.*, 1860.

Cerinthy Ann's method is endorsed by H. Beals, of Lamont, Mich., first giving the walls a good, thorough sweeping.

Information Wanted.—Can, or will, some of your patrons, or correspondents, please inform me, through the Rural, what is the best absorbent remedy for the eyes, where absorbents are necessary. Please grant me this request, for in so doing you will perform a great kindness, and oblige —H. Beals, *Lamont, Ottawa Co., Mich.*, 1860.

Bakers' Gingerbread.—One tablespoonful of pulverized alum; one do. salaratus; to this add ½ cup of boiling hot water. Let the mixture cool, then add 2 cups of molasses; ½ cup of butter; a tablespoonful of ginger. Bake quick. This is good.—S. S. Phillips, *Bergen, Gen. Co., N. Y.*

Lemon or Root Beer.—Two or three subscribers have requested me to inquire *if any* of the Rural correspondents have a good recipe for making Lemon or Root Beer. If they have, would confer a favor by publishing them.—G. T. K., *Lyons, N. Y.*, 1860.

Putting up Pickles.—Will some Rural reader please inform me, through its columns, how to put up cucumber pickles in jars, such as are put up in Boston or New York, and sold by family groceries in the West?—Mrs. W. M. H., *Central City, Ill.*, 1860.

Clearing Coffee without Eggs.—When eggs cannot be obtained, boil the coffee in a little bag made of millinet, or any other coarse cloth. It will be as clear as amber.—A. B. C., *Venice, Cayuga Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOPE.

Hope comes on the wings of morning
From a distant clime,
Bearing to the sons of sorrow
Joys and peace sublime.

Brighter days she heralds to them,
Lighter makes their toil,
While no longer, from the future,
Do their hearts recoil.

For as clear and sparkling sunlight,
Is the path they tread,
When o'er trials, all their glory
Hope and love shall shed.

And each wearisome foreboding
Of approaching ill,
Hope dispels, procuring gladness,
By her magic skill.

Hearts dejected, worn and weary,
Deeply sunk in gloom;
Then the fairy gently lures them
From such fearful doom.

And at times she warmly woos them
With sweet words of love,
Raising thus the downcast spirit
To a sphere above

Peace, contentment, joy, and quiet,
Cups replete with mirth,
Bears she to those who, rejoicing,
Welcome her to earth.

And each heart, while warmed and lighted
By her genial rays,
Shall proclaim her glowing beauty
And her winning ways.

Wretched are the homes she scorneth,
Darkly drear, and sad;
Happy are the ones she loveth,
Cheerful homes, and glad.

Ahsaway, R. I., 1860. Rho.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PLAIN TALK TO THE GIRLS.

Young ladies, young women, girls, whoever and wherever you are, allow me to give you a few hints, which, if you will heed, I guarantee you will never regret.

There are certain little articles which belong to every woman's toilet, and are just as indispensable to decency as the clothes you wear, and wherever you go to stay any length of time, you should take them with you just as surely as your shoes and stockings. These are a hair brush, coarse and fine comb, tooth brush, if you use one, needles, pins, thread, scissors, and thimble. If you are visiting, you surely need these conveniences, for you would not be so rude as to expect or ask your friends to furnish them for you. Frequently young ladies have spent a few weeks with me, and I really was not sorry when they left, for they kept my work-basket in such confusion that I did not know where to find anything—my combs and brushes were never where I wanted them, making a great deal of trouble, and not a little vexation. I would just as soon you went to my drawers and took out my collars, pocket-kerchiefs, and clothes, and use and wear them, as to go to my work-basket, disarranging my needle-hook, carrying off every pin, and snarling my thread. You take up any number of needles, never putting them back as you found them, on the leaves, singly, but through all the leaves together, and when I want a certain sized needle, no matter what my haste, I have to sort them before I find what I need; or, if I go to my cushion in a hurry for a pin, not one can I find, and I must take time that I cannot well spare just then, and replenish my pin-cushion; and so it goes, until I get very tired of it, and wonder what sort of a mother these girls had. It is not the cost of a few needles and pins, and a little thread, but the annoyance of having a disorderly person meddle with my things. If you never were taught better, you are excusable; but I am sure you will never need to be reminded again,—not if you reflect a little.

Only once since I kept house, have I had a girl come to do my kitchen work, who bro't with her a single one of the articles I mention, and it annoys me beyond measure to see them go to my toilet, and work-basket, and help themselves as freely as I do myself. You would not think me very squeamish, if I would not like to eat with your fork, and from your plate, after you; yet, I would just as soon do so, as use my combs and brushes after you have them. You never leave them clean,—*such girls never do.* You do not know how rude and impolite it is to do so, and you have no right to ask me to buy you such conveniences, any more than buy you shoes and gloves. The first thing I have to do, when I have a new girl, is to furnish her with these articles, especially with a pair of scissors,—above all things, I dislike you meddling with those. Never go anywhere again to work without your own tools; and, depend upon it, such a course will add very much to your respectability, to the good opinion you covet, and to your own self-respect.

Another thing I wish *could* be impressed on your minds, and that is,—it is not the noisy girls that do the most work. When I hear my dishes whack and clatter together, and a constant rattle about the cook-stove, and see the dust fly in clouds after the broom, I assure you my spirits sink twenty degrees; for I dislike to change girls, and I have either to learn her, or, rather, unlearn her habits, submit to numerous vexations and losses, or dismiss her.

Now, do please to think of these things, and be teachable,—not offended, for I am your true friend, and a far better one than a mistress who will get rid of you without advice, or refrain from giving it, for fear of hurting your feelings, and you will think so when you get older and wiser, if ever you do. A Farmer's Wife.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WITHERED ROSE.

Daily I watched its budding, saw it expand in the sunlight, and loved the tiny blossom that nestled so softly and shyly among the dark leaves, while others, no less beautiful, but less attractive, raised their proud heads triumphantly, regardless of the frail and delicate one beneath them. The dews of evening fell gently upon it, sparkling in the moonlight, and when the morning sun came warm and exhilerating, others shook off the dewy moisture, and smiled; while this, my favorite, still wept. I could reach it from the window where I used to sit all the long, bright summer afternoons, and I sometimes put forth my hand and raised its bowed head; but it was unable to stand erect, and soon returned to its hiding-place. Anon, a passer-by stopped to sever a fragile stem and bear away a treasure, but none noticed this, so quiet and secluded. At noon, when the sun became scorching, others bowed their bright heads, drooping and withered, upon their slender stalks, while this retained its beauty and freshness, and came forth bright and radiant to carry its fragrance into the heart of another day. One glorious evening, as I sat watching the bright rays of the declining sun flashing its flood of amber and crimson over the glowing West, deepening and brightening alternately, then dying away in a sea of purple and gold, the following mournful words burst involuntarily from my lips:

"All that's bright must fade,
The brightest, still the fleetest;
All that's sweet was made
To be lost when sweetest;
Stars that shine and fall,
The flowers that droop in springing,
These, alas! are types of all
To which our hearts are clinging."

At that moment, my eye rested upon the rose bush beneath my window. The little, timid blossom, the only surviving one, was *gone!* The fragile stem had been broken, and some one had borne away the prize. The destroyer had come and ruthlessly severed from its parent stalk, all unheeding its mute appeal, my sweet passion-flower. There was indignant bitterness in my tones as I murmured impetuously, "*cruel, cruel,*" and, with spirits deeply saddened by the scene, sought my room. There, lying upon my table, was the daintiest little bouquet, woven into bright changeful colors by skillful fingers, and tied tastefully with a knot of blue ribbon, to which was attached a piece of paper, on which was written, in a well-known hand, two little words—"For Mary." As I raised it, with tenderness and admiration, I beheld my cherished rose, radiant and beautiful, lifting its bright head upward, and blending its fragrance with the surrounding gems in seeming gratitude and thankfulness for its brief, desolate life, now brightened by congenial associations. Very tenderly I laid the little offering away among the leaves of a book. There it still lies. I often go to it in its silent slumber, for I love the air of perfect simplicity and peace pervading its presence. Its fragrance it still retains, though its beauty and freshness are gone, like some generous deed wafting its holy influence around the soul, after the heart from whence it emanated has grown pulseless and silent. Not merely for the sake of the giver do I cherish it, but for the beautiful lesson of life it carries to the heart. In timid obscurity it bloomed, unheeded by the cold, arrogant, haughty passer-by, yet diffusing gladness around, offering daily some new token of gratitude to the Author of its being. Then ye, who walk along the rough and thorny path of life, mourn not that your lot is lowly. What, though worldly triumph never follows you, or worldly honors crown not your pathway? Who shall say that they who dispense good silently,—who scatter generous deeds all along their walk in life,—shall not, at last, inherit a fairer page in the "Lamb's Book of Life," and walk triumphantly the golden streets of that "upper city," where there will be "*no night?*" Mary A. B.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860.

RAINY DAYS.

"Into each life some rain must fall." Sunshine is very beautiful, and all *young* hearts revel in it; but it is never so lovely as when it wraps the earth in a robe of light, after a period of storms. It is not natural for youth, with its bright hopes and ardent energy, to rejoice in the day which is curtained by a leaden sky, and fringed by the dripping rain. Yet I would plead for a rainy day. It brings with it quiet home-pleasures which should endear it to those whose chosen place is by the fireside. It gives space for thought and reflection,—for looking inward upon our own hearts, which cannot be enjoyed when the flashing light, the sapphire sky, and all the golden glory of a sunny day are dissipating thought, and wooing us to enter the great world without. It brings the members of a family closer together, and unites them by a stronger tie.

The little daughter of a fashionable mother once said to me, on a dark and lowering day:

"I do hope it will rain fast this afternoon."

"Why?"

"Because, if it rains, mother will stay at home with us, and I can get her to dress my doll."

Music never sounds more sweetly than when, between each dying chord, the low patter of the rain upon the roof comes in for an accompaniment. What is more musical than the rain itself? How it dashes over your head, and drifts you along to dreamland, when at night its countless performers take up the songs of the stars! How it taps at your window, calling you to earnest effort in the morning! How sweet the ripple of melody which it stirs in the brook, when the drops from above meet and shake hands with drops that are sleeping below! How soft the lullaby with which it falls into the upturned chalice of the thirsty flowers.

An indiscreet person is like an unsealed letter, which every one may read, but which is seldom worth reading.

ASHES.

BY H. P. ROSS.

I.

Once a letter, full of words
Sweeter than the notes of birds
Warbled in the summer season
On the breezy beechen boughs;
But, alas! that broken vows
Furnish a sufficient reason
For the burning of the record,
Every maid,
Who has loved and been betrayed,
Will avow;
Once a letter—ashes now.

II.

Once a love, that swore to be
Lasting as eternity,
And for which she, in requital,
Gave the love a maiden gives
Unto him for whom she lives;
But, ah me! a sad recital
Would it be to tell how faithless
He has proved
Whom she once so deeply loved;
And how
Died her hopes with his false passion,
Once a flame, but—ashes now.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"FORGETTING THE SUN."

Several years ago, upon a torn scrap of paper which chanced to fall into my possession, I read an anecdote which ran something after this wise: Two students, who were room-mates, arose one morning before the break of day. One sat down to read by the light of a lamp in his room, while the other started out to climb the mountain (which rose to the east of the college,) in order to witness the imposing pageantry of sunrise from its bald and rocky brow. He reached the summit, and watched with artist eye the down-robed pages of the morning, as they unlocked the gates of day and ushered in the golden monarch of the skies. Charmed with the beauty of the scene, he lingered until the last creeping shadow of the vanquished night had disappeared before the "rising sun." Refreshed and invigorated, he returned to his room, there to find his fellow student still reading by the light of his *lamp*, the closed blinds and heavy curtains barring out all traces of that day which had dawned so gloriously without, but which as yet was as though "it were not" to him. Forgetting that the sun was "abroad in the heavens," he was still contenting himself with the feeble light of his puny lamp.

This little sketch, so simple, and yet so suggestive, made a deep impression on my mind, and in the years which have passed since I read it, it has often been recalled to memory.

When I have seen a young lady, with features cast in nature's fairest mold,—with voice of richest melody, and traits of character, which, if rightly directed, would make her a charm and blessing to all around her,—when I have seen such an one content to flutter, a mere moth, around the *lamp* which *fashion* displays, I have thought, with mingled astonishment and regret, "she has forgotten the sun."

When I have seen a young man, while still the pure dews of life's morning hours were resting on his heart, turning from the path of honorable toil and usefulness, opening so invitingly before him, and choosing, instead, the path of idleness and dissipation, lured on to tread that "troubled way" by the false light of worldly pleasure, I have thought, "how is he turning from the blessed sunshine to follow a treacherous lamp which lures the unwary on to ruin, desolation, and death."

When I have seen a man possessed of a competency, a pleasant home, and loving and faithful friends, and yet not content therewith, but turning from them all to kindle the ungodly fires of *ambition* in his heart, I have said, "how strange that he should thus turn from the sun, to follow the flickering light in the hand of fame—a light leading the eager pursuer on through miry and uncertain paths, and expiring in the hand which hoped to grasp it forever."

Alas, in how many ways are we all "forgetting the sun." Could we but be induced to lift the heavy folds which ignorance or folly have twined about us, and

"All the windows of the soul,
Wide open to the sun,"

how charming would be the change within.—Could all the false lights, so constantly luring us to the wrong, be extinguished, there would vanish with them all the dark shadows of sorrow and sin which now disfigure our beautiful world. If we would but unlock the blinds our own hands have bound around our hearts, and let their chilled chambers be warmed by the rays from the sun of Divine Truth and Love, how quickly would the pining blossoms there spring up to a fresher growth, and yield their now latent perfumes to charm the darkest hours of night. The light of truth and love! The only light of earth which fades not *here*,—which will lead those who humbly follow it in that path which groweth "brighter, and brighter, to the perfect day." E. S. T.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1860.

Idleness and Industry.—The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious when, by frivolous visitations, they rob them of their time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars do daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted for the honor of his visit solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself.

It is a poor heart in which Hope cannot find something to feed upon.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ACROSTICS.

A few weeks ago, I saw in the Rural several acrostics on notable persons, conveying, what appeared to me, very false opinions of the true characters of the individuals, and I wrote the following versions in correction. Of course, a farmer cannot say such elegant things as a Miss in raptures, or "a poet much bemused with beer:"

WALTER SCOTT.

Weak, vain, pleasant Walter Scott,
All the charms with which you wrote,
Like the clear liquor of the still,
That and thy works debauch man's will,—
Ever to fond ambition true,
Reckless its course you did pursue.

Scattered abroad thy fictious volumes flow,
Carrying a Tory seed where'er they go;
Of sorry sycophants proud Scotia has a share,
That fawn on Princes, and make Dukes their care,
To gain a title, or t' improve their oatmeal fare.

LAMB.

Leaving the pomp and style of grander things,
All his effusions are sweet homestead springs,
Making the joyous rills which issue forth,
Babble their nature's talk,—these speak thy worth.

SOUTHEY.

Southey am I, who, silly, fond, and young,
Of Joan of Arc, Jack Cade, and black rebellion sung,
Until I found advancement came from Tory songs,—
That great men's fears more grevious were than poor men's wrongs.
Having this great discovery made,—full hard I strove
England should pay me well for my true love—
Yea, and for this, my little genius from my soul I drove.

WORDSWORTH.

Wand'ring in metaphysic mists—'midst aimless rhymes,
O'er nightmare seas,—in sickly learning's climes,
Regarding bulk, not matter. In their songs some lie
Dead as stuffed larks that have no life to fly
Such are the thousands who essay the pen,
Wishing they might be thought prophetic men.
Of such was Wordsworth, prosy, dull, yet good;
Rickety children, though well fed, yet with foul blood,
Thus never grow to proper manhood's length,
Humpy, awry, and angular, without strength.

IRVING.

In men of genius, whose bright fancy pleases,
Reason too often seeth great diseases;
Virtue in them, like wheat in richest ground,
Is shrunk if weeds or moisture shall too much abound.
Nature, in Irving, changed her common plan,
Gave grace and genius, and a model man.

LONGFELLOW.

Low peasants donned the warrior's mail of yore,
Ousted proud kings,—now, may a laborer, hoar,
No poet, a mere farmer, dare to write,
Giving his notion of a popular light?
From an acrostic he has learnt that thon
Even tiltest at slavery! Can that be virtue now,
Living in Massachusetts? On steam cars to ride,
Love comeliness, swim with the people's tide,—
Own weakness and not strength. The test battle field,
Which proves man's courage, batters up his shield!

DICKENS.

Delighted with their dreams, the idle wake
Insatiate with their themes,—then books they rake,
Cherishing, in fancy, pretty virtues,
Kind sentiments, Cinderella shoes,
Evaporating all in easy sighs,
Not of least value underneath the skies,
Such folks should Dickens very highly prize.

MACAULAY.

Macaulay, a gossip, learned, shrewd, acute;
A beau in ink,—th' historian minute;
Candid and just, a good man well inclined,
After the fashion of our titled kind,
Under the cloak of wise induction, why
Left you no hope to British slavery?
And shall mechanics, laborers, all the ignoble horde,
Yearn on for ages—to set you up "My Lord?"

There's your acrostic, and we fain would see
How fares our Thomas in the world "to be!"
What work he does,—if he's a gentleman,
And writeth verses, does new histories plan.
Thou liest with wise men's dust, by laureate bones,
Near Shakspeare's, Milton's monumental stones.
Where goes thy soul? A writing of critiques,
Suggesting sneers 'gainst simple fanatics?
A word from thee would pacify the nations,
On Cromwell's, Charles', James', William's location?
Where's Lewis, or Napoleon, or the Georges?
The spinning cattle?—the automatons of forges?
Cursed is thy silence, thou babbler of intrigues,
Thou ancient ally of indifferent Whigs,
When thou'rt about it, set our minds at rest,
Which way is just to smite a tyrant's breast,
By slaughter of a thousand hecatombs of slaves,
In pitched battles by as many braves?
Then give the wretch a palver and a guard,
A priest, a doctor, and a slobbering bard.
What of the bullet, the dagger, and the rope,
The noble axe, the very vulgar cup?
We wish no revelation of the future made,—
Past truth will be enough for us, dear shade.
One sentence, without metaphor or gloss,
Would save the world its never ending toss,—
One word in answer to one question,—but, alas!
Nor fame, nor lordship, can let thee repass.

TENNYSON.

That wretch is lost when he expires,
Except a venal bard he hires,—
No Tennyson his epitaph shall write,
No laureate inky tears indite.
Yawning for him, is dread oblivion's gulf,
Stretching its mouth, like some huge Arctic wolf,—
Oh! if one has five hundred pounds to give,
Now might he brief space in Tithons precious verses live.

Kay, Macomb Co., Mich., 1860. D. Robertson.

Prim People.—There is a set of people whom I cannot bear—the pinks of fashionable propriety—whose every word is precise, and whose every movement is unexceptionable; but who, though well versed in all the catalogues of polite behavior, have not a particle of soul or cordiality about them. We allow that their manners may be abundantly correct. There may be elegance in every position, not a smile out of place, and not a step that would not bear the measurement of the severest scrutiny. This is all very fine; but what I want is the gayety of social intercourse; the frankness that speaks affability to all, that chases timidity from every bosom, and tells every man in the company to be confident and happy. This is what I conceive to be the virtue of the text, and not the sickening formality of those who walk by rule, and would reduce the whole of human life to a wire-bound system of misery and constraint.—*Dr. Chambers.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HYMNS FOR DEVOTIONAL HOURS.

BY EDWARD ENOWLES.

Why roves my heart so far from God?
Why other things divide my love?
When all my hopes and treasures here
Are laid up, day by day, above.

And what would be the gain to me,
To leave all these for joy that stings,
When past experience but proves
The emptiness of earthly things.

Dear Lord, let every desire
Be only of Thy love to me,
And all the day long let my heart
Be filled with only praise to thee.

Climax, Kal. Co., Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SACRED MOMENTS.

The hallowed hours of another Sabbath are fast departing. Day is just bidding her constant friend "Good night," hoping to greet him early on the morrow with a medley rendered all harmonious because uttered by living nature, as taught by God himself.

But before we close our eyes upon the scenes of this "Holy Day," let us think a little. The rays of the sun are just creeping over to cheer the heart of our western neighbors, and we are left with all the mind-moving influences of twilight stealing over the soul. What an hour for reflection. How many enraptured hearts now beat in unison, as they are "moved by the power" of the Infinite. How many, to-night, may enter upon a "new life" of fellowship with the "Savior of men." To-night, methinks, there may be much "joy in heaven," as the "golden harps" of the redeemed shall confirm the blissful intelligence that some long-buried talent has been taken from the dusty folds of worldliness, and washed in the life-giving fountain of redemption, to be hereafter returned to the "Treasury of Heaven," increased in number, and shining forth in all the brightness of never-fading light. Magnificent temples of worship, the plainest chapels of prayer, or even the loneliest cot of the believer, may *all*, at this hour, receive a visit from the "Holiest of holies." The promised "Comforter" is out upon a mission to-night. How soothingly it whispers the words of acceptance to the humble penitent, or cheers the heart of the dying christian, as, nearing the "cold waters of Death," and longing for an entrance within the "pearly gates of the Celestial City," he receives the assurance that "There shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever."

Hast thou ever thought that a portion of "eternal mind" animates thy frail body? It is even so, and *that* tenant will be rendered better or worse, according to the influence of its "dwelling-place." Thy will makest that influence. It is thy province to polish this everlasting gem, and teach others to "do likewise." Thou hast but a short time for thy work. Of thyself, thou art unable. Thy taste is so perverted that thou mistakest a "bubble of earth" for the "pearl of great price." Look, then, to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," for "He will guide you into all truth." Ruricola.

Gates, N. Y., 1860.

THE OUT-DOOR CHRISTIAN.

The Boston *Transcript* tells us of a "pastor in Oberlin, who was in the habit of picking the large stones from the roads, as he walked, and teaching his flock to do the same." We love that habit of mind—that giving of an airing to the religion of the closet—and we coincide also, in the still further remark on the subject, by our bright little contemporary:

"Give us the man who, in city or suburbs, clears a path, sprinkles sand or ashes on the ice, drains off the standing water in front of his premises, turns out in his sleigh for pedestrians, or keeps to the far side, or middle of the road, to save walkers from the dust; is careful not to compel foot passengers to go into the mud to let his horses have the driest track, and steers clear of curb-stones that people may not be sprinkled by the splashing of hoofs or the rolling of wheels through mud-puddles—give us this man, and you give us a gentleman in the true sense; nay more, a Christian—in little things. Give us the lady—for she will be one, though clothed in six-penny calico—who contracts, and refuses in omnibus or car to spread her crinoline, as if for a picayune she had bought the whole vehicle; who does not allow the half-price darlings to crowd out the adults, takes a jam in the crowd without looking daggers, pleasantly thanks a gentleman for resigning a seat in her behalf, does not bother shopmen with the showing and pricing of goods she does not mean to buy, and who is not above carrying home a small parcel in her own kid gloves—and you give us a lady who understands woman's right to make herself beloved by kind and gentle ways, and to win the respect of all sensible men."

A Scriptural Sum.

Add to your faith, virtue;
And to your virtue, knowledge;
And to knowledge, temperance;
And to temperance, patience;
And to patience, godliness;
And to godliness, brotherly kindness;
And to brotherly kindness, charity.

The Answer:—For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.—2 *Peter i.* 5–8.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER V.

Panama Railroad, its cost of life and treasure — Its freight charges — Within seven degrees of the Equator — Sea gulls and porpoises — The "Golden Age" — Its meat market — "Tres Maries," or three Marys — A picture of a day on the "Golden Age" — Coasting northward.

STEAMER "GOLDEN AGE," Feb. 2, 1860.

THE Isthmus Railroad is one of the stupendous achievements of the age. It is said to have cost the trifling sum of $8,000,000. The rolling stock, and even the ties, were brought from the north. Laborers were imported from Ireland, England, and China, but Death held his Court in their midst, and daily sentenced hundreds to the hospitals and the grave. The deadly miasms, that floated up from the upturned swampy bottoms, and useless whisky, were as fatal as strychnine, and cut down the laborers by thousands. The mortality was such, and so great, that it is believed that there was a life sacrificed for every cross-tie in the road. Some estimate the loss of life greater than this, none less. Laborers from several different nations were tested, and could not endure the climate. At last the Company resorted to the Jamaica negroes, and natives, and through their agency the work was carried forward to its completion. The road is 49 miles in length, and the negroes refer with just pride to their co-operation in the construction of this mighty monument to the industry and spirit of the times. The price charged for one person across the road is $25,00; for one horse, $100; for a cow or bull, some $75, I think; for each sheep, $18,50; and for each pound of baggage (over 50 lbs.) ten cents. For carrying over to the Pacific side the passengers and freight of the *Atlantic* and *North Star* (of the Vanderbilt line,) the Company must have pocketed the snug sum of $30,000,—pretty good for one day's work.

We steamed out of the bay of Panama, on Saturday evening, heading *south* of west, and the weather growing hotter, if possible, until we had reached our southernmost point,—seven degrees of north latitude,—and having cleared the wicked rocks, we began to creep slowly to the northward. Indeed it was not until we reached Acapulco that the "heated term" let up on us in the slightest. For 48 hours the Pacific was as smooth as a mill pond. Off the coast of Guatemala we caught a bit of a gale which reminded us that, although the term *Pacific* is no misnomer, she nevertheless, now and then, becomes excited, pitches into a passion and puts on the airs of her cousin — the boisterous Atlantic.

The Pacific portion of the trip is more fruitful in "events" than the other. The course lies directly up the coast. We are most of the time in sight of land, and sometimes so near that the trees and their verdure are quite refreshing, and you can guess at the condition of things on shore. The Cordilleras greet your vision quite often, and the coast range is faithful in their absence. Not a sail have we seen since out of Panama harbor, but sea gulls follow our wake in great numbers, diving for banana peels and bits of sea biscuit which passengers feed to them. Shoals of porpoises frequently would follow our ship, and amuse themselves by taking advantage of the swollen upturned waves, (caused by the rapid motion of the ship through the water,) leap from their crests several feet into the air, and turning a somersault, plunge again into their native haunts. So great were their numbers, and so rapid their motions, that I was reminded of the ponderous movements of a huge rag wheel in a mammoth saw-mill. It afforded to the passengers a full cup of entertainment.

The *Golden Age* is longer but narrower than the *Atlantic*. She is constructed for the comfort of passengers in a warm climate,—roomy, airy, well lighted and ventilated, and the sleeping apartments of second cabiners, even, are very neat and desirable. Still she would hardly be staunch enough for the Atlantic side, where the storm king more especially reigns. The ship has on board several beeves and swine, also mutton sheep, and poultry in large numbers. With a practical butcher (who is paid $90 per month, and found,) on board, we are treated to the good things of a fresh market daily. The water was always blood warm, and without ice, almost undrinkable. On the Atlantic, ice water was free. On the Pacific, where ice, in large quantities, costs $100 per ton, a charge is always made for it of 25 cents a pound. Milk was a luxury allowed us on the Atlantic, but on the Pacific the cows run dry in the winter season, and we must drink our coffee without this usual accompaniment.

The coast of Guatemala is renowned for its mountain peaks, which lift themselves proudly up toward the sun. These mountains are volcanic, and some of them reveal, at times, their hidden, fiery life. The *Tres Maries*—(three Marys,) as they are called, all but one extinct volcanos, lifting their bald, unclad peaks high over the adjacent land and sea, for nearly a day clung to our starboard side almost as faithful as Orion.

The order of meals is much the same as on the *Atlantic*. The first gong, at 6 o'clock, calls to the first breakfast. Then nurses and children. The fashionable hour of 9 found the *elite* of the passengers sipping their coffee through jeweled fingers. As the long days fell astern, fewer and fewer overslept, and the social morning meal was *the hour* for renewing acquaintances, exchanging salutations, cracking jokes or bandying witticisms. The spread of crinoline is truly wonderful, and the toilets very stunning. Thence till noon, all crowd the bulwarks and the hurricane decks, at their reading, their card playing, or their loafing. At noon comes lunch. The bulletin, posted soon after by the Captain, always brought out the maps. Till dinner, at 4, those who had glasses scanned the coast, others dragged thro' weary novels. After dinner, camo supper; and then a general promenade; the everlasting, omnipresent cards; singing,—sacred and profane,—and to bed. Take this for a pattern day, and judge it as you will.

S. B. R.

LETTER VI.

Storm at Sea — Two Classes unmoved by Fear — A Child Rescued — Origin of Storms on the Gulf of Tehuantepec — Acapulco — Its Harbor — General Alvarez.

STEAMER "GOLDEN AGE," Feb. 7, 1860.

THE unparalleled grandeur and awful sublimity of a storm at sea, who can describe? None but an eye-witness, — nor he, even, unless he possesses the matchless powers of a RAPHAEL, or MURILLO, in delineation. Mark the unfolding process of the drama. The ocean rose, the gathering waves grew large, and broke in hoarse and hollow sounds,—the mighty winds awoke and screamed and whistled through the cordage. Birds flocked to our ship in terror, and sat with quivering plumage on the masts. The sun went out in the heavens, and the skies put on blackness. The evening passed, and hope lay down and slept. Meantime, the ship was tossed, and at length stood poised upon the circling billows. There were deep and watery chasms that yawned around. Ahead, came mountains of moving waters, with a rush and sound of gathering power, that appalled the heart. Hark! She has struck a monster sea, that sends a report and alarm through all the ship. Water is pouring into the second cabin, and sleep gives place to prudent fears. Night caps and sleeping garbs, at the early hour of three A. M., were cast off, for the better adjustment and companionship of life-preservers.

Look with wonder and fear upon an ocean steamer thrusting her bows into the very teeth of a furious storm and gale, and contesting her ground inch by inch, for 24 or 36 hours,—now lifting her prow to the stars, and next moment pitching and diving bottomward, her tall masts constantly describing huge ares on the dark and pending heavens. Listen to the muttering wail and rush of the maddened waves, as they lift themselves mountain high, break in their giddy height and cast themselves down, only to rally and wheel into line, and again set up their cruel chase for spoils and death.

No moon, no stars, a rayless shore, darkness like a pall hanging o'er the ship and all the heavens,—the wind blowing a gale,—the seas ever and anon making a clean sweep over first and even second decks,—the tugging of the engine as it labors to force the ship up her watery heights and glassy steeps,—the strain and creaking of the vessel, as she lies tremblingly poised on the crest of the sea, and rallying her powers to make her everlasting plunge,—the wail of human hearts,—the fright, the panic caused by the carrying away of the bulwarks,—the universal burial of crockery, lamp-shades and glassware, tables and chairs, in the lowest corners and sides of the ship,—all this, and a thousand fold more, united to make up a scene of such awful and thrilling interest as human pen can but faintly and dimly portray.

In crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepec, on the Pacific coast, we had a sad experience of what is dimly ambrotyped above. The *Golden Age* proved herself—under the direction of her gallant and able commander, Captain WATKINS,—competent, however, to ontride the storm, which was pronounced severer and more terrific, excepting one instance, than had been encountered on that *ever-wicked and windy gulf* for many years. Portions of the ship were damaged. The captain's office, the butcher's room, and the wheel-houses, after the storm, were put under repairs.

Two classes of persons suffered scarcely any, — the ninety or one hundred children on board, and the two or three dozen colored waiters, who just believe that Captain WATKINS is almost omnipotent, and unconquerable, in an open contest with the elements. Another class got hopeful enjoyment out of the fuss. I mean a school of sharks, that, at daylight, were seen following the wake of the vessel, as though by instinct they knew she was in trouble, and might, at any hour, go to pieces, and serve out to them a full breakfast of human flesh. Not a death has yet occurred on board, and but one person on the sick list. By periling his own life, the boatswain saved that of a child, on the night of the storm, and deserved and received much praise for the deed.

But whence come the perilous gales that eternally (though not always of the same violence,) sweep across the hated Gulf of Tehuantepec? Shall they be charged to a trait of depravity in the tranquil Pacific? Rather, we are told, must we place the guilt to vile traits in the Atlantic. The distance by land, across from the Gulf of Tehuantepec to the Gulf of Mexico, is only some 300 miles. The land is favorably shaped to compress and conduct the wind currents to the Pacific side. So, over on the Gulf of Mexico, hurricanes are being constantly got up to order, and sent over to raise mutiny and peril, and especially to create more variety, and break in upon the monotony of an otherwise dull and sluggish sea voyage on the Pacific.

Friday morning dawned clear and beautiful, contrasting graciously with the previous day and its preceding night. One universal expression of gratitude crowned all countenances. All day our course was in sight of land, and at twilight we made the harbor of Acapulco, and soon found ourselves locked in that beautiful Mexican port. Its gourd-shell shape permits no ocean view, and seemingly it is walled in on every side by high mountains. The water is deep and clear, and the harbor of sufficient capacity to hold almost half the shipping of the world. It is in the State of Guerrero, now in revolt from the General Government. ALVAREZ, a pure Indian by birth, is at the head, and in command of its troops.

For an Acapulcan dish, your readers must wait for my next.

S. B. R.

LIBERTY will not descend to a people; a people must raise themselves to liberty; it is a blessing that must be earned, before it can be enjoyed.

FARMING IN INDIA.

HINDOO FARM-YARD.

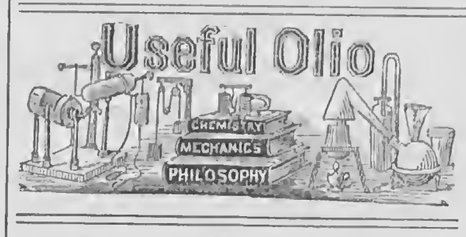
FARMING in India bears but little resemblance to farming in temperate climates. To obtain sufficient water seems to be the great desideratum, as the heat is very great and the rains unfrequent. Provision is therefore made to raise water from wells and rivers for the purpose of irrigation. In other respects, the farming is of the rudest kind.

THE plow used by the Indian farmer is a very simple affair; it is all made of wood, iron being less abundant in that part of the world than in Europe or America. The soil is so extremely fertile and easily managed, that the simplest wooden plow is sufficient to work it, and prepare it for the seed, which, by a very simple contrivance, is dropped into the ground at the same time that the plow opens it. The plow being drawn by two oxen, the plowman follows it, guiding it with one hand, while with the other he pours the seed into the mouth of a tunnel, the nozzle of which passes through the plowshare, just behind its point, and conveys the seed to the freshly opened furrow. This, in our country, would not be called deep plowing. It seems more like the scratching of the soil done by the slaves on our Southern plantations, which so rapidly exhausts its fertility.

The mode of threshing in India is something like that of harrowing with us. It is peformed by bullocks, two or more of which are yoked together, and driven over a quantity of sheaves spread upon the ground, drawing after them a heavy piece of wood. By this means the grain is trodden out quickly. The rice, or corn, is then cleared from the husks by means of large fans, and the straw is laid up in stacks as food for the cattle, hay from grass being but little known in India. This mode of threshing is as old as the time of Moses, who, among the rules he laid down for the proper management of a farm, and the kind treatment of animals, enacted this law—"Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn." The fan is also spoken of in the Bible, as a winnower.

In a climate like that of India, close barns and sheltered farm-yards are not needed. They are open and airy, and rather need the shade of trees, to protect them from the sun, than walls and fences to keep off the cold winds and storms. The soil is so rich and productive that the farms are generally small. The farmer's wealth, as in the days of Job and Abraham, is usually estimated by the number of his cattle, sheep, etc., and not by his acres. He has also many more servants than we employ, labor being cheap, and the expense of clothing and feeding very light. The farm-yards are well arranged, and kept clean and nice. Thatched sheds for the animals, where they may be sheltered from the sun, usually occupy one side, and similarly thatched buildings, somewhat higher and larger, are ranged along the other, for the use of the laborers and the protection of the grain.

INDIAN THRESHING.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ABOUT SPIDERS.

WHO wants to read about spiders? — the nasty things! What if some are disgusting objects, and an annoyance to tidy house-keepers; or, like the Thugs of India, lie in wait to entrap and murder their entangled victims?— or make their tents in the field, like the Arab?—while others, like geometricians, display their radiating and concentric threads, spangled with the early dew, that glistens like pearls in the rays of the morning's early sun, — nay, I must not venture upon the varied traits of interest respecting the diverse habits of this extensive family, the *Araneides* of LATREILLE, not strictly classed among insects, by modern entomologists.

The truth is, we are so accustomed to associate all that is vile and disgusting with the term "spider," that we are far from doing them justice, as a family; yet, "the spider lives in king's palaces," and may read us a lesson, as effectually as that given to King ROBERT, of Bruce, who, after a train of adverse circumstances, was almost in despair, had his energies re-kindled by observing the perseverance of a spider; so that he re-assembled his liege men of Carrick, and by renewed efforts set his beloved Scotland free, with the history of which you are all familiar.

KERBY and SPENCE relate a highly interesting experiment made by BONNER, with a species of *Lycosa*, and the ant-lion. I have witnessed, as any one may, with what assiduous care those spiders that carry their "bag of eggs" with them wherever they go, protect them, rather suffering death than to be deprived of their prospective brood. They cling to it, as miser never clung to his money bags, and when the young brood is hatched, the attachment of the mother is none the less,—she opens the bag for them to come forth, and then the young brood attach themselves in clusters upon her back, head, and legs; and thus she carries them about with her, and feeds them until their first moult, when they are able to provide for themselves.

I witnessed a very interesting fact of this kind, in the summer of 1855. While admiring the roses on a bush, pointed out by a lady, I noticed a very pretty spider, having a body of a pearly whiteness, and rather long, transparent, greenish legs, bearing a single offspring on her back, already well developed, and apparently able to shift for itself. I called the lady's attention to this parental care, and attempted, with a haulm of grass, to remove them for closer inspection; in so doing, they dropped in the garden path, and separated from each other. The mother, without attempting to make her escape, met her young charge midway, which, on the moment of coming sufficiently close, vaulted on her back with the agility of an accomplished *acrobat*. This accomplished, the parent spider was evidently anxious to fly from further interference. I, however, intercepted her escape, and dismounted the little creature repeatedly, who would as often be sought out and allowed to resume its position on the back of the parent spider, which latter seemed to have but one object, the protection and security of her darling offspring, shrinking from no menace to her own safety, until my lady companion, who could no longer see me test the poor creature's paternal care and watchfulness, cried shame upon me for my cruel sport, and bade me leave the poor thing to go in peace with its precious burden—actually sympathizing with what before she termed a "nasty thing,"—a spider.

Lancaster, Pa., 1860. JACOB STAUFFER.

WHERE DO SEA-BIRDS SLAKE THEIR THIRST?—The question is often asked, where do sea-birds obtain fresh water to slake their thirst? but we have never seen it satisfactorily answered till a few days ago. An old skipper with whom we were conversing on the subject, said that he had frequently seen these birds at sea, far from any land that could furnish them water, hovering around and under a storm cloud, clattering like ducks on a hot day at a pond, and drinking in the drops of rain as they fell. They will smell a rain squall a hundred miles, or even further off, and scud for it with almost inconceivable swiftness. How long sea-birds can exist without water, is only a matter of conjecture, but probably their powers of enduring thirst are increased by habit, and possibly they go without for many days, if not for several weeks.—*California Spirit of the Times.*

ROBIN RED-BREAST'S LOVE FOR MANKIND.—It is a curious fact that the love of our race is so innate in the robin, as to render him unhappy in any other society, — excepting only in the breeding season, when all birds are naturally shy and suspicious for the welfare of their offspring. Go into any wood, walk down any shady lane, enter any cemetery, seat yourself in any country church yard, or perch yourself on any rural stile,—within a few moments you will assuredly have a robin beside you, and he will assuredly introduce himself with a song. It is in vain for you to say "Nay." He fairly fascinates you; he woos your heart and wins it. How many of my successes in winning human hearts are attributable to the hints afforded me by this ingenious, bold, open-hearted, all-conquering bird!—*Kidd on the Robin.*

WHY I AM A FARMER.

IT is quite natural for boys to follow the pursuits of their fathers before them. My father was a farmer, that is, he

"Plowed and sowed,
Reaped and mowed,"

and went through the usual formula, from spring to autumn, and from autumn to spring again, all with but little return, for his hard toil through

"Summer's heat or winter's cold,"

more than a bare subsistance for the little family that Providence had made dependent upon his exertions.

While yet a boy, it was often a wonderment that a royal road to wealth, through the ordinary channels of agricultural pursuits, had not been opened to the vast multitude who were striving with "might and main" to lay up for a "rainy day," or secure a competency for the decline of life? Why the wheat that was sown in the sunshine or rain, upon the dry sand or in mud, should not always reward the husbandman with a "sixty, or a hundred fold;" or the ground that had been used for the same crop, from time immemorial, should fail to groan beneath its well-eared shocks of yellow corn; and why potatoes should so often be "so small and few in the hill," when the most diminutive had always been selected for planting, were mysteries unsolved. And why the fruit trees that had been set in the old meadow and pasture, in small holes, just sufficient to receive the mutilated roots, should not "bud and blossom as the rose," and bend their branches to mother earth beneath the weight of golden treasure, was also a mystery; and in my heart I resolved at some distant day to know the cause, and in due time try my skill in bringing out the latent powers of earth and air to minister to my wants and afford food and raiment, as the reward for the sweat of the brow.

I had not failed to observe that there was quite a difference in the apparent success of the several farmers in the immediate neighborhood in which I lived; for while some still continued to "live where their father's had lived," and had a fair prospect of "dying where they died,"—sheltered by the same old roof,—others showed signs of thrift, and their broad fields smiled with plentiful harvests, their old houses and barns giving place to new ones, of beautiful and symmetrical proportions, with evidence of comfort and convenience. This latter class was known as "book men and book farmers," "farmers by rule," and other names of similar import. I resolved to be a "book farmer," and through successive years strove to prepare myself, intellectually, to become one of "earth's noblemen"—a tiller of the soil.

When freed from classic halls, my first object was to secure the means required to make myself the owner of a small portion of the patrimony given to Adam and his progeny. Fancying myself prepared to cultivate the mind rather than the soil, for about a quarter of a century have I devoted my best energies to "teach the young idea how to shoot," and to prove the truth, intellectually as well as physically, of the maxim, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," hoping at last to be able to sit down "under my own vine and fig tree," and eat of the fruits of my own hands' planting, and gather whither I had sowed.

To the more sure accomplishment of my object, theoretical agriculture has been a constant study; now and then a bit of practice has been indulged in as a recreation from sedative life. I have secured the desired amount of patrimony, "one hundred broad acres," and being fully convinced that agriculture is the true basis of wealth and happiness,—agriculture, pursued scientifically and systematically, aided by books and journals,—now as the hoary locks of years are gathered about my brow, I turn to the study of nature, scientifically and practically, through her holding converse with Nature's God, as the source of daily comfort and the supply of all my needed wants. This is why I am a farmer,— and as many *Young Ruralists* have told why they wish to be farmers, I thought my experience and reflections might be of some benefit.

X. Y. Z.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.

THOSE who fail in life are very apt to assume the tone of injured innocence, and conclude too hastily that everybody excepting themselves has had a hand in their personal misfortunes. A literary man lately published a book, in which he described his numerous failures in business, naively admitting, at the same time, that he was ignorant of the multiplication table, probably because he would not take the trouble to learn it. But, instead of attributing his failures to himself, this eminent man sat down deliberately to cast all the blame upon the money-worshipping spirit of the age. Lamartine also did not hesitate to profess his profound contempt for arithmetic; but, had it been less, probably we should not have witnessed the unseemly spectacle of the admirers of that distinguished personage engaged in collecting subscriptions for his support in his old age.

There is a Russian proverb which says that Misfortune is next door to Stupidity; and it will generally be found that men who are constantly lamenting their ill-luck, are only reaping the consequences of their own neglect, mismanagement, improvidence, or want of application. Dr. Johnson, who came up to London with a single guinea in his pocket, and who once accurately described himself in his signature to a letter addressed to a noble lord, as *Impransus*, or dinnerless, has honestly said, "All the complaints which are made of the world are unjust; I never knew a man of merit neglected; it was generally by his own fault that he failed of success."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Attention Farmers—R. L. Howard.
Victoria Potatoes—H. W. Dean.
$10,000 Painting—J. M. Emerson & Co.
New York State Ag. Society—B. P. Johnson.
Look! A Patent Plowman—Gilbert C. Robinson.
Seed Potatoes—John Rapalje.
Peas for Sale—John Rapalje.
Stocking Loom—J. R. Johnson & Co.
To Fruit Growers, &c—Wm. Lawton.
Davis' Seedling Potato—Geo. Babcock.
Cheap Strawberry Vines—Joseph Caldwell.
New Rochelle Blackberry Plants, &c—John F. Chapman.
Hungarian Grass Seed—Wilder, Robinson & Co.
Wilson's Albany Strawberry—Thomas & Herendeen.
Egyptian Corn—M. E. Crandal.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Agricultural Cauldron and Steamer—D. R. Prindle.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 21, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

By order of the Secretary of War, a detachment of twenty-six privates, with two sergeants and corporals, under the command of Lieut. Mullin, detailed from two companies of dragoons at Fort Laramie, have been ordered for service with the expedition under Captain Reynolds, for exploration of the headwaters of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. They will leave as soon as the season will permit.

The Commissioner of Patents granted an extension of the Morse patent, for seven years from April 11th. It covers the patent of 1846, including the instruments now in use, and the mode of transmission. The grounds on which the Commissioner granted the extension, are that the invention was original, novel, useful, and patentable; that it was valuable and important to the public, and that the inventor has not been adequately remunerated for his time, ingenuity, or expense, in originating or perfecting it.

The House having requested the President to communicate all the information in his possession relative to the expulsion of Americans from the city of Mexico, and the confiscation of their property by Gen. Miramon, the Secretary of State has replied that no information on the subject has reached the Department.

The House Territorial Committee to-day ordered bills to be prepared for the organization of Dacota, Pike's Peak, Nevada, and Arizona; the latter bill to include the western portion of the Territory, and not the southern half, as devised by the filibusters.

The other bills will be very much like the Senate bill, so far as boundaries are concerned.

It is understood that some of the Republican Senators held a conference last week, in order to consider an amendment, prepared by Senator Simmons, to the commercial clause of the Mexican treaty. As the treaty now stands, it would, in the matter of importations, confer on France, England, Belgium, and other nations, equal advantages with this country, because by our existing treaties with them, they could claim all the benefits extended to the most favored nations, among which Mexico would be included, thus giving them advantages equal to our own, in Mexico, at our expense. This is the interpretation given to the clause by one of the Senators. The object of the amendment of Mr. Simmons is to secure for ourselves exclusively the advantages in commerce and domestic products. This, it is supposed, can be accomplished; in which event the other clause of the treaty will become comparatively unobjectionable to several of those Senators who are opposed to the treaty in its original form. This movement is regarded as indicative of an improvement of the prospects of the ratification of the treaty. There is reason to believe that the parties directly interested will acquiesce in such an amendment.

Land sales are to take place in Michigan in July and August, of alternate sections, under the Railroad Act of 1846, the minimum proceeds of which is $2 50 per acre, together with the lands heretofore unoffered, embracing an area of 1,680,000 acres.

It appears from the files of the State Department that nothing has been effected by our Ministers abroad to remove the restrictions on the tobacco trade. The latest communication on the subject is from our late Minister to France, Mr. Mason. This communication is dated August, 1858, in which he says that the French Government has no desire to surrender the monopoly and sale of the article.

The postal rates between the United States and the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg, by the Bremen mail, has been reduced from 22 to 15 cents, prepayment optional, so that the uniform rate of the latter amount is now chargeable on all letters conveyed in the Bremen mail between the United States and the States belonging to the German and Austrian Union.

The Attorney General concurs with the Secretary of the Navy in justifying the capture of the Mexican steamers, and has given an opinion to that effect. They are libeled at New Orleans. In regard to the prisoners, the question will be legally determined whether they were pirates or become prisoners through an alledged act of war in firing into the Indianola.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Hale introduced a resolution, which was adopted, instructing the Committee on Naval Affairs to inquire whether any corporal punishment has been substituted since the abolition of flogging in the navy, and by what authority; and what steps have been taken in regard to the recent murder on board a United States vessel and what steps may be necessary for the protection of seamen on board of United States and merchant vessels.

On motion of Mr. Sumner it was

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to consider by what title or right the Saratoga, a ship-of-war belonging to the United States, has undertaken, in time of peace, and without the sanction of Congress, to use force against two other vessels-of-war, at that time in Mexican waters, and after a bloody contest to capture the same and to bring them as pretended prizes of war into a port of the United States, holding their officers and crews as prisoners; and also, to consider if any action of Congress be required to prevent the occurrence of such collision and such an assumption to make a prize of war and prisoners in time of peace.

Bills Passed—To amend the act for the admission of Oregon, so as to extend the period when Oregon could locate certain grants of land; for the relief of settlers on lands in Arkansas.

HOUSE.—Mr. Morris offered a resolution, which, after amendment, was adopted, calling for all information concerning the slave trade, with instructions to naval officers and the opinion of the President whether any further legislation was necessary.

The bill for the admission of Kansas was called up, and after considerable discussion, was passed—yeas 134, nays 73. The bill declares that the State of Kansas shall be admitted into the Union under the Wyandotte Constitution, on an equal footing with the original States in all respects whatever. The boundaries begin at the point on the western boundary of Missouri, where the 37th parallel of north latitude crosses the same; thence west on said parallel to the 25th meridian of longitude, west of Washington; thence north on that meridian to the 40th parallel of latitude; thence east on said parallel to the western boundary of Missouri; thence south with the western boundary of that State to the place of beginning, provided nothing contained in the constitution of Kansas shall be construed to impair the rights of persons or property now pertaining to the Indians in the territory, according to existing treaties; nor shall their territory be included with the State, until said tribe shall signify their assent thereto. Until the next general appointment, Kansas shall be entitled to one member in the House of Representatives. The remainder of the bill contains the usual land provisions and conditions.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—As the time fixed by law for the adjournment of our Legislature expired last week, both branches have been busily at work pressing matters to completion.

Bills Passed.—To amend the act to facilitate the collection of debts against corporations; to compel the better attendance at offices of County Clerks and Clerks of Courts of Record; to subject the foreign insurance companies and agencies to the State laws; for the incorporation of the Fine Art Associations; to provide for the appointment of inspectors of elections in New York; to provide for the inspection of steam boilers in New York and Brooklyn; to amend the act for the incorporation of religious societies; to incorporate Down Town Associations in New York; to amend the Revised Statutes, relative to alienation by deed; to amend law of indictments and proceedings thereon; for prepayment of interest on canal drafts.

The General Appropriation bill was taken up and amended, by appropriating $5,000 to the Institution for the Blind, and for the publication of works on Musical Notation; $5,000 for the Montezuma Salt Springs. The appropriation of $5,000 to complete the Map of New York Harbor, was stricken out.

Several other amendments were made, and the bill was read a third time and passed.

ASSEMBLY.—The Governor returned, with a veto, the bill to erect the new county of Canisteo. The main objection is on account of the insufficiency of population.

Mr. Robinson called up the concurrent resolution, which was adopted, appointing a commission to examine the discipline of the State Prisons, and report to the next Legislature, with a view to amend the condition of the convicts and to their reformation.

A message was then announced from the Senate informing the House that that body refuses to recede from its amendments to the Assembly Railroad Toll bill. The House insisted upon its own bill—81 to 25. The bill substituted by the Senate for the Assembly Pro Rata bill was then announced as a message from that body. Both of these subjects were acted on many days since by the Senate, and transmitted to the House, but have been kept back till now.

Mr. Flagler moved to amend the Senate bill by naming the Comptroller, Auditor, State Engineer and the Commissioners, and adding a section applying pro rata at once to all the railroads in the State, and making it a misdemeanor for any railroad to charge less per mile for through than for way freight. The amendments were adopted and the bill returned to the Senate.

Bills Passed.—To preserve wild birds and fish; relating to Colonial History; to extend the power and confirm the acts of Notaries Public; to authorize the sale of land in the City Hall Park, New York, to the United States; to incorporate the Western Agricultural Association; to amend the Revised Statutes respecting indictments and proceedings thereon; to exempt certain property of physicians and surgeons from levy and sale on execution; to assure creditors a just division of the property of debtors on assignments; to establish fire limits, and for the more effectual prevention of fires, in the east district of Brooklyn; to perfect the amendment to the Constitution abolishing qualification for Negroes; for the relief of insolvent debtors; the Metropolitan Police Law; to provide for 1½ mill tax for the support of the government; to repeal the act allowing the N. Y. Central Railroad to charge five cents additional when tickets are not purchased before entering the cars; in relation to the Colonial History of the State; to amend the general manufacturing association law; the supply bill.

Mr. Callicutt moved a vote of thanks to Speaker Littlejohn for the fairness, dignity, skill, and impartiality with which he had discharged the arduous duties of the Chair during the session. Carried unanimously.

It has been agreed on by a number of members of the Senate and Assembly to introduce a joint-resolution on the 16th, to adjourn over until early in May, so as to give an opportunity to the Democrats to attend the Charleston Convention, and meet and settle up business before the Chicago Convention. The resolution will be coupled with the provision that no new business is to be initiated. The object is to defeat the supposed design of the Governor to kill the city railroad bill, which he recommended in his annual message, by leaving them unsigned after the Legislature has finally adjourned.

The bill to repeal the act of 1851, releasing the railroads from the payment of tolls, came up for a third reading. The bill was recommitted, with instructions to insert the following in place of section 2, of the original bill:

"The New York Central Railroad Company, and the Oswego and Syracuse Railroad Company, shall hereafter make returns at such period and in such manner as may be directed by the Commissioner of the Canal Fund, of all the goods, chattels, and other property transported upon said railroads respectively, and shall pay into the treasury of the State the same tolls per mile on all goods, chattels, and other property so transported, as would have been paid on them from the point of receipt to the point of delivery had they been transported on the Erie or Oswego canal. But the Canal Board shall make such rules and regulations in regard to the transportation of freights on the said Central Railroad west of Utica, so as to continue to the said road the privilege of transporting local freight without the payment of toll wherever the railroad companies consolidated into the said Central Railroad Company enjoyed that privilege previous to 1854. And all acts and parts of acts repealed by the act hereby repealed, are hereby revived." With this amendment the bill passed.

From the Pacific Side.

By the Overland Mail and Pony Express, we are placed in possession of San Francisco dates to the 3d inst. The first messenger on the Central Overland Pony Express, arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., at 4 P. M., on the 13th inst., with California dates to the 4th. This messenger came through in ten days to a minute, he having left San Francisco at 4 P. M., April 3d.

The U. S. steamer Powhattan, Capt. Pearson, bearing the flag of officer Tatnal, arrived at San Francisco on the 27th, from Japan, via. Honolulu. She brings the Japanese embassy, consisting of two principal embassadors, princes of highest rank among the nobility of the Empire, and two nobles of nearly equal rank. These four are of the Emperor's Council. They are accompanied by a suite of sixteen officers. Among them are three officers and fifty-two subordinates, making seventy-two in all. They bring $100,000 to defray personal expenses, although the embassy is invited at the sole expense of the United States. They were given the best quarters on board the Powhattan, during the voyage, and arrived in good health, and highly pleased. The chief dignitaries are magnificently dressed in embroidered silk robes, each wearing a sword of beautiful workmanship. They have conducted themselves with great dignity and propriety.

The Powhattan, on the day of her arrival, went to the Marc Island Navy Yard, all the embassadors remaining on board. It will require several days to overhaul the steamer and take in coal, when she will sail for Panama. The embassadors will thence proceed to Aspinwall, where the United States steamer Roanoke is expected to be in waiting to convey them to Washington. They are so well pleased with the Powhattan that they expressed a wish to have her detained at Panama to convey them back to Japan, on their return from the United States. They propose spending about a month on the Atlantic side, although their time is not limited.

By the Powhattan, advices from Japan are received to the 15th of February. The government of Japan had commenced stamping Mexican dollars, making them legal currency in that country, thus obviating one of the principal difficulties in prosecuting trade with foreigners.

The Powhattan arrived at Honolulu March 5th, and remained till the 18th. The embassadors were there received with all formal honors. Private hospitalities were extended on every hand, and the King and Queen held a council at the Palace for the reception of the distinguished foreigners, and welcomed them in appropriate terms.

There has been much excitement in Eldorado, during the past few days, on account of the discovery, near Georgetown, of some valuable specimens of silver ore, resembling that from the Washoe mines. Whether the lead is extensive or not has not been determined.

The Senate has passed a bill appropriating $700,000 for the commencement of a State Capitol at Sacramento. Also, a bill appropriating $240,000, to build nine wagon roads across the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

The amount of gold bullion deposited in the mint last week, was 29,994 ounces, and silver bullion to the amount of 7,000 ounces. The amount of money coined was $236,000, mostly in double eagles.

The excitement in regard to the silver and gold mines in Carson Valley, is unabated. Hundreds are pouring in from all parts of California. Scarcely a company who are prospecting have failed in striking rich ore where they anticipated to find it. The mineral region extends for 100 miles in every direction, and rich discoveries have been made over 100 miles up the Humboldt. The Spanish claims, situated where the mines were first opened, were yielding $20,000 per day. Ground is changing hands at from $20 to $100 per foot.

The Meno Lake and Walker River country is rich in minerals. Hundreds are prospecting that region, and generally with good success. Ore is now being shipped to San Francisco for smelting. Five different companies are making arrangements to ship their ore as soon as animals can be procured. The ore sent yields from $2,000 to $2,500 per ton. Discoveries of gold-bearing quartz are being made every day.

The steamer Brother Jonathan arrived at San Francisco, bringing Oregon dates to the 26th ult., Washington, the 29th, and British Columbia, the 30th.

The bark Glimpse, with a cargo valued at $28,000, was wrecked near Victoria on the 13th of March. The vessel was insured for $16,000, and the cargo for $10,000.

San Juan Island was in occupancy by American and British troops.

It was estimated that 3,000 white men and 2,000 Chinamen were engaged in mining on the Frazer River. Mining accounts are encouraging, and new diggings have been discovered in various places.

The news from Oregon and Washington Territories is unimportant.

News Paragraphs.

FROM MEXICO.—Advices from Vera Cruz of April 1st, confirm the raising of the siege by Miramon, owing to want of provisions and munitions of war. He had lost 2,000, of the 3,000 men.—The loss to the city was trifling.

Advices from the city of Mexico state that there is a strong feeling in that city in favor of war with the United States. The American Minister, Mr. Lane, arrived at Vera Cruz on the 28th. Degollado has gone to Tampico upon a campaign.—Valdez, with 2,500 men, had been defeated with a loss of 1,500.

A MORMON SCHISM.—Joseph Smith, Jr., (the son of "the Prophet,") who is now in Illinois, has accepted the invitation to take the place of his father in the Church, and at the Conference at Amboy, Illinois, last week, where this was settled, the apostacy of the Church in Utah was denounced, Poligamy attacked, and a purpose avowed to restore the primeval doctrines. This will probably lead to a split.

THE Secretary of the Treasury on Tuesday communicated to the Senate the amount of revenue collected and the expenses thereof, with the number of persons employed. In 1858, the revenue amounted to $42,542,287; the expenses to $3,528,788. The number of employees was 3,041. In 1859, the revenue collected amounted to $49,353,439. Expenses, $3,395,030. The employees numbered 2,972.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord John Russell had stated in the House of Commons that the San Juan question was approaching a settlement.

The House of Commons had adopted an address to the Crown, urging strong efforts to obtain from France the abolition of restrictions on British shipping.

Lord Elgin's departure for China had been delayed till the middle of April.

The London Herald understands that a Congress of the great Powers will be held in the course of a few weeks in London.

FRANCE.—The first returning battallions of the French army, from Italy, had entered Savoy. Reports had been in circulation that orders had been transmitted to suspend the departure, but they were pronounced untrue.

France assumes 175,000,000 of francs of the debt of Piedmont, in consideration of the cession of Savoy.

The *Patrie* asserts that the King of Naples, notwithstanding the invitation of the Pope, refuses to occupy the Papal States with Neapolitan troops.

The French Senate had indirectly rejected, by a large majority, petitious requesting their intervention in favor of the temporal powers of the Pope.

ITALY.—The result of the election for representatives in Parliament is very favorable to the Liberal cause.

It is reported from Rome that on the 20th, the gens d'armie charged the people, and that more than thirty were wounded.

In the administration of Tuscany, Prince Carignan is appointed Lieutenant of the King, and Commander of the naval and military forces.—Ricasoli is appointed General Governor. The Ministry is discontinued, and the army of Tuscany will be incorporated with the Sardinian army. A squadron with Sardinian troops had left Genoa for Tuscany.

The Pope had issued the act of major excommunication against all who had counseled rebellion, invasion or usurpation in the Romagna, and had sent a protest to all the governments against the annexation of the legations to Sardinia.

AUSTRIA.—The Minister of the Interior has rebuked the Austrian functionaries in Hungary for not watching the movements of the populace and not reporting the manner of persons hostile to the government.

Austria had handed to the German Diet a protest against the annexation of the Italian Duchies to Sardinia.

SPAIN AND MOROCCO.—The official Madrid Gazette contains the preliminaries of a treaty of peace between Spain and Morocco. The latter cedes all the territory between the Sea and the road to Augheria. The convention of 1859, relating to Manilla is ratified. An indemnity of 20,000,000 piastres is to be paid to Spain for the expenses of the war, and in the meantime Spain is to hold Tetuan. A commercial treaty is guaranteed, and a Spanish minister and missionaries are permitted to reside at Fez. The treaty is to be signed at Tetuan, April 2d, and a commissioner is to be appointed to determine the boundaries between Spain and Morocco.

Later intelligence states that the preliminaries of peace between Spain and Morocco were signed the 25th, and an armistice was concluded previously. A battle occurred on the 23d, on the road to Tangiers, in which the Spaniards were completely victorious.

SWITZERLAND.—It is expected that England and Prussia will act in concert, especially in maintaining the rights of Switzerland.

A dispatch from Berlin says that the answer to Thouvenel's note is destined for the preservation of the rights, and energetically supports the demand of Switzerland.

INDIA.—India dates are to February 25th, but nothing important.

The total cost of the mutinies is estimated at £40,000,000 sterling. It is proposed to tax manufactured tobacco 6d per pound.

The U. S. steamer Hartford was at Hong Kong.

The News Condenser.

— The peach and plum trees are in bloom in Washington.

— The number of newspapers in England and Ireland is 1,041.

— The library of Harvard College now contains about 120,000 volumes.

— There are 2,562 students in the various Medical Colleges of the United States.

— The maple sugar crop of Vermont this season is estimated at nearly 1,500 tons.

— Drinking establishments, in Charleston, are not permitted to keep open on Sundays.

— The Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, England, were founded about the year 1200.

— Gerrit Smith continues to improve in health. All the old vigor of mind has returned.

— An English paper says Rosa Bonheur has received an offer of marriage from an American.

— The earnings of the Auburn State Prison, for March, were $2,235 17 in excess of expenditures.

— In the United States, there are about 200,000 Jews, while there are in all England only 35,000.

— Mrs. Jameson is dead, and Florence Nightingale is dying. Thus the great and the good pass away.

— A shower of black rain, last week, fell in Syracuse, Utica, Rome, and some parts of Oswego county.

— The proposition for a State Government in Nebraska proves to have been voted down by 300 majority.

— Large quantities of fish are taken at Toledo. The shipments are said to be from 30 to 40 tuns daily.

— Mrs. Henry Pope, of Louisville, Ky., recently came to her death by inhaling chloroform, for headache.

— A printing-office and lithographic establishment has recently been formed for the first time in Greenland.

— A woman died recently, in Wicklow county, Ireland, at the advanced age of one hundred and forty years.

— The Galveston (Texas) News says that frost, in various parts of the interior, has injured the early cotton.

— Ten tons of fish were caught at Chaumont Bay, Jefferson Co., on Monday week. They were mostly pike.

— There is a factory operative in England, the oldest extant, now in his ninetieth year; he still works daily.

—Over 18,000 persons in New York live in underground basements, averaging about five persons to a basement.

— Frederick Weber, the largest man in Baltimore, weighing 472 pounds, died, suddenly, on Thursday week.

— A gas-meter attached to the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans, burst, on Wednesday week, and killed ten men.

— Cucumbers are selling at Savannah, Georgia, at 25 cents each, and green peas at 37 cents per quart in the pod.

—Gov. Henry Dodge, of Wisconsin, is said to be the first white American born north and west of the Ohio river.

— Douglas E. Jerrold, a son of the celebrated English wit and author, Douglas Jerrold, is on a visit to Charleston, S. C.

— Arrangements are making in England to establish a fund for the relief of the sufferers by the wreck of the Hungarian.

— A boy, sixteen years of age, has been arrested at Washington, charged with the recent incendiarism at the Navy Yard.

— There are 998 booksellers in the eight Western States, Illinois standing first, with 263, and Minnesota, last, with 18.

— Horses are dying rapidly in Brooklyn, N. Y., of a disease called by the veterinary surgeons there paralysis of the throat.

—The State of Arkansas is the only State in the Union without a Telegraph, and she has not a foot of line within her border.

— It is expected that the Japanese Commissioners will arrive at Panama, *en route* for Washington, about the middle of May.

— The last act of the Tennessee Legislature was to pass a bill repealing all acts of the session granting State aid to railroads.

— The Canadians propose constructing a branch of the "Great Western Railway" from the Falls to Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo.

— Over one thousand acres on the Fishkill mountains, in Dutchess county, N. Y., were burnt over on Saturday and Sunday week.

—The first time grain was ever exported from Canada was in the year 1752, when two ships arrived in Marseilles, laden with wheat.

— It is rumored that Paul Morphy is to return to Paris, with his mother, with the intention of making the French capital their home.

— Baron Rothschild, of Paris, one of the rich Jews, upon whom the kings of Europe are dependent, is about to visit this country.

— A quantity of strawberries were brought to New York, by a Savannah steamer, on Saturday. They were the first of the season.

— The census just taken in Washington Territory shows a population of 6,844, and assessed property amounting to $3,293,695.

— Arrangements have been made with the local government of Jamaica to run a line of steamers between New York and Kingston.

— A man in Indiana recently committed suicide through fear of becoming a drunkard, as he felt the appetite for liquor growing upon him.

— Over three hundred cases of insanity, in the Ohio Lunatic Asylum, have been traced directly to the use of modern alcoholic poisons.

— A two-story dwelling-house in Chicago has been moved to a scow, and taken to the town of Bridgeport, where it will be re-established.

— The Rosin Association of Philadelphia has, during the twelve years of its existence, rescued and restored to their friends 684 fallen women.

— A Zouave corps has been organized in Philadelphia. Its uniform is precisely like that of the French Zouaves, and the drill is similar to theirs.

— Negro Sam, believed to have been upwards of 140 years old, lately died on the plantation of his master, A. J. Billingly, of Jones county, Ga.

— Three years ago a man invested $30,000 in real estate, in St. Paul. A short time since, determining to realize what he could on it, sold it for $1,800!

— St. Paul papers of the 29th ult., announce the arrival at that city of two steamers from below. The Upper Mississippi is therefore open to navigation.

— It is seventy-two years since Ohio was settled. The Pioneer Association of Cincinnati celebrated the event on Saturday week, in an appropriate manner.

— The Dublin Freeman's Journal announces the death of Dr. Blake, the venerable Bishop of Dromore, and a very intimate friend of the late Daniel O'Connell.

— A brick block was raised up in Chicago, lately. It was estimated to weigh 37,000 tuns. Not a glass was broken, or a crack made in the plastering or walls.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Agricultural Needs,......125
Facts about Potatoes,......125
Whitney's Patent Plowman, [Illustrated,]......125
Corn Culture,......125, 126
Till Well and Raise More,......126
Beef-Barrels and Pork-Packing,......126
Black Spanish Fowls,......126
Value of Straw,......126
Lightning Rods,......126
Rural Spirit of the Press—Pressing Cheese—Heavy or Light? Splitting Boulders; Oil Cake for Cows; Applying Manure to Corn; Lice on Fowls; Treatment of Young Horses,......126
Inquiries and Answers—Culture of Broom Corn on the Prairies; What Ailed the Calves; Salt for Killing Weeds in Onion Beds; Timothy with Hungarian Grass; Garnet Chili Potato; Salt as a Manure; Best Distance for Potatoes; Growing Onions; A Hard Soil; Mixing of Varieties; Butcher Bird,......126
Agricultural Miscellany—Western N. Y. Ag'l Association; Books for Ruralists; The Ag'l Cauldron and Steamer; Egyptian Corn; Useful Table; Good Advice, North or South; The Comprehensive Farm Record; Hon. BENJAMIN V. FRENCH; The Artisan.

HORTICULTURAL.

The Vegetable Garden,......127
Select Ornamental Trees in Winter,......127
A Beautiful Winter Ornament, [Illustrated,]......127
Evergreens,......127
Horticultural Notes—Fruits Received; Hubbard Squash; Remedy for Striped Bugs,......127
Inquiries and Answers—Culture of Asparagus; An Unknown Insect on the Pear; Soapsuds—Flower Seeds; Culture of the Strawberry; Mixed, or Compound Apples; The Alpine Strawberry; Locust Seeds,......127

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Patent Indian Pudding; Spots on Furniture; Slate Color on Cotton or Woolen; To Pickle Apples; To Paint Kitchen Floors; Papering Whitewashed Walls; Information Wanted; Bakers' Gingerbread; Lemon or Root Beer; Putting up Pickles; Clearing Coffee without Eggs,......127

LADIES' OLIO.

Hope, [Poetical.] Plain Talk to the Girls; The Withered Rose; Rainy Days,......128

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Ashes, [Poetical,] "Forgetting the Sun;" Idleness and Industry; Acrostics—Walter Scott, Lamb, Southey, Wordsworth, Irving, Longfellow, Dickens, Macaulay, Tennyson; Prim People,......128

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Hymns for Devotional Hours, [Poetical.] Sacred Moments; The Out-Door Christian; A Scriptural Sum,......128

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letters V and VI,......129

USEFUL OLIO.

Farming in India—Hindoo Farm-Yard, [Illustrated,] Indian Threshing [Illustrated,] About Spiders; Where do Sea-Birds slake their Thirst; Robin Red-Breast's Love for Mankind,......129

YOUNG RURALIST.

Why I am a Farmer; Causes of Failure,......129

STORY TELLER.

How the Money Comes, [Poetical.] Hunting a Wife; The Good-Bye,......132

Special Notices.

AGRICULTURAL CAULDRON AND STEAMER.

THIS new apparatus, which was advertised in the RURAL of 28th January last, is now completed and ready for sale, being manufactured at Messrs. BENNETT & Co.'s Foundry in this city. This combination of the Cauldron Kettle and Steam Boiler is designed to entirely supersede the common cast-iron kettles now in use, as with a small portable apparatus more business can be accomplished than with a wagon load of kettles, to say nothing of convenience, economy of fuel, &c. To make this boiler perfectly safe for domestic use, the subscriber has furnished it with a double acting safety tube of his own invention, which is warranted to prevent explosions or collapse. This apparatus is designed as a general steamer for all purposes where steam or heat is required, whether near by or at a distance, steam being conveyed in suitable pipes to any point desired. To answer at once all inquiries being made, the subscriber has taken pains to make a public trial in Rochester, for two days, when this apparatus was used for different purposes, and explained to the general satisfaction of all visitors, as the following certificates will show:

ROCHESTER, April 7, 1860.

This is to certify, that we have witnessed the trial of PRINDLE'S Patent Agricultural Cauldron and Steamer, and are pleased with its simplicity, efficacy and safety. It cooked potatoes in 12 minutes, and raised five gallons water nearly to the boiling point in four minutes. The vessel for cooking cut straw, hay, &c., was placed 75 feet from the boiler and the steam conveyed in wooden pipes, and the operation was perfectly satisfactory.

C. DEWEY, LL. D., Professor of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.
D. D. T. MOORE, Editor Rural New-Yorker.
ALVAH STRONG, Democrat & American.
P. B. VIELE, Tanner.
Gen. L. B. SWAN.
I. S. HOBBIE.
WILLARD HODGES, and others.

These Steamers may be seen at Messrs. BENNETT & Co.'s Foundry in Rochester, or one in operation at the subscriber's residence. *Patterns can be furnished to order, with the right to manufacture, if desired.* Infringements anticipated, and arrangements on hand to meet any emergency. Illustrated Circulars, with list of prices, advantages, &c., sent free to all applicants.

April, 1860. D. R. PRINDLE, East Bethany, N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, April 17, 1860.

FLOUR—The market presents a firmness this morning which it has not worn for a considerable period of time, and holders are not anxious to press sales. No advance has been effected in rates, however, yet buyers cannot prevail in bringing about any reduction in the prices asked.

GRAIN.—Wheat has put on 3@7 cents per bushel, according to quality. We hear of sales of choice white Canadian at $1,50; Canada club at $1,18, and ordinary Genesee at $1,43. Oats are now worth 33@34c per bushel. Other grains unchanged.

MEATS and the DAIRY are without alteration.

APPLES are declining somewhat. The range is 63@88c.

POTATOES, drooping. Shippers are unwilling to pay more than 35 cents for choice varieties.

SHEEP PELTS—The best are valued at 50 cents above last quotations. Range 50c.@$2,50.

MAPLE SUGAR is offered somewhat freely, and sales effected at $9@10 per 100 pounds.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@11c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,38@1,38	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,45	Apples, bushel	63@88c
Best white Can'a	$1,47@1,50	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Corn, old	55@56c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	55@56c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	72@73c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	33@34c	Potatoes	25@35c
Barley	55@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@17,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	8@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	31@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$6,00@8,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$3,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15.—FLOUR—Demand scarcely so active, business being checked by the rain, but the market is generally without material change. The home trade are buying to a moderate extent, and there is also a fair inquiry for export. Sales at $5,30@5,35 for super State; $5,40@5,50 for extra do; $5,35 for super Western; $5,45@5,75 for extra do; $6,00@6,15 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Included in the sales were super and extra State for export at prices within the range. Canadian in pretty good request at full prices; sales at $5,70@7,25 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN.—Wheat exhibits less activity, but there is no material change in prices. Local millers are buying to a fair extent, and there is also a moderate export inquiry. Sales Chicago spring at $1,21; white Indiana at $1,60; winter red Western at $1,42½; white Kentucky at $1,72; fair Milwaukie club at $1,26. Rye scarce and quite firm; sales at 8lc afloat. Barley dull and heavy at 70@83c. Corn rules heavy, with a moderate export demand for white; sales at 73½@74c for mixed Western afloat and delivered; 76c for yellow; 74@79½c for white Southern. Oats plenty and dull at 44@45c. for Western and Canadian; 45@45½c, for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market quiet and unchanged. Sales at $17,68@17,75 for new mess; $17,37 for old do; $17,12 for thin do; $19,25@19,50 for clear; $14,25@14,37 for new prime; $12,75@13,00 for old do. Lard firm, with a moderate demand; sales at 10½@11c. Butter dull and unchanged; sales at 11@13c for Ohio, 12@20c for State. Cheese steady at 10@13.

ASHES—The market is quiet for Pots at $5,25, and steady for Pearls at $5,62½@5,62½.

ALBANY, APRIL 14.—FLOUR AND MEAL—There is a steady trade demand for Flour at previous prices. Corn Meal steady.

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,30
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,62
Common to good Western,	5,50@5,90
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	6,00@6,75
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,20
Common Canadian,	5,25@6,00
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,75@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, 13@1 1s. ℔ 100 lbs. Buckwheat flour quite.

GRAIN—Nothing has transpired in wheat. In corn there is a moderate business doing at 70@77c for round yellow here and delivered. Rye quiet. In barley we notice a sale of Canada East at 81c. Oats quiet at 43@45c.

FEED—Sales 1,000 bush. 36 lbs. feed at $1,25.

BUFFALO, APRIL 16.—FLOUR—Market quiet while holders are firm; sales at $4,62½ for fine Illinois; $5 for superfine Iowa and extra State from spring wheat; $5@5,50 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,55@5,75 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $6@6,50 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat steady, with fair inquiry for milling lots; sales Milwaukee club on private terms. Corn quiet at 60c. on track. Oats nominal at 34½@35c. Barley unchanged; prime samples held at 70c.

SEED—Market steady. Sales at $4,75@5,00 for Clover, and $3,75 for Timothy.

PROVISIONS—Dull and no sales.

TORONTO, APRIL 13.—FLOUR—We are glad to be able to notice a much improved feeling in the flour market, consequent upon a considerable inquiry for the Eastern United States markets. During the week sales to a considerable extent have been consummated, and with an improved tone in the English and New York markets, the feeling here is much better than for many weeks previous. Holders, however, are rather too much elated with the improved state of things, and are firm in demanding rates somewhat above the views of purchasers, which for the time being checks transactions. We hope, however, to be able to chronicle large transactions during the coming week, the effect of which will be to ease the market and lessen the anxieties of operators. Quite an unusual number of sales have been made by sample, instead of by the inspection grade,—a circumstance that is indicative of the high character of the flour sold. The following are the generally received quotations:—Superfine, $4,67@4,75; fancy, $5@5,25; extra, $5,60@5,75; double extra, $6@6,60 ℔ barrel. We note a sale of 800 brls. of fine No 1, nearly fancy, at $5,10 f. o. c. and 800 brls. of good No. 1, at $4,75 ℔ barrel.

GRAIN.—There has not been much doing in fall wheat owing to the unsettled state of the weather, bad roads, and the hurry of spring work. The receipts have been limited to about 200 bushels per day. Although firm and with but slight variation in prices, the market has not been very animated—attributable, however, as much to the slender deliveries as to any other cause. Indeed the tendency, if following that of foreign markets, should be upward; yet rates are quite high enough here in proportion to those current abroad. For good prime fall wheat, the prevalent prices have been $1,30@1,33, with an occasional purchase at $1,37. For common and ordinary, $1,25@1,29 has been the range. The average price for the week would be about $1,32 per bushel. Spring wheat is in active request, especially for the better grades fit for seed. Good samples readily bring $1@1,03 per bushel. Barley in very small supply at 60@62c. Rye is quiet, and wanted by local distillers at 65@70c per bushel. Oats are plentiful, and unusually large stocks are held for shipment. The market is not active at 33c. Peas steady, notwithstanding very large receipts.—Good samples are worth 55@60c. per bushel.

SEED.—Timothy is still dull with a good stock offering. The quality is varied, and quoted from $3@4. Clover is more inquired for, and is selling freely at $5 ℔ bu.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 11.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,75@10,25; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,75@8,75; inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $25,00@30,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 5½@6¼c; all others, 5¼@5⅞c.

ALBANY, APRIL 16.—CATTLE—Market again overstocked. Owing to the large supply last week 120 head were held over, and they are still here, to be added to the 4,011 fresh arrivals, giving a total on the market of 4,161. This is the largest number received here during any one week since August, 1858. The quality is fair, and owing to this fact there is but little good demand for the East; but no more, if as many, as a thousand, can be taken in that direction.

Receipts.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	4,011	3,810	1,632
Sheep,	763	2,066	1,750
Hogs,	430	424	362

Prices—Market is quite dull at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾c	5½@5¾c
Extra	4½@5	4½@5
First quality	4 @4¼	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3¾	3½@3¾
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@2¾
Inferior	@2¼	@2¼

—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 11.—Whole number of Cattle at market 626—about 500 Beeves, and 126 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $6,75@7,00; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $3,75@0,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$90@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$28, 42@65.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,950 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,75 each; extra, $3,00, 3,50@4,50 each, or 3½@5c ℔ lb. live weight.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 12.—At market 1,200 beeves, 100 stores, 1,000 sheep and lambs, and 2,000 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,75; third quality, $5,50@6,00.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$34@39; Common, $17@18.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $25@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,75; Extra, $3@5,50.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 6½@7½c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12.—The demand for domestic is moderate, and confined to the legitimate wants of the trade; sales of 60,000 lbs State and Western at 37@55c., as to quality; 70,000 lbs California, part at 24c; and 20,000 lbs. low Canadian on private terms; sales also of 30,000 lbs Pulled at 30@35c. for No. 1 City; 38@42c. for Super, and 45@47c. for Extra Country. Foreign is in limited demand; sales of 70 bales Cordova at 20@21½c; 30 do. low South American at 9½c, 6 months, and 30 do. Donskoi on private terms. The following extract from the circular of J. L. Bowers & Bro., of Liverpool, dated March 24, will show the result of the London sales, and convey an idea of the state of the markets on the other side:

"The public sales of Australian and Cape Wool, in London, concluded 20th inst., with a firm tone, and at about the same prices as the November and December sales. In some instances, good Wools are now rather dearer, and inferior classes a trifle easier. Throughout the series of sales, the demand for home consumption has been steady and for immediate use. French buyers, who for some months past have shown a cautious, uncertain spirit, operated more freely toward the close, and are estimated to have purchased 4,000 to 5,000 bales, chiefly the choicest flocks of Australia. Next month, Wool will be admitted into France at a duty of ½d@¾d ℔ lb. For the United States, not much business has been done, excepting a few experimental lots of washed, long-stapled Australian Fleece at 22d@26d. ℔ lb; second do., 27d@33d ℔ lb, and a few occasional parcels of unwashed Cape, which sold by auction at 9½d ℔ lb. Many flocks of washed Cape Wool showed a considerable improvement in the breed and approximated to the nature of Australian. Choice washed Cape Fleece realized 22d@24d; fair average, 19d@21d; inferior, 16d@18d. The next auction sales of fine Wool in London will commence on the 26th of April or 3d of May, continuing about six weeks, and will include about 85,000 bales Australian and Cape."

We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	56@60
Am. full-blood Merino	52@55
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	37@42
Extra, Pulled	44@48
Superfine, Pulled	38@48
No. 1, Pulled	30@36
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, APRIL 12.—Fleece and pulled wool has been in moderate request, with sales, as wanted by manufacturers, at 45@55c. for fleece, and 33@52c, for pulled. The transactions in foreign have been to a fair extent, and comprise 600 bales Mediterranean, South American and Spanish, and 100 ballots Peruvian, at prices we did not learn. By auction, 14,000 lbs medium English washed fleece, damaged, at 32c, cash.

Saxony & Merino	53@65	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	50@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	40@45	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	35@38	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, April 12.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

FLEECE—	Common, native	30@31c
	Quarter blood	33@35c
	Half blood	35@37c
	Three-quarter blood	38@42c
	Full blood Saxony	46@48c
PULLED—	No. 1	20@35c
	Superfine	30@35c
	Extra	35@40c
	Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat.*

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

6,000 NEW ROCHELLE OR LAWTON BLACKBERRY PLANTS.—15,000 Grafted Apple for sale, very low, by JOHN F CHAPMAN, Fayetteville, N. Y.

100,000 WILSON'S ALBANY STRAWBERRY for sale by THOMAS & HERENDEEN, Macedon Nurseries, Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

CHEAP STRAWBERRY VINES. 50,000 Wilson's Albany Strawberry Vines, warranted true, 50c. ℔ 100; $3 ℔ 1,000; $7 ℔ 2,000—1 doz. sent by mail for 25c.
536-2t JOSEPH CALDWELL, Nurseryman, Troy, N. Y.

DAVIS' SEEDLING POTATO.—I have a few bushels left of this productive potato, which I will ship to order, for seed, at $1 per bushel, without charge for bags or barrels. GEO. BABCOCK, Rochester, Post-office Box 880.

STOCKING LOOM.—$5 will buy a STOCKING OR KNITTING LOOM. If you would like to have the Loom that will weave 12 pair of stockings per day, send your address to J. B. JOHNSON & CO., Tyrone, Schuyler Co., N. Y.
$25 and board will be paid, per month, to Agents to sell the above Loom. 536-0

HUNGARIAN GRASS SEED. We are now receiving our supply of this justly celebrated Grass Seed. We can confidently recommend it to Farmers as the best Hay in use. Orders accompanied with cash will have our prompt attention. WILDER, ROBINSON & CO.,
536-1t 234 Walnut St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

FRUIT GROWERS, NURSERYMEN AND CLUBS—Can be supplied with the *Lawton Blackberry*, at a large discount from regular rates. Circulars and plates free. May be safely ordered until the middle of May.
WM. LAWTON, New Rochelle, N. Y.,
536-2t or, 15 Wall Street, New York.

SEED POTATOES—*WARRANTED PURE.*—I have now on hand the following varieties of Potatoes, pure and true to name, and at the following prices:

50 Bush.	Early Six Week's (large and very early)		$1 ℔ bu.
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200 do.	English Flukes (very fine,)	$2 ℔ bbl.,	75 cts, bu.
50 do.	Davis' Seedling,	do.	$1 ℔ bu.
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JOHN RAPALJE,
536-tf Genesee Seed Store, Rochester, N. Y.

PEAS! PEAS! PEAS!—Now on hand and for sale at the "GENESEE SEED STORE," No. 65 *Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.*

50 bushels Irish Marrowfat.
50 " Black Eye do.
50 " Missouri do.
50 " Early Kents.
100 " Early Washington.
25 " Dwarf Blue Imperial.
25 " Champion of England.
100 " Canada Creepers, for field sowing.

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ATTENTION, FARMERS!!

FROM the unparalleled success of the KETCHUM MACHINE the past season, I am induced to build for the harvest of 1860, A LARGER NUMBER THAN USUAL, and I offer them as the most perfect machine I have ever manufactured, and at prices to correspond with the times.

Howard's New Two-Horse Mower—all iron—light draft—no side draft—no driving fast to have them work well—no clogging—price only $100.

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Combined Mower and Reaper, (iron,) with late improvements—took first premium at the United States Fair at Chicago last fall—price $130.

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VICTORIA POTATOES.—The season for planting being near, and the question as to the best and most profitable variety to raise being generally discussed, it would perhaps be of great interest to farmers to try one more new variety. I will give my experience, and the reader can be his own judge. While on a visit East in 1857, I discovered an entirely new variety and of excellent flavor, while breakfasting with a farmer who took much pains to have the best vegetables. I brought back three potatoes, rather long than round, light pink and white, and resembling the original Mercer. They are Irish, have short tops, and large bulbs, and very few small ones. I planted the three potatoes and harvested therefrom over a bushel, and last season I harvested over 100 bushels, most of which I offer at $1 per bushel, or $3 per barrel, delivered at Clyde Station, N. Y. C. Railroad. Last season I had ten of the most highly recommended varieties in the same field, and they were in product doubly surpassed by the Victorias, which also decayed the least of any variety I have raised in two years, the Strawberry excepted. The Victorias originated in Maine, the greatest potato growing State in the Union. Apply to
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PREMIUM for best Grain Farm of not less than 50 acres, under culture,......$50,00
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☞ Competitors for premiums on farms are desired to give notice to the Secretary, on or before the 1st of July, of their intention to compete, and some member or members of the Executive Committee will be assigned to visit and examine the farms, and report on the same.
B. P. JOHNSON, *Secretary.*
Agricultural Rooms, Albany, April 12, 1860. 536-4t

LOOK! A PATENT PLOWMAN.—State and County rights of WHITNEY'S PATENT PLOWMAN, are now offered for sale. No better chance for a money-making investment has ever been presented by any agricultural implement, as it has no competition, and can be sold to every farmer. See description and engraving on first page of this paper. Call and see certificates given by those who have used this implement, and those who have seen it operate, or address the subscriber by mail. Both practical and scientific men are unanimous in its praise.

The *Plowman* will be kept for examination and sale at J. RAPALJE'S *Agricultural Warehouse*, No. 65 Buffalo Street, Rochester, where all persons who wish to see this wonderful labor saving invention, are requested to call. Those who wish to consult in regard to the purchase of State or County rights, should do so at once.
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It can be successfully grown in any State of the Union, from Maine to Texas. I can give the most satisfactory references that the corn is, in every respect, what I represent it to be, and further, I am the only person throughout the country who has this variety of corn. Having secured a quantity, I am now able to fill all orders, for those desirous of testing it.

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☞ *Every Farmer should have one—send for a Circular.* Address S. C. BOWEN, Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y., *only Manufacturer.*

"We pity the neighbors who, not warned by the Barometer, are racing and chasing to save the out-laying crop."—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

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E. H. SANDERS, Agent, 6 Long Wharf, Buffalo. 533-4t

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CAST STEEL BELLS,
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HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.

Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.

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Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.

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Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
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PIANOS FOR $150.
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THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

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LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [454-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW THE MONEY COMES.

QUEER John has sung how money goes,
But how it comes, who knows? Who knows?
Why, every Yankee mother's son
Can tell you how "the thing" is done.
It comes by honest toil and trade;
By wielding sledge and driving spade,
And building ships, balloons, and drums;
And that's the way the money comes.

How does it come? Why, as it goes,
By spinning, weaving, knitting hose,
By stitching shirts and coats for Jews,
Erecting churches, renting pews,
And manufacturing boots and shoes;
For thumps, and twists, and cuts, and hues,
And *heads* and *hearts*, tongues, lungs, and thumbs;
And that's the way the money comes.

How does it come? The way is plain—
By raising cotton, corn, and *cane;*
By wind and steam, lightning and rain;
By guiding ships across the main;
By building bridges, roads, and dams,
And sweeping streets, and digging clams.
With whistles, hi's! and ho's! and hum's!
And that's the way the money comes.

The money comes—how did I say?
Not *always* in an *honest* way;
It comes by *tricks* as well as toil,
But how is that? why, slick as oil,
By putting peas in coffee bags;
By swapping watches, knives, and nags,
And peddling *wooden clocks* and *plums:*
And that's the way the money comes.

How does it come?—wait, let me see,
It very seldom comes to me;
It comes by *rule*, I guess, and *scale*,
Sometimes, by riding on a *rail;*
But oftener that's the way it goes,
From silly belles and fast young beaux;
It comes in big, nay, *little sums*,
Aye, that's the way the money comes.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HUNTING A WIFE.

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

[Concluded from page 124, last number.].

MRS. GRANT, the widow of the murdered man, was a woman of strong character, unflinching resolution, and great personal beauty. Left in limited circumstances, she and her five orphan children became the objects of Mr. PICKLE'S deepest sympathy and affectionate regard. In the mother, he found a coadjutor in every good work, and an unflinching advocate of the cause which lay so near his heart. He gradually spent more and more of his evenings with this interesting family, and undertook to superintend their education. There were silver threads upon his temples, and with the occasional pauses of his numberless avocations, came a feeling of loneliness, and at times a subtle longing—a vague want of counsel from a woman's intuition—often so much surer than the reasoning of men. Then he sought Mrs. GRANT'S clear judgment, and experienced such a feeling of repose and safety, that the old visions came back, and one evening, as he sat by the cheerful grate, after the little ones were safely tucked away for the night, he was moved to say,

"Mrs. GRANT, I am a lonely man, and too old for raptures—in short—in fact, Mrs. GRANT, I wish that you would give yourself and your children to me for the future."

The lady looked utterly astonished for a moment, and then burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, Mr. PICKLE, my husband is beyond the river, but none the less my husband still," and recovering herself after one convulsive sob, gave him her hand, saying,

"You are my kindest friend, smoothing every difficulty, and easing each pain. My gratitude can know no bounds,—do not take your friendship from me, I beseech you. Your great heart can readily conceive that I have nothing to give in return for the comfort and honor that you offer me."

He grasped her hand cordially, saying, as he took his departure,

"Mrs. GRANT shall never be without a friend while I live."

He walked to his boarding-place, with a little more humility than usual, but he was, evidently, not at all heart-sore. He said to himself, "I wonder if I did love that woman? how easy it is to love a good woman; they are near to the angels;" and so he straightway fell to thinking of Miss STUART, his hostess' sister,—a lady possessed of many attractions, but of uncertain age. For the coming month he cultivated her acquaintance, and contemplated her perfections, whereupon ensued the following conversation:

"Miss STUART, if you were about to marry, from what profession or occupation would you choose your husband?" was the Reverend's cautious prelude,—to which the lady replied,

"I should prefer a farmer,—lawyers are knaves, ministers too poor, doctors full of tricks, and mechanics ignorant. Farmers are the safest."

As this was said with the most decided seriousness, he began to think it barely possible that some "old maids" might refuse even a *good* offer of marriage. He did not pursue the subject further, feeling slightly piqued, and resolved to seek refuge in the musty volumes, and abstruse disquisitions, ever welcoming him in his study, and offering consolation for all minor afflictions. "Successful in everything but matrimony," tho't he—"well, well—here is—'Concord of Ages'—I believe I'll read it,—farewell, damsels."

Mr. PICKLE was a very careful observer of his congregation, scanning every new face, especially an attentive one—and had, of late, noted a pale countenance, striking in itself, and strikingly familiar. It was always partially shaded by a veil, but the eyes, so changeful, in depth and hue, still haunted him. His passing inquiries were unsuccessful, and as he was about pursuing them further, the fair *incognita* disappeared.

A month passed, and the Session of the Church met, the pale young lady, with the wonderful eyes, appearing among the applicants for membership.

"You will please write your names," said Mr. PICKLE, and as he glanced down the list, "KATE THORNTON" was the last. The mystery was solved,—and he sprang forward, grasping her hand with genuine joy, exclaiming, as he noted her wasted form, "Dear KATE, this is not all time!"

She rose to meet him, and fell back, fainting. He took her in his arms and carried her to another room,—his noble face beaming with the tenderest sorrow and compassion.

CHAPTER IV.

Half an hour later and Miss THORNTON was lying upon a sofa, and Mr. PICKLE seated beside her. Passing his hand soothingly over the chestnut locks, he said,

"Now, KATE, will you tell me why you strayed so far from the roof-tree, and why you have not allowed me to be your friend in this land of strangers?"

"As you may have heard, sir, my father lost his property, and—and," with a gasp, "JOHN LANGTON died."

O, such a look of patient, tearless sorrow, as swept over the young face at this moment!—such a volume of silent suffering written there! She continued,—"I could not endure my monotonous life at home after that, and so I plunged into that sea where so many women drown their troubles,—school teaching. I pursued it under various forms, and about three months since came to this city as a teacher in Rugby Seminary. I should have made myself known to you, but I cannot be unmindful of the distinctions of society, and did not expect the famous Mr. PICKLE to greet me thus."

"You mistook me, KATE, but you will not again. I am glad that you are here. Our clear air will renew your life, and the old channels of grief will re-act among these novel scenes and invigorating labors. A person who has the nerve to look trouble in the face, will emerge from it chastened and purified. O, in these few moments, how you have linked me back to the sports of childhood and the dreams of youth. Will you tell me now why you came to the Session, tonight?"

"I have long felt that all my sympathies were with the church, and have been blessed, for a few moments, with that 'peace which passeth all understanding.' O, Mr. PICKLE, what a blessed life to feel that divine joy ever possessing all the soul. How it lifts one above the cares of earth, making life a rapture, and death a fitting climax. These glimpses of holy light only reveal the darkness of that doubt and despair, in which I am so often plunged. My sins and unworthiness have been like a mountain before me, but JESUS is merciful, and so I am come to sacrifice at the temple. I fear that my judgment is convinced more than my heart is moved, but I dared not stay away any longer. JESUS is all mercy and forgiveness."

"Can this be KATE THORNTON,—the jester,—the scoffer,—the wild, spirited girl, who always made me the victim of her jokes and her satire? I thank the LORD that he has cast such a seed upon this teeming soil. We need such as you, KATE,—strong, vehement, and zealous. I know your nature—vigorous and powerful in woman's instincts, strong and forcible in action. It is such as you that are purified as by fire,—you have passed through a furnace of affliction and will live to rejoice in its scathing flame. Thank GOD that you are here! You are a brave, christian woman, or you could never have endured a transit from the lap of luxury to the cold hearth of unpaid labor,—and you, so proud, and so fearless. Courage is admirable, and quite as much a feminine attribute as any of the softer virtues which we habitually allot to that sex."

He saw her cheek paling more and more, and said,

"I am assured, KATE, that your great sorrow will ere long slumber, through the healing influence of GOD'S gracious gifts. Here, too, there are no way marks,—no silent watch-towers pointing back to the long passed agony. GOD is here, and everywhere, blessed forever."

KATE was weeping refreshing, grateful tears, such as heal wounds and soothe wearying pain. Mr. PICKLE waited until she seemed calm, and then said, fraternally,

"Come KATE, I will take you home now," adding, "I am going to be your brother; what do you say?"

"Thank you," and she took his hand in both of hers and kissed it fervently.

Three days after, when Mr. PICKLE called at the Seminary, he found Miss THORNTON raving in the delirium of fever, mournfully beseeching her mother to come and drive every body away but Mr. PICKLE. For days and weeks he claimed his brotherly and pastoral right to visit the invalid, and spared no effort to relieve the tedium of her convalescence. Then he read beautiful poems, quaint tales, and rare essays, meeting in every elevated thought an echoing belief, and in every throb of his heart an answering pulsation in the one beside him. They called it all sympathy, friendship, and lived a rapt, dreamless, satisfying life, little heeding whither it tended. All happiness is transitory, and the walks, talks and rides of the absorbed couple ended when Miss THORNTON resumed her occupations in the Seminary. The Reverend brother fell back to his monotonous round of duties, a little wearily, scarcely able to restrain his impatience until the weekly holiday should afford him the opportunity of paying a visit at the Seminary. He tarried long, as usual, and was met at the tea-table with the officious query from his landlady,

"Do you teach a class at Rugby Seminary, Mr. PICKLE?"

"No, Madam, I am seeking a class-mate," was the concise reply.

Still cherishing that inward sight, Mr. PICKLE saw oftener and more clearly the spiritual vision revealed ere the struggles of life were fairly commenced, and felt assured that he recognized its lineaments in the lovely face now seldom absent from his thoughts. Unconsciously he yielded all, and in due time wakened to the magnitude of the venture he had made. Miss THORNTON had been sisterly, grateful, affectionate, but nothing further. None of the old, teasing ways,—none of the impetuous temper of her early youth, had been betrayed. He thought of her, so calm and spiritual, so earnest and ready in the duties of her station, and remembered that, of late, her manner had been slightly constrained,—her cheek sometimes flushed and the fathomless eyes moist with recent tears. "I will see what's the matter," thought he, and heeding no holiday, hastened to Rugby St., greeting his friend vehemently, "KATE, what ails you, of late? Have I grieved you? Has anything gone wrong? You ought to confide in me."

"And why?" said she, waveringly.

"Because, I love you, and with no boy's passion. A heart, tried and tempted, but never wasted, or divided, I offer you. Dear KATE, will you take it?"

Like a wearied bird to its nest, she fluttered to the offered embrace, and nestled there in timid joy, scarcely trusting the happiness for which she had longed.

A month, and the Rev. Dr. PICKLE'S congregation were individually notified that a wedding ceremony would be performed at the next weekly evening service. Curiosity was upon tip-toe, indulging in surmises without end, and some even bantered the Rev. Dr. with the possibility of his acting as bridegroom. This he did not deny, and then crowded speculation upon speculation. "I shall never forgive you, Dr., if you marry out of our congregation," said one lady. "Be assured, Madam, I shall never thus offend," was the reply.

The matrons looked indignant, that they were neither consulted nor confided in,—the maidens tittered, and the young men only gazed the more admiringly at them. To these latter, the Dr. said, "My dear young friends, never 'hunt' for a wife, trust Providence, and she will be pointed out to you."

The eventful evening came, a brother clergyman conducted the service, and Dr. PICKLE and the lovely Miss THORNTON walked quietly in before the service, and, after the ceremony, as quietly seated themselves in the congregation.

The next day the Rev. SOLOMON PICKLE wrote to his sister,

"Eureka! KATE THORNTON is my destiny!"

THE GOOD-BYE.

"GEORGE—George!"

"Well, what's wanting now?"

The young husband turned back the door-knob, and there was impatience in his tone, and annoyance on his brow, as he answered his wife's call.

"Nothing, papa, only baby and I just want to kiss you good-bye," and she came up toward him, the little, graceful, sweet-voiced woman, with her baby in her arms, and held up the small soft face to his cheeks, and the little one crowed, and thrust up its dimpled hands, and clutched the short, thick locks triumphantly.

"O, baby, you rogue, you'd like to pull out a handful of papa's hair, wouldn't you now?" laughed the merchant, in a tone so unlike his former one, that you would not have recognized it, and he leaned down, and kissed the small fragrant lips over and over.

"Now it's my turn, papa," and Mrs. Reynolds smoothed away the rumpled hair, and kissed her husband's forehead; and as he went out of the house that morning, a new softness and peace had erased the troubled look from the man's face. And that day it was appointed to George Reynolds to pass through a sharp and fearful temptation. He was in the midst of a commercial crisis, and several of his heaviest debtors had failed that week, and now a payment of ten thousand dollars was due, and there was no way to raise this sum unless ——

He held the pen irresolutely in his shaking hand, the veins were swollen into great blue cords on his forehead, and the breath came thick and fast betwixt his hot lips; a few scrawls of that pen, a solitary name at the bottom, and the young merchant could secure the ten thousand dollars, and his business credit would be safe. There was no sort of doubt, too, but he could raise the money within a few days, and thus secure himself from all discovery, and the pressing circumstances of the case certainly allowed some limits in financiering.

So whispered the tempter, as he walked up and down the soul of George Reynolds, always softening down the word forgery into some false name, which totally changed to his perceptions the moral complexion of the deed he was about to commit. The young merchant's eyes glared all around his office, but there was none to see him then; he dipped his pen, with a kind of desperate eagerness, into the tall porcelain ink-stand, and he drew it along the paper, when suddenly his hand paused, struck by a thought—the memory of his wife's kiss that morning.

He saw her as he saw her last, standing in the door, the baby in her arms, her sweet face full of motherly tenderness and wifely trust, as she lifted it to him at parting; the voice of the tempter passed away before that rush of holier emotion which blurred the man's eyes; he dashed down the pen. "Mary! Mary! you have saved your husband; sink or swim, I will not do this deed; I should blush for shame to meet your eyes and our baby's together, if I carried the burning consciousness in my own soul, though no other man ever did or would. Mary, my little wife, you won't know it, but that good-bye kiss of yours this morning has saved your husband from this great sin."

George Reynolds did not sink. It was a hard struggle, but the storm passed by without falling on him as it did on many others, and Mary, his wife, never knew that she had saved her husband from a sin which in her eyes would have been worse than death.

The good which we have done, we shall know, "not here, but hereafter," and the best and truest lives are those which strew all the years with the sweet aroma of loving and self-sacrificing deeds. As the water lilies take root and grow silently amid the slime and mud in low waters, until in the midsummer they open their great creamy vases to the soft persuasions of the sunshine, and lie in snowy flotillas on the bosoms of streams, the glory and idealization of all flowers, so amid the lowlands of life, among its shadows and mists, have we also to sow day by day our small seed of all gentle and generous deeds, not knowing when they take root, or expecting to behold their unfolding into blossoms on the river of time.

O, ye who sigh to set your lives with the arabesques of great and noble deeds, who pant for broader horizons, and higher opportunities, *God has appointed you a work where you are.* Every day lifts up its white chalice out of the night, and is held down to you through all its solemn, silent-footed hours, for those small labors of love whose true significance and relations we shall only understand in eternity. And in this small daily labor lies much of woman's work, and her sweet home influences fall like the sunshine and the evening dew, upon the characters around her. She may little comprehend what a silent force of healing, restraining, strengthening influence she is exerting, and periods of unrest and despondency may fill many hours with shadows, which would be illuminated with joy and thanksgiving, if she could only "know as she is known." But the pictures of all lives are locked up in the eternal galleries, and the angels hold the keys, and when God's voice speaks the word, the doors shall be opened, and when we go in we shall all "behold and understand."—*Home Magazine.*

SALMAGUNDI.

The editor of our Wit and Humor department has been ill of late, but, having become convalescent, sends us the accompanying illustration of something unknown, we presume, to RURAL readers, which he facetiously denominates the "Spirit of the Times."

A MAN, when he is "hard up," is mostly *down* in the world.

THE best way to humble a proud man is to take no notice of him.

THE best way to condemn bad traits, is by practicing good ones.

THEY who "pine" in their youth can never look "spruce" in old age.

IN these degenerate days, character is weighed with a "cash balance."

FLY in all haste from the friend who will suffer you to teach him nothing.

A STATE of sickness is but a partial life—as a sick man is more or less dead.

REMEMBER that recreation must not be your business, but a preparation for it.

WHEN woman begin to count their admirers, it isn't apt to take them long to do it.

AN author should always be careful not to mistake voluminousness for luminousness.

WHEN a girl *hunts* a husband, the engagement ring, to be in keeping, should be *chased.*

MANY institutions are improperly called *seminaries*, for they do not half teach anything.

THERE are, no doubt, some out-spoken millers, but generally they are a mealy-mouthed set.

A LADY, describing an ill-natured man, says "He never smiles but he feels ashamed of it."

POLITENESS is like an air cushion, there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

SOLOMON says that the tongue is not easily bridled. But it is easily *bit*—though he doesn't say so.

A MAN will generally give you his advice without charge; but you will often be cheated if you take it.

"CAN'T we make your lover jealous, miss?" "Oh, yes, sir, I think we can, if we *put our heads together.*"

SHE that marries a man because he is a "good match," must not be surprised if he turns out a "Lucifer."

LOVE can excuse anything except meanness: but meanness kills love, and cripples even natural affection.

A LECTURER asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," suggested Brown, "not a *bitter cold* day.

A MODERN tourist calls the Niagara River "the pride of rivers." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall.

EXCESS of ceremony shows want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

AN architect proposes to build a "Bachelor's Hall," which will differ from most houses in having no Eves.

"DON'T you mean to marry, my dear sir?"—"No, my dear widow, I'd rather lose all the ribs I've got than take another."

THERE is a man in town so knowing, that people who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

A YOUNG lady was recently asked how she could possibly afford, in these hard times, to take music lessons. "Oh," said she, "I confine myself to the lowest notes."

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CLASSICAL ENIGMA.

DEDICATED TO OSMA.

I AM composed of 19 letters.
My 4, 5, 14 was the name of a mountain near ancient Troy.
My 17, 12, 1, 18, 14 was, and still is, the name of a volcanic mountain in Sicily.
My 9, 14, 12, 19, 16, 8 was the name of a river in the south of Spain.
My 11, 17, 3, 2, 8 was a tyrant of Lacedæmon.
My 14, 6, 18, 10, 17, 8 was a Trojan Prince who fled to Italy.
My 10, 11, 18, 4, 7, 8 was an ancient Roman poet.
My 3, 16, 17, 8 was one of the seven wise men of Greece.
My 15, 2, 11, 18, 17 was a Consul of Rome in the time of the civil war.
My 5, 2, 14, 11, 17 was a noted goddess mentioned in the Bible, the daughter of Jupiter and Latona, and sister of Apollo.
My 15, 14, 11, 18, 17, 12 was a village in Apulia, famous on account of the defeat of the Roman forces by Hannibal.
My 13, 17, 3, 2, 7, 8, while Dictator, by wisely protracting the war, freed Italy from the invading Carthagenians under Hannibal.
My whole is an earnest prayer.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860. ELLATH.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.—POETICAL.

A SAITH, with a smile, to B and to C,
One-third of your money pray give unto me,
A thousand bright dollars I then should possess,
It would pay off my debts, and set me at rest.
B, in reply, saith to A and to C.
If one-fourth of your cash you'd give unto me,
The same sum of dollars I then should behold
Each time I approach my purse to unfold.
C says to A and to B, I would not repine
If one-fifth of your money was added to mine,
A thousand dollars in my purse there would be,
Which would cancel my debts, and set me quite free.
Ye lads who, with learning and genius are bless'd,
Pray tell me the dollars each one did possess.
On good terms of friendship, I'll give you my hand,
And say that ciphering you well understand.

Tyrone, Schuyler Co., N. Y. BENJAMIN SACKETT.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 534.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust and not be afraid.

Answer to Surveyors' Problem:—Sixty-two feet.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Christendom (*creese-in-dom) looks in horror on the judgment of Pontius Pilate.

* A Malay dagger.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Poll Evil, Causes and Remedy.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As you are so generous, I thought of asking for one of your many favors. I have a mare which is getting the Poll Evil, and as it has not broken out as yet, I would like to know how to prevent its breaking, or what it would be best to do with it, if it should open? A remedy for this evil, from you, or others of your readers, would be thankfully received through your paper.—G. G., *Sandusky City, Ohio*, 1860.

POLL EVIL, as our readers are aware, is a swelling of an inflammatory character, which, if not checked in its earlier stages, will end in an abscess and fistula. The nape of the neck is usually the seat of this disease. Before proceeding to a description of the methods of treatment, it may be well to allude to some of the causes which operate in its production. Low ceilings in stables are an exceedingly fruitful source. Restless horses, thus placed, are very apt to strike the poll against the beams or over-head flooring, and frequent repetitions will terminate in induration. Throwing, or jerking, the head upward, when "fastened short," causes frequent pressure by halter and bridle, bruises result, tumefaction and suppuration ensue. Fastening the halter and bridle too tight, thus producing excessive friction, is, probably, the most frequent cause. Simple as it may seem, the clumsy manner in which the collar is put on; or the forcing on of a collar too small for the horse, is often the parent of the injury. Lack of care in grooming,—for it is well known that the poll is seldom introduced to either brush or curry-comb,—causes an accumulation of dirt, a cutaneous eruption arises, and the horse receives injury while rubbing himself in order to be relieved of the irritation, or itching sensation, consequent thereupon. Excessive bracing of the head of the horse downward with the martingale, produces a pressure which brings the poll under a constant strain. These are the principal agents in bringing this disease into existence, and, hence, we may adopt the saying of a celebrated veterinarian, "Poll Evil results either from neglect or abuse."

Oftentimes, this disease is not perceived until an unhealthy suppuration has set in, when it is exceedingly difficult to cure. The form in which it first presents itself is that of an oval tumor, hot and tender. When in the suppurative stage, and the location of the matter is deep seated, on manipulating the affected part, scarcely any fluctuation is observable, but should the matter lie directly under the skin, or in the cellular tissues, it may be easily ascertained.

In the early stages of the disease, Dr. DADD recommends keeping the horse upon light diet, giving a dose of cooling medicine, and having the diseased part constantly wet, by means of cold water bandages. If the tumor be of the indolent sort, substitute a solution of salt and vinegar. Continue this treatment for a few days. If the tumor increases, and has a soft, fluctuating feeling, poultice with linseed. Do not wait for the tumor to break, but as soon as matter can be distinctly felt, *open at the lower margin, not at the summit.* Make the incision large, so that no obstruction will exist to a full and free discharge of matter, and press it out. To promote this discharge, make a paste of sugar, soap, and powdered bloodroot, equal parts. Rub together in a mortar, spread on a cotton cloth, about the thickness of a dollar, and apply, securing by a bandage.

With the majority of cases, Dr. DADD, after opening the abscess, and pressing out as much as possible of the morbid accumulations, endeavors to stop the suppurative process, in the following manner:—Take a six or eight ounce syringe, and inject the cavity several times with tincture of iodine; after which, cram into the chasm a portion of salt and bloodroot, equal parts; put a cold water pad upon the eminence, encircle with a roller passed around the head and neck, as tight as the circumstances will permit. The following day remove the bandage, wash, dress, inject a small quantity of the tincture of iodine, and bandage as before. Follow this treatment for several days, and should the discharge have decreased, and other symptoms appear favorable, the chances favor a cure. The object in this mode is to excite adhesive inflammation, by means of which, and external pressure, the surfaces of the interior are glued together.

Where the ligamentary, tendinous, and bony structures are involved, accompanied with fistulæ, the only remedy is the knife. The part must be laid open, and all fistulous pipes cut out. If a portion of the bone be diseased, that must also be removed. Cleanse with a solution of chloride of lime, or pyroligneous acid, bring the edges together by suture, leaving an opening at the base for the discharge of matter. Healing by adhesion is the object which must be kept in view. If failure is apparent, and the part assume a morbid type, inject and dress with equal parts of spirits of turpentine, pyroligneous acid, and linseed oil. Fir balsam may be used with good effect, when indolence and morbidity is the characteristic. As soon as a disposition to heal is manifested, dress with tincture of aloes and myrrh. While the locality of the disease has its specific attention, do not fail to watch the general health, and keep the bowels soluble. Sulphur, sassafras, and cream of tartar, are the best remedies.

Mangel Wurzel—Planting.

I WOULD like to inquire through the RURAL the best way to grow Mangels, the kind of ground best suited, the time to sow them, and the width the drills should be apart? Last year I sowed about the first of May, on a loamy soil, well manured, covered the seed about an inch deep, and they did not make their appearance above ground for over a month. Would like to know the reason, and how it can be remedied?—H. C. G., *London, C., W.*, 1860.

WE would not plant beet seed of any kind, without soaking at least twenty-four hours, and forty-eight or sixty hours would be still better. If kept in a warm room during the soaking, every good seed will start, and commence to grow immediately after sowing. We once forgot a lot of seed until it had been soaking a week. They had grown so much as to show green leaves quite distinctly. It was the white sugar beet, and we never before or since grew so fine a crop. Plant in rows, from 14 to 15 inches apart in the rows, and the rows as near together as possible and allow the use of the cultivator. Two or three seeds should be deposited in each place, and when up, all but the strongest may be removed. As the mangel will bear transplanting, any blank places may be filled up with those extra plants. This is better done on a moist day.

Killing Couch or Quack Grass.

THIS grass, in some localities, is quite troublesome, and eradicated with great difficulty. In reply to a correspondent we expressed the opinion that salt would destroy it, if applied in very large doses. This opinion was not founded on any experiments with this grass, but because we had found very few weeds or plants of any kind to withstand thorough salting. A correspondent of Avon, N. Y., doubts its efficacy in this case, and gives his experience as follows:

"In the RURAL, in reply to a correspondent, you say that salt will kill quack grass, if enough is applied. This assertion I dare not contradict, because the quantity of salt to be used is unlimited; but I must be allowed to throw a shadow of doubt upon the theory, by stating an experiment which I made last summer. Having an asparagus bed which was being ruined by quack grass, and knowing that salt would not injure the asparagus, I covered a part of it with salt, to the depth of two inches; half this plat I spaded up, mixing the dressing thoroughly with the soil, and allowed the salt on the remaining half to leach by the action of dew and rains. The result was the same. It killed a fine, thrifty cherry tree, eight or ten years old, and several currant bushes, which stood near the edge of the bed, (and I am not sure that the asparagus escaped unharmed,) but the "quack" "still lives," having passed the ordeal as triumphantly as the three Israelites emerged from the fiery furnace of King NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

Here, where this grass is becoming quite too common, particularly on the bottom lands, it is generally conceded that all experiments short of spading the ground, and carefully gathering and destroying the roots, have proved total failures. As the roots are very tough, and usually cling together in masses, this plan involves less labor than would at first thought be supposed.

I have, however, heard it stated, by a very respectable and candid farmer, that he once accidentally killed a large patch of it, by late fall plowing; an open winter succeeding, the roots were entirely destroyed by alternate freezing and thawing. While I do not question the result in this particular case, it is extremely doubtful if the practice would be generally successful."

The nature of the roots, or rather the underground stems, may be learned by those who are happily unacquainted with it, by an examination of the engraving. Each section of these stems will form a strong plant, so that its destruction is very difficult.

Black-Leg—Nature, Treatment, &c.

WILL you inform a subscriber the cause and cure of what we denominate Black Leg in this country? It is almost invariably fatal on yearlings with us, and they are the most liable to be affected with it. Thus far it has defied all attempts at a cure.—A. A. WHEELER, *Perry, Lake Co., Ohio*, 1860.

WHO will decide, when doctors disagree? The disease known as black leg, is possessed of as many names as there are parts of the animal system in which it is wont to develop itself. If it first appears in the thigh, it is called quarter-ill, quarter-evil, black-quarter, joint-murrain, etc.—Then, again, our most distinguished veterinarians, and writers upon topics connected with animal health, are at utter variance in both diagnosis and treatment of the malady. Under such circumstances, it may be well to give the *rationale* of the two leading pathological systems, leaving the subject open for the views and experiences of RURAL correspondents. YOUATT, who is classed among the "orthodox veterinary writers," says:

"Thousands of cattle fall victims every year to a disease, which, from its virulent character and speedy course, may be termed inflammatory fever. A disease of this character, but known by a number of strange yet expressive terms, is occasionally prevalent, and exceedingly fatal among cattle in every district. It is termed black-quarter, quarter-evil, joint-murrain, blood-striking, black leg, shoot of blood, &c.; and although it may not, at any time, embody all the symptoms of either of these diseases, according, at least, as they are understood in some parts of the country, there are few cases in which the prevailing symptoms of most of them are not exhibited in some of the stages.

"The very name of the disease, *inflammatory fever*, indicates the mode of treatment. It a case of excessive vascular action, the first and most important step is copious bleeding. As much blood must be taken as the animal will bear to lose; and the stream must flow on until the beast staggers or threatens to fall. Here, more than in any other disease, there must be no foolish directions about quantities. *As much blood must be taken away as can be got;* for it is only by bold depletory measures that a malady can be subdued that runs its course so rapidly.

"Purging must immediately follow. Epsom salts are here, as in most inflammatory diseases, the best purgative. A pound and a half, dissolved in water or gruel, and poured down the throat as gently as possible, should be the first dose; and no aromatic should accompany it. If this does not operate in the course of six hours, another pound should be given; and, after that, half-pound doses every six hours until the effect is produced.

"At the expiration of the six hours the patient should be carefully examined. Is the pulse slower, softer? If not, he must be bled a second time, and until the circulation is once more affected. If the animal be somewhat better, yet not to the extent that could be wished, the practitioner would be warranted in bleeding again, provided the sinking and fluttering of the pulse does not indicate the commencement of debility.

"If the pulse be a little quicted, and purging has taken place, and the animal is somewhat more himself, the treatment should be followed up by the diligent exhibition of sedative medicines. A drachm and a half of digitalis, and one drachm of emetic tartar, and half an ounce of nitre, should be given three times every day; and setons inserted in the dewlap. Those of black hellebore-root are the best, as producing the quickest and most extensive inflammation."

If ulcers have broken out and the process of sloughing commenced, when the practitioner is first called in, YOUATT would dispense with bleeding, but would give physic, which would act both as an aromatic and purgative, in order to rouse the energies of the digestive system and to get rid of the offensive and dangerous matter collected in the intestinal canal. Epsom salts are the best for the purpose. The enlargements about the knee and elbow, stifle and hock, should be fomented with warm water; and any considerable indurations, especially about the joints, embrocated with equal parts of turpentine, hartshorn, and camphorated spirit. All ulcers should be carefully and thoroughly washed several times every day, with a solution of the chloride of lime. Half an ounce of the powder in a gallon of water will give a solution of sufficient strength. Tonics should on no account be neglected, but be administered simply to rouse to action the languid or almost lifeless powers of the animal.

Prevention of this malady is the only cure worth notice. A piece of short or inferior keep, should be reserved as a digesting place in which the cattle may be occasionally turned to empty and exercise themselves. Those observed to advance very fast, may be bled monthly, for several months; but occasional purges of alterative medicines would prevent those diseases which take their rise in over-repletion and accumulation, and are far better than bleeding.

Turn we now to the other mode of treatment, the great exponent of which, in our country, is Dr. DADD. In the opinion of Dr. D., this is an epizootic affection, and, like most diseases of that character, its pathology is obscure. Indeed, Dr. D. thinks that we know as little concerning its causes as we do about those promotive of cholera, influenza, potato rot, etc. The only way to prevent is appearance is to keep cattle in a physiological condition, by proper attention to breeding, feeding, rearing, and housing. Animals in a perfectly healthy state are certain to enjoy immunity from it and other diseases.

Dr. DADD considers it unfortunate that Black Leg should ever have been classed as an inflammatory affection, "for the error has led to a system of practice as disastrous as the cattle plague." He quotes from YOUATT, (whose mode of treatment we have already given,) and wonders "how any creature can survive such barbarous treatment." Blood-letting and purging have no good effect in a disease so prostrating as this, and which runs its course to mortification so rapidly. The proper mode is to *furnish life-sustaining agents,*—not deplete and weaken the animal economy.

The course of treatment pursued by Dr. D., is thus commenced:—Spirits of hartshorn, four drachms; tar-water, one quart; tincture of bloodroot, one ounce. Mix the hartshorn and tar-water first, then add the blood root. Drench, (No. 1.) The object in giving the hartshorn is to decarbonize the blood, and impart healthy stimulus to the nutrient system of blood-vessels and nerves.

Should the animal exhibit any lameness in the back or hind quarters, apply, oil of cedar, two ounces; sulphuric ether, two ounces; tincture of capsicum, one ounce; cod liver oil, six ounces. First mix the two oils, then add the ether, and shake thoroughly; lastly, add the tincture. The object in applying this preparation is to arouse capillary action, and thus prevent the engorgements, which, according to the best authorities, are everywhere found.

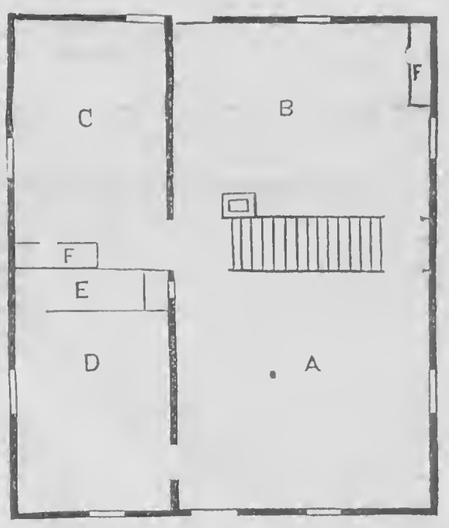
Four hours after giving dose No. 1, drench the patient with the following:—Liquid tar, one ounce; glycerine, four ounces; thin gruel, one quart. This dose may be repeated, if the urgency of the case demands it, at intervals of four hours, until symptoms of improvement are observable. The tar is a powerful antiseptic, preventing decomposition, emphysema, and mortification.

All sores and ulcers must be dressed with pyroligneous acid, and kept constantly sprinkled with powdered bloodroot. All abscesses must be punctured with a thumb lancet; their contents evacuated by pressure, and syringing them with soap-suds, and their cavities must be crammed with fine salt. Should any sores or ulcers be observed about the muzzle, mouth, or throat, tincture of matico is the remedy, or liquid tar; one ounce of the same may be introduced into the mouth of the patient; it will surely do good.

If the patient be weak and debilitated, tonics are indicated; goldenseal, in two drachm doses, may be incorporated in the food, in direct ratio to the urgency of the case.

PLAN FOR A COTTAGE.

THE annexed plan of a house may possibly interest a class of readers to whom the more costly and highly ornamental plans may be forbidden fruit. All the room in it is available,—there is none of it intended to be idle, and almost none occupied by entries or halls. The upper story, with a few variations, is finished similar to the lower story. The landing at the head of the stairs is inclosed, and has a sash door; the S. E. room is finished for a store room, and the front room is warmed by a drum connected with the stove below.



A, Living Room, 15 by 16. *B*, Kitchen, 12 by 16. *C*, Bed Room, 10 by 15. *D*, Bed Room, 10 by 12½. *E*, Closet, 2½ by 8½. *FFF*, Closets.

It is designed for a home for four persons. Attached to it are seven acres of land. Cost of house, built by contract, including well, cistern, and cement cellar bottom, very nearly $1,000. The upper windows are made to slide into a hollow wall in the sides of the house. Roof, 16 inch projection—plain finished cornice. First story, 8½ feet in the clear. Second story wall, 5 feet high. Cellar, 6½ feet in the clear. It is designed to be of brick, with a good stone wall for foundation, two feet above ground.

Milan, Ohio, 1860. P. H.

MEASURING AND BUILDING CISTERNS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the construction of cisterns, every reader of your journal is doubtless interested, hence I present the following rules for guidance in the fabrication of three different forms and capacities:

There are three varieties of cisterns in general use, which may be classed under three different heads, viz.:—Cylindrical, Cubical, and Conoidic.

The *Cylindrical*, or first variety, is measured in the following manner:—Take the dimensions, in inches, of the top and bottom diameters, and depth of cistern; multiply together the diameters thus found, that sum by the depth, and divide the product by 9264, for barrels.

The *Cubical*, or second variety, is measured by multiplying its sides,—taken in inches,—together, and that sum by the depth of cistern. Dividing the contents thus found by 7276.5, we have the amount in barrels.

The *Conoidic*, or third variety, is measured by the following rule:—Take the dimensions in inches,—viz., the top and bottom diameters and middle diameter, midway from top to bottom; also the depth of cistern. Add together the squares of the top and bottom, semi-diameters, and the square of the whole middle diameter; multiply this sum by the depth, and divide by 13897 for barrels.*

To find the size of cisterns capable of containing any given quantity of water, the following examples are given:

Let it be required to find the size of a cylindri-

* Should this variety of cistern be elliptical in form, find a mean diameter by the following rule:—Add the squares of the greater and least diameters together, and extract the square root of half their sum.

cal cistern, capable of holding 30 barrels. Multiplying 9264 by 30, we have 277920, the cube root of which, in round numbers, is 65,—making the diameters and depth equal to 65 inches. Should it be desired to make them unequal, take any two numbers for diameters, varying slightly from 65, as, for example, 62 and 66. Multiply them together, and divide 277920, as above given, by that product, and we have 68 inches nearly for depth. Hence a cistern whose diameters are 62 and 66 inches, and depth 68 inches, will contain 30 barrels.

Let it be required to find the size of a cubical cistern that will hold 50 barrels. Multiplying 7276.5 by 50, we have 363825, the cube root of which is 71 inches, which is equal to the sides and depth of the required cistern. Should it be required to make the sides and depth unequal, take any two numbers at pleasure, varying slightly from 71, as 66 and 80, and multiply these together, dividing 363825 by that product, and we have 69 inches for depth. Hence a cistern whose sides are 66 and 80 inches, and 69 inches deep, will contain 50 barrels.

Required, to find the size of a conoidic cistern whose capacity shall be equal to 40 barrels. Multiplying 13897 by 40, we have 555880, the cube root of which is 82, equal to the middle diameter. Then multiplying 82 by 1.2, we have 98.4 for the top diameter; again multiplying 82 by .6, and we have 49.2 for the bottom diameter. Adding together the squares of the top and bottom semi-diameters, to the square of the whole middle diameter, and we have 9749.8. Dividing 555880, as given above, by that sum, and we have 57 inches for depth of cistern.*

Top diameter, 98.4 inches; middle diameter, 82 inches; bottom diameter, 49.2 inches; from top to bottom, in center, 57 inches.

This cut shows the form and proportion of a conoidic cistern, the capacity of which is equal to 40 barrels. It is made by digging a round hole in the ground, usually about 8 feet diameter at the top, and 4 feet at the bottom, and from 4 to 5 feet in depth. The sides are slightly curved outward, and it is usually plastered with two coats of water lime or cement. Rosendale cement is the best, as it does not harden the water like water lime, and will last ten times as long. The cement should be used with coarse sand,—three parts of sand to one of cement,—and be applied evenly. One barrel of cement will be sufficient to plaster a cistern that will hold 40 barrels, if mixed as above stated. J. D. HARRINGTON.

Rochester, N. Y., April, 1860.

* Persons unacquainted, will bear in mind that to square a quantity is to multiply that quantity by itself, as, for example, the square of 10 is 100, because 10 times 10 is 100. The semi-square of 10 is 25, because 5 times 5 is 25.

SWEET GERMAN TURNIP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Among the many "good, bad, and indifferent" varieties of turnips that are cultivated in this section, we have one that I think is far superior to any I have ever seen. It was sent into this place, a few years since, from Canada, I think, by the name of *Sweet Turnip*. I have since learned that it came originally from Germany; therefore I have given it the name of "*Sweet German Turnip*." I have taken some pains to distribute the seed, and as far as I know, they give universal satisfaction. Those who have them, discard all other kinds, especially for the table, as they have not that strong "turnipy" taste peculiar to other varieties, being sweet and tender. I will venture the assertion, that they will keep sound, and fit for cooking, the longest of any turnip known. They will keep perfectly fresh until July, without any protection whatever, more than to lie on the bottom of a cool cellar. By being packed in dirt or sand, they can easily be kept until new turnips come in; in fact, I have never yet seen a "corky" *Sweet German Turnip*. By exposure to the air they will wither, and eventually dry up, but they never become corky like other varieties.

They yield about the same as the ruta baga, and should be cultivated in the same manner. My method of cultivating them last year, as a field crop, was as follows: I selected a piece of land that was highly manured the year before, with barn-yard manure, and planted with corn,—soil, a gravelly loam,—plowed about the 15th of June, and sowed in drills, far enough apart for the cultivator to pass between them; at the second hoeing, thinned to 12 or 14 inches. I used no "fertilizer" except a light top-dressing of plaster, when they first came up. About the first of November I harvested them. They were the most beautiful lot of turnips I ever saw; yielded at the rate of 900 bushels per acre.

Two years ago I sent a quantity of the seed to F. A. STOW, Esq., of Troy, N. Y., who has since written as follows:—"From the *Sweet German Turnip* seed that you sent me last spring, (sown on five acres,) I raised 4,000 bushels of turnips. I consider them a fine article, and wish you to send me four pounds of seed for next year."

I inclose you a copy of a letter that I received last winter from LEVI BARTLETT, Esq., of Warner, N. H. Such testimony, from such a source, speaks more than I can write. I have sent 200 lbs. of seed to the Patent Office, for free distribution. I have still a large quantity on hand, and will send a package to any one, by mail, who will send me his address and a few stamps to pay return postage and trouble of putting up and mailing.

EDWARD L. COY.

West Hebron, Washington Co., N. Y., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

How to Secure Straight Combs.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As I have been quite successful in securing straight combs in movable frames, and hence, have frequently been asked the method by which this desirable result is obtained, and wishing to enhance the best interests of bee-culture, I herewith send, in as brief a manner as possible, the results of my experience, for the benefit of your readers.

The question is frequently asked, "Can straight combs invariably be obtained in movable frames?" I answer emphatically, yes. After two years of extensive practical experience with movable frames, I can say, without hesitancy, that any bee-keeper, whether experienced or inexperienced, can, by following *closely* the instructions I purpose to give, almost invariably secure perfectly straight combs. Movable frame hives have occasionally been condemned, simply because the bees sometimes obstinately refused to follow the guide of the frame; but instead, would build their combs diagonally, and frequently at right-angles with the frames, thereby making the hive as useless, so far as the removal of combs is concerned, as the fifth wheel to a wagon. This imperfection—crooked combs—should not be credited to movable frame hives, but to the persons having them in charge. So far as I can learn, those bee-keepers who have condemned such hives, for the above reason, are persons either inexperienced in operating with them, or, having very large apiaries, were unable to give them the necessary attention at the proper time and in the proper manner.

I will now give the necessary instructions for securing straight combs; also, a few facts intimately connected with this subject, and, besides, will briefly notice the objection that might be brought against this mode of procedure.

1st. It is very important that the frame be properly constructed; for, if its construction be wrong, our efforts to secure straight combs will be fruitless. The inside measure of the frame should be about 16⅛ inches in length by 8¼ in depth. The hive should be 14⅛ inches in width, inside measure. The more simple the construction of the frame the better—that is, there must be within it no *extra compartments*. And here I would suggest, if any persist in following their fanciful imaginations by dividing the frame into compartments, as some have, and with disastrous results, be particular, gentlemen, should you fail to secure *straight* combs, to mention this fact.

2d. The frames—usually ten in number—should be "out of wind"—nailed at each end with small tacks to keep them stationary—equi-distant from each other. The space between each outside frame should be a little less than between each of the others, as the comb projects only from one side.

3d. After the swarm is hived, the hive should stand perfectly *level*—from *side* to *side*—the *rear* end raised about two inches.

4th. Within a few days—three or five—the swarm should always be examined, to ascertain whether the combs are straight. This may be done by using the smoke of punk or tobacco. If any are slightly waving, take a case-knife and press the flat surface against the comb,—a slight pressure will generally put it in the proper position. Should the combs be in such a condition that they could not be "put to rights" by such pressure, without breaking or rendering the combs nearly useless, it may sometimes be necessary to cut them out entirely, and let them begin anew,—hence, the necessity for as early an examination as may be proper. Such an occurrence I find to be extremely rare,—not more than one in a hundred needs thus to be treated. It will be necessary, should the bees commence to build their combs at the rear end, on a majority of the frames, to examine at intervals of three or five days, as above stated, until the combs have reached the middle, or beyond the middle, of the frame.

5th. The frames of comb should now be *alternated*. This should not be done until the combs have reached at least the middle of the frames, so that when the combs are alternated, the *empty* part of the first frame may be between the side of the hive and the *comb* in the second frame,—the empty part of the second, between the combs of the first and third, and so with the others. It will be obvious, that this method not only induces, but actually compels, the bees to build the combs within the frames. Should there be localities subject to frequent changes in the temperature of the weather, it might be advisable to use the "movable partition," to concentrate the heat as much as possible, to save the brood from chilling. I have, however, found no difficulty in that direction.

OBJECTION.—Some bee-keepers might possibly object to the alternating of the combs, for the reason that bees frequently prolong or lengthen out the cells, rather than to commence building comb in the empty part of the frame, thereby making some combs so very *thick* that they are nearly as useless as though they were diagonal or at right-angles with the frames. To the reply to this objection I wish particularly to call your attention, as here rests the true secret of success. I have never found an instance in which the *cells are sealed*, contain *eggs* or *larvæ*, of their being prolonged, provided the season for honey continued favorable. They never, or seldom, prolong the cells, *only* when they are *empty*, or contain honey *unsealed*. Now, by keeping these facts constantly in view, we need never or seldom err. CAUTION.—*Do not alternate the combs, unless the upper cells, if they contain honey, are sealed—the bottom and central cells contain eggs, larvæ, or sealed brood.*

6th. It must not be supposed that all swarms commence to build comb on a majority of the frames, and at the rear end of the hive, as above stated; for, should this actually be the case, the foregoing instructions would be sufficient; on the contrary, they almost as frequently commence on one side, and fill five or six frames nearly full of combs before commencing on the others. These, with but little attention, will generally be filled with straight combs; but the difficulty with the others is this:—It seems to be the nature of the honey bee, later in the season, to build *store* comb—comb unsuitable for rearing workers—and as such combs are often much *thicker* than the workers, they are very much inclined to build but two combs within three, or three combs within four frames—to remedy which, an *empty* frame and one *filled with comb are interchanged*, or made to exchange places. In this case, as in the former, remember the "caution" mentioned in the "5th."

I am confident that the foregoing instructions, *if strictly adhered to*, will enable any person, however little skilled he may be in the management of the honey bee, to secure straight combs in almost every instance. At first, it might appear to a few, that the bee-keeper who takes the pains to secure straight combs, would not be compensated for his trouble, and hence, had better dispense with movable frames entirely. To such I would say, that the utility of movable frames needs not here be discussed, as their merits are now pretty generally known and quite universally appreciated. They should remember that there is seldom a "rose without a thorn." It should also be borne in mind, that one energetic, thorough-going apiarist, can, without any assistance, take charge of four or five hundred *swarms* in movable frame hives, and secure the result spoken of, requiring but a few weeks of time and labor.

M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niagara Co., N. Y., April, 1860.

Renewal of Brood Comb.

MR. QUINBY, in your issue of April 14th, on the renewal of bee comb, states that he would extend the time of renewal of comb to ten years, etc. I do not suppose he intended to be understood as arbitrary in the time, and I should agree with him in his idea of retaining *good* old combs; but in my experience—which is not very limited—I frequently find combs of two years in worse condition than others are at eight or ten. If the brood combs are good to begin with, that is, regular sheets, and nothing occurs to injure them except their use for breeding purposes, I should retain them as long as he would. As to the dwarfing theory, I think Mr. QUINBY is undoubtedly correct, only I would add, if the bees from old combs was smaller, it does not prove them to be less industrious or less profitable; in fact, the experience of a large number of cultivators whom I have consulted, would go against the large size.

Some of the early settlers in this region think they found a small black (or very dark,) wild bee, in the early times, which, when domesticated, was much more industrious than the common bee, but invariably *run out*, and their progeny became larger and lighter colored. An idea was advanced at the Cleveland Convention, that the diseased brood was principally confined to the pine regions. Give us more experience on this point. I have never seen anything of it in this part of the country, and no pine grows here.

Battle Creek, Mich., 1860. R. B. MERRITT.

Italian Bees.

MR. S. B. PARSONS, the nurseryman of Long Island, who has been traveling in Europe for a year and more past, on some kind of a roving commission for our Government, has returned, and brought with him a great number of swarms of *Italian Bees*. These bees have been known for some time, and are represented as more industrious than our common bee, more docile, and not as easily provoked to use their stings, while their formation is such as to enable them to gather honey with greater facility. From a letter shown us by a friend, we learn that Rev. L. LANGSTROTH is now with Mr. PARSONS, aiding in the management of these bees, and we presume increasing their number by artificial swarming, as can easily be done by the use of the *Langstroth Hive*. R. C. OTIS, Esq., of Wisconsin, gave us a call a few days since, on his way to New York to consult with Mr. LANGSTROTH and to examine their bees. We rather think this importation of Italian bees will give an impetus to bee-culture, of far more advantage and profit than the importation of Zantee currants and China tea plants.

Swallows Destroying Bees.

MR. EDITOR:—For the last fifteen years, I have been in the habit of keeping bees, and by close observation am convinced that barn swallows have destroyed the luxury of honey from many farmer's tables. I would not unjustly make war on any class of birds, but the question I believe is, which is the most beneficial. I moved on a farm last spring, where two trials had been made by careful bee-keepers within the last few years, with good, strong swarms, each trial having failed, and that, too, in a good wide range of white clover. Last spring I placed a common swarm upon the same stand, and spring brought swallows, occupying the eaves of a barn one hundred feet long, completely filling the eaves with nests. I gave them rather a cold reception. The result was, in the fall I had two new swarms and a strong old stock, with a cold and frosty season. Had I allowed the swallows to occupy their old habitation, it is my opinion my trial would have been the same as the two preceding ones,—a failure. W. J. PERRY.

Alden, 1860.

SECOND SWARMS—HONESTY IN BEE-KEEPERS.—An Ohio correspondent complains that, last season, he was badly imposed upon by purchasing swarms that were represented as strong first swarms, which he afterwards ascertained to be second and third swarms, and which were about useless, as they did not gather honey enough to keep them over the winter. People are slow to learn that "honesty is the best policy."

THE QUEEN BEE AND HER PROGENY.—On this subject we have an interesting communication, from C. KIRBY, which we will publish soon. Mr. K. has before given his views, on which some strictures were made by R. COLVIN, in our issue of the 17th ult. To this criticism Mr. K. replies, giving what he considers ample proof of the soundness of his position.

GILMORE BEE-HOUSE.—A correspondent of Paw Paw, Mich., has been very successful with the *Gilmore Bee-House*. We will give his experience in another number. Our observation is that this mode of keeping bees results in the production of too much drone comb.

Inquiries and Answers.

SHEEP PULLING WOOL FROM OTHERS.—I have been much interested of late reading inquiries and remedies to prevent sheep pulling their wool, but none of them exactly corresponds with my case. For some time past my sheep seem to take delight in catching each other by the wool, pulling out small locks, and eating or swallowing it rapidly. If any of your readers can define the cause, I would like to hear it from them. I will say that my sheep have been well wintered, and are in good condition, receiving daily their grain, and weekly their salt. —S. S. C., *West Alburgh, Vt.*, 1860.

DAIRY QUESTIONS.—Allow me to ask how many pounds of butter should be made from one cow in a season? A neighbor of mine has a small, curly-haired cow of native breed, that in 1858 made 295 lbs. butter; besides, her calf sold for $7,50. Now, if the butter was sold at only 20 cents per lb., we have the snug sum of $59, and $7,50 for calf added, we have $66,50. The same cow made about 280 lbs. in 1859, but we must allow more for her calf, as she was not milked as early by about two weeks. The cream was churned, and not the milk. Which pays best—one good cow or two poor ones?—S. T. T., *Southold, Suf. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

DRILLING AND CULTIVATING GRAIN, &C.—I wish to inquire of you, or the readers of your valuable paper, if any have had experience in sowing grain in drills or rows far enough apart to cultivate between? If they have, I would like to know what success they had. The reason why I make this inquiry, is because I have plenty of Canada thistles to contend with. I find it is not a paying institution to harvest and thresh thistles, nor charlock. I see that CHARLES BRACKET, of Indiana, spoke very highly of the plan of sowing winter wheat in rows, in the New York *Weekly Tribune*, last fall. If any one has tried it, let us have their mode, or way, of sowing the grain. A. CLARK, *Marcellus, N. Y.*, 1860.

SHOULD HORSES BE KEPT NEAR OXEN?—I have wintered a yoke of large oxen and two horses in the same stable, which was a tight one, and find that they are all right. I was careful to ventilate, and to keep the stalls cleaned out each day.—T., *Southold, N. Y.*, 1860.

A TILE MACHINE WANTED.—A friend in Illinois wants to know where he can procure a good tile machine, one that can be worked by farmers, with the ordinary help of the farm. He thinks if a good machine was known, farmers would club together and get them, as much land needs draining, and clay is abundant, but tile are difficult to obtain, and costly, and stone scarce. Why don't manufacturers advertise? We know of no tile machines for sale.

LAMPAS.—(C. C. THOMPSON, *Guilford, N. Y.*)—You ask if there is any way in which Lampas may be cured, in young horses, except the barbarous practice of burning them out. *Yes, sir*, and the man who thus treats the mouth of a horse should be subjected to a thorough scorching himself. In a majority of cases the swelling will subside, if *left alone*, without any aid from medicine; at the most, a few mashes, or gentle opiatives, will effect a cure. A few slight incisions across the bars, will also remove any inflammation, and permit the swelling to subside. Dr. DADD says that, in most cases, all that is necessary is to wash the mouth with a weak solution of alum, or infusion of bayberry bark. Sponge two or three times, daily.

A CURE FOR SWEENEY.—M., of Pompey, N. Y., can cure his mare without any trouble by bathing the shoulder affected with liniment made of the following ingredients, viz.:—One-half pint of alcohol, into which put one ounce oil origanum, two ounces oil of spike; one of British oil; one of camphor gum. Shake well, and it is ready for use. Bathe two or three times a day. Apply lightly after three or four days, or it may remove the hair.—J. L. KENNEL, *Chili, N. Y.*, 1860.

ANOTHER REMEDY.—Noticing a request by M. M., of Pompey, N. Y., in your paper, that some of your numerous readers would send him a recipe for sweeney, here is a recipe that will cure without fail:—Take 1 oz. of origanum, half oz. of sweet oil, half oz. of hartshorn, 1 oz. of spermaceti, 1 tablespoon of laudanum, 1 pint of alcohol; mix well together, and rub it on three times a day.—H. S. RUTHRAUFF, *Seneca Falls, N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE NEW AGRICULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—In order that the large number of readers interested may be advised of its provisions, we publish below the Act which passed the late Legislature incorporating the Western New York Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association:

AN ACT to incorporate the Western New York Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. Benjamin M. Baker, David R. Barton, Patrick Barry, Samuel Miller, William A. Reynolds, Daniel D. T. Moore, and John H. Martindale, of the city of Rochester; Elias B. Holmes, of Brockport; Isaac H. Sutherland, of Pittsford; William S. Clark, of Victor, Ontario county; James S. Wadsworth, of Geneseo, Livingston county; Volney A. Acer, of Orleans county, and Washington Hunt, of Niagara county, and their associates and successors, forever, are hereby constituted a body corporate, by the name and style of "The Western New York Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association," for the purpose of promoting improvements in all the various departments of Agriculture, including not only the great staples of Industry and Trade, but also Fruits, Vegetables, and Ornamental Gardening, the promotion of the Mechanic Arts in all their various branches, the improvement of the race of all Useful and Domestic Animals, the general advancement of Rural Economy and Household Manufactures, and dissemination of useful knowledge upon these subjects.

§ 2. The corporation hereby created may have a common seal, and change the same at pleasure; may, by their corporate name, sue and be sued; may contract and be contracted with, and may be capable of acquiring, by purchase or otherwise, any quantity of lands not exceeding one hundred and fifty acres, to be located in the city of Rochester, or in some town or towns in Monroe county contiguous to said city of Rochester, and may improve the same, or any part thereof, at pleasure; and may acquire and hold, and dispose of such personal estate as the President and Directors of said Association may deem necessary and proper; and may, in their corporate name, do any and every other act not inconsistent with the Constitution and Laws of this State, which, in the opinion of the President and Directors of the Company, will contribute to advance the objects of said Association. The real and personal property of said Association shall be exempt from taxation.

§ 3. The individuals named in the first section shall constitute the first Board of Directors of said Company; they shall hold their offices until their successors shall be elected and qualified; they and their successors shall have power to cause books to be opened, for the subscription of capital stock to said company, at such times and places, and in such manner as they think best, and may cause the same to be closed and re-opened when they may deem proper. The capital stock to be subscribed for, under this section, shall not exceed the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, nor be less than fifty thousand dollars, and shall be divided into shares of ten dollars each.

§ 4. The President and Directors aforesaid, and their successors, shall have the control and management of the official and other concerns of said Association, together with all its estate of every kind. They may appoint a Treasurer and Secretary, and such other officers as may be found necessary to carry out the purposes of the Association; and they may require any of the officers to give bond, with good security, for the faithful discharge of the duties of the office. They shall have power to form such Constitution, and make such regulations and By-laws not inconsistent with the Constitution and Laws of this State, as may, in their opinion, contribute to the good order and management of said Association, and may, from time to time, modify and repeal the same at their pleasure. They may, by any By-law passed by a majority of the Board of Directors, determine the number of Directors that shall constitute the Board; but the number of Directors shall not be less than thirteen. Such Directors shall be elected annually by ballot of the stockholders, each stockholder casting one vote for each share of stock held by him.

§ 5. The Association formed under this Act, shall possess the powers, and be subject to the provisions and restrictions contained in the third title of chapter eighteen, part one, of the revised statutes.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS in this and every number of the RURAL, and heed those in which you are interested. While in company with a distinguished man, a decade of years ago, we noticed that he looked over the advertisements of the principal papers with attention, and his remark that they always interested him as exhibiting the spirit, enterprise, and prosperity of the times. And he was right. The advertisements in our leading journals are admirably "edited," and often exhibit decided talent and genius, as well as timely and valuable information. Read those in any number of the RURAL, for instance, and observe the tact, talent, and (in some cases) power of condensation displayed. Some one has said that the price of advertising in leading and largely circulating journals taught people to condense, and so it does in many instances, but not a few of our friends think it pays to particularize and elongate in the RURAL, and of course we submit with becoming fortitude and resignation! So long as they comply with our terms we should not perhaps dictate as to style or space.

— By the way, we have been trying for some years to exclude engravings from our advertising department,—for the reason, mainly, that unless on hard metal, they would soon become defaced with our large edition. But, the "outside pressure," the custom of our exchanges, and the fact that engravings are considered necessary to illustrate many articles, has induced us to surrender, on certain conditions. We insist, however, that all cuts which appear in our advertising columns more than once, shall be electrotypes, (or good, hard metal stereotypes,) and as small as convenient.

THE POTATO ROT.—Several communications on the vexed question, the *potato rot*, have been consigned to our pigeon-holes during the past week, from which they will not be likely to emerge for some time to come. It seems almost impossible to get up anything new or profitable on the subject, and we do not feel justified in publishing opinions unsupported by reliable facts. One correspondent states what is well known, and what our readers will hardly need to be reminded of, that potatoes are most disposed to rot in a heavy, damp soil, and that fresh manure, in large quantities, is injurious. Another finds it of the utmost importance to plant varieties that will mature early, so that they can be dug before the fall rains set in. As a further safeguard, he recommends that, in August, after most of the growth is made, the ground should be drawn up with a hoe, in the form of a cone, around each hill, to shed the rain. Still another, who has practiced this system since 1839, and who thinks that the eggs of the insect that does the mischief are deposited on the seed potato, says:—"Cut and prepare the seed ready for planting, put it in a tub, or tight vessel, then pour scalding water upon the potatoes, so as to completely submerge them. In one or two minutes, the potatoes will assume a soft flexible velvet appearance, then turn them out immediately, so that the water will run off, and let them dry about one day in the sun before planting. This is my experience since 1839, and it has proved an effectual remedy."

"AN AGRICULTURAL LIBRARY," is the title of the leading article in the last number of the *Southern Cultivator*. Among other sensible remarks therein we find these:—"Every farmer should have his Agricultural library, as certainly as his plow or wagon. He cannot keep up without it. The man who can, in a few minutes, find out the best way in which a given thing is done in those parts of the world in which special and long-continued attention has been paid to it, has a great advantage over the man whose knowledge is confined to the practice of his immediate, perhaps uninformed, neighborhood. We would place the best of the Agricultural journals at the head of the list in the farmer's library. They contain a vast amount of information in advance of the books. It is true we find many unwise and sometimes foolish things in them. But because we meet in life silly people, whose twaddle we must endure, we do not refuse the conversation of the wise and good. In our reading, as in our conversation, we must learn to separate the wheat from the chaff—not refuse to sow wheat because the chaff will come with it."

SUPERIOR THERMOMETERS.—We have heretofore commended the Barometers and Thermometers manufactured by Mr. JOHN KENDALL, of New Lebanon, N. Y., as among the best obtainable. His instruments have become celebrated for accuracy and beauty of finish—a combination which renders them both valuable and ornamental—and are used by many of our leading scientific men. We recently received from Mr. K. samples of several different styles and sizes of Thermometers, the apparent accuracy and decided beauty of finish of which are most creditable to his skill and taste. Some of these are highly finished, with ornamental cases in unique style, and suitable for the most elegantly furnished parlor. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we commend Mr. KENDALL'S instruments to the attention of the large number of RURAL readers interested.

A LIVING MEMENTO.—It is known to our readers that the Prince of Wales, the heir to the British throne, is to visit Canada the present spring. Wishing some lasting memento of this visit, some of the leading men of Toronto, after meetings and consultations, agreed that this remembrancer should be in the shape of a shady avenue, to be called the "Prince's Walk," to be formed from the strip of land bordering on the south side of Front street, and running along the north side of the Esplanade. The Globe says that a company of gentlemen, among whom was the Bishop of Toronto, met on Monday of last week, and proceeded to plant trees and shrubbery on the grounds designated, leaving intervals for his Royal Highness to fill when he makes his visit. This is a very appropriate and beautiful mode of celebrating an important event, and speaks well for the good taste and good sense of our Canadian friends.

COLEBROOK SEEDLING POTATO.—We have received by express a box of potatoes called by this name. They are kidney shaped, large, smooth, red skin, made quite dark by a heavy russet coating, and yellow flesh. We have given some to a friend to test by cooking,—will test a few in the same way, plant the rest, and report in the fall. The following note describes their origin and qualities:

"I send you a sample of a new variety of potatoes, that I have raised from the balls. They have been cultivated largely in this vicinity, and with great success. They will yield better than any kind raised in this neighborhood, and are very free from disease. I have raised 47 potatoes, measuring one bushel, and weighing 58 pounds, and sound at the heart. I have taken the first premium at the Greenwood's Agricultural Fair, at Winsted, for the last six years. They have been christened the Colebrook Seedling. Please test their qualities, and give us your opinion through your wide-spread and very popular paper.—ALLEN GREENE, *Colebrook, April* 14, 1860.

FREE HORSE SHOW.—Our readers in this section are reminded that the Monroe Co. Ag. Society is to have an exhibition of horses—principally designed for the display of Stallions to be kept in this and adjoining counties the present season—on Wednesday next, May 2d. The Show will be on the Society's Fair Grounds, and *free to both exhibitors and the public*. The grounds will be open to all who wish to exhibit, examine, sell or purchase horses of any class.

FAT CATTLE FROM NEBRASKA.—The Nebraska Farmer for April, states that the first lot of fat cattle from that Territory for the East, crossed the river at Brownville on the 13th of March. They were to be driven to St. Joseph, Mo., where they were to take the railroad for the remainder of their long journey. It is added that Nebraska will have a surplus of 'about everything' in future.

SPRING NOTES.

Since our last we have had a succession of changes characteristic of spring. Vegetation has advanced slowly, affording our nurserymen abundant time for the prosecution of their springs' work. Apricots in very warm situations are just coming into flower. The prospect for fruit is good. Peaches in this section have suffered less from the winter than was supposed, and if the season proves favorable, we shall have a fair crop. Some of the buds are killed, but enough are left to give us a good supply.

Hyacinths will be in perfection in a few days, and the *Early Tulips* are just showing their flowers. The people are slow to learn that the bulbs must be obtained and planted in the autumn, and our nurserymen and florists are constantly receiving orders for *Crocus, Hyacinth, Tulip,* and *Crown Imperial* bulbs at this season of the year, just at the time that they are blooming. Such orders cannot be filled with satisfaction to either party. Let this be remembered; and while in bloom, make your selection, leave your order with some good nurseryman to be filled at the proper season, and you will thus obtain a collection of bulbs that will afford the greatest pleasure another spring. If you delay until fall, it will most likely be forgotten, and the blossoms of spring will only remind you of your neglect without giving power to remedy the error.

ORCHARD CULTURE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Being a subscriber to your most valuable paper, I feel, while reading it, as though Adam's great family made a practice of meeting every Saturday night, to impart to each other all the knowledge they had gained through the week. Some are asking, and others listening to hear the reply. Maine may ask, Michigan answer; Iowa may call for opinions upon a particular subject, and half a dozen States reply. I have never before seen a paper where so little partiality was shown, and so great an amount of useful information given as in the little Rural. The young folks around here have often asked me why I did not reply to inquiries so often made in the Rural, in regard to growing fruit trees. My reply has always been, that old-fashioned folks had a right to enjoy their own opinion, but had no business meddling with book-learning. I told them, too, that I was brought up in the time of log houses with Dutch chimneys; of bean porridge and pumpkin Johnny cakes; that, in my day, if a young man could read in the Psalter, write his own name, and get as far as addition in figures, he was considered a wonder of his age; and the parents of so promising a youth would often sit down of a night, and be unhappy together, for fear if their son made further advances in his accomplishments, it would be the means of sending him to State Prison or the gallows.

My nephew was reading the Rural of Jan. 7, page 7, upon the subject of *Highly Cultivated Non-bearing Orchards;* and when through, he said to me, "Uncle Peter, what makes your young orchard grow and bear so?" I told him it was because I set them out according to law. I tell you, friend Moore, he looked queer. "Why," said he, "I did not know, before, that there was a law for setting out apple trees!" I told him there was a very stringent one; and if any one disobeyed, the penalty was a heavy fine. He wished to know if our Legislature passed it; and when I told him no, he wished to know what authority passed such an outrageous law, and who would submit to it. I told him it was one of the best laws that was ever passed, and that no man could grow good bearing trees who disobeyed it. He wondered, and asked who made the law. I told him the God of Nature. "Ah!" said he, "I begin to see!" "Now," said he, "Uncle Peter, how did you find it out?" I told him I got the first hints by accident, and if he would have patience, I would tell him the secret. He readily consented, and I began. I told him I was once drawing swamp muck, leaf mold, and old decayed logs, for manure. My load was a heavy one, and I stopped my team under a fair-sized Spitzenburgh, that bore a few apples every other year, and threw off half my load on one side of the tree. This was in the winter. For years after, the side that got the manure bore full every year, and the other kept on its old pod-auger way of bearing every other year, a proof to me that like produces like; i. e., if you feed a young colt, the first winter, wheat bran, and a little oats, the bran feeds the bone and muscle, and the oats the life and spirit. So with other animals, such a course produces a fully developed system, at an early age, and the result is early posterity without deteriment to the animal; and so with the vegetable kingdom. I planted my own nursery with seeds selected from the best bearers of natural fruit, sowed them in drills highly manured with vegetable mold, budded them near the roots, and set them in my orchard at a proper age.

The soil is argillaecous loam; the rock in place is argillaccous slate. I dug the holes six feet in diameter, and two feet deep. I then dumped in a horse-cart load of compost that I had been gathering with that view, consisting of swamp muck, old coal-pit bottoms, door-yard scrapings, lime, ashes, old decayed logs, etc. I then mixed it well with the surface soil, trod it down to a level with the field, spread out the roots as nice as possible, and covered them. This was in the fall. The next spring they put out their leaves broad and green, and from that day to this I have not discovered a dead branch on one of them. They began bearing the third year from setting out, and have continued to do so, more or less, every year. Now, many of my neighbors prophesied my total failure, because I used such worthless stuff for manure, and even my wife took the fever, and teased me, saying, among other things, that I was too old to drudge and fool with an orchard: but I told her never mind, I thought I should live to drink of the cider. The result can be known by asking the neighbors.

What is most remarkable is, that I have not lost a single tree, and all look healthy, and bear fruit beyond expectation. I say again that like produces like. It is the immutable law of nature. My manure consisted almost entirely of carbonaceous matter, upon which the trees feed and wood up, become hard and solid before the setting in of frosts, and, consequently, are enabled to withstand the rigors of our winters, bud and blossom without fail. I can grow a tree as fast with barnyard manure, but in the fall you will find it will be watery between the bark and wood, the frost will throw off the bark, and premature decay and death is the inevitable consequence. I would be glad to say many more things, but think I have already trespassed upon your generosity.

Uncle Peter.

THE BLACK KNOT AND THE CURCULIO.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—On seeing the report of Dr. Fitch's lecture on this subject before the State Ag. Society, I perused it with avidity, hoping to learn much concerning them, their cause, remedy, and prevention; but after re-reading that report, I find myself not much wiser than before. Whether it is my head or the report that is foggy, deponent sayeth not. The doctor says "the curculio breeds in the *black knot.* The larva of the curculio is almost always found in the knot, but it is obvious this insect is not the cause of it, as their presence is not invariable."

Reasoning by analogy, we might say the egg of the hen is almost always found in the nest, but it is obvious she is not the cause of it, (the nest,) as its presence is not invariable. But with all due respect for the doctor's learning, I must say it shows a remarkable instinct in the insect to "*almost always*" select the knot to deposit its eggs in. All the knots I ever examined had, or had had, a larva of some kind in it, be it of the curculio or not, and I supposed the parent of that larva caused the knot by depositing the egg there, and still so believe. I have caught the curculio under such suspicious circumstances as to induce the belief it was the cause of the mischief.

The doctor may talk of the knot being a disease of the tree, as the cancer is of the body, &c., but unless I could find some of these knots that had been tenanted by an insect of some kind at some period of its existence, I cannot accept his theory, high as his authority is.

"A. B. Dickinson was satisfied the knot was occasioned by an uncongenial soil, and by the roots of the tree standing in cold water. It was impossible even for chemists to say what was the ingredient or combination of influences, which produced the black knot; but he was satisfied it was occasioned by the character of the situation in which the tree was placed. There must be no superfluous moisture about the roots." High authority again, but I must still dissent.

I have seen plum trees standing side by side, and while the natural tree would be literally filled or covered with these unsightly excrescences, the grafted tree would be exempt entirely. How would Mr. D. account for that? It is only within a few years that our common red cherry trees have been affected, and now they are as good as dead—all caused by these knots. I notice occasionally one on the *Heart* variety, indicating these as the next victims, and yet thousands of the trees stand where there is not the least possibility of "superfluous moisture" about the roots; and if Mr. Dickinson, or anybody else, would come here and grow these "trees out of the knots," or more properly speaking, grow them without the knots, they will confer a great boon on the country, and "thousands will arise and call him blessed." Finally, let all fruit growers investigate these matters, and perhaps the future will unfold to us the knowledge that will enable us to better understand the knotty subject.

E. W.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1860.

CURE FOR THE BORER.

Pig manure is good for apple trees, when they are troubled with the borer. This insect enters the tree, and eats into the solid wood near the surface of the earth. It is a dangerous enemy, for while only a few small holes are perceived in the bark outside, it may have perforated the wood internally in all directions, and reduced it to a mass of powder. Not only the apple, but the quince and mountain ash, suffer extensively from the attacks of the borer. In this part of the country, Central New York, whole orchards have been destroyed. Experiments have been made with ashes and lime, by removing the earth from the trunk and roots, and then placing the ashes and lime around the part affected, but all to no purpose, for the insect will live when buried in ashes and lime. A friend and neighbor of mine had a beautiful young orchard of apple trees, the trunks of which had become perforated in all directions, notwithstanding his efforts to save them. He first applied the lime, then ashes, then lime and ashes mixed, but still the destruction went on, until of two hundred beautiful trees only twenty remained, and those so perforated that it seemed impossible for them to live. At last he tried hog manure, by placing two or three shovels full around each tree, and the result was that *every tree was saved,* and a new coating of wood grew around the old stocks. I have seen other experiments made with like effect, and would therefore recommend it to the notice of farmers generally.

Rookwood.

Owego, April 15, 1860.

Our Correspondents must exercise a little patience. We resign the whole department to answering the inquiries and giving the articles of our friends, and yet we can not find room for all.

Horticultural Notes.

Look out for Good Roots.—Buyers of trees pay far too little attention to the roots of the trees they buy, and are over-nice about the size and appearance of the tops. We have seen more than one pass by a good, thrifty tree, with fine fibrous roots, well taken up, to select one with a large top and strong branch-like roots, half-cut away in digging. Our correspondent, it seems, has been troubled with bad roots, and gives a caution on this point. We don't like to think that any of our Rochester nurserymen would sell a vine or tree knowing it to be defective, and we *know,* from nearly twenty years of experience, that most of them would scorn thus to act. Yet it is well for the buyer to examine for himself, and know what he purchases. This is alike his duty and his privilege.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—A word, if you please, to those who buy of Delaware and other new varieties of grapes. The vines are usually grown from grafts upon small pieces of roots, in small pots. It is an object of the propagator to grow them as large as possible in one season, as they are then ready for market. The soil used in growing the plants, is not always the best to make well-ripened wood, or roots, particularly the latter. Hence a slight exposure will often kill them. This frequently happens to the plant before it is sold, and the buyer unknowingly buys a mass of putrid, rotten roots. Therefore, let the buyer examine the roots, shaking them well out, and if they are sound and healthy, let him buy and plant, if not, his money is thrown away. I am induced to write this, because I have been bled to the tune of twelve dollars, in the city of Rochester. I know of several in a like manner.—Mark D. Willson, *West Bloomfield, N. Y.,* 1860.

The Western Baldwin Apple, Again.—Our friends in Michigan seem to have some misunderstanding about the Western Baldwin Apple, specimens of which we noticed, and which, it seems, is called the Paw Paw and Rubicon. The scions sent us, we have inserted in dwarf trees, and shall, in a few years, have specimens of the fruit of our own growing. It is an excellent apple.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In the number for April 7th, I noticed a communication from B. G. Buell, in which he denies receiving scions from me, as stated in my communication in the Rural of March 17th. Soliciting the indulgence of your readers, I will state the facts, and leave them to judge which statement is correct. Last winter B. G. and E. Buell came to Paw Paw, and requested me to show them the tree and some of the apples I had named Western Baldwin. I went with them to the farm owned by N. Johnson, where the tree was originated, and while there they requested some apples for exhibition. Mr. Johnson sold them a peck, and they then wanted some scions. Mr. J. told them the scions belonged to me. I then told them to cut a few, which they did. The apple left at your office last winter by Mr. Buell, as Western Baldwin, and so accurately described by you, is the apple I am talking about, and Mr. Buell's statement, that it is evidently another variety, is simply ridiculous. Editors Rural, graft those scions I sent you as the Western Baldwin, or Rubicon, and if it succeeds as well there as here, you will have a valuable acquisition to your fruits.—L. L. Hall, *Paw Paw, Mich.*

Inquiries and Answers.

Book on Horticulture—Currants.—Can you recommend to me, through the columns of your magic paper, any brief and explicit treatise on Horticulture? Also, will you, or some of the Rural readers, be kind enough to tell me what kind of currant shrubs are thought the best, and where they may be obtained? Answers to any, or all of the foregoing questions, will be gratefully received by—A Young Horticulturist, *Manchester, N. Y.*

Downing's *Fruit and Fruit Trees of America* is the great American standard work on fruit, containing descriptions of almost all known varieties. Price, $1.50. Barry's *Fruit Garden* contains descriptions of only a few of the best varieties of fruits for cultivation, but contains a fund of practical information, invaluable to the fruit grower and nurseryman. Price, $1. Thomas' *Fruit Culturist* contains descriptions of the "principal American and foreign varieties of fruits cultivated in the United States," with a great amount of information as to the propagation and culture of trees, their peculiar habits, forms,—all told in a pleasant way, so peculiar to friend Thomas, who has also a faculty of crowding a good deal of information into a small compass. Price, $1.

The *Flower Garden,* by Joseph Breck, of Boston, is the best work on flowers for the amateur. Price, $1. Buist's *Kitchen Garden* we can recommend to every grower of vegetables. Price, 75 cents.

The White and Red Dutch are good currants, and those who have allowed their plants to go to ruin, if they will commence to take care of them, will be surprised to find how good they are. From being small, sour, and filled with hard seeds, they become large, juicy, transparent, and comparatively sweet. The White Grape, however, is an improvement, and we can recommend its culture. The Cherry is also an excellent very large red currant, and the more it is grown, the better it is liked. There are several new kinds that have been introduced into this country, from Europe, that are very promising, but we do not wish to be hasty in recommending new things. This season will teach us more in regard to their quality and productiveness.

Pea-Nuts.—Can you tell me whether the pea-nuts, that can be bought in the stores, will grow and bear nuts in this climate? Also, are the nuts borne on the branches, or under ground? I want to grow some this season, if possible.—S. H., *April,* 1860.

The pea-nuts for sale in our stores, will grow if they have not been roasted.

To give a good understanding of the nature of the plant, we present our readers with an engraving. Many of the youth, we judge, are about to try to grow peanuts this season, by the inquiries received. They can be grown in a warm, sandy soil, though our climate is hardly warm enough. Plant three peas to the hill, eighteen inches apart. The vines run on the ground, and each joint produces a cluster of fruit. The flower is like the pea flower, and of a yellowish color.

The Turk's Cap.—Years ago, in my childhood, at the East, we had a pretty blue flower growing on long spikes, two feet or more in height. Since my removal to the West, I have tried to procure it of friends who grow flowers, and likewise of the nurseries, but have not succeeded. I think it must be known by some other name. Amateur, *Iowa City, April,* 1860.

The flower called by children *Turk's Cap,* from the supposed resemblance of the flower to the cap worn by Turks, but really bearing more resemblance to the cap worn by cavalry, is the Aconite, or *Monkshood.* We give a small engraving showing a spike of the flowers.

There are several varieties, all handsome perennial flowers, mostly of various shades of blue, but white and those of a yellowish tinge can be obtained. Any good nurseryman or florist will supply roots, either in the spring or autumn.

Allen Hybrid Grape, &c.—Will you be so kind as to inform me, through the Rural, if Allen's Hybrid Grape, white, is cultivated in the open air, around Rochester? If so, with what success, as to time of ripening, and size, and flavor. Can the Cherry Currant be propagated by single eyes, in a hot bed? Can Dwarf Apple Trees be propagated by root grafting on Paradise roots?

We don't know that Allen's Hybrid Grape has been grown in this section. We believe Mr. Allen ripened it in the open ground, for the first time, last summer. The Cherry Currant can be grown in a hot-bed from single eyes, but then it will need protection the whole summer to make a good plant, while a cutting with three or four eyes will make a good plant in the open ground, in one season. Dwarf Apples are usually budded, but we have no doubt root grafting would answer.

Substitute for Gravel for Walks.—I would like to know if there is not some kind of composition, mixed with sand, used to put on walks instead of gravel, as this is not to be had within several miles?—W. S., *River View, N. J.,* 1860.

We have seen sand and gas tar used, but it makes an ill-looking walk. Coal ashes makes a pretty hard road. Refuse lime mixed with the sand will help to bind it. As we have always been able to obtain good gravel, we have had no experience in getting along without it. Perhaps some of our readers can give the needed information.

ANTIQUE OAK CARVING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As I am a subscriber, and great admirer of your paper, I thought I would like to contribute my mite to its domestic department. As I am a great lover of the beautiful, (else I should not like your paper so well,) I have the audacity to send you a recipe for beautifying picture frames, or anything else you like, in imitation of antique oak carving. I have never seen it in your paper, and I thought some of your lady readers might like it. Here it is:

Antique Oak Carving.—Procure good sheep skin, dip it quickly into a bowl of clear cold water. Let it lie on a cloth a few minutes, then cut out the leaves and flowers to your liking. If you wish to keep to any particular pattern, cut out your leaf in paper, lay it on the leather, and trace round it with a lead pencil. After cutting out, vein the leaves with a blunt knitting needle *very deeply.* Twist, and lay them into shape before a moderate fire, and they will become fixed. Color them with water colors when you wish them colored, although I think they look much better without coloring. Melt some best double sizing in water, and with a large paint-brush pass it over both sides of the leaf, taking care to cover the edges. Varnish with asphalt varnish. Fruit may be produced by laying wet leather on some natural fruit, and working it with the hands till dry.

Ellington, N. Y., 1860. Clementine.

Papering Whitewashed Walls.—Wash the wall with glue water,—not so thick with glue but that it will penetrate the wall. Continue the application as long as the water is absorbed,—let it dry a day or two, then put on the paper with a good paste. These directions, faithfully followed, insure success.—A Practical Housewife, *Gorham, N. Y.,* 1860.

Domestic Dyeing—Logwood Chips.—I have sometimes used logwood chips, but would like to know the relative proportion between the chips and the extract. How much chips would it take to equal an ounce of extract in coloring matter. If some of your practical or chemical readers will please answer the above, they will much oblige—X. Y. Z., *Ithaca, N. Y.,* 1860.

To Color Cotton Black—Inquiry.—Will some one of the Rural correspondents inform me through its columns how to color cotton black, so that it will not fade? Any information on the subject will be thankfully received.—A Housekeeper, *Litchfield, Conn.,* 1860.

Wash for the Eyes.—The Rural will please inform its friend, H. Beals, and readers generally, that a wash made by steeping the root of the common blackberry in pure soft water, and applied freely, is an excellent eye restorative and preservative.—S. J. W., *Rochester, N. Y.,* 1860.

Spalding's Prepared Glue.

[From the New York Courier, August 21, 1859.]

PREPARED GLUE.

Mr. Spalding has certainly conferred a great blessing upon all householders by his preparation of "Prepared Glue." It is always ready for use, and can be applied immediately to a fractured table, a broken chair, or, in fact, anything that requires glue to mend it, by anybody who likes, without the trouble of having to mix it in any shape or way, thereby saving the trouble, inconvenience and expense of sending furniture to the cabinet maker's to be repaired. This alone, independent of its intrinsic value, will make it an article universally kept in all families.

[From the Times and Messenger, August 21, 1859.]

ADVICE TO FAMILY FOLKS.

One of the most convenient and useful of all articles recently discovered, with a view to elicit the blessings of the careful housekeeper, and abate her pains to keep things domestic, intact, and tidy, is certainly Spalding's Prepared Glue. No matter what you break, (unless it be your head, perhaps,) this Glue steps forward like the genii of order, and promptly unites the dissevered parts—reunites the fracture, as a surgeon would say—and renders all whole again. Toys or tools, chairs or vases, leather, silk, wood or glass—it operates alike magically on all; and at its bidding the sobs of the chit cease, the gratification of the matron is complete. No family should be without Spalding's Prepared Glue.

[From the Hartford Daily Courant, Sept. 22, 1859.]

Everybody needs a Glue-Pot occasionally, but everybody knows that the old-fashioned mode of dissolving glue is inconvenient. Spalding's Prepared Glue is chemically held in solution, is equal to the best preparation of Cabinet-makers' Glue, and is used cold. A brush accompanies each bottle, and the whole costs only twenty-five cents.

[From the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Oct. 11, 1859.]

A USEFUL ARTICLE.

A new and useful article, called Spalding's Prepared Glue, has been introduced to the notice of housekeepers. It is reliable and really adhesive, and enables every housekeeper to repair furniture and household ware without trouble, as it is always ready for use.

[From the Ladies' Visitor, September, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin, Sept. 17, 1859.]

H. C. SPALDING is astonishing the natives with his Prepared Glue, which has won a great reputation, and is fast enriching its inventor. Mr. Spalding is remarkable for intelligence and tact, which he exhibits in the style of his advertising. He is a type of the genuine Yankee.

[From the Independent, July 28, 1859.]

GLUE.

Our advertising columns contain some testimonies to the value of a new article known as "Spalding's Prepared Glue," useful to housekeepers for mending furniture. It is prepared with chemicals, by which it is kept in the proper condition for immediate use, the chemicals evaporating as soon as it is applied, leaving the glue to harden. We can assure our readers that this article has the excellent phrenological quality of "large adhesiveness."

[From the Boston Evening Transcript, Oct. 10, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

The value of this Glue for domestic purposes is inestimable. The difficulty of preparing common sheet glue for use led to the new article. In a liquid state the preparation can be used without heating, dries slowly, emits no offensive effluvia, and is ready for application. It is put up in glass bottles, securely corked, and sold, with a brush to apply it, at the low price of Twenty-five cents. Every family should have the compound constantly on hand, as thereby any article of wood, paper, crockery or glass can be mended. It will save more than its cost every month in the year.

[From Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine, Sept., 1859.]

SMALL INVENTIONS—PREPARED GLUE.

The numerous small inventions and mechanical conveniences adapted to aid in saving time, money, and labor on the farm and in the household, are most promising for our material and social progress, and we are always happy to chronicle all such, however apparently insignificant.

It is estimated that there are over two millions of households in the United States supplied with cabinet and other furniture, the various parts of which are chiefly united with cabinet makers' glue, and which are likely to become loosened and otherwise injured or broken by constant use.

From one to two dollars is required for annual mendings and repairs, nearly all of which goes to the professed repairer, who is usually called in when the dilapidation has become unbearable, notwithstanding the homely maxim, "a stitch in time saves nine."

Nine-tenths of such repairs could and would be made at home and in season, were a convenient and reliable holdfast always at hand to be brought into requisition. The want of such an article has long been felt.

Spalding's Prepared Glue is designed to supply this universal want. It is convenient, cheap, remains soluble, retains its tenacity, is stronger than the best cabinet makers' glue, is put up in a bottle with a brush, ready for use, similar to the ordinary mucilage. It is also admirable for refastening book covers and loosened leaves, and it is just the thing for the library and for use in schools, where books are constantly liable to need repair.

[From the Home Journal, Aug. 27, 1859.]

Among the many apparent trifles continually being brought to the surface from the ideal under-world of the unknown, there are occasionally simple articles coming but little in detail, but whose combined benefit, usefulness and economy of time and money, aggregate on the basis of millions.

Such an article is Spalding's Prepared Glue. Its uses, as may be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column, are enumerated, and as its cost is next to nothing, the demand for it is universal. It is prepared with chemicals, and used cold, requiring but little skill or time for its application.

[From the New-Yorker, July 30, 1859.]

Among desirable articles, we may name as foremost the want of a useful glue, easy of use, and of general and universal application to the repair of furniture, crockery, shell work, and other ornamental and serviceable purposes.

The prime qualities of a good glue are immediate readiness for use at all times, and reliability as a holdfast. And this is the article which Mr. H. C. Spalding has been so fortunate as to introduce. In convenient bottles, with a handy brush, Spalding's Prepared Glue requires no day's preparatory softening in water; no heating for use, and no tedious delays to secure its junction and cohesion, being held in solution chemically, and capable of being applied instantly, and to every variety of work and requirement.

Spalding's Glue thus proves itself to be a true household friend, and will be welcomed heartily in all parts of the country. We have given it a trial, and found it quick as hunger in taking hold, and firm as death in holding fast.

[From the New York Freeman's Journal, Aug. 6, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE is such a simple and cheap preparation that it is a pity any house should be without it. Read the advertisement in another column for a fuller description of the valuable uses to which it may be applied.

[From the Middletown Sentinel and Witness, July 26, 1859.]

SPALDING'S CELEBRATED PREPARED GLUE is a useful, ever-needed article in the household and office. It is simply the best glue, chemically held in solution, is always ready to use without heating, and does not thicken by having the vessel holding it uncovered. It is put up in neat little bottles, and is accompanied with a brush.

[From the Springfield Republican, Aug. 19, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, the same that Van Amburgh glued his limbs together with, is doing wonders hereabouts. A boy, up town, glued his play-wagon together "wrong side up," and the glue did its duty so well, that the wagon had to be broken again before it could be made right.

[From the Merchants' and Manf. Journal, Aug. 20, 1859.]

Having experimented with a bottle of Spalding's Prepared Glue, and the same having proved itself "A. No. 1," we are now prepared to say to every individual receiving our Journal, that a more convenient article to be upon the mantle of every house in our country, cannot be found.—For all purposes where the old-fashioned glue-pot is required, it is an excellent substitute; it is neater, quicker and cheaper, while it "sticks" better.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY STATIONERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HARDWARE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FURNITURE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FANCY GOODS DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY GROCERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.
SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.

Manufactured by
HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
48 Cedar Street, New York.
Address Post-Office, Box No. 3,600. 517

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SORROW.

BY ELLEN O. LAKE.

TENDERLY, tenderly,
Fold the pale hands,—
Hands that held slenderly
Life's weary bands,—
That, ere death's agony
Wrenched them apart,
Rested so prayerfully
Over his heart.

Young in the battle-field,
Well you may say;
Too young to lightly yield
Life's breaking day.
Loved,—oh, so tenderly,—
Truly and well;
How well, remember ye,
Tongue cannot tell.

But with all weariness
Over at last,
All the night's dreariness
Evermore past,
Let them not, lovingly,
Pity his pain,—
Say ye, reprovingly,
"Death is his gain."

Well that for loving hearts
Slow tears should fall,—
Meet that the tie that parts
Saddens ye all.
Love's strongest pulses beat
Over the grave;
There all our yearnings meet
Helpless to save.

Yet to the faithless soul
Reaching in vain,
Out where the waters roll
Over Death's plain;
Say with love's comforting,
Tender and blest,
"*Faith* cannot mourn for him,—
He is at rest."

Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MONUMENTS TO WOMEN.

WHAT! A monument to woman! Sir, you are dreaming! This is the nineteenth century.—Brave and good, noble, self-sacrificing, enduring, heroic women, have lived, and died, ages and ages gone. Sir, would you insult us,—or do you seek notoriety by agitating an absurd, and hitherto unthought of, project? Monuments to women!

You are an anomaly, sir,—a living curiosity! What have women ever done to deserve more than passing remembrance? Her mission has not been to depopulate the earth with the sword,—nor to stir up conspiracies, or rebellions. She is not famous, as murderer, prize-fighter, or gambler. What little she has done, has been quietly, unostentatiously, and without expectation or hope of reward. She was taught from her cradle to look up to, and to give *man*, all the honor and credit, and to magnify it ten times greater than it was.

NAPOLEON was distinguished for his success in exterminating a great portion of the human race,—for breaking the hearts of thousands of noble mothers and wives, and for dishonoring one of the noblest and loveliest women of France. Doubtless, splendid monuments rise to his memory. Did ever any one think of building one to honor the virtues of his injured JOSEPHINE?

Why, sir, monuments are expensive tributes. While a woman lives, and her beauty gratifies your pride and admiration, she may command the sum necessary to reflect credit on her lord and master, or slave, as the case may be. But once dead, it is enough,—what more would you have? Suppose you try and get up a subscription for a monument to the memory of ELIZABETH FRY, or some other heroic, noble woman. You will see the public sentiment on this subject. We will see if there is a monument built in honor of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, in commemoration of the services rendered to humanity and her country. Please to define what virtues, or services, exemplified or rendered by woman, would by your sex be deemed worthy of monumental honor and glory.

Monuments are poor affairs after all,—a miserable effort to extend the memory of a few crumbs of dust, which, ere it is begun, are scattered to the four winds of heaven. Build monuments, if you will, to Truth, Virtue, Goodness, Patience, and all the virtues and graces, but why say it is in honor of this or that heap of dust? Whoever labored or died in the cause of justice, with a view of earthly reward or renown? And do they know they are afterwards remembered by country or friends,—many of whom die in penury and disgrace?

Woman expects to bear all things, endure all things, hope all things, in love and charity, and without reward. When she is dead, let her rest in peace. But you, sir, whoever you are, if you are sincere, deserve to be thanked for your magnanimous expression of good will toward, and kind remembrance of, woman. Q.

LOCAL ASSOCIATIONS.—To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. The man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona. —*Johnson.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WISHBONE.

"WHAT! crying, NELLIE?" and MINNIE LEYTON crossed the room with her quick, decided step, and laid her dainty white hand caressingly on my head. "What troubles you, best sister?—is your pet bird dead, or have you made an awful rent in your best dress? Ah! I have it now; you are weeping over a lock of CELADONI's hair, like a dear little AMELIA, as you are. I see a noble steed, 'all saddled, and bridled, and fit for a fight,' infuriated brothers, desperate cousins, and as much chasing and racing as there was on Cambria lea, when the Lockerby maiden gave her lover the slip in such an unhandsome manner,—all through the telescope of your tears. What an enchanting prospect for one of my romantic disposition!"

"Do hush, MINNIE! why will you be so absurd?" said I, half angrily. "Since you will persist in making a mystery of such simple things, I will give you no opportunity to do so now," and I displayed to the astonished eyes of the little maiden, a broken wishbone.

Her red lips curled saucily as she exclaimed, "I do believe I am the very flower that GREY alluded to, as 'wasting its fragrance on the desert air!' Here I have been throwing away my romance on you,—even contemplating a novel, of which you and the despairing unknown were to be hero and heroine, and already collecting all my poetry and eloquence, with which to embellish your speeches,—when you destroy my dream of bliss by displaying, instead of a faded flower, a wishbone! What sentiment can there be about it? To be sure, you might make it the arbiter of your destiny by suspending it above the door; but most probably the first person who passed under it would be Cousin JAMIE, who is already engaged,—or Mr. JONES, the widower, with carroty hair, and nine small children,—or some old bachelor, with a heart so completely ossified that you despair of making any impression on it, without as much ammunition as would suffice to capture Gibralter!" and MINNIE flitted gaily away, and I heard her flute-like voice warbling some simple ballad in the hall below.

Ah, MINNIE! you can see romance in nothing but wavy black hair, Byronic neckties, and Miss LANDON's poems; the holier and sweeter romance of common life is hidden from your worldly eyes. You would see nothing worthy of remembrance in the scenes called up before me, by the simple token you so much despise.

A green, blossoming meadow, flooded with May sunshine, a cool, amethystine spring, framed in plumy grasses and crimson moss-cups, and shaded by the tremulous and feathery branches of the drooping ozier; and two little girls,—GRACE CARLETON, and myself,—nestled cosily among the luxuriant foliage, where the watchful eyes of the teacher in the little red school-house could not discover us,—how many pleasant thoughts this picture had power to awaken. Perhaps we should have been in the school-house, poring over our primers, but certainly it was much pleasanter out in the breezy fields, wishing all sorts of wild, impossible things, and ascertaining whether they would come to pass by the simple necromancy of blue violets, and wishbones. I remember the wishes of which the very wishbone that MINNIE thought had nothing sentimental about it, was the soothsayer. GRACE CARLETON was a quiet, rational child,—she only wished for a holiday and a walk in the woods; but I, ever fanciful and extravagant, hoped the ship of which my mother told me, might come in laden with balm and spices from Araby the Blest,—lustrous silks and shawls of fabulous beauty; things from the Fortunate Islands of which I loved to dream. Ah, me! perhaps the calmer wishes of more sober years may be in reality no wiser than those vain, childish longings. LAURA E. W.

Cohocton, N. Y., 1860.

NEEDLEWORK.

THERE is something extremely pleasant, and even touching—at least, of very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of needlework, distinguishing women from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but women—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with awful beauty—have always some little handiwork ready to fill the tiny gap of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasion; the woman-poet can use it as adroitly as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star, turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the hem of her kerchief, or to darn a casual fray in her dress. And they have greatly the advantage of us in this respect. The slender thread of silk or cotton keeps them united with the small, familiar, gentle interests of life, the continually operating influences of which do so much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along this electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker-chair of the humble seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of communion with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristics, when women of high thoughts and accomplishments love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than while so occupied. — *Hawthorne's New Romance of Monte Beni.*

THERE may be little resemblance between a clouded sky and the human countenance; and yet, when the sky opens and lets through the sunshine, we say that it is smiling; and when that dull countenance opens and lets out the soul, we say that it is shining; and in the metaphor we feel that we have given a new animation to the sun, a new glory to "the human face divine."

WOMEN grown bad are worse than men, because the corruption of the best turns to the worst.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE APRIL RAIN.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

THE clouds arise, the sky is overspread,
The brightness gone,
The earth seems now less fair, and overhead
A storm drives on;
And now I hear the echo of its wheels
Against the pane,
It is the merry tone and lively peals
Of slanting rain.
I miss the hum that yesterday was heard,
Life's busy stir,
The rattling wheels, the warbling of some bird
In yonder fir;
The poplar bows its tall and graceful head
Before the storm,
The birds have ceased their vernal song and fled
For shelter warm,—
No joyous child about the yard is skipping,
Heartful of gladness,
The yellow pendent of the willow, dripping,
Seems bowed in sadness.
And yet I love the merry, pleasant rattle
Of April rain,
It tells of spring, in tones of childhood prattle,
Almost as plain,—
It tells of leaves that soon shall deck the trees
with garments green,
And then of blossoms, and of active bees,
Together seen,—
It tells of fruit, and then of waving fields
Of golden grain,
And then of merry songs and glad appeals
Across the plain,—
It tells of brightness when the storm is over,
Of meadows fair,
Where waves the bright and sweetly-scented clover,
'Mid summer air,
And where the lark shall be a joyful rover,
Each scene to share.

Then welcome, welcome are the April showers,
So fresh and bright;
They bring to mind the coming of the flowers,
Fair May's delight,
And deck the earth in lovely, smiling bowers,
Through summer's flight.

Yes, welcome, welcome is the April rain,
Mildly flowing,
Laden with beauty, wealth, and flowers again,
Smiling, glowing!
Welcome to hill, and vale, and fertile plain,
Brightness bestowing!

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FACES.

WHAT a wondrous variety we pass day after day, perchance never to meet again, and how indelibly some of these faces impress themselves upon our minds; some expression, or feature, never to be forgotten. How many a time, in some crowded street, have we watched the endless variety,—striven to read the varied countenances, and imagine their several histories, while the jostling multitude hurried on, each intent on some cherished plan, careless and thoughtless of all but self.

The business man, who scrutinizes every one with that peculiar calculating expression as he passes, wrapped in schemes of trade and gain. And the little beggar children, thronging every corner of the great thoroughfares, in lanes and alleys,—everywhere their wan, piteous faces come before us, and their sad, beseeching tones greet our ears. We never pass one of these poor, dwarfed specimens, without noticing some pretty, childish way, or some fine feature,—it may be a mass of tangled curls, an eye as blue and clear as any whose glances we have often watched so lovingly, or a small mouth, with pearly teeth, that might speak God's name sweetly and reverently, instead of the low, profane language, at all times repulsive, but awful, coming from children's lips. What sight can be more touching than innocent childhood so degraded, so old in sin, yet so young in years? Then, too, there are such glad, bright faces,—young girls, whose cheerful looks seem to tell of happy homes, and kind friends to love and guard them. The sewing girls, with such worn, weary faces, that only need fresh air and kind words to call back the roses to cheek and lips. And the widow, guiding, with tender care, the little one by her side,—the mourning veil may shroud her face, but still its thick folds cannot hide the sorrowing, heart-broken expression, which has settled upon every feature. Isn't it strange what volumes the countenances of these people reveal, while they pass on thinking their heart-histories deeply buried from worldly eyes? Even the miser, as he carefully picks his way through the crowd, peering cautiously and inquisitively at the passers-by, has written upon his face the motto of his life, "I have gold, but nobody knows it."

Young America, in all the glory of standing collars and cigar smoke,—portly aldermen, all grandeur and pomposity, while by their side one of Africa's sons struts quite as proudly, his ebony visage resplendent with a far better set of ivory, and eyes that see something worth grinning at whichever way he turns,—little boys with such a leering, artful, old look,—market women and hucksters crying out the excellencies of their respective articles, with that peculiar, avaricious, pinch-penny expression,—and then one sometimes meets a wrinkled, sorrowful face, that tells of long, weary years, that have fallen with crushing weight on hearts once as young, perchance as gladsome, as our own, and we sigh to think that the coming years, in their ceaseless round, may teach us, too, how much of grief the heart may bear.

As we turn sadly from these faces, another meets us. 'Tis a fine face! the features cut so regularly, and the noble look on that high, white brow, while the curls which fall negligently on the temples complete the picture. But the eyes have a vacant, stupid glare,—a dissipated look has settled around the mouth, and mars the almost perfect beauty of the countenance. We shudder to hear the horrid blasphemy which falls from his lips, and hurry on, thinking of the mother who somewhere is watching for the return of this, her only son, and of the sister, whose tears have fallen unheeded in his behalf. Alas! sad thoughts come everywhere.

Then two clergymen pass; one a tall, pleasant looking man, talking earnestly to the smaller one, who answers in a stern, bigoted manner, and finally, with a cold bow, leaves his companion and crosses to the opposite side of the street, a perfect example of injured clerical dignity. We gathered enough from their conversation to know they were talking of the poor inebriate before them, and so we turn just in time to see the mild one quicken his pace, and catch the staggering, reeling form, and kindly, and tenderly as though he were an own son, lead him over the crossing, down a side street, to his own home. Involuntarily our heart warms toward this christian who can bring his religion down to every-day use, and guide this erring, wandering one of his flock, while the other, Pharisee-like, passes to the other side, disgusted with his brother's weakness, and feeling, more than ever, the necessity of keeping apart from the world. Still the living stream flows on. Millionaires, poor clerks, bachelors, strutting along complacently, giggling school girls, crafty politicians, and strong-minded advocates of Bloomerism, each with expressions peculiar to themselves,—a few pretty faces, most of them plain, but all interesting to the close observer. And if one form chances to leave the crowd, who misses it?

How often has some stranger-face reminded us of friends in our own dear home, or of some cherished one, long since mouldered to dust in the dreamless rest. Oh! a wondrous thing is the human face, so expressive of mirth, joy, or sorrow,—still stranger is it, that all upon which we have gazed will be gathered at length in one vast assembly at the resurrection. Not as they are here, but purified,—incorruptible,—and those we have looked on sadly, with blinding tears, as we folded the hands peacefully over the pulseless hearts, are watching, waiting for us on the further shore of the Better Land. CLARA.

Cleveland, N. Y., 1860.

A DROP OF INK.

THINK of a Queen's first signature of a death warrant, where tears tried to blanch the fatal blackness of the dooming ink; of a traitor's adhesion to a deed of rebellion, written in gall; of a forger's trembling imitation of another's writing, where each letter took the shape of the gallows; of a lover's passionate proposal, written in fire; of a proud girl's refusal, written in ice; of a mother's dying expostulation with her wayward son, written in the heart's blood; of an indignant father's disinheriting curse on his first-born, black with the lost color of the gray hairs which shall go down in sorrow to the grave,—think of these, and of all the other impassionate writings to which every hour gives birth, and what a strangely potent, Protean thing, a drop of ink grows to be! All over the world it is distilling at the behest of men.

Here a despairing prisoner is writing with a rusty nail his dying confession of faith on his damp dungeon wall. There an anxious lover is deceiving all but his bride, with an ink which she only knows to render visible. Beleaguered soldiers in Indian forts are confiding to the perilous secrecy of rice water or innocent milk their own lives and the fortunes of the country. Shipwrecked sailors, about to be engulfed in mid ocean, are consigning to a floating bottle the faint pencil memorandum of the spot where they will soon go swiftly down in the very jaws of death. Everywhere happy pairs, dear husbands and wives, affectionate brothers and sisters, and all the busy world, are writing to each other on endless topics, with whatever paper comes to hand, whatever ink. The varied stream thus forever flowing is the intellectual and emotional blood of the world, and no one need visit Egypt, or summon an Egyptian magician to show him all the arts, all the joys and woes of men reflected from the mirror of a drop of ink.—*Macmillan's Mag.*

COMPANY MANNERS.

A WELL bred man has always the same manners at home and in society, and what is bad in the former is only worse in the latter. It can never be pardonable to swagger and lounge, nor to carry into the family circle the actions proper to the dressing-room. Even where familiarity has nothing shocking in itself, it attacks the respect due to the society of others, whoever they may be, and presents the danger of a further breach of it. From familiarity to indecency is but one step. Thus, not a part of the dress, not a shoestring even, should be arranged in the presence of ladies. The Hindoos, remarkable for the delicacy of their manners, would not allow kissing, scratching, pinching, or lying down, to be represented on the stage, and at least the last three should never be permitted in a mixed society of men and women. There are attitudes, too, which are a transition from ease to familiarity, and should never be indulged. A man may cross his legs in the present day, but should never stretch them apart. To wipe the forehead, gape, yawn, and so forth, are only a shade less obnoxious than the American habit of expectoration.—*The Habits of Good Society.*

RULES FOR GOOD HABITS.—1. Have a plan laid before hand for every day. 2. Acquire the habit of untiring industry. 3. Cultivate perseverance. 4. Cultivate the habit of punctuality. 5. Be an early riser. 6. Be in the habit of learning something from every one with whom you meet. 7. Form fixed principles on which to think and act. 8. Be simple and neat in your personal habits. 9. Acquire the habit of doing everything well. 10. Make constant efforts to be master of your temper. 11. Cultivate soundness of judgment. 12. Observe proper treatment of parents, friends, and companions.—*Todd.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A PRAYER.

BY J. NEWTON BARTHOLOW.

GREAT GOD! reach down thine all-upholding arm,
A fallen son of thy great cause to raise;
O, Father One, invoke the tempter's harm,—
Grant me the summer of the christian's days.

With suppliant heart to Thee I bent in prayer
When but a child, with life unstained by sin;
'Twas at my mother's knee I sought to tear
The germs of future passions from within.

And now I kneel again in manhood's prime,—
Oh, soothe, Great GOD! thy torn and anguished son;
Invade this black and iron heart of mine!—
Teach wayward feet the heavenly race to run!

Memphis, Tenn., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAYS."

THESE words, which the poet has combined with so many pleasing associations to the devout heart, seemed to possess a *new charm*, as they fell from the lips of an aged man, upon whose locks rested the frosts of three-score and ten winters. To health he had been a stranger for many weary months, and as he contemplated his near approach to the tomb, no dark forebodings came over his soul, for he felt that he had "a house not made with hands," and as the hour drew near when he expected that the spirit would leave the earthly tenement, he would exclaim: "I would not live always."

For him the tomb possessed no dread,
JESUS, before, the way had led;
And the glad spirit fain would fly
To the bright realms prepared on high
For those who, ere they pass death's flood,
Are cleansed from guilt by JESUS' blood.

Memory ran swiftly over the scenes of his past life, and thus he communed with himself: "How strange, that frail man, whose days are as the morning dew,—whose life is so uncertain,—should anxiously seek the perishable things of earth, while he neglects to prepare for the great future soon to open before him,—neglects to cultivate the higher and nobler faculties of the soul, that it may be prepared to enjoy the society of angels, and ascribe endless praises to the Lamb that was slain, for ever and ever."

How beautiful to see the aged thus peacefully approach death's dark portal, leaning, by faith unwavering, upon the promises of a compassionate SAVIOR.

"Let me live the life of the righteous, that my last end may be like his. MATTIE.

Newark, N. Y., 1860.

A LITTLE CHILD AT PRAYER.

A CHILD at prayer,—a beauteous sight! Dimpled hands clasped; eyes lifted heavenward, imploring a blessing upon the youthful one. An orphan of six summers,—God help the orphan,—though not one word was breathed, her looks would be eloquent enough. An orphan! sweet child, like a frail bark upon the uncertain sea of life, to battle with the waves of sorrow and disappointment. But a mother's spirit watches over you, and though the canopy of heaven veil her from view, yet she is a talisman. The evening hour bears upon its fleeting wings your orisons to the shrine of heaven; angels there the record write. Who could harm you? Who could say one cruel, unkind word, when they gaze upon you and reflect that you are indeed an orphan? An orphan! What does that word convey? It is but a name, alas! of too many thrown upon the unfeeling world, trusting to kindness when so little is to be found. Heaven shield you from all harm; pluck the thorns from your pathway, and strew sweet flowers. As I watch you on your bended knees, does it not seem an example bidding me to "go and do likewise." And as the sweet words, "Our Father," fall from your lips, angels are the listeners. Let it breathe its simple prayer. He who hath said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," will hear your voice, sweet one.—*Leisure Moments.*

WHAT THE LEAVES SAY.

YOU have often gazed upon the many-colored leaves which fluttered in the autumn breeze, just ready to fall to the ground. Did you ever listen to hear them *talk* to you? for talk they do, in their silent language,—telling you of the bright springtime, when they drank in the gentle dew, and inhaled the balmy air, and spread out their delicate fibres to the rays of the sun; and, fashioned by a divine Creator, took forms of beauty; and, painted by His hand, assumed the pleasant green; and how, upheld by His power, they had borne the pelting of many a pitiless storm, and the scorching heat of the noonday sun, while many of their companions had faded and fallen to the ground. And they would tell you that, one by one, they, too, should fall. Thus these fading, falling leaves, talk to us of life's evening, and whisper to us to be ready, for "we all do fade as a leaf." And do not they talk to us of something brighter and better,—of the unfading leaves of the tree that grows on the banks of the river of life, and urge us to seek that heavenly world?

OFF GUARD.—Thou hast contended with Satan, and hast been successful. Thou hast fought with him, and he has fled from thee. But, O, remember his artifices! Do not indulge the belief that his nature is changed. True, indeed, he is now very complacent, and is, perhaps, singing thee some siren song; but he was never more a devil than he is now. He now assaults thee *by not assaulting thee*, and knows that he shall conquer when thou fallest asleep.

The Reviewer.

OUR LIVING REPRESENTATIVE MEN. From Official and Original Sources. By JOHN SAVAGE. [12mo.—pp. 503.] Philadelphia: Childs & Peterson.

THE Scriptures say there is a time for all things, and the enterprising publishers of the volume before us have hit upon the right season—the very "nick of time"—to group, in a single volume, sketches of our most prominent statesmen, (or politicians,) and aspirants for the Presidency. The work professes to embrace "memoirs of the lives and public services of those statesmen, soldiers, and politicians who have been prominently suggested for the Presidential succession in 1861." The author avers that his endeavor has been to make the work useful in matter rather than ornamental in style,—"to give a graphic and comprehensive record of the public acts of our public men, free from any partizan influence, and to present each in the position accorded to him by his party, and attained by the advocacy of principles to which he has devoted his powers of intellect." It contains sketches of thirty-four persons, among whom are Messrs. Banks, Bates, Botts, Breckinridge, Cameron, Chase, Cobb, Crittenden, Dallas, Davis, Dickinson, Douglas, Everett, Fillmore, Fremont, Guthrie, Houston, Hunter, Lane, McLean, Seward, Seymour, Wise and Wool. At the present juncture such a volume will attract attention throughout the Union.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. A Book for Old and Young, By JOHN TIMBS, F. S. A. With Illustrations. [16mo. pp. 473.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THIS volume embraces some sixty narratives, ranging through ages, from ARCHIMIDES to BRUNEL,—though most of them consist of modern instances. The prominent characters of the work are such as have become famous for their inventions and discoveries—such as Archimides, Columbus, Gutenberg, Montgolfier, Bacon, Harvey, Jenner, Newton, Herschel, Pallasy, Watt, Arkwright, Dr. Franklin, Davy, Brunel, Stephenson, and Morse. The sketches of these and other benefactors, and their inventions and discoveries, are interesting and valuable. The portraits of celebrated inventors, and illustrations of inventions, add to the attractions of the work. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

HISTORY OF THE EARLY CHURCH, from the first Preaching of the Gospel to the Council of Nicea. For the use of Young Persons. By the author of "Amy Herbert." [12mo.—pp. 333.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.—1860.

THIS is a very interesting and convenient abstract of Ecclesiastical History, from the descent of the Holy Ghost, on the day of Pentecost, to the conversion of the Roman Emperor, CONSTANTINE, and the Council of Nice A. D., 325. Although the main point of the author seems to be to prove, from the practice of the early christians and churches, the orthodoxy of one branch of the Christian Church, yet all, and particularly those who are unable to refer to standard authorities and larger volumes, may read this book with profit. Sold by ADAMS & DARNEY.

THE SATIRES OF JUVENAL, PERSIUS, SULPICIA AND LUCILIUS—Literally Translated into English Prose, with Notes, Chronological Tables, Arguments, &c. By the Rev. LEWIS EVANS, M. A., late Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. To which is added the Metrical Version of Juvenal and Persius, by the late WM. GIFFORD, Esq. [12mo.—pp 512.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THE Messrs. HARPER have added this volume to their series of Translations, and issued it in creditable style. These translations are entirely original, and the remains of Sulpicia and Lucillus now appear for the first time in English. The illustrative notes are very ample, and are the fruits of long-continued and enthusiastic study. The translations are spirited and perspicuous. This, and also the other volumes of the series, may be obtained of STEELE, AVERY & Co.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. American Edition, LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

THOSE of our readers to whom the features of this celebrated literary periodical are not familiar, certainly cannot be posted concerning the "feast of good things" monthly served therein, while, with such as watch for its coming, it is entirely needless to write a single word in its favor. The volume began with January. For sale by DEWEY.

Books Received.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By PARKE GODWIN. Vol. I. (Ancient Gaul.) [8vo. pp. 495.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF THE WORLD: Comprising a General View of the Origin, History and Condition of the various Sects of Christians, the Jews and Mahomedans, as well as the Pagan Forms of Religion existing in the different Countries of the Earth; with Sketches of the Founders of various Religious Sects. From the best authorities. By VINCENT MILNER. [12mo.—pp. 512.] Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. Rochester—E. R. HALL.

FUNDAMENTAL IDEAS OF MECHANICS and Experimental Data. By H. MORIN. Revised, Translated, and Reduced to English Units of Measure, by JOSEPH BENNETT, Civil Engineer. [8vo.—pp. 445.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

A VOYAGE DOWN THE AMOOR: With a Land Journey through Siberia, and Incidental Notices of Manchooria, Kamschatka, and Japan. By PERRY McDONOUGH COLLINS, U. S. Commercial Agent at the Amoor River. [16mo.—pp. 350.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING;—Comprising the Breeds, Breeding, and Management, in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full Explanation of Guenon's Method; the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter, and Cheese: Embodying the most Recent Improvements, and adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces. With a Treatise upon the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management. By CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture; author of "A Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants," etc. Liberally Illustrated. [12mo.—pp. 426.] Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co. [From the Publishers.

WILD SPORTS IN THE SOUTH; or, The Camp Fires of the Everglades. By CHAS. E. WHITEHEAD, translator of "Gerard the Lion Killer." With Illustrations by ERNINGER, TAIT, and others. [12mo.—pp. 424.] New York: Derby & Jackson. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE PIONEERS, PREACHERS AND PEOPLE of the Mississippi Valley. By WM. H. MILBURN, author of "The Rifle, Axe and Saddle-Bags," and "Ten Years of Preacher Life." [12mo.—pp. 465.] New York: Derby & Jackson. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

COUSIN MAUD AND ROSAMOND. By Mrs. MARY J. HOLMES, author of "Lena Rivers," "Homestead on the Hillside," "Meadow Brook," "Dora Deane," "Maggie Miller," etc. [12mo.—pp. 374.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

THE LEGAL ADVISER; or, How to Diminish Losses, Avoid Lawsuits, and Save Time, Trouble and Money, by Conducting Business according to Law, as Expounded by the Best and Latest Authorities. By EDWIN T. FREEDLEY, author of "A Practical Treatise on Business," etc. [16mo.—pp. 397.] Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. Rochester—E. R. HALL.

THE CAXTONS: A Family Picture. By Sir EDWARD BULWER LYTTON, Bart. Library Edition. [12mo.—pp. 505.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, and the Money we Made by It. From the Twelfth London Edition. With an Introduction by PETER B. MEAD, Editor of the Horticulturist. [16mo.—pp. 126.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. Rochester—E. DARROW & BRO.

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. By JACOB ABBOTT. [pp. 190.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

CITY OF KINGSTON, CANADA WEST.

THE city of Kingston is situated at the north-eastern extremity of Lake Ontario, immediately above its outlet, the St. Lawrence River, 198 miles west of Montreal, and 165 east of Toronto. The city, modern as it appears, looks far back for its history, as its advantageous locale did not fail to attract the notice of the early French discoverers. It was once occupied as a small fort called Cataraqui, otherwise known as Frontenac, and was the scene of various sieges and exploits before it passed, with all the territory of the Canadas, from French to British rule. It was from this point that murderous expeditions were made by the Indians in the olden times against Albany and other English settlements of New York, which in turn sent back here its retributive blows. The present city was founded in 1783, and incorporated a city in 1838. It has now a population of about 16,000, and is the sixth commercial city of Canada. Among its objects of interest, are the fortifications of Fort Henry, on a hill upon the eastern side of the Rideau Canal; two Martello Towers off the town, and other defensive works; the University of Queen's College; the Roman Catholic College of Regiopolis; and the Provincial Penitentiary a little to the west of the city.

Spice from New Books.

Jackson as a Farmer.

GEN. JACKSON, as we have mentioned before, was a vigilant and successful farmer. His tastes and habits were simple and farmer-like, as are those of Southerners generally. The visitor is constantly reminded, in the Southern States, that he is in a region where the ruling interest is agriculture, where the *elite* of the people are farmers. Cotton, the staple product, is also the staple topic, and all life has the farm-house flavor and tone. A certain primitive simplicity pervades everything. To go southward is to make a journey into the past. Travel twenty-four hours into the Southern States, and then get ten miles away from the railroad, and you have arrived at Sixty-Years-Ago. You are handling the implements, you are enjoying the usages, you are contemplating the cast of character, you are eating the viands, you are sitting in the fire-places, you are snuffing the candles, of the year 1790. Often, too, you will have the heart-felt satisfaction of observing, particularly in North Carolina and Tennessee, that along with the primitive manners and customs of another age have been preserved the primitive health, feelings, and virtues—a certain hearty, honest, homely dignity of character, which we have heard our great-grandfathers possessed. Everything is done slowly at the South, and people have time to live, to grow fat, and to grow old. Even Gen. Jackson, a marvelously active man for the South, was never an early riser when at home. He sat down to breakfast between eight and nine; and, after dinner, he and his wife took a leisurely and dignified pull at their reed pipes.

Can we recall the group that used to gather round that fireside and listen to Aunt Rachael's stories after dinner? There sits the General in his rocking-chair, tranquilly smoking, tranquilly listening, occasionally laughing at his wife's quaint narratives, and sometimes, when the tale threatens to be too long, taking it out of her mouth, and giving it a summary graceful finish. The "two Andrews" have outgrown the possibility of sharing the General's chair. Andrew, the adopted, is a stout boy of eleven, as much indulged as ever. Andrew Jackson Donelson has graduated with honor at West Point, and is now a fine young officer of the engineer corps. "Lieutenant Donelson," says the General, in one of his letters of 1821, "is young, but I trust you will find him modest and unassuming; possessing as good an education as any of his age in America; of good, moral habits, and entirely clear of all the dissipations too common to the youth of the modern day." Beside the young gentlemen, there was always a young niece or two of Mrs. Jackson living at the Hermitage. They could easily please the General with their music. Two songs especially, always delighted him—"Auld Lang Syne," and "Scots wha ha' wi' Wallace bled." When ladies asked him to write something in their albums, he was as likely to write, "When I can read my title clear," as anything else.—"*Life of Andrew Jackson,*" *by* JAMES PARTON.

Movements in the Sick Room.

A FIRM, light, quick step, a steady, quick hand, are the desiderata; not the slow, lingering, shuffling foot, the timid, uncertain touch. Slowness is not gentleness, though it is often mistaken for such; quickness, lightness, and gentleness are quite compatible. Again, if friends and doctors did but watch, as nurses can and should watch, the features sharpening, the eyes growing almost wild, of fever patients who are listening for the entrance from the corridor of the persons whose voices they are hearing there, these would never run the risk again of creating such expectation or irritation of mind. Such unnecessary noise has undoubtedly induced or aggravated delirium in many cases. I have known such—in one case death ensued.—"*Notes on Nursing,*" *by* FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Noise.

NEVER to allow a patient to be waked, intentionally or accidentally, is a *sine qua non* of all good nursing. If he is roused out of his first sleep, he is almost certain to have no more sleep. It is a curious but quite intelligible fact, that if a patient is waked after a few hours' instead of a few minutes' sleep, he is much more likely to sleep again. Because pain, like irritability of brain, perpetuates and intensifies itself. If you have gained a respite of either in sleep, you have gained more than the mere respite. Both the probability of recurrence and of the same intensity will be diminished; whereas both will be terribly increased by want of sleep. This is the reason why sleep is so all-important.—This is the reason why a patient, waked in the early part of his sleep, loses not only his sleep, but his power to sleep. A healthy person who allows himself to sleep during the day, will lose his sleep at night; but it is exactly the reverse with the sick generally; the more they sleep, the better will they be able to sleep.—*Ibid.*

ILLUMINATING GAS—GAS-LIGHTS.

SITTING by our splendid gas-lights, the sense of comfort and pleasure animates us, as one recalls times of candles, oil-lamps, or even spermaceti. When the gas fails for an evening, one wonders that he ever lived in such gloom and obscurity before the gas-lights appeared.

It had long been known that, by the distillation of wood, resin, or bituminous coal, in iron retorts, an inflammable gas resulted, possessing a variable illuminating power. At length, a very pure gas was obtained by heating alcohol with three or four times its weight of oil of vitriol. This is the true illuminating gas, a compound of carbon (charcoal,) and hydrogen, or, as the chemists call it, a hydro-carburet, or heavy carburetted hydrogen, which burns with a flame splendidly white, and produces a violent explosion when burned by three or four times its volume of oxygen. This illuminating gas is composed of about 85.7 of carbon combined with 14.3 of hydrogen, to the hundred parts, and is very little lighter than atmospheric air. It would be too expensive for illumination.

For gas-lights, the dearer material distilled has been either whale oil, or common resin, or pitch; the last, at a red heat, yields very excellent gas, at a cost of six to eight dollars a thousand feet, to consumers over the country.

The cheaper material for gas-lights is bituminous coal, so abundant in our coal fields. The lighter product of distillation is tar, salts of ammonia, light hydro-carburet, hydrogen, sulphuretted hydrogen, and heavy hydro-carburet. The more of the last, the greater is the power of illumination. After the deposition of the tar and the washing out of the salts of ammonia, the mixture of the other four gases moves on to be purified from the (fetid,) hydro-sulphuret, by passing through quicklime. The other three mixed gases pass into the great gas-holder, to be distributed through the *mains* to the consumers. The less of the heavy hydro-carburet, the lighter is the gas, so that it is often used for the inflation of balloons. The lighter the gas, the less is its illuminating power. If, however, these mixed gases are diffused through the proper proportion of atmospheric air, on lighting the mixture a dangerous explosion is the result.

When this illuminating gas burns in contact with common air, the carbon is burned into carbonic acid gas, and the hydrogen into water, and both are evolved in our rooms.

Another property of illuminating gas is its *offensive odor*. This odor belongs to it; but as the gas is burned in atmospheric air the odor is destroyed. It is *irrespirable* also, or, it will not support life by respiration; an animal or man would soon die in it for want of breath, or of that air which we breathe to live. It is a *dangerous* gas, as it may destroy by explosion or by suffocation from being irrespirable.

Though its offensive odor is destroyed by combustion, this *very odor becomes our safe-guard and protection*. It shows us that the gas is leaking from the pipes, and that danger is approaching. The room must be ventilated, if the gas is in any considerable quantity, before a light is brought into it, or a match is used, as either might cause a dangerous explosion. This odor is a providential quality or property, designed, undoubtedly, for our safety. If the gas was destitute of odor, persons might be dying from suffocation, or the dwelling be dashed to ruin, before a warning could be given. It would be next to impossible to use it in our dwellings; for families would live in a state of dreadful apprehension. The danger would be far greater than it now is from the most explosive burning fluid; for it would be constant, by day and night, whether the light is in use or not.

As the oils, tallow, spermaceti, and the like, in burning, form carbonic acid gas and vapor of water, like gas-lights, the last will prove no more injurious in our rooms, unless a larger proportion of illuminating gas is burned in the same time. Indeed, this is the danger, not so much to respiration, as to the eyes, from the brilliancy or intensity of the light. The preventive is a shade.

Rochester, N. Y., April, 1860. C. D.

HABIT.—"I trust everything under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habit, upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; it is habit which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of our lordships. Give the child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of imprudence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breath, as of lying, cheating, or swearing."

PRESERVATION OF BIRDS, ANIMALS, &c.

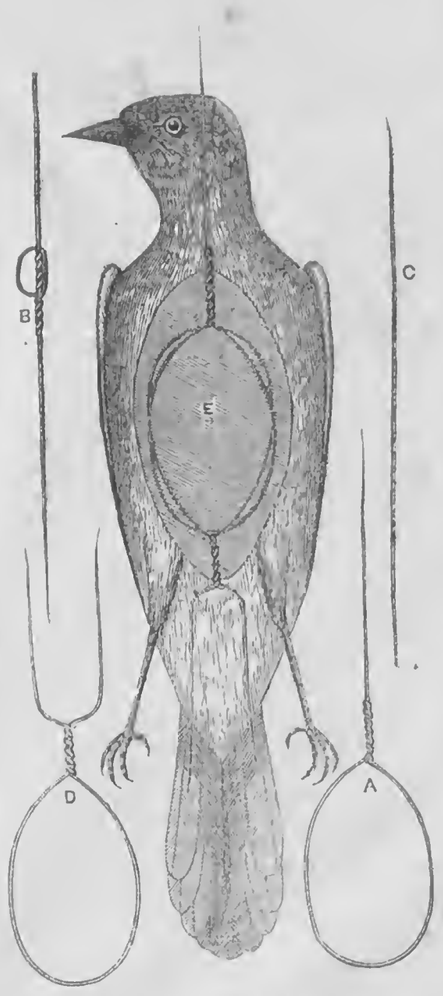
WILL some of your numerous readers please inform me as to the method of preserving and stuffing birds, and much oblige—FRANK, *Argyle, Washington Co., N. Y.*

WE have had many inquiries similar to the above, from *Young Ruralists*, to whom we have sent numbers containing articles previously published on this subject, until our stock is exhausted. We have therefore resolved to re-publish as much as may be necessary to give the desired information.

Immediately after a bird is killed, the throat and nostrils should be stuffed with cotton, and a small quantity wound around the bill to prevent the blood staining the feathers, which should remain while skinning, or be replaced occasionally with fresh. Should there be any stain from shot wounds, it must be wiped off immediately with a damp sponge. In proceeding to skin the bird, it should be laid on the back, and the feathers of the breast separated to the right and left, when a broad interval will be discovered, reaching from the top to the bottom of the breast bone. A penknife or scalpel must be inserted at the point of the bone, and cutting the outer skin from thence to the vent, taking care not to penetrate so deep as the flesh or the inner skin which covers the intestines. The skin will then be separated easily from the flesh by the knife, and by passing along a blunt, flat instrument, (the skin must not be pulled or stretched.) With this you may reach the back. The thigh should be pressed inward so far as to enable you to separate the legs from the body at the joint between the hip and the knee. The skin is then pulled downward as low as the rump, which is cut close by the insertion of the tail; but not to injure the feathers, the skin is now drawn upward to the wings, which are taken off at the shoulder joints. It is then pulled up till the skull is laid bare, and the vertebræ cut off close to the skull. Enlarge the opening and take out the brain, and carefully skin the skull. Pull out the skin that lines the orifice of the ears, by putting under the flat part of your knife,—for if you cut it you will leave a hole,—and take off all the muscles and the eyes, leaving nothing but the bone, and your bird is skinned. Give it a good coating of arsenical soap, and substitute cotton for the muscles removed, and draw the skin over it. It will aid in replacing the skull before skinning is commenced, to pass a thread through the nostrils, and tie it tight around the beak. On this you can pull slightly. To absorb moisture and fatty matter while skinning, keep the body well dusted with powdered chalk.

The bird is now ready for stuffing, but you must first prepare the wires to support it, and these should be of sufficient strength for the purpose. No. 3 for the robin, No. 4 for the pigeon, and No. 5 for the duck, and so on in proportion to their size. It must be annealed by passing it through the fire, till it is red hot. Blacksmith's charcoal fire, gently blown, is best. Cut the center wire double the length of the bird. At about one-third its length it is bent into an oval form, and twisted two turns, the shortest end being passed into the oval A, and B, and again brought back and twisted twice more round the long end, so as to produce a ring at the end outside the oval, large enough to admit the two leg wires as seen in engraving, B. File the point very sharp and straighten it. The oval must not be larger than the body of the bird, but rather smaller. The leg wire C should be perfectly straight and well pointed. The tail bearer, D, is another oval the size of the first,—see engraving,—but with two points. For small birds, a straight wire, pointed at both ends, with a ring turned and placed at the hip joint, to receive the leg wires, will be sufficient. E shows the oval and tail bearer inserted.

The wires being prepared, the bird is laid on the table with its head turned toward the left, and the legs and wings adjusted in their proper position; a piece of thread is then attached to the first joint of each wing, from the shoulder inside, and they are drawn together to such a distance as they may be supposed to be apart when the body was perfect. This will give them a set, so that they will fall into their proper position, if the bird is carefully stuffed. Place a weight on the tail to keep it from moving; raise the feathers at the edge of the opening with your thumb and forefinger, or place a little cotton under to prevent their being soiled, and with your brush coat the neck with arsenical soap, and stuff it with chopped flax or cotton, but not too tightly. Anoint the rest of the body, and stuff it about one-third the thickness required. Then take the oval and rub the straight wire with oil, and pass it up the neck and through the center of the skull. Next insert the tail bearer, forcing the points through the skin at the rump, and hiding them in the tail feathers. Tie the ovals together, and insert the leg wires by introducing them into the sole of the foot, and passing them up the inside of the skin of the leg, and through the small ring on the oval; bend them back, and secure them to its sides. You can now complete the stuffing, filling every part to its natural size and shape. Then bring the skin together and sew it up, separating the feathers at every stitch, placing the needle on the under side every time, and introducing the stuffing required, as you proceed.



Another method is to make a body of flax, by winding it on a wire, and drawing it with a string to the required shape, measuring the body of the bird with calipers. After getting it as near the size as possible, introduce it into the skin, filling up any deficiency that may be discovered in sewing up. The wire must be pointed and pass through the skull, as in the preceding method.

[This subject will be continued in our next, when we will give the composition and method of making the arsenical soap recommended, and all necessary information in regard to mounting, putting in the eyes, &c.]

BE PUNCTUAL.—When Washington's Secretary excused himself for the lateness of his attendance, and laid the blame upon his watch, his master quietly said, "Then you must get another watch, or I another Secretary."—*Smiles' Self-Help.*

A DOCILE disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.—*Manlius.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Inquiries and Notes,....133
Poll Evil—Causes and Remedy,....133
Mangel Wurzel—Planting,....133
Killing Couch or Quack Grass, [Illustrated,]....133
Black-Leg—Nature, Treatment, &c,....133
Plan for a Cottage, [Illustrated,]....133
Measuring and Building Cisterns, [Illustrated,]....133, 134
Sweet German Turnip,....134

The Bee-Keeper—How to secure Straight Combs; Renewal of Brood Comb; Italian Bees; Swallows destroying Bees; Second Swarms; The Queen Bee and her Progeny; Gilmore Bee-House,....134

Inquiries and Answers—Sheep Pulling Wool from others; Dairy Questions; Drilling and Cultivating Grain, &c.; Should Horses be kept near Oxen; A Tile Machine Wanted; Lampas; A Cure for Sweeney,....134

Agricultural Miscellany—The New Agricultural Association; Read the Advertisements; Potato Rot; An Agricultural Library; Superior Thermometers; Living Memento; Colebrook Seedling Potato; Free Horse Show; Fat Cattle from Nebraska,....134

HORTICULTURAL.

Spring Notes,....135
Orchard Culture,....135
The Black Knot and the Curculio,....135
Cure for the Borer,....136

Horticultural Notes—Look out for Good Roots; The Western Baldwin Apple, again,....135

Inquiries and Answers—Book on Horticulture—Currants; Peanuts, [Illustrated,] The Turk's Cap, [Ill.,] Allen Hybrid Grape, &c.; Substitute for Gravel for Walks,....135

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Antique Oak Carving; Papering Whitewashed Walls; Domestic Dyeing; To Color Cotton Black; Wash for the Eyes,....135

LADIES' OLIO.

Sorrow, [Poetical,] Monuments to Women; Local Associations; The Wishbone; Needlework,....136

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The April Rain, [Poetical,] Facts; A Drop of Ink; Company Manners; Rules for Good Habits,....136

SABBATH MUSINGS.

A Prayer, [Poetical,] "I would not Live always;" A Little Child at Prayer; What the Leaves say; Off Guard,....136

THE REVIEWER.

Our Living Representative Men; Stories of Inventors and Discoverers in Science and the Useful Arts; History of the Early Church; The Satires of Juvenal, Persius, Sulpicia and Lucilius; Books Received,....137

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Jackson as a Farmer; Movements in the Sick Room; Noise,....137

USEFUL OLIO.

City of Kingston, C. W., [Illustrated,] Illuminating Gas—Gas-Lights; Habit,....137

YOUNG RURALIST.

Preservation of Birds, Animals, &c., [Illustrated,] Be Punctual,....137

STORY TELLER.

My Darlings' Shoes, [Poetical,] The Ostrich Plume; A Heroine of Seventy-Six,....140

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 28, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE President, on the 17th inst., transmitted to the Senate copies of additional correspondence with Foreign Governments concerning the rights of American naturalized citizens abroad. It is conducted throughout in good temper. The United States in all cases repudiated the doctrine of perpetual allegiance. It appears from these documents that twelve years ago the British Government, at the instance of Minister Bancroft, released two naturalized Irishmen who were suspected of aiding in rebellion and engaged in treasonable practices. Lord Palmerston, however, declares that foreign born subjects of Great Britain, who may have become naturalized in a foreign country but who return to the United Kingdom, are as answerable as any of her United States subjects to any laws which may be in force, either of a permanent or temporary nature.

A private letter has been received in Washington, dated, Mexico, March 28th, stating that the British Minister has proposed a truce of six months, at the utmost, during which a Congress is to be elected by the different States of the Republic. This Congress is to be united at Jalapa, which is to be declared neutral ground, under the protection of the English Government, and, if necessary, under English troops. The Congress voted by the nation is to make a new Constitution, which is to be recognized, protected, and enforced, by England. The clergy disapprove the proposition; but if they refuse it, the English Minister will immediately take his passport and leave for Vera Cruz, where he will recognize the Juarez government.

Capt. Fontleroy writes to Gen. Scott that his information from El Passo is, that events are likely to be enacted on the border, similar to those at Brownsville, and suggests the employment of volunteers; but this is discountenanced, and he is advised that the army force in New Mexico will be adequately increased.

The Commissioner of Patents has granted a seven years' extension of the House Telegraph patent.

The steamer Roanoke will land the Japanese Embassy at the city of New York, in accordance with the order of the Secretary of the Navy. They would have been brought directly to Washington but for the apprehended difficulty of piloting the vessel through the Potomac.

The question involved in the protest of the Spanish Minister against the capture of the Marin steamers, is as to their legal transfer from the Spanish owners to Gen. Miramon, previous to that occurrence.

The Marshal of Ohio reports that the inhabitants of Ashtabula Co. are ready to take up arms to resist the authority of the Senate for bringing John Brown, Jr., before the Committee of Investigation of the Harper's Ferry affair.

New York Legislature.

SENATE.—Mr. Spinola moved a vote of thanks to Hon. Robert Campbell, Lieut. Governor, for the able, dignified, and impartial manner in which he has discharged his duties as presiding officer of the Senate. This motion, together with others of similar character, relating to James Terwilliger, chief clerk, and Charles J. Fairman, journal clerk, were adopted unanimously.

Mr. Sessions moved to substitute the re-imposing of tolls, but allowing the roads, if they so select, to commute the said tolls by paying $1,300,000 in four years, or sooner if they desire, and removing existing restrictions on way-fare on the Central road, which road is to pay $1,000,000 of said commutation.

The motion to substitute the commutation bill was carried—16 to 14.

The Senate took up the Assembly bill, imposing a tax of 1½ mills for the payment of the old canal debt, amended so as to rednce the tax to 1½ mills. Passed.

The Governor sent in two more vetoes, one on the bill erecting Conhocton county, and the other on the bill legalizing the action of the New York Common Council respecting 83d street. The vetoes were laid on the table.

The Governor sent in a veto of the Susquehanna railroad bill, taking ground generally against the constitutionality of the bill, and holding that under any circumstances a constitutional vote would have been a two-third vote.

After reading the message the Clerk announced that it bore no signature.

Mr. Abell thought it best to be returned to the Governor with our objections. It was so returned, and again sent in bearing his signature. After discussion, it was passed over the veto by a vote of 16 to 8.

A bill was introduced and passed, amending the supply bill so as to correct an error which prevented the officers from drawing their extra pay.

The Clerk was authorized, under the direction of the Joint Library Committee, to publish 1,500 copies of the Journal of the Legislative Council, for the years 1691 to 1776, provided the entire cost to the State would not exceed the sum of $3,500.

Messrs. Goss and Grant were appointed to wait on the Governor, and Messrs. Lapham and Conolly to wait on the Assembly, to inform them that the Senate was ready to adjourn.

The usual parting address was made by Lieut. Gov. Campbell, and the Senate adjourned *sine die*.

ASSEMBLY.—Mr. Van Horn, from the Select Committee, appointed to examine into State Prison contracts for convict labor, reported testimony, coupled with a resolution, recommending the Attorney General to examine contracts to see if they need reforming. Nothing that reflects in the slightest degree on the integrity or efficiency of the State Prison Inspectors is intended, but the resolution is simply one of technicality.

Mr. Fisher moved a vote of thanks to the officers of the House. Adopted unanimously.

The veto of the bill erecting the new county of Canisteo, was taken from the table. The House sustained the veto and the bill was lost.

The House sustained the Governor's veto of the Susquehanna bill by a vote of 55 to 48.

The usual Committees to inform the Senate and Governor that the House was ready to adjourn, were appointed, and the Speaker addressed the House in a feeling manner, and declared the House adjourned *sine die*.

Bills Passed.—To re-organize the New York alms-house department; the New York police bill; the Steuben monument association bill; the bill to preserve the public peace on Sunday; the Flatbush avenue grade bill, Brooklyn; to encourage and provide for general vaccination in the State; to regulate the sale of poisons; to protect boarding house keepers, giving them the same lien on baggage with inn keepers.

Political Intelligence.

THE Republicans of New York met in Convention at Syracuse on the 18th inst. The attendance was large, and embraced very many of the leading Republicans of the State.

A permanent organization was effected, with the following officers:—*President*—Hon. E. W. Leavenworth, of Onondaga. *Vice-Presidents*—Geo. Opdike, Edgar Ketchum, Henry Smith, E. F. Shonard, Peter Townsend, Lucius C. Andrews, Wm. Bunton, John M. Parker, Wm. Masten, Jas. M. Horton, S. Belding, A. C. Broll, A. G. Thompson, Peter M. Warren, A. W. Severance, Levi Dimmick, J. R. Allaben, Joseph R. Dixon, John Adams, N. J. Milliken, Theron R. Strong, Joshua H. Darling, L. D. Cobb and Jacob Buyer. *Secretaries*—Andrew Williman, Lucian Birdseye, A. J. Van Allen, Samuel Ames, B. A. Hodgekiss, Thos. C. Platt, N. T. Stevens, John F. Smith.

Mr. Strong, from the Committee on Resolutions, made the following report:

Resolved, That the Republican electors of the State of New York, represented in this Convention, present the name of William H. Seward to the Chicago Convention for the office of President, not only in obedience to the universal and unbroken public sentiment, but because they regard him as eminently the representative of the principles upon which the Republican party is based, and to whose hands all the great interests of the confederacy may be safely committed.

This report was adopted, and subsequently the resolution was carried by a unanimous vote.

The Committee of Thirty-three reported as Delegates at large, William M. Evarts, Preston King, John L. Schoolcraft and Henry R. Selden. Alternates—Isaac A. Sherman, A. B. Dickinson, Martin I. Townsend and Jacob Brier.

District Delegates were also appointed, a vote of thanks to the President passed, a response from Mr. Leavenworth, and the Convention adjourned.

THE National Union State Convention of New York was held in Troy last week. Over fifty counties were represented, and the proceedings resulted in an almost unanimous action. An organization was effected as follows:—*President*—W. C. Hasbrouck, of Orange. *Vice-Presidents*—J. De Peyster Ogden, R. F. Stevens, Abel Smith, F. A. Tallmadge, J. H. Plumb and A. H. Prescott. *Secretaries*—N. B. Lord, Geo. A. Halsey, Geo. B. King, S. S. Pomroy and Peter Cartine.

The following resolution, offered by Hon. Wm. Duer, after a long debate, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the action of the conservative Union men of the State of New York, as to the nomination and support of a distinct electoral ticket, shall be finally determined in a State Convention, to be called at such time and place as the State Executive Committee shall appoint.

The following gentlemen were appointed Delegates at large to the Baltimore Convention:—Washington Hunt, of Niagara; Erastus Brooks, of New York.

Delegates from the several Congressional Districts, with Alternates, were chosen.

The following State Committee was also appointed:—Lorenzo Burrows, Chairman; James Kidd, E. J. Brown, C. B. Freeman, Jonas C. Hart, James L. Smith, Wm. Duer, F. A. Tallmadge, R. F. Abraham Duryea, A. H. Prescott, Royal Graves, Jehiel Reed, E. R. Jewett, Geo. A. Halsey, and A. R. Eno.

The business of the Convention being concluded, it adjourned.

IT is probable that eighteen Free States and five Slave States will be represented in the Republican National Convention in May, to wit.:

Maine	8	Wisconsin	5
New Hampshire	5	Iowa	4
Vermont	5	Minnesota	4
Massachusetts	13	California	4
Rhode Island	4	Oregon	3
Connecticut	6	Delaware	3
New York	35	Maryland	8
New Jersey	7	Virginia	15
Pennsylvania	27	Kentucky	12
Ohio	23	Missouri	9
Indiana	13		
Illinois	11	Total	230
Michigan	6		

Necessary to a choice.... 116

THE following votes, says the N. Y. *Tribune*, are believed to be morally certain for Douglas on the first ballot at Charleston:

Maine	8	Ohio	23
New Hampshire	5	Indiana	13
Massachusetts	8	Illinois	11
Rhode Island	4	Michigan	6
Connecticut	6	Wisconsin	5
Vermont	5	Iowa	4
New York	35	Minnesota	4
New Jersey	7	Missouri	6
Pennsylvania	10	Arkansas	2
Maryland	4	North Carolina	4

Total, 170; whole number of Electoral Votes (excluding Kansas,) 303; absolute majority, 152; Douglas 18 more than an absolute majority, or 37 more than all others. On the second or third ballot—Douglas' friends standing firm—the following are confidently expected to come over to his support:

Kentucky	12	Balance of Pennsylvania	17
Tennessee	13	" " North Carolina	6
California	4	" " Maryland	4
Florida	3	" " Missouri	3
Virginia	15	" " Arkansas	2
		" " Massachusetts	5

Total.... 84

Increasing his total to 254, or 52 more than the two-thirds required to nominate.

THE Democratic State Convention of South Carolina, held at Columbia on the 18th inst., re-affirmed the Philadelphia and Cincinnati platform and the Dred Scott decision. The proceedings were conservative.

News Paragraphs.

BREATHE fresh air if you wish to live long. In New England, farmers, who pass their days out of doors, live to an average age of 64 years. The average age of persons who have in-door occupations is, in Massachusetts and Rhode Island:—Shoemakers, 43; tailors, 42½; druggists, jewelers, and teachers, from 39 to 40; machinists, 38½; printers, 36½. Fresh air, therefore, almost doubles a man's life, while it more than doubles his capacity for enjoyment.

SOME one who has been curious enough to fathom the April fashions for the ladies, as set forth in the magazines, says, in respect to the sea of flounces on the full feathered dress, that the busy hand of the seamstress must stitch and sew, to finish this one dress, to the extent of *nine hundred and seventy-seven feet!* Add to this twenty-three feet for the waist, and you have one thousand feet, or one mile of sewing in about five dresses. This is frightful.

THE trustees have been appointed for a new Great Exhibition, in London, in 1861. They are Earl Granville, the Marquis of Chandos, the Rt. Hon. Thomas Baring, and C. W. Dilke, Esq. Of course, Prince Albert is the active head and manager of the undertaking, and his name will bring together the guaranty fund and the sinews of war. It is said that this will be a very different affair from the exhibition of 1851, and aim at much wider and more practical results.

A WRITER in the Lynn (Mass.) Reporter says:—The deaths by consumption have decreased fifty per cent. per annum, among the stone-cutters of Quincy, Milton, Brockport, and the marble works of Vermont, since they have ceased shaving, and given nature her sway in matters she may be supposed to understand. Workmen in western flour mills; colliers in the numerous mines of the middle States; miners at Galena, Dubuque, and the copper regions of Lake Superior; employees in drug mills, drivers, engineers, arctic navigators; residents in low, wet countries, and thousands of artisans whose employment is prejudicial to healthy lungs, generally wear the mustache as a *sanitary*, rather than an ornamental, appendage to the face of manhood.

A COLONY of fifty-seven persons will sail from New York for Africa, in a few weeks, with the requisite machinery for raising and preparing cotton in the uplands of Western Africa. A subscription of $10,000 has been made in London, to be paid to them as soon as the colony is established.

THE common rate of interest in Wisconsin is seven per cent., but twelve per cent. has been allowed by law. A late act confines the maximum rate of interest to ten per cent., beyond which it is usurious.

TWENTY thousand Swedes and Norwegians are reported to be getting in readiness to embark for the United States, early in the coming summer. They will bring much wealth with them, and what is better, they will bring confirmed habits of morality, industry, and economy.

THE Gonzales (Texas) Inquirer says that not less than one-fourth of a million of sheep have been brought into Texas from Mexico since the 1st of January, 1859, exclusive of those imported from Tennessee, Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas

THE following shows the amount of copper shipped from the Lake Superior mines for seven successive years:

1853	2,535 tuns.	1857	6,094 tuns.
1854	3,500 "	1858	6,025 "
1855	4,544 "	1859	6,345 "
1856	5,257 "		

THE net product of the mines for 1859 is estimated at $2,000,000. The capital invested in the Iron interests of the State is $2,148,000. The total product of the mines for the year, was 9,100,000 tuns.

SALT IN MICHIGAN.—Valuable salt springs have been pierced in Grand Rapids, Saginaw and Baltimore, Mich. The latter was discovered in boring a well for the Grand Trunk Railroad line. The Grand Rapids salines yield a bushel of salt from twenty-nine gallons of water.

WHEN the twelve hundred clerks employed in the Bank of England leave the building in the evening, a detachment of troops march in to guard it during the night, although burglars could not penetrate the solid vaults in six weeks. An Englishman believes in safety and solidity.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament had passed the income bill.

In Commons, in reply to the question, Lord John Russell said Her Majesty had been advised to recognize the recent acquisitions of the King of Sardinia.

Shocking revelations had been made concerning the Coolie trade in the Southern ports of China.

The information is derived from the deposition of 105 men taken from the receiving ships, and an inquiry was ordered by the allied Commander-in-Chief, and it was found that in three Coolie ships, two American and one Oldenburg barque, the Coolies had been kidnapped, and a nominal consent to an eight years engagement in Cuba wrung from them by horrible modes of torture.

It was reported that the Great Eastern would be ready to sail with the squadron which accompanies the Prince of Wales to Canada early in June.

FRANCE.—The Paris journals published a telegraph from Chambery, according to which the election of deputies in the provinces claimed by Switzerland, has resulted in the return of five partisans of France and one of Switzerland.

On Thursday some persons from Geneva made a menacing demonstration at Thanon, and hoisted the Swiss flag. A steamer with armed people left on Friday for Thanon.

The *Patrie* states that the Savoyards, being collected in some force on the shores of Lake Geneva, have energetically repulsed the 300 persons from Geneva who had arrived in a steamer with the intention of attacking Chaplais and Fancigny.

It was stated that the inhabitants of Savoy and Nice would vote in a few days, by universal suffrage, on the question of annexation.

The *Moniteur* notices that the treaty of commerce with England has already begun to exercise a favorable influence on the export trade in the Southern departments, and considerable orders for wines and spirits have been received.

ITALY.—A despatch from Florence, dated the 4th, says the embassadors of England and France have taken down their escutcheons.

A despatch from Naples, dated the 7th, says:—The official *Giornalee de Napolie* announces that the rebels at Palermo attacked the royal troops on the 4th. The rebels were dispersed.

Prince Carignan, in his proclamation to the Tuscans, says the King's resolve is to achieve their happiness to the full extent which their conduct has merited.

No initiatory movement yet at Naples.

The King has granted several commercial concessions to the Sicilians.

AUSTRIA.—The Austrian Cabinet has resolved to protest solemnly against the annexation of Tuscany, Parma and Modena to Piedmont. A note to this effect, dated 24th ult., has been directly addressed to the Cabinet of Turin, in which Austria establishes her incontestible right to oppose an act which, in despoiling legitimate princes, would also destroy the reversion to the House of Hapsburg. A copy is to be furnished to all the foreign Cabinets, to whom, also, a circular notice is addressed, to the effect that Austria, in confining herself at the present time to protesting against the said annexation, hopes that Europe will recognize in this proceeding a most convincing proof of her moderation and of her desire to maintain the peace of the world.

In reply to the protest of Switzerland against the annexation of Savoy, Austria says she cannot abandon her passive attitude as regards the neutralized districts of Chaplais and Fancigny. She will exert her good offices with the great powers.

SARDINIA.—Parliament was opened on the 2d. The King was received with indescribable applause, and delivered his speech, returning thanks to France for her services for the welfare of Italy, mentioning the cession of Savoy and Nice, and the annexation of Amelia and Tuscany, and proclaiming the welfare of the people and the greatness of the country, which is no longer the Italy of the Romans, nor that of the middle ages, its first object. It must no more be left a field open to foreign ambition, but it must on the contrary be the Italy of the Italians.

SPAIN.—A revolutionary movement was on foot in Spain. Gen. Ortega, with 3,000 men, had proclaimed Don Carlos King.

MADRID, April 4.—When the troops found that Gen. Ortega had deceived them as to the object of his movement, they refused to march, with the cry of "*Viva la Reina.*"

Ortega fled, pursued by his own troops. Hopes are entertained that he will be captured. The troops he had misled had made submission to the Queen. There was perfect tranquility throughout the nation. All the deputies of Madrid had presented an address to the Queen.

The News Condenser.

— There were 451 deaths in New York city week before last.

— In Houston, Texas, there is neither jail nor school house.

— Queen Vic wears "hoops" on her head that cost $2,500,000.

— It is said that Dickens has made $350,000 during the last ten years.

— The scarlet fever, in its worst form, is prevailing at Saginaw, Mich.

— There are 939 clergymen in London, 429 churches, and 423 chapels.

— Coal, of good quality, has been discovered on Geneseo creek, Illinois.

— The profits of the English cotton trade are five million dollars a month.

— The Hungarian had $750,000 insured in London on the vessel and cargo.

— A new Grammar of the Chinese language is about to appear in England.

— The Straits of Mackinac are now open, and the lake trip to Chicago is feasible.

— The Dismal Swamp is on fire, and the flames are raging with much violence.

— Out in Ohio they have a lady-drummer who has received a diploma for her skill.

— The legal weight of oats in Iowa is fixed, by recent enactment, at 33 lbs. to the bushel.

— A "Convention of the brass bands of Ohio" is to be held at Wooster, Ohio, June 1st.

— Abont $25,000 will be contributed by the people of Hayti to the family of John Brown.

— The great revival in Ireland has resulted in the conversion of more than 100,000 persons.

— There are in France about 4,000,000 acres of land devoted to the cultivation of the grape.

— The New York Seventh Regiment are to have a gymnasium, and practice the Zouave drill.

— Newstead Abbey, Byron's English home, is to be sold at public auction on the 13th day of June.

— It has been established by the courts that the *first* stroke of the clock is the record of the hour.

— Professor Agassiz, we learn from the Boston Journal, is greatly afflicted with weakness of the eyes.

— It is said there are $60,000 worth of fancy trotting horses in possession of the horse fanciers of Cincinnati.

— The Colonization Society has appropriated $10,000 to send free negroes, expelled from Arkansas, to Liberia.

— Mr. Buchanan has expressed an intention to turn author, and give the public reminiscences of his public life.

— A terrific hurricane passed over Urbana, Ohio, on Monday week, unroofing and demolishing several buildings.

— A manuscript history of the Gospel, in the Celtic tongue, has recently been discovered in Northern Scotland.

— The expenses of Connecticut for the fiscal year ending March 31, were $222,270, against $242,404 the previous year.

— Hon. Wm. Cost Johnson, formerly a member of Congress from Maryland, died in Washington on Sunday week.

— The good and loyal citizens of Toronto are about making arrangements to properly receive the Prince of Wales.

— One hundred and fifty thousand bushels of corn and wheat were destroyed by fire, on the 7th ult., in Havana, Illinois.

— The Ohio State Journal estimates the damage done to the Public works of the State, by the late freshet, at $50,000.

— Within a few days past, some 10,000 pigeons have been shipped from Grand Rapids, Mich., for the New York market.

— There have been destructive and wide-spread fires in the woods north of Coldwater, Mich., doing great damage.

— The Legislature of Missouri have given aid to the railroads of that State, by a late act, to the amount of $3,130,000.

— Mr. Holmes Greenwood, a Revolutionary Patriot, died in Providence on Monday week, at the advanced age of 95 years.

— The St. Joseph West says the Kansas Legislature has granted one hundred and fifty bills of divorcement in forty days.

— A pair who were married in Buffalo two years ago, and subsequently divorced, were re-married in Cattaraugus Co., last week.

— The Capital of California has been permanently located at Sacramento, and $100,000 appropriated towards the Capitol building.

— The fund for the relief of the Pope, which is being collected in Ireland, will be very large. In Dublin alone, it amounts to £15,000.

— The people of Blue Earth, Minn., and adjoining counties, are waging a war of extermination against a gang of horse thieves.

— The latest intelligence from the spirit world, announces the marriage of Edward, the Black Prince, with a deceased New York lady.

— The legislature of Iowa has passed a law exempting from taxation for five years, 40 acres of land where five acres of timber are planted.

— A child about four years old, belonging to a family at Utica, it is supposed, was fatally injured by swallowing oil of vitriol, Sunday week.

— There is a young fellow in a lunatic asylum, Ind., whose insanity, it is thought, was produced by a morbid development of self-conceit.

— Twenty-five million dollars worth of goods from Europe, by the Canadian lines of steamers, have been landed at Portland this month.

— The imports of foreign dry goods at New York, for March, are one and a half million dollars less than for the corresponding month of last year.

— In the town of Somers, Conn., which has a population of five hundred souls, there are between eighty and ninety persons over seventy years of age.

— The oil fever has extended to Cleveland, O. The papers announce that parties are engaged in boring for the grease about a mile or so from the city.

— Lord Brougham has introduced a bill in the English Parliament to exempt prisoners from the necessity of pleading guilty or not guilty to indictments.

— Real estate in New York, except in favorite locations, is dull, and in some sections of the city sales cannot be forced, except at a material reduction.

— The story has obtained general circulation in Cuba that Gen. Jose de la Concha had been recently killed in a duel, in Spain, with the Marquis de la Pezuela.

— It is quite singular, when so much of the cargo of the Hungarian has been washed ashore, that only five, out of 205 bodies lost, should have been received.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Splendid Gifts—Duane Rulison.
N. Y. State Ag'l Works—Wheeler, Melick & Co.
New Publications—C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.
A New Plow—Alexander Gordon.
The Great Austin Shaker Seedling Strawberry—Chauncy Miller.
Agricultural and Garden Seeds—J. O. Bloss & Co.
Thermometers—John Kendall.
The American Corn Husker—R. L. Howard.
Evergreens, &c.—S. T. Kelsey & Co.
Steam Fancy Dyeing, &c—D. Leary.
Thorough-bred Cattle for Sale—H T. Wollard.
Choice Flower Seeds by Mail—Fogg & Co.
Improved Stock—F. N. Tobey.
A Good Chance in Illinois—W. H. Gardner.
Patents—J. Fraser.
Pay your Taxes—Beede & Mendenhall.
Broom Corn Seed—John Sheldon.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, April 24, 1860.

OUR Market is almost entirely without change. Timothy Seed has put on 25 cents per bushel. Hay has started up a little—the range being $10@18. These are the only alterations of any note perceptible.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,34@1,28	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,45	Apples, bushel	63@88c
Best white Can'a	$1,47@1,50	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Corn, old	55@56c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	55@56c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	72@73c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	23@24c	Potatoes	25@35c
Barley	55@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	75@88c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@17,50	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$21,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,10
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@18,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$6,00@8,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23.—FLOUR—Opened dull, but after the steamer's news a better demand sprang up both for export and home use, and holders were enabled to realize 5@10c. advance. Sales at $5,25@6,35 for super; State; $5,40@5,50 for extra do; $5,30@5,35 for super Western; $5,40@5,50 for extra do; $6 00@6,10 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm. Included in the sales 3,000 bbls. for export. Canadian a shade firmer with fair demand; sales at $5,60@7,25 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat fully 2c. higher. The advanced prices asked checks the demand; holders are not at all anxious to realize. Sales Chicago spring at $1,25; Southern at $1,50; choice amber Wisconsin at $1,32½; white Western at $1,60@1,60. Rye in better supply and dull at 85c. Barley heavy; sales Canada East at 80c. Corn without striking change; sales at 73½@75c for mixed Western afloat and delivered; 76c for yellow Southern. Oats dull and heavy at 39@41c for Jersey; 43@43½c, for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer, with a moderate demand; sales at $17,87@18,00 for new mess; $17,50 for old do; $17,37 for thin do; $14,40@14,50 for new prime; $12,25 for re-inspected do.; $21 for clear. Lard quiet and firm; sales at 10¾@11c.—Butter 11@13c for Ohio, 11@20c for State. Cheese firm at 10@13.

ASHES—The market is quiet for Pots at $5,25, and steady for Pearls at $5,62½@5,68¾.

ALBANY, APRIL 23.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a fair business doing in Flour at previous prices. Corn Meal is selling at $1,50@1,62.

Common to good State,	$5,25@5,39
Fancy and extra State,	5,35@5,46
Common to good Western,	5,50@5,61
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,90@6,19
Extra Ohio,	6,25@7,00
Common Canadian,	5,25@6,00
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,60@5,70
Extra Genesee,	5,75@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, 12@15s. ℔ 100 lbs. Buckwheat flour quite.

GRAIN—Nothing has transpired in wheat. Corn is in limited supply and moderate request, with sales round yellow at 75c., delivered at Central depot. Barley in moderate request, with sales four-rowed State, in car lots, at 75c. Oats in limited request, with sales State, at 42½@43c, weight, delivered.

SEED—Clover is held at 9½c. for medium and 12c for large. Timothy is held at $1,25.

TORONTO, APRIL 21.—FLOUR—Several large purchases have been made for the Eastern markets, which have considerably stimulated the views of holders, who are now firm at the following quotations:

Double extra,	$6,20@6,75
Extra,	5,70@5,85
Fancy,	5,20@5,50
Superfine No. 1,	4,70@4,90
Do. No. 2,	4,25@4,45
Oatmeal,	4,00@0,00
Cornmeal,	3,50@0,00

GRAIN—The deliveries of fall wheat for the week have not exceeded 1,500 bushels. Prices range from $1,20@1,37 per bush. for good and prime samples. Coarse and inferior is worth from $1,20@1,30 ℔ bush. Spring wheat—The deliveries of this grain are also light. As in fall wheat, so with the spring grain; the close of last week brought an advance of rates, the market closing at from $1@1,07 ℔ bu., which has been sustained. Peas—An advance of 2c. ℔ bu. is observable in the week's sale. Good peas are worth 64c. ℔ bush. Oats—There has been a good supply, in a great measure by rail. The deliveries from farmers sold at from 34@38c ℔ bush. Barley—Small supply sold during the week at from 65@70c ℔ bushel.

SEEDS—Timothy seed is dull, and the sale continues to be of a limited character; quotations are from $3@3,75 ℔ bush. Clover is very scarce and in good request at from $4,75@5,25 ℔ bu. Hungarian grass seed from $1,50@2 ℔ bu.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 18.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,75@10,25; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,75@8,75; inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 6@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,90@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6¾@6½c; all others, 5¾@6½c.

ALBANY, APRIL 23.—CATTLE—Again the supply is too heavy for the demand although the receipts are nearly 300 less than last week. There is a corresponding falling off, too, in the average quality. Of the 3,778 on sale we could find but some half a dozen droves that rank as extra. The distilleries throughout the State begin to send forth small bunches, and in most cases of fine quality.

Receipts.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	3,778	4,041	2,768
Sheep,	720	763	254
Hogs,	865	430	319

Prices—We quote at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5½c	5¼@5½c
Extra	4½@5	4½@5
First quality	4 @4½	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3½@3½
Third quality	2½@2½	2½@2½
Inferior	@2¼	@2¼

—[*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 18.—Whole number of Cattle at market 582—about 500 Beeves, and 82 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; first quality, $6,50@6,75; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,75@0,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$80@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@62.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,486 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@1,75 each; extra, $2,50, 3,00@5,00 each, or 3@5c ℔ lb. live weight.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—$1,50@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 19.—At market 1,250 beeves, 225 stores, 2,250 sheep and lambs, and 2,375 shoats, 160 fat hogs.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,50@8,00; second quality, $6,50@7; third quality, $6@6,50.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 92@168.

MILCH COWS—$21@55; Common, $17@18.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $25@27.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,50@2,75; Extra, $3@6,00.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 7c @9c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 19.—Inactivity is the predominant feature in this branch of business, and while stagnation rules supreme, there is a good deal of speculative *loquacitas* transpiring respecting the future course of the market. Some dealers say the article has no intrinsic value at present, when no sales of magnitude can be effected, in consequence of the unsatisfactory state of the Goods market, and consequently that prices are much lower; while others contend that the stock of fine Wools here is very small, and, owing to the high prices which prevailed recently at the London sales, the receipts in prospect are going to be light. Therefore, with all the mills of the country in full operation, they see no good reason for any material decline in prices, and say there is none, which we take as granted, in the absence of important transactions; but at the same time we would caution manufacturers about running their mills full blast till such time as a better prospect presents itself then selling the bulk of articles in this market at 87½ cents on the dollar. Sales of 45,000 lbs. Native Fleece at 44@45c, for half to full blood Saxony; 15,000 lbs. fine California at 22@24c, and 40 bales low Buenos Ayres at about 8½c., 6 mos. We also learn of sales of 200 bales fine Buenos Ayres recently, on speculation, on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	56@60
Am. full-blood Merino	52@55
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	37@42
Extra, Pulled	44@48
Superfine, Pulled	38@48
No. 1, Pulled	30@36
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@13
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@13
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, APRIL 19.—Domestic Wool has been quiet with sales of 80,000 lbs., mostly at 45@55c. for fleece, and one lot of 9,000 lbs. as high as 58c, cash; and pulled at prices ranging from 40@52c, for superfine and extra. Sales also of 120,000 lbs California and Texas on private terms. In foreign there have been sales of 700 bales Mediterranean, South American, East India and Peruvian at prices we did not learn. We quote:

Saxony & Merino	53@65	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	50@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	40@48	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	35@38	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@55	Cape	24@32
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, April 19.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

FLEECE—Common, native	30@34c
Quarter blood	33@35c
Half blood	35@37c
Three-quarter blood	38@42c
Full blood Saxony	46@48c
PULLED—No. 1	20@35c
Superfine	30@35c
Extra	35@40c
Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat.*

Deaths.

IN Kelloggsville, Cayuga Co., N. Y., Feb. 8, 1860, Rev. NATHANIEL L. MOORE, (father of Mrs. ALFRED BARNUM of this city,) aged 77 years and 8 months. Mr. M. was born in Cambridge, Wash. Co., N. Y., and commenced preaching while a minor. He was ordained to the work of the Gospel Ministry in Exeter, Otsego Co., in 1810, and officiated as pastor of the Baptist Church in that town for some time. In 1819 he became pastor of the church in Kelloggsville, and continued his ministry to that and other churches in the vicinity until about five years ago, when the infirmities of advanced age precluded further service in the cause to which his life was devoted. The deceased leaves a large circle of attached relatives and friends, but they mourn not as those without hope, for they believe it is well with the departed.

IN Macedon, N. Y., March 31, 1860, ANN ELIZA, wife of THOMAS J. BUSSEY, and eldest daughter of CALEB and LYDIA VAN DUZER, aged 22 years, 9 months and 16 days.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

BROOM CORN SEED—100 bushels; also 800 dozen Brooms; for sale by JOHN SHELDON,
April 28, 1860. Moscow, Livingston Co., N. Y.

PAY YOUR TAXES.—BEEDE & MENDENHALL, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, will attend promptly to the paying of *Taxes* for Non-residents. 537-1t

PATENTS!—I will obtain a Patent on any application that has been *rejected*, or charge nothing. Business all done by letter. Address J. FRASER, Rochester, N. Y.

IMPROVED STOCK.—For sale cheap, 10 or 12 head of superior Short-horns, consisting of cows, heifers and young bulls. Credit given if desired.
537-1t F. N. TOBEY, East Bloomfield, N. Y.

A GOOD CHANCE IN ILLINOIS to grow and fatten Cattle, Sheep, or Hogs, in which business I want a partner on my farm, with a cash capital of $500 to $1,000.—Here is a chance to make money.
537-3t W. H. GARDNER, Amboy, Lee Co., Ill.

CHOICE FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.—For one dollar, we will send *post-paid*, TWENTY-FIVE varieties of choice Annuals or Perennials; or FIFTEEN varieties of selected French and German Flower Seeds.
537-2t FOGG & CO., Rochester Seed Store.

THOROUGH-BRED AYRSHIRE CATTLE—Southdown Sheep, Chester White and Sefton White Hogs, bred and for sale at all times. I now have a lot of fine Chester Pigs, bred from Premium Stock, for sale, which can be suitably mated. Address
H. T. WOLLARD, Castine, Darke Co., Ohio.

D. LEARY'S STEAM FANCY DYEING AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,
Two hundred yards north of the N. Y. C. R. R. Depot, on *Mill St., Corner of Platt.* The oldest and most extensive in Western New York. Every description of goods dyed and finished with despatch. D. LEARY, Rochester.

EVERGREENS, &c.—100,000 American Arbor Vitæ, 4 to 12 inches, $10 ℔ 1,000. 50,000 Norway Spruce, 3 to 6 inches, $7 ℔ 1,000. American Spruce, 5 to 12 inches, $16 ℔ 1,000. Red Cedar, 6 to 12 inches, $3 ℔ 100. Austrian Pine, 2 to 3 inches, $1,50; 3 to 6 inches, $2,50. Scotch Pine, 3 to 6 inches, $2; 6 to 12, $4. White Pine, 6 to 12 inches, $3. European Mountain Ash, 8 to 24 inches, $15 ℔ 1,000. All good, stocky plants, transplanted 1 to 3 years.—Packing free. S. T. KELSEY & CO., Great Valley, N. Y.

PEAS! PEAS! PEAS!—Now on hand and for sale at the "GENESEE SEED STORE," No. 65 *Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.*
50 bushels Irish Marrowfat.
50 " Black Eye do.
50 " Missouri do.
50 " Early Kents.
100 " Early Washington.
25 " Dwarf Blue Imperial.
25 " Champion of England.
537-tf 100 " Canada Creepers, for field sowing.

THE AMERICAN CORN HUSKER.
THIS is a simple tool, but very valuable. It overcomes all the difficulties and objections to the expensive and complicated Huskers as yet offered to the public. The price is *only One Dollar*, and so cheap an implement must come into general use. It can be used with *Gloves* or *Mittens*, and a person can husk about one-third faster with it than he can without it. It will save and protect his hands, and can be used to shuck or husk corn any where, and the corn has to be handled only once.
All orders filled. Liberal discount to dealers.
537-4t R. L. HOWARD, Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Orders will receive prompt attention if directed to JOHN KENDALL. Also, by Scovill Manufacturing Co.; Cary, Harvard, Sanger & Co.; Storrs Bros.; Schieffelin Bros. & Co., New York. 537-4t

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AGRICULTURAL AND GARDEN SEEDS.—The attention of Farmers and Gardeners is invited to our large and well selected stock of choice seeds of European and American growth, in part, viz:
Potatoes—Early Prince Albert, 75 cts.
Do Davis' Seedling, 87 cts.
Do Buckley Seedling, keeps from Oct. to Sept, $2.
Do Early Manley, 62 cts.
Do Early June, 62 cts.
Do Early Mountain June, 62 cts.
Do Peach Blows, 62 cts.
Barley—Four-rowed, very handsome, 87 cts.
Oats—White Poland, very productive.
Do Yellow Horse-mane, 87 cts.
Do Yellow Scotch, from Imported Seed, 87 cts.
Wheat—Spring China Tea, $1,75.
Do Canada Fife, very fine, $1,75.
Grass Seed—White and Red Clover.
Do Red-top and Timothy.
Do Orchard and Kentucky Blue Grass.
Peas—Canada Field, best in use, 87 cts.
Also, a large and choice variety of Imported Garden Peas and Beans, all of which are for sale cheap, at the East side American Seed Store, 73 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.
537-1t J. O. BLOSS & CO.

THE GREAT AUSTIN SHAKER SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.—This remarkable Seedling originated at the Shaker settlement in Watervliet, N. Y., four years ago, and having proved it to be perfectly hardy, a great bearer, and fine-flavored, we now offer it to the public, feeling confident that it will give satisfaction. It was grown beside the Wilson's Albany Seedling last year, and proved to be quite as productive, and about twice as large. The Austin Seedling is believed to be THE LARGEST STRAWBERRY IN THE WORLD. The following is a correct description:—Plant vigorous; foliage very large; foot stalks long and stout; fruit very large, and broadly conical; color, bright crimson; flesh rather firm, mildly acid with a rich and high flavor; flowers staminate; in full bearing about the 25th of June. Some of the berries will measure over two inches in diameter.—Twelve picked from a bed without extra selection weighed one pound. We are aware that many new seedling strawberries have been recently offered to the public that have not given satisfaction. We propose to exhibit plants of the Austin in full bearing, in pots, and berries in baskets, from the 15th of June to the 4th of July, at the following places: At Wm. S. Carpenter's office, 468 Pearl Street, New York; office of Hovey's *Magazine of Horticulture*, Boston; office of Moore's *Rural New-Yorker*, at Rochester; office of *The Country Gentleman*, Albany; Farmers' Club of American Institute, New York, and at Philadelphia. This will give all an opportunity to see and taste this remarkable berry; and if any having ordered do not feel satisfied after seeing for themselves, the money will be refunded before the plants are delivered. The plants will be sold for $4 per doz., or $25 per hundred. Orders received immediately to commence delivering plants in July in rotation as ordered.—Address either CHAUNCY MILLER, Albany, N. Y., Shaker Trustee; or, WM. S. CARPENTER, 468 Pearl St., New York

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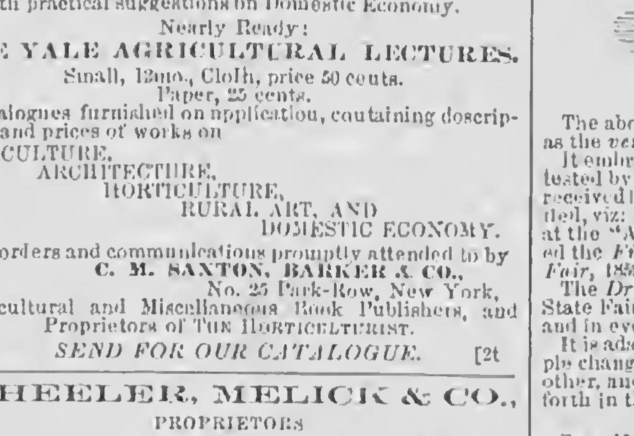

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Wheeler's Patent Double Horse Power,
AND
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Wheeler's Improved Patent Combined Thresher and Winnower is a model of simplicity and compactness, and is made in the most substantial manner, so that its durability equals its efficiency and perfection of work. Its capacity, under ordinary circumstances, has been from 125 to 175 bushels of Wheat, and from 200 to 300 bushels of Oats per day. It works all other kinds of grain equally well, and also threshes and cleans Rice, Clover, and Timothy Seed. Price $250.
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Combined Mower and Reaper, (iron,) with late improvements—took first premium at the United States Fair at Chicago last fall—price $130.
All of the above Machines have Emery's Adjustable Lever and Roller, and various other improvements, and are warranted. Send for a Pamphlet. Address
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☞ Competitors for premiums on farms are desired to give notice to the Secretary, on or before the 1st of July, of their intention to compete; and some member or members of the Executive Committee will be assigned to visit and examine the farms, and report on the same.
B. P. JOHNSON, *Secretary.*
Agricultural Rooms, Albany, April 12, 1860. 536-4t

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WHO CAN EQUAL IT!—A gentleman residing in Jefferson County having sold one of our THREE-HORSE ENDLESS CHAIN POWERS AND COMBINED THRESHERS AND WINNOWERS, wrote to us upon remitting pay for the same, that Mr. Sprague, the purchaser, had threshed 240 bushels of barley in three hours, and that he was doing more than the eight-horse machines. Also, Mr. Clark, from Chautauqua Co., wrote to us that he had threshed 69 bushels of wheat in 70 minutes, and 100 bushels of oats per hour. Still more we have, from Mr. E. H. Barnard, of Pittsford, Monroe Co., relative to our Two-Horse Powers and Thresher and Winnower. He says, the Messrs. Millers threshed 60 bushels of Oats in 55 minutes, for four consecutive hours, without extra exertion, and the Oats were fed loose, never having been bound. Our Endless Chain Powers for one, two and three horses, Lever Powers, Combined Threshers and Winnowers, and Threshers with Vibrating Separators, have met with unequalled success wherever introduced.
We also manufacture a CLOVER MACHINE, lately much improved, and which cannot be surpassed for durability or quality and quantity of work. We warrant all our Machines to suit the purchasers.
A Descriptive Circular with Price List, will be sent to all applicants by addressing the subscribers.
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STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:
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We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.
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WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
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Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
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HOMES FOR ALL!
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At $1,25 per Acre, desirable FARMING LANDS in Western Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, and Middle Tennessee.
Also, Valuable Lands in Sullivan and Elk Counties, Pennsylvania.
Apply to the AMERICAN EMIGRANT AID AND HOMESTEAD COMPANY, No. 146 Broadway, New York. 489tf

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

MY DARLINGS' SHOES.

God bless the little feet that never go astray,
For the little shoes are empty, in my closet laid away.
Sometimes I take one in my hand, forgetting, till I see,
It is a little half-worn shoe, not large enough for me;
And all at once I feel a sense of bitter loss and pain,
As sharp as when, two years ago, it cut my heart in twain.

Oh! little feet that wearied not, I wait for them no more,
For I am drifting on the tide, while they have reached the shore;
And while the blinding tear drops wet these little shoes so old,
I try to think my darlings' feet are treading streets of gold;
And so I lay them down again, but always turn to say—
God bless the little feet that now so surely cannot stray.

And while I thus am standing, I almost seem to see
Two little forms beside me, just as they used to be!
Two little faces lifted, with their sweet and tender eyes!
Ah, me! I might have known that look was born of Paradise.
I reach my arms out fondly, but they clasp the empty air!
There is nothing of my darlings but the shoes they used to wear.

Oh! the bitterness of parting cannot be done away,
Till I meet my darlings walking where their feet can never stray;
When I no more am drifted upon the surging tide,
But with them safely landed upon the river side;
Be patient, heart, while waiting to see their shining way,
For the little feet in the golden street can never go astray!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE OSTRICH PLUME.

BY ANNA BURR.

"Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely resigned; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive it, and 'tis finished. He is below himself, who is not above an injury."

"What do you think of that, Blanche?"

A young girl was pacing rapidly up and down the cosy parlor of a handsome residence, in a pleasant New England village. There was an expression of strong resentment, and wounded feeling, upon the fair face which turned toward her interrogator, while she replied, somewhat petulantly,

"It is harder to *do* these things, than it is to *read* them,—I never can forgive Maggie Warner for treating me so shamefully. Mamma gave me that ostrich plume, just before I came away. You know how large and heavy it was, and it drooped so gracefully, too. Oh, I did hate to lend it to Maggie, but she wanted it so much, for Mr. Stanton had asked her to take a horse-back ride with him. She promised solemnly to be very careful of it, but when she brought the plume back, this morning, and tossed it into my lap so indifferently, saying—'There, Blanche! the troublesome thing didn't fit in my cap, so I cut it,' can you wonder, dear Aunt, that I burst into tears? She soon left me without any apology, mercly adding, 'That I was very silly to waste grief over such a trifle.'"

The sweet-faced little woman by the window closed the book which she held in her hand. "I am very sorry this has happened. Maggie has committed a paltry act, and I know that her conscience is not at rest, if she does maintain a show of indifference. Consider that last sentence which I read just now:—'He is below himself who is not above injury.' Forgive your erring friend, and thus gain a noble victory over the indignant spirit which now controls you. Remember Christ's words:—'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will not forgive your trespasses.' It is hard to do this, but you will be happier, and better,—yes, *stronger*, for every good deed gives us moral strength."

Resentment disappeared from the girl's face,—tears swam in her eyes, and the small mouth quivered with emotion,—she hesitated in her rapid march, and at length went up to her aunt, and taking her hand said, in a low, firm voice,

"I will try to forgive Maggie!"

"That is well spoken, my dear. God will help you;" and there was a tender light in Mrs. Martin's eyes.

Blanche Adams and Margaret Warner had come up from New York to spend a few months with their relatives in Woodville. They were intimate friends, and this "summer's visit" had been the theme of their conversations for many weeks previous to the bright June day which saw them arrive safely at their journey's end. They were the only daughters of wealthy parents. Margaret was a willful, thoughtless girl, and so accustomed, by long indulgence, to have her slightest wishes gratified, that she had grown to think they *must be*, at whatever cost. Her principles had not been educated, and selfishness permeated her character, but still Maggie Warner was not wholly deadened to "the right."

A picnic-party had been planned by the young people of Woodville. Deacon Hall, Maggie's uncle, resided upon a small farm a short distance from the quiet country village, and in a large, shady grove, adjoining his meadow, the merry party assembled upon the appointed afternoon. Swings had been "put up" and a long table constructed of smooth boards, by the deacon's "hired man." Blanche Adams met her friend this day with her usual cordiality, although it cost her a struggle to do so, but the latter still wore the air of indifference, which is so often assumed by those who feel a consciousness of having done a wrong act, but are too proud to acknowledge it.

Milford Stanton saw Maggie Warner soon after her arrival at her uncle's. He was a student from Andover, who had come down to Woodville to spend vacation with his parents. Their farm adjoined Deacon Hall's. The lively manners and agreeable society of the city-girl interested the young student, and good Mrs. Hall gave him a very pressing invitation "to call often," for, said she, Maggie will die of *ennui*, with only the society of two prosy old people." So he did come often, bringing his flute, or a favorite book, and sometimes the young couple took long walks together, or rode on horse-back, scouring the country for miles around. He had met Blanche occasionally, while visiting with her friend. But this day Milford Stanton's attentions to Maggie were more marked than they had ever been before, and she was evidently very much gratified to see a new tenderness mingling with politeness.

The hour for serving the refreshments arrived, and the eyes of an epicure would have reveled in the contents of that table, piled with frosted cakes and dainty confectionary. In the center, conspicuous above all the rest, was a snowy pyramid, which contained a plain gold ring. This prize had been purchased by "the gentlemen," and each member of the party was to have the privilege of drawing for it. The cake was passed around, and many fair fingers trembled, while bright eyes eagerly searched for the coveted ring. Blanche and Maggie drew at the same time, and as they stepped back to allow room for the approach of others, the latter perceived the unmistakable glitter of gold in her companion's slice. A pang of envy shot through her heart, but an accident gave her an opportunity for gaining the coveted treasure, and, obeying her impulses, she employed a successful maneuver. The cake fell to the ground, and hastily stooping to pick it up, Maggie placed her own in its stead, vainly thinking that the act was unperceived,—and it was by Blanche, who thanked her very sweetly,—but the guilty girl swept a restless, anxious glance over the party, and encountered the stern, reproachful gaze of Milford Stanton's dark eyes bent upon her. He was standing but a few feet from them, and had witnessed the whole performance.—Cheek and brow were dyed crimson in an instant, and all hope of gaining the young man's esteem was forever blasted.

The animated voice of a lady, crying out—"Miss Warner has got the prize!" now drew the attention of the party, and congratulations were poured upon her, but her usual graceful ease had all departed, giving place to an awkward embarrassment induced by the consciousness of her guilty position among them. Blanche noticed it, and kindly succeeded in drawing away the attention which, she perceived, was, from some unaccountable reason, insupportable to her friend. The remainder of the afternoon brought no enjoyment to Maggie, and excusing herself upon the plea of a headache, she left the grove at an early hour, unattended by Milford Stanton, who now regarded her with little less than contempt. He sought Blanche's side,—a secret indignation against the wrong she had suffered induced him to do this,—and he longed to acquaint her with the unjustifiable act, but circumstances rendered the propriety of this course questionable. Strict integrity and honorable principles formed the basis of the young student's character, and it caused him deep regret to have the deformity of Maggie Warner's nature suddenly stripped of the pleasing but flimsy surface-veil, and stand before him in all its moral dearth. "If it had not been for this wise intervention of Providence, I *might* have opened the door of my heart, and taken her into its most sacred room," he reasoned inwardly, with an instinctive shudder.

While talking with Blanche that fair summer afternoon, their conversation turned into a channel which brought her friend's act to his mind very forcibly, and he could not forbear saying, "It is hard to forgive one who has wronged us."

"He is below himself who is not above an injury," replied Blanche.

"That is a noble sentiment!"

Milford Stanton's eyes, not his lips, said this, but Blanche interpreted it, and she quickly added—"It is not mine."

Her conscientiousness made him esteem her more, and there was a respectful deference in his tone and manner, when he said, "Were you ever placed in circumstances where it was your duty to feel thus, Miss Adams?"

"Yes sir, and it was very hard for me to conquer rebellious feelings, but I derived more happiness from it than I ever experienced before."

"There was a glow of earnestness upon the young girl's face, and Milford could not resist saying, "You would do this again, if duty required it."

"Yes! with God's help!" Her reply was reverent, for a new desire to *live* the commandments of our Saviour, had gained a place in her heart.

"That is a wise consideration, Miss Adams, for even the tiny flower at our feet could not open its blue eye to the sun without His help. Human strength can avail nothing in a conflict with temptation, and I am convinced that it is impossible to perform a good deed from a right motive (I mean the glory of God,) without the aid and guidance of the Holy Spirit."

The lady bowed her head in mute assent, for the deep-toned piety which breathed with his words, made the character of Jesus appear more beautiful to her than ever.

"It *is* possible, then, that man can be moulded into His image,"—she thought, and with this suggestion came a new peace to her soul. When Blanche looked up, tears were shining in her eyes. The young man seemed to read what was passing in her mind, for he drew near, and touched her hand respectfully, saying, in a low earnest voice, "We will both strive for the crown of Life which fadeth not away."

"Yes!"

The reply brought a radiant smile to his noble countenance, and bowing an adieu he turned away.

Margaret Warner's conscience was not wholly deadened. Salutary effects resulted from her exposure to Milford Stanton, and every hour increased her remorse. "I cannot carry this heavy load any longer,—I will confess to Blanche, and if she casts me off forever, it is no more than I deserve."

Her determination was final, and the afternoon the day following the picnic, found Maggie at Dr. Martin's door. The two girls met alone, and as if fearing that delay might weaken her resolutions, the guilty girl immediately handed the ring to Blanche saying, with forced calmness,—"Take this,—it is yours,—I caused the cake to fall upon the ground so I could place my own piece in its stead." Maggie's voice shook, but she went on rapidly, while her cheeks flushed, and large tears gathered in her eyes, "I am very wicked! You can never forgive me. I could not carry this upon heart any longer. Why didn't you get angry with me because I spoiled your beautiful plume? It was a shame! I knew it all the time, but would not say so. If I had, perhaps this great temptation would never have befallen me. Oh, I am miserable!" The penitent girl burst into tears.

"I forgive you freely, dear Maggie. Do not grieve any longer," and Blanche embraced her, with all the warmth and tenderness of former times. "We will bury this forever," she continued. "I did feel angry about the plume, and it was hard for me to conquer better feelings, but it has made me happier and bitter, I trust. O, believe me, it is very sweet to forgive."

A softened light beamed from Maggie's eyes now, and her manner was touchingly humble, while she placed the ring upon her friend's hand, saying, "wear this always, and try to forget my wicked act. Where is the plume." When it was produced her tears burst forth anew. "It is useless to you; may I keep it Blanche? I would not ask this of you, but perhaps the possession of it will make me humble."

"We will call it a peace-offering," and Blanche gave up the disfigured ornament with a sweet smile.

Milford Stanton never sought Maggie's society again. She knew why, and the bitter upbraidings of conscience were not slow in assuring her that the friendship of such a man was no light treasure.

Six more weeks must elapse before the appointed time for their return to the city would arrive. It seemed a great while to wait. Woodville had lost its charms for her, and with some difficulty she succeeded in gaining Blanche's consent to let her return home alone, and she departed. A few days after this event, the young student called at Dr. Martin's. Blanche wondered why he became so silent when she reverted to her friend, and it was a mystery to her how this sudden dislike was occasioned, but the subject soon died away from her mind. Milford became a frequent visitor at Dr. Martin's, and the young people's acquaintance ripened into a growing friendship, for there was much congeniality between the two. Blanche seldom mentioned his name, but a wavering blush would mount up her cheeks.

Time rolled on, and one evening the student called to bid her good-bye, for his vacation was nearly closed. They stood together beneath the vine-wreathed porch, and ere they parted there was an exchange of vows between them, which married their hearts forever.

A HEROINE OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

I don't like to hear the noise of those hammers. The dull sound of laboring picks breaks upon the ear with monotonous regularity. They are making tracks for a railroad in this old town. I am not pleased with the "improvement," as some call it, for a pleasant farm-house and its surrounding fields that sloped from high and undulating hills have vanished forever before its nod. The great genius of enterprise, with his ugly shears of commerce, is clipping at the poor wings of poetry and romance, till, I fear, by-and-by, they will have only power to flap along the ground, their ethereal faculties chained down to stock-taking and invoices.

I am sorry the house has gone, for there are some recollections connected with its history for the sake of which it would be pleasant could it have been spared. An old red farm-house, surrounded by fields of waving grain and corn, in the autumn time, and overhung by the branches of various fruit trees, golden with the fullness of time, is a sight of picturesque beauty in a rich valley, especially if a fine old mountain looms up in the background, or a deep of forest trees stretches away into the clear, mellow atmosphere beyond.

In that one before us, (I am speaking now as if it stood in the old spot,) the widow of a noble Captain Pierpont lived some twenty years ago. The lady was a fine specimen of old-time women; dignified, even commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheek, a finely molded forehead, and a deep, earnest expression in her yet bright eyes. She was a woman of refined and cultivated intellectual powers, a woman who in youth had known no stint of wealth; whose mind was stored with classic lore; who had never, till she emigrated to the wilderness of the New World, soiled her white fingers with even household work.

Father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former reposed in another country, beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying ground beside the wooden church in sight of the red farm-house, and a small gray stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with the dust.

One day, during the hardest campaign of our sturdy soldiers, Madam Pierpont was alone at the farm. Pomp, a negro servant, had gone on some errand which would detain him till nightfall, and Aleck, the hired man, had wounded his hand in the morning with an axe, so that he was quite disabled and obliged to return to his home, about a mile distant, which, by the way, was the nearest homestead to the old red farm-house. The widow's four brave sons, of ages varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started but two days previous for the field of their country's battle.

While the widow realized that in all probability some, perhaps all, of her treasures would be smitten by the ruthless hand of war, her cheek was still unblanched, and a holy hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features. Only now and then she turned to open the Bible before her and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work with a trusting smile. Ah! patriotism found an enduring home in many such a gentle breast.

Suddenly from the distance came a sound like the trampling of horses' feet, and a great cloud of dust betokened the approach of travelers hurrying to their destination. The widow moved to the door, and shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment three horsemen drew up before the door. They wore military costume, and were all fine-looking men. The foremost gentleman far exceeded the others by his imposing figure and the greatness of his countenance. It needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that courtesy which always characterized him, he bowed gracefully to Madam Pierpont, as he blandly asked if he could find rest and refreshment.

"Our horses are wearied,—we have ridden since nine this morning, and would fain recruit," he added.

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she replied, smilingly, throwing wide open the inner door as they dismounted.

"Our poor beasts," said one of the officers, patting his smoking horse, "I would they could be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or servant about your house, Madam, who could rub them down and feed them? I will reward him liberally."

"We would ask no reward in this household, sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead them round, they shall be cared for."

"Make yourselves perfectly comfortable, gentlemen," said the widow, "and excuse me while I prepare you refreshments. You must be hungry as well as fatigued."

In another minute the widow was in the stable unsaddling the poor horses,—work to which she was not accustomed, but which she nevertheless could do in time of need, being a woman of strong muscular frame, and great energy. She knew it must be done by herself or not at all. As for men and horses, they were completely jaded out. She with straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, led them into their stalls, and prepared and gave them food. After changing her dress, the widow returned again to the parlor, where the officers, having unbuckled their swords and doffed their caps, sat conversing together, evidently enjoying a delightful rest. As the widow stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers was remarking to his companions—

"He was one of my best men, and as fine looking a young fellow as ever volunteered."

"Do your speak of young Pierpont?" asked another."

"Yes, he fell yesterday, pierced by three balls,—poor fellow,—it was a hard fate for such a boy."

For one moment the cheek of the woman was blanched, the heart of the mother shocked, but she spoke almost calmly as she asked—

"Which one was it, sir?"

"Henry Pierpont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"

Was he known to her? Oh! the torture that followed that question! Henry! her noble, first born; he who had taken the place of the dead at their board, and, with a gravity beyond his years, carried out the plans his father left unfinished! And now his blue eyes were closed forever,—his bright locks soiled in the dust. Oh! the thought was anguish! A deathly faintness came over her, but she rallied with a great effort, and said, as calmly as before, as she turned her whitening cheek away,

"He was my son, sir."

They did not see her face, as she walked quickly but firmly from the room.

"Now, God forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," murmured the officer, while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of this woman's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to her heart."

"You are not to blame, my friend," said Washington, in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's cause. This is no common woman—her very face speaks of her soul's nobility. Mark me—when next you see her she will be tearless; no word of sorrow will issue from her lips. Our mothers, our wives—I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this," he continued, pointing to the Bible, "this is the secret of their greatness; wherever you behold that volume opened, bearing evidence of constant perusal, there you will find woman capable of any emergency. I repeat it, when we meet her again she will be calm and tearless, although a mother bereaved of her child."

And so it was. Madam Pierpont had schooled her grief for the time into a sudden and sacred submission; and when the officers were called into another room to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unchanged in manner, and serene in countenance. The officer from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her conduct, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated woman the more for her sake.

Toward night the trio departed, thanking the kind woman with grateful hearts for her courtesy. They found their horses ready saddled, and were forced to the conjecture that Madam Pierpont had herself performed the duty of hostler.

General Washington kindly took her hand before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of his officers while they listened; but though an increasing pallor spread over the widow's face, she murmured:

"I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that he has deemed me worthy of demanding my first born in this glorious struggle; he was ready, sir, ready for life or death."

But when they had gone, and she returned to the silence of that lone house, the mother wept exceedingly bitter tears. Draw we the curtain before her sacred anguish.

Farewell, old Pierpont House, with your carpet of mallows, and old-fashioned flowers in old-fashioned pots standing upon the stoop. I feel sad at the thought that I shall never again see its open door wreathed with vines, whereon hung clusters of luxuriating grapes; nor its windows, or the lower floor, all opened, with their curtains of snowy muslin floating with a dreamy, undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 24, 22, 17, 24, 11, 1 was the greatest of propinctical writers.
My 2, 19, 14, 13, 24, 25, was the greatest master of mathematical science.
My 25, 5, 10, 9, 27, 18, 23, 21, 22 was the prince of orators.
My 3, 8, 17, 29, 24, 10, 40, 25, 16, 27 was a famous geometrician of Syracuse.
My 38, 15, 24, 22, 39, 33, 28, 12, 26 was the ablest logician of antiquity.
My 32, 4, 24, 25 was a distinguished Roman poet.
My 31, 11, 14, 9, 6 was an English philosopher and universal genius.
My 25, 5, 22, 14, 3, 20, 39, 30, 27 was a famous French philosopher.
My 34, 35, 19, 18, 32, 19, 27, 9, 36, 7 was a celebrated Russian general.
My 37, 8, 3, 6, 34, 12, 25, 6 was a distinguished American philosopher.
My whole is an extract from Pope's Essay on Man.

East Pembroke, N. Y., 1860. W. S. M. Northup.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

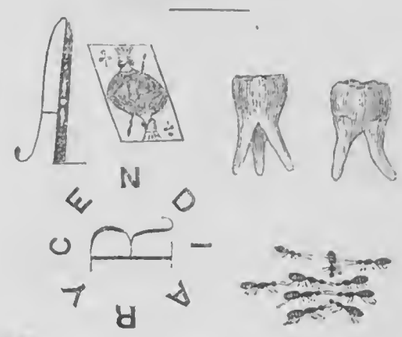
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 3, 9, 14, 8 is a town in Alabama.
My 6, 14, 2, 3, 10 is a town in Michigan.
My 13, 1, 10, 16, 5, 10, 13, 14, 5 is a town in Illinois.
My 3, 10, 10, 8, 4 is a county in Virginia.
My 12, 14, 6, 7, 11 is a town in Missouri.
My 7, 5, 15, 14, 8, 6 is a town in Georgia.
My whole was a lonely inhabitant of an island.

Durhamville, Oneid. Co., N. Y. F. N. Saterlee.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My humble first in yonder vale
May hold the easy mind;
Go, mark it well, with roses gemm'd,
And blooming woodbines twined

A little word my next is found,
Brought from the realms of France,
The high-bred dame adores the sound
At opera, park, or dance.

My whole is useful, and the maid
Who lives by needle's art,
Could never sure, without my aid,
Her handy trade impart.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

A, B, and C, are to saw off a log 36 inches in diameter, and it is required that each one shall saw one-third of the log. Required the depth that each one must saw.

Hanover, Mich., 1860. John Thompson.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 535.

Answer to Poetical Enigma:—The letter B.
Answer to Logogriphs:—1, G-oat; 2, F-ox; 3, B-a-boon.
Answer to Geometrical Problem:—400 and 600.

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Publisher's Special Notices and Offers.

☞ *Back Numbers (from January) still furnished to all who wish this Volume complete for reference or binding;—or subscriptions can commence with the New Quarter—April. Members of the same Club can begin at different times if desired—some with January and others in April, or all at either time.*

☞ A New Quarter of the Rural began with April, a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. We can, however, still supply back numbers, so that all who wish the complete volume for reference or binding, will be accommodated. ☞ Every person remitting, according to our terms, for a club of 6, 10, 15 or 20 *previous to 1st of May*, 1860, will receive a dollar package of choice imported Flower Seeds, as heretofore offered

☞ Additions to Clubs are now in order, and Club Agents will please forward the Subscriptions of those who wish to secure the Rural. ☞ Back Numbers of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers, and will be in all cases where ordered, until we otherwise announce. Send on the new recruits!

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MOORE'S
RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New-Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

ROOT CULTURE.

Having received many inquiries in regard to root crops, during the past month, we propose to give a few hints in regard to their culture, which we hope will be useful to many, and at the same time answer all important questions. Of the importance of root crops in this country, we shall at present say nothing. This can best be ascertained by trial, and we urge our readers to test the question the present season. Experiments need not be large or expensive, but to be valuable they must be very carefully made.

The Carrot.

The carrot delights in a *deep*, rich, loamy soil, but we have never seen a failure even in sandy soil, where sufficient nutriment was given in the form of well rotted stable manure or guano, and land of a clayey texture will give a large crop, if it is subsoiled and kept well pulverized. Indeed, the effect of a carrot crop in ameliorating a stiff soil, after subsoiling, is wonderful, as any one can ascertain by making the trial.

The common mode of seeding has been in drills, from twelve to sixteen inches apart, and the after culture generally depended upon the hoe. In this manner a greater yield can be obtained per acre than where ridging is followed, but a large increase of labor is demanded. Ridging is performed by turning two furrows together, about two feet apart from top to top; the cultivator can then be freely used, and, compared with the former mode, the toil is light. The use of a drill expedites the work, but with soaked seed, it is a troublesome operation. Plaster, poudrette, ashes, or any dry, fertilizing material, will assist in overcoming this difficulty. Carrot seed should always be put in warm water before planting, and allowed to soak from one to two days. If this was generally done, we should hear of less complaint about poor seed. If the weather proves unfavorable for planting when the seed is thus prepared, coat it with any of the materials before mentioned, set it in a cool place, and it will not receive injury for eight or ten days. Should it become sprouted, no damage will ensue. It will only prove that your seed is good. Carrot seed can be tested by sowing a few in a hot-bed, or in a box in a warm room in the house. Two pounds per acre is the quantity of seed used.

We would not recommend the sowing of carrots until the ground gets warm, so that they can make a quick growth, and thus show themselves about as soon as the weeds. As regards varieties, the Long Orange is most generally raised. It grows to a great length,—sometimes, in favorable soils, being two feet long. The White Belgian reaches an enormous size, from four to six inches of its upper portions being out of the ground. It is coarser than the Orange, and not considered as valuable for stock, though giving a larger crop. The Long Red, except in color, resembles the Orange.

The Parsnip.

The Parsnip we have long thought is the most valuable of all the roots. No root is better, and we think none as good, for fattening hogs or cattle, and for feeding milch cows. It gives no unpleasant flavor to the milk, and many think the butter from cows fed with parsnips peculiarly rich and high flavored. Butter made in the winter, where cows receive a good ration of parsnips, is said to be of as fine a color and as excellent flavor as when the animals are feeding on the best of pastures. If this is the case, as we can prove on good authority, those who have been troubled with poor-flavored, lard-like winter-made butter, will unite with us in urging farmers to grow parsnips, for the use of their milch cows, at least. In Europe many thousands of hogs are fattened every year entirely on this vegetable, particularly on the islands of Jersey and Guernsey. The English think the parsnip makes sweeter pork than any other feed, but give ground peas or barley a few weeks before killing, to harden the meat.

Lest our readers should be disposed to think that we speak too highly of this root, we quote the following statements from the best English authority:—"As parsnips contain six per cent. more mucilage than carrots, the difference may be sufficient to account for the superior fattening, as well as butter-making quality of the parsnip. In the fattening of cattle the parsnip is found superior to the carrot, performing the business with as much expedition, and affording meat of exquisite flavor, and of a highly juicy quality; the animals eat it with much greediness. It is reckoned that thirty perches, where the crop is good, will fatten an ox three or four years old, in ordinary store condition, in the course of three months. The parsnips are given in the proportion of about thirty pounds weight, morning, noon, and night; the large ones being split into three or four pieces, and a little hay supplied in the intervals of these periods. The result of experiment has shown, that not only in neat cattle, but in the fattening of hogs and poultry, the animals become fat much sooner, and are more healthy than when fed with any other root or vegetable; and that, besides, the meat is more sweet and delicious. The parsnip leaves being more bulky than those of carrots, may be mown off before taking the roots, and given to oxen, cows, or horses, by which they will be greedily eaten."

Another advantage for this country is, that any portion of the crop not wanted for winter use may be allowed to remain in the ground during the winter, as they are not in the least injured by the frost. When dug they should be stored in a cool place, and be covered with earth. The parsnip delights in a rather light, deep, rich soil, though we have often grown good crops on a heavy clay, when dry and well pulverized. If manure is used it should be well decomposed. The carrot and parsnip require similar cultivation, but as parsnips make a stronger growth when young, they are not as apt to be choked by weeds, or to suffer from a little neglect. The plants are much more easily seen, so that weeding is less difficult. Be particular in obtaining fresh seed, as very little of that two years old will grow. Get your seed early, and test it before planting.

The Turnip.

There are many varieties of turnips cultivated by our farmers, but general experience has given the preference to two kinds, with their subvarieties;—for stock-feeding, the Ruta Baga or Swedish turnip; for table use, the Flat English. Of the former, Laing's Improved is deemed number one by many,—others choose Skirving's Purple Top. For table use, an early and a late variety ought to be sown; for the former purpose we would recommend the Early Stubble; for the latter, the Green Globe or Norfolk variety. In the choice of varieties, however, each cultivator must exercise his own judgment as to which will give him the greatest return,—the most nutriment per acre, and at the least cost,—in fact, which, for the purposes to which it is to be devoted, will pay the best.

The true turnip soil is a deep sand or sandy loam. Clayey or compact soils are not suited to its profitable production; neither are damp, heavy lands. We have seen excellent crops of turnips on reclaimed muck land. For the culture of the Swede, the best is that from which wheat or corn has been taken. Be the land what it may, unless it is in *good condition* a profitable crop cannot be obtained. Sow in drills, about two feet apart, leaving the plants after thinning about eight inches apart in the rows. The Swede may be sown any time from the middle of May to the same period in June. Early planting has, however, this one advantage,—should the first seeding fail, or the fly destroy the young plants, ample time is left for performing the labor again.

The period for sowing the English turnip is about one month later than for the Swede. At any time from the middle of June to the first of August, this labor can be performed with success. The first sown give the largest returns,—the latter are the soundest, and consequently are capable of more extended preservation. When the plants appear and the leaves are partially expanded, the hoe or cultivator should be freely used, keeping the ground well stirred that the roots may have all the room wanted, and for the purpose of exterminating the weeds as fast as they present themselves.

As regards the quantity of seed per acre it is *best* to use, there is a variety of opinions, the amount ranging from less than one to more than three pounds. Were there no trouble attending the culture of this crop from defective germination or the attack of insects, one pound would doubtless be sufficient.

The turnip is exposed to numerous insect enemies, among which, the fly, or fly-beetle, is most to be dreaded. Remedies innumerable have been promulgated, but most of them, just when depended upon, have failed. Observation has shown, however, that a rough or gritty state of the leaf will put a quietus upon their operations, and any substance, such as ashes, that will thus coat the plant, will act as a preventive to their destruction. After an application is made, should rains occur, the process must be repeated.

Beets—White Sugar and Mangel Wurzel.

The White Sugar Beet and the Mangel Wurzel are the varieties most generally cultivated in this country. The soil requires the same depth, richness, cleanliness, and thoroughness of culture, as for carrots. The usual mode of planting is in drills about two feet apart, or as near as horse culture will admit, and the plants ten to twelve inches distant in the row. By many cultivators the seeds are deposited about four inches apart, and at the first hoeing the plants are thinned out. Two seeds are dropped in the dibbled hole, and in thinning, the thriftiest shoot is the one left. Where the ground is not damp, germination receives essential assistance by soaking the seed in soft water, from twenty-four to forty-eight hours before planting. Much of the trouble that cultivators have had in raising the beet, has doubtless arisen from the fact that both soil and seed were dry. We would not plant a beet seed of any kind without being well soaked. The quantity of seed used varies with different cultivators, from four to six pounds being the range. Much less would answer if all were sure to germinate and produce good plants. Beet seed should not be planted deep; about an inch of covering is all that is necessary. Many plant seed three or four inches deep, and wonder why it does not come up regularly. As soon as the plants appear, all weeds should be destroyed and the ground well stirred.

CATTLE DISEASE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

In the issue of the Rural for March 31st, we made mention of the appearance in Massachusetts of that dreaded disease, Pleuro-Pneumonia,—which has so frequently ravaged the herds of the old world,—and, at the same time, spread before our readers the various modes adopted, both by Veterinarians and Stock Breeders, for its remedy where apparent, and its prevention where it had not already effected an entrance. Since the period referred to, we have scrutinizingly watched our Eastern exchanges, in order to ascertain what steps were being taken toward confining this malady among the herds where its fatality was first exhibited, and as the journals have given prominence to the subject under consideration, we have had all the information obtainable. Our purpose is to review this matter, condensing the same within such limits as our space admits.

The Massachusetts Legislature appointed three Commissioners,—Messrs. Fay, of Boston; Walker, of North Brookfield; and Latimer, of South Hadley,—"to examine into the nature and treatment of this disease, and to exterminate any herds in which it may be found." To meet the necessary expenses, $10,000 were appropriated.

The first place visited was North Brookfield, in which neighborhood are some twelve or fifteen stock-owners whose herds number about one hundred and fifty head of choice cattle. The disease, in greater or less development, was believed to be among them all. The Commissioners were accompanied by several surgeons and cattle doctors from Worcester and Boston, and upon the farm receiving their earliest visitation, caused fourteen animals to be killed that they might trace the progress and character of disease in all its stages. A cow that died the night before the Commissioners arrived was examined, and both her lungs were a mass of frothy, cheesy corruption. One cow that was taken so long ago as the 1st of January, and seemed to be recovering, appearing bright and healthy, was slaughtered. The left lobe of the lungs was sound, but from the right was taken a mass of pus, looking like rotten cheese, of more than a pint in measurement. She might possibly have thrown off the disease and lived, had she not been killed. Another cow in the same herd, and showing stronger signs of the disease, had similar, but a greater amount of pus in the lungs, and with it a large amount of watery fluid. An ox that looked bright and well, and ate and chewed his cud as if in a healthy condition, was among the slain, and one of his lungs was a mass of corruption. Another singular case was that of a cow that calved some ten days ago; one lung was healthy, but in the other the disease was developing itself in scattered balls, or masses of pus, looking like liver on the outside, but on cutting, like rotten cheese; and her calf was found to have the disease in precisely a similar stage. A calf, nearly a year old, that was brought from Mr. Chenery's herd in Belmont at the same time with the calf to which the whole disease is traced back, was also among the animals killed by the Commissioners, and it was found to have the disease only in the very earliest stages.

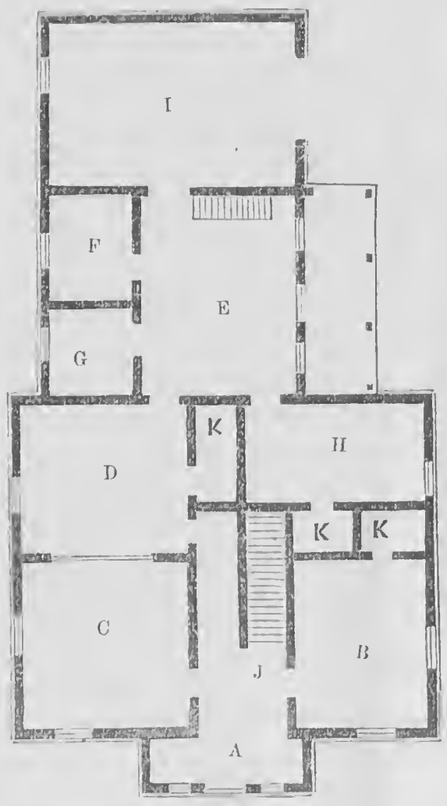
On the day following, the stock belonging to C. P. Huntington, where there were some "bad cases," had an examination. Mr. H. had previously lost eleven cows by pneumonia, and the Committee killed three more, diminishing his stock to eleven head. Dr. Bates immediately entered the stable and began the laborious process of examination by percussion, while the appraisers estimated the value of the stock. Two cows were found diseased, and the rest had been so much exposed to infection, that it was decided to kill them also. A hill-side back of the barn was selected as the place of execution, and eleven pits were dug for the reception of the bodies. In the first one examined, they found a strong adhesion of the lungs to the diaphragm, and acute disease of the right lung. The second case also exhibited adhesion, accompanied by indurated lung tissue, and sloughing of the left lung. Cases were observed in the course of the day where the sloughing business had proceeded so far that there was very little healthy lung left. And yet, so insidious is the progress of the disease, that

A MODERN VILLA.

We give our readers a view of a plain, substantial, yet tasteful elevation for a villa, and adapted for a first-class farm-house or village residence. For this plan we are indebted to a subscriber in Townsend, Canada West, who says:—"Many in Canada have adopted this plan with such slight alterations as necessary to suit individual wants or tastes, and with the best of satisfaction."

It will be seen by the plan of lower floor, that the library is considerably larger than the parlor, which is rather reversing the natural order of things. But the large drawing-room in the second story, the largest room in the house, and the front parlor, are designed, no doubt, to make up for the smallness of the parlor below stairs. This parlor and drawing-room up stairs, although common in city houses, is something new for the country.

The family bed-room, on lower floor, is too narrow, and should be made one or two feet wider. The kitchen is convenient to the dining-room, pantry of good size, but the bed-room off the kitchen is too small for any living thing to sleep in. If designed for the "*servant*" of our Canadian friends, or the "*help*" of us Yankees, we would urge the substitution of the bed-room over the kitchen for this use.



GROUND FLOOR.

A, Porch, 13 feet by 4; *B*, Parlor, 14x12; *C*, Library, 14x15; *D*, Dining-Room, 14x15; *E*, Kitchen, 14x16; *F*, Bed-Room, 6 feet 6 inches by 8 feet six inches; *G*, Pantry, 6 feet 9 inches by 6 feet 6 inches; *H*, Family Bed Room, 9 by 15; *I*, Wood House, 14x22; *J*, Hall, 7x29; *KKK*, Closets.

SECOND FLOOR.

A, Parlor, 14 feet by 11 feet 6 inches; *B*, Drawing-Room, 14x16; *CC*, Bed-Rooms, 11x12; *DD*, Closets, 5x6; *E*, Hall, 7x28; *F*, Porch, 4x13; *G*, Bed-Room, 11 feet 6 inches by 16 feet; *H*, Lumber-Room, 14x22. The front and also the back stairs, and the passage way connected therewith are shown, and need no explanation.

the farmer stoutly declares his cow has never been sick, and will not be convinced that there is anything the matter with her till the proof is laid before his eyes.

From North Brookfield the Commissioners proceeded to New Braintree and visited the farm of ALDEN W. WOODIS. At this point the medical force was much increased. The disease was introduced upon the farm of Mr. W., by the temporary presence of an ox, from the "Stoddard" farm, Mr. STODDARD having purchased cattle from Mr. CHENERY, at Belmont, who imported the infected stock. The disease being revealed, eighteen head, the entire herd of Mr. WOODIS, were slaughtered and buried.

The next farm visited was that of CHAS. NEEDHAM, also in New Braintree, where the Committee had three cows killed before. Mr. NEEDHAM had exchanged cattle with CURTIS STODDARD. The doctors found a great deal of water in the left chest of the third cow examined, and only a few healthy spots in the lung. Twenty eight cattle were killed, completely emptying the barn.

Following that of Mr. NEEDHAM came the farm of LEONARD STODDARD. The doctors made their examination, and every hoof in the barn, numbering forty-nine, including ten pairs of fine oxen, was condemned to die in the morning. Next in order came the stables of W. W. CHENERY, whose residence is in Belmont. It is several months since Mr. C. lost an animal, and he felt quite confident that the malady had entirely left his herd. To render assurance doubly sure, three cattle were chosen for the knife,—one a cow that had been sick, but was deemed nearly well, with two heifers, one having shown no signs of disease and the other but slight, such as were indicated by a slight cough, and they all proved to be diseased—one of the lungs of one of the heifers being filled with pus. After an examination of the animals slaughtered, the Commissioners returned to the barn and submitted the entire herd to a professional inspection. The stock consists of about forty head, and all but three or four proved diseased, some of them very bad—the symptoms and indications of the disease being unmistakable. The mode of examination was by sounding the chest of an animal over the lungs, by slight raps—the tone of the resonance, or reverberation of the sound thereof being the test.

Cases similar to the foregoing, might be multiplied did space permit. When our latest intelligence was received, the number of cattle slaughtered had reached one hundred and eight, valued at $5,000, being an average of $46 8 27 per animal, and the Commissioners were about returning to North Brookfield for the purpose of destroying all the stock (comprising about one hundred and fifty head,) in that village, when one hundred new cases were reported by the medical examiners. As one half of the appropriation had been expended, and the balance would fall far short of meeting the emergencies of the case, the slaughter ceased, in order that the Governor might be consulted. A consultation has been held, and the expediency of calling an extra session of the Legislature urged, but this movement will not be made at present. It has been decided, however, that a Medical Board of the most experienced surgeons will at once be called in Boston to investigate the subject, and until they shall make a report all further destruction of cattle will be suspended.

As exhibiting the effect upon the community in Massachusetts generally, and those residing in the "infected districts" particularly, we quote from the Boston *Post* as follows:—"The proposed State Fair, and also the Annual County Cattle Shows, will probably not be held this year, for fear of spreading the distemper still wider. At present the disease is confined to a territory about twelve miles square, a territory abounding in cattle, and from which, at this time last year, from one to two car loads of butter and cheese per week were forwarded to Boston. Now all trade is suspended, the cattle are forbidden, under penalties, to be sold, and the herds are ordered by the Commissioners to be closely kept on their premises."

IMPOVERISHING THE SOIL—CRITICISM.

FOR a long time I have been a constant reader of your highly esteemed paper, and take great pleasure in perusing its articles, and find them to contain a great many good suggestions and improvements. But in the number of March 17th, I find an article signed "H. T. B.," that does not fully explain itself to my satisfaction. Although I can cheerfully recommend the saving of every ingredient available in our power to return to the soil all the elements that are required to supply the growing plants with nutrition for their development, in the idea of ultimate sterility I do not fully concur. H. T. B. says, "our Agriculture and Commerce are every year robbing the soil of its essential elements and placing them beyond recovery." Then H. T. B. says, "it is well known that plants draw their sustenance in part from the atmosphere and part from the soil. The atmospheric supply is deemed inexhaustible. The earthly materials certainly are not so." Now, what is taken that cannot be supplied? Is not the soil the natural retainer of the necessary elements for the growth of plants? I will grant that all soils are not alike as to their constituent parts, but is not this their office-work to absorb from the atmosphere and other ways retain for future use, so when the necessary element is not in reach of the plant in the atmosphere, it can be supplied from the soil? He also says "every bushel of grain and every pound of meat that goes to the seaboard and is consumed, carries off ingredients that the soil ought not to spare, and cannot continue to spare, without ultimate and complete barrenness." Now, this looks rather discouraging to the farmer to think that he cannot dispose of neither meat nor grain without ultimately exhausting the resources of his soil. I think my experience is different from that. I know of farms in this vicinity that have been devoted for the last fifteen or twenty years to raising grain and beef, and increased in their product every year, and to all appearances have improved in every respect. I believe that we can, by feeding the grain to the stock on the farm, increase its fertility continually, and dispose of what beef we can spare from year to year. I also think that we can economise otherwise, so as to more than make the difference in the elements lost by selling the beef, by being particular in saving our manure. But let us look on the other side of the question. If H. T. B.'s theory is correct, that every bushel of grain sold leaves the soil poorer than it was before, and we continue to sell grain and beef, how are we to be delivered from this ruin? J. W.

Big Flats, Chemung Co., N. Y., 1860.

SALTING FOOD FOR SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Any remarks I have made, or wish to make on this subject, are intended more for the purpose of gaining information than to propagate a theory. Salting food for sheep may be objected to, because we may feed too much or too little salt; but some sheep in the flock care but little about grain, and unless we mix salt with it, some will eat too large a quantity, others too little. It would not be well to let them have access to salt, and mix it in the feed besides. I should have mentioned, in my former article on this subject, that I feed salted hay in winter in addition to the salt in feed.

Have any of the readers of the RURAL tested the different plans of salting?—if so, please give us the facts and figures. Perhaps both man and stock would do as well if they would use less salt,—it has been asserted that cattle fatten as fast without. Since "Subscribor," of RURAL March 31st, has learned from such high authority how to salt stock, will he be so kind as to inform us how to feed. We suppose, of course, he lets them have access to the grain at pleasure. We do not wish to mix religion with such subjects, but will say to "Subscriber," we do not profess to have any revelation from GOD, save that which He has revealed in the scriptures of the old and new testament. "Letting stock have access to the salines of our country," was practiced here by the early settlers, when salt had to be packed on horses across the mountains, and sold at ten to twenty dollars per bushel. Cattle would then go miles to the licks. Providence has done much for our section of country in that He has caused springs of fresh water to pour out in nearly every field, but He has done more for "Subscriber," if he has springs of salt water in his fields.

JAMES H. MCNALL.

North Star, Wash. Co., Pa., 1860.

MORE ABOUT "FARM FENCES."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—After endorsing all that Mr. E. ENGLE says, in praise of a straight rail fence, instead of the old zig-zag style, I would like to urge upon farmers the practicability and economy of having a straight fence,—and herewith show the *facts and figures* in proof.

On my farm of 50 acres, I have 600 rods, all straight fence. I till within a foot of the fence, thus saving me two acres of tillable land, which, if left growing to burrs and briars in the crooks, would be worse than useless. Now, almost every farmer has crooked fences which, if they were replaced with straight ones, would add thousands to the value of our lands; for the straight fence is cheaper built, in addition to the economy in land saved.

A common rail fence, 7 rails high, requires 14 rails to build a rod, costing 5 cents apiece,—total, 70 cents. Four stakes, at 3 cents each, is 12 cents; and 2 caps, or wires, is 3 cents more; making 85 cents a rod. Now, the straight fence needs to be but 6 rails high, takes 9 to the rod, which is 45 cents, 3 large stakes, 13 cents; wire, 2 cents; making a cost of 60 cents per rod—being 25 cents a rod cheaper, and very substantial if properly built. Almost any old fence has good rails enough in it to make a good straight fence; then why not put them up at once?

The way I build is to stake out a straight line, and when the ground is soft, make a hole about two and one-half feet deep—then, with a heavy hammer, drive in a large stake very firmly. To every length of rail set a common fence stake 5 inches distant, and wire at the top, say 4 feet from the ground. Put one rail on top of the wire, 4 or 5 under, and you have the best rail fence in the country, and the cheapest. Try it and see. H. IVES.

Stafford, N. Y., 1860.

LIGHTNING RODS, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—If D. E. H. will but observe the manner in which lightning rods are placed upon buidings, he will not wonder that W. B. P. has so little confidence in these heaven-defying contrivances of man. On dwellings they are usually fastened to the chimney, then down the roof, or, perhaps, running the whole length of the ridge, crooking around the cornice, down the side of the building; insulated by passing through glass knobs fastened by iron staples, leaving the rod about two inches from the building. Now, glass, when dry, is a non-conductor of electricity, but when wet, as the knobs usually are, during a thunder shower, it is as good a conductor as iron. Thus the rod is connected with the building at the time when it should be perfectly insulated from it.

It is a fact connected with electricity, that it will take the shortest route through a poor conductor, rather than a longer one through a good conductor. Hence, if the rods were straight and perpendicular, the only danger of using an uninsulated rod would be from an over-charge, when a part would be compelled to enter the building. But when the rods are crooked about in so many ways, the electricity would naturally take the shortest course through the wet knobs and building, and an over-charge would not hesitate long to leap the short distance of two inches, even if the rods were perfectly insulated. Therefore, we conclude that lightning rods should be straight, perpendicular, and perfectly insulated from the building.

And now allow me to suggest a mode of erection. Set a pole in the ground, of sufficient strength to sustain the rod, about two feet from the building you wish to protect. Upon this pole erect the rod, to such a height that no point upon the building will be more than twice the distance from the rod than the height of the rod above that point, as the rod will protect a space in every direction from it, the radius of which is equal to twice its height. The lower end of the rod should enter the ground about five feet. To protect a dwelling house, it would be well to place the rod as near the kitchen chimney as convenient. The products of combustion, smoke, watery vapor, &c., being conductors of electricity, this chimney requires special protection.

To render this method substantial, it would be well to burnetize the pole before cutting, in the following manner:—Bore an augur-hole through the trunk of the tree, and make a saw cut from the auger-hole outward on each side, to within a short distance of the exterior, leaving enough of the fibres untouched to support the tree. Then stop one end of the auger-hole, and all of the saw cut on the exterior, and introduce through a tube inserted in the open end of the auger-hole, a solution of chloride of zinc. E. W. BIBBENS.

Borodino, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Facts for Farmers.

IN an article under the above caption, the editor of the *Valley Farmer* remarks:—"If you invest money in tools, and then leave them exposed to the weather, it is the same as loaning money to a spendthrift without security—a dead loss in both cases." If you invest money in books and never read them, it is the same as putting your money into a bank, but never drawing either principal or interest. If you invest money in fine stock, and do not feed and protect them, and properly care for them, it is the same as dressing your wife in silk to do kitchen work. If you invest your money in choice fruits, and do not guard and give them a chance to grow and prove their value, it is the same as putting a good hand into a field with poor tools to work with. If you invest your money in a good farm, and do not cultivate it well, it is the same as marrying a good wife, and so abusing and enslaving her as to crush her energies and break her heart. If you invest your money in a fine house, and do not so cultivate your mind and taste as to adorn it with intelligence and refinement, it is as if you were to wear broadcloth and a silk hat to mill. If you invest your money in fine clothes, and do not wear them with dignity and ease, it is as if a plowman were to sit at a jeweler's table to make and adjust hair-springs. If you invest your money in strong drink, it is the same as turning hungry hogs into a growing cornfield—ruin will follow in both cases. If you invest your money in every new wonder that flaming circulars proclaim, it is the same as buying tickets at a lottery office where there are ten blanks to one prize. If you invest your money in the "last novel," it is the same as employing a tailor's dandy to dig your potatoes.

Horse Chestnuts for Cattle and Poultry.

THE *London Field* recommends horse chestnuts for cattle and poultry. The nuts are first steeped in lime-water, then well washed, and boiled to a paste. So prepared, they are very fattening. This process effectually destroys their bitterness, which is considered to be injurious to sheep. Deer will eat them uncooked. They enrich the milk of cows, and are said to cure horses of cough, and hence the Latin name given to this tree. Turkeys stuffed with horse chestnuts when living, as well as with the sweet chestnut when dead, and lambs fed on Pistacio nuts, were in former days considered great delicacies. It was once thought to be the oil in the chestnut that rendered it so nutricious; but it is now found to be nearer the pulse tribe in its qualities than the nut, and very farinaceous.

Why Barley so often fails in New York.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says:—The amount of iguorance as to true farming is extraordinary. The early settlers found the soil fertile, and they practiced a system of constant cropping, which their children have followed after them, till they found that the crops failed, and then they began to look around for the cause. Barley has ceased to be grown in this country, because the land won't grow it; but many farmers do not know the cause—or won't. They ascribe its failure to unpropitious seasons, insects, defects in seed, etc. One of my neighbors sowed one field to oats seventeen years in succession!—and when he wanted to sell his farm, he cited this fact to prove the richness of the soil.

Clover.

EVERY farmer should have a piece of clover, whatever other soiling crops he may raise; it not only makes up the variety necessary to keep cattle in health, but its yield is large and profitable; it takes less from the soil, and more from the atmosphere, than most other green crops, and the portion remaining in the soil contains material to improve its mechanical condition, as well as to progress the inorganic constituents which it elevates from the subsoil after subsoil plowing, and is almost sure of success on any soil worthy of cultivation. So says the *Working Farmer*.

To keep Tires tight on Wheels.

THE following, if reliable, will prove valuable. A correspondent of the *Southern Planter* says:—"I ironed a wagon some years ago, for my own use, and before putting on the tires I filled the fellies with linseed oil; and the tires have worn out, and were never loose. I ironed a buggy for my own use, seven years ago, and the tires are now as tight as when put on. My method of filling the fellies with oil is as follows: I use a long cast iron oil heater, made for the purpose; the oil is brought to a boiling heat, the wheel is placed on a stick, so as to hang in the oil, each felly one hour, for a common sized felly. The timber should be dry, as green timber will not take oil. Care should be taken that the oil be not made hotter than a boiling heat, in order that the timber be not burnt. Timber filled with oil is not susceptible of water, and the timber is much more durable. I was amused, some time ago, when I told a blacksmith how to keep tires tight on wheels, by his telling me it was a profitable business to tighten tires, and the wagon maker will say it is profitable to him to make and repair wheels—but what will the farmer, who supports the wheelwright and smith, say?"

Inquiries and Answers.

WARTS ON CATTLE.—As I have received no answer to an inquiry which I made some time ago, I thought I would write you again. The inquiry was, how shall I cure warts on cattle? I have a two year old heifer that has warts in her ear. On one of her ears there is a wart as large as a good-sized apple, and the inside of her ear is filled full of warts, so that I cannot see into it, and there are several more scattered about on her neck and body. If you or any of your correspondents can give me any information on the subject, you will confer a great favor. J. G. POURCE, *Durhamville, N. Y.*, 1860.

AN AGRICULTURAL SULKY.—In the issue of the RURAL for April 14th, I noticed a communication upon "Sowing Plaster," from JAS HALLIARD, in which he speaks of an Agricultural Sulky, and says, in answer to Mr. ROSS, "that he should have one, if he has not;" but Mr. HALLIARD neither tells us where to get one, or how to make it. Now, if Mr. HALLIARD does not want to monopolize the article, I wish he would tell us, through the RURAL, how to construct one, particularly how to adjust the sower, and what kind of sower is used, or else tell us where they can be purchased, price, &c. By so doing, he will very much oblige more than one young farmer in this section.—C. W., *Copenhagen, Lewis Co., N. Y.*

HUNGARIAN GRASS.—Will you please inform me, through the columns of your valuable paper, what kind of land is most suitable for the growth of Hungarian Grass, the most suitable time for sowing, and the quantity of seed per acre?—W. H S., *Mt. Vernon, Jeff. Co., Ill.*, 1860.

THE rich prairie soils of the West are particularly adapted to Hungarian Grass. Here only the richest soils produce what would be considered an ordinary crop at the West. From ten to twelve quarts is the quantity sown to an acre. The first of June is, perhaps, as good a time to sow as could be selected. Our experience with this grass is limited, and our Western readers may know important facts, in regard to its culture, worthy of note.

MANURE FOR CORN.—Having derived much valuable information from your paper, I wish to know from yourself, or readers, how I can most profitably dispose of my manure for corn? It consists of well-rotted straw, and partially rotted and fresh stable manure. I intended to put it on the hill, but some tell me it will heat and kill the corn, especially the unrotted stable manure. Will it be better to apply the unrotted part in or under the hill, or will this be best for *all* of it? I have also a few loads of leached ashes. Ought I to mix them with the straw, or apply separately? My ground has a tight clay subsoil. Ought it to be lifted to the top, or just stirred the first time? Does mangel wurzel *pay* for feed? If so, where can I obtain seed, and at what price? I don't see it advertised. Any light on the above questions will be thankfully received by—A YOUNG FARMER, *Logansport, Ind.*, 1860.

COARSE manure, with a good deal of straw, is better plowed in. Well-rotted manure will produce the best result on the crop by applying in the hill, mixing well with the soil. An ordinary quantity of fresh manure in the hill, if mixed with the soil, would not heat so as to do injury. We have found the best result from ashes by scattering them on the surface as soon as the corn appeared above the soil. They become will mixed with the soil in cultivating and hoeing. Mangel Wurzel seed can be obtained of the seedsmen here, and we presume at Chicago and most other Western cities, at about eighty cents per pound. Three or four pounds will be required for an acre. Try and see if it pays.

PINE APPLE CHEESE—ENGLISH DAIRY CHEESE.—I would like to inquire through your columns with regard to pine apple cheese, where and how it originated? How is it manufactured? In what way is it different, or better, than our common State dairy? English Ohio dairy is quoted from three to four cents higher than State dairy. Why is it worth any more, and how and where made? If any of your numerous correspondents will give me the necessary information, they will much oblige —A SUSCRIBER, *Rupert, Vt.*, 1860.

Pine Apple Cheese has its name from the fact it is made in the form of that fruit, which it is made still further to resemble, by being placed in a net made of twine when green, and hung up, the meshes of the net making indentations in the form of a diamond. EVANS describes the process as follows:—"The cheese is pressed in a mold capable of holding from six to ten pounds of curd This mold is formed of four scantling four or five inches square, by scooping out one corner of each in the right shape, and placing them together. The timbers are long enough to allow a neck six or seven inches long and three or more in diameter, to be grooved from the same corners, and when they are put together, the curd is put into the mold through this neck, the neck also being filled with curd pressed in. The separate pieces of timber are bolted firmly together two and two, thus leaving it in two parts. These two parts are held firmly together by a hoop of strap iron tightened by wedges. When the cheescling is to be taken out, the wedges are loosened, the hoop slipped off, and the mold taken apart. The pressure is applied by any press provided with a follower that will fit the neck into which it is forced, and the whey escapes at the joining of the molds, which opens a little by the pressure. The cheese cloth is used the same as in the common hoop, though it should be pressed hard for awhile to obliterate the impressions of the folds in the cloth. The follower should be a little concave at the bottom, and force the curd down to a level with the cord in the mold. The whey should be entirely removed, and the cheese rendered as compact as possible. To effect this, a follower sharpened in the form of a bodkin at the lower end, long enough to reach near the bottom of the mold, should be forced into the cheese immediately after the curd has been somewhat compacted by the follower, and the orifice filled up with new curd, if there is not enough already in the mold to fill it. After it has remained in the press a sufficient length of time, it is removed, and a net is placed upon it, similar to a cabbage net, knit with meshes half or three-fourths of an inch square, when they are suspended by the tightening cord to hooks driven into the wall or other place for the purpose. When thoroughly dried they should be smeared with as much sweet whey butter as will be absorbed. The skin will be rendered tough and impervious to flies, by dipping the cheese for two or three days in wood ashes ley. After hanging long enough to get their shape confirmed, which usually requires from four to six weeks, the net is removed, and they are set upon the large end upon trenchers till perfectly cured. During the whole process of curing they are to be rubbed as often as necessary to give them a fair skin and keep away insects. The pine apple cheese, when good, usually brings a price two or three cents, and sometimes more, above the common varieties."

Sometimes it is necessary, after the cheese is in the net, to put in water for a short time, to soften the outside, so as to produce the desired impression.

TO KILL LICE ON CALVES, take lamp oil, if in winter, and a shoe brush, and put it on so that you know every louse has some, and in six hours your calf will have no lice that will do him harm. Since last spring I have tried it on four different calves with complete success. It is better than a greased string around the neck. Brother farmers, a lousy calf don't pay.—AMOS CLARK, *Marcellus.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER of the past two weeks has been pleasant and favorable for out-door operations throughout this region—more *seasonable* than last year, though not as warm as farmers and gardeners desire. Indeed, nearly the whole of April, though cool, was favorable for farming operations, and our farmers have made considerable progress in plowing and other spring work. All are now extremely busy, with the prospect of a seasonable seed time and abundant harvest. Our advices from the West—Michigan, Illinois, Iowa, &c.,—speak of the pleasant weather, forwardness of spring, &c., and state that farmers are busily engaged in planting.

—The Boston *Cultivator* of Saturday last says:—"The Season here is thus far remarkable for dryness. There has been little rain in any part of New England since March came in. This gives a favorable seed time, which has been duly improved. Springs are very low, however, and grass would be benefited by rain. The weather continues rather cold. The ground was frozen on the morning of the 25th to the depth of half an inch. In a late trip to Vermont, we saw considerable snow and ice in the mountains, though plowing and grain-sowing in the Connecticut valley and on the shores of Lake Champlain, had been considerably advanced."

WESTERN N. Y. AG'L, HORTICULTURAL AND MECH'L ASSOCIATION.—The Directors of this Association held their first meeting in this city, on the 26th ult., and organized by electing P. BARRY, President, and D. D. T. MOORE, Secretary. Most of the Directors were in attendance, and letters read explaining the necessary absence of Hon. Messrs. J. S. WADSWORTH and E. B. HOLMES Mr. B. M. BAKER, Chairman of the Committee to whom was confided the duty of petitioning the Legislature to incorporate a Western New York Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association, to be located at or near Rochester, reported that a charter for the formation of such Association had been granted, the condition being that said Association shall, before commencing operations, raise a sum of not less than $50,000. Said sum can be increased to $150,000 at pleasure, and the Association may purchase and own unt to exceed 150 acres of land—both to be exempt from taxation The Secretary was instructed to procure and open books for obtaining subscriptions to the stock of the Association, and Messrs. B. M. BAKER, SAM'L MILLER, W. A. REYNOLDS, P. BARRY and D. R. BARTON were appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions. A committee of three—consisting of Messrs. J. H. MARTINDALE, D. R. BARTON and SAMUEL MILLER—was appointed to draft a Constitution and By-Laws for the Association. Action was also taken relative to obtaining subscriptions, and several other measures were adopted to secure the early and permanent organization and ultimate success of the Association—all the members present seeming desirous that the institution should go into operation at the earliest practicable period and under the best auspices. The proceedings were quite harmonious, and not only exhibited the zeal and enterprise of the several members of the Board, but a determination to promote the laudable objects of the originators of the Association—the advancement of the great industrial interests of Western New York.

BAROMETERS.—Of late we have received from the manufacturers two mercurial barometers of different style or finish from those generally in use heretofore. One is a Portable Barometer of Timby's patent, from J. P. SIMMONS & SON, of Fulton, a brief notice of which was given in our last volume, in an account of the Oswego Co. Fair. The other is an instrument made by S. C. BOWEN, of Medina, (the same style recently advertised in the RURAL.) Both these instruments are designed for farmers, or general use, and afforded at a moderate price, we believe. They present a fine external appearance, and have operated well during the few days we have had them in use—comparing well with each other and an excellent instrument made by J. KENDALL, of New Lebanon. We shall note and compare the operation and reliability of the three instruments with much interest.

MASS. BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—We are indebted to the Secretary of this Board, CHAS. L. FLINT, Esq., for a copy of his Seventh Annual Report, for the year 1859. The work forms a handsome octavo volume of 322 pages, and comprises much interesting and useful information relating to both Agriculture and Horticulture. The reports of Committees appointed to visit the exhibitions of the County Societies are given, and embrace facts of considerable interest. The Report also embraces, in an Appendix, an abstract of the General Statutes of the State relating to Agriculture, of recent adoption or revision,—such as acts relative to Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, fences, pounds, the preservation of certbirds and animals, the protection of sheep against dogs, &c. The volume is quite creditable, and will prove valuable to us as a work of reference.

VERMONT SHEEP IN THE PACIFIC STATES.—We observe from our California and Oregon exchanges of late dates that the sheep breeders of Vermont are giving increased attention to the Pacific States as a market for their fine wooled stock. They speak in the highest terms of a lot of Spanish and French Merinos recently introduced by our correspondent, S. B. ROCKWELL, Esq., of Middlebury, Vt. The California *Farmer* says they embrace some of the best and finest wooled sheep shown in that State. The Oregon *Farmer* states that Mr. R. has disposed of all the French Merinos taken to that State, and the prospect is another shipment will be required to supply the demand.

A BIG CORN CROP.—"James Armstrong, of Knoxville, Tenn., raised last season 4,000 bushels of shelled corn, weighing 60 pounds to the bushel, on 40 acres of land, or an average of 100 bushels to the acre, taking, also, from the same ground, 52 wagon loads of pumpkins, 40 bushels of peas, and 10 of beans. A picked acre of the field yielded 100 bushels of shelled corn!"

—That is a trifle Munchausenish, especially the last sentence. Our Western and Southern friends have "a great country for corn," and we will therefore admit the 100 bushels per acre, with "some pumpkins," peas and beans,—but we *reckon* the extra 60 bushels were not produced, unless of the variety grown on trees, such as is advertised of late, and concerning the fecundity of which we have no positive knowledge.

TOBACCO FOR CUT WORMS.—We published a year ago, a statement of HIRAM SPEAR, of Springfield, Penn., that a decoction of tobacco, poured boiling hot upon seed corn, was a preventive of cut worms. He also stated that a small parcel of cut tobacco dropped with the seed in the hill, was a preventive. A letter from L. G. TOUNER, of Utica, N. Y., now before us, states that he tried the tobacco water on seed corn, planted in land infested with cut worms, and not a hill or spire was touched. A portion of the land was sward ground, and all was manured in the hill. Let this easy remedy be remembered, and tried by others who are troubled with these small pests of the farmer.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PLOWING BY STEAM.—As the season for active farming operations has arrived, we begin to see accounts of steam plows. It is said that Mr. JAS. WATERS, of Detroit, having made several improvements in his steam plowing machine, is soon to commence operations in Illinois, where he has contracts for breaking up prairie. Report also says that a new machine, built for FAWKES, in Cincinnati, is soon to be put to work at the West. What has become of FIELDS' Steam Cultivator?

HORTICULTURAL.

TO MAKE FRUIT TREES BEAR.

VARIOUS methods have been proposed for making fruit trees bear early. As a general thing, it is not best to force trees into early fruitfulness, as it is necessary that they should have time to make a good and substantial growth, and obtain a proper form to bear, in after years, the strong demand made upon the vitality of the tree by successive crops. Root-pruning is apt to induce fruitfulness where the tree is making a too rapid growth, and pruning during the growing season, in June, will accomplish a similar result. Putting a wire around a branch of the grape vine, so as to obstruct the flow of sap, will improve the quality and size of the fruit, and cause it to mature early. A correspondent describes his practice in *ringing* the branches of fruit trees as follows:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It frequently happens when people set out young fruit trees, and nurse them with much care, that they do not come into bearing as soon as they expect. They wait long for the precious fruit, but it comes not, and they begin to feel like the man in the parable, "These three years I come seeking fruit on this tree, and find none; why cumbereth it the ground? Now, there is a way by which a tree, however barren, may be forced into bearing. Select a branch from one inch to an inch and one-fourth in diameter, then, with a sharp knife, cut a circle clear round the limb and through the bark to the wood, then cut another in the same way, a little less than one-fourth of an inch from the first, and, with the point of the knife, peel out all the bark between the two cuts. This operation must be performed in the spring, when the buds are bursting open, and the next spring that branch will be white with blossoms, although there may not be another blossom on the tree, and these blossoms will be just as likely to produce fruit the following summer, as though they had not been forced, and no injury will happen to the branch by this operation, if the directions are followed. I have practiced this occasionally for forty years, and can vouch for the truth of it; and any person who will try this experiment, will have an opportunity also to learn why a graft grows faster than the stock into which it is set, and why a tree grafted in the top is more likely to bear fruit than one grafted at the root.—SETH PAINE, *South Granby, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Another correspondent has been successful in inducing fruitfulness by pruning. This method we have described in answer to inquiries and in articles on pruning, not less than a score of times:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I wrote you asking what I could do to a fine Baldwin apple tree to make it bear, telling you what I had done. I also wrote the Farmers' Club to the same effect, but received from the inquiry no very definite suggestions, but a letter from a gentleman in California and another in Ohio. The latter had an old iron slings placed round the tree, the other, boring through to the heart of the tree. I tried neither of these methods. But I pruned heavily in the branches, and cut one of the main roots close to the trunk of the tree, not scientifically, I admit, but could not disturb my garden to do otherwise. The result was that I had some two or three bushels as *handsome specimens* of Baldwins as ever delighted my eye. But a great many fell, from being stung. It gave me pleasure to present them to those who had constantly predicted a failure. Like the coon, they gracefully came down.—C. D. D., *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1860.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THE SEASON.

WE are very apt to complain of the backwardness and unpleasantness of our springs, and forgetting the past, we often think that the present is more backward and unpleasant than any that has preceded it, while a reference to the facts will show a very different state of things. By reference to our memoranda of last year, we find that on the 23d of April we had a snow storm here, followed by cold, and that in shady places banks of snow could be seen for a week after. On the 2d of May we made notes of the late Crocuses. The present season they have been gone some time. At the same date we noted that the Hyacinths were not sufficiently developed for examination. To-day, (April 30,) they are in full flower.

HYACINTHS.

The weather has been somewhat unfavorable for a good show of Hyacinths; although we have had sufficient warm weather to bring them into flower quite as early as usual, we have had some very severe frosts, which have seriously injured the flower. Among the fine varieties, we notice the following as worthy of commendation:—*Hannah Moore*—single, white, forming fine compact trusses. *States General*—very fine blue. *Tubiflora*—single, rose-color, very fine trusses. *Diebitz*—single, one of the finest and brightest reds. *Herrtelde*—pale delicate red. *Mars*—bright red. *Rouge*—delicate pale red, double. *Lord Nelson*—single, dark blue. *Haller*—single, light blue, fine truss. Good Hyacinths may be raised in any ordinary loamy soil. If the garden soil is heavy clay, then remove a portion, and add good sandy loam from the woods.

The latter part of October is the best time to make Hyacinth beds, which should be from three to four feet wide. Set the bulbs from six to eight inches apart each way, and four inches deep. It is a good plan to surround the bulb, when setting, with a little clean sand. Before winter sets in cover the bed with leaves, or a little straw or litter.

In about five or six weeks after flowering, when the leaves are dead, the bulbs may be taken up, dried, and packed away in paper for fall planting. If the bed is wanted for other flowers, they may be removed in three weeks after flowering, the flower stem cut off, and the bulbs laid on a dry bed and covered with a little earth until the leaves have ripened, when they should be packed away as before recommended.

Many persons ordering Hyacinths from the seedsmen and nurserymen entertain the idea that none but the double ones are desirable. This is not the case. The value of this flower depends principally upon the form of the spike and the arrangement of the single flowers or bells upon the flower stem. The truss of bloom or spike should be pyramidal, and the flowers close enough to entirely conceal the stalk.

THE TULIPS.

The Tulips are divided into two general classes, *Early* and *Late*. The EARLY TULIPS flower in this latitude about the first of May. The earliest of the class is the DUC VAN THOL, single and double. Of the single variety we give an engraving taken from nature, and we not only recommend this, but the early tulips generally, to the favorable notice of all lovers of early spring flowers.

DUC VAN THOL TULIP, SINGLE.

Following this variety are a number of others of almost all colors. *The Canary Bird* is a fine, bright yellow. *Rose*—rose-color. *Keiserskroon*—large, red, tinged with yellow—one of the most showy of the early tulips. *Samson*—dark red, large, growing in clusters. *Yellow Prince*—large yellow cup, short stem. *Molliere*—fine purple. *Charamond*—fine white. *Standard Royal*—white and red. *Camillus*—orange, red, and yellow. Tulips may be grown in any rich, garden soil. It should be well drained, and if a little sandy all the better; if inclined to clay, add a little sandy loam, and if poor, add rotted turf, or soil from an old pasture, with any thoroughly rotted manure. There is no difficulty, and need be no mystery, about the culture of the Tulip.

The time for planting is in October. Make the bed prepared for them fine and mellow, and plant the bulbs in rows from six to eight inches apart each way. Unless the ground is quite light, it is well to surround the bulb with sand at the time of planting. This is for beds entirely devoted to the Tulip, but they look well if placed in the border or on the lawn, half a dozen or more in a cluster. Bulbs can be obtained from the nurseries and seedsmen at prices varying from one dollar to three dollars per dozen.

GRAPE CULTURE.

TREATMENT OF BEARING VINES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—This is an age of improvement. The progressive man may advance ideas this year that seem to be correct and well founded; when another year's experience, in theory and practice, teaches him that your motto is well chosen and in place, namely, "Excelsior." I am reminded of this by reading the discussion at the Annual Meeting of the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York*, held at Rochester, January 4th and 5th, 1860. In that discussion, my friend and neighbor, S. H. AINSWORTH, is correct when he said that my practice with grapes was to cover the base vines from 4 to 6 inches with earth, and train uprights from them two feet apart. As this practice conflicts with views I recommended, and which were published in the RURAL of last year, I feel it is reasonable that the numerous readers of the RURAL should understand what has produced the change in my practice.

Three years ago I had about 12 vines, 3 or 4 years in bearing, standing in my garden by the fence. I concluded to add more land and make a vineyard where they stood. When I set the vines for a vineyard, the bearing vines did not correspond with them, but I built the trellis for them to correspond with the trellis I intended for the vineyard. This required quite a length of the vines to lay on the ground, before they reached the trellis. A year ago last winter, I concluded to lay these vines under ground, and fetch them out under the trellis. Last season these vines showed a very thrifty appearance—some of the young wood more than 15 feet in length,—the fruit very large and some leaves more than a foot broad. In tilling the ground I found the part of the vines I ad covered with dirt had pushed forth a thicket of small roots, which seemed to be the cause of the extra growth. By close observation, I came to the conclusion that base vines had better be under ground.

The past winter I have take these vines down, dug a trench, and laid the base vines under. To do it, I had to move the position of one, less than an inch and a half in diameter, and so numerous were the roots on it, I concluded to count them on one foot of its length, and, to my surprise, there were 135 of them, of all sizes, from mere fibers to the size of wheat straw, and some of them near four feet in length.

Now, some of the advantages of covering base vines are these:—First, it saves the expense of the base wire, or slat, on the trellis. Second, it saves the labor of keeping the base vine in its place. Third, the great increase of roots the vine gets. Fourth, the uprights can be brought out of the ground just where they are wanted. Fifth, it is now generally admitted that we will save a crop of grapes every three or four years, by covering the vines in winter, and the uprights coming out of the ground and being laid down and covered in the winter, they can be placed in that position without injury, till they are two or three inches in diameter. Sixth, a young vineyard, by laying in the vines as soon as they get sufficient length for an upright, will be brought into full bearing much quicker than it would if cut back two or three of the first years of growth. The objection Mr. S. H. AINSWORTH speaks of, that some of the fruit is too near the ground, is overcome by trimming the uprights clean of bearing wood, to the desired height.

ALVIN WILCOX.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1860.

CANADIAN CLIFF GRAPE.

QUITE an excitement and speculation, at one time, was got up with this grape, and many persons were led to suppose that it was a native and well adapted to grow in the open air, and thousands of dollars have been paid for plants that, in almost every case, have, as far as I can learn, turned out a decided failure. The writer, among others, has been gulled and relieved of some of his money—and his only object in writing this brief notice, is to caution others to beware and not to buy the "Canadian Chief" under the impression that it is *hardier* than the Isabella or Clinton, and well calculated to *grow in the open air*.

In 1858, I procured some plants, which I believe to be *genuine*, as they came from a man whom I know to be *reliable*, and were planted with care, and watched over with much solicitude. They were good, strong, well-rooted plants, and, under the circumstances, should have made a good growth the first season, but the buds were a long time in bursting, just as if they knew they were in an uncongenial country, and not in the mild and temperate climate of Southern Europe. Long after other sorts that were planted near by had made a respectable start, my *Canadians* spread their soft and delicate foliage to the morning sun, and for a time appeared to be doing quite well; but soon the ominous dots began to appear on the leaves, and I was convinced their time was short.

Every one who has had any experience with grapes, knows that when they loose all their leaves from mildew or other cause before the wood and buds are perfected, the after consequences are of the most disastrous nature, and in most cases such plants are sure to die the next season, even if they are protected during the winter. My plants made a feeble effort the next season, but cast their leaves earlier than the previous season, and before the next winter they were wholly dead. Had I applied sulphur freely, perhaps the result would have been otherwise.

In the fall of 1854, samples of this grape were sent to the editor of the *Horticulturist*, (Mr. BARRY,) [see *Horticulturist* of November, 1859,] and the following opinion elicited:

"A very large and beautiful bunch of grapes, a foreign variety beyond a doubt, resembling the Sweet Water, but more compact, and larger, and finer, than we have ever seen that variety grown in the open air in this country. We would be glad to learn more of its hardiness, how exposed, and whether it has borne there more than one season."

Now, although the history that was sent with the samples of fruit to Mr. B. was such that he naturally would have come to the conclusion that it was a native, still *he was not deceived*, as the result has shown. If any of your readers have succeeded with this grape in the open air, I will be glad to hear from them. GRAPE GROWER.

Horticultural Notes.

THE SECKEL PEAR.—The precise origin of the Seckel Pear is unknown. The original tree, a few years ago, was alive and fruitful, and specimens from it were exhibited at the shows of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society. A pomological friend recently handed us the following singular account, written by a correspondent of the *Minnesota Times*, which he wished laid before our readers:

"About the year 1761, a Frenchman was banished from his native country, and settled on the 'neck' below Philadelphia. This point of land, then deemed valueless, is a low marsh, lying between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, immediately above their confluence. He built his 'cabin' on the bank of the Delaware. Some years after taking possession, he observed a small tree growing up near his door. He guarded it with scrupulous care. It proved to be a pear tree. When of sufficient age to bear fruit, he found, much to his surprise, that the pears were of a superior quality and lusciousness. Carrying some to market, they attracted unusual attention, and were speedily sold. For two score years, he derived quite a revenue from that source, obtaining fabulous prices.

"I have been told by persons fully acquainted with the facts, that, in some instances, he obtained *thirty* dollars a bushel. From the fact that 'Peter' (his name) was in the habit of hanging his 'sickle,' a useful harvest implement, on a branch of said tree, it took the name of the 'sickle' tree. Modern parlance has refined said vulgarity into 'Seekle.' The art of grafting not being practiced then to any considerable extent, and 'Peter' not wishing to impair his exclusive monopoly, permitted no one to obtain shoots. When he died in 1821, he bequeathed his possessions to Stephen Girard.

"These strange beings had long been neighbors; but a portion of the time inveterate enemies. A reconciliation was brought about in the following singular manner: Girard had a trench cut near the boundary line of 'Peter,' of considerable depth, for the purpose of draining his land. When a 'high tide' was in, this trench was nearly full of water. It so happened one day, that 'Girard' tumbled into said ditch, he was unable to extricate himself, and called loudly for help.

"His enemy, Peter, heard the dolorous cry, and cautiously approached to ascertain the cause. Girard was almost suffocated by the muddy water. It occurred to his mind that it was a happy time to extort a *favorable peace*. He accordingly proposed his own somewhat selfish terms. The well nigh drowned Stephen gladly acceeded, and Peter sighed and sealed the provisions thereof by pulling his heretofore bitter adversary out of the awful ditch. The peace so unauspiciously inaugurated was preserved inviolate to the death of 'Old Peter,' and Stephen Girard became his sole heir.

"After Stephen Girard became the fortunate possessor of old Peter's heritage, he permitted grafts to be taken from the old Seckel tree. By this means the variety was extended. From this one tree, all the numerous Seckel pear trees, throughout the length and breadth of the Union at the present day, originated. Probably but few, even of our intelligent fruit growers, are aware of this indisputable fact."

MR. DOWNING gives a somewhat different account of the origin and introduction of this fine pear, as follows:—"The first pomologists of Europe have pronounced the Seckel entirely distinct from any European variety, and its affinity to the Rousselet, a well known German pear, leads to the supposition that the seeds of the latter pear having been brought here by some of the Germans settling near Philadelphia, by chance produced this superior seedling. However this may be, the following *morceau* of its history may be relied on as authentic, it having been related by the late venerable Bishop White, whose tenacity of memory is well known. About 80 years ago, when the Bishop was a lad, there was a well known sportsman and cattle dealer in Philadelphia, who was familiarly known as 'Dutch Jacob.' Every season, early in the autumn, on returning from his shooting excursions, Dutch Jacob regaled his neighbors with pears of an unusually delicious flavor, the secret of whose place of growth, however he would never satisfy their curiosity by divulging. At length, the Holland Land Company, owning a considerable tract south of the city, disposed of it in parcels, and Dutch Jacob then secured the ground on which his favorite pear tree stood, a fine strip of land near the Delaware. Not long afterwards, it became the farm of Mr. Seckle, who introduced this remarkable fruit to the public notice, and it received his name. Afterwards the property was added to the vast estate of the late Stephen Girard."

FRUITS RECEIVED—From DAVID NEVIN, Gates, two fine apples, for name—proved to be *Baldwins*.

—From NELSON HATCH, Holley, *Catawba* and *Isabella Grapes*. The Isabellas were in fair condition though having lost considerably in flavor. The Catawbas were excellent, the flavor equal to the very best Cincinnati grown, fresh from the vines. If Mr. H. has a mode of keeping different from what we have recommended in the RURAL, he will please give us the facts.

—From E. WILLIAMS, West Bloomfield, N. J., a collection of apples, among them a variety marked Canfield; another, the Queen Apple, which proved to be the Roxbury Russet; what was supposed to be a new variety of R. I. Greening, proved to be the genuine old Rhode Island Greening.

Inquiries and Answers.

APPLES FALLING FROM THE TREES—BEST FOR SOUTHERN OHIO, &c.—(G. W. D., *Hanging Rock, Ohio.*)—Are the apples that fall from the trees before maturing, stung by the *Codling* moth, which deposits its eggs in the calyx of the young fruit during June or July? If so, a white worm will be found in the fallen specimens. See if this is so. We could not judge why your apples fall, without a more particular statement. The best apples for Southern Ohio, is yet, we think an open question. Rome Beauty, Rawles' Janet, Smith Apple, Milam, Limber Twig, Wine Sap, White Pippin, and Broadwell, are recommended by some of the best cultivators.

The Cincinnati Horticultural Society furnishes the following lists of fruits for the vicinity of Cincinnati:

For an orchard of one hundred trees, best six varieties.

Red Astrachan,	10	White Pippin,	25
Benoni,	10	Wine Sap,	25
Maiden's Blush,	10	Rawle's Janet,	20

Best twelve for an orchard of one hundred trees.

Red Astrachan,	6	Fallenwalder,	10
Early Harvest,	4	Wine Sap,	10
Benoni,	6	Rome Beauty,	10
Rambo,	6	Smith's Cider,	15
Fall Pippin,	5	White Pippin,	12
Maiden's Blush,	6	Rawle's Janet,	10

Best twenty for one hundred trees.

Red Astrachan,	3	Newtown Spitzenberg,	5
Early Harvest,	2	Fallenwalder,	5
Early Strawberry	2	White Pippin,	8
Benoni,	3	Broadwell,	3
Summer Queen,	3	Smith's Cider,	7
Maiden's Blush,	6	Prior's Red,	5
Porter,	2	Rome Beauty,	10
Fall Pippin,	3	Yellow Bellflower,	8
Wine Sap,	8	Belmont,	5
Rambo,	4	Rawle's Janet,	6

FRUIT FOR MINNESOTA.—I have long been a resident of Southern Illinois, and am passionately fond of fruit growing, but last fall removed to this cold Northwestern State, Minnesota, where the mercury sometimes falls forty or forty-five degrees below zero. Now can you, or some one of your contributors, give me a list of some five or six varieties, of both apples and pears, which would be likely to succeed in this climate, and would combine the leading good qualities,—large size, good flavor, and, above all, be regular and good bearers? A little reliable information on these points might save us years of experimenting and labor, and perhaps much disappointment. W. M. H., *Minneapolis, Min.*

A FRIEND in the Northwest not long since sent us the following list of apples which he had tested, and found to be *perfectly hardy*:—"*Best six varieties for an orchard of one hundred trees.* Early Strawberry, 15; Early Harvest, 10; St. Lawrence, 15; Fameuse, 10; King of Tompkins Co., 35; Golden Russett, 15.

"*Best twelve sorts for an orchard of one thousand trees.* Early Strawberry, 100; Early Harvest, 50; Summer Queen, 50; St. Lawrence, 100; Fameuse, 50; Dyer, (Pomme Royal,) 50; Bailey Sweet, 50; King of Tompkins Co., 300; Golden Russett, 100; Pound Royal, 50; Newtown Spitzenburg, 50; Male Cade, 50.

"For a list of *twenty varieties*, add to the foregoing, Pound Sweet, Fall Orange, Newark Pippin, Northern Spy, Ribston Pippin, Westfield Seek-no-Further, Williamson, and Swaar."

He also says:—"I have tested upwards of twenty varieties each of pear and cherry, and could not find *one* sort that would endure the severity of the past winters,—even seedling apple trees have suffered."

Nothing but actual experience will prove what pears will endure the extremity of frost specified by our correspondent, but we would try the Beurre Giffard and Tyson for *Summer*, the Buffum, Flemish Beauty, Swan's Orange, and Seckel, for *Autumn*, and the Lawrence for *Winter*. If any of our readers at the West are possessed of information on this subject, either from observation or experience, we hope they will send us notes.

COLORING BLACK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Noticing an inquiry for a recipe to color black, mother told me I had better copy her mode, which she has used several times with great satisfaction. She has colored silk a very good color with it, but it did not possess that lustre which appears upon that colored by a dyer. It is as follows:

BLACK ON WOOL, SILK, OR COTTON.—For every pound of cloth, it will require one ounce of the extract of logwood, and half an ounce of blue vitriol. Prepare an iron kettle with a sufficient quantity of water to admit the yarn, or cloth, to be worked in the dye without being crowded, bring the water to scalding heat, then put in yarn, or cloth, a few minutes. When it is thoroughly wet, take it out and drain it. In the next case, add the blue vitriol, and when dissolved, and the dye skimmed carefully, put in the materials to be colored, and let it remain at a scalding heat half an hour, airing it occasionally, then take it out and rinse it in water. The vitriol water may now be turned into a separate vessel, the extract of logwood dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water brought to a scalding heat and skimmed. Put in the cloth, keeping the dye at the same temperature, and let it remain half an hour, airing frequently, then take it out and drain it,—add the vitriol water to the dye, put it in again, and let it remain 15 minutes, airing as before. Rinse it well.

Clyde, N. Y., 1860. EMILY A. WHITTLESEY.

CAKES, FLITTERS, PUDDING, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having seen and tried many of the recipes in your valuable paper, and finding them good, I thought I, too, might contribute something that would be of benefit to your readers.

SPONGE CAKE.—Six eggs; two cups coffee sugar; two cups sifted flour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a still froth; stir sugar and the yolks together, and when light, add one and one-half cups of the flour. Stir it lightly until thoroughly mixed, then add the whites of the eggs and remainder of the flour, stirring as little as possible to have it mixed. Put in a buttered tin, and place it in a moderately heated oven.

CHEAP FLITTERS.—One pint sour cream; one pint buttermilk; four eggs; one and one-half teaspoons soda; 1 teaspoon salt,—mix and fry as for crullers. To be eaten warm.

INDIAN PUDDING.—One quart buttermilk; three eggs; two teaspoons soda; one teaspoon salt. Add Indian meal enough to make a thick batter. Put in a two-quart basin, well buttered, and steam two and one-half hours. Serve with sugar and cream.

Will some of the RURAL readers please give me a recipe for making raised muffins, and oblige,

Aurelius, N. Y., 1860. MARY.

INDIAN BREAD, HONEY, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being a reader of your valuable paper, and finding a large number of good recipes in it, I thought I would try and help others.

INDIAN BREAD.—One pint of buttermilk; 1 pint flour; 1 pint Indian meal; teaspoonful saleratus; 1 of salt; half teacup of sugar,—stir all together and steam two hours. This makes the best Indian bread I ever ate.

HONEY.—Four pounds loaf sugar; 1¼ do. honey; 1 quart of water; 1 big spoonful gum arabic; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar,—put all together and boil fifteen minutes. This will almost cheat the bees themselves.

TO COLOR SCARLET.—One oz. cochineal; 1 oz. cream tartar, and 1 oz. madder compound to 1 lb. of yarn or cloth. Have the cochineal ground, steep it an hour or so, then add the others. Put in your yarn, and let it lay until it is as dark as you want it, airing it occasionally. Will some one give a recipe for coloring yellow?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Phœnix, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

COOKIES AND BREAD.—The following recipes, we think, are excellent:

MOTHER'S COOKIES.—One cup of butter; two of sugar; three eggs; nearly one-fourth teaspoon of saleratus, dissolved in a very little water; nutmeg to your taste,—roll very soft.

STEAMED BREAD.—Two cups of Indian meal; one cup of flour; two tablespoonfuls of molasses; a little over a cupful of sour milk, and the same of sweet; nearly a teaspoon of saleratus. Steam an hour and a quarter, and bake a quarter of an hour. Eat it warm.—LIZZIE, *Rome, N. Y.*, 1860.

COLORING COTTON GREEN.—In a late RURAL I saw an inquiry how to color green without the compound of indigo. I will give you my recipe, which I think is very good:—Three pounds of fustic; half an ounce of vitriol; 2 ounces logwood chips. Add the vitriol and logwood together,—soak the fustic one day before coloring, dip your cloth first in one dye and then in the other, and then into cold water as soon as taken from the dye. It needs no other washing.

MOLASSES CAKE.—One cup molasses; one cup sugar; three even teaspoons soda; one cup nearly full of buttermilk; one tablespoon ginger; half a cup butter; two tablespoons warm water on the soda. Mix soft.—L. V. E., *Minaville Hill, N. Y.*

LEAD COLOR.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL tell me through its columns how to color a lead color, and oblige?—GEORGIA, *Lansingville, Tompkins Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for *Moore's Rural New-Yorker.*]

'CHEER UP! CHEER UP!'

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

"CHEER UP! Cheer up!" the robin says,
High in the apple tree;
Cheer up! Cheer up! Her greeting kind
The spring hath sent to thee.
She cometh o'er the mountains now
With gladness in her train,
And sparkling streams rejoice to see
Their fetters snap in twain.

Cheer up! Cheer up! Though drifting snow
So long hath wrapt the glen,
The wild rose and the violet
Shall blossom yet again:
And where the wailing wintry wind
Hath swept all wild and free,
Again the lark's sweet song shall gush,—
Again shall hum the bee.

'Cheer up! Cheer up! the seraph Hope
Is singing to my heart;
Cheer up! Cheer up! and bid each weight
Of weariness depart
For where the shadows of distrust
Have o'er thy life-path lain,
The gentle flowers of confidence
Shall blossom yet again.

O, welcome! welcome! gentle Spring,
From Flora's fragrant shore;
Thou comest with the beautiful
To crown the earth once more.
And welcome! welcome! Heaven-sent Hope,
Thrice welcome to my heart,
Thy cheerful presence doth, indeed,
Bid cold distrust depart.

Cambria, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE MISSION OF MADAM GOSSIP.

THERE is one character in the world which is an enigma to man and itself,—that public and unloved character, Madam GOSSIP. We have yet to learn that there is a single redeeming feature in her mission. Neither are we able to understand for what purpose this human back-biter was created. Nevertheless, the Gossip is a reality,—a creature which is never so happy as when seeking, with foul breath, to undermine some neighbor's fair character. Nothing is so sacred but what the Gossip pollutes it with vapid tongue; with sly insinuation, and fancied wisdom, does she spread out her unsuspecting neighbor's peculiarities, magnifying every suspicion her own arts can create, and clothing every act with a slanderous garment.

It is amusing to watch her twistings and turnings as conscience stings her. In her own estimation *she* never does aught censurable,—she, the self-appointed judge and heartless executioner of other's frailties, always talks and acts the paragon of perfectness. Who has not seen her go forth on some tell-tale expedition, and noted how slyly she whispered her ill assorted wares of scandal into other people's ears,—always with the stereotyped precaution, "not to tell for your life." Who has not met her with voracious appetite,—so voracious that she could hardly wait for opportunity to rehearse her silly reports? Who has not met the deceitful creature and heard her very flattering words, when all the while you knew she was lying to her own soul? And what a miserable being she must be. Only think how her mind must be filled with hateful thoughts and wicked surmises. Her brain cannot be otherwise than a moral pest-house,—a hospital filled all the while with degrading memories,—and we know full well that truth never associates with such companions as the Gossip delights to meditate with. And what a task it must be for her to keep community aware of her important secrets. What a load upon memory to keep the record of the bickerings, the faults, and intents of her neighbors. Besides, the creature disclaims prevarication,—never once suspects that she magnifies her tales,—for what she dont tell as absolute facts, she makes up in absolute surmises, simply, or in hints of things strange, mysterious.

Who has not seen her itch like the plague before now, when some of her exaggerations, having returned from the errands she sent them, and been washed of the slime she spit upon them, looked at her with truth's meek eyes till she trembled. How mortals must hate themselves to have to admit the paternity of a falsehood. Especially so, when the highest motive that prompted the debasement was some mean desire to injure the feelings of others, or mar their names, seeking through an unbridled tongue to demolish the fortunes of some one, perhaps, unconsions of her displeasure, and what important airs the hateful creature oft assumes in pursuit of her desires. What inquisitive ways,—what glaring tiger eyes she has. How envious of those outreaching her in their life-labor. What traitorous winks and glances she casts, when her neighbor acts without consulting her wisdom. What a solemn countenance she will put on, to hide the hypocrisy of her own disposition. Who ever saw her striving to cure the faulty, or correcting false impressions. What a contrast between her mission and that of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. One striving to better human nature,—the other a spy upon the earth, laboring to blacken character and heap upon it a monument of lies.

Madam GOSSIP is a blind follower of her blind infatuations. She is a merciless intermeddler in everybody's business but her own,—a prying, detested defamer of character, having a tongue never tiring at its toil. She wears her chosen garb in all places, and her poisonous words sting every conversational circle, at our modern teatables, on the street, and in other peoples' houses. It matters not whether her message is an acceptable one or not, for she cannot be supposed to know that other people have feelings, or that she will regard them, when destitute of all feeling herself. Is her presence a sunbeam in a neighborhood? Far from it. The passion that leads her from house to house, is worse than any pestilence that ever swept the earth. Each repetition of her communications is new seed sown in the soil of deceit, for it takes on a new feature every time her black tongue repeats it anew. Ah, Madam Gossip, you may twist and turn as you will, the world knows you are a gossip still. How easy to penetrate her mask,—how dispicable her acts appear in the minds of those who love candor. And what a fearful price she pays for her propensity. The mark placed on CAIN was no less distinct than is the one sensible men and women put upon the confirmed gossip. O, unfortunate Madam Gossip. Stay your suicidal work. Truth laughs at you, and looks down on you with incomparable contempt. Truth would not touch the hem of your garment for all your seeming triumphs. Truth scorns your railings. Go, get you back to your congenial cavern, hide from the sunlight of heaven, since, if ye will choose the wages of evil report, before good will and peace, in darkness shall ye meet all the kindred offspring of thy crimes.

Pittsford, N. Y., 1860. W. E. EDMONDS.

WHAT IS DUE TO WOMAN.

LET man learn to be grateful to woman for this unbounded achievement of her sex, that she, far more than he, and too often in despite of him, has kept Christendom from lapsing back into barbarism; kept mercy and truth from being utterly overborne by those two greedy monsters, money and war. Let him be grateful for this, that almost every great soul that has led forward, or lifted up the race, has been furnished for each noble deed, and inspired with each patriotic and holy inspiration, by the retiring fortitude of some Spartan, or more than Spartan,—some Christian mother. Moses, the deliverer of his people, drawn out of the Nile by the king's daughter, some one has hinted, is only a symbol of the way that woman's better instincts always outwit the tyrannical diplomacy of man. Let him carefully remember that, though the sinewy sex achieves enterprise on public theatres, it is the nerve and sensibility of the other, that arm the mind and inflame the soul in secret. "A man discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere; man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, and her comfort.

Above all, let not man practice upon woman the perpetual and shameless falsehood of pretending admiration, and acting contempt. Let not men exhaust their kindness in adorning her person, and ask in return the humiliation of her soul. Let them not assent to her every high opinion as if she were not strong enough to maintain it against opposition; nor yet manufacture opinion for her, and force it on her lips by dictation. Let them not crucify her emotions, nor ridicule her frailty, nor crush her individuality, nor insult her independence, nor play off mean jests upon her honor in convivial companies, nor bandy unclean doubts about her as a wretched substitute for wit; nor whisper vulgar suspicions of her purity, which, as compared with their own, is like the immaculate whiteness of angels. Let them multiply her social advantages, enhance her dignity, minister to her intelligence, and, by manly gentleness, be the patrons of her genius, the friends of her fortune, and the equals, if they can, of her heart.—*Rev. F. D. Huntington.*

THE BEAUTY OF THE FAMILY.

WE leave it to you if she don't, invariably, "turn out" the worst of the lot? If she don't cultivate the outside of her head to total forgetfulness of the inside? If she is not petted, and fondled, and flattered, and shown off, till selfishness is written all over her? If she is not sure to marry some lazy fellow, or some drunken brute, who will bruise her body, or her heart, to a jelly, and be glad to come, with her forlorn children, for a morsel of bread to the comfortable home of that snubbed member of the family who was only "our John," or "our Martha," and who never, by any possibility, was supposed by them capable of being or doing anything? We leave it to you, if the "beauty of the family" be a boy, if he don't always grow up a blockhead? If he is not sure to disgust everybody with his conceit and affectation, while he fancies he is the admired of all eyes, even if he don't squander away all the money he can lay his hands on, and finally die in the gutter? We never see a very handsome child, of either sex, set up on the family pedestal to be admired by that family and its friends, to the exclusion of the other children, that we don't feel like patting these last on the head, and saying, "Thank Providence, my dears, that you were not born 'beauties.'"

IDLENESS.—An idle and vacant life, even with all the aid that amusement can give, is not calculated to be a happy one: and this simply because Providence has constituted us with a view to activity, as what was to be the means of accommodating the raw materials of the physical world to our needs. Idleness, therefore, injures and disorganizes, while activity alone will preserve health or secure the prolongation of life. Who, it may be asked in one word, are the happy? Those who have something, and not too much, to do; that something being suitable to their faculties and tastes. Who are the unhappy? Alas! what a large portion of the class is composed of those who, having all their ordinary needs supplied from other sources, do not need to labor!

A WOMAN must be very insensible who is not moved to come upon a higher plane of being herself, by seeing how undoubtingly she is insphered in the heart of a good and noble man. A good man's faith in you, fair lady, if you ever have it, will make you better and nobler, even before you know it.—*Mrs. Stowe.*

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul that slumbered
To a holy, calm delight;

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall;

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife—
By the road-side fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,—
Folded their pale hands so meekly,—
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With slow and noiseless footsteps
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Utter'd, yet not comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft oppressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only,
Such as these have lived and died!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR LIFE—WHAT SHALL IT BE?

LIFE, with its stern realities, its joys and sorrows, its pleasures and pains, is before us. It is given us to use, to improve, and to enjoy,—as the time to use our talents to the best advantage, to perform acts of kindness and mercy, to share the sorrows of others, as well as to rejoice at their prosperity. We cannot strictly define it,—it is alone for the living. The *dead once possessed it*, but it is fled from them. Their eyes are forever closed on earthly things, and their *past* life alone is left to influence that of the living. It is a precious seed-time, in which to plant never-dying seeds, which will blossom in eternity,—a bright dream from which we must all awake,—a day which is followed by the sleep of death,—a bright scene,—a drama of strange pictures, wild imaginations, sunshine and shadow, joy and grief, passing vividly before us,—a fancy which we, ourselves, picture for our future as bright and beautiful, with the summer of happiness and the sunshine of hope ever reigning there.

But the reality,—what is it? It is for ourselves to determine. It is for us to decide whether our life shall be happy or miserable,—whether, as we pass along, we will dispense acts of kindness which will return to us in a ten-fold proportion, making our hearts happy with their presence, or *frown* upon all,—whether we will weave the "web of life" well, or with blemishes. It is for *us* to form good habits, to select proper reading, and to associate with good company, that our lives may be like the sunshine, cheering others, and being bright for ourselves.

On the contrary, we may make it like a dark cloud, cold and repulsive in its appearance. Our lives *do* have a great influence on others, for we cannot act wholly independent,—either, if evil, making those who do well shun us and our example; or, which is oftener the case, leading many from the path of right to be wounded by the reproaches of their conscience, and despised by the world. Even when we are dead, when we have filled the last page of life's book, and passed silently away, our *influence* still remains, and, like the waves upon the sea, spreads and flows onward, until, on the shores of eternity, its breaksand heaves its account there. Ah! fearful must be such an account. And our life,—what must it be? It is sad to think of what it might be. Let our light shine bright, not being hid beneath the cloud of unhappiness, the mask of pride, or the repulsive form of a haughty disposition; but, like the sun, may it rise calm and peaceful. Thus our *morning* of life will be happy, our *noon* honorable and prosperous, and when the *night* of Death comes, with its chilling shadows, our sun will go down brilliant and beautiful,—our faith will guide and cheer us onward, and, in the glorious hope of a blissful immortality, we will sink calmly to rest.

Oh, the good or evil which one life,—one little human life, that seems but a mere speck, when compared with the endless duration of eternity,—may bring forth. It is a serious, and yet a happy thought to contemplate. When we shall stand before the Judge of the Universe, and the countless millions that have lived on the earth like us, and see the result of our lives, like sheaves in the harvest, coming before us, it will be too late then to alter it, if wrong; and "as we have sown, so shall we reap." Will any of that multitude bless us and acknowledge us as having done much good for them,—or will they say, "but for you I might now be happy. *You* led me from the path of right and plunged me in misery?" Truly, life is a serious thing, requiring more than a passing thought.

Our talents are but *lent* to us, and must be returned with interest. Why is it that so many go blindly through life without ascertaining their value? They keep them "hid in a napkin," and without looking at them, count them but one. Many are the owners of *ten* talents, if they but knew it. "To whom much is given, much will be required;" therefore let us search carefully to ascertain what are our means of doing good, and improve them. Did we but realize this, how much more careful would be our actions—how watchful, how earnest would we be to do perfectly right.

Life, at best, is short and fleeting. A few years spent in doing acts of kindness or of evil,—sunshine and shadow,—hot tears over the crushed and silent forms of those we love, who must be buried from our sight,—hours spent in pleasure, in receiving or imparting knowledge,—and it is past,—the record has gone up on high. How important that we improve,—that we strew our path with deeds of love, charity, and benevolence, and, withal, forgiveness,—that we endeavor to lighten the cares of others, and to do good. Oh! the bitterness, the untold misery that has been produced by unkind words. Because of them what hearts have bled, what murmurings and repinings have been produced, what tears have been shed, what hopes of life blighted! How little we appreciate the great importance of *kind* words. Let wealth be taken away,—everything but friends and a mere home,—if we have a sunshiny heart, are kind and pleasant, possessing hope and faith, we will still dwell in almost an Eden.

Let us look upon eternity as boundless, though as having a boundary between it and life. The paths of life all enter it. See the travelers journeying onward—a countless number! How different they appear. Some sorrowful, despairing, doubting, unhappy, and seeming to seek not for happiness! Others, always gentle, kind, and possessing a quiet and peaceful countenance, which is the index of a happy heart. Over the paths of some, rest dark clouds; over that of others, sunshine. Some are helping others onward, and some go coldly on alone. The child, in its joyousness, plucks earthly flowers with a smile, and tears follow when they wither in its grasp. Those in youth, look eagerly forward to the future,—in middle age they wish to be crowned with honor,—in old age they look back on childhood with a mixture of regrets and sorrows. But many are looking up, and a vision of never-failing joys seems to appear before them. Ah! this is a strange picture, and one which cannot be described with all its realities. We, too, are among these travelers. To which number do we belong? Is the sunshine or the shadow over our heads? Do *we* look up for strength, so that when our life *here* is ended, we shall begin a *new* life, which shall never end, and enjoy the glories of heaven?

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1860. ALICE ASHLEY.

PATERNAL DUTY.

THE father who plunges into business so deeply that he has no leisure for domestic duties and pleasures, and whose only intercourse with his children consists in a brief word of authority, or a surly lamentation over their intolerable expensiveness, is equally to be pitied and to be blamed. What right has he to devote to other pursuits the time which God has allotted to his children?—Nor is it any excuse to say that he cannot support his family in their present style of living without this effort. I ask by what right can his family demand to live in a manner which requires him to neglect the most important duties? Is it any advantage to them to be relieved from the necessity of labor? Beside, is money the only desirable bequest which a father can leave to his children? Surely, well cultivated intellects, hearts sensible to domestic affection; the love of parents, and brethren and sisters; a taste for home pleasures; habits of order, regularity and industry; a hatred of vice and vicious men, and a lively sensibility to the excellence of virtue; are as valuable a legacy as an inheritance of property,—simple property purchased by the loss of every habit which could render that property a blessing.—*Selected.*

INFLUENCES OF EARLY CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE early circumstances, physical and moral, of men who leave distinct and permanent influences behind them, are more significant than we imagine. It was no accidental coincidence that reared the most fervent of false prophets in the arid vales of Arabia, the greatest religious reformers among the cold heights of Germany, or the most fanatical of usurpers beside the monotonous fens of Huntingdon. How intimate was the connection of the civil strife in Tuscany with the shadowy and sharp features of Dante's Muse, of the sunny lassitude of southern Italy and France with the amorous melody of Petrarch's numbers, of the fiery passions and stern hardihood of Corsican life with the indomitable will of Napoleon! And who that knows New England, even as modified by a foreign population, by the facilities of modern intercourse and the liberality of an advanced civilization, does not recognize in the sagacity, prudence, hardihood, love of knowledge, industry, and practical consistency and wisdom of Franklin, the vigorous training of that Spartan mother,—the self-reliant disciple of that hard soil and rigid climate?—*H. T. Tuckerman.*

INALIENABLE RIGHTS.—Every woman has a right to be any age she pleases, for if she were to state her real age no one would believe her. Every man has a right to wear a mustache who can. Every woman, who makes puddings, has a perfect right to believe that she can make a better pudding than any other woman in the world. Every man who carves, has a decided right to think of himself by putting a few of the best bits aside. Every woman has a right to think her child the "prettiest little baby in the world," and it would be the greatest folly to deny her this right, for she would be sure to take it. Every young lady has a right to faint when she pleases, if her lover is by her side to catch her.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THIS WORLD IS NOT OUR HOME.

BY JAMES E. AMHERST.

THIS world is not our home,
Our final resting-place,
Where we must stay and never see
Our gracious Master's face.

This world is not our home,
Where sin and sorrow reign;
We have, I trust, a blissful home,
Beyond our toil and pain.

This world is not our home,
Where mortals pine away;
Our home is where the angels sing
In one eternal day.

This world is not our home;
We have a home above,
Where ransomed sinners praise the LORD,
Who saved them by his love.

This world is not our home,—
This world of tears and pain,—
Let us so live that, when we die,
A heavenly world may gain.

O, may we keep in view
Thy dying agonies, LORD,
And may we be, when called away,
Supported by Thy word.

Hillsboro, Ill., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE STORMS OF LIFE.

FANCY generally paints her pictures in light, or, at least, so disposes the sunshine and shadow as to form one harmonious blending which we love to contemplate. The pencilings of Truth are more deeply and darkly delineated,—too frequently, alas! without any cheering ray, save that which the Star of Hope throws out as a beacon amid the surrounding gloom. Thus, again and again, when imagination has been reveling in some scene of repose on the sea of human life, the finishing stroke of stern reality would reveal, in the distance, a cloud like to a man's hand, or a billow bounding onward, bearing the wreck of joys which seemed destined for cloudless skies and placid waters. Such were the thoughts suggested by that poetically beautiful, but mournfully true sentiment, "There are storms on life's dark waters."

I see childhood, innocent childhood, beside a fount which bears upon its bosom a toy ship, gently guided in its movements by a magnet. As we gaze on that which we would fain believe the effects of our own skill, we dream not of the wintry air that will congeal those tiny waves, nor of the [illegible] ness the sunny sky reflected there. But truth says, even to laughing childhood, "There are storms on life's dark waters."

On a lake where

> "The silvery light, with quivering glance,
> Played o'er the water's still expanse,"

a light skiff is gliding. Thoughtless youth is there, lulled into forgetfulness by the soft ripplings of the tide which is bearing the fragile bark onward. Yonder vista is opening to a deeper channel, and more dangerous waves; but we, all absorbed with the present, think not of an adverse wind, or a reflux tide.

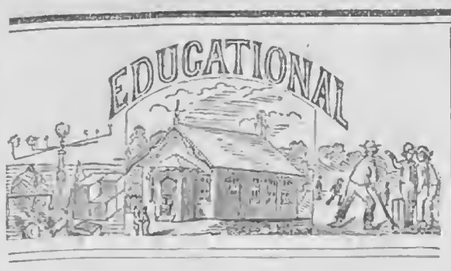
Manhood, as thou sittest by that prow, why is thy countenance stern, and thy brow knit by the indications of rebellious thought? Is there no music in the pensive sighing of the wind through the set sail and tightened cordage? Why dost thou tremble at the lightning's flash, and why art thou silent at the thunder's roar? Of what are they the harbingers, that thou shouldst long for a hiding place? Oh, we know that the dark spirits of the tempest are marshaling the elements, and soon he is to experience that "there are storms on life's dark waters."

Yonder vessel has cast anchor. Age is reclining there, regardless of the helm that has safely guided his once stately but now weather-beaten bark so near its final resting place. Its cords are loosening, the sails flap idly against the mast, and one more mandate will echo through them, that will consign all to oblivion. Of what do the shattered masts tell? What voice have those creaking timbers, and sundering planks? What do the dirge-like sounds of the waves closing o'er them proclaim? All, all give back one answer, "There are storms on life's dark waters!" Youth, Manhood, Age,—venture not on the ocean without a pilot, or sacred compass,—an anchor cast within the vale where He who hushed Galilee's angry waves has a crown of peace for all those who love his appearing, and a passport to rest beyond. J. A. INGELL.

Fulton, N. Y., 1860.

SET THINE HOUSE IN ORDER.—Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates, when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which he gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand." The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck.*

DAVID'S heart was more often out of tune than his harp. He begins many of his psalms sighing, and ends them singing: and others he begins in joy and ends in sorrow. "So that one would think," says Peter Moulin, "that those psalms had been composed by two men of a contrary humor."



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A CRITIC CRITICISED.

With reference to the proper use of the words "ever" and "never," I beg leave to differ from your Mount Morris correspondent. He would have us believe that some of the "most able and popular writers of the Rural," Statesmen, Divines, &c., are in fault by using the word *never* instead of *ever*, in passages like the following:—"His fences, be they *never* so few, should be good." "Let them deal with their neighbors *never* so justly," &c. Now, Webster tells us that "this is a genuine English use of *never*, found in our Saxon authors, and it ought to be retained." Among other quotations illustrating the use of the adverb "never," is this:—"Which will not harken to the voice of charmers, charming *never* so wisely:" i. e., charming so wisely as never before.

All will admit that the word *never* signifies *at no time*. Now, all we ask is, that this phrase be substituted for that of *never*, whenever it occurs in passages like those quoted, where, it will be seen, the sense is obvious, which would not be if *never*, the equivalent of this phrase, were improperly used. Brown merely gives it as his *opinion* that *ever so* should be used in preference to *never so*, and that the former should be written as one word, *everso*. Our critic may find something to the point in favor of *never so*, in Bullion's English Grammar, page 187.

Now, Messrs. Eds., a person would be *never* so pedantic did he not adopt the usage sanctioned by Webster, respectable grammarians, and, especially, "able and popular writers of the Rural."

Wheeler, N. Y., 1860. G.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In looking over the contents of a recent issue of your journal, my attention was particularly attracted by a *summary disquisition* on the two adverbs *ever* and *never*, in which the writer very decidedly disapproves of the use of the word "never" in the place of "ever" in certain sentences then and there given.

Now, I hold to the opinion that so long as men place implicit confidence in all they read in newspapers, or hear proclaimed from the pulpit or the bar, they will not make much progress in knowledge—that is, they will never know much of anything, "*for certain*." We must first learn to doubt, and then we will investigate to satisfy our thirst after the truth,—thus only can we arrive at conclusions dictated by reason. It might have been this skeptical predilection which, while reading the article in question, caused serious doubts to arise in my own mind in regard to the infallibility of the doctrines therein asserted to be true, and the more I read the more I doubted.

"Correspondent" speaks of this *land of Webster's Dictionaries*, as though it seemed very strange where so elaborate a work was studied, that people could be guilty of such gross perversion of the true meaning of English adverbs. Before reading that article, I had supposed that Webster's Dictionary was pretty generally disseminated throughout New York; but it seems that Mount Morris and vicinity has not, as yet, reaped any great benefit therefrom—or, at least, "Correspondent" has not *studied* that work very thoroughly. Had he done so he would not have assumed the position he now occupies. The author of the work referred to has taken a stand in regard to these two words, about which we are disputing, diametrically opposite to that taken by Mr. Brown; and Webster, we believe, is generally conceded to be in the right. Swayn.

King's Ferry, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE TEACHER.

Who is *not* a teacher? What of God's creation, whether possessing intelligence or not, is not an instructer in the world? The ivy that clings to the broad arms of the forest oak, teaches unmistakably the lesson of dependence. The same oak that supported, while in the pride of strength, the drooping ivy, when rifted by the thunder-bolt conveys forcibly to the mind the *weakness* of the mightiest, and how vain it is to clothe ourselves in the false glory of our own greatness, and seemingly lose sight of an omnipotent Power. All nature is replete with instructors. And if man will but listen to their teachings, he will never fail to receive lessons of wisdom, whereby to become acquainted with the character and workings of the great Creator.

But, of the instructor of the *young* mind, we designed to speak more particularly,—of him whose fate it is to encounter the numerous perplexities and difficulties attendant on the teacher's life. We need not here speak of the responsibility of the teacher's position; it has already been written "thread-bare" by abler pens. We speak principally of the evil results following an incorrect knowledge of the real position he should occupy, in relation to his scholars. Not a few instructors of the present day, upon opening their schools fail by clothing themselves in their robes of dignified austerity, seemingly desirous of impressing their strange pupils with the conviction that they are no ordinary personages, and nothing but extreme deference on their part will insure them the prospect of a peaceable existence. This mode of introduction is most admirably calculated to beget distrust in the mind of the scholar; for it is absolutely a difficult task to make a wild school-boy *believe* that any one is *more* than *human*. He is far more likely to bring into requisition, on such occasions as alluded to, his old stock of choice appellations, from which he will select a few for the special adoption of the teacher. The sociable teacher has succeeded best in *all* instances of my knowledge. But a distinction must be made between *sociability* and *intimacy*. The latter, being the opposite extreme of arrogant dignity, is equally dangerous. The influence of the teacher upon the mind of the youth is evidently acknowledged by all; while that of the farmer, the mechanic, and all with whom they associate, only by the few or more observing; hence the young teacher feels that his influence alone is to shape the future characters of the greater portion of his pupils, which becomes indeed a burden to the conscientious mind, and renders him less apt to discharge his duties to the pupil's greatest good, than he would did he view the matter in its true light. W. C. M.

Genoa, N. Y., 1860.

EMULATION AS A MOTIVE TO STUDY.

The intellectual form of selfishness is emulative ambition; a radical disorder in our schools and our scholarship. Let me tell you what I have seen in our Christian New England: two brilliant, light-hearted youths, the rival leaders of their class, all the rest left behind, stretching across the four years' course neck and neck, stimulated by the spur of an eager emulation, sacrificing health and peace, only to drop one into a grave, and the other into mental perversion, at the end of the heat; this instead of that nobler spectacle,—both striving generously together for wisdom's own immortal and unbounded good, each rejoicing in the other's gains, and then, both standing, nay kneeling, rather, gratefully together, on the summit both have reached. We put our pupils too much on this race, not that they may attain a common good, but that they may outstrip each other. To be wise, to be strong, to be masters of life, wielders of bright weapons against all ignorance and wrong,—this is not made the aim,—but the complacency of looking back on the rest. A hateful fire is set running through the fresh growths of these unsordid breasts, which scorches, blights, and blackens, wherever its hot tongue can find a generous feeling to singe. Paint me, said the boy Chatterton, to an artist who asked him for a design; paint me an angel with trumpet and wings, to publish my name over the world! Plagiarism, madness, suicide, were the horrible chapters of his biography. Why talk of following knowledge for its own sake, if our practice teaches children to prize it only as a ladder to renown, or as a price paid for applause? But, my friends, the moment you carry your objection to the conductors of education, they tell you the emulative plan is the only one that the previous management of their scholars allows them to use, with the least hope of getting out of them any tolerable amount of work. That is to say, the trail of the serpent runs all the way, from alphabet to diploma,—and who knows how far beyond? Prior once proposed a system of education, by having sweet cakes cut out in the shape of the letters,—the child to eat a letter as soon as he had learned it,—and so on, till he had devoured and digested this baked alphabet. One is reminded of this philosophy of compound nourishment, when he sees little children made to think that the only purpose of learning is to be fattened, whether on cake, money, or compliments. Suppose rather that, from the beginning of his studies, the boy were made to feel the grand object of them is usefulness to society and the service of God. Suppose the question put foremost by the voice of father, and teachers, and tutor, were how to contribute the largest life to the welfare of man, and so to help others to live; how to lighten the load of the wronged and oppressed; how to raise burdens, and cheer outcasts, and render science the minister of overtasked strength, and turn discovery to the relief of sorrow;

"How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity, more and more."

The mind can never open its largest compass and power under any but the broadest and highest motives. Nor can it ever be too soon to expand it by that Christian measure.—*Prof. Huntington.*

BLY'S IMPROVED ARTIFICIAL LEG.

Wonderful are the improvements of the present age. The sickle and the scythe have taken their place with the almost forgotten flail, and in a few years will only be seen in rural pictures, and heard of only in the lays of pastoral poets. The ponderous reaping and mowing machines walk through the fields like giant things of life, and before them falls the waving grass and golden grain. The click of the sewing machine is heard in many houses, and its use will soon become almost universal, relieving women of a tedious, painful, and never ending labor. We travel almost with the speed of the wind, and use the lightning to notify friends of our coming.

Our mind was led into this train of thought by the examination of a wonderful invention, by a physician and surgeon of this city, Douglas Bly, which is nothing less than an improvement of an important part of the human body. Eyes have been made that look well, but they have been "eyes that see not." Dr. Bly has invented legs that not only look well, but walk so well that they can scarcely be distinguished from natural ones. Therefore, if you should be so unfortunate as to lose a leg, you need not despond, for the calamity is nothing compared with what it was before this invention;—you have only to go to Dr. Bly, and a few days and a few dollars will set you on your legs again, all right. We have read a letter from a farmer in Michigan, whose portrait is given in the engraving below, taken while engaged at his labor, in which he says that he finds the artificial leg to perform all the duties of a natural limb; that he has mown grass in the bog, cradled oats, raked and bound, and performed all other work of the farm as well as ever. From blacksmiths, lumbermen, railroad engineers, and others, we have also seen similar statements.

Fig. 13.

A FARMER WITH AN IMPROVED LEG, AT WORK.

Dr. Bly exhibited his legs at the Agricultural Fairs of this State, the two past years, and has received a diploma, large medal, and the highest commendation. The Committee, in their report last year, declared that "the doctor has not only proved himself a first class inventor, but a public benefactor." We offer, therefore, no apology for bringing this curious and useful invention to the notice of our readers, with such explanations by the inventor as will enable them to understand its operation.

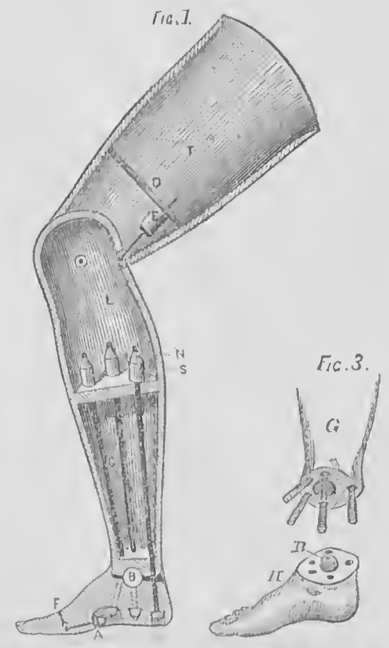


Fig. 1.

Fig. 3.

Fig. 1 is a section of Dr. Bly's Ball and Socket Jointed Artificial Leg. The ankle joint is formed by a ball, *B*, of polished ivory, which is a joint that admits of every motion that the natural ankle does, *without an exception*. The cords, *C*, assume the position and functions of the natural tendons. Only three are shown in full, but the ends of all are seen in Fig. 3. *S* is three of the five rubber springs, which take the place of the muscles of the natural leg. *N* is the nuts, by which the tension of the cords and springs are regulated to suit the wearer. *E* is the spring which operates the knee joint.

Fig. 2 is a posterior view of the leg and thigh; the thigh in section,—showing the knee cords, *K*, which take the place of the crucial ligaments of the natural knee.

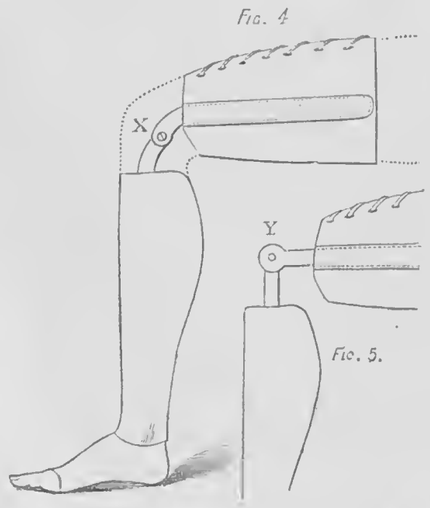


Fig. 4.

Fig. 4 shows the curved joints, *X*, on either side of the knee, as constructed by Dr. Bly, for amputations *below* the knee. The curve corresponds with the natural knee, and allows the pants to set smoothly. And, Fig. 5 shows the joints, *Y*, for the same purpose, as constructed by all other makers.

Fig. 6.

Fig. 6. The right leg of this figure shows one of Dr. Bly's Artificial Legs, worn by a mechanic, and flexed laterally at the ankle joint, the same as a natural leg. It assumes every other position of the natural leg with equal facility.

Fig. 8 represents the ankle joint flexed diagonally, as is often the case when one side of the foot happens to be placed on a small stone, or other obstacle.

Fig. 9 shows the action of the ankle joint when walking on the side of a hill, or on an inclined plane, the foot accommodating itself to the surface, like the natural foot.

The ankle joint accomplishes the great object which the Artificial Leg makers have hitherto sought for in vain, viz: *It admits of motion in all directions, like the natural ankle joint*, and thereby allows the artificial foot to accommodate itself to the varied inequalities of the surface, the same as the natural foot. (See Figs. 8 and 9.)

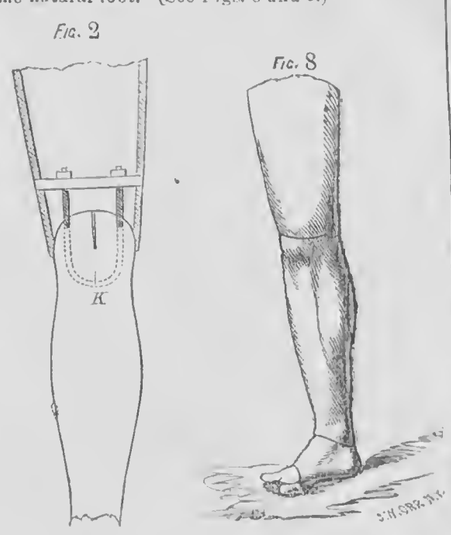


Fig. 2

Fig. 8

The springs are made of railroad car spring rubber, and used by compression; therefore it is not possible to overtax or break them. This will be appreciated by those who have worn legs with metallic springs; especially by those who have worn the Palmer leg. Then, instead of the mechanical motions given a limb by metallic springs, the rubber springs impart easy, uniform motions to the limb, like those of the natural muscles, which give it, when in use, a remarkably life-like appearance. The knee joint, for amputations above the knee, is so constructed that it never requires bushing,—consequently, the annoyance and expense of sending the leg to the maker, to have the joints bushed every now and then, is avoided. The wearing parts of the joint are adjustable, and may be tightened at any time, in a moment, at the option of the wearer.

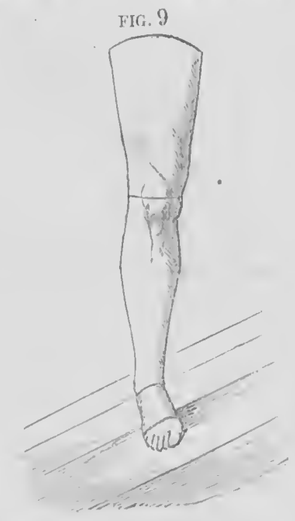


FIG. 9

For amputations below the knee, no artificial knee is required, but there is a jointed steel trap on each side of the knee, which supports the leather lacer. In the construction of these straps, there is another nice little invention, which, like the rest, takes nature for its guide. By laying a femur (thigh bone) on paper, and drawing a line on each side, the doctor obtained the exact curve of the lower end of the bone. Then he gave the jointed extremities of the straps, *X*, the same curve; consequently they work in harmony with the natural joint, and conform to the contour of the knee, which allows the pants to remain smooth and handsome, when sitting with the knee flexed. (See Fig. 4.)

The square or angular straps, *Y*, used by other makers, (represented in Fig. 5,) make a very bad appearance when the wearer is sitting, and are ugly, uncouth things, to say the least. They demonstrate the necessity of taking nature for a guide, in all things pertaining to Artificial Legs.

Heretofore, the manufacture of Artificial Legs has been left entirely to common mechanics, and those who have undergone amputation, but who have little or no knowledge of anatomy; consequently, the construction of Artificial Legs has been merely mechanical, and not anatomical. They have imitated *some* of the motions of the natural leg quite well, but others not at all. Indeed, it could hardly be expected that any one but an anatomist should be able to model a leg so close to nature as to imitate all the varied motions of the natural leg.

To obtain an Artificial Leg, with all the varied motions of the natural one, Dr. Bly has devoted much time, and by frequent dissections, has accomplished the object. He saw that nature used no bolts or pins to bolt or fasten the foot to the leg, but that she nicely rounded the bones at the joint, and held them in place by means of ligaments, tendons, and muscles. Then, taking nature for his guide, he dispensed with all the hinges, pins, bolts, and cumbrous metallic joints generally used in artificial legs, and simply rounded and shaped the joint like the bones of the natural leg, and supplied the place of the natural muscles by means of India rubber springs, and the tendons by catgut cords of sufficient strength, and the leg was a complete copy of nature. Like everything which takes nature for its guide, it is very simple, and not liable to get out of order. It is adapted to all amputations, either above or below the knee.

Having already given a more extended notice of this invention than was our purpose, we will close by referring all who desire further information to its originator, Dr. D. Bly, Rochester, N. Y.

PRESERVATION OF BIRDS, &c.—NO. 2.

In skinning birds as large as a pigeon, or larger, after cutting off the first leg, slip over the part attached to the body a running knot with string enough to hang it to a nail in the wall, as it greatly facilitates the operation. The flesh from the wings, legs, and rump, must be next removed. In small birds, it may be removed from the inside of the wings, but in large specimens, an incision must be made under the wing. Some species of birds will not admit of the skin being pulled over the head, on account of the smallness of their necks, as the Wood Duck, and others, in which case a longitudinal incision is made at the back of the neck to admit the head being turned out, and this cut must be neatly sewed up before stuffing. Sew up all shot holes and accidental cuts, and your skin is ready for a coat of Arsenical Soap, made after the following recipe:—Arsenic in powder, 2lbs.; gum camphor, 5 oz.; white soap, 2 lbs.; salt of tartar, 12 oz.; powdered lime, 4 oz. Smaller quantities in the same proportion. The soap must be cut into thin slices, and put into a crucible, with a very small quantity of water, held over a gentle fire, and frequently stirred, with wood. When properly melted, the lime and salt of tartar must be added, and thoroughly mixed. It must now be taken off the fire, and the arsenic added gently, and well stirred. Reduce the camphor to powder, by beating in a mortar, with a little spirits of wine, and again, well mixed, place it over the fire, to incorporate the ingredients properly, not heating too much, as the camphor rapidly evaporates. It should now be poured into earthen pots, and allowed to cool, after which, it must be tied down air tight, and is fit for use. To use the composition, take the quantity wanted, and add an equal amount of water, and lay on the skin with a brush of suitable size.

As there are parts of the subject that cannot be touched with the preservative from the inside, and as it is necessary every part should be moth-proof, it is necessary to touch them on the outside with mother preparation. Put a large teaspoonful of corrosive sublimate into a wine bottle full of alcohol, and let it stand over night. The next morning draw it off into a clean bottle; then take a black feather, dip into the liquid, and dry it, and if white particles adhere to the feather, it is too strong; add more alcohol, and apply this with a camel hair pencil to all parts not touched with the soap—legs, wings, bill, &c. This may be used without the arsenical soap, but I prefer using the soap inside as far as practical. These are deadly poisons, and require great care on the part of the operator to keep them where none but himself has access.

The skins of Ducks, Waders, &c., being very greasy, after they have absorbed the arsenical soap, require to be well primed with corrosive sublimate.

The eyes are next finished by stuffing through the orbits with chopped cotton, to the proper size, and inserting glass eyes, of the natural color. A little adhesive cement, or gum water, must be inserted to prevent their falling out, and it is a good plan to take a stitch, with a fine silk thread, at the back part of the eye, and tie firmly; it will secure the eye, and, properly done, brings the orbit to its proper size. Put them in naturally, and not give them a squinting, or bulging, appearance, and arrange the eyelids with the point of a needle, till they are perfectly round.

The bird is now ready to be put in position, and for this there is no rule. You must follow the habits of the bird. If it is a bird that perches, place it on a branch, and bore holes through it for the leg wires to pass through, at a proper distance apart, and turn the wire two or three times around the branch, and it will be secure, and you can, by bending the wires, place it in the desired position. Birds that do not perch, place on a flat piece of board. The stands on which you place your birds should be coated with thick white paint, and covered with smalt, or sand. At this point, a knowledge of the natural posture of the bird is of the greatest importance, as "*A Lover of Nature*" discovered scarcely any two birds having the same posture, or habits. In some, the wings cross over the tail; in others, they fall under the feathers of the breast and tail; and, again, others meet in the center of the tail. When a bird is shot, all these points must be noticed. Good engravings will also assist, and here is scope for all the powers of the Naturalist. Having given the position you desire, take a strip of cloth and place under the breast, bring the ends gently over the back, and stick a pin through. This will keep the feathers in place while drying; but if you wish the wings raised a little, place under them a little cotton, omitting the band. Should the wing feathers become out of place while drying, give them a gentle pull; if a large bird, and you wish the wings extended, take two wires and insert to the extremity of the wings, passing them through the ring in the oval, and securing them to its side. If you wish it suspended, in the act of flying, secure a short piece of wire transversely across the back; attach a small wire, pass it through the skin of the back, and it may be suspended from the ceiling. In this position, draw the feet up close to the breast, and turn the head a little on one side. In most positions, it gives more animation to turn the head a little to the right or left. You will require a pointed knife; pen-knife; round, flat, and cutting pliers; a round, smooth stick or two, of different sizes, to stuff the neck; a pair of pointed scissors, and different sized awls and gimlets. W. V.

The noblest employment of the mind is in the study of nature or truth.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Root Culture,.....141
The Carrot,.....141
The Parsnip,.....141
The Turnip,.....141
Beets—White Sugar and Mangel Wurzel,.....141
A Modern Villa, [Illustrated,].....141
Cattle Disease in Massachusetts,.....141, 142
Impoverishing the Soil—Criticism,.....142
Salting Food for Sheep,.....142
More about Farm Fencing,.....142
Lightning Rods, again,.....142

Rural Spirit of the Press—Facts for Farmers; Horse Chestnuts for Cattle and Poultry; Why Barley so often fails in New York; Clover; To keep Tires tight on Wagons,.....142

Inquiries and Answers—Warts on Cattle; An Agricultural Sulky; Hungarian Grass; Manure for Corn; Pine Apple Cheese; To Kill Lice on Calves, &c.,.....142

Agricultural Miscellany—The Weather; Western N. Y. Ag'l, Hort. & Mech. Association; Barometers; Mass. Board of Agriculture; Vermont Sheep in the Pacific States; A Big Corn Crop; Tobacco for Cut-worms; Plowing by Steam,.....132

HORTICULTURAL.

To Make Fruit Trees Bear,.....143
The Flower Garden—Due Van Thol Tulip, [Illustrated,] 143
Grape Culture,.....143
Treatment of Bearing Vines,.....143
Canadian Chief Grape,.....143

Horticultural Notes—The Seckle Pear,.....143

Inquiries and Answers—Apples Falling from the Trees—Best for Southern Ohio, &c.; Facts for Minnesota,.....143

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Coloring Black; Sponge Cake; Cheap Fritters; Indian Pudding; Indian Bread; Honey; To Color Scarlet; Mother's Cookies; Steamed Bread; Coloring Cotton Green; Molasses Cake; Lead Color,.....143

LADIES' OLIO.

"Cheer Up! Cheer Up!" [Poetical,] The Mission of Madam Gossip; What is due to Woman; The Beauty of the Family; Idleness,.....144

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Footsteps of Angels, [Poetical,] Our Life—What shall it be; Paternal Duty; Influence of Early Circumstances; Inalienable Rights,.....144

SABBATH MUSINGS.

This World is not our Home, [Poetical,] The Storms of Life; Set thine House in Order,.....144

EDUCATIONAL.

A Critic Criticised; The Teacher; Emulation as a Motive to Study.....145

USEFUL OLIO.

Bly's Improved Artificial Leg, [9 Illustrations,].....145

YOUNG RURALIST.

Preservation of Birds, &c.—No. 2,.....145

STORY TELLER.

The Storm, [Poetical,] Penny Wise and Pound Foolish,.148

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 5, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

ALTHOUGH the instructions to Minister McLane as Minister to China, issued more than six years ago, have just been made public, they are considered by statesmen here as interesting, in view of the fact that they are in accordance with the policy pursued by the administration through him toward Mexico. As to China, he was entrusted with larger discretion, and advised to establish the most unrestricted intercourse between that country and the United States. It was considered most desirable that any commercial treaty he might be able to conclude, should provide not only for reciprocal free trade in all articles of the growth, produce, or manufacture of either nation, but for the transportation in vessels belonging to each. The instructions read:—Should the revolutionary movement prove successful, and the political power of the country pass into other hands, the instructions continue, you will, at your discretion, recognize the government *de facto*, and treat with it as with the existing government of the country. The empire should be divided and several governments be organized within its present limits, promising stability, you will present yourself to each as the American representative, and enter into treaties with them.

Mr. Fay, U. S. Minister to Switzerland, in a recent letter to Secretary Cass, says, speaking of his efforts in behalf of the Israelites, there is a continual visible movement of public opinion in the right direction, and in all probability the restrictions on them will be gradually abolished. The question has been before the federal assembly. Count Walewski has authorized the French Minister to take every measure he may deem proper to promote the just demand of the United States in the matter. The British Minister will cooperate, his predecessor having been instructed by Lord Clarendon to inform the Swiss government of the sincere satisfaction with which his Majesty's government will learn that the disabilities have been modified, if not entirely removed.

Political Intelligence.

ON the 23d ult., the Democracy met in National Convention at Charleston, to put in nomination candidates for President and Vice-President of our "Glorious Union." The committee on permanent organization reported in favor of Hon. CALEB CUSHING for President, and a Vice-President and Secretary from each State in the Union.

Prominent among the questions agitating the Convention, during the earlier hours of the session, was a motion to strike out the rule relative to the right of each member of each delegation to vote as they think proper, unless instructed by the Convention that appointed them.

The Tennessee, Virginia and Indiana delegations protested against the announcement of the chairman giving the votes of the several States as a unit against the adoption of the rule. Ten of the twelve Tennessee delegates were opposed to the manner in which the votes of that State had been recorded. The vote was finally announced as follows:—Ayes, 101; nays, 198,—so the rule was adopted, and the majority of a delegation cannot compel the minority to vote as a unit, unless instructed by the Convention that appointed them.

A resolution offered for the appointment of a committee on resolutions and a platform, was then called up, and an amendment offered that no balloting be allowed for President or Vice-President until the committee had made their report. The vote was first taken on the resolution for the appointment of a committee, which was adopted. The committee was then appointed.

After the committee on platforms was announced, the motion was renewed on the proposition that no balloting should take place until the report of the committee on platforms be adopted.

The vote was then taken on the resolution and adopted by acclamation.

The committee on platforms had a split, and a majority, with two minority reports, were presented. We can give nothing more concerning the action of the committee than what is contained in the following telegraphic dispatch:

The majority report was read by Mr. Avery, who was instructed to say that entire unanimity did not prevail on a portion of the resolutions. The first and third resolutions in relation to Slavery in the Territories, and the duties of the general government to protect the rights of persons, are adopted by a large majority of the committee. The second resolution in relation to the Fugitive Slave Law, was adopted unanimously; the fifth, in favor of the acquisition of Cuba, was adopted without a division.

The two minority reports were then presented by Mr. Butler, of Mass., and Mr. Payne, of Ohio, the latter stating that his report, although a minority one, represented 172 electoral votes, while the majority report represented only 127 votes.

THE Republicans of New Hampshire held a Convention at Concord on the 26th ult., for the purpose of choosing delegates to the National Convention at Chicago. Delegates at large are as follows:—Edward H. Rollins, of Concord; Aaron H. Cragin, of Lebanon; Wm. Haile, of Hinsdale; and Amos Tuck, of Exeter. Congressional Delegates—Nathan Hubbard, of Tamworth; George Matheson, of Dover; D. F. Marston, of Manchester; Francis H. Morgan, of Francistown; Jacob Burton, of Lancaster; J. O. Bean, of Enfield.

THE Republican State Convention of Kentucky was held at Covington on the 27th ult. George D. Blakesly, Chas. Hendl and W. D. Gallagher were chosen delegates at large to the Chicago Convention.

THE Texas Democratic State Convention has nominated Gen. Sam Houston for the Presidency.

THE Republicans of Maryland met in Convention at Baltimore on the 26th ult. MONTGOMERY BLAIR was chosen President. A mob broke up the first meeting, but the members afterward convened, and elected F. P. Blair and Wm. L. Marshall, delegates at large to Chicago.

The committee appointed in the morning to select delegates from each Congressional district in the State at the Chicago Convention, submitted the following:—1st District, James Bryan and D. W. Owen; 2d, James Jeffries and W. P. Ewing; 3d, Francis S. Corkran and James Wagney; 4th, Wm. E. Cole and Jonathan Schumacher; 5th, Chas. Lee Armorer and E. J. Armorer; 6th, Montgomery Blair and Frederick Idding.

On motion of Mr. Jeffries, the delegates were requested to vote in the Chicago Convention as a unit.

A motion was adopted, that the President be authorized to appoint an Executive Committee for the State, the said committee to form an electoral ticket to be supported by the Republican votes of the State.

A resolution was unanimously adopted, pledging the Republican party to support the nomination of the Chicago Convention, be he who he may. The Convention then adjourned *sine die*.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Pony Express, due at St. Joseph, Mo., on Friday, the 27th, did not arrive until noon of the 30th, owing to the time of leaving the other side being changed. The Express left San Francisco on the evening of the 20th inst., coming through in less than ten days. By this arrival we have California advices to April 20th, and Carson City to 21st.

The first Pony Express, with telegraphic dates from Atlantic cities of April 3d, letters from St. Joseph, mailed 6.30, P. M., of the same day, reached the telegraphic station in Carson Valley at 2.30, P. M., April 12th, whence the news was telegraphed to San Francisco, and published the same evening, in extras, by the Daily Bulletin and Alta California,—the news only nine days from ocean to ocean. The great feat created unbounded enthusiasm.

The Governor has approved of the following bills, passed by the Legislature:

An appropriation of $10,000, for a deaf and dumb asylum at San Francisco; an act appropriating $35,000 for a State reform school, at Marysville; an act establishing county infirmaries for the indigent; and an act appropriating 13,000 to the San Francisco Orphan Asylum.

The prospects for all kinds of crops throughout the State are excellent.

Late accounts of inclement weather and scarcity of provisions, in Carson Valley, have checked temporarily the Washoe emigration.

The California mines are yielding sure returns. The gold receipts at San Francisco during the quarter ending March, were rising of $10,800,000, being an excess of more than $1,000,000 over the first quarters of 1858 and 1859, showing an unusual accumulation of gold. Allison's quartz mine in Nevada county yielded $27,000 from three days' crushing. Accounts from the quartz mines near Jacksonville, Southern Oregon, continue almost fabulous. One ledge, worked by two Arastras, yielded 1,000 ounces of gold. Several of the leads were yielding enormously.

OREGON.—There are conflicting accounts concerning the Sit Similkameen gold mines, and the general impression is unfavorable to mines being of much extent or value.

The Republican State Convention would meet April 14th to nominate a candidate for Congress.

The growing crops throughout Oregon and Washington were in fine condition.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—British Columbia mining news was unusually encouraging. The gold receipts at Victoria averaged $100,000 monthly. Extensive new diggings of coarse gold were reported on the Upper Frazer river. Large numbers of Chinese were arriving from California, and were likely soon to out-number the whites in the mines.

Copper was stated to exist in large quantities on Vancouver's Island.

From Mexico.

ACCOUNTS received in Washington from Mexico, on the 27th, state that Miramon, on returning from the expedition to Vera Cruz, reports at the Capital on the 17th, where he was received by the firing of cannon, ringing of bells, and other evidences of rejoicing. He was accompanied by 1,600 or 1,800 men. There were diverse reports as to his future movements. There is no question but that his government has suffered from great embarrassments, especially from the late extraordinary drafts upon the treasury. In the meantime, forced loans were being levied in every direction for the immediate necessities of the army.

The Minister of France had ordered no drafts to be paid for the present, and that the courts in adjudicating claims against the government or government property should give only formal judgment.

The British and French Ministers were busy with their plans of compromise, with which they were seeking to draw out Minister McLane.

The government of Vera Cruz was nearly in as embarrassing circumstances from the exhausted condition of the treasury as that of Miramon.

An attempt would be made to re-organize the Liberal Army in the North, and for that purpose Gen. Degollado has gone to Tampico.

The Picayune says that news from Tampico states that the union of Tamaulipas Coahiula and Nuedo Leon troops are preparing to unite with other States in the interior to fall upon Mexico, which, it is believed, can be consummated by July, if not sooner.

The re-actionary Gen. Ramirez, had a battle with the Liberal Governor Zacatreas, at Silanese, and defeated the latter. Ramirez entered the city to report or force a loan as customary. Finding no money in the houses of the merchants, he entered by force those of the foreign consuls. He violently opened the safes and took as much money as suited his purposes. The consuls are now in Mexico making their reclamations.

News Paragraphs.

THE London Times, of the 2d inst., has an article devoted to the Irish emigration, from which it appears that the causes which for the last four years have suspended emigration, have no longer any effect, but that there is a regular flight of emigrants from the western part of Ireland. Three hundred passengers were embarked at Queenstown, on the *Edinburg*, for New York. A large number on the *Anglo-Saxon*, for Portland. Two hundred passed through Sligo for Liverpool, and many more were going by Galway. The tide of emigration (says a local paper) has set in in right good earnest from the western province.

MR. ALBERT STEIN has been found guilty of supplying the citizens of Mobile with poisonous water, and fined $2,000, he having used lead instead of iron pipes for leads in the water-works of that city.

THE Pawnbroker's Bank recently established in Boston, for the purpose of effecting loans on personal property at fair rates, is doing a good business, and affords much relief to persons whose circumstances oblige them to raise money in that way. The loans range from twenty-five cents up to thousands of dollars.

THE Lafayette (Ind.) Journal says the Sheriff of that county recently took a young fellow to the Lunatic Asylum from that place, who is remarkably handsome, and whose insanity is believed to have been produced by a morbid development of his self-conceit. Vanity is not satisfied with making people crazy,—it has more victims in the grave than the cholera.

COTTON buyers are complaining of the frequency with which matches are found in cotton. A manufacturer in Coventry lately found a box of these destructives occupying such a situation in a bale as to leave no doubt that they were put there when the cotton was packed.

A RECENT law passed by Congress, provides that when any person shall endorse on any letter his or her name and place of residence, as writer thereof, the same, after remaining uncalled for at the office to which it is directed thirty days, or the time the writer may direct, shall be returned by mail to said writer; and that no such letters shall be advertised, nor shall the same be treated as dead letters, until so returned to the post-office of the writer, and there remain uncalled for one quarter.

AT a recent sale of autograph letters in London, a letter of George Washington, the President of the United States, written when a subaltern in the service of the Colonial Government, to the Governor of Virginia, sold for £15 10s.

A COMPANY chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee, is about putting in operation, at Memphis, a factory for the extraction of oil from cotton seed—converting into the gold of commerce that which but a few years ago was a troublesome surplusage of the southern plantation. The present capacity of the works is 500 gallons per day.

THE pioneer engine Albany, first locomotive west of the Missouri, was put upon the St. Joseph and Maryville road on the 24th ult. The Albany was procured from Eastern companies by the first road west of Albany, and has been the first engine on each road on the chain that has been extended westward, until it stands upon the first section of the central route to the Pacific.

THE steamer A. T. Lacy, Capt. Taylor, from St Louis for New Orleans, was burned on the night of the 26th ult., at the foot of the Island No. 16. Her passengers and officers were saved with the exception of seven children and six of the crew, who are known to be lost. The boat and cargo are a total loss—the former $60,000; insured for $40,000, and the latter $120,000; uninsured. The books and papers were lost.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—There has been but little done in the Senate during the week, the Charleston Convention attracting most of the members.

In the House, the Speaker laid before the House a message from the President in reply to a resolution, in which he says, since the admission of Minnesota into the Union, no act has been performed by him recognizing the existence of an organized government in the remaining or outside Territory of Minnesota. A considerable amount of political talk and wordy sparring consumed the time, consequently no business was transacted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The French and other continental journals accused the English Parliament of favoring the recent Carlist attempt in Spain and the insurrection in Sicily.

According to the London Chronicle, good relations between France and England are fully restored.

A bill is to be introduced in Parliament making the Red River settlement one of the ordinary Colonies of the Crown.

The great prize fight between Heenan and Sayers—about which the papers have for months made such a to-do—took place on the 17th. The brutal and disgusting affair lasted over two hours, and terminated in a general row, both parties being badly bruised, and neither declared victor. For particulars as to the *heroic* gladiators, their training, condition, contest, &c., see political and religious (?) papers.

FRANCE.—The French Legislature had before them the bill permitting raw materials to be imported in foreign vessels at the same duty as in French vessels.

It was reported that there was a continued exchange of notes on the Swiss question. Switzerland protests in advance against any violation of the rights which may result from a vote of Savoy.

It is stated that the French Cabinet is about to address a memorandum to the signers of the treaty of 1815, showing that the annexation of Savoy does not intentionally deprive Switzerland of her strategetical position. Neither does it involve any of the dangers put forward beforehand by the Federal Council of Berne.

An Imperial Commissioner was traveling thro' the neutralized provinces of Sardinia, and is said to have been coldly received in some places.

The Government had reprimanded the Pays and Patrie for giving currency to rumors that England is blamable for the outbreaks in Spain and Sicily.

ITALY.—The Cabinet of the new Italian Kingdom is to consist of eight members,—three from Piedmont, two from the Romagna, and one each from Tuscany, Modena and Lombardy.

Garibaldi had affirmed in the Chamber of Deputies at Turin, that the voting of Nice will be offered under French pressure.

He censured the action of the provincial government of Nice as attacking the liberty of the vote, and proposed an adjournment of the vote in that province.

An order of the day was adopted, expressing the hope that the Government would proficiently provide for the vote of Savoy.

According to the Norde, Count Cavour had ordered two steam frigates to the coast of Sicily, to shelter all fugitives from political vengeance.

The cry at Palermo, as well as at Massini, was for a union with the new Italian Kingdom.

A letter from Naples says the conflict at Palermo was very bloody, most of the insurgents having perished at the barricade.

The army of Sicily was to be augmented to 30,000 men. The insurgents are said to number 10,000 well armed men.

A French war steamer, which touched at Massina, says that on the night of the 8th, the firing of guns and muskets was incessant.

The insurrection at Palermo and Massina had been suppressed. At the latter place the conflict had been severe.

At Palermo the monks fought like lions; several were killed and many arrested.

The whole nation is disgusted and desperate.

AUSTRIA.—There were rumors at Vienna of negotiations for an alliance between Austria, Russia, and England.

Duke Brabant was at Constantinople, and, it was reported, for the negotiation for the purchase of the island of Candia, for 40,000,000 francs.

The answer of Austria to the circular of Thouvenel, on the annexation of Savoy, is like that of Russia, raises no objection to the annexation, so long as it is the free concession of Piedmont, and not an appeal to universal suffrage. She desires the neutrality of Piedmont.

SWITZERLAND.—The Swiss Federal Council, on the 12th, dispatched a note to the powers, which states that as Switzerland had not been consulted on the occasion of the vote of Savoy, she protests against any violation of her rights which may result from such vote.

HUNGARY.—There has been a great anti-Austrian demonstration at the Capital, the occasion being the funeral of a student, who had died from injuries received by the police in the recent demonstration. Six thousand persons followed the corpse to the grave, amidst patriotic cries. The police did not interfere, and there was no disorder.

GERMANY.—The Grand Duke of Baden, despite the vote of the second Chamber, had proclaimed the independence of the Catholic Church. He declares that the provisions of the Concordat shall be sanctioned, and special laws ordained.

The German States of the line are making special defensive preparations.

The News Condenser.

— The first boat for Quebec left Montreal on the 16th ult.

— All the large hotels at Saratoga Springs will open June 15th.

— The Bermuda potato crop will fall off 10,000 bushels this spring.

— The temperance movement is making considerable progress in Russia.

— Six hundred Pike's Peak teams have passed through Des Moines, this season.

— Telegraphic messages are now received in England, in six days, from Calcutta.

— The whole value of buildings now erecting in New York is estimated at $4,464,300.

— The city debt of Hartford, Conn., is $1,100,000, which is a snug sum for a small place.

— Judge Taney is again ill, and will hardly resume his seat on the bench the present term.

— There are 166 soldiers of the Revolution still living. The youngest of them is 89 years old.

— It is stated that Judge Young, formerly Commissioner of Patents, has become insane.

— A monument to Father Mathew is about to be erected in the Central Park, New York.

— An immense bed of marble has been discovered in Michigan, in the county of Presque Isle.

— A company in Linn, Mass., has amassed immense wealth from the manufacture of slippers.

— The sufferers by the late bombardment of Vera Cruz are to have their damages paid by Juarez.

— It is reported that the town of Lewisburg, Conway Co., Ark., has been entirely destroyed by fire.

— A firm in Savannah have just received an order for 200,000 feet of pine lumber for the Holy Land.

— Several insurance companies in New York have recently been dissolved by the Supreme Court.

— During the quarter ending March 31st, the number of slaves that arrived in Texas was about 27,000.

— Hot weather and clouds of dust are the standing complaints of the New Orleans journals, of late.

— The poor house in Stairbridge, Mass., was burned on the 25th ult., and a deaf and dumb girl perished.

— A moose from John Brown's Tract, said to be the first ever taken there alive, is on exhibition in Utica.

— The Haytians have contributed 2,000 bags of coffee, worth $13 a bag, ($27,000,) to the John Brown fund.

— The number of applications for passports at the State Department, now average two hundred a week.

— The recent freshets in Ohio are said to have damaged the Canals of that State to the amount $100,000.

— The census of clerks just taken in Washington, shows that industrious little army to number 908 men.

— The fisheries on the east shore of Lake Michigan yielded, the last season, 29,400 barrels, valued at $169,000.

— A woman in Philadelphia had an eye put out, lately, and was otherwise injured, by the explosion of a coffee pot.

— The great Western Marine Insurace and Trust Company of Philadelphia, has failed, and the failure is a bad one.

— The various powers of Europe borrowed $352,000,000 last year, all but $12,000,000 of which was to pay for wars.

— The one-wife Mormon, Joe Smith, Jr., and his followers, have decided to settle in Kirkland, Lake county, Ohio.

— John Iverson was recently arrested and imprisoned at the South for aggravated polygamy; he had thirteen wives.

— A severe drought prevails in Northern Mexico, causing much suffering among the cattle on the plantations.

— Captain Beatie, supposed to be the oldest man in Southwestern Virginia, died, recently, at the age of 100 years.

— A provisional contact has been entered into for the construction of a railroad in New Zealand, at a cost of $235,000.

— The ladies of Rockford, Ill., are engaged in the very laudable work of setting out shade trees in the park of that city.

— Paris, with a population of 1,250,000, has 35 opera houses, theaters, and hippodromes; London, with 3,600,000, has 27.

— The Austrian authorities have issued an edict against the beard, and forbidding the wearing of the hats called a la Cavour.

— Matthew Vassar, of Poughkeepsie, has, it is said, devoted $400,000 to the establishment of a female college in that city.

— The people of Bennington, Vt., purchased $600 worth of fruit trees, to be set out in the different sections of the town.

— A letter mailed in San Francisco on the 3d ult., was received at South Hadley Falls on the 18th,—by the pony express.

— On Monday week the newspaper express train ran between Albany and Castleton, a distance of seven miles, in six minutes.

— Snow banks eight feet deep are still to be seen on the mountains in Washington, Sunapee, and Goshen, New Hampshire.

— The Jews are raising funds for the erection a hospital, at Cincinnati, for widows and orphans. The sum required is $30,000.

— The cholera is raging with great violence on the Malabar coast. Of 5,043 people attacked by this awful scourge, in January, 4,428 died.

— It is said that evidence enough has been obtained to convict six members of the N. Y. Senate, and eight of the Assembly, of having been bribed.

— There was, April 15th, ice formed on the Penobscot river, near Bangor, strong enough for skating. The thermometer was only 10° above zero.

— On the 21st ult., at 9 a. m., 15 miles south of the Highlands, 4 large whales came within 400 yards of the steam-tug Huntress, of New York.

— The Legislature of Missouri have refused to assemble the third time at the order of the Governor, and the Governor does not know what to do.

— Five bodies, all, but one, bodies of men, have been picked up at Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, supposed to be those of passengers of the Hungarian.

— Rome is in such a miserable condition that Englishmen and Americans are attacked and robbed in open daylight, while passing along the streets.

— The Charleston Courier mentions a cauliflower, grown near that city, which measured 3 feet 8 inches in circumference when divested of its leaves.

— The Massachusetts shoemaker strikers have spent as much in their public demonstrations as the increased wages demanded would amount to in a year.

— All the Georgia lottery grants are foreclosed by prohibition of the drawings under a penal enactment of the State Legislature, to take effect on the 1st of June.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Everybody's Lawyer, &c.—John E. Potter.
Dick's Accountant and Dispatch Patent—Robert Dick.
Wood's Improved Mowing Machine—Walter A. Wood.
Black Hawk Messenger—Elias Sharpe.
Goodrich Seedling Potatoes—K. E. Reynolds.
Broom Corn Seed—John Rapalje.
Seed Spring Wheat—C. H. Witmers Sons & Co.
Agents Wanted—I. Hale, Jr., & Co.
Hungarian Grass Seed—John Rapalje.
Nansemond Sweet Potato Plants—C. B. Murray.
Seed Corn—John Rapalje.
The Great Austin Shaker Seedling Strawberry—Chauncy Miller.
Wanted—Gill & Co.
Carolina Sweet Potato Plants—A. M. Purdy.
Wanted—N. M. Hulbert.
Choice Flower Seeds by Mail—John Rapalje.
Employment—E. D. Fisher.
Farm Wanted—J. N. Weller.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cure for Colds—Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Special Notices.

COLDS.

FEW are aware of the importance of checking a Cough or "Common Cold," in its first stage; that which, in the beginning, would yield to a mild remedy, if neglected, soon attacks the Lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" containing demulcent ingredients, allay Pulmonary Irritation.

Publisher's Special Notices.

☞ A NEW QUARTER of the RURAL began with April, a good time for single or club subscriptions to commence. We can, however, still supply back numbers, so that all who wish the complete volume for reference or binding, will be accommodated. ☞ Every person remitting, according to our terms, for a club of 6, 10, 15 or 20 *previous to 1st of May*, 1860, will receive a dollar package of choice imported FLOWER SEEDS, as heretofore offered.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, May 1, 1860.

FLOUR—Winter wheat flour has taken a movement upward equal to 25 cents per barrel on choice brands, and is quite firm at the advance. Spring wheat flour is at last quoted rates.

GRAIN—Best white Canadian wheat has put 3@5 cents ꝑ bushel on the range of last week, and may now be quoted at $1,50@1,55. Genesee without change. Corn is bringing 4@5 cents a bushel more than at date of our last report.—Oats have advanced 2 cents per bushel. Rye dull at quoted rates. Barley drooping and in little demand.

PROVISIONS—Mess Pork is 50 cents per barrel better this week than last. We do not alter rates for lard, but it is exceedingly firm at quotations.

DAIRY, &c., without change.

HAY is falling off—$10@16 being the extremes.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00
Flour, spring do.	$5,00@5,25
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75
Meal, Indian	$1,38@1,38
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,48
Best white Can'a	$1,50@1,55
Corn, old	60@70c
Corn, new	60@60c
Rye, 60 lbs. ꝑ bu.	72@73c
Oats, by weight	31@32c
Barley	55@62c
Buckwheat	00@00c
Beans	75@85c
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00
Pork, cwt.	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ꝑ cwt.	$4,00@6,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75
Mutton, carcass	4@6c
Hams, smoked	10@11c
Shoulders	7@7½c
Chickens	9@10c
Turkeys	00@12c
Geese	31@44c
Ducks, ꝑ pair	38@44c
DAIRY, &c.	
Butter, roll	12½@14c
Butter, firkin	00@12½c
Cheese	10½@11½c
Lard, tried	11@11½c
Tallow, rough	7½c
Tallow, tried	10@10½c
Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Honey, box	16@16c
Candles, box	12@13c
Candles, extra	11c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	63@85c
Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Peaches, dried, ꝑ lb	18c
Cherries, dried, ꝑ lb	18@20c
Plums, dried	16@18c
Potatoes	25@35c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	5@6c
Calf	9@10c
Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Lamb pelts	60c@$1,00
SEEDS.	
Clover, bush	$4,75@5,00
Timothy	3,00@3,50
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Coal, Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,10
Hay, ton	$10,00@16,00
Straw, ton	$6,00@8,00
Wool, ꝑ lb	30@45c
Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Codfish, ꝑ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30.—FLOUR—Market dull and 5@10c lower. Shippers are not operating to any material extent, while the home trade refuse to purchase more than sufficient to supply at the decline. Sales at $5,35@5,45 for super State, $5,50@5,60 for extra do; $5,40@5,45 for super Western; $5,60@6,00 for extra do; $6,15@6,25 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and heavy.—Canadian less active and prices a trifle lower; sales at $5,70@7,40 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy at 1@2c lower; shippers refuse to buy to any material extent; sales prime Milwaukee club at $1,33; white Michigan at $1,67½c, delivered; while California on p. t. Rye steady; sales at 85c, delivered. Barley dull and lower; sales lake Shore at 70c. Corn without striking change; export demand limited; sales at 79@80c for mixed Western; 82c for yellow Southern and Jersey; 84@85c for white Southern. Oats plenty and dull at 43@44c for Western and Canadian; 44@45c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy and lower; sales at $17,75@17,87 for new mess; $17,50 for old do; $17,25@17,43 for thin do; $14,02 for new prime; $12,87 for old do. Lard firm; sales at 10¾@11½c. Butter dull at 10@15c for Ohio, 10@20c for State. Cheese 10@12½c.

ASHES—The market is without change for either kind; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,62½.

ALBANY, APRIL 30.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Our market for Flour is rather quiet with a limited business doing at previous prices. Holders do not appear anxious to realize and the sales are mainly confined to the immediate wants of the trade. Corn Meal is steady and unchanged in value.

Common to good State,	$5,25@5,35
Fancy and extra State,	5,40@5,50
Common to good Western,	5,25@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,75@7,00
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,25
Common Canadian,	5,25@5,75
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,50@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,60

Corn meal, steady and salable at 12@15s. ꝑ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—The advance in Wheat has tended to check the inquiry and we have only to note a sale of white Indiana at $1,70. The transactions in Corn are limited and confined to car lots with sales at 79c for Western mixed, and 80c for round yellow. Barley quiet and unchanged. Oats are held more firmly and for cargoes of both State and Canadian, here and near at hand 43c is asked. No sales.

FEED—The supply is good with a moderate but steady demand. Sales 3,000 tn. 25 lbs feed at 31.

BUFFALO, APRIL 30.—FLOUR—Market quiet and quotations, except for extra Wisconsin, which is scarce and firmer, rule steady. Sales at $5@5,12½ for extra State and Canadian from Spring wheat; $5,25@5,50 for extra Wisconsin; $5,5@5,75 for extra Ohio and Indiana; $6@6,50 for double extras. Included in the sales were small lots of the latter to the town trade, at $4,75.

GRAIN—Wheat very quiet, and nothing of importance transpiring this morning; sales Saturday evening include Canada club at $1,16½@1,16½; No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,15@1,16. Corn quiet and nominally lower; sales Saturday afternoon prime Illinois yellow, to arrive, at 62½c; No. 1 do, also to arrive at 63c. Oats firmer; sales Canadian on p. t., but understood from outside parties to have been at an advance of 1c.

Other articles quiet and unchanged.

Canal Freight—Steady, with the exception of flour, which has this morning been taken at 42c to New York.

TORONTO, March 28.—GRAIN—The market for Winter wheat during the week has been very animated, and rates close with an advance of 10c, per bushel. For the best samples of white winter, $1,45@1,47 has been frequently paid, and in one or two cases $1,48 and $1,49 ꝑ bushel. For medium, $1,38@1,43; and for ordinary and common, $1,30@1,37½. The average price on Tuesday, which was the best market day for the week, was about $1,45. Yesterday the market was still more animated, and $1,50 was reached in one or two cases. The average price for the day would be about $1,47 per bushel. For spring wheat the market has also been active, and $1,05@1,10 has been freely paid for good lots, and in one or two cases $1,12½ has been realized. Oats have not been so freely offered within the past few days, although in the early part of last week they were plentiful. We quote them by the car load at 31@35c.—by farmer's loads delivered, at 35@37½c. ꝑ bushel. For Peas the demand has been good at 58@60c. for ordinary, and 61@63c. for prime and extra. In Barley and Rye but a small business has been done. Both grains are scarce, and rates are almost nominal at 65@70c. for the former, and 75c, for the latter.

SEEDS—The stock of Seeds is lighter, and both Timothy and Clover are firm, the former at $3@3,25 and the latter at $5,25.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 25.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ꝑ cwt. $9,75@10,25; ordinary, $9,00@9,50, common, $7,75@8,75; inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ꝑ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ꝑ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6⅜c; all others, 5¼@6¼c.

ALBANY, APRIL 30.—CATTLE—The number on sale today is more than 300 less than last week. The cattle, however, are heavier, and it is not extravagant to say there is at least as much beef here now as then. There is a brisk inquiry from the East, and perhaps not less than 1,000 head will be taken in that direction. Prices have advanced ⅛c. ꝑ lb, live weight, on all grades, and on one or two of the upper grades nearly ¼c.

Receipts.—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	3,442	3,778	2,368
Sheep,	1,311	720	870
Hogs,	416	861	833

Prices—The market is unusually active at the following quotations—over 1,500 head having changed hands:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5¾c	5¼@5½c
Extra	4¾@5¼	4½@5
First quality	4¼@4½	4 @4¼
Second quality	3½@3¾	3 @3½
Third quality	2¾@3	2½@2¾
Inferior	2¼@2½	@2¼

—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, APRIL 25.—Whole number of Cattle at market 233—about 200 Beeves, and 33 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,50@7,75; first quality, $6,75@0,00; second quality, $5,50; third quality, $3,75@0,00; ordinary, $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$100@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@60.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@22; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,795 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,00 each; extra, $2,50, 3,00@5,00 each, or 3½@5½c ꝑ lb. live weight.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ꝑ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

BRIGHTON, APRIL 26.—At market 800 beeves, 90 stores, 1,700 sheep and lambs, and 2,000 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,00@7; third quality, $0@5,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$40@44; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $25@27.

HIDES—7@7½c ꝑ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ꝑ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ꝑ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,50; Extra, $3@5,00.

PELTS—$1.25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6¾@7½c ꝑ lb.; retail, 7c @9c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 26.—Domestic Fleece and Pulled Wools are in moderate request, at prices showing no important change; sales of 65,000 lbs. State and Western Fleece at 36@54c. for common to full-blood Merino and Saxony; 60,000 lbs. California and Texas at 15@25c., and 35,000 lbs. pulled at 36@38c, for super city, and 40@44c for super and extra country. Foreign is quite dull, but holders are indifferent sellers, unless at full previous prices.—*Tribune.*

ALBANY, APRIL 30. The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

American, Saxony Fleece,	54@58c
American, Full Blood Merino,	48@52c
American, ½ and ¾ Merino,	43@46c
American, Native and ¼ Merino,	34@38c
Extra, Pulled,	42@47c
Superfine, Pulled,	36@38c
No. 1, Pulled,	28@30c

[*Evening Journal.*

BOSTON, APRIL 26.—The demand for domestic wool continues quite moderate, with sales of 75,000 lbs., principally medium and fine fleece, at 45@55c.; and superfine and extra pulled at 40@52c, ꝑ lb. The transactions in foreign comprise 200 bales, mostly Mediterranean, South American, at prices we did not learn. We quote:

Saxony & Merino	53@65	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	50@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	40@48	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	25@38	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@55	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@33

CHICAGO, April 26.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

FLEECE—Common, native	30@34c
Quarter blood	32@35c
Half blood	35@37c
Three-quarter blood	38@42c
Full blood Saxony	45@48c
PULLED—No. 1	20@35c
Superfine	30@35c
Extra	35@40c
Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat.*

Marriages.

IN Kalamazoo, Mich., April 18th, by Rev. WM. S. HUGGINS, at the house of P. C. DAVIS, Esq., Mr. PORTER L. HAINES and Miss ANNA F. STEVENS, both of Kalamazoo.

Deaths.

IN Wheatland, April 27th, ZACHARIAH D., son of WM. and ELIZABETH D. GARBUTT, aged 18 years.

Also, April 29th, PHEBE N., their youngest daughter, aged 21 years and 10 months.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, In Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

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☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. Dick has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not practically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 537-tf.

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Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.
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WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
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LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE STORM.

CHANT low thy solemn dirge,
Impetuous, ruling storm!
Let thy low, moaning wail
Die on the passing gale,
Like sudden hope forlorn.

Full many a fragile form
By thee is reckless swayed;
And thy cold, piercing dart,
Round many a true, warm heart,
Hath bitter ruin made.

Beside that cottage hearth,
Where ruddy fire-lights glow,
Where smiles the bright lips wear,
Most beautiful and rare,
Thou bring'st darkness,—woe.

There, dimpled hands are clasped,
In guileless, child-like glee;
They feel not thy cold sting,—
They reck not on thy wing
Death there enthroned may be.

But list to that low sigh
Borne on the morning gale;
O, Father! stay the storm,
Their tears are flowing warm,
Grief in their hearts prevail.

No cheerful fire-light's blaze
Doth gladden with its light;
Cold shivering limbs are there,—
Hearts dying with despair,—
And sorrows crushing blight.

Son of the storm! protect
Hearts wrung by penury;
Let infinite command
Restore the zephyrs bland
To sweet tranquility.

Thou who didst fearless walk
Upon the surging sea,
O, Thou canst guard from ill,
By Thy Omniscient will,
Children of Poverty.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860. MARY A. B.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

THE sun was just going down, in a smoky July sky, and sending long bright gleams over the hill tops. Some of them, straggling across acres of green meadows, and brown, nodding wheat fields, strayed through the window into the great kitchen of JOSEPH STREETER'S farm house.—Pretty NELLIE STREETER, busily setting the table for supper, glanced a welcome from her cheery face as the sunbeam stole across the white cloth, and carolled, half to herself,

"Oh! I love the merry, merry sunshine,
For it makes the world so glad."

At the sink stood farmer STREETER, with his sleeves rolled up above his elbows, vigorously dashing the cold water upon his sunburned face and arms, stained with the dust of a day's labor.

"We shall have a good hay-day to-morrow," said he, looking out at the window as a long red ray stole in. "I mean to try and finish that south lot to-morrow, so as to take a fair start with the wheat next week. NAT and GEORGE must stay out of school and help. One day won't make much odds with what they'll learn at school, I reckon."

Farmer STREETER was a very positive man, and as he concluded his remark, he polished off his ruddy face, and hung up the towel with a look that said, very plainly, "it will be of no use for any one to oppose me,—I shall have my way."

NELLIE stopped half-way in the tune she was humming, and sliced the bread in silence. Little, meek-faced Mrs. STREETER looked up with a troubled face, from the steaming coffee-pot, and ventured a timid remonstrance.

"Now, JOSEPH, I wouldn't. You know next week is examination, and the boys want to stand well in their classes."

"Examination! well, they'll study all the better for a little hard work."

"But you know you kept them out two days last week, and NAT said he would not be out again for five dollars," and Mrs. STREETER'S voice grew more courageous, pleading for the boys.

"NAT is a lazy fellow, and hates to work,—he'll learn to value dollars when he has to earn them himself. He's been in school too long already, and I mean this shall be his last term."

"Now, JOSEPH,"—

"Now, Mrs. STREETER," interrupted her husband, "you know those boys are being spoilt with the notions they are getting about education. I am going to make plain, practical farmers of them, none of your gentlemen farmers, with their books and theories, and I don't mean to give them any better education than I have got myself,"—

"But, JOSEPH,"—

"Don't interrupt me. I don't want to hear any of your talk about a change in the times, and the importance of intelligent labor, and all that. I've got it all by heart, and I'm sick of hearing it. I can tell you I was born in as good times as ever my boys will see, and was brought up in a sensible manner. I only wish people now-a-days were as wise. It's no use to talk to me, Mrs. STREETER," and he planted himself firmly in a chair.

No use to talk to him! she knew that very well, so she set down the coffee-pot, with a faint little sigh of resignation. NAT and GEORGE came in from the "chores," that filled up the hours after school, fresh and vigorous, fairly running over with the fullness of boy-life and spirits.

NAT was fifteen, tall and finely formed, and his father's special pride. He looked at him as he raised his glowing face, all dripping from its plunge in the water, and half repented that he had called him a lazy fellow. "NAT will make a first-rate farmer," thought Mr. STREETER. "I can safely trust the old place in his hands, when I have done with it." The little cloud was forgotten, and the family seated themselves at the table.

"Well, father, how many loads did you get off from that mowing lot to-day?" asked NAT with a good deal of interest.

"Ten,—good, round loads they were, too. The grass is all cut now except the south lot, and I am going to try and get that down to-morrow, so as to finish up this work."

NELLIE rattled her teaspoon nervously, and Mrs. STREETER looked uneasy.

"NAT and I will be at home to help about the wheat. Examination comes off on Tuesday, and then we shall be free for six weeks."

"You will have to help me to-morrow," said Mr. STREETER, without looking at GEORGE. "I dare say one day will make no difference."

GEORGE was like his mother, timid and yielding, so he only glanced despondingly at NAT, and said nothing. NAT applied himself diligently to his supper for a moment, and then said, in a voice that betrayed his effort to control it,

"We are reviewing the most difficult parts of our studies, sir, and the lesson for to-morrow is one we lost when we had to stay out in planting time."

"It is in cube root," chimed in GEORGE, "and I never could explain it. The examination will be public, too."

"You'll live just as long if you never learn to explain it. The long and short of it is, that I have engaged two men to cut that hay and I want both of you to stir it."

"SIMON GARRETT'S boys want work to do, and they are good hands," suggested Mrs. STREETER.

"JOSEPH STREETER'S boys want work to do," said the farmer angrily, "and they shall have it, too,—enough of it to take all foolish whims out of them."

The meal was finished in silence, and at its conclusion NAT went into the garden, with a hard, defiant look upon his face, and worked until dark among the vegetables. When he came in, the look had changed for one of resolute but quiet determination. He had gone through with one more of a series of struggles with himself. The first of which lay some years in the past, and he did not like to think how far in the future the last might be. It was a struggle between a feeling of discouragement that pleaded in this fashion:—"It is of no use for you to try to be anything more than an ignorant, delving man. Everything is against you,—you have to fairly fight for every day of schooling,—why not give up, and throw your whole energies into the work of getting rich." This, on one side, and on the other, something better and nobler that said:—"No, *never* give up. You settled this matter two years ago, now stick to your resolution. You must yield to circumstances now, that are beyond your control, but don't lose sight of your mark. Above all, don't get angry,—don't get discouraged,—*rule your own spirit*, NAT STREETER,—rule your own spirit."

"I'll do it," said NAT, aloud, as this mental dialogue was concluded; and in the energy of his determination he hoed away furiously at the last hill of corn, hung up his hoe, and went into the house, with the light of that resolute smile still upon his face.

His mother looked anxiously at him, as he sat down in the door and pushed the damp hair back from his forehead, but she saw the smile and was satisfied.

NELLIE had gone to chat with a neighbor, and GEORGE had gone up to bed, for the short summer evening was worth little for study, and he felt tired and discouraged. NAT stayed for a few moments, talking cheerfully with his mother of some little jobs he had planned for vacation, to improve the yard and garden, then took his light and went up stairs.

"Are you going to study to-night," said GEORGE, sleepily, as NAT seated himself at the table. "I wouldn't touch a book. I have just made up my mind to stop trying, for it isn't of any use at all. I do believe we have been kept out half the days this term. The older we get the worse it will be, and we may as well give up one time as another."

"I'll *never* give up," said NAT, taking up slate and pencil. "GEORGE, do you remember what Mr. FOSTER set you for a copy, yesterday?"

"Oh, yes!" said GEORGE, half starting from the bed, "I thought it was so grand:

'Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.'"

"Boys!" called Mr. STREETER from the foot of the stairs, "put out your light and go to bed. I want you up at four o'clock to-morrow morning. Not another word from you to-night."

"Well, that examination is over at last," said NELLIE STREETER, coming into the kitchen at evening with her bonnet in her hand. "There was a perfect crowd of visitors,—almost everybody in town was there."

"How did the boys get on?" asked Mrs. STREETER?

"NAT did finely in most of his studies, though you know he is not very quick at figures. But poor GEORGE,"—and a flush of vexation came over NELLIE'S face,—"all the scholars say he is one of the very best in school, but when the committee questioned him, he failed badly on an important part. 'How is this,' said Judge HAMMOND, 'you used to stand well in your classes.'

'Master STREETER was absent when we were reviewing that subject,' said Mr. FOSTER, who wanted to excuse him.

'So much the worse,' said the Judge; 'a boy who takes an interest in his studies will not allow trifles to keep him away from school.'

"Poor GEORGE was as pale as a sheet, and I was so sorry for his mortification that I could not help crying. It was so unjust, too, for it isn't his fault that he has been absent. I think it is too bad in father,"—

"Hush, NELLIE. Your father does what he thinks is best for the boys."

"*Lie there!*" said GEORGE, coming into the room, and dashing his book into a corner. "I don't care if I never open you again. To be disgraced so before all the town, after trying as hard as I have." The excited boy fairly broke down in a fit of passionate tears.

"Seems to me, GEORGE," said his mother, in a soothing manner, "it would be a great deal more disgraceful to fail if you *hadn't* tried as hard. You know now you have done the best you could, and you must try to bear the disappointment."

"Never mind, GEORGE," said NAT, "we all know you are not to blame. Mr. FOSTER and the scholars think just as well of you as ever, and I don't see why you shouldn't think just as well of yourself. Do you 'spose I should think I was blind if Judge HAMMOND should tell me I hadn't any eyes? He'll see the day when he'll be glad to take off his hat to the Hon. GEORGE STREETER."

"If I ever do come to anything," said GEORGE, wiping his eyes, "he will think it was all owing to the rebuke he gave me to-day."

"What kind of an apple crop are you getting this fall, Mr. STREETER?" asked a neighbor, leaning over the orchard gate, toward the middle of October.

"Rather small, this year, and somehow the apples are not very fair. This orchard seems to be running out. NAT wants to plow it up, and cultivate about the trees,—some new-fangled notions he got out of the papers,—but I tell him it's all nonsense. A tree is a tree, and I don't see any reason why an apple tree needs any more tending than an oak. I have about made up my mind to give up raising fruit,—my land isn't the right sort for it."

The neighbor smiled, but said nothing. Presently he said, "Some of us have been thinking it would be a good thing to have a course of Agricultural Lectures here this winter. We might get a great deal of valuable information, and then it would rouse the farmers up, and set them to thinking and experimenting for themselves. We need something to start us out of the old, beaten track."

"The old track is good enough for me, neighbor,—good enough for me," said Mr. STREETER. "I never knew any good to come of this experimenting, and then these lecturers are a parcel of men with their heads full of fine-spun theories, that nobody can ever put to practice. There was that Professor W——. Why, he couldn't even call things by their right names. He talked all the evening about the *Brassica* family, and all the time he meant cabbage and turnips."

"Oh, well, we mean to get real practical men this time, that will tell us in plain terms something we all need to know. We want to know the best thing to do, and the best way to do it. Our boys need something of the kind to stimulate them to study, and show them that farming is work for educated minds, as well as muscles."

This last was the very worst argument he could have used. It roused up the farmer at once.

"I want no such thing for *my* boys, I can assure you. They have got too many such foolish notions now. I got a decent amount of learning at district school before I was fourteen years old; then I went right to work on the farm, and never troubled my head about books. When my father died, he left me this farm, and I have always worked on it just as he did, and followed in all the ways of farming that he taught me, and I have made out to *live*, sir, and reckon I am about as forehanded as my neighbors. I want NAT to do the same, and if he does not, he shall never have to blame me for putting high notions into his head."

"Then you won't subscribe anything toward the course of lectures?"

"*No sir*, I shall not."

"How anxious he is for your good," whispered GEORGE to NAT with a comical grimace, as he lowered a basket of apples from the tree to his brother. "You ought to feel deeply grateful to him. He don't seem to care so much what becomes of me." GEORGE was giving way of late to a sort of reckless spirit. NAT said nothing, but he looked grave and troubled. More than a year had passed since the examination, and wrought changes in both the boys. [To be concluded next week.

SALMAGUNDI.

THE truly independent man is he who is free from obligations.

THE best adhesive label you can put on baggage, is to stick to it yourself.

RUNNING accounts will run away with a person's credit more rapidly than anything else.

THE man who is fond of puddings and pies, places himself fearfully in the power of his wife.

THE vain man idolizes his own person, and here he is wrong; but he cannot bear his own company, and here he is right.

QUAINT old Fuller says:—"Let him who expects one class of society to prosper in the highest degree, while the other is in distress, try whether one side of his face can smile while the other is pinched."

A CINCINNATI GENTLEMAN, last week, drove from his parlor a youth who was courting his daughter, and the young fellow took his revenge the same night by firing the premises. The old gentleman should have remembered that a spark will set a house on fire.

A MEDICAL correspondent sends us a communication upon the sensations of a man who is hanged. We can see no good reason for publishing it. If our readers are honest, they have no occasion to know how a man feels when he is hung; and if they are not, they are likely to find out without being told.

AN English traveler describes the speechless amazement with which a wild Arab chief of the desert watched, in a tent near Cairo, the development of a photograph of the Great Sphinx. When the features of the mysterious sculpture were revealed on the glass, the Arab turned to his companion, and, pointing to the photographer, exclaimed:—"He is the oldest son of Satan!"

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 23, 24, 9 is a man's name.
My 2, 6, 12, 14 is worn by the ladies.
My 3, 10, 16, 13, 19 is an animal.
My 4, 18, 14 is a part of the body.
My 5, 1, 21, 10, 13, 2, 7 is useful at night.
My 6, 7, 12 is a place of accomodation.
My 7, 3, 16, 18 is a character in music.
My 8, 4, 1, 26, 25 is a transparent substance.
My 9, 10, 15, 2 is a luminous body.
My 10, 17, 22, 23, 1, 20 is a man's name.
My 11, 15, 10, 25 is a kind of grain.
My 12, 3, 2 is an adverb.
My 13, 15, 8, 5, 18 is a species of bird.
My 14, 6, 7, 8, 18, 2 is an Indian plant.
My 15, 23, 1, 19, 15, 12, 10, 17 is a flower.
My 16, 6, 23, 13 is precious.
My 17, 24, 23, 18 is what we all should love.
My 18, 8, 3 is a Latin pronoun.
My 19, 17, 6, 21, 13 is a river in Europe.
My 20, 1, 16, 6, 5, 4, 1 is a river in the United States.
My 21, 6, 12, 18 is a number.
My 22, 17, 6, 24 is one of the United States.
My 23, 3, 12, 19, 11, 18 is a county in Ohio.
My 24, 7 is a preposition.
My 25, 15, 8, 18 is a plant.
My 26, 1, 5, 13, 23 is a town in Indiana.
My whole is one of Franklin's maxims.

Barrington, Wash. Co., Pa., 1860. J. K. McB.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ESSAY TO MISS CATHARINE JAY.

AN S A now I mean to write
2 U, sweet K T J,
The girl without a ∫,
The belle of U T K.

I I der if I got that 1
I wrote 2 U B 4
I sailed in the R K D A,
And sent by L N Moore.

My M T head will scarce contain
A calm I D A bright;
But A T miles from U I must
M-- this chance to write.

And 1st, should N E N V U,
B E Z, mind it not;
Should N E friendship show, B true,
They should not B forgot.

But friends and foes alike D K,
As U may plainly C,
In every funeral R A,
Or uncle's L E G.

From virt U nev R D V S,
Her influence B 9
A like induces 10 dern S,
Or 40 tude D vine.

And if you cannot cut a ——,
Or cause an I
I hope U'll put a .
2 I ?.

R U for an X ation 2,
My cous N ?—heart and ☞
He off R's in a ¶,
A § 2 of land.

He says he loves U 2 X S,
U R virtuous and Y's,
In X L N C U X L
All others in his i's.

This S A, until U I C,
I pray U 2 X Q's,
And do not burn in F E G
My young and wayward muse.

Now fare U well, dear K T J,
I trust that U R true,—
When this U C, then you can say,
An S A I O U.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

FOUR men, A, B, C, and D, bought a grindstone, 44 inches in diameter, for $4.25. A paid 75 cents, B paid 1-5 of the whole, and C paid 25-28 as much as D. A is to grind his share first, B next, and so on to D. How much ought each to grind away, the waste hole through which the spindle passes being 4 inches square?

Gainesville, N. Y., 1860. MARTIN BRAINERD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 536.

Answer to Classical Enigma:—*Tibi Deus benefaciant.* Translation—May God bless you.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—A, $520; B, $680; C, $760.

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IT will prove a wonderful labor saving machine. I believe wherever tried, it will be found profitable. JOHN JOHNSON, Geneva.

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THE best apparatus for unloading hay we are acquainted with.—*Genesee Farmer.*

GLADDING'S HORSE PITCH-FORK is one of the labor saving machines which will pay to purchase.—*Prairie Farmer.*

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Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal, rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

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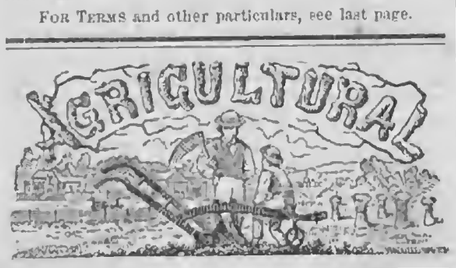


CULTURE OF THE PEA.

MORE than once, the present spring, we have been asked by merchants and others of this city, why the farmers of Western New York do not grow peas? These inquiries are caused by the fact that every year there are brought to this city from Canada, from six to ten thousand bushels, at a cost of from seventy-five cents to one dollar a bushel. This quantity may seem so large as to cause some to doubt the correctness of the statement, but it must be remembered that Rochester seedsmen supply a large section of country; and another fact perhaps we may be allowed to mention, and that is that some of our ingenious citizens have a way of turning them into ground, and we have no doubt very harmless, coffee.

The great enemy to pea culture in this section is the PEA BUG, (*Bruchus Pisi,*) which has made such ravages as almost to compel the abandonment of the crop. Its appearance, when magnified, is shown in the engraving. Early in summer,

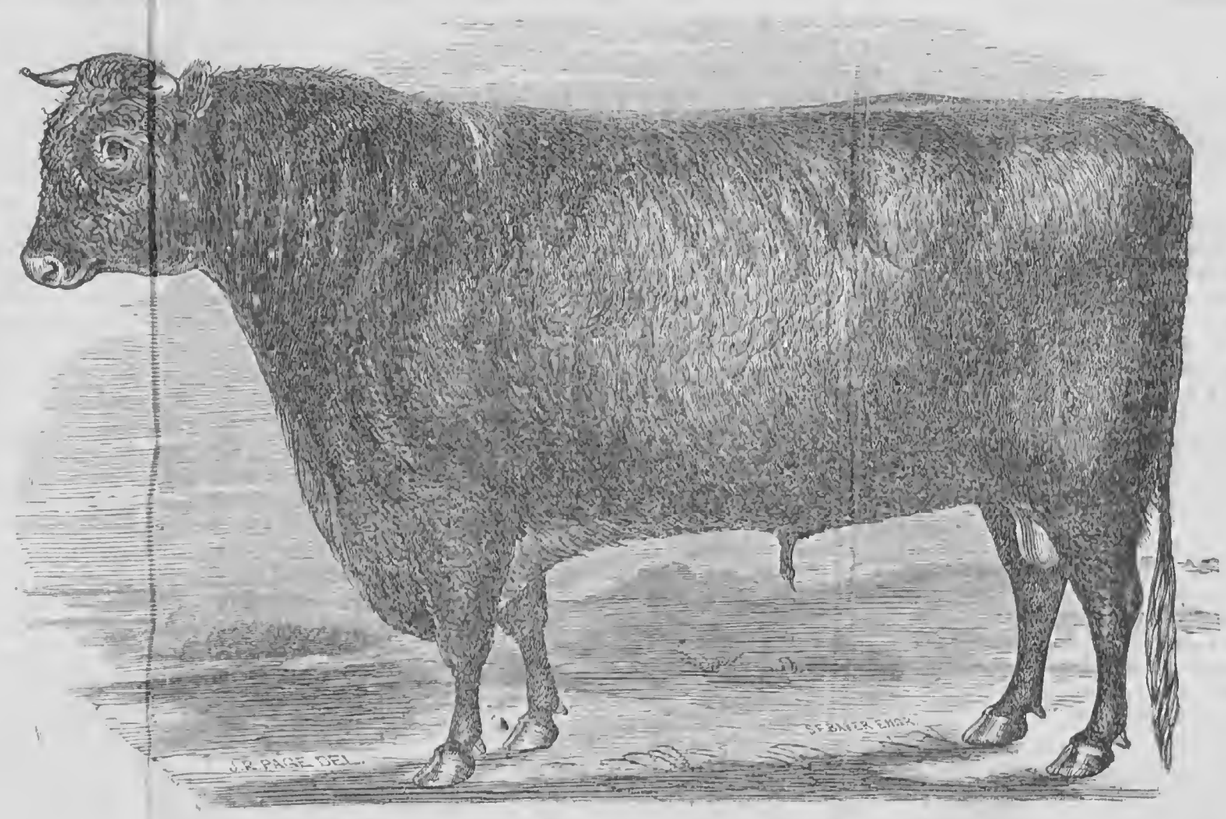
PEA BEETLE.

when the peas are in flower and forming pods, the female beetle deposits an egg in almost every pea. When matured, the pea does not appear injured, but on close examination we can discover in each a minute black speck, which is the *larva*. Dr. HARRIS says:—"The eggs are laid only during the night, or in cloudy weather. Each egg is placed opposite the pea, and the holes through which they pass are so fine as scarcely to be seen, and are soon closed." The larva remains in the pea all winter, gradually consuming its internal substance, and in spring it is transformed into a perfect insect, pierces the skin, and emerges to deposit its eggs in the new pods. The larva has a soft whitish body, and a head small, scaly, and armed with strong and sharp cutting mandibles. The maggot, when it reaches maturity, gnaws a circular hole to the husk or skin of the pea, and even cuts round the inner surface which covers the aperture; so that, when changed to a beetle, by a slight dilation of its body it forces off the lid, and emerges the new-born *Bruchus*, as represented in small engraving. In many of the peas the insect will be found dead. Whether this arises from a lower temperature than they are accustomed to, not invigorating them sufficiently to leave their habitations, or whether they return to feed when they cannot make their escape readily, which is the case when the peas are confined in sacks, or heaped up in a warehouse, has not been determined. The vitality of the seed is not usually destroyed; as the egg is deposited in the side of the pea, where the insect when hatched emerges, leaving the germ uninjured. It is doubtful, however, whether the plants raised from such peas are as strong and healthy as those from perfect seed; and they should therefore never be used for seed when it can be avoided.

This insect was doubtless imported from Europe with our seed peas. For many years after its appearance here, it was unknown in Canada, and even now is not very injurious, we believe, though we often see samples of Canada peas that show its work. This is the reason why we have so long depended upon Canada for our best seed peas. Occasionally we have seasons that are unfavorable to the insect, and good crops are grown, and it is generally admitted, we believe, that a cold, wet spring is favorable to a crop. In St. Lawrence and some of the Northern counties of this State, peas are grown in perfection, and we never saw finer samples than have been grown in Allegany county. Last summer was quite favorable in Western New York, and in this county and Ontario many good crops were grown, which will perhaps induce others to embark in their culture.

A correspondent suggests that early planting would prevent the attacks of the insect. This he argues from the fact that last season he sowed early and obtained a good crop, thinking the peas were too ripe for the deposit of the egg at the time the insect was prepared for its work. We cannot believe this was the cause of success, for every one will notice in planting "buggy" peas on a warm day that the "bugs" are ready to fly away. We cannot therefore get the start of them. Late planting is a better course, and a sure preventive, we think. Peas planted from the first to the tenth of June, will not form pods until after the beetles have disappeared. But peas sown so late very often suffer from drouth and mildew, and seldom yield an abundant crop. This, we think, is, and will be found, the general experience, though we know of some who say they seldom fail with late planting. Perhaps, in a cold, damp, heavy soil late planting may prove successful.

The beetle is destroyed in the peas by pouring boiling water over them, and allowing it to remain one minute, which will not injure the germ. Kiln-drying at about 130° will produce the same effect. If proper care was exercised in killing all beetles in the peas, the ravages of this insect would be greatly curtailed.



PRIZE SHORT-HORN BULL "HIAWATHA."

MR. JOHN R. PAGE, of Sennett, N. Y., has become somewhat celebrated as an artist in the line of animal portraiture, having sketched and painted many representative animals, of the various improved breeds, during the past ten years, very satisfactorily. The fact that he is himself a breeder and connoisseur of fine stock, gives him great advantage in understanding the "points" of the best breeds of Cattle, Horses, Sheep and Swine. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we give Mr. PAGE'S own delineation of his Short-horn Bull "Hiawatha," winner of the first prize at the last Show of the N. Y. State Ag. Society, (1859.) It is meet and proper that one who has done so much to portray the most celebrated animals of the herds and flocks of others, should have his own favorites properly represented. The portrait of the animal constitutes the picture, with no fancy surroundings to add to its charms.

PEDIGREE OF HIAWATHA (1663.)—Red, bred by Samuel Thorne, Dutchess county, the property of JOHN R. PAGE, Sennett, Cayuga Co., N. Y., calved November 22, 1855, got by Young Baleo (12126,) out of Diana Gwynne, by the Duke of Lancaster (10929,)—Dolly Varden, by Ribblesdale (7434,)—Dorothy Gwynne, by Conservative (3472,)—Cripple, by Marmion (406),—Daphne, by Merlin (430,)—Nell Gwynne, by Layton (366,)—Old Nell Gwynne, by Phenomenon (491,)—Princess, by Favorite (252,)—by Favorite (252,)—by Snowdon's bull (612,)—by Masterman's bull (422,)—by Hubback (319,)—by Waistell's bull (609,)—by the Studley bull (626.)

HINTS ON SHEEP MANAGEMENT.

THERE are upon our table quite a number of inquiries relative to the care and management of sheep, and as some of these require immediate attention, we purpose devoting a column in reply thereto.

Grain for Breeding Ewes.

THE subject of *feeding grain to breeding ewes*, has been quite frequently discussed in the columns of the RURAL, and we think a revision of the experiences and arguments educed by the disputants would result in showing that the forces were pretty equally divided. With the large majority, however, corn (if any grain be used,) seems to have found special favor, while oats are deemed the most baneful. Our own opinion is that grain can be used without evil results following as a *necessity*, but it must be given sparingly and with judgment. Until two or three weeks before lambing, breeding ewes need only be kept in good, plump, ordinary condition. In backward seasons, or where the grass has not obtained a fair start at the period of lambing, careful flock-masters feed their ewes chopped roots, or roots mixed with oats or meal, and the results, as exhibited by the flocks of this class of men, would seem to indicate that such a course was excellent economy. If ewes were in poor condition when the feeding of grain commenced, and nothing but dry hay was given in connection with the grain, we would not be surprised at a great mortality among the lambs,—if the ewes escaped the evils arising from constipation and inflammation, it might be deemed remarkable. If, however, the grain was given ground, fed out in moderation, mixed with chopped roots, or in a warm bran mash, we cannot well conceive of aught save a beneficial termination. Probably we cannot do better than quote the *American Shepherd* on this point:—"The ewes during pregnancy should be disturbed as little as possible, and every attention paid to the quantity and quality of their food. Ewes, however, should not be kept *fat* at this stage; indeed, this state is injurious, as it predisposes them sometimes to abortion; but what is usually termed 'good store condition' should be maintained through the whole period of gestation. It cannot be expected from any domestic animal a healthy offspring, in our rigorous climate, if the dam has been permitted to suffer the hardships of cold and starvation; therefore it will be wise if the sheep husbandman will always hold up to view the apothegm, 'so the dam, so the offspring.' There must be good condition to sustain the mother in the trying hour of lamb-birth; and like good condition is equally necessary to sustain the lamb subsequently, and impart to it sound constitution, size, and thrift."

Summer Care of Lambs, &c.

A YOUNG Illinois shepherd desires the RURAL to give "some practical directions for the management of sheep—ewes and lambs, more particularly,—from the period of yeaning until brought up to shed for the winter." Here is a large field to traverse, and we cannot be expected to cover the whole within the limits of one or even two articles. Each branch will have its due share of attention during the summer, and if any specialty be omitted, upon which our young friend would desire the experience of others, he will please make it manifest.

During the lambing period, if the ewes are in fair condition, the pasture in which they are kept must not be very luxuriant, but when it is over better keep ought to be given them. The herding together, at this time, of large numbers of ewes is not considered as working advantageously to either flock or master. MORRELL sets the number at about one hundred, and remarks that still less will prove better. The breeder should, at all seasons, have before him the fact that a few sheep kept together will do better than many.

In from five to twenty days from the birth of the lamb, (being governed somewhat by the weather,) the important and necessary operations of docking and castration are performed. By the majority of breeders these operations are accomplished at the same time; others, again, contend that the lamb has hardly sufficient stamina to endure both at the one handling, and that a sufficient period should elapse between them to permit its recruiting. Writers upon the subject argue that more depends upon the work being properly done than anything else, and that where skill and care are used no danger may be apprehended. The lambs being brought from the field as quietly as possible, no bustle or hurry, and being confined in a *small enclosure*, so as to prevent any running when catching them, you are ready to begin the work. The modes adopted in the process of castration are various, but we give, from the authority already referred to, one sanctioned by the successful practice of many years:

"One catches a lamb and seats himself astride of a narrow plank or scantling, which is placed at an inclination of about thirty degrees, pressing the back of the lamb firmly against his belly, and with his hands grasps the hind legs, drawing them upward and toward him, so that the scrotum is fairly exposed for the operation. The operator with a *sharp* knife, cuts off about one-half to two-thirds of the testicle bag; then drops his knife, and draws out one of the testicles at a time, till a portion of the connecting cord is seen, which he divides by friction of his thumb nail. This mode of division lacerates the cord, and less bleeding will follow than if done by a sharp instrument. It may, to some, appear unnecessary, and therefore objectionable, to cut off so much of the scrotum or bag; but if dislodged of its contents it is certainly quite an useless affair, the little wool growing upon it being almost worthless, and a bother always to the tagger and shearer when cutting it off."

YOUATT says the preferable mode of operating is to tie a waxed cord as tightly as possible round the scrotum, above, and quite clear of the testicles. This will completely stop the circulation, and in a few days scrotum and testicles will drop off. Care must be exercised in the application of the cord to the exact part, and in the tightening of the ligature.

Where the first given method has been adopted, an application of the following ointment is recommended:—One quart of tar; two pounds of lard; warm to a thin liquid, and add one gill spirits of turpentine. Apply to the mutilations, and for one or two inches around them, by means of a soft swab. This ointment is healing in its effects, prevents inflammation from colds, and, most important of all, is an effectual guard against the attacks of the maggot-fly.

The operation of docking is very simple. An assistant holds the lamb with its back pressing against its body, thus presenting the haunches to the operator, who cuts off the tail at the second joint from the rump. It is seldom that bleeding will continue long, but if the lamb is growing weak in consequence of the loss of blood, a piece of twine tied tightly around the tail, just above the dock, will check the hemorrhage. In a few hours after the flow of blood ceases the twine should be removed.

REARING AND TRAINING MILCH COWS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—We would urge the fullest care in selecting, rearing, and training cows for the dairy; not only cows, but the calves, which are to grow to be cows. We lay it down as a rule that all antecedents should be good,—not only of the male, but, much more especially, the female. We consider the instances rare where good and valuable dairy cows are grown from little, meanly-formed, meager milkers. On the contrary, every dairyman has seen good cows that bred *after* themselves, and every heifer calf, saved from the knife, which they brought bore the good points and possessed the qualities of the parent. We have known instances of such excellence where plain evidence of this fact was transmitted from dam to offspring for years, again to be reproduced and purpetuated if allowed by them.

But there are principles of practice at work which sacrifice many,—victims to ignorance,—of the better class of calves for the dairy. First, the cow is a good milker, and all *her* milk is wanted, and the calf is deaconed,—second, her calves fatten readily and bring *four fifty* in the village market. If they escape all this, being hearty, good feeders,—as good milkers always are,—they develop and fatten early, and are early admired as the "*sweetest bit*" of beef ever eaten. Are not these sufficient causes to hinder increase in the production of good dairy cows? We lay it down as a fact, that it is much more difficult finding first class dairy cows, even in dairy regions, in proximity to a lively market for veal, than away from such destroying causes.

In selecting a calf to be grown for the dairy, see that it has a fine head, bright eyes, thin, tapering neck, flat, clean legs, good skin, hind-quarters set wide behind, and udder veins well developed. The calf selected should then grow to what nature designed,—neither forced by over feeding, nor, what is still worse, stinted. If you want dwarfed cattle, grow them, as too many are grown, inside a hairy leathern sack, with two starved eyes in front, and spindle legs beneath, animated by the last fraction of animal life which will serve to keep the clamorous crows away, but lacking all those animal spirits so good to look upon in the frolic of healthful, developing exercise. Especially should heifers never be stinted which are to be in calf young. Do not let them to the male too early, for the same reason. Maturity, or ripeness, in both male and female, should be secured before they are allowed to propagate. Hence the importance of never stinting heifers growing to be dairy cows,—we love full-grown, not dwarfed, or stunted, animals.

The frequency with which we meet unruly cows,—cows in the habit of kicking, running, starting, &c., when being milked,—leads us to append a few thoughts by way of direction, or instruction, in the training of cows and heifers.

What is to be done? First of all, accustom the creature to your presence. You might as well expect a Broadway belle to turn milk-maid with-

ont training, as a three year old heifer to adopt, all at once, the sober habits of the old cow, just because you want her to. If, in the one case, there would be ignorance and fear, so there would in the other, and as you would endeavor to overcome the fear of the former so overcome the fear of the latter.

If the heifer is wild, unapproachable, have ready a handy yard, about one and a half rods square, into which get the heifer with her calf. Do not oblige her here to let you approach her, but keep talking to her and holding out your hand with an ear of corn, as a bribe to acquaintance. When you can put your hand on her, do it cautiously, rubbing her, and keeping yourself as gentle as you wish your pupil to become. Do not corner them, but teach them to stand anywhere you come to them,—if possible, avoid using force or anything like it. This method will consume more time at first, but will save time in the end.

When milking, if the heifer starts, look for the cause. If fear,—what will overcome it? A well-directed milking stool hurled with a strong arm—showing less training in its owner than the trembling object of its aim? Try it! It may *pay* her for running, but you will get your pay back in many a well-contested race, &c. As fear wears off, a habit will be formed, and this is just what you should aim at from the beginning,—to overcome fear and form habits of gentleness, quiet, real cow like manners.

If you cannot provide the little pen spoken of, catch and tie the heifer, and keep her tied for a couple of days, feeding well, and giving her as much care and attention as convenient. In this time she will learn to be handled and to let you approach her without much fear,—and *remember*, fear is the great obstacle to be overcome. Milk for a few times by the fence, after which, putting on the rope, milk anywhere, being in readiness to hold her by the rope if she starts. In this way the wildest heifers can be readily managed, taught not to fear, and yet to be under the control of the milker.

You can never flog, kick, or scold a heifer into a gentle, quiet cow. Remember the process of milking is a relief, and one she should and will court, and desire, if rightly educated,—so have a care as to the "how you educate."

In the manner spoken of, every heifer in America may be taught "milk-yard duty," and no failures need to occur. We do not believe in failures in the animal to be taught,—the failure is in the teacher. We have taught the worst cases and found naught to do but what we have described. Such animals never do anything through malice,—they have no bad habits in the beginning,—all they possess are attained, if ever, when they *graduate* under your Alma Mater training.

Administration, N. Y., 1860. COW BOY.

ABOUT PREPARING GROUND FOR CORN.

Two years ago, on the farm of my father, we became behind-hand with our work, as it was late in the season, and we had yet one field to prepare and plant to corn. One of our neighbors proposed a plan by which he thought we could save time and labor, and yet raise a good crop. This plan I propose to give the readers of the RURAL.

The soil was a black muck, rather wet and cold, but mellow and rich. It had been planted to corn the previous year, and was free from grass. We ridged it up the old fashioned way, first having set our plow to run very wide, and then, in the return furrow, threw the former one all back again. In this way we moved all the ground, and left the ridges three feet and three inches apart. We then made a marker with four teeth, with a tongue, of heavy material, (so as to go well down into the ridge,) put on two horses and marked the ground with this—letting the outside tooth run back in a former mark, thus insuring against crooks. We then planted with hoes, the twelfth day of June, and the result was, that what was not killed by the water, (it was the year of the June freshet,) was as good corn as we generally see in this neighborhood. As soon as the corn was out of the ground, we went through it twice in a row each way with a cultivator, which left the ground perfectly well pulverized and smooth. Corn-stubble-ground is very much improved by going over it first with a good two-horse cultivator to level down the old hills.

Although this may, to some, seem to be a "shiftless" way of farming, in some cases it has many advantages. A man with a good team will ridge four acres per day, where he would plow but two, to say nothing of harrowing. Another advantage is, that in cold, wet soils the ridges will dry and heat through, and become in plantable condition, much sooner than level ground; and in case of heavy rains soon after planting, the hill is more secure from the effects of the water. We tried the same plan last year, and observed that in a field joining, the frost of the third of July had killed nearly every hill, while this was scarcely touched; and several of our neighbors attest its value, when followed in certain cases. J. E. DAY.

Romeo, Mich., 1860.

HOW TO SELECT SEED CORN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The article on "Corn Culture," in your issue of April 21st, is eminently practical and suggestive, but little is said about selecting the seed, which is an important item in this department of farm economy. The quality and quantity of the crop depends, in a great measure, upon the seed. Corn is, perhaps, capable of greater improvement than almost any other kind of grain. The ears intended for seed should be selected from the most forward hills in the field; the ears that ripen first, are, evidently, the *earliest*.

If it is desirable to have corn that will produce two or three ears on a stalk, then the seed should be taken from the stalks that yield the requisite number of ears. If corn with large kernels is the great desideratum, then large kernels should be planted. And, further, if any are desirous of having *early* corn, with *long* ears and *large* kernels, producing from two to three, or *four* such ears on each *stalk*, let them plant just such corn as they wish to raise.

A few years ago we obtained an early kind of yellow corn with *short* ears and small kernels, but by using only the *middle* of the longest ears for seed,—rejecting about one half of each ear, from the butt and top,—it became still earlier (for the kernels on the middle of the ear always ripen first,) and the ears of the third crop were increased at least one half in length, while the kernels were nearly twice as large as those of the first planting. These are facts in "Corn Culture" that can be substantiated by a number of witnesses. N. B. AMENT.

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1860.

WEATHER, CROPS, &c., IN VIRGINIA.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—This spring is not considered a forward one, but has been quite favorable for dispatching spring work. Oats were sown mostly during the last of March and the first half of April. The earliest sown are making their appearance finely. Farmers, generally, have their ground mostly plowed for corn, and if the present fine weather continues, a good breadth will be planted this month, though it can be deferred a month or two, for I have known a good crop harvested from planting the 17th of June. Wheat, early sown,—i. e., sown by the first of October,—looks well; some is large enough to hide a rabbit. Later sown is thin and small, though its color is good. Pastures have got a fair start, and young cattle have mostly been turned out. Hay is quite plenty, (except with those who have to buy,) and the price has ruled low during the past winter; could be bought in stack for $10 to $15 per ton, and much of the time it has not brought more than that in Washington market. Rye straw ditto.

As regards fruit, the peach crop is rather capricious, mostly, or three-fourths, destroyed in the county. In some places an elevated site served as a protection; in others, the proximity to a wood. Cherries promise well, and are in full bloom, and apple trees are following suit. In the garden hardy vegetables are well along, from open planting, and some peas are already climbing the sticks. The husbandman has now no time to loiter, for each moment must be used in response to the calls that are continually being made upon him, and he needs to strengthen his hands and take courage. A. H. ANSLEY.

Fairfax C. H., Va., April 21, 1860.

HOW TO GROW MANGEL WURZEL.

THE inquiry in regard to the best method of growing this very useful root, in a late number of the RURAL, reminds me of a slight neglect of duty.

I was at Mr. CHAMBERLIN'S, near Red Hook, last summer, and saw a field of about eight acres in beets. They were a species of German, resembling the Mangel, but more of a turnip shape. CARL said they preferred this kind, because the sheep thrive so well upon them. The seed was imported from Silesia, along with the sheep. The method of cultivation was new to me, and appeared a success.

The seed was planted in a seed bed prepared for the purpose, and made rich and mellow. When the plants were large, and strong enough to bear transplanting, the ground was broken into small ridges, about twenty-six inches apart, and they were planted out a foot apart in the row. I do not believe there was a single vacancy over the whole field. The cultivation was a model of neatness.

To my suggestion that it must involve much more labor, CARL answered that, on the contrary, it required less labor, because, while the plant was growing in the seed bed, they had abundant time to prepare the ground, and thus keep down the weeds, which I think is entirely true; beside, it insures a better stand of plants, for there will be no vacancies. The plan is a good one.—P.

POLL EVIL—TREATMENT, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Noticing, in your issue of April 28th, an inquiry for the cure of Poll Evil in the horse, and your remarks and suggestions thereon, I take the liberty of giving you my views upon the subject, in the hope that it will lead to a rational treatment by those who may have occasion to apply it.

Poll evil is an inflammatory disease, resulting in suppuration or abscess, and affecting the deep seated tissues about the bone at the top of the neck. Bruises or injuries are the most common cause, though it may arise from any irritation in the parts themselves, or externally. The first symptoms are usually a fullness, or swelling which is tender upon pressure, and the horse dislikes to have it touched, as it gives him pain. The swelling goes on, the tenderness increases, and matter gathers, which being confined by a dense, unyielding tissue, it burrows among the bones and tendons, running some distance up the neck before it breaks through the skin. The consequence is a great destruction of tissue, and, perhaps, diseased bone, which it takes nature a long time to repair, and in the healing process the top of the head is drawn back, stiffened, and its proper position forever lost. This disease bears a striking analogy to what is called a bone felon in the human species, and should be treated in the same way, i. e., by the knife. When it becomes swollen and tender, the opening cannot be made too soon, and should be three or four inches long, down to the bone, and longitudinally of the neck, so that the matter can have free vent; after which it will only need daily spouging with warm water, and the application of a wet cloth, covered with oil silk, to keep the moisture of the cloth from evaporating.

Healing by adhesion should not be expected, or wished for. The wound should granulate from the bottom, which it will do, as soon as the matter is let out, if the bone is not diseased, and if it is, it will do so as soon as the bone becomes healthy. If the wound close at the top before it does at the bottom, another opening will have to be made to let it out. It is a well settled principle that matter is never taken out of the system by absorption. If there are any fistulous pipes, they must be laid open. If a free incision is made soon after the disease is discovered, there will be no trouble, or any deformity result, the same as in a felon, but if matter is suffered to produce its mischievous effects, the bone becomes diseased with the rest of the tissues, and the horse always carries marks of the disease. No salves, or stitches, are needed in any case, and no application except water, unless it has too long been neglected, when the occasional application of spirits of turpentine will be useful. There is more danger of applying articles that are positively pernicious, if you would do what the books direct, than if you do nothing at all. The filling of the wound with tincture of iodine, salt, or other irritating agents, is calculated to produce as much mischief as the original disease, and interrupt nature in her efforts to effect a cure. A good, sensible treatment by farmers themselves, will cure more horses with this disease, and with less deformities, than all the witchcraft Dutchmen in Christendom.

Toledo, O., April 20, 1860. J.

The Bee-Keeper.

The Queen Bee—How Produced.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your number of the 14th of April, R COLVIN made some statements purporting to be quotations from an article of mine, which you published Feb. 4th, in which he makes it appear that I said, "that the royal jelly upon which the queen's larvæ are fed, is the semen of the drone, PREVIOUSLY deposited in the cell." I did not say, in the article referred to, "that the queen's larvæ are fed on the semen of the drone, previously deposited in the cell," neither do I hold such to be the fact. I think that Mr. COLVIN must be *original* in his ideas, as advanced in his assertions, relative to the queen bee.

I will here state my opinion on several points in relation to the reproduction of bees, so that no one need mistake the position which I occupy.

The eggs of the queen, as they pass the neck of her ovary, on the way to the cell in the comb, receive some of the drone's semen, that has been deposited with her for the purpose of changing the drone eggs to workers, which infusion is, by attraction, drawn through the film of the egg to the seat of life, and the embryo thus formed becomes an organized worker. For the purpose of changing the worker eggs or larvæ to queens, the workers take the semen previously deposited in the bread comb, near or with the pollen, and infuse the eggs or larvæ in the royal cells; it (i. e. the semen,) being carried by attraction to the seat of life. A part is here united with the food of the young larvæ; but by instinct the *food* is taken to support life, while the semen, by natural affinity or by a law of nature, becomes effectual for the impregnation of the queen.

The eggs are all first dropped in clean cells, and the necessary food is conveyed by the workers to them as soon as they require it, and *semen* and *food* to the royal cells. Mr. COLVIN seems to doubt whether the bees carry royal jelly from other cells; but the truth will set him right on that point, on learning that the eggs are *first* placed in the royal cells *without* jelly until the workers convey it to them.

Mr. COLVIN suggests a plan by which he thinks my theory can be tested, for which he will please accept my thanks; as I wish to have my theory tested by every means that reason can suggest, that the public may know the truth or error that it contains. I solicit investigation on the following subjects in the natural history of the honey bee, which I think go to substantiate the truth of my theory, and the hybridizing between the common and the Italian bee. It has been known since the time of HUBER, that the queenless stocks occasionally refuse to perfect queens, although well supplied with eggs and brood, and everything necessary for perfecting their brood, and that they did thus perfect it, all but the queen.

LANGSTROTH'S last edition, page 193, says after a nucleus is formed with a card of comb taken from a stock, if the workers do not commence royal cells they should be shaken off and another card of comb with eggs or brood substituted, and they would be likely to perfect queens. By my theory I should say that the first comb contained no semen, but that the second one did. Dr. DONHOFF would say it was for the want of *nurse* bees. I think his system would not apply in the case above mentioned.

DZIERZON, whom all unite in admitting to be one of the most scientific of apiarians, has succeeded better in multiplying the Italian bee than most others. He was in the habit of taking a piece of comb, with brood in it, from the Italian hive, and transferring it to the common hive, supplying its place with empty combs; in this way he succeeded in rearing about fifty queens the first season, half of which were pure brood. His success will be accounted for by my theory, by the fact that in removing the comb from the Italian hive, he took with the comb the semen of the Italian drone, and the workers obtained and impregnated the eggs or larva with it, and thus caused them to be pure Italian queens; and in cases of their obtaining semen from the common drone they were hybrid.

BERLEPSCH, in his experiments with the Italian bee, by transferring an Italian queen through different common hives, succeeded in raising 139 queens, about 50 of which he thought were pure. By my theory they would be all hybrids, and it appears to have been the case with him, for he entirely failed to multiply the Italian bee.

Capt. BALSTEIN, also a scientific man, after trying for seven years, all experiments that a cultivated mind could suggest, failed to reproduce his Italian colony with the common bee—all proving to be hybrids—and stopped as he commenced, with one swam only.

Within the last six months there have been imported for the first time, to the States, over 100 colonies of the Italian bee. Never has there before been a time when all interested in bee culture could investigate the laws by which the reprodnction of the bee may be retained pure and not become hybridized with the common bee; and every principle by which hybridizing can be prevented should be made known, so that we may be enabled to evade the perplexities and disappointments which some of the German apiarians were doomed to, by their colonies producing hybrids.

The great difference between my views and those of other apiarians, is in the production of the queen bee. Does or does it not require semen to perfect the queen? Is or is not semen deposited in the cells of the bread comb, so that the workers can infuse the egg or larva in the royal cells in the absence of the drones?

Henrietta, N. Y., March 20, 1860. E. KIRBY.

Inquiries and Answers.

SPRING WHEAT—CORN AND GRUBS.—In the RURAL of January 7th, I saw an article, by Hon. A. B. DICKINSON, which treated on the culture of spring wheat. Mr. D. states that the best variety of Spring wheat is the China Tea. He also states that a mixture of the Canada, or Milwaukee Club, with the China Tea wheat, will yield four or five bushels more to the acre than when sown separately. I have some of the China Tea wheat which I purpose sowing about the 15th of May. I sow it late in order to escape the midge. Would a mixture of the Canada, or Milwaukee Club, with the China Tea wheat, do as well, if sown the 15th of May, as if sown very early? Will salt, when sown broadcast after spring wheat, injure young timothy or clover? Another inquiry and I am done. Last season the grubs destroyed one-half of my crop of corn. The ground was plowed in the spring. I desire to raise a good crop of corn this year, and undoubtedly shall, if the grubs do not meddle with it. Is there anything that will destroy corn grubs, and if so, what is it? An answer to the above inquiries by any of your readers, will be thankfully received by—A YOUNG FARMER, *Greene Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

DISEASED EYES—INFORMATION WANTED—In looking over the RURAL, I noticed a short article called "Sore Eyes in Horses," and was in hopes it would suit my case and save my writing to you, (which I had determined to do,) but thinking I had better lay the case before your readers, I herewith send a statement of the difficulty. About two months ago I discovered there was something wrong with an eye of my horse. It appeared to be considerably smaller than the other, and was quite dim. He would frequently shut it, as though it was weak and hurt him. It is now somewhat inflamed, but the dimness is about the same. I have consulted several persons about it, and some call it the "hooks,"—others say it is the film growing over the eye so as to cause blindness. I have done scarcely anything for it except to wash it with cold water. There are several small, hard lumps on his shoulder, caused by the collar when he was first used, and when we work him hard they swell up and are very sore. They are on the same side that his sore eye is, and I have been wondering whether it was not that which caused his eye to become sore. Now, if any of your correspondents can tell me how I can get rid of these lumps, (for they are a great inconvenience to me,) and also how to cure his eye, they will greatly oblige—HENRY S. BUNKER, *Cardington, Monroe Co., Ohio*, 1860.

BLOOD SPAVIN.—Can any one inform me what will cure what is commonly called blood spavin? I have a young mare (two years past,) which has a small puff on each gambrel. What would be the effect of letting her "run out" one season, and also if she is old enough to breed from?—INEXPERIENCE.

ATTACHED to the extremities of most of the tendons, and between the tendons and other parts, are little bags containing a mucous substance to enable the tendons to slide over each other without friction, and to move easily on the neighboring parts. From violent exercise these vessels are liable to enlarge. There is one of them on the inside of the hock at its bending. This sometimes becomes considerably increased in size, and the enlargement is called a *bog spavin*. A vein passes over the bag, which is pressed between the enlargement and the skin, and the passage of the blood through it is impeded, the vein is consequently distended by the accumulated blood, and the distention reaches from this bag as low down as the next valve. This is called *blood spavin*. Blood spavin then is the consequence of bog spavin. It very rarely occurs, and is, in the majority of instances, confounded with bog spavin. Blood spavin does not always cause lameness, except the horse is very hard worked; but this, as well as bog spavin, constitutes unsoundness, and materially lessens the value of the horse. The proper treatment, says YOUATT, is to endeavor to promote the absorption of the contents of the bag. This may be attempted by pressure long applied. A bandage may be contrived to take in the whole of the hock, except its point; and a compress of folded linen being placed on the bog spavin, may confine the principal pressure to that part. It is, however, very difficult to adapt a bandage to a joint which admits of such extensive motion; therefore most practitioners apply two or three successive blisters over the enlargement, when it usually disappears. Unfortunately, however, it returns if any extraordinary exertion is required from the horse.

According to Dr. DADD, the remedies, in an early stage of the disease, are cold water and refrigerating lotions; in the latter stages, a strong infusion of bayberry bark; and, lastly, brandy and salt, perseveringly applied.

THAT "PIECE OF TIMBER"—CONTENTS.—Our friend in Webster wishes to know how to reduce a stick of timber, of unequal size at the ends, to board measure, and gives the problem of a stick two feet square at one end, thirty feet long, and one foot square at the other end. Do it by comparison. Thus, imagine you have a stick two feet square all the way, and thirty feet long. Now divide this into quarters: it will make four sticks, one foot square, (saying nothing of saw cut.) Now cut one of these foot square sticks, diagonally, through all its length, making two wedges, one foot square at the head, and coming to an edge at the other end. These will be exactly half and half of the foot square stick. Lay these two wedges on two adjoining sides of one entire stick, then complete the square by dropping another stick, cornerwise, into the space left. This space will receive one-half the stick, because it held it all in the two feet square stick. Trim off the superfluous lumber of the last stick applied, keeping the stick square all the way, and you will have just such a stick as you wish to get the contents of. Now, a stick 2 feet square, and 30 long, 4 multiplied by 30, equals 120 cubic feet; and we have one stick and half another left, which is 30 plus 15, equals 45; 120 minus 45, equals 75 feet, the amount of the stick. Now to set it to board measure, as the stick amounts to just one whole and three half sticks. Instead of dividing them wedge-like and cornerwise, as above, lay two side by side; split one in the middle, and lay one half on the side, then you have a plank 2½ feet long, 1 foot thick, and 30 feet long. It will make 12 boards, 2½ feet wide, and 60, plus 15, equals 75, multiplied by 12, equals 900 feet of inch boards, (saying nothing of saw cut.)—J. MCLOUTH, *Walworth, N. Y.*, 1860.

POST AND RAIL FENCE.—A Pennsylvania subscriber wishes to know how to make a good post and rail fence. My method is this:—Take locust posts, of suitable size, six feet long, and if used for turning horses and cattle only, make three holes in them, four inches long and two inches wide, to receive the rails. Use rails of chestnut, twelve feet in length, properly sharpened. Set the posts firmly in the ground, drive the rails "home," and you may have a fence that is straight, and one that will last till you are tired of seeing it. Red cedar is about as durable as locust. I have a red cedar post that is nearly a century old, and perfectly sound. More than three rails can be used, if desirable. Such a fence is preferable to a worm fence, not only on account of economy, but no room is left for thorns and thistles to hide themselves.—S., *Southold, Suf. Co., N. Y.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE SEASON.—The weather continues remarkably warm and pleasant throughout this region, the season being quite forward. The first two days of this week the thermometer reached 78 and 79 in the shade. It is very dry, however, and rain is much needed. The drouth in New England is said to be unprecedented for the season of the year, and we have similar accounts from the West, especially Wisconsin.

THE U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, organized in 1852, has been incorporated by an act of Congress, approved April 10th, 1860. The April No. of the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, published by the Society, contains the official proceedings of the Annual Meeting, held at Washington, Jan. 13th, under the title of "Eighth Agricultural Congress," and embracing several able addresses. The Journal announces that the Executive Committee decided, in answer to an informal proposition, to select Cincinnati as the location of the Annual Exhibition for 1860, "provided the citizens would guaranty the payment of a premium list if by any chance the receipts should prove insufficient, and provide suitable grounds, buildings, forage, water, police and music." It is not stated whether this guaranty has been given, and hence the location of the Fair is not positively determined.

STEAM PLOWING A "FIXED FACT."—At least we so judge from the leading article in last week's Prairie Farmer, headed, conspicuously, "*Steam Plowing Triumphant!—The First Actual Success in Steam Plowing in America!—Seventy Acres of Illinois Prairie Broken by Steam!*" The Farmer says:—"The above is no sensation heading to a sensation article, but a real statement of facts as they exist—in three sentences." The editor then proceeds to give an account of a recent visit to Grundy county, to observe the working of WATERS' Steam Plow in breaking prairie. Passing a field of forty acres which had been broken by Mr. WATERS' plow, the narrator "caught sight of the plow in the distance, traveling leisurely across the prairie, drawing its gang of six plows, cutting a furrow nine feet in width." Mr. WATERS was found "quietly guiding the machine, with none but the necessary attendants about him, and thus practically testing its ability and power before seeking to place it prominently before the public." The writer then speaks of its operation, and adds:—"Estimating the ground plowed as nearly as we could without measuring it, we found that during seventy-two minutes, (including stops,) the machine had plowed 2 63-100 acres. That it can plow at this rate through the day, without interruption, is not to be expected, in its present condition. The day previous Mr. W. plowed twelve acres with it." It is stated that the machine has been put to some severe tests—that Mr. W. is using only six of his gang of thirteen plows, though he thinks there will be no difficulty in using the whole gang—that the whole cost of "running the machine" is less than nine dollars per day—that up to the time the writer left Mr. W. had plowed seventy acres, and that he is now engaged in a large job of prairie breaking, for which he is paid by the acre.

THE FREE HORSE SHOW of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, held on the 2d inst.,—designed mainly for the display of stallions kept in this region—was quite creditable, considering that it was the first exhibition of the kind ever held in the county. The weather was very fine, and the attendance larger than the officers of the Society anticipated at a season when farmers are extremely busy at home. The show of stallions was quite attractive, and included several superior animals, while the road and carriage horses present made a fine appearance. The whole exhibition was informal, no entries being made, but we subjoin a list of the stallions, so far as the names of animals and owners could be ascertained:

Black Hawk Messenger—*D. P. Newell, Parma.*
Ben Franklin—*J. C. Birdsall, Rush.*
Chief Engineer—*Hiram Sayles, Scottsville*
Flying Cloud—*A. B. Buckland, Brighton.*
Grey Eagle—*Jas. Sullivan, Rochester.*
Gifford Morgan—*Samuel Durrell, Henrietta.*
Harkaway—*M. L. King, Rochester.*
Henry Clay—*Z. L. Olmstead, Rochester.*
Kentucky Morgan—*James Sherwood, Mendon Centre.*
Live Yankee—*Jarvis Lord, Pittsford.*
Red Eagle—*J. K. Ballentine, Chili.*
Sampson Duroc—*Stanley Hammond, Brighton.*
Star of the West—*J. O. Hall, Rochester.*
Sampson Morgan—*D. W. Bevins, Pittsford.*
Young Yankee—*J. B. Spalding, Vergennes, Vt.*
Young Sir Charles—*J. C. Mason, Rochester.*
Young Eclipse—*Morris Jackson, Henrietta.*
Young St. Lawrence—*Anson Lord, Pittsford.*
Young Morgan—*Jas. Alfred, Greece.*

THE NEW CATTLE DISEASE (Pleuro-Pneumonia) continues to absorb much attention in Massachusetts. An exchange states that a meeting of the Massachusetts Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, was held in Boston, Friday week, at which it was resolved to subscribe $2,000 toward the Guaranty Fund, which is being collected in and about that city. Several of the members, as individuals, subscribed $100 each.

—A correspondent of the Albany *Journal* expresses the opinion that thousands of animals are diseased now—that they carry the seeds of the disease in them, and it only waits development all over the State and other States, as it did and does now on the European Continent. He advises the Mass. Commission to immediately use inoculation by seton, on the principle of *vis medicatrix naturæ*—that which is able to prevent the disease is also able to cure it—it being a choleric fever, always a fever in an influenza atmosphere—pleuro-pneumonia in the spring, and, as the weather becomes warmer, it changes its character, and falls on all the organs of life and becomes cholera. This he advises on the philosophic principle that "two fevers cannot exist in the body at one and the same time."

WOOL GROWING IN CALIFORNIA.—A late number of the California Farmer, in noticing the arrival of "another flock of splendid sheep" from Vermont, commends them to wool growers, and adds:—"We have the evidence from every source, that our State will soon beat the world in the character of sheep raised here. We can raise larger and handsomer sheep, produce more wool at a clip, and raise more lambs from a hundred ewes, than any other country under heavens."

—That is rather sanguine, not to say "highfalutin." Colonel, yet we are not prepared to gainsay its truthfulness. Nor will we take issue relative to your remark, in speaking of Spanish Merinos, that—"We have facts to prove that sheep of 140 pounds [carcass weight] have clipped 21 lbs. of fine wool." We would only suggest that there is a vast difference, in some sections, between the weight of cleansed and uncleansed fleeces, and such may possibly be the case on the Pacific coast.

SORGHUM SUGAR.—We are indebted to Mr. A. H. MILLER, of Laporte, Ind., for a sample of Sorghum Sugar of his own manufacture. It is a handsome article—of light color, good grain, and most toothsome flavor. It was made by a machine of Mr. M.'s invention, called the Rotary Alternating Sugar Evaporator and Self-Cleanser.

LOGICAL ADVICE.—Some years ago a young man wrote to HORACE GREELEY, asking his advice—whether he had better become a professional man or farmer—and received this sensible and pithy reply:—"I judge that there are three times as many lawyers and doctors in the country as are needed, and, judging from the price of flour and beef, not half enough farmers. Of course, I judge that you could better look toward growing grain than making pills or pleas."

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

Did all that admire flowers plant them, then our gardens would become more worthy of the name. Did all who plant, care for them as they should, then our gardens would soon blossom as the rose, and many waste places would be made beautiful. But, as a people, we are impulsive and impatient. We see beautiful flowers in nurseries and in the gardens of the careful and painstaking, and are taken with a sudden love of flowers. We are ready to seize them at once carry them home, and plant them; or to run to the nearest nursery and order just the things which have excited our admiration. We act like children who gather the dandelions and buttercups by the road-side, carry them home, stick the stems in the ground, and make their childish flower gardens. In the autumn and the spring, when the flowers are gone, and when trees and shrubs are destitute even of their summer robes, then we forget their beauty,—our love for the beautiful flowers are gone,—and will not again be aroused until the warm sun and balmy zephyrs of May shall awake to life again the flowers of spring. Then we will be seized with another spasm of admiration, as short-lived and as useless as before. The planter needs forethought, faith, and patience. He must be willing to labor and wait for coming good.

TREES AND SHRUBS.

The *Flowering Shrubs and Trees* are beginning to be quite attractive. The *Japan Quince* should be planted in every garden, and we know of no deciduous plant at the North that will make a finer ornamental garden hedge. There are two varieties, bright red and rose-colored. Every collection of shrubs should contain both of these, for when planted together the effect is charming. The *Magnolias*, (*Conspicua* and *Soulangiana*,) are in bloom, making a most magnificent show. It is strange that these are not more generally planted. Scarcely one in a day's travel is to be seen in garden or lawn. The people have some way got the idea that the Magnolias are tender, southern plants, needing protection, and hence they seldom order them from the nurseries with other hardy trees and shrubs, while the fact is, several varieties are as hardy as apple trees, and as beautiful as the most fastidious can desire.

The *Conspicua*, or *Chandalier Magnolia*, is a Chinese variety, quite hardy in the Middle States, and is one of the most beautiful small trees imaginable for the lawn. It branches low, and is in every way desirable.

The *Purpurea* is another small Chinese sort. It bears its flowers before the leaves in spring. They are purple, on a light ground.

The *Soulangeana* is a variety produced by crossing the two preceding. The flowers are white, tinged with purple. It is very hardy, and a profuse bloomer. It is now in full flower, and is the most beautiful object to be seen in our gardens.

The *Forsythia viridissima* is now decked in its holiday dress. The flowers are of a bright yellow, rather loose and ragged, but clustering so thickly around the branches before the leaves appear, as to look very fine.

Japan Quince.—This charming early flowering shrub is now the gayest of all the shrubs.

ANNUALS AND BEDDING PLANTS.

Annual Flower Seeds should now be planted in the open ground. Select a mellow, warm soil, and prepare it by thorough pulverization a foot deep. It is a great mistake to dig up a heavy soil, and then make the top fine and good looking with the rake, while all below is hard lumps, as unfit for the nourishment of tender roots as stones. All fine seeds, as most of the annuals are, require but the slightest covering. The best way we have found is to lay the seeds in drills or rather rows, on the top of the ground, or in a very slight depression made by the finger,—then sift over them through a wire sieve some sandy loam from new land, or the woods. Treated in this way, there will be but little complaint that seeds are bad; but if put an inch or two below the ground, especially if the soil is hard, and bakes on the surface, it is a very great wonder if the plants get above the surface,

A very useful and beautiful class of plants are those called *bedding*. They are tender plants, which will not endure our winters, and are grown by nurserymen in large quantities, and sold quite cheap. They are obtained in pots, and should be set out in the garden about this time, or as soon as all danger of frost is over. They are generally in flower when obtained from the nurserymen, and will continue to increase in size and beauty until the frosts of autumn; then they are destroyed, unless taken up, potted, and removed to the house, or a frame, where they can be protected from frost. Those who have no convenience for protecting them, had better not attempt it, but purchase every spring of the florists and nurserymen. Among these bedding plants are the Petunias, Verbenas, Phloxes, which can be bought for about $2 per dozen, in small pots, and a dozen or two may be sent by express a hundred miles or more for 25 cents. Let all who have a little spare room in their gardens which they do not intend to fill with annuals, order a few bedding plants.

HERBACEOUS AND PERENNIAL PLANTS.

Pulmonaria—(Lungwort.)—There are several varieties of Lungwort, and they are among the finest ornaments of the garden at this season of the year. The name is probably derived from the fact that this plant is used in pulmonary complaints. They require a dry, sandy soil. The prettiest variety now in flower is the *Cerulea*.

Phlox procumbens is a very pretty spring flower. As its name indicates, it is procumbent in habit, keeping close to the ground, and sending up flower stalks about four inches in height, with fine clusters of red flowers.

The *Sweet Scented Violet* is the sweetest of all the early spring flowers, and, like the Sweet Mignonette, it is a general favorite on account of its fragrance. A single flower will perfume a room. A cluster or two, which any person can procure at a nursery for 25 cents, will make the garden deliciously fragrant from early in April until June. There are white and blue varieties, both single and double, but the double blue is the best.

BULBOUS FLOWERS.

The Hyacinths are in perfection now, and the early Tulips are improving. A much greater variety are now in flower than when we noticed them last week. *Rose Vernon*, dark rose or red, semi-double, is a fine variety. *La Candeur*, fine double, white. *Imperator Rubra*, double, very brilliant red. *Gloria Solus*, double, red, tipped with orange.

The common *Fritillaria* or *Checkered Lily*, although seldom seen in our gardens, is well worthy of attention. It is sometimes called the *Guinea Hen Flower* on account of its checkered flowers. There are several varieties, differing only in color, of various shades of brown, purple, and yellow, singularly mottled or checkered. In the grounds of ELLWANGER & BARRY, we noticed in flower, to-day, (May 5th,) *Romulus*, yellow, checkered with light purple; *Amiromida*, maroon, checkered with pink; *Rubens*, purple and lilac; *Nymph*, white; *Isabella*, white and lilac; *Multiflora*, creamy white, checkered with lightish purple; *Pluto*, very dark, brownish purple, checkered with purple of a lighter shade.

FRITILLARIA, PLUTO.

The form and general appearance of the flower is shown by the engraving. The stem is from six to eight or more inches in height, bearing one or more bell-shaped flowers, which droop very gracefully. The bulbs are about the size of those of the crocus. They may be obtained of almost all nurserymen and florists, and should be planted in the autumn.

HORTICULTURAL EXCHANGE.

Persons who cultivate flowers and small fruits merely for family use, and so, of course, want but a limited supply of each kind they raise, are often perplexed to know how to dispose of their surplus plants. In good garden soil, varieties of easy propagation soon increase beyond the needs of the owner; and, as one is loth to destroy anything capable of giving such pleasure to the sight or the taste, they are allowed to multiply till they become quite burdensome. Strawberries, for instance, if permitted to run, spread so rapidly, that by the second or third year after planting they need thinning out; but, so great is the reluctance to throw away bearers of this delicious fruit, that frequently, on this very account, in the absence of demand for plants, the beds are suffered to remain more thickly stocked than is profitable. Blackberries and raspberries, too, in mellow ground, and unhindered by grass and weeds, extend their roots and establish new plants very fast, soon exceeding the space appropriated to them, if unchecked; and, in time, coming to be really troublesome, unless the young plants are destroyed or removed to answer the demands of neighbors and friends. Many kinds of flowering plants, also, increase in a few years far beyond the wants of the cultivator; but, if they happen to be favorites, and the surplus is not drawn off to supply applicants, a large stock is apt to accumulate, tending very much to discourage the introduction of other desirable varieties into the garden, by so occupying the ground as to make it difficult to find room for new acquisitions.

These superfluities of the garden may be made the articles of a very pretty neighborhood commerce. An exchange of visits between amateur cultivators of fruits and flowers, and a comparison of the contents of their gardens, could hardly fail to show that each had varieties to spare which the other would be glad to possess, and thus both parties be gratified at finding an opportunity for profitable barter. Those who save their own flower and vegetable seeds, too, almost always lay in larger quantities of each kind than they wish to sow; and it is well worth while, as a matter of speculation, for one to propose to divide rare sorts with his neighbors, receiving, in return, additions to his own store from their several collections. But, besides opportunities to exchange plants, seeds, &c., there are other ways to dispose of one's superabundance that ought not to pass unimproved. Many persons who would gladly receive a portion of what it would be a relief to others to spare, naturally hesitate to ask for it when they have nothing to offer in return. A little pains taken to notify these, that such and such varieties of shrubs, vines, plants, or seeds, are at their service if they choose to accept them, are generally all the effort necessary to enable one to rid himself of a burden, and, at the same time, confer a real favor on others. But as there is, perhaps, a class whom this means would fail to reach—a class composed of persons inexperienced in and therefore unconscious of the pleasure and the advantage of cultivating gay, sweet-smelling flowers and delicious fruits, and consequently slow to avail themselves of the above offer—they who would benefit them in this respect, will need to stretch their benevolence to the point of sending or carrying to them whatever they have to bestow. Courtesy would compel the objects of this delicate, unsolicited charity, to give some care to what the donor has taken the trouble to distribute; and the chances are that, in this way, at small cost of time and trouble, greater good may be effected than results from many a more ambitious undertaking.

A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

THE SPERGULA PILIFERA.

This plant, we have before informed our readers, is beginning to be used in England as a substitute for grass in making lawns. If this is desirable in England, where the climate is so moist and so favorable to the "living green," which we always admire in English lawns, surely in this country, where our grass becomes scorched under a burning July's sun, if it bears our climate, it will be a great acquisition. We have the seed planted, and we believe plants have been imported, so that in a little time it will have a fair test. In the *Revue Horticole*, we noticed an engraving of this plant, and an article on its history, &c, which we noted for translation, but the last number of the *Horticulturist* contains the same, which we copy:

"The *Spergula pilifera* is a very pretty miniature plant, not exceeding two inches in height (including the flowers;) its numerous small stems, which are hidden in a mass of fine acicular, very short leaves, form a compact, velvety turf, of the most beautiful green, and quite similar to moss.

From the midst of the leaves, the flowers show themselves during nearly the whole of summer and autumn. Small, starry, very white, and slightly fragrant, they succeed each other in great quantities, and in failing leave no disagreeable traces.

Of very rapid growth, the smallest portion, planted in the spring, forms during the current year a tuft from ten to twelve inches in diameter; it consequently covers the ground rapidly, and appears perfectly adapted for forming edgings, turf walks, or lawns, of the most pleasing effect. It can also probably be used advantageously in ornamenting rock-work, &c. It grows well in the shade, and experiments already made lead to the belief that it will thrive equally when fully exposed to the sun, preserving its verdure and remarkable freshness of appearance.

A mossy rural turf, requiring no mowing or cutting of any kind, which may, indeed, be said to need no care, requires no eulogy, and by these qualities alone, recommends itself to amateurs.

Its propagation is very easy, either by seed or by the division of the stands, which may be separated almost infinitely; a small package of the seeds, or a few tufts of the plant, are therefore sufficient for a stock. The sowing should be in the open air, whether in pots or in the ground. The seed being very small, should be very slightly covered, or it is sufficient to leave it on the surface of the ground, in which case it should be kept in the shade. The young plants should be pricked out into the open ground, where they are to remain, at a later period. If it is intended to form an edging, the plants should be placed at a distance of from eight to ten inches apart. If a turf walk or a lawn is to be made, the plants should be placed checker-wise, at distances of six or eight inches. The spread of the plants is so rapid that they will soon form a continuous carpet, compact and inimitable.

THE SPERGULA PILIFERA.

As to the quality of soil required, this plant does not appear to be difficult, and it is probable that it will thrive almost anywhere in a soil somewhat compact, provided there are a few inches of vegetable mold. If the soil is not naturally compact, it should be made so by using the roller.

Mr. LUCIEN GEORGES, to whom is due the initiative of employing this plant in the ornamentation of gardens, gave it the name of *Sagina acicularis* in distributing it in France and England. In England it was supposed to be the *Spergula pilifera*, and it is by this name that it has been announced in the catalogues and brought forward in the horticultural journals, which have eulogized it very highly. In consequence of this name being that under which it appeared in the horticultural world, we preserve it; it is proper to say, however, that it is neither *Sagina acicularis* nor *Spergula pilifera*, but rather, according to Professor Decaisne, *Spergula* or *Sagina subulata*, an indigenous species in several parts of France."

NEW PERENNIAL SPINACH.—This is likely to prove a great acquisition to the kitchen garden summer crop, as it is very hardy and will stand the dry hot weather better than the common spinach. It has a large, thick and fleshy leaf, and will stand two years in this country without seeding.—*Eng. Cor. Gardeners' Monthly.*

We have obtained this seed and hope to have an opportunity to report favorably in regard to its adaptation to this country.

Inquiries and Answers.

PRESERVING FRUIT, &c.—Your valuable paper seems to be a medium for reciprocal improvement and information among your numerous readers. I desire a little information, and know no better way to get it than to apply at once to you for your decision, or that you may lay the subject before the jury of your numerous correspondents. Strawberry time is coming, and then we will have a succession of fruits, small and large, continually throughout the season; and what I want to know is:—1st, How to preserve specimen fruits, so as not to damage the appearance, color, &c., of them. Alcohol will preserve them in perfect form, but strawberries and blackberries bleach in it so as not to look natural. 2d. By what process can strawberries and blackberries be put up in cans so as not to lose color and flavor, if any?

I have a word to say on strawberry culture. Last summer and fall I planted some ten beds of strawberries. Some I mulched with pine sawdust, when planted, and some with loam late in the fall; and one bed planted in rows. After all was planted, I mulched half the bed, across the rows with pine sawdust, and left the other half unprotected. The result tells the tale more forcibly than I can write it. On the mulched half, every plant is living and doing well, while on the other half, at least half the plants are dead, and the balance look as though they needed quinine. Those mulched with the soil, late in the season, (one half inch deep,) look much better than the last named, but not near so well as the first. I should mention that this has been an unusually dry spring in this section. A splendid season to try the properties of different kinds of mulching.—S. A. D., *Keokuk, Iowa*, 1860.

1st. The art of preserving fruits in bottles, without injury to the color, has not been discovered. 2d. Strawberries, heated, and put up in air-tight cans, lose somewhat of their color, but retain much of the original flavor. They are the most difficult of all fruits to preserve in this way. Blackberries retain both color and flavor, if well put up.

CORN AND GRAPES IN EGYPT.—I wish to say a word and ask a question or two. I live in "Egypt," the place where there is plenty of corn when they have none in other places. Yes, we can't be beat raising corn. You put some of our neighbors in your paper last fall, with their great crops, but that was nothing. You ought to be here and see for yourself. But that is not what I was going to ask you about. I was just telling you that we can raise corn. Now I want to ask your advice about grapes. Can we make it profitable raising grapes on our soil, which is known in Illinois as sand prairie? A rich sandy loam, a little clay in subsoil. From four to six feet deep, we find pure sand and gravel. Our land requires no underdraining. I have a serious notion of setting a few acres to vines, but before doing so, I want some good advice. Do you think it would pay? What varieties would you recommend? Would you prefer training the vines to stakes, or trellises? Would it be best to set a locust grove on the north and west for a wind breaker? Answer these queries and oblige—A. A. DAVISON, *Sand Prairie, Tazewell Co., Ill.*, 1860.

WE have no doubt grapes would do well, and pay. We would recommend a low trellis, say six or seven feet in height. A belt of some kind of trees we would advise, by all means. The locust might answer, but it would be better to have a part evergreen trees, as they would afford a better protection against the winds of winter. The Norway Spruce is just the tree needed. Any of the well known varieties of grapes we think would answer, such as the Catawba, Isabella, Concord, Diana, and Delaware.

PATENT-OFFICE SEEDS—CREEPER PEAS.—I would like to ask a few questions, as I consider the RURAL one of the best mediums of information we have. Who should I send to to get seeds and plants that are distributed from the Patent-Office? Where should I send to get the Agricultural Reports of the Patent-Office, and are they free or not? Can the Strawberry Creeper Peas be got in Rochester, and at what price?—W., *Coldwater, N. Y.*, 1860.

No seeds or plants are distributed by the Patent-Office this year, we believe. The Reports are sent free, and you may obtain them by writing to your Senator or Representative in Congress. The Strawberry Creeper is a very dwarf pea, not growing more than six inches in height, not giving a good crop, and we thought hardly worthy of cultivation. It can be obtained of THORBURN & Co., New York, or R. BUIST, Philadelphia, but is not for sale in this city. It costs about seventy-five cents a quart. There is a very good field pea called the Creeper, which sells here at one dollar per bushel.

RASPBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES.—Can you inform me, through the RURAL, or otherwise, which is the most profitable crop to raise for market, the Lawton Blackberry, or the common Black Raspberry? What may be considered a fair crop of each per acre? How far apart should the bushes be set? Is it best to market the fruit green or dried? By answering these questions, in some shape, you will very much oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, *Onondaga Valley, N. Y.*, 1860

WHICH would be most profitable for culture, on a large scale, would depend upon the market. Near a large city, any quantity of either could be sold at good prices, but in most places it would be found that a portion of each would be better. We have seen very large statements of the products of each to the acre,—one before us gives over one hundred bushels, but, with good culture, both would yield a large and remunerative crop. All that can be disposed of should be sold fresh. Dry to prevent loss by keeping.

HUBBARD SQUASH.—Having just received a package of Hubbard Squash seeds, please let me know, through the RURAL, how to cultivate and use them.—RURAL FRIEND, *Middleburgh, N. Y.*, 1860.

PLANT in a good soil, about the middle of May, or as soon as danger of frost and cold weather is over. As soon as the plants come up, look out for the bugs. A good way is to make a shallow frame, covering it with a light of glass. The glass may be removed on warm days, and the box covered with tollinet. This will give air, and protection from the bugs. The Hubbard Squash has a hard shell that cannot be cut with a knife, and must be split or sawed. Divide in quarters, and bake in the shell, and they are excellent.

THE VICTORIA CURRANT.—What you say of currants, in answer to inquiries, in a late number, is doubtless correct, but there is a variety you do not mention, which I believe to be more valuable than any other variety, to wit, the Victoria. My bush produced, last season, twelve quarts, not quite as large as the Cherry, but larger than the Red Dutch, and hanging on several weeks later. The plant is remarkable above all I have seen for size, vigor, and beauty. Have you observed that the leaves of the Victoria are always free from the aphis? It is so with me, and if generally so, adds to the value of this fine variety. They are a pleasing sight, in contrast with other kinds, on that account. The Cherry is an early variety, and on the table, are beyond imagination for size and beauty.—S. B., *Pittsford, N. Y.*, 1860.

COMPOUND APPLES.—In reply to the inquiry of R. I. F., in a late number of the RURAL, about the mixed or compound apple, I would say that it is not a freak of nature, but is *done* by splitting and uniting parts of different buds. Great care should be taken to get buds of equal size, and after uniting them, cover well with grafting wax, or they may *branch off* as R. I. F. supposes. But if it is properly done, they will grow into one branch, and the fruit will be *compound*. I have a tree that is grafted in this way.—A. M. W., *Suspension Bridge, N. Y.*, 1860.

DOES our correspondent wish us to understand that he has produced "compound" fruit in this way?

GOOD USE FOR HARD SOIL.—In your paper of April 21st, you turn C. F. N., of Lee, Mass., over to the consideration of others. This "hard soil" is just the thing for quinces. Many a rocky farm in Massachusetts might ship off hundreds of barrels to these Western cities, if they only had them. Chicago would welcome many a bushel. The owners of many hard farms might, in this way, turn their rocks into gold, as quinces are partial to such soils. I wish Mrs. N. ALLEN, of Toledo, Ohio, would, if agreeable, send me a few seeds of her Climbing Cobea. —MRS. TERTIUS STRONG, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1860.

AN INQUIRY—WASHING MADE EASY, &c.

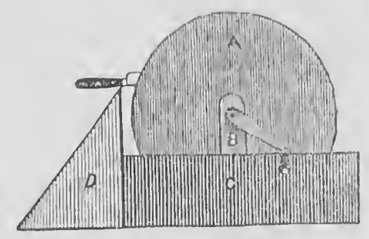
EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I wish to make an inquiry through the columns of the RURAL, thinking that, by so doing, I may get an answer from some one of its numerous readers, that might be of great service to me, and perhaps to others. Can any one afford a remedy for that distressing disease, the asthma? I have been troubled with it, more or less, for about three years, it being worst in the fall and spring seasons. I have tried various remedies recommended; also have applied to a physician, but only find temporary relief, and not always that. Each succeeding paroxysm being harder and lasting longer. If any one has a remedy that contains curative powers, and will forward it in the NEW-YORKER, the suffering of the afflicted will be greatly alleviated, and for which I would tender my hearty thanks, and would pay almost any price.

WASHING MADE EASY.—To all the lady readers of the RURAL, who wish to save elbow grease, and also soap, I would say, buy half a pound of good saltpetre, dissolve it in two quarts of rain water, and jug it up from the air. When going to wash, put five or six tablespoons in a quart of soap, stir it through, and make a good suds sufficient to put the clothes to soak,—let them soak half hour, or more, or even over night. It loosens up the dirt nicely, saving much hard labor.

HOME MADE HAIR OIL.—Take one cup of good sweet lard and melt it, let it partly cool, then stir in the white of an egg, beat to a froth, and scent it with whatever perfume you choose. Bottle up tight for use.

MOLLY.

Arcadia, N. Y., 1860.



A NEW KNIFE-CLEANER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I would here like to present your intelligent readers a plan of my own invention for cleaning knives. The figure is a side view. It consists of two wheels, 9 inches in diameter, placed on the same shaft, the insides of which are covered with leather. The wheels slide longitudinally on the shaft, and are made to press against each other, by the thumb-screws in the wheels near the shaft. Underneath the wheels is a box, *C*, 12 inches long, 6 wide and 3 deep, containing the brick-dust used in cleaning the knives. The drawer, *D*, is also for the same purpose, the top of which serves as a guide to rest the knife upon when cleaning. When a knife is required to be cleaned, the wheels *A* are forced apart by the screws, the leather wetted, and the brick-dust sprinkled over the leather, (this should be done about once a week.) The wheels are drawn together again. The knife to be cleaned is first dipped in water, then into the dust, and then placed between the wheels. On the crank being turned, the knife receives a beautiful polish. This is a very simple machine, and any one wishing to make one has my consent to do so.

Darien City, Gen. Co., N. Y., 185. WM. BROOKS, JR.

LEMON AND ROOT BEER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Our Lyons friend, G. D. K., wished a recipe for making Lemon or Root Beer. The following, I think, will answer for the former:—Two gallons of water; 2 lbs. of sugar; 1 oz. ginger; 1 oz. lemon; ½ oz. of cream tartar; 1 teacup of yeast. In a few days it is ready for use, and may be called a refreshing drink.—R. F. S., *Lyons, N. Y.*, 1860.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry in a late RURAL for a recipe for making beer, I send you one given me by a friend, which I find a little ahead of any beer I ever tasted. Take a small bottle, and get equal parts of the oil of spruce, sassafras and wintergreen,—enough to last the season if you like. Now for the beer. I take a three gallon jug and put in 2 quarts of boiling water, then add 60 drops of the oil; 6 quarts cold water; ½ pint molasses; ½ pint yeast, and let it stand in the sun 12 hours. Put in the cellar over night, and in the morning you will find it right.—E. H. HAWLEY, *Pittsfield, Otsego Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

SWEET APPLE PUDDING.—Pare and cut in thick slices, or quarter and core, sweet apples sufficient to fill the dish you wish to bake the pudding in. Put them in a kettle and add new milk sufficient to scarcely cover them, heat it boiling hot, and stir in Indian meal enough to make it a stiff batter. Salt, sweeten, and spice, to suit the taste. Butter your dish, put in the pudding, spread a little cream over the top to keep it from scorching. Bake three hours or more, according to size. Serve with cream or butter. Good, wholesome, and cheap.—P. H. B., *Litchfield, Conn.*, 1860.

INQUIRY.—A lady reader would like to inquire through the RURAL, of Mrs. M. J. RICE, of Henrietta, the author of the premium recipes in Jan. 7th of the present year, the quantity of flour to the fruit cake there mentioned?—L. C. B., *Elbridge, N. Y.*, 1860.

LOAF CAKE.—INQUIRY.—Will some of the ladies give us a recipe for making plain loaf cake, with hop yeast? Also, the best method of preparing unbolted wheat flour for warm cakes, or for cold raised bread?—MRS. S., *Chautauqua Co., N. Y.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TO ONE WHO SUNG TO ME.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

Sing away, sweet LOTTIE! sing away!
In this bustling kingdom of the world
Many a voice is hushed that should be gay,
Many a wing that *ought* to soar is furled.

Sing away! and be the robins song
Thine, out-gushing from a happy heart.
Innocent of vanity and wrong—
Learn of love and light thy music-art.

Never wish to be the nightingale,
For the owl, (speak low, the critic, dear,)
Wakening at her voice in starlight pale,
Hoots "reviews" into her shrinking ear.

In the night of Sorrow's Bitterness,
Richest, rarest poet-strains are sent,
From the secret spirit's dim recess,
On the wailing wind of Discontent.

Never wish to be the nightingale!
Sing away, sweet LOTTIE, *in the sun.*
If thy crimson summer day should fail,
Cease thy tune. Let light and song be one.

Sing! like gleeful robins, clear and loud,
When thy dreamy soul is summer-kissed.
Better be the gay, love-lighted cloud,
Than the chill and sluggish evening mist.

Black Rock, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A MARRIED MAN'S REVERIE.

Oh, Time, Time, what a wretched life this is! What a consummate fool a man is, anyway! There I was, a dozen years ago, a decent old bach,—as independent as a Prince,—nobody to bother me, and making money like the wind! And there I should have been now, if it hadn't been for that meddling SNOOKS. Always pretending to be a great friend of mine. Precious frindship his is! Says he, "SMITH, you're getting to be over forty, and it's time you settled in life respectably. It's the best way,—in fact, it is the only true way to live. It's a shame you haven't a nice family around you now."

And then MATILDA, everybody said, was a good girl, and, besides, somehow, as the boy said when the school-master scolded him for kissing a girl, "I thought she kinder wished me to." So here I am, scolded and harrassed for life, and no help for it. A wife and two children dogging me around, and no peace of my life! I wish SNOOKS had the whole lot and kit to bother him, and to provide for,—he'd sing a different song. What in the deuce is he single for, I'd like to know? Wants Mrs. SMITH, very likely." Now I think of it, I'll just keep an eye on him,—here every little while, and taking upon himself to pry into and dictate my private affairs,—always very kind and attentive to MATILDA and the children. The scamp! They like him now better than they do me. I'll not have this any longer. I'll take care of my own wife and children. And don't I do it as well as anybody, I'd like to know? There's BRUCE,—the simpleton! So proud of his wife and children. I don't see anything very attractive about *her*,—don't look as well as my wife,—sickly, too, and not near as smart. And the children don't begin with mine! But, then, such a bother! I like well enough to have a woman about to see to my house, and my clothes, and wait on me; but then I want her to mind her own business, and keep her tongue to herself, and not be asking me questions, and dictating my affairs. A woman always thinks she knows a little more than any one else. To be sure I have got her learned so she's pretty quiet, and when I scold her, and give her to know what's what, and tell her to mind her own business, she takes it as calm and patient as she ought. Blame take SNOOKS,—heard me speak up to her one day,—didn't know any one was about, and took me to do for it. Says he,

"SMITH, your worse than a cannibal,—speak to your faithful wife like that! I'll bet my fortune you never need give her a cross word. I've been here a good deal, and, besides, her face is enough. You can read it like a book. Her heart is full of the kindliest, noblest impulses, and she would worship you, if you were not such a perfect old savage, and ever took any kind of notice of her, or had any regard for her wishes!"

The old hypocrite! I'll kick him out-doors, if he ever comes here again. Says, "no wonder she looks pale and broken hearted, I keep her shut up here, and never take her out," &c. *I* shut her up! *I* don't care when she goes, nor where. I never told her to stay here, but as for my being bothered with a woman around me, I shan't do it! Nor I'm not going to ask her if I may go away, and tell her where, and all about it. What business is it to her, I'd like to know? If she wants to mope, she may mope,—*I* shan't bother *my* brains about it,—got something else to think of,—didn't get a wife to be toting about and talking honey to all the time,—got her to help take care of my property, and precious help she's been! A perfect bill of expense, and nothing else. And the children. Did think 'twould be nice to have one or two. Cost more'n they come to, and an everlasting bother.

SNOOKS says "she has the worst of it, and will be in her grave now before I'm gray." I'll risk her. She can spend money, that's a fact. Look at the bills I pay. Doesn't tease me for fine clothes, or jewelry, or knick knacks, to be sure,—knows it won't do any good. SNOOKS says "she'd give more for kind words and love than all the gimeracks in the universe!" Bah! He'll do for a ladies' man,—just gas and soap enough. Says "if he had such a wife and children, he'd be the richest man alive!" And here I'm groaning around about my hard fate, and consider myself the most unfortunate wretch. O, the glorious days of bachelorhood, will they never come again!

D—o.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MORE ABOUT FLIRTING.

MEN are an unreasonable set of creatures! Among their many nonsensical ideas, they have a firm belief that we women would perish if they didn't give us a lecture, as long as the moral law, upon every imaginable subject under the heavens, as often as they can get a chance. Pride and prejudice, extravagance and economy, staying at home and going abroad,—but, really, it would be easier to tell what these same edifying lectures haven't treated of, than what they have. But the favorite theme,—the dearly beloved of every man who uses a quill,—seems to be Flirting.

Take up the *Ledger* and you will find this caption staring at you from the head of a three column production, which solemnly arraigns all woman-kind at a sort of a semi-judicial bar, having all the terrors and none of the allevlations of the genuine article. Seat yourself to enjoy a quiet hour with *Life Illustrated*, and it will be ditto,—and so on, through all the ranks of newspaperdom. And to witness the tone of injured innocence which these censors assume,—it is diverting in the highest degree. Of course it is only crinoline and gaiters that are found in the walks of flirtation; broadcloth and boots are quite immaculate. CLEOPATRA flirted desperately. In the language of a modern gossip,—good woman, "her goings on were orful;" but probably MARK ANTONY didn't leave a poor, lonely little wife among the olive groves of Italy, to dwell alone in sorrow, while he was quaffing the red wine with the Egyptian syren. CÆSAR's wife wasn't above suspician, but of course the gentleman himself was. ASPASIA was a dangerous coquette, breaking hearts with as much ease as a modern prize fighter breaks heads, but it would be heresy to suggest that SOCRATES ever left MRS. SOCRATES to scold herself into convulsions, while he was spending the hours that aught to have been employed in honest labor, chatting socially with a pretty flirt. AUGUSTUS FITZNOODLE, Esq., is perfectly "charmed" to leave his adored JULIA for one evening to escort Miss JONES to the theatre, but his ire is beyond description to find the deceitful JULIA already there with that hateful SNIPKINS.

In real, sober earnest, more heart-breaking anguish is caused by man's inconstancy and faithlessness, than by all our flirting propensities, enlarged upon with such angry vehemence. In man's life, love is but an episode: if his heart is broken he coolly picks up the pieces and gives them to some one else; but with woman the case is different. To her the love of one true heart is a pearl of great price, and if, when it should be hers alone, it is given to another, her life is bankrupt. Brothers, we beseech you give up flirting; it may be sport for you, but it is death to us.

Cohocton, N. Y., 1860. LAURA E. W.

LAMARTINE'S OPINION OF WOMEN.

WOMAN, with weaker passions than man, is superior to him in soul. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense,—the divine sense. They were right. Nature has given women two painful heavenly gifts, which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature,—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion they devote themselves; by enthusiasm they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart and more imagination than men. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart. Women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism, of which woman is the instrument in the hand of God. When all is desperate in a national cause, we need not despair while there remains a spark of resistance in a woman's heart, whether she is called Judith, Clelia, Joan of Arc, Victoria Colonna in Italy, or Charlotte Corday, in our own day. God forbid that I compare those that I cite! Judith and Charlotte Corday sacrificed themselves, but their sacrifice did not recoil at crime. Their inspiration was heroic, but their heroism mistook its aim; it took the poignard of the assassin instead of the sword of the hero. Joan of Arc used only the sword of defence; she was not merely inspired by heroism, she was inspired by God.

A SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.

SAID a young lady, who was fashionably educated at boarding-schools, and indulged in idleness at home, so that there was neither strength nor elasticity in her frame:—"I used to be so feeble that I could not even lift a broom, and the least physical exertion would make me ill for a week. Looking one day at the Irish girls, and noticing their healthy, robust appearance, I determined to make a new trial, and see if I could not bring the roses to my cheeks, and rid myself of the dreadful lassitude that oppressed me. One sweeping day I went bravely to work, cleaning thoroughly the parlors, three chambers, the front stairs and hall, after which I lay down and rested until noon, when I arose and ate a heartier meal than for many a day. Since that time I have occupied some portion of every day in active domestic labor, and not only are all my friends congratulating me upon my improved appearance, but in my whole being—mind, body, and spirit—do I experience a wondrous vigor, to which I have hitherto been a stranger. Young ladies, try my Catholicon."

WORDS.—Wonderful things are words—half spirit, half sense, so flexible, so various in their power! The poet can body forth to the fancy or to the imaginative faculty in words almost everything the sculptor or the painter can in form and color, and a great deal that form and color cannot embody. What painter could give adequate form to the picture that Shakspeare in words puts before the mind's eye.—*Dr. Oldham.*

THE human heart is like a feather-bed—it must be roughly handled, well shaken, and exposed to a variety of turns, to prevent it becoming hard and knotty.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BRIGHT, MERRY MAY.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

MONTH of beauty, clad in green,
Fairer than an earthly queen,—
Merrily the brooklet flows,
Bright the tender clover glows;
Glittering in golden light—
Merry May,
Charming May,
Clad in garments pure and bright.

Everywhere, with gladsome ringing,
Merry, merry birds are singing,—
Singing now their sweetest lays,
With a jubilee of praise;
Pouring out glad songs to thee,
Merry May,
Vocal May,
Full of gladness, full of glee.

Bright and gilded leaf-clad bowers,
Gay, sweet-scented lovely flowers,
Blossoms glowing on the trees,
Swallows twittering at the eaves;
Nature rings with joyful songs,
Merry May,
Blooming May,
Beauty now to thee belongs.

Orioles and Sparrows, hark!
Robins and the Meadow Lark,—
Linnets, Finches,—all have come,
Singing sweetly round each home;
O, the world is vocal now,
Merry May,
Lovely May,
Crowns of glory on thy brow.

Leaves, and flowers, and birds, how gay!
In bright pastures lambs at play!
All the beauties of the year,
Starting now a bright career;
Favorite of the mouths to me,
Merry May,
Cheerful May,
Joyfully I sing of thee.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT."

"I'LL serve Vulcan no longer," exclaimed a youthful apprentice, as he swept from the anvil a piece of iron, which had become too brittle for use by over-heating.

Little "Jinglesmut," as HARRY was called by some of the wicked village boys, seemed well-nigh out of patience, and evidently so much so that he had almost resolved to desert his faithful guardian, and appeal to the sympathies of strangers, who, I venture to say, would have been less regardful of his present and future welfare than kind "old JOSEPH JOHNSON," who, ever-caring for the wants of the needy, had "*swedged*" many generous thoughts out of every-day observations. Our aged friend, though now "well-to-do in the world," still went by the name of "Uncle JOE," and being engaged in another part of his shop, had, for the last three-quarters of an hour, watched the unsuccessful efforts of HARRY to finish his contemplated piece of mechanism.

"What, HARRY!" said he, "will you now leave me after being my daily companion for so long? Methinks I would be lonesome without you."

"It is not that I really wish to leave you, Uncle JOSEPH, but here I have toiled for nearly an hour, to find out, after all, that the metal which I have been using was worthless."

"Ah! but you are mistaken," kindly replied Uncle JOE, "for I have tested a part of the same bar myself, and believe it to be of very good quality."

"Is that so?"

"Why, did you not observe the excellent color of the iron at the first heating?"

"Surely, it could not have been my fault!"

"But it *was* your fault," remonstrated Mr. JOHNSON, in a manner betraying a feeling of paternal fondness, and yet of faithful dictation. "The first heat was good enough, but it was the repeated and *excessive* heating which destroyed the good qualities of the metal."

"How could I avoid it?" asked the young mechanic.

"I will tell you how you might have avoided it, HARRY. Do you not remember, after taking the iron from the fire the second time, that you struck it but two blows, then returning it again, you hastened to the door to see that beautiful carriage which was passing?"

"Yes, indeed, I do remember it; but, Uncle JOSEPH, what had that to do with the metal which I was working?"

"It had much to do with it. You should have continued to "*strike while the iron was hot,*"—then you could have wrought it sufficiently without over-heating, which has ruined the metal, delayed the completion of your proposed work, and tempted you to desert one who would be as a father to you, who was left an orphan when you had only just learned to lisp the name of mother!"

HARRY, who by this time had caught sight of his error, seemed really sorry for his hasty "vexation of spirit;" and as the little pearly proofs of his penitence trickled down his cheeks, he realized more than ever before that Uncle JOE was indeed wise as he was kind-hearted, and that, during the remainder of his life, the lesson just taught him, and contained in those six little words, was full of meaning, and ought to be remembered and daily practiced.

But shall we think that Uncle JOE'S maxim is only a smith-shop rule of discipline? Have we never delayed an opportunity for doing good, by allowing our plans for usefulness to be interrupted by some gratification of a taste rendered grossly inferior by devotion to fashion, or enslavement to false notions of gentility? Have we ever considered that our Creator has placed us all as apprentices in his great work-shop? The circumstances which surround us constitute the "forge" at which He bids us labor. The mental faculties with which He has endowed us, are instruments to be diligently and rightfully employed, if we would attain the true object of our existence. They vary in strength and diversity, according to the task we are required to perform. Our every-day chances for observation and investigation, are the materials out of which we are to "swedge" our future destiny. Whether we are idle or industrious, there will be a positive result. And when the Master-Mechanic of the Universe calls for our "work," shall we have nothing to "bring forth" but a set of rusty tools, and a mass of unwrought material? We are to subject *all* our opportunities for being useful, to the "forge" of our real, not fancied, circumstances; and when in a condition to serve the great purpose of doing good, however small that good may seem to us, we must "*Strike,*" for the "*iron is hot.*"

Gates, N. Y, 1860. NED MORTIMER.

THE CRICKET IN THE WALL.

HARK! 'Tis the small voice of the cricket in the crevices of the wall. How cheerful is his little song. What is the subject of his lay? Is he chanting melody in the ear of his lady love, or is he pouring out his soul in an evening hymn? Is he singing the praise of some mighty insect warrior, or landing the name of some one who has gathered wisdom beyond that of his fellows?—Have insects their heroes, their tyrants, their poets and their orators? Who can tell?

And why is it that all living things have glad voices given them? Why is it, that when the sun is gone down, and the hum of business is still—when man has withdrawn from the cares and business of the day, and the winds have retired to their caves, that the voice of the insect tribes, low and solemn, comes abroad upon the air?—Why does not silence come down with the curtain of night, and brood with the darkness over us? It is that we may not forget the great teachings of nature. The heavens may be darkened by clouds, the stars may not look out to remind us, the face of the moon may be veiled, and the sound of the winds hushed, but the voice of the insect world tells us that life, beauty, joy and happiness, are still rife in the works of God. We remember the cricket, that chirped in the corner, when we sat by our father's fireside. His voice was cheerful, and it was a pleasant thing to listen to his happy song. Father, mother, brothers, sisters, were beside us then, and we talked of the little warbler as a thing we all loved. But the corner and the cricket, and the home of our childhood, are all gone. Swept by time into the returnless abyss of the past. And those who listened with us, where are *they?* Father, mother, brothers, sisters, where are they?

"They are scattered and parted by mountain and wave,
And some are in the cold, silent womb of the grave."

Sad are the memories that the song of the cricket brings to our heart. It tells of happy days, now gone forever—of merry hours that have passed away. It brings clustering around us the furrowed brows of the living, and the pale, still faces of the dead.—*State Register.*

GROWING OLD.

IT seems but a summer since we looked forward with eager hopes to the coming years. And now we are looking sadly back. Not that the dream has passed, but that it has been of no more worth to those around us. As the glowing hopes and ambitions of early life pass away; as friend after friend departs, and the stronger ties which hold us here are broken, our life seems but a bubble, glancing for a moment in light, and then broken, and not a ripple left on the stream.

Forty years once seemed a long, weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way, are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints sacred under their drifting of dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and hopes, push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat.—*T. W. Brown.*

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.

THE following sketch is called the portrait of a true gentleman, found in an old Manor House, in Gloucestershire, written and framed, and hung over the mantle-piece of a tapestried sitting-room:

"The true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his *own* man; virtue is his business, study his recreation, contentment his rest, and happiness his reward; God is his Father, the Church is his mother, the saints his brethren, all that need him his friends; devotion is his chaplain, chastity his chamberlain; sobriety his butler, temperance his cook, hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, charity his treasurer, piety his mistress of the house, and discretion his portor, to let in or out, as most fit. This is his whole family, made up of virtues, and he is the true master of the house. He is necessitated to take the world on his way to heaven; but he walks through it as fast as he can, and all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him in two words—a Man and a Christian."

THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.—It is a great art in the Christian life to *learn to be silent.* Under opposition, rebukes, injuries, *still be silent.* It is better to say nothing, than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent, the mind is enabled to collect itself, and to call upon God in secret aspirations of prayer.—And thus you will speak to the honor of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, *when you speak from God.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE BREAD OF LIFE.

A SEQUEL TO "THE LIVING WATERS."*

BY ELLATH.

TRAVELER, fainting by the wayside,
Overcome by hunger's power,
For you there are words of promise
In your being's darkest hour.
One there is who has compassion,
He, the Tender and the True,
Sends a messenger to whisper
That there still is hope for you

Food of earth you oft have eaten,
And it mocked your soul's desire;
Is not all of earth but shadow?
You, in agony, inquire.
Hope ye! though your soul is fainting,
And death-darkness dims your eye,—
Love has made a rich provision,—
Destitute you need not die.

Rise and eat! Now all is ready,
Bread of Life is free for all,
Kind the invitation given,
Listen to the gentle call.
He, the Giver, tells you plainly
Night will come, and darkness reign;
If, at last, your soul shall famish,
You alone must bear the blame.

Pilgrim! seek the Living Water,
Hunger for the Bread of Life,
They will strengthen famished nature
To endure the toil and strife.
Saved, you may look in triumph
Backward o'er the dreary sod,
Where your weary footsteps tended
To the Paradise of GOD.

Strong to toil, and strong to suffer,—
Nourished by the bread divine,—
On and upward you will journey
Toward the far-off, better clime;
Light will shine upon your pathway;
When, at last, you reach the end,
Angel hands reach through Death's portal,
Lift you to the UNSEEN FRIEND.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860.

* Published in the RURAL of January 7th.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OVERCOMING.

METHINKS, in this one word we have the whole Christian character concentrated. It may be simple in letters and syllables,—simple when referring to temporal victories,—but it is unutterably full of significance when applied to spiritual life. The Christian's life is indeed a warfare,—a *continual* warring against the world, the flesh, and the devil. There are so many avenues to the heart, so many feelings and emotions that we are scarcely aware of, that at no moment can we lay down our watch, and our acts are almost continually saying, "I pray thee have me excused."

Perhaps the influences which unavoidably surround us are not such as would lead us to learn this lesson of overcoming; and there is an indefinable thought in our minds that these circumstances will lead to a lenient judgment in our behalf. How mistaken! "CHRIST cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance," and has promised "with each temptation to provide a way of escape." Which, think you, is the overcomer,—which, the *man* or *woman?* He who glides listlessly along, joining in the many evils that surround him, a willing captive to Satan's wiles, quieting conscience with outward forms and ceremonies varied with good resolutions, and dependence in the name of Christian, while the inward life, devoid of all goodness or purity, is overcome of all evil,—or, he who fearlessly and faithfully overcomes evil with good, trusting in Him who is more for us than all who can be against us? To all there will come hours of sadness, perhaps never-to-be-forgotten grief, for "Whom the LORD loveth he chasteneth." There will be much, *very* much, that is opposed to the natural heart, which we must learn. Many victories to be gained over self,—many weary heart lessons which shall unseal the fountain of tears,—many lessons in the deceitfulness of our own hearts,—many lessons in the "charity which never faileth," before "we shall possess our souls in patience," and our evening and our morning prayer be, "Father, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." To such "will CHRIST grant to sit with Him in His throne."

Bath, N. Y., 1860. JENNIE S.

A BETTER EARTH.—As at the resurrection man will emerge from the grave glorious and immortal, and fit for a higher sphere; so out of the heavings and convulsions and burnings of that day, shall the earth come purified and ready as a "habitation of holiness." Yet, it is a Christian instinct,—a feeling of the Christian human heart,—not only to desire to be with Christ in glory, but also to see that familiar home, earth, grow pure and glorious; to know that this old homestead which we are compelled to leave, as yet rude and incomplete, shall be cared for and beautified by our children, who shall fall heirs to the wealth and glory of the millennium. And as we suppose that one who from a cottage has reached an earthly throne, would look back from his elevation with peculiar tenderness to the scenes of humble childhood—so, when we shall be throned kings and priests unto God, in the new Jerusalem we may look back with loving remembrances to the home of our low estate, and rejoice that it has been renovated, enlarged, and fitted for the abodes of pure immortals.—*Lectures on Revelations.*

BELIEVER, the more worldly business lies upon thy hand, the more need thou hast to keep close to thy closet. Much business lays a man open to many sins, many snares and many temptations.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER VII.

Coal Barge — Harbor dotted with torch-lights and fifty Fruit boats racing to reach the Steamer — Manner of selling — Going on shore — Rare bargains — Dime-diving — Cruel method of taking Cattle to market — Remedy for gout — Turtle catching, &c.

ACAPULCO, February, 1860.

ONE bold feature,—that of "magnificent distances"—has marked our halts from Vermont to this place. A sea voyage of over 2,000 miles, gave us harbor at Aspinwall and Panama, and one of 1,500 miles enables us to cast anchor in this delightful mooring ground. Here we took in coal, water, and fresh boat-stores. The place is destitute of a wharf, and barges are used to convey the requisite supplies to the steamers.

Acapulco contains about 3,000 inhabitants. The houses are mostly adobe, and built low, the better to contend with earthquakes, which, at times, admonish that there is a safety valve in humble architectural pretensions. The coal is brought on sail vessels from New York and Pennsylvania, around Cape Horn, and stored here for use. The slow moving approach of the coal-barge, with thousands of sacks of coal, scores of natives, and torch-lights of candle-wood gleaming in the evening's dusk, created a novel spectacle and much merriment. Then might be seen, all the way from the steamer to the shore, more than fifty canoes, loaded with natives and fruit, streaming with torch-lights, vieing in the race, each pulling to shoot their length ahead, thus reaching first the goal, and driving the first bargain with the fruit-hungry passengers.

The singing of the natives who backed the sacks of coal on board from the barge alongside, and the din of scores of Mexicans in their canoes, calling, each more earnestly and lustily than the other, to buy their fruits, waked echoes on the shore and confusion in your ears, quite surpassing the two guns which are fired as you come into port. Each canoe was illumined by a long, erect torch of candle-wood. When you saw and made the native understand the fruit you wanted, he threw you up a line. Pull it up and with it a basket. Deposit your silver and lower away. The yellow merchant fills the basket to your order, as he understands it, puts in the wrong change in Mexican coin, and up you do the elevating. You reject his bad change and half his invoice, scold him, and insist on being righted. Patience and perseverance are rewarded at last, and the fruit is delicious. Beautiful baskets, filled with more beautiful coral, and all for fifty cents, tempt scores of ladies to embark in the traffic.

If you desire to step once more on terra firma, a good way is to take one of the neatly cushioned omnibus boats on the other side of the ship, out of which the oarsmen are clamoring for you almost as deafeningly as cabmen at steamboat landings. For half a dollar you are set on shore, where, by torch-light, squatting in the sand, sit whole families noiselessly awaiting your coming. He is lucky who has a roll of dimes in his pocket. They can seldom change dollars, and two dimes are a quarter in this market. For a dime you get a large pine apple,—a meal for an epicure. For another dime you are possessed of 20 delicious oranges, and for fifty cents you get a bunch of bananas, worth three dollars in Fulton market. Those who have paid ten and fifteen cents each for cigars on the steamer, rejoice to find here just as good, and at the low rate of thirty for a quarter, or one cent each in smaller quantities. You walk round the town, buy coral and shells of pretty Mexican girls, and for another half dollar you are rowed back to the steamer, quite satisfied with "seeing the Lions."

As morning dawns, a new entertainment begins. The merchants of the canoes douse their torches, and strip to the skin. They take to the water and cry out "Me ketchee dime," and for each dime thrown into the sea, a dozen swarthy christians dive for it. Ere it reaches half way to the bottom, it is seized, the successful one comes up with it in his teeth; and the more agile have both cheeks distended with their earnings, before the gun announces that the steamer is off again.

At this port, the steamer takes in fresh supplies of cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, turtles, &c. The natives have a curious way of getting their cattle from the shore to the steamer. They manage to tie their heads to the sides of the canoe, and then row away, and compel them to swim or float off to market. Here, unless the steamer is ready to receive them, they remain hanging by their heads in the water for hours, manifesting their sufferings by lowing and flouncing, and struggling sharply for relief. They are hauled upon board by tackle-ropes fastened around their horns. They are small, and poor enough to claim relationship to PHARAOH'S lean kine. The swine are small, and lantern-jawed; the sheep coarse as New Foundland dogs; the fowls, no idea of aldermanic rotundity and fatness,—'twould subject them to inconvenience in so hot a climate. Their thin, shadowy appearance, is a disgrace to the hen family, and their ghostly condition at the dinner-table is well calculated to disarm one of a fit of the gout. Really, the Mexicans, so far as flesh-eating goes, are but sorry disciples of the epicurean philosophy—poor panderers to an Englishman's gustatory notions. Eleven large turtles, weighing from 150 to 200 pounds, finished out our complement of meats. They afforded us much good living. When caught *napping*, the natives come slyly up, turn them quickly and suddenly on their backs, in which position they are utterly helpless and are easily captured. Of vegetables, and tropical fruits, such as oranges, pine apples, figs, prunes, olives and raisins, the boat was most generously supplied. S. B. R.

LETTER VIII.

Habits of the Natives of Acapulco — Troubles at Manranilla — Sabbath service — Change of Temperature — Coasting of Colima — Gulf of California — Whaling Expedition — Crossing the "Bar" — Entrance of the "Golden Gate" — Anchorage, farewells, greetings, partings, and to quarters.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 11th, 1860.

THERE is much simplicity in the habits of the natives here, yet they are not altogether without claim to pretensions. They have a church, a day school, and a theatre. The play acted on the evening of our visit was founded on scenes in rural life, a piping and jolly shepherd being the hero of the comedy. The actresses were flauntingly dressed, and, no doubt, are the envy of all the FLORA MCFLIMSEY'S in the town, who can almost literally sing we've "nothing to wear,—nothing to wear."

A Fort, built in the 17th century, now in good fighting order, situated on a high hill, commands the entrance to the harbor. It is in the occupancy of Gen. ALVAREZ and his troops. We had several hundred tuns of merchandise on board, destined for Manranilla,—a Mexican port further up the coast,—but owing to the belligerent and disturbed condition of affairs, it was feared that the property, if left there, might be seized and confiscated, and hence it was put off at Acapulco.

The second morning out of the latter port, and the third Sabbath since leaving New York, dawned gloriously fair. At 11 o'clock, we had Episcopal service in the upper saloon, and an excellent sermon, founded on Deut. viii, 2d, by Rev. Mr. MAPLES. The heat began to abate, and on Monday the change was very perceptible. For over two weeks we had taxed our *wits* with ingenious devices, with thin clothing, and fans, to cool the exterior, and our pockets for ice-water, to allay the lurking thirst that waged upon the interior man. Now, fans are tossed overboard, ice is at a discount, and shawls and warm clothing are in demand, and you can enjoy the luxury of cutting your butter with a knife, instead of dipping it from a quart bowl with a teaspoon.

All day of Monday we were coasting off Colima, and straining our vision and imagination to catch a view of a volcano of the same name, which is somewhat remote from the coast, but is 12,000 feet in height. Scores saw it in *imagination*, but our conclusion was, that all we saw, or *imagined* we saw, would but shabbily atone for the superabundant strain and wear of eyesight and guessing faculties. At 5 o'clock we steamed into the Gulf of California, some 300 miles across. Our notions of gulfs were any thing but favorable. The very name smelt foul. It was associated with perilous gales, panic and fright, sickness and gloom, sharks and death. But thanks to Him who holds the winds in his fists and rules the raging seas, we rounded Cape St. Lucas with but a modicum of rough sailing. Fine skies, a bold and picturesque coast range, refreshing islands, all united to render the ballance of our trip exceedingly pleasant and agreeable.

Friday morning (21 days out from New York,) dawned clear and cool, and overcoats were a luxury. A stiff breeze had been encountered for 24 hours. Scores had not fully settled their accounts with old ocean, and she was calling on the sensitive to strike balance-sheets, and square up. Flocks of pelicans and gulls followed our wake, skimming, and diving, and soaring aloft, affording amusement, at the expense of the sea-sick, head and heart-sick passengers. I must not fail to mention that yesterday morning, the captain changed his programme and entered on a short *whaling voyage*, giving to hundreds a *first experience* in that kind of nautical pursuit. About 9 o'clock an object was descried miles off the starboard side, floating upon the sea. Immediately the ship was put in that direction, to ascertain whether or not it was a human being buffeting the waves for life. After running some four miles out of our course, it was discovered to be a *dead whale*, who, from sea-sickness, or other cause, had given up the ghost, concluding to practice tricks of deception for the remainder of his seafaring exploits. Fishes are wont to act from mere pasional instincts. This chap, I really think, was playing his pranks in *cold blood*. To-day's bulletin indicated that we were within half a day's steaming of the long-desired port. At 8 o'clock in the evening the ship crossed the "bar" swaggering, and rolling, and dashing her furniture about the cabins and saloon, as is customary at "bars." Soon we sailed through the "Golden Gate," and at half-past nine the *Golden Age* rounded to at her dock, in the harbor of San Francisco, safely moored from the wrathful sea. Farewells of sea-voyage attachments,—the greetings of friends long seperated,—the din and confusion of a hundred hotel runners and cabmen, clamoring with stentorian voices for patronage, closed the scene, as the seven or eight hundred passengers parted, no dozen of which will, probably, *ever* meet again on earth. S. B. R.

AN ITALIAN CLIMATE.

THE Italian climate robs age of reverence, and makes it look newer than it is. Not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Appian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, be it as dilapidated as it may, ever give the impression of venerable antiquity which we gather, along with the ivy, from the grey walls of an English abbey or castle. And yet, every brick or stone, which we pick up among the former, has fallen ages before the foundation of the latter was begun. This is owing to the kindness with which nature takes an English ruin to her heart, covering it with ivy, as tenderly as Robin Redbreast covered the dead babies with forest leaves. She strives to make it a part of herself, gradually obliterating the handiwork of man and supplanting it with her own mosses and trailing verdure, till she has won the whole structure back. But in Italy, whenever man has once hewn a stone, Nature forthwith relinquishes her right to it, and never lays her finger on it again. Age after age finds it bare and naked in the barren sunshine, and leaves it so. Besides this natural disadvantage, too, each succeeding century, in Rome, has done its best to ruin the very ruins, so far as their picturesque effect is concerned, by stealing away the marble and hewn stone, and leaving only yellow bricks, which can never look venerable.—*Marble Faun.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MAY-DAY FOR TREE-PLANTING.

THE custom of making a *festa* of this sort, is already introduced in many quarters, and needs but to be extended to enlist all the rural population in one general plan of landscape gardening. The town of Shoreham, in Vermont, will be recognized by the traveler as one of those which lie so placidly at the border of Lake Champlain, and touching, at its eastern shore, the legendary region of Ticonderoga, where the votary of the picturesque leaves the varied and extended sailing-water for the more romantic basin of Lake George. Four miles from this point (Larrabee's) is the center of Shoreham, a pleasant village, with handsome local public buildings, but only such display of business, or residences, as belong to a strictly farming town. The principal advantage of this location lay in the open swell of ground upon which the public buildings are situated, in the midst of an open common, extended by two or three private enclosures. Here were the churches and a respectable academy. A walk had been laid to them from the village below, but Nature, except that her place had been usurped and appropriated, seemed to have been studiously and defiantly excluded from the scene.

The May-Day movement brought its suggestion of a remedy for so deplorable a state of things, and received a response in the bosoms of those with whom a pleasant word is a welcome hint to a pleasant duty. The ladies conferred together and enlisted in the enterprise. Meetings were held, and a definite plan was adopted, by which, on a certain day, as near the first of May as the season permitted last year, those interested, from each district of the town, should rally, with all the needful means, to plant the vacant grounds with ornamental trees, protect them, and then, at the ladies' call, as the work was completed, "go from labor to refreshment." It was a busy, and at the same time it was a joyous holiday, and planted its good *designs* to rise and wave with pleasant memories in years to come.

Every school district,—every country town, almost,—every happy neighborhood, has its place and time for such a holiday, if it have the will. The chartered towns may make the same day grateful to their populations, by commencing their ornamental planting upon it, and calling the attention of those who wait for a movement to an opportunity to work in unison. The children will watch the affair, and observe it in some way. And so, for one, THE TEACHER.

Middlebury, Vt., 1860.

THE LOST ARTS.

THE lost arts of the ancients, is a subject of much interest, and of no little lugubrious lamentation with a certain class of modern malcontents. As though the amazing wonders of the present age, and the blooming glories of the proximate future, did not utterly dwarf the puerile achievements of all former times. We confess to but little interest in the arts of the ancients, and to no regret at their loss. With respect to many of them, we feel under some obligation to oblivion for kindly sealing them up from modern ken.

The art of embalming, by which the ancients succeeded in gaining a respite of a few centuries from the wholesome sentence, "dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," we hope, will remain forever entombed in the loathsome sarcophagi which contain its inventors. The earth deprives itself of its richest elements to furnish us with bodies, and when we are done with them, common honesty dictates that we should repay the loan gracefully, without resorting to circumlocution and stay acts.

Practical and beneficial utility is the true test of value for all arts and all discoveries. Tried by this test, the attainments of the ancients in all departments of skill and research, with the exception of their contributions to the science of mathematics, were extremely insignificant. And it does seem to appear that the legacy we have received from them would be greatly augmented, had none of the inheritance been dissipated in its transfer to us. It is true, philosophers of marvelous wisdom spake and wrote, and formed schools, but they did not find it in their philosophy to found common schools.

Science and art achieved wonders in the erection of triumphal arches to human butchers.—Their lofty conceptions were inspired in the construction of temples to gods of questionable honesty, and goddesses of questionable virtue.

They were prodigious upon engines of war, but very humble upon steam engines. They could devise to preserve a despot's gold from being alloyed by his jeweller, but they could not discover an atmospheric medium.

A single fine printing press in the world, from the time of Pythagoras, would have conferred more benefits upon succeeding generations than all that was attained in science and art for the whole two thousand years down to the period of its discovery.

We have no tears to shed for the lost arts; we would hardly barter the discovery of lucifer matches for them all.—*Artisan.*

IT is in vain to hope to please all alike. Let a man stand with his face in what direction he will, he must necessarily turn his back upon half the world.

THE SPIDER'S THREAD.

THAT any creature could be found to fabricate a net, not less ingenious than that of the fisherman, for the capture of its prey; that it should fix it in the right place, and then patiently await the result, is a proceeding so strange that if we did not see it done daily before our eyes by the common house-spider and garden-spider, it would seem wonderful. But how much is our wonder increased when we think of the complex fabric of each single thread, and then of the mathematical precision and rapidity with which, in certain cases, the net itself is constructed; and to add to all this, as an example of the wonders which the most common things exhibit when carefully examined, the net of the garden-spider consists of two distinct kinds of silk. The threads forming the concentric circles are composed of a silk much more elastic than that of the rays, and are studded over with minute globules of a viscid gum, sufficiently adhesive to retain any unwary fly which comes in contact with it. A net of average dimensions is estimated by Mr. Blackwell to contain 87,360 of these globules, and a large net of 14 or 16 inches in diameter, 120,000; and yet such a net will be completed by one species —*Epeira apoclisa*—in about 40 minutes, on an average, if no interruption occurs.—*Introduction to Zoology.*

MRS. GRAMMAR'S BALL.

MRS. GRAMMAR she gave a ball
To the Nine different parts of speech,—
To the big and the tall,
The short and the small,—
There were pies, plums, and puddings for each.

And first, little Articles came,
In a hurry to make themselves known,—
Fat A, An, and The,
But none of the three
Could stand for a minute alone.

Then Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends, the Nouns, were at hand—
Bough, Bougher, and Boughest,
Tough, Tougher, and Toughest,
Fat, Merry, Good-natured, and Grand.

The Nouns were, indeed, on their way,—
Ten thousand and more, I should think;
For each name that we utter,—
Shop, Shoulder, and Shutter,—
Is a Noun; Lady, Lyon, and Link.

The Pronouns were following fast
To push the Nouns out of their places,—
I, Thou, You, and Me,
We, They, He, and She,
With their merry, good-humored old faces.

Some cried out—"Make way for the Verbs!"
A great crowd is coming in view,—
To Bite and to Smite,
And to Light and to Fight,
To Be, and to Have, and to Do.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind them as footmen they run;
As thus—"To fight Badly,
They run away Gladly,"
Shows how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came—In, By and Near,
With Conjunctions, a poor little band,
As—"Either you Or me,
But neither them Nor he—
They held their great friends by the hand.

Then, with a Hip, Hip, Hurra!
Rushed Interjections uproarous,—
"Oh, dear! Well a-day!"
When they saw the display,
"Ha! ha!" they all shouted out, "Glorious!"

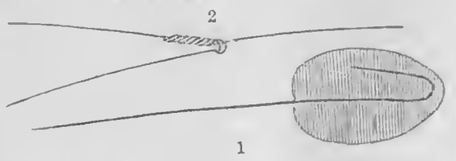
But, alas! what misfortunes were nigh!
While the fun and feastings pleased each,
There pounced in at once
A monster—a DUNCE,
And confounded the Nine parts of Speech!

Help, friends! to the rescue! on you
For aid, Noun and Article call,—
Oh, give your protection
To poor Interjection,
Verb, Adverb, Conjunction, and all!

The above might be repeated by every child, night and morning, beneficially. Nor would it do any hurt for many of the "children of a larger growth" to follow suit! We shall have a few words to say about this latter at another time.—*Materials for Thinking.*

PRESERVATION OF BIRDS, &c.—NO. III.

A VERY simple arrangement of the wires for beginners, especially for small birds, is to make a body of tow or flax, by winding it on a bent wire in the way of No. 1, imitating the shape of the bird, by drawing it with a string to the form desired. Introduce this into the skin, passing the wire up the neck and out of the mouth, or the top of the head. Take two straight wires for the legs, and after passing them through, bend a small hook on the upper end, force it back into the body, and with a stout thread tie it securely.



Another way is, to point a wire at both ends, form a ring on it like No. 2, pass it down the leg from the inside and up the neck through the mouth. Take a straight wire and pass down the leg, put the other end through the ring, and twist round No. 1. In this way the skin must be stuffed with cut cotton or flax.

COLORING THE LEGS.

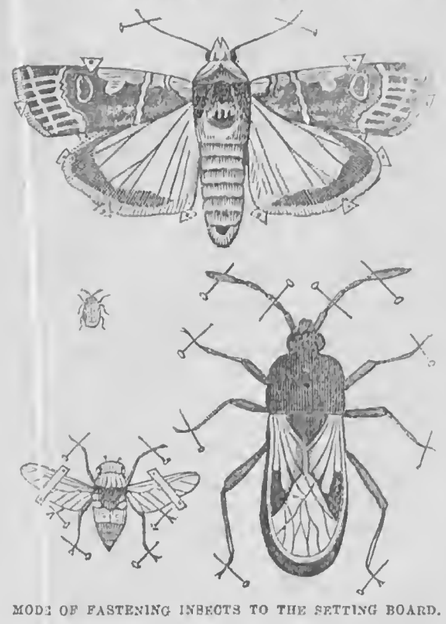
The feet and bills of some kinds of birds, as ducks, geese, &c., lose their color in drying. This must be remedied by coloring them with sealing wax dissolved in alcohol, of the color required, or by mixing two or more, and laying it on with a small brush, imitating nature as near as possible. When the bird is perfectly dry, cut off the wire on the top of the head with cutting pliers.

MAKING EYES.

It is often difficult to procure glass eyes. I have obtained large colored eyes at BARNUM'S Museum in New York city. The instruments for making them are a glass-blower's table lamp and bellows, round pincers six inches in length, closed by a ring to hold the wire forming the support of the eye. They are made from cylinders of glass, such as glass-blowers use, of the required colors. After the wick has been scattered so as to procure a clear blue flame, the bellows is directed to the middle of the wick. Then apply the cylinder to the extremity of the flame, and when a portion is melted apply a piece of small iron wire to the melted glass of the color you wish the eye. Take the quantity necessary for the size of the eye, turn it in the flame and it will form a globe. After it becomes round, a speck of black glass is placed in the center for the pupil. Expose it again to the flame, and when properly blended take a glass cylinder and put on enough clear transparent glass to cover the whole. Apply it to the flame, keep it burning till it is melted, and forms a perfect globe, when it may cool slowly. The black glass eyes which most small birds and quadrupeds require, are easily made. Procure a jeweler's blow-pipe, a lamp with an half-inch tube for the wick, filled with good sperm oil, and get a piece of charcoal that you can conveniently hold in your hand, scoop out a small round hole, and with an awl bore a hole through the center of it. Procure some small black glass beads, and a piece of iron wire four inches long, one end of which file to a sharp point. Then, lay four or five beads in the hollow of the charcoal, and apply the blow-pipe to the flame of the lamp, holding it back a little at first, or the full heat of the flame will snap them. In a few seconds they will unite and form a round globe; keep your eye steadily on while melting to discover any air-bladders—and if so, continue the heat—it will expand the air and burst the glass, which will again assume its globular form. In an instant, take up your pointed wire and insert it in the globe. When cooled a little, put the other end of the wire through the hole in the charcoal, but keep the glass from touching it. Again apply the heat, carefully as at first, then bring it near the end of the flame, and in a short time it will be completed. But, should you discover any particles of charcoal taken up by inserting the wire, keep it in the flame a little longer, and they will disappear. When cool, cut off the wire, leaving the eighth of an inch on the eye. Use more beads for larger sizes, and with a little practice you can make any size required.

INSECTS.

Insects of the *Beetle* tribe may be killed by putting them in a tin box with a little camphor, and holding them over the flame of a lamp for a short time. A correspondent recommends a method of killing insects, &c., which he considers more merciful than the above. It is to drop ether or chloroform on the head and thorax, which will set them to sleep in a second, from which they will never awake. They are set by putting a pin through the body near the thorax, which should pass underneath, beneath the first pair of legs. The antennæ and feet are put in position by the setting needle and secured by pins. If the wings are to be displayed, braces must be placed as required. These braces and pins are so plainly shown in the accompanying engraving that all can understand the operation, yet, in this, as in most other things, experience must be the guide.



MODE OF FASTENING INSECTS TO THE SETTING BOARD.

After setting, give them a coat of the corrosive sublimate preparation previously described, applied carefully with a camel-hair brush. This must be liberally applied to insects, as they are particularly liable to the attacks of the mite. *Butterflies and moths* require careful handling. The easiest way to kill them is to point a quill and dip it into prussic acid and make an incision with it between the shoulders, which produces instant death. This acid must be used with great caution, as its effects are about as instantaneous on the human subject as on the insect. They are set by pins and braces, but these must not touch the wings, but be ready to act as required. It is usual to take two of the same species and set one with the wings expanded, the other closed. In the large species of the insects, the contents of the abdomen must be extracted at the vent, and filled with chopped cotton wet with arsenical soap, or they will cause discoloration. The corrosive sublimate must be applied by pressing it from your pencil on the edge of the wings. See that it extends over every part. Small insects require nothing but a little gum water to stick them to your setting board. *Caterpillars* can be preserved in spirits and placed in phials. By following the above directions, your ingenuity can apply them to any insect. The operation is shown in the engraving.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Culture of the Pea, [Illustrated,].....149
Hints on Sheep Management,.....149
Grain for Breeding Ewes,.....149
Summer Care of Lambs, &c,.....149
Prize Short-horn Bull "Hiawatha," [Illustrated,].....149
Rearing and Training Milch Cows,.....149
About preparing ground for Corn,.....150
How to Select Seed Corn,.....150
Weather, Crops, &c, in Virginia,.....150
How to Grow Mangel Wurzel,.....150
Pole Evil—Treatment, &c,.....150

The Bee-Keeper—The Queen Bee—How Produced,...150

Inquiries and Answers—Spring Wheat—Corn and Grubs; Diseased Eyes—Information Wanted; Blood Spavin; That Piece of Timber—Contents; Post and Rail Fence,.....150

Agricultural Miscellany—The Season; U. S. Ag. Society; Steam Plowing a fixed fact; Monroe Co. Horse Show; The new Cattle disease; Wool-Growing in California; Sorghum Sugar; Logical Advice to Young Men,.150

HORTICULTURAL.

The Flower Garden,.....151
Trees and Shrubs,.....151
Annuals and Bedding Plants,.....151
Herbaceous and Perennial Plants,.....151
Bulbous Flowers [Illustrated,].....151
Horticultural Exchange,.....151
The Spergula pilifera, [Illustrated,].....151
New Perennial Spinach,.....151

Inquiries and Answers—Preserving Fruit, &c.; Corn and Grapes in Egypt; Patent-Office Seeds—Creeper Peas; Raspberries and Blackberries; Hubbard Squash; The Victoria Current; Compound Apples; Good use for Hard Soil,.....151

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Inquiry; Washing made Easy: Hair Oil: New Knife Cleaner, [Illustrated;] Lemon and Root Beer; Sweet Apple Pudding; Inquiry; Loaf Cake—Inquiry,.....151

LADIES' OLIO.

To one who Sung to me, [Poetical,] A Married Man's Reverie; More about Flirting; Lamartine's Opinion of Woman; A Sensible Young Lady; Words,.....152

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Bright, Merry May, [Poetical,] "Strike while the Iron is Hot;" The Cricket in the Wall: Growing Old; The True Gentleman; The Strength of Silence,.....152

SABBATH MUSINGS.

The Bread of Life, [Poetical,] Overcoming; A Better Earth,.....152

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letters VII and VIII; An Italian Climate.....153

USEFUL OLIO.

May-Day for Tree-Planting; The Lost Arts,.....153

YOUNG RURALIST.

Mrs. Grammar's Ball; Preservation of Birds, &c.—No. III. [Illustrated,] Coloring the Legs, Making the Eyes, Insects, and Mode of Fastening Insects to the Setting Board,.....153

STORY TELLER.

Our Dead, [Poetical.] Penny Wise and Pound Foolish,..156

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A New Book—Geo. W. Evans.
Mrs. Holmes' New Story in The New York Weekly.
Alden's Patent Thill Horse-Hoe—Milton Alden.
Egyptian Corn—M. E. Crandal.
The Palmyra Normal Music School.
Socket Shank Hoes—N. B. Phelps.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Cure for Coughs—Brown's Bronchial Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 12, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

GOV. CUMMING has informed the President that Utah is in a condition bordering on anarchy, and some action is therefore necessary on the part of the Government to relieve the territory from present and impending evils. He alludes to the bands of desperadoes whose conduct renders the tenure of life and property uncertain, and requests that either Judges be sent out in place of those who had deserted Utah, or the Probate Courts to be authorized exercise the powers claimed by them, and granted by the Legislative Assembly, to adopt some other means of safety. He requests that 500 soldiers be retained there, as the withdrawal of the entire army would be injurious and unjust. Gov. C. states the population of Utah at 50,000 or 52,000, though a higher estimate is placed by the Mormons.

The five new territories, which the House Committee on Territories propose to organize, contain respectively the following number of inhabitants:—Chippewa, from 8,000 to 10,000; Nevada, about the same; Dakotah, 8,000; Idaho, Pike's Peak, 15,000 to 20,000; Arizona, 6,000 to 8,000.

The Supreme Court adjourned, on the 4th inst., till next December. Of about 70 California land cases adjudicated, 30, where there was contest of title, were decided on the ground of fraud, in favor of the Federal Government. They involved upward of 1,000,000 acres of land, worth $15,500,000 or $20,000,000, and included the Bolton or Santallan case, this claim being for 10,000 acres in the city of San Francisco, and 20,000 outside of its limits, estimated to be worth about $10,000,000. The opinion of the Court in this case was that the claimants showed no legal title or record of the evidence in support of the grant; that the claimants have no equity for want of consideration, possession and improvement, and that the evidence satisfied the Court that the claim was fabricated in 1850,—was ante-dated, and that it was false and forged. The judgment of the District Court of California, and the decision of the Land Commissioners was therefore reversed.

The receipts of the Treasury for the quarter ending with March, were nearly $22,500,000, of which upwards of $15,000,000 were from customs, $500,000 from the lands, $249,000 from incidental and miscellaneous services, $5,588,000 from treasury notes, under the act of 1857, and $1,910,000 from the loan act of 1858. The expenditures were $20,337,000, of which $11,500,000 was for civil and foreign intercourse and miscellaneous expenses, $3,037,000 for the War Department, 2,444,000 for the Navy Department, $1,094,000 for the Indian Bureau and Pensions, and the remaining $2,300,000 for the interest of the public debt, the reimbursement and payment of treasury notes, and payment of Texas creditors.

Political Intelligence.

IN our last issue we chronicled the assembling of the National Democratic Convention at Charleston, and its organization, and now resume the detail of transactions. Two platforms, (majority and minority,) were presented for consideration, and, on vote, the former was rejected and the latter adopted. The accepted platform reads thus:

Resolved, That we, the Democracy of the Union, in Convention assembled, hereby declare our approbation of the resolutions unanimously adopted and declared as a platform of principles by the Democratic Convention at Cincinnati, in the year 1856, believing that Democratic principles are unchangeable in their nature, when applied to the same subject matter, and we recommend as our only further resolutions the following:

That inasmuch as differences of opinion exist in the Democratic party, as to the nature and extent of the Territorial Legislatures, and as to the powers and duties of Congress under the Constitution of the United States over the institution of Slavery in the Territories,

Resolved, That the Democratic party will abide by the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States over the institution of Slavery in the Territories.

Resolved, That it is the duty of the United States to afford ample and complete protection to all its citizens, whether at home or abroad, and whether native or foreign born.

Resolved, That one of the necessities of the age, in a military, commercial, and postal view, is speedy communication between the Atlantic and Pacific States, and the Democratic party pledge such constitutional government aid as will insure the construction of a railroad to the Pacific coast at the earliest practical period.

Resolved, That the Democratic party are in favor of the acquisition of the Island of Cuba, on such terms as will be honorable to ourselves and just to Spain.

Resolved, That the enactment of State Legislatures to defeat the faithful execution of the fugitive slave law, are hostile in character, subversive of the Constitution, and revolutionary in their effect.

Upon the adoption of the foregoing, the delegates, from the following States, either the whole or in part, withdrew from the Convention:—Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, Arkansas, South Carolina, Alabama, Delaware, and Georgia.

A resolution requiring that two-thirds of all the electoral votes of the United States shall be required for nominations, was adopted, whereupon the Convention proceeded to ballot for a candidate for the Presidency. The first ballot resulted as follows:

Douglas	145½
Guthrie	36½
Dickinson	7
Lane	6
Hunter	4
Davis	1
Toucey	2½
Pierce	1
Johnson	1

The balloting continued until fifty-seven were taken, the result being,

Douglas,	151½
Hunter,	16
Guthrie,	65½
Dickinson,	2
Lane,	16
Jeff. Davis,	1

On the morning of the 3d inst., when the Convention re-assembled, Mr. Russell, of Va., made an explanation touching the Tennessee Compromise, and offered a resolution that when this Convention adjourn it be to meet at Baltimore on the 18th of June.

This resolution was adopted by a vote of 195 to 55.

The Seceders from the National Convention met and organized, John C. Preston, of South Carolina, presiding.

Mr. Yancey proposed that they should take no action, but remain here to watch the proceedings of the regular Convention. Should that Convention nominate Douglas, it would then become their duty to present and recommend to the people of the United States a candidate for President and Vice-President on a Constitutional and National basis, and, therefore, Southern. He tho't no steps should be taken by the Seceding Convention until the proper time.

The Convention adopted the platform reported by the majority of the Platform Committee to the National Convention.

Mr. Jackson, of Ga., then offered a resolution for a Southern Convention to be held at Washington, on the second Monday in June, and it was adopted with but five or six dissenting voices.

A resolution providing that an address, embodying the grounds on which the Southern members seceded, be prepared and published, together with the proceedings of this Convention, was adopted, when the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

THE Republican State Convention will be held at Iowa City on the 23d inst. Candidates for Secretary of State, Treasurer, Auditor, Attorney General, Land Commissioner, and Presidential Electors, are to be nominated.

THE Republican State Convention of Michigan met in Detroit on the 2d inst. Austin Blair, W. M. Murphy, Thos. W. Ferry, and James J. St. Clair, were elected delegates at large to Chicago. Strong Seward resolutions were passed. The Convention was harmonious.

THE Republican State Convention of Virginia met at Wheeling on the 2d inst. Delegates were present from all parts of the State. The Convention was called to order at 10 o'clock. Joseph Applegate, of Brooke county, was President, with eleven Vice-Presidents.

Hon. Alfred Caldwell, E. M. Norton, of Ohio county, J. C. Underwood, of Clark county, and W. Agitt, of Montgomery county, were appointed delegates from the State at large, to Chicago, with full district delegates and alternates.

The Committee on Resolutions reported a lengthy address, with a series of resolutions, pledging support to the Chicago nominee, favoring a tariff affording protection and encouragement to the products of the white laboring men of our country against that of foreign countries; equality of rights among citizens, and opposing proscription on account of opinions; denouncing the action of the Administration regarding the impressment of naturalized citizens, when visiting the country of their birth; approving the Homestead bill, and favoring the plan of Colonizing free negroes.

The next Convention will be held at Richmond.

News Paragraphs.

A NEW YORK correspondent of the Washington Constitution, intimates that Archbishop Hughes is soon to be made a Cardinal, and eventually the Pope's successor; inasmuch as it is whispered the Pope is thinking of removing the Holy See from Rome to St. Louis, Missouri, where his agents have secured vast quantities of land.

MRS. LIVINGSTONE, wife of the traveler, has just returned to England from Africa, bringing with her a little daughter born somewhere in Zambesi, about 800 miles from the coast, and where Dr. Livingstone is passing the season.

HON. SAMUEL BEARDSLEY died at his residence in Utica, on Sunday night, 6th inst. He had been a member of Congress four terms, Judge of the Supreme Court, and had filled other important stations. Mr. B. had for forty years been prominent as a lawyer and politician.

A GREAT natural curiosity, in the shape of an immense cave, has been discovered in Kentucky and explored for a considerable distance. It is located not many miles from the great Mammoth Cave, and is said to rival it in size and attractiveness. It goes by the name of the Hundred Dome Cave.

FIVE hundred and eighty-three persons, disciples of Joe Smith, left Liverpool on the 30th ult., for New York and Salt Lake City. The greater part of them were English, the Scotch being next in number. Only one was Irish, and seventy-four were foreigners, chiefly Germans. It is said that they appeared highly intelligent persons, and seemed to be of the class of substantial farmers and operatives.

VESUVIUS appears disposed to get up another sensation. The 20th and 21st of March the mountain threw out fire and burning stones, at the same time uttering a loud noise, as of thunder. At the foot of the mountain three small craters were formed, with the earth open, and currents of lava issuing.

THE London journals announce the death of the great Hungarian Statesman, Count Szechenyi. He committed suicide. The immediate provocation was a visit paid to his house by the Austrian police. He had become actually maddened by the sight of the misery of his country, and driven to despair by Austrain tyranny and persecution. Thus has ended a life whose prime was passed in a career of usefulness such as few even among the greatest of the world can hope to emulate—whose latter years were passed in grief and tears, and whose gray hairs were brought in sorrow to the grave dug for him by Hapsburg perfidy. Count Szechenyi Ishan was a magnate and member of one of the oldest families in Hungary.

A COAL BANK in North Union, Fayette Co., Pa., says the Pittsburg Post, of April 30, is at the present time on fire, and has been for about six weeks. It caught from a fire kindled by some young men, which they failed fully to extinguish when leaving the bank. Catching a prop, it communicated with the coal, and spread till it now covers a large space. All attempts to extinguish the fire have thus far proved abortive, and the result may be similar to that of a burning mountain in this State, where a hill of coal has been burning for years, and continues to burn, without any probability of being extinguished.

A CORRESPONDENT of the RURAL writes us that there are four persons living together in the south part of Cayuga Co., whose united ages amount to 321 years. Their ages are as follows:—Phebe Underhill, 91; her son, Jesse, 71; his wife, Pamelia, 69; wife's mother, Jane Purdy, 90; total, 321.

RECENTLY some articles in a drug store at Ithaca were burned by the concentrated rays of the sun passing through a glass globe filled with liquid. This shows how easily fires may occur which are charged to incendiaries.

THE Boston Commercial Bulletin says the great manufacturing interests of New England never stood better than at present, and thinks some or many of the mills there will make such exhibits in June as will surprise people, and remind them of old times.

THE Detroit Tribune has a full statement of the manufacturing establishments of Michigan and their valuation. The sum total of the capital invested is $13,433,930. The largest interest is saw-mills, one thousand two hundred and twenty-five in number, valued at $4,435,200. There are four hundred and seventeen flouring mills, valued at $2,864,700.

THE grain warehouse of the Michigan Central Railroad is now so full, the Detroit papers say, that receivers have been notified that they must either cease bringing in more or commence shipping off. There is, they estimate, at least 160,000 bushels, of all kinds, in store in this building. This is the first time it has been full in three years.

AMONG the laws passed by the Massachusetts Legislature at the recent session, was one imposing a fine of $100 on any person who shall willfully send to the publishers of any newspaper for the purpose of publication, a fraudulent notice of the birth of a child, or of the marriage of any parties, or of the death of any person.

THE largest circulation of any one bank in the United States, is that of the Citizens' Bank, New Orleans, viz., $5,535,000. Others in that city have large issues, viz., Bank of Louisiana, $1,065,000; State Bank, $2,898,000; Canal Bank, $1,623,000.

IT is recorded in the April number of the British American Journal, that a surgeon recently removed from a man's ear a black beetle of no ordinary dimensions. The doctor was informed that, thirteen years before, the patient had slept in a buffalo skin, and was aroused during the night by a tickling sensation in his ear, but nothing of consequence was thought of it.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—The Convention at Charleston having adjourned, it is thought that Senators and Representatives will resume their labors at Washington during the present week.

In the House several bills have been passed, including that for the indemnity for depredations committed on the Shawnee Indians in Kansas, and the bill reimbursing the expenses of Utah, in suppressing Indian hostilities in 1853.

On motion of Mr. Curtis, the President was requested to furnish all the facts in relation to the Stevens steamer for harbor defence; the plans, how much has been appropriated, and what amount will complete it. Adjourned.

FROM MEXICO.—Advices from Mexico to the 27th, state that the Liberals have been victorious. Several skirmishes reported.

The New Orleans Picayune contains the details of the Mexican news. At the city of Mexico a special Conducta of $3,000,000 was being made up and it would be escorted as far as the National bridge. The Church government would receive 8 per cent. on it. The Conducta would leave for Vera Cruz on April 23d. The American Consulate at Vera Cruz was fully organized. The news from the army operations in the interior are indefinite. The French and English are endeavoring to consummate a cessation of hostilities.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Lord Elgin was to leave London the 25th of April for China.

The weather throughout England continues cold and wintry. Spring was very backward, and gave some little anxiety regarding agricultural prospects.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Horsman attacked the foreign policy of the Government and denounced the designs of Napoleon.

Lord John Russell defended the Ministers and asserted that they had not been unmindful of the honor of their country, or the peace of Europe. Important questions, as to the maintenance of the neutralized districts of Savoy, had arisen, and he believed before long the Great Powers would be in a position to take the point into consideration.

The Prince of Wales was expected to sail for Canada in about a week.

FRANCE.—It was stated that Austria, Russia and Prussia had agreed to the proposition that the contemplated European conference of France, on the Swiss question, should meet in Paris. The conference, it is presumed, will be composed of the following powers:—Austria, France, England, Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia, Sweden and Switzerland, who will be represented by their Embassadors to France.

The voting in Savoy, on the question of annexation to France, took place on Sunday the 2d. A despatch from Chambery, in the Paris Journals, says the enthusiasm was immense and that all efforts to induce the people to abstain from voting completely failed. The whole number of voters in the district of St. Jean Maurienne have voted for annexation to France. At Faucigny the voting was almost unanimously for annexation. At Boonneville there was a registered vote of 2,761 ayes and 1 no. At Chambery there were 3,300 ayes out of 3,800 entitled to vote. At Amecay the voting in favor of annexation was nearly unanimous.

A Geneva telegram says the voting in Faucigny had taken place entirely under the influence of the authorities and clergy. There was no ballot, not even permission to print a card expressing a vote against annexation, and the number of voters who have abstained from voting is very large. The latest dispatches gives an immense majority for annexation everywhere.

ITALY.—The insurrection in Messina had been quenched and tranquility restored, but the insurgents were reported to be in considerable force in the mountains, with the troops unable to dislodge them for want of artillery.

The Papal Government has sent a dispatch to the European powers, not only protesting against the annexation of the Legations to Piedmont, but hoping that they would put an end to this iniquitous spoliation.

AUSTRIA.—Baron Bruck, Minister of Finance, had been suddenly taken ill from congestion of brain, and expired on the afternoon of the 23d.

The dispatches announcing concessions to Hungary are now said to have been marked by considerable exaggeration, and the belief was current in some quarters that no real change towards Hungary was contemplated, and the object was probably to deprive the Hungarians of the sympathy of Western Europe.

RUSSIA.—Letters from Berlin state that the arrangements for the Russian loan were believed to have been effected with Baring, of London, and Hope, of Amsterdam, to the amount of 50,000,000 roubles. It was not known whether this was entirely a new loan, or whether the sum consisted in whole or part of loans formerly announced, but not yet placed.

SPAIN.—Count de Montemolin and his brother Ferdinand, and their valets, were arrested at Amposta, near Fostosa, at 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 21st. The gens d'armee surrounded the house, and after having vainly demanded admittance one effected an entrance through a window. The Princes were arrested and declared themselves at the disposal of the gens d'amee. The majority of the Spanish press were in favor of a trial by an ordinary court martial. The Correspondenier Autographia considers that nothing will be resolved upon until the return of O'Donnell from Africa, but believes the conspirators will be tried by the Senate.

The Moorish Plenipotentiary had arrived at Tetuan, and negotiations for carrying out the conditions of peace had commenced.

INDIA AND CHINA.—Calcutta telegrams give reports of disturbances having broken out in Cabul.

Canton dispatches, dated March 14th, state that the rebel disturbances were increasing throughout China.

It was rumored at Shanghai, that the four war vessels which recently proceeded to the Peehnlu river carried an ultimatum to the Chinese Government.

The stock of teas was very slight and supplies exhausted.

Affairs in Japan had become worse. The foreign community were in great apprehensions, two Dutch captains having been murdered in Tokohama, without giving offence.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour quiet, but steady. Sales of American at 26s6d@30s. Wheat firm at full prices—red 10s6d@11s; white 11s@12s6d. Corn had an advancing tendency, but closed quiet—mixed 36s@36s6d; yellow 37s@37s6; white 38s@40. Wakefield, Nash & Co. report corn 6d better for good qualities. *Provisions.*—Pork dull. Lard dull, at 57s@59s. Sugar steady. Coffee quiet,

The News Condenser.

— New York city is flooded with counterfeit coin.

— Flour, at Carson Valley, is quoted at $20 per barrel.

— The work of renovating Mount Vernon has commenced.

— New York and Brooklyn report an ice crop of 400,000 tuns.

— The present population of New Jersey is estimated at 704,000.

— The profits of the English cotton trade are five million dollars a month.

— England pays to foreign countries an average of $8,000,000 per month for food.

— The first car has been placed upon the horse railway now being built in Milwaukee.

— A private letter says that Mr. Townsend Harris, our Consul General to Japan, is dead.

— The stone for the government buildings at Ottawa, Canada, are to be procured from Ohio.

— The culture of turtles is now prosecuted in La Camargue, in France, with great success.

— At a cost of over $83,000, the late Ohio Legislature elected a U. S. Senator and passed a dog law.

— A lady in Fall River, Mass., has been successful in hatching goslings by means of artificial heat.

— The municipal expenses of the city of Boston, for the current year, are estimated at $3,034,000.

— Violent shocks of earthquake were felt in various portions of Hayti from the 8th to the 13th ult.

— The Post-Master General of Canada has abolished the postage on American newspaper exchanges.

— A model farm association is organized at Philadelphia, with a capital of $50,000; shares $50 each.

— The expense of taking the census this year throughout the Union will be about a million of dollars.

— The New Orleans papers chronicle persistent incendiary attempts to fire cotton presses in that city.

— Grapes are displayed in the windows of Broadway fruiteries, with the notice attached, $3 per pound.

— The probabilities are that a full old-fashioned crop of peaches will be produced in New Jersey this year.

— Chicago does not mean to be behind Charleston. They had strawberries and green peas there last week.

— A negro of seventy years was married Tuesday evening week, at Cincinnati, to a white girl of twenty.

— Since the opening of Greenwood Cemetery, New York, in 1842, 75,893 bodies have been interred therein.

— A Portland judge has just decided that umbrellas are private property. The local papers exult over the fact.

— Extensive salt works are about being established at Goderich, C. W. The trials have been eminently successful.

— The telegraph line from England, Shetland, Zealand, Greenland, and Labrador, to Canada, will be in operation in 1861.

— The city of Syracuse is to have a railroad through some of its principal streets for the convenience of its citizens.

— The imports at Portland, Me., by the Canadian steamships during the winter, amounted to over twenty-five millions.

— The East Saginaw (Mich.) Courier says that a large portion of the produce consumed in that section comes from Canada.

— Mrs. Jane Gamble, a widow lady, of Eatonton, Ga., under the influence of religious monomania, starved herself to death.

— It is said that Prince Napoleon, son of ex-King Jerome, and cousin of Napoleon III, is coming to the United States.

— On Tuesday evening week, a wild pigeon flew into the front engine lamp of an express train on the N. Y. Central Railroad.

— The steamship Australasian is one of the largest steamships that ever visited our waters, being over 3,000 tuns burden.

— In Peoria, Ill., since war was declared on the dogs some weeks ago, the marshal has gathered up, and placed under the sod, 325.

— The New York Common Council has appropriated $30,000 for the entertainment of the Japanese Commissioners in that city.

— Mrs. Burd, lately deceased in Philadelphia, was buried in a coffin which had eight solid gold handles, and gold-headed screws.

— The Montreal Pilot states that Parliament will reassemble to receive the Prince of Wales, and to present him with an address.

— The Greek Church in Russia is about to publish a translation of the New Testament in the common language of the people.

— The yard of the State Prison at Auburn has been laid out as a flower garden—a wise and humane effort of the prison physician.

— A party of eighteen Pike's Peakers passed through Muscatine on the 19th ult., six of whom were ladies, dressed *a la Bloomer*.

— Sixty-four thousand four hundred and eighty-six gallons of sorghum molasses were manufactured in Keokuk county, Iowa, last year.

— It is estimated that at least $2,000,000 in gold dust have been brought to the States from the Pike's Peak gold region since its discovery

— The recent passage of the Vanderbilt was the quickest western passage across the Atlantic on record—9 days, 12 hours and 30 minutes.

— The Congress of Nicaragua have voted Commodore Paulding, of the American Navy, a sword, for preventing the landing of Walker, in 1857.

— Rail cars for transporting passengers and baggage from the lower to the upper stories, will be used in the new Sherman House in Chicago.

— The State of Michigan, with a population of about 600,000, and taxable property to the extent of $100,000,000, has only four banking institutions.

— Mr. Collins Dodge, of Painesville, Ohio, killed fourteen blue racer snakes in a few minutes, all found in one locality—in all, fifty feet of snakes.

— The Western Metropolis, of the Cleveland line, arrived at Buffalo on the 2d inst., from up the lake—the first passenger steamer for the season.

— Ten or twelve monster steamboats, in which are locked up two million dollars, are now lying idle at the docks of Chicago, Buffalo, and other lake cities.

— In obedience with Gov. Houston's instructions, two companies of Texas Rangers have been disbanded. The whereabout of Cortinas was unknown.

— A fugitive slave arrived in Cincinnati last week, from a river port, in a crockery crate. He made his escape before the contents of the crate were known.

— Lawrence Johnson, Esq., type founder, Philadelphia, died on the 25th ult. He was senior proprietor of the first type foundry in this country, established in 1796.

— Brooklyn is about to open a park under a recent law, which will rival the Central of New York. The first cost of the lands will be about one million of dollars.

Special Notices.

COUGHS.

THE great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, May 8, 1860.

FLOUR is unaltered in rates, though the demand is pretty fair.

GRAIN—Wheat at last quotations. Holders of Canadian are firm, and but little Genesee is offering. Corn is a little better than last week. Oats drooping. Beans have fallen off 12½ cents per bushel.

MEATS, &c.—We do not chronicle any change in Pork, although holders seem to think that an advance is very evident. Lard has put on 50 cents per 100 pounds during the week, and, owing to its scarcity, is very firm at the advance. Tried Tallow has declined 25 cents per 100 pounds.

APPLES (green) are in demand,—$1,00 per bushel being readily paid for choice.

POTATOES are advancing, especially the better varieties. For Mercers 40 cents is now offered.

SEEDS—Clover is moving upward, having put on 25 cents per bushel. Our quotations for Timothy are nominal, there being none in market to operate with.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do.	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,38@1,28	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,45	Apples, bushel	63c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,50@1,55	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Corn, old	00@62c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	00@62c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	72@73c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	34@35c	Potatoes	25@40s
Barley	55@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11½@12c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 7.—FLOUR—Market quiet and prices unchanged; some export demand for very good extra State at $5,50, but holders generally refuse to accept less than $5,55@5,60. Sales at $5,15@5,50 for super State; $5,50@5,60 for extra do; $5,45@5,50 for super Western; $5,55@5,90 for extra do; $6,15@6,25 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing very quiet. Canadian in fair request, and choice brings more money; sales at $5,65@7,40 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat more steady, with a better inquiry for export; sales Milwaukee club at $1,29@1,30; No. 1 Chicago spring at $1,29½; red Southern at $1,51. Rye quiet at 86c, with holders generally asking 87c. Barley plenty and dull; sales common State at 71c. Corn better, with improved demand; sales at 78@79c for mixed Western—the latter price for small parcels; 82c for yellow Jersey; 85c for white Southern. Oats firmer, with fair demand, in part for export; sales at 42@42½c for Western and Canadian; 42½@43c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet and firm; sales at $17,57 for new mess; $17,40 for old do; $17,25 for thin do; $16,50 for Western prime do; $11,12@14,25 for new prime; $12,87 for old do. Lard firm, with fair demand; sales at 11@11½c. Butter unchanged at 13@18c for Ohio, 16@20c for new State. Cheese unchanged at 6@11c.

ASHES—The market is without change, and the demand light; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,62½.

ALBANY, MAY 7.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Our market for Flour opened steady with a fair local and river demand at the closing prices of Saturday. Corn Meal is unchanged in value.

Common to good State	$5,15@5,55
Fancy and extra State	5,50@5,65
Common to good Western	5,60@5,70
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5,80@6,00
Extra Ohio	6,20@6,30
Common Canadian	5,27@5,75
Extra Canadian	6,00@7,40
Fancy Genesee	5,70@5,80
Extra Genesee	5,85@7,50
Extra Kentucky	5,50@7,50

Corn meal, steady and salable at 12@15s. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is a fair supply of wheat offering, but the firmness of holders restricts business. Millers are temporarily supplied and are awaiting supplies by canal in anticipation of a decline in prices. For corn the market rules in favor of the buyer with a limited home and a moderate Eastern demand. Sales round yellow at 76c, afloat, and 76@76½c, here and delivered. Rye and Barley quiet. Oats in active request at better prices. The sales of the morning aggregate 27,600 bu. at 41c for Canada East, and 41@42c for State, but principally at 41½c.

FEED—Moderate sales of both coarse and fine are making at previous prices. The sales are mainly confined to car lots.—*Evening Journal.*

BUFFALO, MAY 7.—FLOUR—Demand very moderate and prices unchanged. Sales at $5,50 for extra State; $5,50@5,75 for good to choice extra Illinois and Wisconsin, part at the latter figure afloat; $5,75@6,60 for extra Ohio and Indiana, and $6,25@6,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and parties apart. No sales this morning. Corn in good request and market easier. Sales Saturday afternoon, warm Toledo, at 57c delivered. This morning 6,000 bu. heated Illinois, on private terms; No. 1 Illinois delivered at 60c, and Ohio at 59@60c. Nothing doing in other grains, and market steady.—*Com. Adv.*

TORONTO, May 5—Flour has been very animated during the week, and sales have been consummated at satisfactory rates. The demand has partaken a good deal of a speculative character, and has been well sustained, notwithstanding the recent decline in New York—both holders and speculators being interested now in keeping up prices. Within the past two days we have not heard of important sales, and therefore the following quotations are based on the views of operators, rather than on actual sales:

Double extra	$6,00@6,60
Extra	5,75@6,00
Fancy	5,25@5,50
Superfine No. 1	5,10@5,50
Oatmeal	4,00@4,00
Cornmeal	3,50@0,00

GRAIN—For good fall wheat $1,50@1,53 was frequently realized on Saturday and Monday week, especially after the receipt of the steamer's news. On Tuesday, however, the feeling was not so animated, in consequence of a slight decline in New York on Monday, which was not recovered on Tuesday. The outside rate paid was $1,50, and this in only four or five cases, the prevalent figures being $1,47@1,49 for the best grades, and $1,40@1,45 for common and ordinary. The average price for Tuesday's deliveries, which amounted to upwards of 2,000 bushels, was $1,48 per bushel. The market closed easy, without a declining tendency. Spring wheat has constantly advanced during the week, and has not sympathized in the decline for fall. For the best samples $1,10@1,12½ was frequently paid, and in a few cases $1,15@1,17 per bushel. Of oats the supply was limited until Tuesday, when they were brought in more freely, selling by the load at 33@35c. For peas the market has been active, and sales easily consummated at 60@63c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 2.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,75@10,25; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,75@8,75; inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6½c; all others, 5¼@6¼c.

ALBANY, MAY 8.—CATTLE—The receipts continue unusually heavy. Week after week the best informed are disappointed in the large numbers that come forward, and it is only those who buy remarkably cheap at the West that realize profit. Prices, as compared with last week, are ½@¾c, lower. In most instances the decline is full ½c. ℔ lb, live weight.

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,758	3,442	2,912
Sheep	3,118	1,311	700
Hogs	581	416	983

Prices—The market is comparatively slow at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¾@5½c	5¾@5½c
Extra	4¾@5	4¾@5¼
First quality	4 @4¼	4½@4¾
Second quality	3¼@3½	3¼@3¾
Third quality	2½@2⅞	2½@3
Inferior	2⅛@	2¼@2½

SHEEP—Supply fair, but market languid. Prices range from 4¾@5c.

HOGS—Stock pigs continue to command better prices than hogs. We quote the latter at 6@6¼c, and the former at 6¼@6¾c—at which prices several sales were made.

MILCH COWS—Without change. We heard of several sales at prices ranging from $27@48. Few first quality are being offered.—*Journal.*

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 2.—Whole number of Cattle at market 523—about 450 Beeves, and 73 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; first quality, $6,75@0,00; second quality, $5,00; third quality, $4,00@0,00; ordinary $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$80, 90@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@62.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $18@23; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,200 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,25 each; extra, $3,00, 3,50@5,50 each, or 3½@5½c ℔ lb. live weight. Spring Lambs, $3,50, 6@6,50.

HIDES—6¼@6½c. Tallow, 7@7½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—None.

BRIGHTON, MAY 2.—At market 1,200 beeves, 95 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,800 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $8,00@0,00; first quality $7,50@7,75; second quality, $6,50@7; third quality, $5,50@6.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$40@41; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$2, 3@5,50.

STORES—Yearlings, none; Two years old, $17@22; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6¼@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—7@7½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,00; Extra, $3@5,00.

PELTS—$1,25@1,75c each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 7@8c ℔ lb.; retail, 8c @9c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 2.—The demand continues limited, and prices are slightly in buyers' favor, although most holders are reluctant to make any material concession; the transactions comprise 80,000 lbs. Native Fleece at 15@25c for California and Texas; 36@54c. for State and Western, as to quality; 35,000 lbs. pulled at 30@44c, for city, and extra country; 50 bales Buenos Ayres; 35 do. Mestiza, and 30 do. East India, on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	55@60
Am. full-blood Merino	50@54
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	44@47
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	36@40
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@42
No. 1, Pulled	30@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	27@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@18
South Am. common, washed	16@18
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@23
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@13
African, washed	16@23
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

ALBANY, MAY 5.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

American, Saxony Fleece	54@58c
American, Full Blood Merino	48@52c
American, ½ and ¾ Merino	43@46c
American, Native and ¼ Merino	34@38c
Extra, Pulled	42@47c
Superfine, Pulled	36@38c
No. 1, Pulled	28@30c

[*Evening Journal.*

BOSTON, MAY 2.—The demand for domestic moderate, with sales of 75,000 lbs., principally at 45@55c. for fleece, and 40@52c, for superfine and extra pulled. The sales of foreign comprise 600 bales South American, Mediterranean, East India and Cape on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	53@65	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	50@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
¼ and ¾ blood	40@48	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	35@38	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@55	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, MAY 2.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

FLEECE—Common, native	30@31c
Quarter blood	33@35c
Half blood	35@37c
Three-quarter blood	38@42c
Full blood Saxony	46@48c
PULLED—No. 1	29@35c
Superfine	30@35c
Extra	35@40c
Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat.*

Advertisements.

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AN EYE WITNESS.

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Rector of Christ Church, Holly Springs, Mississippi,

AUTHOR OF

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18....G....Mends GLOBES....G....18
19....L....Mends LOOSENED LEAVES....L....19
20....U....Mends UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE....U....20
21....E....Mends EGG-BEATERS....E....21
22....Mends ACORN-WORK....22
23....Mends CHESS-BOARDS....23
24....Mends FIDDLES....24
25....Mends SHELL-WORK....25
26....Mends FILLET WORK....26
27....Mends HOBBY-HORSES....27
28....Mends KALEIDESCOPES....28
29....Mends MONEY-BOXES....29
30....Mends PICTURE-FRAMES....30
31....Mends SECRETARIES....31
32....Mends VENEERING....32
33....Mends SCHOOL FURNITURE....33
34....Mends PAPIER-MACHE....34
35....Mends WARDROBES....35
36....Mends PARIAN MARBLE....36
37....Mends CRIBS....37
38....Mends BABY-JUMPERS....38
39....Mends IVORY-WORK....39
40....Mends MATCH-SAFES....40
41....Mends PICTURES....41
42....Mends QUILL-WHEELS....42
43....Mends TOWEL-RACKS....43
44....Mends WASH-STANDS....44
45....Mends BEDSTEADS....45
46....Mends DRUMS....46
47....Mends CHESSMEN....47
48....Mends BALLOT-BOXES....48
49....Mends HERBARIUMS....49
50....Mends BACKGAMMON-BOARDS....50
51....Mends BAND-BOXES....51
52....Mends BLACK-BOARDS....52
53....Mends BASS VIOLS....53
54....Mends BILLIARD-TABLES....54
55....Mends BILLIARD-CUES....55
56....Mends BIRD-CAGES....56
57....Mends BROOMSTICKS....57
58....Mends BOOK-CASES....58
59....Mends BOOT-CRIMPS....59
60....Mends BRUSH-HANDLES....60
61....Mends BRUSHES....61
62....Mends CABINETS....62
63....Mends CHURNS....63
64....Mends CLOCK-CASES....64
65....Mends CRUTCHES....65
66....Mends CUPBOARDS....66
67....Mends CURTAINS....67
68....Mends CASINGS....68
69....Mends CADDIES....69
70....Mends CAMERAS....70
71....Mends CHAIRS....71
72....Mends CHARTS....72
73....Mends CLOTHES FRAMES....73
74....Mends CARD-CASES....74
75....Mends CHESTS....75
76....Mends DIARIES....76
77....Mends WORK-STANDS....77
78....Mends DRAUGHT-BOARDS....78
79....Mends DISHES....79
80....Mends DIVANS....80
81....Mends DICE-BOXES....81
82....Mends DOORS....82
83....Mends DOMINOES....83
84....Mends FIREBOARDS....84
85....Mends FLUTES....85
86....Mends BALLUSTERS....86
87....Mends GLASSWARE....87
88....Mends HANDLES....88
89....Mends GUTTAPERCHA-WARE....89
90....Mends KITES....90
91....Mends TOPS....91
92....Mends ORGANS....92
93....Mends MODELS....93
94....Mends SEWING-MACHINE STANDS....94
95....Mends PANELS....95
96....Mends PASTEBOARD WORKS....96
97....Mends PATTERNS....97
98....Mends SIDEBOARDS....98
99....Mends WOODEN-WARE....99
100....Mends WILLOW-WARE....100

OUR DEAD.

Nothing is our own; we hold our pleasures
Just a little while ere they are fled;
One by one earth robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own, except our dead.

They are ours, and held in faithful keeping,
Safe forever, all they took away;
Cruel life can never stir that sleeping,
Cruel time can never seize that prey,

Justice pales; truth fades; stars fall from Heaven;
Human are the great whom we revere;
No true crown of honor can be given;
Till the wreath lies on a funeral bier.

How the children leave us; and no traces
Linger of that smiling angel band;
Gone, forever gone; and in their places
Weary men and anxious women stand.

Yet we have some little ones, still ours;
They have kept the baby smile we know,
Which we kissed one day, and hid with flowers,
On their dead, white face, long ago.

When our joy is lost—and life will take it—
Then no memory of the past remains;
Save with some strange, cruel sting, that makes it
Bitterness beyond all present pains.

Death, more tender-hearted, leaves to sorrow
Still the radiant shadow—long regret;
We shall find, in some far bright to-morrow,
Joys that he has taken, living yet.

Is love ours, and do we dream we know it,
Bound with all our heart-strings, all our own?
Any cold and cruel dawn may show it,
Shattered, desecrated, overthrown.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never;
Love, that to death's loyal care has fled,
Is thus consecrated ours forever,
And no change can rob us of our dead.

So, when fate comes to besiege our city,
Dim our gold, or make our flowers fall,
Death, the angel, comes in love and pity,
To save our treasures, claims them all.

All the Year Round.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

[Concluded from page 148, last number.]

That evening it chanced that Mr. Streeter and Nat were alone together.

"You must be nearly seventeen, Nat," said Mr. Streeter, looking at his son.

"I shall be seventeen in February, sir."

"Yes, I remember. Well, I have been thinking this afternoon that it would be well for you to settle definitely in your mind just what course you mean to follow, and then give your whole attention to it."

"I have thought a good deal about it, sir, and made up my mind some time ago," said Nat, in a firm, quiet tone.

"Indeed, and what conclusion did you come to," asked Mr. Streeter in a nervous manner!

"That I should like above all things to be a farmer."

"That's right, Nat, that's a sensible boy," said his father, in a tone of relief and gratification. "There's nothing like old mother earth for a dependence. Slow and sure is the best way. And then a man can be a farmer without spending his best days in poring over books, before he is ready to begin to do anything. It makes no difference with the corn whether the man that holds the plow ever went to College or not."

"But, father," said Nat, I "want a more thorough education. I don't want to go to College, or study Greek and Latin, but I do want to understand Botany, and Chemistry, and Geology, and such sciences as those."

"Humph! said Mr. Streeter, with a strong inclination to dismiss the matter summarily; but the subject was fairly broached, so he asked in a contemptuous tone,

"And pray, how do you expect to apply all these things to raising wheat and potatoes!"

"Chemistry would teach me to analyze soils, and, by the help of Botany, to know what crops were best suited to my land, and what was wanting to make it just right for any particular purpose"—

"Hmmph! well I reckon the Lord knew how to make soil about as well as you do, and if he hasn't fixed it right, it isn't of much use for you to try your hand. But go on,—let's have the whole list now."

"If I had any knowledge of Physiology I could manage stock to better advantage; at any rate I should want to know enough of the anatomy of a horse to tell the difference between a tumor and a dislocation."

Mr. Streeter winced a little at this reminder of one of his surgical blunders, and Nat went on: "If either of us had understood the principles of Natural Philosophy, we should have known in a moment that the pump fixtures that peddler sold you last summer would not work, and what was the trouble with them. And we could construct a great many things for ourselves that we have to pay money for, or else go without."

"Well, is that all?"

"No, sir. Beside the real profit in dollars and cents, there is the solid satisfaction of being informed on all these interesting subjects,—of feeling like a reasoning being, and not a mere working animal." Nat was well posted on all the arguments, for he had thought much on the subject, but his feeling of reserve toward his father checked him in expressing what he felt.

"And how did you expect to get all this amount of learning?" asked Mr. Streeter.

That was the great question in Nat's own mind. The one that had been turned over and over for an answer. He hesitated a moment and then said,

"I expected to get a good deal of it by study and reading, here at home, in a way that would not interfere with my work on the farm; and I have hoped that *some* way might be opened for me to go at least a year to L——, and attend the course of lectures there."

Nat paused, half frightened at having fairly spoken the thoughts that he had dared to secretly cherish, and anxiously waited to hear what his father might say.

"Well, sir, I have heard you through,—now I want you to listen to me. I have seen a good deal more of the world than you have, and I tell you that if you go to filling your head with such notions as that, you are spoilt for a farmer. I am not going to argue the case with you; I've been over it times enough; but I tell you, once for all, if you persist in following such a course, don't look for any help from me. All I shall do for you will be to find you enough hard work to help you put what you learn into practice."

So the matter was settled. There was another hard fight in Nat Streeter's soul, before he could make up his mind to accept this as his father's final decision, but it was the better nature that conquered in the end. Then came three years of hard and faithful labor, saddened by some seasons of discouragement; but on the whole, years of solid profit—for Nat was not the one to neglect the lessons about him, because others, more to his taste, lay beyond his reach. He studied as much as his time and opportunities allowed; but after all, the result was unsatisfactory, and he looked forward wearily to see no chance for anything better. Nellie was married, and in a home of her own. George was eighteen, and seemed likely to bring sorrow to every inmate of the house. He had been from childhood puny and delicate, and was not really able to endure the severe work of the farm. Far exceeding his brother in natural quickness, his great ambition was to gain a Collegiate education. This his father resolutely denied him, and though he sometimes caught enough of his brother's spirit to induce him to contend for a little while against difficulties, he was lacking in Nat's hopeful energy of character, and soon fell back again. He had grown at length almost regardless of home restraints, and even Mr. Streeter seldom attempted to control him. One evening he astonished the family by declaring that he was going away in a few days, to take charge of the horses at a livery stable.

"*A livery stable!*" exclaimed Mr. Streeter,—"my son in a livery stable, among a parcel of ignorant, low-bred fellows!"

"Why not, I should like to know," retorted George, sulkily. "What better place is your son fitted for? You have always said that men sink to their own level in society. I am tired of being called a lazy fellow here, and I must take such a place as I am qualified by my education to fill."

Mr. Streeter's influence was of no avail; but, at his mother's entreaty, George was induced to wait until some effort could be made to get a better situation for him. Through Nat's exertions a place was procured in a large bookstore, that seemed exactly the thing for him, and with little regret for what he left, George Streeter went out from his home.

Another year passed, and Nat Streeter was of full age. There was no one now to bar his way to any amount of education he desired to obtain, but if his heart exulted at first at the thought, it quickly fell, as he remembered that he had not a penny toward the necessary means. His father might help him, to be sure, for he was abundantly able, but he had been firm in his refusal for so many years, it was not likely he would relent now. While he was still revolving in his mind the question, "what step shall I take next," the matter was settled in an unexpected way.

"I 'spose, Nat," said Mr. Streeter, one day, "that you have got over that notion you used to have, about going away to study."

"No sir, not at all; I am only perplexed as to the way of doing it."

"Well, I was in hopes you had got over that nonsense," said his father, with a disappointed look. "But then I'm willing to allow you have always worked faithfully on the farm, and if you are so set on going, I'll give you enough to carry you through a year at L——."

It had evidently cost him a tremendous effort to bring himself to this decision; for it was equivalent in his mind to paying three hundred dollars for the privilege of having his son ruined, and, before Nat could find words to express his thanks, he interrupted him—

"Now, Nat, I make one condition about this. You shall pledge yourself to come back upon the farm at the end of the year. I will give you an equal share in the profits, and, maybe, in the course of half a dozen years, I can manage to get the nonsense out of you that those men at L—— will put in."

The promise was given, and Nat went to L——.

Fifteen years have passed, and left their traces everywhere. They have scattered some white hairs upon Joseph Streeter's head, and bowed his stalwart form a little; yet he smiles as his quiet wife reminds him that this is his sixty-first birthday, and answers,

"So it is, wife. Well, I'm getting toward the end of my three-score-years-and-ten, but I aint quite used up yet." Then turning to George, who stood leaning against the door, he added, "I have got strength enough left to tire that youngster down with the scythe or hoe, and feel as good as new after it.

"If you call me a youngster, I should like to know where you will find your men," said George, laughing. "I should not like to try strength with you or Nat, but people have a diversity of gift. I never was smart enough for a farmer, but I think I do passably well for a business man. There comes Nat; now, he's a man worth looking at; you've got *one* boy to be proud of, mother."

"I'm proud of both my boys," said Mrs. Streeter, looking fondly from one to the other, as the two brothers stood side by side in the doorway.

"Well, Nat, how about that mowing machine? does it work to suit you?" asked Mr. Streeter of his son.

"It works to a charm. I could hardly leave it long enough to come up to dinner. The men were a good deal frightened at the first trial, when something gave way, and brought it all up standing, but I very soon found out the trouble, and righted it with a couple of screws. So much for having a mechanical genius. Jim says, "Well, you do beat all for prying into things. I can't see head or tail to the confounded machine, only it goes like blazes." And Nat threw back the hair from his forehead, and laughed the old merry laugh, that brought back vividly to his mother the memory of his boyhood.

"Well, well," said Mr. Streeter, thoughtfully, "there have been great improvements in farming since my young days. Twenty years ago if I could have seen that reaper of yours walking right through the wheat the way it does, I should have said Satan himself was in it."

It had, indeed, been a long and tedious process to convince Mr. Streeter that Satan himself was not the inventor and prime mover of everything new. He clung tenaciously to the old way in all respects, and fought hard against every innovation. It was a discouraging partnership for Nat at first, but little by little his father yielded, and the results of a more intelligent system of farming were everywhere visible. Nat made his farm a *study*,—its resources were carefully examined, its wants noted, and the culture of every part adopted accordingly. All expense and outlay came for years entirely upon him—but, as the results began to show themselves, his father learned more and more to trust in his knowledge of things that he himself was utterly ignorant of. Nor were the advantages all upon one side. Far from it. Mr. Streeter's years of experience, his cooler judgment, leaning always to the extreme of caution, was a wholesome check upon the ardor of his son, that would otherwise have sometimes led him into rashness.

So Joseph Streeter and his wife are passing quietly into the shadows of age. The one, as of old, gentle, loving, and patient,—the other, with a heart that day by day opens wider to the sunshine, and throws off some fold of its narrow mantle, and the wisdom that might have glorified and gladdened his earlier life, has come at last to hallow its evening hours.

Farmers!—there is a lesson for you here. You complain that you cannot keep your boys on the farm; but how are you trying to keep them there? A boy that is conscious of any mental power, who feels his soul alive and working within him, will never rest satisfied in ignorance. You tell him from his earliest years that a farmer has no need of education—that cultivated, intelligent mind is out of place on the farm—and the boy says at once, "*then I never will be a farmer.*" Why not tell him the truth? Why not tell him that the farmer goes into the grand laboratory of Nature to assist her in bringing to perfection her beautiful processes—a co-worker with the sunshine and the dew, and a harvester to gather in "seed for the sower, and bread for the eater." Tell him that there is scope here for the greatest mind, the broadest intellect; nay, more—that for successful farming, education of the mind is as essential as education of the muscles. If this were done—if our farmers' boys were so taught to look upon agriculture, I believe there would be an ebbing in this tide of young men that is rushing into the overstocked professions. The book of Nature is written in hieroglyphics, and many pass their lives without ever finding the key; but to him who will set himself as an earnest student, to translate its teachings, it is grand in its utterances as the prophet lips of old.

A STRING OF PEARLS.

Most misfortunes may be turned into blessings by watching the tide of affairs.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find a flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

We would forget that there was any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own.

Four things come not back: the broken word, the sped arrow, the past life, and the neglected opportunity.

Politeness is like an air-cushion,—there may be nothing solid in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully.

The gentleman is not the highest type of a man. The great man must know the sorrows and duties of the poor.—*Emerson.*

If you want to annoy, and puzzle, and baffle a man full of trick and duplicity, you have only to practice a straightforward and simple integrity.

If you would have your laws obeyed, without mutiny, see well to it that they are pieces of God's law,—otherwise all the artillery in the world cannot keep down mutiny.—*Carlyle.*

We often make life unhappy in wishing things to have turned otherwise than they do, merely because that is possible to the imagination which is impossible in fact.—*Hazlet.*

We must trust to the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy.—*Emerson.*

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man; it effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than any other against whom it is directed.

Narrow-minded men, who have not a thought beyond the little sphere of their own vision, recall the Hindoo saying:—"The snail sees nothing but his own shell, and thinks it the grandest in the universe."

In literature, as in morals, there are a certain taste and grace, which confer dignity on moderate acquirements; and there are a negligence and grossness that disgust, even when accompanied with incontestible superiority.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 29 letters.
My 15, 21, 3, 10, 24 is a river in England.
My 2, 16, 14, 17 is one of the United States.
My 5, 23, 21, 21, 28, 25 is a county in Kentucky.
My 4, 14, 10, 29, 18 is a river in South America.
My 13, 23, 29, 21, 6, 1 is a county in New York.
My 27, 28, 20 is a river in Russia.
My 5, 16, 14, 25, 14 is one of the States of South America.
My 19, 18, 7, 22 is a lake in California.
My 11, 18, 27, 26 is one of the West Indies.
My 27, 23, 19, 16 is a county in Virginia.
My 27, 9, 8, 25, 6 is a river in Michigan.
My 12, 15, 1, 23 is a mountain in Sicily.
My whole is a saying worthy to be remembered by all.

Schroon Lake, 1860. Samuel Whitney.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Said A to B, if I take one of your bags, I shall have twice as many as you, and if I give you one of mine, we shall have an equal number. With how many bags was each loaded? G. W. Gould.

Darien, Gen. Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 537.

Answer to Biographical Enigma:—Heaven, from all creatures, hides the book of fate."

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Alexander Selkirk.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Aching teeth are incendiary tenants.

Answer to Charade:—Cot-ton.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—A saws 13.238 inches from the top of the log; B saws 9.424 inches in the middle section of the log; C saws 13.238 inches in the lower section of the log.

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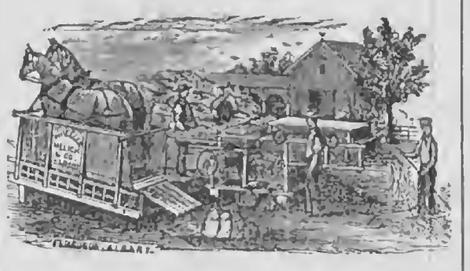

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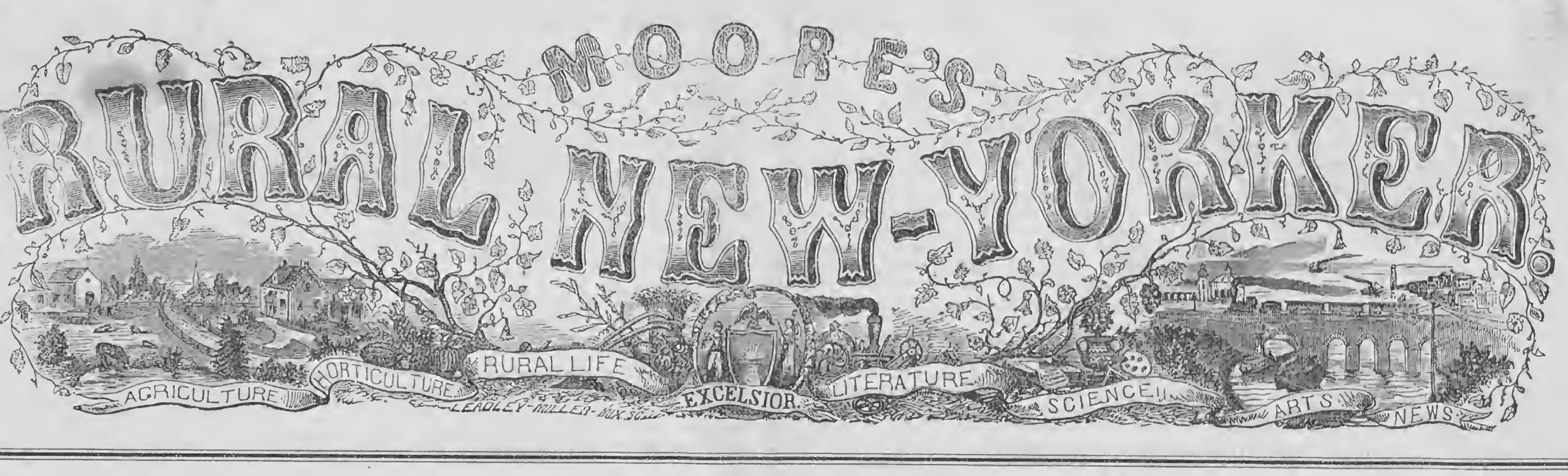

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VOL. XI. NO. 20.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 540.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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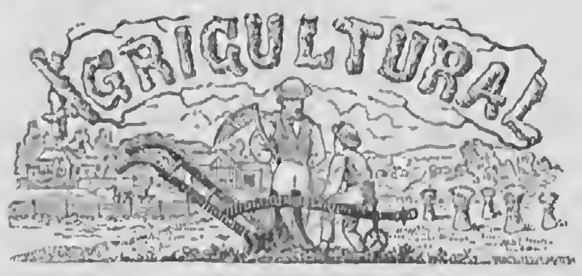


IMPORTED INSECTS AND WEEDS.

MANY of our most destructive insects, and most troublesome weeds, are of European origin. The *Hessian Fly*, the *Wheat Midge*, and the *Canada Thistle*, are of this number. Every year, no doubt, we are adding to our stock of noxious insects and weeds by importation. Some of these will not become troublesome on account of uncongeniality of climate, &c., while others may flourish, and years hence spread over the land, causing losses too great for calculation. Any botanist or careful observer who visits our nurseries, will be surprised to find so great a number of foreign weeds, imported, no doubt, with trees and plants. Our seedsmen, too, are largely aiding in this work, while all importers of barrels, boxes, or crates, where packing of straw or hay is used, may lend a helping hand. We do not know that there is any remedy, the connection between this country and Europe is now so intimate, yet a word of caution may not be amiss. When a decided enemy appears, efforts for its destruction should be general, and then they would be successful. Our attention is called to this subject by the following note:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—We have had a sad illustration of the way in which diseases are brought to this country. But we are constantly importing with our foreign seeds, evils which, though unnoticed at first, may, and I think will, work a still greater injury to the farming community. Every year we are importing enemies in the forms of seeds, of weeds, and insects, which may ravage our country worse than an army. A word of caution in the RURAL, for the future, as well as a little information in regard to the past, in this respect, I think would be profitable.—T. W., *Michigan*, 1860.

Hessian Fly.

The HESSIAN FLY, (*Cecidomyia destructor,*) which proved so injurious to our wheat, it is thought was brought over in straw used for packing by the Hessian soldiers during the Revolution, hence the name. They became numerous in 1779 on Long Island and Staten Island, and gradually extended over the country in all directions.

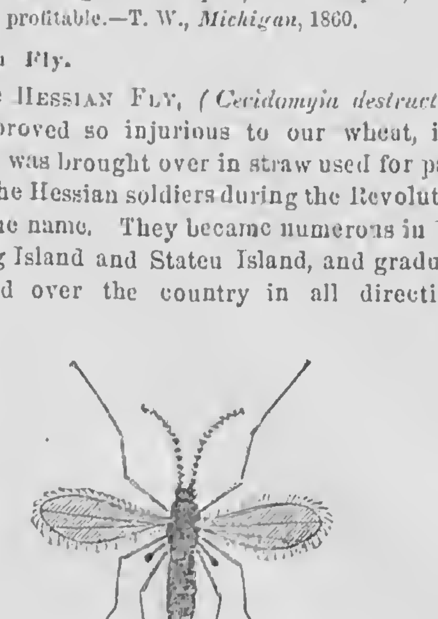


FIG. 1. HESSIAN FLY—FEMALE MAGNIFIED.

After being quite destructive for a few years, its ravages nearly cease. Probably this result is produced by parasitic insects, or the scarcity of food and facilities for propagation. The ravages of this insect were alluded to in Europe in 1732. It deposits its eggs in the stalk in the autumn. These hatch in about a week, and the worm crawls down the sheath of the leaf to its base, just below the surface of the ground, where it remains, subsisting upon the juices of the plant, without wounding it, but causing it to turn yellow and die. It is a small white maggot, and attains its growth in about six weeks. It then changes to a flaxseed-like body, within which the worm becomes a pupa the following spring, and from this the fly is evolved in ten or twelve days. The fly closely resembles a mosquito in its appearance, but is one-third smaller, and has no bill for sucking blood; it is black, the joints of the body being slightly marked with red. It appears early in May, lays its eggs for another generation, and soon perishes. The worms from

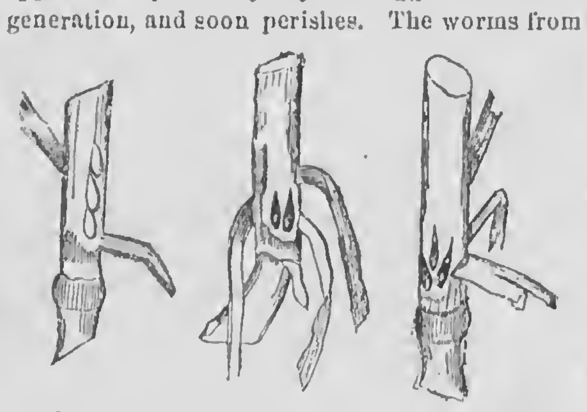


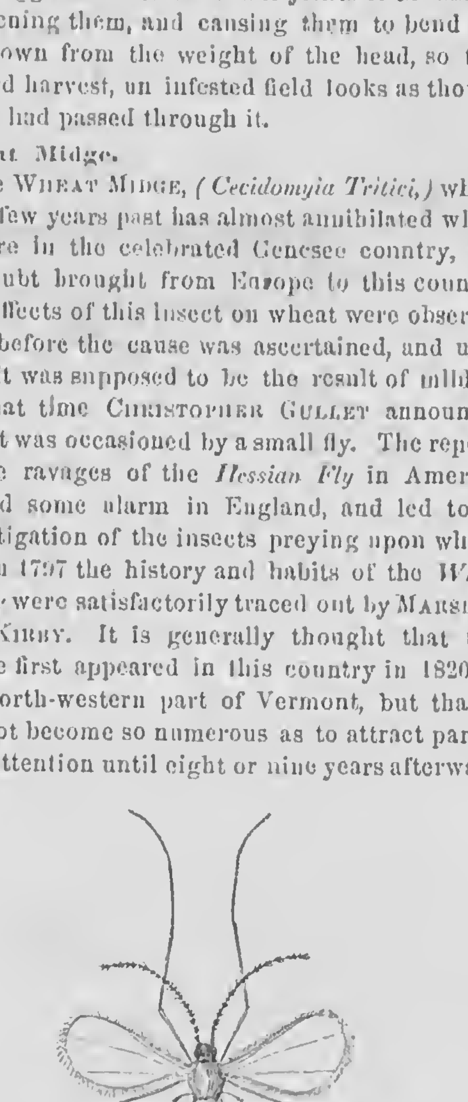
FIG. 2. FIG. 3. FIG. 4.

FIG. 2. Wheat Stalk with sheath broken away, showing the worms on their way down.
FIG. 3, 4. Wheat Stalk with sheath removed, showing the "flax seeds" in their ordinary situation.

these eggs nestle to the lower joints of the stalks, weakening them, and causing them to bend and fall down from the weight of the head, so that toward harvest, an infested field looks as though cattle had passed through it.

Wheat Midge.

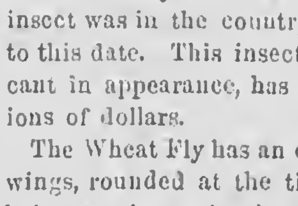
The WHEAT MIDGE, (*Cecidomyia Tritici,*) which for a few years past has almost annihilated wheat culture in the celebrated Genesee country, was no doubt brought from Europe to this country. The effects of this insect on wheat were observed long before the cause was ascertained, and until 1771 it was supposed to be the result of mildew. At that time CHRISTOPHER GULLET announced that it was occasioned by a small fly. The reports of the ravages of the *Hessian Fly* in America, caused some alarm in England, and led to an investigation of the insects preying upon wheat, and in 1797 the history and habits of the *Wheat Midge* were satisfactorily traced out by MARSHAM and KIRBY. It is generally thought that this midge first appeared in this country in 1820, in the north-western part of Vermont, but that it did not become so numerous as to attract particular attention until eight or nine years afterward.



FEMALE WHEAT-FLY—GREATLY MAGNIFIED AND NATURAL SIZE.

Dr. FITCH says he has some evidence that this insect was in the country several years anterior to this date. This insect, so small and insignificant in appearance, has caused the loss of millions of dollars.

The Wheat Fly has an orange body, transparent wings, rounded at the tip, fringed with minute hairs, as shown in the engraving. Its general appearance is that of an orange-colored gnat. The time of the appearance of this fly varies according to the situation of the country, being in some places in June, and in others late in July. The first half of July, however, is the time when the largest number of eggs are deposited; a period which, in a great part of the country, would find the spring and winter grains in the best state for receiving the egg. The insects are active in the morning and evening, and appear in swarms; but during the day, when the sky is cloudless, they conceal themselves among the grain and grass. After about eight days, the eggs that have been deposited in the heads of the grain are hatched. The maggots are orange color, and attain their growth in about twelve or fourteen days; they are about the eighth of an inch long, but their size is not uniform. Their number is also variable, as many as forty being sometimes found on a single plant, and at other times two or three only.



Kernel of wheat, with the husk, and the worms feeding upon its pulp.

Granary Weevil.

The GRAIN WEEVIL, (*Calandria granaria,*) is, in the minds of many, confounded with the *Wheat Midge*. It is, however, entirely different, and works its mischief in the granary, after the wheat is stored, and old store houses are often badly infested. It has never been as injurious in this country as in Europe, and the cause is, perhaps, that our wheat is not usually stored for a long time, and our store-houses generally are of wood, and consequently less damp than old stone and brick buildings such as are used in Europe. It has been known in Europe for a very long time, and when it first made its appearance in this country we are unable to say.

The granary weevil, in its perfect state, is a small beetle of a pitch-red color, about one-eighth of an inch long, with a slender snout slightly bent downward, a coarsely-punctured and very long thorax, constituting about one-half the length of the whole body, and wing-covers that are furrowed, and do not entirely cover the tip of the abdomen. This little insect, both in its beetle and grub state, devours stored wheat and other cereals, and often commits much havoc in granaries, brew-houses, etc.

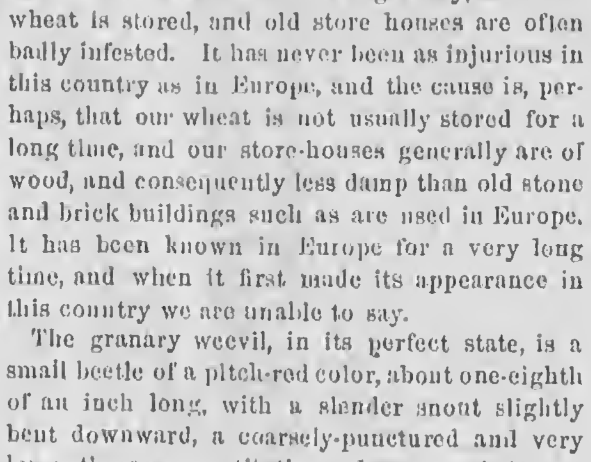


FIG. 5. FIG. 6. FIG. 7.

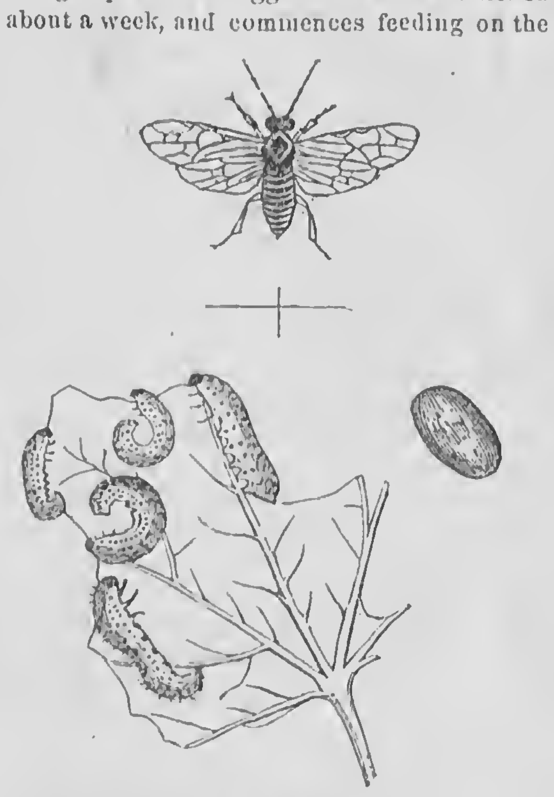
FIG. 5. Granary weevil, magnified, and the natural size.
FIG. 6. Grain of wheat opened, showing the weevil at work.
FIG. 7. Nymph, or pupa of the weevil, magnified.

After the sexes have paired, the female makes a hole in a grain of wheat and deposits an egg. These holes are not perpendicular to the surface of the grain, but oblique, or even parallel, and are sopped with a species of gluten of the same color of the corn. Sometimes two eggs are deposited in the same kernel, and the larvæ of the twins are just as plump as those who have the good fortune to have a whole grain to themselves. From the egg is hatched in due time a small footless grub, which, during its growth, eats out the entire contents of the grain, and when lodged in the grain, is perfectly sheltered from all injuries of the air, because its excrements serve to close up the aperture; so there is no use of stirring the grain, as nothing can incommode it. It is very white—has the form of an elongated soft worm, and the body is composed of nine prominent rounded rings; it is nearly a line in length, with a yellow rounded head, provided with proper instruments for gnawing the grain. When the larva has eaten all the flour, and it is arrived at its full growth, it remains in the envelope of the grain, where it is metamorphosed into a nymph, of a clear white and transparent color; the proboscis and antennæ can readily be distinguished; but it gives no sign of life, except when disturbed, and then but a slight movement of the abdomen. Eight or ten days after, the perfect insect eats its way out, and immediately commences preparation for another brood. These insects are effectually destroyed by kiln-drying the wheat: and grain that is kept cool, well ventilated, and is frequently moved, is said to be exempt from attack.

Gooseberry Saw Fly,

THE GOOSEBERRY CATERPILLAR is one of the greatest nuisances we have in the garden. It has almost destroyed the crop of currants around this city for the last two years, and many of the gooseberry and currant bushes have been so injured as to be worthless. A few years ago the currant was almost without an enemy; now it is only after the most diligent contest with the disgusting worms, that the crop and the plants can be preserved from destruction. How long since this insect was first seen in America we cannot say, but there can be no doubt that it is the *Gooseberry Saw Fly* of Europe, and was imported by our nurserymen with gooseberry plants. It, however, finds this country far more congenial than its native land, and increases with such fearful rapidity as to threaten the entire destruction of this valuable small fruit.

The flies emerge from their winter quarters in the ground the latter part of April or early in May, and soon after the female begins to deposit her eggs on the under side of the newly expanded leaves, choosing the sides of the veins or nervures as a fitting place. With the saw-like appendage, for which the family is remarkable, the female commences cutting into the leaves, and in the opening deposits her egg. The larva is hatched in about a week, and commences feeding on the



GOOSEBERRY SAW FLY, GRUB, COCOON AND PERFECT INSECT.

leaf, increasing its size and frequently changing its skin, till it is about three-quarters of an inch in length. It is now of a dull pale-green color, the first thoracic segment being deep yellow, the penultimate being also of the same color; the feet, tail, and head, are black, and each segment is dotted black also, some having as many as twenty-four spots arranged in lines down the back, while those on the sides are more irregular, with one large one at the base of each foot. They have six pectoral, sharp, horny feet; the fourth segment appears destitute of feet, but the six following are each furnished with a pair of legs, which assist them in walking; they have also a pair of feet at the extremity of the last segment. In the fly state it assumes an ochroous color; the body is orange, sometimes bright.

The broods of caterpillars appear in succession occasionally from March till October, but in greatest numbers in June. Sometimes they severely attack the gooseberry in July and August, and after denuding the bushes of their foliage, they descend into the earth, spinning themselves a yellowish cocoon of an elliptical form, and remain in their pupa state till the following spring. Those of the early summer brood descend in like manner, but in the course of three weeks, or less, undergo their transformation, and again appear as perfect flies. These numerous broods cause the greatest discouragement, for after weeks of labor, when the cultivator thinks the conquest gained and the crop safe, another innumerable army comes to the attack.

The consideration of IMPORTED WEEDS we are compelled to leave for another number.

THE CLOD-CRUSHER AGAIN.

FRIEND MOORE:—In the RURAL of March 10th, (page 78,) I find a criticism from Mr. E. W. STEWART, of Erie Co., on my remarks at the Annual Meeting of the State Agricultural Society, for which I am much obliged.

My remarks on the Clod-Crusher, as well as on some other things connected with the State Agricultural College, were made in a spirit of friendship toward the Institution, with profound respect for the distinguished gentlemen who preside over and direct its affairs, and in the presence of its President and Trustees, for the purpose of correcting such errors taught and practiced there as can only be corrected by practical farmers. Similar institutions in all countries thus far have so signally failed for the want of knowledge reduced to practice, that neither you nor I have ever seen the first practical farmer that was educated at one of them. And therefore it is the duty of every farmer in this State, not only to do all that he can to save our own Institution from the use of all worthless implements, no matter how far-fetched or dear-bought, but to scrutinize with a jealous eye, and be slow to adopt the doubtful theories so vauntingly taught and so loudly proclaimed as sciences by professors that have never learned the first lesson in practical farming.

And now, Mr. STEWART, for our mutual benefit, and for the benefit of those that are younger and of less experience than ourselves, let us calmly sit down and reason together, and see if my views, plainly set forth, shall be unconvincing, or my assertions unfounded upon facts or experiments with the Clod-Crusher, as you choose to characterize them.

In your experience, you say you "have found the Crusher almost indispensable to the proper cultivation of a heavy soil for winter wheat, and your custom is to follow the Crusher with the Cultivator, which lifts and leaves in a loose, friable state, the soil broken and pressed down with the Crusher." That is undoubtedly true for two or three inches in depth; but if your hard-baked soil was turned over in chunks eight or ten inches deep, your Clod-Crusher, with the Cultivator to follow, would break and pulverize the surface only,—and when you have done this, your soil is packed down so effectually with the fine soil you have made on the top, that by the next spring, after the heavy rains and frost have carried the fine particles down and filled all the crevices, the soil is cemented and baked as hard as ever again, especially if followed by rains sufficient to wash the fine particles of earth to the pressed clods beneath. I have often seen it so fine on top that in the spring it run together and looked like soap; and when the dry weather commenced, it baked, and in some instances cracked open. I hardly need say that a first rate crop of wheat never grew under such circumstances. Yet in some favorable seasons this treatment might give a reasonably good crop, but not often. And yet I am free to say that if you do not know any other, and I cannot tell you any better way of plowing your hard baked soil than into chunks by turning over furrows ten or twelve inches wide, then the Clod-Crusher is a useful implement—and I would not advise you to dispense with it, or the Trustees of the Agricultural College to bury theirs.

For the purpose of testing the principle, I will take two pieces that would seem to be as necessary for the use of the Clod-Crusher as any soil I have ever cultivated. The first is an old traveled road, taken up and inclosed to prepare it for wheat. I set a sharp plow so as to cut twelve or fifteen inches deep, and from one to two inches wide, depending on the condition and certainty of its dissolving, of which every farmer, experienced in soils, can judge,—and then I shave up the hard soil without turning it over, but simply shaving it off far enough to make room for the next slice, and so continue as you would to slice up dried beef; and it will lay up just as loose and light as beef shaved up. The mold-board should be sufficiently high to raise it two feet, as the solid compact soil, when shaved up in this manner, will be increased in depth from its original twelve or fifteen inches, to at least two feet. Prepared in this manner, the air circulates freely through this two feet of chipped-up soil, which you and the Trustees of the Agricultural College, with the wise men of the East, press down again with your Crusher, as if to keep the air out, and put at defiance the plain teaching of the Creator,—as if the All-Wise had never given a thought to Agriculture, and had made air and light exclusively for living, breathing creatures.

I can hardly doubt that you, as well as all experienced wheat-growers, will agree with me in the assertion, that wheat does much better where the soil is left a little coarse, or a portion of it in small chips, than where it is all pulverized and made fine by the Crusher, or otherwise fit for an onion bed. There are several reasons why this is so, the most important of which is, that the small chunks gradually dissolve and continue to fertilize the roots long after the seed is sown, which process is quite equal to a thorough hoeing when in drills. Again, all heavy clay soils which have been worked too wet and without manure, and which have consequently settled down hard and compact, need only to be treated as above described, to yield from five to ten bushels more of wheat per acre, than by the process of chunking up and pressing down again, if in other respects good wheat land. The great secret of cultivating land is to make heavy soils light, and soils which are too light, more tenacious and heavy. No wise farmer ever chunks up his land with the plow, or makes it into brick-bats, for the purpose of breaking them up again with the Crusher or with anything else.

Again, Mr. S. says:—"It is much less work to pulverize the soil with the Crusher and Cultivator than to do it by three plowings, as recommended by Mr. DICKINSON." I beg you, Mr. S., not to regard me quite so verdant as to recommend three plowings to make hard soils fine. When it is once chunked up I consider it about spoiled for a crop that season. I do not pretend to be sufficiently skilled in the treatment of soils to be able to prepare it in any manner to make it pay the same season it is chunked up—and I have not the pleasure of an acquaintance with a farmer that ever could. I learned when I was much younger than now, how to slice up the soil with the plow when it lay solid, so as to make it lay up light at the first plowing—and, therefore, I never plow but once for a crop, and never recommend it to others. And now, Mr. S., if you will practice on this all-important truth, to plow what you do exactly

right the first time, you will find that no after-plowing improves it any more than after-planing to make a board straighter after it is once made straight. Do what you do, well, and there is no necessity of doing it over. I would just as soon think of sending my daughters to school to learn to cook where they chunked up their dried beef, and then used a Beef-Crusher to smash it, as my sons to learn to chunk up the soil to smash it down with a Clod-Crusher.

Again, Mr. S. says, "he should infer that Mr. DICKINSON's unfavorable opinion arose from its rendering the soil compact; but this objection is equally tenable against the harrow, and even more so." Is this possible in practice, or rational with science? Just think, for a moment, of a solid, heavy, baked soil turned over, and then a heavy iron Clod-Crusher rolled over to smash and press it down, then cultivated nicely with the Cultivator, or Harrow, or both, or the wheat drilled in—compared with the same soil shaved up in a Christian manner twelve or fifteen inches deep, and then wheat sowed broad-cast and harrowed in in good condition. Would not this two feet of chipped-up, light, mellow soil, remain so loose and porous as to let the air, the great renovator and purifier of soils, clear down to the bottom, instead of but two or three inches loosened up on the top with the Cultivator, after being pressed down with the Crusher?

Again, he says, "Mr. D. has evidently thrown away the Crusher without sufficient consideration; this implement is highly prized in England upon their heavy soils." I have a slight impression that wheat roots run three, four, and five feet in mellow soils, and have been told by those that I did not doubt, that they had found some that were seven and eight, and one that was ten feet in length, which took several days to dig it out, though it did not extend more than two feet from the stock in any place. These roots have no business where they cannot get air and food; and I "consider" that any wheat roots derive great advantage by running down twelve or fifteen inches over those that run down but two or three. They get more and better food, and stand the drouth, heat, and cold, much better than the surface roots. And then I have even had the presumption to "consider" the soil in a much better condition for all future crops. And although it may seem strange to Mr. S., I have really "considered," from forty years' experience, that when thus prepared the ground was in a hundred-fold better condition to seed down to grass, especially if wanted for mowing; in case there was any stone, the soil would be mellow so deep that all that were not so large as to be in the way of the plow, could be rolled in with a light roller when dry, and the small lumps on top that had not dissolved through the winter would easily crumble and help to cover the seed, as well as to mulch the roots of the wheat. And it may appear more strange to Mr. S. that I have "considered" that if the weather at the time of seeding was very dry, and the soil contained all the growing and maturing properties necessary to insure a good crop, it might be a good idea to use the drill; and where it lacked one or more important ingredients, or was exposed to severe winds in winter, it has even occurred to me that the gang-plow was almost an indispensable implement to leave the surface rough to prevent the snow from blowing off, and give me an opportunity to tar my wheat, to fasten to the kernel what the soil lacked — for instance, lime. I can fasten with tar a bushel of lime to a bushel of wheat, the roots coming directly in contact with, and receiving the whole benefit. I have "considered" the one bushel thus applied quite equal for that crop to fifty bushels sowed broadcast; and I can assure you, Mr. S., that with forty years' practice, combined with the little "consideration" that I have been capable of bestowing on the subject, I have demonstrated the fact to a certainty that a heavy baked soil shaved up twelve or fifteen inches deep, may be harrowed, cultivated, drilled, or gang-plowed, to suit the season and other contingencies, and leave the soil so mellow that the horses will settle in nearly to their knees every step they take while performing the work. And yet, I am not prepared to say but that the Clod-Crusher may be useful, in some instances, on soils so light and porous that pressing down would be advantageous to them; and I really hope that Mr. S. may have the good fortune to discover precisely what it may be adapted to—as did the Yankee who made a bargain for a certain amount of wages with the privilege of a venture to the West Indies. On inquiring what he had better take, a wag (who probably had a few to sell,) informed him that nothing met with a readier sale there than warming-pans, which he accordingly purchased and took aboard. The poor fellow was made the laughing-stock of the ship's crew; and yet, to the utter astonishment of all, he found a ready and advantageous sale, though for quite a different use. They proved just the thing they wanted for dipping molasses.

Once more,—"the Clod-Crusher is highly prized in England on their heavy soils." I beg you, Mr. S., not to hold me responsible for what they prize in England, any more than for the follies of unthoughtful and classical men engaged in cultivating the soil, who do not know how to plow any better than they do to make hats because they happen to wear one. I might tell you, that in England, they highly prize the axe made in the shape of a wedge with a thick, heavy head, made a true taper to the edge, with the eye in the center, with a straight oval helve—and I might further tell you, that the intelligent axe-man of this country uses one with a small light poll with a wide bit or edge, full under the eye to raise the chip, with a crooked helve to give it the right pitch, with a nicely-fashioned nub on the end, that he can hold without cramping his hand, — and that he can cut with less labor half a cord more of wood per day than the best "Johnny Bull" can with his wedge-shaped axe with a mush-stick for his handle. And I could tell you of implements that are highly prized in England, which are of great value in this country, and would cheerfully do so if it were not likely that yourself or some of your enterprising neighbors will have them improved and in use before this reaches you.

As you have only called my attention to its usefulness for growing wheat, I will not proceed further, as you will find my views at length, of the the utter worthlessness of the Crusher for heavy baked soils for all other crops, in extracts from my addresses delivered before your County, Broome, Jefferson, and the International Fair, which are now being published in the *Country Gentleman*. If they are not entirely satisfactory, I shall be happy to hear from you again.

Steuben Co., N. Y., 1860. A. B. DICKINSON.

MANURING PASTURES AND MEADOWS.

EDS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Under this head I find a long article in your issue of March 7th The writer says:—"We hold it to be Nature's own way of enriching land, to apply the fertilizer, of whatever sort it may be, to the surface,—what would be termed a top-dressing. Now, while I am willing to admit that manure applied as a top-dressing to grass land is very beneficial, I do not believe it enriches the soil as much as it would if well plowed in,—say from eight to ten inches deep. I believe it is generally understood that all growing plants draw the greatest part of their nourishment from the soil; hence, it appears to me that manure properly mixed with the soil must give more food to the roots of any growing crop than it would if left upon the surface, where a large portion would evaporate and pass off in the air. Suppose you wanted to enrich a field with a crop of clover, would you plow under the clover or let it lay on the surface? Is it not a well-established fact that clover will grow much better on a deep, rich soil, where the roots can strike deep, than on a poor and shallow soil; and if it needs a deep soil to grow in, why not put the fertilizer where the roots can strike into it and readily draw therefrom the nourishment it needs to make a vigorous and healthy growth? It seems to me to be much the best way to plow the manure under, and in this way enrich the soil, than to leave it on the surface for a great part of it to dry up and blow away.

The writer alluded to, speaks of seeing good results from keeping sheep for a number of years on worn-out land, but does he not suppose that if that same land had been well manured, and plowed under, it might have been brought to the production of a good crop without waiting several years? No doubt there are instances where a top-dressing may be best; but, as a general rule, it is too much like putting food on the top of a boy's head to make him grow. P. C. DANIELS.

Owego, N. Y., 1860.

THE MOOLY QUESTION.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A war of words between "Agitation" and myself, upon the Mooly question, can but be uninteresting to your readers, but as he has misrepresented me, I submit a few remarks for insertion or rejection as your good judgment may decree.

He asks the "kind reader" if any *new theory* is advanced, "save that hornless cattle will not die with the hollow-horn, or gore colts and sheep." No pretence was made to advancing anything new excepting a favorable notice of moolies. If he calls the *fact* of cattle *with* horns dying with the horn-ail, or their goring colts and sheep, "*new theory*," he may have it all his own way for peace sake, but they are stubborn *old* facts down this way; and as to the "theory" of hornless cattle dying with said disease, I am not sufficiently versed in cattle medicine to discuss the *question*, but dismiss that point for want of satisfactory proof, and am quite sure they are none the *more* liable to hollow-horn for *not* having that article on their heads. I confess that from his alleged cause, of too much "straw," and not enough "meal," I have often seen very *hollow hides*, but whether the head or usual location of horns ever becomes hollow, I have not bored to see.

I am far from saying anything against the Short-horns, "*all but the horns*;" for, if I mistake not, I have some of "Farmer P's" blood (I mean his cattle's blood,) in my stock that gives all the *good* qualities of his "educated" Short-horns, and, what is still better, the horns are exchanged for additional intellectual qualities, and, therefore, are sufficiently wise without being "educated" for the purposes I design them.

I am feeding *two* calves from the milk of *one* mooly, and presume, should I allow her own calf *only to "nurse till October,"* he would be similarly prepared to make the deceptive show that has carried off many premiums at the fall fairs—attributed to the "breed," without considering the *keeping*, which has done far more to raise horned heads to their present favor, than their horns, however *short* they may be. This mooly is too young and valuable to be prepared with "corn and meal" for beef, or she would be up for matching "Agitation's" figures on his old cow.

I hold fast to my first position, and still wait to learn if any one can say sufficient against *well bred* moolies to subject them to any *real* disrepute.

Clyde, N. Y., April, 1860. W.

HOW TO RAISE CALVES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—This is a subject of some importance to farmers, in all sections of our country. If we can save one or two dollars in raising a calf, by adopting one mode in place of another, and have them just as good, we should be very foolish did we not try to save the dollar. I have had some experience, and will give the plan I have adopted for the past fifteen or twenty years.

Feed your cow at least three weeks before she comes in, but not with light, flashing stuff. Equal quantities of corn and oats, ground together, I think is the best. I have no recollection of having any trouble when I attended to them in this way, but when I neglected it I have. When the cow comes in, I tie the calf up in the stable, letting the cow in as often as I please, at the same time milking what I think the calf does not want, then strip into my hand and wash her udder all over, as long as I can get any milk. I think this is the best thing to take the fever out. Continue in this way until the milk is fit to use, then take the calf away from the cow as far as you can, and tie it up. This is better than to let it run loose, as it will soon get tame, and then is the time to learn it to lead so that it never will forget.

The first feeding I give the calves good milk. If I attend to it myself, I can generally have them drink without the finger, the second or third time feeding. We set our milk in the morning and skim it at night for the calf; warm it about as warm as when taken from the cow, and no warmer. In a short time I let the milk stand as long as necessary to get all the cream, then, in the morning, when we bake buckwheat cakes for our breakfast, we bake four or five for the calf, put them in the milk and mash them up fine. Old crusts of bread are just as good. Calves will eat hay a great deal younger than most people are aware of, commencing, a little at a time, when they are a week old, and it ought always to be kept in reach so that they can take a spear when they want it.

When I turn them out to grass, I prefer their being where they can get no water, for the reason that they will frequently choose the water and refuse to drink the milk, which is sour at that season of the year. I have seen calves, but a few minutes before they were fed, go to the water and drink, seemingly, all they could, then if they drank their milk it would certainly do them more harm than good, for it would cause them to bloat, or give them the scours. If I have plenty to give them, I feed them three times a day, and am careful never to give them too much at once. I feed them as late in the fall as I have milk to spare, then give them good feed, and enough of it, always after. This mode I will warrant to produce good cattle. A. B.

Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Quick and Steady Milking.

A VERY successful dairyman writes to the *New England Farmer*, that one of the greatest essentials in the management of cows is good milking:—"Each cow should have a steady milker, be milked as fast as possible, and all the milk drawn. I am satisfied that there is a loss of one-third in many dairies, by the lazy, haphazard way in which cows are milked. I have known persons to sit down in the milking-yard and go through with some long yarn, and be from ten to twenty minutes milking one cow, when it should be done in less than five."

Setting Fence Posts.

A WRITER in the *Ohio Cultivator* says that he can set posts better and far more rapidly by driving with a maul or iron sledge, when the ground is just free from frost, and still wet and soft, than by digging holes. His posts are sawed seven feet long, and four by five inches in size, and then carefully and regularly sharpened, so as to put the "top end down." The posts are held steady or turned, when necessary, by using a long handled iron wrench, and made just large enough to slip over the top of the post. On loamy or clayey land, free from large stone, posts can be driven with great expedition, and will stand firmly, the earth around them being well packed by the crowding of the post.

How to Destroy the Pea Bug.

THE *Ohio Farmer* has an article from the pen of Prof. KIRTLAND, in which chloroform is recommended for destroying the larvæ of this pest. This agent has been thoroughly tested by the Professor, and the following plan adopted:

"The eggs of that insect are deposited in the pea while it is yet young and tender. About the period when the pods become dry, the young larvæ are hatched, and commence depredating on the cotyledon of the vegetable. That is the moment to be improved for arresting the progress of the evil. The seeds should be shelled from the pods, and placed in a suitable bottle, closed vessel, or box. On them should be sprinkled a few drops of chloroform, which should be extensively shaken. This should then be corked, and every specimen of insect within it will probably be destroyed in twenty minutes' time; but, to render the process perfectly successful, it is well to continue the peas in their enclosure for twenty-four hours, or longer. Seed peas, thus treated, will show on examination a mere speck at the point, occupied by the young worm. But the advantages of this process will be most observable when the plants from these seed peas make their growths next season. They will be far more vigorous and healthy than those starting from seeds which have been extensively excavated by that depredator. By this method we can annually preserve the seeds, and perpetuate the cultivation of the fine varieties of this vegetable, in this vicinity, without resorting to foreign importations."

Cattle Disease in England.

THE April number of the *Veterinarian*, a British journal of Veterinary Science, has an article on the necessity of legislative enactments to limit the spread of contagious diseases among cattle. The writer speaks of pleuro pneumonia as the present pest of English herds, and says that no correct opinion can be given even of the number of animals which are the subjects of that malady at any one time, nor of its location. He recommends that steps be taken to register these losses, with a view of their being made public, so that the government machinery may be set at work to carry into practice such sanitary measures as are indispensably necessary to preserve the health of those animals which furnish food and clothing to the people. That the spread of this disease is due to its infectious nature, few will be found to dispute, and this without lessening any opinion they may entertain of the influence of *secondary* causes in its production. We infer that the cattle malady exists in England to a considerable extent, as the article before us says, "we are continually hearing of its ruinous effect to individuals." On all sides, the British editor says, the question is asked, "what can be done to cure the disease?" He adds, "and gloomy are we looked upon when we reply, that, as a general rule, *it is incurable*, but that it can frequently be prevented, and would be so, were sanitary measures adopted by the legislature to limit the contagion." It will be seen by the above statement that there is a perfect agreement between intelligent gentlemen on both sides of the Atlantic in regard to the proper method of arresting the spread of the "pest to herds."

Inquiries and Answers.

PATENT WIRE FENCING.—I wish to inquire if any of the RURAL readers have tried the Patent Lowell Wire Fencing; and, if so, what are their opinions of its merits, or demerits.—J. B. POTTER, *Madison, Lake Co., O.*, 1860.

INQUIRY—HOW TO MEND INDIA RUBBER BOOTS.—Can any of your correspondents inform us how we may mend cracks in our India rubber boots. An answer would be very valuable to most farmers, as many of them wear such boots, and they soon crack in the instep.—INQUIRER.

PERCIVAL'S VETERINARIAN.—Can I be informed, through the RURAL, where PERCIVAL'S *Veterinarian and Hippopathology* can be obtained, and the price.—G. M. M., *Jackson, Wash. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

The work of W. PERCIVAL was first issued in London about the year 1800, and, we doubt not, could be obtained through some of the New York Publishing houses (Messrs. Saxton, Barker & Co., for instance,) who would import it if it cannot be found on their shelves. We cannot say what would be the price.

SCAB IN SHEEP.—I am pleased to say to you that my sheep have not got the scab. Some flocks in our neighborhood had commenced pulling their wool, and scratching, as has already been described in RURAL, and not knowing what the disease was, I was requested to write for a description and cure. We wished a description of the disease, as well as cure. Is it caused by an insect, or is it an infectious disease? If it is a contagion, do sheep get it by the smell, or by coming in contact with the infection? We would like to see the above questions answered by one of experience and intelligence. Such information might prove of use in future to some of the readers of the RURAL. Your plan of selling the sheep would be objectionable to those who have valuable breeds. Can there not be something given, or rubbed on the sheep, as a preventive to contagion?—JAMES H. MCNALL, *North Star, Wash. Co., Pa.*

The queries of our correspondent have been briefly replied to through our columns, and we leave the subject, for fuller responses, in the hands of sheep-breeders throughout the country.

INQUIRIES ABOUT DITCHING.—How can I construct a ditch through a bed of quicksand, lying some two feet below the surface, and generally one foot in thickness, the bottom of the ditch being mostly through the sand, on a gravelly strata? I opened the ditch twice, and left the sides to "slide," which was generally done the first heavy rain, filling the ditch half full. I dug it open the third time last fall, and laid a throat, or culvert, with stone, in the best manner possible, with such stone as we have here, (cobble,) but it filled up before spring, and the water run over. Now I have exhausted nearly all my ideas on said ditch, besides some labor. How will it work to get tile and lay on a board? This is my last resort. What sized tile? Two inch will carry off the water in ordinary times. In the spring floods, it would require four inch tile. Will it answer to let a flood of water dam up, and work off by degrees through smaller tile? The large tile are rather expensive here. How can I make a ditch through a marsh of muck? Would you advise an open ditch? I would like it covered a part of the way at least. Also, how near and how deep should ditches be to drain a piece of wet, marshy land, with a stiff clay subsoil? Will ditches, two rods apart and two feet deep, answer the purpose?—T. P. H., *Farmington, Mich.*, 1860.

SUCH practical inquiries as the above bring out so many important facts, learned from actual experience, so many statements of success and failure, and the causes of both, that we like to appeal to our readers to help each other out of difficulty. Who will come to the relief of our Michigan friend?

WASH FOR OUT-BUILDINGS.—Can you give me, in the RURAL, a recipe for mixing a whitewash for out-buildings?—N. B. DANA, *Wapello Co., Iowa.*

Take a barrel and slake in it carefully, with boiling water, half a bushel of fresh lime. Then fill the barrel two-thirds full of water, and add one bushel of hydraulic lime or water cement. Dissolve in water and add three pounds of sulphate of zinc, (white vitriol,) stirring the whole to incorporate it thoroughly. The wash should be of the consistency of thin paint, and may be laid on with a whitewash or other brush. The color is pale stone color, nearly white. If you wish it to be straw color add yellow ochre, two pounds in powder; if drab, add four pounds raw umber.

Another good wash is made as follows:—Slake lime with hot water, in a tub, to keep in the steam. When dissolved, and in a half fluid state, pass it through a fine seive. Take six quarts of this lime and one quart of clean rock salt for each gallon of water—the salt to be dissolved by boiling, and the impurities to be skimmed off. To five gallons of this mixture, (salt and lime,) add one pound of alum, half a pound of copperas, three-fourths of a pound of potash, (the last to be added gradually,) four quarts of fine sand, or hard wood ashes. Add coloring matter to suit the fancy.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman gives the following:—One bushel unslaked lime; half a gallon salt; three pounds alum, powdered; three pounds saleratus. Mix and put in a tight barrel with one head out. If the lime is quite fresh, cold water—if not, then use hot water. Keep stirring while slaking, adding water as required, so as not to become dry at any time. If it heats dry it becomes lumpy, and must not be overflowed with water so as to prevent the slaking going on. Stir up well from the bottom. When finished it may be thick as mush. When to be applied by a brush, make the mixture the consistency of whitewash—about the thickness of cream. Apply the first coat very thoroughly, filling every crack or interstice between the bricks or in the boards. For wooden fences a second coat of the same material is all that is required. Those who desire to have some other color than white, can add coloring matter to taste.

For Brick Houses.—For the second coat, add to the first-named materials twelve pounds melted tallow, and mix as before. This coat is impervious to water—is brighter, looking clean longer than paint, and preserves the cement between the bricks better than paint.

THE TIMBER QUESTION, AGAIN.—In a late number of the RURAL, "A Subscriber" inquires how many feet of boards are contained in a log thirty feet long, two feet square at one end, and one foot square at the other,—and by what rule it is ascertained. Said log contains 810 feet of boards, and is ascertained by analysis, or the common sense rule. The contents are found by multiplying the length into the breadth and depth of the middle of the log, which will be 30 feet, or 360 inches, multiplied by 18 inches, (the average breadth of the log,) which will be 6,480 inches, multiplied by 18 inches, (the average depth of the log,) which gives 116,640 inches, divided by 144 inches, (the number in a square foot,) gives 810 feet, board measure.—WM. H. H. S. S. C., *Yaphank, L. I.*, 1860.

THE SCRATCHES.—Please tell W. D. to take four ounces of fine gunpowder, lay it on a plate, and, with an iron spoon, grind the powder fine; then melt half a pound clean lard, mix together, and apply every morning, rubbing the parts affected well with the hand. Wash every evening with soft water, as warm as the horse will bear. Use Castile soap freely. When the legs are clean, fill the hair full of soap, rub it to a lather with the hand and leave until morning. Then apply the ointment, feed a little sulphur, resin, and purified saltpeter, equal parts by weight, well pulverized. You may drive in the mud, but don't drive in cold brooks.—M., *Pompey, N. Y.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

LOSS OF THE TURNIP SEED CROP IN ENGLAND.—By private advices recently received from England, and also from the Trade Circulars of the Seedsmen, we learn that the early frosts of October last caused an almost total destruction of the turnip, cabbage and cauliflower plants which had been reserved for seed. In consequence of this there is quite a panic among the seedsmen, and a great advance in price. From one of the Trade Circulars we extract the following:

"*Gentlemen*—As the spring advances the effects of the severe frosts of last October and those subsequent became apparent in the all but total destruction of plants of the Brassica tribe. The whole of the plants standing for seed of Brocoli, Cabbage, Cale, Cauliflower and Turnip, have been swept away; plants that had the appearance of life are found now to be destroyed by the frost. As soon as the finer weather set the sap in motion, the condition of the plant became apparent. The consequence that follows is, that all prospect of seed from any of these plants is gone, and it is not only for this year the supply is cut off, but for next year also."

Nearly all the turnip and cabbage seed used in this country is imported from England. The climate is no doubt better adapted to its growth than that of our own, but that good turnip seed can be grown in this country, we have abundant evidence. In consequence of the destruction of the roots designed for seed the present season, prices have doubled, and a still further increase is anticipated. Every farmer, therefore, who has a few bushels of turnips kept over, should plant them out for seed. It will be found a paying investment. We have gardeners here who have grown turnip seed for their own use, much preferring it to the imported seed. As a general rule, high and dry locations are the best.

POTATOES FROM MICHIGAN.—The following note, accompanying a box of potatoes, was received a few days since from J. W. HELME, Adrian, Mich.:

"I take the liberty of sending you some potatoes. Please name those in the small boxes. Those loose in the large box are a seedling from the Mercer, originated in this county, and called the "Shaw." They are very productive, free from disease, and one week earlier than the Early June, and so closely resemble the Mercer they are often sold for them. Those I send you were raised on black soil. They are superior when produced on sandy ground."

The Shaw, which bears evidence of its parentage, is a large potato, and if of good quality and *as early as represented*, is almost invaluable. We have nothing like it, and it will be sought by all market gardeners, and farmers in the neighborhood of large cities, as the most valuable of all early varieties. But we fear our correspondent is mistaken in his comparison, as we cannot believe he has the *true* Early June. This variety, if planted early, is entirely ripe by the middle or last of July; but [illegible] small, and like all very early sorts, produces but a poor crop, so that unless it is grown early, so that it will sell at from 75 cents to $1 a bushel, it will not pay. A portion of those sent us we planted in our garden, with Early June, Mountain June, Six Weeks, and other early sorts, and shall be able to compare them.

Of the specimens sent us for name, No. 1 is the Black Mercer; 2, Carter; 3, looks somewhat like what is called here Scotch Gray, but may not be that variety; 4 is the New England Seedling, at least it is known here by that name, but how it was obtained, or any facts in regard to its history, we have never been able to learn; 5, we think must be Prince Albert. So little attention is given to ascertain the true names of varieties of potatoes, and persons take such unjustifiable liberties in giving new names to sorts already named, that there is great confusion on the subject.

TERRA-CULTURAL HONORS DISCLAIMED.—In answering an inquiry, the New England Farmer says the term *Terra-Culture* "has been in use for several years in connection with a system of Mr. Russell Comstock, of Western New York." Gov. BROWN is mistaken. The self-styled "Professor" and "great discoverer" is *not* a Western New-Yorker. The people of this region have some regard for their and its reputation, and we are confident would ignore the glory and honor of the nativity of either said theory or its pretended originator. They can bear much,—such as being charged with harboring the original prophets of Mormonism, Spiritualism, etc.,—but the idea of becoming sponsor for the most obtuse donkey in Christendom, is unendurable! Spare us *that* infliction, brother BROWN, and we care not what else befalls.

—Speaking of Terra-Culture, we observe that its agitator recently asked the House of Representatives to publish his pretended "discoveries," whereupon a member very truthfully characterized it as "the most unmitigated humbug ever introduced to the decision of Congress," and the resolution was not entertained,—an indication that Congressmen, with all their faults, possess both gumption and discrimination.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—An adjourned meeting of the Trustees was held at the College Farm House, in Ovid, a few days ago, mainly for the purpose of re-organizing the various committees, and providing means for the successful completion of what has already been begun. Maj. M. R. PATRICK, JAS. O. SHELDON, and B. N. HUNTINGTON, were appointed Executive Committee, and WM. KELLY, E. G. FAILE, and B. N. HUNTINGTON, as Finance Com. J. B. WILLIAMS and ABAD JOY were constituted a committee to examine and calculate measurements and cost of College edifice according to contract. In giving the proceedings the Albany Journal remarks that "the meeting afforded ample encouragement that the State Agricultural College of New York will soon be a reality—a growing institution for the development of the agricultural resources of this State."

PROFITS OF SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—An Ohio farmer, J. W. WORCESTER, of Lorain Co., shows how wool growing pays those who manage properly. He says:—"Last season I clipped 250 sheep; the wool sold for $552. I have sold within the year 74 sheep, which is equal to the number of lambs raised, for $814, making $1,366. My sheep are of the Spanish Merino breed, and mostly ewes; a few bucks and wethers. I have kept sheep for the last twenty years, and consider it the most profitable business a farmer can engage in."

PREMIUM ON SHADE TREES.—The Summit County (O.) Ag. Society has offered a premium of $15, for the best twenty-five Forest Trees, which shall have been planted *at the roadside* since the last Annual Fair, their condition at the time of inspection being included, and the competitors to give their modes of planting. Scarcely anything could add more to the beauty of our rural thoroughfares than such additions, and if similar premiums were offered and competed for throughout the country, the influence could not but prove beneficial.

MONROE CO. AG. SOCIETY.—The Annual Fair of this Society is to be held on the 26th, 27th, and 28th of September. The premium list, regulations, etc., will soon be published. The Society is also to have a Horse Show and Holiday Exhibition on the 4th of July, as previously announced.

THE BROCKPORT UNION AG. SOCIETY announces a Floral Fair and Horse Show, to be held June 2d. Liberal premiums are offered, good committees appointed, and sensible rules adopted. The Fall Exhibition is to take place Oct. 2d and 3d.

THE copious rains and warm weather of last week were very favorable to vegetation, and all Nature presents a beautiful and progressive panorama.

HORTICULTURAL

ORIGIN OF THE KING APPLE.

JAMES M. MATTISON, of Jacksonville, Tompkins county, has been making some investigations to ascertain, if possible, the origin of the King Apple, of Tompkins county. He publishes the following in the *Horticulturist:*

"Having given the subject a pretty thorough investigation, I present the following as the true history of the King Apple of Tompkins county:—About fifty-six years ago, Jacob Wycoff brought it from Warren Co., N. J. Mr. Wycoff moved to this county about sixty years ago, and finding the art of grafting practised here, procured the grafts while on a visit fifty-six years ago. Mr. Wycoff is now dead, but always claimed it to be a seedling, and it was named by him King. The Congress of Fruit-Growers at Rochester, added Tompkins County to it, to distinguish it from another of the same name.

On a visit this winter, I undertook to trace out its origin, and went to the place where it is said to have originated. This is about one and a half to two miles from Washington, Warren Co., N. J. I found very old trees that had been grafted; they seemed to be over fifty years old; two aged men, Daniel Fleet and William Crivling, near Asbury, were both acquainted with it from boyhood. It originated on the north side of the Musconetcong mountain, about one mile from where these gentlemen live. Mr. Jesse Weller says he knew one very old tree on his farm forty years ago; it has been dead several years. They call the apple Toma Red throughout that section. It does not appear to be much disseminated, being confined to a small locality. I brought some of the apples with me, and compared them with mine. I also gave them some that were raised in my own orchard. They are quite as high flavored in New Jersey as they are here between the lakes.

The tree is entirely distinct in growth. When I was in New Jersey I pointed out trees as I was going along the road, and inquired if they were not what we call the King of Tompkins County, and they said they were. The limbs grow so very horizontal that the tree needs scarcely any pruning, and one of its good qualities is, it is a regular bearer every year, and a fine, thrifty grower. Hundreds of barrels have been sold from this vicinity this year, and we are all of one mind, that it is the most productive, and will sell for the largest price per barrel of any market apple that is raised in this vicinity. Dealers realized four or five dollars per barrel last fall. The apple is one of those crimson red with yellow ground that attract the eye, and its color will not disappoint you when you come to eat it. Its very agreeable perfumed flavor is equal to the Swaar. It wants gathering ten to fifteen days before the Baldwin or Greening, and if carefully done, will keep good until the 1st of May."

ON LAYING OUT FRONT YARDS.

EVERY man is called upon at least once in his life to lay out a front yard or a small lawn; and our wives and daughters are every spring remodeling and improving them. It is hence a matter of considerable importance to know how to do this in a tasteful manner. It costs no more to arrange them in a pleasing way, than to put them into that stiff garden shape so commonly seen. Brick, wood, and mortar, are put together to make a house, and yet how few houses look *home-like* and express the sentiment a man feels when he thinks of a beautiful home. And so many front lawns, with their shrubs and flowers, look like graveyards without tombs, in spite of the fair hands that have planted and trained, and the nature that has struggled to look right.

In the first place there should be a *plan*. Before anything is attempted, sketch out on paper what looks fit, appropriate, and in proportion; and to get some idea of arrangement, go to a woody, sunny slope, where the trees and shrubs grow as they choose. Find a spot that looks really charming, and fancy your house situated near, with a walk among the trees, and you will get quite an accurate idea of what you wish to change your grounds into. There is a commonly received opinion, that such taste and pains are only called for when one owns a large tract of land; but the smallest yards show more skill than the large ones. I remember once visiting the somewhat extensive grounds of Mr. FIELD, in company with the lamented Professor HOPE, of Princeton, New Jersey. We agreed that Mr. FIELD had failed in his designs; and on our return passed the house and diminutive yard Mr. F. had formerly occupied. "That," said Professor HOPE, "shows great skill; the effect is really quite wonderful." And yet the yard was small, and the house unpretending. The method of which we have spoken, will give one very good ideas of what may be termed natural arrangement, which is the first and greatest element of lawn beauty. Nothing is more disagreeable to a man who has an eye for the beautiful, than the two fences joining the road to the house, the two wooden boxes for flowers running parallel to them, and the straight walk between frequently made of boards, seen in one half of the front yards in our country. The gate need not be placed directly in front of the entrance to the house, as the walk can then be planned so as to wind among the shrubs with an ostensible *reason* for the curve. Avoid any stiffness in planting flowers and shrubs.

As you step into many gardens, you find a peony on *each* side; a little further on, some pinks on *each* side, and directly opposite each other. Now, such is not nature's plan. Put in grass in plenty, keep it short, bright, and clear. Then group and arrange the shrubbery so that it will not look angular and forced. The flowers should not be crowded in; they should cover but a small part of the whole yard. If a very large number of flowers are cultivated, there should be a flower garden; the front of the house is naturally a lawn, and devoted to shrubbery. A few flowers, however, does not injure the general appearance. There should be no fruit trees or fruit bushes put in a front lawn. The design is simply beauty; with them there is an effort at use. The arrangement of the shrubbery calls for taste, and of this I will speak hereafter. A. M. R.

Owasso, Mich., May, 1860.

THE GARDEN.

THE weather the past week or two has been remarkably dry, warm, and pleasant for the season. The fruit trees are in full bloom, or a little past, and we have no cold rains or winds to injure the flowers. Never have we known a more favorable spring, and there is now every prospect of an abundant crop of fruit of all kinds. Even the peaches, which were considered somewhat injured, are showing plenty of flowers.

All tender seeds may now be sown, and bedding plants may be put out without much risk. The *late* TULIPS are in flower, and in a day or two will be in perfection. We have taken notes of many new and beautiful varieties, but must defer notice until another week. The NARCISSUS is a fine class of flowers, including the common *Daffodil* and *Jonquil*, and the former is about the only variety generally cultivated. They are mostly perfectly hardy, should be planted in the autumn, like the Hyacinth, but may remain in the ground a number of years, and until they become so thick and matted as to make a division of the roots necessary. Some of them are double, and are very showy, but the single sorts are more delicate and prettier. The *Early Double Daffodil* is of a bright yellow. *Incomparable Pleno* very double, light yellow or straw color, intermixed with dark yellow, or orange.

COMMON NARCISSUS.

The engraving will give a very good idea of the form of the single flowers, and the central cup, which being of a different color from the six petals, makes these flowers exceedingly attractive. Some have the petals of a light yellow, and the cup orange, others with the petals white and the cup yellow, while the *Poet's Narcissus*, sometimes called *Pheasant's Eye*, is snowy white, the cups cream color, with a delicate fringed edge of red, which gives its latter name. Then there are some varieties with the cups very large and long, in the form of a trumpet. One of the best of these is called the *Sulphur Trumpet*, with the cup or trumpet nearly two inches in length, and broad at the extremity.

The most beautiful class of the Narcissus family, however, is the *Polianthus Narcissus*. The flowers are produced in clusters or trusses of from half a dozen to three times this number. The engraving, which we had taken from a cluster of

POLYANTHUS NARCISSUS.

medium size, shows the habit. Like the others they show every shade of color from the purest imaginable white to deep orange; the cup of the white varieties being yellow, and of the yellow sorts, orange. These are not as hardy as the other varieties, but are sufficiently so for general culture in this latitude in a well drained soil.

The *Gooseberry Fly* has just commenced its ravages on the gooseberry, and soon will attack the currants. Destroy all the eggs that you can find on the under sides of the leaves, and then commence a free fight with what escapes this process.

RHUBARB WINE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having seen several communications in the papers of the last year, in regard to making pie-plant wine, I made up my mind to make a fair trial, but I did not intend to make it public until I should be satisfied that it would be of practical value.

But, seeing a communication in your paper inquiring how it should be made, and whether it is profitable, I think I can answer the first question satisfactorily, but the last I think will have to be deferred until it is ascertained whether the wine will be salable or not. I am inclined to think that by proper management in manufacturing, it will become valuable in taking the place of those cheap wines and other liquors now so common. As to the cost, I think it can be manufactured with almost as little expense as cider. However, I will give you a statement of a trial I made the past summer—1859. I will state that I grew the plant for market. About the middle of July, after the season was past for selling, one morning I took two boys, one twelve, the other sixteen, went into my garden, and while I pulled the stalks, the two cut the leaves off and put the stalks into the wagon. After filling the box of a common lumber wagon, started for the mill, one and one-fourth miles distant—a small grater mill. It being quite small, I had to make two pressings,—notwithstanding, we arrived home at half past one o'clock the same day, with sixty-three gallons of the juice.

Not wishing to experiment on too large a scale, I tried a seven gallon keg, by putting three and a half pounds of common brown sugar to each gallon of clear juice—(some writers recommend adding one gallon of water to each one of the expressed juice, and I am inclined to think that is correct)—but at that time it appeared to me to be thin and watery, without sufficient body to make beer instead of wine. After dissolving the sugar, and filling the cask with the prepared wine, put it in the cellar. It soon commenced working and running off from the bung. I continued to fill the cask as fast as it lowered, keeping it as near full as possible until it stopped running over, put the bung in loosely, and paid no attention to it until February last. Thinking it about time to close the cask, before doing so, I drew some of it and found it a beautiful claret color, and perfectly clear, near the taste of good sherry, and yet with more strength and body. It leaves a raw taste in the mouth after drinking, but not more so than any domestic wine will have until after it is one year old. Mine is only seven months; I think it will be about right after it has had time to mature, unless it should prove to be too strong, and if so, it could easily be made lighter by adding water to the juice.

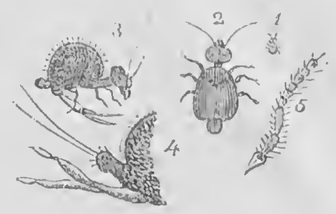
Wishing to ascertain how much could be made from an acre, I subsequently counted the stools, and found I had picked 170. Mine is planted three feet apart each way—consequently an acre would make about 1,482 gallons of juice at one picking. As it could *easily* be pulled four times in the season, it would bring the quantity up to 5,928 gallons—and if it should prove better to add as much water, it would swell the amount to 11,856 gallons of wine from one acre in one season. Enough in all conscience, I should think, to satisfy any reasonable man. L. WELLS.

Cedar Lawn, Chittenango, N. Y., 1860.

INJURIOUS INSECTS.

EVER ready to investigate the source of an evil, under the conviction that a knowledge of it is half the cure; and, not disposed to be a barren observer, I am equally ready to impart the results to others; hence, no doubt, a lady friend of mine was induced to call my attention, the other day, to some tender plants, sown for late cabbage, on the 17th of March, (St. Patrick's day,) assuring me that BRIDGET declared "no varmint would meddle with them if sowed then." Alas the "wee bits o' craythurs" paid no respect to St. Patrick, in this instance, for the seed leaves were pierced in all directions, and so pale and sickly as to leave no hope for recovery. I saw at once that they were the same depredators I had noticed May 11th, 1855, destroying the seed leaves of the cucumber plants. Unable then to determine their character, I wrote to T. W. HARRIS, who, in his reply, stated "That the cucumber skipper is a species of *Smynthurus*, perhaps identical with *S. fuscus*, of Europe, described in the *Massachusetts Ploughman*, Vol. III, No. 12, Boston, July 20, 1841."

Since then I have found that THOS. SAY, in his description of the *Thysanourae* of the United States, read November 21st, 1820, describes the genus *Smynthurus* thus:—"Antennae attenuated toward the tip, four-jointed, ultimate joint composed of many smaller ones, trunk and abdomen united into a rounded mass." The only species he notices is the *S. guttatus*, found under the bark of the long-leaved Pine, *(P. palustris,)* in Georgia. VINCENT KOLLAR, in his treatise on insects injurious to gardeners, &c., translated from the German by J. and M. LOUDON, page 43, erroneously states that "the order *Thysanura* contains no species injurious to man or domestic animals." These cucumber skippers are emphatically as injurious to vegetation as most other insects described in his work. LINNE called them *Podura*, —a term implying that they have a leg in the tail. These spring-tails were separated from the genus *Podura* by LATREILLE, and named *Smynthurus*, as KERBY spells it, being more globose in shape, and otherwise different. They also have an anal spring, forked, as shown by fig. 3, which is bent under their body, and extends to between the front pair of legs. This spring being pressed against the surface on which they stand, they unbend with force, and jump out of your reach before you can grasp them. They are excessively agile, and hard to catch; however, by placing a dish containing turpentine, or other strong liquid, among the plants, and sweeping lightly over the ground, in the direction of the dish, hundreds will leap into it, and can be thus destroyed. The anal projection above the forked spring is said to contain an apparatus which enables the insect to sustain itself on a smooth, perpendicular surface, by protruding thence two long, filiform, flexible, transparent threads, covered with a slimy secretion, which prevents their falling when they



SMYNTHURUS FUSCUS.

1. Natural size. 2. Magnified top view. 3. Magnified side view. 4. The forked or bifid tail, and anal protuberance. 5. The 4-jointed antennæ.

lose their foothold. These creatures must not be confounded with the cucumber flea beetle, the *Haltica pubescens*, a most destructive insect, which attacks the cucumber plant also, eating the seed leaves, and thereby destroying the plant in like manner. The name *Haltica* signifies to leap, and like the spring-tail, they excel the flea, that "SAM PATCH" of jumping notoriety. Talking about fleas, admonishes me to stop, lest some modern ARISTOPHANES will ridicule me, as the ancient one did, by his attempt to make the good Athenian philosopher, SOCRATES, appear ridiculous, whom he represented as having measured the leap of a flea, (Aristoph. Nubes, Act. i., sec. 2.) And suppose he had, is it so very ridiculous?

Dusting sulphur over the ground is recommended, and perhaps lime, mixed with the soil when preparing it to sow the seed, may destroy the nits in the ground; where not contra-indicated, as the physician says, it would do no harm to try it. This class of insects require a more thorough investigation, since they are becoming exceedingly troublesome in many gardens throughout Lancaster county, to my certain knowledge.

Lancaster, Pa., 1860. J. STAUFFER.

Inquiries and Answers.

PRESERVING STRAWBERRIES SO AS TO RETAIN COLOR.—If you can give a sure process by which strawberries can be preserved so as to retain their flavor, color, &c., you will oblige many others, as well as myself, by publishing it in the unrivaled RURAL NEW-YORKER.—J. R. T., *Keokuk, May*, 1860.

Strawberries preserved in the old-fashioned way with sugar, retain their flavor better than any other fruit, and the color is not changed. Put up in cans after scalding, without sugar, they lose color and become a water-washed like. They also lose somewhat in flavor. In this respect strawberries are an exception to most other fruits, which retain their flavor almost perfect, when put up in air-tight cans. Any of our correspondents who think they can throw light on this subject, will please do so.

MAY BUGS AND CURCULIOS.—You may think strange that I address you again, but I wish for knowledge on a subject that I think worth looking into. Scientific men have sought for information on it, and all to no purpose. Last Saturday evening my little boys went out to catch May bugs, and they saw them fly on trees. I went out, and to our great surprise found the plum trees one living mass, and all other trees except the cherry, and there were only a few on them. They fly from half-past 6 till 8 at night only. I picked from one little tree four feet high, a quart. All the young, thrifty trees were the most covered. Those without bods had none on. We picked from twenty trees one gallon and a half in two hours. My conclusion is that they are the parents of the curculio. They lay their eggs in the blow, I think, and hatch in time to sting the plums. They seem to be of the same nature as the curculio. Jar the tree lightly, and they drop the same.—G. G. V., *Buffalo, May*, 1860.

The May bug has no relationship to the curculio. It is a different insect.

MAKING GARDEN WALKS.—In your last week's paper a correspondent inquired how to make a good walk in a garden. The way we make our walks in our gardens is as follows:—I dig out my walks about one foot, and then fill up six inches with lime and the other six with fine gravel. This makes a capital walk, and very good for preventing weeds from growing. This, I consider, makes as good a walk in a garden as can be had.—C. H. K., *Preston, C. W., April*, 1860.

Our correspondent no doubt makes an excellent walk in the way described, but the inquiry was for a mode of making a good walk where gravel could not be procured.

GROWING PARSNIPS.—At what time should parsnip seed be sown? Where can good fresh seed be obtained, and at what cost?—W. A. A., *Corning, N. Y., May*, 1860.

Sow from 1st to middle of May. Seed may be obtained of most of the dealers, but we cannot say that all is good.

STRAWBERRIES AT DAYTON, OHIO.—My early strawberries were badly damaged by the frosts April 24th and 25th—half the crop lost. I have one bed of strawberries nearly all destroyed by the work of a dark-colored cut worm. They cut off the stems and leaves just above the ground. I have found from eight to ten at each hill. How can they be saved? The beds are mulched with tan bark and coal ashes.—J. C., *Dayton, Ohio, May*, 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

NEW FRUIT BOOK.—Dr. WARDER is at work on a new Fruit Book, which, it is said, will make its appearance before many months.

GARDEN PEAS.—The best of the English Marrow and Sugar Peas are very late growers, and less productive than the common Marrowfats. An English correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly* says Dr. MACLEAN, of Colchester, has been experimenting in various ways with peas, his principal object being to reduce the height of the tallest marrow peas, now growing eight feet, and to make them more dwarf and more prolific. The result has been the following varieties, in which these qualities are combined, being only from two to three feet high, and much earlier than the old varieties:

Advancer is the earliest of all marrow peas; it is an extraordinary cropper, and of the finest flavor, and being only two feet in height, will prove a great acquisition; it is of the green wrinkled class of marrow peas.

Prolific.—This is a fine, large, wrinkled, white pea, of excellent flavor, and heavy cropper; its height is about three feet.

Essex Rival.—A very large, second early, green wrinkled marrow; it is of fine flavor, dwarf habits, and very prolific.

Mignon.—This is also a wrinkled marrow, early dwarf pea, only eighteen inches high, with a different flavor from other kinds.

THE CURCULIO IN MICHIGAN.—I see in your paper of the 28th ult., an article on the Curculio and Black Knot. The Curculio first made its appearance here in 1849, and destroyes our whole crop of plums every year; also, injuring cherries and other fruits. We have no Black Knot here on our trees. Tell Bloomfield to try again. Plums and cherries showed blossoms here on the 22d ult. —J. W. HELME, *Adrian, Mich.*, 1860.

Domestic Economy

USES FOR PIECES OF BREAD.

IN some families there is always an accumulation of pieces of bread, and a good deal of ingenuity is necessary to prevent waste. If bread is good, and proper care is taken, such a thing as a plate of dry pieces is needless. Some families never have them. But for the benefit of those who, from any cause, cannot always prevent it, the following modes for making good use of pieces are suggested. A bread pudding is easily made by boiling the pieces in milk. You can make as rich a pudding as you choose, by adding sugar, eggs, suet, spice, and raisins; or as plain a one, putting no sugar, two eggs, and a few sliced apples to a quart of milk, and boil or bake it. Make crumb cakes of some of the pieces. Boil a dish of others in milk for breakfast. If you are cooking meat that requires or admits of a stuffing, soften crusts with a very little boiling water, add butter, herbs, and a beaten egg. In summer, when bread becomes mouldy from long keeping, lay the pieces which cannot be used immediately, upon a tin, and dry them in the oven; they are as good pounded for pudding and crumb cakes as before drying, and as nice to dress a ham as cracker crumbs. Nice pieces of bread are good in pan pie, and also in stewed tomato.

It is a good way to have a small board upon which to slice bread, and brush the crumbs from it into a box or dish, kept for the purpose. Such things may seem of little consequence, but the beneficial influence of economical habits is not limited to the actual value of the amount saved.

WHITE SWELLINGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Noticing an inquiry in your paper, a few weeks ago, as to what would cure a white swelling, I would say, there are many swellings termed white swellings, but the one most commonly known by that name is a scrofulous swelling of a joint. White swelling *(Hydasthrus)* is a very hard case; scrofulous, and is supposed to be caused by too much acid in the fluids. Alkalies are consequently good preventives. I have had some experience in the matter, but want of space forbids me to state facts. It is necessary there should be acid in the stomach, in order to digest the food, but nature will supply that without artificial means, so acids of all kinds should be scrupulously avoided—the patient should be kept warm, quiet, and comfortable,—the alkali taken three or four hours after eating, when the food is nearly digested. It should not be strong enough to corrode or irritate the stomach. Taken in milk, or milk and water, there can be the most taken with the least injury to the stomach. A removal to a warm, dry climate, would be of great advantage. Alkali is good to prevent boils and other sores and inflammation. People who are prone to such complaints must avoid acids.

I would not warrant anything to cure white swelling after it is fairly seated, but think it might be helped with alkalies, and some medicines to cleanse the blood. I would avoid patent medicines. J. A. PETINGALE.

Westfield, N. Y., 1860.

SKIMMING MILK.—The wise man, in enumerating the times and seasons, made no mention of a time to skim milk; yet, nevertheless, there *is* a time,—a *right* time, too,—and that is *just as the milk begins to sour in the bottom of the pans*. Then the cream is *all* at the surface, and should at once be removed,—with as *little* of the milk as possible. If allowed to remain until the *acid* reaches the cream, or to become *thick*, it diminishes the cream, and impairs it in quality. That housewife, or dairymaid, who thinks to obtain a greater quantity by allowing the milk to stand beyond that time, labors under a most egregious mistake. Any one who doubts this, has only to *try it* to prove the truth of this assertion. Milk should be looked to at least *three* times a day.—A COUNTRYWOMAN.

TO COLOR GREEN.—Noticing an inquiry in the RURAL NEW-YORKER for a mode of coloring green, without the compound of indigo, I send you the following, which makes a beautiful color. For five pounds of goods, take one pound of fustic; one-fourth pound of logwood, and one ounce of blue vitriol. Boil the wood till you get the strength, take out the chips and put in the vitriol, then the goods, and boil fifteen minutes, stirring all the time. Take them out, wash in strong soap suds, and dry in the shade.—RACHEL J. PHILLIPS, *Manlius, N. Y.*, 1860.

"STICKIES"—AN ARKANSAS DESSERT.—In this land of hog and hominy, the following is considered an excellent substitute for something better: Roll a small portion of soda biscuit dough, cutting half an inch thick, spread with butter, sprinkle with sugar, roll up, slice crosswise, and bake till nearly done; then pour a little molasses over each, and bake till thoroughly done.—MRS. E. V. V. B., *Warren, Ark.*, 1860.

PRESERVING BUTTERMILK.—I have admired the patience that the editor of the RURAL has in giving answers to the numerous questions asked through his valuable paper, and I hope that it will do good to all that use it. I would be glad to have some of the farmers' wives, daughters, or housekeepers, give me instruction through the RURAL, for preserving buttermilk for winter use. —E. S. LANG.

ORIENTAL PAINTING.—I wish some one of the numerous readers of the RURAL would inform me through its columns the best mode of painting Oriental, or Pearl Painting. Having seen the mode of making cone frames, I thought perhaps some one might be able to favor me with the desired information.—EMMA, *Tyrone, N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A RETROSPECTION.

BY OLIVE KENNETH.

I AM haunted, oh, I'm haunted
By that pale and anguished face,
As it spectral gleamed upon me,
In our last, sad parting place.

On my lips gay smiles were playing:
Thine were wreathed in bitter woe!
On my brow gleamed fresh, sweet flowers;
Thine was blanched with inward throe!

Pityingly the stars looked on us
From their lofty homes in light:
Pityingly the darkness wrapt us
In the sable robe of Night.

On we walked for many paces,
My hand lying cold in thine;
Spoken we not, and yet thy face was
Turned in anguish unto mine.

O, that mournful, haunting vision!
Can I never from it flee?
Must it slowly sap my life out
With its torturing memory?

Only the stern voice of Duty
Could have made my heart so brave,
For its every throb was thine, Love,—
Thine it will be to the grave!

Though I coldly turned away Love,
When I spoke the stern word—Go!
Though I seemed like marble statue,
'Twas not coldness made me so!

For my heart was slowly breaking,
Dying in its youthful bloom;
As the day, bereft of sunlight,
Vacant, sinks in midnight gloom.

Once I sat in twilight's shadows,
Musing o'er my joys all fled,
When from out the gentle gleaming
Something whispered, "He is dead!"

Through that lonely night I sat there,
Meek hands folded 'cross my breast,
Praying passionately,—dumbly,—
Praying eagerly for *rest*.

Dark is life's way,—cold and dreary,
He I loved is gone before;
Take me to him, tender SAVIOR,
To be parted *nevermore*.

Hazel Dell, Dubuque Co., Iowa, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LAST MARRIAGE IN THE FAMILY.

BEAUTIFUL was the bride as she stood before the altar. With a trusting heart she had placed her hand in his; and, still trusting, she had softly repeated, "Yes." The words were spoken which united their hearts in one. Friends offered their congratulations and well wishes to the happy pair; but when this was over, and she was being borne rapidly away to her *new* home,—away from that of her childhood, and the familiar scenes with which she was surrounded,—she was sad. Memory was busy in her heart. She was thinking of her much loved home, where she had spent her childish years, surrounded and upheld by the anxious care and hope of fond parents, and where she had lived in quiet happiness; of the orchard, and the wide, green meadow; of the old, well worn path, which she so loved to tread down to the brook; of the forest close by, with its luxuriant foliage, through which the gentle breeze spoke to her words of hope and encouragement, where she hailed gladly the golden sunbeams peering down upon her through the branches, beneath which she so often strayed; of the high hill where she used to watch the glorious sun sinking to rest in a sea of gold, seeming to her like a faint glimpse of heaven, so bright was it, and dazzling; of the quiet graveyard she had so often visited, and planted flowers, emblems of kindness and affection, over a sister's grave,—all these familiar scenes she must leave and seek a home elsewhere, with an untried, though very dear friend,—must go forth to meet the world without the protecting care of kind parents, brothers, and sisters. No more social reunions for them, for they were all now separated. Of this and much more she thought, as she sat there, so busy with memory. But she covered all in her heart, and for the love of her husband was cheerful. *For* him and *with* him she would be happy. She would share life's burden with him, she thought, as well as its bright and beautiful side.

Parents, too, thought with sad hearts when they parted with their daughter; thought of the beautiful flower which had grown up in their home, now about to be transplanted into another soil, surrounded with other influences. The care which they had bestowed was exchanged for that of another. Would it be bestowed as willingly? Would she be shielded from the heavy storms of sorrow and adversity, or would these fall upon her, crushing and destroying? Yet they would not detain her with them if she could be any happier elsewhere; and they gave her into the hands of another, earnestly praying that GOD would overshadow them both with His wing of protection.

Brothers, and *sisters*, too, thought sadly at the parting. Thought of the time when she was a little child, when the whole day to her was a bright play-hour, and she was the light and star of their home. They had watched her as she threw off the easy carelessness of infant years for a more sedate step, and quiet, thoughtful air. They had talked with her of the birds and flowers, taught her to love them and their great Maker; had watched the noble seal of intellect on her brow, and loved her with a love such as brothers and sisters only can cherish and cultivate for each other. Then, when *they* had left their home and gone forth into the world, as she was now doing, it was very pleasant to have her company, even for a short time, to cheer them. But those days were now past, never to return. They would no more listen to her innocent prattle, or the soft patter of those little feet, as in days of yore. Her childish, glad voice, would no more lighten their hearts; and when they would visit their old home, they would miss the kind and joyous welcome with which she was wont to greet them. She was going from them, going forth to meet the yet, to her, untried world. Would she stand the test bravely, and choose the bright side, that her life might be pleasant and bright? Would she be loved as they had loved her? Would any dark cloud rest over her future;—or would it be all sunshine?

Ah, these partings are sad. To have friends separated, and settled in new homes; to forsake old associates and old associations, parents, brothers, and sisters, and all the scenes of youth, for *new* scenes; to go out into the "wide, wide world;" to find their life-boat all alone on the great stream of time, and feel, perhaps, that it may be destroyed in the current,—it is a serious and great step, and one which is of more than *trifling* importance. It requires love, *abiding love*, to guide them, and make life beautiful, to cheer in adversity, to meet, without murmuring, the cares of life, and be ever joyous and hopeful. A love that, when the brow is furrowed with wrinkles, and the ruthless hand of time has streaked the hair with silver, stolen the roses from the cheek, the sprightliness and vigor from manhood, and brought age with its many cares, slow step, and dim eye, will still be bright,—aye, brighter, and brighter,—a love which, having shared toil and sorrow, walked through the flowery fields of life, and seen those flowers fade, still looks up to a Divine hand for guidance. Having thus lived, when, in old age, they walk down the hill of life together, and stand on the shores of the river of death, they will look beyond into those heavenly fields for a blessed reunion. A love like this will never fade; but in the last hours of life, each can smilingly say, I have been faithful.

Canandaigua, N. Y., 1860. ALICE ASHLEY.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BEAUTY AND CONSISTENCY.

OUTWARD beauty captivates the eye, and entrances the beholder with her symmetrical loveliness; but vanity is usually her constant attendant, moistening her roses with scalding liquids, which evaporate in acts of folly, and multiply day by day, forming the descending rounds of a ladder planted in degradation. A misguided young lady, upon her *entree* into fashionable society, is emulous of cultivating her fascinations. She has been taught that a list of outward charms is a successful advertisement, never failing to bring votaries to her shrine; and now, the lamp of her life occupies a conspicuous place in the chandelier of wealth and fashion. Her laudable work commences, and soon she needs the assistance of a private secretary, to keep account of the numerous admirers whose wings have been singed as they fluttered within her dazzling sphere. But the *oil* becomes exhausted,—the *wick* may be trimmed, but no blaze of light proceeds from it,—and now the "*extinguished* lamp" is cast from its exalted position, where it swayed over the hearts of men. Battered and shattered by the shock, the wretched woman awakes to the stern realities of life, and finds, when too late, that she has mistaken the chief aim of existence.

Consisteney is a rare jewel, and when it decks the brow of woman, it reflects a bright halo about her head. Her words are more precious than pearls, and purer than crystals,—she lives and reigns forever, in the memory of all who come within the sphere of her presence. Childhood loves to nestle in her arms,—youth loves to linger by her side, and read the sweet poetry of her daily life,—manhood renders her reverential homage, and old age smiles approvingly upon her. Consisteney is woman's crowning charm,—her royal sceptre,—and as she takes her seat upon the throne of the affections, it brings willing worshippers to her feet; but the crimson banners of indignant blushes will float over the battlements of her modesty, when lauded by flattery, for humility is her companion and dictator. A. P. D.

Michigan, 1860.

FEMALE SOCIETY.—You know my opinion of female society. Without it we should degenerate into brutes. This observation applies with tenfold force to young men and those who are in the prime of manhood. For, after a certain time of life, the literary man may make a shift (a poor one I grant,) to do without the society of ladies. To a young man nothing is so important as a spirit of devotion (next to his Creator,) to some amiable woman, whose image may occupy his heart, and guard it from pollution, which besets it on all sides. A man ought to choose his wife, as Mrs. Primrose did her wedding gown, for qualities that "wear well." One thing, at least, is true, that if matrimony has its cares, celibacy has no pleasure. A Newton, or a mere scholar may find employment in study; a man of literary taste can receive in books a powerful auxiliary; but a man must have a bosom friend, and children round him to cherish and support the dreariness of old age.—*John Randolph.*

THE HEROISM OF ECONOMY.—It takes a hero to be economical, says Miss Muloch. "For, will she not rather run in debt for a bonnet, than wear her old one a year behind the *mode?*—give a ball and stint the family dinner for a month after?—take a large house, and furnish handsome reception rooms, while her household huddle together anyhow, in untidy attic bed-chambers, and her servants swelter on the shake-downs beside the kitchen fire? She prefers this a hundred times, stating plainly, by word or manner:—'My income is so much a year,—I don't care who knows it,—it will not allow me to live beyond a certain rate; it will not keep, comfortably, both my family and acquaintance; therefore, excuse my preferring the comfort of my family to the entertainment of my acquaintance. And, society, if you choose to look in upon us, you must take us as we are, without any pretenees of any kind; or, you may shut the door, and—good bye!'"

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR SHIPS.

EACH sunset hour, with folded hands,
The angels in their realm,
With songs of joy, or dirges low,
Tell how we hold the helm.
And as we steer our craft of life
Before the breezes sailing,
So up in Heaven rise the songs
Of music, or of wailing.

And thus we anchor all our ships,
A day's sail nearer home;
A few more suns of glimmering light
Will show the line of foam
As white as maiden's bridal vail,
Or snows of winter sifting;
That mark the rocks upon the stream,
We fain would pass in drifting.

It matters not where'er we strike,
Our keel be high or low,
On hidden rock, or shining sands,
Beneath the water's flow,
If "boat of life" we have on board,
With chart and needle showing
The sea on high where rocks are not,
And storms are never blowing.

North Haven, Conn., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE POET AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

BOTH the poet and the philosopher exert a great influence upon the destinies of our race. Each has been a mighty power in the earth, but the poet has doubtless been the mightiest. Even barbarous nations have all had their songs. The Indian chants his war song as he roves through the forest, and long before Britain had given birth to her first philosopher, her groves were vocal with the songs of Druid bards. The Negro carols his rude lay as he wanders over the burning sands of Africa, and when taken therefrom and transplanted to a foreign shore, he still retains his love of melody. But while song exerts so much influence over these rude tribes, they are entire strangers to philosophy.

And how has it been in civilized society? Here the philosopher often exerts an influence, but it is less than that of the poet. The philosophers of Greece and Rome never possessed much influence over the masses. They only instructed a few scholars. Few of the common people of Greece paid any attention to the disputes of the Porch or the Grove, but they listened to the poets. HOMER had a hundred readers for every one that perused the pages of ARISTOTLE, and, in all probability, PLATO owed his popularity more to his poetry than to his philosophy. But in nothing is the comparative influence of the poet and the philosopher more clearly seen, than in the religious character of the masses of the Greeks and Romans. It was the poets more than any other class of men, that rendered the superstitions of that age and these countries popular. The philosophers laughed at the popular religion of their country. To them, JUPITER and MARS were mere creatures of the imagination. But the poets sung the praise of the gods, and the people listened to them. It was the bard that enthroned JOVE upon the summit of Olympus, and made VENUS the object of adoration. They wrote the songs that were sung at the religious festivals. HOMER had more influence upon the religious character of the Grecians, than any of their philosophers.

In modern times the song of the poet has been more listened to, than the philosopher's discourse. From the time that PETRARCH sang among the groves of Vaucluse, down to the present time, the poet has tuned his harp for thousands, while the philosopher has been left to discourse to comparatively few. Lord BACON and SHAKSPEARE were contemporaries,—the one was the prince of modern poets, the other the greatest of modern philosophers. A few learned men have pored over BACON'S pages, while age and childhood have wept over the sorrows of DESDEMONA, and laughed at the mishaps of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF. What was it that made the people so corrupt during the reign of CHARLES the Second? It is true, HOBBES had written the Leviathan, in which are taught doctrines of the most pernicious character, but there is no proof that many of the common people paid any attention to that work. But the poets were the favorites of the age, and we have only to read the poetry of that period, to discover one great cause of the moral contagion that spread from the palace of the Sovereign to the home of the artisan.

The poets of our own generation have been more potent for good or evil, than the philosophers. Either BURNS or SCOTT has to-day more influence upon the inhabitants of Scotland, than any half dozen of philosophers that that country has ever produced. BYRON has five hundred readers, for every one of Sir WM. HAMILTON'S.

We conclude, then, that the poet has a greater power over men than the philosopher. While the latter addresses a comparatively small audience, the former speaks to thousands.

Bristol, Wis., 1860. S. L. LEONARD.

THE letters I. H. S., so conspicuously appended to different portions of Catholic churches, are said to have been designed by St. Bernardine of Sienna, to denote the name and mission of the Saviour. They are to be found in a circle above the principal door of the Franciscan Church of the Holy Cross, (*Santa Croce.*) in Florence, and are said to have been put there by the saint on the termination of the plague of 1347, after which they were commonly introduced into churches. The letters have assigned to them the following signification:

Jesu hominum Salvator—Jesus, the Saviour of man.
In hoc salus—In him is salvation.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SELF-ESTEEM.—A REPLY.

IN perusing "A Plea for Self-Esteem," one is obliged to conclude that, in the opinion of Miss ESTELLE, "temporal happiness" is wholly unattainable without the development of this peculiar part of man's organism. In this I must be allowed to differ. I opine, in order "to bear away the hearts of the people,"—to secure greatness of fame,—and, moreover, *to please the ladies*,—this "attribute of the human mind" which makes many of our youth and would-be-heroes (who, with a just opinion of their abilities, would become ornaments to society,) disgusting and unbearable, certainly deserves suppression. The assertion that "the man best pleased with himself and his achievements, has fervent causes for discontent," clearly *does* admit of a doubt; for, did he not "see, as through a glass, darkly"—through that most unjust, deecitful, and *disgusting* medium,—Self-Esteem,—he would not fail "to see himself as others see him,"—thereby saving himself the humiliating jeers of sensible people. No one can doubt that "what in *his own* opinion is justly his due, can never be exceeded by others." It is an axiom, a self-evident truth; to go beyond this, would be carrying it to infinity. Be he successful enough to receive the praises of others, it is not in the nature of such an one to receive and not apply them as flattery,—thus adding another cubit (quite useless,) to his self-imposed stature of greatness, rendering himself still more obnoxious.

In supposing the opposite case, he is rendered merely a brainless egotist. If he fails, his consciousness of *imagined* merits makes him indifferent to the opinions of the world,—but not a sensible man. He but wraps himself more securely in his cloak of Self-Esteem, deeming all others mere atoms in the universe of GOD, and denouncing the world as a dull, unappreciative mass, prepared anew to be the laughing stock of community. But then, he has studied, "more assiduously than anything else, an unbounded confidence in himself,—has reached that desirable goal, *notoriety*, but has not become *great*. This opinion of greatness may, perhaps, account for the otherwise inexplicable deeds of men now-a-days. At the lecture to young men, I can only *imagine*,—living in the midst of the Young Americas that people the world,—a bashful young man,—one who for a moment doubts his superiority,—one who has not already assumed the *ill*-advised (pardon me) prerogative. Heaven grant us such a sight. He would certainly be a lucrative addition to BARNUM'S Museum, as *the* greatest wonder of the age. If the West has enough and to spare, of young men who are not, in their own opinion, of far greater importance than their hoary-headed and time-honored ancestors,—and, as for that matter, aught else inhabiting this sublunary sphere—may the tide of immigration take a retrograde tendency, bless our eyes, and gladden our hearts, with the sight and companionship of such a living curiosity. EFFIE.

Camillus, N. Y., 1860.

WHAT DIVERS MEET WITH.

WHEN the vessel has settled down in a sandy bottom, it is preserved for many months from breaking up; and its position may be much the same as it would be when floating in calm water, if it be not tilted over by under-current drifts. The light, of course, depends upon the depth and nature of the bottom; but where there is no chalk to give a milky thickness to the water, the diver pursues his work in a kind of gloomy twilight. By the aid of this he can see and feel his way round the ship, but when he ascends the deck and winds his way down into the principal cabins, he finds it pitch dark, and has nothing to guide him but his hands. This is the most difficult and yet the most frequent labor he has to encounter; the danger being that in a large vessel, where the cabin stairs are deep, and the cabins are long and broad, he may get his air-tube twisted round some unfamiliar projection, and to squeeze off his supply of life from above. In positions such as this he requires all his nerve and self-possession, all his power of feeling his way back in the exact road that he came.

He may have got the precious casket to which he has been directed, in his arms; but what of that, if he die before he can find the stairs? The cold, helpless masses that bump against his helmet, as they float along the low roof over his head, are the decomposed corpses of those who were huddled together in the cabin when the ship went down. A few of these may be on the floor under his feet, but only when pinned down by an overturned table or a fallen chest. Their tendency is ever upward, and the remorseless sea washes away the dead infant from its dead mother's arms, the dead wife from her dead husband's embrace. If the wreck be in the channel, the small crabs are already beginning to fatten on their prey. The diver disentangles himself from this silent crowd, and ascends the silent stairs to the deck. The treasure he has rescued is hauled up into the attendant diving boat, and he turns again to renew his work. He seldom meets with an accident under water; never, perhaps, with death; and the chief risk he runs is from getting some heavy piece of ship lumber overturned on his long train of air-pipe. Even in this he feels the sudden check and the want of air, gropes his way back to the obstruction, removes it, signals to his companions to be raised, and reaches the boat exhausted and alarmed, but not so much as to give up his place in the trade. His earnings mostly take the form of shares in what he recovers. If fortunate, his gains may be large; if unfortunate, they may be small; but no man can grudge him the highest prizes it is possible for him to win. May Whitstable always have the honor of producing such bold and dexterous men as plentifully as she has hitherto done, and may they have the wisdom to keep what they get.—*Dickens' All the Year Round.*

THE stream of life, down which we go would be clear and smooth enough, were it not for the obstacles we ourselves throw into it.

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

THE creaking wagon's in the shed,
The busy flail is heard no more;
The horse is littered down and fed,
The harness hangs above his head,
The whip behind the door.

His leathern gloves and hooked bill
To-day the woodman throws aside;
The blacksmith's fiery forge is still,
The wooden wheel of the old mill
Sleeps in the mill-dam wide.

The miller's boat is anchored where,
Far-out, the water lilies sleep;
You see their shadows mirrored there,
The broad white flowers reflected clear,
Within the mill pond deep.

The harrow's in the garden shed,
Hoe, rake, and spade, are put away;
Unweeded stands the onion bed,
The gardener from his work hath fled;
'Tis holy Sabbath day.

Upon the wall the white cat sleeps,
By which the churn and milk pans lie,
A drowsy watch the house dog keeps,
And scarcely from his dull eye peeps
Upon the passer by.

And sweetly over hill and dale
The silvery sounding church bells ring:
Across the moor and down the dale
They come and go, and on the gale
Their Sabbath tidings fling.

From where the whitewashed Sunday School
Peeps out between the poplars dim,
Which ever throw their shadows cool
Far out upon the rushy pool,
You hear the Sabbath hymn.

From farm and field, and grange grown gray,
From woodland walks and winding ways,
The old and young, the grave and gay,
Unto the old church come to pray,
And sing God's holy praise.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

I AM A STRANGER.

WEARY with bearing the many burdens of life, mourning over unrealized and short-lived hopes and the unstable and unsatisfying nature of earthly things, and weeping that time had rudely severed from my soul the dearest objects of its affection—I thank Thee, Holy Father, that thou didst teach me that "I am a stranger in the earth." I *am* a stranger; yet precious blessings are sometimes conferred upon me in the land of my pilgrimage—and, rejoicing, I almost forget that there is awaiting me an abiding home in a brighter land; yet that home has many attractions for me; many dear ones are there—and, far removed from the cares of my pilgrimage, I shall enjoy their presence, and the joy-imparting smiles of our Father.

But I have a mission to accomplish. Many forget all the admonitions of the past, and act as though earth were their eternal home. I must call their attention to the mutability of earthly things, and endeavor to persuade them to seek a home in the skies; but, when time shall destroy their present habitation, the storms of just wrath shall fall upon their defenceless heads. While awaiting the hour when the term of my sojourning here shall expire, I may make my temporary habitation as pleasant as possible, and plant the flowering jasamines about my dwelling. But every joy of earth is illusive,—and how often the fairest flowers lie about me upon the sand, fading in the inhospitable air of this clime. So I may not give my affections to things of earth, lest I mourn,

"The withering of the gourds that cheer
My pilgrimage of care."

The past threw many shadows upon the path in which I trod, and looking forward through that vail which Wisdom has woven between the present and future, I see, as "through a glass, darkly;" yet I trust the promises, and calmly await the hour when the sweet voice of a messenger-seraph shall whisper tenderly to my soul, "Child, your Father calls you home." Bright rays, which prophecy to my soul of coming day, already beam upon me from that fair world where flowers of immortal bloom shall cheer my future home. Thus meditates the Christian. ELLATH.

Wadham's Mills, N. Y., 1860.

FEELING AND FAITH.—There are two classes of Christians: those who live chiefly be emotion, and those who live chiefly by faith. The first class, those who live chiefly by emotion, remind one of ships, that move by the outward impulse of winds operating on sails. They are often in a dead calm, often out of their course, and sometimes driven back. And it is only when the winds are fair and powerful that they move onward with rapidity. The other class, those who live chiefly by faith, remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, which are moved by an interior and permanent principle, and which, setting at defiance all ordinary obstacles, advance steadily and swiftly to their destination, through calm and storm, through cloud and sunshine.

THE TEST OF LOVE.—It is a great practical principle in the religious life, that *a state of suffering furnishes a test of love.* When God is pleased to bestow his favors upon us, when his blessings are repeated every hour, how can we tell whether we love him for what he *is* or for what he *gives?* But when, in seasons of deep and varied afflictions, our hearts still cling to him as our only hope and only joy, we may well say, "Thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee."

GOD will change the balance by-and-by, and then the heart will wear the crown on its head, and the understanding will go behind it to do its errands.

The Reviewer.

THE HISTORY OF FRANCE. By PARKE GODWIN. Vol. I. (Ancient Gaul.) [8vo. pp. 495] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE first volume of GODWIN'S History will attract attention not only on account of what was expected and is supplied in its contents, but from the superior style in which the book is presented by the publishers. The present volume—devoted to Ancient Gaul—is divided into four parts, and subdivided into eighteen chapters, with the following titles:—Ancient Gaul, its Inhabitants and Races; Character, Manners, Government, and Religion of the Gauls; Earliest Inroads of the Romans in Gaul; The Conquest of Gaul by Julius Cæsar; Organization of Gaul by Augustus; Gaul under the Heathen Roman Emperors; Gaul under the Christian Roman Emperors; Condition of Gaul toward the close of the Roman Dominion; The old Teutonic world and its advances upon the Empire; The Great Invasion—Establishment of the Barbaric Monarchies—Downfall of the Western Empire; The Conquests of Chlodwig the Great; Changes Produced by the Conquest; Gaul During the Civil Wars of Austrasia, Neustria, and Burgundia; Gaul under the Administration of the Mayors of the Palace; Gaul during the Mayoralty and Reign of Pippin the Short; Karl the Great, or Charlemagne; Revival of the Western Empire; Dissolution of the Empire of the Franks.

The volume before us indicates that GODWIN'S will prove the most complete and valuable History of France in the English Language—reflecting great credit upon the author, and adding another name to the list of distinguished American historians. It is a new and laborious field for Mr. GODWIN, and if he acquits himself as well as has been his wont in others—as an Essayist, Editor, and Lecturer—an invaluable history will be furnished to the world, while the author will receive both honor and profit as a recompense. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. In three volumes. By JAS. PARTON, author of "Life of Aaron Burr," "Humorous Poetry of the English Language," etc. Vol. I. [12mo.—pp. 636] New York: Mason Brothers. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY, Subscription Agent.

THE first volume of this biography of "Old Hickory" has been perused, and though we always prefer giving at least a glance at the conclusion of any literary work before expressing an opinion as to its merits or demerits, we cannot refrain from saying that we have been exceedingly interested while conning the pages of the volume before us. As proof of this favor, we refer readers to the somewhat copious extracts which have been given in the columns of the RURAL, and these are but items in a large mass, the publication of which is forbidden by want of space. With the author, in this first instalment of his labors, we stand beside the cradle of our hero, follow him through the trying and painful scenes of boyhood and early manhood, watch him as he moves upward, step by step, in the social scale, and leave him calmly awaiting the advance of the enemies of his country, when the sufferings inflicted upon his family by the British Col. TARLETON, during the Revolution, were to be atoned for by a fearful reckoning on that memorable "Eighth of January" at New Orleans. This Biography is for sale as above.

THE LEGAL ADVISER; or, How to Diminish Losses, Avoid Lawsuits, and Save Time, Trouble and Money, by Conducting Business according to Law, as Expounded by the Best and Latest Authorities. By EDWIN T. FREEDLEY, author of "A Practical Treatise on Business," etc. [16mo.—pp. 397] Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.

SHAKESPEARE, in his King Henry VI, puts into the mouth of the Earl of Warwick the words:

"Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two blades, which hath the better temper,
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye,
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;
But in these nice, sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith! I am no wiser than a daw,"

and our author, doubtless thinking there were many Warwicks, whose legal knowedge needed burnishing, has sent forth his "Adviser" to perform that operation. In neat, convenient, and cheap form, the uninitiated are instructed how to perform, in a correct manner, all the obligations society imposes, thus avoiding the expense and vexation ever attending the careless, thoughtless, or ignorant, who would plead the merits of their cause before the (supposed to be) blind goddess. E. R. HALL, of this city, is the agent furnishing this work.

A VOYAGE DOWN THE AMOOR: With a Land Journey through Siberia, and incidental Notices of Manchooria, Kamschatka, and Japan. By PERRY MCDONOUGH COLLINS, U. S. Commercial Agent at the Amoor River. [16mo.—pp. 390.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE Amoor River—Siberia—Japan—surely these, described by an actual explorer who knows whereof he affirms, furnish abundant material for a volume of no ordinary interest. The vast region watered by the Amoor, which is the outlet to the Pacific of Siberia and the Russian dominions north of China, is little known to the civilized world, and this work exhibits its great importance to commercial men. To enable him to visit and examine the country, Mr. COLLINS was appointed Commercial Agent in 1856, went to St. Petersburgh, crossed the Siberian country, entered Tartary, and explored the Amoor from its sources to its mouth, with a view to learn its resources and determine the practicability of navigating the river by steam. The volume before us gives a narrative of his adventures and observations, including notes and statistics of much interest and value. The work will be read with both pleasure and profit by those interested in the subject. Sold by ADAMS & DARNEY.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS OF THE WORLD: Comprising a General View of the Origin, History and Condition of the various Sects of Christians, the Jews and Mahometans, as well as the Pagan Forms of Religion existing in the different Countries of the Earth; with Sketches of the Founders of various Religious Sects. From the best authorities. By VINCENT MILNER. [12mo.—pp. 512.] Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.

MOST of the works published on subscription are well executed, but this volume is superior, presenting a very fine external appearance. With morocco and gilt binding, steel portraits, good paper, and clear typography, it is altogether quite attractive. The contents of the work are said to have been carefully compiled from the best authorities, and the sketches of different denominations, their origin and progress or decadence, are interesting and instructive. The preface states that, "in order to preserve the degree of impartiality which the reader is entitled to expect in a work of this kind, the compiler has confined himself to authorities in which the doctrines of the several sects are drawn from the published works of their founders or leading writers." The fact that over one hundred and fifty sects are noticed, will give the reader some idea of the variety comprised in the volume and the labor necessarily bestowed upon its compilation. E. R. HALL is agent for the work in Rochester and vicinity, and we believe it is one of the books for which he wishes to procure canvassers.

CASSELL'S ILLUSTRATED FAMILY BIBLE, published by CASSELL, PETTER & GALPIN, New York, and sold by E. R. HALL, Rochester, is a splendid serial, in quarto form. It was commenced Feb. 15, and a Part is issued the 1st and 15th of each month. We have received the parts (five) issued to the present time, and shall notice the work more particularly in a future number.

WILD SPORTS IN THE SOUTH; or, The Camp Fires of the Everglades. By CHAS. E. WHITEHEAD, translator of "Gerard the Lion Killer." With Illustrations by ERNINGER, TAIT, and others. [12mo.—pp. 424.] New York: Derby & Jackson.

HERE are a score or more of vigorous, natural and withal humorous sketches, recounting the haps and mishaps, scenes and adventures of hunters in the South—what befel them among wild beasts and Indians, and stories and anecdotes related around their camp fires. Most of the sketches were originally published in the Spirit of the Times, under the title of "Camp-Fire Stories," but lose none of their sparkling wit and vivacity in the more dignified book form. Mingling the humorous and tragical, the descriptions are apparently truthful, and full of interest and excitement to all who sympathise in the life of a sportsman. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE TEACHER'S ASSISTANT: Or, Hints and Methods in School Discipline and Instruction. By CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M., Author of "The Teacher and the Parent," etc. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co.

THIS volume is made up of a series of familiar letters addressed to one about entering upon the responsible task of educating the youth of our country, and as such cannot fail of making an impression for good. Nor are those who have devoted their being to the dissemination of knowledge the only class who would be benefited by its thoughtful perusal. It is worthy of the closest scrutiny at the hands of every parent in the land, and the following out of its judicious precepts would prove a blessing to coming generations.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW. Reprinted by LEONARD SCOTT & Co.: New York.

THE April issue of this excellent Quarterly has been received, and a portion of its contents perused with much pleasure. The articles are nine in number, and exhibit the following variety:—Vedic Religion; Manin and Venice in 1848-49; The Ethics of War; Plutarch and his Times; Austria and the Government of Hungary; Parliamentary Reform; The Dangers and the Safeguards; Japan; Darwin on the Origin of Species; Contemporary Literature, etc. DEWEY is the agent for Rochester and vicinity.

Books Received.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume IX. Hayne—New Jersey. [8vo.—pp. 784] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL, Subscription Agent.

LIFE OF ANDREW JACKSON. In three volumes. By JAS. PARTON, author of "Life of Aaron Burr," "Humorous Poetry of the English Language," etc. Vol. II. [12mo. pp. 672] New York: Mason Brothers. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY, Subscription Agent.

SATANSTOE; or, The Littlepage Manuscripts. A Tale of the Colony. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 501.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—E. R. HALL, Subscription Agent, &c.

LETTERS OF ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE. From 1827 to 1858. With Extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. Translated from the Second German Edition, by FRIEDRICH KAPP. [pp. 407] New York: Rudd and Carleton. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY, A Concise Elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satellites and Comets. By O. M. MITCHELL, LL. D., Director of the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories. [12mo.—pp. 376.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Rochester—DEWEY.

OLD LEAVES: Gathered from "Household Words." By W. HENRY WILLS. [12mo.—pp. 467.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By GEO. ELLIOT, author of "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede." [12mo.—pp. 464.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester: STEELE, AVERY & Co.

BERTHA PERCY: or L'Esperance. By MARGARET FIELD. [12mo.—pp. 567.] New York: D. Appleton & Co Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

STORIES OF RAINBOW AND LUCKY. Fourth Volume—Selling Lucky. By JACOB ABBOTT. [pp. 183.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON REMEMBERED: or, The Story of Harriet Russell. [16mo.—pp208.] Phila: American Sunday-School Union. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

LITTLE ALICE'S PALACE; or, The Sunny Heart. [pp. 36.] Published and sold as above.

MADDIE AND LOLLY: A Sequel to Little Alice. [pp. 36.] Published and sold as above.

Spice from New Books.

Night Air.

AN extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul night air from within. Most people prefer the latter. An unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the disease we suffer from is occasioned by people sleeping with their windows shut? An open window most nights in the year can never hurt any one. This is not to say that light is not necessary for recovery. In great cities night air is often the best and purest air to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in towns, during the day, than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate, has told me that the air in London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air, if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut,—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without,—every passage from within. But the fewer passages there are in a hospital the better. *Florence Nightingale.*

Cleanliness.

COMPARE the dirtiness of the water in which you have have washed when it is cold without soap, cold with soap, hot with soap. You will find the first has hardly removed any dirt at all, the second a little more, and the third a great deal more. But hold your hand over a cup of hot water for a minute or two, and then, by merely rubbing with the finger, you will bring off flakes of dirt or dirty skin. After a vapor bath you may peel your whole self clean in this way. What I mean is, that by simply washing or sponging with water you do not really clean your skin. Take a rough towel, dip one corner in very hot water,—if a little spirit be added to it, it will be more effectual,—and then rub as if you were rubbing the towel into your skin with your fingers. The black flakes which will come off will convince you that you were not clean before, however much soap and water you may have used. These flakes are what require moving. And you can really keep yourself cleaner with a tumblerful of hot water and a rough towel and rubbing, than with a whole apparatus of bath, and soap, and sponge, without rubbing. It is quite nonsense to say that anybody need be dirty. Patients have been kept as clean by these means on a long voyage, and when a basinful of water could not be afforded, and when they could not be moved out of their berths, as if all appurtenances of home had been at hand. Washing, however, with a large quantity of water, has quite other effects than those of mere cleanliness. The skin absorbs the water, and becomes softer and more perspirable. To wash with soap and soft water is, therefore, desirable from other points of view than that of cleanliness.—*Ibid.*

To the attentive eye, each moment of the year has its own beauty, and in the same field it beholds, every hour, a picture which was never seen before, and which shall never be seen again.—*Emerson.*

THE imperfections of the present, and our longings for the perfect, show our soul's need of a future, such as God's Word promises to his children.—*Smith.*

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—NO. I.

CAYUGA BRIDGE—FOOT OF CAYUGA LAKE.

IT was said by an English traveler that American lakes are too large to be beautiful; and this is true—for our large lakes are majestic inland seas. On their bosom the Storm-King holds his revels, while, as far as the eye can penetrate naught is to be seen but the crested waves and the blue horizon, often gilded by the setting sun as it sinks beneath the waste of waters. But, in Western and Central New York, we have many beautiful small lakes, and one of the most charming of these is the Cayuga.

Often, in our travels by railroad, had we crossed the northern extremity of the lake—for the track of the "old road," between Auburn and Geneva, lies directly across, as seen in the engraving, but we were never fairly upon its waters until last summer, when, on one of those warm days in August, when a little relaxation is so pleasant and beneficial, we found ourselves on board of the cars with a ticket for *Cayuga Bridge*. After a few hours' ride we left the cars at the *Bridge*, as the station is called, though the "*long bridge*," shown in the engraving, had been swept away by the ice a year or so previous. This bridge was commenced in 1793, by a New York company, and completed in 18 months, at an expense of $150,000. The grant to the company extended through a period of 75 years, and has not yet expired. The bridge was a mile and a quarter in length, and twenty-two feet in width, and was on the great Genesee Turnpike, following nearly the old trail of the Iroquois Indians from the Hudson to Lake Erie. Before the building of the Erie Canal this was the great thoroughfare, and the *Bridge* was, for a long time, regarded as the connecting link between the East and the great and then comparatively unknown "*West.*"

After having examined the ruins of the bridge and other points of interest, we went on board of a pretty little steamer, the *Kate Morgan*, and soon were steaming up the lake. The water is clear and deep, the banks presenting every variety of the graceful and beautiful in scenery, while some pleasant village was almost constantly in view. Nothing can surpass in rural beauty the slopes of both eastern and western shores, smiling with forests, fields, and hamlets. There may be lakes more beautiful than Cayuga, but we have never seen them, and we thought that neither Nature nor Art could add another grace.

The lake is about 36 miles in length, and varying from one to four miles in breadth. Ithaca is at the head, or southern extremity, and Cayuga at the foot. Some six or seven miles from the bridge, on the eastern shore, is the pretty village of Union Springs. Here the traveler might spend a day very pleasantly, and in August should visit the elegant natural flower garden a mile or two north of the village, on the border of the lake, called Hibiscus Point.

It was at Union Springs the venerable DAVID THOMAS spent the last years of his life. A little further south we come to the little village of Levanna, where the eye is at once attracted and charmed by the quiet, rural beauty of Ingleside, a fine old mansion, surrounded with woods and green fields, spotted over with flocks and herds. This is the residence and farm of W. H. GRINNELL, and it was here that WASHINGTON IRVING delighted to spend a few weeks in rural pleasures.

A few miles further south is the charming village of Aurora. A settlement was commenced here in 1790, and it was the first point settled in Cayuga county. The shore of the lake is lined

VIEW OF AURORA.

with fine residences. Our engraving shows a view of Aurora, taken from a point a little further up the lake. Among the many beautiful villas and grounds here, there are none that surpass New Park, the residence of Mr. WELLS, well known as the pioneer express-man. It partakes more of the character of the English Villa and Park than we often see in this country. Dr. THOMPSON, well known to horticulturists, has also a fine place.

But the tourist on Cayuga Lake should by no means neglect to visit Taghanic Falls, on the west shore of the lake, about ten miles from the head. The fall is about a mile from the lake, and may be approached through the dark ravine of the creek, which, narrow at first, gradually widens into a grand amphitheater, with walls of rock varying from 350 to 400 feet in height, the ravine through which the torrent leaps being 100 feet deep. The stream in a dry time, as when we saw it, almost disappears in mist before it reaches the reservoir below.

We have on hand a fine engraving of these Falls, and in a future number will give a more full description of this natural wonder, which is so comparatively unknown to tourists. We have not space for a more extended notice of the beauties of Cayuga Lake, but to all who wish to enjoy a little quiet beauty, we say it can be found and enjoyed on the waters and banks of the Cayuga.

The Young Ruralist.

PRESERVATION OF BIRDS, &c.—NO. IV.

MOUNTING BIRDS WITHOUT WIRE.

MR. WATERTON, a celebrated English Naturalist, objects to the use of wire, and recommends the following plan. I have tried it on small birds, with success. After skinning, in the usual way, and coating with preservatives, stuff the body with cotton and sew it up. Tie the bill together by putting a thread through the nostrils, and a needle must be stuck under the lower mandible, perpendicularly. Bring the feet and knees together, to their natural position, by running a thread through them, and add the eyes. Take any ordinary box, large enough to hold the bird, and fill three-fourths of it at one end with cotton, at the other form an inclined plane. Make a hollow in it for the reception of the bird, and place it in the box with its legs in a sitting posture. Then take a cork into which three pins have been stuck, for legs, like a three-legged stool,—place it under the bill of the bird, and the needle which was formerly run through the bill is stuck into the cork, which will act as a support to the bird's head, while drying, and may be placed in any position required; and if the wings are to be elevated, place a little cotton under them. Place the box out of reach of sun or fire, that it may dry slowly, and frequently adjust the feathers. When the legs begin to stiffen, place them in their desired position, arrange and curve the toes, so as to hold a branch, in which, when the bird is dry, place two spikes for their reception.

It is often difficult to get branches of trees that are suitable for arranging groups upon, and they can be made to any shape by a frame of wire, and winding round it flax, securing it with a string, and covering with green or brown paper; or better, by sizing and coating the paper with thick white paint, which may be covered with moss, dried and rubbed with the hand and dusted on. All subjects should be kept in glass cases, or the flies and dust in one season will spoil all your labor.

SKINNING QUADRUPEDS.

PLUG up the mouth, nostrils, and any shot holes, with cotton, lay it on its back, and make a longitudinal incision in the skin of the abdomen, taking care not to penetrate the abdominal muscles. In this operation the hairs must be carefully separated to the right and left, and none of them cut if possible. Separate the skin to the right and left, putting pads of cotton between it and the muscles, as you proceed. After removing the skin as far as the incision will permit, each of the thigh bones must be separated at its junction with the body. The intestinal canal is then cut across and the tail cut off as close to the body as possible. After this the pelvis is pulled out of the skin, and the skin removed from the back until the shoulders are reached, which are cut at the shoulder joint. Skin the neck and cut off the head at the upper joint, extract the brain by enlarging the hole through which the spinal marrow passes, and remove all the muscles clean from the skull. Care must be taken not to injure the eye-lids, and to cut the ears as close to the skull as possible. The fore legs are now drawn out of the skin as far as the claws of the feet, and all the muscles removed; but be careful not to injure the ligaments and tendons. These should be left adhering to the knee. When cleaned return them into the skin, and treat the hind legs in the same way. Lay bare the first two or three joints of the tail, tie firmly around them a small cord, fasten the other end to a nail or hook in the wall, and introduce a pointed stick between the tail and the skin, and by forcing the stick the tail will come out of its sheath. Remove all fat or muscles that may remain, and the skinning is completed.

STUFFING QUADRUPEDS.

First prepare the wires by taking annealed wire of sufficient strength to support the animal; the center wire must be six or eight inches longer than the animal from the extremity of the tail to the head. A ring must be turned on the wire at the hip joint, leaving enough on the shortest end to reach the extremity of the tail by correct measurement. Another ring must be turned at the shoulder joint, and the end pointed sharp. Four other wires must be prepared for the legs, and pointed. Make an artificial tail of flax or cotton, bind it in shape with a string, give it a coat of paste, and when dry, another of arsenical soap.

The skin is now extended on a table, and the skull pushed back again into the skin. It must be well coated with the preservative, and all the muscles replaced with chopped cotton, or flax. The long wire is now passed through the middle of the skull and skin. The inner surface of the skin is now thoroughly coated with arsenical soap. The tail may be coated by tying a piece of old cotton cloth on a wire and introducing it into the skin. Put in the artificial tail and lay under the wire, along the back, a layer of cotton. Then stuff the neck, but nothing like pressure must be used, as the skin will stretch with the least force. Next put in a fore leg wire, along the back of the bone, and the point passed out under the highest ball of the paw: draw up the bones of the leg into the body, and tie the arm and fore arm to the wire. The muscles that were removed must be perfectly imitated. Every protuberance and cavity must exhibit its natural appearance in the attitude you intend to represent. The wire is passed through the ring and twisted or tied to the central wire, and the other leg is proceeded with in the same way. The shape is now given to the shoulder-blade, and the muscles of the shoulders imitated. Commence to sew up the upper part to enable you to complete the neck and junction of the neck with the shoulders. This part is of much importance, and much of its beauty will depend on its being well executed. Imitate as near as possible the muscles on the carcass, by observing which you will notice many points that otherwise would be neglected. The hind legs and thighs are done the same as the fore legs, with this difference, they must be wound round with thread tight at the bottom, and a thread drawn through the stuffing a few times to prevent its slipping. When it is returned to the skin, pass the wires through the ring and secure as the fore legs. Give the body its natural shape and size, and sew it carefully up, stuffing it as you proceed, as may be required. When closed, prime the seam well with corrosive sublimate. The joints of the legs are now bent, and pressure used at the naturally flat places, and this will make the prominent parts more distinct.

A board is now prepared with holes for the feet wires, on which it may be placed in its proper position, and when you are satisfied with it, give a finish to the face, head, and neck, by stuffing it at the eyes and mouth till the imitation is perfect, or bring the stuffing first put in forward for the purpose. Next insert the eyes and place the eyelids naturally over the ball of the eye. The lips may be kept in place with a pin or two. Put two small balls of cotton, dipped in the soap, up the nostrils, to keep out moths; also in the ears. The nose, lips, and paws, should have several coats of spirits of turpentine, applied with a brush, at intervals of two or three days; and lastly, a coat of corrosive sublimate; and when perfectly dry, cut off the wire protruding through the skull. W. V.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Imported Insects and Weeds,.....157
Hessian Fly, [Illustrated,].....157
Wheat Midge, [Illustrated,].....157
Granary Weevil, [Illustrated,].....157
Gooseberry Saw Fly, [Illustrated,].....157
The Clod-Crusher, Again,.....157, 158
Manuring Pastures and Meadows,.....158
The Mooly Question,.....158
How to Raise Calves,.....158

Rural Spirit of the Press—Quick and steady Milking; Setting Fence Posts; How to destroy the Pea-Bug; Cattle Disease in England,.....158

Inquiries and Answers—Patent Wire Fencing; How to mend India Rubber Boots; Percival's Veterinarian; Scab in Sheep; About Hitching; Wash for Out-buildings; The Timber Question, again; The Scratches,.....158

Agricultural Miscellany—Loss of the Turnip Seed Crop in England; Potatoes from Michigan; Terra-Cultural honors disclaimed; State Agricultural College; Profits of Sheep Husbandry; Premium on Shade Trees; Monroe Co. Ag. Society; Brockport Union Ag. Society, 158

HORTICULTURAL.

Origin of the King Apple,.....159
Laying out Front Yards,.....159
The Garden,—Narcissus [Illustrated].....159
Rhubarb Wine,.....159
Injurious Insects, [Illustrated,].....159

Inquiries and Answers—Preserving Strawberries so as to retain their Color; May Bugs and Curculios; Garden Walks; Growing Parsnips; Strawberries at Dayton, Ohio,.....159

Horticultural Notes—New Fruit Book; Garden Peas; The Curculio in Michigan,.....159

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Uses of pieces of Bread; White Swelling; Skimming Milk; To Color Green; Stockles, an Arkansas Dessert; Preserving Buttermilk; Oriental Printing,.....159

LADIES' OLIO.

A Retrospection, [Poetical,] The Last Marriage in the Family; Beauty and Consistency; Female Society; The Heroism of Economy,.....160

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Our Ships, [Poetical,] The Poet and the Philosopher; Self-Esteem—A Reply; What Divers meet with,.....160

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Sabbath in the Country, [Poetical,] I am a Stranger; Feeling and Faith; The Test of Love,.....160

THE REVIEWER.

The History of France; Life of Andrew Jackson; The Legal Adviser; A Voyage Down the Amoor; Religious Denominations of the World; Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible; Wild Sports in the South; The Teacher's Assistant; Westminster Review; Books Received,.....161

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Night Air; Cleanliness,.....161

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. 1—Cayuga Bridge, foot of Cayuga Lake, [Illustrated,] View of Aurora,.....161

YOUNG RURALIST.

Preservation of Birds, &c. No. IV,.....161

STORY TELLER.

If we knew, [Poetical,] My School Teacher; An Autobiography,.....164

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER AND NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 19, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Postmaster-General in a communication to the Senate on the 8th inst., responsive to a resolution of inquiry on the subject of lessening the number of dead letters, says that after the most careful consideration he is constrained to believe that the chief improvement in the dead letter office must be effected by providing for the return of letters through the office in a greater number at a shorter time.

A careful examination of the condition of the Treasury shows there will be a deficit of at least $8,600,000 at the close of the fiscal year on the 30th of June, on the basis of Secretary Cobb's receipts, which must be supplied either from a loan or treasury notes.

The steamer Philadelphia left for Hampton Roads on the 11th inst., to receive the Japanese Embassy. Among her passengers are Capt. Dupont and Lients. Lee and Porter, Charles W. Lee, Chief Clerk, and John W. Hogg, Corresponding Clerk of the Navy Department, Mr. Archbalm, Chief Engineer of the Navy, Mr. Ledyard, son-in-law of Mr. Cass, Mr. Cunningham, Mr. McDonald, Secretary to the commission, and a full band.

The Embassy is to be received at the Navy Yard with great pomp, and conducted to their quarters under military escort. It is the intention of the President to have a formal interview on Wednesday, in presence of the Cabinet, and others holding prominent public positions.

Dispatches from our Minister, Mr. McLean, to our Government, which were brought by a messenger from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, announce that Miramon's Government has accepted the basis of adjustment proposed by the French and English Governments, excepting the provisions for civil and religious toleration.

Circulars to Seceders from the Charleston Convention, showing the urgent necessity for their return to the National Convention at the adjourned meeting in June, have been in circulation for the signatures of members of Congress. The movement is intended to forestall the conventions in the seceding States to supply the vacancies occasioned by the withdrawal of delegates.

Lord Lyons had a protracted interview with the Secretary of State, on the 11th inst., in regard to the San Juan affairs. It is pretty evident that the matter is not so easy of solution as Lord John Russell supposed. The proposition of the English government has been peremptorily and positively declined by our government, and the final settlement is as remote to-day as it was in the beginning. Our government, as from the first, maintains its indisputable rights to the Island. What new position England will next assume in the matter, the next mail will probably disclose.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE—Mr. Pearce offered a resolution to provide for the observation of the total eclipse of the sun on the 15th of July next. It authorizes the employment of a vessel to transport no more than five astronomers to some point where the eclipse can be best observed. Mr. Pearce made some remarks in support of the resolution, and it was adopted.

The discussion on the Homestead bill was resumed, and most of the amendments presented by the committee of the whole, were adopted without debate. Mr. Rice's amendments extending the operations of the bill to lands not subject to private entry, were rejected. Other amendments were offered and rejected, and the bill finally passed—ayes 44, nays 8.

Among other matters finally acted upon was the House bill, furnishing additional mail facilities, which was passed; also the deficiency bill.

HOUSE.—Mr. Burlingame, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill authorizing the President to appoint a full Minister to Sardinia with a salary of $12,000 per year, with a Secretary of Legation at $1,800 per annum. Passed without debate. The House passed the Senate bill providing for carrying out stipulations of Convention with Paragnay. Adjourned.

Political Intelligence.

THE Republican State Convention of Ohio, to nominate candidates for State Officers, will be held on Wednesday, June 13th.

THE Illinois Republican State Convention met at Decatur on the 9th inst. John M. Palmer, of Macoupin county, was chosen temporary Chairman. The committee on organization reported Joseph Gillespie, of Madison county, for President, and nine Vice-Presidents and five Secretaries.

Messrs. Sweat, Yates and Judd, were then put in nomination for Governor, and after several ballots, Richard O. Yates, of Morgan county, was declared the unanimous choice of the Convention. Francis A. Hoffman, of Dupage county, was nominated for Lieut. Governor by acclamation.

The rest of the ticket was filled out as follows: Auditor—Jesse K. Dubois. Treasurer—Wm. Butler. Secretary—O. M. Hatch. Superintendent of Schools—Newton Bateman. Resolutions were unanimously adopted declaring Abram Lincoln the choice of the Republican party of Illinois for the Presidency, and instructing the delegates to Chicago to use all honorable means to secure his nomination, and vote as a unit for him. Four delegates at large and two delegates from each Congressional District, and two electors at large and one elector from each District were appointed. Delegates at large—Gustavus Koerner, N. B. Judd, David Davis, O. H. Browning. Electors at large—Leonard Sweet and J. M. Palmer.

THE Connecticut Legislature, on the 10th inst, re-elected Senator Lafayette S. Foster. The Democratic candidate was Hon. W. W. Eaton, of Hartford. The vote stood in the Senate 14 for Foster, and 7 for Eaton. In the House, 137 for Foster, and 70 for Eaton.

THE Constitutional Union Convention was held in Baltimore on the 9th inst. Delegates from every State, except Oregon and South Carolina, reported themselves.

At noon the Convention was called to order by John J. Crittenden, whose appearance was greeted with loud and prolonged cheering. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. James McCabe. Mr. Crittenden moved that Washington Hunt, of New York, take the chair, which was unanimously approved. Mr. Hunt, on taking the chair, delivered a powerful address, designating the slave question that has split the Democratic party as a miserable abstraction. He believed that this Convention has power to rally around it the patriotism of the country. On motion of Leslie Coombs, a Committee on permanent organization was appointed, and also on credentials. The Committee on Organization reported the following list of officers:

President—Washington Hunt. Vice-Presidents—One each from 19 States, including Marshall P. Wilder, of Mass.; Fred. A. Tallmadge, of New York; Peter J. Clark, of New Jersey, and Joseph R. Ingersoll, of Pa. Also 11 Secretaries. The nominations were confirmed by acclamation.

Joseph R. Ingersoll reported from the committee on business the result of their deliberations, which he said were characterized by great unanimity and patriotism. The report says that,

Whereas, Experience has demonstrated that all platforms adopted by political parties, have the effect to mislead, and to cause political divisions, by encouraging geographical and sectional parties; therefore

Resolved, That both patriotism and duty require that they should recognize no policy or principles but those resting on the broad foundation of the Constitution of the country, the union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws, and that as representatives of the Constitutional Union party and of the country, they pledge themselves to maintain, protect and defend these principles, at home and abroad, and secure the blessings of liberty to themselves and posterity.

Adopted by acclamation.

Mr. Buell, of N. Y., moved to proceed to a ballot for President, and continue to vote until some one received a majority. Carried.

A resolution was carried for the appointment of tellers, and Messrs. Brooks, of N. Y.; Hackett, of Tennessee; Watson, of Miss., and Rockwell, of Conn., were appointed.

First Ballot—Houston, 57; Bell, 68½; Scott, 25; McLean, 22; Graham, 22; Sharkey, 6; Crittenden, 28; Goggin, 3; Botts, 9½; Rives, 3.

On the second ballot Mr. Bell was nominated.

Edward Everett was unanimously nominated as candidate for Vice-President, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

Mr. BELL, the nominee, first became known to the country while a member of the House of Representatives, of which body he has been Speaker. He was a member of Gen. Harrison's Cabinet, but resigned on John Tyler's accession. Since that event he has been for a considerable portion of the time a member of the United States Senate.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Pony Express arrived at St. Josephs on the 7th inst., time nine days, four hours.

Telegraph dispatches from Carson Valley to parties interested, but which are not yet published, state that the Indians between Salt Lake and Carson Valley have stolen ten horses belonging to the Pony Express Company. A new supply of horses will be sent from Sacramento, but the incoming express may leave three of four days behind time in consequence.

The Legislature, since the 20th ult., has passed an act to create the office of State Geologist; to provide for a vote of the people to decide whether a Convention shall be called to review the Constitution.

The bill giving a bonus of $60,000 and $40,000 in installments of $6,000 and $4,000 per annum, to the first and second companies carrying telegraph lines across the continent, has passed both houses.

Late news from Mexico, brought by the steamer Cortez, says, a Liberal army 6,000 strong was reported to have taken Colima and Manzanilla without opposition.

The Washoe silver mines are still the absorbing matter of public consideration; it is estimated that 7,000 people have already gone there. Improved roads over the mountains give a new impetus to emigration thither. A gentleman just returned, met on the mountains during two days, 1,000 laden mules, 3,500 head of sheep, and 800 head of beef cattle going over to the mines. New discoveries of silver mines are reported, and the general belief is increasing in the great extent and richness of this silver region.

Since the sailing of the steamer on the 20th, business in the interior has shown manifest improvement. Orders are coming forward liberally, and money is becoming more abundant. Trade has, however, not been of sufficient duration yet to bring jobbers forward for goods from first hands to any great extent. They are buying, but scarcely with the freedom with which they are moving their own stock. Prices are steady and likely to keep so; no speculative movement appears probable, and operators are meeting the market from stock already on hand. Few speculations have occurred the past week.

Oregon dates are received to the 21st. G. R. Othiel has been nominated as Democratic candidate for Congress by a Convention held at Eugene City. The Convention failed to nominate candidates for Presidential Electors.

British Columbia advices are to the 24th. Frazer river mining news continues favorable.

By telegraph from St. Joseph's, this A. M., we learn of a later arrival, and are in possession of California dates to the 5th inst., from which we give the following:

News had been received at San Francisco, that twenty camels from Liberia and Russia will arrive at San Francisco about mid-summer, and will be used instead of mules for freight express between California and Salt Lake.

An apparently well authenticated rumor prevails that the Rothschilds have sent out an agent from London to examine the Washoe silver mines.

The Ophir Co., owning a part of the original Comstock lead at Washoe, have organized with a capital stock of $7,000,000. Capt. Ball has been elected Superintendent of operations at the mines, and has just returned from them. He reports that the mine could be made to yield $1,500,000 this summer.

The Placerville and St. Joseph telegraph line has been extended eastward, and, its Superintendent states, will be in working order 45 miles east of Carson City, during the present month.

Two tons of copper ore have arrived at Carson City, for shipment to San Francisco. It pays from 40 to 50 per cent. The new mines, where it was obtained, is in Belmont Co., and it cost $15 per ton to transport the ore to the nearest seaport. About 100 tons of ore have already been taken from the mines, and the quantity easily obtained is said to be almost inexhaustible.

The Legislature adjourned April 30th. The principal journal acts passed, were to enable certain counties to create debts for railroad purposes, subject to a vote of the people of the counties concerned. If the people so vote, the total of the debts will be $1,500,000; to pay $78,000 for the suppression of Indian hostilities in the northern part of the State, during the past year; to pay $278,000 in liquidation of the State Prison claims, leaving that institution self-sustaining; to submit to a vote of the people whether a Convention shall be called to revise the State Constitution; to grant the right of way to the San Francisco and Los Angelos Telegraph Company; to appropriate $100,000 to aid the Trans-Continental Telegraph lines. The appropriations for ordinary State purposes exceed $1,000,000, covering the fiscal year. The fund in the State Treasury, after paying the State Prison and Indian War claims, will be about $250,000.

News Paragraphs.

THE venerable Phineas Allen, senior editor of the Pittsfield Sun, died last week. He was 84 years old, and the oldest editor probably in the country. He established the Sun in 1800, more than sixty years ago.

THE lace manufacturers of Nottingham, Eng., have appealed to her majesty against the "adverseness of fashion," which is ruining their business, requesting her to set an example, which shall have the effect of filling the counting-houses of Nottingham with orders.

MR. WHEELWRIGHT, the American projector of a railroad across the Andes, is prosecuting his plan. The Argentine Confederation voted him $50,000 to defray the expenses of the preliminary surveys, and a league of land on each side of the proposed road when completed.

THE disease which broke out among the buffalo, deer, and other game, last season, destroying so many of them on the South side of the Missouri, seems to have disappeared as it came, nothing of the kind having been reported since the fall.

A DESTRUCTIVE fire is raging in the forest on the line between New York and Massachusetts, north and east of Albany. Many hundred acres of land have been swept over. Some of the localities are in Berkshire county, between Windsor and Cheshire, Dalton, North Adams, and Clarksburg, all in Massachusetts, near the New York line.

TWENTY-SEVEN girls and boys, who were on a pic-nic and fishing excursion, were drowned in Boykin's mill pond, S. C., recently. The boat sunk in the middle of the pond. The water was drawn off, and, at the latest dates, nineteen bodies had been found.

On Saturday week, Master William Chapman attracted considerable attention by driving in Watertown, N. Y., a pair of well broken steers, attached to a little cart, neither of which was eleven months old. The boy is but thirteen years old, and so thoroughly has he disciplined his team, that he could get into his cart and drive them where he pleased.

DURING the three years of Mr. Buchanan's administration, the Department of State has issued about eighteen thousand passports to citizens desiring to travel in foreign parts.

THE N. Y. Herald's Washington correspondent says that the famous Watrous impeachment case will be revived this session. The House Committee on the Judiciary have at least thirty witnesses. Although there has heretofore been a failure to make up a case for the Senate, the Committee seem to think that the facts which will be developed on the present occasion, will be sufficient to secure the result so long desired.

SLAVER CAPTURED.—A dispatch from New Orleans, on the 12th inst., says, the Government steamer Mohawk, with the bark Wildfire with 250 negroes captured on the coast of Cuba, is below, awaiting orders. The capture of the Wildfire caused great excitement at Havana.

FROM MEXICO.—The New Orleans Picayune contains a summary of the news by the steamship Clyde from Mexico on the 10th inst. Marquez had escaped from prison. Gen. Parra, formerly Minister of War under Zulaoga, had enrolled under the Constitutionalist. Monsieur Soliguy, successor to Minister Gabrace, of France, was shortly expected to arrive. Gen. Vega had evacuated San Luis, and meeting Ovaga at Salimas he was defeated, losing his baggage and artillery. Miramon was about leaving Mexico to repair his last disaster.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Prince of Wales will not visit Canada before the 1st of July.

The English and French Ambassadors to China left Marseilles on the 21st.

The English government is negotiating for the Great Eastern to lay the cable between Singapore and Rangoon.

The Times, in a leader, says that if the exodus from Ireland continues, she will soon become English and the United States Irish, and that the new world is the true home of the Celtic race.

FRANCE.—The voting in Savoy will exceed 100,000 in favor of annexation, with only 1,200 noes, and 300 who abstained from voting.

A slight insurrection had occurred in the French possessions in Africa, but it was promptly suppressed.

Advices from Paris, state that the Emperor had decided on two military expeditions—one from Algeria and the other from Senegal, to proceed to Timbuctoo, where they will unite.

It is stated that France proposed to Switzerland to relinquish her rights in reference to neutralizing the districts of Savoy, by paying 30,000,000f.

The Moniteur publishes a letter of M. Thouvenel, proving that the annexation of the neutral Duchies of Savoy will not change the liberation of Switzerland.

ITALY.—The Bishops of Romagna have been prohibited taking any part in the reception of King Victor Emanuel.

The correspondent of the Journal des Debats was ordered to leave Rome, by the Pope, but obtained a delay of twenty days. Advices from Naples say:—The royal troops attacked the insurgents, who were entrenched in the town of Cassini, and after fighting desperately three days, the government troops received re-inforcements, and compelled the insurgents to retire to Portumseo, leaving 250 killed. The royal troops had 300 killed. The town of Cassini was pillaged and set on fire. Great misery prevails at Palermo.

Orders have been given by France to execute a railway from Nice to Geneva.

Advices from Messina on the 28th of April, state that perfect tranquility prevails there, but that general discouragement prevails. The number of persons arrested is considerable; the citadels and prisons are crowded to excess. Reports are very contradictory. It is said that a Neapolitan General had been captured by the insurgents, and that the seat of government was about to be transferred to Messini, and that the garrison at Palermo, though numbering 20,000 men, are afraid to proceed to the interior. Letters assert that the Neapolitan army amounts to 160,000 men.

SPAIN.—Marshal O'Donnell was about to return to Spain. The result of the peace negotiation was unknown; the government had not agreed on a course to be pursued in the trial of Montmellin.

The Constitutionnel states that the only condition attached to the general amnesty granted by Spain is, that parties implicated must take an oath of allegiance to the Queen.

TURKEY.—The Porte concluded a loan with a great Greek house at Constantinople for £7,000,000 sterling.

INDIA AND CHINA.—The mails from Calcutta of March 28, and Hong Kong of March 25, had reached England. The American portion was forwarded per the Asia.

Affairs in Judy's districts of India were, for a time, quite serious, but the government had adopted measures calculated to secure the crops and the tranquility in the districts.

Calcutta letters state that affairs had been quite serious in the indigo districts, but the government had passed a law making any breach of contract a criminal offence. This, it was hoped, would tranquilize the districts and save the crops.

The Chinese were making great defensive preparations. It was rumored, but not confirmed, that two English vessels were sunk in the Peiho river. The Chinese rebels had threatened the trade of Shanghai.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs*.—The weather is favorable for the crops, causing little inquiry and weak prices. Flour easier, but rates unchanged. Wheat quiet,—1@2d lower; red 10s3d@11s; white 11s@12s4d. Corn dull and 3d lower; yellow 35s6d@36d; white 36s6d @37s. Sugar steady. Coffee quiet.

The News Condenser.

— The cholera is increasing in Africa.

— On the 20th ult., Napoleon entered his 53d year.

— The active militia of Connecticut numbers 2,598 men.

— The new French Minister is coming out from Havre in June.

— U. S. Consul Stapp died of yellow fever, at Pernambuco, April 14.

— There are 939 clergymen in London, 429 churches, and 423 chapels.

— In Troy, the other day, a blacksmith made 240 horseshoes in ten hours.

— The last express from Pike's Peak to St. Louis met, in one day, 100 teams.

— The heaviest freshet in the Juniata ever known, occurred on the 10th inst.

— Sprague, the newly elected Governor of Rhode Island, is but 28 years of age.

— The legal weight of oats in Iowa is fixed, by recent enactment, to 33 lbs. to a bushel.

— The Paris Patrie says the Sardinian troops had commenced the evacuation of Savoy.

— Nine deaths from lightning have been reported from the West, within four or five weeks.

— A colossal bust of Schiller is to be a permanent fixture in the New York Central Park.

— Attempts are now being made to introduce the cotton and coffee plants into New Zealand.

— The school fund of Connecticut is $2,044,072, and yielded an income last year of $133,159.

— The United States troops quartered at Harper's Ferry have been ordered to Governor's Island.

— In Philadelphia, $30 per annum is levied on every street railroad car within the city limits.

— An American weekly journal is to make its appearance in London during the present month.

— Balls of ice, weighing over one pound each, fell in a recent storm in the Kenosha Valley, Kansas.

— Only $17,000 has been raised for the new Arctic Expedition of Dr. Hays,—$30,000 are needed.

— The assets of the Methodist Book Concern at New York, are $714,963 63; total liabilities, $104,668 64.

— There are six or seven generations of gnats in a summer, and each lays two hundred and fifty eggs.

— S. G. Goodrich, better known as Peter Parley, died Wednesday last, in New York city, of heart disease.

— A clergyman in Maine has distinguished himself by raising a parsnip which measures three feet and one inch.

— The region of Boston is suffering just now from drouth, which is unprecedented at this season of the year.

— The ship Switzerland, of New York, loaded with cotton, has been totally destroyed by fire at Apalachicola.

— A severe drought prevails in Northern Mexico, causing much suffering among the cattle on the plantations.

— A bill has passed the California Legislature appropriating $5,000 to provide wells on the Colorado Desert.

— In parts of Virginia, a large mortality has taken place among the hogs, in consequence of eating locusts.

— The Legislature of Kentucky offer a reward of $1,000 for a cure for the hog cholera, now prevailing in that State.

— It is said that Horace Greeley has been appointed delegate to the Chicago Convention from the State of Oregon.

— Reports are current in Augusta that frost has caused much damage to the cotton crop in upper Georgia and Alabama.

— A new county has been formed in Wisconsin from La Pointe county. There are now fifty-eight counties in that State.

— Aaron Leggett, a millionaire of New York city, died there a few days ago. His estate amounts to about $2,000,000.

— The new State House at Columbus, Ohio, will be completed by the first of October next, at a cost of $1,350,000.

— The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have lighted one of their cars with gas, and are preparing to introduce it generally.

— Advices from Mexico say that the French and English Ministers were endeavoring to arrange for a cessation of hostilities.

— A Tennessee horse buyer in Cincinnati, who stands six feet in his stockings, says that he is the shortest of seven brothers.

— Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, has received the honor of an election to the Imperial Geological Institute of Austria.

— It is said in Ireland that the Rev. Mr. Cahill's letters from America will greatly increase the number of emigrants this year.

— The eccentric Realfe, of John Brown notoriety, at latest dates, was domiciliating among the Shakers in Warren county, Ohio.

— The herring fisheries of the Chesapeake are proving very successful. The run of herring is the largest in a period of 30 years.

— Some $15,000 worth of goods were consumed with the freight depot of the Ottawa and Prescott road, on Sunday night week.

— One hundred and sixty vessels, loaded with about three million bushels of grain, passed Detroit on Thursday and Friday week.

— There is at present in the poor-house of Cumberland Co., Pa., a negro aged 130 years. He was a servant under General Washington.

— Toronto, C. W., is to be left without soldiers; all that are there now are to be removed. The people don't relish the idea at all.

— More than 3,000 panes of glass were broken by hail, on the 16th ult., at Rising Sun, Indiana. Scarcely a building escaped harm.

— A sudden darkness enveloped the city of Pittsburgh, about seven o'clock Monday morning week, rendering the whole city as dark as night.

— The New Orleans Delta says a lot of strawberries, about two quarts, recently sold in that city for $14, and cauliflowers for $2.50 apiece.

— W. F. Burden, of Troy, has received orders from the Austrian Government for his machines for making horseshoes for the Austrian army.

— Eleven hundred and sixteen hungry persons appeared at the Soup House in Milwaukee, on Saturday week, and obtained something to eat.

— Gen. Trezel, some time Minister-at-War under Louis Phillippe, and afterward tutor to the Count de Paris, has just died at the age of eighty.

— Five treaties are now before the U. S. Senate for ratification, viz.: with Mexico, with Nicaragua, with Honduras, with Spain, and New Grenada.

— A meeting has been called in New Orleans, to protest against any action of the citizens of Louisiana committing the State to disunion or secession.

— An earthquake occurred in Eastern Ohio a fortnight ago, accompanied by a shower of meteoric stones, four of them weighing from 40 to 60 pounds each.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Mowing Machine Improvements—R. L. Howard.
Grape Culture—William Bright.
American Guano—J. K. Chappell, Agent.
Work's Odometer Band Company.
Egyptian Corn—M. E. Crandal.
Black Hawk Messenger—Elias Sharpe.
Wool Growers—Fisher & Co.
Important to Farmers—Jaynes & White.
Sweet Potato Plants—A. M. Purdy.
Wanted—Gill & Co.
Morgan Horse Gen. Gifford, Jr.—E. Yeomans.
Prince Albert Potatoes—John C. Annin.
No Humbug—J. S. Pardee.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Interesting to Farmers—J. K. Chappell.
Odometers, or Distance Measurer.
Chemical Saleratus—D. B. De Land & Co.
Cure for Bronchitis—Brown's Bronchial Troches.

Special Notices.

INTERESTING TO FARMERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Permit me, through your valuable paper, to bring to the notice of the agricultural interest the great value of Guano as a fertilizer. The farmers do not seem to comprehend its worth, its cheapness, or its availability for this region. It is, beyond a question, just what the majority of land is famishing for, exemplified best, perhaps, in the diminished potato crops as compared with 20 years ago, when 300 to 350 bushels per acre was the usual yield. Mr. VICK, one of the editors of the RURAL, says that he increased his crop of potatoes at the rate of 72 bushels per acre by its use. Mr. HARRIS, an agricultural chemist, says that it is the most valuable of *all manures*, and will save its cost in weeding alone in all hill or drill crops, and that as a top dressing for wheat it will pay when wheat is worth 60 cents per bushel.

All crops are alike benefited by this valuable fertilizer, which is attested by the millions invested in it in Europe, and at the East and South in our own country. I will *guarantee* 100 per cent. on investments in Guano, if rightly applied, and have no hesitation in saying that it will pay from 300 to 500 per cent.

Farmers, if you want profitable crops and valuable farms, buy Guano. If you could make an investment in stock that would pay 50 per cent., you would—of course you would. J. K. CHAPPELL,
May, 1860. 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

☞ ODOMETERS, OR DISTANCE MEASURER.—The Hartford *Courant* states that the manufacture of odometers, for measuring the distance traveled by any vehicle, is now carried on somewhat extensively in that city. Livery keepers use them considerably, and, in many cases, the individuals who go off for a drive of five or ten miles, and take twenty, are brought up "with a round turn" by this contrivance, and often to their great astonishment. Sundry instances are on record where these persons have agreed to pay the bill without grumbling, if the livery man would explain his means of information. They get the information sometimes, and sometimes they don't. The idea of attaching a watch to a wagon wheel to act as a watch on the driver, is altogether Yankee. See advertisement in this paper.

☞ A PURE ARTICLE.—Housekeepers, generally speak in the highest terms of the merits possessed by D. B. DE LAND & CO.'s Chemical Saleratus, manufactured at Fairport, in this county, and it is meeting a very extensive demand in this locality as well as many others. The certainty that it is entirely pure, operates to determine very many in favor of its use. All the grocers in Rochester have it, and SMITH & PERKINS wholesale it extensively to the trade. Those who have neglected to make a trial of it, should get a sample and satisfy themselves that what we say is true.

BRONCHITIS.

From Mr. C. H. Gardner, Principal of the Rutgers Female Institute, N. Y.:—"I have been afflicted with Bronchitis during the past winter, and found no relief until I found your *Troches*." "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough Lozenges, are for sale throughout the United States.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, May 15, 1860.

WITH very few exceptions the rates in our market are unchanged and transactions seem to be light. Rye is easier in price, the decline being equal to 1@2 cents per bushel. At the lowest quotations, 70 cents per 60 pounds, a boat load of a prime article changed hands to-day. Oats are 1c per bushel better. Butter is coming up somewhat, and is in increased demand. Lard is higher, and exceedingly scarce. Dealers affirm that the present prevailing deficiency in the supply of this article is unprecedented, and those holding it are unwilling to sell at the rates now current.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	15@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,38@1,38	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,45	Apples, bushel	63c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,50@1,55	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Corn, old	60@62c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	60@62c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	70@72c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	35@36c	Potatoes	25@40c
Barley	55@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,50
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, tun	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, tun	$6,00@0,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11½@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 14.—FLOUR—Market dull, and heavy 5@10c. lower. Shippers are not in the market to any material extent, while the home trade refuse to purchase more than sufficient to supply pressing wants. Sales at $5,30 for super State; $5,35@5,40 for extra do; $5,30 for super Western; $5,20@5,70 for extra do; $6,05@6,15 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Canadian demand limited and market heavy; sales at $5,55@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and nominally 1@2c lower; shippers and millers are not in the market to any material extent; sales Milwaukee club are rumored at $1,27@1,29, but we could not trace them to any authentic source; at the close, very good Milwaukee club could be bought at $1,28 delivered; sales Racine at $1,26@1,27. Rye quiet at 86c. Barley in fair supply and heavy; sales good Canada East for export on p. t. With large receipts of Corn, and depressing accounts from abroad, prices have declined fully 2c ℔ bushel; sales at 75@77c for mixed Western—closing at inside price for good sound shipping lots; 79@80c for round yellow; 72c for New Orleans. Oats plenty, and rule dull and heavy at 41½@42c for Western and Canadian; 42c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork less active; mess unchanged, and prime heavy and drooping; sales at $18,25 for new mess; $17,50@17,62 for old do; $13,87 for new prime; $12,75 for old do. Lard firmer, with a moderate demand; sales at 11@11½c. Butter selling at 12@18c for new Ohio; 13@19c for new State. Cheese quiet at 6@11c. for common to prime.

ASHES—The market is without change, and the demand fair; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,62½.

ALBANY, MAY 14.—FLOUR AND MEAL—There is a steady trade demand for Flour, but the transactions are only to moderate extent at previous prices. Corn Meal is steady.

GRAIN—In wheat there is but little doing, and we have only to note a sale of choice white Michigan in barrels on p. t. For Corn the market is better supplied and prices are lower, with only a moderate inquiry. Sales at 73c for Western mixed, afloat, 74c for car lots at the Central depot, and 75c for round yellow. Rye quiet. Barley is neglected, and we hear of no sales worthy of report. Oats lower, with only a moderate shipping demand. Sales of State at 41½c, weight.

FEED—The market continues very quiet and dull. Sales 11 tons of about 35 lbs. feed at $1,15.

BUFFALO, MAY 14.—FLOUR—The market is very quiet, and sales of sufficient magnitude have not transpired this morning to establish quotations.

GRAIN—Wheat dull, heavy and parties 2@5c apart in their views for spring and club. No sales reported. Oats nominal at 36@37c in bulk and in bags. Barley quiet at 65@68c for ordinary to choice. Rye in moderate request with sales State ℔ 60 lbs. to the bushel at 80½c, and choice Western ℔ 56 lbs. to the bushel at 83c. Nothing doing in other articles, and quotations unchanged.

TORONTO, MAY 12.—FLOUR—Flour during the week has been pretty active, and sales to a considerable extent have been consummated. The views of holders have advanced, of course, as each steamer's arrival gave intelligence of favorable markets abroad, and the asking prices have been very high—so high as to check business. Buyers have, however, advanced their views, and the week closes with an improvement in price to the extent of 25c. per barrel. The quotations most frequently quoted are as follows:

Double extra	$6,50@7,00
Extra	6,00@6,25
Fancy	5,50@5,75
Superfine No. 1	5,20@5,45
Oatmeal	4,00@0,00
Cornmeal	3,50@0,00

GRAIN—For Winter wheat the inquiry has been brisk and with pretty liberal receipts for this season of the year, say 1,500 bushels per day, a very good week's business has been done. There has been some fluctuation in prices, and in the middle of the week rates advanced three or four cents, but to fall again about the same level as on this day week. On Tuesday there was a very good market, the deliveries amounting to over 2,000 bushels, the quality of which was uniformly good. The rates paid raised from $1,45@1,49 for good shipping wheat, $1,50 being in a few cases paid. For common and ordinary lots, $1,37½@1,45 were the rates. The average price for shipping wheat was $1,46 per bushel. For Spring wheat there has also been a good demand, and very high rates have been realized. The quality bought has been very excellent and but very little has been bro't in, which accounts in some degree for the high rates paid. For good samples $1,18@1,20 has been frequently paid, while $1,15@1,18 are ordinary figures. Barley and Rye have been in small supply, and are not in good demand for local use. Barley is firm at 62@66c., and Rye is nominal at 65@70c. per bushel. In Oats there has not been so much done as in former weeks. There is a large stock held here for shipment east, but rates abroad, at present, are not sufficiently high to induce a movement. This has had the effect of keeping prices low, with a smaller supply than usual. The prices paid to farmers have been 33@36c. per bushel. Peas have been in excellent demand, and rates have somewhat improved. There has been a good deal of competition between buyers, and 60@65c. has been frequently paid, and sometimes 66c. per bushel. *Globe.*

SHIPMENT OF LIVE STOCK FROM CHICAGO EASTWARD.—The following is a comparative statement of the number of car loads of stock Eastward by the Michigan Central and Great Western Railroads, from January 1 to May 1:

Car loads from Jan. 1 to May 1, for 1860	1,505
Do. do. do. do. do. 1859	1,098
Increase	407

Estimating the number at 15 head to the car, the increase will amount to 6,125 head of live stock, or a total of 22,575.—*Press and Tribune.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 9.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,75@10,25; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $7,75@8,75; inferior, $6,50@7,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb, 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,50@7,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,00@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6¼@6½c; all others, 5¾@6⅛c.

ALBANY, MAY 14.—CATTLE—The receipts are again very large—much too large to please holders. Our market to-day is well attended by buyers from the East and from New York. For many weeks the Eastern demand has kept the Albany market active, sometimes buoyant. Last week, for instance, 1,500 head were taken in that direction. Unfortunately for the buyers, the Brighton trade slackened. The effect of this is felt here to-day.

Prices—The market is unusually languid at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½c	5¼@5½c
Extra	4½@4¾	4¾@5
First quality	3¾@4	4 @4¼
Second quality	2¾@2¾	3½@3¾
Third quality	2¼@2½	2½@2¾
Inferior	2 @	2¼@

SHEEP—Supply light and demand limited. The only demand is for the East. The sheep dressers of Albany are out of the market. Prices range from 4¼@4¾c.

MILCH COWS—In fair request but low. A few sales were made at $28@40. The outside figure buys a very good animal.

HOGS—Very dull and but few changing hands. Store Pigs are worth more than fat hogs. We quote fat corn fed at 5¾@5½c. Pigs 6@6½c.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 9.—Whole number of Cattle at market 433—about 400 Beeves, and 33 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,25; first quality, $6,50@0,00; second quality, $5,00; third quality, $4,00@0,00; ordinary $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$75, 90@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@62.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $18@23; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,010 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,00 each; extra, $3,00, 3,50@5,00 each, or 3@5c ℔ lb. live weight. Spring Lambs, $3@6,50.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—11@12½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—$2,50@5,00.

BRIGHTON, MAY 10.—At market 1,300 beeves, 100 stores, 1,900 sheep and lambs, and 4,000 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,50@0,00; first quality $7,25@0,00, second quality, $6,50@7; third quality, $6@6,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$32@41; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$2, 3@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@22; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@12½c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,00; Extra, $3@4,50.

PELTS—5.00@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6½@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 7c@9c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 9.—The market is steady, with a moderate inquiry for native and foreign grades. Sales of 100,000 lbs. domestic fleece and pulled at 30@51c. for the former, and 30@46c. for the latter, as to the quality; 10,000 lbs. California fair at 22@24c.; 40,000 lbs. Rio Grande at 18c.; 200 bales Smyrna at 11@17c., 6 mos. Also, 150 bales Donskoi, 100 do. Mestizo, 69 do. washed Rio Grande, 10,000 lbs. fine unwashed Africa, and 70,000 Texas, on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	55@58
Am. full-blood Merino	50@54
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	41@47
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	36@40
Extra, Pulled	41@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@42
No. 1, Pulled	30@36
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@18
South Am. common, washed	16@18
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@18
Smyrna, unwashed	11@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

ALBANY, MAY 12.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

American, Saxony Fleece	54@58c
American, Full Blood Merino	48@52c
American, ½ and ¾ Merino	43@46c
American, Native and ¼ Merino	34@38c
Extra, Pulled	42@47c
Superfine, Pulled	36@38c
No. 1, Pulled	28@30c

[*Evening Journal.*

BOSTON, MAY 9.—No material change to notice in the wool market for some days past. The demand from manufacturers continues moderate. We quote:

Saxony & Merino	54@56	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	50@53	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	40@48	Do, unwashed	9@18
Common	35@38	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	43@55	Cape	21@62
Do. superfine	33@45	Crimea	10@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, MAY 9.—We hear of about 3,500 lbs. of wool sold this week at nearly the same rates as last week, the prices are not so firm, and in the medium grades there is a slight decline. Lots of coarse and black sold for 30c.; medium at 35c, and fine super at 41c.

The following are the nominal rates:

FLEECE—Common, native	30@34c
Quarter blood	33@35c
Half blood	35@37c
Three-quarter blood	38@42c
Full blood Saxony	40@48c
PULLED—No. 1	20@35c
Superfine	30@33c
Extra	35@40c
Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat.*

Marriages.

AT Charlotte Center, N. Y., Mr. HORACE E. KIMBEL and Miss ELLEN C. LAKE, both of Charlotte.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

PRINCE ALBERT POTATOES for Seed, at 75 cents per bushel, or $2 per bbl. delivered to Railroad, steamboat or canal. JOHN C. ANNIN, Cayuga, N. Y.

MORGAN HORSE GENERAL GIFFORD, Jr.—This beautiful horse will be found at his stable, in Walworth, Wayne Co., N. Y. Only $10 to insure. E. YEOMANS.

WANTED.—"THE LITTLE MONEY-MAKER." The most salable article in the known world. Agents wanted everywhere. For particulars, directions and sample, inclose four red stamps to GILL & CO. Haverhill, Mass.

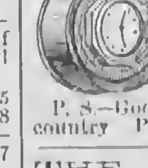
500,000 PLANTS from the *pure* Carolina Sweet Potatoes. Packed *well* in moss. Price, 1,000 for $2; 5,000 for $8; 10,000 for $15. Address
A. M. PURDY, South Bend Nursery, Ind.

$150 PER MONTH, AND NO HUMBUG.—Agents wanted in every Town. It is no Patent Medicine, nor Book Agency, but something new and of real value. Particulars sent free. Address J. S. PARDEE,
540-1t Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS.—A recipe for making the Great American Flowing Solder, the cost of which will not *exceed* twenty cents per pound. Any child ten years old can solder with it as well as any tinner. Sent for twenty-five cents. Address
540-1t JAYNES & WHITE, Hornby, N. Y.

WOOL GROWERS.—A pure extract of Tobacco, in which one pound contains the strength of 10 lbs. of the leaf, an invaluable sheep wash for ticks and scab. It is also a sure remedy for lice on all animals, and will destroy bugs and worms on vines, &c. Put up in packages of 10 lbs., 4½ lbs., 1 lb. and ½ lb., ready for immediate use. Sold at DEWEY & MONROE'S, this city, and most of the country stores, and wholesale by FISHER & CO., No. 23 Central Wharf, Boston.

WORK'S ODOMETER BAND COMPANY, HARTFORD CONN., manufacture *WORK'S PATENT ODOMETER CARRIAGE BANDS*



which are durable, cheap, and efficient, measuring with unerring accuracy any distance passed over by the vehicle to which they are attached. These extra-finished Bands cost but a trifle more than inferior bands without the Odometer.

P. S.—Good, reliable Agents Wanted in all parts of the country. Please send for circulars.

THE CELEBRATED HORSE "BLACK HAWK MESSENGER."
(Formerly kept at Lockport,)
Will stand at the stable of D. P. NEWELL, *Parma Center*, for the next *six months*. He was sired by the *original Old Black Hawk*, owned by DAVID HILL, of Vermont, and from a very superior Messenger mare, distinguished for beauty, speed and endurance. He cost $2,650.
TERMS—$12 for the season; $15 to insure. [540-2t
Parma Center, Monroe Co., N. Y. ELIAS SHARPE.

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't, H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

GRAPE CULTURE.—*NEW WORK*, by WILLIAM BRIGHT, Logan Nursery, Philadelphia. *NEW SYSTEM OF PRUNING* for Graperies, Vineyards, Arbors, and Trellises; new method of making Vine Borders, &c., &c.

This is not a compilation of old matter respecting the Vine, but a *purely original work*, full of new suggestions for planting, pruning, training and fruiting the Grape, under all kinds of culture; drawn from personal experience, and recently confirmed by the opinions of the best Grape-growers in England.

PRICE.—FIFTY CENTS per single copy. Sent by mail to all parts of the United States and Canada, post-paid, on receipt of the price. Postage stamps received in payment.

*** A Liberal Discount to the Trade.
Address WILLIAM BRIGHT,
540-3t 627 *Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

MOWING MACHINE IMPROVEMENTS.

Having made very important improvements on the KETCHUM MACHINE within the last two years, I have done so with a view of their being attached to any Machine of my make prior to 1858, and all who desire them will be furnished at moderate prices.

Those who have machines numbering above 1,540 with *wood finger bars*, can have the iron finger bar and all late improvements attached, which will very much lessen the draft of the Machines and make them in many respects better than when new.

The improvements consist of a guard finger that will not break nor clog—an outer shoe with roller, that very much assists in turning at the corners and the direct draft of the machine—a lever with roller which is to be attached behind the inner shoe, by which the driver in his seat can raise the finger bar over obstructions, assist in backing and transporting the Machine from field to field.

In ordering the Improvements or Extras, be particular and give the number of your Machine. Address
540-2t R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

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IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Surely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,—
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our lives a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling,
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows,
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing;
Joy hath many a break of woe;
And the cheeks, tear-washed, are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach in our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, dear Father, judge us
As we judged our fellow-men.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY SCHOOL TEACHER:
AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY KATE CAMERON.

"Melliscent! Melliscent!"

It was my mother's voice calling at the foot of the back stairway; and I knew very well what she wanted of me, for ten minutes before I had seen Walter Howard enter the gate; and now I was standing before my little mirror, arranging and re-arranging my stubborn hair, that *would not* lie smooth, and pinning and unpinning my pink neck-ribbon, that *would* look still and precise, try as I might to give it a graceful air. I heard the murmur of voices below, and was well aware that the rest of the family had been introduced to the new school-master, and now my turn had come, and I must no longer delay making my appearance. How I wished my mother had not spoken that odious name,—"Melliscent!"—for I was now sixteen, old enough, I thought, to be called "Miss Grant," and Mr. Howard would not at once have found out the soubriquet which I so much disliked, but which I had received, together with a feather-bed and silver spoon, from my grandmother. My brothers had always tormented me about my unpoetical name, and I really considered it, next to my red hair and pug nose, as part of the daily cross which I must bear,—a heavy one, too, it seemed to me.

But mother had called, and I *must* go down; so sighing involuntarily, and smoothing my black silk apron, I slowly descended, and stumbled into the sitting-room, where the household group were assembled.

I was an awkward girl. I remember how I blushed and stammered when my mother, looking up from her knitting, said, "This is my daughter, Melliscent, Mr. Howard;" and that gentleman arose, and taking my hand kindly, said smilingly:

"You have my sister's name, and I must call you, as I do her, Mellie."

I felt at once more easy, and less self-conscious; and seating myself in the corner, where I fancied the shadows would conceal the brilliant hue of my hair, I managed to answer Mr. Howard's inquiries, with a degree of composure quite surprising to myself. And by the time my mother called me to assist her in preparing supper, I had decided that Mr. Howard was just the handsomest man that had ever been seen in the little village of Mayfield; and that before the winter was out, half the girls would be in love with him. I was a romantic maiden, the only daughter, and very fond of reading poetry and fiction; although in the latter my tastes were not allowed free range, as I was brought up in a manner befitting a deacon's daughter.

It was not strange that I at once exalted my new acquaintance into a hero, and, for want of another, imagined myself the heroine of an unwritten romance. Fate seemed to favor this idea, so far as opportunity for intercourse was concerned; for my father was "committee-man," and Mr. Howard was to make his home in our family, beside the four weeks which he was to board there for the tuition of my three brothers and myself.

Monday morning came at length,—the long-talked-of "first day" of school. There was the usual hurry and bustle about "getting a seat, and choosing a seat-mate,"—the whispered consultations in corners, and around the stove, of which remarks the "new master" was the principal theme. How well I remember him as he stood, that morning, by the old-fashioned desk. It did not need the low platform to raise him above the tall boys who always attended the "winter school," for he was of more than ordinary stature, and yet so well-proportioned, and graceful in his movements, that he did not seem so much over the average height. His hair was black and curling,—his eyes large and dark, with a merry twinkle in them, and there was always a smile on his handsome mouth.

In arranging the classes, when he called me "Miss Mellie," the scholars looked wonderingly at him, and then at me, for they had always heard me called "Melliscent," or "Melissy,"—and at recess several of the girls congratulated me on my new name, which they pronounced to be almost as pretty as Nellie. And, truly, the new name, spoken in that deep-toned, musical voice, had a magic spell for me. Never had I been more studious,—never more successful as a scholar. Mr. Howard paid marked attention to composition, and as I had always excelled in this branch, I found it easy to gain his commendation. That was an eventful winter to me, and one never to be forgotten, for therein I learned more lessons than could have been found in my text-books, and, unawares, became proficient in that love which brings with it joy or sorrow. To me it brought sorrow.

The term closed in the early spring-time, and we had a great "Examination," at which admiring relatives and friends were present, and bestowed high encomiums upon Mr. Howard and his pupils. The "School Committee" trusted that they would be able to secure the services of so successful a teacher another winter,—which hope was echoed by many hearts. But of this Mr. Howard gave no encouragement, and we knew there was but little prospect of our ever seeing him again.

The valedictory had been assigned me, and I wrote it in rhyme, for which I always had great fondness, and which my partial friends would fain make me believe was a proof of my genius.

The afternoon's exercises were concluded; the scholars had gone, one by one, each bidding their loved teacher a sad good-bye; and many tears fell from maiden eyes. I made no display of the deep emotion I felt,—that was reserved for the sanctuary of my own chamber.

We were alone in the school-room,—I had been collecting my books and placing them in order on my large slate. Mr. Howard left his desk, and came and stood by me; he took up the long composition which I had just read,—it was neatly written, and the sheets of paper were fastened with blue ribbon. "May I not keep this?" he asked. "It will serve as a pleasant memento of my *best* scholar. I feel very proud of you, Mellie," he added, "and I shall expect to hear of other and brighter laurels, which you have won in the field of authorship." And, stooping down, he imprinted a kiss, the first I had received from him, upon my brow. If it be true that a mother's kiss made one of our own noble artists, I may say, with due humility,—"That kiss made me a poet."

Mr. Howard carried home my books for me that night, and we all spent a social, pleasant evening, in our cosy sitting-room. But our happiness was alloyed by the thought of his speedy departure, for we were all much attached to the kind and agreeable school-master. That night, when we knelt around the family altar, I noticed a tremor in my good father's voice, as he prayed for "One who would on the morrow go out from us, to return no more." He prayed that his might be a useful and a happy life,—that he might wisely improve the talents entrusted to his care, and at last receive the Divine commendation, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And all our hearts responded, "Amen."

The morning meal was partaken of in haste, and with effort at cheerfulness, but I saw that even my brothers, whom I used to condemn as rough and unfeeling, had but little appetite for their breakfast; and Josie, two years my senior, was seen to brush more than one tear from his eyes; Simeon and Benjamin, being now young men grown, were not expected to manifest their grief outwardly; but I knew that they also felt very sorry to lose Mr. Howard.

The stage stopped before the house, and my elder brothers carried out the trunk, while Mr. Howard bade us all "good-bye." A cordial grasp of the hand, and the one word which is so full of pathos to the loving heart,—and he was gone! The boys went directly to the barn, father had some errand at the village, and mother and I were soon busied in our household labors. It seemed a strange and not very pleasant change to me, to return to the drudgery of house-work, after spending four months in intellectual pursuits. But I resolved to make the best of it. I had already begun to learn the truth, which I have since well proved, that our primal duties are those which lie the nearest to us, the center whence radiate innumerable obligations to the world around, not one of them of equal importance with those that form that center. Think not that I advocate a selfish course of conduct,—I do believe that "charity begins at home," not by any means that it *ends* there.

I thought of all this while I was washing the dishes, and sweeping, that Saturday morning. I determined to be a more dutiful daughter, a kinder sister; and I trust I did not forget that there were still higher claims upon me than these. I would strive more earnestly than ever before, to lead a new life,—yet marvel not if there was blended with all these resolves and aspirations, the hope, still hidden deep in my heart, that at some future day I might meet Walter Howard, and read in his beaming glance an approval of all my filial and domestic virtues; for I was nearing seventeen, the age of romance.

Ere many weeks, I had the offer of a little school for the following summer. It was located about two miles from home, and I could easily walk that distance, morning and night, when the weather was favorable; at other times, one of the boys could take me over. Father and mother made this arrangement almost before I had begun to consider the matter, and as I had no serious objection to bring forward, I acceded to the proposal. It would, at least, do me no harm to review my studies in this way, and as father had promised me that I should go, the next autumn, to a noted boarding-school, some sixty miles distant, I thought this might be a good preparation. And so, through the long summer days, I taught twenty scholars in the little red school-house at "the Grove." It was a pleasant task, for I loved the children, and they loved me. But wearisome days would come, when I longed for something higher and better,—when the oft-drilled elements of learning seemed stale and distasteful to me. Then I sighed for the quiet of my little room at home, where my thoughts were so often penciled down in rhyme, and where I could hold communion with the gifted ones of earth, "the bards whose lays had made my deep heart burn," and "the lovely, whose memorial is the verse that cannot die." But the summer gave place to autumn, and I was at home, busily preparing for my year at school.

One day a paper came, directed to "Miss Mellie Grant;" the hand was a firm, free one, the same that was to be seen in so many copy-books at Mayfield. A delicate pencil line attracted our attention to a notice of the appointment of Walter Howard, A. B., as tutor in the college where he had graduated a year previous. The paper was carefully read by each member of the family, and then, together with the wrapper, was placed among my treasures. Smile not at the fondness of an "old maid" for "relics,"—but I have that paper yet!

The last of September found me duly installed as a pupil at Mrs. Weston's Seminary,—Oak Hill. It was a model school, not only in name, but in reality; and very profitable to me were the months I there spent.

In addition to my numerous school duties, I found leisure for writing a few poetical articles, which, at the suggestion of my room-mate, I sent to a paper which was printed in the vicinity. To my great delight they were published, and that, too, without any of the provoking typographical errors so discouraging to youthful votaries of the muse. My signature was simply Mellie," which I confess I had chosen partly from the hope that it might, some time, meet the gaze of him who had bestowed that name upon me. I sent copies of the papers home, and my mother wrote me that they were all much pleased with the poetry,—but hoped I would not neglect my lessons; which I was in no danger of doing.

I remained at Oak Hill until the summer vacation, when I went home, with the earnest solicitations of my teachers and schoolmates that I should return to them at the commencement of the autumn term. This it was my desire to do, but I found my mother too much of an invalid for me to think, for a moment, of leaving her again. She had not been well for several months, but with true motherly love, she forbore to give me cause for anxiety, and had not permitted any of the family to inform me of her illness.

The household had been increased by the arrival of a widowed sister of my father. Aunt Lucy, who assumed the management of all domestic concerns, and a kinder, more faithful friend, we could not have found.

My mother grew gradually weaker through the autumn, and the first snow-flakes fell upon her new-made grave. It was a great, a bitter loss to me,—one that the lapse of time has not served to diminish; for true it is, that "God can give us but one mother;" and few daughters fully appreciate the blessings of maternal affection until the narrow stream of death flows between the loved one and their bereaved hearts. It was a lonely winter in our desolate dwelling. Aunt Lucy decided to remain permanently with us; and I was to teach the school in our own district the coming summer. Thus passed months of my quiet life, until more than two years had elapsed since Mr. Howard left us, and I was now nineteen.

About this time we received a visit from a cousin of my mother, Mrs. Gleason; one of those affable, charming women, who seem to attract all hearts. She was a widow, and childless. Her home was in Boston, and she urged me to share it with her for a number of months,—nothing less than a two year's visit would satisfy her, she said,—and she persuaded my father to allow me to return with her, saying that a little experience of city life was just what I needed.

Father told her that she would find me quite a "book-worm," and something of a "blue-stocking," too; at which information, Mrs. Gleason, or "Cousin Eleanor," as she preferred to be called, seemed much delighted; for if she had a weakness, it was a fondness for patronizing those whom she thought would, some day, do honor to her wise fore-sight. And thus I was at once taken under her protecting wing.

The city residence where I was soon duly ensconced, seemed quite grand compared with my unostentatious country abode. Cousin Eleanor was wealthy, and she was, moreover, possessed of traits that are not always its concomitants, viz., taste and tact. By the aid of these most necessary social virtues, she had furnished her house in a style at once rich and harmonious. The colors all blended,—every article was in its appropriate place,—there was nothing harsh or glaring either in design or execution. And then she had drawn around her a large circle of friends who could well appreciate both herself and her surroundings. They were not the mere ephemeral votaries of fashion, but people who were, at least, one grade above that class, and many of them of decidedly intellectual tastes and pursuits.

All this was, to me, like entering a new world. My cousin insisted on my devoting a portion of each day to my studies, and my writing. I was not expected to "go into society," on account of my deep mourning,—such conventionalities were something quite foreign to the unceremonious manners of Mayfield. Nor could I see the difference between meeting a dozen or twenty individuals in Mrs. Gleason's parlors, and seeing the same persons with a dozen or twenty more, in some other mansion. But I was well content. And besides, I had now a new project. I would publish a volume of poems, and I set resolutely to work, encouraged by Cousin Eleanor, who soon divined and highly approved my intention.

The next summer, we made a flying visit at Mayfield, after which, at cousin's entreaty, I laid aside my sable robes, and wore the delicate shades of "second mourning," purple, lavender, or white. I knew that this was a mere form, and yet it seemed almost sinful so soon to throw off the outward badge of that sorrow which was still fresh in my heart and mind. At this time the little book which I had placed in the hands of a publisher was issued from the press. Neatly printed and bound, it wore quite an attractive look; although its title was simple enough,—"Lays and Lyrics,—By Mellie."

Cousin Eleanor was in her element, and daily rehearsed the compliments which she managed to obtain for me from her numerous friends. I should have been in great danger of becoming vain, had not egotism been entirely at variance with my nature. As it was, I felt pleased with my success, and sent copies of the work to my friends at home, with sincere joy. Their approval was what I most thought of; I only wished that mother could have seen it.

In the early winter Mrs. Gleason gave a large party in my honor, she said, as it was right and proper that I should increase the circle of my acquaintance, and she wished to present "the young poetess" to all her friends. I followed my own taste in my toilette that evening. My dress was of snowy muslin, gossamer-like in its texture. My hair, which, with care, had become soft and silky, and was usually termed "auburn" in hue, was disposed in classic braids, and a few green-house flowers were twined therein. I was aware that I looked unusually well; and yet I felt no particular exhilaration,—indeed I was quite indifferent to the opinion of the world. I wanted to please Cousin Eleanor, because she had been kind to me. I wished that father, and the boys, and Aunt Lucy could see me; I thought with a sigh of my dead mother, and then my heart yearned for the approving smile of that dear friend, of whom I now knew nothing. Mrs. Gleason tapped at my door.

"Ah! Mellie, my white rose-bud, you are all ready,—yes, that will do,—simple and artistic,—I feel very proud of you," and she kissed me kindly. I could not help sighing, for I remembered another kiss, and the words, "I feel very proud of you." Ah! *pride* was not *love*, and I longed more than ever for that affection which alone can answer the yearnings of a woman's heart.

We went down into the parlors, and in a short time the guests began to assemble. I was soon the center of a large circle who seemed anxious to do me homage. I knew they would gather as eagerly around the next person who might win the name of a "star" among them; and feeling, as I did, my own weakness and ignorance, I could not be flattered by their attentions.

Thus passed an hour or two, when I heard a manly voice near me. I started,—for surely I had heard that voice before. The individual who had spoken was standing behind me, and I heard him say, "I must be introduced to this new poet of whom you are all talking. I saw her book for the first time, to-day, and it quite delighted me,—so chaste in conception, so fresh and artless in style. Where is she?" A moment more, and one of my new acquaintances presented "Professor Howard" to "Miss Grant."

"Mellie Grant! is it possible!" was his first greeting, while I, who had less cause for surprise, responded, "Indeed, Mr. Howard, I am as much pleased as surprised to meet you once more. But it seems you have acquired new honors."

"Ah! yes, I've just been dubbed Professor of Latin and Greek, at my Alma Mater. However, that's nothing compared with the laurels you have won."

I wondered did he think of his prophecy, and could he know how much the utterance of it had to do with my *success*. We conversed together for some time, of other scenes, and old friends. I thought he did not look quite at ease, and once or twice he turned his face from me with a half audible sigh. At length he said hurriedly, "I must go now, Mellie,—will you not call and see my wife,—we are stopping at the Revere." His wife! he was married, then. My heart gave one painful throb and seemed to stop. I knew that I turned pale, I grasped a chair for support, and murmured something scarcely intelligible, about "my many engagements," and then I bade him good evening as calmly as I could; and feeling the need of concealing my emotion, I rallied as quickly as possible, and did not allow myself to *think*, until I was alone in my chamber. Ample time had I for reflection, for weeks passed ere I left that room. I was seriously ill. Mrs. Gleason attributed it to over-excitement; I was very glad she had no suspicion of the true cause. When I was once more able to see company, I learned, incidentally, that Professor Howard had returned to his College duties. And then I made a sepulchre in my heart, and there laid away the memory of one who must, henceforth, be even as the dead, to me. If I was a mourner, it was in silence, and no one guessed my secret.

In the early spring I went back to Mayfield. My father's health was failing, and for two year's I devoted myself entirely to him. At the end of that time, I was indeed an orphan. Our family all seemed to look upon me as destined for an old maid. Indeed my father had made especial provision for my always having a home at the "old place." My older brothers were both married, and settled in the neighborhood. Joseph, who had ever been my favorite, inherited the homestead, and was soon to bring thither a young and gentle bride. I felt I must not be wholly dependent on him, and so I resumed my teaching. For two or three years I was engaged in the public schools, but this grew irksome to me. I resolved on trying something else. I seemed to have lost all ambition for literary fame, for I had no motive to stimulate me.

Tidings of Cousin Eleanor's death now reached us, and soon after, I received a handsome legacy from her estate. This, with a sum of my own earning, which had been accumulating *interest* for several years, would enabled me to carry out my design, which was to open a select family school at my old home. Brother Joseph entered into all my plans. He was to be my steward; and we soon commenced remodeling the house to suit our purpose. Various additions were made, a new front erected, and in due time the stately mansion bore but little resemblance to the original domicile. Circulars were issued, and I had no difficulty in obtaining the twenty scholars from abroad, which was all I could accommodate. I received as many more day scholars, and very soon we had a flourishing school. I employed assistant teachers, and in the new career thus opened to me, I found peace and contentment. Years passed on, until my thirty-third birth-day found me still surrounded by kind and loving pupils. I had amassed considerable wealth, and what I cared more for, influence, and respect; yet not the love for which I had once sighed. I had not been wholly destitute of suitors, but none of them had been successful in winning more than my esteem. One day a carriage stopped at the entrance of the long avenue leading to our door, and soon after I was called to the reception room. There I found a gentleman, a stranger as I supposed, but a second glance showed me that, despite the traces of time and care, it was no other than Walter Howard who stood before me.

"Miss Grant?" he said inquiringly; "but ah! you have altered so little I could not be mistaken;" and he shook hands, with his old cordiality. After a few common-place remarks, he said he had come to ask if I could receive another pupil? He had a daughter, an only child, of eleven years, now left motherless,—could he entrust her to my care? Of course I consented to receive her, and he left promising to bring her to me the next day. She came, sweet little Agnes! and I could but love her, so innocent in heart, so winning in ways. She remained with us a year before her father again came to Mayfield.

—— And here, kind reader, I must close "the diary of an old maid," for next week I am to become the wife of my old school teacher—Walter Howard!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

Ye lovers of riddles, who bother your brains
In the solution of trifles, not worthy the pains.
Just gather your wits, and see what you can do
With this new enigma I have written for you.
It has been composed as sport for the green ones,
But may prove a match for the shrewd and the keen ones.

Take a name that's dishonored—oh, breath it not here—
Which, read backwards, a verb in past tense will appear,
Expressing what always may truly be said
Of the statesman, the warrior, or patriot, dead.
My next, a quality, always deemed evil,
And called a distinguishing trait of the Devil;
Which, read from the right, most clearly will show
What, as long as we live, we are hoping to do.
Then a bird of the east, reversed, you espy
What each Latin student to himself will apply;
What the villain and coward have done in their fear,
Which, read backwards, a class of utensils appear.
What many have worshiped—read backwards, the name
Of a place widely known in the annals of fame.
What the burning volcanos will do with their fire;
Reversed, what the old and the dying desire.
Last, a word that is sweet to the prisoner's ear,
Reversed, what he is fated to be will appear.
The initials in order arranged will proclaim
The loftiest desire of the votary of fame,
Read backwards and forwards, still ever the same.
Now seek you the words, which in shadows I've thrown,
Arrange them in order, and let them be known;
Else, still unexplained the enigma shall be,
For the author's solution you never will see.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1860. Phi Epsilon.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 7, 30, 13 is a girl's name.
My 10, 3, 14, 34, 21 is a mineral salt.
My 2, 31, 8, 24, 15, 35, 1 is an imaginary demon.
My 26, 4, 23, 34 is useful in every house.
My 9, 33, 11, 19, 16, 22, 17 is a fish, a fowl, and a quadruped.
My 25, 20, 27 is an adverb.
My 5, 28, 32, 12, 6, 35, 29 is the capital of one of the United States.
My 8, 16, 18, 34, 36 is a boy's name.
My 1, 10, 19, 20, 30, 24, 13, 18, 36 is to inclose.
My whole is a proverb that all would do well to remember,

J. H. Whitmore.

East Shelby, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

Witty Superscription.—A witty boy, writing a letter to a school-fellow in a well-known academy in New England, superscribed his letter in the following way:

Wood
John
Mass.

which three words, with the relative position of the name "John," indicate the boy's whole name, the town, and State where he studied. To avoid puzzling the Post-Master, this was inclosed in another envelope, and addressed without the enigma.

Let some of our young folks puzzle themselves in finding out what was the address.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 538.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—A grinds 4 inches; B, 5.0826 inches; C, 9.2426 inches; D, 20.0182 inches.

Advertisements.

WOOD'S IMPROVED MOWING MACHINE,
For 1860. Patented Feb. 22, 1859.

The success of this Mower during the past harvest is without a parallel in the history of Mowing Machines. In introducing it, I offered to the farmers a mower at a less price than any in use, one that was light, durable, and capable of doing perfect work. It has performed more than I claimed for it; the reduction in price and draft is equal to 25 per cent., as the trials and tests show, (see my pamphlets for 1859.) I have added some improvements to it for this year; a lever arrangement for raising the cutter-bar, some of the parts are strengthened, and the driving-wheels are enlarged.

I continue to manufacture, as heretofore, Manny's celebrated Combined Reaper and Mower, with Wood's improvement. This Machine fully maintains its reputation as the best Combined Reaper and Mower yet introduced, and inferior to none as a Reaper or Mower.

I have added to this Machine a Self-Raking attachment of my own invention, the most simple in its structure and mode of operation of anything of the kind ever offered to the public.

Price of Two-Horse Mower, delivered here on the cars, $80
Do. One-Horse do. do. do. do. $70
Do. Combined Machine, do. do. do. $120
Do. do. with Self-Raking Attachment, $140

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Howe's Scales for All Uses, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy,

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R Evans
IRVING, N Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

IMPORTED WEEDS AND INSECTS.—NO. II.

ON making our first visit to the Prairies of the West, we were forcibly struck by the absence of many weeds that are the bane of farmers in this section of the country. When the prairie sod is turned over, and corn planted, the ground remains bare of all vegetation except that desired by the farmer. In older fields we also noticed the same general absence of noxious weeds, and we have seen thousands of acres of corn, never touched with the hoe, where scarcely a wild plant of any kind could be discovered. In districts where the soil has been longer under cultivation, foreign weeds have no doubt crept in, and these "squatters," unless looked after, will increase in number and variety, and cause trouble to the rightful owners of the soil. Care on the part of farmers and others will do much toward checking this growing evil, and we were pleased to observe that some, at least, were alive to the importance of the subject.

Stopping at a village over one hundred miles from Chicago, on the Illinois Central Railroad, we observed a merchant burning straw and coarse hay in front of his store, as fast as he took it from boxes and crates, which he was unpacking. We supposed we divined the cause, but being a little surprised at such care and forethought, made bold to inquire, and were informed that this was done to prevent the introduction of bad weeds, and that it was the usual practice with many merchants at the West. Such care years ago might have prevented the introduction of the *Canada Thistle*, the *Hessian Fly*, and the *Wheat Midge*, and saved our country many millions of dollars.

The Canada Thistle.

PERHAPS the greatest curse we have in the way of imported weeds is the *Canada Thistle*. A celebrated botanist was perfectly justifiable in naming it the *Cursed* Thistle. It is so tenacious of life that many become discouraged in their efforts to destroy it, while too many make no attempt at staying the ravages of this invader. The roadsides of many farming districts are lined with them, and the vacant lots in the cities and villages of this State produce a crop of seeds each year sufficient to stock a Continent.

Dr. DARLINGTON, in *American Weeds and Useful Plants*, says:—"This is, perhaps, the most execrable weed that has yet invaded the farms of our country. The rhizoma or subterranean stem (which is perennial and very tenacious of life,) lies rather below the usual depth of furrows—and hence the plant is not destroyed by common plowing. This rhizoma ramifies and extends itself horizontally in all directions,—sending up branches to the surface, where radical leaves are developed the first year, and aerial stems the second year. The plant appears to die at the end of the second summer; but it only dies down to the horizontal subterranean stem. The numerous branches sent up from the rhizoma soon cover the ground with the prickly radical leaves of the plant, and thus prevent cattle from feeding where they are. Nothing short of destroying the perennial portion of the plant will rid the ground of this pest; and this, I believe, has been accomplished by a few years of continued culture (or annual cropping of other plants, that require frequent plowing, or dressing with the hoe,)—so as to prevent the development of radical leaves, and deprive the rhizoma of all connection or communication with the atmosphere."

CURTIS says,—"Repeated observation has convinced us that many husbandmen are ignorant of its economy,—and while they remain so, they will not be likely to get rid of one of the greatest pests which can affect their corn fields and pastures. Of the thistle tribe the greatest part are annual or biennial, and hence easily destroyed. Some few are not only perennial, but have powerfully creeping roots,—and none so much as the *Canada* or *Cursed Thistle*. In pulling this plant out of the ground, we draw up a long slender root, which many are apt to consider as the whole of it; but if those employed in such business examine the roots so drawn up, they will find every one of them broken off at the end: for the root passes perpendicularly to a great depth, and then branches out horizontally under ground."

If every *Canada Thistle* is chopped down as soon as it makes its appearance above ground, it will soon perish; but if allowed to grow several inches in height before being cut down, the leaves will accumulate sufficient of needed air-nourishment in the roots to enable them to send out a new stock of shoots, and thus the evil continues and increases. Successive plowing produces the same effect, but it must be thorough, and done at the right time. They may be destroyed in any hoed crop, and for this nothing is better than corn or potatoes. In some towns there are laws against allowing this weed to seed in vacant lots and in the lanes. These should be enforced. Every farmer should consider himself fully empowered, by virtue of his occupation, to wage a continual war against this invader, until it is entirely subdued.

Pigeon Weed, or Red Root.

The *Pigeon Weed*, (*Lithospermum arvense*,) is known under a variety of names, as *Stony Seed*, *Wheat Thief*, &c., but under whatever name it is known, it is everywhere considered a troublesome exotic, and particularly injurious to the wheat crop. An indignant farmer, writing about this weed, which he had not been successful in eradicating, on account of the negligence of his neighbors, says, it seems to be a peculiar characteristic of this weed, that it appropriates everything that it needs in the soil to perfect itself, without reference to anything else that may claim a share with it. When growing with wheat, if there be food enough for both, then both may be perfected; if not, the wheat must suffer. It is not so with the Canada thistle; this plant strikes its root to a great depth, and brings up food; and with the thistle there is a division of the spoils, and wheat is often larger in the midst of them than where it is free from their presence. But this grasping, miserly weed, appropriates everything to itself, until, if wheat follow wheat for two or three successive crops, it remains in the entire possession of the soil.

When we take into consideration the fact that it requires a united and continued effort to destroy it (*united*, because if one farmer raises it, his neighbor *must*, as neither the gizzard of a fowl nor the stomach of an ox can destroy its germinating power; *continued*, because it will lie in the ground for years,) we might almost despair of its destruction, were it not that despair is a word not found in the farmer's vocabulary.

There can be but one way to get rid of the wide spread and growing evil; and though we may theorize upon other subjects, this is, in agriculture, a matter of fact. We may in other cases apply scientific knowledge, feeding one plant and starving another; but in respect to the weed under consideration, this is impossible, for when it has taken *all*, like the leech, its cry is still, "give, give." If a farmer wishes and *determines* (for wishing will not effect the object,) to exterminate this plant, he must make up his mind to two things: first, never to sow any of the seed; secondly, never to allow any that is in the ground to arrive at maturity. This may be done by pulling up the weed while in blossom; mowing will not accomplish it, because it ripens seed below the reach of the scythe.

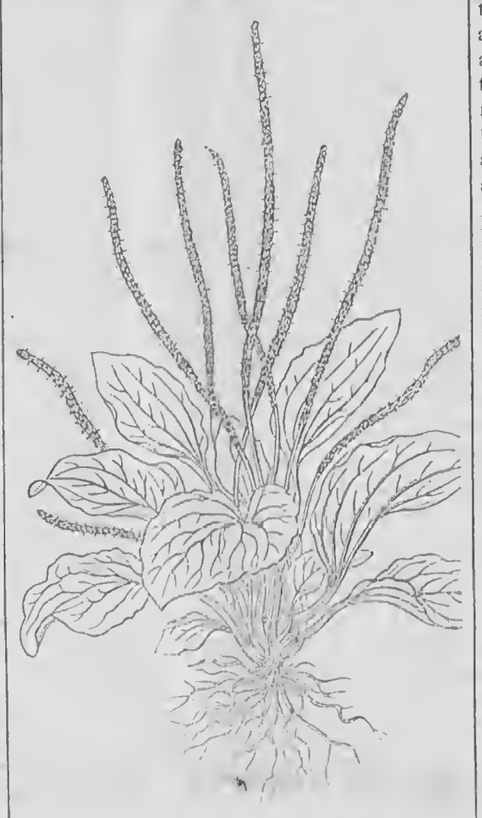
The May Weed.

The *May Weed*, though not particularly troublesome in cultivated fields, has become extensively naturalized, and is to be met with every where in lanes and barn yards, from which it is not easily expelled.

Plantain.

The *Plantain* is singular and interesting though not particularly troublesome. It delights in occupying the foot-paths of man, and although a native of Europe, and perhaps of Japan, it accompanies the white man as he advances toward the setting sun, carrying with him civilization and its blessings.

It is said that the Indians called this plant "*The White Man's Foot*," believing that wherever it was found there the white man had trod. Be



BROAD LEAVED PLANTAIN.

this so or not, it is certain the Plantain delights to grow along his foot-paths and around his door.

The Ox-Eye Daisy.

This weed is becoming far too common. DARLINGTON says this vile intruder is becoming a great nuisance in our country. In some districts the careless, slovenly farmers, have permitted it to get almost exclusive possession of their pasture fields,—rendering them quite white when the plant is in bloom. Cows will occasionally corp a portion of the weed in our pastures,—and I have heard it alleged that it contributes to the making of good butter; but my own observations induce me to regard it as utterly worthless. It is propagated rapidly, and is, moreover, exceedingly difficult to get rid of, when once fully established; so that one negligent sloven may be the source of a grievous annoyance to a whole community. Annual plowing and cropping for a few years, is the most effectual remedy for the evil; but then the fence-rows and neighboring fields must be well watched, to prevent the formation and introduction of fresh seed. The Corn Marigold (*Chrysanthemum segetum, L.*, a kindred plant)—which is said to be such a pest to the agriculture of Europe—does not appear to have found its way, as yet, to the United States.

Most of our troublesome weeds are of foreign origin. Even the *Dandelion*, found in every corner of the land, for aught we know, is an emigrant from Europe. Our object is to draw attention to the subject, so that all may form some idea of the rapidity with which these plants are spreading over the land, and hence feel the necessity of making a vigorous and united effort to check the invaders.

HINTS ON SHEEP MANAGEMENT.

WANT of space in our last issue compelled us to put over for a week responses to certain inquiries pertaining to this branch of farm economy, and we now take up such matters as various correspondents have placed before us for elucidation. It is hoped that those of our readers who have had experience in the subjects upon which these several inquirers desire information, will respond to their call, remembering that we are mutually bound to "help one another."

Diseases of the Brain.

A resident of Penn Yan, C. V. B., writes, "I am in trouble with my Leicesters. I have lost three fine, fat ewes this spring. They are taken with spasms, or fits of trembling, a frightened expression of the eyes, and are constantly either putting the head down between their fore feet, or inclining it to one side, with many symptoms of severe pain. Have tried various remedies recommended by the books, but without effect. My sheep have been kept in a warm, high shed, good ventilation; fed on barley straw, corn stalks, and four quarts of shelled corn, daily, for thirty-one sheep."

From the description given, it is evident that the difficulty consists in a diseased condition of the brain, but the details are not sufficiently precise to indicate the peculiar form which it has taken. In the various known ailments to which that organ is subject, many of the symptoms wear a striking similarity, and we are compelled to await development for the distinguishing characteristics. In the instance before us, congestion, resulting in violent inflammation, may have been the cause of the fatality observable; it may have assumed the harsher type of apoplexy, terminating its destructive course in a few hours after making its appearance; or it may be of that form known as "trembling," "leaping ill," etc. The causes producing the first named, are nearly the same as those which result in apoplexy,—too stimulating food and too great redundancy of blood,—and these suggest their own remedy.

Apoplexy is a very frequent and fatal disease of the brain. YOUATT says that the forcing system of feeding is carried to a greater extent, if possible, in the sheep than in cattle; and there is this peculiar danger,—that while the thin hair of the ox allows of a considerable degree of cutaneous perspiration, the woolly coat of the sheep, and the greasy, yolky matter with which he is surrounded, materially diminish, or almost entirely prevent the superabundant fluid from escaping.

The method of treatment recommended is bleeding and purging. The amount of blood to be taken is about one pound at first bleeding, and should the beneficial effects thereof not be visible, the vein may again be opened. Four ounces of Epsom salts ought to be administered as soon after bleeding as possible, and an additional ounce every six hours, until the bowels are opened. If at pasture, and the grass is plenty, remove the animal to inferior keep, or place in the barn-yard and feed very sparingly for a few days.

The authority before referred to, remarks that the farmer would act judiciously, who, having lost one or two sheep by this disease, in addition to a change of pasture, would abstract about one-half pound of blood from, and give four ounces of salts to, every sheep possessed by him that is in tolerable condition. He might avert impending mischief,—he would improve, rather than diminish the condition of his flock, and he would render that condition safe.

Concerning the last mentioned form of disease,—Trembling, or Leaping-ill,—we quote from BLACKLOCK, as follows:—"Several affections are included under the name of *trembling*, or *leaping-ill*, all having, in common, more or less of the symptoms which these names denote. They may be considered as arising from exposure to cold and damp, especially on long, fatiguing journeys. Injuries to the loins, either inflicted by themselves in jumping and running, or by others from rough usage in the fold, are common causes of the disease; but in this variety the hind quarters only are powerless. Another species is owing to oppression of the brain from congestion, in this way resembling incipient sturdy, and occurring only in very fat sheep.

The *treatment* of the first variety is by rest, shelter, and a supply of nutritious food. In the second kind, no cure can be accomplished, and the animal should be immediately slaughtered. Copious blood-letting, and doses of Epsom salts, will be found of most advantage in the third species; but if the sheep can be disposed of, so much the better, as this kind of trembling is almost certain, unless combated by energetic depletion, to end in sturdy."

Marking Sheep.

In answer to J. A. C., of Edinboro, Pa., who "desires a method of marking sheep which will last from one shearing to another," we give the following modes, from which he may select such as seem to impress him the most favorably.

In France, sheep are marked with figures in India ink on the under side of the ear. The process is a very simple one, easily and rapidly performed. The operator has a set of numbers, three of each, the face of which are small points which will make slight punctures in the skin, when pressed upon it. Suppose the sheep to be marked is No. 721, he sets these figures in a pair of pincers, and then rubs a little prepared ink, vermillion, or indigo, on the smooth skin of the ear, gives it a pinch, rubs it a moment with the finger, and 721 is fixed forever upon that spot. Thus, changing figures, a sheep can be marked any number.

L. A. MORRELL, in the *American Shepherd*, speaking of the uncouth and ludicrous manner in which sheep are often marked, says that this can be obviated by having the letter cut in pasteboard, and thereby some degree of taste and uniformity will result. If a letter is not indispensable, it will be better to have an iron formed to represent a ring, triangle, or diamond, with a handle attached; then dip the iron in the paint, which should be deposited in a shallow vessel, and immediately apply it to the wethers on the right shoulders, ewes on the left, or *vice versa*, and the bucks on the rump. This is practicable, if others near by do not adopt the same mark. Such marks of ownership are quite necessary, with a view to distant or more obvious recognition, and more especially so if any of the flock are breachy and disposed to stray. The materials for marking should be lampblack and linseed oil, or, as a substitute for the latter, hog's lard. Let the lampblack be "killed," as painters term it, by using a very little of spirits of turpentine, before the oil is mixed. It will not rub off so easily if allowed to stand twenty-four hours before applied. It is common to use tar; but this is objectionable with the manufacturer, it being difficult to separate by the cleansing process.

RANDALL gives preference to boiled tar,—the boiling continued until it assumes a glazed, hard consistency, when cold, and a brilliant black color is given by stirring in a little lampblack when boiling. It is applied when just cold enough not to burn the sheep's hide, and it forms a bright, conspicuous mark the year round. Boil it in a high-sided iron vessel (to prevent it from taking fire,) on a small furnace, or chafing-dish, near where it is to be used. When cool enough, forty or fifty sheep can be marked before it gets too stiff. It is then warmed from time to time, as necessary, on the chafing-dish. The rump is a better place to mark than the side. The mark is about as conspicuous on the former, under any circumstances, and it is more so when the sheep are huddled in a pen, or when they are running away from you. And should any wool be injured by the mark, that on the rump is less valuable than that on the side.

A correspondent of the RURAL, Mr. A. WILLSON, of Marcellus, N. Y., communicated the following in our volume for 1859:—"The mode of marking sheep in this neighborhood is to imprint the initials of the owner's name on the side of the sheep. Boiled linseed oil and lampblack form the composition. The letters are made of soft wood, in this manner:—Take a piece of soft wood two and one-third by four or five inches, and three inches long; make one end smooth, then mark out the letters and cut away the wood around them about half an inch deep. They must be made in form of printer's type."

PRACTICAL AGRICULTURAL KNOWLEDGE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It is a consolation to realize that we *know* some things in regard to agriculture, and we believe the sum total of consolation would increase in proportion to the increase of the knowledge. Perhaps there are those who know it all, and so have nothing but consolation; but, to many of us, there are many things unknown, and ours, at least, is a mingled cup. When we attempt to adjust the balance between the known and the unknown, in any of the varied branches of our industry, we find them very nearly in equipoise.

In order to demonstrate this proposition, we have only to select some one of the many operations in which we engage. Take, for instance, the rearing of an animal, the growing of grain, or the production of fruit, and place to the debit side of our account with operation all that we know positively in regard to the matter, or think we know; then set to the credit side all we do not know, or which we would like to know. Always bearing in mind that the credit side is the unknown, we can approximate the amount. How the grand aggregate on the unknown side piles up in huge dimensions! Anxious to produce the best results, and willing to do as far as we know, how the brain is racked, as the mind strains in its efforts to discover hidden laws, secret principles, and invisible agencies, of which it has a conscious existence, but of which it can obtain no satisfactory clue.

Then, again, there are very many propositions which we assume as true, that do not abide the test of careful examination,—many practices which we adopt, on the supposition that they are based in true principles, we find to be decidedly unsatisfactory in their results. One farmer pursues a course very decidedly the reverse of his neighbor; each strenuously and plausibly advocates his own system, and practices it; and, in fact, so far as we can perceive, the results are nearly identical.

Now, where is the path which leads from this labyrinth? You will tell us, *in experiment*. Well, without pretending to deny that experimental agriculture is at the foundation of the little which we know in regard to its principles and practice, we, also, will not pretend to deny that experiments, even when conducted under the most fa-

vorable auspices, are exceedingly unsatisfactory. What single valuable, practical principle, admitting of general, not to say universal, application, has experiment thus far developed for agriculture? What practice, based on the most successful experimental efforts thus far consummated, has produced, with practical cultivators, those satisfactory results which warrant their continuance?

Can chemistry assist us? In reference to this we have only to say that, as practical cultivators, we have already seen too many of its fallacies to readily engage it in our confidential service. The bright lights of this science we hope may eventually dawn on the darkness of our agricultural night; but at present we are bound to believe them snugly at roost in the lofts of eastern super-phosphate professors' craniums.

Such, dear sir, are our reflections when, team ready, and fork in hand, we stand by the manure heap, and propound to ourselves the following queries, viz.:—How much of this manure can we profitably spread over each acre for the benefit of the corn crop? If more is applied than the crop will absorb, will any portion of the balance be wasted by infiltration, evaporation, etc.? Considering the value of the fertilizing substance, and the relative prices of lands and produce in this locality, would it not be better to undertake the production of an average, rather than that of a maximum crop?—that is, so far as manure is concerned in the production. Is it good economy to apply more manure in any case than will suffice to satisfy the demand of the proposed crop, and a small surplus for improving the soil? In our particular case, how much will accomplish these ends? Will the crop, in quantity, invariably be in proportion to the amount of manure applied, other circumstances being the same? Is it best to apply this manure in its present unfermented condition, to our soil,—shall we let it decay, or make a compost? As the amount on hand is limited, would it not be a wise procedure to apply something less than thirty or forty loads to each acre, and reserve a portion for a top-dressing to the wheat in the fall?—or, as the corn ground is to be sown to wheat, would it be as well to apply it now? If we have a portion of this manure on the corn field, how deep shall we plow it down? Shall we leave it directly on the surface, merely harrowing or cultivating into the surface? Does it appear wholly reasonable that this coarse compound of cut straw and animal excrements is just the thing to mix up with the soil? Are natural operations any indication of correct procedure in the disposal of manures? Is nature such a consummate fool as some wise-acres pretend? What modifying atmospheric conditions will influence this manure to the advantage or disadvantage of the crop? Will the ——, but it is useless to propound any further interrogatories. On referring to our note-book for information, and then consulting our own experience and observation, we find that all is "glorious uncertainty," six *pro* and a half dozen *con*.

You will tell us, Mr. Editor, that we should have commenced the solution of these problems at least before we hitched up our team. Yes, sir, exactly. We commenced their solution pretty soon after we were weaned, if we remember correctly. And here is the difficulty, viz., that having spent so goodly a number of years in pondering these things, we can speak with so little confidence in regard to them.

Corunna, Shi. Co., Mich., 1860. G. M. REYNOLDS.

CONCRETE BUILDINGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Herewith I will briefly present some of my views relative to the erection of concrete buildings.

The first thing to be considered in the contemplation of concrete buildings, is suitable materials, obtainable near by. The foundation, or cellar wall, should be broad at the bottom, and every precaution used to prevent unequal settling, to keep the walls from cracking. The underpinning should, for at least fifteen inches above the ground, be made of large stone, well fitted together, so as to require as little mortar as possible for filling the spaces, and prevent the absorption of moisture from the earth upward. This is indispensible, for concrete walls have an affinity for water, and will drink up a large amount from below, if not thus prevented; the expansion of which, by freezing, will cleave and crumble them. To prevent absorption from beating rains, a *water-proof finish* is requisite, and for this purpose various compositions have been tried, some of which are too expensive, while others have partially or totally failed of the object. But as it is better to erect the building before it is painted, we will return and resume our labors on the walls at the point where we left off.

The materials should be stone,—not to exceed in size half the thickness of the wall,—pebbles, gravel, coarse sand, fine sand, and lime. The gravel and sand must be pure, as clay or vegetable matter will cause the walls to crack,—a serious fault; for wherever there is a chink in the wall, the stucco, or outside finish, will crack also, in consequence of the opening and closing of the fissures from expansion and contraction by heat and cold. I make a curb in the usual way, but instead of throwing in the stone and mortar promiscuously, I take the trowel in one hand and stone in the other, and lay them regularly, about one inch from the sides of the curbing, and the spaces are filled with pebbles and gravel mortar. In this way the dry stone and pebbles set the mortar so that the curbing may be raised without delay, and the wall is much firmer than when the materials are thrown in at random, while the cost of labor is not enhanced, and much less lime required. With two tenders to mix morter and bring materials, I can lay 100 cubic feet of wall per day.

With good materials and right proportions, a wall may be equally as good as brick, provided it has a durable outside finish; and I will just say what that shall be. Put on a stucco of common lime mortar, of pure coarse sand mixed with a portion of pure fine sand, and not more than one part in seven or eight of lime. Wet the walls well, pouring on water by the pailful before plastering, and leave it under the float. Over this apply a putty coat of plaster of Paris and quick lime, and trowel it down till perfectly smooth and glossy. Over this apply a coat of linseed oil and zinc, or lead paint. A very small amount of paint is required if the wall is well troweled. I only used 50 pounds of zinc and 4 gallons of oil, on 200 yards surface. D. G. MOSHER.

Mosherville, Hillsdale Co., Mich., 1860.

TOBACCO CULTURE.

A CORRESPONDENT at Phelps, N. Y., thinks some of our readers may be misled by a remark in our article on growing tobacco in a late number. He gives a caution as follows:

In accordance with your request, under the heading, "*The Culture of Tobacco*," I would say, the leaves are made into hands while assorting, by keeping them in the hand until you have a small handful, (about 30 leaves,) when they are bound as you say. In stacking, the points of the leaves should overlap each other, but the butts should be out to the air, especially if stripped in the fall or fore part of winter. I have *seldom* found tobacco fit to strip in December. I am led to make the above remarks lest some new beginner should make himself extra work by assorting and stripping, and then handling the second time to bind up—or, by overlapping, the butts and points of the hands should injure the tobacco.

Your advice is very good, but I fear whoever attempts to raise "the stuff" with no further knowledge than can be obtained in two or three columns of the RURAL, however good the instructions may be, will have cause to admit the truth of part of your remarks, at least. There is a very good work on tobacco culture, published in Syracuse, I think, by BABCOCK. Price 1s. C. R.

EXPERIENCE WITH A FARROW COW.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—One year ago this spring I had four cows,— one of them was farrow. She was an extra cow for milk, and gave nearly as much as one that just came in. We commenced our churning, (with dog-power,) and churned about 40 minutes,— the butter seemed to be gathered good, and was taken out, but the milk was full of little scales. After churning it 30 minutes longer, got about one pound of butter. It so continued for several churnings. At last we kept the farrow cow's milk by itself, and then we had no more trouble until we began churning the milk. It took nearly 1½ hours to churn it, when we got a fair quantity of butter. I had a theory about it, and that is, churning it all together, the swill barrel gets the most of the farrow cow's butter,—and it is just as easy to turn it in immediately after milking, and save quite an amount of labor. I should like to hear from some older dairyman about it, through the RURAL. R. G. BENTON.

Pultney, N. Y., 1860.

CHINA TEA WHEAT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—This variety of spring wheat has been grown hereabout for several years, with very good success, and is superior, in many respects, I think, to any other variety. It possesses peculiarities of unusual importance, at the present time. It is a late variety, and grows so late that, before the formation of the grain, the wheat midge has had its "day," and gone for the season. It grows to a greater height than other varieties, and is, therefore, more easily and savingly harvested. And, it is harvested at a comparative season of leisure. Although on portions of land which are less favorable to early ripening it continues green and growing, while on other parts, perhaps, of the same field, it is ripe, its exemption from rust, its good growth, large berry, and shining brightness, give it a similar good appearance to that which, undoubtedly, you know, and I can imagine, is presented by a mixed handful of gold and silver. I. I.

East Shelby, N. Y., 1860.

RAISING DUCKS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having had some experience in the business of raising ducks, I thought its relation might repay at least a few of your readers for the trouble of perusal. Some four years since, I purchased a dozen eggs and placed them under a hen to hatch, which I think is the best plan, whether you have ducks to set or not. Some ten or eleven of them hatched out, and throve well till they arrived at maturity. I wintered them, and naturally expected to do something, with their assistance, the following summer. They were respectively drakes and ducks, about half and half, and I let them all run together, which I found was a very injudicious course. One drake to every six or eight ducks I think plenty.

There being a stream of water near, I found they had an inclination to ramble off quite a distance, following the stream for fish, &c., and they would deposit their eggs wherever it might suit their fancy. Not fancying the trouble of looking them up, and insuring them against the ravages of the crow, I built a duck house, in which I would keep them till about 7 o'clock, when their eggs would be deposited.

Last year, likewise, I set them under hens, and they hatched out a fine lot of ducklings. As soon as a hen would hatch out, I would confine her in a coop. A late correspondent of the RURAL says, that they must not be allowed any water to dabble in—merely sufficient to drink. I did not pursue this course, but took a small basswood tree, sawed it off about four feet long, dug it out, and then dug a hole deep enough in the ground to set it in, so that it would be level with it. Filled it with water, let them dabble in it all they wished, (which, by the way, was considerable,) and I never have found any harm arising therefrom, rather, I think, it is beneficial to them.

As to the kind of food which should be given them while young, I differ from your correspondent, when he says they should never be fed any food that has not been cooked, (though that course may be good enough,) for I used no feed but corn meal mixed up with cold water, and I never saw any harm arising from the use of it, providing you feed them enough of it. The only trouble I had with them when quite young, was owing to the fact that they would sometimes stray to a neighboring coop, where a hen was confined with young chicks, and not being acquainted one with another, the hen would attack them. I lost a few in this manner. G. H.

Cadiz, Cat. Co., N. Y., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

Bees, Bee Hives, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being a reader of your valuable paper, I noticed, some time since, a communication on Bees from R. S., of Wesleyville, Erie Co., Pa., in which he says he has kept bees a number of years, and has had as high as seventy swarms at a time, and that he does not like a bee house on any plan. Now, Mr. Editor, feeling grateful to you for the privilege you give to any one to make a few remarks, or give their experience on such subjects as may set forth facts that may be beneficial to the readers of the RURAL, I thought perhaps it would not do any damage, if not any good, to give a little of my experience in Bee Culture. I have kept bees a great portion of my life, and have tried almost all kinds of hives and houses. Not being prejudiced against the improvements of bee hives, I have had a very fair trial of such things. I have for the last three years adopted the Gilmore plan of keeping bees. I have two houses on this plan. I find it to exceed anything I have ever tried for profit, and a protection against the many difficulties the bees have to contend with. I will mention a few of the advantages of this arrangement. In the first place my hives are arranged so that the moth, or miller, cannot enter the hive only as he enters the aperture where the bees do, and a vigorous swarm will keep them out, or are very apt to. I do not say it is a miller-proof hive, as many contend they have got. My experience has taught me that a miller will go where the bee will or can, and this being a fact, we should guard against giving them a chance to get around the hives as much as possible. By so doing we assist the bees from being destroyed by this pest which has destroyed its thousands. The posts of the small houses on this plan are 2 by 4 inch scantling. We place these on stones, or something substantial. Place, if you please, on the platform that these posts stand on, some pint basins, and let the legs of the bee house stand in these basins. Pour in a little fish oil or water, and I will assure the readers of the RURAL that neither ants nor other insects, except winged, will be very apt to get there. A few bee houses built on this plan, that will hold from three to twenty swarms, can be managed very easy, and with but a little care; the cost is but a trifle for such a house, and it will richly pay any one for his trouble, and I think it *far superior* to the temporary bee hives usually constructed.

I like a hive that is adapted to the benefit of the bees, and not only that, but one which I can make the most money in. I can renew my combs at any time without much trouble or killing of the bees. This keeps them healthy and vigorous, which is the great secret of success in keeping bees. A correspondent asks for information about bees—saying he had forty-five swarms, and in two winters they all died, leaving plenty of honey,—and that they did not freeze, nor did the miller kill them. Now, Mr. Editor, the supposition is this: his hives are, or were, made tight, and not properly ventilated. The breath of the bees created a heavy frost or ice, by freezing and thawing, until the apertures of the hive were closed up, and the bees smothered. I have seen lots in the same condition, in my own place: and on examining them, found it to be the case. The bees were healthy, with plenty of honey and bee-bread. Some authors or writers, have contended that the vapor or breath of the bee was essential for drink in the winter. This is a great mistake. The honey bee needs a cool, dry place—the dryer the better in winter. In summer, they use a great deal of water. The more air you give your bees, or room for the breath to escape without collecting in the hive, the better they will winter. The common board hive needs ventilating as well as any other, and must be, if we expect to succeed, in all cases, to winter our bees well.

Paw Paw, Mich., 1860. OLIVER WARNER.

Curing the Sting of a Bee.

I WISH to inquire of you, or the many readers of your valuable paper, what will cure a honey bee sting to keep it from swelling? If any one has a remedy, please let me have it.—H. J. J., *Castile, N. Y.*, 1860.

ON this subject, we could not do better than quote the following from LANGSTROTH:—"The first thing to be done after being stung, is to pull the sting out of the wound *as quickly as possible*. When torn from the body of the bee, the poison bag, and all the muscles which control the sting, accompany it, and are in such active operation that it penetrates deeper and deeper into the flesh, injecting continually more and more of its poison into the wound. Every Apiarian (unless he wears a bee dress,) should have about his person a small piece of looking-glass, so that he may be able, with the least possible delay, to find and remove the sting. In most cases, if extracted at once, it will produce no serious consequences: whereas, if suffered to empty all its vials of wrath, it may cause great inflammation and severe suffering. After the sting is removed, the utmost possible care should be taken not to irritate the wound by the very *slightest rubbing*. However intense the smarting, and of course the disposition to apply friction to the wound, *it should never be done*, as the poison will at once be carried through the circulating system, and severe swelling may ensue. As most of the popular remedies are rubbed in, they are of course worse than nothing. The moment that the blood is put into a violent and unnatural circulation, the poison is quickly diffused over a considerable part of the system. On the same principle, the bite of a mosquito, even after the lapse of several days, may, by strong friction, be made to swell again.

"Mr. Wagner says:—'The juice of the ripe berry of the common coral honeysuckle (*Lonicera cuprifolium.*) is the best remedy I have ever used for the sting of bees, wasps, hornets, &c. The berries, or expressed juice, may be preserved in a bottle well closed, and will keep their efficacy more than a year.'

"Common sticking plaster, moistened with spittle, and applied with the least possible pressure, after the sting has been removed, has been found, with some, an effectual remedy.

"The milky juice of the white poppy is also highly recommended. An old German writer states that its application will instantaneously allay the pain and prevent the swelling.

"Others recommend the juice of tobacco as the sovereign panacea for bee stings. Unquestionably, relief has been found, by different persons, from each and all of these remedies, and there is no good reason to conclude that the same remedy will, in all cases, answer for the poison of the bee any more than the same medicine will cure all persons affected with a common disease.

"If the mouth is applied to the wound, very unpleasant consequences may ensue. While the poison of venemous snakes and many other noxious animals, affecting only the circulating system, may be swallowed with entire impunity, the poison of the bee acts with equal power on the organs of digestion. The most distressing headaches are often produced by it.

"From my own experience, I recommend *cold water* as the very best remedy with which I am acquainted for a bee sting. It is often applied in the shape of a plaster of mud, but may be better used by wetting cloths and holding them gently to the wound. The poison of the bee, being very volatile, is quickly dissolved in water; and the coldness of the water has also a powerful tendency to check inflammation, and to prevent the virus from being taken up by the absorbents and carried through the system. The leaves of the plantain, crushed and applied to the wound, will answer as a very good substitute when water cannot at once be procured. Bevan recommends the use of the spirits of hartshorn, applied to the wound, and says that in cases of severe stinging, its internal use is beneficial.

"Whatever remedy is applied, should be used, if possible, *without a moment's delay*. The immediate extraction of the sting will alone prove much more efficacious than any remedy that can be applied, after it has been allowed to remain and discharge all its venom into the wound."

Inquiries and Answers.

BARN CISTERN—CATTLE STALLS.—I would like to have the opinion of your correspondents whether it is possible to build a cistern under a barn in such a manner that it will not freeze in the coldest weather, and of sufficient capacity to hold water enough for six or eight head of cattle, the water to be drawn off on the lower side of the barn. I wish to know the best mode of building, so as to fulfill the above requirements. I also wish to know the best size and manner of constructing stalls for cattle.—SOCRATES, *Argyle, N. Y.*, 1860.

POND MUCK.—There is a large pond on my land which is easily drained dry. There is a rich lot of compost at the bottom, composed of leaves and rich black loam. Will you please tell me how to use it to the best advantage? How to treat it after being heaved on a heap? Also, how and to what crops to apply it?—R. S., *Jonestown, Penn.*, 1860.

THE better way we have found is to draw the muck out during leisure time, and mix it with stable manure. Make a pile somewhere convenient, and have all the slops from the house thrown upon it, and any liquid manure you may be able to obtain. After composting in this way, it is good for any crop that requires manure.

PEACH BLOW AND DAVIS' SEEDLING POTATOES.—I received last season, from New York city, two varieties of potatoes, the Davis' Seedling and Jersey Peach Blow, and they came in such a manner that I was unable to designate them. One kind has a pinkish gray skin and pink eyes, and the other has a purple skin. Please tell me which is the Davis' Seedling, and much oblige—E. K. RUGG, *Iowa City, Iowa*, 1860.

THE Peach Blow is a round potato, the skin of a pink color toward the "seed end." The other half, white skin, sometimes mottled with pink. The Davis' Seedling is more flattened, though somewhat irregular in form, and of a bright purplish red. The color differs somewhat, being darker in the large and best matured specimens.

CYRUS WADE, *Fairview, Ky.*—In answer to your query we say, emphatically, *no*. The whole notion concerning the influence of that luminary, in the manner of which you speak, is the sheerest nonsense.

CONVENIENT PLANTING BAG.—The most convenient planting bag I have used is made from the leg of a worn out boot, cut off at a suitable length, a thin wooden bottom put in, and strings attached.—J. MCLALLEN, *Trumansburg, N. Y.*, 1860.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR SWEENEY.—I noticed an inquiry in the RURAL of April 14th for a cure for Sweeney. Here is one I have tried several times, and found it to cure. Two ounces of spirits of turpentine; one ounce of oil of vitriol; one ounce of sugar of lead; one ounce of salt petre; one pint of linseed oil. Mix together, and bathe the parts affected.—J. GALENTINE, *Rush, N. Y.*

HOW TO GROW MANGEL WURZEL.—In the RURAL of April 28th, A. G. G., inquires how to grow Mangel Wurzel. I will give him my experience, as I never failed. I throw land into ridges two feet from the center, then, filling the furrows almost full of well-rotted manure, I throw back the ridges upon the manure, thus making a complete hot-bed, to receive the seeds. With finger and thumb, press in one or two seeds at intervals of fifteen inches, remembering that the seed must be covered *very lightly*. If the soil is heavy and shallow, use the Yellow Globe variety,—if deep and mellow, take Long Red, and don't plant before the first of June. When the young plants are two inches high, thin to one in a place. Mangel are only good for spring feed, being too cold and watery for winter use.—C. DAWBARN, *Stamford, Conn.*

WARTS ON CATTLE.—Having had considerable experience with warts on cattle, I would recommend the following (with me, never failing,) remedy to your correspondent, J. G. POURCE. Take a very *small* but *strong* cord of silk or linen, (common shoe thread makes the best,) double and twist until you cannot break it,—wax thoroughly with beeswax, put it around the wart very close to the root. Tie a single knot, with a long end, on each side, then grasp one end firmly in each hand, and pull the same as if you were drawing to tighten the knot, and with but little effort you will find the wart separated entirely from the skin, roots and all. If you get the cord fairly under the root before tightening the knot, it will astonish you to see with what ease the wart may be loosened. No after-application to the wound is necessary. I have cured scores of them in this way, without even a case of failure, and some as large as Mr. P. speaks of. But I would advise beginning with the small ones until you get learned, and then there can be no trouble.—GEORGE BUTTS, *Manlius, N. Y.*, 1860.

IN answer to the inquiry of J. G. POURCE, as curing warts on cattle, I will give you my experience. Take a piece of tallow, about the size of a hen's egg, and rub the warts with it three times a day till cured. Please try it, and report success. I had a heifer about four years ago, and one of her eyes was completely covered with large seed warts; also, one of her ears were full of them. I cured her with a few applications of tallow rubbed upon the warts.—H. J. J., *Castile, N. Y.*

I SAW, in your issue of May 5th, an inquiry, by J. G. POURCE, "How shall I cure Warts on Cattle?" If my experience will be of any benefit to him, he may have it. Take hog's lard, and grease the wart three or four times a week, and it will soon disappear. I have cured a great many on both horses and cattle, and have never failed in a single instance.—NATHAN SHELLEY, *Eagle Harbor, N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER—*Cold Rain, Snow and Frost.*—A northeastern storm occurred last week, causing a decided change of temperature over a large extent of country. It visited New England on Thursday and Friday. At Suffield, Ct, the temperature was down to 32 deg, the freezing point, and there was a heavy "black frost"—the stalks of the plaintain and dock being frozen stiff. The Albany Journal says Sunday night was cold, and a heavy white frost made the ground along the Central railroad on Monday morning look as if there had been a fall of snow. A brisk snow storm, of a few minutes duration, occurred at Syracuse on Monday morning, followed by a cold, drizzling rain.

— The storm reached this region on Friday night, and continued at intervals until Tuesday morning, when the sun came out brightly, with indications of warm, fair weather. The temperature was decidedly chilly hereabouts on Sunday and Monday, fires and overcoats being in demand, but we hear of no frost or injury to crops in this section. Indeed we think the rain and temperature favorable to wheat, while other crops in Western New York have not probably suffered any material check or damage,—so that even the croakers need not complain.

NEW GAME LAW—*Deer, Birds and Fish Protected.*—The last Legislature of this State made some wise enactments, and among them "An act for the Preservation of Moose, Wild Deer, Birds and Fish." It prohibits the killing, or pursuing with intent to kill, a fawn, or the fawn's mother or father, or a moose, during the months of January, February, March, April, May, June and July, the penalty being a fine of $25. A penalty of $2 is imposed for killing or having in possession, or exposing for sale, woodcock, between Jan. 1 and July 4; of so abusing partridges, and the expectation of partridges, between Jan. 15 and Sept. 1; the same of quails between Jan. 1 and Oct. 15, and of wood, black and teal ducks between Feb. 1 and Aug. 1. The killing of prairie fowl within five years, is made punishable with a fine of $5 for each offense—the snaring or trapping of quail and grouse, with a fine of $10. The law also guards the black bird, oriole, finch, thrush, lark, sparrow, wren, swallow, martin, robin, bobolink, nightingale, woodpecker, and night-hawk, against guns, cages and traps, with half-dollar penalties—and protects the smallest speckled trout (brook or river,) lake trout, salmon trout and muscalonge during certain specified periods, with $5 penalties.

— Such are the prominent provisions of a most wise and salutary law, for which the Legislature is entitled to the acknowledgments of all right-thinking people. We hope all sneaking, unseasonable poachers upon the animals, birds and fish specified will be rigidly dealt with by the proper authorities.

REAPERS AND MOWERS.—As the season for their use approaches, mowers and reapers are in demand, with inquiries as to which is the best of each class. For example, editors are frequently asked "Which is the best combined reaper and mower?"—"Which one-horse mowing machine has proved the best?" &c. These and similar questions are very difficult to answer, for the best judges at our fairs, and practical farmers, are often unable to decide satisfactorily. The competition in the manufacture of haying and harvesting machinery has produced several good reapers, mowers and combined machines—so many indeed that it is extremely rare that three experienced, progressive farmers can be found to agree in the opinion that any one machine is best in all respects. We think much of the WOOD'S MANNY combined machines, and of KETCHUM'S mowers, both double and one-horse,—yet do not affirm they are the best, (though it appears from our advertising department that WOOD'S and KETCHUM'S are about the only machines for sale the present season!) Those unacquainted with harvesting machinery, will run little risk of loss of either time or money, however, by purchasing machines of approved patents—on warrantee only, if they have any doubts as to their successful operation.

NEW PROCESS OF UNDERDRAINING.—Mr. S. A CLEMENS, of Illinois, writes us that he has an improvement on the mole plow, by which hydraulic cement mortar is forced down and lines the inside of the subterranean tube, simultaneously with the advancement of the mole through the ground,—"in effect laying a continuous pipe of imperishable material at any depth not exceeding 3½ feet, and of any desired size or thickness, with provision, in operating the machine, for making the underdrain of as perfect grade of inclination as a railway can be laid." Water has access to the drain by a narrow fissure or perforations in the bottom. Mr. C. says he can contract to put in two inch pipe (in subsoils, where stones or roots are not large or frequent,) at 25 to 30 cents a rod—and asks our opinion whether he can get jobs for putting in such underdrain in this vicinity. If he can do what is stated, and guarantee the tubing perfect and durable, our opinion is that many persons in this region would be disposed to give the new process a fair trial.

YIELD OF POTATOES.—A writer in the Southern Homestead (Nashville, Tenn.,) under the head of "A good yield of Potatoes," says he produced 89½ bushels of Irish potatoes from 2½ acres, and "considers the yield unusually large!" The rows were three feet apart, and the potatoes in many instances not more than six inches apart in the rows. That would not be considered a paying crop in this section, good cultivators growing from 150 to 300 bushels per acre. One of the editors of this paper had over 300 bushels per acre last year, and "calculates" to produce 400 bushels the present season.

CANADA AGRICULTURAL SHOWS.—The Provincial Agricultural Association of Canada West is making great preparation for its next annual exhibition, to be held at Hamilton. A fine crystal palace is to be constructed on the grounds, and our Canada friends expect the Prince of Wales will attend, if not constitute a part of, the show. Great preparations are likewise being made for the Fair to be held at Montreal the ensuing autumn. It is said the Government has appropriated $20,000 in aid of the enterprise. The local Ag'l Societies of Canada West are also in a prosperous and progressive condition, we believe.

THE JACKSON CO. (Mich.) FAIR is announced for Sept. 26th, 27th, and 28th, with liberal premiums and excellent rules and regulations—for a pamphlet containing which we are indebted to J. L. BUTTERFIELD, Esq., President of the Society. [Regret that home engagements preclude us from accepting kind invitation to meet and address the friends of improvement in Central Michigan on the occasion. It would afford us great pleasure to attend the Jackson Show, and greet and note the progress of those who encouraged our first efforts as an agricultural journalist, nearly twenty years ago.]

A HERD OF AYRSHIRE CATTLE, eleven in number, the property of the Mass. Society for Promoting Agriculture, were sold at auction a few days ago, at prices ranging from $45 to $155 each. The latter price was paid for a cow; the best bull brought $115. These cattle were selected and purchased for the Society by SANFORD HOWARD, Esq., during his visit to Europe in 1858.

THE ONTARIO CO. FAIR is to be held on the Society's Grounds, at Canandaigua, Sept. 26th, 27th, and 28th. A liberal premium list has been published, and we infer that the Society is prosperous;—it is known to be decidedly enterprising and progressing.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE GARDEN.

For a few days we have had almost constant rain, some wind, and the thermometer most of the time down to 40°. Rather an unpleasant time for the examination of flowers, and there is nothing but the Tulips requiring particular notice. The flowers of the fruit trees are falling, and the earlier fruits, such as cherries, &c., are setting well, and there is every prospect of an abundant crop in this section. The Lilacs are in flower, and by next week two beautiful classes of flowering shrubs and trees will be in perfection, the *Spireas* and the *Thorns*.

Among the late Tulips worthy of particular commendation, we notice *Charbon Noir*, dark velvety brown, stripped with red and yellow,—one of the best of the dark flowers; *La Antique*, yellow, dashed with red; *La Mayesteure*, creamy white, marked with red and purple; *Rose Cornelia*, white and bright red; *Emperor Napoleon*, yellow and dark brown; *Pretiosa*, bright red, marked with white and yellow; *Mine d'Or*, orange and yellow; *Rossius*, dark red and yellow; *Juliana*, red and purple, shaded with white. Among the Parrots the best were *Phœnix*, red, marked with purple; *Jaune*, yellow; *Orange*, of bright orange color; *Constantinople*, red, purple and yellow. The Double sorts never looked finer, but we have not space to name them. *Bonaparte*, however, was the most attractive.

FRUIT PROSPECTS.

Our correspondents in almost all sections speak encouragingly of the fruit crop. The Eastern portion of this State and some of the Eastern States were visited with frosts on Sunday and Monday last, but we hope not sufficient to do injury.

Fruit in Michigan.—Apples just commencing to open the blossoms. Trees in healthy condition, with prospect of fine crop. Peaches, in some localities, in full bloom, with a fair promise, but the crop, as a general thing, will be a failure. The older trees, say eight to ten years set, of the tender varieties, are very much injured by the severity of the few past winters. Pears in full bloom, with a prospect of a fair crop. Trees also injured by the severity of past winters, especially the tender kinds. Cherries in full bloom, with promise of a fine crop. Trees, of the tender kinds, very much injured by severe weather and high culture. This cause, I think, is not generally well understood by the majority of farmers. I think the better way to manage cherries would be to set them on the poorest soil, and after the trees get fairly growing, say the second year, to seed down with timothy or red top, and let it remain in grass. The object in view is to obtain a slow but healthy growth each year, that shall be well matured, and thus be more likely to withstand the severity of our hard winters which sometimes set in quite early, and where there has been a very luxuriant growth of wood, and not very well matured, the frozen sap-blight is frequently the consequence, and thus final destruction to the whole tree.

Am I correct in regard to the management of the tender or fast growing kinds of cherries? I still have the Rural New-Yorker's weekly visits, with pleasure, as also do my family and neighbors.—Samuel Johnson, *Kalamazoo Co., Mich.*, 1860.

DWARF APPLES.

There is no object in the garden, or among the trees and shrubbery, more beautiful than a well-grown dwarf apple tree, when covered with its rosy flowers. And if one tree is so beautiful, our readers may imagine, if they can, the appearance of a miniature orchard of a hundred trees, in full bloom, as we saw it to-day on the grounds of Ellwanger & Barry, of this city. Then it will be remembered that the dwarf apple is equally beautiful in the autumn, when laden with fruit that in comparison with the tree look monstrous in size. These dwarf trees may be planted six or seven feet apart each way, and thus, any amateur, with a little village garden, may have a dozen or a score of varieties. Some may think it useless to attempt to grow apples in the garden, as they can be bought cheap of farmers and fruit-growers. But to all such we say, that a good succession of early apples for the table, or for eating from hand, from about the first of July until October, is no mean luxury, and one which few will enjoy who depend upon purchasing in the market. We have before us an inquiry as to what varieties succeed best as dwarfs. All varieties, so far as we know, will succeed, but the early sorts are the most desirable, because they can be eaten from the tree, and because good early apples are scarce, will not keep, and a few only at a time are needed. As the dwarf apple, too, is grown partly for its beauty, it is well to select the most showy sorts, and those giving a variety of color. Nothing can be prettier than a *Red Astrachan* tree, laden with its bright scarlet fruit, covered with a coat of delicate bloom, standing beside *Early Harvest* or *Sweet Bough*, laden with its golden treasures.

The engraving is from a drawing of one of the dwarf trees of which we have previously spoken. In *Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture* for May, we find an interesting article on this subject, which we copy entire:

"Many years ago, in reading Loudon's Magazine, we were deeply interested in an article on the culture of dwarf apples in open quarters, so as to form 'miniature orchards,' the trees occupying little more room than gooseberry bushes. This article we learned subsequently was written by the well-known and eminent English nurseryman, Mr. Rivers. We then thought we should like to possess just such a plantation, and made great exertions to have one: but not being able to find a good collection of dwarf trees, the ordinary stock was planted, and the matter was wholly forgotten until within a few years, when

RED ASTRACHAN APPLE TREE, ON PARADISE STOCK, EIGHT YEARS OLD.

visiting the extensive nurseries of Messrs. Ellwanger & Barry, of Rochester, where just such a 'miniature' orchard was growing, we determined to carry out our early desire to possess such a beautiful and valuable addition to our grounds. We immediately made a selection of all the best varieties we could procure, principally from the collection of the above nurserymen, who grew them more extensively than others, and with such as we raised ourselves, were enabled to plant out between two and three hundred trees of as many varieties, nearly all now in full bearing.

"But, differing from Mr. Rivers' plan of growing them in open quarters, we have for various reasons planted them on the borders of the avenues, between dwarf pears, planting the latter further apart to admit of a dwarf apple between each. Here, forming small bushes or pyramids not more than two feet high, they are loaded with their splendid crimson-hued fruits, forming a pleasing contrast with the golden pears, and gratifying the eye with the continuity of rich foliage.

"Why dwarf apples have not received more attention, it is difficult to say; unless it is that attention has not been drawn to their growth, or from the fact that fine fruit is purchased so cheaply that it is no object to raise it; or perhaps because, to use the cant phrase, 'it will not pay.' For we hear it on all sides that the apple is too cumbrous a tree for small gardens, however desirable the fruit, and it must therefore be rejected. This is so; and all who have but little space prefer to give it to the pear, a fruit not so readily purchased, and only at a very dear rate. If it was only generally known that dwarf apples were as easily cultivated as dwarf pears, were as readily produced, were quite as ornamental objects, and almost as valuable where the early kinds are selected, no garden, large or small, would be without them. Early apples of fine quality are never very plenty in the market; they come even before many of the good pears, and are quite as desirable as any other fruit.

"The French cultivate the apple almost exclusively as dwarfs, in gardens of greater or less extent. Trained in fanciful shapes, as pyramids, goblets, or espaliers, they border the main walks, or form quarters by themselves, where they not only produce an abundance of fruit, but form highly ornamental objects. What more beautiful sight than the apple tree when in full bloom, what more tempting to the eye, and what more grateful to the appetite, than its beautiful fruit?

"Dwarf apples, then, let us say, are of the easiest culture. The Paradise stock, on which they are worked, will thrive in any ordinary garden soil, properly enriched, for, from the prolific character of the trees, they need the latter. The preparation for planting should be the same as for the pear, viz., trenching two to three feet deep. In setting out the trees care should be taken that the stock is not covered too deep,—otherwise they might root from the graft, and have such a vigor infused into them that they would soon become large trees. Mr. Wm. Reid, of Elizabethtown, N. J., who grows a pretty collection of the best varieties in this way, informed us that he erred in doing this to such an extent that the whole of his trees had to be taken up and re-set. Plant just even with the surface of the ground. The pruning is very simple, except where the object is very symmetrical or fancy-shaped trees. Grown as bushes, all that is necessary is to keep the head open; pinch off the summer shoots, and head in the slender ones at the winter pruning; and if only the moderate growing sorts are chosen, they will not occupy more space than a good-sized currant bush, and produce two or three dozen of apples each.

"Mr. Rivers says, that the trees 'must be chosen with stems not exceeding one and a half feet.' In September he generally looks over the trees, takes off superfluous wood, and shortens the long roots; this strengthens the blossom buds, which are formed abundantly upon the young wood; of course, in doing this, an eye must be had to the formation of the tree, which ought to be gradually brought into a handsome round bush. For the first five years a row of strawberries may be grown between each row of apples, or any other dwarf, light crop; but strawberries are the most in keeping, a word which in every gardening operation ought never to be lost sight of. The trees are set six feet apart each way, adopting the quincunx order. Such is the advice of Mr. Rivers, who has had good experience, and upon whose judgment all may rely.

"The French, with their gardening skill, have reduced the pruning of dwarf trees to a science, and under such learned practitioners as MM. Hardy, Dubreuil, and others, they are made to assume the most symmetrical forms; by the aid of wires, hoops, and other contrivances, they are brought into the most exact shape, with not one branch too few or too many. Once established in this way, they continue, under good care, to maintain the same forms, adding much to the beauty of the garden and the gratification of friends. As espaliers, trained to wires, not more than a foot high, they are very attractive, as we intend to show at another opportunity.

"Our object is not at this time to detail all the particulars of dwarf apple culture, but simply to direct attention to what we think has been sadly neglected. We shall again refer to the subject, and give not only further directions for their management, but supply some engravings, which will show what truly ornamental features they are in every garden. In the mean time we would say, that those who feel any interest in their growth may examine these 'miniature orchards,' in the grounds of the nurserymen we have already named, which, when in fruit, will well repay a visit."

Horticultural Notes.

Annuals.—An excellent article in the Florist predicts that annuals will once more become generally cultivated for decorative purposes, both as in and out-door plants. Nothing in the way of plants can surpass their gay and interesting appearance, when their various shades of color and heights are properly arranged. Perhaps one drawback which belongs to them may be attributed to the vacant spots and untidy aspect they give the grounds when their flowering season is past, and to this, happening at a time when the garden is most frequented, may be assigned the cause for the almost universal encouragement afforded to the bedding of verbenas, scarlet geraniums, &c. I think the culture of annuals may be so managed as to go hand in hand with that of verbenas, &c., so as to have continuous successions of bloom early and late. Where there are good borders they may be sown very early and at such a distance that geraniums, &c., might be planted betwixt them, so as not to overcrowd each other, and thus when the flowering season of the annuals is on the decline they may be removed, and the other plants would quickly occupy their place. Another system of culture I used to adopt with success is this, viz: during the month of September to sow thinly in pots or pans some of the following varieties—Candytufts, Clarkia pulchella, Kaulfussia amelloides, Nemophila insignis, Collinsia bicolor, Schizanthus pinnatus, Viscaria oculta, &c. These were kept in a frame from which frost was excluded, or in a cold part of the greenhouse, and as early in the spring as weather permitted, they were planted singly in rows in the flower beds, preserving the necessary width for planting verbenas, &c., betwixt them. By adopting this treatment one almost fails to recognise the same plants, so great is their beauty compared with the thickly sown patches we are in the habit of witnessing.—*Gard. Chron.*

Salt for Roads.—A useful hint was dropped by your correspondent "D.," when describing Clumber Park, &c., in April last. I have to thank him for the same, and also to acknowledge the courtesy of the forester, Mr. Spary, in giving fuller particulars by letter. I refer to the use of salt for the eradication of weeds on roads, walks or drives. Having applied it pretty freely last summer, over some half dozen miles, upon which we used to bestow most labor in hand-weeding, I would add my testimony to its efficacy. It is alike simple in application, and thorough in effect. And in a pitched stable yard, we have also had equally beneficial results. Let me quote Mr. Spary's own words as to its application:—"I prefer applying the salt (clean, dry, agricultural salt, costing here 18s. per ton.) by the hand. So the stronger the weeds, the stronger the application. I choose a hot day, in preference to wet or stormy weather. By going over the road twice a year, say in May or September, the weeds never get very strong; and, after much experience, I find no plan to equal it. By this way of cleaning roads, you do not disturb a single stone; and the harder your roads the fewer your weeds—and of course so much better traveling." I hope to use it more extensively next spring and summer; and have found Reeves' dry manure distributor a most efficient implement in its application. *Gard. Chron.*

The Blackberry in Britain.—We have noticed some attempts in the English journals to treat the blackberry as a fruit unworthy of culture. The New Rochelle and Dorchester, it has been stated, are inferior to the English Hedge blackberry, and only relished by children. Some writers, however, we see, of late, are endeavoring to do justice to this fruit. A writer over the signature of Bramble, in the *Irish Agricultural Review*, urges their general culture, and in the last number of that journal we find the following:

"I quite agree with your correspondent, Mr. Bramble, that it is too much the fashion to look coldly on native worth, and I am rejoiced to perceive he is not of those who, in after life, would altogether forget the enjoyments and *tastes* of 'boyhood's happy years.' I am glad to say that horticulturists have not been insensible to our merits. I believe, however, it is to the keen eye and industry of Brother Jonathan we are indebted for their recognition and attention to our improvement. Should your thorny correspondent have a perch or two in spare in his garden, let him, by all means, procure from the nurseries a few plants of either the Dorchester or Lawton Blackberry, which I can recommend as, perhaps, the best varieties in cultivation of any of the family connexion of your humble and long-neglected country friend—Rubus Fruticosus."

Sulphur for Bugs and the Potato Rot.—For many years past I have made use of the following remedy to prevent all insects, especially the striped bug, from destroying my melons and cucumbers, and, indeed, all other garden vegetables. I soak the seed in water over night. After draining the water off, stir in a little sulphur among them,—being wet, the sulphur will adhere to them,—or merely wet the seeds before planting, so that the sulphur will stick to them, then plant as usual. I never knew this remedy to fail. Now I propose to treat potatoes in the same manner. If it is an insect which infests the vines, and leaves a deposit on them, and operates as a poison, and destroys them, then, without doubt, my remedy will prove successful. Let the seed potatoes be wet with a little water, in a basket. When the water has drained out, then stir in a little sulphur among them, with a stick, and plant. Sulphur cured the blight of the grape vines in France, by applying it to the roots, and why will it not also cure the potato blight, and also kill insects which injure the wheat crop? Let the farmers try it.—Kittredge Eames, *Rutland, N. Y.*

Tan Bark as a Mulch.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, tell me whether tan bark will make good mulching for fruit trees? I have tried it, with good success, around currants and gooseberries, and would like to know how it would do for trees?—P. C. D., *Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Tan bark will answer a very good purpose.

RAISED MUFFINS.

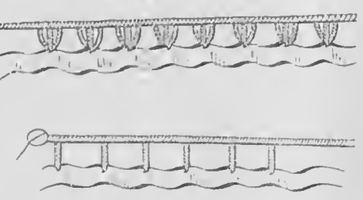
Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In reply to Mary's inquiry for a recipe to make raised muffins, I send the following, which I think is good:—One quart of new milk; 4 eggs; 4 tablespoonfuls of butter; yeast sufficient to make it light. Thicken to stiff batter with flour.—Sara, *Plainville, Onondaga Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Noticing in a recent number of the Rural, an inquiry for a recipe for raised muffins, I have decided to send you mine, which I think very good. It is as follows:—One pint new milk; 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter; 1 egg, well beaten; ½ cup yeast; flour enough for stiff batter; mix at night. In the morning, add a little salt, and soda size of a pea. Bake in buttered rings.—Celia, *Whitewater, Wis.*, 1860.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing an inquiry in your paper for a recipe to make raised muffins, I will give you mine:—Mix a quart of wheat flour smoothly with a pint and a half of luke warm milk; ½ a teacup of yeast; 2 beaten eggs; a teaspoon of salt; 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture and bake till a light brown.—M. C., *Bennington, N. Y.*, 1860.

DURABLE AND ECONOMICAL TRIMMING.

While the farmers are busy with the spring crops, there are swift fingers in-doors preparing the summer garments for the family wear. And for them I would recommend a new and durable trimming for undergarments. It is pretty, too, for linen collars and children's aprons.



White serpentine braid and No. 36 Coats' cotton, are the materials. A person at all familiar with crocheting will readily understand these two patterns. They can be more elaborate if desired.—L. L. K., *Owosso, Mich.*, 1860.

WASHING RECIPE, ETC.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a late Rural I noticed a recipe for washing which is similar to the one I use. I think you will find the hartshorn an improvement, I will give mine and one or two with it.

Recipe for Washing.—One gill of spirits of hartshorn; 4 oz. saltpetre; dissolve in 2 quarts of rain water, cork it tight in a jug. Put two tablespoonfuls in a pint of soap; stir it through, make a suds, and put your clothes to soak over night, or in the morning before breakfast.

To Prepare Blacking for Stoves.—Mix the lustre with the white of an egg; have your stove cold, apply with a brush, rub till perfectly dry, and you will have a lustre nearly equal to that on a new stove.

Molasses Cookies.—One cup of molasses; 6 tablespoonfuls melted butter; 4 of boiling water; 1 teaspoon of soda, and 1 of ginger,—mix as soft as you can roll them. Bake in a quick oven.

Ovid, N. Y., 1860. Eliza A. D.

Taking Grease out of Merinoes.—Will some of the lady readers of the Rural please inform me the best method of taking grease out of Merino?—Susie, *Phelps, N. Y.*, 1860.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

[From the New York Courier, August 21, 1859.]

PREPARED GLUE.

Mr. Spalding has certainly conferred a great blessing upon all householders by his preparation of "Prepared Glue." It is always ready for use, and can be applied immediately to a fractured table, a broken chair, or, in fact, anything that requires glue to mend it, by anybody who likes, without the trouble of having to mix it in any shape or way, thereby saving the trouble, inconvenience and expense of sending furniture to the cabinet maker's to be repaired. This alone, independent of its intrinsic value, will make it an article universally kept in all families.

[From the Times and Messenger, August 21, 1859.]

ADVICE TO FAMILY FOLKS.

One of the most convenient and useful of all articles recently discovered, with a view to elicit the blessings of the careful housekeeper, and abate her pains to keep things domestic, intact, and tidy, is certainly Spalding's Prepared Glue. No matter what you break, (unless it be your head, perhaps,) this Glue steps forward like the genii of order, and promptly unites the dissevered parts—restores the fracture, as a surgeon would say—and renders all whole again. Toys or tools, chairs or vases, leather, silk, wood or glass—it operates alike magically on all: and at its bidding the sobs of the child cease, the gratification of the matron is complete. No family should be without Spalding's Prepared Glue.

[From the Hartford Daily Courant, Sept. 22, 1859.]

Everybody needs a Glue-Pot occasionally, but everybody knows that the old-fashioned mode of dissolving glue is inconvenient. Spalding's Prepared Glue is chemically held in solution, is equal to the best preparation of Cabinet-makers' Glue, and is used cold. A brush accompanies each bottle, and the whole costs only twenty-five cents.

[From the Public Ledger, Philadelphia, Oct. 11, 1859.]

A USEFUL ARTICLE.

A new and useful article, called Spalding's Prepared Glue, has been introduced to the notice of housekeepers. It is reliable and really adhesive, and enables every housekeeper to repair furniture and household ware without trouble, as it is always ready for use.

[From the Ladies' Visitor, September, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE seems to be universally welcomed by housekeepers wherever it goes; it is precisely the ready, reliable, adhesive substance needed for repairing furniture and household ware.

[From the Boston Commercial Bulletin, Sept. 17, 1859.]

H. C. SPALDING is astonishing the natives with his Prepared Glue, which has won a great reputation, and is fast enriching its inventor. Mr. Spalding is remarkable for intelligence and tact, which he exhibits in the style of his advertising. He is a type of the genuine Yankee.

[From the Independent, July 28, 1859.]

GLUE.

Our advertising columns contain some testimonies to the value of a new article known as "Spalding's Prepared Glue," useful to housekeepers for mending furniture. It is prepared with chemicals, by which it is kept in the proper condition for immediate use, the chemicals evaporating as soon as it is applied, leaving the glue to harden. We can assure our readers that this article has the excellent phrenological quality of "large adhesiveness."

[From the Boston Evening Transcript, Oct. 10, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.

The value of this Glue for domestic purposes is inestimable. The difficulty of preparing common sheet glue for use led to the new article. In a liquid state the preparation can be used without heating, dries slowly, emits no offensive effluvia, and is ready for application. It is put up in glass bottles, securely corked, and sold, with a brush to apply it, at the low price of Twenty-five cents. Every family should have the compound constantly on hand, as thereby any article of wood, paper, crockery or glass can be mended. It will save more than its cost every month in the year.

[From Frank Leslie's New Family Magazine, Sept., 1859.]

SMALL INVENTIONS—PREPARED GLUE.

The numerous small inventions and mechanical conveniences adapted to aid in saving time, money, and labor on the farm and in the household, are most promising for our material and social progress, and we are always happy to chronicle all such, however apparently insignificant.

It is estimated that there are over five millions of households in the United States supplied with cabinet and other furniture, the various parts of which are chiefly united with cabinet makers' glue, and which are likely to become loosened and otherwise injured or broken by constant use.

From one to two dollars is required for annual mendings and repairs, nearly all of which goes to the professed repairer, who is usually called in when the dilapidation has become unbearable, notwithstanding the homely maxim, "a stitch in time saves nine."

Nine-tenths of such repairs could and would be made at home and in season, were a convenient and reliable hold-fast always at hand to be brought into requisition. The want of such an article has long been felt.

Spalding's Prepared Glue is designed to supply this universal want. It is convenient, cheap, remains soluble, retains its tenacity, is stronger than the best cabinet makers' glue, is put up in a bottle with a brush, ready for use, similar to the ordinary mucilage. It is also admirable for refastening book covers and loosened leaves, and it is just the thing for the library and for use in schools, where books are constantly liable to need repair.

[From the Home Journal, Aug. 27, 1859.]

Among the many apparent trifles continually being brought to the surface from the ideal under-world of the unknown, there are occasionally simple articles costing but little in detail, but whose combined benefit, usefulness and economy of time and money, aggregate on the basis of millions.

Such an article is Spalding's Prepared Glue. Its uses, as may be seen by reference to the advertisement in another column, are concerned, and as its cost is next to nothing, the demand for it is universal. It is prepared with chemicals, and used cold, requiring but little skill or time for its application.

[From the New-Yorker, July 30, 1859.]

Among desirable articles, we may name as foremost the want of a useful glue, easy of use, and of general and universal application to the repair of furniture, crockery, shell work, and other ornamental and serviceable purposes.

The prime qualities of a good glue are immediate readiness for use at all times, and reliability as a holdfast. And this is the article which Mr. H. C. Spalding has been so fortunate as to introduce. In convenient bottles, with a handy brush, Spalding's Prepared Glue requires no day's preparatory softening in water; no heating for use, and no tedious delays to secure its junction and cohesion, being held in solution chemically, and capable of being applied instantly, and to every variety of work and requirement.

Spalding's Glue thus proves itself to be a true household friend, and will be welcomed heartily in all parts of the country. We have given it a trial, and found it quick as hunger in taking hold, and firm as death in holding fast.

[From the New York Freeman's Journal, Aug. 6, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE is such a simple and cheap preparation that it is a pity any house should be without it. Read the advertisement in another column for a fuller description of the valuable uses to which it may be applied.

[From the Middletown Sentinel and Witness, July 26, 1859.]

SPALDING'S CELEBRATED PREPARED GLUE is a useful, ever-needed article in the household and office. It is simply the best glue, chemically held in solution, is always ready to use without heating, and does not thicken by having the vessel holding it uncovered. It is put up in neat little bottles, and is accompanied with a brush.

[From the Springfield Republican, Aug. 19, 1859.]

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE, the same that Van Amburgh glued his lion together with, is doing wonders hereabouts. A boy, up town, glued his play-wagon together "wrong side up," and the glue did its duty so well, that the wagon had to be broken again before it could be made right.

[From the Merchants' and Manf. Journal, Aug. 20, 1859.]

Having experimented with a bottle of Spalding's Prepared Glue, and the same having proved itself "A. No. 1," we are now prepared to say to every individual receiving our journal, that a more convenient article to be upon the mantle of every house in our country, cannot be found.—For all purposes where the old-fashioned glue-pot is required, it is an excellent substitute; it is neater, quicker and cheaper, while it "sticks" better.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE!

USEFUL IN EVERY HOUSE.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY STATIONERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HARDWARE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY HOUSE-FURNISHING STORES.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FURNITURE DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY FANCY-GOODS DEALERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE,
SOLD BY GROCERS.

SPALDING'S PREPARED GLUE.
SOLD BY COUNTRY MERCHANTS GENERALLY.

Manufactured by
HENRY C. SPALDING & CO.,
48 Cedar Street, New York.
Address Post-Office, Box No. 3,600. 517

LADY GOLDEN.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

Lady Golden sweeps the pavement
With her rustling moire antique,—
Silken blooms and dainty laces
Kiss the beauty on her cheek.

India cashmeres wrap my lady,—
Cashmeres lured across the sea;
Gold they cost, enough to gladden
Darling Mellanie and me.

Lady Golden trails her velvets,—
Palest mauve, with diamonds bright;
But my darling wears a vesture
Haloed by a purer light.

And her raiment gathers glory
From the richness of her soul;
Angels drape her spirit daily
With the purest glowing stole.

Lady Golden drops her eyelids
Like a star in sunlight faint,
And in passing folds her velvets
Closer, lest they touch my saint.

On the softest velvet cushions
Kneels my Lady Golden down,
And beneath the solemn midnight
Prays to wear the Christian crown.

But before her gazing spirit,
All the seraphs in the skies
Seem to wear my darling's tresses—
Look from Mellanie's sweet eyes.

Gladly would my Lady Golden
Give her gems, and silks, and lace—
Take of poverty its burden—
Just to wear my darling's face.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A SKETCH.

The hush of midnight reigned in a quiet little village, and all its dwellers, save one, were wrapt in slumber. She, a young mother, sat alone, watching, with anxious solicitude, the death-stricken features of her only child. Ever and anon would she bend over the little crib, to brush the golden ringlets from off the fair brow, and wipe gently away the cold death-dews already gathering there. Her heart grew faint as she witnessed the little sufferer's plea for relief, and knew that he was beyond the reach of human aid. It was hard to see that baby face so fearfully contorted by the convulsions; yet she dared not withdraw her gaze lest she should fail to catch the last gleam of light that flashed from those once beaming eyes.

She remembered all his pretty ways,—saw each winning smile,—while the echo of his innocent prattle still rang sweetly in her ears. And had it all passed away forever? She knows full well that so it must be; and to increase her anguish, there came a vivid recollection of that dark hour, but a few months before, when "she was written a widow," and though her stricken heart could not forget to weep over so deep a wound, she lavished the wealth of her love upon this treasure which alone bound her to earth. Could it be that *this* also was to be snatched from her? Some sweet voice at this moment seemed to whisper in her ears, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." She closed her eyes, and moved her lips as if in prayer. The contest was over,—a look of holy calmness and resignation rested on her pale face, as she once more gazed on her beautiful boy, and kissed so fondly the lips already growing cold.

A rosy blush overspread the eastern sky, heralding the coming dawn, and as the first beams of sunlight stole through the half open shutters, and fell on that sweet face, a smile of wondrous beauty wreathed the white lips. The blue eyes opened once more,—a look of strange delight flashed from them,—then closed again, forever,—and the young mother "knew he had another morn than ours." She lingered awhile over her babe, striving to shut out the dreadful fact that he was dead,—then calling upon others, left him, and going to her room, sought for a few moments that repose which nature so urgently demanded. In her sleep she "had a dream which was not all a dream." Again she stood bending over the little crib, watching her darling. Her ears were charmed with the celestial music which filled the air,—she heard the soft rustling of angels' wings, as the bright band hovered around, waiting to bear the baby spirit up to heaven. Soon one whose face was radiant in its loveliness, came and folded the little one in her arms, and clasping it to her bosom, bore it beyond her sight, while the music grew fainter and fainter, until she could no longer catch even the echo of that angelic hymn.

She woke to find it but a dream,—still it had been even so, although her waking eyes saw not the beautiful vision, and outward sense heard not the charming melody which filled the room. Her darling had caught the strain, and soon "around the throne of God" was singing with the myriad little ones composing that happy, sinless band. She saw again the cold form of her babe, shrouded for his last sleep. His fingers clasped a half-opened rose, fragrant buds were scattered around him, which lent a sweet perfume to the solemn air. In death he seemed even more beautiful than in life, and the mourning mother smiled through the fast-falling tears, when she remembered that he was an angel in the sky.

Once more did she look on the marbled features, as he lay in the tiny coffin ready for the grave. She imprinted a last kiss on the cold lips,—took a last long look of her precious one, and turned away in the keenest anguish. Her heart was well nigh breaking, as she stood by the narrow grave that waited to receive its trust; and when the cold earth fell harshly on the coffin's lid, she was ready to murmur, feeling that it must not be so, but one unseen breathed softly in her ears, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and she believed that "earth hath no sorrows which heaven cannot heal." From that spot where "dust had been committed unto dust," she went away comforted. Another bright link had been added to the chain that drew her heavenward,—and she waits to hear the summons bidding her join the loved ones "not lost, but gone before."

Belle Claire.

CHILDREN'S CONFIDENCE.

Do you want to learn how to make the children love you? Do you want the key that will unlock the innermost recesses of their natures? Then sympathize with them always. Never allow yourself to ridicule any of their little secrets. Never say, "Oh, pshaw!" when they come to show a new kite or a marvelous top, and "I can't be troubled," when the hard knot won't be untied, and two and two obstinately refuse to make four on their small slates. Kites and knots are only the precursors of older thoughts and deeper trials, which the parent may one day plead in vain to share! Don't laugh at any of the child's ideas, however odd or absurd they may seem to you—let them find your sympathy ready in all their wonderments and aspirations.

Is there any man so wise in his own conceit as to have forgotten that there was a time once when he, also, was a child? The little folks are too much crowded out in this world,—people generally seem to think that they can be put anywhere, or made to eat anything, or be crammed into any out-of-the-way corner, to amuse themselves anyhow. We don't agree with these cross-grained wise-acres. Children have just as much right to the car-window and the easy seat as anybody. It don't take much to make a child love you and trust in you, and the benefits to him are absolutely incalculable. Oh, how much better is it for children to bring all their cares, and troubles, and temptations, under the gentle eye of a wise parent! What a safeguard it is for them to feel that there is always a kind ear to listen to their doubts and griefs, and a gentle shoulder for their little heads to nestle against! Respect their rights,—never think you can say bitter things in their presence, or do unjust actions. They are the finest discriminators of fair and unfair in the world. Somebody says, "When you are inclined to be cross with children for being slow to learn, just try a minute to write with your left hand. See how awkward it proves, and then remember that with children it is *all left hand!*" Preserve us from those precocious infants who spring up ready philosophers and casuists,—cherry-cheeked little blockheads are infinitely preferable. Above all, do not be ashamed to let them *know* that you love them. Remember, they will be men and women some day, and the slightest word which may influence their future lives should become a thing of moment in your eyes.—*Life Illustrated.*

WOMAN'S QUALITIES.

The characteristic qualities of woman—when true to the type of her being—her delicacy, modesty, reserve, and chastity in thought and feeling, word and action—her sweetness, gentleness, patience, sympathy, tenderness, dependence, devotion; her sensibility to beauty and grace, order, fitness, and propriety in speech, dress, behavior, everything; her intellectual faculties—more receptive than productive—thought resting more on feeling than feeling on thought—making her more susceptible of culture and refinement than apt for grasping the abstruse and rugged in science and practical life; all these are charms for men, through which man gets unspeakable good to his own nature; while man's harder texture in body and mind—his strength, courage, self-reliance, his grasp, force, and productive power in the world of thought and action, draw woman to him. Thus each finds in the other what each one needs. The womanly woman feels herself strong and brave when she leans on man, and man's manly courage grows stouter, and at the same time the rugged hardness of his nature is softened by tender reverence, as with one arm he supports and with the other protects the gentle one clinging to his side. In everything, in short, in which they are made different, it is that each may find their proper counterpart in the other. They are made different in order that they may become one. Out of this very difference springs the closest and richest union—the union of mutual love, whereof marriage is the outward representation. Only in this true married union, and in the home of love that builds itself up out of it, can the fullness and perfection of the individual life, dignity, and worth of each be found and realized.—*Dr. Oldham.*

Soul Engravings.—Everybody is an artist. We have not the gifted mind and ingenious hand which can make the cold marble seem almost to breathe with life. We are "Soul Engravers." And the chisel of the artist works not more effectively upon the marble block than the little chisel of our influence upon the souls which surround us. How careful the artist is that each touch shall perfect and not deface his work! Shall we not desire the impression of our chisel to be for "good and not for evil." When the labor of the sculptor is rewarded, his beautiful statue is placed in the great "Temple of Arts;" here an admiring world gazes upon it, until the destroying hand of time crumbles it to dust. But the souls which our chisels are helping to mould have a higher destiny to fulfill. Their life is immortal, and is given them to prepare to dwell in mansions "eternal in the Heavens."

There must be "kindred sympathies" that answer to the slightest touch in all genuine, soulful friendship. We feel this relation of ourselves to others almost instinctively. It is an instinct superior to reason, and influenced by it.—*Smith.*

I think it natural for the weak to lean; but I think none want to lean as much as those who are strong.—*Beecher.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OVER THE WIDE, WIDE RIVER.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

Over the river, the wide, wide river,
Came the boat with muffled oar,—
Came to gather earth's bright flowers
For the other, brighter shore;
In our household we had cherished
A lovely flow'ret, pure and fair,
And the messenger selected
This to be transplanted there,—
Tears and sighing would o'ertake us
As we felt the severed ties,
But we knew the plan of heaven
Was the best,—was good and wise.

Over the river, the shaded river,
Came the messenger once more,
And he bore another flow'ret
To the other shining shore;
We could not discern the brightness,
For earth-mists were on our eyes,
But our Father's word aroused us,
That beyond were heavenly skies,—
That the gems our love had cherished
Were transplanted, pure and bright,
In delightful gardens yonder,
In the glow of heavenly light.

Over the river, the mystic river,
Thus our dear heart-gems now glow,
There to bloom and brighten ever
Where eternal pleasures flow;
There are mansions, fairer, brighter,—
No earth-child in that pure home,
And we hear the Savior saying,
Let those morning flow'rets come.
So we only send our jewels
To a home more sweet and fair
Over the river, the mystic river,
To await our coming there!

Over the river, the wide, wide river,
We will join them all ere long,
Join them in their joys undying,—
Join them in immortal song,—
Join them in those sacred praises
That shall flow from seraph's lyre,—
Join them in celestial raptures
With the pure angelic choir.
So we'll find them, all our treasures,
In a home more sweet and fair,—
Over the river, over the river,
They await our coming there!

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MR. SMITH'S ECONOMY.

After keeping up a domestic establishment during some ten years of family-hood, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, of Pogeland, at last reflected upon the feasibility of adopting another manner of life. The fact is, when, ten years ago, John Smith married Jenny Stone, house-keeping was a far simpler and easier matter than now. For instance, the snug little cottage which received the young couple,—that little cottage, with two general apartments, a kitchen and a bed-room below, and a couple of pretty chambers aloft,—the whole completed and dignified by a well-built wood-shed, and ornamented by the spreading woodbine; made familiar and home-like by the old well, with its accommodating arm that turned the shaft around which curled the linked rope of iron, and from which depended that "old oaken bucket,"—I say that this satisfactory little cottage, so convenient and pleasant ten years ago, was now neither; for while John Smith had multiplied according to the holy injunction, so that to the John Smith and wife, who first inhabited these quiet walls, was added a band of minor Smiths, the little cottage had not doubled or trebled its accommodations; but was, on the whole, decidedly the "worse for wear;" and John Smith and wife had found it much more convenient than did John Smith and family. And then, ten years ago, you know, those life-necessities and nuisances,—bread and butter, wearing apparel, light, fuel, help,—were to be obtained indefinitely cheaper than now. Formerly, when the month's bills came in, John Smith would jovially put his hand in his pocket, and dispose of them by laying down thirty or forty dollars. Now, double the last mentioned sum, and you will not exceed the amount of his monthly expenditures.

Five little Smith's demanded the undivided attention of Mrs. Smith, *and got it.* A lady from Ireland, who condescended to attend the culinary and cleansing department of the household, also demanded a certain share of poor Mrs. Smith's attention. She was also bothered by numberless trials and cares incident to rearing a large family in a small house. "It was worth one woman's time," she said, "to hunt up the young 'un's things, they get tucked in such out-of-the-way places." And so, on the whole, as I said, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith reflected upon the feasibility of adopting another manner of life.

Remember, however, that while Mr. Smith's family, unlike his cottage, became larger, his pecuniary means also increased. Fortunately, there is a law against usury. If none such existed, business men would lose not only their profits, but a great share of their investments, also. Cent. per cent. would be about the minimum of those accommodating gentlemen who are so easily persuaded to devote their time and money to the amelioration of the miseries of the "hard up"—for a consideration. John Smith was cunning enough to slip through the loose noose of the law, as many worse men than himself do, every day; and so ten years of "accommodation" had proved very accommodating years to him. So I establish three distinct hypotheses:

John Smith's family increased in numbers,—his cottage did not increase in proportion,—but, his money did.

It is the same old story. The generosity, the confidence, the integrity of youth, succumb before the experience of manhood. The glorious impulses and aspirations of the young turn to cold calculation, and self-interest in maturity. Mr. Smith, as he surveyed the little crowded cottage, forgot that not only his family, but his wealth, had increased, proportionately; and was alive only to a keen realization that an enlargement of his present, or purchase of a more commodious residence, would decimate his beloved dollars. Dollars were not to be thrown away. These dollars represented the miseries of many a poor man,—the loss of a home,—the dispersal of a family,—the disappointment of honorable hopes,—the fruition of despair. A tear dimmed the luster of some,—dishonor and ruin were often the dread incentives which urged them into Mr. Smith's hand. How could the price of so much anguish be parted with? Oh, gold sometimes seems to be "the only loving and true god" of the age.

Mr. Smith sold the little cottage, and obtained apartments at a hotel. Three stated rooms where himself and wife might mope away their lives in the stiff privileges of hotel life; while the children were toted away up in the third story, in charge of a maid. They frequent the halls and alleys of the house, every day,—they are in everybody's way, and careless or impatient people often stumble over them,—they are regular nuisances. Mr. Smith sees them perhaps once a week,—perhaps not so often. Mrs. Smith must wear fine and new dresses in her new circumstances, and cannot trust herself within the dirty limits of a nursery, but sits in her room, day after day, alone, save when the children are brought once a day into her presence, for a few moments. She knows not much more of them than she does of the children of her neighbors. She *hears* of both. Mr. Smith is content enough. He breakfasts, he dines, he sups, he returns to his office,—he *visits* Mrs. Smith perhaps an hour each day. They will live so; they may die so.

Economy exercised at the sacrifice of all the grateful and holy experiences of home, and home influences, is the poorest kind of economy. It is prodigal in all the comforts and joys which linger around the hearthstone of a family,—it is prodigal of morals,—of the innocence and prettiness of childhood,—in the bad results which must follow,—and in everything but the Dollar.

Watertown, N. Y., 1860. I. M. Beebee.

SET A GOOD EXAMPLE.

Nothing is so easily done as to preach and talk of obligations which we are under to do justly and walk humbly; but it is altogether a different thing to write, and preach, and talk simply by example. And yet though the former be useful, how much more valuable and effective is the latter? What are those most beautiful essays on the cardinal virtues, compared with the excellence of the life in which these have a living and vital existence? It was not alone with the doctrines, advanced with such dignified and persuasive eloquence by our Savior, nor the wonderful miracles performed by him; these were rendered doubly effective by the example which he set at all times, even under the most trying circumstances. And so it is now, in a humble sense, by mere human hopes. Men will preach, and the world will listen, but profit comes by example. A parent, for instance, inculcates gentleness to his children by many sound precepts, but they see him treat his beast in a rude manner, and in consequence his instructions are worse than lost, for they are neither heeded nor respected. His example as a gentle and humane man would have been sufficient for his children without one word of command. Men are just like children in this respect, and imitate a good example—while mere words, no matter how good and true, without such example, will pass into one ear and out of the other.

Parental Teaching.—If parents would not trust a child upon the back of a wild horse without saddle or bridle, let them not permit him to go forth unskilled in self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity in him. If he is sulky, charm him out of it by frankness and good humor. If he is indolent, accustom him to exertion, and train him so as to perform even onerous duties with alacrity. If pride comes in to make his obedience reluctant, subdue him by counsel or discipline. In short give your children the habit of overcoming their besetting sins. Let them acquire from experience that confidence in themselves which gives security to the practised horseman, even on the back of a high-strung steed, and they will triumph over the difficulties and dangers which beset them in the path of life.

Casual Words.—A casual word—mere sounding breath—how light its import seems! how "big with fate" it often proves! Not alone words that are the voice of daily thoughts, but words that are only the utterance of a transient emotion, forgotten as soon as felt; words that are but an idly spoken impulse, melt not away with the air that holds them, but assume mysterious shapes of good or evil to influence and haunt the hearer's life! These casual words are seed scattered perchance by thoughtless hands; though lightly, unpremeditatedly dropped, if they fall upon receptive minds, upon open, fertile soils, they strike vigorous roots—germinate in silence and darkness, and, before we know that they are planted, bring forth grapes or thistles. Blessed are they whose paths on earth may be tracked by the good seed sown in passing words!

What men most covet, wealth, distinction, power,
Are baubles nothing worth: they only serve
To rouse us up, as children at the school
Are roused up to exertion; our reward
Is in the race we run, not in the prize.
Those few, to whom is given what they ne'er earned
Having by favor, or inheritance,
The dangerous gifts placed in their hands,
Know not, nor ever can, the generous pride
That glows in him who on himself relies,
Entering the lists of life. He speeds beyond
Them all, and foremost in the race succeeds.
His joy is not that he has got his crown,
But that the power to win the crown is his.—*Gathe.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE TRUE WAY.

BY L. J. TAYLOR

As time, that death-like form of ages past,
Sweeps its chosen victims from this earth so fast,
As soul after soul leaves this changing life,
Too few the thoughts that fill our hearts with strife
To gain a hope, a better world than this,
Where all is purest joy, unending bliss.

How shall we gain this hope, this better part,
Which shall ease the soul and cleanse the heart?
Can any power, or magic art, or skill
Of man, show how this heart may have its fill
From this pure fount of life, where I may buy
An everlasting hope in yonder sky?

When I shall lay this body down from toil,
From all the woe, this sin, and great turmoil,—
When I shall join in death the slumbering dead,
Is there not a way, if, in which I tread,
I may receive that great and rich behest:
"Enter thou into everlasting joy and rest."

Way? There is but one! That through Christ alone,
Him who died on Calvary to atone,—
Him who the banners of God's love unfurled
For the sins of a lost and ruined world,—
Him who reigns above in all power and might,
Who says live just, good, holy, and aright.

Lodi, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THOUGHTS.

How often they come, like flocks of spring's cheery song birds, laden with joy and gladness, filling the cup of happiness to the brim,—yea, till it runneth over with pure, holy aspirations, and we seem to stand in the very presence of Diety, holding sweet and holy communion with the Infinite. Under their influence we go forth into the great world again with a holy fervor lingering about us, like perfumed odors, prompting to great and noble deeds of love and self-denial. O, would that we ever heeded their gentle admonitions.

Sometimes they flow smoothly along like a placid river,—then they rush madly on with all the wild impetuosity of a torrent, overwhelming as by their force, while we struggle in vain to give them utterance; and yet they come all unbidden to revel awhile in our brain,—then depart, we know not where, for we can not recall them even if we would.

Then, again, they come like the wind's wild wail, so mournfully sad, that we weep and know not why. I think such thoughts must have prompted the prophet when he gave utterance to the beautiful sentiment, "it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting." Again, bitter, burning thoughts of hate, like the forked lightning's lurid glare, flash upon us, blackening, blasting, and shattering, to the very roots, the fairest tree—love—in the heart's cherished garden.

O, let us keep erect the ever-watchful rod of prayer, ready to convey the first angry spark to the earth-depths of forgetfulness, so that thoughts of love, mercy, and good will, like beautiful flowers, may spring up where the rank weeds of hate and malice flourish. Then every expanding leaf will shed a healthful fragrance around our pathway, elevating us infinitely above the debasing passions of human nature. Then, and not till then, are we fitted to perform aright the tasks assigned us, and, above all, to feel, *to know*, that God owns us as his dear children, for He looketh at the thoughts and intent of the heart rather than outward demonstration of good.

Oxford, N. Y., 1860. F. M. Turner.

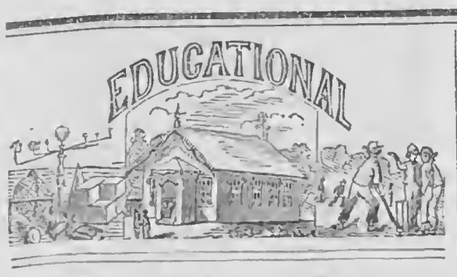
[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MUST I GO ALONE.

The folds of the white curtains that drape the low cottage windows are softly drawn aside,—the golden light of sunset steals gently in, gilding the polished mirror, wreathing a bright halo around the sweet face of the Madonna, mantling the sofa with a crimson glow, and shedding a mellow light over the white couch where rests the dying. It is the tiny form, the fair unwrinkled brow, the innocent heart of childhood that Death has touched. Gentle hands smooth the pillows for the weary little head,—gentle hands put back the damp yellow locks from the fair brow,—sweet, low voices answer each anxious call. It is quiet there,—no rude sound jars harshly on the sensitive ear. Peace has folded her white wings to watch beside the couch. Fair child, can it be terrible to die thus? Hush, from the pale lips the whispered accent:—"Mother, must I go alone? It is dark and cold in the valley,—there is no one to lead, none to show me,—*must* I go alone?" Aye, child; wrap thy mantle round thee,—whisper thy partings,—take thy farewell of earth forever, and go out alone. Fear not,—the valley reacheth not far,—on the other side is light, and angels wait thy coming. Peace! she has gone,—fold the little hands,—close the blue eyes,—compose the tiny form, and shroud it for the tomb. Lay it gently beneath the flowers. Hist! heard ye that hallelujah? She is with the angels.

Carrie H.

A Pharisee.—A native New Zealand preacher defines a Pharisee as follows:—"A Pharisee, he said, "is like a bag tied half way down. The bag is open at the top, but anything put into it would not reach the bottom. So it is with the Pharisee. When the heart prays, he opens wide his mouth, but he keeps his heart close shut. He ask with his lips for things which his heart cares not for. Besides, he always talks for effect—for even if God were to grant him the things he asks for, it would only be a waste of good gifts, for they could not get to the bottom—his pride, like the string that is tied round the bag, preventing them; they would therefore do him no good, as they would reach no further than his throat."



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SCHOOL-TEACHING vs. SCHOOL-KEEPING.

SCHOOL-TEACHING AND SCHOOL-KEEPING are terms of a widely different signification, yet they are so nearly allied that one cannot exist in an individual independent of the other, under the present condition of the common-school system. It is a matter of great importance that a person who offers himself as a candidate for taking charge of a school, be well educated in the branches which he expects to teach; but it is a matter of equally great importance that he be qualified to govern and manage the school that he has under his charge, in a manner conducive to the highest interest and most rapid advancement of his students. The time was when all which was thought necessary for a person to possess to take charge of a country school, was great muscular power,—a sufficient commanding faculty to "knock down and drag out,"—instead of carefully pouring in mentally. But, happily, that opinion is fast dying away, and is superseded by the just belief that it is not so much the *pedagogue* as the *instructor* that is called for in this progressive age.

It is my belief that the wheels of time and progress will soon roll round the time when the question, "Can you govern a school," as asked by commissioners and trustees of the present day, will be but idle words; and the all-important interrogation, "Do you know enough, and have you the power of imparting, in a clear and comprehensive manner, to the young ideas, that which you do know?" will be put more rigorously. This would, indeed, be a great change, and no less great than good. It would not only prove a great benefit to the scholar, but also to the teacher. It will be taking from the teacher one very burdensome obligation, and, consequently, giving him more strength to perform, with success, that which remains. My short experience has taught me that it is an exceedingly difficult matter to fix the minds of a class of scholars on an illustration of any particular point, when, in other parts of the room, there is something else to attract their attention. The consequence is, double and even triple the time and labor is required to make them understand, had the instructor nothing to do but teach.

But, as some may properly ask, who are to bring about this change? Is it the school-teacher? Is it the commissioner? Is it the legislator? However great influence they may exert, they cannot effect this change unaided by other sources. The parent is to be the great auxiliary assistant and co-laborer with the teacher in bringing the common-schools of our country up to that position which they are destined to occupy. Parents, you are accountable for your children's advancement at school. It is upon your shoulders the future well-being of your children rests. Will you have them grow up around you, heaping blessings upon your head, and shedding joy and happiness on those who come within the circle of their influence? Would you have them a benefit to society, and, as they go through life, leave "footprints on the sands of time," which will withstand the annihilating raid of ages? Instill into their minds, ere they cross the threshold of your door to go to the school-room, that they go there to search out treasures that are hidden, and which must always remain hidden, unless found out by their own exertion. Teach them, while yet under your watchful care, that it is not to idle their time away, in mischievous sports, that you send them to the school-room. Incite them with a desire for knowledge,—teach them to look upon their teacher with respect,—that he is not there to beat and to hate them, but that he is placed over them to love and to teach them that which they are ambitious to know. Thus you will secure for the teacher their love and respect; and by so doing, secure for your children redoubled energy and labor, on the part of the teacher, to promote their best interest and advancement. Fathers, will you not take this into consideration? Mothers, will you not take part of the care that too many of you, I fear, throw upon the teacher? Do not offer the excuse that the teacher is hired and paid (though scantily,) for teaching, and therefore, you are not to perform his labor. A sad mistake,—you pay for teaching, and not for keeping your children. YOUNG TEACHER.

West Dryden, Tomp. Co., N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

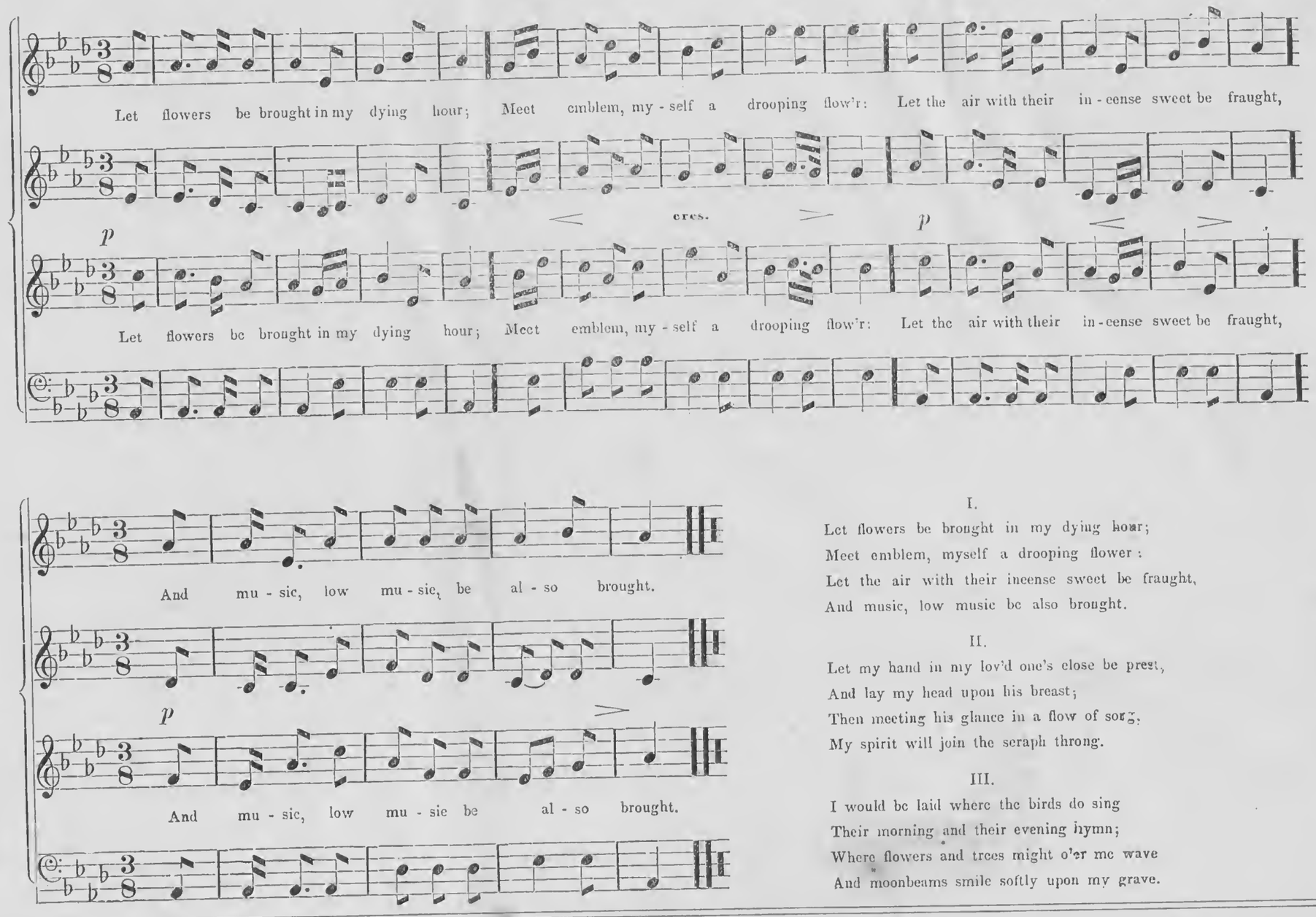
GOOD TEACHERS.

A GOOD teacher should possess, with other qualifications, a certain degree of knowledge pertaining to human nature. This will enable him to judge of the various dispositions and characters of the different individuals who may be placed within his charge. He should also possess *cheerfulness, firmness, patience,* and *promptness of decision.* These will at once command the respect and secure the confidence of his pupils. And it should be his duty to impress their minds with the necessity and importance of *punctuality, neatness, order,* and *regularity.*

If a teacher possess these accomplishments, success will seldom fail to attend his efforts. A good teacher is that which every school should desire to possess, yet the pupils should understand that their progress in learning and science does not depend altogether upon their teacher, but in a great measure upon themselves. Great success requires great individual effort. It should be the duty and pleasure of each scholar to obey promptly the wishes of his teacher, and in so doing he not only merits the approbation of his teacher, but advances the interest of the whole school.

LET FLOWERS BE BROUGHT.

Poetry by Mrs. CORNELIA S. LANSINGH.



I.

Let flowers be brought in my dying hour;
Meet emblem, myself a drooping flower:
Let the air with their incense sweet be fraught,
And music, low music be also brought.

II.

Let my hand in my lov'd one's close be prest,
And lay my head upon his breast;
Then meeting his glance in a flow of song,
My spirit will join the seraph throng.

III.

I would be laid where the birds do sing
Their morning and their evening hymn;
Where flowers and trees might o'er me wave
And moonbeams smile softly upon my grave.

A good example costs us but little, yet its value we seldom appreciate. The school-room, properly conducted, is a source of pleasure as well as of usefulness. Happy hearts and cheerful countenances should always be found therein. Time flies swiftly by, yet, on the wings of memory, our minds often return to those happy scenes which cluster round the Old Rural School-house, and our youthful associates, where first we started to ascend the rugged hill of science.

C. KEENEY.

EDUCATION.

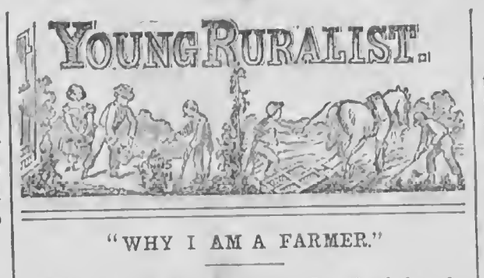
EDUCATION is not confined to any one class of individuals, but is universally diffused throughout the masses, so that the poor reap its benefits as well as the rich. It is not to be obtained by a close application to books alone; they are only aids to the attainment of this much to be desired object; they are *only aids;* if we rely upon them entirely, our purpose will be defeated. We are assisted in our education as much by a close observation of men and things, and by studying nature, as we are by books. In fact, it is progressing so long as we sojourn here. Its advantages are too numerous to mention. What cannot be accomplished by it? How much has already been done? It has enabled the geologist to analyze the earth; the astronomer to traverse the starry heavens, to compute the distances of the stars, to ascertain the motions of the earth; it has filled our homes with books and periodicals. By it the literature of former ages has been preserved, in which are recorded the heroic deeds and lives of great and good men. By it we become acquainted with the history of our own and other countries, and the various improvements that are going on in the arts and sciences. Also, news flies from place to place, on wings that are swifter than the wind. The iron horse speeds alike through city and wilderness, safely bearing its precious freight of life.

It tends much to the elevation of society, both morally and intellectually. It has been said, educate a man, and you keep him from crime. So it is; for where do we find a community of well informed persons who are vitiated in their tastes, or obscene in their habits.

To strive with all our ability to reach the topmost round of the ladder of "science," is a duty we owe ourselves, our fellow men, and our God,—a duty we owe ourselves, because with it we can spend this life with much greater profit than without; a duty we owe our fellow men, for, by possessing it, our facilities for doing them good are greatly increased; a duty we owe to God, for he has given us minds susceptible of improvement, and has commanded that we improve the talents which he has given us.—*Seminary Bell.*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF NEW JERSEY.—The annual report of the State Superintendent of Public Schools of New Jersey, was presented to the Legislature a few weeks since. The following is an abstract:

The school system of New Jersey embraces the Normal and Model Schools at Trenton; the Farnum Preparatory School at Beverly; and 1,690 Public Schools, established in the various cities and townships of the State. The Normal School is reported to be more prosperous than ever before, and the number of pupils greater, being 140 at the last term, and 216 have been sent out for service as teachers. In the Model School the average attendance is 215. The whole number of pupils registered was 131,748; average attendance 65,475. Total amount of money raised, $550,732.45. The school fund, January 1, was $441,769, being an increase of $10,474.



"WHY I AM A FARMER."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed that the *Young Ruralist* column of a late number consisted mainly of an article with the above caption, evidently written by one more advanced in years than the majority of the contributors to this column. I could hardly believe it at first, but on a second reading, was convinced of what I before suspected, that the writer was a certain former teacher of mine, and one who stood high in his profession. I was a little surprised, but at the same time gratified, to know that one so well acquainted with the natural sciences should take a place in the ranks of the farming community. After he gets established on his farm, I hope to hear from him again.

But, Mr. Editor, if this subject be not already worn out, I would like to give my reasons. It is getting to be a notorious fact, that the professional market is overstocked with lawyers, physicians, and merchants, and that the supply of clerks greatly exceeds the demand; and this while the reverse is true with regard to farmers and farming. HORACE GREELEY (good authority) states his belief, that there are three times as many lawyers and physicians in this country as are needed, and not half enough farmers. Now, why is this? It appears to me that ambition and laziness are two of the whys and wherefores. A large portion of our young men, possessing lofty aspirations for fame and glory, regard tilling the soil as the last road to that desirable object, as it would be no place for the display and appreciation of their fancied talents; which might, perhaps, be very true! A larger portion dislike labor, or any thing like vigorous personal effort; some, from a pure love of indolence, and others because they consider it degrading, ungenteel, &c. This state of things is apparently not as it should be. But the remedy is as apparent, and to do my share to carry it out, is my strongest reason for being a farmer. Another, nearly as strong, is the endearing associations connected with the farm, and a decided inclination for rural scenery. There is not a pleasanter sight to my mind, Mr. Editor, than to see a cosy farm house, with good barns, and neat surroundings, fences trim, and crops well ahead and growing even. I have been but once to the city, and that was some time ago, but I think I have formed a tolerably correct idea of city life from what I have read, and I assure you I should be happier and more contented in the possession of an establishment like the above, than with all the wealth, social and other pleasures, pertaining to the city. I have seen it stated that a large number of our farmer's boys, on attaining their majority, leave the farm for other pursuits. Though there may be good reasons for doing thus, yet I think they do not clearly see the pleasures and advantages of this profession (*not* occupation merely,) as they should. Having plowed, hoed and mowed all their lives, they are apt to regard farming as mere drudgery, and are just the class to be dazzled by the fine stories of fortunes made in a day, at gold mines and at other places, that are not gold mines. But such most invariably turn out in the end poor in the pocket and in spirits, and are glad enough to get about their old employment again. I could give other reasons for wishing to be a farmer, but brevity being a virtue, I forbear. C.

Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

AN EARLY FLOWERING SHRUB.

EDITORS RURAL NEW YORKER:—I have seen at the East a shrub flowering very early, and bearing yellow flowers, before the leaves appear. Wishing to procure it the present spring, for our garden, I was unable to name or describe it, so that I have failed this spring. I am bound to have it in the fall, if you can tell me what it is.—A YOUNG LOVER OF FLOWERS, *Michigan, May,* 1860.

We rather think the shrub you want is the *Forsythia viridissima,* which flowers early in May. The blossoms are of a bright yellow color, rather loose and ragged, but clustering thickly around the branches before the leaves appear. We give a drawing of a branch, showing the flowers, and the leaves just appearing at the extremity, while lower down are the leaf buds.

A PRETTY WILD FLOWER.—If it will not be trespassing too much upon your time and patience, please inform the many readers of the RURAL in this vicinity, in regard to the name and history of the plant, specimens of which you will find inclosed. It is a low trailing plant, growing wild upon the banks of the stream, a short distance above Taghannock Falls. When in full blossom it is truly a beautiful object. When planted in the flower garden, and kept free from grass and weeds, it is much improved, and at the present time it is *literally covered with blossoms.*—J. G. CLARK, *Trumansburg, May* 15, 1860.

This is the *Phlox subulata,* or *Moss Pink,* found growing on hill sides, the banks of streams, &c., in this State, and further south.

HUMANITY.—The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; insomuch that if it issue not toward men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who, nevertheless, are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds—insomuch, as Busbequius reporteth, a christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging, in wagglishness, a long-billed fowl.—*Lord Bacon.*

WHEN modesty is once extinguished, it never returns.

POVERTY.

THERE is a great deal of pretense and cant respecting poverty, and its numerous blessings,—about the advantages of having been born poor,—about contempt for riches, and all that sort of thing,—all of which talk being *not real,* becomes, like everything else of that character, contemptible and disgusting. This cant originates in the fact that certain individuals, finding at fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years of age, that they have nothing in the world but their active minds, strong arms, and still stronger *wills,* have yet, by hard struggling succeeded in working their way upward among the foremost men of the age, while others, who have been plucked by poverty all their lives, have, by the moderation of their desires, been more contented and really happier than *some* who have been pampered and petted by fortune. Whereupon, from these indisputable premises, certain elegant writers, who have borrowed a good deal from that "distance" which "lends enchantment to the view," have straightway *jumped* at the conclusion that poverty is one of the greatest of blessings,—that it always gives the energy and decision of character which will enable a man to triumph over all obstacles,—that the "vale of poverty" is always the abode of the contentment which will make it a paradise,—that in short, Eden was a Paradise to ADAM only because, while there, he had not got a shirt to his back.

It is mere pretense to thus prate about the blessings of poverty. It is a *hard load* to bear, as all know who know anything about it. And if some have risen above its disadvantages, how many has it not cast down in despair? While, on the other hand, have not many from the halls of wealth proved themselves true men and heroes? It is neither riches nor poverty, but what is in the man, which must determine his career. It is not *where* the man is, whether in cottage or in palace, but *what* he is, that must control his life.

But we apprehend that these elegant writers, who thus commend the "blessings" of poverty, have never succeeded in imposing their enchantment from any who have not, like themselves, borrowed it from the "distance." They do not really believe that poverty *is* such a blessing, for if they did, they can very easily try it. The *medicine* may be bad to *take,* but it is *very easy* to *get,* and when once poor, we can assure them that every body will help them to stay in the same happy *condition!*

But, if any one supposes that because poverty is an evil, he must put on a long face, and bemoan his hard lot, for the simple reason that he is poor, he is most egregiously mistaken. An active mind and brave heart *can* succeed even under the most unfavorable circumstances, and no one need ever despair. All we meant, O, reader! was that you need not break forth into any unnecessary and uncalled for rejoicings about the matter!

PLOWPOINT.

A YES OR NO.—A simple "yes," or an emphatic "no," may cost you a fortune,—may cost you a troop of friends,—may cost you a political promotion,—may cost you your character,—may cost you your soul! How many a public man has had his whole career decided by his course in some trying emergency, or on some one great question of right. He is led up into the mount of temptation, where some gigantic iniquity bids him bow down and worship it, and promises in return, "all the world and the glory thereof." From that mount of trial he comes down a hero or a fool. The die is cast. If he has honored justice and truth, then justice and truth will honor him; if not, his bones will be left bleaching on the road to a promotion he can never reach.—*Cuyler.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Just published, El Fureidis—Ticknor & Fields.
The Disease among Cattle—Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.
Gills I Gifts I I—O. N. Needham.
Hungarian Grass Seed—E. D. Hallock, Ag't.
Work's Odometer Band Company.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

For Public Speakers and Vocalists—Brown's Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 26, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE event of the week in Washington has been the reception of the Japanese Embassy. The Embassy, together with the principal officers, accompanied by the Naval Commission, proceeded to the State Department on the 16th inst., and after the customary preliminaries, were introduced to Secretary Cass. Mr. Cass courteously invited them to seats, when, in the name of the President, he extended to them a grateful welcome to this country. He assured their excellencies that the mission on which they have arrived was of considerable importance, and as such was appreciated by this Government, it being the first visit of an Embassy from Japan. The exchange of the ratification of the treaty he trusted would result in a further development of the friendly and commercial intercourse which had commenced, and he assured them that, in whatever part of the country their excellencies visit, they will meet with a most cordial welcome. In conclusion, he repeated that he extended to them in behalf of the President, the hospitalities of the Government of the people. The Embassadors, in reply, said they were exceedingly grateful for this kind reception. The Chief Embassador then produced a box 2½ feet in length, containing the letters of the Japanese Secretary of Foreign Affairs, addressed to Secretary Cass, and written severally in Japanese, Dutch, and English. The documents were profuse of amity and peace.

On the 17th, the Embassadors were introduced to the President, and the presents transferred to the Naval Commission to be delivered privately to the President in the name of His Imperial Majesty, the Tycoon. The articles are of the most magnificent description. Saddles richly embroidered and embossed with gold and silver; bed curtains and bed screens, similar to those used by the Princess of Japan, and ingeniously elaborated. Swords, such as are worn by the Princes in Japan, superior to any ever manufactured either in this country or France. Paper hangings, ornamented with gold; lacquered ware, including writing cases, and a lot of valuable miscellaneous articles, all of them exhibiting the most refined taste and advanced artistic skill, and superior to any which has ever been brought to this country from Asia.

Post-Master General Holt has been investigating rumors relative to a defalcation in the New York post-office. Owing to Mr. Fowler's absence at Charleston, it was found impossible to obtain the necessary statements, and it was only by the most peremptory requests that they were procured after his return, and then but partially at intervals. For some reason or other yet to be explained, no satisfactory statement of those accounts could be procured from the office of Dr. Tate, Sixth Auditor of the Treasury, where they are adjusted, until Friday last, and finally upon the personal and absolute demand of the Post-Master General. It was found that Mr. Fowler was in arrears $175,600. How far this defalcation may be traced back, is not yet known positively, because the information is still imperfect, and the Department is disinclined to communicate what it knows. The law emphatically requires the Sixth Auditor to report to the Post-Master General whenever a Post-Master defaults in payment of his balances on closing his account. No report of any kind was made in this case, and Mr. Fowler has been allowed to go along for many months, as if his office was correctly conducted. Immediate search was made for Mr. Fowler, which has been continued up to the present time, thus far without success. This extraordinary development will form a source of immediate inquiry in Congress.

The President, on the 17th inst., nominated to the Senate the Hon. John A. Dix, as Post-Master of New York city. The appointment was immediately confirmed without the usual reference. John Claibone was also confirmed as General Appraiser to the New Orleans Custom House.

An address to the National Democracy, urging the seceders to return to the Baltimore Convention, is published in the Constitution to-day, with approbatory remarks. It is signed by 18 Congressmen.

The Reciprocity Treaty will probably be bro't to the attention of the House the present week. It is said that the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, together with a number of the members of Congress, are opposed to it, while it is charged that Canada has violated the spirit of the treaty. No complaint is made of the other British colonies who are equally with Canada parties to the arrangement.

Before Mr. Seward left Washington, it was understood that he would resign his seat in the Senate. If nominated, he intended resigning; and if not, he proposed closing his Senatorial career. When his speech was delivered, he indicated it would be his last in the Senate. His friends entertain the hope, if this decision was really made, that it would be reconsidered.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Sebastian, from the Committee on Indian Affairs, reported the House bill to appoint a Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Washington Territory. Also Indian agents.

Mr. Collamer moved to amend that all temporary agents be dismissed, and no others be appointed. Agreed to. The bill was then passed.

A message was received from the President and taken up. The message calls the attention of Congress to the capture of the slaver Wildfire, with 507 negroes, by Capt. Cregan, of the steamer Mohawk, on the 26th of April. The negroes were carried to Key West, Florida, on the 30th of April, and delivered to the custody of the Marshal for the Southern District of Florida. The question arises, what shall be done with the negroes? The President referred to the case of the slaver Echo, when the negroes were sent back to Africa by agreement with the Colonization Society, and suggested that Congress authorize the President to make a general agreement with the Colonization Society, to cover all future cases. In consequence of increased activity in the slave trade, such cases are likely to become frequent. Something must be done. These negroes are now at Key West, and an expense has already been incurred of $12,000, but more than that, the yellow fever is likely to come to Key West, and the Marshal urges their removal at an early day. The message was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The discussion of political questions, and the reception of the Japanese Embassy, have occupied the better portion of the week, consequently but little has been accomplished.

HOUSE.—Mr. Sherman offered a resolution that the Japanese Embassy be invited to visit the House of Representatives, and that a Committee of five members be appointed to convey them this invitation, and make suitable arrangements.

The House resumed the consideration of the Michigan contested election case. Mr. Gartrell argued in favor of Mr. Cooper, the sitting member, and Messrs. Stratton and Gilman against him. The House passed the resolution by 97 against 77, declaring Mr. Cooper not entitled to his seat, and then passed the second resolution reported by the Committee on Elections, that Mr. Howard is entitled to his seat by 92 to 77. On motion, Mr. Howard was sworn in and took his seat.

On motion of Mr. Morris, of Ill., a resolution was adopted calling on the Post-Master General to communicate to the House at as early a period as possible, all the facts and circumstances relative to the defalcation of Post-Master Fowler.

A resolution was adopted authorizing the Supreme Court of New York to appoint a counsellor at law to take testimony in the Sickles contested election case.

The House declared Daily entitled to a seat as delegate from Nebraska, in place of Eastbrook, and Daily was sworn in.

The House proceeded to the consideration of private bills. Among those passed, is one for the relief of Sweeney, Rittenhouse, Fant & Co., directing the Secretary of the Treasury to return them the preliminary deposit of one per cent. on so much of their bid for $3,000,000 of the $5,000,000 loan, under the act of December, 1858, as was not issued to them. The question of consequential damage, owing to an alleged violation of the contract by the Secretary, is left to the adjudication of the Court of Claims.

The House went into the Committee of the Whole on the bill to supply the deficiency in the Post-office Department for the year ending the 30th of June. It appropriates $13,500,000,—$7,694,000 of which is for inland mail service. The Post-Master General is to restore the service on the routes under the contract of March 4th, 1859. The bill passed, and the House adjourned.

Political Intelligence.

ON the 16th inst. the National Republican Convention assembled at Chicago, was called to order by Gov. Morgan of New York, who named Hon. David Wilmot of Pa., temporary President. Carried.

Mr. Judd of Ill., moved a committee of one delegate from each State and Territory represented, to report officers for permanent organization. Carried.

Mr. Corwin of Ohio, from the committee on permanent organization, reported the name of George Ashmun of Mass., as permanent President.

A letter from John C. Fremont was read, the following extract from which will fully explain its purport:

"You will give full faith to what I say, when I tell you that I have personally no desire for the Presidency, but I do most earnestly desire to preserve undiminished, the great honor which the vote of the North reflected upon me in that campaign. In this respect, it would be no benefit to myself, and certainly none to the party which I wish to serve. If under these circumstances I were brought before the Convention, where I could only be one of the elements of discord, I prefer on the contrary to contribute as much as possible to its harmony, and leave it to this extent more free to make a prompt selection from among the distinguished leaders who have been actively engaged in maintaining and advancing the principles of the party. Letters and other indications have led me to think that my name would be placed before the Convention at Chicago, and wishing to have the certainty in this event it would be promptly withdrawn, I asked you to do this friendly act for me if it became necessary. I rely confidently on your assurance that my request will be faithfully observed."

Judge Jessup of Penn., from the committee on resolutions, reported seventeen, the pith of which may be stated thus:—The propriety and necessity of the perpetuation of the Republican party; the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution; discountenancing all schemes for disunion, coming from whatsoever source they may; the maintenance, inviolate, of the rights of the States, and especially of the rights of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively; condemning the efforts of the present Administration as coupled with the Lecompton Constitution; the need of a return on the part of the Federal Government to a rigid economy; that the new dogma that the Constitution of its own force carries slavery into any or all the territories of the United States is a dangerous political heresy at variance with the explicit provisions of that instrument itself, with contemporaneous exposition, and with legislative and judicial precedent, is revolutionary in its tendency, and subversive of the peace and harmony of the country; that the normal condition of all the territories of the United States is that of freedom; that the recent re-opening of the African Slave Trade, under the cover of our National flag, aided by perversions of judicial power, is a crime against humanity; that Kansas should be immediately admitted as a State under the constitution recently formed and adopted by her people, and accepted by the House of Representatives; that when providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imports as to encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country; that we protest against any sale or alienation to others of the public lands held by actual settlers, and against any view of the free homestead policy which regards the settlers as paupers or supplicants for public bounty; that the Republican party is opposed to any change in our naturalization laws, or any State legislation, by which the rights of citizenship accorded to immigrants from foreign lands shall be abridged or impaired, and in favor of giving a full and efficient protection to the rights of all classes of citizens, whether native or naturalized, both at home and abroad; that appropriations by Congress for river and harbor improvements of a national character, required for the accommodation and security of an existing commerce, are authorized by the Constitution and justified by the obligation of government to protect the lives and property of its citizens; that a railroad to the Pacific Ocean is imperatively demanded by the interests of the whole country,—that the Federal Government ought to render immediate aid in its construction, and that as a preliminary thereto, a daily overland mail should be promptly established.

The resolutions were adopted, and on motion the Convention proceeded to ballot for a candidate for President of the United States. Various individuals were put in nomination, and the vote resulted as follows:

FIRST BALLOT.

Seward	173½	Chase	49
Lincoln	102	Wade	3
Bates	48	Dayton	15
Cameron	50½	Fremont	1
McLean	11	Collamer	10
Sumner	1		
Total			464

Necessary to a choice, 233.

SECOND BALLOT.

Seward	184½	Chase	42½
Lincoln	181	Cameron	2
Bates	35	Dayton	10
McLean	8	C. M. Clay	2

Not having effected a choice, another, and the final ballot, was taken, when Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, received 231½ votes, or within 1½ of the nomination.

Mr. Andrews of Mass. rose and corrected Massachusetts, by changing four votes, and giving them to Lincoln, thus nominating Lincoln by 2½ majority. This gentleman was followed by delegates from Maine, Missouri, Iowa, Connecticut, Kentucky and Minnesota, whereupon Mr. Lincoln received 354, and he was declared duly nominated. On motion of Wm. M. Everts of N. Y., the nomination was declared unanimous.

Balloting for a candidate for the Vice-Presidency was next proceeded with:

FIRST BALLOT.

Hamlin	194	H. W. Davis	8
C. M. Clay	101½	Houston	6
Hickman	58	Dayton	3
Reeder	51	Reed	1
Banks	38½		

The second ballot was then taken. Massachusetts withdrew the name of Banks, and cast 26 votes for Hamlin; Pennsylvania withdrew the name of Reeder, and cast 54 votes for Hamlin; New York cast 70 votes for Hamlin. The result of the vote is as follows:

Hamlin	367	Clay	86
Hickman	13		

The main object of the Convention being thus accomplished by the nomination of Abram Lincoln of Ill., and Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, a National Committee for the ensuing four years was announced, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

IT is stated that the Hon. John Bell accepts the nomination of the Baltimore Convention for the Presidency of the United States, and that on his return to his home in Tennessee his letter of acceptance will be made public.

R. F. FLOUKEN of Pennsylvania, and E. Randolph Hardin of Georgia, have been appointed and confirmed as Associate Judges of Utah, in place of two Judges recently removed.

THE Democracy do not seem to agree touching the recent secession at Charleston. The Hon. Howell Cobb has written a letter in response to the Macon Committee, sustaining the seceders. On the other hand, Governor Johnson, Judges Nisbet and Warner, and other prominent Georgians, have written letters, which are published, condemning them and favoring the Baltimore Convention. Again, at a Democratic mass meeting in Augusta, Ga., on the 19th inst., they were sustained. A similar meeting was held in Montgomery on the same night, with the same result. As an offset to these opinions, the Democrats of Mobile held a mass meeting, denounced them, and passed a resolution that Alabama be represented at the Baltimore Convention.

News Paragraphs.

THE gold, silver and bronze coins of Japan are becoming very plentiful in New York city. Several are now on exhibition at Barnum's Museum. One of them, a hundred dollar piece, is nearly as large as a decent sized platter. The gold coins are oval, the silver ones are oblong, the bronze oblong, with square holes in the center.

MR. CHARLES FLANDERS, for fifty years an honored member of the New Hampshire Bar, died on the 15th of April, at Plainfield, in that State, aged 72 years. He was the author of "Lives and Times of the Chief Justices of the United States," and of two legal works.

STARVATION stares the residents of Middle Tennessee in the face. The editor of the Nashville Advocate complains that he has to pay forty cents a pound for all the butter used in his family, and thought himself particularly fortunate the other day in getting a "jack-fish" for half a dollar.

ADVICES from Peru state that Lima and Callao were badly damaged by earthquakes on the 22d of April. In the former city 250 buildings were damaged, involving a loss of a million of dollars. The watering place near Lima, called Chorillo, was entirely destroyed. Many people were killed, and a very large number seriously injured.

THE venerable Thomas Murphy, formerly, for forty years, one of the proprietors of the Baltimore American, from which he retired about seven years since, died at his residence on the 15th inst., in the 81st year of his age. He was connected with the first paper published in Baltimore. He was widely known and highly respected and esteemed.

THE New Orleans Delta says that in Cincinnati there are manufactories for old barrels, to contain good old Maderia wine, which has lain for an age among dust and cobwebs, in some ancient cellar. A new barrel, fresh from the cooper's hands, is made to undergo a remarkable metamorphosis in a short time, exhibiting all the evidences of antiquity, stained, and having the marks of the French and Spanish custom houses, and the imperial arms nearly worn off, and even cobwebs drawn across the bung.

GENERAL CONFERENCE OF THE METHODIST E. CHURCH.—The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is now in session at Buffalo. Little of general interest has thus far transpired. Slavery is the exciting topic. This Conference embraces the Northern States, and a few of the Slave States are included in what are called Border Conferences. In some of these, slaveholders are admitted to the Church, and an effort is making to change the rules so as entirely to exclude slaveholders from church fellowship. Hundreds of petitions have been presented, mostly in favor of the change, and a Committee, to whom the subject was referred, has made two able reports—the majority in favor of the change. These reports are to be acted upon on the 23d inst., and a very exciting discussion is anticipated. A further division of the Church is feared by some, and perhaps desired by others.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF OLD SCHOOL PRESBYTERIANS convened in this city on Thursday, the 17th inst. The concourse of delegates is large, (all portions of the Union being represented,) and when the business naturally arising on occasions of this character is fairly entered upon, the transactions of this body will doubtless be replete with interest to the Christian world.

FROM MEXICO—ANOTHER BATTLE.—The brig Stetson, which arrived at New Orleans on the 14th, brings Tampico advices of the 6th. The Picayune's correspondence reports a great battle near San Luis Potosi between 4,000 Re-actionists and a large force of Liberals. The latter were victorious. The second corps of Miramon's army were cut to pieces, and eighteen pieces of artillery and fifteen hundred prisoners were taken, together with all the baggage, ammunition and stores. Gen. La Vega, chief commander, and other Re-actionist officers, were taken prisoners. Generals Urqua and Carvajal, commanding the Liberals, took possession of San Luis Potosi. A large number of officers were summoned to Vera Cruz to arrange a combined attack on the Capital.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The general news is unimportant.

The Reform Bill had passed its second reading in the House of Commons.

Lord John Russell had stated in the same branch of Parliament that the English proposition for the settlement of the San Juan difficulty had been rejected by the American government, and that future action depends upon Secretary Cass' reply to the last English dispatch.

The steamer Great Britain had arrived from Australia with £190,000 of gold. £404,000 of gold was en route from Australia.

In reply to the proposals of France, England consents to adopt as the basis of Conference article 92 of the final act of Vienna. England also reserves the right to make proposals at the Conference relative to the mode of neutralization This declaration increases the probabilities of assemblage of Congress.

FRANCE.—Paris correspondence says that the camp at Chalons will number 40,000 men under Marshal McMahon, and will be the center of the army of observation along the Rhine frontier. The whole force numbering 90,000, under command of the Emperor.

The French garrison will remain at Rome, and probably be reinforced.

ITALY.—The King of Sardinia was at Bologna, and had received an enthusiastic reception. The Syndics had presented him with five million francs as a voluntary contribution from the people. Arrests continued at Messina. Naples was tranquil.

Garibaldi has not gone to Sicily, Cavour having dissuaded him therefrom. Mazzini made a proclamation to the Sicilians, urging them to unite with Victor Emanuel. Rumors were current of renewed troubles in the interior of Sicily.

Advices from Palmero report the agitation decreasing; while a Turin dispatch says the insurrection was spreading throughout the Island of Sicily, and is spontaneous. The royal troops are in possession of the towns, and are blockaded between the seas and the insurrection in the interior.

AUSTRIA.—Prince Alexander, of Hesse, had been nominated as commander-in-chief of the Austrian army in Italy.

The Governor-General of Hungary is said to be giving great offence to the Hungarians by the arrogance of his course. It was reported that Gen. Klapka was in full correspondence with all parts of Hungary.

RUSSIA.—Rumors were current that the relations of Russia and Turkey were again assuming a bad aspect, and that Prussia and Denmark are on the eve of a rupture with Holstein, but they were thought to be manufactured for speculative purposes.

The News Condenser.

— A Zouave corps has been organized in Philadelphia.

— Some oil wells near Pittsburgh, Pa., have been entirely pumped out.

— Corn receipts at Buffalo docks on Monday week, were nearly 600,000 bushels.

— Col. Rasloff, Charge d' Affairs for Denmark, has returned home on leave.

— A very rich ore of silver and lead has been found, lately, in Pennsylvania.

— There are 2,562 students in the various Medical Colleges of the United States.

— Calcutta telegrams give reports of disturbances having broken out in Cabul.

— An average of 50 boats per day passed through the locks at Lockport last week.

— Two Americans have opened a hotel on the American plan, at Hakodadi, Japan.

— A man worth over $100,000 is under arrest in Garrard Co., Ky., for stealing bacon!

— Hon. F. S. Schenck, ex-member of Congress, died in Camden, N. J., on the 17th inst.

— John Thomas Sergeant, Ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, died May 15.

— An English paper says Rosa Bonheur has received an offer of marriage from an American.

— A man in Indiana recently committed suicide through fear of becoming a drunkard.

— The English public, at present, have in their hands $117,500,000 in Bank of England notes.

— There were only 102 reporters, editors, and correspondents, at the Charleston Convention.

— It is said that twenty-seven different languages are spoken among the inhabitants of Boston.

— Napoleon III. is about to send two expeditions to open up communications with Timbuctoo.

— In some parts of New Hampshire, the farmers have to drive their cattle many miles for water.

— The "Hundred Dome Cave," recently discovered in Kentucky, is said to rival the "Mammoth."

— A lad in England recently died from the effects of injuries received from a lion in a menagerie.

— During the last fiscal year, the value of manufactured iron and steel imported was $17,048,596.

— Joseph Smith is to have $20,000 a year for doing the part of rival Mormon Pope to Brigham Young.

— Mr. Powell, a soldier in the war of 1812, and an Old Defender, died at York, Penn., on Friday week.

— It is asserted that more than a score of slavers fit out and leave New York unmolested every year.

— Icebergs have for some days been seen off Cape Race, causing the steamers to take a southerly course.

— There are 122 hand engine companies in New York. The firemen do not like steam inventions very well.

— Canton dispatches, dated March 14, state that the rebel disturbances were increasing throughout China.

— A steam engine, weighing only three-quarters of an ounce, is being exhibited in Yorkshire, in full motion.

— A Philadelphian has received an order to set up a paper mill in Utah, for Brigham Young, at a cost of $30-000.

— The new planet of Dr. Lescarbault revolves around the sun in nineteen of our days. Rather a short year that!

— Col. Ottaway Bird, a distinguished officer at the battle of Lundy's Lane, died at Baltimore, on Wednesday week.

— At Hyannis, Mass., on Thursday week, a fire spread over nine thousand acres of woodland, and was still extending.

— The Bennington, Vt., people have purchased $600 worth of fruit and shade trees to be set out in sections of the town.

— The Canadian speculators have got from 250,000 to 400,000 bushels of oats, which they will ship to England on speculation.

— A singing mouse, caught at Albany, and presented to the Museum, is said to have a voice as clear and distinct as a canary.

— A letter from Madrid says the Queen of Spain proposes to visit her newly-acquired African dominion during the summer.

— A weekly newspaper in the English language is about to be commenced at Havana, Cuba, called "The Cuban Messenger."

— The Hon. W. S. Dancrell, a well known printer and member of Congress, died in Boston on the 17th inst., after a long illness.

— A livery stable was burned in Philadelphia on the 7th inst., and 28 horses destroyed; one valued at $1,500, and another at $1,000.

— The mercury went as high as 86 degrees in the shade at Rome, Ga., a few days ago. In portions of Middle Georgia, it was up to 90.

— Mr. Connor, a young Aeronaut, was killed in New York, Thursday week, while attempting to make an ascension from Palace Garden.

— Arrangements have been made with the local government of Jamaica to run a line of steamers between New York and Kingston.

— Three men have started for Pike's Peak with a party of 15 girls, to supply, in part, the destitution of wives existing in that quarter.

— It is estimated that there are 7,500 Indians in Michigan. They belong to five different tribes, and speak as many distinct languages.

— There is a young woman living in Alstead, N. H., who weighs over 700 pounds, and she takes about 20 yards of calico for a dress.

— Mr. Romero, the Secretary of the Mexican Legation, has had his trunk broken open at one of the Washington hotels, and robbed of $800.

— The frauds committed by W. G. Pullinger, Chief Cashier of the Union Bank of London, amount to the enormous sum of $1,315,000.

— "Peter Parley," the great author of juvenile literature, died in New York on Thursday week. His disease was an affection of the heart.

— The Yale College Berkeley Scholarships for 1860 have been awarded to W. H. Hale, of Albany, N. Y., and O. C. Marsh, of Lockport, N. Y.

— A company in Philadelphia proposes to supply that city with water gas at an annual saving of $200,000, as compared with gas made from coal.

— The Bermudian, of the 2d inst., says near 12,000 barrels of potatoes have been shipped from that island this spring, mostly to the United States.

— A monument was erected, on the 18th inst., at Newburgh, to the memory of Usual Knapp, the last of Washington's Life Guard, who died in 1855.

— The Legislature of Maryland, at its last session, passed a law prohibiting the manumission of slaves, by deed or will, after the first of June, 1860.

— The Cincinnatians seem to have a passion for marriages on the street railroad cars. Three couples have been married in these cars within a short time.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Imported Weeds and Insects—No. II., ...165
The Canada Thistle, ...165
Pigeon Weed, or Red Root, ...165
The May Weed, ...165
Plantain [Illustrated,] 165
Hints on Sheep Management, ...165
Diseases of the Brain, ...165
Marking Sheep, ...165
Practical Agricultural Knowledge, ...165
Concrete Buildings, ...166
Tobacco Culture, ...166
Experience with a Farrow Cow, ...166
China Tea Wheat, ...166
Raising Ducks, ...166
The Bee-Keeper—Bees, Bee-Hives, &c.; Curing the Sting of a Bee, ...166
Inquiries and Answers—Barn Cistern—Cattle Stalls; Pond Muck; Peach Blow and Davis' Seedling Potatoes; Convenient Planting Bag; Remedy for Sweeney; How to grow Mangel Wurzel; Warts on Cattle, ...166
Agricultural Miscellany—The Weather—A Cold Storm; New Game Law; Reapers and Mowers; New Process of Underdraining; Yield of Potatoes; Canada Agricultural Shows; Jackson Co. (Mich.) Ag. Fair; Sale of Ayrshire Cattle; Ontario Ag. Society, ...166

HORTICULTURAL.

The Garden, ...167
Fruit Prospects, ...167
Dwarf Apples, [Illustrated,] 167
Horticultural Notes—Annuals; Salt for Roads; The Blackberry in Britain; Sulphur for Bugs and the Potato Rot; Tan Bark as a Mulch, ...167

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Raised Muffins; Durable and Economical Trimming, [Ill.] Washing Recipe; To Prepare Blacking for Stoves; Molasses Cookies; Taking Grease out of Merinoes, ...167

LADIES' OLIO.

Lady Golden, [Poetical.] A Sketch; Children's Confidence; Woman's Qualities; Soul Engravings, ...168

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Over the Wide, Wide River, [Poetical.] Mr. Smith's Economy; Set a Good Example; Parental Teaching; Casual Words, ...168

SABBATH MUSINGS.

The True Way, [Poetical.] Thoughts; Must I go alone; A Pharisee, ...168

EDUCATIONAL.

School Teaching vs. School-Keeping; Good Teacher; Education; The Public Schools of New Jersey, ...169

YOUNG RURALIST.

Why I am a Farmer; An Early Flowering Shrub—The Forsythia viridissima, [Illustrated,] A Pretty Wild Flower; Humanity; Poverty; A Yes or No, ...169

STORY TELLER.

One Year, [Poetical.] "Now, Father," 172

Special Notices.

PUBLIC SPEAKERS AND VOCALISTS.

A NOTED CLERGYMAN and public lecturer says of BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES:—"In all my lecturing tours, I put Troches into my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen." Public speakers, vocalists, and all others who exercise the voice, should never fail of using these Troches. They surpass all other preparations in clearing and strengthening the voice, removing hoarseness, allaying irritation of the throat, and, as a cough remedy, are pre-eminently the best.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and Club Agents will please forward the Subscriptions of those who wish to secure the RURAL. ☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers, and will be in all cases where ordered, until we otherwise announce. Send on the new recruits!

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—In ordering the address of the RURAL changed, please name the post-office to which it is (or has been) sent us well as the one where you wish it.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, May 22, 1860.

WE have but few alterations to note in our market this morning. The weather, for three or four days, has not been favorable for out-door transactions, and when it has been at all clear, farmers have enough labor to perform to keep them at home, consequently trade is anything but brisk. Corn is drooping, 58@60c being the range. Dried Apples have declined 10 cts. per bushel during the week,—an even dollar is all that can be obtained for choice. Under the influence of heavy purchases for Eastern markets, the best varieties of Potatoes have advanced to 44 cts. per bushel, and are in demand. All other matters are quiet.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,38@1,38	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,45	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,50@1,55	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,00
Corn, old	58@60c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	58@60c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	70@72c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	35@36c	Potatoes	25@44c
Barley	55@58c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1.35
Butter, roll	13@14c	Hay, ton	$10,00@16,00
Butter, firkin	10@12½c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11½@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 21.—FLOUR—Market quite heavy.—The export demand is quite moderate, while the home trade will not take more than sufficient to supply pressing wants. Sales at $5,10@5,15 for super State; $5,25@5,30 for extra do; $5,10@5.15 for super Western; $5,20@5,50 for extra do; $5,90@6,00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and tending downward. Canadian scarcely so active; sales at $5,35@7,10 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat heavy and 1@2c lower, with rather more doing for export at the decline; sales Milwaukee club at $1,24@1,25—prime and very choice; Racine at $1.22; white Michigan at $1,55; red State at $1,30; Chicago spring at $1,19; the first sample new white Georgia was exhibited on 'Change to-day. Rye quiet at 87c. Barley dull, heavy and unchanged. Receipts of Corn continue large and a falling off in export demand, caused by the scarcity of freights, in consequence of the advance in rates; prices declined 2c ℔ bushel; sales at 72@72c for round mixed Western; 69@71c for unsound do; 71@72c for round yellow; 73c for prime yellow Southern; 61c for unsound do. Oats more active at 40@42c for Western Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull, heavy and lower; sales at $17,75@17,87 for new mess—closing with no buyers at the inside price; $17,50 for old do; $13,75 for new prime; $12,50 for old do. Lard firmer, and in moderate demand; sales at 11⅛@11⅝c. Butter dull at 11@18c for Ohio; 12@19c for State.—Cheese in moderate request 7@11c.

ASHES—The market is without change, and the demand fair; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,62½.

ALBANY, MAY 21.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales comparatively light, but no change in prices.

Common to good State,	$5,10@5,25
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,40
Common to good Western,	5,25@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,75@7,25
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,50
Common Canadian,	5,25@5,75
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,50
Fancy Genesee,	5,50@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, steady and salable at 12@13s. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Market rather dull to-day. A cargo of white Canadian wheat was sold at $1,55, which is 1c off yesterday's rates, but beyond this we hear of no sales. Western mixed corn on this side, at the Boston depot, 70c. Nothing doing in rye. Sales State oats at 42c, weight. Sales Canada East barley at 75c.

BUFFALO, MAY 21—FLOUR—Quiet and steady; sales at $5,25 for extra State; $5,25@5,50 for ordinary to choice extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,50@5,75 for extra Ohio and Indiana; $6@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy; sales No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,10; white Canadian at $1,39. Corn opened at figures of Saturday, but closed ½c lower; sales No. 1 Illinois at 56c. Other grains quiet and no sales.

TORONTO, MAY 17. FLOUR—Flour during the week there has been limited inquiry; but the tendency toward decline has checked a buoyancy of feeling on the part of buyers, which has prevented transactions. The news by the *Canadian* was of an unfavorable nature, although slightly so; the market here was a good deal affected, so much so that rates may be called from fifteen to twenty-five cents lower than at the date of our last. Indeed, to effect sales, a much further concession would have to be made, as the views of buyers appear to recede more rapidly as holders lower their ideas. The following figures will give a good idea of the market, the first figures being the rates offered by the buyers, the outside figures those which holders are willing to accept. Superline $5@5,20; fancy $5,30@5,75; extra $6@6,25; double extra $6,25@6,75.

GRAIN—For winter wheat the demand throughout the week has been animated, with a very steady and settled market up to the arrival of the *Canadian* on Monday. Previous to that day $1,45@1,50 were current figures, and with such growing receipts of uncommonly good samples, the market was satisfactory to sellers. But on Tuesday morning, the state of affairs took a change, and prices declined fully ten cents per bushel—the prevalent rate being $1,40, the extreme price $1,41, and that not at all frequent. For common and medium lots the range extended to $1,30 ℔ bush., the quality was very uniform, and the average price for the day was very little below $1,40 per bushel. Yesterday, a slight improvement was observed in prices, $1,45 being paid in a few instances, while the average price for the day was about $1,42 per bushel. For spring wheat the market so far seems unaffected by the news, especially for the best samples. For pure lots of good variety, $1,15@1,20 have been frequently paid. Barley is not in large supply, and is in generally good request at 60@65c—the latter only for very good lots. Rye is quiet and very scarce at 70@75c ℔ bush. Oats are offering more freely, and are not so dear, 31@33c. being the best figures realized. Peas are very plentiful, upward of 1,000 bushels having been brought in by farmers on Tuesday, which were sold at 58@63c, and in a few instances 65c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 16.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,50@10,00; ordinary, $8,50@9,00; common, $7,00@8,00; inferior, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@5c; Inferior, 3½@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,50; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 5⅛@5½c; all others, 5@5½c.

ALBANY, MAY 21.—CATTLE—Receipts, weight and average quality about the same as last week. The demand is comparatively active at an advance over last week's rates of ⅛c ℔ lb, live weight—in some instances ¼c.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	3,703	3,776	2,725
Sheep,	2,516	1,692	2,349
Hogs,	270	1,120	235

Prices—Sales are quick at the following prices:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5½c	5 @5¼c
Extra	4¾@5	4¾@4¾
First quality	3¾@4¾	3½@4
Second quality	3½@3¾	2⅞@3⅜
Third quality	2¾@3	2¾@2½
Inferior	2½@	2 @

SHEEP—There is an increase in the supply as well as in the demand, and they sell freely at a slight advance, all being sold at prices ranging from 4¾@5½c. ℔ lb. live weight.

HOGS—Very few in market and demand limited. Prices 5½c per lb, live weight.

MILCH COWS—Trade dull and we quote nominally at $30@45 for common to good, and $50@55 for extra.

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 16.—Whole number of Cattle at market 434—about 375 Beeves, and 59 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,25; first quality, $6,50@0,00; second quality, $5,00; third quality, $4,00@0,00; ordinary $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$80, 100@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 40@62.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,875 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,00 each; extra, $3,00, 3,50@4,00 each, or 3@6c ℔ lb. live weight. Spring Lambs, $3,50@6.

HIDES—6¼@7c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—11@12½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—$2,50@3,50.

BRIGHTON, MAY 17.—At market 1,000 beeves, 55 stores, 1,800 sheep and lambs, and 2,300 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,50@0,00; first quality $7,00@7,25; second quality, $6,50@0; third quality, $5,50@6.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 80@90.

MILCH COWS—$45@47; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$2, 3@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@23; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6¾@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@11½c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,00; Extra, $2@4,50.

PELTS—75c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Spring pigs, wholesale, 6@7½c ℔ lb.; retail, 7c @8½c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 17.—The inquiry for domestic has been quite limited, and confined to the pressing wants of the trade, at prices showing no important alteration, tho' no large parcels can be easily disposed of unless at a reduction which most holders are reluctant to make; the transactions comprise 100,000 lbs, in lots, at 36@45c for common to full-blooded Fleece; 15@25c, for California do., and 30@44c. for inferior to extra Country Pulled. Foreign has been in good request, with sales of 26,000 lbs, washed South American at 25c, 6 months; 850 bales Chinese at about 30c, and 400 do. Cape from second hands at about 28c, 6 months. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	55@58
Am. full-blood Merino	50@54
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	44@47
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	36@40
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@42
No. 1, Pulled	30@36
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@18
South Am. common, washed	16@18
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@18
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

ALBANY, MAY 19.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

American, Saxony Fleece,	54@58c
American, Full Blood Merino,	48@52c
American, ½ and ¾ Merino,	43@46c
American, Native and ¼ Merino,	34@38c
Extra, Pulled,	42@47c
Superfine, Pulled,	30@38c
No. 1, Pulled,	25@30c

[*Evening Journal.*

BOSTON, MAY 16.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool has been fair, and there is no material change in prices, although the tendency of the market is to lower rates. The sales of the week have been 150,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, mostly at 35@50c for fleece, and 40@50c for superfine and extra pulled. The sales of foreign embrace 700 bales Cape, Mediterranean, South American, Spanish and East India on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	28@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@25	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

Deaths.

ON Wednesday evening, the 16th inst., of consumption, WILLIAM HENRY, eldest son of JOSEPH ALLEYN, aged 25 years.

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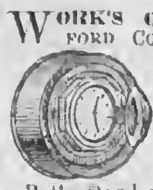

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HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
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CAST STEEL BELLS,
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FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.

from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than

THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,

which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.

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IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.

These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams,* and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
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PIANOS FOR $150.
WARRANTED GOOD IN EVERY RESPECT.
MADE BY
BOARDMAN GRAY & CO.,
Albany, N. Y.

THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

☞ These Pianos are FULLY WARRANTED, and have all our late improvements. ☜

Circulars Furnished on Application, giving Full Particulars.

They also furnish a
HANDSOMELY FINISHED PIANO,
Adapted for School Practice and Purposes, at
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
(SEND FOR CIRCULARS.)

Our Regular Styles of LARGE PIANO-FORTES, 6¾, 7, and 7¼ Octaves, we continue to make with all the Late Improvements, at from $300 to $600, according to Size and Finish. Large Discounts made to Cash Buyers. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND CIRCULARS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. All our Piano-Fortes have our Great Improvement,

THE INSULATED IRON RIM,
Making them the Best and Most Durable in the World.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULARS. ☜
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.
BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
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LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ONE YEAR.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

One year on silver wings hath flown,
My brother, since we laid thee down
To rest beneath the sod,—
Another year of toil and care,
Of patient hope, and love, and prayer,
To all who human burdens bear,
And feel affliction's rod.
Is it not better far to wear
An angel's crown of light, and share
A home of rest with God?

One year to walk the golden streets,
Where love its full fruition meets,
And bliss supernal reigns,—
One year upon that radiant shore,
Where sin and sorrow nevermore
Disturb the human heart, nor poor
Death's poison through the veins,—
One year, with loved ones gone before,
To count life's many battles o'er,
And realize its gains.

Time's ceaseless waves will ebb and flow,
And other years will come and go,
With joy or woe replete,—
And others of our household band
May meet thee in that better land
To greet thee with love's clasping hand,
And hold communion sweet,—
Perchance, while thou and I shall stand,
Still waiting, by our LORD's command,
The hour when we may meet.

Yet shall our souls by faith draw nigh,
Still linked by love's most holy tie,
And bow before GOD's throne;
Together blend our humble prayer,
Together His best blessings share,
Who of His fullness well may spare,
And not to us alone,—
Yet I must breathe of many a care
Enwoven of sin's fatal snare,
Henceforth to thee unknown.

Ashaway, R. I., 1860.

"NOW, FATHER."

"NOW, FATHER." They were only two little words, but they were said in soft, pleading tones, which have more weight than a score of arguments.

"I know just what you mean, Esther," exclaimed Jason Strong, as he slipped his right arm into his workman's "overalls" that spring morning, "but there's no use wasting any words between us. It would be folly and madness for us to think of adopting Widow Blake's child, when it's just as much as we can do by screwin' and turnin', to put bread into the months of the three we've got at home."

"No man has a better will than mine; but when I'm laid up half the winter by rhumatiz, and can't earn but seventy-five cents a day on the best jobs, it's high time to put down notions about taking other folks' children, when the chances are our own'll have to scatter afore long."

He was a large, heavy-limbed, stalwart man—she was a small, shrinking, gentle-faced and voiced woman, and now her tones came like a minor key, after the gruff, positive voice, which half-concealed as honest and true a heart as ever beat in man's bosom.

"I know, Jason, it's all true, that you've a hard row to hoe, and it seems, as you say, a mighty tug to make two ends meet and take care of the children God has given us, but I don't believe he'll forget if we remember the widow and the fatherless in their affliction; and what if it was little sis, now?"

Here Mr. Strong raised the key and went energetically to winding up the clock.

"You know," continued the little woman, setting a couple of chairs opposite each other, and girdling the backs with a skein of blue woolen yarn, "that the doctor says *Miss* Blake can't stand it more'n this week out, and I tell you, Jason, it fairly broke me down when I went in there last night, and little Minnie's golden head was a shinin' and a bobbin' around among the chairs where she was playin' singin' school, till I could think of nothin' but the butter cups a twinklin' every May amongst the clover, and Miss Blake's eyes followed her with a longin', pityin', anxious look, and then turned on me.

"O, *Miss* Strong, what'll become on her?" she said.

"God'll take care on her, *Miss* Blake."

"But sometimes I forget this, and then it seems as if I couldn't die in peace and leave her here, without a friend in the wide world to look out for her, with her father a sleepin' away off under the deep waters, and her mother a lying in a little corner of the village churchyard"—

"Come wife, come," here interrupted Mr. Strong, in a quick, sharp voice, and he took out his pocket handkerchief and blew his nose with a great deal of emphasis.

His wife did not observe it,—she was very intent just at that moment on shaping her ball of yarn with her thumb and fore-finger.

"Well, Jason, I haven't much more to say, for Miss Blake broke right down here herself; and I couldn't find a word to comfort her, for somethin' away down in my heart kept a whisperin', suppose now it was your little Wealthy?"

"It would be dreadful tough, wife, that's a fact," exclaimed the carpenter, and he put one foot uneasily before the other.

"And then, suppose Miss Blake stood in our case."

"O, mother, I see now just what you're coming to," interrupted Mr. Strong, in a half-surly, half-despairing tone.

"I ain't comin' to say anything but this, father, that we've got all of God's promises on our side, and I don't believe he's going to let us break down because we took that poor motherless thing under our roof, when she would have to be put in the poor-house or among strangers that would abuse her. I tell you"—and here the tears flashed right out into the little woman's eyes, and the soft-spoken voice gathered new strength and fervor—"every mouthful I eat would choke me, and my pillow, when I lay down on it at night, would be full of thorns to me, thinking of that poor little lamb among cold-hearted, cruel strangers."

Mr. Strong muttered something that sounded very much like "woman's nonsense," but somehow the words didn't get fairly out of his throat.

Mrs. Strong went up to her husband and laid her hand on his arm, and the pale, faded face shone with something that was finer than the lost beauty of its girlhood, as she said, "Now, father, there's no use tryin', you know you'll never let that child suffer so long as you've got a roof to cover you or a crust to eat."

"Well, wife, take your own way; I never was good at argufyin' with women"—and the man turned abruptly and went out of the house, ashamed to own that his warm, true heart endorsed every word that was spoken.

In a minute, however, the kitchen door opened again.

"Wife, I say."

"Well, father."

"You'd better go right over and tell *Miss* Blake you've concluded to take the child. It'll set her mind at rest like, and just now she needs it enough."

"There, didn't I see?" murmured Mrs. Strong to herself; "it's well I know how to get on the right side o' father's heart."

"There, now, Johnnie, don't Minnie look very pretty?" and Wealthy Strong turned round the dainty little creature whose golden head she had crowned with a wreath of white and pink wood-blossoms.

"Yes, she does, that's a fact," answered the very practical boy, as he slowly drew in his fishing line.

It was a bright, still afternoon, in the early summer, and John Strong had brought the two little girls over to the pond, and while he hauled in with shouts of triumph his prizes of pickerel and bass, Wealthy had twined a wreath of blossoms which she and Minnie had gathered in the woods a little way off, and wound them in the child's tresses.

The brother and sister were healthy, robust looking children, with the round limbs and sun-browned faces which tell their own tales of country life; but Minnie Blake was one of those children the very sight of which brought new life into the eyes of those who love beauty. She was small and delicate, with eyes blue and deep as still lakes locked beneath deep mountains, and her hair had the ripeness of harvest pears that dropped every autumn on the grass in Mr. Strong's back yard.

The bloom of two woodland roses were set in her cheeks, and sweet smiles were forever clustering over the dimples hidden about her lips.

She had resided with the Strong's for more than two years, and all this time the little orphan Minnie Blake had been like a sweet flower, filling their home with fragrance.

But it had been a home where went on constantly a sharp, strong battle with poverty—a battle that was lightened and sanctified by faith in God and sweet affections and tender cares. But this summer had opened more darkly than its predecessors—for Mr. Strong's rheumatic attacks had been longer and more serious than any of the previous ones. He had lost several important "jobs" for that season in consequence of his illness; and his oldest son, who had just crossed his fourteenth birthday, had been obliged to leave the district school and let himself out as a "chore boy" to a penurious old farmer in the vicinity of Woodford.

So troubles thickened over the heads of the carpenter's little family, and the face of Mrs. Strong grew paler and more patient day by day.

"You just get away from my father's pond, if you know what is good for you."

The loud, harsh tones, broke suddenly in upon the children's voices, and looking up hastily in the direction of the voices, John saw Squire Morton's oldest son standing in the field opposite the meadow, through whose dark grass the little pond flashed the silver embroidery of its waters.

Now, although the meadow in reality belonged to the Squire, it was regarded as "public property" by all the neighbors, and the school-boys assembled here every Saturday afternoon for piscatory achievements, amidst boisterous jests and frolic.

John Strong was a bold, out-spoken boy, and the insolent tones of the Squire's son at once roused all his belligerent qualities.

"The pond belongs quite as much to me as it does to you, sir, and I shall stay here just as long as I like, for all your orders."

"You will, eh?" I'd like to know what right you, a poor beggar of a carpenter's son, have to speak to me in that way," and Robert Morton, whose naturally overbearing disposition had been nurtured by the indulgence of most injudicious parents—for he was an only son—advanced toward the boy, whose senior he was by two or three years, tauntingly cracking a small riding-whip which he carried in his hand. The angry blood burned over the face of John Strong, while the girls shrieked for fear. "Come on," he cried, assuming a belligerent attitude, and doubling his fists, "I'm not afraid of you, Bob Morton, if you are the Squire's son, and I'd like first rate to give you a lickin' for that insult."

It was not the right action nor the right answer; but the carpenter's son forgot, in that hour of sore temptation, what many older and wiser heads than his have done, that it is neither money nor station which makes the true gentleman, only the heart that is gentle, and noble, and self-sustained; and John Strong certainly descended when he replied to the taunts of the Squire's son, aggravating as they were.

Robert Morton had a handsome face, but it was one of those, despite its dark, clearly cut features, which your heart never clung to—one which, the more it was studied, the less it was loved; and now an expression of angry pride darkened and distorted every lineament as he stood still a moment before John Strong, and then lifting his whip, struck him a quick, sharp blow on the forehead. The next moment the two boys closed in an angry struggle. John was the smaller of the two, but exercise had developed his muscles, and given him a degree of physical power which one would hardly have suspected from the first glance. He soon succeeded in wresting the whip from the Squire's son, and after a brief struggle threw him on the ground, and as John's temper had completely overmastered him, he gave his antagonist a severer beating than he was himself aware of.

"I'll make you pay for this, old fellow; you'll see, growled the boy, as, with bruised face and stiff limbs, he limped away.

"O, father, my Johnnie's sent to jail! I shall never be able to lift up my head again," and the mother wrung her hands, and the tears scattered themselves over her pale cheeks.

It was a dark day under the roof of the little red house of the carpenter, Jason Strong.

The Squire's son had executed his threat, and so worked upon his father's sympathies and indignation by the story of his wrongs which he had received, that he had commenced a suit against the carpenter on account of his son, and the latter was sent to jail because his father could not raise the hundred dollars which would have paid the boy's bonds.

Jason Strong leaned his head in his hard hands and groaned, while Minnie and Wealthy, who scarcely comprehended the fearful tidings, crept close to each other in one corner of the kitchen, and sidled their little brown hands into each other's, and looked with sorrowful faces upon the father and mother.

"My boy in jail, murmured the poor mother, as she paced, with locked hands, up and down the room; "my boy that I loved so, and was so proud of, whose little brown head I have rocked to sleep so many nights in the cradle yonder"—

"O don't, don't, wife," groaned the carpenter, and his whole frame groaned like a sobbing child's, while the two girls cried softly in the corner.

And just at that moment the front gate of the red house was opened, and a man strode into the yard, and up to the front door—a man small and somewhat thin, but having that rambling gait and sailor's dress, which at once indicated his nautical occupation.

His eyes roamed a moment over the humble cottage, its mossy roof embroidered with golden devices of the sunset; then he lifted the heavy handle of the brass knocker, and gave such a summons that it must have reached the ears of every living soul under the low roof.

Minnie put her small, sweet face out of the front door, and looked up eagerly at the man.

"Can you tell me, little one, if a man by the name o' Strong hails from this craft?"

The blue eyes dilated with sweet wonder at the strange language.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Aint used to sailor's yarns, eh? little sea-bird; well, then, can you tell me who lives inside?"

"Ills name's Jason Strong."

"The very man I'm after," exclaimed the sailor, setting his foot over the threshold; then, as if a sudden thought struck him, he checked himself, and looking down earnestly on the child he asked, "Won't you tell me your name?"

"I'm Minnie Blake."

He reached out the strong arm and lifted the small figure, and folded it up closely, as a mother her newly found child, to his heart, and the words came in a sob to his lips, "My child, I'm your father."

O, there was wonder and joy in the carpenter's house that night, when it was discovered that Minnie's father had returned to them—he whose hair they thought had been draggled by the salt sea waves for more than three years. He had a long story to tell of terrible misadventures by land and sea—of miscarried letters, and years of sickness in a strange land, and at last of restored health—of tidings that had reached him of the death of his wife, and of his daughter's adoption by their neighbor and his old playmate, Jason Strong.

And the carpenter, in his turn, had a mournful tale to relate of sickness and poverty, and hopes deferred; but the saddest part of the story was its conclusion.

"A hundred dollars!" growled the sailor, and he drew out his plethoric pocket book.

"Old friend, you took my child into your craft when the storm came down hardest. Your boy won't lie in jail two hours longer."

There was double joy in the carpenter's house that night. Johnnie Strong was removed from jail—for the sailor was as good as his word, and a lawyer was procured to plead the case of the carpenter's son, who did it so ably and eloquently that the boy was acquitted, to the great astonishment and rage of Squire Morton.

"I'm tired of the seas, old friend," said the sailor, one evening a week after his return, as he sat in Jason Strong's little kitchen, with Minnie on his knee, and her small brown fingers fluttering like the wings of newly fledged birds in his iron gray hair; "and when I lay out in an old raft, one night at sea, and it seemed as though every wave that went over us would be the last we could stand, I made a solemn promise with my own soul, that if ever God brought me to see the shore again, I'd never leave it to take another voyage for all the gold of the East Indies.

"And I've got a thousand dollars that the old general gave to me for tying his son to the raft, and I've concluded to put it into some acres of ground round here, and turn farmer; for I aint quite forgot the old trade I was brought up to, nor you either, I reckon, Jason; so, if you're a mind to go in business with me, you shall have half the profits, and it'll pay you better than jinerin'."

Jason Strong cleared his throat twice to answer, but the thoughts which rose up in his heart choked back the words, and his wife spoke for him. "It's been the dream and hope o' father's life, givin' up his trade and gettin' hold o' a few acres o' land to cultivate, but we'd given up all hope of it long afore this."

"Well, my friends, the Lord don't forget them that remember the widow and the fatherless," said the sailor, and he hugged up Minnie close to his heart.

"That's what I said, father, that mornin'—don't you know!" wound up the soft, eager voice of the little pale-faced woman, as she folded up the child's coat she had just mended.

"Yes, I know, Esther; and I know, too, that unto you belongs all the praise—for it was God who put it into your heart to take the child."

Wit and Humor.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOW TO CURE A SCOLD.

THE mildest, prettiest little girl—
Ah, woe is me—
Who ever wore her hair in curl,
Was ROSALIE.

Her hazel eyes and hair of jet
I put in rhyme;
I loved her from the hour we met—
O, happy time!

One day I asked her, "Wilt thou wed?"
Assent she sighed,
And soon unto the church I led
A lovely bride.

The roses, o'er our cottage door,
Bloomed red and sweet,
And deftly pattered on the floor
Her tiny feet.

A month rolled by all peacefully—
It passed too soon—
That happiest month that man can see,
The honeymoon.

Then slowly came a woful change
Upon my life,
For ROSALIE grew cold and strange,
And fond of strife.

No more I found her meek and mild
As theretofore;
The woman had displaced the child
Forevermore.

And when I chanced, as oft might be,
Her name to call,
She either answered peevishly,
Or not at all.

Ere long, before our marriage vows
Were twelve months old,
I found I'd taken for a spouse
A common scold!

Worse, worse she grew with every day,
Till oft I said
I wished that she would run away,
Or I were dead.

But no such happiness I found—
To me she clung,
And wrathfully, the whole year round,
She wagged her tongue.

In January, month of thaws,
By chance it happed
That ROSIE scolded me because
Her lips were chapped.

"'Tis caused by talk; keep silent, then,
My dear," said I;
She only scolded me again
For my reply!

So out I went, nor dared to stop
For mud and wet,
Down to the nearest druggist's shop,
Some salve to get

I purchased something—man is frail—
And bore it home.
The strangest part of this strange tale
Is yet to come.

"Here is your lip salve, ROSALIE,"
I muttered low;
And once more ROSIE scolded me
For being slow.

She took the bottle, its contents
She quick applied;
Ah, she knew not the consequence
Until it dried.

O, nevermore did she unclose
Her lips to speak!
They stayed for aye in mute repose,
Silent and meek.

I did, thenceforth, as I thought best;
She ne'er complained;
No opposition she expressed,
But dumb remained.

Come, all who wish a quiet life,
I'll tell to you
With what I cured my scolding wife—
'Twas SPALDING'S GLUE!

A STRING OF PEARLS.

CULTIVATE true sentiments, and good manners will suggest themselves.

TO-MORROW is the day on which lazy people work and fools reform.

PERSONS most surely rise to eloquence not by distinction, but by seeking a worthy end.

CHARITY would lose its name were it influenced by so mean a motive as human praise.

INTELLECT is not the moral power; conscience is. Honor, not talent, makes the gentleman.

LITTLE drops of rain brighten the meadows, and little acts of kindness brighten the world.

MEN are said to admire that which they look up to, and to love that which they look down upon.

GENEROSITY consists not in the sum given, but in the manner and the occasion of its being bestowed.

To quell the pride even of the greatest, we should reflect how much more we owe to others than to ourselves.

WE are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions triumphs are defeats.

THE philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

PHILOSOPHERS themselves, like the stoic gentleman of Marmontel, after praising simplicity of living, often sink to sleep on heavy suppers and beds of down.

AN old author remarks:—"In borrowing money be precious of your word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment is lord of another man's purse."

THEY are best situated for happiness who are neither too high nor too low—high enough to cultivate good manners, and obscure enough to be left in the sweetest of solitudes.

To live with a true economy is to live wisely. The man who lives otherwise has no prudent regard for his own happiness. But there is no worse folly than false economy.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 20, 8, 16 is a coin of Genoa.
My 2, 23, 12, 20, 19 is a village in New York.
My 3, 6, 7, 5 is a kind of vessel.
My 4, 21, 2, 3 is a kind of poem.
My 5, 15, 7, 3, 24 is a weight.
My 6, 14, 8 is a Jewish measure.
My 7, 3, 23, 9, 10, 10, 4 is a small island.
My 8, 12, 14, 15, 24 is a female in a state of feudal vassalage.
My 9, 5, 6, 20 is a Hebrew measure.
My 10, 11, 2, 10, 6 is an Egyptian divinity.
My 11, 20, 23, 3, 7, 20 is an American shrub.
My 12, 2, 10, 20, 16 is a condition of life.
My 13, 6, 7, 7, 5 is in "general" use.
My 14, 8, 10, 20, 19, 10, 20 is a royal princess.
My 15, 9, 23, 10 is a kind of cloth.
My 16, 23, 20, 4, 3 is a genus of palms.
My 17, 20, 3, 7, 3 is a place in the Western part of Egypt.
My 18, 4, 25 is a Moor.
My 19, 16, 5, 11, 16, 23, 7, 8, 12 is a mineral.
My 20, 8, 10, 14 is a Greek preposition.
My 21, 7, 3, 16 is a kind of clay.
My 22, 20, 10, 3 is a kind of grain.
My 23, 2, 8, 16, 23 is too often found.
My 24, 10, 6, 12, 23 is another name for noble.
My 25, 10, 7, 2, 3, 0 is the condition of many.
My 26, 14, 3, 20, 8 is a month in the Jewish calendar.

My whole is the name of a lady, eminent for the many virtues that adorned her character.

Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y. W. WAITE WARNER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A AND B each have a certain sum of money placed at interest, in such a manner that the incomes from them are equal. They both together have $8,500. If A had put out his money at the same rate as B, he would have drawn $245 interest. But if B had put out his money at the same rate as A, he would have drawn $500 interest. Required the number of dollars that each one had, and the two rates of interest. MARTIN BRAINERD.

Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 539.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—No excellence without great labor.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Shouldered his crutch to show how fields were won.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—A, 7; B, 5.

Advertisements.

WOOD'S IMPROVED MOWING MACHINE,
For 1860. Patented Feb. 22, 1859.

THE success of this Mower during the past harvest is without a parallel in the history of Mowing Machines. In introducing it, I offered to the farmers a mower at a less price than any in use, one that was light, durable, and capable of doing perfect work. It has performed more than I claimed for it; the reduction in price and draft is equal to 25 per cent., as the trials and tests show, (see my pamphlets for 1860.) I have added some improvements to it for this year; a lever arrangement for raising the cutter-bar, some of the parts are strengthened, and the driving-wheels are enlarged.

I continue to manufacture, as heretofore, Manny's celebrated Combined Reaper and Mower, with Wood's Improvement. This Machine fully maintains its reputation as the best Combined Reaper and Mower yet introduced, and inferior to none as a Reaper or Mower.

I have added to this machine a Self-Raking attachment of my own invention, the most simple in its structure and mode of operation of anything of the kind ever offered to the public.

Price of Two-Horse Mower, delivered here on the cars, $80
Do. One-Horse do. do. do. do. $70
Do. Combined Machine, do. do. do. $120
Do. do. with Self-Raking Attachment, $140
538-9t WALTER A. WOOD, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:

John Johnston, Geneva, N. Y.
J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Summer, Pomaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Summer, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
A. Bradley, Mankato, Minnesota.
F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.

We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.

SAYRE & REMINGTON,
529-1am-tf Union Agricultural Works, Utica, N. Y.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Potatoes, Again.

I WAS highly favored last, November, with a very gentlemanly reply to an inquiry on the potato subject, and, as one good turn deserves another, I wish a description of the following varieties of potatoes, the color outside and in, size, shape, &c., &c., namely:—Birmingham, California, Prince Albert, Red Mercer, and Rochester Mercer. This last was referred to in the RURAL of April 21st. Was the White Mercer, referred to in the same piece as a poor potato, the same as the Meshanock?—K., *County Line P. O., Niag. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

THE Birmingham we are not acquainted with. The California is a large, long, coarse potato, of the Merino family, a mixture of red and yellow on the outside. It is said to be a great producer, but we never liked it well enough to plant. It may be profitably grown for stock, perhaps. The Prince Albert is a long potato, in shape something like the Fluke, but broader in proportion to its length, and generally growing very large in a fair soil. The skin is yellowish white, partially covered with a russet coating, or net-work of rough skin. It is a good yielder, better than Fluke, and the quality is about the same, but it is a far better keeper. We have only tried it one season, and just planted our second lot. It has not been grown much West, but in Eastern New York, we should judge it to be a favorite, from the great number of samples exhibited at the State Fair at Albany last fall. We know nothing of the Red Mercer, and never before heard of the name. The Rochester Mercers, which our correspondent referred to, we used only in a quotation from the New York market report of prices. The New Yorkers think there is a difference in the qualities of potatoes grown in different sections. Hence, all Mercers shipped from Rochester or the neighborhood, are called Rochester Mercers; and those brought from New Jersey, Jersey Mercers, &c. We have a seedling from the Mercer, somewhat resembling the parent, but darker in color, later and more productive, which is called the Seedling Mercer. The White Mercer alluded to was not the Meshanock or old Mercer, but a white seedling first grown from seed, near this city, about twelve years ago.

Use of Plaster.

BEING desirous of information, which I have audacity to hope may be answered, ere long, through the columns of that noble agricultural paper, the RURAL NEW-YORKER, I earnestly hope that you will favor me, a young farmer, with answers to the following questions:—Is it customary and beneficial to sow plaster upon pasture land? Will plaster benefit turnips, cabbages, or carrots, or all? How is plaster usually and most beneficially applied to corn—in the hill at planting, or upon the young shoots before or after the first hoeing?—A. M. W., *Otisco, N. Y.*

PLASTER is beneficial to meadows, and particularly so where it consists in good part of clover. As a general rule, plaster is not as beneficial to timothy, yet we have known some cases where the effect was striking, and we know farmers whose experience teaches them to apply a good dressing in all cases. On no subject is there more difference of opinion among both practical and scientific men than on the crops benefited by plaster, the best way to apply it, and the way in which the result is produced. Some farmers contend that plaster is of no avail unless it is sown on the leaves of plants, and this was the experience of Mr. GEORGE GEDDES, and other farmers of Onondaga county, as stated at the Annual Meeting of the State Agricultural Society last winter. Others think it is just as well to sow on the surface of the soil before the plant appears, while others think it is better to mix plaster with the soil, like any other manure. Last season we observed a farmer putting a large handful of plaster in each hill of potatoes at the time of planting. Being a little curious as to the effect of this course, we watched the result, which was an abundant crop of fine potatoes. Like most experiments of the kind, however, it was of little practical value, as the whole lot was treated alike, leaving no opportunity for comparison. This season we are pursuing the same practice with a dozen rows, leaving some rows on each side without plaster, or any manure—others on which we shall put the same quantity before hoeing, while on others we shall give guano.

We have used plaster on cabbage plants; the effect is good while the plants are young, stimulating growth, and having a tendency to keep off insects; but aside from this the effect is little if anything. Strong stable manure, night-soil, or guano, is the manure to make large cabbage and a big crop. On these questions we need information from experience; and having given what we possess, we leave them to others. This is the season for experiments. Let every one endeavor to add a little to the *reliable* stock of general knowledge. The following interesting note contains matter worthy of thought:

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Much has been said, and greatly diversified are the opinions in regard to the nature, properties, and qualities, of plaster, and the proper time to sow it. I wish here to relate a little matter-of-fact that came under my observation. Sometime about the first of March last, I bought sixteen hundred of plaster, which was furnished in bags, drew it home, and wishing to be a little economical, I took the bags, after emptying them, and stepped out back of the barn, turned them inside out, and shook them out on my wheat. I stood in one place, and the plaster covered a space of about twelve feet square. In about three weeks the wheat was all dead, and is to this day. The amount of plaster sown, I should judge, was about at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds per acre. Now, my idea is this:—That plaster is of a cold nature, consequently it should not be sown until the warm weather. What say the farmers? I wish to learn from them what killed my wheat; when should plaster be sown; how much per acre; and should the quantity vary on different soils? These are matters of much interest to the farming community; and if plaster, sown too early, will kill wheat, we all want to know it.—GALESBURGH, *Richland*, 1860.

Blackbirds and Corn.

WILL YOU, or some of your correspondents, inform me, through the RURAL, if there is any way that we can prevent blackbirds from pulling up corn?—J. H. P., M. D., *North Skenango, Vt.*, 1860.

IN the Western States, where blackbirds are numerous and troublesome, various schemes are practiced to save the corn. *Deep planting* and treading down the hill so that the birds cannot pull it up, is one of the plans. When there are plenty of insects within reach, on newly plowed ground, they will not trouble the corn. Later in the season when the corn is an inch or two in height, they will try to pull it up, and if planted shallow and the ground light, will succeed in destroying the crop. If the ground is solid and the corn planted deep, they will not succeed in pulling it up, but soon become discouraged and leave for a better field of operations. Another way is, to put about half a pint of tar in a pail of hot water; when dissolved, pour this over the seed corn, and after allowing it to drain, throw on plaster enough to dry the seed. This is said to be a great protection both against blackbirds and crows.

Best Farm Horses.

WHAT breed or race of horses is the most profitable and best adapted to the general wants of the American farmer?—A LOVER OF FINE HORSES, *May*, 1860.

THIS is a question that we cannot answer in a few words. The breed of horses best suited for a country depends a good deal upon the state of its agriculture. The best team for an individual farmer depends, too, upon the size and condition of his farm, as well as upon the general condition of agriculture. In a new and woody country, where land is to be cleared, logs hauled, and the soil scratched over between stumps, and among roots, where nothing is to be carried to market but a few logs, or loads of wood, the best breed of horses, no doubt, is well broken oxen. After a good portion of land is cleared and in a tolerable state of cultivation, the oxen will be found too slow to make the necessary journeys to market, and too slow altogether for the notions of the rising farmer and his rising family. Then, a pair of horses of moderate size, heavy enough to do all farm work, and quick enough for ordinary travel on the road, would be the best. If the farm was large, and sufficient land cleared, it would, doubtless, be best to keep both oxen and horses. Where agriculture is carried on to the greatest perfection, it is found most economical to make a division of horse labor, and to have horses adapted to particular work. The heavy horse for the plow, the cart, and the farm wagon, is never used upon the road, except in drawing heavy loads of produce or manure, and the lighter horses for the road are never put at heavy work. Perhaps we may never find it economical to use in our farm work the heavy breed of horses so generally employed in Europe, but with the improvement in our agriculture, there is an increasing demand for heavy teams. Indeed, no class of horses are at present so much in demand. Canada ponies are strong and hardy, and many of them very active. They are too small, however, for general use. Some of our correspondents are anxious to learn more about the value of Mules for farm work, as compared with horses. Will not Southern or Western readers give the desired information?

Scours in Sheep.

WILL you, or some of the wool growing subscribers to your valuable paper, please answer an inquiry? I want a remedy for the scours in sheep; or, what might be better, a preventive.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Bavington, Wash. Co., Pa.*, 1860.

MILK, thickened with wheat flour, and a pint given twice each day, until the unnatural discharge has ceased, is said to be an effectual remedy. The *American Shepherd* says that it may be easily arrested by mixing a small quantity of pulverized alum in wheat bran, and feed for a day or two. If this does not succeed, there is a tendency to dysentery, and a purgative of castor oil (one tablespoonful is a sufficient dose,) should be administered, with dry food and but little drink. YOUATT gives the following as a remedy:—Prepared chalk, an ounce; powdered catechu, half an ounce; powdered ginger, two drachms; powdered opium, half a drachm,—mix them with half a pint of peppermint water. Dose, from one to two tablespoonfuls morning and evening.

This disease originates under the following circumstances:

First—Too sudden a change from dry to green food.

Second—Salting freely too early in the spring, while the grass is young and flashy.

Third—When beginning to feed grain, giving it in too large quantities. It should be fed moderately at first, and the quantity gradually increased.

Fourth—Feeding *unripe hay*.

Fifth—Exposure to sudden transitions of the weather.

Sixth—Eating of irritating weeds; the flock in this case cannot be removed to quickly to another field, and salted.

From the foregoing, "A Subscriber" may readily conceive what is a preventive.

BUTTER-MAKING.

THE beauty of Spring is now being presented to us in all its many pleasing phases, and all nature seems bursting into life. The season has also returned when the busy housewife and dairymaid will again present the honest farmer with the golden, marrow butter, sweet as a May morn; *or* the poor, insipid, milky stuff, not worthy the name, that, with its *age*, will show its *strength*, in an eminent degree, if we but taste or smell. Hence, I have thought that a few words on the subject of Butter-Making would be acceptable to at least a few of the thousands of readers of "our RURAL,"—especially as many of my friends have wished me to publish at least a few hints on the subject, after having taken the first premiums, four successive years, at our County Fairs, on Early or June Packed, on Firkin, and on Roll Butter.

First—I consider that it is absolutely necessary to have good, sweet pasturage, with an abundance of the best grasses, and an unstinted supply of pure fresh water, not such detestable stuff as can be found in stagnant pools, but such as you behold when you

"See the rill from the mountain joyously gleam,"

where the cows can slake their thirst and feel invigorated. The pasture should have shade trees sufficient to accommodate all, without the necessity of disturbing each other in the excessive heat of midsummer. Then have cows suitable for a butter dairy—not those that give the largest amount of milk, but the richest, yielding a large supply of the rich orange-colored cream. The cows should be salted regularly, at least twice each week, as it will help keep them in health and in a thriving condition, which is needful for profit. Always be sure to drive them carefully to and from the pasture; never allow them to be worried by boys or dogs, as it will tend to heat the milk and often cause great delay in churning, which some will impute to witchcraft, and that correctly,—but the witchery, I believe, is in overheating the inoffensive cow and often causing injurious effects upon the poor dumb beast.

Always be regular in your time for milking, and let one person (as much as possible,) milk the same cow or cows, and be sure to milk them as quick and thoroughly as possible, for you thereby save the richest part, and often save knots from forming in the teats, or causing a milk fever, or inflammation in the udder. A clean, cool, airy and light room (the lighter the better,) is the most suitable place, on racks instead of shelves is considered the best, as the air can then circulate freely around the pans, cooling the milk more evenly. A common house cellar will very seldom be found a suitable place for setting milk, and the cream or milk in a cellar should *never* be placed on the floor or bottom, for if there is any impure gas in the cellar it will settle to the bottom, causing the cream to be bitter, and a poor quality of butter will be the result.

After setting the milk away it should never be disturbed again until it is ready to be skimmed, which should be done as soon as possible after the cream has fully risen and before the milk has curdled, say in thirty-six hours, (never more than forty-eight,) and often it must be done in twenty-four hours; all the gain there is in quantity after about twenty-four hours setting, you must of necessity loose in quality, and in greater ratio. Keep the cream in stone pots or jars, (tin pails will rust the cream,) in a cool place in summer, (moderately warm in winter.) Sprinkle a little salt on the bottom of the jar. Always stir the cream well together from the bottom every time you add a fresh skimming of cream. Never churn until at least twelve hours after the last cream has been put into the jar.

After the cream has been churned and the butter properly gathered, it should then be washed in cold water, and the water changed two or three times, or until there is no coloring of milk about the water: the whole of the water must then be worked from the butter, (for if left it will sour it,) and should be salted with about twelve ounces of the best Ashton dairy salt, well pulverized, to sixteen pounds, or three-fourths of an ounce of salt to each pound of butter. The salt should be evenly worked through the entire mass. Here I know I differ much, with many of our butter-makers, in the quantity of salt, and also in the amount that the butter should be worked; but I have taken the first premium, at our County Fair (in the fall,) on a jar of June-made butter that was salted with half an ounce of salt to each pound, and packed immediately, without a second working, and that butter, when thirteen months old, was just as sweet as when first packed; any one wishing for better, ought to be obliged to go without any.

Always pack immediately, as it tends to make it salvy and streaked if it is worked a second time. It should be packed in jars, if for home use; if for market, in the best oak firkins or tubs, which should be well soaked with cold water, then scalded and steamed by pouring boiling water in, and covering to keep the steam for a short time, say twenty to thirty minutes. Then pour off the water, and scrub the firkin with salt, or with soda, or saleratus and salt; then wipe out the surplus salt and give it a slight rinse, and when it is cooled it is ready for use. When the firkin, or jar, is as full as it should be, cover the butter with good sweet brine, to exclude the air, and if you keep it in a suitable place after this, my word for it you will have butter good enough to set before our next President, the fourth of March, 1861, let him be chosen from whatever party or section of the United States he may. A. D. BURT.

Short Tract, Allegany, N. Y., May, 1860.

P. S.—If there are any points that I have neglected to explain sufficiently, I will try to better them in future if I am able; but on the main part of the plan, it needs no further comment from one who has tried its workings. A. D. B.

CORNS UPON HORSES.—EVILS OF THE SAME.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—One of your contributors wishes to know the cause for, and cure of, corns upon horses; and I see the cure, to a certain extent, is given, but not the cause. The latter I consider of more importance to *prevent* than to *cure*. My experience,—with close attention to this noble domestic animal, and my more close observance of the propelling powers of the horse (limbs and feet,) for more than twenty-five years,—convinces me that corns are produced mainly from contraction of the hoofs. This contraction arises from various causes, which will be principally found in the forward feet of the shod horse, more frequently exhibiting itself in the inside quarter and heel, owing to the shape and application of the shoes, neglect in paring away the dry horn, and the dry condition of the hoofs.

The class of horses suffering most from this lamentable evil, are those most carefully cared and provided for. Continual shoeing and dry stabling are the two evils. In the first place, the horse needs a good, dry stable, and, *equally*, a good water bath for the forward feet, that they may be moistened to the same extent, or more, than when in a state of nature, with the rains and dews. Therefore, my experience teaches me that a water bath should be provided in every well regulated stable, of a depth of four to five inches, for the forward feet to stand in at suitable times, with a good plank cover hung upon hinges, so that it may be swung up toward the manger, and the horse admitted when he is feeding. At pleasure, the cover may be let down, covering the water fountain, closing nearly even with the level of the floor.

In the second place, when the iron protection is applied to the foot, it should protect instead of injuring, by producing contraction,—the cause of corns. Every one of observation, knows the common form of the horse-shoe is constructed with the upper or foot surface the lowest upon the inside, which produces what is called "dish." This form is continued out of respect to time-honored custom,—no other good reason can support the practice; for every horse owner is aware that the heels and quarters angle in and forward in the same degree as the toe, which is at an an angle of forty-five degrees. Now, place this angle upon a perfect level, and you have an inclination in, and forward, of the quarters, equal to a perpendicular placed upon an inclined plane of forty-five degrees. Thus, the weight of the horse will press the heels and quarters in and forward to produce an equal contraction. Now add the customary dish of the shoe, which is nearly forty-five degrees, to the angle of the quarters, and you have an angle, making ninety degrees to produce contraction and tenderness of the forward feet. Add to this, by continuing the shoes on as long as they will stay, while the hoofs have accumulated a half inch new horn, and the shoes have prevented the old horn from wearing off, the particularly request of the owner to the smith not to cut and stub off the feet, excepting cutting out the frog which cuts so easy, and looks so nice and smooth. When that is destroyed, the principal support of the heels and feet is gone,—the horses' heels become narrow, and change from a circular to an oval, narrow, long form. When the smith cuts and opens out, as is said, the heels are prepared to be pressed further in by the dish, and shape, and weight, of the horse,—the sure result of this practice.

Now, the remedy. The use of the water bath; uniform paring of the sole and bottom of the hoof at each shoeing, in proportion to the growth of the hoof,—except the frog, which should never be cut, not even the edges, as the smith calls them; let them wear off. The shoe should be formed upon the foot side with a plain, or level, bearing around the outer surface,—to conform with the outer wall and hard portion of the hoof,—as far back as the quarters. At that point the level should angle across the shoe, nearly to the inside, and from that level bearing, it should be sloped outward, downward, and backward, in an opposite angle to the heels and quarters above, so that the angle of the shoe and the angle of the heels and quarters may come in contact at right-angles with each other, which recommendations will prove a sure cure for corns; and this practice *will prevent*, which is *better than a cure*. J. HENDERSON.

Horse Heads, Chemung Co., N. Y., 1860.

THE OLD OX CART.

IT has been in use forty years. During that time it has had new axles, new wheels, new boxes, new neaps, new tire,—new everything, in short; yet it is the same identical old cart. The parts which have from time to time been replaced with new, were worn out, not lost; else the established principle, that a thing may change in all its parts and still retain its identity, might receive such a shock as when the student interrogated his Prof. who had enunciated that truth, as follws:—If I should lose the blade of my jack-knife and replace it with another, would it be the same knife? Yes, answered the Prof. Then if I should lose the handle and substitute another, would it still be the same knife? Certainly, was the reply. Well, then, if some one should find the lost blade and handle, and put them together, *what knife would that be?* No such *drive* can be made about the cart. It has been wholly changed by a gradual process of wearing out, and being repaired. Excepting when at the shop, or in service, it has stood in nearly the same spot, an established in-

stitution of the farm, during the long period mentioned.

And a very good thing is an ox cart. It is cheap and durable. It is capable of bearing great burdens. The team is quickly attached and unloosed. It is readily arranged for the different kinds of farm work. Its loads are sometimes "dumped" where wanted, without all having to be re-handled. It is an old fashioned vehicle. Its rate of speed, with a pair of oxen before it, is moderate. For these last named reasons, I like it. It is a *slow* establisment. We are altogether too "fast." We can't stop to adjust our expenses to our income,—can't stop to pay our honest debts,—can't think of seeking a livelihood in honest sweat, or of being satisfied with such a living as honest sweat will bring. The spirit of the age is altogether in another direction. It is to—*go ahead!* Let creditors take care of their dues as they best can. "Let the dead bury their dead." We sniff the genius of the times, and are after—progress!

What a monstrous delusion is hidden in the word "*fast!*" A preacher once began an address as follows:—"We live three times as fast as our fathers did. Our children will live three times as fast as we do." A simple sum in arithmetic shows that the boys will live *nine* times as fast as their grand parents did. This is really a great stride—but how? Wherein will the children live faster than their sires? Like them, they will eat and sleep. As with them, days and weeks, and years will rapidly succeed each other. They, too, will learn that life is—"a dream." And they, no more than generations before them, will escape

"—— Man's universal lot,
To weep, to wander, die, and be forgot."

Not even the *name* of one in a thousand of them will be known, a hundred years after his death, by that number of men! Are the boys wiser than their sires? Only in their own conceit. Are they really accomplishing more in life? In nothing save bragging. Have they more correct conceptions of their duty and destiny? Believe it not. That man has become a cripple for life, and if his affliction serves to knock out of him the silly illusion he so industriously inculcated, he will himself be glad. He is living just as fast now as he ever was, or as any body is, though in such bodily infirmity as to command all sympathy.

But to return to the cart. When "Young America" alights from a train, how he swells! "I came in by express—we made splendid time," &c.; and this is about the sum total of the knowledge gained by his journey. Whether he or the world is a whit better off for his getting in a few hours or days sooner, is a subject which generally excites either anger or derision among men. Put him into a modern trotting sulky, behind a 2 40 nag, and his thought will be about equally divided between his "hoss," and himself, as the owner or driver thereof. "Pleased with trifles,—tickled with straws," is said of children only. But let him ride in the ponderous two-wheeled vehicle, which is the subject of this article, and all excess of vanity subsides. He may even think of something else than "the wonders of this wonderful age," as he drawls along the way, for the cart is an old time affair, and is not suggestive. Who ever knew a man "lifted up" by a ride in one of them? On the contrary, is it not a positive promoter of humility,—a quality, or grace, decidedly at a discount in this exultant and extravagant age? Let us have more ox carts.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1860. W. B. P.

EXPERIENCE IN DITCHING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing an inquiry about ditching in your issue of May 19th, I will give the gentleman my experience. I do not think he will ever succeed in keeping open his ditch through quicksand. I should advise him to put in tile. Two inch will answer a very good purpose, and carry off a great quantity of water, if he lays them so that there will be no jogs at the ends of the tiles. I should dig down six inches more in the "gravelly strata," and then no plank will be needed under the tile. He should cover them with shavings, and put the top soil next to them. If he has no shavings, straw will answer very well. In regard to the "flood" of water, I think it will do no hurt, as the tile will carry it off before he wants to work the ground, but it will not do to leave the top open so that the water can wash in the sand. I think he will find it advisable to have one open ditch through the mucky piece of ground, and then run tile into it at two rods apart. The open ditch should be six feet on top, one at the bottom, by three feet deep. By giving it this shape it will not be very likely to cave in. It is necessary to keep the mouths of his drains open, as they are very likely to fill from this cause.

Near Troy, N. Y., 1860. W Goodrich, Jr.

Eds. New-Yorker:—In looking over the Rural my eye rested on an inquiry in regard to ditching,—"How can I construct a ditch through a bed of quicksand," &c. Two years ago I had 120 rods of ditch cut on a four acre lot, a part of it lying through a bed of quicksand, which we effectually filled up by laying the side with brick and covering with flat stones. This ditch has discharged water two years, drying the land quite effectually within its influence. I am now cutting another ditch, 2½ feet deep, 3 feet wide at top, and 20 inches on bottom, which, bottom and sides, for 8 inches up, is one continuous bed of quicksand. This I shall construct as follows:—In the bottom of the ditch I place a board, on the sides I lay poles 6 inches through, then cover with boards and a coating of straw 3 inches thick, to prevent dirt from working through the crevices, and fill with dirt. I am convinced your inquiring correspondent can succeed by so doing. I have seen this method tried in several cases, and in each a complete success.

In cutting a ditch through a marsh, the deeper the better, if fall enough to carry off the surplus water. I am ditching a small, wet piece, bordering on and running to the lake shore, with ditches one rod and a half apart, three feet deep, and covering as for the quicksand ditches. This piece had formerly been ditched three rods apart, and I am cutting a ditch between, which I think will prove very beneficial, and dry the ground effectually. H. A. Whittemore.

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1860.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In reply to T. P. H., Farmington, Mich., I have a ditch through quicksand, such as he describes, that has been in successful operation for a year and more. It is made of four inch tile, laid on a board, then lightly covered with straw to keep the dirt from the joints, and carefully filled. Caps of the same material as the tile, and closely fitting over the joints, would be much better than straw.

I think a drain could be made through muck, the same as through quicksand. An underdrain would be preferable, not only for convenience in plowing, but it will convey off the water much better. Ditches three rods apart, and three feet deep, will drain wet, marshy land, having a clay subsoil. N. M. White.

Baldwinsville, N. Y., 1860.

POLL EVIL, ONCE MORE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your paper of the 28th of April, I noticed an article on "Poll Evil, Causes and Remedy." I fully agree with the writer in respect to the causes of the disease. It generally originates from bruises or irritation, and is hard to cure successfully, after it is allowed to break out, therefore it is of the utmost importance to begin in season, and cure it in its first stage, which may be known by observing that the horse has a stiff neck, and that he throws his nose out straighter than common. When drinking, the water will run out through the nostrils, and the horse will not allow its owner to bear hard on the nape of the neck, which, in almost all cases, is the seat of the disease. It soon begins to swell, and if taken as soon as discovered, and the swelling has not too much maturated at the seat of the disease, it can be cured in nine cases out of ten, in the following manner:—Take a bottle, and put in two ounces oil of spike; two ounces oil of amber; two ounces oil of origanum; two ounces Venice turpentine; six cents worth of quicksilver; then three-fourths of a pint of common turpentine. Shake well every time you use, to keep the quicksilver mixed with the other ingredients. Apply the same upon the part swelled,—on a place as large as the swelling, and no larger,—three times a day for three days, skip two days, again apply three days, and so on till entirely well.

While applying the liniment, the horse should be fed bran mashes, with Epsom salts enough in to physic him moderately every day. If thoroughly doctored, as above, it will never return again. I have cured them when the swelling appeared to have risen an inch and a half, upon the nape of the neck,—in one case upon a horse that was fourteen years old, and the horse, for six years after, was well, sound, and his neck as limber as when a colt.

The person applying the liniment must be careful not to get it upon the horse only except where the swelling is, and before using he must, each time, remove the dandruff. It may be put on with a sponge. Six shillings' worth of the liniment will be sufficient to cure the worst case, and ordinarily one-half this amount will be all that is required. This recipe, if carefully preserved, will do more for poll evil than any I have ever known, and will save to the owners of horses the lives of many valuable animals, if used in season. I consider a horse, after this disease breaks out, good for nothing, and should they get well, with a stiff neck, I consider them next to worthless. Old Farmer.

Adrian, Michigan, 1860.

AGRICULTURE IN CHINA.

Yung-Ching, the Chinese Emperor whose reign commenced A. D. 1723, says:—"Of old time the Emperors themselves plowed, and their Empresses cultivated the mulberry tree. Though supremely honorable, they disdained not to labor, in order that, by their example, they might excite the millions to lay due stress on the radical principles of political economy. Suffer not a barren spot to remain in the wilderness, or a lazy person to abide in the cities. Then the farmer will not lay aside the plow and the hoe, or the house-wife put away her silk-worms and her weaving. Even the productions of the hills and marshes, of the orchards and vegetable gardens, and the propagation of the breed of poultry, dogs, and swine, will be regularly cherished and used in their season to supply the deficiencies of agriculture."

There are few things in the animal or vegetable kingdom not converted by the Chinese into articles of food, such as birds' nests and sharks' fins, puppies and poultry, snails and sea slugs, rats and radishes, oysters and ants' eggs, unhatched chickens and embryo lambs, betel nut and bamboo roots, lettuce and leeks, garlics and guavers, ginseng and ginger, lemons and lichees, plantains and pomegranates, mangoes and mangosteens, maise and millet, wheat and barley, pumpkins and potatoes, turnips and taro, onions, eggs and fish in variety for one to each day in the year. The food and mode of cooking for four hundred millions of Chinese, would furnish in the description a thick volume, and food for thought.

During the third moon,—about the month of April,—occurs the annual ceremony of the Emperor plowing. This ceremony used to be performed in person by the Emperor, but latterly it is sometimes done by proxy, the Prime Minister holding the plow in behalf of His Imperial Majesty. The plow is highly ornamented, and drawn by a bullock led by one of the high ministers. The rule is that the Emperor shall plow three furrows, the princes five, and the high ministers nine. The ceremony finished, the Emperor retires with his ministers to a terrace for inspection, while a husbandman finishes the field.

The Chinese plow has but one handle, and is all made of wood, except a small point of iron, and the furrow is in proportion to the strength of the plowman. They depend chiefly upon the spade for subsoiling; and a kind of spade-hoe, or a hoe whose blade is in form and size like a large spade, with a long and heavy handle, is used for breaking up the fallow ground. This instrument is raised above his head by the muscular arm of the Chinese gardener, (for his farm is but a garden in extent and culture,) and by its own weight and the additional force given by the laborer's arm, is buried ten or twelve inches in the soil. The farmer in China ranks higher than the mechanic or the merchant, since they say the fruit of his toil is necessary to feed the world. To encourage and give honor to agriculture, the Emperor holds the plow, and to honor and encourage the distaff and the loom, the Empress cultivates the mulberry and turns the wheel.

W. D.

COUCH GRASS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—With interest I have read what was said in the Rural of April 28th, in regard to couch or quack grass, and sympathizing with all those who are cursed by such a thing, am induced to give my experience with it. Two years ago the last of the present month, when the couch was about ten inches high, I dropped potatoes among it and covered it up with straw about a foot deep. In the fall I forked off the straw, and gathered nine bushels of good potatoes from the piece, which was two by eight rods, or sixteen rods of land, and found the grass all dead and the land in the finest order. A year ago I dropped potatoes further on the plat, and forked the remains of the straw over, with the same success as regards the grass, but, it being a very dry summer and fall, gathered but a few potatoes. I have seen Canada thistles successfully treated in this way, with the exception that the ground was first plowed, and the potatoes slightly covered with earth, which, I presume, would be better for the crop, and also a lighter covering might answer. A. A. H.

Nanapee, Wis., May, 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Smoking Seed Corn.

At a late discussion of a farmers' club in Illinois, Mr. Ide said that he selects his ears in the field before frost; hangs them in a smoke-house—the more smoke the better. The pyroligneous acid imbibed by the corn will bring it up in dry or hot weather, and at the end of four weeks the growth will be twice that of corn planted at the same time without smoking, and will be left entirely alone by the mice, squirrels, or worms.

Profits of Farming.

In a lecture on sewerage, recently delivered at the Farmer's Club on Monday evening, Mr. Alderman Mechi, referring to his Tiptree Hall estate, said:—"For the last few years my gain as landlord and tenant on my little farm of 170 acres, has been nearly £700 per annum. Even this year, with wheat at 42s. per qr., I have gained £600 after paying every expense. Of course, much of this benefit has arisen from steam power, drainage, deep cultivation, and other improvements; but the liquified manure system has greatly contributed to this result."

Planting Potatoes.

Mr. Carr, of Lafayette, Ia., relates, in the Ohio Cultivator, an experiment on the depth of planting potatoes. He was stopping with a friend whom he found planting potatoes, covering lightly, say two or three inches deep, and advised deeper covering. His friend thought not, but allowed him to cover a row in his own way. He picked out the largest potatoes, (his friend had them cut up quite fine,) and dropped a row, covering six or eight inches deep. The row did not come up as soon as the rest, but when the plants did come their superiority was manifest as far as you could see them, and they kept ahead through the season, and at digging time told the whole story, yielding two or three times as much as any other row.

Soaking Seeds in Chemical Solutions.

The following is an extract from the Transactions of the Highland Agricultural Society:—I steeped the seeds of the various specimens exhibited in sulphate, nitrate and muriate of ammonia, in nitrate of soda and potash, and in combinations of these; and in all cases the results were highly favorable. For example, seeds of wheat steeped in sulphate of ammonia on the fifth of July, had, by the tenth of August, tillered nine, ten, and eleven stems of nearly equal vigor; while seeds of the same sample, unsoaked, and sown at the same time and in the same soil, had not tillered into more than two, three, and four stems. I prepared the various mixtures from the above specified salts exactly neutralized, and then added from eight to twelve measures of water. The time of steeping varied from fifty to ninety-four hours, at a temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit. I found, however, that barley does not succeed so well if steeped beyond sixty hours. Rye, grass, and other graniferous seeds, do with steeping from sixteen to twenty hours, and clovers from eight to ten, but not more; for being *bilobate* they are apt to swell too much and burst. The very superior specimens of tall oats, averaging 160 grains on each stem, and eight available stems for each seed were prepared from sulphate of ammonia; they had an average of thirty-four grains in the ear. The other specimens of oats, which were the next most prolific, were from muriate of ammonia; and the promiscuous specimens of oats were from the nitrate of soda and potash—strong, numerous in stems, (some having not less than fifty-two,) but not so tall as either those from the sulphate or muriate of ammonia.

Tagging Sheep.

C. Betts, in the *Ohio Farmer*, says, before sheep are allowed to go to pasture, they should be thoroughly tagged; that is, all the wool from the dock down between the thighs, should be clipped; then if sheep scour, the fleece does not become filthy. Many valuable sheep are annually lost by a neglect of this trifling duty. The wool about the thighs becomes a mass of filth—often fly-blown—and if not attended to early, the sheep is lost. If properly and seasonably tagged, the labor of washing the sheep is diminished one-half. The process of tagging may be interesting to the uninitiated. Set the sheep on his rump, on a clean floor, or on a shearing table. If a wether, cut the wool away from the sheath and scrotum; then shear from the inside of the thighs, and down the leg to the fetlock, grasping both feet with the left hand and drawing them toward him; the shearer can then clip all that is necessary about the dock. With the ewe, the wool should be sheared from the bag and immediately about it, which permits the lamb, in its first attempts to find the teats readily, and often saves it from being chilled and prostrated. The sooner the lamb gets nourishment after it is dropped, the better. Ewes, heavy with lamb, require to be handled with the utmost care, and the owner should never entrust this duty to careless hands, without being present to see that the most humane care is exercised.

If the hoofs of sheep need cutting or paring, now is the time to do it. While one person holds the animal on his feet, another is ready with a sharp chisel and a mallet, and cuts off as far as the hoof is turned or broken.

Inquiries and Answers.

Barn Yard.—How large a barn yard will be required to keep forty cows in, comfortably and safely? What is the best mode of securing a dry yard, on a tenacious hard-pan soil that will surely punch up?—J. A., *May*, 1860.

Cows Leaking their Milk.—Can you, or any of your subscribers, inform me if anything can be done to prevent a cow from leaking her milk, and what it is? In doing so, you will oblige a subscriber.—R. A. Riley, *Lakeville*, 1860.

Cotton Seed for Meal.—Will some of the Rural readers detail their experience in the use of cotton seed as feed for stock? Any practical information on the subject of boiling, will be beneficial to more than—One, *Newcastle, Del. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

"Deadening" Timber.—Will some of your numerous correspondents please answer a few inquiries through the Rural? At what season of the year should timber be deadened, that it will last longest when split into rails?—also, at what time will hickory timber rot soonest when deadened?—Wm. H. McB., *Burlington, Pa.*, 1860.

Keeping Butter Through the Summer.—When I wish to ascertain something that I do not know, my mind immediately reverts to the Rural for such information. I would like to find out the best mode for keeping butter, sweet and nice, through the summer season, after being packed in firkins. Also, whether a screw press would work well for pressing cheese?—E. R., *Havana, N. Y.*, 1860.

What Ails the Pigs?—I wish to make inquiry through our paper with regard to my pigs. I had two nice litters, of six pigs each. When they were about two weeks old, I noticed one of them was drooping. I examined him, found his eyes closed tight, and he soon died. Two more were soon taken,—nose and ears commenced turning black, or rather blue, until it went all over them, and they soon died. The two litters are about half gone. I think there will be none left in one week. It appears to be contagious. Can any of the readers of the Rural tell the cause?—M. Baker, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1860.

Indian Corn for Fodder.—It is well known that, in Herkimer Co and adjacent dairy districts, Indian Corn is planted thick, or sown broadcast late in the season for late feed. Will you please inform a Western subscriber "how the thing is done"—whether planted, drilled, or sowed: how much seed to the acre; and, particularly, at what time to plant or sow? Our native prairie grasses are comparatively worthless for feed after August, and "something green" might not be out of place.—A. W. B., *Wilmington, Ill.*, 1860.

Corn for fodder is often sown broadcast, but this affords no opportunity for culture. The better way, we think, is to sow thickly in broad drills, say five or six inches wide, leaving space between the rows sufficient to admit the use of the cultivator. In this way, between three and four bushels will be needed to the acre.

Horn Scrapings for Manure.—I frequently see accounts of the great efficacy of the scrapings of horns as a manure. As I have a large quantity of them on hand, and no sale, can you, or any of your numerous correspondents, inform me how, or whether they can be put through any process to decompose them, so as to make manure.—J. B. Stewart, *Cherry Tree, Pa.*

The scrapings of horns are an excellent manure, when applied directly to the soil. The largest crop of wheat we ever saw grown in this country, was raised in this county, by a comb-maker, who applied large quantities of horn shavings and filings to the surface of the soil before dragging. For use in the garden, and for pear trees, we have composted the shavings with manure. In this way they rapidly decompose.

Curing Warts on Cattle, Once More.—In answer to J. G. Pource's inquiry, I will say that they may be taken off by cording tight around the neck of the wart, or close to the body, with a small cord, so as to stop all circulation of fluids. Then leave them to take care of themselves, and in a few days they will be missing.—M. C. H.

In a former number of the Rural, I notice J. G. Pource wishes information in regard to warts on cattle. His is, truly, a hard case, yet I think they may be removed by the close application of castor oil to the parts affected. Those that are large enough to admit of tying a cord around, may be removed in that way. Tie a bow knot, and tighten every day until removed. Castor oil is a sure cure for warts on hands, cows' teats, &c., if faithfully applied.—R. E. Mills, *Amber*, 1860.

Scab in Sheep.—In answer to J. H. McNall, I will give a short chapter of experience on sheep scab. In 1822, while with my father, the scab became prevalent among sheep, and was so contagious but few flocks escaped, and where it existed not a sheep in the flock was exempt. The consequence was, the loss of from one-fourth to one-half of the sheep, and almost ruined the wool crop. Now, for the symptoms. The sheep would begin to scratch, bite and pull wool, and on examination there would be red spots on the skin. It would spread, inflame, scab over, and the wool would come off. I have seen them scab and crack so deep on the neck, as to show the bare windpipe before dying. We employed an English veterinarian, who made a salve of tar, sulphur and lard. He would place them on a rack, made for the purpose, and anoint them all over. It was some benefit, but as he could doctor only twelve or fourteen per day, it was a tedious process. When warm weather came, they would appear partially relieved. Late in autumn symptoms returned as strong as ever. We then fed with sulphur and salt, as often, and as much, as they would eat. The effect was an entire cure. In 1848 my son had an offer of some scabby sheep, at a reduced price. They had been affected badly the previous winter, and showed strong symptoms then, it being in the fall. After advising with me he took the flock, kept them wholly aloof from other sheep, fed with sulphur and salt freely, and effected an entire cure, without any inconvenience. A. Shipps, *Eagle Harbor, N. Y.*, 1860.

Allegany Co. Ag. Society.—The following are the principal officers of this Society for 1860: *President*—A. Brown. *Vice-Pres't*—D. B. Sullman. *Secretary*—E. M. Alba, of Angelica. *Treasurer*—Jas. Lockhart.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE STEAM PLOW.

Let the steamship ride on the ocean tide,
And plow the deep blue sea—
I'll lend a hand to the Rural band,
And plow on the flowery lea.

I'll plow sand or clay, by night or day,
I'll either haw or gee—
Shallow or deep, I'll do it neat,
If you'll only call on me.

I'll whistle and plow up the mountain brow,
Or down in the valleys green—
Hitch on, hitch on! I'll take all along,
The subsoil or the iron beam,

Carry me on to the balmy West,
Make fast my iron bands,
And I'll invert the "Prairie State,"
And lay Kansas up in "lands."

There's no ring-bones on my iron joints,
No spring-halt, nor spavin, have I—
I never tire, nor kick, nor baulk,
I never lay down and die.

Just feed me wood for my daily food,
And keep your hickory dry—
I can't stand drouth, so wet my mouth,
And I'll never blow you high.

Ypsilanti, Mich, 1860. Straven.

The Season and the Crops.—The weather continues remarkably favorable throughout this region—all that reasonable farmers and horticulturists could desire, and much more than croakers deserve. Crops of all kinds promise well. Wheat is looking very fine, and many of our farmers are confident that a good crop will be harvested. Its escape from the midge last season has induced many to try the wheat crop again, and if it matures uninjured this year, Western New York will again produce a surplus of the great staple. We have our fears, yet believe that underdraining, good culture, and the early sowing of early varieties will enable the farmers of this region to grow wheat profitably. Time and experiment will determine.

— Speaking of the season and the crops, here is an encouraging note on the subject from John Park, dated "Gates, (near Rochester,) 5th mo., 26th:"

"In taking a survey of my farm, and observing its luxuriant appearance, the query of David came vividly before my mind, namely, 'What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits unto me?'—for never since I came to this country (27 years ago,) did the earth promise such an abundance. Winter wheat and barley looks strong, healthy, and very forward; spring barley and oats have a similar appearance. Fruits of all kinds, peaches not excepted, promise abundance. Grass is doing well. Planting corn and potatoes is nearly finished. Indeed, for several weeks the weather has been everything that a farmer could desire. It reminds me of a fine English season; and when I cast my eyes on the lovely white hawthorn, now in blossom, I am reminded of my boyish days, when, with others, we went out a bird's-nesting. Respecting this kind of fence, I observe in the Rural New-Yorker the expression of doubts and fears about its answering in this country. I can say that out of about 30,000, not one has suffered from mice or borer, or anything else. I call upon those who were making inquiry about the hawthorn to come and see for themselves. I never saw them look better in England than they do here. I have about one and a half miles of them, dividing four fields, an orchard, garden, and one on each side of the road. If there are any persons who wish to tread English soil, without the danger of crossing the Atlantic, they can be accommodated at Thorn Farm, Lyell Road, near Rochester."

The Cattle Disease (Pluero-Pneumoia,) so contagious and fatal in Massachusetts, is causing much alarm throughout New England. Speaking of it, the N. Y. Tribune says:—"The State of Massachusetts has a crisis impending over it more direful than almost any other which could be imagined." It adds that "the whole agricultural interest of this country is liable to receive a blow from which it may not recover in many years." No State Fair is to be held this year in Massachusetts, and we presume the local Cattle Shows will also be omitted in that and probably other New England States. Measures will no doubt be adopted to confine the disease, if possible, in the districts already affected. It is certainly the duty of the State Legislatures, and other authorities, to prevent the spread of the fatal disorder by stringent enactments—making a boundary over which no neat animal shall pass on penalty of a heavy fine. Should the disease reach this and the Western States, the loss would prove almost incalculable.

The Dairy Farmer is a well-conducted octavo of 32 pages, published monthly (at 50 cents per annum,) by A. W. Eaton, Little Falls, N. Y. The number before us contains several valuable articles on the specialty to which the paper is devoted. Emanating from the celebrated Herkimer dairy region, and conducted by such experienced men as L. B. Arnold, A. L. Fish, and X. A. Willard, the Farmer must prove worthy the special attention of all engaged in dairying.

Sale of Improved Stock.—It will be seen by reference to an advertisement in this paper that Hon. A. B. Conger, Ex-President of the State Ag. Society, offers at public sale choice selections of his Herds of Ayrshire, Devon, and Short-horn cattle, and also a few horses, Berkshire, Essex, and Suffolk, swine, etc. Those wishing to procure improved stock will note the announcement.

National Horse Show.—We are in receipt of the programme for the "Fourth National Exhibition of Horses, at Springfield, Mass., Sept. 4-7, 1860." The Directors of the Hampden Co. Ag. Society have resolved upon this Show as a substitute for the State Agricultural Fair, (omitted this year on account of the prevalence of the disease among the cattle,) and appointed a Board of Managers, "most of whom have served in the same capacity at the former successful Exhibitions." Liberal premiums are offered for the various classes of Horses—including two prizes of $200 each, eleven of $100 each, fifty of $20 to $80 each, &c.

Oregon State Ag. Society.—The farmers of Oregon organized a State Society in February last—adopted constitution, elected officers, and designated the second week in October as the time for holding the first Annual Fair. Officers: *President*—W. H. Rector, of Marion county. *Cor. Secretary*—Samuel E. May, Marion. *Rec Secretary*—Lucien Heath, Marion. *Treasurer*—J. H. Moores, Marion.

Orleans County Horse and Sheep Show.—A Horse Exhibition and Sheep Show is announced by the Orleans Co. Ag. Society, to be held at Albion on Friday and Saturday next, June 8th and 9th. From the programme and list of premiums, we infer that our Orleans friends intend to have a large attendance, and create some interest, if not excitement.

"Consternation."—Attention is directed to the advertisement of this thorough-bred stallion, and to the fact that the charge for pasturage of mares is only 50 cents a week, instead of 75 cents as hitherto published.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THE *Chinese Peonies* are coming into flower, and in another week will be in perfection. This has become a most interesting class of flowers, and a great many varieties are cultivated by our nurserymen. Next week we will describe a few of the best. The FLOWERING SHRUBS and TREES are now the principal ornament of the garden, and among these the *Thorns* are most conspicuous. This class of small trees deserve far more attention than they receive from ornamental planters. Nothing looks more beautiful upon the lawn, being neat in form, the foliage bright and glossy, and when in flower they elicit universal admiration. There are few trees or shrubs more worthy of general cultivation, and we would be glad to see them in every garden. The best varieties are the *Single Pink* and *Single Red*, and the *Double Red* and *Double White*.

The *Horse Chestnuts* are well deserving of all the attention they receive. The single common variety is just passing out of flower. The *Red Flowering* is now exceedingly fine. The flowers of the *Yellow* variety are poor, not differing much from the *Buckeye*. The *Double White* is one of the best. The flowers are white, prettily spotted with red, like the common variety, but perfectly double. There is a variegated leaved variety, with red flowers.

Several varieties of the SPIRÆA are in flower, and we took notes of the *S. trilobata* and *S. crenata*, both very neat shrubs of rather dwarfish habit, with trusses of small flowers almost covering the plant. *S. ulmifolia* is of larger growth, with larger flowers. *S. lanceolata* is the finest of the class—of the purest whiteness. Its branches are floral snow-wreaths. Everybody should plant it.

The *African Tamarix* is a very delicate and a very beautiful shrub. It has very small, slender leaves, somewhat resembling Juniper or the Heath. The flowers are very small, heath-like, of a delicate pink color, and growing thickly on small spikes an inch or so in length; and these spikes cover almost the entire plant. It is one of the most delicate and graceful plants grown; and yet we scarcely ever see it, even in our best gardens. Next fall or spring purchase the *African Tamarix*, of your nurserymen, and you will be pleased with the investment. There are several other varieties flowering in autumn.

The *Calycanthus* is becoming a favorite. There are several varieties, sweet-scented shrubs, with large flowers of a cinnamon color.

The *Rose-Colored Weigela* is in full bloom. It is a magnificent shrub, when covered with its rosy flowers, blooms profusely, and is as hardy as a lilac. Plant it next fall or spring, by all means.

The old favorite, the *Snowball*, is now in perfection. It is a crooked, rambling grower, and the wood is tender; the consequence is, many plants are broken with the weight of the flowers, especially in wet weather. Young plants should be pruned, so as to secure a stiff stem and a compact head.

The *Tartarian Honeysuckle* is a very pretty shrub, the leaves clean and bright, and the flowers of a delicate pink color.

The *Lilacs* are mostly out of flower, but we cannot avoid calling attention to one of the most desirable of the new sorts, the *Joseki*. It is more graceful in habit than any other variety, blooms several weeks later, being now (May 28,) coming into flower, and the spikes are larger, and more open, and very graceful. It is the darkest of all the *Lilacs*, being a deep purple, while the buds appear almost black.

THE APPLE TREE CATERPILLAR.

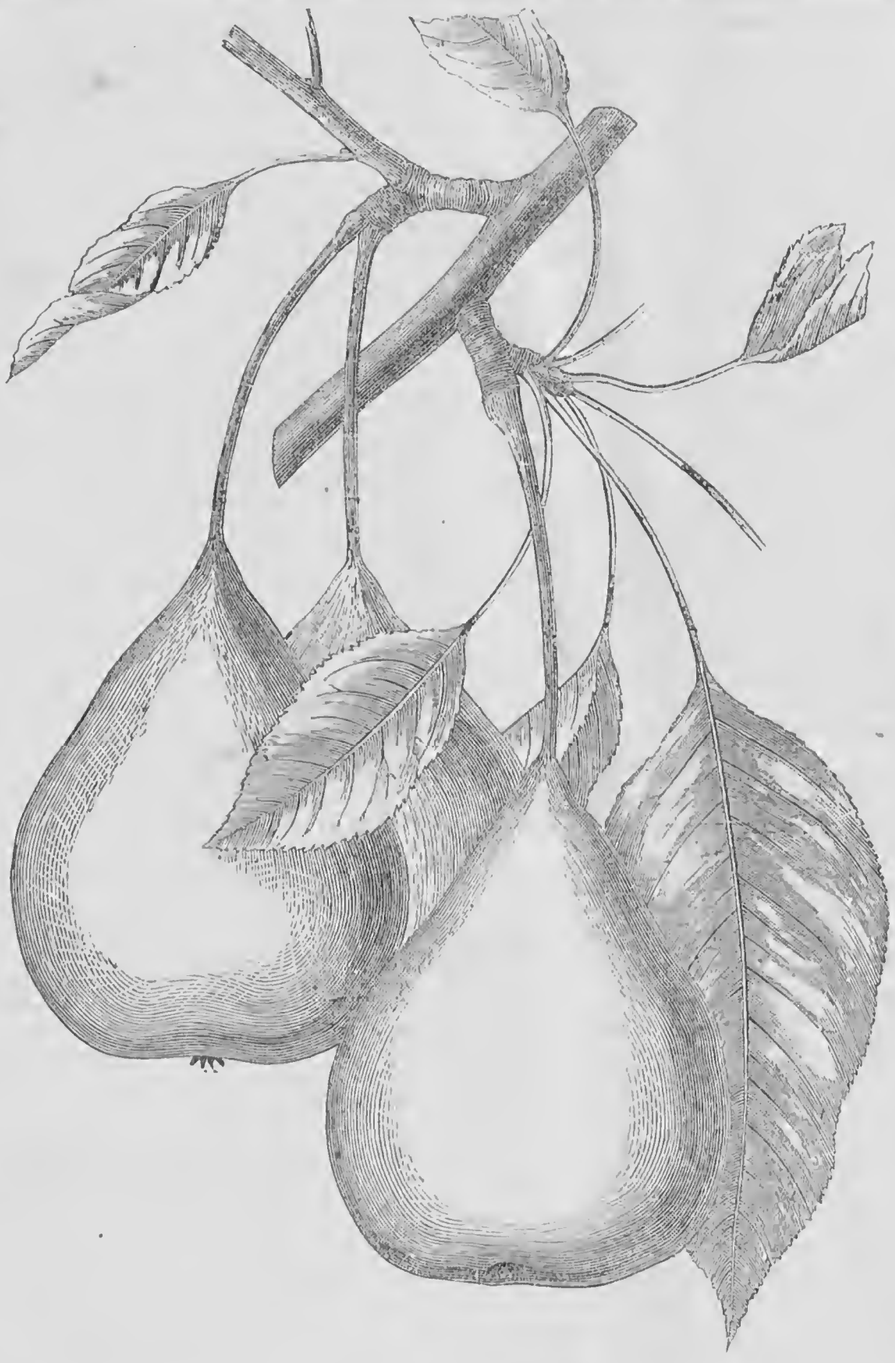
NEVER have we seen the Apple Tree Caterpillar so numerous as the present season. There is scarcely an orchard, so far as our observation goes, in which more or less of the webs of this insect are not to be seen; and in many they are so numerous as to threaten the entire destruction of the foliage in a short time. It is now too late to prevent injury by caterpillars, but their work may be brought to a sudden termination if all farmers and fruit growers would give them a few hours of serious attention. The proper time to commence the war against the caterpillar is early in the spring, when their eggs are found in clusters entirely circling the young limbs. These should be removed before the leaves appear, and burned. Those that escape this process will hatch out just about the time the leaf buds are bursting, and form themselves nest-like webs, in which they take shelter during cool nights, wet days, &c. These nests, as soon as discovered, should be destroyed.

There are various processes recomended in the papers for doing this work, most of them useless, and others quite ridienlous. Among the new things proposed, we find the following, which is receiving pretty general circulation:

IMPORTANT TO FARMERS AND OTHERS.—A gentleman of Elmira, who has tried the experiment, informs the Press that a few drops of kerosene oil, poured upon the nest of the worms that infest apple and other fruit trees, will completely destroy them. The experiment is worth a trial by all persons engaged in raising fruit.

If the nest was well soaked in kerosene oil it might effect the destruction of the whole, but a few drops would not touch one in a hundred. It may cause them to scatter, but no good would result from this. The only effectual remedy is to see that every catepillar is killed. Tear down the nests with the hand and crush them under the feet. A swab covered with tar or thick whitewash placed under the nest and raised up and twisted around will bring it down. Another way is to burn up the entire nest. Tie a piece of cotton batting on the top of a pole, saturate it with kerosene or coal oil, set it on fire, and hold it under the nest, or if windy, so that the smoke and flame will be directed toward the nest, and all will be burned up. Scarcely one will fall to the ground alive. In this way an orchard of considerable size could be passed over in a few hours.

The best time to do this work is in the morning, after a cool night, as then nearly all of the caterpillars are at home.



THE TYSON PEAR.

IN a few weeks we shall at least begin to think and talk about summer pears, and perhaps taste them. One of the very best is the Tyson. We give an engraving of a branch with the pears, as it was taken from the tree. It is an upright, vigorous grower, but very tardy in fruiting on the pear root, yet when it begins to bear it is very productive. On the quince it succeeds well, bears early, and makes a good growth of wood. It is a native seedling, being found in a hedge on the farm of JONATHAN TYSON, of Jenkintown, near Philadelphia.

Fruit medium, considerably ranging in shape from conic, to pyramidal, and pyriform. Skin clear, deep yellow at full maturity, slightly russeted, with a fine crimson cheek. Stalk long and curved, generally inserted by a fleshy ring or lip. Calyx open, basin shallow. Flesh rather fine, juicy, melting, very sugary, and somewhat aromatic. Ripens last of August and first of Sept.

HORTICULTURE, &c., AT THE SOUTH.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A call is made for an article on the cultivation of grapes at the South. You reply that a Missouri man "is preparing a work." I repudiate that. Why, dear sir, even the best growers *in the South*, would be rather uncertain, and Missouri is about north enough to write for the North. At least give us the work of a man living in the South. I was personally acquainted with N. HERBEMONT and JAS. S. GUIGNARD, of South Carolina, and knew long ago their management, which is certainly not at all suitable to the Scuppernong. I knew NOYES, of this State, and his system was totally different. The one would plant deep, and keep superficial roots cut off; the other plant shallow, in poor land, and manure superficially with vegetable manure. Who is to judge? Are all, natives and foreigners, to be treated alike? If so, we cannot equally succeed.

We Southern people have been so long in pupilage, that I fear we will never be men. The North manufacture for us all we need, and they treat us, deservedly, with contempt. We have men among us, who instruct, and all their lore is a few months' residence among us, and a little of this and that culled from some very communicative men who desire to be *patrons*.

The idea has not gone yet, that this climate, say 32° north, is not adapted for fine wool, corn, small grains generally, fruits, and the vine. The North is the country. Yet the largest crop of corn,—reliably substantiated, too,—was grown on my early homestead in South Carolina, by a brother doctor, too,—212 bushels. Wheat from Mississippi has sold at the highest figure in St. Louis. I am most heartily tired of this thing, sectionality, comparisons, and such like.

The North has her climate, and best for some things; the South hers, and best for some things. North men, by *education*, have their fitness,—not because they are North men; and South men have their fitness, and because they are men. Meaner men never lived or died, than are now equally born to the North and the South. Education,—training,—makes a vast difference, and just so in climate. Prepare land on my plantation, and cultivate as well as upon your rich lands in Western New York, and I can show bushel for bushel of corn with you. Provide food and shelter here as you do there, and I will with same sheep and same attention grow as fine and as many lbs. of wool as you do. We can grow more cotton, sugar, rice, than you can, and I believe a temperate climate of 30° to 40°, or perhaps 35° to 45°, is better suited to even man, than is a northern one from 60° to 70°.

I will finish planting cotton to-day, or in three hours on Monday. Most planters have worked over corn. I have designedly been late in planting. Will begin corn on the 1st of May, which is early enough. I will have 170 to 230 acres in corn, 10 in millet and Hungarian grass, 10 in sweet potatoes, 2 in Irish, about 300 in cotton. Can show as good red clover as is this day in Kentucky or New York.

I am very anxious to see that Spergula; have seen account of nothing yet that I am so anxious to see. I would rather give $10 to see one foot square in growth, than pay $1 to see and hear OLE BULL. Dianthus Heddewigii is what? I can't conceive. Roses in full bloom. Bulbs all gone, with the Spiræas. Magnolia purpurea, or tripetala, and others, swelling. Pears will be very scarce,—late frosts cut them off. Peaches not a fair crop. Apples pretty fair. M. W. P.

Edwards, Miss., April 28, 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The spring exhibition of this Society is to be held at Corinthian Hall, in the city of Rochester, on the 22d inst.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The spring meeting of this Society is to be held at the city of Buffalo on the 27th and 28th inst.

A VINE WORTH HAVING.—A poor woman in the country of Santa Barbara, California, has but one grape vine. This bore, in 1857, five thousand bunches of grapes, each bunch weighing over a pound, yielding her the handsome sum of four thousand dollars. When a girl, on leaving Monterey for her present home, she picked up a vine cutting to drive her mule. This cutting she planted on her arrival, and after the lapse of seven years, such is the result. So says an Oregon paper.

TO SAVE SQUASH SEED PURE.—There have been several articles in the RURAL about keeping squash seed pure. Some propose planting very early, some protecting the blossoms with a net, &c. Now, in order to devise some plan to prevent mixing, it is necessary to know something of the cause of mixture. There are two kinds of flowers on all squash and pumpkin vines—one kind pistillate, (being on long stems, sometimes as high as the leaves;) the other, staminate, have short stems, with a miniature squash at the bottom of the flower. In order to produce a perfect squash, with perfect seeds, the pollen, from the pistilate flower, must be introduced into the staminate, and as the flowers (both pistilate and staminate,) are two inches or more deep, the wind cannot waft it from one to the other, (as it does with corn;) therefore, the only way in which it is transported is by *bees* passing from one flower to another, rolling them in each to collect all the pollen they possibly can. Consequently, if it were not for the bees, we should have no squashes, pumpkins, melons, cucumbers, &c. I have found no difficulty in keeping such things pure by planting pole beans between them and all other kinds, as the beans are perpetually in bloom, and the bees will naturally stop and roll off on the bean blossoms the pollen previously obtained. If my theory is incorrect, I will be much obliged to any one who will correct me.—J. H. GENTLEMAN, *Westchester Co., N. Y.*

Inquiries and Answers.

CULTURE OF STRAWBERRIES.—As it seems to be one of your duties (?) to answer the questions of your subscribers, allow me to ask one or two. I have read of cultivating strawberries in hills, and wish to know whether the runners are all taken off each year, and the same plant cultivated year after year, or whether enough runners should be left to supply the place of the old ones, and then the old ones removed; and, if the latter is the case, how often should it be done?

Again, amidst the cries of "humbug," "fizzle," "fiddlesticks," &c., I have set out a plantation of dwarf pears, to which I intend to give good treatment, and prove, if possible, that "he laughs best who laughs last." Now, how much should they be allowed to bear the second year after planting?—O. J. H., *Farmington, N. Y.*, 1860.

I wish to make a few inquiries in regard to strawberries. Is sawdust good to mulch them with? Is there danger of mulching them too deep, if the plants are not covered over entirely? Would it injure the plants to cover them entirely over in the fall, and let them remain so until spring, to protect in winter? If they were so covered in the fall, would it be necessary to remove the mulching in the spring, or would they grow through it, if not covered too deep?—D. R. S., *Hudson, N. Y.*, 1860.

WHEN strawberries are grown in hills, the runners are entirely removed. The original plants become old and worthless after about two or three years. Then a few runners should be allowed to strike from plants to take the place of the old ones. The better way, however, is to form a new bed, and have it ready for bearing by the time the old one shows signs of decay.

Sawdust will answer as a mulching material for strawberries, but it should not be more than an inch in depth, particularly around the crown of the plants. A little straw is better. If sawdust, or even tan-bark, is put on several inches in depth, the plants become smothered, mildewed, and ruined. For a winter covering, we altogether prefer a little straw.

If dwarf trees are making a rapid growth of wood the second season after planting, a number of specimens may be allowed to mature; but if making only a small growth of wood, every fruit should be removed.

APPLE TREE BORER.—Having a favorable opinion of your paper, and wishing to get some knowledge as to the Apple Tree Grub, or Borer, I write to you, hoping that some one interested in tree culture will give me the desired information through your paper. I wish to know if there is anything that will stop the borer from working in fruit trees? Should there be a remedy, I wish to know what it is. The borer will eat through and kill trees five inches in diameter. The people in this county have tried many ways to kill them, such as washing the trees with soapsuds, pouring tar around the roots, and planting tansey around the tree, but all failed of being a cure. Any hints in regard to the borer, will be thankfully received by—W. W. C., *Pawling, Dutchess Co., N. Y.*

THE Apple Tree Borer is one of the worst enemies against which our apple trees have to contend. It is quite common throughout the country, and the injury it does is often charged to an unsuitableness of soil or climate, or the nurseryman is blamed for selling unhealthy trees. The egg which produces the borer is laid by a winged insect, which makes its appearance every season in June, and flies only in the night. During June and July, the female beetle deposits her eggs, one at a place, upon the bark, generally where it is tender, near the surface of the earth. Sometimes, when they are very numerous, they deposit eggs higher up, particularly in the crotches formed by the lower limbs. From each of these eggs is hatched a small maggot, of a white color, with a yellow tinge to its head. This maggot eats its way directly downward in the bark, producing a discoloration where it is situated. If the outer dark-colored surface of the bark be scraped off with a knife, the last of August, or fore part of September, so as to expose the clean white bark beneath, as can easily be done without any injury to the tree, wherever there is a young worm, it can readily be detected. A little blackish spot, rather larger than a kernel of wheat, will be discovered wherever an egg has been deposited, and by cutting slightly into the bark, the worm will be found. It gradually works its way onward through the bark, increasing in size as it advances, until it reaches the sap-wood; here its takes up its abode, feeding upon and consuming the soft wood, thereby forming a smooth, round, flat cavity, the size of a dollar or larger, immediately under the bark. It keeps its burrow clean by pushing its excrements out of a small crevice or opening through the bark, which it makes at the lower part of its burrow, and if this orifice becomes clogged up, it opens another. The worklogs of the maggot are shown in the engraving, the bark being removed for this purpose. This excrement resembles new fine sawdust, and enables us readily to detect the presence of the worm by the little heap of this substance which is accumulated on the ground, commonly covering the hole out of which it is extruded, and by particles of it which adhere around the orifice where it is higher up, or in the fork of the tree; the outer surface of the bark also often becomes slightly depressed, or flattened, over this cavity.

The most efficient enemy of these borers is the common wood-pecker, so frequently seen in our orchards. They should never be molested in their work. Various experiments for killing the worm have been proposed, such as plugging up the hole, thrusting a wire into it, &c., but the nature of the burrow, which we have described, makes this very difficult. Perhaps there is no better way of dislodging the insect than by cutting him out with a strong knife. The wounds thus made will generally heal readily, and it is much better than to allow the insect to continue his course of mischief. FITCH recommends that the course of the burrow be ascertained by puncturing the bark with an awl, and then the bark at the top be cut away, so that scalding water can be poured from a teapot, or other vessel, into the burrow, which will kill the varmint.

As a preventive, washing the bark with strong lye, in August, when the newly hatched grubs are but slightly sunk in the bark, is useful. Hon. A. B. DICKINSON recommends the placing of soft soap in the crotch of the tree for this an other insects. The soap will wash down the trunk with the rains. Wooden boxes placed around large trees, and two pieces of drain tile around small ones, will, in a great measure, prevent the eggs from being deposited in the bark. But in this, as in most other cases, nothing but care and watchfulness will insure success.

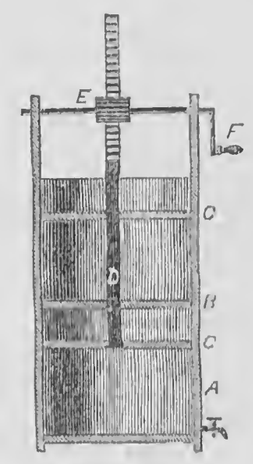
THE CURCULIO.—Like many other readers of the RURAL, I have an inquiry to make, and it is this. Can you give us an effectual preventive of the ravages of the curculio on plums?—G. BINNS, *Redstone, Fay. Co., Pa.*

MAKE the ground under the trees hard and smooth. Jar them every morning, and sweep up all the insects and diseased plums that fall, and burn them. Commence as soon as the fruit begins to form. After a few weeks, two or three times a week may answer. Pursue this course faithfully, and the curculio will soon be subdued, and you will have a crop of plums. There is no patent remedy, nothing that will drive them off or annihilate them at a single blow, but a little earnest work will accomplish the end. If this is too much trouble cut down the trees, and don't breed curculios to injure your neighbors.

Domestic Economy

A WASHING MACHINE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The opinion is now becoming general, that the proper way to wash clothes is to alternately fill them with water and press it out, avoiding friction as much as possible. I would here like to give your readers a description of a machine of my own invention, constructed on this principle. The figure is a sectional view. A is a cylinder 2 feet in diameter, made of any suitable material. In the middle of the cylinder will be seen a stationary cylinder head, B, which is perforated with holes. C C are two moveable pistons, working water tight in the cylinder,—both of them fastened rigidly to the rod D. On the top part of the rod is a rack, which gears into the pinion E, worked by the crank F.



The operation is as follows:—The upper piston is raised above the top of the cylinder, and the clothes to be washed are placed therein, with a sufficient quantity of soap and water. On depressing the piston, by means of the crank, the upper piston presses all the water out of the clothes, passing through the cylinder head B, thence following the lower piston to the bottom of the cylinder. Thus all the water is squeezed out of the clothes. On reversing the direction of the crank, the pistons rise, and the lower one forces the water through the stationary head again into the clothes. It is thus depressed and raised alternately, soaking and squeezing the water out of the clothes. A stopcock should be placed in the side of the cylinder, to let off the water when not required. I would here state that any one is at liberty to use my invention, and it would highly please the inventor to see it made an article of manufacture.

Darien, N. Y., 1860. WM. BROOKS, JR.

DRIED CURRANTS AND APPLES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Allow me to present to your numerous readers two valuable recipes. Last year, to preserve our currents from the multitude of birds, we were obliged to take them while green, and the apples from the equally rapacious boys in this country, where there is so little fruit, we must take *them* before they were ripe.

DRIED CURRANTS.—Put in your dish, over the fire, a handful of sugar; when dissolved, having your currants gathered and washed, put them in, and boil until all will break, take the scum out on plates, boil all the water out, and pour on the juice, then put to dry, and pack in jars for winter use. You will find them far superior to ripe ones preserved in the same way.

TO DRY APPLES FOR HOME USE.—In the early fall take the best tart apples, stew them as for the table, spread on plates and dry, then pack in jars and you can have them all winter as fresh and good as the first early apples. A. A. T.

Cherry Valley, Ill., 1860.

POACHED EGGS.—The beauty of a poached egg is for the yolk to be seen blushing through the white, which should only be just sufficiently hardened to form a transparent vail for the egg. Have some boiling water in a tea-kettle; pass as much of it through a clean cloth as will half fill a stew-pan; break the egg into a cup, and when the water boils, remove the stew-pan from the stove, and gently slip the egg into it; it must stand till the white is set; then put it over a very moderate fire, and as soon as the water boils, the egg is ready; take it up with a slice, and neatly round of the ragged edges of the white; send them up on bread toasted on one side only, with or without butter.

REMOVING GREASE SPOTS, STAINS, &c.—For removing grease spots without injury to the colors, take the yolk of an egg, and apply a little of it to the spots, then place over it a piece of white linen, and wet it with boiling water. Rub the linen with the hand, and repeat the process three or four times, at each time applying fresh boiling water. The linen is then to be removed, and the part treated to be washed in clean cold water. To take stains out of mahogany, spirits of salts, six parts; salt of lemons, one part; mix; then drop a little on the spots, and rub them till they disappear.—N. M. TODD, *Five Corners, N. Y.*, 1860.

NEW ORLEANS RECIPE FOR CORNING BEEF.—To 100 pounds of beef take 9 lbs. coarse salt, 4 oz. saltpetre, and 5 lbs. sugar. Pulverize the saltpetre and mix the ingredients thoroughly. Pack the beef with the mixture, pound it down, and put a weight upon it.—I. H. S., *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1860.

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE.—One cup sugar; one cup butter; ½ cup buttermilk; 1 teaspoon soda; 3 eggs; 1 cup raisins; 1 cup common currants. Chop the raisins and currants very fine.—LOTTIE, *Minaville, N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHAT SHALL I WISH FOR THEE?

Shall I wish for thee many beautiful dreams,
In the land where the sunset sky
Is fairer than ours, and where hopes and fears
Should ne'er cloud thy loving eye?
Ah, the dreams would fade, and thy soul be taught
A far sadder prophesy;
Thou wouldst learn, alas! *too soon*, that life
Is a stern reality.

Shall I wish for thee Fame,—that thy sunny brow
With laurel wreaths may be crowned,—
That with thrilling touch thou shouldst tune thy lyre,
Its echo thy name to resound?
O, Fame would ne'er quench thy soul's dying thirst,—
It would prove but a treacherous smile,—
It would lure thee on, yet no solace give,
Thy wearisome hours to beguile.

Shall I wish for thee wealth,—that thy beauteous form
Adorned with jewels may be;
That 'mid banquet and song thou shouldst pass life's hours,
In a ceaseless revelry?
O, the tears that would dim thy once beaming eye,
Would cloud with anguish thy heart;
And the bloom of innocence sparkling there
Would soon, with its light, depart.

Shall I wish for thee love,—the holy and pure,—
And a home where affection shall shine?
Yes, *love* is the only atmosphere
For a loving soul like thine;
But not that love that shall bend its flight,
And to earth *alone* be given,
But love that shall every bliss unite
To link thy soul unto heaven.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860. MARY A. B.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AUNT BETSEY'S VISIT.

AUNT BETSEY had been to call on Mrs. BROWN; or, to correct myself, as I remember their change of fortune, on "Mrs. AUGUSTUS BROWNE, of Browne Hall." She came home with a look on her venerated face that said, as plainly as words could, that something had "gone cross-grain" with her, but we girls discreetly held our peace, and it was not until she had regained equanimity of breath, by precipitating herself backward and forward in her rocking-chair and knitting twice around her stocking-top, (no short task, let me assure you, for the good soul weighs two hundred,) that sister MARY ventured to hazard the inquiry if she had a good visit.

"Good fiddle-sticks!" was her abrupt rejoinder, "I never *did* suppose that SALLY BROWN would live to be such a stuck-up fool, and all because her husband happened to have twenty thousand dollars fall to him from England. It had a sight better have fallen into the Red Sea than to him, for I believe it'll be the ruination of the whole family. You all know how much Mrs. BROWN used to set by me, and well she might, for I've nursed her through typhus fever,—given her old dresses, and sent her pickles ever since she was married. I don't know but she was glad to see me to-day, but she had a queer way of showing it. When I went in, she got up out of a red velvet rocking-chair,—where she was setting, doing nothing but just holding her hands,—and acted so stiff. I says to her, 'Now, SALLY, you've got that awful rheumatiz, I know, haint you?' She turned kind of red and muttered something, then she set down, and I set down, and she looked at the carpet and I looked at her. She had on a silk gown, and something on her head like lace all frowzled up, but I reckon she didn't dare to stir much for fear it would fall off. I couldn't think of much to say for a spell, but finally I asked her if 'TILDA ANN was to home. 'Yes,' she said, she was in her *bowder*,—or something like that,—and she says to the hired girl, as was going through the room, 'Tell Miss BROWNE to please come in the parlor.' Pretty soon, in she comes, the queerest looking thing I ever *did* see. She had on a silk dress, but I do say if she didn't come right in the parlor there, with it open all the way down from the waist, where it was tied up with a cord. I reckoned her mother would tell her to go back and fasten it up, but she didn't, and she comes right up where I was,

'How do you do-ah, Mrs. GREE-UN?' says she.

'Pretty well,' says I, 'how do you do now days?'

'Ah, my health is ver-ah miserable,' says she, 'I beg you will excuse my dish-bill,'—least ways I thought that was what she said, though I didn't see any dish, and thought she'd enough sight better ask me to excuse her petticoat.

Well, we sat there half the afternoon, them two without a stitch of work, till by-and-bye a couple drove up to the door,—a man and girl. 'TILDA ANN she gave a screech and jumped,—I thought she was going to hide, but she run right out on the portico and ketched the girl round her neck, and they hugged and kissed till they was both black in the face. Then she goes up to the man—he had something on his upper lip that looked like a black caterpillar,—and he takes hold of her hand. I thought he was going to spit in it, but I couldn't see exactly. I says good-day to Mrs. BROWN, and slipped out at the back door before they came in. I guess when I go there again, I'll know it and they too!" E. C. L. K.

Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1860.

LIFE lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect. He deserves not the name of architect, except when, out of this fortuitous mass, he can combine with the greatest economy, and fitness, and durability, some form, the pattern of which originated in his spirit.—*Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.*

IT is easy to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after your own,—but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*R. W. Emerson.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUNSHINE.

How cheerfully it smiles down upon the earth, this free, unfettered sunshine; ministering nourishment alike to the tiniest, humblest leaf that nestles close in the bosom of mother earth, and the tall, firm-rooted oak that stands in the pride and glory of its own strength. What is there like it,—so genial, so life-giving, so universal,—so like the arms of a father's love, opened to receive the weary wanderer,—so like the love of the All Father, bestowing mercies alike upon the just and the unjust. How it radiates, how it brightens everything that it rests upon. Like the art of the alchemist, it turns all that it touches into gold.

What a bright spot for memory to rest upon is some familiar object where the sunshine has been wont to rest from "early morn 'till dewy eve," in the days gone by. How much of peace and quiet it will bring to the heart to go out where the sunshine is lying deep all over the meadow, and often, when corroding care, disappointment, and the petty ills of everyday life are eating into the heart, how much good it does us, for who can have the heart to look right up into the face of GOD'S sunshine and entertain any hard or bitter feelings.

How frequently we see people who look and act as if they were trying to keep all the sunshine out of their hearts,—who go about with such gloomy faces that little children,—those true interpreters of human faces,—will shun them, and flee from their presence. How much better it would be if we would all take lessons of the sunshine, and let not our hearts despise the instructions of one of the most simple, though potent, of Nature's agents. Those who darken the windows of the soul, and keep out all the sunshine, do not wrong themselves alone; for as the parched earth can yield no nourishment to the shrubs which depend upon it, neither can a darkened human soul shed any warmth or light upon those who gather round and cling to it. Then, let us not be afraid to unbar the doors of our inner life, and let in the dew and the sunshine, that our hearts may never grow old. Let us not be afraid of putting off that dignity in which we have enveloped ourselves, but let us be simple,—become even like little children,—our great reward being in the knowledge that we have lessened the sorrows of some of earth's weary ones. MARION.

Girard, Pa., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A SAL-U-TARY LESSON.

I SEE cousin SOL has made a bitter complaint, in a late number of the RURAL, concerning the hardships and trials of "Single Blessedness."—Poor fellow! He is to be pitied, but I must say the fault is all his own. The fact is, he has no business to be a bachelor. What right has he got,—I'd like to know,—to dodge the responsibilities of Matrimony, and adopt the owlish life of a bachelor?—what right to spend his time in the pursuit of pleasure, or smaller game, while the care of the femininos falls to his hard working neighbor? He'd better be *hunting* a wife! I'd like to know what right he and other "Baches" have got, to oblige us ladies to live a "Sol-I-Tary" kind of life—to be dependent on charity for subsistence; or to scratch, like hungry chickens, for a living, just because they love their ease,—or something else,—too well to allow them to bear their end of the Matrimonial Yoke? Why, Mr. Editor, these "Baches" are so thoroughly encased in their *silver-sealed* armor, that the sharp shafts of Cupid have not the slightest ghost of a chance. Rouge, Kiss-me-quick, Women's Sphere, and the various arts and accomplishments which we may be so fortunate as to possess, have not the least effect on the "Invincibles." On the other hand, "Cousin MAG'S" diatribes merely force a few crocodile tears from the hardened creatures; but, as any one may see, the effect is not permanent: and if it were, it's of the wrong sort, and would never bring them to repentance. Even "Public Sentiment," although always, and sorely, against them, according to SOL'S account, does not weigh a straw, for we are told they (and their counterparts, the Maids,) are increasing to an alarming extent.

What's to be done! The fact is, these gentry *have one* vulnerable point, and that is the pocket; and if nothing else will bring them to a sense of duty, I believe our Legislature should take the matter in hand, and revive the ancient law, laying a fine on the delinquents. No doubt there would be a large increase of the tears aforesaid, with terrible threats against the Union thrown in, but our word for it, such a law would be decidedly beneficial. S. U. T.

Canajoharie, N. Y., 1860.

THE WIFE.—It is astonishing to see how well a man may live on a small income, who has a handy and industrious wife. Some men live and make a far better appearance on six or eight dollars a week, than others do on fifteen or eighteen dollars. The man does his part well, but his wife is good for nothing. She will even upbraid her husband for not living in as good a style as his neighbor, while the fault is entirely her own. His neighbor has a neat, capable, and industrious wife, and that makes the difference. His wife, on the other hand, is a whirlpool, into which a great many silver cups might be thrown, and the appearance of the water would remain unchanged. No Nicholas, the diver, is there to restore the wasted treasure. It is only an insult for such a woman to talk to her husband about her love and devotion.

MOTHER.—Young man! thy mother is thy best friend. The world may forget you—thy mother never; the world may wilfully do you many wrongs—thy mother never; the world may persecute you while living, and when dead plant the ivy and the nightshade of slander upon your grassless grave—but thy mother will love and cherish you while living, and if she survives you, will weep for you when dead, such tears as none but a mother knows how to weep. Love thy mother!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WATCHING THE CLOUDS.

BY MRS. CARRIE HOWARD.

LEANING my head on the window sill,
I sit for hours, when the day is still,
Gazing far up in the deep blue sky,—
Gazing with listless, dreamy eye,—
Watching the clouds.

None may know of the shadowy things,
Floating on airy, gossamer wings,
That Fancy pictures,—nor visions bright
That greet, for aye, the 'wildered sight,
Watching the clouds.

Life-like, and full of a changeful hue,
Are the pictures I paint on the ether blue;
Faithfully traced,—dark and sad, or bright and fair,—
As oft I dream by the window there,
Watching the clouds.

Scenes of this life, ye are passing away,—
Visions of beauty, ye speed to decay,—
Hastens the hour when I'll sit no more
By window sill or cottage door,
Watching the clouds.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LINGERINGS WITH NATURE.—NO. I.

ISLANDS OF LAKE ERIE.

LIKE the fabled Atlantis, gleaming through the mist in uncertain shapes, lie the green isles of Lake Erie, as seen from the steamer, when passing beyond the Peninsula that protects Sandusky Bay. First comes *Kelley's Island*, vine-clad and beautiful, soon to seem a floating garden upon the waters, while beyond, the *Three Sister's* lie in loving relationship, so alike that they can scarcely be distinguished from each other. *Put-in Bay Island*, soon to be graced by the monumental marble, commemorating PERRY'S victory in 1813, will doubtless prove the goal of many pilgrimages, and perhaps the Newport of the West. Seventeen in number,—some bleak and barren,—some rocky and bold,—others shaded and fertile,—their diversified appearance heightens the picturesque effect, and suggests innumerable conjectures of their formation and destiny.

These were truly the Fortunate Isles of the early explorers,—their rendezvous in times of success, and covert in seasons of danger, harboring many a shipwrecked mariner and furnishing a nightly stopping for the red men, in their errands of war or bloodshed, across the watery plain. Here, perchance, many an adventurous hunter, the prey of the roaming savage, has reaped the reward of his temerity, leaving his bones whitening upon the sandy beach. We can only conjecture the experiences of the early French trappers, who are said to have reared rude dwellings here, and lived in amity with their wild neighbors, leaving an impress of civilization of which there are yet faint traces.

We can now but dimly see the arrowy canoes, shooting from one pebbly shore to another, then darting securely out upon the broad waters, "a thing of life" in the hand of its master. It is only afar off that we can view this free life of the forest and realize the charm of its dangerous adventure and untrammeled loneliness. No mockery of forms there intruded,—no artificial trappings to mar the beautiful harmony of nature. Then, as now, long vistas, half of shining water, half of forest-tufted land, opened to the delighted eye. Then, too, the waves murmured below, and the zephyrs chanted above, unheeded as now, perhaps; yet some time to be sung by poets and apostrophized by dreamers during the balmy days devoted to summer travel. All are uninhabited, except *Kelley's Island*,—and they have been doomed to a long silence since their primeval inhabitants vanished before the annihilating tread of the Anglo-Saxon. And yet who can trace their first denizens? The adjoining main-land bears evidence of some ancient race, long ago perished, or passed away, save in their crumbling forts and mausoleums: and who may say that the Titans of old, the wandering Israelites, the Trojans, or Carthagenians, may not have here tarried, deemlng them the Islands of the Blessed? Happy thought! worthy their wondrous beauty!

L. A. T.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

[ONE of the contributors of the RURAL sends us the following epistle, being "a literal copy of a letter received by a certain School Commissioner, who could neither converse, nor speak in public, without using language in the style therein set forth." It would prove a dangerous flight for most men, should they attempt to imitate without the assistance of an experienced lexicographer; but with the aid of an "Unabridged Webster," the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," (in unraveling the meaning of the various high-sounding words and phrases used,) may be rendered a both pleasing and profitable mode of passing away an hour.—EDS.]

EDACITYVILLE OCCIDENT, Aug. 18th, 1859.

ALTILOQUENT SIR:—The day sequacious to the vesper on which I effectuated, in a certain cabaret, an exsiccation of my habiliments by terrefaction, was not very inservient to the progress of a pedestrious emigrant. It is true, the atmospheric regions had been enubilated; but then the roads had become lutulent, in some parts clarty, and in others presented a grand appilation to a viator's velocity, by the viscosity of their surface. In consequence of my frequent commorations, on account of the luturious and salebrious condition of the events, I had some opportunity of exercising my optic organs upon the aspect of the circumjacent regions. The sinnosities of the vales through lapideous mountains, the feracity of the terreous surface adjacent to the aqueous meanders, the celsitude of glandiferous and nuciferous trees, excited in me the greatest oblectation.

Indigator (my canine companion) extended our quotidian locomotion, until one vesper we arrived at a hostlery of delectable appearance. Every concomitant of the establishment had undergone depuration. All the factotums were sedulously employed. I ambled cautelously into the posterior department of the extruction, where I espied the most sanguinary scenes. Here took place the trucidations of pennated and plumous bipeds, by decollation: and of vituline, ovine, and other quadrupeds, by the exantlation of their sanguincous fluid. Some of the aligerous and plumous bipeds were in a process of excoriation, and others subject to a depilatory. The propinquity of these operations to my visual powers, evocated in me the conviction that an epulation was approximating, and being somewhat scrutinous, I received cognoscence that on the postuate day a *spousal* epulation was approximating.

In my confabulation with the cauponitor, antecedent to couchee, we produced, in the progress of our enterparlance, mutual and indubious apodixis that we stood in relation of germans to each other—that his paternal and my maternal parent had one paternity. But in consequence of his great seniority to me, and his early decession from home, we had, anterior to that vesper, been in a state of complete nescience to each other. My concinnity of abearance and his great comity, as well as our consanguinity, educed from him an invitation to me to participate in the hilarity of the approaching nuptials. The parties to be concatenated were his senior daughter and a puisne man from the vise. Ultimately, the ecclesiastic who was to colligate the parties in indissoluble gyves arrived. He was a sexagenary. His sable envelops, his lugubrious countenance, his depilious cranium, the rotundity of his person and gracility of crural organs, engaged my optic exceedingly. He coalesced the interests of the parties, and in a brevity of time the doors of the refectory received patefaction, and the mensal board, onerated with prog, eates, and all kinds of cibarious articles, displayed itself to dazzled eyes and esurient maws. Such edacity, such gulosity, such ingurgitations, such omnivorousness of edibles, had never fallen under my vision in the antecedent part of my sublunary entity. After the appurtenances of the mensal board had been disarmed, an epithalamium and other ariettas were chanted by the junior part of the convivialists, after which we took decession in a spacious saloon. I was soon the object of their osculads as a peregrine entity in their midst. I saw them nictate and susurate on all sides, and they seemed much titillated at my neoteric appearance among them. When all had received satiation as to the diversified amusements, the coterie disbanded, without having suffered any casualty except once becoming highly conquassated by a general sternutation, induced by the diffusion of some pulverized mundungus on the floor. Yours, with metreless amity,

LORENZO ALTISONANT.

A JOURNEY UNDER PARIS.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Swedish journal furnishes an interesting account of a subterranean voyage made through one of the admirably constructed sewers of Paris. The boat which conveyed the party was reached by descending a flight of steps to the depth of about forty-five feet. The boat, a flat-bottomed affair, was lighted by four lamps. The sewer is an archway, fifteen feet high, and of equal breadth, with a ditch or canal about ten feet wide, wherein all the dirt and filth of Paris is carried away. On the sides are sidewalks, which together are about four feet wide. The whole is built of beautiful white sandstone, and is kept remarkably neat and clean. No stench or bad smell was perceptible. The denser portion of the filth is carried away through large drains beneath the sidewalks. The sidewalks are excellent, and exhibited no signs of dampness, while the walls of the archway are kept whitewashed, and are at all times as white as the driven snow. The structure possesses the properties of an immense speaking tube, the workmen being able to converse at the distance of two miles from each other. The echo is very strong and lasting. The fabric is said to be built after a model of the catacombs of Rome, aided by all the latest improvements. On both sides, at about two hundred yards distance from one another, are openings through which the workmen can ascend by means of permanent iron ladders, in case a sudden rain storm should cause the water to rise over the sidewalks, which is, however, of rare occurrence.

The contents of the sewer of course flow into the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to carry the boat used along with considerable velocity. Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals, into which the water can be turned for a short time in case it should be necessary to have the canal dry for a little while. The whole work was completed in two years. Besides the main canal, there are many minor ones constructed under the principal streets, all of which can be made to communicate with one another. These admirable underground works are accessible from the Louvre, the Tuileries, and from all the barracks, and should the Parisians take a notion to barricade the streets in any part of the city, the Imperial Government might, at short notice, and without any person being aware of it, transport troops, and if there is time to make use of the reservoirs, so can cavalry also be transported the same way. There is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the windows, and a revolution in Paris will soon only be remembered among things that have been, never to occur again. Through these underground passages a prisoner can easily be taken from the Louvre to the Seine, without attracting attention, and thence sent off by railway, which is near at hand. This splendid system of sewerage was one of the pet schemes of the first Napoleon.

NEVER neglect your fire places. Much of the cheerfulness of life depends upon them. What makes a fire so pleasant, is that it is a live thing in a dead room.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR FUTURE.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

O, SAY not Fate decrees for us
The Future's mystery,—
'Tis we ourselves are forming now
Our own eternity.

Here, in the mystic loom of life,
We weave what is to be,—
Our thoughts and actions are the threads
Which form our destiny.

We're weaving for ourselves a robe
To wear on that great day
When the Archangel's trump shall sound,
And earth shall pass away.

If bright and pure our actions are,
Then pure our robe shall be,
Inwove with many a thread of light,
Good deeds of charity.

But, oh, if dark and sinful thoughts
Have place within the soul,—
If hatred, malice, and distrust,
Our better acts control,—

Then dark, indeed, our robe shall be,
And dark shall be our fate,
When at the last great day we stand,
Unknown, at Heaven's gate.

So let us weave that when, at last,
Shall set life's ling'ring sun,
Our Father's voice may say to us,
"Come up, ye well have done."

Cambria, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HONORS TO THE DEAD.

FROM the first pages of the world's history we learn that veneration for the memory of the dead was early manifested by both enlightened and barbarous nations. Man has never ceased to shed the tear of sorrow, to rear the costly cenotaph, or to herald to the world the merits of one fallen in the life-march. This custom, implanted, as it were, by Nature, is a tacit argument in favor of the existence of an "immortal past," and of its future reunion with the material; for the sacred dust is deposited with a care which bespeaks an expectation that the soul will, one day, claim again its tabernacle.

The variety of manner in which this innate reverence for the departed has manifested itself in both ancient and modern times, presents a gravely pleasant field for thought. The pyramids, which rear their heads with a gloomy grandeur toward Egyptian skies, speak plainly of the vast amount of human energy,—nay, human life, expended in procuring a depository for royal ashes. The mummies found in oriental tombs cannot but remind one of the tender care bestowed in embalming those frail tenements, that they might be preserved through future ages.

How imposing must have been the funeral solemnities of those ancient days. One is thrilled with a feeling of awe while gazing at the picture, so vividly portrayed by the sacred artist, of the vast cortege which bore to burial the remains of JACOB. The train of "chariots and horsemen, and all the elders of the land,—a very great company,"—wends its way over the plains of Egypt, to Canaan, where, in the cave of Machpelah they lay the Patriarch to rest. More grand, though less impressive, was the array which attended the Conqueror of the World to the tomb,—yes, to the tomb, for, though he seized the sceptre of nations, he was himself a subject in a realm whose monarch is relentless Death. Borne in a chariot which glittered with the wealth of the East, his golden coffin hung with a purple pall, the gilt embroidery of which flashed in the sunlight, and followed by an immense concourse of people, he found repose beneath the shadow of a temple wherein he received divine honors; for the veneration of the ancients, as regards the memory of their heroes, extended beyond the magnificence of funeral pomp, taking the form of worship.

The traveler of the present day pauses to read from richly-carved pillars the epitaphs of the illustrious dead, borne hither in all the pageantry of wealth, with little sincere grief,—or, perhaps, by a simple, sober train, while the hearts of a nation mourned. The deep sorrow of JOSEPH, who "fell upon his father's face, and wept, and kissed him," was a far richer tribute to the memory of JACOB, than the hosts of Egypt could have bestowed. The grief of ALEXANDER'S soldiers at the death of a prince whom they loved, was a more enviable memento than the splendid procession which followed him to the tomb. Ever the simple tear of earnest sorrow for the dead is more desirable than the glitter of parade, and who would not prize more highly a monument in even one human heart, whereon were ineffaceably inscribed the virtues of the deceased, than a lifeless marble shaft, though it pierced the heavens, and the world might read its empty inscription?

Michigan, 1860. AMY SUMMERS.

TRIUMPH OVER EVIL.—We are rewarded for every triumph we make over temptation. I will suppose there are many who have struggled against the vanity of vain pleasures; many who have put down evil thoughts with a strong will; many who, after a long, and, it may be, an uncertain conflict with the seductions of the world, at length have triumphed. I will put it to them whether, when they have combated and prevailed against evil, their hearts have not softened and melted, and they have not felt within their bosoms a seraphic influence? They have so felt; and so it will ever be. No sooner shall they have driven from them the tempting demon of pride, of vanity, of anger,—no sooner shall the devil have left them, than angels will come and minister unto them.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER IX.

San Francisco — Its Tropical Appearance in February — Its Population — Artificial Foundation — Street Etiquette — Harbor — Business Men — Climate — Chinese — Jews — San Francisco Compared.

SALEM, Oregon, March, 1860.

My stay in San Francisco was less than a week. By the first steamer we left for this place,—the Capital of Oregon. As I design to re-visit San Francisco, and also the State, before my return, I will now only allude briefly to that city. Altho' it was the 10th day of February, the city was overhung with Italian skies, and the King of Day revealed and shed down his glories in rich profusion. It was refreshing to walk the earth again, and feel liberated from the monotonous routine of a sea voyage of over 5,000 miles. But it was no less so, to look up on the green hills that overlook the bay of San Francisco in nearly all directions. They were carpeted with grasses, and studded, from base to top, with beautiful snow-white cottages. "Telegraph Hill" is a very respectable mountain near the northern point; yet cottages struggle up the steep sides to its crest,— cottages which, when they are not huts, are buried alive in running vines, only the windows and doors maintaining a clear look-out. Roses and Geraniums, Almond and Mallow trees, were in full bloom in all the gardens and door-yards. The doors of stores, and shops, and residences, were thrown open to the lovely weather, and many of the entrances, and balconies, and window-stools were filled with vases and flower pots, imparting a fragrance and beauty that would lead you to guess you were down near the tropics. The hills, the sides of streets, the yards, and public squares, were green with the new springing grass. Vegetation runs riot and revels in its own existence. I saw grass growing in the crevices of drays in service, from fence posts and rails, and on the wooden roofs of olden houses. At length we wended our way through that part of the city occupied by the residences of the more wealthy classes. Along the streets, in rows, grows the exquisite Feathery Acacia. From the balconies, Fuchsias hang their pendants of coral and sapphire; Heliotropes wantoned in immense clumps under the windows, and the fronts of some of the residences were hidden to the eaves in the scarlet splendor of Geraniums. The Malva (here a tree,) opened its hundreds of pink blossoms, the wild Pea-vine of Australia clambered over the porticos, and the Willowy Encalyptus flourished as if in its native soil. On either hand were nurseries, breathing of Mignonette and Violets, and covered chin deep with superb foliage, giving promise of roses and fragrant flowers in endless variety and gorgeous splendor. Huge boquets were offered us by little misses in the streets, at two bits apiece, and sometimes boys would set up competition and offer them at half the money. To a northern eye, just from a land where the earth is wrapt in a mantle of snow, and the Frost King binds all nature in chains of ice, the contrast was truly surprising and quite refreshing.

The city of San Francisco is undoubtedly the largest city of its age in the world. It has been twice burned to the ground; and yet, as by magic, a third city is built at ten times the cost of both the others, and contains a population of over 78,000 souls. Many of its blocks of stores would do honor to New York city. Nearly one-third of the city, and, in fact, nearly all of the business part of it, is built upon *made* land. Steamers once landed far up in the heart of the city, but industry and enterprise have seized upon a part of Old Neptune's dominions, and turned it into solid earth. The hills which once lay close along the beach, and which were first built upon, are now thrown beautifully into the back ground, and a broad, level, generous expanse, covered with houses of business and wharves, stretches far out in front into the bay. This area was donated by the General Government to the State, the State gave it to the city, and the city sold it to individual purchasers. It has cost several millions of dollars to force back the ocean to its present limits; and when we consider that it is the work of only a few years, it strikes us as a remarkable instance of the masterly enterprise and industry of the Californians.

Many of the original streets of the city are quite too narrow. So, also, are the sidewalks; unless you are upon your guard, you will be jostled and pushed off, or squeezed and elongated so as to measure several inches more in height than when you ate your breakfast. Everybody hurries past you with express speed, and no one stops to lift up the unlucky pedestrian, knocked down by his immoderate haste. Street etiquette is but partially understood, and rarely put into practice in San Francisco. The citizens have not the time to devote to such genteel matters—so they ignore them altogether. The new streets, however, are broader and safer.

Here it seems proper to speak of the general appearance of the business men of San Francisco. Without any attempt at flattery, I am free to declare that never have I seen an equal number of men who would, apparently, compare with them for energy, style of face, and general intelligence. They are mostly young, or in middle life; and indicate great energy of character. The drudgery of the city is performed mainly by the Chinese. They dress in national costume—even foolishly adhering to wooden shoes. They appear sleepy and demented, and their appearance betrays the degrading and ruinous effects of their national vice—the use of opium.

The bay and harbor of San Francisco is very large and fine. It is entered through a narrow defile, between high hills on either hand, about half a mile apart. This entrance is called the "*Golden Gate.*" It is never hot in San Francisco,—the breezes from the ocean rendering it moderately cool all summer. There is scarcely a day in the year when woolen pants are burdensome, or a blanket at night does not add to the sweetness of your dreams. The city seldom kicks off its gray blanket of fog before nine or ten o'clock,—hence the people are excusable for their morning naps and late breakfasts. Four o'clock, P. M., is the usual dinner hour.

From the overcoats that all men wear, you would fancy yourself in some northern town, but from the character of the herbage and shrubbery, you would think it more probable that you were in hailing distance of the tropics. Montgomery street, with its fire-proof stores, its splendid show windows, and its constant ebb and flow of human life, make you forget you are not in Broadway. About the wharves you feel yourself in some Down East Yankee Port. In Jackson street, you are in the heart of the Celestial Empire. In California street, you are with another people, and carried back to a nation that flourished long before HESIOD or HOMER sang, or SOCRATES or PLATO saw the light of day. I shall speak of its public buildings—its manufactories—its commerce, &c., at another time. I will only add, in the laugnage of BAYARD TAYLOR, "That the view of San Francisco from either Rincon or Telegraph Hill surpasses, I say it boldly, that of any other American city. It has the noblest natural surrounddings, and will, in the course of time, become the rival of Genoa, or Naples, or even Constantinople." Nothing but its remoteness from the centers of civilization and influence renders it now, as a place of residence, second to any other city in the Union. S. B. R.

LETTER X.

Departure for Oregon — Rough Passage — Enter the Columbia — Astoria — General Adair — Portland — Oregon City — Salem, its Schools, Manufactories and Population — The Three Ranges of Mountains — The Valley of the Willamette — Its Fertility and Equable Climate.

SALEM, March 15, 1860.

ON the 17th of February, we rather hesitatingly took to the sea again, and sailed for Salem, the Capital of Oregon. We will not be guilty of recommending this coast to the tourist for a pleasure trip. From San Francisco, up, it is proverbially a rough, stormy coast, and he who makes the voyage at this season, must make up his mind to encounter anything but smooth seas and sunny skies. Never have we seen so many sea sick and heart sick men, women, and children, in the same length of time. Lest I be thought guilty of over-coloring the matter, I will state that the purser uttered the following remark:—"Of forty-five or fifty voyages which I have made on this route, I cannot recollect of one that will compare with this in severity."

We reached the mouth of the Columbia on the morning of the fifth day out, and failing on the first, made the second attempt to cross the bar, and was successful. A slight rain was falling, the winds blew chill and damp, dense forests of fir and cottonwood skirted the river, each and all contributing rather to sadness and melancholy than to extreme cheerfulness. The fact that we had escaped the sad fate of the steamer *Northerner*,—which was wrecked on this coast only a few weeks before, carrying death and sadness to many circles,—lent its influence to inspire gratitude, and chase away any intrusive murmurings.

The sea is girt with a coast range of low mountains the entire distance to the mouth of the Columbia. Cape "Blanco" is the most western point of land on the continent. It extends some seven miles into the ocean, and is remarkable for its surroundings. Bold promontories of perpendicular rocks (a score or more,) stud the sea all around, and proudly lift their gray heads skyward, seeming like a band of faithful sentinels, intent upon duty, and charged with a mission of protection to the sea-worn and tempest-beaten cape.

The mouth of the Columbia is about seven miles broad. The first town on the river is Astoria, some 12 miles from its mouth. It has about 300 inhabitants. Upper Astoria is its rival, and is only one mile further up the river. General ADAIR, the Collector of Customs at this port, is the proprietor of this new town. It has about 100 inhabitants, and a saw-mill. The General is charged, by the citizens of Lower Astoria, with the high-handed offence of stealing their Post-office, and so the lower town is put under tribute of going to the upper town for all their mail matter. This creates no little feeling of hostility between the people of these miniature cities. The General, however, takes things coolly, and bears his abuse with due Christian forbearance looking hopefully forward to the time when his new town will gencronsly enlarge its dimensions and swallow up—hook and line, bob and sinker—everything that now gives significance to its old competitor. Astoria was a trading post established by the Pacific Fur Company some fifty years since. This Company sold out to the Northwest Fur Company, and they to the Hudson Bay Company. Astoria was named in honor of JOHN JACOB ASTOR, a leading spirit in the first Company. Their first rude block-house is still to be seen, in a dilapidated condition. Here the Company bartered with the tribes for furs, giving them, in exchange, blankets, guns, iron kettles, camp utensils, and fire-water, and grew rich on the toils and depraved appetites of those red men of the forest.

There are two other small towns,—Rainear and St. Helens,—before we come to the mouth of the Willamette, which is a tributary of the Columbia, rising 200 miles south of its outlet. We left the Columbia and sailed up the Willamette, 12 miles, to Portland. This is a thriving business town, some 13 years of age, with over 2,500 inhabitants. It is destined to become a place of considerable importance, and is already the largest commercial town in the State. Oregon City is situated 12 miles further up, at the Willamette Falls. It is an attractive point, owing to its hydraulic powers, has facilities for any number of factories and mills, and will, at some future period, be the Lowell of the Pacific coast.

Salem, the Capital of the State, is situated forty-five miles above Oregon City, and is decidedly a handsome town. It has a population of 1,068, is finely laid out—having a public square of several acres in the center, on which stand the county buildings, as also did the State House before its destruction by fire, some four years since. Its streets are broad and generous. It has several brick blocks of stores, costing variously from $8,000 to $10,000. It also claims the honor of erecting the first woolen factory on the Pacific coast. We were shown through this establishment, by Mr. PRATT,—a gentleman from Massachusetts,—who is the solo manager of the factory. He is a practical business man, of agreeable manners, and good financial abilities. Under his superintendence, the Company (all residents of Oregon,) are enabled to carry along a useful and lucrative branch of business, and retain at home scores of thousands of dollars, every year, that would otherwise be sent off, to enrich foreign manufacturers. Its motive power is a never-failing tributary of the Willamette. Salem has a large flouring-mill; two saw-mills; a blind, sash, and door factory; a wagon and carriage factory; two tan-yards, &c.; which give the place quite a business aspect. It has an institution of learning called the Willamette University, established, and partially endowed, by the Episcopal Methodists. It is a large, fine looking building, situated on a rise of ground fronting and over-looking the Common, or Public Square, with large, generous pleasure grounds. Both sexes are admitted to a full course of study, and can graduate and receive diplomas. It is in a flourishing condition, with over 130 students. Rev. F. S. HOYT, the President, is now in New York, for the purpose of adding to its Philosophical, Chemical, and Astronomical apparatus.

Between the Rocky Mountain range and sea-beach, are three distinct ranges of mountains, running nearly parallel with each other, in a north and south direction, and known by the names of Coast Range, Cascade Range, and Blue Mountains. The section lying between the Coast Range and Cascade Mountains, is known as the Willamette Valley. It is about 130 miles in length, and averages some 35 miles in width, containing about 4,500 square miles. This Valley is highly fertile, and capable of supporting a population of one million of souls, or twenty times the number now in all the State. With proper cultivation, the land produces from fifty to sixty-five bushels of wheat per acre, and of oats an *average* of sixty bushels,—the straw growing from seven to nine feet in height. It is not eminently a corn country, yet forty and fifty bushels are grown to the acre. Oregon is unsurpassed in the yield and quality of potatoes. For fruit, and especially apples, I hesitate not to say it has no equal on the continent. The size and flavor of Oregon apples is superior to anything I have ever seen elsewhere. The climate here is much milder than in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast. Wild flowers bloom every month in the year. In the southern portion of this State the farmers plant corn in February; and here they sow at the same time, wheat, oats, and barley. Strawberries and green peas sometimes deck the tables at Christmas; and by the middle of March the almond and peach tree are in full bloom. Potatoes often lie undug through the winter, and do not suffer from frost. The natural and philosophic causes for this wide difference in climate will be explained in my next. S. B. R.

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—NO. II.

THE OWASCO, NEAR THE HEAD.

A LITTLE south of the city of Auburn runs the Owasco River, the outlet of that beautiful little Lake, the Owasco. It was on one of those glorious Indian Summer days peculiar to the American climate, in the Autumn of 1856, that in company with a friend now dwelling on the shores of one of our great Western Lakes, we found ourselves in the city of Auburn, bound for a day of pleasure on the banks of the Owasco. After traveling for a few miles south, we reached the foot of the Lake, a beautiful sheet of water, clear as crystal, on whose surface was mirrored the flitting, hazy clouds, and the rich foliage that draped its graceful banks. Nought that we could say,—not even the painter's pencil,—would do justice to the enchanting scene; but in the engraving our readers have a faint imitation of its beauties. Hour after hour we were lured onward, every step revealing new pleasures, until the setting sun turned the silvery waters into molten gold, and warned us that night was fast approaching. The first thought was to tear ourselves away from the lovely spot, and return in haste, as we were then some ten miles from the head of the Lake, but longer we lingered, until, just as the sun was setting behind the western hills we sought shelter for the night in a quiet hotel, in a little hamlet at the head of the Owasco. Here it was our good fortune to meet one of the "oldest inhabitants," who knew of the trials and conflicts of the first settlers on the lake shore, could point out the old Indian mounds, and tell many interesting, and perhaps, truthful stories of the Indians and their conflicts with the pale faces. Seventy-eight years ago there was not a white settler within the present limits of Cayuga county, and many of the old men now living can tell of personal adventures with the Indians, or relate exciting stories of hunting and trapping.

The Owasco is about twelve miles in length and varies in width from one mile to one-fourth of a mile. The great trail of the Iroquois crossed the outlet of the Owasco, or *Osco*, as was the Indian name, near where the city of Auburn now stands. The name *Osco*, means a crossing by means of *stepping stones*, and this was the way in which the crossing was made.

The principal Indian village in the vicinity was called *Osco*, or as it is written in some early treaties with the Indians, *Was-kough*, and it occupied the site where Auburn now stands. Here, according to the traditions of the Cayugas, the celebrated LOGAN, the great chief and orator, and friend of the white man was born. LOGAN embraced christianity and the humane doctrines of WILLIAM PENN. He befriended white men to the extent of his means, opened the door of his cabin to all who would accept his hospitality,—gave meat to the hungry, and raiment to the naked, and was the generous and abiding friend of the pioneer. And yet, to the shame of civilized man be it said, he received in the main ingratitude and cruelty in return for kindness. His substance was destroyed, his friends, and even his wife and children were murdered in cold blood. Who can read that well known and eloquent speech of LOGAN'S without shedding a tear over his cruel fate:

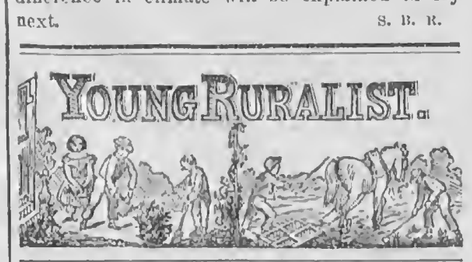
"I appeal to any white man to say if he ever entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the close of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed, as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of the white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my wife and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

Soon after LOGAN was murdered on his return from Detroit to his home. To the honor of the people of Auburn be it said, they have erected a stately monument to the memory of the great and injured chief, at Fort Allegan, an ancient Indian mound. It is built of native limestone, and bears upon its marble tablet that eloquent sentence,

"Who is there to mourn for LOGAN?"

Here surviving Cayugas, Senecas, Mohawks, Delawares, &c., often come to pay their homage to the departed brave.

FOOT OF THE OWASCO.



FALSE PROGRESS.

MUCH is said of our present age as being one of progress and improvement. And indeed it is, but not such in one direction merely. It is a progress in evil as well as in good. Improved facilities for working mischief, to our detriment, keep pace with those designed for our benefit. We may have mowing and sewing machines, and the telegraph, but we have also bowie knives, Colt's revolvers, and Sharpe's rifles. We may boast of our numerous institutions of learning, but the institutions degrading to humanity exist and flourish. We may have many eminent divines and great men, noted friends of reform, but we have also the most subtle and cunning of city sharpers. This false improvement is shown of late years in the springing up, or rather appropriate naming, of a class of youth styled "*Young America*," so called from their propensities to swell, and play the *fast young man*, and from their running to the extreme of precociousness generally.

Among other things originating from this class, there has arisen a couple of disgraceful terms, which are fast coming into common use. I allude to the practice of speaking of our parents as the "old man" and the "old woman." A person who thus speaks of his father and mother, not only shows in himself the lack of reverence and respect due to them, but also that self-respect is sadly wanting. I can never repress, nor could wish to, a strong feeling of displeasure on thus hearing my parents named, and I believe that most farmers' boys brought up on the farm would feel so too. But there is great danger, when getting among a party like those mentioned, of being led into the use of such terms, with other bad and even worse language. The fear of ridicule is a powerful agent in bad company, and has even led youth to a total disregard of parental authority. It is deemed manly to be independent, and the farmer's boy is very apt to imbibe this notion of his evil associates. It therefore becomes YOUNG RURALISTS to see to it how they allow themselves to thus be influenced. C.

Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

MUSIC.

I wish to say a few words to the "*Young Ruralists*" about music. Music hath charms which the cold world cannot subdue. Cultivate music that you may pour forth praises to the Giver of all Good Gifts—in song. It is a soul-stirring and soul-elevating practice. It is a practice which dispels all gloom and sorrow from our minds, cheering us with its soothing influence. Harmony does more for the dejected spirit, than any other earthly consolation. At the sound of sweet music, the dejected one will drink in the melody, and arise and join in cheering and elevating some desponding soul.

Instrumental music is a pleasing diversion. One can retire from wearisome business, and rest while pouring forth cheering strains of music from some instrument which they can use with skill. Poor music is far from having a soothing power. It mocks the genuine soul-reviving strains which we delight to hear. Therefore, let us study that we may learn, and practice that we may become perfect in the art of this all important branch of science. I should be happy to hear from others on this subject. Take hold of it, young ladies and young gentlemen, and extoll the merits of a good musical education.

Akron, N. Y., 1860. PERRY P. H*.

QUESTIONS FOR DEBATE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Nothing is of as much advantage to a young man, no matter what may be his business in life, as early training in a good "Debating Club." I have been much interested in reading and debating some questions which have appeared in your columns. I send you a few questions which I have heard debated, hoping that they may prove interesting to others:

Resolved, That the issues of a licentious press are more deleterious to society than the issues of one enslaved to a favorit dogma.

Can the existence of a GOD be proved independent of the Bible?

Does morality advance equally with civilization?

Had our forefathers the right to dispossess the Aborigines of this continent?

Resolved, That traveling is a better source of information than reading.

Resolved, That the slanderer is a more pernicious character than the flatterer.

Is a man justifiable in taking the life of his fellow man, in self-defence?

Resolved, That education exerts a greater influence on society than wealth.

Does our country's glory exceed its shame?

Should foreign emigration be encouraged?

Resolved, That the observance of the Sabbath should be enforced by law.

Resolved, That the existence of two great political parties in our country is desirable.

Hopedale, Ohio, 1860. MILTON TAGGART.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Emerson Bennett's Dollar Monthly—Bennett & Hamelin.
Excelsior Ag'l Works—Charles E. Pease.
Public Sale of Thorough-Bred Stock—A. B. Conger.
Information Wanted—A. F. Hutchison.
Consternation—Wm. Keenan.
Something New—J. H. Atwater.
300 Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

For Dyspepsia—Brown's Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 2, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE presiding officer of the House of Representatives of Sardinia has presented to Speaker Pennington for the United States, 32 volumes of the proceedings of the Sardinian Congress and the executive documents. The *Charge d'Affaires*, in making the communication, expresses the hope that their contents may prove interesting, and shares the amicable feelings which actuated his fellow-countrymen.

The Government has entered into a contract with the Colonization Society to take the captured Africans at Key West to Liberia for $50,000.

Assistant P. M. General King reports that the books in the New York Post-office show a deficiency of $175,000.

The War Department received a large mail from Utah on the 22d ult. The news is unimportant. The troops were arranging for the move to New Mexico. By order of the Department, a detachment of sixty-two recruits, under command of Lieut. O'Connell, have been ordered from Jefferson Barracks to Fort Ripley, Minnesota, to join the companies of that place.

No positive date is fixed for the departure of the Japanese, but it is decided that they will visit the Naval School at Annapolis; they will stop a day in Philadelphia; also in Baltimore. In addition to New York, they will probably visit West Point and the arms manufactory establishments at Hartford and Springfield. There has been no serious illness among them since their arrival.

Intelligence has been received by the Navy Department that the United States steamer Wyandotte, Lieut. Fabius Stanley in command, arrived at Key West on the 14th ult., from the south side of the Island of Cuba, having in custody the bark William, of Baltimore, with five hundred and sixty African negroes on board. The William was direct from Africa, and was about landing her cargo of humanity, when she was pounced upon by the Wyandotte. The negroes are all young, but greatly emaciated by their inhuman treatment and close confinement during the voyage from Africa. This is the second capture made within a very short space of time, and speaks well for the little United States steamers Wyandotte and Mohawk, and their crews. When the William's cargo shall have been landed at Key West, the United States Marshall will have over one thousand negroes under his care.

The President has tendered the Commissionership under the Paraguay Treaty to John Van Buren.

A dispatch from Washington says the Government has proposed to Peru to pay $400,000, in full of all claims, and that American Commissioners be appointed to investigate the claims and pay out the money at Washington. Peru declines the proposition.

Our Minister at China has thought the conduct of the captains of the ships Messenger, Kitty Simpson, Gov. Morton, and Pioneer, as connected with the Coolie traffic, seriously affecting our relations with that empire, and of sufficient importance to make the subject a matter of special dispatch to our government. The attention of the Governor General has been directed to the undisputed fact that the Chinese were taken on board their vessels lying at Whampoa, by force or fraud, against the positive rule at Port Canton that they should be shipped at that place.

Minister Ward says that no American house will have any connection with the traffic. Unfortunately, ready agents were found among the English and other merchants at Hong Kong, and among the vessels chartered by subjects of other governments. So odious has become the traffic by recent transactions, that other governments have either forbidden their vessels to be engaged in it, or so restrained or governed it, as to throw it almost entirely into the hands of Americans. Mr. Ward expresses the earnest hope that Congress will pass a law to punish such offenses, which obstruct the faithful performance of our treaty stipulation. He says the horrors of the Coolie traffic, as conducted at Whampoa, cannot be properly described within the limits of a dispatch. The kidnapping grievance has become so intolerable, that the Governor-General has been aroused to action, and at Canton rewards have been again offered for the heads of foreigners.

The bill which Mr. Elliot has introduced into the House for the removal of the evil, so far as American shipmasters are concerned, is in accordance with the views of the State Department.

Political Intelligence.

THE Committee appointed by the Republican National Convention, consisting of President Ashmun, and the Chairmen of the State Delegations, to officially announce to Mr. Lincoln his nomination, arrived at Springfield, and proceeded to Mr. Lincoln's residence, where Mr. Ashmun, in a brief speech, presented Mr. Lincoln the letter announcing his nomination. Mr. Lincoln replied as follows:

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMITTEE.—I tender you, and through you, to the Republican National Convention, and all the people represented in it, my profoundest thanks for the high honor done me, which you formally announce, deeply and even painfully sensible of the great responsibility which is inseparable from that honor—a responsibility which I could almost wish had fallen upon some one of the far more eminent men and experienced statesmen, whose distinguished names were before the Convention. I shall, by your leave, consider more fully the resolutions of the Convention, denominated the platform, and without unreasonable delay respond to you, Mr. Chairman, in writing, not doubting that the platform will be found satisfactory, and the nomination acceptable.

THE New Orleans Bee thinks that the fortunes of the National Union candidates in the South will depend on the result of the Richmond and Baltimore Conventions. If the Democratic party should remain divided, Bell and Lincoln will have a very large vote, and will carry several States.

THE Hon. F. A. Hoffman, who was nominated for Lieut. Governor of Illinois, has been forced by ill health to decline the nomination. The vacancy will be filled by the State Committee.

A LARGE meeting has been held in New York city in favor of Sam Houston for the Presidency. A desire was expressed for the substitution of his name for that of John Bell, by the Union party.

THE Philadelphia Enquirer has a dispatch from Washington to the effect that Mr. Seward has telegraphed to his friends there that the rumor that he intends to resign his seat in the Senate, is entirely without foundation.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Pearce, the Senate insisted on its amendments to the Consular and Diplomatic bills, and the Committee on Conference were ordered to confer with a similar Committee on the part of the House.

A message was received from the President in relation to the capture of more negroes off the Isle of Pines by the U. S. steamer Wyandotte. Referred to Judiciary Committee. Mr. Benjamin called attention to the necessity of doing something at once on the bill from the Judiciary Committee to provide for the negroes now at Key West. It authorized the President to enter into a contract with any person or corporations to receive from the U. S. authorities the Africans seized on the vessels engaged in the slave trade, and to support them for six months from the date of their landing on the coast of Africa, provided the cost of the same shall not exceed $100 for each person. The President is also authorized to use vessels of war to transport them to Africa; and $200,000 is appropriated for the purpose of the bill.

Mr. Pugh offered an amendment to extend the period during which the negroes are to be supported to not less than one year, instead of six months. Adopted—ayes 25, nays 17.

The bill, as amended, then passed by a vote of 41 to 14.

Senator Davis' "Territorial Resolutions" were taken up, and the following were carried:

Resolved, That experience having already shown that the Constitution and the common law, unaided by statuary enactment, will not afford adequate and sufficient protection to slave property, some of the Territories having failed, and others having refused to pass such enactments, it has become the duty of Congress to interpose and pass such a law as will afford to slave property in the Territories that protection that is given to other kinds of property.

Resolved, That the inhabitants of the Territories of the United States, when they rightfully form a Constitution, to be admitted as a State, may then, for the first time, like the people of a State, when forming a new Constitution, decide for themselves whether slavery, as a domestic institution, shall be maintained or prohibited without their jurisdiction, and that they shall be received into the Union with or without slavery, as their Constitutions may prescribe at the time of their admission.

HOUSE.—The Speaker laid before the House a message from the President similar to that communicated to the Senate on Saturday, recommending further legislation in regard to the recaptured Africans.

Mr. Montgomery introduced a resolution providing for the adjournment of Congress on the 11th of June.

Mr. Sherman proposed an amendment substituting the 18th, which Mr. Montgomery accepted, but refused a further amendment by Mr. Sherman providing for evening sessions. The resolution was adopted, 126 against 55.

On motion of Mr. Lovejoy, the House, under a suspension of the rules, took up the Homestead bill as amended by the Senate, and substituted therefor the original House bill by 104 to 55,—so the subject will again go to the Senate.

The House passed the Senate bill, with an amendment, to regulate and increase the pay of the officers of the Navy. It gives them an average of 25 per cent. over the present salaries.

Mr. Dawes, from the Committee on Elections, reported a resolution declaring—first, that J. B. Barrett is not, and secondly, that Francis P. Blair is, entitled to a seat from the first Congressional District of Missouri. The majority and minority reports were ordered to be printed.

Mr. Dawes said it was the desire of the Committee to call up the subject at the earliest period. On his motion, a resolution was adopted giving leave to Mr. Blair to occupy a seat on the floor and speak as to the merits of the question.

The House, by twelve majority, disagreed to the Senate's amendment of the Military Academy bill, providing for the Mounted Regiment of Texas Volunteers in the field.

The Speaker laid before the House a special message from the President, communicating the fact of the capture, by the Wyandotte, of another cargo of Africans, making, with those of the Wildfire, over 1,000 in charge of the U. S. Marshal, at Key West. It suggests immediate action for their accommodation and health, and says, that more may daily be expected to be brought in. The message was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The House proceeded to act on the amendments reported from the Committee of the Whole, on the State of the Union, to the Civil Appropriation bill.

Mr. Colfax called up the Senate Pacific Telegraph bill. He was originally in favor of giving out the contract to the lowest bidder, but he had become convinced that it was not the best plan.

Mr. Burnet moved to strike out the names of the contractors—Messrs. Barnum, Sibley, and others, and insert that the contract shall be given to the lowest guaranteed bidder, after proposals have been inserted 60 days after the passage of the bill. The amendment was then agreed to—93 against 82.

Among those concurred in, was one appropriating $30,000 for seeds and cuttings, to be distributed by the Patent Office. Among its appropriations is $1,000,000 for taking the census.

The bill was passed.

Mr. Burnett's amendment to the Pacific Telegraph bill was also adopted—101 to 73.

A communication was received from the Post-Master General, with regard to the late defalcation in the New York Post-office, stating that the fact was made known to the Department for the first time on the 10th of May; and there is no reason to suppose that any prior knowledge existed in the Department.

On motion of Mr. Hall, the appointment of a new Board of Examiners-in-Chief was transferred from the Commissioner to the President of the United States, by the advice and consent of the Senate.

The Indian Appropriation bill was taken up. Mr. Latham offered an amendment to give authority to the State of California to take charge of the Indians within her limits, which was lost.

Mr. Latham offered another amendment, dividing the State of California into two Indian Districts, and providing for the appointment of Superintendents, Agents, &c. Carried.

After further amendments had been agreed to, the bill was read a third time and passed.

News Paragraphs.

ONE of the Japanese Embassadors has already signified his intention to procure a full and complete ladies' costume to carry back. So we may expect to learn that the almond-eyed belles of Yeddo have adopted a more expansive style of attire.

A GENTLEMAN received, a day or two since, a letter from Australia in *sixty-two days* from date. It came by way of England, and by the Adriatic to New York. This is the most rapid transit recorded.

THE San Francisco merchant who attempted to swindle his creditors by sending them a bogus ingot of gold, has been branded as Cain was. His bankers decline further dealings with him, the Insurance companies canceled their policies, and no one patronizes him. Up to this time he had been doing a business of $1,000 a day.

THE President of the Connecticut State Agricultural Society announces that the cattle distemper which is so fatal in Massachusetts, has made its way into Connecticut. Cattle have died of it in Stafford, Tolland county.

THOS. HICKEY, a member of the Kane Expedition, entertains the idea that some of Sir John Franklin's men are yet to be found living with the Esquimanx, and has volunteered his services as a member of the expedition now organizing.

A TROJAN thinks he has discovered a gold mine within less than five hundred miles of Troy, but will not state in what direction. He handed a piece of quartz to a jeweller, who pronounced it an exceedingly rich specimen of gold bearing quartz.

AN arrangement is about to be perfected by which the whole Union will be daily enlightened, through the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, as to the condition of the weather prevailing in every section of the country penetrated by a telegraphic wire.

A BRITISH soldier, taken prisoner during the Revolution, and who declined to be exchanged, resides with his wife on the line of the Ohio and Baltimore Railroad, some forty miles from Wheeling, Va. Their ages are respectively 110 and 108 years.

STATE EDITORIAL CONVENTION.—The Seventh Annual Meeting of the New York State Editorial and Typographical Association, will be held be in Buffalo, on the 14th of June. The address of the occasion is to be delivered by Mr. Williams, of the Utica *Herald*, and the poem will be from the graceful pen of Mrs. Gildersleeve, of Buffalo. These appointments are sufficient guaranty that the literary part of the programme of this newspaper reunion will be of an interesting order.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—Parties interested in the enterprise, state that some fifty miles of the Atlantic cable have been taken up off Trinity Bay. Fractures were found in the cable just where they had been indicated by the instruments on shore. The intention is to under run a similar length of the wire on the European side; and it is then thought, by the sanguine promoters of ocean telegraphing, that the Atlantic cable will be made to work.

FROM MEXICO.—The Charleston Courier has a special dispatch stating that the steamer Pocahontas has arrived at New Orleans with Vera Cruz dates of the 16th inst. Zuolaga issued a decree on the 1st of May, deposing Miramon and assumed the Presidency. The movement caused great alarm. Miramon had sustained several reverses, and imposed heavy loans on the city of Mexico and the foreign commercial houses. Urago, with 6,000 Liberals, occupied Guanajuata on the 5th of May, preparatory to attacking the Capital.

FRIGHTFUL TORNADO.—The most destructive tornado ever known, visited Cincinnati on the afternoon of the 21st ult. The storm came from the northwest, and appeared to be a cloud, densely black, some two miles in breadth, rushing forward with fearful rapidity, accompanied with thunder and lightning, and torrents of rain. The damage done in that city by the blowing down and unroofing of buildings is immense, and will, probably approximate to $500,000.

The effects of the tornado up and down the river were dreadful. Devastation marked its entire course. Buildings were destroyed, and steamboats and coal barges wrecked. As far as can be ascertained, 100 persons lost their lives. At New Richmond, Ind., six coal boats were in sight when the storm struck them; in an instant, all disappeared, and every soul perished.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Sir C. Trevenyan, Governor of Madras, has been recalled, in consequence of insubordination, in openly denouncing Mr. Wilson's Indian financial programme. Sir Henry Wood, at present Governor of Ceylon, is spoken of as his successor.

Strong opposition was threatened by the Derby party in the House of Lords to repeal paper duty.

Lord Wodehouse explained the result of negotiations in Central America. He said the Nicaragna treaty was signed, but not yet ratified. The right of passage over the Isthmus of Panama had been recognized.

Pullinger, the defaulting Cashier of the Union Bank of London, had been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

An influential deputation, headed by Milner Gibson, had laid before Lord Palmerston the plans for Col. Shaffner's telegraph to America via Faroe Islands and Ireland.

The British Government had issued a proclamation against enlistment for the Pope in Ireland, not to interfere with the subscriptions for the Sicilian insurgents, the law officers of the crown not regarding the latter as illegal.

The English funds were very heavy under continental politics, but there was more steadiness at the close.

FRANCE.—It is rumored, but discredited, that France has demanded explanations from Prussia relative to the augmented war estimates.

Nothing of moment relative to the proposed Conference.

The Moniteur announces that the Supreme Council of Commerce, appointed for the execution of the treaty with England, assembled on Monday last, and will, in the future, meet on Monday, Thursday and Friday of each week.

The French Minister at Naples had asked for four ships of war, and the vessels had been sent. The French were about to sail for Levante.

There were vague and unauthentic rumors of a new French loan for military purposes.

It was stated that date was fixed for the evacuation of Rome. A detachment would leave shortly.

ITALY.—Garibaldi's force, 2,200 strong, embarked near Geneva in three steamers, at midnight of the 5th, well provided with arms, ammunition, &c. Nearly 5,000 persons of all ranks flocked to the beach to bid them good speed. The enthusiasm of the troops at Geneva was so great that it was necessary to confine them to the barracks to prevent deserting to enroll themselves. Garibaldi had sanguine hopes of cutting out the Neapolitan frigates on watch for him. Medici, Garibaldi's lieutenant, was to start in a few days with 2,000 more volunteers. Garibaldi is said to have exchanged, for gold, 3,000,000f. in notes at the Bank of Geneva. It is stated that the expedition was not to land in Sicily, but intended to create a diversion in Calabria.

The headquarters of the Sicilian insurgents were at Cefalu, some fifteen leagues from Palermo. The royal troops several times attacked this position unsuccessfully.

The latest reports are that Garibaldi had landed at Ortizza, in Calabria, and that an insurrectionary movement had taken place in Calabria. Garabaldi took with him his only son, and George Martin, only son of the illustrious defender of Venice.

Letters from Genoa state that Col. Menici, a friend of Garibaldi, is forming a second expedition to Sicily, for which 6,000 volunteers are already enrolled. There is great excitement at Genoa and Lombardy, from whence almost all the volunteers have come, but it is asserted that the government will be asked to prevent the departure of the expedition.

The Patrie asserts that the Neapolitan government is able to defeat all attacks.

Intelligence relative to Garibaldi's expedition is still meagre and conflicting, but the reports generally concur in stating that he was making good progress. Some say he has captured the most important position in Sicily except Messina and Palermo. After his landing at Marsala, the Neapolitan war vessels bombarded that town without a warning, and the British vessels interfered for the protection of English residents.

An important announcement was made via Madrid, that the King of Naples had applied for non-intervention.

Among other questionable rumors was one that a treaty had been concluded between Naples and Rome, Austria, and all the deposed Italian sovereigns.

The latest accounts from Naples represent the utmost consternation there. The troops were dispirited, and tumultuous manifestations were taking place. The Royal Family are packing up all their jewels and valuables, and other strong indications that a great insurrection is looked for at any moment were observable.

AUSTRIA.—M. Von Plener permanently succeeds Baron Cruck as Austrian Minister of Finance.

RUSSIA.—Russian intrigues are reported in Turkey, a strong Russian force being concentrated on Parth.

Austria refused to admit Piedmont to the conference on the ground that Cavour had declared she intended to take no part in the dispute between France and Switzerland.

SPAIN.—Gen. Concha had been elected President of the Spanish Senate, and decorated with the order of the Golden Fleece.

The army of Africa entered Madrid amid much enthusiasm.

INDIA AND CHINA.—India and China mails, from Calcutta April 13th and Hong Kong to March 30th, came by the Persia.

It was rumored that a collision had taken place between the Russians and Chinese on the frontier. The allies were to occupy Chusau immediately.

A panic prevailed at Shaughai, and business was suspended, owing to the advance of the rebels.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co. report the weather favorable for the crops. Flour firm, but American neglected. Sales 26s6d@30s. Wheat advanced 1d@2d; Red 10s6d@10s9d; White 11s@12s6d. Corn very dull, and all qualities slightly lower. Prices nominal; 35 for mixed, 35s@35s6d for yellow; 36s6d@37s for white. Wakefield, Nash & Co. report flour 6d higher. *Provisions.*—Bigland, Althya & Co. report port dull and steady.

The News Condenser.

— Flour, from new wheat, is in Augusta, Ga.

— Green corn has appeared at St. Augustine, Fla.

— The death of Professor Amos, of Cambridge, is announced.

— It is said that the Quakers are gradually disappearing from England.

— There are 112 Sunday Schools in Chicago—2,500 teachers and 16,000 scholars.

— Gold has lately been discovered in the Chagres river about 20 miles from Panama.

— A number of hogs have died recently in St. Mary's Co., Md., from eating locusts.

— There is a project on foot to bring out a new Roman Catholic daily paper in London, Eng.

— Fifteen hundred barrels of green peas arrived at New York from Richmond, Va., in one day.

— They have subscribed $100,000 for the establishment of a cotton factory at Carrollton, Miss.

— The European steamers now arriving, all report seeing more or less ice off Newfoundland.

— The fires in the Northern New York woods have been extinguished by the recent rains.

— Connecticut is severe on pick-pockets. The lightest penalty is two years in the State Prison.

— Rome has a population of 180,367—a figure at which that city has stood for the last 250 years.

— The famous "Rubicon" is now the boundary between the King of Sardinia and the Pope.

— One of the New York pilots has gone to England to pilot the Great Eastern into N. Y. harbor.

— It has been established by the Courts that the *first* stroke of the clock is the record of the hour.

— It is estimated that $6,000 will not pay for the fences destroyed by fire in one county in Wisconsin.

— Violent shocks of earthquake were felt in various portions of Hayti, from the 8th to the 13th ult.

— Frogs sell in Greenfield, Mass., at 20 cents per dozen, at which price boys furnish the village restaurants.

— A medical publication gives an account of arsenic being detected in a dilution reduced 560,000 times.

— Seven members of the Boston police have been arrested on charge of being concerned in store robberies.

— The English language has, of late, become a compulsory branch of education in the public schools in Norway.

— Two English Plenipotentiaries are now, it is reported, in Paris, discussing the Newfoundland fisheries question.

— A dispatch from Memphis says that the cotton crop in that State has been seriously injured by the late heavy frost.

— In the different parts of Philadelphia and neighborhood, $97,000 are asked for the purpose of erecting school houses.

— The students of the College, at Columbia, S. C., have come out in suits of gray kerseys, of home manufacture.

— The Minister of Finance, in Canada, thinks that hard times are over in the Province, and that prosperity is ahead.

— A traveler writing from Carthagena, South America, says there has been no dwellings built there for forty or fifty years.

— A Macon, Ga., merchant, within a month past, has lost $5,000 by the non-receipt of letters containing remittances.

— There are now engaged in the various manufacturing establishments of Cincinnati, 23,161 men, 1,423 girls, and 949 boys.

— In Boston, there are 120 persons, firms, or corporations, that are taxed for a quarter of a million dollars and upwards.

— More than a million dollars have been subscribed towards the International Exhibition in England, proposed for 1862.

— Joseph Beard, Commercial editor of the Louisville Journal for nearly twenty years past, died, the other day, of pneumonia.

— Simon Hill, who was one of the U. S. marine corps at the Battle of New Orleans, died near Winchester, Va., on the 18th ult.

— The Press says the population of Philadelphia, counting none but those who sleep in the municipal limits, exceeds, 650,000.

— The Baron de Rothschild has imported from California a pair of elks; he intends to breed from them in his park at Fevrieres.

— Sixty years ago the population of Cincinnati was but 750 persons; in 1830, 24,000. Now she estimates her population at 200,000.

— Rain fell at Cape Cod on Monday week, the first for more than a month. Parts of New England are suffering severely from drouth.

— An apothecary in New Bedford, Mass., F. H. Dodge, came near losing his life, on Tuesday week, by the explosion of a soda fountain.

— The average price of wheat in England, for the last 20 years, has been only about $1.40 per bushel, and at Dantzic about 70 cents.

— Mr. Lucretia Griswold died on the 11th ult., in Hartford, Conn. She was the oldest resident of that city, being over 96 years old.

— Milch cows are from $5 to $10 a head cheaper this spring, in Orange Co., N. Y., than they have been for the last three or four years.

— England and France have sent an energetic note to the Porte, demanding 3,000,000 francs as an indemnity for the Jeddah massacre.

— Mr. Johns, a delegate at large to the Chicago Convention, from Iowa, walked 150 miles to reach the railroad that he might be present.

— The Legislature of Kentucky recently established five new counties, under the names of Magoffin, Metcalfe, Boyd, Webster, and Wolfe.

— A pine tree shilling, bearing date of 1652, in good preservation, and an Indian axe, were found, a day or two since, in Norwich Town, Conn.

— It is proposed that the fire department of Philadelphia shall consist of 16 steam fire-engines, and become a branch of the city government.

— Two hundred sewing machine patents have been taken out in Great Britain. Not more than twenty of them have been brought into use.

— A man of Scott Co., Miss., has been convicted of betting a dime with a minor, and sentenced to a confinement of three months, and a fine of $300.

— The authorities of Portsmouth, R. I., have prohibited the importation of cattle from Massachusetts, lest the pleuro-pneumonia should be communicated.

— A farmer in Liberty, Iowa, set fire to a straw stack, not knowing that his little son was asleep upon it, and afterwards found his remains burnt to a crisp.

— The Press of Philadelphia says that at present 300 new buildings are going up, and that more buildings will be put up this season than at any previous one.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Inquiries and Notes, ...173
Potatoes, Again, ...173
Use of Plaster, ...173
Blackbirds and Corn, ...173
Best Farm Horses, ...173
Scours in Sheep, ...173
Balter-Making, ...173
Corns upon Horses—Evils of the same, ...173
The Old Ox Cart, ...173
Experience in Ditching, ...174
Poll Evil, once more, ...174
Agriculture in China, ...174
Couch Grass, ...174

Rural Spirit of the Press—Smoking Seed Corn; Profits of Farming; Planting Potatoes; Soaking Seeds in Chemical Solutions; Tagging Sheep, ...174

Inquiries and Answers—Barn Yard; Cows Leaking their Milk; Cotton Seed for Meal; Deadening Timber; Keeping Butter Through the Summer; What ails the Pigs; Indian Corn for Fodder; Horn Scrapings for Manure; Curing Warts on Cattle, once more; Scab in Sheep, ...174

Agricultural Miscellany—The Steam Plow, [Poetical] The Season and the Crops; The Cattle Disease; The Dairy Farmer; Sale of Improved Stock; National Horse Show; Oregon State Ag. Society; Orleans Co. Horse and Sheep Show; "Consternation;" Allegany Ag. Society 174

HORTICULTURAL.

The Flower Garden, ...175
The Apple Tree Caterpillar, ...175
The Tyson Pear, [Illustrated,] 175
Horticulture, &c., at the South, ...175

Horticultural Notes—Genesee Valley Horticultural Society; Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York; A Vine Worth Having; To Save Squash Seed Pure, ...175

Inquiries and Answers—Culture of Strawberries; Apple Tree Borer, [Illustrated;] The Curculio, ...175

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A Washing Machine, [Illustrated,] Dried Currants; To Dry Apples for Home use; Poached Eggs; Removing Grease Spots, Stains, &c.; New Orleans Recipe for Curing Beef; Cheap Fruit Cake, ...175

LADIES' OLIO.

What Shall I Wish for Thee, [Poetical,] Aunt Betsey's Visit; Sunshine; A Sal-u-tary Lesson; The Wife; Mother, ...176

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Watching the Clouds, [Poetical,] Lingerings with Nature—No. I; Literary Curiosity; A Journey under Paris, ...176

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Our Future, [Poetical,] Honors to the Dead; Triumph over Evil, ...176

THE TRAVELER.

Trip to California—Letters IX and X, ...177

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. II. The Owasco, near the head, [Illustrated,] Foot of the Owasco, [Ill.] 177

YOUNG RURALIST.

False Progress; Music; Questions for Debate, ...177

STORY TELLER.

Work—An Exhortation, [Poetical,] Angry Words, ...180

Special Notices.

DYSPEPSIA.

ONE great predisposing cause to this disease, is the neglect and irregularity of action of the functions of the stomach and bowels. When these fail to regularly perform their duties, for any length of time, *Dyspepsia*, in some of its forms, is also most sure to follow. BROWN'S *Laxative Troches, or Cathartic Lozenges*, will effectually aid Nature to restore these to a healthy action. Physicians, who know their ingredients, freely recommend them.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and Club Agents will please forward the Subscriptions of those who wish to secure the RURAL. ☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers, and will be in all cases where ordered, until we otherwise announce. Send on the new recruits!

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—In ordering the address of the RURAL changed, please name the post-office to which it is (or has been) sent as well as the one where you wish it.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, May 29, 1860.

FLOUR remains at last quotations, and the peculiar condition of the market confines all transactions to the local demand.

GRAIN.—Genesee wheat is unchanged in rates. White Canada drooping, the decline being equal to 5c. ℘ bushel. An anomaly in this department of trade presented itself last week. GEO. J. WHITNEY, owner of the Frontier Mill, at Black Rock, sent to Oshawa, C. W., a cargo of 7,000 bushels of wheat, which has lain in store in this city for some time, consigned to him for sale, but which could not be sold at paying rates to the owner. The Canada market is now better than ours. Corn is dull, and the decline of the week is equal to 4@6 cents per bushel. Rye, owing to an Eastern demand, has moved upward considerably. We hear of a sale (to Insurance Companies,) of 4,000 bushels, at 78½ cts. per bushel, and the market may be quoted at 75@78c. Oats will not bring more than 31 cts per bushel. Barley is not wanted by brewers, the weather being too warm, and what is disposed of, is at quoted rates.

MEATS are unchanged.

DAIRY, &C.—Butter falling off in price; Eggs, ditto. Potatoes have gone back 4 cts. per bushel on best varieties.

HAY will not bring more than $10@14, as to quality.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,45	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,45@1,50	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Corn, old	52@56c	Peaches, dried, ℘ lb	18c
Corn, new	54@56c	Cherries, dried, ℘ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℘ bu	@78½c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	34@34c	Potatoes	25@40c
Barley	55@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@6c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℘ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$4,00@4,50
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℘ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	13@13c	Hay, ton	$10,00@14,00
Butter, firkin	10@12½c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℘ lb	30@45c
Lard, tried	11½@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7½c	Codfish, ℘ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10c	Trout, bbl	$3,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 28.—FLOUR—Market dull and rather heavy, closed with a pretty fair export at a slight improvement in prices. Transactions at $5,10@5,15 for super State; $5,25@5,30 for extra do; $5,10@5,15 for super Western; $5,25@5,50 for extra do; $5,90@6,00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm, with no sales at inside figures. Included in the sales were 7,500 bbls. for export at prices within the range. Canadian a shade firmer; sales at $5,75@7,10 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat less active and scarcely so firm; shippers are holding off; sales good Milwaukee club at $1,23; red and white Southern at $1,40; white California on p. t. Rye scarce and firm; sales at 92c. afloat. Barley dull and nominally unchanged. Corn lower; at the close the market exhibited a firmer feeling, with holders refusing to accept the inside prices; sales at 53@54½c for distilling mixed Western; 57@62c for Eastern do; 64@65c for shipping do; 68c for round yellow. Oats in moderate request at 39½@42c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork opened steady but closed dull and heavy; sales at $17,85@17,87 for new mess; $17,40 for old do; $17,12@17,25 for thin do; $13,63 for new prime; $12,50 for old do. Lard quiet and firm; sales at 11⅜@11¾c. Butter dull and heavy at 10@17c for Ohio; 11@19c for State. Cheese steady at 7@11c.

ASHES—The market is without change, and the demand fair; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,62½.

ALBANY, MAY 28—FLOUR AND MEAL—There is no important change to note in our market for Flour, but the transactions are limited and mainly confined to the home trade. Corn Meal is quiet.

Common to good State,	$5,10@5,25
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,40
Common to good Western,	5,25@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,75@7,25
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,50
Common Canadian,	5,25@5,75
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,50
Fancy Genesee,	5,50@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, steady and salable at 12@13s. ℘ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Nothing has transpired in Wheat, with a good supply offering. Corn is without important change. Sales at 60@62c for fair to good Western mixed, and 65c for round yellow. Barley and Rye are quiet, with some inquiry for the former, but at lower prices. Oats continued heavy and drooping; sales Canada East at 39c.

BUFFALO, MAY 28—FLOUR—In moderate demand and market easier. Sales at $5,30@5,50 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin, $5,50@6,75 for fair to choice extra Indiana and Ohio; $6@6,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy; sales Canada club at $1,07. Corn in fair demand; market lower; sales at 46@50c for hot and unsound; 51@53c for sound to prime. Other grains nominal.

OSWEGO, MAY 28—FLOUR—Steady, with a moderate demand for the interior and Eastern trade. Sales at $5@5,25 for spring State; $6,12½@7,50 for extra Canadian.

GRAIN—Wheat very quiet and held above the views of buyers; no sales. Corn dull and market easier; sales Illinois at 56c. Other grains nominal.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 28.—Flour very dull and unchanged in price.

GRAIN—Wheat dull; white $1,50@1,51, red $1,35@1,40.—Corn declined 1c; yellow 71@72c.

PROVISIONS firmer. Mess pork $18,50.

TORONTO, MAY 24.—FLOUR—In flour during the week the tendency in prices has been very gradually downward; but so slowly has the movement been made as to leave it a matter of doubt at what particular time a decline was agreed to. Certain it is, however, that prices are from 10 to 15 cents lower, and it would be difficult to effect sales even at this reduction in the views of holders. Superfine $5@5,10; we think it would be hard to place a lot of ordinary superfine at even the inside figure; Fancy is scarce and less affected—think it could be sold at $5,30@5,50; Extra is in fair request still at $5,75@6; Double Extra is firm at $6,25@6,75, the latter figure refused for some prime lots. Oatmeal is in fair request at $4,25@4,50. Large receipts would depress the price as the market is not strong. Cornmeal plentiful at $3 per barrel.

GRAIN.—For wheat the demand has been unusual, active. The deliveries from farmers' teams have never amounted to over 3,000 bushels per day. Prices have fluctuated somewhat alternately up and down, but not affecting rates at the close. From $1,10@1,15 were the current rates for good and prime wheat, and now and again a very choice lot would command $1,17. The average price would be about $1,14 for good shipping wheat, of ordinary and common grades; there has been slightly more than usual offering during the week, and recently these grades have brought $1,30@1,32 ℘ bushel. Spring wheat has been sought after, and is not so much affected as fall. Good samples readily command $1,15, while $1,13 was steadily paid on Tuesday. For other grains there is not much change to note. Oats are plentiful and not brisk at 30@32c ℘ bushel. Peas keep in good demand with less liberal supplies at 6@65c, the latter a very extreme figure. Barley is scarce and is wanted by the local distilleries at 57@60c, although a prime lot of good samples would command a higher rate. Rye is nominal, no sales having been made for some days. Last quotations—65@70c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 23.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℘ cwt. $9,50@10,00; ordinary, $8,50@9,00; common, $7,00@8,00, inferior, $6,00@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℘ lb., 5½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℘ head, $5,00@6,50; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 5¾@6¼c; all others, 5@5½c.

ALBANY, MAY 28.—CATTLE—A better feeling pervades the market, owing to a falling off of some 500 in the supply, as compared with last week. Holders have advanced their views fully ⅛c ℘ lb, live weight, and in most instances of which we are informed, have obtained it.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	3,224	4,718	2,925
Sheep,	2,690	2,516	3,132
Hogs,	540	270	....

Prices—The sales justify an advance in our quotations of ⅛@¼c ℘ lb, live weight, on all grades:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾c	5¼@5½c
Extra	4¾@5⅛	4½@5
First quality	4@4¼	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3⅝@3⅞	3½@3½
Third quality	2½@3	2½@3
Inferior	2¼@2½	2¼@

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 23.—Whole number of Cattle at market 481—about 400 Beeves, and 81 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,25@7,50; first quality, $6,75@0,00; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $4,25@0,00; ordinary $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$90, 100@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30, 45@67.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,900 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,25 each; extra, $3,00, 3.75@5,25 each, or 4@6½c ℘ lb. live weight. Spring Lambs, $3,00@6,50.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—11@12½c. ℘ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—$4,00@6,50.

BRIGHTON, MAY 24.—At market 1,100 beeves, 100 stores, 1,900 sheep and lambs, and 2,500 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,75@0,00; first quality $7,25@7,50; second quality, $6,50@7; third quality, $6,50@0.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$40@45; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@23; three years old, $23@27.

HIDES—6@7c ℘ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@11½c ℘ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ℘ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2,50; Extra, $3@5,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@7½c ℘ lb.; retail, 6@9c.; Spring pigs, 10c; retail 10@13c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 24.—The market is quite, both for domestic and foreign descriptions, yet, with favorable European advices, prices generally are maintained for all desirable grades, but most of the lots now selling comprise the odds and ends of the season, and the prices obtained for these cannot be regarded as a criterion of the market. Sales of 85,000 lbs. Native Fleece and Pulled, at 35@55c for the former, and 30@45c for the latter, as to quality, beside which some 60,000 lbs California Fleece and Pulled sold at 12@35c for inferior to choice, and 120 bales washed and unwashed Smyrna at 11@13c for the latter, and 25c., 6 mos., for the former. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℘ lb.	55@58
Am. full-blood Merino	50@54
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	44@47
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	35@40
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@42
No. 1, Pulled	30@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@18
South Am. common, washed	16@18
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@18
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

ALBANY, MAY 25.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

American, Saxony Fleece,	54@58c
American, Full Blood Merino,	48@52c
American, ½ and ¾ Merino,	43@46c
American, Native and ¼ Merino,	34@38c
Extra, Pulled,	42@47c
Superfine, Pulled,	36@38c
No. 1, Pulled,	28@30c

[*Evening Journal.*

BOSTON, MAY 23.—We notice considerable sales of fleece and pulled wool the past week, but prices remain without improvement. The sales of the week have been 250,000 lbs at prices ranging from 44@52c for fleece, including medium and very good grades, and 40@50c for superfine and extra pulled. The transactions in foreign wool comprise 550 bales Cape, South American and Mediterranean, on private terms. We quote:

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	44@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

TORONTO, MAY 25.—The trade in wool is commencing, the week's receipts having been considerable. The opening price is 23c per lb, at which it is expected to remain steady. Sheepskins $1,50 each. Lambskins 7½d each.—*Globe.*

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

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INFORMATION WANTED—Of WILLIAM MORTON HUTCHISON, son of DAVID HUTCHISON, of Malahide, Elgin Co., C. W., who left St. Thomas, August 27th, 1859, for Cleveland, Ohio, where he was last heard of on the 12th of Sept. Age 37, height 5 ft. 10½ inch., weighs 163 lbs.; light complexion, sandy hair and beard; heavy eyebrows; a small scar on the right cheek, and one over the right eye. Any information leading to his discovery, if alive, would be thankfully received by his anxious Wife or Brother.
A. F. HUTCHISON.
St. Thomas, C. W., May 23, 1860.
☞ Western papers please copy or notice.

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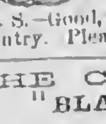

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BY H. H. SANBORN.

WORK! WORK! for idleness never
Made a man wealthy, or happy, or great;
Work! for 'tis ever an earnest endeavor,
The smiles and the blessings of fortune await.
Work! and ne'er doubt that success shall attend you,
Be not a sluggard, and be not a skirk,
For men shall befriend you, and heaven defend you,
As soon as thou art found ready to work.

Work! work! life's zest is employment;
Work with the body and work with the mind.
Work! and ne'er think you will find true emjoyment,
Except in the labor by heaven designed.
Work! ne'er despairing the humblest vocation,
Hold you no parley with passion or pride;
But strive to be useful in filling your station,
For labor is honor, whatever betide.

Work! work! 'tis the mandate of Heaven;
Be in your calling, then, earnest and brave.
Work! 'twas for this that probation was given,
There will be resting enough in the grave.
Work! and remember I give you the warning,
Life was ne'er made to be trifled away;
And the bright precious hours that are lost in its morning
Can ne'er be made up at the close of the day.

Work! work! though wealth may surround you,
Think not your labor on that account done;
Work! though the chaplet of honor hath crowned you;
Your mission, it may be, is only begun.
Strive to secure the true end of your being,
Find, to do good, both a way and a will;
Walk in uprightness before the All-seeing,
And while the day lingers keep laboring still.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ANGRY WORDS.

BY "E. S. T."

MARCIA WELDON, accompanied by her affianced lover, GEORGE SANFORD, was returning from the little village of Elmsbury to her uncle's residence (which was her home,) about one mile beyond. It was a lovely afternoon in the sunny "month of roses;" and every breath of the summer air came laden with the mingled perfumes of roses and clover blooms, and seemed, with soft, persuasive wooings, to whisper of fairer climes and brighter skies, from whence it had flown to quicken the slower growth of our northern clime into its summer luxuriance. One would have supposed that the fair day, the golden sunshine, and the rich perfumes, would have instilled into their hearts an unusual degree of tenderness and devotion. But, anger, that foul fiend, whose pestiferous breath so often blights the fairest prospects, and the dearest hopes of life, pays no regard to times or seasons,—the soft influences of Nature's sweetest smiles have no effect upon that passion, which has been truly called "a short madness." And how often are words spoken "in anger," which rankle in the heart, leaving unsightly scars, and which bitter tears cannot wash away.

GEORGE SANFORD was generally spoken of as a "first-rate young man, only he was quick-tempered," and he was not at all ignorant of this prominent defect, and often had he resolved, in the silence of his own room, while communing with his heart, that he *would control* his temper: but, alas, for himself, and those connected with him, he too often allowed his passion to overrule both his judgment and his affections. On this afternoon one little circumstance after another,—each small in itself,—combined with a little spice of jealousy, had aroused and irritated him, and he was, at the time he is introduced to the reader, in a state of mind as foolish as it was pitiable.

MARCIA well knew this defect in his otherwise finely organized character, and she generally endeavored to refrain from anything which might tend to excite his temper, or add fresh fuel to the fire when it chanced to become kindled in her presence. This afternoon, however, she had been less on her guard than usual, and in reply to a question of his, in regard to a certain HENRY RUGGLES,—and which was both unkind and over-inquisitive,—she answered, with averted face and clouded brow, "I know nothing about it,—at least, nothing which I shall communicate to you in your present state of mind. I am not to be blown about like a feather by your foolish anger and worse than foolish jealousy."

GEORGE turned fiercely toward her, and handing her the small package he was carrying, said,—with a look which spoke much more than the words,—"Hereafter you will be your own waiter,—I shall act in that capacity no longer,"—and turning abruptly from her, he began, with hasty strides, to retrace his path to the village, leaving MARCIA standing startled and bewildered at his vehemence, beneath the shade of a drooping elm, which stood by the roadside and marked the corner of her uncle's farm. She gazed after his retreating form a few moments, and then, with a sigh, commenced her lonely walk homeward.

Her brother met her at the door. "MARCIA," said he, "I wish to speak with you a few moments alone," and drawing her hand through his arm, he led her to the little arbor in the garden. Seating themselves on the rustic bench beneath the luxuriant grape vines, he pushed the bonnet from her head, and passing his hand caressingly over her fair brow and glossy hair, said, solemnly, "MARCIA, my only sister, you know how dear you are to me, and I think you know me well enough to believe that your welfare is one of my first objects in life,—do you not, dear sister?"

"I do," she answered, with a faltering voice, for she well guessed what the import of his remarks would be.

"When our mother died," he continued in the same solemn, but affectionate tone, "she placed your hand in mine, and her last words were, 'watch over her, JAMES, and guard her happiness as the apple of your eye.' Have I ever, intentionally, failed in keeping the solemn trust committed by a dying mother to my youthful keeping?"

"No, my brother, you have not."

"Then listen kindly to what I have to say to you, and believe that, though it give you present pain, it is to save you from a life of trouble, that I speak. I will not reproach you for your want of confidence in me, in entering into an engagement of the utmost importance to your future welfare without asking my advice; but, MARCIA, as you wish for a future life as peaceful as your past has been, I entreat you to give up this engagement with young SANFORD. Even now his imperious temper causes the deepest pangs of sorrow that you feel,—what think you it will be, when age shall have strengthened his passions, and weakened his judgment? I saw the little scene by the roadside this afternoon. Oh, my sister, I entreat you not to place your happiness in the keeping of a man who has no control over his temper,—many a woman has wrecked her peace of life on this very rock,—be warned in time, and avoid the intoxication of passion as you would a fiend."

"I was to blame, as well as SANFORD, this afternoon," replied MARCIA,—"in every other respect he is all I could wish."

"I know, but this one defect will dim the lustre of all other virtues. I presume you do not know what happened at his boarding-house last week, and I would not repeat the disagreeable tale to you, were it not that I hope to convince you that he is not the proper person to be entrusted with the happiness of a warm-hearted and sensitive girl. In a foolish fit of rage, he seized a chair and felled HENRY RUGGLES to the floor."

"HENRY RUGGLES hates him, and, I presume, insulted him on purpose to make him angry," said MARCIA, warmly.

"Very likely he did so," returned her brother; "but can you not see how unsafe, as well as disgraceful, such a temper must be, which can be excited to such paroxysms of rage by every interloper who may chance to desire his disgrace? I wish you to think seriously of what I have said, and whatever your decision, remember that your own future happiness is the stake for which you throw your conclusion."

MARCIA was alone,—her thoughts were busy with the past, and, in spite of her brother's words, she felt that there were redeeming traits in the character of the man she loved, which more than balanced the one great defect. Turn the subject as she would in her mind, her determination was still the same, and the remembrance of her own petulant words served to soften the rigor with which she might otherwise have looked upon his offense. She doubted not he already repented his angry expressions and scornful demeanor, and she resolved to keep a stricter watch over her own words in future. MARCIA WELDON was not one to sit down in despondency, and weep over the ills of life,—it was her way to look dangers and difficulties in the face and plan means for their destruction. It was this one trait which enabled her, although seeing the prominent defect in SANFORD'S character, to love him and to determine to cast her lot with him; for the benevolence of his heart, the riches of his intellect, and his regard for her, were treasures of priceless value in her eyes.

Leaving her to her thoughts, we will follow SANFORD in his angry walk homeward. He hurried on with "impetuous speed," his angry feelings surging in his bosom like the waves of the tempest-lashed ocean, and at the door of his boarding-house met HENRY RUGGLES. "Out of my sight," he exclaimed, furiously, and in the foolishness of his rage would no doubt have struck the astonished young man, had he not deemed it prudent to retire quite precipitately to his own room. When seated in his own apartment, SANFORD began (as angry people generally do, after the storm has subsided,) to feel exceedingly foolish and ashamed of himself; and he sighed, "When will I learn to keep my temper?" while a "still small voice" answered, "Not until you make a mighty effort, can you burst the chains your own hands have bound around you."

Such reflections are not always particularly pleasant, so he took his hat and once more walked out into the clear air and pleasant sunshine. A short walk brought him to the post-office, where he inquired for letters. One was handed him, sealed in black and marked "in haste." He took it with trembling hands and tore it open,—what did he read?—the blood rushed to his heart with a sudden bound,—a dark mist seemed to come before his eyes, and grasping a chair, he sank into it as though bereft of all his strength. "Oh, my father," he exclaimed, "why could I not have known this before!" The letter was from his sister, informing him of the sudden and dangerous illness of their father, and summoning him home immediately, if he would see him again alive."

He had scarcely sufficient time to return to his boarding-house, engage his landlady to pack his trunk and send it after him on the morrow, and make some other arrangements rendered necessary by his hasty departure, when the warning bell sounded. A seat was obtained and they were off, dashing swiftly onward. But to his excited imagination the cars seemed scarcely to move, for his thoughts, far out-speeding the flight of steam, were already at his home. The thought that he might be "too late" tortured him almost to madness.

Eleven o'clock came, and the shrill scream of the whistle announced their approach to his native place, and in a few moments he was standing on the threshold of the old homestead. He paused a moment to gather strength for what was to come. All was peaceful and quiet around—the pure stars looked down from their far thrones and seemed, with solemn voices, to chant the anthem of the skies,—a light gleaming through the upper windows, told of the midnight vigils there, but were they with the living or the dead? He knocked softly for admission and was met by his sister, who embraced him in tearful silence. To the eager questioning of his eyes she whispered "he still lives; he has been very anxious about you, earnestly desiring that he might see and converse with you once more,—he is sleeping now."

She led the way with gentle footsteps to the chamber of death. They paused by the bedside of the aged man whose tide of life was fast ebbing away, and as GEORGE gazed on the heavenly expression of that loved face, a feeling of awe stole over him,—earth and its petty cares seemed to fade from his view, and his spirit rose as on the wings of Faith up to the world of glory, whose pearly gates were already unfolding for the reception of his much loved parent. Where now was the tide of tumultuous feelings which had raged so fiercely in his breast? Awed into silence by the mysterious presence of Death.

The sick man turned feebly on his pillow,—his lips moved, and he murmured, "GEORGE, my dear boy."

"Oh, my father," exclaimed GEORGE, "I am here,—can you not speak once more to me and give me your blessing?"

For a moment the departing spirit seemed to rally its mortal strength, at sight of the dear child who had been the subject of his brightest hopes and darkest fears, and fixing his dying eyes on his son he said earnestly, but with much effort, "Good-bye, dear GEORGE,—cherish your sister,—forget not the memory of your mother,—and remember my dying injunction to govern your temper." His lips closed,—the eye-lids drooped,—then again raised as if he already caught transient gleams of glory from the world of spirits,—closed again, and forever,—the feeble breath of life went out without a struggle,—his spirit was free—the beloved father was no more.

Amid all the sorrowful scenes which followed,—the taking the last fond look—the committing of dust unto dust—and the returning to the house which seemed sad and deserted to the orphaned brother and sister,—was the absent altogether forgotten? By no means,—at the first opportunity GEORGE wrote to MARCIA an account of his bereavement, and the dying words of his father,—and waited somewhat impatiently for the answer, for he felt that words of sympathy from her at this time would be precious indeed.

At last there came through the Post-office a rather bulky package for him. He wonderingly opened it, and found his letter returned to him, opened, and evidently read, but unanswered, accompanied by a miniature of himself, a plain gold ring, and several letters written by himself to MARCIA, with these few words, in her familiar hand writing:

"MR. SANFORD:—I hope you will pardon me, that I cannot see fit to help you (as you request,) to obey the very necessary injunction of your deceased parent to 'keep your temper.' I am convinced that I am unequal to the task. With much sympathy for you, in your present bereavement, it is yet necessary for me to bid you farewell, with the hope that we may never meet again.

MARCIA WELDON."

And these cruel words were the sympathy for which he had so fondly looked. Had the blow been less pointed,—or been given at another time,—he might have felt more of a "tender regret." As it was, indignation mastered all other feelings,—he felt that appeal from him would be useless to one who had not scrupled to make known her decision at such a time, and in such a manner,—and so the next mail bore back to Elmsbury the various mementoes of love which he had received from MARCIA. Ah, those last angry words were working deep sorrow in two young and faithful hearts.

After settling the estate, he concluded to resume his study of the law, in another place. But it was necessary for him to return to Elmsbury first, on business. He hoped he might not see MARCIA, but fate ordered it otherwise; for the very day after his arrival he met her in the street accompanied by his hated rival, HENRY RUGGLES. It was a pale, tearful, beseeching face, which was lifted for a moment to his own; but stung into madness by the sight of RUGGLES, he did not read that look, and passed her without a word or even look of recognition. The next week found him hard at work in the office of an eminent lawyer in Auburn. Here he applied himself assiduously to his studies, determined to forget his sorrows in his learning. Upon the memory of the friend and parent who had been removed by death, he loved to linger,—to think of his ever ready welcomes, and his kind farewells,—and those dying words were engraven on his memory, in characters too deep for time to efface,—"Remember my dying injunction, to govern your temper." And he did strive with steady and unflinching purpose to do so,—often did he fail at first, but each successive victory rendered him stronger in the right, and when, at last, his studies were completed, and he was admitted with many compliments to the bar, he felt in his own heart that the mastery he had thus gained over his besetting sin, was worth more to him than all the store of learning he had acquired.

He rapidly advanced to distinction in his profession,—worldly honors were heaped upon him,—wealth was at his command,—yet he felt alone. His sister had married and removed to Illinois,—he had no other near relative,—and somehow he never met with any one who could fill the vacant place in his heart. I said *vacant*,—but it was not altogether so,—there was a MEMORY which had never faded, and often, when surrounded by the gay, the wealthy, and the fashionable, the picture of that face would rise up before him, and he would feel a keen pang of sorrow that he had parted from her forever. Five years had passed, and restless and dissatisfied with himself he determined on leaving the cares of business for awhile, to visit his sister at the West.

CHAPTER II.

We now turn our attention to our gentle MARCIA and her brother, who have so long remained in the back ground,—busy, nevertheless. As we have seen, JAMES WELDON was very much displeased with his sister's choice, and he had several strong reasons for wishing to break up the engagement. In the first place, he loved his sister dearly, and really believed that GEORGE SANFORD would make her life miserable; and then it had long been the cherished wish of his heart that his sister should be united to his old school chum, and favorite, HENRY RUGGLES,—who was a good-natured, vivacious, but aimless young man. So JAMES, on hearing of the abrupt departure of GEORGE SANFORD for his home, determined to embrace the opprtunity to forward his cherished plans, and, as he believed, secure the future happiness of his sister. To do this he determined on the commission of that which was, in reality, a a fraud and crime. He thought at first of admitting RUGGLES into his confidence, but finally concluded to work out his plan unaided and alone. Accordingly he watched the Post-office very closely, and when, at last, a letter was handed him for his sister, from SANFORD, he placed it in his pocket, with the feeling that the first step had been taken in the path of deception, which he had determined to follow.

To the anxious query of his sister for letters or papers he handed out the latter, retaining that letter for which he knew she was so eagerly waiting. Ah, fond, but mistaken brother, what hast thou done? That afternoon he announced his intention of going to a distant town on business, to be absent all night, and departed. It was long before MARCIA closed her eyes in sleep that night. She had learned of the abrupt departure of her lover, and the cause; and how did her heart yearn to sympathize with him, in his great sorrow. She, as we have seen, loved him with a purity and disinterestedness rarely equalled, and she watched with trembling anxiety for some word from him, but the missive of love lay snugly in her brother's side pocket, and she never dreamed of the cruel wrong he had done her. When, at last, she slept, it was but to live over in her dreams the events of the past weeks.

She was suddenly awakened by a slight noise and immediately became conscious that there was some one, disguised by a mask, searching the drawers of her bureau. A startled scream burst from her lips, and the intruder, dropping part of his booty, made a precipitate retreat through the window. Her uncle, aroused by her cry, came to see what was the trouble, and on learning the circumstances, instituted a thorough search, but found no trace of the robber, save the ladder which he had placed against the house to facilitate his operations. A more careful search by the morning light disclosed the fact that nothing had been taken away but a small mahogany box belonging to MARCIA, and which contained her most cherished treasures,—a lock of her mother's hair—some papers in her hand writing—a small miniature of her lover—several presents from him, and a package of letters which she had received from him during his temporary visits at his home. "Their *money* value was but small,—the robber had been frightened away by MARCIA'S scream, ere he had time to secure any thing valuable,—so said her uncle, and so thought MARCIA; but had they followed the intruder into the loft of the horse barn,—seen him remove the mask, and carefully look over the contents of the box they would have supposed, from the look of satisfaction which gleamed from his eyes, that he had obtained all he wished.

The day which followed was a long and sad one to MARCIA. The loss of her treasures affected her more than she cared to confess, and she felt troubled that she did not hear from SANFORD. Could it be that he still remained angry with her. And so, with her burden of sorrowful and anxious thought, the day wore to its close,—twilight brought her brother home, and she sprang eagerly to meet him. She did not notice the quick flush which mounted to his brow as he met her eye, and the very unusual degree of nervousness which he exhibited she supposed was caused by the news of the robbery which she related to him.

—[To be concluded next week.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1860.

Wit and Humor.

A COAT OF LEGS, (NOT ARMS,)

BORROWED from the Isle of Man, and respectfully suggested for adoption to the politicians of the United States. It is expected there will be some tall pedestrianism toward the White House by the *trio* of candidates, this season, and if the above design is not emblematic of that, we shall have to give it up in despair, and ask, with BARNUM, "*What is it?*" It will be seen that the motto, *E Pluribus Unum*, is not only appropriate to the above coat, but somewhat difficult to separate from it.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.—The London Gazette contains some important information for the ladies in regard to the manner of placing their lips when they desire to look amiable, dignified, &c. It says that when a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say *Besom*, and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides, until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say *Brush*, the result of which is infallible. If she would make her mouth small and pretty, she must say *Flip*, but if the mouth is already small, and needs enlarging, she must say *Cabbage*. Ladies when having their daguerreotypes taken, may observe these rules with some advantage.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 19 letters.
My 6, 2, 3, 16, 12 is what children are apt to do.
My 5, 12, 17, 14, 7 is a shrub bearing beautiful flowers.
My 3, 6, 14, 17, 4, 7, 11, 8, 13, 1 is a virtue that should be found in every household.
My 4, 5, 2, 19, 16, 12 is made by farmers' wives.
My 14, 19, 17, 4, 5 is what some do for a living.
My 5, 2, 3, 18, 12, 13 is where we all would like to go.
My 9, 17, 6, 4, 7 is what all good mothers should do.
My 15, 11, 19, 13 is a sign.
My 11, 3, 6, 4, 7, 19, 16 you do not keep house without.
My 13, 19, 17, 14 is what every woman should be.
My 18, 2, 16, 6, 11, 19, 13, 1 is a covering or garment.
My 10, 3, 14, 5 is a solemn affirmation.
My whole is a maxim, of modern date, found in the RURAL. T. P. H.

Michigan, 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

I'm solid, or I'm fluid, as you please,
And change from each to each with greatest ease.
Through me you oft behold the lapse of time,
As pleased you ramble in each varied clime.
In necromantic art, I seem to deal,
And things far distant to your view reveal;
A giant to a dwarf can also change,
And *vice versa*, as the world I range.
Now all these wondrous mysteries to clear,
And under mask no longer to appear,
Ye who have conned o'er every tedious line,
In me behold "the human face divine."

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

SUPPOSE that three circular pieces of land are so situated that lines extending from the center of one of them to each of the others, shall form an equilateral triangle, each side of which is 40 rods. Required the number of square rods between the three circles?

No. Tunbridge, Vt., 1860. J. T. R.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 540.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Evil communications corrupt good manners.

Answer to Witty Superscription:—John Under-wood, And-over, Massachusetts.

Advertisements.

WOOD'S IMPROVED MOWING MACHINE,
For 1860. Patented Feb. 22, 1859.

THE success of this Mower during the past harvest is without a parallel in the history of Mowing Machines. In introducing it, I offered to the farmers a mower at a less price than any in use, one that was light, durable, and capable of doing perfect work. It has performed more than I claimed for it; the reduction in price and draft is equal to 25 per cent., as the trials and tests show, (see my pamphlets for 1860.) I have added some improvements to it for this year; a lever arrangement for raising the cutter-bar, some of the parts are strengthened, and the driving-wheels are enlarged.

I continue to manufacture, as heretofore, Manny's celebrated Combined Reaper and Mower, with Wood's Improvement. This Machine fully maintains its reputation as the best Combined Reaper and Mower yet introduced, and inferior to none as a Reaper or Mower.

I have added to this machine a Self-Raking attachment of my own invention, the most simple in its structure and mode of operation of anything of the kind ever offered to the public

Price of Two-Horse Mower, delivered here on the cars, $80
Do. One-Horse do. do. do. do. $70
Do. Combined Machine, do. do. do. $120
Do. do. with Self-Raking Attachment, $140
538-9t WALTER A. WOOD, Hoosick Falls, N. Y.

GLADDING'S HORSE PITCH-FORK!
MANUFACTURED BY S. BULLOCK,

THIS valuable improvement possesses many important advantages over all other Forks, among which are the following:—The tines being allowed to drop to discharge its load, the tilting of the handle, as in other forks, is avoided; hence, hay can be unloaded with the utmost facility and ease into shed windows or beneath purline beams, and other places where other Horse Forks cannot be used. It can in all cases be managed with greater ease than any other Horse Fork. It is equally adapted to stacking. With this Fork a ton of hay may be unloaded in from five to seven minutes.

TESTIMONIALS.

Its simplicity, durability and perfect operation, as well as comparatively trifling expense, recommend its use to the farmers of our country. A. B. DICKINSON.

THE best machine for the purpose within our knowledge, and therefore commend it to the attention of all interested. It must prove a decided acquisition in the haying season, when both time and labor are money. D. D. T. MOORE.

IT will prove a wonderful labor saving machine. I believe wherever tried, it will be found profitable. JOHN JOHNSON, Geneva.

UNLOADING hay at the barn by horse-power is such a simple operation that it seems wonderful how a sensible farmer can continue the exceedingly hard labor of lifting it a forkful at a time in the stifling heat of a July afternoon.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE best apparatus for unloading hay we are acquainted with.—*Genesee Farmer.*

GLADDING'S HORSE PITCH-FORK is one of the labor saving machines which will pay to purchase.—*Prairie Farmer.*

UNLOADING in a barn by means of a Horse Pitch-Fork is becoming quite common in some sections of our country, and will be practiced every where as soon as the farmers understand the operation. The invention of C. E. Gladding is the best we have seen in operation.—*American Agriculturist*

C. E. GLADDING has constructed a Fork which after a recent trial we are satisfied is an important improvement.—*Albany Cultivator.*

☞ The above testimonials are selected from many others, the signers being generally known as distinguished agriculturists. All who have seen it operate, agree in the above opinion of its merits. This Fork has taken the First Premium at EVERY FAIR at which it has been exhibited, including the State Fairs of Pennsylvania and New York for 1858; and New York, Illinois, Michigan, and United States Fair at Chicago for 1859, besides numerous County Fairs.

Fork, Rope and Pulleys, $12. State and County Rights for Sale. Address STEPHEN BULLOCK, Agent,
534-3tom. Columbia X Roads, Bradford Co., Pa.

☞ For sale by E. D. HALLOCK, Rochester, and by Implement dealers throughout Western New York.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

The Rural New Yorker is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the Rural an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a Family Journal it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper in America.

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AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

It is quite common to lament that so little attention is paid to the education of Agriculturists in this country, and to consider that in this respect we are far behind almost all the other civilized nations of the world. With this sentiment we have no sympathy. We believe the farmers of America, as a class, are as intelligent and as enterprising as any similar class, in any country in the world. In England there are a few able, enterprising, wealthy men, and a few men of science, who are devoting their time, talents and wealth, to the improvement of the agriculture of the country,—to expensive draining, high manuring, and costly and valuable experiments,—and these men are prominent at all meetings, and their sayings and doings, in the main, fill the Agricultural Journals. They are an honor to the country. But Mechi and Lawes, and a few others, are not fair representatives of the farmers of England, and we do not believe that one hundred farmers taken promiscuously from any district in Western New York, would be found inferior, in any respect, to the same number of English farmers, selected in the same manner, from any district in England, or any other portion of Europe.

The celebrated Agricultural Chemist, Johnston, thus deplored the condition of Agricultural Education in England:—"The agricultural interest in England has hitherto expended its main strength in attempting to secure or maintain important political advantages in the State. The encouragement of experimental agriculture has been in general neglected, while the diffusion of practical knowledge has been either wholly overlooked or considered subordinate to other objects. No national efforts have been made for the general improvement of the methods of culture. While for the other important classes of the community special schools have been established, in which the elements of all the branches of knowledge most necessary for each class have been more or less completely taught, and a more enlighted, because better instructed, race of men gradually trained up, no such schools have been instituted for the benefit of the agriculturist. In our Universities, in which the holders of land, those most interested in its improvement, are nearly all educated, a lesson upon agriculture, the right arm of the State, has hitherto scarcely ever been given. With the practice of the art, the theory has also been neglected. Scientific men have had no inducement to devote their time and talents to a subject which held out no promise of reward, either in the shape of actual emolument or of honorary distinction. And thus has arisen the second of those circumstances, by which I consider the approach of a better state of things to have been retarded, namely, the want of an *Agricultural Literature*."

The remedy proposed by most writers is the establishment of Agricultural Schools and Colleges in every State in the Union, but we think the experiment, where tried, has not been as satisfactory as could be desired. Indeed, many of the best practical farmers in Europe consider such institutions of much less utility than they are supposed to be, and many gentlemen of rank prefer to have their sons learn farming, as the pupils of well-known good farmers, like some we could name in this country, rather than at the great institutions. The result is said to justify the wisdom of this course.

There is scarcely a week but we receive letters from youths, asking at what institutions they can learn Practical and Scientific Agriculture, and we are at a loss for a reply. For the benefit of such, we make these remarks. Our advice, which we have often privately given, is to obtain as good an English education as possible; improve every moment in the study of Chemistry and Geology, until a knowledge of the rudiments of these sciences is obtained. Read Boussingault and Johnston, and any other works you may find profitable, and the Agricultural papers; converse with the best farmers and carefully observe their practice; obtain the use of a little land and try a few experiments, such as are suggested to the mind by reading, or such as may be discussed in the Agricultural press; always keep a watchful eye, and determine to know the why and the wherefore, if possible, of every result, and you cannot fail to make a good farmer. If you are in circumstances to do so, place yourself under the instruction of a farmer you know to be good, and serve him and yourself faithfully. At present we know of no better way for a young man to learn to be a farmer. If others can give better advice, we will most cheerfully publish it for the benefit of those who are in the pursuit of knowledge under difficulty.

HOG PENS—PROFIT OF RAISING PORK.

The Rural of March 24th, gives a plan of a "Piggery,"—*hog pen*, as old fashioned folks say. The plan appears to be a good one, but I would suggest that the spirit of the age requires that every hog pen should have an arrangement for steaming or boiling food. Uncooked food for hogs is inadmissible, and it is absolutely necessary to make the *cooking easy*, and cheap withal. I have seen an out-door potash kettle concern cost, in a wet, cold time, more than it comes to. Hogs are not exactly indigenous to this country (Western New York;) they belong to Egypt, in Illinois. six pounds of corn can be sent to the sea board, from the Wabash, cheaper by putting it into *one* pound of pork. Hence, pork-raising is suited to grain districts distant from markets, and, I may add, to mild climates. My friend, John Johnston, (who seldom makes mistakes; I always remind him when he does,) remarked incidentally that he raised only enough pork for his own use. *If any one does raise pork in this country they must work close to the mark. There is no margin for waste.* Hence, we must have cooking utensils, and have them well arranged. We can meet Western competition in no other way.

If a hog pen can be built on descending ground so as to have a cellar for small potatoes and apples at one end, and adjoining the cook room, it will be well. There should be convenient storage for meal and all materials used. My friend, Wm. Dickey, of Livingston Co., has his hog pen of wood, but he is careful to lay the floor where the hogs go on timbers seperate and below the sills of the building, so that they can be easily supplied when they decay.

Not many hogs should be wintered here, but what are, should be put in a warm, dry place to sleep. Their winter quarters should be of stone, or double-boarded, with a space between filled with tan-bark or saw-dust. Feed them enough so they will keep to their beds most of the time. Instead of a room in the main building for manure, I would attach a small yard to the hog pen with a thorough fence, and that part of the yard nearest to the pen should be covered, so as to keep the manure dry. Of course the manure will be mixed with leaf-mould, muck, leaves, weeds and other litter. This *leaching* manure before you use it is in the last degree objectionable. Whenever it is to be thrown out of the stables, there should be a cover to keep it dry. These covers may be made very cheap of boards or slabs.

Connected with every hog-pen should be a yard where hogs can root, "for 'tis their nature, too." I came near losing a valuable sow last winter from close confinement. Charcoal and rotten wood will perhaps supply the place of the earth, but I decidedly prefer that pigs and store hogs should come to the ground. Good sanitary arrangements for hogs conduce to the health of man. Whatever earth is rooted over and mixed with the manure, should be carted out, and its place supplied with more earth.

If we have a place sufficiently warm to render it safe, I think it good policy to raise winter pigs. While young they eat comparatively little, and when the clover is ready in the spring they are ready to eat it, and may be killed before cold weather comes. I had a litter in January from a sow well secured under a barn. They did well, but if they come in very cold weather, they will freeze, if not protected. It is quite a convenience to have the pigs large enough when grass comes, to be stopped by a fair fence. H. T. B.

GRAIN AND ROOTS FOR EXHIBITION.

Nothing causes us so much regret, while attending the Agricultural Fairs, as the generally meagre show of farm products, particularly grains and roots. Of the exhibition of horses and cattle, and implements, &c., we seldom have reason to complain, but the buildings devoted to farm products, at most of our exhibitions, are melancholy looking affairs. To this we have before referred, and in our last report of the Fair of this State, remarked:—"Farm root crops were scarce. A few Rutabagas and White Turnips were shown, and we also noticed half-a-dozen Mangels; but a two-bushel basket would have held all the roots. A good exhibition of roots we seldom see at any of the Fairs in the States; but we have never visited a Canada exhibition when we did not see a large and fine display."

Some of our friends have thought that we looked upon this matter rather uncharitably, and treated it with more severity than the case demanded. The Delegates appointed by the Canadian Board of Agriculture to visit the last Fair of this State, have made their report, and it has just come to hand. They give their opinions on this point, and it will be well to examine them, and learn how we look in the eyes of our visitors, so that we may "see ourselves as others see us."

"The show of Agricultural Products here is not extensive; we would scarcely see so meagre a display at one of our county or township shows in Canada. There are only two or three samples of wheat, and these of indifferent quality, two or three of oats, &c. We notice three lots of Swede turnips, of which only one lot is more than of very ordinary quality; and three of Mangel Wurzel, in all of which there was only one really good root. Even in Indian corn, which we should expect to find very good, the display was not equal to that at some of our shows in Canada, the ears being small, and the grains on the same ear of different colors and varieties. In potatoes, there was a fair display. Again, in garden vegetables, there was only a very moderate show, the carrots, parsnips, beets, and some other varieties, were inferior, and would scarcely be shown at an exhibition in Canada; the onions, celery, cauliflower, cabbage, were very fair in quality."

It is not too late for farmers to make an effort to remove this reproach, and we hope the attempt will be made, and its fruits be manifest the coming Autumn. Corn may yet be planted, and care should be exercised in giving all grains for exhibition such culture as to insure perfect samples for exhibition. This should be remembered at the time of threshing and cleaning, that the best may be saved. Most of the root crops will do well if planted now, and the middle of June is early enough for the Rutabaga. A month later will answer for the White or English turnip. For more particular directions on this subject, we refer our readers to the Rural of May 5th.

IMPORTED WEEDS.

In our issue of the 26th ult. we gave descriptions of several of the most troublesome of imported weeds, with such remarks as we thought would be interesting and profitable to our readers. The fact that foreign weeds are increasing very rapidly, is susceptible of the clearest proof. Many that ten or twenty years ago were known only to botanists, and described in the books as "*very rare*," and as only "*sparingly introduced*," are become troublesome pests. That we have succeeded in arousing attention to this question, is very evident from the number of communications and inquiries we have received, as well as by several packages of weeds, sent us for examination and name. The following, accompanying three packages of weeds, supposed to be varieties of the *May-Weed*, is from a correspondent in Cayuga county:

May-Weeds.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having read, with interest, an article in the Rural of May 26th, on "*Imported Weeds and Insects*," I marked the omission to notice *one* which I think deserving of a *harder* name than is there given to any treated of, the "*Cursed Thistle*," or the "*Wheat Thief*," not excepted; for, while the former, with its deep-penetrating root, loosens and enriches the soil, and the latter does, or may, yield some return for its gluttony, (its seed producing oil for painting purposes, as good as flax seed,) *this* has no redeeming properties that I know of.

As I am not botanist enough to give it a classified name, I herewith send a specimen, hoping you will classify it and make it public, for it has long enough passed under the common, harmless

MAY-WEED.

OX-EYE DAISY.

name of *May-Weed*. Now, I protest against this applying of *soft* names to *hard* characters, and am inclined to think, that had that important actor in the Garden of Eden been known to Mother Eve as the very Devil, our old mother had been more on the look out.

However, like the honest Dutchman, who, sitting in inquest over a subject of drunkenness, being opposed to the other jurors calling it "death from water on the brain," said, "Schentlemen, I vill schplit the differance mit you, and call um viskey and water on de brain," so I will compromise if you will call it *Devilish May-Weed*. This weed possesses all the self-appropriating, gluttonish characteristics chargeable to Pigeon Weed, and, in addition, the *subtilty* of the "old one we read of." Concerning the last-named characteristic, I remember the earnest admonitions of an esteemed friend (now deceased) to his neighbor farmers, to guard against it as not being the same with May-Weed, for he had known it in the State of Pennsylvania. I remember, too, how, like the dwellers in Sodom, they disregarded his warning, and how he, Lot-like, looked ahead for himself. The consequence was, *their farms sunk* in value, at least $10 per acre, while his (Lot's) was free from the pest.

I am not confident that I could describe it so that it could invariably be distinguished from *May-Weed*, yet, on account of my antipathy to and familiarity with it, I can distinguish these weeds as readily as we can detect an attempted copy of our handwriting. And here I would say, that repeated and arduous contests with it and Pigeon Weed have engendered a spirit of extermination, insomuch that often, when crossing a neighbor's field where they grow, I instinctively stoop over to pull them up. The principal points of difference are:—The *Subtile May-Weed*, (as we may christen it for distinction,) assumes a bolder and ranker appearance, when circumstances are the same,—particularly so, when its room is not contested. The stalks bear a more purple hue, which is intensified by its gluttony. An odor slightly different is emitted when the leaves are pinched, but as to the appearance of the blossoms, I have never noticed a difference, but the May-Weed blooms much the latest. The latter part of May, or about the time of wheat heading, is the time for our *subtile* enemy to blossom; and well do I remember passing lots, of the best of wheat soil, so overrun with it, that at wheat-heading time they looked as if a snow had fallen on them, which would be scarcely more disastrous.

As to the time of the seed maturing sufficiently to vegetate, I have thought,—if eradication be the order of attack,—it is hardly safe to leave the blossoms on the ground after they begin to fade in the center; and the seeds are about as indestructible as those of sin. If there is anything for which I can admire it, it is its indomitable courage and perseverance; and, like eternal truth, though trodden under foot, it will rise again. With these (I fear too extended) remarks, I leave you, with the request that you will examine, name, and publish the "ereeter;" and should any of your readers be "afflicted" with it, and have no remedy or cure, I will send the best I know of, if desired.

I have inclosed three specimens. No. 1 is of the plant in question when growing rank; No. 2 when growing in thick wheat; each of which, I suppose, is the product of one seed. The sample of May-Weed is not a good one, as I have seen it more closely resemble No. 2, especially when in blossom. J. T. D.

May Flower Mills, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

The weeds accompanying the above were exhibited to a number of farmers and others, and several pronounced Nos. 1 and 2 to be the common May-Weed, only having made a luxurious growth in a warm and favorable location; others, from the dissimilarity shown, were disposed to name it the *Ox-Eye Daisy*, but both are incorrect. To aid in making this matter plain, we give drawings of both of these,—the *May-Weed*, reduced in size, and the White-Weed, or *Ox-Eye Daisy*, of the natural size, from Darlington's *Weeds and Useful Plants*.

The troublesome weed which our correspondent names *Subtile May-Weed*, is Anthemis arvensis, or *Corn Chamomile*. The flower resembles the *May-Weed*, but is much larger, while it is only about half the size of the *Ox-Eye Daisy*. The botanist will observe that the rays are pistillate and generally fertile, while in the May-Weed they are sterile. The leaves of the May-Weed are brighter green, larger, and more finely cut, than those of the *Corn Chamomile*. The stems of the *Chamomile*, and even the leaves, are gray, from a hairy down, while those of the May-Weed are clean. Gray says this plant is found in the fields in New England and New York, but is only sparingly introduced. Torrey, in *State Natural History*, published about 1843, says it is rare, but found in Westchester and Washington counties. Since that time it must have increased very rapidly.

Morton says that "in England this weed inhabits light, gravelly soils, and is apt to be troublesome unless carefully extirpated. If means are taken to extirpate it before it gets into flower, it, like all annuals, must in time disappear. In the absence of that precaution, its eradication is impossible."

FACTS FOR CULTIVATORS.

I take this seasonable opportunity of communicating the result of a few experiments. Let it be remembered that climate, soil, and tillage, have a material influence upon the success of all farming operations; and to the diversity of this triopotent agency may we ascribe all the varied and conflicting experiences of the great mass of husbandmen. With this explanation, we will simply state what was observed under given circumstances, and leave your readers to draw their own conclusions respecting the utility of the facts enumerated.

I was much pleased with the Crystal-flint, or Hominy corn. Planted about a dozen hills in the garden; left three to four stalks in the hill—the latter about two and a half feet apart. Owing to the coldness of the season, and the stiff, clayey soil, little increase was expected. I found, however, that this variety was well adapted to the

consistency of the land, and despite all impediments, the yield was surprising. I can form no estimate of the ratio per acre, but find the weight per bushel will exceed seventy pounds. Six pints weigh over seven pounds. The grain is only moderate sized, as the stalks were too thickly set. In weight and solidity it sustains the title of Crystal-flint. The meal of this grain is said to be nearly as fine and nutritious as the best flour.

Among small fruits the Winter-cherry is a valuable variety. I procured some seeds of the wild kind, termed "Ground-cherry," and the improved sort, *(Physalis.)* The former is found in cornfields, and often in pastures of sandy soil. It does not attain the height of the Winter-cherry; but its branches spread on all sides, and when laden with the fruit, rest on the ground. In one instance several of them were a yard in length, while there were at least ten branches on a stalk. The Ground-cherry is more hardy and productive, but not so palatable as the winter kind. The latter is at present most desirable for its rich, aromatic flavor, and good keeping qualities. The cherries will remain sound all winter if left in their firm, net-like capsules. We have not yet tested their merits as a preserve, or sauce, but believe they will make a cheap and excellent article,—combining the flavor of the strawberry and pine-apple. Ours were transplanted too late. Having come into blossom in the seed-bed, the change retarded their growth. They should be removed when very small, and with this exception, require the same treatment as the tomato. All the experience which we have heard (verbal or written) from others, confirms our own; and this fruit is soon, we anticipate, to become as well known and admired, and as generally cultivated, as the tomato. B.

New Castle Co., Del., 1860.

LAYING DRAINS IN QUICKSAND.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In answer to T. P. H., Farmington, Mich., in respect to his quicksand drain, I would say, get inch boards eight inches wide,—or slabs, put flat side up, will answer,—all of a length, and commence at the outlet three feet deep; or if deeper, no harm, if he can get a suitable outlet. When the ditch is dug far enough to lay one board and five or six feet to spare, lay it down; lay and cover with stone one-half the length of the first bottom board where it comes to the action of the weather. Then continue the ditch as at first, for the next bottom board. When that is done, take two boards five or five and a half inches wide, of the same length as the bottom. Set the side boards with the angle at top 60 degrees. They may be fitted stationary by sawing pieces of boards eight or ten inches long with that bevel to fit the outside of the tube to be nailed near the ends of it. Tack two or three nails in the top edges, and one each side into the locket or bevel, which makes it secure and ready to lay down as fast as the bottom is ready. Put one end against the stone on the first board; the other end will reach to the center of the next bottom board. Cover with evergreen brush if you have it; if not, a good coating of straw. Shovel enough earth on to keep it in its place. Then put down the next bottom board. Let the water pass through the tube. Should the quicksand run too freely into the tube, dig a hole a few inches below the bottom, just above the end of the last bottom board for a temporary reservoir for the quicksand, until ready for the next bottom board. The ends of the top boards should be in the middle of the bottom boards to break joints. Keep also a bunch of straw before the head of the tube laid down, as a strainer. Should side drains be required, boards three or four inches wide will be sufficient. When the ditch is commenced, let help enough be employed to carry the work through at once, and do not keep the ditch open to exceed one rod before the tube is laid down and covered. To the question how long will these wood tubes last, the writer cannot answer definitely, but would say he has had them in use eighteen years; and they are now, where examined, apparently as sound as when first put down. With stone at the point of discharge exposed to the action of the weather, and in a soil constantly damp, they would doubtless last for ages, as wood, under such circumstances, is nearly indestructible. Hemlock or any other timber will do; if green the better. Cover two and a half feet in depth. A Subscriber.

Rome, May, 1860.

TABLE-LANDS OF EAST TENNESSEE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your issue of August 13th, 1859, will be found a communication from Crossville, Cumberland Co., Tenn., giving a description of the table-lands of the Cumberland Mountains, which in some respects is erroneous, and has been the cause of bringing some emigrants to this place, to find things in a different condition from what they expected. I should like, with your permission, to correct some of its statements.

The writer says:—"You reach the table in a distance of nineteen miles from the river,—finding a wide-spread undulating surface (with never-failing streams of pure water,) carpeted with a nutritious grass, upon which stock will feed and fatten, without grain or shelter, throughout the entire year." In the first place, the streams of pure water, with the exception of the large rivers, go dry about the first of July, and remain so until the September rains. This I am told by the old settlers.

A word as to "the nutritious grasses upon which stock can feed and fatten the entire year." I came to this mountain on the 8th of November, and at that time there was not sufficient green feed on one hundred acres to keep a sheep twenty-four hours, unless he fasted a good portion of the time; and up to this date (March 24th,) the grass has not started yet sufficient to be of any account for stock. The grass of the mountain is of a coarse variety, and the first hard frost in the fall kills it, and I am told that usually happens about the first of November.

The soil here is a sandy loam, and unless well manured will not pay the expense of cultivation. Judging from what I saw, I should think the crop of corn here last fall would not average over fifteen bushels per acre, and in some places not five. Wheat is but little cultivated, yet I have no doubt but, with proper cultivation, it would do tolerably well. Rye, I am told, does well on the natural soil. Grasses here are entirely neglected; the farmer depends solely on his corn crop to winter his stock, and I can safely say there is corn enough wasted to winter all the stock, if properly fed. Such a thing as a barn is unknown here. The universal custom is to feed stock on the ground, without box or trough, or anything of the kind; and if they want to manure a patch of ground, they build a fence around it, and put their cattle in it, thus saving the trouble of drawing out the manure.

The winters here are mild. We have had but few cold days, the first week of January being good winter weather. The coldest day we have had was five degrees below zero. Ice was formed four inches thick. Fruit trees generally look well, and are pretty extensively cultivated. The peach trees are in full bloom, and promise an abundant crop, if not killed with the frosts we are now having. Wild fruits are abundant, the woods being full of grapes of several varieties, with blackberries, whortleberries, and gooseberries, all of fine quality.

The timber here is of moderate size, and consists of the different kinds of oak, chestnut, hickory, walnut, wild cherry, white and yellow pine, with an occasional wild locust. Lime stone is plenty on the sides of the mountain, but none on the table. Sand stone, for building purposes, is abundant, easy to get at, and of good quality. The water here is universally soft, and the best I ever saw.

In conclusion, I would say, land can be bought for prices varying from 50 cents to $3 per acre, but persons coming here should look well to the titles before purchasing lands. Let no one come here expecting to find a second Eden, or he will be sadly disappointed. C. H. M'D.

Cumberland Co., Tenn., March 24, 1860.

Remarks.—The above would have been published at an earlier date, had it not been written on the same sheet with a business letter. The article, "corrected" was authenticated by the full name of the writer, and we supposed its statements to be reliable.

A CHEAP CORN HOUSE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In the multitude of plans for corn houses, appearing in your excellent volume of last year, I saw none so simple as the following:—The foundation is six posts, twenty inches long, set on large, flat stones, and covered with an inverted tin pan,—new ones, minus the wire, are best. The building is ten by twelve at the sills, and eleven by twelve at the plates, inclining the sides six inches each.—The posts, four on each side, are two by four studs, eight feet long, with a tenon on one end, to fill mortices in the sills. The plates are two by four, nailed on the top of studs. Two ribs, one and a quarter by three inches, are sunk into the studs, on each side, to which are nailed the slats, three-quarters by three, set one inch apart. To prevent spreading, four of the rib pieces are nailed across, from the top of the plates. The ends are done up the same as a barn, with a door in one end four feet wide. The roof the same as any similar building, or according to fancy. Make a crib on each side, three feet wide, which will hold about two hundred bushels ears each. The alley, four feet, is used for shelling with a corn sheller, or even with a flail, if necessary, and is very handy for the pig corn.

The description speaks for itself. Any farmer can make one, if he can make a gate, and its value he will not know until he has one. T. P. H.

Farmington, Mich., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

The Bee Moth.—No. I.

If we combine into one phalanx all the depredators yet named, and compare their ability for mischief with the wax moth, we shall find their powers of destruction but a small item! Of the moth itself we would have nothing to fear were it not for her progeny, that consist of a hundred or a thousand vile worms, whose food is principally wax or comb.

As the instinct of the flesh-fly directs her to a putrid carcass to deposit her eggs, that her offspring may have their proper food, so the moth seeks the hive containing combs, and where its natural food is at hand to furnish a supply. During the day a rusty brown miller, with its wings wrapped close around the body, may be often seen lying perfectly motionless on the side of the hive, on one corner, or the under edge of the top, where it projects over—they are more frequent at the corners than anywhere else, one-third of their length projecting beyond it; appearing much like a sliver on the edge of a board that is somewhat weather-beaten. Their color so closely resembles old wood, that I have no doubt their enemies are often deceived, and let them escape with their lives. As soon as daylight shuts out the view, and no danger of their movements being discovered by their enemies, they throw off their inactivity, and commence searching for a place to deposit their eggs, and woe to the stock that has not bees sufficient to drive them from the comb. Although their larvæ has a skin that the bee cannot pierce with its sting, in most cases, it is not so with the moth, and of this fact they seem to be aware, for whenever a bee approaches they dart away with speed ten times greater than that of any bee, disposed to follow! They enter the hive and dodge out in a moment, having either encountered a bee, or fear they may do so. Now it needs no argument to prove that when all our stocks are protected, it must be a poor chance to deposit eggs, on the combs of such hives, where their instinct has taught them is the proper place. But they *must* leave them somewhere. When driven from all the combs within, the next best place is the cracks and flaws about the hive, that are lined with propolis; and the dust and chips that fall on the floor-board of a young swarm not full will be used. This last material is mostly wax, and answers very well instead of comb. The eggs will here hatch and the worms sometimes ascend to the combs; hence the necessity of keeping the bottom brushed off clean. It will prevent those that are on the bottom from going up; also the bees from taking up any eggs, if this should happen to be the method. I can conceive of no other way by which they get among the combs of a populous stock; where they are often detected, having been deposited by some means. A worm lodged in the comb, makes his way to the center, and then eats a passage as he proceeds, lining it with a shroud of silk, gradually enlarging it, as he increases in size. (When combs are filled with honey, they work on the surface, eating only the sealing.) In very weak families this silken passage-way is left untouched; but removed by all the stronger ones. I have found it asserted that "the worms would be all immediately destroyed by the bees, were it not for a kind of dread in touching them until compelled to by necessity." As the facts which led to this conclusion are not given, and I can find none confirming it, perhaps I shall be excused if I have no faith. On the contrary, I find to all appearance an instinctive antipathy to all such intruders, and are removed immediately when possessing the power.

When a worm is in a comb filled with brood, its passage being in the center, it is not at first discovered. The bees, to get it out, must bite away half the thickness, removing the brood in one or two rows of cells, sometimes for several inches. This will account for so many immature bees found on the bottom-board at morning, in the spring; as well as in stocks and swarms but partially protected after the swarming season.

Indications of their Presence.—Sometimes a half dozen young bees, nearly mature, will be removed alive, all webbed together, fastened by legs, wings, &c. All their efforts for breaking loose prove unavailing. Also others that are separate may be seen running about with their wings mutilated, or part of their legs eaten off, or tied together! These generally are the first symptoms of worms in our stock at this season. Although unfavorable, it might be worse. It shows that the bees are not discouraged yet,—that when finding the worms present, have sufficient energy left to make an effort to rid themselves of the nuisance.

Management.—Should the apiarian now give them a little assistance for a few days, they will soon be in a prosperous condition. The hive should be frequently raised, and everything brushed out clean. If it is a new swarm half full, that presents these indications, it should be turned over a few times, perhaps once a week, till the worms are mastered; and the corners below the bees examined for the cocoons, that will very often be found there, and are easily detached and destroyed. In turning over a hive part full, in warm weather, you should first observe the position of the combs, and let the edges rest against the side of the hive, otherwise they might bend over and break loose when the hive was again set up. By simply making a pencil mark across the top in the direction of the combs, you may know any time after first looking.

Care in turning over Hives.—When a hive is full of combs, the edges are usually attached sufficient to steady them, and it is of less consequence which way it is turned, yet in very warm weather the honey will run out of drone cells if perpendicular.

In very small swarms, hundreds of the young brood may be frequently seen with their heads out of the cells, endeavoring to escape, but are firmly held inside by these webs. I have known a few instances in such circumstances, where it appeared as if the bees had cut off the whole sheet of comb and let it drop, thereby ridding themselves of all further trouble (or would be rid of it, if their owner only did his part by taking out what fell down.)

Other Symptoms of Worms.—But when the bees make no effort to dislodge the enemy or his works in old stocks, the case is somewhat desperate! Instead of the foregoing symptoms, we must look for something entirely different. But few young bees will be found. In their place we may find the fæces of the worms dropped on the board. During winter and spring the bees, in biting off the covering of cells to get at the honey, drop chips closely resembling it. To detect the difference and distinguish one from the other requires a little close inspection. The color of the fæces varies with the comb on which they feed, from white to brown and black. The size of these grains will be in proportion to the worm—from a mere speck to nearly as large as a pin-head: shape cylindrical, with obtuse ends: length about twice its diameter. By the quantity we can judge of the number. If the hive is full of combs the lower ends may appear perfect, while the middle or upper part is sometimes a mat of webs!

Whenever our stocks have become reduced from over-swarming or other cause, this is the next effect in succession that we must expect. Here is another important reason that we know the *actual* condition of our bees at all times; we can then detect the worms very soon after they commence. In some instances we might save the stock by breaking out most of the combs, leaving just enough to be covered by the bees. When success attends this operation, it *must* be done before the worms have progressed to a thorough lodgment. When the stock is weak, and appearances indicate the presence of many, it is generally the safest, and will be the least trouble in the end, to drive out the bees at once and secure the honey and wax. The bees when put into a new hive *may* do a little, but if they should do nothing, it would be no worse. It cannot be as bad any way as to have left them in the old hive till the worms had destroyed all and matured a thousand or two moths in addition to those otherwise produced, thereby multiplying the chances of damage to other stocks a thousand-fold. It is probably remembered that I said when bees are removed from a hive in warm weather, if it was not infested with worms at the time, it soon would be, unless smoked with sulphur.—*Quinby's Mysteries of Bee-Keeping.*

Italian Bees.

We understand that Mr. T. B. Parsons has been quite unfortunate with his importation of *Italian Bees.* Mr. P. contracted for 100 swarms, but only 40 were sent, and these were so badly packed for shipping that most of them died on the voyage. Enough, however, has been saved to give them a fair trial, and they increase so rapidly under good management, that in a very few years, if they are found valuable, the country will be well stocked. M. M. Baldridge, of Niagara county, called on us a few days since, with three Italian Queens, and a few drones and workers, which he obtained from Mr. P. This will make an important addition to his already extensive apiary.

Inquiries and Answers.

Laboring Days in a Month.—There has, of late, arisen a controversy between employer and laborer, relating to the odd days that occur in six or eight months' labor, by counting twenty-six days for a month. The laborer thinks he is entitled to them, but the employer thinks they belong to him. It has always been customary to allow twenty-six days for one month, but a man hired for six or eight months always worked all the working days in said six or eight months. If the laborer is entitled to them, why has he not found it out before? I would like the opinion of some of your numerous correspondents about the matter, for all should be set right, and govern themselves accordingly.—G., *Spring Port, N. Y., April,* 1860.

Salt for Corn.—I wish to plant twelve or fifteen acres of corn. The soil is a light clay, was a meadow for five years, and plowed up last spring and sowed with oats. I have been recommended to mix salt with ashes, and cover the grains of corn with it, after they are dropped. Is this correct?—S. S. H., *Welland Village, C. W.*

Salt would doubtless have a tendency to keep off insects, but it is a dangerous thing to use. A little too much would destroy the germ as soon as it started.

Sticking Peas and Beans.—I have, of late, seen it stated in some of the papers that peas and beans should the have sticks on which they are to run placed in the ground at the time of planting, as, if this is done afterwards, the roots of the plants are inevitably injured. I wish to know which is the best way.—R. G., *May,* 1860.

Where sticks are placed in the ground at the time of planting, it is not possible to give the plants the necessary culture. Our plan is to hoe as soon as possible after the plants appear above ground, then hoe again after a few days, earthing up a little, and they are ready for the sticks. A little care will prevent any injury.

To Keep Hens from Sitting.—Will you inform me through the Rural, how to stop hens from sitting, and also how to keep them from eating their eggs?—G. B. Wright, *Coventryville, N. Y., May,* 1860.

It is natural for hens to sit, and the best way to get them over the fever, is to shut them up alone, where they can have no access to a nest, but must sit on the cool ground. Give plenty of water and a spare diet, but use no harshness or cruelty, as some foolish people do. To keep a hen from eating its eggs, remove them as soon as laid, and keep an artificial egg in the nest. If this does not speedily cure, kill her, or she will learn a whole flock bad habits.

To Kill Lice on Cattle.—The prescription of Amos Clark will do it, but it is a greasy job, and much more expensive than my way. Feed the animal a little sulphur in salt, meal, or anything, so that they get it. To a cow, I give a table spoonful once a day. One pound of sulphur is sufficient for twenty head, no matter how lousy. It also seems to improve the general health.—M. C. H., *May,* 1860.

Canada Thistles.—I have seen several inquiries for a way to kill Canada thistles, and several methods recommended, in your valuable paper, and as none agree with my plan, I thought I would send you one. Cut with a sharp scythe when the stalk is hollow, which is when in blossom, and during very heavy rains. If done in fair weather, the stalk will close, and the cutting will not kill unless the stalk become filled with water, which will kill root and branch. As the stalks are not all hollow at the same time, it must be repeated. Three years, well managed, will make a finish of them. I have had more than forty years' experience, and have not had it fail.—S. S. Sartwell, *Camden, May,* 1860.

Soap in Sheep.—I saw an inquiry by J. H. McNall, in regard to sheep taking the scab. They take it as a child takes the itch,—by contact either with diseased sheep, or at the places where they rub or lie down. The ground may be infected, so that sound sheep may take it from being turned into pastures where diseased sheep have been. One year ago, I hired 120 French sheep pastured in a lot adjoining another, with an open wood fence between, in which there was a flock that had the scab. Mine did not get it. I did not risk them after being sheared. I send you a recipe I gave to two of my neighbors, that cured their sheep of the scab:—For 12 quarts water—tobacco, 1 lb.; blue vitriol, 2 oz.; white mercury, 2 oz.; niter, 2 oz.; soft soap, 1 pint; salt, 1 pint. Apply as you dip lambs for ticks; after two weeks, dip again. Keep them out of the infected fields six months at least.—Wm. E. Richtnyer, *Conesville, May,* 1860.

More about the Timber Question.—Mr. Wm. H. H. S. S. C., Yaphank, L. I., in answering the inquiries of a subscriber, says in the Rural of May 19th, that a log thirty feet long, two feet square at one end, and one foot square at the other, contains 810 feet, board measure, and is ascertained by analysis, or the common sense rule. The contents, he says, are found by multiplying the length into breadth and depth of the middle of the log, and holds that the above log is equal to a log thirty feet long, and eighteen inches square the whole length, because it is just eighteen inches in the middle. Now, Mr. Wm.'s rule may be a common one for measuring timber, but it is far from being a common sense one. It will readily be seen that the timber taken from the larger end of the log, so as to make it eighteen inches square from the center to the end, will, if turned around and placed on the smaller end, make that eighteen inches all the way, and an overplus of four cones, each fifteen feet long and three inches square at the base. We say that a log thirty feet long, two feet square at one end, and one foot square at the other, contains 834,243 feet, board measure, nothing allowed for saw cut, and is ascertained by the following rule:—Add together the areas of the two bases of the frustum, and a mean proportional between them, and then multiply the sum by one-third of the altitude. The areas of the two bases are 576 and 144. Let x denote the mean proportional between the two bases; then, as 576 is to x, so is x to 144. The product of the mean is equal to the product of the extremes. The product of 576 into 144, is 82,944, and the product of x into x is x 2 (square.) Extracting the square root of x 2 (square) and 82,944, we find that x equals 231,092, which, added to 576 and 144, the areas of the two bases, makes 1,001,092; multiplied by 120, which is one-third the length of the log in inches, we have 120,131,040 inches; divided by 144, the number of inches in a foot, we have 834,243 plus feet, board measure.—C. B. Tifft, *Corning, N. Y., June,* 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Wheat Crop of Western New York.—From personal observation, and all we have been able to learn by inquiry, we are inclined to believe that the wheat crop of Western New York—or at least that portion sown early, on good, properly prepared soil—will this year escape the midge, and produce abundantly. Much more land is now occupied with winter wheat than usual of late years in this region—probably five times that which was grown either of the three or four preceding seasons—and hence the result is of considerable importance, and naturally awaited with great anxiety, not only as regards temporary profit, but the probabilities of again cultivating the crop successfully in districts where the midge has prevailed. During the past week we have seen several samples of wheat which were headed out and in blossom, and which will no doubt be sufficiently matured to escape injury from the midge ere the usual period of its ravages—the latter part of June and fore part of July. On Monday (June 4th,) an experienced farmer of Wheatland showed us samples of the Soules, Mediterranean, Dayton and Egyptian varieties, all headed out, and the two former in blossom. They were sown about the 6th of September, and we think the cultivator (Mr. E. Blackmar,) would not pay any premium to be insured against the midge. Another Genesee Valley farmer assures us that he has a crop of Soules wheat which promises to yield over 40 bushels to the acre, and that he considers it ahead of the insect.

—The present appearance and prospects of the wheat crop are certainly most encouraging, and our confidence in the belief (so often expressed within the past year) that the farmers of Western New York may and will again grow wheat successfully, is daily augmenting. We invite cultivators in various sections of the "infected district" to report progress as to the prospect of the crop, and the result of experiments with new varieties, &c., in their respective localities.

The Wool Market—*Prospects and Prices.*—As the period has arrived for the opening of the wool trade in this section, farmers are specially interested in the prospects, prices, &c. But little wool has yet been sold here, and the market has not opened very encouragingly for producers. Good clips were sold on Tuesday morning at 35 cents. In conversation with one of our principal dealers, a few days ago, we asked him what he would say, if in our position, for the benefit of producers. "Well," he replied, "I would *not* say what the eastern papers do—that wool will not bring as much into 8 or 10 cts. per lb. as last year—for it is not true. It will be worth more—within 3 to 5 cents of what it brought last season. Dealers who purchased last year soon after the clipping season, and held the wool until winter, lost money—for there was an actual decline of some 8 cts. per lb. My impression is that a good article will be worth from 40 to 41 cts. in this market."

—Such being the opinion or admission of a fair dealer, *we* are inclined to believe that wool growers will be safe in holding on for awhile, instead of accepting present prices. It is not improbable that they can obtain last year's prices, or very near them; for we are confident the market will advance rather than recede.

Grass Crop of Seneca County.—Under date of May 20th, Mr. John Johnston, of Seneca Co., (near Geneva,) writes us in this wise:—"You will recollect that your correspondent, *, said Seneca county was not good for grasses. I wish you to send him on forthwith. Don't wait until you inform him through the Rural, but write him at once, and I think I can take him to several grass fields that I guess he will say are better than any he ever saw. If he has seen better at this season of the year, he has done more than I ever did, and we have had very little rain. We hear of very heavy rain and hail at no great distance, but in this corner we get neither rain nor hail. If any others of your readers choose to *come and see,* I will take great pleasure in showing our grass fields. One field of 34 acres has pastured 24 head of cattle since 6th inst. I will tell those who come how they can make their fields produce as much grass as ours hereabouts, and at no cost. It is astonishing how our grass lands are improving yearly. Come on, Brother Farmers! You won't be disappointed when you come,—if you are, I will be far more so."

[We did not advise * by letter, as suggested by friend Johnston, for the simple reason that, if we remember correctly, he (*) is *a resident of Seneca county*, and, if at home, scarcely needs to be *posted* by others on the subject. The invitation is published, however, for the benefit of * and all others interested.]

Rarey Among the Arabs.—Prof. Rarey, the great horse-tamer, has been on a tour in the East, to learn, if possible, something from the Arabs and other Orientals relative to the various breeds of the noblest of all animals, and their training and management. An interesting account states that he "visited Egypt, Arabia, Palestine, Beyrout, Smyrna, and Constantinople, and while he admired greatly some of the noble coursers of Omer Pasha, as well as some of the steeds of the desert, he became satisfied that in bringing the noble beast into subjection, he had nothing to learn from them. The Arab horse is docile beyond any other variety of the equine family—inhabiting from generation to generation the same tent with his master, he readily acquires the habit of subjection; but the vicious, unsubdued horses of the Western breed, are as intractable to the Arab as to others who have not adopted Mr. Rarey's method of subjugating them."

Monroe Co. Ag. Society.—The Annual Fair of this Society is to be held Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st, instead of the week following, as heretofore announced—the change being made in order not to conflict with other Fairs in this region. The Horse Show and Holiday Exhibition of the Society, to take place July 4th, is to be attended by Dollie Dutton, ("The Little Fairy,") the smallest and smartest specimen of humanity, of her age, extant. She is to give two levees of an hour or two each on the Fair Grounds—one at 10 or 11 A. M., and another at 3 or 4 P. M.—free to all who attend the general exhibition.

Profits of Wool Growing.—After alluding to the item given in Rural of May 19, concerning the profits of Sheep Husbandry, as stated by J. W. Worcester, of Ohio, Mr. T. J. Goodrich, of Sudbury, Vt., writes us as follows:—"I clipped in May, 1859, ninety sheep; have as many now, (May 21, 1860.) Sales of wool and sheep during past year, foot up $606.32. My stock is of the Spanish blood. As to profits, let the people judge. Should like to hear further from Mr. W."

N. Y. State Ag. Society.—The List of Premiums and Regulations for the Twentieth Annual Fair of this Society—to be held at Elmira, Oct. 2-5—has been published in a handsome pamphlet of 24 pages, and can be obtained on application to the Secretary at Albany.

Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, has accepted an invitation to deliver the Annual Address at the next N. Y. State Fair.

Secretaries of Agricultural Societies will please notify us of the times and places of holding the Fairs of their respective Societies. This will enable us to give an extended list of Fairs to be held by National, State, District, County, Union and Town Associations.

PRUNING APPLE TREES.

The following, from a well-known contributor, introduces an interesting subject, well worthy the attention of all farmers and fruit-growers:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I have an impression that June is a good time to trim fruit trees; a neighbor thinks it is a bad time—will the Rural please to decide?

I am in favor of June, because fewer shoots will come out, and I suppose the wound will heal as readily, and leave the tree as sound, as at any other season. My neighbor thinks that June trimming blackens the bark, and occasions the decay that we sometimes see.

I wish mankind were twelve and a half centuries in advance of themselves in the general subject of fruit growing, and I among the rest. I have been trimming several years, and I am still at a loss how to shape the top. As between high and low, I incline to the low. The fruit is easier picked, fewer weeds and grass will grow, the tree stands stronger, the trunk has more protection. Suppose you and a plow, and a cart and oxen, and other questionable commodities can't *circulate* freely under the branches—all right, you hadn't ought to. You certainly can reach as many apples from the ground as though the tops were high up, and you can get into the top and through it quite as easy. I have seen trees so low and spreading as to *mulch* the ground with their limbs, and exclude the grass and weeds, so as to render cultivation of the soil comparatively unimportant.

The Russet, Greening, &c., come down quite easily; but the Northern Spy and other upright growers are brought into shape with great tribulation. Every apple-grower should inform himself of the tendency of the branches of the several sorts. Starting some as low as possible, and trimming others (the Russet, for instance,) about four feet from the ground. I am in doubt whether to retain a leader in the center, from which the branches shall diverge, making the top like a potash kettle wrong side up; or whether to cut out the center branches, leaving it open in the middle for the admission of light and heat, like a potash kettle right side up. I suppose the greater the surface exposed to the sun the better, provided the tree is equally strong and productive.

I just thought that I would consult Mr. Barry's "Fruit Garden." I mean his *book*, for I wanted to know what his *theory* was—if we go to following men's *practice* we'll all go to perdition in a batch. Well, there it is. He has got a tree pictured on the back, with the trunk or stem running as straight as a string quite to the top. I move to refer the matter to "Committee of the Whole,"—but I'll look inside of the book,—I seldom of late commit such an indiscretion. I find a chapter on pruning, from which I extract a few hints,—and first, I beg leave to take the starch out of my fellow citizens by quoting:—"More than three-fourths of the bearing fruit trees in the country at this moment are either lean, misshaped skeletons, or the heads are perfect masses of wood, unable to yield more than one bushel of fruit in ten, well matured, colored and ripened." Verily it is time to *agitate*. Mr. Barry says:—"It has been shown that the formation of new wood depends on the elaborating process carried on in the leaves," (I suppose if the worms eat all of the leaves off, the tree wont grow much then,) "and that this process can be maintained only in a free exposure to the sun and air; this being the case, it is obvious that any part of the tree excluded from the action of these agents, cannot keep pace in growth with other parts to which they have full access." Mr. Barry then notices that the tops of trees being most exposed grow vigorously, and also that growth is most active in the newly formed parts, consequently the tops require to be *cut back*, to cause the sap to flow into and develope the trunk and other branches. To keep the top properly balanced, remove a portion of the growing parts from such branches as seem inclined to outgrow the rest.

Stunted trees (this is a large subject, my countrymen,) may be helped by cutting-back—removing most of the buds, and thus inducing a vigorous growth of the remainder.

"*Pruning to Induce Fruitfulness.*—This is conducted on the principle that whatever is favorable to rapid, vigorous growth, is unfavorable to the immediate production of fruit. Hence the object is to check growth. The only period at which this pruning is performed, is after vegetation is commenced."

Pruning to *diminish* fruitfulness is conducted on the same principle as to renew growth. In transplanting trees, keep the top proportioned to the roots.

In trimming, "place the edge of the knife opposite the lower part of the bud to be cut to, and then make a firm, quick draw cut, sloping upward, so that the knife will come out on a level with the point of the bud." The cut should be made as much as possible on the lower side of the branch, to prevent the rain from lodging.

I hope others will relieve their minds on this subject. H. T. B.

Had we a tree large enough to bear fruit, but which continued to make a vigorous growth of wood without showing blossoms, we would give it a pruning in June. This would check the growth of the tree, and induce the formation of fruit-buds. Pruning the roots in the spring would produce the same result. But an old tree, that needs invigorating, we would treat in a very different manner, for this would increase, instead of remedying the evil. A tree in this condition should receive a thorough pruning in the spring; the roots should be excited to activity by stirring the soil, and a thorough manuring on the surface. To aid in this work, it is well to scrape off the old, rough, mossy outside bark. Then wash with soft soap, using a good stiff brush. Such a course will seldom fail to resuscitate an old tree.

All pruning should be done for some purpose. It is foolish to enter an orchard with an axe and saw, and chop and cut from a sense of duty, just because you have an idea that trees need pruning. Trees that have been well cared for, will never need very severe pruning, and there will never be a necessity for removing large limbs, as all that are in a wrong position will be removed when young. The best time for pruning, we think, is early in the spring. Yet the removal of a few shoots at any time in the growing season, will not be productive of evil.

Trees that make an ample growth and compact head, may be made more spreading and open by removing the central leading shoot.

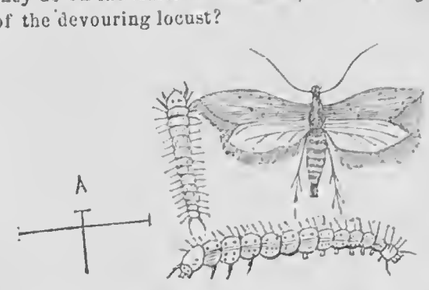
THE PALMER WORM.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Inclosed please find specimens of a worm that is now committing great ravages upon the leaves of beech, basswood, ash, and oak, of our forest trees; and also upon the apple, cherry, and pear, of our orchard fruits,—each variety being preferred in the order named,—other kinds of trees being avoided until the favorite food is exhausted, when it resorts to some other kind—rarely, however, touching the wild cherry, Morello, Kentish or pie cherry, the peach, or the grape. The extent of its ravages, so far as I have ascertained, is confined within a territory of some fifty miles in length by twenty in breadth, extending along the valley of the Maumee. The beech is as completely denuded of leaves (with the exception of footstalk and ribs) as it is in winter; the ash, basswood, oak, and hickory, very nearly as bad. Our apple trees have only the footstalk of the leaf left of all this spring's growth, except the apples, which are not eaten by the worm. We had them numerously last summer, but now multiplied one hundred to one. It is two inches in length and one-eighth in diameter, when full grown, of a rusty black color, with two rows of yellowish white spots on each side of the back—body sparsely bristled, head brown, six legs before and armed with several hooks, four legs or protuberances behind, incasing two phalanges of claws resembling those on the fore feet of the mole, which are protruded or contracted in a sheath, at pleasure, like the claws of a cat. Its locomotion is performed by extending the head and then drawing the body forward, forming an arch or kink in the back, similar to the common striped measure or span worm; its span is about one inch.

In their habits these worms differ from the caterpillars, never nesting as do the latter, but disperse themselves promiscuously over the tree, devouring the leaf, and each one spinning after it a single thread. Upon shaking or jarring the tree they suddenly let go and fall a few feet, being suspended by their web, head upward. If suffered to remain suspended, they in a few minutes commence ascending by the web; but if they break loose and fall to the ground, they make for the butt of the tree, and ascend the stem. Should the foliage be all eaten before they attain full size, they descend mostly by means of the web, and seek a new supply. Their instinct, however, is not infallible in guiding them aright. I have frequently seen a stump, snag, or fence stake, black at top with them, each reaching upward, in vain searching for something to lay hold on, to climb higher.

When full grown, the worm forms a cocoon, by drawing the edges of a leaf together with its web, when it rapidly shortens, casts its black coat, and appears in the pupa state. In a few weeks more it emerges in form of a large white moth or miller, which is most active about twilight.

The past season these worms were so numerous that the bushes in the forest looked as if covered with white blosssoms. I think the miller deposits its eggs on the ground, where they remain till the ensuing spring, when they hatch, and ascend some neighboring tree, again to carry on their devastation. I write to inquire of you and your numerous correspondents, the history, &c., of this (to me) new enemy; whether it is likely to remain a permanent enemy, or like the Hessian fly or wheat midge, only visit us semi-occasionally?—has Dr. Fitch described it?—what will be the effect on the denuded trees?—is there any remedy to prevent their devastation, or must we patiently or grumblingly submit, as they do on the Eastern continent, to the ravages of the devouring locust?



I inclose three specimens—a full sized worm, one retired into his leaf, the other passed into the pupa state. Gibbons Parry.

Florida, Henry Co., O., May 29, 1860.

Remarks.—The worm described by our correspondent is the *Palmer Worm*, and we give engravings, showing it in the grub and perfect state, from Fitch. They were very injurious here in 1858, and it was only by the greatest perseverance that some of our best orchards were saved. In 1859 they were less numerous. Jarring the tree, and catching the worms as they hang suspended, seems to be the only remedy. A swab coated with tar is effectual for this purpose. An old tin pan served in the same way, and fastened to a pole may be used for catching them. Soapsuds, applied by a garden engine, is said to prove quite destructive to the worms. The engraving shows the perfect insect double the natural size, the cross-lines, A, being the true size. The worm is also shown of two sizes, the larvæ when small being somewhat tapering, as represented in the small figure.

THE GOOSEBERRY AND CURRANT SLUG.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—For two seasons past my gooseberry bushes have been infested with the green worm described in a late number of the Rural. Last season they were exceedingly numerous, and I tried various means to destroy them; but it seemed that for every one I killed, an hundred came and took his place. I finally abandoned the contest in despair, and my bushes being entirely stripped of their foliage by the little voracious pests, of course I got no fruit. I had about resolved to dig up my bushes and plant the ground with something else, but in the fall they had again put on their green leaves, and looked so thrifty, that I concluded to spare them one year more. But, again, this spring, about the time the bushes were in blossom, the little rascals appeared in immense numbers, and I had come to the conclusion that gooseberry pies and tart would be scarce with us, when, in looking over some old numbers of the Rural, I noticed that *lime* was recommended as a remedy. I immediately sifted fresh air-slaked lime over all my bushes, while the dew was on in the morning, and in about an hour afterward I found the ground under them literally covered with the worms, where they shortly perished. In about three days a new brood, but in diminished numbers, appeared, and commenced operations. These, also, I gave a taste of the lime, and they, in turn, shared the fate of their predecessors. Since then, and up to the present date, I have not been able to find a single worm upon my bushes, which are green and thrifty, and are loaded with fruit. My success with the lime has been so complete, that I feel impelled to ask you to give it another publication, so that others may know a means whereby to save this excellent fruit from destruction. The remedy is so cheap and simple, that it ought to be known universally.

And now permit me to ask you a question. Will strawberry vines planted on the outside border of a cold grapery, be injurious to the grape vines? ditto, if planted among dwarf fruit trees. B. G. David.

Saegertown, Crawford Co., Pa., May, 1860.

We are glad our correspondent succeeded in saving his gooseberries by the use of lime, but we have known it to fail when very thoroughly applied, though it somewhat checks their operations in every case.

Strawberries, if not allowed to cover the entire border in a mass, but grown in hills, would do but little injury, if any, to the border, we think; and the little nutriment they consume could easily be supplied in the spring and fall, by a thorough top-dressing of well-rotted manure. A few rows of strawberries between dwarf pears, when young, would not affect the trees. This is the practice of some of our best growers.

APPLE TREE BORER.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Inclosed please find a genuine Saperda bivittata, or *Apple Tree Borer*. It was taken from an apple tree in my orchard, and is transformed from the ugly grub to the perfect insect, and is well fitted to choose a mate and go out in the world to propagate its species. This insect is so extremely shy in its habits, that it is seldom seen or captured, and this is only the second one that I have ever seen in the winged state. I would urge upon every one who is the owner of an apple orchard, the vital importance of waging a war of extermination against this insect, which appears so small and harmless, yet actually does more harm to the apple than all the rest of the insects in America.

I have a fine apple orchard, about fourteen years planted, which I manage to keep pretty clear of this pest, by giving the trees a thorough examination in May and in October; and to sharpen the sight of the "boys," I pay for the first grub twenty-five cents, and five cents each for all the rest they capture, and you may be sure that they look pretty close after them.

We remove the earth from the collar of the tree, and then scrape the rough bark off; and if a dark spot is found, it is closely examined with the point of a stout knife. Sometimes they are just under the bark, like the peach grub; but generally they make a burrow in the solid wood, by cutting about one-fourth of an inch in, and then working upward. Sometimes we find them up about a foot from the surface of the ground, but not often. In an orchard of about five hundred trees that we examined this spring, we caught only fifteen grubs.

Old trees are sometimes so cut and perforated, that it is impossible to get them all out without destroying the tree, which is the best way; for if one tree be left with a few grubs in it, it may be the means of stocking the whole orchard with them. My observation of the habits of this insect, has satisfied me that it does not travel far, and persons who plant good *clean trees* in a locality where there are no grubs within a mile, may not be troubled with them for a life time; but don't plant trees unless you examine them well before you plant, as they are often sent out *gratis* with the trees. O. T. Hobbs.

Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa., 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

The Western Baldwin Apple, again.—Permit me to say a few words in answer to Mr. L. L. Hall, in the Rural of March 17th, and also to that in the issue of April 28th. In his first article to the public, he has been shown to be incorrect, and therefore unreliable as a historian, which character he very flippantly assumed. In his second attempt, he has been equally unfortunate in the statement of *his facts* concerning this Western Baldwin apple, and scions. I procured apples of Mr. Johnson, which, Mr. Hall said, after examining and tasting, were Western Baldwins; but they did not prove such on comparing them with those left with you, showing that he did not know the apple which he claims to have named and introduced to the notice of the public,—an apple which has been cultivated in this neighborhood six years. Scions were obtained of Mr. Johnson,—not of Mr. Hall. Mr. Johnson did not say the scions on his trees belonged to Mr. Hall. My statement that Mr. Hall was evidently talking about another variety, did not refer to the Western Baldwin, but to the apple No. 1, presented you with the Western Baldwin.—B. G. Buell, *Little Prairie Ronde, Mich.*

Preserving Strawberries.—Will you please inform me through your paper, whether strawberries can be safely put up in fruit-preserving jars? How is it done, and what kind of jars is best? Many in this section who tried the experiment last year, lost their fruit.—A Subscriber.

Any of the glass jars that can be sealed conveniently, will answer. All that is necessary is to scald the fruit until near boiling, then put it in the jars, which should be warm; then seal down immediately; and be sure this is done so that no air can enter, or they will spoil. Strawberries are more difficult to preserve than any other fruit,—at least this is our experience.

Horticultural Notes.

The Feather Bush.—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly*, in describing what he saw in a recent visit to the National Botanic Garden and Conservatory at Washington, speaks thus encouragingly of an evergreen shrub, recently introduced from the Rocky Mountains:—"The excellent and polite superintendent, Wm. R. Smith, pointed out to me an evergreen small tree or shrub, received a few years since from the Rocky Mountains, viz., the *Cercocarpus ledifolius*, or Feather Bush, of Nuttall. It has been found to be perfectly hardy here, having stood uninjured several remarkably severe winters.

"The leaves are lanceolate, about one and a quarter inches long, and about three-eighths of an inch wide, smooth, and of a dark rich green on the upper surface, and beneath, softly villous, with brownish hairs. In its general appearance, it somewhat resembles the olive tree. The flowers are small and white, produced at the extremities of the twigs, and closely resembles feathers, whence its name. Mr. Smith thinks this will prove to be a valuable acquisition to our small stock of hardy evergreen shrubs."

The Spergula Pilifera.—We are glad this much talked of and promising Alpine plant is to receive a pretty thorough trial in this country the present season. H. W. Sargent, Esq., of Fishkill, who has, perhaps, tested more new plants, and given more valuable information as to their hardiness, &c., than any other private gentleman in the country, has undertaken the work, and we need no other guarantee that it will be well done. He thus describes his experiments in the *Gardener's Monthly:*

"I imported a quantity of the seed from Messrs. Henderson, of London, last spring, and sowed it in a cold frame on the northern side of a high wall. It came up very well and regularly, but in spite of its northern exposure, with additional shading in the early part of the day, it generally seemed to disappear, and I saved very little of it. It was so excessively delicate and sensitive that our warm weather in June destroyed it. Subsequently, in the latter part of August and early in September, my gardener sowed it again; but this time in thumb pots, which were put close together in several frames, shaded from the noon sun, and protected from cool nights, until it came up thick as before, and filled the whole pot, when it was gradually hardened off; until, by the middle of October, the entire surface of some five hundred pots were covered with a thick green mat or sod.

"About the beginning or middle of November, I planted out about fifty pots or sods in different situations and exposures. Some of them in a very low spot, where they were part of the winter under water, occasionally frozen entirely over. Sometimes, when the water subsided, the plants or sods, about two inches in diameter, were fully exposed above the water in a soft oozy mud, to the alternating influence of hot sun and chilly winds; and yet every sod preserved its character and color, and I am not conscious that a single plant, of the many composing each, has either perished or suffered.

"This has proved to my mind quite satisfactorily that our winters will not kill it; for these plants were put out purposely, under every disadvantage, so late in the autumn as to prevent any chance of the roots taking hold of the ground.

"It now remains to be seen if it will prove equally satisfactory in our intense summer heat. I think it merits all that has been said of its beauty and color in England; and if it will stand our summer as well as our winters, it will, indeed, be a great acquisition.

"I have this spring planted about five hundred sods of it, four to six inches apart each way, and hope, before long, to see a piece of verdure heretofore unknown in this part of the country."

The Chinese Yam.—Our experience in the culture of this yam is as follows:—About the middle of February, 1859, in our home nursery, which is deep light soil, we had a piece of ground forty-two feet long by five feet wide, trenched to the depth of three feet, and a good coat of hotbed manure worked into it at that time; the last week in March we had the ground ridged up in two rows, two and a half feet apart, the ridges being about nine inches above the ground level, and on these were planted seventy-two sets one and a half to two inches in length, and twelve whole roots, weighing from one to one and a half lbs. each, in all, eighty-four, or one foot apart in the rows. When they had grown about six inches, we had them staked with the largest pea sticks we could get; the strongest plants soon reached the top of these; after the points of the shoots began to droop over, they soon commenced to bloom; this stopped the rapid growth which the plants were previously making, and lasts from six to eight weeks; the bloom, though small, of a French white color, is very fragrant, and the foliage is ornamental. We had the tubers taken out of the ground the beginning of November (this requires care, as a cut from the spade at this season of the year often causes them to rot;) the best plan is to open a trench three feet deep, at the beginning of the rows, and to keep following them to the end; the produce from the twelve large roots was seventy-four lbs., and the largest tuber weighed seven lbs. four ounces, (the remaining portion of the row in which these grew has been left for another season's experiment.) Now we come to the other row, wherein the small sets were planted, and these forty-two sets yielded upon the average two lbs. each (the largest weighing four lbs.;) so, taking the remaining thirty sets at the last average it will be a very heavy crop; indeed a much heavier crop than we could grow of potatoes, even if they were all sound. We also grew a piece of yams in our poor, light, sandy ground; this was only trenched two feet deep, with a moderate coat of farm-yard manure. Many of these were very small sets indeed, and not planted until the last week of April, one foot apart between the rows, and about nine inches in the row; these were left to take their natural course without any sticks to climb upon. When taken up the largest weighed one pound, and the yield was about three bushels per rod. We are pleased to find numbers of our customers are just beginning to appreciate this useful esculent.—*Gard. Chron.*

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.—This Society opened their new hall in Boston on Wednesday week, with a rare exhibition of plants and flowers. The collections were remarkable in number and variety.

CAKES, REMEDY FOR ERYSIPELAS, &c.

Glen Cottage Cake.—Two cups sugar; one of butter; four of flour; one-half of sweet milk; one-half of cream; the whites of five eggs; one teaspoonful of soda; one of cream tartar. Excellent.

Cure for Erysipelas.—Beat raw cranberries to a paste, and bind on the parts affected.

Sure Cure for Hydrophobia.—Steep the inside bark of the white ash, give the patient as much as he can drink, and bathe the wound with it.

Park Cake.—Two cups molasses; one of sugar; one of chopped pork; three of flour; one spoon soda.

White Wedding Cake.—One pound flour; one of pulverized loaf sugar; three-fourths of a pound of butter; whites of ten eggs; two nutmegs; oil of lemon. Mrs. Clementine Case.

Ellington, N. Y., 1860.

To Make Opedeldoc.—Take the best Castile soap, two ounces; gum camphor, one ounce; alcohol, one pint,—mix the soap with the spirits, and let them stand in a moderate heat until the soap is dissolved, occasionally shaking the vial,—then add the camphor, and continue to shake the vessel frequently until the whole is dissolved. Useful in sprains, bruises, and in rheumatic pains.—A. Andre, *Fulton Co., Ohio*, 1860.

Clay Cakes.—Three cups of sugar; one cup of butter; one cup of sweet milk; six eggs; two teaspoons of cream tartar; one teaspoon of soda. The whites of the eggs beaten to a froth, and flour added to make of the usual consistency.—Jennie Sedgwick, *Bath, N. Y.*, 1860.

Loaf Cake.—Mrs. S., of Chautauqua Co., N. Y., inquires if some one will give her a receipe for making plain loaf cake with hop yeast. I will give my plan:—Five pounds flour; two of sugar; three-fourths of lard; three-fourths of butter; one pint of yeast; six or eight eggs; one quart milk; raisins and spice to your taste. Make your dough as for bread, and after raising sufficiently, work in the other ingredients. Put into tins and raise again.

I also give a receipe for molasses gingerbread:—One cup of molasses; one of cream; one spoon of ginger; one teaspoon of saleratus; two eggs. Make as thick as common soft cake.—M. S., *Kalamazoo, Mich., May*, 1860.

Lemon Cake.—Take one teacup of butter, and three of sugar; rub them to a cream; stir into them the yolks of five eggs, well beaten; dissolve a teaspoon of saleratus in a cup of milk, and add the milk; add the juice and grated peel of one lemon, and the whites of five eggs; and sift in as light as possible four cups of flour.

Ginger Snaps.—One pint of molasses; one spoon of ginger; one teaspoon of saleratus,—boil all the ingredients thoroughly. When nearly cold add as much flour as can be rolled into the mixture, and cut very thin.—M. C., *Bennington, N. Y.*, 1860.

Bachelor's Corn Cake.—A pint of sifted corn meal, and a teaspoonful of salt; two teaspoonfuls of butter, and a quarter of a cup of cream; two eggs well beaten. Add milk till it is a thin fritter batter, and bake in deep tin pans. Beat it well, and bake with a quick heat, and it rises like pound cake.

Lemon or Orange Ice Cream.—Squeeze a dozen lemons, and make the juice thick with sugar; then stir in slowly three quarts of cream, and freeze it. Oranges require less sugar.—Mrs. Wear.

Pickling Sweet Apples.—To one half peck of sweet apples make a syrup of two pounds sugar, and one pint of vinegar. Boil the apples in this syrup until tender; then remove them, and make a new syrup of 2¼ lbs. of sugar and one pint of vinegar. Add one teaspoonful of cloves, and one of cinnamon tied in a bag. Let the syrup boil 15 or 20 minutes; then pour it, while hot, over the fruit. The first syrup is good for other sauces.

To Prepare Citron for Fruit Cake.—Pare and stew the citron until soft, then add an equal quantity of sugar; dry them in a dish until the juice is nearly dried out, then spread them on plates and set them in a luke-warm oven until dry. Add a few drops of extract lemon, and they are ready for use.—Mrs. N., *Gouverneur, N. Y.*, 1860.

Raised Muffins.—One pint of milk and two eggs; one tablespoonful of yeast and a salt spoon of salt. Mix these ingredients with sufficient flour to make a thick batter. Let it rise four or five hours, and bake in muffin rings. This you will find most excellent. Tilda.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"HOME."

BY ELLEN C. L. KIMBEL.

Oh, many and sweet the songs have been
That held in music this holy word;
Solemn and sacred in heart-sung hymn
The depths of mem'ry its tone hath stirred.

Weary and fainting, the lost have crept,
In tears repentant, back to its door;
There, in thanksgiving, strong hearts have wept
Over the erring who sin no more.

Out from its portal young life hath gone,
And over its hearth-stone death hath paused;
Dirge for the dying and bridal song
Blend in the working of mortal laws.

Tender and true the hearts that have kept
Their watches of love within its walls;
Crimson and rare the sunbeams that crept
In at its windows and through its halls;

Making such pictures of love and light,
To be woven in memory's dream,
As live for the wanderer, far from sight
Of the home-light's hallowed gleam.

Going forever from under the roof
Held in the keeping of childhood's love;
To weave life's threads in another woof,
Till living and loving are called above.

Blessings, unnumbered, the soul must leave
On hillside, homestead, and hearts within;
One sigh for the "past and gone" must breathe
Ere the new portals it enters in.

Then, with the hopeful pulses of youth,
Strong to encounter the calm or strife,
Pledging forever its love and truth,
It meets untrembling the unknown life.

Charlotte Center, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HAIR LOVE.

"There seems a life in hair, though it be dead;
It is the gentlest, yet the strongest, thread
Of our frail plant—a blossom from the tree
Surviving it."

"Wait a moment, Maggie; you know I promised to show you that little gold pin given to me years ago;" and Cousin Kate threw herself into the crimson depths of a great rocking chair, and began to toss over with her dainty little fingers the contents of her "jewel box," as she called the ivory casket filled with such treasures as every school-girl stores away, to become inexpressibly precious in after years, when there are pleasant or painful memories clinging to each of the little gifts and tokens thus enshrined.

"Oh, I think it's in this,"—unfolding a piece of tissue paper, wrapped together with peculiar care,—but instead of the ornament she was seeking, there fell from it a little tress of hair, a marvel for blackness and beauty,—a wonder of silky glossiness and airy grace. Such a change as came over my cousin's bright, sunny face, at the sight of that little ringlet! The sweet red mouth quivered, tears came into her eyes of living sapphire, and her cheek was as white as the blossoms heaped like snow among the feathery foliage of the vine peeping in at the casement. She sat very calm and quiet for a moment, then, as if stung by a sudden and bitter remembrance, she flung the trembling little tress into the glowing fire, and burying her face in the cushion, she sobbed with a vehement passion which shook her whole frame. I well remember the surprise and dismay which kept me silent and motionless, and how, recovering myself, I stole quietly out of the room, scarcely daring a parting glance at the little Niobe.

The next summer, when, as a little friend expressed it, June was keeping house for Mother Earth, Cousin Kate introduced me to her young husband, a gallant officer in the cavalry service. A glance assured me that he was not the hero of the mysterious lock, for the bright curls that peeped from the undress cap, were of a sunny brown, instead of the ebony hue so fresh in my memory. Two months later, my fair, golden-haired cousin had reached "the bounds of life, and laid her burden down," and fallen asleep, while the worn, weary look which had lately rested on her sweet young face, had faded away, leaving the peace that passeth knowledge. Her sad secret died with her, and the consuming care that chased the brightness from her eye and the bloom from her cheek,—the bitter heart-break that, like an early frost, stripped life of blushing blossom and fresh green leaf, and brought her to the grave in life's sweet spring,—must ever remain a mystery; but many a sad and truthful reminiscence, heard and experienced years agone, comes back at thought of that ebony curl which thus had power to break up the still surface of the fountain of memory.

There is many a romance attached to locks of hair treasured away like a precious pearl by stern, practical persons, who would little be suspected of such a weakness. Many a hardened man of the world, whose heart is crusted with pride and selfishness, has yet, somewhere in his house, a little drawer, "the opening of which is like opening a grave," and there, among other treasures, you will find a long and sunny ringlet, the sign and seal of a long buried love of which it is the only visible token.

That aged mother yonder, can show you locks of all her children's hair, preserved with sacred care.

This tiny tress was sheared from Tommy's head, when it was scarcely higher than the graceful scarlet lilies he loved to wander among, down in the home meadow. This other gleaming curl matches exactly those which sported over Eddie's baby brow,—that darling Eddie whom the Great Shepherd clasped so lovingly in his arms, and carried into the silent land without passing over the bridge of old age or sorrow. Then, too, there is a brown lock that belonged to Jennie, who is married now,—Walter's hair was handsomer than all, but he lies beneath the restless sea, with all his shining curls still clinging around his noble brow, and the lonely mother has not even the consolation of hair-love to console her in her great sorrow.

The soldier, dying upon some blood-stained battle-field, sends with his last breath a piece of his hair to his aged parents, and who can tell how dear it is to the mourning family,—how reverently viewed by the fair young sisters, and how precious to the goodman and his wife! Oh, how many such sorrowful remembrances have found their way from the sunny plains of Mexico, or from shady, quiet places by the Alma river,—from the dreamy vales of Spain, and from bloody Indian fortresses, where many a true heart has been stilled forever,—from the golden-gated city, opening its portals to thousands, only to usher them to the grave,—and from snowy Russian valleys—have found their way to desolate homes, to be caressed by pale lips, and pressed to aching bosoms, and then locked up forever in the locket of the heart! A blessing on hair-love, say we. It has comforted lonely hearts in absence and affliction,—brought dreams of youthful days and happiness to aged breasts, and served as a strong, abiding link between friends and lovers, when stormy oceans rolled between.

Cohocton, N. Y., 1860. Laura E. W.

WOMAN SYMPATHY IN MEN MATTERS.

A very important subject is touched by a correspondent of the "Country Gentleman," who thus writes:

Did it ever occur to the ladies how much aid and comfort they might furnish their husbands and brothers by taking an interest in their labors, inquiring as to the success of experiments, and manifesting that sympathy that we all feel the need of? Nothing sweetens toil like sympathy. The reward of the farmer's labor is not bread alone; it is the approbation of Heaven, his own self-respect, and lastly, the approval of his fellowmen, and especially the better half of creation. The tournament is not the only place where women can incite to action, and reward the victor. Would that they felt their power and exerted it on the farmer as well as they do on the orator and warrior. Farming can never take its true rank among the occupations of our country till the women properly appreciate it, and are as ready to lend a hand and heart to the farmer as to the merchant and professional man. The contrast between our country and England in this respect is striking. The duchess and the queen herself take an interest in all that relates to the advancement of the farming interest, and do not feel it beneath their dignity to notice an improved Durham or South-Down. Whereas, I asked the daughter of one of our farmers a short time since about a beautiful calf of her fathers, and she had never seen it. She had heard her father speak of such a calf, but had not felt interest enough in it to look at it. How can a man feel much enthusiasm in his labors when the results of his efforts are so little appreciated? The women wish us to admire their trim figures, and we love to do it, and to gain our admiration they contract here and expand there, till the "human form divine" is lost in the multiplicity of folds and adornments. They call upon us to admire the chef-d'oeuvre of their tiny hands, "the love of a bonnet," and we never fail to pronounce it beautiful, charming, perfectly bewitching; but when we ask them in return to look at a sleek Suffolk, or a finely developed Short horn, they turn up their noses as though these things were vulgar and beneath their attention. We can never expect our sons to grow up with a love of agriculture till its merits are better appreciated by the mothers and sisters.

TRUE HEARTS.

Hearts are of several kinds and of widely different natures. First, there are walled-up hearts; and these are of two kinds: about one kind the wall is high and strong, and to surmount it is a work of extreme difficulty; but if you get inside you have entered Eden. Fragrant, and sweet, and fair, as the visions seen in dreams, is that inclosed garden; and it is worth hard labor to gain admission there. The other has a wall as high and strong, and full as hard to get over; and when at last, with torn flesh and dislocated joints, you have scaled it, you wish you hadn't, for there is nothing inside but rocks and cold water. The trouble with these two descriptions of hearts is that 'tis impossible to distinguish the one from the other until you have almost worn yourself out in climbing the walls. Another kind of heart is that which, having nothing to fence it in, lies open to the passage of all men and cattle; a waste, unfruitful field, of no use to anybody, and less to its owner. But there is another kind of heart—a rare creation, but a real—one whose wall is low and almost hid by flowers. The birds make their nests in it, and sing as they swing upon its swaying twigs and festooning vines. Beyond the wall, itself a thing of fragrance, beauty and joy, lie the enchanting gardens. Delightful bowers invite the wayworn traveler to enter and repose.—Spirits of love and beauty beckon the sad and lonely ones to the feast of souls; and a charmed light and glory hover on the whole joyous air. This is the true type of heart.—*Selected.*

A Thought for Husbands.—Rev. Dr. Thomas Brainard thus feelingly admonishes married men: "I would ask husbands to appreciate those who make the joy of their dwellings. Are not the kindnesses of wives often unnoted, unthanked, unregarded? They are shut out from the world's applause; let them rest in the assurances of your gratitude and consideration. When you see them cold and still in death, it will not grieve you to remember that your love has thrown sunshine into the shade of their allotment, that your prayers and example have given them aid in the right training of your children."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MERIDIAN VIEW.

BY J. W. BARKER.

Full often, from these glowing heights,
My weary eyes will wander down
The western hillside, where the peaks
Of distant mountains seem to frown.
Adown the slope I seem to see
A shadowy pathway, dim and drear,
Where faded flowers and mournful songs
Alone the weary traveler cheer.

With tottering footsteps, human forms
Are marching downward, still and slow,
And tiful lights, 'mid faded groves,
Seem darting ever to an fro.
Up from the vale the sullen wind
Is sweeping withered leaves and flowers,
And dismal notes, from depths below,
Seem stirring through the autumn hours.

O'er eastern mountains gleams of light
Are shooting up the azure sky,
And there are cherished, spectral forms,
That bloomed a moment but to die.
I hear the echo of those streams
That used to charm my youthful ear,
I see the wreck of faded dreams
Upon Ambition's gilded bier.

But as I turn again to view
The pathway down life's mystic hill,
A prospect of far brighter hue
My weary Spirit seems to thrill.
Upon the frowning cloud there lives
Some stirring words in lines of gold,
And drooping Hope again revives,
Again her heavenward wing unfolds.

"Beyond the dark and sombre vale
Are climes where pleasures never fade,
Nor sorrow, with her mournful tale,
The blest retreats of bliss invades."
Then I can thread the narrow way,
And find some golden fruitage there,
And welcome each returning day,
Though laden with life's weary care.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

This our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

Shakspeare.

To the attentive observer of nature, she reveals herself, ever replete with instruction. The thousand varied forms she wears, each teaches its lesson of wisdom. Walk in yonder forest. Behold the form of some giant oak; how proudly "he lifts his green coronal of leaves towards heaven." Centuries have passed since the tiny acorn, imbedded in the soil, burst its covering, and sent a shoot upward to seek the light. That little sprout has become the proud monarch of the forest. It has lived while empires and thrones have passed away. Our own happy Republic has become a nation since that time, and now her banner floats in every clime. It has lived while the nations of the red man, who once sought its kindly shelter from the raging storm, has ceased to be. And breaths it no lesson of instruction? Whispers it not, be not discouraged that the seeds of usefulness that thy hand is planting seem so small, for their influence may be felt and acknowledged when the majestic oak shall be laid low in the dust?

Again, behold that murmuring streamlet. It has left the fount that gave it birth among the hills, and has come to bless and fertilize the valleys below; and, in its course, how much of good it has accomplished. The weary, thirsty traveler, has here slaked his thirst, revived his drooping spirits, and blessed the stream that furnished the cooling draught. The beasts of the field and of the forest, to which our God has given life and enjoyment, have sought its banks and drank with gladness of the life-giving element, while to myriads of animated existence it has afforded sustenance and enjoyment. Who does not bless the streamlet? In its rippling waters we may read lessons of purity, benevolence, and an ever onward course in the path of usefulness and duty.

The world of nature is bright and beautiful. It is true, the effects of man's disobedience have greatly marred her loveliness—have clothed with the brier and the thorn the fair vales that in their stead had blossomed with the lily and the rose. And if so lovely now, who wonders that, "On that bright morn that spake creation's birth," her Maker, when he surveyed the works His hand had wrought, pronounced them "Very good?"—And bear they not that impress of goodness still? Examine what we will, in whatever nation or clime, we find displays of goodness. The earth beneath our feet furnishes no less a proof of this than its surface. Here we find the enduring granite, that rears for man the imposing edifice or the stately mansion,—here we find mines of coal prepared for his use,—we find the earth rich in minerals, both the useful and the beautiful,—the iron, that enters so extensively into all his machinery and utensils, as well as the glittering gold, the sparkling diamond, or the glittering gem. And man, in whatever clime nature has given him a being, has his especial necessities abundantly supplied, by the adaptation of each part of the globe to the wants of its inhabitants; and not its rational intelligences alone, but to every object that enjoys the blessing of existence.

And in contemplating this great goodness in Nature's works, whose heart does not expand with the desire to imitate so fair a model—to render themselves, as far as possible, examples of purity, goodness, and truth, that in the "public haunts of life," where man mingles with his fellows, we might find good there also? Oh! why is it, why need it be, that "man, the noblest work of God," should choose to take so low a standard of excellence, as to be the only exception to this universal rule of goodness? But while we cannot help knowing that there is much of vice among mankind, we know also that there is much of good; and shall not the effort of *our* lives be to diminish the evil and the good increase.

Holley, Mich., 1860. Mrs. E. H. Baird.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

"Oh, Friendship! God's best gift
To man,—if not for thee, our life
At best, would be but dismal blanks,—
And living breasts but sepulchers
For morbid hearts!"

Some writer has said, "What is Friendship but a name?" Methinks *that* one did not realize *all* its meaning,—or his were the Summer friends which are easily borne away by the blasts of adversity. But I wish to speak of *true* Friendship,—that pure and holy principle which misfortune only strengthens. True Friendship needs not glittering Wealth to sustain it,—asks not Fame's laurels, or the adoration of men. It clings to its object more for gems of mind and soul,—the priceless beauty of the heart! It is when *misfortune* comes that fidelity is fully proven unto us. There are many who *were* living in affluence, and had but to command to see immediate fulfillment. There were friends, too, numberless,—wealth-led friends,—who could be scarcely thought of as being moved by self-interest, so eager were they to sacrifice for the noble possesser. Misfortune's hour came,—*Poverty* was admitted, and the stricken ones could only turn confidingly to these friends who had ever been so sympathetic. But they were nameless *then*, and it was through such trial alone that the treacherous hearts were known.

Oh, there *are* noble souls filled with lofty impulses, and there *are* friends that come to tried ones like as ministering spirits. Ask the crushed, trodden-down, *condemned* being, unto whom, perhaps, in the last hour there came a soothing, sorrowing one, who long ago made pledge of faithfulness! Ask if there were aught of consolation in the words spoken,—if the heart could thrill with joy *then*. I fancy the reply like this,

"It *seems* a little thing, to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense,—yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned,
'T will fall like sweetest music."

True Friendship has no selfish motive; but when storm-clouds gather,—when the stricken soul has found the depths of woe,—then may we realize its beauty, its strength.

Pleasant memories have I of *one* true friend. Two years of frequent association bound us with ties which are indissoluble! Our paths now widely separate! Years have fled, and many changes been written, since I bade her "Good-bye." Now, "new ties are round our hearts,"—yet firm as long ago is the old affection. Gems of thought and talent are the letters which come to me. Often when the flow of ardent joyousness is checked, and I have felt weary of the heartlessness and uncongeniality around, those gentle thoughts seem to incorporate with my own existence, and my heart is warmed, and filled with deeper love and larger charity. As we sat or roamed at eve, when all Earth was glad with beauty, I saw a silent language sparkle in her soul-lit eye, and oft wondered, as the sacred thoughts sometimes gave utterance, if there were not a talent that would speak to the world, as Poets speak beautiful words of thought and fancy.—Time has perfected that talent, and now I very eagerly search the columns of "our Rural" for the signature "Mary A. B." Aye, I love the poet soul; and for *such* friends, unto the One who gives us all blessings, I render thankfulness. May she long

"Stir the soul with the majesty of noble thoughts,
Fling o'er captive bards the spell of sweetest words,
And charm the ear with songs that are immortal."

Bel Rural.

Procrastination.—"Going to do it," never made a fortune, built a house, or won a name. "Going to do it," has been the bane of more people than would fill the census of a dozen New Yorks. The man who is always "going to do it," rarely, if ever does it. The only thing he does do, is to go out of the world without doing it. If he has a task which must be done, he at once announces, with a deal of boasting and a great waste of words, time and breath, that he is "going to do it." And while he is thus "going to do it," somebody else who is not suspected of "going to do it," does it, and reaps the reward. The man who is always "going to do it," is a friend of Procrastination. He is ever just on the eve of doing it, when some trivial obstacle interferes and he gives up in despair, or puts off the "going to do it" until another time,—until that eternal to-morrow. "Going to do it" is a style of doing business which never did pay and never will pay its way.

Newness of our Sensations and Emotions.—The sun was created with me, with you; and by-and-by, when we had got over the morning of infancy, we sat on a wall, in a field, on a hill, at our own little bedroom window, and our childish eyes being by that time opened, we saw the sun go down for the first time. Nor are these pleasures and advantages confined to the external world, to the sensations it inspires, or the influence it exerts upon us. No human passion, no emotion, the fiercest or the tenderest, comes to us at second-hand. The experience and observation of a thousand years, all the metaphysical and poetical and dramatic books that ever were written, cannot add a jot to the duration or intensity of any emotion of ours. They may exercise it, but they cannot form it, nor instruct it; nor, were they fifty times as many and as profound, could they dwarf it. It lies in our hearts in original creation, complete, alone; like my life and yours.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

"It is a deplorable condition," says Bishop Sherlock, "to be always doing what we are always condemning." The reproaches of others are painful enough; but when the lash is laid on by your own hand, the anguish is intolerable.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GARDEN OF THE HEART.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

The Heart to a Garden compare,—
Let culture be thorough—indeed,—
Plant none but the choicest things there,—
The purest and very best seed.

Dig deep through the soil. Yes, dig deep,—
Turn up to the truth and the light,
Then you at the harvest may reap
The reward of the faithful and right.

Be thorough in culture,—be true,—
Remove all the weeds as they start,
Then cherish the rain and the dew,
So that you develop the heart.

Be early in culture, begin
At the very first promise of spring;
Delay not, nor idle,—put in
The purest, best thoughts you can bring.

Dig deep through the soil,—very deep,—
Turn the heart to the truth and the light;
Be earnest in culture, and keep
All the faculties polished and bright.

Be thorough in culture, in deed,—
Remove all the weeds as they start;
Plant always the Heavenly Seed,
And this shall develop the heart.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"ALMOST THERE."

"Almost there," joyfully shouted Cora, as she caught a glimpse of the neat cottage nestling among the lofty maples surrounding her father's house, from which she had been absent but a few days. As the joy-beaming countenance of my little friend glided like a sunbeam past me, I thought of that other home under the shadow of the trees of life. Yes, earth-weary one, over whose unprotected head sorrow's angry billows have most unpityingly rolled, you, too, are "almost there." Even now, the waves of the turbid river may be surging just at your feet, and the "boatman pale" may be waiting to carry you across to "the shining shore on the other side." There, though the world may have rudely jostled you on life's busy thoroughfare, and fortune,—fickle queen,—failed to deal bountifully with you, you will find that your Heavenly Father has not been unmindful, but all this time has been fitting up a mansion for you, and every act of self-denial and patience on your part will be so many stars in the "crown of rejoicing" which you will receive when you enter the portals of your heavenly home. Go on your way rejoicing, then, heeding not the trials and perplexities which are closely inwoven in the "web of life."

You on whom fortune has always smiled,—in the sky of whose life dark clouds have never lowered,—think perhaps it will be a long time before your feet will near the misty vale that lies between our final home and this. But it is not so, for we all are rapidly nearing the end of our life-journey,—we

"Nightly pitch our moving tents
A day's march nearer home."

If we have title deeds to the sweet fields bordering on the crystal waters of life, to a home in which we have many treasures,—*priceless treasures*,—we shall not be reluctant to follow the guide that comes to conduct us to our home,—ours, not only for a year, but ours while countless ages roll, and eternity endures.

Fellow traveler on the dusty highway of life, if you have neglected to procure for yourself an inheritance in the glorious land of immortality, hasten to do it. Wait not for the rising of another sun, for it may shine on friends weeping over your lifeless form,—on an open grave ready to receive your unresisting clay.

Oxford, N. Y., 1860. F. M. Turner.

Religious Scolding.—There is truth in the following extract, which is worthy of consideration:

"No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, as corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will bear, perhaps, to be stroked, though he will growl even under the operation; but if you touch him roughly, he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks he is fighting for Christ, but is fighting for his own notions. He thinks he is skillfully searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own, and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of all grace, that he may shine the more in his own eyes by the comparison. One thing, in the meantime, is certain; the *folly* and *feuds* of the professed disciples of the gospel, have been more dangerous to its interests, than all the avowed hostilities of its adversaries."

"Come unto me."—"Lord, unto whom shall we go," exclaimed the apostle, "Thou hast the words of eternal life." Those who find nothing sure may come to Christ,—their hiding-place, and rest in hope, in faith, in the Christian life, and in Divine communing through the matchless name of the dear Redeemer. Christ and heaven are sure to those who become the children of God by faith in Him who has been given for the life of the world. Here is rest for the weary, comfort for the afflicted, and hope for the desponding, which shall help, cheer, support, and save. Let Christ be ours in life, and we shall have something sure in death and heaven.

You had better be a poor man and a rich Christian, than a rich man and a poor Christian. You had better do anything, bear anything, and be anything, rather than be a dwarf in grace.

The Reviewer.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY. A Concise Elementary Treatise on the Sun, Planets, Satellites and Comets. By O. M. MITCHELL, LL. D., Director of the Cincinnati and Dudley Observatories. [12mo.—pp. 376.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason.

THOSE who have listened to the popular, scientific lectures of Prof. MITCHELL, will find in this "Popular Astronomy" all the characteristics of the author by whom they have been instructed and delighted. The same original and lucid course is pursued by him on the magnificent subject of astronomy. After giving five important astronomical definitions in the unique brief "Introduction," he proceeds in sixteen chapters to treat of all the grand phenomena of the Solar System, beginning with the sun as the center of the system, and passing from Mercury to all the other planets in the order of their distances from the central luminary. He discusses also the Comets and the Nebular Hypothesis. On the sun, the Professor shows the discoveries of the ancients, and the manner by which they were made, as to its varying motion north and south of the equator, its orbit as circular, the approximate length of the year, its irregular but nearly equable velocity, the course of solar eclipses, and the power to predict their occurrence and return. This was effectually accomplished before the Christian era. It was reserved to the moderns to discover the distance of the sun and its apparent magnitude, and hence its real magnitude from its diameter, and the spots on its surface; and further on, its relative density, the force of gravity on its surface compared with that on the earth, the laws of planetary motion and action, and of gravitation. Such is a mere illustration of the whole. The methods of calculating the distances and magnitudes, and the solution of most of the phenomena, are so presented that the reader believes he understands the whole matter, at least the general principle on which the calculations depend. In a word, there is the same fascination of the reader, as of the hearer, of Professor MITCHELL. The work is sold by DEWEY.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHARLES A DANA. Volume IX. Hayne—New Jersey. [8vo.—pp. 784.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

As this work approaches completion, it increases in value and interest. The nine volumes thus far issued are conceded by the best critics to be remarkably full and accurate on all the subjects treated, and it only remains for the editors and publishers to complete their almost Herculean labor as well as it has been begun, to add largely to their former reputation for ability and enterprise. The volume before us is especially rich in History and Biography, many of the sketches being of peculiar value and interest at the present time. Among the countries described are Hungary, Hindostan, Ireland, Ionian Islands, Italy, Japan, Jamaica, and others. The biographies of distinguished personages include the Henries of France and England, Patrick Henry, Homer, John Howard, the philanthropist, Commodore Hull, Humboldt, Leigh Hunt, Washington Irving, Presidents Jackson and Jefferson, John Jay, and many others. The articles on Heat, Ice, Iron, and many other subjects, are of peculiar value. Indeed, those seeking valuable information can scarcely open a volume of this Cyclopædia without discovering a mine of useful knowledge on some important subject. E. R. HALL is Subscription Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

THE PIONEERS, PREACHERS AND PEOPLE of the Mississippi Valley. By WM. H. MILBURN, author of "The Rifle, Axe and Saddle-Bags," and "Ten Years of Preacher Life." [12mo.—pp. 465.] New York: Derby & Jackson.

THIS volume comprises ten lectures by the popular clergyman and lecturer named, and who is familiarly known as "The Blind Preacher." The subject is so divided and arranged as to be made both readable and instructive, and the work will interest the reader, even if he is an entire stranger to the Great West and its remarkable progress. It sketches the career of prominent characters in the settlement and civilization, as it were, of a wide extent of country, which has since become populous and wealthy—a region which, having been suddenly transformed from a wilderness to a garden, not only produces a vast surplus of provisions, annually, but furnishes MEN of sufficient note and ability to become candidates for the Presidency. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE THRONE OF DAVID; Or, the Rebellion of Prince Absalom. Being an Illustration of the Splendor, Power and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd, Poet, Warrior, King and Prophet Ancestor, and Type of Jesus. In a Series of Letters addressed by an Assyrian Ambassador Resident at the Court of Jerusalem, to his Lord and King on the Throne of Nineveh; wherein the Glory of Assyria, as well as the Magnificence of Judea, is presented to the reader as by an Eye-Witness. By the Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM, LL. D., author of "The Prince of the House of David," "The Pillar of Fire." [12mo.—pp. 603.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

THIS is a kind of Scripture romance, similar in character to those entertaining volumes, "The Prince of the House of David" and "The Pillar of Fire," and written in the same attractive style. As its title indicates, it professes to be a series of letters written by an Assyrian Ambassador at the Court of David, and gives graphic delineations of eminent characters, such as SAMUEL, JONATHAN, ABSALOM, JOAB, and ABNER, as well as of the Shepherd King. In every point of importance, the Bible narrative is closely followed. For sale by DEWEY.

STORIES OF INVENTORS AND DISCOVERERS IN SCIENCE AND THE USEFUL ARTS. A Book for Old and Young. By JOHN TIMBS, F. S. A. With Illustrations. [16mo. pp. 373.] New York: Harper & Bros.

AN interesting volume, likely to be read with avidity by those interested in the important subject of inventions and discoveries in the arts and sciences. Though an English work, it must possess peculiar interest to Americans, the "Universal Yankee Nation" being proverbially and practically given to inventions and discoveries. Many of the most valuable improvements and inventions are noticed or described—such as the steam-engine, steamboat, printing press, loom, electric telegraph, &c. Various machines are illustrated, and portraits and biographical sketches of celebrated inventors are also given—adding to the interest and attractions of the work. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS. By GEO. ELLIOT, author of "Scenes of Clerical Life" and "Adam Bede." [12mo.—pp. 464.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THE announcement of another novel by the author of "Adam Bede" will attract attention in reading circles and create a demand for the new work. Though we have not perused it, we are confident "The Mill on the Floss" will prove far more entertaining than anything we have seen relative to the "mill" of the Prize Ring, about which so much has recently been said, written and read on both sides of the Atlantic. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. Republished by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

THE April number of the London Quarterly is before us, and the character of the articles spread before the reader fully sustains its old-time reputation. The subjects treated are as follows:—Laborers' Homes; Souvenirs et Correspondance de Madame Recamier; Vicissitudes of Families, and other Essays; The Bar of Philadelphia; Washington's Farewell Address; Miss Nightingale's Notes on Nursing; Fox-Hunting; Recollections of Leslie; The Budget and the Reform Bill, etc. DEWEY, agent.

LETTERS OF ALEX. VON HUMBOLDT TO VARNHAGEN VON ENSE. From 1827 to 1858. With Extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters of Varnhagen and others to Humboldt. Translated from the Second German Edition, by FRIEDRICH KAPP. [pp. 407.] New York: Rudd and Carleton.

WE are disappointed in this work. It contains little that will interest the general reader, and nothing, in our opinion, that will enhance the reputation of either HUMBOLDT or VARNHAGEN. Most of the letters are commonplace, and not a few of them are below mediocrity. If the object of publication was to show the weakness of men who have attained some celebrity, we think it will be attained. The admirers of the author of "Cosmos" will certainly be taken aback in perusing this volume. ADAMS & DARNEY have the work for sale.

OUR FARM OF FOUR ACRES, and the Money we Made by It. From the Twelfth London Edition. With an Introduction by PETER B. MEAD, Editor of the Horticulturist. [16mo.—pp. 126.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

"OUR Farm of Four Acres" has become quite popular in England—partly, perhaps, on account of intrinsic merit, and partly, no doubt, because its authorship is ascribed to Miss MARTINEAU. It may be read with interest by all who own small, suburban farms, though, as Mr. MEAD remarks, "its chief value to the American reader does not consist in its details of practice, but in the enunciation and demonstration of certain principles of domestic economy of universal application." Sold by E. DARROW & BRO.

OLD LEAVES: Gathered from "Household Words." By W. HENRY WILLS. [12mo.—pp. 467.] New York: Harper & Bros.

THIS volume before us contains thirty-seven sketches and essays selected from *Household Words*, a periodical conducted for ten years by CHAS. DICKENS, and which attained high rank among the literary works of the age. Many of the articles will be new to the great mass of American readers, and prove both instructive and entertaining. Among them are "Valentine's Day at the Post-Office," "Heart of Mid-London," "The Old Lady in Threadneedle Street," "Post-Office Money Orders," "Metropolitan Protectives," an interesting account of the Bank of England, &c. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

Spice from New Books.

The Physiology of Reproduction.

THE student of nature wonders the more and is astonished the less, the more conversant he becomes with her operations; but of all the perennial miracles she offers to his inspection, perhaps the most worthy of admiration is the development of a plant or of an animal from its embryo. Examine the recently laid egg of some common animal, such as a salamander or a newt. It is a minute spheroid in which the best microscope will reveal nothing but a structureless sac, inclosing a glairy fluid, holding granules in suspension. But strange possibilities lie dormant in that semifluid globule. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid and yet so steady and purpose-like in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by a skilled modeller upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel, the mass is divided and subdivided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabries of the nascent organism. And, then, it is as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and moulded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due salamandrine proportions, In so artistic a way, that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic would show the hidden artist, with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work.

As life advances, and the young amphibian ranges the waters, the terror of his insect contemporaries, not only are the nutritious particles supplied by its prey, by the addition of which to its frame growth takes place, laid down, each in its proper spot, and in such due proportion to the rest, as to reproduce the form, the color, and the size, characteristic of the parental stock; but even the wonderful powers of reproducing lost parts possessed by these animals are controlled by the same governing tendency. Cut off the legs, the tail, the jaws separately or all together, and, as Spallanzan showed long ago, these parts not only grow again, but the redintegrated limb is formed on the same type as those which were lost. The new jaw or leg is a newt's, and never by any accident more like that of a frog. What is true of the newt is true of every animal and of every plant; the acorn tends to build itself up again into a woodland giant such as that from whose twig it fell; the spore of the humblest lichen reproduces the green or brown incrustation which gave it birth; and at the other end of the scale of life, the child that resembled neither the paternal nor the maternal side of the house would be regarded as a kind of monster. So that the one end to which in all living beings the formative impulse is tending—the one scheme which the Archæus of the old speculators strives to carry out, seems to be to mould the offspring into the likeness of the parent. It is the first great law of reproduction, that the offspring tends to resemble its parent or parents, more closely than anything else.—*Westminster Review for April.*

Three Poets in a Puzzle.

I LED the horse to the stable, when a fresh perplexity arose. I removed the harness without difficulty, but, after many strenuous attempts, I could not remove the collar. In despair, I called for assistance, when aid soon drew near. Mr. Wordsworth brought his ingennity into exercise, but after several unsuccessful efforts, he relinquished the achievement as a thing altogether impracticable. Mr. Coleridge now tried his hand, but showed no more grooming skill than his predecessors; for, after twisting the poor horse's neck almost to strangulation, and the great danger of his eyes, he gave up the useless task, pronouncing that the horse's head must have grown (gout or dropsy,) since the collar was put on, for he said "it was a downright impossibility for such a huge *os frontis* to pass through so narrow a collar!" Just at this moment a servant girl came near, and understanding the cause of our consternation, "La, master," said she, "you don't go about the work in the right way. You should do this," when, turning the collar completely upside down, she slipped it off in a moment, to our great humiliation and wonderment, each satisfied afresh that there were heights of knowledge in the world to which we had not yet attained.—*Cuttle's Life of Coleridge.*

THE HUMMING BIRD.

NOT the least of the pleasures of the garden is furnished by the feathered songsters that sing and build their nests, and rear their young among the trees and the shrubs. There are others that, like the humming birds, furnish no music, no song of joy to the ear; yet they delight the eye with their delicate forms, beautiful plumage, and graceful motion. Who is there who has not watched with delight the Humming Bird, passing from plant to plant, and sipping honey from every flower? We don't know that these birds have any particular choice of flowers, but we could always entice them to our garden in scores, by a few hills of pole beans, known as Scarlet Runners, and White Runners, and these we usually plant for their accommodation.

But two varieties of the Humming Bird are known in the Northern States, but in the tropics, and even so far north as Florida, they are very numerous. We believe that over seventy different kinds, from the size of a wren to that of a humble bee, have been named and described. The most common with us is the "Ruby-throated Humming Bird." We have also a "Humming Bird Moth," which resembles the bird very much, both in form and motion. The name of this bird, which is one of the same meaning in many languages, is derived from the peculiarly quick and constant motion of its wings, which make a *humming* sound. They seldom alight, and when they do, choose some small twig bare of leaves.

These birds live on the honey which they extract from flowers, and also the small insects found in and around them. The tongue of a Humming Bird is similar to that of a Woodpecker, being curled round the head under the skin, and thus capable of being darted to a considerable distance. They are bold and rather quarrelsome creatures among themselves, and often fight until they drop from exhaustion.

Their nests are very neatly constructed of down, cotton, or other fine vegetable fibre, and very diminutive in size. They are sometimes covered on the outside with mosses and lichens. The eggs of some species are about the size of a pea, and GOLDSMITH compares the young, when first hatched, to blue bottle flies.

Of the appearance of the Humming Bird, when glancing in the bright sunshine of the tropics, a writer gives this characteristic description: "Though least in size, the glittering mantle of the Humming Bird entitles it to the first place in the list of the birds of the New World. It may truly be called the Bird of Paradise; and had it existed in the Old World, it would have claimed the title instead of the bird which has now the honor to bear it. See it darting through the air almost as quick as thought; now it is within a yard of your face—in an instant gone; now it flutters from flower to flower to sip the silver dew—it is now a ruby—now a topaz—now an emerald—now all burnished gold."

A Russian Household.

ABOUT ten o'clock they began to set out a table, and in due time supper appeared. I was placed at the head of the table, the good man at one side, and I naturally expected his amiable spouse would take a seat opposite to me, instead of which she walked to the end of the room and sat down; but, having refused to partake of their hospitality unless she would sit by us, the lady was induced to make one of the party, after which everything went on well. To describe the dishes would be useless; I can only say that some of them were very good—at least I thought so after the sharp, frosty blast I had encountered.

In Siberia, each good housewife makes from the wild fruit, of which there is a great variety, several sorts of *nalifka* (cordial.) A bottle of this was produced, and a glass of it handed to me; it was the color of claret, but the flavor vastly superior. Immediately four other bottles of different sorts were ordered in, from all of which I was obliged to drink a "wee drap" during supper; and most delicious nalifkas they were. Finally, as a finish to our repast, my host brought in a bottle of Champagne and *two* glasses on a tray, evidently intending that he and I should drink it alone; but here I was forced to disappoint him, for, as soon as he had filled a bumper for me, I could not help presenting it to his wife, evidently to her great surprise and pleasure. Another glass was brought for me, and we then very deliberately proceeded to finish the bottle.

When this was disposed of, I thought all concluded for the night, but was mistaken; my hostess left the room, presently returning with other varieties of Siberian liquors, all of which she insisted on my tasting; this, with them, means finishing a glass; I had no sooner taken one than she had another ready. At last I got through the tasting process, or, at least, supposed that I had; but judge my astonishment when my host walked in with another bottle of Champagne, which, in spite of all opposition, my friends compelled me to join in drinking. I was then provided with a sofa to sleep on, and turned in for the night.

At seven o'clock next morning a boy brought me tea and bread, of which I partook; I then went with my host to the iron-works. Bar-iron in large quantities is made here, and is sent in barks to the Kama. Having spent three hours in looking over the works, I returned to breakfast. Tea formed no part of this meal; it was Siberian fare—fish-pasty, meat, several sorts of game, and tarts made of preserved wild strawberries, with plenty of their excellent nalifka; and it finished with a bottle of Champagne.

All the children were brought into the room to wish me a safe voyage. I felt it necessary to say something to each—the daughter twelve years old, the others, boys, varying from a baby to a lad of nine years. I presented to the girl one of my illustrated English books, and wrote my name in it to satisfy all hands; this will be preserved with great care, and most probably handed down to the next generation. The whole family sat down, and I followed their example; two or three minutes were spent, as I supposed, in silent prayer, and then all rose up. My host advanced and kissed me three times; I then kissed his wife's hand, and she my cheek; similar salutations were exchanged between myself, the daughter, and boys, all of whom I kissed most heartily.—"*Explorations and Adventures in Siberia,*" *by* THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON.

Exercise Patience.

IF there is any work that calls loudly and constantly for the exercise of patience, it is that of the teacher. His labors are arduous under the most favoring and favorable circumstances. The good seed sown in the school-room during the day may be rooted up by other hands in the evening, and, more than this, tares may be sown instead. Day after day will you, my friend, be called upon to *undo* and do over; and at times your very soul will almost sink within you, and exhausted Patience be ready to take her flight. But let her depart not. In the expressive words of another,—"Lift up your eyes in the fields; they are white already to harvest. With the blessing of Providence go to the field of your slow, patient work. That slowness of the result may be the bitterest element in the discipline.

'To-morrow! and to-morrow! and to-morrow!
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time.'

Be content to wait for Him with whom *ages* are *days*, and in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not. Go out with faith, with supplication. Ye shall come again in the jubilee and sabbath of the resurrection, rejoicing."—"*The Teacher's Assistant,*" *by* CHARLES NORTHEND.

HE in whom there is much to be developed, will be later in acquiring true perceptions of himself and of the world. There are few who at once have Thought and the capacity of Action; Thought expands, but lames; Action animates, but narrows.—*Goethe.*

YOUNG RURALIST.

DIRECTION.

A SUBJECT of vast importance to the youth of our land, is the one under which this article opens, and one which receives *not* its proper amount of forethought. There should be in the far off future of every one, a goal to be obtained, to which we should bend our utmost energies and untiring zeal. You, kind reader, may have fond friends in some remote portion of the West, who hold up to you many inducements to come to them and build up your future fortune, and you resolve to go. As fast as the facilities of the nineteenth century afford, you are hurried from one town, county, and State to another, passing on your way many interesting sights, inviting your delay. You are surrounded by, passing and meeting those who have *their* directions marked out, which each is silently and steadily pursuing. In the changing of vehicles on your journey you ofttimes part company with a friend, he inviting you in another direction. Still, regardless of all these, your eye is on the mark, and the goal for which you set out must be attained.

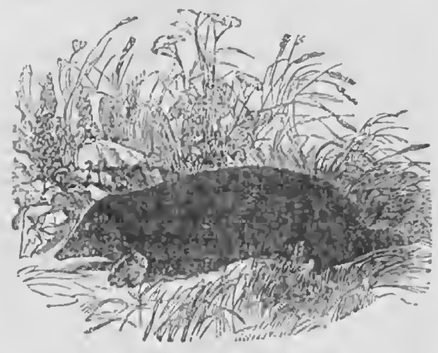
Again, mark the contrast between two youths born side by side, and to all appearance of equal talents, one of wealthy parents and the other poor. The first is rocked in the cradle of indulgence, and reared in the lap of plenty, enjoying through his minor days or years all that a life of opulence and ease could ask. He feels no care for even the morrow, and from the first exercising of his judgment is not taught to have his eye on some appropriate calling, or his *direction* marked out for his future good, but is left passing along with naught to do except to idle away God's most precious gift—TIME. Look on the other hand, how wide the contrast,—the latter born of parents seeing from the beginning of his existence the need of marking aright his direction, that he in his riper years may be an honor to himself and his friends around him. From his mother's lips, while seated at her side, he is early taught to lisp in holy accents the morning and evening prayers, and from the same broad position he first hears the need of storing his mind with useful knowledge. Thus you see that his young and tender mind is being directed, and as he passes on to manhood, under the guidance of such parental care and instruction, in the far off future his mark is fixed, to the attainment of which he diligently and manfully sets himself to work. Therefore, let us carefully consider, before making our choice, that our vocation may be of a congenial nature, that our minds in it may be constantly employed.

Alike necessary is it that spiritually, as well as temporally, this should be considered—that while we have our minds well *directed*, relating to things transitory, we must direct them toward that goal at the end of the Christian's race, where there is a crown awaiting those who walk uprightly in the highway pointed out to them. P. S. S.

Elba, N. Y., 1860.

THE MOLE.

THE Mole has never been very troublesome in this section of the country, but is more so this year than ever before. In the West we think it is more abundant, as we have seen lawns and borders very much injured by this animal even in a single night. It burrows under the surface in search of food, making tunnels, and in this way disturbs and destroys the roots of plants. In places where it comes near the surface, its track is seen by a slight elevation of the earth.



It has been said that the Mole is without eyes, but this is not true. It has eyes, but they are very small, in order to prevent them from being injured by the earth through which the animal makes it way; indeed, larger eyes would be useless under ground. When, however, the Mole requires to use its eyes, it can bring them forward from the mass of fur which conceals and protects them when not in use. The acute ears and delicate sense of smell supply the place of eyes. Its fur is very fine, soft, capable of turning in any direction, and will not retain a particle of mould. But the most extraordinary part of the Mole is the paw, or hand, with which it digs. The two fore paws are composed of five fingers, armed with sharp, strong nails, in order to scrape up the earth, and to prevent the accumulated mould from impeding the Mole's progress, the hands are turned outwardly, so as to throw the dirt out of its way.

The Mole is a most voracious animal. Its principal food is the earth-worm, in chase of which it drives its long galleries underground; but it also will eat insects, bits of meat, and sometimes birds, which it takes by surprise, and then rapidly tears to pieces with its powerful claws.

Moles vary in color, the usual tint being a very deep brown, almost black, but they have been seen of an orange color, and a white variety is not uncommon. Those who have watched its habits, state that it alternately works and rests at intervals of three hours. There are several Moles known,—the Shrew Mole, the Changeable Mole, the Cape Mole, and the Star-nosed Mole are the most conspicuous.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

George G. Evans' Philadelphia Gift-Book Enterprise.
U. S. Tent and Flag Manufactory—James Field.
Gifts! Gifts!—O. N. Needham.
Water Pipe—The Best—J. S. Hobbie.
Farm for Sale—E. M. Potter.
Nutmeg Turnip—J. O. Birbee.
Agents Wanted—J. S. Pardee.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The "Little Fairy" on the Monroe Co. Fair Grounds.
For Costiveness or Consumption—Brown's Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER EXCELSIOR NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 9, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

The Attorney General has given an opinion in favor of allowing the State of Missouri about $400,000, being the two per cent. arising from the sale of public lands in that State, heretofore reserved for the Federal Government, on account of the construction of a railroad, but which was never extended to the Missouri. A draft for the amount will be issued in a few days.

The Senate was in excentive session four hours on Thursday on the Mexican treaty. There was an earnest debate involving the entire question. Several amendments were voted on and rejected, including those of Mr. Simmons which had been previously approved by some of the Republicans who were opposed to the treaty in its original form. The treaty was finally rejected by a large majority. This result has produced much disappointment as well as surprise, as indications during the few weeks past were favorable to its ratification.

The colossal plaster statue of "Liberty," by Crawford, has been removed from the old Hall of Representatives to the premises of Clark Mills, who has a contract from the Government to produce one from the model in bronze for the ornamentation of the Capitol dome.

The War Department, to-day, telegraphed the commander at Camp Floyd, directing adequate protection from Salt Lake to Carson Valley, which will effectually guard emigrants and the mails, and secure the safety of the pony express in future.

On receiving the news of the attack by Indians on the pony express riders, a large number of Senators and Representatives addressed a note to the Secretary of War asking the intervention of the army. Mr. Floyd immediately telegraped to Col. Smith, commanding at Camp Floyd, to send immediately a sufficient force to protect and keep open the route for the mail and emigrants between Camp Floyd and Carson Valley. This dispatch will leave St. Joseph on Saturday evening, and in eight days the troops will be on their route. Mr. Russell, President of the Express Co., has no fear that the express mail bags are lost. Two trips ago a rider was killed, and yet the mails were all saved.

Mr. W. R. Page, of Virginia, has been appointed Consul to Jerusalem. The United States Senate, on Monday, confirmed H. D. Johnson, Consul General at Constantinople; Mr. Mallett, Consul at Florence; and Mr. Moore, Marshal of Nebraska.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Times says:—"The calculation now is, that we shall have a Special Session of Congress, as the House will refuse to pass the bill for the payment of the public debt, unless accompanied by the Tariff amendment. This amendment the Senate will reject. The result will be an adjournment without the passage of the bill, and a call of an Extra Session. Such is the expectation of the Republicans, who have determined on having no provision for raising money, if such an appropriation of it be made.

The Japanese.—In consequence of an accident to the Niagara, it is said she will have to undergo repairs, and will not be in readiness to take our Japan visitors home before July. Some of the Washington letter writers say this caused them a great deal of uneasiness, as they, at first, thought this was a ruse to keep them in the country, and they became quite "*homesick*."

Their stay in the cities north of Washington will be limited to a few days, where they will not receive visitors to the extent they have done in this city. Persons have come hither from distances of over 500 miles purposely to see them. They are busily engaged in making estimates of the comparative value of the coinage of the two countries, with a view to reciprocal circulation.

The programme of the movements of the Japanese is as follows:—They leave Washington for Baltimore, June 5th, and the latter city on the 6th, arriving at Philadelphia on the 7th, leaving Philadelphia on the 11th, arriving at Niagara on the 12th, and at Albany on the 14th. They will arrive at Boston on the 16th, and leave on the 19th, and will remain in New York from the 20th to the 30th. At Buffalo they will make a trip on Lake Erie.

As there is no probability that the steamship Niagara will be ready before the 7th of July, they will arrive at New York with time to spare. Some of the Japanese are learning the dagnerreotype business, and are apt scholars.

Congressional Proceedings.

House.—The bill establishing a Government Printing House was discussed, and finally passed by a vote of 120 against 56.

The House concurred in the report of the Committee of Conference on disagreeing to the amendments to the West Point Academy bill, which, in addition to the usual items, appropriated $35,000 for the construction of officers' quarters. The provisions for the mounted regiment of Texas Volunteers was omitted.

A bill was passed providing that any U. S. Marshal, Deputy Marshal, or other ministerial officer, who shall permit the escape of criminals in their custody, whether charged with offences under the laws of the United States, or those of a foreign government with whom we have treaties of extradition, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined and imprisoned, according to the discretion of the Court, having respect to the nature of the crimes with which the persons are charged.

Senate.—The bill making appropriations to complete the Geological Surveys of Oregon and Washington Territories, was taken up and passed.

A resolution instructing the Naval Committee to make inquiries concerning the government purchase of the naval depot at Brunswick, Georgia, was adopted.

From the Pacific Side.

The Pony Express on the 21st ult., which arrived at St. Joseph, reports an attack by the Indians, and the rider killed, on the California end of the route. On the 29th, there was another arrival but the mails were missing, causing a good deal of excitement. A dispatch, dated at St. Joseph, June 1, announces another arrival, with the missing mail. No explanation is given of the cause of the detention.

The last Pony Express took the intelligence that several Americans had been murdered by Indians while asleep at Miller's Station, on Carson River, some 30 miles from Carson Valley, and that various companies had organized at Virginia City, Gold Hill, and other settlements in the Washoe mines, and gone in pursuit of the Indians supposed to have committed the murders. It subsequently appeared that these volunteers united in one body and under the command of Maj. Ormsby. They were mounted, and numbered 105 men. This force, on the 12th inst., at 4 P. M., came upon the Indians at the bend of the Truckee River, about sixty-five miles northward toward Pyramid Lake, from Virginia City.

The Indians were in ambush at a narrow pass, through which Maj. Ormsby's party were proceeding, and numbered not less than 500—all having fire-arms, plenty of ammunition, and 150 horses. Within a convenient distance, they opened a fire upon the troops from their safe hiding place.

Maj. Ormsby ordered a charge, but the Indians continued to skulk, firing occasionally from behind the rocks and sage bushes, and doing damage without suffering much in return. This condition of things continued for some two hours, when the ammunition of Ormsby's party gave out. The Indians seeing this, closed in upon our men, pouring in volley after volley, killing many on the spot, and the balance retreated, scattering in all directions over the hills and sage bushes. They were pursued twenty-five or thirty miles by the mounted Indians, and many detached parties cut off. The survivors came straggling into Virginia City during the two subsequent days. The exact number killed is not yet ascertained, but it probably exceeds 50.

Wagons have been sent out to pick up any wounded that may be found, and also an armed force to protect parties burying the dead, but no account is yet received from the battle ground. Very exaggerated accounts of this battle were telegraphed to all parts of California, and troops were raised and sent out in large numbers. These movements warrant the belief that there are now not less than 300 well armed volunteers from California, and 270 U. S. soldiers, ready for duty on the eastern slope of the mountains, an ample force to protect the people as long as unpaid volunteers can afford to remain in the field. At last accounts, all the hostile Indians were to the north of the Pony Express, and the troops will be so posted as to keep that route open.

The Indians, on the eastern side of the mountains, extending north into Oregon, and westward into the interior of Utah, number probably 2,000, and from their contiguity to the Mormons, and other unavoidable causes, are all liable to become hostile to the Americans, unless means are taken by the Government to restrict them.

There is a good deal of excitement at Denver City, and an attack is apprehended. A meeting of citizens was held for the purpose of taking precautionary measures for defence in case they were attacked by Indians. The city was divided into four wards, and places of rendezvous appointed in each in case of surprise. It was reported by French traders that an attack on the whites was threatened.

There are now large numbers of Kiowas, Appaches, Camanches, Sioux, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, encamped within a few miles of the city, and some depredations have been committed on the Ranches in the vicinity, but nothing serious. The meeting passed a resolution to inflict 50 lashes in public and compel to leave the country any person found guilty of selling or giving intoxicating liquors, arms, or ammunition, to the Indians.

The reports from the mines are favorable. Weather warm.

News Paragraphs.

Storms and Tornados.—Last week we gave an account of the terrible tornado at Cincinnati, and which extended to Columbus, and was quite severe in other places in Ohio. Since that time there has been a series of storms in various parts of the country, and quite destructive at some places.

A dispatch from Cattaraugus, in this State, dated May 31, says:—A tornado passed over this place at about 4½ o'clock yesterday afternoon, sweeping everything before it—entirely destroying six dwellings, unroofing part of the railroad depot, and blowing the woodshed of the railroad entirely down. Four persons were dangerously injured and several slightly. The storm passed northeast, through the village of Waverly, about three miles from here, killing a man named Burrows and dangerously injuring two other persons. Several persons were also slightly injured. Nearly every building within reach of the storm was injured.

On Saturday morning, the 26th ult., during a severe storm, the bridge across the Onondaga river at Chenango Forks, was struck by lightning, and set on fire. On the same day there was a terrible storm at Louisville, Kentucky, which unroofed houses and prostrated trees.

On the 21st ult., a most destructive hail and rain storm visited Bucks county, Pennsylvania. It was only half a mile in width, but traveled rapidly through several towns, and was most destructive to growing crops. In many fields of wheat there is not a stalk left unbroken, and fields of oats and grass were also cut down and washed away, leaving the ground as bare as a dried up pasture field. The fruit of all kinds was also entirely destroyed, and the forest trees so entirely stripped of their foliage as to give them the appearance, at a distance, of being dead.

On Wednesday, the 30th, there was a most severe hail storm in parts of Genesee Co., N. Y., and in Brockport a church was struck by lightning. On the same day, the telegraph announces that much damage was done to the fruit in Lexington, Mo., by hail. Nearly all the glass in the city was broken; some hail stones weighed seven ounces, and split the shingles on the houses in their descent.

Just as we were going to press a telegram was received from Chicago, giving an account of a terrible tornado which visited Eastern Iowa and Northwestern Illinois on the night of the 3d inst., causing great destruction to property and life.

Chicago, June 4.—A terrible tornado passed over Eastern Iowa and Northwestern Illinois last night. The telegraph lines west of the Mississippi being down, we are unable to ascertain how far west the tornado reached, and what is the amount of loss of life and property.

At Clinton, Iowa, it commenced at 7.30 last evening, and although lasting but two and a half minutes, caused more destruction of life and property than any similar storm that has ever visited that portion of the country.

The towns of Camanchie, Iowa, and Albany, Illinois, on opposite sides of the river, and five miles south of Clinton, were completely demolished. In the former place, thirty-two dead bodies have already been taken from the ruins, and there are still a number that cannot be got at.

In Albany, five or six bodies have been found, with about fifty wounded—some seriously. We have not yet been able to obtain a list of the victims. The citizens of Fulton, Ill., and Clinton, Iowa, are doing everything in their power to relieve the sufferers.

At Lynda, three miles south of Stoling, several persons were killed, and fifteen persons in that vicinity were badly injured by having arms and legs broken.

The storm passed two miles northward of Amboy. Report says that ten lives were lost there, and a number badly injured. The tornado appears to have taken a course almost due east from the Mississippi to Rock River. Scarcely a house or barn in the direct tract, which was about half a mile in width, is left standing. From all accounts, probably not less than 60 lives were lost. The extent of the damage to property, which is very large, cannot be fully ascertained for some time.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Fulton, it was resolved to furnish the sufferers with homes and all the assistance required.

Death of Rev. Theodore Parker.—The Rev. Theodore Parker died in Florence on the 10th of May. His death was not unlooked for, as information was brought by the previous steamer that he was fast sinking. Mr. Parker was born at Lexington, Mass., in 1810, and was consequently in the 50th year of his age at the date of his decease. His ancestry was in the direct Puritan line. His grandfather was a soldier in the old French war, and was a captain at the battle of Lexington, when he captured a British grenadier, taking from him a musket, which was one of the cherished ornaments of his grandson's ample library. In his earliest youth, Theodore Parker showed a marvelous taste for knowledge, and rare facility for its acquisition. Before he was ten years old he had read Homer and Plutarch in translation, Rollin and the poets of the Pope and Dryden era. At 12, he turned his attention to metaphysics. His memory was very retentive. In his school and college days, he not only pursued the prescribed curriculum, but read and studied largely in books outside the course.

He entered Harvard College in 1830, but *res augusta domi* compelled him to gain his livelihood by teaching. At this time he entered upon Hebrew and Theology, and in 1834, connected himself with the divinity school, though an under graduate. In 1836, he left the divinity school, and in 1837 was settled as pastor in West Roxbury. In 1843, he went to Europe. In 1845, commenced to preach in Boston, and in 1846, became pastor of the 28th Congregational Society, where he has remained without any especial denominational affinity and "outside of any healthy organization," as they say in politics. It was in this pulpit, and as a lecturer and writer upon the vexed questions of the day, that Mr. Parker was best known. He was an uncompromising, outspoken and bold man, but in private life, genial, witty, and gentle. He left his charge last year to gain health by travel. He proceeded first to the West Indies, and thence to Europe.

Mr. Parker's library, consisting of more than 30,000 volumes, some of them very old, covering a wide range of subjects, and including works in more than sixty different languages, has been bequeathed to the city of Boston, to be deposited in the public library.

The Death of Hon. Silas M. Burroughs is announced—the sad event occurring at his residence, in Medina, on Sunday morning last. He returned home from Washington early in the spring, in a feeble state of health, and has been gradually sinking. His disease proved to be cancer of the stomach, for which there was no remedy. Mr. Burroughs has been a prominent man in Western New York for many years—being a member of Congress at the time of his decease. He was an ardent friend of rural improvement.

A dispatch from Key West, dated May 28th, says the Captain of the slaver Wildfire was to-day released from imprisonment on his own recognizance, and that the French bark captured as a slaver, by the U. S. steamer Crusader, had arrived at that port.

The Cattle Disease in Massachusetts.—The Special Session of the Legislature to take into consideration the cattle distemper, convened May 30th, when a communication was received from the Governor on the subject, and was referred to a joint committee of fourteen of the House and seventeen of the Senate. The Governor estimates the number of neat cattle in the United States at 20,000,000. He urges the importance of checking the contagion, and suggests a thorough investigation of the character of the disease; thinks that the transit of cattle through the several towns may require additional legislation, and leaves to the wisdom of the legislature the subject of enlarging the number of the Board of Commissioners, and increasing their authority. The Massachusetts Medical Society, now in session, appointed a committee of gentlemen to recommend to the Legislature the appointment of a scientific commission for the investigation of the prevalent cattle disease. The general opinion of the speakers appears to be that an unnecessary panic exists in relation to this disease.

Trouble Feared with the Indians.—The Fort Smith (Ark.) Times fears that something horrible is about to be enacted on the frontier, growing out of a secret organization going on in the Cherokee nation, which it is feared may extend to the other tribes on the frontier. No mixed blood Indian is taken into the secret organization. Death is the penalty for divulging the secret of the society, and every attempt on the part of the alarmed mixed bloods to find out the object of this secret cabal has thus far proved abortive.

Tennessee promises an immense crop of peaches this season. The papers of some parts of the State say, "there will be more fruit this season than there has been in five years. The trees are fairly freighted with fruit."

In parts of Vermont, on Sunday night, the 20th inst., the weather was so cold that the ground was frozen to the depth of half an inch or more, and early vegetables were killed.

The Hon. Edward Everett has signified his acceptance of the nomination of Vice President on the Union ticket, made at Baltimore.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steamship Africa, which left Liverpool 20th May, arrived at New York June 3d.

It is rumored that Austria, Prussia and England have agreed to maintain the integrity of the Ottoman Empire.

France.—The Patrie, speaking of the affair of Calata Fime, says the volunteers having been attacked with great vigor, energetically defended themselves, and effected a retreat in good order, leaving behind a certain number killed.

According to the last advices the insurrection was being extended and organized in a great many directions. The same journal adds, that when detachments which are being organized shall join the volunteers who embarked at Marsala, the whole body will number 12,000 men, well armed and provisioned.

The Paris correspondent of the Times, says it is not true that the Russian Embassador at Turin had protested against the expedition of Garibaldi. He merely asked explanations from the Sardinian government. The effective force of the French army will be increased next month by 100,000 men. The Patrie contains dispatches announcing that Colonel Pimodan had obtained decided success against the volunteers who had entered Roman territory. The brother of Orsini is said to have been killed.

Italy.—The Neapolitans have abandoned the provinces of Palermo and Trapana, and retired to the towns. Great disorder in Palermo. The provinces are in full insurrection. 6,000 Sicillians have joined Garibaldi. The Nepolitan army was put to flight on the 15th by Garibaldi. A conflict took place on the 19th, near Momonteflason, Roman territory, between Pontifical Gendarmes and 350 Garibaldians. Thirty of the latter were killed and wounded, and the remainder were driven back to Tuscany.

Advices from Rome state that Gen. Lamoriciere entered that city on the 13th. On the following day he despatched the second regiment of infantry and detachments of mounted Gendarmes. The cause of this movement was the march of Garibaldians on Orbitella, the news of which caused great agitation in Rome.

It is said that the departure of the French troops has been decided on, but the belief was it would be postponed. The Paris correspondent of the Times says a perfect panic prevailed last week in the commercial and financial world. The pretence for the panic was founded on reports that the Russian government is about to commence a Menschikoff mission, and the landing of Garibaldi in Sicily. The fact is that the panic was caused by the obscurity in which all political questions are involved.

Naples, May 18th.—The bands of Garibaldi have been attacked at the point of the bayonet by the Royal troops near Calata Fime, and totally routed, leaving on the battle field their flag, and a great number of killed and wounded, among whom was one of their chiefs.

It is asserted here, (Saturday evening,) that the fight at Calata Fime was not decisive. The Neapolitan troops re-entered Palermo. Two columns of 3,000 men each have been sent to pursue the insurgents. It is estimated that 6,000 Sicilians had joined Garibaldi.

Bands of insurgents are marching on Palermo. The proclamation of Gen. Lauza, concerning an amnesty and Viceroyalty had no effect. Popular manifestations take place repeatedly. It is believed that Palermo will shortly be evacuated by the Royal troops.

Palermo, May 18th.—Garibaldi's troops are entrenched in a semi-circle round Palermo. The Neapolitan troops and functionaries are discouraged.

China.—Hong Kong, March 29th.—Mr. Bruce is to receive a final answer from the Emperor on the 10th of April. The whole army will be ready to move about the 15th of April.

The News Condenser.

— The Prince de Joinville is at Washington.

— There are 2,500 turnpike gates in England.

— Equestrianism is the rage this summer in New York.

— Flour, at Carson Valley, is quoted at $52 per 100 pounds.

— Sir C. Clark has been gazetted as the Governor of Bombay.

— Mr. Howard has received his seat in the House of Representatives.

— A boy, eight years old, has been sent to the Wisconsin State Prison.

— Street passenger railways are about being laid down in Memphis, Tenn.

— It is stated that Post-Master Fowler left New York in the Moses Taylor.

— The sum expended annually for spirits and beer in Holland is $250,000,000.

— An English paper says Gen. *Dred* Scott commands the United States Army.

— There are now in operation in Chili 10 gold, 12 silver, and about 300 copper mines.

— It is estimated that every fiftieth person in Great Britain is addicted to strong drink.

— A second Morphy has made his appearance at Richmond, Va. He is only seven years old.

— The Evangelical Lutheran Church in the United States now numbers 160,000 communicants.

— The Japanese Embassy will probably leave Washington for the North on the 6th or 7th of June.

— Sixteen members of the royal house of Europe died during 1859—seven princes and nine princesses.

— Littleton Waller Tazewell, formerly U. S. Senator, and ex-Governor of Virginia, died at Norfolk on the 6th ult.

— A private dispatch says the steamer Peerless burned at the levee, at New Orleans, on the 27th ult. Total loss.

— Ex-Governor John A. King and family sailed from New York for Havre, in the steamer Fulton, on Saturday week.

— A number of cows belonging to farmers in the 23d Ward, Philadelphia, have died with what is called lung fever.

— A strong feeling prevails in Europe that Louis Napoleon is about to commence a campaign on the Rhine.

— Malcom Murray, a Justice of the Peace at Iowa City, Iowa, has fallen heir to an estate in Ireland valued at $80,000.

— A violent storm which passed over Washington, on Saturday night week, unroofed the mansion of Judge Douglas.

— The Camden and Amboy R. R Depot, at Bordertown, Penn., was burnt on the 29th ult., with three engines and ten cars.

— Three of the four Ex-Presidents of the U. S. were in New York last week—Messrs. Van Buren, Fillmore, and Pierce.

— Owing to the large business doing upon the lakes, seamen have been very scarce in New York for the last two weeks.

— It is reported that the Pope has been in the habit of taking small doses of strychnine for producing mental excitement.

— The Lynn strikers have resumed work at greatly increased wages, many of them realizing an advance of 100 per cent.

— About fifty miles of the Atlantic cable on this side have been taken up, and fractures found where they were supposed to be.

— M. Oerstedt, celebrated as a jurisconsult, and ex-Prime Minister of Denmark, has just died at Copenhagen, aged 82 years.

— The New York Colonization Journal says more free colored men are now favorably contemplating emigration than ever before.

— The coming census of Texas, it is estimated by those best informed, will show a population of 550,000, including 150,000 slaves.

— Hon. John A. Dix, ex-U. S. Senator of N. Y., has been appointed Post-Master of that city in the place of Fowler, the defaulter.

— The deepest artesian well in the United States is the one at Columbus, Ohio, which is 2,840 feet in depth—more than half a mile.

— Hon. Wm. C. Preston, formerly a Senator from South Carolina, and one of the most eloquent orators of his time, died on the 23d ult.

— Over 100 men are employed night and day in preparing the Metropolitan Hotel in New York for the reception of the Japanese Embassy.

— In France, only one traveler is killed out of every two million passengers on the railroads, and only one wounded in every 500,000.

— The Japanese Ambassadors say that it is contrary to their custom to go out after dark, and so they decline invitations for the evening.

— A new gold field has lately been discovered in the far-off islands of New Zealand, which bids fair to be one of the richest in the world.

— Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of Amherst College, has received the merited honor of an election to the Imperial Geological Institute of Austria.

— The number of lost children found, and restored by means of the police telegraph, will average 100 per month in New York and Brooklyn.

— The President of Liberia receives $2,500 per annum; Vice-President, $400; Secretary of State, $800; and Secretary of the Treasury, $800.

— The slaves of Huntsville, Ala., recently made a common purse, and purchased a splendid hearse, to be used for the interment of their dead.

— The Pennsylvania Railroad Company are constantly replacing the wooden bridges upon the road and branches with substantial iron structures.

— The have raised $5,000 in England for a monument to Hallam, the historian. How much better to have raised it for his use in his lifetime.

— The Japanese think that oyster soup is the finest American institution that they have yet seen. They call the hotel waiters "soup gentlemen."

— According to the Spiritual Telegraph, itself now dead, 38 spiritual periodicals have been started and discontinued within the last nine years.

— The people of Madison are about to raise $100 to purchase a banner, to be presented to the county making the best display at the State Ag. Fair.

— A St. Augustine (Fla.) paper tells about green corn old enough for eating; while down East, in some places, corn-planting has not yet commenced.

— The Legislature of Tennessee has passed a very stringent law against the adulteration of liquors. Using poisonous ingredients is declared a felony.

— Letters from Jerusalem complain of the desecration of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The dome has fallen in, and the church is partially inundated with water.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Agricultural Education, ...181
Hog Pens—Profit of Raising Pork, ...181
Grain and Roots for Exhibition, ...181
Imported Weeds, ...181
May-Weed, [Illustrated,] ...181
Ox-Eye Daisy, [Illustrated,] ...181
Facts for Cultivators, ...181
Laying Drains in Quicksand, ...182
Table-Lands of East Tennessee, ...182
A Cheap Corn House, ...182
The Bee-Keeper—The Bee Moth, No. 1; Italian Bees, ...182
Inquiries and Answers—Laboring Days in a Month; Salt for Corn; Sticking Peas and Beans; To Keep Hens from Sitting; To Kill Lice on Cattle; Canada Thistles; Scab in Sheep; More about the Timber Question, ...182
Agricultural Miscellany—Wheat Crop of Western New York; The Wool Market—Prospects and Prices; Grass Crop of Seneca County; Rarey among the Arabs; Monroe Co. Ag. Society; Profits of Wool-Growing; N. Y. State Ag. Society; To Secretaries of Ag. Societies, ...182

HORTICULTURAL.

Pruning Apple Trees, ...183
The Palmer Worm, [Illustrated,] ...183
The Gooseberry and Currant Slug, ...183
Apple Tree Borer, ...183
Inquiries and Answers—Western Baldwin Apple, again; Preserving Strawberries, ...183
Horticultural Notes—The Feather Bush [Illustrated] The Spergula pilifera; The Chinese Yam; Mass. Hort. Society, ...183

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Glen Cottage Cake; Cure for Erysipelas; Sure Cure for Hydrophobia; Pork Cake; White Wedding Cake; To make Opodeldoc; Clay Cakes; Loaf Cake; Ginger Snaps; Bachelor's Corn Cake; Lemon or Orange Ice Cream; Pickling Sweet Apples; To Prepare Citron for Fruit Cake; Raised Muffins; Lemon Cake, ...183

LADIES' OLIO.

"Home," [Poetical,] Hair Love; Woman Sympathy in Men Matters; True Hearts; A Thought for Husbands, ...184

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Meridian View, [Poetical,] Teachings of Nature; True Friendship; Procrastination; Newness of our Sensations and Emotions, ...184

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Garden of the Heart, [Poetical.] "Almost There;" Religious Scolding; "Come unto me," ...184

THE REVIEWER.

Popular Astronomy; The New American Cyclopædia; The Pioneers, Preachers and People of the Mississippi Valley; The Throne of David; Stories of Inventors and Discoverers in Science and the Useful Arts; The Mill on the Floss; London Quarterly Review; Letters of Alex. von Humboldt to Varnhagen von Ense; Our Farm of Four Acres; Old Leaves, ...185

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Physiology of Reproduction; Three Poets in a Puzzle; A Russian Household; Exercise Patience, ...185

USEFUL OLIO.

The Humming Bird, [Illustrated,] ...185

YOUNG RURALIST.

Direction; The Mole, [Illustrated,] ...185

STORY TELLER.

An Evening Voice, [Poetical.] Angry Words, ...185

Special Notices.

GREAT ATTRACTION!

"LITTLE FAIRY" ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.

DOLLIE DUTTON, the celebrated "Little Fairy," and the most wonderful Dwarf in the World, is to give two Levees during the Holiday Exhibition of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, on the 4th of July—one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon (at 10 or 11 A. M. and 3 or 4 P. M.) Arrangements will be made so that thousands of spectators can witness the exhibition—see and hear the prodigy during her performances, singing, &c. The Levees will be free to all who attend the Holiday Exhibition, the price of admission to which will not exceed 25 cents for adults, and 15 cents for children and youth under 14 years of age.

☞ The Levees will include the usual programme of the Little Fairy's exhibitions in Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and be under the supervision of ALBERT NORTON, Manager, and J. H. LILLIE, Agent.

FOR COSTIVENESS, OR CONSUMPTION,

Which gradually breaks down the constitution, and lay the foundation for dyspepsia and many other disorders, "*Brown's Laxative Troches*," or Cathartic Lozenges, are particularly adapted, assisting Nature by strengthening and invigorating the process of digestion.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 7, 1860.

FLOUR firmer at prices quoted, with an upward tendency. Potatoes are 5 cents lower than last week. The New York market is said to be over-stocked, and the Eastern buyers are refusing to purchase for the present. But little produce is brought in by farmers, during this busy time. Butter the same as last week. Hay $2 lower.

See article relative to wool market on second page of this paper.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50
Flour, buckwheat	$1,60@1,75
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25
Wheat, Genesee	$1,18@1,45
Best white Can'a	$1,45@1,50
Corn, old	60@60c
Corn, new	60@60c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@73½c
Oats, by weight	34@34c
Barley	55@58c
Buckwheat	00@00c
Beans	62½@75c
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@5,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@1,75
Mutton, carcass	4@6c
Hams, smoked	10@11c
Shoulders	7@7½c
Chickens	0@10c
Turkeys	00@12c
Geese	34@44c
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c
DAIRY, &C.	
Butter, roll	12@13c
Butter, firkin	00@12½c
Cheese	10½@11½c
Lard, tried	11½@12½c
Tallow, rough	7c
Tallow, tried	10@10c

Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Honey, box	16@16c
Candles, box	12@13c
Candles, extra	14c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Plums, dried	16@18c
Potatoes	20@37½c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	5@6c
Calf	9@10c
Sheep pelts	50c@$2,50
Lamb pelts	50c@$1,00
SEEDS.	
Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Timothy	3,00@3,50
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Coal, Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,35
Hay, tun	$10,00@12,00
Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Wool, ℔ lb	30@45c
Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4—FLOUR—Market opened a trifle better, with only a moderate demand for export and home use, closing quiet, with holders disposed to sell at previous quotations. Sales at $5,25@5,30 for super State; $5,35½@5,49 for extra do; $5,25@5,30 for super Western; $5,37@5,65 for common to medium do; $5,85@6,00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull. Canadian unchanged in prices, with moderate demand; sales at $5,50@7,40 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Spring wheat advanced 1c. ℔ bushel, with a fair demand for export; sales Milwaukee club at $1,29@1,30½, in store and delivered; choice white Michigan at $1,58@1,60; white Indiana at $1,48½@1,50. Rye quiet at 82c. Barley dull and heavy, at 60@70c. Corn firmer, with light receipts and a fair demand for the east and for export; sales at 64@65½c for sound shipping mixed Western; 62@63c for Eastern do; 58c for distilling do; 61½c for Southern yellow; 70c for very choice yellow Illinois river. Oats in fair supply and rather quiet at 40@42½c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork opened firmly and closed dull: sales at $17,93@18,00 for new mess; $17,43½ for old do; $13,50 for new prime; $12,60 for old do.—including 500 bbls. new mess, sellers' option, after the 5th July, at $18,37½. Lard firm; sales at 11½@11¾c. Butter 10@17c for Ohio; 11@20c for State. Cheese steady at 7@11c.

ASHES—The market is without change, and the demand fair; sales of Pots at $5,31, and Pearls at $5,75.

ALBANY, JUNE 4.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Sales to-day about 1,100 bbls. flour. Prices without change and holders firm. Corn meal steady.

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,25
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,40
Common to good Western,	5,25@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,75@7,25
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,25
Common Canadian,	5,25@5,75
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,50@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, steady and salable at 10@11s. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—No sales of wheat reported. Singularly enough no corn was offered on 'Change this morning; there is little afloat now, but considerable in store: small sales Western mixed at 60@62c; round yellow, in car lots, at 65c. Barley; sales Western four-rowed at 72c. Oats in good request; no change in prices; market steady: sales at 30@39½c for Canada East; 42c for State, and Canada West, 37c for a lot of unsound Canada East.

FEED—Sales of course at 70@80c ℔ 100 lbs.

BUFFALO, JUNE 4—FLOUR—In moderate demand and market steady. Sales at $5,25 for extra State and Canadian from spring wheat; $5,25@5,50 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,62½@5,75 for good to choice extra Ohio and Indiana, and $6@6,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat in good request and market firmer; sales No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,12½; Milwaukee club at $1,15, and choice white winter Ohio and Kentucky at $1,40@1,50. Corn market opened steady but closed at an advance of 1c with a good inquiry; sales Toledo at 50@51c, and No. 1 Illinois, at 52@53c, closing at the latter figure.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 4.—Flour firm and quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat active and closed with advancing tendency; white $1,40@1,50, red $1,35@1,42. Corn active; yellow 64c.

PROVISIONS closed with an advancing tendency. Mess pork $18,75. Lard in demand at 12½c.

TORONTO, MAY 31.—FLOUR—During the week the tendency in flour has been downward, and purchases on speculation are sparingly made. The tone of the Boston and New York markets is decidedly flat, and we need not expect any active business in flour here until those markets improve. Lower grades are the dullest. The following quotations will be found correct:

Superfine No. 1,	$5,00@5,05
Do. No. 2,	4,60@4,80
Fancy, (Spring wheat)	5,20@5,30
Do. (Fall wheat)	5,30@5,50
Extra,	4,87½@6,00
Extra Superior or Double Extra,	$6,30@6,50
Oatmeal,	4,0@0,00
Cornmeal,	3,50@0,00

GRAIN—The receipts of fall wheat during the week averaged about 1,500 bushels a day. Towards the close of last week prices had fallen some three or four cents. Since that they are a little firmer, owing, in a measure, to the more favorable advices brought by the *Arabia*. Business, however, is dull, and sales are not made so largely as some short time since. The rates now current are from 1,40@1,44 for the best samples of shipping wheat: from $1,32@1,38 for medium and ordinary, and from $1,24@1,30 per bushel for inferior. Spring wheat is less active, the highest price is $1,18 per bushel—prices ranging from that figure to $1,10, the supply averaging about 370 bushels a day. Peas—Sales are made at from 55@56c per bushel; the average for the best qualities being about 62c. Oats—There is a fair supply of oats, which sell steadily at from 32@34c per bushel. Barley—This grain is dull, though in small supply. It is nominal at from 55@58c per bushel.—*Globe*.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 30.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,50@10,00; ordinary, $8,50@9,00; common, $7,00@8,00; inferior, $6,50@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@65,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,50; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6½c; all others, 5½@6c.

ALBANY, JUNE 4.—CATTLE—An overstocked market again, and a comparatively light demand from the East, sends prices down ¼@½c ℔ lb, live weight. Last week fair prices ruled, and in view of this fact drovers anticipated some profit from the trade this week; but too many of them encouraged the idea, and the effect is that there are 1,000 head more on sale than are really needed.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	4,219	3,224	2,535
Sheep,	3,861	2,690	3,420
Hogs,	114	510	480

Prices—We reduce our quotations ¼@½c ℔ lb. The sales made thus far fully justifying this, and there is no prospect of an improvement:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾c	6¼@6½c
Extra	4½@5	4¾@5¼
First quality	3¾@4¼	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3¼	3½@3¾
Third quality	2½@2¾	2¾@3
Inferior	@2½	2½@2¾

CAMBRIDGE, MAY 30.—Whole number of Cattle at market 619—about 500 Beeves, and 119 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,25; first quality, $6,50@0,00; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $4,25@0,00; ordinary $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$80, 120@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 50@67.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@21; three year olds, $25@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,075 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,25 each; extra, $3,00, 3,25@5,25 each, or 4@6½c ℔ lb. live weight. Spring Lambs, $3,50@6,00.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—11@12½c ℔ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—$2,50@5,50.

BRIGHTON, MAY 31.—At market 1,100 beeves, 100 stores 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,200 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,75@0,00; first quality $0,00@7,50; second quality, $0,00@7; third quality, $5,75@6.

WORKING OXEN—$90, 100@110.

MILCH COWS—$43@47; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$2,50@3.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@24; three years old, $25@27.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@12½c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@1,75; Extra, $2,75@4.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@7½c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8½c.; Spring pigs, 10c; retail 10@13c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 30.—The supply of cattle yesterday amounted to about 1,600 head, and prices remained about the same as last week, except for extra, which sold at $10,50 per 100 lbs. The general prices ranged from $8@10.

SHEEP—There were about 6,000 sheep in market, which sold at from 4½@5½c ℔ lb.

HOGS—The market was not so well supplied, only about 1,500 head having been sold at from $6,50 to $7,50 for still fed, and from $7,75 to $8 for corn fed.

COWS—About 200 were sold at from $30 to $60.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, MAY 30.—The market is dull, and sales confined to small parcels (chiefly low and medium grades) required for immediate use, at slightly lower rates, but as the goods now selling are principally the odds and ends of the season, the prices obtained afford no real guide to value. The stock of domestic wools, in this and the other chief markets of the seaboard is quite small, and it is well known that it has cost high prices, consequently few are desirous of making any material concession in the price of desirable selections; although a cotemporary—which is noted for having received large considerations from a large woolen establishment, for its meddling with the tariff—reports a decline of 10c. ℔ lb on fine wools. How stupid those New York merchants must have been to make such a sacrifice on property that must have cost very high prices six months since, to say nothing about storage, interest, and other incidentals, when there is nothing to sustain them in such a course, as the money market is easy, and the supply is inadequate to the wants of consumers, unless the manufacturers, by advice, resort to making goods from shoddy! But we trust they will not adopt such a course, for it would very soon blast the reputation of domestic fabrics, and throw the bulk of the business once more into the hands of importers of European goods. But we have one word to say concerning wool, which throws the above assertion entirely into the shade, and that is that buyers have already made their appearance in the country, in the wool-growing districts, and have *made purchases* and are ready to contract for more at last year's prices. Buyers in England are ready to do the same. The idea of any such decline as that noted above, therefore, is nothing but a wild delusion made with the sole purpose, as it were, of serving the dry goods interest, as well as manufacturers and speculators, to the injury of growers of, importers and dealers in, wool. The transactions comprise 65,000 lbs. Native Fleece, in lots, 35@55c, as to quality, including 20,000 full-blood Merino at 50c.; 25,000 lbs Pulled at 28@45c for No. 1 City and Extra Country and 60,000 lbs California at 10@28c for common to fine. Foreign is in better supply, particularly Chili, Cape and Australian, and is in limited request, buyers and sellers being somewhat at variance respecting prices which still rule high for fine qualities; sales of 150 bales washed Smyrna 25c.; 110 do Cape at 28@28c, and 20,000 lbs unwashed Mestiza on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	50@55
Am. full-blood Merino	50@50
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	44@47
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	36@40
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@42
No. 1, Pulled	28@45
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	10@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@18
South Am. common, washed	16@18
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@18
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	25@25
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

[*N. Y. Tribune*.

ALBANY, MAY 30.—The following are the nominal rates of wool here:

American, Saxony Fleece,	51@58c
American, Full Blood Merino,	48@52c
American, ½ and ¾ Merino,	43@46c
American, Native and ¼ Merino,	36@38c
Extra, Pulled,	42@47c
Superfine, Pulled,	30@33c
No. 1, Pulled,	28@30c

[*Evening Journal*.

BOSTON, MAY 30.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool has been moderate, with sales of 125,000 lbs at prices ranging principally from 40@52c ℔ lb. The transactions in foreign wool have been 650 bales, on terms we did not learn, comprising Cape, South American, Mediterranean and East Indian. By auction, 195 bales Cape, damaged, at 12@22½c ℔ lb, cash. We quote:

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
¼ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, MAY 29. Although shearing is now fairly commenced, the receipts have not thus far been affected, neither has any considerable quantity of wool been offered for sale here. We have heard but little talk of the prospects of the opening until yesterday, when we learned that Eastern buyers are indisposed to operate except at rates 5 cents under last year's, and this feeling is said to be quite general. The average price paid throughout the season last year, was 42½c, so that should the clip be sold at the proposed rates we should this year receive but an average of 37½c.

The following are the nominal rates:

FLEECE—	Common, native	30@34c
	Quarter blood	33@35c
	Half blood	35@37c
	Three-quarter blood	38@42c
	Full blood Saxony	40@48c
PULLED—	No. 1	20@35c
	Superfine	20@35c
	Extra	35@40c
	Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat*.

Deaths.

IN West Webster, on the 30th ult., Mrs. MARGARET KENNEDY, aged 97 years and 5 months.

Advertisements.

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AN EVENING VOICE.

O'ER mellow wood and mournful stream
The shades of evening poise and fall;
The distant echoes dimly call,
Like voices in a dream.

The spirit of the dying day
Stirs with soft wave the gleamy grass;
Each floweret hears the spirit pass,
And what its whispers say:

"Take, darlings, take my farewell kiss;
Another happy day will shine,
With morning smile as bright as mine,
With evening hushed as this.

"But will it make you fade more fast,
Or pale your bloom, or dim your glow,
To feel that one who loved you so
Is buried in the past?"

The sun sinks down beneath the hill,
From peak to peak, from bole to bole,
Dies out the golden aureole,
And night comes gray and chill,—

Beckoning the gentle spirit on,
The plaintive spirit, doomed to die;
Heedless the drowsy flowerets lie
Of the sweet presence gone.

O, fond hearts lost with passing pain!
O, slighted smiles that once were ours!
O, loved, that in our happiest hours
May never share again! *Once a Week.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ANGRY WORDS.

BY "E. S. T."

[Concluded from page 180, last number.]

THEIR uncle and aunt retired early, and then JAMES said to his sister, "I have been making some arrangement with Uncle and Squire OLNEY, by which I can exchange our interest in the homestead for a fine tract of western land; but I did not wish to make a permanent bargain until I had learned your mind in regard to it,—what say you? If I take the western land, I shall go there to improve it, and should like very much to have you go with me in the capacity of housekeeper, at least for a little time."

"That is to say," replied MARCIA, "you wish me to break the way for Miss NETTIE RUGGLES; and I think I should like to go very much on some accounts. She hesitated a moment, and then, coming and seating herself by her brother, she rested her head on his arm, and said, in a trembling voice, "I feel sometimes as though you were all the friend I had on earth, and where thou goest, I will go. I think that you can do much better at the West than here, and am glad that you have so good an opportunity to obtain land there."

"I am much pleased that you feel so, and I can now perfect the arrangements with a light heart. I feared you would object; and now let me assure you that your interests shall ever be first with me,—a home as good and pleasant as I can make, shall ever be yours; and as I improve the land, one-third of the proceeds shall be secured to you. This, I think, will be better for you than to deed you one-half of the wild land, will it not?"

"Indeed, it will, JAMES, and I ought not to feel sad while I have so good a brother,—one of the best in the world, I believe," she added, with a loving smile. Could she have peeped into her brother's private drawer, she would have found there that which would have given her more pleasure than all the lands in the "Far West;" but she little dreamed of the deception he was practicing toward her,—little thought that it was he who had robbed her of her treasures. She did not see him as he sat at the desk that night, a specimen of her hand-writing before him, which he imitated with consummate skill, in the note which was to go to her lover, and sever so rudely the ties of affection which had so long bound his heart to hers.

It was her brother's wish to start for their new home as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made; and it was with many misgivings that she seated herself the next day to write to SANFORD, and acquaint him with the proposed change of her home. Although their last parting had been in anger, and she had received no word from him since his return home, she could not make up her mind to go away so far without his knowledge. So the letter was written, and confided to her brother to be posted, and, of course, it went,—not into the mail bag, but into her brother's drawer to keep the other company.

A week passed, and as her brother returned from the village, he brought her a package from the office. She took it eagerly and hurried up to room with it; but it contained no welcome words, for it was that which SANFORD had proudly returned to her without a word of comment on the reception of the one which he believed she had sent to him. Her heart sank within her as she looked at its contents. She could doubt no longer,—he no longer loved her, and the sweet dream of her youth must fade forever. No sleep visited her eyes that night, and as her brother saw her pale and anguished face in the morning, his heart almost misgave him; but he had gone too far now to retract—so he endeavored by the most assiduous attentions to win her thoughts from her sorrow. She thanked him in her heart for his delicate kindness, and thought her life would be a blank indeed without her brother. But, somehow, she could not help thinking that there was a fearful mistake somewhere, and she hoped that when SANFORD should receive the letter she had written him, that the mystery would, in some way, be solved. So one afternoon she started out for a walk, determined to call at the office herself, in hopes to hear from him; but her errand was fruitless, and on her return she was joined by one whom she cared little to see,—HENRY RUGGLES. He had walked but a few steps by her side ere she descried a person approaching them, who her heart told her with its sudden bound, was GEORGE SANFORD. He had come,—she should speak with him,—all would be explained,—all would be well; but no,—he passed her without a word or look of kindness, and she felt ready to faint beneath the load of desolation which weighed upon her. She scarcely realized a word which her companion said to her; and, arrived at home, she shut the door almost rudely in his face, and hurried up to her own room. Her brother caught sight of her countenance as she passed him, and he was absolutely frightened at its expression of terrible despair.

The morning found her wild with delirium; and as day after day passed, and the fever, which had taken hold on her brain, continued to rage, a voice, sounding like thunder to the conscience-stricken brother, seemed continually saying to him, "this is your cruel work." But it did not prevent his being constantly by her to attend to her wants; and when, at last, the fever left her, and she awoke from a refreshing sleep, pale and helpless as an infant, but with coolness in all her veins, and reason's lucid light in her eye, the strong man wept aloud for joy; and every one said, "how tenderly JAMES WELDON loves his sister. So judgeth the world.

MARCIA soon regained her health; the soft bloom again rested on her cheek; but there was a dull, heavy pain, eating into her heart, and she looked forward to their journey with pleasure. Contrary to his first plan, JAMES persuaded the lady of his choice, NETTIE RUGGLES, to accompany him as his bride, so that when they were finally settled in their new home, MARCIA found that she had few cares to occupy herself with, and many an hour of leisure was spent in thinking sadly of the unreturning past. But soon her own good sense aroused her to the consciousness that her sorrow was rusting into her heart, eating away slowly, but surely, the blessed feelings of hope and trust, which were lying dormant there. This will never do, she said to herself,—I must not, because one blessing has been removed from me, throw all the rest away; I must find something to do to make myself useful, and thus contented. And the vocation of teacher, which she chose, was one amply sufficient to keep her both usefully and pleasantly employed.

It is well for us mortals, that we cannot lift the veil which hides the future from our view, and read there the long list of trials in store for us,—the secret influences of time gently prepare us to endure those sorrows, the very thought of which, in brighter days, would have overwhelmed us with their immensity. Thus it proved with MARCIA. In the faithful discharge of the duties of teacher, she not only felt her own heart grow happier, but she endeared herself to all with whom she became associated—both parents and scholars. She had suffered long and deeply, but the innate cheerfulness which formed so distinguished a part of her character, was not quenched, although its fire was somewhat dimmed,—the eagerness of hope somewhat checked; for she had learned that earthly hopes are often delusive; but she felt that GOD was over all; and she learned, through trust in Him, to look forward to the future with a calm and holy faith, that all would be well with her.

Five years glided away, and she was still a teacher in the same school in which she had first assumed that office. It was a cold and somewhat gloomy afternoon in November, that she started with little MARY BELL (one of her pupils,) to visit a family residing some distance from Mr. BELL'S, (whose house was her home when teaching,) and who she had learned were all suffering with that scourge of the West—ague. She found much for her busy hands to do, in ministering to the wants of the family,—the time glided away more quickly, it seemed, than usual—so that when she and her young companion started for home, the sun was just sinking behind a dark, heavy cloud, and the cold wind was blowing as only prairie winds can,—the twilight, ever of short duration there, quickly faded away,—the black clouds, driven before the wind, soon covered all the sky, and a disagreeable sleet came dashing in their faces. "Well," said MARCIA, to her little friend, "we are not likely to have a very pleasant walk home, but we must make the best of it. So, drawing her veil closely over her face, and holding MARY'S hand firmly in her own, she struggled on.

Unconsciously she selected the wrong path from the many which crossed and re-crossed the prairie, leading in every conceivable direction. They walked on rapidly for some time, until MARY exclaimed, "Miss WELDON, it seems to me that we ought to be most home, but I can't see father's house or any light either." MARCIA stopped in dismay; could it be that they were going wrong, and on such a night? Frightened and bewildered, she sought to change her course, but a few steps brought them to a deep ravine; they had missed the path altogether; it was now quite dark, and they eagerly strained their eyes in every direction to discover, if possible, some friendly light to guide them, but there was none to be seen,—they then tried to re-trace their steps to the house they had left, but in this they were also unsuccessful. The horrors of their situation almost overcame MARCIA, but she tried to comfort MARY with the hope that they might soon find the right path; and so they wandered on in the cold and driving storm, now stumbling into some miry slough, and now pausing to take breath, until little MARY sank down exhausted. MARCIA, distressed beyond measure, tore off her own shawl to wrap around the little chilled form, and felt in heart a sense of utter desolation and terror. They could go no further, and must they perish there? The wild winds howled and shrieked around them, and their garments were covered with the frozen sleet, and a terrible death was before them: but the bitter cold fast deadened the sense of weariness and pain, and closely locked in each other's arms, they were chilled into insensibility.

CHAPTER III.

It was a cold November evening that brought GEORGE SANFORD to the railroad station nearest his sister's residence in Illinois. "Can I procure a conveyance here to take me to Mr. BARTON'S on 'Pleasant Prairie?'"—he asked of a hackman, who stood near. "I think you can, sir, for I saw Mr. BARTON himself in WILSON'S grocery store a few moments ago." SANFORD passed over to the place mentioned, and there had the pleasure of clasping hands with his brother-in-law, and exchanging those rapid questions and answers, which always pass in quick succession between friends who thus meet. As soon as Mr. BARTON concluded making his purchases, they were ready to start for their homeward ride. "It is a very disagreeable night, to ride," said he,—"are you clothed warm?—one almost needs a suit of fur to ride against the fierce prairie winds." SANFORD laughingly assured him that his heavy overcoat was "wind proof," and after disposing of his various purchases (among which were candles and a lantern,) under the seat of the carriage, and crowding SANFORD'S trunk in front of them, they started off at a good speed, conversing pleasantly by the way.

"How is this, GEORGE, that you are still a bachelor? Among all the beautiful ladies, gay, pensive or serene, whom you have met in your mingllings with society, I should have thought that, long ere this time, you would have chosen one for a life companion?"

"That I might do, perhaps, if I could forget the memory of the past," replied GEORGE.

"So there is an old flame in the question, is there? I did not know that, but because once you have been jilted by a pretty maiden, is no reason why you should look with disdain upon the remainder of the sex?

"I do not *disdain* them," was the reply, "but I remember too well the kind, confiding heart, which I alienated from me, by my own imperiousness, to place another in the position which I once hoped that she might fill; and now, that, after a struggle of years, I have succeeded in mastering that temper which was the bane of my earlier life, I can see how cruel that disposition sometimes made me, and cannot blame her that she chose to free herself from an engagement to one who had no control over himself; I would give much to see her, and I sometimes hope that I may meet her again; as I have learned that she, with her brother, resides somewhere in this part of the State, although I have failed in learning the exact location."

"I dare say," returned Mr. BARTON, "that if you were to find her, it would be as the contented wife of some backwood's man who has not force of character enough to get up a storm of passion. Bah! how I hate your milk and water folks! Give me once in a while the thunder storm, which clears the atmosphere, and refreshes the thirsty earth, with its fierce descending drops."

"And what," replied SANFORD, "if the electric stroke should blight your dearest hopes of life?"

"Oh, that is another thing. It is best to use the curb of reason once in a while, but the trouble is, it is not always as strong as the tempest it would enchain. But a truce to this sober talk on such a gloomy night, it is enough to give one the 'blues.' Here, you take the lines and I will see if I can strike a light in the lantern, there is a bad 'slough' somewheres about here which I would like to avoid, by taking a circuit round it; I came near breaking down in crossing it by daylight."

After several ineffectual attempts he succeeded, and then turned off the beaten track and struck out on the prairie. They proceeded some distance in safety, but at length the horse suddenly stopped, and no coaxing or urging could induce him to proceed.

"Is he balky?" asked SANFORD.

"As true as steel, was the reply, but something is wrong, or he would not behave so, would you 'John?'" he said, as he jumped to the ground and gently patted the dark, glossy mane of the noble animal. "Here, give me the lantern, and I will see what is the trouble."

The light was handed him and the moment he turned it in front of the horse, an exclaimation of horror burst from his lips.

"What is wrong?" cried SANFORD.

"Come here and help me, quickly," was the reply. "Here are two persons on the ground, dead, I fear!"

SANFORD sprang to his side, and as they turned the face of one of the forms to the light, a cry of anguish burst from her lips, "Oh, MARCIA! is it *thus* we meet?"

Mr. BARTON also recognized MARCIA WELDON and her companion, MARY BELL, and he also comprehended that they were only exhausted and chilled, for MARY, being more warmly clothed, was less benumbed than MARCIA. The sound of the voice aroused her, and grasping the other's arm she cried, "Oh, Miss WELDON, we are saved, we are saved!

In the mean time Mr. BARTON, wasting no time in idle exclamations, hurried to the carriage and soon drew from his basket a bottle, with a portion of the contents of which he began moistening the lips of the sufferers.

"What is that?" asked SANFORD.

"Something," he replied, with a smile, "which I always carry with me when I ride over these prairies on a winter's night, and which I trust will soon convince you that there is plenty of vitality left in these poor wanderers yet." The *fiery* liquid proved equal to its reputation, and they soon had the satisfaction of seeing MARCIA also aroused from the stupor into which she had fallen.

GEORGE SANFORD was as one dumb, after the sound of her voice fell upon his ear, and he prudently kept himself as much as possible from her sight, hoping, thereby, that she might not recognize him, rightly thinking that some other time would be better for that purpose; so he silently assisted Mr. BARTON to place them in the carriage, and as silently tore off his heavy shawl, which he wrapped around the form of her who had been thus providentially restored to him. After making the "lost ones" as comfortable as they could, and learning the particulars of their evening's wanderings, they again started for home. Their progress was slow, for both gentlemen were obliged to walk, partly to make room for their unexpected company, and partly to supply that warmth by exercise which they had lost with their coats and shawls, which were placed around MARCIA and her young companion. Fortunately, the distance was not great to Mr. BELL'S, and they were all well pleased when the loud welcome of the old house-dog told them their ride was drawing to its close.

Great was the astonishment of Mr. and Mrs. BELL, on being aroused to admit the party. They had felt no uneasiness at the absence of MARCIA and MARY, for they intended, when leaving home, to remain all night with the invalids, should their presence be deemed necessary. A blazing fire was soon roaring on the ample hearth, and all that love or ingenuity could suggest was performed for the comfort of those who had been thus providentially restored to their home.—Mr. BELL thought it very strange that Mr. BARTON did not introduce the gentleman with him to any one, and, stranger still, that he could not be persuaded to join the circle around the fire. For, in fact, SANFORD'S courage had deserted him, and, anxious as he was to reveal himself to her whom he felt that he loved still with all the pleasant fervor of youth, he yet feared to do so lest the sweet hope which had so suddenly sprung up in his heart might as suddenly be crushed out. But MARCIA was not content in speaking her thanks alone to Mr. BARTON for his timely aid,—she wished to include the generous stranger also, and rising, she advanced toward him, to express her gratitude; but as she looked for the first time full in his face, the half formed words died on her tongue; a sudden paleness overspread her face, and she sank half fainting toward the floor, and would have fallen had it not been for GEORGE SANFORD, who sprang forward to assist her.

"What is the meaning of all this," exclaimed Mr. BELL, regarding this strange pantomime with much surprise.

"It means," replied SANFORD, "that Miss WELDON and myself are not strangers to each other,—it means too, I hope," he added, as the bright color sprung back to her cheek, "that she remembers me as kindly as I do her."

There was an awkward pause of a moment, but Mr. BELL was a man of quick perceptions, and he judged that a few moments private conversation might be very agreeable to these "old friends," so silently motioning Mr. BARTON to follow him, he passed into the kitchen where his good wife was busy preparing a warm supper for her unexpected guests, little MARY sitting by in an easy chair, and apparently enjoying the warm fire and the sight of her dear mother's face very much.

And so, had they thus strangely been thrown together, GEORGE SANFORD and MARCIA WELDON, between whom a few angry words had been the first cause of a seperation of long and lonely years to both. And how few words,—loving, trusting forgoing words,—did it take to right the wrongs of years. That was a very agreeable conversation which was interrupted by Mrs. BELL'S summons to supper, but people cannot live on pleasant talk,—they must *eat* as well, and so the good things with which the table was loaded were well attended to, and many a questioning look was directed to the crimsoning cheeks and down-cast eyes of MARCIA, which were not answered on that evening. But they were answered most satisfactorially, when, in the ensuing spring, they saw her place her hand in that of GEORGE SANFORD, and assent to the solemn vow which bound her to him for life, and gave her that sweet title—"*wife*." JAMES WELDON confessed to them the part which he had acted in bringing about their first and only estrangement, and solicited that forgiveness which was readily granted him, for they were too happy in the present to harbor resentment for past deeds of wrong. Years have passed away, bringing the mingled cares and joys of life; but while they bow with sweet submission to the adverse storms which sometimes rudely toss the sea of life, they ever strive to shun, as baneful things, the dark and cruel list of ANGRY WORDS.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1860.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—ACROSTICAL.

I AM composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 2, 8 is a kind of liquor.
My 2, 1, 12, 8, 6, 7, 8, 14 is an aromatic plant.
My 3, 5, 10, 3, 2 is used by painters.
My 4, 3, 14, 4, 13, 10 was king of Persia.
My 5, 4 is a useful implement.
My 6, 5, 12, 3 is the center of a wheel.
My 7, 11, 6 is the lodge of wild beasts.
My 8, 5, 9 is the organ of hearing.
My 9, 1, 12, 5, 6 is a large, black fowl.
My 10, 13, 12, 13, 6 is a number.
My 11, 5, 9, 2 is a title of nobility.
my 12, 3, 6, 15, 10 is the goddess of love.
My 13, 8, 2 is a kind of fish.
My 14, 11, 7 is a color.
My 15, 14, 5, 6, 15, 10 is a planet discovered by Herschel.
My 16, 13, 5, 2 is a marine animal.

My whole was a beneficent and enlightened Emperor of Rome.

Pleasant Grove, M. T., 1860. B. W. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

AT what time, after five o'clock, will the minute hand form with the hour hand an angle of twenty-five degrees; and in how long after will the same hands form an obtuse angle which shall be in proportion to a right-angle as sixteen to fifteen? J. M. W.

Albion, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

SOLUTION OF POETICAL ENIGMA IN No. 540.

Devil is a name that's dishonored, though inserted here,
Which, read backwards, a verb in past tense will appear,
Expressing what always may truly be said
Of the Statesman, the Warrior, or Patriot, dead.
My next is a small word, always spelled *e-v-i-l*,
And called a distinguishing trait of the Devil,
Which, read from the right, the word *live* it will show,
Which, as long as we live we are hoping to do.
For the bird of the east, the *Ibis* we try,
Which, in Latin, reversed, to himself will apply;
Fled is what villians and cowards have done in their fear,
Which, read backwards, a class of utensils appear.
An *Idol* is worshiped—read backwards, the name
Of *Lodi*, well know in the annals of fame;
Emit is what burning volcanoes do with their fire,
Reversed, we have *time*, what the dying desire.
Last, *deliver* is sweet to the prisoner's ear;
Reversed, and *reviled* his fate will appear.
The initials, in order arranged, will proclaim
Deified, the desire of the votary of fame—
Read backward and forward still ever the same.

We've sought the words which, in shadow, were thrown,
Arranged them in order, and let them be known;
We've gathered our wits, tried what we could do,
And this new solution we've written for you.

Unionville, Chester Co., Pa., 1860. IOTA.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 541.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Josephine, the wife of Napoleon.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—A had $3,500 at 10 per cent; B had $5,000 at 7 per cent.

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D	Mends DOLLS	D
E	Mends ETAGERES	E
F	Mends FANS	F
G	Mends GUITARS	G
H	Mends HARPS	H
I	Mends INLAID WORK	I
J	Mends JARS	J
K	Mends KNOBS	K
L	Mends LEATHER-WORK	L
M	Mends MIRROR-FRAMES	M
N	Mends NEWEL POSTS	N
O	Mends OTTOMANS	O
P	Mends PIANO-FORTES	P
Q	Mends QUILT-FRAMES	Q
R	Mends ROCKING-HORSES	R
S	Mends SOFAS	S
T	Mends TABLES	T
U	Mends UMBRELLA-STICKS	U
V	Mends VASES	V
W	Mends WORK-BOXES	W
X	Mends XYLOGRAPHIC WORK	X
Y	Mends YARDSTICKS	Y
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&—In conclusion, SPALDINGS PREPARED GLUE is useful in Libraries and Schools.

1	S	Mends SOFAS	S 1
2	P	Mends PITCHERS	P 2
3	A	Mends ACCORDEONS	A 3
4	L	Mends LETTER-SEALING	L 4
5	D	Mends DAGUERREOTYPE CASES	D 5
6	I	Mends IMAGES	I 6
7	N	Mends NEW BREAKAGES	N 7
8	G	Mends GUN-STOCKS	G 8
9	S	Mends SCHOOL-BOOKS	S 9
10	P	Mends PARASOLS	P 10
11	R	Mends RULERS	R 11
12	E	Mends ELECTRICAL MACHINES	E 12
13	P	Mends PAPER-HANGINGS	P 13
14	A	Mends ARM-CHAIRS	A 14
15	R	Mends RICKETY FURNITURE	R 15
16	E	Mends ERASER HANDLES	E 16
17	D	Mends DESKS	D 17
18	G	Mends GLOBES	G 18
19	L	Mends LOOSENED LEAVES	L 19
20	U	Mends UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE	U 20
21	E	Mends EGG-BEATERS	E 21
22		Mends ACORN-WORK	22
23		Mends CHESS-BOARDS	23
24		Mends FIDDLES	24
25		Mends SHELL-WORK	25
26		Mends FILLET WORK	26
27		Mends HOBBY-HORSES	27
28		Mends KALEIDESCOPES	28
29		Mends MONEY-BOXES	29
30		Mends PICTURE-FRAMES	30
31		Mends SECRETARIES	31
32		Mends VENEERING	32
33		Mends SCHOOL FURNITURE	33
34		Mends PAPER-MACHE	34
35		Mends WARDROBES	35
36		Mends PARIAN MARBLE	36
37		Mends CRIBS	37
38		Mends BABY-JUMPERS	38
39		Mends IVORY-WORK	39
40		Mends MATCH-SAFES	40
41		Mends PICTURES	41
42		Mends QUILL-WHEELS	42
43		Mends TOWEL-RACKS	43
44		Mends WASH-STANDS	44
45		Mends BEDSTEADS	45
46		Mends DRUMS	46
47		Mends CHESSMEN	47
48		Mends BALLOT-BOXES	48
49		Mends HERBARIUMS	49
50		Mends BACKGAMMON-BOARDS	50
51		Mends BAND-BOXES	51
52		Mends BLACK-BOARDS	52
53		Mends BASS VIOLS	53
54		Mends BILLIARD-TABLES	54
55		Mends BILLIARD-CUES	55
56		Mends BIRD-CAGES	56
57		Mends BROOMSTICKS	57
58		Mends BOOK-CASES	58
59		Mends BOOT-CRIMPS	59
60		Mends BRUSH-HANDLES	60
61		Mends BRUSHES	61
62		Mends CABINETS	62
63		Mends CHURNS	63
64		Mends CLOCK-CASES	64
65		Mends CRUTCHES	65
66		Mends CUPBOARDS	66
67		Mends CURTAINS	67
68		Mends CASINOS	68
69		Mends CADDIES	69
70		Mends CAMERAS	70
71		Mends CHAIRS	71
72		Mends CHARTS	72
73		Mends CLOTHES FRAMES	73
74		Mends CARD-CASES	74
75		Mends CHESTS	75
76		Mends DIARIES	76
77		Mends WORK-STANDS	77
78		Mends DRAUGHT-BOARDS	78
79		Mends DISHES	79
80		Mends DIVANS	80
81		Mends DICE-BOXES	81
82		Mends DOORS	82
83		Mends DOMINOES	83
84		Mends FIREBOARDS	84
85		Mends FLUTES	85
86		Mends BALLUSTERS	86
87		Mends GLASSWARE	87
88		Mends HANDLES	88
89		Mends GUTTAPERCHA-WARE	89
90		Mends KITES	90
91		Mends TOPS	91
92		Mends ORGANS	92
93		Mends MODELS	93
94		Mends SEWING-MACHINE STANDS	94
95		Mends PANELS	95
96		Mends PASTEBOARD WORKS	96
97		Mends PATTERNS	97
98		Mends SIDEBOARDS	98
99		Mends WOODEN-WARE	99
100		Mends WILLOW-WARE	100

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XI. NO. 24.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 544.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Bloody Milk.

CAN you, or any of your numerous readers, inform me what will cure a cow that gives bloody milk? I have a very valuable cow, and this season (from two teats,) she gives bloody milk.—A CONSTANT READER, *Pinckney, Mich.*, 1860.

EACH spring brings to our table a host of inquiries, the import of which is distinctly shadowed forth in the one above selected. We now have a dozen, or more, and though we can add nothing to what has appeared in former volumes of the RURAL, the wants of those at present seeking for relief require a statement of the causes leading to the ailments under which their stock suffers, and the means to be employed in order to restore them to health and thrift.

In the case of "Constant Reader," as well as the others now before us, the disease is known as *Garget*, a malady which attacks the internal portion of the udder. In the earlier stages, one of the teats, or the quarters, becomes enlarged, hot, and tender,—it soon begins to feel hard, is knotty, containing within it small, distinct, hardened tumors or kernels. The disease spreads, and other portions assume the same character. The milk coagulates, and where it lodges, local inflammation ensues. A greater or less degree of fever is usually attendant.

The symptoms attending general inflammations of this character, though all may not be apparent, are *swelling, redness, pain,* and *heat*. The *swelling* is caused by distension of the vessels of the part, at the outset, but effusions from the surface afterward take place. *Redness* is the result of a surplus quantity of blood being present in the vessels. *Pain* is produced by the pressure of the enlarged vessels upon the nerves of sensation. *Heat*, an invariable symptom of inflammation, is owing to the development of more than an ordinary amount of caloric, from the presence of an unusual quantity of arterial blood. The part inflamed is more abundantly supplied with blood than when in a healthy condition,—if the inflammation is not suppressed the blood vessels become enlarged, and a permanent enlargement often results.

The causes for inflammation in the disease under consideration, are various. Garget may be brought on by exposure of the animal to cold and wet at the time of, or soon after, parturition, and by high condition. Hastily drying a cow has produced indurations not easily removed. Lying upon and bruising the udder is another cause. Another source of this evil,—and, probably, the most fruitful one,—is the careless habit of not milking the cow clean, leaving a quantity of milk in the bag to irritate and inflame.

When garget is taken in the incipient stages, the best remedy is to let the calf suck and knock about the udder at pleasure. Relief soon follows, the milk flows, dispersing the lumps. Should the fever increase and the cow refuse to eat, or cease to ruminate, and the milk become discolored and bloody, the case must receive immediate attention. YOUATT recommends bleeding, a dose of physic, the udder well fomented, the milk drawn gently but completely off, at least twice in each day, and an ointment, composed of the following ingredients, thoroughly rubbed into the bag:—Soft soap, one pound; mercurial ointment, two ounces; camphor, rubbed down with a little spirit of wine, one ounce—rub well together. Apply after milking, the udder being well fomented with warm water, and the remains of the ointment washed off before the next milking. If this fails to speedily remove the disease, *iodine* must be resorted to. The mode of application is external, in the form of an ointment, (one part of the hydriodate of potash being incorported with seven parts of lard,) one or two drachms (about the size of a filbert,) of which should be rubbed into the diseased portion of the udder morning and night. Doses of the hydriodate may daily be given internally with a little gruel, gradually increasing from six to twelve grains.

While the disease is in progress the bowels should be kept open, and for this purpose take half doses of the following:—Epsom salts, one pound; powdered caraway seeds, half an ounce. Dissolve in a quart of warm gruel. A fever drink composed of emetic tartar, one drachm; powdered digitalis, half drachm; nitre, three drachms; mix and give in a quart of tolerably thick gruel. A drink more decidedly diuretic is made of powdered nitre, one ounce; powdered resin, two ounces; ginger, two drachms,—mix well together in a little molasses, and give in warm gruel. This latter drink it will be well to continue for two or three weeks after all bloody discharges have ceased.

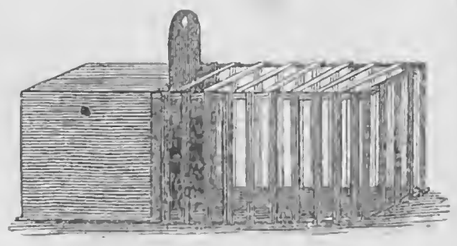
The treatment recommended by Dr. DADD is to perseveringly foment the teats, or quarters that have become hot and tender, with an infusion of elder or camomile flowers, at the same time drawing, in the most gentle manner, a small quantity of milk. He then gives an aperient—one pint of linseed oil and the yolks of two eggs, or one pint of sweet oil and half a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper—and keeps the animal on light diet. If there is any danger of matter forming, rub the bag with equal parts of goose oil and hot drops. If the parts are exceedingly painful, a wash of weak lye, or wood ashes, or sal soda, is recommended. If necessity compels the use of the lancet, after the matter is evacuated the part is washed clean and a stimulating liniment applied.

There are a thousand and one specifics recommended by cow-doctors and those who have recipes and medicines to dispose of; but we would place reliance upon the systems of treatment above given, believing that either, if faithfully applied, will accomplish all for which it is intended.

Gapes in Chickens.

WILL the RURAL, or some of its numerous subscribers, state, in its columns, a preventive or cure for the gapes in young chickens? Also, the kind of food best adapted for them?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Peekskill, N. Y.*

WE have never been very successful in curing the gapes in young chickens, but prevention is not difficult. If young chickens are confined in a close, dirty house, or a small yard, saturated with the droppings of fowls, they are almost sure to suffer from the gapes. The best way to manage chickens is to place the hen in a good coop as soon as she is ready to leave the nest. The coop should have two apartments—one for use in the night that can be closed every evening, so that the chickens cannot get out until the dew is somewhat dried. This is also a great security against cats, rats, &c., as these marauders do their work in the nights or early in the morning. The outside apartment should have no bottom board. The form of this coop will be seen by the engraving.



Place the coop in the walks of the garden among the melons and cucumbers, and the chickens will remain healthy and destroy an innumerable number of insects, more than enough to compensate for the trouble and expense of keeping. Keep clean water always accessible in shallow dishes. Feed bread crumbs, scalded corn meal as dry as possible, and after a few days old, give a little grain occasionally, as refuse wheat.

Hoeing Corn.

SOME of the farmers with whom I am acquainted, and who are considered good at their business, contend that corn, if well cultivated, is as good or better than if hoed. Is this so? If so, we ought to know it, as we might thereby save a good deal of labor.—A FARMER, *Wheatland, N. Y.*, 1860.

THE object of hoeing is to pulverize the soil and make it in a proper condition for the use of the roots, and also to admit air and moisture. It matters very little to the corn, we imagine, whether this is accomplished with the hoe or the cultivator, so that it is well done. The hoe is a very superficial implement. It is very well for killing small weeds, and lightening the surface of the ground, but in good hands it cannot be made to work to any depth, and, as generally used, it is of very little more effect than the scratching of a hen. Deep culture between the rows with a plow, or even the cultivator, is far more thorough. After this it is well to pass through the rows to uncover any hills that may need it, and to remove any weeds that may be left. Corn, which has been planted on well prepared, clean ground, needs little or no hoeing; the after-culture may be performed with the cultivator or plow. One of the best farmers in the town where our correspondent resides, informed us last season that he had adopted the practice of using the cultivator thoroughly—two or three times—and not hoeing his corn at all, the result being that he obtained as good, if not better, crops than formerly, with less labor and expense in cultivation.

EXPERIENCE IN UNDERDRAINING.—NO. I.

HAVING done, and hired done, a good deal of underdraining within the past few years, (about 1,050 to 1,100 rods, or nearly 3¼ miles, since 1855,) we are prepared to "talk like a book,"—or, if there is any prejudice against book-farming, we will say *from experience*,—on this subject. And we propose to give some of said experience, for the benefit of RURAL readers, especially in regard to the expense of ditching and some of the means by which it may be lessened.

We think a great misapprehension prevails in regard to the cost of making underdrains,—It being generally considered more expensive than it really is. We know it has not cost us as much as we expected; and as many others, who admit the importance of draining, may be deterred by its supposed expensiveness, we deem it essential to the cause of farm "Progress and Improvement," that this matter should be set right. We have seen estimates of the cost of draining in which the ditches were run through the field at the uniform distance of two rods apart, and the cost, at fifty cents and upwards per rod, was made to amount to $40 or $45 per acre. No wonder that at this rate the expense of draining has been made a stumbling block, and the great bug-bear to frighten farmers from farm improvement. We protest against any such calculations, for it is scarcely possible for even the *most thorough* underdraining to cost *nearly* so much.

In the first place, even on low, wet land, drains do not need to be placed so near as two or even three rods apart. A good drain should drain from two to three rods on each side, according to its depth—(the deeper the drains, of course the further on each side they will dry the land.) We find that drains three feet deep will drain the land from two and one-half to three rods on each side, or five or six rods wide, while two feet drains will only drain half that width. But with a retentive clay subsoil, the deep drain is little better than the shallow one, and it is better to make them little more than two feet deep, of course placing them nearer to each other. When the subsoil is moderately porous, drains should never be made less than three feet deep, (of course taking care to secure a good outlet,) and we have made some nearly 4½ feet, filling in two feet of stone, in order to get them out of the way. Taking four rods apart as sufficiently close to secure dryness of low, flat land, we find 40 rods of drains per acre. On much of our rolling land they will not be needed, except between the gentle rises of the ground. On much of this kind of land 20 or 25 rods per acre, or even less, will make the ground dry enough for all practicable purposes.

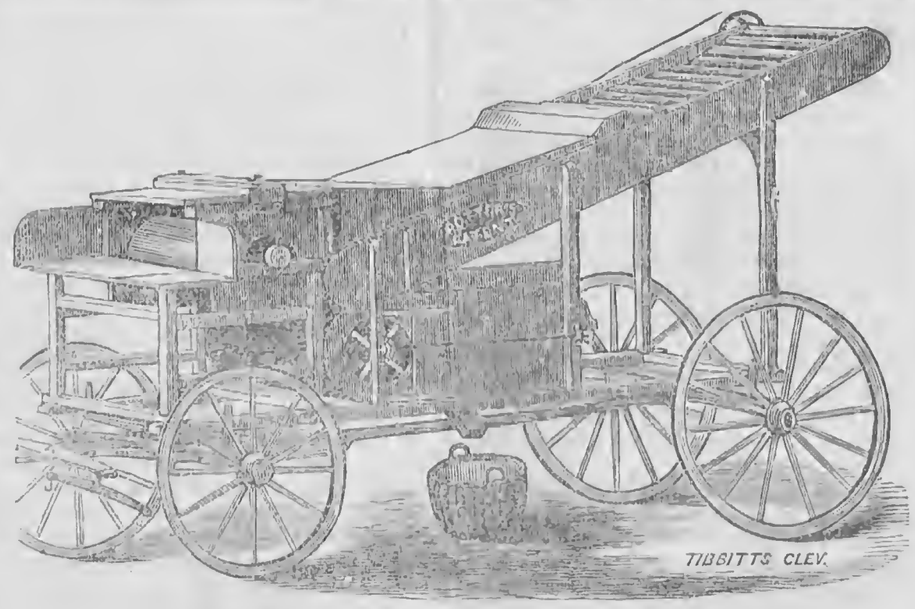
Now, then, as to the cost per rod. Drains are frequently dug by the job, at one shilling to eighteen pence per rod, and even higher, according to depth and the hardness of the ground. As they are generally dug, eighteen pence is but a fair average price. But this is by no means the cheapest way to have ditching done. There are various drain diggers, patented and in operation, but we are not acquainted with their working, having never seen any operate. But where these cannot be tried, the common *plow* is a good substitute, and should always be used. By plowing two or three paces from the center of the proposed ditch, turning the furrows out *from* the center, a dead furrow can be made ten to fifteen inches deep. It would be advisable to let the plow in several inches deeper the last two or three furrows, though we have seldom done it. Where it is not sward land, in which case it would of course be impracticable, this process should be repeated, plowing a little *wider* than at first, by which five or ten inches more may be loosened—making, when the loose dirt is cleaned out, quite a respectable ditch, from eighteen to twenty inches deep. In a dead furrow, thus deepened, a man can dig one-half more, to the depth of three feet, than by beginning at the surface.

What we have done on the farm at draining has mostly been at parts of days, seldom a whole day at a time; but we have hired a good deal done, at $1 per day, and find from eight to ten or twelve rods per day a good day's work, varying according to the hardness of the ground. Sometimes we have had fourteen or fifteen rods dug in a day, three feet deep; but it was very easy digging. Taking ten rods as a good day's work, in ground well plowed out, and it will average 10 cts. per rod, for three foot ditch,—merely for the cost of digging. We say nothing of cost of plowing out the ditch, as it is but a trifle, and much more than re-paid generally by the benefit it affords to the soil.

Next, as to the cost of material. If stone are used, it is difficult estimating the exact cost; in fact, they generally cost nothing, except the labor of procuring and laying them, and this varies so much that each farmer must of necessity make his own calculations as to the expense. Two-inch pipe tile can be obtained in Rochester at $10 per thousand, or one cent apiece. These are large enough for the great majority of drains—for all, in fact, except the main drain, into which the others empty. As thirteen will lay a rod, the cost of the ditch, excepting laying and filling in, is only 23 cents per rod. Where the bottom of the drain has been smoothed so as to remove all inequalities, (for which a narrow hoe is convenient,) the laying of the tile is very quickly performed. Care must be taken to prevent the depression of the tile in the soft places, for if a tile sinks below the others it will in time fill up, so as to leave no room for the water to pass through. A spirit level and a long narrow board, of uniform width, are also very useful where the ground is almost level, in order to see that there is a *uniform* fall. Two inches fall in fourteen feet is plenty—but one inch, or even less, will do, provided it is uniform.

In filling in the ditch, a little straw should be thrown on the tile in order to keep the loose dirt from running in at the joints, before it gets settled. Some prefer coarse gravel for covering the joints of the tile, and where it can be easily obtained it may be well to use it; but straw will do very well. We have used each with good results. Then throw in a little dirt to prevent the tile from being broken or misplaced, and plow in the soil again. It is no matter if some of the yellow dirt from the subsoil remains on the surface. It will soon be as good as any, and we think a little better for wheat.

You have now a ditch completed, (three feet deep,) at a cost, (allowing two cents per rod for laying tile and filling in, which we think is enough,) of only 25 cents per rod. We can aver that the cost of our ditches, with two inch tile, has rarely exceeded this, and on easily digged ground has often fallen below it. So the cost of thoroughly draining *wet* land,—drains four rods apart, or forty rods per acre,—is just $10; and on much of our land, where wheat *almost always* winter-kills, the soil can be made dry enough at a width of twenty rods, at a cost of $5 per acre. Those who have thought draining too expensive to pay, will see that it is not impossible for two crops, or even one, by their *increased* value, to more than pay all the cost of draining the land. We are quite certain it frequently does. But Draining is a *permanent* investment, and it is not fair to charge one crop with all the expense. The *real annual* cost of this draining, costing $5 or $10 per acre, is 35 to 70 cents per year. Having thus disposed of the bug-bear of expense, we propose to continue *other* portions of the subject in our next.—W. J. F.



POTTER'S PATENT GRAIN CLEANER.

As the season for their use is again approaching, Grain Cleaners, Separators, Threshers, &c., will soon be in demand, and any improvements or new inventions in such machinery will be regarded with interest at the present time. As an improvement which we believe worthy the notice of grain growers, we call attention to the machine above represented, the invention of Mr. AUSTIN POTTER, of Williamson, N. Y., and patented in June last. Though we have not witnessed its operation, the testimony of reliable farmers is such that we have no doubt of its value.

Mr. A. TODD, Jr., of Pultneyville, N. Y., who has the agency of this Cleaner, says:—"The machine has been thoroughly tested during the last season with two and eight horse powers, and given universal satisfaction. The advantages claimed for this machine are, that it requires less power to produce the same results than any other in use, and is especially adapted to the use of two-horse powers. It is so simple in its construction as to be easily understood and operated by the farmer. The Cleaner is separate from the thresher frame, and can be attached to any thresher at a trifling cost, thereby saving to such as have cylinders the expense of purchasing new. It has an adjustable slide-board, connecting the cylinder and endless apron (or straw carrier,) which aids in separating the straw from the grain and prevents it from accumulating inside the apron. An elongated shake-board gives a regular discharge of grain and chaff to the shoe, and thus obviates clogging. The arrangement for regulating the shake of the shoe is very simple and effectual." For further information see advertisement in this paper.

UP-THE-VALLEY NOTINGS.

A GOOD thing is it to get away from brick walls, dusty streets, crowded thoroughfares and noisome atmospheres, into the country, where the whole man may expand and grow as GOD ordained. The view is no longer confined by the rear of that "four-story" structure across the narrow street,—there is a world beyond,—a glorious world,—where the eye, sweeping over hill-top and glen, may take in the beauties with which Nature has decked herself for the Summer Festival. Here can we breathe full and free, nor fear that infection has laid its impost upon the wings of morning,—the eye loses its lack-luster expression and lights up with a sensation of coming blessing,—the cheek puts away its shadowy shrond for the garment of health,—the life-current bounds with an energy refreshing and invigorating the entire being. "A good thing is it," we re-iterated when we found ourselves comfortably seated in the cars, and rapidly moving toward the first point where we hoped to spend a few hours in social intercourse with friends, and in gathering such information as may be obtained from every leaf in the great Book of Nature, and by contact with those who may be ranked among her true children,—the followers of the Plow.

Avon was quickly signaled, and the iron horse

exchanged for a pair of flesh and blood. After a pleasant drive, of about half an hour, across the "Genesee Flats" and over the hills, the hospitable mansion of ORANGE SACKETT, Esq., in the town of York, was reached. The farm of Mr. S. contains about eight hundred acres, and comprises both upland and the "flat" within its limits. In past years, when the wheat crop was the main dependance of the farmer, the culture of that cereal was made the specialty of this estate, but the midge forced into other branches of farm economy, and the growth of wool, together with raising stock for market, have divided the attention of the occupants.

Following the bent of inclination, we were soon viewing the flocks and herds. Upward of six hundred fine wool ewes are kept. A sufficient number are annually bred pure to renew the flock, while the remaining portion are crossed with the South-Down, and the produce sold to butchers and drovers. The entire fold,—sheep and lambs,—will now tally above 1,000 head. When this branch was first entered upon to any extent, the foot-rot threatened their almost entire destruction, and the hopes of the breeder, already drooping under the blight of the wheat crop, were anything but cheering. Experience and care have, however, dispelled these fears, and rendered this department as certain of reward, as are any earthly speculations.

As intimately connected with this portion of our subject, mention may be made of the fact that, in our walk, we encountered a flock of sheep, numbering between 700 and 800, which had been driven from Ohio. Three weeks had been thus employed,—five days from Buffalo,—and, on inquiry, the drover stated that he had not lost even a lamb, while all were in better condition than when purchased. The distance passed over daily, varies from five to twelve miles,—being governed by the amount of feed obtainable from the wayside. Where the cropping is good they jog leisurely along,—where scanty, the pace is hurried somewhat. At night, and on the Sabbath, a lot is hired and the sheep turned in to eat and rest. Their destination was Onondaga Co., and it was expected that the entire journey would be accomplished in a manner similar to the many miles already traversed.

Within three or four years quite a change seems to have taken place in the opinions of the Valley farmers with reference to horned cattle. But few sections of the country could turn out more and better *blooded* stock than might be congregated along the banks of the Genesee, and, at that date, the object seemed to be the production of "*thorough breds*," with pedigrees of remarkable length and of undoubted purity. Now-a-days, however, the native breeds are looking up, and claiming their share of recognized virtues. Upon the farm we are at present traversing,—judging from the goodly number of cows in the dairy-yard,—a cross of the Short-horn and Native, has special claims. This cross is esteemed better at the pail, while the male product of the herd, which are raised to two or three year-olds, are more readily converted into beef.

Last season the June frost gave farmers up the river a visitation that will be long remembered. Mr. SACKETT had about 140 acres in wheat, which cold JACK so firmly placed his icy fingers upon, as to appropriate the entire crop. The present year, the area thus seeded, has been very materially reduced. Every means which could be adopted,—in location of ground, preparation of soil, selection of seed, &c.,—were pressed into requisition. Mediterranean and Soules are the varieties growing, and the promise is so munificent, that Mr. S. is busily engaged in fitting for future use, a breadth of ground equal to the production of such a crop as marked the olden time.

The culture of Peas has been neglected for a considerable period in the Genesee Valley, but here, also, we note something of a revolution. Summer fallowing is losing caste, and in preparing land for fall seeding, the *necessity* of a spring crop, especially where clover has run out, is advocated. For this purpose the pea seems to be eminently designed, as it shades the ground,—draws, with comparative lightness upon the nutritious elements contained in the soil,—is got out of the way readily,—the final touches previous to seeding may be readily given,—and, in addition, the value of the leguminous product for stock feeding cannot be gainsayed. This view of the matter has been the impelling agent in devoting a large surface to its growth; and we doubt not the result will be promotive of the interests of those specially interested.

Upon an eight hundred acre farm the question of labor is one of machinery, or human agency,—in other words, we must employ muscles of iron and steel, or those belonging to the sons of ADAM. With Mr. SACKETT the question seems to have been decided; and whatever can be accomplished by mechanical power, is thus performed. In the culture of Corn, the drill deposits the seed, and by the attachment of a plaster box, this fertilizing material is also sown. When the young shoots appear, the cultivator is the sole dependence for all after labor. If we are correct, the only call made upon the hoe is in rectifying the skips of the drill,—made apparent by the non-appearance of the sprouting grain,—and in uncovering such portions as may have been buried at the first use of the cultivator. An inquiry will be observed upon the first page of the present issue, in which a Wheatland subscriber is seeking for information upon this subject, and we hope Mr. S. will give his experience in reply thereto.

But our space warns us that we must be drawing these "Notings" to a close for the present. To generalize, Wheat is thought to have passed through its most trying stages, and promises well; Winter Barley looks remarkably fine; Spring Barley, though not as much sown as heretofore, is good; Oats seem to warrant large returns; and Corn and Potatoes, as far as can be judged thus early, will reward the husbandman for his labors. The dry weather experienced until within the past week, had its effect upon the Grass, and this crop threatened a light yield. Refreshing rains have visited us, however, and the promise of seed-time and harvest, vouchsafed by the Giver of every good and perfect gift, never seemed so certain of fulfillment as when next our people shall shout their Harvest Home.—K.

A DAY AMONG THE SHEEP.

MR. PITTS' SHEEP SHEARING.

I ACCEPTED an invitation—I have a habit of doing so—to attend a sheep shearing at WM. R. PITTS', of Richmond, Ont. Co., June 5th. "I beg leave most respectfully to report *progress*" among the sheep. Mr. PITTS sheared as follows:

1 Atwood Buck, 8 years old, fleece 13 lbs.

1 Buck, bred by Mr. Pitts, 2 years old, fleece 11 months growth, 17 lbs. 9 oz.

1 Buck, owned by Mr. Hamilton, 4 years old, weight 128 lbs., fleece 13 months growth, 22 lbs. 12 oz.

1 Ewe, age 14½ months, sheared 15 lbs. 4 oz., weight of carcass 57 lbs.

1 Ewe, age 14 months, sheared 14 lbs. 8 oz., weight of carcass 62 lbs.

1 Ewe, age 14 months, sheared 15 lbs., weight of carcass 58 lbs.

1 Ewe, age 3 years, fleece 13½ months growth, 17 lbs. 12 oz., carcass 90 lbs.

1 Ewe, age 3 years, fleece 13¼ months growth, 21 lbs. 6 oz., carcass 87 lbs.

1 Ewe, age 3 years, fleece 13½ months growth, 17 lbs. 12 oz., carcass 75 lbs.

1 Ewe, age 3 years, fleece 13½ months growth, 18 lbs., carcass 78 lbs.

1 Ewe, age 3 years, fleece 13½ months growth, 18 lbs., carcass 91 lbs.

The wool was unwashed; the sheep showed good care, but had not apparently been subjected to very high pressure. Deducting a half a pound or so for what had adhered to some of the sheep in consequence, I suppose, of bedding being scarce the past winter, the wool may be said to have been in good condition, for unwashed wool, and was by no means excessively oily. My friend PETERS would have been delighted at the absence of all "fishy smell."

Wool growers will be surprised at the remarkable yield, and will be interested to know something of the history of the sheep. They all, with the exception of the Atwood Buck, originated in the flock of JOHN T. RICH, of Vermont, which has a "national" reputation for constitution and weight of fleece. A few years ago JOSIAH C. TAFT, of West Bloomfield, a very skillful breeder of sheep, went to Vermont and purchased ten ewes, at $50 apiece, from the Rich flock. These he has bred principally to a Vermont buck (called in this section the Leech Buck,) remarkable for the weight of his fleece and the superior character of his stock. Though the ten sheep originally purchased by Mr. TAFT were thought by many to be unrivaled, Mr. TAFT'S present flock is manifestly superior to its illustrious predecessors.

The above ewes, or most of them, are from Mr. TAFT'S flock. For three of them Mr. PITTS paid $300. I confess I did not know what sheep were capable of doing, and I suppose the end is not yet. Of course extreme fineness is not consistent with the greatest weight, but these sheep are fair quality—fine enough for "Democrats" and "Republicans," and make an admirable cross with the lighter and finer flocks of this State and the West. We owe much to Vermont, but it is evident she must look to her laurels. The experiment of Mr. TAFT and Mr. PITTS shows that a good deal of money is sometimes well spent—discretion must make the investment, and vigilance must follow it up.

After the shearing was over, a large company sat down to a dinner, which showed that affairs indoors were conducted with as much skill, at least, as they were out. Some bachelor friends who accompanied me appeared thoughtful. H. T. BROOKS, of Wyoming Co., was present, and being called upon for some remarks, he spoke briefly as follows:

"*Mr. Pitts and Gentlemen of Ontario*—For myself and for others, I thank you for this festive occasion. Gatherings of this sort are too rare. Our social faculties are undervalued and comparatively unimproved.

"I am always glad to see a growing interest in Sheep. To prevent ultimate barrenness, we must keep more stock, and nothing gives better returns than Sheep. We owe much to Vermont. She has sold us good Sheep and poor—we have paid high for both kinds. We have bought some wit, and bought it dear; but it is worth all it cost. Whatever will serve to educate us in the points of a good Sheep, cannot cost too much. Sheep minister to our necessities outside and in, and it is the work of a life-time to thoroughly comprehend them. If a man may ever be lavish with his money, it is when he buys a buck. If a buck will give you a hundred lambs, and each of those lambs are worth 50 cents apiece more than the lambs from another buck, you gain fifty dollars, perhaps, in a single season; and yet I have known men to save *five dollars*, and sacrifice a dollar per head on his lambs. Buy a good buck, cheap if you can, *but buy him.*

"To the end of educating men to the Sheep business, we want Sheep Shows, and this reminds me of the Wool Growers' Association for Western New York—sufficiently 'national' to save the Union harmless. I feel some responsibility in regard to it, as I was one of its elected officers. Shall we revive that Society? If you will support it by contributions, and by exhibiting your stock, and by an active interest, hold up your right hands."

The hands went up, and there appeared to be no opposition. I suppose the Wool Growers' Association will be revived.

Among the prominent Wool Growers present were the Messrs. TAFT, of West Bloomfield; HILLMAN, of Avon; DONELSON, FRANCES and SIMMONS, of Bristol; Messrs. STEWART, of York; MOULTON, BROWN, GILMORE, CHILSON, GLASGOW, of Wyoming Co.; CLARK and REID, of Onondaga Co.: GEO. W. PITTS, and many others, from Richmond and vicinity. On my way out I called upon Mr. HILLMAN, of Avon, whose flock of well bred Merinos well repay a visit. He has a fine stock of Vermont bucks for sale. I also visited Messrs. J. C. and HIRAM TAFT, of West Bloomfield. Mr. HIRAM TAFT is hard after his brother, of whose sheep I have spoken. Mr. CHILSON, of Covington, has just sheared two yearling bucks, from Mr. PITTS' stock of sheep; one of them, a May lamb, sheared 18 lbs.; and the other, an April lamb, 17½ lbs. Mr. BERCHER, of Livonia, deserves honorable mention. He has recently purchased a Vermont Buck, whose fleece (unwashed) weighs 24½ lbs. I called upon Mr. JAMES S. WADSWORTH, of Geneseo, whose uncle and father conferred an inestimable boon upon this section, by the purchase and introduction of a large number of Merinos from the original Humphrey importation. Their flock of sheep at one time reached eight thousand. Mr. W. has now about twenty-five hundred. Who should I next meet but my friend MOSHER LONG, of York, riding along under the shade of a huge vegetable, which turned out to be the leaf of the Mammoth Pie Plant cultivated by Mr. LONG, the leaf measuring 18 feet in circumference. I next visited the fine sheep of my neighbor CHILSON, and four bucks in Covington, recently imported from Vermont by Messrs. BROWN and MOULTON. They proved that if Vermont ever dies, she will die hard.—H. T. B.

GRASS CROP OF SENECA CO.—PORK RAISING.

* is sorry that a farmer as practical as JOHN JOHNSTON, should have understood him to say "that Seneca Co. was not good for the grasses." So far from that, if he will turn to my communication, he will see that I made out little Seneca, not only to be a superior grain growing, but grass region, both for early pasture and the day crop; but that pasture, owing to our hot, dry summer, did not generally hold out through July and August, as it did in the high grass regions proper of this State. I have often seen white clover half leg high in the pastures of South Oneida and Madison Counties in the month of August, when pastures were dried up here. In fact, I never saw such tall white clover in our pastures as that grown under the humid sea coast fogs, or in the elevated grass regions of this State.

Here is a farmer who says he lived seven years in the town of Otselic, Chenango Co., without ever seeing a trying summer drouth—that when pastures here are drying up, they are at the sweetest and best there. While there he never found it necessary to soil or slop a milch cow through the season—here, except the last cold season, he has had to feed mill-stuff or corn-fodder to his cows, more or less, several weeks in summer, to keep up their milk?

Will Mr. JOHNSTON tell us, how it is that a fancy butter dealer in New York can detect the difference in quality between two crocks of best made butter—one from Seneca County, the other from Chatauqua. Is it the water, the pasture, or the climate, that makes the difference? The Chatauqua butter will be the hardest and highest flavored; yet the best Seneca County butter is good enough for an epicure, if he is unsophisticated in the article.

But, *apropos* of Seneca County for grass and stock, as well as grain. One of our most intelligent farmers, JOEL W. BACON, made a tour South and West, a few years since, to spy out the capabilities of the soil. When he returned, he said that, with the exception of a part of Ohio, he had seen no land that would sustain as much stock to the number of acres of pasture and meadow, as the farms of Seneca County. He had visited the famed blue grass region of Kentucky, and admired their large herds of blood cattle; but he said it took a long and wide range of pasture to feed them, and but for the large corn crop, these stalwart bovines would often be on very short allowance, both summer and winter.

It is true, as Mr. JOHNSTON says, owing to our alternation of grain and grass crops, we have few sward-bound fields, and both the quality and quantity of both hay and grass are improving.

That article from H. T. B., in the last RURAL, on "Hog Pens and Pork Growing," should be "read, learned, marked, and inwardly digested" by every farmer who wants to make pork cheaply, and save a part of his corn crop. By the way, the present low price of Canada peas makes them cheaper feed for hogs than corn. It is less trouble and expense to boil peas, than to grind and boil corn; and peas contain more flesh-forming nutriment than corn. *

Seneca County, June 8th, 1860.

ADVANTAGES OF A HEAVY SOIL.

A WRITER in the *Co. Gent.* very properly enumerates the advantages of a clay loam, but he says nothing of its disadvantages. True, clay has a strong affinity for ammonia; while sand, unless dressed with pulverized clay, has little power to retain this essential gas. But, on the other hand, clay, be it ever so rich in plant food, or ever so well underdrained, if not ameliorated mechanically by a stiff sod, frequently plowed in, or by other vegetable matter, is almost impracticable for hoed crops in the field or garden. After a summer rain, a clay soil crusts over thickly, and refuses atmospheric food until the crust is broken; if not worked in hot, dry weather, the soil soon cracks several inches deep. Hence, if a sandy loam requires more manure than a clay, it requires enough less labor to compensate for the extra manure; and if sandy loams are treated every winter with a few loads of clay, as well as nitrogenous manure, the soil will soon be sufficiently aluminous to retain the ammonia. A garden soil thus ameliorated, will form a very light crust after a rain, and when this crust is broken by the hoe, so far from the soil losing ammonia, it absorbs it from the dews of the atmosphere.

It is true that a clay loam, if well underdrained, is the best soil for grass, and that it will form a stiff sod quicker than a sandy loam. But, while you can permanently amend a sandy loam, and make it forever retentive of manure, by slight applications of clay which the frost will pulverize on the surface, you cannot lessen the tenacity of a clay loam by a mixture of sand. Clay and sand, particularly our calcareous clay, unite chemically and form an adhesive mortar, which when dry, brings fire from the hoe. *

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Mutton as an Article of Food.

THE *American Agriculturist* says:—"We mean to repeat a thousand times, or at least till what we say shall have some effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of lean, juicy mutton, can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, especially in the summer season, and those who eat it become more muscular, and can do more work with greater ease to themselves, than those who eat fat pork. We have nothing more delicious than smoked mutton hams, of the Southdown breed of sheep. Venison itself is not superior."

Cleaning Carrots.

A CANADIAN "Tenant Farmer," writing to the Brantford *Courier*, says he drills his carrots two feet apart, using from two to three pounds of seed per acre. As soon as the carrots fairly make their appearance, he runs a horse hoe between the rows as closely as possible without disturbing the carrots. Then follow with the hand hoe, walking backward, so as not to tread on the newly-cut weeds, and leaving not more than an inch of unhoed ground on each side of the row. This strip of weeds may be allowed to remain till the carrots are thinned. If the cultivator is run between the rows in the meantime, it will be an advantage. Thinning is rather a tedious process, as it has to be done by hand. He leaves the orange and red carrots six inches apart, and the white or Belgium from six to ten inches apart in the rows. After this he goes over them again, cutting out weeds and thinning any carrots that may have been left double. An occasional hand hoeing afterward is an advantage.

The Abuse of Roads.

FROM an excellent article upon the construction of roads, and the manner in which roads are abused, in the *Country Gentleman*, we clip the following paragraph:—"We have spoken of making and mending, now let us descant briefly upon the abuses of roads. Until we see some man's pig a permanent tenant of his parlor, or his cow stabled in his kitchen, we must allow people generally to have some idea of appropriateness, and of the uses for which a thing is designed. But how strange must be his sense of the fitness of things, whose whole farm or manufactory disgorges itself on the public highway,—making it the receptacle of all manner of useless lumber, and all sorts of business operations. It is his lumber, wood, and barn-yard; his pasture and pig-pen; he sets his barn or shop butt against it on one side, and his house perhaps a few feet removed from it on the other,—filling the margin with all manner of farming tools and implements, with piles of stone and old rails to complete the scene. As long as swine have the freedom of the road, it is difficult to keep it free from weeds, for these animals are sure to root up every decent spot of grass as soon as it is fairly established."

Inquiries and Answers.

SALT IN THE SPRING.—Must you feed a good deal of salt when you first turn cattle to grass, or none at all, to prevent their scouring?—A FARMER.

BURNING STRAW ON MEADOWS.—Have any of your readers ever tried burning straw on meadows in the spring? If so, will they give me the result?—S. M. L., *Grand Rapids, Mich.*

TO DESTROY THE WILD ONION.—Will some of your readers inform me, through the RURAL, what mode of cultivating, or what crop raised on a field, will destroy what are known among us as the wild onions, or garlic?—D., *Verona, June*, 1860.

CORN FOR TURNING UNDER.—I have a field that I wish to sow to wheat next fall. As I have no manure to put on it, I would like to know, through your paper, whether it would be profitable or not to sow corn broadcast and plow it under? Also, how much corn should I sow per acre, and what time of the year? Those who have tried it, will oblige by giving their experience.—JAMES FORBES, *Gunplain, Allegan Co., Mich*, 1860.

WHAT AILS THE PIGS?—I saw this inquiry in the RURAL of June 2d, made by a Kalamazooan. Although your correspondent lives near me, I was not aware of anything being the matter with friend BAKER'S pigs until I observed it in your paper, but I was aware of something ailing my pigs, and this is what I want to inquire about. We have had two out of five litters which were affected with the shakes, I call it. When they were born, they were in a tremor all over, as though they were cold, some a good deal more than others, but all more or less affected; and, what is strange about it, the hind part is a great deal more so than any other portion. No one that has seen them can account for it—can any of your numerous readers? Six out of thirteen have died—the others are growing finely, but still continue to shake as bad as ever. Some say buckwheat, fed to the sows, make them so,—had ours have had none.—G. T. H., *Portage, Kal. Co., Mich.*, 1860.

DISEASE IN YOUNG TURKEYS.—I have a flock of young turkeys, some two or three weeks old, which have seemed to thrive finely until quite recently, when there appeared a disease among them which is fast destroying them. It commences with a lameness in one or both knee joints, which continues to inflame and cramp the legs until they are drawn up nearly to the head, and the fowl dies. Can you, or any of your readers, inform me what the disease is, and how to effect a cure?—A READER, *Sennett, June*, 1860.

Turkeys are very tender when young, and should be housed until they are a month old. If allowed to run in the dewy grass in the morning, or after showers, many will be lost. This may be the cause of the difficulty you complain of. A little stimulant, as cayenne pepper, is very serviceable in cold, damp weather.

ANOTHER CURE FOR THE SCRATCHES.—I have a horse that was so bad with the scratches the past spring, that I could scarcely work him,—in fact, he could hardly walk sometimes, and I cured him with this simple remedy, which I had from a neighbor, who says he never saw it fail in the worst case. Take fresh slaked lime, and dust the affected parts well with it, twice a day. It will not cause the horse any uneasiness, and will be sure to effect a cure in a few days.—J. A. S., *Paris, C. W.*, 1860.

POLL EVIL, AGAIN.—Seeing some inquiries in your paper about poll evil, I will give you my experience with that disease. Four years since I had a fine young horse attacked with it, in a manner which threatened to destroy him, and I cured him by using the following: Take corrosive sublimate and white vitriol, equal parts, as much as you can pick up on the point of a small penknife, put it in very fine muslin, or any thin cloth, and push it down the pipe, with a probe, to the bone. Let it stay there, say three days, and then it is apt to come out of its own accord. Some let a shred hang out, so that they can pull it up when desired. Repeat this once a week for three or four weeks, and you will see the pipe come out without the use of the knife, which I think must give the horse a stiff neck. It is well to keep the bowels regular during the time. I would say here that I own the horse yet, and his neck is as limber as it ever was.—R. HAVILAND, *Byron, Shia. Co., Mich*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE SEASON AND THE CROPS.—With rare exceptions our advices from various sections of this and other States and Canada West, where the RURAL circulates, speak in the most encouraging terms of the season and the crops. As a sample of the many letters from reliable sources, we give the following notes by Hon. T. C. PETERS, one of the Commissioners for the Equalization of State Taxes, whose intelligence and opportunities for obtaining correct information, impart value to his opinions:

THE CROPS—*Wheat, Dairy Products, &c.*—The contrast between the appearance of the country and the feelings of the farmers, this year and last, is most marked. About the same time in each year has been spent over Western and Central New York—business calling me, both seasons, into all parts of that region. Last year the crops looked unpromising, the weather gloomy, and everybody seemed to feel that they had before them a hard season. This year the earth appears to produce abundantly, without any extra effort from the farmer, and all feel that there is a good prospect for full barns, overflowing granaries, and crowded dairies. The prospect for every crop is good, and I have yet to see the first unpromising field of grain or grass, unless the farmer has taken particular pains by his bad management to make it so. The yield per acre of winter wheat will not probably be as large as last year, but there are so many more acres sown that the aggregate will be equal to any year during the last six or eight, at least. The plant now has that healthy color which indicates that there is little fear from the rust, and it is so forward in the head that it will probably escape the midge in most localities. If so, Western New York will harvest *five millions of bushels of wheat more than last year*, which will pay more than ten millions of debt. All the spring grains are equally promising, and if well matured and harvested, the surplus must be larger than ever.

In the dairy region the farmers are making their harvest, for thus far the season has been generally good. There is little change from butter to cheese, notwithstanding that butter has ruled so low for the past year,—nor will there ever be any great change from what is now practiced. As a general thing, to make cheese profitable, a dairy should not have less than twenty-five cows,—forty is better,—while for butter any less number will do, if properly managed. One reason for butter being low, is the fact that all through the wheat region, since the reputed failure of the crop, the farmers have increased their cows, and the local demand, which is always large from the great number of cities and villages in that region, has been thus almost entirely supplied from a source that a few years ago produced nothing in that line. Two or three successful wheat years will send the cows back to the dairy districts again. The price for prime cheese will fluctuate much less than butter, for its production is not materially affected by extraneous circumstances; and the demand increases much more rapidly than the production. Altogether, the dairy farmers have less to fear from competition than any other class, either at home or abroad.

Just now there is an excess of moisture, and the weather is decidedly damp, it having rained nearly every day during the past week. But as yet nothing has suffered, except nice carriages that have had to run in the mud, and the people that cleaned them.

Of this beautiful village, and the valley above and below, I will make a note, and perhaps at some future time let you "prent it."—P., *Homer, June 9th.*

WHEAT CROP—*The Midge.*—The wheat crop of this region not only "still lives," but generally presents a very promising appearance. Much of the wheat is very forward, and although the midge fly has appeared, we hear nothing of its ravages thus far. The weather last week—rainy, cool and windy—was very favorable for wheat, and *just the kind to check the midge.* On Tuesday (12th inst.) Mr. V. P. BROWN, of Wheatland, showed us samples of five varieties of wheat, all headed out and in the berry. The varieties (named in the order of their earliness) are as follows:—Mediterranean, Amber, Golden Drop, Dayton, and Soules. Mr. B. has about ninety acres of the Mediterranean, Dayton and Golden Drop—sown from 1st to 15th Sept.—and thinks the prospect favorable for a fair crop. The samples shown us, though taken from the edges of fields (where the insect is always most prevalent,) do not exhibit the least evidence of the midge.

—The recent weather has certainly been very favorable to the wheat plant, and as unfavorable to its enemy, and the prospect is undoubtedly encouraging to farmers. The Rubicon is *not* passed, however;—the next two weeks (we write June 12th) will determine. Hon. ELISHA HARMON, an extensive wheat grower, (who has called upon us since the above paragraph was penned) thinks the prospect is that the crop of Western New York will generally escape the midge. This, we may add, is the opinion of other experienced cultivators with whom we have conversed.

CROPS IN CANADA.—Our accounts of the crop prospects in Canada West are very favorable. For example, Mr. O. HOWELL, of Jerseyville, writes (June 9,) as follows:—"The crops in this section are promising, indeed. I have fall wheat sown that showed head on the 28th of May. The prospect of a fruit crop never was better, and, I may say, equal. Gardens, where *cultivated*, are looking fine I will have Early Kent peas fit for the table in two weeks at the latest. Your paper is gaining favor rapidly with the farming community about here."

CROPS IN SOUTHERN WISCONSIN.—A letter from J. A. SMITH, Geneva, Wis., says:—"Perhaps it will interest you to hear of the prospects of crops in Southern Wisconsin. I think they never were better. Wheat and oats look uncommon well. You are no doubt aware that the fruit crop is very uncertain here, but we now have the prospect of an abundance. Considerable corn has been planted, which is looking well."

AS HAYING TOOLS AND IMPLEMENTS will soon be in demand, we advise farmers to watch the advertisements of manufacturers and dealers. Those who wish to purchase mowing machines, power rakes, forks, &c., will find where good ones may be obtained by perusing the announcements in this and late numbers of the RURAL. Among others, GLADDING'S Horse Pitch-Fork is a capital labor-saving invention, and worthy the attention of all who have much grass to secure.

A GOOD COW.—Mr. LAUREN PARSONS, of Gates, near this city, has a Short-horn cow, six years old, which averages over fifty lbs. of milk per day. At two different times, this season, the milk given in two days has been carefully weighed—at one time weighing 110 lbs., and at another 108 lbs. In one week (the latter part of May,) 18 lbs., and 4 oz. of butter were made from the cream of her milk, besides what was used in the family for coffee and tea.

PREMIUMS FOR FAST WALKING HORSES.—Among the premiums offered by the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, (for the Horse Show, July 4th,) are the following for Fast Walking Horses:—Best pair, $20; 2d, $10. Best single horse, $10; 2d, $5.

LARGE CALF.—Mr. J. GALENTINE, of Rush, in this county, informs us that he has a Durham calf got by imported Bletsoe, which weighed 106 lbs. when only fifteen hours old. A good start for a heavy bovine.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE GARDEN.

The Peonies are now, (June 11,) in perfection, and form the most attractive feature in the garden. Among these are many worthy of notice, and we will name a few to aid planters in making their purchases the next autumn.

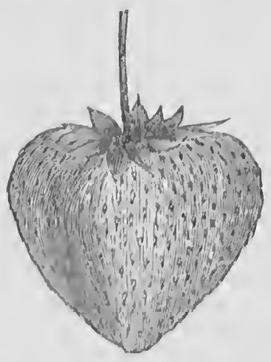
Papilionacea, is a fine large flower, between a cream and a sulphur yellow, the outside petals of a delicate flesh color. *Lilacina*, sulphur yellow, outside petals rose. *Victoria Tri-color*, yellow, pink and bluish. *Elegans*, pink; a fine, showy flower. *Festiva*, creamy white, tipped with red. *Pottsii*, dark red, very showy. *Pompone*, of dwarf habit, salmon and pink, very distinct and fine. *Seedling*, of Edward Dagge, Superintendent of the Mount Hope Nurseries, pure white, large and fine. *Seedling*, of the same, light blush; a large, good flower. Another *Seedling* of Mr. D., of the purest white, like *Festiva*, but of a much purer white, and in every way a finer flower. *Duchesse d'Orleans*, pink, shaded with salmon in the center. *Poppy Flowered*, yellow center, tipped with red, outside petals white. *Grandiflora Carnea Pleno*, a very large and fine flower; outside petals flesh-colored, center white, tipped with red.—*Moderta*, deep rose.

The Roses will be in perfection in another week. The flowering shrubs are past, but that handsome shrub the *White Fringe*, is more beautiful than ever before. It deserves a place in every collection of flowering shrubs.

The *Thrift*, called in some parts of Europe the Sea Pink, is an excellent border plant, much preferable in this country to box, as it is neat in its appearance, easily managed, perfectly hardy and bears a very pretty flower. It is not propagated by nurserymen as much as it should be. It should be introduced all over the country, and to aid in this work we call attention to it.

The Strawberries are beginning to ripen. The *Large Early Scarlet* maintains its reputation as the earliest, and one of the best and most productive market berries.

Jenny Lind has been thought to be as early as *Early Scarlet*. This season it ripened a few days later in some localities, while in others it is quite as early. It is productive, nearly or quite as much so as *E. Scarlet*, of better flavor—a valuable strawberry in all respects. *Scott's Seedling* is bearing very large crops of fine colored, large, showy berries. It ripens about ten days after *E. Scarlet*, and though acid and not of best flavor, will sell better in market than some richer berries that lack in good looks. It is remarkably productive. *New Richmond* is a very rich berry, both in appearance and flavor, like *Burr's New Pine*, but though it flowers very freely, most of the flowers blast, and but a small crop of fruit is produced. *Burr's New Pine* is doing well this year, the plants not having suffered with the winter, and is producing a fine crop of its almost unequalled rich berries. *Wilson's Albany* will not lose any of its reputation this season. The plants



JENNY LIND STRAWBERRY.

have endured the winter without the least injury, and it is producing an extraordinary crop of large, well colored berries, and of fair quality. *Hooker* has suffered very much from the winter. This fact will have a tendency to check its popularity.

The weather has been cold and wet for a few days past, and strawberries have ripened but slowly. A few warm days, however, will rapidly bring them on. It has been a question whether more bushels of berries could be produced from an acre, by growing the plants in what is called "hills," and cutting off the runners as fast as formed, or by allowing them all to grow and form a mass over the whole bed. It has generally been conceded, we believe, among growers in this section, that the greatest quantity could be grown in the latter method, but that the former produced the finest fruit. Another advantage claimed for the mass system is that the plants mulch the ground, by furnishing the necessary shade, and also that the mass of leaves, stems, &c., covering the whole ground, keeps the fruit clean. To the idea of mulching with a living plant we must, as we have before, decidedly object. It would be just as reasonable to talk of mulching with burning cinders, for a living plant absorbs more moisture from the ground than it saves from evaporation by its shade. There is another mistake in regard to this matter. When runners are allowed to form and root from a plant, it remains small, the strength being absorbed in the production of new plants, and but few fruit stems will be formed; but when the runners are cut off as fast as formed, the original plant becomes large, by the formation of a cluster of plants or branches from the collar. To-day we observed a fair trial of this matter, on the grounds of Ellwanger & Barry, with perhaps a score of varieties, a part of each bed being grown in hills and a part allowed to form a mass of plants. On one of these plants that had been kept free from runners, and one of medium size, we counted twenty fruit stems, averaging more than ten good berries each, thus producing *two hundred* berries on a plant. It will not take very close figuring to ascertain that an acre of such plants, a foot or eighteen inches apart, will produce an enormous crop, besides affording facilities for cultivating the soil, and the destruction of weeds, which cannot be done by the other methods. We recommend a trial of this system of culture to all strawberry growers.

DENNISTON'S SUPERB PLUM.

Among the excellent American plums, of the Green Gage family, is *Denniston's Superb*, and it is one of the best. It is a third larger than the *Green Gage*, and almost as good in flavor. When our people learn to conquer the curculio, as they can, and we believe they will, then more attention will be given to many superior varieties of plums in cultivation. A little labor and attention will keep the curculio in subjection, and give a good crop of plums. Of this we have abundant evidence, every season. The engraving of the fruit and leaf was taken from specimens grown here last season.

Mr. Downing describes *Denniston's Superb* as follows:—Branches downy. Fruit round, a little flattened, and having a distinct suture, often extending quite round the fruit. Skin pale yellowish-green, marked with a few large purple blotches and dots, and overspread with a thin bloom. Stalk rough, three-fourths of an inch long, set in a cavity of moderate size. Flesh very thick, (the stone being small,) moderately juicy, with a rich vinous flavor. Stone parts readily, and is roundish and thick. Ripe the middle and last of August.

AMERICAN GARDENERS AND GARDENS.

In the Rural, a week or two since, was an article stating that American farmers, as a class, were equal to those of England or any other portion of Europe. This is doubtless true, but we would not have American gardeners lay the "flattering unction to *their* souls," or suppose, for a moment, that they are, as a class, equal to those of England, or China, or any other portion of the world, civilized or semi-barbarian. The profession is yet very low in this country, and a really good gardener meets with very poor encouragement. We have not, perhaps, a very large class who can afford to pay a gardener and assistants; and those who can, as a general rule, are niggardly and mean, perhaps from ignorance, in all their gardening operations. A thousand dollars, or two thousand, are nothing to expend in entertaining a fashionable party, by those who begrudge the gardener a few hundreds, to make his grounds look respectable, or who compel him to saw wood and do chores to help earn a miserable pittance of a salary. Under such a system, it is not strange that there is a great want of good gardeners. To this there are many honorable exceptions, we cheerfully admit. Another evil to which we are subjected, is the vast number of pretended gardeners,—men who were mere laborers in Europe,—but who set themselves up as qualified gardeners as soon as they reach our shores. This has a tendency to degrade the trade and produce one of the evils to which we have alluded.

Not only are our professional gardeners as a class, inferior to those of Europe, but our amateur gardeners and our gardens, are in a still worse condition. Americans are somewhat celebrated for taste and neatness; and yet this neatness is not generally shown in the garden. But even in many gardens, with well kept walks, good fences, costly trellisses, and summer houses, the starved, neglected plants, of inferior sorts, and the bare ground, produces only pain to the intelligent beholder, and marks the possessor as a lover of vain show, and not a lover of Nature and its floral beauties. How many among the amateur gardeners of any city or village can show, at any Horticultural exhibition, a dozen named, well-grown Hyacinths, or Tulips, or Roses, or Peonies, or Tullps? How many can show a Hollyhock, or Sweet William, or a collection of Asters, or any of the other improved annuals? Our gardening is too much for show, with too little heart in the work. Occasionally we find a lady—a real lover of flowers—who will grow choice things in a creditable manner, fit for any exhibition; but such cases are rare—and our best gardens are filled with things little better than weeds. The case is far different in many parts of Europe. There the poor cottager, though he cultivates but a small patch of ground, has it filled with a few of the choicest flowers that can be procured, and grows them well, rivaling, and often, indeed, we may say generally, surpassing the professional grower. The finest Carnations and Pansies, and other show flowers, are usually found in such little gardens; and these humble growers carry off most of the prizes in the provincial shows of England. We need a reform in this country; and while we are gratified at the horticultural progress of the last ten years, especially in fruit culture, a few hints in this direction, we think, will not be unprofitable to our readers.

But, we commenced to answer an inquiry and a complaint, as to the cost and trouble of taking care of a garden. In the first place, it is not best for those who have no taste for gardening—no love for trees, and flowers, and fruits—to undertake to have one, for the labor will be irksome. But those who love to work in the garden, need not fear the labor or the expense if they only manage prudently. From a quarter to half an acre will produce all the vegetables and fruits that an ordinary family will consume, with plenty of space for flowers. A small plat in front of the house and around it, should be in grass, with groups of flowering shrubs and a few small trees, like the Mountain Ash. This will only require mowing three or four times in the season. A few beds may be cut in the grass for flowers, but not too many, as a border should be reserved in the garden for herbaceous flowers, annuals, &c. All the small fruits should be planted in abundance, as nothing gives a quicker or a better return. Then dwarf pears and apples, cherries, plums, &c., enough to supply the family and give a regular succession of fruits, and for preserving, should be set out. The vegetable department should be kept free of trees, dug deep, and made rich. Everything put in this department should be made to grow to perfection. In this way, commencing with pie-plant in the early spring, a family may be supplied with all that is needed for the table the whole year, with, perhaps, the exception of a few barrels of winter apples, or possibly a few bushels of late potatoes. The cost of all this, with the exception of the interest on purchase money, will be only a few days' labor of a working man occasionally, say to the amount of fifteen or twenty dollars in the season. This calculation, of course, supposes that the proprietor is active and intelligent, and willing to devote an hour or two every day to work in the garden. This may be considered tiresome by some, but have we not just discovered that our merchants, lawyers, &c., are dying off for want of the active employment necessary to the enjoyment of health and the development of muscle? To correct this evil, ball clubs and boat clubs are forming all over the country, and it seems to us that a little work with the spade, and the hoe, and the pruning knife, would be equally pleasant and beneficial, and far more profitable. Those who have abundant means and can afford to keep a gardener, may cultivate more land, but the quantity we have mentioned is as much as any one engaged in other business should undertake without such aid.

THE CROWN IMPERIALS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I never knew, until the present season, the beauty of the Crown Imperials. The summer before last, I sent to the nursery for a few varieties, which I learned existed, having never seen any but the old-fashioned sort, and the present spring I am surprised at their beauty, and still more surprised that they are so little known. I have several colors, some almost monsters in size. Why are they not cultivated, when they can be had for so little, and are so hardy? Please call the attention of the lovers of flowers to this fine class.

Cook Co., Ill., June, 1860. A Lady Gardener.

To accommodate our lady gardeners, and all lovers of flowers, we give an engraving of the *Crown Imperial*, much reduced in size.

This species of flowers is much less esteemed than it ought to be, and this is partly from want of acquaintance with it, and partly, we suppose, on account of its odor, which is very disagreeable to some. It flowers here about the latter part of April, the bulbs throw up a strong stem from two to four feet high, producing, a few inches below the top, a cluster of drooping, bell-shaped, beautiful flowers. Above the cluster of flowers, which entirely surrounds the stem, is a crown of glossy green leaves. The nectaries are singular—each cell containing a large drop, which looks like a pearl—or, as the children say, like eyes. There are a variety of colors, yellow, scarlet, orange, striped, and double. The bulbs remain in the ground a number of years without removal. Plant the bulbs four or five inches deep, in any good garden soil.

To Correspondents.—We have received a number of insects, new to us, during the past week, one of them, a kind of worm very injurious to the grape leaves in various parts of Western New York. We have received it from Onondaga and some of the most Western counties of the State. Another is a blue beetle, which is said to entirely destroy the tender shoots and fruit buds of the vine. We have taken means to ascertain their names and habits, and will report soon.

THE VINE SCALE INSECT.

An Enemy to the Maples.—Dr. Dewey this morning stated that last year an insect enemy appeared on our maple shade trees, which proved fatal to all the parts it attacked. On looking at those trees, we find this same pest in large numbers—much larger, Dr. H. says, than appeared last year. Just now they look like little white balls attached to the slender limbs of this beautiful tree. Hitherto the maple has escaped all scourges of this kind. But it appears its time has come. Is there no remedy for this threatened calamity?—*Rochester Union, June 6th.*

This insect is not new, nor is it confined to maples. Dr. Fitch described it in 1856, as the Pear Bark Louse, *Lecanium Pyri*, of Schrank, and supposed it was peculiar to the pear; indeed, he said, "of those insects which are peculiar to the pear, the only one which has, as yet, fallen under my notice, is a species of bark-louse," the one noticed above.

We called the attention of our readers to this insect in the Rural of July 17th, 1858. At that time it began to be somewhat numerous on grape vines in this section, and we thought a word of caution necessary. We also sent specimens to Jacob Stauffer, Esq., of Lancaster, Pa., who furnished us the drawing given at the time, and named it the *Vine Scale Insect.*

From the article published at that time, we give an extract:—"The appearance of the branch, covered with the downy excrescences and the louse very highly magnified, (200 times,) is shown in the engraving. Seen under the microscope, it is quick in its motions, with bright, black eyes.

Cotton-like Nest of Vine Scale Insect, of natural size. Insect Magnified 200 times.

In the spring they appear on the bark, a brown hemispherical scale, something like the bark-louse on apple trees. Early in June one end of this scale separates from the bark, and a white, cotton like substance protrudes more and more, till about the first of July, when it becomes as large as a marrowfat pea, and from among this cotton, minute, oval, yellowish lice creep out and distribute themselves over the bark, to which they fix themselves and become stationary, sucking its juices."

Since the time we first called attention to this insect, it has increased with great rapidity, and now, not only vines, but many shade trees in the streets of every description, are almost literally covered with the cotton-like nests. This shows how important it is to watch and destroy every insect enemy.

Inquiries and Answers.

Best Six Pears.—Will you please oblige several subscribers here by stating, through the columns of the Rural, six varieties of pears, of the choicest and best kind grown—four summer varieties and two winter?—I. B., *Pascack, N. Y.*, 1860.

We have now so many good pears that no difficulty need be experienced in selecting half a dozen *desirable varieties.* No two persons would choose the same six, yet no one who has given the matter attention, would plant poor fruit.

Bayenne d'Eto is a nice little early pear for the amateur, ripening in August. Whether it would pay to grow for market, we cannot say, but in the neighborhood of a good market for early fruit, think it would be a profitable pear to grow. The Tyson is an excellent pear, ripening about three weeks later, and is well worthy of cultivation. We might name more good early summer pears, but two would be enough for so small a collection. Of the Autumn varieties, there are so many good ones that it is difficult to select two or three. The Bartlett is indispensable, and so do we consider the Louise Bonne de Jersey, and the Duchesse d'Angouleme, and several other varieties. For winter the Vicar of Winkfield, and Lawrence, and Easter Beurre, may be safely planted.

Selection of Fruit.—Will you give, through the medium of your valuable paper, a list of trees such as you would recommend for an orchard of about one hundred apple and twenty standard pear trees. I would like a succession of fruit from early summer apples to late keepers, especially for my own family use; but would like any surplus in the desirable fruit for market.—A. H. P., *Onondaga County, N. Y., June*, 1860.

Apples—*Summer*—Red Astrachan, Early Harvest, Sweet Bough, Early Joe, Keswick Codlin, Summer Rose. *Autumn*—Fall Pippin, Gravenstein, Pomme Royal. *Winter*—Baldwin, R. I. Greening, Fameuse, Hubbardson Nonsuch, King of Tompkins County, Northern Spy, Rambo, Wagener, Esopus Spitzenberg, Swaar, Roxbury Russet, Golden Russet. The above seems too large a list for one hundred trees, and yet there are many we would like to add.

Pears—For twenty standard pears, a very good assortment would be—Dearborn's Seedling, Bartlett, Rostiezer, Tyson, Buffum, White Doyenne, Sheldon, Oswego Beurre, Flemish Beauty, Lawrence, and Vicar of Winkfield. These are hardy, and good pears.

Insects on Roses.—I wish to inquire what will destroy lice upon rose bushes? Rural readers, please take notice, and let it be answered.—J. J. W., *Tippecanoe, June*, 1860.

We presume it is the aphis that injures *your* roses. Tobacco water, or strong soapsuds, will destroy them. They generally affect the tender shoots. We make tobacco water, and place a little in soapsuds, then dip the branches in the liquid and sprinkle the remainder of the plant. Two or three applications, or perhaps less, will effect a cure.

Peach Baskets.—Could you, or any of your numerous readers, inform me where the common peach baskets are manufactured, or by whom? I have made many inquiries of those who deal in this article, and others, and have not yet been able to ascertain. As I need a large quantity, I wish to purchase of the maker.—I. Hildreth, *Big Stream Point, Yates Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Peach baskets can be obtained in this city by the quantity, at $3 per hundred.

Cranberries.—I have a small piece of ground intended for a fruit yard, which ground may be overflowed during the winter with very little expense. Now, can you tell me whether I can raise cranberries successfully on such ground, it being a clay loam, and as dry during the summer as any land?—J. B. L., *Huntington, Lorain Co., Ohio*, 1860.

Your ground, we think, is too dry for the successful culture of the cranberry.

Dwarf Pears on Crab Stocks.—(*A. H., Fountain, Minn.*)—It is not best for a beginner to trouble himself with trying doubtful experiments, or things that are almost certain to fail. Leave this to those who have more time and means, and who will not be seriously affected by a failure.

Horticultural Notes.

Horticultural Exhibitions.—The Genesee Valley Horticultural Society will hold its June Exhibition of Roses, Strawberries, &c., at Corinthian Hall, in the city of Rochester, on Friday, the 22d inst.

The June meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, is to be held at Buffalo Wednesday and Thursday, the 27th and 28th inst.

The Buffalo Horticultural Society give an exhibition at the same time, and invite all other Societies in Western New York to unite with them.

M. Louis Vilmorin, the well known Paris seedsman, noted for his botanical enterprise, and to whom the whole horticultural world is greatly indebted, is among the recently deceased.

Mr. Alexander Parker, the oldest member of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society, died, recently, aged eighty-three. He at one time had the finest horticultural establishment in Philadelphia, in which he so gloried, that he opposed so vehemently the city's cutting a street through his garden, that his failure to prevent them weakened his intellect, from which he never recovered.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

The Best English Pears.—At a recent meeting of the British Pomological Society, a great number of varieties were placed for competition, and the first prize was awarded to Duchesse d'Angouleme, from Mr. Whiting, of the Deepdene; and the second to Mr. Ingram, gardener to J. J. Blandy, Esq., of Reading, for Beurre de Capiamont.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

Fruits Received.—From Hiram Wands, of Collamer, Onondaga Co., N. Y., a dish of Wilson's Albany Strawberry, all superb specimens, that would take a premium at almost any Horticultural Exhibition. Also, specimens of Ohio Mammoth.

—From Charles W. Seelye, of the Rochester Central Nurseries, a large dish of strawberries, composed of most of the best early varieties.

Domestic Economy

GRAHAM BREAD.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Some of your readers have given their mode of making Graham Bread, but I don't see that any of them have told you the *best* way. The reason of this must be, that those who know, are waiting for somebody else to tell, and as I might as well be that somebody, or it never may get into your columns, here it is:—Make a rather thick batter of *good* Graham meal and pure water, so it will not spread much; beat it up light, so as to fill it with air as much as possible; have ready some tins *well* floured, and drop this on in medium sized spoonfuls, some way apart, so they will not touch each other. Put them immediately in a *very hot* oven,—on the bottom at first,—and watch them. In a very few minutes they will rise up like a puff; then put them on the top grate. When well browned they are done. If bread lighter in color is wanted, add a little fine flour, but don't sift the Graham. Try this, you who want pure, sweet, light, soft, and *wholesome* bread, of which the labor of making is nothing, compared to the kinds made with yeast. —Mrs. E. M. V., *Lodi, Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

COOKING VEGETABLES, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Nearly all the vegetables require to be put to cook in water that is boiling; and green peas, asparagus, string beans, and those that are required to retain their fresh, lively color, must be kept uncovered.

To have peas delicious, do not pick them over night, nor shell them long before they are wanted. Let clean hands handle them. Do not wash them; and from the pod to the pot, let the transition be as speedy as possible. They require from 25 to 35 minutes to cook them. As soon as they are tender, drain the water from them, if any is perceptible, and put in a teacupful of cream, with a bit of butter. Let these boil two minutes.

Molasses Pie.—Take 9 tablespoonfuls of molasses, 6 tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, 1½ tablespoonfuls of flour, a small piece of butter. Season with lemon or nutmeg. This makes a very good pie.—A. M. H., *Springdale, Iowa*, 1860.

Corn Muffins.—One quart of Indian meal, sifted; one heaping spoonful of butter; one quart of milk and some salt; two tablespoons of distillery yeast; one of molasses. Let it raise four or five hours. Bake in muffin rings. The same will answer to bake in shallow pans. Bake one hour.

Cream Tarts.—One pound of sifted flour, and some salt; quarter of a pound of rolled sugar; a quarter of a pound of butter, and one beaten egg; sal volatile the size of a nutmeg, dissolved in a spoonful of cold water. Mix the above, and wet up with cold water, and line some small patties or tartlet pans. Bake in a quick oven. Then fill with mock cream, sprinkle with white powdered sugar, and put them back in the oven until a little brown.—Sarah M. Henry, *Akron, Ill.*, 1860.

Loaf Cake with Hop Yeast.—Seeing an inquiry from Mrs. S., for a recipe for making plain loaf cake with hop yeast, I send you the following:—Take 2 eggs; 1 cup sugar; 1 cup of yeast; ½ cup of butter; ½ cup of sweet cream; ½ pint of sweet milk. Spice with cinnamon, or nutmeg to suit your taste.—Emeline, *East Guilford, N. Y.*

Raised Muffins.—Many inquires for a recipe for raised muffins. I send one which I have used for years:—Take 3 eggs, half a cup of yeast, a little salt, a quart of new milk, a tablespoonful of melted butter; flour enough to make a think batter. When risen, bake in rings.—Lizzie, *Le Roy, N. Y.*, 1860.

Black Ants.—Can any of your numerous readers tell us how to exterminate the small Black Ants from our house? We are very much annoyed by them, and any remedy will greatly oblige a subscriber—W. M., *Pulaski, N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE TWO LOVES.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Ah, very sweet and very fair
My first love with dark curling hair;
Her dimpled cheeks, her sparkling eyes,
Her merry glance of glad surprise;
Her bounding step that met mine own,
The music of her laughing tone.
And looking back o'er vanished years,—
A path of sunshine and of tears,—
Again I seem to see her stand,
And place in mine her trusting hand;
And then I feel that none can be
More dear than my *first love* to me!

My other love is also fair,
But smooth and silvery is her hair;
And lines of care are on her face,
Her form hath lost its youthful grace;
Her step is faltering and slow,
Her voice is tremulous and low.
But, oh, her hand hath been in mine,
Through years of shadow and sunshine.
Together have we Life's path trod,
Together may we meet our GOD,
And in the Future, as the Past,
My First Love still shall be my Last.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WRECKS OF THE PAST.

We are all sailing in life-boats on the ocean of Time. Some have entered the harbor,—some have been wrecked on the passage,—a few are sailing onward, strong in hope and faith, while others are drifting carelessly toward unseen dangers. The past is ours, only to learn lessons of wisdom, for guidance in steering our frail barques amid the storms which envelop the life-mariner. The lives of those who were, but are not, are ours that we may strive to follow the noble and the good, or shun the hidden rocks and fearful whirlpools, where many a precious barque has been hopelessly wrecked. The wrecks of the past are strown along Time's shoreway as beacons of warning. O, that all would heed them!

We have seen a youth with a mind active and a heart keenly alive to feeling, who might have become one of GOD's noblemen, take the downward path. Until now he has never steered his life's vessel alone,—loving friends have surrounded him, whispering words of warning, and pointing out dangers hidden from the eye of youth. Now, those loved ones who, with prayers and tears, and pious examples, have often restrained him from sin, have passed on before,—have reached the harbor, and anchored their storm-beaten barques by the shores of eternal rest. Now he sails onward by himself, and rejoicing in his freedom, he sees no danger, fears no evil. The words of warning which memory speaks to him, long after those who uttered them are cold in the grave, he learns to disregard, to hear no longer. He allows his vessel to float on, until,—carried by the *current* among the rocks of evil, and into the whirlpools of temptation,—the dark storms of sorrow and remorse hide the *goal* from view, and he goes down where not an arm can save,—his barque, so precious-laden, wrecked,—*eternally* wrecked.

We see a maiden, whose spirits are buoyant with hope and love. She deems *life* but a round of unending pleasures. She launches her frail and beautiful barque unhesitatingly upon Time's ocean. Her joyous laugh echoes back o'er its unseen depths, which to her seem as smooth and unbroken as a sea of glass, with not a ripple to mar its shining surface. She has decked her delicate boat with earth-flowers, which she thinks will never fade, and she glides on, while the sweet dreams of Fancy, and the syren song of Pleasure, breathe enchantment in her willing ear. Soon the clear deep of her unclouded sky becomes obscured,—dark clouds gather o'er her pathway,—threatening thunders roll, and lightnings flash round her devoted head,—still she sleeps on. Then the pitiless rain of adversity and affliction falls upon her,—the heaving billows of the ocean are lashed to fury round her barque,—her beautiful flowers have lost their fragrance, and are scattered by the blast, and her gossamer sails are rent in fragments. She wakes to her danger, sees the dark whirlpools before her, hears the sound of the waves as they dash upon the hidden rocks beneath, but she makes no effort to escape. She hears the voices of friends urging her to grasp the oar of Salvation, which has been so long within her reach, and change her vessel's course; but she heeds them not, and, yielding without a struggle to the dashing waves, that bright, beautiful star sets in endless night.

A man, noble in heart and life, with the stamp of divinity upon his brow, attracts our attention. He has guided his life barque with steady hand and undaunted heart, through storm and calm, until he has reached the meridian of life's journey. Now the allurements of the world, and the false flattery of assuming friends; bid him slacken his diligence,—tell him there is no danger for one like him. He listens to the seducing voice, fancies he has sailed so long successfully that he may lay aside his oar, stop his unceasing watchfulness, and rest with the false lights of ambition and power dazzling him from *truth*, and the *right*. His boat soon mingles with the current of popularity, and his course is rapidly downward. Sad is the fall of a mighty intellect,—sad the *wreck* of a *human soul*.

We see an aged man who has been wafted hither and thither upon Time's sea, as a leaf is sometimes borne about by the wayward breeze. He has almost reached the end of his journey, and if he would but open his eyes, the blissful haven lies just before him. With the eye of Faith we can behold the "shining shore," and the pearly gates of the "New Jerusalem,"—even see the white-robed seraphs waiting and beckoning for us. We almost seem to hear the heavenly harmony as it sweeps from the golden lyres, and mingles with the glad voices of the redeemed. But *he* refuses to see, closes his eyes, stops his ears, and, careless and unconcerned, passes along. Soon his life-boat is dashed upon the rocky shore, and he sinks beneath the wrathful billows, close by the walls of the Heavenly City.

Well may we mourn over the *wrecks* of the *past*, but from them we must learn to avoid the dangers and snares that proved their ruin. We are surrounded by the same whirlpools of temptation, the same hidden rocks of evil, and unless we take GOD's holy word for our compass and chart,—our hearts and hands made strong by faith and love—and our eyes raised above earth-storms, and fixed upon the *shining goal*,—we cannot hope successfully to anchor our grief-laden barques in the "Haven of Rest." O, may those who are yet to live, never have cause to look back upon *our* life-voyage, and point to others where we stranded our barque, and wrecked our *hope* of *Heaven*.

Pleasant Prairie, Wis., 1860. GRACE MERRIAM.

THE OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Old-fashioned mothers have nearly all passed away with the blue check and home-spun woolen of a simpler but purer time. Here and there one remains, truly "accomplished" in heart and life, for the sphere of home.

Old-fashioned mothers—God bless them—who followed us with heart and prayer, all over the world—lived in our lives and sorrowed in our griefs; who knew more about patching than poetry; never preached nor wandered; "made melody with their hearts;" and sent forth no books but living volumes, that honored their authors and blessed the world.

If woman have a broader mission now, in Heaven's name, let her fulfill it. If she have ought to sing, like the daughters of Jedah, let her sit down by the waters of Babel, and the world shall weep; like Miriam, let her trumpet-strain float gloriously over crushed, but giant wrong, and the world shall hear; but let the trumpet and lament issue, as did the oracles of old, from behind the veil that cannot be rent—the "inner temple" of sacred Home. Within it should be enshrined the divinity of the place. Here, and here only, would we find a woman; here imprison her. Imprison her? Aye, as the lighthouse ray, that flows out, pure as the angel's pulses, into the night and darkness of the world—*a star beneath the cloud;* but brightest there—warmest there—*always* there, where Heaven did kindle it, within the precinct, the very altar-place of home.

It is related of Madame Lucciola, a renowned vocalist, that she ruined a splendid tenor voice by her efforts to imitate male singing. Many a sweet voice and gentle influence in the social harmony has been lost to the world in the same manner. There is nothing more potent than a woman's voice, if heard, not in the field or forum, but at home. The song-bird of Eastern story, borne from its native isle, grew dumb and languished. Seldom did it sing, and only when it saw a dweller from its distant land, or to its drowsy perch there came a tone, heard long ago in its own woods. So with the song that woman sings; best heard within Home's sacred temple. Elsewhere a trumpet-tone, perhaps a clarion-cry, but the lute-like voice has fled; the "mezzo-soprano" is lost in the discords of earth.

The old homestead! I wish I could paint it for you, as it is—no, no, I dare not say, as it is—as it *was;* that we could go together, to-night, from room to room; sit by the old hearth, round which that circle of light and love once swept, and there linger, till all those simpler, purer tones returned, and we should grow young again. And how can we leave that spot without remembering one form that occupied, in days gone by, the "the old arm chair"—that old-fashioned Mother?—one in all the world, the law of whose life was love; one who was the divinity of our infancy, and the sacred presence in the shrine of our first earthly idolatry; one whose heart is far below the frosts that gather so thickly on her brow; one to whom we never grow old; but, in "the plumed troop," or the grave council, are children still; one who welcomed us coming, blest us going, and never forgets us—never.

And when, in some closet, some drawer, some corner, she finds a toy that once was yours, how does she weep, as she thinks you may be suffering or sad. And when spring

"Leaves her robe on the trees,"

does she not remember *your* tree, and wish you were there to see it in its glory?

Nothing is "far," and nothing "long," to *her;* she girdles the globe with a cincture of love; she encircles her child if he be on the face of the earth.

Think you, as she sits in that well-remembered corner to-night, she dreams her trembling arm is less powerful to protect him now, stalwart man tho' he is, than when it clasped him, an infant, to her bosom?

Does the battle of life drive the wanderer to the old homestead, at last? Her hand is upon his shoulder, her dim and fading eyes are kindled with something of "the light of other days," as she gazes upon his brow. "Be of stout heart, my son,—no harm can reach thee here!"

Surely, there is but one Heaven—one Mother—and one God.—*B. F. Taylor.*

Co-operation of the Wife.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over lands, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds not an associate for his happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NIGHT'S MISSION.

BY CARLIE MAYNE.

It was a summer evening.
With jeweled fingers, one by one, the stars
Put back from their pale brows the dim
And shadowy veil of daylight—as a bride,
Before the altar, throws her veil aside;
For they are wedded unto silent night,
And may not show their charms to morning light.

With beauty ever beaming,
Fair Luna put aside the golden bars
That guard the setting sun, and Night came in,
Silent, but sure—as the Death-Angel comes
To take some treasures from our heart and homes;
And not unlike are they, for both being sleep,
Only from one we never wake to weep.

What is thy mission, Night?
Oh, wherefore wert thou given—for sleep alone?
Swift as the rushing wind before my sight arose
A spirit calm and pale, but decked with lovely flowers.
I followed in her steps; silent as passing hours
She entered every home; and in her jeweled hands
She crushed a single flower, well known throughout all lands;

It was the poppy white.
And on each eye kind sleep fell softly down,
And hushed each weary heart in sweet repose.
The weeping watcher, by the bed of pain,
Saw its blest influence, and hope came again—
The weary exile slept, and dreamed of home—
The orphan of kind friends forever gone.

The hardened man of guilt
In sleep beheld again a mother's tears,
A father's prayers, and felt a sister's love.
Then woke and thought upon the path he trod,—
The path of sin, that leads away from GOD,—
And in the silence of that summer night,
Began once more to live his life aright.

Each heart the influence felt
Of that sweet spirit; and the listening ears
Of starry hosts, that sit in light above,
Caught the deep hush of sleeping Earth,
And knew Night's work was done. Divine the birth
Of such a spirit. I confess thy power,
Sweet Night, and yield me to the influence of the hour.

Ashtabula, Ohio, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LINGERINGS WITH NATURE.—NO. II.

THE PRAIRIES IN WINTER.

Desolation upon the plain! White-robed Storm stalking forth with icy breath and relentless visage! Who that has felt his chilling touch escapes the searing imprint? Who that faints beneath his annihilating glance ever wakes to brave again his fierce wrath?

No welcome clumps of evergreens vary the spreading plain,—no naked branches or leafless shrubs hold the powdery snow in fantastic shapes, or stand out in bold relief against the gray and frowning sky,—and no blue hill-tops catch the doubtful glimmering of the wintry sun, or lie in shadowy distinctness and softened outline upon the distant horizon. A level—silent, monotonous and vast—extends miles in every direction, and is lost in the broad heavens, which seem flattened and bending down to meet the earth beneath.—Approaching the "openings," gentle undulations sometimes relieve the unvaried prospect, and afford snatches of light shadows at the base of the snowy hillocks, and occasionally a stunted grove of robeless trees stands in delicate tracery upon the leaden sky-background.

To describe one prairie is to describe all, and the history of one winter day's experience would be that of scores during the inclement season. A distant brightness heralds the dawn, tinting the rising clouds with pale gold, and then with rosy saffron, giving to the limitless expanse, for the moment, a warm color and a balmy look, not according with the still, cold air, fresh from northern latitudes. Purple lights and changing hues impart a transitory resplendence, and then the beautiful unreal vanishes, so like the dreams of youth, that we welcome the white dazzling glare of noon-day, that leaves nothing unrevealed. All glaring light, but no heat. Yet, enwrapped in furs, and partaking in some measure of the spirit which animates our fleet steeds, we heed not the growing fierceness of the blast. As the afternoon wanes, clouds dispel the fanciful tonches, and the morning breeze is now laden with storm, and sweeps angrily by, gathering rage each moment. The over-hanging clouds are torn and rent, shifted and folded, while the snow is gathering into little eddies and whirlpools, heaved in huge vapory masses, and then carried irresistibly forward in one vast winding sheet, enveloping everything in its gathering folds. Blinded, bewildered, stiffened, we attempt to restrain the mad plunging of the steeds, but only to learn that we are lost. It is all a trackless waste, and we have now no chart or compass, save the instincts of our noble animals. On they plunge, chafed and furious, facing the cutting blast not in vain. They gain the track once lost, and hope revives. Another hour of mute terror and slowly gaining stupor, and shelter is found. Freezing, bitter, solemn in its death-like stillness, the hushed night comes on. Stern-browed, icy and unflinching, it grasps unprotected life, and holds within its strong arm all who defy its unrelenting power.

Nature, in her sublimest moods, must be viewed afar, and she walks not in more terrible majesty upon the lofty mountain summits, or across the swelling wave, than upon the wind-swept and snow-wreathed Prairies of the West. L. A. T.

Fables.—The virtue which we gather from a fable or allegory, is like the health we get by hunting; as we are engaged in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with pleasure, and makes us insensible to the fatigues that accompany it.—*Addison.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HORSEOLOGY.

Sitting by my window to-day, too listless, or too ill, to work steadily, I am watching the travelers that go by. We are in the midst of a fine farming district, and there is much travel on this road, of farmers and others, going back and forth, on business or pleasure. I am observing, not the people, but the horses. It is according to the sort of horses I see, whether I think the people worth looking at. Let me notice a fine horse, in good order, and I am sure there is a *man* behind, or somebody related to one; but a miserable, limping rack of bones, dragging along, I am sure, no human being with a soul as large as the point of a pin, will be riding after. There comes one, now. Poor old pony!—and yet, all that wretched, wo-begone air, and those bones, are not because you are so very old. No, you have been worked and driven beyond your strength, and kept on short rations,—that, you have,—and that great, fat brute behind you, will not get to Heaven now as soon as you will. If I had my way, *you* should get in and ride, and *he* should be harnessed before the load, and under the lash!

But yonder comes a noble span of bays. How sleek, and fat, and proud they look, and step as though they had a free use of their limbs. O, yes, that's our neighbor, Mr. KINDHEART. He owns and works a large farm, and every one says it is in the nicest order. And his horses and cattle are always of the very best. Of course they are; for it always *pays well* to keep and turn off good stock. It is to one's own interest to treat a brute kindly, and how I do wonder people *will* abuse them as many do.

There, now! See that poor, sweltering, panting creature, every movement showing his limbs stiff and sore! That's a livery horse, from town, and those two moustached, cigared,—what *shall* they be called?—I won't call them *men*. O, you unfeeling wretches! Don't you suppose a livery horse is made of flesh and blood? No, you and everybody else treat them as though they were fashioned of gutta percha. Woe be to the man who receives hire for the dying throes of the noble horse!

How selfish, how ungenerous, how ignoble, to abuse, or suffer to be cruelly injured, the dumb animals in our care! Why will Northern people rave and rant about the cruelty of the South to their slaves? No doubt the poor slave is often oppressed, but not any worse than he would be at the North, were he a slave. A man who would over work, or over drive, a horse or ox, would do the same to a negro,—or, as to that matter, a white person, or child, if in his power. Our horses and cattle are our slaves, our faithful servants; and because they are slaves, and powerless to redress their wrongs, they must suffer on. There is hope for human slaves,—they have a voice,—but who will plead and fight for the oppressed brute?

Ah, you poor omnibus, stage, and canal horses! —especially you poor creatures who climb an ever-rolling wheel—when I see Jupiter, I will get your, and your drivers' and owners' places reversed, and when you have had ample restitution, you shall be turned into boundless, endless, green pastures, and eat sweet clover, and roam and rest to your hearts' content.

But, here comes my dear old friend, Mrs. GOODSOUL, and her shining black horse, which she has driven twenty-five years, she has often told me. He, at least, will die a natural and respectable death, and be buried by the side of his good master, who has gone before him. Yes, thank Heaven, there are many kind, many noble hearts, in the world, and, by-and-by, there will be "better days in store" for all suffering ones, or we will hope so, and do all we can to bring them soon.

QUEECHY.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.

There are some persons in this world whose ideas of diguity are of the very lowest description. They despise, or, at least, affect to despise manual labor, and they talk in a somewhat scornful manner of the operative mechanic, as if he were an inferior being in comparison with the merchant and the lawyer. In the very highest sense, the operative mechanic, when an intelligent and honest man, stands as high in the scale of dignity as the wealthiest merchant, lawyer, banker, or professional man, to be found anywhere. There was a time when the mechanic was without an advocate in the paths of literature, but these days are gone past forever, and the most eloquent writers of the age have given utterance to some of the finest sentiments ever published on this subject.

The following from Ruskin, the most poetic writer on art that ever lived, are as truthful as they are beautifully expressed. In his Stones of Venice he says:—"We are always, in these days, endeavoring to separate intellect from manual labor; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working; and we call one a gentleman, and the other an operative; whereas, the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle—the one envying, the other despising, his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy; and the two can not be separated with impunity. It would be well if all of us were good handicraftsmen of some kind, and the dishonor of manual labor done away with altogether."

Excesses.—He who indulges his sense in any excesses, renders himself obnoxious to his own reason; and to gratify the brute in him, displeases the man, and sets his two natures at variance.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Example.—Be a pattern to others, and then all will go well; for as a whole city is infected by the licentious passions and vices of great men, so is it likewise reformed by their moderation.—*Cicero.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ABOVE AND BELOW.

BY ELLATH.

How often here those things we seek
Bring loss instead of looked-for gain;
How oft for friends we're called to weep,
And taught that earthly joys are vain.

But thus it cannot be above;
There, joy divine shall fill each heart,
And that real good, which here we love,
The years can never from us part.

And so, though sorrow's skies may lower,
Our faith should still forecast the years,
And we anticipate the hour
When GOD shall wipe away our tears,

In that bright world beyond the skies,
Where love's sweet ties are never riven,
And where our songs with theirs shall rise,
Who hasten on before to Heaven.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ALMOST SAFELY HOME.

What an embodiment of joy and love is there in these simple words; and how radiant with joy the features of the wanderer become, as he casts his eye toward that halcyon spot and utters them. He thinks of the happy circle he left a few years since,—a father and mother who loved their offspring with all a parent's devoted affection,—sisters and brothers who clung to him when about to leave their embrace. He now looks toward that dear portal, and fondly anticipates a speedy reunion. Almost safely home. There no anxious cares will engross his mind, no dangers will stare him in the face; but he may yield himself to be governed by the cheering influence of sympathy and love. There will be the nucleus around which his fondest hopes may cluster.

How many of us have felt these tender emotions when nearing our earthly homes; and how grateful do we feel to the Giver of such manifold blessings for home and friends. But there is another scene, witnessed only when standing beside the death bed of some loved ones, who have sailed over life's tempestuous sea, and are just about to cast anchor in that sun-bright clime,—their own eternal home; and here alone we see the beauty and strength of the words, Almost Safely Home.

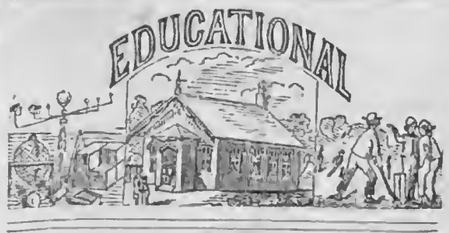
O, what luster beams forth from the eyes, and what glory spreads over the wan features, of the dying saint. Do we wonder that those features become thus radiant, when allied to those of angels? We should no longer, could we hear the songs of the redeemed going up before the Holy One who reigneth there, and listen to the voice of a Father as he welcomes his child to the home prepared for him, eternal in the heavens. As the cords of life are loosening, could we view that splendid mansion, the gates of pearl, and streets of gold, the cherubim and seraphim, with all those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, would our songs of praise be hushed? We cannot witness such a scene, without feeling that we are in the immediate presence of GOD—we behold His glory, for it coverth His child. It may be a mother who thus lies enshrouded with the presence of the Most High, and while her children's hearts are wrung with anguish at the thought of separation, she, with a smile "such an angels wear," turns toward her stricken group and says, "*I'm almost safely home,*—soon I shall have passed the last struggle, and will forever bask in GOD's sunlight." Then her lips grow cold in death, and bright angels convey her to "our Father which art in Heaven." Oh, can we retire from such a scene without exclaiming, "Let me live the life of the righteous, that my last end may be like his."

Macedon, N. Y., 1860. ANNIE P. RICH.

SELF-DECEIVERS.

An imaginary weapon is a poor defence in the day of battle. The cross borne by many a professor, if closely examined, would prove equally illusory:—"The Crusaders of old, we are told, used to bear a painted cross upon their shoulders; it is to be feared that many among us take up crosses which sit just as lightly—things of ornament, passports to respectability, a cheap exchange for a struggle we never made and a crown we never strove for. But let us not deceive ourselves. None ever yet entered into the kingdom of heaven without tribulation—not, perhaps, the tribulation of fire, cross, or rebuke, or blasphemy; but the tribulation of a bowed spirit and an humble heart—of the flesh crucified to the spirit, and of hard conflicts with the power of darkness—and, therefore, if our religion be of such a pliable or elastic form as to have cost us neither pains to acquire, nor self-denial to preserve, nor efforts to advance, nor struggle to maintain holy and undefiled, we may be assured our place among the ranks of the risen dead will be with that prodigious multitude who were pure in their own eyes, and yet were not washed from their filthiness."

How to get Consolation.—Seek holiness rather than consolation. Not that consolation is to be despised, or thought lightly of; but solid and permanent consolation is the result rather than the forerunner of holiness; therefore, he who seeks consolation as a distinct and independent object, will miss it. Seek and possess holiness, and consolation (not perhaps often in the form of ecstatic and rapturous joys, but rather of solid and delightful peace) will follow, as assuredly as warmth follows the dispensation of the rays of the sun. He who is holy must be happy.—*Upham.*



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SCHOOL-TEACHING EXPERIENCE.

On looking over your last *Home-Luxury*, and finding the column usually devoted to Educational topics filled with other matter, I was somewhat disappointed, for I really enjoy that part of the Rural, being myself a young pedagogue, and the thought occurred to me where there is an effect, there must be a cause; so I settled my head to think a little, and soon decided that I had found the trouble. First, we know that you have the agriculture of all these United States, and part of Canada, to look after, which is quite enough for one head; so if you have the kindness to allow the large body of teachers to interchange ideas thro' your columns, they ought to keep you flush with items on educational subjects. What I wish is, that our District School teachers would take it in hand; for the lessons we would get from them would be practical, and could readily be tested; and I have concluded that if one effort will start a pure District School confab, it shall be made.

The idea that all the *smart ones* teach High Schools, is absurd. This, I think, will be fully proved if we get our ranks stirred up, and, perhaps, I had better break the ice, by giving a short sketch of my experience. I commenced with a school of forty, and remember, very distinctly, the first long day. I did not know what to do, nor where to begin; and felt as though a sad mistake had been made, and that a certain individual had evidently got into the wrong pew. The first two days, we had a real good old-fashioned school,—the scholars doing as they wished, teacher, ditto. The second night I was possessed of a subject for serious consideration, and made up my mind that a revolution must be effected. The next morning the pupils were favored with a short harangue, the burden of which was to the effect that an *Education* was what we came there for,—what we could not very well get along without—and that to get it we must work. We made the simple word *work* our motto; and work we did. For once there was a whole district pleased with their school—rather a novelty about here. Work brings with it order, and system; and the old saying, "give a child something to do and you will keep it out of mischief," is, word by word, capable of proof. Get life into the school,—get their ambition aroused,—and make every thing practical, as far as you can, and the school will prosper.

District School teachers labor under one serious disadvantage, and that is, our good old farmers seem to think the books they used twenty years ago, are just as good for their children to study as modern works. Every one who will give it a second thought, however, cannot fail to see that this idea is wrong. Suppose I turn farmer, and, climbing up in the shed, find an old plow, with a wooden mould-board, but one handle, and taking it down, begin the labor of inverting the soil. Along comes one of these old-time book fanciers, remarking, "Friend you're behind the times—you're foolish to try and plow with such an old thing as that,—we have a much better kind now-a-days." Let us turn his own weapon against him:—"My father used this, and he said it *always* did good work." Teachers must have all the external aids that can be brought into service, if we expect to reap a worthy harvest from their labors, and these should be cheerfully furnished by those who stand sponsors to the intelligences put into their hands for instruction.

Allow me the privilege of mentioning one or two essential characteristics of works for educational purposes. Mathematical books should furnish the analysis, or reason, for every thing. Readers ought to be based on the modern style of pronunciation, and contain suitable and interesting pieces, thus imparting new animation. The old series have been re-read, and sung over by the children, until there is not a spark of interest left. In fact, the old Geographies, Arithmetics, Grammars, and Readers, are a detriment to scholars.

L cross-way, N. Y., 1860. J. A. Cobb.

MONOTONY OF SCHOOL EXERCISES.

All teachers have felt the creeping shade of depression and enervation, which naturally results from a regular order of exercises in the school-room. The teacher is not alone the sharer of this incubus of monotony; the same is both felt and acted in the person and spirit of the pupil. This is the rock upon which so many of the craft are ruined. This with that other, and not less dispiriting cause, the departure of a class of mind that held the front rank in the school-room, upon whose characters the teacher has given the last stroke of his skill, ere crossing the threshold to struggle in life's battle. With them too often goes the life, the energy and the courage of the teacher. Having smoothed the rough boards of their minds, and fitted them for their position in the social fabric, he feels disheartened as a new supply of the rough material rolls itself up before him for the same care, handiwork, and burnishing process as before.

The mind, upon which any one of these causes so operates as to discourage and unfit it for labor, needs to look well to the nature of things, and see if there is not a remedy for this evil, which loses to the profession many of the noblest and most successful of workmen. We think that the cause lies in the fact, of keeping within the narrow limits of instruction, and not enriching and amassing intellectual wealth—current truths connected with every branch we teach—to be imparted as freely as obtained. In so doing, we invigorate our own thoughts, keep in constant expectancy the minds of those we instruct, and dispel wholly that appalling cloud of monotony, so begrimed with gloom and despair. Every task should be made a living embodiment, a real life, created anew, stripped of formality and dull verbiage. To effect this, the teacher must be an eclectic, a gleaner, a kaleidoscope, turning up new shapes and beauties at all hours in the day. Let us do this, and the flickering shadows of monotony will be lifted, and an intellectual sunlight will be felt reciprocally by both teacher and pupil.—*New York Teacher.*

SEEING AND HEARING.

It has been a fault in our schools that pupils have not been taught to see and hear. Hence, we have hundreds of men who, "having eyes see not, and having ears hear not." They live and move in the midst of the most beautiful scenery and surrounded by the wonders of nature, and yet if they see at all, it is as "through a glass darkly!" They discern no beauties in the works of creation, and the most enchanting landscape is to them simply a collection of pasture, woodland, field, and meadow, attractive only as a source of profit. They see no God in nature, nothing to awaken devotional feelings, nothing to excite admiration. The lofty mountain and the flowing river are often regarded as mere obstacles to man's progress,—or as the means of contributing to his material resources. Every object is viewed only with a *dollarish* eye, and every flower is snuffed for its *copperish scent.*

How different is it with the man who has been trained to see and who is beholding the works of Nature, is led to adore as he looks "through Nature up to Nature's God." To such an one, every mountain, hill and valley, every forest and river, is radiant with the smiles of Infinite goodness and wisdom. The babbling brook no less than the majestic river and the mighty cataract proclaim the power of the hand that made them. The springing grass, the waving grain, the stately forest and the opening flower, alike speak of the goodness and omnipotence of God. If he looks upward and beholds the "glittering stars that gem the sky, he is ready to exclaim:

> "Forever singing as they shine,
> The hand that made them is divine."

The man of untrained ear hears no sounds except those of a discordant or utilitarian nature,—while for him who has been taught to hear aright, the world is full of music and sweet sounds. All animated nature is ever chanting in soul-stirring notes the wonderful goodness and wisdom of Him at whose command they sprang into existence.

We may find in every community, men who have ears and eyes, and those who are virtually destitute of both. The former revel in beautiful scenery, listening to nature's sweet and varied music, while the latter grope their way as in darkness,—hearing no harmonious sounds; the former are happy, ever breathing and diffusing a spirit of cheerfulness; the latter sad and censorious, ever complaining of the present and casting a gloomy horoscope of the future. We have all seen men of the latter class, and know what a chilling and depressing influence their mere presence imparts.

A man with trained eyes and ears, a man of refined tastes and cultivated judgment, is a prize to any community. Happy influences emanate from him, and his spirit of cheerfulness ever makes him a welcome companion, a cherished neighbor. We know of a man, whose correct taste and well-trained eye have done much toward beautifying the village in which he resides,—all unconsciously on his part, and, to a great extent, on the part of others. It is the result of his silent but correct example by which many have been led to decorate their grounds and to cultivate flowers and shrubbery. Many such men there are in the land, and their worth is inestimable. We hope their number is increasing from year to year. That such may be the case, we would urge upon teachers the importance of training their pupils to observe and to hear. This may be done in many ways and on various occasions. Let them frequently be called upon to give an account of objects of interest that may have attracted their attention on the way to or from the school-room. If they take a holiday walk, let that be made the subject of familiar conversation, with a view to learn what was seen and heard. If a journey has been made by a pupil, take special pains to interrogate him as to what of interest he saw, and thus by your own spirit of inquiry you will awaken in him a desire to afford you gratification, and make him ever watchful to note objects of interest and to catch the sounds of sweet music. In fine, it should be the constant aim and wish of the teacher to train his pupils to move about with open eyes and listening ears; and also so to cultivate the senses of vision and hearing, that only beautiful scenes shall be treasured up,—only sweet and harmonious sounds remembered. Then may we hope to meet with more men who possess a genial nature and in whom the true spirit of observation and investigation is properly developed. "Teach a child to see properly and to hear properly, and you have prepared him to receive instruction on any point."—*Conn. Common School Journal.*

The Verb "To Get."—Worcester's new Dictionary gives the following passage in illustration of the amount of hard labor that is required of the convenient little verb *to get:*

I *got* on horseback within ten minutes after I *got* your letter. When I *got* to Canterbury I *got* a chaise for town; but I *got* wet through before I *got* to Canterbury, and I *got* such a cold that I shall not be able to *get* rid of it in a hurry. I *got* to the treasury about noon, but first of all I *got* shaved and dressed. I soon *got* into the secret of *getting* a memorial before the board, but I could not *get* an answer; however, I *got* intelligence from the messenger that I should most likely *get* one next morning. As soon as I *got* back to my inn, I *got* my supper, and *got* to bed. It was not long before I *got* to sleep. When I *got* up in the morning I *got* my breakfast and *got* myself dressed, that I might *get* out in time to *get* an answer to my memorial. As soon as I *got* it, I *got* into the chaise, and *got to* Canterbury by three, and about four I *got* home. I have *got* nothing for you, so adieu.

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—No. III.

VIEW OF TAGHANIC FALLS.

In a previous number we gave several views of Cayuga Lake, and briefly mentioned the beautiful Falls of Taghanic, promising to present our readers with an engraving of this natural wonder before closing our Views in Western New York. This promise we now redeem. The Falls are near Trumansburgh, in Tompkins county, some ten miles from the head of the lake, and about a mile from the lake shore. They may be approached through the dark ravine of the creek, which, narrow at first, gradually widens into a grand amphitheater, with walls of rock varying from 300 to 400 feet in height. The ravine through which the torrent leaps is 100 feet deep. When we saw it in August last, the stream almost disappeared in mist before it reached the reservoir below. When more water falls it may be more grand, but cannot be more beautiful. We give an account of a visit to these Falls by a correspondent:

VISIT TO TAGHANIC FALLS.

A party of buoyant-hearted excursionists, numbering about one hundred and fifty, set off on a refreshingly cool morning in early autumn to visit the romantic and attractive scenery of the Taghanic Falls. A boisterous wind the preceding night had lashed the bright waters of the beautiful Cayuga Lake in tumultuous agitation; but gally the steamer rode the crested waves with its human freight. We gazed with admiring eyes on the lovely, fertile landscape, which adorns the margin of its sparkling waters, a distance of about twenty-six miles' travel, when the merry party landed with bright anticipations of a feast for the eyes and appetite. A part ascended the hill, while the others passed up the ravine to the lower falls, which descend two hundred and sixteen feet in a rocky basin, the water almost lost in spray e'er it reaches its destination. The banks along this beautiful, yet fearful chasm, are four hundred feet high, and tall, venerable trees appear, from this height, like brushwood below. As our party crossed and re-crossed the serpentine river below, they appeared as Lilliputians to their friends on the towering banks above. Along this sublime, romantic dell, are varied scenes like giant fortresses or ivied ruins of historic renown, formed by the hand of Nature; beautiful evergreens mingle their boughs with the rich foliage of fine, large forest trees, beneath whose venerable trunks twine luxuriant vines and lovely flowers, with the finest mosses. Every step was fraught with pleasure and delight until each tourist had passed behind the snowy cloud of spray, and viewed the high, majestic column of water, as it descended.

Retracing their course, they climbed a portion of the bank, and then ascended three hundred steps to the summit, and joined those who had equally enjoyed the lovely prospect above. Some had ventured down across Table Rock where the great fall descends, and stood waving their handkerchiefs to those in other directions, on varied points for view. Others had rambled to the Upper Falls, which descend in miniature cascades until they make one grand plunge in a bowl-shaped basin of great depth and regularity, appearing more like the effect of art than nature, the rocky piles looking like towering battlements. Language is inadequate to do justice to the scene. The deep, deep gorge inspires and entrances the beholder. On the left is the dancing waters of the lucid Cayuga, and its picturesque margin, on the right is the stupendous Falls, with its towering banks; beneath is the awful, yet beautiful chasm. In the background, like a beautiful frame-work, is a lovely grove.

At length the time of return compelled all to cast around a lingering look on the enchanting scenes, which had afforded so much delightful pleasure, and with regret we bade adieu to the almost fairy scene, and wearily descended the mile-long hill, and soon the puffing steamer was bearing to their respective homes the gleesome party of the morning. S. W. F.

PHOSPHORUS—ITS SOURCE AND NATURE.

Phosphorus is but sparingly diffused as a component of minerals,—it is to the animal kingdom that we turn for our supplies—to bones and the fluids of the body. These are our magazines of phosphorus, from which it is extracted in the large quantities now required for matches and the other manufactures into which it enters.

The leading characteristic of phosphorus is its extreme combustibility. Place a small fragment of it in an open tube, apply heat and ignite it—when, on impelling a current of air through the tube the phosphorus burns with great rapidity.—The combustion having terminated, two different residues are produced, one a red colored substance, the other white. The latter, or white, is an acid compound of phosphorus with oxygen.—The former was long imagined to be a combination of phosphorus with oxygen also, but in a lesser ratio than necessary to constitute an acid. Within the last few years, however, M. Schrotter, of Vienna, demonstrated that the red compound in question was merely phosphorus. No combination has taken place to form this red compound, but the phosphorus has assumed a second, or allotropic condition, just as sulphur, under the operation of heat does.

Common phosphorus has to be kept in water, for the purpose of guarding against spontaneous combustion; allotropic phosphorus, however, may be kept unchanged in atmospheric air; indeed it may be wrapped up in paper, and carried in the pocket even with impunity. Common phosphorus readily dissolves in the sulphuret of carbon, whereas allotropic phosphorus does not.

Phosphorus exists in all grains, and it forms a minute portion of every loaf of wheat bread that we eat. It exists in the human brain, but the greatest quantity of it is found, combined with lime, in the bones of animals. The phosphate of lime sells at a high price, as a fertilizing agent, simply because it is a substance difficult to obtain in large quantities. Unlike sulphur and lime, which are obtained most abundantly from the mineral world, all our phosphorus is obtained from organic creations.—*Scientific American.*

PHILOSOPHY OF RAIN.

To understand the philosophy of this beautiful and often sublime phenomenon, so often witnessed since the creation, and essential to the very existence of animals, a few facts derived from observation and a long train of experiments must be remembered:

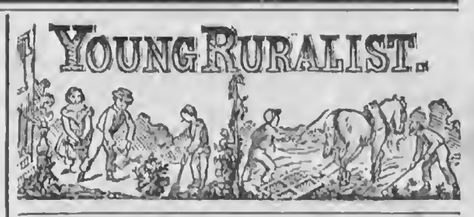
1. Were the atmosphere, everywhere, at all times, at an uniform temperature, we should never have rain, or hail, or snow. The water absorbed by it in evaporation from the sea and the earth's surface, would descend in an imperceptible vapor, or cease to be absorbed by the air when once fully saturated.

2. The absorbing power of the atmosphere, and consequently its capability to retain humidity, is proportionally greater in cold than in warm air.

3. The air near the surface of the earth is warmer than it is in the region of the clouds. The higher we ascend from the earth, the colder do we find the atmosphere. Hence the perpetual snow on very high mountains in the hottest climates. Now, when from continual evaporation the air is highly saturated with vapor, though it be invisible and the sky cloudless, if its temperature is suddenly reduced by cold currents of air rushing from above, or from a higher to a lower latitude, its capacity to retain moisture is diminished, clouds are formed, and the result is rain. Air condenses as it cools, and like a sponge filled with water and compressed, pours out the water which its diminished capacity cannot hold.

How singular, yet how simple the philosophy of rain! What but Omniscience could have devised such an admirable arrangement for watering the earth?—*Scientific Journal.*

It is more easy to be wise for others than for ourselves.—*La Rochefoucauld.*



THE ATMOSPHERE.

Among the many busy thousands who daily tread this broad and beautiful earth, how few there are who stop, even for a moment, to give a passing thought to this great and wonderful element—*the atmosphere.*

Eventful, ever-changing, yet ever the same, it covers the whole earth around, filling every nook and secret place,—there is not a spot that is free from its presence. It is tempered to suit every climate and every zone; increasing and decreasing in temperature as it blows to and fro across the earth. Warm and balmy breezes blow from the equator toward the poles, diffusing life to the scanty few that are scattered along those desolate regions; while in the temperate and torrid zones, strong currents blow over vast bodies of the watery deep, evaporating moisture, which it raises and carries along, far above us, in clouds of mist and vapor, and at last precipitates it upon the arid and dusty fields of the anxious husbandman, in plenteous and refreshing showers; thus giving new hope and vigor to the hearts of wishing, watching multitudes. To distribute moisture over the earth, and to temper the climates of different latitudes, it would seem, are two great offices assigned by the Creator for it to perform; but the atmosphere, like every other department in the economy of Nature, has its offices to perform, and they are many; and these offices of the atmosphere, the ends and purposes for which they were designed, present at once a delightful and a profitable subject for investigation, to the Young Ruralist who is in any way studious or observing.

It is a subject which the Young Ruralist can study at all times and in all places, without a great deal of trouble or expense. He can study it while laboring in the field or the shop; he can study it while waiting for the rain to descend and bless the earth with its freshness; and he can study it during the winter, that great vacation for the farmer from his toil, and thus relieve winter of its dreariness. His principal text-books are, the airs, the breeze, the wind, and the storm; the mists, the vapor, and the clouds. The astronomer is said to see the hand of God in the sky, but can not the studious husbandman, and the observing Young Ruralist, who look aloft to the clouds as they ponder over these things, hear his voice in the moaning of every storm, and feel His presence in every breeze that blows. The investigations into the broad-spreading circle of phenomena connected with the winds of heaven, are second to none for the good which they do, and the lessons which they teach.

Harmonious in its actions, the atmosphere is obedient to laws, and subject to order in all its movements. When we consult it in the performance of its manifold and marvelous offices, it teaches us lessons concerning the wonders of the mist and the vapors, the mysteries of the sky and the clouds, the greatness and the wisdom and goodness of the Creator, which make us wiser and better men. J. Gould.

Seneca, Michigan, 1860.

WHAT CAN I DO?

Very, very often we hear persons, and undoubtedly they speak with truthful sincerity, ask—what can I do? Have I not already done my duty? Nay, fellow traveler to the confines of the tomb, you have *not* done all you could.

Your name may be associated with the comprehensive philanthropist. You may have bestowed thousands upon some institution of learning, and thereby benefited mankind; or contributed liberally toward the erection of some lofty monument, whose towering spire shall ever point heavenward; but do you, man of liberal pretensions, ever descend into the poor man's house, beside whose lonely hearthstone perhaps an attenuated form lies upon a scantily covered couch, drawn before the expiring coals collected in the grate, that the struggle may be as comfortable as "things of earth" can make it? *Have* you been there and softened the pillow of the dying, replenished the expiring coals, and spread before the half-starved occupants a bountiful supply? If not, never ask again, what can I do?

In every walk of life,—in the mansions of the wealthy, the halls of the learned, and in the hut of the poor, there are those we can comfort by gentle words, and by kind and noble deeds. We can spread the truths of the Bible or speak to all that have never heard of its comforts. Each one of us can, at least, do some little good,—can lift some brother or young friend from sin. There is open a way to each and all that will mitigate the anguish of those that are around us; for every city and every country town has its poor and erring.

Then, let us never reiterate, what can I do? but look around and about us,—endeavoring to perform some little act of kindness—some little deed of good—that when we shall be summoned to join those that have gone before us, we may not regret a life-time wherein no usefulness has been accomplished; but rather exclaim, I have endeavored to perform my duty here, and hope to enjoy a life of blissful reward through the long cycles of eternity. Clarence Lee.

Marion, N. Y., 1860.

Paper for Taking Impressions of Leaves.—Allow me to inquire of your numerous readers, the recipe for making, or information where I can obtain a kind of paper for taking the impressions of leaves. The information will be gratefully received. M. R. S.

The paper spoken of could, a few years ago, be obtained at most of the book stores. Of late years it has not been much sought for, and perhaps is not manufactured.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

New Books Just Published—C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.
Potter's Improved Grain Cleaner—A. Todd, Jr.
Fun for the Fourth—Ohio, Dayton & Jones
Lounsbury & Willson's Horse Rake—F. G. Willson.
Farm for sale—Platt Crosby
Sale of Black Hawk Stock—Wm Turner, Agent.
Cider Press Screws—L. M. Arnold.
Writing—M. A. O.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Lounsbury & Willson's Horse Rake—F. G. Willson.
Monroe Co. Horse Show and Holiday Exhibition, July 4.
For Bilious Affections, &c—Brown's Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCEPT SECTION FOR
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 16, 1860.

Washington Matters.

At noon on the 5th inst., the Japanese Princes, accompanied by their principal officers and the Naval Commissioner, proceeded to the Executive Mansion to take leave of the President. The interview was cordial, and of comparatively long continuance. The President, among other things, informed them that he had selected for the Commission several of the most gallant officers of our Navy, who in peace were most kind, but in war we depend on them for our defence. He hinted, however, that they never would be required to operate against Japan.

The distinguished visitors then, through their interpreter, expressed their high appreciation of the President's address, and, as on former occasions, alluded to the handsome reception with which they had met, and of the many kind attentions bestowed on them.

The President presented to each of the Princes a large gold medal bearing his likeness, and with a suitable inscription, struck at the Philadelphia mint, and also a number of beautifully bound illustrated American books. These were received with evident delight. At parting, the hand shaking was mutually cordial, and the interview throughout of a gratifying and pleasant character.

Two of the Treasury department spent several hours with the Japanese on the subject of currency, the object being to obtain all possible information with a view to the regulation of commercial transactions, but nothing definite is yet accomplished.

It appears that the Japanese have much knowledge of refining silver and base metals, but not of gold, and it is thought a long time must elapse before a satisfactory understanding can be arrived at in relation to the value of the latter.

John Reeves, naval architect, late chief constructor of the Naval Arsenal at Constantinople, filed on the 9th inst., before the Committee on Foreign Affairs, charges of a severe character against John P. Brown, Dragoman and Secretary of Legislation at Constantinople. The charges are of robbery, attempted assassination, false imprisonment, conniving with others to deprive Mr. Reeves of his office under the Turkish government, and to secure it for an Englishman, and several others of an equally ruinous character. Mr. Reeves asked in his petition that an investigation be made into these charges, as they are susceptible of the clearest proof. Mr. Brown was acting as Charge d' Affaires at the time the offences were committed.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The Houmas Land grant bill was discussed. The second section, compelling a suit to be brought within two years, was stricken out by an amendment by Mr. Toombs, that Congress refuses to confirm the grants under the Houmas claim, and the bill thus passed.

The Post-Master General has answered the call concerning Mr. Fowler's defalcation, and makes some extraordinary revelations. It appears that his accounts were never legally settled during the whole term of the present Administration, but were adjusted by a fictitious system in flagrant violation of the letter and spirit of the law. The accounts are settled quarterly, but six months elapse generally before any quarter is closed up. Weekly returns are made to the Finance Bureau of the Department, showing the actual deposits against which drafts may be made.

It has been the practice in the Auditor's office, in adjusting Mr. Fowler's accounts during the last three years, when the balance was found against him at the end of the quarter, instead of requiring it to be paid, or reporting it to the Post-Master General, as the law contemplates, to credit him from the current returns of the ensuing quarter made to the financial office, thus enabling him to use the receipts of one to meet the deficiency of the other, thereby concealing a defalcation throughout.

Mr. Green, from the Committee on Territories, reported adversely on the petition from Utah to form a Constitution, and asking admission as a State.

Mr. Trumbull, from the Judiciary Committee, reported a bill to carry into effect the treaties with Japan, Siam, China, &c. Passed.

The bill to settle the private land claims of California was taken up and passed.

The bill providing for the punishment of Marshals and Deputy Marshals of the United States for allowing prisoners to escape, was taken up and passed. Also, a bill amending the act to extend the laws and judicial system of the United States to Oregon.

HOUSE.—Mr. Reynolds called up the Senate bill making provisions for the return and support, for a limited period, of the re-captured Africans.

The Committee on the Judiciary proposed to amend by increasing the sum from $100 to $150 for their comfortable clothing, shelter, and provision for a period not to exceed a year from the date of landing in Africa, and also increasing the aggregate amount from $200,000 to $250,000. Passed.

The House resumed the consideration of the Missouri election case. The resolution declaring Mr. Barrett not entitled to a seat was adopted—94 against 92. The resolution in favor of Mr. Blair was adopted—93 against 90. Mr. Blair was sworn in.

On motion of Mr. Train, it was resolved that the Speaker be directed to issue a process for the arrest of Charles A. Dunham and Alexander Hay, of New York; Gideon G. Wescott and Albert Schofield, of Philadelphia, and William Kearns, of Reading, Pa.

Mr. Hickman called up the resolutions heretofore reported by him, from the Committee on the Judiciary, declaring the dissent of the House from the doctrines of the Special Message of the President against the resolutions authorizing the appointment of the Covode Committee, and after some conversational debate, they were passed 87 to 40.

The House, after a brief discussion, tabled the Senate bill providing for the settlement of private land claims in Florida, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Missouri.

On motion of Mr. Sherman, the House postponed till the second Tuesday of December next, Mr. Fenton's bill for the relief of the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary army, and the widows and children of those who died in the service.

Mr. Rust called up the joint-resolution giving the consent of Congress to such acts as the Legislatures of Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas have, or may pass, for the removal of the Red River Raft, by levying tolls on the boats which may navigate said river, to defray the expense. The resolution was passed 84 against 77.

Political Intelligence.

GERRIT SMITH is again proposed as a Presidential candidate, by a meeting of Abolitionists in Boston.

HORATIO SEYMOUR has written a letter declining a nomination by the Baltimore Convention.

THE Democratic State Executive Committee of Texas, has directed the delegates from that State to Charleston, to return to the Convention at Richmond, prepared to adjourn to Baltimore and join the Convention there, provided there be a good prospect of the Southern platform being there adopted, or one of similar conception and objects.

THE Democratic Convention at Donaldsonville, Louisiana, has adjourned. The secession from the Charleston Convention was condemned, and it was resolved that the Louisiana delegates pledge themselves to support the nominee of the Baltimore Convention.

AT the Maine Republican Convention, held at Bangor on the 7th inst., 321 towns were represented by 781 delegates. Israel Washburne, Jr., of Orono, was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, receiving 429 votes, against 306. The nomination was then made unanimous. Abner Coburn, of Bloomfield, and Wm. Miller, of Portland, were selected as candidates for Presidential Electors at large. A series of resolutions were adopted, endorsing the Chicago nominations, approving the Republican platform, and strongly recommending Mr. Washburne to the people of Maine for Governor.

THE Republican State Convention of Michigan, met in Detroit on the 7th inst., and made the following nominations:—*Governor*—Austin Blair, of Jackson Co.; *Treasurer*—John Owen, of Wayne; *Auditor General*—L. G. Beary, of Lenawee; *Attorney General*—Charles Upson, of Branch; *Superintendent of Public Instruction*—John M. Gregory, Washtenaw; *Secretary of State*—James B. Porter, Allegan; *Commissioner of Land Office*—Samuel L. Lacey, Calhoun; *Member of Board of Education*—Edwin Willetts, Monroe; *Presidential Electors at Large*—H. G. Wells, Kalamazoo; Rufus Hosmer, Ingham.

THE Republican nominee for the Presidency, Hon. Abraham Lincoln, has addressed the following letter to the President of the National Convention:

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., May 23, 1860.

Hon. George Ashmun, President of the Republican National Convention:

SIR: I accept the nomination tendered me by the Convention over which you presided, and of which I am formally apprised in a letter from yourself and others, acting as a Committee of the Convention for that purpose.

The declaration of principles and sentiments which accompanies your letter, meets my approval, and it shall be my care not to violate it or disregard it in any point. Imploring the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention, to the rights of all the States, and Territories, and people of the nation, to the inviolability of the Constitution and the perpetual union, harmony and prosperity of all, I am most happy to cooperate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention.

Your obliged friend and fellow citizen,
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The nominee for the Vice-Presidency has also sent in his acceptance. We extract the following paragraphs:

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1860.

GENTLEMEN: Your official communication of the 18th inst., informing me that the representatives of the Republican party of the United States, assembled at Chicago on that day, have, by a unanimous vote, selected me as their candidate for the office of Vice-President of the United States, has been received, together with the resolutions adopted by the Convention, as its declaration of principles.

Those resolutions enunciate clearly and forcibly the principles which unite us, and the objects proposed to be accomplished. They address themselves to all, and there is neither necessity nor propriety in my entering upon a discussion of any of them. They have the approval of my judgment, and in every action of mine will be faithfully and cordially sustained.

I am profoundly grateful to those with whom it is my pride and pleasure, politically, to co-operate, for the nomination so unexpectedly conferred; and I desire to tender through you to the members of the Convention, my sincere thanks for the confidence thus reposed in me. Should the nomination which I now accept be ratified by the people, and the duties devolve upon me of presiding over the Senate of the United States, it will be my earnest endeavor faithfully to discharge them, with a just regard for the rights of all. H. HAMLIN.

News Paragraphs.

THE London Times says that M. Lesseps, the renowned promoter of the Suez Canal scheme, has announced to the Parisians that the business of the company had actually commenced.

THE London Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals, on the 16th ult. presented a medal to Mr. Rarey, as an acknowledgement by the Society for his skill and praiseworthy efforts in the cause of humanity, in relation to the taming and training of horses.

PREPARATIONS are progressing, under the direction of the American Colonization Society, for the conveyance of the Africans captured on board the Wildfire, and now at Key West, to Liberia. The ship Castilian, of about 1,000 tons burden, and now lying at New York, has been chartered for the outward trip at $12,000.

THE Canal Board has resolved that the tolls on coal of all descriptions, whether going to or from tide-water, shall be the same as that of bituminous coal going to tide-water, and that the toll upon peas, beans, barley, oats and rye, be reduced from three to two mills per thousand pounds per mile.

A PARTY of Pike's Peakers recently tried an experiment with a wind wagon on the prairie, but such was the speed of the machine—40 miles an hour—and there being no brakes, the axletree broke and deposited them all on the ground in a somewhat damaged condition.

A NEW Arctic Expedition sailed from New London, Conn., on Tuesday week, under the command of Mr. Hall. He will take out with him a crew of five Esquimaux, and hopes to obtain further traces of Sir John Franklin's party.

THE artesian well at Toledo, Ohio, has been completed, the auger having penetrated the inexhaustible reservoir underlying the city, and letting out the water in a strong and copious stream.

THE Trojans were astonished recently by the fall of a shower of pebbles over a space about twenty feet square in their city, the pebbles varying in size from those a little larger than a bean to some weighing half an ounce. They were not similar in combination or color to pebbles found in that vicinity, but beautifully striped and variegated, and some of them perfectly and beautifully transparent, resembling the agates found in the Lake Superior district. It is supposed that they had been taken up by some tornado.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British channel fleet had sailed on a cruise.

LONDON, Saturday.—The Board of Trade announces that Port Saijon, in Cochin China, has been opened to foreign trade.

The directors of the Great Eastern Ship Company have decided that she shall return from New York direct to Milford Haven.

FRANCE.—The Paris *Patrie* publishes a dispatch from Sicily, dated Wednesday, which states that the Neapolitan troops still occupied Palmero, and that the insurrection was making great progress at all points. Garibaldi had been joined by all of his officers, and particularly by Col. Medici, with considerable reinforcements. He was menacing Monreale, the surrender of which would lead to the fall of Palermo.

A telegram from Finna asserts that M. Thouvenel has declared to the Austrain envoy in Paris, that the Emperor Napoleon regrets that Russia should have prematurely brought forward the Eastern question, but thinks it desirable to associate himself with Russia, lest she should assume the exclusive protectorate of the Christians in Turkey, and is therefore disposed to acknowledge the principle of the inquiry proposed by the Russian Cabinet.

ITALY.—Dispatching of troops to Sicily continues. They country is tranquil, and the police are ready to repress any popular movement.

Dispatches from Sicily are contradictory. It is said that popular rising in Palermo, and the bombardment, were progressive; that Garibaldi had entered, or was expected.

Neapolitan dispatches claim the defeat of the Insurgents.

Late dispatches assert that everything was going on well with Garibaldi. The English and French residents at Palermo had embarked on board the steamers of their respective nations. An attack by the insurgents was expected at any moment. The Neapolitan General would defend the town. The Insurgents still occupied the heights surrounding Palermo.

Several Neapolitan vessels of war arrived at Palermo.

The Paris *Patrie* says:—Insurrection being organized to such an extent that its definite results are no longer doubtful, the fall of Palermo is inevitable, being only a question of time. As soon as the Insurgents become masters of Palermo, Garibaldi will declare Sicily annexed to Italy.

Advices from Messina to the 21st, state that on the 20th, forty-six Neapolitan deserters were fired at while passing to the insurgents. Two considerable disembarkations of volunteers had taken place—at San Stefano de Cameston on the right, and at Santa Deto to the left, of Palermo. The rising at Messina had not yet taken place. It was reported that Palermo would soon surrender. A proclamation by the Committee of Palermo had been posted up in all parts of that town announcing the victorious march of Garibaldi, and that Sicily would soon become independent. It also added that even then Neapolitan police were commencing to desert their masters, and terminated with *viva* Victor Emanuel, *viva* Garibaldi.

The Insurrectionist Committee in Sicily is said to have sent a note to the foreign Consuls announcing that the nation would be consulted, and that the Sicilian Parliament would be convoked.

The Paris *Patrie*, after giving the Neapolitan dispatch announcing the defeat of Garibaldi, state that Garibaldi is said to have attacked the Royal Troops, who were strongly entrenched, and to have completely beaten them. This combat would lead to the immediate evacuation by the Royal troops of Palermo, Messina, Trapana, Catana and Syracuse.

The latest accounts say the heights around Palermo were occupied by insurgents, and an attack was imminent. Gen. Larsea had demanded an armistice of Garibaldi, without effect.

Highly Important from Japan.

THE Overland Mail Coach, with San Francisco dates to the 21st of May, three days latter than by the Pony Express, arrived at Springfield, Mo., on the 10th inst. The papers furnish the following highly important news from Japan and China.

The schooner Page, which left the Bay of Jeddo April 23d, and the steamer Yagize, with news from China to April 10th, report that the Chinese have concluded to pay the English and French governments their expenses, and accede to all their demands. The ports and navigation of the rivers are to be free.

The Americans are charged by the China Chronicle with having been engaged in the Coolie trade, and a proclamation has been issued by a distinguished Chinese official, warning them against the practice of kidnapping.

The Prince Goltairo, who was at the head of the present Japanese government, was assassinated on the 15th of March. He was going from his house to the Palace with his train, when he was attacked by fourteen Japanese dressed as travelers. His retinue had six killed and several wounded. Thirty people were beheaded on the 1st of April, having been engaged in the affair.

Since the death of the old Tycoon, under whose regime the treaty was made, there has been an entire change in the government, the present dynasty being opposed to foreign intercourse, throwing every obstacle in the way to interrupt trade and commerce that they can possibly do without violating the treaty. The opposition, at the head of which is Prince Moto, is reported as being as strong as the present government. An insurrection was momentarily expected. Guard houses, with stands of arms, are numerous, both in the towns and along the road to the city of Jeddo. Foreigners are requested not to go out after dark, and are advised by their respective Consuls to go armed at all times.

Later Intelligence.

THE telegraph, this (Tuesday) morning, gives the following additional items of interest, brought by the North Briton:

FRANCE.—The London Herald, in its city article, gives currency to the report from China that the French had concluded an arrangement with the Chinese authorities, by which France accepts $2,000,000 indemnity for the insult to the French flag, and would therefore withdraw her forces.

The Moniteur announces that the session of the Corps Legislatif has been adjourned till June 30th.

TURKEY.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily News gives a report that France and Russia had agreed to the partition of Turkey. England was to be offered a share, and if she refused, they would go in without her.

CHINA.—Letters say although the exact tenor of the Chinese reply is not made public, it was known to be unsatisfactory, and hostilities appeared inevitable. Hong Chow had been retaken by the rebels, but the silk districts were still in a disturbed state.

THE SICILIES.—An official Neapolitan telegram of the 26th says, this morning the insurgents were attacked by our troops, beaten and driven from their strong position at Parco, and it is now occupied by our columns. The insurgents sustained great losses. Another column is pursuing them in the direction of Mina Multa.

Accounts by mail state that at Messina, on the 22d, order was maintained, but everything was rife for an outbreak in case Garibaldi succeeded in entering Palermo, of which there was little doubt. His force was then estimated at 15,000, but is said to have been subsequently swelled to 40,000.

According to an intercepted dispatch from the general commanding the royal forces at Alcamo, out of 5,000 there were lost 2,300 in killed. Of the wounded no mention is made—for, as the insurgents gave no quarters, their return is unnecessary. Many royal troops who returned to Palermo after the action with Garibaldi's forces, died of fatigue.

A later official dispatch, dated Naples, May 28, says the Sicilian bands are leaving the troops of Garibaldi, who have again been beaten at Palna, having had many killed and taken prisoners. The insurgents lost one cannon, and are in full flight, pressed by royal troops beyond Corselone. The provinces are tranquil, and the revolutionary States discouraged.

The official Donon Zeitung publishes the following, dated,

NAPLES, May 27.—The bands of Garibaldi have been totally routed. Garibaldi himself is endeavoring to embark. The rebels accuse each other of treachery.

TURIN, May 29.—The Gazetto publishes an official dispatch from Naples, announcing the arrival there of an English steamer with the following:—The insurgents have entered Palermo. A considerable portion of the population have risen. The city has been bombarded by sea and land. The bombardment commenced Sunday morning, and continued when the steamer left.

PARIS, June 29.—The Patrie publishes, under reserve, the following dispatch:

NAPLES, May 28.—Garibaldi having collected all his forces and military material, attacked Palermo on the morning of the 26th, and made himself master of all the out-works, and succeeded in entering the town. The London Times places no reliance on official telegraphs from Naples, as sufficient time has elapsed to show their sheer fabrication.

The following is the latest intelligence received from an authentic source by the Times:

PARIS, May 29.—A second telegram from Naples, announces a popular rising at Palermo, and an attempted bombardment by sea and land by the Neapolitan troops. The entrance of Garibaldi into Palermo was expected.

NAPLES, May 30—9.30 A. M.—The bombardment of Palermo lasted several hours, and Garibaldi entered the town on the 26th. The head-quarters of Garibaldi are in the Contreetown. The number killed is large.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—*Breadstuffs*—Are generally dull, but steady. Wheat steady. Red 10s3d@10s9d; White 11s@12s4d. Corn steady, and in more demand. *Provisions.*—Provisions quiet. Pork dull. Lard dull, and nominal at 57s. Sugar quiet. Coffee, steady.

The News Condenser.

— The captured Africans at Key West are dying off very fast.

— The new Arctic Expedition will leave port on the 20th, or thereabouts.

— Runaway negroes are becoming very common and bold in Western Texas.

— During the month of May, 28 seagoing vessels were reported lost or missing.

— Street railway cars are expected to commence running in Buffalo next week.

— Judge Daniels, of the U. S. Supreme Court, died at Richmond, Va., on the 1st inst.

— The corner stone of an iron cathedral was laid lately in Victoria, Vancouver's Island.

— Louis Napoleon has just procured 25,500 live quails from Genoa, for the Imperial parks.

— The annual war of extermination upon the dogs has been opened with vigor in N. Y. city.

— Five hundred young Irishmen recently left home for Rome, to serve in the Pope's army.

— Dogs' heads are worth 25 cents each in New York city, provided the tail is done wagging.

— The cattle plague has appeared in New Jersey, on Abraham Johnson's farm, near Newark.

— Blondin has resumed his fool-hardy performances upon the tight-rope over Niagara Falls.

— The village of Monson, Piscataquis Co., Me., was almost destroyed by fire on the 27th ult.

— Albert Smith, the well known humorous English author and lecturer, died on the 25th ult.

— The only child of Senator Douglas, by his last marriage, died at Washington, Tuesday week.

— An old sword, having stamped upon the blade "U. S. A., 1790," has been dug up in Portland, Me.

— Prof. Pierce, the distinguished mathematician of Harvard, has gone to England for the summer.

— An old citizen of Savannah, Ga., with his sister, has fallen heir to a fortune in France of $3,000,000.

— Lady Byron is dead, and her eldest grandson, aged 24, enters the House of Lords as Baron Wentworth.

— Hon. Samuel D. Ingham, of Banks Co., Pa —a member of Jackson's cabinet—died Tuesday week, aged 81.

— Washington correspondents predict that the adjournment of Congress will take place about the 1st of July.

— Of the twelve swans presented by the city of Hamburg for the N. Y. Central Park, seven have been poisoned.

— The widow of the late Ossawottomie Brown has received $30,000 from her colored sympathizers in Hayti.

— In Massachusetts, a bank allowing a counterfeit bill to pass without stamping it, becomes liable for its payment.

— The recent trot between Flora Temple and George M. Patchen was won by the former. Time, 2.21, 2.24, 2.21½.

— A young man named M'Carty recently had his nose cut off in Albany, by an iron shutter blown from its hinges.

— A local editor of Cincinnati has fallen heir, by the death of a distant relative in England, to the sum of $10,000.

— Mr. Appleton, late Assistant Secretary of State, has been confirmed by the United States Senate as Minister to Russia.

— It is said that Mr. Rarey the horse-tamer, will soon return to the United States with money enough to set up a bank.

— T. C. Hunt, Democratic receiver of public moneys at Natchitoches, La., is a defaulter to the Government for $85,000.

— The late tornado at the West safely seated a little girl of four years, at Farmington, Iowa, in the top of a cherry tree.

— There is a man at Waterloo, Blackhawk Co., Iowa, who, for nine years, has had quarterly paroxysms of hydrophobia.

— More than a million dollars have been subscribed toward the International Exhibition in England, proposed for 1862.

— Commodore Vanderbilt has informed the Post Office Department that he will not carry the California mails after the 20th inst.

— The Academy of Science of Paris has elected Herr Ehremberg, of Berlin, to the place of associate vacated by Humboldt's death.

— Newspapers on the line of the Mississippi river give currency to reports respecting the presence of yellow fever in New Orleans.

— Within a little more than a year, eighteen American vessels have burned at sea, or in port, on which the insurance was $2,452,000.

— A fellow named Charles Brickel, residing near Paducah, Ky., drank a gallon of tomato catsup, a few days since, on a wager of $50.

— The milkmen of Philadelphia are stopped from blowing their accustomed horns on Sunday morning, by the revival of an old law of 1822.

— The tallest man in the Chicago Convention was Mr. Buskirk, a fine specimen of the genus Hoosier, measuring six feet eleven inches in hose.

— The late Theodore Parker has bequeathed his private library, numbering over 30,000 volumes, to the public library of the city of Boston.

— We learn from Havana that disastrous fires have occurred on the island, destroying large quantities of sugar cane prepared for grinding.

— A woman has been arrested in New York city for refusing to answer the Census Marshal. Persons so refusing are liable to a fine of $50.

— The Madrid journals state that the Spanish Queen had ordered 50,000 cigars to be distributed among the troops on their arrival in the capital.

— According to the official returns, the Cunard line of steamers receives £190,000 annually for the mail service from the British Government.

— The Franklin Co. (Mass.) Ag. Society have voted to dispense with the show of neat cattle the coming fall, in consequence of the prevailing disease.

— A dispatch from New Orleans says business there is about over for the season, large numbers of merchants having left for Europe and the North.

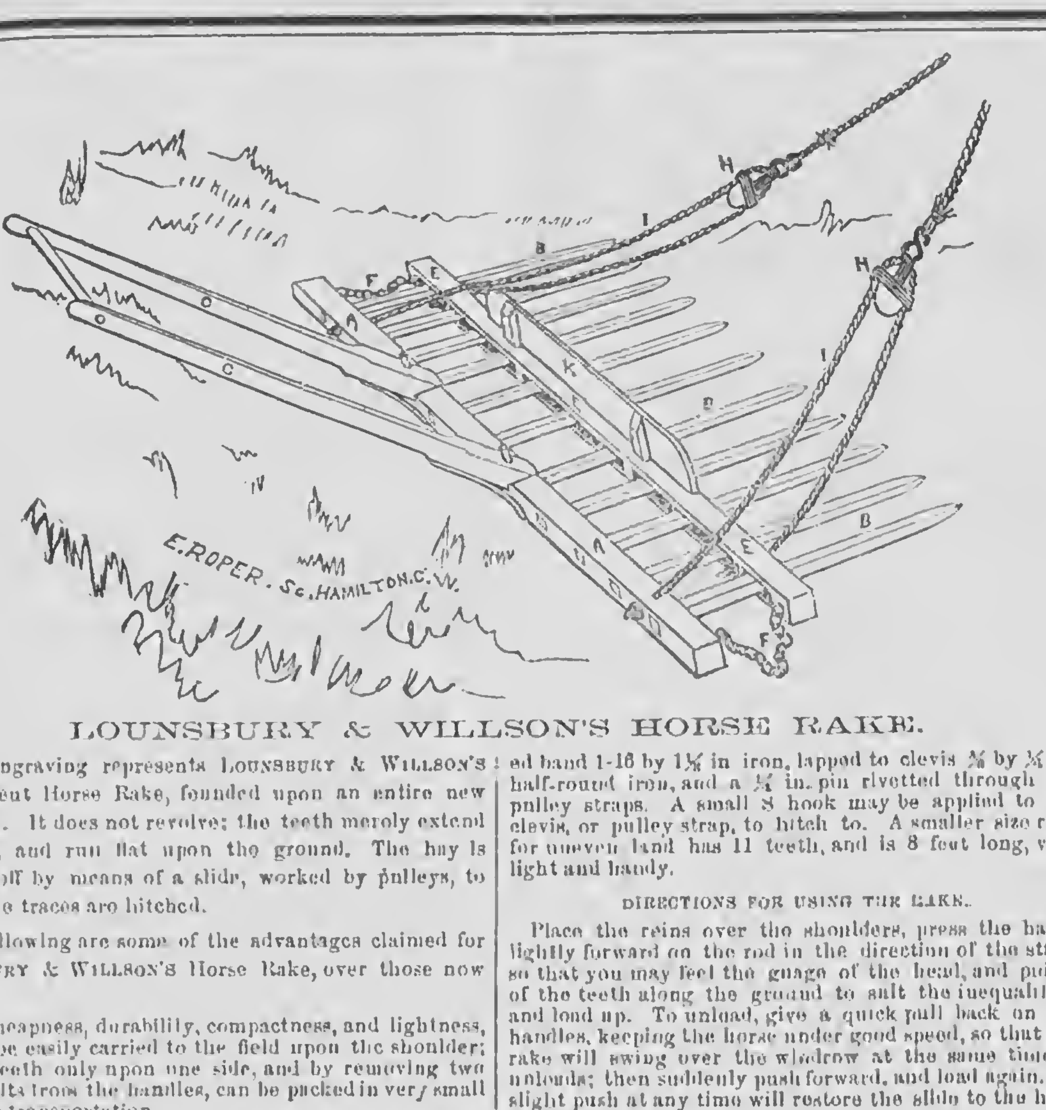
— An explosion of fire damp in a Pennsylvania mine, the other day, resulted in the death of three men who were descending the shaft at the time.

— Fourteen of the best lawyers in Maryland are trying to settle which of two claimants shall have the administration of an estate valued at $300,000.

— It is now ascertained that the Central Park swans were accidentally poisoned by partaking of food prepared with arsenic for the destruction of rats.

— The project for abolishing tolls on merchant vessels passing through the Provincial canals has passed the Canadian Legislature, and is now a law.

— Wisconsin has reduced the legal rate of interest from twelve per cent. to ten, and allows two years for the redemption of lands sold on mortgage.



LOUNSBURY & WILLSON'S HORSE RAKE.

OUR engraving represents LOUNSBURY & WILLSON'S new Patent Horse Rake, founded upon an entire new principle. It does not revolve; the teeth merely extend in front, and run flat upon the ground. The hay is thrown off by means of a slide, worked by pulleys, to which the traces are hitched.

The following are some of the advantages claimed for LOUNSBURY & WILLSON'S Horse Rake, over those now in use:

1st. Cheapness, durability, compactness, and lightness, so as to be easily carried to the field upon the shoulder; having teeth only upon one side, and by removing two screw-bolts from the handles, can be packed in very small space for transportation.

2d. It does the work cleaner than any other rake, because the sharp corner of the slide scrapes the hay before it.

3d. The teeth merely slide through the stubble, are not liable to dull or wear at the points, as the revolving teeth do, by constantly pitching into the ground, finally become too short, and in light soil, apt to mix it with the hay.

4th. The draft is lighter for the horse, and the work easier to the man, who can hold and drive as fast as he can follow without stopping.

5th. It can be guided better than revolving rakes, as the handles are bolted firmly to the head, gives no lost motion.

6th. Teeth not so liable to break when catching fast, as the slide not only supports, but moves forward and loosens them.

7th. It does not wind up, or get entangled in the hay.

8th. Loading or unloading is done by simply pushing, or pulling,—can be learned by the dullest hand, so as to become expert in twice crossing the field.

DESCRIPTION.

A. Is the rake head made of ash, 2½ inches square, and 9 feet long, with 12 oak teeth.

B. 1⅜ in. square, and 26½ in. long, framed into it.

C. Ash handles, 1⅜ by 3 in., and 1⅜ by 2⅜ in., 3 ft. 8 in. long, connected at the top by an inch rod, (2½ feet high from the ground line when the slide is against the head,) and bolted to the head by two ⅜ in. bolts, 6 in. long, which pass through flat braces ⅜ by 1⅜ in. iron, 13 in. long, and screwed up with nut and bevel washer.

E. The slide, or stripper, is of light wood, consisting of a batten above and below the teeth, ⅜ by 2⅜ in., with six blocks between, ⅜ in. thicker than teeth, 4 in. long, and put together with strong 2½ in. wood screws, put in from opposite sides. Board K is 4 by ⅜ in., 4 feet long, and fastened to two ⅜ in. oak studs.

F. Two small chains, with welded links ⅜ in. long, of ⅛ in. wire, with pins, or wood screws through the ends, holds the slide from flying off the teeth. I. ⅜ in. ropes, 9 feet long each, knotted through the slide and head, passing through pulleys H, which are 4 in. diam., and ⅜ in. thick, of hard-wood, and turn inside of a welded band 1-16 by 1⅜ in. iron, lapped to clevis ⅜ by ⅜ in. half-round iron, and a ⅜ in. pin rivetted through the pulley straps. A small S hook may be applied to the clevis, or pulley strap, to hitch to. A smaller size rake for uneven land has 11 teeth, and is 8 feet long, very light and handy.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING THE RAKE.

Place the reins over the shoulders, press the hands lightly forward on the rod in the direction of the stilts, so that you may feel the guage of the head, and points of the teeth along the ground to suit the inequalities, and load up. To unload, give a quick pull back on the handles, keeping the horse under good speed, so that the rake will swing over the windrow at the same time it unloads; then suddenly push forward, and load again. A slight push at any time will restore the slide to the head for loading.

The aforesaid Horse Rake was Patented in Canada the 9th of June, 1858, and in the United States the 31st of January, 1860, to run 14 years, from date, in each country, owing to additional improvements. Good Patents have been obtained, securing the main principles of the Rake. Manufacturers in any part of the United States or Canada, having suitable Machinery, will find the Manufacture of these Portable Rakes, only weighing 50 lbs., a profitable branch of business, in which there can be no risk, as they are, perhaps, destined to come into as general use as the original Pennock Rake, and afford a better profit than any other, on account of its simple construction.

State, Provincial, or County Rights, will be sold out entire, or on payment of an annual patent fee, upon reasonable terms, as may be agreed upon, to good and responsible parties furnishing respectable reference. A sample Rake, or Model, will be sent to agents only, on payment of $3, to any part of the United States or Canada. Agents wanted in every State to sell Rights immediately, to whom a handsome per centage will be given. See advertisement in this paper.

These Rakes have been thoroughly tested for two or three seasons, amongst a variety of persons, and are highly approved of—are now made very light, handy, and perfect. A good many County Rights have been sold to extensive firms in the Western part of Canada, who manufactured a great many the last season, and a number of rights have been disposed of to Manufacturers in New York State. A bill will be sent, and full particulars, with recommendations.

All orders addressed to F. G. WILLSON, Ontario, near Hamilton, Canada West, will be promptly attended to.

Special Notices.

MONROE CO. HORSE SHOW AND HOLIDAY EXHIBITION July 4th, 1860.

THE Board of Managers respectfully announce that the next Annual Horse Show and Holiday Exhibition of the Monroe Co. Agricultural Society, will be held on the Fair Grounds, near Rochester, on Wednesday, the 4th of July coming.

The aim is to render the Exhibition highly Useful and Interesting to practical men, and Attractive and Entertaining to the public generally. Liberal premiums are offered for the various Classes of Horses—Thoroughbreds, Road and Carriage, General Utility, Draft and Heavy Work, &c. The principal premiums in the several classes are for Stallions, Matched and Single Horses, Brood Mares and Colts, and the fastest *Walking Horses*. Though no prizes are offered for Speed, the Road and Carriage Horses are to be exercised on the fine Track, for display of Style, Action, &c., under the direction of the Judges.

Competition for Premiums is open to the States and Canada, and strangers and their horses will be cordially welcomed. All horses should be entered and on the grounds before 10 o'clock.

ATTRACTIONS appropriate to the occasion, and for a Holiday Exhibition, will be included in the Programme—one of which is mentioned below.

☞ For List of Premiums, Regulations, &c., see bills, or next week's RURAL NEW-YORKER.

D. D. T. MOORE, *Pres't.*

SAMUEL MILLER, *Sec'y.*

"LITTLE FAIRY" ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.

DOLLIE DUTTON, the celebrated "Little Fairy," and the most wonderful Dwarf in the World, is to give two Levees during the Holiday Exhibition of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, on the 4th of July—one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon (at 10 or 11 A. M. and 3 or 4 P. M.) Arrangements will be made so that thousands of spectators can witness the exhibition—see and hear the prodigy during her performances, singing, &c. The Levees will be free to all who attend the Holiday Exhibition, the price of admission to which will not exceed 25 cents for adults, and 15 cents for children and youth under 14 years of age.

☞ The Levees will include the usual programme of the Little Fairy's exhibitions in Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., and be under the supervision of ALBERT NORTON, Manager, and J. H. LILLIE, Agent.

FOR BILLIOUS AFFECTIONS, HEADACHES,

And many unpleasant symptoms, occasioned by a disordered stomach, irregularity, or other causes, "*Brown's Laxative Troches*," or Cathartic Lozenges, will be found a mild, efficacious, and palatable remedy.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence with July. Agents and Subscribers will please note—bearing in mind that new single or club subscriptions, and renewals, are now in order, for either a half or whole year.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and Club Agents will please forward the Subscriptions of those who wish to secure the RURAL. ☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers, and will be in all cases where ordered, until we otherwise announce. Send on the new recruits!

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—In ordering the address of the RURAL changed, please name the post-office to which it is (or has been) sent as well as the one where you wish it.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Inquiries and Notes, ... 189
Bloody Milk, ... 189
Gapes in Chickens, ... 189
A Chicken Coop [Illustrated,] 189
Hoeing Corn, ... 189
Experience in Underdraining—No. 1, ... 189
Potter's Patent Grain Cleaner [Illustrated,] 189
Up-the-Valley Notings, ... 189
A Day among the Sheep—Mr. Pitts' Sheep-Shearing, ... 190
Grass Crop of Seneca Co.—Pork Raising, ... 190
Advantages of a Heavy Soil, ... 190
Rural Spirit of the Press—Mutton as an article of Food; Cleaning Carrots; The Abuse of Roads, ... 190
Inquiries and Answers—Salt in the Spring; Burning Straw on Meadows; To Destroy the Wild Onion; Corn for Turning Under; What Ails the Pigs; Disease in Young Turkies; Another Cure for Scratches; Poll-Evil, again, ... 190
Agricultural Miscellany—The Season and the Crops—Dairy Products, &c.; Wheat Crop—The Midge; Crops in Canada; Crops in Southern Wisconsin; Haying Tools and Implements; A Good Cow; Premiums for Fast-Walking Horses; Large Calf, ... 190

HORTICULTURAL.

The Garden, ... 191
Jenny Lind Strawberry, [Illustrated,] 191
Hennialow's Superb Plum, [Illustrated,] 191
American Gardeners and Gardens, ... 191
The Crown Imperials, [Illustrated, ... 191
To Correspondents, ... 191
The Vine, or Scale Insect, [Illustrated] 191
Inquiries and Answers—Best Six Pears; Selection of Fruit; Insects on Roses; Peach Baskets; Cranberries; Dwarf Pears on Crab Stocks, ... 191
Horticultural Notes—Horticultural Exhibitions; Death of Louis Vilmorin and Alex. Parker; Best English Pears; Fruits Received, ... 191

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Graham Bread; Cooking Vegetables; Molasses Pie; Corn Muffins; Cream Tarts; Loaf Cake with Hop Yeast; Raised Muffins; Black Ants, ... 191

LADIES' OLIO.

The Two Lovers, [Poetical,] Wrecks of the Past; The Old-Fashioned Mother; Co-operation of the Wife, ... 192

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Night's Mission, [Poetical,] Lingerings with Nature, No. II.—The Prairies in Winter; Fables; Horscology; The Dignity of Labor; Excesses; Example, ... 192

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Above and Below, [Poetical,] Almost Safely Home; Self-Deceivers; How to get Consolation, ... 192

EDUCATIONAL.

School-Teaching Experience; Monotony of School Exercises; Seeing and Hearing; The Verb "To Get," 193

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. III.—View of Taghanic Falls, [Illustrated,] Phosphorus—Its Source and Nature; Philosophy of Rain, ... 193

YOUNG RURALIST.

The Atmosphere; What can I do; Paper for Taking Impressions of Leaves, ... 193

STORY TELLER.

The Star of my Home, [Poetical] The New Life, ... 196

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, June 12, 1860.

FLOUR stands at the prices of last week, and there does not appear to be any unusual activity in the demand.

GRAIN—Canadian Wheat is without alteration. The range on Genesee has been lessened, with something of a decline, but our figures are little else than nominal, there being so much difference in the samples on sale. Corn is somewhat more in demand, and rates have advanced for choice. Rye, Barley, Oats, &c., are as last quoted.

MEATS—There is but little variation in this department of trade. Pork is unchanged, but holders are not at all anxious to realize, as they expect an advance ere long. Spring Lambs are 25 cents per head better for prime.

WOOL.—We are in something of a quandary when we attempt to give current rates, or look at prospective prices with anything like prophetic ken. One of our leading houses says take off 5 to 7 cents per pound on all grades, which would give 28@37 cents as the opening range; another remarks that coarse wool will open about 2 cents less than our last week's quotation,—which was 31 cents,—and that fine wool, well cleansed, and put up in good shape, will bring our figures—45 cents. It is not thought that higher prices will be obtained, but that those latter,—28@45c—will be met. From the foregoing, those who have the article to sell, may be able to decide as to what is the best course to pursue.

PELTS.—By reference to quotations, it will be observed that very material changes have been made during the week.

HAY is still dropping—$8@12 being the selling prices.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,40	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,15@1,50	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,10
Corn, old	50@52c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	50@55c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	12@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@78½c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	34@34c	Potatoes	20@37½c
Barley	55@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@75c	Calf	9@9c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$17,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12@13c	Hay, ton	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	00@12½c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	28@45c
Lard, tried	11½@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	7c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$1,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	10@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11—FLOUR—A shade firmer, with fair home trade and moderate export demand. Sales at $5,15@5,20 for super State; $5,25@5,35 for extra do; $5,15@5,20 for super Western; $5,25@5,45 for common to medium do; $5,75@5,85 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet, with scarcely so much firmness. Canadian steady, with fair demand; sales at $5,30@7,40 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat fully 1c. lower, with moderate business doing in spring for export; sales Milwaukee club at $1,25@1,29 for common to very choice; Racine at $1,25; white Canada at $1,50; white Indiana at $1,48. Rye steady; sales at 86c. Barley dull and nominal at 60@70c. Corn scarce and about 1c better; demand chiefly for the eastern trade; sales at 66c for sound shipping mixed Western; 63½@65½c unsound do.; 70c for choice Western yellow; 71c for Jersey do; 77c for choice white Southern. Oats plenty and dull at 38@42½c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork firm, with fair speculative feeling; sales at $18,37@18,50 for new mess; $17,50 for old do; $13,50@13,75 for new prime; $12,50 for old do. Lard quiet and firm; sales at 11½@11½c. Butter dull and unchanged—10@17c for Ohio; 11@20c for State. Cheese heavy at 7@10½c.

ASHES—The market is without change, and the demand fair; sales of Pots at $5,31, and Pearls at $5,75.

ALBANY, JUNE 11.—FLOUR AND MEAL—There is a steady business doing in flour at previous prices. Corn meal is unchanged.

Common to good State,	$5,15@5,20
Fancy and extra State,	5,30@5,40
Common to good Western,	5,25@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,75@7,25
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,25
Common Canadian,	5,25@5,75
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,50@5,60
Extra Genesee,	5,65@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, steady and salable at 10@11s. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair supply, but the market is quiet and we can learn of no sales worthy of notice. Corn in moderate request, and the market is steady. We note further sales on Saturday afternoon of Western mixed afloat at 63½c; and this morning in car lots at 64c. In Barley and Rye nothing has transpired. Oats are in fair request, and while the market rules steady for prime lots, it is drooping for inferior. Sales Canada East at 37c, and State at 41½c.

BUFFALO, JUNE 11—FLOUR—Market steady with a moderate local and interior demand. Sales at $1,12½@4,25 for fine; $5,12½@5,25 for extra State and Canadian from spring wheat; $5,22@5,50 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,50@5,62½ for extra Iowa and Michigan; $5,62½@5,75 for extra Ohio and Indiana, and $6@6,75 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat; holders firm with a fair milling inquiry, but no sales. Corn in good demand at the figures of Saturday; market closing firm and holders asking an advance of 1c from quotations. Sales of the morning foot up 92,000 bu at 54c for Toledo; 53@54½c for ordinary to fair Illinois, and 55@55½c for prime do, a portion at the latter figure afloat. No sales other grains.—*Com. Adv.*

OSWEGO, June 11.—FLOUR—Market unchanged; sales at $5@5,25 for common to extra State; $6,12½@6,37½ for extra Canadian; $6,75@7 for favorite double extra city brands.

GRAIN—Wheat held 1@2c above the views of buyers; sales white Canadian on p. t. Corn in good demand and market 1c better; sales Penn. at 57c; Illinois at 58c. Other grains nominal.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11.—Flour dull.

GRAIN—Wheat steady; white $1,15@1,55; red $1,34@1,40. Corn firm; sales 20,000 bushels.

PROVISIONS—Mess pork $18,75; prime $15.

BALTIMORE June 11—FLOUR—Flour dull; no sales.

GRAIN—Wheat dull; red $1,30@1,35; white $1,45@1,60. Corn dull; yellow 70@72c; white 72@74c.

PROVISIONS firm and unchanged in prices.

TORONTO, June 8.—FLOUR—For flour there has been a fair inquiry throughout the week. The troubled aspect of European affairs adds to the impression that prices must be higher, and speculators are consequently taking advantage of every bargain they can get, without however manifesting any eager desire to purchase above market rates. There is a fair amount offering, and the season thus far has been favorable for millers, although the water in many streams has been rather low until the rain of Monday. Quotations are variously stated at $5,00@5,15 for superfine; $5,25@5,40 for spring wheat, fancy; and $5,40@5,60 for fall wheat, fancy; extra $5@6,25; and double extra $6,40@6,75; very favorite brands of the latter grade are held at $7 per barrel.

GRAIN.—The wheat market has been without important change. Prices have remained steady with a slight tendency upwards. There has been a good deal of competition between buyers, and the demand is as brisk as usual. The quantity brought in has been reasonably large, say 4,-000 bushels per day. The price of good to prime fall wheat ranges from $1,40@1,45 per bushel, and for common and ordinary $1,35@1,40. Not a great deal of wheat has been bought at below $1,40, and the average price for Tuesday was not less than $1,41 per bushel. Spring wheat has been steady at $1,10@1,12½ per bushel. The quality is uniformly good, and outside rates are freely paid. Barley is in fair demand, but prices are considerably lower, 50@55c being the current rate. Rye is dull and nominal at 60c. For oats the inquiry is moderate and pretty well met by the supply. They are firm at 32c per bushel. Peas are in good request with a moderate supply at 60@65c per bushel. *Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 6.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,00@9,50; ordinary, $8,50@9,00; common, $8,00@8,50; inferior, $7,00@8,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,50; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6@6½c; all others, 5½@6c.

ALBANY, JUNE 11.—CATTLE—The market is again overstocked, upwards of 4,000 cattle being on sale. Last week there were 4,219 head here—this week 4,065, and the average quality and weight is fully up to that of last week. The result is a downward tendency, and we have to quote a further decline of ½@½c ℔ lb; live weight. This brings the ruling rates extremely low.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	3,920	4,219	3,520
Sheep,	4,660	3,863	2,430
Hogs,	205	114	....

Prices—The market is rather languid even at the decline indicated:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½c	5½@5½c
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@5
First quality	3½@4	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3 @3¼	3 @3¾
Third quality	@2¾	2¼@2¾
Inferior	@0	@2½

CAMBRIDGE, June 6.—Whole number of Cattle at market 382—about 330 Beeves, and 53 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,00; first quality, $6,25@0,00; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $4,25@0,00; ordinary $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$75, 120@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$24, 40, 50@62.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $17@23; three year olds, $24@28.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—2,137 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,10 each; extra, $2,75, 3,00@4,75 each, or 3½@6c ℔ lb. live weight. Spring Lambs, $3,00@5,75.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—11@12½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@6,00.

BRIGHTON, June 7.—At market 900 beeves, 100 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 2,000 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,75@0,00; first quality $6,50@7,00; second quality, $0,00@6; third quality, $5,00@0.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$46@48; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@24; three years old, $25@27.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@12½c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2; Extra, $3,75@4,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@7½c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8½c.; Spring pigs, 9½@10c; retail 0c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

TORONTO, June 8.—The supply of cattle is not large, and first class beef is firm at 6½@7c ℔ lb, on foot. Second class 6@6½c, and common 5@5½c.

SHEEP $4@5 each, clipped; $5,00@5,50 unclipped; Lambs, $1,50@2,25.

CALVES $3,50@5.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 6.—The demand is limited, as the attention of the trade is now centered toward the wool growing districts, where manufacturers and their agents, as well as dealers, have already been making purchases. But most of the accounts respecting prices in town and country are conflicting in the extreme, and entitled to no respect. From some localities we learn that sales are making at last year's prices; from others, that an advance of 2c. ℔ lb on last year's rates is obtained; and from other districts we hear bearish rumors of a decline of 7½c ℔ lb, with nothing to justify this latter assertion, but an easy money market here and in England, with a decline in the rate of interest and short supplies of fine wools everywhere, while the mills are running full blast generally. How absurd the idea that wools must suffer such a great depreciation in prices, when stubborn facts go to show that such is the not the case, and that the farmers are in a better condition to hold their wools than they were last year, while the state of the money market and the less warlike attitude of France give evidence of less fearful forebodings than were anticipated one year since, when speculators and dealers were timid about purchasing the clip, and consequently the greater portion fell into the hands of manufacturers.

It is now claimed that the prices then paid were too high, but the farmers don't say so. They assert they only received a fair value for their wool, and this is all they claim now. If dealers are not prepared to pay it, they ask them to stay at home till they send the wools to market, and not resort to the miserable subterfuge of depreciating their property which is still growing on the sheeps' back. This appears feasible, and if prices are too high to suit the interest of manufacturers, let them slack speed, put their mills in repair, and let the demand for goods overtake the supply, and then the prices of wools and woolen goods will be regulated according to the wants of consumers. The transactions include 55,000 lbs. Domestic Fleece, at 35@55c. for common to full-blood Saxony; 15,000 lbs. California, at 12½@25c for common to fine; 36,000 lbs. Pulled, at 30c. for No. 1 City; 35c for super; 37½c for Lambs, and 41½@43c for super and extra Country; also, 54 bales Rio Grande, washed and unwashed, at 18c for the former and 11c for the latter, 6 mos.; 30 do. Buenos Ayres; 200 do. washed Smyrna, and 130 do. Chilian, on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	55@58
Am. full-blood Merino	50@54
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	44@47
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	38@40
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@42
No. 1, Pulled	30@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	22@32
California, common do.	12@16
Peruvian, washed	16@20
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@18
South Am. common, washed	16@18
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@12
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	20@22
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@18
Smyrna, unwashed	14@19
Smyrna, washed	22@24
Mexican, unwashed	11@18

[*N. Y. Tribune.*

ALBANY, June 6.—The new clip comes forward rather slowly and lots arriving in the street are taken at prices ranging from 28 to 40c., as in quality, which is full 5c below the opening prices of last season. The old stock of fleece which was wintered over has been sold to manufacturers, though there is a considerable amount of pulled still in market, which is held at prices ranging from 30 to 40c.

American, Saxony Fleece,	54@58c
American, Full Blood Merino,	48@52c
American, ½ and ¾ Merino,	43@46c
American, Native and ¼ Merino,	34@38c
Extra, Pulled,	42@47c
Superfine, Pulled,	36@38c
No. 1, Pulled,	28@30c

[*Evening Journal.*

BOSTON, June 6.—The market for fleece and pulled wool remains the same as previously noticed. The sales have been 175,000 lbs at prices in the range of quoted rates, mostly from 40@50c ℔ lb cash. The transactions in foreign wool have been quite extensive, comprising 1,100 bales Cape, Mediterranean, South American and St. Helena, and 356 ballots Peruvian at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@52
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	22@32

BUFFALO, June 11—There is considerable talk at present as regards prices at which the new clip will sell on its receipt. The general impression, however, is that fine will not bring within 7c, and coarse within 10c of the opening prices of last year. The inquiry, with a view to immediate purchase, considering the advanced state of the season, is extremely moderate, and in this connection we may remark that eastern manufacturers have neither gone themselves nor sent their agents west with a view to contract for the new clip, to the same extent as in years past. As the number of buyers are therefore diminished at least one-half, our readers may safely infer that little or no competition exists in the market. The nominal quotations are about as follows:

No. 1 Pulled,	30@32c
Superfine do,	32@40c
Extra,	41@45c
Double Extra,	45@50c

[*Commercial Advertiser.*

DETROIT, June 8.—The prices paid for wool in this city have not as yet exceeded 38c, and amongst the sales reported on the lines of the several roads, we note parcels purchased at prices ranging from 30c to 39c ℔ lb, the latter figure being the outside, and for fine lots. Commission agents are generally bound down with less margin than usual this season. The quantity as yet brought into this market is quite light, and it now seems as though the great amount of the clip would not be offered much before the latter half of the month.

We give prices in this market as ranging as follows:

Common native fleeces	22@32
Grade and ¼ blood Merino	30@34
½ blood Merino	32@36
¾ blood and fine Merino lots	37@39

There have been purchased at these rates in this city during the week between 8,000 and 10,000 lbs.—*Mich. Farmer.*

CHICAGO, June 7.—There is considerable discussion and speculation among the wool dealers and commission merchants as the prospects of the wool trade during the season now commencing. The general belief among buyers appears to be that prices will rule, on the average, five cents a pound less than the average rates of last season. The average price paid throughout the season last year, was 42½c, and this would make the average price for this year 37½ cents. The shearing season is commenced in some parts of Michigan, Ohio, and this State, and will soon begin all over this region. The fleece is represented to be of a very good quality generally, and the yield will be fully as large as that of last season. The buyers here are scarcely ready to commence buying yet, but would make contracts for future delivery. Producers of wool should bear in mind the fact that at the opening of every season we hear numerous and plausible reasons assigned why the price should rule low,—but that the market generally regulates itself in spite of these reasons, and as often controverts as sustains them. It is of course the interest of buyers to buy low, particularly at the commencement of a season. We now see no reason why wool should not rule fully as high this year as it did last.

FLEECE—Common, native	30@31c
Quarter blood	32@35c
Half blood	35@37c
Three-quarter blood	38@42c
Full blood Saxony	46@48c
PULLED—No. 1	29@35c
Superfine	30@35c
Extra	35@40c
Double Extra	40@42c

—*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, O., June 7.—The market has assumed a more regular aspect, and prices more uniformity. A good deal doing and a pretty good demand, at rates varying from 30 to 40c, and for extra clips 45c is being paid.—*Gazette.*

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 6.—There is no change in wool, and we quote tub-washed at 32@33c, grease at 22@24c, and pulled at 28@30c. Sales of 10,000 lbs. Morgan's Santa Fe wool at 17½@18c.—*Courier.*

TORONTO, C. W., June 7.—Wool was never in brisker demand, with great competition between buyers. For good washed wool 26½c, (1s. 4d.) has been freely paid, and in one or two cases 28c (1s. 5d.) has been realized.—*Globe.*

LONDON, C. W., June 3.—Wool commands a very prominent notice at present. The prices and qualities vary greatly; there are many buyers in the market, and all have been endeavoring to secure the largest portion, at the same time not thinking of the very high prices they were paying, higher than in any other market in Western Canada. The rates vary from 28c to 30½c ℔ lb. During this week, buyers offered very freely for best samples, or more generally for good looking and large lots; some lots have been sold at 25c to 27c. To-day quite a re-action was apparent, and prices settled down to 26@27c as a general price; some few best samples realized 28c.—*Free Press.*

Deaths.

IN Watson, Allegan Co., Mich., March 31st, 1860, FLORA, wife of DANIEL LEGGETT, (formerly of Irondequoit, N. Y.,) aged 52 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

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EXECUTOR'S SALE OF BLACK HAWK STOCK.—Fifteen horses and colts, belonging to the estate of the late Judge TURRILL, will be sold at Auction, at Wine Creek Course, Wednesday, June 27th, 1860. For circulars apply to WILLIAM TURNER, Agent, 544-1t Box 889, Oswego, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale a farm of 75 acres, situated one mile north of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the Ontario and Wayne Plank Road, with good farming land, two good orchards of the very best fruit, good buildings of all kinds, well fenced, three wells, and in every respect a very desirable location. PLATT CROSBY. Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t

LOUNSBURY & WILLSON'S HORSE RAKE.—Talented and responsible Agents, giving good references, wanted in every State in the Union, to sell Rights to manufacturers the present hay season, to whom a handsome percentage will be given. A sample Rake and bill with full particulars sent to Agents, on receipt of $3, which may be tested in the hay-field by the manufacturer. See description in No. 544 of the Rural New Yorker. Applications, post-paid, promptly attended to, addressed to F. G. WILLSON, Ontario, near Hamilton, Canada West, who is also Patent Agent for Canada and United States. 544-3t

POTTER'S IMPROVED GRAIN CLEANER offers inducements to manufacturers and others, as a safe investment of time and capital. The Machine is cheaper, more easily operated, and requires less power to produce the same results, than any other cleaner in use.

The Machines are furnished at the following prices, as manufactured by NORTON, RUSSELL & Co., of Marion, N. Y.: 30 by 16 inch Cylinder, with Cleaner, bands and extras, $100. Cleaner and bands, $50. Eight Horse-Power Thresher, with Cleaner, bands and extras, $115.

For rights to manufacture and machines, apply for descriptive and price circulars, to A. TODD, JR., Pulteneyville, N. Y., who is also Agent for EMERY BROTHERS, celebrated Horse-Powers and Machinery. 544-1t

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THE STAR OF MY HOME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I REMEMBER the day when my spirit would turn
From the fairest of scenes and the sweetest of song,
When the heart of the stranger seemed coldly to burn,
And the moments of pleasure for me were too long;
For one name and one form shone in glory and light,
And lured back from all that might tempt me to roam;
The festal was joyous, but not so bright
As the smile of my mother, the star of my home.

I remember the days when the tear filled my eye,
And the heaving sob wildly disturbed my young breast;
But the hand of the loved one the lashes would dry,
And her soothing voice lull my chafed bosom to rest.
The sharpest of pain and the saddest of woes,
The darkest, the deepest of shadows might come;
Yet each wound had its balm, while my soul could repose
On the heart of my mother, the star of my home.

But now let me rove the wide world as I may,
There's no form to arise as a magnet for me;
I can rest with strangers, and laugh with the gay,
Content with the pathway, where'er it may be.
Let sorrow or pain fling their gloomiest cloud,
There's no haven to shelter, no beacon to save;
For the rays that e'er led me are quenched by the shroud,
And the star of my home has gone down in the grave.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE NEW LIFE.

BY ANNA BURR.

"AND so your decision is irrevocable, my sweet Coz." The speaker's voice had a peculiar emphasis, while he bent his handsome head, and archly gazed into the fair face of the lady by his side.

"Yes! Mr. Impudence, I wouldn't marry you for a mountain of gold,—so have done with your nonsense. I wonder if you think that all the ladies are suing your favor, when they happen to cast a smiling glance over the battlements of their modesty,—are'nt you ashamed! What would my dear little MIRIAM WEST say, if you should besiege her so unmercifully. She don't like compliments, or 'soft nothings,' either. I'll warn you of that."

"Ah, ha,—who is this very proper little lady?" And SELWYN HOLMES leaned upon an arm of the sofa, with an air of nonchalance.

There was a certain restlessness of temperament apparent in the manners and habits of this young man, which indicated an unsettled mind, betraying the itinerant; but his brilliant conversational talents, and fine tastes, had been educated by foreign travel, until he had acquired a social polish which imparted a refinement and elegance to both his manners and language. Left an orphan, ere he had attained his majority, the influences which nourished SELWYN HOLMES' growth of character had tended to warp it with selfishness; and when his college days were ended, he joined a party of pleasure-seekers, and led a wandering life, reveling in the "*dolce far niente*" of Italy, with that delicious abandonment to the present, which every traveler in that sunny clime experiences. Studying gigantic works of art,—associating with the distinguished,—exploring ancient ruins, &c. In the vast metropolis of the French capital, he also sojourned for sometime, but inherent nobleness lifted him above its groveling pursuits, and he moved amidst its pestilential evils, with garments unspotted. His generosity often led him to display an impulsive benevolence, which caused him to make lavish disposals of his ample income, and the poverty and wretchedness that occasionally made his path so loathsome, blessed the charity which brought plenty to their doors.

The motives that actuated him were dictated by philanthrophy, for his acute womanly sympathies were sensitive in the highest degree, and perhaps he may have fallen into the general belief of those who are not ruled by a desire to promote good for the glory of GOD,—that works of benevolence would in part atone for the selfish appropriation of so much precious time. After SELWYN HOLMES' return to the city of New York, the reaction which attends upon "sight-seers," bro't him down very suddenly, upon a level with the plodding world around him; and the sterling good sense which appealed to his reason and judgment, in the advice of his kind uncle, ANDREW GORDON, was slowly opening his eyes to the stern realities of life.

"She was my school-mate when I was at Fort Edward Institute, two years ago; and I will tell you how we became such friends,"—continued the pretty blonde in an animated tone. "We are not one bit alike, and our intimacy was always a matter of wonder to me, for she is a great deal better than I am,—so amiable."

"Of course, if her disposition is the reverse of your own," interrupted the gentleman, laughing mischievously.

ADA GORDON did not deign to reply to this remark, only by a peremptory move of the hand, for she was too much engaged, with her favorite theme, to retaliate.

"I presume that you would call her quite plain, for her features are not very regular, but she has beautiful, soft, brown eyes, which shine like stars sometimes, and her dark glossy hair twists itself into curls all about her pensive face. But I was going to tell you how we got acquainted. She had been at Fort Edward two months, when I went there, and I soon observed that all the girls ridiculed 'the little nun,' as they called her, because she studied so diligently, and did'nt wear heels on her shoes. You may smile, cousin. *I* was indignant, and told them so. With very little difficulty, I obtained the consent of our kind Preceptress to take the dear child under my own sheltering wing, and we were room-mates the remainder of my stay at school.

"Where does she live?"

"O, her home is in Northern New York, somewhere near Lake Champlain, but I direct her letters to Albany now, where she is residing with a rich aunt."

"Ah, her parents are poor, then."

"No, but they have family troubles. Mr. WEST has a second wife, who is a termagant, I guess, for my poor little MIRIAM always shudders when she speaks of her."

"Why do you call her 'little,'—is she so very *petite?*" inquired SELWYN, apparently much interested.

"O, no,—her figure is somewhat slight, but quite tall, and pliant as a willow. I have always associated MIRIAM WEST with the azure clusters of little violets in our conservatory. She is not perpetually sunny, for a steady blaze of smiles are not natural to any face, but you never could call it absolutely cloudy, only a subdued moonlight veils her features sometimes."

"Bravo! you are really quite eloquent. Now I want to know when this paragon of innocence and loveliness will arrive here." SELWYN had arisen from the sofa, and was pacing the room in a musing mood during a part of the foregoing conversation, but now he paused by ADA's chair. She looked up into his face archly, while a smile half serious, half playful, wavered over her lips, as she replied,

"To-morrow afternoon,—but cousin, she is artless, and unaccustomed to the ways of the world. Will not you promise me, not to wither my wild rose, with deceptive influences?"

The gentleman's countenance assumed a very grave expression, and his proud lips quivered with emotion. ADA's words caused the frivolity of his past life to assume a distinct form. "Where is my manhood! he inwardly exclaimed; have I sunk so low in the eyes of the world, that I seem to wear the mantle of deception with a fascinating grace?" A dawning of truth broke through the cloud of error, which had so long dimmed his mental horizon, and the calm, holy light of this new advent, beamed from his eyes, and sparkled over every feature, while he bent his head humbly before the wondering girl and said, very solemnly,

"I will promise,—you are my good angel."

The tears sprang to ADA's eyes and she grasped her cousin's hand.

"Have I wounded your feelings? Do not let my playful words pain you,—we have indulged in badinage all the morning, and I am sorry to see you take my last remark so seriously."

"Nay, dear ADA, you are not quite sincere,—that warning was half in earnest,—but we will understand each other now. I am going to try to be a better man." SELWYN drew another chair to ADA's side, and with the familiarity allowed by a cousinship, he caught up the rich tassels of her morning robe, while he continued, earnestly,

"All thoughts of ill,—all evil deeds
That have their root in thoughts of ill,—
Whatever hinders, or impedes
The action of a nobler will;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

"There is a great work before me, but I must not pause to contemplate its magnitude, for every moment's delay increases its breadth, and weakens my moral forces." At this moment, a servant appeared, with "a message for Mr. HOLMES," and gently pressing ADA's hand, he said—"we will talk more about this another time," and left her.

The young lady remained sometime gazing abstractedly at the moss roses which were pouting their red lips upon the dark green ground-work of the rich velvet carpet. The exquisitely carved hands of marble Venuses held back the heavy sweep of damask curtains, which draped the windows of this apartment, and flooded it with a rosy light. Costly annuals and an elegant guitar laid upon the center-table; a Parian vase of rare exotics stood there, too,—they were growing without dew, but their dying breath exhaled sweeter fragrance, just as when

"The royal Rose lays its head in the dust,
And with'ring, is crushed by the heel of Time
Its departing life breathes a fragrance at last,
More sweet than when in its prime."

Two beautiful paintings adorned the walls, and the artist had skillfully delineated Italian characteristics in the golden skies and soft landscape of one, and the countenance and attitude of the other,—a picture of female beauty.

CHAPTER II.

"SELWYN, will you be on the wharf to meet Miss WEST when she arrives, this afternoon? Mama is suffering from a severe attack of the nervous headache, and I must not leave her." ADA and her cousin were lingering over their luncheon in the dining-room, the next day, when she said this.

"Can you trust me?" was the grave rejoinder.

"Most assuredly,—do forgive me for uttering those harsh words yesterday,"—the lady looked up very earnestly into the face of her companion.

"I thank you for them, cousin ADA,—they were like 'apples of gold in pictures of silver.' Nay, believe me, I am not jesting now,"—for the old arch expression was wavering over ADA's face,—SELWYN caught up her hands in his restless way, and smiled very seriously, almost sadly, while he addressed the above remark.

"I do—but I was thinking of how long our good resolves would remain firm," and she too smiled, but doubtfully.

"Time will prove,' and he sighed.

"I am not very sanguine, cousin; and, throwing aside all bantering, I am afraid you are not commencing right." ADA's voice trembled, while a deep settled gravity rested upon her usually animated features.

"What do you mean? Please explain," exclaimed her companion, somewhat excited.

"*I* cannot set you right," she replied in a tone of deep regret.

"Who can?"

"MIRIAM."

Their conversation was here interrupted, and three hours later SELWYN HOLMES was clearing a passage through the crowd which lined the wharf, for the timid stranger at his side. He assisted the little veiled figure into the omnibus, and addressed a few kind, polite words, which were responded to by a clear, sweet voice, with a refined accent; and long ere they were set down at the marble steps of the elegant mansion upon Fifth Avenue, his heart inwardly confessed a curiosity to behold the face of his modest companion. * * * * * * *

A week has passed, and we will look in upon the two young ladies who are having a *tete-a-tete* by themselves.

"What a strange, reserved person, your cousin is, ADA. We have not exchanged three words in conversation since my arrival here."

"Yes, he is somewhat eccentric, but the icy crust will melt before the light and warmth of your presence, ere long. Bless your dear eyes,—how I have longed to see them," and ADA drew MIRIAM's head upon her lap, and gazed very fondly into the upturned face.

"How natural it seems, to have you pet me once more," again ran the sweet low voice. "I feel very safe with you—the wide world has no other sheltering branch of friendship for me to rest beneath. Aunt HILDRED is cold and stiff, and when I become chilled by the atmosphere of her presence, I steal away to my own room, where I love to sit surrounded by those dear friends, my books."

"Well, you shall stay here until after the holidays. Papa says that I may have a New Year's party, and then we must attend that course of lectures by ———. Have you ever met him?"

"No, but I have longed to see him."

ADA looked at her watch, and then sprang up hastily, exclaiming,—"It is growing late! how fast the morning has slipped away. I must write a letter now, and you can amuse yourself with my books, or portfolio of engravings. Excuse my abruptness." And the door closed behind her retiring form. MIRIAM was soon deeply absorbed in a volume of TENNYSON's poems; and indeed so completely was her mind abstracted from surrounding objects, that she did not notice the entrance of SELWYN HOLMES. But he advanced, and she looked up with some confusion.

"Pardon my intrusion, Miss WEST. Can you tell me where cousin ADA is to be found?" he said, bowing gravely.

"She is in her room, very busily engaged in writing letters."

"Then I will not interrupt her—she will doubtless be down ere long. In the meantime will you please read me that passage, which seemed to engage your attention so much when I entered? There was something in SELWYN's genial tone and manner which immediately put MIRIAM at ease, and she instantly replied,—"With great pleasure, Mr. HOLMES," and her sweet voice took up the following words:

"Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!
Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!"

The gentleman turned red and pale while listening to the above extract, and now the young girl looking up perceived his evident emotion. "Do you not like it! What have I done?" She exclaimed with some confusion. He passed his hand across his brow, as if to smooth away the agitation, and then replied, in a low, grave voice,

"I am awaking from a wild, troubled dream,—that passage suits my case. But ADA has probably told you,"—and an expression of pain crossed his face.

"I do not understand you!—she has told me nothing. I admire the noble sentiments uttered by the poet, but had not the slightest intention of associating personalities." MIRIAM's cheeks were flushed, and her eyes filled with tears.

"Pardon me, then, I pray—those sentiments *are* noble,—thank GOD! my taste has not become too much perverted for a proper appreciation of 'the right.' Miss WEST I have a story to tell—will you be my confessor? I dare not pursue our acquaintance further until you know it."

Her manner, more than her words of assurance, satisfied him, for she was leaning forward with parted lips, and eyes glowing with sympathy. "'Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of a fool!' I can utter that heartily, Miss WEST. The inheritance of wealth is a solemn possession. I have abused it. My life has been, thus far, a tangled thread of error, and looking back upon it now, it seems like a great undertaking to unravel it, and braid it into beauty with shining virtues. This vague longing for something higher, and better, has been haunting me through all the nights and days of the past year. I am going to try to shake off this wayward, aimless life, and live for something now. Will you lead me forth to the light, Miss WEST? ADA tells me that I am not starting right, and confessing her own inability to guide me, mentioned you as one capable of advising the true method of reform."

An expression of touching humility rested upon MIRIAM's countenance as she said,—"ADA should have directed you to One who says, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'"

[Concluded next week.]

THE LESSON OF THE GARDEN.—A garden is a beautiful book, written by the finger of God; every flower and every leaf is a letter. You have only to learn them—and he is a poor dunce that can not, if he will, do that—to learn them, and join them, and then go on reading, and reading, and you will find yourself carried away from the earth to the skies by the beautiful story you are going through. You do not know what beautiful thoughts—for they are nothing short—grow out of the ground, and seem to talk to a man; and then there are some flowers—they always seem to be like overdutiful children—tend them ever so little, and they come up and flourish, and show, as I may say, their bright and happy face to you.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 30 letters.
My 5, 30 is a verb.
My 29, 1, 14, 22, 8, 14 is a noun.
My 6, 24, 27 is a personal pronoun.
My 12, 3, 8, 13 1, 22 is a noun.
My 14, 15, 18, 30, 28 is a pronominal adjective.
My 23, 16, 30 is an adverb.
My 9, 23, 1, 24 are interjections.
My 6, 21, 2, 16 is an adjective.
My 19, 3, 11 is a noun.
My 14, 15, 25 is an article.
My 26, 16, 17, 20 is a verb.
My 14, 24, 9, 2, 21, 6 is a proper noun.
My 10, 24, 18 is a relative pronoun.
My 7, 21, 4, 14 is a noun.

My whole is a saying that "Young America" would do well to heed. A. BLODGETT.

Hounsfield, Jeff. Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 22 letters.
My 9, 4, 19, 13 is a number.
My 16, 22, 2, 5, 18 are sometimes made of
My 14, 1, 10, 11, 9, and are worn by gentlemen.
My 3, 8, 12, 17 ought not to be wasted.
My 12, 1, 10, 7, 13, 12, 15, 3, 11, 6, 14 is a science.
My 12, 20, 18, 2 is a title applied to young ladies.
My 12, 8, 3, 10, 22, 21, 18 are worn in winter.

My whole is an old saying. MARTIN BRAINERD.

Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A LONG time ago, before railroads were known,
Or steamboats had plied on the lake,
I had business to do at some distance from home,
And concluded my pony to take.

His condition was fair,—it could not be called low,
Though he seemed in his speed some to slack;
It took only four days my journey to go,
And yet I spent five coming back.

The weather was hot—from the sun had no shade—
Dust and flies gave me terrible bother;
Yet I counted exactly the progress I made—
'Twas each day one mile less than the other.

The distance from home to the place where I went,
Young adepts in figures may find;
Their time won't be idly, but usefully, spent
In a fine exercise of the mind.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. M. A. T.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WHAT will be the diameter of a ball made from two balls, each of which are two inches in diameter, allowing nothing for waste? C. B. TIFFT.

Corning, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

MY first is a mode of compulsion;
My second is an exclamation;
My third causes much vexation;
My whole dwells in eastern nations.

Mint Spring, Va., 1860. META.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 542.

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Answer to Poetical Enigma:—Glass.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—64½ square rods.

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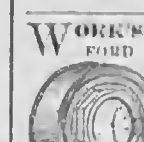
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R. Evans
IRVING, N. Y.

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CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

FARM WORK FOR JUNE.

THE main crops are planted, and nothing remains to be done in this direction, but perhaps the sowing of a few ruta bagas or white turnips, and the usual provision for buckwhat. All crops, so far as we have heard, are doing well. The season has been remarkably favorable, somewhat dry in some sections, but nothing has suffered. Those who make finding fault with the season the main subject of conversation, will be sorely put to their wits. No crops have been killed with the frost, nor has cold wet weather caused the corn or any other seeds to rot in the ground. The midge seems to have ceased his work, and we have great cause of gratitude to the Giver of all Good, for the prospect of abundant crops. The seedsmen are in high spirits and flatter themselves that farmers will not this season charge them with selling bad seeds.

As there is much interest felt on the subject of *Root Culture*, we hope those who have planted, or who may do so, will give good, clean culture, and keep a careful account of cost and product. In this way only, can the truth be ascertained. Every year the question is asked us a score of times, "Will roots pay?" Each farmer can test this matter for himself; and though one case of success or failure will not establish a general rule, yet by a number of trials in various sections, we shall be able to arrive at the truth.

Some persons seem to act as though they tho't planting was the only thing necessary to secure a crop. Much, however, depends upon *After Culture*. Many a promising crop is injured or destroyed by neglect. A plant that has to contend for an existence during the first half of its life against an army of robbing weeds, seldom recovers so as to become vigorous and productive. The soil, to be in a favorable condition for the growth of plants, must be thoroughly pulverized, not only on the surface but to the depth that the roots extend. There is hardly a cultivated plant that can thrive on a hard, uncultivated soil. In addition to the adaptation of a well pulverized soil for the extension of roots, there are other advantages, some of which we will mention. The rain, although falling in heavy showers, such as are usual in this country in the summer season, freely passes into the soil, furnishing not only a refreshing draught to the thirsty roots, but dissolving the nutriment in the soil, and bringing it into a proper condition for food for plants. It must be remembered that plants only take up their food in a liquid state, and they may starve for want of nourishment, although the soil contains abundance of just such as is required, in a solid and therefore indigestible form.

We see this principle illustrated in the use of guano, and are satisfied, from numerous experiments, that one pound of guano applied to plants in a liquid form is as effective as two pounds applied in a dry state. We have also observed that the effect of guano is much the greatest in a wet season, and have become satisfied that in a dry season a portion of the guano remains undissolved, and therefore is lost, for the season at least. If, however, a portion of the guanoed crop is subjected, in the dry season, to what may be called excessive cultivation, and a portion receive only ordinary culture, that which has the greatest culture will receive nearly the full benefit of the guano used, and at least equal that of the wet season, with ordinary treatment. From these and other experiments, we conclude that to produce the largest result for the expenditure, the guano used must be dissolved in water before its use. This course being costly and troublesome, the next best way is to keep the soil well pulverized, and as fully exposed as possible to the action of air and water.

If the course above indicated is necessary to obtain the highest benefits from the use of guano, why not for other manures quite as difficult to dissolve? The reason why we have so little results from manuring in some cases, no doubt is from the fact that it remains in the hard soil, almost shut out from air, and warmth, and rain, and remains in a condition unfit for the food of plants, although they are starving all around. JETHRO TULL noticed the wonderful effect of tillage and thorough pulverization of the soil, and from this founded his celebrated theory, that the roots of plants lived upon *minute particles of soil*, and to keep them in this condition was all that was necessary for a maximum crop, not knowing at that early day, that air and water, which were freely admitted to the soil by his system of pulverization, contained the organic elements of vegetation, and also materially aided in fitting the manure in the soil for the use of the plants.

The effects of frequently stirring the soil in a dry time is very apparent, and cultivating a crop is almost as good as a shower. The air is able to penetrate to considerable depth, and the moisture obtained in the form of dew is very great, and much greater than many imagine. Take a pan of hard soil, and one containing precisely the same weight finely pulverized. Dry them by artificial heat, and weigh. Then expose a night's dew, and weigh again. Then expose to the sun for an hour, sinking the pans in the earth so as that only the tops will be exposed, and weigh again. This experiment, if carefully conducted, will show the advantage of keeping the soil in "fine tilth" during a dry season.

Haying and Harvest will commence in a few days, and it is important that all other work should be out of the way before this great struggle commences. Get the hoeing and cultivating all done up well, or it will trouble you when you are not able to give it your attention. All harvest tools should be in readiness. It is not at all likely this will be the case unless you give the matter special attention now. We had proposed to speak of other things, but our remarks on stirring the soil are so extended as to preclude further hints, and we leave these suggestions with our readers.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Springhalt—Colds in Horses.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I would like to inquire of you, or of some of your experienced readers, if there is any cure for the springhalt in horses,—if so, I should like to know what it is. Also, the best treatment for a cold which has settled on the lungs of a horse.—SUBSCRIBER, *Rice Co., Minn.*, 1860.

SPRINGHALT is an affection of the muscles which, in the great majority of cases, has given veterinarians a large amount of trouble. In former days it was looked upon as a disease originating in, and affecting only the organs of motion, but it is now considered as arising in the nervous system, and practitioners acknowledge their inability to treat it medicinally. The stomach will take in and digest remedial agents, but to make them reach the brain, and its nervous filaments, is quite another matter. Occasionally, however, this disease is induced by some minor derangement, and then we may successfully treat it by removing the morbid action promoting it, which will be accomplished by restoring the general health of the animal.

Where springhalt exhibits itself suddenly, Dr. DADD recommends that the horse be permitted to rest, for in such case it is natural to suspect that some injury, resulting from a blow or strain, has been done to the nerves of voluntary motion. When this is the condition, cold water bandages around the body, rest, light diet, nauseating medicines, with an occasional light dose of cathartics, to clear out the bowels, will be indicated. Fomentations, and light friction with anti-spasmodic liniment may be found of material assistance. In chronic cases of long standing, all hopes of recovery may as well be abandoned. Should the patient, however, be in a state of debility, the general health may be improved, and the spine, should be daily rubbed with an embrocation calculated to restore nervous energy. For this latter purpose, take linseed oil, one pint; spirits of hartshorn, two ounces; fine mustard, half an ounce. As a medicine, take powdered golden seed, powdered gentian, cream of tartar, and charcoal, one ounce of each, and one-half ounce of assafœtida. Mix, divide into eight parts, and give one in the food morning and evening.

For a *simple cough* the following compound is recommended:—Slippery elm, Indian turnip, elecampane, skunk cabbage and caraway seeds, (all powdered,) four ounces of each. The dose is half an ounce, twice daily, given in gruel. If the cough is one that remains after the disappearance of some pulmonary disease, such, for instance, as catarrah, influenza, &c., take balsam of fir, one ounce; sweet spirits of nitre, two ounces; syrup of garlic, four ounces. Dissolve the balsam in the nitre, then add the garlic. Dose, one ounce, night and morning; given in mucilage or thin gruel.

Draining, and Draining Tile.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As everybody is asking questions through your valuable paper, permit me to inquire how to build underground tile drains in the best possible manner. I have watched everything in your paper for more than two years past, but have seen nothing that exactly suited my case. I experimented a little last summer, and am so well suited that I intend to try it again this season. My land is a sandy soil, with some quicksand; and I have built the drain that I have made therefor, with sawed timber, laying a board in the bottom where the quicksand was. I placed timber on the ground where there was none, and laid a slab on the top, making the sides and top as tight as possible, leaving the water to come in at the bottom. This drain works as well as I wish, but I have been told by my neighbors that the timber will rot away in a few years, and render my drain worthless. Now, if I lay tile, I shall have to lay a board under, as I know of nothing better here. I read that in England they have what they call a *sole*, made of the same material as the tile, to lay under the tile in soft ground; but, I hear of nothing of the kind in this country, and it is rather too far to send there after them. If I lay boards under, will they not rot away as soon as my wooden drain, and consequently be no better; being tight, most of the water will have to run between the joints of the tile. Will it drain off fast enough, where the land is very wet and some spriggy, to put in early spring crops; and, if so, will not the quicksand run in also between the joints, and fill the drain where there is but very little fall, just enough for the water to run. I would like to make it in the most durable and best manner possible. If some one who has had experience will please answer these questions, it will much oblige a young farmer and constant reader of the RURAL.—W. D. H., *Sullivan, N. Y.*

WOODEN drains, are of course, less enduring than those of tile or stone, which, when well laid, may be considered almost everlasting; but wooden drains will last a great number of years. In 1848 we put down a wooden drain, a part of which had to be taken up in 1859, in consequence of a change in the outlet, and it showed no signs of decay.

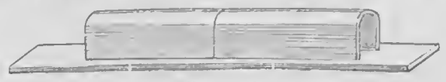


FIGURE 1.

FIGURE 2.

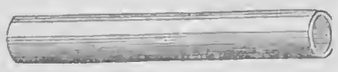


FIGURE 3.

What is called the *horse-shoe* tile, should always be laid with *soles*, as shown in figure 1, the soles so laid as to break joints. It is very poor economy to lay these tiles on the soft earth, without a sole, or a board at the bottom, as is sometimes done, for the tile will be likely to sink, and the drain become worthless. The better way, however, is to have both tile and sole made in one piece, as shown in figure 2. This is the most common form; but, perhaps, the best shape is the drain pipe, figure 3. It is more easily laid than any other, and it makes no difference which side is uppermost. These forms can be obtained of the manufacturers in this country. The water will pass into the tile through the joints freely, sufficiently so to fill the tile to its utmost capacity. On the effects of quicksand, and the various preventives, we have already published several articles.

Foul in the Foot.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As you publish answers to inquiries on practical subjects, I wish to ask what can be done for what is commonly called here the hoof distemper in cattle. I have several that have been lame with the complaint for a year past, and others that are now taking it. It first comes on by a slight swelling of the foot, with inflammation between the claws of the hoof, which after a time breaks, with a discharge of matter. If you can give any information in the RURAL on this subject, I know it will be gratefully received by at least one of your readers.—T. H., *Montgomery, N. Y.*

SOME veterinarians contend that there is a constitutional tendency to diseases of the foot in cattle, similar in character to the rot in sheep. Others, again, call for the evidence supporting such an assertion, and claim that such a condition never has been substantiated by fact. Among these latter is YOUATT, who thinks the simplest explanation of the matter is that inflammation was produced by some external cause; that it ran its usual course; that suppuration followed, and matter was formed; that it burrowed in various parts of the foot, and broke out at the coronet; that sinuses remained; that the ulcer took on an unhealthy character; fungus shot up; in short, there was a quitter, or canker. With this view of the case he proceeds to point out a mode of treatment which has generally proved successful.

A linseed meal poultice should be applied to the part as soon as inflammation is discovered, and this poultice may be retained in its position by means of a cloth through which two holes have been cut to admit the claws. This either abates the inflammation or hastens the swelling; and as soon as the swelling begins to point, it should be opened. Continue the poultice until the sloughing process has taken place, or the ulcer begins to have a healthy surface, a little turpentine having been added to it. Subdue proud flesh with caustic,—equal parts of sugar of lead and verdigris constitute one of the best applications for the purpose. Correct any foul or fetid discharges by using chloride of lime; and when the ulcer looks healthy apply tincture of myrrh. One of the best applications for either recent, or old wounds, especially for those having any foulness about them, or a discharge of fetid matter, is a tincture composed as follows:—Eight ounces of aloes and one ounce of powdered myrrh, in two quarts of rectified spirit diluted with an equal quantity of water. Shake well daily, for a fortnight, when it will be ready for use. In foul sores take equal parts of this tincture and a solution of the chloride of lime.

This disease is most prevalent where cattle are kept on low, marshy grounds, the hoof, being softened by constant immersion in water, is rendered unable to resist the accidents to which it is thus exposed. When lameness is observed, take up the animal and examine. If there is any prick or wound about the sole, pare away the horn, permitting the escape of any secretion of matter. Remove the horn as far as it has seperated from the sensible parts beneath, apply a little butyr of antimony to the denuded part, bandage with soft, dry tow, and remove to a dry yard or the cow-house. Where no wound is apparent, try the foot with pincers, and should the animal flinch when pressed at any particular portion, open the foot, examine, and act as above recommended. If foiled here, envelop the foot in a poultice,—thus softening the horn. If simple inflammation exist, it will be likely to disappear; if suppuration has set in, the development will be hastened. While under treatment it is considered prudent to administer a dose of Epsom salts.

The *American Cattle Doctor* recommends the use of astringents and antiseptics, where there is a discharge of purulent matter. Take tincture of matico, two ounces, pyroligneous acid, one pint; glycerine, four ounces. Mix, saturate a small sponge, and place it in the cleft of the hoof, and bathe contiguous parts with the preparation. It will be all the better to bandage the hoof, thus rendering certain the fixedness of the sponge. Should heat and tenderness exist, keep the bandage moist with cold water.

This disease, for some reason or other,—if we may judge from the fact of receiving three inquiries in the past week,—would seem to be prevailing rather more than usual, and we would be glad to record the experience of those who have had it under treatment.

THE CLOD-CRUSHER.

REPLY TO MR. A. B. DICKINSON.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your journal of May 19th, I am happy to find an answer from the Hon. A. B. DICKINSON to my short notice of the Clod-Crusher. His article contains many useful hints outside of the clod-crusher controversy. I heartily agree with him in all he says about the importance of leaving the soil in condition to be penetrated by the air. It is, as he says, "the great renovator and purifier of soils." This has been a favorite theory of mine for years, and this aeration of the soil is one of the offices performed by underdrains. I have not one word to say against his mode of slicing up the soil, and leaving it as light and loose as a pile of carpenter's shavings. I am ready, even, to admit that when it is thus shaved up, and left in this condition two feet deep, it is in the best state for any crop. There is no doubt of the great distance and depth to which wheat roots extend in soils favorable. I am an enthusiastic believer in the wisdom of Dame Nature, and anxious to assist her in every practicable way.

If Mr. D. had given us the cost of slicing up an acre two feet deep, we could then determine whether that were practicable for ordinary crops. There is no doubt but trenching land two feet deep with a spade, leaves the land in admirable condition for a crop of wheat; but how much profit does any one suppose would be realized by the operation? As Mr. D. has not given us the expense of plowing an acre in his way, we must cipher it up from the data he gives us. He says: "I set a sharp plow so as to cut twelve or fifteen inches deep, and from one to two inches wide, depending on the condition and certainty of its dissolving." I will suppose the slice is two inches wide, and that a team will plow an acre and a half, with a furrow twelve inches wide, in a day. This would give one-fourth of an acre sliced up two inches wide, in a day. Allowing the moderate price of $2 per day for man and team, and the expense of slicing costs $8 per acre, but in most localities would be $10 per acre. This is about one-half the expense of underdraining with tile. It is needless to say that most practical farmers would regard this as too fine a "slicing" of the profits of the crop, and more unpocketable, if not unpalatable, than "chunking up dryed beef." But I must frankly say, that if I knew no cheaper way to chip up my soil, I should go into the extravagance of slicing it up at $10 per acre.

Mr. D. seems to take slight umbrage at my supposition that "he had thrown away the clod-crusher without sufficient consideration," but I am unable to see how his article vindicates his practical judgment on this implement. Because, if he had ever tried the mode I have proposed, of following the crusher with a good cultivator, he would never have stated that it left it light and loose only "two or three inches in depth," and that it "would break and pulverize the surface only." My cultivator has teeth ten inches long, and they penetrate the soil to the beam. I have prepared fields with the crusher and cultivator, (after "chunking up" with the plow, as Mr. D. says,) so that a walking stick could be run down, easily, ten inches. And as to ever raising "a first rate crop of wheat under such circumstances," I raised thirty to thirty-five bushels per acre last year, under just "such circumstances." This may, or may not, be a first rate crop of wheat in Mr. D.'s district.

I am quite ready to admit all the practical objections to the crusher, such as more or less packing the soil, and that it does not pulverize fine to the bottom of the furrow; but it is nevertheless a fact, that it does break the "chunks" to a large extent, to the bottom, and the cultivator again lifts these smaller lumps and mixes them with the finer soil; and when properly done, leaves the soil, in all respects, as loose, and lumps and fine earth as well distributed, to the depth the soil has been plowed, say from ten to twelve inches, as Mr. D.'s slicing process. Mr. D. will no doubt admit that there is no harm in working a clay soil several times over, when it is thoroughly dry. And, therefore, there can be no objection urged against the manipulations of the crusher and cultivator on this ground, for the crusher is not used when the soil is wet, or in an adhesive state. There is, also, an implement called the scarifier, which may be used, with cutters or teeth eighteen inches long, loosening up the soil to that depth after the crusher, if it has been plowed deep enough to permit it; and the resistance offered by the soil to this implement, is said to be no greater than to a cultivator at the depth of ten inches.

Now, as to the cost of preparing the soil with the plow, crusher and cultivator. When the soil is very hard and stubborn, the crusher and cultivator should each be passed twice over the soil, to put it in proper condition. This labor, at $2.50 per day for man and team, would cost, (allowing the team to plow one and a half acres per day, and move at the same rate in crushing and cultivating,) $2.78, but we will call it $3 per acre, and this is in the most difficult cases. It is proper to state that I use three horses for plowing and cultivating, and two for crushing. Practical farmers can judge whether crushing or slicing is the more economical.

Mr. D. begs me "not to regard him so verdant as to recommend *three* plowings to make hard soils fine." I will here relieve him by saying that the compositor is responsible for the word "*three*." I wrote it "*thin*" plowings. But as Mr. D. plows only two inches wide, and takes six furrows to the foot, some might regard his mode as *six* plowings.

Mr. D. justly feels a great solicitude for the

welfare of the State Agricultural College, that it should not adopt any improper implements, or lead the students in paths too theoretical,—wanting in practical common sense farming. This solicitude is commendable. We are all liable to err as individuals and faculties of colleges. We must be willing and anxious to learn from each other. But it is important to rid ourselves of preconceived opinions of any subject, if we would examine in the light of fact and truth. Let us hold to our opinions in all humility, believing it possible that we may be mistaken, and that "all wisdom will not die with us." Even "forty years experience" will hardly justify one allusion of Mr. D.'s to the use of the crusher by an institution seeking to educate farmers' sons. The day may come when we shall discard the plow for some rotary implement, which will dig up the earth to a greater depth, with finer tilth and less power. But then, we shall look back very kindly and charitably upon the plow for all the good it has done, and shall not feel like regarding those who still cling to it as demented.

Mr. D. seems to regard the approbation of the English for the crusher as of little consequence, and instances the ax, to show that their opinions are of no account. The cases are quite different. They have, comparatively, little use for the ax, whereas the American has been compelled to cut away the heavy forests; and necessity, the mother of invention, has given him an implement, by which he can hew his way in the world. But, on the other hand, confined to small limits, with a surplus population, England's wits have been taxed to the utmost, to find food for her millions. Her study has been the culture of her soil, and she has proved her capacity in that, by being the best agricultural country, of the same extent, in the world. She, then, has the same capacity to judge of an implement for the culture of the soil, as the American of one for felling trees. Besides, the English are the best plowmen in the world, and plow their land in a neater manner than any other nation. And Mr. D. will find his system of plowing or shaving up fully endorsed there. But still they regard the crushing as cheaper, and consequently adopt it on a large scale. No man, or set of men, should be taken as absolute authority. And I do not mention English opinions of the crusher, as such; but on the score of experience and actual knowledge of its usefulness, they will hardly yield to Mr. D.'s views.

I would suggest that Mr. D., as many may wish to try his mode of plowing, inform the public of the pattern of plow he uses, to raise the soil two feet high. The ordinary plow could not be used for that purpose. The farmers of Erie county will always feel an interest in what Mr. D. may recommend; and especially since they had the pleasure of listening to his most practical Address, delivered before our County Society last autumn.

And now, having attempted to express my opinions as frankly as Mr. D. has his, I hope they will be as kindly taken and charitably construed.

E. W. STEWART.

North Evans, Erie Co., N. Y., June, 1860.

GRUBS IN CORN LAND.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your number of May 12th, I find an inquiry about grubs in corn land, &c. I have had over fifty years experience with land infested with grubs, and would say it is in vain to try to raise corn on land where there is any considerable number of them. Corn is more readily devoured by them than any other crop, and the best liked. They are the product of a large red bug, called the beetle. The bug, during the summer, digs into the ground and deposits several hundred small white eggs,—generally in the same hole,—which hatch and make their appearance the following spring. They grow the first season to about three-fourths of an inch in length, and one-eighth in diameter: the second year to one-fourth or one-half an inch in length, and about one-quarter in diameter; the third year to one and three-fourths or two inches long, and three-eighths of an inch in diameter. The first year they eat but little, the second considerable, and the third all before them. The third fall they go down deep, undergo a transformation, and the following spring come out bugs again. These bugs generally deposit their eggs in sandy, or gravelly soil, but seldom on hard-pan land, for the reason they have to dig down below the frost to winter.

I have tried various experiments with grubs. Some twenty years ago I found, in a district school library, a small book called Insectology, which described them and other insects. To test the truth of the statements there found, I put grubs into various substances, such as good horse ashes, unslaked lime, strong lye, and other substances, none of which appeared to disturb them. They have a tough skin, and are hard to kill. I found that stable urine was certain death to them in a few minutes. I have since found that barn-yards and low yards are never infested with them. Whether the instinct of the bug prevents the deposit of eggs in such places, or whether drenching the ground with urine prevents the eggs hatching, I cannot say, but think the former is the fact.

The best method I know of to rid a piece of land of grubs, is to turn on a large drove of hogs, and they will root it all over and take them out,—or plow it often as a fallow, and keep fowls and hogs upon it as much as possible, and they, together with the birds, will destroy the most of them. When plowing for spring crops, I have hired a small boy or two to follow in the furrow and pick up all they could find, and the blackbirds have assisted me very much; but to think of putting anything on land to kill them, is out of the question. I have plowed land where a boy could pick up a bushel a day,—have dug from a single potato hill, in the fall of the year, 125 full grown grubs one and three-fourths inches long, and have had a whole cornfield destroyed in a few days. Buckwheat is a crop grubs do not like, but will eat it if they can get nothing they like better. When corn is destroyed in time to sow buckwheat, that is the best that can be done for that season. When meadow or pasture land is so infested with grubs as to destroy the grass, the only remedy I ever found was the above.

Wellsville, N. Y., 1860. AN OLD FARMER.

THOSE CORNS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—While fully agreeing with much that is said in an article in your paper of the 2d inst., upon the subject of corns, and the horse's feet, allow me to add a little. Wetting the feet daily is of great importance, and a very convenient way of doing it, is to have a little hollow in front of your watering trough, that the horse may step into every time he is watered.—Paring the frog and opening the heels is the great sin of horse-shoers. I think it the cause of more crippled and apparently foundered horses than all other errors that are committed. Contraction may be one cause of corns, but I think not the only one. They are produced many times by nailing the shoe too near the heel, and occasionally by mere concussion. The best remedy is a three-quarter shoe; and as some that are interested in the matter may not know how it should be made, I will endeavor to describe it. Take an ordinary shoe, of about five-sixteenths of an inch thick, with a very low toe cork; cut off nearly one-quarter of the inside of the shoe and draw it out, tapering from the under side to the thickness of about an eighth of an inch. This will make the bearing of the shoe less by about an inch upon the foot than it is upon the side that comes upon the ground. When finished, have it so that the shoe shall not touch the foot within an inch of the corn; this will leave the corn and inside heel entirely free from pressure, and it will, in a few months, grow out perfectly sound and strong. The horse will travel without interfering, and apparently as well as a sound one, with an entire shoe. I have presumed that the corn is in the inside heel. This shoe should be re-set about once in four weeks.

E. G. P.

ARE DECAYING CARROTS POISONOUS?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—From some facts that have lately come under my observation, I am led to conclude that carrots, in a decaying state, may cause the death of animals eating them. Mr. A. ALDRIDGE, of Rochester, fed some that had become heated in the pit, a portion of which had commenced decaying, to a valuable cow, two hogs, and a few to a horse. In a few hours all were taken sick with the same symptoms; the hogs and cow died, the horse finally recovered. Last week, in cleaning my cellar, I found some half a bushel of old carrots left in the bin where they were kept during the winter,—a portion decaying, and some quite sound. These were thrown into my hog yard, and one hog ate freely of them. In a few hours this hog was taken sick with the same symptoms exhibited by those of Mr. ALDRIDGE, and finally died. I cannot see any cause for the death of either of them except carrots; and all indications attested that they were poisoned with something. If such effects proceed from eating them, it should be generally known; and people should be cautious in feeding them late in the season, or when partially decayed.

Greece, N. Y., June, 1860. P. W. L.

HOW AGED FARMERS MAY ENJOY LIFE.

WITHIN a few miles of my residence,—and I presume it is so in every neighborhood where the RURAL circulates,—are a large number of farmers who are in what is poetically termed the evening of their days. Many of these, as THACKERAY expresses it, have "their successors named and appointed," and from the increase in the value of land, and the slow accumulation of years, are in easy circumstances. It is an interesting problem with them how the evening of their days may best be spent,—how they may happily obtain rest from the wearing cares and toils of life, and some happy leisure before they die,—how they may

> ——"Nurse life's taper to the close,
> And keep the flame from wasting by repose."

Various are the plans devised by them. Some have sold their farms, and placed the money at interest, or leased them, and moved into villages; others have entered into partnership with their children, retiring, themselves, more or less, from active life. Others, still, keep on their harness, and are grappling as earnestly as ever with the difficulties of life, sighing for rest, yet unable to devise any eligible plan of retreat.

It is important, in relation to this subject, that we keep in mind that there are certain cardinal principles, or inexorable laws, governing human nature, upon which we may not trespass without certain failure. The man who has been long accustomed to the cares and excitement of active life, cannot happily endure inaction and the entire absence of excitement. An eccentric friend of mine sometimes remarks, "that it is impossible for a man to rest if he is not tired." It is a very old adage, "that it is better to wear out than to rust out." WILBERFORCE said, "constant employment is constant enjoyment." And I think it may be established as a rule, that fatigue and rest, gently and timely succeeding each other, are necessary elements of human happiness. Yet, as we advance in life, the amount of fatigue may be diminished, and the total of rest increased with happy results.

Presuming that the discussion of this subject may be interesting to RURAL readers, I offer a plan which I have devised, and am now carrying into execution. My age is fifty-five, and I have been a farmer since I was nineteen. My farm,—200 acres,—I have given into the care of the young folks,—who are of age to be efficient managers,—first fencing off seven acres on one corner of the premises, lying along the highway. On this seven acres I have built a brick cottage, a horse-barn, wagon-house, and other necessary out-buildings. One acre I allot to fruit, garden and door-yard, two for corn, two for pasture and two for meadow. I propose to keep one horse, one cow, two pigs, and a stock of poultry. My plan is to break up one of the fields for corn every year, and at the last hoeing, seed it with clover and timothy. It will then furnish abundant pasture the next year for horse, cow, and pigs, and the year after will, in the rotation, be meadow. The two acres of corn stalks and two acres of meadow will furnish abundant winter keep for horse and cow, and visitors' horses, and some to spare. It is obvious that these premises will furnish plenty to do, and to a small family of moderate aspirations, a large part of their living; and if the library in-doors is well stocked, and periodicals abundant, and "if happiness have her seat and center in the breast," I see not why life, even in the evening of the day, may not be enjoyed. The threshing machine with its dusty concomitants, is banished,—the harvest laborers will not vex,—and the labors of the premises, though sometimes sufficiently urgent to drive away laziness, will still admit of rest succeeding fatigue in gentle and agreeable succession.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1860. P. R.

The Bee-Keeper.

The Bee Moth.—No. II.

WHEN THEY GROW LARGER THAN USUAL.—In a hive thus left without bees to interfere, the worms will increase to one-half or two-thirds larger than where their right to the combs is disputed. In one case they often have their growth, and actually wind up in their cocoon when less than an inch in length: in the other they will quietly fatten till they are an inch and a half long and as large as a pipe-stem.

TIME OF GROWTH.—When first hatched from the egg, it requires very close inspection to see them with the naked eye. The rapidity of growth depends on the temperature in which they are, as much or more than their good living. A few days in hot weather might develop the full-grown worm, while in a lower temperature it would require weeks and even months in some cases, perhaps from fall to spring.

TIME OF TRANSFORMATION.—The worm, after spinning its cocoon, soon changes to a chrysalis, and remains inactive for several days, when it makes an opening in one end and crawls out. The time taken for this transformation is also governed by the temperature, although I think but few ever pass the winter in this state. It is a rare thing to find a moth before the end of May, and not many till the middle of June; but after this time they are more numerous till the end of the season.

FREEZING DESTROYS WORMS, COCOON AND MOTH.—It is pretty well demonstrated that the moth, its eggs, larvæ and chrysalis cannot pass the winter without warmth of some kind to prevent their freezing to death. The following facts indicate this. I have taken all the bees out of a hive in the fall, and without disturbing the comb or honey, put it in a cold chamber where it could freeze thoroughly. In the following March bees were again introduced, and when not on a bench with some other stock that had worms, not a single instance in forty cases has ever produced a worm before the middle of June, or until the eggs of some moth matured in another hive has had time to hatch. I have sometimes, instead of putting bees in these in March, kept them till June for swarms, perfectly free from any appearance of worms!

HOW THEY PASS THE WINTER.—But it is altogether a different thing with our hives in which bees are wintered; they are seldom or never entirely exempt! Perhaps it is impossible to winter bees without preserving some eggs of the moth or a few worms at the same time. The perfect moth perhaps never survives the winter; the only place that the chrysalis would be safe, I think must be in the vicinity of the bees—and a good stock will never allow it there—but eggs, it would appear, are suffered to remain. In the fall, at the approach of cold weather, the bees are apt to leave the ends of the combs exposed; the moth can now enter and deposit her eggs directly upon them; these, together with what are carried in by means before suggested, are enough to prevent losing the breed. The warmth generated by the bees will keep these eggs from freezing and preserve their vitality. When warm weather approaches in the spring, those nearest the bees are probably hatched first, and commence depredations and are removed by the bees. As the bees increase and occupy more comb, more are warmed up and hatched. In this way, even a small family of bees will hatch, and get rid of all the eggs that happen to be in their combs, and not be destroyed. This is the time that the apiarian may be of service in destroying the worms, as the bees get them on the floor.

STOCKS MORE LIABLE TO BE DESTROYED LAST OF SUMMER.—But in July and August it is different in this respect: a single moth may enter the hive when exposed, and deposit her whole burden of several hundred eggs, as in the other case, but the heat from the bees is now unnecessary to hatch them. The weather at this season will make any part of the hive warm enough to set her whole brood at work at once, and in three weeks all may be destroyed! This, and the fact that more moths exist now than before, may account for the greater number of stocks being destroyed at this season. Yet it is considered extremely bad management to allow honey or combs to be devoured by this disgusting creature. A little care to know the condition of the stocks *is necessary* to prevent their getting the start. These duties should be fully considered before we take the responsibility of the care of bees.

WHEN BEES ARE SAFE.—The only condition when we can rest and feel safe is when *we know all our stocks are full of bees.* Even the "moth-proof" hive containing combs will be scented out by the moth, when there are no bees to guard it. An argument to show that a moth can enter where a bee can go is unnecessary, and a little observation, I think, will prove that her eggs sometimes go where she is not allowed.

MEANS TO DESTROY THEM.—At this season, (July and August,) it is a good plan to put a few pieces of old dry combs near the hives, in a box, or other place, as a decoy, where the moth may have access. She will deposit a great many of her eggs here, instead of the hive, and can be easily destroyed. As we cannot always have our bees in a situation to feel safe, it will be well to adopt some of the means recommended to diminish the number of moths. First destroy all the worms that can be found at any time, particularly in spring; second, all cocoons that can be got at. A great many worms can be enticed to web up, under a trap of elder, &c., when it is an easy matter to dispatch them. Thirdly, destroy all the moths possible that can be seen about the hive. They are very much like the flea, "when you put your finger on him he is not there;" a careful move is necessary to crush him at once, otherwise he darts away at the least disturbance. Probably the most expeditious mode is to made them drunk.

MAKING THEM DRUNK, AND THEIR EXECUTION BY CHICKENS.—Mix with water just enough molasses and vinegar to make it palatable; this is to be put in white saucers or other dishes, and set among the hives at night. Like nobler beings, if not wiser, when once they have tasted the fatal beverage, they seem to lose all power to leave the fascinating cup; but give way to appetite and excitement till a fatal step plunges them into destruction! The next morning finds them yet wallowing in filth, weak and feeble. Whether they would recover from the effects of their carousal if lifted out of the mire, and carefully nursed like other specimens of creation, I never ascertained. With but little trouble a chicken or two will learn to be on hand, and greedily devour every one. Hundreds are caught in this way, although many other kinds besides the bee-moth will be mixed with them. This drink may be used till dried up, occasionally adding a little water; perhaps it is better after fermenting. This recipe appeared some years ago in some paper; I have forgotten where. Salt has been recommended to prevent the mischief of the worms, as well as a benefit to the bees. I used it pretty extensively for several years, as I thought without much benefit, and got tired. I then tried salting a part, and let the rest do entirely without, and found no difference in their prosperity. Since then, some ten years ago, I abandoned its use altogether, and succeed just as well.—*Quinby's Mysteries of Bee-Keeping.*

Inquiries and Answers.

LAMENESS IN PIGS.—I have a sow which has pigs seven weeks old. The sow is about one year old, and will weigh over two hundred. She was taken lame about two weeks ago in one hind leg, so that she could not use it, and in a few minutes was taken lame in the other hind leg. The next day the lameness appeared in one fore leg. Since then she has not been able to stand. She seems to be doing well in every other respect—eats well, though not ravenous. I have tried everything I can think of, or has been recommended for a cure, but without success. I wish to inquire of your many subscribers for any information concerning the cure.—L. J. P., *North Cohocton, N. Y.*, 1860.

THE CULTURE OF COTTON.—I expect to have a plantation of cotton the coming season. Can you inform me how to cultivate it?—MRS. S., *Linden, N. Y., May*, 1860.

We must refer this question to some of our Southern readers.

WEED FOR NAME.—Inclosed find sample of a weed we found on our place. I would like to know its name. Please give it through the RURAL. One stem is ripe, and the other is in blow. It grows about a foot high.—SYLVESTER LEHMAN, *Sharon Center, N. Y.*, 1860.

The specimen is so imperfect we cannot name it. Send an entire plant in flower.

BLOODY MILK.—Will you, or some of your subscribers, tell me, through the RURAL, what to do for a cow that gives bloody milk? Last fall her milk was bloody, and we had to dry her off early. She now has her second calf, and her milk is bloody.—A. C., *Franklin, Len. Co., Mich.*, 1860.

In the RURAL of the 16th inst., A. C. will find a response to a query from another quarter, where like information was sought. We would like to hear from our readers upon the subject.

TO PROTECT ANIMALS FROM FLIES.—Some time since I observed in the RURAL a prescription, said to be a certain relief for our domestic animals from the attacks of flies. I have forgotten what it was. Can you inform me?—S. C. B., *Perrysburg, Ohio.*

We cannot now turn to the article to which S. C. B. refers, but he may try the following:—Take four ounces of walnut leaves, and four quarts of boiling water; when cool, strain, and add a gill of tincture of aloes. Apply with a sponge to the body lightly, as often as necessary.

GARGET—EFFECTS OF IODINE.—Will you, or some of your numerous readers, give a description of the Garget? I see iodine is highly recommended as a remedy. Will some one please inform me whether it will affect the milk, so as to injure it for family use?—J. B. A., *Genoa, Cay. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

The first inquiry of J. B. A. is fully answered in the RURAL of last week. With reference to the second, the only difficulty in the use of iodine, as far as our knowledge extends, is its tendency to act upon the glands as well as the unhealthy secretions. We have never heard that it injuriously affected the milk.

TO PREVENT HENS SITTING, &c.—I noticed in a late issue of the RURAL some one inquires for the best way to prevent hens sitting; also to prevent them eating their eggs. My plant to break up a hen from sitting is to have a large box, with a roost across it near the bottom, laid down on its side, and the whole front composed of laths, so as to let in plenty of light, and the hen put therein. As a general thing, two days will break them up. My plan to prevent them eating their eggs is to take an egg, prick a small hole in the little end of it, and a larger hole in the other end of it, blow out about half of the contents, fill it with mustard, stir it up, afterwards seal the ends up with a piece of white paper, and set the egg down in a conspicuous place on the floor. I have tried it a number of times and never knew it to fail.—W. P., *Amesbury, Mass.*, 1860.

DRAINS IN QUICKSAND.—Some two weeks ago, in the RURAL, I noticed an inquiry how to make a drain through quicksand, and as I have had similar difficulties, I set my wits at work, and think I have got the remedy. At least it works well so far—some two months. Last winter I took some logs to the mill and had them sawed one and a quarter inches thick, by (half of them) three inches, and the other half five inches wide. I then took two of each width—all of the same length—and cut a bevel, or shiplap, as it is called, on each end of each strip, but on opposite sides at each end. I then nailed the four together, which makes a tube, or trunk, about three inches square. Proceed in the same way with the next, inserting the small end into the open end of the other, and so on to the end of the chapter, or ditch. The cost will depend on the value of timber and the expense of sawing. It requires twenty-seven and a half feet, board measure, to the rod, which, at two cents per foot, makes fifty-five cents.—I. M. T., *Towners, N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.—The weather continues favorable for the growing crops. The only complaint we hear in this section is that the season has been too dry, rendering the grass crop comparatively light. We have had no severe drouth, however, in any part of Western New York up to this date, (June 19.) With the exception of grass, all crops are very promising throughout this region—though the wire and cut worms are injuring the corn in some localities. A large breadth of potatoes has been planted in this vicinity the present season, notwithstanding the low price of the tuber. Fruit crop promises well thus far—especially apples and peaches.

THE WHEAT CROP is maturing rapidly, and the prospect of its escaping the midge is most encouraging. Indeed, in many localities the early varieties are already so far advanced that there is no fear of injury from the midge. From examinations and inquiries we are satisfied that considerable Mediterranean wheat has escaped damage from the myriad-headed enemy,—though later fields and varieties may be injured. Mr. O. DEAN, of Caledonia, sends us heads of Mediterranean wheat, taken from the field on the 18th, which indicate that his crop is beyond the risk of attack. He thinks that it will be ready to harvest about the 10th of July, though much will depend upon the weather. His Dayton and Soules are four or five days later. We have similar reports from other localities—Wheatland, Rush, &c. L. B. LANGWORTHY, Esq., of Greece, says his Mediterranean is ahead of the midge, having passed point of danger unscathed.

—It is yet too early to rejoice *exceedingly*, but the prospects are so favorable for the farmers of Western New York, and the feasibility of their again growing wheat safely and abundantly so nearly demonstrated, that we are constrained to congratulate all interested upon the favorable season and beneficial results so confidently anticipated.

CROPS AT THE WEST.—The crop accounts from the West are generally favorable, with the exception of Missouri and Kansas. Our impression is that throughout the West and Northwest large crops will be grown the present season. The Chicago Press and Tribune of recent date says:—"In Northern Illinois, wheat will be an average crop. Although scattering and headed rather low, the berry is plump, and will be harvested in good condition. Corn promises finely, the weather in Spring having been favorable for plowing and planting, and it is hoped that the losses by reason of last year's severe frosts may in great part be made up by an abundant harvest. Fruit will be abundant. In the central portions of the State, the Spring opened very early, and continued so clear and pleasant that the farm work was well done and in good season. Some who planted their corn about the first of April were compelled to re-plant because of frost. The accounts from Wisconsin and Minnesota, and, in fact, from the entire Western country, in the main, corroborate the experience of the districts referred to. In Missouri and Kansas, however, the drouth has been so great as to seriously injure the grass and grain crops, while the fruit growers are said to have but a gloomy prospect before them."

COUCH GRASS.—A correspondent sends us the following dialogue, which took place in a corn-field, just as stated, all but the names:

NEIGHBOR—Good morning, Mr. PLOWWELL,—at the corn, I see. What has become of all the quack grass that was on this farm when you came here? While SLACKWHEEL lived here he raised more quack than anything else, I believe, and it was called the most quackey farm around.

PLOWWELL—I smothered it.

NEIGHBOR—Smothered it—how?

PLOWWELL.—I plowed it from eight to ten inches deep, then cultivated it with a two-horse wheel cultivator, and planted to corn. If corn is well tended, your quack will disappear, and if you wish to make summer fallow on quackey ground, plow but once. Quack grass, if turned up the same season, will grow again, but if kept under the ground, it will die.

THE FLOWER SEED TRADE.—The Homestead makes this honorable mention of an enterprising dealer and an important branch of business:—"The distribution of flower seeds, this season, by B. K. BLISS, Esq., of Springfield, and others, promises to be something of great importance. The greater part of seeds sold by the dealer mentioned, are sent out by mail. It is not easy to estimate the stimulus given to floriculture by this distribution. The beginnings of this enterprise date back only a few years, but now, packages bearing the name of Mr. BLISS, are wending their way to the remotest corners of the Union and the Canadas, and even to the islands of the Pacific, to supply a demand which would never have existed had it not been created by the ease and cheapness with which it can be supplied. This business of sending seeds by mail is ample testimony to the great advantages resulting from extensive, persistent, and liberal advertising. We rejoice at the success of Mr. BLISS, but are not surprised at it. He has traveled in its 'royal road'—the advertising columns of the press."

PROGRESS IN IOWA.—A friend writes us, under date of "Springdale, Cedar Co., Iowa, 4th mo., 21st," as follows: "The RURAL has become a necessary item in our home, and we make it our business to commend it to our friends. We have a Farmers' Association (or Club,) that convenes in our school house. In my humble opinion it has done, and is doing, a vast amount of good. It has been well sustained for two years and a half, and is at present in a flourishing condition. The stated meetings are held the first seventh-day evening in each month, at 6 o'clock. We have essays read and discussed, questions asked and answered, resolutions debated, and whatever seems likely to interest or instruct this thriving community. We held a Fair last fall that would compare pretty well with most country fairs. The weather this spring has been delightful, very little rain, and mostly pleasant. Wheat looks well in this part, considering the dry weather, and I think we are three or four weeks 'ahead of time' with our work,—that is, compared with several years previous.—J. H."

TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.—The Livingston Co. Ag. Society announce a Trial of Reapers and Mowers, to be held at Geneseo on the 5th and 6th days of July ensuing. Premiums are offered for the various classes of machines—one and two-horse mowers and reapers, and combined machines. The comparative drafts of the machines competing will be tested by the use of the Dynamometer, and the Directors pledge their best efforts to make the Trial thorough and satisfactory. Competent judges have been appointed, and fair play and impartiality may be expected. Entries can be made at any time previous to the trial by addressing the Secretary, HENRY V. COLT, Esq., at Geneseo.

SUPERIOR WINTER BARLEY.—Last week Messrs. DEAN BROTHERS, of Caledonia, showed us a sample of excellent Winter Barley—the best we have ever seen so early in the season. The heads were nearly ripe, and the berry large and plump. The crop would be ready to cut this week, and has probably already been harvested. Good judges estimate that the crop of 25 acres will yield an average of full 60 bushels per acre, and others think it will exceed 70 bushels. It is certainly very fine and promising, and must prove decidedly profitable.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE GARDEN.

The Strawberries are the only fruits in season, though the early Cherries are ripening, and some have been exposed for sale in the market for a week. As soon as they begin to color they are picked and sold. The Strawberries are suffering extremely from the drouth, many of the berries are drying up, and those that ripen are of much smaller size than usual. This fruit needs a great deal of water during the time the berries are forming and ripening. Some, we see, are watering their beds, but those who grow on a large scale are not prepared for this. Some varieties seem to endure the drouth much better than others, and our notes taken to-day, will be valuable in this respect.

Iowa is bearing a very good crop, and suffering but little from dry weather. It is a very good market berry.

Triomphe de Gand is the best foreign variety in cultivation. It is very large, quite firm, so as to bear carriage well, of a good bright color, excellent quality, and very productive. The berries are, perhaps, a little smaller than usual, but in other respects it has not suffered from drouth.

Black Prince is badly suffering, the berries drying upon the plants.

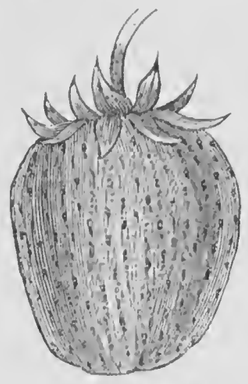
WILLSON'S ALBANY.

Willson's Albany Seedling is the most productive out of thirty or forty varieties. It is perfectly hardy, berries of good size and fair quality. One of the very best for cultivators for market, and for every purpose. Does not appear to be affected by the dry weather.

Burr's New Pine—One of the very richest berries, but suffering sorely for water. The crop will be very light.

Pennsylvania—Producing but very little fruit. It must do better in other sections, or it is unworthy of culture.

Montrieul—One of the Alpine family, with larger fruit than usual for this class, and very productive. Worthy of culture.



SCOTT'S SEEDLING.

Scott's Seedling—A large, showy fruit; in productiveness next to Albany. Not as good quality. Endures the drouth well.

Monroe Scarlet—A bright scarlet berry of medium quality, and very productive. Next to Scott's Seedling.

Honeur de Belgique is a foreign sort, of which some hopes were entertained, but it only bears a few large berries, and would not be worthy of culture while we have so many equally good and more productive sorts.

Eclipse—One of Prince's Seedlings, and very much like Early Scarlet.

We have had an excellent opportunity for examining the Strawberries this season, having under our observation beds containing between thirty and forty varieties, all grown under the same care and treatment, so as to test their hardiness, productiveness, &c.

RANDOLPH PINE.

From Mr. O. T. Hobbs, of Randolph, Pa., we received, to-day, a jar of the *Randolph Pine Strawberry*. We give a drawing of one of the berries. Those sent us, Mr. T. says, were of the fourth picking, and under the usual size. They had been delayed so long on the route that we could not judge of quality.

The Rose, the acknowledged Queen of Flowers, holds undisputed sway in the garden at this time, and constitutes the principal attraction in the floral department. Our principal nurserymen cultivate many hundreds of varieties, and a visit to these establishments will repay the lover of flowers even for a long journey. Everything produced in Europe is obtained as soon as offered for sale, and often at great cost. We have taken notes of a few of the best of the new varieties, as well as some of the finest old sorts, for which we may not find room in the present number, as we wish to speak of the classification of Roses,—a subject, in regard to which, there is some confusion among florists, and one very little understood by amateurs. We will, for the present, only notice the principal divisions.

1. Summer Roses.—This general division embraces all those varieties that flower only once in the year, in June, and they are called June Roses. It includes the old sorts which we so much loved in childhood, the Provence, of which the *Cabbage* is a fair representative, the greater part of the Mosses, the climbing sorts, such as the Prairie, Boursault, &c., the Austrian or Yellow Roses; in short, all that flower but once in the season.

2. Perpetual Bloomers.—This division embraces all that flower more than once in the season. There are now an excellent variety of *Mosses* belonging to this class, that bloom at intervals from June until frost. *Hybrid Perpetuals* is the hardiest and most popular class of this division for general culture, and embrace a very large variety flowering in June, and have a season of growth, and flower again, and if the season is favorable several times before autumn. Perhaps it is not strictly correct to name them *perpetuals*. They are hardy, mostly of luxuriant growth, large, of good form, and fragrant. This is the most popular class of Roses. The *Bourbon* class are really ever-bloomers, but appear in the greatest perfection in the autumn, or during September and October, until frost. Many of the varieties of this class are somewhat tender, and all require winter protection in the North. The flowers are borne in clusters, and are generally of good form and a variety of colors. The *Noisette* is an interesting class, bearing the flowers in large clusters, but most of them are too tender for Northern culture without winter protection. Laying down and covering with a little straw or leaves will make them secure. The *China* and *Tea* Roses are most durable for pot culture, or for putting out in beds on the lawn, like bedding plants, and are too tender for out-door culture.

Most writers make more than these two general divisions, but it seems to us that these are all that are necessary, and more than this will be troublesome without any special advantage.

For the benefit of those who are seeking for the best Roses with which to adorn their gardens; visiting the nurseries during the time of flowering for the purpose of taking notes of the best, or attending Horticultural Exhibitions for the same purpose, we give the main points essential to a good, or perfect Rose. The information may also be of advantage to Committees who are called upon to decide upon specimens placed on exhibition at shows.

1. The petals must be thick, broad and smooth at the edges.

2. The Rose must be double to the center, round in the outline, the petals regular; fragrant.

3. The petals must lie over each other in regular order, and in distinct rows, even to the center of the flower.

4. In a new Rose, the color should be distinct, and in all, should be permanent, enduring the sun until the flower falls.

5. The flower-stem should be strong, and the flowers well out beyond the foliage, and not crowded in each other's way, or be so crowded with buds as to prevent the proper development of the flower.

A rose must not be condemned because it does not come up to this standard, but these are characteristics by which all are to be tested, and the nearer they come to this high mark the better.

THE CLIMBING PLANTS.

No class of plants are more useful in the hands of the skillful gardener than the climbers. They possess almost miraculous powers, transforming any unsightly out-building into an object of real beauty. No good gardener will have any bare board fences about his premises,—all are wreathed and festooned, and made gay and graceful. Then for covering cottage verandahs, what can equal this class of plants? They put to the blush all the expensive work of the architect, and the builder, and make the poor man's cottage appear more elegant—possessing more of nature—more of quiet grace—than the palace of a prince. For this purpose, the hardy varieties of grape vines are very useful.

The *Virginia Creeper* is an excellent climber, and although a native of our own land, much more popular in Europe than with us. Its leaves are digitato, of a dark, rich green in summer, and becoming of a rich crimson in the autumn. It throws out little roots at the joints, by which it fastens itself to anything it touches.

The *Honeysuckles* we have in great variety, and everybody loves them, though we are sorry so few show their love in a practical way.

The *Periploca* or *Virginian Silk* is a rapid growing, fine climber, and will twine itself around a tree or any other object for twenty or forty feet in height. The foliage is bright and glossy, but the flowers are brown and not showy.

The *Chinese Wistaria* is one of the most rapid growing of all the climbing plants, after it gets a fair start. Sometimes, for some unaccountable reason, it refuses to make any material growth for a year or two after being planted, but all at once takes a start and makes a splendid growth, throwing out shoots ten, fifteen, and twenty feet in length, in one season. It commences blooming early in June, and a large plant will be literally loaded with thousands of rich clusters or pendulous racemes of delicate, pale blue blossoms, so numerous that the whole plant seems to be a floral wreath. The racemes are from ten to twelve inches long, and well filled with delicate and sweetly perfumed flowers. The foliage is abundant, and of a pleasant, lively green. It succeeds best in a rich, deep loam. It does not flower until the plant gets strong, and the older the plant the more freely it seems to flower.

The *Climbing Roses* are now to be had of almost every variety of color, and should be extensively planted.

The *Bignonia* or *Trumpet Flower*, is a magnificent climbing plant, producing large trumpet-shaped scarlet flowers with something of an orange tinge, and of great beauty, as will be seen by the engraving. They are produced in clusters, but in the cut, we could only spare room to show a flower and bud of the natural size. A good plant trained to a pillar or trellis, when in flower, presents a most splendid sight.

TRUMPET FLOWER.

Aristrolochia, or *Dutchman's Pipe*, is an elegant climbing plant, with very handsome, broad leaves, and very curious flowers, closely resembling a meerschaum pipe, and hence the name. It grows fifteen or twenty feet high, and begins to flower in June. It makes a splendid shade for a verandah or summer house.

FERTILIZING THE STRAWBERRY.

Messrs. Editors:—From observations that I have made, I am led to believe there does exist procreative specific affinity between certain staminate and pistillate flowers of the strawberry plant. For instance, the McAvoy Superior strawberry is not susceptible of fertilization by each and every staminate plant; but a certain staminate plant, possessing mutually with the McAvoy Superior, specific procreative affinity, would produce perfect fertilization by contact. I have observed the deformity of the apex of the McAvoy superior strawberry, wherever I have met with the fruit, and knowing that the deformity must arise from imperfect fertilization of the pistils of the apex, and consequent inane state of the tissues of that portion of the pericarp, I endeavored to remedy the defect. Acting upon the theory of specific affinity, I endeavored to provide a staminate for the McAvoy from seed. I reared from seed a large number of strawberry plants of three classes,—i. e., perfect flowers, staminates and pistilates,—from which I selected perfect flowering plants and staminate plants, and planted them in suitable position for contact. The result was that a berry of the most perfect development was produced. In continuation of this subject I may say, that I have produced like results with Hovey's Seedling,—in all cases using the seed of the pistilate fruit for the purpose of producing plants, for the reason that they are more homogeneous.

Wilkins, Pa., 1860. E. K. Bruer.

A DESTRUCTIVE LEAF ROLLER.

A few days since we received from Mr. O. V. Woodward, of Black River, a communication with a number of *Caterpillars* or *Leaf Rollers*, which we forwarded to our obliging correspondent, Jacob Stauffer, of Lancaster, Penn. Mr. S. promptly returned us the following communication, giving the desired information.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—The "small worm-like maggot" sent by Mr. O. V. Woodward, of Black River, found between the "curled leaves" of his orchard, so that his trees "presented the appearance of having been scorched with fire," and which he states "is a thousand times worse than the caterpillar," I have closely examined. Though it looks maggot-like, being of small size, from one-fourth to half an inch in length, somewhat thickened centrally, with tubercular rings, beset with a few hairs, and is a dirty white color, with the head and the top of the first ring dark shining brown; it is, nevertheless, a true *caterpillar*, having the six pectoral, eight abdominal, and two caudal-legs. The loopers, earth-measurers, or span-worms, *(Geomatræ,)* have usually only four fleshy pro-legs, instead of eight, among which is that pest, the canker-worm, so extremely voracious on the foliage, that a whole orchard will "appear as if suddenly scorched with fire." In this respect they agree with the scamp in question, which, however, belongs to another genus among the *Tortrices*, or, (as the name implies *to curl or twist,)* the Leaf-Rollers. Perhaps it is the *Penthina oculana* of Mr. Harris, which he calls a bud-moth; and the only remedy he knows for them is "to pull off and crush the withered clusters of leaves containing the caterpillars or the chrysalids. He adds—"It were to be wished that some better way of putting a stop to the ravages of the leaf-rollers and bud-moths, that infest many of our fruit trees and flowering shrubs, could be discovered."

He also suggests Mr. Haggerston's remedy—a pound of oil soap in from seven to ten gallons of water—to thoroughly drench the trees, with a hope that it may penetrate the injured buds and leaves, and destroy the concealed villain,—or one gallon of liquor expressed from tobacco, with five gallons of water. I have no personal knowledge of this insect further that what is stated by Mr. H.

I would politely request Mr. W. to be on the look-out for the moth, by collecting the chrysalis, which have a single row of prickles across the rings on the back. The moths come out early in July, as I judge. I would be very thankful to Mr. W. for the moth so bred, carefully inclosed in a letter with the chrysalis. I have a drawing of the "worm," (as I have of some hundreds,) and desire to have a true colored drawing of the perfect insect also. J. Stauffer.

Lancaster, Pa., June 14, 1860.

WHAT DESTROYED THE CABBAGE?

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Last year I wrote you, wishing to know the name of a grub then destroying my cabbage, and was told it was the Wire Worm. From my observations the present season, I am inclined to think otherwise, and believe it rather the work of some insect. I think it the worst enemy to cabbage, &c., I ever had to contend against, as its operations are entirely under ground—so we are not aware of its presence until the plant withers and dies. I have had a good portion of my early plants already destroyed, and find, on examining the winter cabbage, that they are also attacked. The worms or grubs are in clusters about the main root or stalk, immediately under the surface of the ground; from there they work downward, cutting off every root and consuming the exterior of the main stalk. In appearance they very much resemble the meat maggot, only they are not over three-eighths of an inch long. Yesterday I noticed the presence of a winged insect with body like the grubs, about the roots of a plant, and found, on examining the plant, a large number of small, white particles, which I took for eggs deposited there by her. I then examined other plants, and found the same white particles, some of which gave signs of life. Most of the gardens in this neighborhood, where plants have been set two or three weeks, are suffering from the ravages of this (to us) new enemy, and no one can tell what it is or knows a remedy. Various experiments have been tried, such as applying salt about the plant, but with more injury to the plants than grubs. If you, or any of the readers of your excellent paper can tell us what this is, and give a remedy, I shall feel extremely grateful for the favor.

Jerseyville, C. W., 1860. A Gardener.

Horticultural Notes.

An Error—Fruit Crop in Pennsylvania.—By the following note from Mr. Hobbs, it will be seen that an error was made in attaching his name to a communication he never wrote. We make the correction as far as Mr. H. is concerned, but the true author is still shorn of his honors. The beetle received we have had examined, and will report next week. We are glad that our friends in Pennsylvania are to have an abundant crop of fruit, and that Mr. H. has succeeded in conquering the curculio. Every one can do this who will try.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I was not a little surprised to find, in the Rural of June 9th, an article on the apple tree borer, over my name, which was not written by me.

Some time ago I sent you specimens of a blue beetle which destroyed the blossom buds of grapes as soon as they made their appearance, but have seen no notice of it in your paper.

We anticipate an immense peach crop wherever there are trees, which, however, are scarce here. Other fruits, a fair crop. I have conquered the curculio, and will have a full crop of plums.

Among strawberries, the Randolph Pine, a cross of Bicton Pine and Early Scarlet, is without a rival in quality; ripens with Early Scarlet, or about three days earlier, and of same bearing habits. Color, white, pink and scarlet. I intend to send you specimens in a few days.—O. T. Hobbs, *Randolph Co., Pa.*, 1860.

The following, received just as we are going to press, sets the matter right:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—The article about the apple tree borer, which was published in your issue of June 9, and credited to O. T. Hobbs, of Randolph Co., Pa., was not written by him, but by your humble servant—William Tompkins, *Germantown, Columbia Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Fruit from Cuba.—We are indebted to H. N. Lockwood, Esq., of Victory, Cayuga Co., for a specimen of the Mamey Apple, of Cuba; and also Tobacco seed, of the Vuelta Abajo variety. Mr. L. has spent the past two winters in Cuba, and is acquainted with almost every part of the island.

Fruits Received.—From Prof. Hopkins, of Lima, superb specimens of Triomphe de Gand Strawberry.

NEW PLANTS.

Yucca Parmentieri, a new species from Mexico, has been introduced into English collections. It is stated to be a very handsome species.

New Dwarf Nasturtiums.—The new Nasturtiums Tom Thumb Beauty, Tom Thumb Yellow, and Tom Thumb Scarlet, are each beautiful plants for summer decoration, of dwarf habit, their neat foliage completely hidden by the profusion of bloom.

Cinerarias.—These beautiful plants are attracting great attention among the English cultivators. At the late exhibition of the Royal Botanic Society, a large number of seedlings were exhibited, to several of which were awarded prizes for their superior merit. A great advance has been made both in shape and variety of color, which will give them additional claims to attention.

Bonduelli's Statice.—This is the pretty yellow-flowered Statice, worthy a place among our list of new annuals. The root is perennial, but the plants bloom the first year, when the seeds are sown early. The leaves are radical and spreading, forming a tufted mass of green, and the flower stems, which grow a foot or more high, are covered with bright yellow flowers, retaining their beauty for a long period. It is one of the prettiest of the genus, and is among the few of the yellow-flowered species known to us. Of all border flowers, few plants exceed it in the abundance as well as long duration of its blossoms.—*Hovey's Magazine.*

Domestic Economy

MUFFINS, CAKES, COOKIES, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your paper of May 4th, I noticed an inquiry from "Mary," of Aurelius, in reference to Raised Muffins; and as I see no other way at present of bestowing "a cup of cold water," will give her the benefit of *some* of mine.

Wheat Muffins.—One pint of new milk; 2 eggs; 1 tablespoonful of yeast; 1 of butter; teaspoonful of salt. If wanted for breakfast, stir at night, and they will be light in the morning,—if for tea, stir in the morning.

Corn Muffins.—One quart of Indian meal, sifted; heaping spoonful of butter; 1 quart of milk; salt-spoon of salt; 2 tablespoonfuls of distillery yeast; 1 of molasses. Let it rise four or five hours. Bake in muffin rings, or shallow pans.

Ginger Cookies.—Two cups of molasses; ½ do. of butter; 4 tablespoonfuls of hot water; 4 of ginger; 2 teaspoonfuls of soda. Bake quick. We know *whereof we affirm* in this case particularly, and would give your numerous readers fair warning, if they try this, they will call them "Excelsior."

Johnny Cake.—One cup of cream; 2 of buttermilk; ¼ of sugar; 1 of flour; a little salt; 1 teaspoon of soda; Indian meal to make a stiff batter.

Cheap Fruit Cake.—One and one-half cups of brown sugar; 1 of sour cream; 1 of fruit; ½ of butter; 1 teaspoon of soda; 1 of cinnamon; 1 of cloves; 1 of nutmeg or mace.

For "Mary's" special benefit, in case of emergency, I will add a recipe for

Wedding Cake—Three pounds of flour; 3 of sugar; 3 of butter; 3 of currants; 4 of stoned raisins; 1 of citron; 3 glasses of brandy; 3 of wine; 6 nutmegs; 36 eggs; 2 oz. of cinnamon; ½ oz. of cloves. Bake six or seven hours in one pan; if two is used, less time will be required. The oven should be hot enough for brown bread, and cooled down till the naked hand can be held in long enough to count twenty.

LeRoy, N. Y., 1860. "Somebody."

PRESERVING FRUIT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Herewith I give you my experience in sealing up fruit, not only strawberries, but peaches, cherries, raspberries, pine-apples, &c. For four seasons I have sealed up fruit with perfect success, without losing a single jar; and the flavor of each has been preserved as perfectly as possible, after going through the process of heating.

I use self-sealing *glass jars*, and my method is this:—I put fruit into my porcelian preserving kettle, enough to fill two quart jars; sprinkle over it about one-quarter of a pound of sugar; place it over a *slow* fire and let it very gradually heat through. (The secret is in having the fruit thoroughly heated through, *not cooked.*) While the fruit is heating, I keep the jars filled with hot water till the fruit is ready, which, of course, prevents them from cracking. Fill up to the brim with hot fruit and seal tight. As it cools, a sufficient vacuum is formed in the jar to prevent bursting. In this way fruit of every kind will retain its flavor. My strawberries taste precisely like those pickled from the vines, sprinkled with sugar, and set away long enough to let the sugar melt. There is no mistake in preserving fresh fruit in this way. Sometimes a thick, leathery mould forms on the top,—if so, all the better.

Lewiston, N. Y., 1860. Mrs. J. P. W.

REMEDY FOR ASTHMA.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing an inquiry in the Rural for a cure for that distressing disease, the asthma, I write to let the inquirer know what has almost cured me. I have had the spasmodic asthma fifteen years, and never found any medicine that would prevent an attack when it was coming on, until I commenced taking Jonas Whitcomb's "Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, and Hay Fever." I commenced taking this remedy eighteen months ago, and have not had a severe paroxysm since. I also use saltpeter paper. Take a heapen tablespoonful of saltpeter—pour into it six tablespoons of boiling water; when the saltpeter is dissolved, dip into it pieces of thin newspaper, about four inches wide and six long. Spread the pieces on something; dry them in the stove; and whenever you feel oppressed for breath, shut yourself up in a small bedroom, and burn a piece of saltpeter paper. It will give relief in fifteen or twenty minutes. If one doesn't relieve, burn another. Saltpeter is present relief, but no cure. Whitcomb's Remedy has done for me all that it is recommended to do. I take it according to directions,—a teaspoonful instead of a tablespoonful. It is prepared by Joseph Burnett & Co., Boston, Mass.; price one dollar per bottle. Sarah Seely.

Eddytown, Yates Co., N. Y., May, 1860.

To Renovate Silk Dresses.—Take the water in which potatoes have been boiled, dip therein a clean sponge, and wipe carefully; then take a cloth and wipe evenly the surface.—Nannie M. Todd, *Five Corners, N. Y.*, 1860.

Pie-Plant Short-Cake.—Cut the stalks, and stew them with a very little water and a quantity of sugar. Prepare the same as for strawberry, omitting the cream. We think it very good.—C. A. Ferris, *Smyrna, N. Y.*, 1860.

Coloring Straw.—Will some of the readers of the Rural please inform me how to color straw a light drab, or brown, and oblige—U. H., *Rockland, Sullivan Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MISUNDERSTOOD.

BY MYRTA MAY.

Oh! if this heavy veil were rent away,
Which hides the mysteries of the human heart,
How would the night be turned to perfect day,
And doubts and fears, like swift-winged birds, depart.

But, groping blindly through the gloomy night,
We lose the happiness which might be ours;
And crushing 'neath our tread the hope-buds bright,
We feel the thorns, where we had looked for flowers.

Thus, wearily, through life we travel on,
Seeking for happiness,—but all in vain;
Finding, too late, that joy we might have won
Will never come within our grasp again.

Oh! pitying Father, let us clasp Thy hand
As blindly through Life's wilderness we stray;
Guide Thou our feet, until at last we stand
In the clear sunlight of Thy perfect Day.

Then all this heavy darkness will be past
When we have reached the far-off, peaceful shore;
And our tried spirits find repose at last
Where dark Distrust shall haunt us nevermore.

Attica Center, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS."

Has she any? Certainly! That fact was established beyond all controversy, long ago, by Lucy Stone and Mrs. Bloomer; and their decisions carried into effect by numerous "lesser lights." Poor, injured woman! Since these illustrious ones have risen up to assert your rights and dignity, how bright your horizon is beginning to grow! The day of your *glory* is undoubtedly advancing; when you will exult in your power, and put off every vestige of the weak, inefficient nature that has so long confined you to so narrow a sphere. But not *quite yet*, we apprehend.

No *true woman* wishes to become masculine, or would *condescend* to assume a character or position unbecoming to her sex. "In the beginning" she was created the help-meet and counselor of man, but their fields of labor were distinct and different; and she must be taking upon herself more responsibility than she is quite able to bear, if she wishes to assume the work of *both*.

Woman has a great and glorious work to perform; and if she perform that work well,—if she fulfill her mission as faithful wife, mother, sister, or friend,—she will find that each day, hour, and even minute, brings its duty, and each duty, well done, its blessing. We certainly have a deep interest in National affairs. We ought to be interested, and in this we may be "help-meets" by our opinions and suggestions; for there are few men so *wise* that they do not like the advice of their *lady friends*,—and profit by it, too.

But would it be a pleasing sight, on "election day," for instance, to see the streets crowded with "strong-minded" women, throwing up their straw hats, and shouting "hurrah!" It *would* be ladylike, *very*. If we cannot trust to our fathers, husbands, and brothers, to make our laws and elect our officers, we had better rise up in arms, take the authority into our own hands, and send them into the parlor, nursery, and kitchen, to receive our friends, rock the cradle, and make bread. Goodness! What a paradise *home* would be!

Nevertheless, woman *has* rights, and it is her "right" to assert them, when they are trampled under foot. There are those who are thrown upon their own resources for support, having no father or brother to lean upon. It is certainly the "right" of such to live. They might possibly exist by "working for their board,"—there is enough to do, but there are few who work just for the love of it. We all like the "dimes," and if we work for them they are ours by *right*. More than this, if we do the work of a man, we are entitled to his wages, and this we do not, by any means, obtain. In no particular is this inconsistency more glaring, than in the instance of school-teaching. It is beneath the diguity of a young man to accept the charge of a school for less than twenty-five or thirty, and, more often, forty dollars per month, while a young lady may go into the place he has occupied, and, by her gentle persuasiveness and keen susceptibility, do more toward awakening the minds of the pupils than he was capable of performing, and receive,—because, forsooth, she is a *woman*,—at most, *one-third* of his pay, notwithstanding her labor has been much more wearing, her strength being less than his. There are a very few exceptions to this,—perhaps it will average one in fifty,—where ladies have spent long years in teaching, and having a pretty good gift of "pleasing" every one, have acquired a reputation that will command a *trifle* more.

Of course, no lady should present herself as a teacher until she is qualified to act well in that capacity. There are scores of girls who attempt to "keep school," who would do better, and be happier, washing dishes for a living, than to take upon themselves the care and responsibility of attempting to "rear the tender thought," when they are not capable of filling the office. It is an important and solemn obligation that rests upon a teacher, and no lady should enter upon its duties without asking herself, with deep solicitude, "what manner of spirit am I of?" But the first step toward elevating the standard of female teachers, is to *raise their wages*. Then, they can afford to qualify themselves thoroughly for the work. It is an encouraging thought, that the cause of education is slowly but surely advancing, and just as soon as the patrons of schools conclude to loosen their purse-strings, the millenium of schools will begin.

Pike, N. Y., 1860. Frederika Fenwood.

Life is short,—in it are many thorns,—let us not neglect any of its flowers.—*Bulwer.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY TEACHER'S PRAYER.

It was morning in winter. The wind moaned and shrieked around our dwellings, swept the slender arms of the shade-trees fiercely against our windows, and whirling and tossing the fast-falling snow-flakes, finally piled them in huge drifts at our very doors. I sat by my study window and gazed without upon the storm, whose bitter wailings seemed to be in perfect unison with my own thoughts and feelings. Yes, a *more* furious storm, a wilder conflict, was raging within my breast,—a school-mate had that morning uttered sharp, provoking words, I had retorted, the pool of passion had been stirred, and its angry waves were dashing fearfully against the chambers of my soul.

Presently, above the roar of the elements, sounded the academy bell. I threw on bonnet and shawl, and seizing my books, rushed hastily forth into the blinding storm, unmindful of its fury. I entered the school-room and took my seat moody and silent. Every thing there wore a cheerful and happy look; a bright fire diffused a comfortable degree of warmth through the room. Our kind teacher sat at her desk smiling and affable, and merry school-mates were grouped together, complimenting each other on their fleecy appearance, retailing the last bit of village gossip, or listening attentively to the recital of school-girl's secrets.

Soon we were summoned to attend the chapel exercises. I entered with the rest and took my usual seat. After a few preliminary remarks our beloved professor opened the "Book of Books," and read aloud from its holy pages. He was an old man, his head was crowned with the snows of age, and his voice possessed a richness of tone, a depth of feeling, which I have seldom heard equalled,—*never* surpassed. And now, as he read the words of "Holy Writ," they seemed invested with a deeper sanctity, and fell upon my heart with a soothing, tranquilizing power, like "oil upon the troubled waters." He closed the book and bowed his head in prayer. He prayed for us—the company of youth then and there assembled,—that we might walk in the paths of wisdom and holiness, in the footsteps of Him who was "meek and lowly of heart,"—that we might dwell together in "brotherly unity," and if any was harboring ought against his fellow, he might be led to forgive as he would be forgiven. When he closed, tears, burning penitential tears, were falling through my clasped fingers. My anger was gone. That prayer was as the "still small voice" of the Savior, saying "Peace, be still." And there was a calm.

Not many years have passed since then, but I trust many will pass ere the memory of that prayer, and the impression which it made, be effaced from my mind. My teacher still lives,—still takes his accustomed seat in the school-room,—still offers the morning prayer, "holy, acceptable unto God." May his labors be abundantly blessed,—may his prayers reach the hearts of his erring students,—and when he shall have finished his earth-work,—when his last prayer shall have ascended to the throne of the Most High,—may he receive as an answer the welcome plaudit,—"Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Jessie June.

Concord, Pa., 1860.

TELL YOUR WIFE.

If you are in any trouble or quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured that light will flash upon your darkness. Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philoshphical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions, or insight, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go further, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved by man's full confidence in his "better-half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be given a fair chance. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from him. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulses or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Help meet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty, and sorrow of life. And what she most craves and most deserves, is *confidence*—without which love is never free from a shadow.

Wife *vs.* Lady.—It is certainly not in good taste for a gentleman to speak of his wife as his lady, or to register their names upon the books of a hotel, as "John Smith and *lady*," or to ask a friend, "How is your lady?" This is all fashionable vulgarity, and invariably betrays a lack of cultivation. The term *wife* is far more beautiful and appropriate and refined, whatever may be said to the contrary. Suppose a lady were to say, instead of "my husband," "my *gentleman*," or suppose we were to speak of "Mrs. Fitz Maurice and her gentleman." The thing would be positively ludicrous, and its obverse is none the less so, if rightly considered. A man's wife is his wife, and not his lady, and we marvel that this latter term is not utterly tabooed, in such a connection, at least by educated and intelligent people.

Slanders, issuing from red and beautiful lips, are like foul spiders crawling from the blushing heart of a rose.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A CHICK-A-DEE SONG.

[Eds. Rural:—I, your humble correspondent, formerly of Black Rock, in dear old York State, am now on a visit to the fields and pineries of Michigan; and as what *I* do and say is *always* entertaining, be gracious enough to examine, and (if you like) publish the accompanying dialogue between a little chick-a-dee and myself. Lying at full length upon the ground in the woods, this little songster hopped down to my parasol, peered into my face with the most evident curiosity, pulled my dress, and twitched my hair with as much freedom as if I had been a veritable blackberry bush, and he were seeking the wherewithal to satisfy his hunger; or, still more likely, as if he were hunting for material to build his nest with. *Think of that!* The saucy little Benedict! And I an old—a blooming maiden, of—guess what age. That he should *presume* to steal my gray—I mean *brown*—hairs, to go to housekeeping with. I'd never have forgiven him had he not sung all the while so delightfully. His example was contagious, and I sung in response. Since all the birds listened to him, why should not all the "lads and lassies," *young and blooming like myself*, listen to me? I'm as good as a little noisy chick-a-dee any day. Yours, tunefully, A. T. J.]

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!"
Now what have you come to see?
With your scholarly "thinking-cap" that lies,
Black as a coal, above your eyes,
Like a College-President's conical crown
When he sits in stiff commencement gown,
And blinks as knowingly as though
He'd fathomed all deep streams below.
Ah! *you* are as wise as *he*—
Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!

Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee-dee-dee!
Well, what do you think of me,
Little philosopher? Here I lie
Quietly under your studious eye.
While you peer and ponder, and noisily shout,
Cannot you ferret the mystery out?
Saw you ever so queer a thing
Out of the green earth blossoming?
Is it plant, or shrub, or tree,
Chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee-dee-dee?

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!"
How dare you make so free?
Pulling so petulantly at my dress—
What is it, pretty one? Cannot you guess?
Then you must do as learned gentlemen do,
And batter the wall you may never get through,
With so many bomb-shells of ponderous words
That you quite bewilder the *ignorant* birds
Who are listening to you and me,
And they cry "Chick-a-dee, D. D."

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!"
What a musical burst of glee!
Very improper! Haven't you heard,
Curious little, pedantic bird,
Certain chick-a-dee gossips say
Parsons shouldn't be light and gay?
And clad in your sober, clerical coat,
With a white cravat around your throat,
Do you know you are preaching to me,
Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee?

"Chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee!"
How many a thing we see,
And babble about with busy tongue,
That puzzles the old, as well as the young;
And who with flutter and noisy shout
Could ferret *every* mystery out,
And weigh in the delicate scale of mind
Each new and wonderful thing we find?
Such *little* philosophers we!
Chick-a-dee, chick-a-dee-dee-dee!

Genesee County, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE MOST EASILY ATTAINABLE AMBITION.

The reason why so many lives end in disappointment and regret, is because they have been spent in the pursuit of selfish, unworthy aims. Of those who live chiefly for personal aggrandizement,—whose minds are all intent on the acquirement of great wealth, or power, or fame, for its own sake, regardless of the beneficent uses to which each may be applied,—but few reach the goal of their desires. Crœsuses are rare; Kings, Emperors, and Presidents, do not abound; and the least promising way of striving to acquire fame is to labor solely for that end. Disappointment is the natural result of selfishness; the self-seeker reaches after objects which are, for him, generally unattainable.

The great error lies in mistaking the true happiness of life. To possess vast riches, to distance all competitors in the race for worldly honors, seems to many an ardent, ambitious youth, the height of earthly felicity; but, in after years, however large his gains in material goods, they are small and unsatisfactory in comparison with what he would have; and, in toiling merely to obtain a great name, one overlooks and neglects the conditions on which honors are bestowed. The successful seeker after wealth, failing to find in his possessions the full measure of satisfaction he expected, supposes that his lack of happiness is owing to an insufficiency of riches, and so he addresses himself with renewed energy to increase his means; the aspirant to fame, unsatisfied with the faint applause that follows his words or deeds, instead of trying to deserve the praise of his fellows by honest, faithful service, seeks to win a name by vulgar show and noise.

But the ambition and the striving to do good never disappoint. The largest philanthropy, indeed, is not permitted to see, except with the eye of faith, the full realization of its labors and its hopes; but the anticipation of an improved condition of the human race, and the consciousness of having contributed to that end, afford the amplest satisfaction for all toil, and every so-called sacrifice. And the world offers room for the exercise of every form and degree of benevolence. No need for any one to sit and pine for lack of opportunity to benefit others. Whatever one's sphere, whether exalted or lowly, it is in his power to do what will be in a greater or less degree a blessing to those around him. The ambition to do good can always be gratified; and every disinterested act brings its immediate reward. The simplest deed prompted by the spirit of true benevolence is rewarded by as genuine a thrill of satisfaction as accompanies the most munificent charity. In the general scramble for wealth and power, few can shine conspicuously; no one is so humble but he may do some good.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860. A.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE POET AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

The Rural of May 19th contained a spicy article on this subject, and one which cannot fail to interest the lovers of good reading, yet we must respectfully dissent from the conclusion arrived at by the writer. All will admit, that "both the poet and the philosopher exert a great influence upon the destinies of our race;" and that both will continue to exercise a mighty power over the inhabitants of earth, is equally evident. The first rays of light penetrating the darkness that enshrouded the ancient world, emanated from the poets. The laws of some of the nations of antiquity were written in poetry, and for this reason they were more easily remembered. The poets and orators "of the most ancient times," were almost the only instructors of the great mass of the people. The plebians of Greece and Rome were delighted with the recitations of the poets, for it required *little knowledge* to understand them; but the more intelligent were charmed by the wisdom of the philosophers. In those days the poets were in the ascendant, but as civilization advanced poetry declined, and it will continue to be less influential as the world advances in science and solid literature.

Poetry is the language of passion, embellished by the imagination; but philosophy is the elucidation of *truth*, obtained by experiment. This science is now taught in all of our colleges, our seminaries, in most of our common schools, and costly apparatus is used to demonstrate its principles. These facts prove, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that "in modern times" the discourse of the philosopher is more listened to than the song of the poet. Archimides, Aristotle, Socrates, and Plato, will never be forgotten while science has a votary; and the names of Galileo and Copernicus will ever be placed in the brightest constellation of the worthies that occupy the most conspicuous niche in the rotunda of the temple of fame.

The name of Benjamin Franklin, will be handed down to the remotest generation, and Robert Fulton will be remembered so long as the proud steamer floats on the majestic Hudson, or plows her way through the waters of the trackless ocean. Prof. Morse has achieved greater renown among the nations of the earth than any of the ancient or modern poets. Who can properly estimate the benefits conferred on the human race by the many vast discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton. Humboldt, the "Napoleon of science," has more readers and admirers throughout the world, than all of his poetic contemporaries. Thomas Dick, the great Christian philosopher, has contributed more to the sum total of human knowledge than all the poets of his generation. We say, in conclusion, that the philosophers of our own generation have been more potent for good than the poets.

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1860. N. B. Ament.

HOME LIFE.

If home life is well ordered, the children having, according to age, working time, play time, books, games, and household sympathies, they will love home, and find pleasure there.

Give the little ones slates and pencils, and encourage their attempts to make pictures. Drawing will amuse them when noisy plays have lost their zest, or are unseasonable; and the art will be useful to them in after life. Have them read to each other stories and paragraphs of your selection, and save the funny things and the pleasant ones you see in papers and books to read to them at your leisure. You can not imagine how much it will please them, and how it will bind them to you. But choose well for them; for the impression made on their minds now will last when the hills crumble. Have them sing together, and sing with them, teaching them songs and hymns. Let them sing all day—like the birds—at all proper times. Have them mutually interested in the same things—amusements and occupations; having specified times for each, so that their habits will be orderly. Let them work together in the garden—boys and girls—both need out-of-door work. Together let them enjoy their games, riddles, etc.,—all their plays, books, and work—while the parents' eyes direct and sympathize, and their loud voices blend in loving accord.

Beautiful Paragraph.—Sir Humphrey Davy writes:—"I envy no quality of the mind and intellect in others, be it genius, power, wit or fancy; but if I could choose what would be most beautiful, and I believe most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness; varnishes and throws over the decay—the destruction—of existence, the most gorgeous of all light; awakens new life, even death; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of ascent to Paradise; and far above all combinations of earthly homes, calls up the most beautiful visions of the palms and amaranths, in the gardens of the blest, and the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist views only gloom, decay, annihilation, and despair."

Pride.—In beginning the world, if you don't wish to get chafed at every turn, fold your pride carefully, put it under lock and key, and let it out to air on grand occasions. Pride is a garment, all still brocade outside, all grating sackcloth on the side next to the skin. Even kings don't wear the dalmaticum except at coronations.—*Bulwer.*

Perfect virtue is to do unwitnessed what we should be capable of doing before the whole world.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MINE.

BY ROSELIA.

"I, the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time."

Mine are earth's elysian places
Guarded by the lovely Graces;
Filled with treasures rare and olden,
Of the ancient time, and golden,
Brought to us in song and story,
Radiant with mysterious glory.
Mine the world's vast store of beauty,
Records both of love and duty;
Mine the wealth of all the ages
Gathered in historic pages,—
Hoarded worth of men who perished,
But who left the truth they cherished;
Glowing pictures in ideal,—
Visions, which shall yet be real,—
Glorious hopes of future being
Over past and present seeing.
Mine, the poet's aspirations,—
Mine the progress of the nations;
Yea, and *more than these* are mine,—
All the promises Divine.
Mine the unfailing youth above,
Mine the Heavenly Father's love;
Mine the crown, the peace, the home;
Mine the eternal years to come.
Treasures human, gifts Divine,—
I am rich, for these are mine!

Hastings, N. Y., 1860.

RELIGIOUS WANTS OF A BUSY LIFE.

Social action, and material enterprise, and aggressive discovery, which are the grand characteristics of modern society, bring along with them the hazard of an irreligious self-reliance, a skepticism about all that is invisible and impalpable to sense, and a feverish propensity to judge everything by its show and its returns. So the bulk of our enterprise outgrows its strength; and in the pride of all his pushing schemes, and marvellous machinery, man comes to esteem himself little less than a critic of Revelation and co-partner with the Almighty, whom the church of Christ ought to consider herself much beholden to, if he condescends to say kind things of her, and whom God himself cannot fail to covet as an ally for so much business and motion, if indeed there is any other God than the science that perfects the engine, and the motive-power that turns the factory-wheel. As long as you can preach to such a man about his stupendous capacity, and stimulate his arrogant activity, he hears. But tell him of the deep things of God, of self-renunciation and repentance, of a cross and a consecration, of silent worship and solemn faith, of resting in the Lord, and waiting patiently for him,—and you seem to clash against his glorious career of aggrandizement. All the more do we need this deeper and stiller element in our piety. We want not only to work, but to believe that God in Christ works, and with mightier forces than we; works through and by us, or without us, as he will; and that we are at best but inapt and incompetent instruments in his hands. "Be still, and know that I am God!"—let our loud march of audacious civilization hearken to that. —*F. D. Huntington, D. D.*

The Religion of Paying Debts.—One of the religious papers has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail up to the head, and clinch it:—"Men may sophisticate as they please. They can never make it right, and all the bankrupt laws in the Universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in neglect as clear and deserving of church discipline as in stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay or withholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet his engagement, ought to be made to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide; but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

Gems of Wisdom.—Few men are so utterly reprobate, so imbruted by their vices, as not to have some lucid, or at least quiet and sober intervals; and in such moments few can stand up unshaken against the appeal to their own experience,—what have been the wages of sin? What has the devil done for you? What sort of master have you found him? Then let us, in befitting detail, and by a series of questions that ask not loud, and are secure against any false answer, urge home the proof of the position, that to be vicious is to be wretched; adding the fearful corollary, that if even in the body vice is found to be misery, what must it not be in the world to come?—where nothing of vice remains but its guilt and misery.—*Coleridge.*

There is a vast value in genuine biography. It is good to have real views of what life is, and what Christian life may be. It is good to familiarize ourselves with the history of those whom God has pronounced the salt of the earth. We cannot help contracting good from such associations. How a human spirit contrived to get its life accomplished in this confused world—what a man like us, and yet no common man, felt, did, suffered—how he fought, and how he conquered,—if we could only get a clear possession and firm grasp of that, we should have got almost all that is worth having in truth, with the technicalities stripped off; for what is the use of truth, except to teach man how to live?—*Robertson.*

Our Best Pleas.—Our best pleas in prayer are those that are fetched from the glory of God's own name. Lord, do it, that thy *mercy* may be magnified, thy *promise* fulfilled, and thine interest in the world kept up. We have nothing to plead *in ourselves*, but everything *in thee*.—*Henry.*

THE TRAVELER.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XI.

Climate of Oregon and Washington Territories milder than at Washington City—Authorities cited—Summers cool and delightful—Reasons for the equable temperature of the Pacific Coast—Face of the Country—Large Trees—Forests and Saw Mills—Mineral Wealth—Number of Sheep in Oregon—Inducements to Young Men to emigrate to this State, and engage extensively in Wool Growing.

SALEM, Oregon, March 25, 1860.

This place is situated ten miles south of the 45th parallel. Your readers, however, must not infer that it is equally cold with places in the same latitude on the Atlantic coast. Snow seldom falls in this Valley; and when it does, it remains but a short time. JAMES G. SWAN, who has published a work entitled "The Northwest Coast, or Three Years' Residence in Washington Territory," says—"The climate is mild, and never so cold as in the same parallel of latitude on the Atlantic coast." Ross COX, who was employed by the Fur Company at Astoria, says—"The climate on the Columbia river, from its mouth to the rapids, is mild. The mercury seldom falls below the freezing point, and never rises above 80°. GREENHOW, in his "History of Oregon and California," remarks—"The countries on the Pacific side of North America differ materially in climate from those east of the great dividing range of mountains situated in the same latitudes and at equal distances from, and elevations above, the ocean. These differences are less within the torrid zone, and beyond the 60th parallel; but in the intermediate space, every part of the Pacific section is much warmer and dryer than places in the Atlantic, or Arctic sections, under the same conditions as above expressed. In countries corresponding in latitude and other respects with Wisconsin, Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Foundland, the ground is rarely covered with snow for more than three or four weeks in each year, and *it often remains unfrozen throughout the year.*" Mr. LORIN BLODGET, in a letter to the *National Intelligencer*, says of the climate on the Pacific coast, "The winter at Puget's Sound, which is on the 48th parallel, is *warmer* than at Paris, (in France,) the mean being 69¼° at the first, and 38° at Paris; and the winter at Sitka, on the 58th parallel, is warmer than that at Washington, (Dis. of Columbia,) [30½° and 36°] notwithstanding they differ 18 degrees of latitude, or nearly 1,250 miles in position on the meridians. At Washington, vegetation is dormant for several months, and the rivers and navigable waters may be closed by ice for months in succession. At Puget's Sound, the winters are mild and open, and the grass in constant growth, and at Sitka it is, doubtless, much warmer than at Washington, since the average for the winter is warmer, and the changes in extreme years are *there* very far less."

VANCOUVER writes,—"On landing, our attention was immediately called to a landscape almost as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure grounds in Europe. The ground was covered with a coarse, spiry grass, interspersed with Strawberries, two or three species of Clover, Samphire, and a great variety of other plants, some of which bore the most beautiful flowers. On a few of the points were shrubs that seemed to thrive excessively, such as Roses, a species of Sweetbriar, Gooseberries, Raspberries, Currants, and several other smaller bushes. These all appeared to grow very luxuriantly, and from the quantity of blossoms with which they were loaded, there was great reason to believe them very productive."

WM. TUFTS, Esq., of Boston, remarks—"I have spent eighteen months on the Pacific coast,—most of the time was passed between latitude 54° to 57.° While in the latitude of 56° north, during the winter we experienced the coldest weather, *which lasted but a few days*, and during that time the wind was north-northeast."

SWAN remarks—"My own experience attests to the mildness of the climate, and that mildness is to be attributed to the fact mentioned by Cox, that the wind blows almost invariably from the ocean. During the winter months, the wind is generally from the south to the northeast, veering, at times, to the southwest. These winds, blowing from the tropics, bring up the warm southern breezes, and kindly temper the atmosphere, and render it mild and genial. The only severe weather is felt when the wind blows from the northeast; but I have never known excessive cold weather to continue longer than twelve or fourteen days, when the wind will return to the south, and a warm rain brings on a general thaw."

It is these facts with respect to the climate, that make a residence in either Oregon or Washington Territories, so desirable; and the remarkable fact should not be lost sight of, that, although Washington Territory is in the same latitude as Nova Scotia, yet the climate is as mild in winter as that of Virginia and Maryland; nor is the heat of summer so oppressive as in the same parallel east of the Rocky Mountains. In the spring, the warm southern breezes lull away, and the cool winds from the Arctics, here called land breezes, come down from the north and northeast, and kindly temper the heat of summer and render it charming and delightful.

We have multiplied authorities relative to the climate of Oregon, in order to disabuse the minds of thousands in the East, who, from its high latitude, think it must be excessively cold; that it is as bleak and barren as the shores of the Atlantic in the same parallel. But such is not the fact. The spring commences early; and I may mention, in evidence, that, on the 10th day of March, while making a botanical collection, I gathered the blossoms of the Wild Raspberry, *(Rubus spectabilis,)* the fruit of which is ripe in June, the Wild Strawberry, the Trillium, and various other small flowers, and I am informed that some years flowers are in bloom every month in the twelve — so that it can almost be said,

"Here everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

The face of the country is undulating,— made up of timbered lands and prairies, the latter largely predominating, interspersed with scattering oaks, giving them the appearance of old apple orchards in the East. The fir tree attains an enormous growth, and exceeds anything east of the Rocky Mountains. They reach from two hundred to two hundred and eighty feet in height, and from twenty to forty feet in circumference. A spruce in Umpqua county measured 216 feet to its lowest branch, and in circumference 57 feet.

That portion of Washington Territory between the Cascade Mountains and the ocean is heavily timbered. Nature, herself, has planted it with inexhaustible forests of Fir, of Spruce, and of Cedar. There are, at the present time, about 40 sawmills in the Territory. Dr. EVANS, the Geologist of Oregon, states that there is coal in abundance, gold in rich diggings,* marble in vast quarries, and an inexhaustible supply of lead. Oregon has three ranges of mountains west of the Rocky, running in a north and south direction—known as the Coast, the Cascade, and the Blue Mountain ranges. The country east of the Cascade range seems designed and fitted by Nature for one vast sheep pasture. It is high and undulating, and no snow that prevents sheep grazing the year round. Enterprizing men are already settling upon these prairie lands. The whole State, and especially the Willamette Valley, ranks among the very best wool growing sections of the United States. Sheep here are very healthy, always fat, and uncommonly prolific. One ewe was pointed out to us which has dropped and raised eight lambs in twelve months. There are about 100,000 sheep in the State, mostly of the coarse wooled varieties. They sell at $5 to $8 per head. Fine sheep are in demand here. The farmers own from 160 to 2,000 acres; and they are willing to divide up and sell off unimproved prairie and timbered lands at from $3 to $8 per acre. The actual expense of growing a pound of fine wool here is not over 12 or 15 cents. It can be shipped to New York or Boston for $18 or $20 per ton, or one cent per pound. Were eastern young men to come here, and engage in sheep husbandry, and stick to it for a term of years, they would become wealthy in spite of themselves. One man commenced here twelve years ago on limited means, with a small flock of sheep, and he has coined from the business $50,000. He has large numbers let out on shares. Mutton has been his sole object; the wool found no market, and he made the novel use of it to convert it into bedding for his swine and horses, of which he keeps, or has kept, large numbers. Wool growing on the Pacific coast opens a vast field to American enterprise. Were hundreds of young men in the Empire State, who contemplate emigrating west, or foolishly seeking a clerkship in some city dry goods store, to eke out a miserable existence by running the gauntlet of a fearful and hazardous adventure with the cruel chances of trade, nobly and firmly to resolve to come to this country and engage largely in the growth of fine wool — my word and honor for it, in ten years they could all amass fortunes, and from their rich possessions look proudly down and hurl defiance in the stern teeth of poverty! Who will do it?

S. B. R.

* Gold mines are now worked in several places in this State. Four men recently discovered *a lead* in Jackson county; within two months upwards of $1,000,000 have been taken from it, and still it is only just opened.

DOLLIE DUTTON, "THE LITTLE FAIRY,"
REPRESENTED IN COMPARISON WITH A GIRL OF THE USUAL SIZE AT HER AGE.

LITTLE pleasure do we usually take in viewing the monstrosities produced by Nature, either in the animal or vegetable world, in her unaccountable freaks. But occasionally Nature, in her singular moods, gives us a gem of rare beauty. Gen. TOM THUMB has been admired by Kings, Queens, and Courts, as well as by thousands of plain republicans; and we present our readers with the likeness of a "Little Fairy," DOLLIE DUTTON, so very small that, in comparison, the General may claim to be a giant. She is so perfect in form, and yet so tiny, that all who see her pronounce her the most perfect child they have ever seen, and she looks more like a wax doll than a living specimen of humanity. Miss DOLLIE and her parents are natives of Middlesex county, Massachusetts, and "The Little Fairy" (DOLLIE) was born in Farmingham, in the same county. *She has not grown any or increased in height since she was two years of age.* She is now nine years old, weighs 13 pounds, and is only 26 inches high. Her health is good; she rises at eight in the morning, and is hard at play all day, except when getting her lessons or attending to her levees. Her parents and brothers are of the usual size. She is perfect in form and feature, bright, active, and intelligent, talks, sings, dances, and plays, and is so beautiful that the most fastidious can look upon her with pleasure. She does not weigh half as much as Gen. TOM THUMB, *and is the smallest child of her age in the world!* She weighed, at the time of her birth, three pounds.

It is difficult for the mind to realize how very small is this *Little Fairy*, and it is only when a child of her own age is placed beside her, that the full truth is appreciated. She is, therefore, in the engraving, shown in this position.

A well-known RURAL contributor, on a recent visit of the "Little Fairy" to Rochester, furnished the following pleasant lines to one of our daily journals:

TO DOLLIE DUTTON.

God bless thee! little DOLLIE,
And keep thee pure as now,
And grant no shadow e'er may dim
Thy fair and lofty brow.
Thou seemest made for sunshine,
Thou art too frail to bear
The weight that rests on mortals,
Of grief, and pain, and care.

Wert thou in truth the fairy
Thou seem'st to us to be,
The life of bird, or breeze, or flower,
Were fitting one for thee;
Upon a bed of rose leaves
To lay thy golden curls,
And drink from lily-cups the dew
Distilled like liquid pearls.

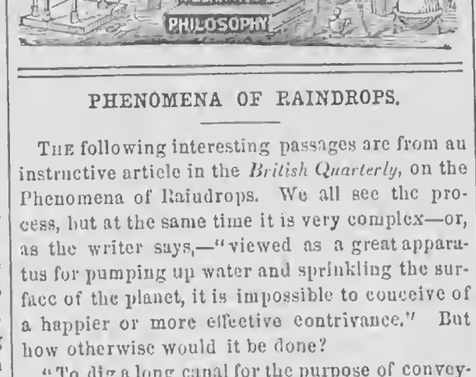
But, ah! there is a spirit
Within that lovely shrine,
That proves thou art immortal,—
Allied to the Divine;
And all the warm affections
That nestle in thy heart,
Show that in human nature
Thou hast indeed a part.

This mystery of thy being
Is not revealed to us;
We can but praise with wonder,
The God that made thee thus.
We leave thee in his keeping,
And when upon thy brow
He sets an angel-crown, thou'lt be
More beautiful than now.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. KATE CAMERON.

DOLLIE DUTTON, we are pleased to know, is under the care of kind and conscientious relatives and friends. Her education, morally and intellectually, is not neglected, nor is her health or life to be sacrificed to greed for gain. While all must admit that she is precocious, "wise above her years," yet in every movement there is a childish simplicity truly pleasing.

Useful Olio



PHENOMENA OF RAINDROPS.

THE following interesting passages are from an instructive article in the *British Quarterly*, on the Phenomena of Raindrops. We all see the process, but at the same time it is very complex—or, as the writer says,—"viewed as a great apparatus for pumping up water and sprinkling the surface of the planet, it is impossible to conceive of a happier or more effective contrivance." But how otherwise would it be done?

"To dig a long canal for the purpose of conveying water from the nearest stream, and then to furrow his fields with innumerable little channels for its distribution, would be as tedious and elaborate a process as it would be to plow up all the corn fields of Great Britain with pen-knives, or reap them with scissors. It would be ridiculous to think of moistening his acres by means of watering carts, and insane to attempt it by any other mechanical process. If the whole population of England were converted into drawers of water and workers of pumps, they would scarce suffice to souse a single county and maintain it in a state of vegetable prosperity.

"Now nature takes all this trouble off our hands. While the owner of our imaginary farm is puzzling his brains to discover how he can obtain the fertilizing fluid, she is preparing for him a rich and gratuitous supply. Far off—it may be hundreds or thousands of miles away—vapor is ascending from some great expanse of liquid, or from some humid tract of land. Water is the life's blood of the world. To keep it in circulation is not less needful for the health of the planet, than is the flow of the red rivers through our veins for the health of man. But as the fluid always seeks its level, and finds it in the ocean, how is it to be brought back and scattered over the high grounds, or hoisted to the summits of the mountains? How too shall it be freed from the salts and other ingredients it may have imbibed in the soil, or found in the sea, and thus return to its duty in a pure and uncontaminated condition?

"The magnificent process of evaporation is the first step which is taken for the farmer's relief. Since water is a fluid of considerable gravity, being eight hundred and sixty times heavier than air, (at a temperature of sixty degrees at the level of the sea,) it is necessary that it should be rendered portable through the atmosphere. This object is accomplished by converting it into vapor through the agency of heat. The ocean has in fact been called a great still, and the sun may be regarded as the great distiller."

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"Of course the great sheets of water on the globe are the reservoirs from which our supply of vapor are primarily extracted. Dr. Halley calculated that the quantity brewed by the Mediterranean alone, during 12 hours of a summer's day, amounted to not less than fifty-two hundred and eighty millions of tuns. The moisture exhaled from the land must necessarily vary with the humidity as well as the temperature of the spot. Reckoning the mean annual evaporation all over the globe at 35 inches, it has been computed that the total quantity of water poured into the air would fill a cistern ninety-four thousand four hundred and fifty cubic miles in capacity. This estimate, however, founded upon Dalton's data, is assuredly too low, for the *mean annual issue of rain from the clouds all over the earth is now calculated at five feet.*

"But, secondly, the simple rise and fall of these exhalations on the spot where produced, would do nothing for our impatient farmer in the interior. The aqueous particles must be conveyed from the seas, and *set down at his very threshold.* For this purpose the atmosphere is traversed by *winds* which load themselves with moisture, and hurry it off in various directions. A ship freighting itself with merchandise at a foreign wharf, a train starting with luggage from a railway-station, a water-cart filling with liquid at some reservoir, is not more explicit in its mission than the current of air which takes in a cargo of vapor at a great ocean tank, and hastens into the heart of some continent to deposit its beneficent burden."

* * * * * * * *

"Looking, then, at water as the great agent of fertility, as the chosen element by which the world is kept sappy and verdant, we ask whether the arrangements made for the regular distribution of this fluid are not singularly felicitous? Long ago the land would have been totally drained, and every river would have run itself dry, had there been any flaw in the machinery by which the floods are uplifted from their beds, and restored in needful quantities to the soil. But nature's gigantic water-works are never at fault. Every year whole lakes are hoisted into the atmosphere, and lowered with such exquisite precision that the seed-time and harvest, the former rain and the latter rain, are certain to arrive in due succession. The sea is ever laboring for the land. The traffic between the billow and the furrow is conducted by the ministry of the clouds. Pleasant to think of these beautiful carriers of moisture! Filled as it were by invisible hands at the store-houses of vapor, they catch the breeze, and make for the shore, where they deliver their load, some on the plains, that the fields may rejoice in the refreshing shower, some on the mountain slopes, that the brooks and streams may be fed; and then the surplus food which the ground rejects is rolled off to the ocean only that it may return with generous obstinacy, and thus pursue its never-tiring rounds. By the same means, too, the heat and electric fire, which the vapor abstracts from the surface are transported into the colder strata where some equalizing process is required. And not less useful is the rain in scouring the atmosphere, dissolving foreign ingredients, sweeping down impurities, and cleansing the ground from much that is feculent and unhealthy. Nor is it to be forgotten that this mild and gentle meteor is an active agent in the great geological operations by which the level of land is altered, and the very aspect of the planet remodelled during the long run of ages; for the soft water-drops are chisels in the hand of Time, with which he indents the vales, seams the side of the hills, and even abrades the granite rocks, and where accessible, lowers the pride of their craggy crowns."

YOUNG RURALIST.

TREATMENT OF CANARY BIRDS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—To the inquiry made by AMELIA, of Cayuga, respecting Canary Birds, which I noticed in your issue of March 3d, I send the following, which is our method, and I think very good: In the first place, we will take a pair of young birds. As to the *time of pairing*, it generally commences about the middle or last of March, or perhaps a better criterion would be when frost disappears, and the sun sheds an enlivening warmth. Put the pair you intend to match into a small cage, and although they may be quarrelsome at first, they will soon become reconciled—which will be known by their feeding each other, &c. Feed them at this time with the following:—Boil an egg very hard, chop or grate it fine, add bread crumbled equally fine, a little maw seed, mix this well and give them a tablespoonful twice a day. In ten days they will be paired. Place the cage in a room where they can enjoy the morning-sun, and not where it shines hot in the afternoon, as excessive heat produces sickness. Place in the cage a little fine hay and cow's hair. The nest-boxes, or baskets, should be composed of wicker, so that the dust can fall through, and there should be but one in the cage at a time, or until the hen has hatched; then put in another, and make the nest for them. If it does not please them, they will soon adapt it to their fancy. When the hen lays, take the egg from her, substituting an ivory or a wooden one. The following food must be given when they have young:—Boil an egg, take a piece of bread the size of an egg, grate and mix well together, and feed them a spoonful three times a day. Cabbage, chickweed and salad may be given in their season, (that is, when the bitterness has passed away.) The hen sits thirteen or fourteen days. Clean the perches, fill one fountain with water, and the other with seed, so as not to disturb them for two or three days after hatching. As soon as the young ones feed themselves, cage them, feeding the same as before stated, adding ground rape seed, until they are seven weeks old, when they will be able to crack hard seed.

If the hen should be ill, or if she leaves them to the care of the male bird, or if she plucks the feathers from her young, they should be taken from her. In such cases the following paste may be given, which will last fifteen days:—Bruise a quart of rape seed in such a manner that you can blow the chaff away; also, a piece of bread, reducing them to a powder,—put it in a dry box and keep from the sun. Give a teaspoonful of this and a little *hard* egg grated, with a few drops of water. Birds brought up by hand require feeding once in two hours. To feed them, sharpen a small piece of wood, and feed them until they refuse to open their mouths voluntarily. Put them in a cage without perches, first having a little box or glass of seed, and in about seven weeks take the soft food from them by degrees. If they are ill when young, bruise some hemp seed, and soak it in water, then squeeze through a cloth, which forms a sort of milk. This serves to strengthen and nourish them very much, but the water-glass should be removed when this medicine is given. Very much is said respecting the diseases the Canary is subject to, and remedies given, but we think "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Therefore keep the cages clean, and change their diet once in awhile. Give them a dish of clean water, soft is best, to wash in every morning. Change the water in the fountains every morning. Avoid all things that are hurtful, such as salt, bitter food, &c., &c., and they seldom are sick, and if they are, not much can be done to relieve them. To distinguish the male from the female, a streak of bright yellow may be noticed over the eyes and under the throat. His head is wider and longer, his color is much higher, and his feet larger. They also begin to warble first, which is often at a month old. FRANK D.

Akron, N. Y., 1860.

WORKING OUT.

THERE is an idea prevalent (among boys especially) that there is an honor somewhere connected with working out. That to be one's own "boss," to be dependent on one's self, is particularly desirable. How often do we see them fret under the restraints that kind parents have placed around their waywardness, and long to be away, their own masters, upon the sea of life, like a ship tied to its moorings with a fine breeze filling every sail. No, boys, do not be too anxious to leave your parents. You will never find anything earthly to fill the vacancy. The kind love and gentle forbearance of your sister will modify the rougher elements of your nature. You cannot find among strangers one who will fill the place of a dear brother; and when the heart is filled with sorrow and the tears course down the cheek, who can wipe them best away and heal the aching wounds? None can bear with your errors like those that love you. None can appreciate your virtues like your friends. You, whom necessity compels not, beware how you leave good homes.

East Varick, N. Y., 1860. WILLIE WAKEMAN.

POWER OF THOUGHT IN ANIMALS.—Do animals possess the power of thought or reasoning? If you, or some of your readers will answer this question through the RURAL, you will greatly oblige—A YOUNG RURALIST, *Coventryville*, 1860.

EVERY drop of perspiration brought to the brow by labor is the shadow of a dollar earned.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma—J. Burnett & Co.
M'Cormick's Combined Reaper and Mower—B. Williams.
Black Hawk Stock for Sale—Wm. Turner, Agent.
Wm. R. Prince & Co., Flushing, N. Y.
Agents Wanted—B. H. Sherman & Co.
Electric Weather Indicator—Lee & Co.
Purple-Top Flat Turnip Seed—Samuel S. Haines.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Monroe Co. Horse Show and Holliday Exhibition, July 4.
Howard's New One and Two Horse Mowers.
Brown's Laxative Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 23, 1860.

Washington Matters.

SECRETARY FLOYD has summoned Gen. Harney to Washington, with a view to arranging for a campaign against the Shoshone and other Indians. It is to be planned on a large scale, as the Government is satisfied that we are to have a war at an expense of many millions.

Dispatches have been received by the Secretary of State from Mr. McLean, which give a far more discouraging account of the prospects of the Liberals than has yet been published. All the recent statements of their victories appear to have been exaggerated, and it is hardly probable, from internal discord and other causes, that the Juarez government can sustain itself even nominally much longer. It is understood that Senor Mata received substantially similar intelligence.

Consul-General Andrews, for British Provinces, has memorialized Congress, asking if any change be made in the Reciprocity Treaty, it be in enlarging its basis,—perfecting, not destroying it.

The majority report made by Mr. Mason, Chairman of the Harper's Ferry Investigating Committee, comprises 150 pages foolscap paper, exclusive of voluminous testimony. A full history is given of Brown's movement and its results, and reference is made to the utter insecurity of the peace and safety of some of the States, owing to the excited condition of the public mind. The rifles and carbines manufactured in Connecticut, intended, as it would appear, to be ordinarily used in strife in Kansas, and sent thither for that purpose, were voluntarily placed by the Massachusetts Kansas Committee, through its Chairman, in the hands of Brown, with vague and unexplained instructions as to their use; but the truth was, it would appear, he finally conceived the purpose of exciting civil war in some of the Slaveholding States. This expedition, so atrocious in character, would have been arrested, had even ordinary care been taken on the part of the Massachusetts Committee to ascertain whether Brown was truthful in his professions.

The committee are not prepared to suggest any legislation which, in their opinion, would be adequate to prevent like occurrences in future. If the several States, whether from motives of policy or a desire to preserve the peace of the Union, if not from fraternal feeling, do not hold it incumbent on them, after the experience of the country, to guard in future, by appropriate legislation, against similar occurrences, the committee can find no guaranty elsewhere for security and peace between the States of the Union. So far, however, as the safety of the public property is involved, the Committee would earnestly recommend that provision should be made by the Executive, or if necessary, by law, to keep under adequate military guard the public armories and arsenals of the United States, in some way after the manner now practiced at the navy yards and the forts. The report was signed by Messrs. Mason, Davis and Fitch.

Senators Collamer and Doolittle, of the minority, in the course of a brief report, say that there is no evidence that any other citizens than those with Brown were knowing to this outbreak, nor any proof that any others had any knowledge of the conspiracy or its purposes in the year 1859; nor does any evidence show that there was a conspiracy to rescue Brown or his associates from prison in Virginia. Time and reflection have happily dissipated much of the alarm and suspicion, and have shown that this sad event was but an offshoot from the outrages and lawlessness in Kansas. They say there is no fact calling for legislation from Congress.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Foot, the Florida claims bill was made the special order for the second Monday in December next.

The Senate concurred in the House amendment to the Pacific Telegraph bill.

Mr. Toombs insisted upon the order of the day, it being the Civil Appropriation bill, which was taken up and discussed at length.

Numerous amendments were submitted, which led to a long debate. Appropriations were added to the bill of $150,000 for the Charleston Custom House, $300,000 for the New Orleans Custom House, $500,000 for the extension of the Treasury building, $500,000 for the Washington aqueduct, and $500,000 for the Capitol extension.

Mr. Fitch moved an amendment modifying the contract with Gales & Seaton for the publication of the American State papers, which was adopted.

Mr. Brown submitted an amendment for $250,000 for the erection of a new jail in Washington city. Agreed to.

Mr. Anthony presented a resolution calling for the correspondence of the Minister of England relative to the settlement of the difficulties in regard to the Bay Islands. Adopted.

Mr. Hunter, from the Finance committee, reported the Post-Office Appropriation bill from the House without amendment. The bill was passed.

Mr. Mason, from the special committee on Harper's Ferry, made the report at length. Mr. Doolittle made a minority report, but it was not read. The committee was discharged from the further consideration of the subject. The gist of this report will be found in "Washington Matters."

Mr. Mason, from the same committee, made a report discharging Mr. Hyatt. The resolution was agreed to.

Mr. Pease reported, from the committee on conference, on disagreeing to amendments to Overland Telegraph bill, and the Senate receded from its amendment which put on the corporators, and agreed to the House amendment which allows the Postmaster-General to advertise for proposals to build the line. The bill has now passed both Houses.

The bill to settle private land claims in California was taken up, and the amendment of the House agreed to.

Mr. Willson called up the resolution extending the session to the 28th inst. Mr. Hunter suggested the 21st inst. After debate it was agreed to extend the session till the 25th, by a vote of 24 to 20.

HOUSE.—Mr. Beale was appointed a member of the committee on Indian affairs, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr. Burroughs, and Mr. Hall on roads and canals.

Mr. Blair was appointed member of the public lands committee, in the place of Mr. Barrett.

On motion of Mr. Sherman, an amendment was agreed to authorizing the Postmaster-General to contract for mails transported between the United States and any foreign port or ports.

Among other amendments adopted, on motion of Mr. Colfax, from the post-office committee, was the following:—Reducing the appropriation for clerks at various post-offices, from $950,000 to $850,000; reducing the special agent in California from $5,000 to $1,600 per annum; requiring postmasters to distribute to their owners all newspapers for clubs sent to one address, and reducing the charge for carrying letters in the cities from two cents to one cent. If the revenue of the post-office department should be insufficient to support it for the year ending June, 1860, then $5,750,000 shall be appropriated to supply the deficiency. The bill then passed.

The fortification bill was passed as originally reported, without amendment.

The civil appropriation bill was considered.

A long debate ensued on amendments to the bill. An amendment was adopted appropriating $400,000 for the militia of the United States, to obtain arms from the general government to distribute among the several States.

Mr. Patten, from the committee on expenditures by the navy department, reported back the resolutions referred to the committee in February last, and recommended their passage. The first resolution, condemnatory of both the President and the Secretary of the Navy, was adopted without a count of the number voting on either side. The second resolution, that the contract made by the Secretary of the Navy, in September, 1858, with W. N. C. H. Swift, for the delivery of live oak timber, was in violation of the law, and in a manner unusually improper, and injudicious to public service, was adopted by yeas 119, nays 60. The third resolution was read, that the distribution by the Secretary of the Navy of the patronage of the navy yards, to members of Congress, is destructive of discipline, corrupting in tendency, and highly injurious to the public service. Adopted, 123 to 61. The fourth resolution, that the President and Secretary of the Navy, by receiving and considering the party relations of bidders for contracts with the United States, and the effect of awarding the contracts upon pending elections, have set an example dangerous to the public safety, and deserving the reproach of this House, was adopted,—106 to 61.

Political Intelligence.

THE Illinois Democratic State Convention for State Officers and Presidential Electors, met at Springfield on the 13th inst. The Convention was large and harmonious. Every county, except Calhoun, was represented. The following nominations were made:—For Governor—James C. Allen; for Lieut. Governor—Lewis C. Ross; for Secretary of State—H. C. Campbell; for Auditor—Bernard Artensen; for Treasurer—Hugh Moher; for Superintendent of Public Instruction—Dr. Roe; for Electors at Large—J. L. D. Morrison and W. H. Cushman. Resolutions endorsing the action of the Illinois delegates to Charleston were adopted.

THE Ohio Republican State Convention at Columbus on the 13th inst., nominated Jacob Brinkerhoff for Supreme Judge, Levi Sargent for Member of Board of Public Works, Gen. James Murray for Attorney General, and for Presidential Electors for the State at Large, Frederick Hassaurek, of Hamilton, and J. M. Root, of Erie.

THE Senate of New Hampshire, on the 14th inst., re-elected Daniel Clark, Republican, to the U. S. Senate in concurrence with the House.

THE Seceders from the Charleston Convention met at Richmond on the 11th inst. All the Seceding States were represented except Delaware.

Mr. Calhoun, of South Carolina, from the Committee on Permanent Organization, made the following report, which was adopted:—For President—John Erwin, of Alabama, with one Vice-President and Secretary from each State, with the exception of New York.

Mr. Hatch, of New Orleans, offered the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the delegates in this Convention, having been appointed on the basis of the majority platform adopted at Charleston, we deem it unnecessary to take any further action in relation to a platform at the present time.

Resolved, That when this Convention adjourn, it adjourn to meet again in Richmond on the 21st of June, unless the President should deem it necessary to call the Convention together sooner.

A vote was taken on the resolutions, and they were adopted unanimously, with the exception of the vote of South Carolina.

Several gentlemen addressed the Convention, when an adjournment pursuant to the spirit of the foregoing resolutions was effected.

THE Democratic National Convention re-convened in Baltimore, on Monday, the 18th inst. The telegraph, at 1 A. M., of that date brings the following intelligence:

The strong Douglas and anti-Douglas feeling seems intensified in opposition since the Charleston Convention. The Douglas men confidently calculate on an increased vote for him, at all events on the third and fourth ballots. A notice posted at the hotels, stating that delegates desiring admission to the hall of the Convention will apply to Caleb Cushing, renders it absolutely certain that Mr. C. has decided to take the power of issuing cards into his own hands, and will give admission to the seceding delegations.

The Douglas men have 152 votes, which is a majority over all that will be in the Convention, if Cushing's platform is carried out. He designs introducing a resolution binding all the delegations present and taking part in the proceedings, to abide by the action of the Convention, and support the nominees. If, on the adoption of this resolution the seceding delegates again retire, such States as send new delegates will be admitted. If the seceders remain in denying the right of the majority to bind their action, then the contestants from Georgia, Louisiana and Alabama will apply for a hearing, and an effort will be made to admit them. The main difficulty in carrying out this programme appears now to be the vote of New York. The New Yorkers are understood to be opposed to the resolution binding the action of the delegates present, and the vote in the delegation, on this point, will be very close indeed.

It is confidently expected that whatever the programme may be, by which the result is reached, Douglas will be nominated, and that the greater portion of the South will put an opposition ticket in the field. Rumor points to Hon. Caleb Cushing as the Southern nominee for President, with Hon. Jeff. Davis for Vice President, on the ground that the nomination for the Presidency is immaterial, but that of Vice-President is important in the event of the election going to the Senate.

News Paragraphs.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PIONEERS.—During the past week the Pioneers held their Annual Meeting in this city. The following board of officers for the ensuing year, were chosen:—President—GIDEON COBB. Vice-Presidents—Preston Smith and Jacob Graves. Secretary and Treasurer—A. Newton. Executive Committee—F. Bullard, Jonah Brown, Nathaniel Draper.

The following deaths of Pioneers since the last Annual Meeting, were reported:—Elijah Webster, at Henrietta, July 8th, 1859, 68 years. Thomas Pease, Rochester, July 16th, 1859, 61 years. Harvey Prindle, July 19th, 1859, 74 years. Geo. King, Brighton, Aug. 4th, 1859, 73 years. Abigal Colby, Rochester, Nov. 4th, 1859, 68 years. Betsey Stilson, Rochester, Dec. 1st, 1859, 82 years. Aaron Van Cleve, Batavia, Feb. 7th, 1860, 90 years. Stephen Lusk, Pittsford, March 5th, 1860, 85 years. David Baker, Penfield, March 22d, 1860, 77 years. Amasa Aldrich, Henrietta, April 11th, 1860, 74 years. Dea. Chauncey Haywood, Holley, May 8, 1860, 69 years. WM. T. Codding, Rochester, about the 1st inst., aged 80 years.

THE GREAT TORNADO.—From a variety of accounts published in Western papers, relative to the late tornado, it appears that it swept over a space of 450 miles, with undiminished force. Its destructive effects can scarcely be conceived from the accounts given. A Chicago paper says whole forests were crushed in an instant, and respectable streams of water literally scooped out by the mighty tempest. The course of the tornado is traced from Fort Dodge, Iowa, where it commenced on Sunday morning, June 3d, to Ottawa county, Michigan, which it reached on the evening of the same day. The Lyons (Iowa) Union gives a long list of killed and wounded. Probably not less than 150 or 200 lives were lost, and thousands are left houseless and penniless. Liberal relief measures are on foot at Chicago and other places.

DEATH OF GEN. JESSUP.—Gen. Jessup, who died in Washington last week, was born in Virginia, and entered the United States army May 3, 1808, as a Second Lieutenant. He took an active part in the war of 1812, '13 and '14, and participated in the battles of Queenstown, Chippewa, Niagara and Lundy's Lane, and was cotemporary with Generals Scott and Wool in those engagements. General Jessup, at the battle of Chippewa, held the rank of Major. In May, 1818, he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship, and in ten years after,—viz., 1828,—he was breveted Major-General. He has held the position of Quartermaster-General for a number of years past.

AMERICAN MINERS IN CANADA.—The Toronto Leader speaks of the recent discovery of valuable copper mines in the vicinity of Acton, on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway, between Montreal and Quebec, and states that they are being worked at a good profit by a company of Americans. Considerable sums are said to have been offered by Americans for other mining locations, but have been refused. The Leader thinks Canada is "destined to become as famous for its copper mines as California and Australia are for their gold mines."

THE N. H. Statesman says that Isaac Farnham, now living in Concord, voted at every March election in Concord for sixty-one years. The Patriot matches that case with Ebenezer Woodbury, of Dumbarton, who has voted at every March election and every Presidential election for *seventy years*.

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND muskrat skins have been bought by the Northwestern Fur Co. since last fall. They have been gathered from Wisconsin, Minnesota, and a small portion of Iowa, and have been shipped direct to London. During the season just closed, this company has paid out $300,000 for furs.

MRS. MILES, wife of Richard Miles, Missionary to Africa, died at Goodhope Station, March 16th. Mr. M. left Oberlin, Ohio, with his wife, for Africa, last November.

MR. DAMPIER, a farmer, residing near Taunton, England, is said to have a horse in his possession, aged 56 years, which he rides daily about his farm, and occasionally goes out hunting. The animal is still fresh on his legs and free from blemish.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Parliament had re-assembled. Important papers relative to China were submitted, giving full particulars of the ultimatum and the Chinese reply. The ultimatum demanded complete apology for the Peiho affair, the restoration of the guns and ships lost on that occasion; the ratification, without delay, of the Tien Sin Treaty at Pekin, and an indemnity of 4,000,000 tales for military expenses through the Canton affair.

The Chinese reply refuses an apology for the Peiho affair, and declines to allow an Ambassador to go to Pekin, naming Leitang as the place of ratification instead of Pekin, and refuses to restore the guns or ships, and refers Mr. Bruce to the regulations carried out at the reception of the American mission. These papers dispel all hope of an amicable settlement.

Lord John Russell explained the nature of the Russian proposition relative to the Christians in Turkey, and said Austria, Prussia and England dissented, and proposed that Turkey herself should institute an inquiry as to the state of the Christians, which proposition the Sultan was acting upon. France sided with Russia.

FRANCE.—The Paris Moniteur had published an article asserting the most peaceful intentions on the part of the Empire. The London Times ridicules the article, and asserts that it belies itself.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte, uncle of the Emperor, was very ill, and there was little hopes of his recovery.

The Emperor and Empress had gone to Lyons to meet the Dowager Empress of Russia.

It is reported that the French troops in China will afterwards visit Madagascar, and establish a solid occupation of the principal points in that Island.

Reliable intelligence from Constantinople asserts that the French and Russian Embassadors had officially informed the Porte that their governments approve of its reasons to institute inquiries into the situation of the Christians in Turkey.

The Emperor and Empress of France have had an interview with the Dowager Empress of Russia.

AUSTRIA.—The Enlarged Council of the Austrian Empire held its first sitting. The Hungarian representatives proclaimed the loyalty of the Hungarian people.

The Austrian army in Italy is to be concentrated on the frontiers of Quadril.

TURKEY.—It is re-asserted that the Russian troops were concentrating on the frontier of Turkey.

Kiprisali Mahomed Pacha has been appointed Grand Vizier, vice Mahomed Raschid Pacha.

The Government had commenced official inquiry into the complaints of the Christians.

The closing sentence of M. De Lavalette's speech, which has greatly alarmed the French merchants at Constantinople, ran thus:—"Beware of entering into any great speculations. More I am not able to say to you."

SICILY.—The following details of Garibaldi's attack on Palermo, have been received from a reliable source:—At 3 o'clock on the morning of the 25th, Garibaldi attacked Palermo on the south side. A desperate contest ensued, which lasted six hours. The people made themselves masters of all parts of the town on the south of the Strada di Toledo. A terrible bombardment was opened by sea and land, notwithstanding which the people continued to fight. The troops retired within the Palace Custom House and Castle. Hostilities were suspended from 10 until 12, when the struggle recommenced with greater desperation. The Royal Palace was taken by the people, and in the evening was burned down.

A telegram received in Paris on the 31st ult., from Naples, confirms the news of the entrance of Garibaldi into Palermo. Garibaldi, at the head of the volunteers, penetrated, flag in hand, into the centre of the city during the bombardment, and established his headquarters there. Loss in killed and wounded very considerable.

The American citizens at Marsala had gone on board the frigate Iroquois. The British Admiral Mundy had offered the protection of English ships to all the Americans at Palermo.

Later advices announce that the Neapolitan army had capitulated to Garibaldi. The articles, which were signed on board the English war steamer Hannibal, between Gen. Lancy and Garibaldi and the Revolutionary Committee, stipulate that the Neapolitan army, 25,000 strong, should quit Palermo with all the honors of war, and embark with their materials on board the Neapolitan squadron. The evacuation was to commence June 4th.

The clergy of Sicily are preaching a crusade against the Neapolitan government.

It is stated that Senor Carafa, in a circular note, demanded the guaranty of the territories of the Sicilies, and called for the intervention of the maritime powers.

Piedmont had protested against any intervention, and represented that application to Napoleon received immediate negative.

Many officers of the Sardinian army have received discharges to join Garibaldi.

Naples dispatches of the 3d, say that 4,000 insurgents, having several pieces of cannon, attacked Catania on the 1st, and were bravely repulsed after an engagement of eight hours. The insurgents were dispersed, losing three guns and two flags. The city is since declared in a state of siege.

The Neapolitan minister at Rome is summoned to Naples, and is reported to be entrusted with the formation of a new ministry.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs*.—Wakefield, Nash & Co. report the weather unfavorable for the crops. Flour quiet, and holders asking an advance. Wheat firm and 1d@2d higher; red 10s3d@10s10d; white 11s@12s4d. Corn very dull; yellow 33s6d@34s; white 35s@36s6d.

The News Condenser.

— Illinois has 88 Agricultural Societies.

— The debt of Virginia amounts to $48,000,000.

— A beautiful young seal was caught in Plymouth harbor a few day since.

— The first paper mill in Minnesota is established at the Falls of St. Anthony.

— A cargo of corn for Ireland was shipped direct from Richmond, Va., last week.

— The Boston Pilot estimates the number of Catholics in this country at 3,500,000.

— There are now in operation in Chili 10 gold, 12 silver, and about 300 copper mines.

— During the month of May, 6,570 German emigrants arrived at the port of New York.

— The cost of keeping up our army and navy amounts to thirty million dollars per year.

— Cincinnati has 23,161 men engaged as operatives in manufacturing and mechanical pursuits.

— Hereafter, California steamers will leave New York on the 1st, 11th, and 21st of every month.

— The yellow fever is raging at Acapulco, the American Consul and 30 others having died of it.

— It is stated that $3,718,000 worth of new buildings are now in course of erection in New York.

— The rivers in the Southern States are said to be getting very low; boats are daily getting aground.

— The French papers state that the cattle murrain was cured in France by the use of sulphate of iron.

— James, the novelist, has abandoned his Consulate at Venice, and is coming back to Richmond, Va.

— The tolls on the canals of the State for May, 1860, show an increase over May, 1859, of $156,269.41.

— During the last quarter 40 persons, male and female, came to their death by violence in New Orleans.

— Prof. Bugbee has resigned the Presidency of the Upper Iowa University, on account of ill health.

— By the law of the State of Georgia, passed in 1858, all the lotteries closed in that State on the 1st inst.

— John B. Gough, who has been lecturing for three years in England, is to return to this country in July.

— The N. Y. Times learns that Judge Kent lies seriously and dangerously ill at his residence in Fishkill.

— It is said that a brother Peer of Lord Macaulay has proposed to write the life of the great Whig historian.

— Brigham Young, the Mormon Prophet, is in Philadelphia, where he intends to remain for several weeks.

— Snow fell for six hours in Salt Lake city, U. T., on the 14th ult. Not many Maying parties there, probably.

— The building occupied by the Normal School at Ypsilanti, Michigan, was burned, on Tuesday of last week.

— Dr. Lewis is introducing his system of gymnastics among a portion of the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum, at Utica.

— The total loss of British shipping by wrecks and casualties during the year 1859, was nearly two million sterling.

— Sweden is about the only country in the world where the revenue of government regularly exceeds the expenses.

— The City Council of Beloit, Wis., have passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in that city.

— Over one thousand acres of woodland have been burned over by recent fires in the vicinity of Manchester, Vermont.

— De Lave has challenged Blondin to meet him in a series of feats on the ropes at the Niagara and the Passaic Falls.

— There are eight thousand miles of railroad in operation in the Southern States, and as much more NOW projected.

— There are in Maine over 200 blind persons, and a project is on foot to establish an institution for their education.

— Prof. Joseph Roby, the head of the anotomical department of the University of Maryland, died on Saturday week.

— The largest circulation of any one bank in the U. S. is that of the Citizens' Bank of New Orleans, viz., $5,335,000.

— Lady Byron sent $200 to the Sicilian Committee a few days before her death, as her donation to the Garibaldi fund.

— Forty rooms have been taken at the Rossin House, Toronto, for the accommodation of Queen Victoria's oldest boy.

— On Wednesday week, a cotton press, with 200 bales of cotton, was burned at New Orleans. Loss estimated at $100,000.

— The Bank of Fond du Lac, Wis., has suspended specie payment, but the Press thinks the bill-holders will not lose by it.

— The Rhode Island Assembly began and ended its session last week. It lasted four days. What a blessed Commonwealth.

— The new Parliament House at Quebec is to be converted into a temporary palace for the residence of the Prince of Wales.

— Gen. Wm. Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," has again gone to Central America, accompanied by a few infatuated persons.

— In Detroit, there are but 35 places of worship, whose united capacity is 18,000, while the city contains a population of 72,000.

— The hills of So. Carolina and Georgia are being covered with vineyards. One wine grower, Dr. McDonald, has 90 acres planted.

— It is estimated that the expense of individual improvements now in progress in Broadway, N. Y., will amount to $6,000,000.

— A few wealthy gentlemen of Boston lately presented Rev. Dr. Walker, the retiring President of Harvard University, with $12,000.

— A lump of copper ore, weighing 72 pounds, was found in Kankakee, Ill., by some workmen last week, while grading a street.

— A directory canvass of the inhabitants of San Francisco, now nearly finished, indicates that the population of the city is full 100,000.

— Three thousand and four teams, averaging five men each, were met on the road to Pike's Peak last week, between Denver and Kearney.

— On Thursday week, there was an explosion of fire works in Brooklyn, the noise of which, it is said, was heard a distance of ten miles.

— A new religious sect has sprung up in the West, called "Soul-Sleepers," who believe that the soul slumbers with the body till the resurrection.

— A good deal of excitement has been occasioned in Western Virginia by a sweeping tax upon free labor, imposed at the last session of the Legislature.

— At Auburn, recently, 27 aspirants for legal honors applied for admission to the bar, and on examination it was found that not one of them was qualified.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Farm Work for June,......197
Inquiries and Notes,......197
Springhalt—Colds in Horses,......197
Draining, and Draining Tile, [Illustrated,]......197
Foul in the Foot,......197
The Clod-Crusher,......197
Grubs in Corn Land,......198
Those Cows,......198
Are decaying Carrots poisonous?......198
How aged Farmers may enjoy Life,......198
The Bee-Keeper—The Bee Moth, No. II,......198
Inquiries and Answers—Lameness in Pigs; Culture of Cotton; Weed for a name; Bloody Milk; To protect Animals from Flies; Garget—Effects of Iodine; To prevent Hens sitting, &c.; Drains in Quicksand,......198
Agricultural Miscellany—The Weather and Crops—The Wheat Crop; Crops at the West; Couch Grass; The Flower Seed Trade; Progress in Iowa; Trial of Reapers and Mowers; Superior Winter Barley,......198

HORTICULTURAL.

The Garden,......199
Willson's Albany Strawberry, [Illustrated,]......199
Scott's Seedling Strawberry, [Illustrated,]......199
Randolph's Pine Strawberry, [Illustrated,]......199
Summer Roses,......199
The Climbing Plants,......199
Bignonia, or Trumpet Flower, [Illustrated,]......199
Fertilizing the Strawberry,......199
A Destructive Leaf Roller,......199
What Destroyed the Cabbage,......199
Horticultural Notes—An Error—Fruit Crop in Penn.; Fruit from Cuba; Fruits received; Yucca, Parmentieri; Dwarf Nasturtium; Cinerarias; Bondnelli's Statice......199

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Wheat Muffins; Corn Muffins; Ginger Cookies; Johnny Cake; Cheap Fruit Cake; Wedding Cake; Preserving Fruit; Remedy for Asthma; To Renovate Silk Dresses; Pie-Plant Short-Cake Coloring Straw,......199

LADIES' OLIO.

Misunderstood, [Poetical.] "Woman's Rights;" My Teacher's Prayer; Tell your Wife; Wife *vs.* Lady,......200

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

A Chick-a-dee Song, [Poetical.] The most Easily Attainable Ambition; The Poet and the Philosopher; Home Life; Beautiful Paragraph; Pride,......200

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Mine, [Poetical,] Religious Wants of a Busy Life; The Religion of Paying Debts; Gems of Wisdom; Genuine Biography; Our Best Pleas,......200

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California.—Letter XI,......201

USEFUL OLIO.

Phenomena of Raindrops; Dollie Dutton, "The Little Fairy," [Illustrated,]......201

YOUNG RURALIST.

Treatment of Canary Birds; Working Out; Power of Thought in Animals,......201

STORY TELLER.

Power of Short Words, [Poetical;] The New Life,......204

Special Notices.

MONROE CO. HORSE SHOW AND HOLIDAY EXHIBITION July 4th, 1860.

THE Board of Managers respectfully announce that the next Annual Horse Show and Holiday Exhibition of the Monroe Co. Agricultural Society, will be held on the Fair Grounds, near Rochester, on Wednesday, the 4th of July ensuing.

The aim is to render the Exhibition highly Useful and Interesting to practical men, and Attractive and Entertaining to the public generally. Liberal premiums are offered for the various Classes of Horses—Thorough-breds, Road and Carriage, General Utility, Draft and Heavy Work, &c. The principal premiums in the several classes are for Stallions, Matched and Single Horses, Brood Mares and Colts, and the fastest *Walking Horses.* Though no prizes are offered for Speed, the Road and Carriage Horses are to be exercised on the fine Track, for display of Style, Action, &c., under the direction of the Judges.

LIST OF PREMIUMS.

CLASS I—THOROUGH-BRED HORSES.

No. 1—*Stallions and Mares*—Best Thorough-bred Stallion, with Pedigree, $25. Best Thorough-bred Mare, with Pedigree, $20.

CLASS II—HORSES FOR ROAD OR CARRIAGE.

No. 2—*Stallions*—Best Stallion 4 years old or over, $20; 2d, $10. Best Stallion 2 years old, $10; 2d, $5. Best Stallion 2 years old, $5.

No. 3—*Matched Horses and Mares*—Best Pair Matched Horses, $25; 2d, 12. Best Pair Matched Mares, $20; 2d, $10.

No. 4—*Single Horses*—Best Gelding, $15; 2d, $8. Best Mare, $10; 2d, $5.

☞ Road and Carriage Horses to be exercised on the Track, under direction of the Judges, and their Travel, Style, Action, &c., to be considered in making awards.

CLASS III—HORSES FOR GENERAL UTILITY.

No. 5—*Stallions*—Best Stallion 4 years old or over, $20; 2d, $10 Best Stallion 3 years old, $10; 2d, $5. Best Stallion 2 years old, $5.

No. 6—*Matched Geldings and Mares*—Best Pair Matched Geldings, $20; 2d, $10. Best Pair Matched Mares, $15; 2d, 10.

No 7—*Single Horse and Ponies*—Best Gelding, $15; 2d, $10. Best Mare, $10; 2d, $5. Best Pair Ponies, $10; 2d, $5. Best Pony, $5; 2d, $3.

No. 8—*Brood Mares and Colts*—Best Mare, with foal at her side, $15; 2d, $10. Best Colt 3 years old, $8; 2d, $5. Best Colt 2 years old, $5; 2d, $3. Best Colt 1 year old, $4; 2d, $2.

CLASS IV—HEAVY DRAFT AND WORK HORSES.

No. 9—*Stallions*—Best Stallion 4 years old or over, $15; 2d, $10. Best Stallion 3 years old, $10; 2d, $5. Best Stallion 2 years old, $5.

No. 10—*Matched Geldings and Mares*—Best Pair Matched Geldings, $20; 2d, $10. Best Pair Matched Mares, $15; 2d, $8.

CLASS V—FAST WALKING HORSES.

No. 11—*Double and Single Walking Horses*—Best Pair, $20; 2d, $10. Best Single Horse, $10; 2d, $5.

☞ The Horses in this Class will be tested on the Track, under the direction of a Competent Committee.

Competition for Premiums is open to the States and Canada, and strangers and their horses will be cordially welcomed. All horses should be entered and on the grounds before 10 o'clock.

ATTRACTIONS appropriate to the occasion, and for a Holiday Exhibition, will be included in the Programme—one of which is mentioned below.

ADMISSION FEES.—Adults, 25 cents, each admission; children and youth under 14 years of age, 15 cents each. Saddle Horse and Rider, 35 cents; Single Horse and Carriage, 25 cents, and 25 or 15 cents for each occupant, according to age; Two-horse Carriage, 40 cents, and above rates for each occupant ☞ As this is an *extra* Exhibition, and the Society needs all its profits to make improvements upon the Fair Grounds, all persons, whether Life, Annual or non-members, will be charged alike for admission. The Board of Managers confidently trust that every Life Member who desires the prosperity of the Society, will cheerfully second this proposition, and vote and act for a *good* and *profitable* Holiday Exhibition.

☞ For further particulars, see bills.

D. D. T. MOORE, *Pres't.*

SAMUEL MILLER, *Sec'y.*

"LITTLE FAIRY" ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.

DOLLIE DUTTON, the celebrated "Little Fairy," and the most wonderful Dwarf in the World, is to give two Levees during the Holiday Exhibition of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society, on the 4th of July—one in the forenoon and one in the afternoon,—at 11 o'clock, A. M., and 3 P. M. Arrangements will be made so that thousands of spectators can witness the exhibition—see and hear the prodigy during her performances, singing, &c. The Levees will be free to all who attend the Holiday Exhibition—for prices of admission to which see notice above.

HOWARD'S NEW ONE AND TWO-HORSE MOWERS.

VERY few are aware of the great improvements made by me in the last year in Mowing Machines. While these machines retain the important features of the Ketchum Machine, the improvements made in their construction are truly astonishing.

The change of gear, and size and motion of the knives, make at least one-quarter difference in the direct draft of the Machines, and they cannot be equaled, in this respect, by any machine in the world.

They are made wholly of iron, except the pole and track clearer, which, of course, renders them durable. They have all the conveniences of throwing in and out of gear by the driver in his seat. *They run on wheels,* and by Emery's Patent Adjustable Roller, the driver has perfect control of the finger bar to raise it over stones or stumps, or in backing, or in going from field to field.

It is with difficulty that I can supply the unexpected demand for these machines for the coming harvest, and all who desire the best Mower, *in all respects,* now offered for sale, will please send their orders early, so that I may be governed accordingly.

I give below one of the many letters I have received in relation to my new machine, which is from a practical farmer, and I do not know as I could say anything more truly, or that would give the public a more just appreciation of this valuable Mower.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860. R. L. HOWARD.

MR. R. L. HOWARD, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* I have noticed your new Spur Mower, and I am surprised to see the improvements you have made upon it. I hardly thought it possible. I like the new gear much, which, with the alteration to a small knife, and shorter crank, must make the machine run very light. I have always done very good work with my old mower, and thought if it was a little more convenient to throw in and out of gear, and have the means to raise the finger bar, that it would be perfection.

I see in your new Mower that you have all these conveniences, as well as several others, complete, and I do not hesitate in saying that I think the late improvements the greatest you have ever made. Yours, &c.,

M. BUTLER.

New Hartford, OneI. Co., N. Y., June 7th, 1860.

"BROWN'S LAXATIVE TROCHES."

THERE is no taint of quackery in their composition. Very many of the first physicians, where the Troches are manufactured, know their ingredients, and freely recommend their use. Where habitual, or occasional, constipation exists, they will infallibly remove it, and will, in due time, restore a natural and healthy action.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ A NEW HALF VOLUME of the RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence with July. Agents and Subscribers will please note—bearing in mind that new single or club subscriptions, and renewals, are now in order, for either a half or whole year.

Deaths.

IN Lodi, Seneca County, N. Y., on Friday, June 1st, 1860 Col. JOHN MONTGOMERY, aged 75 years.

Marriages.

AT Perry Center, June 6th, by Rev. T. M. HODGMAN, of York, Mr. ABNER CHAPPELL and Miss MARTHA W. BOOTH, daughter of PETER BOOTH, Esq., of the above place.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, June 20, 1860.

FLOUR—We cannot alter quotations as there is not sufficient doing to fix rates.

GRAIN.—There is but little change in this department of trade. Oats are declining. Beans have dropped 12 cents per bushel.

MEATS—Mess Pork is firm at $18,00 per bbl., thus taking off the range of $1,00 which has been heretofore imposed.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter lower. Lard drooping a little. Tallow, both rough and tried, has declined ½ cent per pound.

WOOL.—There is but very little doing in this commodity, as yet, and buyers are not anxious to contract except at a reduction from our quoted rates of the past week. Small lots are only offered in the market, and these are taken at prices ranging from 25 to 41 cents,—a decline of 3@4 cts per pound. It is expected that the coming week will exhibit transactions of some importance, and then we will be enabled to know just what producers may expect from the purchasers.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	10@11c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,40	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,42@1,30	Apples, dried	$1,00@1,00
Corn, old	50@55c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	50@55c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@78½c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	32@34c	Potatoes	20@37½c
Barley	55@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@9c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$18,00@18,00	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	10@11c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@7½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, tun	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	25@41c
Lard, tried	11@12c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9@9½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 18—FLOUR—Advanced 5@10c, with moderate demand for export and home consumption; the improvement is chiefly upon common and medium grades of fresh ground. Sales at $5,10@5,15 for super State; $5,20@5,30 for extra do; $5,00@5,12 for super Western; $5,50@5,60 for common to medium do; $5,50@5,60 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet and firm. Canadian flour may be quoted a shade better; sales at $5,55@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c. better, but export demand somewhat checked by the advance insisted upon in freights; sales Racine spring at $1,24; Chicago spring at $1,22; white Indiana at $1,40; red State at $1,30; Milwaukee club at $1,26@1,27, and one cargo very choice, rumored at $1,28. Rye quiet at 82@85c. Barley dull and nominal. Corn in better demand for the East and distilling, and the market is about 1c higher; sales at 62@63c for unsound mixed Western; 64@64c sound do.; 66c Western yellow; 65c for New Orleans mixed for distilling. Oats selling slowly at 38@39c for Canada East, 40@42c for Western, Canada West and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy and lower, the demand is mostly speculative; sales at $18 for new mess; $17,37 for old do; $17,25 for thin mess; $12,62 for new prime; $12,50 for old do. Lard more active and firmer; sales at 11½@11¾c. Butter selling at 10@16c for Ohio; 11@20c for State. Cheese dull at 7@10½c.

ASHES—The market is without change, and the demand fair; sales of Pots at $5,31, and Pearls at $5,75.

BUFFALO, JUNE 18—FLOUR—Better demand after receipt of New York dispatch; market steady. Sales at $4,57½@5,12½ for Canadian and extra State from spring wheat; $4,87½@5,25 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,25@5,37½ for extra Iowa and Michigan; $5,37½@5,50 for extra Ohio and Indiana; $5,75@6,50 for double extra.

GRAIN—Wheat in good demand; market 2@3c better; sales Chicago at $1,09@1,10; Canada club at $1,10; Milwaukee club at $1,12@1,13; white winter at $1,37. Corn dull and nominal. Oats active and ½c lower; sales Western and Canadian at 34c. Barley and Rye nominal.

ALBANY, JUNE 18—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened auspiciously for flour and during the morning a good business was done at the closing prices of Saturday. Corn meal is unchanged.

Common to good State,	$5,00@5,15
Fancy and extra State,	5,20@5,35
Common to good Western,	5,25@5,75
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.,	5,75@7,25
Extra Ohio,	6,00@7,25
Common Canadian,	5,20@5,75
Extra Canadian,	6,00@7,25
Fancy Genesee,	5,50@6,25
Extra Genesee,	6,50@7,50
Extra Kentucky,	6,50@7,50

Corn meal, steady and salable at 10@lts. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is good supply of wheat offering, and the market rules in favor of the buyer. We have only to note a sale of 600 bu. Mediterranean at $1,25. Corn is not active and the market is easier; sales of Western mixed afloat at 61c. In Rye we notice a sale of 600 bu. at 81c. Oats quiet and unchanged, with a good supply on the market.—*Jour.*

OSWEGO, June 18.—FLOUR—Market dull but unchanged; sales at $5@5,25 for common to extra State.

GRAIN—Wheat in moderate demand, with sales Canada club at $1,11@1,12, and Canadian on p. t. Corn is without material change; sales Illinois at 56½@57c; Indiana at 57c, to arrive. Oats a shade better; sales Canadian at 36c afloat. Barley scarce and nominal. Rye scarce; sales Canadian at 75½c. Peas quiet.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 18.—Breadstuffs very dull except corn.

GRAIN—Wheat had a declining tendency—$1,40@1,50 for white; $1,18@1,25 for red. PROVISIONS quiet.

TORONTO, June 16.—FLOUR—Flour has not been much traded in during the week, the offerings being small, with a firmness on the part of holders sufficient to prevent transactions. Buyers are not anxious to operate, except they can get a good bargain and run less risk than if they paid the extreme rates asked by holders. There have been no sales within the past few days of sufficient importance on which to base quotations, and the following figures must be regarded more as the rates named respectively by buyers and sellers than a price which could either be accepted or realized.

Superfine No. 1,	$5,10@5,15
Fancy, (Spring wheat)	5,50@5,60
Do. (Fall wheat)	0,00@5,75
Extra,	6,00@6,25
Extra Superior or Double Extra,	$6,40@6,75
Oatmeal,	4,00@0,00
Cornmeal,	3,50@0,00

GRAIN.—Wheat has been freely offered during the week, and for this season of the year the transactions have been large. The quality of the deliveries has been pretty good. The best grades realized $1,35@1,40, the latter in one or two cases only, while the bulk of the deliveries were got at between $1,25@1,35—the average price not being over $1,33 ℔ bushel. The receipts of both fall and spring wheat amounted to nearly 4,000 bushels. Spring wheat sold at $1,05@1,12½—the current outside figure being $1,10 ℔ bush. Of Barley and Rye the offerings are limited. The former is steady at 50@55c, and the latter is nominal at 65@70c ℔ bu. Both are in demand for local uses. Oats have not been very freely offered, but the stock on hand has been more than sufficient to supply the local demand, so that rates remain steady at 31@33c per bushel. For Peas the inquiry continues active, and all offering have been freely brought up at 60@65c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 13.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,00@9,25; ordinary, $8,50@9,00; common, $8,00@8,50; inferior, $7,00@8,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5½@6c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $4,00@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 5@6¼c; all others, 5½@6c.

ALBANY, JUNE 18.—CATTLE—At our market this week, there has been, altogether, no less than 4,400 head of cattle on sale—nearly 4,000 brought in during the last four days, and upward of 300 that were held over since last market day. For weeks it has been a losing business to drovers, and we know of nothing that promises a speedy improvement. Everything is against them—higher freights and an over-supply, confronted with a steadily decreasing demand because of the cattle disease in the East (concerning which the authorities of Massachusetts, Maine, and Rhode Island, have frightened the people of those States out of all relish for beef,) and the near approach of the fruit season. For premium Beeves it is impossible to get more than 5c ℔ lb, on the hoof, and very fine steers, of choice quality, are selling at 4@4½c ℔ lb. Sheep and Lambs in light request, and selling at 3@4c ℔ lb. Prime fat hogs 6c ℔ lb.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	3,893	3,920	3,181
Sheep,	2,858	4,050	3,132
Hogs,	160	205	111

Prices—The sales made indicate a decline from the low prices that ruled last week, yet the trade is slow, notwithstanding the falling off:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @	5 @5¼c
Extra	4¾@4¼	4¾@4¾
First quality	3½@4	3½@4
Second quality	3 @3¼	3 @3¼
Third quality	@2½	@2½
Inferior	@0	@0

CAMBRIDGE, June 13.—Whole number of Cattle at market 368—about 325 Beeves, and 43 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three years old.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7,00@7,00; first quality, $6,75@0,00; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $4,25@0,00; ordinary $3.

STORES—Working Oxen—$90, 120@180.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40, 55@67.

YEARLINGS—None; two year olds, $19@23; three year olds, $25@29.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—1,700 at market; prices in lots, $1,50@2,00 each; extra, $2,75, 3,00@4,75 each, or 3½@6c ℔ lb. live weight. Spring Lambs, $3,00@5,25.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—11@12½c. ℔ lb.

PELTS—50c@1,75 each.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@6,00.

BRIGHTON, June 14.—At market 800 beeves, 100 stores, 1,700 sheep and lambs, and 1,000 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,50@0,00; first quality $7,25@0,00; second quality, $6@6,50; third quality, $5,50@0.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$39@41; Common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $18@24; three years old, $24@28.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2; Extra, $2,75@4,00.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6@7½c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8½c.; Spring pigs, 10c; retail 0c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

TORONTO, June 14.—The supply of cattle is not large, and first class beef is firm at 6½@7c ℔ lb, on foot. Second class, 6@6½c, and common 5@5½c.

SHEEP $4@5 each, clipped; $5,50@6,50 unclipped; Lambs, $1.50@2,25.

CALVES $3,50@5.—*Globe.*

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Our market for most descriptions is rather quiet, as the attention of the trade is centered in the wool-growing districts where the shearing and contracts are progressing more rapidly. It has been the expressed opinion of dealers and manufacturers generally that the prices obtained for the clip last year were entirely too high for their interests, and the dullness—and depression, we may say—in the goods market has been seized as a harp to strike a doleful note to a decline in prices of the raw material this year, never thinking that the supply and demand, or the state of the money market, would have any bearing effect. In the mean time, the large woolen corporations have borrowed freely from the banks, and their agents and dealers have been buying up the clip at a slight improvement on last year's prices in most districts, while in this State an advance of 2@3c ℔ lb is being paid.

Farmers, no doubt, will meet the market promptly, and considerable activity may be looked for in the interior during the next fortnight. For fine and selected three-quarter and full-blood Merinoes and Saxony, 40@50c is obtained, and selected Saxony, in some counties, has sold as high as 52@55c for what may be called pick-lock. Most of the clip is in good condition, but some parcels have come to market and passed into the hands of manufacturers, very damp. One lot of two bales alone, when exposed to the sun, showed a deficiency of 8 lbs weight. The transactions comprise 55,000 lbs. Native Fleece, and Pulled Wool in lots at 35@55c for the former, and 30@45c for the latter, our extreme rates for fine qualities; 15,000 lbs Unwashed Texas at 15@25c as to quality; 100 bales Unwashed Mexican at 13c, 6 months; 150 do. low to medium California; 150 do. unwashed Mestiza, and 60 do. Cordova on terms we did not learn.—*Tribune.*

BOSTON, June 14.—Demand for fleece and pulled wool moderate during the week but prices are steady. The sales have been 100,000 lbs at prices ranging principally from 40@52c ℔ lb, as to quality. The movements in foreign wool embrace 350 bales Cape, and 300 bales Mediterranean, and South American on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do, unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CHICAGO, June 14.—Small quantities of wool begin to come in, in blanket lots, but the large clips have not yet begun to move. There appears to be a better feeling in the market, and a shade higher prices are offered. Thirty to thirty-five cents is paid for native to half-blood, and thirty-seven to forty cents for three-fourths to full-blood.—*Dem.*

CINCINNATI, O., June 14.—There has been a good deal of activity in the country during the past week, and considerable quantities have changed hands at prices ranging from 28 to 45c, being about the same as last year's opening figures. The purchases have been made partly on account of Eastern manufacturers and partly by speculators. The latter have already bought considerable amounts, and the business is now in such a shape that, whatever the outcome may be, prices promise to be fully sustained during the summer, and growers disposed to sell will experience no difficulty in realizing at current rates. We learn that in some cases as high as 50c has been paid for choice lots.—*Gazette.*

TOLEDO, O., June 14.—Common, 20@25c; medium, 25@30c; fine, 30@35c; fancy clips, 35@40c.—*Blade.*

LOUISVILLE, Ky., June 17.—There is no change in wool, and we quote tub-washed at 32@38c, grease at 22@28c, and pulled at 28@34c. Sales of 10,000 lbs. Morgan's Santa Fe wool at 18c.—*Courier.*

TORONTO, C. W., June 14.—An active trade is being done in wool, of which the supply is increasing. The best samples of washed, find ready sale at 26@27½c ℔ lb, but the ordinary price is not above 26½c.—*Globe.*

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

1.500 POUNDS GENUINE PURPLE-TOP FLAT TURNIP SEED now growing. Orders solicited. For terms, and further information, address SAMUEL S. HAINES, Marlton, Burlington Co., N. J.

ELECTRIC WEATHER INDICATOR.—This neat and curious Instrument foretells the weather from 12 to 24 hours in advance. Sent free by mail for 50 cents, by addressing the manufacturers LEE & CO., Box 80 P. O., Newark, New Jersey. Liberal discount to Agents.

100 AGENTS WANTED—To sell five new inventions. This is the best agency in the country. Young men can make $40 a month, clear of expenses. Only FIVE DOLLARS capital required. Circulars and terms sent free. Address (with stamp) B. H. SHERMAN & Co., Boston, Mass.

WM. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING, N. Y.,

WILL supply, during summer, all NATIVE and FOREIGN GRAPES from pots, packed for transportation.

STRAWBERRIES of one hundred and fifty varieties; Bulbous Roots, Peonies, Rhubarb and Asparagus, after July 1st.

☞ Priced Catalogues for applications inclosing stamps.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF BLACK HAWK STOCK.—Fifteen horses and colts, belonging to the estate of the late Judge TURRILL, will be sold at Auction, at Wine Creek Farm, Wednesday, June 27th, 1860.

Terms—A credit of from three to nine months will be given on approved notes, or a discount of 5 per cent will be made for cash down. For circulars apply to

WILLIAM TURNER, Agent,

545-1t Box 889, Oswego, N. Y.

M'CORMICK'S COMBINED REAPER AND MOWER.

WE take pleasure in presenting to the Farmers of Western New York, for the harvest of 1860, the only *complete combined Machine now manufactured!* With its many and recent improvements it will be found superior as a Mower, with light and easy draught, accomplishing *more work, with less expenditure of power* than any other machine made,—*combining simplicity, strength and durability.* A warrantee given to every purchaser. Any farmer who may desire it, is at liberty to work this machine through the harvest with any other, and keep and pay for the one *preferred.* Sample machines may be seen at the Warehouse of W. H. HOLMES, No.'s 35 & 37 Exchange Street, Rochester, and also at Fairport, N. Y.

Address R. WILLIAMS,

545-tf Gen. Ag't for C. H. M'CORMICK & BRO.

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:

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Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures.

It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

[Letter from a Clergyman.]

ASTHMA.

WARDSBORO', VT., May 12, 1857.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co.:—I take pleasure in stating the wonderful effects of "WHITCOMB'S REMEDY FOR THE ASTHMA" on my wife. As often as ten or twelve times in a year she was brought to the very gates of death, requiring two or three watchers, sometimes for several days and nights in succession. At one time she was so far gone that her physician could not count her pulse. I consulted numerous physicians of the highest celebrity, to little or no purpose. At length I heard of "Whitcomb's Remedy," it acted like a charm; it enabled her to sleep quietly in a few minutes, and nearly broke up the disease. I am a Methodist clergyman, stationed here. I shall be happy to answer any inquiries respecting her case.

Yours truly, KIMBALL HADLEY.

Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and sold by all Druggists.

One Dollar per Bottle.

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PLATT CROSBY.

Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t

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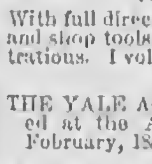

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WOOD'S IMPROVED MOWING MACHINE, For 1860. Patented Feb. 22, 1859.

THE success of this Mower during the past harvest is without a parallel in the history of Mowing Machines. In introducing it, I offered to the farmers a mower at a less price than any in use, one that was light, durable, and capable of doing perfect work. It has performed more than I claimed for it; the reduction in price and draft is equal to 25 per cent., as the trials and tests show, (see my pamphlets for 1860.) I have added some improvements to it for this year; a lever arrangement for raising the cutter-bar, some of the parts are strengthened, and the driving-wheels are enlarged. I continue to manufacture, as heretofore, Manny's celebrated Combined Reaper and Mower, with Wood's Improvement. This Machine fully maintains its reputation as the best Combined Reaper and Mower yet introduced, and inferior to none as a Reaper or Mower.

I have added to this machine a Self-Raking attachment of my own invention, the most simple in its structure and mode of operation of anything of the kind ever offered to the public.

Price of Two-Horse Mower, delivered here on the cars, $80
Do. One-Horse do. do. do. do. $70
Do. Combined Machine, do. do. do. $120
Do. do. with Self-Raking Attachment, $140

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THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,

which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.

Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,

or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.

Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by JAMES G. DUDLEY,

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HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.

Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.

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PIANOS FOR $150. WARRANTED GOOD IN EVERY RESPECT.

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THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.

☞ These Pianos are FULLY WARRANTED, and have all our late improvements.

Circulars Furnished on Application, giving Full Particulars.

They also furnish a

HANDSOMELY FINISHED PIANO, Adapted for School Practice and Purposes, at ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS [SEND FOR CIRCULARS.]

Our Regular Styles of LARGE PIANO-FORTES, 6¾, 7, and 7¼ Octaves, we continue to make with all the Late Improvements, at from $300 to $600, according to Size and Finish. Large Discounts made to Cash Buyers. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND CIRCULARS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. All our Piano-Fortes have our Great Improvement,

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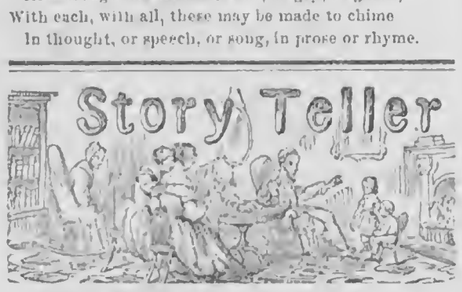
POWER OF SHORT WORDS.

THE late Professor ADDISON ALEXANDER, D D., is the author of this remarkable composition, which appeared in the *Princeton Magazine:*

MONOSYLLABICS.

Think not that strength lies in the big round word,
Or that the brief and plain must needs be weak;
To whom can this be true who once has heard
The cry for help, the tongue that all men speak,
When want, or woe, or fear is in the throat;
So that each word gasped out is like a shriek
Pressed from the sore heart, or a strange, wild note,
Sung by some fay or fiend? There is a strength
Which dies if stretched too far or spun too fine,
Which has more height than breadth, more depth than length.
Let but this force of thought and speech be mine,
And he that will may take the sleek, fat phrase,
Which glows and burns not, though it gleam and shine—
Light, but no heat—a flash, but not a blaze!

Nor is it mere strength that the short word boasts:
It serves of more than fight or storm to tell,—
The roar of waves that clash on rock-bound coasts,—
The crash of tall trees when the wild winds swell,—
The roar of guns,—the groans of men that die
On blood-stained fields. It has a voice as well
For them that far off on their sick beds lie,—
For them that weep,—for them that mourn the dead,—
For them that laugh and dance, and clap the hand.
To joy's quick step, as well as grief's slow tread,
The sweet, plain words we learnt at first keep time;
And though the theme be sad, or gay, or grand,
With each, with all, these may be made to chime
In thought, or speech, or song, in prose or rhyme.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE NEW LIFE.

BY ANNA BURR.

[Concluded from page 196, last number]

THE reply was so distant from SELWYN HOLMES' preconceived idea of what would proceed, in the form of theory, from the lady's lips, that a sudden revulsion of feeling caused his head to fall upon the arm of the sofa where he was seated. There was a silence of some moments, and then he said, almost involuntarily, "How shall I find this way."

"Give your heart to GOD and resolve to live in His service. Grasp the crown of thorns in thy hand, and press it upon thy brow,—then all will become plain, and you will hear a still small voice telling you 'when to turn to the right, and when to the left.' The great problem of life will solve itself upon a happy death-bed, if you are 'faithful to the end.' Pardon me, if I have said too much, Mr. HOLMES," and MIRIAM paused, while an ingenious blush spread over her cheek and brow.

"I love to hear you talk, Miss WEST.—but cannot we do good for '*good's sake*,' striving to fulfill the requirements of the law, and if there is a failure in some of these, surely GOD is full of love and mercy,—and we can still, as you say, solve the problem of life upon a happy death-bed, for Omnipotent Love will not let us suffer." SELWYN'S manner had grown more and more earnest, and this last inquiry was made with eagerness.

"You forget that our GOD has another important attribute,—is He not just?"

The effect of this remark was instantaneous. SELWYN'S mind was comprehensive, and the renewing process had already commenced, for he was open to conviction. The full force of this last argument acted upon him like a galvanic battery. The nerves of his soul vibrated beneath it. Before this, MIRIAM'S words had sounded like the musical rustle of angel's wings fanning his hopes of a healthier state of existance into a brighter flame, but now, the full blaze of light almost dazzled him. He sprang from his seat, and paced the room rapidly for some time, and then, pausing by the wondering girl, said,

"I acknowledge the truth of your argument, and will you pray that I may have strength to enter upon this 'New Life?'"

"Yes sir,—but"—MIRIAM hesitated.

"Please continue," entreated SELWYN, earnestly.

"I was going to add, that you must pray for yourself, too."

"I will try to, with GOD'S help," he solemnly replied—then taking her hand respectfully, "I have every reason to reverence woman."

"Reverence woman!—how pretty that sounds!" ADA stood in the door smiling mischievously, apparently unconcious of the preceding conversation, with the exception of the last two words.

SELWYN controlled his embarrassment at this interruption, with a strong effort, and lightly responded, "I have been awaiting your appearance very patiently, for the last hour,—here is a package of letters from over the sea—the steamer —— has arrived."

SELWYN tossed them toward his cousin with an arch smile, which seemed to disconcert her,—as most assuredly his next words did, "Your blushes are very becoming,—how unfortunate that a certain pair of black eyes are not here to behold them."

"One pair appreciates them sufficently," she returned, at the same time retreating to a distant corner, and holding the letters before her face, with a comic attempt to hide her confusion.

"That gesture is very significant,—I will retire," and bowing to both ladies, he was withdrawing from the room, when ADA, somewhat reassured, arrested his progress with a question, which she pointed with meaning archness.—"Please repeat the whole of that remark about woman, I am anxious to hear your views upon the subject."

He bit his lip, and then replied, nothing daunted,—"I say now, that if they did not exist, this world would be like a great bell,—without a clapper."

ADA caught up a sofa cushion, and threw it at the young man, but it only came in contact with the closing door. MIRIAM was laughing heartily, and her friend sat down beside her, with a pretty pout on her lips, saying—"There, that is always the way he gets the last word in our verbal skirmishes. I have read somewhere, that 'It is a glorious thing to be a man,' but when I think of SELWYN HOLMES, I call it 'a silly, shallow thing.'"

"O, do not talk so!" exclaimed MIRIAM, earnestly, I have been astonished and delighted, at the revelations of the last hour."

"Ah! Miss Innocence—the bait has taken. I made that remark, solely to fish up some knowledge of this mystery," and ADA clapped her hands gayly. SELWYN has been making you his confessor, and I am so glad. We will hope for better things," she added, seriously. "I have been so anxious for him, and knew that you could set him right."

"Dear ADA, why didn't you tell him to go to CHRIST?" Tears were filling MIRIAM'S eyes, and grasping her friend's hand, she continued,—"Do you remember those pleasant chats that we used to have when at Fort Edward?"

"Yes! and I hope that we shall have many more."

"But have you ever thought seriously upon those subjects of such vital importance?"

"I wish that you could always live with me, and then I should be better." ADA'S voice choked with sobs, and she burst into tears.

"No, you are wrong!" MIRIAM'S tone was distressed,—"we must 'not lean upon an earthly arm,—only trust in JESUS,—will you try?"

"Yes!" was the low, firm reply, and there was a long silence, while each seemed busy with solemn thoughts,—at length MIRIAM spoke up gently,

"You have forgotten your letters? Where is HAMPTON now?"

"In Florence, studying the works of master artists," ADA replied, while the warm color glowed upon her cheeks.

"Is n't it a glorious thing to be such a man as he?"—and MIRIAM smiled archly.

"I think it more glorious to be the woman of his love."

"Rightly spoken, dear friend,—and now I will leave you to read the letters, while I dress for dinner. It is nearly two o'clock."

CHAPTER III.

During the following week, MIRIAM WEST received a sudden summons to Albany, as her aunt was dangerously ill, and ADA saw her friend depart with much sorrow. Important business had called SELWYN HOLMES to Philadelphia, a few days after his conversation with MIRIAM; and her heart inwardly confessed regret that she must leave New York without seeing him again.

* * * * * * * *

Several months have passed, and the soul of SELWYN HOLMES is fully aroused from stupor. The vital air of this 'New Life' has cleared the atmosphere of his mind from poisonous taints, and, pervading his whole being, expands it with a nobler existence. Faculties which had long lain dormant, now unfolded their wings, and upon them his spirit daily mounted heavenward. The advent of this change was not a sudden thing, startling the world with its meteor-like gleam,—but slowly, and steadily, the work of reformation progressed. The large experience acquired by travel, with the aid of his keen observation, and vivid perception, made rich the treasury of SELWYN HOLMES' mind.

The editor of a popular journal, knowing the ability and extensive information of the young man, applied to him for notes and sketches of his foreign life. This application was made at a time when he was agitating the question—'LORD, what wilt thou have me to do?" He returned a favorable reply, and was soon actively engaged in his new employment, and the first production of his pen won much applause from the appreciative public. At length, the fine talent which was displayed in this form, drew an earnest request for him to lecture before the Art Association at Philadelphia. He complied with some hesitation, and the first effort proved successful beyond his most ardent expectations. Time passes, and amid his new experiences, the indolent, selfish, worldling has become a man of recognized talent, and an eloquent speaker.

* * * * * * * *

The life of MIRIAM WEST has in the meantime glided along into its twenty-third summer. Time has written some changes in her fortunes since her first introduction to the reader. Mrs. HILDREN ALLEN died after a protracted illness, and as she left no will her property was divided among her numerous relatives. Shortly after MIRIAM'S return home, Mrs. WEST also died, very suddenly, and while bending over her grave MIRIAM, forgave the stern, selfish woman, who had contributed to render her life so unhappy, by alienating the affection of her father, whose hands had often played with her curls when she was a child, or pressed her to his bosom. Ah! the influence of woman is all powerful,—either transforming man to a fiend, or helping him to build up virtues which will cause him to press her hand reverently, when upon his death-bed, and say, "You have made me better."

MIRIAM WEST was an only child, and after his wife's death, her father disposed of his estate at a handsome profit, and removing to the city of Boston, embarked in speculations which bade fair to double his income. But ere many months a commercial crisis swept away every vestige of his fortune. Mr. WEST was now past the prime of life, and these new vicissitudes deprived him of health and spirits. But MIRIAM braved their misfortunes with almost superhuman energy, relying upon an Almighty arm for aid. And it came. A friend interposed in her behalf, and succeeded in finding her a situation in a select school, where she earned a comfortable competence. Through many dark days she toiled on, actuated by filial devotion to exert her utmost strength, and often, as she wearily returned at night to her humble lodgings, the slight form would pause at the door, to erect itself, while the little hand sought to bring a healthful glow to her pale cheeks. The smile of hope was always upon her lips, to divert the attention of her invalid parent, whose scrutinizing glance often swept over her face, while he sighed heavily.

One afternoon, a group of young ladies were lingering around MIRIAM'S desk, while she was locking up her books.

"Are you going to hear the lecturer to-night, Miss WEST?" inquired a fair young girl.

"I think not. To whom do you refer?"

"SELWYN HOLMES. Papa is very well acquainted with him."

The name brought a brighter color to MIRIAM'S cheeks, but soon retreating, left her face paler than before.

"Are you faint? let me get you some water," said the sympathizing girl.

"No! thank you. I feel better now." But when pursuing her way homeward, she inwardly disclaimed this assertion. The past came up before her with all its pleasant reminiscences, and as she thought of ADA GORDON, now a bride sojourning with her husband in Italian climes, the hot tears poured down her cheeks. The last letter from her friend was dated at New York, upon the eve of departure from her native land. It breathed the same strong, unswerving friendship and devotion; but alas! the disastrous occurrences of the past few months had caused it to remain unanswered, for she shrank from imparting the intelligence of their misfortunes.

"And so SELWYN HOLMES lectures to-night. Can it be possible that he has become thus distinguished? Thank GOD!" soliloquized MIRIAM, as she pressed her aching head to her pillow.

Two days later she was much surprised at receiving a note from the hand of ELLA HOUSTON, the pupil before mentioned; and upon opening it, these words met her eyes:

"Miss WEST: The bearer of this communication has made me extremely happy, by casually mentioning your name in my presence, thus satisfying me that you are a valued friend of mine, to whom I partly owe my present position. I will call at your home this evening, if you would be pleased to meet, Yours, respectfully,
SELWYN HOLMES."

MIRIAM'S trembling hands could hardly use her pen, while she briefly wrote in reply:

"MR. HOLMES: You will receive a cordial welcome from, Yours, truly, MIRIAM WEST."

Evening arrived, and with it the visitor: but the embarrassment of meeting SELWYN HOLMES soon wore off. He seemed wholly at ease in the plain apartment, and Mr. WEST was charmed with the pleasant social qualities, which brought back a degree of the old cheerfulness to his heart. MIRIAM felt content to listen to the conversation of her guest, and furtively study the developments of manly virtues, which exhibited themselves in his noble countenance. Ere he took leave, she was surprised as he turned to her and said, "Miss WEST, I learn that the vacation in your school commences on the morrow, and as your cheeks need freshening, I would be most happy to take you out into the country." Of course, the offer was accepted, and the consequences were as the reader doubtless anticipates. Mr. WEST was greatly astonished upon their return to have the stranger take his hand respectfully, saying, "Will you give your daughter to me?"

* * * * * * * *

Another year has passed, and we find MIRIAM, (now Mrs. HOLMES,) residing in one of those charming villas which gem the emerald banks of the Hudson. The health of Mr. WEST is partially restored. Happy in the devoted love of his beautiful daughter, the closing days of the aged man are writing sweet poetry to its music; while SELWYN HOLMES thinks *his* life "crowned and blessed" by her who first pointed him to "The New Life."

A STRING OF PEARLS.

MEN tempt their temptations.

WELL-TIMED silence hath more eloquence than speech.

YOU know that grief always lies, since it forever prophesies perpetuity.

OUR own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.

HE who says there is no such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.—*Bishop Berkeley.*

I AM for the philosophy that fits us for the world, not that which teaches us to abandon it.—*Tremaine.*

THE action of the soul is oftener in that which is felt, and left unsaid, than in that which is said in any conversation.—*Emerson.*

THE common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words.—*Swift.*

ALL truth is not indeed of equal importance; but if little violations be allowed, every violation will in time be thought little.—*Dr. Johnson.*

"I WILL hazard the assertion, that no man ever did, or ever will become truly eloquent, without being a constant reader of the Bible, and an admirer of the purity and sublimity of its language.'—*Fisher Ames.*

To be active, is the primary vocation of man; all the intervals in which he is obliged to rest, he should employ in gaining a clearer knowledge of external things; for this, in its turn, will facilitate activity.—*Goethe.*

EVERY desire bears its death in its very gratification. Curiosity languishes under repeated stimulants, and novelties cease to excite surprise, until at length we cannot even wonder at a miracle.—*Washington Irving.*

RELIGION will sustain us through the uneven and uncertain journey of life—support us in a dying hour, and brings us safely to heaven at last, where we shall enjoy the blissful presence of our Saviour forever.—*Raber.*

I HAVE lived to know the great secret of human happiness is this:—Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire," conveys an abominable lie. You cannot have too many—pokers, tongs, and all. Keep them all going.—*Dr. Clarke.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 44 letters.
My 42, 26, 4, 23. 15 is a lake in Russia.
My 2, 8, 31, 5, 18 is a river in Europe.
My 20, 21, 14, 9, 13. 25 is an island in Polynesia.
My 34, 15, 2, 6, 4, 22, 15, 7 is a town in the West Indies.
My 4, 21, 29, 42, 43 is a county in Michigan.
My 36, 15, 34, 42 is a bay on the coast of Maine.
My 7, 32, 3, 5, 20, 8, 4, 17, 4, 5, 15 is a sound on the coast of the United States.
My 11, 4, 24, 30, 15, 41, 6 is a river in Canada West.
My 8, 42, 2, 43 is a cape on the coast of South America.
My 1, 38, 41, 16, 15, 33, 6 is a gulf on the coast of Europe.
My 10, 44, 29, 12, 5, 27 is a mountain in Asia.
My 37, 40, 38, 20, 35 is a sea on the coast of Europe.
My 6, 28, 2, 38, 4, 19 is an isthmus in America.
My 13, 42, 2. 2, 4, 7 is a strait in Australasia.
My whole is the proper maxim of America.
Mount Vernon, Mich., 1860. J. MILTON JOHNSTEN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 31 letters.
My 1, 6, 2, 21 denotes a piece.
My 4, 14, 5, 10 is a kind of grain.
My 22, 3, 2, 17, 31 is a useful animal.
My 15, 26, 28 is an adverb.
My 7, 18, 11, 12, 29, 26, 15 is a stopping place.
My 8, 13, 20, 7 is used in making railroads.
My 19, 9, 30 is a personal pronoun.
My 23, 27 spoils an argument.
My 25, 16, 27, 24 is an instrument of music.
My whole is a truthful saying.
Marengo, N. Y., 1860. H. L. PARSONS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A PUZZLE.

DEAR RURAL:—As some of your readers are sending you love letters and puzzles for the little folks, and as like begets like, I herewith send you a puzzle taken from an old scrap book fifteen or twenty years ago.
Pittsford, N. Y., 1860. BARBARA.

O may
Hearts those
By Love united,
One, into mingled and
Ever keep the vows so fondly
Alone, them of dream and plighted,
So may our Love shine on forever,
Ray, undying hope's like
Which grief, or dark
Never misfortune,
Hath power
Chase to
Away.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 543.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Alexander Severus
Answer to Mathematical Problem:—1st, 22 29-33 minutes; 2d, 21 28-33 minutes.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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STOCK, THE BASE OF AGRICULTURE.

IN all the callings to which the human family devote themselves, either for pleasure or necessity, there is, and ever will be, considerable diversity of opinion. The profession of the farmer,—owing to the recent date at which well-conducted and thoroughly-tested experiments were instituted,—is, probably, more affected by this condition of affairs than almost any other, and disputants wax exceedingly warm in their attempts to sustain the various positions assumed. Each is confident that his premises are placed upon the rock, and will admit an error only when creeping from the ruins which the storm of argument and experiment have piled above him,—the mistake has become apparent to the world, and, notwithstanding the obstinacy and pride of man, he is forced to acknowledge that his judgment was erroneous.

We are led to these reflections by a communication, (given on our second page,) in which the writer assumes the position that the farmers of Western New York are rearing too much stock to make their business profitable. The mode of reasoning, and the arguments educed, are diametrically opposite to those we have lately heard expressed by some of the most successful agriculturists in the Genesee Valley, and we purpose giving their views in order that those interested may arrange the arguments, *pro* and *con*, and sum up the question for themselves.

One of these gentlemen, the proprietor of a large farm, remarked that "could he grow for market an old-fashioned crop of wheat, (the number of acres cultivated before the advent of the midge was 150, or thereabouts,) he would care little about selling any of the coarser grains produced, *except in the form of stock*. The foundation upon which a farmer must erect his calling, if he would have it successful, is the manure heap, and this he can only create by the agency of stock." Upon this farm could be found all the spring calves, lambs, and pigs, despite the offers of drovers and butchers, who would pay good prices, for all were in the best condition. The only sales of stock made before the animals arrive at any degree of maturity, consist of about one hundred lambs,—a cross of the Merino and and South-Down,—which are disposed of in the fall. Horses are reared from colthood until three, four, and five years of age; horned cattle, until they make promising two and three year olds; and the swine are slaughtered when they will produce pork which those who relish spare-rib or "pork and beans," could not but pronounce it excellent.

The mode adopted for keeping so large a farm in healthy condition, (the estate consisting of 800 acres,) is the following:—The fields contiguous to the barns,—three in number, and at different parts of the premises,—receive the great bulk of the manure manufactured, while the extreme limits are pastured, portions, alternately broken up for a grain crop, again seeded down to grass, and the sheep turned in. And the mowing lands are worthy of especial notice, for greater care seems to be given them than is customary among farmers. Draining has been resorted to considerably, stones removed, and every means that can be used to insure a good return in the yield, and its speedy harvest, applied. Were we to condense into few words what seems to be the governing principle of the owner, we would quote the Belgian maxim:—*No grass, no stock; no stock, no manure; no manure, no crops.*"

We have thus detailed the opinions and management of the possessor of a large farm, and will, as reflecting the same views, but upon a much smaller scale, give the expression of one whose fee simple to the soil covers only eighty acres, situated within a mile of Mt. Morris. The latter gentleman seemed convinced that his domain was too small for profitable farming, because sufficient stock could not be kept thereupon to supply nutritive matter for enriching the soil. By the addition of twenty-five or thirty acres, and the increased facility thus afforded for the breeding and rearing of cattle,—judging from the experience of co-laborers in his immediate vicinity,—he would be enabled to keep his estate in an improving condition, and also exhibit a fair return for labor and money expended. The division of this farm was nearly as follows:—Wheat, twenty acres; Barley, ten acres; Corn, ten acres; Potatoes, five acres; Carrots, one acre; Buildings, Orchard and Garden, about five acres; thus leaving twenty-nine acres for pasture and meadow. The owner had never tried soiling, or root-growing, for feeding purposes,—to any extent, at least,—as it would require the services of an extra laborer, and his expenses were already all he was willing to look square in the face.

It is not our purpose to review the "order of exercises" as exhibited upon the two farms we have thus presented to our readers. We could *theorize*, probably, furnishing, upon paper, a brilliant statement of what might be carried forward to complete success; while *practical* men, viewing the subject, might argue, and, perhaps, fully prove, that our notions of perfection were purely Utopian. The question is left for RURAL correspondents to "reflect upon, and inwardly digest." We hope they will canvass it in such manner as its importance demands, and, having arrived at a decision, drawn from observation and experience, will give others the benefit thereof.

EXPERIENCE IN UNDERDRAINING.—NO. II.

THE material to be used in underdraining—whether Stone, Tile, Brush, or other substances—has been a mooted question among farmers. Probably any would answer, and the selection should be made with reference to the varying circumstances of different farmers. We have had no experience except with the first two, and can commend *either* as making a good and durable drain.

When we began to underdrain in 1854, (fall,) we did not think of using anything but stone, of which we had a good many. About tile we knew very little, and were *rather* prejudiced against it. We should have vehemently doubted the sanity of any one who should have told us how much "crockery" we have since buried, or else our own sanity in doing it. But after a year or two stone began to be scarce. The farm was not naturally very stony, and a good many were already laid in walls, so that good "side stones" and "top stones" were not easy to be found. So we naturally began to think of tile, of which there was a kiln about five miles from here. It took so long to lay stone drains *right*—as they should be laid, (of which more bye-and-bye,)—that we began to doubt the superior economy of stone over tile. Besides, we sometimes wanted to hurry a ditch through, in order to have winter or spring grains sown in good time. And so, in the fall of '57, we used eight or nine hundred two and three inch (horse-shoe) tile. Since then we have not used many stone, and probably shall not in future, as it is more trouble gathering them than to get the tile, and more value in time spent in gathering and laying than would *buy* the tile.

In laying the stone drains, great care should be taken to *chink* all the holes, over the drain, with small stone. It will not do to throw in small stone, promiscuously, on the top stone, as some do, for the dirt will work down into the center of the drain, and large holes at the surface will remind the farmer that something has "given way," and digging down he will find the drain half filled with dirt and loose stones. There is, however, this to be said for stone drains, that, if sufficient stone are used, *some* water will *always* manage to work through them to the outlet, however slowly. But for large bodies of water, unless particularly well laid, they are not so reliable as tile. Care should also be taken to have the top stone rest evenly on all the side stones which it covers. We never fully understood this till the past spring, when we had to dig up some holes in the first ditch we dug, (1854,) and found two or three large side stones rolled into the center of the ditch. A good preventive of this, we think, would be to place only enough side stones for the top stone to rest on, *or* to *break* the top stone till it should be narrow enough to rest on all. A better plan yet, where but a small quantity of water is carried off, would be to have but one row of side stones, and lay one end of the top stones on the bottom of the ditch. Water enough could be carried off in this way for most drains.

It is commonly supposed that while tile will carry off water running in at the ends, it will not soak it from the land. But this is a mistake, as we have abundantly proved, though we at first had some doubts on the subject. Some even pile stone on the tile, but this is needless. The water will soak in fast enough through the joints, or, as some say, through the *pores* of the tile. It is true we often throw in a great many stone into our tile ditches, but not so much to benefit the tile in as to get the stone out of the way.

Stone drains are at the best, liable to be the refuge of rats, mice, muskrats, &c., which work among the stones, and bring a good deal of earth and stones into the drain. To prevent this a heavy wire screen should be placed at the mouth, especially of every large drain. We neglected this once, and a family of skunks made their home in one of our drains; by placing a steel trap at the mouth, we caught *seven*, besides one or two killed near the entrance. The drain was a large one, about six cubic inches, and the *main* outlet of a good many smaller ones, so that if they had closed it, or even half filled it with dirt, the injury could not easily be calculated. We have never omitted this precaution to our stone drains since.

While we shall probably continue to use tile, to which we find no drawback whatever, except the price of the large sizes, we doubt not that many who have an abundance of suitable stone would find the latter the more desirable material, coupled as it is with the additional advantage of cleaning them from the land—thus accomplishing two objects at once.—W. J. F.

BLACK HAWK HORSE "LIVE YANKEE."

MANY of our readers will probably recognize the above portrait of a Black Hawk Stallion which has been kept in this region for a year or two past. As "Live Yankee" is now the property of Mr. JARVIS LORD, of this county, (who recently purchased him of Messrs. SMITH & SPAULDING, of Vermont,) we give his portrait, pedigree, etc., for the benefit of breeders and admirers of fine horses in Western New York.

"Live Yankee" is nine years old; color raven black; stands 16¼ hands high, and weighs 1,250 pounds. His pedigree, as furnished us by Mr. LORD, is as follows:—"Live Yankee was sired by the original Black Hawk, owned by DAVID HILL, Esq., of Bridport, Vt.; g. sire Sherman; g. g. sire Justin Morgan. His dam was sired by EDWARD LONG'S premium horse Eclipse; he by American Eclipse, of New York; he by Duroc, and he by imported Diomede; his g. dam was sired by Young Brutus, and he by imported Brutus." According to a certificate of DAVID HILL, Live Yankee was bred by JONAS N. SMITH, of West Addison, Vt., and sired by HILL'S original Black Hawk, in Bridport, Vt., the season of 1850, and foaled May 14th, 1851. The thousands of RURAL readers who have seen Live Yankee need not be informed that he is a very handsome, spirited and muscular horse. He is a natural trotter, and though rarely used on the track, is said to have been successful in every trial. He was awarded the first premium for style and speed at the Monroe County Horse Show in 1858. We are confident that the admirers of the Black Hawk breed of horses in this locality will be pleased to learn that Live Yankee is now owned and kept for breeding purposes within their reach.

HINTS ABOUT SELLING WHEAT.

EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER:—Having long entertained the opinion that farmers do not pursue the most profitable plan in disposing of their wheat, allow me to express my convictions and offer a few suggestions on the subject, for the consideration of the large class interested.

Generally, as soon as harvest is over, all the threshing machines are put in motion, hurrying the threshing of wheat at the rate of 250 to 500 bushels per day to each machine, and by the middle of November the great bulk of the crop is out of the farmers hands and in the possession or control of speculators. It has always appeared to me that a different course would be better—that if farmers' would only dispose of, say one-third or one-fourth of their wheat by the middle of November, another fourth or third by the middle of February, and the balance by the opening of navigation, they might be better rewarded for their labor, while the cost to the consumer would perhaps be little if any more. There is not probably another country on the globe where the wheat is disposed of so soon after harvest as in this. Certainly there was no other cause than the hurrying it to market which caused it to decline three shillings per bushel immediately after harvest last year. There was then little stock on hand, and if farmers had held the crop one month longer than they did there would have been no fall in price. The surplus will be trifling this season, and what there is must be held in the city of New York. In several places in Ohio, and other Western and Southern States, the prices of wheat and flour are about the same as in New York city.

Now, I am aware that this is unpopular doctrine, but I write what I believe is for the good of the farmer. The banks, the merchants and the money dealers are anxious to have the farmers send forward their crops to relieve the money market;—at least when there is any money pressure, the cry with such men is to have the farmers send forward their crops. The pressure season (which usually occurs immediately after harvest,) appears to be about the only time that the farmer seems of any importance. I have often felt vexed when I heard the merchants, and money changers, &c., say, "Money will be plenty when the farmers send forward their crops;" and I would respond, "If the prices are not remunerative, and they don't send them forward, what will you do for money then?" The answer usually was, "They *must* send them forward; they cannot keep them; banks wont loan money to them to hold on to their crops, but will loan plenty to dealers to pay for produce."

Think of this farmers, everywhere, and arrange your plans so that you will not be obliged to sell your crops until a paying price can be obtained. The mechanics and the merchants have their regular, stated prices, and you must either pay them, or do without their services or their goods. The money lender must have the full interest, or you cannot have his money. And pray why may not the farmer set his own price—*a fair, remunerating price*—or hold his produce until he gets it, or finds there is a large surplus the world over, and he must take less? It has been my conviction for many years that, of all classes of men, the farmers are most at the mercy of others. Every thing a farmer has to purchase, he has to pay the asking price for, even from a reaper and mower to a pound of sugar; and when he carries his grain to the village, where there are only two or three buyers, they can arrange among themselves and generally make their own price.

Now, if the farmer would keep his produce at home *until the buyer comes and contracts for it*, (as we go to dealers when we want goods,) then he would know what he is to receive. The truth is, grain ought to be kept in the farmer's hands until needed for actual consumption. There is no use in having millions of bushels and barrels stored in the great cities for six months in the year, and the producers should be set right on the subject. If any other article for a yearly consumption was to be thrown on the market in the course of a month or six weeks, it could never bring as fair a price as if sold when wanted for use. Men and brethren, are not these things so?—and am I not right in affirming that farmers, as a class, should exercise

their *brains* as well as hands in promotion of their interests? Must they always *pay* what holders ask for goods, and *accept* what is offered for produce?

As I have already intimated, this article will give offence to some—will be unpopular among all but farmers, and even some of them may object to its position. But never mind that, farmers—and wheat growers especially. If you consider the matter properly, I believe you will come to the conclusion that produce is sent to market far too rapidly after the harvest is completed. If held until the 1st of November, the buyers will be after your crops—for they must be had, and nearly all consumed before another year comes round. If all the wheat growers were to take things calmly, and sell their grain regularly, say from harvest until April, I have no doubt the result would be much more advantageous to them than by pursuing the usual policy. Take farmers in general, the return they receive is smaller, for the capital invested, than in any other occupation; and if they were to live like merchants, they would fail. Having given much thought to this matter, I believe that farmers might and ought to occupy a higher and more independent position in society than they do, and hence the reflections and suggestions now submitted for their consideration.

JOHN JOHNSTON.

Near Geneva, N. Y., June, 1860.

MULES vs. HORSES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—With your permission, I purpose showing why mules are more profitable to work on the farm than horses. They are hardier, not as subject to disease, are longer lived, and easier kept,—four first-rate reasons for prefering them as work animals on a farm. That they are hardier, and longer lived than horses, no one will deny who knows anything about them. Wherever they are used, especially in the south, they live to a greater age than horses. They are not as liable to sickness, and are attacked by a less number of diseases than the horse. They stand neglect better, and live on much less.

One of the great reasons for their living longer, consists in the fact that they have less mettle, and cannot be forced to go as fast nor as long as a horse. Whenever a mule gets tired, he will stop to rest, and no punishment will induce him to go until rested. Hitch a mule to a carriage, and by persuasion you can induce him to trot, but it is seldom that you can get him to go faster. You can whip him to his gait, but can't beat him into a faster movement, or to go any longer than when he becomes tired.

They stand heat better than horses, and as you cannot over-work them, owing to their stubbornness, therefore they do not fail as soon, and are not as subject to sudden diseases, which kill so many work horses.

You can always (Out West,) sell them for a fine price, from colts up to twenty years old, without the trouble of hunting a purchaser, as they are always in demand. No one asks the age of a grown mule, and they will bring as much at 20 years as when 5 years old; while horses begin to fail at 10, and when over 12 they bring but a very small price. You can buy a No. 1 pair of two year old mules for 300 dollars—work them a few years, and then sell them for 450 or 500 dollars.

Mules are much easier broken to work than horses,—take much less food to keep them, and will eat food that a horse will reject,—such as refuse hay, corn shucks, in summer,—in fact, they need coarse food.

There is as much difference in mules as there is in horses. A medium sized mule, which is well formed, and compactly built, will stand service much better than a long-legged, slab-sided, ill-made one. And mare mules are more valuable than mules, as they are easier kept, and are not so lazy. Mules out of well-bred mares are much more valuable than those out of scrubs, especially if gotten by an imported Spanish Jack. More mules would be used here if it was not for the demand, and the high price that they bring. That is the reason why our horses are so inferior. The mule business is the great business of this State. Four-fifths of our mares are bred to Jacks. It will not pay to bring fine stallions here, therefore our horses are deteriorating year after year. I have raised mules and worked them, and acknowledge their value as work animals for the farm, or road, or dray, over horses; but for the saddle, or as carriage or buggy animals, they are inferior to the horse. No man can take that pleasure in riding or driving them which he can the horse. There is nothing noble or grand about a mule, as there is about a fine, stilish roadster. The noblest of all animals is a fine horse.

G. M. B.

Saline Co., Mo., June, 1860.

THE LONG PASTURE, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—We most heartily concur in the feelings and sentiments of our suffering friend of Lyons, Wayne Co., relating to pasturing the highways. We say that the practice is not only a nuisance, but it is fraught with many evil consequences resulting therefrom. How many times have we been called upon to leave business and go from one to three miles to appraise the damage done to some crop by a herd of starving animals. How many grievous and vexatious litigations have we witnessed, in neighborhoods that ought to be quiet and peaceable, arising from this tolerated practice; while the large majority of the sufferers have silently sustained their loss rather than create any harsh feeling with their neighbors.

Is it not provoking to that portion of community who believe that it is for their interest to keep no more stock than they can confine within their own inclosures, to be constantly annoyed with these starved depredators, to be obliged to fence against every thing that is allowed to run the road? Having, with money and good taste, built a comfortable home, the front yard adorned with richness and beauty, will it not aggravate to see it rooted into every conceivable shape; or to pass through the droppings of fifty or a hundred sheep, belonging to neighbor A, in order to get from your gate into the street? Who among us wishes, in hot weather, to be obliged to pass through a barn yard to go to town, or to keep a bull dog constantly on the watch to save his crops, or other property. Now that the subject is open for discussion, we hope to hear from other sufferers, and a remedy proposed and provided, ere the close of the session of our next legislature in this State.

H. C.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1860.

HORSES' SHOULDERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Just now, when the farm work requires the utmost energies of both man and beast to be put forth, it is of use to the farmer to know how they may be exerted with the best advantage and the least injury. One of the most common and annoying results of the hard labor required at this season, is "sore shoulders" among the horses. Every farmer, or farmer's son, will recall, at mere mention of the phrase, the vexations and hindrances which have resulted to the work because of this disease, as well as the time and temper spent in running after "sweat collars," and divers other contrivances for abating the annoyance.

Now, as every one who can shed light on any subject of public interest ought to do so, I purpose to add my mite to the sum of opinion on this subject. In the first place then, the collar must be smooth, hard, and well fitted to the shoulders. A few minutes observation ought to convince any one of the importance of this.

Secondly.—When the horses are first put to constant work in the spring, let their shoulders be washed once or twice each day, in a pretty strong solution of alum and whiskey,—although I am not sure a solution of alum in water would not do as well. This is a powerful astringent, as every urchin knows, and tends to harden the skin, and fit it for hard labor.

Thirdly.—Every morning and noon, before the horses are taken out to work, let the insides of their collars be scraped with a dull knife, to remove the scurf which has accumulated there from the sweating of the animals. This is just as essential to the comfort and health of the horse, as the changing your shirt and stockings on Sunday morning, is to your comfort, O, most mighty reader! And I insist upon it, that unless you wear those important garments from three to six weeks, you shall not serve your horses in a similar way.

If the shoulders are already sore, I would recommend rest for a day or two, cleanliness, and the application, morning and night, of an ointment composed of nutgalls, "rubbed up" with clean lard, in the proportion of about half an ounce of the former to three ounces of the latter. To digress slightly, if you ask your physician, he will tell you this ointment is "most excellent" for cuts or burns, on "man or beast."

Having said *my say*, I make my best bow and retire, warmly insisting that in the name of mercy my plea for the horse shall be heard.

HOUYNGHM.

GRASS, STOCK GROWING, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—There is a great deal said about farmers failing in the amount of hay obtained from the acre, compared with what they did a few years ago. Science has gone to work to remedy the evil, which is all right, but I think there is one difficulty I have heard but little said about, and that is, almost every farmer keeps too much stock. In consequence, they are compelled to turn their cattle on their newly-seeded grass, and have it gnawed close to the earth, (what is not pulled up or trod to death,) and, at the same time, the weeds are growing finely and going to seed, for cattle are quite careful to let them alone.

This much had I written when, going to our village and obtaining the RURAL, behold! about the first thing which met my eye, was, "Keep More Stock." It didn't quite knock me down, but it staggered me considerably. Nevertheless, after I came to, I thought perhaps I might be half way right, at least. How to keep an increased amount of stock is the great question, (truly it is a doubtful question, for most farmers have too much;) and what is claimed for the increase? why, we get more manure! We must always recollect that we can buy gold too dear; and it would be hard work to make farmers believe that it would be to their interest to increase their stock and hired help, when they have to pay from twenty to twenty-five dollars a month, and sell beef at four dollars a hundred. No, friend MOORE, there is nothing made by raising stock in this section of country, especially if you have to stall-feed them. Grain and wages are too high. What you do keep, however, keep good; and work all your straw, &c., up in as good manure as you can, by keeping cattle and horses well bedded with it. I think as much of manure as almost any one, but it won't kill weeds. I believe clover and timothy will. Sow thick, and don't turn cattle out too early. I doubt whether a man could manure a piece of ground any cheaper, (all things considered,) than to let his clover grow and lie on the ground, now and then, for a season. Don't sow more than three crops before you seed down with grass,—three parts clover, one of timothy.

A. B.

Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860.

REMEDY FOR BLACK LEG.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed an inquiry from Lake Co., Ohio, concerning the cause and cure for Black Leg. The cause I know nothing about, but in January of the present year my last spring calves were attacked with the disease we here call by that name. The first two were taken in the night, and when discovered in the morning they were so far gone that I did not attempt to do anything for them, as all my neighbors said there was no cure for it, and they were sure to die. I had them skinned. The legs and shoulders looked as though badly bruised. One I opened, and the blood in the heart was hard.

The next one I discovered when it first began to limp in its fore leg. I bled it freely, and then physicked, which process I am now confident was wrong, as there appears to be no inflammation. However, it soon died. I quickly discovered another taken in the same way, and I took two ounces of saltpeter, dissolved it in hot water, and when as warm as I could bear my finger in it, I pored it down its throat and left it, expecting to find it dead in the morning; but when I went out, it was up, eating with the rest. I then pulverized a small quantity of saltpeter and put it on some potatoes, and let him eat them,—in fact, I did so then for all my calves. He got over his lameness in a few days,—soon was entirely well; and I have had no more of the disease. Now, if that is a cure, it is the most simple that can be obtained.

C. C. BOYD.

Waterford, Pa., 1860.

STRAIGHT FENCES—AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have been interested of late in perusing some articles in your paper, in which were discussed the superiority of the straight over the zig-zag rail fence.

The remarks of H. IVES, in your issue of May 5th, on this subject, are apt, and to the point. Mr. IVES says:—"I stake out a straight line, and when the ground is soft, make a hole about 2½ feet deep; then, with a heavy hammer, drive in a large stake very firmly." On one side of this large stake he sets a common fence stake, wiring it at the top.

Evidently this will make a *strong* and *cheap fence*. But a word as to the durability. If the large stake is of cedar, or good swamp oak, it will endure. But will not the small stake soon rot away where it enters the ground, and let the fence spread out at the bottom? It will not last as long as the *post*, that is certain; and if it once rots off, *down must* come the fence.

To correct this, then, we suggest the following: For "large stakes" take common *cedar posts*, set them in the ground 2½ or 3 feet, and far enough apart to accommodate your rails. On the inside of each post lay a flat stone. Take a piece of 2 by 4 stuff, say hemlock, pine, or cedar, and setting one end on the flat stone, bore a hole say, 4 or 5 inches from the ground through this, and also through the post. Drive a cedar pin through the hole and fasten its small end with a nail, or wedge, to keep it from drawing out. At the top use wire; or, sawing off the tops to a level, spike on a piece, and put in another pin to lay the top rail on. A fence built in this way would last, we think, as long as the post would stand, say twenty-five years.

F. J. BELL.

Weedsport, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

About Sheep.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England Farmer says:—Sheep often become breechy from carelessness. It does not require remarkably good fences to turn them. I have kept the sheep for 20 years or more on land fenced almost entirely with stone walls, and find no difficulty in keeping them quiet and orderly. In the first place, select those that have not learned to jump; have all gaps properly repaired, and fasten the bars so that they cannot rub them down. As a rule, look at each flock once a day at least, and see that the fences are kept up, and give them enough to eat, and my experience is, that sheep will not learn to jump. Sheep have long been a favorite stock with me, and for the last ten or twelve years South Downs have been *the sheep*. I have found that 50 ewes well kept will generally raise 75 lambs; mine have frequently done better. The past year I raised 110 from 72, and part of the ewes were quite young, and the lambs dropped early. After they are two years old the ewes are very apt to bring twins, so that in some flocks twins seem to be the rule, and single ones the exception.

The Pulmonary Murrain.

AT a crowded session of the Connecticut Board of Agriculture, held in New Haven, May 14, Dr. Dadd, of Boston, spoke thus of the cattle disease:—"The name given to this disease and used in the Massachusetts law, (pleuro-pneumonia,) does not fully describe it. Pulmonary murrain, which means a deadly disease of the lungs, is far preferable. Proper pleuro-pneumonia is not a contageous disease, while evidence of the contagiousness of the Massachusetts disorder is abundant. A marked symptom of the disease appears to be that all animals attacked feed well. If an animal falls off in its feed, it is not pulmonary murrain that ails it. The digestive system, liver, and bowels, are usually in good order. The heart, however, is flaccid, fat, and soft. As to cure, it may be possible so far as altered structure can be called cure. A strong constitution may confine the disease to one lung, or a portion of one, and so the animal live without a full æration of the blood. The ox has less use for lungs than some animals, breathing slow, and making only eight or ten respirations in a minute. Cases have been found where the disease had been circumscribed and a portion of the lung completely walled in from further communication with itself."

Thorough Cultivation Most Profitable.

THE following practical illustration of the value of the thorough tillage of a small farm, in opposition to the common practice of cultivating superficially a larger tract of land, is taken from the *Homestead*, and it is worthy of attentive consideration. It is an admirable instance of judicious calculation and management:

"The writer purchased a farm of sixty acres ten years ago. He immediately sold thirty acres of the less valuable portion, and with a part of the receipts from this sale, he underdrained and subsoiled twelve acres of that which he retained. The soil is a gravelly loam, and dry; but he drained it, he says, to make it wet, and succeeded. The whole of the manure from the barn-yard went to enrich these twelve acres, and now the land is really good. The second year after he came into possession, his crops from these twelve acres were more than double the produce taken by his predecessor from an average of at least thirty acres annually devoted by him to cultivation, while the quality of his products was 25 per cent. better than they had ever been. Off one acre and a third he took four tuns and three-quarters of clover hay. Though the land was previously in good heart, having a chance of obtaining six cords of manure from a blacksmith shop, he top-dressed the clover with that, and a barrel of plaster besides. He keeps in better condition as many cattle as his predecessor, and intends to break up three acres more next spring, underdraining and subsoiling at the same time." The writer adds, with emphasis:—"I believe in a little farm, well tilled. Too much territory is the greatest evil farmers have to cope with. The truth is seen every day. Let us mend the matter."

Surface Manuring.

"WE notice," says the *Ohio Farmer*, "that manuring upon the surface, broadcast, after plowing, and before harrowing, has become much more a favorite practice with farmers than formerly. The old impressions that the soluble matters would rise, if plowed in deep, and that decomposition would also be hastened by burying deep, have been pretty generally dissipated, under a better knowledge, and a more observant practice than that of forty years ago. If manures are green, long, and fresh from the barn-yard, it is doubtless policy to bury them beneath the soil, if it is absolutely necessary to use them at that time; but we should prefer planting less quantity of land, manuring what we could with well-ripened manure, and piling up the green, fresh manure with a good sprinkling of plaster, and let it ferment and rot a few weeks. We believe practice has shewn more immediate returns of crops from manures spread upon the surface, or, at best, but lightly covered, than when otherwise employed. The rains tend more to wash soluble matter downward, where the roots can get it, than the gaseous qualities will cause to send upward; but, in agricultural practice, it takes many experiments, and long and repeated trials of the same, ere it is safe to fully condemn any one practice, to the benefit of another. We have grown some of our best crops of corn with long manure, plowed under deeply, and yet we should prefer not to risk the practice, when convenient to do otherwise."

Inquiries and Answers.

CONSTRUCTING A MILK ROOM.—I wish to know how to construct a milk room, so as to keep it the right temperature for milk, as all dairymen know that if too hot or too cold, we lose cream. The size of room for ten cows. Also, the temperature of the cream for churning. Will not some of the RURAL dairymen give me the necessary information?—C. W. N.

DESTROYING CRICKETS.—I wish an effectual remedy for keeping crickets out of a milking cellar. I can take a candle any time in the evening and count seventy or a hundred of them carrying away a grain each, some whole and some partly eaten. If any of your subscribers can tell me how to check this evil, I would be very thankful. —R. DAWSON, *Pontiac, Mich.*, 1860.

SPRING WATER, MODES OF CONVEYANCE.—I wish to inquire of the readers of the RURAL, who have had experience, what is the best material to convey water, and in what kind of pipe? I have a spring I wish to bring to my house—distance about thirty-five rods—fall, fifteen feet—mostly a gradual descent. I am unacquainted with the business and of the manner of laying pipe. How deep should it be laid?—I. B. PALMER, *Newfield, Tomp. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

DEADENING TIMBER.—Please say, through the columns of the RURAL, that the best time for cutting all hard timber for rails and other purposes, such as building, &c., is from the first of September to the first of December, while there is the least sap or moisture in the timber. Hickory timber, to have it rot the soonest, should be cut in the month of March, while the timber is the fullest of sap or moisture?—C. K. PIERCE, *Coventry, N. Y.*

GROOMING AND BLANKETING HORSES.—Please give us an article in your valuable paper touching the grooming and blanketing of horses. I have a good friend who maintains that horses will do no better with than without these. I have dared to differ with him. A word touching this point will be thankfully received by two, and I presume by hundreds of subscribers.—A. S. C., *Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

IN answer to the foregoing queries, we prefer giving the experience of HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, one of the best horsemen ever among us, and known to, we had almost said, the whole world under the *nome de plume* of "Frank Forrester." In his *Hints to Horse-Keepers*, he remarks:—"The Farm Horses of the United States, which are, for the most part, if not altogether, stabled for the greater part of the year, or in winter, at least, fed on artificial food, kept warm, to a certain extent, must be cleaned daily, especially after severe work, or exposure to wet, if they are to be kept in health and working condition. * * * * It is true, in a measure, that the necessity of regular dressing, wisping, currying, brushing, and hard rubbing, is far greater in the case of highly pampered horses, fed in the most stimulating manner, principally on grain, kept in hot stables, always a little above their work, and ready at all times to jump out of their skins from the exuberance of their animal spirit; yet it is necessary to all housed and stabled horses; and the farmer, no less than the owner of fast trotters, will find his advantage in having his horse curried and washed, before feeding in the morning, in the increased play of his spirit, and in the gayety and fitness of the animal for his work; and if, when he brings him in at night, reeking with sweat, drenched with rain or snow, his thighs and belly plastered with thick mud, and his legs covered, as cart-horses' legs mostly are, with thick hair, saturated with cold water and clogged with particles of mud and sand, he neglects to have him thoroughly cleaned, and made dry and comfortable for the night, he not only commits an act of gross cruelty, but wholly disregards his own interest. Unless a horse be cleaned and groomed when in such a condition, he cannot be kept in health; and if he be fed freely when in such a state,—although the cart-horse is less liable to such ailments from his hardier habits and less impressive constitution,—the chances are that soon he will be attacked by inflammation of the bowels, or lungs, or with spasmodic colic—the race-horse, fast trotter, or highly bred and highly fed roadster, would be so attacked to a certainty—and the failure to dry and cleanse the legs of such a horse, especially if there be a draft of cold wind blowing upon the heels from a crevice under the stable door, as is generally the case in common farms stables, will be almost certainly succeeded by that troublesome, dangerous, and foul disease, known as 'grease,' or, more commonly, as 'the scratches.'"

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WHEAT CROP SAFE!—It affords us unalloyed pleasure to announce that the Wheat Crop of Western New York has passed the Rubicon unscathed—that it has escaped the much-dreaded, because for several years destructive enemy, the midge, (miscalled weevil,) without injury. Our observations and advices up to this date (July 26th,) convince us that the main crop in this locality is so far advanced as to be beyond danger of attack, and little injury is apprehended to any portion. We congratulate the large number of our readers interested upon the probable result, as demonstrative of the fact that wheat can again be grown extensively and profitably in this region—a region eminently adapted to its culture. Of this much we are confident—that the crop is mainly out of danger from the insect, and that Western New York will this season, for the first time in several years, produce a handsome surplus of the leading cereal. And not only that, but the quality will, we have reason to believe, be very superior—such as will again enable people to realize that when "best Genesee" wheat or flour are mentioned, no myth is designated, but a superlative article. So hoping, trusting and believing, we again congratulate the farmers of this Eden of America upon their auspicious prospects.

THE LABORS OF HAYING AND HARVESTING, now about to commence, may be greatly lessened, and their vexatious mitigated, by timely and proper preparation. Every farmer who has much grass or grain to secure, will find it for his interest to "make ready" in season, by seeing that his men, teams, and the necessary tools, implements and machines are at hand and in order, so that there shall be no delay when the important labor is to be performed. An inefficient workman or broken machine, is frequently the cause of material damage at a season when "delays are dangerous." Hence, the securing of a proper force, and the repairing of necessary tools and implements, or the purchase of new ones, are matters which the judicious farmer will attend to, generally, in due season, yet as some good people (farmers as well as editors) are prone to procrastinate, a hint on the subject can do no harm, while it may prove of decided benefit. The *best time* to cut grass and grain is also to be considered beforehand—a subject upon which many of our readers are fully advised, while others can find the testimony of experienced farmers, and the results of careful experiments, in former numbers and volumes.

—In this connection we would again refer all desirous of purchasing harvesting tools, implements and machinery to the announcements of manufacturers and dealers in our advertising department.

THE RYE CROP.—Of late years, since the prevalence of the wheat midge, many farmers in this vicinity have grown more or less rye. In several towns visited during the past week, we observed that considerable ground was occupied with this crop—especially in Irondequoit—and that it generally presented a very promising appearance. The crop is also somewhat extensively grown in other localities of this region, and a good yield is anticipated the present season. The crop is not cultivated for the grain alone, the straw being in demand for packing at our extensive nurseries, and commanding a good price. As a sample of "tall rye" (the juice of which will never, we trust, place any one in a horizontal position.) we may add that Mr. WM. B. WAY, of Greece Center, last week presented us stalks which measured 7 feet and 2 inches. We have seen other fine specimens, and indeed whole fields which had become decidedly "elevated." Though rye may be profitably grown in some districts hereabouts, there are other than moral reasons why it should not be encouraged, and we trust the result of this season's wheat harvest will prove that the latter crop may be substituted for the former in future.

WHEAT GROWERS are referred to an article, published elsewhere in this number, entitled "Hints About Selling Wheat." Whatever may be thought of its logic—to which few will take exception, we think—the article will attract special attention at the present moment, not only because it is *seasonable*, but for the reason that a goodly number of our readers have now, for the first time in several years, a surplus of wheat. If the producers of wheat, wool, and other staples which can be kept for months by farmers without injury or loss, would consider the subject, the result might redound to their benefit, without subjecting consumers to extra expense. Speculators and middle-men are perhaps a "necessary evil," but most people think they are not entitled to the lion's share of profits. We have no desire to array one class against another, yet consider Mr. JOHNSTON'S opinions and suggestions worthy of consideration.

JUST A WORD.—Sensible, discriminating people—which we trust includes all "constant readers" of this journal—are reminded that a new Half Volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER is to commence next week, when renewals and new subscribers will be eminently proper and desirable. Those who believe the RURAL worthy of increased support, even during the quadrennial contest for the Presidency, (doubly so now that there are four candidates playing the game that occurs once in four years,) will, it is hoped, bear its claims in mind,—while such as are becoming "wide-awake," politically, and indulge in huge drafts at the fountains of party organs, should *not* "forget to remember" that their families relish and are entitled to a more nourishing and substantial mental aliment than political journals are wont to furnish during the excitiment of a great campaign. In other words, Mr. POLITICIAN, while the party paper is meat to you, it is poison, or at least unpalatable, to your wife, sons and daughters. "A word to the wise," &c.

THE CATTLE DISEASE.—The Committee on Agriculture of the United States House of Representatives have agreed to report the following resolutions to the House:

Resolved, That the Secretary of State be requested to open a correspondence with the Consul of the United States in such countries as may have been visited by the malady in question, and to ascertain from them what sanitary measures have been adopted, and with what success, what steps have been taken to exclude animals coming from countries where the disease exists, and what medical treatment has been adopted.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Interior be requested, in having agricultural information and statistics collected during the next fiscal year, to obtain statements of the condition and progress of the disease, and the action and result of the State Commissions; and that, should the disease not be checked, he be further requested to communicate the result of his inquiries to this House at the commencement of its next session.

LARGE EGGS.—Recently, Mr RICHARD TOUR, of Sodus, caused to be "laid on our table," two hen's eggs which are both large and weighty—one measuring 8¾ by 7 inches, and weighing four and a half ounces, and the other nearly the same size and weight. If the donor has such eggs for sale at market price, we are open to an arrangement.

THE WEATHER continues quite favorable to the growing crops. Frequent and copious rains in this section, during the past two weeks, have been beneficial to grass, but too late in the season to overcome the check to the crop.—Most other crops are very promising.

THE HOLIDAY EXHIBITION of the Monroe Co. Ag. Society will include several features of an attractive yet unobjectionable character, as will be seen by reference to the programme given in this paper.

HORTICULTURAL.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

The June Exhibition of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society was held in Rochester on the 22d inst., and was one of the finest shows ever made by the Society. It consisted principally of Strawberries, Cherries, and Roses.

STRAWBERRIES.

Notwithstanding the dry weather, which has materially lessened the size of the berries as well as the crop, some very excellent dishes of Strawberries were shown. Ellwanger & Barry exhibited 48 varieties, and received the premium for the best collection. The same gentlemen received the prize for the best six varieties, the sorts being Wilson's Albany, Trollope's Victoria, Triomphe de Gand, Scott's Seedling, Brighton Pine, Genesee. The prize for the best dish was awarded to H. E. Hooker & Co., for Triomphe de Gand. I. W. Briggs, of Macedon, exhibited a plant of the Wilson, bearing 100 ripe berries.

CHERRIES.

The time was a little too early for a very large display of Cherries, but Ellwanger & Barry exhibited 15 varieties, and received the prize for the best collection. The prize for the best quart was awarded to A. Frost & Co., for Coe's Transparent.

FLOWERS.

The Roses proved the principal attraction of the Exhibition, and a finer display we think has seldom been witnessed. Messrs. Ellwanger and Barry exhibited 288 varieties Hybrid Perpetuals, 47 varieties Summer Moss, 85 varieties Summer Roses, 14 varieties Perpetual Moss. A. Frost & Co.—200 H. Perpetual, 35 Moss, 46 Summer, 20 Prairie, 20 Bourbon, 15 Tea, 5 Noisette, 22 Bengal, &c. C. W. Seelye—75 varieties Hybrid Perpetual, and Moss. J. Donnelan & Co.—75 varieties Hybrid Perpetual and Moss Roses.

From the Report of the Committee on Flowers, we extract the following:

Pot Plants.—The only pot plants shown were six by Selah Mathews, among which we noticed as particularly fine, Clerodendron fragrans, Stephanotis floribunda, Ixora floribunda, and Begonia rex; and six well grown Fuchias, by Ellwanger & Barry. The prize offered for the best collection of pot plants was not awarded, but that for the best six, was given to Selah Mathews.

Roses.—The collections of Roses shown by our nurserymen were large and fine; never before equaled at any similar exhibition in this city. Although prizes were offered for the best twelve Hardy Roses, and the best six Moss, no amateur competed for them. The prize offered for the *best collection*, was awarded to Ellwanger & Barry; for the second best to A. Frost & Co. For the best *twenty-five varieties*, to Ellwanger & Barry, consisting of the following:—Louis Choix, General Jacqueminot, Portland Blanche, Baron Prevost, Giant of Battles, Julia Margottin, Alexandrine Bachmeteff, Augusta Mie, Le Infant du Mont Carmel, La Reine, Lady Stewart, Lion des Combats, Gigantesque, Caroline de Sansal, Peonia, Wm. Griffith, Souvenir de la Reine de Belgie, Dr. Marx, Dr. Roque, Marquis d'Ailes, Blanche Vibert, Leon Kotschoubey, Mad. Vidot, Souvenir Levison Gower; for the best twelve varieties, to A. Frost & Co.; for the best six Moss, to A. Frost & Co.

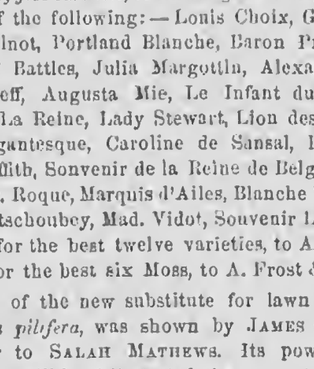
A pot of the new substitute for lawn grass, *Spergula pilifera*, was shown by James Crain, gardener to Salah Mathews. Its powers of endurance will be fully tested the present season in our hot climate.

VEGETABLES.

The vegetables shown were well grown, but the exhibition was quite small. Too little attention is paid to this interesting and important branch.

AUSTIN SHAKER STRAWBERRY.

We have received from C. Miller, of Albany, a plant of the Austin Strawberry, growing in a pot, and a number of ripe berries. The berries were not of extraordinary size, about as large as the finest specimens of Wilson's Albany, as grown here, of a bright scarlet color like Monroe Scarlet. The specimens were so much injured in their passage, that we could not judge of quality. The largest specimen measured four inches and one-eighth in diameter, an engraving of which we give, showing its form. Of course it was somewhat reduced in size by its long keeping and rough usage.



The plant appears to be a vigorous grower. The clusters large, supported upon very stout foot-stalks. Of its quality and productiveness, or its value as compared with other popular sorts, we cannot express an opinion.

Mr. M. writes us that the fruit is unusually small this season, as the first blossoms were destroyed by frost, and latterly the drouth has been so severe as to prevent a full development of either plants or fruit.

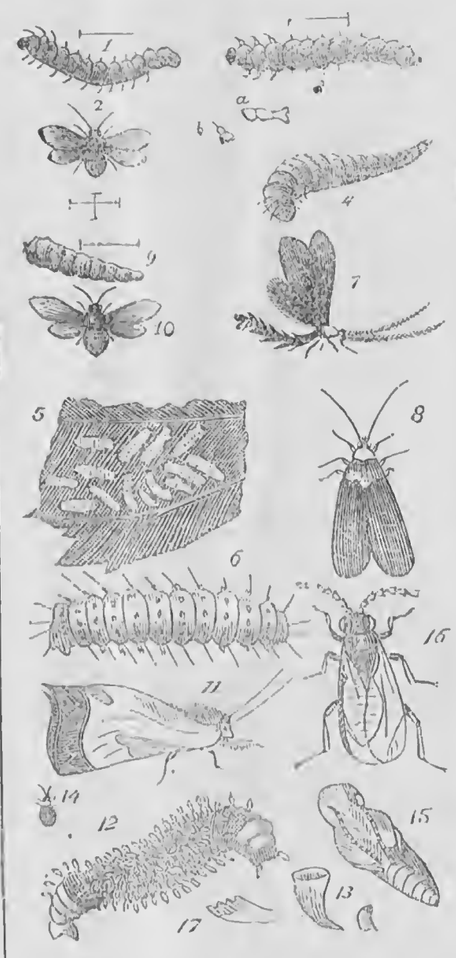
Since the above was in type, we have received a basket of the berries, in very good condition, larger and every way better than those before noticed. The quality is fair; not first rate, we think. We will exhibit specimens at the Fruit Growers' Society, which meets at Buffalo, on the 27th inst., and thus we shall be able to obtain the opinions of the best cultivators in Western N. Y.

INSECTS DESTRUCTIVE TO GRAPE VINES.

From a number of correspondents in Western New York, we have received accounts of damage to the leaves of grape vines, by a kind of caterpillar or slug. Not being acquainted with the enemy, we sent it to Mr. Stauffer, marked No. 1. At the same time we sent specimens of a blue beetle, marked No. 2. This insect is doing a great deal of mischief the present season, and we received it from O. T. Hobbs, of Randolph, Pa., from E. Thatcher, of Pontiac, Mich., from V. V. Bullock, Albion, N. Y., from Syracuse, and several other places. Mr. S. responds as follows:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Yours of the 11th inst., with its contents, came to hand, and the larvæ prove considerable of a puzzle, in the absence of other data, on which to found an opinion. Nevertheless I have something to say respecting them, so we will consider them in their numerical order. No. 1 contained larvæ and dry leaves. These appear to be doing considerable mischief in Western New York to leaves of the grape vines. Some of the most lively I put into a small bottle with earth in it, to see what they will turn to. A microscopic examination satisfied me that I had what is termed a *Hexapod larva*,—but that was the puzzle; whether of a species of beetle, or, as I am rather inclined to think, that of a kind of saw-fly; one of which attacks the grape vine, the *Selandria Vitis*—fig. 1, the larva, and fig. 2, the fly. But these larvæ have, in addition to the six pectoral and two caudal feet, fourteen intermediato or pro-legs, which is the case with all the different genera among this family of saw-flies, except those that belong to the genus *Lyda* and *Cephus*—in which the legs are only six, and the pro-legs are entirely wanting. The greater number of legs distinguishes the *Hymenopterous* larvæ from the true caterpillar of the moth species or *Lepidoptera*, which have 8 pro-legs, instead of 14 or 16, while the larvæ of the beetles, *Coleoptera*, have but six pectoral legs or none at all. Fig. 4, is a larvæ of a species of *Lyda*, but these are usually spinners, or reside under a web and leaves drawn together over them, like some of the true caterpillars. Fig. 3, is a magnified view of the larvæ sent me. Its color is of a dirty yellow, with an oval spot (spiracle) on each segment below, and two series of round, brownish spots, on the sides of each segment, and a few scattered hairs; *a*, a leg; *b*, the antennæ of the same. Were I to enter into a detailed account of the perplexing difficulties in the way, and the interchangeable similarity of *Hexapod larvæ*, it would require several pages, and then be by no means information of any practical advantage to the general reader, so I shall simply notice and illustrate a few other insects in connection with those sent me. Fig. 9, is a slug-worm, and fig. 10, the fly—known as the *Selandria (Blennocampa) Cerasi*, which infests the cherry tree. The *Allantus ovata* is the European slug-worm, beside other species. The word *Blennocampa* signifies slimy caterpillar, a very proper name, though to me they look more snail-like than caterpillar-like. The flies, 2 and 10, are much alike—yet the larvæ are very unlike. The first were described by Dr. T. W. Harris, in his discourse before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, in 1832, as doing extensive damage to the grape vines then. To give a full list and history of the various insects found injurious to the grape vine, which produces one of our most delicious and useful fruits, would require more time and space than can be devoted in an article of this kind. Among the gregarious larvæ that feed on the vine leaves, most common in this section, are those shown by fig. 5, the enlarged larva fig. 6, the perfect female insect, 7, and the male, 8. This is a *Lepidopterous* insect allied to the *Ægeria* among the group of *Glaucopidians*. It is the *Procris Americana*. The female is of a blue-black color, with a saffron-colored collar, and a notched, caudal tuft terminating its wasp-like, slender body. The male has a yellow collar, and drab-colored wings. These often prove very injurious, and give the vines a bad appearance. I have noticed the female, fig. 7, depositing its eggs along the veins on the under side of grape leaves, July 5, to the number of fifty and upward; and so intent was she, that I was suffered to break off the leaf and carry it into my office, without interruption to her labor, giving me a fair opportunity of inspecting her *modus operandi*. She would first protrude her fleshy ovipositor, as I first thought it was to feel the position of the last egg; but it was rather for the deposite of a gummy fluid, into which the minute, oval egg was laid, afterwards. Mr. Harris barely mentions this—and says that it has not become common, but that they occasionally appear in great numbers on the grape vines in North Carolina. I have seen them more abundant than welcome in Lancaster county, and would recommend a close inspection for them, and to remove the infested leaf and crush them under foot, as the most certain means of getting rid of them.

The large yellowish, green, or brown caterpillars belonging to a sphinx-like genus of moths, which Harris names *Philampelus*, which literally signifies, *I love* the vine, I have figured in all its stages, as also another, fig. 11, which I copy—the *Eudryas grata*—(the pleasing wood nymph.) The caterpillar is rather small, as its name implies; bluish, with orange bands across each ring, having black dots in them; the head and feet are also orange-colored; the top of the 11th ring is somewhat bulging like the front part of the body, when at rest. They eat all parts of the leaves, and measure 1 to 1½ inches in length when fully grown. The moth is rather pretty with its purple-brown margin, yellowish dorsal marking, and otherwise white wings. It is well to have an eye to them. Fig. 11 shows it at rest, with the wings closed, forming a steep roof over its back, and its fore legs stretched out. Fig. 12 shows the condition of one of these caterpillars, with a worse disease than leprosy, to them. This is covered with an immense number of small cocoons; one with its lid off is enlarged, fig. 13; the fly, natural size, fig. 14, which came forth from one of



them; 15, is the magnified pupa; 16, the insect. This is closely allied to the *Ichneumons*, belonging to the family *Chalcididæ*, which is composed of a very great number of parasitic species, distinguished generally by their very minute size—having broad, horney, and toothed mandibles, fig. 17. The anterior wings are almost veinless. These minute flies are of great service, as are the extensive groups of the allied parasitic families of the *Ichneumonidæ*, *Evaniidæ* and *Proctotrupidæ*. This shows the importance of knowing those that do harm from those that Nature employs to keep them in check. But this subject is endless, and I must abruptly bring it to a close.

No. 2.—The small, steel-blue beetle, that is charged with destroying the buds, leaving nothing but the hard wood, is the same insect noticed in my article, published in the Rural of Jan. 29, 1859, (Vol. X, No. 5,) called *Gastrophysa cyanea*—which Mr. G. P. Peffer, of Wisconsin, had sent to Mr. Garber; also found on the grape.

Lancaster, Pa., June 14, 1860. J. Stauffer.

HORTICULTURE IN CANADA.

There is perhaps more attention now being paid to Horticultural science in Canada, especially near the cities and larger towns, than was the case a few years since; yet much still remains to be done. Too many orchards and gardens are yet to be met with that show evidences of unskillful management, and a sad want of taste in their arrangements. Orchards are too often allowed to grow up unpruned till they come into full bearing, and the trees are then subjected to the process of having many of their larger limbs ruthlessly cut away, and for years afterwards remain murderous memorials of disfigurement and decay.

Dwarf pears, or in fact pears of any kind, are almost unknown as yet in the country, and many of the smaller fruits are of the most worthless sorts. This is mainly owing to the mistaken idea that trees, no matter what they are, are good enough to plant; and if you see a young orchard, it is too often that you will find the proprietor boasting of the low price at which he has bought his trees from some traveling tree peddler. They forget that reliable fruit trees, from reliable nurserymen, are not to be obtained for a mere song. Men who devote their lives and their capital to the growth and dissemination of really valuable fruits, cannot afford to do so merely to afterwards give them away.

Strawberries are a fruit much neglected in Canada, and I have been surprised to find that many of the old and now almost effete sorts are the only ones yet to be found even in nurseries. This fruit is well adapted to Canada, and although the winter is perhaps too severe for such varieties as *Hooker's Seedling*, *Triomphe de Gand*, and *Wilson's Albany*, to stand in the open ground without shelter, yet it is only necessary to obviate any evil from that cause by giving the plants a covering of straw late in the fall and through the winter.

I was present at the spring show of the Hamilton Horticultural Society, and found a very great interest manifested on the subject by some of the wealthier citizens. The show was held on May 24th—rather too early in the season to admit of much variety being shown; but the greenhouse plants were of a remarkably superior merit, some Fuchias being shown 14 feet high and loaded with bloom. The tables were all covered with various greenhouse plants in pots, and the hall presented quite a showy appearance. But few cut flowers were shown. The vegetables and fruits were not numerous, but those shown were of a superior quality.

The Horticultural Society of Toronto held its show June 7th. There was a larger variety of plants and flowers shown than at Hamilton, but the quality and arrangement of the articles was not so good. There were, however, some curious and rare plants shown,—among the *Nepenthes Hookerii, Phalenopsis grandiflora, and Æchinea discolor* The Geraniums and Gloxinias were the best part of the show. Some excellent Mosses were also shown. A few annuals were exhibited by Mr. Geo. Leslie, no one else showing in that class. The vegetables were very inferior, and of fruits there were none worth mentioning. The Strawberries shown were more like wild than cultivated ones.

The want of a good journal devoted to practical Horticulture, is much felt here, and as the Canadians will not get up one of their own, it is to be hoped they will supply the deficiency by taking the Rural, in the columns of which they can find what is just suited to their wants. J. M.

Toronto, C. W., June, 1860.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The Eighth Session of this Institution will be held in the city of Philadelphia, commencing on the 11th of September next, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will be continued for several days.

This Society, the first National Institution for the promotion of Pomological Science, was organized in the year 1848. Its sessions have brought together the most distinguished cultivators of our country; its transactions have embodied their various researches and ripest experience, and its Catalogue of Fruits has become the acknowledged standard of American Pomology.

Its example has created a general taste for this science, inspired pomologists with greater zeal, and called into existence many kindred associations. Its progress has been remarkable and gratifying, but it still has a great work to perform. Its general catalogue should, from time to time, be enlarged and perfected, and local catalogues formed, embracing the fruits adapted to each State and Territory of the Union. The last of these suggestions was made by the Chairman of the General Fruit Committee, at the seventh session of the Society, in the year 1858. This has been carefully considered, and is deemed worthy of special attention. It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that each State Pomological, Horticultural, or Agricultural Society, charge its Fruit Committee with the duty of collecting information, and presenting the same, with descriptive lists of Fruits adapted to their location.

The importance of this subject, and the increasing value of the fruit crop of the United States, call for a prompt and cordial response to this request,—for a careful preparation of said list, and for a full and able representation, at the approaching session, from all parts of the country.

The various State Committees of this Society are expected to submit accurate and full reports of the condition and progress of fruit culture, within their limits, together with definite answers to each of the following questions. These reports, it is desirable, should be forwarded to the Chairman of the General Fruit Committee, Hon. Samuel Walker, Roxbury, Mass., if possible, as early as the 1st of September, or to Thomas W. Field, Esq., Secretary, Brooklyn, New York.

What *six*, *twelve*, and *twenty* varieties of *the Apple*, are best adapted to an orchard of *one hundred* trees, for family use,—and how many of each sort should it contain? What varieties, and how many of each, are best for an orchard of *one thousand* trees, designed to bear fruit for the market?

What *six* and *twelve* varieties of *the Pear* are best for family use on the Pear stock? What varieties on the Quince stock? What varieties, and how many of each of these, are best adapted to a Pear orchard of *one hundred* or of *one thousand* trees?

What are the *six* and *twelve* best varieties of *the Peach?* What are the best varieties, and how many of each, are best adapted to a Peach orchard of *one hundred* or of *one thousand* trees?

Answers to these questions should be made from reliable experience, and with reference to the proximity or remoteness of the market.

Held, as this convention will be, in a city easily accessible from all parts of the country, it is anticipated that the coming session will be one of the most useful the Society has ever held. Societies, therefore, in every State and Territory of the Union, and the Provinces of British America, are requested to send such number of delegates as they may choose to elect. Fruit growers, Nurserymen, and all others interested in the art of Pomology, are invited to be present—to become members, and to take part in the deliberations of the Convention.

In order to increase as much as possible the interest of the occasion, members and delegates are requested to forward for *Exhibition* as large collections of fruit as practicable, including specimens of all the rare and valuable varieties grown in their respective districts, and esteemed worthy of notice; also, papers descriptive of their mode of cultivation—of diseases and insects injurious to vegetation—of remedies for the same, and to communicate whatever may aid in promoting the objects of the meeting. Each contributor is requested to make out a complete list of his contributions, and present the same with his fruits, that a report of all the varieties entered may be submitted to the meeting as soon as practicable after its organization.

Societies will please transmit to the Secretary, at an early day, a list of the Delegates they have appointed.

Gentlemen desirous of becoming members can remit the admission fee to Thomas P. James, Esq., Treasurer, Philadelphia, who will furnish them with the Transactions of the Society. Life Membership, twenty dollars; Biennial, two dollars.

Packages of fruit may be addressed to Thomas P. James, 630 Market street, Philadelphia.

MARSHALL P. WILDER, Pres't, Boston, Mass.
Thomas W. Field, Sec'y, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Inquiries and Answers.

Transplanting Evergreens for Hedges.—I would like to inquire, through the columns of your valuable paper, what time of the year Pine and Hemlock trees should be set out, and what kind of ground is best adapted to them? I have heard that they can be cultivated so as to form a beautiful hedge. If any one has had experience in this matter, they would greatly oblige me and others by sending their mode of pruning and cultivating.—I. R. Shaw, *Perry City, N. Y.*

The Hemlock makes a very neat hedge, and may be transplanted any time until quite late in the spring.

Best Strawberries.—As I am about to plant a patch of strawberries for family use, I wish to ask a little of your advice. I wish to combine as much as possible the following qualities:—Hardiness, large fruit, of good quality, and productiveness. I propose to plant on sandy soil. Would Wilson's Albany Seedling be the best variety? If not, what kind would you recommend? Would it be necessary to plant both a staminate and pistillate variety, in order to secure productiveness? If so, please recommend the two best varieties. Which is the best and safest manner of transporting the vines from the nurseries when to be sent a great distance? What is the best time for transplanting?—W. S. G. Mason, *Fairfield, Mich.*, 1860.

Wilson's Albany is an excellent bearer, of fair quality, large size, and hardy. Triomphe de Gand is a very large berry, of first quality, a very good producer, and hardy. Scott's Seedling is of second quality, but a fine showy berry, and very productive—in this respect next to Wilson's. These varieties have perfect flowers, and need no other to be planted with them. If you plant any of the pistillate varieties, like Hovey's Seedling, then you will have to plant some staminate variety near them. Early Scarlet is a good sort for this purpose. Strawberry plants may be sent any ordinary distance by packing the roots in damp moss, and giving plenty of air for the tops. As soon as the runners are well rooted, in July, is the best time to plant. The next best time is in the spring.

Pruning Grapes, &c.—Will you, or some of your correspondents please answer the following questions:—1. What is the best kind of trellis for grapes? 2. When is the best time to prune grapes, and how is it to be done, and what is the best kind of mulching? 3. Also, what is the way to increase blackberry plants?—A Subscriber, *Centerville, Mich.*, 1860.

1. The cheapest, and perhaps the best trellis, is made by setting posts, and then having wires running from one to the other. 2. The first pruning should be done in the latter part of winter. Prune again by stopping the bearing branches a joint or two beyond the last bunch, about the latter part of June. Also, pinch off all young shoots that are not needed, to one leaf. 3. Divide the roots.

Birds and Fruit Buds.—In going through my orchard this spring, I discovered that on a large number of my apple trees, the fruit buds were broken out. On many trees, half of the buds are destroyed. What is the cause of it? Is it the work of a bird? If so, what bird? An answer to the above will greatly oblige—J. G. Mitchell, *Holly, Mich.*, 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

Prof. Hopkins' School for Boys—*Horticultural Instruction.*—The announcement in our advertising department of a Boarding School for Boys, to embrace a new and valuable feature—Horticultural Instruction—will attract attention. Prof. H. is, we believe, eminently qualified for the position to be assumed, and we shall rejoice in the success of his enterprise. Rev. Dr. Dewey, Professor of Chemistry, &c., in the University of Rochester, speaks of Prof. H. and his proposed School in the following language:

"This School, under the direction of Prof. Wm. Hopkins, is to commence on Tuesday, Sept. 4, 1860. The Circular presents the plan, objects, means, and aims of the proprietor, distinctly and fully to those parents and guardians who desire for their sons and wards the excellent training of such a school. Known, as Prof. Hopkins, for several years, has been in Western New York as a highly qualified and successful teacher and director of youth, both in the Academic and Collegiate courses, there is in this section no necessity for commending him or his objects to the public. To others, who have not been acquainted with these facts, it needs only to be said that his sterling character and christian principles, combined with his qualifications and experience, offer full assurance of the fidelity and purpose with which the plan proposed will be executed by him. Living in his family, the boys will find there a home, and next to their own, a pleasant and happy home."

THE ASTHMA.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Several weeks ago your correspondent "Molly," appealed to the readers of the Rural to direct her to some remedy for the Asthma. As no one seems inclined to respond, I thought I would let her know of one recipe which has been effectual, and that in a very aggravated case. A friend of mine who had been afflicted with that distressing complaint for about twelve years, has tried this, to his very great benefit. It gave him immediate, thorough and lasting relief. Being a farmer, and having to expose himself considerably, the inclemencies of the weather in the winter and spring discommoded him much. But he tried this remedy last fall; and through the winter and spring exposed himself more freely than usual, but experienced no return of his old difficulty. He had tried ever so many other remedies in vain. The prescription is as follows:

Take quarter of an ounce of Hydrate Potassa; put it into a pint of water; and take a teaspoonful two or three times a day.

I hope "Molly," and other sufferers from the same ailment, will give this simple and cheap remedy a fair trial.—Meredith, *Floyd, N. Y.*, 1860.

Cooking Green Peas.—As the time of green peas has come again, I feel bound to contribute my mite to the enjoyment of the lovers of this delicious vegetable, by sending you a recipe for cooking them. Take the peas when full in the pod, nice and green. When shelled, wash the pods thoroughly; put them in the dinner pot; cover, or nearly so, with water; then cover tight, and boil until tender; skim them out; put your peas into the broth, and boil from twenty to thirty minutes; then season with sweet cream, salt and pepper, to the taste. Try it.—Susie, *Eckford, Mich.*, 1860.

Corn Bread.—Take two cups of nice sour cream; one cup of sour milk; four of sweet milk; three eggs; one cup of molasses, or sugar; one tablespoonful of ginger; two teaspoonfuls of soda; corn meal sufficient for a moderately stiff batter. Bake in muffin rings or tins, and you will have a delicious breakfast bread.—Susie C. D., *East China, Mich.*, 1860.

Clothes Bars.—Having received much valuable information through the Rural, I wish to ask for more. Being desirous of constructing a set of clothes bars, I would like to inquire of some of your correspondents the best plan for constructing them. An early answer will much oblige—M. A. H., *Avoca, N. Y.*, 1860.

To Color Cotton Yellow.—Take half a pound of sugar of lead, dissolve in hot water; put in a tub of cold water four ounces of bi-chromate of potash. Dip your cotton first into the lead water, wring out, next dip into the potash, and so alternately, until you have a bright color. This quantity will color three pounds.

Strawberry Pudding.—Take one pint sour milk; one half-pint sweet milk; three eggs well beaten; one tablespoonful thick cream; three cups of strawberries; a very little salt and flour to make a thick batter. Bake nicely and eat with cream and sugar.—W., *Great Valley, N. Y.*, 1860.

Gooseberry Jelly.—Dissolve sugar in half its weight of water, then boil; when it cools, add an equal weight of gooseberry juice, and give it a short boil.—Aunt Polly, *Glendale, O.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SHADOWS.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

Over the brook the willows droop,
And a mournful shade they cast,
But the sunbeams dance on the meadow side,
And the breezes wander past.
Under the willows they said farewell,
And never again on earth
Shall a loving word or a happy smile
Bring joy to the cottage hearth.

False were the lips that breathed the prayer—
False were the vows they spoke—
And the marriage blessing was but a curse
To the gentle heart it broke.
Out from the sunshine into the shade,
Went heart, and soul, and life,
When she took at the holy altar side
The vows that bound her—wife.

Out from the willows' gloomy shade,
And into the sunbeams' glow,
She has passed with a spirit bowed and worn,
And a face like the winter's snow.
But she cannot forget the heart that loved,
And the hopes that are crushed for aye—
So the shadows follow forever more,
And the sunbeams flee away.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WOMAN'S WORTH.

Ebenezer Elliott uttered a great truth when he sang,

"Wait, boastful man! though worthy are thy deeds, when thou art true,
Things worthier still, and holier far, our sister yet will do."

By the proper consideration of the part which she acts, those who put a small estimate upon the worth of woman's influence in elevating mankind, may have their opinions corrected. "The characteristic qualities of woman,—when true to the type of her being,—are charms for men, through which man gets unspeakable good to his own nature," says Dr. Oliphant, and so say we. Ruling by love, she sways an almost omnipotent scepter over the destinies of the race. While pride, and wealth, and fame, have been luring fallen men onward in the by-paths of folly, woman has ever been near, mitigating human woe by the charities which sweeten the cup of life,—annealing man's iron heart by her gentle nature, and gradually winning him toward the path in which he should walk, by her gentle and silent influence, like an angel of mercy.

The influence of woman is indefinitely greater than that of the preacher in moulding the character of mankind, advancing the interests of Christianity, and hastening the ultimate triumph of truth. Her power arises from the controlling influence which she has in training, and giving direction to, the unfolding powers of mind and heart. The destiny of the child may be determined, almost, by the mother,—the inscriptions which she traces upon the tablet of the heart will be legible through the mists of years; for the waves of time can never wholly efface them. But her influence is not exerted in the home-circle alone. Many sainted ones have shown, in every age, that woman can accomplish much, in upholding the hands of God's servant, when actuated by the spirit of Christianity; and many living witnesses attest the truth that fragile women are ready to bid adieu to friends and country, and to pass their lives in a foreign land for the sake of the Gospel. The spirit which led faithful women to follow the Savior, while on his missions of mercy,—for the purpose of strewing the rough pathway in which he trod with the flowers of kindness,—still influences their sisters in modern times. Now, educated as they are, as missionary teachers of the truth, they are powerful in an enlarged sphere, and their worth is greatly enhanced. Many, in the land of reward, will bless the labors of holy women, by whose influence they have been won from the darkness of error to the precious light of revealed truth.

The world, with the acquired momentum of the centuries, is whirling rapidly forward on "the ringing grooves of change,—and, while much is said of the wonderful facilities for inter-communication, and the rapid advancement of all those things which conspire to elevate mankind,—one of the most encouraging indications that the world is hastening to the consummation of a grand maturity, is the position which woman has assumed in the present age. How short a time it is, comparatively, since it was thought woman's mission to ply the distaff and serve man. Yet, "her best is unbegun;" for,

"Ever as man in wisdom grows, he honors her the more."

Fettered by the laws of an imperfect system of society, she is yet to rise to her true position, and exert the influence which she may, in rolling forward the tide of human progress; and it is only when that day shall illumine the world, the blessed glories of which it is so delightful to contemplate,—the day of which the Prophets spoke, and for the coming of which the Faithful ever pray,—that woman's work will be fully appreciated and her advent really come. Ellath.

Waldham's Mills, N. Y., 1860.

Goodness is goodness, find it where we may. A vineyard exists for the purpose of nurturing vines, but he would be a strange vine-dresser who denied the reality of grapes because they had ripened under a less genial soil, and beyond the precincts of his vineyard.

The triumph of woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband; and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LITTLE ELLA.

Like a sunbeam she came to earth, all radiant in her beauty,—a little singing bird, to warble in the heart home nest,—a tiny bud, to blossom in the garden love had made. Very beautiful was little Ella, and dearer to their hearts she grew, as, day by day, new charms unfolded. Summer came, and went, while her silvery laugh rang clear and wild,—Old Winter came round; yet ruddier grew her cheek, beneath his icy kiss, and brighter the sparkle in her eye. Again the days grew long and warm,—light, and sunshine gladdened all the earth. But brighter far than they was little Ella, a tiny fairy in the household, banishing all care and sorrow, while love and joy around her pathway bloomed. Once more, beneath the chilling frosts of winter faded summer's flowers,—the bright-winged songsters sought their Southern homes,—while Ella, shielded by Love's warm embrace, longed for no sunnier clime, as merrily she carroled her gladsome song. But when spring, with her smiling train appeared, there came a messenger who whispered softly,

"Child, thy Father calls thee, stay not here."

Yes, another voice, to swell the chorol minstrelsy of heaven,—another hand to sweep the spirit lyre was wanted, and an angel was sent to summon home the little one,—the one whose presence had made such joy and gladness in our midst. Gently she passed away to the spirit world, amid the tearful farewells of those who so fondly cherished her. When the violet first peeped from its lowly bed, and the snow-drop filled the air with its fragrance, a little grave was made beneath the willow. There was the worshiped, the idolized one laid. O, how changed the household,—darkness was over all,—the sunshine had departed,—the birdling from its nest had flown,—the bud, whose blossom promised to be so beautiful, had been transplanted to another and a fairer garden. But amid the sadness of the mourners came a voice, whispering, "again may ye meet her." Meet her in that beauteous land; where partings are unknown,—where the tear of sorrow is never shed,—where the voice of mourning never comes. Again the star of hope shone brightly o'er their way,—joy beamed within the mother's eye, the father's step once more grew firm. Ah, who shall say that little Ella was not indeed an angel? Her mission here to lead our thoughts to high and holy things,—to draw our hearts from earth to heaven. M. T. U.

Maysville, Ky., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LITTLE THINGS.

Trifles! Pshaw on trifles! What difference does it make if I did punish that pupil for accidentally spilling her ink? It will be forgotten a week hence.

Forgotten! No! the injured one will never forget that unjust, that wicked treatment. And, perhaps, the one so thoughtlessly wronged, was a favorite who had confided in you as a sister. But now that loving child is a cold and uncommunicative creature, whose trust in all is shaken, and over whose soul a cloud has been cast, thro' which no sun can penetrate or dispel. And O! it is you, you who has wrought this sad change,—you that drove that little heart into its own bosom, there to beat out its life, locked in with its own thoughts. And this was all done by the want of a little self-control.

Then, after all, this trifle of yours proves to be a grievous sin, only to be forgotten in eternity. Let this be a warning, and as a monitor whose voice shall say, "little matters must not be passed over," for great things from little are formed, as

"Little drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean, and the pleasant land."

York, N. Y., 1860. A. Coy.

FINDING FAULT WITH CHILDREN.

It is at times necessary to censure and punish. But very much may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be therefore more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than the incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents. And hardly anything can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of parent and child.

There are two great motives influencing human action—hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by a desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expresses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring them when she sees anything amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting, and at last, finding whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all effort to please and become heedless of reproaches.

But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been through the day very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take his hand and say, "My son, you have been very good to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves children who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy." This approbation from his mother is to him a great reward. And where, with more than affectionate tone, you say, "Good night, my son," he leaves the room with his heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes for sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try and do his duty.—*The Mother at Home.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

JUNE.

BY LIBBY NEAL.

Sweet Sister of the gentle May,
As sweet as hers thy beaming smile—
Thy merry laugh is quite as gay,
And thy soft voice as free from guile.

Thy jewelled fingers garlands twine
To bind upon thy blushing brow,
And diamond dew-drops brightly shine,—
Amid thy locks they're shining now.

Thy sunny pathway is so bright,
A fairy there might fearless tread;
O'ergrown it is with roses white,
There for thy gliding footsteps spread.

Thou seemest like a maiden gay,
With joys of free and careless years,
Whose life is like a summer's day—
Who ne'er has known life's bitter tears;

Whose gentle spirit Love hath bound
With golden chain to all things pure—
Who joy in Virtue's way hath found.
From whence no tempting vile may lure;

Whose Life amid Earth's beating storms
Knows naught but sunshine glad and free;
No cloud obscures, no fear alarms—
Calm June, thus seem'st thou to me.

Wyandotte, Wayne Co., Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

COWPER.

The lives of but few of the literary men of England were more interesting than was that of the author of "The Task." He was born at Great-Berkhamstead, on the 15th of November, (O. S.,) 1731, and was about seven years old when his mother died. There is no danger of this lady being forgotten by the world, for her son has embalmed her memory in a poem which will be read as long as there are those who appreciate the productions of genius. In 1741 he was placed in Westminster School. His life at this school was anything else than pleasant, for he was not one who could fight his way through among a set of rough boys. He, himself, tells us of one boy of whom he constantly stood in dread.

In 1749, at the age of eighteen, he was articled to a Mr. Chapman to study law; but it is evident from his own account of the matter, that he had no particular taste for legal books. He paid much more attention to the works of the poets than to Coke and Littleton. It was about this time that the malady, which cast so dark a shadow over so great a portion of his subsequent life, first began clearly to manifest itself. Much has been written upon this subject, and some have ascribed his insanity to the religious impressions that now took hold of his mind. Evidently, there was a predisposition in his mind toward insanity; and, perhaps, the crisis was hastened by an affair of the heart. He had placed his affections upon Theodora Jane, second daughter of his uncle, Ashley Cowper. The lady's father opposed their marriage, and their intercourse was broken off; but the lady ever retained her love for her unfortunate cousin. But the circumstance that tended most to bring matters to a crisis, and which precipitated him into the depths of insanity, was his being required to pass a public examination before the House of Lords, in regard to his qualifications for the office of Clerk of the Journals of that House. The fear of this examination threw him into a state of hopeless madness, in which he attempted to commit suicide. He was removed to an asylum at St. Albans, kept by the celebrated Dr. Cotton; and under the kind treatment of this gentleman he was in a few months restored. Cowper's own account of his recovery shows, most conclusively, that it was principally owing to the influence of religion upon his mind.

Our poet's friends now gave up all hopes of his ever succeeding amid the bustle of the great world, and he retired to Huntingdon with the intention of leading a quiet life. It was here that he became acquainted with the Unwins, an intimacy which exerted a controlling influence over his future life. After a residence of a few years at Huntington, he and Mrs. Unwin, who was now a widow, removed to Olney. Here he became intimately connected with Mr. Newton, whom he assisted in composing the "Olney Hymns." In January, 1773, he again became insane. While in some respects he subsequently recovered from this attack, it left behind a gloom of which he could never divert himself.

His friends then thought it necessary to keep him employed in literary labor, for the purpose of keeping him from brooding over his dreary condition. He turned his attention to poetry, and commenced his labors as an author. His first volume of poems was published in 1782. Its principal topics were "Error," "Truth," "Expostulation," "Hope," "Charity," "Retirement," and "Conversation." This work was not exactly in keeping with the taste of the age, and did not meet with a flattering reception from the public. But it was different with his second volume,—containing "The Task" and "John Gilpin," which was published in 1785,—and the merits of which the public were not long in appreciating. In 1791, he published a translation of "Homer's Iliad," which was very coolly received by the community. His life after the publication of this work was sad indeed. Although he occasionally employed his pen, his malady returned upon him in all its strength. The "Castaway,"—the last poem that he ever wrote,—sounds like the wail of one who had bidden farewell to all hope. On the 25th of April, 1800, he died in a state of absolute despair.

Cowper's productions will be read wherever true genius is appreciated. The lovers of poetry have long since agreed in assigning "The Task" a prominent part in English literature. Thousands have laughed over the adventures of "John Gilpin." The person who can see no beauty in the lines that he addressed to Mrs. Unwin, only affords evidence of his own want of taste. But he deserves still higher praise for the use that he has made of his poetical powers. It is not telling all the truth, to say, that there is not a line in his writings which is calculated to leave a stain upon the mind. He had a strong sympathy with his race, and was always ready to shed a tear over the suffering. How burning are his denunciations of the slave trade, and of oppression in every form. But he was not satisfied with anything short of the inculcation of the distinguishing doctrines of Christianity. His great object seems to be, to allure his readers to heaven.

Bristol, Ken. Co., Wis., 1860. S. L. Leonard.

A PICTURE OF THE WOODS.

The following descriptive passage from the "Professor's Story" in the July number of the Atlantic Monthly, is one of the finest pictures Dr. Holmes ever painted:

"The woods are all alive to one who walks through them with his mind in an excited state, and his eyes and ears wide open. The trees are always talking, not merely whispering with their leaves, (for every tree talks to itself in that way, even when it stands alone in the middle of a pasture,) but grating their boughs against each other, as old horn-handed farmers press their dry, rustling palms together—dropping a nut, or a leaf, or a twig, clicking to the tap of a woodpecker, or rustling as a squirrel flashes along a branch. It was now the season of singing-birds, and the woods were haunted with mysterious, tender music. The voices of the birds which love the deeper shades of the forest, are sadder than those of the open fields; these are the nuns that have taken the veil, the hermits that have hidden themselves away from the world, and tell their griefs to the infinite listening Silences of the wilderness,—for the one deep inner silence that Nature breaks with her fitful superficial sounds, becomes multiplied as the image of a star in rullied waters. Strange! The woods at first convey the impression of profound repose, and yet, if you watch their ways with open ear, you find the life which is in them is restless and nervous as that of a woman: the little twigs are crossing, and twining and separating like slender fingers that cannot be still; the stray leaf is to be flattened into its place like a truant curl; the limbs sway and twist, impatient of their constrained attitude; and the rounded masses of foliage swell upward and subside from time to time with long soft sighs, and, it may be, the falling of a few rain-drops which had lain hidden among the deeper shadows. I pray you, notice, in the sweet summer days which will soon see you among the mountains, this inward tranquility that belongs to the heart of the woodland, with this nervousness, for I do not know what else to call it, of outer movement. One would say that Nature, like untrained persons, could not sit still without nestling about or doing something with her limbs or features, and that high breeding was only to be looked for in trim gardens, where the soul of the trees is still at ease, perhaps, but their manners are unexceptionable, and a rustling branch or leaf falling out of season is an indecorum. The real forest is hardly still except in the Indian summer; then there is death in the house, and they are waiting for the sharp shrunken months to come with white raiment for the summer's burial."

THE ART OF THINKING.

To think clearly is among the first requirements of a public teacher. The faculty may be improved, like other faculties of the mind and body. One of the best modes of improving in the art of thinking, is to think over some subject before you read upon it, and then to observe after what manner it has occurred to the mind of some great master; you will then observe whether you have been too rash or too timid, in what you have exceeded, and by this process you will insensibly catch a great manner of viewing questions. It is right to study, not only to think, but from time to time to review what has passed; to dwell upon it, and to see what trains of thought voluntarily present themselves to your mind. It is a most superior habit of some minds to refer all the particular truths that strike them to other truths more general; so that their knowledge is beautifully methodized, and that the general truth at any time suggests the particular exemplifications, or any particular exemplification at once leads to the general truth. This kind of an understanding has an immense and a decided superiority over those confused heads in which one fact is piled upon another without the least attempt at classification and arrangement.—*Sidney Smith.*

Politeness.—In politeness, as in many other things connected with the formation of character, people in general begin outside, when they should begin inside; instead of beginning with the heart, and trusting that to form the manners, they begin with the manners, and trust the heart to chance influences. The Golden Rule contains the very life and soul of politeness. Children may be taught to make a graceful courtesy or a gentlemanly bow; but unless they have likewise been taught to abhor what is selfish, and always prefer another's comfort and pleasure to their own, their politeness will be entirely artificial, and used only when it is their interest to use it. On the other hand, a truly benevolent, kind-hearted person, will always be distinguished by what is called native politeness, though entirely ignorant of the conventional forms of society.

Living nature is cheering, animating, invigorating—inanimate nature, gentle, subduing, pathetic. You cannot watch the flying clouds, or the waves upon the beach, and feel wholly joyous; you cannot eye the leap of a trout, or follow a flight of pigeons, and be sad.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A HYMN.

BY L. CARVER.

Our Father, and our Lord divine,
So merciful and good,
To thee we look, and ever find
The source of heavenly food.

Give us strong minds and honest hearts
To thread the path of life,
That we escape those wiley arts
Which lead to mad'ning strife.

Oh, may we know thy goodness, Lord,
And ever thankful be
For all the blessings of Thy word,
And give our hearts to Thee.

And when we leave those ills and cares
That cluster on our way,
Our spirits, Lord, wilt thou prepare,
To live in endless day.

Saline, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"I'M GOING HOME TO-MORROW."

"I'm going home to-morrow," said a joyous-hearted school-girl. "I'm tired of this round of school duties, and I shall soon rest with the loved ones." The school-books were packed away preparatory to an early start in the morning, and the fair young creature lay down to sleep and dream of "home, sweet home." Vain, delusive dream. Ere the morning dawned, a fever burned in her veins, and in its delirium passed the hours of the anticipated "to-morrow." And was she, so young and gay, to spend no happy morrows in the future? Only those she spends in heaven. Death had set his seal upon the fair brow, and now she rests 'neath the clods of the valley.

"I shall be home to-morrow," said a sailor. "How glad Mother will be to see me, after so long an absence." He retired to his hammock.

"He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And the pleasures that waited on life's merry morn."

But the winds arose—the gallant barque could not withstand the storm, and with it he perished.

"Sweet hope has kindly whispered that to-morrow
I'll meet the friends I left so long ago,"

hummed a traveler, as he paced the deck of the noble steamer that bore him on his way." "Yes, I'm 'homeward bound;' to-morrow I'll see Nellie, and ere another month has passed away, I'll call her by the sweet name of wife." The happy lover began to muse of bright days the future had in store for him. Alas, for the frailty of human hopes! The sun that was to witness his marriage, shone upon the death-bed of his chosen one.

"I shall go home to-morrow," said an aged Christian. "My sands are almost run out, and I am going to an everlasting home, 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' The toils, strifes, and disappointments of this life will trouble me no more. The happiness of this world is fleeting. Our brightest hopes are crushed, and our dearest plans frustrated. How different the world to which I am going!

"Oh, I long to be there—its glories share,
And be where Jesus is."

He went *home* on the morrow; to that home which sorrow never enters.

Well would it be for us all, kind reader, to seek an inheritance in the Heavenly world, so that when our days are numbered, we may go home. In that blest land, disappointments never come. Here we are constantly making plans for to-morrow, and very often see them frustrated. We cherish in our hearts some fond hope we think will be realized to-morrow, but it perishes. We keep whispering, "to-morrow," but it comes not. We wait and hope, until "hope deferred makes the heart sick," and then, discouraged, we grow weary of life, and long for something better.—This something, that will satisfy our hearts, can be found in the Christian's hope of Heaven. When we have that, we look forward to the time of our death with calmness, and as it draws near we whisper, "I'm going home to-morrow," with no fear of disappointment,—for we know in whom we have trusted, and that His promises will not fail. Ellor.

Red Cottage, N. Y., 1860.

Doing and not Dreading.—If we spent the time, the nervous energy and mental fire, in *doing* the duties of life, which we often spend in *dreading* them, we and the world would be stronger and better. All the severe tasks of life only grow more and more formidable as we look at them from a distance, while we grow weaker all the while, and less disposed to grapple with them. We should inquire, with an honest, brave heart, what are our duties here and now; and with what of mental energy we can summon at the moment, we should go forward to perform them. In the very act of attempting to do them, we shall gain strength to do them. Not before, but at the time, the needed strength will come. Not while we dread, but while we do the work of life, the Master helps us.—*Maine Evangelist.*

The Bible.—I am of the opinion that the Bible contains more sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, that can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written.—*Sir Wm. Jones.*

The Use of Prayer.—Prayer is not to inform a Being who is perfectly wise, nor that he may be *affected* with our condition, and be *prepared* for the display of his mercy. It is *we* who are changed by prayer, not God. The land is not drawn to the boat, but the boat to the land—the *result* of the contact is the same.

Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LETTER FROM CHINA.

BY HON. T. H. HYATT, U. S. CONSUL AT AMOY.

A Winter Garden in the Celestial Empire—A Survey and Description of its Appearance on New Year's Day, 1860—A Glance at Chinese Husbandry, etc.

VILLA OF THE BANYANS, Amoy, China, Jan. 2, 1860.

EDITOR OF RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have long been promising to give my friends in Western New York some sketches of the Agricultural and Horticultural products of the Celestial Empire, but I do not know when I shall find time to go into the subject sufficiently to do justice to all the various branches pertaining to the rural affairs of this strange people. About my last dissertation on these subjects, for the public press, was from the Land of the Moor; but the Chinese, though equally strange and unique in their manners and customs, as are the Moors, are vastly beyond them in agricultural and horticultural improvement. In fact, I think it doubtful whether any nation in Christendom, even, can be found that excels the Chinese in the neat and tasteful appearance of their farms, and their system of tillage, of fertilizing and irrigating their lands, and the rapid succession of crops which they obtain—often gathering two, and sometimes three, crops from the same piece of ground, in a single year. The appearance of the Chinese farming country is like a succession of landscape gardens, from the paddy fields of the plains, to the sugar-cane plantations of the terraced hillsides of their highest mountains. Not a weed or noxious plant is suffered to encroach upon the space allotted to the husbandman's tillage; and their economical system of manuring and fertilizing the soil, is, I venture to say, beyond that of any other country on the globe.

But it is not my intention, on this occasion, to enter into the details of Chinese agriculture, or horticulture, even, but simply to describe the appearance of a winter garden in this genial climate; and for convenience, I take my own grounds, although, from the short time since I commenced my plantation, they do not yet make as gay a display of flowers as do those of some of my neighbors. The following is the result of a survey of my grounds on New Year's day.

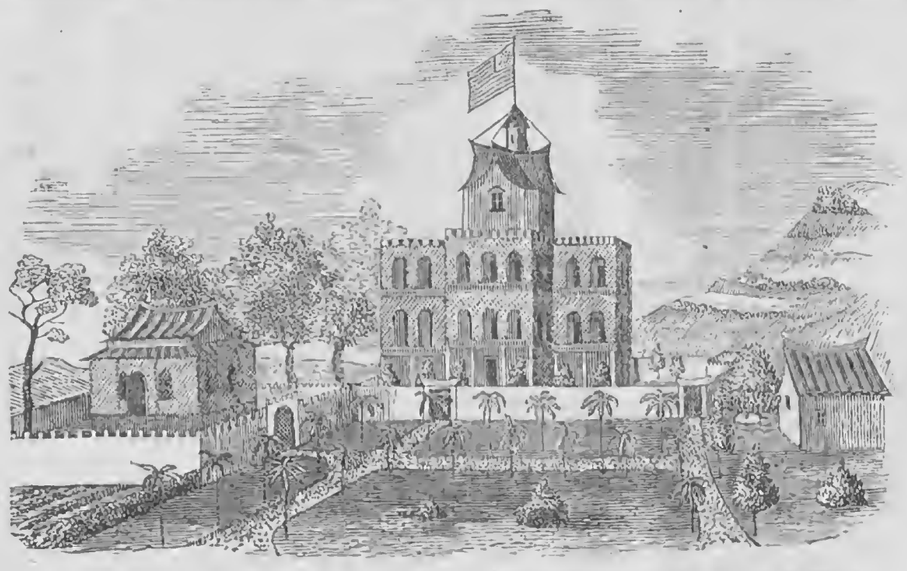
List of Trees, Shrubs, Plants, Vines, etc, in leaf or flower January 1, 1860.

Banyan,	Pride of India, or	Guava,
Camphor tree,	Persian Lilac,	Boston Squash, (in
Oleander,	Jasmine,	fruit,)
Orange,	China Aster,	Peppermint,
Lemon,	Pepa,	Lobella (in bloom,)
Lime (in fruit,)	Laiche,	Blacking plant,
Pumelo (in fruit,)	Pith, or Rice Pa-	Japan Firs,
Citron,	per plant,	Chinese Firs,
Fig,	Tallow Tree,	Althea,
Mango,	Palm (Banana and	Azalia,
Arbutus,	Fan,)	Mulberry,
Gieng-gieng,	Peach,	Pomegranate,
Persimmon,	Pear,	Honeysuckle, (in
Grape Vine,	Mimosa (in flower)	bloom,)
Passion Vine,	Roses (in flower,)	Sweet William,
Geraniums,	Camellia Japonica,	Willow,
Bamboo,	(in flower,)	Apricot,
Castor Oil Plant,	Cock's Comb (in	Blood Plant?
Pine Apple Plant,	flower,)	Cactus Tree,
(200,)	Mignonette (in	Chrysanthemums
Four o'clocks (in	flower,)	(in flower,)
flower,)	Marigolds (in flow'r)	Tulips, Lilies.

Here my list must end, not for want of trees to enumerate, for there are many others, but because my knowledge of Oriental botany has exhausted itself, and I cannot easily ascertain the proper names of many of the trees and plants, without the aid of my book of colored illustrations of India plants, (3 folio volumes,) which I left with a friend in Rochester, on my late visit to the United States. I have only enumerated such trees and plants as are in leaf or flower. There are many, such as the Magnolia, etc., not now in foliage.

Many of these trees, it will be seen, although usually classed as deciduous, are still clothed with verdure, thus far into the winter. Several of them, however, such as the Peach, Pear, the Pride of India, Fig, Pomegranate, etc., are getting into the "sear and yellow leaf," and will soon be denuded of their verdure. One thing remarkable in relation to these (particularly the peach,) is that within a month from the time it has shed its old foliage, it is clothed with new. We have ripe peaches in June. The old Banyans, although always clothed with verdure, change their leaves in the summer, but so gradually, and while others are maturing, that they are always fresh and green. I have five of these huge monsters in my grounds, one of them measuring eighteen feet in circumference, two or three feet from the ground, with branches spreading over an area of ninety feet square. They do not droop as much as the Indian Banyan, because the pendant shoots are usually pulled off by the Chinese. I intend to let mine grow into the ground, hereafter. The branches often assume most fantastic shapes. They bear a fruit like a small fig, hence they are sometimes called the wild Indian fig-tree, although their leaf is nothing like the ordinary fig, as it is an evergreen, while the true fig is not.

I send herewith, a sketch of one of these veteran trees, which overshadows the south wing of my house, and also a plan of my grounds, as laid out and planted by me. At the right hand, on coming in at the main entrance, is a summer house, built of bamboo lattice work, around a beautiful Gieng-gieng tree, always clothed with glowing verdure, with a rustic seat around the tree; and the ground inside the arbor, and the winding walk leading to it, are paved with small marine shells,—the Pectan, or pilgrim's shell, about the size of a quarter of a dollar, handsomely ribbed, and firmly embedded in a hard cement. So you see I have still something of the "*hard shell*" about me. The other main walks, which are from six to twelve feet wide, are tiled. Most of my ground is devoted to grass-plots and trees; the walks are bordered with belts of flowers and flowering shrubs, among which are also the pine apples, etc.



U. S. CONSULAR BUILDINGS—VILLA OF THE BANYANS—ISLE OF KOLONGSOO, AMOY, CHINA.

As a sample of the rapid growth of plants in China, and their fruitful precocity, I would mention that the *bud* of a grape which I put into the ground last spring, made a growth of twenty-five feet during the summer and autumn; and one set out with a root, made about the same growth, and had fruit upon it in early summer; and a small dwarf pumelo, which I transplanted from the nursery to my garden in April or May, bore fruit during the summer, and I plucked off the last one on New Year's day. It measured 10½ inches in circumference, and this on a little shrub not three feet high. On the 8th of April I planted 200 pine apple plants, and had first fruit from them in early autumn. Green peas, and most kinds of garden vegetables, may be had at almost all seasons of the year.

Most varieties of *Fruits*, tropical and hardy, grow here in perfection. The pumelo (or shaddock, as it is called in the West Indies,) is here quite a favorite fruit, much finer than any I saw in the West India Islands. Oranges, mandarin and coolie, are very good,—the former having very loose skins, are more conveniently come-at-able than the coolies, but not so juicy. The persimmons are the best I have ever eaten, but they are never fit to eat unless they are punctured just before ripening, with a small, sharp stick, or bodkin, near the stem; the Chinese make three or four punctures. The pines are very fine, but the bananas and plantains are not as good as those raised in Cuba or Java. Mangoes and custard apples are also produced, as well as the laiche, the gieng-gieng, mulberry, raspberry, etc. Peaches and pears, strawberries, plums and apples are much inferior to those of our country.

I have seen some delicious grapes, which were brought from the Gulf of Pechili, much sweeter and more juicy than any I ever tasted in the United States, unless it be some produced in the southern part of California, (which I thought at the time, after a long sea voyage, were finer than any I had ever tasted, in Morocco or Spain, even.) The kinds we have at Amoy, are not of the first quality, but I intend to make an effort to get some plants of the Peiho grape. These grapes were large, juicy, and of very delicious flavor, resembling, very closely, the white Muscat or Malaga grape. I am told by gentlemen from the Gulf of Pechili, that very fine fruits are produced there,—apples, pears, peaches, etc.; and I am in hopes I shall be able to obtain specimens for my garden. I have just received about a dozen varieties of plants and small trees, from Japan, among which are some very curiously-trained dwarf firs, much resembling our pines; some fine specimens of camillias and other plants, of whose name I have no knowledge; some grafted peaches (as they are called, although they look more like the apricot.) They are grafted into stocks about an inch in diameter, and nearly two feet from the ground. The scion is inserted just under the bark, at the top of the stock, something like our mode of whip or cleft grafting, only the stock is not split, nor is the scion cut wedging, as with us. The specimens I have are trained with the branches drooping, some three feet long.

My mansion grounds being rather limited in size, (only 150 feet deep by 200 front, not including the lawn in the foreground,) I have no room for a vegetable garden, but have recently purchased an adjoining lot, about 100 feet square, on which I have built an office and a prison, with a battlemented wall all round, about two feet thick and ten high, in one division of which I intend to have my kitchen garden. In one corner of my mansion lot, near the stable, I have raised a few vegetables from home seed. A yellow, pear-shaped winter squash is now growing, and has been for six months, and bears better now than it did in the summer, as it is now free from the striped bug, which destroyed its blossoms in mid-summer. The same vine has continued to put forth new blossoms, and bear new fruit, for six months past, and is still as thriving as ever. I think it was called the Boston Squash. I obtained the seed from the Patent Office. I planted some radish seed, which came from the same source, and those left in the ground grew to enormous sizes, as large as the largest-sized beets. Some sweet corn which I planted and re-planted, three or four times, refused to grow,—the seed either rotted in the ground, or was destroyed by insects. The beans, however, which a friend in Tompkins county gave me, (spotted red and white,) grew finely, and were of excellent quality. Potatoes all went to vines; the potatoes were small, indeed not larger than a pigeon's egg. Sweet potatoes grow to perfection, as also taro, a vegetable resembling the yam.

I obtained some thirty varieties of flower seeds from Allen's seed store, in New York; but nothing but the balsams and mignonette ever grew; even the lawn grass seed, which I also procured at the same place, turned out a failure. Perhaps the seeds were good,—perhaps not.

I saw it stated,—I think in the RURAL NEW-YORKER,—that the probable cause of the *curl* in the peach leaf, was the coldness of the climate. We have the same difficulty in China, but it cannot be from a cold climate, for here we never have it cold enough for a frost, and the summers are of uniform heat, only varying from about 75 to 90 degrees all summer. The curl seems here to be produced by a small insect, the eggs or larva of which appear to be deposited by a small fly, swarms of which infest the trees in the late spring.

The white trumpet honeysuckle grows spontaneously on our little Island of Kolangsoo, on which my residence is situated. They have yellow and white blossoms at the same time, hence they are called by the Chinese the gold and silver flower. Some of the vines which I have transplanted to my grounds, are now in bloom, and have been all the past summer and autumn. These, together with a luxurious growth of the passion vine, and the grape, cover the lattice work of my verandas, on all sides of the house, to the top of the third story.

My buildings, you will observe, are in rather a mixed style of architecture. The mansion, with verandas on all sides, to each story, surmounted with battlemented walls; the main building, in octagon form, 28 by 33 feet on the ground, with four wings, each about 17 by 21 feet in diameter; the ceilings of the two upper stories, 12 feet high, and of the main rooms, (drawing room and dining room,) 14 feet high; the two latter rooms being 25 by 30 feet in diameter, and the chambers, library and office, about 15 by 18 feet. The extreme length and breadth on the ground, including verandas, are about 75 feet. The summit of the main building is crowned with a pagoda, affording a fine look-out over the surrounding landscape. The cross roofs are somewhat in the Chinese style of architecture, as is also the new building I have just erected for a Consular office. The Chinese pointed gables, with their high, crescent ridge-boards, are, I think, very fine and picturesque. I have embodied these varieties in my little building,—the pointed, as in the main gable, the oval, as in the center of front veranda, and the semi-hexagon, as at either end of entrance veranda. These do not show very distinctly, in the drawing, it being a distant view. I built the Consular mansion in 1856,—the first foreign house on the Island of Kolangsoo; now there are several others, and more in contemplation. I had to build with a broad-ax in one hand and a battle-ax in the other, so to speak,—such was the opposition of Chinese superstition against such an innovation; but the presence of an American man-of-war, for a few months, with determined perseverance on my part, overcame all obstacles and opposition, in the end; so that now, those who were the most opposed at first, are fully reconciled and very friendly.

Excuse this rambling sketch; and if you think it, or any part of it, will interest your readers, you can publish it; and I may write you again, ere long.

T. H. H.

MANUFACTURE OF EARTHENWARE.

WE have our halls and our churches, and we support our tea-urns, with Minton's encaustic tiles. In the manufacture of these, separate layers of differently colored clays are spread one over another, and then subjected to a very powerful pressure, bringing out the pattern and causing them to unite in a firm, compact square, which then passes through the usual processes. The preparation of the Parian is, of course, more or less a secret. Every potter has some secret of his own, or which he believes to be his own, and he is rather jealous of your seeing his works on that account. But where so many workmen are employed, it is not probable that any secret can be long kept. Copeland's and Minton's are the two establishments at which most Parian work is done, and their productions have, I believe, the highest value. The "body" used in each establishment differs a little, according to the ingredients in each, and, in consequence, Copeland's Parian is of somewhat darker tint than that of his rival.

When the body or material is ready for use, it may be fashioned in two ways, either in plaster of Paris moulds, or simply in the hand. The former is adopted for statuettes, of which every limb is first cast separately, and then fixed to the trunk. Great precision is obviously necessary in uniting these parts, and the workman who does it is an artist in his way, working from a cast of the figure to be copied, which is set before him. I noticed a head which seemed to be familiar to me, and was just about to be added to a body clothed in regimentals. There was the generous, beaming eye, broad brow, and firm mouth; and you saw perseverance, courage, and the respect of duty in all the features, about which there was yet a mildness and benevolence which inspired affection. I looked again. The head was Havelock's. "We cannot make them fast enough," said my guide. No wonder. Who would not wish to have that honest, noble face, to look upon, to spirit him on to deeds of duty and perseverance such as his were.

I passed into the room where they were working with the hand, and stood for nearly a quarter of an hour over one man. From a lump of prepared Parian, he would nip off a tiny bit, place it in the hollow of his left hand, and, with the forefinger of his right, smooth it out, giving it a delicate wave and turn. Then, with a modeling pencil, he would delicately mark a few light lines toward the thin end of it, and then lay it on the table before him. Another, and another, and another, differing but little, and then turning this way and that, he joined them together. Lo! there was a heart's-ease before me. Paint it, and I would have put it into a glass of water, so natural was it. He saw me watching him, and took another bit of the clay. Quick as thought, leaf after leaf was laid on the table. What was it to be? Surely he has leaves enough. Not he. He knows all about it. More and more, growing larger and larger, curling more and more. Then to wag his head again, and delicately to set them together, but so secretly that I could not tell what it should be. Then a fine, thin stripe; stick it on; and then, turning to me, he presented me with a rose, which wanted nothing but hue and scent to have blossomed in my own garden.—*Small Beginnings, or the Way to Get On.*

FORM OF THE EARTH.—The earth being round, like a ball, it follows that, at a certain distance, even though our vision can reach much further, its form will prevent us from seeing objects even if its surface were perfectly smooth. It has been calculated that at six hundred yards an object one inch high cannot be seen in a straight line; at nine hundred yards, two inches; at fourteen hundred yards, five inches; at one mile, eight inches; three miles, six feet—so at that distance a man would be invisible. In leveling, it is usual to allow the tenth of an inch in every two hundred yards, or eight inches in a mile, for convexity.

HOW NAT GREW SQUASHES.

LYING on our table is a very nice looking book of some three hundred pages and several good engravings, sent us by the publisher, J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston. It is called *The Bobbin Boy*, or *How Nat got his Learning*,—and although we have not yet found time to read it through, we are so well pleased with a chapter about NAT'S squash-growing, that we purpose to treat our young readers with a few paragraphs. It contains a very useful lesson to both young and old. When the *Hubbard Squash* was first introduced into this part of the country, and the seeds sold for a cent each, two brothers we are well acquainted with, determined to invest twenty-five cents in the speculation, and accordingly bought a paper of seeds, which happened to contain twenty-six; so they divided even—taking thirteen each. One is very clever and good, but rather indolent about some things; the other quick, wide-awake, persevering, always bound to accomplish, no matter how much labor it costs. The result of the whole matter was, that one allowed his squashes to be eaten up with the bugs, lost his shilling and his trouble, and the other fought the bugs, raised a great many good squashes, (we have forgotten the number,) and sold over twenty dollars' worth of seed—all from a shilling and a little perseverance. But we must give the promised chapter, and we hope there are a great many NATS growing up, so that in a few years we shall not hear so much grumbling about bugs and insects:

A little patch of ground inclosed by a fence, a few adjacent trees, Nat, with his hoe in hand, his father giving directions, on one of the brightest May mornings that was ever greeted by the carol of birds, are the scenes that open to our view.

"There, Nat, if you plant and hoe your squashes with care, you will raise a nice parcel of them on this piece of ground. It is good soil for squashes."

"How many seeds shall I put into a hill?" inquired Nat.

"Seven or eight. It is well to put in enough, as some of them may not come up, and when they get to growing well, pull up all but four in a hill. You must not have your hills too near together,—they should be five feet apart, and then the vines will cover the ground all over. I should think there would be room for fifty hills on this patch of ground."

"How many squashes do you think I shall raise, father?"

"Well," said his father, smiling, "that is hard telling. We won't count the chickens before they are hatched. But if you are industrious, and take very good care indeed of your vines, stir the ground often and keep out all the weeds, and kill the bugs, I have little doubt that you will get well paid for your labor."

"If I have fifty hills," said Nat, "and four vines in each hill, I shall have two hundred vines in all; and if there is one squash on each vine, there will be two hundred squashes."

"Yes; but there are so many *ifs* about it that you may be disappointed after all. Perhaps the bugs will destroy half your vines."

"I can kill the bugs," said Nat.

"Perhaps dry weather will wither them all up."

"I can water them every day if they need it."

"That is certainly having good courage, Nat," added his father, "but if you conquer the bugs, and get around the dry weather, it may be too wet and blast your vines, or there may be such a hail storm as I have known several times in my life, and cut them to pieces."

"I don't think there will be such a hail storm this year; there never was one like it since I can remember."

"I hope there wont be," replied his father. "It is well to look on the bright side, and hope for the best, for it keeps the courage up. It is also well to look out for disappointment."

We are obliged to pass over much that belongs to the patch of squashes—the many hours of hard toil that it cost Nat to bring the plants to maturity,—the two-weeks' battle with the bugs when he showed himself a thorough Napoleon to conquer the enemy,—the spicy compliments he received for his industry and success in gardening,—the patient waiting for the rain drops to fall in dry weather, and for the sun to shine forth in his glory when it was too wet,—the intimate acquaintance he cultivated with every squash, knowing just their number and size,—and many other things that show the boy.

The harvest day arrived,—the squashes were ripe,—and a fine parcel of them there was. Nat was satisfied with the fruit of his labor, as he gathered them for the market.

"What a pile of them!" exclaimed Frank, as he came over to see the squashes after school. "You are a capital gardener, Nat; I don't believe there is a finer lot of squashes in town."

"Father says the bugs and dry weather could'nt hold out against my perseverance," added Nat, laughing. "But the next thing is to sell them."

"Are you going to carry them to Boston?" asked Frank.

"No; I shall sell them in the village. Next Saturday afternoon I shall try my luck."

"You will turn peddler, then?"

"Yes; but I don't think I shall like it so well as raising the squashes. There is real satisfaction in seeing them grow."

"If you can peddle as well as you can garden it, you will make a real good hand at it; and such handsome squashes as those ought to go off like hot cakes."

Saturday afternoon came, and Nat started with his little cart full of squashes. He was obliged to be his own horse, driver, and salesman, in which three-fold capacity he served with considerable ability.

"Can I sell you some squashes, to-day?" said Nat to the first neighbor on whom he called.

"Squashes! where did you find such fine squashes as those!" asked the neighbor, coming up to the cart, and viewing the contents.

"I raised them," said Nat; "and I have a good many more at home."

"What! did you plant and hoe them, and take the whole care of them?"

"Yes, sir; no one else struck a hoe into them, and I am to have all the money they bring."

"You deserve it, Nat, every cent of it. I declare, you beat me completely; for the bugs eat mine all up, so that I did not raise a decent squash. How did you keep the bugs off?"

"I killed thousands of them," said Nat. "In the morning, before I went to school, I looked over the vines; when I came home at noon I spent a few moments in killing them, and again at night I did the same. They troubled me only about two weeks."

"Well, they troubled *me* only two weeks," replied the neighbor, "and by that time there was nothing left for them to trouble. But very few boys like to work well enough to do what you have done, and very few have the patience to do it either. With most of the boys it is all play and no work. But what do you ask for your squashes!"

Nat proceeded to answer:—"That one is worth six cents; such a one as that, eight; that is ten; and a big one like that, (holding up the largest,) is fifteen."

The neighbor expressed his approval of the prices, and bought a number of them, for which he paid him the money. Nat went on with his peddling tour, calling at every house in his way; and he met with very good success. Just as he turned the corner of a street on the north side of the common, Ben Drake discovered him, and shouted,

"Hurrah for the squash peddler! That is tall business, Nat; don't you feel grand? What will you take for your horse?"

Nat made no reply, but hastened on to the next house, where he disposed of all the squashes that he carried but two. He soon sold them, and returned home to tell the story of his first peddling trip.

TREACHERY OF EVIL PASSIONS.—Evil passions exert a powerful influence over the understanding; they derange its action, and having the art of self-concealment, are likely to operate with greater fatality when least exposed to the notice of their victim. Of the drunkard, it is often said that he is a poor judge of himself, often imagining himself to be sober when he is not. It is very much so with all the evil passions that prey upon fallen humanity; they beguile and deceive, ruin and destroy, without any advertisement of their presence, except in their results. They shrink from the blaze of conscience, and burrow in the heart.

FAME.—He that pursues fame with just claims, trusts his happiness to the winds; but he that endeavors after it by false merit, has to fear not only the violence of the storm, but the leaks of his vessel. Though he should happen to keep above water for a time by the help of a soft breeze and a calm sea, at the first gust he must inevitably founder, with this melancholy reflection, that if he would have been content with his natural station he might have escaped his calamity.—*Johnson.*

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 30, 1860.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

Special Notice to Rural Agents, Subscribers, &c.

AGENTS, Subscribers, and readers who are not entitled to either of those honored appellations—and particularly borrowers—are notified that this number closes the first half of Vol. XI of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Those whose subscriptions expire herewith, will find the No. (546,) printed after their respective names, and of course, understand that an early renewal is necessary to insure the uninterrupted continuance of the paper. We trust all such will promptly invite the continued visits of the RURAL by the usual remittance, (personally or by an agent,) and that every friend of the paper and its objects will solicit others to become subscribers, in order that they may thus participate in its benefits to individuals, families, and community. At a period when politics and party are temporarily in the ascendant, we do not expect great things, yet respectfully submit that such a journal as the RURAL should be taken and read in every family for the benefit of those who are not specially interested in "saving the nation" by electing this or that man to the Presidency, and also to counterbalance the effervescence of the "organs" which are just now regulating and reforming the affairs of the People and Government.

— We have no sensation announcements relative to the NEW HALF VOLUME, but shall endeavor to make it worthy of its predecessors. New single and club subscriptions, and renewals, are of course in order, and we trust all interested will, so far as consistent, aid in promoting the interests and usefulness of the RURAL.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Post-office Department has given official notice that after the 23d inst., the California mail will cease to be carried by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. In the absence of legislation by Congress to maintain this mail route, the department does not feel authorized to make temporary provision to continue it.

The President has appointed Mr. Lawrence, now in Paris, and Judge Longstreet, as delegates to the International Statistical Congress, to be held at London in July.

The amount in the appropriation bills, as they passed both Houses, was $45,543,000. In addition, the Light House bill appropriates nearly $637,000, and there is estimated for private bills one million, and the permanent appropriations amount to $8,173,000, making the total appropriations $55,353,000.

The appropriation by Congress of $10,000 for the Survey of the Chiriqui Isthmus, and to ascertain generally the advantages proposed in the contract with the Navy Department, is considered a great gain to the Chiriqui Improvement Company, as it saves them the expense of a survey, identifies the Government with their enterprise, establishes its value, and is a triumph over all opposition.

The telegraph, at 12 o'clock Saturday night, brought the following items of intelligence:

On Monday morning letters will be addressed by the President to the members of the Senate, summoning that body to meet on Tuesday noon for the dispatch of necessary business, which involves the Mexican and Central American treaties; and also several with Indian tribes.

It may be considered certain that the Post-office Deficiency bill is lost, as there is no probability that a quorum will be present to-morrow in the House to grant another conference with the Senate on that subject, and even were this accorded, the bill would not receive the President's approval, should the clause for the restoration of the sus ended mail service be retained. Such is the present condition of the question.

The total expenses for six months included in that bill amount to about seven millions, Congress having passed a special law appropriating the postages to the contractors for the quarter ending with March, being a little over two millions. They will have to wait for the remainder of the amount until the next session. The Post Route bill may also be regarded as lost. As it left the House it provided for various reforms, such as the transmission of seeds, cuttings, and plants at one cent an ounce, and for dealers to send packages of newspapers at pro-rata rates.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—The Naval Appropriation bill was under discussion, when

Mr. Hammond offered an amendment for an appropriation of $300,000 to pay contract with A. W. Thompson for coal lands at Chiriqui. The amendment was debated at great length, and passed, 25 to 17. The bill was then passed.

The bill to authorize divorces in the District of Columbia, was passed.

Bill for the relief of Pockaday and Leggett, Salt Lake mail contractors, passed. It appropriates $40,000.

Mr. Toombs made a report on the civil appropriation bill, stating that an agreement had been arrived at on the amendments of both Houses, except one of the Senate, appropriating $300,000 for the New Orleans Custom House.

The House bill, to establish a mail six times a week overland from Sacramento to Portland, Oregon, was passed.

Mr. Fitch, from the Printing Committee, reported in favor of printing 20,000 copies of the report upon the Harper's Ferry affair, together with the evidence. Agreed to.

Mr. Mallory, from the Committee of Conference, made a report on the Naval Appropriation bills in relation to the disagreeing votes of the two Houses, which was agreed to.

A message was received from the House, announcing the death of Hon. John Schwartz.

Mr. Fitch reported a resolution supplementary to the one already passed, providing that the Secretary of the Interior shall contract for the erection of a government printing bureau, instead of the Superintendent of the Public Printing, as provided for in the recent law passed.

A message from the President, vetoing the Homestead bill, was received and read at length.

The Postoffice Deficiency bill was considered. Mr. Powell offered an amendment, the effect of which was the total abolition of the franking privilege, except to those to whom it is granted by name. Lost, 17 to 23. The House amendment restoring the inland mail was disagreed to, 18 to 21. The Senate will insist and ask for a Committee of Conference.

The House resolution reducing the price of printing 40 per cent. was passed.

An Executive Session was then held. After several private bills were passed, the Senate adjourned to Monday at 9 A. M.

HOUSE.—The Committee of Conference on the Army Appropriation bill reported, and the report being agreed to by the Senate and the House, the bill stands passed.

Mr. Davis, of Md., made a report from the Committee of Conference on the disagreeing amendment to the Army bill, that they had agreed to the appropriation of $735,000 for fortifications.

The House considered the Senate's amendments to the Navy bill, and non-concurred, among others, in that appropriating $300,000 for coal and naval depots on the Isthmus of Chiriqui.

Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Conference, reported on the Civil Appropriation bill. They had agreed to the appropriation of $300,000 to complete the Capitol, and to the amendment abolishing the Art Commission. The mint is allowed to coin cents, but the old provision to exchange them for Spanish pieces is repudiated. $25,000 are appropriated to convert the old Senate Chamber into a Supreme Court Room, and $500,000 to the Washington Aqueduct, to be expended under Capt. Meigs. Report concurred in.

The House concurred in the Senate amendment to the bill providing for punishment of Marshals and Deputies who permit the escape of prisoners in their custody. It authorized a fine not exceeding $2,000, or imprisonment not exceeding two years.

Among other Senate bills passed was an amendatory act giving effect to certain treaty stipulations between this and foreign governments, in and under an extradition treaty.

A bill carrying into effect the provision of the treaties between the United States, Japan, Spain, Persia, &c., giving certain judicial powers to Commissioners and Consuls, and a resolution recommending the President to nominate Lieut. Baldwin for restoration to the active list of the Navy, were also passed.

The House passed a bill providing for the erection of a Postoffice in Philadelphia.

Mr. Campbell announced the death of Hon. John Schwartz, paying a tribute to his many and exemplary qualities. Messrs. McPherson, Maynard, Grow, Stevens and Florence, followed in eloquent and appropriate remarks. The usual resolutions of condolence and respect were adopted, and a committee appointed to accompany the remains to the place designated for interment.

Mr. Washburne, of Ill., reported from the Committee of Conference on the Postoffice Deficiency bill, that they were unable to agree, and asked to be discharged from further service. He moved that the House insist on its further amendment with verbal alterations, restoring inland service discontinued in March, 1859, except when the same expired by limitation, or improved the service furnished by railroad or otherwise, retaining the Isabel steamer contract clause, the Postmaster-General not to be debarred from discontinuing or contracting the service in accordance with the existing law.

On motion of Mr. Bonham, the President was requested to furnish the House at the next session all information that can be obtained as to the disposition by the British Government of the Africans captured by the British Navy, and its disposition of the officers and crews of the slavers they captured.

A message in writing was received from the President. The message was read. It recommended an alteration of the existing law, in order that the Postmaster-General may provide for carrying the Pacific Ocean mails on terms reasonable and just, several companies and ship owners declining to perform the service for the compensation to which the department is now restricted.

Political Intelligence.

THE proceedings of the Baltimore Convention have formed the standing political topic of the week. The last issue of the RURAL contained the Convention's movements after re-assembling, and we now lay the action of that assemblage before our readers.

Mr. Crum, of Missouri, took the floor to make a majority report. He stated, before doing so, that questions had arisen before the Committee, novel in their character. It was the first time a Committee on Credentials had been called upon to decide on the admission of delegates after a Convention had been duly organized, and was in the progress of business. The Committee had found vacancies of whole delegations in the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Florida, and South Carolina; partial vacancies in Georgia, Arkansas, and Delaware, and contested seats in Massachusetts and in Missouri.

They report in favor of the original Mississippi delegation, the admission of the Soule delegates from Louisiana, the admission of the original Texas delegates, the admission of Messrs. Bayard and Whitely, from Delaware, the admission of Mr. Chaffee of Massachusetts, the admission of J. O. Fallon from Missouri, the admission of the contestants from Alabama, the admission of half of each delegation from Georgia, but if either refuses to take seats, then the remainder should be entitled to cast the full vote; the admission of both sets from Arkansas, the original delegates to be entitled to two votes, and the contestants to one vote, but if either refuses to take seats, then the others are entitled to cast the full vote of the State.

Mr. Stephens, of Oregon, in behalf of the minority committee, presented a report in favor of the admission of Mr. Hallett, of Mass., Mr. F——, of Mo., of Messrs. Bayard and Whitley, of Delaware, of the original delegates from Arkansas, Florida, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and Mississippi, and inviting the Florida delegates to take seats and cast the vote of their State in the Convention.

The report proceeded to say, that this was a question affecting the future existence of the Democratic party as a National party, and reviewed the case argued against the right of the Convention to declare seats vacant, when States had elected delegates to represent them, even though these delegates had withdrawn,—that withdrawal was not a resignation. The report entered into an elaborate argument of the case.

The minority report is signed by the States of Oregon, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Kentucky, California, and part of New Hampshire.

A great deal of excited discussion ensued, and a rupture was evident before the Convention proceeded to a vote upon the reports. At length the question was brought before the assemblage, and the majority report adopted, with the exception of the last resolution, dividing the State of Georgia between the original delegates and the contestants, which was lost. At this period 24 delegates withdrew from Virginia, leaving six from that State in the Convention. These were followed by 8 from North Carolina; 6 from Maryland; California 1; Tennessee 10; Massachusetts 2; and the delegates from Oregon.

The President rose and begged the indulgence of the Convention. When he accepted the position of Chairman of the Convention, he was aware of the trouble looming up in the distance. He had remained with the Convention and kept his seat, with the hope that harmony of council would at last prevail. That hope had proved fallacious, and he deemed it his duty in the present emergency, while tendering his grateful acknowledgements to all gentlemen for the courtesy extended to him, and particularly to those who had differed with him in policy, and while expressing his personal regard and cordial respect to all the members of the Convention, he deemed it his duty now to resign to Mr. Todd, of Ohio, his seat in the Chair.

Mr. Todd, of Ohio, Vice President of the Convention, then took the Chair.

The resolution to proceed to ballot for a candidate for President was then adopted.

A call of the States was made, and the vote announced as follows:—Douglas, 173½; Guthrie, 9; Breckenridge, 5; Seymour, 1; Bocock, 1; Wise, 1; Dickinson, 1; blank 21. Whole number of votes 212½. Every State represented except Delaware, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Texas, California. Georgia represented in part, but refused to vote.

After an exciting debate, in which the position of New York was explained, another vote was taken, Douglass getting 181½, the rest scattering.

A resolution was then unanimously adopted declaring Stephen A. Douglas nominated according to the usages of the Democratic party, and the rules of the Convention, by a two-third vote.

THE Seceder's Convention met at noon on the 23d, in the Maryland Institute. The Convention was called to order by Mr. Ewing, of Tennessee.

Mr. Russell, of Va., was chosen temporary Chairman, and made an able speech, characterizing this Convention as the regular Convention. The first business in order, he said, would be to reorganize the principles, usages and spirit of the States Rights Democracy of Old Virginia. Mr. Johnson, of Md., and Mr. Crawley, of Oregon, were elected Secretaries.

A Committee on permanent organization was appointed.

The Chair requested the several delegates to hand up the list of members. The roll was called, and the following States responded:—Vermont 1 delegate; Mississippi 10; New York responded; Pennsylvania responded; Virginia 24 delegates; North Carolina 19½; Georgia 28; Florida responded that all the delegates from that State were not present, but would be soon. Alabama 29 delegates; Louisiana all the delegates; Texas all; Mississippi 14; Arkansas responded; Missouri 2; Tennessee 19; Kentucky 10; Iowa responded; Minnesota responded; Oregon responded.

Mr. Walker, from the Committee on permanent organization, reported Hon. Caleb Cushing for permanent President of the Convention. The Committee also reported Vice Presidents from each State represented. The Committee also recommended that the rules and regulations of the Democratic Convention of 1852 and '56 be adopted, with the qualification, that in making the nomination for President and Vice President, two-thirds of the vote of all the States represented, shall be necessary, that each delegate in the Convention shall cast the vote to which he is entitled, and that each State shall only cast the number of votes to which it may be entitled by actual representation in the Convention.

An attempt was made to nominate by acclamation, but it failed. The Convention proceeded to ballot, with the following result:—Breckenridge, 81; Dickinson, 24; whole number of votes 105.

The States which had cast their votes for Dickinson now withdrew, and gave them to Breckenridge. The President announced the result, declaring Mr. Breckenridge unanimously nominated.

Mr. Green, of North Carolina, nominated Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for Vice President.

The roll was called. On the first ballot—whole number of votes 105, all of which were cast for Joseph Lane, and he was declared nominated for Vice President, with deafening applause. The Convention then adjourned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Government withdrew the Reform bill until the next session.

The British Admiralty stationed a ship-of-war at Messina, one at Marsala, one at Palermo, and four in the Bay of Naples, to afford shelter to British subjects.

Lord Palmerston stated that he would not hesitate to express to the Neapolitan Envoy the feelings with which they regard the barbarities at Palermo. Austria had peremptorily refused to interfere in regard to the proposition from the King of Naples, or guarantee the possession of the two Sicilies. There is every reason to believe France will do likewise. It is unnecessary to say what were the feelings of the British Government in condemnation of the Neapolitan Government.

The Great Eastern made the trial trip 12 hours to sea and 12 hours back. The trial was satisfactory, and although the speed did not exceed 13¾ knots average per hour, it is confidently anticipated she will reach New York inside of 10 days.

In the House of Lords, resolutions virtually endorsing universal suffrage, were ridiculed and negatived without a division.

The projectors of the North Atlantic Telegraph will send the Arctic yacht Fox next month to survey the land route, the government expedition under Captain McClintock only surveying the deep sea route.

FRANCE.—The King of Naples has invoked the intervention of the five great powers to guarantee the integrity of his dominions. He more particularly claimed the mediation of the French Emperor for pacification in Sicily, and promised to proclaim immediately the Constitution of 1852. Also to request the great powers to employ authority and influence to prevent Piedmont favoring the insurrection on the main land of Naples. Regarding the collective action of the great powers, England was first to answer. She did not intend to interfere in the conflict except if possible, to stop the effusion of blood without siding with either party. Napoleon replied immediately, saying that mediation is only possible between the two powers, and unless it officially recognized the Sicilian insurrection, no power could mediate between the same and the King of Naples.

A Parish dispatch says that France promptly refused the request of Naples of foreign intervention in Sicily.

The French Government had ordered more ships to Naples, to embark the French subjects there.

SICILY.—The capitulation of Palermo was signed the 6th. The Neapolitan troops were to embark with arms and baggage. They are to encamp till their embarkation on Monte Pelagrino. The Fort of Castillamore had been placed in the keeping of the English Admiral until the evacuation is effected.

A Naples telegram of the 12th says:—"The evacuation of Palermo will terminate to-morrow."

Troops had already begun to arrive at Naples and had been dispatched toward Castillamore and Gaeta. Neapolitan troops in Sicily will be concentrated at Syracuse, Messina, and Agosta. The damage by the bombardment of Palermo was immense. The treasury was destroyed. The Neapolitans committed great atrocities. Three hundred houses were burned by them in only one quarter of the town, as well as several Convents, at the moment of retreat. Women and children who sought escape from the burning houses were killed. Carini Palace was sacked and burned as they retired. The soldiers set fire to all houses in the way. Catania was given up to pillage by the Royalists and then abandoned.

Garibaldi has issued a decree calling all Sicilians to arms between the ages of 17 and 50.

Garibaldi addressed a letter to Signor Bertini, authorizing him to make advances or negotiate a loan for Sicily, or to contract any debt, and adds: He has at Sicily immense means to satisfy all claims. The King's uncle is strongly urging the adoption of the Italian policy and a liberal constitution for Naples. A Neapolitan Envoy is on the way to Paris and London.

Garibaldi had constructed a ministry, and had been appointed Governor of Palermo. He has appointed the following Provisional Government: Baron Pisano, Foreign Affairs; Crisbi, Home Office; Orsini, War Office; Abbe Colegno, religious worship.

It is said that Mazzini has embarked for Sicily

The Sardinian government ordered their fleet and all authorities along the coast to apprehend him if possible.

A Naples dispatch says the promulgation of the constitution framed according to that of France is expected shortly.

INDIA AND CHINA.—An extra Bombay Times has the following telegram:

GALLE, May 12.—An answer to the French and British Governments was received on the 8th. The Chinese Government positively rejects their demands.

The Government of Jeddo affects great concern for the safety of the foreign legations.

Gen. Sir Hope Grant is expected at Hong Kong on the 28th. Nothing is known of the preparation made by the Chinese.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—The weather was unfavorable for crops. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour firm, and 6d@1s higher. Western 28s. Philadelphia 28s@29s6d. Wheat firm, and 2d@3d better. Milwaukee red 11s. Corn quiet and 6d lower, and a better inquiry. Mixed 32s@32s6d; yellow 32s6d@32s; white 34s. *Provisions*—Lard quiet and firm. Sugars dull. Coffee quiet. Rice firm.

The News Condenser.

— Toronto seems at present beset with incendiaries.

— There is much sickness among the horses in Boston, Mass.

— The aggregate wealth of the United States amounts to $12,000,000,000.

— The reported insurrection against the Regent of Japan is confirmed.

— At the close of 1859, there were 432 miles of railroads in operation in India.

— A bill is before the Connecticut Legislature for the protection of wild pigeons.

— A railroad from Nice to Genoa has been projected by the French Government.

— The laws of Missouri require that the names of voters shall be attached to the ballots.

— Joseph Blunt, a well-known lawyer and politician of New York, died on Saturday week.

— A little child, four years old, died in Wheeling, Va., last week, from eating dried apples.

— The Emperor of Austria is likely to make a sojourn of three months in Paris very soon.

— The New Jersey Court of Pardons has refused to pardon Harden, the clerical murderer.

— Archbishop Blanc, of the Roman Catholic Church, died in New Orleans, on the 20th inst.

— The corner stone of a "Home for the Friendless" was laid in Baltimore, a few days since.

— It is stated that 20,000 Swedes and Norwegians are preparing to embark for the United States.

— Five men were shot during a whisky fight in a grocery store, in Belton, Texas, a few weeks since.

— A lot of Mormons have arrived here from the Cape of Good Hope. Africa is carrying the war into us.

— The drouth in Kansas is severe. For fifteen years, the Indians say, nothing like it was ever known before.

— The cost of receiving the Japanese at Baltimore, where they remained only twenty-four hours, was $3,164.

— The propeller Spaulding, with 100,000 feet of lumber on deck, was burned at Forrester, C. W., on Wednesday week.

— A daughter of Sir Rowland Hill, of the Royal Post-Office Department, recently eloped with her riding-master.

— One hundred and fifty men and women have been holding a Spiritual Convention, of two days, at Burlington, Vt.

— Lord Ashburton has been elected to the Presidency of the Royal Geographical Society, in the room of Earl DeGrey.

— A writer in the New York Herald estimates the German population of the United States to be about 7,500,000.

— The General Convention of Congregational Ministers and Churches in Vermont, met at Montpelier, on the 19th inst.

— Rain fell in Kansas June 9 and 10, and there was great rejoicing and relief. The replanting of corn was begun at once.

— The Montreal Advertiser announces that the cattle disease which prevails in Massachusetts, has broken out in Canada East.

— The N. Y. Sun says that, in 1848, Mayor Wood bought 3 acres of land at Bloomingdale for $7,000, which are now worth $200,000.

— Tuesday week was the anniversary of the signing of the Magna Charta, by John, King of England. The event took place 1215.

— The lumbermen of Chicago have resolved to send 100,000 feet of lumber to the sufferers by the late terrible tornado in Iowa.

— Fifteen thousand six hundred and ninety dollars have been collected in Montreal for the reception of the Prince of Wales.

— The Assembly of Bermuda have passed an address, praying that they may be honored with a visit from the Prince of Wales.

— Hume, the American Spiritualist, who attained so much notoriety in France and Russia, is giving performances in London.

— An ear of corn was gathered at Kona, Hawaii, recently, which had sixteen rows, and produced over one thousand kernels.

— New postage stamps, of the denomination of 24, 30, and 90 cents, will soon be issued to facilitate the payment on foreign letters.

— Lady Franklin is expected to visit America on the next return trip of the Adriatic, by invitation of the owners of the line.

— A negro was burned to death by a fire in his cell in the jail, at Carlinville, Ill., last week. It is supposed he set the fire himself.

— The Supreme Court of New York has just decided that the Governor has no right to sign bills after the Legislature adjourns.

— Forty French girls, direct from Canada, have arrived in Lowell—only one can speak English. They are to be employed in the mills.

— The Supreme court of Mississippi has affirmed the validity of the law making it penal for retailers to sell liquor to a drunken man.

— Archbishop Hughes refuses to obey the law which requires those who solemnize marriages to report them to the proper authorities.

— Of the sixty casualties in Buffalo during the past years, seven deaths resulted from camphene explosions, and four from gunpowder.

— Two Indian skeletons were unearthed in the town of Pompey, Onondaga Co., on the 14th inst., by men engaged in repairing the road.

— The $10,000, for a marble statue to Thomas H. Benton at St. Louis, has been subscribed, and Miss Harriet Hosmer is to execute the work.

— A German woman committed suicide at New York, Sunday week, because her husband would not please her in discontinuing the use of tobacco.

— During the reception of the Japanese at New York, Saturday week, the police arrested and locked up 59 professional pickpockets, of both sexes.

— Two old pensioners at the Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, were run over on the railroad track, Thurday week; one was killed and the other will die.

— A severe hail storm and tornado paesed over several towns in Lancaster Co., Pa., on the 19th. Great damage was done to crops, windows, trees, &c.

— New York is full of Japan. The press, the people, everybody sees and talks of nothing but the Embassy. In a few days it will get over its fever.

— Six Catholic clergymen and seven Sisters of Charity passed through St. Paul on the 10th, on their way to the northwest—1,500 miles beyond St. Paul.

— Lord Palmerston has granted a vessel to T. P. Schaffner, of this country, to survey his submarine telegraph route, via Iceland, &c., to this continent.

— A tourist, just returned from N. H. and Me., says the peak of Mt. Washington is white with snow, and Jack Frost has not vacated the icy ravines of that region.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Stock, the Base of Agriculture,..........205
Experience in Underdraining—No. II,..........205
Black Hawk Horse "Live Yankee," [Illustrated;]..........205
Hints about Selling Wheat,..........205
Mules vs. Horses,..........206
Long Pasture, again,..........206
Horses Shoulders,..........206
Grass, Stock-Growing, &c.,..........206
Remedy for Black-Leg,..........206
Straight Fences, again,..........206
Rural Spirit of the Press—About Sheep; Pulmonary Murrain; Thorough Cultivation most Profitable; Surface Manuring,..........205
Inquiries and Answers—Constructing a Milk-room; Destroying Crickets; Spring Water, Modes of Conveyance; Deadening Timber; Grooming and Blanketing Horses,..........206
Agricultural Miscellany—The Wheat Crop Safe; The Labors of Haying and Harvesting; The Rye Crop; To Wheat Growers; A Word about our next Half Volume; The Cattle Disease; Large Eggs; The Weather,..........206

HORTICULTURAL.

Genesee Valley Horticultural Society,..........207
Austin Shaker Strawberry, [Illustrated,]..........207
Insects Destructive to Grape Vines, [Illustrated,]..........207
Horticulture in Canada,..........207
American Pomological Society,..........207
Inquiries and Answers—Transplanting Evergreens for Hedges; Best Strawberries; Pruning Grapes, &c.; Birds and Fruit Buds,..........207
Horticultural Notes—Prof. Hopkins' School for Boys, Horticultural Instruction,..........207

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

The Asthma; Cooking Green Peas; Corn Bread; Clothes Bars; To Color Cotton Yellow; Strawberry Pudding; Gooseberry Jelly,..........207

LADIES' OLIO.

Shadows, [Poetical,] Woman's Worth; Little Ella; Little Things; Finding Fault with Children,..........208

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

June, [Poetical,] Cowper; A Picture of the Woods; The Art of Thinking; Politeness,..........208

SABBATH MUSINGS.

A Hymn, [Poetical,] "I'm Going Home To-Morrow; Doing and not Dreading; The Bible; The Use of Prayer,..208

THE TRAVELER.

Letter from China,—U. S. Consular Buildings, [Ill.]..209

USEFUL OLIO.

Manufacture of Earthenware; Form of the Earth,....209

YOUNG RURALIST.

How Nat Grew Squashes; Treachery of Evil Passions; Fame,..........209

STORY TELLER.

"Some Day," [Poetical,] Where There's a Will There's a Way,..........212

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Boarding School for Boys—Wm. Hopkins.
Gladding's Horse Pitch Fork—Stephen Bullock, Ag't.
Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma—J. Burnett & Co
Attention the Public—John Rapalje.
Gifts! Gifts!—O. N. Needham.
Looking Glasses, Picture Frames, &c.—J. H. Thompson.
Elmira Female College—A. W. Cowles.
Steam Fancy Dyeing—D. Leary.
Conjuring—M. M. Sanborn.
Stocking Loom—J. R. Johnson & Co.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Monroe Co. Horse Show and Holiday Exhibition, July 4.
A Card—James T. Marshall.

Special Notices.

THE FOURTH ON THE FAIR GROUNDS.

The Monroe County Agricultural Society will hold its next Annual

Horse Show and Holiday Exhibition,

ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR ROCHESTER,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1860.

☞ The Programme will include a DISPLAY OF HORSES, such as Thorough-breds, Road and Carriage, General Utility, Draft and Heavy Work, and Fast Walking—for each Class of which liberal Premiums are offered—to open at 10 o'clock A. M.

TWO LEVEES BY DOLLIE DUTTON.

The celebrated "LITTLE FAIRY," and most wonderful Dwarf in the World—to be given at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M., and to include the usual Singing, Dancing, and other performances embraced in the Exhibitions of Dollie and her Troupe.

A MATCH GAME OF BASE BALL,

Will be played on the Fair Grounds, for a Prize Banner, by two of the best Clubs in Rochester—the LIVE OAKS and LONE STARS—to commence (probably) at 1 o'clock.

A GOOD BRASS BAND

Will be in attendance during the day, and add to the pleasure of the occasion.

ADMISSION FEES—Adults, 25 cents, each admission; Children and Youth under 14 years of age, 15 cents each; Saddle Horse and Rider, 35 cents; Single Horse and Carriage, 25 cents, and 25 or 15 cents for each occupant, according to age; Two Horse Carriage, 40 cents, and above rates for each occupant.

☞ For Premium List and other particulars, see bills.
D. D. T. MOORE, President.
SAMUEL MILLER, Secretary.

A CARD.—The subscriber, a practical Chemist and Manufacturer of Chemical Preparations, **French Cosmetics, Fine Perfumes, &c.**, for the past seventeen years, now offers (free of charge) to all who desire it, the Recipe and directions for making a simple *Vegetable Balm*, that will, in from two to eight days, remove Pimples, Blotches, *Tan, Freckles*, Sallowness, and all impurities and roughness of the Skin, leaving the same—as Nature intended it should be—*soft, clear, smooth, and beautiful*. This is no humbug or catchpenny affair, and those who think it such, will please not notice the advertisement. Those desiring the Recipe, with full instructions, directions, and advice, will please call on or address (with return postage,) JAS. T. MARSHALL,
PRACTICAL CHEMIST,
546-13t. No. 32 City Buildings, New York.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, June 27, 1860.

FLOUR.—In this commodity we have nothing new to note, except it be the excessive dullness now pervading the market.

GRAIN.—Buyers of wheat are anxiously awaiting the new crop, and are purchasing only to supply immediate wants. We hear of a sale of 400 bushels of Genesee at our extreme figures, $1,40 per bushel. Rye has fallen off somewhat,—all other grains are as last quoted.

MEATS.—Mess Pork has put on 50 cents per barrel. Hams are $1 per 100 lbs. better,—shoulders, ditto. Lard has advanced 1@1½ cents per pound.

WOOL.—Wool has gone up to last year's prices, at the least. Conversing with a prominent buyer this (Monday) morning, he declared "its flight skyward during two or three days was such that it needed a telescope to bring it within vision." Dealers are willing to pay the ruling prices of the year past, but seem reluctant to make any advance. Our reports, from all points of the compass,—which may be found in another portion of the present issue,—indicate a general movement toward an increase in rates, and if our purchasers will not strike in, should the advance be maintained, they must expect to have a light summer's work before them. It will take but a short period now for the market to become settled, and then we shall all know in what manner wool-producers may act with the best results to themselves.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@6,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,31@1,31	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,40	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,15@1,50	Apples, dried	8c@$1,10
Corn, old	60@65c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	60@65c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@70c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	33@34c	Potatoes	20@37½c
Barley	00@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	6@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	00@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$18,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$5,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7½@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$4,75@6,00
Chickens	0@12c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, ton	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	10@12c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10½@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	35@45c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9@9½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JUNE 25—FLOUR—Advanced 10c per bbl, but the advance asked materially checks demand both for export and home use. Sales at $5,35@5,45 for super State; $5,60@5,65 for extra do; $5,35@5,45 for super Western; $5,55@5,70 for common to medium do; $5,80@5,90 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing with holders rather more disposed to realize, and shippers holding back for some concession. Canadian 5@10c better with a moderate demand; sales at $5,65@7,00 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c. better, but the export demand is checked by the advanced prices insisted on by holders. Sales Racine spring at $1,31@1,32; Kenosha do. $1,32; Milwaukee club at $1,30@1,31; white Canada $1,47; unsound Canada club $1,26; white Kentucky $1,50; common red Southern $1,40; Racine spring on shipboard at $1,33, freight 6d. Rye dull at 82@83c.; sales 1,600 bush. inferior on p. t.—Corn scarce and firmer, with a fair Eastern and distilling demand; sales at 67½c for good sound mixed Western; 68c for cargo choice do.; 70c for round yellow. Oats dull at 37@41c for Western and Canadian; 41c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork unchanged; sales at $18,50 for new mess; $17,85 for old do; $17,43 for thin mess; $13,62 for new prime; $12,50 for old do. Lard quiet and firm; sales at 11½@12¼c. Butter 10@16c for Ohio; 11@20c for State. Cheese steady at 7@10½c.

ASHES—The inquiry is fair for both kinds; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,75.

ALBANY, JUNE 25.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for flour is pretty active, and while the better grades are firm, prices of the low and medium brands have advanced 10@15c ℔ bbl. Corn meal is steady.

GRAIN—Since our last there have been sales white Michigan at $1,40 for home consumption, and at $1,30, delivered in New York. Corn in fair supply, with an active inquiry at better prices; sales Western mixed at 61c, afloat, and 61½ delivered, and round yellow at 65½c, afloat, and 68c delivered. Rye quiet, with sales on p. t. Barley out of the market. Oats in good supply, with a fair inquiry; sales State at 40c.

FEED—The supply is better and the demand more active. Sales 3,000 bu. at 75c for 18 lbs., and 90c for 28 lbs.—*Jour.*

BUFFALO, JUNE 25—FLOUR—Market firm, with good demand. Sales at $5@5,12½ for extra State and Canadian; $5,15@5,25 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,30@5,50 for good to choice extra Iowa and Michigan; $5,37½@5,62½ for extra Ohio and Indiana; $6@6,50 for double extra.

GRAIN—Wheat active, and market 1@2c better; sales at $1,18@1,18½ for No. 2 Chicago spring; $1,21 for No. 1 Milwaukee club; $1,27 red winter Ohio and Indiana; $1,35 for white winter do. Corn active, and 1c better; sales opening at 53c for No. 1 Illinois and prime Ohio, and closing at 56c for No. 1 Illinois. Oats steady; sales Canada at 31c.

TORONTO, June 22.—FLOUR—The offerings of flour have been small during the week, and as the demand has been dull, very little business has been transacted. Up to Monday, until after the receipt of the *Bohemian's* news, the market was considerably depressed, with a downward tendency in prices, but since then the feeling has been improved, and although we can hardly make quotations higher, yet sales could be effected easier at former rates. The stock on hand is small, millers being unable during the last two months to compete for wheat with buyers for a foreign market, or to manufacture flour with profit at the current rates. The quotations now prevalent are named as follows:

Superfine No. 1,	$5,00@5,10
Fancy, (Spring wheat)	5,25@5,60
Do (Fall wheat)	5,50@5,75
Extra,	6,00@6,50
Extra Superior or Double Extra,	$6,60@7,00

GRAIN—For fall wheat there has been the usual good demand with rather irregular market, fluctuating, however, only to close at rates about the same as on this day week. The deliveries have been moderately large this season of the year, amounting to about 2,000 bushels per day, which, considering the amount brought out throughout the fall and winter, are larger than many had anticipated. The quality continues excellent, and we have but to reiterate the belief that Canada has seldom or never had a better crop than that of 1859. The prices paid previous to Monday were limited, at $1,34 and $1,35 per bushel, but since then $1,37½ has been realized in a few instances, ranging from that down to $1,25. Spring wheat is not so freely offered, and is hardly so buoyant. For the best $1,05@1,08 and sometimes $1,10 can be realized. Common $1@1,05 per bu. Barley and Rye have both been scarce and dull; one or two loads of the former have been sold at 40c, but of the latter there have been no sales. It is nominal at 65@70c ℔ bush. Oats have been in moderate supply, although not sufficient to depress prices, which have kept steady at 31@33c per bushel. For Peas the demand is hardly so active, and only a very prime sample would command over 60c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 20.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,50@9,00; ordinary, $8,00@8,50; common, $7,25@7,75; inferior, $6,50@7,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb, 5½@6c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $4@5; common, $3,50@4,00; inferior, $2@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 5½@6c.

ALBANY, JUNE 25.—CATTLE—Again the supply is in excess of the demand.

Prices—With the exception of a shade advance on first and second quality, we make no alteration in our quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @	5 @5 c
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@4¾
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@4
Second quality	3 @3¾	3 @3¼
Third quality	@2¾	2½@2¾
Inferior	@0	@2½

BRIGHTON, June 21.—At market 800 beeves, 9 stores, 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,000 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality $7,25@0,00; second quality, $0@6,75; third quality, $6@6,25.

WORKING OXEN—$8), 87@90.

MILCH COWS—$41@45; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $19@23; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@12½c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@2; Extra, $4,00@5,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8½c.; Spring pigs, 9@12c; retail 0c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 20.—Our market is quiet, as the attention of the trade is diverted to the wool-growing districts where the shearing and contracts are progressing with more vivacity. Prices rule rather high, contrary to the expectations of speculators and dealers, the general range for fine fleeces in this State, Western Pennsylvania, and Ohio, being: 50@55c for Saxony; 43@48c for three-quarters to full-blood Merino, and 35@40c for common to half-blood do. These prices are sufficient to encourage the growth of the article, but are not exorbitantly too high for delaine, fancy cassimere, or doeskin manufacturers, when due regard is paid to the taste and wants of consumers. Others may claim that they are too high for the success of manufacturing here; but, we happen to know that causes more vicious to such success, than paying the wool-grower a fair remuneration for the raw material, are more closely connected with the general trade, and that most of the successful producers are willing, too, to pay the grower a fair remuneration for his wool. To substantiate the truth of this, we have only to point to the fact that the manufacturers generally are the largest buyers, always at the opening of the season. The transactions comprise some 65,000 lbs. Native Fleece and Pulled, at 35@55c for the former, and 30@46c for the latter, 25,000 lbs. California at 15@25c; 100 bales Cordova at 21@25c; 60 do. Mestiza unwashed at about 22c, 6 months, and some 600 do. Cape and 65 do. Smyrna and Mexican on private terms.—*Tribune.*

ALBANY, June 21.—The new clip continues to come forward sparingly, and the competition among buyers has caused prices to advance to about those paid last season. We quote 30@45c for the entire range.—*Journal.*

SYRACUSE, June 23.—We notice that our farmers are now rapidly bringing into market their annual clip of wool. The finer grades are bringing from 40 to 45c ℔ lb, and the coarser wools from 30 to 40c.—*Journal.*

THE Cooperstown (Otsego Co., N. Y.) *Journal* says, "the clip in this county was not as large as last year. It has been mostly bought up at prices rather in advance of 1859. We quote common or native at 30@35c, half-blood 35@43c, full-blood and extra 45@50c."

BOSTON, June 21.—There has been a fair demand for fleece and pulled wool the past week, and prices remain quite steady. The sales have been 175,000 lbs at prices ranging from 40@55c ℔ lb, as to quality, for fleece and pulled. The transactions in foreign wool comprise 200 bales Cape, South American, and Mediterranean, and 300 ballots Peruvian at prices indicating no change since last week.

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do, unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@52
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	26@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

CLEVELAND, O., June 20.—The question, What will wool bring this year? we have answered many times already, by saying substantially that in our opinion the better grades of wool will be as high this year as last. Buyers are numerous in the leading wool sections of Ohio and Michigan, and if we mistake not, the clip of this year will be moved as actively as in the past, and at full prices—or, if buyers desire too much concession, or indeed any material concession in price, the movement will be slower but at *no lower* rates—our advice would be to get full prices or hold on for a little while.—*Wool Grower.*

CINCINNATI, O., June 21.—The demand continues good at full prices. Manufacturers are buying very freely at prices ranging from 30@45c; and 50c for extra clips.—*Gaz.*

DETROIT June 23.—The receipts of the week foot up 103,-100 lbs., against 36,651 lbs., the week previous. The quiet of last week has been followed by great excitement and a material advance in rates. The market in fact is characterized by a greater degree of excitement than that which prevailed last year, and the average price is quite as high, if not a shade higher. It is thought by experienced buyers that more than half of the wool of the State has changed hands this week. The immediate occasion of the excitement and consequent advance is a point upon which large buyers profess to be entirely in the dark. So far as the extreme rates are concerned, they appear to have been precipitated by the jealousy between two or three large companies, who had dictated the prices at which they were willing to enter the market, and were holding back, "calm as a summer's morning," in the expectation that their figures would be accepted. The great bulk of the clip of the State has sold at 43@46c, although in some few cases 8@50½c has been paid. The range in our city market is as follows:

Common,	27@28
Quarter blood,	30@32
Half blood,	37@40
Three-quarter blood,	42@44
Full blood,	43@46

Showing an advance of 6c on the better grades within the past five days.—*Tribune.*

CHICAGO, June 21.—Sales active at the following quotations:

FLEECE—	Common, native	25@27c
	Quarter blood	28@30c
	Half blood	31@33c
	Three-quarter blood	35@37c
	Full blood	38@40c

—*Democrat.*

TORONTO, C. W., June 20.—Wool is in good request, with considerable competition, which has sometimes led to improved rates, but which at present does not affect the price. Good washed wool moves off freely at 27@28c ℔ lb. Pelts 15@20c. Lamb skins 30c.—*Globe.*

Marriages.

AT Lockport, on Thursday, June 21st, by the Rev. J. L. Bennett, GEORGE BARNARD, of Suspension Bridge, and HATTIE L., youngest daughter of ISAAC BARNUM, Esq., of Wheatfield, Niagara Co., N. Y.

Deaths.

IN this city, June 22d, EFFIE LEMIRA, youngest daughter of GEORGE and MARY D. STOKES, aged 1 year and 5 months.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

STOCKING LOOM.—$5 will buy a STOCKING or KNITTING LOOM. If you would like to have the Loom that will weave 12 pair of stockings per day, send your address to J. R. JOHNSON & CO., Pine Grove, Schuyler Co., N. Y. $20 and board will be paid, per month, to Agents to sell the above Loom. 546-1t

CONJURING.—The whole art of Conjuring made easy, with full instructions for performing nearly 200 of the most Astounding and Wonderful Feats of Hocus Pocus, Sleight of Hand, Ventriloquism and Legerdemain. Profusely Illustrated. Price 15 cents. Sent post-paid by mail. Address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y. 546-2t

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ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE.—This College is designed to elevate the standard and cheapen the expense of Female education. Course of Study: Two years preparatory, beginning with Latin, and Four years strictly collegiate, including modern languages. Students engage in domestic duties not more than one hour daily. Whole expense for board, (room furnished, warmed, and lighted,) with Tuition in all the studies of the course, $75 per half-yearly session. **Next Session Opens Aug. 30th.** Names of applicants for admission should be sent to the President as early as convenient. Address
546-2t A. W. COWLES, D. D., President.

LOOKING GLASSES, PICTURE FRAMES, &c.—The Subscriber respectfully announces to the People of Western New York, and "all the rest of mankind" interested, that the PIONEER LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME ESTABLISHMENT OF ROCHESTER, (established in 1821,) is now located at No. 31 State St., (up stairs,) where he will be glad to see all who wish any article in his line. Though an ancient establishment, it has all the modern styles, of superior manufacture, at modern and moderate prices. Don't mistake the person or place, but call on
JOHN H. THOMPSON,
546 31 State St., (Up Stairs) Rochester, N. Y.

Circular.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS—
Select in Number and in all its Appointments.

A New Feature.—HORTICULTURAL INSTRUCTION, *Theoretical and Practical, conjoined with the highest culture,* SCHOLASTICALLY, MORALLY AND PHYSICALLY,

Thus Providing for the most Perfect Development.

WITH the above objects in view, Prof. WM. HOPKINS, for a long time Principal of the Academy at Auburn, N. Y., but for the past six years, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Genesee College, Lima, N. Y., will open a Boarding School for Boys, at Metuchen, N. J., Tuesday, Sept. 4th, 1860. The number will be limited to 20, and every effort will be made to render this School select in character and results. All the aims and adaptations will be to impart the highest—the most thorough and comprehensive culture in every department of Education, pursued in the best schools in this country.

The domestic arrangements, also, will all be ordered with the view of constituting a happy family and a pleasant home.

The feature of Horticultural Education will, it is believed, commend itself to public favor. Special facilities for improvement in Horticultural knowledge, theoretical and practical, will be afforded, while at the same time the pursuit of it will not be allowed in any way to interfere with the regular scholastic studies of any who may not desire to engage in its prosecution. Prof. H. will have a few acres of ground devoted to the growth of fruits, in which he has had practical experience, and for the favorable prosecution of which, his professional life in the past has peculiarly fitted him.

The location selected is most favorable to the enterprize. The village of Metuchen is situated directly on the New Jersey Railroad, 27 miles from the City of New York, and 60 from Philadelphia. The place is noted for health and pleasantness of location. The inhabitants are moral and intelligent. There are no haunts of public dissipation, and therefore parents need not fear in respect to temptations peculiar to large cities and villages.

The scholastic year will be divided into three terms of 13 weeks each. The first will commence Tuesday, Sept. 4th, 1860, and continue till November 24th. The beginning and closing of subsequent terms will be announced hereafter.

Terms of admission are $250 per year, one half of which must be paid in advance, and the balance at the close of the term or year.

Able and accomplished assistants will be employed in all the departments.

Frequent lectures and experiments in the various branches pursued, will be given by Prof. H. In addition, the Rev. Messrs. THOMPSON and PLUMLEY, clergymen in the place, have kindly consented to give occasional lectures. The former will give a course during the first term, on Moral Philosophy.

Prof. HOPKINS is permitted to make use of the following references:—The Faculty of Genesee College, Lima, N. Y.; Prof. C. DEWEY, of the Rochester University, Rochester, N. Y.; D. D. T. MOORE, Esq., of the Rural New-Yorker, Rochester, N. Y.; Dr. S. B. WOOLWORTH, Secretary of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, Albany, N. Y.; B. P. JOHNSON, Esq., Secretary of the N. Y. S. Ag. Society, Albany, N. Y.; Prof. WM. F. PHELPS, Principal the State Normal School of New Jersey, Trenton; H. IVISON, Esq., of the firm of Ivison & Phinney, New York City; Dr. J. M. HOWE, New York City.
Metuchen, N. J., 1860. WM. HOPKINS.

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THE attention of the public is called to the large stock of **Farming Implements, Machines and Seeds**, now on hand at the GENESEE SEED STORE AND AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE, Buffalo St., Rochester,

AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

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KETCHUM'S Mowers and Reapers.
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Buckwheat, Hungarian Grass Seed.
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Purple Top Strap Leaf Turnip Seed.
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All of which goods are warranted of the first quality.
Rochester, June 25, 1860. J. RAPALJE.

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ASTHMA,

Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures.

It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

[Letter from a distinguished Lawyer in Newburyport, Massachusetts.]

ASTHMA.

NEWBURYPORT, Feb. 25. 1856.

Messrs. Joseph Burnett & Co:—It is now nearly twelve months since I received the first bottle of your valuable medicine for the cure of the ASTHMA.

I am now satisfied that my relief from one of the most aggravating, most distressing, and most unrelenting disorders that ever afflicted a human being, is to be attributed wholly to this Remedy. For thirteen years I suffered with the Asthma, and it grew upon me in severity, until in 1853 and 1854 I was obliged, for months together, to sleep in my chair; and the least active exercise would bring on a proxysm, oftentimes so severe that I could not move an inch for hours.

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THE best machine for the purpose within our knowledge, and therefore commend it to the attention of all interested. It must prove a decided acquisition in the haying season, when both time and labor are money.
D. D. T. MOORE.

IT will prove a wonderful labor saving machine. I believe wherever tried, it will be found profitable.
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PLATT CROSBY.
Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 541-13t

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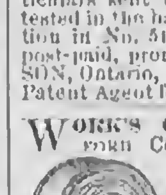

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I continue to manufacture, as heretofore, Manny's celebrated Combined Reaper and Mower, with Wood's Improvement. This Machine fully maintains its reputation as the best Combined Reaper and Mower yet introduced, and inferior to none as a Reaper or Mower.

I have added to this machine a Self-Raking attachment of my own invention, the most simple in its structure and mode of operation of anything of the kind ever offered to the public.

Price of Two-Horse Mower, delivered here on the cars, $80
Do. One-Horse do. do. do. $70
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"DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,"

is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."

Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
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These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.

Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

"SOME DAY."

"SOME DAY" is the burden of many a song that was never done in rhymth. Florence Percy has thus given one of them:

You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
"You'll think of this again some day,
Some day!"

I do not scorn the power of Time,
Nor count on years of fadeless prime,
But no white gleams will ever shine
Among these heavy locks of mine;—
Ay, laugh as gaily as you may,
You'll think of this again some day,
Some day.

Some day I shall not feel, as now,
Your soft hands move about my brow,—
I shall not slight your light commands,
And draw the long braids through my hands;—
I shall be silent, and obey,—
And you—you will not laugh that day;
Some day!

I know how long your loving hands
Will linger with these glossy bands,
When you shall weave my latest crown
Of these thick bradings, long and brown;
But you will see no touch of gray
Adown their shining length that day—
Some day!

And while your tears are falling hot
Upon the lips which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress,
And leave the rest to silentness—
Remembering that I used to say,
"You'll think of this again some day;"
SOME DAY!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

BY MURIEL HEATH.

"Oh dear! What *has* that troublesome child done, now!"

The words were uttered in no very amiable tone, as with a flushed cheek and frowning brow, Mrs. BARCLAY turned from her wash-tub and rushed to the door, to ascertain the cause of the loud scream. The top of a little curly head, just visible in a large tub of water, which stood at the corner of the house, explained it all, and with something of a jerk, master WILLIE, a youngster of three years, was fished out, and placed, dripping wet, upon terra-firma.

"You naughty boy! How came you in there?" exclaimed the young mother, angrily, as she dragged him into the house. "Only see how much trouble you make your ma! Here I must stop all business, to change your clothes! It's a wonder you don't get in head first, though!"

"I sorry, ma!" and poor WILLIE looked up, with a woe-begone expression, which seemed to say, he thought his mother was not the *only* sufferer.

It was Monday,—blue Monday,—and then, as Mrs. BARCLAY said, every thing seemed to go wrong,—and indeed, everything seemed to go wrong, most of the time, now-a-days. WILLIE was soon divested of his wet garments, and made more comfortable with dry ones,—the necessary scolding finished, and he dismissed with an injunction not to leave the house, from which only a short time before he had been ejected, lest Mrs. BARCLAY should be crazed by his voice, and she was ready to return to her tub, when the chubby occupant of the cradle, in the corner, began to show signs of activity. It was no use now to jog the cradle. Baby's nap was finished,—he was wide awake, and ready for immediate attention. He was not to be put off, either, as he assured his mother, with all the strength of his little lungs, when she attempted to leave him! Mrs. BARCLAY glanced anxiously at the clock. It was almost eleven, but there was nothing else to do, but to take up the baby and attend to his wants, immediately. By the time this was done, the fire was out, and the water cold.

"Well, HARRY will have to take a cold lunch to-day, that's all!" sighed Mrs. B., "and that always vexes him. But I can't help it, *I'm sure!*" and with a troubled brow, she returned to her work.

The house presented a scene of confusion. The floor was unswept, and as WILLIE could not go out of doors, he must needs have employment in the house, and had therefore drawn the chairs into a pile, and was busy constructing houses. The baby sat upon the floor, in his dirty wrapper, surrounded by tin pans, cups, and everything the house afforded, likely to keep him quiet. Mrs. BARCLAY's appearance was anything but prepossessing. Her dress was a worn-out calico, with many a rent and grease-spot, and the wavy masses of her brown hair had evidently been untouched by a comb, that day. Her flushed face, might have been very pretty, had it not been for the care-worn look, which seemed habitual. And so she scrubbed away, and WILLIE drew his chairs about the floor, and the baby rattled his tin pans, and in the midst of it all, the door opened, and the husband and father entered. It was no very inviting sight to a hungry man, and he glanced about the room, with a just-as-I-expected sort of air, and something of a cloud on his fine brow.

"No dinner to-day, LIZZIE?"

"No! You'll have to take a cold lunch in the pantry. You don't expect I can do *everything*, do you?"

"No, and I do not think you *have* everything to do, either."

"O! of *course* not! WOMAN'S *work* is nothing, but I only wish you had these two children to take care of, for one day!"

HARRY said no more, for he disliked a scene, and with a scornful look, wended his way through the multiplicity of things, to the pantry. His dinner was, indeed, only a cold lunch, not seasoned with kindly smiles, loving tones, or pleasant thoughts, and it was hastily eaten. As he passed through the room again, he cast one glance of *almost* disgust, at the disorderly state of things,—at the slatternly figure of his wife, and the uncared-for appearance of his children, and with bitter thoughts, hurried from the house. As he passed on, he thought of the home he had so often pictured to himself in former days,—the cheerful, inviting fireside, and the neat, smiling wife who should always greet him there.

And LIZZIE BARCLAY had caught that look of her husband, and it spoke to her plainer than words. She saw what was in his thoughts, and with a feeling of utter despondency, she called her husband unjust, and unfeeling, never once dreaming that she was not doing the best in her power to make him happy, and contented. Thus, with a heavy heart, she plodded wearily on thro' the day, and when at night the tea-things were put away, after the unsocial meal, and the children fast asleep, she sat down by the fire, to soothe her sorrows, and ease her troubled heart, by woman's solace,—a good, hearty cry. HARRY had gone out. It was not often now that he spent an entire evening with her, and it was seldom that she know where he was. She reviewed again, in thought, the happy scenes of her childhood, when a mother's love shielded her from evil, and in fancy stood again, with a bursting heart, beside that mother's grave. Then, when the poignancy of her grief had subsided, the joyous hours of her girlhood, in the home of a wealthy and indulgent uncle, who had done everything but teach her the responsibilities of life, passed before her vision. She remembered her first meeting with HARRY, and their happy courtship, when his dark, earnest eyes had looked into her own, and vowed eternal love. She knew then that he was poor, comparatively, and if she married him, she must forego many of the luxuries to which she had been accustomed; but, oh! she had such bright, romantic dreams of love in a cottage! Little did she dream of the cares and anxieties found even there! Scarcely five years had passed, and now!—she had never imagined that she could be *half* so miserable. She did not know why it was, but HARRY seemed to have grown weary of her. And then he was so *very* particular,—*she* thought him rather exacting!

LIZZIE BARCLAY was not bad at heart. She was young and inexperienced, and her greatest fault was a lack of energy. She had been too much accustomed to lean upon others, and was too much inclined to yield to trifles. If her husband chided her for a fault, she wept, and told him he did not love her; and as he was not always as gentle in his reproofs as he might have been, she had learned to answer sharply in return. But HARRY was far from being the cruel man she thought him. Trained to habits of the most perfect neatness, by a mother whom he considered the embodiment of all womanly virtues, nothing shocked him more than a slovenly appearance, and disorderly house arrangements. He had never once imagined that his wife could be different, in this respect, from his mother, and he did not consider how little accustomed LIZZIE had been to managing affairs herself, or how much she needed the careful training a mother only can give. Had he really understood these facts,—had he only known how well she really loved him, and how much she would have been willing to do for him, the case would have been different. As it was, he attributed all to a want of taste and love of order, and a disregard for his comfort, and so each laid the blame entirely to the other, and the breach between the husband and wife was daily growing wider. If, at times, she did strive to do better, he considered it only what she might always do, and it was his opinion that no one deserved praise for the mere performance of a duty, and so withheld the word of praise and encouragement which his young wife so longed for, and which might have done so much toward establishing the very state of things he desired. And LIZZIE thought, "It is no use trying! HARRY does not care how I look, or what I do,—he does not even appear to notice it," and so she relapsed into the same old way.

On this particular evening HARRY wended his way, as usual, to the reading-room. Taking up a paper, he glanced rather carelessly over its contents, for his thoughts were not there. The sad face of his wife haunted him, and her words as he left the house,—"Are you going again *to-night*, HARRY?" still rang in his ears. He thought,—"How gladly would I stay with her, if she would but make my home pleasant! If I stayed she would only recount her day's trials to me, and I have enough of my own, and, besides, her untidy appearance is enough to drive any one from home!" He only thought this; he would not have said it, for the world. Suddenly his eye was arrested by the title of a sketch in the paper he held,—"Praise among the married." His first thought was, "How little have *I* to praise!"—but then a secret monitor whispered, "Do you even praise when you *have* occasion." He read the piece carefully through. The thought had never occurred to him before, that perhaps it was praise and encouragement when she *did* do well, that his wife needed. Long time did HARRY BARCLAY ponder that evening, as he sat there, unmindful of what was passing around him, and at last he came to a conclusion, which it would have been well for him to have reached before,—viz: that he might *possibly* have misunderstood his wife, and might not have done exactly right, in all things! And he resolved that if ever again he saw her striving to do right, it should not be for lack of encouragement, that she did not succeed.

Meantime LIZZIE sat with her face buried in her hands, giving loose rein to her bitter thoughts, and so entirely was she engrossed by her gloomy reverie that she heeded not the gentle rap at the door, which was twice repeated, and then the door was softly opened, and a good motherly face looked smilingly in. LIZZIE looked up, as she heard a footstep beside her, and met the kind eyes of Aunty BROWN. It was too late to try to hide the traces of tears, and, indeed, LIZZIE knew that Aunty BROWN would only sympathize with her, and she felt that she could open her heart to her. So she said, "Oh! I am so glad you have come! I am feeling very wretchedly to-night!"

Quietly the good old lady kissed the brow of her young friend, and laying aside her bonnet, took from her pocket the never-failing knitting-work, and drawing her chair close beside LIZZIE said, "Now, dear, what is it? Tell me all about it."

"O, I am so unhappy!" sobbed the poor girl, her tears falling afresh at the kind words, as she buried her face in Aunty BROWN's lap.

She let her weep, gently stroking her hair with her soft hand, and gradually she grew calm, as if there were something mesmeric in the caress. Then she told her all her troubles,—how everything seemed to go wrong,—and HARRY did not love her, and went away evenings,—and how very particular he was, and found fault when everything was not *just so nice*—as if one could *always* keep things in order. She was sure she did her best, but her children were very troublesome, and of late she had felt quite discouraged, and thought it was no use trying.

Very soberly Aunty BROWN listened to the story of her young friend's trials, and with ready tact saw where the difficulty lay. She knew LIZZIE'S whole life, and made all allowances for her. When she had finished, she said, kindly, "Now, my child, you would give all the world, were it yours, to better this state of things, would you not?"

"Oh yes! yes!" cried LIZZIE, eagerly; "*can* you tell me—*will* you tell me what to do?"

"I think I see what the trouble is, and I think I can tell you how you may win back your husband to your home and heart; but, dear LIZZIE, can you bear to have me speak very plainly to you? And will you not be offended if, perhaps, I tell you, that in some things you are much to blame?"

"No, indeed, I will not!" said LIZZIE. "If I am wrong, I surely wish to know it, and I will try—oh! so hard!—to do better, if you will only tell me how!"

And faithfully, as if she were teaching her own daughter, did the good woman strive to show her wherein she failed, and how she might amend. "You should have," said she, "a regular system, and the most perfect order in the performance of your household duties. A time for everything, and a place for everything. Let no trifle disturb your arrangements,—much less your temper. A husband dislikes to see a frowning face, and smiles beget smiles. Next to this, and of no less importance, is your own personal appearance. It is almost as easy to appear in a neat and becoming attire as in a slovenly and unbecoming one, and there is no way in which the wife will sooner lose the respect of her husband, than by allowing him to see her so habitually."

"But," said LIZZIE, blushing at the thought of her own neglected appearance, "HARRY does not say anything when I do try to reform, and I think sometimes he does not notice it."

"But, my dear, do you not give up too soon? Are you not too easily discouraged? And I am afraid my LIZZIE has been petted too much, and learned to work more for praise than principle! You must strive, darling, to make these fixed habits, and soon you will perform your duties with a real love for them, and to please yourself, as well as your husband." Much more did Aunty BROWN say, in her kind, motherly way, and LIZZIE saw, and acknowledged, with tears and blushes, how sadly deficient she had been. "Never fear but that you will succeed, if you persevere, and just see how much you can do toward a reform, to-morrow," said Aunty BROWN, as she bade her a kind good night. LIZZIE could hardly sleep that night, so busy was she with plans for the morrow.

It hardly seemed possible that one day could have wrought such a change! The tea-table was drawn out, in the kitchen of HARRY BARCLAY'S home, and LIZZIE was impatiently awaiting his arrival. Very tempting looked that tea-table, with its snowy cloth, and neatly arranged dishes. LIZZIE looked at least two years younger—for the anxious look was *almost* gone, and there was no frown on the fair brow. She could not refrain from casting a smiling glance into the mirror, now and then, and whispering to herself—"I am sure, HARRY must be pleased now!" And certainly, he would be a very difficult man, were he not—for LIZZIE was looking very prettily. The neat, dark delaine fitted her trim figure to a charm, and the bit of dainty lace around her fair throat, was vastly becoming. And her hair,—LIZZIE had not forgotten that HARRY once admired curls, and for the first time, in many a day, she had taken pains to wind it around her finger, and let it fall in brown, shining ringlets, but it had not forgotten the way. The room was arranged as neatly as two tasteful hands could arrange it—for LIZZIE had both taste and skill, when she chose to exercise them.

The children had not been forgotten in the general reform, and were as sweet and clean-looking as could be desired; and WILLIE was quite lost in admiration of himself and his "pretty mamma," as he called her. But LIZZIE concluded that it would not do to wear curls every day—for baby, too, had taken a wonderful fancy to them, and seemed to think them an admirable plaything, arranged for his special benefit. She had just succeeded in quieting this youngster, and had laid him away in his little crib, when she heard HARRY'S step. It called a bright flush to her cheek, and caused her heart to beat a little faster, but she strove to look very unconcerned. As HARRY entered, at once glance he saw the change—the tidy room—the neat table—and, above all, the charming figure of his little wife, who sat there with her eyes cast down, trying to look very demure and unconscious, though the smiles would keep dimpling round her mouth, and she could not refrain from stealing a glance at her husband, just to see if he was observing. There was a glad smile on his face, and he came toward her with an admiring gaze, exclaiming, "Why, LIZZIE, you look just like the girl I married, now! Yes, I believe quite as pretty!" and he imprinted a really lover-like kiss on her glowing cheek. That was a very happy meal, at the BARCLAY'S that night. HARRY found his new system of praise worked so well, that he even went so far as to praise the nice, light biscuit and fragrant tea, though they were nothing very unusual. LIZZIE felt that it would be very easy to follow up the same course, if he were only so kind always; and HARRY thought he would never ask for a pleasanter home, if LIZZIE only persevered. After tea, however, LIZZIE'S heart sank, when she saw him take up his hat to go out. He saw her anxious look, and said, "I will not be gone long, LIZZIE. You could not coax me to stay away from such a pretty wife and cheerful fireside as I have found to-night!"

When he returned, the tea things were put away, WILLIE was snug in bed, the lamps were lighted, and LIZZIE sat with her work-basket, by the stand. It was just such a picture of home-comfort as he had often longed to see; and it was with a feeling of real satisfaction, that he drew his chair opposite her and asked, as he displayed a volume which she had expressed a wish to see, "Shall I read to you, LIZZIE?" She gave a glad assent, and the evening passed swiftly and happily away. And it was not the last of such evenings. Encouraged by HARRY'S praise and her own success, LIZZIE persevered. She met with many obstacles—for it was not easy to change her whole course at once; and it was a long time ere a perfect system was established in her house arrangements; but she never forgot the painful experience of former days, and good Aunty BROWN often called and gave her a word of advice, and, at last, all went on harmoniously.

HARRY no longer spent his evenings away from home; and had you visited his wife at any time, you would have seen a neat little woman, with smooth, glossy hair, (the curls only appeared occasionally,) and a pleasant face, whose dress was always tidy, and who always found time, by a little management, to get her husband a warm dinner—even on washing-day!

Webster, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

VISIT TO A LOBSTER FISHERY.

As the day was pleasant, I determined gratifying my desire to witness the catching of lobsters. Off I started, and in about two hours found myself in close proximity to several shabby-looking shanties, situated on the shore, while before them waved the sparkling waters, causing many scattered blocks of wood to bob up and down. As they neither approached the shore, nor each other, and as each kept in a particular place, my curiosity was aroused. On entering the first shanty I reached, I discovered, to my delight, an old friend whom I had not seen for a long time. He was seated on a stool, whittling, and smoking his pipe, and the sole occupant, except a snappish cur that sprung, growling, at me as I entered. But my friend, throwing down his stick, pocketing his knife, and laying aside his pipe, sprung forward to give me welcome.

After being seated, and having chatted awhile, I inquired why it was that no one was stirring about, as I thought there would be many.

"All are having a holiday, but me," he replied.

"I came here with the expectation of seeing you catch lobsters, but don't see any of that business going on."

"You will if you be here in the morning. That is the time we work the most," he answered.

"For what use are those blocks of wood?" I asked, pointing through the doorway.

"They are our buoys, and are fastened by lines to our lobster pots, which are sunk to the bottom by means of a stone. But you had better stay with me to-night, and to-morrow morning I will show you all."

I did not much like the idea of sleeping on a hard bunk of straw, but after much persuasion, consented.

My friend and I were up the next morning just as the sun began to shed its flood of light upon the water. After partaking of a light breakfast, we got into a wherry and started for the buoys. Pulling up alongside of one, my friend grasped the block of wood, and, by the line attached to it, pulled a sort of basket into the boat, called the "lobster pot." It was about three feet long and two wide. Its form semi-cylindrical, and rested, while in water, on its flat side. On the top was a door, through which the lobsters were taken out.

"How did they get into the trap?" I asked.

"Into the ends," he replied; and showed me an opening at each end, around which were placed short and flexible pieces of wood, projecting into the basket, and arranged so that they would easily separate and allow the lobster to enter; but their points came together after him, so that he could not get out. After replenishing the bait, which was the offal of fresh fish, he dropped the basket into the water. After all the pots (of which there were about twenty) had been emptied, the bait replenished, and again dropped into the water, there was quite a pile of lobsters in the boat. They were very fierce, and quarreled with each other desperately. But my friend had prevented them from doing any injury, by inserting sharp, wooden pegs, which he had provided, into the joints of their pincers, so that they could not come together. He had to be very careful, however, in handling them, else he would receive many a sharp bite.

As soon as we landed, the lobsters were put into a long box, made of planks, and bored full of holes, which was pushed out in the water at a short distance from the shore, where they would keep fresh for several days. Some others, as I noticed, who had been engaged in the same kind of employment, put theirs in hand-barrows, and were wheeling them to a shed on the shore. On asking what they were about to do with them, my friend replied that they were preparing them for market. Being desirous of seeing and knowing how it was done, at my request my friend accompanied me to the shed, but the sight was not very pleasing to witness. A brisk fire had been kindled under a large cauldron, suspended by a chain from a long and stout piece of timber, resting horizontally on the crotched ends of two posts set firmly in the ground. The kettle was filled with water, and as soon as it commenced boiling the living lobsters were thrown in, and kept there by a heavy plank cover until their color was changed into a bright scarlet. They were then taken out, ready for market. Their color when first taken out of the water, was of a dark green. I once did think, when I saw them for sale in the streets, that scarlet was their natural color. The season for catching lobsters lasts from March to July.

Having seen all I desired, and having bid farewell to my friend, I departed.

Shelby, N. Y., 1860. W. HARRISON ROSS.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 37 letters.
My 3, 4, 6, 35, 16, 28 was a celebrated geographer.
My 1, 25, 26, 36 was the name of a barbarous tribe of Europe.
My 29, 35, 33, 9, 35, 6, 9 was a title given at one time to the emperors of Rome.
My 27, 25, 10, 11, 12, 6 was the most eminent leader of the reformation.
My 21, 27, 24, 5, 34, 35, 37, 6, 35 was an Egyptian queen.
My 21, 15, 6, 25, 9 was the founder of the Persian Empire.
My 34, 19, 2, 29, 8, 34 was the father of Alexander the Great.
My 35, 26, 31, 5, 26, 17 delivered an oration on the death of Julius Cæsar.
My 23, 12, 27, 3, 22 is the name of the inhabitants of a principality of South Britain.
My 29, 8, 26, 21, 20, 26, 26, 35, 37, 25, 3 was a Roman dictator.
My 34, 7, 6, 6, 1, 25, 36 was king of Epirus in ancient Greece.
My 30, 33, 34, 27, 14, 6 was a German astronomer.
My 3, 32, 35, 13, 36, 34, 12, 35, 6, 14 was one of the greatest of dramatic poets.
My 18, 5, 27, 3, 12, 7 was Henry VIII's prime minister.
My whole is an axiom. LOVISA O. CARD.
Gainesville, N. Y., 1860.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 38 letters.
My 23, 32, 9, 17, 26, 30, 20, 6, 38 is a county in Illinois.
My 13, 6, 19, 11 is a building material.
My 36, 3, 18, 28, 16, 5, 15, 6, 36, 6 is an island in the Pacific ocean.
My 4, 13, 6, 1 is something worn by young ladies.
My 7, 25, 29, 24 is without an end.
My 38, 6, 15, 25, 37, 27 is the name of a general in the war of the Revolution.
My 2, 8, 38, 21 is one of the sweetest words in our language.
My 22, 7, 12, 6, 16 is an article of food.
My 33, 34, 35, 23 is an Ex-Governor of Virginia.
My 15, 31, 22, 17, 26 is the name of a bird.
My 14, 10, 19, 3, 15 is the name of a small animal.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.
Oxford, N. Y., 1860. LIBBIE.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

I, IN my garden, having traced
A walk that ran due east and west;
At the east, with good design,
I drew a true meridian line,
And at the place of intersection,
Planted was, by my direction,
A white Narcissa, which there grows,
And at the western end a rose,—
Southward, where the meridian ends,
A beauteous lily, drooping, bends.
Now, from the lily to the rose,
A butterfly directly goes,
And, at right angles to its roam,
A bee from the Narcissa comes.
Feet two hundred eighty-eight
From the rose the insects meet,
And tarry not, but each pursue,—
The course that either insect flew,
The bee halted, when due west
Of where the butterfly did rest.
Feet one hundred sixty-two
The little bee must yet pass through,
Or it can't sip the lily's dew.

The length of the walk, meridian, and course that either insect flew, required. C.
Ravenna, O., 1860.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 544.

Answer to Grammatical Enigma:—A man is known by the company he keeps.
Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A stitch in time saves nine.
Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—90 miles.
Answer to Mathematical Problem:—2.5198 plus inches.
Answer to Charade:—Drag-o-man.

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IRVING, N Y

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For Terms and other particulars, see last page.

CHARCOAL AS MANURE.

An inquiry from a correspondent seeking information of the value of charcoal for manure, reminds us of some almost forgotten notes on this subject, which we designed, ere this, to present to our readers. Next to guano, there is no substance used as manure, so useful in the hands of the gardener, as a little powdered charcoal,—and we know not why it may not be just as useful for the farmer. The mechanical effect of fine charcoal on a stiff soil is very beneficial. So small a quantity of no other material that we are acquainted with will so effectually benefit a stiff, impervious soil. Not only does charcoal lighten a heavy clay, but it absorbs heat and makes a cold, heavy soil, both warm and friable. It also has a good effect upon injurious insects, either destroying them or driving them away. A very good test of its effects in this way may be made in the garden with the radish. Prepare a bed in a cold, heavy soil, early in the spring, and on one-half sow radishes, and they will be small, stunted, and eaten by the worms. On the other half give a good dressing of charcoal, which work in well, then sow the seed and scatter more charcoal on the surface, and the radishes will grow fast, and be tender and sound. Charcoal has a wonderful effect in reviving plants that are drooping either from weakness or disease. This effect we have often seen, where guano and all other exciting and concentrated manures failed. Of the cause of this, there may be some difference of opinion; but in regard to the fact there can be no doubt.

Charcoal is an impure form of carbon—but being one of the most indestructible substances known—remaining in the soil for a very great time without apparent change—its effect, as a manure, is not in furnishing carbon to the plants. In addition to its mechanical effect, its power of absorbing heat and its antiseptic qualities, it is remarkably absorptive—for freshly burned "charcoal will condense as much as ninety times its bulk of ammonical gas, and thirty-five times its volume of carbonic acid. As these two gases form the principal organic food of plants, it is obvious that charcoal must have a powerful action upon their growth." Liebig says, "not only does it surpass all other substances in the power which it possesses of condensing ammonia within its pores, but being at the same time the most unchangeable substance known, it must constitute, therefore, not only one of the most powerful applications known, but really the most durable one in existence."

Morton, after recommending charcoal as a most valuable manure, notices several purposes to which it is peculiarly adapted, and for which it may be used with the greatest advantage:

1. As a covering for manure and compost heaps, no other substance is more suitable. Its capacity for absorbing ammonia and carbonic acid gas, renders it the efficient means of preserving much of the effluvium which is usually permitted to escape into the air, during the fermentation of manure. Much has been spoken and written on the necessity of due care on this branch of farm economy, and many suggestions have been offered on the best methods of remedying the evil. To prevent, in a great measure, this loss of fertilizing power in manure, no agent is more certainly efficient and economical than charcoal. Of itself, also, it carries to the heap, and afterward to the soil, physical and chemical properties which are favorable to vegetation.

2. As an auxiliary to concentrated or highly azotized manures, charcoal is a substance much esteemed. For the purpose merely of giving bulk, these manures frequently require to be mixed with another substance. By this step an even distribution, either by drill or hand, is facilitated, and danger to the seed, from contact with the manure, is avoided. Charcoal is eminently capable of insuring these advantages, and, at the same time, it is materially useful when applied in conjunction with potent and active manures, in absorbing the ammonia that may happen to be liberated more freely than can be appropriated by the plant in its early stages. Mixed with guano, an inodorous compound is formed; and numberless experiments with this and other azotized manures, in conjunction with carbonaceous substances, are recorded in the agricultural publications of the last few years.

3. As an absorbent for liquid fertilizers, and a drying mixture for damp manures, many of the forms in which charcoal exists are especially adapted. Its absorbent powers make it, even in its most impure form, a capital vehicle for conveying liquid manures to the soil.

4. For the purpose of extracting from dilute liquid manure the most useful of its fertilizing contents, charcoal is preferable to any other substance.

5. The efficiency of charcoal as a disinfectant has never been disputed by chemists; its preparation at a price within the reach of agriculture, and in the abundance requisite for sanitary purposes, has been an object much desiderated.

6. *As a fertilizing application by itself*, charcoal can never be injudiciously used, if the supply of the article is abundant. The qualities that make it valuable to manure, render it equally so to soil in cultivation, as a storehouse of the food of vegetation; while its physical properties may be made useful when it can be applied in sufficient quantities. For garden purposes, its special and peculiar effects upon the health of diseased, and the vigor and beauty of all flowers and plants, make it an acquisition much appreciated.

Johnston gives an experiment with various manures on ruta bagas, as follows:

		Tuns	cwt.	qrs.	
Wood charcoal	50 bus. yielded	15	2	3	¾ acre.
Fresh animal charcoal	10 cwt. "	21	2	3	"
Exhausted animal charcoal	10 cwt. "	19	17	1	"
Soot	50 bus. "	16	0	0	"
Quicklime	50 bus. "	11	8	2	"
Wood ashes	50 bus. "	12	17	1	"
Farm dung	20 tuns. "	18	11	2	"
Guano	3 cwt. "	23	8	2	"
Nothing	"	12	5	3	"
Bones	40 bus. "	14	17	1	"

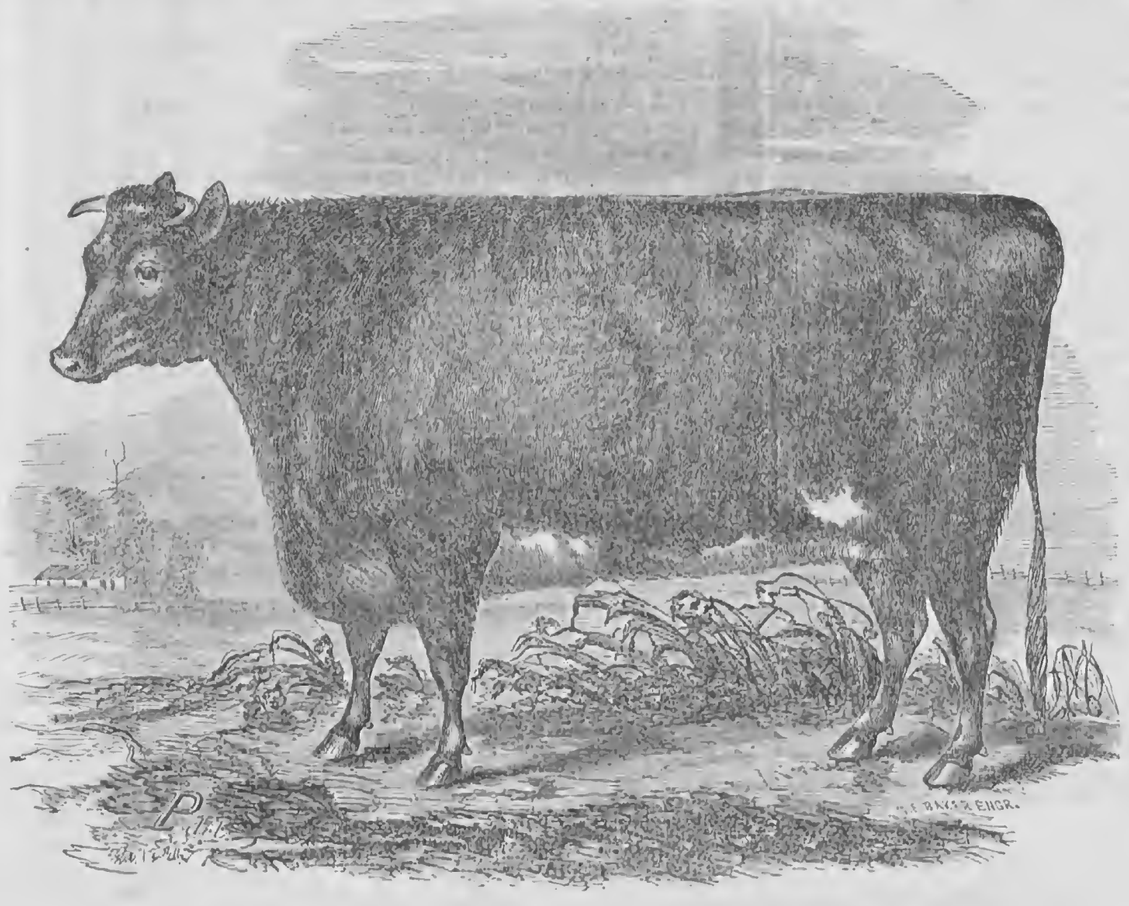
By this it will be seen that 50 bushels of wood charcoal increased the crop nearly three tuns to the acre, while 20 tuns of farm dung made an increase of six tuns; 50 bushels of charcoal, therefore, being equal to ten tuns of farm manure.

BUCKWHEAT.

This has been called the lazy farmer's crop, perhaps from the story of the man who was intending all summer to break up a summer-fallow, to sow with wheat in the fall. Failing in this, by neglecting to plow and prepare the ground at the proper time, he concluded to wait till spring and plant with corn, but was again too late, and finally ended by hurriedly turning the ground over and scratching in a little buckwheat. Now, while buckwheat is particularly adapted to this class of *slack* farmers, there are also some advantages connected with its culture which we may commend to some who do not include themselves in this category. In a favorable season, with a decent preparation of the ground, from fifteen to thirty bushels per acre, (and even more,) are often raised, at an expense of merely the preparation of the ground, and a trifle for seed. As it grows very branching, half a bushel, well covered, is enough to sow. Beside, it can be sown on land where other crops have not grown well, or on a spare acre or two which even *good* farmers will, *sometimes*, leave without much of anything growing on. In places in the cornfield where the black grub or wire-worm, or wet, has destroyed the corn, a little buckwheat may often profitably be sown, to prevent the utter barrenness of the year.

We know there are some objections to buckwheat as unfitting the land for subsequent crops. We have heard from good authority, that corn or barley will not do well after it; but we can not say from experience. Oats will grow after it, as we know, but they, or whatever else you raise, will be liable to have a good deal of buckwheat mixed with them, and this we consider the great objection to its culture, as it sometimes remains in the ground two or three years. This may be *partially* prevented by fall plowing, after the crop is taken off, but some will still come up next spring. For these reasons we would not advise the sowing of our best grain land, especially since wheat has again become a possibility. We feel, indeed, a good deal like a substantial farmer of our acquaintance, who counts his acres by the hundred, who was lamenting last year that he could not have any land to spare for a buckwheat patch, and thought he must *hire* an acre or two of one of the neighbors for that purpose! He evidently had *land* enough for any quantity of buckwheat, but did not want to *use* it for that. We must, however, be permitted to rejoice that everybody is not so careful of their land as he is, or as we should be! Beside there are, on almost every farm, low, wet places, or patches of ground too poor to raise anything else, which will do very well for buckwheat. And, friends of farm improvements as we are, we must still hope that the day is far distant when our land shall be so thoroughly improved that farmers can not afford a patch to raise buckwheat pancakes. [We take that back—for we have just remembered, that they can sow good land, and raise all the more!]

The first week in July is the proper time to sow buckwheat. June sowing would be best if we could be certain not to have hot, dry weather, just as it was "filling;" and late sowing is objectionable because of early frosts. Last year, however, if we remember rightly, the fore part of July was very dry—so that little buckwheat came up till about the seventeenth or eighteenth, and even then would have done very well if frosts had held off as late as usual in the fall; therefore, with a good season, the middle of July might not be too late to sow.



MESSRS. MORDOFF'S SHORT-HORN COW "GRACE."

Grace is a superior animal,—an excellent representative of one of the best herds of Short-horns in Western New York. Her Pedigree, as given in the American Herd-Book, is as follows:—"Red, bred by the late N. J. Becar, Smithtown, the property of H. & M. C. Mordoff, Altabrook Farm, near Rochester, N. Y., calved Nov. 24, 1854, got by Marquis of Carrabas, 3122, (11789,)—out of Garland 2d, by Pestdozzi (10603,)—Garland, by Hector (4000,)—Moss Rose, by Emperor (1974,)—Rose Bud, by Margrave (2243,)—by Leopold (2199,)—by Hector (2103,)—by Traveller (655,)—by Surly (2715,)—by Colonel (152)."

PROSPECTIVE STERILITY.

I am not very particular—a moderate heresy, such as they would burn a fellow for a century ago, troubles me very little, *but I am troubled* when J. W., in the Rural of May 5th, says:—"I believe we can, by feeding the grain to the stock on the farm, increase its fertility continually and dispose of what beef we can spare from year to year." J. W. means to aver that by feeding the grain, &c., grown on a farm to stock of some kind, and returning their manure to the farm aforesaid, it "will increase in fertility continually."

Now let precedent run ever so furiously to the contrary, I nevertheless aver that when a man, or even a woman, takes up pen to write, there is no obligation to dispense with common sense. I wouldn't be surprised if college professors could be found to back up the popular fallacy that our farms are improving in fertility, with a constant drain upon them, which never flows back.—Doubtless you can get any number of men, "*scientific*" and "*practical*," to aver that from a given quantity something can be taken and the whole will remain.

J. W. says:—"I know of farms in this vicinity that have been devoted for the last fifteen or twenty years to raising grain and beef, and increased in their products every year, and to all appearances have improved in every respect."

Plenty of men are ready to aver that this or that piece of land has produced corn, or wheat, or oats, or grass, for fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty years, and "is just as good as ever," tho' it is notorious that the land has got only an occasional dressing of barn yard manure, and often no manure at all. A bolder, balder, or *baldr* falsehood was never conceived. A man has no *moral* and he ought to have no *legal* right to hold to such a heresy. It is a conspiracy against posterity,—it is treason against the commonwealth. Suppose your crops are better than they used to be, can't you account for that in some *sensible* way without pretending that a part is equal to the whole; for a part has certainly left according to our supposition.

When I said in a former communication that "every pound of meat, and every bushel of grain that was carried to the seaboard, carried away what the soil could not continue to spare without ultimate sterility," I said what I might reasonably have expected would have remained uncontradicted. This grain, and this meat, was not made out of *nothing*. What it took from the soil was precisely the elements required for the production of grain and meat. Does "fifteen" or *fifty* years of *certain or uncertain experience* prove either that those elements are inexhaustible, or that they never can become less? Wherever, without high manuring, the crops increase, or remain as good as at first, it can be traced to improved tillage, or rather to *improved methods of extracting the fertility from the soil*. It is making the cider run a bigger stream, by giving the screw of the press another turn.

Ditching has made the elements more available, deep plowing has brought unimpoverished soil in reach of the plant; the roller and thorough working have exposed the inside of the lumps and made the soil available to the tender germ; early sowing and planting and other improved processes have, I cheerfully admit, favored growth and maturity, and in some cases (though not often) made the crops equal or better than when the land was new,—*but where any thing has been taken off, that has not been put back, something is gone!*

Our improved modes of tillage are too often the "drinks" that make men lift more without being stronger. "Good farming," falsely so called, sometimes produces good crops without adding anything to the intrinsic fertility of the soil, particularly to its mineral elements. I wont talk, as before, of "bushels and pounds." I repeat, with renewed emphasis, EVERY KERNEL OF GRAIN AND EVERY OUNCE OF MEAT TAKEN FROM THE FARM REMOVES WHAT THE SOIL CANNOT CONTINUE TO SPARE WITHOUT ULTIMATE BARRENNESS. I am in earnest, because, while men deceive themselves in this matter, they wrong posterity. Whenever a competent Grand Jury is vouchsafed to mankind, ninety-nine out of every hundred of our farmers will be indicted for robbing their grandchildren. What I hold is this:—We must not only use more lime, plaster, charcoal, ashes, &c., but the night soil and the sewerage of our cities, villages and "four corners," must be made to flow back again upon the cultivated earth.

Whoever takes this "belt" must fight for it.—H. T. B.

SOILING CATTLE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—It appears that soiling cattle is going to be a matter of more consideration at the present time, than it has been heretofore, and I wish to make some remarks concerning the advantages and disadvantages connected therewith.

Soiling cattle is not as easy a business as many may think, as the cattle are liable to many diseases, if badly managed. They must have *exercise*, and this ought to be given, if you want them to pay well for your trouble. The disadvantages are, as aforesaid, many diseases, if ilfy managed; inferiority in milk, when feed is rank, and the trouble of cutting and feeding.

The advantages are, no fencing, less weeds, (cattle will not eat weeds except near to starvation,) and the manure heap will increase rapidly. A farmer with twelve or fifteen head of cattle will make as much manure by soiling, as by pasturing twenty-five to thirty. For fifty head it will require a yard of about four acres, with a tight fence around it, and the yard should be well drained. In the middle make a square hole, and lead all the drains from under the stables into it. Over this must be a roof, rather wider than the hole itself.

For summer feeding build sheds on the south side, facing the north, to protect the animals from heat and rain, which is of great importance. Have a water-tight manger. Tie the cows always when feeding, but leave a good space between them. On the front side lay rails across, and if you want them out, you may easily permit

their egress by putting them a convenient height. Cows, in summer, should be always free at night, as well as in the day. In some parts of Saxony, near Dresden, and in Prussia, near Halle, and Berlin, and many other places, these kinds of yards are ornamented with trees,—elm and maple.

A pump, six feet above the surface, ought to be in the yard, and from it you may guide the water, by use of moveable drains, to any place you desire. Well, or brook water, is better than rain water caught from the roof of the barn. Have long troughs set on a convenient place on the wall, to pump the water into,—keep the supply good, and if it should be too cold, add some pails of boiling water, which can be brought from the kitchen. Select a corner, and construct a small platform two or three feet from the ground, and place thereon a piece of rock salt, if it can be had; if not, harden some,—it is better for cattle to help themselves than for you to feed them daily on it. Salt, too freely given in summer, does more harm than good.

Feeding cattle thus requires early rising,—4 in the morning is late enough. One man takes the scythe to mow, (rye is early feed; clover ought not to be mown till in bloom,) another gets the horse ready, with wagon and rack. The feed is mown for all day. In some parts of Germany, green feed is mixed with straw in the barn. They do not have machines to cut it, save a slow working cutter, which many a farmer, very probably, has seen here among the Germans. We have horse-powers and good chaff-cutters, so I prefer always cutting straw which may be on hand. When you come home with the grass, put the horse on the power, cut the grass, and then mix. This will do for young stock very well. Milking cows ought to have clear green feed, oil cake,—bran mashes are desirable. This done, a man can manage from twenty-five to thirty cattle, or over. He has a wheel-barrow or hand-wagon, with a basket on it, holding from ten to twelve bushels of feed, and from the barn he carries it under the sheds. Keep up the bars so that the cattle cannot get under them till he has done giving out; then tie the cattle, each one in its place. The wagon, or wheel-barrow, is again taken, and the yard cleaned from the droppings, which are carried under the roof near to the hole. If he has time to spare, let him curry the cows.

After feeding, they are untied again, and the sheds cleaned, if needed. To increase the manure, take cut straw and mix it with the heap, especially if horse manure is under it,—you can use it in the fall for top-dressing. Cattle should not be tied up in a barn over night during the summer season, nor yet fed in it. Barns cannot be purified enough to be healthy for them, especially if you have a cellar under them with manure. A change is needful. After harvest, let the cattle in wheat or oat stubble, for airing. I think if rye is mown for feed, we can use the land again for green corn. GUSTAVUS C. B.

North Evans, Erie Co., N. Y., 1860.

GARGET, FOUL IN THE FOOT,—REMEDIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of June 23d, "A. C." inquires for a remedy for "bloody milk," and although you have once before answered this query, you ask for further information from your readers.

My man, THOMAS, bought a fine cow of me this spring, soon after she came in, and in a few days complained that her milk was bloody. I recommended him to give her Scoke root, as the only cure I had ever heard for garget; but he said no, he must have one pound of madder,—that he had tried it last spring, and it was sure to cure. He obtained it, and gave her about one-half, and as she did not get well, I procured some Scoke root, and told him to give it to her in her slop. He tried it,—said she would not eat it, and gave her the remainder of the madder. The cow is now well, has increased her milk, and is doing finely.

Another correspondent asks a cure for "foul in the foot." Some years since I had a cow affected with it, and two applications of the "Butyr of Antimony," put on with a feather, cured her effectually. The remedy is simple, and easy of application. H. W.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1860.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A constant reader makes inquiry how to cure the Garget in cows. I send my "*mite*." I invariably use Scoke root; or, more generally called, Garget root. It produces its effect immediately; at least, the next milking after giving it does not show a particle of bloody milk. I give it in this manner: slice it up as thin as you can cut with a knife, mix with meal or bran, dry or wet, as your cow most likes her feed. There is a risk to take in digging it, as it resembles the Poke root, when growing, very much,—the Poke is said to be poisonous. With our cows, it always effects a cure without fail.

Cuba, Alleg. Co., N. Y., 1860. CLARK DENNIS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—For the first time, I attempt to address to you a little of my experience. To cure the garget, or bloody milk, among my cows,—as the diseases seem to be identical, or nearly so,—my course is simply to dissolve from half to one tablespoonful of saltpeter in a little warm water, and give it to the cow in a little bran. This has effected a cure in every instance. My former plan was to cut up a little of the garget; or, as sometimes called, skoke or poke root, and give as above.—I. P. G., *Hornby, N. Y., June*, 1860.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Your paper, I see, is filled of late with inquiries in regard to the cure of that *foul* disease in cattle, known with us by the name of "Foul in the Foot." I have been engaged in the dairy business for the last six years, and during that time I have never had less than seventy-five cows and have had as many as one hundred and thirty. I have of course had my share of the troubles of the before-named disease. I tried almost every thing that I could hear of, besides making a good many experiments on my own responsibility. I will give my method of treatment to the readers of the RURAL, hoping it will do them as much good as it has me.

As soon as the animal is taken, make some strong Castile soapsuds and wash the parts clean,—make a sure thing of it and get it clean,—then heat one-half pint of common tar boiling hot and pour in between the claws affected. Let the animal stay in a dry clean place, a day or so, and all will be well. When taken in time I have never know a failure; on the other hand, if left a day or two, the foot becomes putrid, and then I find it is next to an impossibility to cure it.

HENRY J. BRAINERD.

St. Paul, Minn., June, 1860.

SHOULDER-SLIPT HORSES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a recent issue of your journal I noticed the inquiry of W. C., with regard to a shoulder-slipt horse, and a desire to find a remedy. I hereby give him mine. In severe cases of shoulder-slip the horse can neither lift his foot nor put it forward. The upper end of the shoulder blade is back of its place and the lower end forward. It is frequently caused by the draught of the collar being too high. The flesh will shortly waste away, leaving a deep cavity directly over the seat of the disease.—The best remedy is to work the horse, if not too lame, in a breast-collar harness, which will have a tendency to force the bone back to its place. Shower the shoulder freely with cold water, twice a day, and (if the weather is cold,) cover it with a blanket doubled two or three times. Rub it thoroughly with oil, and exercise moderately. Cold water is the best medicine for this complaint that I have ever used. It should be allowed to run on in a small stream, from a vessel as high above the shoulder as the horse will permit.

There is a disease of the shoulder resembling shoulder-slip very much. It arises from two causes. One, by the inner coat of the hoof being inflammed and allowed to remain so until it extends along the muscles of the leg to the shoulder. The other, by the muscles that run from the neck to the shoulder being forcibly pressed for some time, as by a hame-collar. In both cases the flesh will perish away as in shoulder-slip, and should have the same treatment.

From experience with both hame and breast-collars, I prefer the latter, as being less liable to lame or stiffen a horse. I have never known an instance of one being shoulder-slipt when worked in them. They never gall a horse if properly adjusted, and they should be as high as possible without choking. AGUSTUS H****.

Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1860.

AMERICAN vs. ENGLISH FARMERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you permit a whilom English merchant, who is now, and has been eleven years, a Wisconsin farmer, to write you a few lines with reference to an article in your issue of the 9th of June, entitled "Agricultural Education."

Without more introduction, I will at once draw your attention to the question there mooted,—Is the American farmer less intelligent and enterprising than the English farmer? While I agree with you that he is not, and is in general information better posted, yet I must add that I think he is less practical. One reason of this is, the English farmer verifies that proverb, "Cobbler, stick to your last." He does no business or trading outside of his vocation, nor thinks of any. He is, in most instances, the son of a farmer, and thinking his calling one of the most honorable and reputable, does not trouble himself much about politics or other matters; and, as I said, his general information is defective. Most of the farmers I knew were men of capital,—necessarily so, for know, Dear RURAL, that you would be considered "under the weather" there if, as a tenant, you attempted to farm 200 acres of land unless you possessed $10,000. Many do attempt it with less, but it is hard work, and they scarcely ever succeed.

Most of the farms of England are rented on a seven or fourteen years' lease. The general terms are that they shall be cultivated according to the four or the five field system,—that no hay or straw shall be sold off from the farm, but that it shall be all expended there, or its equivalent purchased in manure; and these terms are almost invariably lived up to.

I will tell you another time something more about English farmers, and an institution that gives them much practical knowledge.

CHAS. SUSAN.

Oakfield, Fond du Lac, Co., Wis., 1860.

DRAINS IN QUICKSAND AND MARSHES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In looking over No. 20 of the present volume of the RURAL, I came to the inquiry of T. P. H., of Farmington, Mich., on draining. Having had much experience in tile-making and draining,—being the first man that made tile west of Seneca county, N. Y.,—as I read his inquiry, I took pen and paper with a view to help T. P. H. out of the ditch upon good dry soil.

Sands are of all grades, from what is termed loam,—so fine that grit can hardly be felt in it between the thumb and finger,—to the coarsest gray sands. It is this fine sand that T. P. H. has to encounter. When an opening is made in this sand, if there be water in it, the whole mass moves together until the opening is again filled.

As I understand, T. P. H. has two feet of earth, and one foot of sand, mostly underlaid with a strata of gravel. The best way to proceed is to get tile nearly or quite large enough to discharge the water at all times. Commence at the outlet, if possible; calculate to settle the ditch from eight to twelve inches into the strata of gravel, which had better be done with a spade, just wide enough to admit the tile. If layers of quicksand are found extending below the bottom of the ditch, where they occur, better lay on boards, to keep the tile from settling when covered. Open no more ditch any day than can be finished up at night, and set a small piece of board at the upper end, to keep out the sand and dirt till the tile of the next day's work wants to be laid. When the tile are laid, draw coarse sand,—if a large portion of it is gravel, just as good, if there is sand enough to fill the crevices between the pebbles,—cover the tile six inches deep with this sand and gravel,—twelve inches deep would be safer and better. This makes a strainer to stop the quicksand.

T. P. H. makes a second inquiry about marshy land. If the marsh is large, containing many acres of land, and it is possible, let the ditch enter the marsh four feet deep, extend straight across, and three feet deep at the opposite bank. This being the main drain, use four inch tile to the center of the marsh, and three inch the rest of the way. From this main drain lay off drains parallel to each other, four rods apart, and use two inch pipe. Tile the ditches two and a half feet deep at the banks. If layers of quicksand are found at the banks, use gravel, sand and boards, as recommended in the first case. When the marsh is cultivated, if the parallel drains fail to make the land sufficiently dry, put another drain between them, making them two rods apart, which is close enough for most stiff clay soils. If T. P. H. thinks best to adopt these plans, and next spring finds his drains in good working order, and his lands dry, please report to the RURAL, that the facts may be used for the benefit of others. ALVIN WILCOX.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1860.

REMEDY FOR LUMPY GROUND.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As the Clod-Crusher controversy is supposed to be a "free fight," permit an outsider to "pitch in," by saying that the *real* cure of the evil, for which Mr. STEWART would use the crusher, and Mr. DICKINSON would slice up, in furrows of only two inches width, is *thorough drainage*,—removing all surplus or stagnant water. It is this which in spring makes the land wet and *sticky*, and which, as it *dries out* later in the year, leaves the ground almost as hard as a brick, before plowing,—and much like an innumerable number of pieces of brick *after*. On the contrary, when the ground is drained, after the frosts of winter have upheaved and lightened the soil, instead of falling back and being reduced to mud or morter, by the snows and rains of spring, it remains light and porous all the year, and the surplus water filters through the soil, and is carried off by the drains below. For the above reasons, we also think that one winter must elapse to upheave and lighten the ground, before even draining can cure lumpy land, but after that it will become less lumpy and more easily worked every year. Depend upon it, gentlemen, where ever your land turns up lumpy it needs underdraining, and this alone will effect a radical cure; better every way than either the crusher or the narrow slice furrow, especially as it is *permanent*, and will not need to be repeated every year.

As to which of the two courses recommended is *next* best, if gentlemen are not ready to underdrain, we are really not prepared to say, and if we were, should hardly *like to do so in the present exciting controversy!* PLOW-POINT.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Change of Seed.

THE *Irish Farmer's Gazette* says that "barley seed requires to be frequently changed; and if this is neglected, the result will be a deterioration in the quality, which, of course, lesseus the value. The amount of produce from unchanged seed is always less than from changed seed, if the latter has been properly selected." In an article on the culture of flax, the editor of the *Irish Agricultural Review* says that a change of seed has proved "decidedly beneficial." A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* recently stated that he had found a change of oats so important that he now imports his seed triennially from Prince Edward's Island.

Bones for Fertilizing Purposes.

IN a communication to the *Germantown Telegraph*, J. S. KELLETT gives the following useful information regarding the value of bones for fertilizing purposes:

"No subject on the farm is less generally understood than the properties of manure, as regards the different soils and crops. As to what kind of manure is best adapted for any particular soil, to produce the best result at the least expense, is an important question, which some might answer by saying that all manures will answer on all soils, and so they will; but the question is not answered. That some fertilizers will be better suited for some soils and some particular crops, must be evident to all observing farmers. That guanos and superphosphates will stimulate the poorest soils to bring a crop, we need no more proof; but I doubt whether they can be applied, to any advantage to the farmer, on land already in tolerably good condition; and at the prices they are offered, it is questionable to warrant the purchase of any; they are one-third too high in price to put on any land. If farmers relied more on their own resources for fertilizers, they could save many dollars that they are paying, while their animals are left to lose all their droppings where they produce nothing.

As a permanent manure, bones are, I believe, acknowledged by all practical and scientific men to be the most lasting. I have tested the value of bones to my entire satisfaction. Raw bones ground, moistened with diluted sulphuric acid, and mixed with Peruvian guano, applied on wheat and rye, have given me excellent results. Mediterranean wheat, weighing 64 lbs. to the bushel, I can boast, of last year's produce, on bone-manured land. The same land now is well set in grass, better than it ever was before. Not every farmer can have his own bone-mill, but a number can purchase one on joint stock, attach it to a power, and grind all the bones they could procure, thus enabling them to manufacture one of the most permanent manures we know of, superior, and at a less cost than they can purchase fertilizers. By a careful system of soiling, in connection with bone and leather manure, most of our farmers could make a sufficiency of superior manurial matters for all purposes, without paying from $50 to $60 per ton for guanos and phosphates."

The Bee-Keeper.

Reducing the Size of a Hive.

As Bee Culture seems rapidly gaining the attention of our rural districts, I give for the benefit of those who have committed the common error of hiving in stands too large for increase of stocks or cap honey, a feat I performed lately, and upon which I plumed myself greatly, seeing I believe it to be new and following in point of daring closely in the footsteps of my great leader, Mr. QUINBY. Finding my hives required to have four inches of height taken off, which I did not feel willing to wait for winter to make practicable by the use of a saw, I had boxes four inches high made, just large enough otherwise to fit *in* my stands. Setting these boxes by the stands, (after quieting the bees with smoke,) I had the stands lifted one by one, cut out what comb would interfere with the admission of the box, and then slipped the stand quickly and carefully over it—thus reducing the hive to the desired size. I then had bored with an inch auger, in a horizontal row, holes cutting into each other, so as to afford the little community a new passage into the outer world. The bees seemed troubled at first, but soon set to work diligently, and this evening there is every indication of swarms from two hives. HETTIE HAYFIELD.

A Sure Cure for Bee Stings.

I READ in your valuable paper (May 26th,) an inquiry for the cure of Bee Stings, by H. J. J., of Castile, N. Y. I have it for him. Take any three kinds of vegetables, chew them together, and then lay the end on the sting. The cure is performed in a few minutes. It will beat "*Perry Davis*" in killing the pain and stopping the swelling. I learned this remedy of the Iroquois Indians in Lower Canada, more than 40 years ago, and never knew it fail.

If convenient, I pick a plantain leaf—a weed—a leaf of a tree, or any three that comes to hand—and fill my mouth and chew them quickly. It makes a nice little poultice, which I hold on the place stung, and it stops the pain immediately. In three or four minutes examine the wound, and you will find a little whitish spot the size of a three cent piece, but no swelling. If any of your readers doubt this remedy, tell them to catch the Bumble-bee, and try it, and report progress. I never kept Honey-bees, being too waspish for that occupation; but I have no doubt that if you remove the sting as you recommended, then apply this poultice, in less than five minutes all will be over, and leave no trace behind. H. CAPRON.

Paris, C. W., June, 1860.

Inquiries About Bees.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being desirous of information, I earnestly hope that you will favor me, a young farmer, with answers to the following questions:—1. Is the king and queen one bee, or two distinct bees? Is there more than one to each swarm? 2. How soon after the first swarm comes out do they swarm again? 3. Is the oil or essence of anise good for bees? 4. Is there any kind of birds that will kill bees; and which, the working bees or the drones? 5. Will salt, if scattered around the hive, prevent the miller from depositing her eggs, or is there anything that will prevent them? 6. Is it good to throw water on the hive in warm weather, or not?—H. J. J., *Castile, N. Y.*

1. There is no king bee, and only one queen to each swarm. As soon as a new queen is hatched, the old one will kill the young rival if she can. 2. Second swarms generally issue in about ten days after the first. 3. We don't know that the oil of anise is of any value for bees. 4. The king bird and cat bird will eat bees, and doubtless other birds, but we do not think much mischief results from the birds. 5. Salt will not save the hive from miller. 6. The hive should be set in a shady place, but in a very warm day, wetting the outside of the hive cools it off very much. When the bees are seen clustering outside of the hive, on account of the heat, this should be done.

J. E R., *Waterford, N. Y.*—It is no humbug; we have them in use.

Inquiries and Answers.

SICKNESS AMONG THE CALVES.—I would like to enquire through the columns of the RURAL as to a disease that is prevalent among my calves. I have lost several, all having the same symptoms. The first signs are rolling their tongue in the mouth, chewing it, frothing at the mouth. The calves soon commenced staggering and falling. They will fall and get up several times. Before dying they become blind. We scarcely ever have one live more than two hours after they are taken with these symptoms. If some of your numerous readers could give the disease a name, its causes, and how to treat it, I should be glad to receive some information.—L. MATHEWS, L. M., *Avoca, N. Y.*, 1860.

WILL some of the RURAL'S numerous subscribers give some information how to prevent or cure a disease which we have here among yearling calves. They commence with dullness, a stareing coat, then they get lame in one or more legs with great pain in the parts affected. Towards the last they tremble and breathe very quick and short. When dead the parts affected are almost black.—What we have seen are about three days sick, when death ensues. If RURAL readers can give any information about the disease they will very much oblige me together with many others in this vicinity. Please say whether it is contagious or not.—JONA TAYLOR, *Watoga, Knox Co., Ill.*, 1860.

TO IMPROVE A CLAY SOIL.—Will RURAL readers please inform me how to prepare a clay soil suitable for growing grapes, strawberries, vegetables, &c.? I am not a farmer or agriculturist, and know but little about improving such a soil. It is hard, and cracks on the surface. Some say put on sand; others say loam or barn-yard manure, and there appears to be such a variety of opinions, I hardly know what to do, only to appeal to some of the RURAL readers. If I am not mistaken, I saw an article in your paper a few days since against adding sand to clay, but others may recommend it. I hope to get correct information from some experienced agriculturist.—J. M. C., *Syracuse, N. Y.*, 1860.

Sand, ashes, coarse manure—anything that will have the effect to lighten the ground and prevent its packing and baking—is beneficial. In the first place, it should be well drained. Plowing up in ridges in the fall, and allowing it to be exposed to the frost, is very beneficial. In the spring, do not touch it until it is quite dry; then plow in very narrow furrows, so that it will be broken up as much as possible. We are now growing sweet corn on a very heavy clay that we have ameliorated by coal ashes and charcoal dust. Almost all crops succeed well in a stiff soil after they get well started. The difficulty is with the plants when they are young, at which time the ground becomes so baked as to prevent growth. A little nursing in the hill and the application of loamy soil or ashes, and the lightening of the soil around the plants, will overcome this, and when the cultivator and hoe can be used, there is no difficulty.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.—*Wheat.*—As the season advances the prospects of the farmers of Western New York continue to brighten. No season in a decade of years has been so favorable, all things considered, as the present. The weather has been so generally favorable, and the crops so fine and promising, that even the lamentations of the chronic croakers are not heard in the land—this region at least. The weather is quite favorable—just enough rain having recently fallen upon the crops of both the just and unjust—and most crops bid fair to reward those who have bestowed proper attention in the preparation of the soil, planting and culture. The wheat crop is especially promising. As reported last week the crop has mainly escaped the midge, and will be (extraordinaries excepted) of very superior quality. During the past ten days we have been shown many samples which are fully equal to any wheat that could be shown in this region, at the same season, in the palmiest days of wheat growing in the Genesee country. Mr HENRY WRAY showed us, nearly two weeks ago, a fine sample of Boughton (Virginia) wheat, grown in Gates. It was the earliest sample we had seen at that time, but the heads were quite short and comparatively light, and the yield cannot be equal to Dayton, Golden Drop, &c. On the 28th ult., Mr. V. P. BROWN, of Wheatland, handed us samples of Mediterranean, Golden Drop, Dayton, Soules and White Flint. The three former (grown by Mr. B.) were about equally mature, the berry being well filled and beginning to harden. The heads of the Dayton were very large and fine—the largest we have seen the present season, or indeed for several years, (grown in this region.) The Soules and Flint (grown by Mr. PETER MCPHERSON) were also extra, but not so ripe as the varieties above named—and will probably be a week later in harvesting. The Dayton and Soules will yield abundantly—probably 30 or 40 bushels per acre. Mr. BROWN says there are many fields of Dayton in Wheatland that will yield 40 bushels to the acre "without a struggle." On the 2d inst. we received samples of the Golden Drop, Mediterranean and Dayton, from Mr. HIRAM N. SAGE, of Wheatland, (taken promiscuously from a field of sixty acres,) nearly ripe enough to cut, and we presume the first named will be harvested this week. No insect—very plump and good samples.

P. S. We regret to add that a letter just received from an intelligent gentleman residing at Attica, Wyoming Co., contains a very unfavorable report. It says—"While I congratulate the wheat growers of your vicinity on escaping the midge, I will only add my regrets that the reverse is the case in the Tonawanda Valley." As this is the only discouraging account yet received, we confidently hope it is predicated upon the prevalence of the midge in a limited district, and that the crop of most sections of Western New York will escape material injury.

RECENT SALES OF STOCK.—Two or three weeks ago, Mr. WAINWRIGHT, of Dutchess Co., had a public sale of Devons, which was *not* very public, nor much of a sale—of the animals offered. Various reasons have been given in the papers for the failure, but we apprehend the true one has not been stated—viz: *lack of publicity*. Devon breeders hereabouts knew nothing of the sale until too late to attend, and we presume such was the fact in other sections of the country. On the contrary, Hon. A. B. CONGER'S sale of improved stock, which took place on the 27th ult., (as previously announced in this and other agricultural journals,) proved quite satisfactory. The Tribune's report of the sale says—"Considering all the circumstances, the Hon. A. B. CONGER has reason to congratulate himself on the result of his first experiment in selling stock by auction. We say considering all the circumstances, for it must be recollected that he is comparatively unknown as a breeder, the animals offered were by no means of first quality, the pleuro-pneumonia panic has shut off the principal market, the place is difficult of access, and money is not very plenty among farmers of the Western country. Mr. WAINWRIGHT, with an established reputation, a first rate lot of stock, and a good location, utterly failed to attract buyers to his sale week before last, and only sold one animal except those for which he held previous orders; and yet Mr. CONGER disposed of every one of about seventy lots on his catalogue, and has weeded out his herd in a satisfactory manner."

KING PHILIP CORN IMPROVING.—In a recent conversation, E. H. GILBERT, Esq., of Nunda, N. Y., informed us that he last year raised 525 bushels of ears of King Philip Corn on four acres. It was planted about the 12th of June (after the severe frost,)—the rows being 3 feet 9 inches apart each way. The crop was hoed only once, but cultivated three times. Mr. G. says that according to the experience of himself and other Livingston county cultivators, this variety of corn has greatly improved within the past five years. The ears are much larger (nearly a third) than formerly, and the crop more productive, though a few days later in ripening. Has the same improvement been manifested in other sections where the King Philip is a comparatively new variety?

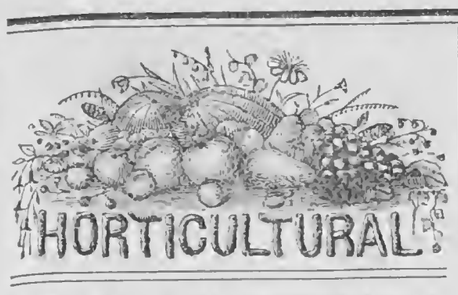
THE CATTLE DISEASE OF EASTERN NEW YORK.—The New York News states that the pleuro-pneumonia has made its appearance in several of the counties on the Hudson River. It says no less than twelve head of cattle have died of the fatal disease within the last few days at Vail's Gate, Orange county, and that Mr. JACOB STORMS, of Southeast, Putnam county, has lost seven cows within the last two weeks. Other persons, in Carmel, in that county, have also lost several. If this is correct, it behooves the farmers of this State to be on their guard, but we suspect the truth is exaggerated. However, as "caution is the parent of safety," it may be well to be prepared for the epidemic.

ANOTHER WEIGHTY CALF.—Noticing the recent item in the RURAL, giving 106 lbs. as the weight at birth of a Durham calf, (owned by Mr. GALENTINE, of Rush,) got by imported Bletsoe, Mr. GEO. C. BAKER, of Gaines, writes us that he has a Durham bull calf, (whose grandsire is imported Bletsoe,) that weighed when dropped, March 16th, 110 lbs.,—when four weeks old, 210 lbs.,—when eight weeks old, 300 lbs., and when three months old, 411 lbs. That will do—until it is exceeded.

AN AGRICULTURAL SHOW was held March 1st at Adelaide, South Australia, at which nearly 8,000 persons were present. The wheat exhibited was very fine, the first-prize sample weighing from 67 to 68½ lbs. to the bushel. The sample of the first-prize plain-growing wheat weighed 65 lbs. 9 ounces to the bushel. Seed-wheat for which a special prize was given, reached 66 lbs. 7½ ounces to the bushel. The raisins, prunes, apples and other fruit also showed great improvement.—*Ex.*

PAINTED VESSELS FOR THE DAIRY.—The Little Falls Farmers' Club state that newly painted vessels are the cause of discolored cheese, which is poisonous. It is suggested that, by painting the vessels in advance, and soaking them in whey, or water, until the poisonous substance in the lead is extracted, they may be used with safety.—Tin vessels are, however, recommended as the most economical.

THE SHEEP SHEARING EXHIBITION, at Lockport, a few days ago, though an experiment in Niagara county, is said to have been quite successful. The Sheep shorn were all fine Spanish, or Spanish and French blood. The local papers notice fine specimens of wool, and heavy fleeces, as results of the exhibition.



FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

JUNE MEETING AT BUFFALO.

The Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York held its June meeting in Buffalo, on the 27th and 28th ult., in the Council Chamber. At 11 o'clock in the forenoon of the first day, the Secretary, C. P. Bissell, of Rochester, announced that the President, Benjamin Hodge, of Buffalo, was unable to attend, on account of sickness, and the meeting organized by the appointment of S. H. Ainsworth, of Ontario Co., as Chairman.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by the Secretary, and approved.

On motion of D. W. Beadle, the following gentlemen were appointed by the Chairman as a Committee to prepare subjects for discussion:—Charles Downing, Newburgh; W. P. Townsend, Lockport; Hugh T. Brooks, Wyoming.

O. G. Steele, Esq., from a Committee appointed by the Buffalo Horticultural Society, tendered an invitation to the Association to visit the exhibition at St. James Hall, which was accepted with thanks by the President.

D. W. Beadle moved that the hours of meeting during the session be fixed as follows:—Afternoon session at 2 P. M.; evening session at 7 P. M.; morning session at 9 A. M.

Prof. Coppock stated that the Horticultural Society much desired the presence of the members of the Association at its meeting at St. James Hall in the evening, and hoped it would be found convenient to attend. He moved as an amendment that the Association meet with the Horticultural Society at St. James Hall, in the evening, at 7 o'clock. The amendment was accepted, and as amended the motion was carried.

Mr. Townsend, of Lockport, from the Committee to prepare subjects for discussion, presented the following, reporting progress, and desiring further time:

Strawberries.—Which are the best six varieties for market, and the best six for family use, and which the best method of cultivation in each case?

Cherries.—What are the best six varieties of cherry for family use, and also for market purposes?

Raspberries.—What are best varieties for market, and which the best for family use,—hardiness and productiveness considered?

Currants.—Which are the best varieties, both for market and family use.

Pears.—What variety or varieties of dwarf pears is it best to plant in an orchard of three acres; at what distance apart should the trees be planted, and what is the best mode of culture?

The report was adopted, and the subjects taken up in order for discussion.

STRAWBERRIES.

Which are the best six varieties for market, and the best six for family use, and which the best method of cultivation in each case?

E. Herendeen, of Macedon, could recommend but one variety for market, and that was Wilson's Albany. It will produce four times as much as most other sorts, and twice as much as any other. It is rather acid, but of a good flavor—one of which the taste never tires. It not only produces a great crop, but uniformly large berries; those of the last picking being almost as large as the first. Cultivate in rows, first setting plants eighteen inches apart in the rows, and the rows four feet apart, and allowing the runners to cover half the ground. Mulch with straw or cut grass. In answer to an inquiry, Mr. H. said he had cultivated Triomphe de Gand, but not as extensively as the Wilson, which he thought would produce twice as many quarts to the acre.

Prof. Coppock, of Buffalo, could not agree with Mr. Herendeen. Did not find the Wilson more prolific than some others, and thought it was not fit to eat, being altogether too acid. Its acid was peculiar and harsh, leaving a bad taste in the mouth. It had been grown quite extensively around Buffalo, and some pains had been taken to give it a notoriety, but the people could now distinguish between a good and a poor berry. The ladies said it was not good for preserving, as it would not keep well, and even when it does is of a miserable flavor. Trollope's Victoria is a good bearer. Triomphe de Gand not productive. Scott's Seedling is equal to Wilson for productiveness, and can be carried well. Genesee is a good bearer, and a fine family berry, but too soft for market. In answer to an inquiry as to the quality of Scott's Seedling, Mr. C. said it was very good,—in fact, the flavor was fine. Would recommend for culture Scott's Seedling, Genesee and Longworth's Prolific, and call attention to a chance seedling of his own, which came up from seed of some Cincinnati strawberries. It was a very prolific berry, bearing more than Wilson,—rich and luscious, and bears handling,—may be rolled like marbles; but not quite as luscious as Burr's New Pine.

Mr. Moody, of Lockport, said we needed earlier berries than the Wilson. Jenny Lind is early, large, productive, and a fine fruit. Burr's New Pine is the finest flavored of all. Peabody is a very good strawberry. Triomphe de Gand bears well when grown in hills, but must not be allowed to run into a mass. Scott's Seedling he considered the meanest berry in cultivation. His soil was a chestnut loam. Recommended as the best six varieties, Jenny Lind, Triomphe de Gand, Hooker, Trollope's Victoria, Monroe Scarlet, and Wilson.

Prof. Coppock considered Prince's Eclipse a valuable early berry, prolific, medium sized, and of fine flavor. With regard to the cultivation of strawberries, Mr. C. stated, in reply to a question, that he plowed and subsoiled his land, placing it in good condition as for a crop of corn or wheat. His plants were set in rows, about eighteen inches apart. He mulched with tanbark, buckwheat straw, &c., but never with sawdust. Once in about five years plowed up the beds and made others. The excrementary matter thrown off by the old plants rendered it necessary to form new beds. Did not allow the plants to grow too thick in the beds.

C. L. Hoag, of Lockport, was well pleased with Wilson and the Pyramidal Chilian. Hooker, as a family berry, never was excelled, although rather tender. Pyramidal Chilian next to this, almost as productive as Wilson. Wilson is of fair quality when fully ripe. Never cultivated except to destroy the weeds, as deep stirring of the soil near the roots is apt to injure them, and injure the crops. The soil Mr. H. cultivated was a sandy loam.

F. Glen, of Rochester, said there was one variety which had not been mentioned, that he thought would produce more berries in a season than any other variety—the Crimson Cone. From a bed containing sixteen square rods, he picked last season 1100 quarts, and this season 1000. Wilson's Albany the second year was almost worthless, but the first year very productive. He considered Triomphe de Gand the best of all. Large Early Scarlet was a very valuable sort, and in three years would yield more berries than Wilson.

James Vick, of Rochester, coincided with Mr. Glen as to the productiveness of the Crimson Cone. A few years since this was almost the only variety grown for the New York market, and several of the growers in Jersey had informed him that it was the only variety from which they could make money. He believed they were now growing other varieties to some extent. Mr. V. also called attention to the advantage of growing strawberries in hills, stating that a plant, if kept shorn of its runners, would become very large by side shoots from the crown, and would throw up twenty or thirty fruit stalks, bearing eight or ten good berries each, thus giving a couple of hundred to each plant.

Mr. Glen had grown strawberries in this way, and had counted thirty clusters of fruit from a single plant, but did not think this the most profitable mode of culture.

Prof. Coppock said there were some advantages and some disadvantages in the hill system. The principal disadvantage was, that where a portion of the plants is killed by the frost, it makes a great vacancy, while if grown in a mass it would not be noticed.

C. L. Hoag said Hooker's was very productive when grown in hills. Had seen it give as large a crop as Wilson's Albany. The Pyramidal Chilian is the hardiest of all varieties.

Chas. Downing, of Newburgh, being asked to express his opinion on the question, said he regarded Wilson's Albany as the most productive variety, but had a great dislike to its flavor, and would not grow it. Jenny Lind is a fine early sort. Triomphe de Gand was his favorite. Trollope's Victoria was of good quality, but not productive. Hooker does not do well. Scott's Seedling is a fair bearer, but of poor flavor. Was cultivating a new variety from Canada called Ladies Pine, in flavor like Burr's New Pine, and moderately productive.

Mr. Beadle knew nothing about cultivating for market, and could only give his experience in growing for family use. His preferences were the Large Early Scarlet, Hovey's Seedling, which does well and gives a few large berries on each truss, the root being of moderate size, Burr's New Pine, the best strawberry, and tolerably productive. The rival of it in flavor is Triomphe de Gand. Hooker bears large berries and fine crops, with few small berries on the truss. Some say Hooker is tender. With us in Canada all strawberries are tender. When covered with leaves all are safe. Wilson best for productiveness, but of poor flavor. Was testing Triomphe de Gand, and it promised very favorably. Victoria looked as though it would prove a shy bearer.

Mr. Downing said the Wilson died out after producing one crop.

Mr. Glen said this was his experience.

Prof. Coppock being inquired of as to the manner and time of planting, said he planted any time when he could obtain good plants and the soil was in order. Take up the plants, and clip off two-thirds of the tops and one-third of the roots. Then mulch the roots and plant. Immediately after planting, throw two or three quarts of fresh tanbark over the plant, burying it. In a little while the plant will appear above the tan, healthy and vigorous. Just before winter, gave a covering of tan, as a winter protection, using about a peck to ten plants. If plants were put out in the autumn, obtained about half a crop the first season.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Association re-assembled at a quarter before three o'clock, when the Chairman read a letter from the President, B. Hodge, Esq., regretting his detention from the meeting by sickness, and expressing his unfailing interest in the objects of the Convention. The following subject, the second on the list, was then taken up and discussed.

CHERRIES.

What are the best six varieties of cherry for family use, and also for market purposes?

Mr. Downing was called upon for his opinion, when he remarked that Coe's Transparent was an excellent Cherry for family use. Belle de Choisy was better, but a poor bearer. May Duke was one of the best for market. He would also recommend Great Bigarreau and Kirtland's Mary, and would speak well of Gov. Wood, but it is so liable to rot. Early Richmond is a very useful cherry. Early Prolific is a good early Cherry, and a great bearer. Ripens with Belle d' Orleans.

Prof. Coppock recommended for market Black Tartarian, Yellow Spanish, Elton, May Duke, Coe's Transparent, and Black Eagle.

C. P. Bissell, of Rochester, thought well of the Early Purple Guigne, Coe's Transparent, and Belle de Choisy.

Prof. Coppock thought the birds would not leave many of the Early Purples. He had seventeen trees, but until the present season never saved the fruit from the birds.

Mr. Moody had only one Early Purple Guigne tree. Had kept an account of the fruit sold from it the last three years, and it amounted to $11. The birds eat all of the Baumau's May, but do not trouble Early Purple much. Black Tartarian does first-rate, but Coe's Transparent is of much better quality. Belle de Choisy is the best of the Cherries. His children never picked anything else when it was ripe. Knight's Early Black is a good sort.

C. L. Hoag wished to call attention to an old and neglected variety, the American Black Heart. It was always fair and perfect—never wormy, and was selected by visitors, and purchased, in preference to any other Black Cherry he cultivated. It bears remarkably well every season. Had a tree 40 years old now giving large crops. An inferior sort had been sold under this name.

Jos. Frost, of Rochester, thought Coe's Transparent one of the best of the light colored Cherries. Belle de Choisy a little better as a dessert fruit, and bears pretty well, especially when the tree has obtained age.

Mr. Townsend would mention one variety not generally known, but much esteemed in the neighborhood of Lockport—the Townsend Cherry, a seedling raised by the speaker. It is very early—had picked it the 7th of June. Always produces a crop. Liked the Black Tartarian, Elton, May Duke, Rockport Bigarreau, Downer's Late. Purple Guigne was always destroyed by birds, and Belle de Choisy never produced a crop.

Mr. Glen recommended Belle de Orleans, Gov. Wood, Coe's Transparent, May Duke, Early Richmond, Downer's Late. To this six he would add one or two others, to fill up the season.

Mr. Beadle inquired if any one could tell the character of Belle Magnifique.

Mr. Hoag replied that it was a fine Cherry—very large—larger than Black Tartarian. It was particularly esteemed for bottling and preserving, keeping well and retaining its flavor.

Mr. Downing thought well of Vail's August Duke, one of the most promising of the new Cherries. Something like May Duke, but several weeks earlier. A seedling of Mr. Vail, of Troy.

Mr. Beadle lived in a cold country, (Canada,) where the Heart and Bigarreau Cherries did not succeed, but where the Dukes and Morellos flourished very well. Could grow May Duke, E. Richmond and Reine Hortense, and a few others. Would like a list of Dukes and Morellos that it is best to plant.

Mr. Downing recommended, in addition to those mentioned by Mr. B., Late Duke, Royal Duke, Plumstone Morello, and Vail's August Duke.

Mr. Hoag recommended as the best six, Early Purple, Gov. Wood, Townsend Seedling, Black Tartarian, Rockport Bigarreau, Old American Black Heart.

Mr. Townsend said cherries should be grown on land of only moderate fertility, and it is not best to cultivate too highly. Trees grown on Mahaleb stocks are hardier than on Mazzard, and much less likely to be injured in winter. They commence bearing at three years old. The size and quality of the fruit was much better on Mahaleb stock.

Mr. Downing thought the Mahaleb one of the best stocks that could be used.

Mr. Frost was much in favor of the Mahaleb stock, as trees are hardier than when upon the Mazzard. The Heart and Bigarreau varieties will thrive well on the Mahaleb in localities where if upon the Mazzard they would die. The form of the tree is more bushy, more branches, and a greater profusion of foliage to protect the trunk. The fruit is more easily gathered, is of larger size and finer flavor. As a general rule he thought the buds took best on the Mahaleb.

Mr. Hoag called the attention of members to a number of Seedling Cherries raised by W. P. Townsend, of Lockport, among them some of the best cherries he had ever tasted. Next season Mr. T. intended to bring them to public notice.

RASPBERRIES.

What are the best varieties for market, and which the best for family use,—hardiness and productiveness considered?

Chas. Downing recommended Brinckle's Orange for family use; for market, the Hudson River Antwerp.

Mr. Townsend considered Brinckle's Orange too tender.

Mr. Downing considered it quite hardy, but all Raspberries should be laid down in the winter. This is the practice with all growers for market around New York.

Mr. Vick said he had received letters from the West stating that the Orange was the hardiest of all the cultivated Raspberries.

Mr. Fish said all the varieties he cultivated killed back, except the Black Raspberry, which was the only one he considered worthy of cultivation.

Mr. Glen wished to add the Fastolf to those recommended by Mr. Downing.

Mr. Downing said it was good, but would not bear carriage, being too soft and tender.

Mr. Hoag had a good number of varieties, and they were all killed back, the Orange with the rest, but if it receives the slightest protection from the winds, even by trees, it is safe. He had a kind obtained for Red Prolific, but he could not say it was true, which was worthless.

Mr. Downing considered the Red American or Red Prolific the best hardy berry—the farmer's berry. It was like the Black Cap, but earlier and of a maroon color; belongs to the same family. In answer to an inquiry, Mr. D. said he was not pleased with the Allen, although he wished to give it another year of trial before condemning it. It grew so many suckers that it is difficult to keep them subdued, and as a consequence the berries were poor. It was not to be compared to the Hudson River Antwerp.

Mr. Herendeen said J. J. Thomas had tried and condemned it.

Mr. Glen was satisfied that it was a variety they had in their grounds several years since, and had fought hard to exterminate.

Mr. Beadle inquired about the Ever-Bearing varieties.

Mr. Frost had grown several varieties, but had not given them much attention—perhaps not as much as they deserved. The Catawissa he thought the best. It gave a good crop in the summer, and a crop again in the fall, continuing until October.

Mr. Downing inquired if the berries were perfect—with him they were very imperfect.

Mr. Frost said some imperfect berries were produced, but it gives a good crop of perfect fruit. To get a good crop, the old canes must be cut out, and the fruit obtained from the present year's shoots.

H. T. Brooks knew nothing of the *ever*-bearing sorts, but he had a *never*-bearing variety.

Mr. Glen thought well of the Doolittle Black Raspberry. Cultivated between two and three acres. They will sell well and ship any distance. They are larger, and not quite so seedy as the common Black Cap.

Mr. Peck, of Bloomfield, grew Black Cap from the woods, and could not tell the fruit from Doolittle's Improved.

Mr. Downing called attention to Vice-President French—a week later than most of the Raspberries. A fine large berry; plant vigorous and productive.

CURRANTS.

Which are the best varieties, both for market and family use?

Mr. Moody thought most of the White Grape Currant. It was large, and not so acid as many others, and hangs on the bushes well. Had them last season until the first of October. The Cherry Currant is about the same size, and an enormous bearer.

Mr. Downing said there was but very little difference in the fruit between White Grape and White Dutch. There was considerable difference in the leaves and habit of the plant. There was a new currant, said to be twice as large as White Dutch. Versailles is a most desirable currant, the best of the new ones. The berry is as large as Cherry, and the bunches longer.

Mr. Frost said the Versailles was much grown, and was very popular around Boston. The berries were large, the bunches long, and the fruit very easily gathered.

GOOSEBERRIES.

Mr. Frost was cultivating, in addition to many English sorts, the American Seedling and Houghton's Seedling. The American is the most upright in growth, and is considered the best around Cincinnati and at some other places.

Mr. Downing said the American Seedling was known by different names, in different localities. Mr. D. said, in answer to an inquiry, that Downing's Seedling was an improvement on Houghton's Seedling, a very fair berry, but like all new things, had been over-praised.

Mr. Hoag thought pretty well of the Mountain Seedling. It is very productive, and makes a good, vigorous growth, and never mildews.

Some discussion followed as to the best means of preventing mildew of the European varieties, but nothing new was elicited.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

PEARS.

What variety or varieties of dwarf pears is it best to plant in an orchard of three acres; at what distance should the trees be planted, and what is the best mode of culture?

Mr. Fish would plant Duchesse d'Angouleme. It is a good grower, bears early enough, and being a large, showy fruit, always commands a high price in the market, but would not plant one variety exclusively. Sometimes one sort fails, and in such a case it is not best to have a total failure. No farmer likes to grow one crop exclusively, on this account. Louise Bonne de Jersey does exceedingly well, and with him the Virgalieu did not crack. Would set out equal numbers of Duchesse d'Angouleme, Virgalieu, Louise Bonne de Jersey, with some Bartletts double worked.

Mr. Townsend found that trees were most subject to the blight just as they were coming into bearing, and high culture he thought favorable to the disease. He had suffered very severely—lost hundreds of trees. Noticed that when a vigorous growth was made one year, trees were subject to attacks from blight the next. Had cultivated between the rows, but proposed to let them go in turf for awhile. Thought L. B. de Jersey the best pear to make money of. After this, Virgalieu, Seckel, Beurre Superfin, Bartlett, (double worked,) Tyson and Rostiezer. Would double work Bartlett on White Doyenne.

D. S. Manley, of Buffalo, said they could not raise a good Virgalieu in that section, neither on a standard nor a dwarf. For early pears would plant Rostiezer and Tyson. Liked Louise Bonne de Jersey, and would pick off fruit so that it be not allowed to bear until five years planted. Duchesse d'Angouleme should be served in the same way. There is not a pear orchard west of Boston cultivated too highly.

Mr. Moody spoke highly of the Lawrence as a winter pear. It ripened without any trouble, just like apples in the cellar, and was about as good as the Virgalieu.

Several gentlemen here gave accounts of their losses by blight—and some proposed seeding their orchards to grass, and allowing it to remain for a few years, as a check upon the evil, as it seemed to be most severe with trees that were highly cultivated. Other gentlemen claimed that trees highly cultivated were no more subject to blight than those that were neglected—that the cause of the disease, like that of many diseases that affect the human system, was beyond our research—that cause and cure are alike unknown.

Mr. Beadle declared that he was puzzled. There was so much blight—so many evils to contend with, and they were so little understood, that it seemed to him the whole subject was in the dark, and no one could enlighten us. He didn't know but he would soon have to side with those who declared dwarf pears humbugs.

Mr. Vick said, at this stage of the proceedings, he wished to make a few remarks that he hoped would be worthy of being heard and remembered. We come together in meetings like this and talk of our difficulties—the pear blight, and the curculio, and the peach worms, and the caterpillars, and the bark lice, and a score of other things too numerous and *too small* to be mentioned,—and the reports are copied into the English journals, and English Horticulturists, who talk less about their evils while they endure more, have got the idea that we are an afflicted people—that Pandora's box of Horticultural plagues must have been opened on our devoted land. While the fact is, we are almost exempt from all great difficulties, and have not yet learned to work, and fight, and conquer success. We have hardly begun to feel the truth of the curse—"thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." We all know what a fuss the shepherd made about the lost sheep, and how he left the ninety and nine and went in search of the lost one. So it is with us; we come here, and every one almost has a dead tree about which a great ado must be made, but nothing is said of the ninety and nine that live, and flourish, and bear fruit, that sells, some for ten, and some for fifteen, and some for twenty dollars a barrel. When the country was new, fruit was raised without any trouble; but it sold for about nothing. Now it costs a little labor to grow good fruit, and it sells at a high price. Could we grow fruit as easily as it is grown at the tropics, then it would be comparatively worthless, and the effect would be seen on character.

Mr. Townsend remarked that while he had spoken of the blight which had really troubled him, he did not wish to carry the idea that he was discouraged, for with all his losses his balance sheet exhibited balance on the right side. He obtained a profit of $300 to $500 per acre from land on which he cultivated dwarf pears. No business was more profitable than dwarf pear culture.

Mr. Manley said it was not strange that we should dwell on our misfortunes. This is what we would like to prevent, though sometimes we are disposed to magnify the evils we have to endure.

The President exhibited the measurement of two pear trees eight years planted, one grown in grass since set out, the other having received ordinary culture, the trunk of the former being four inches and three-eighths in circumference, and the latter two feet and nine inches.

After some remarks on grape growing, and the passage of resolutions of sympathy with the President of the Society in his affliction, of thanks to the Mayor and citizens of Buffalo, the Society adjourned to meet in Rochester in September next, at the call of the Council.

BLACK ANTS AND RED.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I send my mother's remedy for *the evil of ants*, as there was an inquiry concerning them lately published in the Rural. The question I have taken the liberty to annex, (Yankee style,) is one I have recently been asked. I thought I could reply at once, but all accounts I have since read are not quite satisfactory and perhaps many will be able to tell just what I wish to learn.

We have found camphor an excellent thing to drive away black ants. Sprinkle the shelves with a few drops of the spirits of camphor, and if *your ants* are as restive as *ours* were, they will very soon disappear.

It is changing the subject slightly; but can some of the *knowing ones* inform me who was Commander of the May-Flower? Was it Miles Standish?—and if so, did he return to England in the May-Flower?—Gene, *"Home," N. Y.*, 1860.

Eds. Rural:—I see by your issue of the 16th ult., M. H., of Pulaski, N. Y., asks what will drive away the little black ants. If he will strew a small quantity of pulverized camphor gum about the places infested, they will leave in double quick time.—Rural Reader, *Springvale, Wis.*, 1860.

To clear the house of *red* ants, an exchange says, wash your shelves clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thickly; let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

GRAHAM TEA CAKES, UNLEAVENED CAKES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Perhaps I can furnish an item or two for Domestic Economy in response to inquiries which I have not seen answered.

Graham Tea Cakes.—Take thin sour cream, or rich buttermilk, with the proper quantity of soda and salt. Stir in Graham flour to a thick batter, drop with a spoon on buttered tins, and bake in a quick oven.

Unleavened Cakes.—Mix sweet milk with Graham flour till stiff enough to roll,—not too stiff,—roll till nearly one-quarter of an inch in thickness; cut in squares and bake in quick oven.

Preparation for Transparent Window Shades.—One part spirits of turpentine; 2 parts varnish; 3 parts linseed oil, (raw,) adding a little litharge to make it dry well.—C., *Grand Rapids, Michigan*, 1860.

To Cook Kohl Rabi.—Pare and boil like turnip then drain very dry and mash, with butter, salt and pepper to your taste. Add a little sweet cream if you have it, and it is delicious.—C. C. D., *Cobourg, C. W.*, 1860.

Making Paste for Scrap-Books.—Will not some of the numerous lady readers of the Rural give us a recipe for making glue, or paste, to be used in the manufacture of Scrap-Books?—Youth, *Corning, N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TO MY MOTHER,
ON HER EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY.

You're eighty-eight years old, mother,
You're eighty-eight to day;
Since first you saw the light, mother,
These years have passed away.

You've had a checkered life, mother,
As all must have who live;
But GOD, who gives us all, mother,
Knows best what life to give.

And I, your *youngest boy*, mother,
Am growing old and gray,
For more than *fifty years*, mother,
Of my life have passed away.

And yet I fondly hope, mother,
That you and I may stay
Upon this blessed earth, mother,
Through many a coming day.

And when the time shall come, mother—
As come to all it must—
When the spirit goes to GOD, mother,
And dust returns to dust,

I hope to you and me, mother,
It may be kindly given
To join with heart and voice, mother,
In the praises sung in Heaven.

And then I hope to meet, mother,
With father, sister, wife,
With brother, friend, and kin, mother,
And all we loved in life;

And not alone with these, mother,
We hope our voice to raise,
But that every child of GOD, mother,
Shall join that song of praise.

Rochester, N. Y., June 16, 1860. HENRY.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY STAR.

WHEN I was a child, my mother was wont to sit with me at the twilight hour, telling me, perchance, a fairy tale, or a story of children,—good little children,—of the olden time. Sometimes she spoke to me of the better land,—our brighter home,—bidding me seek it aright. Oh! at those twilight hours good angels came very near us,—so near I fancied I could almost hear their singing,—almost see their lovely forms hovering above us.

One evening in the autumn time, my mother, who had grown pale and thin of late, sat by the open door, idly, even sadly watching, while day furled her red banners in a soft, purple haze, and the stars came out in Heaven's blue vault. Then she called me to her, asking me which of all the stars I loved the best. I raised my finger, pointing to the evening star,—the first to shine when the day has fled.

Aye, love it *ever*, my child; may it be truly a light to thee, cheering the dark hours of life,—guiding thee at last to thy mother, and thy heaven.

She passed from earth, my gentle mother. Childhood had for me one *great* sorrow, one crushing grief. Everywhere I missed her who had made existence a charmed thing to me; but nowhere, and at no time, did I so sorrow for her loss as at the twilight hour. Then would a desolation come over me, a sense of fearful loneliness. At this time would I look upon my star,—pure, bright, and beautiful. The words of my mother came over my soul like some forgotten thing, charming its very sadness. I fancied through the stars she looked upon me,—spoke to me, and her words were *peace*. A new joy stole into my sad heart,—a trust, a *confidence*. Another spell was thrown around my *star*,—it had comforted me in sorrow.

A weary way hath been mine since then, but a holy thing my star hath been to me. It hath charmed away my sorrow,—it hath inspired my soul to high and holy endeavor,—it hath been to me a friend, constant and true. For many years I have loved it,—glimpses of glory *my soul* hath caught while gazing upon it,—aye, it hath well nigh forgotten earth, its sorrows and its cares, longing to go thence to its home,—*the spirits' home*. Oh, more than prophet or preacher, hath my star spoken to me of the better land. It hath taught me that away, far away, there is rest for the troubled soul, there is joy for the sorrowing, there is love for the desolate and unloved, there is a long home for the homeless. Thither hath my spirit turned with earnest longings,—joyous in the hope that the journey shall be ended at last,—aye, I *know* that one night holy stars shall gleam upon a new-made grave,—one morning, GOD willing, the gates of Heaven shall be opened, that one of earth's weary ones may enter in with rejoicing. BESSIE DAY.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1860.

THE HOME OF TASTE.—How easy it is to be neat, to be clean. How easy it is to arrange rooms with the most graceful propriety. How easy it is to invest our houses with the truest elegance. Elegance resides not with the upholsterer or draper; it is not put up with the hanging and curtains; it is not in the mosaics, the carpetings, the rosewood, the mahogany, the candelabra, or the marble ornaments; it exists in the spirit presiding over the chamber of the dwelling. Contentment must always be most graceful; it glows serenely over the scene of its abode; it transforms a waste into a garden. The homes lighted by these intimations of a nobler and brighter life may be wanting in much which the discontented desire; but to its inhabitants it will be a palace far outvieing the oriental in brilliancy and glory.

LOVE may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE FIRE-PLACE.

Do we not remember the grand old fire place at our grandfather's, the huge logs and the bright blaze that made the whole room light. That large fire-place, where the entire family could gather,—the cider, (with all due deference to the temperance societies we say it,) the butternuts and apples, those long winter evenings, in the old New England home, amid the green hills of Vermont. Very pleasant are these memories of the bygones. But how the fire-place has given way for the new patterns of stoves, and furnaces, with greater heat and impure air, weakening the lungs, making the head dizzy, and decreasing the strength and vigor of the whole body. Some don't believe this, but let a person who is accustomed to a fire-place or coal grate try one of the highly heated stove-rooms, and see.

Can a family be as cheerfully happy as around the pleasant fire-place? Many say it costs so much more for the wood. I suppose it does take more wood or coal, but the pleasure, comfort, and healthful advantages of it would recommend us to deprive ourselves of some other luxury that we may enjoy this. I would rather have a parlor or sitting-room furnished with a fire-place than with damask curtains, velvet carpets, sofa-seat chairs, beautiful mirrors, and gas lights.

Especially agreeable is the fire-place on a mild day, when it is scarcely warm enough to do without a fire, and we all know how intolerable a stove fire is then. Give us the huge fire-place of our New England grandfathers, with the knitting of our grandmothers, their cheerful happy hearts, contented spirits, simple wants, and all the new-fashioned stoves and furnaces may go to the shades. ADA BROWN.

"Oak Hall," Iowa, 1860.

TRUTHS FOR WIVES.

IN domestic happiness, the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagances and mismanagement; and more is spent in trifles, than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief; and this the wife alone can stop—for it does not come within man's province. There is often unsuspected trifles to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those niceties which make a well-regulated house. An unfurnished cruet stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a soiled tablecloth, a mustard pot with its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are severally nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort. Depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton chop or a tidy breakfast table. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation—however intellectual—but they can always appreciate a well swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanted beauties of an Armida; but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections, that without love their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of a higher order of mind will not run this risk; they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

WHAT A WIFE CAN DO.

THE Napier family has won a most honorable fame in English history, and it is pleasant to know that on the female side it is quite as illustrious as on the male. Here is a record of some performances of the lady of Sir William Napier:

When Joseph Bonaparte fled from Vittoria, he left behind him a very large collection of letters, which, however, were without order, in three languages, many almost illegible, and the most important in cypher, to which there was no key. It was the correspondence of Joseph Bonaparte while nominally King of Spain. Sir William Napier was in a state of perplexity, and almost despair, of being able to make any use of these valuable materials, when his wife undertook to arrange the letters according to dates and subjects, to make a table of reference, and to translate and epitomize the contents of each. Many of the most important documents were entirely in cypher; of some letters about one-half was in cypher, and others had a few words so written interspersed. All these documents and letters, Lady Napier arranged, and with a rare sagacity and patience she deciphered the secret writings. The entire correspondence was thus made available for the historian's purpose. She also made out all Sir William Napier's rough interlined manuscripts, which were almost illegible to himself, and wrote out the whole work fair for the printers—it may be said three times, so frequent were the changes made. Sir William Napier mentions these facts in the preface to the edition of 1851; and in paying this tribute to Lady Napier, observes that this amount of labor was accomplished without her having for a moment neglected the care and education of a large family.

ENVY.—A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one, will prey upon the other.—*Lord Bacon.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BY MRS. JULIUS W. SMITH.

THERE is a beauty in the forest trees
When their young buds are shining on each spray,
And when their dancing plumes float on the breeze,
Making cool shadows from the glare of day;
There is a pleasure in the sound that's heard
When the wind warbles through them like a bird.

There is a beauty in the flying cloud
That spreads its dusk wings o'er the sunny earth;
There is a grandeur in the thunder loud
And flaming lightning when the storm has birth;
There is magnificence upon the sea,
When sky and waves mingle tumultuously.

What a rich fragrance wafts upon the moon,
What music in the hum of honey bees,
What grace and beauty in a field of corn,
Sporting with mad kissed by the summer breeze;
And what rare sweetness in the wild bird's note,
Bursting in Heaven-taught music from his throat.

There is a beauty in the snowy day,
And in the night, regnant with stars and moon;
There is a splendor in the sun's fierce ray
That withers with its kiss the flowers at noon;
Earth, air, and sea, and all created things,
Are full of beauty and all bright imaginings.

There is a beauty in man's noble form,
A loveliness in woman's gentler mold,
What matchless graces around childhood swarm,
What holy reverence in the good and old;
While youth's bold front inspires our love and pride,—
O, nothing beautiful is to us denied.

So, murmuring brother, ere you gaze
With jaundiced eye upon this lovely world,
Think of GOD's bounty, and His goodness praise,
By whom its beauties are to thee unfurled,
And you will be nobler, better in the end,
Deeming no man your foe, but everyone your friend.

Paris, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FOUNTAIN DROPS.

BY MRS. M. F. A. CROZIER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S STRENGTH.

"I CAN do all things through CHRIST which strengtheneth me." Here is the secret of the Christian's greatest strength. How many a heart has borne up patiently through the petty trials of daily life, "through CHRIST!" How many a hard-fought spiritual battle has been won "through CHRIST!" How many a human soul has gone down shudderingly into the furnace of affliction, but come out unharmed,—only the black dross that clung to it melted away,—"through CHRIST." How many have entered the crucible of sorrow as only dull, valueless metal, but, "through CHRIST,"—through the wondrous power of a Divine alchemy,—have been transformed to precious gold! How many a standard-bearer of the gospel of love has trodden, through weary years, the hot soil of a foreign land, underneath the burning rays of a foreign sun, and at last cheerfully laid down his tired form to rest in a foreign grave, "through CHRIST." How many a martyr has walked firmly to the block, or joyfully to the stake, there to seal with his own blood his testimony to the truth, "through CHRIST." Leaning on His power, even the blessed child has stepped along the pathway of the Dark Valley, and found it springing with violets and green grasses,—has laid its hands in the white palm of Death as trustingly as it had been wont to repose upon the maternal bosom,—and, "through CHRIST," thank God! the child, the martyr, the missionary, the ripened Christian from the walks of private life, shall spring again from the dust to which they had crumbled, and the flowers that shall grow by the River of Life shall not be so bright, or more immortal than they!

A THOUGHT.

I have seen a storm approaching. The thunders muttered and the lightnings flashed fearfully. I felt a terror in my heart, and my mind was solemn. But when it was upon us,—when the artillery of the skies was playing almost above our heads, then I felt an ecstasy which words cannot express,—a trust, perhaps, in GOD, which nearly cast out fear.

And is not such human experience often in the contemplation of death, and in its "hour and article?" When it is only coming, and yet afar off,—when the black wings of the messenger lie along the blue horizon of life,—and above, the sun of prosperity, or of human love, is still undimmed, does not the soul shrink at the approach of that dread shadow that bears the thunderbolts of the King of Terrors! But when the trial comes, when the earthly sun is hidden, when one feels the dark pinions enfolding his form,—feels upon his brow the cold touch of the white fingers,—then is given the needed strength,—then, in that night of dying, is given the telescope wherewith to bring very near the glories of the Father's house of many mansions, and in the ecstatic delight which the golden vision brings, the storm passes, and the next thing the saint shall know, he will waken from his sleeping, and the beatific scene shall be around him,—really, eternally around him.

WAR.

O, the desolating power, the horrid scenes of war! But not the ravaged fields, not the gory battle-plain, with its heaps of the dying and the dead, not the anguish of gaping wounds, not the breaking hearts of widows and of orphans,—not these, singly or combined, tell all its fearfulness. More dreadful than all these is the fact that to multitudes of human beings is the sun of probation set; that thousands of those who, but for the stern demands of war, might have lived to accept of gospel mercy, and at length have struck the chords of Salvation's golden lyre, are swept away, swept away, to the oblivion of eternal night.

And yet who reckons this as an item in the martial glory that he covets? What newspaper, in chronicling the tidings of a great battle, "IMPORTANT VICTORY—10,000 *of the Enemy Slain*—2,000 *Taken Prisoners*," adds, "5,000 *Souls Lost*?" How such an announcement would startle the public heart! And yet what is it but the solemn truth. *Five thousand souls lost*, for the gratification of human passions! Five thousand souls lost that some crowned monarch may rule a little larger spot of earth,—that some nation's "honor" may be preserved!

"I educated NAPOLEON," said the instructor of him whose sword was the terror of Europe. Rather than influence any human being to a career like that of BONAPARTE or ALEXANDER,—if it were possible for me to do so,—let my eyes be closed, my tongue be silent, and my hands be clasped over a still heart coffined for the grave,—the grave wherein "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge," that shall lead to deeds like theirs.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SNAP.

How I do like to see people act as if they had some *snap* about them. Anything but these "dead-heads," who move as though their body was put together with hinges, and every one was rusty. I always feel like taking hold of them, and shaking them in pieces. Why, what is the use of being so dumpish. Do wake up for once, "sleepy heads," wherever you are, and look about you. The world is full of work for everybody. What if you are wealthy, and think there is no need of active labor,—stir round, and see if you cannot make yourself useful to others, and do some good with your money,—you will feel better than you will to sit still, and die with the gout. Maybe you are a genteel loafer, with nothing in your pocket, and nothing to do. I have seen you often, strutting about like a peacock, trying to put on city airs in some little country town,—how it does tire you to drag along your lazy limbs. Poor brainless things! do go to work for a little while,—nothing will help you half as much,—and when you work, move as if you meant it. Don't go moping along as though you had rather take a whipping than lift your hands.

Are you a fashionable young lady? And do you find it very hard to kill time? I'll tell you what to do. Go into the kitchen and take BRIDGET'S place for a while—you don't think how much shorter the days will seem. You needn't tell me you cannot work,—everybody was made to do something, and you need not be forever doing it, either. It is a great deal easier to move quick, than it is to be all day getting started. Whoever you are, make up your mind to do something. Shake off your drowsiness, and act as if you had some snap,—some energy about you.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1860. AMELIA.

IMPROVED HOMES.

AN improved home—using the word in its modern sense—is very much like an improved *woman*—not much of a blessing. "Improvement" has killed half the poetry that makes the memory beautiful. It has robbed the harvest field of its songs and reapers, the threshing floor of the merry beat of flails, given us a Singer's Sewing Machine, that don't sing, and plucked out of the word "fire-side" the heart of its charm.

A writer in the Philadelphia *Inquirer* says:—"The romance of home life, like every other kind of romance, is in a fair way to disappear before the onward march of improvement. Science is invading our very hearthstones, or rather is reducing them to mere figures of speech, and rendering the domestic myths and sentiments as obsolete as the Lares and Penates of the old Roman dwelling.

Time was when the fire-side was a literality but the next generation will scarcely understand either the word or the thing. It would certainly be difficult to imagine the family circle at that modern substitute for the cheery hearth, the register; and Santa Claus is already puzzled how to reach his little devotees by the orthodox route of the chimney. 'The old oaken bucket that hung in the well' is now a water work existing only in rural fancy.

The lone student no longer trims the midnight lamp, but objectively, as well as subjectively, lights the gas. In short, 'love in a cottage' has become a picture of almost fabulous antiquity, and the true novel for the times must wind up in a palatial residence.

If we go on at this rate, all sentiment and simplicity will vanish from the household. Our homes will be woven together into one immense hotel, drawing light, heat and water from the same source, and it may be, from the same material. The whole domestic picture will have an air of labor-saving contrivance and elegant mechanism, with cushioned cars, noiselessly gliding from cellar to attic; locomotive dumb waiters circulating with still gravity through the table ritual; steam calliopes discoursing musical asthmas in the parlor, and nimble sewing machines performing miracles of fancy needle work. The genius of improvement will have driven out the spirit of romance from its last refuge and birth-place, and home itself be left disenchanted."

DON'T WAIT.—John Foster, in his essay on decision of character, says:—"It is wonderful how even the apparent casualties of life seem to bow to a spirit that will not bow to them;" words which we wish all those young men would ponder, who, instead of throwing themselves into the work of life and doing a manly part, are forever waiting for something to turn up. There seems to be altogether too many of this class of persons at the present day, and a sad sight they are. Irresolute, indolent, doing nothing, waiting for a turn in the tide, and yet never throwing themselves upon the tide, and breasting the waters, like men in earnest. Their province seems to be to wait; not to wait as an handmaiden upon her mistress, but to wait in listlessness and sloth, while the diligent and persevering brush by them, hasten on, and secure the prize.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CARE OF CEMETERIES.

THE homes of the dead—places where the remains of our loved ones are laid away to rest—hold a peculiar position in our affections. I want no clearer evidence of the tone of moral sentiment in the community—no more positive proof of refinement and purity of natural affection—than to see the little inclosure where the dead repose, scrupulously cared for and tastefully arranged. It is very true that no amount of care and toil in this regard can, in anywise, benefit the departed; but it does indicate noble sentiments in the souls of the living. What more lovely spot on earth to the contemplative heart than a graveyard full of evergreens, of June roses, and of the more sturdy blossoms of the year. We dwell not there amid the shadows of the "Dark Valley;" but from this city of the dead, it is easy to climb faith's mystic ladder up to that "city which hath foundation." Such a rural churchyard is found not many miles from Rochester—such a one I visited the other day, in which is

"THE LITTLE GREEN GRAVE."

HERE'S a little green grave,
Where the blossoms of June
The wealth of their fragrance distil,
And the gentle wind breathes
The delicious perfume
As it flutters down from the hill.

The light-hearted robin,
That pet of our homes,
Is whistling as gaily and free,
In the evergreen shade
That protects these old tombs,
As it chants on his own native tree.

I can hear in his song
Gentle breathings of rest;
I can feel the deep quiet of home;
From those highlands of life,
With their shadows oppressed,
I can see the bright glories to come.

O, it is not all gloom
That envelopes the spot
Where the loved of our bosoms are lain;
There's a light 'mid these flowers
That brightens our lot,
And a charm in the merry bird's strain.

When Autumn's brown hand,
In the years that are gone,
Shook the leaves from the old maple wood,
And the blossoms grew dull,
That in Summer were born,
And winter began to intrude,

We laid a fair flower
In this little green home,
And we moistened the turf with a tear,
And we knew that the Spring,
With its sunshine and song,
Nevermore tow bright blossom would cheer.

But affection will stray,
With the zephyrs of June,
'Mid the blossoms that brighten the sod,
Where our loved ones repose,
In its sacred perfume,
We may dwell in the presence of GOD.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860. J. W. BARKER.

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

NEVER complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisons. No! a truce to all such impatience! Choke that devilish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather, bring it up to receive God's will, and do His work, in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

GOD PAYS.—That terrible saying of Anne of Austria, to Richelieu, holds true for mercy as well as for judgment:—"My Lord Cardinal, God does not pay at the end of every week, but at the last *He pays*." God may put His faithful ones upon a long and faithful apprenticeship, during which they learn much and receive little—food only, and "that in a measure." Yet at the last *He pays;* pays them into their hands also. We may remember long seasons of faint, yet honest endeavor; the prayers of a soul yet without strength; the sacrifices of an imperfectly subdued will, bound even with cords to the altar; we may remember such times, or we may forget them, but their result is with us. Some of the good seed sown in tears, is now shedding a heavenly fragrance within our lives, and some of it will blossom, perhaps bear fruit over our graves.—*The Patience of Hope.*

OLD-FASHIONED RELIGION.—*Real* devotion may stroll to church with a gilt-edged, gilt-clasped, velvet prayer book, with a staring gilt cross on the cover, held by the daintiest yellow gloves, in conjunction with a cobweb handkerchief heavily freighted with rich lace; *real* devotion may do this, but it staggers my faith to believe it. It is a relief to me, at any rate, to look away from such a spectacle to some poor body, in homely but well mended clothes, in company with a well-thumbed Bible or prayer book, with the look of *having been used;* a leaf turned down here, a pencil-mark there, perhaps by some dear, toil hardened hand, cold and white enough now, over which warm tears have dropped, on its pages, during life's great soul struggle upward.—*Fanny Fern.*

The Reviewer.

WOODS CLASS BOOK OF BOTANY: Being Outlines of the Structure, Physiology and Classification of Plants.

It is now fifteen years since this Class Book was published. Many thousand copies have gone forth to the students of the Vegetable Kingdom, various improvements in the analysis of plants having been introduced. The work was in our country the pioneer publication of the Flora of the Northern States on the Natural System which also, by introducing admirable Analytical Tables, contributed greatly to the facility, interest, and pleasure of thus studying this part of Nature. It soon nearly excluded attention to the Linnæan Artificial Method, as LINNÆUS himself foretold the Natural System would do, as it is the only consistent plan. The new edition will be a great addition to our botanical knowledge. It is divided into Part I. *Structural Botany;* Part II. *Physiological Botany;* Part III. *Systematic Botany;* and Part IV *Descriptive Botany*, or the Flora. The first three parts only are yet published, with an admirable introduction, all entirely re-written and re-arranged so as to give a full, yet concise, clear, and satisfactory, view of the Elements of Botany, absolutely essential to the student, and fully adequate for his object. The Flora, or Part IV, is to be greatly extended, and to embrace the known Flowering plants and the orders of the Flowerless, from Florida into Canada on the North, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi on the West. The Publishers announce that, at the "urgent request of many teachers," the first three parts, containing 174 pages, are printed "in advance" of the complete work, and for the benefit of teachers and their classes, speedily to be followed by Part IV. It has been a great advantage in this Class Book that so many exotics were described in it, not only the well known Peony, Fennel flower, Pheasant's Eye, Geraniums, Missouri Currant, several species of garden Rose, Lombardy Poplar, Yellow and Weeping Willow, Sensitive Plant, &c., but many less common, as Fuschia, Hyacinth, Japan Lily, Crown Imperial and its checkered relative, Crocus, Gladiolus, &c. Though there can be only a limited number of exotics introduced, it were better for the classes to enlarge than to contract the number. It might extend perhaps to the beautiful Forsythia, Deutzia, Pyrus Japonica, Mespilus Germanica, and several others. The Publishers are A. S. BARNES & BURR, New York.—C. D.

HARPER'S SERIES OF SCHOOL AND FAMILY READERS. By MARCIUS WILLSON, author of "Primary History," "History of the United States," "American History," &c. In five books. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THIS new series of elementary manuals merits, and will receive, the attention of the friends of education throughout the country. A venerable Professor, who has been a successful teacher near half a century, assures us that they are worthy of strong commendation; and we are confident, from our own examination, that these new, attractive and admirably arranged books must prove popular with both teachers and pupils. In noting the series a contemporary justly remarks that "the plan on which they are founded is one that combines peculiar attractions for the young pupil, with solid and valuable instruction. It is the design of the author, while initiating the scholar into the principles and habit of good reading, to furnish his mind with a store of useful knowledge in the various departments of natural history and physical science. The First Book, after the Primer, contains easy lessons adapted to the comprehension of children, and giving them a clear idea of the inflections of the voice. In the remaining three Books, the selections are made with a view to the illustration of the most important facts in the natural sciences, and present a large amount of knowledge, clothed in simple and expressive language. Each volume is embellished with a variety of wood cuts, executed in the best style of that branch of engraving. The plan is capable of indefinite extension, and several additional volumes, embracing a popular account of the principles of rhetoric, criticism, sculpture, painting, music, and so forth, are promised at an early day." Sold in Rochester by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

CASSELL'S POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY.—We have received from L. HALL & BRO., Corinthian Building, Exchange Place, the Parts of this serial already issued—five in number—and can cordially commend the work to our readers. The ability of the author is well known, and the illustrations of his work are admirable, with typography, etc., to correspond. The Parts are published fortnightly, (on the 1st and 15th of each month,) in London and New York. HALL & BRO, are also agents for "Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible," and have all the Parts thus far issued.

Books Received.

HOME AS FOUND. Sequel to "Homeward Bound." By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 507.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO., Subscription Agents.

HAWKSVIEW: A Family History of Our Own Times. By HOLME LEE, author of "Against Wind and Tide," etc. [12mo.—pp. 330.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS. By EDWARD EVERETT. [12mo—pp. 490.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS: Containing Plain and Simple Instructions to all classes for Transacting their Business according to Law, with Legal Forms for Drawing the various Necessary Papers connected therewith. Together with the Laws of Different States for Collection of Debts, Property Exempt from Execution, Mechanics' Liens, Execution of Deeds and Mortgages, Rights of Married Women, Dower, Usury, Wills, etc., etc. By FRANK CROSBY, Member of the Philadelphia Bar. [8vo.—pp. 384.] Philadelphia: John E. Potter. [From the Publisher.

THE YOUNG FARMER'S MANUAL: Detailing the Manipulations of the Farm in a Plain and Intelligible Manner. With Practical Directions for Laying out a Farm, and Erecting Buildings, Fences, and Farm Gates. Embracing also The Young Farmer's Workshop: giving full Directions for the Selection of good Farm and Shop Tools, with their Use and Manufacture, with numerous original Illustrations of Fences, Gates, Tools, etc., and performing nearly every branch of Farming Operations. By S. EDWARDS TODD. [12mo.—pp. 459.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

THE HOME-BOOK OF HEALTH AND MEDICINE; or The Laws and Means of Physical Culture adapted to Practical Use. Embracing Laws of Digestion, Breathing, Ventilation, Uses of the Lungs, Circulation and Renovation, Laws and Diseases of the Skin, Bathing, How to Prevent Consumption, Clothing and Temperature, Food and Cooking, Poisons, Exercise and Rest, the Right Use of Physicians, &c., &c. By W. A. ALCOTT. With Thirty-one Illustrations. [16mo.—pp. 300.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. [From the Publisher.

THE BOBBIN BOY; or, How Nat Got His Learning. An example for Youth. By WM. M. THAYER, author of "The Poor Boy and the Merchant Prince," "The Poor Girl and True Woman," etc. [16mo.—pp. 310.] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Rochester—DEWEY.

OUTLINES OF THE FIRST COURSE OF YALE AGRICULTURAL LECTURES. By HENRY S. OLCOTT. With an Introduction by JOHN A. PORTER, Professor of Organic Chemistry at Yale College. [pp. 186.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. [From the Publishers.

EXTEMPORANEOUS DISCOURSES, Delivered in the Broadway Church, New York. Reported as Delivered, and Revised and Corrected by the Author. By E. H. CHAPIN, D. D. [16mo.—pp. 368.] New York: O. Hutchinson. Rochester—DEWEY.

THE GUILLOTINE. By ALEX. DUMAS. New York, E. D. Long & Co. Rochester—G. H. CLARKE, Waverly News Rooms.

ROYALISTS AND REPUBLICANS. By DUMAS. Published and sold as above.

Spice from New Books.

The Shoe Blacks.

"CLEAN your honor's shoes?" was, for a long time prior to the beginning of the present century, a familiar cry in the streets of London, but about the year 1820, with the improvement in the side-walks and street pavement, the shoe-blacks reluctantly retired to private life, thinking undoubtedly that, like Othello, they had utterly lost their occupation. The "last of the Mohicans" is said to have been a negro, who, under the new order of things murmuringly retired to the work-house, to end his poorly requited days. But with the high-noon of the century and the Crystal Palace, came many wondrous things, not the least in the long catalogue, the revival of the shoe-blacks. The credit of the restoration to society of a class of humble artizans so eminently useful, even in a clean city, belongs to my versatile and excellent friend John Macgregor, Esq., of the Temple, who in his devotion to many of the important charities of the metropolis, ranks as a second Shaftesbury, and enjoys an enviable reputation, as a most intelligent and untiring public benefactor.

It occurred to Macgregor, that on the opening of the Hyde Park palace, (in the summer of 1851,) London would be thronged with foreigners in attendance at the great exhibition, many of whom were accustomed in their own countries to have their shoes cleaned in the streets, (such has long been the practice in continental cities,) and would be pleased to find such accommodation in London. And some London folks might like it, besides many poor boys might earn an honest penny thereby. But the project did not meet general favor, and but for Mr. Macgregor's dauntless perseverance would probably have been abandoned. Five boys, picked from the ragged schools, and carefully instructed in the "art of polishing," were sent out early in April to different parts of the metropolis. How the people stared at the one that first appeared in the Trafalgar Square, and how they crowded around Mr. Macgregor when he put his foot upon the box to give him a fair start; but the shoe-blacks that very day obtained a footing in London. There were, on an average, about twenty-five boys constantly employed during the Exhibition season, and they cleaned 101,000 pairs of boots and shoes, for which the public paid them over £500.

Kind nods of approbation were bestowed upon the industrious and polite shoe-blacks, by all classes of the people, and many a word of encouragement spoken to cheer their hearts.—Shop-keepers often took a fancy to them, and gave them dinners. Ladies feasted them in their houses, and called them to their carriage windows to give them a sixpence, and old gentlemen asked them many strange questions, and told them they would all become Lord Mayors. Boots and shoes were regularly brought out from private houses to be cleaned, and sometimes large establishments employed the boys; in one instance several hundred pairs of shoes had to be cleaned in a hurry, and a cab-load of the lads went to do the work. A great deal of their success came from the knowledge of the good auspices under which they were sent forth to their humble yet honorable employment, and from the honest, courteous and industrious habits of the lads themselves. Once a half-crown was given, by mistake, for a penny, the regular fee, but the boy quickly ran after the gentleman and returned it. Once a sovereign accidentally slipped into a boy's hands between two coppers, but the honest little fellow, after searching some hours, discovered who had given it him, and was rewarded for his trouble by a simple "thank you."

The first company of shoe-blacks wore red-jackets, and were mainly employed in the city proper, but the business proved so encouraging that there are now yellow and blue jacket brigades or societies, and the well behaved lads are to be found in every quarter of the metropolis; indeed they now have positions regularly assigned them by the police authorities, and are protected from interference by idlers and others who have heretofore somewhat troubled them. Each boy bears on his breast, two badges of cloth, on one of which the words "Ragged School Shoe-Black Society," and on the other, his distinctive letter or number are worked in white glass beads by the girls of one of the Refuges. The box on which the foot of the customer rests while his boot is receiving its polish, and the mat on which the shoe-black kneels, are made by the boys of the Grotto Passage Refuge—thus the outcasts gathered in the Refuges are being taught to make themselves very useful.—"*Sketchings in Europe*" *by* RICHARD C. MCCORMICK.

How to Study.

STUDY profoundly. The precious ores grow more solid, massy, rich, the deeper we dig. Study independently. Assimilate everything to the intellectual constitution. So take in all the opulent thought which other ages have preserved, that the mental powers shall grow and thrive thereby. Study perseveringly. Resolve on a whole life of diligent application. Let our hour's, even one minute's, rest from our severe labor furnish contributions to the mental structure which we are rearing, by planting its vegetation and flowers. Unceasingly keep the mind digging deeper, rising higher, opening wider, growing stronger, shining brighter, moving faster, accumulating more.—*Dr. C. White.*

Controlling the Inclination.

IT is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. GOD has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get,—when our will strains after a path we may not follow,—we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair; we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—NO. IV.

VIEW AT THE HEAD OF SKANEATELES LAKE.

EMBOSOMED in Western New York, and verging towards the center of the State, is a chain of beautiful small Lakes, varying from ten to forty miles in length. Of Cayuga and Owasco, we have before given sketches, and now call the attention of our readers to Skaneateles Lake; and in a future number will give views on Canandaigua and perhaps other of these beautiful sisters.

Skaneateles Lake is only five miles from the city of Auburn, and forms the dividing line between Cayuga and Oneida counties. It is about sixteen miles long, and from half a mile to three-fourths in width. Its shores present romantic and picturesque scenery. At the head of the Lake the forest-clothed mountains, shown in our engraving, rival the celebrated Highlands of the Hudson. The Lake abounds in trout, and there is no place more desirable for a quiet summer resort. At the head of this Lake is the celebrated Glen Haven Water Cure establishment, where hundreds annually seek health and pleasure, among the wild mountain scenery, and engage in woodland sports.

ATMOSPHERE OF PLANETS.

MODERN telescopic observations have most clearly and satisfactorily proved that the planets, besides our own, have an encircling atmosphere. Indeed, the atmospheres around the planets are as palpable to sight as the clouds which float on our own. Venus and Mercury are enveloped in thick atmospheres; in the former the air is especially conspicuous, so that the morning and evening twilight may almost be seen in that distant world. The atmosphere of Mars is likewise apparent—the clouds may be seen floating on it. The ascertained existence of clouds in the planets proves more than the mere presence of atmospheres upon them. An atmosphere is necessary to support clouds, but it is not to be identified with them.

Water is converted into vapor by the agency of the sun and wind. This vapor, when it escapes from the surface of the liquid, is generally lighter, bulk for bulk, than that part of the atmosphere contiguous to it. It rises into more elevated regions, where, by the agency of cold and by electricity, it is made to resume its liquid state, but in such minute particles, that it floats and forms those semi-opaque masses called clouds. Great difficulties, however, obstruct inquiries of this nature with respect to most of the planets. The very presence of those atmospheres and the clouds with which they are loaded, offers a serious impediment to any observations having for their object to ascertain the geographical character of their surface. The great distance of some of them is a formidable obstacle to such inquiries; still, where some peculiar circumstances favor the observation, something has been done in this investigation.—*Artisan.*

RENDERING TEXTILE FABRICS FIREPROOF.

THE large number of casualties which are caused by the very combustible nature of the dresses of ladies, and other wearing apparel, has called the attention of eminent philosophers to provide a cheap and effective preventive against the same, and one of them—Mr. Doebereiner,—publishes his ideas on this subject in a long treatise. After having given his advice, in cases of clothes taking fire, to avoid violent emotions to lay down and to cover oneself up with quilts or anything of this kind that may be on hand, then he describes preventives. Substances have lately come into common use for wood and building materials, but for textile fabrics—which are generally made of flax or cotton—nothing has as yet been proposed which has been used to any extent to render them fire-proof.

The principal preventives against the combustibility of textile fabrics, which have been proposed, are borax, alum, soluble glass and phosphate of ammonia. The three first named materials are equally good for coarse, combustible bodies, but they are not fit for the fine woven or knitted fabric. Borax, when it dries, puffs up under the action of the hot smoothing-iron, and it not only renders the fabric hard, but it also comes off in the form of dust. The same thing takes place with alum, which furthermore is liable to render fine textile fabrics brittle, so that they tear when subjected to a slight tension. Soluble glass renders the fabric hard and brittle, and it acts to a certain extent on the fibres themselves, weakening the same, and causing the fiber to tear very easy.

Nothing of this kind takes place with the phosphate of ammonia. It leaves the fabric, after the same has been dried in the open air or by the hot smoothing-iron, sufficiently soft and pliable with the least effect on the fiber, and it may even be mixed with the paste used for starching. One ounce of this salt is dissolved in one quart of water, and the solution is applied to the fabric either by itself or mixed with the starch, and the fabric is afterwards dried in the open air or by the application of a hot smoothing-iron.

Careful housewives may make an experiment by saturating a worthless piece of linen or cotton cloth with phosphate of ammonia, and they will find that said cloth, on being held over the flame of a lamp or candle, will char after a certain time, but it will not burn except on some places, and then only after several minutes. If dresses, shirts and other articles of linen, cotton or paper, would be commonly treated with phosphate of lime, the danger arising from the catching fire of wearing apparel, bed-clothes, &c., would be greatly lessened.

The principal difficulty thus far has been the high price of the phosphate of ammonia, and we will therefore point out several methods by which this salt can be produced in large quantities and at a comparatively small expense. It can be produced nearly pure, by treating five parts of pulverized burned bones with three parts of sulphuric acid and twenty parts of water, and adding pure carbonate of ammonia; or it can also be produced from the liquid obtained in the manufacture of glue from bones by treating with muriatic acid. This liquid is neutralized by adding carbonate of ammonia, and after separating the precipitate from the liquid the latter is crystallized by evaporation. The mixture thus obtained of phosphate of ammonia and sal ammonia can be separated by repeated crystallization; but this operation can be dispensed with, as sal ammonia does not interfere with the effect of the phosphate of ammonia, and, to a certain extent, in enhances the quality of making the textile fabrics fireproof. One ounce of this mixture can be produced for two cents, and when mixed with one quart of water, it will be sufficient for a large quantity of clothes.—*Scientific America.*

ADVANTAGE OF A TASTE FOR SCIENCE.

A MIND which has a taste for scientific inquiry, and has learned the habit of applying its principles readily to the cases which occur, has within itself an inexhaustible source of pure and exciting contemplations. One would think that Shakspeare had such a mind in view when he describes a contemplative man as finding,

> "Tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Accustomed to trace the operations of general causes and the exemplification of general laws, in circumstances where the uninformed and unenquiring eye, perceives neither novelty nor beauty, he walks in the midst of wonders; every object which falls in his way elucidates some principle, affords some instruction and impresses him with a sense of harmony and order. Nor is it a mere passive pleasure which is thus communicated. A thousand questions are continually arising in his mind, a thousand objects of inquiry presenting themselves, which keep his faculties in constant exercise and his thoughts perpetually on the wing, so that lassitude is excluded from his life, and that craving after artificial excitement and dissipation of the mind which leads so many into frivolous, unworthy and destructive pursuits, is altogether eradicated from his bosom.—*Sir John Herschell.*

SLEEPING IN DAMP ROOMS.—Rooms where the plastering was never dried, either from the want of time or from being filled with frost before they had a chance to dry, rooms in basements, or on the north side of a house shaded by trees or other buildings, are very unwholesome for sleeping apartments. And what makes the exposure greater and the results more serious, a cold is taken when the body is in an active state, and it is very difficult, if not impossible, to throw off such colds. Quite a number of cases of severe sickness have occured in the experience of the writer from such exposures, and in two or three instances death has followed. No one thing is so conducive to health as large, airy, and well lighted rooms for sleeping. This is very important where there are small children, or persons of feeble constitutions or weak lungs.—*Selected.*

YOUNG RURALIST.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ORIENTAL PAINTING.

For this kind of painting all paints must be transparent, except the ground work. I will first give a list of the materials used:—Silver white, ivory black, permanent blue, yellow lake, distilled verdigris, carmine, vandyke brown, pure white varnish, and three sizes of camel's hair brushes. The paints come in small lead tubes the same as those used for oil painting. Procure a glass as clear as possible, and wash it clean. Then take a piece of writing paper, or any other blank paper the size of your glass, and draw on the paper whatever flowers or fruit you wish to paint, in the form of a bouquet or wreath. Lay your pattern on the table or any smooth surface, and put a *very* little glue around the edges of the paper, then lay your glass evenly on the pattern and let the pattern remain until the picture is finished, and that part of the glass next to the pattern will be the right side when done. Then take a piece of glass and mix with a paint knife some ivory black and varnish thoroughly together. With the smallest brush trace around the edges of the pattern, and use the largest brush for filling up large places on the glass. Let this dry about six hours, and then put on another coat of paint and let it remain twenty-four hours. Mix a little vandyke brown and varnish together, and vein the leaves and flowers to give them form and shape, using your smallest brush, and make the veins as fine as possible. Let this dry thoroughly before you put on the colors. Paint the flowers according to your taste, using brush No. two. By mixing yellow lake and blue together, with a little verdigris, you can make different shades of green for the different kinds of leaves. For purple, mix carmine and blue together, and for different shades of red and yellow, mix carmine and yellow lake. The paints must be put on thin; use camphene or spirits of turpentine for cleaning the brushes and the glass the paints are mixed on. When finished, put it away where it will be free from dust, and let it dry a week. Copper foil adds all the beauty to this kind of painting. It is silver color on the right side, and comes in sheets eight inches long and four wide. Take thin and wrinkle it up very fine and fasten it on the painted side of the glass with wax or chewing gum. Take a piece of cloth the size of the glass, and fasten it in the same way, covering all the back of the glass, to keep the copper foil even, and the dust from the colors. When you wish to paint white back ground, use silver white paint in the same way, using ivory black for veining the leaves and flowers, and put the colors on thicker than you do for black back-ground. The white ground work, when painted nicely and colors made to harmonize with each other, presents a beautiful appearance if the glass is a large one. Much depends on the taste and skill of the artist, and to paint *well* needs much practice, beside a natural taste for the employment. ALICE H. MAYFLOWER.

Washington Co., N. Y., 1860.

THINGS I LOVE.

I LOVE the quiet stillness of the evening hour. When the sun goes down behind the western hills, the moon climbs up the eastern sky, and the stars come slowly into view. I love to turn away from the confusion of the busy world, and the display of gayety and fashion, sit down in some quiet place, and gaze far up to the bright blue, star-spangled sky, and wonder at the beauty and sublime grandeur of those rolling orbs, marching through the boundless fields of ether. I love to watch these sparkling star gems, and fancy that they are diadems from the Throne of the Eternal, or angelic eyes peering out of the windows of Heaven. How many ages have rolled by since they were hung up there in the sky, like beacon lights, in the trackless void; and how long since the rays of light, that enter my eyes as I look,—swift-winged as they are,—left their far-off home in those bright words of light. The pale, cold moon, rolling on in silent majesty, and sending its reflected sunbeams down through the viewless air, is an object of beauty, which seems to look down, with a watchful eye, unveiled by clouds, to guide the earth through the darkness of night. There is a peculiar sublimity in the stillness of such an hour, well calculated to turn the mind away from the busy cares and perplexities of the day, and fix it on higher and better things.

In the fancied dreariness of winter's storms, I love to sit by my window as the light snow flakes come slowly down from the clouded sky to their resting-place in the cold snow bank, and watch these little messengers of purity, on their journey of benevolence; and when the clouds clear away, I love to gaze at the fallen snow, sparkling in the moonbeams like a sea of pearls.

When the mild and genial rays of the sun melt winter's snows, and send them rushing down to ocean's bosom, bring vegetation to life, and cover the earth with a carpet of beauty, I love to wander over hill and valley, to listen to the rush and gurgle of the little streams and waterfalls, and the sweet songs of the merry birds; to gather the pretty flowers that fill the air with their delicious odors; to examine the growing grass and leaves; and wonder at the wisdom of Him who converts the cold soil, and the fleeting winds, into little flower petals and hard oak timber.

Yes, the world is filled with beauty. In the most dreary storm, or upon the most barren desert, there is something beautiful. All over earth and sky, in the thousand forms of Nature's works, we observe the most perfect beauty and loveliness. O, ye lovers of beauty, seek it not in crowded halls, or among the works of man, but in Nature's own picture galleries,—among the tracings of the greatest of all artists,—upon the fields, and forests, and sky. H. H. B.

North Lawrence, N. Y., 1860.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 7, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

The Herald's Washington correspondent says recent intelligence from Madrid states that the Spaniards have become so elated with their successes in Morocco that they design having a dash at Mexico, making the necessity of preserving Cuba to the Spanish monarchy the pretext for their belligerent operations; and not only does Spain contemplate a descent upon Mexico, but the United States is to be called to account for the capture of the piratical war steamers off Vera Cruz not long since.

Altogether contrary to the previous indications, the Post Office Deficiency bill has become a law. It was saved from defeat by the House unexpectedly receding from amendment. With a few exceptions, of all the inland service suspended on the 4th of March, 1859, apart from the appropriations for deficiencies, it requires the Post Master to advertise for proposals, and contract with the lowest responsible bidder or bidders for the transportations of mails from Charleston, via Havana, to Key West and back twice a month or oftener, from the first of July till the first of June, 1864.

Among the acts passed by the late session of Congress was the one to carry into effect certain stipulations in the treaties between the United States and China, Siam, Turkey, Persia, Tripoli, Tunis, Morocco and Muscat, by which our laws, in criminal and civil matters, are extended on American citizens in those countries. Also the common law including equity and admiralty. Ministers and Consuls have full judicial powers and can punish according to the magnitude of the offense. The President is authorized to appoint certain marshals to execute processes—one in Japan, four in China, one in Siam, and one in Turkey. Murder, insurrection or rebellion against the government of either of said countries, with intent to subvert the same, are made capital offenses, punishable with death. Our consuls or commercial agents on islands not inhabited by any civilized people or whom we have not recognized by treaty, are also empowered to exercise judicial functions over American citizens.

Congressional Proceedings.

Senate.—Mr. Yulee asked that the post route bill be taken up. Agreed to.

Mr. Yulee offered an amendment that the P. M. General be authorized to advertise for proposals for transporting the mails to California overland on the central route, within 20 days, and on the northern route from St. Paul to the Ballies, Oregon; that he be also authorized to contract for temporary steamship service, as the most expeditious ocean route to Calforuia. Also, provided that the Butterfield contract have permission to change.

Mr. Wilson suggested the withdrawal of the proviso, which was done. He then commented strongly on the Vanderbilt contract; was opposed to any more steamship contracts. The bill was read a third time and passed.

The bill amending the act granting lands to certain Railroads in Mississippi, passed.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and when the doors were again opened, they adopted a resolution declaratory of the right and title of certain bands of Decotah and Sioux Indians to the lands embraced in the reservations occupied by them on the Minnesoto river, and allowing them thirty cents per acre for such as they have relinquished to the United States. All persons who have in good faith settled and made improvements upon any lands contained in said reservations believing the same to be government lands, shall have the right of preemption of 160 acres provided that when such settlements have been made on lands of the Indians on the south side of the Minnesota river, the assent of the Indians shall be obtained.

On motion of Mr. Gwin, a resolution was adopted that a Committee wait on the President and inform him that unless he may have further communications to make, the Senate was ready to close its session by adjournment.

A Committee waited on the President and returned. Nothing further to communicate.

The Vice President thanked the Senate for the unanimous resolution of thanks. Senate then adjourned.

House.—The House acceded to the request of the Senate to appoint another committee of conference on the Post Office deficiency bill.

The President sent in a message notifying the House that he had signed certain bills, including that making appropriations for the civil expenses, with a protest against the claim designating Capt. Meigs as Superintendent of the expenditure of $500,000 for the completion of the Washington Aqueduct. He does not believe it was the intention of Congress to interfere with the constitutional right of the President as commander-in-chief of the army to order Capt. Meigs elsewhere. Is the appropriation constitutional? and will it fail if he should not think proper and expedient to regard this designation? are questions which shall receive his serious consideration, because on all this will depend whether the water works shall be arrested for another season. He now desires to express no opinion, but the question shall be carefully considered if it becomes necessary.

Another message from the President, recapitulating the grounds of his protest of March last, against the proceedings of the Covode Committee the charges against him being vague and expressed in equivocal terms. He did not for a moment entertain a doubt as to the result, and did not believe it possible that there could exist a man who could so basely perjury himself. The proceedings of the House were violative of the rights of the coordinate branch of the government, and which, if enforced, would establish a dangerous precedent.

The House had acted without constitutional warrant, and in a manner tending to degrade the Presidential office, and render it unworthy of acceptance by an honorable man; and demands authority for their action. He reiterates the power under the impeachment clause, and that is sought to convict him in the absence of all proof. In the name of the representatives of this great people, and standing on the ramparts of the Constitution which they ordained and established, he voluntarily protests against these unconstitutional proceedings.

After more debate, including remarks by Stanton against the message, it was referred to a Select Committee.

The House refused to suspend the rules to take up the Post Route Bill, and it is consequently dead. At noon adjourned *sine die*.

Political Intelligence.

In our last issue, we gave the proceedings of the Democratic National Convention up to the nomination of Mr. Douglas for the Presidency, and now complete the record. Gov. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, was nominated for Vice President, and the Convention adjourned after the appointment of the National Committee. The Committee waited upon Mr. Fitzpatrick, when that gentleman declined, and Herschel B. Johnson, of Georgia, was substituted. The following are the tickets, in order of nomination, now before the people of the country:

Republican.—*For President*—Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois.

For Vice-President—Hannibal Hamlin, of Me.

The Constitutional Union Ticket.—*For President*—John Bell, of Tennessee.

For Vice-President—Edward Everett, of Mass.

Democratic.—*For President*—Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois.

For Vice President—Herschel V. (or B.) Johnson, of Ga.

Seceders.—*For President*—John C. Breckinridge, of Ky.

For Vice-President—Jo Lane, of Oregon.

The Southern Convention at Richmond, have declared Breckinridge and Lane their unanimous choice, adopted the Charleston majority platform, and adjourned *sine die*.

The National Douglas Committee met at Washington on the 26th ult., for organization to prepare for the campaign. August Belmonte, of New York, was chairman, and Thomas Coltman, of La., F. O. Prince, of Mass., John A. Harman, of Va., and Hugh H. Jewett, of Ohio, are Secretaries. The Executive Committee is as follows: Belmont, of N. Y., Jewett, of Ohio, Dick, of N. C., Converse, of Conn., Haldman, of Pa., Colton, of La., and Follett, of Mich.

Resolutions were adopted recommending to the General State Committee that they take measures to secure the adoption of an electoral ticket in their respective States, pledged to the unequivocal support of the nominees of the National Democratic Convention—Stephen A. Douglas and H. V. Johnson. Also, that if any State Committee shall omit to take the proper steps for securing such an electoral ticket, then the member of this Committee in the State is hereby authorized to take such action as he may deem necessary and proper for such purpose.

The Democratic National Breckinridge Committee was at work on the 25th, and will complete their programme shortly.

The Michigan Democratic State Convention met at Detroit on the 28th ult., and made the following nominations: For Governor, John S. Berry, of St. Josephs; for Lieutenant-Governor, William M. Fenton, of Genesee; for Treasurer, Elon Farnsworth, of Wayne; for Auditor General, William Pennoyer, of Ottawa; for Secretary of State, Wm. Francis, of Alleghany; for Attorney-General, Chauncey Joslin, of Washtenaw; for Land Commissioner, Samuel L. Smith, of Haughton; for Superintendent of Public Instruction, Francis W. Sherman, of Calhoun.

Commencement Week in Rochester.

Rochester Theological Seminary.—The Examination of the Theological Classes will commence on Thursday, and continue through the week. Sabbath Evening, July 8th.—Sermon before the Judson Society, at the First Baptist Church, by the Rev. Dr. Brantly. Monday Afternoon, July 9th.—Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the New York Baptist Union at the Board rooms, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Tuesday Morning, July 10th.—Annual Meeting of the New York Baptist Union for Ministerial Education, at the First Baptist Church, at 9½ o'clock. Sermon at the same place, by Rev. Dr. Ide, at 11 o'clock, A. M. Tuesday Afternoon.—Meeting of the Alumni of Rochester Theological Seminary, at 2 o'clock, P. M., at the First Baptist Church. Thursday, July 12th.—Anniversary Exercises of the Rochester Theological Seminary, at the First Baptist Church, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

University of Rochester.—Sabbath Evening, July 8th.—A Sermon before the "Judson Society," by Rev. Wm. T. Brantly, D. D., of Philadelphia, at the First Baptist Church. Monday Evening, July 9th.—Prize Declamations, by members of the Sophomore Class, at Corinthian Hall, at 7½, P. M. Tuesday Morning, July 10th.—The Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the University of Rochester, at 8, A. M. Also, the examination of Students for admission, at 9, A. M. Also, the meeting of the Alumni at the same hour. Tuesday Evening.—Anniversary of the Pithonian and Delphic Societies. Orator, Hon. Anson Burlingame, of Boston, Mass. Poet, ——, at Corinthian Hall, at 7½, P. M. Wednesday Morning, July 11th. Commencement Exercises at 9, A. M., at Corinthian Hall. Wednesday Afternoon.—Alumni Dinner, and Meeting of the Society of Alumni.

Arrival of the Great Eastern.

The Steamship Great Eastern came into the light ship off Sandy Hook, June 28, at 7½ o'clock, A. M. She left the Needles at 10 A. M., on the 17th. With the exception of two days, she has experienced fine weather. She steamed the entire passage, varying from 204 to 333 miles per 24 hours. Her engines were not stopped until she was off Georgia Shoals for soundings. She came in a route south-east direct to the light ship, where she was boarded by the ship news collector. She was received, on reaching the light ship, by Capt. Nosgrove, with a salute and the dipping of colors; and as the mist blew away, all the vessels in sight set their huntings and cheered her.

The following is the number of miles made per day:—17th, 285; 18th, 296; 19th——; 20th, 276; 21st, 304; 22d, 280; 23d, 302, 24th, 299; 25th, 325; 26th, 333; 27th, 254.

From one of the passengers the following information is obtained:—There were 38 passengers and 9 guests, all in the best of health, and have been so during the entire voyage, which has been a particularly fine one and full of interest. It has demonstrated the Great Eastern's superiority as a sea-going vessel and the excellence and reliability of her machinery. The highest speed obtained was 14½ knots. The ship's bottom is very foul, and an allowance of at least 2 knots an hour should be made on that account. The direction from Southampton, as usually sailed, is 3,190 miles, but to avoid the ice she went further south.

News Paragraphs.

The Marin War Steamers.—The U. S. District Court at New Orleans, have decided that the Marin steamers captured by our Navy off Vera Cruz, are not lawful prizes. We suppose their owner will set up a claim for damages for the seizure of his vessels, and the detention and imprisonment of his crews.

Snow Storm in June.—The Newport (R. I.) News has the following chilly item, to comfort those who have engaged houses at Newort for the watering season:—There was, on this Island, in Middletown, Thursday morning, at four o'clock, *a snow storm*. This is doing pretty well for the 21st of June.

The Rush to Pike's Peak.—A party of Pike's Peakers returned to Chicago, state that, by accurate count and record, they met 5,488 teams on the road between Denver City and Fort Kearney, and 1,500 more between Fort Kearney and Omaha City, making a total of 6,988 teams on the road, and all going west. They say it looked like a village the whole way, from the number of teams and people. As each team was attended by from four to ten persons, there must have been *thirty thousand* en route to the gold regions, beyond the frontiers. These returned miners speak in the highest terms of the prospects of wealth there—to those already wealthy. A man who can't afford the expensive machinery for crushing quartz, had better stay away.

The Rev. H. M. Storrs, of Cincinnati, has recently preached a sermon on murder, and stated that during his residence in that city there had been more than one hundred murders, on an average of two a month, while in no instance had the perpetrator been executed.

The Pope, says rumor, has publicly stated that he believes the Emperor and the King of Sardinia are leagued together to carry out the territorial views advanced by Edmond About in his pamphlets.

Some idea of the magnitude and importance of the commercial interests of the great Northern Lakes, may be formed from the fact that upwards of twelve hundred steamers and sailing vessels passed in sight of Detroit from the opening of navigation, March 6th, to May 14th.

The Iowa City Reporter counts up from the most reliable data, one hundred and two persons killed in that State by the tornado, sixty-five houses destroyed other than those blown down at Camanche and in Clinton county, while the estimated amount of property destroyed reaches about six hundred thousand dollars. The number of wounded in Iowa reaches 205.

In reply to inquiries addressed to the Philadelphia Mint, a statement has been received in St. Louis, showing that the quantities of Pike's Peak gold dust forwarded to that establishment since July last, amount in value to not less than six hundred thousand dollars. This would probably average six dollars to every emigrant in the diggins.

It is thought that not less than one hundred men were drowned in the Ohio river, during the late tornado which passed up the valley.

Foreign Postage.—The Post-Master General has issued a circular, requiring the pre-payment, by stamp, of letters directed to places in Canada, and all other foreign countries. Persons mailing letters for foreign countries, and wishing to prepay the postage, must, therefore, affix stamps. It is optional with them, however, whether they prepay letters or not.

At a meeting held in London to consider the best means for the extension of Sunday Schools, Lord Shaftesbury stated, as the result of personal investigation, "that of all the adult male criminals in that city, not two in a hundred had entered upon a course of crime who had lived an honest life up to the age of twenty;" and further, "that almost all who enter upon a course of crime do so between the ages of eight and sixteen." Lord Shaftesbury is one of the most philanthropic of European noblemen, devoting almost his entire time and means to doing good to the poor and wretched. He is the son-in-law of Lord Palmerston, and is said to be consulted by the premier in all church matters, even to the appointment of Bishops. He is the great patron and, we think, the originator of "Ragged Schools."

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The English Parliament proceedings are unimportant. Explanations were given in both Houses of the outbreak in New Zealand, confirmatory of newspaper accounts.

It was reported that the £12,000,000 recommended by the Defence Commissioner, will be raised by means of annuities terminable in 25 years, and that the works will be forthwith commenced.

Admiral Mundy writes to the Secretary of the Admiralty, from Palermo, June 3, that the scenes enacted there are most horrible. The whole distance of 1,000 yards in length by 100 wide has been laid in ashes. Families have been burned alive with the buildings where they lived. The atrocities of the royal troops have been frightful. In other parts, convents, churches, and isolated edifices have been crushed by shells, 1,100 of which were thrown into the city from the citadel, and about 200 from the ships, beside grape, canister, and round shot.

The London Weekly Press states that the great Powers had discovered a scheme on foot on the part of Russia and France to give the Danubian Provinces to the Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg.

Prussia escaped the obligation of a refusal by asking Cavour not to announce it officially. It also says that Napoleon is about to claim as compensation due to France in consideration of new territory which Garabaldi's success will add to the house of Savoy, that Genoa, the province of Nice, and the island of Sardinia should be annexed to France.

France.—The annexation of Savoy and Nice to France was formally consummated on the 14th inst. The event was celebrated in Paris by a grand military review and Te Deum.

The monthly returns from the Bank of France, show an increase of 19,000,000 francs.

The health of Prince Jerome had again become serious, causing much uneasiness to his relatives and friends.

Negotiations for a treaty of commerce between France and Belgium were progressing.

Breadstuffs in France higher, owing to unfavorable accounts of the growing wheat crop.

The Sardinia Senate had approved of the cession of Savoy and Nice—92 against 10.

The evacuation of Italy by French troops was completed.

The Prince Regent of Prussia arrived at Baden to join in the Conference on the 14th inst., and the Emperor Napoleon on the following day. It was reported that the Kings of Saxony, Hanover, Bavaria and Wurtemburg, and other German princes, would join the Conference. Various were the speculations as to the cause and effect of the meeting, but nothing authentic was known.

The Conference ended on the 17th. The French and Prussian journals declare the peace of Europe consolidated.

Sardinia.—The Sardinian ministry had introduced a project for a new loan of 150,000,000 francs.

The two steamers captured by the Neapolitans, displayed Sardinian and American flags. They contained 2,000,000 pounds of powder, considerable specie, and 800 passengers were made prisoners. Everything was conveyed to Gacta. The Sardinian Minister demanded restitution, and English Ambassadors supported the demand.

Austria.—The Austrian Cabinet had unanimously resolved to re-establish the Ministry of Commerce and Public Works.

The Austrian Government had resolved to increase the effective strength of the second army annually, and corps of cavalry are also to be collected in Italian Tyrol.

Stadtholdership of Hungary, comes into effect July 1st.

Russia.—The Russian loan of £8,000,000, at 4½ per cent., is expected to be introduced in London by the Barings.

Sicily.—A letter from Naples of the 12th, mentions, under great reserve, that 2,000 Garibaldians, under Gen. Maderi, had landed at Catonzaro, in Calabria. It was also rumored that an insurrection had commenced in Calabria, and that the Neapolitan Government had sent Gen. Knnziati there.

Other letters say that Gen. Piannetti, the commander of the army in Abruzzi, had been summoned to act in Calabria.

The French Government had declined any intervention.

A political demonstration was expected on the 13th. Great anxiety prevailed among all classes. Eight French and two English men-of-war were in the bay of Naples.

Letters from Palermo of the 8th, estimate the forces of Garibaldi at 4,000. Seven persons found plundering had been shot by order of Garibaldi. The concentration of the Piedmontese arriving in Ferara is confirmed.

The convocation of the Sicilian Parliament, according to the laws of 1848, is shortly expected for the purpose of ratifying the proclamation, which decrees to forfeiture the rights of the Bourbons and the union of Sicily to the Kingdom of Sardinia under Emanuel.

The order for the evacuation had greatly discouraged the royal troops.

Garibaldi had opened a national subscription in behalf of the war. The Archbishop and all the noble families in Sicily had subscribed.

A decree of Garibaldi fixes the 18th of June for the levy of the men furnished by the conscription, and the 20th of June for the departure of the Conscripts for Palermo and Catenia.

Italy.—General Lamoriciere had dispatched troops to the Neapolitan frontier. It was asserted that Piedmont had promised to prevent an invasion on the Papal frontier unless such invasion was in consequence of a declaration of war by any power. This declaration of Piedmont is said to have been communicated to the Pope.

Commercial Intelligence.—*Liverpool Markets*—Messrs. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour dull but steady. Wheat dull. Prices lower, but quotations unchanged. Sales of red 10s 8d@11s; white 11s@12s 9d—Corn very dull. Sales mixed at 32s; yellow 32s 6d; white 34s@35s.

Wakefield, Nash & Co. and others report lard firm at 57s@59s 4d.

The News Condenser.

— G. P. R. James, the novelist, is dead.

— American horse railroads are being introduced into Athens, Greece.

— Alligator shoes are the style in Louisiana, made from the hide of the Alligator.

— A walnut tree lately cut near Maquoketa, Iowa, produced 4,180 feet of lumber.

— Texas exchanges speak of the prevalence of an uncommon season of dry weather.

— Several cases of blackleg have occurred among the cattle herds in Delaware Co., Iowa.

— There is no truth in the pretended identification of Ex-Post-Master Fowler at Pike's Peak.

— The Toronto Globe learns that the Prince will not arrive in Montreal till the 24th of August.

— The Pacific Ocean covers an area larger than that of all the dry land on the surface of the globe.

— They say $100,000,000 more are yet to be expended on Paris. Despotism is an expensive luxury.

— Three thousand bushels of strawberries have been sold and shipped from Kalamazoo this season.

— In the principal cities South, business is spoken of as very dull, and the weather as intensely hot.

— A number of Indians of the Six Natinns have enlisted in one of the English regiments in Canada.

— There were six persons (women or children) drowned in the City of New York on one day last week.

— The whole number of licenses granted thus far this year, in New York City, is only three hundred.

— In ten years, from 1850 to 1860, the city of Memphis has increased in population from 5,280 to 35,000.

— Fifteen hundred acres of watermelons have been planted in Driftwood Township, Jackson Co., Ind.

— The gentlemen employed in taking the census find a great many ladies aged sixteen or seventeen years.

— A company in Detroit lately made an agreement to deliver *ten millions* of broom-handles in Schenectady.

— The City Council of Portland have voted to extend an invitation to the Prince of Wales to visit that city.

— A bill preventing the intermarriage of cousins has been introduced into the New Hampshire Legislature.

— Of nearly 1200 Norwegians arrived at Quebec since the present season, not twenty have settled in Canada.

— If New York gets off with $100,000 for the Japanese reception, her tax-payers may congratulate themselves.

— A recent census in Canada shows that there are 45,000 runaway slaves in Canada West at the present time.

— A Georgia paper gives an exulting and triumphant account of the manufacture of the first *broom* in that State.

— In sixty days there is to be telegraphic communication via La Crosse between Minnesota and the rest of the world.

— Since last November—or at the close of navigation, the Dubuque lead region has yielded 4,000,000 pounds of mineral.

— In Dauphin, Pa., a little girl eight years old was attacked and bitten by a dog under the ear, and died in ten minutes.

— Joseph Hefnorth died in Norfolk, Va., recently, and his physician ascribed his disease to the habit of wearing tight boots.

— There have been some extensive specimens of sheep stealing in Marion Co., O. Three times a whole flock has been stolen.

— The population of Ohio, instead of advancing, has slightly decreased within the last ten years, by emigration or otherwise.

— It is estimated that over ten thousand barrels of oil are now ready for market in the oil region of Northwestern Pennsylvania.

— A convict, on his way to State Prison from Hughton, Mich., threw himself from the steamboat with his shackles and was drowned.

— The St. Paul Pioneer says Minnesota has had this year an emigration of 10,000 settlers, and farming interests are promising.

— Two Yarmouth fishermen who bought the wreck of the Hungarian, for $14,000, have recovered $80,000 worth of goods from her.

— Some of the English papers assert that Louis Napoleon is actively intriguing to bring about the annexation of Belgium to France.

— During the last five months, upwards of one hundred lives have been lost on the western waters, and one million and a half of dollars.

— The freshet on the Susquehanna river carried off over eighty million feet of timber. This is the heaviest loss of lumber on record.

— New York papers pay over $100,000 a year for Telegraph reports, and as high as $1000 has been paid in one day by a New York paper.

— It is stated that when the slaver Wildfire left the African coast, there were fourteen American vessels waiting for cargoes of negroes.

— Three suits have been commenced in Cincinnati, to recover the $30 penalty for refusing to answer the questions of the census marshal.

— In seven years the increase in the export of cotton from Western Africa, into the ports of Great Britain, has been one thousand per cent.

— Judge Wright, late Chief Justice of Iowa, has been appointed by the Governor to fill a vacancy existing in the Supreme Court of that State.

— Ten years ago Wisconsin had not a single mile of railroad completed within her borders. Now 1,000 miles are traversed daily by the cars.

— The number of sea-going vessels in the world is about 65,000 thousand, of which two-thirds belong to England and the United States.

— Lord Brougham has introduced a bill into the House of Lords for the admission of a wife's evidence in her husband's favor, and vice versa.

— The new fire alarm telegraph in New Orleans cost $58,000, and its first duty was to announce a fire which consumed $100,000 worth of property.

— Late information represents the inhabitants of that part of the coast near which the Hungarian was wrecked, as abounding in dry goods of all kinds.

— There are at this moment more persons profitably employed throughout the United States than at any previous date of the history of the country.

— A water snake has been recently taken from a St. Louis fish pond measuring ten feet two inches in length, and twenty three inches in circumference.

— The latest California mails announce that one of the Japanese, left sick in the San Francisco Hospital by the Candinmarruh, has since died and been buried.

— John Berry, who took a prominent part in the Canadian Revolution of 1838, and was expatriated, has returned to Brockville, after an absence of 22 years.

— Mr. Lincoln Stetson, who was on board the first American ship that ever visited Japan—the Margaret—is still living in Salem, Mass. The trip was made in 1800.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Charcoal as Manure, ...213
Buckwheat, ...213
Messrs. Mordoff's Short-horn Cow "Grace," [Illustrated,]213
Prospective Sterility, ...213
Soiling Cattle, ...213
Garget, Foul in the Foot,—Remedies, ...214
Shoulder-Slipt Horses, ...214
American vs. English Farmers, ...214
Drains on Quicksands and Marshes, ...214

Rural Spirit of the Press—Change of Seed; Boons for Fertilizing Purposes, ...214

The Bee-Keeper—Reducing the Size of a Hive; A Sure Cure for Bee Stings; Inquiries about Bees, ...214

Inquiries and Answers—Sickness among the Calves; To Improve a Clay Soil, ...214

Agricultural Miscellany—The Weather and the Crops; Recent Sales of Stock; King Philip Corn Improving; The Cattle Disease in Eastern New York, Another Weighty Calf; An Ag'l Show in South Australia; Painted Vessels for the Dairy; The Sheep Shearing Exhibition at Lockport, ...214

HORTICULTURAL.

Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York—Summer Meeting, ...215
Strawberries, ...215
Cherries, ...215
Raspberries, ...215
Currants, ...215
Gooseberries, ...215
Pears, ...215

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Black Ants and Red; Graham Tea Cakes; Unleavened Cakes; Preparation for Transparent Window Shades; To Cook Kohl Rabi; Making Paste for Scrap-Books, ...215

LADIES' OLIO.

To my Mother, [Poetical.] My Star; The Home of Taste; The Fire-Place; Truths for Wives; What a Wife can do; Envy, ...216

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Beautiful Things, [Poetical.] Fountain Drops,—The Christian's Strength, A Thought, War; Snap; Improved Homes; Don't Wait, ...216

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Care of Cemeteries—"The Little Green Grave;" [Poetical,] God's Plan of your Life; God Pays; Old-Fashioned Religion, ...216

THE REVIEWER.

Wood's Class Book of Botany; Harper's Series of School and Family Readers; Cassell's Popular Natural History; Books Received, ...217

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

The Shoe-Blacks; How to Study; Controlling the Inclination, ...217

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. IV.—View at the Head of Skaneateles Lake, [Illustrated,] Atmosphere of Planets; Rendering Textile Fabrics Fireproof; Advantages of a Taste for Science; Sleeping in Damp Rooms, ...217

YOUNG RURALIST.

Oriental Painting; Things I Love, ...217

STORY TELLER.

Bereaved, [Poetical,] Trials and Triumphs,—A Story of Every-Day Life, ...220

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma—J. Burnett & Co
M'Cormick's Combined Reaper and Mower—H. Williams.
Fountains, Vases, &c.—Janes, Fowler, Kirtland & Co.
Steam Grist Mill for Sale—John D. Linsner.
Situation Wanted—L. B. Wright.

Publisher's Department.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

Special Notice to Rural Agents, Subscribers, &c.

AGENTS, Subscribers, and readers who are not entitled to either of those honored appellations—and particularly borrowers—are notified that this number commences the last half of Vol. XI of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We trust all whose subscriptions expired last week will promptly invite the continued visits of the RURAL by the usual remittance, (personally or by an agent,) and that every friend of the paper and its objects will solicit others to become subscribers, in order that they may thus participate in its benefits to individuals, families, and community. At a period when politics and party are temporarily in the ascendant, we do not expect great things, yet respectfully submit that such a journal as the RURAL should be taken and read in every family for the benefit of those who are not specially interested in "saving the nation" by electing this or that man to the Presidency, and also to counterbalance the effervescence of the "organs" which are just now regulating and reforming the affairs of the People and Government.

— We have no sensation announcements relative to the NEW HALF VOLUME, but shall endeavor to make it worthy of its predecessors. New single and club subscriptions, and renewals, are of course in order, and we trust all interested will, so far as consistent, aid in promoting the interests and usefulness of the RURAL.

☞ ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are now in order, and Club Agents will please forward the Subscriptions of those who wish to secure the RURAL. ☞ BACK NUMBERS of this volume can still be supplied to new subscribers, and will be in all cases where ordered, until we otherwise anoounce. Send on the new recruits!

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59—bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1858 and 1859—price, $2 each.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, July 3, 1860.

THE market is dull, generally, and without change in Flour, Grain, and Meats. With reference to the latter, there is a rather important movement in operation among the drovers and butchers hereabouts. The experiment of a Market Day is about to be tried, and the grounds, (belonging to Mr. FROST, in the vicinity of Bull's Head, Buffalo street,) are already selected. Thursday is the period fixed upon, and it is hoped the scheme will succeed, as buyer and seller may meet and transact business without the aid of middle-men.

WOOL.—Less wool has been sold in our streets the present season than during any previous year. Buyers, however, have been actively engaged in the surrounding country, and it is thought that the bulk of the clip has been purchased from producers at prices ranging from 30 to 48 cents per pound. An occasional clip has brought 50 cents, but the wool was very nice and fine. A heavy dealer in our market says the clip, as a whole, far surpasses any other season's yield in quality, cleanliness, and the mode in which the farmers have presented it on sale.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12½c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do.	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1.75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,31@1,31	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,40	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,45@1,50	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	50@55c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	18c
Corn, new	50@55c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	18@20c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@70c	Plums, dried	16@18c
Oats, by weight	10@23c	Potatoes	20@37½c
Barley	55@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	00@00c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$18,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7½@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1.35
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, ton	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	10@12c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@48c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	9@9½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 2—FLOUR—Receipts 11,683 barrels. Market in favor of buyer. Sales at $5,25@5,30 for super State; $5,40@5,55 for extra do; $5,25@5,30 for super Western; $5,40@5,65 for common to medium do; $5,70@5,80 for inferior to good extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian dull and heavy sales at $5,45@7.50.

GRAIN—Wheat, receipts 106,407 bushels. Market favors buyer, with a fair export demand: sales at $1,27@1,28 for Chicago spring; $1,30@1,32 for Milwaukee club; $1,33 for amber Milwaukee, and $1,44 for white Canada. Rye quiet at 80@82c. Barley dull. Corn—Market heavy and lower; sales at 63½@64½c for good and sound mixed Western. Oats rather firmer at 37@41c for State, Western and Canadian.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy; sales at $18,12 for old mess; $18,87 for new do; $12,50 for old prime, and $13,87 for new do. Lard firm; sales at 12@12½c. Butter in fair request at 10@15c for Ohio; 10@18c for State. Cheese in moderate demand at 7@10c.

ASHES—The inquiry is fair for both kinds; sales of Pots at $5,25, and Pearls at $5,75.

ALBANY, JULY 2.—FLOUR AND MEAL—In flour there is no new feature to notice, the demand continues and prices steady. Corn meal steady.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and the market unchanged. Corn is more active, and the market easier. Sales Western mixed, afloat, at 63½c, and a few car lots delivered at 63½@64½c In other grains nothing has transpired.

BUFFALO, JULY 2.—FLOUR—The market continues dull and heavy, while prices are unchanged. Sales at $4,87½@5,00 for extra State; $5,00@5,25 for fair to choice extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,25@5,50 for fair to choice extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,87½@6,50 for double extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy and market tending downwards; sales No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,13½, and choice white winter Indiana at $1,35. Corn, dull and drooping; buyers offer 53c, and holders ask 54c. Sales of two cargoes of choice at 54c. Oats in moderate demand and market unchanged. Barley dull and nominal. Rye dull at 75c. Peas quiet at 60c.

PROVISIONS—Quiet, with small sales heavy mess pork at $17,50; light mess held at $16,50, and prime at $13,50. Beef quiet at $7,50. Bacon also quiet at 7½@8c for shoulders; 9½c for plain hams; 10½@11½c sugar cured, and 11½c for sacked do. Lard in moderate demand at 10½@11c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 7@7½c, as to quality. Arrivals moderate.

TORONTO, June 29.—FLOUR—The news of rising prices brought by three or four successive steamers, the unfavorable state of the weather in England, and the smallness of the stock here, have given the market for flour a start in an upward direction, and prices are to-day fully ten cents better than on this day week. The feeling is quite buoyant, and, the demand is pretty brisk, taking all that offers at inside figures, and considerable at the outside rates. The limited amount offering restricts operations and adds to the firmness of the market. Quotations are:—Superline $5,10 (@5,20, and in some cases $5,25 is demanded; fancy $5,40@5,60; extra $6@6,30; and double extra $6,50@7 ℔ barrel.

GRAIN—For fall wheat, the market has shown a decided improvement within the past day or two, although during the week previous the trade was quite unanimated. The receipts have been light, which has had the effect of strengthening the favorable feeling. The quality has hardly been as good as on previous occasions, yet is as good an average sample as is grown anywhere else. On Tuesday about 500 bushels were bought at an average price of $1,35, the range for good shipping wheat extending to as high as $1,40, and down as low as $1,25. The current outside rate for the best lots was $1,37½ ℔ bu. Wednesday the market was still better, and 1,500 bushels were bought at an average of $1,37½—some lots bringing as high as $1,45, and the current wholesale rate was $1,40 ℔ bush. Spring wheat was also animated, and a better demand took all the loads at $1,08@1,12, and in one or two cases $1,15 per bush. For barley and rye the demand is purely local, and even this is sparingly supplied at 50c ℔ bush. for the former, and 65c for the latter. Oats are in good request, both for shipment and local consumption. The price is steady at 32c ℔ bush. The demand for Peas is not so brisk, and prices are lower, now ranging from 58@61c ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,25@8,75; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $6,50@7; inferior, $6@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5½@6c; Ordinary 5@5½c; Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $4,50@5,00; ordinary, $3,50@4,25; common $3@3,50; inferior, $2,50@3.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6¼@6½c.

BRIGHTON, June 28.—At market 1,025 beeves, 210 stores, 2,700 sheep and lambs, and 950 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,00@0,00; first quality $6,75 @7.25; second quality, $0@6,75; third quality, $6,25.

WORKING OXEN—$78, 100@110.

MILCH COWS—$25@42; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@8.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $19@23; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@12½c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,75@2,92; Extra, $4,00@4,33.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6@6½c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8c.; Spring pigs, 10@10½c; retail 0c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, June 27.—The inquiry for domestic fleece and pulled is quite limited, but stocks are light and prices rule firmly. An active demand prevails in the interior for new fleece at full prices. Sales of 65,000 lbs. Native Fleece and Pulled, in lots, at 35@55c for the former and 30@46c for the latter. Also, 160 bales unwashed Texas at 25@27½c, 6 months. Foreign is in moderate request and carpet qualities are slightly firmer. Sales of 377 bales Donskoi and 50 do, Rio Grande on private terms. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	58@58
Am. full-blood Merino	50@51
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	44@48
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	30@42
Extra, Pulled	44@47
Superfine, Pulled	36@40
No. 1, Pulled	30@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	25@32
California, common do.	12@15
Peruvian, washed	26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@12
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	20@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	22@28
Smyrna, unwashed	14@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

ALBANY, June 29.—The new clip continues to come forward sparingly, notwithstanding the recent advance in prices, which may now be quoted at 30@46c for the entire range. In old we have only to note a sale of 4,000 lbs super pulled at 38½c—*Journal.*

WOOL TRADE OF NEW YORK.—*Penn Yan, Yates Co.*—Market tolerably active—fine wools 47½c ℔ lb.—*Skaneateles, Onon. Co.*—Competition spirited, and best grades selling at 45c.—*Syracuse.*—Course wools 30 to 35 cents,—fine, 40 to 45c.—*Medina.*—The wool trade is exceedingly brisk this season, and the prices good. About 15,000 lbs. were purchased on the 29th ult., by the several buyers, at prices ranging from 25c for common, to 47c for choice lots.—*Lockport.*—The Journal of the 28th ult. gives the amount of wool which changed hands in that city on that day at over 63,000 lbs, which is estimated to have been sold for nearly or quite $30,000—a very good day's work for Lockport. The price paid was generally satisfactory to farmers.

BOSTON, June 28.—Fleece and pulled wool have been in fair demand during the week, and the market is firmer. Sales of 150,000 lbs at prices ranging from 49@55c ℔ lb, cash, as to quality. Advices from the West report considerable sales of new clip to manufacturers at about the same price as last year. The transactions in foreign wool comprise 300 bales Mediterranean and South American, on terms we did not learn.

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	25@35	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

DETROIT, June 28.—The wool market in this city presents nothing new. Buyers have given rather better prices during the week, but the receipts have not been large. Better markets are to be had at Ypsilanti, Ann Arbor or Pontiac, and the farmers know this, therefore they do not bring their wool here. In the interior the rates paid have been steady at 42@48c for the best clips. In some few instances rather higher rates have been paid, but these were got more through the competition of purchasers, and owing to momentary excitement, than because rates had really gone up. The average rates of the several grades may be set down as follows:

Full blood Merino fleece	45@48
Three-quarter blood	40@45
Half and Quarter blood	36@40
Common coarse fleeces	28@35

[*Michigan Farmer.*

WOOL TRADE OF MICHIGAN.—The *Grand Rapids* Inquirer says the wool crop of Kent county this year is far greater than any previous one. Farmers are bringing in large quantities every day, and buyers are plenty, though this market is not yet so brisk as was the first week. Prices, however, range about the same, viz: from 25@45c ℔ lb.—*Kalamazoo.*—The Telegraph remarks that the old saying of "great cry and little wool" should be reversed in speaking of their market, which is stocked with fine qualities of the article, and the prices rule from 32 cents upwards. Several lots have been sold for 46@47½c., and we learn that one person contracted his clip for 60c ℔ lb. The condition of the clip is unusually fine. — At *Dexter*, in Washtenaw Co., during three days ending June 21st, 109,669 lbs of wool were sold at an average of 44 cts. ℔ lb, making a handsome total, for the three days, of $48,251 36.

CHICAGO, June 28.—The arrivals of wool here begin to be quite large, and sales are made of

FLEECE—Common, native	25@28c
Quarter blood	00@31c
Half blood	30@35c
Three-quarters and Full blood	38@42c

—*Democrat.*

WOOL IN WISCONSIN.—The *Waukesha* (Wis.) Freeman says:—The wool crop of this county, we can pretty safely estimate the present season at 100,000 lbs.

The trade is quite active throughout the State: cash buyers plenty at 20@40c at *Watertown*; 25@40c at *Fond du Lac*, and 30@37½c at *Fort Atkinson.*

CINCINNATI, O, June 28.—An active demand at full prices, ranging from 30@45c for common to full blood, and extra clips 50c paid freely. *Gazette.*

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 27.—There is no change in wool, and we quote tub-washed at 32@38c; grease at 22@28c and pulled at 28@30c. Sales of Morgan's Santa Fee Wool at 18c.—*Courier.*

TORONTO, C. W., June 28—The trade in Wool at this point is not likely to be as large this year as last, and so far receipts fall short. The principal reason assigned is very gratifying, namely, that farmers are manufacturing more cloth themselves this year than is usual with them, and that not nearly so much cloth is likely to be imported. This is a good sign, and we hope to see good results. Nothing can be better than honest homespun. It is more honorable than broadcloth. Country dealers are also buying wool on speculation, and selling it to traveling traders, which decreases the deliveries here. The present price for washed wool is 27c ℔ lb.—*Globe.*

Marriages.

AT the residence of the bride's sister, in Victor, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. W. W. DEAN, Mr. HOMER STULL, of Hempstead, Texas, and Miss HATTIE M. MURRAY, of Rochester, N. Y.

BY Rev. W. C. MATTISON, on the 14th ult., at the house of the brides' father, Mr. DENNIS H. BURNS, of Pekin, N. Y., and Miss ELIZA A. MATHER. Also, Mr. ORLEANS W. DAY, of Wayland, N. Y., and Miss JULIA A. MATHER. The ladies are twin daughters of J. C. and ELIZABETH MATHER, of the town of Genesee.

Deaths.

IN this city, on the 28th ult., HENRY BURNETT, aged 61 years.

ON the 20th ult., in the town of Sumner, Bremer Co., Iowa, of congestion of the brain induced by scarlet fever; BYRON MURRAY, second son of JOSEPH O., and MARCIA WEBSTER HUDNUTT, aged 2 years and 3 months.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, In Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

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ASTHMA.
EDDYTOWN, Yates Co., N. Y., 1860.
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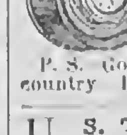
PLATT CROSBY.
Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t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BEREAVED.

On earth 'twas winter; dismal snows had bound her,
In her bare meadows not a bird would sing,
And sullen skies were folded close around her;
In our hearts' garden 'twas delicious spring.

For the dear Lord, through all the darkness reaching,
To mark our low estate with pitying eyes,
Placed in our hands, upraised in sad beseeching,
One little flower, a bud of Paradise.

Our rose, our lily, so we fondly named her,
Our pearl of life, our little nestling dove;
Yet all the names our tender worship framed her,
Seemed poor, to fit the richness of our love.

I cannot tell thee how our cottage lowly
Grew a rare temple, where we softly trod,
Deeming that with us walked the angels holy,
With folded wings, and eyes that looked on God.

All things that else had shone in dim revealing,
Waxed clear and lustrous to the spirit's eye,
And, with low breath, beside that cradle kneeling,
Even God's great love seemed not too strange and high.

O, sweet evangell on its pages shining,
We traced no line of our poor earthly lore;
For while we read, the meaning scarce divining,
The hand that wrote it clasped the book once more.

The Lord had need of her, and so we brought her,
And laid her, weeping, in the angel's breast,
Trusting that He, whose weary feet had sought her,
Would bear our little lamb to safer rest.

And though our tears will sometimes blindly gather,
The empty cradle in our home to see,
For *all* Thy gifts we thank Thee, O, our Father!
These little children lead us unto Thee.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

The Sabbath afternoon service was over in the little church at Ashland. The benediction had been pronounced, yet the congregation still lingered in their pews, while the Pastor left his desk and walked by the plain communion-table, until two individuals came forward and stood side by side before him. They were unattended, for orphanage was the lot of both, and in the wide word neither had a near relative. So that Herbert Weston and Alice Lee gave to each other an undivided heart, save that the love which transcends all human affections, dwelt in them both, sanctifying the mutual vows which they now plighted in the sight of men and angels.

Brief but impressive was that marriage rite, and at its conclusion many a kind friend came forward with words of greeting and farewell; for on the morrow the newly wedded ones were to leave the quiet town which had always been the home of Alice, and where, since her mother's death, three years previous, she had been engaged in teaching,—thus had many fond ties of friendship been formed which would be severed by her departure. For when we leave our early homes, for new scenes and friends, be our attachment ever so strong to those we have left behind, still it can never again be our *home*,—our hearts may cherish its memory, but it will be the recollection of what it *has been*, and never again can be.

With Herbert Weston the good people of Ashland were not so well acquainted; although his frank and open countenance certainly spoke in his favor, and during the time he had been studying with Dr. Norton, his conduct had ever been most exemplary. It was while he was a student in Ashland, that he won the heart of the gentle and lovely Alice Lee; and although time alone could prove how great a treasure she would be to him, he already felt that with her at his side he could not be called *poor*.

He had recently received his Diploma from a Medical College, and was about to commence the practice of his profession in a Western city. He well knew that discouragement and disappointment might await him in the field of labor he had chosen,—and however successful his career might be, it must still be an arduous one. Yet his was a hopeful nature, and gazing into Alice's clear blue eyes, he read therein such perfect confidence, such true womanly love, that he might well feel strong to do and dare for her sweet sake.

On Monday morning,—the month and year are immaterial,—the Weston's commenced their journey toward their new home. It was a fatiguing one, for modern inventions had not then, as now, rendered traveling little more than a pastime. The lumbering stage-coach of those days, was anything but an easy vehicle, and to many persons, a long ride in such an uncomfortable conveyance was almost intolerable. But to Alice there was a charm even in the tedious monotony; how could anything be tiresome when Herbert was at her side?—and she was constantly finding some pleasant incident or reminiscence to while the hours away, or something to admire in the varied scenery,—for she was an ardent lover of the beautiful and the sublime,—and from the shrine of Nature the incense of her heart ever rose to the Great Creator.

On the evening of the third day, they entered the place which was henceforth to be their home; an active, bustling city, scarcely less strange to Dr. Weston than to his wife. They took up their abode in a hotel, until some arrangement could be made for the future. Herbert proposed boarding for a while, but to this Alice objected; urging that it would be much cheaper, as well as more independent for them to keep house. Beside, she believed in married people having a home of their own, and as she was well skilled in domestic duties, she would greatly prefer it. Accordingly they soon found a small tenement, the rent of which was reasonable, and where, the following week, they established themselves.

Herbert could not well afford to hire an office in another building, and readily yielded to Alice's solicitation, that he should use the front room of their humble house for that purpose. The location being quite central, there was no reason why it might not prove an eligible opening for him; and yet week after week passed, and it seemed as if no one save Herbert and Alice had noticed the modest sign—"Dr. H. Weston."

It did not require many hours for the performance of the household tasks, and then Alice would seat herself, with her sewing in hand, by one of the windows in the "Office," as she pertinaciously termed the apartment where Herbert sat, day after day, poring over books of medical lore; although as far as the transaction of business was concerned, it might better have been named a "Study."

And every now and then, both would glance into the street to see if there was not "some one coming." Two or three times Alice's heart had leaped with joy, as the old-fashioned knocker gave forth its lond "thump—thump." But when her husband, with true professional dignity, slowly answered the summons, he found, on one occasion, a licensed beggar with a written petition; on another, an old lady who had called to see a former occupant of the house, while the third time a man called to ask the way to Dr. Grey's.

Alice had ceased to inquire, as for a number of days she had been wont to do, whenever she returned to the room after a few moment's absence, "any calls?" She saw the troubled look upon Herbert's brow, and strove to divert his thoughts from their accustomed channel, instead of encouraging him to dwell upon the dark side of the picture. For this purpose she often asked him to assist her in her little improvements about the house, which, it must be acknowledged, lacked not less in convenience than in elegance. A shelf was wanted here and there, and a row of nails must be driven in one of the closets. And then she suggested that a lounge might easily be made of boards from a packing-box, in which she had brought a few household relics from her old home, and which afterwards, being neatly covered with dark chintz by Alice's skillful fingers, formed a most useful addition to the rather limited furniture of the "Office," while another box was converted into an impromptu book-case, sufficiently large to contain the medical library of Dr. Weston.

When engaged in such labor, Herbert often told his wife of his younger days, when he had watched his father at work in his cabinet shop, and of the practical lessons he had then taken in that useful department. But he could not content himself with learning a manual trade; and after the death of his parents he had resolved to acquire an education. He had toiled incessantly, first to provide himself with the means for attending school, and then over his books, until at last he had reached what had once been the goal of his ambition, but whence he looked up to higher and higher stand-points, which he trusted hereafter to attain. And then Alice, with beaming eyes would prophesy his future success, of which she never entertained a doubt, and receive the reward of her favorable augury in a loving embrace, which was only what might have been expected, their honey-moon not yet having set.

At other times, usually in the evening, Alice would read aloud from some favorite author, and thus draw Herbert's thoughts away from his musings, which of late, were often rather melancholy. He felt that his slender purse, unless soon replenished, could not long provide for their daily wants. And he earnestly desired to surround his wife with comforts, if not with luxuries, and to introduce her into the social circles which she was so well fitted to adorn. But in fashionable life everything is of so reciprocal a nature that he felt they must be content to remain for the present without forming any but chance acquaintances.

One evening Alice was reading an interesting story, from the pen of a popular author. It was full of encouragement to those who work diligently, and wait patiently. Herbert's usually anxious expression had vanished, and he had evidently quite lost his own identity in the hero of the life-like story. The town clock had, unheeded, chimed the hours of nine and ten, when a loud knocking at the street door, startled our friends. Herbert, taking the lamp, went into the little entry, which answered as a front hall,—he came back in a moment, having donned overcoat and hat, and bade his wife good-night, telling her not to sit up for him, as he had a call to visit a very sick patient, and might not be back until after midnight.

But Alice could not think of retiring, so she replenished the fire, and taking her sewing, she was soon busily engaged in her accustomed occupation of repairing her husband's wardrobe,—which, as is not unfrequently the case with bachelor students, was in rather a shabby condition. She heard the hours of eleven and twelve peal from the nearest church-tower, and just before one, the well-known elastic tread of her husband approached the house, and he entered, evidently surprised, but not displeased, to find a cheerful face and glowing fire awaiting his return.

He told her that his patient was a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy merchant,—that her malady had hitherto baffled the skill of the physicians who had attended her, and her father had that morning dismissed Dr. Grey, and resolved to try the new-comer, whose sign he had several times noticed.

Herbert felt very sanguine of success in the treatment of this his first case. Nor was he disappointed. For many days he called morning and evening at the mansion of Mr. Grant, and at length his fair patient was pronounced convalescent, and beyond the need of further medical advice. The joy of her father was unbounded, and he insisted on adding twenty dollars to the moderate bill Dr. Weston presented, and promised to recommend him to all his friends. And when Miss Grant took her daily rides, as she always did in fine weather, the carriage frequently stopped for "that sweet Mrs. Weston," the appellation at once bestowed upon her by the warm-hearted, enthusiastic Florence.

Slowly but surely did Dr. Weston established himself in the community; there were still many days which he devoted entirely to study, but this only the better prepared him for the more active scenes on which he was occasionally called to enter. More than one wealthy patient was directed to him by his friend, Mr. Grant, and he continued to give perfect satisfaction to all who employed him. While his wife need no longer be excluded from society, for to have been seen in company with Miss Florence Grant, was sufficient to obtain her admission into the most select circles.

But Alice was emphatically a "home body." She believed in the old-fashioned doctrine of loving her husband more than any one else in the world,—of caring more for his approving smile, than for the applause of the multitude. She would have echoed the words of a modern writer, had they then been on record,—"O, music of music! praise from eloquent lips, and those lips the lips we love."

The subject of women's rights and women's wrongs, had not then agitated our land. And if Alice cried in yielding a tame submission to one of the lord's of creation, let her ignorance of "woman's higher sphere" and "nobler mission," be her excuse. In her simplicity, she deemed that no encomiums could be more earnestly desired by a true-hearted woman, than that found between the covers of the Bible,—itself an old-fashioned book,—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." She did not even dream of the day when woman, casting off her shackles, would rise triumphant over her oppressor, and from pulpit and rostrum denounce the cruel bondage which had so long enslaved her. When, asserting her equality, if not her superiority, to the sterner sex, she would renounce her allegiance to her former tyrants,—falsely termed protectors,—and enjoy the privilege of overcoming all obstacles by her own unaided strength. Shall we pity her that no strong-minded person was found to enlighten her benighted mind? That Alice Weston lived and died in the full belief of that Apostolic doctrine, now obsolete, that as Christ is the head of the Church, so is man the head of the woman.

Dr. Weston's practice was by no means limited to the higher walks of life. Many calls did he make for which he received a mere pittance, and many more for which he had only the assurance,—"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." It was certain that Herbert had invested something in a bank, which we believe will never suspend payment.

On these errands of mercy Alice often accompanied him, and many a dark room, in some narrow, dismal alley, was brightened by her presence,—many a dying pillow softened by her hand,—while she strove to impart consolation to the bereaved hearts, whose grief was as deep and sincere, as it could have been had their lot been cast in the midst of affluence, instead of penury.

One day Herbert told her that his sympathies had been fully aroused by a case, which at first sight he had considered hopeless. It was a young woman in indigent circumstances, deserted by her intemperate husband, and now evidently near death. A babe of six months would thus be left with no natural protector. It was a beautiful child, he said, and he could not bear to have it left to the cold charity of the world.

Alice, with moistened eyes, at once proposed that they should take the helpless little creature, and rear it as their own; and as this was already her husband's desire, they determined to go at once to the sick mother, and tell her their plan. Her gratitude was indeed touching,—she now felt willing to die, for she would not be leaving her child uncared for. The infant bore its mother's name, Gertrude Mason, to which, after its adoption, Weston was to be added. The invalid lingered but a few days, and died invoking blessings upon her kind and generous friends.

The little Gertrude was transplanted to the genial atmosphere of a loving home; and when, a few months afterwards, she learned to lisp "papa," and "mamma," no one could have detected in the joy of the parents' hearts the absence of any emotion which they would have experienced, had she been, in truth, as she was in name, their own and only child.

The Westons now resolved upon a change of residence; the close air of the crowded city did not agree with Alice, accustomed as she had ever been to the fresh breezes of the country. Her husband insisted upon removing into the suburbs, and opening an office in the business part of the town. His increasing practice seeming to warrant this arrangement, Alice joyfully acceded. A tasteful and convenient cottage was leased for a term of years; and a young girl added to their household, to assist in the culinary department, and draw Gertie in her little carriage.

The change was found both pleasant and beneficial to all concerned.

Alice's health improved, and Dr. Weston derived benefit from the exercise taken regularly each day, and also found additional practice in the neighborhood of his new home. The pet, Gertie, grew strong and fair, rewarding the diligent care of her foster parents, by a thousand winning ways. Very dear did she become to both their hearts; nor did she lose ought of their affection when the little Helen opened her dark eyes in "Hope Cottage." None could say if the younger were the nearest, it was also the dearest.

Time passed pleasantly with our friends, for each day and hour was well employed; idleness, and its companion, discontent, were strangers at their fireside. Herbert in his professional, and Alice in her family duties, were both striving for the same thing,—their mutual success and happiness. With a common aim in view, it was easy for them to press forward *together*, toward its attainment.

Life to them was neither a dream nor a farce; they were alike removed from the errors of the visionary, and the voluptuary. They recognized life as earnest, and actual,—a state of probation, wherein they were to prepare for a purer and a higher existence beyond the grave. Thus, hand in hand, they trod its varied paths, gathering sweetness from all its flowers, and learning salutary lessons from even its thorns.

Four years had now elapsed since little Gertrude was received into their household. The present occupant of the crib was Master George, a bright-eyed, beautiful boy of twelve months, on whom the affection of all seemed to center. The little girls were ever ready to amuse brother Georgie. And Herbert evidently regarded him with that fond pride, which a son so often awakens in a father's heart. At this time an epidemic made its appearance in the city, its victims being mostly among the children. Dr. Weston was in demand night and day, and in most cases he was far more successful than his brother practitioners.

But when the cases were becoming less frequent and malignant, and hopes were entertained by all that the progress of the malady had been checked, little Georgie was attacked with it, in its most alarming form. In vain did his father resort to those remedies which had hitherto proved so efficacious,—in vain did he employ the best counsel the city afforded,—in vain did the poor mother watch and pray,—the summons had gone forth, and no human agency had power to intercept the Divine edict. In three days the lifeless clay was all that was left them of their darling, while He who said "of such is the kingdom of Heaven," received that pure spirit into the holy mansions on high, henceforth to be the brightest link in the chain binding those bereaved hearts to the unseen world. There was no murmuring, no replning uttered by those sorrow-stricken mourners; for Herbert and Alice both recognized the hand of a kind Providence in their afflictions, as well as in their blessings, and read the name of Jehovah on the clouds, no less than in the sunshine. And they could exclaim with pious Job, "What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?

It was the same steadfast faith which sustained Alice during succeeding weeks of anxious watching, when her husband, worn out with fatigue, was prostrated by lingering illness. It was her soft hand that cooled his fevered brow, her noiseless footstep that ever hovered near his bed side, while she ministered to his slightest wants. Never before had she realized how dear he was to her. And when his naturally vigorous constitution rallied, and he arose from that couch of pain and weakness, both their hearts were filled with joy and thanksgiving. True, their precious boy was gone, but they had two sweet children left, and, more than all else, they were still spared to each other.

It was after this illness, in consequence of which, Dr. Weston's office had been closed for many weeks, that he took into more serious consideration than he had before done, a proposal which he had received a short time previous,—that of entering into partnership with a physician of about his own age, who had a large practice.

Frederick May was the son of a rich man, and this fact had, perhaps, proved more of a disadvantage to him than any other circumstance; for he had not felt the necessity of close application, and lacking the stimulus which poverty alone can give, he too often yielded to indolence and inactivity. Still, Nature had been lavish in her gifts, and he possessed talents of no ordinary stamp. His genial disposition and affability had prepossessed Herbert in his favor; and the fact that he had always been a resident of the city, gave him the advantage of an extensive acquaintance. His office was finely located, and all arrangements being made, Dr. Weston moved into it; and a handsome sign, bearing the names of the new firm, rendered the old one superfluous, and Alice begged the privilege of keeping it as a memento of their early experience.

Of course, the families of the two physicians soon became intimately acquainted, although one could scarcely find a greater contrast than they presented. Mrs. May was a devotee of fashion,—one of the gay human butterflies who lead so ephemeral an existence that the world is made no better by their having lived in it. The oversight of her domestics, and the care of her children, were alike irksome to her; and their house, altho' elegantly furnished, was far from being a well-ordered one. Every person of good taste would have given the preference to the cosy rooms at "Hope Cottage," though but a small part of the expense had been bestowed upon them, which was so freely lavished on the stately city mansion of Dr. May.

And Gertrude and Helen, in their neat and becoming attire, were far more prepossessing in their appearance than Clarence and Ada May, who, clad in costly garments of the latest fashion, seemed more like animated French dolls, than the free and careless creatures which Nature designed children to be. And of all the evils attendant upon this superficial mode of living, what can be worse than the fate of the children, who from the cradle to the grave, are kept in servitude by that most exacting of all tyrants—Fashion—their bodies and minds alike restrained from free development, and their whole lives frittered away in idleness and folly.

To Frederick, the contrast between his friend's home and his own, was as painful as it was marked; for he would willingly have relinquished the unsatisfying pleasures of the world, for the domestic peace and enjoyment of a happy home. He became a frequent visitor at the cottage, sometimes returning with Herbert from their office, and occasionally accompanied by his wife, who could not help liking Alice, although their tastes and pursuits were at such variance.

It was a great mystery to Mrs. May how her new friend could be so well contented in her quiet home; and she often urged her to go more into society; but this Alice always firmly declined. She had a few chosen friends, with whom she often exchanged calls and social visits, but she had no desire to mingle in the heartless gaieties of the world. No place could be so pleasant to her as her home,—no company so agreeable as that of her husband and children. In vain Julia May laughed at her for leading such a hum-drum life, and painted in glowing colors the delights of the theater, and the opera, and the brilliant soirees, which she so often attended. Alice had but to look at her friend's own countenance with its expression of weariness and discontent, for a proof that these scenes of excitement did not afford true happiness. And she tried to persuade her to think more of her home,—and of rendering it pleasant and attractive to her family,—and less of the vain amusements which absorbed so much of her time. But Julia would only laugh, and declare that she could not be so *tied down;* Fred was notional enough already, and would, no doubt, like to see her making a household drudge of herself, superintending the work, and taking care of the children.

Alice replied that having never tried any other course, she could recommend this from experience. She kept but one girl, and seldom had assistance in regard to the children, but Mrs. May felt that three servants were hardly sufficient for her household,—thus, there could be but little sympathy between the two.—[To be continued.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 62 letters.
My 1, 7, 29, 10, 16 is a county in Georgia.
My 36, 16, 19, 9, 17 is a county in Wisconsin.
My 5, 4, 8, 24, 31 is a county in Indiana.
My 44, 2, 26, 13, 25, 43, 51, 15 is a county in Ohio.
My 34, 35, 15, 16, 25, 62, 56, 29, 15 is a county in Kentucky.
My 37, 29, 50, 30, 46 is a county in Illinois.
My 22, 12, 49, 15, 14 is a county in Mississippi.
My 50, 36, 52, 2, 37, 57, 19 is a county in Texas.
My 42, 38, 15, 20, 27 is a county in Alabama.
My 40, 29, 54, 19 is a county in Iowa.
My 37, 60, 11, 18, 45, 47 is a county in Tennessee.
My 39, 2, 3, 12, 6, 15 is a county in Illinois.
My 61, 37, 57, 29, 60, 8, 37, 3, 36, 23, 58 is a county in Michigan.
My 12, 2, 32, 46, 53, 33 is a county in Minnesota.
My 15, 2, 58, 37, 59, 55, 43, 51, 37, 57, 21, 61 is a parish in Louisiana.
My 17, 22, 48, 23, 3, 17, 53, 41 is a county in Pennsylvania.
My whole is an extract from Burns' poems.

Hopedale, O., 1860. Milton Taggart.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 7, 2, 10, 15, 9, 15 is to reflect.
My 9, 6, 16 is a kind of grain.
My 1, 9, 14, 11 is a kind of fuel.
My 8, 9, 9, 3 is a very useful article.
My 8, 5, 3, 4, 14, 1 is a well-known tree.
My 13, 9, 15, 16, 17 expresses value.
My 12, 8, 14, 15, 11 is an instrument of war.
My whole is the name of an English poet.

Waterloo, 1860. Sara Patterson.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A BONE FOR MATHEMATICIANS.

We have an angular field, situated on a level plain, whose three sides are 20, 30, and 40 rods. Let it be required to tie three horses at the three corners, or angles of the field, with a rope attached to each horse's nose, sufficient in length to allow him to eat one-half the contents of said field, provided the other two were not present. Required the length of the three ropes, and the amount of land the horses would have in common?

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. J. D. Harrington.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 545.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Friendship with all; entangling alliances with none.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Procrastination is the thief of time.

Answer to Puzzle:

O, may those hearts by Love united,
And mingled into one,
Ever keep the vows so fondly plighted,
And dream of them alone.
So may our Love shine on forever,
Like Hope's undying ray,
Which grief, or dark misfortune never
Hath power to chase away.

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THE LARGEST CIRCULATED
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☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

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VOL. XI. NO. 28.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 548.

R. Evans
IRVING, N Y

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Animal Manure, &c.

I WISH to inquire, through the RURAL, the comparative value of *dead animals* for manure? A neighbor of mine bought a dead horse, weighing 1,000 pounds or more, and buried it in my potato field; for which I agreed to pay him one dollars and fifty cents. I intend to make a compost heap of long manure, rotton wood, leaves, head lands, ashes, &c, and I wanted the dead horse to begin with. My neighbors all think I have *paid too dear for the whistle*; and they often laugh at *my dead-horse speculation*. Now, I would like to have some estimate of the value of that *dead horse* for manure. Stable manure is worth about 25 cents per wagon load, two miles off, and scarce at that. Ashes, thoroughly leached, and some wet, can be procured at 12½ cents per load, three miles away. The farm I am working has been worked hard, and has no clover sward to plow under, and therefore I *must have manure*. I am subsoiling my corn ground, and feel sure it will *pay*, in spite of my neighbors' jesting, as I find the subsoiled ground dry and easily worked.—JUVENISTIC, *West Salem, Pa.*

THERE is much more valuable manure in your dead horse than you could get for the same amount of money, by buying ordinary stable manure at 25 cents a load and hauling it two miles. The only difficulty is in getting it in a condition to be available as food for plants. Those who have seen fish applied to corn in the hill, on the sea coast, will have no doubts about the effects of such manures. The best way to apply for effect would doubtless be in this way, but as it would be somewhat difficult to get it into small pieces, the next best way will be to compost until decayed. Cover well with dry swamp muck, mould, from head-lands, as proposed, charcoal dust, if you can procure it, and ashes may be placed on top. We doubt the propriety of mixing ashes in a compost with decaying animal or barn-yard manure. The stable manure, unless applied directly to the land, we would compost separately and cover with the same material. There is nothing gained by composting together two manures that ferment as readily as stable manure and animal bodies. One object of composting is to hasten the decay of those materials that decompose slowly, like muck, by placing them in contact with manures that decompose rapidly. Another object is to save the gases that escape during decomposition, and this is done to a great extent by the use of muck, mould and charcoal. Ashes at one shilling a load are cheap manure. Many farmers we know of pay more than twenty times this price, and claim that it is profitable, and though we could not understand it, never having ourselves received benefits to warrant such an outlay, we have not felt disposed to question their experience.

Hilling and Level Culture.

IN our neighborhood, we have had considerable discussion in regard to the advantages of hilling corn, potatoes, &c. Some contend that hilling is not only useless and a waste of labor, but that crops are much better with good level culture. As you have given us some very good advice in regard to culture, the importance of keeping the ground well pulverized, please give us your opinion on this question.—T. H. J., *Seneca Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

WE know of none better able to test this question than our correspondent and his friends. We may give theory, but the truth, after all, is to be ascertained by experiment in the field. Our preference is for level culture. The system of hilling is no doubt well adapted to a moist climate, like that of England, where there is a superabundance of moisture; but is unsuited to our hot, dry climate. A high, conical mound around a "hill" of corn or potatoes, throws off the moisture for which the roots are suffering, and exposes too much surface to the drying winds and sun. The gardener, when growing a plant in a pot out of doors in the summer, digs a hole and sets it in the ground, so that only the top will be exposed to these influences. Unless this was done, constant shading, watering and watching would be necessary. Many farmers pursue the opposite course, and make a hill of the very best form possible for throwing off the water from the plant, and for exposing the largest possible surface to the sun. We do not think a little earth drawn towards the plant, will do any injury, and indeed may be beneficial. A good deal of the benefit credited to hilling, we think, should be credited to the stirring of the soil in making the hills. Give the same amount of labor, and draw the earth but slightly to the plants, and we think the result would be more satisfactory. In the culture of potatoes our experience is that moderate earthing up increases the crop, but makes it later, so that in growing early varieties we only lighten the soil. In varieties with large, drooping tops, earthing up sustains the haulms, and gives them a better chance to droop, without lying on the ground in a mass. The air has thus a better chance to circulate among them. In growing corn, we have found very little advantage in hilling in any way. Corn possesses a wonderful facility for sustaining itself in an upright position, and for regaining that position when blown down, if the soil is kept in a favorable condition for the formation of roots.

EXPERIENCE IN DRAINING.—NO. III.

THE arrangement and direction of drains requires a good deal of judgment. Sometimes, in a springy side hill, a short drain run *across* the hill will make it dryer than longer ones running up and down. Often in such hills there is a flat surface or even dish at the summit, which not only makes the top wet, but soaks down through the sides—making even the side hill cold and wet. We have a hill, with good fall, on the top of which is a *bason* of an acre and a half in which water occasionally stands in spring and fall, through which we intend to run one or two drains this fall, to empty in the main ditch below.

The north side of woods—especially if the land slopes to the north—is almost always cold and wet in the spring, from the slowly dissolving snows of winter soaking down, and nowhere can drains be made more advantageously than in such places.

Another matter which should be attended to at this season of the year:—The constant heaping up of dirt in the center of the road, often with the culvert just on the surface of the ground, and that half filled with leaves or dirt, and sometimes with none at all, forces the water back on the fields on the upper side of the road. We have often seen nearly half an acre of good land rendered almost worthless in this way. Sometimes merely deepening the culvert will have a marked effect in drying the land, (though it is not worth while to make it deeper than you can find outlet for.) If you already have a drain on the lower side, extend it to the upper side, at the same depth as below, and charge it to the road tax. If the pathmaster will not allow it, get yourself elected pathmaster next year, *if you can*, and do it! It will do as much good as three-fourths of the working on the road, and much more than common, indiscriminate heaping up of black muck in the center of the road. A good deal more of the road tax ought to be applied in draining water from the sides of the road, as the easiest mode of making the center firmer. And besides the public highways ought never to be so constructed as to injure private property.

Much good can also be done by plowing the land in back furrows from the fence—especially on the upper side of the field. This leaves an open furrow near the fence, which will hold the water from *spreading* over the fields. This should be *tapped* at the lowest place by an underdrain. Farmers will find that drains will not be needed nearly so frequently where the surface water from upper fields is held back by a dead furrow and conducted down to the lowest place or places. But these ideas will naturally suggest themselves to any one who begins to drain.

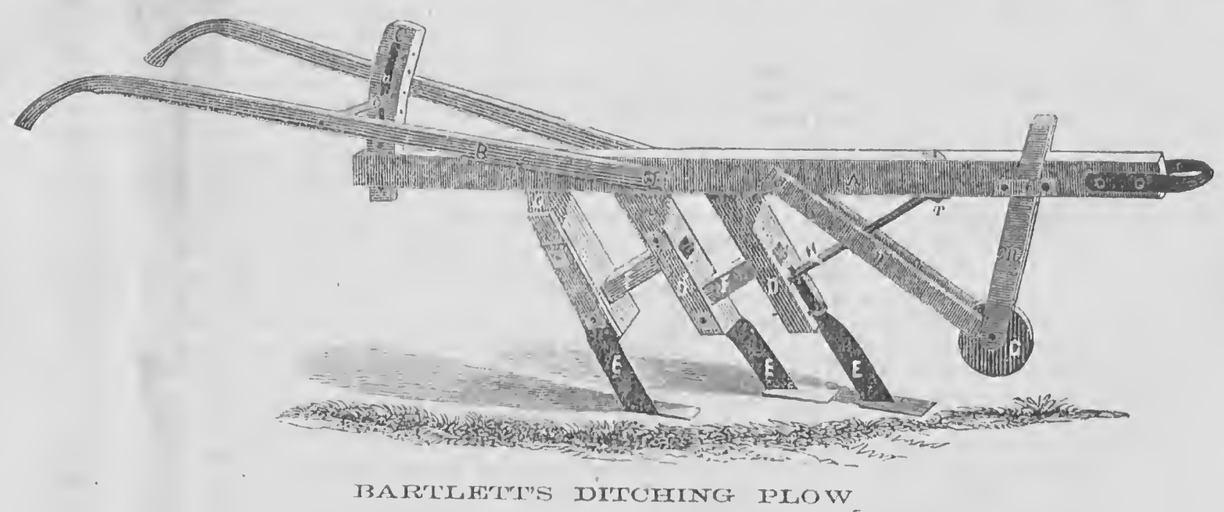
As to the size of drain necessary to carry off the water, we can only say it will depend upon circumstances—such as amount of water and *fall*. We only mention it, because most persons at first make longer drains than are necessary. Where stone are used, this involves little extra trouble or cost. But where tile are used it becomes quite a serious matter;—two inch pipe are now worth $10 per thousand at Rochester, while three inch, are $15, and four inch $25—thus making a great difference—with *horse-shoe* tile $4 extra for every increased inch diameter.

Where water does not *flow* from higher land into the tile, but simply soaks in, two inch pipe are always large enough for any drain of not more than fifty rods long,—beyond that, three inch had better be used for the lower end, unless, there is a very good fall. But it is always best to be *sure* and make the drain large enough at first, and three or four inch pipe or horse-shoe will generally be found sufficient to carry off any stream of water that any one would think of underdraining. We have used no tile larger than this, and only eighty or ninty rods of four inch, but we have about one hundred rods of stone drain that, in the smallest places, is at least six by eight inches. It may be scarcely necessary to state that a four inch ditch is *four* instead of *two* times as large as a two inch—thus 2x2=4, and 4x4=16 cubic inches, which last, especially with good fall, will carry off a great quantity of water.

A few words about the *profits* of Underdraining and we will close our draining experience. We shall confine ourselves here to the mere *money* profit of the transaction, saying nothing of the increased pleasure in raising good crops instead of poor ones, as that is an advantage which we should think, that many (to judge from their actions) would not appreciate! When we commenced, we drained the land just before we seeded down to pasture or meadow, and hence did not so fully get the advantage of the drain as we should with a grain crop. But we are confident that those drains have paid ten to fifteen per cent interest on their cost, in the improved quality and increased quantity of the grasses. And now, as we are beginning to plow up those fields again, we find them in much better order for crops than ever before. Lately, however, we have made a practice of draining all our fields before we plow them, or the first year after, and *one* crop, especially winter grain, will generally repay the expense, merely by the increase. We can not of course be positive, for we can not tell how good our wheat would have been without the drains, but we are *pretty sure* that such is the case. We have also noticed that wheat over drains is much whiter and has a thinner bran than away from them. Our Mediterranean (we have not ventured yet to sow any other,) is being gradually transformed into amber, and probably, in time, into *white* wheat. In a wet season like 1855 or '57, the increased corn or oat crops would pay one half the cost of underdraining, and even in a dry season its effects would be perceptible.

The advantage of getting in crops early, in spring, which draining confers, we think is worth one or two dollars per acre, but we have not availed ourselves of this as much as we might, or as we shall in future, because every spring heretofore we have been very busy with our ditching. On all our drained fields we can plow almost as soon as frost is out of the ground, or in a few hours after a heavy rain.

Finally, our drains are all in good working order, with the exception of about fifteen rods thro' sandy bottom, which is *partially* filled up. They have already, so near as we can calculate, paid for themselves, principal and interest, and yet, with the above exception, give no signs of giving out, but promise a handsome dividend for the future.—W. J. F.



BARTLETT'S DITCHING PLOW.

THE above engraving represents a Ditching Plow, invented by Mr. E. S. BARTLETT, of Romulus, Seneca Co., N. Y., and patented on the 13th of Semptember last. At a time when underdraining is attracting so much attention—being justly regarded as a very important means of farm improvement and enrichment—every machine designed to facilitate the operation, and reduce the labor and expense, is worthy of examination. We have heretofore noticed several ditching plows and machines, and think this new candidate for adoption by progressive farmers combines some features which will favor its introduction—the inventor presenting it as the most simple, durable and cheap machine for the purpose, yet constructed. The managers of the State Agricultural College Farm, at Ovid, say the plow has been worked on the farm considerably, that it does its work admirably, and commend it as "an implement of great utility to the farmers of this vicinity whose land requires underdrainage."

The Illustration will give the reader an idea of the construction and operation of this plow. Mr. BARTLETT claims as his invention the combination of standards D D D, the combination of shares E E E, the mode of adjusting the shares by means of packing blocks, so as to widen or narrow the ditch as desired, and the manner in which it is braced—substantially as shown in the illustration. Mr. B. says this plow "will cut a ditch of uniform width, (as it cuts both sides at once,) from one foot to three and a half feet deep, as desired, and works well in all kinds of soil." For further information, the price and terms of rights, &c., address either the Patentee or A. J. BARTLETT, as above, or C. C. TEALL, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN SOUTHERN N. Y.

HAVING had occasion to visit parts of Livingston, Allegany and Wyoming counties, recently, I am glad to add my testimony in favor of their general prosperity. The pastures are particularly fine, though some deficiency of stock to put in them is complained of in Southern New York. The hay crop—as somebody said of somebody—"though not great, is good." Let there be unbounded diligence in saving it—scarcity comes unlooked for. Get in the hay as soon as it is just right, and don't trust the weather. Cut it by the time or before the seed is in milk, and remember that a week's delay sacrifices one-half the crop.

Dairy products, cheese especially, bring a good price.

The wool is said to be lighter than common; the price, averaging 45 cents, ought to be satisfactory. It speaks well for the general prosperity when discreet wool buyers get a little excited. Wool is the best barometer to indicate the financial condition of the country. There is evidently no over-production of wool. Sheep are in good demand, but scarce. I send you samples of wool from the flocks of HECTOR HITCHCOCK, of South Livonia, and WM. W. MCNAIR, of Groveland, which are very good. Mr. HITCHCOCK expects over 50 cents for his wool; Mr. MCNAIR sold early at 45 cts. I told him to tell the purchaser for me that I could not think of a more suitable and well-deserved compliment than a present of 5 cts. a pound, as a reward of merit. When wool buyers pay for wool according to its intrinsic worth, you may keep a sharp look out, Mr. Editor, for the millenium.

Our anticipations of a good crop of wheat are now sure to be realized. I examined many fields, and found pretty much all the early wheat safe. The Mediterranean seems to be a little earlier than the Dayton, but the Dayton inclines to give the best yield. With marked emphasis, I would say, *sow none but the early sorts*—sow early, on early ground. You may succeed with Soules, &c., but you ought not to try; you have no business to feed the midge and invite it to tarry among us; if you will have such a guest, you ought to keep it at home. I have almost invariably found the midge in late wheat.

I passed the fine farm of "*Farmer*" ABEL, of Livingston Co., now degenerated into a Senator. The genial Senator invited me to supper, which, with deep-felt regret, I declined for want of time. The Senator's wheat was somewhat troubled with the midge, which I attributed to late sowing—the Senator was somewhat busy last fall. But I was informed that the wheat was sown early; it is evident, therefore, that the soil of that particular portion of his farm is, like much other land, not calculated to give early maturity to the crop and hence unsuited to wheat. The *warm, dry, early* lands are the ones for wheat.—H. T. B.

WHY PEOPLE SHOULD EMIGRATE WEST.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The high price of land in most parts of the older settled States of the East, renders it almost impossible for a man whose only capital is his hands, to become the owner of a farm sufficiently large to support himself and family. At least, before he can become the undisputed possessor of a farm, even of moderate size, the best years of his life must be spent in unremitting toil—hardly sparing means for the necessary comforts of life, and the education of his children. But here, in Central Minnesota, are lands for one dollar and a quarter per acre—lands that will equal, if not surpass, anything in Western New York in fertility and beauty of scenery, and we challenge the world for a more healthful climate. Here rippling brooks issue from numerous crystal lakes, abounding in the finest quality of fish, surrounded by pebbled shores, and bordered by green prairies of waving grass, and groves of timber. Timber and prairie are plenty, and the natural meadows (not swamps and morasses) furnish an exhaustless supply of the best kind of hay, equal to the tame and cultivated grasses, and stock-growing will ever be a remunerative business—as pasturage costs nothing—and hay for winter can be cut and put in the stack for one dollar per ton.

Though we have in this (Meeker) county large settlements of industrious and intelligent people, there are still vacant lands inviting the surplus population—the laboring masses of the East. Here a man with a moderate capital of from five to fifteen hundred dollars, with prudence and energy, can obtain not only a home for himself, but land enough to give his children homes about him. * * * We hold it to be the moral duty of all, when a home of comfort for themselves and children is within their reach, to take advantage of it—to procure land enough, when its low price will come within their means, for all their children. Then in their declining years they will not be deserted, but share the sympathy, protection and assistance of their children, for whom their prudence in former days has provided a home about them.

We are aware that many in the East, forgetting that climate is the subject of other influences than parallel, and that the climate grows warmer in the same latitude as you advance from the eastern coast of the Continent, think we are too far north, that it is too cold here; but in Minnesota we are in the same latitude of the vine-clad hills of France, and the almost perennial shores of the Pacific. Green peas and new potatoes, raised without the aid of hot beds, were plenty on the 20th of this month, and the grass is already as high as a man's shoulders. We do not have so late frosts in the spring, nor so early in the fall, as in New York.

It is only four years since the first settlement

was made upon this prairie, but it has the appearance of an old settled farming country. The U. S. Land Office is located at Forest City. Second hand farms can be bought from two-and-a-half to ten dollars per acre, according to locality. [Why so cheap, if the soil is so fertile and climate so fine?—Ed.] But those who wish to get government land must not expect to find farms under ready cultivation. It takes hard labor to fence and break the prairie lands; but after four or five years of toil, the farmer can retire and live at his ease, and his land will support him. There are many beautiful sites where towns and villages are being started. Irving, on Cornelius Lake, and Harrison, on Diamond Lake, in Monongalia county, are more surpassingly beautiful and romantic localities than Geneva and Canandaigua; and there is yet vacant land within a few miles of them, more fertile, and when improved will be as valuable as the lands near those villages of Western New York. There are also many other points of beauty and fertility in this immediate vicinity.

We call upon the young and middle aged to "come up here and possess the goodly land." Immigration, which the crash of '57 and the Kansas excitement suddenly stopped, is again flooding in upon us. Quietly they come, with stout hearts and willing hands, to exhume the exhaustless hidden treasures from the bosom of our mother earth. The emigrant wagons filled with household utensils and houshold angels, followed by small herds of stock, are gliding in every direction across the prairie. The emigrant wagon!—here it is with its canvas covering, the same as we saw pictured in the old school geography. Little dreamed we then that ere the beard of manhood had scarce mantled our face, we should be one of a band of emigrants such as we had gazed at in the picture with youthful fancy, and be exploring the western wilds, far beyond the outposts of civilization, in search of a home. And it seems like the work of magic, that the place has become so thickly populated, and that so many improvements have been made in so short a space of time.

To those who have a competence about them which has cost a life-time to acquire, we would say, *remain where you are and enjoy it*,—but to those of moderate means, and those who toil for a daily subsistence, we have an inviting country, where, by your own labor, you can secure a home of comfort and plenty for yourselves and children. T. C. JEWETT.

Forest City, Minnesota, June 25, 1860.

REMARKS.—Our correspondent gives some valuable information and suggestions, though we do not endorse his entire article.

[Since the above was placed in type, we have received (from WM. H. GARDNER, Esq., of Lee Co., Ill.,) the following article on selecting Homesteads in the West, written for the RURAL by an intelligent Norwegian, Mr. K. P. RONNE, and translated by Rev. P. H. PEDERSON:]

Search of a Norwegian among the United States Government Lands for a Homestead, with brief sketches of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska and Dacotah.

I STARTED from La Salle, Ill., on a steamboat, March 15th, 1860, or the next day after bidding good-bye to my family and friends at Leland. Our destination was St. Louis, from whence we took boat up the Missouri river, wishing to visit the twelve-and-a-half-cent lands of Northwestern Missouri. Owing to the substratum of quick sand, these lands, although good and well furnished with good timber, were almost destitute of good water, either by wells or streams, in dry weather; and this evidence of their general condition being substantiated by several gentlemen with whom we conversed regarding them, we concluded to continue our journey as far westward as Kansas. Here we found all the best lands in the vicinity of timber taken for one hundred miles back from the Missouri river, with all the timber for yet fifty miles further. In view of these facts, and considering also that Kansas was not the healthiest country for North-men, (Norwegians,) I directed my course to Nebraska. There I found, as in Kansas, coal and excellent prairie land in abundance, but the timber all taken to the distance of two hundred miles up the Platte river. Leaving Nebraska, I continued my journey to Dacotah, a new Territory lying north and west of Iowa, and north of Nebraska, and west of Minnesota, and constituting a part of Minnesota until its admission as a State.

Dacotah I found to possess a good soil, prairie and timber, well interspersed with pleasant locations for homes, and good pure water in abundance. Here, on the Vermillion river, I made a claim about thirty miles west of Sioux City. For pleasant, inviting prospect, no Territory holds out greater inducements than Dacotah. Here I, in company with other of my countrymen, will settle, and endeavor, under Gon's providence, to rear our homes and fix our homesteads, and enjoy the life given us on earth.

I returned to Leland via Iowa and Minnesota, and although I found prairie at Government price in plenty, yet, owing to the high price or scarcity of timber, here is nothing to tempt me from my Dacotah claim, where I expect to settle with my family in June next.

CROPS, &c., IN ILLINOIS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The weather here, since the 1st of March, has been all we could desire, for comfort. Farmers began their operations at once, planting and sowing. For the sixteen seasons that I have lived in Illinois, I never saw the prospect for a bountiful harvest so good as at present. Barley has a fine growth, and generally all headed out, but I think there is not as much sown as usual. Wheat looks fine, and stands well on the ground. Some early pieces have headed out. It is certain that if the crop fills, and yields as well as it promises, Northern Illinois will do her share toward supporting the masses of consumers. Oats look very fine, indeed. There is not, I think, as much ground planted to corn as usual, but it stands nicely. The earliest is of good size at present, and bids fair for a paying crop. Potatoes, of early planting, are in full bloom and well set.

The crop of tame grass is very fine, especially clover. I have seventy acres, and better, for that amount of land, I never saw. Cutting will begin with me, weather permitting, about the 20th or the 25th inst., so as to prepare for a crop of clover seed with which I have been quite successful. It was said in early days, that Illinois would not produce tame grass, but I think the only reason now is because farmers do not sow the seed. I have raised more or less for the last eight years, and consider it most profitable to raise an equal share of grass and seeds. The amount of seed I get to the acre so as to make it profitable, will average from one-half to three bushels, though last year I had a greater yield. I took one hundred and fifty-seven bushels off forty acres, saved five acres for a premium for the County and State Fair, and harvested and threshed forty-five bushels from six acres and forty-eight rods. No manure was ever hauled on the ground but once, and that some four years ago. The same piece of ground has been under cultivation some fourteen years.

Our prairies are not noted for raising fruit, still we shall have enough to use, and a little to spare of some kinds. Apples quite plenty; peaches none; pears affected by the late frost very much; plums don't do well here, especially on prairie soil; currants never fail producing a good crop; strawberries all one could ask for.

AS I have seen considerable said in the RURAL about Black Leg, I would remark that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and those who will adopt the preventives will have the cure, which is this:—Take one teaspoonful each of sulphur and saltpeter, mixed with common salt, and give to the young cattle two or three times a month. If this is done you won't see your stock sicken and die with that disease, and seldom with any other, if they have enough to eat. HUGH HULS.

St. Charles, Ill., June 17th, 1860.

CROPS IN OHIO.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As harvest is drawing nigh, and people just about in the middle of the growing season, it will not be amiss for me to give your readers a short outline of the products now under the process of cultivation.

The wheat here, in prospect, may be considered fair so far as the present is concerned. Various portions of it have suffered considerably by winter freezing, and the warmth of last autumn. Some fields have been entirely destroyed by the latter, and others partly by the former. The Blue Stem and Red wheat were the most sown.

There is scarcely any rye sown, yet what has been, is fine in appearance, and will give a good yield. Oats appear very much advanced,—more so than they would have been, were it not for the cool weather and plenty of rain during a few weeks past. It is believed that this crop will yield vastly per acre, and if so, there will not be the scarcity of this grain which has prevailed for months past. As regards barley, much cannot be said of its production, — there is but little sown, but it is good wherever found.

The corn is yet very backward, and we begin to doubt in there being a very great yield for the number of acres planted. The cause of this may be traced partly to severe cold about the first of this month,— the grub and cut worm have done considerable damage,— the range is from 10 to 15 inches in height. However, if the weather should continue warm and damp, it may regain itself. Potatoes are coming on very finely, and from present indications, we should judge there would be a great yield for the number of acres planted.

The garden appears well, as the season has been very favorable. Most people are taking great interest in raising garden vegetables, and they have found that by a little labor and care they may be able to raise enough to supply them six or seven months. The ladies, also, are taking great interest in the garden,—in fact, were it not for the care and attention bestowed by them, our gardens would prove as fruitless as heretofore.

The fruit crop may be considered extremely good, and would have been still better were it not for a frost early in May. Apples will yield heavily; many orchards will be loaded. Peaches are very fine in some parts—and judging from present prospects, we may infer that there will be a greater quantity raised this season than for five to six years. Cherries will be equally productive. Blackberries, grapes, and strawberries are not doing as well as we could wish.

To speak generally, people may expect a good harvest and bountiful prospects for better times. As the loss of last year's products hardened the times, so will this season's better them. But as time and space will not permit me to give a lengthy detail, I shall close, resuming the privilege for the future. A. H. ROACH.

Paris, Ohio, June 15, 1860.

ANIMALS IN THE HIGHWAYS.—THE LAW.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A writer in your last number wishes to hear a "remedy proposed and provided" for the nuisance of animals running at large in the highways. The law already provides a sufficient remedy. Any animal running at large and doing damage in consequence of bad fences or *no fences*, along the highway, may now be secured by the sufferer, and the owner made to pay all damages and costs, or the animal held and sold to satisfy them.

No town can legalize, by vote or resolution, the running at large of animals in highways. The highways belong to the adjacent owners of lands and the grass in them belongs to the owner, and to no other person. Cattle are tresspassers feeding in the highways, as much as inside of the fences on the farm of the owner of the soil. The public have only the right of way or easement in the highways, and own nothing,—soil, or trees, or grass, upon them. It is doubted even, that the Legislature could pass a Constitutional law to allow animals to run at large in the highways. *They cannot take my grass to feed the cattle of my neighbors.*

No fences are by law required to be maintained along highways, and therefore the vulgar cry of "bad fences,"—"you should keep better fences," will not avail as a defence against a claim for damages. H. G. W.

Monroe Co., N. Y., June, 1860.

PLEURO-PNEUMONIA, OR WHAT?

BEING in Allegany Co., the other day, I learned that four head of cattle had died very suddenly in the herd of RODNEY BELL, of New Hudson. I immediately repaired to the spot to make inquiries, and learned that Mr. BELL'S cattle had been afflicted with a cough for a while previous, similar to what is described as one of the symptoms of the pleuro-pneumonia. His herd consisted of about a dozen cows and the same number of yearlings. Only yearlings have died so far. They were discovered to be sick in the morning, and in a few hours were dead. They seemed to be in much pain, breathed hard, and would occasionally get up suddenly and soon lie down again. They were opened, (two of them after being dead over night,) but the operators were without medical skill and failed to discover the seat of the malady.

Whether this is the Massachusetts disease or a modification of it, I cannot tell, but I hope that the utmost care will be taken to prevent such fatal maladies from spreading. The interests directly and indirectly involved in the cattle of this Commonwealth exceed enumeration. I trust the journals will keep us well posted as to the symptoms and varying manifestations of this disease.—H. T. B.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

A Golden Rule for Farmers.

Do not go on dividing up or using up your capital by cropping without manure. Make it a cardinal principal of action, never to be swerved from, that you will not, in any instance, in relation to any field, or crop, or rotation, plant or sow without a supply of manure—sufficient at least to preserve the existing fertility of the soil.

Pasturing Horses.

THE *Maine Farmer* remarks that few of the writers who have discoursed upon the management of horses, have said anything about the summer grazing of these animals. Nor in fact, is it a subject upon which much of importance can be said. Yet there are some points connected with it, well worthy of consideration. Youatt says:—"The spring grass is the best physic that can be given to a horse. To a degree which no artificial aperient or diuretic can reach, it carries off every humor that may be lurking about the animal. It fines down the roundness of the legs, and except there be some bony enlargement, restores them to their original strength. There is nothing so refreshing to their feet as the damp coolness of the grass into which they are turned, and nothing is so calculated to remove every enlargement or sprain, as the gentle exercise which the animal voluntarily takes while his legs are exposed to the cooling process of evaporation that is taking place from the herbage on which he treads. The experience of ages has shown that it is the most skillful of veterinarians. It is the renovating process of nature where the art of man fails."

Stock Pays all the Time.

THE heading of this article, says the *Valley Farmer*, was the remark of an old farmer the other day, while deploring the failure of his wheat crop. One year the wheat fails, another year the oats fail, another year the corn: but, said he, "Stock pays all the time." He moreover, remarked, that the farmers who early gave their attention to stock-raising, had gone right along without setbacks, and had outstripped the grain-growers.

There is no doubt much truth in the old man's remarks. Stock is the surest and most remunerative. But in thickly settled regions it is better and safer to divide the interest between the two. The two assist each other and improve the farm. Waste straw, and offal of the grain crop, will go far to feed the stock, while the waste and offal of the stock will go far in fertilizing the soil and improving its capacity for productiveness. The strength of the soil is a greater desideratum with the farmer. The soil is his mine of wealth — his treasury — his bank of deposit. He must keep it good, or his paper is protested; his reputation as a farmer is dishonored.

It is well to keep a variety of stock, as well as raise a variety of grain crops. The general profits of each year are thus kept nearly equal. Farming may be done closer, less wasted and more made.

The Art of Milking.

THE art of milking, says the Massachusetts *Ploughman*, is not acquired at once. Children in farm districts should be taught to milk. They may commence on an old cow that is soon to become dry. But let them learn when young—for we are not to expect that this art is to be practiced by foreigners alone who are drifting to our shores.

Cows that have been well bred will be gentle and kind to those who approach them to draw their milk. They know that a good milker gives them relief when their udders are full and need to have the milk drawn.

The dust, &c., should first be brushed off after the milker is fairly seated by the side of the cow. The end of each teat should then be moistened with a little milk to be drawn from it before the pail is placed under it. This makes the milk come easier and saves giving any pain to the cow, as we do when the teat is perfectly dry. Now, as soon the milk begins to come freely, draw it out as fast as possible, otherwise you fail to get the whole; for, in a few minutes, if the milk is not drawn out, it flows back again into the milk ducts and you cannot have it. In a short time the cow becomes dry. Milk fast and milk clean. Never let two persons, while milking, attempt to talk with each other. Keep still and mind what you are about, or you will come off as bad as the man who arrives too late for the cars.

Kind treatment is all-important to the owner. Cows are not to be forced to give down their milk. When cows are unruly from any cause, tie them up in the stable instead of chasing them around the yard.

Water Troughs should be kept Clean.

PURE WATER is a great luxury to the palate of a thirsty horse, and every man who is fortunate enough to be the owner of so noble an animal, should see that the wants of the same are properly provided for. Unfortunately very few persons realize the importance of supplying domestic animals with pure water; yet they stand in need of it, whenever thirsty, and as a matter of profit to ourselves and charity to them, we should see that their wants are well supplied.

Pure water is very nutritious, and as a nutritious agent, its value is impaired when of inferior quality, or when mixed with indigestible foreign substance, such as is often found in watering troughs located by the wayside.

Some very interesting experiments have lately been made on horses belonging to the French army, in view of testing their endurance as regards the deprivation of water, and it was found that some of them lived twenty-five days on water alone; it is a singular fact that seventy-five per cent. of the weight of a horse's body is composed of fluid.

Strange water, as it is called, often has a bad effect in the digestive organs when first used, and in order to guard against its consequences, English grooms always provide for the wants of their horses, when at the race-course, away from home, by furnishing them with an abundant supply of pure water to which they have been accustomed. This water is transported from place to place in hogsheads.

Inquiries and Answers.

PHARYNGITIS.—Inclosed is a specimen of something which was found growing in the swallow of an ox. He had been ailing for nearly two years, and for the past six months could scarcely eat enough to keep him alive. As I thought he would never be any better, I concluded to kill him, and on examination found his throat obstructed by nearly *one hundred* of these bunches. They grew from the roots of the tongue to the stomach, and ranged from the size of a small pea to a hen's egg. When he was eating, the food would come back—owing to the obstructions—from the nose, and nearly strangle him. Now, as neither I, nor any of my neighbors, know anything about this disease, any information respecting it, through the RURAL, would be most thankfully received.—G. G. BERRY, *North Strafford, N. H.*, 1860.

The pharynx is the commencement of the tube known as the *œsophagus*, or "gullet." it is a funnel-shaped cavity, lodged between the mouth, gullet, and windpipe. The *pharynx* is composed of muscular and membraneous tissues; the most important muscles which enter into the composition of the pharynx, are the *constrictors*. They give the membrane, forming the funnel-shaped sac, a complete covering, and their function is to force the food, beyond the action of the tongue, into the œsophagus. The pharynx is divided from the mouth by the soft palate and the epiglottis; therefore, except in the act of swallowing, or coughing, there is no direct communication. The interior of the pharynx is lined by a membrane having, within its structure, a vast number of minute glands, with excretory ducts, from which a viscid or lubricating fluid issues; this lubricates the pellets of food, so that by this process, their passage into the œsophagus is insured without the casualty of friction.

The term *pharyngitis*, says Dr. DADD, in the *Diseases of Cattle*, signifies inflammation of the membrane lining the pharyngial inlet, or funnel-like entrance into the œsophagus, or gullet. The *diagnostic* symptom of this affection is as follows:—The subject is unable to swallow, and thus the food taken into the mouth is apt to be returned by the nostrils. On exploring the inferior region of the throat, from ear to ear, considerable swelling or tumefaction is encountered; yet the pharyngial muscles appear to be constricted. It generally appears among cattle as a simple local affection, yet it often accompanies other diseases of the respiratory character, and whenever it does appear as a local malady, it is apt to merge into something else. It is a very distressing affection, and the animal gets but little relief until suppuration commences, then a free discharge takes place.

Causes of Pharyngitis.—In some cases it may arise in consequence of some morbid habit of body, in others it is evidently excited by cold or chilliness of the external surface; rough food, such as cornstalks, musty hay, and other irritating bodies, are apt to induce it.

Treatment.—Let the animal's throat be rubbed twice daily with a portion of the following:—Oil of cedar, 1 ounce; cod liver oil, 6 ounces; spirits of ammonia, 2 drachms. Mix. Keep a sloppy bran mash before the patient, or some flaxseed tea, into which stir a small quantity of powdered niter and liquorice. This will relieve the cough, if any be present, and tend to lessen irritation of the lining membrane of the pharynx. When the patient begins to expectorate, or has the least discharge from the nose, give the following:—Balsam of Tolu, 2 ounces; sweet spirits of niter, 3 ounces; mucilage of gum arabic, 8 ounces. Mix. *Dose.*—One wineglassful twice daily.

CRIB-BITING.—I wish to inquire, through the medium of your valuable paper, what will effectually prevent Horses sucking wind, or crib-biting, as it is sometimes called?—NEW SUBSCRIBER, *Kirtland, O.*, 1860.

Cribbing, or crib-biting, is a habit, or vice, and can only be corrected by the use of such appliances as will prevent the horse from indulging in it. YOUATT recommends a muzzle, with bars across the bottom sufficiently wide to enable the animal to pick up his grain, or pull his hay, but not to grasp the edge of the manger. When such an apparatus is worn for a considerable time, the horse may become tired of attempting what he cannot accomplish, and forget the habit. Dr. DADD recommends that common bar soap be rubbed on the edge and and outside of the crib, renewing it whenever necessary. A correspondent of the RURAL says the best remedy is tin or zinc, placed on the corners of boards, or to saturate the parts bitten with horse urine, soap, or grease of any kind, .

SCALDING MILK.—Having, some time since, noticed an inquiry in regard to scalding milk, and not having as yet seen any answer,—I will venture to give the RURAL my experience for the benefit of those having small quantities of milk. Fill your pans one-half or two-thirds full of milk, (one-half is better as it cools sooner,) set it over boiling water and heat boiling hot, then set it to cool.—Let it stand only twelve hours in hot weather before skimming. Put the cream in a small jar, stirring it well each time new cream is added. Every other day stir the cream five, ten or fifteen minutes, and you will have good butter with very little trouble. I have made butter this way six years through the hottest weather when I could make it no other way from so small a quantity of milk.—AMELIA GARDNER, *Johnson Co., Texas* 1860.

ANOTHER REMEDY FOR GARGET.—A tablespoonful of saltpeter given to a cow once a day, for three or four days, is an effectual remedy for the garget. It can be given in a wash if the cow is hearty, or in a dough pill.—A. T., *Webster, N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE HORSE SHOW AND HOLIDAY EXHIBITION of the Monroe Co. Ag'l Society, on the 4th inst, was not as successful as had been anticipated—though a triumph, considering the unfavorable weather and adverse influences in operation. The morning was very inauspicious—the clouds being black and portentious between 4 and 7 o'clock, with heavy rain in some parts of the county—and the prospect of bad weather through the day, no doubt kept hundreds of families at home who would otherwise have attended the exhibition. The forenoon was, however, comparatively pleasant, but there was a shower in the afternoon and heavy rains in the evening—proving the correctness, to some extent, of predictions founded upon the unfavorable weather, and indications of the barometer, on the day preceding. But other adverse influences may be noted. The Board of Managers had, in pursuance of what they conceived their duty, omitted offering purses for speed, and adopted a rule to charge life members the same as other persons—this being an *extra* and Holiday Exhibition. The opposition which these measures aroused proved the truthfulness of the remark made by a prominent officer of the Society, (at the time of his undesired election in January last,) *that no officer of an Agricultural Society could discharge his duty faithfully without losing more friends than he would gain.* And yet we think the true friends of the Society have cause of congratulation at the result, for the Exhibition was by no means a failure. The programme was carried out as announced, and, had the weather been favorable, a fund would have been *started, at least*, wherewith the Society's Grounds might be greatly improved.

—The attendance was large in the afternoon, thousands of persons being interested in examining the horses on exhibition, attending the Lecture of DOLLY DUTTON, or witnessing the admirably-played Match Game of Base Ball. The display of horses was not large, but included many fine specimens in the several classes. The receipts were about the same as last year, (some $900,) and will probably exceed all expenses—a very gratifying and unexpected result, considering the adverse circumstances. For premiums awarded, see local papers.

THE TERRA-CULTURAL HUMBUG, which has been exploded, played out and buried in so many places, has just come to the surface in Michigan, where its author seems as plucky as an oft-drowned but still surviving cat. We admire the fellow's superlative impudence in attempting to "disclose the disclosures" among the intelligent people of the Peninsular State, after "the dangers he had passed," and what has been made public to all who read; and hence, instead of giving him "a good raking down" as desired, commend the "professor" to all who think they can bore auger holes with gimlets. Every one who believes Gulliver's Travels, and that the millennium has come, should be sure to *bleed for* and heed the "wonderful secrets." These remarks are suggested by a note dated "Jonesville, Mich., July 6th," which says:—"*Prof. Comestock*, of 'terra cultural' notoriety, is in Jonesville and vicinity, (Hillsdale Co., Mich.,) telling his abominable lies to the farmers, and extorting their hard earnings as a remuneration. Please give the Prof. a good raking down. He won't let any intelligent person, who is opposed to him, hear his lectures. One man offered to pay the 'fee' if the 'professor' would admit him, agreeing to give the 'hundred-dollar bond' not to reveal any 'secrets,' and then divulge the whole thing, and let the Prof. commence a suit against him, telling him that he could not get a verdict for a farthing. The Prof *would not let him in*. The Prof. *is humbugging* some of the best farmers in the county of Hillsdale. Crops of all kinds are good. Farmers have commenced cutting wheat; the crop is good."

THE WEATHER AND CROPS.—In this region the weather has been wet an cool thus far in July. Crops still promising, with no report of material injury or check to any staple. The grass crop is heavier than was anticipated. Wheat has generally escaped the midge uninjured especially the early varieties that were sown early on suitable soil. Our reports are almost invariably encouraging, relative to all crops. Some wheat was cut last week, and the harvest has now fairly commenced. From other sections, near and distant, our accounts of the crop prospects are more uniformly favorable than for years past.

SPRING WHEAT IN ILLINOIS—*Smut, &c*—Under date of June 30, Col. WM H. GARDNER, of Lee Co., Ill., writes us as follows:—"Spring wheat made a fine growth of straw this year, and headed out beautifully, forming as promising a picture as could have been presented. It was sown early, and the Chinch bug, from which much was feared, effected little, if any, damage, so that a better prospect of a bountiful return has not been witnessed for years. This has, in part, been blasted by the discovery of the presence of smut—in some fields it is said one-fourth, or even more of the heads, are smut. The cause of smut we have never known. We do not believe it is in sowing smutty wheat. We do believe it is caused in some way by the non-fertilization of pistillate by staminate blossoms. What will prevent it, is a matter for investigation. *Cause* and *prevention*—who will ascertain and publish them?"

—Our friend is referred to articles in former volumes of the RURAL.

"WHICH IS THE BEST CIDER MILL?"—An Onondaga county friend asks this question. Were we to answer from impulse, we should say the old-fashioned mill which was in vogue in his county, during our boyhood, *toward* forty years ago, when straws were the best conductors (to youthful lips and palates) of the nectar fluid, vulgarly called cider. But times have changed since then, and we suppose our correspondent refers to the small, patent, portable mills now in use. Of these we are scarcely prepared to say which is the best of several good ones, but reckon that HICKOK'S Cider and Wine Mill is every way worthy of commendation. It is advertised in the RURAL, and sold throughout the country.

TENNESSEE STATE FAIR—*Large Premiums.*—It will be seen by reference to an advertisement in this paper that several premiums of $500 each, are offered by the Managers of the Tenn. State Fair. As competition is open to the whole Union, our readers in other States are invited to give the matter attention. The Fair is to be held at Nashville, commencing Sept. 10th.

A GOOD CLIP.—The Lockport Advertiser says that STEPHEN MEAD, Esq., of Somerset, Niagara Co., sold his wool a few days ago for 49 cents per pound. His clip weighed three thousand and three hundred and two pounds, which realized $1,617 98. The yield averaged a little over five pounds per head.

WOOL GROWING is becoming increasingly popular and profitable in Texas. The Houston Telegraph says that, "in a few years, if not already the case, there will be more wool raised in Texas than in any State of the Union. Every section is capable of rendering the business profitable, and every section is engaging largely in it."

VIRGINIA AGRICULTURAL FAIR.—The State and Central Agricultural Societies of Virginia have united, and will hold their next Annual Exhibition on the spacious Show Grounds at Richmond.

HORTICULTURAL.

FRUIT CULTURE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Ten years ago, or more, I got from a prominent nursery, a number of cherry trees of choice varieties, and set them out. The larger half escaped accident, and grew well. Each successive season they blossomed abundantly, but the fruit was invariably stung, and would prematurely fall. During a whole decade, I scarcely got so much as a single peck of cherries. But I continued to cultivate and wait "in hope."

The present year, the trees were all literally loaded. Scarcely any of it was stung, and we have had an abundant treat of ripe, sound fruit. Now for the way it was done. This is quickly told. *I did nothing!* I neither "shook" the trees, nor syringed them with "whale oil soap," or squirted any other foul decoction into their leafy branches. Barring the usual cultivation, I simply let them alone. And the same course has been pursued with what few plum trees have survived the black knot scourge, and they too, or some of them, give promise of fruit. Now, had I happened this year to have used any of the advertised "remedies for curculio," the abundant yield of fruit would have warranted the startling announcement to the world of the "*Curculio headed.*" As it is, I am "headed off" from boasting, and am forced to ascribe the result wholly to a beneficent Providence. Perhaps in years to come, I may *fumigate* a little—do *something*—so as to be able to exclaim, Lo, see what I have done! But should any such experiments fail, and of fruit there be "found none," you of course need not expect to hear from me.

Is there not an immense amount of humbug afloat "about these days?" In truth, are we not getting to be decidedly atheistic in our notions? We plant and cultivate, prune and scrape, fumigate, shake, and drench, seemingly determined that we *will* have the best of fruit and an abundance of it, "*whether or no.*" This is the system we have been pursuing these many years, but we find it an up-hill business. A quarter of a century ago, our plum and cherry trees, and even the sprouts from them, that grew uncared for in the fence corners, would be loaded down three years out of four; but not so now. Indeed, it is quite difficult to even keep a complement of trees on hand, so multitudinous and fatal are the enemies that infest them. And it seems as if these enemies increased in about the ratio of our efforts to head them off. As each new comer is announced, we are told to investigate and experiment till we conquer it.

For one, I have lost respect for such counsel. It looks to my mind as if we should always have too much business on hand if we continue that course. There is a "more excellent way." The *cause* of so many depredators upon fruit and fruit trees, undoubtedly, is GOD'S purpose to teach us who it is that "gives the increase," and loads our tables, (if they are loaded,) with fruits pleasant to the eye and good to the taste; and the surest, most effectual, and only remedy for the depredations of insects, is to get into a spirit of patient waiting for His good time when they shall pass away. Rest assured they will not pass away one minute before; and that all our chafing and efforts to forestall them, amount to nothing.

When the potato rot came along, men were going to find the cause and the remedy straightway. They worked at it faithfully, but after long years of investigation, they began to succumb, when *it* began to pass away. So we have tried to find preventives for the midge, and apple borer, and curculio; but, mark it, not one of them will be circumvented by human ingenuity, and each will accomplish the exact purpose, and maintain its ground the specific period which the wisdom of the Almighty has fixed. We are glad now to have potatoes again as of old, glad at the prospect of being able to grow wheat, and glad at the indications that we are to have fruit again as formerly; but not one of these things has or will be brought about, or even hastened, by any effort of science, or wisdom of men. Last year we had clouds of grasshoppers—this year scarcely none. Who can tell whence they came, and whither they have gone? Not the frosts of June afford a satisfactory solution of the subject, for they swarmed thereafter by countless millions. And those untimely frosts—from whence came they? And their absence this year—to what *natural* cause will you ascribe it? Just now the country is turning its attention to *Pleuro-Pneumonia.* Fearing that it is a fatal contagion that is destined to spread far and wide, men and States are hurrying to and fro to stop it. If they shall be mistaken in their fears, the disease, of course, will not be extensively serious. But if they rightly judge, what do they suppose appropriations by Legislatures and appointments of Commissions, will avail? But men talk and act just as if the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" was a thing of human control.

The conclusion of this bit of what I know to be *unpopular* moralizing, is, that while we plant, and sow, and cultivate, and fight insects, and prescribe medicinally in sickness, because that is GOD'S order, yet we should be careful to not forget that the part we act in the matter has nothing whatever to do in determining the result. If it has, I should think the claimed progress of science, and perfection of machinery, and general advance of intelligence, would have made the earth as productive, and the trees as fruitful at least, as they were in a past generation, when men boasted less of their ability and their wisdom.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., June, 1860. W. B. P.

REMARKS.—To the above we enter our entire dissent. We would not have such doctrines placed before RURAL readers, without protesting against their orthodoxy. We do not believe that "W. B. P.," or any other sane man, practices such doctrines, whatever he may preach. Does not our correspondent hoe his corn to kill the weeds? Why does he not leave this to Providence? Why this constant fighting against Providence? Let "W. B. P." carry out his doctrines, in his farming, and he will soon be in the poor house. Let him carry it out in his person, and soon he would be a most pitiable object. Let Mrs. "W. B. P." carry it out in her housekeeping, and Mr. "W. B. P." would soon be driven from his bed and board. The ground was cursed on account of man's sin. By the sweat of his brow was he to earn his bread. Our correspondent would not have man sweat in fighting against natural difficulties, but lay down and wait for Providence to effect a cure. The Black Knot has troubled our correspondent's plum trees, and some fruit is now promised on "what few trees have survived the *black knot scourge.*" Had "W. B. P." fought vigorously against this "*scourge,*" he need not have lost a tree. We know of orchards of hundreds of trees where not one has been lost. Had he obtained the needed information and fought the curculio, he might have been made to "*sweat*" some, and thus have fulfilled the curse, but he would have had a crop of plums every season. Insects are on the increase, and it is because men practice to some extent on the doctrines of our correspondent, though but few have the hardihood to publicly proclaim them.

KILLING WITH KINDNESS.

THE frequently proclaimed discovery of new fertilizers or new combinations of old ones, accompanied by reports of the marvelous effects of their applications to vegetable life and the urgency with which the use of different manures is continually recommended to cultivators, are likely to lead the enthusiastic into a system of excessive plant petting. The danger, of course, is greatest in the case of such as have but a small spot of ground and few plants whereon to exercise their energies. Hearing or reading accounts of the great success with which some individuals have used a certain new or but lately introduced fertilizing substance about their trees, vines, &c., one cannot resist the temptation to make trial of its effects on his own perhaps already over-fed plants, thus forcing them into increased unhealthy growth, if, indeed, the unnatural excessive richness does not completely destroy them. A passion for Horticulture, and anxiety to bring forward the objects of one's attention as rapidly as possible, if not kept down by reason and caution, easily induce a habit of putting in practice every new idea advanced in regard to liberal cultivation, until, before one realizes to what degree of high feeding his plants have been treated, the consequences of his extravagance begin to show themselves in a tendency of his vines, shrubs, trees, &c., to winter kill, to make a rank growth of foliage at the expense of fruit, and in other ways by which they signify their dissatisfaction.

But, what is a more fatal, and getting to be a more common error, than frequent applications of different fertilizers to young, growing plants, is the practice of putting fertilizing substances in considerable quantities, about the roots at the time of setting. Many a tree has died in consequence of being set in a mixture of earth and strong manures in such proportions as to be totally unfit for its nourishment. The idea is apparently becoming quite prevalent that common earth is insufficient for the proper nurture of plants; and, so we see persons in preparing the ground for the reception of young trees, vines, &c., enrich fresh, unexhausted soil, with a variety of animal, vegetable and mineral manures, in extravagant quantities, often placing the roots in immediate contact with them. Alkalies and phosphates are undoubtedly good food for grape vines and pear trees; but it will not do to plant either in a bed of ashes, nor make it the center of a heap of bones. Ground that is too poor to afford a tree or vine its living for a few years, without artificial help, is not fit to have one planted on it. The application of fertilizers to the soil, is in order only in quantities sufficient to keep up the natural supply of food for the plants living on it. I know a spot of ground naturally moist and well adapted to the growth of strawberries, made so dry last summer by the addition of ashes, leaf mold, and other similar substances, that it is only by the constant use of the watering-pot, plants can be kept alive on it. In the use of manures, as in all other things, the art of *not too much* is very necessary to be learned.

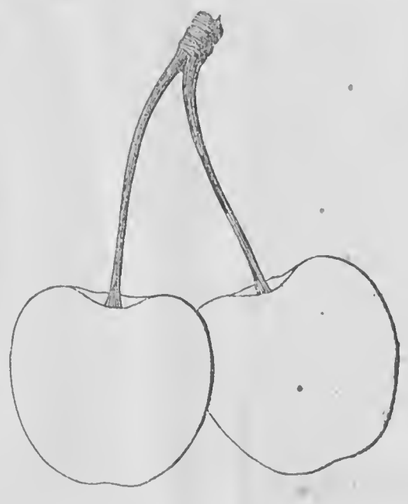
South Livonia, N. Y., 1860. A.

REMARKS.—Our contributor does not, as some may suppose, live in Holland or China, but in the State of New York, and some twenty or thirty miles south of this city. In that section there may be some who need such hints, but we would as soon think of going to the poorhouse to caution the inmates against the evils of pride and luxurious living, as to talk to the cultivators we are acquainted with against over-feeding their plants. Neglect and starvation is the general rule. We are glad some are beginning to "err on virtue's side."

CHERRIES.

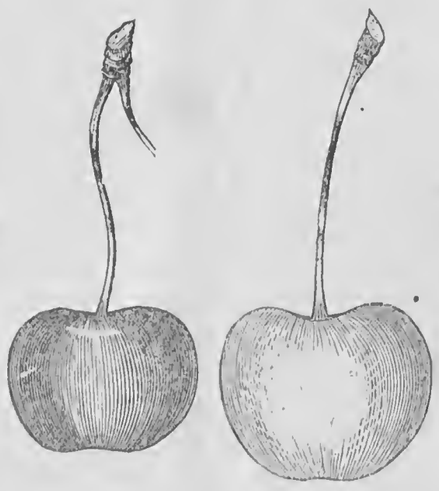
THE Cherries the present season have been remarkably fine, and have shown but very little rot, though somewhat injured by the warm, wet weather the few days past. Our market has been abundantly supplied; and thousands of baskets have been shipped from this city for the Canadian and other markets, both East and West. Last year we gave an article on the Cherry, fully describing the most desirable varieties, and we shall, therefore, only give a few notes at this time.

Early Purple Guigne we never saw finer or larger. They seem to be wonderfully improved by being grown on Mahalob stock. *Knight's Early Black* comes in just after this, and is one of the best black cherries. *Hovey* is a very showy cherry, a good deal like *Napoleon*, and a great bearer. It will make a popular market cherry. *May Duke* is an old favorite, and well deserves all its popularity. It is an exceedingly useful cherry. Following the *May Duke*, is another excellent duke cherry, the *Late Duke.* It is large; when fully ripe, rich, dark red. Flesh tender and juicy, with a sprightly sub-acid flavor; not quite as sweet as *May Duke.* Ripens gradually from about the 10th of July, and hangs on the tree a long time. One of the very best of the *Duke* cherries.



HOVEY.

We give engravings of two of Prof. KIRTLAND'S Seedlings, *Red Jacket* and *Pontiac*, which we have to-day (July 9th) picked from the trees, and it is the first time we have seen them under favorable circumstances. *Red Jacket* is of amber color, somewhat covered with light red. In form it is heart-shaped. Flesh tender and juicy, but not of very high flavor. Stalk long, slender, in a moderate basin.



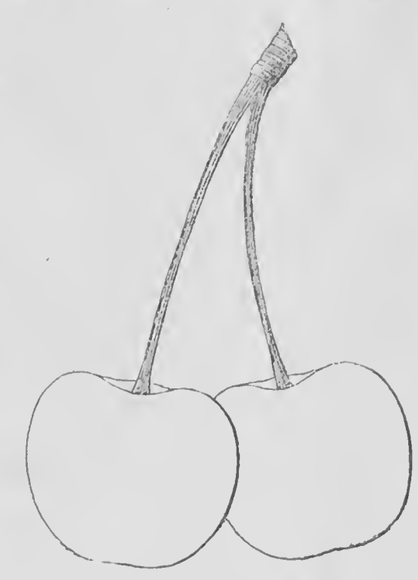
PONTIAC. RED JACKET.

Pontiac is of a purplish black color, rather large, obtuse heart-shaped. Flesh rather tender, juicy and sweet.

Bigarreau, or *Yellow Spanish*, has been cultivated in America about 60 years. It retains the popularity it acquired many years since, and is still one of the largest and finest of the light-colored, firm-fleshed cherries.

Napoleon Bigarreau is firmer in flesh than the *Yellow Spanish*, fully as large, and more heart-shaped. It is of good flavor, and a showy, popular market cherry, though the flesh is too firm to suit many.

Downer's Late Red is an excellent late cherry. Fruit large, roundish, slightly mottled, tender, juicy and sweet; an excellent late cherry. The tree is an erect, beautiful grower, bears well, and the fruit hangs for a long time on the tree. Ripe generally from 10th of July to the 1st August.



REINE HORTENSE.

Reine Hortense is a French cherry of the *Duke* family, and an excellent variety, the largest of its class. Fruit heart-shaped and bright red at maturity. Flesh tender, juicy, sweet and rich, with a slight acid. The tree is a vigorous and handsome grower of the sort, resembling the *May Duke*, and bears early.

Black Tartarian is perhaps the most popular of all our black cherries, and may be considered among the dark-colored cherries what the *Yellow Spanish* is among the light. The tree is a rapid grower, erect, and makes a beautiful tree. Fruit large, heart-shaped; skin glossy, purplish black; flesh purple to black, thick; stone small; rich and delicious.

THE EGG PLANT.

IT is sowed in a hot-bed at the same time as tomatoes in this State, about the 20th of March, but sometimes they are much longer in coming up than the tomatoes. Last year it was just a month before they peeped out of the ground, and the tomatoes were nearly large enough to transplant. They need hoeing and hilling like potatoes after being put in the garden, and require ashes upon the bed when it is first prepared, and while the plants are young. Last year the largest one in our garden weighed eight and a half pounds; the year before last, the largest was ten and a half. They were the first formed, which should be saved, as in this latitude very few ripen so that the seed is sufficiently mature to germinate the next year. We saved seeds from these largest ones.

We usually have them for three months in the year, from the middle of August to the middle of November. We commence using them as soon as they will weigh two pounds, as that is enough for a meal for a family of six or seven. Twenty-five plants will furnish at least three families for one meal a day. The large ones are fully as good for eating—some consider them better. I have made various experiments in cooking them, but I find nothing that will do but sliced about half an inch in thickness, laid in flour, sprinkled with salt and fried in butter, and that is so good that I do not think there can be any improvement upon it. In my estimation they are the best vegetable the garden produces, excepting peas, perhaps. The egg plant should always be eaten with baked potatoes. They can be fried in lard or meat fryings, but they are not as good. I suppose there is no way of keeping them long after frost. I tried packing them in bran, but they rotted. They can be kept in the cellar for a month after frost.

Oak Hall, Iowa, 1860. ADA BROWN.

Inquiries and Answers.

THE PEACH TREE AND THE PEACH WORM.—This entire section of Niagara county, on the north of the Ridge Road, is, perhaps, the most extensive peach region to be found in the State. Within the last five years, not less than half a million of peach trees have been set around here, and we have a fair prospect of being able soon to supply the necessities of Canada, the Great West, and "the rest of mankind," were it not for the ravages of the *red-headed grub.* This insidious destroyer enters the tree at the base, and operates in the bark of the young tree—going down to the root, in a spiral direction, and eventually completing the destruction of the tree. Thousand of young orchards, in this vicinity, are well-nigh ruined despite every attempt thus far to destroy the pest. We have dug the scamps out and killed them; we have scraped the tree; and all to no purpose. Some time since, in compliance with a recommendation in the RURAL, we applied fresh, strong wood ashes; but the grub continued its destructive operations, in spite of the caustic propellies of alkali, and the ruin is thus far unchecked by any known specific.

Can you, or any of your numerous correspondents, readers, or writers, tell us of anything which will kill the grub without killing the tree? If you can, you will confer a substantial favor upon a large and interested community, and oblige several hundreds of your own subscribers. Will tar prevent the grub from boring, and will it injure the tree? It is of no use, save temporary prevention, to dig the grub out and kill him; they will again be found in the tree within ten days; we have found this out to our cost. If you can give us any light on this point, please do so, and oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, *East Wilson, N. Y.*, 1860.

The only effectual remedy is to dig out the worm. If this is done three or four times during the summer, the worm will be subdued, and no evil will result to the trees. After they are all out, a mound of earth thrown up around the tree, will, in a great measure, prevent the laying of the eggs in the bark. The insect likes to get at the soft bark, near the surface of the ground, and when this is covered, either with leached ashes or earth, it will usually seek some other field of operations. But constant examination is necessary to safety. The tar, we fear, would be injurious, especially to young trees with smooth bark.

Horticultural Notes.

AMERICAN FRUITS FOR JAPAN.—We have already received some choice plants from Japan, and now that a treaty has been concluded between that strange nation and our own, and visits interchanged, we may hope for far greater and more beautiful additions. The interchange no doubt will be of mutual advantage. H. M. DEWEY, of our city, who is the publisher of over three hundred varieties of colored plates, representing the leading fruits and flowers cultivated in this country, with his usual tact, conceived the idea of giving our recent Japanese visitors a glimpse of our horticultural productions. Knowing that at this season of the year, it was impossible to show them the fruits themselves, he prepared a set of his colored representations as a present, and believing that a personal presentation and explanation would be most desirable, he arranged, with a mutual friend in New York, to have them presented by the Rev. Mr. STUART, Chaplain of the Niagara, on shipboard, when at sea. He will then be able to give a careful explanation of our modes of culture, &c., and thus amuse and interest the Embassy on their return voyage to Japan. The idea was a most happy one, and we believe may result creditably to our interest in this department.

NEW FUCHSIAS.—The new Fuchsias, especially the double varieties, are very great improvements upon the older kinds. One of the latest and best is Sir Colin Campbell, which, in addition to fine free growing, compact habit, has large flowers, with very double corols of a deep violet blue. It is a fine acquisition, and, with the Marquis of Bristol, Star, Imperialis fl. pleno, and others, highly desirable in every collection.

The new single Fuchsias of the year are also very fine, especially those of Messrs Banks & Smith, two remarkably successful growers; Mr. Bank's are Magic Flute, Leoline, Crown Jewell, La Crinoline, Isa Craig, Stradella, Flower of France, &c; Mr. Smith's are Butterfly, Criterion, Elegantissima, Great Eastern, Solferino, and Senator, all very large flowers, of fine form.

CLIANTHUS DAMPIERI.—This showy plant is attracting much attention in England. Messrs. Henderson & Son, of London, have a fine specimen, which expanded about 500 blooms the last month.

TRITOMA UVARIA GRANDIFLORA is the name of a new variety, said to have the finest flower trusses of the whole tribe.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From A. ANTHONY & SON, Rochester, a box of American Black Raspberries, very fine, and as large as Antwerps are usually grown.

— From GEORGE W. MONTGOMERY, Rochester, excellent specimens of Napoleon Bigarreau Cherries.

— From E. M. POTTER, Gates, N. Y., a branch of a cherry tree only seven inches in length, and bearing forty cherries—Yellow Spanish.

— From Mrs. G. C. VAUGHN, by express, from Buffalo, a large box of Black Tartarian Cherries. They were the finest we have seen this season.

— From J. S. C., Greece, N. Y., fine specimens of Yellow Spanish Cherries, under the name of Imperial Amber. This is a synonym.

— From J. POWER, Rochester, two varieties of cherries, one looked like Sparhawk's Honey and the other like small specimens of Knight's Early Black. Both were small and imperfect when they came to our hands.

— From a correspondent in Lockport, two splendid lots of gooseberries for name. The red variety, we think, is the Companion, and the yellow, the Golden Lion.

— From C. C., Henrietta, two apples for name, which proved to be the Newtown Pippin.

Domestic Economy

AN INQUIRY AND SOME RECIPES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having from time to time been highly benefited by the Domestic Department of my favorite, the RURAL, I wish to make an inquiry, and also send a few recipes which you may insert if you deem them worthy of a place.

TO DESTROY MOTHS IN A CARPET.—Will some one of the RURAL correspondents inform me how to destroy moths, and prevent them from again making their appearance. I find they have been helping themselves to my parlor carpet. Now, if some more experienced housewife will inform me by what process their ravages can be stopped I will be much obliged.

MAKING BISCUIT.—One teacup cream; 2 of buttermilk; 2 teaspoons soda; 1 cream tartar,—mix soft, bake quick, and they are good enough for any woman's husband.

PICKLING PLUMS.—As we all hope for fruit this year, I send a recipe for pickling plums which I know, by experience, to be first-rate. For a peck of plums take a pint of vinegar, 1 ounce cloves, and 1 of cinnamon buds,—tie the cloves in a thin piece of cloth,—4 lbs. sugar. Boil together and pour on the plums hot. Let them stand two days, then pour off the liquid, boil, and pour on again. Cover and set them in a cool place. They will keep longer than preserves and are far superior in my opinion.

RIPE CUCUMBER PICKLES.—One pound of sugar to a quart of vinegar, peel the cucumber, scrape out the inside, slice and soak over night in the vinegar, then add sugar and spices to suit the taste, and cook the same as preserves.

In answer to an inquiry in a late RURAL, I will say that an ounce of extract of logwood is equal to one pound of the chips.

Wyoming, N. Y., 1860. A FARMER'S WIFE.

PRESERVING FRUIT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Almost every day I hear some one ask, do you know how to put up fruit without cooking and skimming. For two years I have put up fruit in the following manner without loosing any. Such as currants, cherries, grapes, strawberries and gooseberries, do not pit or skin them at all, and I have had them in the month of May as sweet and natural as though just picked from the tree or bush. I would not recommend anything I had not successfully tried.

Let the fruit be gathered in the middle of a warm day, in very dry weather. Wash all grit from low bush berries,—then to one quart of fruit allow two teacups of white sugar. (Those that like them very sweet can use three.) Dissolve the sugar in one cup of cold water, and place the fruit in glass jars; then pour your sugar and water over them. Set in a kettle of cold water,—letting the water come up to the neck of the jars—then heat over a moderate fire until the water in the jars begins to bubble up. Have your sealing ready,—which is composed of three-fourths resin and one-fourth mutton tallow. Take the jars out, and have ready a piece of cloth, cut round, a little larger than the cork. Clap them on quick and cover all over with sealing preparation. Then set immediately in a cool dry cellar.

N. B.—It is best to have jars that will hold about what you will want to use at one time. It will not do to let them stand after the air has got to them. Peaches can be put up in the same way. You can put up fruit without sugar if you have your jars *even* full. MRS. D. K. NEWHALL.

Pleasant Hill, Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

LEMON CAKE.—Take one teacup of butter and 3 of powdered loaf sugar, rub them to a cream, and stir into them the yolks of 5 eggs, well beaten. Dissolve a teaspoonful of saleratus in a teacup of milk, and add the milk; then take the juice and grated peel of one lemon, and the whites of the five eggs. Sift in, as light as possible, four teacups of flour. Bake in two long tins about half an hour. It is much improved by icing.—S. D. P.

PLAIN LOAF CAKE.—Take one teacupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls hop yeast; thicken as for bread; set it over night. When light, add one cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of sour cream, one cup of raisins, one teaspoonful saleratus, and two cups sugar. Stir till a stiff batter; flavor with cloves; raise until light. This will not injure persons of delicate health.—N., *Gouverneur, N. Y.*, 1860.

CURE FOR WHITE SWELLINGS.—Seeing an inquiry in the RURAL for a cure of white swellings, I send you one:—Make a poltice of Indian meal and a decoction of Balm of Gilead buds, and apply. Renew as often as it gets dry until the swelling disappears. It should be applied as soon as the swelling makes its appearance.—A. D., *Ripley, Ohio*, 1860.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One-half pound butter; ¾ lb. sugar; ¾ lb. flour; 6 eggs; 1 nutmeg; ½ cup milk; ½ teaspoonful soda; 1 teaspoonful of cream tartar; meat of one cocoanut, grated. Add a few spoonfuls of the milk of the cocoanut.—S. D. P.

BAKERS' CRACKERS.—Among the many useful recipes in the RURAL, I have not found any for making common Bakers' Crackers, and I hope some of the correspondents will send in such recipe.—M. E. B., *Galesburgh, Ill.*, 1860.

CLEANING LACE CURTAINS.—Wash, starch and stretch; then pin them to your carpet,—first taking care to have the carpet swept very clean. C. A. FERRIS, *Smyrna, Chen. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE DEAD BABY'S SMILE.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

Come softly to the sufferer's couch—
A little weary form is there,
The throes of pain distort the face—
A mother's soul is raised in prayer;
Keen suffering days have wrought decay.
And faintly beats a little heart,
While tearful ones are watching there,
A spirit ready to depart.

The breath grows short, and shorter still—
The bosom heaves yet fainter now—
The mother's bleeding heart beholds
Plain lines of death upon that brow;
But all unseen by those who wept,
An angel pure and bright drew near.
And gently touched the suffering one,
And changed to pearl each little tear.

The little one had sorrow felt.
But now, one sigh, and all was rest,
The angel opened to her view
Bright mansions where the pure are blest;
She saw the world of joy, and then
Was taken home, all free from guile—
But while the soul was borne away,
There lingered on the face a smile.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GRANDMOTHER'S CHEST.

"Mother, let us go and look at the things in Grandma's Chest,— don't you want to?"

"No, not now, my child,—you may any time you wish."

After a moment's silence my mother said, in a still sadder tone, "'Tis sixteen years, yesterday, since we looked at her last,—I have had no mother since!"

The tears ran down her furrowed cheeks, and feeling grieved for having so thoughtlessly called forth these sad memories, I left her alone, that her expressions of sorrow might flow unchecked, as memory went wandering back through years agone, when a mother's smile lit up the darkest hours, when her hand softened the roughest cares and perplexities, and her voice rose in prayer for the safety of her children gathered round the hearthstone.

Then as they chose companions new, and ties were formed stronger than those which bound them to their home, they were scattered; but when they knew their mother was dying, slowly but surely, the little band was again united until each should receive her parting blessing. Still the mother lingered, and her children's children were often carried to the bedside for her kiss and fond caress.

"Grandma, tell me which is the prettiest, Harry's baby, or mine?" and the response, "O, Marie! 'tis hard to leave the little ones," would check mother's merry sally, as she knew she must leave us soon. Mother told me this, but "Harry's baby," my pretty cousin, never thinks of her who loved us so truly then, and *seldom* of the one with whom she was compared. Why should she? she has no reason to remember; other and, perhaps, higher thoughts engross her attention. But can I forget, when it was grandmother who said of me, "Call her Lucinda, and that alone, for by that name we called my little one,—the youngest, and the prettiest of my flock, and I am going to her soon,—very soon." My mother tells me, too, the affection so freely bestowed upon me was second only to the priceless love for her own children. It is a great pleasure to me to know this,—so few love me now, the ugly, *deformed child*, they all seem to think me. I seldom leave my cottage home, and I sometimes wonder if she, too, would not forsake me for fairer forms and faces, and something like bitterness steals over my heart. Then I come here, open the little chest, and draw it to the window, where I can look away to the hill-side grave yard beyond the school-house, and see the marble slabs at the head of her grave and grandpa's, with the locust tree stretching its limbs out over them,— and I wonder if they look down into my heart and see there the struggle between distrust and an endeavor to love in spite of neglect and scorn, or if they never can know how I strive to live to meet them again, and pray for strength to wait patiently.

Again I turn to the chest and take from it an old black silk bonnet,—so large that I can scarcely see from under it when it is on my head, its lining yellow with age, and the strings wrinkled by tying, just as she left them,—a pin-cushion, thread-case, needle-book,— with the letters "A. R." of round-headed pins, just as she placed them before she died,—a note-case containing slips of paper dated 1829, a half dollar of pewter— some of "Harry's" coinage, I think,— and a bit of "Willie's first vest." This pair of gloves my mother well remembers as having covered a pair of hands calmly folded, when care and work was lain aside and the wearer listened attentively to the "good man's" words,—a "checked handkerchief," and a plain one of grandpa's, (I can remember him, for often have I sat upon his knee and listened to his tales of the olden time, often interrupted to give me a kiss or a little song,) and this plain silk reticule, or old-fashioned "work-bag," over which I love to linger best of all. I will open it now as it lies beside me, and you shall see its contents. Here are four snuff boxes, too so old and worn the pictures are gone, but the others I have had much pleasure in gazing upon; one with a little girl, a basket of flowers, and a Newfoundland dog beside her, the other a portrait of a lady with puffed sleeves, curling hair, and innumerable beads upon her head and neck.

Here is yet another, a square box, with a smaller lady dressed in a fashion older still. I shall not show you its contents, your wondering gaze would be but mockery compared with mother's longing, wistful look. You may wonder that she keeps these bits of lace and worsted, but each is a treasure in her eyes, as is this bit of bright-hued wall-paper, and these little papers labeled, "Mary," "Emily," "Harriet," and "Emeline," containing long golden tresses, or black curling ringlets. With each paper is a bit of muslin, taken from the shrouds of those once happy, bouyant, girl-friends of my mother, and I cherish them for her sake.

But we will explore the Old Chest no further,— you do not look at it as I do, with reverence, or, at least, respect, and I do not wonder. You have not listened with me to the little life-incidents, told by quivering lips, or wandered to the silent graves in the pitying moonlight, when the very stars seemed to look into your soul, the doors of your heart all open, and holy thoughts driving hence the evil.

"No mother since." My father's mother yet lives, but never does she call mother, "My Daughter,"— the "Son's Wife," has no place in her heart. "No Mother." All these sixteen years those words have echoed through the chambers of her heart, and found no rest. "No Mother." O, can I thank "Our Father" enough; that in all his chastening love, he has withheld the greatest punishment, and that it is not yet my lot to say, "I have 'No Mother.'" L. M. B.

Ionia Co., Michigan, 1860.

ARE WOMEN NATURALLY POLITE?

BY MRS. GEO. WASHINGTON WYLLYS.

Mrs. Wyllys asks that question, and then elaborately answers it herself, thus:

Are women naturally polite, did you ask, dear, good-natured Public?

Did you ever know a woman to make room in an omnibus, five on a side, when Number Six was entering, flounced and velveted, until ordered by the driver?

Did you ever know a little pair of gaiter boots to turn one inch either to the right or left when they could have saved you from a streaming gutter by the operation? Patent leathers don't behave so—not they!

Did you ever know a woman to say, "I am sorry to have given so much trouble," when the dry goods clerk had turned things topsy turvy, without finding the right shade of a color that never existed?

Did you ever know a woman who did not know it was "outrageous" for another woman to travel with a baby, or who didn't regard it as "cruel and barbarous," if any one objected to the crying of *her* baby?

Did you ever know two women to talk over a third without ridiculing her, even if she was her "dear particular friend?"

Did you ever praise one young lady in the presence of another, without being confidentially told of some enormous fault or deformity in the former which you hadn't dreamed of?

Did you ever tell your wife what a beautiful new dress your neighbor had got, without learning that "it was only that dowdy old silk dyed over?"

Did you ever know a pretty woman to make an impression without a half a dozen other pretty women ruining the effect of it the instant she left the room?

Did you ever know a woman to apologize for having knocked another woman's bonnet into "pi" (that's printerism, but expressive, notwithstanding,) with the corner of her parasol?

Did you ever hear of a woman who had an idea that she was making trouble by her little airs and graces?

We don't believe you ever did, reader. They are a race of unaccountables, these women, just as sweet and piquant as June roses, sometimes, and then, again, bristling like so many venemous thorn bushes.

There's one thing we *never* ceased to be inwardly thankful for—that we're not a man, and consequently obliged to marry one of 'em! Why she would drive us crazy in a week, with her whims and fancies, her exactions and her pettish ways. We would make the most lamentable, henpecked husband in the world, unless, indeed, we had the nerve to run away from her, or shut her up in the closet for a week, until she promised to behave better. When a woman chooses she can be the nearest thing to an angel of anything in this world, and what a pity it is she doesn't always choose.—*Life Illustrated.*

EARLY INFLUENCES.

There can be no greater blessing than to be born in the light and air of a cheerful, loving home. It not only ensures a happy childhood—if there be health and a good constitution—but it almost makes sure a virtuous and happy manhood, and a fresh young heart in old age. We think it every parent's duty to try to make their children's childhood full of love and of childhood's proper joyousness; and we never see children destitute of them through the poverty, faulty tempers, or wrong notions of their parents, without a heart-ache. Not that all the appliances which wealth can buy are necessary to the free and happy unfolding of childhood in body, mind or heart—quite otherwise, God be thanked; but children must at least have love inside the house, and fresh air and good play, and some good companionship outside—otherwise young life runs the greatest danger in the world of withering or growing stunted, or sour and wrong, or at least prematurely old, and turned inward on itself.

Remember that love is dependent upon forms—courtesy of etiquette guards and protects courtesy of heart. How many hearts have been lost irrecoverably, and how many averted eyes and cold looks have been gained from what seemed perhaps but a trifling negligence of forms.

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker]

READING FORTUNES.

BY ROSELIA.

Push back the waves of golden hair
From off thy radiant brow;
Look earnestly with those bright eyes,
Wherein the loving laugh-sprite lies,
And tell me, in thy sweet surprise,
What wonder reest thou now?

Ah, youthful heart! thou readest joy—
For in thy pure delight,
All the great Future seems to thee
But what thou wishest it should be—
A world of lovelit mystery,
Glowing in rosy light.

So hopeful for the time to come,
So happy in thy faith;
Eager to meet thy coming years,
To thy glad soul no sign appears
Of life, made dark by restless fears;—
Of Life, whose end is Death!

Hastings, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUMMER SHOWERS.

Here they come! dashing down, like liquid sheets of silver, and then in crystal jets, as if trying the effect of their restorative powers upon Nature. The red lips of our roses drink the cooling libation with eagerness; and those buds, which have been pouting upon their parent stems so long, are now bursting forth into such *sweet* smiles as only rose-buds can display when coaxed into good humor by such a shower as this.

There is rare poetry in the country now, and "unwritten music," too. Down in the valley, yonder, is the richest carpet of velvety green that you ever saw, and now there are little mimic lakes, shining like silver, all over it. I think that this shower was purposely sent to make Nature appreciate herself, by taking a view of her varied charms in the aforesaid "looking-glasses," which are flung down in such promiscuous confusion. The woods are "delightful in their summer garb, and I can hardly bear to think of the coming winter, when they will resume those drab surtouts, closely "buttoned up to the chin."

A beautiful panorama is exhibiting in the West. The sun smiled very pleasantly upon his audience for a few moments, and then, blushing like a modest artist, as he is, hastened down behind the distant hills, and I can see nothing now but the waving of his gorgeous scarf, as it sweeps their brows. He has such odd ways of coloring and framing his pictures! Very *original* in style, though,—none can deny that. Now see those huge bales of cotton, piled upon each other so carelessly. Those waves of amber are trying to heave them out of the way, for there comes a troop of the brightest clouds—vermilion tinted, ruby, and the softest pink, with lacings of gold. They seem like a happy band of children in holiday attire, with blue sashes and bronzed sandals. A moment they bow to us from the gorgeously decorated stage, then gracefully retire, and a new party glides into their places. So swiftly do these scenes pass before my eyes, that I have time to note but few particulars. The whole seems like fragments of a heavenly vision; and once I thought the "shining gates" were visible.

What do I behold now! A sober train of drab-garmented clouds are walking along the horizon, and what are they bearing away,—urns? Yes! They press them to their hearts, and I know that those urns contain the ashes of all that gorgeous pageant, which drew forth my admiration just now. They are carrying them back to the artist, that he may fan them into new life to-morrow's dawn. A. P. D.

Marshall, Mich., 1860

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LINGERINGS WITH NATURE.—No. III.

A GLIMPSE OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

Let the wearied traveler watch his opportunity, and as the cars sweep round one of those magnificent curves, just beyond the village of Susquehauna, on the New York and Erie Railroad, catch a refreshing glimpse of shining water, seemingly winding up amid the mountains,—a silver wave upon the dark canvas. It is seen an instant, and then a wall of rocks and trees inclose the hurrying vehicle, leaving him calmed and invigorated. Like an eye of sympathy to the forlorn and despairing, gleams this eye of Nature upon one who is, perhaps, gazing mechanically from the diminutive window at his side. It may be a fantasy, begotten somewhat by the motion of the cars; but there lies the Susquehanna, stretching as far as the eye can reach, winding gradually upward to its source, glistening in the warm sunlight, like a mirror within its holiday wreath of green and golden autumn hues.

How much the sudden kindling of the imagination may aid this beautiful apparition, it is not easy to determine; but that it is visible, and has unspeakably relieved the tedium of a long journey from the lakes to the metropolis, is beyond question. It comes upon the monotonous torpor like a flash of sunlight through the rain clouds,—like the trill of a bird in winter,—like a deed of love to the despairing heart. How the mists of gathering despondency vanish at this sudden check! How slight a weight may poise the soul, just helplessly sinking! It seems to the startled traveler, shut in as he has been, by walls of stone, that a vista of hill, mountain, rock, and river, has suddenly opened to his delighted vision, and as suddenly closed to mortal sight.

Magnificent distances, sweeping views,—the sea's grand infinity, beget the like in human effort, and this one perspective toward the source of the tortuous Susquehanna may change the current of a life time as well as cheer innumerable travelers who wisely importune Nature for freshness and strength. Happy they, who thus nestling to her heart, re-echo with answering throb its unwearied pulses! Happy they who watch her smiles and note her moods, grasp her upward impulses, and finally launch with the tide, which shall bear them aloft to her Omnipotent Author.

L. A. T.

THE BEST WAY TO ENDURE MATRIMONY.

Timothy Titcomb writes as follows on what is called, with exquisite irony, the divine institution:

I suppose there is a modicum of romance in most natures, and that if it gathers about any event, it is that of marriage. Most people marry their ideals. There is more or less fictitious and fallacious glory resting upon the head of every bride, which the inchoate husband believes in. Most men and women manufacture perfection in their mates by a happy process of their imaginations, and then marry them. This, of course, wears away. By the time the husband has seen his wife eat heartily of pork and beans, and, with her hair frizzled, and her oldest dress on, full of the enterprise of overhauling things, he sees that she belongs to the same race as himself. And she, when her husband gets up cross in the morning, and undertakes to shave himself with cold water and a dull razor, while his suspenders dangle at his heels, begins to see that man is a very prosaic animal. In other words, there is such a thing as a honeymoon, of longer or shorter duration; and while the moonshine lasts, the radiance of the seventh heaven cannot compare with it. It is a very delicious little delirium—a febrile mental disease, which, like measels, never returns.

When the honeymoon passes away, setting behind dull mountains, or dipping silently into the stormy sea of life, the trying hour of marriage-life has come. Between the parties there are no more illusions. The feverish desire of possession has gone—vanished into gratification—and all excitement has receded. Then begins, or should begin, the business of adaptation. If they find that they do not love one another as they thought they did, they should double their assiduous attentions to one another, and be jealous of everything which tends in the slightest degree to separate them. Life is too precious to be thrown away in secret regrets or open differences. And let me say to every one to whom the romance of life has fled, and who are discontented in the slightest degree with their condition and relations, begin this work of reconciliation before you are a day older.

Renew the attentions of earlier days. Draw your hearts close together. Talk the thing all over. Acknowledge your faults to one another, and determine that henceforth you will be all in all to each other; and, my word for it, you shall find in your relation the sweetest joy earth has for you. There is no other way for you to do. If you are happy at home you must be happy abroad; the man or woman who has settled down upon the conviction that he or she is attached for life to an uncongenial yoke-fellow, and that there is no way of escape, has lost life; there is no effort too costly to make which can restore to its setting upon the bosoms, the missing pearl.

Neglected Duty.—No man has any right to manage his affairs in such a way that his sudden death would bring burdens and losses on other people. There may be rare cases where a man really cannot help entanglements, or where, from inexperience, or lack of judgment, he has brought his affairs into such a state that the interest of others depends upon his life; but he should make all possible haste to extricate himself from such a position. Honor and honesty demand that he should so conduct his business, that his death should cause no one to be wronged. And as to dying, although all men everywhere believe that all other men will surely die, yet they unite in thinking that they themselves are exceptions to this rule; or, at least, they act as if they thought so. This is radically wrong. It is every man's duty in every transaction in life, to be influenced by the fact that at any day or at any hour he may die.

The Talent of Success.—Every man must patiently abide his time. He must wait. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavor, always willing, fulfilling and accomplishing his task, "that when the occasion comes he may be equal to the occasion." The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame. If it comes at all, it will come because it is deserved, not because it is sought after. It is a very indiscreet and troublesome ambition which cares so much about fame, about what the world says of us—to be always looking in the face of others for approval—to be always anxious about the effect of what we do or say—to be always shouting to hear the echoes of our own voices.

Old Newspapers.—Many people take newspapers, but few preserve them; the most interesting reading imaginable, is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age with all its genius, and its spirit, more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take a paper dated half a century ago, without the thought that almost every name there printed, is now cut upon a tombstone, at the head of an epitaph? The doctor (quack or regular,) that there advertised his medicines, and their cures, has followed the sable train of his patients—the merchant his ships—and the actor, who could make others laugh or weep, can now only furnish a skull for his successors in Hamlet. It is easy to preserve newspapers, and they will repay the trouble; for like wine, their value increases with their age.

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

HEAVEN.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's cloudy portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal;
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim, earthly vision;
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opens those gates Elysian.

But sometimes, when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward, noiselessly
Unlocked by unseen fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the glory.

Oh, land unknown! Oh, land of love divine!
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE OLD CHURCH.

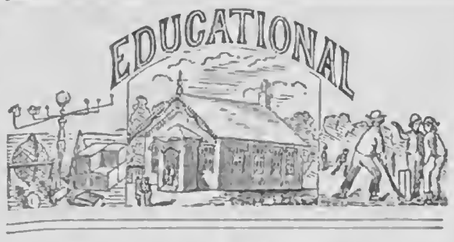
It was a sacred place, that dear old church, with its gallery on three sides, and its windows of unstained glass, through which the sunlight streamed free and natural, lighting up the faces of the worshipers. Many of them have, long ere this, passed in the weary march of life, and over their pulseless hearts the grass in the church-yard has long waved. We remember the firm but reverent tread to which its broad aisles echoed, and the soft patter of little bare feet in the glad summer time; and we can almost hear again the voices that used to sing "Coronation," and "Windham," and "Old Hundred," where our fathers worshiped, and to which our childish steps were first bent. There we looked our last upon the faces of our dead,—there listened to words of hope from our pastor's lips,—from that altar ascended prayers such as God loves to answer,—and the memory of these scenes,—though 'twas years ago we witnessed them, and the old church is our place of Sabbath rest no longer,—are as green spots in life's desert. We have an "edifice" now, of modern architecture, with beautiful carpets, and soft cushions, and its spire pointing loftily toward Heaven. But our mind reverts to long past scenes in the old church, and we cannot help the spirit's inquiry,—Are *souls* born of luxurious ease? From the old-fashioned altar many a child of God has gone to his reward,—shall such be the record of the new? God so grant. Lina Lee.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1860.

DEAD, YET LIVING.

The cedar is most useful when dead. It is the most productive when its place knows it no more. There is no timber like it. Firm in the grain, and capable of the finest polish, the tooth of no insect will touch it, and Time himself can hardly destroy it. Diffusing a perpetual fragrance through the chambers which it ceils, the worm will not corrode the book which it protects, nor the moth corrupt the garment which it guards—all but immortal itself, it transfuses its amaranthine qualities to the objects around it. Every Christian is useful in his life, but the goodly cedars are the most useful afterward. Luther is dead, but the Reformation lives. Calvin is dead, but his vindication of God's free and sovereign grace will never die. Knox, Melville and Henderson are dead, but Scotland still retains a Sabbath and a Christian peasantry, a Bible in every house, and a school in every parish. Bunyan is dead, but his bright spirit still wakes the earth in its "Pilgrim's Progress." Baxter is dead, but souls are still quickened by the "Saint's Rest." Cowper is dead, but the "golden apples" are still as fresh as when newly gathered in the "silver basket" of the Olney Hymns. Elliott is dead, but the missionary enterprise is young. Henry Martyn is dead, but who can count the apostolic spirits who, phoenix-like, have started from his funeral pile? Howard is dead, but modern philanthropy is only commencing its career. Raikes is dead, but the Sabbath Schools go on. Wilberforce is dead, but the negro will find for ages a protector in his memory.—*Rev. James Hamilton.*

What is Conscience?—Wendell Phillips, in his late eulogy upon Theodore Parker, said:—"The very last page those busy fingers ever wrote, tells the child's story, than which, he says, 'no event in my life has made so deep and lasting an impression on me.' 'A little boy in petticoats, in my fourth year, my father sent me from the field home.' A spotted tortoise, in shallow water, at the foot of a rhodora, caught his sight, and he lifted his stick to strike it, when 'a voice said it is wrong.' 'I stood with a lifted stick, in wonder at the new emotion, till rhodora and tortoise vanished from my sight. I hastened home, and asked my mother what it was that told me it was wrong. Wiping a tear with her apron, and taking me in her arms, she said:—'Some men call it conscience; but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen to it and obey it, then it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right. But if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out, little by little, and leave you in the dark, and without a guide.'"



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THE PEOPLE'S COLLEGES."

"Our Common Schools are the distinguishing blessing of our land," for they are the educators of the great mass of the people. Hence, the importance of raising the educational standard in these "colleges" to the position that it ought to occupy, in order to meet the urgent necessities of our rapidly increasing population, so that the rising generation can be thoroughly educated *at home*.

The higher branches may be as successfully taught in the common schools, as in the college or seminary, for *one-tenth* the cost, while the children can always be at home, under the supervision of their parents. Every school should be provided with a philosophical, chemical, and astronomical apparatus, with a cabinet of minerals, and with a manakin for illustrating physiology. The higher mathematics, history, the science of government, declamation, composition, and even the classics, can be as easily taught, by qualified teachers, in the common school as in the University of Oxford or Yale College.

The time is not far in advance, when the intelligent people of, at least, the Empire State, will see the propriety of contributing liberally from their abundance to the elevation of the common schools, in which their children,—the future arbitors of the Republic,—are to be educated.—Through inattention to their schools, and other matters of vital importance, the people of the country have directly aided in transferring the *seat of power* to the cities and villages, and they in turn monopolize the educational, political, and financial interests of the Commonwealth. This growing evil can be remedied by expending at home the thousands of dollars that are annually paid to the cities and villages for educational purposes. First, our school buildings, externally, should be models of architectural beauty, (not too expensive,) while they should be arranged, internally, to promote the health, comfort and convenience of their occupants, with high ceilings, good ventilators, cushioned seats, and desks with drawers for the books. An ample rostrum for lecturing and declamation should also be provided, while the walls ought to be adorned with maps, charts, and a few historical paintings, together with the portraits of some of the great and good of all nations. The school-room would thus become attractive to the juveniles who are ever delighted with the beautiful in nature and art. We have, of late, read several spicy essays on the importance of providing convenient stables and sheds for the *cattle* and *sheep*, and have seen and admired the plans of several premium barns, and suburban residences, but we have looked in vain for the plan of a *model school-house*.

"The good time," about which so much has been said, will have come when school-house architecture shall receive the attention that it so justly merits,—when ill health shall no more be visible among the youth of the land, as the effect of the school-house treatment to which they are at present subjected. "It will be a happy time," a kind of millenium for the little people, when all of the old school-houses, with their rude and uncomfortable appurtenances, shall have passed away and given place to new and beautiful structures, worthy to be called "the People's Colleges." N. B. Ament.

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1860.

EDUCATIONAL MEETING IN BUFFALO.

A Joint Meeting of the American Normal School and National Teachers' Association, will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., commencing on Tuesday, the 7th of August next, and continuing through the week. The Normal Association will organize on Tuesday, at 10 o'clock A. M. Introductory Addsess by the President. The National, on the following day, at the same hour and place. Introductory Address by the President.

Lectures will be delivered and papers presented by the following gentlemen, viz.:—Messrs. B. G. Northrop, of Mass.; J. P. Wickersham, of Penn.; D. N. Camp, of Conn.; E. North, of Hamilton College, N. Y.; John Kneeland, of Mass.; Wm. H. Wells, of Illinois; E. L. Youmans, of N. Y., and others.

It is expected that papers will be presented for discussion on the most important themes pertaining to the several departments of instruction, government, and discipline, from the Primary School to the University. The Order of Exercises will be announced at the meeting.

In view of the character of the gentlemen who are to lecture, the subjects to be presented, the sections of country and departments of instruction represented, the general interest felt for both Associations throughout the States, and the locality of the place of meeting, (within an hour of Niagara,) it is expected that this will be the largest and most important Educational Meeting ever held in the United States.

The Local Committee, at Buffalo, are making all necessary arrangements for the meeting. The citizens of B. will entertain the ladies gratuitously. A reduction in the charges will be made to those who put up at the hotels. Persons on arriving in B., may receive all necessary information by calling on the Local Committee, at the Library Rooms of the Young Men's Association.

On some routes of travel, a reduction of fare has been secured. Negotiations are in progress with others, which we hope may be successful.

For further information, address Oliver Arey, Chairman of Local Committee, Buffalo; W. F. Phelps, Trenton, N. J.; J. W. Bulkley, Brooklyn, N. Y.; B. G. Northrop, Saxonville, Mass.; Z. Richards, Washington, D. C.; W. E. Sheldon, West Newton, Mass.; and James Cruikshank, Albany, N. Y. W. F. Phelps, Pres't of A. N. S. A.
J. W. Bulkley, Pres't of N. T. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June, 1860.

"BOARDING 'ROUND."

Snugtown, June 7, 1860.

Dear Rural:—Since I became a school-ma'am, "who teaches for nothing, and boards 'round," I've grown quite aspiring, and had I not feared my humble communication would be thrust under the table, with all the other literary trash, as a footstool for your editorial shoe, I believe you would have heard from me some time ago; but "teaching the young ideas how to *shoot*," has increased my courage considerably, and so I make the attempt.

I wonder if the editor of the Rural was ever initiated into the beautiful system of "boarding 'round?"—wonder if he was ever put into a sleeping-room with a cat and seven kittens, and ever so many bed-fellows, in the shape of "red rovers?"—wonder if he always had such a big piece of pie beside his plate t at it gave him the stomach-ache to look at it, and had the pleasure of seeing the longing eyes of all the young hopes of the family turned toward it?—wonder if his first trustee's name was Jones?—may be 'twas Smith, but mine rejoices in the name of Jones, with whom I hold delightful converse every evening, after chore time. Mr. Jones is evidently glad (on my account) that there are five little Joneses to send, as I can spend five weeks in his family. At the present time he is giving me a history of all the pedagogues who have ever graced, or disgraced, the school, in which sundry skirmishes of the "big boys" with the teachers are dwelt upon, to the great delight of the Jones boys, who have had some recent painful experience at school, and I overheard one of them to-day saying "He guess if the school-ma'am touched him again she'd get a licking." So I am on the look-out for mutiny.

However, I don't spend all my time at Mr. Jones', but circulate around the neighborhood in the character of newspaper. Don't imagine, Dear Rural, that I am trying to take your place. Oh, no! My copy of the Rural is worn threadbare before I can get a glimpse at it. I am trying to get up a club, and you may expect to hear from me again after potato harvest. I have great faith that the Rural will yet do much to elevate the character of District No. ——, only give it a chance to circulate. Mary E. P.

THE FIRST SCHOOLMASTER IN NEW YORK.

The first schoolmaster who ever wielded the ferule in New York, came here in April, 1633, on board the good ship Southberg, from Holland, in company with stately old Everardus Bogardus, the domine who married Anneke Jans, and owned jointly with her so goodly a portion of worldly wealth, which afterward came down to Trinity Church, in conjunction with much heart-burning and an interminable lawsuit.

Adam Roelandson (or Rolandson) was the first schoolmaster of Manhatten Island, and his name should be remembered as that of the local tutelar saint of the book and the ferule. He came in other good company, too, for Wouter van Twiller, the new Director General, was on board the same ship—good old Wouter, whose luminous decision and portly breadth of person have been so drolly caricatured by Irving, and who really seems to have been not only a thriving and prosperous merchant, but quite as good a Governor—spite of traditional ridicule—as the times could very well afford for such an out-of-the-way and ever-troublesome colony as New Amsterdam. Adam Roelandsen had not a pedagogic charge of great extent. The little tin horn, with which he called his dilatory charges from the school-house door on sunshiny mornings, could be heard over all the settlement; and the school-house itself was only of rough slabs, of height enough to clear the head of the pedagogue, and a dozen feet each way in extent.

EDUCATION AND SUCCESS.

It is a solemn fact that but few men have arrived at great eminence but such as have been well educated. This every one who reads the lives of great men will learn for himself; and there is another lesson which he should learn at the same time, which, is—that education helps men to do whatever they have to do, much better than they could do without it. The mind, the hand, the eye, must be educated that they may assist each other. A well trained mind will guide aright the judgment which must be formed thro' the medium of the eye. The eye controls the action of the hand in all that it does in the accomplishment of anything that pertains to art or science.

The mind drinks in its knowledge through the eyes, and knowledge is placed before them by the hands. The mechanic who accomplishes the greatest end is the one whose well stored mind enables him to grasp the means through which his object is attained. Education, with a mind and heart in the work, makes a man a better blacksmith, a more skillful doctor, a more successful lawyer, a wiser politican, a greater author. In short, there is nothing in which a man or woman may engage which can not be more successfully pursued with than without education.

Character is Power.—It is often said that knowledge is power—and this is true. Skill or faculty of any kind carries with it superiority. So, to a certain extent, wealth is power, and rank is power, and intellect is power, and genius has a transcendent gift of mastery over men. But higher, purer, and better than all, more constant in its influence, more lasting in its sway, is the power of character—that power which emanates from a pure and lofty mind. Take any community, who is the man of most influence? To whom do all look up with reverence? Not the "smartest" man, nor the cleverest politician, nor the most brilliant talker, but he, who in a long course of years, tried by the extremes of prosperity and adversity, has approved himself to the judgment of his neighbors and of all who have seen his life, as worthy to be called *wise* and *good*.

The Heart Goes to School.—Think not that your work is done and your contract fulfilled when you have made your pupils expert arithmeticians and skillful grammarians; the heart has come to school to you as well as the head, and takes lessons as regularly, and often far more imposing and abiding than those you assign to the intellect. You, yourself, feel the conviction daily stealing over you.

Why is it that you almost involuntarily suppress the careless jest, the look of levity, or the scurrility, you, alas, may elsewhere indulge in, and put on the air, at least, of candor and virtue in the presence of those little children? Is it not that you feel that eyes bright with faith and affection are scanning every moment your actions, and imitative and impressible hearts are continually drinking in the manifestations of your mind and spirit; that your breath, if laden with profanity, would stain their souls with quick and indelible pollution?

THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

The mind has much more influence over the body than most folks are apt to suppose. In matters of health, the will, or power of decision, has most wonderful control, even over real disease, especially in its incipient condition. When the circumstances of the case require it, the symptoms of actual sickness have been kept down or controlled by the will, and pain itself forced, by the superior power of the mind, to relinquish its control over the body. If the pain is altogether a nervous one, and there is no lesion of the bodily texture, any sudden event, which envolves a change in the current of thought, will so entirely call off attention to the pain as to subdue it. A person in bed, suffering under a violent nervous toothache, has lost it in a moment, upon being told that the house was on fire. What the suddenness in the change of the current of thought produces in this case, can be done by a strong will in any case.

In the imaginary ills and sickness of life, the *will* can govern supremely, and, in strong minds, will do so. It ordinarily argues a weak mind to give up to imaginary ills and sufferings, for there are real ones enough for us to endure. In such cases *employment* is the best remedy. One of the ablest judges of the Supreme Court of our State, belonging to the generation before the last, a wit and a scholar, as well as an eminent jurist, was much in the habit of indulging in a periodical depression of spirits, which was then called the "*Hypo.*" It was as unreasonable as it was unreal. It could always be driven off by an effort of the will, or destroyed by employment. It often was indulged in from a morbid sense of gentility. Like Ben Johnson's Master Stephen, to be "melancholy and gentlemanlike" was very fashionable. This Judge complained once, when on a circuit, to the Sheriff of the county, that he had kept him so busy with his trials that he hadn't given him time to have the hypo. The famous Judge Parsons of Massachusetts was another voluntary hypocondriac.

A story is related in one of the Health Journals, of a man who had, years before, exhibited some indications of insanity; upon being met by a friend, in after life, who inquired about his insanity, he answered that he had had too much to do to be crazy! *Employment* is the great medicine for a mind diseased or disarranged. There are many persons who might have driven off incipient insanity by a constant effort at work, and thus forced themselves to avoid the distracting contemplation of the possible approach of delirium.

We may learn, as the "improvement" of these remarks, as the Divines call it, the necessity of inculcating self-control upon children. The body and the intellect are properly attended to by our educators, but the will and its control,—self-government and self-regulation, quietness in pain, coolness in difficulty, and calmness in danger,—are things not to be taught on theory, and in advance of experience, but must be rubbed in by the daily trials of life, and caught by the contagion of example, if parents are capable of serving as models.—*Hartford (Conn.) Courant.*

ABOUT PAPER.

There is nothing that may not be made of paper. Our houses may be built and furnished with paper, doing in various forms and consistency the duty of stone, brick, timber, tile, slate, curtains, carpets, and all that comes in a builder's or an upholster's bill. There is hardly any limit to the density, the tenacity, the rigidity, or the flexibility which may be imparted to the material. It is true that the manufacture of the best kind of paper, in the proper sense of that word, appears to be subject to narrow and peremptory conditions. Good paper can only be made from good rags. But for inferior paper, and for fabrics made of pulp, a great variety of materials are available, and the use of them will help us to economize rags.

But we have only to read letters from Japan to see what an important part paper may be made to play. It is true that when we talk of solid fabrics, paper-makers exclaim indignantly that this is not paper; but the Excise is not always of that opinion, or, rather, it does not know what to think, and is always following paper through its endless transformations. Cloth—that is, the textile form—is one application of fibre; all others are paper. Felt is properly paper. Our Japan trays are but sheets of stiff paper. It was a sheet of thick paper that Mr. Gladstone exhibited the other night as a house tile. The manufacture, once emancipated from the Excise, will run riot thro' the regions of invention. We may estimate the future from the past. Thirty years ago an embossed card was a wonder of art. For a few pence we may now buy a fabric as beautiful as the finest lace, and very like it.—*London Times.*

A LOOK AT THE BOOK OF NATURE.

The vegetable world is full of objects of interest and beauty. Not only the tall oaks and the pines, but even the mosses that grow under our feet, and bear their pretty, though little and unnoticed flowers, proclaim the wisdom and goodness of the Creator of all. What a beautiful field for study and thought is here presented to the young. It is a book—the great book of Nature,—and happy is he who learns to read therein, and treasures up the instruction he receives. Let us look at two of the pages of this book: On one we find a little Moss, called the *Pear Shaped Moss*, from some resemblance it bears to that fruit.

The engraving is made from a specimen highly magnified. It is found growing in shady places, where limestone rocks abound. On these rocks, wherever a little dust has blown, the mosses spring up and grow, and decay, and their decay adds to the soil, and then up springs another plant, which could not live but for this addition to the soil. This also dies, adding more to the soil, and in its place springs up the little plant, and then the shrub, and then the tree. In this way soil is formed and made fit for the garden, in what but for the aid of the little mosses and plants, would have remained a barren rock. Rain and time aids in this work.

Now let us turn over several pages, and look at the *Royal Palmetto*, a tree found in the Tropics, and described by Mr. Bard in his *Adventures on the Mosquito Coast*.

It grows to a great height, often over 150 feet standing straight, like a liberty pole, and yet is not thicker than a man's thigh. Few trees can equal it in height or beauty. The trunk tapers nearly to the top, where it has a crown of leaves. It is sometimes called the *Mountain Cabbage*, because the part which is eaten is supposed to resemble that vegetable in flavor. This cabbage part constitutes the crown of the trunk, and looks very much like a vase. From the very center of this natural vase rises a tall, yellowish *spatha*, or sheath, terminating in a sharp point. At the bottom of this, and inclosed in the natural vase, is found a tender white core, or heart, varying in size with the dimensions of the tree, but usually eight or ten inches in circumference. This may be eaten raw, as a salad, or if preferred, fried or boiled. In taste it resembles an artichoke, rather than a cabbage. The Indians climb this palm, and dexterously inserting their knives, contrive to obtain the edible part without destroying the tree itself. This is very curious, but we have many things in our fields, and hedges, and woods, just as curious as this, which we can find by searching for.

MY HUMBLE OPINION, MR. SWELL.

My humble opinion, Mr. Swell, is that you *are* somebody, or might be, at least, with the natural assistance of a very little more good sense. That you have talents, there is no just reason to doubt; but "with the talents of an angel, a man may be a fool," and it does seem, sometimes, as if you were trying to see how near an approximation you could make to that very thing. What if you are likely to become an author sometime, that would be nothing either new or strange,—for all men are authors,—yes, authors of their own happiness or misery, and it is barely possible that some others may accomplish as much in the rational scale of being, as your more important self.

If your limber imagination, progressive wisdom, or extensive rhetoric, will ooze out at your fingers' ends in startling "black and white," why, simply "let it come,"—only try and stop when you have nothing more to say. Of all foolishness, the most idle is that senseless, frothy, though sometimes pleasing, play of words, where ideas are not guilty of appearing.

It is indeed possible for people to be too brief in expression,—but that happens only in case we have a well connected train of ideas on some subject which requires, or deserves, to be fully carried out,—though often in this, a part would answer better for the whole. After coming to a reasonable termination, lay aside the copy, to be perused carefully when she "inspiration" of the time is past. If you are a person of good taste and practical sense, you will then be as good a judge, and impartial a critic concerning its merits as any one.

Instead of so doing, I have known some to hurry off to the Post-office, Smith's or Jone's, to get the opinion, or rather the *praise*, of a certain clique of soft-brained time-killers, who will always hurrah at the chance of dancing as satellites around a "*smart man.*" "Smart," indeed! but this is a "one-horse" way of seeking honor, and a man of your dimensions ought never to drive any such establishment. I know that to obtain power we must cultivate humility, but if you ever notice Charitable and Christian Humility, you will discover that she is neither impudent, overbearing, or stoop-shouldered. Gene.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1860.

WORK.

Young Ruralists, if you would succeed in your avocations, make up your minds to work. We all like to have "good luck" on our side through our walks in life, but history, with her record of past events, points her finger upon no page where is written "this famous deed was accomplished by means of chance." Perhaps circumstances may conspire to make it appear that the person, or persons, were helped by good luck; but if you take the pains to deliberate and look carefully beneath the surface, you will find it was accomplished by means of work. Young man, work out your destiny, whether it be an humble or an exalted one. Young woman, let the thread of your life and actions be woven in the warp of work.

"I am brother to the worker,
And I love his noble, manly look,
As I love a thought of beauty,
Living, star-like, in a book.
I am brother to the humblest
In the world's red-handed strife,—
Those who wield the sword of labor
In the battle ranks of life!"

Work—only four letters, yet containing a volume. In them you find the essence of all our works of art,—of all the splendid architecture in our cities; it is the bulk of all that we love and prize. The earth itself is all motion and action; its very bowels are made up of work. Let us never halt, although we bear burdens that make it seem impossible to press forward; but let us keep onward until we work out our destiny.

Onondaga Valley, N. Y., 1860. W. H. C.

COPYING PAPER.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In looking over the Rural, I noticed an inquiry for making paper to take the impressions of leaves, &c. As I have the recipe for manufacture, I can give the desired information:—To make black paper, lamp-black, mixed with cold lard; red paper, Venetian red, mixed with lard; green paper, chrome green, mixed with sweet oil; blue paper, Prussian blue, mixed with lard.

The above is to be mixed to the consistency of thick paste, and to be applied to the paper with a rag. Then take a flannel rag and rub till all color ceases coming off, excepting the green paper, which must be pressed between sheets of white paper for ten hours. Use thin printing paper.

Directions for writing with this paper:—Lay down your paper upon which you wish to write; then lay on the copying paper, and over this any scrap of paper you choose; then take any hard-pointed substance and write as with a pen. For taking impressions of leaves, lay the leaf on the copying paper, over this any scrap of paper, and rub to get the leaf coated with the color; then lay the leaf on white paper, and rub as before. I hope the above may benefit Mr. R. S., and others.

Hannibal, N. Y., June, 1860. E.

Editor Rural New-Yorker:—In answer to M. R. S., for a recipe for making impression paper, you can insert the following:

Blue paper—Prussian blue, mixed with lard.
Black paper—lamp black, mixed with lard.
Red paper—Venetian red, mixed with lard.
Green paper—chrome green, mixed with lard.

Melt the lard, and stir in paint to the consistency of thick paste. Apply to the paper with a rag; then take a flannel rag and rub until the color stops coming off. The kind of paper used is printing paper. E. Engle.

Winchester, Randolph Co., Ind., 1860.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 14, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE derangement of the California mails is likely to involve our government in serious difficulties which have not been considered. Our postal treaty with England obligates us to bring the South American mails which come to Panama by British steamers. It is known that Mr. Vanderbilt has issued peremptory orders not to carry that mail or those of California after June 30th, so that by this time foreign and domestic mails must lie on the Isthmus until some temporary or other arrangement can be made. In view of this exigency, it is proposed that several of the swiftest Government steamers shall be specially detailed for the service until the meeting of Congress. The Panama Railroad and Pacific Steamship Companies are ready to extend their co-operation to such a movement, and this suggestion was to be made in the Cabinet on Saturday last.

F. W. Williams, Secretary of Legation to China, has arrived in Washington direct from the Emperor, bearing the ratified treaty with this Government, and an autograph letter from His Highness to the President of the United States, and presented both to the Department of State. He brings no political news of importance. The aspect of affairs was not altogether encouraging. Considerable depression prevailed in commercial circles, growing out of troubles with England and France.

No practical progress whatever has been made towards the settlement of the San Juan affair. Both Governments insist on a perfect title, and neither are willing to surrender. An arbitration to some neutral and friendly Power was suggested months ago, but was not passed, owing to other engagements of the Administration.

It was enacted during the late sessions of Congress, that all purchases and contracts, when the public exigencies do not require immediate delivery of the articles, shall be made by advertising for proposals. No army or military supplies whatever, which are of a patented invention, shall be purchased, nor the right of using or applying any patented invention, unless the same be authorized by law, and the appropriation therefor explicitly set forth.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs received important intelligence on the 6th inst., from Nebraska Territory. Mr. Gillis, under date of June 22d, writes that 200 or more Cheyenne, Arrapahoes and Sioux Indians had just attacked a Pawnee village, and killed several persons. Mr. Gillis rode in among the attacking party, and with the assistance of a half breed interpreter succeeded in inducing them to draw off. They declared their purpose to return and utterly destroy the Pawnee tribe. An express was immediately sent to Col. Charles May, Commander at Fort Kearney, for assistance, as under the treaty of September, 1857, Government is bound to protect the Pawnees on their reservation.

It was not until Senor Almonte, accredited to the ports of France and England, had extended his diplomatic mission to Spain, that Her Catholic Majesty lately sent a Minister to the Government at the City of Mexico. This course on the part of Spain obtains additional significance from the fact that both France and England have, it will be recollected, recently despatched new Ministers to that Republic. These European Governments, it is reliably entertained, are now engaged in renewed efforts to effect a reconciliation of the contending parties in Mexico. Our own Government, as heretofore, declines to take part in the arrangement, which promises more success than when the Juarez Government was elated with the hope, now deferred, of consumating a treaty with this Government.

In quarters well informed regarding diplomatic affairs, no apprehension is entertained of hostile measures by Spain against Mexico, as has been reported, the belief prevailing that her conduct will be in accordance with the conciliatory programme initiated by France and England, concerning the contending factions. It is further represented that the policy of Spain is peace, and that while she avoids entangling alliances, she is consolidating her power in view of the fact that she may be called upon to act, should Europe at a future day be involved in a general war.

Political Intelligence.

RETURNS from the election in Oregon come in slowly. Official and reported returns are received from Jackson, Josephine, Douglas, Umpqua, Lane, Benton, Linn, Marion, Multnomah, Clackamas, Washington and Yarn Hill counties. In all these counties the Democratic candidates for Congress received 1,032 votes and the Republican candidates 1,033. The counties yet to be heard from, are:—Warco, Polk, Cussy, Coos, Columbia, Clatsop, and Filamook, which last year cast 752 Democratic and 600 Republican votes. Many changes have taken place this year in counties heard from, some showing Republican gains on last year, and others material Republican losses, consequently both parties are hopeful of securing a Member of Congress. All accounts agree that such a legislature of Republican and Anti-Lecompton Democrats has been elected as will ensure the defeat of Gen. Lane and Delazon Smith for re-election to the U. S. Senate. Linn Co., heretofore strongly Democratic and the residence of Delazon Smith, has elected four members to the State Legislature hostile to Lane and Smith. Douglas Co. gave the Democratic Congressional candidate 136 majority, but elected two Republican representatives to the Legislature.

THE Democratic State Committee of New Jersey have determined to have but one Electoral ticket, on which shall be four Douglas men and three Breckinridge; the electors to vote for the man having the highest number of votes in the State; but in the event that the election of either shall turn upon the vote of this State, then the electors to vote for the one who can be elected, irrespective of the number of votes he may have polled in this State. A Convention to carry out this plan is to be called at Trenton on the 25th inst. It is thought the project will be defeated at the State Convention.

THE Democratic State Convention of Ohio, met at Columbus, on the 4th inst., and organized by appointing Geo. W. McCook, President. The following were nominated by acclamation:—For Supreme Judge—I. J. S. Smith. For Attorney-General—E. N. Stambaugh. For Superintendent Public Works—Abner L. Backus.

Resolutions endorsing Douglas and Johnson were adopted, when about fifty Breckinridge men withdrew from the Convention and met at the Neill House. They appointed a State Central Committee, and a Committee to prepare an address to the Ohio Democracy, and issued a call for a State Convention, to meet at Columbus, on the 2d Tuesday in August, to nominate a State and Electoral ticket.

THE Democratic State Executive Committee of Pennsylvania met on the 2d inst., in Philadelphia. The proceedings were conducted with closed doors. A motion to admit substitutes was negatived. Also a motion for the reassembling of the State Convention to take action. There were hot discussions between the bodies of both factions during the entire meeting, and various propositions were voted down. At length Thomas C. McDowell, of Dauphin county, offered resolutions, which were adopted by a vote of 45 to 15 as follows:

1st. Calling on the Democracy of the State to unite in support of Gen. Foster, for Governor, and to bury the differences on the Presidential question in the local elections.

2d. Recommending the Democracy of the State to unite on the electoral ticket formed at Reading, on the following basis:

If it should appear on ascertaining the result in other States of the Union, that by casting the entire vote of Pennsylvania for Douglas, it would elect him, said electors shall be under obligation to cast said vote in that way; if the said vote would not elect Douglas, but elect Breckinridge, then shall it be cast for Breckinridge; if the said vote will elect neither Douglas or Breckinridge, then the electors may divide according to their own judgment.

THE Executive Committee of the National Democrats of New York, met in Syracuse, on the 2d inst., and the following call for a State Convention was unanimously agreed upon:

The National Democrats of the State of New York who support the nominations of John C. Breckinridge for President, and Joseph Lane for Vice-President, are requested to choose one delegate from each Assembly District, to represent them in the State Convention, to be held in the city of Syracuse, on Tuesday, the 7th day of August, 1860, at 12 M., for the purpose of nominating 35 candidates for the offices of Presidential Electors, pledged to vote for Breckinridge and Lane. Also, candidates for Governor and Lieut. Governor, Canal Commissioner and Inspector of State Prisons.

MR. BRECKENRIDGE has written his letter of acceptance, but it is not yet published. The telegraph gives the following as its leading points:—Mr. B. says he has not sought nor desired to be placed before the country for the office of President. He expresses his approval of the action of the Convention which nominated him, and says it does not become him to shrink from the responsibilities of the post to which he has been assigned. He holds to the doctrine of non-intervention by Congress or Territorial Legislation, either to establish or prohibit slavery, and the plain duty of the Federal Government to secure, when necessary, to the citizens of all the States, the enjoyment of their property in the common territories, as everywhere else within its jurisdiction. He concludes by expressing the hope that the canvass may be conducted without rancor, and that Divine Providence will continue to protect our beloved country from all danger, foreign and domestic.

From the Pacific Side.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 11.—The news is exceedingly meagre, as everything was telegraphed up to the 9th inst.

The Overland Mail leaving St. Louis May 31st, arrived on the 10th, confirming previous reports of the nomination of Lincoln. It was well received by the Republican party, who fired guns in this city promptly after the fact was known.

Since the Indians fled beyond the reach of Col. Hayes' volunteers, all apprehensions of further trouble from them in the Washoe mines are over. The regular troops will be stationed near Pyramid Lake, and at other places where they can best protect all the settlements.

The company who went through in the Pony Express route, expect to obtain a sufficient force from the United States troops, now at Camp Floyd, in Utah, to keep the route free from dangers after it is once cleared and the stations re-established.

The weather has become warm and pleasant on the eastern side of the mountains. The miners were returning to work, where fear of the Indians recently caused its abandonment.

The account from all the drains on the Corn Stalk lead continue as flattering as ever. Another arrival of ore from the Ophir lead, assays $3,000 per ton. On Walker River, and in the Monroe Lake region, the Indians are peaceable.

Washoe mining matters, since the apparent cessation of the Indian war, are wearing an improved aspect, with considerable emigration in that direction. The mining accounts continue good, and doubts of the wonderful richness of several silver mines are no longer expressed. The gold mines are also receiving encouragements, and in the opinion of many are of much more importance than those of silver.

The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph Company are commencing operations at Los Angelos, so as to meet the line extending south-easterly from Vizalia, on the Butterfield route. The Company states that a continuous line from San Francisco to Los Angelos, 400 miles, will be in operation by the middle of July.

Ratification meetings had been held in the principal towns throughout the State, since the nominations of the Chicago Convention were announced.

The harvest of grain has commenced in the agricultural districts. All accounts are extremely favorable. The wheat and barley product will be unexpectedly large, and probably one-third will require exporting for market.

OREGON.—The news from Portland, Oregon, is to the 15th, one day after election. The result was doubtful, but the probabilities were for Logan's election to Congress. No other opinion could be formed on the politics of the Legislature. Two Democrats were elected in Multnomah county by small majorities, where the Republicans had hopes.

The Port Townsend Register of June 6th, continues to predict the danger of the Northern Indians making an attack upon the Puget Sound settlements.

British Columbia dates of the 9th, have little news of importance.

The ship Lawson had arrived at Victoria from China with 70 Chinese passengers.

The Leonards and Daniel Elliott were over due with 600 more of the same kind of passengers.

The taxable property in Victoria is estimated at $15,000,000.

Frazer River mining news encouraging, and mining population increasing, without reckoning the rush of Chinamen.

SINCE the foregoing was in type, the Overland Mail has arrived with late intelligence, and we condense from our telegraph report the following:

Information reached San Francisco on the evening of the 16th, that the election in Oregon has resulted in the success of Mr. Logan for Congress, by 150 majority, and that the Legislature elect stands as follows:—In respect to the contest for U. S. Senators, Democrats in favor of Lane and Smith, 16; Opposition Democrats elected by Republicans and Anti-Lecompton fusion, 21; Republicans elected by the same fusion, 13. It is understood in California that this result will insure the election of E. D. Baker, Republican, and an Anti-Lecompton Democrat to the United States Senate in August, when the Oregon Legislature meets.

W. W. Finney, who left Carson Valley to restock the Pony Express route, is expected to return with a favorable report as to the disposition of Indians, and means of protection provided, so that the next express may start eastward on Friday, the 22d inst. The warriors have only fled beyond reach till the volunteers leave the field, and the inhabitants are again unprotected.

It is said that an application is to be made to the General Government, authorizing Col. Jack Hays to raise a regiment of volunteers to follow up and chastise the Indians, until permanent peace is established.

There has been no local news for a week past of any importance. Everything is quiet.

Considerable silver ore continues to arrive at San Francisco from the Washoe mines, notwithstanding it costs 7 cents a pound to pack the same over the mountains at this season. Davidson, the agent of the Rothschilds, is purchasing the ore as fast as received, for shipment to England, from $200 to $300 per ton. Everything indicates that as soon as the roads over the mountains become passable for teams, the receipts of ore from the various claims in the Comstock lead, will be very large, probably several millions of dollars worth during the summer.

IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO.—The steamer Arizonia brings Brazos dates of the 28th ult., and $73,000 in specie. Advices from Monterey of the 22d, and Mantanua of the 26th, say that Gen. Zaragoza, commanding the Liberals, had defeated and taken Miramon prisoner. Gen. Ramacuse, commanding a division of Miramon's troops, has been defeated by Gen. Ortega. Civil war is raging in Nevada Leon, Cochnila, and Northern Mexico, where efforts are being made in favor of Commonfort's return.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The House of Lords had debated the slave trade question, and adopted a resolution in favor of the re-appointment of a Consulate at Mozambique, as a check to the slave trade, notwithstanding the opposition of the Government.

It was reported that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Gladstone, had determined to resign, on account of the lame report adopted by the Committee of Commons of the Lords rejection of the bill repealing the paper duty.

The English parliament unimportant. Lord John Russell, in acknowledging the French note relative to Savoy, again condemned the action of France. About 30,000 volunteers were to be reviewed by the Queen the day the steamer sailed.

FRANCE.—Napoleon will not recognize the annexation of Sicily to Tuscany and the Romagna to Piedmont.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte is dead.

The Emperor visits Savoy in July. Since the Emperor's return from Baden, the troops concentrated on the eastern frontier of France have been withdrawn.

It is reported that the new French loan will be £20,000,000 or £30,000,000 sterling.

SICILY.—The *Patrie* of to-day states that Garabaldi held a council of war on the first, at which it was unanimously decided that the insurrectional army, after having collected all the necessary military forces, should march on Massina.

The volunteers brought by Col. Medici, had been chosen with great care. Amongst them were officers and engineers. It was believed that the march would commence by the 28th inst.

The Neapolitans were fortifying Massina, and had concentrated 800 troops there and considerable ammunition.

The evacuation of Palermo was completed.

Garibaldi was forming 20 regiments for operations on the main land.

The Neapolitans were in great force in Calabria.

All classes in Sicily had presented an address requesting annexation to Piedmont.

NAPLES.—An American vessel had been seized by the Neapolitans; it was the Charles and James, of Baltimore, Capt. Qualn.

The American Minister at Naples had demanded passports for his son and two others, with permission to visit the vessel at Gaeta.

It was said that the Neapolitan government had determined to restore the two captured American vessels, but the American Minister demanded reparation for the insult to the American flag.

The King of Naples was ill.

It was asserted that the Neapolitan council had resolved to grant a constitution, general amnesty, a total change of ministry and a free press.

AUSTRIA.—The Austrians are making vast military preparations in Kemetia.

ROME.—Gen. Lamoriciere is said to have issued an order of the day, announcing that the moment for marching against the enemy was approaching.

A pamphlet with the title, "MacMahon, King of Ireland," had made its appearance in Paris.

TURKEY.—Sanguinary disturbances had taken place in Albania.

The dragoman of the Austrian Consulate had been assassinated at Scutari.

The army was exasperated at not having received its pay, and a military revolt was apprehended.

Fifteen hundred houses had been burnt in the Turkish quarter of Constantinople.

CHINA.—The China mail was telegraphed. The steamer Malaba, having on board Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, was wrecked in the harbor of Galt. No lives lost. The bullion in the ship was lost and both Embassadors lost their credentials and all their papers, and would be delayed at Galt until June 6th.

Advices from Canton are to May 6th. The reply from the Chinese to the last communication from the British minister, is to the effect that the Chinese are preparing to resist.

The allies had occupied Chusan without resistance.

FROM our telegraph reports this (Tuesday) morning, we make the following summary of foreign news just received by steamships Fulton and Africa, which have arrived at New York:

The Prince of Wales will visit President Buchanan, the latter having in a letter to the Queen expressed his personal desire to see the Prince at Washington. The Prince has also accepted an invitation to visit the city of New York.

The Paris Moniteur states that the rumor that government intended to negotiate a loan is completely unfounded.

Garibaldi had decreed the demolition of Fort Castellmare, and the first division of the revolutionary forces had been directed toward Syracuse.

The municipality of Palermo had sent an address to Garibaldi, requesting an immediate annexation of Sicily to the Italian kingdom. The Director replied that he was a great admirer of Victor Emanuel, and he believed the annexation would be accomplished by and with time, but that at present the annexation of Sicily alone would not be advisable. Besides, in the event of immediate annexation, he would be under the necessity of retiring.

Garibaldi had sent an agent to London to negotiate a loan of 30,000,000 francs, the revenue of Sicily being offered as a guarantee.

The London Times of the 27th, says Naples, by a sovereign act, under date of June 25th, grants constitutional and representative institutions and Italian principles to the kingdom of Naples. A general amnesty is accorded to all political offenders.

The correspondent of the London Herald says the greatest endeavors are being made by the Neapolitan government to induce Victor Emanuel to accept the offers of friendship from the King of Naples, and that a grant of a Constitution to the Kingdom of Naples is at the instigation of the Emperor Napoleon. The movements of Garibaldi are, however, more rapid than diplomacy. Should he march upon Naples, the fall of the Bourbon dynasty is certain. To attack Massina would be a useless sacrifice of life, as the garrison is hemmed in and cannot get out of the forts. If Naples falls, Massina falls as a matter of course.

Advices from Vienna announce that the Austrian government is making preparations for war. The quantity of ammunition which appears daily passing through Trieste is enormous. Four corps de armie are already complete, and the fifth is shortly expected. There are 70,000 men established in an entrenched camp at Perschiera, and 45,000 on the frontiers of the Romagna.

The accounts from Rome say that Goyan, the commander of the French army in that city, has demanded a reinforcement of two regiments of infantry and one of cavalry. Gen. Lamoriciere, who is on the best terms with Gen. Goyan, is making preparations as if he expected shortly to be attacked.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs*—Flour was dull, with a declining tendency. Wheat 1d lower. Corn slightly declined. Provision market was unchanged, Breadstuffs dull, and difficult to sell at former rates. Wheat dull, with a declining tendency, and prices about 1d lower. Red 10s9d@11s4d. White 11s4d@12s0d. Corn dull, and all quantities slightly lower.

The News Condenser.

— Ripe peaches have appeared in Chicago.

— North Carolina is the greatest manufacturing State South.

— Lady Franklin was one of the passengers in the Adriatic.

— It is stated that paupers cost New York city $3,000,000 a year.

— There are two hundred letter boxes in the street of New York.

— The whole tax of the State of New York this year is $5,331,000.

— The temperance movement is making considerable progress in Russia.

— The German Sunday papers of New York publish about 15,000 copies.

— The present Catholic population of Philadelphia is estimated at 130,000.

— The population of Georgia, according to the census for 1859, is 1,024,000.

— A census of St. Louis, just taken, gives the total population as 143,930.

— The total length of railroads in Germany, at the close of 1859, was 7,949.

— Brigham Young, the Morman Mogul, had 217 children at the last accounts.

— It is announced that the Prince of Wales will positively sail on the 18th inst.

— In Lower Canada, marriage with a deceased wife's sister is, as in England, void.

— Garibaldi issued a decree calling all Sicilians to arms between the ages of 17 and 50.

— The highest spire in America is that of Trinity Church—Gothic—New York, 284 feet.

— The Sardinian Ministry has introduced a project of a new loan of 15,000,000 francs.

— The Great Eastern's greatest speed was 333 miles in one day—14½ knots in one hour.

— It is estimated that there are four million female snuff-takers in the United States.

— In France, there is only one medical man to each two thousand of the inhabitants.

— In the Austrian Empire, there is one physician to each thousand of the inhabitants.

— It is stated that at least three million teeth are annually made in this country alone.

— Rev. Baden Powell, Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford, Eng., is dead.

— About 1,500 persons visited the Great Eastern on Tuesday week, at a dollar per head.

— A large amount of bills of the Clintonport Bank, Md., a broken concern, are in circulation.

— The American coal trade last year reached the enormous amount of 59,000,000 tuns.

— The lumber trade in the Alleghany river is said to be greater this year than ever before.

— On the 17th ult., at night, there was a slight shock of an earthquake at St. Jago de Cuba.

— Forty-three sharks were caught at one haul off Neck Beach, at Madison, Ct., on the 25th ult.

— Robert Callaway, Esq., of Bedford, Va., recently lost 29 sheep by a single stroke of lightning.

— The sum total of capital invested in manufacturing establishments, in Michigan, is $13,433,930.

— Martha S. P. Story, a child of three years of age, is giving musical entertainments in Boston.

— It has been asserted that Masonry exists in the Japanese Empire to a considerable extent.

— The Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph line is now completed to Vizilia, 280 miles from San Francisco.

— In the California Pony Express, 1,800 miles are passed over in ten days, through an unbroken country.

— Among the reforms passed by the Parliament of England, is the removal of the tax on printing paper.

— A new gunpowder is announced in England, which is said to be less dangerous than ordinary powder.

— Twelve hundred steam and sail vessels have reached or passed Detroit between March 5th and May 5th.

— Mr. Breckinridge is the youngest candidate for the Presidency ever nominated. He is only thirty-nine years old.

— Lola Montez was struck with paralysis, in New York, on Sunday week, and now lies at the point of death.

— In Cincinnati, over 100 murders have been committed in four years, and every murderer has escaped unhung!

— The average receipt of Pike's Peak gold at Philadelphia mint, within a year, is estimated at $6 to each emigrant.

— An injury has happened to the port paddle-wheel of the Great Eastern, which will cost several thousand dollars to repair.

— The census taker at Lansingburg, N. Y., has discovered a negro woman in that town named Hollenbeck, 105 years of age.

— In five years, the public debt of France has increased above $500,000,000. This is considered alarming by financial men in Europe.

— The Lloyd of Perth states that the Austrian Government has prohibited any demonstration for the memory of Count Szechenyi.

— In Lancashire, Eng., new factories were opened during April and May, at the rate of one a day, and 10,000 additional hands employed.

— John Holmes, of Bristol, End., gave four hundred and fifty thousand dollars for religious and charitable purposes during his lifetime.

— The exempt firemen of Utica have resolved to purchase a steam fire engine, and go back into service for the benefit of the tax-payers.

— Charles Goodyear, the inventor of the art of vulcanizing India rubber, died in New York, on the 1st inst., after an illness of four weeks.

— A rascally Chinaman was induced by some mad wags, in New York, to palm himself off for a Japanese, which he did, with complete success.

— In the suit of S. B. Doty against Moses L. Beach, of the N. Y. Sun, for libel, the jury gave a verdict of six cents damages. They claimed $10,000.

— Dr. Cullen, Primate of Ireland, has issued a command calculated to check the Irish exodus to Rome, to engage in the service of the Pope.

— A census taker of Jonesville, Mich., put down a man's age at 300 years, instead of the owner of 300 acres of land, as he meant to have done.

— The New Orleans Crescent announces the establishment of a brogan factory in that city, and the machinery for making shoes is impelled by steam.

— The Japanese embassadors say that the annual revenue of their kingdom amounts to $500,000,000, mostly derived from a tax upon agricultural produce.

— The schooner Gem, Capt. Redfield, cleared at Chicago on the 28th ult., for Boston direct, loaded with corn. This is the first shipment from Chicago to Boston.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Notes and Inquiries, ...221
Animal Manure, &c., ...221
Hilling and Level Culture, ...221
Experience in Draining—No. III, ...221
Matters and things in Southern New York, ...221
Bartlett's Hitching Plow, [Illustrated,] 221
Why People should Emigrate West, ...221
Crops, &c., in Illinois, ...222
Crops in Ohio, ...222
Animals in the Highways—The Law, ...222
Pleuro-pneumonia or What? 222

Rural Spirit of the Press—A Golden Rule for Farmers; Pasturing Horses; Stock Pays all the Time; The Art of Milking; Water Troughs should be kept Clean, ..222

Inquiries and Answers—Pharyngitis; Crib Biting; Scalding Milk; Another Remedy for Garget, ...222

Agricultural Miscellany—The Horse Show of the Monroe Ag. Society; The Terra-cultural Humbug; The Weather and Crops; Spring Wheat in Illinois; "Which is the best Cider Mill?" Tennessee State Fair; A Good Clip; Wool-growing in Texas; Virginia Ag. Fair, ...222

HORTICULTURAL.

Fruit Culture, ...223
Killing with Kindness, ...223
Cherries, ...223
Cherry, the Hovey, [Illustrated,] 223
Cherry, Pontiac, [Illustrated,] 223
Cherry, Red Jacket, [Illustrated,] 223
Cherry, Reine Hortense, [Illustrated,] 223
The Egg Plant, ...223

Inquiries and Answers—The Peach Tree and the Peach Worm, ...223

Horticultural Notes—American Fruits for Japan; New Fuchsias; Clianthus Dampieri; Tritoma Uvaria Grandiflora; Fruits Received, ...223

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To Destroy Moths in a Carpet; Making Biscuit; Pickling Plums; Ripe Cucumber Pickles; Preserving Fruit; Lemon Cake; Plain Loaf Cake; Cure for White Swelling; Coconut Cake; Bakers' Crackers; Cleaning Lace Curtains, ...223

LADIES' OLIO.

The Dead Baby's Smile, [Poetical,] Grandmother's Chest; Are Women Naturally Polite? Early Influences, 224

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Reading Fortunes, [Poetical,] Summer Showers; Lingerings with Nature, No. III.—A Glimpse of the Susquehanna; The best way to Endure Matrimony; Neglected Duty; The Talent of Success; Old Newspapers, ..224

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Heaven, [Poetical,] The Old Church; Dead, yet Living; What is Conscience? 224

EDUCATIONAL.

"The People's Colleges;" Educational Meeting in Buffalo; "Boarding 'Round;'" The First Schoolmaster in New York; Education and Success; Character is Power; The Heart Goes to School, ...225

USEFUL OLIO.

The Mental Faculties; About Paper, ...225

YOUNG RURALIST.

A Look at the Book of Nature; Pear Shaped Moss, [Illustrated,] Royal Palmetto, [Illustrated,] My Humble Opinion, Mr. Swell; Work; Copying Paper, ...225

STORY TELLER.

Three Somethings, [Poetical,] Trials and Triumphs,—A Story of Every-Day Life, ...226

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Rochester Wholesale Nurseries—Hooker, Farley & Co.
Hickok's Patent Portable Keystone Cider and Wine Mill—W. O. Hickok.
Tennessee State Fair—Thomas B. Johnson, Treas.
Sent Free—L. L. Todd & Co.
Situation Wanted—Asbury.

Publisher's Department.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

Special Notice to Rural Agents, Subscribers, &c.

AGENTS, Subscribers, and readers who are not entitled to either of those honored appellations—and particularly borrowers—are notified that the last half of Volume XI of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced with July. We trust all whose subscriptions expired with June will promptly invite the continued visits of the RURAL by the usual remittance, (personally or by an agent,) and that every friend of the paper and its objects will solicit others to become subscribers, in order that they may thus participate in its benefits to individuals, families, and community. At a period when politics and party are temporarily in the ascendant, we do not expect great things, yet respectfully submit that such a journal as the RURAL should be taken and read in every family for the benefit of those who are not specially interested in "saving the nation" by electing this or that man to the Presidency, and also to counterbalance the effervescence of the "organs" which are just now regulating and reforming the affairs of the People and Government.

—We have no sensation announcements relative to the NEW HALF VOLUME, but shall endeavor to make it worthy of its predecessors. New single and club subscriptions, and renewals, are of course in order, and we trust all interested will, so far as consistent, aid in promoting the interests and usefulness of the RURAL.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, July 10, 1860.

OUR market exhibits but little activity this morning, and in most articles the rates remain at last week's quotations. Flour, from spring wheat, has declined 25 cents per barrel. Corn and Oats are firmer, but without advance. Eggs are 1 cent per dozen better. We have taken out the range on dried fruits as there is no sale at present.

WOOL is almost altogether out of first hands, and such transactions as are making are between dealers, and within our quotations.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	12@13c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do.	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,31@1,31	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,13@1,40	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,15@1,50	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	55@55c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	55@55c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@70c	Plums, dried	0@0c
Oats, by weight	33@34c	Potatoes	20@30c
Barley	55@58c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	6@6½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	18c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$18,00@18,50	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,00@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7½@8c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	10@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, ton	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@48c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,50@5,25
Tallow, tried	9@9½c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 9—FLOUR—Less active and rather easier; home trade refuse to purchase more than sufficient to supply pressing wants, while the export demand is materially checked by the scarcity and consequent high rates of freight. Sales at $5,15@5,25 for super State; $5,40@5,55 for extra do; $5,15@5,25 for super Western; $5,45@5,60 for common to medium extra do; $5,75@5,80 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull and drooping. Canadian scarcely so firm, while the demand is quite moderate; sales at $5,15@5,25 for super; $5,45@7,50 for common to medium extra.

GRAIN—Wheat heavy and rather easier; the export demand is checked by the scarcity and tightness of freights; sales Milwaukee club at $1,27@1,30½; Chicago spring at $1,25@1,26; winter red Western at $1,28@1,31½; white Michigan at $1,50; Inferior Canada club at $1,23; Racine at $1,30; good white Indiana at $1,47, red State at $1,30@1,33; new Southern at $1,65 for red, $1,75 for white. Rye quiet at 80@82c. Barley quiet and nominally unchanged. Corn heavy; sales at 55@56c for sound and choice mixed Western; 62@64½c for unsound do.; 67@68c for round yellow. Oats more active at 37@40c for Western and Canadian; 40@41c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork firm, with very moderate demand; sales at $18,25 for old mess; $19,00 for new do, $18,00 for thin do; $12,50 for old prime, and $14,00 for new do. The government contract for 1,000 bbls new mess was taken at $23,12½. Lard firm, with moderate demand; sales at 12½@12⅝c. Butter 10@15c for Ohio; 10@18c for State. Cheese steady at 7@10½c.

ASHES—The market price for Pots is $5,00, but some of the receivers hold their bills for higher rates. Pearl are in demand for export at $5,75.

ALBANY, JULY 9.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened steady for flour, with a good home and Eastern demand. Corn meal is steady.

GRAIN—Wheat is in limited milling request, with sales of white Canadian at $1,45. The market is easier for Corn, with only a limited inquiry. Sales at 64c for Western mixed, and 6?c for round yellow. Rye and Barley quiet. Oats are selling freely at the closing prices of Saturday; sales at 37c for Canada East, and 39c for State.

FEED—Sales 25 tons fine middlings at 97½c.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, JULY 9—FLOUR—The market quiet and steady. Sales at $3,64 for fine $4,87½ for extra State; $5,78½@5,12½ for fair to choice extra Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa; $5,00@5,37½ for extra Indiana, Michigan and Ohio, and $5,00@6,50 for fair to favorite brands double extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy and nothing doing in the afternoon of Saturday. This morning 4,000 bu. Canada spring at $1,11. Corn market opened with a fair demand at the figures of Saturday, but closed dull. Sales in the afternoon of Saturday, at 53@53½c, mostly at the inside figure. This morning, 35,000 bu. at 53c. Oats nominal 33½c.—Barley also nominal at 62½c. Rye market is lower; sales at 79c. Peas quiet at 60c.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork held firmly at $18; light mess also held at $16,50, and prime at $13,50. Beef quiet at $7,00. Bacon also quiet at 7@8½c for shoulders; 8½c for plain hams; 10½c for sugar cured, and 11c for sacked do. Lard in moderate demand at 10½@11c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 7@8c, as to quality. Arrivals moderate.—*Com. Adv.*

OSWEGO, July 9.—FLOUR—Market dull but unchanged. Small sales at $6,00 for extra State; $7@7,25 for favorite double extra city brands.

GRAIN—Wheat rather quiet; sales Chicago spring at $1,19 white Indiana at $1,35. Corn unchanged; sales Illinois at 56c. Other grains quiet.

CHICAGO, July 9.—Flour quiet. Wheat dull; sales No. 2 in store at $1,03. Corn dull and 1c lower; sales at 45@45c in store. Oats dull at 26c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 3.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,25@9,00; ordinary, $7,50@8,00, common, $5,50@7, inferior, $6@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $60,00@70,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $35,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5½@6c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 4@4½c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $4,50@5,00; ordinary, $3,50@4,25; common $3@3,50; inferior, $2,50@3.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6½@6⅝c.

ALBANY, JULY 9.—CATTLE—Although the receipts, together with those held over, make the number on the market exceed 3,800 head, the trade has suddenly grown decidedly active, more so than it has been for months back.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	3,034	2,060	3,152
Sheep,	3,710	5,124	3,015
Hogs,	70	118	--

Prices—The market is quick at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @	5 @ c
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@4¾
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@1¼
Second quality	3¼@3¾	3¼@3¾
Third quality	2¾@3	2¾@2¾
Inferior	@0	@0

Sheep and Lambs—The supply exceeds the demand and a number are held over. Sales about 695 head at prices ranging from 2¾ to 3c ℔ lb.

Hogs—We have no sales to report. We quote nominally at 5¾@6¼c.—*Argus.*

BRIGHTON, July 5.—At market 800 beeves, 100 stores 2,100 sheep and lambs, and 250 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality $0,00@7,00; second quality, $6@6,75; third quality, $5,75.

WORKING OXEN—$80, 100@110.

MILCH COWS—$18@46; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $17@23; three years old, $24@27.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$2,75@2,92; Extra, $4,00@4,33.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@7½c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8½c.; Spring pigs, 8½c; retail 9@10c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 5.—The market is again a little better and more doing—but the sales have been mostly in small parcels of a retail nature, and nothing of importance passed from first hands—the week has been rather a broken one, and but little business expected. Fleece wool is arriving more freely, and is now under process of sorting and getting ready for the market—it costs high to the country, and will have to be sold at small profits. The great rush of manufacturers and dealers from other places than this city, has created so much excitement among wool-growers that 45@50 ℔ lb, has been paid more than was expected before the shearing began. About 40,000 lbs of fleece have changed hands the present week—no prices mentioned. Nothing reported in pulled wools—prices of old pulled are nominal, and the new pullings on lambs is offered at 35@36c, no takers. California is quiet—no sales made since our last, the qualities remaining on hand are low and are quoted at 10@18c; some quotations have appeared for California washed at 35c, but there is no such wool in the market, and nothing offered from first hands above 25c. 7,000 lbs unwashed African sold on private terms. Texas wool is coming in freely; sales, however, have been light—holders views being above the market. In foreign wools there has been considerable business; carpet descriptions are scarce and very firm. The sales are 1,100 bales unwashed Peruvian, 100 do. Cape, 80 do. Cordova, 60 do. Mestiza, and 7,000 lbs unwashed African, on private terms.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	31@34
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	36@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@28
California, common do.	10@18
Peruvian, washed	26@31
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	18@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Spectator.*

BOSTON, July 5.—The demand for domestic wool has been very good the past week, the sales comprising 200,000 lbs at prices ranging from 44@55c for pulled and fleece. The advices from the Wool-growing districts report considerable excitement, and about three-quarters of the new clip has already been bought up at much higher prices than was anticipated. The transactions in foreign wool comprise 200 bales Mediterranean and South American, and 200 bales Peruvian, on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	22@32	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	25@32

ALBANY, July 5.—The great bulk of the new clip at the West has been transferred from first hands at prices fully up to those of last season. At the East the market is firm, for both fleece and pulled, with a good consumptive demand. During the past week the market here has revived, and sales of 10,000 lbs super pulled were made at 40c, an advance of 1c on previous prices. In the street the new clip is selling at 32@47c, an advance of full 2 cts. on last season's prices.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, July 5.—The market rules extremely quiet. Farmers have advanced their views 3@5c for all descriptions during the past week, and the result is, that our leading buyers have called their agents home, and are consequently buying very sparingly. The only sale reported as having taken place within the week was 3,300 lbs. fine Canada fleece, selected, at 35c. As an indication of the market, in one case, at least, as compared with 1859, we may state that probably the best clip in Niagara county was purchased last year at 48c ℔ lb, and taken to New York, where it cost commission, freight, &c., included, 50c ℔ lb. The same lot was held there until last week when it sold at 43c net. This year's clip of the same sheep from which the former was taken sold in Niagara county at 50c ℔ lb.—*Com. Adv.*

CHICAGO, July 5.—The market continues quite and steady under light receipts and fair demand. The receipts thus far have been mostly of lower grades, and our advices from the interior are to the effect that the farmers refuse to sell their fine wool at the prices offered. The following are the ruling quotations in this market:

FLEECE—Common, native	28@30c
Full blood Merino	00@40c
Three-quarter blood	37½c
Half blood	33@35c
Quarter blood	30@33c

—*Democrat.*

Marriages.

IN this city, on the 2d inst., by the Rev. Mr. FOOTE, WM. H. ASHLEY and Miss ELIZABETH EVERNDEN, both of Rochester.

ON the 3d inst., at the residence of the bride's father, in Brookdale, Pa., by Rev. WILLARD RICHARDSON, Mr. JAS L. CHAPMAN, of Lima, N. Y., and Miss S. E. VOSBURG.

Deaths.

IN Portage City, Wis., on the 24th of June last, Mrs. RUTH M. G. BARDEN, wife of T. C. BARDEN, Esq., and daughter of Dea. S. G. GAGE, aged 28 years.

IN Webster, Saturday morning, June 23d, MARY A., wife of SAFFORD F. MASON, aged 27 years, deeply regretted by a large circle of family and friends.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

SITUATION WANTED—By an experienced TEACHER. The best of references given. Salary about $800. Address ASBURY, Prattsburg, Steuben Co., N. Y.

SENT FREE! SENT FREE! SENT FREE!—A new and beautiful ART, for which we want agents everywhere. Agents make $40 a month. Terms and Specimen sent FREE. Address, with stamp for return postage, L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass. 548-4t

TENNESSEE STATE FAIR—Opens at NASHVILLE, Sept. 10, 1860. $500 each, is offered for the best Durham Bull, Blood Stallion, Harness Stallion, and Jack, besides large premiums on Fat Cattle and all other Domestic Animals; and on the leading articles in Machinery, Manufactures, and Domestic Departments.
Competition is invited from the whole Union. No Entry fee will be charged. Programmes will be sent free, on application to L. P. WILLIAMS, Secretary, at Nashville.
THOMAS B. JOHNSON, Treasurer Tennessee State Fair. 548-3t

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL. This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK, Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa. 548-13t

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE NURSERIES.
WE take pleasure in calling the attention of the public to the immense stock of FRUIT TREES, &c., which we offer for sale this season.
We have now about *two hundred acres* of very fine land, devoted to Nursery purposes, which, with our long experience in the business, enables us to furnish stock of the *finest quality*, at the *lowest wholesale rates*.
We have arranged our business, so as to do almost exclusively a *wholesale trade*, consequently *Nurserymen* and *wholesale buyers* will find us better prepared to meet their wants, than those who *retail* the greater part of their stock.
The following are some of the principal items which we offer this season

ONE MILLION APPLE TREES.
200,000 Apple Trees, 3 and 4 years old.
300,000 " " 2 years old.
500,000 " " 1 year old.
100,000 Dwarf Pear Trees, 1 and 2 years old.
10,000 Standard Pear Trees, 1 and 2 years old.
200,000 " Cherry " 1 and 2 " "
10,000 Dwarf " " 1 and 2 " "
20,000 Peach Trees, 1 year old.
10,000 Plum " 1 and 2 years old.
5,000 Orange Quince Trees, 2 years old.

GOOSEBERRIES.
All the best English varieties. Also,
50,000 *Houghton's Seedling*, extra, very cheap.

CURRANTS.
Of the following varieties:—*Cherry, Victoria, White Grape, White Dutch, Red Dutch, Black Naples, Black English, &c.*—10,000.
Raspberries, Blackberries, Strawberries, &c.
All the best varieties, in large quantities.

STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN.
100,000 Mazzard Cherry, 1 year old, fine.
100,000 Apple Stocks, 1 and 2 years old, extra.
We desire to call particular attention to our splendid stock of

CHOICE HARDY GRAPES,
of which we have a large quantity of all the *best* and *newest* varieties—Delaware, Diana, Concord, Rebecca, Northern Muscadine, Hartford Prolific, Logan, &c., all of remarkably thrifty growth.

ALSO,
A very fine assortment of EVERGREENS, ORNAMENTAL DECIDUOUS TREES, HARDY SHRUBS, ROSES, &c., &c.
HOOKER, FARLEY & CO.
Rochester, N. Y., 1860. 543-13t

WANTED—A situation as a Miller, to take charge of a Grist or Flouring Mill, good reference given and required. Address L. B. WRIGHT, Candor, Tioga Co., N. Y.

JANES, FOWLER, KIRTLAND & CO.,
356 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
MANUFACTURERS OF
FOUNTAINS, VASES,
And all kinds of ORNAMENTAL IRON WORK for Gardens, Lawns, and Public Parks.
Iron STABLE FIXTURES, viz., Stall Partitions, Hay Racks, Mangers, Drain Pipe, &c., rendering Stables cleanly and indestructible.
IRON BEDSTEADS at wholesale, for Hospitals, Seminaries, &c. Illustrated Catalogues sent by mail. 547

NOT A PATENT MEDICINE
[THE subjoined Remedy is not a Secret Preparation, but is used extensively by Medical Men in the vicinity of Boston with the best results.]

JONAS WHITCOMB'S
REMEDY FOR
ASTHMA,
Prepared from a German recipe, obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It is well known to have alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of purely Asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures.
It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; and an infant may take it with perfect safety.

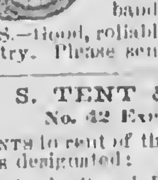
ASTHMA.
EDDYTOWN, Yates Co., N. Y., 1860.
Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing an inquiry in the RURAL for a cure for that distressing disease, the Asthma, I write to let the inquirer know what has almost cured me. I have had the spasmodic asthma fifteen years, and I never found any medicine that would prevent an attack when it was coming on, until I commenced taking Jonas Whitcomb's "Remedy for Asthma, Rose Cold, and Hay Fever." I commenced taking the remedy eighteen months ago, and I have not had a severe paroxysm since. I also use saltpeter paper. Saltpeter is present relief, but no cure. * * * * * * * Whitcomb's Remedy has done for me all that it is recommended for. I take it according to directions, a teaspoonful instead of a tablespoonful. It is prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Mass; price one dollar a bottle. SARAH SEELY.
Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston, and sold by all Druggists.
One Dollar per Bottle.

STOCKING LOOM.—$5 will buy a STOCKING or KNITTING LOOM. If you would like to have the Loom that will weave 12 pair of stockings per day, send your address to J. R. JOHNSON & CO., Pine Grove, Schuyler Co., N. Y. $25 and board will be paid, per month, to Agents to sell the above Loom. 546-4t

LOOKING GLASSES, PICTURE FRAMES, &c.—The Subscriber respectfully announces to the People of Western New York, and "all the rest of mankind" interested, that the PIONEER LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME ESTABLISHMENT OF ROCHESTER, established in 1821, is now located at No. 31 State St., (up stairs,) where he will be glad to see all who wish any article in his line. Though an ancient establishment, it has all the modern styles, of superior manufacture, at modern and moderate prices. Don't mistake the person or place, but call on
JOHN H. THOMPSON,
546 31 State St., (Up Stairs) Rochester, N. Y.

100 AGENTS WANTED—To sell five new inventions. This is the best agency in the country. Young men can make $40 a month, clear of expenses. Only FIVE DOLLARS capital required. Circulars and terms sent free. Address (with stamp) B. H. SHERMAN & Co., Boston, Mass.

FARM FOR SALE. The subscriber offers for sale a farm of 75 acres, situated one mile north of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the Ontario and Wayne Plank Road, with good farming land, two good orchards of the very best fruit, good buildings of all kinds, well fenced, three wells, and in every respect a very desirable location.
PLATT CROSBY.
Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 541-13t

WORK'S ODOMETER BAND COMPANY, HARTFORD CONN., manufacture WORK'S PATENT ODOMETER CARRIAGE BANDS which are durable, cheap, and efficient, measuring with unerring accuracy any distance passed over by the vehicle to which they are attached. These extra-finished Bands cost but a trifle more than inferior bands without the Odometer.

P. S.—Good, reliable Agents Wanted in all parts of the country. Please send for circulars. 541-12t

U. S. TENT & FLAG MANUFACTORY
No. 42 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.
TENTS to rent of the following sizes, suitable for the purposes designated:
For Agricultural Fairs, Conferences, Political or other Large Gatherings.
80 ft. by 110 ft. ....80 ft. diameter.
60 ft. by 90 ft. ....70 ft. "
50 ft. by 80 ft. ....60 ft. "
15 ft. by 20 ft. fancy, ...50 ft. "
For Camp Meetings, Military Encampments, Pic Nics, Fishing Excursions, &c.
24 ft. by 30 ft. | 12 ft. by 17 ft.
16 ft. by 24 ft. | 9 ft. by 12 ft.
Flags furnished with Tents, when required.
Parties wishing to rent, will please address the proprietor, stating what the Tents are to be used for. Also the facilities for transportation. Address
JAMES FIELD, Box 701, Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—Several large second hand Tents for sale cheap—one tent 64 by 90—ten feet wall with seats. 543-13t

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
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C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

50.000 COPIES SOLD SINCE JAN'Y 1.
EVERYBODY'S LAWYER
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COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,
BY FRANK CROSBY,
OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.
It Tells You How to draw up Partnership Papers and gives general forms for Agreements of all kinds, Bills of Sale, Leases and Petitions.
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533-wetf No. 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00
American Florist's Guide	75
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25
Bright on Grape Culture	50
Browne's Bird Fancier	50
Browne's Poultry Yard	1 00
Do. Field Book of Manures	1 25
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't.	1 50
Do. Florist's Guide	60
Do. Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	60
Do. Fruit Cult. Manual	60
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00
Buist's Flower Garden	1 25
Do. Family Kitchen Gard.	75
Chemical Field Lectures	1 00
Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making	25
Chorlton's Grape Grower's Guide	60
Cobbett's Am. Gardener	50
Cottage and Farm Bee-keeper	25
Cole's Am. Fruit Book	50
Do. Am. Veterinarian	50
Dadd's Modern Horse Doc.	1 00
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Do. Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse	2 00
Do. colored plates	4 00
Dana's Muck Manual	1 00
Do. Prize Essay on Manures	25
Darlington's Weeds and Useful Plants	1 50
Davy's Devon Herd Book	1 00
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Downing's Landscape Gardening	3 50
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Eastwood's Cranberry Culture	50
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Every Lady her own Flower Gardener	50
Farm Drainage, (H. F. French)	1 00
Fessenden's Farmer and Gardener	1 25
Do. Am. Kitchen Gard.	50
Field's Pear Culture	1 00
Fish Culture	1 00
Flint on Grasses	1 25
Guenon on Milch Cows	60
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Liebig's Familiar Letters to Farmers	50
Linsley's Morgan Horses	1 00
Miner's Bee-keeper's Manual	1 00
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Milburn on the Cow	25
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Munn's Land Drainer	50
Nash's Progressive Farmer	60
Neill's Gardener's Companion	1 00
Norton's Elements of Agriculture	60
Olcott's Sorgho and Imphee	1 00
Pardee on the Strawberry	60
Pedder's Land Measurer	50
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Youatt & Martin on Cattle	1 25
Youatt on the Horse	1 25
Do. on Sheep	75
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☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

CIDER PRESS SCREWS, 5 feet long, 4 inches in diameter. These powerful screws will bring out a third more juice than portable presses. Get the best. Made by L. M. ARNOLD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Foundry. 544-3t-o-m

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:
John Johnston, Geneva, N. Y.
J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Summer, Pomaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Summer, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
A. Bradley, Mankato, Minnesota.
F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.
We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.
REMINGTONS, MARKHAM & CO.
545-1am-lf Union Agricultural Works, Ilion, N. Y.

"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT."
The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.
WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired; and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to
Rev. ROBERT DICK, Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.
Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.
☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. Dick has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. ☜ 537-tf

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 53 State street, Rochester, N. Y. [523-tf] E. F. WILSON.

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle*, *South Down* and *Silesian Sheep*, *Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

CAST STEEL BELLS,
FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES,
FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.
from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than
THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,
which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.
Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,
or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.
Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
518-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
THE BEST IN USE!
First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1860.
HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.
Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.
No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.
Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
General Western Agent, 93 Main street,
518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

PIANOS FOR $150.
WARRANTED GOOD IN EVERY RESPECT.
MADE BY
BOARDMAN GRAY & CO.,
Albany, N. Y.
THE Subscribers, having been induced, after repeated application, to make a PIANO at a low price, to meet the wants of many now deprived of the luxury, have perfected such an instrument, suitable for SMALL PARLORS, SITTING ROOMS, &c., finished in Rosewood, a beautiful Piano, at
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS.
☞ These Pianos are FULLY WARRANTED, and have all our late improvements. ☜
Circulars Furnished on Application, giving Full Particulars.
They also furnish a
HANDSOMELY FINISHED PIANO,
Adapted for School Practice and Purposes, at
ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS
(SEND FOR CIRCULARS.)
Our Regular Styles of LARGE PIANO-FORTES, 6¾, 7, and 7¼ Octaves, we continue to make with all the Late Improvements, at from $300 to $800, according to Size and Finish. Large Discounts made to Cash Buyers. ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS AND CIRCULARS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. All our Piano-Fortes have our Great Improvement,
THE INSULATED IRON RIM,
Making them the Best and Most Durable in the World.
☞ SEND FOR CIRCULARS. ☜
Perfect Satisfaction Guaranteed, or Money Refunded.
BOARDMAN, GRAY & CO.,
514-tf Albany, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

THREE SOMETHINGS.

BY ED. S. RAND, JR.

"Something to Do,
Something to Love,
Something to Hope for."

Something to do,—let it be what it may,
To keep the mind active, the muscles in play;
To give to the body strength, vigor, and health,
A trio of graces, far better than wealth.
'Tis industry makes us;—then act while we can,
Each actively, eagerly, work like a man;
Impress on your memory this maxim so true;
There's nothing disgraceful in something to do.

Something to love,—let you choose what you may,
'Tis a thing with which others have nothing to say;
Consult well your feelings, look well at your heart,
And then to the chosen your secret impart.
Then trust her supremely; let none come between,
Or else there'll be trouble and sorrow I ween;
And rest well assured that a woman to love
Is the best gift that heaven sent man from above.

Something to hope for,—whatever it be,
Some blessing the future is storing for thee;
Whether riches or pleasure,—yet these are of earth,
And must perish with things of terrestrial birth;
There are riches above all we ever desire,
There is pleasure far higher than mortals aspire;
Let thine be this blessing,—the promise is given,—
Thy something to hope for,—a dwelling in heaven.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

[Continued from page 220, last number.]

One evening Herbert and Alice were sitting in their little parlor, enjoying the hours of pleasant intercourse, so dear to them both after the cares and labors of the day. Their conversation turned upon their early residence in the city,—their anxious watching for the first patient and the memorable night when the young physician was called to Mr. Grant's. Alice was just remarking that she had not seen Florence for a long while, and wondered why she did not call; when the door-bell was rung violently, and in a moment more, Florence herself entered the room. She was evidently much excited, and for some time could not speak, but Alice gently soothed her, and at length she told them the cause of her sudden appearance, and apparent agitation.

It seemed that she had long been receiving the attentions of a young lawyer, Horace Lacy, who, though respectable, and talented, was poor, and when her father's consent to their union had been asked, he indignantly refused it, declaring his daughter should never wed one so far beneath her. He had, ere this, received into partnership in his mercantile affairs, a gentleman named Carleton, and had invited him to his house, where he became a frequent visitor. Florence endeavored to treat him politely in order to please her father, but what was her surprise and disgust, when informed that he was an accepted suitor for her hand. He was, at least, thirty years her senior, and far from prepossessing in his appearance. Her father's heart seemed set upon her marrying this man, but his presence had grown so repugnant to her, that she felt it would be worse than death to become his wife. She had told her father so, with tears and entreaties, but he was inexorable, and ordered her to make immediate preparations for her bridal, which should be as splendid as money could make it. And believing that a few days more would seal her destiny, the very thought of which drove her to desperation, she had that evening succeeded in leaving the house unobserved, and procuring a hack had been taken at once to her friend, Dr. Weston's, feeling sure that she would there be secure, for a few hours, at least, from her father's fury, and thinking she might obtain an interview with Mr. Lacy, and perhaps they could be privately married before her father had ascertained her whereabouts.

Herbert and Alice were at first undecided as to their duty in the case, which evidently was an urgent one, and admitted of no procrastination. Mr. Grant had been kind to them at a time when they most needed friends, and it would be but an ill-requital for his generous patronage, were they to aid his daughter in escaping from him, and thus frustrate his cherished plans. But, again, was he justifiable in exercising such tyranny over his child?—was it right that the pure and devoted love of two faithful hearts should be trampled on, and their affection set at nought,—all for the sake of *gold?* Was it right that such a sacrifice should be offered upon the alter of mammon? Florence was an amiable, lovely girl; Horace an upright and noble-hearted young man,—they would be happy together, miserable if separated. And neither Dr. Weston nor his wife felt that they could refuse to Florence the counsel and assistance she so much needed.

Their conference lasted until very late in the evening; then, well knowing the danger of delay, Herbert hastened to the city to inform Mr. Lacy of the unexpected course affairs had taken, and to make arrangement for a wedding the following morning. He found the young lawyer alone in his office, which also served as his lodging-room. He was looking sad and despondent, for it was no light disappointment which he had undergone. He loved Florence truly and deeply, nor was it from mercenary motives, but for her own sake. He felt that if she were poor, he should love her no less; but it seemed impossible that he could ever win her, and he experienced that sinking of heart which the failure of a cherished hope ever causes.

His surprise may be imagined, when Dr. Weston, with whom he was only slightly acquainted, entered and made known the circumstances which we have just narrated. The hitherto hopeless lover could not find words to express his joy,—he would have hastened at once to his new found treasure, to hear the confirmation of the story from her own lips, but Herbert represented her extreme weariness, and recommended him to remain in the city until an early hour in the morning, then to engage the services of a clergyman, and proceed to Hope Cottage, where the ceremony should be performed at eight o'clock; and immediately afterward, it would be best for them to leave the city for a few days.

To all this, Horace eagerly assented, and Dr. Weston left him to make his preparations for a speedy and most unexpected departure. On his return to the cottage, Alice was alone in the parlor, having persuaded Florence to retire, and she, not doubting the success of Herbert's mission, was already quietly sleeping.

It was an unusual thing for any excitement to ruffle the calm course of events in the household of the Weston's; but on this occassion their hours of repose were brief, and the dawn of day found Alice busy in making the necessary arrangements for so unlooked for an occurrence. She was soon joined by Florence whose beaming smile was far different from the troubled look her face had worn the previous night. And it was not very long ere Mr. Lacy made his appearance, thus proving that he was no "laggard in love." The meeting of the lovers was as joyful as their parting had been sad. Florence playfully asked Horace if he would be willing to take a portionless bride, as she had not even a change of raiment with her. His reply was inaudible to other ears than hers to whom it was addressed, yet that it was satisfactory no one could doubt.

The morning meal, prepared by Alice's own skillful hands, deserved more appreciative attention than it received, but of this she felt she could not reasonably complain.

The clergyman, Mr. Nelson, was prompt in keeping his appointment, and being the pastor of the church which all our friends attended, he was no stranger to them. A few words made him acquainted with the cause of this hurried proceeding, which he could not conscientiously condemn.

The service was brief, as the exigency seemed to demand, and at its conclusion, the carriage in waiting conveyed Mr. and Mrs. Lacy on their journey, and as had been arranged, Mr. Nelson, after waiting an hour or two, called upon Mr. Grant to inform him of the reason of his daughter's sudden disappearance, and continued absence,—it being wisely considered that further concealment could not be productive of good.

Mr. Grant was in a state of great excitement in regard to his daughter, when Mr. Nelson called; and yet he had no suspicions of her being already beyond his control. He raved and stormed at the tidings brought by his pastor, swore that he would never speak to Florence again, and that she should never touch a cent of his property.

After a fortnight's tour, Mr. and Mrs. Lacy returned, and at the earnest solicitation of their friends, the Weston's, they spent several weeks in their family. They then rented a small dwelling in the immediate vicinity, where they commenced house-keeping on a very economical scale,—Florence's inexperience being in a great measure counter-balanced by her desire to learn and the kind assistance and instructions which Alice was ever ready to give her.

No effort was made to obtain an interview with her father, and great was her surprise, when one day a large quantity of trunks and boxes were brought to her new home, with the message that Mr. Grant had merely sent what *once* belonged to his daughter, and that it would be useless for Mr. or Mrs. Lacy to attempt a reconciliation, as they had forfeited all claims upon him. Florence found that all her costly dresses and jewelry, as well as her more common articles of clothing, her books and pictures, had been sent together with her elegant piano. And much as she regretted her father's continued estrangement, it was some consolation to be again surrounded by the appliances of wealth; for she well knew Horace would not be content until he could provide her with those luxuries to which she had always been accustomed. And with Alice for her model she felt it would be wrong for her to allow her husband to lavish his hard earned means upon the superfluities of life.

Let us pass over an interval of three years, during which time two members were added to the family at Hope Cottage,—a merry, frolicking boy, to whom Alice gave her father's name Charles Lee, and the baby, Horace Lacy. Gertie and Helen were beautiful girls of nine and seven years; very few knew that they were not own sisters, and they were almost inseparable, and seemed to hold an equal rank in the affections of their parents. Time had passed lightly over Herbert and Alice, and a happier group could not be found than that which gathered around them.

Their friends, the Lacys, were in prosperous circumstances, although still wisely living within their means, and their home was brightened by the presence of a little fairy, whom they called Alice Weston.

Florence had never seen her father since she left him the night before her marriage, and altho' this separation from her once fond and indulgent parent could not but cause her pain, yet she had never repented taking the step which deprived her of his love; for in Horace's devotion she found ample recompense for all that she had lost.

In Dr. May's household, affairs had grown worse rather than better, and fears were entertained by Dr. Weston that his partner would fall a victim to dissipation. His wife's extravagant habits had gained stronger ascendency over her, until there was scarce a limit to her ambitious desires. These Frederick gratified as far as possible; for to refuse her anything was like thwarting the wishes of a spoiled child; and when he was obliged to deny her any coveted pleasure or possession, she was sure to remain sullen and silent for a long while, on which occasions her husband could scarcely be blamed for seeking more agreeable society.

Their children, throwing off the restraints of the nursery, where their discipline had ever been fitful and irregular, had become willful and fractious, and home was the last place to which Frederick would have turned to find comfort and enjoyment. He had long before ceased remonstrating with Julia, for he had proved that to be of no avail. And yet it would seem that if she could only have been led to realize how much of happiness she might impart and receive by fulfilling the duties of a true wife and mother, she could not have thus turned from her husband and children, and from the sacred claims of her home, to follow the fleeting phantoms of worldly pleasure.

Ah! like too many women, she was ignorant of the bliss that may be derived from a well-spent life, no matter how lowly, how humble it may be, yet if it be the lot assigned us by Providence, that is sufficient proof that in no other situation could we so well serve God, and promote our own highest welfare. Alas, that so many lives should fall short of the glorious ends to which they might have attained!—that upon the walls of so many homes should the sentence be written:—"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting!"

But what all mortal power had failed to accomplish, that higher Will, to which all must bow, finally achieved. The fashionable season was at its height,—balls, parties, and masquerades followed each other in rapid and brilliant succession. Never had Julia May given herself up so recklessly to the fascinating tide of pleasure. Very rarely did her husband accompany her; indeed, she had ceased urging him to do so. What was the necessity of his attendance, when so many others were ready to lavish their smiles upon her? So, night after night, Frederick returned home from the office or the club, to find his wife either busy in her preparations for some assembly, or else already gone to enter upon the scenes of gaiety, which lasted until long after midnight; or if, as was seldom the case, she had no engagement, she was overcome with the languor and lassitude which are the natural results of continued dissipation.

One morning, little Ada was ill—not seriously, but sufficiently to alarm her father, who was ever vigilant in regard to the physical health of his children. Mrs. May was entirely absorbed in her preparations for a tableau party, which was to be given the next evening, the rehearsal to take place that night. Dr. May left some simple remedy to be administered to the child, and urging her mother to take good care of her, he went away. He did not return until evening, and then found his wife gone, and little Ada, who was no better, bitterly crying for "mamma." Frederick gently quieted her, and held her in his arms until she fell asleep. Her symptoms were not favorable, and the father's anxiety was awakened. But when Julia returned, she only laughed at his fears, which she pronounced groundless, and told him he was spoiling the children by magnifying all their little ailings into something serious.

Morning showed no improvement in the condition of the child, and her father remained with her several hours, and left her, as he hoped, rather more comfortable. He endeavored to persuade his wife to relinquish all thoughts of going out that evening, and devote her time and attention wholly to the care of Ada, telling her their child's life depended upon judicious treatment and tender nursing. But she did not promise to comply with his wishes; for Mrs. May was not one to be thus deprived of long anticipated enjoyment, by the foolish whims of a capricious husband; or, at least, she so informed one of her "dear ten thousand friends," whom she that forenoon accompanied down town on a shopping excursion, and she left Ada to be watched over or not, as best suited the inclinations of the maid, who was not likely to excel her mistress in her devotion to the neglected invalid.

Dr. May returned at an earlier hour than usual, and his indignation was fully aroused at seeing his wife just entering the carriage. She playfully waved her gloved fingers to him, and drove off before he could speak.

There was a decided change in Ada, at once perceptible to Frederick's experienced eye. Her face brightened at his approach, and when he bent down to kiss her, she put her little arms around his neck and said, feebly—"Oh! papa. I'm so glad you've come; I've been alone most all the while." Her father sighed; he saw that human aid was unavailing, and yet how could he spend those hours of anxiety and grief alone? He hurriedly pencilled a note to Dr. and Mrs. Weston, urging them to come to him at once; and summoning the coachman, who had just returned from conveying Mrs. May to her destination, he ordered him to drive with all dispatch, and not lose a moment upon the way.

In a very few moments Herbert and Alice entered the apartment where Frederick sat holding his sick daughter, his countenance betokening the despair which takes possession of us all in that solemn hour, when we feel that we are powerless to aid the sufferer, and must stand calmly by and watch the life-light fading from the eyes we love, and the cold dew gathering upon the fair brow, and know that not until this mortal shall have put on immortality, can we again hear the tones of that sweet voice. Oh! without an Almighty arm to lean upon, who could endure this agony?

They were both startled, for they had not supposed her to be more than slightly indisposed, until they received Frederick's note, and even that did not prepare them to find her in so hopeless a condition. Dr. Weston carefully examined her symptoms, then shook his head, murmuring sadly, "*too late, too late.*" Alice at once inquired for Julia, and could scarcely refrain from giving expression to her extreme surprise and disapprobation. It seemed almost incredible to her that a mother could leave her sick child—far less her dying one—while she joined in the amusements of a gay assembly. Surely there must be something wrong in a social system that could not only tolerate, but encourage, such heartless conduct. But she forbore to give utterance to her thoughts; for she knew that the palpable truth of such remarks would only more deeply wound the heart of the husband and father, who had already so much to bear.

And so the three watched for hours around that little flickering flame of life so soon to be extinguished. They all felt that the Death Angel was hovering near.

Frederick rang the bell violently, and ordered the servant, who answered it, to go immediately for Mrs. May, and tell her Ada was dying. He then called Clarence that he might look once more upon his little sister. The boy, suddenly awakened from the deep sleep of childhood, could not realize the impending sorrow; but when he entered the sick room and saw the Westons, and his father holding Ada, and looking so mournfully upon her pallid face, he threw his arms around the little girl's neck and begged her not to leave him. The dying child, aroused from the lethargy into which she had sunk, kissed her brother and told him to be a good boy, and not forget her,—and then kissing her father and Dr. and Mrs. Weston, of whom she was very fond, she looked about as if in search of another. "Oh! mamma's gone!" she said, sorrowfully, "but give my love to dear mamma, when she comes home." And then, composing herself in her father's arms, she closed her eyes, and clasped her hands, saying, softly,

"Now I lay me down to sleep:"

But ere the infantile petition was ended, the Good Shepherd folded the little lamb in His bosom, and in pity removed her from the temptations that surrounded her.

Another moment, and Julia entered; her party costume and sparkling jewels seeming sadly out of place in that chamber of Death,—it was as if its solemn sanctity had been invaded by the heartless presence of worldly folly. At a single glance she comprehended all, and her lamentations and self-reproaches were indeed piteous to hear. She implored those cold lips to utter one word of forgiveness that her soul might not be forever branded with the name of murderer. And then, in almost incoherent language, she would accuse herself of having been the only cause of all this anguish. But when little Ada's last message was repeated to her, it opened the flood-gate of tears, which, until then, had refused to flow, and she wept long and bitterly.

It was a long while ere Alice could persuade the grief-stricken parents to seek repose, while she prepared the lifeless form of their child for its last resting place.

A few hours afterward, Julia arose from her troubled slumber with a heart filled with remorse and grief. These emotions Alice did not endeavor to check; for she felt that their influence must be salutary. And after she had left her alone, Julia knelt beside the beautiful casket whence the living gem had fled, and solemnly renounced the vain amusements in the pursuit of which she had so selfishly sacrificed her darling. Earnestly did she pray to the God whom she had so long neglected, to grant her grace and strength to keep the good resolves she then formed, and to enable her to lead a new life.

Yet while this promised amendment for the future, it did not atone for the consequences of her past errors; and when the excitement was over, and the damp clods covered all that was mortal of her only daughter, Mrs. May's physical system, for so long a time over-wrought, yielded to this great affliction, and she became very ill. For weeks she lay in a darkened room, apparently hovering between life and death. Her husband was ever at her side, watching over her with the most devoted tenderness and unwearied care,—and when she began to recover, mutual confessions and forgiveness were exchanged by the husband and wife,—and in that trial-hour, when they had been led so fully to realize the errors of their former career, those two estranged hearts were re-united,—the broken ties of affection were cemented by a trusting confidence hitherto unknown.

And thus by her death did little Ana become the ministering angel, which, had she lived, it could scarcely be hoped she would have been; for the daughter would doubtless have followed in the footsteps of the mother, and have become as vain and frivolous as she.

Julia May's repentance was sincere and lasting. She arose from that couch of suffering a changed woman, and henceforth she emulated Alice in her devotion to her home, her husband, and their remaining child. Frederick was easily reclaimed from the downward path on which he had entered and he gladly united his efforts with those of his wife, in the judicious management of Clarence now a fine, manly boy of ten years. And now the glittering waves of fashion closed over the place which one of its most ardent votaries had filled, with scarce a bubble to mark the spot of her disappearance. Thus do the flatterers of to-day consign their cherished idol to oblivion ere the morrow, and lavish the same fawning caresses upon the next fair form which they place upon the same pedestal. And yet how many there are, who, for such fickle friends, and such fleeting ties, renounce the sweet and lasting affections which cluster around their own fire side,—seeking in vain elsewhere, for the hidden treasure which lies beneath their own hearth-stone. Hungering, they pluck the fruit of forbidden pleasure, and it turns to ashes in their grasp,—thirsting, they seek the broken cistern of earth that can hold no water; and all the while, they could find in their *home* an inexhaustible granary of healthful nourishment, and a fountain of living water which might be perennial. And thus, thousands live and die, in utter neglect of those duties and privileges which are incumbent on all God's creatures, and which, in their fulfillment, bring their own reward.

But we now turn to the Lacys and their fortunes. Mr. Lacy's professional career was ever upward and onward, and in time he proved his claim to still higher and more praiseworthy attributes of character, than mere devotion to business, sound logic, or legal eloquence; even his right to the benediction—"How blessed above all mere happiness, is the peace of those who have suffered and overcome suffering,—who have been sinned against and have forgiven."

The health of old Mr. Grant had been for some time failing. Some attributed this to his disappointment at the frustration of all his hopes for his daughter's settlement in life, and the subsequent loneliness of his lot, while others accounted for it by the supposition of business perplexities. There was probably truth in each reason. His home had ever seemed desolate to him since he had driven his only child to seek the protection of another roof,—while in his mercantile operations he was daily becoming more deeply involved, although he was for a long time ignorant of the truth.

By degrees, he left Carleton to transact more and more of the business; thus affording him an opportunity to take advantage of his partner, which he was not slow to make use of in meeting his personal liabilities; for having contracted the expensive habits of drinking and gambling, it was impossible for him to preserve his integrity.

About this time, and at the commencement of a commercial crisis,—one of the most severe our country has ever known,—and when Mr. Grant was using every endeavor to meet promptly all his liabilities, and successfully to stem the current, he was called upon to meet a large amount of paper bearing the signature—"Henry Grant," which he at once pronounced to be forged. So sudden was the shock, so unprepared was he to comprehend or ward off this overwhelming blow, that he was utterly unable to make the arrangements necessary to prove the character of the paper,—amounting to many thousands of dollars,—and which, if he were obliged to pay, would, with his other and just debts, ruin him. At such a time as this, it was impossible to procure a loan, everybody seeming to distrust his neighbor, and before Mr. Grant could take any steps in the matter, it being impossible for him to meet the demand, the notes went to protest, and his store doors were closed by the Sheriff.—[To be continued.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 124 letters.
My 4, 91, 17, 90, 10, 62, 15 are used in algebra.
My 1, 21, 18 is an adjective.
My 32 5, 6, 28, 8, 49, 3, 102 is an animal.
My 2, 9, 74, 14 is an adverb.
My 11, 7, 97, 31 is a part of the body.
My 12, 13, 25, 20 is a relative pronoun.
My 16, 99, 121, 102, 35 is a relative.
My 19, 22, 41, 27 is a part of the body.
My 23, 24, 30, 26, 97, 55 is a fruit.
My 29, 43, 57, 58, 64, 40 is a severe suffering.
My 33, 123, 34, 30, 88, 42 is a verb.
My 36, 37, 38, 86, 39 is a bird.
My 124, 44, 45, 121, 87, 33, 101, 53, 86, 98, 123 is a noun.
My 46, 47, 48, 112, 60 is a measure.
My 50, 77, 112, 51, 61, 69 is a country.
My 52, 30, 66, 68, 64, 72, 70 is an animal.
My 66, 67, 59, 79 is a part of the body.
My 63, 123 90, 110, 89, 92, 114, 99 is a verb.
My 66, 30, 76, 82, 71 is a noun.
My 73, 75, 80, 100 is a Russian weight.
My 78, 122, 81, 85, 84, 94 is a kind of berry.
My 109, 103, 96, 123, 68, 83, 38, 90, 62, 107 is an adjective.
My 93, 113, 95, 61, 9, 40 28, 7, 99 denotes western.
My 104, 114, 24, 105, 106 is a point of the compass.
My 108, 111, 119, 117 is used in building houses.
My 115, 118, 116, 60, 120, 112, 4 are used in prison.
My whole is a theorem in algebra.

Albion, Noble Co., Ind., 1860. Jackson D. Black.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 24, 17, 6, 22 is one of the United States.
My 2, 3, 23, 18 is a village in New York.
My 6, 2, 6, 9, 17 is the name of a sea.
My 13, 12, 8, 4, 6, 25, 17 is the name of a channel.
My 26, 25, 5, 11, 23, 3, 7 is the name of a group of islands in the Pacific ocean.
My 21, 6, 5, 13 is a river in Africa.
My 14, 19, 1, 12 is a river in Hungary.
My 1, 20 6, 15 is one of the divisions of the Eastern Continent.
My 10, 22, 19, 3, 7, 16, 11 is a city in Canada West.
My whole is a maxim of Poor Richard.

Hounsfield, Jeff. Co., N. Y., 1860. A Blodgett.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

After an old man's death, in gold was found,
Left to his family, eight thousand pounds,
To be bestowed as his last will directed,
Which provided that none should be neglected;
For to each son—there being in number five—
Three times each daughter's portion he did give;
The daughters, each, were also to receive
Double the sum he to their mother gave;
His daughters all, in number, were just four,
Their gold, in weight, eight times their mother's store.
Now, that this will may justly be fulfilled,
What must the widow have, and what each child?

Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1860. I. L. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 546.

Answer to Historical and Biographical Enigma:—History is the key by which we unlock the past.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—Length of walk, 348 55 plus; length of meridian, 237.63 plus; course of butterfly, N. 55 degs. 43 mins. W.; course of bee, S. 34 degs. 17 mins. W.

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METEOROLOGY FOR FARMERS.

SEVERAL years ago, as many of our readers will remember, Lieut. MAURY appealed through the RURAL NEW-YORKER and other journals to the Agriculturists of the Country upon the subject of Meteorology for Farmers. In a series of able articles contributed to this journal, he invited the co-operation of farmers and Agricultural Societies in aiding him to extend from the Sea to the Land the beautiful and valuable system of physical research which has given such world-wide renown to his labors. He promised the rural population results which should be as valuable to the industrial pursuits on shore as those already obtained have proved to be to commerce and navigation.

Connected with this plan of Lieut. MAURY's was a system on *Telegraphic Meteorology*. This idea has been taken up in other countries, where it is being carried out to a greater or less extent, and with the promise of the most brilliant results. The Observatories of Greenwich and Paris have recently established a system of Telegraphic Meteorology for England and the Continent. Reports of the Weather are to be made daily from various stations to each one of these establishments, and they hope soon to be able to give more or less warning of every storm that comes.

It is certainly not creditable to the American Government and People that a system promising such beneficial results, and originated by one of our own citizens, should be neglected at home, especially after the most enlightened European nations have taken efficient action upon the subject. If the plan possesses the value claimed for it, or even *promises* beneficial results to the country at large, it is worthy the profound consideration of the People, the Press, and the Government. Let the subject be examined and discussed, and proper measures instituted fairly to test or fully carry out the system. Surely, the Government owes something to this Nation of Farmers in addition to what has been squandered upon Patent-Office Reports and in distributing foul seeds. The people have been waiting quite long enough for "something to turn up" in, or emanate from, the Ag. Bureau of the Patent-Office which would inure to the decided benefit of the Agricultural Interest. Thus far, however, the farmers of the country have derived little real advantage from that source, though its expenses have been large enough to accomplish, under proper direction, results which should, at least, tend to improvement in seeds, culture and husbandry, and incite to investigation and discovery in the various important sciences intimately related to Agriculture. We believe this Bureau, in connection with the Smithsonian Institute, proposed, a year or two ago, to do something in the way of Agricultural Meteorology, but nothing practical has resulted from the promise. Having stolen Lieut. MAURY's thunder, with the view, as announced, of perfecting and using it as intended by its originator, Congress was of course deterred from taking action upon the subject in response to petitions and memorials. But nothing was done, and whenever the friends of the project have since proposed a move in Congress, they have been met with the remark that "The Smithsonian Institute and Ag'l Bureau of the Patent-Office are already doing this—what is the use of further action?" Yet nothing tangible has been achieved in America, while foreign nations have adopted and are carrying out Lieut. MAURY's system, with prospects of the most valuable results, as already stated.

It appears to us that if anything is to be done with this plan of Lieut. MAURY, he is the man to take the helm. The originator of a system is generally the most competent to superintend its perfection, and introduce it into practical and successful operation. This opinion is expressed without the knowledge of Lieut. MAURY, or our being cognizant of his individual wishes as to the direction or superintendency of the proposed system. We only know he is most anxious to have the system which has proved so beneficial to commerce and navigation, extended to the land for the benefit of Agriculture. If it more appropriately belongs to any other man or institution, that can and *will* carry out the plan, let it be thus done. We only ask, in behalf of the Agricultural Interest of the Union, that some efficient measures shall be adopted, under the direction of a competent party, to carry the system into practical operation.

This subject is an important one, and should receive early consideration and action on the part of the people, associations and Congress. We are aware that the Presidential campaign is just now an obstacle, yet we trust many of our readers, including some members of Congress, have time and disposition to investigate and labor for the promotion of other than political or party objects. The Agricultural Societies of the different States will soon be holding their Annual Fairs and Meetings. We suggest that one and all take this subject up for consideration again, discuss it earnestly and upon its merits, and appoint good, efficient committees to co-operate with Lieut. MAURY in carrying out his system.

— In this connection it affords us pleasure to lay before our readers the following interesting letter. Though written in 1858, it has, we believe, never before been published. Addressed to the President of the Society of Acclimatation of France, it relates to a further extension of Lieut. MAURY's System, and does honor both to the head and heart of Lieut. MARGOLLE, the writer, himself an officer of the French Navy:

TOULON, December 10, 1858.

Mr. President:—At the time when so many great works which prepare the way for the pacification and future unity of the globe, come in aid of the labors so eminently useful of the Society of Acclimatation, permit me to recall to your mind among these works the beautiful discoveries due to the observing genius of a scientific officer of the United States Navy, Mr. MAURY, Superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington. These discoveries, of which M. HUMBOLDT has said that they constitute an entirely new branch of science, named by him "Physical Geography of the Sea," assure to their author, by their beauty and utility, a glorious place among the illustrious men who have shed lustre upon our age. They appear to me worthy of attracting all the attention of the enlightened men and of the scientific naturalists whom our Society has the honor to class among its members. I can here only remind you of some of the most important results of these new theories; for the rest, recent publications have already made them known; they are, perhaps, destined to unite in a general theory all the partial theories which tend to make known to us the physical organization of the globe.

Based upon the innumerable observations which the log-books are incessantly accumulating, Lieut. MAURY has first sought the general laws which regulate the winds and the currents of the sea, and has thus been able to give in his principal work (The Wind and the Current Charts,) the most useful directions to navigators. By the use of these directions, the duration of long voyages has been reduced more than one-third, and the annual saving which results was estimated, in 1851, at an enormous total for the marine of the United States alone. The Government of the Union destined thus first to establish the benefits of a system of research which must greatly enlarge the field of our scientific knowledge, invited all maritime powers to a conference, the principal object of which was to establish a uniform plan of meteorological observations at sea. This conference, in which were united the representatives of France, England, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Portugal, Holland, Denmark, Belgium, and the United States, was held at Brussels, in August, 1853, and adopted in conformity with the ideas of MAURY, a plan to be followed on board the vessels of every nation represented. Prussia, Spain, Sardinia, Austria, and Brazil, have since offered their co-operation.

But, in order to produce all the great results that one may expect from it, this general plan of observations should not be confined to the sea. MAURY hopes that it will become universal, and he is now compelled to urge an early assimilation between the nautical observations and the general system of observations followed on land by means of the electric telegraph. The Agricultural Societies of several States of the Union have addressed memorials to the American Congress, asking for this assimilation. The advantages resulting to Agriculture are certain. They appear evident in the remarkable works of MAURY upon the climates, seasons, meteors, the distribution of winds and rains.

It is not alone by their practical results that, as it appears to me, these discoveries ought to interest the Society of Acclimatation. They tend also to another but more distant object, toward which our Society is equally progressing by its very constitution, and by the elevated spirit which presided at its foundation. This object is the future alliance of all nations in that fruitful peace, the coming of which so many happy signs foretell, and of which MAURY also gives us a glimpse in the following passage of his Introduction to the Physical Geography of the Sea:

"Rarely has such a spectacle been afforded to the scientific world; all nations united to co-operate in a system of philosophical research. They may become enemies in all else, but here they remain friends. Every vessel which sails over the high seas, with these charts and this meteorological journal on board, may be regarded as a floating observatory—a temple of science. I hope that my fellow-citizens will not fail to second, by their co-operation, so humane, wise, and noble an undertaking."

He has found, in fact, among his compatriot sailors, the most devoted assistants. We may so infer from the following extract of a letter addressed to him by one of them:—"I am happy, for my own part, to contribute to furnish you materials suitable for perfecting your great and glorious enterprise; not only in seeking to determine the most direct routes upon the ocean, but moreover in teaching our sailors to look about themselves and see by what marvelous manifestations of the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty we are ever surrounded."

This religious spirit of MAURY, which pervades all his works, and which has inspired him in the elevation of his scientific views, has often reminded me of the kindred spirit of GEOFFROY DE SAINT HILAIRE, that illustrious naturalist whom the Society of Acclimatation justly regards as one of its founders, and who, proposing to himself first of all to be useful, has also the glory of leaving us a most elevated idea of the Divine Wisdom and Goodness.

If it were permitted me, Mr. President, to express here a wish, I should venture to propose to you to confer on Lieutenant MAURY, for his important services, the title of Honorary Member of the Society of Acclimatation. It is not only to a philosopher already illustrious, to a useful man, that we would give this evidence of our high esteem and sympathy, it is also to the nation which has known how to acknowledge and to honor in him the devotion of a life consecrated entirely to these beautiful applications of science to the welfare of the people, who make, as you have so justly said at our first general meeting, the greatness of the epoch in which we live.

Please receive Mr. President, the assurance of my respectful and de ed sentiments. MARGOLLE.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Poverty of the Subsoil.

I HAVE often been surprised at the poverty of the subsoil. If the surface is naturally rich, and is kept so by the application of manures, how can the subsoil be poor, as the soluble and most valuable materials must, to some extent, wash down? Yet, when we turn up the subsoil to the surface, it is poor, and no amount of manuring makes it as good as the original surface soil, at least, for some time. A little light on this curious matter would be very interesting to me, and very likely to many others.—H. N., *Tompkins Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

PERHAPS it is not possible for art to produce a soil as well suited to the requirements of plants as that furnished by Nature. A new soil from the woods, or from land just cleared, generally is in the very best possible condition for the growth of plants. We may add to a poor soil all that chemical analysis shows to exist in a virgin soil, and yet it will be for some time very much inferior. Indeed, we may add the constituents of plants in a far greater proportion, and while for some special crops our improved soil may be made even better than the new, as a general rule and for most crops it will be found far inferior. The cause of this may be that in the new soil the plant-food is in a better condition to be taken up and used by the plant. As a general rule the subsoil is unsuited to the growth of plants, and no amount of enriching by manure will bring it speedily into the right condition. This may be partly owing to its texture, but mainly, no doubt, to the partial exclusion from the atmosphere to which this subsoil has been subjected for ages. HUMBOLDT found that soil taken from the galleries of mines only became fertile after being exposed to the air for a considerable length of time, and after obtaining oxygen from the atmosphere. He observed that the sides of the large cavities dug in the mines of Saltzburg absorbed so much oxygen from the atmosphere as to render it unfit for respiration, and incapable of supporting combustion. BOUSSINGAULT, in alluding to this subject, says:—"All our agricultural facts show the necessity of air in the interstices of the soil that is destined for the growth of vegetables. When, by plowing very deeply, for example, we bring up a portion of the subsoil into the arable layer, in order to increase its thickness, we always lessen the fertility of the ground for a time; in spite of the action of manures, and of any treatment we may adopt, a certain time must elapse before the subsoil can produce an advantageous effect; it is absolutely necessary that it have been exposed to the atmospheric influences, and it is then only that deep plowing, which gives the arable layer a greater thickness, pays completely for the expense it has occasioned."

Where subsoil is turned to the surface, it is best to plant some strong growing vegetable that will send its roots down into the original soil. One of the best crops of carrots we ever saw raised in this country, was grown under these circumstances.

Advantages of Side Hills.

THERE can be no question but we have more surface on an acre of uneven land, or side hill, than upon an acre of level surface, but the question is, can we raise more crops to pay for the extra difficulty of culture? This is a question in which I am at this time very much interested, and desire information, as do others in this section.—HILL-SIDE, *Wyoming, N. Y.*, 1860.

WE may give it, as a general rule, that the number of plants which may be placed upon a certain piece of ground does not depend entirely upon the extent of surface, and that the power of production in a field which is sloped does not exceed its horizontal projection. We will illustrate this by the following engraving, showing a

section of a sloping piece of land, the lower line giving what would be the surface if flat, 24 feet, with a rise of 9 feet in the 24, the sloping line being 25¼ feet, and the gain in surface by the unevenness of the soil, 1¼ feet.

We will suppose this piece of land to be planted with corn or hops, or any plant that grows erect, at 3 feet apart. On every 48 feet of such surface, one hill or row of hills will be gained to the roots by the unevenness of the surface, but the tops will be closer together on the uneven surface than on that which is level. To give the tops the same room upon the sloping surface as upon the level, each hill must be planted about 2 inches further apart, as shown by the perpendicular lines, and this will give just the same number of hills upon the sloping land as though it was level, so nothing will be gained by the uneven surface. But, we must remember, that the greater surface afforded to the roots is of some advantage, and that closer planting in consequence may, in many cases, be allowable. For potatoes, vines, grass, and other crops, that are confined to the surface, the advantage is quite important, and nearly or quite equal to the additional surface.

OUR DOMESTIC ANIMALS—HYGIENE.

AMONG the many writers on physiology, not a few are arguing that sickness and disease is upon the increase in the human family; that, notwithstanding the accumulation of medical knowledge and skill, the profession are, to-day, as liable to meet with peculiar forms of suffering as vague and baffling as at any period since the foundation of the science calculated to prevent, cure, or alleviate the pangs of this mortal body. With this question, however, we have nothing to do,—the various "pathies" will doubtless settle it to their own satisfaction,—but our sphere may be said to include the health and well-being of the domestic animals which look to man for his protecting care, and repay therefor by their exertions in his service.

The health of the animal product of our country is of vast importance, both individually and nationally, and yet, were we to judge by the manner of treatment oftentimes pursued when an animal is afflicted, it would seem to be a matter of very little moment whether a sound condition of body were restored, or that the ailment should terminate fatally. Superstition and error have full sway,—our cattle are given up to the tender mercies of a leech, whose only forte is to torture; or spells and charms are thrown about them, and these are left to work out the remedy. This is not what is required of us as humanitarians; nor do we even meet the more sordid demands of self-interest. It is our duty to provide a means of restoration for the sick, a remedy against deterioration, and we should "cry aloud and spare not" when empiricism and barbarity enter the field.

The past few years have presented very gratifying changes in the medical treatment of our domestic animals. The press has been issuing volumes dedicated to a spread of veterinary knowledge, and as this information is falling into the hands of the masses a more rational system of medication is being pursued. These, however, while they enlighten concerning a cure when disease has set in,—how to assist nature in her efforts to throw off an unsound state of body and build up a living, healthy organism,—or to relieve the suffering in their agony, are faulty in not laying down general principles for the guidance of those who cling to the old-time maxim—"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

There is but little doubt that at least one-half of the ailments to which our domestic animals are subject may be traced to indiscreet management. Our systems of feeding (if there be any system at all,) are improper; our stables are ill-constructed, badly ventilated, and we seem to forget that bodily cleanliness,—*the* necessity of a healthy man,—is incumbent whenever animal soundness is desired. All of these topics have received more or less discussion in the RURAL, and we will refer to them but briefly at the present writing.

No one can properly estimate the amount of disease that has resulted from bad food; or from good food badly administered; from lavish feeding, or scarcity,—in many instances amounting almost to starvation,—from lack of thought or judgment as to what should be given under certain circumstances, and what should be withheld.

"He has the stomach of a horse," is often said of individuals noted for gluttony, or for digestive powers that will do anything but convert metallic substances into nutritious aliment for the sustenance of the body. This is a foul libel upon one of our most faithful and valued assistants, and the man who gives utterance to it should be mulcted in heavy damages. The brute creation know when the demands of nature are complied with, and in this respect will furnish a pattern worthy of imitation by the "crowding work." The essentials here are good, clean food,—of a variety that the appetite may not cloy,—regularly given, and in quantities as the animals will readily consume. With reference to stable architecture we cannot do better than quote the views of HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT:

"In a climate so uncertain, changeful, and in which the extremes of heat and cold lie so far apart as in this country, the question of stabling is one of paramount importance. The stable, to be of real utility, must be perfectly cool, airy, and pervious to the atmosphere in summer; perfectly close, warm, and free from all drafts of external air, except in so far as shall be needed for ventilation, in winter; perfectly ventilated, so as to be pure, and free from ill odors, ammoniacal vapors and the like, arising from the urine and excrement of the animals at all times; perfectly dry under foot, and well drained. Lastly, it should be perfectly well lighted, as well as thoroughly aired, since it is not only cruel to animals, which are of a gay, cheerful and sociable nature, to keep them constantly in the dark, and not only depress their spirits, but injure their animal health."

We have been led to the foregoing reflections by the host of inquiries emanating from stock owners in all sections of the country. Every conceivable malady is mentioned, and remedies sought after. It cannot be possible that there is a constitutional tendency to disease on the part of our stock which is not observed in other lands. We fear,—and think there is good foundation for so fearing,—that a radical defect in our modes of management is discoverable, and hope those specially interested will test the benefits of cleanliness, good food, and good homes, for their domestic animals.

THE "PROSPECTIVE STERILITY" QUESTION.

THE discussion now upon the tapis in the RURAL in relation to "Prospective Sterility," is one which I apprehend needs the light of facts for its correct and satisfactory conclusion. From an experience of thirty-five years, on one farm, I am of the opinion that the case stands thus:—A man may possess $10,000 invested at 6 per cent. His income will be $600 per annum. Now, if he lives on $500 yearly, and adds $100 each year to the principal, at the expiration of any given term of years, himself and his posterity will be pecuniarily in a thriving condition. If he invests this $10,000 in a farm, and manages it skillfully, without the aid of any fertilizer from abroad, except only plaster and clover seed, I believe it may be managed so as to place himself and his posterity in the same thriving condition. In either case he may exhaust the principal,—by reckless expenditure in the first instance, by reckless production in the other. The fact is, I believe, that in the laboratory of Nature there is a recuperative power, designed for the benefit of man, with which, if the farmer will work in har-

mony, he will prosper, and be able, in all coming time, to send "ounces of meat" and "kernels of corn" to the seaboard without danger of sterility. We must bear in mind that nothing in this world is ever lost or consumed. Transferred and changed, are the terms applicable to the discussion. With transfer and change, Nature is busy as well as man—in some ways obvious to his researches, and in some which have as yet been hidden from him. The Aretic seas pour upon our coasts, annually, myriad schools of fish for the sustenance of man. We consume them, make no effort to return anything to the source whence they came, yet the supply does not diminish.

And now for some facts. Thirty-five years ago I commenced the cultivation of the land on a tract of four hundred acres, timbered upland and river bottom, two hundred of which I now own. This section of the country was then new and comparatively wild. The Indians, up to a period a few years preceding, had annually burnt over the whole surface of the upland from time immemorial. Consequently, the black surface soil was very thin, and timbered upland was, in general, considered poor land. One old gentleman said its only use was to help hold the world together. The early settlers pitched their cabins near the rich intervale and prairies, and despised the timbered upland. Occasionally we plowed an upland field and sowed it with wheat. My mother used to remark that the whole crop harvested was about equal to the scatterings left after harvest on the rich bottoms. With the extinguishment of the Indian fires, this land steadily improved,—equally so, I believe, whether it was cleared and lay in grass, or remained covered with timber. Twenty-six years ago I took possession of the 200 acres mentioned, and engaged in mixed husbandry, raising annually from four to six hundred bushels of wheat, some cattle, some sheep, and some wool, nearly all of which has been sent to seaboard. All the barnyard manure made was carted to some small fields near the barn. My course for many years was this:—I divided my upland, designed for wheat, into three fields, one in clover pasture, one in summer fallow, one in wheat—always sowing clover seed every spring on the wheat, and following with one bushel of plaster to the acre. The depth of plowing was uniform—what a yoke of oxen and a pair of horses, attached to a No. 4 Iden plow, could accomplish. At the expiration of seven years I reviewed accurate accounts kept of my farming operations, and found my average of wheat for that term to be an annual yield of nearly twenty-six bushels per acre; near the close of that term I had 36 bushels to the acre. While I write I look from my window on a fine field of wheat growing on this same land, on oats stubble twice plowed, which will yield not less than 25 bushels per acre, perhaps 30. The midge, for a time, was a baffling pest; but now, when we escape its ravages, the land proves itself unimpaired in fertility. I cannot attribute any of this continuity of production to any improved methods of cultivation, because the mode has been uniform.

On these facts I base my conclusion that there is a recuperative power in Nature happily designed for the sustenance of man. PETER HATHAWAY.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1860.

SPRING WATER.—MODES OF CONVEYANCE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In answer to an inquiry of J. B. PALMER, in a June number of your paper, on the Modes of Conveyance of Spring Water, I will give him my method, having some experience therein, as I used to follow the business of tinner and plumber. I have laid a great deal of lead pipe for the purpose, and my method is this:—I generally have my ditch dug about three feet deep, so as to be out of the way of all frost in winter,—for if the water freezes it is sure to burst the pipe, and that makes a great deal of trouble. The width of ditch at the top is about two feet; bottom, six or eight inches wide. For ordinary purposes half inch pipe is large enough. Have your pipe rolled on a reel,—such as half inch generally comes in this manner,—set your reel astride the ditch, roll the reel along, and the pipe will unwind nice and smooth. The dirt should be thrown back from the ditch so as to leave a clean place on both sides, a foot wide, and you will not be hindered in rolling your reel along. Where your pipe enters the spring, you should have a zinc funnel, with a convexed cover soldered over. The mouth, sides, and cover should be punched full of fine holes—punched from the inside, for it will strain water better in this way than punched from the outside. The small end of the funnel should be made to slip over the outside of the pipe, and should fit very tight, so it will not come off. Where the water comes to the house there should be a brass faucet soldered to the pipe, and then you can regulate the water to suit yourself. Let it empty into a tub, and keep a full tub on hand, and if there is not a very large supply, you will not have to wait for a pailful. Where the pipe comes into the house, it should be secured from frost. To do this, you should build a large box around the pipe, pack the pipe very tightly in straw, and bank the box with dirt on the outside. Perhaps some would prefer wood pipe, but I think lead is the cheapest where it is well laid. If not well done, it should not be done at all, for it will only be a bother and expense. Lead is the quickest laid, and the water is less apt to taste unpleasant than if made from wood. J. G. POWELL.

Durham, N. Y., 1860.

THOMAS' NO-PATENT SCRAPER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As this is getting to be a fast age, whereby the most of the labor must be done by machinery, I have concluded to send you a model of my No-Patent Scraper for the repair of highways, which every road district should possess. Should you deem it worthy a place in the RURAL, you will have the goodness to publish. Take a hard wood plank, say 3 by 14 inches, 7 feet long. Bevel the back side, rivet on an old mill saw for the edge. Put in a mortice wide enough to receive the tenon of the pole on an angle.—a common ash wagon pole with a tenon say 2 by 4 inches, and 5 feet of medium size cable chain fastened on each side of the pole 2½ feet from the tenon. Fasten to the plank on a

line below the mortice, one grub hook 2½ feet from the mortice, on each side of said mortice, to hitch to the chains on the pole. Unhook the chains and your scraper is in two pieces, handy to pack away under cover. Estimated cost:

Pole	$ 25
Plank	25
Old saw	1 00
Making wood work	50
Chains and iron work	1 50
Total	$3 50

Set your scraper at the right angle to carry the gravel or earth toward the center of the road, and drive on at a good brisk walk, the driver to ride or place on weights when necessary. If the road is very rutty or uneven, it is better to change the angle and drive back on same side, as the scraper would cross its own angle going back, and still carry the earth toward the center of the road.

Rose, N. Y., July 7, 1860. E. N. THOMAS.

The Bee-Keeper.

Bees.—How to Hive Them.

As the season is at hand when bees may be expected to swarm, perhaps a few words concerning them, and the manner of hiving them, will not be deemed superfluous. When the oft-repeated cry, "the bees are swarming," is heard, there is no need of rushing out of the house in a fit of perspiration, with tin pans, bells, an old brass horn, or anything of the kind, making the most hideous noises imaginable, for the purpose of inducing the bees to cluster, instead of flying away to the woods. All such foolish notions should at once be abandoned, especially in a civilized country like this. Better leave such transactions to the savages of the far West. It is seldom the case that a swarm leaves for the forest before clustering—*it is just as natural for them to cluster as to swarm.* Let me repeat, that *noise* is unnecessary for inducing bees to cluster. It would be wiser to seat one's self under the shade of some favorite tree, and watch the bees as they swiftly glide to and fro among themselves, and, I venture to predict, that after thus viewing them a few times, it will then be esteemed as the most delightful part of bee-culture.

The hives should be in readiness long before it is time to expect the bees to swarm. This, it is true, is very seldom the case; it indicates, however, that very little care and attention are given by the keeper to his bees. They should also be well made, neat, and clean. If they have before been in use, it is advisable to wash them pretty thoroughly with warm water, thereby destroying the eggs of the bee-moth, should there be any, as well as removing all impurities. All hives thus treated, and newly-made hives, need no further preparation before they are ready to receive the swarm. And here let me remark, that to wash the hive with salt, or sugar and water, whisky, or to rub the inside of the hive with bee-balm, or leaves of any kind, is entirely unnecessary—it is time, labor and expense thrown away. Now, I should not in the least be surprised that some sensitive, old-fashioned bee-keeper, may think I am in error in reference to the above remarks; if so, I have only to remind such that this is an age of improvement, that I have practiced for years the various methods suggested preparatory for hiving, and that they have all been discarded—regarding simplicity as the great law of Nature.

The bees, after clustering, should be hived as soon as possible. There is, however, no need of getting flurried, for they will seldom depart for the woods within an hour. The hive may be placed a few feet from the place on which the bees are clustered—not on a table or scaffold, a few feet above the ground, but on a sheet or blanket, directly on the ground. Boards may, if preferred, be laid on the ground—the sheet or blanket spread over them. It is not absolutely necessary to use either sheet or blanket, yet I prefer to do so, as many bees are thereby kept from getting into the dirt or grass. The hive is now placed on the sheet, one side raised, with a strip of wood, about two inches.

Should the bees be clustered on a limb that is of but little value, it may be carefully cut or sawed off, carried to the hive, and the bees *invariably jarred off* close by the lifted side. With a wing, caseknife, or tablespoon, stir them gently, and it will be surprising to see how speedily they will enter the hive. Of all instruments for stirring the bees as above, I prefer a large tablespoon. Many times bees are inclined to cluster upon some particular limb, if not removed; and as it is not very good policy to cut off such limbs, they had better be saved, if possible.

I have a method for hiving swarms without removing the limb, which I have practiced with very good success. It is this: take an ordinary clothes basket and hold it under the swarm, jar the bees into it, and then shake them out by the side of the hive. Quite a number of bees may return to the limb; if so, jar them into the basket again,—two or three times will be sufficient, as the queen will seldom, after the second jarring, be found on the limb. Many bee-keepers have found considerable difficulty in keeping a few bees from clustering repeatedly on the limb. This may always be remedied by putting green catmint upon the place. The bees should all, if possible, be made to enter the hive, and as soon as this is accomplished, the hive should be conveyed immediately to the stand intended for it. The reason why: 1st, *Fewer bees will be lost.* If the bees are left where hived till evening, as is commonly done, the bees that work during the day—and there will generally be a large number—will mark the location, return the next day, and be lost. 2d, *Less danger of bees leaving for the woods.* "Scouts" are unquestionably sent off, either before or soon after they swarm, to look for a home. Now, should the hive be moved as soon as the swarm is hived, if the "scouts" have not at the time returned, they will be unable to find the swarm, and will go back to the parent stock. No communication will take place from this source; hence less danger of the swarm leaving.

The entrance of the hive should face the south-east. This seems to be, taking everything into consideration, the best direction for all hives to face. Advantages:—1st, The bees receive the heat of the sun early in the morning, and are thus enticed to commence working earlier. 2d, The heat of the sun in mid-day does not fall upon the front of the hive so oppressively, as when it fronts directly south.

THE STAND.—The best and simplest stand with which I am acquainted, is one constructed as follows:—Two boards, each 14 inches in length—two, each 20 inches in length—each 6 or 8 inches in width; these, nailed firmly together, forming a rectangular box. This form of stand is intended for the Langstroth movable comb hive. Its size and shape may be modified by those using other styles or kinds of hives. It is now pretty generally conceded by the best bee-keepers, that it is better to have hives sitting within 6 or 8 inches of the ground. The utility of movable stands over those commonly used, is of vast importance. Many are not aware of the large number of colonies annually ruined from loss of queen, by being placed too near each other. The distance apart should not be less than six feet—the further the better. I would recommend, whenever practicable, to set one colony only under the north side of a tree.

To hive bees in the Langstroth hive, having immovable bottoms—place the hive on the sheet, remove the entrance block, and shake the bees as above in front of the entrance; in fact, proceed in the same manner as is given with the common hive. A large number of bee-keepers invert the common hive, and shake the bees into it. This is wrong,—the queen is liable to be killed when the hive is turned over, beside many workers are in danger of becoming crushed, thereby creating irritableness among them.

A hiver might be described, which, in the hands of extensive bee-keepers, would, without doubt, be of considerable value; but to those having a few colonies, the advantages gained would hardly compensate the extra expense. The basket recommended for hiving, is generally in the house of every thrifty bee-keeper, and will answer all practical purposes. By the aid of the Langstroth hive, natural swarming may always be prevented, and bees increased more rapidly, and with much greater certainty, by dividing them, termed "artificial swarming."

Middleport, Niag. Co., N. Y., 1860. M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Regularity in Milking.

MR. O. E. HANNUM, a very successful dairyman of Portage county, Ohio, a native of old Berkshire, Massachusetts, names the points of his management as follows:—Good cows, good feed, *good milking*, good care and management of the milk. He puts "good milking" in italics, and remarks, "Each cow should have a steady milker, be milked as fast as possible, and all the milk drawn. I am satisfied that there is a loss of one-third in many dairies, by the lazy, hap-hazard way in which the cows are milked. I have known persons sit down in the milk yard and go through with some long yarn, and be from ten to twenty minutes in milking one cow, when it should be done in less than five."

Fall Top-Dressing.

EVERY farmer who has practiced fall top-dressing, knows it is invaluable. This does not arise so much from the fertilizing matter in the dressing, as from the fact that it protects the surface of the earth from sudden changes of the temperature—prevents its freezing so early in the fall, or losing its moisture and heat by a too direct contact with the wind. In short, the real benefit of fall top-dressing is in its mulching the soil. Stable manure is too valuable to be used for this purpose. Far better to keep this to apply in the spring, and then cover it with earth immediately. At least ninety per cent. of manure, used as fall top-dressing, is wasted by passing into the atmosphere. Nearly the same results can be obtained by fall top-dressing with leaves, straw, or any other substance that will cover the surface. Let a farmer try the experiment, by thus mulching a small piece of grass land with straw, leaves, or other like substance, in the fall, and apply the manure in the spring; and on another piece, apply the same quantity of manure in the fall, and give us the result. So says the *Ohio Farmer.*

Diagnosis of Pleuro-Pneumonia.

WE present a description of the symptoms of this disease as it exists in Massachusetts, adopting the language of the report to the Legislature by Messrs. E. F. THAYER, Veterinary Surgeon, and GEO. BATES, M. D.

"If the animals are at pasture at the commencement of the disease, they will be found early in the morning separated from the herd, with arched backs, hair rough, and refusing to eat; while, as the day advances, they will join the rest, and appear to be in usual health. A slight but husky cough will be occasionally recognized; and, at times, the breathing will be increased, as if the animal had made some extra exertion; and in milch cows there will also be a diminished amount of milk.

"As the disease progresses, the cough becomes more frequent and husky; the respiration is humid; the pulse increased and somewhat oppressed; the appetite diminished; rumination suspended; bowels constipated; surface of the body and limbs cold; the skin rigid and almost immovable over the ribs; the animal, upon pressure upon the spine, flinches, and is unable to bear pressure or percussion on the sides of the chest or costal regions (or ribs.) In more advanced stages the respiration is difficult, labored, and painful. The animal frequently lies down; and when standing, the head is protruded, the mouth covered with saliva, the muzzle cold, and the aspect spiritless and haggard.

"On striking the affected side, a dull or dead sound is usually elicited to a greater or less extent, but this will depend upon the extent to which the lung has become consolidated, and the presence or absence of fluid in the cavity of the chest. On applying the ear to the sides of the chest, one or the other is found to be affected; sometimes, though rarely, both are implicated. When applied in the region of the diseased part, the ear fails to perceive the low, rustling murmur of healthy lungs, and detects a crepitating sound or rattle, which, as the case advances toward an unfavorable termination, becomes duller, and, at last, is altogether inaudible.

"An examination of animals which have died of pleuro-pneumonia, will present various appearances. The lungs of the same animal will show all the different stages of the disease; red hepatization, dark spots, and an effusion of serum."

Inquiries and Answers.

STAGGERS IN HORSES.—Will you, or any one of your numerous correspondents, please inform me of the best remedy for staggers in horses?—J. COCHRANE, *Hamilton Co., Ohio*, 1860.

TO REMOVE THE SCENT IN BUFFALO ROBES.—Can you, or any of the numerous readers of the RURAL, inform me what will take the furry smell from a buffalo robe? I have one that my horse cannot bear near him, on account of the scent.—YOUNG FARMER.

HOW TO KILL THE OX EYE DAISY.—Noticing the communication of J. T. B., May Flower Mill, Cayuga Co., in a June number of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, where he offers to send his remedy for the destruction of the Ox-Eye Daisy, I would be very much obliged to him for any information aiding in the radication of this terrible plague.—J. G. P., *Durhamville, N. Y.*, 1860.

DESTROYING FLEAS.—Can any of the RURAL's numerous readers inform me of any method of destroying fleas? They began to be quite plenty at the barn in the spring, and being conveyed to the house on the clothing, have become exceedingly troublesome; yet the barn, pig-sty, &c., are as far from the house as is customary. Information on this subject would be thankfully received by one who is nearly—DISTRACTED. *Locust Ridge, Ill.*

ABOUT DRAINING.—To W. J. F.—Will W. J. F. give his whereabouts, as his experience in draining and calculations will not fit this latitude. If I feel like it, I shall, when he gets through, try to set the public right in the case, as I have done more than he has, and shall talk like a wiser book (for this region, at least,) than the one he writes from as I think he sadly misleads the new beginner—an old stager can take care of himself in such matters.—J. T.

ABOVE-GROUND ROOT CELLAR.—My present farm is so flat, and such a hard-clay subsoil, that I know of no way that I can make an under-ground cellar; and expecting to have some hundreds of bushels of roots to winter, I am at a loss how to make an over-ground cellar, or root-house. I shall have a room some 15 feet by 20 on the southwest corner of my barn, (a part of a lean-to,) which I would like to make a safe root-house of, if it can be safely done. I can have it either with or without a floor. Will you be so kind as to tell me, either of your own knowledge, or by the means of your paper? State my question to your readers, so that I may get some information from farmers who have had practical experience in the matter, as to which is the safest, surest and cheapest plan for me to adopt with my building, to enable me to attain my object. Never before having had any occasion to have an over-ground root-house, I am entirely ignorant on the subject, yet a practical farmer for many years. If you should publish this inquiry, it might meet the eye of some experienced farmer who would be kind enough to drop me a line of advice. Any communication addressed to my name at Buffalo, would be sure to reach me, and oblige one who would gladly do a brother farmer an equal favor. I am making a variety of experiments with Hungarian grass, which promise to be interesting to farmers; and in the fall I will send you the result, or rather an account of it.—HAMPTON DODGE, *Bugalo, July*, 1860.

LUMPY MILK.—I have a valuable cow that gives small lumps to her milk. If any of your numerous readers can tell me cause and cure if any, it will greatly oblige —A YOUNG FARMER, *Mt. Pleasant, O.*, 1860.

See articles on Garget in present volume of the RURAL, and you will find the remedies you desire.

BLOODY MILK, AGAIN.—In the RURAL of the 23d ult., a subscriber wishes to know what to do for a cow that gives bloody milk. The following was told me by an old woman. I have tried it, and know it to cure. Take small pieces of the root of poke weed, or cocum, put into ears of corn, and feed to the cow once or twice.—A SUBSCRIBER, *Tremont, Ill.*, 1860.

REMEDY FOR GAPES IN CHICKENS.—Some four weeks ago I noticed in the RURAL an inquiry for cure of Gapes in chickens. I winter yearly from one hundred and seventy to two hundred hens. For many years I have lost a large number of chickens solely from the gapes. For the last two or three years I have not lost a single chicken from the above mentioned disease, and the sure preventive is found in always mixing their meal with sour milk. This preventive, though simple, has never failed.—A FARMER'S WIFE, *Trenton, N. Y.*, 1860.

HENS EATING THEIR EGGS, SITTING, &C.—I saw an inquiry in one of your papers about stopping hens from eating eggs and sitting. I will give my way. In the first place, I have the right kind of hens—full-blooded Brahma. Have nests prepared in the hen house, where I keep slaked lime, charcoal dust, and water—when not handy, anywhere near the barn—and every night gather all the eggs, leaving no nest egg, for my hens lay just as well without a nest egg as with. During the winter, feed them corn, oats, and occasionally a warm meal of potatoes, with boiled liver, &c., saved butchering days. I never fail of having fresh eggs all winter, both to use and sell. I do not know as my hens ever ate an egg—perhaps they would if they were kept as many hens are, without anything to eat or drink, except what they can steal somewhere, and at night hunt up their own lodging in some old tree, or on a broken cart. I do not blame a hen, treated in that way, for eating all the products of her own labor, but think her a wise hen. When I do not wish my hens to sit, I shut them up in a coop, or some secure place, feed them well, keep them there till they either begin to lay, or, croakingly, make fair promises, which is not more than three or four days. If your inquirer will take the trouble to call here, I will show him hens that will not eat their eggs, and will sit both when and where he likes.—A FARMER'S WIFE, *Hopewell, N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

SECRETARIES OF ALL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES in the United States, Canadas, &c., are requested to send us copies of their Premium Lists and Regulations for the approaching Annual Fairs. A compliance will confer a special favor upon us, and perhaps advance the interests of the various organizations.

THE WHEAT HARVEST is nearly completed in this section. The grain has generally been secured in good condition, and the yield and quality, so far as we learn, are fully equal to the anticipations of growers. The main crop of this region was not materially affected by the midge: indeed, we have yet to learn of the first instance of serious injury to a field of either of the early varieties which had received proper attention—early sowing and good culture, on a rich, dry soil, being essential requisites to successful wheat growing in the midge-infested districts of New York, Canada West, &c.

FAMINE PROPHESIED IN EUROPE.—The London Times of June 22d prophesies a famine—the season having been, not only in England, but throughout Western Europe, unpropitious. Though the Times is good authority on most subjects, we doubt its correctness in this instance, and do not look for the fulfillment of the prophesy. In case of such a calamity, however, the idle ships and steamers of both England and America (including the Great Eastern,) could be profitably employed in transporting the anticipated large surplus of the crops of this country to the famishing people of the Old World.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.—This able "Journal of Practical Information in Art, Science, Mechanics, Agriculture, Chemistry and Manufactures," commenced a new volume with July. It is the leading weekly of its class in this country, and contains timely information relative to all new inventions and discoveries in the mechanic arts and sciences—giving lists of patents and patent claims as issued, and illustrating and describing the most important inventions. Published by MUNN & Co., New York, at $2 per annum.

CROPS IN SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.—Under date of June 28, E. W. PENDLETON, Esq., of Christian Co., Ky., writes us that the wheat crop of Southern Ky. is decidedly the shortest they have had for several seasons; the yield cannot exceed one-fourth an average crop of past five years. His own wheat, forty acres, was not worth cutting. The prospect is as fair for a corn crop as he ever remembers, the spring having been very favorable. The tobacco crop is very promising. There is a very large crop planted, owing to the failure of wheat. The oat crop is good, as far as it goes, there not having been many sown, owing to the rust of the two past years.

THE UNITED STATES AG. SOCIETY'S FAIR is, it appears, to be held at Cincinnati, in September. This arrangement does not meet the approval of the Buckeyes. The friends of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture are particularly displeased, and "speak out in meeting" and print quite plainly about the interference with their Show at Dayton. Our plucky friend, Col. HARRIS, of the *Ohio Cultivator*, in a paragraph couched in his usual plain English, says he looks "upon this intrusion of the so-called U. S. Ag. Society as discourteous to the Ohio State Board of Agriculture, and, under the circumstances, dishonorable and mean." Our Ohio friends have our profound sympathies—especially as it was contemplated to hold the U. S. Show in this State. (Rochester being the favorite location,) had an invitation been extended.

GREAT TRIAL OF REAPERS AND MOWERS.—According to the Livingston Republican, the Trial of Reapers and Mowers at Geneseo, on the 5th and 6th inst.—under auspices of the Livingston Co. Ag. Society—was "The greatest Trial ever held in the United States." It uses some other superlatives in its heading to the report—such as "Twenty-one machines in the field!" and "Livingston Co. against the World!"—which indicate that our prophecy, at the time of announcing the Trial, was not incorrect. The list of entries comprised eight two-horse and two one-horse mowers; two reapers drawn by two horses, and one by a single horse; eleven combined machines drawn by double teams, and one by a single horse. The various machines were thoroughly tested, but the full reports of the Committees have not yet been made public. Their awards, however, are as follows:

Two-Horse Machines—Best Mower, Hubbard Junior, Hubbard Patent; 2d best, Buckeye. Best Reaper, Wood's Self-Raker, W. A. Wood, Hoosick Falls; 2d, Hussey. Best Combined Machine, Kirby's patent; 2d, Wood's Self-Raker. *One-Horse Machines*—Best Mower, Wood's Patent. Best Reaper, Kirby's Patent. Best Comb'd Machine, Kirby's.

The arrangements for the Trial are said to have been admirable and complete, and the attendance large.

MORE LARGE JUNIOR BOVINES.—The very "brief mention" which we innocently made, a month or more ago, of a calf which weighed 106 lbs. at birth, has stirred up the possessors of big things in the same line. For example, E. H., of Castile, N. Y., reports that SOLOMON SQUIRES, of said town, owns a calf which weighed 124 lbs. before sucking, and "is really a sight worth beholding." That is heavy, but must "touch the beam" when put in the scales with the one thus mentioned by Mr. JAMES CARPENTER, of Elmira, N. Y.:—"We have a calf which weighed 135 lbs. when twenty hours old—girted 35½ inches, and measured 19 inches from the top of his shoulder to the bottom of his brisket. He is grade Durham—not over half blood."

—We trust no one will ask us to chronicle any infant cattle as being more weighty than the above, lest some people may think the RURAL is becoming a trifle Munchausenish!

NEW SORGHO SUGAR EVAPORATOR.—Mr. A. MILLER, of Laporte, Ind., has invented a sugar boiler on a new principle, which may be described as being two halves of a circular pan, six feet in diameter and six inches deep, which are bolted together, but set a little distance apart, so as to leave an air space between the parallel sides of the pans. The two halves of the pan being filled with sorghum juice, that in one side may be boiled up to the point of granulation and then turned off the fire to prevent burning, the rotation bringing the liquid in the other half over the fire to be boiled in its turn. We recently received, and noticed in the RURAL, a sample of sugar made by Mr. MILLER, in this new apparatus.

THE QUEEN BEE.—The following anecdote is related by REAUMUR, from personal observation:—"A queen bee and some of her attendants were apparently drowned in a brook. He took them out of the water, and found that neither the queen bee nor her attendants were quite dead. REAUMUR exposed them to a gentle heat, by which they were revived. The plebeian bees recovered first. The moment they saw signs of animation in their queen, they approached her, and bestowed upon her all the care in their power, licking and rubbing her; and when the queen had acquired sufficient force to move, they hummed aloud, as if in triumph!"

THE NEXT ANNUAL FAIR of the Union Ag'l Society (Chautauqua Co., N. Y.,) is to be held at Clymer on the 5th and 6th of September. The officers for 1860 are—DANIEL HURLBUT, Sen., President; Mr. GALLUP, Treasurer; W. B. GLEASON, Secretary.

STRAWBERRIES.

PERHAPS there is no fruit we cultivate, so easily affected, both in quality and productiveness, by soil and climate, as the Strawberry, hence there is a great difference of opinion among cultivators in different localities as to the value of varieties—a difference of opinion that sometimes seems strange and contradictory. *Scott's Seedling*, which originated near Boston, was fruited here in 1857 and 1858, and gave very large crops of berries of second quality. It seemed to us to be very promising as a market fruit, and we were very much surprised when it was proposed, at the last session of the American Pomological Society in 1858, to recommend this variety as promising well, to hear a prominent Horticulturist of Massachusetts condemn it as "a miserable bearer." To show the difference of opinion in regard to this variety, we quote the remarks made at that time in regard to it:

Scott's Seedling—Proposed as promising well. Walker said it was a miserable bearer in Massachusetts—almost unproductive. Hooker and Frost said it produced very large crops in Rochester—not of good quality, but less sour than Extra Red. Mannice said when grown in hills it was a good bearer. Clark, of Conn., said it was very productive. French said that five acres in Massachusetts would not produce as much as half an acre of some other sorts. Reid, of New Jersey, found it a good bearer.

At the late meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York, in Buffalo, we spoke of the productiveness of this variety, when Mr. MOODY, of Lockport, stated that he considered it "the meanest variety in cultivation." and Prof. COPPOCK, of Buffalo, said it was "very good—in fact, the flavor was fine." Mr. C. also placed it as the first of three varieties for market culture.

In our notes on strawberries, made the present season, with the varieties before us in bearing, and published June 23d, we attempted to describe the qualities and peculiarities of each. To our remarks, however, WM. R. PRINCE, of Flushing, takes exceptions, and says, in a note, that "the descriptions of several strawberries are entirely erroneous, and it would seem that the writer must have been misled by having other varieties under the names applied to these—*Scott's Seedling*, which is stated to be in productiveness next to Albany, produces a very small crop." This may be true on Long Island, but is not true here, and Mr. P. should have thought how easily this fruit is affected by soil, situation, &c., before making the charge.

We have heard a good deal in regard to the poor quality of *Wilson's Albany*, from certain localities, and some have thought we have given it too high a character when describing it as of *fair quality*, or of *second quality*, which is all we have ever considered it. But until a recent visit to Buffalo, we had no idea how poor it is on some soils and in some situations. We tried to eat it at the hotels in Buffalo, and from the plants, but it was too intolerably sour to be eatable. It is the only time we ever tasted strawberries that could not be made eatable with sugar. Green gooseberries would have been about as palatable. Mr. DOWNING, who was with us at the time, stated that he could not eat them as grown at the East. In Rochester we grow them of fair quality.

Mr. PRINCE furnishes us descriptions of the following varieties:

Prince's Scarlet Magnate—Very large, and the heaviest of all; very firm, excellent flavor; very productive. A splendid market berry.

Le Baron—Highest flavor of all the large varieties; dark red.

Prince's Excelsior—Very large; deep scarlet; fine flavor; remarkably productive.

Prince's Scarlet Climax—Large; bright scarlet; very sweet; admirable flavor; firm for market.

Perfumed Pine—Large; beautiful bright scarlet; firm; delicious flavor. One of the best; very productive.

Ladies' Pine—Moderate size; pale red. The most exquisite flavor of all strawberries.

Seraphine—Monstrous size; light, bright scarlet; very showy; juicy, sprightly, pleasant flavor. A splendid berry.

Victorine—Very large; firm; showy; scarlet; highly productive. Very valuable.

Sapphio—Very large; light scarlet; beautiful. Very productive.

Globose Scarlet—Very large; nearly round; frequently 1¼ inches diameter; beautiful light orange scarlet; mild flavor; very showy. Highly productive.

Imperial Scarlet—Large; bright scarlet; very firm; not affected by rains; juicy, rich, sprightly flavor; upright stalks, keeping the fruit clean. Very distinct and valuable for market.

Montevideo—A peculiar fruit; large; light scarlet; short stalks; very productive. Ripens during two to three weeks.

Florence—Very large; splendid scarlet; firm, red flesh; very juicy, fine flavor; exceedingly productive. Estimable for market.

Wilson's Albany—Large; dull dark red; very productive when cultivated in stools or rows, and the runners kept off; quite acid until fully ripe. The bright-colored berries command precedence at market.

White Alpine—A small European, ever-bearing variety.

Globose Crimson—Very large; sprightly, juicy; red flesh; splendid berry, but nearly as acid as Wilson's Albany.

Malvina—Very large, an improvement on the Hovey, being a brighter color, earlier, and better flavor; very productive.

Sirius—Early; very large; orange scarlet; very showy; good flavor; very productive.

Eclipse—Early; medium to large; bright crimson; beautiful; the crop ripening all at once; profuse bearer; upright peduncles, keeping the fruit clean. A most valuable early market berry.

Scarlet Prize—Late; very large; rounded; light, bright scarlet; beautiful; sweet, high flavor; productive; estimable.

Waverly—Very large; deep scarlet; juicy, fine flavor. Estimable.

Minerva—Large; dark scarlet; sweet; high flavor; showy; admirable. Very productive.

Fragrant Scarlet—Large; conical; sweet; high perfumed flavor; very productive. Estimable.

Ariadne—Large; slight neck; light scarlet; large branching; profuse clusters on strong, upright stems; very fine flavor; very productive. Estimable.

Estelle—Very late; medium size; dark scarlet; exceedingly sweet. Very productive.

Lawrence—Large; bright scarlet; sweet, juicy, fine flavor. Productive and estimable.

Diadem—A most beautiful berry; very large; light orange scarlet; pleasant flavor. Suitable for all purposes, and one of the most productive of the whole family.

PEAR GALL-FLY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—A press of other duties prevented me from answering your query respecting the insects so injurious to the pear crops in Eastern New York. It is always difficult to give reliable information from the inspection of the larvæ only, unless they are such whose history we have had an opportunity to examine into previously; and mere conjectures are not what is wanted, but a clear, definite history of their character and habits, and the means of protection against their increase or injury to vegetation.

I found within those premature fallen pears, sent me, a number of small, lemon-yellow apod grubs, of an oblong-oval shape; the head is narrow, rather long, having minute diverging antennæ—the caudal extremity is slightly bifid. The head and thickened neck or second joint, (perhaps,) is retractile. This thickened portion has a dark spot on it, and when the head is drawn in, the spot is seen through the 3d ring, and gives the front a rounded appearance. On the under side is a scar, and resembles the figure given by FITCH's plate 2, v. I., fig. 2. the larva of his wheat-mow fly, *Agromyza Tritici*, as he calls it. It reminded me, at first sight, of the little yellow maggot of the wheat midge, both in shape and color—almost of an orange-yellow. (Those that FITCH figures are of a dull white color.) I this day, for the first time, saw the first volume of Mr. FITCH's report, and have ordered the second volume also, but find no notice of the species in question in volume I.

It is well known that there are various species of *Dipterous* (two winged) insects, as well as *Hymenopterous* (four winged) gall-flies, that deposite their eggs into the blossoms of the pear, where they hatch, causing the fruit to grow more rapidly, so that they are rather gall-like excrescences than healthy pears. Mr. SAY describes three species of *Sciara*, (*Dipterous*,) and four species of *Psylus* (*Hymenopterous*,) but knows nothing of their habits. Yet the European insects of these several genera are known to infest the pear in the manner of those under consideration. HARRIS and FITCH are silent as to these insects.

I will, however, give the following practical hint from KOLLAR, on the Insects Injurious to Gardeners, Farmers, &c. Early in the season these flies deposite their eggs into the blossoms, from 5 to 20 each, glued to the anthers, or at the base of the petals. The flies are so small as to require the closest scrutiny to detect them. And the only practical method to reduce their numbers is to collect or pluck off the infested pears and remove them from the ground, burn them, or boil them for the pigs, if preferable. Such pears are easily known, because their growth being excelerated, far exceeds that of the healthy pears, since they have attained a considerable size when the petals have scarcely fallen off. When this is seen, you may rest assured that one sort of larvæ or another is to be found in the core. These gall-like pears, however, in a short time, lose their roundness and bright green color, and become longer, as if pressed inward all round the middle part. This is the time when the larvæ begin to attain their full size, and therefore, the best time for taking them from the tree, in order to destroy them before they fall [illegible], which rainy weather will aid in doing, when the larvæ drop or find their way into the ground. The pears that have fallen are usually found tenantless; the maggots soon leave them, to undergo their transformation in the earth. Dwarf pear trees can be easily examined, on which, and the better quality of fruit, they are most apt to be found.

At present, it does not signify what species it is that does the mischief; it is certain, however, that the larvæ enter the earth; for having put the pears and a number of escaped maggots into a small jar containing clay, they speedily buried themselves; and when the fly or insect is transformed, I will note its character.

I would observe that the *Anthonomus Pyri*, KOLLAR, a species of beetle, attacks the pear, depositing its egg into the blossom, and renders the fruit abortive, and causes it to drop off prematurely and rot. In our catalogue of U. S. *Coleoptera*, we have ten species of this genus enumerated; that some of them may be found like the *A. Pyri* of Europe, equally destructive to the pear, is very probable.

The editor of the Valley Farmer sent me some of the leaves of the honey locust, that were shamefully disfigured by an insect of the gall-fly character. The young leaflets, before fully developed, are stung, which causes them to fold into a pod-like excrescence, contiguous together, which arrests their further development near the base of the principal or proper petiole or mid-rib of the compound leaves. The maggot contained within the folded leaves was much like those contained in the pears, [illegible] I failed from discovering a distinct [illegible], and hence consider them of the same [illegible]. J. S.

Lancaster, Pa., July 1860.

THE ELIZABETH GRAPE.

AT the Exhibition of the Monroe County Agricultural Society last Autumn, our attention was particularly attracted by a white grape, marked "*Elizabeth*." It was the first time we had heard anything of this variety, and we took some pains to ascertain its history, as well as to form an opinion of its quality. The bunches and berries both resembled the Isabella in size and form; skin thin; color greenish white, with a slight purple tinge in the sun; very little pulp. The flavor was good, better than Isabella, we thought at the time, somewhat acid, but pleasant. This season we intend to examine the fruit on the vine, and then we shall be able to speak more confidently of its quality.

The *Elizabeth* grape originated on the farm of Mr. JAMES HART, near this city, about fifteen years ago. About that time Mrs. HART planted some raisin seed in a flower pot in the house; this plant sprung up, was grown in the house three or four years, as it was feared that it might not be sufficiently hardy for the climate. At that age, however, it was planted out, and grew rapidly, and is now a large vine, measuring two and three inches in diameter through the lower part of its stem. It has always been perfectly healthy and hardy.

For three or four years after planting, no attention was paid to the vine, and it grew a mass of shoots from the ground. The first season it was pruned, it commenced fruiting, which was about seven years ago, and has borne large crops regularly ever since. The engraving here given is from a bunch of medium size, the largest clusters having been gathered before this drawing was made. The vine is a prolific bearer, and is much esteemed in its neighborhood, where the *Isabella* and *Catawba* are cultivated. It has been somewhat disseminated among the friends of the originator, and is fast coming into repute.

The history of the origin of this vine, as we have related it, is substantially as stated by Mrs. HART, the truth of which we have no reason to doubt; but the appearance of the foliage and the flavor of the grape, give almost unmistakable token of its native origin. Be this, however, as it may, the vine is entirely free from disease, is quite hardy, and a good bearer.

The name attached to it was given by Mrs. H., in honor of her mother.

PEAR BLIGHT.

MANY of the young pear trees in this section, especially those just coming into bearing, show symptoms of being badly affected with what is termed "sap blight." Late last autumn some of them exhibited a blackened, rugose appearance, on the bark of the young wood, the growth of the preceding summer. This spring these trees put forth a feeble growth of leaves, but have shown no tendency to form more wood, the wood of last year is inert and nearly dead, and the whole tree may be said to be fast dying from the extremities toward the trunk.

Early in October, 1859, while the trees were yet in a state of forwardness, and before the young wood had ripened, a severe snap of frost occurred which appears to have frozen the sap while in an active state. Whether this has caused a rupture of the sap vessels from which the trees have apparently bled so as to cause them to stop growing and hasten to decay, or whether the vitality of the sap in the new wood being destroyed has mingled with the still uninjured sap of the old wood and rendered it unhealthy, thus causing the gradual death of the tree, as it were, by poison, I cannot decide. The same thing occurred four or five years ago, after a late growth of wood in the fall, followed by a severe frost in October. In both these cases the autumn had been warm and moist, and the trees had been unusually vigorous in producing new wood.

Now, this is a serious drawback against the progress of pear culture, and it is desirable to remedy or prevent it. As to the remedy for those already affected, I must allow my inability to give one; nor do I think it possible to save the trees at this late hour—they are too far gone. That it may be prevented, I fully believe, and therefore offer the following suggestion:—About the middle of September, or as soon after as the leaves at the ends of the twigs begin to assume a brown, withered appearance, let all the young wood of that season's growth be cut back one half, let the sap bleed for a day or two, and then paint each cut end with a solution made of gum shellac dissolved in ether. This will soon dry, forming a hard coat over the wound, which will stop the further flow of sap, and resist the ingress of air or moisture. The sap will cease flowing, the tree will assume its dormant state, and when hard frost comes the sap vessels will not be liable to become ruptured, or the sap frozen. J. M.

Hamilton, C. W., July, 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

QUINCE BLIGHT.—The blight which for several years has been mostly confined to quince trees, and, therefore, called quince blight, destroying the tender shoots, has this season been very severe on both the apple and pear. We have received specimens of dead shoots from several sections, and many seem to think that this is the old "pear blight," or "fire blight," but in our opinion it is quite distinct, and far less to be dreaded. It always commences at the points of the shoots, and seldom extends below the wood of the present season's growth, while the "pear blight" generally commences on the old wood of the limbs or trunk. We have before us specimens of shoots killed by the quince blight, the pith evidently being destroyed by an insect, and in one case we have him at work. Whether this was the cause of the mischief in this case, we cannot at present say, but our correspondent is altogether too confident when he supposes that in this insect he has discovered the cause of the pear blight.

ENGLISH "BLACK" RASPBERRY.—This is a hybrid between the blackberry and raspberry, and is the parent of all the black autumn-bearing varieties, although itself a summer bearer. It has long, dark-colored canes, and small purple fruit, with much of the blackberry flavor. This variety was obtained at Wethersfield, in Essex, upwards of forty years ago, and has since been cultivated by Mr. Rivers, who has succeeded in obtaining from it his new race of autumn-bearing varieties. —*Cottage Gardener.*

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.—We receive invitations to many Horticultural Exhibitions, which we are unable to attend, but in all cases, if some judicious friend will give us brief notes of the principal things of interest, we shall take pleasure in laying them before our readers.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From Rev. G. W. MONTGOMERY Rochester, specimens of Napoleon Bigarreau cherry.

Inquiries and Answers.

TO KILL PURSLANE.—Can you, or some of your numerous subscribers, tell me, through the RURAL, of any way to kill purslane besides the hoe and hand?—A FARMER'S BOY, *Castile, N. Y.*, 1860.

Hoeing is a good enough way. There is no patent method that we know of.

LAWTON BLACKBERRY.—Will you, or one of your correspondents, please state, through the columns of the RURAL, the best method to be adopted for the culture of the New Rochelle Blackberry? When, how, and in what kind of soil to be planted? When and how to be pruned? —YOUNG FARMER.

Plant in any good soil. All the pruning needed is to cut back the bearing canes to about four feet in height, and to remove the old wood. Plant either in the autumn or spring.

SALT FOR ONIONS.—Being one of your many readers, I wish to inquire, through the RURAL, in regard to salt being applied to onion beds in sufficient quantities to kill weeds. Would it be injurious to the onion, or beneficial, and about what quantity would be sufficient to effect the object?—O. H. L., *Hindsburgh*, 1860.

Salt enough to destroy the weeds we have no doubt would kill the onions, though we have never tried it. There are only a few marine plants, like asparagus, that will endure salt.

CLAY SOIL—STRAWBERRIES.—Will you please answer the following questions through the RURAL:—How shall I make a good garden on hard, clay soil, when I can get plenty of sand, barn-yard manure, or swamp muck, by hauling a short distance? What are the merits and demerits of the following varieties of strawberries, when wanted for family use, and a small surplus for market—Triomphe de Gand and Austin's Shaker Seedling, especially the latter? What kind of soil and manure is best for strawberries?—W. A. SMITH, *Adrian, Mich.*, 1860.

You need have no anxiety about a hard soil, with such materials on hand with which to improve it. In the first place, see that it is well drained. Plow deep and work in the manure, sand, and muck. In one season, you can make it mellow. Triomphe de Gand is a good strawberry, and in this section a fair producer, but of the Austin Shaker Seedling, we can yet say nothing. After a year or two of experience, we may be able to answer the question.

THE ROSE SLUG.—Inclosed you will find a leaf which I plucked from off one of my rose bushes, and on it you will find quite a number of small worms. My reason for sending it to you is to inquire of some of your numerous readers if there are any means which can be used to destroy them, as they have completely destroyed my roses this season? There are a number of others in this locality anxious to know. Any information through the RURAL will be thankfully received.—DUNCAN MCKAY, *Brantford, C. W.*, 1860.

It is the rose slug that troubles the leaves. Dry ashes and lime sprinkled on the leaves, and tobacco water, will be of some benefit. A wash made of whale oil soap and water is the most effective, using two pounds of soap to fifteen gallons of water, and syringing the plants.

WHAT DESTROYED THE CABBAGES?—Your correspondent in the RURAL of June 23d, asks "What Destroyed the Cabbages?" and gives an account of his cabbages being destroyed by maggots, similar to the meat maggot. I was on the point of asking you the same question when I saw the above in your paper. My experience has been precisely the same as your correspondent, but I never have been troubled in this way until this year. I know of no remedy, except to dig around them, and kill the maggots as soon as you see symtoms of the affection. One thing I noticed, that where I had manured the garden in the fall, leaving it on the top of the ground until spring, or when drawn on in the spring, and left some time before being turned under, the maggots were so numerous as to affect every plant, but where no manure was applied, or where it was immediately turned under, the cabbages escaped *entirely*. This has been precisely the experience of one of my neighbors, who raises cabbages quite extensively. Were not the eggs deposited in the manure?—N. WATKYNS BUEL, M. D., *July*, 1860.

WHAT DESTROYED THE CABBAGES?—Under this head, I noticed an inquiry wishing to know a remedy. I had my cabbages attacked with just such a grub, or maggot—the latter name I gave the enemy. On examination I found they were produced by a fly upon the root, just under the surface, in the form of fly blows. From "Gardener's" description, it must be the same enemy. My remedy was this:—I took an old pan and filled it with dry ashes that had their full strength, then commenced to remove the dirt from around the roots, then applied the ashes, replacing the earth again; continued the process through the whole of my cabbage yard. Where the maggot had not destroyed all of the bark on the root or stalk, the cabbages soon began to revive. I very soon discovered they had received a dose which was not agreeable to their nature, and to make the experiment a sure thing, I repeated the dose again in some days after, I cannot say how long. At all events, whoever tries ashes around cabbages, in this manner, or upon the surface around their cabbage stalks, will find it to be of virtue in their growth. I do, at least.—E. D. B., *Shiawassee Co., Mich.*, 1860.

RICE PUDDING, COLORING BLUE, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you allow me a brief space in the Domestic column of your valuable paper to express my thanks to your correspondents for the numerous "Muffin" recipes I have received, and particularly to "SOMEBODY" of Le Roy, for the recipe for *Wedding Cake*, (which I have not yet used,) that appeared in the RURAL, of June 23d? I would like to inquire of "SOMEBODY" if the cake will not do without the brandy and wine, as I am *strictly* a temperance girl, and I fear it might have a bad influence with the guests, more particularly with my husband. Also, please accept a few receipes which I have tried, and know them to be good:

CUP CAKE.—Two cups sugar; 1 cup of butter; 2 of buttermilk; 4 eggs; 2 teaspoonfuls soda, and half a nutmeg.

RICE PUDDING.—Two quarts sweet milk; 1 large coffee cupful of rice; boil until the rice is soft, then add a teacup of sugar; half teaspoon salt; spice to the taste, and a small piece of butter.

COLORING BLUE.—One and one-half ounces of prussiate of potash; 2 ounces copperas; each dissolved in four gallons rain water as warm as the hand can be held in. Put the cloth in the copperas and let it stand ten minutes; put two tablespoonfuls of oil of vitriol in the potash water; wring the cloth out of the copperas, and put it in the potash water, and let it remain about five minutes; wring and dry without rinsing. This color will not fade on either woolen or cotton.

Aurelius, N. Y., 1860. MARY.

FLINT PICKLES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Make a brine by taking for a gallon of water, a teacup of fine salt, or two-thirds of a cup of coarse salt. This brine must be turned boiling hot over the cucumbers, nine days in succession. After the ninth scaldings, rinse them off in cold water, then put them into a bright brass kettle with a spoonful of allspice, a teaspoonful of cloves, a handful of cinnamon sticks, two sliced onions, two red peppers and a little sliced horse radish, and a sufficient quantity of good cider vinegar to cover them; bring to a boil, then take out and put away in stone jars.

The above recipe is one I have used for years, and know to be good.—M. A. GRAVES, *Newport, June*, 1860.

REMEDY FOR A FELON.—We find the following in the Auburn Daily Union:—A lady who had been troubled for some time, by a felon on her finger, gives a simple remedy, from which she experienced a great relief, and which enabled her to obtain sleep for the first time in many nights. It was to cut a hole in a lemon, and wear it on the finger like a thimble—the felon being encased in the fruit. Persons afflicted with these painful and occasionally dangerous visitors, would do well to give this remedial agent a trial.

PICKLING FRUIT.—As the season for pickling and preserving is approaching, will you, or some of your correspondents, furnish me with directions for pickling pears, peaches, and apples, and oblige?—ABBIE CORBIN, *Richmond, Macomb Co., Mich.*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THEN AND NOW.

Under the shadowy trees I have stood,
In the days of long ago,
Watching the sway of the locust boughs,
Laden with blossomy snow.
Far in the distance the wild sea moaned,
With a wailing note of pain,
And the fleeting sails of the home-bound ships
Shone on the billowy main.

The air was haunted with summer songs,
Tender, and silvery clear;
But a dearer and sweeter voice than of birds
Fell on my listening ear.
Under the shadowy trees I stand,
And, listening wearily
To the 'plaining cry of the ocean wave,
Moaning all unceasingly,

The wandering scent of the locust bloom
Is flung on the summer breeze,
And I catch, as of yore, the gleam of sails
Gliding over the seas.
But the carol of birds is wearisome now,
For the voice is hushed for aye,
That spake sweet words to my glad girl heart,
In the Junes that have passed away.

Cohocton, N. Y., 1860. LAURA E. W.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A CHAPTER ON BEAUX.

"What a girl you are, Mary Allen! Tell me you never had a beau in all your life, and here you are twenty-two!"

"I see you don't believe me, Jane, and I'm sure it makes no difference. You can think as you please."

"But, Mary, how unlikely,—how absurd!—Never had a beau! I shouldn't like to be in your place. Why, here, I'm only twenty, and I've had beaux by dozens, these five years."

"Please say what you call a *beau*. Define the word, Jane."

"Nonsense, Moll,—you are teasing. Why, I only mean a gallant to attend upon you wherever you go, and to call and see you often, and take you out riding, and, may be, set up half the night occasionally, to chat with him,—sparking, if you choose. Now, Moll, tell honest,—will you pretend to say you never kept company with *any* gentleman?"

"I don't see, Jane, why you are so skeptical, but I'll try and keep my temper. No, I never did, and I never wish to do so. I've always had one of the *best* of gallants,—brother Will. No one could be more attentive and kind, and we are always so happy together. I don't know what more you would have."

"O, I dare say he is well enough, but I would not give a fig for my brother Joe, for a beau. He never thinks of going out with me, for, in truth, I never give him a chance. How dull it would be, indeed, to be forever tied to one's brother! And, besides, I should expect some would think that other gents did not care enough for me to offer their attentions. In short, I should consider myself unpopular."

"Well, may be I am very unpopular, unattractive, and all that. I'm sure I never thought of the matter, Jane, nor will it trouble me in the least. As long as brother Will is my protector, I don't care for all your beaux."

"And what will you do when paragon Will gets married, eh, Mary?"

"I never thought of *that* contingency,—glad you remind me. I can go with father, or Uncle Thomas, or, at least, I can stay at home. You don't frighten me, at all."

"O, Mary Allen! You are a perfect old maid, aren't you? Cut out for one exactly! If I were you, I'd go straight to a convent. Joe and I have often spoken of you,—how you mope yourself up, here at home, always clinging to Will, like his shadow. All the girls are vexed enough at you, for monopolizing such a handsome gallant. If you'd do as I do, they'd have a chance to receive some of his attentions."

"And you, for one, Jane. No doubt he could 'have a chance' to flirt with you awhile, and be turned off for the next new comer. But, Jane, I have always respected your brother,—tell me truly, does he really ridicule me?"

"What,—Joe? Bah, Mary, you are really in earnest. Why, you ought to hear him lecture me, and hold you up for a model,—a very paragon of all feminine perfections. I ask him why he does not proffer his services, and turn gallant, and you would laugh to see his look of horror. I verily believe he does not feel worthy to look at the ground where you step. He says you are not to be caught by every bait.

"Hold, Jane,—cease your joking. I am thankful if he respects me. Even if I am an old maid, I would be respected."

"Of course, Mary. But I must leave now, for I am expecting a *call*, this evening." And away she tripped, pitying the girl who had "never had a beau," and picturing for her all the woes of singleness.

Reader, this conversation occurred some years ago. Need we prophesy which, now, is the old maid, and which the happy wife? Jane Bradley flirted with this one, that one, and the other, and found plenty of casual admirers among a class of young men of no very lofty principles, who found amusement in her society while she was young, and gay, and pretty. But gradually, as the years passed, these left her for younger faces, as no one wished to make a wife of one who was a favorite, and boasted so many admirers. She feels a little bitter toward her more fortunate sister-in-law, Mary Bradley, who *did* marry; and her husband honors her the more for the great contrast between her tastes and principles, and those of his trifling sister. DIDO.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"BRING ME A SHOWER OF ROSES."

Bring roses, fresh and rare, all glistening with dewy tears,—bring "budding sprays from wood and wild,"—O, bring me a shower of roses, for I have need of their beauty and fragrance. There, toss those half-opened buds to the smiling infant. See, he grasps them in his chubby fingers, and roughly separating their delicate parts, scatters them on the floor at his feet. Sweet child, those buds resemble thee, thou too art a bud of promise, slowly expanding into mental and moral beauty. God grant that thy parents' hopes be not so rudely severed. Let us weave a garland for the blooming maiden, brighter than glittering diamonds, richer than costly pearls; and when faded and withered, may it be a silent monitor of the frail and fleeting things of earth. We will twine a snow-white wreath for you blushing bride. It will well compare with the purity and truthfulness of that trusting heart.

Bring roses. We will scatter them in the path of the weary and care-worn, and place them amid the gray hairs of the aged. We will bind a chaplet upon the brow of the faithful teacher, which shall dispel the anxious cares there hovering. We will place them before the weary, dejected student,—they will give him new strength and inspire him with fresh courage. Throw a cluster to the sad prisoner in his lone dungeon,—he trembles, he weeps, as he gathers them one by one, and presses them to his bosom. They speak to him of sister flowers, of fresh air, pure sunshine and evening dew. Cast them at the feet of the haughty conqueror, and link them with the galling chains of the conquered.

Bring, O, bring a shower of roses. We would scatter them profusely over this fair earth,—we would decorate each hall, and hang festoons around every hearth-stone. We would spread them in the Valley of Pleasure, and fling them upon the Highway of Vice and Sin. Bring fragrant roses. Arrange they by the bed-side of the sick,—lay them gently upon the pillow of the dying,—place them in the cold hands of the lifeless,—line the coffin with their beauteous blossoms,—and when the last sad offices of love are fulfilled, when the sod has been placed above the sleeping dust, plant there the cherished rose-tree, that it may bud, blossom, and shed its fragrance on the new-made grave. Then, bring roses.—Search through the fertile fields of the south, wander over the sunny plains of the far east, and cull their choice exotics. Bring unfading roses,—bring "Roses of Sharon," whose beauties never dim,—lay them upon the altar of every heart, and let them bloom on ever and ever, filling the soul with a perpetual fragrance. Bring roses, O, "bring me a shower of roses." OMEGA.

Columbus, Pa., 1860.

SINGING TO HER BABE.

I passed a dwelling in Duke street. The front door was open, and close by the step sat a young wife singing to her babe. There was a low, sweet melody in her voice. True, the words were very simple, but all the fascination of song was there. The little babe, not yet able to make the adventurous circuit of the room, lay quietly upon her lap; its little hands were folded across its breast, and its soft, beautiful eyes seemed to dilate with joy and wonderment as the musical sound fell upon his ears.

Singing to her babe! A scene, indeed, to touch the soul with quiet pleasure. A mother's heart wrapped up in her first-born; her joy, her light, her very life! Already she was dropping soft, welcome sounds into the teachable soul. I could not help murmuring:

"Rich, though poor!
That low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven—
Music is in it—and the songs she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife, arrests the ear
Of the young child awake upon her knee."

Singing to her babe! Would it be hers to lead those tiny feet into the way of righteousness, and by the river of everlasting life?

"She was one who held a treasure,
A gem of wondrous cost;
Did it mar her heart's deep pleasure,
The fear it might be lost?"

She could instill into that young, impressible mind, the knowledge of good and evil, the life-toned integrity of the soul, the earnest faith that hopeth and believeth all things in Christ. As she watched its slow, yet delightful appreciation of objects and words—as she noticed its developing intellect—did she feel her responsibility? Was she conscious that she held the silken cords in her own hands that were to bind the present to the future?

Singing to her babe! As I gazed upon the scene, I could not help wondering what the fate of that dear child might be. Would it treasure her precepts, and follow her example? or would it drift idly about on the sea of life, careless where its world of truth might be, and sinking at last into a dishonored grave? Would it exclaim, when age lined the dark locks with silver, and added a tremor to the voice—

"Yes, I have left the golden shore,
Where childhood 'midst the roses play'd;
Those sunny dreams will come no more
That youth a long bright Sabbath made.
Yet, while those dreams of memory's eye;
Arise in many a glittering train,
My soul goes back to infancy,
And hears my mother's song again!"

The purest innocence does not always blush the reddest. The truest piety is not the most acid. The ripest learning is not the dullest. The highest wisdom is not the coldest. Grapes and turtles; harps and viols; fair forms and faces; the blessed sun and summer breezes; what were taste, and hearing, and sight, and the sense of touch, but for these, and these for us?

The greatest thoughts seem degraded in their passage through little minds. Even the winds of heaven make but mean music when whistling through a key-hole.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DISTRUST.

BY LAURA M. CLARK.

Distrust is that which makes the curse of life.
Heaven wouldst thou know? Heaven's charm is confidence.
TOWNSHEND.

Distrust, thou art the curse of life
To many beings pure;
Unjust suspicions ever rife,
Engendering hate and deadly strife,
And thus thine aim's secure.

A fiend in serpent's guise thou art,
And well thy part doth play;
Thy subtle poisons pierce the heart,
And tears of sorrow quickly start
When loving ones betray.

Oh, leave this earth, thy mission here
Is one of sin alone;
Dire discontent doth oft appear
To tempt the heart when thou art near—
Canst thou for this atone?

True confidence alone will yield
Pleasures without alloy;
Its dear delights will be revealed
To loving hearts till then concealed,
And doubting thoughts destroy

Oh, haste thee now from saddened hearts,
Let truth assert her sway;
Thy base designs, thy cruel arts,
To innocence thy guilt imparts,—
Unkind Distrust, away.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOME INFLUENCE.

Society is formed by a combination of individuals, each exerting more or less influence upon the rest, in proportion to their natural talents, mental improvement, and consequent power. This influence is good or bad, according to the early home training of each, and, if we would have society with an elevated tone of morals,—with facilities for intellectual culture,—with generous emotions and noble aspirations of soul, we must build upon the right foundation.

First impressions are most lasting; *early* lessons are not easily effaced from the memory. Parents should be prepared to cultivate all the better nature of the child, and restrain the evil. They should be able to govern and guide the expanding mind, as the helmsman does the ship; but to do this they must first understand their own natures, and be able to govern themselves. A fretful word or an impatient gesture, indulged toward a child, or in its presence, has a baneful influence; while a detected effort at deception may forever destroy confidence in a parent, or even plant the seeds of future intrigue and falsehood on the part of the child. When once parents have learned the art of self-control,—when they have felt the power of kindness upon their own hearts,—they will have but little trouble in controlling a family of children.

Controlling, or governing, is but *one* of the requisites to a genial home influence. There must be a tender affection felt,—not only *felt*, but *manifested*, in all the little incidents that make up the whole of a child's life. *Without this* it is impossible to bind the heart of the child; with it,—with a felt interest in whatever interests the child,—with an ever-present wish to draw instructive lessons from passing events and present scenes,—there is formed a tie that no earthly circumstances can sever; there is gathered an influence stronger than all that may oppose. Increasing years will not diminish the strong affection. Families may be separated by trackless seas, or towering mountains intervene, but the heart of the child will turn to the parent, and feel the power of former influence just as truly as the needle turns to the pole, in obedience to its magnetic mandate.

"Take the bright shell from its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes it will sing of the sea;
So, take the fond heart from its home and its hearth,
'Twill sing of the loved to the ends of the earth."

A certain writer once said, "Give me the first ten years of a child's life, and I will make him what I please, despite all after influences." If this be true, we should not only secure a *home* influence that breathes a spirit of kindness and love, and a disposition of heart that secures the blessings of the great Parent of the Universe, but we should select with care the teachers who are to share in this great moulding process. Next to home influence stands that of the school-room. There, too, must the confidence of the pupil be sought, before he can be successfully aided in gaining a knowledge of the sciences. If children feel that their teachers have but an imperfect knowledge of what they profess to teach,—if they see an exhibition of anger, peevishness, or ill humor, from that moment they lose confidence in their qualifications or judgment. If the pupils respect and love the teacher, then that teacher can exert an unlimited influence over them.

A lady once had, among a group of scholars, one little boy who was very dull. At the close of the first quarter he had made no perceptible advancement. Those starting with him were beginning to read, while he could not tell one letter from another. Sometimes a feeling of impatience would steal over her, as she tried one expedient after another by which to arouse him to *think;* but at no time was that feeling allowed an expression. Finally, after months of unceasing effort, he began to read easy sentences, when he was taken sick, lingered long in suffering, and died. I saw that teacher as she stood by his bedside. As his little life was ebbing away, *she* was reviewing the past. Presently she expressed the satisfaction she felt, at that solemn hour, that no unkind word had ever fallen upon his ear from her lips. I said to my heart, learn a lesson from this. May we not all learn a lesson? We may not meet our influence in the hour of death, as did that teacher, but we shall have to meet it *sometime* in the future. We shall stand face to face with it, see it in its full extent, and feel its potent power. Then, as parents, as teachers, companions, brothers, sisters, friends, let us watch carefully our own hearts, keeping pure the great source from which emanates our influence, and thus send forth from our firesides a hallowed power which shall make the world the better from our having lived. MARY.

OPERATIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

When the nervous energy is depressed by any bodily cause, or exhausted by over-working, there follow effects which have often been misinterpreted by moralists, and especially by theologians. The conscience itself becomes neuralgic, sometimes actually inflamed, so that the least touch is agony. Of all liars and false accusers, a sick conscience is the most inventive and indefatigable. The devoted daughter, wife, mother, whose life has been given to unselfish labors, who has filled a place which it seems to others only an angel would make good, reproaches herself with incompetence and neglect of duty. The humble Christian, who has been a model to others, calls himself a worm of the dust on one page of his diary, and arraigns himself on the next for coming short of the perfection of an archangel.

Conscience itself requires a conscience, or nothing can be more unscrupulous. It told Saul that he did well in persecuting the Christians. It has goaded countless multitudes of various creeds to endless forms of self-torture. The cities of India are full of cripples it has made. The hill sides of Syria are riddled with holes, where miserable hermits, whose lives it had palsied, lived and died like the vermin they harbored. Our libraries are crammed with books written by spiritual hypochondriacs who inspected all their moral secretions a dozen times a day. They are full of interest, but they should be transferred from the shelf of the theologian to that of the medical man who makes a study of insanity.—*The Professor's Story.*

EVILS OF MENTAL PRECOCITY.

The following paragraph from Dr. W. A. Corbell's late work, entitled "How to Enjoy Life," presents a subject which should be well understood by parents and teachers of precocious children:

"The premature development of the mind and neglect of the body, have long been prominent evils in our educational system. It is often very pleasant to fond parents to see how bright, intelligent and witty their child is; and, they often find great satisfaction in showing to others the brilliancy and mental sprightliness of their precocious darlings. Such parents know not what they are doing. All the praise lavished by such parental folly, and fond aunts, and doting grandparents, and injudicious friends, tends to the serious injury, and almost certain destruction of their children. Their keen flashes and sparkling witticism are but the indications of an overstretched mind, and a neglected body. Our many systems of education thus destroys many children every year. This neglect of the physical, and stimulating the mental man, is the more to be deplored, from the fact that this early *precocity* is wholly unnecessary; because, many of the best educated and useful men the world has ever seen, were very *dull* pupils, in early childhood. Andrew Fuller, Sir Walter Scott, and Daniel Webster, were all very dull scholars when children; and yet, who has ever done more in theological discussion than the former? Or, who, in the whole world of intellect than the second? Or, who, at the Bar and in the Senate, than the latter?

FINE OLD GENTLEMEN.

A good old man is the best antiquity, and which we may with the least vanity admire; one whom time hath been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learned the best thing in it—the vanity of it. He looks over his former as a danger well past, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The next door of death saps him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. He practices his experience on youth without harshness or reproof, and in his counsel is good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome, neither, with the same tale again, but remembers, with them, how oft he has told them. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look; and the less testy he is, the more he is regarded. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom to him then; yet he makes us of that opinion, too, when we see him, and conjecture those times by so fine a relic. He goes away at last, too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is as fresh when it is twice as old.—*Bishop Earle.*

Some men use words as riflemen do bullets. They say little. The few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eye and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. You never know where you are with them. Your conversation falls into their mind, as rivers fall into deep chasms, and are lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go right to the mark like a gun-shot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NOON.

Bright Phœbus had kissed the teardrops away
From the cheek of the sobbing morn,
So she gave him a smile for his kindly ray,
And banished her grief forlorn.
But the morning has waned—'tis the noontide hour—
Earth, bathed in the sun's pure light,
Is resplendent with gems, which last night's shower
Gilded o'er with its pencil bright.
The glorious Noon, with a joy so rare,
Her golden treasure-house fills,
Which, o'er saddened hearts and nature fair,
She lavishly distills.

Let us strive that with jewels of peerless gold
Our mental garner be stored;
That the pearl of beauty, and price untold,
Shine chief of the heart's rich hoard.
If the morning of life, while its moments last,
To seeking these treasures be given,
Its thrice joyous mid-day and sunset past,
We shall bask in the noon-tide of Heaven.

Michigan, 1860. A.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A CHRISTIAN CHILD.

LITTLE FRANKEY.

Death stood watching over him, friends were gathered about his bed, witnessing, with dewy eyes, the fluttering of the spirit which was evidently about to poise its wierd wing and quit forever the earthly tenement. Tears stood beneath the trembling lashes of those who thus looked upon the fair boy, whose white and wasted cheeks had been kissed by the zephyrs of a little over a dozen summers. His thin hands rested like flakes of snow on the white sheets, or moved in gentle gesture as the departing soul spoke its love and joy through lips which so soon would be cold in the silence of that sleep which "knows no waking."

"Dear ma!" said the sweet voice, in tones whose unutterable affection partook already of the angelic in their music, "dear ma, I am dying,—you must not mourn my departure,—I'm going to my home in heaven. Why do you cry, dear ma? I am going *home*, to die; no more the little angels have already come to waft me to a world where there is no suffering. Death is a boon to me, dear ma, for I know I shall see my Jesus. Pa and ma, you are good enough, but you must not forget to pray to meet me in heaven. Do you envy me my happiness, when I shall be with my Savior, singing praises forever?"

The mother's heart was too full. She faltered forth, "No, dear Frankey, I shall be happy in remembering that my darling has gone home to Heaven."

"Why do you cry, dear ma? You see I don't cry? This is a happy hour to me, for I know I shall soon be out of this suffering world, and be with the angels. Dry up those scalding tears, dear ma, and only smile when you see me going, for you know I am happy."

In language so comforting, the dying boy addressed all those who surrounded his bed, warning the careless to prepare for the hour which surely comes to all,—speaking words of consolation to the afflicted,—pointing all, with the prophetic finger of one even now not of this earth, to a purer, a better, and never-ending Life in that world on high, where all is light, all peace, all joy and happiness, in the radiant sunlight of the Savior's smiles. And so death came to him while the thin lips murmured, "*Glory, glory to* God! You must all pray,—God will hear you,—He has said so in His word." After taking a last farewell of those he loved so dearly, and sinking softly back upon his pillow, the white lids drooped calmly over the loving eyes, and little Frankey's spirit winged its joyful way from the earthly tenement upward to its "Father in Heaven."

The sunlight of that lovely spring morning streamed in upon the fair form of the lovely little sleeper, and seemed to create a divine halo about the pure and holy brow. Little Frankey lives; only his earthly frame lies, quiet and cold, in the abode here below.

With silent lips he has gone to rest,
And white hands clasped on his little breast.

Burrville, Jefferson Co., N. Y., 1860.

The Sabbath.—The Sabbath is the loveliest, brightest day of the week, to a spiritual mind. These *rests* refresh the soul in God, that finds nothing but turmoil in the creature. Should not this day be welcome to the soul, that sets it free to mind its own business, which has other days to attend to the business of its servant, the body? And these are a certain pledge to it of that expected freedom when it shall enter on an eternal Sabbath, and rest in Him forever who is the only rest of the soul.—*Leighton.*

Prayer.—Prayer is the application of want to Him who only can relieve it; the voice of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of helplessness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul. It is the "Lord save us, we perish," of drowning Peter; the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.

We celebrate nobler obsequies to those we love by drying the tears of others, than by shedding our own; and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb, is a fruit-offering of good deeds.—*Jean Paul.*

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten the cause.

Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XII.

Features in the Cascade Range—Height of St. Helens and Mt. Hood—"Donation Act"—Its Benefits and its Evils—Mineral Wealth—Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys—Ill-Advised Matrimonial Alliances, or Marrying a Farm—Lack of Women in Oregon—One or two thousand needed—Situations await them—A Suggestion.

SALEM, Oregon, April 10, 1860.

THIS sections forms one of the finest portions of the State. A noble and navigable river courses the entire length of the Valley. New, white farm houses dot the whole country, and seven or eight new and thriving villages, situated at convenient points, adorn the banks of the noble Willamette.

The Cascade range has several prominent elevations or spurs, known as Mts. St. Helens, Ranier, Jefferson, Adams, Baker, Hood, and the Three Sisters. Mt. Olympus, which is the highest of the Coast range, is 8,197 feet in height. Mt. Ranier has an elevation of 12,000 feet; Mt. St. Helens shoots up to 14,000 feet, and Mt. Hood stretches past them all, and attains an altitude of 18,362 feet, or nearly three and a half miles. Mt. St. Helens is a volcano, and has been in a state of eruption this present winter, and, very recently, immense volumes of smoke and ashes have been seen to issue from its fiery summit. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere, Mt. Hood appears to be within ten miles, and yet it is over 70 miles distant from this place. These peaks are clothed with perpetual snow, and rear their frosty heads in June as well as January, and are arrayed in their white coats 365 days in a year. They impart a wild, yet cheerful variety to the scenery, and assume a beautiful and majestic aspect under the glimmerings of a summer's sun. We have stood and gazed for many minutes upon these lofty and sublime mountain peaks, crowned with eternal snows, and involuntarily have been led to admire and adore the skill of their Divine Architect. Mt. Hood insists upon wearing his night cap of snow year in and year out, from January to January, and has not been known to make his toilet for more than 5,000 years. He is no stickler for the latest Parisian fashions, but appears in the same costume which he did when ADAM was engaged in horticulture, and CAIN and ABEL were tripping, as school boys. Let the inhabitants of the Valley, nestled under his patriarchal shadows, learn economic lessons from his firm and stable habits.

A large portion of the farmers of Oregon obtained their farms by an act of Congress,—passed September, 1850, called the "Donation Act." That act donated to every married man, to each married woman, and each single man, a half section,—or 320 acres of land, provided they would live on it and cultivate it for four consecutive years. In September, 1852, the act was amended by giving to such settlers one-fourth of a section, or 160 acres each. In 1855, the original act and the amendment expired. As the result of this wise and humane policy on the part of the Federal Government, a large emigration from the older States took place, and Oregon, for a time, was rapidly populated. An enterprising and intelligent class of men and women have become the actual owners of the twenty counties now settled up in the State. They have opened up the resources of the State, built towns and cities, navigated its streams, erected factories, promoted agriculture, given additional wings to commerce, made a strong defence against the hostilities of the native tribes, and are rapidly building up the institutions of civil and religious freedom on the Pacific coast.

Oregon is rich in mineral wealth. An intelligent Missionary, who has resided here over 20 years, said to us, in conversation, that, from the vast weight of evidence, he was led to believe that there was gold enough in the Cascade range, (if dug,) to cover this Valley all over *twelve inches deep!* This may, and may not be, a visionary view. At any rate, Oregon,—and they are now being worked,—has some very rich diggings. One man recently (in miner's phraseology,) struck a lead, and has since sold one-fourth of his claim for $6,000. It now yields $500,000 monthly. But such "turn ups" are rare, and only serve as a lure to draw thousands from other and useful occupations, to reap partial, if not utter disappointment. A silver mine has just been discovered in the Cascade range; and a gentleman employed to test the specimens, pronounces them rich in the precious metal. Large numbers here are preparing to go to the mines this spring. A few will realize their fondest hopes,—more will sow and reap bitter defeat. The wisest counsel doubtless is, for each to husband his golden dreams, and draw sparingly on his visions and physical resources, for such uncertain investments.

This Valley stretches north and south over a distance of 130 miles. South is "Umpqua" Valley, separated from this by a low range of mountains, over which runs a good road. South of Umpqua is "Rogue River" Valley, separated from it by "Buttes" or low mountains. Both of these valleys stretch east and west, and their rivers run westerly and empty into the Pacific. These two valleys contain jointly six counties, and the Willamette, nine. Umpqua and Rogue Valleys are very undulating, and possess some of the finest grazing lands in the State. They are well adapted to sheep husbandry, and this occupation is beginning to attract considerable attention. The winters are mild, and spring opens early. Corn is usually planted the last week in February. The winters in Oregon are sometimes very warm and pleasant, but oftener are rendered unpleasant by too many rainy days. But as they are warm, nobody suspends business on this account. The nights of summer are so cool that sleep is a positive luxury. Two blankets are *very seldom* one too many in the warmest weather.

Whatever of good was to come of the "Donation Act," evils were to be born of it. One, was the size of the grants. Six hundred and forty acres was more than could be readily improved; consequently, the population was sparse, and schools quite too small to be easily sustained. This was remedied in part by the "amendment." The crowning evil, however, was an inducement to form ill-paired and ill-advised matrimonial alliances, in order to secure an additional half section of land. Owing to the paucity of marriagable women in Oregon, men would marry girls young enough to be their children. Scores of girls, from 13 to 15 years of age, were united in wedlock to men old enough to be their fathers. One man of thirty-five, courted and married a girl of eleven summers. On taking her to his home, he, by degrees, (strange that a husband's love should have been it,) discovered her partial inability for the queenly superintendance of his household affairs. He reluctantly came to the conclusion that she took greater delight in the sports and plays in the street with the neighboring children than she did in the conjugal work of setting a patch on her husband's coat, replacing a lost button on his pants, or darning a hole in his socks. He had, however, by the step, generously enlarged the dimensions of his farm from 320 to 640 acres, so he concluded to take an enlarged financial view of the case, and trip along as best he could, in the joys of the honey-moon, with his childish bride. As a consequence, the Legislature and courts have been flooded with prayers for divorce. Faithfully have they labored to unmate and unmarry these loveless couples. No longer ago than last winter, over 60 cases for divorce were presented to the Legislature, and between 30 and 40 were actually granted. Society is, however, gradually out-growing these evils.

As to the proportion, (of adults,) there are probably two males to one female in Oregon. Hence, bachelors are numerous, and are a popular class. Girls run up into *apparent* womanhood with the rapidity and luxuriance of tropical flowers. A lack of marriageable women in Oregon is acknowledged by all persons to be a great evil; and I affirm, seriously, that I know of no commodity that would meet with such ready acceptance in this mart, as one or two thousand intelligent and enterprizing young women from 20 to 35 years of age, who would make good wives for steady young farmers, mechanics, merchants, clergymen, lawyers, and doctors. Such an influx of young ladies would cause a ray of sunshine to irradiate the countenances, and penetrate and cheer the hearts of thousands, now withering in comparative and uncongenial solitude, *unmated and unloved!* Situations in all kinds of respectable employment, at high wages, are open, and cannot be filled for lack of females. None need fear any want of employment on their arrival.

In the older States there are more females than males. In the new, the reverse is true. Here I will venture a suggestion. Why would it not comport with the ethics of charity, for the ladies of the older States to form themselves into a benevolent society *for the promotion of matrimony in the West, and especially on the Pacific coast.* Care should be exercised in the selection of officers,—that no lady be elevated to official stations who is known or suspected of entertaining sentiments adverse to matrimony. Such a step might prove highly disastrous, if not fatal, to the great and philanthropic undertakings of the society. But as such instances of eccentricity and rank heresy are rare in well bred and well educated female society, little danger, I judge, need be apprehended from that quarter. I would suggest the following significant name:—"A Society for the Comfort and Relief of American Bachelors, known to be of correct morals, affectionate tendencies, and so far advanced in the science of Mathematics as to understand, theoretically, at least, *the rules of Addition and the combination of numbers.*"

Statistics as to the relative proportion of the sexes on the Pacific coast, with a standard of prices for female service, will appear in my next.

S. B. R.

A CHINESE HOME.

DURING Minister Ward's late visit to Pekin, a private house was allowed him for the use of himself and suite. The China correspondent of the Boston *Traveler*, who accompanied Mr. Ward, thus describes the place:

Let us look about the premises we are to occupy. The owner was a private gentleman of wealth and standing, whose family had for the time vacated them, not a woman or a child appearing while we tarried, though we often saw the owner, who was quite courteous and obliging. At the request of Government, he had consented to give us the use of his house, or houses, for there were two, both of brick, and running parallel, and being about one hundred and fifty feet long, with a court between about thirty feet wide, and paved with hewn stone. Like almost all Chinese houses, they were of only one story, and with roofs covered with tiles. Two or three arches were thrown across the court, seeming to divide the long space into rooms, and doors opened into each building as they were needed. The rooms, however, were few, and dark from the use of semi-transparent paper instead of glass windows. They were neat, and the walls and ceilings covered with handsome paper.

The Chinese use but little furniture, and the most of what had ever belonged to this had been removed, as unsuitable to our tastes and customs. A gate, closed at night, opened into a narrow street, which led into the center of the village and with a few rods travels out of it. Altogether, the buildings were commodious, neat, and in good taste. Nor had the Government and owner been content with furnishing the best house in the place, and supplying us with the substantials and delicacies of the country. It was the hot season of the year, and, to relieve their foreign guests from its oppression, posts had been erected along the side of each house, some thirty feet high, while poles of equal height were planted in the center, on which bamboo rafters were laid, over which new white matting was spread, which reached from roof to roof, and quite shut out the sun, while, as the sun changed its position, or set, or other circumstances required, large windows could be made in the roof, by pulling certain cords, through which the air was freely admitted.

In the evening it added to the beauty of the scene to have large lamps suspended in various places through the court, hexagonal in form, two feet long and one in diameter, the frame being of wood, and some of them having strips of red cloth in their hexagonal sides, and others stained glass. On the top an ornamental story was added, a foot high, of carved work, which projected some half a foot beyond the lantern proper. They

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—NO. V.

HEAD OF CANANDAIGUA LAKE.

IN continuing our Sketches of the Scenery and Lakes of Western New York, we now present several views of Canandaigua Lake. In bold and beautiful scenery the shores of this Lake are not surpassed by any of her fair sisters. It is about fourteen miles in length and from one to one and a half miles in width, and surrounded with a fertile and highly cultivated country. The water is remarkably clear, and it abounds with excellent fish. Its outlet flows into Flint Creek, then into Clyde River, and thence into Seneca River, the common outlet of several of these Lakes. At the foot of the Lake is Canandaigua, one of the wealthiest and most beautiful villages in the country. There live the descendents of the pioneers who first settled Western New York, enjoying the fruits of the toil and foresight of the honored dead.

The Seneca Indians affirm that their tribe originated on Mandowago Hill, near the head of Canandaigua Lake. They have a tradition that the progenitors of the nation came forth from this hill, and dwelt on it for a time in peace, but a monster reptile that had been found by the children and had been petted by them, destroyed all, save one woman and two children, who, directed by the Spirit, pierced the monster with a charmed arrow, when it rushed in agony into the Lake and disgorged its human victims. On the shores of the Lake pebbles, somewhat of the size and shape of the human skull are found, which the Indians affirm to be the petrified skulls of the people of the hill, disgorged by the wounded monster. This is the sacred mount of the Senecas. Connected with this hill and a wild precipice in its vicinity, which hangs batting over the Lake, called the "Lover's Leap," is an interesting story of Indian love. The legend, though of a later date than that of the serpent, the *National Magazine* says, descends from remote tradition, and was originally related to the poet HOMER, of Avon, by a Seneca chief.

During the wars of the Senecas and the Algonquins of the North, a chief of the latter was captured and carried to the hill of Ge-nun-de-wah, whereon a fortification, consisting of a square without bastions, and surrounded by palisades, was situated. The captive, though young in years, was famed for his prowess in the forest conflict, and nature had been bountiful to his person in those gifts of strength and symmetry which waken savage admiration.

After a short debate he was condemned to die on the following day by the slow torture of impalement. While he was lying in the "cabin of death," a lodge devoted to the reception of condemned prisoners, the daughter of the sachem brought him food, and, struck with his manly form and heroic bearing, resolved to save him or share his fate. Her bold enterprise was favored by the uncertain light of the gray dawn, while the sentinel, weary with his night watch, and forgetful of his duty, was slumbering. Stealing with noiseless tread to the side of the young captive, she unloosed the cords wherewith his limbs were bound, and in breathing accents besought him to follow her.

The fugitives descended to the hill by a wooded path conducting to the lake, but ere they reached the water an alarm whoop, wild and shrill, was heard issuing from the lips of the waking guard. They tarried not, though thorny vines and fallen timber obstructed the way. At length they reached the smooth beach, and leaping into a canoe previously provided by the brave and considerate damsel, they plied the paddle vigorously, steering for the opposite shore. Vain were their efforts. On the wind came cries of rage, and the quick tramp of the savage warriors bounding over rock and glen in fierce pursuit. The Algonquin, with the reckless daring of a young brave, sent back a yell of defiance; and soon after the splash of oars was heard, and a dozen war canoes were cutting the billows in their rear.

CANANDAIGUA LAKE—EAST SHORE.

On landing, the unfortunate lovers took a trail leading in a western direction over the hills. The Algonquin, weakened by unhealed wounds, followed his active guide up the acclivity with panting heart and flagging pace, while his enemies, with their grim old sachem at their head, drew nearer and nearer. At length, finding that further attempts at flight were useless, she diverged from the trail, and conducted her lover to a table-crested rock that projected over a ravine one hundred and fifty feet in depth, the bottom of which was strewn with huge misshapen rocks, scattered about in rude profusion.

With hearts nerved to a high resolve, the hapless pair awaited the arrival of their yelling pursuers. Conspicuous by his eagle plume, towering form, and scowling brow, the daughter soon descried her inexorable sire leaping from crag to crag below her. He paused abruptly when his fiery eye rested on the objects of his pursuit. Notching an arrow on the string of his tried and unerring bow, he raised his sinewy arms; but, ere the missive was sent, Wan-nut-hay, the beautiful, had interposed her form between her father and his victim. In wild, appealing tones she entreated her sire to spare the young chieftain, assuring him that they would leap together from the precipice rather than be separated. The stern old man, deaf to her supplication, and disregarding her menace, ordered his followers to seize the fugitive. Warrior after warrior darted up the rock; but, on reaching the platform, at the moment when they were grasping to clutch the young brave, the lovers, locked in fond embrace, flung themselves

"From the steep rock, and perished."

The mangled bodies were buried in the bottom of the glen beneath the shade of everlasting rocks; and two small hollows, resembling sunken graves, are to this day pointed out to the curious traveler as the burial-place of "the lovers." It is a sweet, wild haunt; the sunbeams fall there with a softened radiance, and a brook near by gives out a complaining murmur, as if mourning for the dead.

On the top of Ge-nun-de-wah are to be seen the remains of an Indian orchard, a few moss-grown and wind-bowed apple trees still linger, sad, but fitting emblems of the wasted race by whom they were planted.

FRUIT CULTURE.—INQUIRIES.

MESSRS. EDS.:—If convenient, answer me a few questions through the RURAL.

1. Will the different varieties of cherries grow, grafted or budded, on our common red sour cherry, or the Morello? Will they grow budded in the limbs, or can I bud in trees three-quarters or an inch in diameter, or should I graft them?

2. Will pears grow on our wild red Haw, or Hawthorn, as we call it?—as I have no pear stocks. We have pears here, but they have no seed in them;—the seed blasts.

3. Several of my apple and pear trees, which I got from Messrs. HOOKER, FARLEY & CO., last year, have died. The pears commenced dying at the root first, the bark turning black.—The others are diseased in the leaf. The leaves turn black and look as if they were burnt.—The apples died at the top and sprouted out at the side of the trunk, some of them within six inches of the root. Will they be the same kind of apple, or should I dig them up and plant others in their place?

4. Can you tell me of any remedy for my pear trees? Will rotten sawdust injure fruit trees, used as a mulch? We have a dwarf apple here as an ornament, a very straggling grower, which grows to 5 or 6 feet high, bears a large sweet apple. Is it the Paradise apple, or will it do to dwarf the common apple upon?

If you will answer these questions, through the RURAL, you will oblige. YOUNG RURALIST.

Zamino, Copper Co., Mo., 1860.

1. The common red pie cherry, and the small Morello, make very good stocks for the Duke and Morello classes of cherries, but the Hearts and Bigarreaus do not succeed on them. They make small trees, however, and sometimes it is difficult to make the buds take. It is best to bud on the main stems of young trees, and to obtain these, sow the seed in the fall, cultivate one summer, and the next spring put out in rows, and bud the same season, in July. Large limbs, or old trees, should be grafted in the spring.

2. Pears will grow on the native thorn. Use the most thrifty plants you can get. You can get from the nurseries a few pear and quince stocks, at a very small cost. The poor, coarse pears, give the best seed. In the improved varieties the seed is sacrificed to the fruit, somewhat in the same way as in double flowers, the seed is very scarce or entirely lacking.

3. The apples, no doubt, were grafted at the root, and may be saved by a little care.

5. Sawdust, as a mulch, we have not the least idea would injure your trees. We have seen great quantities used and dug in, where the effect seemed bad. Your apple is not the Paradise.

A GREAT STRAWBERRY.

EDS. RURAL:—I noticed under the head, "Austin's Shaker Strawberry," in the last number of your paper, the following:—"The largest specimen measured four inches and one-eighth in *diameter.*" I had just been recommending the RURAL very highly, as being an excellent paper,—one of truth and veracity,—which I always thought it was. But I confess this "*beats all.*" When I first saw the article, I was pleased, and began to read it aloud, for anything in regard to this best of fruits, *sounds* good here at the north, and we almost fancy that we *taste* the delicious berry. But this tasted rather bitter, *I'm sure.* Several who heard it remarked that, "They raise large berries out there, really." I *thought* so too. Now, what I wish to know through the "Young Ruralist's" column is this,—what particular treatment does a plant require, to produce such berries as this? W. H. H.

West Turin, July 3d, 1860.

REMARKS.—We do not wonder our young friend was rather surprised at the *diameter* of those strawberries. It should have been *circumference.* The engraving which we gave at the time, would prevent any very great mischief from the blunder.

THAT man will one day find it but poor gain who hits upon truth with the loss of charity.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 21, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

The Secretary of the Treasury has invited proposals till September 10th, for the use by the Government of the line or lines of magnetic telegraph, from the west line of the Missouri to San Francisco, under the recent act of Congress. The lowest offer to be accepted, and guarantee for the performance of the service.

It was recently stated in a dispatch from New Orleans, that a Revenue Cutter had gone to overhaul the schooner J. B. Taylor, which sailed from that port for Central America, with emigrants or fillibusters. For more than two months past it has been known that several small parties of such adventurers had repaired thither, but their movements are considered here too insignificant for serious comment.

A petition has been unanimously signed, presented to the President, and by him transferred to the Secretary of War, praying for the immediate resumption of the work on the aqueduct. It will be recollected that Congress appropriated half a million of dollars for this purpose, to be expended under the superintendence of Capt. Meigs. This proviso has somewhat embarrassed the Administration, but there seems to be no doubt, apart from the question the designation of that office involves, that the operations on the aqueduct will shortly be resumed.

The Commission to settle the difficulties of the Paraguay treaty, will probably be in session two weeks longer. The testimony for the American claimants is not yet all in. It includes much valuable information relative to the natural advantages and productions of that country. The Republic of Paraguay is represented by J. M. Carlisle, Esq., of this city, as its attorney.

Late advices from Peru state that our relations with that Republic were approaching a crisis. The U. S. Sloop of war Wyoming had arrived at Callao with dispatches to our Minister, instructing him to peremptorily demand the settlement of the claims growing out of the seizure of the ships Lizzie Thompson and Georgiana, and make provisions for a joint commission for a settlement of all outstanding claims of our citizens. Some delay has, however, occurred in consequence of the resignation of the Peruvian Minister of Foreign Affairs, and it is not improbable that our Government will be compelled to resort to force before the demands will be complied with. In case of non-compliance with the demands of our Government, the American Minister was instructed to close the legation. The Peruvian Minister at Washington has been notified, that unless his Government accepts the ultimatum of the United States, his passports will be furnished to him.

Political Intelligence.

A great Breckinridge meeting has been held at Washington, and President Buchanan made a political speech thereat. He expressed his gratification at the nomination of Breckinridge and Lane. He gave a history of the establishment of the two-third rule in the National Convention, which was in order to prevent the anti-Democratic States combining with a few Democratic States to nominate a candidate disagreeable to those States who would have to elect him. Neither Breckenridge nor Douglas got a regular two-thirds nomination; hence any Democrat was at liberty to vote for either. The President then went at some length into an argument to show that each citizen of any one State has the same right of protection to his property in the common Territories with any citizen of any other State. In conclusion, the President said that this was probably the last political speech he should ever make. His position rendered it improper for him to participate in the canvass although his heart was in it. He spoke of the long time he had been acquainted with the city of Washington, and wished all of its citizens uninterrupted health and prosperity.

The Constitutional Union Convention, favorable to Bell and Everett, met at Mechanics' Hall in Utica, N. Y., on the 12th inst. The attendance was moderate in point of numbers, but of a highly respectable character.

Erastus Brooks, Chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization, reported as follows:

President—Gen. Amos H. Prescott, of Hickman. *Vice-Presidents*—Isaac Teller, of Dutchess; Whipple Clark, of Madison; Lorenzo Burrows, of Orleans; D. B. St. John, of Orange; C. C. Egan, of Kings; Anson Spencer, of Tompkins; David Russell, of Washington; Jonas C. Heartt, of Rensselaer. *Secretaries*—Geo. A. Halse, of N. Y.; Henry A. Collier, of Broome; S. S. Pomroy, of Niagara; L. Ward Clark, of Monroe; George B. King, of New York.

Mr. Brooks offered a resolution fully endorsing the nominations of Bell and Everett, which was adopted.

Dr. Stephens, of Onondaga, offered the following:

Resolved, That a State Committee be appointed, to consist of four from each judicial district, to be appointed by the delegates thereof, whose duty it shall be to form an electoral ticket, and present the same to the people of this State, at a suitable time previous to the coming election, and that they be authorized to form said ticket in such a manner as may be deemed best calculated to unite National Union men of every name and designation, and to promote the election of John Bell and Edward Everett.

The following Committee was appointed:—1st District—Geo. Briggs, James Brooks, A. M. Bininger, E. J. Brown. 2d—A. K. Chandler, C. C. Egan, J. E. Hiel Read, D. B. St. John. 3d—B. R. Spelman, J. C. Heartt, J. Ten Broeck, W. H. Davis. 4th—David Russell, J. J. Martlett, C. B. Freeman, Orville Page. 5th—Wm. Duer, A. H. Prescott, D. O. Salmon, A. J. Williams. 6th—A. M. Smith, Albert Phillips, W. T. Warner, J. B. Fisher. 7th—A. G. Myrick, J. P. Faurot, James L. Angle, Sam'l Hallett. 8th—Lorenzo Burrows, S. G. Haven, M. Robinson, L. N. Pratt.

The Convention then adjourned.

From the Pacific Side.

The North Star only brings one day's later news from California, and upward of $1,500,000 in treasure.

The long-expected Pony Express, with St. Louis dates to June 9th, arrived at Carson Valley the evening of the 22d, and San Francisco on the 25th, at night. The prospect of re-establishing this enterprise on a permanent basis, is a matter of general congratulation.

The Supreme Court on the 22d, rendered a decision adverse to the Peter Smith title to real estate in San Francisco, except to beach and water lots, which are confirmed. Many millions' worth of property are affected by this decision. It is favorable to settlers in the neighborhood of San Francisco, and destructive to the schemes of real estate speculators in the various towns of the State.

The Republican State Convention, on the 21st, nominated Charles A. Washburn, Wm. H. Weeks, Charles A. Tuttle, and Antonio M. Pico, candidates for Presidential Electors.

Accounts from the Washoe mines are not very favorable regarding new discoveries. The Comstock lead continues to widen, and appears more and more valuable and extensive. But little confidence is felt in any other silver mine. Many of the silver-hunters are becoming discouraged.

Official returns from the Oregon election give Shiel, Democrat, for Congress, 75 majority.

The steamer Columbia arrived the 23d, bringing accounts from Crescent City and the northern counties of the State. The excitement there regarding the new copper mines continued, and five claims were being opened, with fine prospects.

The papers still complain of the depredations of Indians, who kill cattle whenever opportunities occur.

A large number of Chinamen had congregated at the sea ports, waiting conveyance to British Columbia, whither they go on account of the mining tax in California.

From New Mexico.—*Independence, Mo., July* 10. The New Mexican mail arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 10th inst., making schedule time. The mail that arrived there before this one left, went through in fourteen days. The road may now be considered open, and the mails will hereafter run through on time. Mails sent this way arrive some ten days sooner than by the California route.

A fine rain has fallen in New Mexico since the last mail. The crops are reviving.

The mountains around Santa Fe have been on fire for three weeks, and were only extinguished by the rain. The remains of two men who perished in the fire have been brought in, and two more are missing, and are supposed to have been burned to death.

The news from the copper mines of the discovery of gold, is creating great excitement, and a large number of persons have left Santa Fe and other places for the mines.

Capt. Sturges, with six companies of 1st Cavalry from Texas, was encamped on the Arkansas river. Maj. Sedlx, with four companies of Cavalry, and two of dragoons, is at Big Timber on the Arkansas, and will join Capt. Sturges in a few days. They would then go on as far as the neighborhood of Denver City, for the purpose of hunting up the Kiowas nation of Indians.

News Paragraphs.

The people of Oall Hill, Jersey county, Ill., celebrated the Fourth by turning out in the morning armed with axes, hoes, spades, &c. The exercises were opened with prayer, the Declaration of Independence read, and a short oration delivered. The remainder of the day was spent in *working on the road.*

It is said that the Directors of the Great Eastern are to be sued by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, for breach of contract. The agreement to bring the ship to the eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk was specific. On the faith of it, the Railway Company made a large outlay for harbor accommodation at Portland. The Council of that city also expended $60,000, and an immense amount of capital was invested by private citizens.

A veteran soldier who was present at the battle of Wagram and Moscow, has just expired near Rouen, France, at the age of 71 years; his name was M. Gruel, and he was the tallest man in France, being in stature 7 feet 6 inches, English, and having a body stout in proportion.

For the production of the single article of hay for the New Orleans market, the fertile meadows of Illinois are becoming appreciated; one farmer, south of Urbana, sold last season 1,000 tons of timothy at $10 per ton; this hay was shipped by the Illinois Central south, and sold for $35 a ton.

About three acres of shanties connected with Washington Market, New York, and 700 cords of pine wood, were consumed during Wednesday night week. Large quantities of fruit and vegetables were also destroyed. The loss must be very heavy, in the aggregate, but it is distributed among a great many persons.

The exodus from Ireland continues thus far at as great a ratio as in 1859. The population of the country is now 533,500 persons less than it was in 1851, when the last census was taken.

Gen. Sam Houston is said to be in feeble health. He now goes upon a crutch, because of lameness in one of his ankles, the effects of a wound received at San Jacinto.

A year or two ago a law was passed in Michigan to limit to two years the right to contest a tax title to real estate. The Supreme Court of that State has just made a decision that the essential provisions of the law are unconstitutional. This will be a relief to non-resident land owners.

In 1860, the Atlantic is crossed by the largest and smallest steamers that ever were borne across it—the Great Eastern, from England to New York, and the Seth Grosvenor, of only 69 tons, from New York to Liberia. The Great Eastern is now safe in New York, and the Seth Grosvenor, we doubt not, is also safe in Monrovia.

The highest court in North Carolina has sustained the will of a planter, which leaves $60,000 to a negro woman and her six children, acknowledged to be his own.

The Florence correspondent of the Providence Journal states that a plot has been discovered, implicating several of the Roman prelacy, to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon and General Garibaldi, the head of the former being valued at 500,000 francs and that of the latter at 100,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The proceedings of the Parliament were unimportant. Notice had been given of a resolution in the Commons which would bring to a direct issue the question of privilege raised by the House of Lords, in rejecting the bill abolishing the paper duty. The report of the committee on this subject is published. It merely, as already reported, quotes the precedents and makes no recommendation.

England and Austria have assented to the proposed conference on the Franco-Swiss question. The latter protests against the admission of Sardinia.

Numerous failures among leather merchants had occurred in England, the liabilities amounting to over a million and a half sterling. The American houses in the hide trade were not compromised.

The following is the correspondence between the President and Queen Victoria, relative to the visit of the Prince of Wales:

To Her Majesty, Queen Victoria:

I have learned of the public journals, that the Prince of Wales is about to visit your Majesty's North American dominions. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington. You may rest assured that everywhere in this country he will be greeted by the American people in such a manner, as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty.

In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their convictions of your merits as a wise, patriotic, and a constitutional sovereign.

Your Majesty's most obedient servant,
James Buchanan.

Washington, June 4th, 1860.

Buckingham Palace, June 22d, 1860.

My Good Friend:—I have been much gratified at the feelings which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Washington. He intends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying in person that these feelings are fully reciprocated by him. He will then be able at the same time to mark the respect which he entertains for the Chief Magistrate of a great and friendly state and kindred nation.

The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my dominions, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when traveling on the continent of Europe.

The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you.

I remain ever, your good friend,
Victoria R.

A correspondent of the London Daily News furnishes that journal with an account of the civil war in Syria, together with a narrative of the massacre of Christians in Lebanon, and of the perils of the American Missionaries, from which we extract the following:

Beyrout, June 9.

The official account, as furnished by the English Vice Consul of Sidon, states the number of murdered to be three hundred. The French Vice Consul of Sidon, adds forty to this in his official report; the Austrian makes the total killed 320; the Russian, 333; the Prussian, 316. Nor is the excitement of the Moslems in those parts over. So bad is their feeling towards the Christians, both in Sidon and Tyre, that her Britannic Majesty's steamer Firefly, four guns, Capt. Mansel, was sent off by our Consul General, at the request of the other Consul Generals, to cruise down the coast, and afford any assistance required by the Christians.

To-day an account of another horrible massacre of Christians at Rashayia, a large Christian settlement at the foot of Mount Hermon, has been brought in. I wish I could discredit the tale, but the source whence I have it, leaves me in no doubt of its truth. It appears that Rashayia had been for some days invested by Druses, and that on Tuesday, the 5th inst., they had increased greatly in numbers. A parley took place, and it was agreed on both sides not to fight, on condition that the Christians of the place promised not to join the Zhalie Christians. After sunset the Druses changed their minds. They suddenly assaulted the place. The Christians, taken by surprise, fled for refuge to the palace in which the regular Turkish soldiers were stationed. The latter shut the gate in their faces, and the Druses had it all their own way. It is usual for the Druses to respect women in warfare, but this was not the case in the present instance, for men were murdered, women violated, and young children torn to pieces. Of the two thousand inhabitants of the place, besides refugees from other villages, not twenty are left to tell the tale.

In my last letter I mentioned having proceeded to Deir-el-Kamar, (a Christian town of Lebanon, situated about eight hours off in the Mountain,) with a party which carried with it provisions for the American Mission there, the town being for several days closely besieged by a very large party of the Druses. We reached the place on Sunday, the 3d, twenty-four hours after the fighting had ceased, but quite in time to witness the effects of of the seige, the storm, and the partial burning of the town. Just as we got to the door of Mr. Bird's (the American Missionary's) house, one of the Druses Chiefs, by name, Selim Bey, met us, riding at the head of some two hundred warriors. We then proceeded into the upper court of the house, every room of which we found crowded with Christians of all denominations. Even the Bishop of the Greek Church, who, a year ago, solemnly excommunicated from the altar all who attended the American schools, was now glad to find an asylum from his countrymen, under the shadow of the stars and stripes. The premises of the American Missionaries, as also those of the French Jesuits—the only two Frank houses in the town—had been respected. We found that the fighting had lasted eight hours on Friday, the 1st, the Christians defending themselves well until their ammunition failed. About a third of the town was burnt down. Plundering was still going on, and two murders were committed close to the house by wandering Druses.

I went twice over the points of attack, and have no hesitation whatever in saying, that even two hundred regular troops, armed as the Turkish soldiers are, could, if they had the will to do so, not only defend the place against any number of undisciplined warriors, but ought, with the greatest ease, to have driven them from the rocks, and cleared the neighborhood of them. But the Governor never made even a pretence of defending the town—he told the Christians they must shift for themselves. Now, as the Pacha of Beyrout and other Turkish authorities have all along declared that the Druses were obedient to the Sultan's authority, could not the Governor of Deir-el-Kamar have at least ordered them to retire? Or, failing in this, might he not have taken out his troops and used force? But no; he remained quietly in the palace, and allowed the town to be attacked, and burnt, and plundered by the Druses without firing a shot.

Naples.—The Neapolitan Minister at Pairia had resigned. There had been fresh disturbances at Naples. The Police stations have been sacked and pillaged, and many persons killed in skirmishes. The King had arrived there, and immediately had ordered the formation of a National Guard.

Garibaldi had continued his preparations for a new movement. The agitation at Naples had increased. Most inflammatory proclamations had been issued by the Central Revolutionary Committee, calling on the people to rise.

The French Embassador had been seriously maltreated in the streets at Naples. It was supposed to have been committed by the members of the Anti-reform party. He was beaten senseless.

The Commissariat of the 12th district of Naples were simultaneously attacked on the 17th, and the archives destroyed and agents murdered. Naples was proclaimed in a state of seige, and street assemblages prohibited.

The Government had yielded to the energetic demands of the American and Sardinian Ministers, and ordered the release of the two captured vessels, their crews and passengers.

The new Neapolitan Cabinet had been completed. Commander Spenelli is President of the Council. Commander Martini is Minister of Foreign Affairs. Signor Manno, Minister of Finance, and Marshal Lestucci, Minister of War.

The Neapolitan Government continued its preparations for hostilities, the proclamation of reform not appearing to give satisfaction.

Switzerland.—The Federal Council of Switzerland will submit the following question to the forthcoming European Conference of the Great Powers:—"Is it to the interest of Europe to leave the Simplon pass perfectly accessible to France, without demanding that the understanding be brought about between the King of Sardinia and Naples, relative to the common interest of their Crowns in Italy?"

France.—Prince Napoleon will succeed Jerome Bonaparte as Privy Counsel. He will occupy the Palace Royal as Marshal of France, and receive Jerome's donations.

Col. Cipriani has arrived in New York, from France, to perfect the necessary arrangements for his Royal Highness, Prince Napoleon, who will shortly visit our shores.

Sicily.—A dispatch of July 1st, says in Sicily the liberal concessions of the Neapolitan government so far from checking the operations of Garibaldi, had determined him to precipitate the annexation which he had previously proposed to delay.

The Courier d'Marsellies states that a skirmish took place on the 30th, near Messina, between some detachments of the Garibaldians and a portion of the Royal troops.

Spain.—It is asserted that in conformity with the advice of Count Montalambert, Don Fernando had canceled the renunciation of his pretensions to the Spanish throne, signed by him when a prisoner at Tortosi.

Sardinia.—The Sardinian Chamber of Deputies had voted new loans, by 215 against 3.

Austria.—A convention has been signed between Austria, England and the Porte, for a submarine telegraph between Ragusa and Alexandria.

Russia.—It is believed that the new Russian loan in London would prove a failure. The applications were light, and the lists would close on the 30th ult.

Commercial Intelligence—*Breadstuffs*—Breadstuffs had a downward tendency, and all qualities slightly declined. Wakefield, Nash & Co. report weather favorable for crops. Flour very dull and declined 6d@1s per bbl. Wheat dull, and declined 1s@2s per cental. Red 10s3d@11s3d; white 11s3@12s9d. Corn had declined 6d@1s, and holders were pressing on the market. There were considerable sales of yellow at 30s@31s; white 33s6d@34s. *Provisions.*—Provisions dull. The various circulars report lard steady at 57s@59sd.

The News Condenser.

— The small pox is raging at Chicago.

— Civil war is raging in Northern Mexico.

— The Neapolitan navy consists of 130 vessels.

— Senator Clay, of Alabama, is dangerously sick.

— Sunday schools have been established in Russia.

— The King of Prussia is now so unwell as to be unable to ride.

— The gold-bearing quartz of Pike's Peak turns out very rich.

— The Indians are quieted at the Washoe mines in California.

— Texas contains more live oak than all the rest of the world.

— The High Church Party is about to start a penny paper in London.

— Something like thirty thousand people are on their way to Pike's Peak.

— Bears have been making havoc among the hogs at Grand Rapids, Mich.

— The cherry crop this year, everywhere, is one of the greatest ever known.

— The Winans cigar steamer has been still further altered and improved.

— An extensive fire has been raging in the woods at Denver City, Pike's Peak.

— General Elijah Ward is mentioned for the mission to Gautamala and Honduras.

— The first bale of cotton was received at New Orleans from Texas on the 3d inst.

— Queen Victoria will visit Belgium and Prussia next August, with Prince Albert.

— The Tribune learns that Lola Montez is recovering from her recent dangerous illness.

— The great elm on the Boston Common was nearly ruined by the storm on Friday week.

— The Hudson Bay Company have abandoned their possessions in Washington Territory.

— Gov. Wood, of Illinois, issues a proclamation of caution, with regard to the cattle disease.

— The imports of iron articles into this country during the last year amounted to $14,048,896.

— The Cork papers acknowledge the receipt of £4,152, collected for the Pope in their country.

— Madame Kossuth Zulavsky, a sister of the Hungarian patriot, died lately at Brooklyn, N. Y.

— The Girard House, Philadelphia, was brilliantly lighted with water gas Monday night week.

— The celebrated German traveler, Dr Vogel, has been murdered in Africa, by the King of Bargow.

— The Bostonians are expecting the Prince of Wales to visit them; and propose to treat him handsomely.

— Spain joins with Russia in threatening Sardinia, if there shall be any aid sent by her to the Garibaldians.

— Post-Offices have been established at Big Brooks, Oneida Co., and Red Rock, Columbia Co., in this State.

— There are now nine hundred and forty-four convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary, and there are daily accessions.

— Nine of ten occupants were killed by a building falling at St. Joseph, Mo. Fire followed. Loss $100,000.

— During the month of May, six thousand eight hundred and seventy emigrants arrived at the port of New York.

— A Post-Office has been established at Stillwater Center, Saratoga Co, N. Y., Mr. Edward Moore, Post-Master.

— A little girl, twenty-seven months old, was frightened to death recently, at Philadelphia, at the sight of a monkey.

— There are efforts making in Chicago to erect furnaces for manufacturing iron from the ore of Lake Superior.

— A thousand dollar carriage, made 30 years ago, at Middletown, for General Jackson, has recently been sold for $16 50.

— Advices from Cuba state that ten or twelve American vessels had landed upwards of 500 Africans within six weeks.

— It is stated in one of our exchanges that consumption among men has diminished since the beard has been worn long.

— California is a dry country. The amount of rain which falls there yearly is less than in any other State in the Union.

A United States Naval escort for the Prince of Wales is talked of, but no official orders have yet been issued on the subject.

— The Trustees of the Agricultural Society of Maine have offered a premium of $25 for a plow to work on boggy land.

— Prince Galitzin, a Russian nobleman and amateur musician, has recently given a concert in London, in aid of Garibaldi.

— The N. Y. Tribune of Thursday has an obituary notice of the death of a young girl of 17, who had been twice married.

— A crowd of two thousand in Limerick, Ireland, burned Garibaldi in effigy recently, after having hung him on Gallows Green.

— There is a race of monkeys in Japan of remarkable longevity. Kaempfer saw one which was one hundred and six years old.

— In consequence of the civil war in Syria, the entire crop of silk of the Lebanon District has been destroyed, valued at £2,000,000.

— A young alligator, measuring 2 feet 9¼ inches in length, and weighing 18 pounds, was caught recently in the Passaic river, N. J.

— At a recent exhibition of wild beasts in Saxony, a young girl strayed too near the cage of a lion, and was caught by him, and killed.

— The recorded history of the Japanese Empire commences about the time of the Hebrew prophet Jeremiah, or near the year 660, B. C.

— On the east coast of Scotland, in Fifeshire, is a petrified forest. Part of the trunks of some 11 or 12 trees stand there as hard as a rock.

— A colony of free lovers, who left California to settle in Costa Rica, has been broken up by death and dissension, and comes to a miserable end.

— In the stomach of an ox slaughtered lately at Valestio, Cal., two five dollar gold pieces were found, one dated 1836, and the other 1856.

— It is stated that an attempt will be made by the Japanese Reception Committee to saddle the N. Y. city treasury with a debt of $100,000.

— Rev. Henry D. Northrup, of Brooklyn, who supplied Spurgeon's pulpit during the latter's absence, arrived from England on Wednesday week.

— The statement so extensively circulated that the widow of John Brown had received $30,000 from Hayti, has been authoritively contradicted.

— The Central Park, N. Y., promises to be an expensive luxury. One Supervisor says it has already cost $11,000,000; another says it will cost $40,000,000 more.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Meteorology for Farmers, ...229
Notes and Inquiries, ...229
Poverty of the Subsoil, ...229
Advantages of Side Hills, ...229
Our Domestic Animals—Hygiene, ...229
The "Prospective Sterility" Question, ...229
Spring Water—Modes of Conveyance, ...230
Thomas' No-Patent Scraper, [Illustrated,] 230

The Bee-Keeper.—Bees—How to Hive them, ...330

Rural Spirit of the Press—Regularity in Milking; Fall Top-Dressing; Diagnosis of Pleuro-Pneumonia, ...330

Inquiries and Answers.—Staggers in Horses; To Remove the Scent in Buffalo Robes; How to Kill the Ox-Eye Daisy; Destroying Fleas; About Draining; Above-ground Root Cellar; Lumpy Milk; Bloody Milk, Again; Remedy for Gapes in Chickens; Hens Eating their Eggs, Sitting, &c., ...330

Agricultural Miscellany—To Secretaries of Ag. Societies, The Wheat Harvest; Famine Prophesied in Europe; The Scientific American; Crops in Southern Kentucky; U. S. Ag. Society's Fair; Great Trial of Reapers and Mowers; More Large Junior Bovines; New Sorgho Sugar Evaporator; The Queen Bee; Union Ag. Societies (Chautauqua Co.,) Fair, ...230

HORTICULTURAL.

Strawberries, ...231
Pear Gall-Fly, ...231
The Elizabeth Grape, [Illustrated,] 231
Pear Blight, ...231

Horticultural Notes—Quince Blight; English Black Raspberry, Horticultural Exhibition; Fruits Received, ...231

Inquiries and Answers—To Kill Purslane; Lawton Blackberry: Salt for Onions; Clay Soil—Strawberries; The Rose Slug; What Destroyed the Cabbages, ...231

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cup Cake; Rice Pudding; Coloring Blue; Flint Pickles; Remedy for a Felon; Pickling Fruit, ...231

LADIES' OLIO.

Then and Now; [Poetical:] A Chapter on Beaux; "Bring me a Shower of Roses;" Singing to her Babe, ...232

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Distrust; [Poetical:] Home Influence; Operations of Conscience; Evils of Mental Precocity; Fine Old Gentlemen, ...232

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Noon: [Poetical:] A Christian Child—Little Frankey; The Sabbath; Prayer, ...232

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letter XII; A Chinese Home, ...233

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. 5.—Head of Canandaigua Lake, [Illustrated,] Canandaigua Lake, East Shore, [Illustrated,] 233

YOUNG RURALIST.

Fruit Culture—Inquiries; A Great Strawberry, ...233

STORY TELLER.

The Awakening, [Poetical,] Trials and Triumphs,—A Story of Every-Day Life, ...236

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Valuable Gifts with Books—Geo. G. Evans.
The People's Great Book—John E. Potter.
Illinois Lands for Sale—John S. Hayward.
Fairfield Seminary—Rev. J. B. Van Patten.
Webster Academy—Charles H. Dann.
Book Agents, Please Read—E. G. Storke.
Farm for Sale—O. B. Clark.
Elmira Female College—A. W. Cowles.
Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.
Great Curiosity—Shaw & Clark.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, July 17, 1860.

FLOUR is without change, and but very little is doing, dealers preferring to wait the close of harvesting operations on the part of our farmers.

GRAIN.—The only change noted is in Corn, which is 1c. per bushel higher.

PROVISIONS.—Mess Pork has put on 50 cents per barrel during the week. Shoulders have gone up to $8@8,50 per 100 pounds.

WOOL.—Very choice is bringing 50 cents per pound, readily. The range may be found in our table of quotations.

HAY.—We do not alter our rates, but a very nice article of old Hay is worth $15,00, the range for the market, generally, is covered by our table rates.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	12@13c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@7,00	Honey, box	10@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,20@1,31	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,40	Apples, bushel	00c@$1
Best white Can'a	$1,45@1,50	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	56@65c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	56@58	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@70c	Plums, dried	0@00c
Oats, by weight	33@34c	Potatoes	20@30c
Barley	55@58c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@$2,00
Pork, Mess	$18,50@19,00	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,00
Shoulders	8@8½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	25@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, ton	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	0@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 16—FLOUR—Market scarcely so active to-day, and holders exhibited a little desire to realize, while prices generally were without striking change. The demand, both for export and home consumption is quite moderate. Sales at $5,15@5,20 for super State; $5,40@5,65 for extra do; $5,15@5,20 for super Western, $5,30@5,50 for common to medium extra do; $5,55@5,75 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing rather quiet. Included in the sales were 3,500 bbls. extra State at prices within the range. Canadian only in moderate request at about previous prices; sales at $5,15@5,20 for super; $5,35@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Receipts of Wheat are limited, and with a moderate demand for export and home consumption, the market continues firm; sales Milwaukee club at $1,28@1,30; winter red Western at $1,35@1,36, Chicago spring at $1,25@1,28; amber Iowa at $1,30; new amber Jersey at $1,40; good white Western at $1,45. Rye quiet at 80@82c. Barley dull and nominal. Corn without striking change; sales at 62@62½c for sound mixed Western; 63c for very choice do; 64@67c for Western yellow; 64@66c for round yellow; 70c for white Western. Oats steady, with moderate demand at 38@40c for Western and Canadian, 40@41c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork steady, with fair demand for mess, in part to fill government contracts; sales at $19,37@19,40 for new mess; $18,50 for old do; $18,00 for thin do; $14,37 for new prime, and $12,60 for old do. Lard firmer, with fair demand; sales at 13@13½c. Butter dull at 10@15c for Ohio; 10@15c for State. Cheese steady at 7@10½c.

ASHES—The market price for Pots is $5,00, but some of the receivers hold their bills for higher rates. Pearls are in demand for export at $5,75.

ALBANY, JULY 16—FLOUR AND MEAL—There is no change to note in flour, the demand is fair and the market is steady. Corn meal is unchanged.

GRAIN—For Wheat the market is steady, with sales of white Canadian at $1 42½, and white Michigan at $1,46.—Corn is quiet with sales Western mixed at 6 c. Rye and Barley quiet. Oats in active request and the market is firm; sales at 37c for Canada East, and 39@39½c for Chicago, State and Canada West.

BUFFALO, JULY 16—FLOUR—In fair demand and market steady. Sales at $4,87½@5,00 for extra Wisconsin; $5,12½ for choice extra Michigan; $5,00@5,25 for extra Indiana and Ohio; $5,50@6,00 for double extras, and $6,12½@6,37½ for favorite bakers' brands.

GRAIN—Wheat, the only sale reported was No. 1 Milwaukee, at $1,19½. Corn, market firm with a fair demand; sales Toledo at 42½c; Illinois at 42c, 42½@43c. Oats nominal 33@33½c. Barley dull and nominal at 62½c. Rye nominal at 69c. Peas quiet and nominal at 64c.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork is selling at $18; light mess held at $16,50, and prime at $13,50. Beef quiet at $5,50. Bacon also quiet at 7½@8c for shoulders; 9½c for plain hams, 10½c for sugar cured, and 11c for sacked do. Lard in moderate demand at 11@12c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 7@8c, as to quality, with fair receipts.

OSWEGO, July 16.—FLOUR—Market unchanged, with a moderate demand for the home, interior and eastern trade. Sales at $5,50 for extra State; $6,25@7 for favorite double extra city brands.

GRAIN—Wheat a shade easier and rather quiet; sales of Milwaukee club at $1,20½ afloat. Corn held at 54@54½c. without buyers. Oats, barley and rye inactive.

PHILADELPHIA, July 16.—FLOUR—Flour dull; sales at $5,25 for superfine.

GRAIN—Wheat firm; sales at $1,28 for new red; $1,35@1,40 for white. Corn steady; yellow 65@66c.

PROVISION—Mess pork $19,25; prime $15,25.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,00@9,50—ordinary, $8,25@9,00, common, $7,50@8; inferior, $6,50@7,25.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5@6c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@4c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $4,50@5,00; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6@6¼c.

ALBANY, JULY 16.—CATTLE—The receipts have fallen off 100 head and there was 600 less held out this week than last, making 1,100 less on sale than last Monday. Prices have therefore advanced ¼@½c ℔ lb. live weight. The quality of the beeves this week are poor in comparison with former weeks, many of them rough and green.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	2,496	3,0 4	3,101
Sheep,	4,173	3,710	3,095
Hogs,	66	70	160

Prices—

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5¼	5 @ c
Extra	4½@5	4½@4¾
First quality	4 @4½	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3½@3¾	3½@3¾
Third quality	3@3½	2¾@3
Inferior	@0	@0

Sheep and Lambs—The receipts continue heavy and the market is unusually dull.

Hogs—Only one car load on the market. They were corn fed State, and sold for 6¼c ℔ lb; average 211 lbs.—*Argus.*

BRIGHTON, July 12.—At market 1,000 beeves, 150 stores 3,000 sheep and lambs, and 400 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality $0,00@7,25; second quality, $6,25@6,75; third quality, $5,50@6.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@95.

MILCH COWS—$48@46. Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@6.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $11@15; three years old, $18@22.

HIDES—6@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 11@13c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@1,75; Extra, $3,00@4,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8c.; Spring pigs, 7½@8c; retail 7@8c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 11.—The inquiry for domestic fleece and pulled is quite limited, but the market is very firm, though prices in the interior are comparatively higher than here as manufacturers and dealers have bought liberally. The clip is now secured, and though we have no accurate means of ascertaining its bulk, yet from information obtained from the several sections of the country it is safe to compute it a full average crop. No large quantities have come forward here as yet, but most of the transactions in this State, New Jersey, Ohio, and Indiana, are on New York account, either directly or indirectly. Perhaps one half the domestic wool on this market does not come here at all, as dealers are in the habit of sending it by other routes, when they make their selection in the country. The prices obtained this year and last, are such as to encourage its growth, and the manufacturers, it would appear prefer buying of the farmers for cash, rather than of dealers on time, but this is owing to the easy state of the money market. The transactions comprise 100,000 lbs Native Fleece at 42@58c, as to quality. Pulled is quiet but firm at 30@46c for No. 1 City and Extra Country. Foreign has been in improved demand, and carpet descriptions are held with increased firmness. sales of 27,000 lbs. Cape at 31c.; 50 bales Smyrna at 25½c., 6 months; 120 do. low Buenos Ayres, 100 do. Cape, 84 do. Cordova, 50 do. Mestiza, 1,100 do. unwashed Peruvian, and 7,000 lbs unwashed African, on private terms, but understood to be at full rates.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	44@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	34@38
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	36@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@28
California, common do.	10@18
Peruvian, washed	26@31
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	12@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	12@26
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@29
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, July 12.—There is no change to notice in foreign or domestic Wool since our last, with a fair inquiry for all kinds.

Saxony & Merino	52@60	Western mixed	00@00
Full blood	48@52	Smyrna, washed	16@30
½ and ¾ blood	42@47	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@35	Syrian	11@23
Pulled extra	42@52	Cape	24@62
Do. superfine	28@46	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	24@3	Buenos Ayres	8@45
Do. No. 2	00@00	Peruvian, washed	20@32

ALBANY, July 12.—The market is very quiet. The great bulk of the new clip is out of first hands and the little that has been sold in the street was at prices ranging from 30@46c. From store there is but little doing, and we learn of sales of 3,000 lbs. super pulled at 40c, and 2,000 lbs fine fleece on p. t.—*Journal.*

CHICAGO, July 12—The following may be considered the ruling rates for washed wool in this market:—Full blood 43@45 cents—very extra lots will bring 45 cents; three-fourths blood 38@40 cents, half blood 32@36 cents; one-fourth blood 30@38 cents: native 28 cents. For unwashed wool, one third of the above price is deducted.—*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, July 12—The demand continues active, and at rather better prices. We now quote common at 3?c, and full blood 4?c; and for extra clips 55c is being paid in the interior.—*Gazette.*

WOOL TRADE OF CLEVELAND.—The Wool Trade continues to be very active in this city, and high prices are still current. Large amounts of wool are received daily, the receipts being much greater than last year. Up to the present time ten of the principal wool houses here have purchased and received in Cleveland about One Million Five Hundred Thousand Pounds of wool, for which at least $775,000 have been paid. As far as we can learn, not more than half the wool purchased has yet arrived, and we shall be much mistaken if the quantity of wool purchased here does not exceed Three Million Pounds, for which nearly One Million Four Hundred Thousand Dollars will have been paid in cash. Besides the amounts included in the above statement, there are considerable quantities purchased by Cleveland houses, but shipped East from other points: and large quantities pass through the city, which, not being purchased by Cleveland houses, are not included in our figures.—*Herald.*

Deaths.

IN Homer, Thursday, July 5th, 1860, at the residence of BENJAMIN GOODELL, NELLIE A., daughter of WILLIAM C GARDNER, Esq., of Tully, Onondaga Co., N. Y., aged 15 years and 6 months.

Advertisements.

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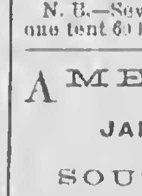

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THE AWAKENING.

BY J. G. CLARK.

SEE them go forth, like the floods to the ocean,
Gathering might from each mountain and glen,
Wider and deeper the tide of devotion
Rolls up to God from the bosoms of men;
Hear the great multitude, mingling in chorus,
Groan as they gaze from their crimes to the sky,
"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Look on us, wanderers, sinful, and lowly,
Struggling with grief and temptation below;
Thine is the goodness, o'er everything holy,
Thine is the mercy to pity our woe;
Thine is the power to cleanse and restore us
Spotless and pure as the angels on high;
"Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Gray hairs and golden youth, matron and maiden,
Lovers of mammon, and followers of fame,
All with the same solemn burden are laden,
Lifting their souls to that one mighty name,
"Wild is the pathway that surges before us,
On the broad waters the black shadows lie,
Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us,
When will the dawn of redemption draw nigh?"

Lo! the vast depths of futurity's ocean
Heave with Jehovah's mysterious breath;
Mortals, press on, while the deep is in motion,
Jesus is walking the waters of death.
Angels are mingling with men in the chorus,
Rising like incense from earth to the sky,
Father, the billows grow brighter before us,
Heaven, with mansions eternal, draws nigh."

Home Journal.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

[Continued from page 228, last number.]

To Mr. GRANT, who, throughout a long and prosperous business career, had ever sustained the reputation of strict integrity and promptness in fulfilling his engagements, this could not be a light misfortune. No wonder that the news that HENRY GRANT had "failed," astonished the community, and increased the panic already at a high point in the commercial world. No wonder that the old man sank, terrified by the threatening clouds that encompassed him on every side, and which, with all his sagacity, he could not penetrate. And he yielded to despondency, while the mental excitement was making rapid inroads upon his physical constitution, already impaired by age.

Mr. and Mrs. LACY, meanwhile, were anxiously watching the progress of affairs, and yet deemed it unwise to offer their aid or sympathy, lest their kindly advances should be repulsed by Mr. GRANT. But one morning HORACE learned that the old man's health was rapidly failing, and he determined to hesitate no longer, and without waiting to consult with FLORENCE, whose views on the subject he well knew fully coincided with his own, he proceeded immediately to the home of the ruined merchant, and entered, unannounced, the room where he was told by the servant he would find the object of his search.

Not giving Mr. GRANT time to recover from his astonishment at the intrusion of so unexpected a guest, he grasped his hand and said warmly, "Father, I hear that you are in trouble, and I have come to see if I cannot be of some assistance to you."

The old man shook his head. "'Tis of no use, no use," he muttered; "everything is gone—everything. All the hard earnings of years, swept away at one stroke."

"But I must insist upon your sharing our home," said Mr. LACY. "FLORENCE will be only too happy to minister to your wants. She would have come here with me ere this, had I not persuaded her to wait a little longer. Come, sir, let us go at once."

Mr. GRANT could no longer restrain his emotion, and he wept like a child. "LACY," said he, "I have not merited this great kindness from you. I cannot accept the hospitality of those I have so deeply wronged."

"Say no more of that, father," interrupted his son-in-law. "This is FLORENCE'S birth-day, and I promised her a present; what more acceptable one could I take her than her own dear father? I will order a hack at once, and will call for you in a few moments."

The old man uttered no remonstrance,—his heart was yearning for the love and sympathy which was now so freely offered him. Deserted by the fair-weather friends who always flee at the approach of adversity, to whom could he turn but to his children; and the fact that *he* had wronged *them*, rendered it all the harder for his proud spirit to seek conciliation. But now he had been humbled, and those whom he had injured made the first advances toward a re-union. Why should he not accept their proffered generosity? Thus did that iron nature, softened by adversity, yield to the voice of kindness.

In a few moments the two men, so long estranged, and so suddenly reconciled, were riding side by side toward the quiet, country-like abode of HORACE and FLORENCE. The latter was not yet expecting her husband's return, and was amusing her little girl in their cozy parlor. The sound of approaching wheels did not startle her, and it was not until the door opened that she looked up to behold her own father, leaning upon HORACE'S arm, and looking so old and careworn that at first she scarcely recognized him. Then throwing her arms around his neck, parent and child mingled their tears,—on the one side, of repentance, on the other, of forgiveness. And when FLORENCE had heard the whole story, the delight of once more seeing her dear father was fully equaled by her joy at her husband's noble conduct.

It all seemed like a dream to Mr. GRANT; and sitting in that cool, shady room, with little ALICE upon his knee, he almost doubted his own identity; while FLORENCE, striving in every way to add to his comfort, seemed well content with her birth-day gift, the restoration of that paternal affection which had been for years denied her.

That evening, Dr. and Mrs. WESTON called, and could hardly credit the evidence of their own senses, when they saw Mr. GRANT domesticated in his daughter's home. He was not a little affected by the interview, and when they rose to go, he shook hands cordially with both, saying, "I once cursed you as accessory to my losing FLORENCE; I now bless you for befriending her at a time when, in my blindness, I was so nearly the destroyer of the peace and happiness of my child."

Thus was another lesson taught them of that Guiding Hand that shapes our earthly career, as well as our eternal destiny, and from seeming evil educes good.

But Mr. LACY was not yet satisfied. He obtained a "stay of proceedings," and busied himself in tracing the forgery to its source. The Grand Jury of the county of —— were about to sit, and HORACE LACY determined to lose no time. He therefore commenced a thorough investigation of the transactions of the firm of "GRANT & CARLETON;" not that it was necessary in his own mind to prove to him the origin of these notes, but to show the improbability that they could have been used for the business of the house. After much labor and expense, he succeeded in obtaining sufficient proof to allow him to take the matter before the Grand Jury, who found a true bill against STEPHEN CARLETON for forgery. A warrant for his arrest was immediately issued. His trial came on without delay, and ending in a verdict of "Guilty," consigned him to a long term in the State Prison.

Mr. GRANT, thus happily freed from embarrassment, was at once reinstated in his former high position, and received the warm congratulations of those who had been the very first to stand aloof in his time of trouble and perplexity. But he had no desire again to encounter the fluctuations of trade, and determined to retire from active business. He insisted upon taking HORACE and FLORENCE home to his lonely dwelling, which henceforth was cheered by their thoughtful affections; and with his grandchildren sporting around him, he found in his old age that peace and contentment which he had never before known. Thus did the Right eventually triumph in the changing fortunes of this now happy family.

And while Mr. LACY continued to rise in his profession, he was no less distinguished for his private virtues. Well might his lovely wife be proud of him; and well might her father exclaim, "Never before did GOD give to man two such children as HORACE and FLORENCE!"

Let us now pass over a long interval, unmarked by any important event at Hope Cottage, and open the record of the quiet lives of its inmates at the date of GERTRUDE'S eighteenth birth-day. She was a lovely girl, and conceded by all to be more beautiful than her sister HELEN. Her face was oval, her features classic, her hair of the golden hue so dear to poets, and her eyes large, and of a deep blue; while HELEN'S hair was dark and curling, and her black eyes sparkled with merriment, which, notwithstanding the irregularity of her features, gave to her countenance a brilliancy of expression which her more gentle and thoughtful sister did not possess. One might have sat for a portrait of the Madonna; the other would have made a laughing Hebe, the impersonation of joy and health.

ALICE often smiled when strangers remarked how much more her eldest daughter resembled her, than did her youngest. And well might she gaze with maternal pride upon her dear foster-child. Her influence over HELEN, CHARLEY, and HORACE, was ever most salutary; they all looked up to GERTRUDE as the saint of the household,—one above the petty cares and vexations which sometimes ruffled even the calm tenor of their mother's life, or cast a shadow upon their father's brow. And so ready was she to listen, with untiring patience, to the recital of their joys and disappointments, and to enter into all their plans for amusement or usefulness, that "Sister GERTRUDE" had long been the oracle of the family, and the confidential friend and adviser of all the children.

And into all the concerns of daily life, she ever carried that calm serenity, that heaven-born peace, which had long before led good Mr. NELSON to pronounce her the most promising of the lambs of his fold. Had she known her early history, and how infinite were her obligations to those who had rescued her from a life of degradation, perhaps of guilt, she could not better have discharged the debt of gratitude she owed them.

On this occasion they were all anxious to celebrate the natal day of one so deservedly dear to them; and accordingly a little fete had been planned, to which all their intimate friends were invited. The cottage had undergone many repairs and improvements since Dr. WESTON purchased it,—as he was able to do at the expiration of the first lease. It was now commodious and tasteful in every arrangement, and the grounds were rendered quite extensive by the addition of an adjacent lot, which had been converted into a garden and orchard of choice fruit. The tables were now spread under the trees, while the young people were roaming among the flowers and shrubs in the garden, or sharing in the sports of the children upon the smooth lawn in front of the piazza, where some of the more sedate of the company were seated.

HERBERT and ALICE were hovering here and there, playing the part of agreeable host and hostess.

FREDERICK and JULIA had lost none of the thoughtful tenderness which had characterized their intercourse since the death of little ADA, whose sainted memory had always possessed a magic spell over their hearts and lives. CLARENCE, their only child, was a young man of whom any parent might have been proud. He was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and although the WESTONS never encouraged making love or matrimony a theme for jesting in their household, they often remarked to each other on CLARENCE'S apparent devotion to HELEN.

Mr. and Mrs. LACY were also present, surrounded by a group of blooming children, ALICE, FLORENCE, and HENRY, the namesake and pet of his grandfather.

Other guests joined in the innocent amusements of the day; and the afternoon hours sped gaily by, laden with the smiles of beauty, the perfume of flowers, the sweet and ringing laughter of childhood, and the pure enjoyment of young and happy hearts.

At an early hour the visitors departed. GERTRUDE and HELEN lingered in one of the arbors, conversing upon the pleasures of the party, when CHARLEY, ever ready for a frolic, began looking for them, and called loudly, "GERTRUDE,—HELEN,—where are you?" The sisters, responding to their names, left their retreat and joined their brother on one of the graveled walks. Merrily chatting together, they had reached the arched gateway, when their attention was attracted by the approach of a stranger, a gentleman somewhat advanced in life. He bowed politely, and apologized for his intrusion, remarking, in extenuation thereof, that he was in search of a lost friend, and hearing the same name uttered, he had taken the liberty to call, and now wished to inquire the name of the resident of the cottage.

"Dr. HERBERT WESTON," was CHARLEY'S prompt reply.

"And are those your sisters?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir, and their names are GERTRUDE and HELEN."

"GERTRUDE?" repeated the stranger, abstractedly, "and is she your own sister?"

"To be sure she is," was the answer, in a tone that showed he considered his questioner rather too inquisitive.

Again the gentleman looked earnestly at GERTRUDE, and, apparently quite overcome by some emotion, he begged to know if he could see Dr. WESTON for a few moments. CHARLEY at once conducted the unknown guest to his father's library, and the girls walked slowly toward the house, at first wondering what the new comer wanted, but soon returning to their reminiscences of the afternoon.

HERBERT was at no less a loss than his children had been, to interpret the singular manner of his visitor, who evidently found it difficult to introduce the object of his call. At length he said, abruptly, "I have just seen a young lady whom your son told me was his sister GERTRUDE. Allow me to inquire if she is your own child?"

Dr. WESTON started, but answered calmly, that such a singular inquiry demanded some explanation before he felt called upon to answer it.

The stranger, then, with some hesitation, gave the following recital:

"Sir, I will gratify you, for it is, indeed, no more than just that I should explain the reason of my intrusion. My name is WILLIAM MASON. I am a native of this city, where the early portion of my life was spent. Twenty years ago, I married a young and beautiful girl—her name was GERTRUDE WILMOT; and, sir, had you seen her then, you would now be struck as forcibly as I have been by the resemblance this young lady bears to her.

"One short year of wedded bliss it was our privilege to enjoy; and by degrees I yielded to the fascinations of the wine cup, and for scenes of conviviality I forsook my home and my wife. For a few months I remained in this city, but my course was ever downward—and then I deserted my GERTRUDE at a time when, above all others, she needed my love and care. Once only did I hear of her, and then through a boon companion, who had followed me to New York. He told me that my wife had a daughter, and that her own health was failing. How he learned this I never ascertained, but the fiend of jealousy whispered to me that my wife was unfaithful, and I vowed never to return to her.

"I plunged deeper and deeper into the vortex of dissipation; and when my funds were exhausted, I went out as a common sailor in a ship bound for the West Indies. Soon after my arrival I was taken dangerously ill, and long before I recovered, the ship in which I had sailed had returned, and I was left behind. It was a long while ere I regained my health and strength, and then, strange to say, my appetite for intoxicating beverages was gone, and since that time I have never tasted a drop of the accursed thing.

"I soon obtained occupation, and, recommended by my steady and industrious habits, I was advanced from one post to another until I became a wealthy man. Yet all this while I was haunted by the memory of my injured and innocent wife, as I well knew her to be. And many a time did I determine to go to her and seek her forgiveness, and devote the remainder of my life to the reparation of the great wrong I had done her. But year after year I toiled on, adding to the gold which filled my coffers. At last my yearning for home could no longer be stilled. I closed my business, and one year ago I left my island abode, and ever since have been seeking some trace of my lost wife.

"True, I had but little hope of finding her alive; for knowing her sensitive nature and delicate frame, I could scarcely hope that she would be able to sustain the accumulated sorrows of her lot. But my efforts have hitherto been unavailing until now, when I am certain that I have found her child—*our* child. Is it not so, Dr. WESTON?"

HERBERT'S surprise at this narration, the truth of which he had no reason to doubt, may be imagined. But ere he answered the eager inquiry of Mr. MASON, he begged leave to call his wife. She was much agitated on learning the object of the interview, but soon said, decidedly,

"We cannot deny that GERTRUDE is our adopted daughter,—she bears her mother's name, GERTRUDE MASON,—but we do feel that we have a greater claim upon her than you can have."

Her husband interposed, "That we must leave for GERTRUDE herself to decide. Meantime, Mr. MASON, we will extend to you the hospitalities of our house; and on the morrow you shall have an interview with GERTRUDE. It would not be best to harrass her mind to-night, as this information would be sure to do; for she has never had cause for the least suspicion that we are not her protectors by nature, as we have been by adoption."

Mr. MASON acquiesced—and after making some inquiries regarding the last sickness of his wife, and the place of her interment, he retired to the room assigned him, and for hours they heard him pacing the floor with troubled steps.

There was but little rest for HERBERT and ALICE that night. They could not doubt that GERTRUDE'S inclinations would lead her to remain with them, but they well knew that duty rather than pleasure was always her guide. And she might think she ought to devote her life to her father who, at this late day, had returned to claim the love slighted for so many years. They felt that there would necessarily be a struggle in GERTRUDE'S mind, but what course she would pursue they could not tell. Their only resort was to lay their anxieties before the LORD, and leave the result with Him.

The stranger did not appear at breakfast, and ALICE sent his repast to his room, supposing that he must dread mingling with the family until the important matter under consideration was decided. Their morning meal concluded, Dr. WESTON requested GERTRUDE to accompany him to the library, whereupon CHARLEY insisted that she was about to receive an offer from the mysterious stranger, who had been so deeply smitten at first sight; but seeing the serious expression of his father's face, he forbore jesting more on the subject.

GERTRUDE found Mrs. WESTON awaiting them, and in a moment Mr. MASON entered, looking anxious and haggard. Briefly he repeated the story which he had told the night before, and then HERBERT and ALICE narrated their interviews with Mrs. MASON, and their adoption of her helpless infant.

GERTRUDE'S emotion was painful to witness. Her face first became crimson, and then pale as death; and when her new-found father approached as if to embrace her, she threw herself into ALICE'S arms, and sobbing violently, hid her face upon the shoulder of the only mother she had ever known. When her agitation had in a measure subsided, HERBERT said, "GERTRUDE, you must choose between the two."

Again Mr. MASON drew near, but she shrank from him, and extending one hand to HERBERT while the other was still thrown around ALICE'S neck, she exclaimed vehemently,—"I have chosen. That man, by his own account, has proved himself unworthy of my respect and affections. If he abandoned the mother, he surely has no claims upon the child, who might have perished but for you, my best of friends."

She could say no more, and was laid fainting upon the sofa. Mr. MASON bent down and imprinted one kiss upon that snowy brow, then shaking hands with Dr. and Mrs. WESTON, he spoke in a tremulous voice:—"GOD will reward you for all your kindness. I feel that my sentence is just, and I will not again intrude upon the domestic happiness of your home." Turning, he left the room with a sad, lingering step, and that was the last time the inhabitants of Hope Cottage beheld WILLIAM MASON.

When GERTRUDE was restored to consciousness, she glanced wildly around the apartment, but only beholding HERBERT and ALICE, she closed her eyes as if to shut out the memory of the exciting scene. When she sufficiently recovered to converse, she blessed her faithful friends for all their love and care; but expressed a wish that they should tell the other children the whole truth,—she would rather they should know it than to remain in ignorance of the fact that she had no real claim on their affection. To the outer world it was not necessary to impart more than was already known by a few intimate friends in regard to her parentage.

So Dr. WESTON gathered his children around him, and told them, in a few words, the history of GERTRUDE'S parents, so far as he was acquainted with it, and of the time when he and their mother had taken her in her helpless and homeless infancy, to be as their own child. And now, when her father had returned to seek her and make her the sharer in his prosperity, she had utterly refused to leave those whom she had always regarded as her own kindred.

Of course, this was startling intelligence to the three; but nothing could estrange their hearts from the one they all loved so dearly; and they all went to her, and embracing her fondly, called her affectionately their "*Sister* GERTRUDE."

No further allusion was made to the circumstances which they all wished to forget, and in a few weeks the visit of Mr. MASON, and his startling revelations, had passed into seeming oblivion. But sometimes the watchful eye of the mother detected an expression of earnest thoughtfulness upon GERTRUDE'S face, which it had not worn before. She begged to have her mother's grave pointed out to her; and often would carry fresh flowers to lay upon the nameless mound. It was soon evident that another remembered the hallowed spot, for a plain marble slab was erected to the memory of GERTRUDE WILMOT, wife of WM. MASON, with the date of her death, and her age,—twenty-two.

The WESTONS did not doubt that it was placed there by her husband, but whether he remained in the city or not, they had neither the means nor the desire for ascertaining. It was enough for them to know that their darling GERTRUDE, now dearer than ever before, was still left them, and that in accordance with her own free choice.

In all these long years of her wedded life, ALICE had never revisited the home of her youth, and although no close ties of kindred bound her to the place, yet she often desired to gaze upon those familiar scenes, and stand once more beside the graves of her parents. Accordingly, a few months after the occurrence of the above named events, HERBERT proposed that he and his wife should take a journey Eastward. GERTRUDE and HELEN could easily superintend household affairs; and all professional business could be left with Dr. MAY.

It was with varied emotions that Mrs. WESTON entered the quiet town of Ashland, which they reached after a comparatively brief ride, quite unlike their rough jaunt of twenty years before. Very few of their old friends were remaining. The Reaper, Death, had gathered a rich harvest, and many that still survived had passed away from their early homes. The young people were grown old,—the children filled the places of their fathers. The old minister who had married HERBERT and ALICE, and the physician with whom HERBERT had studied, had both exchanged their active duties for the repose of the silent city, where ALICE read so many familiar names.

Among the few who gave her a cordial greeting, was one of the universal "Aunts" so necessary to a country neighborhood,—a class of individuals whom we have all known, and have been more or less indebted to, for the kind deeds they are accustomed to perform. "Aunt SALLY GREEN" was now far advanced in years, yet possessed of a remarkable memory for names and dates. She knew the exact age of every child that had been born in Ashland during the last fifty years,—a trait which did not recommend her to those who chose to forget, and wished others to be ignorant of the figures carried upon the mile-stones that marked their earthly pilgrimage.

Aunt SALLY'S life had been devoted to the care of the sick, and ALICE well remembered that she had watched beside her mother's dying bed. Her days of usefulness were now over, and like many other worn-out articles of furniture, she was consigned to the dust and gloom of an attic. A few persons there were, who, in consideration of her former deeds of kindness to them and theirs, ministered to her wants, and gave her a seat at their fireside. But most of the time she remained in her little room in the upper story of a house, where she paid her board by knitting socks and mittens.

The family with whom she made it her home were former acquaintances of Mrs. WESTON, and she and her husband, in one of their calling expeditions, stopped there for a few moments. Aunt SALLY, hearing strange voices below, came down, knitting-work in hand, and after a moment's close scrutiny of the visitors, exclaimed, "Well! if this don't beat all! You are ALICE LEE, as sure as I live, and this is your husband, Dr. WESTON, old Dr. NORTON'S student;" and shaking hands heartily with them both, she added:—"Well, you do look remarkable young seeing that you was forty-one last June! Just the age of BETTY SIMPSON, and PATTY BROWN, and one of 'em hain't got a tooth in her head, and t'other wears false curls." Then followed sundry reminiscences of old times, and various inquiries in regard to the family and experience of the WESTONS.

At length a new idea struck Aunt SALLY, and she whispered to ALICE to go with her into the back kitchen, as she wanted to tell her something. She then gave her the story of her hardships; of the neglect which she could not but feel; for it is a mistaken notion that age always blunts the sensibilities; oftentimes little slights, and carelessness about trifling attentions, are more keenly felt then than at any other period of life. Aunt SALLY begged Mrs. WESTON to take her home with her,—she felt sure she could do enough knitting to pay her way,—at any rate it wasn't likely she should be a burden to any body very long.

ALICE really pitied the homeless and friendless old woman; and her heart, ever ready to sympathize with suffering in every form, at once pleaded in her favor. But she told Aunt SALLY she could not take such a step without consulting her husband, which she would do that night and let her know their decision the following morning.

As might be expected, HERBERT readily assented to the plan; for he and his wife were always willing to aid those who were in want, and in their opinion, old age has especial claims upon the kind consideration of those still in the enjoyment of strength and activity. They had no sympathy for that heartless sentiment, so prevalent at the present day, which countenances disrespect and unkindness toward the aged. [Conclusion next week.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ETHNOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 49 letters.
My 37, 10, 35, 11, 19, 2, 48, 3, 5 is the name of an ancient tribe of Britons.
My 3, 8, 40, 10, 20, 41, 29 was a nation of Germany.
My 12, 45, 9, 43, 11, 34, 6, 37, 25 were the ancient inhabitants of the Carpathian Mountains.
My 9, 11, 34, 37, 19, 8, 21, 29 was a warlike nation of Arabia.
My 12, 17, 26, 7, 45, 13, 33, 15, 28 are the natives of that portion of Hindostan which lies on the lower part of the river Ganges.
My 27, 33, 13, 48, 29 were the ancient inhabitants of the greater part of Gaul.
My 11, 1, 7, 13, 25 18 was a nation of Germany, from whom the name of England was derived.
My 16, 44, 38, 9 were a fierce people of Sarmatia, who invaded the Roman Empire and established Hungary.
My 15, 47, 48, 40, 34, 8, 15 anciently inhabited part of England and Wales.
My 7, 30, 10, 36, 15 was an ancient and distinguished nation which inhabited Scandinavia.
My 4, 25, 13, 46, 17, 32, 8, 15 is the name of the ancient inhabitants of Greece.
My 39, 45, 34, 23, 9, 14, 5 is the name of an ancient tribe of Gauls.
My 30, 23, 42, 10, 5 were the ancient inhabitants of Caledonia.
My 22, 47, 41, 21, 18 inhabit a part of Europe.
My 24, 31, 34, 47, 11, 38, 9 inhabited a portion of Greece, near Parnassus.
My 18, 49, 34, 14, 37, 33, 18 live in a portion of Asiatic Turkey.
My whole is a self-evident truth.

Mt Vernon, Mich., 1860. J. MILTON JOHNSTEN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 14 letters.
My 1, 14, 9, 12, 6, 14, 11 means belonging to former times.
My 10, 14, 5 is a conjunction.
My 7, 8, 14, 9, 6 is a blockhead.
My 2, 4, 1, 11 is an animal.
My 9, 13, 3, 11 is a water foul.
My 2, 14, 10, 11 is a small insect.
My 9, 12, 11, 6 is to quote
My whole is what every person should possess.

Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y. SOPHIA MOREHOUSE.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

A GENTLEMAN on travel met
A modest servant maid;
Her artless beauty so him smit,
He wrote to her and said:—
In lawful wedlock's holy bands
He wish'd with her to join,
And hoped to have from her fair hands
A satisfying line.

The girl had never learned to write,
Nor would another trust,
That in her loss might take delight—
So few are true and just.
But from her kitchen stores she sent
A something, safe inclosed,
That satisfied his wish and want;
Say what, when you are posed.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MECHANICAL PROBLEM.

THE engineer of the engine "Silas Wright" wishes to know how much further a point on the circumference of the driving wheel will go than the true center point of the same wheel, in running from Gouverneur to Watertown, supposing the distance to be 36 miles, the diameter of the driving wheel being six feet.

Gouverneur, N. Y., 1860. SATURN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 547.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:

Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—William Wordsworth.

Answer to Bone for Mathematicians:—Length of ropes 12.621, 18.905, and 23.975. The horses would have in common 7 929 square rods.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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DOCKING AND NICKING HORSES.

WILL you, or some of the numerous readers of the RURAL, give the method of docking and nicking horses? I have a span that I would like to fit thus, and would be obliged for the necessary information.—FARMER, *Canada West*, 1860.

AMONG the host of inquiries received by the RURAL, not a few cause expressions of feeling and sentiment that certainly cannot be considered complimentary to those occupying the querist's position. Still we must light the candle of our neighbors, provided, always, we are not ourselves shrouded in Cimmerian gloom, and while employed in thus furnishing the required information, can enter our protest. This is a privilege claimed, and exercised, too; and while we willingly respond to "Farmer," he will please permit us to characterize the practices by him mentioned as barbarous in the extreme.

Standard authorities upon the care and management of the horse are opposed to both operations, and we cannot better express our own views than by quoting Dr. DADD. Relative to Docking, the Dr. remarks:—"Fashion and convenience seem to require that horses must submit to have their caudal appendages shortened. Yet that fashion which condemns a poor, uncomplaining brute to torture, merely for the caprice of his owner, is to be deplored, especially when performed after the horrid fashion of some who seem to pay no regard to the feelings of the subject, while mangling and searing sensitive tissues that are as susceptible to pain as those in our race. It is useless, however, to offer any arguments against a practice so long established; he, therefore, proposes to point out the best means."

Nicking receives no more favor at the Doctor's hands, for this is declared to be "another fashionable barbarism that very few horses escape. The world of horsemen have decided, *no tail, no horse;* and if an animal does not describe an angle of forty-five degrees with his tail, he is said to *carry none.*"

YOUATT declares nicking to be a "barbarous operation, once sanctioned by fashion, and breeders and dealers even now are sometimes tempted to inflict the torture of it in order to obtain a ready sale for their colts."

The author of the "Stable Book" is not a whit less severe in condemning the practice of docking than those from whom we have already quoted. "In this country," he remarks, "the horse's tail is regarded as a useless, or troublesome appendage. It was given to ward off the attacks of blood-sucking flies. But men choose to remove it, without being able to give the horse any other protection from the insects against which it was intended to operate. They say that the long tail conceals the horse's quarters, diminishes his apparent height, heats him at fast work, and soils his rider. It is also supposed that amputation of the tail renders the back stronger. These sage sayings have been promulgated so extensively from one to another, that it seems to be universally decided that all horses must be docked. These, it will be observed, are very strong objections to a long tail. It is a terrible thing to hide the quarters, and to make the horse look lower by an inch than he really is. Evils of such a nature are not to be suffered. The tail may be very useful in some respects, and in the good old times it was permitted to flourish as it grew, being only bound up when it troubled the horse's rider. But in times like these, when men clamor for freedom, and practice tyranny, it must be cut off."

Even HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, who, from his association with the fashionable horse-world, might be suspected of at least sympathizing with these practices, disapproves of them so entirely that he refused the modes of operation the space they would occupy in his "Hints to Horse-Keepers." There never was a more thorough and experienced horseman among us, and when he deprecates such action on the part of breeders, it is time to stay the hand and put up the knife.

If the tail of the horse were given to him for no good purpose, and if it were not a design of nature that he should have the power of moving it forcibly to his sides, there might be some excuse for cutting it off within a few inches from his body; or for separating the muscles at its sides, and thus lessening its power. It was customary to crop the ears of the horse in England many years ago, and senseless as that practice may now seem, it was not more so than either docking or nicking.

We have been thus particular in referring to standard authorities, in the hope, first, that our Canadian friend, (although we furnish the information he desires,) will give up the idea of improving upon the handiwork of the Creator; second, because the line of the poet,

"Nature when unadorned, is adorned the most,"

is just as applicable to that noble animal, the horse, as to anything else in her kingdom; and, third, the interests of humanity so demand

Docking.—Quite a number use a docking machine, or strong knife and mallet, and cut off the tail with a single stroke; but the operator often finds that he has severed one of the bones of the tail, leaving behind some projecting spiculæ, which afterward have to be removed. Cauterization,—searing the stump with a red hot iron,—is also practiced by many, but this painful process may be avoided by using a ligature in securing the arteries. Cast the horse, and depress the tail to its natural position. Select the point of amputation, and having felt a joint, commence a circular incision just posterior thereto, carrying the knife round to the point of beginning and down to the fascia. When this is done, draw the integuments forcibly upward, and disarticulate the joint by making an incision completely through it. Draw out the arteries by the aid of a pair of forceps, and secure with a ligature. The edges of the wound may now be drawn together, and fastened with a few stitches. Dr. DADD advocates the use of chloroform after the horse is thrown, and before the knife is called into service.

The after treatment is very simple; cold water, or some tincture of aloes, will complete the cure. Should profuse suppuration ensue, use pyroligneous acid, and give a dose of medicine.

Nicking.—There are four cords in the tail, two upper and two lower, and the last only are to be cut. Procure a long, slender-bladed, and sharp pen-knife; insert the blade between the bone and under cord, about two inches from the body; place the thumb of the hand holding the knife against the under part of the tail, and opposite the blade; then press the blade toward the thumb and against the cord, s[illegible] the cord, but do not allow the knife to pass through the skin. Sever the cord twice on each side, the cuts being two inches apart. Put in the pulleys, and the job is complete.

There is a more humane way of setting up the tail of a horse than the foregoing, and as a finale to our remarks we extract it from "Hints to Horse-Keepers:"—Weight the tail for a few hours each day, in the stall, until it attains the desired elevation. This is done by having two pulleys at the top of the stall, one at each side, through which are passed two ropes, which come together and are fastened to the tail, the ropes having at their other ends weights (bags of sand or of shot are very good for the purpose,) which must be light at first, and may be increased from day to day. The weighting should be continued until the tail has taken a permanent position as desired. It is true that this method requires a somewhat longer time than that of cutting the muscles, but while it is being done the horse is never off his work, and he suffers infinitely less pain.

SEASONABLE NOTES.

Now that the midge has ceased, temporarily at least, to materially injure the wheat crop of Western New York,—especially that portion grown from early varieties sown early on good, properly cultivated soil,—there is a general disposition among our grain growers to return largely to the culture of their favorite cereal. Indeed, many are already making preparations on a somewhat large scale, while others express regret that their land is so fully occupied with spring crops, as to prevent very extensive wheat sowing the present autumn. In the efforts of cultivators to "head" the midge, several new varieties of wheat have been introduced into this section—from the South and Southwest, (Virginia, Ohio, Missouri, &c.,)—some of which are very promising. We have watched the growth of several of these varieties with much interest, and shall, ere long, give some facts and suggestions on the subject; meantime we ask any of our readers who possess valuable information, to communicate the same for publication. In a few weeks farmers must necessarily select their seed wheat, and the question as to which variety or varieties will probably succeed best, is important and worthy of early consideration. Therefore, facts now known only to a few may prove of great benefit to the many if published in season. We hope those who have experimented with the early and comparatively new varieties will give us the results of their experience,—specially noting yield, quality, time of sowing, harvesting, &c.,—for the benefit of others interested.

Making manure, or rather saving manure, in the summer season, is somewhat difficult in this country, and it pains us to see that most farmers allow the greater part to become destroyed and worthless. Manure that has become burned, or "fire-fanged," is of but little more value burned straw, and yet most of the manure we see in the country, is in this condition. Nothing answers a better purpose in saving manure than muck from the swamps, and this can be obtained by almost every farmer. Have a large pile ready in the yard, and then compost it with the manure. If farmers intend to grow wheat largely, more attention must be given to saving manure.

Turnips may be sown any time this month.

HEWITT'S SEED-SOWER, CLOD-PULVERIZER AND HARROWER.

THE accompanying engraving gives a very good representation of a *Combined Harrow, Clod-Pulverizer and Seed-Sower*, mainly invented by Dr. HENRY HEWITT, of California, and patented on the 27th of March last. This machine has been introduced and used to some extent in California, though not in its present improved form. It is designed to perform the entire labor of both sowing and harrowing, at the same time finely pulverizing all rough, tenacious soils—a single team accomplishing the harrowing, pulverizing and sowing at one operation.

An examination of this machine, and perusal of the testimony of experienced farmers in regard to its practical operation, have led us to form a very favorable opinion of its value and efficiency. Its novelty of construction and combination of important features will attract attention. We regard the machine worthy the special notice and examination of all interested—especially grain-growing farmers and manufacturers of farm implements and machinery. The inventor has furnished us the following description of the machine and enumeration of its advantages:

"A, seed box. B, the vibrating rods, which, by wires in their under surfaces, and from motion given by the wheels, agitate the grain over the apertures through which it escapes. C, the indicator, which adjusts the *size* of apertures to the kind and quantity of grain to be sowed. D, D, are two revolving harrows, the pinions on each end of which mesh into the driving wheels, and which, when rotating *onward*, give a *reverse motion* to the harrows. These revolve on an iron bar, which passes through both and is connected by wooden arms to the axle, outside the hubs of the wheels, and hold the harrows firmly to their exact distance from the wheels. E, E, are perforated plates of iron, the lower ends of which embrace the ends of the bar on which the harrow revolves, and receive an iron pin into the perforations on their upper ends, which pin projects from each end of the long crossbar of the triangular frame. These plates or lifts enable the operator to depress or elevate the harrow teeth into or out of the soil, as he may desire. The triangular frame is attached by hinge joints to the axle, and has a caster wheel at its apex; its office is to *suspend* the harrows, that only their teeth may penetrate the soil—to gauge their depth, and by its caster wheel enable the machine to turn short about or on its center. The hinge joint enables the frame to adjust the harrows to 'dead furrows,' or other inequalities of surface.

The advantages claimed for this machine over *all* others, are the following:—1st. It *pulverizes* the soil better,

and leaves it light and open to atmospherical influences. 2d. It does *more* and *better* work, in less time and with less animal power, than any of its predecessors in this department. 3d. In some clay soils, and especially summer fallows, it does work the drag harrows *cannot* do; it pulverizes, by its peculiar action upon them, the hardened clods that are usually left for the *clod-crusher*, (and which latter presses them into the earth instead of breaking and reducing them to a fine tilth.) 4th. It combines *perfectly* the two processes of Sowing and Harrowing. 5th. The *suspended* Harrow insures even depth to the seed, and as even covering to it, and hence we may look for even ripening and the absence of shrunk grain. 6th. Only one-fourth of the teeth of the harrow are actively operating at the same instant, consequently the draft is less than in the old implement, where *all* may be engaged at the same time. 7th. The width of the harrow is about that of the "cut" of a mowing machine, the draft being about equal in both; from seven to ten acres may, therefore, be sowed and harrowed in with this machine in a day. 8th. The seed is not trodden upon by the animals after it is sown."

This machine was thoroughly tested on the farm of ROBERT J. SWAN, Esq., of Seneca Co., near Geneva, on the 12th inst., when JOHN JOHNSTON, Esq., Dr. DOX, Prof. WILLSON, Mr. CORYDON WHEAT, and other competent judges, witnessed and commended its operation. In their certificate relative to the trial, the gentlemen named substantially verify the claims of the inventor, as above quoted, and, among other things, say,—"The seed sowing arrangement is simple in its construction and operates well, distributing the seed (*oats* were used for the trial,) evenly and in such quantity as was desired. The harrow we believe to be new and entirely original, and is destined to *supercede* the old implement as effectually as have the reaping and mowing machines the time-honored sickle, cradle and scythe."

A trial was also had, July 14th, on the farm of Mr. B. SLASON, of Geneva, at which Hon. T. HILLHOUSE, Dr. H. A. POTTER, C. WALKER, and others, were present, and who testify strongly in favor of the machine—remarking, in their certificate, that "it supplies, with a great saving of labor, a want which is universally felt and acknowledged, viz., an implement which will prepare the ground for the reception of seed, and especially those soils in which clay is the preponderating ingredient." This test was on stiff clay land that had been twice plowed, and was entirely dry and full of lumps; two harrowings reduced the clods to a fine tilth, and gave great satisfaction to all present.

Further information relative to this Sower and Harrower may be obtained by addressing either the inventor, HENRY HEWITT, agent, or W. A. SANFORD, at Potsdam, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., and inquiries concerning its capacity, &c., may be addressed to E. D. HALLOCK, Rochester, N. Y.

THOUGHTS IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

THE poetry of farming is fast passing away The reaping-hook and the sickle, like the shepherd's crook, will soon be found only in the lays of pastoral poets and in the works of painters of the olden time. Even that comparatively modern American implement, the cradle, is laid aside before becoming fairly known in Europe. The scythe, too, hangs rusting in the old apple tree by the back door, and is only taken down to cut the grass in the door-yard, or the thistles by the road side. The merry hay-makers, with their long wooden rakes, who, according to the authority of that truthful class, the painters, were always so beautiful, grace the fields no more. No devoted RUTH gleans among the sheaves, so that no modern BOAZ can show forth his gallantry and goodness. As we pass into the country for a little relaxation, a little pure air, and a view of the God-made country at harvest time, we are startled by sudden clicking and rattling of machinery in the distance. Forgetting that we are in the country, our first thought is of the railroad; then remembering our location, we think of the threshing machine, but looking around, the mystery is explained. Whirling along at a rapid pace, we see the modern reaper, while before it reverently bows the golden grain. Climbing the fence and hastening to the field, we find the father, whose hairs are silvered o'er by time, leisurely reclining under the shade of some remaining monarch of the forest, watching the boys, as they work, and wondering at the ascendency of machinery over muscle. But lest we should glory too much in present achievements, and forget the glory of the past, he is ever ready to say a word for the days of yore—to relate stories of the toils and struggles of his early manhood—of chopping, and logging, and burning—of extraordinary days works in the harvest field—of cradling four acres in a day—of raking and binding, and keeping up with the best cradlers in all the country. But, he acknowledges, with a shadow of regret, that his working days are over—his eyes become dim by reason of age. Yet he declares with warmth, that farmers do not work as they did in the olden time—that thirty years ago he could make more money at growing wheat and selling it for five or six shillings a bushel than farmers now can at double the price.

But improvements stop only with man's necessity. The reaper was followed by the *Self-Raker*, and now we have the *Binder*. *Sherwood's Grain-Binder* we had seen at several State Fairs, but never at work in the field, and we were glad to have an opportunity to see it in operation. So we wended our way to the farm of Mr. NEELY in the town of Chili. Here we found many old practical farmers, who were somewhat incredulous, thinking it almost impossible to bind the grain on the platform of the reaper, and remove it as fast as cut. And yet, we believe all were satisfied on the trial that this, too, can be done. As fast as the grain is delivered by the raker, it is bound by a fine wire and removed from the platform in the very best condition for handling and pitching; as by this system the grain does not pass to the ground until bound, very little is scattered, and the binder has plenty of time to bind and remove the sheaf before another is cut and ready for binding. A fair day's work for a good reaper is about ten acres, and it requires at least four binders to follow the machine, but with this binder one man does the work, making, of course, a great saving of labor.

Our search for the weevil was almost in vain. We could find this insignificant yet powerful enemy of the wheat crop only in a few of the fallen heads, or in those that were on short straws near the surface of the ground, and unripe. The farmers of the Genesee country think they are relieved from this pest, and that the days of prosperity are about to return. They talk very confidently of twenty, thirty, and even forty bushels to the acre, in some cases. The only regret we heard any farmer express, was, that he had sowed so little wheat last fall; but no such regrets should be allowed to mar our joy.

Our foreign exchanges give an account of a a recent trial of Mowers in France, in connection with the Paris Agricultural Exhibition, at the Imperial Farm of Joinville, at which many French and English Mowers did their best to secure the prizes, but Wood's American Mower took the First Premium of 1,000 francs, a Gold Medal, and Grand Gold Medal of Honor. The correspondent of the London Times, who attended this trial, writes—before the award was announced—as follows:

"Two of Wood's American grass-mowers were tried, that with two driving-wheels having a remarkably easy and readily-worked lever movement for adjusting the height of the cutters at pleasure. The flexible cutter bar clings closely to all irregularities of ground, and the cutters are cleverly supported, so as to vibrate with little friction. Burgess and Key's mower also cuts closely and evenly, the wheel on a spring bracket enabling the machine to follow all inequalities of the land. Both the English and American machines worked most beautifully, far surpassing the scythe in closeness and perfect evenness of cut, and leaving the hay strewn regularly, ready for withering; and but little difference was observable in the draught required, as shown in the condition of the teams after the work; while the time occupied in accomplishing the same plot of mowing was nearly the same in both cases. The admirable performance of these machines proves that the days of the scythe are numbered; and, whatever may be the award of prizes when announced, the actual triumph of the foreign machines is acknowledged by all beholders."

"WHAT WILL WE DO WITH IT?"

"OH! such heaps and heaps of cherries, and berries, and currants, and apples, and peaches."

"So."

"What shall we do with them?"

"Why, eat them, of course."

"Eat them! All the people in all the country can't begin to eat them up?"

"Then feed the hogs."

"But there will be more corn and potatoes than all the hogs will eat."

"Then feed the sheep, and the cows, and horses."

"But there is more hay, and straw, and stalks, than all the sheep, and cattle, and horses, will eat."

"Well, then, I suppose you will have to burn your fodder to get rid of it, and save the trouble of feeding it out. Turn the hogs and cattle into the cornfield, let the sheep and horses into the oats, and your barns will be empty long before spring."

"Absurd."

"Yes, but not more absurd than the question as to the disposition of one of the most bountiful harvests of the 'earlier and later grains' that has ever been seen in this State, as well as generally through the whole Union, more especially in the Northern States. If wise, the farmers may reap a rich reward, but if foolish, not. The fruits that can bear transportation will find a market outside of the State. Potatoes, along the great transportation routes, will find an easy access to a paying market. Wheat, if sold early, will all be absorbed at a fair price, and a good deal of the surplus corn and oats will also be demanded for consumption out of the State. The balance can be profitably consumed on the farm, and all ought to be. Whoever holds for high prices to come at some future day will be sadly disappointed. Turn your surplus into money at as early a day as possible, oh, farmers, and go in for larger crops next year."—P.

TO DESTROY CORN CHAMOMILE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In complying with a request in a communication from a private correspondent in Livingston county, asking me to advise him, through the RURAL or by letter, how he may get rid of the Corn Chamomile, (*Anthemis arvensis*, or what he persists in calling May-Weed,) having mislaid said communication and lost his address, I am *obliged to choose* the former means, with your permission, and in compliance with an agreement in my communication in the RURAL of June 9th, in which I said:—"If any of your readers are afflicted with it, and know no remedy or cure, I will send them the best I know of, if desired."

Now let me premise that I do not propose to offer any panacea, or to work any miracle, which would be necessary in order to its immediate extermination. Let me say it is an evil bearing somewhat the relation to the vegetable family that a certain "dumb spirit" did to the human family, some eighteen hundred years ago, which "could come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

As for a remedy, the most rational one is exemption from the seeds producing it, and as we know of no innoculation counteracting it, we think this is the only one. But, as for the cure, as desired in the case of my correspondent, who states that he has about four acres of his farm in good condition to produce any crop, being properly drained, &c., but which is completely overrun with this pest. I would say, in the first place, circumscribe its range, as you would that of a diseased sheep, to keep the infection from the flock, (and he may consider himself favored if it is limited to four acres of his farm.) To this end, avoid, as much as possible, its seed maturing; but if, in order to secure the crop now growing, it must remain, it being impracticable to pull it out, by all means do not remove it from the ground, but consume it there, which is done most effectually by fire, and look out that the next crop be such as will mature in the shortest time after seeding, as buckwheat or barley, or such as will admit of frequent hoeing, as corn or potatoes. Thereby the seeds sufficiently near the surface to vegetate will do so, and may be destroyed before the seed perfects; and by this means the supply will be reduced, so that when winter crops occupy the ground they may be weeded. Then, if I were to recommend any rotation of crops, it would be to seed with clover, (when hearing wheat,) and then in the latter part of June following, cut a crop of hay, or pasture it up to that time. But in no case allow cattle a range over other grounds while feeding on it, and do not allow any plants to mature enough to reproduce. After this time allow the clover to go to seed, which will require less time than will the Chamomile. The following spring, plant to corn; then follow with barley; then stubble in to wheat; and should any of these crops fail, sow buckwheat, if for nothing more than to contest the ground with the enemy. Having completed the rotation, seed again with clover; and if the productiveness of the soil shall be too much exhausted, let it lay to clover *two* years, instead of one, as before, all the time exterminating the pest by repeated weeding; and by a patient continuance in this well doing, success will be attained. With best wishes for the RURAL, I am one who has been "through the mill." J. T. D.

May-Flower Mills, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860.

ABOUT DRAINING.—TO J. T.

I FEEL a good deal like a minister of whom I have heard, who said he always liked to talk in meeting, for if he did not say anything very good, he was sure to call out some brother that would. So, if I have only succeeded in stimulating J. T. to give us his experience, I shall be very well satisfied with the result of my efforts.

In looking over the first article, I notice that I said that *some* land can be made sufficiently dry with the drains twenty rods apart, instead of twenty rods per acre, as I meant. The mistake is, however, immediately corrected by making the cost amount to $5 per acre, (at 25 cents per rod,) and it is besides so obvious that I did not suppose it would mislead any one.

In calculating the cost of the drain I did not allow for cost of drawing tile. This varies so much that it is difficult estimating it. Here two, or even three, loads, might be drawn per day, or it could be drawn home after taking a load of grain to market. Others may not be so fortunately situated. It can also be drawn in winters, or other spare times. If, however, any one has to draw it fifteen or twenty miles, and chooses to draw it just now, in the midst of harvesting, it can be made quite an item.

Besides, I did not allow for cost of straw to cover tile, *and I did this on purpose.* I am a practical farmer, and like most farmers, rather apt to keep slip-shod accounts of such small items of expense. If I should reckon up *all* such small items, every farmer would say my experience was only a bookish theory, for it is such an unusual thing among farmers. W. J. FOWLER.

Henriella, near Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

MY EXPERIENCE WITH A FARROW COW.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I noticed, in a late number of your valuable paper, R. G. BENTON'S experience with a farrow cow, and as I have been a reader of your paper a number of years, I thought I would give Mr. B. and others, through the RURAL, my experience. This spring I had two cows, one farrow; the other came in about the middle of January, 1860, and as they were about the same age, and gave the same quantity of milk, I thought it a good time to make a test. We kept each cow's milk by itself,—the cream was churned separately, and in about twenty minutes each. The result was, we got the same quantity of butter from each, and it was plain to be seen, there were not as many scales in the milk of the farrow cow as in the other, so it cannot be that farrow cows are altogether to blame for the scales being in the milk. Will some one give a reason, through the RURAL, why there are so many scales to be frequently found in the buttermilk, and oblige a young farmer.

Lockport, N. Y., 1860. W. T. P.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Surface Manuring.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* says:—"A farm in this neighborhood, that had been greatly exhausted—the meadows yielding but little, and that of an inferior quality—has been restored to fertility by its present owner by means of surface manuring the meadows, and through scarifying each spring. They now yield a heavy crop of the best kind of hay.

When to Cut Timothy.

LEVI BARTLETT says, in the New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture*:—"As far as practicable, we cut our herdsgrass when the seed is in the dough state, and before the bloom is much shed. It is said by those who have carefully investigated the matter, that too early mowing of herdsgrass results in great injury to the next year's crop, much more so than to that of other grasses. It being a bulbous rooted plant, if cut too soon, the bulb has not stored up the necessary nutriment in it to secure a vigorous after-growth. Clover should be cut when about half the blossoms have turned brown, and made mostly in the cock."

Salt in Laying down Meadow Land.

S. PIERCE, writing to the *Maine Farmer*, relates that in his youth he met with the statement that one part of the old English method of laying down land to grass, was to "plow or harrow in seven bushels of salt per acre, and the result was, they got a heavy crop of hay for ten years." He has employed salt on potatoes and corn with good results, but having only a few acres of land, and no permanent meadow, had not thoroughly tried this experiment. But one of his neighbors, who was noted for cutting almost invariably a heavy crop of hay, and generally two crops in a season, told him, (in reply to his mention of the English method mentioned above,) "that is the very secret why I get so much hay." His mode of applying was to put on six bushels per acre, and harrow it in before sowing his grain and grass seed.

About Hay Caps.

WE hear but little inquiry this year for *hay caps*, remarks the *Massachusetts Ploughman*. One writer cautions against large caps, because the hay grows musty under them in a storm of two days. Another says he means to place his caps this year *under the bottoms* of the cocks, for the bottoms always suffer as much again as the tops, or the middle, in case of rain. Another farmer says he could have prevented the wetting of his hay, with his caps, but he had not time to put them on,—he was barely able to cock up his hay in the old form before the shower came. And still another tells us that we have not much occasion for caps, if they should be given us,—that in most cases we can secure more hay from a shower by cocking it up well and trimming, than by attempting to keep the hay as dry as we would keep it in a barn. If we stop to put on caps as we go, we run the risk of leaving a portion of our half dried hay wholly exposed, for want of time to do everything when foul weather is threatening.

Hay that is but half dried suffers but little, when well cocked up, in a pretty heavy shower; after opening and drying, it will look as bright and bring as much in market as any hay—and it is worth more for stock than hay which is stuffed into close barns before it is quite dry.

Barns upon Side Hills.

CONSTRUCTING Barns upon side hills is a practice which is gaining favor among the best farmers in this country. Having once become acquainted with the advantages of such a location, we are sure no farmer would be willing to construct his barns in any other manner, if this were practicable. The testimony of the *Valley Farmer* on this subject, is as follows:—"The most convenient arrangement for a stock barn is upon a side hill where the hay and grain may be carted in upon the upper story and pitched into the bays below. This arrangement saves a great amount of labor in hauling the feed for the stock. Another advantage of a side hill barn is, the manure may be deposited in a cellar below, where the whole of the liquid portion can be saved, and where the whole can undergo a degree of fermentation before it is exposed to the washing rains and the weather outside. Upon the lower side, too, the cellar can be approached with the team and carts, and material added to the manure heap to absorb the urine and add to the general stock, or to render the whole easy of access for hauling away.

A barn thus arranged not only saves a great amount of labor in hauling the hay, &c., in stacking and feeding, but the quality is greatly preserved by being housed at once after it is cured. Add to these advantages the still more important consideration—the comfort and thrift secured to the animals in consequence of the protection afforded from the storms of winter, and it will be found that no more profitable investment can be made connected with the farm than in *the construction of a suitable barn.*"

Inquiries and Answers.

CAPONIZING FOWLS.—Who, among the numerous readers of the RURAL, will give, through its columns, the *modus operandi* of making capons, and oblige—A READER.

QUERIES ABOUT WHEAT.—I would like to inquire whether the Kentucky May wheat is an earlier variety than the Mediterranean, or not, with a description of the same? Please describe the Dayton wheat, and where either variety can be obtained.—A FARMER, *C. W.*, 1860.

COWS LEAKING THEIR MILK.—For four years my cow leaked one-half of her milk, and I commenced (by the direction of an Irishman,) bathing her teats, previous to her making bag, with melted tallow every three or four days till she come in. It proved a cure. It can be done after milking, when the bag is empty, but be careful not to start the milk as you apply it.—D. PORTER, *Pompey, N. Y.*

HOW TO PREVENT HENS KILLING CHICKENS.—I had several hens which hatched chickens, but not exactly at the same time. I wished to have them lay as soon as possible, and save the trouble of making a large number of coops, so I placed all of the chickens under one hen as they were gradually hatched. The hen seemed determined to kill all of them, excepting her own, so I covered the coop perfectly tight with a cloth, and made it dark, leaving a small hole for the chickens to run out and in. Within three days I took the cloth off to let the light shine in her prison, and the chickens, fifteen in number, were growing finely.—J. H. G., *Corning, N. Y.*

BLOAT IN CATTLE.—Will any of the readers of the RURAL give me a remedy for the Clover Bloat in cattle? I am having serious trouble with my cows.—MARCUS BAKER, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1860.

We append the views of some experienced farmers on this subject. The first one remarks:—"Farming has been my business for the last thirty years, and I have found that if cattle are first turned into clover when the dew is on, they are apt to bloat, but think they will not, if the clover is dry,—in other words, when the dew has evaporated or been absorbed. As a remedy for bloat, take one or two slices of fat pork. Pull out the tongue of the animal with one hand, and put the slice of pork as far down as possible; then hold the head up until it is swallowed. In most cases the operation will not have to be repeated, for the bloat will pass off in ten or fifteen minutes. The remedy is simple, and every farmer has (or ought to have) it on hand. I have never known a failure."

JOHN JOHNSTON, Esq., gives the following as an infallible remedy:—"Give about a gill of spirits of turpentine, mixed with an equal quantity of lukewarm water. One dose will usually effect a cure; Mr. J. has never used a second but once. If necessary, however, a second dose of same quantity can be given in five minutes. The remedy is usually instantaneous. Mr. J. has used it frequently for twenty-five years past, and always effectually."

Another practical farmer, Mr. E. J. GALLENTINE, of Rush, gives his cure for bloat, as follows:—A pint of lard and a pint of sweet milk. Mr. G. has found this remedy certain.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER—HARVEST AND CROPS.—The weather of the past week—17th to 24th—has been unusually wet and cool for the season, the frequent rains interrupting harvest operations, though we think no serious damage has resulted. The weather of the month of July has, indeed, been quite changeable thus far, with frequent heavy rains, and high, cool winds—the latter, however, proving advantageous to farmers in rapidly drying grass, grain and earth, so that haying and harvesting labors were resumed and prosecuted with vigor between the storms. But while we are having a superabundance of moisture in this region, New York papers are talking of a severe drouth in the eastern part of the State. The Tribune of Monday says:—"The green sward is now baked and brown, the trees and bushes are wilted, and yield no more their grateful shade—the graceful waving corn is shrunken and shriveled, and everything looks dead or dying for lack of the rain that will not come. If the drouth continues much longer, the market gardeners of this vicinity will be great losers, for all vegetation seems going backward rather than forward, and the farmers, too, will feel the pinch upon their crops severely."

— The spring crops of this section continue promising—at least, we hear no adverse reports. Letters from various parts of the West—Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, &c.,—bring us encouraging advices relative to the wheat harvest, and generally speak in most cheerful terms of the prospects of the other crops. From present indications the Union and the People will be saved abundantly, and GENERAL PROSPERITY, (the candidate of the Agricultural Press,) triumphantly elected, whatever the fate of the quadrinomical political aspirants.

WHEAT AND CHESS GROWING ON THE SAME HEAD—*Almost*.—Recently, Mr. G. D. BLISS, of Genesee Falls, Wyoming Co., sent us a head of wheat having a sprig of chess protruding from it, and presenting the appearance of united growth. On examination of the apparent hybrid, (in presence of Prof. DEWEY, Hon. T. C. PETERS, and others,) it was soon found that the branch of chess was an interloper, and *not* firmly attached to the wheat head. The stem of the chess was simply twisted *around* the main stem of the wheat, at the foot of the kernels, as was readily discovered. It had probably become tangled by the waving of the grain, and certainly presented a very natural appearance. On first seeing the queer specimen, a farmer present averred that the chess and wheat *must have grown on the same head;* but on our showing him the *twist*, he frankly "acknowledged the cereal" to be entirely distinct from the foul seed. We only chronicle this as another evidence that "appearances are deceitful." As many of our readers are aware, we have heretofore received and noticed several samples of *apparent* hybridization of wheat and chess, (and which the parties sending supposed to be genuine,) but have yet to see the reality.

FINE SAMPLES OF WHEAT have recently been received from various persons. One of the best was "Boughton's Early Virginia," grown by Mr. HENRY WRAY, of Gates, near this city—sample of a crop of four acres, from seed of his own raising. It was sown Sept. 13th, and harvested July 5th. Berry large, plump, and white—of excellent quality, though the yield was not large. Mr. W. W. JANES, of Greece, sent us, last week, several fine heads of wheat—said to be the Boughton, and grown from seed obtained in Va.,—but is not so white as Mr. WRAY'S, and is probably the Early May variety. Mr. J. says it is earlier than the Mediterranean or Dayton, has a short straw, and promises to yield well. Mr. E. M. POTTER, of Gates, sent us, July 30, a sample of wheat (in the head,) grown from seed called the Dayton, but which we thought to be the Early May. Samples of the Dayton, Mediterranean, and Golden Drop, have also been received, all of excellent quality. Thus far we consider the Dayton the most promising of the several varieties introduced into this section during the past two or three years.

NATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT KALAMAZOO, MICH.—We are in receipt of the Premium List, General Regulations, &c., of the "Third National Exhibition of Imported Blood and American Breed of Horses, to be held at National Park, Kalamazoo, Mich., Sept. 11—14." The premiums amount to $4,000 in the aggregate, and are open to competition from the United States and Canadas. The first and highest premium offered is $1,000 for the best trotting stallion under six years of age, "the test to be one mile and repeat, best three in five in harness"—(provided, at least, three bona fide entries are made previous to August 1st.) An entrance fee of ten per cent. will be charged on all premiums over thirty dollars; all under, three dollars. Favorable arrangements have been made with several Railroads to transport passengers and horses to and from the Show at reduced rates, and a large attendance is anticipated. Entries may be made, or copies of the premium list obtained, by addressing the Secretary, GEO. F. KIDDER, Kalamazoo.

WHEAT CROP OF MICHIGAN.—The last issue of the Mich. Farmer speaks very encouragingly of the quality and quantity of the Wheat Crop of the State. It estimates the yield at the large average of sixteen bushels to the acre—"equal to over two bushels per acre more than the best crop that has ever been raised in the State." After estimating the number of acres sown, yield, &c., in former years, and also the number of bushels that will be required for seeding (562,500 acres) next year, as well as what will be needed for home consumption, our contemporary says:—"Assuming the product of the State at nine millions of bushels, and taking from it the amount used for seed and for consumption, we have remaining for export over five millions of bushels, which may be worth any price from one dollar to one and a half dollars per bushel, and which may add to our cash capital from five to eight millions of dollars."

THE GENESEE CO. AG. SOCIETY is to hold its next Annual Show and Fair at Batavia, Sept. 18th and 19th. We are informed that liberal premiums are offered, and arrangements made for one of the best exhibitions ever made by the Society. On the last day there will be a public sale of stock and implements, a feature which the managers propose to make prominent. Competition for the exhibition of stock of all kinds is open to the world, and a large show is anticipated. All wishing to exhibit or sell stock will be accorded equal privileges with residents of the county, and are cordially invited to attend.

CROPS IN GENESEE COUNTY.—One of the most observing farmers in "Old Genesee," writes (under date of Le Roy, July 20,) as follows:—"We are now in the midst of harvest. Most of the early varieties of wheat are already secured. The yield and quality promise to be good. Some weevil in late pieces. Farmers must learn to sow the earliest varieties, and under the most favorable circumstances, and they will be sure of a good return. Grass full an average crop; oats heavy; spring barley light, winter good; corn and potatoes looking finely; fruit abundant."

SEEDS AND IMPLEMENTS.—It will be seen by reference to an advertisement in this paper, that Mr. H. C. WHITE, formerly of Rochester, has resumed the Seed and Implement business, his Warehouse being located at 338 Main st., Buffalo. Mr. W. has had considerable experience in the business, and possesses an intimate knowledge of the wants of the farming public. We trust his new enterprise will prove successful.

FRUITS IN THE NEW YORK MARKETS.

When we happen to be in New York City we take particular pleasure in strolling through the markets devoted to fruits and vegetables. There we find the products, not only of our own land, but of almost every clime, and obtain from the intelligent dealers many facts in regard to the wants of trade and the tastes of the people, valuable to the growers of fruit. New York is now our best market for the fruits that will bear transportation. The following in regard to the present supply of fruit, the prospect and prices, which we copy from the *New York Spectator* of July 20, will be found valuable:

"From conversations held with a number of respectable farmers and gardeners who have stands in the markets, it would appear that there are good promises held out of a bountiful supply of all kinds of domestic fruit, with the exception of peaches, the crop of which, it is much feared, will be very small; and those few are not expected to be in any way large in size.

Apples.—The supply as yet has been very limited; about fifteen hundred barrels having been brought from Norfolk, in Virginia, and sold readily on the dock for three or four dollars per barrel. A good crop of Northern apples is confidently expected in due season.

Pears.—A few barrels of pears have been received from the South, but the prospects of the Northern crop are very great and promising. The price paid for the Southern pears was so much above the fair average value, that, if quoted, would tend more to mislead persons than otherwise.

Grapes.—No grapes have been yet offered in the market for sale, but from the appearance of the crop, it is expected that there will, in proper season, be a very large supply, and the prices consequently low.

Plums are also likely to be very plentiful. None have as yet been offered for sale in the ordinary way in any of our markets.

Peaches.—As yet none other than Southern peaches have been offered for sale in the markets of this city. It is estimated that about three thousand eight hundred boxes of peaches have arrived from Savannah and other Southern ports, and have realized an average price of five dollars per box. The prospect of the peach crop in New Jersey, and the neighborhood, is scarcely better than an utter failure. For the past few years the supplies of Northern peaches has been very small, and the many lovers of this fruit will learn with regret that the chances of good and cheap peaches is very remote this season.

Cherries.—The average supply of this article is about twenty thousand pounds daily, including all varieties. In the early part of the season from six hundred to a thousand bushels were brought from Norfolk, and realized high prices. The present supplies are mostly from Flushing and the up river counties, and the average price obtained is about eight cents per pound.

Strawberries.—During the season just past over a million baskets of strawberries have arrived in this market, each basket containing about a half a pint. The fruit was principally brought from South Jersey and the up-river counties, and realized from three to three and a half cents per basket.

Blackberries.—A small supply of about twenty bushels daily have been received since Saturday last, and have realized from three to four dollars per bushel. There is every prospect of a bountiful supply of this berry, not only as to quantity but also with regard to size and richness of quality.

Raspberries.—The season for this fruit has but recently commenced; but up to the present time about eighty thousand baskets have been received daily from the North river counties, around and above Newburgh. The capacity of these baskets is nearly a pint, and the average price realized for the fruit was 5 cents each basketful.

About seventy thousand baskets are daily being received, filled with a much larger and finer kind of raspberry, known as the "Antwerps." These baskets average about three to the quart, and, at the commencement of the season, sold as high as fifteen dollars per hundred. The average price may now be estimated at about five cents a basket.

Currants.—The average daily supply of this fruit has been about fifteen hundred pounds, and has been brought from Long Island and the States of New York and New Jersey. The range of prices have been from four to five and a half cents per pound.

Gooseberries.—About five thousand bushels have been brought into the markets of this city from New Jersey and the surrounding neighborhood, and have sold at an average price of two dollars per bushel.

Tomatoes.—About six thousand boxes of tomatoes have arrived from the ports of Charleston and Savannah, since the commencement of the season, and about five hundred boxes from Norfolk. The supply from this latter port is expected to be much larger before the week ends. In the early part of the season some few boxes were received from Florida and that neighborhood, and in a few instances have reached the almost fabulous price of fifteen dollars per box. The rates have been rapidly lowering to about three and a half dollars, and the average price may now be quoted at four dollars per box. Some small supplies have been received from New Jersey and Long Island, but being mostly green, as yet, have not sold readily, except for pickling. Next week we may expect a good supply of ripe fruit from the Northern markets, and prices will then rapidly fall. There are very promising prospects of a good harvest in this commodity from all parts of the North.

Cucumbers have been coming into New York somewhat freely from the South; over three hundred thousand having reached this market from Savannah, Norfolk, Charleston, &c. The prices have ranged as high as ten dollars per barrel, and gradually lowering as the supply increased until they became as low as three dollars. The average price may be estimated at four dollars. Some few cucumbers have arrived from Northern gardens, and have sold for two dollars per barrel, but the supply was small and the quality poor. Next week, however, a large number may be expected from Long Island, New Jersey, and the upper portions of the Hudson river.

Water Melons.—The supply of this fruit, since the commencement of the season, may be fairly considered as amounting to seven hundred and fifty per day. During the present week a much larger number have daily arrived; and as the month advances, so the supply will increase. The prices have ranged from eighteen to seventy-five cents each, the average being thirty-five cents.

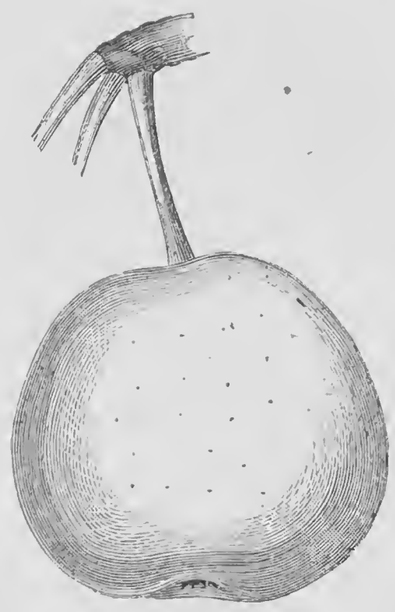
FRUITS IN SEASON.

The *Cherries* and *Raspberries* are about over, though yesterday we had a delicious dish of *Brinckle's Orange*, and a few may be found ripening for some days to come. The next fruits in season will be the early pears, and plums, and apples. That very early plum, the *Jaune Hative*, is now ripe, and it is a great favorite, selling readily in the markets. It is of a bright yellow color, and the form and size are shown in the engraving. Its principal merit is its earliness, and large quantities could be sold in any of our cities or large villages.

JAUNE HATIVE PLUM.

We shall have a very large crop of plums in this section. Orchards that have been cared for are overloaded, and even neglected trees are, this season, giving a good crop. Ellwanger & Barry, from whose trees we obtained the specimen from which the above drawing is made, find their plum orchard so overloaded, that they are thinning them, and removing bushels of green plums.

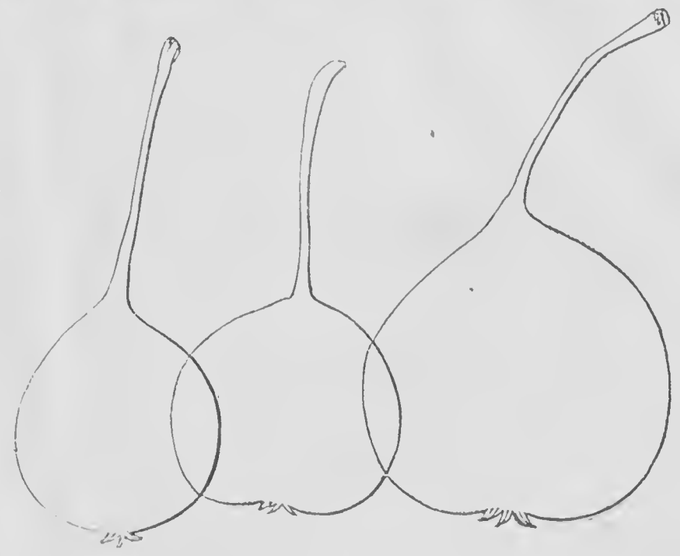
The early pears are ripening, and to-day, (July 23,) we obtained specimens of *Amire Joannet*, *Little Musk*, and *Muscat Robert*. These, like the plum, we have described, are not valuable on account of size or quality, but solely for their earliness, and dealers in cities find them profitable.



DOYENNE D' ETE PEAR.

Amire Joannet—*(St. John,s Early Sugar, &c.)*—Fruit small, varying from obovate to pyriform, regular, tapering to the stalk, which is long, straight, and stiff, inserted without any cavity. Calyx open, large, not sunk. Skin greenish-yellow at maturity. Flesh breaking, juicy, musky, and sweet. Tree upright, and of vigorous growth. Young shoots olive-colored, with minute gray dots. Leaves large, roundish, flat, glossy, and rich, slightly toothed, and on very long and large petioles. Tree very productive, and succeeds well on both pear and quince stock. It is well worthy of a place in large gardens, not merely on account of its earliness, but because the tree is very beautiful, with its large, glistening foliage, and beautiful, bright little miniature pears. Ripens here from the middle to the 1st of July.

Little Musk.—*(Little Muscat, Petit Muscat, Primitive, &c., &c.)*—There is scarcely a day of difference here between the ripening of this and the preceding, and very little difference in the



MUSCAT ROBERT. LITTLE MUSK. AMIRE JOANNET.

quality. Fruit small, about an inch in diameter, regular, turbinate or top-shaped, tapering to the stalk, which is an inch to an inch and a half long. Calyx large, open, in a very slight depression. Skin greenish yellow in the shade, streaked and mottled with dull red in the sun, and sprinkled with yellow dots. Flesh yellowish, breaking, sweet, and juicy, with a pleasant musky flavor. Tree is an upright, fine, pyramidal grower, moderately stout. Young shoots glossy, of a reddish-brown, with gray dots. Leaves small, oval, and folded. Petioles reddish, long, and slender. Productive; bears in profuse clusters. We have seen upward of thirty pears, good specimens, and all ripe, on a single branch, exactly twelve inches long.

Muscat Robert.—*(Gros St. Jean, &c.)*—Fruit rather small, very regular, top-shaped, tapering to the base of the stalk, which is about one and a half inches long, and fleshy at the base. Calyx open, in a very slight depression. Skin greenish-yellow, becoming a pale lemon-yellow at maturity, and delicately marbled with red on the side next the sun. Flesh white, breaking, juicy, very sweet, musky and pleasant. Ripe from 1st to 10th of August. The tree is remarkably distinct and very beautiful, erect, and vigorous in growth, with yellowish wood, in winter quite golden looking like the yellow willow.

A few days after these, follows the *Doyenne d' Ete*, and it is really the earliest good pear. It has been recommended by the American Pomological Society for general cultivation, and is a valuable pear. Our drawing is made from a ripe specimen picked to-day.

Doyenne d'Ete.—*(Summer Doyenne.)*—Beautiful, melting, juicy, and delicious. Ripens better on the tree than any other variety we know of, but is richer if picked a few days before maturity. The tree is vigorous and handsome, bearing regular and most abundant crops. It ripens here about the middle of July, and is in season about twenty days. It is one of those varieties that succeed particularly well on the quince; but is so prolific, that unless pretty closely pruned every year, it will soon become enfeebled.

In a few days the *Madelaine* will be ripe, and other early varieties, which we will notice in season. Our pear trees are bearing abundantly, but that mysterious disease, the *Pear Blight*, is far more destructive than usual. This is the only serious evil, in the way of pear culture, in Western New York, and we must acknowledge that we know neither the cause nor the remedy. Cutting away the diseased limbs as fast as the disease appears, is the only way known by which the trees can be saved.

PRINCE'S SEEDLING STRAWBERRIES.

A correspondent, and an intelligent strawberry cultivator, sends us the following note in regard to the descriptive list of strawberries furnished by Wm. R. Prince, and published in the last number of the Rural:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I drop you a note of inquiry, to ask why you, and other editors, insert in your editorial columns, W. R. Prince's descriptive list of seedling strawberries, &c. I have visited them almost every year, for 10 years, when in bearing. He only proves them—raises them in small beds in *masses*—plants 2 inches apart mostly, and I never saw *any plant* on his grounds with even 20 berries on. *So much for "productiveness."* I never saw a berry there 4½ inches in circumference, and you know Hovey's, Longworth's Prolific, &c., often bear 5 inches and over in circumference. So much for *monstrous* size. He has exhibited most of the kinds named, at the Farmer's Club, for two years past, and I *have tasted all*; but I never tasted one of his *equal* to *Burr's New Pine* or Swainstone Seedling, &c. His Ladies' Pine, Perfumed Pine, and Le Baron, are sweet, pleasant berries, but not equal to the above. So much for the *highest flavored of all berries*. I never saw his "Scarlet Magnate" as large as Longworth's Prolific; and as to flavor or productiveness, it is decidedly *second rate*. *

No one, we think, can charge us with misleading them by puffing inferior fruits. On this point we are extremely careful, and never recommend what has not been fully tested. If we have not seen a fruit we say so; if we have seen it and it appears promising, or worthless, we state the fact. We allow cultivators to describe the fruits they cultivate, in some cases, but these no sane man will mistake for the unbiased opinions of the editors.

Longworth's Vineyards at Cincinnati—within the last twelve years have been remunerative. This season they paid him a rental of about $15,000,—last year less than $2,000. His first vineyards were planted forty-one years ago, with the Cape or Schuylkill grape; but in 1823, he introduced the famous Catawba grape into notice in the West, and it is now *the* wine grape of the country.—*Ohio Valley Farmer.*

ANOTHER ENEMY TO FRUIT TREES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I herewith send you a grub, which seems to be a new enemy to the apple and the pear. The parent of this grub deposits her eggs on the branches of the tree, and the first indication one has of it, is by finding a limb about half an inch in diameter lying on the ground, or suspended in the tree by a shred of bark.

It enters at a spur or fork, and cuts the limb off horizontally, working at the wood until the branch is so much weakened that the wind dashes it to the ground, and the insect escapes from its burrow into the earth, where it probably remains till spring, when it is transformed, and comes forth in the perfect state to do further mischief.

I observe that in all cases the grub, after cutting the limb enough horizontally to make it drop when the wind blows, works a burrow about one or two inches outward, so that when the limb falls to the ground, it is sure to go with it. How wonderful for an insect to show so much instinct.

The spring and summer have been warm, and very dry, yet all kinds of fruit (except the pear) will yield abundantly this season. We never had a finer crop of cherries, so large, perfect, and so good to boot, and the apples for many years have not been so fine and free of worms.

Grapes are coming on finely, and will yield abundantly.

How is it that your fruit growers, in their Report on Cherries, say nothing about *Rumsey's Morello?* With me it is a splendid cherry, and so amazing productive that the trees are literally loaded with superb fruit, and the tree is as hardy as the thorn. Wm. Tompkins.

Germantown, N. Y., 1860.

This grub is new to us, and we will make some effort to ascertain more in regard to it.

Inquiries and Answers.

Flower for Name.—If any one is in trouble now-a-days, their first cry is "The Rural," whose wisdom none can doubt, after reading it as many years as I have; and here I come, hoping you can name the inclosed flower for me. It is a green-house plant, of a trailing habit, and requires a very moist soil. It is one of my especial favorites, and if you will apply its missing name, I shall be ever grateful.—F. T. L., *North Huron*, 1860.

The flower is a *Mimulus*, but what variety we cannot judge from the specimen received.

The Blackberry.—In a former number of the Rural I saw a notice of the New Rochelle Blackberry, and of its wonderful productions. Will you please give me information as to where I can get the seed, and the mode and time of planting and culture? also the soil best adapted to their growth.—D. M. Pettit, *Northeast, Pa.*

You had better order a few plants from some nurseryman, either in the autumn or spring. Any good garden soil will answer.

Propagating the Blackberry.—Please inform me, through the Rural, whether the Blackberry may be layered in midsummer as the Raspberry,—that is, to bend the newly-grown canes, and bury the tip end in the ground.—A. A., *Princeville, Ill*, 1860.

The Blackberry will not root from the tips of the shoots, like the native Raspberry. The best way for an amateur to propagate it, is to take up the suckers in the spring, like the improved raspberries.

Transplanting Evergreens.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, inform me, through the Rural, the best time to set out Pine, Spruce, and Hemlock trees? Will they live, set in August? How deep should they be planted in hard-pan soil?—A Subscriber, *Cocentry, N. Y.*

The spring is the safest time to remove evergreens, though they may be removed at almost any time, with proper care. We would not think of removing evergreens from the woods in August. Trees, when removed, should be planted about as deep as they grew before. You should do something to improve that "hard-pan" soil. Draining and deep culture would help it.

Horticultural Notes.

Horticultural Festival at Naples.—The Horticultural Society of Naples held a Festival, Picnic, and Third Annual Exhibition of the first Fruits and Flowers of the season, on Saturday, June 23d, 1860. The Society spared no pains in getting up one of the most pleasing and attractive Festivals ever held in town. Suitable grounds were selected near the Methodist Church. Upon the large and well-furnished stand, were tables covered with Horticultural books and papers, several large vases of various flowers, an aquarium, a melodeon, rural chair, banners with appropriate devices, fruits and flowers. Paintings were hung in the background, with good effect. In front of the Speaker's stand were arranged the numerous fruits, flowers and vegetables on exhibition. The show of fruits was excellent. Mr. J. B. Johnson exhibited thirteen kinds of winter apples. The best varieties of cherries, strawberries, gooseberries, plums, &c., were profusely spread over the table, among the vases of beautiful flowers. The above is from the *Naples Weekly Express*, which contains a long account of the speeches, music, dinner, &c.

The Gooseberry Slug.—*(N. T., Niagara Co.)*—Next week we intend to give an article on the Currant, and then we will describe the insect and its operations. Mr. Hoag, of Lockport, informed us that he saw a few at Lockport this season, for the first time.

S. L. A., Kewanee, Ill.—The lesson you say you have learned, not to invest money in high-priced strawberries, you would do well to heed. If your strawberries have been worthless, the experience is valuable.

CREAM CAKES, WASHING COMPOUND, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Please accept a recipe or two, which I have never seen in the Rural:

Cream Cakes.—Take 2 cups of flour; 1 of butter; half pint of water,—boil butter and water together, and stir in the flour by degrees while boiling; let it cool, then add 5 eggs, a quarter of a teaspoonful of soda,—drop this mixture on tins, and bake in a quick oven.

Inside.—One pint of milk; half a cup of flour; 1 cup of sugar; 2 eggs,—beat the flour, sugar, and eggs together, then stir it into the milk while boiling,—flavor with lemon. Slit the cakes partially open after they are baked and cold, and put in the cream with a spoon.

A Washing Compound that can't be beat.—Take 2 lbs. of soda ash; 2 lbs. hard soap; and 10 quarts water—cut the soap fine—add all together, put into a kettle, and bring to a boil, then take it off the fire, and stir until nearly cool. Put your clothes to soak the evening before you wash. In the morning wring out, boil them in water to which is added nearly a pint of the compound to every pailful. Wash out in the same water and rinse, and your washing is done.

Will some of the lady readers of the Rural please to contribute a recipe for making mock cream, and oblige?—Mrs. J. M. J., *Canton, Ohio, July*, 1860.

TEA CAKE, SPONGE CAKE, AND CRULLERS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having a few recipes, I send them, thinking they may be of some benefit to young housekeepers:

Delicious Tea Cake.—Beat to a cream 7 ozs. of sweet butter; beat to a stiff froth the whites of 8 eggs, and mix gradually with it 1 pound of flour, together with the butter and half a nutmeg, grated. Bake in a pan lined with buttered papers. Almonds blanched and pounded may be substituted for the butter.

Best Sponge Cake.—One coffee cup of sugar; 4 eggs beaten to a cream; saleratus as large as a pea, dissolved in a spoon of hot water; one coffee cup of flour, and a few drops of lemon. Bake fifteen minutes.

To Make Crullers.—Take 2 cupfuls of sugar; the same amount of sweet milk; 2 large spoonfuls of butter; 2 eggs; 2 spoonfuls of soda; 4 of cream of tartar, and, if desired, 1 spoon of essence of lemon. Incorporate the ingredients carefully, and fry in hot lard. A Constant Reader.

Allendale Farm, 1860.

Prevention of Ants.—A correspondent of the N. Y. *Observer* says:—"Mrs. D——, my landlady, informs me that she was greatly troubled formerly with ants in her cupboard, in which she kept not only her dishes, but victuals; but that the accidental breaking of a bottle of spirits of camphor in the cupboard cleared them all out. She considers camphor a sure remedy against ants in all cupboards, safes, dairies, closets, &c. It will not cost much to try it."

Black Ants.—In answer to the inquiry how to get rid of these troublesome pests, I would give the following directions:—Take a piece of thick brown paper, saturate it well with strong camphor, and cover the jars or boxes with it under the lid. You will soon discover that the industrious little creatures have sought new quarters. This is the most effectual remedy ever tried by—A Countrywoman, *Venice Center, N. Y.*, 1860.

Suet Pudding.—Two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; 1 do. soda; 1 pint of new milk; half pound raisins; half pound suet, chopped fine; 1 tablespoonful salt; put in a bag and boil two hours. For sauce, half teacup butter; half do. sugar; tablespoonful of flour; nutmeg to suit the taste. Stir well together, add a little water, and cook.—Ann Eliza, *Ellenville, N. Y.*, 1860.

Curing Bee Stings.—I have kept bees for 30 years. At first I dreaded the sting of a bee on account of pain and swelling. I tried all remedies, and they failed to cure; but for 10 years past I take dry saleratus or soda, moisten the skin, and apply the soda; it is a complete cure on me.—D. Porter, *Pompey, N. Y.*, 1860.

Boston Crackers—Coloring Purple.—Being a reader of the Rural, and having tried many of the recipes for cooking, I thought some of your lady readers might favor me by sending one for making Boston Crackers. Also, a recipe for coloring purple.—L., *Belfast, N. Y.*, 1860.

That "Stocking Loom."—A correspondent writes us from Dundee, N. Y., opening thus:—"I guess your sheet, which is generally truthful, and so widely circulated, has been made the medium (unwittingly on your part,) of advertising one of the swindling, catch-penny humbugs of the day. And some of your adventurous readers, who are anxious to become rich by easy means, and who, like Micawber, have been waiting 'to see what will turn up,' have already catched at the bait." Our friend proceeds to say that the Stocking Loom advertisement of J. R. Johnson & Co., recently given in the Rural, is a hoax, as there is no such man in the town named—that the P. M. has refused to deliver the letters to said address, and they will go to the Dead Letter Office in a few days—and that, if any have been verdant enough to send their V's for a loom, their funds will soon be returned by order of the Department, &c.

—As we said in an article some months ago, "humbug advertisements will occasionally creep into the Rural, in spite of us, though our aim and desire is to ignore everything of the kind." It seems, from the above, that we have been deceived again; yet, if our readers have followed the advice heretofore given them,—never to "buy a pig in a poke," but to keep their money until satisfied (from known character of the advertiser,) as to the value of the *anamile* or article advertised—none have been swindled.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A POOR GIRL'S SOLILOQUY.*

BY I. M. BEEBEE.

THE chilly evening wanes
Into the deep, sad night,
And through my window panes
There streams the cold moon-light;
By this my needle flies
Through the unwilling dress,—
My tearful eyes implore the skies,
My lips a prayer confess.

But just across the way
A mansion grand and old
Shines like the radiant day,
With majesty untold;
From each deep window streams
The warm and golden light,
Like sunny gleams in happy dreams,
They fall upon my sight.

And while I stitch and stitch
Alone in this cold gloom,
How happy are the rich
Who walk that brilliant room!
The splendid robes they wear
With such a careless way,
Though very fair, cost many a tear,
And many a weary day!

See there, a lovely bride
Beside the window stands,
A noble youth is at her side,—
Joined are their hearts and hands,—
And in this dreary room
'Has been a wedding brave,—
WORK was the groom—its faithful gloom
Will linger to the grave.

This life, without a rest
From labor's crushing load,
Is but a dreadful lax assessed
By a mysterious GOD!
"His ways are like the deep,"—
"Past finding out" are they;
We may but weep, and, believing, keep
Our task from day to day.

But when this nature tires
Of this heart-racking strife,—
When GOD shall light the fires
Of a new and better life,—
Oh, shall a chasm wide
Be open as before,
And on each side will He divide
The rich ones from the poor?

Watertown, N. Y., 1860.

* Suggested to the author by *facts*.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME."

"A SENSE of an earnest will
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill
If you have no power of giving;
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words, so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless;
The world is wide, these things are small,
They may be nothing—but *they may be all*."

TRUE, it was an old house that sheltered the aged couple known as Grandfather and Grandmother DEANE, and their "wee bit" of a grandchild, "ANNE," yet Charity walked hand-in-hand with its inmates, and to the destitute it was a palace of plenty. The wayfaring always found a welcome at the hearthstone, and never went away any that were an "hungered, or athirst;" the neighborhood poor were sought out and comforted with plentiful supplies of "loves and fishes;" the desolate and grief-smitten met with soothing, sympathetic words, that dropped like oil and balm on wounded hearts,—and the weary ones of earth, the stray lambs, who never realized by experience the beautiful meaning of the words "Home, Sweet Home," did they gather into their own fold, remembering the words of the Good Shepherd, "inasmuch as ye have ministered unto one of the least of these, my little ones, ye have ministered unto me."

Yes, a time-worn, rickety building it was, over which the mosses and mould had crept for scores of years. The fragrant hop vines climbed and clung lovingly to the warped clapboards, and the pretty morning-glories hung in graceful festoons over the low door-way, never failing to brush back the *generous* border of her cap, and kiss the faded cheek of good old Grandmother DEANE as she crossed the threshold. Little families of robins were reared every year beneath the eaves of the old house, and the humming-bird never forgot its home of sweetness in the lilac-boughs that shaded the humble window. Numberless were the "cosset-lambs" that had been brought to a sense of their earthly existence beneath this roof, with generous doses of red pepper and the milk of human kindness, and flocks of these four-footed juveniles might be seen every spring revelling within the space Grandfather DEANE had allotted them, on the matchless carpet of green mother Nature had woven.

Within the house everything bespoke a homely comfort,—strings of peppers, bunches of saffron, penny-royal, catnip, wormwood, and all known herbs instrumental in curing diseases of the flesh, from croup to inflammatory rheumatism, duly found a place on the whitewashed logs near the ample fire-place. There was a corner cupboard, with its priceless "chany" dishes for extra occasions, and another cupboard with blue-edged plates and pewter platters for common use.

The splint-bottomed rocking chair which held out its arms so invitingly was there, a never-failing support in hours of weariness or illness, and ever as "Evening dropped her sable curtain" did the good old woman seat herself within it, while the little ANNE found sleep and rest on her soft breast. In this chair she sat and hatcheld flax of a winter's evening, which was to glide like a long silver thread through her fingers on the morrow,—in this chair she sat and sang grand old sacred songs, with so much of faith and fervor, so much of power and pathos, that angels must have hovered very close to echo the sweet strains along the streets of the New Jerusalem,—by this chair she knelt while Grandfather DEANE breathed a prayer for every living creature, but most of all for little ANNE, who, ere long, would look in vain for old loving arms to clasp her any more.

From the Book of Life they read the language of human nature as portrayed by DAVID, following him with a spirit of boundless charity along the downward course of temptation, and with yearning love for the erring, drawing near and nearer the further he strayed from the heights of salvation, the deeper he sank in the cesspool of sin,—rejoicing with joy unspeakable, when the lost is found of GOD, and the feet of the wanderer are firmly and eternally placed on the rock,—CHRIST JESUS.

A pleasant home-like looking home it was, where the old folks lived and died; hand-in-hand they walked bravely the journey of years, and late in the Autumn of Life fell asleep with the leaves and the flowers, and awoke in a new home whither good angels had borne them, where come neither want nor care, nor grieving any more.

Oh, ye who are young and strong, buoy up the tottering, aged ones who were once as strong as you,—let words of loving kindness glide from your lips, their hearts thirst for the sweet flow,—smooth tenderly the whitened locks, and press fondly the time-worn hands that toiled untiringly for you. Let not Avarice or Selfishness so callous your hearts that you minister to their wants grudgingly,—and when the loved face (though wrinkled and old, still the most beautiful in all the world to you,) be painted white by Death's brush, you will never regret a single kindness which brought one ray of sunshine to hearts (now still under shroud-folds,) whose last throb was for you; never cease to cherish as hallowed memories the strewing of flowers along the pathway whither "old folks" journeyed to their "Home in Heaven."

MARY HAMILTON.

Mammoth Farm, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

ABOUT your daughters,—your little girls,—I would say one word, more especially to farmer's wives, who depend very much upon their daughters' help in household affairs. Don't keep them standing on their feet all day to help you, or wait upon you, but give them a portion of the work, such as they can perform; or let them try something new, knowing they must perform it themselves—that its completion depends upon them—and you will find it a greater help to you, and a greater good to them; for they feel that they have accomplished something. How many women I have known taking the whole burden of the housework upon themselves, having girls eight, ten, or twelve years old, for mere *waiters*. It is "MARY, run and get me the rolling-pin, beat the eggs, get this, get that,"—the little girl standing anxiously about, and willing to help her hard-working mother,—for little girls love to help, and do not want to be thought lazy. They stand,—their feet ache, and when night comes, many a one thinks about her mother, and wishes she could do more for her. The little feet are very weary,—she looks over the day, but cannot see that she has done anything after all to be of much assistance,—is sorry, wonders how it is, and in this way acquires a distaste for house-work. It is all wrong—is all for want of some system. Give your little girl her portion to do,—say washing up the dishes,—putting her room in order,—setting the table for tea,—sometimes let her try to make biscuits, or a loaf of cake. She will thus take pride in her employment,—will do far better than you imagine, and she will learn to be a much better housekeeper by the means. Try it, and you and your little daughter will feel that she is, indeed, both a help and a comfort. Remember their little weary feet and be thus kind to them.

ADA BROWN.

Oak Hall, Iowa, 1860.

CHEERFULNESS.—Tonics, stimulatives, medicines,—there is nothing in all pharmacopœia half so inspiring as a cheerful temper! Don't persuade yourself that everything happens wrong! My dear sir, you are the only person that is wrong, when you say that this is a world of trial and trouble. It is a great deal better to be without an arm or a leg, than to lack cheerfulness! What if the globe does not roll around in the precise direction you want it to? Make the best of it. Put a pleasant face on the matter, and don't go about throwing cold water on the firesides of all the rest of mankind. If you are in want of an example, look at the birds, or the flowers, or the very sunshine on the grass! Show us one grumbler in all Nature's wide domains! The man who is habitually gay and cheerful has found the true philosopher's stone—there is no cloud so dark but he sees the blue sky beyond—no trouble so calamitous but he finds some blessings left him to thank Providence for.

WISE WOMEN WANTED.—An intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

Twenty fashionable young ladies who dare to be seen wielding a dust brush, or darning their brother's stockings, if a gentleman should happen to make an early morning call.

Ten independent young ladies, of "good families," who dare to wear their last winter's bonnets to church on a fine Sunday.

Fourteen young ladies, "who are anybody," who dare to be seen in the street wearing shoes with soles thick enough to keep their feet warm.

Fifty young ladies of sufficient age "to go in company," who dare confess they have ever made a loaf of bread or a pudding.

A FACT serves a principle as a handle serves a blade; it gives it character and a purpose, and enables one to grasp it more firmly, and wield it with more success.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HAYMAKER'S SONG.

BY J. W. BARKER.

COME on to the scented clover fields,
At early dawn away!
The earth her generous bounty yields,—
To the clover fields away.
The sun is painting now the hills
With its genial, golden ray,
And the music of the singing rills
Is calling thee away.
Come on to the scented clover fields
At early dawn of day,
The earth her generous bounty yields,—
To the clover fields away.

The merry birds, an hour agone,
In the nodding cherry tree,
Had touched the notes of her gushing song—
That restless melody.
And the model little artisans
That visit the early flower
Have gathered many a nectar drop
From the alluring dewy bower.
Then on to the scented clover fields, &c.

There's wealth within the sinewy arm
That drives the ringing steel,
There's music in the laborer's heart
That idlers never feel;
As, singing, to his cheerful task
He hies at early day,
And toiling through the summer hours,
He makes the scented hay.
Then on to the scented clover fields, &c.

When the sun is up in the cloudless sky,
And the west wind gently blows,
'Tis then the sturdy husbandman
To his daily labor goes;
You can mark his footprints in the dew,
Away o'er the dotted mead
You can hear the ring of his shining blade
As he slackens his wonted speed.
Then on to the scented clover fields, &c.

When the storm king sits on the western hills,
And frowns o'er the smiling plain,
And the hollow voice of the distant rills
Betokens the drizzling rain,
Not then o'er the thirsty meadow land
You may hie at the dawn of day;
When the sky is fair and the sun is warm,
'Tis time to make the hay.
Then on to the scented clover fields
At early dawn of day,
The earth her generous bounty yields,—
To the clover fields away.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR HABITS AND PRINCIPLES.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

THROUGH what perversity of human nature do we forget the blessings, the ties, the attractions of home and families, for pleasures and gratifications abroad? That the young, unwary and inexperienced should do so, seems not so strange; but to see those who have already passed the morning, and even the noon, of life, forsake the solid and pure enjoyments and comforts of home, for vague, shallow, uncertain pleasures, is a sad spectacle.

How often are we grieved and astonished to see a mother abandoning her children and home interests, to indifferent, or worse than no care at all, for the sake of some fancied benefit to be derived abroad,—so intent on seeing and being seen, that she is lost to every inducement and to every sense of decency and duty. And this not only among the wealthy,—carried away by fashionable emulation and frivolity,—but even in the quiet country, women show their vanity and recklessness, and desire to go abroad.

There are times and occasions when a wife and mother may leave home safely, wisely, and advantageously to her own or others' interests and happiness. These are the sweet, social ties of family and dear friends, and the claims of those in sickness and adversity. But if we would keep our love of home deep and pure, we shall do well not to be lured away by every frivolous occasion that offers excitement and amusement.

Again, how shocking, how painful to every virtuous mind, to see a wife and mother abandon husband and children, utterly, and at once leap over every barrier, become lost to all real claims, and leave a name to be remembered only with shame and sorrow! And this occurs not always, or even often, where domestic misery might almost seem some extenuation, but such women usually leave what seem to others great and enduring attractions,—often an indulgent husband, a lovely family, and a home where no want, real or imaginary, is unsupplied. Alas, if they but knew that no man with one spark of true nobility in his soul, would ask, or accept, such a sacrifice, and would eventually despise her want of firmness and callousness to all sacred ties!

On the other hand, how common it has become for men to consider themselves privileged to partially forsake their families, and engage in associations or doubtful business abroad. No doubt many a man is driven away by a fault-finding, fretful wife, and disagreeable household, which, through mismanagement, becomes intolerable. Such men, seeking merely employment, are to be pitied, not censured. And again, real, actual business, whereby families are maintained, calls men everywhere, temporarily. But too often we see a careless indifference and disregard of the endearments and sanctities of domestic life. Men of unbalanced minds are too apt to seek excitement in forbidden and unholy friendships and intimacies,—men, whose wives and children are lovely and blameless,—making one wonder why such perversity exists. Thousands of wretched hearts are mourning for these things, and worlds of keenest disappointment and sorrow are hidden beneath forced smiles, or assumed indifference.

These evils are daily increasing, and are looked upon with more and more toleration, till one may well fear the sacredness of all social relations and obligations will soon be utterly ignored. It is well to look with a jealous eye upon every thing and circumstance calculated to rob us of our dearest rights, and as much as is in our power, frown upon and discountenance every invasion upon our domestic peace, a true regard of which forms the foundation of all the greatness and the nobleness which lifts man above brutes.

Q.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LINGERINGS WITH NATURE.—NO. IV.

PUTNAM HILL.

"LOOK downward from this coping of the world," as a dweller upon the long levels of the West would deem it, and gaze upon the city of Zanesville, half-encircled by the turbid Muskingham, the Licking winding slowly down the valley, and the sweep of hills beyond, dotted with white dwellings and picturesque groves. Fold your arms with silent joy, and feel, upon the brow of this bold promontory, that you have only lived half the life allotted you, while groping in the valleys, or listlessly rambling over the rolling plain. Grasp there, in one moment, the vague longings of years, finding half their fruition in the long distances—the still lines of burnished water, and their wreaths of smoke, curling slowly upward to the heavens. Marvel not that a calm-browed woman, long past the raptures of youth, as she stood gazing off upon the varied landscape, should exclaim, with streaming eyes, "I have lived but half a life!" The furrows, the silver threads, corroding cares and heart-breaking trouble had not quenched the ardor of that yearning heart, so exquisitely attuned in harmony with Nature's ever-vibrating chords.

Turn from the waving shadows, the undulating water, and the suggestive sweep of the distant horizon, and note for a moment the dark and smoky town, bearing a quiet look of age, not unlike our visions of the time-stained palaces of Italy. There seems a soothing repose down in the densly populated valley; and we, from our pinnacle, may freely speculate upon the rise, growth and sombre aspect of the smoke-dyed city. The long, gray, covered bridges, one branching off in the middle to reach both shores, situated just at the confluence of the two rivers, may, perchance, be a "Bridge of Sighs," for the dark forms continually emerging, and the dungeon-like openings into the opposite hill-sides, suggest the dark rites of the Inquisition, or the subterranean dwellings of those robber-bands, who figure so largely upon the pages of old romances. And as one by one, the half-naked, sooty denizens of these narrow caverns, wheel forth their little car of bituminous coal, they are again transformed,—visions of Vulcan and his dark-hued emissaries come apace.

Marvel not that the imagination fires, that the blood kindles, that the tears start, in the vain attempt to grasp the items and sound the depths of thought which this beautiful picture excites. Pause, traveler, and linger upon the grassy heights of Putnam Hill, ere you scale the summits of the proud Alleganies, a span beyond.

L. A. T.

THE GREATEST SEMINARY

THE fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth. The learning of the university may fade from the recollection; its classic lore may moulder in the halls of memory; but the simple lessons of home, enamelled upon the heart of childhood, defy the rust of years, and outlive the more mature but less vivid pictures of after days.

So deep, so lasting, indeed, are the impressions of early life, that you often see a man in the imbecility of age holding fresh in his recollection the events of childhood, while all the wide space between that and the present hour is a blasted and forgotten waste. You have perchance seen an old and half obliterated portrait, and in the attempt to have it cleaned and restored, you may have seen it fade away, while a brighter and more perfect picture, painted beneath, is revealed to view. This portrait, first drawn upon the canvas, is no inapt illustration of youth; and though it may be concealed by some after design, still the original traits will shine through the outward picture, giving it tone while fresh, and surviving it in decay.

Such is the fireside—the great institution furnished by Providence for the education of man.

THE VALUE OF ACCURACY.

IT is the result of every day's experience, that steady attention to matters of detail, lies at the root of human progress; and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy is also of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man. Accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done; for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work, than to half-do ten times as much. A wise man used to say, "Stay a little, that we may make an end the sooner." Too little attention, however, is paid to this highly important quality of accuracy. As a man eminent in practical science lately observed to us, "It is astonishing how few people I have met in the course of my experience who can define a fact accurately." Yet, in business affairs, it is the manner in which even small matters are transacted, that often decides men for or against you. With virtue, capacity, and good conduct in other respects, the person who is habitually inaccurate cannot be trusted; his work has to be gone over again; and he thus causes endless annoyance, vexation, and trouble.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CLOUDS AND DREAMS.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

O, YE that have watched the clouds that float
In the still, soft summer air,
Some tinged with the rays of the fair rose light,
And some all fleecy, and dim, and white,
Like robes which the blest may wear,—

Say, are they not like to the visions bright
That float in our life's young sky?
Sweet dreams, all gilded with hope's clear light,
Dim, beautiful pictures, our watchful sight
Scarce see ere they hasten by?

O, sun-clad clouds, that in quiet lie,
Ye may change ere the night comes round,
And wildly drift through the darkened sky,
Like storm-kings hurrying swiftly by,
To the thunder's sullen sound.

And beautiful dreams of youth, so fair,
Ye may change,—ye may change as well;
The temples we build in the soft, still air,
May change into castles of black despair,—
The future alone can tell.

Cambria, N. Y., 1860.

MISQUOTATIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

"GOD tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." From Sterne's Sentimental Journey to Italy. Compare Isaiah xxvii. 8.

"In the midst of life we are in death." From the Burial Service; and this, originally, from a hymn of Luther.

"Bread and wine which the Lord hath commanded to be received." From the English Catechism.

"Not to be wise above what is written." Not in Scripture.

"That the Spirit would go from heart to heart as oil from vessel to vessel." Not in Scripture.

"The merciful man is merciful to his beast." The scriptural form is, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast."—Prov. xii. 10.

"A nation shall be born in a day." In Isaiah it reads,—"Shall a nation be born at once?" lxvi. 8.

"As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth a man the countenance of his friend." "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—Prov. xxvii. 17.

"That he who runs may read." "That he may run that readeth."—Hab. ii. 2.

"Owe no man any thing but love." "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another.—Rom. xiii. 8.

"Prone to sin as the sparks fly upward." "Born to trouble as the sparks fly upward."—v. 7.

"Exalted to heaven in point of privilege." Not in the Bible.

Eve was not Adam's *helpmate*, but merely a help meet for him; nor was Absalom's long hair, of which he was so proud, the instrument of his destruction; his head, and not the hair upon it, having been caught in the boughs of the tree.—(2 Samuel xviii. 9.)

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

A MOTHER teaching her child to pray, is an object at once the most sublime and tender that the imagination can conceive. Elevated above earthly things, she seems like one of those guardian angels, the companions of our earthly pilgrimage, through whose ministrations we are incited to good and restrained from evil. The image of the mother becomes associated in his mind with the invocation she taught him to his "Father who is in heaven." When the seductions of the world assail his youthful mind, that well remembered prayer to his "Father who is in heaven," will strengthen him to resist evil. When in riper years he mingles with mankind, and encounters fraud under the mask of honesty, when he sees confiding goodness betrayed, generosity ridiculed as weakness, unbridled hatred, and the coolness of interested friendship, he may indeed be tempted to despise his fellow men; but he will remember his "Father who is in heaven."

Should he, on the contrary, abandon himself to the world, and allow the seed of self-love to spring up and flourish in his heart, he will, notwithstanding, sometimes hear a warning voice in the depths of his soul, severely tender as those maternal lips which instructed him to his "Father who is in heaven." But when the trials of life are over, and he may be extended on the bed of death, with no other consolation but the peace of an approving conscience, he will recall the scenes of his infancy, the image of his mother, and with tranquil confidence will resign his soul to Him who died that he might live—the Redeemer of the world.—*Selected.*

DOUBT FROM INACTIVITY.—We cannot give the philosophy of it, but this is the fact—Christians who have nothing to do but to sit thinking of themselves, meditating, sentimentalizing (or mysticizing,) are almost sure to become the prey of dark, black misgivings. John struggling in the desert needs no proof that Jesus is the Christ. John shut up, becomes morbid and doubtful immediately. The history of a human soul is marvelous. We are mysterious; but here is the history of it all—for sadness, for suffering, for misgiving, there is no remedy but stirring and doing.—*Robertson.*

THERE is an elasticity in the human mind capable of bearing much, but which will not show itself until a certain weight of affliction be put upon it; its powers may be compared to those vehicles whose springs are so contrived that they get on smoothly enough when loaded, but jolt confoundedly when they have nothing to bear.

The Reviewer.

THE MOUNT VERNON PAPERS. By EDWARD EVERETT. [12mo.—pp. 490.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN September, 1858, ROBERT BONNER, proprietor of the *New York Ledger*, made a proffer of ten thousand dollars (the money to be applied to the purchase of Mount Vernon,) to EDWARD EVERETT, on condition that Mr. E. would furnish that journal "one original article a week, for one year." The offer was accepted, and the work now before us is a reprint of those articles, with no other change than a few verbal corrections. The "Papers" number fifty-three. To those unacquainted with their character, it may be well enough to observe that they are not exclusively taken up in discussing the subject of the purchase of Mt. Vernon, or matters connected and associated therewith, although whatever information the author was able to offer the public on these topics, has doubtless been given. Mr. EVERETT remarks, they are "of a miscellaneous character, and exhibit as much variety as can be expected from the productions of one pen." We will give a few of the subjects treated:—Christmas; The House of Franklin; The Comet; An Incursion into the Empire State; Parable against Persecution; Washington's Diary; Louis Napoleon; Abbotsford; The Court of France in 1813; Financial Distress of 1857; Travel in Europe; Washington's Southern Tour; Express System of the U. S.; Illustrious Dead of 1859; Italian Nationality; Daniel Boone; etc., etc. Concerning the style in which these "Papers" are written, the reputation of the author renders comment unnecessary. The letter press is remarkably neat, and the appearance of the volume very attractive. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & CO.

EVERYBODY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS: Containing Plain and Simple Instructions to all classes for Transacting their Business according to Law, with Legal Forms for Drawing the various Necessary Papers connected therewith. Together with the Laws of Different States for Collection of Debts, Property Exempt from Execution, Mechanics' Liens, Execution of Deeds and Mortgages, Rights of Married Women, Dower, Usury, Wills, etc., etc. By FRANK CROSBY, Member of the Philadelphia Bar. [8vo.—pp. 384.] Philadelphia: John E. Potter.

HERE is a work that would, as a guide, soon "pay its way" in the business details of ordinary life. Although very comprehensive, it is not offered as a substitute for the advice and assistance of the legal profession, yet its close and attentive perusal will fit an intelligent man for the draft of such simple instruments, or documents, as the majority of mankind are in the habit of employing an attorney to prepare. It not unfrequently happens,—in these days when "examiners" are so lax in the performance of their duties, and men no way competent are admitted to the practice of law,—that just such a volume as this is consulted by the individual employed, and the form copied, with such alterations as are necessary. In this manner, the stupidity of the lawyer is just balanced by the want of knowledge on the part of the client, and the former pockets a fee which would never have been acquired as the reward of brain-labor. We can recommend "Everybody's Lawyer" to all those who want posting in the plain, simple, matter-of-fact forms of the law. From the Publisher.

THE YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER AND DAIRYMAID'S DIRECTORY: Containing the most Valuable and Original RECIPES in all the various branches of Housekeeping—Together with a Collection of Miscellaneous Receipts, and the whole Art of Making Butter and Cheese. By Mrs. ELIZA A CALL, Fabius, Onondaga Co., N. Y. [pp. 79—pamphlet.] Syracuse: J. G. K. Truair & Co.

THE adage which declares that "rich goods are done up in small parcels" will apply, to some extent, to this little work—for a cursory examination of its contents will assure the intelligent that much useful and valuable information is imparted in little space. The author avers, in the preface, that after a careful examination of quite a number of Cook Books, she has not found one that was written by an experienced housewife; and this fact is her apology for offering another. She has been a practical housekeeper for twenty-five years, and therefore testifies to what she has learned during that period—affirming that "all creation has not been searched to find material for a large book, but only what is needed in every-day life, amid the farming part of community, has been selected." The work is intended for young house-keepers, but may, we think, be profitably consulted by all housewives, whether young, middle-aged, or advanced in life.

THE HOME-BOOK OF HEALTH AND MEDICINE; or The Laws and Means of Physical Culture adapted to Practical Use. Embracing Laws of Digestion, Breathing, Ventilation, Uses of the Lungs, Circulation and Renovation, Laws and Diseases of the Skin, Bathing, How to Prevent Consumption, Clothing and Temperature, Food and Cooking, Poisons, Exercise and Rest, the Right Use of Physicians, &c., &c. By W. A. ALCOTT. With Thirty-one Illustrations. [18mo.—pp. 600.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans.

THE above is a very useful book that we would like to see studied and heeded, particularly by the young. Thousands, in their youth, by a disregard of the laws of health, sow the seeds that, in after years, spring up and yield a bountiful crop of disease and wretchedness. We would not have any one nervous and fidgety, in regard to their health—afraid of a little fatigue, or exposure, but we would have all possess some knowledge of how wonderfully they are made—of the general laws of hygiene, and act accordingly. From the Publisher.

Spice from New Books.

Sir Robert Peel.

WHEN Robert Peel, then a youth, began business as a cotton-printer, near Bury, he lodged with his partner, William Yates, paying eight and sixpence per week for board and lodging. "William Yates's eldest child," says our author, "was a girl named Ellen, and she very soon became an especial favorite with the young lodger. On returning from his hard day's work at 'The Ground,' he would take the little girl upon his knee, and say to her' 'Nelly, thou bonny little dear, wilt be my wife?' to which the child would readily answer, 'Yes,' as any child would do. 'Then I'll wait for thee, Nelly; I'll wed thee, and none else.' And Robert Peel did wait. As the girl grew in beauty toward womanhood, his determination to wait for her was strengthened; and after the lapse of ten years—years of close application to business and rapidly increasing prosperity—Robert Peel married Ellen Yates when she had completed her seventeenth year; and the pretty child, whom her mother's lodger and father's partner had nursed upon his knee, became Mrs. Peel, and eventually Lady Peel, the mother of the future prime minister of England. Lady Peel was a noble and beautiful woman, fitted to grace any station in life. She possessed rare powers of mind, and was, on every emergency, the high-souled and faithful counselor of her husband. Many years after their marriage she acted as his amanuensis, conducting the principal part of his business correspondence, for Mr. Peel himself was an indifferent and almost unintelligible writer. She died in 1803, only three years after the baronetcy had been conferred upon her husband. It is said that London fashionable life—so unlike what she had been accustomed to at home—proved injurious to her health; and old Mr. Yates was afterwards accustomed to say, 'if Robert hadn't made our Nelly a 'Lady,' she might ha' been living yet.'"—*"Self-Help," by* SMILES.

Sacred Literature.

THE literature of the Abyssinians comprises from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty books, of which many are only translations of the Greek fathers. These books are divided into four sections or "gabaioch." The first consists of the Old Testament, and the second of the New; the third, of the books of the Liks, or perfect masters, (Chrysostom, Fethanegest, Abushaker, etc.;) and the fourth comprises the writings of the monks and saints. The Abyssinians possess the Old and New Testaments in the old Æthiopic, and in the Amharic, or popular idiom, as well; the former version being ascribed to Frumentius, who was ordained Bishop of Æthiopia by St. Athanasius, in 331, and is said to have first preached the Gospel in the city of Axum. The Abyssinians place the apocrypha on the same footing with the canonical books, and deem the traditions of the church of equal authority with that of the apostles and prophets. The reading of the Old and New Testaments is not forbidden to the laity, only most of the priests desire that the Scriptures should be read in Æthiopic, which they consider the primeval language—not in Amharic, which they regard merely as a Targum, or translation—just as if the favored text were not also a translation from the Greek, with which they are not acquainted. One scholar in Shoa maintained that the Jews had falsified the Hebrew Scriptures, which had remained uncorrupted only till the time of Abraham.—*"Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors in Eastern Africa," by* J. LEWIS KRAPF.

Fastings.

No Christian people upon earth are so rigid in their fasting as the Abyssinians. They fast, in all, nine months out of the twelve; every Friday and Wednesday throughout the year, then again forty days before Easter, twenty-five days after Trinity, fourteen days in August, twenty-five days before Advent, and on other occasions. Yet, in spite of this, and of a close conformity to the outward observances of a severe ritual, the woeful departure from the pure teaching of the Gospel and a complete absence of culture and knowledge have produced, generally and individually, a sad social condition in Abyssinia.—*Ibid.*

Do Insects Feel Pain?

MR. W. S. COLEMAN has just published a work on "British Butterflies," in which he expresses his sincere belief that *insects do not feel pain.* He affirms that this conviction is founded on an ample mass of evidence, on observations and experiments, and strengthened by analogical reasoning. He mentions that insects, when mutilated in a way that would cause excessive pain and speedy death to vertebrate animals, afterwards perform all the functions of life—eating, drinking, &c., with the same evident gusto and power of enjoyment as before. Plenty of striking instances of this are on record, and, as an example, Mr. Coleman states that he has seen a wasp that had been cut in two, afterwards regale himself with avidity upon some syrup, which, as he imbibed, gathered into a large, ruby bead just behind the wings (where the stomach should have been;) but really the creature's pleasure seemed to be only augmented by the change in his anatomy, because he could drink ten times his ordinary fill of sweets, without, of course, getting any fuller. We can almost fancy the scientific epicure envying the insect his ever fresh appetite and gastronomic capabilities. If the above theory of the British Naturalist is correct, the familiar words of Shakspeare's Isabella, in "Measure for Measure, are not true:—

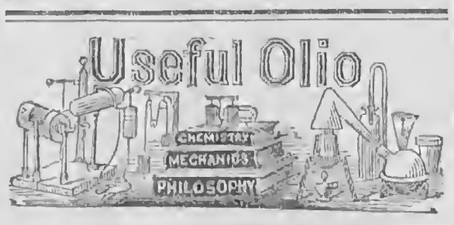
> ——The poor beetle that we tread upon
> In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
> As when a giant dies.

The Mania for Dark Rooms.

"A DARK house is almost always an unhealthy house, always an ill-aired house, always a dirty house. Want of light stops growth, and promotes scrofula, rickets, etc., among the children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill, they cannot get well again in it. Three out of many "negligences and ignorances" in managing the health of houses generally, I will here mention as specimens. First, that the female head in charge of any building does not think it necessary to visit every hole and corner of it every day. How can she expect those who are under her to be more careful to maintain her house in a healthy condition than she who is in charge of it? Second, that it is not considered essential to air, to sun, and to clean rooms while uninhabited; which is simply ignoring the first elementary notion of sanitary things, and laying the ground ready for all kinds of disease. Third, that the window, and one window, is considered enough to air a room. Don't imagine that if you are in charge, and don't look to all these things yourself, those under you will be more careful than you are. It appears as if the part of the mistress was to complain of her servants, and to accept their excuse—not to show them how there need be neither complaints made nor excuses."—*"Notes on Nursing," by* FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

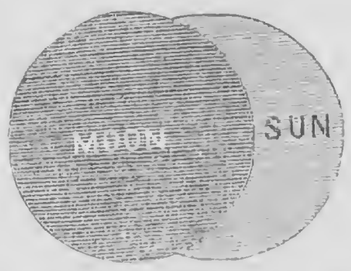
The Black Fly.

A DEADLY enemy to the whole race of caterpillars is ever on the alert, winging about in the shape of a small black fly, in search of an exposed and defenceless caterpillar. Having selected her victim, she pierces his body with a sharp cutting instrument she is armed with, and in the wound deposits an egg; the caterpillar winces a little at this treatment, but seems to attach little importance to it. Meanwhile his enemy repeats her thrusts till some thirty or forty eggs, germs of the destroyers, are safely lodged in his body, and his doom is certain beyond hope. The eggs quickly hatch into grubs, who begin to gnaw away at the unhappy creature's flesh, thus reducing him gradually, but, by a profound instinct, keeping clear of all the vital organs, as if knowing full well that the creature must keep on feeding and digesting too, or their own supply would speedily fail, as usurers, while draining a client, keep up his credit with the world as long as they can. Weaker grows the caterpillar as the gnawing worms within grow stronger and nearer maturity; sometimes he has strength left to take the chrysalis shape, but out of this he never comes a butterfly,—the consuming grubs now finish vitals and all, turn to pupæ in his empty skin, and come out soon black flies like the parent.—*Coleman's British Butterflies.*



THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

MOST of our readers probably witnessed the Eclipse of the Sun, which occurred on the 18th inst. The cut below represents the eclipse at its greatest obscuration in the city of New York. The moon first came in contact with the upper limb of the sun, passing down over the sun toward the horizon. The engraving and following description and history of the eclipse were furnished the press by ASA SMITH, Esq., of New York:



PATH OF THE ECLIPSE OVER THE EARTH.

The *Penumbra*, or partial shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth at the rising of the sun in the northern part of Texas, between the Indian Territory and New Mexico; it will then take a north-easterly and then a south-easterly course over the earth. The *Umbra*, or total dark shadow of the moon, will first come in contact with the earth in the Pacific Ocean, 100 miles west of the coast of Oregon, directly west of Oregon City, and a little to the south-west of the mouth of the Columbia River; it will then pass in a north-easterly direction over British America to Hudson's Bay, near Fort York, at the mouth of Nelson's River, crossing Hudson's Bay and Labrador to Cape Chidley, which will be the most favorable position on the continent for observing the total eclipse. It will then enter the Atlantic Ocean, passing due east until nearly south of Cape Farewell, the southern cape of Greenland, where the sun will be totally eclipsed at noon of that place; it will then take a curved line toward the south-east, passing over the north of Spain, the Mediterranean Sea, Algiers, Tripoli, Fezzan, the south-west corner of Egypt, into Nubia, where it will leave the earth near the Red Sea, a little before the setting of the sun at that place.

The path of the *Umbra* in which the sun will be totally eclipsed, will be only about 70 miles in width, whereas, the *Penumbra*, in which the sun will appear more or less eclipsed, will extend from the Gulf of Mexico to 20° upon the opposite side of the North Pole, a distance of over 6,000 miles. The *Umbra*, in its passage over the earth, makes a curved line; this is caused by the spherical form of the earth. If the earth were a flat surface, the path of the *Umbra* would then be a straight line from north-west to south-east, making an angle with the Equator of 17°. At all places south of the line of total eclipse, the sun's northern limb will be eclipsed; but in Europe, England, Ireland, Greenland, Iceland, and the northern part of British America, the southern limb will be eclipsed.

HISTORY OF THIS ECLIPSE.

The first appearance of this eclipse since the creation of the world, (according to sacred chronology,) was in the year A. D. 958, December 8, old style, at 10 o'clock 50m. forenoon, when the moon's *Penumbra* just came in contact with the earth at the South Pole; it has appeared every nineteenth year since, and at each return the moon's shadow passed across the earth from west to east a little further to the north at each return, until the year 1644, March 8, O. S., when the center of the moon's shadow passed a little to the north of the earth's center, (the moon being 14 min. 46 sec. from her descending node, which was its 38th periodical return.) It has continued to appear every nineteenth year since 1644, until this eclipse, which is its 61st periodical return. Its next appearance will be in 1878, July 29, at 3 o'clock 23 min. in the morning, invisible in the United States. It will also appear again in 1896, August 9. It will continue to appear every nineteenth year until the year 2274, April 25, when the moon's shadow will just touch the earth at the North Pole, which will be its 76th periodical and last appearance, until the expiration of 12,492 years, when it will come on again at the South Pole, and go through a similar course. The velocity of the moon's shadow across the earth during the eclipse, will be about 1,850 miles an hour, or four times the velocity of a cannon ball.

VEGETATION ON THE MOON'S SURFACE.

ON the surface of the moon are seen numerous streaks or narrow lines, about a hundred in number, which appear, perhaps, more like long narrow furrows than anything else. Sometimes they spread themselves on the lunar disk in straight lines; sometimes they are slightly curved; in every case they are shut in between parallel borders. It has often been supposed that these furrows, the true nature of which has remained hitherto unknown, represent the beds of ancient dried up rivers, or rivers that have not yet ceased to flow. Other astronomers think they are streams of lava which have been vomited by lunar volcanoes, and which reflect the light of the sun with more intensity than the adjacent regions. M. Schwabe, a German astronomer, endeavors, however, to give them another explanation. He has published in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* some facts which tend to show that these lines are the result of a vegetation on the surface of the moon. According to the author, if the surface of the moon be examined attentively with a good telescope and a proper illumination, we discover between the lines of luminous furrows of the high mountain called Tycho, and on different other points, a quantity of very delicate parallel lines of a greenish tint, which were not visible some months before the observation, and which disappear a few months after to return again in the proper season. These lines, which are darker than the adjacent parts, are clearly the result of vegetation, and it is this vegetation which makes the sterile parts of the moon appear as bright luminous streaks.

HOW A FLY HOLDS ON.

I HAVE here inclosed a small window fly in the live box of a microscope, that you may examine the structure of its feet as it presses them against the glass cover; and thus not only get a glimpse of an exquisitely-formed structure, but acquire some correct ideas on the question of how a fly is able to defy all the laws of physics, and to walk jauntily about on the under surface of polished bodies, such as glass, without falling, or apparently the fear of falling. And a personal examination is the more desirable because of the hasty and erroneous notions that have been promulgated on the matter, and that are constantly disseminated by a herd of popular compilers, who profess to teach science by gathering up and retailing the opinions of others, often without the slightest knowledge whether what they are reporting is true or false.

The customary explanation has been that given by Derham in his "Physico-theology;" that "divers flies and other insects, besides their sharp hooked nails, have also skinny palms to their feet, to enable them to stick to glass and other smooth bodies, by means of the pressure of the atmosphere, after the manner as I have seen boys carry heavy stones with only a wet piece of leather slapped on top of a stone." Bingely, citing this opinion, adds that they are able easily to overcome the pressure of air "in warm weather when they are brisk and alert; but toward the end of the year, this resistance becomes too mighty for their diminished strength; and we see flies laboring along, and lugging their feet on windows as if they stuck fast to the glass; and it is with the utmost difficulty they can draw one foot after another, and disengage their hollow cups from the slippery surface."

But long ago, another solution was proposed; for Hooke, one of the earliest microscopic observers, described the two palms, pattens, or soles, (as he calls the *pulvilla,*) as "beset underneath with small bristles or tenters, like the wire teeth of a card for working wool, which, having a contrary direction to the claws, and both pulling different ways, if there be any irregularity or yielding in the surface of a body, enable the fly to suspend itself very firmly." He supposed that the most perfectly polished glass presented such irregularities, and that it was moreover always covered with a "smoky tarnish," into which the hairs of the foot penetrated.

The "smoky tarnish" is altogether gratuitous; and Mr. Blackwall has exploded the idea of atmospheric pressure; for he found that flies could walk up the interior of an exhausted air-pump. He had explained their ability to climb up vertical polished bodies by the mechanical action of the minute hairs of the interior surface of the palms; but further experiments having showed him that flies cannot walk up glass which is made moist by breathing on it, or which is thinly coated with oil or flour, he was led to the conclusion that these hairs are, in fact, tubular, and excrete a viscid fluid, by means of which they adhere to dry polished surfaces; and on close inspection with an adequate magnifying power, he was always able to discover traces of this adhesive material on the track on glass both of flies and various other insects furnished with *pulvilla*, and of those spiders which possess a similar faculty.—*Gosse's Evenings at the Microscope.*

WONDERFUL PROVISION OF NATURE.

THE insects that frequent the waters, require prodaceous animals to keep them within due limits, as well as those that inhabit the earth; and the water-spider *(Argyroneta aquatica,)* is one of the most remarkable upon whom that office is devolved. To this end, her instinct instructs her to fabricate a kind of diving-bell in the bosom of that element. She usually selects still waters for this purpose. Her house is an oval cocoon, filled with air, and lined with silk, from which threads issue in every direction, and are fastened to the surrounding plants. In this cocoon, which is open below, she watches for her prey, and even appears to pass the winter, when she closes the opening. It is most commonly, yet not always, under water; but its inhabitant has filled it for her respiration, which enables her to live in it. She conveys the air to it in the following manner: She usually swims on her back, when her abdomen is enveloped in a bubble of air, and appears like a globe of quicksilver. With this she enters her cocoon, and displacing an equal mass of water, again ascends for a second lading, till she has sufficiently filled her house with it, so as to expel all the water. How these little animals can envelope their abdomens with an air-bubble, and retain it till they enter their cells, is still one of Nature's mysteries that has not been explained. It is a wonderful provision which enables an animal that breathes the atmospheric air to fill her house with it under water, and by some secret art to clothe her body with air, as with a garment, which she can put off when it answers her purpose. This is a kind of attraction and repulsion that mocks all inquiries.—*Ten Thousand Wonderful Things.*

DO RIGHT!

SIMPLE words, yet how profound! Limited in volume, yet boundless in principle! Do right!—Glorious motto, alike for monarch and beggar. Aye, glorious indeed, for angel tongues catch the glowing theme, and shout amid their praises—Do Right! Young RURAL readers, did you ever realize how much those words comprise? Every good and noble principle—every pure thought and virtuous act—all that the Holy Bible commands, is summed up in those little words—Do Right. In the hour when the dark storm of temptation beats upon the altar of our souls, above the angry tempest is heard a little voice—*Do Right.*

Thank GOD! for this little monitor—conscience. How many times could we recall when to us it has been a preventive of evil. How often have we stood upon the very edge of sin, ready to plunge into its fiery waters, when suddenly before our mental vision, portrayed in all its horror, uprose the hideous sin—while beneath, in emblazoned characters, shone the simple words—Do Right. No greater blessing can be bestowed upon posterity, than the inculcation of right principles,—

> "A tender conscience, free from all offense."

Possessing this, it will become a part of our existence to do right. As the compass guides the mariner in the right direction, so will it guide us in the path of right and duty,—and if, by neglect and repulsion, it has ceased its gentle, warning voice, how depraved and destitute are we. As a ship without a helm on the broad ocean, so are we, drifting about on the ocean of life. I trust there are none of us, young RURAL friends, without our compass. We are all upon a mighty ocean. Our barks have but as yet left anchor. Let us watch our helm, that it may guide us safely to the right port. MOLLIE.

Adrian, Mich., 1860.

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly; but how to be so is a question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, rough. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful, the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire easy and graceful manners, and that is to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by habit. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and manly at home, and then it will become a kind of second nature everywhere. A coarse manner at home, begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable persons we have ever known in company, were those who were most agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things.

WORMS IN PEACH TREES.—Can you describe the way in which the worm that destroys peach trees accomplishes his work of destruction? What, if anything, will put a stop to him? Has this worm anything to do with the leaves curling and rolling up, which is the case with almost every peach tree I have examined this year and several years back? Will you please insert the answer to the above in your paper? Do you know what effect driving nails, one in each tree, just above the ground, if any, will have upon the worm? I have seen it recommended by agricultural papers.—BUCKEYE. *Norwalk, Ohio,* 1860.

THE only way to destroy the worms, is to examine the trees and kill them. After a tree has become badly injured by the worm, the leaves, in midsummer, will become somewhat wilted and turn yellow, and the fruit prematurely ripens or falls off. The curl of the leaf is no doubt caused by cold at the time the leaves are young and tender. We don't think driving nails would hurt the worms as much as the trees.

HOW TO DESTROY THE MOLE.—Having noticed an article in a late number of the RURAL, headed "The Mole," in which is so accurately described the habits of that little pest, I am led to make an inquiry (for the first time,) which I hope you, or some of your numerous correspondents, will answer. The Mole has become such a pest in this locality that it is almost impossible to rear a plant or flower of any kind out of doors. Now, if you or any other friend of the flower garden, can tell us how to capture, or how to prevent them from making such universal havoc in the garden, you will confer an everlasting favor.—W. H. W., *Castalia, Erie Co., Ohio,* 1860.

LICE ON FOWLS.—I wish to inquire, through the columns of the RURAL, what would be a certain cure for lice on fowls.—CHAS. B. DENNIS, *Sandusky City, Ohio,* 1860.

GREASE your fowls under the wings, and at the back of the head,—give them a good heap of fine earth or ashes to roll in,—dig over the earth in the yard, whitewash every part of the house, and burn the old straw in the nests and give them new. Attend to these things promptly, and repeat once or twice if necessary, and your fowls will get rid of the lice.

WATER FOR OCEAN STEAM BOILERS.—I wish to inquire, through the columns of the RURAL, how the ocean steamers are supplied with water for their boilers, during their passage across the Atlantic?—J. BAKER, *Erie Co., N. Y.*

THE steam is condensed, and the water returned to the boilers, so that but comparatively little water is required.

SOME there are who sin away shame, instead of being ashamed of sin.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 28, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

A copy of the British order in council, relative to the war against China, though dated early in March last, has just been officially communicated to the State Department.

A notice to the same effect has also been received from the French Government, from which it appears that Victoria and Napoleon intend and desire to act through the hostilities in strict conformity with the declaration of the European Congress at Paris, April 1856, respecting maritime rights. They undertake to extend the declaration that the flag of a neutral power shall cover the enemies' goods with the exception of those contraband of war, to all powers which may be neutral in the hostilities.

The Secretary of the Navy has designated Capt. Frederick Engle, of the Navy, to take charge of the Chiriqui coal fields and harbors. The war department has detailed Lieut. James St. Clair Morton, of the United States Engineer Corps, as a member of the commission in charge of the surveys. The expedition will leave in about two weeks, and is expected to be absent only three months. The results of this examination involve an expenditure by the government of three hundred thousand dollars, and hence the importance of selecting competent officers to conduct it. Both Engle and Morton stand deservedly high in their respective branches of the service.

Congress, during the last session, made no provision whatever for the increase of the revenue. The loan bill being specially designed for the redemption of outstanding Treasury notes, the Government is left entirely to depend on its ordinary receipts for its support; but with strict economy there is no apprehension of embarrassment, and the appropriation for objects not urgent or immediately required, may therefore not be expended, unless it shall hereafter appear that there is any increase of the financial means beyond the present anticipations. The Treasury commenced the fiscal year, July 1st, with about $4,000,000 on hand, and the Customs' revenues indicate a heavy commercial business, the receipts of last week being extraordinarily large. As the loan account provides only for the redemption of the treasury notes, the department has no intention to invite proposals under it at this time.

The number of acres embraced in the proclamation for the public land sales in Minnesota, in October next, is four millions and three-quarters. In 1853, seven millions were offered, but owing to the pressure and accession of settlers, all except seven hundred thousand acres was withdrawn. A year ago, of the two or three million acres offered for sale, the lands pre-empted were omitted as a further relief to the settlers. The rule is that the oldest surveyed lands are first offered. The number of acres included in the proclamations for sales in the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska in August was seven millions.

From the 1st of January to the 1st of July, 4,200 passports were issued from the State Department—about three-fifths to naturalized citizens. The number now issuing is comparatively small.

Accounts continue to reach Washington that our mercantile marine is subjected to the most annoying perplexities in the waters of Netherlands, Dutch East India; so much so, indeed, that unless some remedy be interposed by our government, no American commander will risk his life and the property of his employers in those seas. Several cases of mutinous conduct, reaching to violent assaults on the ship's officers, have occurred within the past few years at Batavia and other Dutch East India Ports; and when the authorities were invoked for protection, the answer was, the alleged outrages occurred under the American flag and were perpetrated by men not cognisable to the Dutch authorities. The case of Hussey, Norman, and the more recent one of the Stay, bound in, on which the son of Capt. Hussey was brutally murdered, are well known in this city. The last named case is now before M. Hilzer, the Solicitor of the Treasury, and shows a degree of supercilliousness on the part of the Dutch authorities at Batavia, amounting almost to the offence of *particeps criminis*. The opinion has got abroad that we should have a new Convention with the Government of the Hague, and that until such Convention shall be ratified, the United States ought by all means to send some of our most efficient and able officers to that station, to guard against further injustice.

Joseph Gale, of the National Intelligencer, died on the 21st inst., in the 75th year of his age. He was, during two-thirds of his life, connected with that establishment. During the last few years of his life he was very infirm, but continued his occasional visits to the office until toward the close of last week. He had deservedly been held in the highest esteem by all classes of community. His decease occasions the deepest sorrow.

The Postmaster-General is about to issue an important circular to Post-Masters, requesting, among other things, that in all cases postage stamps and not money, be used in pre-payment of postages, and prohibiting the use of the rating stamps in cancelling postage stamps. A neglect to cancel postage stamps effectually, or to postmark letters plainly, will be regarded as a cause for serious censure if not removal, and all Post-Masters are required to report every instance of such neglect to the Appointment Office.

Advices from St. Thomas state that the Danish Government have sent a Commissioner to Washington to negotiate a treaty for the purpose of getting a new stock of laborers for St. Croix. The proposition is to obtain the captured Africans for apprenticeship at St. Croix, instead of being returned to Africa.

Political Intelligence.

The Republican State Committee of New York have issued their call, designating the 22d of August, at Syracuse, as the time and place of holding the State Convention.

The Missouri election takes place on the 6th of August, when Governor and Congressmen are to be elected. There are four candidates for Governor—the Republicans, Americans, Douglas, and Breckenridge men, each having made separate nominations.

The Arkansas State election comes off on the 6th, and the North Carolina election on the 9th of next month.

The Douglas wing of the Maryland State Democratic Executive Committee, met on the 19th inst., and adopted an address to the people of the State. The address does not recognize the Seceders.

Messrs. Taylor, of Pa., Pugh, of Ohio, and Rust, of Ark., in behalf of the Douglas National Executive Committee, have issued to the Democracy of the United States an address of explanative counsel. They declare, as the universal sentiment of the supporters of Douglas and Johnson, that no compromise whatever is admisable, that they have no proposition for a joint electoral ticket in any State, and that they expect the rejection of such propositions indignantly whenever and wherever made. They say, if we have any friends in the State, let them call a State Convention at once and nominate a full electoral ticket, pledged to the exclusive support of Douglas and Johnson. We can agree to nothing else, because to acknowledge the right of a factious minority to dictate their own terms of co-operation, to suffer them to violate the solemn professions of the Democratic party, and trample under foot our Democratic usages, would be to disband a National organization.

A Houston meeting convened at Schenectady, N. Y., on the 18th inst. J. S. Van Rensselaer, of Albany, was named as President; Dan'l Bradbury, of Ulster, E. D. Cummings, of Westchester, Geo. E. Chapin, of St. Lawrence, and others, Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. Mr. Hasbrook presented an address, taking the ground in favor of Sam. Houston as Independent candidate for the Presidency, and recommended the selection of a distinct electoral ticket. The address was adopted, and Commodore Stockton, of New Jersey, was named as Vice President, to be run on the same ticket.

From the Pacific Side.

The Overland Mail Coach, with regular San Francisco dates of June 29th, arrived at Van Burenville, Ark., on the 19th inst.

During the past six months, the number of passengers arriving at San Francisco was 20,000, and the departures about 7,000, showing a net gain to the population of the State of about 13,000.

The Masonic fraternity of the State celebrated St. John's Day, in San Francisco, on the 26th, with appropriate ceremonies. More than 10,000 Masons joined the procession. They laid the corner stone of the new Masonic Hall, which is to cost, including the lot, $192,000.

A large mass meeting was held in Mechanics' Hall, in San Francisco, on the evening of the 26th, to rejoice over the defeat of the Santillon land claim, and the overthrow of the Peter Smith title, by the State Supreme Court.

Mining accounts from Carson Valley are but repetitions of the same story. The Ophir Company are sending to San Francisco fifteen tons of ore per week from their claim in the Comstock lead, which is worth, on an average, over $2,000 per ton. About one ton in twenty taken from the mines is of this richness, and is sent to San Francisco; the balance remains in piles at the mines, to be used when smelting works are erected on the ground. This kind of ore is considered to be worth from $500 to $1,000 per ton. Of the richness of the Comstock lead, for an extent of a mile or more, there is no longer any doubt; but it remains to be proved whether there is another valuable silver mine in the vicinity.

The population of the Washoe region is reported, by the local paper, as increasing by emigration, both from Salt Lake and California. It is supposed that thousands of overland emigrants from western States will stop there in the fall.

The Indians had ceased to be troublesome since the U. S. soldiers are posted at exposed points, and the hostile tribes have gone to Oregon and the Humboldt Mountains.

The steamer Panama, which arrived on the 27th, brought Oregon and British Columbia dates to June 20th.

The Oregon news is generally uninteresting. It is conceded that the Democratic candidate for Congress is elected, and that such a Legislature has been chosen as renders certain the defeat of Lane and Smith for the U. S. Senate. The Democratic papers, however, claim that no Republican can be elected to the Senate, and intimate that the Lecompton and anti-Lecompton members will compromise their differences so as to secure two Democratic Senators of moderate sentiments.

The mining news from British Columbia is rather encouraging. Some fine specimens of gold from Queen Charlotte's Island, in possession of the Indians, are mentioned by the Victoria Gazette. A war between the different Indian tribes on Vancouver's Island progresses with unabated fury, and Government appears perfectly indifferent on the subject.

Arrival of the Pike's Peak Express.

The Pike's Peak Express Company's coach reached St. Josephs, Mo., on the 21st inst., with Denver City dates of the 15th.

Denver City was visited by a severe thunder storm on the 14th inst. For one hour the rain fell in a perfect sheet, accompanied with hail. The streets were flooded with water, and quite a large amount of goods which was in the cellars, was destroyed by the cellars being flooded. So dense was the falling rain that persons could not see across the street.

The advance division of U. S. troops from Camp Floyd, on their way to Arizona, under command of Col. Morrison, passed through Denver City on the 15th; the rear division is expected to-morrow; all are in excellent health.

There are reported gold discoveries of marvelous richness from the west slope of the range one hundred miles from California Gulch; lumps are said to have been found of the size of a hen's egg. The report needs confirmation.

There is considerable excitement existing here in regard to the U. S. mail for this place. The letting is considered to be the same as a failure, and a meeting is called to adopt measures for relief. The letting to Bruce & Co. is considered a dodge of the Express Company to retain the mail in their own hands, but whether the conjecture is true, remains to be seen.

Considerable excitement now exists on account of reported rich discoveries, about three miles from Denver, up Cherry Creek. Some hundred claims were staked off, and parties left here to locate claims. The discoveries promise from five to fifteen cents to the pan. Some four miles are staked off in claims now, and others still rushing out to secure claims. A Convention is called to organize a district and elect officers.

New gulches are being discovered daily on the Arkansas, which prospect nearly as well as the California gulches. The water was to be let into the ditch this week, so that the dry diggings above Gregory's will be supplied with pure water in a few days.

The trouble of getting quartz mills into successful operation, has disheartened many who have hitherto been most sanguine of success, and quite a number would sell out at first cost quickly if they could. It is a difficult matter to ascertain the real cause of the trouble; some say there is no gold in the quartz; others, that it is impure. Scarcely any of the mills put up this season are paying expenses yet.

News Paragraphs.

New York State Teachers' Association.—The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, will be held in Syracuse, commencing on Tuesday, July 31, 1860, at 10 A. M., and continuing three days.

One day last week, on the Western Vermont Railroad, a cow, which was being transported upon a freight train, jumped suddenly from the car, and was afterward found uninjured, quietly grazing by the roadside.

The accounts from Syria grow worse and worse. The butcheries are atrocious beyond anything in modern times. The civilized world should rise and demand of Turkey a cessation of these horrors, or as an alternative, wipe out a government too imbecile or too reluctant to protect its subjects.

Coolies are getting numerous in Havana. A letter from that city says:—"We already begin to see idle and worthless Chinese in our streets, in too large numbers for the safety of property. In Havana and suburbs at this time we have between 38,000 and 39,000 free negroes, or colored, about 37,000 slaves, and 92,000 to 93,000 white persons—all told nearly 169,000.

Intense heat prevailed in the Southern States last Wednesday and Thursday week, the mercury in some places registering 100° and upward. Many deaths from sunstroke resulted. Charleston papers mention twelve fatal instances—Augusta six. In Savannah there were seven. The Charleston Mercury says the heat was "terrible," and the fatality unprecedented.

A singular mortality seems to prevail among the three cargoes of negroes at Key West. Not only do those reduced and attenuated by disease drop off, but it is hinted that the healthy and robust are disappearing in rather a suspicious proportion. One hundred and ninety-nine are said to have been buried, and it is said that that number of coffins have been deposited in the earth; but the question arises whether each one of them contained a defunct negro.

A correspondent of the Congregationalist says that at the late General Conference of Maine, it was voted to drop the D. D.'s, not only in calling the roll, but from the minutes; so that if any minister desires to be known as a doctor henceforth, he must carry his diploma in his pocket.

An extensive fire is raging in the woods near Egg Harbor, N. J., supposed to have originated from the burning out of a coal pit. The flames have extended in length and breadth some twenty-five miles. Two houses have been destroyed, and the smoke for a short distance is so dense that scarcely anything can be seen.

A letter to the Boston Traveler, dated June 21st, announces that Zabich, in Syria, the last strong-hold of the Christians at Lebanon, had been captured and burned, and that the Christians were flying in all directions. It was rumored that Sidon had also been destroyed, and 2,500 Christians massacred. The defense of Zabich was heroic.

The meteor which passed over this city last Friday night, seems to have been on an extended tour. It was seen at Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Syracuse, at various other inland places, and finally in New York itself.

The value of air-tight compartments for steamships, was illustrated recently by the voyage of the Champion, just arrived from San Francisco, which made the trip from the Straits of Magellan to New York, with a hole in her bows seven feet long by eight inches wide.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britian.—The transfer of the mail contract from the Galway line to the Canadian Co. had been concluded, and the steamship North Briton was to leave Liverpool on the 13th instant, with the mails, and proceed to Quebec via St. Johns.

The Prince of Wales embarked on the Hero, at Plymouth, for Canada, on the 9th inst., and sailed at 10 A. M., on the morning of the 10th. The channel fleet accompanied him as far as Cape Clear.

In the House of Lords on the 5th, the state of affairs in Sicily was debated, and the conduct of Garibaldi enlogized.

In the Commons, in reply to a question, Lord John Russell said Government had remonstrated with the Neapolitan Government against the repetition at Messina or Naples of such atrocities as had been committed at Palermo, and he had every reason to hope that their remonstrances would not be without effect.

Lord John Russell announced Gen. Harney's recall from San Juan for departing from Gen. Scott's agreement, and expressed satisfaction with the American Government.

Lord Palmerston presented resolutions relative to the rejection by the Lords of the bill repealing the paper duty. They assert that taxation rests with the Commons, and for the future they reserve to themselves the exclusive exercise of this privilege, but make no recommendation relative to the present case. A spicy debate followed, in which Mr. Gladstone made a sensation by taunting the opposition for yielding to the government acquiescence in the dangerous steps taken by the Lords. The resolutions were agreed to.

Further papers have been laid before the British Parliament respecting Savoy and Nice. The last dispatch, dated June 25th, by Lord John Russel, intimates the unwillingness of Her Majesty's Government to take part in the Conference.

A Roman dispatch of the 7th, says the Irish volunteers are leaving for Spoletto, where a corps of 10,000 men is to be concentrated before the fortress.

France.—The acquiesence of all the powers in the proposed conference was considered certain, and it will be held in Paris during the month of October. The powers will be represented by their Embassadors.

France had notified the Turkish government of her intentions, jointly with other powers, to stop the massacre of christians in Syria.

Two French and two English vessels-of-war are ordered to Beyrout.

Napoleon is said to have authorized the formation of a National Rifle Association, like that of England, to be under the direction of Jules Gerard, the famous lion-killer.

The Emperor Napoleon gave an audience on Sunday to Count De Varanne, special Ambassador from Garibaldi.

Austria.—It is rumored that the Roman troops had moved towards the Neapolitan frontiers.

The Papal government had released the political prisoners in Romagna.

Naples and Sicily.—No movement is reported either in Sicily or on the main land.

Garibaldi, in a letter to the Italian Committee in London, points out the urgent need he has for a flotilla, and suggests that they might probably procure for him a couple of steamers armed with Armstrong guns.

The state of siege at Naples had been raised. The constitution of 1848 has been proclaimed, and the press laws of 1848-'49 have been re-established. The Chambers are evoked for the 1st of September and the National Guard is provisionally re-established.

Naples is tranquil. It is asserted that the most violent pressure was being exercised by Napoleon on both the courts of Naples and Turin for the enforcement of a confederation equally repugnant to each. The *Opinionne*, of Turin, says such an alliance is inadmissible. The *Independence Belge* says Piedmont has placed conditions on the acceptance of the alliance which are equivalent to a refusal.

The Sicilian loan for 44,000,000 was almost concluded. It was to be reimbursed in 15 years by annual drawings.

There were 4,000 volunteers at Genoa, ready to leave for Sicily.

Palermo advices of the 3d, state that Garibaldi held a review of 9,000 volunteers, most of whom were young men.

An Inspector of Police had been murdered near Palermo.

Garibaldi had issued a decree threatening with banishment, and even with death, whoever should rise against the former Police, and stating that special commissioners had been appointed to discover these functionaries who had oppressed the people.

The Neapolitan exiles in Turin were nearly all returning to Naples.

The effective force of the Papal army was 19,000 men.

It is asserted that the ministry has obtained the King's consent to the removal of Gen. Nunzia, the head of the Court Camarilla of the former reign. The official Journal of Sicily publishes a proclamation of the King granting a constitution to Naples, but precedes it by an article advising him to remember the perjuries of his predecessors, who also swore to govern constitutionally.

Portugal.—The new ministry had formed. Marquis D'Loule was President.

Commercial Intelligence — *Breadstuffs* — Liverpool Breadstuffs moderately lower. Weather fine. Flour 1s down since Tuesday. Wheat 1@3d decline; red 11s9d; white 11s6d. Corn steady and quiet. *Provisions* generally quiet. Pork quiet and unchanged. Lard advancing, 57s6d@60s, fine; 60@62s, extra

The commander-in-chief of the English army in India, in order to obviate the difficulty of near-sightedness in new recruits, has recommended the use of spectacles, which have accordingly been supplied by government as an experiment. A large number of officers and sportsmen already wear glasses to good advantage.

The News Condenser.

— Samuel Govor, aged 110 years, died in Talladega Co., Ala., on the 17th ult.

— New Jersey peaches, it is said, will be unusually abundant this season.

— Park Benjamin has opened an intelligence office on Union Square, New York.

— Altogether, $4,040 have been raised in Saratoga Co. this year for liquor licenses.

— Some land was lately sold in the city of London at the rate of $900,000 per acre.

— The census returns of Cincinnati do not promise a population greater than 180,000.

— Paul Morphy is going to Paris, with the intention of making that city his permanent home.

— Antioch College, Ohio, has just graduated its largest class—24 young men and 6 young women.

— The Australians are going largely into the cultivation of the grape and the making of wine.

— The Philadelphia Common Council has authorized the trial of a steam car on the city railroad.

— Gen. Comonfort, former President of Mexico, is now living with his family in Fifth Avenue, New York.

— A partridge nest has been found in Virginia with seventy-eight eggs in it. Did one hen lay them all, or not?

— There has been, all over the country, an unusual exemption, this year, from fatal accidents on the 4th of July.

— Six young Pennsylvanians have started to walk from Harrisburg to Bethlehem, a distance of about 300 miles.

— The Japanese left behind them $20,000 to be distributed among the police in the several cities they visited.

— Whittier, the Quaker poet, has had the honorary degree of A. M. bestowed upon him by Havreford, College, Pa.

— Boston has caught the Central-Park fever, and is engage in preparing a Public Garden at an expense of $100,000.

— John P. Hale has sued the Boston Courier for $10,- for an alleged libel, and the establishment has been attached.

— One hundred and thirty-nine candidates for admission into Harvard College presented themselves in one forenoon.

— The Worcester (Mass.) Spy chronicles its 90th birthday, its first number having seen the light on the 17th of July, 1770.

— By the death of Prince Jerome, the Emperor gets the patronage of a million francs a year, which falls into the civil list.

— About one hundred and twenty new patents, it is said, are issued every week from the Patent-Office at Washington.

— The census takers report that the population of Baltimore will be 230,000—an increase of 61,000 over the census of 1850.

— Since the Emperor's return from Baden, the troops concentrated on the Eastern frontier of France have been withdrawn.

— A child in this city was recently poisoned by drinking two swallows of whisky, which had been left in a tin cup by its parents.

— The New York Quakers propose raising $100,000 for the purpose of erecting a suitable building in which to hold their meetings.

— The census of Saginaw City, Mich., reveals the almost incredible fact that there is not a single unmarried female over 25 years of age.

— The proportion of twin births in Philadelphia is one in seventy-five, according to official statistics, and at Dublin one in fifty-seven.

— It is stated that the steam power of the Great Eastern steamship is equal to the water power that drives the mills at Lowell, Mass.

— A proclamation has been issued for the sale, in October, of one million acres of land in Minnesota, not heretofore offered for sale.

— A prospectus of a Greek illustrated newspaper to be printed in the living language of the Greeks, has just been issued in London.

— The steamship Parana crossed the Atlantic from Galway to St. Johns in 7 days 7 hours! This is the quickest passage ever made.

— The Mt. Moris Union tells a story of a cat that traveled on foot from Westfield, Chautauqua Co., to Perry, Wyo.,—over 100 miles.

— An American hay cutter took the first prize and a gold medal at the exhibition of farming machines, in Paris, a few weeks ago.

— Quite a sun-stroke epidemic prevails in New Orleans. In one day, 17 inquests were held on persons who had fallen victims to the heat.

— Abraham Lincoln had the honorary degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by Knox College, at Galesburg, Ill., at its late commencement.

— The Quebec Gazette says that information has been received of important mineral discoveries in the rear of the district of Three Rivers.

— A Jerseyman named Colter, while at work in his garden lately, exhumed an American copper penny, bearing date, in plain figures, 1787.

— Dr. Thomas Butts, of Southampton, Va., who died last week, has directed in his will that all his servants, 150 in number, shall be freed.

— The French Inspector General of Health has denounced tatooing, a practice so common among seamen, as dangerous to life and limb.

— By the census, says the Hartford Times, Hartford and New Haven will exhibit an increase of about 40,000 over their population of 1850.

— It is said that the whole Tartar population of the Crimea intend migrating to Asia Minor, in consequence of their dislike of the Russians.

— A grand horticultural park, consisting of 1,000 acres, is being laid out on the uplands, back of St. Louis, for the culture of grapes and fruits.

— Great hosts of locusts have appeared in Hungary, and parts of estates belonging to Baron Sina have already been ravaged by the voracious insects.

— The New York Liquor Dealers' Association have taken legal advice on the subject, and resolved not to comply with the present licensing law.

— Sebastopol, which before the siege contained a population of forty thousand, now numbers but ten thousand, of whom eight thousand are men.

— The census returns already received at Washington, from Illinois, clearly indicates the total population of that State to be 1,800,000 against 851,000 in 1850.

— A steam wagon from England is exhibiting in San Francisco. Its weight is about ten tons. It has four driving wheels, each seven feet in diameter.

— The weather in Kansas, this season, is very warm; at Leavenworth, the mercury has been from 95 to 102; at Elwood, opposite to St. Joseph, as high as 160.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE

Docking and Nicking Horses,........237
Seasonable Notes,........237
Hewitt's Seed-Sower, Clod-Pulverizer and Harrower, [Illustrated,]........237
Thoughts in the Harvest Field,........238
"What will we do with it?"........238
To Destroy Corn Chamomile,........238
About Draining—To J. T.,........238
My Experience with a Farrow Cow,........238
Rural Spirit of the Press—Surface Manuring; When to Cut Timothy; Salt in Laying down Meadow Land; About Hay Caps; Barns upon Side Hills,........238
Inquiries and Answers—Caponizing Fowls; Queries about Wheat; Cows Leaking their Milk; How to Prevent Hens Killing Chickens; Bloat in Cattle,........238
Agricultural Miscellany—The Weather—Harvest and Crops; Wheat and Chess growing on the same Head, *almost*; Fine samples of Wheat; National Horse Show at Kalamazoo; Wheat Crop of Michigan; Genesee Co. Fair; Crops in Genesee Co; Seeds and Implements,.238

HORTICULTURAL.

Fruits in the New York Markets,........239
Fruits in Season, [Illustrated,]........239
Prince's Seedling Strawberries,........239
Longworth's Vineyards,........239
Another Enemy to Fruit Trees,........239
Inquiries and Answers—Flower for a name; The Blackberry; Propagating the Blackberry; Transplanting Evergreens,........239
Horticultural Notes—Horticultural Festival at Naples; The Gooseberry Slug,........239

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cream Cakes; Washing Compound; Delicious Tea Cake; Best Sponge Cake; To Make Crullers; Prevention of Ants; Black Ants; Suet Pudding; Curing Bee Stings; That "Stocking Loom,"........239

LADIES' OLIO.

A Poor Girl's Soliloquy, [Poetical;] "The Old Folks at Home;" A Word to Mothers; Cheerfulness; Wise Women Wanted,........240

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Haymaker's Song, [Poetical;] Our Habits and Principles; Lingerings with Nature, No. IV—Putnam Hill; The Greatest Seminary; The Value of Accuracy,........240

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Clouds and Dreams, [Poetical;] Misquotations from Scripture; A Beautiful Picture; Doubt from Inactivity,.240

THE REVIEWER.

The Mount Vernon Papers; Everybody's Lawyer and Counsellor in Business; The Young Housekeeper and Dairyman's Directory; The Home-Book of Health and Medicine,........241

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Sir Robert Peel; Sacred Literature; Fastings; Do Insects Feel Pain; The Mania for Dark Rooms; The Black Fly,........241

USEFUL OLIO.

The Eclipse of the Sun, [Illustrated;] Vegetation on the Moon's Surface; How a Fly holds on; Wonderful Provision of Nature,........241

YOUNG RURALIST.

Do Right; Manners; Worms in Peach Trees; How to Destroy the Mole; Lice on Fowls; Water for Ocean Steam Boilers,........241

STORY TELLER.

Under the Sod, [Poetical;] Trials and Triumphs.—A Story of Every-Day Life,........244

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Nursery Partner Wanted—M. B. Bateham & Co.
Nursery for Sale, in Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.
Farm Implements, &c—H. C. White, Agent.
Stump Machines—R H. Hall & Co.
$25 per Week—Baldwin & Co.
Now is the Time to make Money—J. Whitley, Jr.
$100 per Month—D. L. Milliken.
Tracy Female Institute—Lucilia Tracy.

Publisher's Department.

A NEW HALF VOLUME.

Special Notice to Rural Agents, Subscribers, &c.

AGENTS, Subscribers, and readers who are not entitled to either of those honored appellations—and particularly borrowers—are notified that the last half of Volume XI of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commenced with July. We trust all whose subscriptions expired with June will promptly invite the continued visits of the RURAL by the usual remittance, (personally or by an agent,) and that every friend of the paper and its objects will solicit others to become subscribers, in order that they may thus participate in its benefits to individuals, families, and community. At a period when politics and party are temporarily in the ascendant, we do not expect great things, yet respectfully submit that such a journal as the RURAL should be taken and read in every family for the benefit of those who are not specially interested in "saving the nation" by electing this or that man to the Presidency, and also to counterbalance the effervescence of the "organs" which are just now regulating and reforming the affairs of the People and Government.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, July 24, 1860.

FLOUR.—Best brands from white wheat have declined 25 cents per barrel during the week; inferior grades are sold at the rates which have ruled in the market for some time past. There is little doing except to supply the retail demand.

GRAIN.—The only change noted is in Corn, which has fallen off 1 cent per bushel. We do not hear of any transactions in new wheat.

FRUIT.—Green apples are beginning to appear in market and sell from 50 to 62½ cents per bushel.

WOOL remains at the quotations of last week, and sales are almost altogether from second hands. We alter the price of pelts, giving the range for the bulk of purchases. Occasionally an unshorn skin is offered and brings from $1,25 to $2, but it is not one in a thousand.

HAY—Very choice old sells at $13@15, but such sales are extremely rare.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	13@14c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	10@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,10@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,31@1,31	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,40	Apples, bushel	50@62½
Best white Can'a	$1,45@1,50	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	[illegible]	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	[illegible]@70c	Plums, dried	0@00c
Oats, by weight	33@34c	Potatoes	38@50c
Barley	55@58c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	33@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@62½c
Pork, Mess	$18,50@19,00	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$5,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8@8½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Turkeys	[illegible]@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Geese	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Ducks	30@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
[illegible] air	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter	12@12½c	Hay, ton	$8,00@10,00
Cheese	00@12c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Lard	10@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Tallow	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow	8½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
[illegible]	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 23—FLOUR—Market dull and heavy for pretty much all kinds. The demand, for both export and home use, continues light, and holders are rather anxious to realize. Fresh ground extra State is quite scarce, and with a moderate export inquiry prices have not materially changed. Sales at $5,05@5,10 for superfine State; $5,15@5,40 for extra do; $5,00@5,10 for super Western; $5,15@5,40 for common to medium extra do; $5,40@5,60 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing dull, with a strong downward tendency. Canadian dull and drooping; sales at $5,00 for super; $5,20@7,40 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat very heavy and decidedly lower under a strong pressure to realize; shippers, in view of the scarcity of freight-room and the high rates of freight are not very desirous to purchase, even at the reduction of 1@3c submitted to by holders to-day, sales Milwaukee club at $1,25@1,26; white Western at $1,35@1,38; Chicago spring at $1,21; Kenosha spring at $1,32; winter red Western at $1,30; red State at $1,20; new red Southern on p. t. Rye quiet at 82½c. Barley dull and nominal. Corn in good supply and lower; sales at 61c for sound mixed Western; 61½@62c for very choice do; 63@63½c for Western yellow. Oats in moderate request at 38@40½c for Western and Canadian; 40@41c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork in fair demand; sales at $19,37@19,50 for new mess; $18,50 for old do; $14,37 for new prime, and $12,25@12,50 for old do. Lard scarcely so firm; sales at 13@13½c. Butter in moderate request at 10@16c for Ohio; 11@19c for State. Cheese quiet and steady at 7@10½c, for inferior to prime.

ASHES—The market price for Pots is $5,00, but some of the receivers hold their bills for higher rates. Pearls are in demand for export at $5,75.

ALBANY, JULY 23.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened quiet, and throughout the day the business in flour has been quite limited at the closing prices of Saturday.—Corn meal quiet and unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet with a good supply offering. For Corn the market is unsettled, with a downward tendency. A few car lots of Western mixed changed hands at 60c, but for cargoes afloat 59c was the highest bid that was made.—Rye quiet. Oats steady but quiet.

FEED—Sales 20 tuns second quality at 92½c. per 100 lbs.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, JULY 23—FLOUR—In moderate demand and market steady. Sales at $4,75@5,12½ for extra Wisconsin; $5,00@5,25 for extra Indiana and Ohio; $5,50@6,00 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat dull; sales at $1,10 for new red Indiana and Ohio; $1,14 for new red Illinois. Corn dull; sales Toledo at 54c. Oats steady; sales at 33½c. Rye lower; sales at 64@65c.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork is selling at $18,50; light mess held at $16,50, and prime at $14,00. Beef quiet at $7,50. Bacon also quiet at 7½@8c for shoulders; 9½c for plain hams; 10½c for sugar cured, and 11c for sacked do. Lard in moderate demand at 11@12½c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 7@8c, as to quality, with fair receipts.

OSWEGO, July 23.—FLOUR—Market dull but unchanged.

GRAIN—White wheat is in moderate demand, principally for shipment; sales Saturday night 6,100 bu. white Indiana at $1,33; 3,100 bu. do. 131; new red do. at $1,22 afloat—closing with less inquiry. Corn quiet, sales Indiana at 52½c. Other grains quiet.

CHICAGO, July 23.—FLOUR quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and winter 1@2c lower; sales at 90c for No. 2 spring, and $1 for No. 1 winter, in store. Corn active; sales at 43c, in store. Oats quiet at 25@26c.

TORONTO, July 20.—The business in flour has been very dull during the week. There is only a small amount offering, and the receipts from country mills are unusually light. The demand for shipment is not sufficiently active to induce sales, especially at the prices demanded by holders, who are firm in view of a probable advance on the English market before harvest. The present quotations are nominally as follows:

Superfine	$5,15@5,20
Fancy	5,40@5,60
Extra	5,90@6,20
Double Extra	6,30@7,00

GRAIN—Of wheat the deliveries have been very limited, not amounting to over 500 bushels per day, and generally of hardly so good a sample as in former weeks. There has been a good demand, but the slender supplies check any activity in the market, and the sales have scarcely been sufficient for basing on them correct quotations. In the early part of the week $1,35@1,40 were the current rates for the primest samples, and it is probable that these figures would now be paid were the proper quality to offer; but on Tuesday the best price paid was $1,33, and that only once, common and ordinary lots bringing $1,25@1,30 ℔ bushel. Barley has been brought in to a very limited extent, and is quiet at 50@55c. Rye is scarce, and nominal at 60@65c per bushel. Oats are in fair request, both for local use and for shipment, at 32@33c. Peas are not plentiful, and are steady at 54@58c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 18.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,50@10,00; ordinary, $9,00@9,50; common, $8@8,50; inferior, $7,00@7,75.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@45,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@6c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $4,50@5,00; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6@6½c.

ALBANY, JULY 23.—CATTLE—There are many long faces in the market this week. The comparatively good prices that ruled last week and the week before have resulted in overstocking our market. The receipts of the week aggregate over 4,300—at least 1,000 head more than is needed; and the effect has been to send prices down full ½c ℔ lb, live weight, on the best grades, and ¾c on the lower grades. The quality of the cattle offering is hardly up to an average.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	4,236	2,496	2,800
Sheep	4,520	4,173	2,901
Hogs	--	66	91

To the receipt of cattle by railroad must be added 80 head driven in on foot, making the total 4,336.

Prices—The trade is quite languid at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @	5 @5½c
Extra	4½@4¾	4¾@5
First quality	3¾@4¼	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3½@3¾
Third quality	2½@2¾	3 @3½
Inferior	@0	@0

BRIGHTON, July 19.—At market 1,000 beeves, 300 stores 4,000 sheep and lambs, and 300 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@7,50; first quality $0,00@7.25; second quality, $0@6,75; third quality, $5,50@5,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@95.

MILCH COWS—$19@43; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $9@11; three years old, $12@17.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@13c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,75; Extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6@6½c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8c. Spring pigs, 7½@8c; retail 8@9c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 19.—Native fleece is in better supply and a moderate inquiry prevails; sales of 125,000 lbs. in lots at prices varying from 42@58c; chiefly at 47@55c. for half, three-quarter and full blood. Pulled is in limited request; sales of 12,000 lbs. at 38@47c. for No. 1 City and Extra Country. California and Texas wools are in moderate request; sales of 47,000 lbs. of the former at 12@15c. for common unwashed; 16@22c, for fair to fine quality, washed, and 30,000 lbs. of the latter at 26@26½c. Foreign is quiet but steady; sales of some 300 bales unwashed African on terms not disclosed.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, July 19.—The market for fleece and pulled Wool is firm, with a good demand. The sales of the week have been 175,000 lbs., mostly pulled, at 53@55c, as to quality. Advices from Vermont and New Hampshire report considerable sales at 45@50c, and some lots as high as 53c.—At the West the clip has been bought up at very full prices. The transactions in foreign have been large, and comprise 1,280 bales Cape, 601 ballots Peruvian, and 200 bales South American and Mediterranean on private terms, but at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@29
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@27	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	2@23	Peruvian, washed	26@31

CHICAGO, July 19.—The following may be considered the ruling rates for washed wool in this market:—Full blood 42@43 cents—very extra lots will bring 45 cents; three-fourths blood 38@40 cents; half blood 35@36 cents; one-fourth blood 30@33 cents; native 28 cents. For unwashed wool, one-third of the above price is deducted.—*Democrat.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—The North American says: The receipts of the new clip are large, and the market firm and more active, the difference in the views of buyers and sellers checking business somewhat. The sales reach about 125,000 lbs, in lots, at from 40 to 47c for common and medium up to 50@54c for half to full blood, including some fine fleece, on terms we could not learn.

Marriages.

On Thursday, the 12th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Shaw, IRA DUNLAP and LINDA HASTINGS, all of Rochester.

Deaths.

IN Bloomfield, Oakland Co., Michigan, on the 25th of last May, WILLIAM STICKNEY, formerly a resident of Darien, N. Y., aged 56 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

TRACY FEMALE INSTITUTE, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Year, 42 weeks, 1st day, August 29, 1860. Board and Tuition in English and Gymnastics, $140, or $40 per quarter. Rooms furnished and warmed. LUCILIA TRACY, principal.

$100 PER MONTH—Made by any active person with the cheapest and best Stencil Tools in the market. Before purchasing elsewhere, don't fail to send for my latest circular and samples, which are all *free.*
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NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE MONEY by selling a *new* Political Chart and Map of the United States, containing Portraits from life, of the candidates of each party. Also, a vast amount of valuable statistical matter, Size, 3.x40 and is *BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.* Sample copy sent, post-paid, with my extra terms to Agents, on the receipt of 25 cts. Address, without delay,
550-2t J. WHITLEY, JR., Publisher, Davis' Block, Geneva, N. Y.

$25.00 PER WEEK AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.—We wish to employ at the above salary, a few enterprising Young Men to introduce and solicit orders for a new article, *patented* July 3, 1860. Those who prove trustworthy can have permanent employment. Apply immediately as only a limited number will be engaged. Address, enclosing stamp for return postage,
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STUMP MACHINES. Twenty years of close application to the manufacturing and use of STUMP MACHINES, have enabled the Subscribers to produce an article, which *defies competition.* We are prepared to furnish any number at short notice and at low rates.
Our Machines are simple in construction, very durable and not liable to get out of order. The demand for them has increased four fold within the past year, which removes any doubt of their great superiority over other machines.
Send for a Circular, which will give you full particulars.
R. H. HALL & CO., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y.

FARM IMPLEMENTS, &c., AT THE RECENTLY ESTABLISHED

Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse.

EMERY'S Horse-Powers, Threshers and Cleaners, Circular and Cross cut Saws, Cider Mills, and other manufactures, sold at manufacturers' prices and terms. A MANSFIELD'S Clover Huller, complete in good order, (second hand,) for sale cheap. HICKOK'S Portable Cider and Wine Mill, CUMMING'S Feed Cutter, Hay Cutters, Corn Shellers, and other Farming Tools and Seeds of the best quality, at the Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse, 318 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. 550-4twc
July 20, 1860. H. C. WHITE, Agent.

NURSERY FOR SALE. Situated in Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

IT contains about eighty acres, two years planted. The land is rich and easy to work, and for Nursery purposes is unsurpassed in this country.
The stock now growing is remarkably fine and healthy, consisting of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach, Grapes, &c. A large proportion of the stock consists of Dwarf and Standard Pear Trees.
There is also growing on the grounds a large quantity of Pear, Plum and Apple Seedlings, of one and two years growth. The nursery can be enlarged to any desirable extent, the ground having been secured for so doing. Any one wishing to engage in the business will find this a first rate opportunity, for it will be sold at a bargain.
If not sold, a partner, an active man with some means, would be taken in,—a practical Nurseryman would be preferred. Ill health is the reason for wishing to sell.
For further particulars address Post-Office Box No. 11, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y. 550-3t

A NURSERY PARTNER WANTED. RARE OPPORTUNITY.

ELLWANGER & BARRY offer for sale the whole or part of their interest in the "COLUMBUS NURSERY," situated at Columbus, Ohio, and conducted by M. B. BATEHAM & Co.
The purchaser must either be a practical Nurseryman, or an active, intelligent business man, as the extent and prospects of the business require more assistance in its management.
This Nursery was founded by the present proprietors in 1855, and now occupies some 90 acres of land situated on the finest avenue in the city of Columbus, and *only one mile* from the Court House.
The land is of excellent quality for the purpose, and additional land of similar quality in the immediate neighborhood, can be rented at a low rate. Abundance of manure can be had in the city, generally for the hauling, labor of all kinds can be obtained at any season, and the facilities for shipping are scarcely equalled elsewhere.
The Nursery grounds are conveniently and tastefully laid out, enclosed by good hedges and fences, well stocked with specimen trees, and supplied with all necessary buildings, implements and other equipments necessary for a first class establishment.
The stock at present on the ground is excellent and well assorted, and an extensive trade has already been established.
Mr. BATEHAM, the acting partner, has been connected with Agricultural and Horticultural affairs in the West during the past fifteen years, as Editor of the Ohio Cultivator and otherwise, and is one of the best informed men on the subject of Pomology and Horticulture in the Western States.
It is not too much to say that this is the best opportunity, all things considered, that has ever been offered in this country, for persons who desire to embark in the Nursery business.
To avoid useless correspondence, no applications will receive attention except from parties qualified to perform active duties either on the ground or in the office, and who can make a cash payment of at least $5000. For full particulars apply to M. B. BATEHAM & CO, Columbus, O., And ELLWANGER & BARRY, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c, may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia $4 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book..1 00
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals.......75
Allen's Rural Architecture1 25
Allen on the Grape.....1 00
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings.....6 00
American Florist's Guide.. 75
Barry's Fruit Garden 1 25
Blake's Farmer at Home..1 25
Boussingault's Rural Economy........1 25
Bright on Grape Culture... 50
Browne's Bird Fancier...... 50
Browne's Poultry Yard....1 00
Do. Field Book of Manures1 25
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't..1 50
Do. Florist's Guide...... 60
Do. Kitchen Gardener's Instructor........ 60
Do. Fruit Cult. Manual.... 60
Breck's Book of Flowers..1 00
Buist's Flower Garden.....1 25
Do. Family Kitchen Gard.. 75
Chemical Field Lectures.1 00
Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making........ 25
Chorlton's Grape Grower's Guide........ 60
Cobbett's Am. Gardener... 50
Cottage and Farm Beekeeper........ 25
Cole's Am. Fruit Book..... 50
Do. Am. Veterinarian..... 50
Dadd's Modern Horse Doc.1 00
Do. Am. Cattle Doctor....1 00
Do. Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse.....2 00
Do. colored plates.........4 00
Dana's Muck Manual.....1 00
Do. Prize Essay on Manures........ 25
Darlington's Weeds and Useful Plants.........1 50
Davy's Devon Herd Book.1 00
Domestic and Ornamental Poultry.........1 00
Do. colored plates........2 00
Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees.........1 50
Downing's Landscape Gardening.........3 50
Do. Rural Essays.........3 00
Eastwood's Cranberry Culture........ 50
Elliott's Western Fruit Book.........1 25
Every Lady her own Flower Gardener........ 50
Farm Drainage, (H. F. French)........1 00
Fessenden's Farmer and Gardener.........1 25
Do. Am. Kitchen Gard.... 50
Field's Pear Culture......1 00
Fish Culture.........1 00
Flint on Grasses.........1 25
Guenon on Milch Cows.... 60
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Hough's Farm Record,...3 00
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Linsley's Morgan Horses.1 00
Miner's Bee-keeper's Manual.........1 00
Miles on the Horse's Foot. 50
Milburn on the Cow....... 25
Mrs. Abel's Skillful Housewife and Ladies' Guide... 50
Saxton's Rural Hand Books, bound in 4 Series, each 1 25
Munn's Land Drainer..... 50
Nash's Progressive Farmer 60
Neill's Gardener's Companion........1 00
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☞ To "Lex," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 538-tf.

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is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
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THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,

which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.

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Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
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First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.
HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.
Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.
No Check Rods. No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.
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Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
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UNDER THE SOD.

BY SARAH FAUSETT.

Seeds of beauty lie under the sod—
Under the sod in the damp and gloom—
No one passing their low abode
Dreams of the hidden embryo bloom.
Raindrops softly downward creep,
Sunshine pierces the dreary night,
Till their bonds are broken, they wake from sleep,
And, proudly unfolding, rise to the sight;
Up from the sod, the cold, damp sod,
They spring to the world of light.

Under the sod lie noble deeds
Hidden in embryo many a day;
No one ever their glory heeds
Till the covering falls away.
They must lie in their prison long,
Down in the soul till the night is past,
Slowly expanding and growing strong
Till the chrysalis aside is cast;
Out of the sod, the cumbering sod,
The deeds will blossom at last.

Under the sod the might-be lies,
The possible life of truth and love,
Waiting the hour when it may arise
Out of the gloom to the light above;
The heart's sweet blossom must fade in the strife;
For the fruit to come must the flower fall low;
The soul's deep struggle must wake it to life,
Its tomb must be wet with tears of woe;
When out of the sod, the dreary sod,
The might-be in glory may grow.

Under the sod all things we love
Lie, for a season, hidden in gloom;
By and by they will spring above,
By and by they will bud and bloom.
Under the sod we live on earth,
Struggling up to the sunshine bright;
Patience! the day will at last have birth;
By and by we shall leave the night;
Up from the sod, the parting sod,
We shall arise to the light.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

A STORY OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

[Concluded from page 236, last number.]

Alice redeemed her promise by calling early the next day, and informing Aunt Sally that they would be glad to have her accompany them home, and would strive to make it pleasant and comfortable for her, as long as she was contented to remain. Her gratitude was great, and she could hardly wait for the appointed day,—a week hence.

She had many farewell calls to make among her old friends,—accordingly Mrs. Weston offered to aid her in her preparations for the journey, and was invited into her room, which was lacking in most of the comforts of life.

It was, indeed, a motley assortment which Aunt Sally brought forward to be packed in her old hair trunk. Rolls of calico, the remnants of dresses, which, like their wearers, had passed into oblivion; strings of buttons, and balls of yarn; little bags filled with odds and ends, that were of no manner of use; bundles of cloth laid away for patches; and sundry parcels of dried herbs which Aunt Sally told Alice were a sight better than any doctor's stuff. She must take them all,—the pennyroyal, boneset, wormwood, catnip, sage, spearmint, and peppermint. There was no knowing but they might come in place sometime,—at any rate, she should feel safer to have them with her. Alice was willing to gratify her by putting them in as directed; and as her supply of clothing was exceedingly limited, there was abundant room.

She was very desirous, also, to take her feather bed and woolen coverlets, but was finally prevailed upon to leave them with a poor family near by. Mrs. Weston persuaded her to exchange her nondescript head-gear,—which, for many years, had served as a bonnet,—for one of more modern style; and this, with a new blanket shawl, and her best black dress,—which she had consented to wear, although she felt it was far too nice for traveling,—made of Aunt Sally Green quite a respectable looking personage.

The journey was full of novelty and excitement to her,—it being her first acquaintance with cars and steamboats,—and to one who had never before been out of her native county, it was no trivial matter.

When the party reached Hope Cottage, the children were much surprised by the appearance of a third individual; but their parents had not failed in their efforts to inculcate in their minds the duty of respect to the aged, and they were at once kind and attentive.

Charley proposed to his mother that they should call her "grandma," but learning she had always led a life of "single blessedness," he concluded it would be best to call her "Aunt," as she had been named in Ashland.

Of all the household, Gertrude seemed to be Aunt Sally's favorite; her first remark, on seeing her, was, "Well! I declare, Alice, if that girl aint the very picture of you, as you looked when you was married. I should have known anywhere that she was your daughter." Alice smiled, and said most people thought Gertrude was more like her than Helen.

After a few days Aunt Sally was quite domesticated in her new home, where a cosy bed-room was appropriated to her use. Mrs. Weston and the girls at once undertook the task of remodeling her wardrobe. She had always possessed a singular taste for bright colors, and her caps were adorned with cherry, pink, and corn-colored ribbons, while her accustomed dress was of dark blue and white calico. Gertrude's skillful fingers mannfactured some neat caps, trimmed with the sober hues more appropriate to her age, while several dark dresses were made, with which she was much delighted.

The Westons never regretted that they had extended their kind charity to Aunt Sally Green; and for years she was an important member of their household. If not the most useful of the family, she might be considered the most contented. And it is no small blessing to a home to contain a pattern of constant thankfulness and contentment.

Two years more elapsed, and then the revered pastor, Mr. Nelson, entered into his rest. It was a sore bereavement to the church, where, for so many years, he had ministered in holy things. For a long while it was feared his place could never be acceptably filled. But at length a young candidate came, highly recommended, and at once all were prepossessed in his favor. Walter Stanley was an earnest, active Christian, and eminently qualified for the profession which he had chosen. In due time he was ordained, and was soon upon intimate terms with his parishioners, among whom the Westons seemed especial favorites.

They were all much attached to him, but Gertrude, more than the others, was deeply interested in him. His pulpit eloquence and fireside conversations alike charmed her. And yet, she did not acknowledge, even to herself, that it was aught beyond the respect due to his position and his piety, that she felt for the new minister.

However, Mrs. Weston's quick, maternal eye, read more than ordinary interest in the earnest gaze which Gertrude would fix upon the young divine, when listening to the glowing words that fell from his lips. And sometimes she fancied that this feeling was reciprocated by him; for during his frequent calls, his conversation was oftener addressed to Gertrude than to Helen, whom he treated with a formal deference, which one would imagine her merry, lively ways, were not capable of inspiring.

Alice was well pleased with her own prophecies for the future, which she doubted not time would fulfill; and already her husband and herself looked forward with confident expectation to the time when Mr. Stanley would claim the hand of Gertrude. Meanwhile Clarence May was pursuing his studies at an Eastern University, and preparing to graduate the following year. Between him and Helen the most friendly relations had ever existed, and they always corresponded with the freedom and familiarity of brother and sister.

It was his purpose to study law, and after his profession should be obtained, he had dreams of a fair home and its presiding divinity; but all these sweet fancies were locked within his own heart. And Helen glided among the home-circle, and her many friends, with that joyousness of heart, and that unaffected simplicity of manner, so seldom found save in childhood. She was untrammeled by the restraints of worldly conventionality, and ever acted in accordance with the impulses of her warm and loving nature. No one but Mr. Stanley ever had the power to awe her into anything like dignity; but in his presence she became quiet and demure; while Gertrude threw off her accustomed restraint of manner, and was affable and social.

Already had the managing mammas and marriageable misses of Mr. Stanley's congregation arranged for him matrimonial alliances without number, but all to no purpose. In every instance he did not see, or refused to take the bait so temptingly flung out; and a year after his ordination no one could discover any prospect of his taking the important step.

One day he called at the cottage and inquired for Dr. Weston, who now spent much of his time at home, leaving office practice principally to his partner. He was shown into the library, and after a few casual remarks, he said that he had come to Dr. Weston to gain his consent to address his daughter, whom he had long loved. Herbert was not surprised, and told him he was only too happy to grant his request; and that nothing could be more gratifying to himself and wife, than such a union; and directing him to the sitting-room, as the place where he would be most likely to find the object of his search, he resumed the book he had been reading, well pleased at the definite form his long cherished hopes were assuming.

But in a few moments he heard hurried steps along the hall, and thinking it might be Gertrude, he opened the door and called her name. She came looking grieved and surprised; and as her father observed her more closely, he saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Why, Gertrude, my dear child, why is this?" he inquired, anxiously; "you have not refused Mr. Stanley's offer, have you?"

"I?" she ejaculated; "what do you mean, father?"

"Nothing, only I just gave Mr. Stanley permission to address my daughter, and I was about to congratulate you on your good fortune, when your troubled countenance quite denied the fact."

"Mr. Stanley and Helen are in the garden," said Gertrude, and turning abruptly, she hurried to her room, scarcely able to account for her strange emotions, and yet realizing too late that she had suffered her heart, unsought, to be won; and with mingled feelings of shame and disappointment, she wept long and bitterly.

Nor was hers the only perplexed mind in the family. When Mr. Stanley entered the sitting-room, he found Gertrude and Helen both there, and after a little general conversation, he asked Helen if he could speak a few words with her alone? and immediately led the way through the piazza, on which the windows opened into the garden. Helen had not recovered from her surprise at his singular conduct, when, with great earnestness, he told her of his love, and that the dearest earthly desire of his heart was to call her his wife.

Helen laughed, but seeing his serious face, began to cry. "Indeed, Mr. Stanley," sobbed she, "I should as soon have thought of falling in love with my own father. You must have made a mistake: it is Gertrude you want, not me!"

Walter assured her that he had not been in error, "unless," he added, "in supposing that you returned my affection." And begging her to excuse him, he hastily left the garden, and retraced his steps toward the city.

Helen flew into the house, and with mingled smiles and tears, told her mother that the funniest thing in the world had just happened, for Mr. Stanley had been making love to her!

Mrs. Weston could scarcely credit an account at such variance with her preconceived opinions. And she went at once, as was her custom, when anything gave her pain or pleasure, to receive the sympathy of her husband. He, in turn, never withheld his confidence from her. Thus did their lives exemplify that beautiful epitome of a true marriage:—"They share all troubles, and by sharing, halve them. They share all pleasures, and by sharing, double them."

In this instance Herbert's surprise and disappointment equalled her own. Indeed, they both felt ready to say with Helen, "he must have made a mistake."

Dr. Weston recounted his brief interview with Gertrude, and in it they read the confirmation of that which had suddenly been transformed from a hope into a fear,—that Gertrude's affections had indeed been lavished upon the minister; but that he, with the blindness which is usually deemed an attribute of love, had chosen one whom to every one else seemed his opposite in temperament, tastes, and habits of thought and action,—while he had unaccountably overlooked the many qualifications which would seem to render Gertrude the most desirable companion he could possibly find. It was the first experiment of our friends in "match-making," and its result led them to resolve that in future they would leave such things to take their own course.

Helen had by this time confided her "adventure," as she termed it, to Gertrude, who, hiding her own grief deep within her heart, listened attentively, and could but smile at Helen's vivacious account of the affair. But she told her that after due consideration she might yet decide that she could love Mr. Stanley, in which case she presumed he would be only too glad to be recalled. Helen shook her head, declaring she loved Clarence May a thousand times better, and if she couldn't have him, why,—she would be an old maid.

Dr. and Mrs. Weston watched Gertrude anxiously for many days, but seeing ever the same cheerful smile, they concluded that they had overrated her attachment to Mr. Stanley; and when, after a few weeks, he resumed his visits at the cottage, they were gratified to see that the pleasant intercourse between the two remained unaltered. Helen was usually more gay and mirthful when he was present than at any other time, as if she were anxious to impress upon his mind her entire unsuitableness for the honor he would fain have conferred upon her.

About this time the Westons were invited to a select party, to be given at Dr. May's, on the occasion of Clarence's return home, laden with the honors of the University. It was to take place the evening succeeding his arrival; and the morning after he reached home, he hastened to Hope Cottage. Helen was the first to meet and welcome him, and was at once informed that she was the one he most desired to see. But they must go into the garden, for he wanted to look at the flowers. And in one of the fragrant arbors, with the sunlight glancing upon the diamond dew-drops, and the air filled with melody and perfume, Clarence May and Helen Weston pledged to one another the love which in earliest childhood had taken root in each heart, and had imperceptibly entwined itself with their every thought. Then Clarence proposed that they should go to her parents and obtain their sanction, which, as they felt certain would be the case, was cordially given,—for the happiness of their children was ever the first consideration with Herbert and Alice.

It was expected that two years at least would expire before their marriage, and yet it was the desire of all parties concerned that the engagement should not be kept private; for they all disapproved of the too prevalent custom of clandestine engagements,—a convenient "understanding," which allows the young lady to receive the attentions of all gentlemen, quite ignoring the peculiar rights of her intended husband. Such a course would be inconsistent with Helen's frank and open disposition, as well as the feelings of her father, mother, and lover; so, when she appeared that evening leaning upon the arm of Clarence, it was generally understood that they were betrothed. And many were the congratulations offered to the Mays and the Westons on the promised alliance, which would form so pleasing a consummation to their long years of intimate friendship.

Mr. Stanley bore the announcement with more calmness than he would have been able to assume three months previous. His was not a nature long to droop under any disappointment; and although, in the first bitterness of the sorrow with which one must ever regard the blighting of some fair bud of promise, his heart might have echoed the poet's words:

"My life is read all backward
And the charm of life undone!"

Yet ere long the burden of his thoughts became more in unison with the nobler line:

"I but nurse my spirit's falcon,
That its wing may soar again."

And from the ashes of his lost hope arose a firmer and purer desire after that peace which earthly storms cannot disturb, and this aspiration brought its own reward.

Again was there a season of prevailing sickness in the city, and Dr. Weston could scarcely attend to the numerous calls he received. Alice's health was not now sufficiently vigorous to permit her to aid him in his arduous duties as she had formerly done; but Gertrude insisted upon accompanying him on his errands of mercy, and went like a ministering angel to the abodes of misery and want; soothing and sustaining the sufferers in their trial-hours. And while she sought to alleviate their bodily ills, she did not forget the necessities of their higher nature; but strove to enlighten their ignorance and strengthen their faith. More than once did she meet Mr. Stanley in the chamber of sickness and death, and read in his glance approval of her devotion and self forgetfulness, at a time when the fear of contagion had caused so many either to leave the city or become close prisoners in their own houses. But no desire for human commendation actuated the heroic girl; a higher motive had inspired her, and the God whom she served so faithfully, fulfilled to her His gracious promise—"As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The city rallied at last, and emerged from the cloud which had so long brooded over its streets. Men returned to their business, some with thankful hearts in view of the preservation of their own lives, and those of their families; others mourning the vacancies made in their households by the ravages of the epidemic, and, as we frail mortals are prone to do, thinking far more of the blessings that had been taken, than those that were left; others talked of a mysterious Providence, and its inscrutable ways, in a manner which savored but little of that loving trust and perfect reliance with which a child should ever look up to its Father, albeit one is but a feeble creature of the dust, and the other the Almighty God, Lord of Heaven and Earth.

When there was no longer any work for Gertrude to do, she yielded to the insidious progress of the malady, and was watched over by her loving friends with unwearied attention for many weeks. At one time speedy dissolution seemed so certain that Mr. Stanley was sent for; and his petitions for the restoration of one so beloved by all, were uttered in a tremulous voice, and he left the room with visible agitation. Daily did he call, either at the office or the house, to inquire for the invalid; and his joy at the news of a favorable crisis was too deep for utterance.

Very slowly did Gertrude regain her strength, and when at last she moved once more among the household band, her form was so shadowy and slight, and her countenance so spiritual in its expression, that every heart echoed Aunt Sally's exclamation—"Well! you do look like an angel of light!"

It was evident that Mr. Stanley regarded her with little less than veneration, and when she was able to ride, he begged the privilege of driving with her daily. In a few weeks it was easy to be seen that the out-door air and exercise had proved most beneficial. Indeed, after one drive, which occupied several hours of a bright autumnal afternoon, Gertrude returned home with blooming cheeks and sparkling eyes; and her happiness seemed to be reflected upon her companion, for his face was radiant with joy. A singular coincidence, from which Herbert and Alice drew similar and to them both most satisfactory conclusions, which possessed the advantage of being correct; for this time there had been no "mistake."

The following Spring was the time appointed for the occupancy of the parsonage, which was meanwhile to be refitted in a tasteful manner.

Helen's happiness was now quite beyond bounds; and she daily reminded Gertrude that but for her magnanimity, she would never have become the object of clerical devotion. But Helen, with all her witchery, had not only a warm and affectionate heart, but a deep and abiding sense of God's goodness; and in her serious moments she would dwell with thankfulness upon that Kind Hand which had led them both through the devious paths of human purposes, to those fountains of pure and earnest love, which, next to the living waters of Immortality, alone have power to satisfy the yearning heart of woman. Gertrude said but little; yet one might read volumes in her beaming eye, and there was a new tone of tenderness hitherto unheard in the cadences of her voice.

The marriage was a quiet one, and Mr. and Mrs. Stanley, without pomp or parade, entered at once upon their mutual duties in the parish. Her portion of those labors Gertrude felt to be no sinecure. She believed that the church and the world had peculiar claims upon a pastor's wife; that she ought ever to go hand in hand with her husband, aiding and promoting every true reform: that together they ought to visit the abodes of poverty and crime, as well as the stately mansions of their rich parishoners. She felt that rightly to discharge these duties required a self-renunciation as complete, a devotion as entire, on the part of laborers on American soil, as of those who leave home and friends to bear the Gospel to foreign lands. All should alike be Missionaries; and by precept and example inculcate those holy doctrines which they profess to make the rule of their lives.

With such a deep realization of the duties obligatory on the position she occupied, Gertrude was well prepared to give satisfaction in that station, which all know it is difficult to fill acceptably,—that of a minister's wife. We are aware that public opinion has of late years become less exacting in regard to the qualifications and labors of this class of individuals. And yet the occasional instances which we still find of those who feel their weighty responsibility, and endeavor conscientiously to perform all their allotted tasks, lead us to doubt if the change has been for the better. We have too sensibly experienced the lasting influence of one whose life was spent in the faithful discharge of the most arduous duties devolving upon the wife of a pastor, and who left behind her a memory hallowed by good deeds and earnest devotion, not to wish there were more such laborers in the vineyard of the Lord. And we are happy to place our friend Gertrude among this number; and to know that through a long and useful life she maintained the same zeal in every worthy undertaking, that had characterized her earliest years.

In due time Clarence May, having passed a most creditable examination, was admitted to the bar. He was anxious to claim the hand of Helen immediately afterward; a request which her parents deemed reasonable; and yet they could scarcely give her up. Their home would be so lonely and desolate without a daughter's smiles. Charley tried to console them by the assurance that when Horace and himself were a few years older they intended to bring Alice and Florence Lacy to take the place of Gertrude and Helen,—an arrangement which would be most satisfactory to both families; but which was judged to be rather too remote for present consideration.

But Clarence had a more speedy remedy to suggest,—it was that their time should be divided between his father's home and Hope Cottage; as Helen had no particular taste for domestic duties, and the circumstances of both rendered it unnecessary that they should practice the economy so often inevitable for young beginners. This proposal could not but be agreeable to both households, for Helen was as much of a pet with Frederick and Julia, as in her own home.

One lovely June morning, a few of the nearest and dearest friends of each family assembled at Hope Cottage, which seemed like a bower of roses; and Walter Stanley without the slightest emotion of regret, but rather with sincere pleasure, joined in holy wedlock the hands of Clarence May and Helen Weston.

Nor was the bright promise of their morning shadowed by disappointment ere the noon-day. Seldom is such uninterrupted enjoyment allotted to mortals; and the blessing did not descend on ungrateful hearts. If their lives were not, like those of Walter and Gertrude, devoted to active ministrations, their influence was both extended and salutary. Clarence May emulated the virtues of his legal preceptor, Horace Lacy, and of Helen it is sufficient to say that Clarence had not erred in obeying the Hindoo proverb,—"Marry the daughter on knowing the mother."

Three years after Mrs. Stanley's marriage, and when a sweet little Alice gladdened the parsonage with her baby ways, Gertrude received the tidings of her father's death, and not long afterward came into possession of a large amount of property, bequeathed by William Mason to his only child. And altho' she did not value wealth as a means of personal aggrandizement, yet she rejoiced in the opportunity it afforded her for more extended charity.

It was not very long ere Charles and Horace were prepared to enter college together. Charley had always declared his intention of following his father's profession, while his more serious minded brother had long cherished the hope of becoming a clergyman. They were both youths of promising talent, and exemplary lives; uniting the energy, perseverance, and integrity of their father, with the gentler virtues of their mother. Their parents felt it was a severe trial to part with them for the length of time it would be necessary for them to devote to their studies; but they knew they were well fortified to resist the temptations of the world, and to overcome the obstacles which might impede their progress. It would be selfish to deny them the benefit of those advantages which would render them more useful in life, and thus better prepare them for a higher state of existence,—for the sake of the present enjoyment their society afforded.

And so they sent out their two sons encompassed with the magic spells of home influence, and parental prayers,—nor did the result disappoint their confident expectations. Their collegiate career reflected honor upon themselves and their parents, and after their professions were acquired they took their place in the world, well fitted to discharge their life-labors in a manner creditable to themselves, beneficial to mankind, and, above all, well-pleasing to their Maker.

"Young Dr. Weston" was soon as popular as his father had been, and assumed the active duties from which Herbert now was willing to retire. Horace acceptably performed the labors of his sacred calling, being ordained as pastor over a church of the same denomination as that which was under Mr. Stanley's charge, but located in another part of the city.

When the two brothers decided to "settle in life," they did not forget their early fancy for Alice and Florence Lacy, who were well worthy the affection of their maturer years, and the same evening witnessed the double marriage ceremony which was the auspicious commencement of two most happy unions. Need we say that Herbert and Alice were well-content with the fortunes of their family?

And now we must take leave of these friends whose course we have watched in their descent from the green hill-side of youth into the valley of age. Long may they enjoy the serene twilight of a well-spent day. And when the sunset hues shall have faded from their western sky, and the silence and the shadows of approaching night brood softly over them, may the Star of Faith illumine their path-way down to the very brink of the Dark River whose narrow channel alone divides them from the Better Land!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 42 letters.
My 5, 13, 39, 22, 7 is a city in Asia.
My 9, 1, 25, 36, 21, 33 is an island in the Pacific.
My 22, 24, 27, 28 is a town in Italy.
My 23, 16, 6, 26, 5, 24, 11 is an island off the west coast of Asia Minor.
My 35, 10, 37, 34 is a river in England.
My 8, 7, 31, 15, 41, 38, 8 is a village in Germany.
My 26, 7, 17, 6 is a lake in Scotland.
My 29, 30, 12, 5, 10, 31 is a town in Kentucky.
My 20, 3, 27, 13 is a seaport town of Algeria.
My 1, 18, 23, 16, 27, 42 is a county in Ohio.
My 20, 30, 14, 40 is a city in England.
My 4, 18, 11, 41, 2, 19 is a lake in New York.
My 32, 1, 5, 34 is a river in England.
My whole is one of Solomon's wise sayings.

County Line, N. Y., 1860. MARSHALL.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 40 letters.
My 40, 12, 14, 11, 23, 20, 6, 4, 35 is a metal.
My 11, 19, 40, 8, 14, 18 is one of the signs of the Zodiac.
My 1, 7, 3, 5, 3, 2, 30, 34, 3, 20 is a branch of Arithmetic.
My 9, 23, 20, 35, 10 is a county in Missouri.
My 16, 29, 14, 11, 35, 17 is a part of the human body.
My 40, 23, 33, 15 is the name of a plant.
My 17, 29, 25, 26, 27, 36 are of great benefit to mankind.
My 22, 29, 40, 1, 28, 3, 14 is a county in Kentucky.
My 3, 14, 39, 29, 24, 23 is a lake in New York.
My 32, 28, 31, 40, 26 is a fragrant plant.
My 21, 13, 35, 38, 3, 14, 3, 17 is to disgrace.
My 2, 17, 19, 20, 37, 3, 14 is a city in New Jersey.
My whole has been proved a fact.

Hartford, Wis., 1860. E. W. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

Without my first, there's no charade
Can ever possibly be made;
Without my next no pretty lass
E'er saw her features in the glass;
My wondrous whole, endow'd with eyes
Futurity to scrutinize,
Scotland may claim, as quite her own,
To every land besides, unknown.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

In the segment of a circle, the chord of the arc is 672 feet, and the chord of half the arc is 350 feet; required the diameter of the circle, and the length of the shortest line that can be drawn from the middle of the chord to the chord of half the arc. MARTIN BRAINERD

Gainesville, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 548.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—The square of the sum of two quantities is equal to the square of the first, plus twice the product of the first by the second, plus the square of the second.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—A rolling stone gathers no moss.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—Mother's share, £205 2s 6 10-13d; daughters', £410 5s 1 7-13d; sons', £1,230 15s 4 3-13d.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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THOROUGH FARMING.

THE time-honored maxim, that "What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," true in almost everything, is especially true of farming. In *any* department of industry extra care in doing a thing is always repaid,—but in farming, this extra pains always prodnces a *much greater* proportionate benefit. It requires a good deal of expense to produce even a *poor* crop. There is the same or nearly the same expense in each case, for plowing, seed, sowing, or planting, and the same interest on valne of the land and wear and tear of machinery. All these expenses have to be borne, even to prodnce a *small* crop. Now, then, when the farmer has done so much, let him remember that every particle of manure applied, and every extra attention given to the crops, especially hoed crops, adds *directly* to the prodnct, and consequently to the profits. In fact, you are constrained by all that you have already done, to do still more, in order to receive the benefit of it. If you have plowed thoroughly, you ought certainly to manure liberally, and tend carefully, so as to get the greatest possible benefit of the plowing, seed sown, and labor of sowing it. Every step renders it more and more necessary that everything shonld be done well; for there is more and more at stake. In harvesting, especially, yon need to be prompt and thorough. Often, indeed, a great part of the trouble and expense bestowed during a whole season, is lost for want of a little thoroughness at the last. We have seen hnndreds of bushels of potatoes wasted, merely by digging them a week *after* instead of a week *before* the general "freeze up;" and it cost more to dig the few that were left in good order, from the wet and mud, than it would to have secured the whole crop in good order, earlier in the season. We have seen fields of corn, half destroyed by being left out in the fields most of the winter, and yet costing nearly as much to secure the half which the mice and weather had not destroyed, as to have secured to the whole crop in the barn or crib. And so of many other crops. It never costs more, and generally less, to harvest a crop at the right time, than it does after.

So, too, in regard to fences. The most miserable fence we ever saw, which was really no *fence* at all, generally had three-fourths enough rails, and sometimes enough, if well laid up, to make an excellent fence. With a long heap of rails, twisted and misplaced every way, to serve as a fence around a lot, a man may easily spend more time in one season in running to turn out the pigs or the cattle, and patching up the holes or putting on *one* more rail on the lowest places, than would be required to take the fence down from one end to the other, and lay it up in a substantial manner and stake and wire it. But if you pursue the "make do" system, yon will have the cattle breaking the rails, destroying fifteen or twenty dollars' worth of crops, and perhaps injuring themselves; and in the fall you will have a poorer fence than in the spring, with a pretty fair certainty that if yon were now to make a good fence it would not keep in your cattle after they have become so enterprising from their summer's experience.

The same in regard to noxious weeds. The *best* way is, by all means, to have no half-way work, bnt to thoronghly destroy them in one year. For instance, as much labor is often expended on Canada thistles in three years, merely to keep them from spreading, and not half doing that, as, if well applied, would, in one year, destroy them root and branch, and obviate further trouble with them. Really, the *cheapest* plan would be for the people of a whole State to unite on some one year to thoroughly *exterminate* this and other pests; and if more came up in succeeding years, from seeds dormant in the ground, they could easily be got rid of. But we reckon it wont be done, just yet, at least.

The above views are so self-evidently true, that it is a wonder that all are not more thorough in their farming. (We wonder that we ourselves are not, when we see the beauty of it so clearly!) Bnt then, it requires an immense amount of labor. There are so many things to be seen to, that if a man resolves to pursue an improved course of farming, it seems as if natnre, and every thing else, was conspiring to trip him np at some point. If he begins to nnderdrain, the first thing he knows his fences are rotting down and the cattle are in the corn field. When he stops to make fence, besides not getting his ditching done, the weeds get the start of him. The thistles get into blow, or at least are spreading vigorously at the root. The daisy gets into his meadow and the charlock into his oats; and when he stops to attend to these, as he *should, whatever* else he may leave undone, the chances are that his potatoes don't get hoed that year, beside a multitude of other things which claim his attention, but which he has to neglect. Altogether too *many* farmers are almost beginning to despair of the possibility or practicability of being thorough in more than one or two points at once. At any rate, it is pretty certain that most who try to be thorongh are so only in *streaks*—which we must say is apt to give their farms a rather *streaked* appearance, beside making the farmer feel rather streaked withal! But even this is better than being slovenly throughout.

The trouble is, most farmers try to get through the season with too little help. Hardly any expend nearly as much labor npon their land as they should, even for *immediate* profit. The increased valne of large crops, instead of small ones, will pay for a good deal of manure and labor, beside leaving the land in so much better order for future service. In regard to noxious weeds, the higher market value of a clean farm will pay for a good deal of care in keeping them out; and, as we remarked at first, large as the expense of thorough tillage may seem, in the aggregate of the whole farm, the *additional* expense over ordinary cultivation is proportionably but a small part of the whole.

OUR TROUBLES AND BLESSINGS.

IT does seem as though the great family of farmers were destined to be in trouble of one kind or another. If we get ont of the frying-pan, it is only to get into the fire. We fail in our crops—one year the midge eats the wheat so that it is hardly worth threshing—the oats are short and light, all used up by the dronth—barley and potatoes suffer from the same cause, and we feel sorely afflicted. Our troubles are almost greater than we can bear, and we begin to doubt the promise made so many thousands of years ago, that seed-time and harvest shall not fail. We obtain good prices for what little we have, but this is only an aggravation, to see such fine prices offered when we have so little to dispose of.

The present year there is promise of most abundant crops. The fields everywhere smile in beauty and luxuriance. All natnre rejoices,—from the feathered tribes—from the humbler objects of creative power—from the teeming earth—one grand chorus of praise arises to the Giver of all Good. But with man there is very little rejoicing, very little thankfulness. Even our blessings cause us grief. It "never rains but it pours." The wheat is good, what we have of it, but the fear of the midge prevented our planting as extensively as we should have done, so that won't help us a great deal. Then we have spring crops on the land, and can't put in as much as we would like to this autumn. And, if it so abundant all over the country, the price will be low. Oats, potatoes, and, in fact, almost every spring crop, promises an extraordinary yield; but what are we to do with it? It don't seem as though the price we shall obtain will pay for harvesting.

By our last papers received from the Pacific side, we learn that the frnit growers of Oregon are in great trouble. Only a few years ago—so recently that it seems but yesterday—we knew an enterprising emigrant to Oregan, who took a few very yonng and small frnit trees across the plains, growing in a box. Others, by way of experiment, packed yonng trees in charcoal dnst, and sent them aronnd Cape Horn, at great expense and no small risk. But Oregon is a glorious country, and Providence smiled upon the efforts of the bold and energetic pioneers to introduce and cultivate fine fruits upon the shores of the Pacific. It is peculiarly adapted to the cultnre of fruit. Everything seems to grow luxuriantly, and bear early and abundantly. In fact, it appears to be too good, and the people are being troubled with their blessings. The State is overstocked with fruit; the California market has been glutted; and now the melancholy cry is, "What shall we do with our fruit?" Other markets have been found, and some have shipped to Victoria, Crescent City, and other ports along the coast and on Puget Sound. But still the supply is too great, and an attempt is to be made to ship to Australia. The editor of the *Oregon Farmer* declares that "the truth is forced upon us, that for a large portion of this great staple of Oregon, we must seek another market; or we must make up our minds to work up our fruit either into cider or dried fruit." This is melancholy. The people are sorely perplexed by their great blessings.

It may be some consolation to those who are troubled about our large crops, to learn that there is likely to be a good demand in Europe, for all we can spare. The editor of the Philadelphia *Press* thus sums up the state of things abroad, and arrives at the conclusion that Europe will be in want of food which America alone can supply:

In England, Ireland, and Scotland, bad weather continued up to the end of July. The wet and cold had nearly destroyed all the summer fruits. France and Italy were in the same disastrous state. In Germany, on the 27th June, the fine weather which had there prevailed for a few days, was broken by violent torrents of rain and hail. In Spain and Portugal the complaint is the same. Russia had suffered very little, and the steppes of Poland and the vast plains of the Ukraine will probably supply a good deal of wheat. From Hamburg, the port for the wheat produce in the countries watered by the Elbe, scarcely any grain is to be expected. As we have already stated, the main supply (not of Indian corn, which is little used in Europe, but) of wheat, rye, barley, and oats, on which Europe will mainly depend for the next twelve months, will chiefly come from the United States. This is the golden time for American agriculture. Our farmers ought to make much money this year, and they deserve it all, for they labor "with a will."

Nor is it from the cereal productions of the soil alone, that American farmers may expect to make large profits. The scarcity of fodder in Europe has made cattle scarce and dear. Great discontent prevails among the working classes of England on account of the dearness of flesh-meat. It is yet dearer in France. The prices run thus in Paris—fillet of beef, 48 cents the pound; tough rump steaks, 28 cents; inferior beef for making soup, bone included, 20 cents; ordinary joints of veal and mutton, 25 cents the pound. Now, American beef and pork can be sold in England and France for prices much lower than this, and already the English newspapers are mentioning the fact, and giving recipes how to treat these salted provisions, and cook them so as to form palatable, nutritious, and comparatively low-priced food. Of course, if the cows cannot be fed, cheese and butter will also be scarce, and abundance of these can be shipped hence to Europe. For what we may thus send abroad, the greater portion of the payment will be made in gold, for there is no use in glutting the American markets with English and French manufactures.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

IN our Foreign Exchanges we find many good things, and would more frequently share their perusal with RURAL friends did our space permit. Contributors,—and these are entitled to first claims upon our columns,—furnish us so generous a supply of mental pabulum, the drafts we make upon co-laborers in the field of Agricultural Literature are light from necessity. But as the period has arrived when the farming community are full of work,—physical toil,—we may, perchance, segregate some matters of interest for their reflection when the "tug of war" is over, and the respite they so richly deserve is being enjoyed. In our first extract, from the London *Farmers' Magazine*, twenty reasons are given why underdraining should receive the attention of farmers. Compare your own experience with the conclusions of the "Old World" tillers of the soil.

Advantages of Underdraining.

1. It *prevents* drouth. 2. It furnishes an increased supply of atmospheric fertilizers. 3. It warms the lower portions of the soil. 4. It hastens the decomposition of roots and other organic matter. 5. It accelerates the disintegration of the mineral matters in the soil. 6. It causes a more even distribution of nutritions matters among those parts of the soil traversed by roots. 7. It improves the mechanical texture of the soil. 8. It causes the poisonous excrementitious matter of plants to be carried out of reach of their roots. 9. It prevents grasses from running out. 10. It enables us to deepen the surface soil by removing excess of water. 11. It renders soils earlier in the spring. 12. It prevents the throwing out of grain in winter. 13. It allows us to work sooner after rains. 14. It keeps off the effects of cold weather longer in the fall. 15. It prevents the formation of *acetic* and other acids, which induce the growth of sorrel and similar weeds. 16. It hastens the decay of vegetable matter, and the finer comminution of the earthy parts of the soil. 17. It prevents, in a great measure, the evaporation of water, and the consequent abstraction of heat from the soil. 18. It admits fresh quantities of water from rains, &c., which are always more or less imbued with the fertilizing gases of the atmosphere, to be deposited among the absorbent parts of soil, and given up to the necessities of plants. 19. It prevents the formation of so hard a crust on the surface of the soil as is customary on heavy lands. 20. It prevents, in a great measure, grass and winter grains from being *winter killed.*

Adulteration of Manures.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reputation which the inhabitants of Great Britain possess for straightforward honesty, it would seem that a few rogues have crept in among them. Some of these conscienceless gentry have made it their specialty to bleed the farmers, and the *Irish Farmers' Gazette* of July 7th, relates the manner in which three, who were waxing fat on the sale of comparatively worthless guano, were suddenly checked in their career. One of the cheering features in the case consists in the fact, that it was not a civil prosecution for damages, but the government has assumed the responsibility of protecting agricultural interests, and seems determined to punish such frauds as severely as the law will allow. The *Gazette* remarks:—"A great blow has been struck against frauds, not only in the guano trade, but also in other branches of business; and the prosecution of this case will have caused dismay in the minds of more than the mere dealers 'in yellow clay and oyster shells.'"

The particulars of the case give us the entire secrets of the trade. We have the parties engaged in it as agents, stating the prices at which they sold "the stuff," namely, £14 10s. per ton; altho' it would appear from the evidence of one witness, that even this sum was not sufficient at first to satisfy the rapacity of the compounders. Then we have a graphic description given by more than one witness of the different marls used, with the seasoning of "gypsum, salt, and burned shells;" again, we have the evidence of the parties employed in the actual work, and what they did "when they wanted to rise a smell;" next appear on the stage the very individuals who have been fortunate enough to find the Chincha Islands on their own farms; then, again, the active police officers describe how they watched the progress of what one witness innocently terms "trying experiments for making manure;" and finally we have the evidence of Dr. ARJOHN, who proves that this very satisfactory "manure," sold as Peruvian guano, and at the price of Peruvian guano, which gave good crops, "magnificent crops," was worth only £4 16s., instead of the £14 10s. which was so very modestly charged for it. We append a portion of Dr. ARJOHN'S testimony:

"Dr. A. was called and examined. He deposed that he was Professor of Chemistry, and had many years' experience in the making of analyses; he had made a careful analysis of a sample of manure handed him by officer CRAVEN upon the 12th of May last; he found that it contained about 9-16ths of pure Peruvian guano; it should contain a large quantity of water, and about 50 per cent. of characteristic organic matter; a small portion of sand, not exceeding two per cent., was to be found in it; and about 22½ per cent. of phosphate of lime. The most important ingredient, however, was ammonia, which existed in two forms in pure guano; first, in the ammoniacal salts contained in the organic matter, and, secondly, as nitrogen, which was convertible into ammonia. Of the 50 per cent. of organic matter, about eight parts were ammoniacal salts and eight parts nitrogen, making a total of sixteen per cent of what might be spoken of as ammonia. The sample of manure obtained from CRAVEN was by no means pure guano; it contained a quantity of matters foreign to Peruvian guano; it contained only 32.8 of organic matter, instead of 50 per cent., and only 9.41 of ammonia, instead of 16 per cent. The sand amounted to 13.8, instead of 2 per cent., thus showing an enormous quantity of silicious matter to be contained in the stuff; he found also alumina, peroxide of iron, and carbonate of lime. The carbonate of lime amounted to 7.45 per cent.; there was also 11 per cent. of alkaline salts; the sample appeared to be altogether deficient in ammonia and organic matter; pure Peruvian guano, whose properties he had stated already, was worth more than £14 per ton. A sample of pure guano which he had lately analysed was worth £14 12s. 1d.; compared with it, the value of the stuff he had obtained from CRAVEN was only £7 19s. 2d., being about four-sevenths of the value of pure guano. Witness also got a specimen of some similar stuff from Sub-Inspector LOCKE, upon the 28th of June; he found that it contained even less organic matter than the sample given him by CRAVEN; the organic matter amounted to only 30.4 per cent., and when he burnt some of the stuff he perceived that the residue was red, instead of being white, as was always the case with pure guano; the ammonia contained in the sample was only 6.55, instead of 16 per cent. The stuff was, therefore, very much inferior to that which he spoke of last, being only worth about £5 per ton. There were apparently gypsum and marl present in the manure, which he did not believe could be obtained by a mixture of Peruvian and Ichaboe guano. The process of making the manure which he had heard described by some of the witnesses would, in his opinion, produce stuff very similar to that which he had analysed; had also analysed the specimen which CRAVEN had obtained from the witness CONNOR. It was a very inferior article, its money value being only £6 per ton; the sand in it was abundant, and the organic matter deficient."

Breeds of Sheep.

The amount of wool produced by different breeds of sheep was some little time since ascertained by Mr. J. B. LAWES. The average weight of the wool per head, produced from 50 wether Cotswolds, 46 Sussex, 43 Leicesters, 40 Hampshire Downs, and 41 cross-bred wethers, was as follows:

	lbs.	oz.
Cotswolds	9	4¾
Hampshire	6	4
Sussex	5	10
Leicesters	8	2
Cross-breds	6	7

The proportion of wool to 100 lbs. of the live weight of the sheep, at the time of its being shorn in March, was,

Cotswolds	5 44
Hampshire	3.77
Sussex	4 57
Leicesters	5.58
Cross-breds	4 60

Mr. S. BRUCE, of Ensham, considers the average weight of the fleeces of different breeds of sheep to be as follows:

	Ewe.	Teg.
Cotswolds	5 to 7 lbs.	7 to 10 lbs.
Leicester	4 6	5 8
Hampshire Down	3 5	5 7
Pure Southdown	2 4	3 6
Cross Cotswold and Southdown	4 6	5 8

A QUESTION IN METAPHYSICS.—CALVES.

MEETING a busy, driving, thorough-going farmer, who got rich by hard work and sharp calculation on points that could be reached by a vigorous common sense, but who, nevertheless, left some gaps open that reading and science might have put up with great profit and advantage to him and his family and farm, I asked him if he took the RURAL. "No," said he, with emphasis, "I don't believe in your book-farming,—experience is the best school-master."

"Yes," said I, "bnt the experience of a thousand men is fuller, and quite as reliable as the experience of one man. The RURAL is mainly the recorded experience of its thousands of scientific and practical contributors. "Well, after all," said my friend, "what a man finds out himself he knows." "A while ago," said I, "I saw in the RURAL a suggestion in reference to the cause of scours in calves which I had never thought of, and which paid me for taking the RURAL several years."

"I could have told you," said my friend, with an expression of the eye that proved he considered the anti-reading men ahead yet, "what would cure the calves of the scours—*feed them wheat bran.*"

"Now," said I, very seriously, and rather solemnly, "I would like to publish that in the RURAL, and will do so unless you think the bran would never operate afterward." He left immediately.—H. T. B.

THE N. Y. STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

In view of the great importance of the Agricultural interest of the State, and of the Society which was instituted to foster and advance that interest, may it not be well to examine the present position of the Society, and see if its usefulness cannot be extended? Up to the present time the State Society has been conducted upon the principle of self-supporting, for the small sum annually granted by the State has done but little toward paying even the current expenses of the officers, who are necessarily employed during the year. Beyond the Secretary and his assistant at Albany, all the other officers pay their own expenses, and the premiums and expenses of the Annual Fairs are paid by the localites, or by the admission fees there collected.

In order to obtain a respectable sum for premiums, the locality where the Fair is held is required to provide suitable grounds properly fenced, and to make all the erections of stalls, buildings, and whatever else may be necessary to a complete show. In the earlier stages of the Society, before its exhibitions had assumed the magnitude which they have now reached, it was no very serious tax, and the money was amply repaid in the large expenditure of exhibitors and visitors while it continued. But latterly the exigencies of the Society have become so great by reason of its vastly increasing proportions, that to furnish it with the necessary accommodations is a serious tax upon the locality, so much so that it is doubtful if the means can be obtained from any town to warrant another exhibition after this year. From the very necessity of the case the Society has been compelled to hold its Fairs only in those sections of the State where the population was numerous, and where large towns were willing to incur the expense. Hence, very many sections, where great good would result from holding an Annual Fair, have been passed over, simply because the Society could not meet its engagements with the money which the people might contribute.

The time has now arrived when either the Society, for a series of years, must intermit its Annual Fairs, and curtail its operations so that the sum of $700, now contributed by the State, will pay all its expenses, or a new system must be devised. There is probably not a single farmer in the State who would consent, for a moment, to have the means of usefulness of the Society curtailed in the smallest degree. On the contrary, he would be willing to tax himself to have them increased.

There seems to be but one way left whereby the Society can be properly sustained, and its power for usefulness increased. We must have an annual appropriation from the State equal to the sum required for the premium list, so that the Society will be independent of all localities, beyond demanding of them simply the grounds properly fenced, and necessary forage, which will require a sum so small that it will be in the power of almost any town to have the State Fair held in its vicinity. The admission fees would pay the current expenses of the Society, if prudently managed, and by requiring the proper vouchers that the sum appropriated by the State had been paid in premiums, it would compel economy in the management of the Society. The sum required need not be large; six thousand dollars would be ample.

At another time I propose to examine into the great benefits which the Society has been the means of bestowing upon all the material interests of the State. In the meantime it is desirable to obtain an expression of public opinion on the subject, and I would suggest that every County Society and local Club that favors the proposition, pass the necessary resolutions and have them ready to forward to their representatives in the Legislature next winter. T. C. PETERS.

Darien, N. Y., July, 1860.

THE WHEAT CROP—HESSIAN FLY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The wheat crop of this county is now being harvested. It has almost entirely escaped the ravages of the midge, and will doubtless exceed the crop of the last year. But another enemy has made its appearance, cutting off the straw at the first joint-like the Hessian fly; yet I think its form is more like the joint worm of Virginia, exhibited in the Patent Office Report of 1854. Inclosed are a few straws containing samples of the "critter." Please give us such light upon the subject, through the columns of the RURAL, as you in your wisdom can bestow, with such suggestions in regard to the time of sowing as will lead farmers to guard against its ravages. J. W. COLLINS.

Sodus, Wayne Co., N. Y., July 17, 1860.

REMARKS.—The larva, or worm, received with the above, and described as destroying the wheat at joints of the stem, is the larva of the Hessian fly, *(Cecidomyia destructor,)* and not that of the Joint Worm, *(Eurytoma hordei,)* as given in the Patent Office Report of 1854. The larvæ sent by Mr. COLLINS have been compared with the figures of these larvæ in that Report. It is to be hoped the Hessian Fly is not beginning its devastations again. *Late sowing* is generally resorted to as the best preventive of the Hessian Fly, but that, in this region, would not do on account of the midge, which is by far the most to be feared.

INFANT CORN.—If any of the readers of your valuable RURAL wish to see a very beautiful and curious exhibition of Nature in her works, let them carefully strip off the husks from a young ear of corn, from one to three inches in length, and observe how each kernel is connected and attached to an umbilical cord of silk. As the ear increases in size, this umbilical cord is severed from the kernel, when it is no longer necessary to the development of the germ, its germination and infant growth. The fact that each kernel of corn is connected with an umbilical silken cord, is not generally known, and now is the time to examine. It will well repay for the little trouble, as it is not only curious, but a very wonderful process of Nature's handiwork.—H. U. S.

THE AMERICAN CORN HUSKER.

[JOHNSTON'S PATENT.]

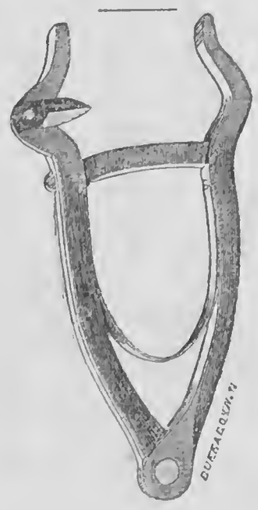


FIGURE 1.

THE AMERICAN HAND CORN HUSKER, represented above, is apparently a very simple and useful implement. It promises to supply, at a cheap rate, a long-sought desideratum among farmers—something to facilitate the husking of corn, and save the hands and fingers. We say thus much from an examination of the instrument, and the inventor's personal explanation of its operation and advantages, without having ourselves had an opportunity of testing it practically. As the season for husking is approaching, now is the time to examine improvements designed to facilitate and lessen the labor of the operation. One of JOHNSTON'S Huskers has been left at our office for the examination of farmers. The manufacturer has furnished us the following detailed account of the practical operation and comparative advantages of this Husker:

It is nearly human in its operation, and becomes, in its use, almost a part of the hand, and yet will aid and protect it. It has been thoroughly tested and highly commended by more than *one thousand practical farmers.*

There are some simple facts about husking or shucking corn, so well known that every one will admit their truth and force. Although husking frolics are quite common, the *fun* does not consist in husking, particularly after a few hours' or days' work at it. It is a hand labor that cannot be materially aided by machinery, because each ear must be handled and husked separately. Skill and rapidity in husking is only attained by quick motions and a peculiar sleight-of-hand. It is rough, hard work for the hands and fingers. It always comes at a cold and inclement season of the year, and cannot generally be performed with gloves or mittens.

Machines now in use for husking corn, do not operate well, cannot facilitate the work, as they require all the corn to be picked and brought to them, and are expensive and complicated, and require skill to use them. The work is performed by them very imperfectly, the corn is wasted, and the husks, silks, and fibres, are only in part removed But the new American Corn Husker obviates all of these objections. Its advantages may be enumerated as follows:

1—In the use of it the corn is only handled *once*, and less than when husked by hand, as only two motions are necessary, and the husks stripped only on one side.

2—It can be used as well with mittens or gloves, as without.

3—The corn does not have to be picked and brought to it.

4—It is always in your hand, and can be used with the same facility in husking corn standing on the hill, or in the stook, or after it has been picked.

5—It is not any hindrance to the use of the fingers by which it is held—it is so light and compact.

6—By two quick motions the corn is husked, so that one can husk much more with it than he can without it.

7—The corn is perfectly husked, and not a silk, or husk, or fiber is left.

8—The finger part of the Husker operates like the human fingers in opening the husks, stripping them off, and severing the ear.

9—The ear is separated from the husks, most of which are left on the stalk.

10—By means of the diamond-pointed knife, and the leverage obtained between the crossbar, fingers and knife, the ear is very quickly and easily separated from the stalk.

11—It affords a perfect protection to the hand and fingers.

12—The simplicity and price, *only one dollar*, will recommend it to every farmer.

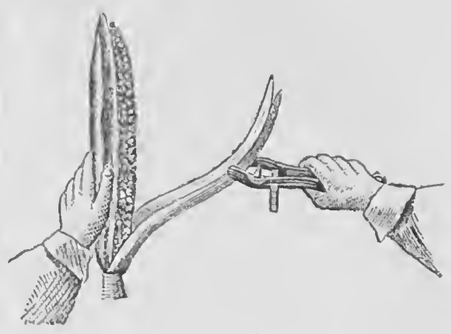


FIGURE 2.

OPERATION.—Any one will at once be expert in the use of this Husker. The ear should be seized by the left hand, near the middle, and in precisely the same way as if it was to be husked by the hand. The Husker is held in the right hand, with the knife side up, in the same way that Sheep Shears are held. The husks are seized near the top of the ear with the fingers of the Husker, and are stripped off by a quick motion. This is represented in the above illustration (figure 2.)

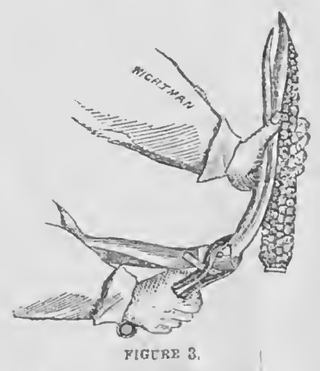


FIGURE 3.

Now you can see where the ear should be cut off,—and as the diamond-pointed knife enters the stalk, the ear is severed by means thereof and the leverage obtained between the cross-bar, the knife, and the forward ends of the fingers. Whatever husks were not stripped down by the first motion, now readily separate from the ear. This is represented by the above engraving,—figure 3. This new Husker is manufactured by R. L. HOWARD, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOW TO DESTROY CANADA THISTLES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As this plant has become one of the pests of the farmer in most parts of the older settlements of our country, and as it is constantly encroaching upon the new sections of the same, I wish to give to your readers a remedy by which all the tillers of the soil may profit, and by which this pest may be kept out of all new settlements, as well as eradicated from the old.

This can be done only by dint of close watching and manual labor. It will not do to adopt the theory of the correspondent of the RURAL, from Prattsburgh, N. Y.,—that it is a scourge, and we must sit down, like the stoics of olden time, and wait for GOD to remove the curse in his own good time, for my experience in the matter has satisfied me, and will satisfy all who try my prescription, that, as SAM PATCH used to say, "Some things can be done as well as others."

There is not any "hocus pocus" operation necessary, neither is there any great outlay required for implements. It only requires patience and perseverance, with a determined resolution to conquer, and then one season will suffice to effectually extirpate all the Canada Thistles which may be subjected to the ordeal of my plan.

If any one of your readers has a "patch" of the pest, let him begin in the spring, as soon as the tops are fairly out of the ground, and if in a field you wish to cultivate, give them a good, deep plowing, then keep your eye upon them; and as soon as they are nicely up—say two or three inches high—go at them with a hoe, and be sure to cut off every top which is to be seen. Cut them well below the surface. Follow up this course, and cut them down as often as they thus show themselves, and you will destroy them.

You need not look in the Almanac to find *"where the sign is,"* or pay any attention to the *"moon,"* as to where she is, or what her age may be. But remember your *thistles* are in the *earth.* Their roots are in its soil, and its top must and does draw a part of its nutriment from the atmosphere; and by cutting off the top, you deprive it of this nutriment, and as a consequence, the thistles starve and die.

I have had some experience in this matter, and I am fully satisfied that one summer's attention to a "patch of thistles" will use them up, be it wet and cold, or warm and dry, *sign or no sign, moon or no moon,* even though they have as many lives as BUNYAN'S "Giant Despair," who is said to have had as "many lives as a *cat.*" Try it and see, and report progress. JAMES M. WESCOTT.

Dundee, N. Y., 1860.

WHAT AILED THE HORSE?

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I lost a horse recently, and the circumstances connected with it are so interesting that I wish to lay them before the public. The horse was sick about two months,—was first taken with a loss of appetite, and a stiffness that led me to suppose he was foundered. I gave him some medicine, and his appetite returned, and he seemed to be in a fair way to recover. I went to the stable one morning, found him lame in one foot, and he appeared to move about with difficulty. Turned him out, and he continued to get worse until he died. His limbs swelled very much, and broke in several places, discharging bloody, frothy matter. He was very restless all the time he was sick, and suffered much,—some days would groan nearly all day, the pain was so severe. His appetite was *good* all the time until the night before he died. He was able to get up at any time, but could not stand. After the discharge of bloody froth, the limb would become useless below the opening.

I have been thus particular in the description, in the hope that some one of your numerous correspondents might be able to throw some light upon the subject, that I may *know* what ailed the animal. I believe it was "Hungarian grass," or rather, "Hungarian hay." There is a great complaint against it here, and I do not know any one who thinks it good for horses. I am satisfied that it is not, and in fact, I do not know that it is good for anything unless it is to make oil. I understand that oil is manufactured from the seed, but as to the utility of the oil I cannot say. I hope some of your correspondents will give their experience with this grass.

Monmouth, Warren Co., Ill., 1860. W. L. HOPPER.

The Bee-Keeper.

Facts About Bees.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I wish you to allow me enough space in your valuable paper to speak to bee-keepers. Being at the nursery of Messrs. BACKSTACE & AMMON, I witnessed the following:—June 24th, we discovered, about 8 o'clock in the evening, that a large second swarm, of about twenty thousand bees, had issued from hive No. 1, and clustered on the body of a small peach tree, about two feet from the ground. There were probably about ten thousand bees left in the parent hive. This swarm was immediately hived in a common box, none of the Langstroth hives being on hand.

June 25th, hive No. 2, similar to No. 1 in all respects perceptible, threw off a second swarm, which was hived in a common box, having about twenty thousand bees, and leaving about ten thousand in the old hive, No. 2.

In the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, Mr. AMMON thought he had better return swarm No. 2 to its parent stock; and he proceeded to do so by shaking the bees out on a sheet, about three feet from the parent hive; then catching the queen, which was large, and putting her in a tumbler, he removed her from the presence of the bees. In the course of half an hour or less, the bees had returned to the parent hive, and all was going on nicely.

As Mr. A. had been so successful with this swarm, he concluded to return swarm No. 1 to its parent stock, although it had swarmed twenty-four hours before, and had several pieces of comb commenced. He proceeded as before, having the sheet about three feet from the side of the parent hive, and slightly in front of it. It may be proper to state here that hives Nos. 1 and 2 stood fifteen feet apart, with another hive midway between,—Nos. 1 and 2 facing south, and the other facing east. Mr. A., at the end of five minutes, found the queen, which was small. The bees did not fly much while the queen was with them. It was about ten minutes after the queen was taken, before we could notice the bees taking any direct course, but at last it was evident that this swarm, No. 1, was going in at hive No. 2, where swarm No. 2 had just got in fifteen minutes before. We could see the line plainly from the sheet to hive No. 2. At hive No. 1 there were some workers going in and out, but we could see none of the swarm No. 2 going in. In about fifteen minutes all of swarm No. 1 were in hive No. 2. Soon after, Mr. A. put the large queen in hive No. 2, she being the one that had left that hive in the morning. The object of this was to get them to swarm the following morning, there being now about fifty thousand bees in the hive, enough to make two strong stocks. On the 26th, about 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, hive No. 2, containing fifty thousand bees, swarmed, throwing off about forty thousand, somewhat more than were wanted. They stopped at the distance of a few yards, and stayed till about half-past 1 o'clock, when they started again, and went off about a quarter of a mile; then stopped till the hive arrived that had been sent for. Then Mr. A. hived them, which was at about 3 o'clock. When we went in the evening at 8 o'clock to carry them home, they had been cleaning out the hive, and the heavy ladened workers were coming in from all directions. This, to me, remarkable swarm, is standing within ten feet of its two parents. They have done well, having been just four days and a half on the present stand.

I would like to have the opinion of experienced apiarians on this bee frolic. Is it common?

Mt. Lebanon, Penn., 1860. J. HERON FOSTER, JR.

The Honey Bee.

WERE it not for the dangers and uncertainties which beset the Apiarian, bee-keeping would be one of the most pleasant and profitable of rural occupations, and has been styled "the poetry of rural economy." But this imaginative poetry has been with many bee-keepers *real* sorry prose. It has been the experience of most of those who have commenced the business with high hopes, that their bees have succeeded well for one or two years, then commenced running down, in many cases without any apparent reason; in others, with a reason plainly enough seen, but with no knowledge on the part of the owner of a remedy, or at best, no means of applying the remedy if known.

There was no way of getting at them. They were as safely garrisoned in their strong hives with each a venomed spear for offensive or defensive warfare, as the like number of valiant soldiers behind a wall of bristling bayonets. Their counsel was all their own. No spy had been in their camp and reported their weak spots to the enemy. But all is changed. Constant observation has divulged their weak points. The most irascible stock of these insects can be perfectly tamed in a few minutes, and be handled as familiarly as ever RAREY handled a conquered steed.

We have seen within a few days,—on our own premises,—hives to which we have been forced to give a wide berth when passing, taken from the stand, split to pieces with axe and chisel; the comb taken out piece by piece, and examined; all that was worthless to the bees cut off and thrown away; a portion of the honey taken; the brood comb and bees put into a new hive, set back upon their stand, and in less than half an hour seen them as busily at work as though nothing had happened, and evidently highly pleased with their new quarters. All this took place in the presence of several spectators, who were so much interested that they surrounded the operator, assisting in the work and partaking of the honey with a seeming forgetfulness of "a sting behind," which the enjoyment of all unsanctified sweets is said to leave.

We have kept bees for over twenty years. Sometimes with indifferent success, at others with none at all. Our stock has ranged from one to twenty hives, and from that to zero, with a short sojourn on every point between, and hardly honey enough for our family use.

Had we known in the ontset what we now know, with the use of a proper hive, we might have realized hundreds of dollars from our bees. But thanks to men who study. We have now a hive which gives the Apiarian the complete control of these busy workers. Those who will read, can know as much of their habits and the management necessary to secure success, as of any domestic animal kept by the farmer.—*School Visitor.*

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE SEASON AND CROPS.—The weather has been consistent for a whole month—raining or pouring so often (about every other day,) that we began to fear for the crops, and think, as the man did concerning hydropathy for invalids—that it had killed more than it cured, from NOAH'S time to the present. Even as we write, this last day of July, (A. M.,) a heavy shower is flooding our streets,—but we presume the sun will shine brightly an hour hence, and all Nature appear as brilliant as ever, (in accordance with the programme of last thirty days.) More rain has fallen during the month than in any July for many years, and yet little damage has been caused. The wheat crop has generally been secured in good order, and we hear no complaint in regard to either yield or quality. The appearance and prospects of other crops continue promising, not only in this region, but distant sections and States from which we have advices.

A GOOD GRAIN DRILL.—We would refer all who have recently inquired of us for a good drill, and other readers interested, to the announcement of Messrs. BICKFORD & HUFFMAN in our Special Notice column. Their drill, with its attachments for sowing grass seed, fertilizers, etc., is very complete and perfect—probably the best machine of the kind obtainable.

RURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1860.—We give below a list of National and State Shows and Fairs for the present season, and also of the New York County, Union, and Town Fairs, so far as ascertained. A more complete list will be given in a future number:

NATIONAL FAIRS.

United States, Cincinnati	Sept. 12—20
Horse Exhibition, Springfield, Mass.	Sept. 4—7
Horse Show, Kalamazoo, Mich	Sept. 11—14
International Horse Fair, Buffalo, N. Y.	Aug. 28—31.

STATE FAIRS.

Alabama, Montgomery	Oct. 29—Nov. 2
California, Sacramento	Sept 19—26
Georgia, Atlanta	Oct. 23—26
Georgia, (Cotton Planters,) Macon City	Dec. 3—3 weeks
Illinois, Jacksonville	Sept 10—15
Indiana, Indianapolis	Oct. 15—20
Iowa, Iowa City	Oct. 2—5
Kentucky, Bowling Green	Sept 18—22
Kentucky, Central, Danville	Sept. 4—7
Maine, Portland	Sept. 25, 26
Maryland	Oct. 30—Nov. 3
Michigan, Detroit	
Minnesota, Fort Snelling	Sept. 27—29
Missouri, St. Louis	Sept. 24—27
Mississippi, Holly Springs	Oct. 16
Nebraska, Omaha	Sept 19—21
New Hampshire, Manchester	Oct. 2—4
New Jersey, Elizabeth	Sept 4—7
New York, Elmira	Oct. 2—5
Ohio, Dayton	Sept. 25—28
Oregon	Oct. 2
Pennsylvania, Wyoming	Sept. 24—27
Pomological Society, Philadelphia	Sept. 11—14
St. Louis Ag. and Mech'l Ass., St. Louis	Sept. 24—27
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 13—16
Tennessee, Nashville	Oct. 8—13
Tennessee, Middle Division, Franklin	Sept. 24—28
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 11—14
Virginia, Central, Richmond	Oct. 22—28
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 24—29

COUNTY FAIRS.—NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany	Sept. 18—22
Chenango, Norwich	Sept. 18—20
Delaware, Hobart	Sept. 26, 27
Essex, Elizabethtown	Sept. 26, 27
Genesee, Batavia	Sept. 18, 19
Jefferson, Watertown	Sept. 19, 20
Lewis, Turin	Sept 25—27
Livingston, Geneseo	Sept. 26—28
Monroe, Rochester	Sept. 19—21
Oneida, Utica	Sept. 25—27
Ontario, Canandaigua	Sept. 26—28
Otsego, Cooperstown	Sept 26, 27
Putnam, Brewsters	Sept. 25—27
Saratoga, Saratoga Springs	Sept 4—7
Seneca, Waterloo	Sept. 26, 27
Tioga, Owego	Sept. 26—28
Tompkins, Ithaca	Sept. 5—7
Westchester, Mt. Kisco	Sept. 25—27
Wyoming, Warsaw	Sept. 19—20
Broome, Isle Village	Sept. 11—13
Cattaraugus, Little Valley	Sept. 25—27
Chautauqua, Jamestown	Sept. 11—13
Clinton, Plattsburgh	Sept 10, 11
Cortland, Virgil	Sept. 20—22
Herkimer, Little Falls	Sept. — —
Madison, Brookfield	Sept. 26, 27
Oswego, Mexico	Sept. 18—20
Onondaga, Syracuse	Sept. 26—28
Queens, Jamaica	Sept. 19
Rensselaer, Lansingburgh	Sept. 19, 20
St. Lawrence, Canton	Sept 26—28
Ulster, Kingston	Sept. 26—28
Wayne, Clyde	Sept. 12

NEW YORK TOWN AND UNION FAIRS.

Afton, Afton	Sept. 12, 13
Canaseraga, Dansville	Sept. 19, 20
China, Arcade	Sept. 13, 14
Columbus, Columbus	Oct. 2—4
Ellisburg, Adams, &c., Belleville	Sept. 13, 14
Genesee Valley, Nunda	Sept. 13—15
Oxford, Oxford	Oct. 2—4
Ridgeway, &c., Medina	Sept. 12—14
Seneca Falls, Seneca Falls	Sept. 18—20
Sherburne, Sherburne	Sept. 26—28
So. Cayuga, Sherwood's Corners	Sept. 11, 12
Susquehanna Valley, Unadilla	Sept. 25, 26
Tonawanda Valley, Attica	Sept. 26, 27
Union, Brockport	Oct 2, 3
Wayne, Palmyra	Oct 2—4
Camden, Camden	Oct. 3. 4
Gouverneur, Gouverneur	Sept. 13
Vienna, North Bay	Sept. 18, 19
Far. and Mech. Ass. Canasteta	Sept. 28, 29

ARE THE WOOL GROWERS AT FAULT?—A few days ago we were accosted by a wool buyer, in the street, substantially thus—"Why don't you *blow up* the farmers about the ridiculous manner in which they put up their wool. They take no pains to have the fleeces clean and nice, and put in all the dirt possible. In fact," he added, "I don't believe there is an honest farmer in the State!" To this salutation, we simply replied that we had, until this season, annually enjoined farmers to take pains in preparing their wool for market, but finding that *dealers made no discrimination* in favor of those who were particular, but by their course *actually paid a premium for carelessness,* if not dishonesty, we had offered no advice on the subject. To the sweeping charge of dishonesty, we retorted that the purchasers were mainly at fault—for, inasmuch as they would not discriminate, wool growers could not be expected to take special pains for their exclusive benefit. This "flea in the ear" of our interlocutor brought him to his senses, and he admitted that we were right—that some of his agents had really paid as much for poor, dirty lots of wool, as for good, clean ones! Meeting another dealer, soon after, we inquired of him on the subject, and he averred, unhesitatingly, that our position was correct—adding that the rivalry among buyers, and their anxiety to purchase, was such that proper discrimination was rarely made, and of course farmers had no inducement to be careful or painstaking. Hence we infer that the dishonesty is mainly attributable to *purchasers,* rather than *producers,* and hope the former will be *fleeced* until they adopt the *practice* of paying, as they should, a good price for a nice, clean article, and less for that which is foul or inferior. "Reform it altogether," gentlemen.

A NEW ENEMY TO THE POTATO.—Under date of Holley, Orleans Co., July 30, Mr. NELSON HATCH writes:—"Within a week or ten days past, whole pieces of potatoes have been almost completely destroyed by the ravages of a small, greenish-white louse, which appears in such numbers as to completely cover some hills. Already many hills are dead, and judging from the looks of the vines of one piece of half an acre of mine, are ready to dig, but which should not be ripe until 1st Oct. Of course this will seriously affect the yield. I hear of many pieces in this vicinity as bad as mine. None that I have examined are entirely exempt, and all are liable to damage. I should like to hear from Brother Ruralists, as they may have had experience as to their depredations, and be able to name a remedy."

— We have not observed the insect described by our correspondent on the potatoes in this section, but during the past ten days we have noticed a decided change, for which we can assign no good cause. The haulms are turning yellow, as if ripening prematurely, while the lower leaves are dying. Was the weather very dry, we should not be surprised at this, but the ground is well soaked, and showers are abundant.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS.—As the season is at hand when those who have wares for Farmers, Horticulturists, &c., will make known the fact through the RURAL, we advise all in want of implements and machinery, seeds and fertilizers, fruit trees, shrubs, plants, &c., &c., to note the announcements of dealers, from week to week, in our advertising department. Dealers having good articles which they wish to sell, are shrewd enough to let RURAL readers know the fact,—but if they expect an immediate hearing, on receipt of their favors, we hope they won't all speak at once.

NEW POTATO DIGGER.—Among the patents issued last week, was one for an Improvement in Potato Diggers, invented by DANIEL DE GARMO, of this city. We purpose giving a cut and description of the machine in a future number—after seeing it in practical operation.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE CURRANT.

VALUE AND NEGLECT.

THE CURRANT is at least one of the most valuable of our small fruits—not as delicious as the Strawberry and Raspberry, but keeping much longer, applicable to a greater variety of purposes, and of far more value in the family. As soon as the berries are well formed, and before they begin to ripen, they are used by many for pies and sances. At maturity there is nothing better for either of these purposes, while for preserving by bottling, none of our fruits keep as well, and few are better for winter use,—for jams and jellies every house-keeper knows the Currant has no superior among our long list of fruits. The Currant, too, makes a wholesome domestic wine, much better than that usually manufactured in this section from half-ripened grapes. We know of a gentleman who sent bottles of wine, made from the White Grape Currant, to a State Fair, and obtained the premium offered for the best Native Grape Wine, having simply marked his bottles with the year the wine was manufactured, without specifying the fruit from which it was made. The Currant has been banished from the dessert, because it has been considered too small, too acid, and lacking in flavor; but we would ask nothing better in its season than a dish of the finer varieties of Currants well grown. The White Grape, for instance, with bunches five or six inches in length, and berries one-and-a-half inches in circumference, is no mean dish to set before an epicure. The poor varieties, as usually grown, are certainly unfit for the table, as they are small, sour, and almost entirely filled with hard, woody seeds.

All horticulturists who have expressed opinions on this subject, agree with us, we believe, that the Currant is not appreciated or cultivated as it deserves to be. Mr. BARRY says:—"When we consider how largely the Currant contributes to good living in the way of tarts, jams, jellies, wines, &c., and how easily it is cultivated, how little space it requires, how patient it is under all sorts of maltreatment, we surely must confess it is a most valuable fruit,—not for the rich man or the poor man, but for every man who has a square rod of ground to till. While we have had new varieties of other fruits in abudance and to spare, our list of Currants has remained pretty much the same for a length of time. In cultivation, too, it has been sadly neglected,—it receives no pruning, or pinching, or training, or mulching, such as are lavished on its more favored neighbors." JOHN SAUL says:—"Were we to search through the whole catalogue of fruits, we could not find one possessed of so many sterling good qualities as this; and yet how much neglected."

Not only has the Currant been neglected by cultivators, but by those who have given special attention to the raising of new varieties of small fruits. We have hundreds of Strawberries, but only a few of Currants, and these mostly accidental seedlings, introduced within the last few years, and some of them not in advance of the old sorts.

CULTURE AND TRAINING.

The *Currant bush*, as we generally see it, is but an ungainly stump, surrounded with a thicket of suckers, like figure 1.

FIGURE 1.

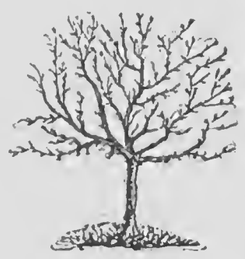


FIGURE 2.

Let the pruning knife be judiciously applied. Remove all suckers, and have a clean stem from six to ten inches high, and a pretty round head, (like figure 2,) with the branches kept sufficiently thinned out to admit light and air freely. Then, every year give a good dressing of well-rotted manure, and you will have plants that you will have good reason to be proud of, and fruit that your friends will mistake for grapes. The shoots of the previous year's growth should be shortened-in every spring, as this will induce the formation of fruit spurs. The Black Currants, however, bear principally on the wood of the previous year's growth.

We have succeeded in making good plants and in growing fine fruit, by allowing about four branches to start from the ground. As soon as the plant has borne a crop, cut one of these main branches down to the ground, and a new one will start from below the surface. Next year cut another, or two, if deemed necessary; and in this way all of the plant above the ground is renewed every three or four years. This would be a very valuable plan, was it not for the fact that young plants are so easily obtained, and come into bearing so early.

FIGURE 4.

We would recommend the training of the Currant on walls or fences. The finest fruit we have ever seen was raised in this way. Thus cultivated they occupy no room in the garden, give no shade to injure any other plant, but make beautiful the ugly fences and walls that disfigure even the best kept American gardens. Those who have traveled in Europe know that there, even in cottage gardens of little or no pretensions, not a foot of unsightly wall or fence is to be seen. All are covered with currants, vines or fruit trees, presenting a barrier of foliage, fruit and flowers, delightful to behold.

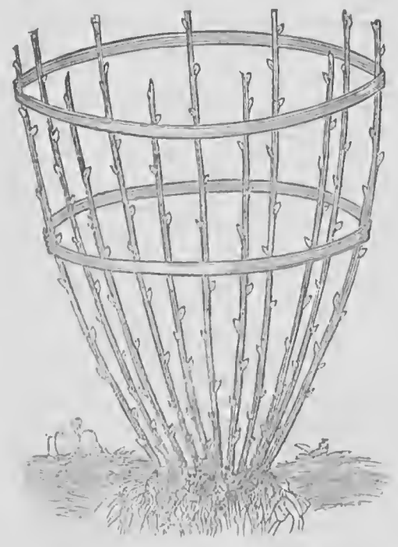
To train the Currant in this way is a very easy matter. Take a young plant of such a growth that by pruning it can be made to assume a form like figure 3, and plant within six inches of the

FIGURE 3.

FIGURE 5.

fence on which you design to train it. Then fasten the branches down into a horizontal position, as in figure 4. Cut off the ends of the shoots about one-third. Each of the horizontal branches will give a number of shoots, from which two must be selected to train in a vertical direction, and one to continue the main horizontal branch, as in figure 5. The shoots trained vertically should be about eight inches from each other. The next spring the shoots of the previous summer's growth should be cut back about one-third of their growth, and so continued each season.

The pruning and training of trees and plants is not simply a mechanical operation. It requires some thought and good judgment to meet and control the disposition of the plant. We only purpose to give a few hints as to the general rule. Now, if you have a young plant, one year from the slip, with one straight shoot eighteen inches in length, about six inches of the top should be cut off, leaving the plant about twelve inches in height. Then all the buds except two at the top should be rubbed off, and at the end of the first season's growth the plant will be like figure 3. The after treatment should be as described above.

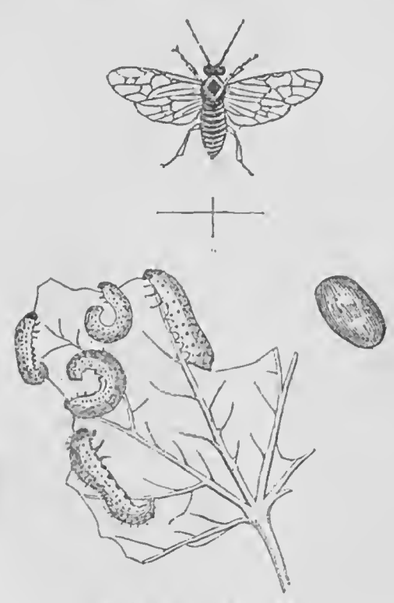


CURRANT PLANT TRAINED TO HOOPS.

A correspondent of the *Gardener's Monthly*, in giving an account of the garden of ALFRED LORING, of Hingham, Mass., describes his system of training the Currant within hoops, as shown in the engraving,—the hoops being fastened to stout stakes, which are not shown.

ENEMIES.

The Currant is subject to no enemies or diseases of particular importance, except the *Currant Caterpillar*, which for four or five years past has caused great trouble and anxiety to the growers of this fruit, and a partial or total loss of the crop, and in some cases of the plants. This insect is supposed to be the same as that which is known in England as the grub of the *Gooseberry Saw Fly*. It is thought to have been imported from Europe with gooseberry plants. Rochester seems to be the center of its operations, and in many places fifteen or twenty miles distant it is unknown. Mr. HOAG, of Lockport, stated at the last meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society, that he saw a few on his plants, for the first time, the present season. Their spread would



GOOSEBERRY SAW FLY,
Grub, Cocoon, and Perfect Insect.

no doubt be checked, if every one, on its first appearance, would make a diligent effort for this purpose; but where it becomes numerous it is, to say the least, very difficult to save the plants from destruction. They commence their ravages soon after the young leaves appear, and as a new brood of insects appear every two or three weeks, the cultivator generally becomes discouraged, and retires from the contest. In England they destroy, we believe, only the leaves of the gooseberry, but in this country, where gooseberries are scarce, they commence at the few gooseberries that may be within their reach, and then attack the currants, seldom leaving while a leaf

CHERRY CURRANT.

remains. The black currants they do not relish. The flies emerge from their winter quarters in the ground the latter part of April or early in May, and soon after the female begins to deposit her eggs on the under side of the newly expanded leaves, choosing the sides of the veins or nervures as a fitting place. With the saw-like appendage, for which the family is remarkable, the female commences cutting into the leaves, and in the opening deposits her egg. The larva is hatched in about a week, and commences feeding on the leaf, increasing in size and frequently changing its skin, till it is about three-quarters of an inch in length. It is now of a dull pale green color, the first thoracic segment being deep yellow, the penultimate being also of the same color; the feet, tail and head are black, and each segment is dotted black also, some having as many as twenty-four spots arranged in lines down the back, while those on the sides are more irregular, with one large one at the base of each foot. They have six pectoral, sharp, horny feet; the fourth segment appears destitute of feet, but the six following are each furnished with a pair of legs, which assist them in walking; they have also a pair of feet at the extremity of the last segment.

In the fly state it assumes an ocherous color; the body is orange, sometimes bright; the wings are iridescent, and, when expanded, are about two-thirds of an inch in length; the antennæ are almost as long as the body, bristly, brownish above, and nine-jointed; the crown of the head and eyes are black, as are also three large confluent spots in the center of the trunk, and also a large patch on the breast or sternum.

The broods of caterpillars appear in succession occasionally from March till October, but in greatest numbers in June. After becoming full grown, the grubs descend to the earth, spinning themselves a yellowish cocoon, and in two or three weeks, according to the warmth of the soil, come out again perfect insects or flies, ready to lay another brood of eggs. Thus a perfect succession is kept up as long as there are leaves to supply them with food. Those that descend late in the season, when the ground is cold, do not come out perfect insects until the following spring.

For this enemy, one of the best remedies is to knock them off the plants with bushes, and kill them with the feet, or to pick them off and kill them. Sowing powdered lime over the plants when wet with dew or rain, checks them a little, but must be persevered in to accomplish much good. The best way we have tried, is to remove the soil under the plants to the depth of three or four inches, and bury it in pits three feet deep, replacing the soil taken from under the plants by that from the pit. It is stated that a heavy mulching of tanbark, placed under the plants in the autumn and dug under in the spring, will prove effectual in destroying the insects in the soil, before they emerge. This we have never tried. Water heated to 140 degrees, and applied by the syringe or garden engine, will kill the grub without injuring the leaves. This we know to be good, but it must be applied thoroughly. Only those will be killed which are touched with the water, and as many are under the leaves, a thorough syringing two or three times is necessary. Many of our friends in various sections have written for a description of this caterpillar, which we now give. We hope they will have no other acquaintance with it.

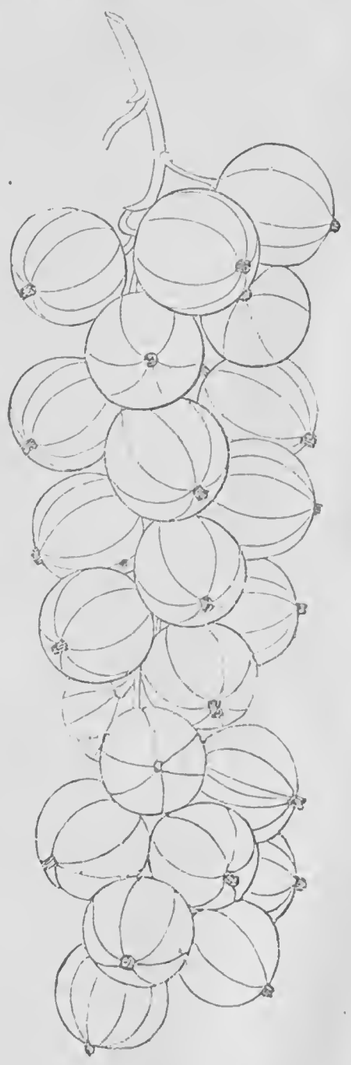
VARIETIES.

THE RED CURRANTS are considered the best for cooking, jellies, &c., on account of their acidity and very beautiful color. The WHITE are preferred for eating in the natural state, as they are sweeter. They make an excellent wine, and all that can be obtained in this neighborhood are generally used for that purpose. The BLACK are of a peculiar strong flavor, and this variety is not popular in America, though very valuable. Its merits are not appreciated, as they will be ten years hence. The taste for the Black Currant, like that of the Tomato, must be acquired, and when once acquired, the Black Currant, like that popular vegetable, becomes a necessary luxury. Those who make currant wine should try the Black for that purpose, as it makes a very superior article. In England the Black Currant is preferred to all others for jams, jellies, and tarts. The *Black Currant Jam*, or *Jelly*, is there considered an almost infallible remedy for colds, sore throats, &c.; and invaluable in cases of fever. The good English housewife would hardly feel safe to pass through a winter without a good store.

RED.

Red Dutch is an old and well known sort, with fair sized bunches and berries. It is a good bearer and a free grower, and a much better Currant than most people suppose, as any one can ascertain by giving it good culture.

The Cherry is, perhaps, the largest Red Currant, having berries of extraordinary dimensions. The engraving we give of this variety many will consider overdrawn, but it is the exact size of the bunches and berries from which the drawing was taken. The Cherry is now the most popular Red Currant, and nurserymen find it impossible to supply the demand.



VERSAILLAISE.

La Versaillaise has berries about as large as the Cherry, but much longer bunches. It is a French variety not much disseminated in this country, except around Boston, where, we understand, it is grown quite extensively for market, proving more productive, and more popular in market than any other sort. Our engraving is the exact size of a bunch grown by ELLWANGER & BARRY.

Long Bunched Red is very much like the above, but a larger berry and larger bunches, and we think a little more acid.

Short Bunched Red has short, heavy, compact bunches. The berries not quite as large as Red Dutch, hang on the stems well, and we think will make an excellent market fruit. It is the favorite sort of the growers for market around London.

VICTORIA.

Victoria is a late variety, light, bright red, berries medium size to large, and bunches very long. A productive and beautiful variety.

Prince Albert is also a late variety. Similar in color or a little lighter than Victoria,—berries larger. Very productive.

WHITE.

The White Dutch, like the Red Dutch, is a good Currant, but as a general thing has been so badly neglected that its true character is little known. It is a high flavored fruit,—berries larger and bunches rather shorter than Red Dutch,—of a yellowish white, and very transparent skin. Very productive.

The White Grape is now the favorite White Currant. This and the Cherry have been for some years the most popular sorts. Bunches long, berries very large, whitish yellow, sweet and good. Very productive. In the RURAL for February 25, we gave a good drawing of this Currant.

Transparent is a new French Currant which we have not seen, but which Mr. DOWNING states is very productive, and similar to White Dutch. The *White Clinton*, we learn from the same authority, is very similar to White Dutch, and probably the same. *White Antwerp*, very large, white, sweet,—bunches rather long, and productive. Neither of these we think is sufficiently distinct from the *White Dutch* and *White Grape*, to justify their dissemination.

BLACK.

The Black English is the common well known Black Currant. With good cultivation and plenty of manure, it produces a good crop of fine fruit. It has a bad habit of dropping its berries at the time they get about ripe, so that the bunches when gathered have but few berries remaining.

The Black Naples is larger and better than the *Black English*, and is the best of the Black Currants. Bunches rather short, but berries very large. This is now about the only Black Currant planted, and is a most desirable variety.

BANG UP.

The Bang Up is an English Black variety, with short, heavy bunches, shouldered, as seen in the engraving. The berries hang on the bunches well, and we are much pleased with it. It bids fair to be a very valuable sort. We had not seen it in fruit until the present season.

The roots of the Black Currant are short and fibrous, and consequently it has a small space in which to gather food. It is also a great feeder, and therefore requires a liberal supply of manure. One season of good treatment will convince the cultivator of this fact.

THE length of our article on the Currant prevents the publication of several articles from correspondents, as well as answers to inquiries now in type.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A DEAF AND DUMB GIRL'S PRAYER

BY ROSE RIPLEY IRVING.

It was an holy hour,—just at the shut of day,—
Such as comes with its sweet stillness
To the earth-weary, and the heavy-laden.
Welcome, as a pure foretaste of that rest
"God giveth His beloved."

She had knelt down
Beside her cot, and meekly lifted up her eyes
In one long, silent, supplicating gaze,
And then, most reverently, bowed her head,
And clasped her hands in prayer.

Mute,—all was mute,—
The seal of silence was upon those coral lips,
And a deep hush was in the ear. Sweet sounds
Might never echo 'long its winding halls;
Yet in that pale, sad face, turned heavenward,
There was no lack of patient trust expressed;
And when she bowed her head,—closing those tearful eyes,—
There was no look of dark despair.
Father, Thy will, Thy holy will be done.
The full and perfect utterance of His prayer,
Who knelt in anguish, and in bloody sweat,
Was hers.

And in such child-like confidence—
In such submissive trust, she came—
Casting her heavy burden down
Before her SAVIOR'S Cross. Laying her hands
By faith on his dear, bleeding brow—
Telling him all her grief and human weakness—
Loneliness and pain. Thus her mute prayer—
Her humble evening prayer—she offered up,
And it was heard in heaven—
In the pure air of that serener clime
The falling tear—the upward glance—
The low-breathed sigh found accent that was heard—
Heard 'mid the hallelujahs, loud and sweet,
Of saints redeemed, and the sweet melodies
Of angels' voices and the seraphs' harps.
For the mute suppliant was near to heaven's gate,
She had touched the hem of JESUS' garment,
And he, in pitying love, looked down on her,
Pleading in voiceless eloquence that hour
The sparrow's promise.

And so, dear child, pass thy life
All in silent hope. Pray on in silent faith,
For thou canst breathe as pure a worship—
Thou canst take as firm a hold upon the cross—
As though words bespoke the heart's desire
And adoration.

And, O, it is not long that thy full heart
Must thus in dull and wearying signs
Make known its wish or worship;
But in the upper mansions of the Blest—
Where all have voices tuned to melody divine—
The long-hushed voice-harp shall awake the song
Whose words are "Praise to GOD," and these
Th' unfettered tongue shall chant.
And the first words thy lips shall breathe
Shall blend with angels in that song
Around the Throne, whose theme is evermore
Redeeming Love.

Le Roy, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CHANCE ACQUAINTANCES.

How often does it happen that we meet persons for a few hours, whom we never saw before, never expect to see again, and that they make an impression on our minds not easily forgotten. Perhaps while visiting at a friend's house, we meet some one whose experience of life has been similar to ours, whose thoughts, imperfectly expressed in language though they may be, we can yet understand.

Perhaps while making a short journey, we are amused at the appearance of some little old man making his first trip from home, but who shows by his keen observations on every thing around him, that in his own original way he has looked deep into men and things. His unaffected interest in every passenger of the crowded stage coach, is really refreshing to those accustomed merely to the indifferent stare of the habitual traveler, and his hearty good-bye, when we leave him at his place of destination, makes us feel kindly toward him, even though we smile at his simplicity.

Again, it is the motherly kindness of some staid matron, who, naturalized to care, takes an interest in every young traveler she meets on her journey. Thoughts of the dear children she is journeying to see, warm her heart toward all, especially those who remind her of them. How gratefully, on the weary heart of the teacher, wending her way homeward for a short vacation, falls her words of sympathy for the trials she has almost unconsciously related to her new found friend, and when, in after years, every other incident of her journey is forgotten, she will yet remember tenderly her chance encounter with that motherly heart.

Sometimes it happens that a heavily laden train of cars is likely to be behind time at the next station, and that many miles distant, and the engineer, accidentally of course, leaves the larger part of the passenger cars standing on the track, while he speeds on more easily to report himself punctually. Necessity obliges us who are left behind to be sociable, and we are surprised to find that our nearest neighbor, an ordinary looking person, apparently of our own age, is familiar with all our favorite authors, and that on many subjects her ideas have followed a similar course to our own, when we had thought ourselves so unlike the rest of the world. Our usually silent tongue is stimulated by this encounter with a mind resembling our own, and we give ourselves to the enjoyment of the hour, with less restraint than we would feel with one whom we had known much longer. In that interchange of thought we speak our real selves more than we should have the courage to do with our most familiar friend, and when our transient acquaintance bids us "good-morning," we treasure the remembrance of her ever after.

Is it the mask of reserve that we habitually and unconsciously wear in our daily life, that causes us to see deeper into the inner-life of a stranger, than we do into those with whom we daily mingle, and why do we prize the sympathy of strangers more than we do the every day kindness of our friends? I suppose it is partly because we feel entitled to the consideration of our friends, and habit has so accustomed us to it, that we seem indifferent to their love. It may be strangers discover the prominent traits of character more readily than our familiar friends, and that the impressions we both give and receive are therefore more marked. If this be true philosophy, then we have the reason why such encounters stand out so distinctly in memory. B. C. D.

Geneva, Wis., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

We are too apt to get discouraged over and magnify our own individual misfortunes, or trials. Very often things occur that are calculated to grieve or vex us, which, if we could find the firmness and courage to overlook, or forgive, no one else would be in the least affected, when, if we wear a melancholy, cheerless mein, we cast a gloom over a whole household.

We have sometimes a real though unintentional selfishness in our sorrows, which a little reflection might enable us to see and overcome. Is it worth while to go mourning through life, because of the various ills and disappointments which naturally fall to the share of most people? Does it lessen our troubles to brood over them? Beside, which of us is so unfortunate that we would exchange circumstances with very many whom we see daily. Nearly all have some enviable qualities or advantages, who also have burdens we would not wish to assume.

You are oppressed with care and anxiety incident to a large and increasing family; yet, would you exchange your lot for the lonely, isolated life of yonder spinster? You are lean and dark,—Miss A. is plump and fair, but is lame and disagreeable; you would not exchange,—and so on through all the list of grievances. Whatever we admire or envy, there is nearly always some drawback, some defect. Beauty and riches have their attendant evils, and if you happen to possess neither, probably you are in a fair way to become very useful and much beloved. At all events, whatever our woes may be, we can place them in our power by exercising a philosophic spirit, and rising above all the calamities or disagreeables of our lot.

Let us say we *wont* have the blues, let what will happen, or exist. If ever our nearest and dearest friends forget and abandon us, we have still others left—we can live without them. Nothing is harder to bear than the neglect of those who should love, and be kind to us, especially if we are unconscious of error; yet, if we resolve with a proud and calm spirit, and are forgiving and patient, we *can* endure even this.

Yes, we can bear much if we will, and when we know, too, that time is so short,—ah, so very brief,—we will not spend it in useless tears and repinings, but dashing aside the tears and the recollection, we will walk on cheerily, bravely, hopefully, to the end. Thus, we shall disarm the shafts of malice, turn away misfortunes, and draw comfort from every situation.

"In such a world, so thorny, and where none
Finds happiness unblighted, or, if found,
Without some thirsty sorrow at its side;
It seems the part of wisdom, and no sin
Against the law of Love to measure lots
With less distinguished than ourselves; that thus
We may with patience bear our moderate ills,
And sympathise with others' sufferings more."

QUINCY.

EASY MOTHERS.

We wish it were possible to persuade some otherwise excellent mothers how much trouble they would save themselves by exercising a little firmness toward their young children. Of course it takes more time to contest a point with a child than to yield it; and a busy mother, not reflecting that this is not for once, but for thousands of future times, and to rid herself of importunity, says, wearily, "Yes, yes, you may do it," when all the while she knows it to be wrong, and most injurious to the child. Then there comes a time when she must say "No!" and the difficulty of enforcing it at so late a period of indulgence, none can tell but "easy" mothers of self-willed children. For your own sakes, then, mothers—if you have not the future good of your children at heart—for your own sakes, and to save yourselves great trouble in the future, learn to say "No!" and take time to enforce it. Let everything else go, if necessary, because this contest must be fought out successfully with every separate child; and once fought, it is done with forever. When we see mothers, day by day, worried, harrassed, worn out by ceaseless teasings and importunities, all for the want of a little firmness at the outset, we know not whether to be more sorry or angry. At any rate, we have no patience to stay by and witness such sad mismanagement. —*Maternal Counsels.*

SUNSHINY HEARTS AND FACES. — Everything, animate and inanimate, turns to the sunbeams. We instinctively avoid cloudy days and cloudy faces. We give a warmer welcome at our fireside and our table to the undisputatious, than to the man who is eternally dissecting the skeletons of things, till his charnel-house conversation throws a chill on every warm, healthful feeling. We give the preference to the man who greets the rising sun with emotions of pleasure, and not simply as an astronomical phenomenon, and whose eye, as it watches its setting, has "no speculation in it." In fact, we prefer a jolly, healthy human being. The disappointing chances of life have not left so many of them that one can afford to let them pass without a warm-hearted grip, and, if occasion favor, the interchange of such chance words as kindred souls traveling to the same eternal home may sometimes exchange by the way.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

JOHN BULL TO BROTHER JONATHAN.

[THE following song was sung by a British officer, at a Masonic Dinner in Brockville, C. W., in which both Canadian and American Lodges participated. The fraternal feeling exhibited is another evidence that "blood is thicker than water." We copy the song from manuscript furnished us by Dr. HENRY HEWITT, who was present at the re-union, and are not aware that it was ever before published. Its appearance on the eve of the visit of the Prince of Wales to this country is appropriate. —EDS. RURAL.]

Ho, Brother, I'm a Britisher,
A chip of "heart of oak,"
That wouldn't warp, or swerve, or stir,
From what I thought or spoke.
And you, a blunt and honest man,
Straightforward, kind, and true,—
I tell you, Brother JONATHAN,
That you're a Briton, too.

I know your heart—an honest heart—
I read your mind and will,
A greyhound ever on the start
To run for honor still;
And shrewd to scheme a likely plan,
And stout to see it done,—
I tell you, Brother JONATHAN,
That you and I are one.

"GOD save the Queen" delights you still,
And "British Grenadiers;"
The good old strains your heart-strings thrill,
And catch you by the ears;
And we, O, hate us if you can,
For we are proud of you,—
We like you, Brother JONATHAN,
And "Yankee Doodle," too!

What more, I touch not holier things,
A loftier strain to win,
Nor glance at prophets, priests, and kings,
Or heavenly kith or kin,—
As friend with friend, and man with man,
O, let our hearts be thus,—
As DAVID'S love to JONATHAN,
Be JONATHAN'S to us.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH was born on the tenth of November, 1728, at Pallas, Ireland. His father, who was a clergyman, appears to have possessed, in a large degree, the traits that are generally supposed to characterize his countrymen. Judging from the account his son has left of him, he was a good-natured man, who took the world easy, and was not disposed to lose the enjoyment of the present moment by over-carefulness about the future.

At the age of seventeen, our poet entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was more distinguished for his indolence and eccentricities than for scholarship. However, after remaining here for nearly four years, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts, on the 27th of February, 1749. His friends now urged him to take holy orders; but when, two years afterwards, he presented himself before the Bishop of Elphin, he was refused ordination. Some accounts say that his rejection was owing to the fact, that when he appeared he was appareled in scarlet breeches; but doubtless this story is a mere fiction. The true reason that he did not obtain ordination was, that the Bishop found him unworthy. After various other adventures he was sent to Edinburg to study medicine, where he arrived in the autumn of 1752. But little is known of his college life at this place; but of one thing we may rest assured, that he was not remarkably diligent in his studies. In the year 1754, he left Edinburg with the intention of visiting the continental schools. We next meet with him at Leyden. After spending about a year in this place, he left with a "guinea in his pocket, one shirt to his back, and a flute in his hand," and traveled on foot through France, Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. After thus wandering through Europe, he returned to London with a few pence in his pocket.

As a last resort he now turned to the occupation for which he was best fitted, that of an author. He was for some time a writer for the Monthly Review, the Public Ledger, and a weekly pamphlet entitled the Bee. It was in the Public Ledger that the pieces which compose his "Citizen of the World," were first published. After having it on hand for several years, "The Traveller" was published in 1765. If the author had entertained any doubt in regard to the success of this poem, those doubts were soon dispelled; for it was greeted with almost unbounded applause. Dr. JOHNSON, the literary censor of that day, pronounced it the best poem that had been published since the death of POPE. The next year the "Vicar of Wakefield" made its appearance, which was far from diminishing his fame. In 1770, he gave to the world his "Deserted Village," which was, if possible, more popular than "The Traveller." He died in 1774.

Such is a brief sketch of the life of one of the most interesting writers of modern times; but it would require a volume to fully portray his character. His writings are replete with common sense; but, perhaps, no man, in his conduct, ever showed less of it. He was a butt for the wit of the men of genius, into whose society he was admitted toward the latter part of his life; yet it may be questioned, whether he was as entirely destitute of conversational powers as he is sometimes represented to have been. BOSWELL affords evidence that he could, at least, sometimes make remarks in conversation which were very far from being destitute of wit. He once remarked that JOHNSON could not write a good fable; for if he should attempt to make little fishes converse, he would make them talk like whales. He, at another time said, that there was no use in contending with JOHNSON; for if his pistol missed fire, he would knock you down with the butt end of it. But doubtless these sallies of wit were exceptions to the general character of his conversation.

Extreme vanity marked the greater part of his conduct. Hearing some of his friends highly praise one of BURKE'S great speeches, he replied that he could make a better one himself — and at the suggestion of the company, he mounted a chair and attempted it. He had not spoken five minutes, when he completely broke down; but he excused himself by remarking that he did not happen to be in luck. He wished the British Government to send him on a mission to the East, for the purpose of introducing useful arts into England, although, as JOHNSON says of him, he knew so little about the arts, that he would have been likely to have brought home with him a hand organ as a thing unknown in England. It was from his vanity that his envy of some of his cotemporaries arose, — but it may be doubted whether he ever felt as much of this as has been charged upon him. It is true, he did not worship JOHNSON to the same extent with BOSWELL and some others; this, however, is not to be wondered at. He could but have known that he possessed more genius than belonged to the great lexicographer. He stood more on a level with him than did most of his associates. His liberality to those who were in distress was proverbial; but it was without discretion. While at Dublin, he was found, one cold morning, with his bed ripped open, and himself buried in the feathers, having given away the covering to a poor woman.

If we turn to his writings we will find much to praise. His poetry has been read in every land where the English tongue is spoken. His "Traveller" has visited hundreds of thousands of firesides; and thousands have read with intense interest of the sorrows of "Auburn." The "Hermit" has been drawn forth from his solitude, and become a favorite with the world. Alike in the palace and the hovel, his works are to be found.

S. L. LEONARD.

Bristol, Kenosha Co., Wis., 1860.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

A CONNUBIAL little sermon, from the text, "Be happy as you are," is thus preached by a cotemporary print:

"Wife and mother, are you tired and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless or exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at those sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say, 'What a fool I was to marry and leave my father's house, where I lived at ease and in quiet?' Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and ungrateful for, their comforts and their joys? O! wife and mother, what if a stroke should smite your husband and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your arms and from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft little innocents to nestle in your bosom, and to love you or receive your love? How would it be with you then? Be patient and kind, dear wife: be unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother; for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all, for death will step sooner or later between them and you. And O! what would you do if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for, believe it, thou wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own."

LOG-BOOK OF LIFE.—A "log-book" is the record of a voyage kept by the navigator. The following is taken for the "Log-Book of Thomas Parker," who was a naval officer during "the war of 1812." The "voyage" spoken of is the voyage of life:

First part of the voyage pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds—all sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely.

Middle passage, — weather variable—short of provisions—spoke several of the above vessels our supplies had enabled to refit—made signals of distress—they up helm and bore away.

Latter part,—boisterous, with contrary winds—current of adversity setting hard to leeward—toward the end of the passage it cleared up—with the quadrant of honesty had an observation—corrected and made up my reckoning—and, after a passage of fifty years, came to Mortality Road, with the calm, unruffled surface of the Ocean of Eternity in view.

LAUGHTER AND ITS USES.—The following paragraph reminded us of the old theological professor, who exercised his pupils one hour daily in laughing:

Laughter is healthful to the body as gladness is to the mind; and there is not a more beautiful spectacle than a smiling face when you know it is the true index of the soul within. We do not speak of that species of idiotic laughter which is sure to follow the exhibition of any low trick, or the utterance of a coarse jest—but that genial outburst that enlivens the social circle when men, like true philosophers, forget their past cares, and put off till the morrow all apprehensions regarding the future.

HARDNESS OF CHARACTER.—Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HYMN FOR A TROUBLED HEART.

BY ELLATH.

How dark the skies bend o'er my head,—
I sing a low and plaintive tune,—
My path with weary feet I tread,—
Where flowers once smil'd now thorns are strewn.

By sad experience I know
The fairest joys of earth deceive;
But gifts that of Thy bounty flow
My heart of sorrow can relieve.

'Mid care and loss my troubled heart
Will not be cheered by earthly songs,
Rich grace alone can peace impart,
For that my weart spirit longs.

O, worse than vain to seek of earth
A balm to ease the pain of mind,—
I hate the hollow joys and mirth
That pass and leave a sting behind.

FATHER, help me the ill to bear,
While perished flowers around me lie,
That I may haste to Thee, for there
The joys I'll know can never die.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860.

SPEAKING TO ONE ANOTHER.

MUCH of the suffering which is endured by the people of God, grows out of their ignorance of each other's trials. Those that fear the Lord too seldom speak one to another. Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, but another's it does not know. The tempted believer, as he struggles against the motions of sin in the flesh, is sometimes almost ready to cast off all hope; for he cannot see how his sense of defilement can consist with that holiness without which no man can see the Lord. He not only regards himself as less than the least of saints, but doubts whether he be a saint at all. And yet this is the experience of every child of God, without a single exception, at some period of his pilgrimage. The holiest and the very best of men have sometimes been brought to the very bars of the pit. A David, a Luther, a Bunyan, an Erskine and a Toplady — these have all known what it was to cry—"How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? Forever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me? How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? How long shall mine enemy be exalted over me? Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death."

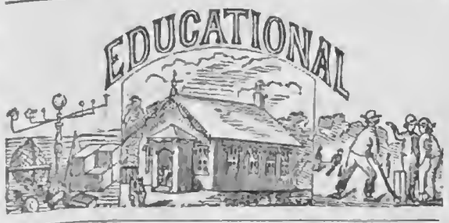
Let the tempted believer learn that his experience of the bitterness of sin, and of the deceitfulness and wickedness of his heart, is precisely that of all God's host. They are all fighting against the world, the flesh and the devil, and not one of them finds it an easy warfare. Not one of them but must water his couch with tears — not one but must sometimes exclaim, "O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But they may all add, with the apostle, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

WHO ARE THE GREAT PREACHERS?

THE great preachers of the world have been those who were in direct sympathy with human life, and who, had an end to gain with the men before them. But with culture and scholastic habits, men have interpreted the word of God, "Follow me, and I will make you a preacher of sermons." The end of preaching is not a good sermon, but a holy heart. Fine sermons have nearly ruined good preaching. If ministers cared more for their people, and less for their own sermons, they would be more useful. Preaching has almost ceased to be a living business between a man's heart and the wants of his congregation. Learning, rhetoric, eloquence, are good as collateral influences, but no man will win souls who does not feel the throbbing pulse of his whole congregation—who does not know their wants—who does not study their lives—who does not understand how to take the primary truths of Christianity, and apply them to the consciences of men in their daily business life. Such preachers, and only such, will be certainly efficacious; and such preaching is necessary to the filling of the churches. Were such preaching universal in our time, not only would our churches be filled to overflowing, but thousands would have to be built. For you may depend upon it, there is never a man who preaches intelligent truth, and preaches it with a living sympathy for men, that people do not flock to hear him.

CHRISTIAN COMFORT.—Let the course of your tribulation be what it will, "in Me ye shall have peace." How is it, then, perhaps you will ask, that Christians are not always rejoicing? How is it that we so often see them bathed in tears, and scarcely hear anything from them but sighs and complaints? It is easily enough to be accounted for. It is because they love the world and the things of the world so much, that they have no room or relish for divine consolations. To be sure, where Christ is there is always ground for comfort; but Christians are not always fit to be comfortable. They may, through mere inattention to spiritual things, or too fond attention to temporal possessions and enjoyments, be so sadly declined as to require reproof rather than comfort; and what they want, Christ gives.—*Lavington.*

BE true now to your highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march along as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE TEACHER AND HIS PUPIL.

Once more I feign would write for the enterprising conlmns of the Rural, inspired by the thought that a hint may be thrown out which will prove of service to some faithful teacher or his devoted pupil.

In a late issue I find reference made to a former article, by one who recognizes the writer as a "former teacher." Who the pupil is, the writer is at present unable to decipher; for during a course of nearly twenty-five years of constant labor in the school-room, several thousand children and youths have been the recipients of his instructions, and have gone into all parts of the world, and into all the departments of active, useful, and business life, to carry out in practice what has been received in theory, as principles of action, and to demonstrate whether those principles, together with the daily example of the teacher, were sufficient to enable them to steer their barks safely over the sea of life, and finally moor in the "Haven of Rest."

The relation of teacher and pupil is a sacred one, frequently but little thought of while it exists; but in the lapse of time, when the boy has become the man, and reflects the image of his teacher, the oft repeated adage, "as is the boy, so is the man," or, "as the teacher, so is the pupil," is made perceptible beyond the shadow of a doubt, and the truth it contains felt, alas! often too late to avoid the direful consequences which have followed from the relationship, however long or short its duration. Impressions made upon the young mind are lasting, and happy, indeed, is that teacher who sees himself reflected, as from a mirror, in the well ordered life and conduct of a former pupil, who can grasp him warmly by the hand, and with moistened eye thank him kindly for past instructions, and acknowledge them as the guiding star of his life, and the inspiring agent in all his actions in the business, moral, and social world.

Joyous above measure is the reunion of teacher and pupil, where each looks upon the other with emotions of honest pride, in the mutual acknowledgement of obligations flowing from past associations, and the recognition of principles and practices which reflect honor and credit upon erring humanity, and shed a luster upon the motives which inspire the true man in his onward march of life.

Teachers are not always able to so control their pupils as to give permanent character, mainly for two reasons,—want of time, and counter influences at home and other places outside the school-room; but the faithful instructor makes an impression which will ever be remembered, though it may not always govern. The pupil who has often been chided for delinquency, will, in after years, meet his teacher with a filial affection, and give due credit for faithful dealing. Many examples of this have come under the writer's own observation, enough to convince him that the surest way to secure and retain the confidence and respect of a pupil, is to faithfully discharge the duties of a teacher, even to the application of severe chastisement, or suspension, when the case demands.

The young pupil is not slow to discover the failings of his instructor, and though he may be pleased to escape from duty, or justice, will not be satisfied with his improvement in science or morals; and as age and experience chase away his boyish freaks, he will look back with regret upon misspent time under unskillful hands, and will not fail to hold in contempt the author of his intellectual, social, or moral delinquencies.

The true mission of the teacher, is to prepare the pupil for the business of life, in his intercourse with his fellowmen, in every sphere of human action. This business has its influence not only upon this life, but upon that which lies beyond the present, where all will be known by their true character, irrespective of professions or vocations here. Hence the importance of keeping before the mind of the pupil the idea that "God looks upon the heart, not upon the outward appearance," and that *all labor* is honorable,—that the common laborer's and their families are entitled to no less respect than those ranked as professional, provided they do their work well. In short, the man dignifies the calling or vocation, and not the calling or vocation the man. Now, thanking my pupil for his complimentary notice, and trusting that I shall lose none of my laurels as a teacher by becoming a "farmer," I subscribe myself, as before, X. Y. Z.

Wheatville, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"EVER AND NEVER."

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a recent issue of your journal, there appeared a critique from the pen of "Correspondent," on the above words, in which the writer assumes that the adverb *never* is incorrectly used in such expressions as "never so justly, never so eloquent, never so mournfully," &c., and urges as proof of the correctness of his position:—"They [ever and never] are diametrically opposite in meaning, yet * * * never is here carelessly used instead of ever," and then concludes his article by referring the reader "to observation second, under rule 15th, on the 167th page of Brown's Grammar" for the authority in the case. That portion of the observation applicable to the subject under consideration reads as follows:—"But as the negative adverb applies only to *time, ever* is preferable to *never* in *sentences* like the following:—'Now let man reflect but *never* so little on himself.' 'Which will not harken to the voice of charmers, charming *never* so wisely.'"—Ps. 58: 5.

It is worthy of notice that the observation in Brown's Grammar, referred to by "Correspondent," is very mild. It neither charges the opposite use with etymological nor grammatical impropriety, but treats the subject as merely a matter of preference. We remark further:

1. The use of never in the sentences condemned by "Correspondent," is supported by Webster and Worcester in their Quarto Dictionaries. Worcester expressly says that this criticism of grammarians is an unnecessary refinement; and that the above use of *never* is good English, (we quote from memory, not having his dictionary before us.)

2. It has the sanction of good use for at least the last two centuries. With this authority we rest satisfied until "Correspondent" shall adduce equally conclusive counter evidence.

We close our article with the following *Queries:* Why this modern crusade against a legitimate word? Have the savans of our day become offended with this *inoffensiveness?* If so, what are the grounds of complaint? Justitia.

Peach Orchard, N. Y., 1860.

EDUCATION WITHOUT STUDY.

Is this a new *invention?* No. The theory has been in practice for years: what is the result? *Graduated dunces.* Is it a scheme of parents or children? Both. Do explain—what is it? The parent thinks, as he pays high tuition, he ought not to concern himself about his children's education, and the child is very glad not to be examined and have his acquisitions tested: so gets along smoothly—studies as much as he pleases and plays the remainder of his time, which is the larger portion. But where is the education? The teacher will impart that any how—he is so learned a man. Without the efforts of the pupil? Certainly; what is he good for, if our children have to endure all the drudgery of study? That is the idea, the invention, to *imbibe* knowledge from the instructor as plants imbibe moisture from humid ground. If this is the plan, why not make a scholar out of a piece of *sponge* which has very strong imbibing powers? Fit up the machinery to hold the books, and see what a *scholar* would be produced.

But the planter knows that unless the grass and weeds are kept under and the soil cultivated, the crop will be very small and the grain immature: so if you depend upon the *imbibing process*, you will be but a *nubin* scholar at best. Study stands in relation to scholarship as does food to life: as he that eats little or nothing, just enough to sustain *sloth* or *snail* existence, will reach only to pigmy size; so with study, for it alone can produce scholarship. The hungry boy asked for a breakfast, and stood by the fire while the cooking process was going on, and was satisfied by the savory odor of the dishes and refused to pay for the meal: the magistrate to whom the case was referred for adjudication, decided that the boy *should jingle his money* in the cook's ears as long as the other enjoyed the savor of the dishes. But the poor cook was no richer, for some things, like money, have no power to impart benefits by the *tinkle:* it must be possessed or does no good. If you can enrich a man by the jingle of money, so you may store the mind with knowledge by *imbibition* without study.

But are there not *self-made men?* True, but they studied more diligently than 99-100 of your College boys: the illustration you would borrow from this fact is against you: it inculcates study, study, hard study all day and most of the night. The theory of education without study is deceptive and fallacious: it is founded in ignorance and indolence. Do you remember the little girl that was informed by another how she always recited her lessons so well, that she *prayed for aid:* the girl was pleased with the theory, but made a splendid failure and reproached the other for deceiving her. Did you *study* your lesson? "No, I only *prayed* that I might recite well." If you depend upon your new invention, you will fare as badly as the little girl.

This plan is a very accommodating one for lazy boys and inattentive girls, who seem to think the teacher is paid to *think* for them and furnish them a good education, and *the pay* secures the object. But it is a sad mistake—the whole is so rotten that it does not *deserve* the pains of exposure.

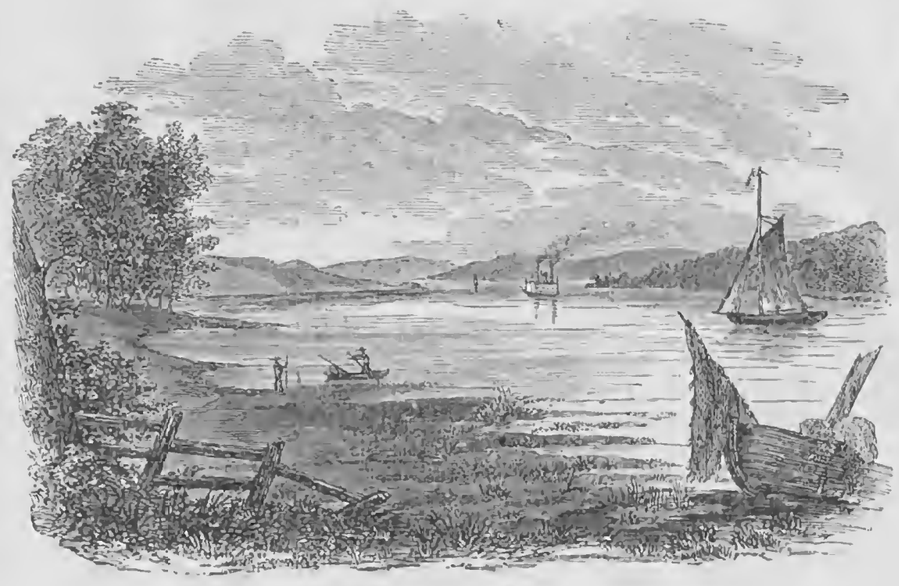
When a Railroad is constructed to run up the Hill of Science, I may give credit to the plausibility of the theory—not before; for a thorough education will be acquired by neither—the one depends upon the teacher, the other upon *the cars;* but as only *footmen* ever ascend the Hill; so *students*, studying boys and girls, not *imbibers*, will have an education with the name. The *thirsty* man must *drink*, not depend upon *imbibing* moisture through the pores; he will die of thirst, and you, you passive imbiber of knowledge, *will die of ignorance.*—"Parent," *in Georgia Journal of Education.*

Example must Accompany Precept.—If teachers would succeed in making any true and enduring impressions, they must themselves be "living epistles," not only *read*, but *felt* by their pupils. What they would have pupils *become*, teachers must *be*—impersonations of the Christian virtues—exemplary in their daily walk and conversation." They must not only *point* to the right, but *lead* the way. The young may be compelled to *seem*, but they can not be forced to *be* good. They may be *led* into "ways of pleasantness," and thereby taught that they "who walk uprightly" travel the "journey of life" in paths of peace."

The highest attainable knowledge is that which is rightly chosen, rightly compounded, acquired by right methods, employed to right purposes, and pervaded with the influence of the spirit of God. The highest education is that which not only provides food for the pupils' memory, but training for his judgment, discipline for his affections, guidance for his conduct, and objects for his faith.

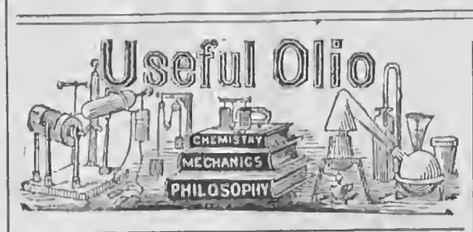
Modern education too often covers the fingers with rings, and at the same cuts the sinews at the wrists.

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—No. VI.



VIEW ON SENECA LAKE.

Seneca Lake is one of the largest and most beautiful of the Lakes of Western New York. Never shall we forget the day, when, having accepted an invitation from Captain Daken, commander of the steamer Ben Loder, and a lover of fruits and flowers, and an intelligent and persevering cultivator, we found ourself for the first time upon the surface of this crystal lake. The banks of this lake present every variety that the eye can desire. Here, gently sloping, and cultivated even to the water's edge, or clothed with forest foliage,—there, bold and rocky, with the silver stream jumping from ledge to ledge, until lost in a cloud of feathery spray. Seneca Lake is about forty miles in length from north to south, and ranging from two to four miles in width. Geneva is at the foot or northern end, and Jefferson at the head. The water is very deep—said to be 560 feet 12 miles above the outlet, and never freezes over. The outlet, flowing from the north-eastern part, affords extensive water power at Waterloo and Seneca Falls. Crooked Lake outlet enters Seneca Lake from the west at Dresden, 12 miles above Geneva. In a future number we may give other views on this lake, as well as of Seneca River.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ON METEORS—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY PROF. DEWEY, D. D., LL. D.

This question is again asked with great interest, because of the appearance of the splendid meteor of Friday night, July 20th. The answer to be given is not the most easy. Still, it is desirable to gratify reasonable curiosity as far as science can.

Meteors are of different kinds, from their origin. The meteoric shower of 1833 presented one kind, probably very like those shooting stars which dart across our sky in the evening and night, with a train of light, and appear to be seen consumed, leaving none but a momentary trace. Others appear to be mere exhalations from our earth, and have a short motion in the lower part of the atmosphere. Others, like the late wanderer,—often called *balls of fire*, or balls *on fire*,—are truly *meteors*, or bodies *high, and large, and rapid* in their motion. They have been supposed to be ejected from volcanoes on the earth, by some; from the moon, by others; to be formed in the atmosphere by some cause, set in motion, and appearing in falling stones, by others; to be bodies revolving round the earth, a sort of terrestrial comets, by others; to be portions of that great (imagined) planet between Mars and Jupiter, which burst into the asteroids, by others; and to be small planetary bodies, revolving round the sun, and occasionally coming near the orbit of the earth where the earth then happens to be in its annual course. This last is the only plausible view of them, held by eminent astronomers.

Meteors have been so often seen, and careful calculations made from observations of them, that they are estimated to be from 16 to 140 miles above the earth. They have been calculated to be from 100 feet in diameter to that of half a mile, and even more. They must move with great velocity, because they do not fall to the earth in their course. Gravitation would soon bring them to the earth, without this velocity, which has been estimated *from eighteen to thirty-six miles a second.* A locomotive may move a mile in a minute, though half that velocity is quite rapid. Now, 18 miles a second is 1,080 miles a minute.

If a body were to revolve round the earth's equator, its time would be 84¼ minutes, which would give, as the earth's equator is about 25,000 miles, 295 miles a minute, which would only be *near five miles* a second. At an elevation of 20 or 40 miles above the earth, the force of gravity would be less indeed, but the velocity would be much less than the least calculated velocity of meteors, viz., 18 miles a second.

This velocity and distance from the earth, and magnitude, lead astronomers to the conclusion, that such meteors belong to a planetary system whose bodies revolve round the sun on the common planetary laws. The inference to be made is this: that occasionally a small planetary body comes into the earth's atmosphere, takes fire from the heat produced by condensation of the atmosphere, burns and perhaps explodes from the combustion, throws down some portion, while the greater part passes beyond the atmosphere, and continues in its revolution round the sun. See Bartlett's Astronomy.

Reference needs only to be made to the great meteor which passed over the western part of New England December 14, 1807, and was seen from all the States east of its course and from the eastern part of New York on the west. The passage was just before sunrise, and observed by many. It seemed a ball of fire, and moved with great velocity; gave three heavy explosions over Weston, Ct., in rapid but distinct succession; threw down meteoric stones in three places from four to five miles apart, which shows its velocity to be much greater than five miles a second, and these stones were picked up warm, with their outside melted; had its course about 2° W. of South, and its distance above the earth eighteen miles; and had a magnitude of at least one-fourth of a mile in diameter, as it was seen 150 miles from the nearest point of its course. Only a very small portion of this meteor was discovered, or probably fell. As the combustion ceased immediately after the explosion, the rest of the body doubtless passed out of our atmosphere, and held on in its course. The largest piece discovered weighed above fifty pounds.

The late meteor, though large and splendid, may not have been so large.

In Prof. Bartlett's Astronomy is briefly "mentioned the remarkable meteor of August 18th, 1783, which traversed the whole of Europe from Shetland to Rome, with a velocity of 30 miles a second, at a height of 50 miles above the earth, with a light greatly surpassing that of a full moon, and diameter quite half a mile. It changed its form visibly and quietly, separated into several distinct parts, which proceeded in parallel directions, each followed by a train."

Here the splendid meteor of the 20th came from a few degrees north of west, and moved to the south of east, at an elevation above the horizon of about 50°, and of course passed south of us. Its light, combustion, scintillations of various colors of red, blue, white, and green, followed it even 200 miles into the Atlantic. Its velocity was very great, for it passed across our horizon probably in less than 15 seconds, if indeed not in 10 seconds. Here it was a single body; but just as it disappeared, was an appearance of separation into parts, and on and east of the Hudson it was seen double. Here its appearance was at 9¼ in the evening. Allowing for the difference of meridians, it appeared along the Hudson and at New York in about a minute later than here. It must have been high above the earth, for it was seen at Toronto, C. W., Cleveland, O., at and north of Albany, in Middle Pennsylvania, and at Norfolk, Va. It is curious that published observations in the papers do not show in what places its course was in or very near the zenith. Indeed, these observations will scarcely determine its track. Its elevation at Dansville, Livingston Co., was estimated to be about ten degrees from the zenith. At Fishkill Landing, the record is ten or fifteen degrees south of the zenith. Near Barnegat Light, the meteor was about 70° elevation, and north of the vessel. At West Point, lat. 41.23, elevation very high; must have been near the zenith, but a little south of it? At the mouth of Connecticut River, near lat. 41.15, it was south of the observer. At the city of New York, only one observer states where the meteor passed, and that was at the north of him, and high. At Dartmouth College, N. H., the elevation was about 20° above the horizon. At Corning, N. Y., about lat. 42°, the meteor is said to have passed over the zenith; was it so? Calculations on data not very certain, give its elevation at Rochester near 70 miles; probably too great. Strange that scarcely an observer has yet spoken of its elevation and passage north or south of the zenith. Let us have more light.

Rochester, N. Y., July, 1860.

New Cement.—Professor Edmund Davy, lately read a paper to the Royal Dublin Society, on a cement which he obtains by melting together in an iron vessel, two parts (by weight,) of common pitch, with one part of gutta-percha. It forms a homogeneous fluid, which is much more manageable for many useful purposes than gutta-percha alone, and which, after being poured into cold water, may be easily wiped dry, and kept for use. The cement adheres with the greatest tenacity to wood, stone, glass, porcelain, ivory, leather, parchment, paper, hair, feathers, silk, woolen, cotton, &c.

To feel terribly beaten is a good sign; the more resources a man is conscious of, the deeper he will feel his defeat. But to feel unusually elated at a victory, indicates that our strength did not warrant it,—that we had gone beyond our resources.

LINNÆUS THE BOTANIST.

Recently we have been reading the life of the great Botanist Linnæus,—of his struggles between that inward and uncontrollable love of nature, which caused him to climb the rugged mountains in search of strange plants, and obedience to the commands of his stern, yet well-meaning father. He designed his son for the Church, and looked upon his love of Botany as idle and useless, interfering with his proper studies, and distracting his mind. Kindly and nobly his loved mother shielded him from his father's anger, and framed all the apologies she could think of to screen her loved child. Woman quicker than man discerns the good and the true, and in her afflicted, yet patient and dutiful boy, she beheld the true glory of her family and her name. Young Linnæus never neglected the studies assigned him by his father and teachers, and employed only his hours of recreation in his favorite pursuit. Yet, in a fit of disappointment, and perhaps of anger, at the refusal of his son to promise to relinquish forever the study of plants, the future Botanist was taken from school, and apprenticed to a shoemaker. Soon after this he came near dying from a disease of the brain, caused no doubt by excitement and trouble. The physician who attended him had sense enough to understand his character,—gave his father some good advice, and thereafter the path of the persevering Botanist was smooth and pleasant.

We had purposed to give a synopsis of the life of the great Swedish *savan*, for the encouragement of young men, but we find the following, which answers our purpose, furnished by a correspondent of the North British Agriculturist, now traveling in Sweden:

"Linnæus was the only son of a country gentleman of very moderate means, and was born on the 3d of May, (old style,) 1707, and showed in early youth a predilection for the study of natural history, by wandering into the fields and forests in quest of plants and insects. His father had purposed him for the Church, and sent him to the Academy, but it was discovered that from his roving habits in the forests, he had made but poor progress, and found at length, when he should have been fitted for College, that he knew more of plants and worms, than Latin and Greek. He therefore determined, in great disappointment, to learn him a trade, and fixed upon that of a shoemaker as the only thing he would be fit for. A friend of his father's, however, a Professor of Medicine, having a better opinion of his talents, determined to avert such a fate from the young philosopher, took him home and educated him as one of the family, and initiated him into the mysteries of physic. Afterwards sent him to the College at Upsala, where, with scanty purse, he was obliged to fight his road to knowledge. The Professor of Botany there, however, also discovering the talents of Linnæus, bethought of enlisting him into his service, to help him in his researches—made him his assistant, by which he was enabled to finally prosecute his studies—so much so, that at the age of twenty-three he was delivering a course of lectures on his own account. He was informed upon, however, as not being qualified by a diploma, and as a matter of course was stopped. He, however, against all impediments, completed his studies, and was shortly afterwards invited by the Academy of Sciences of Upsala, to visit Lapland on a botanical excursion, which he willingly accepted, having the munificent sum of £7 10s. sterling put into his hand to defray the cost of his journey. On this small sum he traveled eight hundred German leagues in six months—a no small feat of itself. He successfully concluded his journey, and gave a graphic account of his labors and frugality in his journal, entitled 'Lachesis Lapponica.' After which he went to Holland, where he resided three years, during which he paid a short visit to England, where he also added much to his knowledge. At the end of that period he returned to Sweden, and settled in Stockholm as a physician, and there married. While here he originated the Academy of Sciences, and was elected its first President. With all this, however, he was not contented—something of a higher order floating in his mind, till he was finally appointed, 1740, Professor of Botany in the University of Upsala. This was the goal for which he had been always striving, and Providence, with his own abilities, ultimately favored him in his longing desires. From the Professor's Chair and the Printing Press, together his fame spread over the scientific world,—drew students to the University, and honors to himself, from all parts of the world. He occupied the Chair for the long period of thirty-eight years, and died in 1778, at the age of 71. His father fortunately lived to see him at the climax of his scientific career and world-wide fame. How different from the fate he intended for him!

"The number of his publications was immense in the several departments of Botany, Zoology, Ichthiology, and Mineralogy, besides Physic. He arranged plants into genera and species, discovered their sexual nature and principles, and simplified their nomenclature—naming them according to some common generic characteristic. He accomplished this mighty task upon a list of about 8,000 different plants; but this has been immensely added to since his day. After his death his mother and sisters, into whose hands they fell, fearing that the University of Upsala would not give their value, disposed of his collection to Dr. Smith of London, but a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, for 1,000 gs. The King of Sweden happening to be absent from the country during this transaction, and having heard that it had just been shipped off for England, and regarding it as a national loss and disgrace, despatched a quick sailing ship-of-war in pursuit to overtake and bring it back, but it was unavailing—the English merchantman beat the Swedish man-of-war in this scientific pursuit, and landed them safely in London, with all his books and manuscripts to boot."

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Thorough Farming, ... 245
Our Troubles and Blessings, ... 245
European Agriculture, ... 245
Advantages of Underdraining, ... 245
Adulteration of Manures ... 245
Breeds of Sheep, ... 245
A Question in Metaphysics—Calves, ... 245
The N. Y. State Ag. Society, ... 246
The Wheat Crop—Hessian Fly, ... 246
Infant Corn, ... 246
The American Corn Husker, ... 246
How to destroy Canada Thistles ... 246
What ailed the Horse? ... 246
The Bee-Keeper.—Facts about Bees; The Honey Bee, ... 246
Agricultural Miscellany—The Season and Crops; Good Grain Drill; Rural Exhibitions for 1860; Are the Wool Growers or Dealers at Fault? A New Enemy to the Potato; Read the Advertisements; New Potato Digger, ... 246

HORTICULTURAL.

The Currant, ... 247
Value and Neglect, ... 247
Culture and Training, [Illustrated;] ... 247
Enemies, [Illustrated;] ... 247
Varieties, [Illustrated;] ... 247

LADIES' OLIO.

A Deaf and Dumb Girl's Prayer, [Poetical;] Chance Acquaintances; True Philosophy; Easy Mothers; Sunshiny Hearts and Faces, ... 248

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

John Bull to Brother Jonathan, [Poetical;] Goldsmith; Domestic Happiness; Log-Book of Life; Laughter and and its Uses; Hardness of Character, ... 248

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Hymn for a Troubled Heart, [Poetical;] Speaking to one Another; Who are the Great Preachers; Christian Comfort, ... 248

EDUCATIONAL.

The Teacher and his Pupil; "Ever and Never;" Education without Study; Example must Accompany Precept; Knowledge, ... 249

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. 6.—View on Seneca Lake, [Illustrated;] On Meteors—What are they? New Cement, ... 249

YOUNG RURALIST.

Linnæus the Botanist, ... 249

STORY TELLER.

Beauty for Ashes, [Poetical;] Eva Stanley; Or, A Lesson of Life; Astonishing the Natives, ... 252

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

United States Ag. Society—Ben. Perley Poore, Sec'y.
Herrick's Improved Patent Carpet Sweeper—Chas. A. B. Shepard, or Brown & Williams.
International Horse Show—Warren Granger, Sec'y.
Cunningham's Carriage Manufactory—Jas Cunningham.
The American Corn Husker—R. L. Howard.
Middlebury Academy—M. Weed.
Falley Seminary—J. P. Griffin, Principal.
Agents Wanted—J. S. Pardee.
Phipps U. Female Seminary—H. L. Achilles.
Cortland Academy—S. W. Clark.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 4, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Administration has recently addressed another note to the British Government on the subject of the San Juan affair.

A treaty of Amity and Commerce with Japan, the ratifications of which were exchanged when the Embassy were in Washington, is officially published. One of the articles provides that the President, at the request of the Japanese Government, will act as friendly mediator in such matters of difference as may arise between the Government of Japan and any European power.

It is asserted by those who have made particular inquiry, that the secret organization which lately excited fears of bloodshed in the Cherokee country, is, to say the least, political, and confined to pure blooded Indians. Our Government has been watching, with some interest, the events in that nation, particularly those growing out of the agitation of the Slavery question, as any outbreak in that connection would involve the whites residing in that portion of the country in the consequences. No immediate danger is now, however, apprehended, the U. S. Indian Agent having, by this time, reached the Cherokee Reservation, and will take immediate measures for the expulsion of the white intruders.

Judge Greenwood, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will leave Washington in the course of a few days for the Pike's Peak country. In 1851, a treaty or arrangement was made with the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, which, while it fixed the limits within which those Indians might hunt, did not acknowledge their title to the land, and, owing to the extension of white population, they have been seriously curtailed in their supplies from the chase. In view of this fact, and that they are friendly Indians, Congress, at the last session, appropriated $35,000 for presents, and to defray the expense of holding a council with them regarding their future welfare. The Commissioner's former visits among various tribes of Indians having been productive of highly beneficial results, it is believed that the one now contemplated will have a favorable effect, and that, in accordance with the earnest desire of the Arapahoes and Cheyennes there, they will be secured in the possession of permanent homes, and induced to change their present mode of procuring a precarious subsistence.

No census returns have yet been officially received by the Superintendent. The Marshals will commence their transmissions in August.

The Postmaster General has ordered a weekly mail from St. Joseph to Julesburg, in order to accommodate the weekly mail between Julesburg and Denver City for the benefit of the Pike's Peak miners, and also a weekly mail between Placerville and the Washoe silver mines on the route to Salt Lake.

The service up to this time has been only semi-monthly.

Political Intelligence.

THE Douglas New Jersey Convention was held in Trenton on the 25th ult. The following are the District Electors:—1st, Abram M. Nash, of Camden. 2d, Moses Miles, of Burlington. 3d, Joseph Vliet, of Warren. 4th, Daniel Sanderson, of Sussex. 5th, Theodore Runyon.

The following persons were appointed the State Executive Committee:—Rodman M. Price, Thos. S. Allen, Adolph Schall, Gavel S. Canan, Ingham Coryell, Thos. N. McCarter, and M. Stratton. The Committee were requested to issue an address to the people of New Jersey, to which is to be added a list of the delegates. The Convention adopted resolutions strongly in favor of Douglas and Johnson, and in reprobation of the proscriptive policy of the present administration; also condemning the interference of the President in the choice of his successor.

THE Breckenridge Convention also met in Trenton, on the 25th, and adopted a resolution recommending a Union ticket of all parties opposed to Lincoln and Hamlin—the whole electoral vote to be cast for either of such candidates whom it will elect. The following Electoral ticket was reported:—For Senatorial Electors—Edwin A. Stephens and Peter D. Brown. For District Electors—John R. Sickly, Chas. G. McChesney, Peter J. Clark, Benjamin Williamson and Wm. McDonald. This ticket consists of two Breckenridge, two Douglas, and three Bell and Everett men. This report was adopted unanimously, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

THE New Jersey friends of Bell and Everett met in Convention, at Trenton, at same date with the Conventions previously noted. This Convention nominated the following Electoral ticket:—Chas. G. McChesney, Edward Brewer, John G. Woodhull, William K. McDonald, Peter D. Clark, Cornelius Boyce and John V. Deane. Adjourned *sine die*.

THE Democratic State Convention of Pennsylvania, which met at Harrisburgh on the 26th ult., adopted unanimously, a series of resolutions endorsing the platform and nominations of the recent gubernatorial State Convention, at Reading, and also the platform and resolutions of the Baltimore National Democratic State Convention, denouncing the plan of the State Democratic Committee for fusion, as anti-democratic and in opposition to the wishes of the democratic masses; and, finally, declaring it to be the duty of the State Committee to call another Convention of the Democracy for the purpose of preparing an electoral ticket pledged to sustain the action of the Baltimore National Convention, and the regular Democratic candidates, Douglas and Johnson.

THE Democratic State Convention of Vermont, to nominate State officers and electors at large, was held in Montpelier on the 26th ult. John G. Saxe, of Burlington, was nominated for Governor; Stephen Thomas, of West Farley, for Lieut. Governor; James S. Thurston, of Montpelier, for Treasurer. Electors at large, Isaac B. Bowditch, of Burlington, and P. Dillingham, of Waterbury.

FRANCIS A. HOFFMAN, who was nominated by the last Illinois Republican State Convention, for Lieutenant Governor, and who published his intention to withdraw, has, it is understood, in accordance with resolutions passed at two Congressional Conventions, concluded to withdraw his resignation, and consented to run as the candidate for that office.

A MEETING of the friends of Breckenridge and Lane, from different parts of Michigan, was held in Detroit on the 24th ult. A State Committee was appointed, who were empowered to call a State Convention to nominate an electoral ticket, and perfect the organization.

THE friends of Bell and Everett held a meeting at Detroit on the 24th ult., to devise measures looking to the State organization, besides organizing the Bell and Everett Club. Nothing decisive was effected.

THE Democratic State Central Committee of Massachusetts met at Worcester, on the 25th, and voted to call a State Convention of Springfield, on the 6th of September. A resolution endorsing Breckenridge and Lane was defeated.

THE call of the State Democratic Committee has been published, and the day appointed for the Convention, which is the 15th of August, at 12 M. One delegate from each Assembly District is to be chosen.

From the Pacific Side.

CALIFORNIAN dates to the 11th have been received by the Pony Express, which arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 26th ult. We condense as follows:

CALIFORNIA.—The clipper ship Vilnita has cleared from San Francisco for New York, her cargo, consisting mostly of California products, embracing 2,000 bales of wool, 8,000 sacks of wheat, 9,000 hides, 2,000 bbls. of Swartow Sugar, 300 bbls. of pork, 350 bbls. of hams, and other articles valued at $100,000. The ship Notre Dame takes to Australia 1,300 sacks of wheat and 2,500 bbls. flour—her whole cargo valued at $45,000. Several other ships are loading and under charter for New York, Liverpool and Australia, most of which will load with wheat. A ship will sail in a few weeks with a cargo of silver ore from the Ophir mines.

Carson Valley advices state that an agent of the Pony Express accompanied the last messenger eastward from the Valley Station, with stock to refit the stations and put the route in order as far as Salt Lake. When he gets through it is supposed that he will return and bring in three or four expresses from the east, after which the route is expected to be thoroughly organized, so that no more interruptions may occur.

The 4th of July was more generally celebrated by the public, and more popular demonstrations throughout the State, than usual. In San Francisco the feature of most importance in the ceremonies, was running the first train of cars over the Market Street Railroad, inaugurating that kind of communication between the heart of the city and the outskirts, a distance of two miles.

Judge Terry has been acquitted of the offence of killing Senator Broderick in a duel, by a jury in Marion Co., under such circumstances as leave no doubt of a collusion between the prosecution and defence to produce such a result. The witnesses establishing the guilt of Terry were on their way from San Francisco to Marion in a small boat. They were delayed so that they did not reach the Court House until about 12 o'clock. Judge Hardy opened Court at 9 A. M. The District Attorney announced that the witnesses had not made their appearance. The case went to the jury without a word of testimony, and under the charge of Judge Hardy a verdict of acquital was rendered before 10 o'clock.

A new directory of San Francisco is just published, containing the names of 26,000 men.

The Supreme Court has decided the contract with the State Prison lessees legal,—the contractor can draw $27,000 from the State Treasury. This will more than exhaust the general fund.

Over 600 Chinese emigrants have arrived within a week.

Considerable anxiety is manifested on account of the non-arrival of the Pony Express, which should have left St. Louis on the 20th and 24th of June. The latest express dates from the east, are to the 10th and 14th June, by Overland mail. The agent of the Pony Express here, however, thinks no anxiety is called for; that the express riders between Salt Lake and Carson Valley have had to depend for supplies of stock on chance, as the animals which were driven off by Indians have just been replaced. As soon as the Pony Express which leaves to-day arrives through at St. Joseph, the horses in the route will all be placed in order for making usual time each way, and everything is expected to be in permanent good order.

A fire at Crescent City on the 27th destroyed property valued at $60,000; insured for $30,000 in London and Liverpool Insurance Companies.

The wheat and barley crop is pretty well harvested with an immense yield. The surplus for export is higher than ever before.

Considerable quantities of ore continue to arrive at San Francisco, from the Washoe mines. About 50 tons have arrived within ten days, worth from $2,000 to $3,000 per ton. It is ground to an impalpable powder, when its value is determined by chemical analyzation; it is then put up in 120 pound slips, and can be sold to the agent of the Rothschilds for shipment to England, within a fraction of its true value. Not less than half a million dollars' worth of this ore will arrive within a month.

OREGON.—Latest Oregon dates are to the 27th. The official election returns are not all published, but the result undoubtedly is as last reported.

The usual annual floods in the Columbia river and tributaries, had passed without doing much damage.

Intelligence from Lieut. Mullen's expedition had been received to the 4th of June. An Express had reached that officer from Fort Benton, with intelligence of the movements westward from that point of 300 troops over the road. The road will be completed to Fort Benton by the last of July. Other news unimportant.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Dates from British Columbia are to the 26th. Seven hundred to eight hundred more Chinese Emigrants, direct from Hong Kong, had arrived at Victoria. The yield of gold is about one million to one million and a half per annum.

From New Mexico.

INDEPENDENCE, New Mexico, dates of the 9th instant arrived at St. Louis on the 24th ult. They have had copious showers of rain in Santa Fe, for ten days, and the crops looked finely, and will yield an abundant harvest.

In the mountains, near Santa Fe, an immense amount of damage was done, and several lives were lost. Four dead bodies have been found.

The census takers in New Mexico find great difficulty in getting the Mexicans to answer questions, they thinking it is done for the purpose of taxing them. The Governor has issued his proclamation explaining the object, &c.

The news from the Arizonia gold mines is not good, owing to the fact that no water is to be had.

Provisions are very scarce, and command very high prices. Flour sells at $14 per sack, and is scarce. Other provisions in proportion.

No Indians were seen but a few Kaws. They said that a band of Kiowas had been at Crow Creek awaiting the mail, for the purpose of robbing it, but were driven off by a company of soldiers from Texas, who were en route for Pawnee Forks.

Major Sedgwick's command, sometime in June, came in sight of a large encampment of Indians, but not being prepared for battle, before they could get ready the Indians left.

No rain this side of Fort Union, and the water courses are very low. Stock suffers for want of water. Weather pleasant.

News Paragraphs.

THE TELEGRAPH EXTENDING WESTWARD.—The Missouri and Western Telegraph line was extended to Fort Smith on the extreme western boundary of Arkansas, 500 miles south-west of St. Louis, on the Butterfield Overland Mail route, on the 26th ult., and is now open for business. This line is a section of the contemplated telegraph line to California, by the Southern route, and in conjunction with the line now nearly finished, from San Francisco to Los Angelos, a distance of 500 miles, and the overland mail, will furnish a speedy and reliable communication between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. The line by the northern route is being rapidly pushed forward, and will be completed to Omaha, in Nebraska, about the middle of August; thence it will be built directly west towards the gold fields of Kansas, and will reach Fort Kearney, nearly 200 miles from the States, on the route of the Pony Express and California mail, by the first of November.

STATE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS' CONVENTION.—A Convention of Sabbath School Teachers of the State of New York, has been called by the State Central Committee,—Louis Chapin, of Rochester, Chairman; Henry Brewster, of New York, State Sec'y,—to meet in the Second Dutch Reformed Church, corner of Jay and Liberty Sts., in the city of Schenectady, Tuesday, August 7th, 1860, at 4 o'clock, P. M.

THREE hundred and twelve deaths occurred in Philadelphia last week. One hundred and forty-two of this number were under the age of one year! The number of deaths in New York last year was 21,945—12,989 being children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the British Parliament the Ministers were questioned as to the transfer of the Galway contract to the Canadian line. Mr. Gladstone said the Government did not intend to sanction the transfer on its own responsibility; that whatever course might be taken would be submitted to Parliament.

Sir Robert Peel called on the Government to assent to the annexation of Sicily to Piedmont.

Lord John Russell replied that the Government could not depart from the great principle that the people had the right to choose their own government without interference. He explained the position of the proposed European Conference relative to Savoy. England had accepted the proposition of Prussia, while Austria hesitates.

It was stated in Parliament that the British forces in China reached 17,000 men.

The British Government is said to have received intelligence of a fearful massacre of Christians at Damascus. Five hundred were killed, among whom was the Dutch Consul. The American Consul was wounded. The Government had announced to Parliament that they had ordered a squadron to the coast of Syria, with written instructions to stop the outrages against the Christians, and that France had done likewise.

Lord John Russell intimated that an agreement had been effected between England and France, relative to the New Foundland fisheries.

FRANCE.—It is stated that private orders have been given to the French press to say as little as possible about Garibaldi.

The appearance of the growing crops is favorable. Every kind of product looks well, including fruit.

Sickening details of the massacre of Christians in Syria had been received. The general opinion was that the Turkish authorities were acting in connivance with the Druses, and that the Government at Constantinople, which might have stopped the bloodshed on all occasions, left the Christians to their fate.

It was reported that Naples had notified England and France of her intention to offer the Constitution of 1842 to the Sicilians. France had assented thereto, but England hesitates.

SICILY AND NAPLES.—The Paris *Patrie* asserts that the seige of Messina has been decided upon, Garibaldi having declined to assist the Neapolitans unless they gave similar proofs of confidence as the Sicilians, by a sustained insurrection.

Patriots are constantly traveling the streets of Naples. The moderate party is full of apprehensions concerning the stabbing of an inspector of former police on the 12th inst., at Strada di Taldi. A proclamation of Garibaldi against the Bourbon dynasty, has been distributed. He says, "I am a Royalist, but prefer Victor Emanuel, who will head us against Austria."

NAPLES (VIA TURIN,) July 17.—There has been a conflict between the troops and the people, in consequence of popular manifestations in favor of some refugees who had disembarked at Naples. Several persons were killed. The Ministry has been dismissed, and a new Cabinet formed.

SYRIA.—The insurrection in Syria continues. Fuad Pacha had given them a special Minister, armed with full power; and in view of that fact England and France agreed to abstain from present interference. If Turkey, however, proves incapable, these two governments have agreed upon identical instructions to the Admiral to stop the massacres. At the destruction of the villages, the Druses killed more than 2,000 unarmed men in cold blood. There was great alarm at Beyrout, and the Franks and Christians had taken refuge on board the foreign men of war.

CHINA.—The Calcutta mail of June 14th, and that from Hong Kong of May 23d, had reached England.

A Canton telegram of May 22d, reports the export trade stagnant. The rebels were making progress against the Imperialists.

Chusam was in charge of Commissions.

The British forces had left for Peiho, and a collision was considered inevitable.

By the Bohemian, which arrived at Quebec on the 30th ult., we are in possession of still later details. We condense as follows:

BEYROUT, 11th.—The attack of the Druses on Christians, at Damascus, commenced on the eve of the 9th, when several men were killed, and many women carried off for harems.

The French, Russian and Greek Consuls took refuge in the house of Abd-el-Kader.

The attitude of the Turkish authorities was undecisive, and rather injurious than useful to the Christians.

Three thousand Turkish soldiers arrived to-day. The fears of the Christians are redoubled, and Commissioners Veby and Norwick are expected with impatience.

Details to the 1st of July say that it was then ascertained that the Druses had burned and pillaged 151 villages since the 29th of May, while from 7,500 to 8,000 Christians, inhabitants of Lebanon, many of whom were wealthy men, and all strangers to anything like poverty, are homeless, beggared—depending on charity for daily bread. The number of Christians shot in actual warfare, it is believed, is 7,000 or 8,000. The massacres at Damascus were not known at this date.

The most sickening details are given of the barbarity inflicted on all ages and sexes.

A French vessel had been sent to Lataka, and was obliged to keep a position within firing distance of the town, in order to restrain the fanatical portion of the inhabitants from committing further outrages.

The Austrian frigate Rudisty had been ordered to proceed to Syria, in order to co-operate with vessels of other powers there.

Great agitation prevailed at Aleppo and at Killis city.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The weather had been favorable for the crops. *Breadstuffs*—Flour very dull and prices easier, though quotably unchanged. American 26s@29s. Wheat steady. Red 10s9d@11s; white 11s 6d@12s6d. Corn firm. Mixed 31s6d; yellow and white 34s@34s6d. *Provisions*—Pork heavy and opened at a reduction; quotations nominal. Lard firm at full prices; sales at 58s@60s; 62s for choice.

The News Condenser.

— Marriages by Notaries Public have been declared illegal.

— Diptheria is prevailing in Mechanicsburg, Giles Co., Virginia.

— Boston is about to lay out a new park like the Central Park, N. Y.

— The Great Eastern was visited by about 17,000 people on Wednesday week.

— Octoroons (⅛ negro blood,) the Virginia Courts decide are not negroes.

— On the 23d ult., Queen Victoria reviewed 20,000 volunteers in Hyde Park, London.

— The total amount of guns now in store at the Spring field, Mass., U. S., Arsenal, is 160,000.

— Halifax papers state that over 1,000 people are at work in the Nova Scotia gold mines.

— The Michigan Farmer estimates the wheat crop of that State this year at 9,000,000 bushels.

— A French armorer has sent to Garibaldi a gift of a coat of mail, dagger proof and bullet proof.

— The rivers in Maine are very low. The mills are stopping on the Androscoggin and Union rivers.

— Watertown, Jefferson county, New York, has 6,003 inhabitants, being an increase of 130 in five years.

— A decree is said to have been signed by Garibaldi confiscating all the property of the Sicilian Jesuits.

— The Mayor of Philadelphia declines signing an ordinance allowing steam passenger cars to run in that city.

— The Bank of Montreal has established a rule that each of its officers is to take fourteen days' leave in the year.

— The raspberry trade from Ulster Co. to New York is so extensive as to employ a steamer solely for its carrying trade.

— Two boys, Peter Johnson and Dennis Hutte, fell out of a swing, near Toledo, Ohio, last week, and broke their necks.

— Typhoid fever is prevailing very fatally in Northampton, N. C. Five deaths occurred there recently in one day.

— Decrees of Garibaldi provide dowries for the daughters of those who fall in battle, and maintenance for orphans.

— The New York and Erie R. R. is to be sold on the 20th of November next, for the third mortgage bondholders.

— Up to the present time, 3,007 dogs have been bought up and drowned in New York city, at an expense of $751.75.

— Edward Everett says that the use of alcoholic beverages has cost the United States, directly, in ten years, $120,000,000.

— Twelve vessels left Chicago, Wednesday week, laden with 202,732 bushels of corn. Upwards of 200,000 bushels in one day.

— In three years, 55 murders have been committed in the city of New York, the perpetrators of which have been detected.

— Col. Fremont is crushing about 200 tuns of quartz rock daily in California, which yields him, on the average, a net of $1,000.

— It is said that the cranberry crop in Minnesota this year will exceed any previous year since the settlement of the country.

— The Mayville, (Chaut. Co.) Sentinel says that a slight frost was noticeable in some places in that vicinity, on the 24th ult.

— Samuel Caruthers, formerly member of Congress from the VIIth District of Mo., died in Cape Girardeau, on Friday week.

— At Terra Ronge, in Hayti, the inhabitants, under the advice of the Government, have entered largely into cotton planting.

— There are about 4,000,000 bushels of corn in store on the Illinois river and the different stations on railroads entering Chicago.

— Prince Albert, of England, recently, at a military celebration, made a speech which is severely criticised by the English press.

— A Mrs. Page died at the Alms-house, in Pittston, Maine, on the 3d inst., at the very rare age of one hundred and six years.

— Wm. T. Totly, of Richmond, Va., shot his wife's sister on the 18th, because she refused to elope with him. He escaped arrest.

— All the foreign ministers in Mexico, except the Spanish, still refuse diplomatic intercourse with Miramon's government.

— Upwards of 50 convicts escaped from the Penitentiary at Jefferson City, Mo., on the 23d ult., by bursting open the prison gate.

— There are 58 pawn-brokers in the city of N. Y. The number of pledges last year was 3,250,000, and the amount loaned over $2,000,000.

— The manufacture of salt, at the rate of 200 bushels per day, is going on steadily at the East Saginaw (Mich.) Co.'s works in that city.

— Charles J. Burges, aid-de camp to Gen. Wool, during the Mexican war, committed suicide by drowning in the Potomac river, last week.

— The N. Y. Street Inspector has ascertained that the cattle disease has made its appearance in the stables in the upper part of the city.

— Prof. Haven, formerly of the Michigan State University, has been elected President of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill.

— Thirty-three buildings, comprising the best portion of the town of Dallas, Texas, were burned on the 7th. Loss from $300,000 to $500,000.

— The death of the Hon. John Molson, whose name was from the first connected with steam navigation upon the St. Lawrence, is announced.

— The Bible has been translated into 260 languages, and is ready for 600,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth; but only 100,000,000 have received it.

— At Sing Sing prison, New York, on Wednesday week, six convicts tried to escape, but in so doing one was killed and another knocked senseless.

— Hon. John J. Pettis, Governor of Mississippi, is a private in a military company in Jackson, and drills regularly and punctually in the ranks.

— The iron interest of Lake Superior region is very flourishing. The shipments for June are more than double those of the same time last year.

— Vineyards of eight or ten thousand vines are getting to be quite usual in California, and wine and raisins will soon be as common as those from France.

— The rebellion in China is over. The rebels are to be incorporated in the Imperial army, and will assist in the extermination of the "outside barbarians."

— In an English coal pit, recently, a miner, who perished 40 years ago, was so well preserved as to be known by a woman who was to have been his wife.

— Henry Jennings, of Masontown, Pa., knows of the successful application of turpentine to the bite of the copper-head and rattlesnake, in two instances.

Special Notices.

GET THE BEST GRAIN DRILL.

BICKFORD & HUFFMAN'S **Premium Iron Cylinder Grain Drill**, patented in 1856 and 1858, and manufactured by the Proprietors at Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y., is universally approved wherever used. Has never failed in a single instance of receiving the first premium at every State, County, and Town Fair, where it has been exhibited, and it has been on exhibition at hundreds within the last ten years. We have been engaged in the manufacture of Grain Drills for over ten years, and during that time have made such improvements as experience has proved necessary, and in the sale of thousands have not had one returned.

We deem it perfect, and the verdict of a discerning public, in hundreds of cases, is recorded in favor of our machine Of its merits, it will not become us, as manufacturers, proprietors, and venders, to say what purchasers and owners of individual machines have said; but we may be permitted to quote some of their expressions, which we trust will find a response in every subsequent purchaser of our Drill, viz:—"The most perfect machine." "The best Drill in America." "It sows every kind of grain, from grass seed to corn and beans, to my perfect satisfaction." "You need not rack your brains for further improvements." With the Guano attachment, nothing can be better adapted to *Liming* Wheat, or distributing Plaster, Ashes, Salt, Bone Dust, or any other fine fertilizer, either Broadcast, or in the Drill furrow with the grain.

This Drill will sow any desired quantity per acre, with the utmost precision, (as has been often tested,) from 4 to 16 pecks, by changing the gear wheels, which are marked to designate the number of pecks each will sow. It is also constructed to plant corn or beans in drills, by shutting off the grain from as many drills as you desire. It may also be used as a broadcast machine, by simply removing the drill tubes. We are manufacturing two different sizes of Drills, 7 and 9 Tube; and in a limited number, the Drill Tubes are placed in two rows, thereby facilitating their passage on stony or lumpy ground. The single row form, however, is preferred on all lands properly prepared.

For further information, prices, &c., address the inventors and manufacturers. BICKFORD & HUFFMAN, Macedon, Wayne Co., N. Y.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, July 31, 1860.

FLOUR.—The market exhibits a decline equal to 25 cents a barrel on choice from Winter wheat, while inferior, made from Spring varieties, is as last quoted.

GRAIN—Genesee Wheat is drooping a little. The range is from $1,10@1,35 for all grades. But very little of the new crop has been offered on sale. Canadian wheat is entirely out of the market at present, and we cannot, consequently, give any quotations, that might be depended upon for reliability. Corn is unchanged in rates, but is weak at 55 cents per bushel. All other grains are without alteration.

PROVISIONS—Pork has again advanced—the rise on mess being about 50 cents, and on clear $1,00 per barrel. Lard has gone up 50 cents per 100 pounds.

SEEDS—Nothing of importance is transpiring in this department of trade, but dealers, under the influence of Western advices, will not pay more than $2,50@3,00 for Timothy.

WOOL is without change, and the purchases are now almost totally confined to second hands.

HAY—There is a decline in hay of $1,00@2,00 per tun during the week.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	@12½c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,25@6,50	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,31@1,31	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	50@62½
Best white Can'a	$0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	8c@$1,00
Corn, old	55@55c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@70c	Plums, dried	0@00c
Oats, by weight	33@34c	Potatoes	38@50c
Barley	55@58c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@62½c
Pork, Mess	$19,00@19,50	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8@8½c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1.35
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, tun	$7,00@10,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, JULY 30—FLOUR—Market dull and heavy and declining for common and medium grades of Western, while for State there is a moderate export and home trade demand at steady prices. Sales at $5,00@5,10 for superfine State; $5,10@5,30 for extra do; $4,85@5,00 for super Western; $5,00@5,25 for common to medium extra do; $5,15@5,35 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing heavy for Western and steady for State. Canadian—only a moderate business doing at prices in favor of purchasers; sales at $4,95@5,00 for super; $5,05@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat a little more steady, with a moderate demand for export; the firmness of freights still operates as a serious check upon shippers; sales Milwaukee club at $1,21 in store; winter red Western at $1,25; good and choice white Western at $1,33@1,36; Racine spring at $1,19; new white Ohio at $1,33; white Kentucky on p. t. Rye steady; sales at 81c. Corn in fair request for home consumption, with some little export inquiry; sales at 61½c for sound mixed Western; 61c for unsound do; 62c for choice do; 64½c for Southern yellow; 65c for Northern do. Oats quiet at 37@40c for Western and Canadian; 40@40½c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and lower; sales at $18,80@19,00 for new mess; $18,25 for old do; $14,00 for new prime, and $12,50 for old do. Lard quiet and steady; sales at 12¼@13½c. Butter quiet at 10@16c for Ohio; 10@19c for State. Cheese steady at 8@10½c.

ASHES—The market price for Pots is $5,00, but some of the receivers hold their bills for higher rates. Pearls are in demand for export at $5,75.

ALBANY, JULY 30.—FLOUR—Dull and prices tending downward; holders show greater disposition to dispose of the stock of old on hand at a decline of 10@15c ℔ bbl. on middling and lower grades.

GRAIN—Quiet dull. Sales handsome new Michigan wheat at $1,45—this is fancy price, and 6@8c above the views of buyers. Corn dull at 60c for car lots; great quantity going in store. Oats 38c for Canada West.

BUFFALO, JULY 30.—FLOUR—Quiet and steady. Sales at $4,75@5,00 for extra Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa; $5,00@5,25 for extra Indiana and Ohio; $5,50@6,00 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair demand and lower; sales new red Ohio and Indiana at $1,06@1,08. Corn steady; sales at 48c. for heated, 50c. for sound. Oats ½c lower; sales at 33c.

PROVISIONS—Market firmer. Sales heavy mess pork at $19.00; light mess held at $18,00, and prime at $14,50. Beef quiet at $7,50. Bacon also quiet at 7½@8c for shoulders; 9½c for plain hams; 10½c for sugar cured, and 11c for sacked do. Lard in moderate demand at 12@12½c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 7@8c, as to quality, with moderate receipts.

TORONTO, July 27.—FLOUR—For the low grades of flour there is an improved demand for shipment to Montreal, at which city stocks of this quality are becoming light. The orders are confined to small lots and these only can be filled owing to the limited offerings at this point. A few transactions have taken place on superfine at $5,20 and $2,25 and some holders are asking $5,30. For fancy there is only a moderate inquiry, but there is a very small amount offering and it remains steady at $5,60@5,60. Extras are dull and nominally unchanged. We quote ordinary extra at $6,00@6,25, and double extra at $6,60@7,00 ℔ barrel.

GRAIN—For fall wheat the inquiry has been brisk during the week, and transactions have been restricted only by the small amount offered. The receipts have not amounted to over 250 bushels per day, and the quality has not been of so high a character as heretofore. Prices have ruled pretty steadily at $1,30@1,35 for good to prime lots, and $1,20@1,28 for inferior and ordinary. One or two loads early in the week brought $1,37½, but recently $1,35 has been the outside figure realized. Spring wheat is in active demand at full prices, $1,12½@1,15 being freely paid, and $1,16@1,17 has been realized for very prime lots. Barley has been offered in only small quantities, and is in pretty good local demand. Good lots can be placed at 50@55c ℔ bushel. Oats are not plentiful, but remain steady at 31@33c ℔ bushel. The demand is about equally divided for local consumption and for shipment. Peas are in better demand, but the small quantity offering and the generally poor quality affords no test of the market. We quote ordinary to good at 54@58c and prime lots at 60c ℔ bushel.—Rye is dull and nominally unchanged.—*Globe.*

PRODUCE AT TIDE-WATER.—The aggregate receipts of Flour, Wheat, Corn and Barley, left at tide-water from the commencement of navigation to the 21st of July inclusive, during the years 1859 and 1860, is as follows:

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Barley, bu.
1860	322,600	3,340,600	5,636,400	78,900
1859	177,300	511,700	1,023,700	140,800
	Inc. 145,300	Inc. 2,838,900	Inc. 4,612,700	Dec. 61,900

By reducing the wheat to flour, the quantity of the latter left at tide-water this year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, shows an increase equal to 713,080 bbls flour.

The following comparative table shows the quantity of some of the principal articles of produce left at tide-water from the commencement of navigation to and including the 22d of July in the years indicated:

	1860.	1859.	1858.
Canal opened	April 24.	April 15.	April 25.
Flour, bbls	322,600	177,300	644,200
Wheat, bu	3,340,600	511,700	3,958,500
Corn	5,636,400	1,023,500	1,326,900
Barley	78,900	140,800	370,200
Rye	105,100	93,900	171,200
Oats	3,051,100	1,956,300	1,600,000
Pork, bbls	5,700	29,300	15,100
Beef, bbls	2,900	14,000	6,800
Cheese, lbs	33,500	161,300	128,100
Butter, lbs	121,500	211,700	79,300
Lard, lbs	341,900	2,204,700	1,864,700
Bacon, lbs	443,200	1,396,100	2,522,900
Wool	462,700	374,400	320,000

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 25.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,75@9,25; ordinary, $8,00@8,50; common, $7@7,75; inferior, $6,00@6,75.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5@6c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $4,50@6,00; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6@6½c.

ALBANY, JULY 30.—CATTLE—The weather at the opening was very unfavorable, a heavy rain and strong wind prevailing for several hours. It was hard upon the cattle, and they showed to the worst advantage. However, notwithstanding this and the additional rather discouraging fact that there were over 4,000 head on sale, a better feeling pervaded the market than last week.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,715	4,256	2,800
Sheep	5,216	4,520	6,452
Hogs	110	--	90

Prices—We have but few alterations to make:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½c	5 @
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@4¾
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3 @3½	3 @3½
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@2¾
Inferior	@0	@0

Sheep—The trade is quite languid. The market is over supplied and there is but little inquiry. We quote nominally at $3@4—the outside figure for the very best.

Hogs—We hear of but one sale—a drove of 45 prime corn fed at 6½c. ℔ lb.—*Argus.*

BRIGHTON, July 26.—At market 1,200 beeves, 200 stores 5,000 sheep and lambs, and 650 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality $0,00@7.25; second quality, $6@6,75; third quality, $4,50@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, 80@85.

MILCH COWS—$19@41; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@5.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $9@11; three years old, $11@17.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@13c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,75; Extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8c. Spring pigs, 7½@8c; retail 8@9c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, July 26.—The market is quite firm for all descriptions, and a fair inquiry prevails. Sales of 175,000 lbs Native fleece at prices ranging from 42@58c, as to quality, the latter rate for selected Saxony; 20,000 lbs Texas at 24@28c for unwashed and 33c for washed; 25,000 lbs California at 10@20c, for inferior to fine quality; 15,000 lbs Pulled at prices within the range of 30@43c. for No. 1 City and Extra Country; 14,000 Fine Spanish at 17c., 6 mos., 200 bales Mestiza; 70 do. Common Buenos Ayres, and 150 do. Donskoi, to arrive, on private terms, but understood to be at full prices [*N. Y. Tribune.*

BOSTON, July 26.—Fleece and pulled Wool have been in moderate demand during the week, the sales not exceeding 100,000 lbs., but at full prices. In foreign the transactions comprise 200 bales Mediterranean, Cape and South American on private terms. In the wool-growing districts the new clip continues to be sold at comparatively higher prices than can be realized here.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	26@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

CHICAGO, July 26.—The market is unusually quiet under light receipts and less competition among buyers. There is some inquiry for round lots by Eastern manufacturers; but dealers are asking more than their figures. The closing quotations are as follows:

FLEECE—	Full blood Merino	00@45
	Three-quarter blood	41@43½c
	Half blood	36@38c
	Quarter blood	33@35c
	Common, native	28@32c

[*Democrat.*

Deaths.

IN Chicago, Ill., July 4th, 1860, of malignant croup, FRANK JAMES, son of CHAS. A. and ELECTA E. HAWLEY, (formerly of Skaneateles, N. Y.,) aged 4 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

MIDDLEBURY ACADEMY.—Its 44th year will commence on TUESDAY, August 21st. A Teachers' Class will be organized for the Fall Term. TUITION FREE. Wyoming, July 30, 1860. M. WEED.

CORTLAND ACADEMY, HOMER, N. Y.—The Fall Term will commence on MONDAY, August 6th. Terms as formerly. For Catalogues address the Principal. Homer, N. Y., July 27, 1860. S. W. CLARK.

$29.00 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS PAYS FOR Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. Fall Term opens August 16th, 1860. Address 551-4t J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

$150 PER MONTH, AND NO HUMBUG.—Agents wanted in every Town. It is no Patent Medicine or Book Agency, but something new and of real value. Particulars sent free. Address J. S. PARDEE, Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y.

PHIPPS U. FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next Term and School Year of this Institution commences on the first THURSDAY of September next. For Terms or Catalogues apply to the Principals, MR. or MRS. H. L. ACHILLES. Albion, N. Y., July 30, 1860. 551-6t

THE AMERICAN CORN HUSKER—JOHNSTON'S PATENT.—This is a simple hand Corn Shucker, and will facilitate the work very much, as the corn is handled only once. Price one dollar. Liberal discount to dealers. Five Huskers will be sent free of expense to any one enclosing five dollars. R. L. HOWARD, Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y. 551-4t

CUNNINGHAM'S CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY
Rochester, N. Y.—Established 1838.

THE Subscriber invites attention from both City and Country purchasers to his extensive assortment of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, &c., &c.

After an experience of twenty-two years I have all conveniences for manufacturing Carriages as cheap as they can be made in the United States.

All orders promptly attended to, and Carriages boxed and shipped to any part of the country. All my work is warranted.

MANUFACTORY No 3 Canal St.,—REPOSITORY No 71 State St., Rochester, N. Y. JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE FAIR.

THE Second International Horse Fair will be held IN THE CITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y., On the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st days of August, 1860. SATURDAY, the 1st day of September, will be devoted to the SALE AND PURCHASE OF HORSES.

PREMIUM LIST.............................$2,500!

Open to all the States and Canadian Provinces.

☞ Persons desiring a Classified List of Premiums, will, on application by mail to the Secretary, receive the same. WARREN GRANGER, Secretary. Buffalo, July 16, 1860. 551-2t

"DOWN WITH YOUR DUST!"
HERRICK'S IMPROVED PATENT CARPET SWEEPER.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS, Dust is a nuisance and a destroyer! It begrimes your carpets, covers your furniture, tarnishes your pictures, soils your books, defaces your curtains, fills your nostrils, and chokes up your lungs. Its place is out of doors, but how to get it there is the question? Bridget, with brush and broom, hurls it into the air, and then, with duster of cloth or feather, whirls it about again; like a disturbed swarm of flies the cloud settles down again, and two steps backwards to three forward is a type of the result.—"Is there no help?" Yes! Use HERRICK'S IMPROVED CARPET SWEEPER; it takes to dust as a kitten does to cream; it will lap your carpet clean and not raise a mote large enough to glisten in a sunbeam. It is quite simple in its construction, and the emeraldist girl from the "green isle" can use it without difficulty. CHAS. A. B. SHEPARD, 89 Broad St., Boston. For sale by BROWN & WILLIAMS, Rochester, N. Y.

EIGHTH NATIONAL EXHIBITION, *At CINCINNATI, OHIO, Sept. 12th to 20th.*

The United States Agricultural Society

WILL hold its Eighth Annual Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition on the grounds liberally provided by the citizens of Cincinnati, which are to be fitted up in the best style. There will be Halls and Tents for the display of **Implements, Machinery, Tools, Domestic Manufactures, Farm and Garden Produce, Fruits, Flowers, and Native Wines;** With Stalls and Pens for HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP and SWINE; and an unequalled Track, one mile in length and forty feet in width, for the exhibition of Horses. The Premiums offered—in cash,—gold, silver, and bronze medals,—diplomas and certificates, amount to

$20,000.

The Exhibition will remain open from Wednesday, the 12th, to Thursday, the 20th, of September, thus giving time to examine and test the implements and machinery. For premium lists or information, apply at the Office of the Society, No. 356 Pa. avenue, (up stairs;) or to the subscriber, at Cincinnati, Ohio. BEN. PERLEY POORE, Sec'y U. S. Agricultural Society. 551-6t

TRACY FEMALE INSTITUTE, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Year, 42 weeks. 1st day, August 29, 1860. Board and Tuition in English and Gymnastics, $140, or $40 per quarter. Rooms furnished and warmed. LUCILIA TRACY, principal.

$100 PER MONTH—Made by any active person with the cheapest and best Stencil Tools in the market. Before purchasing elsewhere, don't fail to send for my latest circular and samples, which are all *free.* Address D. L. MILLIKEN, Brandon, Vt.

NOW IS THE TIME TO MAKE MONEY by selling a *new* Political Chart and Map of the United States, containing Portraits from life, of the candidates of each party. Also, a vast amount of valuable statistical matter. Size, 32x40 and is *BEAUTIFULLY COLORED.* Sample copy sent, post-paid, with my extra terms to Agents, on the receipt of 25 cts. Address, without delay, J. WHITLEY, JR., Publisher, Davis' Block, Geneva, N. Y. 550-2t

$25.00 PER WEEK AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.—We wish to employ at the above salary, a few enterprising Young Men to introduce and solicit orders for a new article, *patented* July 3, 1860. Those who prove trustworthy can have permanent employment. Apply immediately as only a limited number will be engaged. Address, enclosing stamp for return postage, BALDWIN & CO., American House, Boston, Mass. 550-3t

FARM IMPLEMENTS, &c., AT THE RECENTLY ESTABLISHED Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse.

EMERY'S Horse-Powers, Threshers and Cleaners, Circular and Cross-cut Saws, Cider Mills, and other manufactures, sold at manufacturers' prices and terms. A MANSFIELD'S Clover Huller, complete in good order, (second hand,) for sale cheap. HICKOK'S Portable Cider and Wine Mill, CUMMING'S Feed Cutter, Hay Cutters, Corn Shellers, and other Farming Tools and Seeds of the best quality, at the Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse, 338 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. 550-4twc July 20, 1860. H. C. WHITE, Agent.

NURSERY FOR SALE. Situated in Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

IT contains about eighty acres, two years planted. The land is rich and easy to work, and for Nursery purposes is unsurpassed in this country.

The stock now growing is remarkably fine and healthy, consisting of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach, Grapes, &c. A large proportion of the stock consists of Dwarf and Standard Pear Trees.

There is also growing on the grounds a large quantity of Pear, Plum and Apple Seedlings, of one and two years growth. The nursery can be enlarged to any desirable extent, the ground having been secured for so doing. Any one wishing to engage in the business will find this a first rate opportunity, for it will be sold at a bargain.

If not sold, a partner, an active man with some means, would be taken in,—a practical Nurseryman would be preferred. Ill health is the reason for wishing to sell.

For further particulars address Post-Office Box No. 11, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y. 550-3t

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EQUALLY adapted to all the States,—its matter entirely reliable, and easily understood, and decidedly the best book of the kind ever published.

Every Merchant wants it.
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Every Express Company wants it.
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Every Minor wants it.
Every Hotel-keeper wants it.
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Every Citizen wants it.
Every Alien wants it.
Everybody everywhere wants

CROSBY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS.

It contains plain and simple instructions to Everybody for transacting their business according to law, with legal forms for drawing the various necessary papers connected therewith, together with the laws of all the States, for Collection of Debts, Property Exempt from Execution, Mechanics' Liens, Execution of Deeds and Mortgages, Rights of Married Women, Dower, Usury, Wills, &c.

It will be sent by mail to any address, postage paid, on receipt of price, $1.00, or in law style, $1.25. For single copies, or for the book by hundreds, or by thousands, apply to, or address JOHN E. POTTER, Publisher, 549-wctf No. 617 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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Having purchased the spacious Iron Building, No. 439 Chestnut Street, and fitted it up with every convenience to facilitate my business, particularly that branch devoted to COUNTRY ORDERS; and having a larger capital than any other party invested in the business, I am now prepared to offer greater advantages, and better gifts than ever, to my customers.

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GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

FAIRFIELD SEMINARY.—This large and flourishing Institution is located at Fairfield, Herkimer Co., N. Y. The Faculty consists of twelve thorough and experienced Teachers, four of whom are College graduates. The libraries number over 3,000 volumes. The Cabinet, Philosophical and Chemical Apparatus are extensive and complete. There are two regular graduating courses of study, one of three years and one of five, and also a Commercial Course. Upon the completion of either, parchment Diplomas are conferred, and if possible positions secured. Schools desirous of well qualified and excellent female Teachers, whose ability and success will be guaranteed, can secure them by addressing the Principal. Fall Term begins August 22. Tuition from $4 to $6 per term of 14 weeks. Board, washing, and room rent (furnished room,) per term, $27,50. For Catalogues or to engage rooms, address 549 REV. J. B. VAN PATTEN, A. M., Principal.

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It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK, 548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest. 535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale a farm of 75 acres, situated one mile north of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the Ontario and Wayne Plank Road, with good farming land, two good orchards of the very best fruit, good buildings of all kinds, well fenced, three wells, and in every respect a very desirable location. PLATT CROSBY. Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t

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TENTS to rent of the following sizes, suitable for the purpose designated:

For Agricultural Fairs, Conferences, Political or other Large Gatherings.

80 ft. by 110 ft.	80 ft. diameter.
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Flags furnished with Tents, when required.

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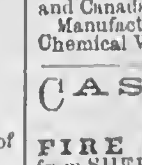

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TO HOUSEKEEPERS! Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New! D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S CHEMICAL SALERATUS!

"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,

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Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

CAST STEEL BELLS, FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES, FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C. from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS, which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.

Broken Bells Taken in Exchange, or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.

Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by JAMES G. DUDLEY, 518-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES, THE BEST IN USE!

First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.

HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.

Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.

No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.

Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction,* or taken back.

Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY, General Western Agent, 93 Main street, 518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, 505 Broadway, New York.

These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams,* and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work. Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra. S. W. DIBBLE, Agent, 515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [454-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

A FAIR-HAIRED girl
Sat by the hearthstone in the twilight gray,
Watching the bright flame upward mount and curl;
And wept that it so soon must pass away.

Ah, me, she cried,
That beauty everywhere is but a flash,
Which, while we yet behold it, lol has died,
And, like these flames, left but a heap of ash.

Poor, thoughtless child!
She little dreamed one of the clouds that lay
Next morn above the tree-tops, ranked and filed,
In purple robes, guarding the gates of day,

While she had slept,
Had, from her humble hearthstone, floated there,
Heedless that she, at its departure, wept,
And now hung radiant in the morning air.

Oberlin Students' Monthly

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

EVA STANLEY;

OR, A LESSON OF LIFE.

GENTLE, light-hearted EVA STANLEY! Gentle unto all around her, joyous in her youth's glad hope! You should see her as I do,—hear the silvery laugh,—see the love-lit eye, and list the tones as in days agone. An only child was EVA, and almost orphaned, for away back in the old church-yard there stood a headstone, upon which, in delicate penellings, was traced "My Mother." Very early the sorrows came, but the temperament was too gay, and the years too few, to leave a blight there.

I have her in memory's picture gallery, as she appeared one bright May afternoon. The youth of the village school had erected a May-pole upon the brow of a little hillock, and many were gathered in honor of the day. In the center of the group, and crowned a queen, was EVA, gently conducting her vassals, and receiving their homage, with true queenly dignity. EVA was not handsome, yet hers was an irresistible power, and they never thought to envy her the preference she always gained, for they never knew of a school affair terminating unpleasantly when EVA STANLEY led the van. Then she was unselfish and impartial,—hers was not the selfish, careless joy, which lives for itself alone. Quite unheedingly the hours wore into evening that May-day, and flying feet had become wearied chasing over the grassy slope, and the shadows were creeping very cautiously along, when they separated, and the kind "Good night" and smile of EVA faded not in long years from the memory of one unto whom in after time she became "the light of life." True, life was all brightness unto her then, but I have thought of a child-gaze into the future; for very softly the moonbeams came over the lattice that night, and drooped about her bowed form, while vestal lips inured to prayer pleaded "Father, forget not Thou this erring child." Careless and happy child though she usually was, there was a depth of mind and feeling far beyond her years, and she felt that it was not enough to live and love in this perfect world, yet lift no pleading, praising voice.

Months of sunny days succeeded the May crowning, but when the cool autumn nights were lengthening out, and dark, chill hours succeeding the day, a new and severe sorrow came to EVA. Mr. STANLEY was suddenly taken ill, and believing that it was his final illness, sent a hasty appeal unto a far-off sister, then soon slept his last long sleep. EVA grieved as only an orphan can, but she had many earnest sympathizers among the band which she had long directed. They devised many ways to keep her with them, but of no avail. The relative's demand overpowered the young enthusiasts. ARTHUR NEWELL, the pastor's pride, wielded his eloquence long after his parent had striven to convince him it was not his to counteract or interfere in another's claim, but ARTHUR boldly declared it despicable that the heads of the community, calling themselves *men*, should allow EVA STANLEY to depart from her childhood's home.

The early spring notes were just awakening, and hearts chilled by a long, cold winter, were receiving something of their olden warmth and fervor when the parting came to them, and young hearts were stricken and heads bowed very low over the great grief. But let us follow EVA through the years and changes since that spring-time.

"Oh, how lovely," exclaimed EVA; "I know I shall love such a home as that," and her earnest eyes danced exultingly through her tears. "I can smell the beautiful white Syringas already! I really believe it is almost a Paradise!" The impulsive, appreciative child, had leaned far out the carriage window. It was rather a rude pull she received, and a strikingly unpleasant voice which said, "The place is pretty, the owner thinks, but not heavenly enough to make yourself a fool about." EVA had never been addressed thus, and there was an angry retort springing to her lips, but she crushed the words, sank back, and gave up to painful thoughts. Mrs. CARLTON disliked the animated glow upon EVA's countenance,—it reminded her of the time when EVA's mother and herself were rival belles. "So like her mother," came through the compressed lips, and it escaped not EVA's quick ear.

There was almost princely elegance inside that home, and there were fair, childish faces, that met EVA around the fireside that night, yet the thought "I shall not be permitted to love all this," caused many a sigh and wish for the more humble home she had left afar. Mrs. CARLTON was wealthy, as we term those who have the means to gratify every wish, still she was not happy. Avarice and ambition had made her selfish and unfeeling. Her trials had not taught her humility; she wedded for wealth, and had never experienced the love which might have warmed her heart and quickened her sensibilities. She welcomed EVA to her home, that her children might have a companion and herself be more free from care, so it never entered her mind that the child would ask for love or need sympathy.

"Perhaps I can learn aunt to love me; I will try," EVA soliloquized; and when she went round the child-circle giving her good-night kiss, she timidly approached Mrs. CARLTON, but the hand waved her back, and the lips uttered "What nonsense! Your size and age would impart rather more dignity than that. I want no such childish manifestations here!" Feeling gained the mastery then, and EVA retired sobbing, "'So like *my mother*,' she has twice repeated. Would I were *more like* her, that I might bear with patience my aunt's cold-heartedness." Grieved and disheartened, the prayer arose that night, "Give me an humble home, and give me love." In this new abode, EVA had much to learn of trials which were new unto her, but they were messengers of good, perhaps, for the future often proves it is well for us. To show that she realized this, we will extract from her journal:

"I have just dismissed my little flock of young ideas, and silence unbroken reigns in the school-room. It is a sacred trust which I have, this rearing young minds, and I feel my inability to teach them as I should; but they shall not want for affection, for I have been taught a lesson I can never forget, how children yearn for sympathy and kind words. It is now some months since I went out from my Aunt CARLTON'S abode as a homeless wanderer. I strove to bear meekly her coldness, her unkind words, and taunts of my dependence, until my heart was nerved to energy. So I firmly stood before my aunt, and announced my determination to depend upon my own resources. 'A school-teacher,' she repeated after me, 'you who are always prating nonsense of books, birds and flowers! I suppose you will instill your own ideas, and make your scholars as near like yourself as possible. *My* children shall never have *such* a teacher!' My fair little cousins are not among my flock, but the community entirely disregard Mrs. CARLTON, powerful as I had supposed her to be. Made an engagement this morning to teach here the ensuing fall and winter term. I have no wish to go elsewhere. I have found a circle of steadfast friends and warm hearts. I think oft of my home in childhood, but those old associates have formed new ties, and excluded me from thought, perhaps, and it would only sadden me to gaze upon the olden haunts. The little ones I am teaching give me the evidence of their love daily, and I am comparatively happy.

"*May 1st.*—How rapidly Time flies! how utterly regardless! This morning the children came pouring in with their May flowers, and one little curly-headed elfin placed a wreath of blossoms upon my brow, saying, 'Now you are queen, Miss STANLEY!' I had striven to pass the day calmly, but the memories came rushing in, and the tears I could not force back. Let me see,—it is just eight years to-day, since I danced a queen upon the hillside, and seven since I was taken from everything I loved. This May-day is no less fair than the glad one bygone, yet the sunlight seems more subdued and softened, the birds sing in a sadder strain, and the melody in my heart accords not as well with the day. But I feel that the change is not for ill, for I have learned meekness, which I never could roaming through the fairy land of my early youth. To night, after the close of school, I was arranging my desk, preparatory to leaving the school-room, when I heard lingering footfalls. Glancing toward the door, a very wistful, compassionate face looked in. I saw sympathy there, and bade little ANNA come to me. 'I thought you felt bad,' said the sweet-voiced child, 'and I did not want to leave you alone.' I stroked back the curls from the white brow, kissed the lips that were quivering, and tried to comfort the heart that was grieving for me. 'You are my little comforter, ANNA,' said I, 'and I will not be sad any more.' Long we sat there and talked of our pleasures and school duties, like two children. ANNA brightened up very suddenly once as she said, 'Oh, Miss EVA, you haven't seen our new minister, have you?' Well, he has been here only one Sabbath, yet we children are almost well acquainted with him, for he talks to us so kind, and once he has asked me so many questions about our teacher. I know you will like him as well as I do.' 'Indeed,' said I, as ANNA was growing so enthusiastic over 'her new minister,' 'what is your model minister's name?' 'Mr. NEWELL, and they say he never preached before.' 'Mr. NEWELL,'—how the name thrilled and agitated me. Can it be this is the one who was once my friend? If so, I have no consciousness that he has not forgotten the child who always looked to him for protection. Withered and faded are the violets he gave me when we parted, but fresh in mind the words accompanying them:—'We lose our leader now, EVA, but by-and-by you shall come back to us.' I would now that I had striven to forget the past,—had not recalled those words when care-worn and weary of life, for it will be little joy to feel that all this has passed from memory. To-morrow is Sabbath, and my seat in church is seldom vacant. I shall soon know if our pastor is the ARTHUR NEWELL of my childish dreams.

"*Sabbath night.*—Early I ensconced myself in the corner of a retired pew, thinking to escape unnoticed. The people came pouring in, until not a vacant seat remained, for the young and gifted pastor called many out who had very seldom entered our church doors. Eagerly the crowd awaited his coming, and anxious eyes watched him ascend the sacred desk. Yes, it is none other than ARTHUR NEWELL, and little changed he is, save in the fuller development of form and feature. There are some lines of care and deep study upon his brow, and the old earnestness in his eyes had, I fancied, deepened into an almost sad expression. Many times his eyes had wandered around the congregation, and I, in my obscure seat, remained unnoticed, yet they were destined to fall upon *me*? There came an actual pause in his sermon, an abrupt one, too, a slight flush was for a moment visible, and his voice was not as firm when he resumed his discourse; but his eyes rested upon me only one moment, and the pause was so brief, that his audience could not have been caused much wonder. I heard many praises of his eloquence and talent as I passed out, yet I lingered not, but hurried to my boarding place, sought my room, and wept. It was child-like, mayhap, yet very natural when we meet one unto whom we have once clung with all the ardor of youthful affection. I feel that I must avoid him, and I can hardly hope it a recognition which affected him to-day.

"* * * Is it not a blessed consciousness which I have; a sufficient measure of joy! Only yesterday I declared that we should not meet,—that I would remain unto him unknown. As I came in after close of school this eve, I was informed that Mr. NEWELL was expected to tea! I cannot write the thoughts which rushed o'er my brain, but I caught my book and fled from the house as from some dreaded evil. I wended my way unto a favorite place of resort, a forest on a gentle eminence, which overlooked much that was beautiful. I was nicely seated, and just congratulating myself that ARTHUR NEWELL could not read my thoughts there, or pain me by evidences of a treacherous memory, when I heard footsteps approaching. I sprang up thoroughly aroused, for I had been so sure of my seclusion. There he stood, with his hand extended toward me. 'EVA, I have sought you,—have long prayed to meet you,' he said, while a tear of glad recognition fell. I spoke no word, but how the sobs came; weak mortal that I am, control was impossible. 'I see you have suffered much, and could you think of the one who long ago pledged his life for you?' The words came very soft and low, and my earnest 'Very oft,' in answer, seemed full enough. Much surprise was manifested upon our entrance together, and tea had waited long, our hostess said, for we came not until I had placed my hand in ARTHUR'S, and said, 'Where thou goest, I will go,' and we had kneeled together upon the sod, while ARTHUR invoked a blessing upon our vows. How strange and unfathomable it is to me, that *he* was led through the forest path. Henceforth my life is unto him devoted, and my love given unto one who has ever appreciated it."

* * * The gold and dreamy sunshine had gilded the heavens one autumn morning, — a hymn had died along the arches of ARTHUR NEWELL'S church, and one appeal ascended, when EVA, fair as the white robe she wore, stood up by his side and pledged herself a bride. The trust she had was very perfect,—the heart she gave very innocent in its great confidence,—and the aged pastor who joined their hands, as much at rest concerning his son's future happiness.

Hunt's Hollow, N. Y., 1860. BEL RURAL.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ASTONISHING THE NATIVES.

BY ANNA BURR.

"NEVER mind what you wear, KATE, we are only going into the country." But the speaker tied the ribbons of her "shaker" with coquettish grace, at the same time bestowing a lingering glance upon the reflection of her figure in the mirror.

"Pshaw!" returned her sister, a tall, dashing girl—"I'm going 'to astonish the natives!' How they will stare to behold a *bona fide* cashmere, that cost two hundred,—why don't you wear yours too?"

"Well, I will!—wait one moment,—TOM hasn't come with the carriage yet."

Ten minutes later, the two ladies tripped down the graveled walk, leading from a handsome residence in one of our inland cities. Their gallant brother TOM ANDERSON betrayed much astonishment at his sisters' "full costume;" but they soon silenced his remarks upon improprieties, and he, too, entered with zest into the plan of "astonishing the natives."

"Where are my primrose kids! O, here they are!" and he drew forth the perfumed gloves which he was wont to don at the Opera.

"O, TOM, you cannot drive with those!" exclaimed his sisters.

"Yes I can,—shall try it anyhow. I am bound to create a sensation, or have an adventure this afternoon. Wish that the Governor would keep a coachman,—think it is confounded mean anyhow."

"Don't talk so, brother! Papa can afford it, everybody knows — it is only one of his eccentricities."

It was a warm July day, and the party entertained each other with remarks upon the miseries of country life, while they rode through several miles of sandy road, which was not relieved by any grateful shade. At length, broad wheat fields lined either side, and now they were golden, and ready for the reaper,—In many places the farmers had already begun to secure their grain. There was beauty everywhere,—in the blue sky above, and upon the fruitful earth beneath; but the coarse-grained nature which occupied that elegant carriage failed to perceive it.

"Doesn't IDA HART live somewhere about here? I do want to see her, very much. It seems strange a girl of her talents can be content to immure herself in the country," remarked ELVIRA ANDERSON.

"I was at Mr. HART'S one evening last winter, and am confident that he lives in this region; but it must be nearly four miles to his residence. IDA is a fine girl,—we must call upon her"—and TOM smoothed his silken mustache.

"What an ugly house that is,—look TOM, look ELVIRA!—built of *logs*, too. Goodness! how can any one exist in such a place. They must be heathen. There is a woman at the window, — she seems to be neatly dressed. I presume that she is one of that class who try to 'put on airs,' and ape city fashions. I propose that we call and ask for some bread and milk,—we can pretend that we have traveled some distance, and are excessively fatigued and famished. Wouldn't it be a capital joke to relate to our city acquaintances?" and KATE clapped her hands enthusiastically, while her companions joined with her, and laughed immoderately at the plan.

TOM immediately reined his horses up to the unpretending dwelling, and assisted his sisters to alight. As they walked up the path he drew down his face with comic gravity, while mentally preparing an introductory speech. The lady met her callers at the door, and they were somewhat "taken aback" with her dignified appearance. ELVIRA perceived their mistake at once but it was too late to recede and TOM still wore an air of assurance. With many bows and extra flourishes, he proceeded to present the case of a wearied, famished party, who would be happy to partake of her hospitality, in the shape of bread and milk. KATE'S inward amusement, and the airs of superiority which she tried to assume, were not unobserved by the well bred woman, who immediately placed chairs for them and then hastened away to obey their request.

The party had not anticipated such a ready acquiescence, and now glancing about them, they perceived marks of intellectual tastes, for the gilt bindings of a choice selection of volumes shone through the glass doors of a carved bookcase. The apartment was humble, but neatly furnished; and now they watched the operations of their obliging hostess, with ill-concealed uneasiness. She spread a snowy cloth upon the table, and soon emerged from the pantry with a loaf of light white bread; and then three large bowls, with silver spoons, made their appearance. Last of all, a bright tin pan, brimming with milk, and overlaid with a thin crusting of yellow cream. It was poured into the bowls, and then the visitors were invited to partake.

ELVIRA blushed violently— KATE tossed her head and tried to wink very roguishly at TOM, while she flounced up to the table, and, sitting down, spread out her rich silks upon the rag carpet. Her brother's self-possession did not forsake him, however, until he, too, was seated; when a new difficulty presented itself, in the shape of his primrose kid. His hands had become swollen with the heat and the exercise of reining in his highly mettled steeds, and now it was impossible to draw them off.

"I can never get rid of these pestering things; what shall I do!" said he, in a low tone.

"Cut them," rejoined KATE nonchalantly.

"I hav'nt any knife."

"Here is one," and the color mounted to his brow as their polite hostess came out, very noiselessly, from the pantry with the desired article, and then withdrew from the room but not before they all perceived her inward amusement at the circumstance.

TOM struck the sharp blade into his delicate gloves with a savage pleasure, and sought to hide his chagrin and vexation with a gay laugh. But the bread and milk must not be neglected. The party knew that it would not answer to slight the hospitality which had been begged and so cheerfully granted. They swallowed their liberal allowance with a disagreeable sense of stuffing, for a well-filled dinner table had appeased their appetites only an hour previous; and then, with many thanks for their entertainment, took their leave.

Upon seating themselves in the carriage again, TOM curtly remarked, "There girls! I hope you are satisfied with 'astonishing the natives' now."

"And you are satisfied with 'creating a sensation,' in those gloves,—rather a disagreeable one for your hands though," retorted KATE.

TOM laughed good-naturedly, and they rode on in silence for some time, when he suddenly halted in front of a beautiful country residence, embowered in shrubbery, and half-hid from view by a shady grove of majestic trees.

"Mr. HART lives here. I did not know that we were so near his estate,—shall we call?"

"O, yes, certainly!" ejaculated the ladies.

Miss IDA met her old acquaintances with undisguised pleasure. The party enjoyed their call extremely, and ere they departed, KATE and ELVIRA eagerly accepted an urgent invitation to come out the following week and spend a few days in this charming retreat. The appointed time saw the Misses ANDERSON at Oak Grove, as Mr. HART'S place was called.

IDA endeavored to entertain her guests as agreeably as possible, and one day informed them that several of her neighbors, who were her intimate friends, would spend that afternoon at Oak Grove. While KATE and ELVIRA were dressing, they indulged in some sarcastic witticisms at the expense of IDA'S "*country* friends;" but their mortification and chagrin was excessive when they entered the parlor and found the lady who had acted the part of hostess to them, seated on the sofa, as one of the visitors. She was attired in a plain, but rich silk, and her manners were at once graceful and refined. She did not appear to recognize the sisters, and they began to feel more at ease.

The afternoon passed away very agreeably to all; but when Mrs. MILLS was taking leave, she turned to KATE and ELVIRA, smiling pleasantly, and saying,—"I would be very happy to have you call upon me again, and partake of my bread and milk."

The mortified city girls could say nothing, although they endeavored to stammer forth apologies; but hastily retreated from the room as soon as an opportunity offered. Of course, IDA HART became cognizant of the affair, and as her notions of good breeding did not accord with such preconcieved plans of "Astonishing the Natives," she did not hesitate to cut the acquaintance of her city friends. It is to be hoped that the disagreeable termination of their "adventure" taught them a lesson.

MEN pay tribute to monarchs; but women make monarchs pay tribute to them.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—ACROSTICAL.

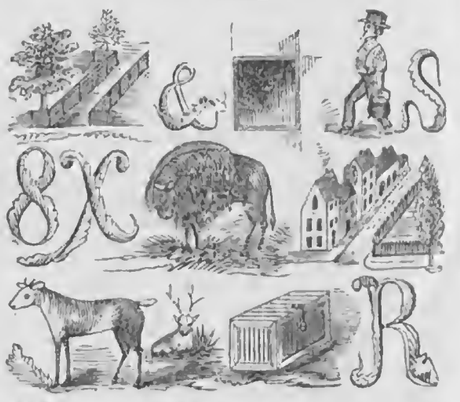
I AM composed of 26 letters.
My 1, 3, 4, 16, 3, 11, 17, 26, 3 is a river in the United States.
My 2, 12, 24, 11, 19, 20 is a river in New York.
My 3, 22, 5, 26 is a county in New York.
My 4, 3, 25, 22, 19 is a river in South America.
My 5, 10, 24, 18, 6 is a country in Asia.
My 6, 12, 25, 12, 11, 1, 8 is a town in Georgia.
My 7, 22, 3, 15, 20, 26 is a county in New York.
My 8, 12, 21, 12, 22, 4 is a city in New York.
My 9, 3, 24 is a river in the United States.
My 10, 16, 24, 3, 17 is a range of mountains of South America.
My 11, 14, 6, 18, 4 is a country in Europe.
My 12, 22, 12, 2, 12 is a town in South America.
My 13, 8, 4, 1, 3, 15 is a river in South Carolina.
My 14, 19 is a river in Europe.
My 15, 6, 13, 1, 19, 20 is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 16, 3, 19, 11, 2, 19 is a town in Missouri.
My 17, 6, 9, 24, 18, 16, 18, 6 is an island in the Mediterranean.
My 18, 4, 24, 5, 8, 16 is a Territory in the United States.
My 19, 2, 5, 19 is a river in the United States.
My 20, 5, 25, 15, 9 is a river in Africa.
My 21, 19, 25 is a river in Russia.
My 22, 2, 26, 1, 1 is a lake in California.
My 23, 9, 19, 4 is a mountain in Missouri.
My 24, 19, 4 is a river in Russia.
My 25, 3, 16, 15, 11, 26, 15 is a county in New York.
My 26, 11, 4, 15, 2 is a city in Africa.
My whole is one of the wonders of the world.

Skaneateles, N. Y., 1860. B. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

[As a general thing we are opposed to free advertising, (and *illustrating* the subject at our own expense,) but the annexed is so good that, though given in an early volume of the RURAL, it will bear repetition:]

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

TWO partners, John and Jacob, bought goods to the amount of $2,000, in the purchase of which John paid more than Jacob, and Jacob paid, I know not how much. They sold their goods for ready money, and gained 200 per cent. on the purchase price. They divided the gain between them in proportion to the purchase money that each paid in buying the goods. John said to Jacob, "My part of the gain is really a handsome sum of money. I wish I had as many such sums as your part contains dollars; I then should have three million dollars." Query — What sum did each man pay in buying the goods? I. I. W.

Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

SOMETHING—nothing—as you use me;
Small or bulky, as you choose me;
Short-liv'd child of grief and pain,
Live for a moment, die again,
Eternity I bring to view,
The sun and all the planets, too;
The moon and I may disagree,
Yet all the world resembles me.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 549.

Answer to Ethnographical Enigma:—Nothing establishes confidence sooner than punctuality.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A good education.

Answer to Charade:—A Match.

Answer to Mechanical Problem:—9 miles, 6 furlongs, 27 rods, 12 feet, and 2.234 plus inches.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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VOL. XI. NO. 32.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 552.

R. Evans
IRVING, N. Y.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

WHEAT CULTURE IN NEW YORK:

ITS RESUMPTION, REQUISITES, PROSPECTS, Etc.

SOME years ago—when the midge was very destructive to wheat in Western and Central New York—a distinguished U. S. Senator remarked to us that the scourge was a wise dispensation of Providence, as he believed our farmers would find it more advantageous to turn their attention to fruit culture. He cited the high price of pears, and particularly spoke of the profits of their culture as compared with wheat. Our reply was that Providence had given us a soil with the proper constituents for producing wheat, and good culture and attention would, we hoped, enable us to continue its growth successfully, as it was certainly more reliable for the mass of cultivators than so perishable an article as the pear. We admitted, however, that there were causes for the visitation of the scourge, and that farmers needed the lesson—for they had been abusing the soil, and the Giver of Good, by *carelessness, poor culture, and extravagance in living*. Perhaps they were *too prosperous* previous to the advent of the midge; and should the evil be stayed, and the great staple be produced abundantly again, the blessing would be appreciated, and the increase properly husbanded.

At that period, and subsequently, we feared the midge would, for some years at least, preclude the profitable culture of wheat in this region, and we were constrained to express our fears and misgivings. Last year, however, we became convinced, from the successful experiments of careful cultivators, (who had sown early varieties, and adopted other requisite changes,) that wheat growing could be successfully resumed in Western and Central New York, provided proper pains were taken, and advised our readers accordingly. For example, in an article published on the 30th of July, 1859, upon the subject of Wheat Culture, its prospects and the requisites to success in the midge-infested districts, we remarked:

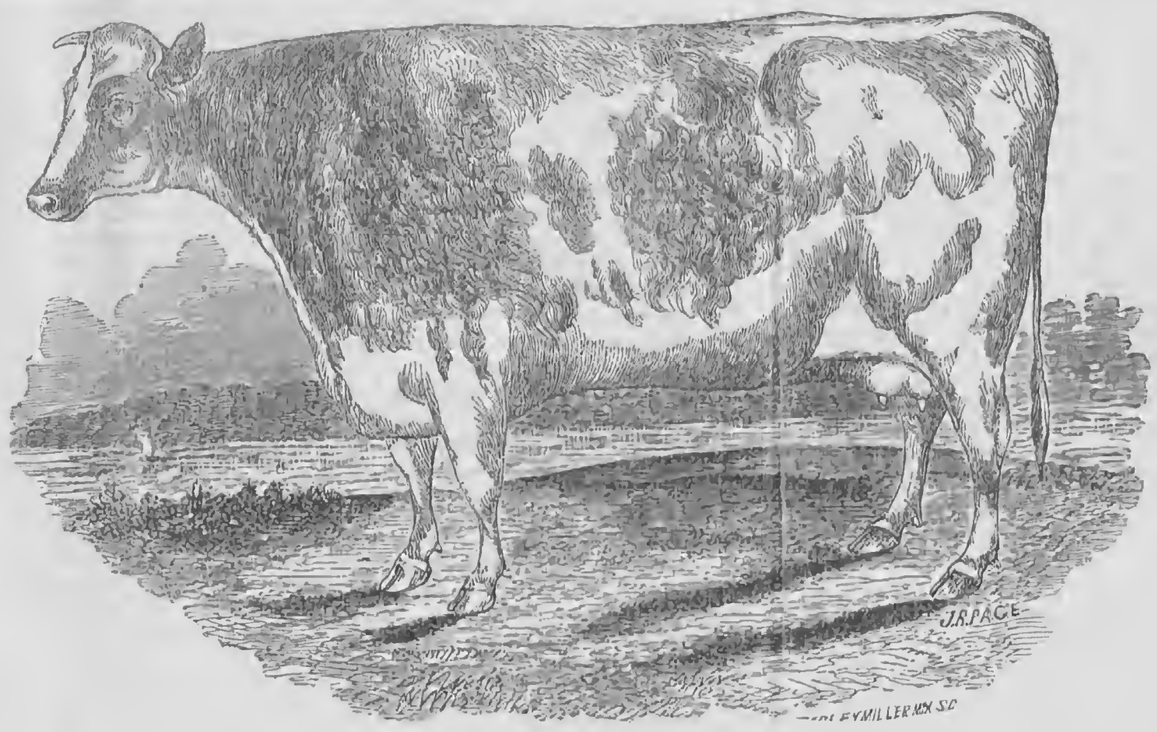
"The ordeal has been a severe one, but the skies are brightening, and we believe that wheat can again be abundantly and profitably grown in sections where the midge has prevailed and proved so destructive for several years. Indeed, we think the experience of wise and prudent cultivators has already demonstrated the correctness of this opinion. Last year many farmers succeeded in evading the midge, and growing excellent and profitable crops of wheat—and their success induced others to sow somewhat extensively last fall, from which a good yield has been obtained the present season. This result has been achieved, mainly, by a change of varieties, time of sowing, and mode of culture. * * * Within the past month we have devoted no little time and attention to the investigation of this subject, visiting various localities in this region for the purpose of examining the growing wheat of different varieties, and ascertaining as to time of sowing and culture. We have seen as fine fields of wheat in various parts of this county as were grown previous to the appearance of the midge. In every instance *where early varieties were sown at the proper time, on good, dry and properly prepared soil, we have found the crops good*—excepting only where the severe June frost proved injurious. We are aware that 'one swallow does not make a summer'—that the present season has been remarkably favorable for the growth and maturity of the wheat plant—yet, from information obtained, last season and this, from observation and intelligent cultivators, we are satisfied that the former great staple of this section of the Union can still be successfully and profitably cultivated. And yet, confident as we are in this opinion, we do not wish to excite hopes which may not be realized—and would not advise those who have changed from wheat growing to other branches of husbandry, *in which they are now succeeding*, to return at once or fully to the former staple. The soil of a large portion of this State is eminently adapted to the production of wheat, and in some sections—if the enemies of the crop can be evaded—it will probably long prove the most remunerative crop that can be grown. Hence, we believe it advisable for those who own good wheat soil, and are not profitably engaged in other branches, to try wheat culture again—returning to it gradually and on a small scale, until satisfied as to the safety and profit of a full resumption."

In the article from which the above is quoted, we enumerated and discussed three requisites to successful wheat culture in localities where the midge prevails. The first was "to secure and sow seed of *early and hardy varieties*—such as the Mediterranean, Golden Drop, Dayton, &c." Our second suggestion related to the *time of sowing*—wherein we said that "whatever seed is used, *it must be sown early to escape the midge*. We should prefer the early varieties, such as those above named, and *would sow as early as possible after the 25th of August*—say the last week in August or first in September." Our third essential requisite referred to *Soil and Culture*, and we here reiterate our remarks on the subject:—"Early varieties and early sowing will prove of little avail without *a rich, dry wheat soil and good culture*. The great cereal cannot be produced advantageously on poor, wet land, in any part of the Union, and especially in sections where the midge prevails. To produce wheat abundantly and profitably, the soil must contain the proper elements, and be in the right condition. In many cases underdraining is of the utmost importance, even on farms where it is not considered necessary. No one need expect to grow good wheat, and evade the midge, unless he has a rich, warm and comparatively dry soil, and gives it good culture,—but with these, and attention to the requisites above named, we believe wheat can again be cultivated successfully in Western and Central New York, and other midge-infested sections of the country."

The result of the recent harvest, so far as ascertained, has fully confirmed the opinions we expressed last season. The crop just secured is of superior quality, while the yield is remunerative, and generally greater than had been anticipated. We believe farmers are now satisfied that, *if they discharge their duty*, as good crops of wheat will be produced here as were previous to the prevalence of the midge—and, indeed, that much of the loss to which they have been subjected may be attributed to the carelessness of cultivators. Years ago they were making money fast, thought their soil inexhaustible, and sure to yield a crop in any event. Hence, the neglect in selecting seed, preparatory culture, and enriching of the soil, &c., and the consequent destruction of their grain by the *invited* enemy.

That experience is the best teacher, though very expensive, holds true in this matter. The farmers have been taught a lesson which will not soon be forgotten—for, like other mortals, they must feel and heed what touches, and even depletes, their pockets. Many a man who endeavored to grow wheat without bestowing proper attention and labor, realizes that he attempted to obtain goods—or crops—under false pretences, and has been justly punished. Not only that, but their punishment was visited upon others—for the man who, by late sowing, poor tillage, &c., encouraged and propagated the midge, injured his more careful neighbor in like manner as he would by allowing foul weeds to ripen on his premises and scatter their seeds to the four winds of heaven. Mindful of the past, let us be wise in future, for it is unreasonable to expect to reap abundantly where we have not *sown good seed, in due season, on properly prepared, rich soil.*

We have heretofore said so much on the subject of sowing early, on good and well cultivated soil, that it is unnecessary to reiterate views with which our readers are already familiar. But many farmers who are about resuming wheat culture, desire information as to the best varieties—those which are most promising and best adapted to their circumstances—that are "midge proof," or will ripen before the advent of the insect, and yield well. This is an important matter, and one to which we have devoted no little attention, in the hope of being able to give some reliable advice previous to the time of sowing. But we are not entirely satisfied as yet that any one of the several comparatively new varieties is "worthy of general cultivation" (as the fruit growers say) in preference to others, and *again solicit the opinions of growers, with the results of their experiments.* Were we, however, asked to name the three most promising varieties in *this region*, (or vicinity of Rochester,) we should say the Mediterranean, Dayton, and Golden Drop. Though others, (such as the Early May from Missouri, and Boughton's Early Virginia—which some think are identical,) may prove equally valuable, their reputation is not yet well established in this immediate section. We are of opinion that either of the three varieties first named—and perhaps the Early May also—will yield remunerative crops if the cultivator "acts well his part," and without such action no one need expect any variety of wheat can be profitably grown in the midge-infested districts. Let this be borne in mind by the thousands who are preparing to sow wheat this fall. Prudence is the mother of Safety in this case, quite as much (and far more) than "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty" in political and governmental affairs.



SHORT-HORN COW "SNOWSTORM."

PEDIGREE—Roan, bred by B. & C. S. Haines, Elizabethtown, N. J., the property of DAVID CROCKER, Lansingville, Tompkins Co., N. Y., calved Jan. 26, 1856, got by Middlesex, 1873, out of Cherry, by King Philip, 85,—Lilac 4th, by North Star (4953,)—Lilac 3d, by Whisker (5639,)—Lilac 2d, by Frederick (2037,)—Lilac, by Young Denton (963,)—Arabella, by North Star (460,)—Aurora, by Comet (155,)—by Henry (301,)—by Danby (190.)

THE POTATO CROP AND DISEASE.

IT is not for the purpose of making complaint, or causing uneasiness or alarm, that we ask the farmers to examine their potatoes, and see if they can find evidence of disease, and if so, to watch its progress. Our object is to obtain information in regard to the nature of this strange malady. Up to July 24th, our potatoes never looked better, never gave promise of a more abundant crop. After this we began to notice a change; first in the loss of that healthy dark-green color which denotes a healthy, vigorous growth; gradually, the tops assumed a yellowish, sickly hue. Then the lower leaves began to die, while here and there a plant entirely perished. Others retained a few sickly yellow leaves on the top, while the mass of plants only exhibited disease by the yellow color of the leaves and stems, and the drying up of those leaves nearest the ground.

CHAUNCEY E. GOODRICH, of Utica, writing to the *Country Gentleman* on the 23d ult., stated that the weather of the present summer has been precisely such as has most commonly preceded and attended the potato disease in former years; and expressed the opinion that before many days nearly all the old varieties of potatoes would exhibit indications of disease. Mildew, he says, already begins to manifest itself here. Even should the weather immediately become dry and cool, yet, as an impulse has already been given to morbid elaborations in the plant, there will be unavoidably a considerable development of disease in coming weeks. But should the present moist and warm weather continue, that development will be rapid, and advance from the foliage, to which it is at present confined, to the tuber. Mr. G. earnestly solicits the attention of cultivators to the state of the weather and the progress of disease, especially with reference to different sorts on various soils. On the 28th, he says:—"Since the above date, the weather has been variable, frequent warm rains having been mingled with very cool nights. The mildew has developed pretty rapidly on the Early Pink Eye, Early Mountain June, Ash Leaf Kidney, Carter, and in the Western Red and Peach Blow, where planted closely. On such of my seedlings as have been thoroughly tested, and sent out to the public, hardly in any case is there seen even the slightest appearance of mildew. The Peach Blow, Prince Albert and Western Red, when not planted closely, nor forced with manure, are also free. Those who are digging the early sorts for market, find occasionally signs of disease on the tuber. Should the dryer and cooler weather of yesterday and to-day continue, there is still hope that even the old and feebler varieties will mostly escape."

Our crop is very thickly planted, and well manured, as we were trying to grow five hundred bushels to the acre, though we have some growing on a poor soil without manure, by way of experiment, and others on which only plaster has been used. We have about a dozen of Mr. GOODRICH'S seedlings, as well as most of the leading good sorts, a few seedlings from other sources, and some early varieties from England, affording us a good opportunity for investigation and comparison, so that while, with our readers, we shall much regret to see the potato disease prevalent, we shall rejoice that it found us well prepared to get a little good out of the general evil.

The tubers of almost all varieties we find larger and further advanced toward maturity than usual at this season of the year. Where the tops are much injured, growth seems to be checked or entirely suspended. We have yet seen no evidence of rot among the tubers, even under the most favorable combination of circumstances for its development.

NOXIOUS WEEDS.

BAD WEEDS abound in all parts of the country that we visit; they line the road-sides, encroach upon the meadows and grain fields, and but little effort seems to be put forth for their destruction. We never saw a finer season for *Canada Thistles*. Indeed, had the Japanese paid us a visit they might have supposed them some very valuable crop, and considered the wheat and grass and oats merely intruders. We discovered a new variety the present season, with white flowers, but as we do not consider it of any particular value, we will not recommend its cultivation. It will doubtless spread over the country soon enough without such advice. It is too late to save the spread of the seed, and yet, every farmer should cut up all the Canada thistles on and around his premises, and as soon as dry enough, burn them up.

The law of this State makes it the duty of the Overseers of the Highways in each town to "cause the noxious weeds on each side of the highway within their respective districts, to be cut down or destroyed, twice in each year, once before the first day of July, and again before the first day of September; and the requisite labor shall be considered highway work."

The penalty for the neglect of this duty is $10, and any person is authorized to make complaint of such neglect to the Overseers of the town, who are required by law to prosecute the delinquent. This is a good law, but it is sadly neglected in many parts of the State.

MR. PLOWHANDLE AND THE STATE FAIR.

[THE following amusing, suggestive and instructive letter, by our esteemed and fast-becoming celebrated correspondent, Maj. JOHN PLOWHANDLE, was first published in the RURAL of Dec. 5, 1857. It attracted considerable attention, and was widely copied and commended at the time. Since then we have had many requests for copies of the paper containing it, or a republication of the Major's account of "Smith's Bull"—and, inasmuch as this is the season for appointing Committees, while State and County Fairs are soon to take place, we think the re-appearance of the article quite timely and appropriate. It will be read with interest by those who never saw it before, while thousands will enjoy its re-perusal:]

COL. MOORE:—Some years ago I got acquainted with one of your contributors who edited the WOOL GROWER, and he used to put me in print. I must say my vanity was flattered by seeing my name printed in the paper, with some things I said, and some I didn't say, and we've kept the papers ever since. After all, everybody likes a little fame, but some are satisfied with a smaller amount than others. Well, I have not the editor any more to set me out, so I have been thinking I would just try and see if you would not put me into the RURAL on my own hook—especially as I want to tell you all about my going to the State Fair, at Buffalo, the other day.

CONCLUDES TO GO.

As it was not so far but what we could go with our own team, mother and I concluded we would hitch up and have a week to see the sights and some cousins we had not seen for a long time. Mother (that's wife, you know,) thought we ought to take something to the Fair. I told her to take a tub of her butter, but she said she didn't think it was good enough, but thought I might take some of the stock. But I thought it would be a great bother. However, SAM was pretty strong in the faith that we could beat everybody on horses, and wanted to take old Nance. She's a right smart beast, is that old mare, you may depend.

TAKES THE MARE.

Well, we packed off SAM, for I was willing to give the boy a holiday. It does the boys great good to attend these kind of Fairs, I do believe, after seeing all I saw there.

GOES IN.

We got safely to town Monday night, and Tuesday I went up early to the Fair grounds to see what was going on. I got in and hunted up SAM, and found he'd got the mare entered, and had got his card on her head and a good stall, and all things comfortable. The animal arrangements were first-rate generally, and during all the time of the Fair the supply of fodder was good. I think that Maj. PATRICK, who was everybody in managing things, a trump sort of a man.

HEARS SOMETHING.

As I was standing up near the business office in the crowd, I heard a couple of men talking about premiums. One said to the other:

"Are you an exhibitor?"

"Yes."

"So am I, and we had better look to the Committees."

"Why so?"

"You see the committees are never all full, and if you are on hand at the big tent when they are called, it's easy to slip in a friend, which is a mighty nice thing sometimes."

"Well, I am showing a patent for making cow-cumbers, and if you can get the premium it will make my fortune."

"And I am showing a new kind of bob-tailed hens, and a preminm won't set me back."

"Well, you get me on to your committee, and I will name you for mine."

"All right; go in to win when you can."

Thinks I, perhaps if that's the way the thing leans I may as well take care of myself as anybody else. Everybody for himself seems to be the rule on these occasions. So off I streaked it to the cattle pens to find SMITH, who is my neighbor, you know. SMITH is in the patent bull line. [*Mr. P. evidently means "improved."*] Says I, "SMITH, you're showing bulls and I am showing old Nance, and I guess if merit counts we can win. And that's the talk here on paper." Then I told him what I'd heard about the committee.

"Is that so?"

"Exactly."

"Well, I think old Nance is the best mare in the yard."

"And you've got the best bull on the ground."

Then I told him that we must be up at the tent in time.

Well, sure enough, when the committees were made up I was on SMITH's bull committee, and he was on the mare committee.

THE COMMITTEE GOES OUT.

The head man took the book as had the things in it, and we were all introduced to each other, and went down to look at the bulls. We were on the red bulls. So we went along and looked at them, and I didn't say much till we came to SMITH's bull, and I looked at him pretty carefully, pulled his tail, punched my fingers into his ribs, and went through the motions as I had seen the others. Says I, "that's a bull that looks like it." SMITH had combed him all over with a fine-toothed comb, and brushed him with a hair brush, and he did look slick, for he was just as fat as a hog. And from all I saw, I think fat at fairs, like what the lawyer said about charity, covers a multitude of sins.

GETS THE HORNS POKED AT HIM.

Just as I said that, the fellow who had a bull in the next stall comes up to me pretty fierce, and says he:

"What do you know about bulls?"

"Well," says I, "I think I know what they are used for in my section."

"May be," says he, "you are on the committee?"

"I have that honor," says I.

"But," says he, "that bull hain't got any pedigree."

"Well," says I, "he had father and mother, didn't he?"

"Oh! yes, but then nobody knows who they were."

"Well, then nobody knows but they were just as likely as your bull's parents."

"But, sir, look at my bull's pedigree. There it is, sir. Got by imported Shirt-tail, out of Skim-milk, by Thunder," &c.,—and he showed a string of names as long as your arm.

"Well," says I to the committee, "are we to judge the pedigree or the animal?"

And they said—"The animal, of course."

"Then," said I to the fellow, "will your bull get better stock than this?"

"Of course he will," says he, "for he's got a pedigree and that bull hain't."

"Well," says I, "your bull has got somebody to brag for him, and the other hasn't, that's certain." And that sort o' knocked him. "But," says I, "I've known people who felt grand over their pedigree, and I've seen a heap of people who couldn't go further back than their father and mother that banged them all to pieces for smartness. Handsome is that handsome does," says I, "and, as the hymn-book says, 'a man's a man for a' that.' Pedigree go to grass, I go in for the animal."

SMITH'S BULL WINS.

When we got through and looked at our marks, the other two had SMITH's bull second. I had him first. So we talked it over, and finally, as they didn't care much about it, they altered the figures and gave SMITH the first premium, which I think was right.

AND THE OLD MARE.

SMITH had a great time over old Nance. It turned out that each of the other two committeemen had friends whose mares were to be judged, and they pretty soon picked out their favorites. So he kept still and let them talk, and they soon got into a quarrel, and then they appealed to SMITH, and he kinder sided with one, but thought old Nance was the best mare, and finally, to keep the other from getting first, they sided with him, and he went in for both of theirs. SMITH says he saw some queer things on that committee.

You see we got our premiums, but you don't see, perhaps, Col., as well as I do, that it wants something more than merit to be sure of winning.

GETS IRREVERENT.

The State of New York is a great State, the biggest in the Union, and the New York State Agricultural Society is a great institution, but if there ain't some of the allfiredest big humbugs crawling around its Annual Fair, then I'm a teapot.

CONCLUDES.

I want to tell you a heap more, but I have used up so much paper I fear you won't have patience to print my letter. Yours to command,

JOHN PLOWHANDLE.

CORN HAY.—The difficulty with this crop is curing it properly before stacking. The leaves may become perfectly dry while a large quantity of water remains in the stalks, which causes fermentation and a complete loss of the fodder when placed in large stacks.

CULTURE OF CARROTS.

MUCH has been said in the RURAL and other Agricultural papers, urging farmers to grow a greater amount of roots, particularly carrots; but notwithstanding all that has been urged in favor of this crop, farmers, generally, are still blind to their own interests. They admit that from 600 to 1,000 bushels can easily be produced per acre, yet say that they are not a profitable crop for two reasons:—1st. They think they are of but little value, comparatively, as an article of food. 2d. They require *too* great an amount of labor. These objections I shall attempt to remove, and I cannot do it more effectually than to give my own experience in their cultivation.

For the last four or five years, we have raised from 200 to 600 bushels of carrots on an area of land varying from one-third to three fourths of an acre. These we have fed to all our stock, principally to the hogs,—(which we have wintered almost entirely on carrots for the last four or five years,)—and have thus learned, to our entire satisfaction, that one bushel of carrots is equal in value, for feeding hogs, or any kind of stock, to a like amount of poor corn, in the ear,—that two bushels are equal to a bushel of sound corn in the ear, and, consequently, that four bushels are equal to a bushel of sound shelled corn.

During the past winter we steamed the carrots, mashed them, and mixed a bushel of buckwheat bran to six bushels of carrots, which lasted our four shoats from five to six days. Although this was not high feed, our hogs would average nearly 200 pounds on the first of April, and were fat enough for market.

And now as to the second objection "that carrots are not profitable because they require *too* great an amount of labor." It is not generally known that the hard, drudging labor can be almost entirely avoided, by attending to a few particulars, which I shall mention.

In the first place, land intended for carrots should be free from stone, and rich; either rich in itself or made so by manure. Carrots cannot be raised profitably on *poor* ground.

Secondly, the seed should be dampened, and put in a warm place for three or four days, or until some begins to sprout. Care should be taken not to allow it to sprout *too* much, or the seed will be injured in sowing. The seed being damp, it must be sown by hand, as it will injure the sprouts to make it dry enough to sow with a machine. A person will sow and cover from one-half to three-fourths of an acre in a day, if he understands it. Carrot seed, if sown dry, requires from two to three weeks to come up, whereas, if treated in the way I have described, will all come up in a week, and some may be seen in three or four days from the time of sowing. The carrots will, in this way, get ahead of the weeds, and with a little trouble will keep ahead.

Third, The rows should be at least two feet apart, as this is as close as can be worked well with a horse and cultivator. I need not speak of the advantage of substituting animal power for that of man, or a horse and cultivator, in the place of the hoe. This will be apparent to all. It is impossible to loosen the soil to as great a depth with a hoe as with a small plow, or cultivator, made for the purpose. Our practice has been to go through them as soon as they can be seen in the row (twice in each row,) with a small plow made for the purpose, or with a common sized plow, (taking off the mold-board,) throwing the ground away from each row, leaving for the hoe not more than five or six inches. We next go through with a hoe, and as the carrots are by this time quite large, there is but very little to be done in the way of weeding. After hoeing we go through once a week with a horse and cultivator, for five or six weeks. When the carrots are nearly as large as a person's finger, we go through them and thin out so that they stand a foot, or even more, apart. Some may think that this is entirely too much space, but it is close enough, if the land is rich, and no wise man will attempt to raise carrots on poor land. Carrots at a foot apart will yield more than they will closer together, beside it is much more encouraging to dig carrots from four to six inches in diameter than from two to three.

Fourth, Our practice in digging has been to plow a deep furrow as close to the row as possible, and then to pull the carrots out toward the furrow. In this way the carrots come up very easily, so that two persons will dig and cut off the tops of 150 bushels in a day.

I would state that, although our crop was a failure last year, (the seed being bad,) still the actual cost of a bushel of carrots did not exceed ten cents, making due allowance for *extra manure*, labor, and everything. On the same ground, the year previous, we raised double the number of bushels, at a cost of from six to seven cents per bushel. I could give the account of the labor expended on them for the last year, but this article is already long enough. G.

Saratoga Co., N. Y., 1860.

PROSPECTIVE STERILITY.—REPLY TO H. T. B.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Not the remotest idea had I of troubling you with anything so soon, until I received your issue of July 7th, and found that H. T. B. took so much to heart my little criticism. Why, like all other Yankees, I supposed I had a right, as well as H. T. B., to have my say, and I intended no disrespect. H. T. B. says that when a "man, or even a woman, takes up a pen to write, there is no obligation to dispense with common sense." Does he mean our sense is more than common? No flattery, if you please, for I never thought of coming up to that standard. But I will relieve H. T. B.'s anxiety, for I am not a college professor: no, I have only seen the outside of colleges, and was educated when COBB's spelling book and DABOLL's arithmetic were the standard works. Yet, like other inquisitive Yankees, I like to investigate and think for myself.

Pray what kind of personage is H. T. B? He seems to discard college professors, scientific and practical men, and wishes for a competent Grand Jury to indict the farmers for robbing their grandchildren. Surely he cannot be any of these,—I think he must be a member of the Legislature. He talks of heresy, conspiracy, treason, &c., all for venturing to disagree with him, and asking for an explanation. He calls it contradicting,—guess he had better read again, and see how much he is contradicted.

But how does he explain. He says what I hold to is this:—We must not only use more lime, plaster, charcoal, ashes, &c., but the night-soil and the sewerges of our cities, villages, and four-corners, must be made to flow back again upon the cultivated earth. Now, all of this I am willing to concede; but how is it to be done with a source of profit for us Yankees? We want to know where the balance is going to stand.

We read in Holy Writ that GOD created the world; also, he created the grass with the seed, in itself capable of reproduction. So I believe all things were created, and the elements revolve and change, as well as the earth turns on its axis. Now, I hold the earth (or soil,) absorbs and retains from the atmosphere a large percentage of the ingredients necessary for the wants of vegetation. I believe that it is a rule laid down in chemistry, that from one to five per cent. is taken from the soil, or minerals, the other ninety-five per cent. is taken from the atmosphere. I have too much confidence in my friend, H. T. B., to think he does not fully understand how all of these chemical changes are brought about, but if he will own the corn that he does not, I will try my hand again. Please tell us, Mr. H. T. B., how to apply plaster and lime, for it seems one is an antidote to the other; or, one undoes what the other does.

One word more. Some soils have a superabundance of certain ingredients, and when these are taken from it, it necessarily becomes better,—as I, in my first article, admitted that all soils were not constituted alike,—and of course when they are deficient, they must be supplied mechanically.

Now, Mr. H. T. B., don't get excited. You can keep the "belt," if you wish it; I have not a single aspiration for its possession, and would not know what to do with it should I become its owner.

Big Flatts, N. Y., 1860. J. W.

ABOUT BROOM CORN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having grown and manufactured Broom Corn more or less for ten years, perhaps a word from me on the subject might not be unacceptable.

In the first place, you must have your ground in good order, always bearing in mind that you cannot have it too rich, nor too clean. Any soil that will raise good Indian corn will do for broom corn. The small variety I consider to be the best.

After having plowed and dragged your ground nicely, mark it out in rows three feet apart, and drop ten or twelve seeds in a place every eighteen inches, cover lightly with mellow earth, setting your foot on the hill to finish off. When it is fairly up, thin out to six or eight plants in a hill,—hoeing around the hill and giving it a little plaster,—then go through with the cultivator, taking care not to cover up the plants, which will be but very small affairs for three weeks after making their appearance. Repeat the *cultivating* again in about ten days, and when the plants are about six inches high, cultivate and hoe again, drawing the earth around the hills a little. This will be all that is necessary, unless your land is very foul, in which case you will have to go through again with the cultivator, or plow, as it is folly to think of raising corn and weeds in the same ground.

Brush cut green makes the nicest brooms, and it will be fit when the hurl, or junction of the fibre and stalk, of nearly all the plants is even with the top leaf. Break it down just before cutting, going between two rows and breaking them toward each other. Take a good sized shoe-knife with a keen edge, and cut your brush, leaving about six inches of the stalk, and pulling off *all* husks and leaves. If cut green, the seed, which will be of about the same value as grass, is scraped off at once and thrown out to the cattle, and the brush spread out over the mows, or anywhere under cover, to dry, keeping the tops one way so that it can be easily gathered up again and stored away in snug piles until wanted. The stalks, when green, are of some value, either to cut and dry for winter use, or to turn the cattle into to pick at standing.

If, on the other hand, you wish to save the seed, you may let it stand until the seed is filled, (but not until the brush is dead ripe,) then break down and cut as before, taking the brush to the barn and scraping the seed off. Spread it out on the barn floor to dry, where you must give it all the air you can, and shovel it over occasionally to prevent heating. Sometimes I spread the brush out to dry with the seed on, but it is heavy and bulky to handle, and the brush is not so smooth as when scraped at first, and much harder to scrape.

I make a machine to scrape with in the following manner:—Take an old fanning mill, (a new set of wheels in a strong frame, so that you could use a balance-wheel, would be better,) put on two plank wheels in place of the fans, then take slats of the length you wish to make your cylinder, three inches wide and three-fourths of an inch thick, hollow them a little at the ends so as to fit the wheels; drive eight or ten wrought nails through each slat, and nail them to the wheels with the points out, in such a way that the nails will not be in straight rows around the cylinder, but bristling all over. One to turn the crank pretty smart, one to hold on the brush in handfuls, and a boy to hand it up, will scrape two or three wagon loads a day.

One ton to three acres is considered a good crop, and is worth about $100 per ton, though I have paid as high as $150 for it. A ton of dry brush will make 120 dozen brooms. I have raised 60 bushels of ripe seed to the acre, and for horses, sheep, or poultry, it is worth a little more than oats.

The stalks, when left until the seed is ripe, are of very little value, being tough and woody. Almost any one, with a little experience, could make passable twine brooms. The best machines for the purpose are made at Schenectady. A winder and press costs about $35. Good broom twine is also made there.

The above is intended not for those who wish to go into the business on a large scale, but for farmers, like myself, who can raise two or three acres, and make it up in the winter.

Glenmorris, C. W., 1860. J. A. SMITH.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Calving Cow.

W. H. SOTHAM, in the *Stock Journal*, says:—"There is one thing I deem very important, as regards the calving cow; that is, not to let her fall away just before calving; a little extra feed a few weeks before that time in winter is economy; if she is allowed to decline in flesh, near to her time of coming in, something will go wrong—she will need care, and a resort to cleansing drinks. I have never known a cow to be injured by eating the covering of the fetus; it has a tendency to produce gentle purging, which would be adopted by the cow-leech, in his cleansing drink. The first milking is relished by the cow, and has a similar effect; mine invariably drink it."

Tile Drainage.

D. F. KINNEY, writing to the *Prairie Farmer*, says:—"Last fall I laid two hundred feet of three-inch brick tile. The season had been so dry that no water ran from it, although it was in a low place, and last season I could not plow it until fall. A horse would mire in it. Just as the ground froze up I drained it from three to four and a half feet deep. This spring I plowed it and planted potatoes. The ground is as dry now, and I can work it as well, as any land I have. On the 30th of June we had a *very heavy* rain, and as the drain was in a low place, a very large amount of water concentrated there. After the rain was over I took my hoe and went to see if the mouth of the drain was clear. When I reached it I found water running from it as fast as its capacity would allow; the water apparently soaked into the ground without washing it, as in other places near by. I am satisfied it will pay to drain some land."

Grinding Corn in the Ear.

A WRITER in the *Country Gentleman*, to prove that, whether nutritious or not, cobs ground improve meal as a food, says:—I am acquainted with a farmer who was in the habit of feeding from twenty to thirty large oxen every winter, and he always bought his corn in the ear and had it ground in that shape—for the reason that his oxen never failed of doing well when fed with cob meal—while on the other hand, when fed with clear meal, they were very likely to become cloyed.

To prove that there is a little virtue in the cobs abstractly, he cites the following fact:—A poor man who had one cow, and was unable to supply her with hay on account of scarcity, managed to keep her alive by grinding cobs for her, which he obtained from his neighbor, who raised a large crop of corn, and after shelling it threw the cobs out by the side of the road. We don't know how much the miller made by tolling the *cobs*.

Inquiries and Answers.

AN EXCESS OF CREAM IN CURD.—Will some of the numerous correspondents of the RURAL inform me the best method to prevent an excess of cream rising daily upon my curd? I am an old cheese-maker, but I cannot overcome this obstacle.—L. H., *Belvidere, Allegany Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

BUCKWHEAT AS FOOD FOR CATTLE.—Will some of the RURAL'S correspondents please inform me whether buckwheat is injurious as food for sheep, cattle, hogs? Will buckwheat straw give hogs the scratches? Also, if buckwheat makes as solid flesh as any other grain?—J. E. D., *Randolph, N. Y.*, 1860.

NEW ROOFING BUILDINGS.—Having for some time been a reader of the RURAL, and observing that it is open for the learner, I would like to inquire of your numerous readers if it is profitable to put new roofs upon buildings over the old shingles? An answer through the columns of the NEW-YORKER would oblige—A SUBSCRIBER.

CONTRACTED CORDS IN HORSES.—Will some one give a remedy for contracted cords and muscles on a horse? The cause is a hurt, of some two months standing. It is all healed up, and apparently sound, but in healing, the cords appear to have contracted, as the skin is tight, and the horse very lame.—W. F. W., *Hume, Alleg. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

WHEAT AFTER POTATOES.—Will you, or some of your experienced readers, advise myself and others interested, through the RURAL, whether there is any tangible objection to sowing wheat after potatoes, provided the soil and circumstances are favorable? Wheat is said, by some, to be an uncertain crop after potatoes. Is this so, and if so, what is the why and wherefore?—A FARMER, *Monroe Co., N. Y.*

INFORMATION WANTED.—Can some of the numerous friends of the RURAL tell me what to do for my cow? I have a very valuable one that I have owned from a calf, and she has always done well until the past spring. She brought a calf in March, and partly cast her wethers, and does so, once in a while, to this day. The cow is healthy, in good condition, and gives a large quantity of milk. I should like to keep her a little longer, if I can. Any advice will be thankfully received by—A SUBSCRIBER, *Pennsylvania*, 1860.

LUMPS ON THE SHOULDER OF A HORSE.—A little information from some of your experienced correspondents upon the subject embraced in the following questions, will be thankfully received:—I have a horse which has been troubled with lumps on his neck, or shoulder, ever since we commenced using him. They are from the size of a pea to that of a walnut, and are under the draught of the collar, so that, in drawing a heavy load, they hurt him very much, making him twist his head around in every way to get rid of pulling. When we work at drawing heavy loads, they will swell up, but by letting him lie idle a few days, the swelling will go down. Please inform me what will take these lumps away effectually.—S. B. B., *Cardington, Ohio*, 1860.

DESTROYING FLEAS.—An inquirer asks:—Can any of the RURAL'S numerous readers inform me of any method of destroying fleas? I will give him my experience on this subject. Some years since, I left, in the spring, a quantity of coarse manure and straw in my barn-yard. My hogs slept in the yard under the cow shed. In the course of the summer, the fleas became so numerous that we did not choose to go there to milk, and yarded our cows in another place. In the fall, as soon as my work would permit me to attend to it, we gave the yard a thorough cleaning, and scattered fresh slaked lime liberally under the entire shed. I then furnished my hogs with lodgings in another place, and have not been troubled with fleas since.—E. G., *Porter, July*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER is *seasonable* at last—August opening hot enough to please the corn growers exceedingly.—Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday of this week were models for heat, and started the *Zea Maize* wonderfully—so fast that we presume those richly endowed with the proper faculty could even *hear* the corn grow. This is just what was needed, and will compensate for the cool, wet weather of July. According to present prospects most corn growers will "make a crop" worth harvesting.

IS THE ICHNEUMON FLY DESTROYING THE WHEAT MIDGE?—Some weeks ago we received a communication from Mr. C. ALLEN, of Wheatland, relating his observations (on the 15th, 16th, 18th and 19th of June,) concerning an insect preying upon the wheat midge. The letter was mislaid at the time, but we now give its substance. Mr. A states, that on the evenings of the 15th and 16th, he noticed in his wheat an insect which he supposed to be the Ichneumon Fly, (mentioned by Dr. Fitch, the entomologist,) that destroys the midge, and adds:—"They were very numerous on the heads. A few evenings before I saw the midge fly quite plenty in heads of wheat, but since this insect appeared I have not seen any. The ichneumon (if this is it,) appears on the heads of wheat at the same time of day the midge formerly did; that is, near sundown, when it is still. Those I saw were very busy reaching their noses into the crevices of the heads of wheat. They resemble the pea bug somewhat; forward they resemble the ant, their nippers being the same fashion. On the 18th and 19th I saw them in fair daylight, and found they had a little tinge of yellow each side of the back; under the nippers they have a feeler, which is used very dexterously. Whatever name they go by, I am sure of what they are about. I have just seen them in a later sown piece of wheat, kernel half grown, and not the least indication of midge. I wish those who have late sown wheat would see if they can discover anything of the kind. I look upon it as the harbinger of better days for the farmer."

—This is an important matter, and we hope to hear from any others who have made similar observations or discoveries.

DAYTON WHEAT.—*Its Success.*—Many of our farmers are much pleased with the Dayton wheat, and think it preferable, in districts where the midge is feared, to any other variety. Our own opinion of it is quite favorable, as RURAL readers are aware, and we are glad to hear encouraging reports from those who have just harvested the Dayton. A number of farmers have reported favorably, one of whom—Mr. L. A. BREED, of Lima—writes us as follows:—"Last year I obtained of ELISHA HARMON, of Wheatland, a few bushels of Dayton wheat, which I sowed, and the result is highly satisfactory. Some of it I sowed in the same field side by side with the Mediterranean, and I find it is quite as early, and I think it will yield one-third more from the same straw. It is a white wheat, resembling what the 'Soules' used to be. A head of this was found to contain thirty kernels, while the Mediterranean has only twenty. There is still another advantage—the Mediterranean is very apt to get down, the straw being limber, while that of the Dayton is stiff and seldom gets down. In short, I think the Dayton is the wheat for the times."

HANGING BARN DOORS.—A correspondent of the Tribune, who is "footing it" through the West, thus describes what he calls an "improvement in hanging barn doors," which he saw in Seneca Co., Ohio;—"Instead of hanging them on hinges to swing open, they are made to hang on several iron pulleys at the top, which run on an iron rod laid upon a strip of board nailed along above the doors. The doors are opened out right and left, like the doors that run on wheels in our modern dwellings; at the bottom the doors extend down a few inches to secure them from blowing outward. This is decidedly the best plan of hanging barn doors—and I wonder our Eastern farmers have not long since adopted it."

—Though the above "improvement" has been used in this section for several years, being very generally adopted when new barns are constructed, we give it for the information of all interested. It is a cheap and excellent contrivance—a decided improvement over the old methods of hanging large doors.

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE FAIR to be held at Buffalo, on the last four days of this month—as announced in our advertising department—will probably prove worthy the attention and attendance, with their stock, of many breeders and owners of fine horses throughout Western New York and Canada West. It will be interesting to compare the best specimens of the heavy, elephantine breeds, so common among our Canadian friends, with the favorite light and fleet roadsters, (the 2.40 Morgans, etc.,) of our Western New York horsemen. Yet Canada, no doubt, has many light "fast" horses, as we have not a few heavy draft animals. Saturday, Sept. 1st, is to be devoted to the purchase and sale of horses, a useful feature of the exhibition.

SEED WHEAT IN DEMAND.—During the past two weeks we have received quite a number of letters inquiring of whom, and at what price, good wheat of the Dayton and Mediterranean varieties can be procured, for seed. One correspondent says he has watched our advertising department to see if some one would not offer the Dayton seed wheat, &c. We presume some of our seedsmen or farmers will ere long discover that there is a demand for the article, and govern themselves accordingly.

FINE OATS.—The oat crop is very heavy hereabouts. We have seen many fields which far exceed the product of former years. Among the samples presented us of late, some heads of the Black Main variety, grown on the farm of Judge WM. BUELL, of Gates, near this city, which are decidedly extra in both size and weight. Several of the heads measure from eleven to twelve inches in length.

SAND FOR HORSES' BEDS.—Mr. SMALL, of Dundalk, Scotland, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience, states that sand is not only an excellent substitute for straw for horses' beds, but superior to straw, as the sand does not heat, and saves the hoofs of the horses. He states that sand is exclusively used for horses' beds in his repository.

RURAL GLEANINGS.—According to JOHN JOHNSTON, a king in the agricultural world, 12 pounds of clover seed is enough for an acre; 6 quarts of timothy seed is better than half a bushel; and 1½ bushels of wheat gives the largest yield.——ARTHUR W. AUSTIN, Ex-Collector of Boston, has, including recent importations, eight of the Kerry breed of cattle; they are thriving admirably, and much admired for their beauty.——A gentleman in Boston has just imported a noted steeple-chasing mare from Ireland.——Eight superior Cotswold sheep have lately arrived from England, through the agency of SANFORD HOWARD, of Boston; three go to Westchester, Pa; one ram and two ewes to RICHARD BRADLEY, of Brattleboro', Vt.; and two ewes to ALBERT FEARING, of Hingham, Mass.——The celebrated Arabian horses, presented to Senator SEWARD, during his late visit to the East (Egypt Arabia, &c.,) are to be exhibited at the next Cayuga County Fair, to be held at Auburn in September.

NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

FRUIT.

Not in twenty years have we had such a bountiful supply of Apricots. Trees that have never before borne a crop, are loaded with this delicious fruit. Every old scrub of a tree with the least sign of life has made a successful effort at fruit-bearing. The specimens, too, are exceedingly large and fine.

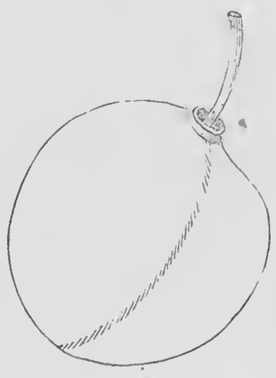
Peaches are not yet ripe, though we have seen a few diseased specimens in the market.

The Pears are doing well, with the exception of the blight, which is very severe in many orchards. The Summer varieties are now ripening. *Bloodgood* was in eating a few days ago. *Beurre Giffard* is now in perfection, and *Osband's Summer* will be in eating order in a few days.

The Dwarf Apples are loaded with fruit, the early varieties in eating. They attract a good deal of attention, and more will be planted this Autumn in gardens than ever before.

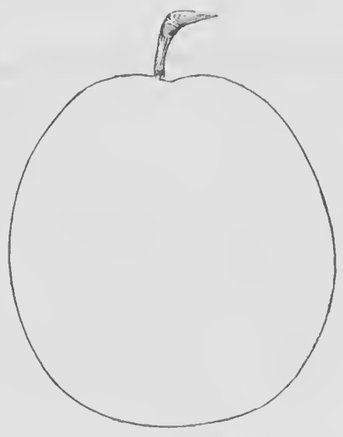
The Small Fruits are gone, with the exception of the *Blackberries*. The *New Rochelle* and *High Bush* are now in perfection, and everybody in this section is well pleased with them.

The Plums, like the Apricots, are bearing well here in almost all gardens while many of the trees are quite over-loaded.



MAMELONE.

The *Mamelone*, now ripening, is a curious and distinct fruit, with a prominent neck. It is about as large as the *Green Gage*, with a good flavor; greenish yellow, with a tinge of red on the sunny side. It has borne fine crops for several years past, and seems to be a very valuable variety.



PRINCE ENGLEBERT.

Prince Englebert is a Belgian variety, the tree a free grower and productive. Large, very deep purple, with a very thick bloom. Rich and fine.

Early Orleans is of medium size, round, purple. Flesh sweet and good. It is a great bearer.

Royal de Tour is a large, round, purple plum of the finest quality, and productive here. Tree spreading and makes but a slow growth. In other places we hear complaints that it is not productive.

FLOWERS.

In the Floral Department some fine roses may yet be seen, and some of the late and more beautiful varieties of Phloxes are in flower. In a week or two this too much neglected class of flowers will be in perfection. The *Altheas* are just beginning to bloom. This is a very desirable class of flowering shrubs on account of their late flowering. The show of *Hollyhocks* in our nurseries has been very fine this season. We hope our amateurs will pay a little regard to this much improved and truly valuable flower. The late flowering Herbaceous Plants, such as the *Delphinium*, &c., were never seen to better advantage, and the same is true of the Bedding Plants, such as *Verbenias, Petunias*, &c. The *Dahlias* will soon be in flower.

The Annuals are doing well their part to make the garden gay. The *Balsam* and *Ten Week Stock, Phlox Drummondii*, and other old favorites, maintain their popularity, but we wish to call attention to a few others not so well known.

The *Scabious*, sometimes called *Mourning Bride*, is another desirable annual which we very seldom see, and yet few things are more pretty or more easily grown. They are of all colors, from lilac to almost black. From eighteen inches to two feet in height.

The *Antirrhinum* is not an Annual, but flowers the first season, and has the desirable properties of a Perennial, so far as to flower for several years. There are now many beautiful sorts, and every lover of flowers should sow a good bed. The flowers the first year are not as good as they are afterwards, but still good enough to pay for all trouble. The common name is *Snap-Dragon*.

The *Dianthus Chinensis* is a beautiful flower which all can recommend. We have many varieties of Annuals in our garden, new and old, of which we shall say something hereafter.

SALPIGLOSSIS.

The *Salpiglossis*, is one of the very best for making a beautiful and showy bed. The plants grow some two feet in height; the flowers are funnel shaped, and of every variety of color almost that can be named. Some of the flowers contain three or more colors, being beautifully veined or stripped. They will grow in light soil. In heavy clay they sometimes fail.

TARTARIC ACID IN NATIVE GRAPES.

The assertion has been frequently made in publications in this country, that the growth of grape vines for the manufacture of wine is a project of doubtful success, since in the United States the grape does not form tartaric acid in the same large proportion in which it is found to exist in the European plant, its place being supplied by the vegetable acids, which alter the flavor and value of the wine produced.

Inasmuch as the cultivation of the grape is now prosecuted with success in the Ohio valley, and extending over a large section of country, and since the climate and soil of the United States are eminently favorable to the growth and propagation of the vine, as shown by the abundant woody development, it becomes a matter of importance to know whether the juice of the fruit grown in the United States differs in any important particular, as regards the nature or amount of acid, from that of European grapes.

For the successful manufacture of wine the presence of tartaric acid is all essential; for, by its tendency to unite with the potass, also present in the pulp, and to form the acid tartrate of potass (cream of tartar)—a salt soluble in the pulp of the grape, but not soluble when, by fermentation, alcohol is formed in the juice, and which is therefore thrown down and separated from the wine, forming the "tartar"—depends the superiority and greater healthfulness of true wine over the fermented liquors of other pulpy fruits whether indigenous or exotic.

In the pulpy fruits used in the manufacture of domestic wines, the acids present are chiefly malic and citric, which form with potash salts soluble not only in the fresh juice but also in the fermented wine. They are consequently not thrown down or separated out of the wine as alcoholization goes on in the fermenting vats, and their presence in the wine renders the latter unhealthy, it being liable to become acid in the stomach, and to produce derangement of function in that organ. Hence, the real superiority of the wine of the grape above the fermented juices of other fruits, depends not upon fancy, nor an uneducated taste, but upon the production of an alcoholic liquid not containing within it substances injurious to digestion.

Tartaric acid is as essential as sugar in the manufacture of wine; in dry wines the tartar predominates much more than in sweet, in which sugar is the dominant element. This acid diminishes as the fruit approaches ripeness; and it is also diminished in grapes grown where the climate is hot and dry in the season when the fruit is ripening. In the south of Europe, when, in the autumn, the African winds blow northward, when the grape is ripening, those portions of the Mediterranean shores exposed to a hot and dry wind do not produce dry wines, but wines that are always sweet, because the proportion of sugar and tartar are out of relation with each other. Thus the rich, sweet grape of Malaga has but little tartaric acid, and a sweet wine is the result, while the wine of Burgundy has more tartar and less sugar, and produces a more acid wine.

To determine the presence and proportion of of tartaric acid, I selected the Catawba grape as that most abundantly grown for wine purposes, and, by the kindness of Mr. Michael Werk, of Greene county, Ohio, who placed at my service several pounds of ripe grapes, and a sample of the tartar produced, I have been enabled to furnish the following results:

Six pounds of grapes, pressed, yielded 56 ounces of a literally clear, colorless juice of specific gravity 1.074. This juice was diluted with an equal amount of distilled water, and the mixed liquid passed through a fine strainer to separate the cellulose and albuminous matters not dissolved; solution of chloride of calcium with ammonia was added so long as a precipitate was produced, allowing the liquor to rest between the additions; the precipitate was then dissolved in hydrochloric acid, and ammonia added. The precipitate was then collected and dried at a gentle heat, and weighed against a tared filter. By this process the malic acid present is avoided, and the precipitate obtained is either wholly tartrate of lime, or, if not containing any racemic acid present in the juice, forming a racemate of lime. As racemic acid is only a modified form of tartaric acid, and as it is not known to act in any way differently in wines from its congener, it was not deemed necessary to separate them in this examination.

The amount of tartrate of lime attained from six pounds of grapes, or from 4¾ pints of juice, was 4 32-100 grammes, (nearly 67 grains,) which represents 50 16-100 grains of acid, tartrate of potash originally existing in the juice.

This would give the quantity of cream of tartar present in each ounce of juice as nearly one grain, admitting the whole of the tartaric acid to be combined with potassa, but as there is always some tartrate of lime present in the juice, the amount of cream of tartar is slightly lessened.

The quantity of sugar determined by Fehling's modification of the copper grape-sugar test was 19·6 per cent.

As the grapes examined had ripened very much in the interval between the gathering and the examination, the above proportion of tartrate of potass is probably somewhat less than existed in the fruit. The presence of that amount shows satisfactorily, however, that tartaric acid is the dominating acid in the Catawba grape, and that is produced abundantly in the latitude of Cincinnati.

The sample of crude tartar forwarded by Mr. Werk yielded, on qualitative analysis, acid tartrate of potass, tartrate of lime, sulphate of potass, sulphate of lime, phosphate ammonia, and magnesia. The two last mentioned salts were present in but small amount.

Mr. Payen, having stated in his work on distillation, that the cellular tissue of the pulp contained "tannin," led to a repeated examination of the juice of the pulp; and in every case where common care was taken that the skins should not be pressed, so that any of its liquids might become mingled with those of the pulp, not a trace of tannic acid could be detected, thus verifying Mulder's statement that this acid is wholly confined to the skins.—*Patent Office Report.*

THE ALLEN RASPBERRY.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In the spring of the year 1858, I purchased of a Mr. Baldwin, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, some plants of the Allen Raspberry (so called,) thinking they must be about A No. 1, as I understood they were from Rochester, the birth-place of our Rural, (so highly prized here.) They were planted and cared for in the best manner, and they grew and increased wonderfully the first season; and the next year I was expecting to have samples of the berries to show my friends, and convince them of their superiority over the common black raspberry grown here. But when the fruiting season arrived, I examined carefully all over the plants; not a berry was to be found, and my private opinion is that I had but very little to say about them afterward. When my friends inquired how my raspberries flourished, my reply was they had not done well at all that year on account of the frosts. This year they are fruitless also. Now, the plants are hardy, vigorous, and are easily propagated, but they fail in one particular, and that a very important one—they produce no fruit, and unless I meet with better encouragement from some source, shall not be growing berries so extensively next year as formerly. But if my friend Baldwin can point out some way by which his Allen Raspberry can be made prolific, he will confer a great favor, and very much oblige his humble servant, Lyman Carver.

Saline, Michigan, July 22, 1860.

The following is the experience of J. J. Thomas with the Allen Raspberry, as published in the *Country Gentleman*. It agrees with our observations exactly:

"We have made a trial of this variety, or rather of the two varieties originally disseminated, and can report results so far, in answer to the numerous inquiries made in relation to it. The difference in the two sorts is not great—the darker stemmed is less inclined to sucker, or in other words, does not propagate itself so rapidly, and possesses less vigor. Both appear to be very hardy. The sort most generally known as the Allen Raspberry we understand to be the most vigorous of the two, the sort which suckers so freely. This rapid increase, however convenient it may be to the vender, is a serious drawback, giving it the character of a weed. To bear well, these suckers must be well thinned out, and only a few bearing stems left, which in this instance is attended with considerable labor, and is very apt to be neglected by most cultivators. Even with this case, success has generally been very moderate, so far as we have learned. Our own plants have borne but few berries, and many of those half grown and imperfect. Fastolff, Knevett's Giant, and Brinckle's Orange, growing near, and much less cared for, have outborne it by many times. We have heard, however, that in a few instances, it has proved quite prolific in fruit. Although the increase of plants has been great, we have not felt willing to disseminate them, although others were scattering them freely; and at present we can only recommend it for continued trial. We have no doubt it has proved valuable and successful with its original disseminator, and perhaps with a few others, and in such localities may be recommended; but with the great majority it has failed, and will probably be rejected."

PEAR CULTURE.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing in your columns some complaint by a correspondent of the decline and loss of his Dwarf Pears, let me communicate to you for his and the information of others, in a like contingency, my mode of treatment in the case of which he speaks. When my pears, either dwarfs or standard, begin to wear a sickly look, the leaves turning yellow, and having a dry, paper-like texture, I *doctor* them by two different methods, either of which generally results in a perfect cure. The easiest method is to strip the bark from the bole, but this can only be done safely, I apprehend, in the month of June, as your subject requires all the remainder of the season to get on its new coat. The other is, to drench the roots with liquid manure. I put it on by the pailful, even in the case of small trees, having but one or two years' growth. Although I have not tried it, it is quite probable that a wheelbarrow load of good manure about the roots of such trees, in the fall, would be an additional benefit. I can show you quite a number of trees in my grounds, that have been treated in both these ways, that, at the time, looked as though they could not recover, and yet now have the thriftiest appearance, and wear the deepest and darkest foliage of any that I have. Trees that were disbarked two years ago, as well as last year, are unusually healthy and vigorous. In disbarking, no change appears the first year. In watering with liquid manure, an effect generally becomes visible in about a fortnight, but sometimes not till the year following. I had, last year, a fine Onondaga, that seemed determined on giving up the ghost. I watered it freely with soap-suds, the drainage of the privy, and from other sources, but without effect, apparently, and I concluded my specific had failed. This last spring, however, it put out a vigorous crop of leaves, and some fruit, and is now one of the best looking trees I have. This season two other trees, procured in 1859 from the nurseries, got sick, turned yellow, and made no wood. Those have had the liquid treatment. One has had its complexion restored, and is no doubt cured, though it will make no wood this season. The other continues sickly looking, but I have no doubt will come out sound next season.

In short, I have the fullest confidence in either of these modes of treatment, and do not believe there is any *need* of losing more than one in ten of the trees that are affected in the way described by your correspondent. Not cared for, the disease is pretty sure to be fatal after a year or so.

I may as well add here my testimony to one general rule, in the cultivation of the pear. Whether on their own roots, or on quince, the ground must be frequently stirred. This is indispensable with dwarfs, and nearly so in the orchard culture of standards. The soil, too, should be in good condition, and it will pay to manure liberally in the fall. But the grass and weeds must be kept down, and the plow, cultivator, and hoe cannot be used too freely. S.

Syracuse, N. Y., Aug. 4, 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

The Seventeen Year Locusts.—Much has been said about the harmlessness of these Locusts, which we were disposed to put faith in. Their history, undoubtedly, is a wonder; one of the most striking, indeed, in the whole range of insect life; but recent observation has compelled us to put them in the same category with the curculio, the wheat fly, the cut worm, and other destructive pests, to be destroyed without mercy. The woods in some portions of New Jersey look as if a fire had passed over them. The *ovipositing* of the Locust is not confined to the young wood of the present year, as is generally thought; we have seen innumerable instances of it in wood two, three, and four years old; we have also seen hundreds of young pears, apples, ornamental trees, shrubs, &c., completely cut up by them, the incisions, in many of the young trees, being carried down the *body* of the tree to within a foot of the ground. Many of the limbs were dead, others were dying, and the probability is that young trees will be entirely destroyed. It is too soon yet to speak confidently of the extent of the injury sustained, but it will no doubt be considerable.—*Horticulturist.*

The Strawberry.—It should be borne in mind by all who would harvest bountifully of this luscious fruit another year, that they must at once take the necessary steps, by setting out new beds upon well pulverized, deep, rich soil, or renovate the old bed by mulching—by thinning out the bed where they have become too thick—removing the old plants, or by mowing off the leaves now, and thereby let them recruit themselves. Like grass, as winter approaches, protect them with a slight coating of manure, which may be removed in the spring just as the leaves start. Last year, I adopted the latter mode upon a bed I had previously trenched two and a half feet deep, with good results, and have just treated the bed in same way for another year.—S. N. Holmes, *Syracuse, N. Y.*

Enormous Gooseberries.—For some years an association has existed at Patterson, New Jersey, for cultivating the gooseberry. The members, who are Englishmen, give annual exhibitions, and award premiums for the largest raised of the several varieties. This year the first prize was taken by Mr. Henry Wilkinson, whose specimen berry, of the Speedwell variety, weighed twenty-two pennyweights and nine grains. One which had previously "burst its boiler," weighed twenty-four pennyweights and five grains, the largest, doubtless, ever raised on this continent. The list of premiums is regularly forwarded to England, and published among the Transactions of the "Gooseberry Society" of that kingdom.

Fruit Growing in Michigan.—A few days since we received a call from Wm. A. Green, Esq., of St. Joseph, Michigan, who is largely engaged in the culture of fruit. He designs planting 70 acres with peaches, apples, pears, cherries, grapes, and small fruits, next fall. Mr. G. has already four acres in grapes, 1,000 peach trees, besides large quantities of cherries, gooseberries, currants, &c. The neighborhood of St. Joseph, both by location and climate, is well adapted for growing fruits to supply the Western Market.

Shade Trees—A Good Example.—The Southern Cayuga Union Agricultural Society offer the following premiums for the greatest number of Shade and Ornamental trees set out on the highway, in the fall of 1860, or spring of 1861, and living on the 1st of Sept., 1861, in the towns of Scipio, Venice, Genoa, Ledyard, Springport, and Fleming:—Best, $5; 2d, $2; 3d, Dip.

Tartaric Acid in Native Grapes.—It has long been a disputed question, whether our native grapes contained Tartaric Acid, essential to the manufacture of wine. On this question, we publish an interesting article by Dr. Antisell, Professor of Chemistry in the Medical Department of Georgetown College.

Inquiries and Answers.

Northern Spy Apple.—Will you please inform me what you know of the apple called the Northern Spy? I have been told that it is a first rate apple, but only bears a very few. Will you please answer in the Rural this week, if possible.—Ruralist, *Fulton, N. Y., July*, 1860.

The Northern Spy is an excellent apple, and bears good crops, with good usage. It does not bear until the tree obtains considerable age. We have a tree planted twelve years ago, that bore last season, for the first time, two specimens. The present year it will give us four or five barrels.

Cauliflower and Cabbage.—Will you, or somebody else, tell us how to fix up Cauliflower to make it as good as the Premium Flat Dutch cabbage for the table. By a mistake, we have grown a large number of the Early Paris Cauliflower *for Cabbage*, and they are beginning to make fine heads. Perhaps you might help us to stow away some of them, i. e., if you are fond of that kind of fodder.—I. W. Briggs.

If any one can tell how to make *Cabbage* as good as *Cauliflower*, he should take out a patent, and would, doubtless, soon secure a fortune.

TO KEEP MOTHS FROM CLOTHES.

Nothing moths dislike so much as being disturbed. The clothes, &c., should, therefore, be taken out of the linen bag, (a pillow-case tied or sewed at the open end is the best,) and shaken once a month. A bag of clothes left unshaken is like an undisturbed fox covert, where there are plenty of rabbits, to a fox. He won't go away till he is forced to decamp, by being hunted up.

Moths can't bear tallow; and if curtains, &c., are put away for any time, I should recommend a pound of the commonest tallow candles to be put in paper, and placed in with them. In the museum of the *Jardin des Plantes*, at Paris, they told me they used benzoin collas to keep the moths out of the skins of the animals, and not a moth did I see in their miles of galleries of stuffed beasts.

The other day I was asked what to do with a Crimean sheep-skin coat that had got the moth in it. I had it well shaken, and then benzoin collas rubbed in. It is not the moth that flies about that does the harm to the clothes, so much as the grub from which the moth comes,—a white little creature with a red head. I collected several of these grubs from the Crimean coat, and having moistened the palm of the hand with benzoin collas, I put the grubs on it. They began to twist and turn about, and were dead in a second or two. I should, therefore, recommend benzoin collas to destroy moth-grubs when present, and to keep them away.

I have read, (but I can't recollect where,) that cyanide of potassium was fatal to moths, and that they won't go near it. It would be worth trying this; and I imagine the best form to use it would be to buy some of the soap that photographers use to clean the nitrate of silver stains from their hands, and place it along with the clothes. But, after all, frequent shakings are the best antidotes for moths and their grubs.—*London Field.*

GINGERBREAD, RUSK, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Please accept a few recipes from one of the readers of your paper.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cup of molasses; one of sour cream; three cups of flour; two eggs; one teaspoon of soda; one of ginger.

Hard Gingerbread.—Put in a cup one teaspoon of ginger; one do. soda; three tablespoons butter; three do. boiling water; fill the cup with molasses, mix hard enough to roll, and bake in a moderate oven.

Rusk.—One cup of sugar; two eggs; a piece of butter the size of two eggs; two cups of milk; six cups of flour; four teaspoons cream of tartar; two do. soda,—bake immediately in a hot oven.

Crackers.—One pint milk; two even teaspoonfuls soda; four do. cream of tartar; two tablespoons lard, or butter.

Will some of the readers of the Rural tell me whether silk can be colored black with logwood by the same process as woolens; and if not, can it be made a handsome black with any dye, and how? F. E. W.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1860.

SODA CRACKERS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing, in a previous number, a call for a recipe for crackers, I will just pen the one I use, called soda crackers. In one quart of flour mix a teaspoon heaping full of cream of tartar; add a lump of butter, about the size of a hen's egg, well rubbed in the flour; a teaspoon even full of soda, in half a pint of sweet milk,—the newer the milk the better, if cold,—where milk is scarce, water will do. Bake in a quick oven and give close attention. If I make more than the recipe calls for, I prepare my ingredients and only wet up at one time what I can bake at once. Wet it up hard. Roll out so that it will appear flaky. When baked, set them down by the stove to dry. Before mixing it all up, I generally make a small cake and bake it, to see if it is right, as there is much difference in the strength of both soda and cream of tartar. If one has good luck, this compound will make crackers that are generally preferred to those on sale, by both sick and well. E.

Scrofulous Sore Eyes.—A minister in Syracuse had a daughter that had, for a long time, been troubled with Scrofulous sore eyes, and after trying in vain many remedies, they heard of one which effected a cure, and published it in the Daily *Journal*. One of my neighbors, Mrs. Swafeit, seeing it, tried the medicine and found immediate relief. It is simply this: Take blue violets, which are growing wild in most places, dig them up, top and root, wash clean, dry them, and make a tea. Drink several times a day, wetting the eyes each time, and it will soon cure. Said violets are very plenty about here.—A. Willson, *Marcellus, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Tomato Chowder.—Take green tomatoes, cut a small piece off the stem end, and also from the other side; then lay them in a pan. Sprinkle with salt, pour boiling water on them, and let them stand ten minutes. Pour the water off and serve them in the same manner again. Then pour boiling water on them without salt, and let them stand a few minutes. Chop them up fine, putting in some cabbage, horse radish, and peppers; and when all chopped, put salt, pepper and vinegar on, and they are ready to pack in crocks. They make an excellent dish to serve with meat. Try it.—Farmer's Daughter, *North East*, 1860.

Mildew in Linen.—Will some one please inform me how to take mildew out of linen?—J. W. M.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TOO LATE.

BY JENNY A. STONE.

UNDER the vine-wreathed arbor sat a maiden,
Sweet AMY of the vale, both proud and fair,
And as she dreamed she wreathed the purple blossoms
Amid the braided darkness of her hair.

A flowery crown is meet for youth and beauty,
But AMY dreamed of pearls and rubies red,—
Her step was music in the humble cottage,
But velvet carpets waited for her tread.

Through all the starry nights her maiden slumber
Was sweet upon the cottage chamber bed;
But brighter dreams must come when gorgeous curtains
Should fall in graceful folds about her head.

And then her heart leaped up within her bosom,
And questioned her of all the happy Past—
"Wilt give up love, and hopes, that youth will cherish;"
'Twas hard, but AMY answered it at last.

"Better to wed with bleak and old December,
Than trust to fierce and ever stormy March;
Should streamlets flow by peasant doors forever
Because they spring not from a golden arch?

"The old man's heart is dead, I cannot wake it,
And mine shall sleep when once I am a wife;
The bitterest cold can only *freeze* a fountain,
While too much heat would parch its very life."

And so the church was decked for AMY'S bridal,
The vail was folded from her snowy brow,
The hand that clasped her own was brown and withered,
Trembling with age the voice that spoke the vow.

She passed the threshold, and before her floated
A vision stern of dark, reproachful eyes,—
The marriage chain drew close about her spirit,
She knew the grief that never, never dies.

And every night, just as the eve was waning
Into quick life, that spirit form would start,
No word it spoke, but sternly gazed upon her,
Each glance a dagger to her shrinking heart.

Soon all the nights were spent in bitter weeping,
Curtains of richest texture falling round,
And all the days with listless step and weary
She paced the halls that echoed back no sound.

And thus the heart once lulled to quiet slumber—
The heart she once had thought so surely sleeping—
Awoke too late in chains of gold a captive,
Nor slept again till Death had hushed its beating.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THAT LITTLE DRAB GAITER.

I CANNOT keep out of my mind the thin gaiter on that little tiny foot, this windy March day. The little girl sat beside me in church, and I could have taken her in my arms, and pressed her to my heart with many a fond kiss,—we know what a treasure a little girl is,—the twining arms, and the sweet caresses. So quietly she sat, that little one of three years; hushed was her merry prattle, and serious her pretty face, for it was the house of GOD. My heart was full of pity for the child, and indignation that a woman could be so foolish as to risk the life of her child, by changing the thick, every-day shoe for a light prunella gaiter, with a sole as thin as paper, and take a long walk to church. All the child's other clothing was suitable, from the satin hood, the delaine dress, to the lambs-wool stockings. Her mother sat beside her, wrapped in cloak and furs.

I heard a gentleman say, not many days since, that nine women in ten would run the risk of burying their children in order to have them dressed fashionably to go to Church or Sabbath School. The mother's heart within me would not admit that; but is it not too true that mothers are really cruel to dress their children in the way they do? Will the women of this generation, with all the light and knowledge that physiological science gives them, and the good sense with which GOD has endowed them, thus put the little feet of their own offspring in the cold grave? Or, if the child have sufficient constitution to live through, will the mother so act as to make her offspring a puny, sickly being all the days of its life? Is there not a fearful load of guilt resting upon such mothers,—is it not her duty to be as wise and as judicious in the physical training of the little ones of her household, as of their moral training? Do not thus expose your child, and say "the Lord has taken her away," for it is blasphemy.

What a blessed thing it would be if mothers would have independence enough to discard every foolish fashion, and dress their children comfortably; then might the coming generation improve upon the present, and American women not be a reproach and by-word for European nations, who are continually saying we are the sickliest women on the face of the earth. Does a thin cloth shoe look as well or as suitable for the winter season, as a nice calf-skin or morocco? It seems to me that it is as much out of place as a lace bonnet or lawn dress.

Another little girl I saw, of perhaps five years, quite decently clad, with bare arms, and three or four inches from stockings to panteletts. Do not wonder at the mortality of children,—let us rather wonder that so many live to mature years. Do not wonder that the young girls and women of our country are pale and delicate; not able to do a quarter of the work that their mothers and grand-mothers accomplished at their age; but let us rather wonder that it is no worse.

With every mother, with every one who has charge of young children, lies the work of reform. Some are awake and alive to their duty, ready for the love they bare their children, and for the good of those that may live after them, to try and rear their children to be strong and healthy,—to bear the epithet old-fashioned; and, perhaps, remarks of ridicule, and to be laughed at by some silly people. If any part of the body should be well protected from cold and wet, it is the feet, and little girls need their feet as well covered as little boys, and what woman would think of putting such drab gaiters on her little boy?

Oak Hall, Iowa, 1860. ADA BROWN.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TEARS.

THERE is magic in a tear. We never see a crystal drop quivering on drooping lashes, or wandering down a fair, young cheek, but, ere we are aware, our own eyes twinkle with the same dewiness, and a low voice from our hearts bids us wipe away those tears with the gentle hand of Sympathy. Yes, these silent tears, how often do they weave themselves into a chain of love, whereby the hearts of strangers, even, are bound together. It is enough that such hearts are in sorrow, that tear-drops rest on either cheek,—instinctively the curtain of formality is drawn aside, and the two souls blend into one. A tear is more attractive to my heart, anywhere, than a smile. Smiles come and go, like little bright winged summer birds, too full of peace and happiness to care for sympathy,—oftentimes as devoid of meaning as is the careless, merry twitter of the song-bird; but tears are full of eloquence, and no true heart can resist their silent oratory.

How beautiful is the tear of gratitude! Sweet it is to watch it bursting into the eye from the over-charged heart, expressing, as it does, a thousand times more feelingly than mere words, the happiness which Benevolence occasioned.

Equally beautiful and touching is the tear of reconciliation. They had been estranged now, for many a long year, that father and his wayward son. But all the dreary time an angel had been whispering in each heart sweet words of healing. The son came at last, and threw his arms upon his father's neck and wept. It was sufficient. Tears healed the wound, and the dear eyes of their guardian angel grew tearful too as she blessed them and departed.

Sweet penitential tears! Such were thine, dear, repentant MAGDALEN, when, weeping, thou didst pour rich ointment on the SAVIOUR'S feet, and wash them with thy glistening tears. Ah, at such weepings, angel choirs grow rapturous, and, mid songs and praises, bear to Heaven each precious, pearly drop, to gleam forever in their Soverign's diadem.

But more divine than all is the blest tear of pity, for such our SAVIOUR shed. Methinks I see it now, bedimming his lustrous eyes, as he gazes upon this sinful, sorrowing world, and weeps over it, as over the glorious temple and holy city in ages past. Ah, truly doth this sad world need such tears, and let us pour them freely forth, for they are sanctified.

Yet, strange anomaly, joy, too, hath her tears. In her happiest hours, when rarest gems bedeck her brow, then it is she borrows the radiant pearls which meek-eyed sorrow wears amidst dishevelled locks, and twines them into her golden hair to render herself more beautiful.

Yes, there is beauty, peace, and a holy sacredness in tears—a deeper, purer pleasure, oftentimes, than in a whole chorus of careless laughter. And sometimes when I read, "There are no tears in Heaven," I find myself wondering whether they would render it less lovely, or whether earth's shadows are not lighter shadows, by reason of the starlight of tears that shines amidst them.

A. M. P.

Fayetteville, Onon. Co., N. Y., 1860.

LADIES CARRYING THE CROPS.—The following originated with the Terre Haute Express. It is applied to ladies of the editor's locality, but its homely figures have point and application elsewhere. We, however, leave all such applications to our readers:

Here is lady No. I, with ten acres of wheat gracefully thrown around her person—twelve bushels to the acre. Ten times twelve are one hundred and twenty, at 80 cents a bushel; 120x80—$96.

Lady No. II toddles under four tuns of hay at seven dollars and a half per tun; 4x$7 50—$30. She stands erect, as stiffly as I see Norwegian women every day with a load of kindling wood on their heads.

Lady No. III sweeps the path and circumjacent dog-fennel with a train in which are exhibited two yoke of steers at $35—$70.

Lady No. IV is enrobed in twenty acres of corn, forty bushels to the acre, worth thirty cents to the bushel; 800x30—$240.

Lady No. V has a mule colt suspended from each ear, at $15—$30.

I. E.—THAT IS.—The name of girls in these latter days have a decided tendency to terminate in "ie." Taking up a couple of catalogues of ladies' schools the other day—pleasant reading, by the way, those pages, full of the names of school girls, are?—we found the following angels in ie:—Essie, and Elsie, and Carrie, and Kittie, and Katie, and Fannie, and Annie, and Millie, and Mollie, and Minnie, and Lizzie, and Libbie, and Lottie, and Lucie, and Laurie, and Lillie, and Addie, and Nellie, and Hattie, and Jennie! Whether blossoming out of the dear, old-fashioned names, into foreign posies is the result of European tours, or whether Shakspeare is wrong about the sweetness of roses, or whatever it is, we can only exclaim, Y, GIRLS!—*Chicago Jour.*

SUBMISSION.—Trials not felt are easily borne Mr. Peabody one day came in from a walk. His wife said to him, "I have been thinking of our situation, and have determined to be submissive and patient."

"Ah!" said he, "that is a good resolution; let us see what we have got to submit to. I will make a list of our trials. First, we have a home,—we will submit to that. Second, we have the comforts of life,—we will submit to that. Thirdly, we have each other. Fourthly, we have a multitude of friends. Fifthly, we have God to take care of us."

"Ah," said she, "pray stop, I will say no more about submission."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

STANZAS.

BY KATE CAMERON.

THE magic seal of genius
Set on a noble brow;
The strange spell of eloquence,
Before which all hearts bow—
Have power to thrill the spirit,
And make the soul a shrine
For thoughts in which the mortal
Is linked with the divine.

The beaming glance of beauty,
The form of faultless grace,
The nameless charm that lingers
Around a lovely face,—
May win our fond devotion,
Our worship from afar,
While shining on us coldly,
Like a calm, distant star.

But give me warm affection,
That lives in look and tone,
A faithful, loving nature,
Which I can call my own;
For when the glow of genius
And beauty's smile depart,
One treasure will be lasting—
A true and trusting heart!

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

A SIMPLE little word is that monosyllable, "Life," yet fraught with what stupendous meaning. What mind can measure its significance? what imagination fathom its soundless mystery? The incomprehensible principle that unites immortal mind with earthly, perishing matter,—a ray of light from the great central and eternal fire, which can never be lost, returning when its mission is fulfilled, never more to be merged in the great fountain from which it emanated, but destined through its earthly course to gather to itself a stronger individuality and a deeper light, that, when recalled, it may shine with an ever broadning, ever brightening ray, through untold ages, co-existent with the Eternal Life from which it sprung.

Wonderful, beyond our powers of thought or expression, is human life, the grandest of Nature's mysteries, the last and noblest of the Creator's earthly works. Majestic in the powers of its possessors, pitiable in their weakness and proneness to suffer and err,—fearful in its responsibility, and sublime in its destiny,—its mortal part a prey to a thousand destructive agencies,—its immortal, indestructible as GOD himself. Every individual life is made up of the same elements,—alternate good and evil, pain and pleasure, weakness and strength, gloom and gladness,—yet each so unlike all others, and marked by phases so peculiarly its own, that probably no two lives ever flowed in precisely the same channel since the creation of man.

All are subject to the laws of change, and the control of ungovernable circumstance, yet while every change weakens and impoverishes one, it strengthens and enriches another,—while, with every shadow of circumstance that gives direction to our course, or coloring to our destiny, one life grows dimmer and darker, another becomes deeper and brighter,—one nature seeming to gather from life nothing but its bitterness, while another but extracts its sweetness. Much of this difference is doubtless owing to dissimilarities of temperament, diversities of mental and physical organizations and conditions, and much to our different practical use of the daily lessons of life, all of the events of which are teachers of wisdom if we but heed their admonitions.

One of the first truths experience beings home to our understandings, is, that life is not what we planned it when first our barks were launched upon its tide: and that many a cup we grasp with eager hands, believing that the wine of happiness sparkles within, proves a draught of unmingled bitterness. Many a path which seemed to us bright and sunny, and carpeted with softest verdure, and which we hastened, with impatient steps, to enter, grows rough and thorny beneath our feet; while, beside, another that seemed bleak and barren in the distance, grows many a flower of rare beauty and fragrance, if we will but stoop to find them. And often when some glittering prize presents itself afar off, almost beyond our reach, we gain it after long and weary effort, only to earn a disappointment like his, who

"Saw, on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like fire by night,
And thought it a star that had left the sky,
And dropped to sleep on the mountain's height;
But climbed the peak and found it soon,
A lump of ice in the clear cold moon."

Even while we toil to win the brilliant cheats, close beside us, aye, at our very feet, are treasures which, if gathered to our hearts, would beautify and brighten all our future lives; but our eyes are fixed on some imaginary good in the distance, and we overlook the means of happiness within our reach. Often, too, when we think our lives are running to waste, because their outward circumstances are not what we might wish them, our inner lives are growing richer, purer, and higher. The lessons of love, our trials, and our sorrows, are sent to teach us, as Nature's hidden resources are developed and brought to light by the long and wasting drouths that paralyze her visible energies. And many a one, mourning wasted years given to an uncongenial calling, or distasteful duties in the practice of the patience, fortitude and self-control those duties compelled, has gained a strength of character that has enabled him to triumph over all life's assailing forces in after years. Every temptation, pain, or sorrow that we feel, is needed to refine and purify our natures, and much that we, in our blindness, regard as evil, may be the greatest good that Heaven can send us. But the lesson must be many times repeated before we will heed its admonitions, and many a stern conflict must we have with self, before we can say, "Peace, be still!" to all the warring elements of our natures, and accept, with a cheerful trust, whatever life may bring, believing that what we need we shall receive.

"Much must be borne that it is hard to bear,
Much given away that it were sweet to keep,—
God help us all,—we need, indeed, His care,
And yet I know the Shepherd loves His sheep."

Nor are our own experiences our only teachers. In the lives of others are lessons of deep and earnest meaning, inciting us to emulate the good and noble, or shun the path that led the weak to ruin. Nor this alone, but the study of human nature, as it is everywhere presented to our view, should teach us an almost boundless charity for our fellows, and lead us, while we avoid, to pity the errors that we see. Every weakness has its meed of suffering,—every sin committed leaves a sting behind,—every vice indulged, in blunting the finer sensibilities, and destroying all the better elements of humanity, works its own punishment; and many on whom we heap our bitterest scorn, deserve, far more, our kindred pity. And in the eyes of Omniscience,—to whom all hearts are alike visible, and who weighs every circumstance of temptation without, and power of resistance within, as no mortal ever can,—there may be less to blame in the lives of some whom we would gather our garments about us in passing, lest we be contaminated by their touch, than in others to whom we give the hand of friendship. In every home there is some hidden sorrow,—in every heart some hoarded pain,—and were the veil lifted from our eyes that we might read the history, or the prophecy, written on every human face, many on whom we look with admiration or envy, would excite our sympathy and commiseration. Many a compressed lip, in whose curves we see now only reserve and haughty self-reliance, would tell of a sensitive nature, with sympathies thrown back upon itself, by a consciousness of being unappreciated and misunderstood,—many an eye whose dreamy light shows only listlessness or indifference, would reveal the languor of a soul wearied with the cares and perplexities of life,—and on many a brow whose pale, calm surface seems only to bear the impress of coldness and pride, we should read the record of deep, often sad and painful thought. And were our senses less obtuse, many a voice that sounds careless now, would come to our ears in tones deepened by the melody of unshed tears.

And yet, all life's lessons, stern and painful as they are, are lessons of mercy to fallen man; for were no lips sealed by suffering, none would be prepared to speak truth or warning to the hearts of others,—were no brows "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," none would be encircled by crowns that cannot fade when they themselves have faded,—and were no eyes dimmed or voices saddened here, none would beam with unutterable joy or sing songs of gladness in the land where sorrow cannot come.

Let us learn to thank GOD then, for life's storm and tempest not less than for its sunshine and calm, since repining because clouds darken our horizon but adds to their blackness, and brooding over life's ills only robs us of the strength to bear them. While, if we will but believe that there is a Bow of Promise in every cloud, though our earth-darkened eyes cannot see it; and will be persuaded that human affairs are presided over, not by an inexorable tyrant who delights in the miseries of his subjects, but by a loving father who suffers his children to be tried only that the gold of their natures may be separated from its dross; that faith will bear us upon its wings into a moral atmosphere, where, like the Alpine climber who stands in unbroken sunshine upon the mountain's brow, and sees the clouds gather blackness and break in gloom and desolation over the valleys below; we may look unmoved upon the brooding darkness and the tempestuous storms of life; and while our own lives are permeated by the celestial radiance that makes glad the city of our GOD, diffuse over other and more darkened existences around us, a reflected light from the sunshine of our own.

ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Avoca, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1860.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT.—The man who is obliged to earn the necessities of life and support his family, knows not the unhappiness he prays for when he desires wealth and idleness. To be constantly busy is to be always happy. Persons who have suddenly acquired wealth, broken up their active pursuits, and begun to live at their ease, waste away, and die in a very short time. Thousands would have been blessings to the world, and added to the common stock of happiness, if they had been content to remain in an humble sphere, and earned every mouthful of food that nourished their bodies. Persons who are always busy, and go cheerfully to their daily tasks, are the least disturbed by the fluctuations of business, and at night sleep with perfect composure.

THE TRULY GREAT MAN.—The truly great man is he who has added something to the sweetness and worth of human life. Ten thousand miners would by this time have been blackened corpses, had not Sir Humphrey Davy invented the patent safety lamp. Ten thousand lips are speaking of the great use of the mariner's compass, which was simply an adaptation of natural laws, or properties of matter, to a benevolent human use; and this is one of the happy inspirations of genius.

THE GOOD AND THE BAD.—The following true and pleasant passage occurs in one of Frederika Bremer's books:

There is much goodness in the world, although at a superficial glance one is disposed to doubt it. What is bad is noised abroad—is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find much to say about it—while what is good goes, at best, like sunshine, quietly through the world.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SABBATH EVENING.

BY MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

I LOVE the holy calm that steals
O'er Nature's breast,
That quiet which alone reveals
The Sabbath's rest.

I love the lingering rays that glide
Over the green,
While deepening shadows oft divide
The space between.

I love to see the flowerets close
Their silken leaves,
And droop their heads to that repose
Which evening gives.

I love the evening song of birds
In azure dome—
I love the chiming bell of herds
Returning home.

I love to walk beneath the trees
In the solemn wood,
And list the whispering of the breeze
Saying, "GOD is good."

Jackson, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SYMPATHY.

"BLESSED is he who succeeds in smoothing one wrinkle from the brow of care, and in lighting up the smile of Hope on the face of sorrow."

THE lines quoted above are from the pen of a popular author, and they are as true as they are beautiful. It is indeed a blessed task to smooth a wrinkle from the brow of care,—to wipe a tear from the eye of the sorrow-stricken,—to lighten the burden of the weary,—to smooth the pathway of the despairing traveler on life's bleak road,—to whisper a word of comfort to the hopeless, and bind up the wounds of the sorrowing.

Oh, there are broken hearts upon the earth, that need our sympathy and love,—there are erring ones to be led gently back to the paths of virtue and honor,—there are sorrowing hearts that wait but for a kindly spoken word and a smile of encouragement, to conquer grief and look above for aid and comfort. And shall we withhold that word,—refuse to bestow that smile? Oh, no, let us help our fellowmen, and our reward will be great hereafter. Let us not waste our days in useless pinings and regrets, but go forth and work in the Master's vineyard. There is much for us to do, and time is passing. These opportunities to do good may pass from us unimproved, if we do not work "while it is day."

Brooklyn, N. Y., 1860. WILLIE WAVE.

SEED TO THE SOWER.—There are two ways of treating the seed. The botanist splits it up, and discourses on its curious characteristics; the simple husbandman eats and sows; sows and eats. Similarly there are two ways of treating the gospel. A critic dissects it; raises a mountain of debate about the structure of the whole, and the relation of its parts; and when he is done with his argument, he is done. To him, the letter is dead; he neither lives on it himself, nor spreads it for the good of his neighbors. He neither eats nor sows. The disciple of JESUS, hungering for righteousness, takes the seed whole; it is bread for to-day's hunger, and seed for to-morrow's supply.

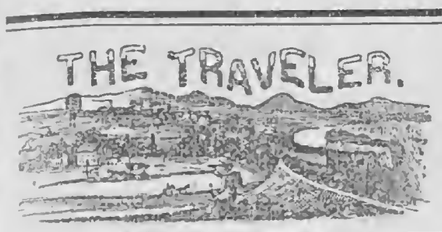
DEVOTION.—The most illiterate man who is touched with devotion, and uses frequent exercises of it, contracts a certain greatness of mind, mingled with a noble simplicity, that raises him above those of the same condition. It is hardly possible it should be otherwise; for the fervors of a pious mind will naturally contract such an earnestness and attention towards a better Being as will make the ordinary passages of life go on with a becoming indifference. By this, a man in the lowest condition will not appear mean, or in the most splendid fortune, insolent.—*Johnson.*

PRAYER.—"Hungry persons," says one, "who come to my door for bread, do not descant on the beauty of waving wheat-fields, the value of grist mills and bakeries, nor do they preach homilies on the general goodness of God, and the excellence of Christian beneficence. "Bread, if you please; do give us bread!" Oh! when shall we have less of the form, and more of the spirit of prayer; less of preaching, and more of pleading in prayer; more scriptural prayer; and, as the result, showers of spiritual blessings?

JOY.—He that, to the best of his power, has secured the final stake, has a perennial fountain of joy within him—he is satisfied from himself. They, his reverse, borrow all from without. Joy wholly from without is false, precarious, and short. From without it may be gathered; but, like gathered flowers, though fair and sweet for a season, it must soon wither and become offensive. Joy from within, is like smelling the rose on the tree; it is more sweet and fair,—it is lasting,—and, I must add, immortal.—*Young.*

WE, who are saved by grace, have room enough in our Redeemer's character for eternal love and wonder. His characters are so varied, and all of them so precious, that we may still gaze and adore. The Shepherd folding the lambs in his bosom, the Breaker dashing into pieces the opposing gates of brass, the Captain routing all his foes, the Brother born for adversity, and a thousand other delightful pictures of Jesus, are all calculated to stir the affections of the thoughtful Christian.

WE cannot have it too strongly impressed on our minds, that there is no reason why we should be better off than Christ, our Master, was.



[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XIII.

Mt. Hood and Mt. Blanc compared—The Rewards of Labor—Prices of Farm Products—A Lyric set to Music—"Shylock" and his Victim—Oregon War Debt—Proportion of Adult Males to Females, as two to one—Intermarriages of Whites and Squaws—A Visit to one such Family—5,000 more Females needed in Oregon.

SALEM, Oregon, April 20, 1860.

As yet I linger under the shadows of Mt. Hood, and delight to witness the play of sunlight as it comes down on a fair day to kiss his snowy cheeks and bathe his huge sides with celestial radiance. Sardinia may boast of Mt. Blanc, which has marvelous attractions for tourists of all nations, rising, as it does, to a height of 15,663 feet, yet Mt. Hood shoots past it 2,700 feet, and is crowned with perpetual snow. It is cone-shaped, and, under the glistening sunlight of an April noon it becomes one of the grandest and most majestic objects I ever beheld. I have seldom wondered, or looked with astonishment upon the Orientals for yielding up their devotions to the God of Day, or worshiping at the shrine of that mighty orb which warms all things into life and beauty—at whose beneficent touch the earth is decked in emerald, and flowers lift their fragrant heads and shake their petals, yielding the incense of devotion as he rides the heavens like a Deity, scattering, in his onward and matchless sweep, the poisonous miasms and chilling damps of a pestilent earth, and gilding the mountains with beauteous sheen; but when mountain and sun combine their divinity, we confess to a tendency to adore their authority, and yield passive obedience to their *high* and *celestial* utterances.

Labor is better paid on this coast than on the Atlantic. Never have I seen labor so well rewarded elsewhere as here. Senator BRODERICK once remarked, in the Senate chamber, at Washington:—"I represent a State where labor is honorable—where no station is so high, and no position so great, that its occupant is not proud to boast that he has labored with his hands. There is no State, no place on earth, where labor is so honored and so well rewarded; no time and no place, since the Almighty doomed the sons of ADAM to toil, where the curse, if it be a curse, rests so lightly as now on the people of California." This remark of the lamented Senator applies equally to Oregon. The prices paid for labor rule less than four or five years since. The present standard of prices is about as follows:—A good farm hand commands $40 per month and board. Female domestics receive from $20 to $30 per month and board. In hotels, girls obtain from $30 to $40 per month, and as chief cooks, from $40 to $60 per month and board. It may be proper to remark that board and lodging here costs $7 per week, and never less than $6. Mechanics obtain the following prices:—Carpenters, shoemakers, and tailors, $3 per day and board; blacksmiths and brickmasons, $5 to $6 per day and board. Female seamstresses receive $2 to $2.50 per day and board. Lady school teachers are paid, besides board, $25 to $40 per month. There is pressing need for more good female teachers here. I think, and know, that there are as many mechanics here, of all kinds, as can find constant employment, until the present stringency in money matters is relieved. Owing to the scarcity of money, very little building is going on. Farm produce sells at the following rates:—Wheat 75 cents, oats $1, corn $1.50, potatoes 50 cents, and apples $2.50 to $3 per bushel. Eggs bring 20 to 25 cents per dozen, cheese 25 cents, and butter 40 cents per pound. Fresh beef stake 12½ cents, mutton and ham 18 to 20 cents per pound. Groceries are 100 per cent. above prices in the Eastern States. Dry goods about 50 per cent., and ready-made clothing only very little above Eastern retail prices. Gold and silver is the only circulating medium. A bank bill would be a great curiosity on this coast.

For several years money has been extremely plenty here. Every loafer had his pockets full, and boys would pitch quoits in the streets with $20 gold pieces. Within twelve or fifteen months a change has been coming over Oregon, and the lyric of hard times is being set to music, and sung by the masses. Ten per cent. is the legal rate of interest here, yet any rate of interest is legal if expressed in the note. A good story is told of a moneyed SHYLOCK here. Recently a borrower called and inquired for terms, and was informed he could be *accommodated* at five per cent. a month. He agreed for $100 at that rate for one year. SHYLOCK took his note, and remarked that as it was his custom to take his interest in advance, there would be just $40 to count out to him. The innocent borrower rubbed his forehead, and drily remarked, that it was fortunate that he did not happen to want the money for two years, for in that case there would be something now coming to the lender. The scarcity of money is partly accounted for by the fact, that the people of Oregon and Washington Territories furnished, conjointly, $6,000,000 in property and services, for the late Indians wars, and as yet have not received a farthing at the hands of Government. We shall refer to the injustice of this neglect in a future number.

The relative proportion of adult males in Oregon to that of females is supposed to be as two to one. If the population, including children and youth, be counted, it will vary the relative proportions. For instance, in this village, there are 337 males and 190 females over 21 years of age, or a few over half as many women as men. But including all ages, the figures read thus,—males, 624; females, 444. Providentially, or otherwise, it is ascertained to be a fact that the female births considerably exceed that of males on the Pacific coast. The climate doubtless has its influence in reversing the law which generally prevails thro'out the world. No complete census has been taken in all the counties. A part gives the following returns:—Clackamas Co. has a population of 3,333; viz., males 1,985, females 1,348, votors 921. Total valuation of property in the County, $1,947,180. In Douglass Co. the figures read,—1,540 males, 887 females, 848 voters. In Josephine Co. there 927 males to 264 females, voters 669. Umpqua Co. contains a population of 1,041; viz., males 645, females 392, voters 351. In Wasco Co. there are 1,500 males and 500 females, 600 voters. In Multnomah Co. there 1,725 males and 1,216 females. Marion Co. gives returns of 4,025 males and 3,541 females. Washington Co. has 2,500 inhabitants, viz., 1,445 males and 1,055 females. Curry Co. has 170 males to 35 females. In Yamhill Co. there is a population of 3,162,—males 1,761, females 1,401. Columbia Co. has 585 males and 295 females. Here are the figures for eleven counties; from the other nine counties we have no returns. These eleven have a total population of 27,244,—males 16,308, females 10,936; showing a proportion of nearly fifty per cent. in favor of the males. Were the census confined to adults, it would doubtless make a show of two men to one woman,—hence there is no call for preachers or lecturers here against polygamy; but, on the other hand, we maintain that one woman cannot conveniently nor advantageously wife out her affections to more than one man. This being the case, it follows that 500 out of every 1,000 marriageable men in Oregon are doomed "to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air." Thousands of young men in the prime of manhood, have hearts and hands to exchange with lovers, but, alas, as yet, they are doomed to live unmated and unloved, and unaccompanied in life's pathway by a companion suited to share with them the blessings of one of Heaven's wisest and holiest institutions. In Washington Territory the proportion of males to females is still greater, and I learn that marriages between white men and Indian girls is a common occurrence. Formerly such intermarriages were not uncommen here. They are rare now. Recently I visited, (by invitation,) the family of a thriving farmer, formerly from New York, whose wife was an Indian woman of the Flat-head tribe. She was not forbidding in her personal appearance. She so dressed her hair as partly to conceal the deformity of her forehead. She spoke English fluently, and had been well educated in the Mission School, at the expense of her husband, previous to their marriage. She and her husband are members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this village. They have a numerous family, some of which are grown to man and womanhood, and are well educated. One boy and three little girls, whose ages vary from four to ten years, are strikingly beautiful, with sparkling black eyes, regular Anglo-American features, the tint and glow of health resting upon their dimpled, chubby cheeks. Seldom have I seen a more interesting group of children, or a more orderly and well behaved family. There is no one element of society so greatly needed here as virtuous female influence. I have conversed with lawyers and judges of courts, with ministers and laymen, with Jews and Christians, with Democrats and Republicans, with matrons and maidens, with fathers and sons, with farmers and merchants, with the scholar and the untutored, with patriots and philanthropists, with the married and with *bachelors*, and each and all, *not excepting the last*, unite in the opinion that there is a sad vacuum in society here, which can only be filled by a large imigration of the fair sex! I will, therefore, in behalf of Oregon, invite *five thousand* young women to her bosom, and in the name of all her citizens, promise them a generous and hearty welcome.

S. B. R.

A TRIP TO THE ADIRONDACKS.—NO. I.

[SOME three weeks ago, a party of Western New York gentlemen—including Dr. W. W. ELY, Rev. Messrs. BOARDMAN and ELLENWOOD, and Messrs. WM. ALLING, WM. S. ELY, C. A. DEWEY, and P. BREWSTER, of Rochester, and Rev. Mr. FOWLER, of Auburn,—started on an excursion to the Adirondack Mountains. Their purpose was to spend several weeks in fishing, hunting, etc., in the great wilderness, and on the lakes and rivulets, of the celebrated "John Brown Tract," and are probably now enjoying novel and interesting experiences. One of these gentlemen intimated that RURAL readers should be advised somewhat concerning the tour, and we now have the pleasure of giving his first epistle, written after experiencing some taste of "border life," and on the point of leaving the confines of high and *dry* civilization:]

ARNOLD'S, JOHN BROWN'S TRACT, July 26, 1860.

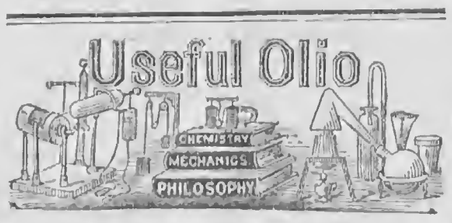
As several members of our party are spending a few moments this morning in writing letters preparatory to "going in," I will give you a brief account of our progress thus far. It is the last chance we shall have to communicate with the civilized world for several weeks, when we hope to announce that we are safely "out of the woods."

Up to the present time nothing has happened to us out of the usual routine. Taking Boonville as the starting point, we found there a son of Mr. Arnold, with six of his famous pack-horses, ready to transport us and our effects to the "Tract." If the road from Boonville to this place could be fitly described, it would furnish *material* enough for one letter at least. The first eight miles (to Booth's Mills,) admits of wheel carriages, and is comparatively easy, though hilly and sandy. The Black River and the feeder of the Canal, with saw mills, etc., occasionally pass in review. Entering the woods, our party divided into pedestrians and equestrians, according to choice. A horse is rated at $3 for the trip, whether rode or packed. The road was pronounced on all hands most horrible, and only needed a spice of danger to make it terrible; but as it had not this element of sublimity, I must write it as *execrably bad*. At the Moose River Fording we stopped for a dinner of trout and pork. A shell of a house, designed for a hotel, has been recently added to the accommodations of this inviting tour.

At the river commenced our regular "packing" operations, which deprived us of one of our saddle horses—three being loaded with baggage, and three at the service of riders. Now for the road—16 miles to Arnold's—how can it be described? The thing is impossible in the present state of the English language. A few of the elements or "ingredients" can only be hinted at, leaving the *combination* to be made by you, as disagreeable as you can possibly invent.

First, The road is filled with boulders of all sizes, shapes and positions, scattered and closely packed by turns; then ledges of slippery granite rock, shelving forward, backward, and sidewise, like the roof of a house; then mud-holes of all patterns and extent; then corduroy road, regular foot-traps for horses, made up of rolling, slippery and sliding logs; then it is cut up like the bed of a small river through which a rapid torrent has dug out the bottom and filled it in with all imaginable obstacles; then——but I must just hint at a few of the peculiarities which are particularly interesting to foot *passengers*, for the foregoing relates to the path itself. The footman is obliged to jump from rock to rock, forward, sidewise, occasionally landing half-leg deep in tarry mud; then he must walk on slippery roots, or some bending sapling, with a nice hydropathic prospect in case of an unwary step. Tired, panting, dirty, astonished at his own performances, the adventurous pedestrian at length rejoices at the sight of the opening clearing, and the comfortable farm house and quarters from which we are now writing.

Want of time and space prevent our giving an account of the famous pack-horses, which astonished me more than any thing I have seen. Their perfect sureness of foot, whether treading on boulders, smooth rock, or rolling and ill-adjusted logs—their occasional "detours," when the impassibility of the road required them, and their perfect independence of the guide or riders, can only be appreciated by the observer of their remarkable sagacity.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ON METEORS—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY PROF. C. DEWEY.

IN the last RURAL, this question was answered in part. But, the question has taken the form, *of what are they composed?* So many have been analyzed by the chemist, that much is known of some of them.

Of the meteoric stones which fell from the Weston meteor, of 1807, full description was published by Prof. SILLIMAN, in January, 1808. The stone has a gray or ashey hue, granular in its structure, like some sandstones, easily frangible by the hammer; diffused through it some malleable iron, alloyed with nickel, and iron pyrites, or sulphuret of iron; specific gravity about 3.3 to 3.6; rough and irregular in form. The earthy part is composed of silex and magnesia, of which the silex is near four times as much as the magnesia, the former being 51.5 per cent., and the latter 13 per cent. Oxyd of iron 38., oxyd of nickel 1.5, and sulphur 1. One stone, which fell from this meteor, weighed 35 pounds; another mass, dashed into small fragments by falling on a rock, was estimated at 20 pounds; another fragment weighed 13 pounds; another, abounding in iron, weighed 36¼ pounds; another must have weighed 200 pounds, but dashed into a multitude of pieces.

Several other meteoric stones, analyzed in Europe, contained the same ingredients as the Weston meteor. Many have nickel, while others have chrome, and some both; alumina, manganese, and lime, and some other elements, in small amount, have been found in them.

So much uniformity in the elements, and the proportions of the elements, leads to the inference of their common origin, viz., the fragments of, or from, some revolving bodies.

Meteoric Iron is another kind of meteors, often called native iron. This is usually soft and malleable, iron alloyed with nickel. Though many specimens have been found, which have the characters of meteoric iron, relatively few have been known to fall. The first well-authenticated specimen fell in 1751, at Agram, in Croatia, and is in the Imperial Cabinet of Vienna; weighed 71 pounds; was composed of iron, 90.5, and of nickel, 3.5. Another smaller weighed 16 pounds. Another fell in 1835, at Dickson, Tenn., of a similar character; and another was found in Green Co., Tenn., weighing near 20 pounds, whose composition was, iron, 87.6, and nickel, 12.4. A specimen was also found near Lockport, which gave, the younger SILLIMAN, iron, 95.5, and nickel, 5.0.

The peculiarity of these meteorites is the development, by the action of nitric acid, of parallel and cross lines, showing a distinct crystalline structure, called after the discoverer, *Widmanstattian* figures.

The largest mass of meteoric iron is in the Gibbs Cabinet of Yale College, "being three feet and four and a half inches long, greatest breadth two feet and four inches, and its greatest height sixteen inches," and weighing "sixteen hundred and thirty-five pounds." It is the most important specimen of the kind in the world, and was found on Red River, Louisiana, now Texas. Its composition is, iron, 90.0, and nickel, 9.7. The famous Santa Rosa specimen has nearly the same composition, viz., iron, 91.4, and nickel, 8.6. The resemblance in the composition of these meteorites is very striking, and at once suggests a common origin.

So far, no new substance has been found in them. They resemble the stones or ores of earth, the proportions being different from such com pounds. While the principal substances have already been mentioned, science has discovered several minerals, and some substances, as chlorine and phosphorus, in the numerous meteorites examined in the last ten or fifteen years. It were easy to refer to the authors and works for details, if it was of general interest.

The meteor of July 20th was one of the most remarkable for its appearance and changes. The wide extent of its visibility to the N. and S. of its course, does not necessarily carry it above our atmosphere, through which alone it would find the oxygen for its combustion. It seems highly probable it was seen by a citizen of Rochester then in St. Louis. This gives it a long course west to east, as it was seen 200 miles east of our Atlantic shore, but much south of its track. Its great velocity is certain; more than would be necessary for its being an attendant of the earth. It doubtless belonged to the planetary bodies which revolve round the sun. Did any part of it fall to the earth? Probably, even though none shall be found. Much of scintillating parts may have been dissipated in minute vaporous oxyds, which slowly but imperceptibly come to the earth. More light may yet be shed upon the subject. From the recent records of the meteor's course, its elevation did not probably exceed 20 to 24 miles above the earth.

Rochester, N. Y., July 30, 1860.

THE CYPRESS.

THE Cypress swamps of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Florida, are the largest forests in the world in which is to be found one kind of tree only. Two species are known, the Black and White Cedar or Cypress,—owing their principal differences to the amount and permanance of the water in which they grow. That which flourishes in the deepest water has light colored bark—while those in dryer situations are called Black Cypress, yielding a firmer and more resinous wood. The timber is extremely durable, and in high repute for shingles and posts.

The Cypress Bayons of the Mississippi and its branches, are depressions covering large areas, through which the water of the higher countries filters to the streams below. The miry nature of the soil, as well as the thick undergrowth, and fallen timber, render them difficult of access, and many thrilling tales of adventure, are told of the "cypress cutters" of these regions.

The character and condition of the timber varies, as we before remarked, with its location. A paper in Silliman's Journal gives the following description of these peculiarities:

"The general form of the trunks of bayon timber is represented by the above engraving. They swell out toward their base and form into large spreading butments, curving into lateral roots, strongly fortifying their trunks. This is mostly the form and character of the timber along the margins of all bayous leading from their several sources in the cypress basin to their principal water courses. Its defects in character and growth increase on approaching the principal streams, and inversely, improve in receding from them toward the woodland basins; here it attains its highest perfection, exhibiting trunks not unusually of enormous proportions. It towers to a height, in some instances, of a hundred and twenty feet without a limb, with a circumference at the top often exceeding sixteen feet, and at butt more than twenty feet, and this above the usual swell near the base as shown in the figure below.

These cypress basins or swamps present an interminable array of stately columns, shooting up their tall and symmetrical shafts, and supporting a dome-like ceiling which excludes half the light of day. The columns are crowded closely together, and the observer is struck with the uniformity of elevation which they maintain, although varying much in diameter. These fine cypress columns terminate abruptly under a cap consisting of a few disproportionate and inconsiderable limbs, altogether constituting a kind of vaulted ceiling; and there is so perfect a reflection of sound from it that falling timber often causes a reverberation throughout these silent and sombre shades to a distance of ten miles.

But while the tops of the cypresses are so disproportionate, it is not so with their roots; for they ramify through the soil in every direction, extending from fifty to seventy-five feet from the parent stems; some remaining parallel with the surface of the ground, while others protrude deep into the more consolidated subsoil or under strata of clay; and they are thus so fortified that a cypress is rarely torn up from the ground in which it grows. The roots assume *wave-like flexures* with respect to the horizon, in a series of perpendicular cone-shaped protuberances called "*knees*," which rise to a height varying from two to ten feet, much enlarged beyond the size of the roots.

From counting the rings made by the growth of the tree, it is thought that there are living cypress trees in the forests two thousand years of age."

PASTE FOR SCRAP-BOOKS.

HALF a pint is as much as it is good economy to make at one time; unless the work to be accomplished is large. To something more than this measure (allowance to be made for evaporation) of perfectly clean and pure rain water, add a heaping teaspoonful of good *brown* sugar, (New Orleans, Porto Rico, or Maple.) When completely settled, if any sand settles at the bottom or dirt rises to the surface, it should be carefully strained. Add a few small pieces of *clear* gum Arabic, and if any dirt appears, strain it again. Now stir in, *very slowly*, a little at a time, good rye flour—taking pains that it be equally diffused through the fluid, without any lumps,—indeed, it should be like a well prepared jelly, as in truth it is. Add a few grains of corrosive sublimate, set the vessel on a warm stove or on the fire, and stir *constantly* till of requisite thickness. It must not be allowed to burn, or in any degree to be lumpy, as it will not work smoothly,—a point to be attained if you expect to be gratified by its use. Before it becomes *quite* cold, add a few drops (not to exceed five,) of any essential oil, (to be had at the Druggist's for a few cents,) stirring so that it may be intimately and equally diffused throughout the mass. If what is made is more than is required at one time, set it away, (out of the reach of children, of course,) and if it dries and becomes like horn, as it will, it is no matter. When needed again, moisten the surface with a little warm rain water, and a few turns of the brush will bring it into as good working condition as at first. The object of adding corrosive sublimate is to prevent fermentation. The ess. oil keeps it from moulding. These two articles can be left out at discretion. Instead of gum Arabic some add finely powdered and sifted resin; but as this article is not soluble in water, the writer cannot explain the philosophy of its action, if it has any. In conclusion, to insure perfect work in its use, the paste should be very lightly and *evenly* spread upon the scraps to be preserved; and if pressed down close, they will hold for a life-time,—as long as the best glue,—as it is very tenacious. O. W.

Norwich, Conn., 1760.

HOLLYHOCKS.—Will you please tell me how Hollyhock flowers are obtained, whether from seeds or roots? And where can either be obtained? Lately, I have been away from home, and seen some very beautiful flowers of this kind which I wish to obtain.—YOUNG RURALIST.

New varieties are grown from seeds; then they are propagated by dividing the roots. The roots can be obtained of most of our nurserymen and florists, and the seeds at the seed-stores. There has been a great improvement in the Hollyhock within the last ten years, and it is now a beautiful flower, worthy a place in any garden.

DO IT WELL.—"Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well," is a maxim which should be remembered by all Young Ruralists. Nothing is ever gained by only half doing work, and many persons lose much time and labor all their lives by not remembering this. When you are at school, learn all your lessons well, if you can; if not, learn part of them well and omit the others. And when you are at home, whatever may be your employment, do all your work well. In short, if you wish to be prospered through life, when you do a thing, remember to "do it well." W. H. H.

HOW MEN GROW.—Henry Ward Beecher thus tells:—"Even in the darkest cellar, when spring comes, the tuber will sprout. No rains help it, and no sunlight; yet it will waste its very life in shooting forth long and etiolated stems, and reach toward any chink or crevice through which the faintest gleam may come. But so little light as that makes growth to be exhaustion. And such are men grown in the darkness and dungeons of oppression; while a free man, with all the circumstances and opportunity of admirable liberty, resembles more our own New England pine, that asks not richness of soil; that grows from among the rocks, and clothes the granite hills, and feeds abundantly, even in the very sands—whose leaf never withers, and is as green in the winter as in the summer. Behold it, standing on the mountain's top, and singing with every branch when the summer winds sigh through it; and even in the direst extremity of winter bearing up the cold snows upon its tufted branches as the warrior carries the white plume upon his head. And such is the man full grown, and strong in the nourishing air of liberty."

THE late William Hazlett remarked:—"There is room enough in human life to crowd almost every art and science into it. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy we are, the more leisure we have."

ESTEEM.—The esteem of wise and good men is the greatest of all temporal encouragements to virtue; and it is a mark of an abandoned spirit to have no regard for it.—*Burke.*

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees for Autumn of 1860—Ellwanger & Barry.
The Reason Why, of Natural History—Dick & Fitzgerald.
Metal Finger-Nails, for Husking Corn—Gould & Co.
Important to every man who keeps Stock.
Horticultural and Nurserymen's Importing Agency—R. E. Schroder.
Strawberry Plants—J. W. Briggs.
Farm for Sale—O. H. Clark.
Drain Tile Machinery—F. M. Mallice.
Good Opportunity for any one—S. A. & T. V. S.
Mazzard Cherry Pits—Bristol & Williams.
Information Wanted—Patrick Gaygan.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 11, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

The Coast Survey Office and Smithsonian Institute are investigating the subject of tornadoes, stimulated by those of recent occurrence in the West. An efficient officer, connected with the Coast Survey, has been detailed to visit the scene of their effects for the purpose of procuring such data as to geography, &c., as will aid the scientific examination.

Although no proclamation has yet been made as to the result, there is reason to believe the joint commission has come to the conclusion that Paraguay is not responsible for indemnity to the United States, and the Paraguay Navigaton Company, which claimed damages to the extent of nearly $1,000,000, exclusive of the alleged violation of grants of important and very valuable privileges, have no just demands.

Official dispatches from Utah show that 100 army revolvers and 8,000 cartridges were furnished by the Acting Adjutant General to the agent of Russell's Pony Express, to defend the riders from the Indians.

There are rumors of an organized movement in several Southern States for the dissolution of the Union on the Keitt plan, and that agents have gone to Europe to ascertain what would be the event of the establishment of a Southern Confederacy.

An official dispatch represents everything quiet on the Texan frontier. Even rumors as to Cortinas or his men, or of robbers on the Mexican side of the river, have ceased. It is not thought necessary longer to expose to the diseases incident to that region at this season of the year, more troops than may be actually requisite.

The American Dental Convention, recently held in Washington, have elected as President—Dr. Atkinson, of Cleveland. Vice-Presidents—Dr. Gibbs, of Washington, and Dr. Clark, of Georgia. Recording Secretary—Dr. Tafts, of Ohio. Corresponding Secretary—Dr. Rogers, of Kentucky. Treasurer—Dr. Dillingham, of Pennsylvania.

The drafts paid by the treasurer the last week amounted to $1,583,000, leaving for subject to draft $3,679,000. Drafts, in the aggregate $1,670,000 on the post-office account have been issued. Altho' the sum on hand is comparatively small, no embarrassment to the treasury is anticipated. The receipts during the last week were—from customs at New York, nearly $900,000; Boston, $194,000; Baltimore, $56,000; Philadelphia, $46,000; New Orleans, $22,000, and Charleston, $10,000.

A dispatch from Sidney, N. S., says the coast survey steamer Bibb, which went to Cape Chudleigh, Labrador, with a scientific corps to observe the solar eclipse of the 18th of July, arrived there on the 3d inst., and after coaling, sailed for New York. It is understood that the corps met with great success as to the weather and to their observations.

By the arrival of Mr. Dimitry, Secretary of Legation to Costa Rica, information is received of a full ratification to grant the railroad right to Ambrose Thompson, it having been approved by both houses of the Costa Rica Congress on July 4th. The grant is for eighty years, the roadway to be three hundred yards wide, alternate sections, one mile square, being given to the railway; the remaining sections are retained by the government. The ports at each end of the road are to be free throughout the term. Surveys are to be made within two years, and the road to be built in six years thereafter. Troops of the government are to be carried free, but no foreign troops or ammunition are to be carried without the consent of Costa Rica. The road cannot be transferred to any foreign government. Six per cent. profits to be paid Costa Rica, and $50,000 to be deposited within a year as a guarantee that the road will be built, to be returned on completion.

Political Intelligence.

The Convention of the Young Democracy of New York met at the United States Hotel Hall, Saratoga, on the 31st ult. The hall was handsomely decorated, and the attendance good. Most of the Assembly districts of the State were represented.

The Convention was called to order by Senator Lawrence.

J. Augustus Page was appointed temporary Chairman.

J. Wesley Smith, of Albany, E. L. Corlies, of New York, and M. T. Sheldon, were appointed temporary Secretaries.

Hon. J. W. Chandler, of New York, moved that a committee of two from each judicial district be appointed on permanent organization.

On re-assembling, the Convention permanently organized by the appointment of Hon. A. P. Lansing, of Erie, President. Thirty-three Vice-Presidents and six Secretaries, were also appointed.

It was moved that two from each judicial district be appointed, by the delegates, as members of the State Central Committee. The following committee was then appointed:—First District—J. W. Chandler, J. Augustus Page. 2d—L. C. Newman, J. W. Conley, Jr. 3d—Clinton Cassidy, Thomas McManna. 4th—Thos. Hall, W. J. O'Dell. 5th—D. J. Halsted, R. L. Adams. 5th—J. J. Van Allen, D. B. Boden. 7th—J. Sanford, S. G. Beers. 8th—H. P. Clinton, J. B. Skinner.

Resolutions were adopted declaring emphatically in favor of Popular Sovereignty and endorsing Douglas and Johnson.

The Convention resolved to hold a mass meeting of the Young Democracy at Albany on the 20th of September next.

After the transaction of considerable other business of less importance, the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

At the Breckenridge Mass Convention held at Indianapolis on the 31st ult., from 12,000 to 20,000 were present from all parts of the State. An electoral ticket and State central committee were appointed. The central committee were advised to secure the running of a joint electoral ticket and cast the vote for Douglas or Breckenridge, whoever gets the highest electoral votes from other States. Senators Bright and Fitch were among the speakers.

The news thus far received from North Carolina, relative to the election, leave matters pretty well mixed up. The gains for Poole (Opposition) are heavy, but are not thought sufficient to affect the result. Well informed parties give the State to the Democrats by from 8,000 to 10,000.

Official returns of the election in Oregon, elect Shiel, Dem., to Congress, and leave the Legislature as heretofore reported; in all probability securing the election of a Republican and a Squatter Sovereignty Democratic U. S. Senator, in August. The whole number of votes cast in the State is 12,432, against 11,276 last year.

An election for members of the Legislature has been held in Washington Territory. Returns are only received from Cawlitz county, electing two Republicans by 20 majority. This county has heretofore been largely Democratic.

The news received in California, by the Pony Express, of double Democratic nominations at Baltimore, affects the Democrats wonderfully. Party organs hesitate to support either ticket, for fear the other may prove the strong one. The Federal officers nearly all support Breckenridge. Salutes had been fired for Breckenridge and then for Douglas by the partisans of each in every principal town in the State. Probabilities favor the nomination of two electoral tickets by the two wings of the party.

The San Francisco Herald (Dem.) gave its support to Douglas the day after the news of his nomination was received. Orders from the Custom House, where the main support of the paper is derived, seems to have enforced silence for the present.

From the Pacific Side.

By the arrival of the Pony Express at St. Joseph, Mo., we are placed in possession of California dates to the 19th ult. We condense as follows:

California.—The Pony Express, with St. Louis dates of July 1st, arrived at Carson Valley on the 15th, and San Francisco the 16th, bringing also letters leaving St. Joseph by the previous Express. The delay was occasioned by waiting somewhere west of Salt Lake for an escort, and then having to journey 200 miles with a company of soldiers, making only 40 miles per day.

The route between Carson Valley and Salt Lake is now reported well stocked and clear of Indians, so that future trips of the Express are expected regularly.

Statistics of operations in the San Francisco mint during the past year show the total gold coinage to be $11,500,000, and over $500,000 in silver coinage.

Many people are leaving Vizilia, a south-eastern border town, for the newly discovered silver mines, near Owens' Lake, on the eastern slope of the mountains, 200 miles south of the Washoe mines. Last accounts state that 400 men had arrived at these mines, and that rich silver leads of quartz, yielding $1,000 per ton, had been discovered.

Oregon.—Oregon dates of the 13th state that four companies of U. S. troops were to be dispatched to the country east of Caseades, to protect settlers against Indians.

Capt. Smith's company, while marching toward Honey Lake, was attacked by over 300 Indians, armed with guns, bows and arrows. The fight lasted nearly an hour, and several Indians were killed.

Gen. Harney arrived by the Pacific, on his way to Washington. Col. Wright has been appointed to the command of the department, &c.

Oregon gold in considerable quantities has been found on the tributaries of Des Chates river.

The Snake Indians are manifesting hostile dispositions.

The mining expedition, from Linn county to the Blue Mountains, had returned before reaching their point of destination. They had a sharp fight with the Indians, and killed five of them. They had two men wounded, and had to abandon $750 worth of property. The Indians are supposed to belong to the same gang that have made war in Washoe.

Japan.—By boat Carrie Leland, which arrived at San Francisco on the 16th of July, from Kanagowa, we have intelligence from Japan to the 23d of May. The Leland brings an assorted cargo of Japanese notions and general merchandise. A package of documents from the Emperor of Japan to the Embassy at Washington was received by this arrival. The package is oblong in shape, about eight inches in length by four in breadth, and four inches thick. It was forwarded through the U. S. Consul at Kanagowa.

An American citizen named Michael Zeiter, whose name was on the registry of conscription, belonging to one of the departments of the Lower Rhine, France, was recently imprisoned as a French subject, owing military service, but was liberated on the ground of his American citizenship, upon application of the United States Minister.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The 14th session of the International Statistical Congress opened in London on the 16th. Delegates from all parts of the world were present. The representatives of the United States were Judge Longstreet and Mr. Lawrence. Mr. Dallas was also present in the midst of numerous distinguished guests. At the preliminary meeting, Mr. Milner Gibson welcomed the Congress in the name of the British Government. Prince Albert, President of the Congress, delivered an appropriate inaugural address. After the address, the following little incident occurred:

Lord Brougham, seeing the American Minister present, said he hoped Mr. Dallas would forgive him for reminding him that there was a negro present as a member of Congress. This gave rise to loud laughter and cheering. Mr. Dallas made no sign in response, but the negro in question (Dr. Delany,) arose and returned thanks for the kind allusion which had been made to him, and assured all that he, too, was a man. This was greeted with renewed cheering from all parts of the hall.

Lord Brougham, afterwards explained his remarks to Mr. Dallas relative to the presence of a negro delegate, and disclaimed any intention of insult or disrespect.

In the House of Commons, Lord Palmerston announced that the Government had adopted the reports of the Commissioners, to fortify the Dock Yards and coast defences, for which £9,000,000 is to be raised by annuities terminable in thirty years. There will be only £2,000,000 required for the expenses of those defences for the current year.

The transfer of the Galway contract to the Canadian line has been cancelled. The steamers of that line henceforth leave Liverpool on Thursday, calling at Londonderry on Friday, commencing with the next steamer.

The Parliamentary proceedings are unimportant.

The government had withdrawn the bank supply bill for lack of time to pass it.

A debate took place on the Savoy question, and the policy of England taking part in the proposed conference, in the course of which the annexation of Savoy to France was very generally denounced.

In the House of Commons, Mr. Roebuck attacked the government for prosecuting the unjust war with China, and encouraging the opium trade.

Mr. Gladstone replied, denying that the war was unjust, and asserting that the treaty of Tiensin was as binding an engagement as could be made, and that its ratification was most important.

Mr. Gladstone made a statement of the financial position of the country, proposing to levy an immediate duty of 1s. 11d. per gallon on ardent spirits. Agreed to.

The House of Commons adopted a resolution placing the mails and other contracts in future under the control of Parliament.

British military authorities recommend an increase in the army.

Parliament was expected to adjourn the 3d week in August.

The Post has a telegram from Paris, saying everything tends to the belief that Garabaldi is directing his expedition against the main land.

Lord Palmerston's speech on the national defences, causes great uneasiness.

The Daily News objects to his proposition, as part of the plan which the government ought not to encourage or disclose. It says nobody entertained a doubt that the inevitable sequel will be a large increase in the standing army.

A Mormon conference was held in London. Brigham Young was elected head of the Mormon Church.

France.—The French Consular reports which have been received from Syria, state that the massacres which had taken place, are the result of a conspiracy of the Mussulmen populace. The report having spread among the Druses that the European diplomacy was about to drive away the Turks from Europe, they (the Druses) determined on exterminating the Christians in Syria.

A Paris telegram says the Sardinian Government consents to support Garibaldi in a proposal for a six months truce between Naples and him.

Eleven thousand French troops had gone to Syria, and three thousand five hundred English and a fleet of ships are going.

A reported official telegram announces the conclusion of a treaty between the Maronites and Druses, but it lacks confirmation.

Naples and Sicily.—Sanguinary combats are reported to have taken place near Messina, between the Neapolitans under Gen. Dosco, and the advance guard of the Sicilian army.

The British Admiral Mundy had quitted Palermo for Naples, and there were scarcely any but Sardinian vessels in the road.

Garibaldi had expelled Farini and two others from Sicily, for conspiracy against order.

Farini is said to have had full power from Sardinia to assume the title of the Royal Commissioner as soon as the annexation was declared.

Prussia.—The Princess Frederick William had been confined with a daughter.

Belgium.—The Belgian Chamber of Deputies presented an address to the King, congratulating him on the completion of the 29th year of his reign. The address attracts attention from the fact that it condemns, in strong terms, the aggressive policy of France, and indirectly appeals to Europe for protection against the French design. The address was adopted unanimously and enthusiastically.

Sardinia.—The King of Sardinia had resolved to send an autograph letter to Garibaldi, requesting him not to attack continental possessions belonging to the King of Naples.

The two Neapolitan Plenipotentiaries to Sardinia had reached Turin.

A Neapolitan Minister had also reached Paris.

A new Sicilian Ministry had been formed. Signor Interdonato Argi, the historian, and Signor Emeranti are among the members, and Lagoth Laforla and Orsini continue in the Cabinet.

A Naples telegram says, a strong and compact Ministry would be immediately formed to carry out to the fullest extent the principles of the Constitution and Government, and to watch over the interest of the nation.

The latest news from Naples report the dismissal of the Ministry. Commander de Martino only would remain in the Cabinet.

Italy.—Five great military camps are to be formed about the end of August in the neighborhood of Turin, Alessandria, Milan, Florence and Bologna. The Minister of War at Turin had issued a notification, informing all retired officers of the army that necessity of calling them again to active service has ceased.

The Pope, in consistory held on the 9th, announced an allocution, energetically protesting against the Piedmontese government, on account of the arrest and condemnation of the Bishops of Pisa, Imali Faneza and Piacenza, approving the conduct of these Bishops, and designating the annexation of the Duchies and legations to Piedmont, as a usurpation.

The latest intelligence states that the Neapolitans had evacuated Messina, Melazzo and Syracuse, and were being transported to Naples.

It was reported that Garibaldi was preparing for a descent on the main land.

Revolutionary demonstrations had taken place at Naples.

Syria.—Advices from Syria state that the Christians are leaving the interior for the coast, to be under the protection of European vessels. Thirty-two thousand persons have already arrived at Beyrout Sayda.

It is said that Abdel Kadar had offered his services to Napoleon for the suppression of atrocities at Lebanon. If the French government will place at his disposal 3,000 men, he engages to pacify the mountaineers in a very little time.

Reports were current in Paris of the issue of two hundred million francs in Treasury bonds for the expedition to Syria, which is to be on a large scale.

Gen. Tricker had been appointed French Envoy to Syria, and he would be followed by a division of troops.

Two French steam gun boats had been dispatched, and the Spanish government were about to send ships of war to Syria.

Great excitement prevailed among the Mussulmen of Therezegodina against the Christians.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald asserts that England will send a regiment to Syria, and France 25,000 men, under McMahon. This was regarded as an exaggeration, though there was no doubt there was a strong expedition preparing by France.

Great excitement was felt at Beyrout respecting the fate of the Christians, who, to the number of 45,000, had taken refuge in the south of Kesravan, and were surrounded by large bodies of Druses.

The Moniteur says the Sultan addressed the following letter to the Emperor, on the 16th of July:

"I have at heart that your Majesty should know with what grief I have learned the events in Syria. Let your Majesty be convinced that I shall employ all my powers for satisfactory security and order in Syria; that I shall severely punish the guilty parties, whoever they may be, and render justice to all. In order to leave no doubt whatever of the intentions of my government, I have entrusted that important mission to my Minister of Foreign Affairs, with whose principles your Majesty is acquainted."

It is reported in Paris that the French government has received a communication from St. Petersburgh, expressing the desire of Russia to act in accordance with France and England in the East. The Russian Cabinet reiterates its opinion that the events now transpiring in the East, hold in suspense the peace of the world, and that the very existence of Turkey is at stake.

The Pays seems to imply that more massacres are in contemplation, and that the exciters of the disturbances in Syria have ramifications with other parts of the Ottoman territory; that the events in Syria were only a prelude to a formidable rising of the Ottoman population against the Christians, and these massacres are stated to have been long concocted by fanatical conspirators. The latest advices state that the massacres of Christains at Syria will reach from 7,500 to 8,000 persons, while 151 villages had been destroyed. Sickening details are given of the barbarity inflicted on all ages and sexes.

By the arrival of the Kangaroo, we learn it was reported a Conference would be held at Paris in relation to Syria. The Porte had notified the Western Powers of the Conclusion of peace between the Druses and Marobites. He promised, nevertheless, to act with the utmost rigor against the authors of the massacre. It was reported that the Porte had protested against French intervention, and that the expedition was stopped.

China.—A private letter has been received in anticipation of the mail, the date of which is believed to be Hong Kong the 7th, which states that the shipments of tea has been 1,000,000 pounds since the departure of the previous mail.

Trade at Shanghai was said to be suspended, and the Rebels are investing Soochon.

As regards the war with England and France, it is added that the Chinese are resolved to fight.

Commercial Intelligence.—*Breadstuffs*.—The weather had been favorable for the crops. Wakefield, Nash & Co. report flour quiet, but less pressed for sale. Wheat steady, notwithstanding considerable arrivals. Red 10s@11s; white 11s@12s6d. Corn very dull. Mixed western 30s@30s6d; yellow 30s@31s; white 34s@34s6d. *Provisions*.—Lard quiet, but steady.

Produce Exports.—The export of wheat and flour, as well as of butter and cheese from New York to England, is quite large, but the supply is ample and prices do not advance. Last week there were exported 218 bushels of corn, 12,000 barrels of flour, 43,000 bushels of wheat to Liverpool; 900 barrels of flour, 37 bushels of wheat to London; 11,300 bushels of wheat to Gloucester; 11,000 barrels of flour, 20,000 bushels of wheat to Bristol; 84,400 bushels of wheat, 9,500 barrels of flour to Glasgow, and 38,000 bushels of wheat to Cork.

The News Condenser.

— Elihu Stout, the oldest editor in Indiana, has recently died.

— Rich gold-bearing quartz has been found in Claibourne Parish, La.

— The travel to Europe this summer is unprecedentedly great.

— The last year's increase of the British revenue was $28,000,000.

— The vines of the Cape of Good Hope are a failure from blight.

— Prospects of the honey crop in Ohio this season are not favorable.

— Southern papers state that the present is the hottest summer since 1828.

— The first bale of new cotton was received in New York Saturday week.

— There is a decline of pauperism in England as compared with last year.

— Marshfield, the former residence of Daniel Webster, is rapidly going to decay.

— The census of Troy shows an increase in the population over 1855 of 5,000.

— Queen Victoria goes to Berlin next month to attend the baptism of a grandchild.

— The Deputy Marshals estimate the present population of New York at 862,000.

— It is reported that Prince Napoleon will receive the titles and honors of the dead Jerome.

— The Girard House, Philadelphia, was brilliantly lighted with water gas Monday night week.

— Within the last eight years, Ireland has lost one-tenth of its population by emigration.

— In Wallingford, Ct., only an inch of water has fallen since June 1st, and the drouth is severe.

— The Chinaman of California are fast going to British Columbia, on account of the mining tax.

— The National Cabinet is considering the propriety of a daily overland mail service to California.

— Prices of goods are ranging two hundred per cent. higher at Pike's Peak than at Leavenworth.

— The Knights of the Golden Circle are about to rendezvous in Texas, for a descent upon Mexico.

— Cornelius Vanderbilt, of New York, pays taxes on the fastest team of horses on this continent.

— Maine does not gain more than about 20,000 in its population since 1850. It is now about 600,000.

— It is claimed that thirty Pennsylvania oil wells are producing daily 400 barrels of oil, worth $6,000.

— Eighty-five slavers have been fitted out at the Port of New York, from February, 1859, to July, 1860.

— The American Bible Society has just presented each House of Congress with an imperial quarto Bible.

— Mr. William B. Astor, son of John Jacob Astor, of New York, is said to be worth, at least, $25,000,000.

— In Brazil, there are several thriving colonies of Germans, where all is order, prosperity, and happiness.

— The story going the rounds about a cargo of slaves having been landed in Mobile bay, turns out a hoax.

— No less than 300,000 persons visited the Palais Royale, at Paris, to see Prince Jerome lying in state.

— A home for aged men is a new notion just originated in Boston, and which will soon be practically realized.

— There are fifty illustrated weekly papers issued in Paris. The aggregate weekly sale is nearly one million copies.

— The census returns in one of the upper townships of Northampton county report fifty children in four families.

— The San Francisco Golden Era, of June 17th, announces the marriage of Mrs. Burdell Cunningman, in that city.

— During the last year, 659 agricultural articles have been patented in this country. Among these were 113 harvesters.

— Solouque, the ex-Emperor of Hayti, lives in the city of Kingston, Jamaica, in a style of mean and wretched poverty.

— A bullet, lodged in the breast of Jerome Bonaparte in a youthful duel, was discovered by post mortem examination.

— The English astronomers estimate the length of the tale of the comet now visible at about twenty-two million miles.

— It is estimated that there are now running on the railroads of the United States, 6,000 passenger and 80,000 freight cars.

— But two members of the Cabinet, and but two members of the Diplomatic Corps, are in Washington at the present time.

— By the late census, many of the cities and towns in Western Ohio show an increase of 50 per cent. In some cases, it is higher.

— An English clergyman at Holloway, Eng., has been detected in preaching the sermons of Rev. Dr. Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn.

— A gambler named Charles Y. Mason, was recently hanged three times, near Maryville, Cal., and after all he escaped from the mob.

— It is stated by an English paper that the Right Hon. Benjamin D'Israeli is coming to this country, so soon as his duties will permit.

— In New England, the proportion of the insane to the whole population is about one in 600. In South Carolina, one in 6,058.

— In Charlestown, Mass., the authorities have decided by the casting vote of the Mayor, to prohibit the running of horse cars on Sunday.

— The death of the venerable Joanna Bethune, mother of Rev. George W. Bethune, D. D., in the 92d year of her age, has been announced.

— Four sharks, upwards of 5½ feet in length, have been captured within a few days, in Forest river, above the lead mills, Salem, Mass.

— Mrs. Susan Decatur, the venerable relict of the late Commodore Stephen Decatur, died, in Washington, on the 21st ult., at the age of 84.

— Forty recruits, out of 400 sent out from Governor's Island, for New Mexico and Northern Texas, deserted before reaching Lafayette, Ind.

— The census marshals of Albany have nearly completed their labors, and it is expected that their figures will show a population of 70,000.

— The Paris correspondent of the Boston Traveler states that the Russian Czar, Alexander, has abandoned his scheme of serf emancipation.

— Seventeen buildings were unroofed or blown in by the tornado at Louisville, on the 22d ult., and several boats and barges blown across the river.

— A young man named Tuttle, residing in Stratburg, Canada, recently cradled 7½ measured acres of fall wheat in one day, between sunrise and sunset.

— The Philadelphia Ledger says there is great demand for vessels at that port at this time, in consequence of large shipments of wheat and flour to Liverpool and London.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL — PAGE.

Wheat Culture in New York — Its Resumption, Requisites, Prospects, Etc, ...253
The Potato Crop and Disease, ...253
Noxious Weeds, ...253
Short-Horn Cow "Snowstorm," [Illustrated;] 253
Mr. Plowhandle and the State Fair, ...253
Corn Hay, ...254
Culture of Carrots, ...254
Prospective Sterility — Reply to H. T. B., ...254
About Broom Corn, ...254
Rural Spirit of the Press.— The Calving Cow; Tile Draining; Grinding Corn in the Ear, ...254
Inquiries and Answers— Excess of Cream in Curd; Buckwheat as Food for Cattle; New Roofing Buildings; Contracted Cords in Horses; Wheat after Potatoes; Information Wanted; Lumps on the Shoulder of a Horse; Destroying Fleas, ...254
Agricultural Miscellany.— The Weather; Is the Ichneumon Fly destroying the Wheat Midge; Dayton Wheat; Hanging Barn Doors; The International Horse Show; Seed Wheat in Demand; Fine Oats; Sand for Horses' Beds; Rural Gleanings, ...254

HORTICULTURAL.

Notes in the Garden, ...255
Fruit, ...255
Mamelone Plum, [Illustrated,] 255
Prince Englebert Plum, [Illustrated,] 255
Flowers, ...255
Salpiglossis, [Illustrated,] 255
Tartaric Acid in Native Grapes, ...255
The Allen Raspberry, ...255
Pear Culture, ...255
The Love of Flowers, ...255
Horticultural Notes.— The Seventeen Year Locusts; The Strawberry; Enormous Gooseberries; Fruit Growing in Michigan; Shade Trees — A Good Example; Tartaric Acid in Native Grapes, ...255
Inquiries and Answers.— Northern Spy Apple; Cauliflower and Cabbage, ...255

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

To Keep Moths from Clothes; Hard Gingerbread; Soft Gingerbread; Rusk; Crackers; Soda Crackers; Scrofulous Sore Eyes; Tomato Chowder; Mildew in Linen, ...255

LADIES' OLIO.

Too Late, [Poetical;] That Little Drab Gaiter; Tears; Ladies Carrying the Crops; I. E.— That Is; Submission, .256

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Stanzas, [Poetical;] Life and Its Lessons; Constant Employment; The Truly Great Man; The Good and the Bad, ...256

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Sabbath Evening, [Poetical;] Sympathy; Seed to the Sower; Devotion; Prayer; Joy, ...256

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California — Letter XIII; A Trip to the Adirondacks — No. I, ...257

USEFUL OLIO.

On Meteors — What are they? The Cypress, [Ill.] 257

YOUNG RURALIST.

Paste for Scrap Books; Hollyhocks; Do it Well; How Men Grow; Esteem, ...257

STORY TELLER.

Midsummer, [Poetical;] Two Ways to Get Rich, ...260

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, August 7, 1860.

FLOUR.— The coarser brands of flour, made from winter wheat had dropped 25 cents during the week. Choice is as last quoted. Spring wheat flour is without change.

GRAIN.— But little wheat is offering as yet, and such purchases as are being made are by the wagon load. A decline of 5 cents per bushel on best white wheat is noted. Canadian is out of the market. Corn has fallen off 3@5 cents per bushel. Rye is down 5@10 cents. Barley a little firmer, with a slight advance.

PROVISIONS.— The only change noted is in shoulders, which have advanced 50 cents per 100 lbs.

FRUITS AND ROOTS.— Apples are getting to be somewhat plenty, and shippers are making their appearance in market. The range is 25@40 cents, as to quality. Potatoes are cheapening as the supply increases, and 30@40 cents will cover all varieties.

WOOL.— One of our leading houses last week effected a sale of between 30,000 and 40,000 pounds of wool to a Philadelphia house acting as factor for a New England manufacturing company. The price agreed upon is 56 cents for first quality and 50 cents for second. There is nothing doing except by second hands.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	@10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,00@6,50	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,30	Apples, bushel	25@40c
Best white Can'a	$0 00@0,00	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	60@65c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	[illegible]	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	55@60c	Plums, dried	0@00c
Oats, by weight	32@35c	Potatoes	30@40c
Barley	55@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@62½c
Pork, Mess	$19,00@19,50	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, tun	$7,00@10,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	12½@13c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,50@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 6— FLOUR— Market 5c better, with, however, only a moderate business doing for home consumption and a fair export demand, which is checked materially by the firmness of freights. Sales at $5,15@5,20 for superfine State; $5,25@5,40 for extra do; $5,10@5,15 for super Western; $5,25@5,35 for common to medium extra do; $5,25@5,40 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio— closing firm. Included in the sales were 5,000 bls for export at prices within the range. Canadian steady, a moderate demand; sales at $5,10@5,15 for super; $5,25@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN— Wheat is better, with a fair export demand; sales Milwaukee club at $1,24@1,27; old white Indiana at $1,36; new and old mixed winter red Western at $1,25@1,27; new amber Delaware at $1,30@1,33; choice white Kentucky at $1,45; white Michigan at $1,40; mixed Michigan at $1,30. old winter red Western on p. t. Rye steady; sales at 81c. Corn more active and may be quoted a shade firmer, sales at 62@62½c for sound mixed Western; 63c for very choice do; 65@67c for yellow Western. Oats 36@34c for Western and Canadian; 39c for State.

PROVISIONS— Pork more active and old prime firmer; other kinds without material change; sales at $19,10@19,12½ for new mess; $18,50 for old do; $14,00 for new prime, and $13,25 for old do. The Navy contract for mess pork, 5,000 bbls. for next year's delivery, was taken at $18,73 for Charlestown, $18,43 for New York, $18,93 for Gosport. Lard quiet and steady; sales at 12½@13½c. Butter quiet at 10@15c for Ohio; 10@19c for State. Cheese steady at 8@10½c.

ALBANY, August 6.— FLOUR AND MEAL— We have only to note a moderate home and shipping demand for flour at about previous prices. Corn is quiet and unchanged in value.

GRAIN— There is a moderate milling inquiry for small parcels of new wheat, with sales Mediterranean at $1,16, and white Michigan in bbls. at $1,37, a decline of 5@6c ℔ bushel on previously reported sales. Corn in limited request at unchanged prices; sales Western mixed in lots at 56½@60c. In Rye and Barley nothing has transpired. For Oats the market rules heavy and in favor of the buyer; sales Chicago at 39c.

BUFFALO, August 6 — FLOUR— In good demand and market steady. Sales at $4,75@5,00 for extra Illinois, Wisconsin and Iowa; $5,00@5,25 for extra Indiana and Ohio; $5,50 for double extras from new wheat, and $5,50@5,62½; for do. from old winter wheat.

GRAIN— Wheat in good demand and market firmer; sales Saturday afternoon white Indiana and Ohio at $1,12½. This morning No. 2 Chicago spring, in part to arrive, at $1,02@1,03. red winter Illinois at $1,09@1,11, and white winter Western at $1,13. Corn steady and in good demand; sales Saturday, at 60c. Oats weaker, 34c offered, 31c asked.

PROVISIONS— Small sales heavy mess pork at $19,00; light mess held at $18,00, and prime at $14,50. Beef quiet at $7,50. Bacon also quiet at 7½@8c for shoulders; 9½c for plain hams; 10½c for sugar cured, and 11c for sacked do. Lard in moderate demand at 12@12½c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 7@8c, as to quality, with moderate receipts.

CHICAGO, August 6.— FLOUR active and 5@10c better.
GRAIN— Wheat dull and 1@2c higher; sales at 92½@93c for No. 2 Spring, and $1,01@1,03 for No. 1 red. Corn firm; sales at 43@43½c, in store. Oats steady.

TORONTO, Aug. 3.— FLOUR— The transactions in flour during the week have been of a most limited character. For superfine there has been a slightly better inquiry, and prices are a little higher. For fancies and extras the demand has been inanimate and rates unchanged. The offerings are small, and there is no disposition to accept prices beneath the market. The following are the prevalent quotations here:

Superfine	$5,20@5,25
Fancy,	5,40@5,50
Extra,	5,90@6,10
Double Extra,	6,25@6,76

GRAIN— There have been but light deliveries of fall wheat since our last— not over 1,000 bushels, all told, has been bo't from farmers, and a general stagnation in trade is evident on the market. This state of affairs is of course to be expected at this season of the year, and we have great cause for congratulation that the dull period did not commence sooner. The deliveries of last year's crop continued large, until recently; and only a week or two will elapse before the new crop will be brought in freely. We have already had one load of this year's wheat offered— a very fair sample, good round, plump berry, of not very bright color, resulting, however, from the poor condition of the grain. On the whole, however, the sample was good, and promises well for the rest of the crop. This load was sold at $1,40 ℔ bushel. This rate must not be regarded as a criterion of the price likely to be paid at the opening of the season. If we are to judge of the future by the talk among the buyers, the opening price would not be over $1,30 ℔ bushel; but probably this may be wide of the mark. The price paid for old fall wheat during the week has ranged from $1,30 to 1,35 for ordinary to good, and $1,37½ very rarely for prime lots. For common and inferior between $1,20@1,30 has been paid. The average price for the week's deliveries would be about $1,32 ℔ bushel. Spring wheat has continued to be in excellent demand at $1,10@1,13 ℔ bushel, and now and again $1,15 for a very choice sample. Barley has been scarce and is dull and nominal. A load of the new crop barley was bought on Tuesday, at 56c. The quality was very fine— indeed the sample could hardly be surpassed. Peas are scarce and have sold freely at 55@60c., and a very choice lot has brought 61c. ℔ bushel. Oats are beginning to be scarce and good conditioned parcels are worth 33@34c ℔ bushel— the latter being a very extreme rate.— *Globe*.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.— The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE— First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,50@9,00; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $7@7,50; inferior, $6,00@6,75.

COWS AND CALVES— First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES— First quality, ℔ lb., 5@6c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS— Prime quality, ℔ head, $4,50@5,50; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE.— First quality. 6½@6⅞c; all others, 6@6½c.

ALBANY, August 6.— CATTLE— The number on sale is about 600 less than last week, and the average quality is somewhat better. Because of these facts prices have advanced fully ¼c ℔ lb. live weight, at which holders are stiff. At least the usual number of buyers are in the market, but they are buying with that caution which always mark their movements in a rising market, and hence the sales are not very quick. Everything, however, indicates that nearly all will change hands here.

Receipts— The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle,	2,992	3,715	3,699
Sheep,	3,618	5,216	3,611
Hogs,	106	110	291

Prices— Some of the sales indicate an advance of at least ¼c ℔ lb, live weight, but taken altogether it cannot be said that prices are more than ¼c ℔ lb higher. We quote as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾	5 @5¼c
Extra	4¾@5	4½@4¾
First quality	4 @4½	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3½@3¾	3 @3½
Third quality	2¾@3	2½@2¾
Inferior	@0	@0

Sheep— The trade is quite languid. The market is over supplied and there is but little inquiry. We quote nominally at $3@4— the outside figure for the very best.

Hogs— We hear of but one sale— a drove of 45 prime corn fed at 6½c. ℔ lb.— *Argus*.

BRIGHTON, Aug. 2.— At market 1,300 beeves, 160 stores 3,400 sheep and lambs, and 700 swine.

BEEF CATTLE— Prices— Extra, $7,75@0,00; first quality $0,00@7; second quality, $6,50@6,75; third quality, $5,75@6,00.

WORKING OXEN— None.

MILCH COWS— $19@47; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES— $3, 4@1,50.

STORES— Yearlings, none; two years old, $9@11; three years old, $12@17.

HIDES— 6½@0c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@13c ℔ lb.

TALLOW— 6½@7c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS— $1,00@1,75; Extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS— 50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE— Stores, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb.; retail, 7@8c. Spring pigs, 7½@7¾c; retail 9c. Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.— Our market for native fleece and pulled wool is rather quiet, but stocks are by no means burdensome, as our dealers did not purchase extensively in the growing districts, and prices are well maintained.— The producers are well supplied, having bought liberally in the country, and now confine their purchases chiefly to low grades of Southern and Foreign descriptions. The transactions comprise 73,000 lbs. State and Western fleece at 42@48c, as to quality; 15,000 lbs. common to fine California, at 14@21c; 30,000 lbs. Texas at 24@28c; 15,000 lbs. pulled at 30@48c, as to quality; 80,000 lbs. Greek at about 21c; 43,000 lbs. unwashed African at 17c, and 9,000 bales Cape of Good Hope at 29½@32c, 6 months; also, 45 bales unwashed Mestiza on private terms.

BOSTON, Aug. 2.— Fleece and pulled Wool have been quiet during the week, with sales of 75,000 lbs., at prices indicating no change. Holders generally are very firm, but have not as yet been able to realize prices corresponding with the high figures paid in the country. The transactions in foreign have been considerable, embracing 710 bales Cape, Mediterranean, Chilian, Peruvian and Spanish, and 520 lbs. Valparaiso on private terms, but at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
¾ and ⅞ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@57
Do. superfine	35@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	20@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.— Market quiet at the following quotations:

FLEECE— Full blood Merino,	43@44
Three-quarter blood,	41@42c
Half blood,	36@38c
Quarter blood,	33@35c
Common, native	28@30c

[*Democrat*.

Marriages.

IN Phœnix, N. Y., on Sunday, July 29th, by the Rev. J. V. HILTON, Mr. RUSSELL C. HARTSHORN, of Darien, N. Y., and Miss MARY M. WOOLMAN, of Richfield, Mich.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance— THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

.*. In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

ANY PERSON knowing where my son WILLIAM GAYGAN is, aged 14 years, who left home in May, 1859, will please write to me at Big Stream Point, N. Y.
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"MAZZARD CHERRY PITS." 10 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits, for sale by
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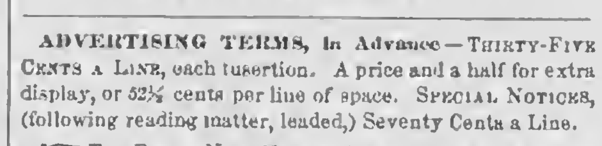

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Wilson's and Peabody's delivered here at $1 per 1,000.
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FARM FOR SALE.— About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,— 100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.— Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

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THE undersigned begs to inform his friends that he continues to receive orders for the importation of TREES, TREE STOCKS, SEEDS, Etc. He will this season sail for Europe, September 12th, for the purpose of attending personally to the selection, packing, etc., of goods, and requests his patrons to send their orders before that date.
☞ Send for Circular and Price List.
R. E. SCHROEDER.
Rochester, N. Y., August 6, 1860. 552-2t

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PEARS, *on Quince stock*, 1 to 4 years from bud.
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CHERRIES, on Mahaleb stock, 1 and 2 years from bud.
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NOTE. No pains are spared by the proprietors and their assistants, in the Fruit Department, not only to ensure accuracy, but also to adapt the stock, as regards varieties, to the wants of the various portions of the country as far as practicable.

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THE stock is immense, all well grown and in perfect health and vigor. Nurserymen, Dealers, Landscape Gardeners, Park and Cemetery Companies, and gentlemen about to improve their grounds, are all invited to examine it.
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WEEPING TREES— *Ash, Birch, Elm, Linden, Mountain Ash, Poplar, Thorn, Willow*, including the *American* and *Kilmarnock*.
EVERGREEN TREES— *Arbor Vitæ*, (American, Siberian and Chinese,) *Red Cedar, Common Juniper, Balsam Fir, European Silver Fir, Norway Spruce, Red American Spruce, African or Silver Cedar, Japan Cedar*, (Cryptomeria,) *Pines*, (Austrian, Scotch, Benthamiana, &c.,) *Yews*, (English and Irish,) *Tree Box, Mahonia, Washingtonia*, or "Big Tree" of California, and many other California Evergreens.
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MAHALEB CHERRY, 1 year, strong.
COMEWELL WILLOW, to graft the Weeping sorts on.
All parties interested are solicited to examine the stock and prices.
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No. 1, Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, new edition, 1860.
No. 2, Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, new edition, 1860.
No. 3, Green-House and Bedding-out Plants, Spring of 1860.
No. 4, Wholesale or Trade Catalogue, just published.
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THE Proprietors of GOULD'S CELEBRATED HUSKING THIMBLE are now prepared to treat with dealers for the sale of this popular implement the approaching season. *Those desiring exclusive territorial Agencies should apply early, as we shall employ advertising agents in all territory not taken by the tenth of September.*
The following testimonials are samples of thousands now in our possession. *Read them:*
We have seen no Corn Husker that we thought would pay, simply as a husker, except the *Husking Thimble*, which can be had for 25 cents. All the large husking machines we have seen lose too much time handling.— *Ohio Cultivator, to a Correspondent.*
[*From the New York Scientific American.*]
Gould's Patent Husking Thimble is a convenient article. It is an effectual remedy for the evils of excoriation common to husking corn by hand.
[*From the New York Life Illustrated.*]
FARMERS GET THE BEST.— Gould's Patent Husking Thimble is acknowledged the best device for husking corn now before the American people.
Huntington, Suffolk Co., N. Y., Nov. 21, 1859.
J. H. GOULD & CO.:— Gentlemen— Your Huskers came to hand last Friday. We have used them. They give entire satisfaction, and should be used by every farmer. I accept of your terms for the Agency for Suffolk county, and enclosed send you eight dollars for Thimbles. Next season I shall want them in large quantities. Ship them to Platt Brothers, No. 20 Maiden Lane, New York city.
Yours truly, DAVID PLATT.
Circulars, giving full particulars sent free.
Circulars, and six pairs of sample Thimbles, assorted sizes, directions, &c., sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of One Dollar.
Orders covering five dollars fulfilled by Express, at wholesale prices. Address
552-3t GOULD & CO., Alliance, Ohio.

MIDDLEBURY ACADEMY.— Its 41th year will commence on TUESDAY, August 21st. A Teachers' Class will be organized for the Fall Term. TUITION FREE.
Wyoming, July 30, 1860. M. WEED.

CORTLAND ACADEMY, HOMER, N. Y.— The Fall Term will commence on MONDAY, August 6th. Terms as formerly. For Catalogues address the Principal.
Homer, N. Y., July 27, 1860. S. W. CLARK.

$29.00 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS PAYS FOR Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. Fall Term opens August 16th, 1860. Address
551-4t J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

PHIPPS U. FEMALE SEMINARY.— The next Term and School Year of this Institution commences on the first THURSDAY of September next.
For Terms or Catalogues apply to the Principals,
MR. or MRS. H. L. ACHILLES.
Albion, N. Y., July 30, 1860. 551-6t

THE AMERICAN CORN HUSKER— JOHNSTON'S PATENT.— This is a simple hand Corn Shucker, and will facilitate the work very much, as the corn is handled only once. Price one dollar. Liberal discount to dealers. Five Huskers will be sent free of expense to any one enclosing five dollars.
R. L. HOWARD,
551-1t Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y.

CUNNINGHAM'S CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY
Rochester, N. Y.— Established 1838.
THE Subscriber invites attention from both City and Country purchasers to his extensive assortment of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, &c., &c.
After an experience of twenty-two years I have all conveniences for manufacturing Carriages as cheap as they can be made in the United States.
All orders promptly attended to, and Carriages boxed and shipped to any part of the country. All my work is warranted.
MANUFACTORY No. 3 Canal St.,— REPOSITORY No. 71 State St., Rochester, N. Y.— 551-tf JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

INTERNATIONAL HORSE FAIR.
THE Second International Horse Fair will be held
IN THE CITY OF BUFFALO, N. Y.,
On the 28th, 29th, 30th and 31st days of August, 1860.
SATURDAY, the 1st day of September, will be devoted to the
SALE AND PURCHASE OF HORSES.
PREMIUM LIST .... $2,500!
Open to all the States and Canadian Provinces.
☞ Persons desiring a Classified List of Premiums, will, on application by mail to the Secretary, receive the same.
WARREN GRANGER, Secretary.
Buffalo, July 16, 1860. 551-2t

EIGHTH NATIONAL EXHIBITION,
At CINCINNATI, OHIO, Sept. 12th to 20th.
The United States Agricultural Society
WILL hold its Eighth Annual Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition on the grounds liberally provided by the citizens of Cincinnati, which are to be fitted up in the best style. There will be Halls and Tents for the display of
Implements, Machinery, Tools, Domestic Manufactures, Farm and Garden Produce, Fruits, Flowers, and Native Wines;
With Stalls and Pens for HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP and SWINE; and an unequalled Track, one mile in length and forty feet in width, for the exhibition of Horses. The Premiums offered— in cash,— gold, silver, and bronze medals,— diplomas and certificates, amount to
$20,000.
The Exhibition will remain open from Wednesday, the 12th, to Thursday, the 20th, of September, thus giving time to examine and test the implements and machinery.
For premium lists or information, apply at the Office of the Society, No. 356 Pa. avenue, (up stairs;) or to the subscriber, at Cincinnati, Ohio.
BEN. PERLEY POORE,
551-6t Sec'y U. S. Agricultural Society.

TRACY FEMALE INSTITUTE, ROCHESTER, N. Y. Year, 42 weeks. 1st day, August 29, 1860. Board and Tuition in English and Gymnastics, $140, or $40 per quarter. Rooms furnished and warmed. LUCILIA TRACY, principal.

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EVERYBODY'S LAWYER
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COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS,
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OF THE PHILADELPHIA BAR.
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Every Merchant wants it.
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Everybody everywhere wants
CROSBY'S LAWYER AND COUNSELLOR IN BUSINESS.
It contains plain and simple instructions to Everybody for transacting their business according to law, with legal forms for drawing the various necessary papers connected therewith, together with the laws of all the States, for Collection of Debts, Property Exempt from Execution, Mechanics' Liens, Execution of Deeds and Mortgages, Rights of Married Women, Dower, Usury, Wills, &c.
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$25.00 PER WEEK AND ALL EXPENSES PAID.— We wish to employ at the above salary, a few enterprising Young Men to introduce and solicit orders for a new article, *patented* July 3, 1860. Those who prove trustworthy can have permanent employment. Apply immediately as only a limited number will be engaged. Address, enclosing stamp for return postage,
BALDWIN & CO.,
550-3t American House, Boston, Mass.

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AT THE RECENTLY ESTABLISHED
Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse.
EMERY'S Horse-Powers, Threshers and Cleaners, Circular and Cross cut Saws, Cider Mills, and other manufactures, sold at manufacturers' prices and terms. A MANSFIELD'S Clover Huller, complete in good order, (second hand,) for sale cheap. HICKOK'S Portable Cider and Wine Mill, CUMMING'S Feed Cutter, Hay Cutters, Corn Shellers, and other Farming Tools and Seeds of the best quality, at the Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse, 338 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. 550-4twc
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Situated in Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.
IT contains about eighty acres, two years planted. The land is rich and easy to work, and for Nursery purposes is unsurpassed in this country.
The stock now growing is remarkably fine and healthy, consisting of Apple, Pear, Plum, Cherry, Peach, Grapes, &c. A large proportion of the stock consists of Dwarf and Standard Pear Trees.
There is also growing on the grounds a large quantity of Pear, Plum and Apple Seedlings, of one and two years growth. The nursery can be enlarged to any desirable extent, the ground having been secured for so doing. Any one wishing to engage in the business will find this a first rate opportunity, for it will be sold at a bargain.
If not sold, a partner, an active man with some means, would be taken in,— a practical Nurseryman would be preferred. Ill health is the reason for wishing to sell.
For further particulars address Post-Office Box No. 41, Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y. 550-3t

GREAT CURIOSITY.— Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK,
548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.— Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.— We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

FARM FOR SALE.— The subscriber offers for sale a farm of 75 acres, situated one mile north of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the Ontario and Wayne Plank Road, with good farming land, two good orchards of the very best fruit, good buildings of all kinds, well fenced, three wells, and in every respect a very desirable location.
PLATT CROSBY.
Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t

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No. 42 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.
TENTS to rent of the following sizes, suitable for the purposes designated:
For Agricultural Fairs, Conferences, Political or other Large Gatherings.
80 ft. by 110 ft. .... 80 ft. diameter.
60 ft. by 90 ft. .... 70 ft. "
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24 ft. by 30 ft. | 12 ft. by 17 ft.
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Flags furnished with Tents, when required.
Parties wishing to rent, will please address the proprietor, stating what the Tents are to be used for. Also the facilities for transportation. Address
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N. B.— Several large second hand Tents for sale cheap— one tent 60 by 90— ten feet wall with seats. 543-13t

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FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
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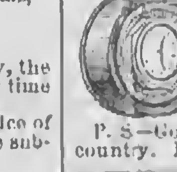
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

WORK'S ODOMETER BAND COMPANY, HARTFORD CONN., manufacture WORK'S PATENT ODOMETER CARRIAGE BANDS which are durable, cheap, and efficient, measuring with unerring accuracy any distance passed over by the vehicle to which they are attached. These extra-finished Bands cost but a trifle more than inferior bands without the Odometer.



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Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS*,"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

CAST STEEL BELLS,
FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES,
FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.
from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than
THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,
which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.
Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,
or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.
Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
513-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
THE BEST IN USE!
First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.
HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.
Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.
No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh true if not level.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.
Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
General Western Agent, 93 Main street,
518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

LIME.— Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.— Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1¾ tuns of coal to 100 bbls.— coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

MIDSUMMER.

BY ISAAC MCLELLAN.

Red midsummer is bright with glare,
There is a drowsy calm in the air,
The delicate locust leaf lies still,
The chestnut woods droop over the hill,
The thistle-down doth lazily float
Adown the air with its silken boat,
Scarcely the gossamer cobwebs' thread
Floats out its streamer overhead;
There's scarce a whisper, scarce a hum,
For the sultry noon is sleepy and dumb.

In the meadows, the mowers throw
Their scythes aside in the hay winrow,
Under a canopied beech they lie
To rest and slumber till noon goes by,
Or seek some grotto, all green and cool,
Or bathe their brows in the icy pool.

The cattle cease in the fields to feed,
The browsing sheep-flock, and the steed;
Through the salt and reedy river grass
In long procession slowly they pass;
Then wading out in the grateful wave,
Their flanks in the cooling tide they lave.

Blue and brilliant the azure deep
Of the firmament spreads its circling sweep,
No living breeze in the realms of space
To waft the floating clouds o'er its face;
Clouds that like snowy sheep-flocks rest
Asleep on the sky's cerulean breast;
Straight in the air, like a stately palm,
The azure smoke from village and farm
Ascends in the universal calm.

In the pasture-oak trees' lofty top,
Weary the thievish blackbirds drop;
The robin redbreast's pinion is hid
In the motionless cedar's pyramid;
The blue wood-pigeons seek their tent
Where the densest boughs of the wood are bent;
The feather'd choir, whose madrigals sweet
Enchant the ear in each green retreat,
Is silent all in the burning heat.

No murmur, no sound, in the air doth pass,
Save the grasshopper's sudden whirr in the grass,
Or chirp of the cricket, or locust's drum,
Or the roving honey-bee's drowsy hum,
For the hot midsummer days are here
To kindle the languid atmosphere.

In city alley, in shadeless square,
The heat intense glows everywhere;
Full many, I ween, that walk the street
Sigh long for the country's dim retreat,
For a plunge in the stream's refreshing tide,
Or an icy draught from the river side;
Fain would the patient printer forsake
His form and his type for the wood and lake,
For a stroll through the fields of his youth again,
For an idle ramble o'er hill and plain,
Rejoicing to loiter in bushy dell,
Or drain "the bucket that hangs in the well."

Journal of Commerce.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TWO WAYS TO GET RICH.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

The vacant lot at the end of Maple Avenue was filled at last. People had looked admiringly at the beautiful situation for years, and wondered if old Captain Jacobs would ever build upon it. But the old gentleman kept his own counsels, and no one was any the wiser for his intentions, until one morning the neighbors looked out of their windows in astonishment, to see laborers actually at work, digging two most unsightly holes in the smooth green turf of that very vacant lot. In less time than such things are usually accomplished, two very pretty cottages grew up there not by any means "without sound of hammer," but with the customary sounds of sawing and pounding, and many a nervous body "thanked her stars" when the last nail was driven, and Maple Avenue subsided into its accustomed quiet. And now the wonder began to be, who would live in the cottages. Prudent householders, anxious for the respectability of the neighborhood, hoped some *good* families would move in — by good, meaning "our set,"— while their less exclusive children as fervently hoped there would be a fresh arrival of boys and girls, brim full of fun and frolic, it mattered little whether they should wear velvet or homespun.

The matter was settled very soon after the cottages were finished, and those who were fortunate enough to be on the look-out saw two young men walk up the Avenue arm and arm, enter first one of the houses and then the other, and carefully inspect every part. They seemed very well satisfied with the result of the examination, and, after pacing up and down the green lawns a few moments, walked away down the Avenue, leaving several of the neighbors in an uncomfortable state of curiosity to know "who on earth they could be." You and I, Reader, have the advantage of them, for we know just who they were, at least I do, and I was just going to tell you that Cyrus Bond and his "brother-in-love," Oliver Dean, were two young men who had just been sent to Windsor by a wholesale commission merchant, to open a large receiving house for grain and produce. The young men were moreover recently married, and, as any one might have known from the expression of importance and satisfaction on their faces, were about to commence housekeeping in the new cottages.

"We shall certainly be pleasantly situated," said young Dean, whirling the key upon his finger; "those little boxes are just the thing for us, — they have such a cozy look. I do detest these great tenement houses, where they stow away a dozen families together, like pigeons in a conjurer's hat,—one is always wondering where they all come from, or go to."

"*This* is a fine place," said his companion, pointing to an elegant mansion they were just passing; "wonder who lives here?"

"That must be Captain Jacobs' house; they said he lived on this street; he owns the cottages, you know. He is rich as a Jew, but I really think he bears the burden admirably. I've heard him actually laugh, a good hearty laugh, like any poor fellow with only two-and-sixpence a day."

"I can tell you one thing, Oliver," said Cyrus Bond, with a sort of impatient compression of his mouth, "I am determined not to be a mere plodder all the days of my life. I will be as rich as Captain Jacobs before my head is as white as his is. Carrie and I are agreed about this, and we have both made up our minds to commence at the very outset, with this in view."

"Well," said Dean, "Nettie and I have made up our minds to take all the comfort we possibly can in life, and, I hope, to do all the good we can too. At any rate, I shn'nt trouble myself with trying to gather up riches for old age. Like as any way I never shall live to be an old man, and if I do, I may have the gout, and the rheumatism, and the blue-devils, so it will never matter whether I am rich or poor. I believe in the school-boy philosophy,—eat your cake when you are sure of it."

"Without any regard to economy and prudence?"

"Certainly not, but a great deal that is called prudence is really parsimony,— a sort of covetousness, that leads people to cheat themselves out of the comforts of life for the sake of hoarding up for the future, and the future after all is only a possibility. We only make one journey through life, and most of its treasures lie along the way, were we must enjoy them as we pass, or not at all; It is useless to think of gathering them up and carrying them on to some distant spot, where we fancy we can sit down and enjoy them better."

The young men walked on silently for a moment, and then Bond said,—"I don't see but your philosophy amounts exactly to the old maxim, 'Spend all you get, and get all you can.' I hope you won't ask me to endorse for you when you get in debt."

"Don't be alarmed," said young Dean, laughing; "I assure you I keep too sharp an eye to comfort ever to make a galley slave of myself by running in debt, and as for spending all I get, I make it a point to lay up something every year, if it is only five dollars, just for the satisfaction of feeling that I have lived within my income. No, my dear fellow, you don't understand my philosophy. I only object to your saying, 'I am going to be rich at all events,' and setting that before you as the end and aim to be reached at all sacrifices. I only fear you will sacrifice a greater good to a less. I don't appreciate poetry as a general thing, but I remember reading something like this—

"In gazing on the star, we crush
The heart's ease at our feet."

The young housekeepers took possession of their new homes with a great deal of satisfaction, and very charming homes they were, with their simple but tasteful furnishing; very much alike in the main, though Oliver Dean had provided several articles of comfort for his house which his friend had dispensed with as unnecessary. There was a quarter of an acre of land behind the cottages, divided by a broad walk running through the middle, which was rented with the houses as a garden spot. One evening, shortly after they were settled, Mr. Dean called at a tool store on his way home, and purchased a spade and hoe.

"What are you going to do now?" asked his friend, who was with him.

"Going to make my garden," was the reply, as the young man shouldered his tools.

"But it is too late to do anything with a garden now,— almost June."

"Rather late, to be sure, but time for a great many things to grow before frosts will come, and we shall have fresh vegetables after they are gone in market. Think of a dish of green peas in August, and Lima beans and green corn in October! Then Nettie wants a place for flowers, and I want a chance for a little active exercise these long mornings."

"I have a plan of occupying my leisure hours in a more profitable way."

"I doubt that. You had better look out or I shall get rich first, in spite of your resolves. It looks like a poor piece of economy to let a fine piece of land lie useless all summer."

"Which I assure you I have no idea of doing, and, to prove my superior skill in management, let me tell you that I rented my garden this morning to Larry, one of the railroad hands, for a good round sum, too,—enough to supply us with vegetables five times over."

Oliver Dean looked at his companion with an amused smile, and asked,

"What is he going to do with it?"

"He did not say definitely,—raise a crop of potatoes, I believe."

"And suppose he chooses to raise something else,—pigs, for instance?"

"I don't think he would find the soil adapted to them," was the laughing reply, as the two friends separated at their own doors.

The next morning Larry made his appearance at an early hour, and began his preparations to plant the garden with potatoes. For more than a week he was at work there nights and mornings, keeping the whole premises scented with the abominable perfume of his tobacco pipe, which never left his mouth. Both families were relieved when the planting was finished, but young Dean shook his head suspiciously, as he saw that a corner next the back street had been left vacant.

Just as the potatoes began to make themselves visible above the ground, the two young men went away for a couple of days on business, and, like dutiful and loving husbands, took their wives with them. It was late in the evening when they returned, and they did not notice anything amiss; but, long before sunrise the next morning, Oliver Dean was startled by sundry ominous sounds of grunting and squealing.

"I'll warrant the pigs have got into my garden," said he, hurrying to the window, and throwing back the blind. One hasty glance assured him that his own premises were safe, but the next called forth an exclamation of vexation, and then a hearty laugh, in which his wife was not at all disposed to join, as she too looked from the window, and saw what had excited her husband's merriment. In that suspicious corner of the potato field, an uncouth pen had been constructed, of rough, black-looking boards, and was occupied by two as ungainly, long-nosed porkers as ever rejoiced an Irishman's heart.

"Won't Cyrus be mad," said Dean, pausing to try and summon his gravity. "I told him Larry might raise a crop of pigs there."

"It's too bad," said Nettie, indignantly, "if we have got to put up with such a nuisance all summer; but I know Cyrus won't have them there."

"I don't see how he is going to help himself. He has rented the land for so many months, and, unless he stipulated to the contrary, Larry can raise whatever he pleases there."

In the course of an hour Cyrus Bond discovered the ornamental addition to his grounds, and, as might have been expected, was worked up to a high pitch of indignation. His friend with difficulty prevented him from tearing down the pen and turning the pigs into the street. "You had better keep quiet about it, Cyrus," said he, "the fellow certainly has the advantage of you, and your only hope is in buying him off. If you get him angry, he will hold you to your bargain, as he certainly can if he tries."

When Larry made his appearance, with his pipe in his mouth, and his pails of swill in his hands, Oliver in a good-natured way tried to talk with him about putting his pigs somewhere else, but to very little purpose.

"Ye see, sur," said Larry, "it's the convanientest place in the world for me. I coom right up this back strate from me work, and lift the swill from the big house forninst ye, so I can feed me pigs before I go home. It's a most as handy as kapin 'em right in the house, as they do in blissed ould Ireland."

Oliver Dean exhausted all his arguments in vain, and then gave the matter up to Cyrus, who talked both himself and Larry into a towering passion, and the matter ended for the time by his threatening to shoot the pigs, and Larry's declaring he "would not be chated by a fine jontleman, and he would have the law of him if he interfared with his property."

Things went on in this way for a couple of weeks, until, as the weather waxed warmer, the swill barrels became intolerable neighbors. Added to this, the pen was almost under the parlor windows of the family next to the east, who felt themselves so much outraged that they openly declared war against the Bonds. A disagreeable neighborhood quarrel seemed likely to result, when Cyrus, in a moment of desperation, told Larry that if he would remove his pigs he might have the use of the land gratis until his potatoes were dug.

"*Thus endeth the first lesson*," said Oliver to his wife, as the last board disappeared, "but I doubt if Cyrus profits much by it."

"What in the world do you do with yourself all the time we are out of the store, Cyrus?" asked Oliver, one day, of his friend. "I scarcely ever see you at home, and I am really afraid you are getting dissipated. Now I think of it, you do look thin and pale."

"Nonsense. I never was better in my life, only these nervous headaches that I always was subject to. I was up rather later than usual last night; I had some work that I was obliged to finish. You see I am writing in Mr. Capron's office. Ed is going to be away several months, and I told Capron that I had so much time out of the store that I thought I could do his writing, if he would let me do it nights and mornings. It is rather confining for me, but he pays liberally, and it seemed a pity to waste so much time when I might nearly double my earnings."

"It is a *greater* pity to waste so much of the health and strength which happens to be all the stock in trade you and I possess," said Oliver earnestly. "Our work during the hours we are in the store is severe and wearisome; it is all we are either of us able to endure without injury, and to add the confinement and exhaustion of six or seven hours close writing to this, seems to me to be folly."

"It came a little hard at first, but I am getting used to it, and, even if it does wear upon me a little, it is not to last long and I shall soon get recruited."

"That is a mistake of yours, my friend. You have a definite amount of endurance, of *vitality*, if you choose to call it so. To a certain extent you may go upon the income, as it were, of this, and Nature will make up the loss. But just as soon as you go beyond that limit, you are drawing upon your capital, and sooner or later you will find the waste. One more thing, Cyrus. It seems to me it is hardly fair to leave that little wife of yours alone quite so much. You might at least spend your evenings with her, after leaving her all day long."

"Carrie agrees with me in putting business before pleasure. It was as much her plan as mine that I should undertake this writing."

"Oh, very well, if you are both suited; but my wife happens to fancy my society, and it is not for me to dispute her taste, so I am quite disposed to gratify her. After all, Cyrus, I believe I have more of original sin, as Dr. W. used to call laziness, in my constitution, than you have."

The summer wore on. Cyrus Bond continued his extra labor, growing continually pale and nervous, and as a consequence irritable and gloomy. Oliver's garden gave ample proof that the hours of toil he had bestowed upon it were not in vain, and the bright little border of flowers, where Nettie's happy face was oftenest seen, won glances of admiration from many a passing eye. The out-door exercise had done both husband and wife substantial good,—for, aside from the healthy development of muscle, and the vigorous flow of blood, there is something in thus standing face to face with our mother Nature, and being brought into real and active partnership with her, that enlarges heart and soul—that makes more quick and tender the human sympathies within us, and lifts the soul upward in its yearnings and aspirations.

The pleasant evening hours were spent in social converse and intellectual improvement. Oliver often said that nothing but books ever tempted him to extravagance, and it was really a self-denial to pass by the book stores, with their tempting display. Yet there was seldom a week when some pleasant volume was not upon the table, to furnish entertainment for himself and Nettie. Many a time did Carrie Bond look from her lonely room with a sigh of regret, as the merry sounds of music floated out from the cottage windows, or the lamp gleaming through the half-closed blinds, assured her that Nettie's little fingers were busy with their sewing, while her husband was reading aloud to her. There had been a few, a very few such evenings for Carrie, and she could not quite give them up; but she thought of her husband, bending wearily over his writing, and reproached herself for her selfishness in feeling for a moment unwilling to bear so small a part of the burden, when he was doing so much for their mutual good.

Once more Oliver tried to reason with his friend, and induce him to give up a task that was evidently beyond his strength, but he would not listen to him. "It is my duty," said he, "no less than my wish, to provide for my family. You said yourself that the future was only a possibility—suppose I should die suddenly and leave Carrie unprovided for?"

"You may just as well suppose you won't, as long as you don't know anything about it; though I must say it is a very probable supposition if you go on in this way much longer."

Greatly to the relief of all parties, Edward Capron returned in September, and Cyrus was at last released from his post in the office. A few days of rest removed in a great measure the sense of weariness and exhaustion, and he received with unmingled satisfaction the handsome sum of money which Mr. Capron paid him for his services. "Three hundred dollars in three months, is considerable to earn in one's leisure hours, and makes up for some little temporary inconvenience." He said this to Oliver one morning, as he stood watching his gardening operations.

"Worth having, to be sure," was the answer, "if you have not earned it too dearly. By the way, I am going to make a strawberry bed over yonder by the fence, and I want you should show me about setting the plants. I remember what splendid berries your father always raised."

"You are foolish to do that. It will cost you five dollars to have the ground prepared properly and get your plants. Then they won't do much the first year, and it is not at all likely we shall stay here long, so all your money and labor will go for the benefit of some one else."

"Well," said Oliver, "I shall be sure that my successors will remember me gratefully, in strawberry time, at least. I am sure I should have felt infinitely obliged if somebody had been good enough to start a little fruit here for my benefit; so I think I shall try it, and I don't at all despair of eating the fruit of my labors. To be sure, the store is an experiment; but I believe this is the very best location on the whole line of the railroad, and Colonel Morton is too good a financier to remove it until it has been fairly tested."

"Perhaps you are right, but I have made up my mind not to lay out a cent upon my premises while the matter is in uncertainty. What have you been doing by that trellis?"

"Setting a couple of grape vines that I bought of Capron. They are choice vines, both of them; he gave me some grapes of both varieties, and I am sure they must be the very kinds that grew in Canaan."

Cyrus smiled at his friend's enthusiasm, and went into his own house, feeling in his heart a little pity for Oliver's weak-minded lack of prudence. The ground was bountifully enriched, and the strawberry bed carefully prepared and made ready for the plants. Just at this time old Captain Jacobs chanced to be walking past, and stopped to see what his young tenant was doing.

"Starting fruit, eh?" said the old gentleman; "so I take it you don't expect to be warned out right away."

"Not next year, I hope, sir," was the reply. "I should like to taste my strawberries first."

"Going to set strawberries! Well, that's right. I spent the first fifteen years of my married life in that little wood-colored house yonder, without planting a tree or a vine, or making any improvements whatever, just because I did not expect to stay from one year to another. Great mistake of mine, sir, and I came to see it after a while, when matters took such a turn that the property came into my own hands, and I reflected that I had cheated myself by my selfishness. Instead of being the owner of a beautiful place, well stocked with fruit and shade trees, as I might have been, I had only a bare field, and a house fast going to decay. Then, I had cheated my family of a great many comforts and luxuries that we might have had just as well as not. We have to work for each other in this world, young man; and if anybody tries to escape the regulation, he is sure to get the worst of it in some way. 'Other men have labored, and ye are entered into their labors' —that's the way it is the world over."

After a few moments of friendly chat, the Captain passed on, but not until he had told Oliver that, if he would come up to his house, he might have as many strawberry plants as he wished from his garden. "There are thousands of them," said he, "that will be thrown away to thin out the beds; and if your neighbor, Mr. Bond, wishes for any, he is welcome to them."

Cyrus was half disposed to accept the offer, as he remembered the delicious fruit that used to grow so bountifully in his father's garden. "If it wasn't for that paddy, and his confounded potatoes," said he. "I wish the rascal had to eat them all raw."

"Tops and all?" queried Oliver, laughing in spite of himself at this first concession on the part of his friend that he had made a bad bargain.

"I'll tell you what you can do. Buy fifteen or twenty hills of him, and dig them up."

"Give him the use of my garden, and then buy his potatoes? I shall do no such thing."

"Well, then, tell him you want to use a little strip, and get him to dig up a few hills. They are big enough to eat, and Larry is a good-natured fellow, after all."

"I'd rather never see a strawberry than ask a favor of Larry," said Cyrus, decidedly, and so the matter was dropped.

When Oliver went for his plants, Captain Jacobs invited him into his library, and spent some time in conversation with him. He gave him quite a history of his own struggles in life, and pointed out to him some of the causes of success and failure. "I have got to be an old man," said he, "but I believe I am far happier than I was in my youth, not because I have risen above poverty, but because I have learned some of the secrets of happiness. I always feel a sympathy for young men, and an interest in them, and I hope you will rely upon my friendship far enough to believe that I shall always be ready to assist you in any way in my power. If there is anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to say so. I shall be very likely to want favors of you, and I shall not be slow to ask them."

Oliver thanked him warmly for his kindness, yet could not help smiling at the idea of bestowing favors upon one who, apparently, had everything that heart could wish. As he rose to leave the library, he glanced almost enviously at the well-filled shelves, and then said, with a comical twinkle of his eye, "Perhaps, sir, you would like to borrow something from my library. I have nearly a dozen volumes, and I got through with them all some time ago, so you will be very welcome."

Captain Jacobs laughed,— a hearty, mellow laugh,—"like any poor fellow with two-and-sixpence a day," as Oliver had said before.

"I thank you, Mr. Dean," said he; "I will call soon and examine them, and in the meantime, if you can find anything here that is not contained in yours, I shall be very happy to lend it to you."

When Oliver went home with his basket of plants, he carried a volume with a most inviting title under his arm, and a great deal of happiness in his heart. [To be concluded next week.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 8, 23, 22, 12 is a river in Egypt.
My 6, 3, 11, 9, 22, 15 is a county in Alabama.
My 2, 19, 5, 23, 10 is a city in France.
My 15, 25, 9, 12 is a county in New York.
My 1, 14, 22, 7, 10 is a range of mountains in Africa.
My 17, 18, 24, 6, 15, 10 is a river in England.
My 11, 4, 10, 13, 4, 20 is a city in Massachusetts.
My 6, 21, 15, 10, 18, 21, 22, 22 is a town in Michigan.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.

Cortlandville, N. Y., 1860. R. M. G.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A kind of wood and a valley.
2. An animal and an instrument of music.
3. A fountain and a tract of land.
4. A color and a large room.
5. A mineral and a kind of meat.
6. An exclamation and a plant.
7. A stream and a measure.
8. A contest and an edged instrument.

Glendale, Ohio, 1860. Jerry M. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Three men, A, B, and C, bought a circular farm containing 785 159-400 acres, for which B and C paid equal shares, and A as much as B and C together. It is agreed that B's and C's portion of the farm shall each be in the form of a circle. After it is divided, a road, one chain wide, is run through the center of the original farm, perpendicular to a line which joins the centers of B's and C's portions. How many acres of each one's portion are included in this road, calling the land a uniform value per acre? M. E. H.

Jefferson Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first unites the happy pair;
The next flies swiftly through the air,
Or murmurs in the grove;
With beauteous form and silver hue,
My whole's confess'd an emblem true
Of innocence and love.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 650.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Prosperity gains friends, adversity tries them.

Answer to Charade:—Second sight.

Answer to Geometrical Problem:—Respectively 1,250 feet and 94.08 feet.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

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"ONE THING NEEDFUL."

We often hear of contented men,—still more frequently do read concerning the blessings which a satisfied, easy mind, will confer upon its possessor. Yet, strange to say, the number of those endowed with this peculiar mental organism is exceedingly limited. Many approximate the condition—only one thing is lacking—when that is attained, peace will reign supreme. Life is spent, the grave covers all, and who ever read the epitaph—here rests one whose objects, hopes, and ambitions, were fully realized. Not a vocation in our world is exempt from unsatisfied longings—to the merchant, the professional man, the day laborer, and, most independent of all, the farmer, these reachings forth for something still beyond will come uninvited. We purpose, at the present writing, to confine ourselves to the latter class, and will give the record of some matters which have lately come under observation, letting each reader draw the moral which his own inclinations may dictate.

Many a farmer is looking with wishful eyes upon the domain of his neighbor, desiring to add fifteen or twenty acres to his estate, that thereby he may be enabled to carry out some cherished object. One with whom we have recently conversed in regard to the pecuniary prospects of the season, thought he could be successful in his calling had he just twenty acres more in meadow and pasture. He would then purchase additional stock and by the increase in his manure heap, could keep his cultivated land in better heart, and, consequently, realize from such portions greater returns. Under the burden he was compelled to bear (too small a farm,) it was difficult to make both ends meet. This was, apparently, a hard case. The man's hands gave evidence of faithful, honest labor—there was evidently no faltering in his row, be the task ever so arduous. The future seemed not to possess a single cheering feature, for what he considered to be the "one thing needful," was unattainable.

On going into the barn-yard the reasons why our friend had become discouraged and disheartened were plainly visible, and they were only those which the proper exercise of forethought and judgment, together with the use of appliances already at his hand, would have remedied, thus dissipating the clouds hanging in his social horizon. The life of his farm was scattered from one end of the yard to the other, exposed to all vicissitudes of weather,—sun, rain and wind were carrying away just what he seemed so anxious to procure. The principle that the soil must have food was readily acknowledged, but there existed no well digested plan as to the manner in which it might be accomplished.

Nor is the foregoing description of an isolated instance amid the multitudes who till the earth. Thousands are looking for and devising means to *manufacture* nutriment for their lands,—the process of *saving* never having entered into their calculations. There can be no objection to going abroad for such material when we have employed every agency upon the farm in its production; but if American farmers would turn their tho'ts to procuring the necessary elements from their own domains, many a home source now neglected,—many a valuable fertilizer now unnoticed,—many a drain upon the manure heap now unnoticed, would receive consideration and attention.

The bulk of the wheat crop in this section was secured before the 30th of July, yet on that day a great deal remained uncut, although it was "white unto the harvest." Viewing these fields of standing grain, and the laborers at work therein, it almost seemed as though the primitive days of farming hereabouts had returned, for not a single reaping machine was in operation,—the "cradle" had come forth from its state of inglorious inactivity, and under the influence of its measured swing food for the hungry was being garnered. Hands were extremely scarce, and we saw but one field in which more than a single cradler was employed. Curious to know the cause of such novel procedure, our bump of inquisitiveness found vent at the tongue, and we learned that the late rains had rendered the ground so soft it was found impossible to use machinery effectually,—the earth was full of water. Were the drains of sufficient capacity to relieve the soil from a superabundance of moisture? Here was the rub. In one instance there had been some underdraining done, but the conduits were not as numerous as they should be,—in another, a system of drainage had been projected, but the failure of the crop in past years, because of the ravages of the midge, had collapsed the pockets of the proprietor, and it was still the offspring of the brain,—in still another, the "natural drainage" was considered all that was necessary, except in just such seasons as the present. The golden promises with which every wheat field was enlivening the farmers of the Genesee Valley a few weeks since, were likely to prove false to some, and there was any amount of fretting and fuming thereat. Extra help was not to be had,—if the weather proved dry, loss would be incurred by the grain shelling; if wet, it would as certainly sprout,—either horn of the dilemma was anything but agreeable.

The "one thing needful" had been overlooked, or it "could not be afforded, just then," and a destruction which would amount to double its cost was threatening. Some of those, however, who are not yet awake to the importance of providing outlets for surplus water in the soil, may console themselves with the reflection that so wet a July is very rare,—almost unheard of,—but we would remind such individuals that it was not wet harvest seasons which brought into operation the modes of drainage adopted by our most successful farmers. In the Rural of August 4th, may be found sufficient facts to arouse any man who thinks. In water-soaked soils the necessary heat cannot be generated,—vegetation does not receive a tithe of the benefit it ought from stimulants applied,—the air is shut out, and half drowned roots will not furnish nutriment to anything more than a half-developed crop.

We might multiply similar cases indefinitely, but these will suffice. Hundreds who are longing for an increase in the number of their acres, and casting their glances to the ends of the earth in the vain hope of gratifying the desire of the heart, totally overlook the advantages already contained in their fee simple, which, if judiciously used, would confer greater benefits than could possibly arise, were their estates doubled in extent. A just appreciation and proper use of the blessings our own homes can bestow is imposed upon us,—when those fail, it will be early enough to go abroad seeking aid and consolation.

The second case referred to sufficiently exhibits the necessity of *beginning, continuing, and ending right*, in the varied duties connected with agricultural pursuits. Mechanics, generally, may go back, alter, and reconstruct,—the farmer may perform every required task, save one, in a proper and thorough manner, yet that single omission might prove to be the "one thing needful." The meed of reward is the incitement to toil, and we must ever bear in mind that thorough cultivation is the only avenue to profitable farming.

SOILING OF STOCK.

This is a subject that will engage the especial attention of farmers for some years to come. We do not say that the system will be generally adopted; but we believe that as it becomes better known it will meet with more favor, and be found to exactly suit the circumstances and wants of a large class of the farmers and stock-growers of the country. By "green soiling," or "soiling," we mean the practice of keeping animals in barns, and feeding them on green food grown and cut for the purpose, instead of allowing them to run in pastures. It is usual to allow them to run in the yard a short time daily, for air and exercise. The advantages of this plan are being freely discussed among the more enterprising practical farmers, as well as by agricultural writers. We have before us a valuable little work by Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Massachussetts, who, with his father, may well be considered the pioneers of this practice in New England. Last winter we had the pleasure of hearing an interesting address from Mr. Q. on this subject, and gave our readers the most important points. We now purpose to make a few extracts from the work referred to, sufficient to give a correct idea of the workings of the system.

Mr. Q. says,—"My farm being compact, the annoyance of having fifteen or twenty head of cattle driven night and morning to and from the pasture; the loss of time in often turning the team and plow, owing to the number of interior fences, and the loss of surface of good land capable of being plowed, owing to them and the many head lands, all drew my attention to the subject of 'soiling' and its effects.

I found that European writers maintained that *six* distinct advantages were to be obtained by the practice of 'soiling,' over that of pasturing cattle in the summer season:

1. It saved land.
2. It saved fences.
3. It economized food.
4. It kept cattle in better condition and greater comfort.
5. It produced more milk.
6. It increased the quantity and quality of manure.

Satisfied in my own mind of the beneficial effects of the practice, I adopted it in the year 1814, and adhered to it until 1822, keeping from fifteen to twenty head of milch cows, with some other stock, and with entire satisfactory success. From that time, being occupied in various public offices, in Boston and vicinity, I exercised no superintendence over my farm for twenty years.

Resuming its management in 1847, I returned to the practice of soiling. Since then, I have kept from thirty to thirty-five head of milch cows in this way; so that, in my mind, my experience is conclusive on the subject."

He says that *one acre soiled* from, will produce at least as much as *three* acres pastured in the usual way, and that "there is no proposition in Nature more true than that any good farmer may maintain upon *thirty acres* of good arable land, *twenty head of cattle* the year round, in better condition, and greater comfort to the animals, with more profit, less labor, less trouble, and less cash advance for himself than he at the present mode expends upon a hundred acres." He further says:—"My own experience has always been *less* than this, never having exceeded *seventeen acres* for *twenty* head."

"To produce a sufficient quantity and succession of succulent food—about one and a half or two square rods of ground to each cow to be soiled—sow as follows:

As early in April as the State of the land will permit, which is usually between the 5th and 10th, on properly-prepared land, oats at the rate of four bushels to the acre.

About the 20th of the same month, sow either oats or barley, at the same rate per acre, in like quantity and proportions.

Early in May, sow, in like manner, either of the above grains.

Between the 10th and 20th of May, sow Indian corn, (Southern Dent being best,) in drills, three bushels to the acre, in like quantity and proportions.

About the 25th of May, sow corn, in like manner and proportions.

About the 5th of June, repeat the sowing of corn, as above.

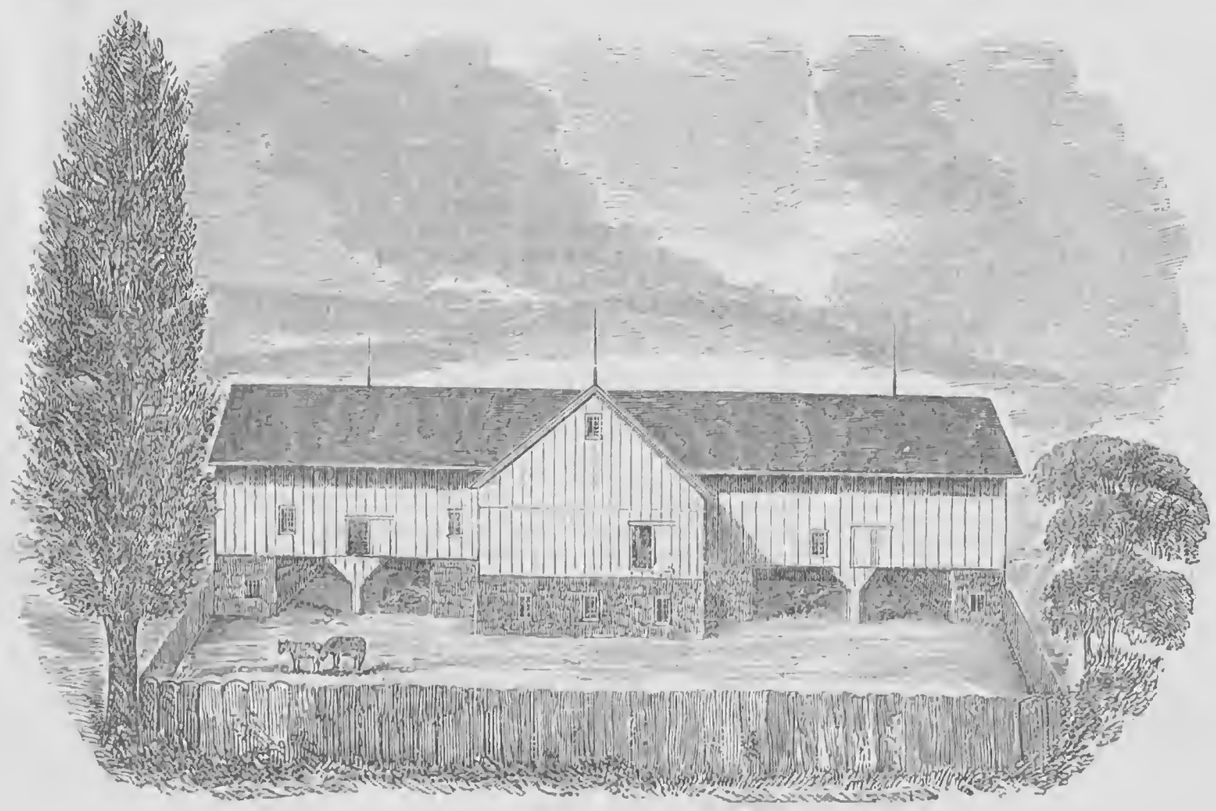
After the last-mentioned sowing, barley should be sown in the above-mentioned quantity and proportions, in the following successions, on the 15th and 25th of June, and in the first week in July, barley being the best qualified to resist the early frosts."

These various provisions for a variety of crops will supply food something in the following order, viz:

"The oats, sown early in April, will be ready to cut, for soiling, between the 1st and 15th of July, and will usually remain succulent until about the middle of the month.

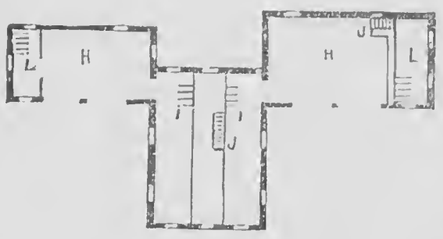
Those sown about the 20th of April be ready to cut the 15th and 20th of July, and will last nearly or quite till the 1st of August.

Those sown early in May will be ready to suc-



A CONVENIENT STOCK BARN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I send you the plan of a barn I built in the summer of 1856, together with statement of its arrangement, manner of construction, &c. My barn is of medium size, designed to stable about 40 head of cattle, and the storing of fodder that will feed that amount of stock. It consists of a main building and two wings. The main building, 35 by 45, fronting the east. The wings are built at the west end and at right angles with the main building, running past or on to the same 10 feet. The south wing is 24 by 45; north wing 30 by 50.



BASEMENT.

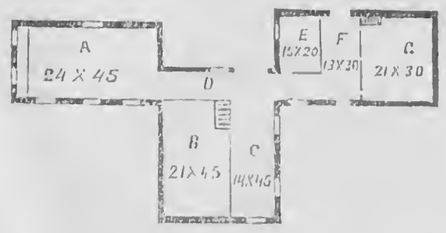
H, H, Manure Sheds; *L, L*, Stables; *J* (whole of main basement,) Stables; *I*, Stalls.

The ground was an easterly slope, with a fall of about 2 feet to the rod, the earth being removed until a level was obtained. The basement walls are 8 feet high, 2 feet thick, constructed of cobble stone, laid in cement, with trench underneath 2 feet deep, 2½ wide. There is a space, you will notice, in front of each wing not walled in. This part is used for shed and manure, and this space is necessary for these purposes.

All of the middle basement is used for stabling, and has an alley in center with stalls and mangers on each side facing the same. The passage ways from this stable open into that portion of wing basements which is used for shed and storing of manure. The other stabling is in north end of north wing and south end of south wing. These rooms are ventilated and lighted by 20-light 7-by-9 windows, that let down from top, 7 in main stable, and 1 in each of the other two, beside several in top of wall, 6-lighted 8 by 10, hung with hinges and buttoning up to timbers above. The bottom is cobble stone and sand paved into the earth.

The plan of upper portion of this building is as follows:—Floor 14 by 45 on the north side and lengthwise of center building; bay on south side 21 by 45, taking therefrom the passage way, 10 feet wide, 7 high; also, space for stairs and small space for pitching fodder below, and loft over floor as is common where the floor is placed in center. The north wing floor is 13 by 30; bay 21 by 30, taking therefrom the same as other bay. Granary 16 by 20, 8 feet high; passage way 10 by 13, 8 feet high. Over these is a loft. The south wing lower floor, 24 by 45, is a tool room and workshop, with the exception of small space at south end, used for dropping fodder from loft above to stable below. Posts 15 feet in center and north wing; south 12 feet; windows 12 lights, 8 by 10, for ventilating; 15 light 7-by-9 windows in gables. The siding is pine, one inch, planed and matched. Projection of roof 2 feet. Paint, zinc.

The angles formed by connecting buildings together in this way, make a very leeward space that cannot be obtained in buildings of most other forms. The wall of basement is higher than the old method of building such walls, and this I consider very necessary to the health of stock as well as the preservation of timbers overhead; in fact, I consider my mode of ventilating ample. The different parts being of the same grade, it is much more convenient passing in and out with stock and manure, than if some parts were higher or lower than others. I consider



MAIN FLOOR.

A, Tool Room; *B*, Bay; *C*, Floor; *D*, Passage Way; *E*, Granary; *F*, Floor; *G*, Bay.

stone flooring much preferable to plank, as it soon becomes water-tight; therefore, there is no foul matter arising as with leaky floors. I could describe my mode of constructing stalls, mangers, fastening of animals, shape of bottom, &c., but suppose it is not necessary. I cannot state the exact cost, but as near as I can calculate, it is from $1,800 to $2,000. L. S. Harding.

Clinton, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1860.

eeed the preceding, and will last till near the middle of August.

The corn, sown on the 10th and 25th of May and early in June, will supply, in succession, excellent food till early in September.

The barley, sown in July, will continue a sufficient supply of good feed until the first of November, when, as sometimes before, the *tops* of roots—as carrots, beets, and turnips, with cabbages—are a never-failing resource.

Reduced to a single statement, my experience and system is, for the support of my soiled stock during the months of July, August, and September, to sow in the months of April, May, June, and July, equal to *three-quarters of an acre for each head* of cattle to be soiled, in such order as will give a regular succession of succulent food during the three first-mentioned months.

For their support from the 20th of May, and during the month of June, I reserve early clover and other grass at the rate of *one quarter of an acre for each head* of cattle soiled.

For their support during the first half of October, I depended upon the *second growth* of the half acre cut over in May and June, and the *second growth* of oats and corn cut over in July.

It now remains to be shown that the cost of raising, cutting, and distributing the food to the stock, is compensated by these savings above mentioned. Upon this point, my own experience has satisfied me that the *manure* alone is an ample compensation for *all* this expense; leaving the savings of land, of food, and of fencing-stuff, as clear gain from the system.

A popular objection to this mode of keeping milch cows is, that want of exercise must affect injuriously the health of the animal. To this European writers, some of whom have kept, in this way, large herds, reply that they 'never had one sick, or one die, or one miscarry, in consequence of this mode of keeping.' After more than ten years' pursuing of this practice, my experience justifies me in uniting my testimony to theirs on this point."

In the Agricultural volume of the *Patent Office Report* for 1859, just received, we find an interesting article by D. S. Curtis, of Madison, Wisconsin, on the same subject, in which Mr. C. endeavors to show the peculiar adaptation of this system to the West, where fencing materials are scarce and dear. He claims "nine distinct benefits" arising from the system, as follows:

"We can now sum up, clearly, nine principal advantages that may be surely derived from the faithful practice of this beautiful system of *green soiling the stock* of the farm, besides the incidental benefits which grow out of it indirectly, namely:

Saving of land; saving of fences; saving of food; improved condition and comfort of all the animals; larger product of milk and flesh; greater docility of the animals; freedom from breechy depredations; larger accumulations of manure; and increased order in all the business of the farm.

Incidental to these, will be greater cleanliness throughout the premises, there being few foul fence-corners, and no feed or manure scattered about under foot; a greater variety of food can be used, and everything saved; allowing the convenience of doing more of the work by one's self, and requiring the paying out of less money; and permitting the sale of a larger portion of all grain and fruit, or other *matured* products that may be raised on the place, and be desired in the usual market; and the comfort of doing a much larger share of the ordinary business under shelter; and having a much larger amount of *value concentrated* in a comparatively smaller space, throughout most of the farm property and products; as, for instance, one hundred dollars' worth of stock or grain occupies much less space than the same value in land or fences, and a hundred dollars' worth of wool or butter less space than the same value of grain."

AT THEIR OLD TRICKS AGAIN.—WHEAT.

I have been about some of late, and have noticed extensive preparations for sowing winter wheat. I greatly fear that the old system of sham cultivation is to be revived.

Once settled that we can raise wheat at all, and we are bound to raise it any how, in season and out of season, by fair means and by foul—particularly the latter.

Farmers in this month of August are breaking up crude soil, well stocked with Canada thistles and other noxious weeds, to sow wheat upon. Wheat stubble is to be plowed and sown again, and the old style of sowing corn ground revived. It is horrible. The favors of a merciful Providence should not be treated with that kind of "reciprocity."

I write this, Mr. Editor, to request you to print in large capitals, as a standing advertisement, what you said in your last week's editorial on this same subject:—"*It is unreasonable to expect to reap abundantly where we have not sown good seed, in due season, on properly prepared soil.*"

I think the Mediterranean the safest variety to sow.—H. T. B.

PREMIUMS ON CARELESSNESS.

Carelessness is a curious commodity, truly, for which to offer premiums; but I think you showed conclusively, not long since, that wool buyers not only *offer*, but *pay* heavy premiums for it. Dealers in various other articles might learn a similar lesson. I once inquired of a clever country merchant, with whom *butter* was a "legal tender," why he paid the same price for different lots, when he admitted some were worth two or three cents a pound more than others. "O, we have to serve them all alike, or we should lose their custom; but I hope and expect the time is coming when we can pay just what it is worth," was the sage reply.

While drawing away my grain, last fall, the buyer deplored the fact that farmers *would* bring in their grain just as it came from the separator, when they could make it so much better by just running it through a fanning mill. "Why don't you offer a little more for it when well cleaned?" I asked. "Because," said he, "we are obliged to put it all in the same pile; but if *every* farmer would do it, then we could pay them for their trouble. Now, at this rate, how long will it take to bring about a change in this matter? If buyers *will persist* in paying no more a pound for wool, butter, corn, oats, or wheat, than for dirt, buttermilk, cobs, chaff, or straw, they surely ought not to complain of farmers for merely supplying the market. Publico.

Wayne Co., N. Y., Aug., 1860.

"PROSPECTIVE STERILITY."—ONCE MORE.

Messrs. Editors:—H. T. B. says,—"Wherever, without high manuring, the crops increase, or remain as good as at first, it can be traced to improved tillage, or rather to improved *methods* of extracting the fertility from the soil. It is making the cider run a bigger stream, by giving the screw of the press another turn."

I would ask, in all seriousness, of what use is it to attempt to restore the wasted energies of a field by *tillage*, when it has become impoverished by bad husbandry already? Facts are stubborn things, and often upset our theories and logic altogether. A farmer purchased a piece of land over thirty years ago, which was so poor that it produced less than thirty bushels of corn per acre, and the year following less than thirty bushels of oats, when it was seeded with clover and timothy, and remained in that situation for twenty years. During all this time not a rod of ditching was cut, although some portion of it would have been much benefited; but it was pastured with sheep. The field contained twenty acres or more; it received about one ton of plaster per acre during the twenty years; beyond this there was no fertilizing materials used, and if land grows poorer each year from what is taken off, then when this field was plowed at the expiration of twenty years, it ought to produce less. More than $2,000 worth of wool, the product of the grass grown on that field, was extracted from the soil in twenty years, while not over $200 was returned to the same in plaster and salt. Furthermore, said field must have lost a large quantity of bone earth, as it was pastured principally with ews and lambs.

Now, what are the facts as regards this field for producing corn and oats, after having been exhausted of more than $1,800 worth of its soil in bone and wool? It produced over fifty bushels of corn to the acre, and more than fifty of oats the following year. Was this increased crop due to the small amount of plaster and salt used during the twenty years it was pastured? I think not; because if that were the case, it might have been applied in a much shorter time, and produced equal results. The dews and rain are constantly sending down fertilizing materials, to cause the earth to feed the germs of life of every description, that they may produce food for the sustenance of man and beast; yea, even the winds are subservient to man's purposes, to purify the atmosphere and distribute or scatter the noxious vapors as food for plants, thereby serving a double purpose—a renovator and purifier.

Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. A. G. Percey.

MINNESOTA—LANDS, CROPS, PROSPECTS, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—"In the mouth of two or three witnesses, every word shall be established." In your issue of the 14th July, is a communication from T. C. Jewett, of Forest City, Minn., whose statements with regard to climate, fertility, and price of land in this State, you seem to think rather enthusiastic. Now, I never saw Mr. Jewett, or heard of him till I read his letter; nor have I any land to sell in Minnesota—and more, I would not *advise* any one to come here to settle, without first visiting the country; but his description of particulars I can fully corroborate.

Having been reared in "Old Ontario," I have frequently visited Geneva, Canandaigua, Genesee, Rochester, Buffalo and intermediate places—have crossed Genesee Flats in every direction, yet I can say, consistently, as to pleasant cities for towns, beauty and fertility of lands, to fill *my* eye, I never saw this country equalled. Whether the soil will wear as well, is, of course, a question of time. One thing, however, is certain—the earth ten feet deep, thrown out, will produce about as good a crop as the surface.

As I have been here but one year, (which has been as pleasant in weather as any year—*the best year*—passed in any other State,) I am not fully prepared to judge of the climate, but from all I can gather, conclude the warm seasons are as long here as in the "Genesee country," if not longer. I so judge, partly from the fact that probably one-half of the corn raised is "dent." The last spring we had no frost to injure beans in this section after April.

Crops are looking very fine. Spring wheat (there is no other raised in this community,) is splendid; large straw—some too large—and plump berry; will be ready to harvest in one week. Some early pieces are now being cut. Oats are monstrous; many pieces are tumbled down every way. Corn looks well. I have a piece of "King Philip," planted the 12th of May, on sod, which was one year ago the 1st of this month wild "grub prairie," but broken within two weeks after, and only harrowed this spring. All the tending it received, was once through with the hoe to cut down the weeds. (*Reader*—"Well, that is slovenly.") It now stands, on an average, seven feet high. And by the way the vines grow in this "swamp," I judge there will be "some pumpkins!" Without exaggeration, people in the east will hardly credit the rapid growth which vegetation will make in this country.

Land here also is held at from $2.50 to $10 per acre. At the risk of being officious, I will venture an answer to your query, "Why so cheap, if the soil is so fertile, and climate so fine?"

1. This is nearly the frontier in this direction, and as we have "a great country," it takes a great many folks to fill it; so there is as yet little competition in buying land.

2. Many at the east have been frightened with reports of our long, cold winters—which are not longer or colder, in my humble opinion, than those of the New England States, New York, Michigan or Wisconsin. The hideous story perhaps arose in this way. About the first winter which the pioneers spent in this country, was the severe and snowy one experienced throughout our whole country four years ago. This was a hard introduction, especially as provisions were scarce and houses were but hovels. The settlers, of course, had never known such a winter. No shelter for their cattle, little or no grain for them, and hay not plenty—what wonder if some did get home-sick?

3. Money is scarce. It takes a long time after the late "crisis," and consequent stagnation of affairs in the financial heart of the country, for the "blood" to reach and vitalize this extremity, especially while it is true that—

4. Minnesota has no railroads to carry off the surplus produce, of which she has had considerable for a year past, and of which she will in future have vast quantities. And as for teaming grain, flour, &c., to the large rivers from far into the interior, it is too expensive, especially as most of the farmers have only ox teams. So our market has been rather poor—though since navigation opened the last spring, wheat has brought 75 cents on an average, at the mills in this (Fillmore) county.

5. The State was settled in the good times immediately preceding the "break," and the folks here, like most other people, ran wild with speculation—running headlong into debt—mortgaging their lands and other property to buy more, for money was plenty. When the crash came, of course they could not meet their liabilities. Speculation fever has passed. Men wake up to find "plenty of land, well mortgaged." Then came forced sales, foreclosures, &c. Slowly, but surely, the vessel rights up after the storm. A great lesson has been dearly purchased.

Fountain, Minn., July 26, 1860. A. Hitchcock.

"ADVANTAGES OF SIDE HILLS."

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a late issue of the Rural, your diagram illustrating the "advantage of side hills, gives hardly credit enough to our uneven country. Your diagram represents the plants as growing to an unequal height, when the tops of the grain or plants describe the same uneven surface as the ground. You say "the tops will be closer together on the uneven surface than on that which is level. To give the same room upon the sloping surface as upon the level, each hill must be planted further apart," &c. Now, if the plants all grew to a horizontal plane, this would be true enough; but please understand quite a portion of each plant, as it grows above its neighbor, *is wholly exposed to the light and air.* In a slope of twenty rods, this exposure is equal to that of a great number of plants in full view. Could I ascertain the mean descent of our hills, I would give the exact advantage of a side-hill to produce crops. But it is my opinion, Mr. Editor, that the side-hill exposure, with the advantages you have mentioned, would induce me to cling to the side-hill farm, to excel my neighbors in producing quantity. M. L. Dey.

Albion, Mich., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

Bees.—How I Hive and Manage Them.

As almost every bee-keeper has a different way of hiving his bees, I will tell them my method that I have practiced with success for 25 years. Before the usual time of swarming, I manufacture as many hives as I think I shall need. I use what is commonly called the box-hive. After trying several patent hives I have finally adopted the box-hive as my preference. I manufacture them of pine or white basswood boards, one inch thick, with the inside dimensions 12 by 18 inches in height. This makes a good proportioned hive; and I think I get more swarms and earlier, than from larger hives. Have the top of the hive project over two inches at least, as it partially shades and carries the water from your hives, where the hives are exposed to the weather. Leave the inside of the hive rough, as it enables the bees to stick themselves and the comb better. Be careful in nailing the top of your hive on, not to drive any nails inside of the hive and allow them to remain, for if you do you will have more swarms leave such a hive than will stay in it. Their reasons I can't give.

Now I am ready for my bees to swarm, and when I see them swarming, I sit down and keep perfectly cool till they cluster, which they will always do without giving them a horning and drumming—for this is all nonsense. I have frequently been alarmed by my neighbors blowing horns, &c., to cluster their bees, I supposing their house on fire, or that something awful had happened to them. To those that practice this way of clustering bees, I would say, don't for pity's sake do it again; and if your bees go off without clustering, send an order on me for their value. As soon as they begin to cluster, I place a table under them, spread a cloth on the table, (linen or cotton, not woolen,) place two sticks with the upper edge sharp, on the cloth, for the hive to sit on, then after rubbing your hive with a few peach leaves and salt and water, place it on the sticks. Take a tin pan, hold it close under the swarm, give the limb a sudden jog, and you have them in your pan, bear your hive over, pour your bees down, and let your hive down over them. This way does not give them so good a chance to rise to the limb again as pouring them down by the side of the hive. If they should be inclined to a light back on the limb again, just stand and shake the limb a few minutes, and they will settle on the hive. Some, perhaps, will think all of this parade needless, but after treating them in this way, if they should leave you, you can say as the man did of his run-away wife, that they left your bed and board without any cause or provocation. I don't think the bees will have any objection to good treatment. At evening I remove the hive to the bench, set them on a good wide board which I have for each hive to sit on, and raise the hives up on three small blocks about half an inch high. This gives them sufficient air and prevents the bee moth from depositing her eggs under the edge of the hive. Salt them as often as once in two weeks, by scattering it under the hive. They are as fond of it as your cattle or sheep. In the fall you can let your hives down. In the spring, when it gets sufficiently warm, you can raise them again, but first take the board from under them, plane it clean and put it back again, and they are all right.

With late swarms, which are generally small, I put two into one hive. They will soon dispose of one of the queens, and all will go on harmoniously and make a good strong swarm to winter. I always bore a hole in the top of the hive and place a box over it, which I generally get filled once, and sometimes twice in a season. If you design the boxes of honey for market, weigh the boxes before placing on the hive, put the weight on the box; then when you remove it, by weighing and deducting weight of box, you have the number of pounds of honey it contains.

I have one question to ask more experienced bee-keepers than myself. Are there two kinds of the drone bee? I notice within a year or two a white-faced drone and a black-faced drone, which I never noticed before. Now, are they the same? if so, why so different in complexion?

South Livonia, Liv. Co., N. Y., 1860. F. Kellogo.

Italian Bees.

We wish to inquire, through your valuable paper, how Italian bees flourish in your part of the State? Away down here, in "Old Onondaga," the native bees move on as usual, but the Italian queens don't seem to get along. The bees, and the money sent after them, don't come back. But these warm days since the eclipse may fetch them. Please give us all the light you have. We have some hope yet.—A Bee-Keeper, *Rome, N. Y., July*, 1860.

Our correspondent, we judge from the above, has forwarded money to pay for an Italian queen without obtaining the desired return. We understand there is some difficulty in getting American bees to acknowledge these foreign queens, hence their propagation has been more difficult than was anticipated, when advertisements were published offering them for sale. Hence there has been some delay in supplying orders.

Large Bee Hive.

Will some of the readers, or writers, of our favorite Rural please inform me, through its columns, the cheapest and best plan for building a House or Large Hive for my bees to work in? I contemplate building it eight feet square. Will they build their combs on sticks arranged crosswise, or similar to small hives? If so, how near should they be together? If not, how should it be made inside?—H. E. Campbell, *Chesning, Saginaw Co., Mich.*, 1860.

Don't build that large hive. Only one queen and one colony will exist in a hive, no matter what its size. The queen is the mother of the whole family, and she will not lay more eggs in a large hive than in one of ordinary size, therefore the stock will not be more numerous. The expense of so large a hive is, therefore, money wasted. This is enough, but there are other objections.

Inquiries and Answers.

Drying off Milch Cows.—Will any of the readers of the Rural give me the best mode for drying off milch cows for fall fatting, and thus oblige.—J. H., *Cowlesville, N. Y.*

Mushroom Beds.—Will some one of your many readers be so kind as to inform me how to prepare *Mushroom Beds*, and also at what season of the year. Perhaps many others would be glad of the information.—C. I. S., *Lyons, Aug.* 6, 1860.

About Seed Wheat.—Can any of the Connecticut Rural readers tell me what preparation, if any, is best for seed wheat; also, the best variety of winter wheat for this latitude, and thus oblige a young farmer.—Hubert L. Ives, *Litchfield, Conn.* 1860.

Poisonous Cheese.—Can any of the numerous readers of the Rural inform me, through its columns, of the cause of new cheese sometimes causing sickness at the stomach and vomiting when first cut, and becoming perfectly harmless after a day or two. My theory is, green cheese, which has never had, as we would say, *a crack or a skipper hole*, is filled with a sort of gas which passes off as soon as it comes in contact with atmospheric air. My excuse for troubling you is the hearing of a great panic in a neighboring village, of "poison," caused by eating green cheese; which resulted in nothing more than a terrible fright, and the casting *up accounts*. If any one can solve this question, or tell me if my conjecture is correct, they will oblige an anxious—Inquirer, *Albany, N. Y.*, 1860.

Gentian.—The person who made inquiry for Gentian a weeks since, can get it gratis, here.—O. T. Hobbs, *Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa.*

Cure for Dislocated Stifle.—Take the white of 6 eggs, beat to a perfect stiff froth, and add half a pint of good hog's lard. Mix cold, bathe the stifle three times a day. One rubbing will sometimes be sufficient, and two days will always insure a cure if the ligaments are not broken.—Farmer Boy, *Hebron, Ohio*, 1860.

Scales in Buttermilk.—Having noticed, in a late issue of the Rural, an inquiry from W. T. D., as to the cause of scales in buttermilk, I propose to give him the benefit of *my* experience, which is, that milk, when exposed to the wind, or heat of the stove, causes the cream in rising to become *dry* on the top, and when this is the case, you are sure to have scales in the milk after churning.—Mrs. C. B., *Kiskaton, Green Co., N. Y.*

Those Fleas Again.—A subscriber wishes to know how to get rid of those troublesome little pests—fleas. In this, as well as many other evils, "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." They almost invariably proceed from the strawy rubbish, or other litter, in which swine *nest*. This should be changed often, and a little quicklime sprinkled over the fresh bedding and around the sty. But where they have become so numerous as to infest the barn yard, I would say, for the *comfort* of "Distracted," and others annoyed by the 2.22½ little fellows, to yard sheep for a few nights. As the "critters" are rather *leggy* they cannot go a "Flora Temple" pace through the wool, but in all probability become entangled, and thus are carried off, to the great relief of persons of *tender* feelings.—Peter Mulvany, *Marengo, Minn.*, 1860.

To Kill Fleas.—"*Distracted*" wishes to know how to destroy fleas. Can't tell him how, unless to catch and kill the *critter*, but can tell how to drive them away—a sure remedy

Take the branches of black walnut, (full of leaves,) and place them in your rooms, stable, &c., and the fleas will leave in a few hours. Try it and report to the Rural.—Trio, *Manchester, Ohio, Aug.*, 1860.

How to Get Rid of Fleas.—You can say to your Illinois correspondent, if he will clear all of the manure and litter from around and under his barns and sheds, and scatter a good quantity of slaked lime in his barn yard, and under his barns, and let his hogs take up their quarters in the lots, he wont be troubled with fleas long.—A Subscriber. *Avon, Liv. Co., N. N.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Agricultural Fairs.—We design giving, in a week or two, an extended list of Fairs to be held in this and other States the present season. As we wish to make it as correct and complete as possible, officers of County, Union and Town Societies who have not already done so, will please notify us of the times and places of holding their respective exhibitions.

The Tennessee State Fair is to be held at Nashville, commencing Sept. 10th, and continuing through the week—and *not* in Oct. as stated in our list of State Fairs, given two weeks ago. We named the correct time in an editorial paragraph on the 14th ult., and also referred to the fact that the Managers offered several premiums of $500 each, competition being open to the whole Union. All interested will please note that we were correct in the *first* as we are in this announcement.

The Palmyra Sheep Shearing, on the 23d of June, was a very creditable affair, as we learn from an account of it furnished us by Mr. Jas. White, (and which would have been published had it been received in season.) About fifty sheep were presented, and there was a good attendance of farmers. The sheep were well washed, and exhibited other evidence of improvement in management.

A Machine for Shelling, Cleaning, and Bagging Corn, by horse or steam power, has been invented, and recently put in operation, by Mr L. A Beebe, of Wayne county. In a note inviting us to witness its operation, Mr. B says:—"The machine is declared by all to be a worthy invention. The work is *all* performed, even to loading the cobs (which are left perfectly clean,) into a wagon, by one operation—thus avoiding all re-handling."

Canada Cereals.—Our attentive correspondent, Mr. J. Macmelcan, Jr., of Hamilton, C. W., sends us some heads of winter wheat and barley grown near that place. The samples of wheat are of the "Blue Stem" and "Wild Goose" varieties, and both good. Mr. M. writes:—"The midge has been less destructive this year than usual, though there is scarcely a field of wheat that has escaped it entirely. The spring wheat, however, is likely to suffer considerably."

Crops in Central Iowa.—A recent letter from Mr. Jas. P. Henry, of Tamar Co., Iowa, says:—"We have the best crops of wheat and oats that have been raised in Central Iowa for several years. From present appearances we shall have an excellent corn crop. If the farmers of Iowa could have one or two more such crops to sell at fair prices, they might be able to get on their feet again."

Crops in Virginia.—A recent letter from Waterford, Loudon Co., Va., says:—"Here, in Old Virginia, we have just about closed up our harvest. We had a fine promise for an abundant yield of wheat, but from various causes our crop is much curtailed. The early sowing is good, in quantity and quality; late sowing very poor wheat and heavy straw. Oats unusually fine. Corn looking very promising. A part of our county was visited by a hail storm, July 7th, which almost ruined some corn fields, destroyed hundreds of bushels of oats which were yet uncut, and broke large numbers of window lights. Hail of the size of a hulled walnut was plenty. Our hay crop is unusually large."

Wisconsin Wheat Crop.—After a careful estimate, the Committee on Farms of the State Ag'l Society put down the wheat crop of Wisconsin, for the year 1860, at 22,000,000 bushels! The Wisconsin State Journal, in remarking upon this estimate, says:—"This aggregate may seem enormous to those who have not traveled in the State the present season, and seen with their own eyes the extent and magnificence of our wheat fields. No other State in the Union can equal Wisconsin as a wheat growing State, in proportion to her size and population."

Genesee Wheat and Barley in N. Y. Market.—The cereals of this region are again attracting attention in the New York Market—something more tangible than "straws" indicating that "Genesee Wheat" will ere long regain its former reputation. The N. Y. Courier and Enquirer says:—"Mr. Samuel B. Ford has exhibited on the Corn Exchange samples of wheat and barley of the new crop of 1860, grown in the Genesee Valley. The samples of barley include both spring and winter growth; the former somewhat stained, but the latter in all respects of superior quality. The wheat included white amber and dark red. The white, although superior to any offerings from that quarter in many years, and reminding one of the wheat which gave the Genesee Valley its world-wide reputation, is still somewhat deficient in color and weight. The amber wheat was nearly equal to Zimmerman, and was really superb. The dark red, though plump, had a very rough appearance, and probably, although winter wheat, would bring but little, if any, more than Chicago spring. These samples excited a good deal of interest among the older habitues of the Corn Exchange."

Death of Obed Hussey.—We regret to learn that Mr. Obed Hussey, of Baltimore, inventor of the celebrated Hussey Reaper and Mower, lost his life at Exeter, N. H., on the 4th inst., by falling between the cars, two of which passed directly over his body, killing him instantly. Mr. Hussey has always manifested great inventive and mechanical genius, and his reaper and mower have given him much celebrity among agricultural men all over this country and Europe. He was a warm-hearted, genial and companionable man, the very cause of his death arising from the benevolent desire to give the Christian "cup of cold water" to a stranger and a child. He was 68 years of age.

A Good Grass Farm.—The Palmer (Mass) Journal, in noticing what it calls "perhaps the best grass farm in the State," (that of Franklin Morgan, Esq., of Palmer,) says:—"His farm numbers 400 acres, one hundred of which are devoted to mowland. Eighty acres of this will yield an averege of three and a half tons of hay to the acre. The grass is so heavy that a mowing machine cannot be used, and he has now a force of twenty men cutting and gathering it. Four large barns on his premises are not sufficient to hold all his hay, and he erects temporary sheds over stacks. What is remarkable, he does not cut a hundred of poor or meadow hay on the farm. Mr. Morgan keeps one hundred and sixteen cows, pasturing them all himself. In addition he has oxen, and ten or a dozen horses. He supplies the State almshouse with milk, sufficient to feed three hundred children upon once or twice daily. That such a farm pays, any boy, who knows how to make figures, can easily demonstrate. But then the secret lies in judicious management and constant improvement."

Wood-Sawing Machinery.—A Jamestown paper says that the Wood-Sawing Manufactory of H. C. Lake, at Charlotte Center, is one of the most important manufacturing establishments in Chautauqua Co.,—it being the most extensive of the kind in the United States. Also, that Mr. L.'s machines are of very superior material and make, and that 1,600 of them are already in use,—about one half the number in Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania, and many in the Middle and Western States.

HORTICULTURAL.

MY GARDEN.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I was much pleased with an article in the RURAL of June 16th, on *American Gardens and Gardeners*, and I hope every subscriber who has not read it, if there is such an one, will do so at once. It will show them how to manage a garden so as to make it a source of both pleasure and profit. It tells just what an amateur ought to do, and just what he ought not to attempt, under certain circumstances. It points out very plainly the reason why so many who engage in gardening with enthusiasm, get discouraged at the labor and expense, and are ready to return to a small city lot, voting gardening a bore for every one but the professional man, who designs to make his living from his garden, and therefore gives it his whole time and care. I wish to add my testimony and experience to what has already been said by the editor, for I truly believe that a garden, if well and prudently managed, is a source of profit to every person with a family.

I live in the suburbs of a small city in the western part of New York, about a mile or a little more from the center. My garden contains about half an acre. The land for the garden I consider costs me nothing, except a little walking. If I lived in or near the center of the city a small lot would cost just as much as the half acre a mile out. So all it costs is a little walking for myself and family, and this I think may be a benefit rather than a loss. On the north side of my garden, and running nearly the whole length, is a row of apple trees, planted before I got possession, and in bearing. I have two trees of *Early Harvest*, and it happens that one of them bears well each year, one bearing the season that the other rests. I have a *Swaar and Hubbardston's None-Such*, bearing in the same way. A *Baldwin*, and *Northern Spy*, and *Greening*, and *Fall Pippin*, and *Sweet Bough*, and one or two other sorts, giving all the apples we can use from the first of August until the next spring. For pears, I have only one fine *Seckel*, giving from one to two bushels each year, but more coming on. Plums I have in abundance—enough to bottle all we can use during the winter and spring. This, with a few peaches, one apricot, plenty of grapes, and some small fruits, give us an abundant supply of fruit for nearly the whole year, and makes living very pleasant, I can assure you.

I prune my own vines and fruit trees, but early in the spring hire a man for a few weeks to spade up the ground, spread manure, &c., for vegetables, and help plant if necessary. After this, an hour or so each day in watching and working keeps all things in order until the weeds grow pretty fast, and the paths need putting in order, when a few days' or a week's labor is secured, as I make it a point to have everything done well, and at the right time. Perhaps before autumn, another week's labor may be needed. The cost of all this any one can see is very trifling.

The products of the fruit trees I have mentioned. Now, what do I obtain from my vegetable garden. In the first place, pie-plant, and spinach, and lettuce. Then, about the 10th of June, green peas, to continue for several weeks by planting early and late kinds, and if necessary, at different times. The first of July I have early potatoes ready to dig, and continue from that time during the summer. Young beets are ready to pull quite early. The latter part of July I have plenty of early corn, and about the 10th of August, sweet corn, maturing until late in fall. Tomatoes come in about the same time, and cucumbers a little earlier. In September the melons give us a feast, and the Lima beans are not to be despised. Late in the autumn I have potatoes, turnips, beets, and celery to store, and parsnips in the ground for spring eating. I have nothing to buy except, perhaps, a few bushels of potatoes.

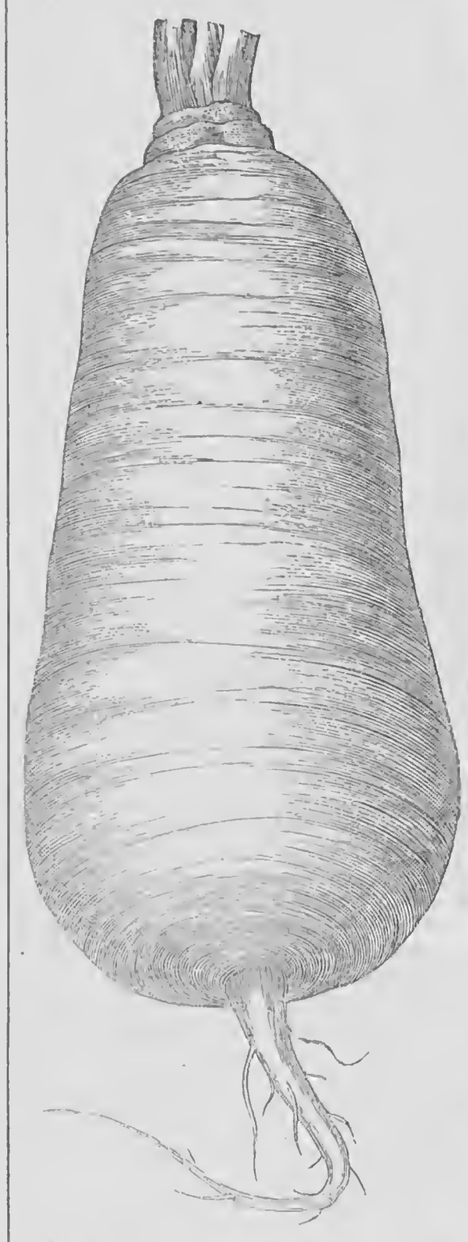
Now, I have not mentioned all the good things we obtain from our garden, but enough, I hope, to convince any discouraged amateur that a good garden is a great luxury and a great source of profit, if only decently managed. AMATEUR.

CHINESE ROSE WINTER RADISH.

THE very best radish grown is the *Chinese Rose*. The editor of the *Horticulturist* calls the attention of his readers to this fine vegetable in the August number, as follows:

"According to the *Flore des Serres*, this handsome radish was brought to notice in Europe by the Abbe Voisin. We procured some seed of it from Commodore Perry just after his return from Japan, whence he brought it. We have since grown it to the neglect of the common Black and White Spanish, preferring it to either. It is a very pretty radish, and our *frontispiece* is a faithful representation of it, except that it should be a shade lighter. It grows to a good size, is firm-fleshed, and almost as mild as the common radish, though we are inclined to think its mildness will vary somewhat in different soils. It is somewhat difficult to pull, as nearly the whole root grows beneath the surface. The seed may be sown any time during the month of August, and the root is edible from the time it is about half grown. The young plants should be thinned out, so as to stand some four or five inches apart. The mature roots should be taken up on the approach of frost, and placed in the cellar, where they will keep till spring. The seed of this radish is now advertised by some of our principal seedsmen, and it is well worthy a place in the garden."

This radish was first brought to our notice in 1852, by Mr. BARRY, who presented us with some seeds which he procured while at Paris. These we planted, and were so well pleased with the result that, in 1853, we obtained a large lot of the seed from VILMORIN, of Paris, which we distributed among gardeners and amateurs. The next year, at our suggestion, some of our seed dealers imported it, and in this way it has become disseminated.



If planted in a good soil in August, they will be of good size and tender late in the autumn, and should be dug before frost. Place them in the cellar in sand, and they will remain fresh and tender all the winter. The engraving in the *Horticulturist* is not a fair representation of the radish, as we have grown it, and we present our readers with a correct representation.

AN INSECT ON THE CLINTON GRAPE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I discovered, three days since, that my Clinton grape vines are infested by small bugs or flies, of a kind I have neither seen or read of heretofore. I found them also on some of my neighbor's Clinton vines, brought from a different place from where mine were purchased—the one from Rochester and the other from Mt. Morris. I have nearly 100 vines in bearing, and the insect does not appear on any but the Clinton, (except on a few leaves of an Isabella interwoven with the former.) The insect may be described as one-eight of an inch in length, light yellow, very active, six legs, eyes of light color, on the side of the head, and like a fly's; wings; when fully developed, a square of dark brown on the back. They employ their cutting forceps vigorously, and a leaf soon comes to appear as if the fire had passed over it.

I am anxious to know if this new enemy of the grape appears elsewhere; also, what remedy you would suggest as most likely to destroy it.

ZENAS MORSE.

Wyoming, Wyoming Co., N. Y., July, 1860.

TRY ALL THINGS.

How much discussion might be prevented, and how many disputed points settled, by a few simple and well-tried experiments. The following timely remarks on this subject, are from the *Gardener's Monthly:*

AN animated discussion is going on in the French and German periodicals, as to the propriety of this practice. Very few of the disputants appeal to facts, but to the "principles of vegetable Physiology," which is being drawn in by the ears by them, in much about the same way that poor "nature" is with us.

"To prune a tree at transplanting," says one of the leading German spirits, "is opposed to the recognized theory of the sap's descent, without which there can be no extension of root growth; and therefore the more branches left on a tree at its removal, the more roots will be the result."

It is said of some French philosopher, that, when told that facts opposed his theory, he replied, "so much the worse for the facts."

In this instance we can truly say, that if the practice is opposed to the theory, so much the worse for the theory; for experience on this continent has now established the rule that all trees should be more or less pruned at transplanting.

It is singular how men will argue for years, and dispute for ages, on topics which they could test and decide in a very short time. A few months ago a dispute arose in one of our popular Horticultural Societies about the merits of some asparagus exhibited. One bunch contained stalks of an immense size, and *beautifully blanched*, so much so that there was but the bare effort of a steely blueness at the narrow end. This had the premium. The opposing bunch was equally as fine, but not so admirably a white the full length of each stalk. A stormy dispute arose. Each party had its advocates. At length a wag, considering that the discussion was in effect an inquiry as to which was the proper end to eat asparagus, the green or the white, moved that a committee be appointed to carry home, cook, and test the question, and report at the next meeting—which was wisely carried, and at once the subject dropped.

We hope our learned controversialists will adopt the Solomonian wisdom displayed by this distinguished body of savans, and when such questions as the proper end of the asparagus to eat, which particular end of an egg should be broken, in order to get the most easily at its contents; whether to prune a tree or not at transplanting—or any other that may threaten to rend assunder the harmony of our relations, occurs—why let a committee be appointed to carry home the subject and test it by experience.

INFLUENCE OF LOCATION.—STRAWBERRIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Permit me to say a few words through the columns of your excellent paper, in regard to the culture of Strawberries. It is a fact not yet understood by many, that soil and climate have a great effect in their growth and flavor. For instance, there is *Wilson's Albany*. In some localities it is a very fair fruit, and in other places it is not fit to eat. *Peabody's Seedling* set on very rich ground, will not produce much fruit; when on very poor soil it will do well and produce a fine crop of splendid berries. I have taken some pains this season to visit strawberry growers, and I find that soil and climate makes a wonderful difference in the same berry. In Buffalo I saw *Wilson's*, all large and fine looking, but so sour that they could not be eaten. At Lockport I visited and *tested* Mr. Moody's berries; *Wilson's* was passable; *Triomphe de Gand* fine, and so was many others. Next I visited Mr. SHULER'S place. There I found the *Boston Pine* sweet and good, *Hooker's* fine, and *Hovey's Seedling* very large. I found at Batavia the best *Wilson's Albany* that I ever eat. At Cleveland, Ohio, I called on E. S. CHURCH, and tested his fruit. His berries were fine and large. He said he had thrown out *Wilson's* as unworthy of culture. It would not keep in preserves or cans, and would not sell where people knew what a good strawberry was. His favorites were *Scott's Seedling* and the *Hooker*. At Detroit I visited S. D. MORLEY'S grounds. He has some two acres of the *Hooker*, *Burr's New Pine*, *Rival Hudson*, and *Genesee*. His soil is sandy loam, well manured. His favorite was the *Hooker*. The same fruit where I have traveled, on different soils has a different flavor. *Scott's Seedling* on sandy soil is a poor berry; where on clay soil it has a fine flavor. *Wilson's Albany*, on a mucky, warm soil, is a very good berry.

The finest beds of strawberries I have visited this season were on the grounds of H. M. MERWIN, near Albion. I there saw the largest berries with the finest flavor. I saw about three bushels of *Peabody's Seedling*, (just picked,) and half of them would measure each 4½ inches in circumference. I was shown *Jenny Lind's Seedling*, a most delicious berry; *Scott's Seedling*, large and fine flavored; also *Burr's New Pine*, *Longworth's Prolific*, *Boston Pine*, and several French varieties.

Mr. MERWIN'S soil is clay loam. He manures high with barnyard manure and leaf mold. His beds are kept in choice order, and his fruit is large, sweet, and fine flavored, and will command double the price in market of small, sour, mussy fruit. Mr. M. says the *Iowa* is the meanest of all berries. He is a friend to the *Hooker*, and *Peabody*, and *Jenny Lind*, and *Scott's Seedling;* but *Peabody's Seedling* is his favorite.

Yates, N. Y., 1860. D. T. SOMERVILL.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

No man can cultivate too earnestly a hearty love for flowers. We may not measure the value of them as we measure merchandize, for the influence flowing from them is ethereal and intangible; yet not more necessary is pure air to a healthy growth and broad development of body, than is a loving communion with these "sweetest thoughts of GOD" needful for all true upbuilding and expansion of the mind. The notion that it is a weak and feminine thing—a thing for children and women—to interest oneself in flowers, is utterly false. One of the most humanizing, and therefore, *noblest* things in the world, is a devout study of these beautiful works of GOD. There are granite peaks lifting themselves bare and bald with forbidding aspect, which, though clothed with grandeur, are, nevertheless, the unloveliest objects in Nature. There are other peaks which have as much of majesty, yet nestled in whose rifts and climbing up whose sides many colored flowers unfold their beauty, and by their soft hues relieve the sternness of the dull, harsh rock. He is the truest man whose character thus combines strength and conciliating tenderness—whose principles are firm as mountains, yet at the same time are always adorned by the verdure of a gentle charity. From no source can man gather so many gentle thoughts and unpolluted feelings, as from intercourse with flowers. If the Infinite is ever turning from the care of circling worlds to the adornment of the violet, surely it cannot be beneath the dignity of man to follow his Maker with a reverent step, and learn the lessons which He has written for him in the humblest flower.

Albany, N. Y., 1860. W. HOYT.

Inquiries and Answers.

STRAWBERRIES, &c.—1. What is the best manure for strawberries, and is it a good plan to cover with straw in the fall? 2. How long will plants kept free from runners and well cultivated, bear well? 3. Will Asparagus do well set out in the fall? 4. How should night soil be prepared and applied, and to what crops best adapted? 5. Can bones be made serviceable as manure without grinding? —H. R., *Atlas, Mich.*

1. Well rotted stable manure is good enough for strawberries. If the soil is stiff, something can be used to lighten it. Dig deep and drain. A little covering in the fall is of benefit, though it is seldom done, and is not considered necessary. 2. About three years is as long as a bed of strawberries will give a good crop. 3 Asparagus will do well set out in the fall, though we don't know as there is any advantage in planting at that time over spring planting. 4. Night soil may be diluted and used in a liquid form, which is the practice in many places, or composted with charcoal dust and dry muck, which will deodorize it to a great extent. Copperas water is a good deodorizer. It is good for any crops that need manure. 5. Bones, unless ground or broken in small pieces in some way, decay very slowly, and consequently the effect they produce upon the soil is small.

PEONIES AND BORDER PLANTS.—Please, sir, will you be so kind as to inform a constant reader what varieties of the Peonies, noticed in the RURAL of June 16th, are double, and where they can be obtained? Also, where the Border Plant, mentioned in the same paper, is to be obtained, and at what price? By giving the above information, you will very much favor—D. C. MCG., *McGrawville, Penn.*, 1860.

All the Peonies named were double and fine. Hardy herbaceous plants are sold at the nurseries at twenty-five cents each, but a good collection of fifty can be had for about six dollars, and one hundred for ten dollars. The Crown Imperial, to which our correspondent probably refers, is a bulbous plant, and the bulbs of five varieties can be obtained of the best nurserymen at two dollars and fifty cents per dozen. They should be planted in the autumn.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From C. C. MERRITT, of Penfield, fine specimens of Red Astrachan Apple.

— From ALANSON ANSLEY, of Geneva, a beautiful little pear, about the size of Seckel, or a little smaller, accompanied by the following note:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I send you a few specimens of a seedling pear, which originated on my farm, near Geneva. The fruits will probably be over-ripe when they reach you. They commenced ripening some ten days ago. This is the fourth year since it commenced bearing. The first year it bore two specimens, and this season about sixty. It bids fair to be an early and prolific bearer, and the fruit all corresponds with the specimens sent you. If you think it worthy, give it a passing notice in your valuable paper. I shall give it the name of Ansley Seedling. ALANSON ANSLEY.

Geneva, August 9, 1860.

This pear is of fair quality, not of high flavor, between melting and breaking. Skin yellow, thickly covered with red dots and streaks on the sunny side, while in the shade the dots are small, giving the pear a very beautiful appearance. This fruit we think is too small to be popular, as we have at this season larger and even better varieties ripe, as the Beurre Giffard and Bloodgood will be ripe in a few days.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION.—The American Pomological Society holds its next session at Philadelphia, commencing on the 11th day of September. A fine Horticultural Exhibition is to be made at Toronto, C. W., on the same day. The Prince of Wales is to be present, and open the new Botanical Garden. It is unfortunate that these should occur on the same day, as many would delight to attend both gatherings.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY OF HAMILTON, C. W.—This Society, which is perhaps the best of the kind in Canada, held its third exhibition for the season on the 20th July, at the Mechanics' Hall in this city. The show of flowers, as usual, was very attractive, and embraced a large variety among the annuals and bedding plants. The Fuchsias were most magnificent, one gentleman showing a single collection in pots, embracing 34 different varieties, some of them twelve feet high. Among the rare plants shown, were two fine large specimens of the Australian Wattle Tree (*Acacia lophanthus;*) also a well-grown specimen of *Cunninghamia Sinensis*, and a very fine plant of *Hoya Bella*. Of Fruits, there was a very fair show in cherries and gooseberries, the latter very fine, 27 varieties being exhibited. The vegetables were superior to anything I have seen at the Rochester shows, and were tolerably numerous. J. M.

Hamilton, C. W., July, 1860.

REPORTS OF HORTICULTURAL DISCUSSIONS.—As we know by experience that it is somewhat difficult to report just what persons say in horticultural discussions, and still more difficult to report what persons would like to say, or ought to say, or what they *wish they had said*, we seldom complain at any report of our remarks. But, the gentleman who reported the discussion at the late Fruit Growers' Association at Buffalo, for the *Country Gentleman*, and *Horticulturist*, represents the Horticultural editor of the RURAL as using some rather coarse words, which all that heard him know he never uttered.

Mr. DOWNING thinks we did not quite report him correctly in his remarks in regard to the *Wilson Strawberry* as will be seen by the following note:

EDS. OF RURAL NEW YORKER:—In your paper of July 7, you made me say, at the Fruit Growers' Meeting at Buffalo, that "Wilson's Albany was the most productive variety, *but had a great dislike to its flavor and would not grow it.*" This is a mistake. What I said was, "Wilson's Albany was the most productive variety, but was so acid that the quantity of sugar and cream it required to make it palatable, destroyed the strawberry flavor."

Also, in speaking of the white currants, I said "the white Provence by some was said to be twice as large as white Grape or white Dutch, but with me they were no larger."—CHAS. DOWNING.

ARBOREAL CORRESPONDENCE.—A letter addressed to the LIME TREE, by *White Maple, Oregon Sycamore, Tulip Tree*, and *Black Walnut:*—Poor old thing! is that all you have to say for yourself? Can you find no better defense of your quality than to say that you are modest, handsome, old, and a favorite? Why, a deal of that was given to you in our Editor's speech when he proposed to shelve you, and to take under his patronage some other creatures of the genus tree. None but a spoiled, petted, conceited old lady would have compared such flattery to dirty water, or been spiteful enough to sneer at her neighbors. We, too, are trees. We come from the land of freedom, where, if everybody is at liberty to abuse everything, everybody has also the privilege of praising himself; it is the inalienable right of an independent citizen of the greatest country in the universal world, and I shan't permit any old white wooded stranger to us to speak small of our merits without a reply. What do you mean by calling us American Maples "such a common piece of goods?" I would have you to know that we are so much your superiors that we should be ashamed of your company anywhere, except among the Britishers; for them you may be good enough; if they like you, let them have you, and joy to them for their choice. But don't turn up your nose at us. Where have you the noble, majestic air of the great Oregon Sycamore, which beats out of the whole field all but the Plane tree that the Turks smoke under? And what are you in the autumn, with your dirty, yellow leaves, at a time when another of us, the most graceful creature in the forest, is one glow of rosy light? You don't seem to know of what you are talking, my good Madam. Then you presume to say that a Black Walnut tree and a Tulip tree might give variety, but you don't know what they would be worth a hundred years hence. Don't know!—why then talk about them? But we'll tell you. When you, soft-hearted Lime tree, are smothered in soot, and eaten up by grubs, these two friends of yours will be in the beginning of their majestic treehood. Were you ever in Kentucky, or Virginia, or Tennessee, Mrs. Lime? I should think not. Your weak nerves would be shaken to pieces at the sight of us glorious Tulip trees, sometimes a couple of yards through the bole and one hundred feet high, and at us splendid Black Walnuts not much smaller. Well! if you never were there, you had better set out on your travels down West, and then, perhaps, you'll learn to treat your superiors with proper respect.—*Gard. Chron.*

Domestic Economy

CLOTHES BARS—THEIR CONSTRUCTION.

EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER:—In your issue of June 30th, a correspondent expresses the wish to obtain information relative to the construction of a set of clothes bars. Perhaps I can furnish him with the desired information. Let him procure a 1 inch pine board, 5 feet long and 18 inches wide, and saw it into 10 slats of equal size. In each of four of the slats let him make three mortises, one in the middle, another at the extreme end, and the other within 18 inches of the opposite end. On the others let him make tenons at each end, and of such a size that they will fit snugly into the above-mentioned mortises. Now let him insert the ends of three of the tenoned slats into the mortises of two of the mortised slats; also, proceed in the same manner with the other five. After he has succeeded in doing this, let him go to the hardware store and procure a couple of hinges, with screws to match, and secure the two frames already made together by the hinges, so that they will open and shut like a "book."

But, perhaps, he wishes for something a little new, and rather more novel—if so, he is welcome, as are all the other readers of your valuable paper, to the use of the following, which I have invented since seeing the article of your correspondent:—My invention consists of the upright

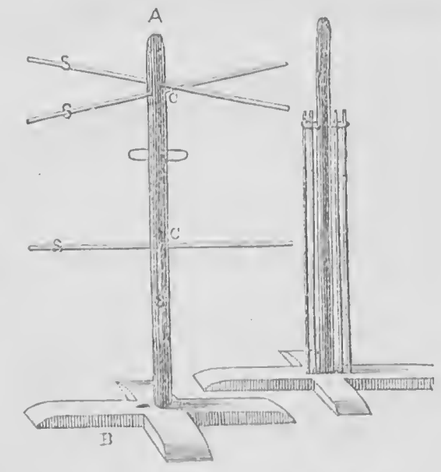


FIGURE 2. FIGURE 3.

post A, fig. 2, which is firmly fixed to the solid stand, or foot, B. There are two pair of mortises cut through this post, the mortises in each pair being at right angles to each other. The slats S, S, slide loosely and longitudinally through these mortises, and on them the clothes are hung. Four small wire staples should be inserted in and around the post, near the top part of it, and at equal distances apart. Directly under each of these staples, a shallow mortise should be cut in the stand, to receive the end of the slats S, S, which are taken out of the mortises in the post when the bars are not in use, and passed through the staples before mentioned, the ends being inserted in the mortises in the stand, as shown in figure 3.

As I said before, your correspondent has the liberty to use this invention, and should it prove of any special benefit to him, or any other of your numerous readers, my object has been accomplished. WM. BROOKS, JR.

Darien, Gen. Co., N. Y., 1860.

TRANSPARENT WINDOW SHADES.—Cut India rubber in small pieces, put in an earthen vessel, cover well with spirits turpentine; let it stand, stirring occasionally until it becomes a jelly; then thin with oil, such as is used for painting, and boil in an iron vessel. When nearly cool, apply with a brush to your cloth, which should be bleached, and tacked smoothly and tightly on frames the size you wish your curtains. Dry in the shade. When dry, you can trace with a pencil any design you please, and paint with oil paint. A small landscape surrounded by a wreath of flowers, is pretty. This is also a good way to make oil cloths for stands, doorways, and carpet preservers around stoves, taking thick cloth.—H. R. V., *Atlas, Genesee Co., Mich.*, 1860.

HARD SOAP.—Three pounds of German crasive soap, shave it up and put it into 12 quarts of boiling soft water; add 2 pounds of sal soda, 3 ounces of borax, and set away to cool. When lukewarm, stir in 1 ounce of liquid hartshorn. This soap is cheap, and excellent for washing. As a toilet soap, it is good for sore hands.—L. C. A., *Jordanville, N. Y.*, 1860.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—One pint new milk; 3 spoonfuls of ground rice; stew it over the fire till proper thickness; then stew one-quarter pound butter, and grate in the rind of a lemon. When cool, add 3 eggs, well beaten; sugar to taste. A little brandy will improve it. Bake with crust round the edge.—READER, *New York*, 1860.

GENUINE CAKES.—Take 2 pounds of flour; 8 ounces butter; 8 ounces sugar; 6 eggs; 1 pt. milk. Raise them with yeast, and make them about six hours before baking. Try this recipe, sister cooks,—I am sure you will like it.—POLLY, *Glendale, Ohio*, 1860.

DESTROYING THE FLIES.—Can your readers give us any effectual remedy for driving away or killing the swarms of flies which fill our houses this time of year? They are a great annoyance. H. N. L., *Victory, N. Y., July*, 1860.

LADIES' CAKE.—One pound flour; 1 pound sugar; half pound butter; 1 pound chopped raisins; 1 gill cream; 4 eggs; 1 nutmeg; half teaspoon saleratus.—FRANCES, *Niles, Cayuga Co.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LEAFLETS FROM MEMORY.

BY LIZZIE WILLIAMS.

As in Dame Memory's album, one lingering look I cast,
And mused upon its leaflets—the leaflets of the past,
My mind soon gazed enchanted upon one darksome hour,
When GOD had sent from Heaven a message of his power.

The morning sun was shining, and Nature, calm, serene,
Had thrown around the landscape her rich, autumual sheen;
The sunbeams through the lattice, soft melted into shade,
Bespeaking as a symbol—"*The brightest hopes must fade.*"

Ah, yes! and more than sunbeams were fading fast away,
For 'neath our mourning vision a dying father lay;
Our last faint hope was flickering, for in his fixed eye
We saw a look unearthly—a halo from on high.

He raised his hand and beckoned to bid us all adieu,
And one by one he kissed us, and, though his words were few,
They fell as "Balm of Gilead" to soothe our bitter grief,
For they told us that his spirit was finding sweet relief.

He gazed then on our mother, and called her to his side,
To stamp upon her forehead his last kiss ere he died;
And, Oh! that scene of parting—that tearing heart from heart—
Those thrilling words of anguish, "O, must we—must we part?"

And then in broken accents he spoke to us again,
"O, weep not that I'm dying, for I shall here remain."
This was his farewell whisper—he spoke to us no more,
But moved his lips in silence, and smiled—and all was o'er!

And now, when I in sorrow would think of other days,
I only call to memory that last calm, peaceful gaze;
But, O! though GOD bereft us, our SAVIOR will abide
"A Father to the fatherless, the widow's GOD and Guide."

Hadley, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

RIGHT ACTION IS THE BEST OF ALL.

"Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

How pregnant with meaning is the above line, every word opening before us a field of thought. "Act." This first little word, we think, conveys important ideas to the mind. Action seems imprinted upon everything, both in the moral and physical world, and necessary to maintain order and harmony, or secure a strong and vigorous development. In the planetary world, what beautiful harmony prevails; but should even one of the planets cease to act, how soon would confusion ensue! The construction of man, physically and mentally, shows conclusively that he was designed to act, in order to retain the perfection pronounced upon him at his creation. For if he allows even one member to remain idle, or desultory in action, how soon will follow weakness, and a gradual decay of that member! Still waters alone become stagnant. The polished steel retains its brightness only through use. Our mental development, in like manner, depends upon action. Every faculty must be brought into use, if we would possess a well-developed mind. We know from observation that the faculties most in use are the most prominent, and most obedient to our call. And we may, if we choose, trace this thought still further, and behold how necessary is action to our moral and religious growth; for if we fail to be observant in our moral department, now and then saying or doing something which our conscience disapproves, how long ere a moral corruption will ensue? We become inactive, unwatchful, and, ere we are aware, one vicious habit after another has enslaved us, until we are a mere wreck of morality. And, likewise, in a religious sense, action is the only passport to advancement, or perfection. We, perhaps, at first, become negligent in what we are pleased to term the minor duties, but our slothfulness does not end here; we are soon found wanting in the more important duties of the Christian. Our places at the prayer meeting and the family altar are forgotten, and then we go on, step by step, until *Mene, Tekel*, shall be written against us in all the duties pertaining to a well-developed Christian character.

"Well." We see the poet did not leave this word unqualified; it is not enough, then, that we act, but we must act well. Action in everything, in every relation of life, must accord with the laws of nature which govern them, to result in honor or good to any one. We might take the planetary world again for an illustration, and let every planet continue to act, which we before noticed was necessary to secure order and harmony; but now suppose one of the myriad of worlds should act in opposition to Nature's laws! Confusion would as evidently ensue in the latter as in the former case. And, also, in physical organization, we may be active, every member being exercised; but unless our action is governed by wisdom and moderation, one member may be overtasked, another may be acting at variance with its natural construction, and hence no good result,—we failed to act well. And in relation to our mental powers, action alone will never accomplish much good, or achieve any remarkable honor. How many minds have been discernable upon the mental horizon, bidding fair to become ornaments in the literary world, but, alas, their existence was meteor-like; their sun soon went out in darkness, and they were heard of no more, because they acted to no purpose; they were content to be driven along by the tide of circumstances; in a word, they did not act well. As we notice this idea in the social and religious sense, we pause in confusion; for to act well in either of these capacities, is a very important attainment. A well-ordered community does not depend upon action alone, but upon well-directed action. The backbiter, the gossip, and tongue of the slanderer, are generally active, but they are acting in opposition to the moral law given them by their Creator, and hence arise domestic broils and social disturbances. Where all act well, brother will not war with brother; the inebriate will cease his midnight revels; the vender of strong drinks will no longer put the cup to his neighbor's lips; and midnight darkness will not be used as a screen for plunder and bloodshed; the editor, in his vast sphere of action, will labor to disseminate truth instead of error, to dispel the cloud of ignorance and superstition, and to enlighten and elevate mankind. The minister of the Gospel, in acting well, will hold forth a crucified and risen SAVIOR, instead of doctrines and the vain speculations of men. He will strive to inculcate those practical truths taught by our blessed SAVIOR upon the Mount, instead of seeking popularity by tickling the ears of fashionable hearers, or by flattering eloquence. The Church, when acting well, will endeavor to lighten each others burden, ever manifesting a spirit of forgiveness and christian forbearance, knowing that "to err is human, but to forgive divine." They will endeavor to be punctual in all their church duties, and seek to lighten the cares of their pastor, whom they should consider as sent from GOD, to bring forth from that storehouse of divine wisdom, "things new and old," never forgetting that the laborer is worthy of his hire. They will labor to be charitable, but not according to the popular definition of the term, that "giveth to be seen of men," but the charity taught by our SAVIOR, that "letteth not our right hand know what our left hand doeth." They will consider it a christian duty, to support liberally their institutions of learning, knowing that knowledge is power, and that the right education of our youth is one great medium whereby our land is to become christianized.

"Your part." We come now to this idea. And what is your part, my reader, in the great drama of life? This is a very important inquiry. We all believe, without doubt, that we have a part to act, and it is a matter of no little moment to know and realize what that part is; for the honor does not lie in acting well any other part than our own. In the planetary world, the order and harmony we have before noticed, would as evidently be destroyed if any of the planets should assume to act another part, as though it ceased to act. And were we to follow out this thought, we should notice the same result in our physical and mental organization; but for want of time, we pass on to notice this idea in the social and religious sense. We know from experience, that nine-tenths of the confusion and disturbance which befall almost every community, arise from individuals neglecting to act their own part, and endeavoring to act another's; their neighbor's, or teacher's, perhaps; or it may be, their minister's or editor's—any but their own. And, according to the general law of cause and effect, can we expect aught but confusion from such a course? This may result from not realizing what their part is, or from, I am more inclined to think, failing to acknowledge their part, thinking it an inferior one, and wishing to act more prominently. But suppose the smaller planets should refuse to act their part for this reason, and assume to become suns? The order and harmony of the great machinery of the universe depends as much upon the perfect action of the most minute atom, as upon those vast orbs which thrill the beholder with their grandeur and sublimity.

You, watchful and affectionate mother, who, perhaps, is scarcely known outside you own happy home, may be acting your part and answering the end of your being better, and doing more to bless mankind and honor your Creator, in your humble sphere, than those assuming ones, who are always prating about their particular sphere of action,—who are too proud to acknowledge so humble a calling as the rearing of sons and daughters who shall be capable of honoring their country in every vocation of life. Your part, dear sister, is an important one. You, perhaps, have an erring brother to reclaim, and who knows his sensitive nature so well as a fond and loving sister; who but her can so easily arouse those latent and finer sensibilities of his inner man, as yourself? It is your part, then, to use the influence, and those keen perceptive faculties with which nature has endowed you, to bring back to the path of rectitude that noble brother.

And thus, had we time, we might particularize the part we severally act in life, but we leave the reader to follow out the thoughts we have so hurriedly thrown out, and supply what we are necessarily obliged to omit.

SUSAN E. WICKHAM.

Grand Ledge, Mich., 1860.

HAPPY CHILDREN.

How mistaken are some parents who toil to make their children happy, by gratifying every childish wish: whether it be in food, or in dress, or in innocent play-things! The very effort to please them, if improperly manifested, is an injury to them. The first lesson to teach a child, is, that the will of the parent is not *law* only, but that it is *best* for it. The young mind *hates law*, rebels against restraint. Hence the will of the parent must not be held up before the child as a rod, but as a benefit—a blessing. It is astonishing how easily a parent may convince and persuade a child that it is not best for it to have its stomach loaded with sweet, pernicious things. When you succeed, a piece of wholesome bread is sweeter than sugar. It is so in matters of dress. What child does not feel as happy and as good, in neat, clean, plain clothes, as in costly apparel? It is so in toys and play-things. Give your children plain food, plain dress, and a few play-things, and they will be far happier—if they are taught that Pa and Ma think it best—than if thousands were spent on them.—*Mrs. M. E. Gorman.*

YOUTH AND AGE.—Those habits which disguify, or dishonor manhood, obtain their shape and complexion during our earlier years. The fruits of summer and autumn vegetate in the spring, and the harvest of old age germinates in youth.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A FLEET CARRIAGE HORSE.

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

LIGHT passes at the velocity of ninety-five millions of miles,—our distance from the sun,—in about eight minutes, nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second.—COMSTOCK.

In this "fast age," he will outstrip
Our swiftest racers quite,
Who shall contrive safe way to ride
Upon a ray of light;

And who—if single ray may fail
Of size and strength for team—
Can harness to his lumber train,
Of rays a splendid beam.

Millions of dancing rays there are,
O'er streamlets and in shade,
If caught, and trained to curb and bit,
Grand coursers would be made.

Though people now are oft amazed
To see how fast we go,
The railroad cars, I promise you,
Would then be labeled "slow."

No one would then be heard to boast
Of steam's unrivalled power,
Displayed in fierce and fearful speed
Of forty miles an hour.

In just one second, eight times round
This dirty globe—the world—
Can then, by ray, or beam of light,
A traveler be whirled.

And when report from distant land
We may in haste desire,
We need not wait the tardy move
Of telegraphic wire.

Nor, RURAL dear, your friends remote,
To see your lovely face,
Be doomed to watch, as hours drag slow,
And curse the mail's dull pace.

Burns, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

RISING OR FALLING WATER?

SHALL one go to Niagara or to Saratoga?—where water falls, or where it rises, to spend a few summer days in rest and enjoyment? This question must be answered according to individual temperament; according to the different conditions necessary to the rest of different persons, and the various ideas people entertain as to what constitutes enjoyment. The stillness and quiet in which one finds renovation and repose, may fret another with its dullness and ennui. On the other hand, the stirring, active scenes that win some minds from their cares and anxieties, supplying relaxation and amusement instead, are but bewilderment and confusion to those of more pensive, thoughtful habit. Again, certain natures can conceive of no other enjoyment than what we call social; those of an opposite mold find their happiness in silence and solitude.

Niagara has this advantage over most places of fashionable resort, that, while the gay, pleasure-loving world may assemble there, and enjoy social amusements without hindrance, the great object of attraction thither, the waterfall, is of such paramount and commanding interest, that the recluse, also, may visit the spot and enjoy a reasonable degree of his loved seclusion. The crowd is comparatively so insignificant,—so lost in the immensity of the Cataract,—that it does not disturb him there as elsewhere. Just as at the seaside, we fancy one sees and hears nothing but the ocean, so, at Niagara, the great sweep of waters wipes out all other objects. But to those who visit Saratoga for mere pastime, the multitude of people is the principal feature of the place. The season,—its commencement and its close,—depends on the coming and going of visitors. The show continues scarcely two months of the year, daytime and evening, and then follows a long vacation. At Niagara, on the contrary, the attraction is permanent. The waterfall has fixed itself there forever, and has made arrangements to exhibit perpetually. No intermission, no giving out, day or night, summer or winter. Tho', strangely enough, but little visited between autumn and spring, no one who has seen Niagara in summer, but can imagine how much the ice and snow of winter must add to the effect of its solemn grandeur.

If the thought were not too whimsical, one might almost believe that the opposite moral influence of Saratoga and Niagara is due, in considerable degree, to the contrary movement of their waters. The former, through the fame of its medicinal springs draws thither multitudes of invalids in quest of health, is yet the summer resort of probably more gayety and frivolity than any other place in the Union. And, so far from curing the frivolous of their folly, the influence of the place seems to be to make them more and more vain and thoughtless. For, according to report, the pleasure-seeking habitues of Saratoga make each succeeding season more distinguished than the last for reckless extravagance and vulgar display. But, at Niagara, persons of common sensibility feel their vanity and folly most signally rebuked. The most material can scarcely look upon the dread magnificence of the impetuous, majestic waterfall, without some awakening of their spiritual nature, if only in the shape of wonder, awe, and admiration. The readiness with which the great Cataract incites to praise and adoration, poetic or prosaic, sufficiently attests its effect on the cultivated, religious, susceptible and refined. Probably every thoughtful person who visits Niagara, if he chose to speak, could bear witness to its healthful moral influence as experienced by himself. Indeed its waters deserve to be as celebrated for their curative quality as those of Saratoga; they are as powerful to heal diseases of the soul, as those are to cure ills of the body. Shall we say it is the nature of the waterfall and the spring to effect the mind differently? that the eminently healthful, purifying influence of Niagara, is in some way owing to its waters following a natural downward course in an extraordinary manner? that the upward motion of water at Saratoga being, so to say, artificial,—contrary to nature,—incites to trifling and frivolity?

The very limited time most people stay at Niagara, prevents their doing the waterfall and themselves justice. It is not to be treated as a common curiosity,—not to be exhausted in an hour. Doubtless thousands, after a hasty survey, go away thinking that they have been disappointed, when, in fact, they were overwhelmed. To many, the Cataract does not, at first, look so large nor sound so loud as they expected, because being so much grander than anything they have seen or heard before, they lack preparation to appreciate it. After a time the sight begins to grow upon the eye, and the sound to increase upon the ear, or, perhaps, rather the eye and ear expand to that. The sound is almost as great a wonder as the fall; it does not, as many expect, break on the ear with such force as loud, heavy thunder; it is too full and deep for that.

If it is your fortune (or *mis*fortune) to visit Niagara in company with persons who do not know enough to hold their tongues, separate yourself from them as much as possible, and view the falls alone. Exclamatory fools and garrulous guides are the pest of such a place; indeed, I can think of no greater impertinence of which one can be guilty there than speech. If you choose, have a guide conduct you to a favorable point of observation, and then vanish in silence, leaving you to look and listen in your own way, undisturbed from morning till night; or, perhaps, you would be more likely to sit from night till morning. On some accounts the night-time is most favorable for communion with the spirit of the place; when every sound is stilled except the one you wish to hear, and all evidences of human frivolity removed from sight,—nothing remaining to distract the attention from the one great object,—then the scene becomes fully enjoyable. After having become sufficiently acquainted with the whole to make it your own, you may be curious enough to inquire the names of particular localities, &c.; but breaking in upon one's deepest absorptions with gratuitous information on this or that point of interest, is insufferable. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

GOOD HABITS INDISPENSABLE.

IN the course of the address delivered by Hon. Mr. GLADSTONE, on the occasion of his installation as rector of the Edinburgh University, to the students, he thus spoke of "the life of faith:"

"The mountain tops of Scotland behold on every side of them the witness, and many a one of what were once her morasses and her moorlands, now blossoming as the rose, carries on its face the proof that it is in man and not in his circumstances that the secret of his destiny resides. For most of you that destiny will take its final bent toward evil or toward good, not from the information you imbibe, but from the habits of mind, thought, and life, that you shall acquire during your academical career. Could you with the bodily eye see the moments of it as they fly, you would see them all pass by you, as the bee that has rifled the heather bears its honey through the air, charged with the promise, or, it may be, with the menace of the future. In many things it is wise to believe before experience until you can know, and in order that you may know; and believe me when I tell you that thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams, and that the waste of it will make you dwindle, alike in intellectual and in moral stature, beyond your darkest reckonings.

I am Scotchman enough to know that among you there are always many who are already, even in their tender years, fighting with a mature and manly courage the battle of life. When they feel themselves lonely amidst the crowd, when they are for a moment disheartened by that difficulty which is the rude and rocking cradle of every kind of excellence, when they are conscious of the pinch of poverty and self-denial, let them be conscious, too, that a sleepless Eye is watching them from above, that their honest efforts are assisted, their humble prayers are heard, and all things are working together for their good. Is not this the life of faith, which walks by your side from your rising in the morning to your lying down at night—which lights up for you the cheerless world, and transfigures all that you encounter, whatever be its outward form, with hues brought down from heaven? These considerations are applicable to all of you. You are all in training here for educated life, for the higher forms of mental experience, for circles limited, perhaps, but yet circles of social influence and leadership. Some of you may be chosen to greater distinctions and heavier trials, and may enter into that class of which each member while he lives is envied or admired,

'And when he dies he bears a lofty name,
A light, a landmark, on the cliffs of fame.'"

BE CONTENT.—Pyrrhus would first conquer Africa and then Asia, and then live merrily and take his ease; but when Cyneas, the orator, told him he might do that already, her ested satisfied, condemning his own folly. Thou mayest do the like, and be composed in thy fortune. Thou hast enough; he that is wet in a bath, can be no more wet if he be flung into the ocean itself; and if thou hast all the world, or a solid mass of gold as big as the world, thou canst not have more than enough. Enjoy thyself at length, and that which thou hast; the mind is all; be content; thou art not poor, but rich. I say, then, add no more wealth, but diminish thy desires; if you wish to be wealthy, despise riches; that is true plenty, not to have, but not to want riches; it is more glory to condemn than to possess, and to want nothing is divine.—*Burton.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MORTALITY.

BY I. G. WEBB.

O, WHO can view the wasted flower,
The naked field, the dying leaf,
When autumn winds proclaim their power,
And still remain unmoved by grief?

When summer odors wafted by,
We praised the lovely, fragrant flower,
And thought it then too fair to die;
But see! it lives and blooms no more!

An emblem this of man's career;
His life's unfolding and decay:
He glories but a moment here,
The fragile creature of a day.

Though dead, the floral tribes of spring
Shall bloom, revived by fairer skies;
Like Phœnix, of unconquered wing,
They'll from their lowly graves arise,—

And man a more congenial home
Shall find, at length, 'neath heaven's sky,—
Like them shall he survive the tomb,
But not like them again to die!

Wheeler, N. Y., 1860.

"JESUS WEPT."

IN the life of Jesus, as recorded for us by the Spirit, there are two weepings. Twice in the body, and on the earth the man Jesus Christ shed tears; but in neither case were they shed for himself. Not in Gethsemane, not on the cross, did Jesus weep. Both the sorrows were for our sakes; but they differed widely from each other. When he drew near Jerusalem, and beheld the city, he wept over it; when he saw a bereaved sister mourning for a dead brother, he wept with her. The one weeping was for human guilt; the other was for human sorrow. The one marks his divine compassion for the sinful; the other his human sympathy with the sufferer. Each is precious in its own place, but the places are widely diverse.

The two examples exhibit different qualities of the Savior, and meet different necessities of men. His compassion for sinners, manifested in his tears over Jerusalem, is a link in the chain by which we are saved, but it is an upper link; his sorrow with a sister beside a brother's grave is a link lower down, and therefore nearer us. His pity for me as a sinner shows that he is great and good; his weeping with me shows that his greatness and goodness are within my reach. When I could not arise to meet him in the region of his own spiritual compassion, he has bowed down to meet me in my natural weakness. I could not rise to lay hold of him, but he bends to take hold of me. Standing where I stand, and weeping where I weep, he enters by the openings which grief has made into my heart, and gently makes it all his own. My brother, he insinuates himself into me through the emotion of our common nature, that so I may be borne up with him into the regions of spiritual light and liberty. He takes hold of me by my sorrow, that I may get hold of him for deliverance from my sin.—*Rev. W. Arnot.*

THE VALUE OF SABBATH SCHOOLS.

A FACT which ought always to be remembered in estimating the influence of Sabbath Schools is, that very much of their work is "underground," or, as one has said, it is in its very nature a preparation of the ground and a seed-sowing—a work very necessary to be done, but which must be followed by other operations, or in the joy of the harvest, may be forgotten or contemned. In many instances the Sabbath School, while it has not indeed secured the conversion of those who have attended it, yet it has been a restraining power in all the after life; and its instructions, carelessly received, it may be, when given, revived in after years, have prevented many an outburst of wickedness which would otherwise have been given way to. The trophies of Sabbath Schools are on every hand, wherever the schools have been conducted with the true spirit and with perseverance. From the various schools of this country, thousands and tens of thousands of souls have been added to the Church of Christ. Many most precious revivals of religion have commenced in our Sabbath Schools; many vigorous churches have grown out of them, and they have frequently followed the tide of emigration to our frontiers, and supplied for a period, in many instances, the only means of grace for the destitute portions of our country.—*Presby. Mag.*

THE DIVINE ESTIMATE.—We make the following excerpt from the "Still Hour," a book which every Christian man and woman ought to read: "Oh! God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. Dear as our happiness is to Him, there is another thing within us which is more precious in His sight. It is of far less consequence, in any Divine estimate of things, how much a man suffers, than—*what* the man *is*."

SAID Dr. Payson, "God has been depriving me of one blessing after another; but as each one was removed, He has come in and filled up its place; and now, when I am a cripple and not able to move, I am happier than I ever was in my life, or ever expected to be; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.

COLD prayers bespeak a denial, but fervent supplications offer a sacred violence to the kingdom of heaven. Lazy prayers never procure noble answers. Lazy beggars may starve for all their begging.

TELL we have sinned, Satan is a parasite; when we have sinned, he is a tyrant.

The Reviewer.

MILCH COWS AND DAIRY FARMING:—Comprising the Breeds, Breeding, and Management, in Health and Disease, of Dairy and other Stock; the Selection of Milch Cows, with a full Explanation of Guenon's Method; the Culture of Forage Plants, and the Production of Milk, Butter, and Cheese; Embodying the most Recent Improvements, and adapted to Farming in the United States and British Provinces. With a Treatise upon the Dairy Husbandry of Holland; to which is added Horsfall's System of Dairy Management. By CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture; author of "A Treatise on Grasses and Forage Plants," etc. Liberally Illustrated. [12mo.—pp. 426.] Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

We have examined this book with care, and find a valuable addition to our agricultural literature. It is a compilation, from the best English and American works, of the most important fact, connected with the subject of the Dairy. It places within the reach of all who desire to examine or study the subject, in a cheap form, all that is now known and practiced among the most skillful dairymen and breeders. Such a work would have been considered a rare treasure twenty years ago; but it could not then have been written. In this country, dairying was in a chaotic state, especially in regard to one of its most important branches, cheese-making. The management of the Dutch dairies had been copied, to some extent, in England, and a market created among the masses by accustoming them to good cheese, although, with the exception of the Cheshire, Gloucester, and Dunlap, there was about as much variety in English as American at that time. The renewal of duties on butter and cheese, by the English Government, stimulated the production in this country, and public attention was called to the importance of a better system of manufacture. The Agricultural Society of the State of New York early took the lead, and it is owing to its liberal premiums that dairying has become a systematic and successful pursuit. The products from the American farm compete successfully in all the markets of the world. Mr. FLINT has done wisely in drawing liberally from the Transactions of the State Society of New York. The introduction of Mr. HORSFALL'S very complete and excellent treatise on the Feeding of Animals, enchances greatly the value of the work, and should be read by every dairyman, indeed by every farmer who wishes to stall-feed profitably. Mr. FLINT has given us a good book which should be found in every farmer's library. Sold in Rochester by D. M. DEWEY.

WESTMINSTER REVIEW. Republished by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

THE July issue of this Quarterly has been received, and its "Table of Contents" embraces eleven articles, as follows:—Strikes—Their Tendencies and Remedies: The Mill on the Floss; Rawlinson's Bamylon Lectures for 1859; The Post-Office Monopoly; Ary Scheffer; The Irish Education Question; Germany—Its Strength and Weakness; Thoughts in Aid of Faith; Grievances of Hungarian Catholics; The French Press; Contemporary Literature.

This concise enumeration of the matter contained in the number before us, is more convincing than any commentary we might write upon the value of this species of literature, and is a fair specimen of the variety which characterizes every number of the series of republications of which this forms a part. Questions in Politics, Social and Political Economy, Theology, The Fine Arts, and Education, here undergo that calm consideration and discussion best calculated to insure the formation of a correct judgment, and to elicit the truth. Reflecting faithfully the impress of passing events upon the minds of the thinking men of the day, these Reviews form an invaluable Companion to the Newspaper. The newspaper has barely time to record the transactions of the day; the review notes the principles at work, and holds aloft the lamp of reason and experience. In the present disturbed state of the world, these publications are deserving of eminent attention; and the different principles represented by each Review afford the reader an invaluable means of comparison. Each number is complete and consistent with itself; and is, therefore, far preferable to any compilation from various sources which unites heterogeneous articles and combines inconsistent views. The present number begins a new volume. D. M. DEWEY, Agent.

Books Received.

GAZETTEER OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: Embracing a Comprehensive View of the Geography, Geology, and General History of the State, and a Complete History and Description of Every County, City, Town, Village, and Locality. With full Tables of Statistics. By J. H. FRENCH, Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Corresponding Member of the N. Y. Historical Society, etc. Illustrated by Original Steel Engravings, and accompanied by a New Map of the State from Accurate Surveys. Fifth Edition [8vo.—pp 739] Syracuse: R. Pearsall Smith. [From the Subscription Agent.

THE YEAR OF GRACE: A History of the Revival in Ireland, A. D. 1859. By the Rev. WILLIAM GIBSON, Professor of Christian Ethics in Queen's College, Belfast, and Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. With an Introduction by Rev. BARON STOW, D. D. [8vo.—pp. 464] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

APPLETONS' COMPANION HAND-BOOK OF TRAVEL: Containing a Full Description of the Principal Cities, Towns, and Places of Interest—together with Hotels and Routes of Travel through the United States and the Canadas. With Colored Maps. [pp. 288] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE PRAIRIE FARMER: A Weekly Journal, devoted to Agriculture, Horticulture, Mechanics, Education, Home Interests, General News, Markets, etc. Fully Illustrated. Volume 21 [Quarto—pp. 416.] Chicago: Emery & Co. [From the Publishers.

THE WING-AND-WING; or, Le Feu-Follet. A Tale. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 486] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—LIBERTY HALL & BRO., Subscription Agents.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF COMMON LIFE. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES, author of "Seaside Studies," "Life of Goethe," etc. In two volumes—Vol II. [12mo.—pp. 410.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE THREE CLERKS. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," "Doctor Thorne," etc. [12mo.—pp 407.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

CASTLE RICHMOND. A Novel. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, author of "The Bertrams," etc. etc. [12mo.—pp 474.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LOVEL THE WIDOWER. A Novel. By W. M. THACKERAY, author of "Vanity Fair," etc. With Illustrations. [8vo.—pp. 60, pamphlet.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY. & Co.

TEACHINGS OF PATRIOTS AND STATESMEN; or, The "Founders of the Republic" on Slavery. By EZRA B. CRABE, Esq. [12mo.—pp. 495] Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. By GEO. HENRY LEWES, author of "Life of Goethe," "The Physiology of Common Life," &c., &c. [pp. 146.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. Illustrated by Chas. Altamont Doyle and the Brothers Dalziel. [pp. 488] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

ROSA; or, The Parisian Girl. From the French of Madame DE PRESSENSE. By Mrs J. C. FLETCHER. [16mo. pp. 371.] Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for August, (No 2 of Vol. VI.) is richly freighted, its contents sustaining the high reputation of the work. Published by TICKNOR & FIELDS Boston, Mass.

Spice from New Books.

The People of Kaffa.

THE people of Kaffa are partly Christian, though after a very superficial and degenerate fashion, and they practice circumcision, do not work on Fridays and Sundays, and observe the festivals of saints. Incredible and fabulous appears the statement which Dilbo made to me respecting the relation between husband and wife, which was to the effect that there is a public resort set apart for the husband, where no woman is permitted to appear, and where no wife must eat or drink with her husband, under penalty of three years' imprisonment. Husband and wife see each other only at night, never meeting during the day. The wife remains in the inmost portion of the house, the husband occupying the other part. Such a separation of the sexes is unknown in Abyssinia, and would pre-suppose that the inhabitants of Kaffa are Mohammedans, with whom the isolation of their woman is the rule. —"*Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors in Eastern Africa,*" *by* J. LEWIS KRAPF.

The Wife of John Adams.

IN a few weeks the proclamation reached the colonies at several ports. Abigail Smith, the wife of John Adams, was at the time in their home near the foot of Penn Hill, charged with the sole care of their little brood of children; managing their farm; keeping house with frugality, though opening her doors to the houseless, and giving with a good will a part of her scant portion to the poor; seeking work for her own hands, and ever busily occupied, now at the spinning wheel, now making amends for having never been sent to school, by learning French, though with the aid of books alone. Since the departure of her husband for Congress, the arrow of death had aped near her by day, and the pestilence that walks in darkness had entered her humble mansion; she herself was still weak after a violent illness; her house was a hospital in every part; and such was the distress of the neighborhood, she could hardly find a well person to assist in looking after the sick. Her younger son had been rescued from the grave by her nursing; her own mother had been taken away, and, after the austere manner of her forefathers, buried without prayer. Woe followed woe, and one affliction trod on the heels of another. Winter was hurrying on; during the day family affairs took off her attention, but her long evenings, broken by the sound of the storm on the ocean, or the enemy's artillery at Boston, were lonesome and melancholy. Ever in the silent night ruminating on the love and tenderness of her departed parent, she needed the consolation of her husband's presence; but when, in November, she read the King's proclamation, she willingly gave up her nearest friend exclusively to his perilous duties, and sent him her cheering message:—"This intelligence will make a plain path for you, though a dangerous one; I could not join to-day in the petitions of our worthy pastor for a reconciliation between our no longer parent State, but tyrant State, and these Colonies. Let us separate; they are unworthy to be our brethren. Let us renounce them; and, instead of supplication, as formerly, for their prosperity and happiness, let us beseech the Almighty to blast their counsels, and bring to nought all their devices."—*History of United States,* by GEORGE BANCROFT.

The Thinker.

You have seen some youth who was just opening into those years of life, in which the saying of the poet Pope has, in many an instance, seemed too true, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing." You observed the exuberance of that young person's language, the excessive fertility of his fancy, his unbounded self-trust, his impatient eagerness to try the strife of riper years, his lively forecastings of the extreme cheapness of human success.

This boy, you said to yourself, will, by-and-by, have become more of a thinker. Less exuberant will then be his language, and less abundant and florid his imagery. His style will indicate a maturer mind. His words will be somewhere within a foot and a half in length. His wit will be more keenly significant. He will be less self-confident, and more self-possessed. No longer will he be vain of his little stock of learning. He will well know how great a difference there is between the person with a serene and steady head, and a person whose head is only a sort of balloon tied to the top of his spinal column.

It is interesting to trace the progress of that intellectual work by which the mere *student* is changed into the *thinker*. The subject of this work passes, gradually, into a new being. His tastes, views, habits, recreations, speech, looks, manners—these all undergo a process of substitution. Once he was bold; now he appears modest. Once he was boisterous; now, he appears taciturn. Once he was fickle and vain; now he appears firm and manly. Once his mind was only a consumer; now, it is a producer.

The thinker is not content with mere facts and objects, effects and statements. He is inclined to search for principles, purposes, causes, laws. Appearances do not satisfy him. He seeks inward, upward, downward, so that, if possible, he may find the substance, the essence. All things seem to him to change for the better. The insignificant becomes full of meaning; the worthless displays wealth; dull things become charming; dead things become living. He prizes every moment of time, as worth a thought and a thrill. Every where, he is finder of reasons. He finds them in the street, in the solitude of the forest, among earnest people and among frivolous people, in prosperity and in adversity, at festivals and at funerals. All day long, his mind grapples gladly with its own difficult questions. Thought, with its very pain, is sweet to him. He loves it better than food, than sleep, than gold, than praise. It is his refreshment in weariness, his cure in sickness, his relief in disappointment, his beguilement in grief. He is, now, and evermore, a cheerful thinker!

All the curious things which he meets, must submit to the ordeal imposed by his inquisitive and analyzing powers. The tree must unfold to him its laws of growth and of reproduction; the flower must tell him some beautiful story of its interior life; the little noisome insect which he once brushed away, as utterly worthless, must entertain him with some account of its interesting career. Happy surprises animate him in all his wanderings.—"*A Man—or the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect,*" *by Rev.* J. D. BELL.

CAMEOS, AND HOW THEY ARE CUT.

ROME is now the chief seat of the art of cameo-cutting, two kinds of which are produced—those cut in hard stone, and those cut in shell. The stones most valuable for this purpose are the oriental onyx and the sardonyx, provided they have at least two different colors in parallel layers. The value of the stone is greatly increased for this purpose if it has four or five differently colored parallel layers, if the layers are so thin as to assist in marking the device of the cameo. For example: a specimen of stone which has four parallel layers may be useful for a cameo of Minerva, where the ground would be dark gray, the face light, the bust and helmet black, and the crest over the helmet brown or gray. All such cameos are wrought by a lapidary's lathe, with pointed instruments of steel, and by means of diamond dust. Shell cameos are cut from large shells found on the African and Brazilian coasts, and generally show two layers, one white, and the other either pale coffee color or deep reddish orange. The subject is cut with small steel chisels out of the white portion of the shell.

Shells adapted for cameo-cutting are dense, thick, and consist usually of three layers of differently colored shell material. In one variety of these shells, each layer is composed of many very thin plates, that is, is laminated, the lamime being perpendicular to the plane of the main layer, and each lamina consisting of a series of elongated prismatic cells, adherent to their long sides. The lamina of the outer and inner layers are parallel to the lines of growth, while those of the middle layer are at right angles to them. In another variety, known as the cowries, there is an additional layer, which is a duplicate of the nacreous layer formed when the animal has attained its full growth.—*World.*

LIFE EVERYWHERE.

LIFE everywhere! The air is crowded with birds—beautiful, tender, intelligent birds, to whom life is a song and a thrilling anxiety, the anxiety of love. The air is swarming with insects—those little animated miracles. The waters are peopled with innumerable forms—from the animalcule, so small that one hundred and fifty millions of them would not weigh a grain, to the whale, so large that it seems an island as it sleeps upon the waves. The bed of the seas is alive with polypes, crabs, star fishes, and with shell-animalcules. The rugged face of the rocks is scarred by the silent boring of soft creatures, and blackened with countless muscels, barnacles, and limpets. Life everywhere! on the earth, in the earth, crawling, creeping, burrowing, boring, leaping, running. If the sequestered coolness of the wood tempt us to saunter into its chequered shade, we are saluted by the numerous din of insects, the twitter of birds, the scrambling of squirrels, the startled rush of unseen beasts, all telling how populous is this seeming solitude. If we pause before a tree, or shrub, or plant, our cursory and half-abstracted glance detects a colony of various inhabitants. We pluck a flower, and in its bosom we see many a charming insect busy in its appointed labor. We pick up a fallen leaf, and if nothing is visible on it, there is probably the trace of an insect larva hidden in its tissue, and awaiting their development. The drop of dew upon this leaf will probably contain its animals, visible under the microscope. The same microscope reveals that the *blood-rain* suddenly appearing on bread, and awakening superstitious terrors, is nothing but a collection of minute animals *(Monas prodigiosa)*; and that the vast tracts of snow which are reddened in a single night, owe their color to the marvellous rapidity in reproduction of a minute plant *(Protococcus nivalis)*. The very mould which covers our cheese, our bread, our jam, or our ink, and disfigures our damp walls, is nothing but a collection of plants. The many-colored fire which sparkles on the surface of a summer sea at night, as the vessel plows her way, or which drips from the ours in lines of jewelled light, is produced by millions of minute animals.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE UNIVERSAL METAMORPHOSIS.

IF a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breath again upon the surface, it will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and ag in we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer re-appears. This experiment succeeds after the lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper on which a key has been laid be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal—the spectre of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectre of many different objects which may have been laid on it in succession will, on warming, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it. There are cases on record of ignorant women, in states of insanity, uttering Greek and Hebrew phrases, which in past years they have heard their masters utter, without of course comprehending them. These tones had long been forgotten; the traces were so faint that, under ordinary conditions, they were invisible: but their traces were there, and in the intense light of cerebral excitement they started into prominence, just as the spectral image of the key started into sight on the application of heat. It is thus with all the influences to which we are subjected.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE RAILROADS OF THE UNITED STATES

THEIR INCREASE, EXTENT, COST, ETC.

THE RAILWAY ANNUAL for 1859, states that in nine years, or from 1850 to 1859, the railways of the United States have increased from 7,335 to 27,941 miles in length. In this period, the increase in the New England States amounted to 62.74 ℔ cent., while in eight of the Western States the increase was 1,201.41 ℔ cent. At the same time the former gained in population 16.12 ℔ cent., and the latter 46.22. The total cost of the roads, up to 1859, amounted to $365,451,070, of which large sum it is supposed one-third has been wasted in construction. There are at this time 28,000 miles of finished roads in the United States, and about 16,000 either under construction or projected, requiring $100,000,000 for their completion. It is estimated, however, that many years must elapse before sufficient capital can be diverted from other objects to carry them through. In the meantime, many, projected in a spirit of rivalry to other roads, will be abandoned. It is calculated that 20,000 miles of railway are sufficient to do all the business of the country at the present time, and that 8,000 miles have been constructed in part, in rivalry to other roads, which have proved a dead loss to stockholders, and in the main will pass into the hands of the bondholders.

The average cost of railways per mile, in the New England States, has been $36,328; in the Middle States, $40,919; in the Southern States, $22,906; and in the Western States, $36,333. The reason assigned for the cheapness of construction of railroads at the South is that they were built on the cash plan. Among the net earnings, the Panama shows the largest returns, being $29,564 per mile; and those earning the least, or nothing to stockholders, are found in Maine, Vermont, Mississippi, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, New York, &c. The list of dividend-paying roads comprises 78—among which two pay an annual dividend of 12 ℔ cent; nine, 10 ℔ cent; two, 9 ℔ cent; ten, 8 ℔ cent; six, 7 ℔ cent; thirty, 6 ℔ cent; five, 5 ℔ cent; one, 4 ℔ cent; one, 2½ ℔ cent; and one, 2 ℔ cent. The list of delinquent companies on stock or bonds amounts to 33. The total bonded debts of the American railways, all of which mature between 1859 and 1874, amount to $411,199,702. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company and the Reading Railroad Company are having made, each, 300 coal cars, to carry coal from the Broad-Top Mountain Mine, by way of the Lebanon Valley Railroad, to tidewater. In the Lehigh coal region the coal trade is active, and laborers in several of the departments engaged in the production of coal and iron are in demand.

SMALL BED-CHAMBERS.

THERE is reason to believe that more cases of dangerous and fatal disease are gradually engendered annually by the habit of sleeping in small, unventilated rooms, than have occurred from a cholera atmosphere during any year since it made its appearance in this country. Very many persons sleep in eight by ten rooms, that is, in rooms the length and breadth of which multiplied together, and this multiplied again by ten for the height of the chamber, would make just eight hundred cubic feet, while the cubic space for each bed, according to the English apportionment for hospitals, is twenty-one hundred feet. But more, in order "to give the air of a room the highest degree of freshness," the French hospitals contract for a complete renewal of the air of a room every hour, while the English assert that double the amount, or over four thousand feet an hour, is required.

Four thousand feet of air every hour! and yet there are multitudes in the city of New York who sleep with closed doors and windows, in rooms which do not contain a thousand cubic feet of space, and that thousand feet is to last all night, at least eight hours, except such scanty supplies as may be obtained of any fresh air that may insinuate itself through little crevices by door or window, not an eighth of an inch in thickness. But when it is known that in many cases a man and wife and infant sleep habitually in thousand-feet rooms, it is no marvel that multitudes perish prematurely in cities; no wonder that infant children wilt away like flowers without water, and and that five thousand of them are to die in the city of New York alone during the hundred days which shall include the fifteenth of July, eighteen hundred and sixty! Another fact is suggestive, that among the fifty thousand persons who sleep nightly in the lodging-houses of London, expressly arranged on the improved principles of space and ventilation already referred to, it has been proven that not one single case of fever has been engendered in two years! Let every intelligent reader improve the teachings of this article without an hour's delay.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

YOUNG RURALIST.

HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.

THE Bible has many striking features, which show the impress of God's countenance upon its pages; and, among these, are its mirror-like reflections of the family relations and duties. This will be further illustrated by some remarks upon the obligation enjoined by the text, the propriety of the injunction, and the advantages secured by those who obey it. First, the injunction is expressed in one word, "*honor.*"

"Honor thy father and thy mother." This is not in respect to one, or a few things only. It does not relate to one period of life only, or to a limited portion of life; but it relates to the dispositious and actions of all children, in every thing relating to their parents, at all times. A few particulars will be proper as guides to our thoughts.

1. Honor your parents by submitting to their authority. Or, as the apostle admonishes: obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right. Obey your parents in all things, for this is well pleasing to the Lord."

2. Honor your parents by your respectful deportment and language. Treat them with respect always. "Hearken unto thy father that begot thee, and despise not thy mother," says SOLOMON. Fearful threatenings are utterd by the wise man. Hear him:—"The eye that mocketh at his father, and dispiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

"Honor thy father and thy mother, that it may be well with thee, is the first command with promise," says the sacred Book. That child need not expect it will go well with him, while he continues to disobey and break his parents' hearts. Under the law disobedient children were stoned to death. The gospel of Christ does not require such a death; but if you have Christian parents who wish to keep you from temptation and ruin, and you will not obey, but break through all restraint, and do as you please, and cast off your duty to parents and to GOD, remember that tho' you may not be put to a shameful death here, yet "for all these things GOD will bring you into Judgment." If children could realize but a small portion of the anxiety their parents feel on their account, they would pay far greater respect to the paternal wishes. A good child, and one in whom confidence can be placed, is the one that does not allow himself to disobey his parents. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child, to a parent, falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty.

3. Honor your parents by doing all in your power to ease their daily burthens,—to sooth their sorrows, and smooth their passage to the tomb. Do you know the value of your mother? Nobody loves you; nobody will love you as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love; do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unhonored, you will live and die, if you do not honor your father and mother. Never forget the dear parents who loved and cherished you in your infant days. Ever treat them as you will wish you had done, when you stand a lonely orphan at their graves. How will the remembrance of kind, affectionate conduct, toward these departed friends, then help to sooth your grief and heal your wounded hearts.—*Selected.*

REMARKS.—The above we publish at the request of a subscriber, who thinks its teachings are sadly needed by many young men, who *thoughtlessly* do a great many things to grieve their friends, and which they would not do were they to stop and think.

PROFANE COMPANIONS.

BOYS, avoid profane companions; they can do you no good, and may do you much harm by learning you their evil habits. If you have any self-respect, if you wish to become useful members of society, instead of "loafers," who are only a pest to the community in which they live, have no companionship with any boy or man who uses profane, vulgar, or mean language. Such companions can only have a demoralizing effect, can only have a tendency to make you as vile as they. Many boys seem to be in a hurry to become men, and many seem to think that the one who can use the worst language, smoke and chew the most tobacco, and drink the most intoxicating liquors, comes the nearest to being a man, and they will therefore try to acquire these *accomplishments* as as soon as possible, and will laugh at all their companions who are not so forward to learn evil, and try to make them as vile as themselves. It has been truly said, that the person who dares to take the name of his Maker in vain, cannot be trusted in his dealings with his fellow men; for the person who does not fear his Maker, cannot be expected to fear man, and if he lie and steal, and even commit greater crimes, no one need be surprised.

With the habit of profanity may often be found lying, fighting, stealing fruit, cruelty to animals, killing birds and robbing their nests, and other evil habits too numerous to mention. And the boy who has got thus far on the downward road, is at least in danger of being induced to commit greater sins, which may at last lead him to the prison or the gallows. Remember that the worst criminals were once free from sin, and all begun their life of crime by committing little crimes at first, and many have been led on from one sin to a worse one by having vile companions. And if you can find none who are virtuous for companions, have none, or obtain good instructive books and papers, which are companions you never need fear. S.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 18, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

OFFICIAL notice from Mexico establishes the fact that many leading merchants and conservatives in the city of Mexico, are presenting petitions to Juarez for a discontinuance of hostilities and the restoration of peace to the country. They represent Miramon as nearly powerless, and that the only parties who refuse to sign the petitions for peace are the clergy and those whom they control.

Senor Mata, the Mexican Minister to this government, has just left Washington for Mexico, to arrange some business affairs. He will probably return in a few weeks. The Legation will remain in charge of Senor Romaro, his Secretary. Senor D'Gollado, son of the Mexican General, who has been attached to the legation for some time as Secretary, is about leaving for home. These parties are all sanguine that their unhappy country will soon be restored to peace and prosperity, through liberal influences, aided, perhaps, through citizens of the United States.

The rumor that Secretary Cass contemplates his resignation seems to be without foundation, as a letter received at the Department announces his good health, and his intention to return about the 1st of September.

Notwithstanding the denial in an official quarter that an order has been given to purchase Line Point, near San Francisco, it appears that a requisition was made on the Treasury Department of $200,000 for the purpose, and a draft was issued. Strangely enough, however, the draft was canceled to-day at the Treasury Department.

Buenos Ayres advices to June 14th, state that the compact between Buenos Ayres and the Argentine Confederation had been ratified, and there was every prospect for the establishment of peace. There was an extraordinary activity in business, and a large increase of trade with the United States expected.

Judge Arny, of Kansas, has filed at the general land office the necessary papers to obtain the right of way for the construction of a railway through Southern Kansas, to connect with the Galveston Railroad in Texas. The Commissioner General of the land office has, in conformity of the law of Congress, granted the necessary instructions to the land officers having control of the lands through which this road will pass, to reserve the right of way and lands for depots and water stations. Mr. Arny left for Kansas on the 13th, and with a corps of engineers will at once make a survey through Kansas and the Osage and Cherokee Indian country, with a view of a permanent location of the road through this section. The construction of this road will connect the western country with the Gulf of Mexico, and open a route for the resources of a large portion of the country in Kansas, the Indian Territory, and the States of Texas, Arkansas, and other States, which are now of little value. By the construction of railroads from Atchison, connecting with the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad to St. Lawrence, and from Leavenworth to Lawrence, and thence south through the Indian Territory, to connect with the Texas roads, it is believed that millions of dollars will be added to the wealth of the country from the mineral resources which have not been, and cannot be developed, without the means of travel and transportation, which the present enterprise is designed to supply.

Political Intelligence.

THE politicians in Californian are beginning to arrange themselves for the coming contest. The latest news is to the effect that the Breckenridge and Lane Democrats, having taken courage at recent eastern advices, are organizing onergetically. Several prominent Democrats, who at first favored Douglas, are coming out for the other side, apparently under the pressure of federal influence. An address to the National Democracy of the State, urging the party to support Breckenridge, has been published, which manifestly has strengthened that side of the question. It is signed by sixty-five Democrats, many of whom occupy respectable and prominent places in the party. Twenty-two of them are federal officeholders, eight more are recipients of federal patronage, and the others represent a mass of politicians, giving the document most weight.

The Douglas Democrats are also active. The Irish and German vote will mostly go with that branch of the party, but it is difficult to estimate which wing is the strongest; thus far seventeen Democratic newspapers have declared for Douglast, thirteen for Breckenridge, and nine remain non-committed, with even chances of going either way. Under these circumstances, the Republicans entertain hopes that the Democratic divisions may be so equally balanced as to give the State to Lincoln and Hamlin.

Very respectable Bell and Everett meetings have been held in different parts of the State, but thus far that party does not manifest much rank and file strength.

THE Democratic State Committee of Pennsylvania met at Cresson on the 9th inst. The President in the Chair. Sixty-nine members present. After a long debate, the following resolution was adopted, and the Committee adjourned *sine die*.

Resolved, That the Democratic Electoral ticket be headed with the names of Douglas and Breckenridge as our electors at large; and in the event of the success of the said ticket, if the greater number shall have been cast for Mr. Douglas, the vote of the electoral college shall be cast for Douglas and Johnson; but if for Breckenridge, then for Breckenridge and Lane. If the vote of Pennsylvania cannot elect the candidate for whom a majority of the votes are cast, and can elect any man running claiming to be a Democrat, then the vote of the electoral college shall be cast for that candidate. If it will not elect either of the Democrats for whom it was cast, or any of the Democrats for whom it was voted for in the State, then the votes shall be cast for the candidate who has a majority of the votes of the States, and the chairman of this committee be requested to obtain from the electors their several and distinct pledges of acquiescence to the foregoing resolution, and the result of his action be given at a future meeting of the Committee.

THE Breckenridge men in Vermont are at work. They have nominated Robert Harvey, for Governor; Giles Harrington for Lieutenant-Governor; Samuel Wells for Treasurer, and Henry R. Campbell and Ephraim Chamberlain for Electors at Large.

THE Bell-Everett men of Maine had a State Convention, Tuesday, Aug. 7th, and nominated Phineas Barnes, of Portland, for Governor. A Committee was appointed to select an Electoral ticket.

THE Breckenridge N. Y. State Convention assembled at Syracuse on the 7th inst. John C. Mather, from the committee on permanent organization, reported the following officers:

President—Henry S. Randall, of Cortland.

Vice-Presidents—First District, Gustavus W. Smith, Charles Francis, New York. Second—J. D. Little of Putnam; Thomas Smith, of Westchester. Third—Henry Snyder, of Columbia; J. B. Pierson, of Rensselaer. Fourth—John C. Rice, of Washington; Thomas B. Parsons, of St. Lawrence. Fifth—William Lewis, of Oswego; T. P. Sanders, of Jefferson. Sixth—A. D. Adams, of Chemung; Green Moore, of Delaware. Seventh—Robert Martin, of Monroe; Peter Pontins, of Seneca. Eighth—C. A. Sherman, of Erie; E. W. Parker, of Allegany.

Secretaries—John D. Flynn, of New York; A. A. Bishop, of Kings; H. M. Osborne, of Greene; —— Waldon, of Saratoga; N. S. Wright, of Oneida; Uriah S. Lowe, of Chemung; W. H. Cuyler, of Wayne; W. G. Bryan, of Genesee.

The report was accepted and adopted.

The following persons were nominated for State officers:—Governor, James T. Brady, N. Y. Lieutenant-Governor, H. K. Veile, Erie. Canal Commissioner, John Jaycox, Onondaga. State Prison Inspector, Robert W. Allen, Kings.

The Electoral Ticket is as follows:

Electors at Large—Hon. Gideon J. Tucker, Hon. Henry S. Randall.

District Delegates—1. John H. Brower; 2, D. D. Miller; 3. Josiah W. Brown; 4. Chas. Francis; 5. J. A. Westervelt; 6. Jas. Lee; 7. W. M. McIntyre; S. S. P. Russell; 9. A. Ward; 10. H. Wells; 11. G. Beach; 12. H. Snyder; 13. G. Van Stantford; 14. H. Perry; 15. R. D. Davis; 16. W. H. Payne; 17. J. Lee; 18. T. B. Mitchell; 19. J. H. Gould; 20. D. Wager; 21. C. Burr; 22. J. M. Blakeley; 23. W. Sherman; 24. J. L. Cook; 25. A. Thompson; 26. G. N. Clark; 27. J. Haggerty; 28. W. S. Hubbell; 29. M. Rigney; 30. H. Wilber; 31. J. T. Murray; 32. A. H. Tracy; 33. O. F. Dickinson.

FULL returns from 45 counties in North Carolina show a net gain for Pool of 3,049 over Gilmer's vote in 1856. These 45 counties constitute two-thirds of the popular vote of the State. Admitting that Pool will gain in the same ratio in the remainder of the State, Ellis' majority will be 7,587. The Democratic majority in the Legislature will be reduced considerably, but is too large to overcome. The Democrats have evidently carried the State.

THE Kentucky Democratic State Convention elected D. P. White as President. Eighty-seven counties were represented, and seven hundred delegates present. Archy Dixon and John C. Mason were nominated electors at large, and a full electoral (Douglas) ticket nominated. Resolutions repudiating coalition and re-affirming the Cincinnati Platform, were passed.

From the Pacific Side.

THE North Star arrived from Aspinwall on the 4th inst., with California dates of July 21st, and $1,030,000.

The Pony Express, with St. Joseph dates to July 17th, arrived at San Francisco the 27th. The overland mail arrived the same day, with St. Louis dates to the 5th.

The recent discovery of copper and other metals in Colaveras county, about 30 miles from Stockton, continues to engross considerable attention in that portion of the State.

The citizens of San Bernardingo met on the 14th, to ascertain what that town could do towards extending the telegraph from Los Angelos. Committees were appointed to solicit subscriptions.

The new silver discoveries in what is now called the Cozoe district, situated 15 miles north of Owen's lake, and 15 miles east of Vista, on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada, are attracting considerable attention. The scientific men in San Francisco who have tested numerous samples of ore recently received, think it probable that another mineral district has been discovered, equalling in value the Washoe Silver mines. Fine leads of gold bearing quartz, copper and tin, have also been found in the same region.

A very decided emigration in that direction has commenced from the many towns of California.

There is nothing remarkable in the late accounts from Washoe. Silver mining intelligence is generally encouraging.

At Pyramid Lake everything was quiet—no Indians showing themselves there or anywhere else on the eastern side of the mountains.

Emigrants had commenced arriving at Honey Lake Valley, by Sanders' cut-off wagon road. They report the road good, feed plenty, and no troublesome Indians.

The sailing vessel Foote left San Francisco September, 1859, delivered her cargo at the Amoor in November, started to return with 32 Mongolian and two humped camels from the confines of Tartary, selected especially for their adaptation to California climate and country. Before getting out of the Amoor the Foote became ice-bound, and remained frozen in until June 1st, during which time seventeen of the camels died from starvation and cold, the remaining fifteen arrived in San Francisco, and are on exhibition for a few days, after which they are designed for use as beasts of burthen, between the valleys where wagon roads are not open.

The telegraph posts are nearly all up as far as Los Angelos, on the Butterfield route, and the wires are to be stretched within two weeks a distance of 480 miles from San Francisco.

The steamer Oregon arrived on the 27th, with Oregon dates to the 21st, and British Columbia to July 25th. Lieut. Giles returns with the astronomical party who took observations from Puget's Sound on the total eclipse on the 18th inst. Their observations were entirely satisfactory. Oregon news was unimportant. There was a lull in politics after the late election. The British Columbia news is also void of interest.

News Paragraphs.

DURING the last six months there were fifty-two deaths by fire in New York city. Of these twenty-six were in tenement houses. The loss of property was $1,546,211.

THE exports of pigeons the past season from Grand Rapids, Mich., were 568 barrels, or 109,855 pounds, on which freight was paid to the amount of $3,445. One firm also shipped 1,200 dozen of frogs.

OF twenty thousand persons who applied for enlistment in the United States Army last year, only eighteen hundred were physically qualified for admission. The average number of candidates accepted is one to every nine who apply.

A JAPANESE CIRCULAR, dated May 1st, speaks of business as improving, there being a considerable increase in exports and in arrivals of merchandise from the interior. A brisk business this summer is anticipated, as the *Japanese are more and more disposed* to enter into contracts with foreigners for supplies for the Chinese and home markets. There is no mention of civil disturbances.

THE NEW YORK SUN, the oldest penny daily in New York, has changed hands—MOSES S. BEACH retiring, and WM. C. CHURCH assuming the proprietorship and management. The new publisher is a young gentleman of enterprise and ability, who will, no doubt, merit, as we trust he will achieve, success in his new sphere. With a *Church* in the *Sun*, it ought surely to continue to "shine for all," and more brightly than ever. In connection with his father, (Rev. Dr. P. CHURCH, formerly of this city,) Mr. C. has for several years managed the *New York Chronicle*, an able Religious and Family newspaper, and is not therefore inexperienced in journalism.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Parliamentary proceedings were unimportant.

A prospectus had been issued for a new telegraph company, which proposes to establish a system on the penny postage principle, and convey messages of twenty words to any part of England, Scotland or Ireland, at the uniform rate of 1s. An influential direction has been formed, with a capital of £150,000.

The Atlantic Telegraph Co. announce that the efforts made at New Foundland to restore the Atlantic Cable, have failed. Mr. Barley, the electrician, in his report, says by hard hauling pieces of the cable were recovered in small lengths, amounting in all to seven miles; but the cable invariably broke at short distances, and it was necessary at last to abandon the attempt. The report says the iron wires often appeared sound, but on a minute examination they were found eaten away and rotten. The gutta percha, and copper wire, were as good as when laid down. Portions which were wrapped with tarred yarn were sound, the tar and hemp having preserved the iron wires bright and free from rust.

The public income of Great Britain, for the year ending June 30, was £11,416,000, and the expenditures £10,504,000.

All the war steamers in the English dock yards are to be made ready to meet any emergency.

FRANCE.—Napoleon's letter to the French Embassador at London, dated 25th July, is published. He says:—Since the peace of Villa Franca, I have had but one thought, one object, to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on the best terms with my neighbors, and especially with England. I had renounced Savoy and Nice. The extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to resume the desire to see re-united to France provinces essentially French. But it will be objected to. You wish for peace, and you increase immoderately the military forces of France. I deny the fact in every sense. My army and fleet have nothing in them of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being equal to our requirements, and the number of steamers does not nearly equal that of the sailing fleet thought necessary in the time of Louis Phillippe. We have 400,000 under arms, but deducting from the amount 60,000 in America, 6,000 at Rome, 8,000 in China, 20,000 gen d'armes, and you will see that my regiments are of a smaller effective strength than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the army list has been by the Imperial Guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire also to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing, for foreigners have only seen the bright side of the last war, while I have witnessed the defects, and wish to remedy them. Having said this much, I have, since Villa Franca, neither said nor even thought anything which could alarm any one.

Napoleon then touches on Syrian affairs, saying his first thought in the matter was to come to an understanding with England, and asks what other interest than that of humanity would induce me to send troops to that country. He also says the interior organization of France, and increase to her resources, are fields vast enough for his ambition, and sufficient to satisfy it. It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the subject of Central Italy, because I was bound by the peace of Villa Franca.

As to Southern Italy, I am free from the engagements, and ask no better than concert with England on this point as on others. But in Heaven's name, let the eminent men at the head of the English government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts. Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other. To sum up this is my inmost thought. I desire that Italy should obtain peace, no matter how, but without foreign intervention, and my army be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope.

I could very much wish not to be allied to undertake the Syrian expedition, and in any case not to undertake it alone; first, because it will be a great expense; and second, because I fear that this intervention may involve the Eastern question. But, on the other hand, I do not see how to resist public opinion in my country, which will never understand that we can leave unpunished, not only the massacre of Christians, but the burning of our Consulates, the insult to our flag, and pillaged monasteries which are under our protection.

Letters from Paris say that Lord Palmerston's speech on the English national defences, has created a great sensation.

Some writers say that serious alarm was felt as to the maintenance of peace between the two nations.

The correspondent of the London Herald alludes to the various warlike rumors, and states that all the naval officers on furlough have been ordered to report themselves without delay. The naval reserve had been called out.

The French fleet in the Mediterranean is to be raised to twenty sail of the line. Military preparations go on with unflagging activity for the Syrian expedition, which is stated at 5,000 men, besides artillery and cavalry.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—Nothing new has transpired relative to Garibaldi's movements.

The King of Sardinia has received Neapolitan Embassadors.

M. Milloro, who commanded the Revolutionists in 1849, but was recently foreign interpreter at Queenstown, has gone to join Garibaldi.

A dispatch on the 26th states that the mission of the Marquis De La Greca to Paris is to bring about a compromise, by which the King of Naples would accept the result of a universal suffrage in Sicily, should the Western Powers guarantee the protection of his dominions on the main land, and prevent Garibaldi from landing there.

ROME.—A letter from Rome says that the Pope had refused to adopt any of the measures recommended by the French Embassador, who declares that if these changes are forced on him he will abandon his states.

Fears are entertained that Garibaldi may soon appear on the Papal Territories.

SYRIA.—Advices from Syria are to July 7th. Nothing fresh, but affairs were still serious.

Two Sardinian war vessels had been sent to the coast of Syria.

It is reported that the Viceroy of Egypt had placed his troops at the disposal of the Sultan, to punish the Druses.

Russian letters say that great excitement prevailed against the Turks, on account of the massacre.

The Paris Constitutionel says the expedition prepared by France will, as a matter of necessity, be carried out, and an early departure may be expected. The part of France will be that of occupation, rather than that of intervention.

Advices from Damascas are to the 10th of July. Three thousand citizens had taken refuge in the citadel occupied by the Algerines under Abdel Kader. The town was in the power of the murderers and incendiaries to the number of 24,000. The Turkish garrison of 5,000 was inactive or hitherto hostile. The soldiers had driven the Christians into the flames of the burning houses.

The same accounts compute the number of victories from 3,000 to 4,000, but states the number may be exaggerated.

CHINA.—The news from Shanghai is to the 26th of May. The trade of that city was almost suspended, and all the native merchants had fled with their treasure to Souchong, for fear the rebels would soon attack the former place.

The Chinese up the Peihio were reported to be making great preparations to defend themselves against the anticipated invasion of the allied forces. The Chinese rebels had recently been very successful. They had taken the large city of Roochow, and were holding possession. This gave the control of the country in that direction within a hundred miles of Shanghai. They were reported to be advancing towards Shanghai.

JAPAN.—The Onward brings Japanese dates to the 26th of June. A lucrative trade had sprung up between Japan and the Allied French and the British forces in China. All the principal supplies of the Allies were shipped from Japan, including 4,000 horses. The Japanese were selling native flour for $2,50 per barrel, and potatoes at half a cent per pound. In consequence of the tea trade from Shanghai being suspended, on account of the rebellions of the interior, the Japanese are doing a fine business in furnishing cargoes of the same article; and tea at Kanajawa had advanced within a month.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The weather has been very unfavorable for the crops, heavy showers having fallen, but it is now fine weather. Richardson, Spence & Co., and Bigland, Althya & Co., report flour firm at Tuesday's advance. Wheat steady at Tuesday's advance, and 1 @ 2d additional for white; red 10s10d @ 11s 2d.—White 11s6d @ 12s6d. Corn declined 3d; mixed 30s@30s3d; yellow 30s3d@30s6d; white 34@35s.

The News Condenser.

— They are finding diamonds in Australia.

— They are to have two skating ponds in Buffalo this winter.

— It is said that Kossuth and his family have arrived at Paris.

— Forty thousand dollars were lately paid for Holman Hunt's last picture.

— The vineyards of France promise a very abundant harvest this season.

— Saratoga is crowded. The number of visitors has never been equalled.

— A turtle weighing over 400 lbs., was caught at Islip, L. I., a few days since.

— Steam-towing on the Erie canal has become a business of some importance.

— The music publishers of the United States employ several millions of capital.

— Six beautiful swans are to be placed in the lake in the Albany rural cemetery.

— A mule is reported to have recently died that had reached the age of 62 years.

— The 4th of July, being Garibaldi's birthday, was observed as a holiday in Sicily.

— Henry R. Crosby has been appointed Judge of Utah Territory, *vice* Harden, resigned.

— A boy 12 years old was recently arrested in Albany, in a beastly state of intoxication.

— According to the N. Y. Commercial, $15,000 a day are spent in New York for oysters.

— There are symptoms of the return of the potato disease in some parts of Herkimer Co.

— The first steamboat ever built in Kansas, was launched on the 30th ult., upon Kansas river.

— The Northern Light, with a million of California gold, arrived in New York on Thursday week.

— Private orders have lately been given to the French press to say as little as possible about Garibaldi.

— A very brilliant meteor was seen at several points in the South and West, on the evening of the 2d inst.

— The Philadelphia Ledger says the coal tonnage for the season already exceeds four and a quarter million tuns.

— The census takers in Charlestown, Mass., found a wife of only 15 years of age, who had been married a year.

— The cranberry crop of Cape Cod is likely to be seriously injured by a worm which is eating out the berry.

— The number of officers in the regular army of the United States, who have risen from the ranks, is twenty-three.

— The Bank of Aurora, Illinois, went to protest on Saturday week, and is now thrown out by the Chicago banks.

— Garibaldi has abolished the title of "Excellency" in Sicily, and done away with the "homage of kissing hands."

— Dr. Winship succeeded, in Boston, on Monday week, in lifting a dead weight of eleven hundred and sixty pounds.

— It is estimated that five tuns of cheese a week, on an average, are sent from Barre, Mass., to the Boston market.

— The N. Y. Herald estimates the total receipts of the Great Eastern's American voyage at $150,000, or a net of $70,000.

— The Boston Post says seventy-two white females were married to negroes in the State of Massachusetts last year.

— In the year 1859, England had no fewer than 1,500,000 depositors in savings banks, and France upwards of 1,000,000.

— The census man in New London, Ct., found a woman who gave her own age as 28 years, and that of her eldest son at 23.

— The first street horse railroad in Milwaukee, called the River and Lake Shore R. R., was completed on Thursday week.

— Accounts from Burmah state that the natives under regular Christian instruction amount to one hundred thousand.

— The full census returns of New York city make the population for 1860, 934,000. Ten years ago the number was 517,547.

— There is a wolf prowling about Clarksburg, Mass., the terror of sheep and children, and an object of sport to the hunters.

— Eighty thousand lawsuits have been before the Justice's Court of the county of Suffolk, Mass., since its organization.

— Forty deaths from heat have taken place in St. Louis within a fortnight. The thermometer in the shade has marked 100°.

— An association has been organized at Port Gibson, Mississippi, to take measures for the encouragement of the slave trade.

— A man of Springfield, Mass., has been in the Vermont gold diggings 7 weeks, and, with the assistance of 3 men, dug out $3.

— The old brig Frolic, which was in the engagement with the Wasp about 48 years ago, was at Eastport, Me., a few days since.

— The Lake Superior Journal has a report that a bed of Anthracite coal has been discoverved some 15 miles from Portage Lake.

— Mrs. Marcy, the widow of William L. Marcy, is at present with her daughter staying at Aix-la-Chapelle, after a visit to Paris.

— O'Connell's cry is again being raised in Ireland. A crowded meeting was lately held in Clonmel, in favor of a repeal of the Union.

— A marriage recently took place in London, between an Indian Princess and Lieut. Col. John Campbell, of Her Majesty's Indian Army.

— Among the converts recently baptized at Rome, were two Jewesses—one aged 30, the other 11—together with a Turk named Hadji Bey.

— Dr. A. Sebell, of Mason Co., Va., lost an interesting little son of four years of age, from the bite of a copperhead snake, on the 12th ult.

— Flora Temple has again beaten Patchen in three straight heats. Time, 2:22½; 2:23; 2:25½. Patchen took the first heat in 2:23½.

— About a score of seventy-sixers started from Boston on a lark, the other day, for Chelsea Beach. None of the company were under 70.

— People are leaving Kansas Territory with effects almost daily, in consequence of the severe drouth which has prevented the raising of crops.

—Prof. Elias Loomis, of N. Y., has been elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in Yale, made vacant by the death of Prof. Olmsted.

— The astronomer Herschel has predicted that England will be visited this year by a storm of a violence unprecedented it the annals of the globe.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

"One thing Needful,"......261
Soiling of Stock,......261
A Convenient Stock Barn, [Illustrated,]......261
At their Old Tricks Again,......262
Premiums on Carelessness,......262
"Prospective Sterility"—Once more,......263
Minnesota,—Lands, Crops, Prospects, &c......263
Advantages of Side Hills,......262

The Bee-Keeper.—Bees—How I Hive and Manage them; Italian Bees; Large Bee Hive,......262

Inquiries and Answers.—Drying off Milch Cows; Mushroom Beds; About Seed Wheat; Poisonous Cheese; Gentian; Cure of Dislocated Stifle; Scales in Buttermilk; Those Fleas Again—To Kill Fleas, &c,......262

Agricultural Miscellany—Ag. Fairs; Tenn. State Fair; Palmyra Sheep Shearing; Machine for Shelling, Cleaning and Bagging Corn; Canada Cereals; Crops in Central Iowa, and Virginia; Wisconsin Wheat Crop; Genesee Wheat and Barley in N. Y. Market; Death of Obed Hussey; A Good Grass Farm; Wood-Sawing Machine,..262

HORTICULTURAL.

My Garden,......263
Chinese Rose Winter Radish, [Illustrated;]......263
Try all Things,......263
Influence of Location—Strawberries,......263
An Insect on the Clinton Grape,......263
The Love of Flowers,......263

Inquiries and Answers.—Strawberries, &c; Peonies and Border Plants,......263

Horticultural Notes—Fruit Received; Horticultural Exhibition; Hort. Society of Hamilton, C. W.; Report of Horticultural Discussions; Arboreal Correspondence,263

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Clothes Bars—Their Construction, [Illustrated;] Transparent Window Shades; Hard Soap; Ground Rice Pudding; Genuine Cakes; Destroying the Flies; Ladies' Cake,......263

LADIES' OLIO.

Leaflets from Memory, [Poetical;] Right Action is the best of all; Happy Children; Youth and Age,......264

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

A Fleet Carriage Horse, [Poetical;] Rising or Falling Water; Good Habits Indispensable; Be Content,......264

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Mortality, [Poetical;] "Jesus Wept;" The Value of Sabbath Schools; The Divine Estimate,......264

THE REVIEWER.

Milch Cows and Dairy Farming; Westminster Review; Books Received,......265

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

The People of Kaffa; The Wife of John Adams; The Thinker,......265

USEFUL OLIO.

Cameos, and how they are Cut; Life Everywhere; The Universal Metamorphosis; The Railroads of United States; Small Bed-Chamber,......265

YOUNG RURALIST.

Honor thy Father and thy Mother; Profane Companions,......265

STORY TELLER.

Rock me to Sleep, Mother, [Poetical;] Two Ways to Get Rich,......268

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Philadelphia Gift Print Enterprise—Wm. B. Folkrod & Co
Strawberries—T. Buchanan, Jr.
Wood Sawing Machines—Henry C. Lake.
Chapman's Commercial College.
The American Corn Husker—R. L. Howard.
New Grapes, &c—O. T. Hobbs.
Mazzard Cherry Pits—O. B. Maxwell & Co.
Teacher Wanted.
New Grapes—O. T. Hobbs.
Agents Wanted—Clark & Co.
Wedding and Visiting Cards—C. A. Walworth.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, August 14, 1860.

FLOUR.—There is no change to be noted in the rates for flour, and but very little is doing except to supply the home demand. Considerable stocks are held at the East, and the high prices chargeable for freights keeps millers rather quiet.

GRAIN.—Canadian wheat out of the market—Genesee is offered in small quantities,—about enough to run the mills for retail trade. Buyers seem to be in a quandary as to what the fixed scale of prices may be, and are holding aloof at the present. Rye is a little firmer at a slight advance. Oats declining.

PROVISIONS.—Nothing doing and rates are mostly unchanged. Lard has advanced 50 cents per 100 pounds during the week.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	@10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,00@6,50	Honey, box	16@18c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,30	Apples, bushel	25@40c
Best white Can'a	$0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	85c@$1,00
Corn, old	50@55c	Peaches, dried, ℔	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	0@00c	Plums, dried	00@00c
Oats, by weight	30@30c	Potatoes	30@40c
Barley	55@60c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@62½c
Pork, Mess	$19,00@19,50	Lamb pelts	25c@50c
Pork, clear	$21,00@21,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,25
Butter, roll	12@12½c	Hay, tun	$7,00@10,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔	30@50c
Lard, tried	13@13½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13.—FLOUR—Without striking change; the demand moderate both for export and home use, and holders generally are rather more disposed to realize.—Sales at $5,15@5,20 for superfine State; $5,25@5,35 for extra do; $5,10@5,20 for super Western; $5,25@5,45 for common to medium extra do; $5,40@5,50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet. Included in the sales were 27,000 bbls shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio at $5,40 for export. Canadian heavy and declining; sales at $5,05@5,10 for super; $5,20@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and heavy for spring; without material change for winter. Sales new winter red Western at $1,23@1,25; new white Western at $1,32@1,32½; new white Southern $1,42@1,50; old winter red Western $1,28; new amber Illinois $1,28; very inferior Milwaukee club $1,15; Racine spring $1,18@1,19. Rye quiet and steady. Corn a shade firmer with a fair demand; sales at 62½@63c for sound mixed Western; 68c for Western and Northern yellow.—Oats 35@38c for Western and Canadian; 39c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer; sales at $19,25 for new mess; $18,50 for old do; $14,00@14,25 for new prime, and $12,25 for old do. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 12½@13c. Butter quiet at 10@16c for Ohio; 12@20c for State. Cheese steady at 8½@10½c.

ALBANY, August 13.—FLOUR AND MEAL—But little doing. The demand is light, and operations are checked by the storm. Prices unchanged. Corn Meal in light request at 10@11s. ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—There is a fair milling inquiry for new wheat; sales red State at $1,15; white Canada at $1,35, and prime white Michigan at $1,37. There is some inquiry for Corn, but comparatively little is changing hands. We quote at 50@60½c. A cargo of prime Western mixed was sold on change at 60c. Oats 37@38c for Canada, and 38@39c for State. Sales Saturday afternoon State at 39c. Nothing doing in Rye.

FEED—Nominally 70@80c ℔ 100 lbs. for 20@30 lbs. feed.

BUFFALO, August 13.—FLOUR—Market quiet and steady. Sales at $4,75@5,00 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $4,75@5,00 for extra Michigan from new wheat; $5,12½@5,50 for double extra do, also from new wheat; $5,00@5,25 for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,50@6,00; for double extras from new and old wheat.

GRAIN—Wheat market dull and parties apart. Nothing doing this morning; sales Saturday afternoon red Ohio and Indiana at $1,09, and white Ohio at $1,12½. Corn firm but quiet, and no sales this morning. Sales Saturday afternoon at 50c. Oats steady; sales Western, this morning, at 30c.

PROVISIONS—Market firm at $19,50 for heavy mess pork; $18,00 for light do., and $15,00 for prime. Shoulders nominal at 8½c; plain hams at 10½c, and 12c for sugar cured.—Lard scarce with small sales at 13c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 7@8c, as to quality, with moderate receipts.—*Com. Adv.*

OSWEGO, August 13.—FLOUR—Dull and unchanged, $5,25 for extra State.

GRAIN—Wheat dull; sales red Indiana at $1,14½. Corn unchanged; sales Indiana at 53½c, and Illinois at 53½c.—Other grains quiet.

PHILADELPHIA, August 13.—FLOUR dull.

GRAIN—Wheat, white $1,40@1,50; red $1,28@1,33. Corn dull; yellow 79c. Provisions unchanged.

TORONTO, August 11.—FLOUR—There has been almost a complete absence of business in the flour market during the past week. There has been but a small amount offering, and only a slight disposition to purchase. Dealers are not inclined to buy at present prices on the eve of such a promising season for grain, and the present uncertainty that exists as to the future range of prices. There have, therefore, been no transactions by which to regulate quotations, and we have only to repeat last week's figures as the nominal rates of the market.

Superfine	$5,20@5,25
Fancy	5,50@5,60
Extra	5,90@6,20
Double Extra	6,25@6,75

GRAIN—There has been only a small business done in wheat, owing to the limited supplies, but the receipts are gradually increasing, and we may expect from this out to have improved markets every day. Prices have had a downward tendency since our last report, the desire of dealers being to reduce prices to a level sufficient to allow a margin between this and other markets. The large amount of wheat that is held at the seaboard, the difficulty of obtaining freight to England, and the uncertainty which attaches to the prospect of future prices, impel dealers to act with caution, and it is much better that the season should open at a low rate and advance if occasion should require, than that loss should be incurred in the event of a decline. The present prices for good fall wheat range between $1,10@1,20 ℔ bushel, the prevailing rates for the best lots being $1,18 ℔ bushel, and the average rate for all grades being $1,15 ℔ bushel. Spring wheat has not been so much affected by the desire to reduce prices, as none of the new crop has yet been offered. Good samples of old grain sell at $1,05@1,08, and in a few instances $1,10. This rate, however, will hardly continue longer than the present week.—Barley—new crop barley is of very superior sample, a perfect grain so far as shown. The opening price is 50c ℔ bush, but in one or two cases 55c has been realized. Oats were scarce in the early part of the week, and 36@37c were realized, but recently the supply has increased and 34@35c are current rates. Peas continue in fair request at 56@58c and sometimes 60c ℔ bushel. Rye is dull and nominal at 55@60c ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 8.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,50@9,50; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $7@7,50; inferior, $6,00@6,75.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb. 5½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $4,50@6,50; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6@6½c.

ALBANY, August 13.—CATTLE—The receipts are again heavy, and the number on sale is greater than was anticipated by any of the drovers. Last week prices at the close were somewhat lower than at the opening; which fact induced a few to hold their stock over, and those thus held out, added to the number brought down by the Central during the last seven days, together with two or three small droves that were driven in on the Turnpike, makes the total on sale nearly 4,100, which is at least 1,000 more than is needed. As a consequence prices have gone down ¼@½c ℔ lb, live weight, and sales are rather slow at the decline. The average quality is better than last week.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,621	2,993	3,426
Sheep	3,633	3,618	5,700
Hogs	86	106	568

Prices—As we have remarked above, prices have declined ¼@½c ℔ lb, live weight, from the ruling rates of last week, and we quote accordingly:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5½c	5½@5¾
Extra	4½@5	4¾@5
First quality	3¾@4¼	4 @4¼
Second quality	3¼@3¾	3½@3¾
Third quality	2½@2¾	2¾@3
Inferior	@0	@0

[*Argus and Atlas.*

BRIGHTON, Aug. 9.—At market 1,320 beeves, 225 stores 7,600 sheep, 625 shoats, 475 fat hogs.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Sales dull at reduced prices; the supply too large. They are quoted:—Extra, $7,00@0,00; first quality $6,25@6,75; second quality, $6,00@6,25; third quality, $5,00@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—Sales $70, $80@95.

MILCH COWS—$30@40; Common, $20@25.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@4,50.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $9@11; three years old, $12@17.

HIDES—6½@0c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@13c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,75@2,00; Extra, $2,25@3,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Shoats, small lots to peddle, 7@7½c for sows; 8c for barrows; selected lots 8½@9c; Spring pigs 7½@8c; at retail from 8@9½c; Fat Hogs, 6½@6¾c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—A fair inquiry prevails for all kinds, and prices rule firmly; sales of 175,000 pounds native fleece, at 42@58c for one-fourth to full blood and choice Saxony fleeces; 95,000 lbs Texas at 24@28c, for unwashed, and 33c for washed; 25,000 lbs California at 10@20c for common to fine; 5,000 lbs pulled at 30@48c, as to quality; 44,000 lbs Spanish at 17c, 6 months; 70 bales common Buenos Ayres; 200 do. Mestiza, and 100 do. Donskoi, on private terms, but understood to be at full rates.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	34@38
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	36@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, pulled	34@38
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@28
California, common do.	10@18
Peruvian, washed	26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	1@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Spectator.*

BOSTON, Aug. 9.—Domestic Wool has been quiet, but foreign continues to meet with a very fair demand. The sales of fleece and pulled have been 100,000 lb, at full previous prices. The transactions in foreign comprise 1,000 bales South American, Cape, and Mediterranean, and 1,100 ballots Peruvian, at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
¾ and ½ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@57
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

CHICAGO, Aug. 9.—Market quiet at the following quotations:

FLEECE—Full blood Merino	43@44
Three-quarter blood	41@42c
Half blood	26@38c
Quarter blood	32@35c
Common, native	28@30c

[*Democrat.*

Marriages.

IN Lima, August 2d, by the Rev. Mr. SWICK, WARREN SHARP, of Conesus, and HARRIET HART, formerly of Pennsylvania.

Deaths.

IN Gorham, Ontario Co., N. Y., July 28th, very suddenly, JASON S., son of DAVID and MARIA D. PICKETT, aged eighteen years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

⁂ In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

NEW GRAPES.—At the American Garden of Experiments, Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa.
Send for Catalogue. O. T. HOBBS.

TEACHER WANTED—In Penmanship and Book-Keeping, or Book-Keeping and Mathematics. Write, Box 316, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

BY MAIL.—The finest quality of Fashionable Wedding and Visiting Cards, written to order, at $2 per hundred.
Address C. A. WALWORTH, Rome, N. Y.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED in a business honest, easy, and sure, which pays $20 to $25 per week. Address, with stamp, CLARK & CO., Marshall, Michigan.

MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.—100 bushels, in fine order, now ready for delivery. Price $5 per bushel.
O. B. MAXWELL & CO.
Dansville, N. Y., August 8, 1860. 553-4t

MY NEW GRAPE, NORTH AMERICA, now ready. Price, per vine, $2. Other New Grapes, *all hardy*, $1 each.
RANDOLPH PINE STRAWBERRY Plants, $2 per dozen, at American Garden of Experiments. O. T. HOBBS, Pro.,
553-1t Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa.

THE AMERICAN CORN HUSKER—JOHNSTON'S PATENT.—This is a simple hand Corn Shucker, and will facilitate the work very much, as the corn is handled only once. Price one dollar. Liberal discount to dealers.
R. L. HOWARD,
553-2t Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y.

CHAPMAN'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
Corner Main and St. Paul Sts., Rochester, N. Y.
THIS Institution is open day and evening, for instruction of pupils in PENMANSHIP and BOOK-KEEPING.
Conducted on an economical basis; the instruction being thorough, complete and furnished on MODERATE TERMS.
Send for Circulars. 553

WOOD SAWING MACHINES.
The Subscriber is manufacturing the present season, 350 of his premium Wood Sawing Machines. Warranted to cut two cords of stove wood, stave, or shingle bolts per hour from the log. They are strong, durable and portable, require only two hands to run them, and will last a lifetime. Price on the cars at Dunkirk, all complete, $60.—Send for a Circular.
☞ Agents wanted. HENRY C. LAKE.
Charlotte Centre, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., Aug. 11, 1860.

STRAWBERRIES.
WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING.
THIS Strawberry is still unrivaled in productiveness. Its yield this year has been greater even than last, when it produced over
Three Hundred Bushels to the Acre!
Price of Plants, $4 per 1,000, packed and delivered at the Railroad Depot or Express Office in this city. In quantities of 5,000 and upwards a liberal reduction in price will be made. The Money must in all cases accompany the Order. Dealers for ANY QUANTITY can be filled any time the coming fall or spring.
Hooker's and Peabody's Seedling
At same price. T. BUCHANAN, JR.
Utica, N. Y., August, 1860. 553-2t
REFERENCE—Ex-Gov. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Utica, N. Y.

PHILADELPHIA GIFT PRINT ENTERPRISE.
Parlor Pictures, Dining Room Pictures,
Hotel and Bar-Room Pictures,
Photographs, Engravings and Lithographs.
Handsome Presents consisting of Watches, Jewelry, and Fancy and Useful Articles worth from 50 cents to One Hundred Dollars given with the Pictures. Here is an opportunity to furnish rooms with splendid Pictures, at a trifling expense.
SEND FOR A CATALOGUE which will be sent free.
FLAGS, BADGES, MEDALS, PORTRAITS, &c., &c.,
For all Parties in the Campaign.
AGENTS WANTED, to whom great inducements are offered. Address all orders to
WM. B. FOLKROD & CO.,
Picture and Flag Dealers, No. 708 Spring Garden St.,
553-1t PHILADELPHIA.

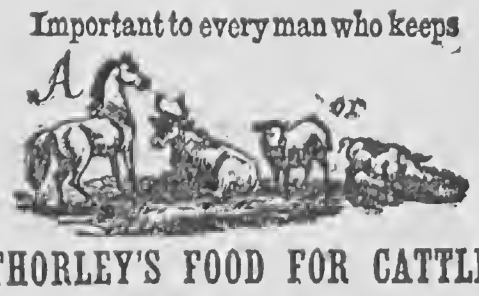
ANY PERSON knowing where my son WILLIAM GAYGAN is, aged 11 years, who left home in May, 1859, will please write to me at Big Stream Point, N. Y.
552-2t PATRICK GAYGAN.

"MAZZARD CHERRY PITS."
10 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits, for sale by
552-2t BRISTOL & WILLIAMS.
Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y., Aug. 3, 1860.

GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR ANY ONE who will become interested in starting a Nursery in Missouri, one that can but pay, and that largely.
For particulars address B. A. & T. V. S.,
552-3t No. 436 Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

R. E. SCHROEDER'S
HORTICULTURAL & NURSERYMEN'S
IMPORTING AGENCY.
THE undersigned begs to inform his friends that he continues to receive orders for the importation of TREES, TREE STOCKS, SEEDS, Etc. He will this season sail for Europe, September 12th, for the purpose of attending personally to the selection, packing, etc., of goods, and requests his patrons to send their orders before that date.
☞ Send for Circular and Price List.
R. E. SCHROEDER.
Rochester, N. Y., August 6, 1860. 552-2t

Important to every man who keeps


THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,
WHOLE CASKS, 448 feeds, price $14.
Half Casks, 224 feeds, price $7.
A pamphlet mailed free.
Manufactory, Caledonia Road, London.
DEPOT FOR U. S., 21 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
☞ Agents Wanted in every city and town in the United States, and liberal terms awarded. 552-4t

METAL FINGER-NAILS,
FOR HUSKING CORN.
THE Proprietors of GOULD'S CELEBRATED HUSKING THIMBLE are now prepared to treat with dealers for the sale of this popular implement the approaching season. *Those desiring exclusive territorial Agencies should apply early, as we shall employ advertising agents in all territory not taken by the tenth of September.*
The following testimonials are samples of thousands now in our possession. *Read them:*
WE have seen no Corn Husker that we thought would pay, simply as a husker, except the *Husking Thimble*, which can be had for 25 cents. All the large husking machines we have seen lose too much time handling.—*Ohio Cultivator, to a Correspondent.*
[*From the New York Scientific American.*]
Gould's Patent Husking Thimble is a convenient article. It is an effectual remedy for the evils of excoriation common to husking corn by hand.
[*From the New York Life Illustrated.*]
FARMERS GET THE BEST.—Gould's Patent Husking Thimble is acknowledged the best device for husking corn now before the American people.
Huntington, Suffolk Co., N. Y., Nov. 21, 1859.
J. H. GOULD & Co.:—Gentlemen—Your Huskers came to hand last Friday. We have used them. They give entire satisfaction, and should be used by every farmer. I accept of your terms for the Agency for Suffolk county, and enclosed send you eight dollars for Thimbles. Next season I shall want them in large quantities. Ship them to Platt Brothers, No. 20 Maiden Lane, New York city.
Yours truly, DAVID PLATT.
Circulars, giving full particulars sent free.
Circulars, and six pairs of sample Thimbles, assorted sizes, directions, &c., sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of One Dollar.
Orders covering five dollars fulfilled by Express, at wholesale prices. Address
552-3t GOULD & CO., Alliance, Ohio.

MIDDLEBURY ACADEMY.—Its 44th year will commence on TUESDAY, August 21st. A Teachers' Class will be organized for the Fall Term. TUITION FREE.
Wyoming, July 30, 1860. M. WEED.

$29,00 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS PAYS FOR Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y. Fall Term opens August 16th, 1860. Address
551-4t J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

CUNNINGHAM'S CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY
Rochester, N. Y.—Established 1838.
THE Subscriber invites attention from both City and Country purchasers to his extensive assortment of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, &c., &c.
After an experience of twenty-two years I have all conveniences for manufacturing Carriages as cheap as they can be made in the United States.
All orders promptly attended to, and Carriages boxed and shipped to any part of the country. All my work is warranted.
MANUFACTORY No 3 Canal St.,—REPOSITORY No 71 State St. Rochester, N. Y.—551-tf JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

VALUABLE GIFTS
WITH BOOKS.
SIXTH YEAR OF THE ENTERPRISE.
CARD.
Having purchased the spacious Iron Building, No. 439 Chestnut Street, and fitted it up with every convenience to facilitate my business, particularly that branch devoted to COUNTRY ORDERS; and having a larger capital than any other party interested in the business, I am now prepared to offer greater advantages, and better gifts than ever, to my customers.
I will furnish any book (of a moral character,) published in the United States, the regular retail price of which is One Dollar or upwards, and give a present worth from 50 cents to 100 dollars with each book, and guarantee to give perfect satisfaction, as I am determined to maintain the reputation already bestowed upon my establishment.
Strangers visiting Philadelphia are invited to call and judge for themselves. G. G. EVANS.
IF YOU WANT ANY BOOKS,
SEND TO
GEORGE G. EVANS'
RELIABLE
GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE
THE
LARGEST IN THE WORLD!
PERMANENTLY LOCATED
AT
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
Where all books are sold at the Publisher's lowest prices, and you have the
ADVANTAGE
Of receiving
A HANDSOME PRESENT
WORTH FROM 50 CENTS TO 100 DOLLARS
WITH EACH BOOK.
GEO. G. EVANS' Original Gift Book Enterprise has been endorsed by the Book Trade and all the leading city and country newspapers in the United States.
GEO. G. EVANS' Punctual business transactions have received the approbation of over 6,000,000 citizens of the United States, each of whom have received substantial evidence of the benefits derived by purchasing books at this establishment.
GEO. G. EVANS Has done more than any other publisher, or Bookseller in the United States, towards diffusing knowledge to the people. By his system, many books are read that otherwise would not have found their way into the hands of readers. (*Frank Leslie's Newspaper.*)
GEO. G. EVANS Keeps constantly on hand the most extensive stock, the greatest assortment of Books, and circulates free to all who may apply, the most complete catalogue of Books and Gifts in the United States.
GEO. G. EVANS Has advantages offered him by other publishers and manufacturers which enable him to furnish his patrons with a finer quality and a better assortment of gifts than any other establishment.
GEO. G. EVANS Publishes nearly Two Hundred Popular and Interesting Books, therefore, as a publisher, he is better able to offer extra premiums and commissions.
GEO. G. EVANS Guarantees perfect satisfaction to all who may send for books.
GEO. G. EVANS' New Classified Catalogue of Books embraces the writings of every standard author in every department of literature, and gives all the information relative to the purchasing and forwarding by Mail or Express of Books ordered from his Establishment, together with full directions how to remit money.
GEO. G. EVANS' Catalogue of Books will be sent gratis and free of expense to any address in the United States.
GEO. G. EVANS' Inducements to Agents cannot be surpassed. The most liberal commissions are offered, and by soliciting subscriptions to books in the manner proposed, twenty books can be sold in the same time that it would take to sell one on the old-fashioned subscription plan.—Send for a classified Catalogue, and every information will be given in reference to agencies.
GEO. G. EVANS Keeps in store all the writings of every standard author, in every department of literature, in every style of binding, at the publisher's lowest prices, and remember that you pay no more than you would at any other Establishment, and you have the advantage of receiving an elegant Present, which oftentimes is worth a hundred fold more than the amount paid for the book.
Send for a Classified Catalogue of Books.
ORDER ANY Book that you may want, remit the retail price, together with the amount required for postage, and one trial will assure you that the best place in the country to purchase books is at
THE EXTENSIVE
GIFT-BOOK ESTABLISHMENT
OF
GEORGE G. EVANS,
No. 439 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.
AGENTS WANTED,
To whom greater inducements than ever are offered.
ANY PERSON, either male or female, who is desirous of engaging in an
Honorable and Profitable Employment,
Requiring but little time, and no outlay of money, and by which they can obtain, gratis,
A Valuable Library,
A Fine Gold Watch and Chain,
A Handsome Service of Plate,
An Elegant Silk Dress Pattern,
A Splendid Set of Jewelry,
Or many other choice articles enumerated in the List of Gifts, can do so by acting as an Agent for this establishment.
ANY PERSON, in any part of the country, can be an agent, simply by forming a club, sending a list of books, and remitting the amount of money required for the same.
SEND FOR A CATALOGUE, which contains all the desired information relative to agencies and the formation of clubs; and to insure prompt and honorable dealings, address all orders to
THE HEADQUARTERS
OF
GEORGE G. EVANS,
PROPRIETOR OF THE OLDEST AND
LARGEST GIFT BOOK ENTERPRISE
IN THE WORLD,
PERMANENTLY LOCATED
AT
NO. 439 CHESTNUT STREET
549] PHILADELPHIA. [4teow

PHIPPS U. FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next Term and School Year of this Institution commences on the first THURSDAY of September next.
For Terms or Catalogues apply to the Principals,
MR. or MRS. H. L. ACHILLES.
Albion, N. Y., July 30, 1860. 551-6t

EIGHTH
NATIONAL EXHIBITION,
At CINCINNATI, OHIO, Sept. 12th to 20th.
The United States Agricultural Society
WILL hold its Eighth Annual Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition on the grounds liberally provided by the citizens of Cincinnati, which are to be fitted up in the best style. There will be Halls and Tents for the display of
Implements, Machinery, Tools, Domestic Manufactures, Farm and Garden Produce, Fruits, Flowers, and Native Wines;
With Stalls and Pens for HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP and SWINE; and an unequalled Track, one mile in length and forty feet in width, for the exhibition of Horses. The Premiums offered—in cash,—gold, silver, and bronze medals,—diplomas and certificates, amount to
$20,000.
The Exhibition will remain open from Wednesday, the 12th, to Thursday, the 20th, of September, thus giving time to examine and test the implements and machinery.
For premium lists or information, apply at the Office of the Society, No. 356 Pa. avenue, (up stairs;) or to the subscriber, at Cincinnati, Ohio.
BEN. PERLEY POORE,
551-6t Sec'y U. S. Agricultural Society.

FARM IMPLEMENTS, &c.,
AT THE RECENTLY ESTABLISHED
Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse.
EMERY'S Horse-Powers, Threshers and Cleaners, Circular and Cross cut Saws, Cider Mills, and other manufactures, sold at manufacturers' prices and terms. A MANSFIELD'S Clover Huller, complete in good order, (second hand,) for sale cheap. HICKOK'S Portable Cider and Wine Mill, CUMMING'S Feed Cutter, Hay Cutters, Corn Shellers, and other Farming Tools and Seeds of the best quality, at the Buffalo Seed and Agricultural Warehouse, 338 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. 550-4twe
July 20, 1860. H. C. WHITE, Agent.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE
KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK,
548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

CIDER PRESS SCREWS, 5 feet long, 4 inches in diameter. These powerful screws will bring out a third more juice than portable presses. Get the best. Made by L. M. ARNOLD, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Foundry. 544-3t-o-m

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale a farm of 75 acres, situated one mile north of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the Ontario and Wayne Plank Road, with good farming land, two good orchards of the very best fruit, good buildings of all kinds, well fenced, three wells, and in every respect a very desirable location.
PLATT CROSBY.
Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t

U. S. TENT & FLAG MANUFACTORY
No. 42 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.
TENTS to rent of the following sizes, suitable for the purposes designated:
For Agricultural Fairs, Conferences, Political or other Large Gatherings.
80 ft. by 110 ft......80 ft. diameter.
60 ft. by 90 ft......70 ft. "
50 ft. by 80 ft......60 ft. "
15 ft. by 20 ft. fancy,......60 ft. "
For Camp Meetings, Military Encampments, Pic Nics, Fishing Excursions, &c.
24 ft. by 30 ft. | 12 ft. by 17 ft.
16 ft. by 24 ft. | 9 ft. by 12 ft.
Flags furnished with Tents, when required.
Parties wishing to rent, will please address the proprietor, stating what the Tents are to be used for. Also the facilities for transportation. Address
JAMES FIELD, Box 701, Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—Several large second hand Tents for sale cheap—one tent 60 by 90—ten feet wall with seats. 543-13t

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS.
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW.
Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 68 State street.
Rochester, N. Y. [526-tf] E. F. WILSON.

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

CAST STEEL BELLS,
FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES,
FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.
from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 50 per cent. less than
THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,
which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.
Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,
or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.
Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
518-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
THE BEST IN USE!
First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 13 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.
HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.
Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.
No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.
Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
General Western Agent, 93 Main street,
518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

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ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumber your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, oh, tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, oh, mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd and faded, our faces between—
Yet with strong yearnings and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again;—
Come from the silence so long and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone—
No other worship abides and endures
Faithful, unselfish, and patient, like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain;
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore.
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother! the years have been long
Since I have listened to your lullaby song—
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;—
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never, hereafter, to wake or to weep,
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TWO WAYS TO GET RICH.

BY EMILY C. HUNTINGTON.

[Concluded from page 260, last number.]

Months passed away. The crimson glow of autumn was cooled and quenched by the snows of November, and, as the winter grew stronger and deeper, its presence was sadly felt in many a humble home.

In the outskirts of the town was a Mission Sabbath School, to which Oliver and his wife had been early introduced by a zealous teacher, and their sympathies were soon warmly enlisted in it. The children of the poor were gathered here,—a crowd of poor, neglected creatures, whose very souls seemed dwarfed and stunted by the pinching poverty that had always surrounded them. Most of the girls were employed in the factories, in the manufacture of tape and bobbins, where, for the lowest wages, an amount of work was required of them which greatly overtasked their powers, and stamped them early with a look of age and weariness.

Nettie Dean had been greatly interested in a class of girls which she had been teaching, and had taken pains to trace them to their homes and learn something of their history. One of these girls, only twelve years of age, she found to be supporting her mother, a younger brother, and herself, by the small sum she earned in the factory. The mother, by sewing, managed to pay the rent of the garret where they lived, but this was the utmost she could do. Little Hannah was pale and thin from her close confinement and scanty food; she had all the gravity of a woman, and none of the sprightliness of childhood. Missing her one Sabbath from her place, Nettie went down to her home to inquire for her. She found her on the bed, and, in answer to her questions, Hannah told her that two days before, the overseer, in a fit of anger, because she had broken the threads in her work, had knocked her down, and, in falling, she had struck her head in such a way that she was carried home senseless, and could not yet bear her weight upon her feet.

"The wretch!" exclaimed Mrs. Dean; "of course you will complain to the owners. They will never allow such barbarity."

"Indeed, ma'am," said the widow, sadly, "it would do no good, and the overseer would be so mad he would dismiss Hannah."

"But you surely will not think of sending her back after such abuse," and Mrs. Dean looked at the widow in astonishment.

"What can I do, ma'am? Such things happen every week, and nobody dares to complain. The overseers know they can take the bread out of our mouths whenever they please, for the owners can't spend time to attend to every complaint. Most of them don't even live here, and only come down once a year to settle with the overseer."

In spite of all that could be said, Hannah was sent back to the factory as soon as she could stand, but, most fortunately for her, the place had been filled in her absence.

The next Sabbath her sad face told its own story of trouble, and Mrs. Dean soon drew from her the facts in the case. But what seemed to her a matter of rejoicing was far otherwise to poor Hannah, for starvation seemed inevitable to the little family at home. Comforting her as well as she could, she directed her to come up to her house the next day, and they would see what could be done for her. Nettie consulted with her husband, and they both agreed that a comfortable home must be found for Hannah, as the first step. About a month previous to this, Cyrus Bond had taken two young men into his family to board, and given up the parlor to them. They used the room very little, he said, and as for the extra work of having boarders, Carrie thought it would not be much. There were just the same ceremonies to be gone through for two as for half a dozen, and, after all, they might just as well try and make housekeeping profitable, if they were to have the expense and trouble of keeping up an establishment. So they reasoned, and decided to take the boarders.

Here was a chance, Nettie thought, for Hannah, and she immediately proposed to them to take the child and give her a home. To be sure, she knew nothing of housework, but it would be real charity to teach her, and she could at least save Mrs. Bond a great many steps, for she intended hiring no help. Mrs. Bond was rather inclined to try her, but her husband was decidedly opposed, as she would be of very little use for a good while, and her board and clothing would more than counterbalance what she would be able to do.

"I'll tell you what, Nettie," said Mr. Dean, "we'll just take her ourselves. It must be somebody's business to do it, and I don't see why it isn't ours. I believe we shall be none the poorer for it."

"You will find it a discouraging task," said Mr. Bond; "these factory children are a lazy, unprincipled set, and if you should succeed in teaching this girl anything, she will leave you as soon as she can be of any use."

"Hannah is not lazy," said Nettie Dean, warmly; "why, Cyrus, that girl reads and writes very well, and sews neatly; and how do you suppose she learned? After standing all day in the factory, she walked over a mile to an evening school taught by some ladies, and spent an hour every evening in learning to read and write."

"Such a girl as that is worth saving," said Mr. Dean; "she will make her mark in the world if she ever gets a chance, and I mean she shall have one."

"Very well, if you can afford it," said Cyrus, but I have no money to risk in doubtful speculations. As for benevolence, I believe if I was rich it would be a pleasure to me to aid others, but while I am poor my charities must begin at home."

"Ah, Cyrus," said Oliver, smiling, "that reminds me of the story my father used to tell, about a good old deacon who was always wishing for wealth that he might relieve the poor. 'Ah, brother,' said a friend to him, one day, '*the Lord knows you too well to trust you with money!*'"

By a little exertion, Oliver succeeded in raising a subscription to meet the widow's rent for a year, and Hannah was soon removed to her new home. It was, indeed, a great task to teach her to do work so new to her, but patience conquered, and it seemed as though the grateful child was never weary of trying to please her benefactors. It was astonishing how soon the healthful exercise and abundance of nourishing food wrought a change in her. The thin, white face began to grown fuller, and show the rosy line of health, and before spring she had grown far beyond the dimensions of the scanty wardrobe she brought from home, and bid fair to become a robust girl.

"Shoes for Hannah again," exclaimed Cyrus, as he saw his friend selecting a pair of soft morocco boots with high laced tops, "how fast she wears them out. Why don't you get her some heavy cowhide ones, or at least low shoes?—they don't cost half so much as boots."

"Her ankles are bent and weakened by standing so long in the factory when she was so young, and a stiff shoe is painful to her. Beside, we hope, by supporting the ankles, they will get stronger after a while. If she had staid in that factory a year longer she would have been deformed for life. Even now she has so little control of her limbs that she tumbles down stairs every few days. I never hear her approaching the top of them without bracing my nerves for a crash. She has a faculty, though, for rolling down with an armful of pails and pitchers without damaging anything or getting hurt herself."

"After all, Oliver," said Cyrus, "what does it amount to? At a great deal of trouble and expense you have bettered the condition of one child, and there are probably a hundred others just as badly off in that very factory; you can't help them all, and it seems discouraging to try to do anything."

"My dear fellow," said Oliver, "if I were just drowning, I should not want a man to stop and speculate that there were probably a hundred others in the same danger in different places, and it was impossible for him to save them all, therefore he might as well let me go. As for the trouble and expense, I am paid already. My only motive at first was to relieve present suffering, but since then I have thought, sometimes, of the words, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me.'"

Five years passed, and steadily the business grew and strengthened itself, and the salaries of the two young men were considerably increased. Then came an ebb in the tide of prosperity—a year of blight and drouth, that cut off the crops through the country, and the farmers looked at each other with anxious faces and thought of poverty and famine. No harvest filled the empty barns and granaries,—and day after day the freight trains came thundering into Windsor and left scanty burdens at the receiving store, till by and by there came a time when busy speculators had seized upon the last bushel of grain that could be procured in the region. Time hung heavily upon the hands of the young men, as they waited anxiously to see what the result of this would be. At last a letter came from their employer, Colonel Morton, saying that he had bought largely in anticipation of high prices in the spring, and as the store was now a clear expense upon his hands, he should close it for a year at least, perhaps permanently, and restrict his business to places nearer home. He also offered the young men situations in his eastern establishment, at the same salaries they received when they went to Windsor. Neither of them were willing to accept this, unless it should prove the last resort, but prospects looked rather dark.

Cyrus had less to regret in leaving Windsor than his friend; for, while Oliver had been adding to the value and beauty of his home every year, by setting here and there a vine or fruit tree, or a blossoming shrub, Cyrus had been careful to expend nothing upon his, except, as he jestingly said, a few nails, that he meant to pull out for old iron. He had laid up more money in the five years than his friend, yet the difference was not so very great; for over-exertion on the part of his wife, in trying to do the work for a family of boarders, had brought on a long sickness, from which she rose at last too much shattered and enfeebled to do even her own housework without assistance. The heavy bills of the doctor and nurse were not grudgingly paid, yet they made serious inroads on the profits of the year, and Cyrus could but remember that Nettie had warningly told Carrie that the best way for a wife to help her husband was to take care of her own health, and not let her ambition lead her to make herself an invalid all her life, by undertaking too great things at first. He felt that she was right, and also that his friend had made a "lucky hit," as he called it, in taking Hannah; for the strong, healthy, intelligent girl of seventeen, carefully trained to habits of neatness, and feeling all her interests enlisted with the family, was a treasure that money could not procure. "It is only a pity she is so good looking," he used to say, "for I'm afraid you wont find her *good to keep*."

A brilliant speculation in the shape of a town site, in what was then the remote west, loomed up before Cyrus Bond, and after a little deliberation, he removed to the embryo city with his family, and was soon absorbed, heart and soul, in the purpose of his life—*money-making*.

As nothing better seemed to offer, Oliver Dean felt himself compelled to leave his pleasant home, and accept of a situation at the east, but just at this juncture, through the influence of Captain Jacobs, he was offered a responsible post in the Bank at Windsor, with a prospect of rising if he filled it satisfactorily.

"You can trust him," said the old gentleman to the bankers; "he has started in life on right principles. If a man says, 'I'll take care of myself first, and fill my pockets at all hazards, and do nothing for the interests of others that I can avoid,' you may be sure his honesty will have hard work to live through the struggle, if it does not die outright."

It is but a few years since Oliver Dean was laid in his grave, cut down suddenly, almost in the prime of life. "Did he die rich?" asked some one, as the mourners went sadly past.

"I should not call him *rich*," was the answer, though his family are well provided for, but he has a great deal of treasure in heaven. He filled every station in life well and nobly, was always scattering good deeds about him, and he lived to see some of them spring up and bear fruit a thousand fold."

They call Cyrus Bond a rich man, and so he is, in silver and gold, but the wife of his youth never saw his riches. She died early, a victim to the greed for gain that has eaten up the nobler qualities of her husband's nature, and made him the harsh, grasping miser he is, and her little children are sleeping beside her, while year after year, amid labor and anxiety, Cyrus Bond "*heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.*"

RESERVED HUSBANDS.

What is more trying—more provoking, in fact,—when you are nearly dying to get at your husband's sentiments upon any particular subject, than to have him remain as silent and impracticable as a dead man in a coffin.

You may question him and coax him, you may reason with him, you may entreat of him to open his heart to you just this once, you may even weep before him and tell him that you cannot believe he has much regard for you if he persists in shutting you out from his confidence; it is all as nothing,—you can't start him a peg, if he don't choose to be communicative,—Oh! dear me! how trying it is.

Then again, when your husband has done wrong, and he knows it, and he is aware that you know it; and when you feel that you can never be happy again until he repents and reforms, and you try to converse with him about it, to touch his feelings, and induce him to express regret and a resolution of amendment, you might as well talk to a bed-post and expect it to answer you. There the immoveable thing sits, or stands, or lies, and his face never changes, nor can you read a thought in his eyes. He is not angry, perhaps; perhaps he is a man who never gets angry at his friends; but neither is he pleased or interested. Your words go in at one of his ears and out at the other, making no more impression than if they were not forced with pain out from your aching heart.

Truly it is encouraging talking to "silent partners;" truly it is refreshing to pour out all your joys and sorrows into the ears of a man who makes no return of confidence; truly it is delightful to abide always, or most of the time, on the windowless outside of the heart of one's own husband, or one's friend, who is so near and dear, that one never thought of refusing to him the liberty of one's soul in all its moods, even in the most secret. Oh! these proud, self-willed, and silent men. They are really terrible! Who wouldn't rather dwell in a region where now and then a tornado swept the land than in one cursed by perpetual silence?

He whose heart is kind, and pure, and true, needs not to fear to speak truly into the ears of those who love him. How, then, *can* a woman who is never able to gain a view in the heart of him upon the breast of whom her head is pillowed, escape the haunting and tormenting fear that the reason why her husband will not freely talk with her is because he fears to do so lest he convict himself of secret evil towards her? If faith to her were written all over the walls of his soul, (as over hers are written faith and love to him,) would he not rejoice to throw it open for her inspection? Most certainly he would. Though there are secrets of other people, which neither husband nor wife have any right to repeat to each other, yet between them, as between lovers, there should be perfect confidence as far as matters appertaining to each other, or affecting each other's interest, are concerned. Without this free and loving interchange of thought, feeling and sentiment, there may be the wild and fleeting pleasure of passion, but there can be no trustful, peaceful love.

When you look for a husband, ladies, cast away the idle notion that a silent man is sure to be a wise one. That is the rock on which many split, so do not you; but seek for a man cheerful genial, open-hearted; whose tongue runs frankly, openly and kindly, and of whose real feeling and thought you may have some way of judging. Thus you may hope always to know how you stand with your husband, and to take some comfort talking with him.

Wit and Humor.

The orator who deals largely in quotations speaks volumes.

A lady's home-dress ought to last a long while; she never *wears it out*.

A hungry man does right well to eat the egg, for he might starve before it got to be a pullet.

"William, I am fascinated with Miss Million." "With her personal charms?"—"Yes, *purse and all charms*."

There is a lady in New York so ignorant of all domestic work that she can not even knit her brows.

Boys should be very careful how they steer their life-barks, if they would arrive without shipwreck at the Isle of Man.

Why are the rifle volunteers like Nelson?—Because the last thing he did was to die for his country, and that is the last thing they intend to do.

An Irish student was once asked what was meant by posthumous works. "They are such works," said Paddy, "as a man writes after he is dead."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun bachelor was singular? "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married!"

We always admire the answer of the man, who, when asked how old he was, answered, "Just forty years; but if you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least eighty."

A young lady, playing at cards, put down the ace of hearts, observing, "That's my heart." Upon which the gentleman with whom she was playing, trumped it, rejoining, "You see it is now mine; for I own no other."

A doting mother of a waggish boy having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. Doo." Johnny having discovered the goodies, soon ate the contents of one bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnny Doo."

Our Cincinnati astronomers, by the use of their big glass, have settled, conclusively, that what have been supposed to be lunar volcanoes are nothing but big fires in the moon for trying out hog's fat, and, that what have been taken for seas and lakes are neither more nor less than capacious reservoirs of lard oil.

Recent discoveries at Herculaneum have enlarged the fragments of the classical writers of antiquity, and corrected Mother Goose's Melodies in many particulars. Among others the following classical morceau shows how the terseness and elegance of the ancients has been degraded in a modern proverb,

"While some are contented with chewing the string,
The proof of the pudding is eating the thing."

S. M.

Ye Doctor.—The following amusing hit at the Professors of the healing art, we find in the Nevada *Journal*:

"In ancient pictures and ballads, medical doctors are many times represented as having their canes to their noses; and some have thought this to be emblematic of ye length of their bills; but ye truth in ye matter is that anciently doctors carried canes the whyche were hollow at ye time and contayned a subtile powder of great virtue, ye odor of whyche was thought soverein against such diseases as be considered infectious. Thus in ye following described, whyche was without doubt a melancholi case, we see ye doctor has reconrse to hys preventive powder:

'Ye doctor came and smelt hys cane,
Then shook hys head and smelt again.'"

Curious Developments!—*A letter picked up on the sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue! Astonishing Fraud!! Total depravity! as regards the franking privilege:*

[COPY.]

Pike's Peak, Jan. 11, 1860.

——, M. C., Washington.

Dear Sir:—Your highly esteemed favor of the 6th ultimo, is received and contents (steam engine in good order) noted. I inclose you the desired commission. Please send immediately fifty tons anvils, which are in great request, and ten tons best wrought steel. I trust you will take decision to visit New York as soon as convenient, to make these purchases, and draw on me at Metropolitan Bank as before. I find great profit from your franking these goods.

Very respectfully, ——.*

*The P. M. General has requested us to suppress the names.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 13, 14, 3, 24, 25 is a village in Central New York.
My 2, 18, 3, 10, 8 are articles much worn.
My 20, 27, 16, 19, 26 is a kind of grain.
My 27, 3, 11, 8, 10 is a domestic animal.
My 22, 10, 6, 8, 17 is an article used in baking.
My 9, 21, 7, 16 signifies to decrease.
My 22, 16, 23 is the name of an evergreen tree.
My 4, 10, 21, 14, 16, 12 is a small animal.
My 5, 11, 3, 22 is a city in New York.
My whole is a wise saying. G. J. Morrison.
Five Corners, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 3, 1, 6, 13, 5, 8 is a county in Ohio.
My 8, 6, 8, 13, 9 is a county in Missouri.
My 11, 8, 9, 12, 1, 5 is a town in Arkansas.
My 15, 8, 12, 2, 13, 5 is a county in Ohio.
My 13, 5, 6, 13, 8, 5, 8 is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 7, 4, 15, 5 is a town in Austria.
My 3, 4, 15, 9 is a river in Austria.
My 10, 8, 12 is a river in North Carolina.
My 16, 4, 9, 13, 5 is a town in New York.
My 14, 9, 8, 5, 10 is a county in Wisconsin.
My whole is the name of a famous inventor.
Glendale, Ohio, 1860. I. M. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My situation is in flowery meads,
Or where the thicket oft extends its shades;
Sometimes upon a rising hill I'm found,
And sometimes I am seen on level ground;
Yet care and art do both combine to place
My wondrous form remote from human race,
Ye prying youths, in mystic lines explore
What oft in woods and groves you've sought before.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

Required the distance between the sides of two equilateral triangles whose sides are parallel, the one inscribed within a circle, and the other circumscribed about it, the latter being 50 feet on each side.

Verona, Onei. Co., N. Y., 1860. S. G. Cagwin.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN NO. 551.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—The Niagara Suspension Bridge.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Lane & Paine, apothecaries, 18 Buffalo street, Rochester.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—John, $1,500; Jacob, $500.

Answer to Charade:—The letter O.

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J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Sumner, Palmaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Sumner, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
A. Bradley, Mankato, Minnesota.
F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.
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VOL. XI. NO. 34.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 554.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Moon Blindness—Specific Opthalmia.

WILL the editors of the RURAL, or some of its knowing readers, give a remedy for "Moon Eyes" in horses, and oblige—A SUBSCRIBER, *Hebron, Ohio*, 1860.

THIS disease is considered one of the most stubborn with which the veterinarian has to combat, and it generally vanquishes him in his efforts for its removal. Its fluctuations are very annoying,—one day it disappears almost altogether, and the next returns with a violence which would seem to mark renewed power from its brief stage of inactivity. Again it will pass away, the eye begins to endure the light, the redness and inflammation of the membrane of the lid are gone, or barely perceptible, the cornea clears up, and a slight thickening of the lids, and a little uneasiness on the part of the animal when exposed to very strong light, are the only remaining vestiges. But we cannot always bid it farewell, much as we may desire,—in a few weeks the same eye, or the other, is similarly attacked, and from frequent repetitions blindness results.

The exciting causes in specific opthalmia are various. Hereditary influences are supposed by some veterinarians to be the most prolific; others are in doubt as to whether the disease itself, or only the predisposition, is transmitted. With PERCIVALL, the hereditary influence is "predisposent only." SKEAVINGTON considers it a constitutional defect. Prof. COLEMAN states in his Lectures that "the disease is never seen prior to the domestication of the animal; never occurs on a common, or in the open air, but is the product of the poison generated from the effluvia of the breath, dung and urine of horses standing together; in proof of which, the disease is found to be more or less prevalent, according as the stables in which horses stand are ventilated. In stables that have the most cases of inflamed lungs, grease (scratches,) and glanders, there we find the most blindness; where these diseases are rarest, opthalmia is least known." Coincident with the opinions given above, and with many other writers in the Old World, is the experience of veterinarians in this country. Dr. DADD states that "wherever a case of simple or specific opthalmia occurs, we generally find the subject located in a filthy stable, or on low marshy ground, or else he has been shut up for many hours in a railroad car, there respiring over and over again the foul products of combustion and excretion."

There are several modes of treatment adopted by the various practitioners. We give these, and the inquirer may follow out such as seem to best meet the requirements of the patient. SPOONER says that inflammation is the leading feature in all, and therefore should be met by active antiphlogistic treatment. An active dose of physic should be given, as soon as the horse is prepared, by mashes, and, in the meantime, three or four quarts of blood should be taken from the neck, on the same side as the affected eye. The eyelids should also be scarified, then well fomented with warm water; after which we have derived great assistance from putting linseed poultices, in linen bags, on the eyes, by means of leather blinds. These should be continued during the day, and may serve as the vehicle for the application of opiate or Goulard lotions, which, applied in the usual way, are but of little service. By this prompt and active treatment a great deal of good can be accomplished, and the loss of sight may be greatly postponed. It is useless to attempt half measures; we should either treat actively or not at all. After the violence of the inflammation has subsided, much benefit may be obtained by putting a few drops of the wine of opium into the eye twice a day.

Dr. DADD objects to the blood-letting treatment, considering it worse than useless. Having removed the patient to a healthy location, make such a change in the diet as will produce an alternative effect. If the horse has been kept up for some time, and fed upon stable provender, any description of green, succulent fodder, will produce certain sanatory effect. The medicine best calculated to co-operate with hygienic means is:—Sassafras, skunk cabbage, and gentian, *each* three ounces; sulphur, two ounces; elm bark, eight ounces; ginger, two ounces; salt, three ounces. All the ingredients must be powdered. Mix the whole, divide into twelve parts, and give one every night in the food. As a preparation for the eye, put one ounce of the tincture of Indian hemp into a pint of rain water, and apply two or three times a day.

We have thus given our friend the manner of treatment, medicinally, for this malady. When worst comes to worst, this is the only means of refuge, but it will be observed that veterinarians, very generally, agree upon this one point,—proper care, and well ventilated stables, will restrain, if not totally check its appearance. Admitting the correctness of their views, those whose animals may be afflicted, or are in *danger* of becoming so, will readily perceive the advantages to be derived from the use of the "ounce of prevention."

Liquid Manure.

I would like to learn, through your paper, the best manner of producing and saving manure in a liquid form, and the mode and time of applying to the various crops? Also, its value to the first and after crops as compared with the same manure used in the bulk.—L., *Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

LIQUID manure may be saved by the proper construction of stables, so as to preserve in tanks or cisterns, the leakage which usually in a great measure runs to waste. We need not describe any particular method of doing this, as any plan will answer that will accomplish the end, and there is nothing difficult in the operation. Good gutters, with the necessary descent, will carry off all the liquid that will run from the stables, into any water-tight vessel, where it can be preserved for use. Barrels will answer for an experiment. Another way is to provide for saving the liquid which runs from the manure piles. The plan adopted in some places, is to throw the liquid manure upon the compost heap, and in this way dried swamp muck, and all refuse from the farm, is converted into a valuable manure, and in a condition to be easily applied to the soil. In other places, and more particularly in Flanders, and parts of Holland, not only is the liquid manure applied to the soil and growing crops, but fresh, solid manure is taken directly from the stables, and thrown into tanks, where it is mixed with water or liquid manure, or both. Here it is allowed to ferment, and the solid parts become partially dissolved, or so softened and separated as to remain suspended in the water. This is doubtless the very best way of applying manure to grass lands, and to all green crops, and should the system of soiling of which we spoke last week, become general, the application of manure in a liquid form would soon follow.

The best way to apply liquid manure is to the growing crops, and if applied several times during the season, all the better. The food of the tree or plant is taken up by the roots in a liquid state; solid manure must therefore remain in the soil until it is gradually dissolved by rains, and in this way a constant supply of food in small quantities is furnished the growing plant, while a portion remains unused until the next season. Liquid manure is in the proper condition for immediate use, and its effects are almost instantaneous, but not lasting, as the whole is consumed in a short time. This makes caution necessary, or the plant becomes surfeited, and afterward starved. Or, if the liquid is too strong, the roots are "burned." We have destroyed a great many things in experimenting with liquid manure. When the soil is wet, as after a hard rain, plants will bear liquid manure much stronger than in hot, dry weather. We will not recommend the use of manure in a liquid form, in this country, as a general practice, but we do advise our readers to try a few experiments, and see the effects for themselves. And we urge all to save the waste from the stables, and apply to the compost heaps. Of the propriety of this course there can be no question.

Cutting the Tops of Diseased Potatoes.

MY potatoes are badly diseased, the tops are dying, commencing at the lower leaves and extending upward until the whole is destroyed. Will cutting off the tops save them? I have heard that mowing is beneficial. Will you advise us in our trouble, or I fear our whole crop will be lost?—T. H., *Irondequoit, N. Y.*, 1860.

WE are sorely troubled with the potato disease the present year, and hardly know what advice to give our correspondent. We have recommended the course suggested by our correspondent to some parties, and it will be fairly tried. The blight in the haulm has progressed so far in our own field that we hardly think cutting the tops will produce any material effect. We planted much thicker than is customary with farmers, encouraged by our success last year—1 foot apart in the rows, and the rows 2 feet apart. A small plot the usual distance, in hills 3 feet each way, shows far less disease. In investigating the subject, we find that thick planting has usually favored the development of the disease. In the report of a series of careful experiments made by the Government of Prussia, we find the following facts stated:—"In making an experiment in two adjoining fields, homogeneous in the character of their soil, manured and treated alike in every respect, both were planted at the same time with a variety of red potatoes, with only this difference:—One was planted almost twice as densely as the other. The hills in one field were 1½ by 2 feet apart, and those in the other a foot apart each way. At harvest, it appeared that those of the more open culture were quite healthy, while the others, for the most part, were diseased."

How general this blighting of the vines is, we cannot state, as we have not heard much on the subject from our correspondents, but we see sad evidences of it in our short journeys in this section. The present destruction of the haulms, it seems to us is different from anything we have before seen, and its effect upon the tubers in all cases we cannot state. The report to which we have before referred, gives a large number of cases in which the vines were blighted, but the tubers were perfectly sound. We copy further on this point:—"According to an opinion generally adopted, the blight of the vines and the rot of the tubers are the symptoms of one and the same disease. Furthermore, it is supposed that in most instances the disease of the vine is the precursor of that of the tuber. From observations, however, in the experiments of the last two years, some doubts may be thrown upon this theory. The vines of nearly all of the varieties were blighted; nevertheless, most of them remained unaffected by the disease of the tuber. In 1853, a land owner in the vicinity harvested 1,930 bushels of potatoes, and notwithstanding the vines were totally destroyed by the blight, the tubers were healthy. Furthermore, among the few varieties which did not suffer from the blight of the vines in 1853, cultivated on the trial field, two of them had diseased tubers."

The difficulty with us is, that the vines blighted so badly early in the season, that in many cases the plants are destroyed, while the tubers are so small as to be worthless, even if sound. We dug half a dozen hills lately, without getting a quart of potatoes. In addition to this, we find they are watery, with evident signs of decay. In some lots where the owners thought the crop had ripened, the tops being entirely dead, we found the tubers to be mere sacks of water, having a very unpleasant smell. What appears singular in our own lot is, that the highest and dryest part shows the most disease.

Several weeks since a correspondent in Orleans county stated that a "greenish white louse" was doing a good deal of mischief to the potatoes in that section, "almost completely destroying whole fields." At that time we had not observed this enemy, although we had watched the progress of the blight. Since then, we have received specimens of leaves and insects from other sections, and have examined their depredations here. They are usually most numerous on sandy soils, eating the leaves of the plants so as to destroy them entirely. They seem to commence work on a few plants, and to extend their operations in a circle, so that in a field, one or more patches, from a few rods to a quarter of an acre or more, will be found completely dead. Many fine lots we have seen almost ruined by this insect, and those fields that have best escaped the blight present a spotted, unsightly appearance from this cause. No varieties, so far as we can ascertain, are exempt.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY IN FARMING.

WE hold as a self-evident truth, that work is not in itself meritorious. It is good only in its results, and good for nothing except as something useful is thereby accomplished. In saying this, we are fully aware that we are opposed by the venerable adage about that personage who, according to the couplet, is said to be ever finding

—"Some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"

and which was all doubtless very true when it was written; but that was a long time ago, when, if a man was not working, he could have nothing else to do but to get into mischief. But with all the means for mental improvement which now exist, the saying no longer holds good; and if any one, with a RURAL, or some other newspaper or book, cannot *now* keep out of mischief without incessant work, why—well the Evil One *will* and *ought* to get him, any how!

We are, therefore, not in the least alarmed lest the rapid improvements in farm implements, and the almost universal substitution of horse or steam power for human labor, should leave our farmers unduly exposed to the temptation to laziness, from a superabundance of leisure. Of this there is little enough danger, as most of our readers can testify. Indeed, farmers, as a class, have always been the hardest workers in the world. Most farm operations are, of necessity, extremely laborious, and where, as in this country, land is plenty and cheap, the temptation is always strong to buy and cultivate more than the number of laborers can really perform. In the great hurry of haying and harvesting, thousands of constitutions are annually ruined simply by *over work;* and while this is extremely unwise, it has really been almost necessitated by the disproportion of work to the number of laborers. If, therefore, any machinery can be introduced by which these toils can be lightened, every farmer should avail himself of them as fully as possible, not only as a matter of policy, but from considerations of humanity. It is only within a few years that the greatest improvements in farm machinery have been made, and their extended introduction is the best evidence of their necessity.

But it is not alone in making farm work easier that these new implements, (the reaper, and binder, and mower,) are of great practical value to the country. They enlarge the bounds of civilization by opening to cultivation large tracts of land in the extreme west, which must otherwise, for many years, remain an unproductive waste. It is, of course, impossible to tell how much more grain is raised than farmers would have attempted to produce without the improved machinery for harvesting it. Even in Western New York we know the gain from this source is considerable, while in the West, where farms of thousands of acres are found, it must be immense. Now, when the reported scarcity in Europe gives us a prospect of remunerative prices for all sorts of grain, the increased production, *for this year alone*, from the use of reaping machines, may very possibly be sufficient to repay their entire cost.

It is a curious fact and worthy of notice, how improved implements in one department of farm industry make room for, and even necessitate them in others. Years ago, before the introduction of the reaper, there was little if any necessity for the use of any other power than horse or ox in plowing. Farmers could easily plow as much or more land than they could cut over with the reaping hook, the scythe, or even the cradle. But now, with improved means for harvesting, the necessity of using steam power is beginning to be felt, and inventive genius is already turned in that direction, and will, we doubt not, produce just the implements needed as soon as the necessity becomes urgent; for there is always a most remarkable and providential *timing* of all these inventions, which makes it almost impossible that they should be produced before they are needed.

The effect will probably be to place the farming land of the country in fewer hands, not only because these machines enable an individual to accomplish so much more than before, but also because they can be most advantageously operated on large farms. We think the census, now being taken, if it does not show an absolute decrease in the number of landholders, (which is scarcely possible, on account of the vast tracts of new territory which have been opened,) will yet show that the number of farmers has not increased in proportion to the growth of the country. Every year more of our population will find their homes in cities or villages, and this proportion will probably increase for some time. This tendency to desert farming, over which some mourn, as the effect of laziness or other wrong ideas, is really a *necessity*,—for, if the same proportion of our population as forty years ago, were farmers, the market for grain would speedily be overstocked. Supply and demand will, and must, regulate these matters, and, we doubt not, will do it wisely.

AX-GRINDING AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

[The following article was written at the time of the first publication of the letter of PLOWHANDLE relative to the State Fair, but was missent or mislaid, and did not appear in the RURAL. The writer came across a copy thereof the other day, and avails himself of the re-appearance of PLOWHANDLE'S excellent letter to request its publication.]

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I was very much interested in the communication of PLOWHANDLE on the subject of the late State Fair, and have been anxiously looking for further communications from his *knowing pen*. He is up to a thing or two, it appears to me, in regard to UN-FAIR matters at Agricultural FAIRS, and if he had given us his real name, I should have liked to communicate to him privately some further particulars on the same subject, which, with all his penetration, he did not see, or from *some cause* does not see fit to communicate.

All good citizens, and especially all sincere friends of the most important of all sciences, professions and employments, are interested, deeply interested, in the *fair, honest* and *impartial* management of our various *Agricultural Exhibitions*. Let it once be seen that these INSTITUTIONS (for such they now are and will ever be, if rightly conducted,) can be used by designing men to further their own private ends, interests, and hobbies, and what are now a source of National advancement, individual improvement and innocent amusement, will dwindle into deserved insignificance. This consummation, so devoutly to be deprecated, may perhaps better than any other way be prevented by such exposures as those of PLOWHANDLE.

Let such despicable offenders know that they are *watched* and *marked*, and, if they heed not the friendly warning, shall be exposed, and they may stop their mean tricks, while others may be deterred from entering upon a course so contemptible as to endeavor to wrest our valuable exhibitions to their own aggrandizement.

I, too, was at the late State Fair, and hope PLOWHANDLE will give me credit for knowing a thing or two in regard to the doings there. I may here say that I was no way interested, except as a spectator. I never was at a State Fair before. I had nothing to exhibit, had no hobbies or prejudices to advocate, and knew not one of the officers, and had never seen the party whom I may implicate, until the day in question.

I was on the ground at the time the various Committees were organizing, and happened to be near the rendezvous of the Judges on *****, when it was ascertained that one of their number was missing. The Superintendent being applied to for a substitute, said, "We want a good Judge," and inquired of Mr. A., who of course *happened* to be there, whether he knew of one on the grounds. He mentioned Mr. B., whom the Superintendent appointed, and asked him to send for, but told the Judges, C. and D., to proceed with their duties, and if Mr. B. should not be found, and they disagreed, he would find another substitute.

Mr. A. then said to the Judges, "There is a man down there," pointing to him, "whose animals on exhibition are honestly what they appear to be, and are not fixed up and prepared for the occasion, *and if I were on the committee I should award him the premium in preference to any of those along here, which I would not allow to walk across my farm.*"

The Superintendent here interfered and said, "These gentlemen were appointed to decide that matter, and I cannot allow them to be influenced by others."

The Judges C. and D. were commencing to act when Mr. A. again appeared and introduced Mr. E., a neighbor of his, to act in the place of Mr. B. who had just been appointed, and C., D. and E. proceeded with their duties as Judges.

I thought all this quite too bad, and went and told Mr. F., who complained to the Superintendent that this Committee had been packed, and its action interfered with by a person having no authority in the matter. The Superintendent soon came to the Committee, and said he could allow of no interference in the appointment of Judges, and told Mr. E. he must cease to act—that Mr. A. had no power in the matter—that C. and D. were to act alone, as Mr. B. could not be found, and if they could not agree, he (the Superintendent) would see to the appointment of a third Judge.

A gentleman standing by said that Mr. A. had interfered in the original appointment of this Committee, and that a Mr. G. was at first appointed, but was left off at the instance of Mr. A.

I had to leave with my family before the close of the day, but ascertained afterward, that, notwithstanding the bare tricks of Mr. A., the Impartial Judges decided contrary to his wishes and determination.

I will not at present intrude further on your valuable space, except to say that if PLOWHANDLE in his travels should come across Mr. A, he will do him a favor by pointing out to him this friendly warning, as any further tricks, however sly, may meet with other and more public notice.

SCARIFIER.

CULTURE OF CLAYEY SOILS, &c.

FRIEND MOORE;—As the Clod Crusher has been the means of calling out quite a discussion on the best means to prepare clayey soils for a crop, I thought, by your permission, I would have a few words to say on that subject.

If you plow with a wide furrow, and break your ground up in chunks about as large as two men can carry, perhaps the clod crusher would be the best thing you could use after that. I condemn that way of plowing altogether. Then to slice it off in three or four inch furrows, is more, I think, than can be done; and if it could, and a man had forty or fifty acres of wheat to sow, he would want plenty of teams, or he would want to sow wheat the year round. I think here we have the two extremes. Another says, ditch your land. I will agree to that; for you may plow it or slice it, and get it as mellow as an ash heap, any way you please, but if there comes a heavy rain, and the water stands on it two or three days, and has to evaporate by the heat of the sun, your ground will dry about as hard as a brick, and you will have your labor for nothing. It must be ditched sufficient to take the surface water immediately off. But then there is something to do after that; it has to be plowed, how deep I cannot tell you. There is no certain depth that holds good everywhere; that depends on what kind of land you have got, and what kind of subsoil there is. I plow nine or ten inches deep, and would be willing to plow two feet if I could; but I should want it done in the fall, and would risk but I would raise a good crop of anything that is raised here the next season. *How wide a furrow?* Just as narrow as you can, so that it will turn over sufficient to not fall back on the edge, to cut off every Canada thistle root there is; get out your fast stones, so there shall be no harbor for them; do your work thorough, and I will warrant you will raise more wheat and a good many less thistles—try it. The latter part of the season is the time to kill Canada thistles, either by plowing or mowing; you can't do it in the forepart.

There is a great deal said about the time to sow wheat, that I think is labor lost. There is no certain time that holds good everywhere. What is late sowing in one place is early in another, and not more than six miles apart. It is so where I live; six miles east of me they sow the last week in August and first in September, but we think from the tenth to the twentieth of September our best time.

A. B.

Union Springs, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860.

BUCKWHEAT FOR FATTENING STOCK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—J. E. D. wants information regarding buckwheat as food for cattle, sheep, and hogs, and to know if it makes as solid flesh as other grain. I can tell him. I have fattened many cattle, and far more sheep, on all, or part buckwheat for the last twenty years, and it will fat stock as well, for the same amount of pounds, as any other grain. Both sheep and cattle can stand higher feeding with it than any other grain, perhaps oats excepted; and I would much rather have half buckwheat meal than all corn meal to feed to three year old steers that have not been fed grain. As for the solidity of the flesh, I neither know nor care as long as it makes them fat.

A friend of mine last fall had about 350 head of sheep, and some cattle, which he must fat; oil meal not to be got, and corn high. He consulted me, and I advised him to buy buckwheat. He hesitated; said a gentleman once told him he fed buckwheat to his sheep and their wool came all off, and they got poorer. I told him what I knew; I was as sure I was right as any other man, having made as fat sheep with buckwheat as I ever did with anything else, and never had any disease among them, and was confident it would be the same with him if he *managed* right otherwise. Well, he bought buckwheat, fed three bushels to the 100 sheep, daily, with straw for fodder and plenty for litter, and he made prime fat sheep, although many of them were lean when he commenced feeding. I have probably as fat a heifer as is in the State. Her feed was buckwheat bran, last winter and spring, and pasture only since the 6th of May.

Buckwheat is said to be poison to hogs. It may or may not be, for anything I know, but I do know it is good food to fat either cattle, sheep, or horses, and I further sayeth not.

Yours truly, JOHN JOHNSTON.

EXPERIMENTS IN SUBSOILING.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In a late RURAL, I noticed some remarks from H. N., of Tompkins Co., N. Y., in regard to subsoils. I think he has not had the experience that some have had in experimenting upon the nature of subsoil. I will give you my experience in regard to the same, and if you think it worth while, you can publish as much of it as you think best.

In experimenting with the Michigan Double Subsoil plow, I find that some soils will bear deep plowing, while others will not. Now for the experiments. I purchased a farm, a few years ago, that had been worn out by constant shallow plowing. The first year I sowed five acres to oats, upon a ridge which had a gravelly hard pan some six inches below the surface, and the crop was hardly worth cutting. Plowed it shallow. The next year I used the subsoil plow, and plowed about ten inches deep, which brought up some four inches of this poor, unproductive earth, that H. N. speaks of. I think he will find himself mistaken when he has tried as many experiments as I have. The result of this plowing was that the oats, on an average, were four and a half feet high. It was the largest growth that I ever saw. It produced a strong growth of straw; there was not enough of lodged straw upon the whole five acres to make one bundle, I think. The five acres filled a thirty by forty barn full from bottom to top, and a part of the barn floor. The straw was so harsh that the stock had no inclination to eat any of it at all.

I plowed another lot on the same farm about one foot deep, upon a flat. That was black sand, and the result was right the reverse—it nearly spoiled the land.

WM. D. SHELDON.

Huron, Wayne Co., N. Y.

THE HYDROPULT.

"WHAT is a *hydropult?*" That was also our query, reader, on first seeing the name, but we were not long left in doubt and darkness on the subject, for the parties interested forwarded us the "masheen" above represented, as the article with the Greek cognomen. It is a double acting force pump—a miniature "fire annihilator," water sprinkler, &c., which bids fair to become a very useful and popular "institution" in both town and country. It is light and portable, easily operated, and apparently strong and durable. The one sent us operates admirably. We quote a brief description:—"The apparatus is a simple arrangement of two valves, so placed that whether you pull up or push down, they draw water from the pail or tub, and force it out of the pipe with a velocity proportionate to the force applied by the hand. A foot stirrup is attached below, and the apparatus is used as represented in the engraving. The implement is convenient, as it can be carried around with a bucket of water, and be used at any point desired, for sprinkling gardens, trees, grapories, washing windows, etc., etc. It lacks the application of lever power, but this is not necessary for ordinary use. By a quick, strong motion of the hand, we have readily thrown water upon the roof of a two and a half story building, and even higher. It is well made, chiefly of brass."

—The various uses and advantages of the Hydropult are enumerated in our advertizing department.

"ANIMALS IN THE HIGHWAY.—THE LAW."

AN article under this head was published in the RURAL of July 14th, signed H. G. W., in which that writer states:—"The *law* already provides a sufficient remedy for the nuisance of cattle running at large in the highway;" also, that "the public have *only* a right of way or easement in the highway, and own nothing."

If this be *law*, our legislature and judiciary have committed some gross blunders that should be corrected. It is true that Judge CAWDEN, in an elaborate *note* to the case of BUSH *vs.* BRAINARD, (reported in 1st Cowen's Reports, page 78,) *suggested* a doubt as to the right of the legislature to confer on the electors of the several towns the authority to permit cattle to run at large on the highway. Chief Justice SAVAGE again reiterated the same suggestion in the case of HOLLIDAY *vs.* MARSH, (3 Wendell, page 142.) Other Judges have expressed the same notions in cases subsequently reported, but none of these is authority, for there was no question before the Court calling for a decision on this point in the cases where the opinion was expressed. In legal phrase, all thus far is *obiter dicta*.

H. G. W. undoubtedly received his impressions of the *law* from these loose sayings of Judges who were not called upon or required to decide the question. Notwithstanding these sayings of Judges learned in the law had long been published and re-published as law, in 1829, Hon. JOHN DYER, B. F. BUTLER, and JOHN C. SPENCER, as revisers of the Statutes of this State, reported to the Legislature this same power to town electors in more explicit and unequivocal language than in former statutes,—omitting swine from the animals that should be permitted to run at large. This report was adopted by the Legislature in 1830.

Since 1830 the Supreme Court have had this question twice before them. First case reported is GRIFFIN *vs.* MARTIN, (7 Barbour's Reports, page 297.) Then it was *decided*, to confer this power on town electors was not in conflict with the Constitution. In the case of HARDENBERGH *vs.* LOCKWOOD, (25 Barbour's Reports, page 9, &c.,) Justice HARRIS, who delivered the opinion of the Court, says:—"This power conferred on town electors, is not in conflict with the Constitution." The *usage* of pasturing the highways is as old as the history of our country, and the land taken for highways is presumed to have been taken with reference to this usage by the proper authority.

Many questions are discussed that it matters but little how they are decided. If PADDY thinks ST. PATRICK is a bigger man than the Fourth of July, let him enjoy his belief; it injures nobody. But some serious consequences may follow a mistake as to whether H. G. W.'s statements, or the decisions of the Supreme Court, are the

HIGHER LAW.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

WELL, the census takers have been busy of late, and by and by we shall hear the results of their labors. Statistical men will foot up long columns of figures, and show with unerring certainty—for figures are always supposed to tell the truth—everything relating to our material welfare.

Let us look for a moment at the way this absolute certainty is attained. The census man calls at the house of Mr. A., gets what information he wishes respecting the live stock, in-doors and out, and then asks the number of bushels of grain raised the past year. Mr. A. tells him the amount of wheat and barley—he knows what he paid for threshing them—but as for oats, he threshed some with horses, some with flails, fed some unthreshed, and kept no account of the quantity, as he used nearly all up at home. Corn, ditto. However, he tells what there *might* have been—probably within one or two hundred bushels, he says—and it is put down in black and white as so much, actual measure.

Mr. B. is in a back lot, three-quarters of a mile away, and his wife does the guessing alone. As the census taker does his work *by the piece*, he can't afford to go into the fields in search of heads of families. Mr. C. and all his household are away from home, and a clever neighbor *estimates* the amount of his productions. Mr. D. is a new comer, and knows but little of what was raised last year on his place.

Thus the work goes bravely on, and when it is finished, the guesses will be summed up—metamorphosed into certainties—and men of facts and figures will point many a moral, and deduce many an instructive lesson therefrom.

PUBLICO.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Eyes of Horses and Cattle.

IN the *New England Farmer*, a correspondent gives the following remedy, when horses or cattle injure their eyes so as to bring on a white substance or film. He says:—Take fresh butter, newly churned, melt about a tablespoonful, and turn it into the ear opposite the eye injured, being careful to hold the ear tight together, so that they shall not, by a violent shake of the head, throw it out of the ear. This remedy, he says, may be safely applied, if you do not use them when the film is coming off.

Fall Feeding Grass Land.

A WRITER in the *Boston Cultivator* says he had two meadows. On one he turned his cattle shortly after mowing, each year, and fed it off close to the ground. The other, having some young trees on a portion of it, the cattle where kept out, and the after growth allowed to rot on the ground. The hay crop on the former continued to improve in quality and quantity each succeeding year till last year, when the crop was light, while on the latter it decreased year by year, and last year it would scarcely pay the expense of cutting.

Tanning Skins with the Fur on.

WE are often queried as to this process, and give the following from the *Scientific American*:—"Nail the fresh skins tightly and smoothly against a door, keeping the skinny side out. Next proceed with a broad-bladed blunt knife to scrape away all loose pieces of flesh and fat; then rub in much chalk, and be not sparing of labor; when the chalk begins to powder and fall off, take the skin down, fill it with finely ground alum, wrap it closely together, and keep it in a dry place for two or three days; at the end of that time unfold it, shake out the alum, and the work is over.

Colic in Horses.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Farmer's Advocate*, (E. S. PHELPS, Jr.,) gives the following recipe for colic in horses:

"I knew a horse taken with colic while on a tread-wheel to a carding machine, so that the owner thought he could not live. He got three veterinary surgeons, and they did what they could, and all decided that the horse must die. The man's wife who believed and practiced hygiene, from the time the horse was taken, tried to persuade her husband to use a wet bandage, but he insisted it would do no good. After all had given up that the horse could no longer live, by her entreaties, (the doctor saying it could do no good or hurt,) he took a thick bed-comforter, bound it around the horse, went to the well and drew water, and poured it on till thoroughly soaked. It steamed like a pot boiling. In less than fifteen minutes from the time he commenced the watering process the horse was up and eating, to the great surprise of the horse doctor, who knew he could not live. The horse did good service afterwards. This recipe I gave several years ago, and it was copied into most—as I was told by an editor—of the agricultural, and many other papers of the United States. Many have tried and proved it. Try it, brother farmer."

Introduction of the Potato into France.

M. NOEL, a French Agriculturist, speaking of the introduction of the potato into France, says:—"This vegetable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it, but without success. In vain did Louis XVI. wear its flowers in his button hole, and in vain were samples of the tuber distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use it themselves. At last, Parmentier, the Chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was most anxious to see it in general use, hit upon the following ingenious plan:—He planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablons, close to Paris, and paid great attention to their cultivation. When the roots were nearly ripe, he put notices around the field that all persons who stole any of the potatoes would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law, and gendarmes were employed to watch the field day and night, and arrest all trespassers. No sooner were the new roots thus forbidden, as it were, by authority, than all persons seemed eager to eat them, and in a fortnight, notwithstanding, the whole crop was stolen, and, without doubt, eaten. The new vegetable having been found to be excellent food, was soon after cultivated in every part of the kingdom."

Cotton-Seed Cake for Feeding Purposes.

THE Mark Lane (London) *Express* has an editorial commending the best samples of this article, as "a valuable acquisition to the present catalogue of grazing substances," and concludes by quoting the following observations of Prof. Voelcker on the result of a recent analysis of thin decorticated American cotton-seed cake lately imported:

1st. The proportion of oil in all the specimens is higher than in the best linseed cake, in which it is rarely more than 12 per cent., and 10 per cent. may be taken as an average. As a supplier of food, cotton cake is, therefore, superior to linseed cake. 2d. The amount of oil in the several specimens differs to the extent of 5¼ per cent.—say from No. 7, 13.50, to No. 2, 19.19. 3d. Decorticated cake contains a very high and much larger percentage of flesh-forming matters than linseed cake, and it is therefore proper to give to young stock and milch cows. The dung, also, is very valuable. 4th. In comparison with linseed, there is much less mucilage and other respiratory matter in cotton cake. This is compensated by the larger amount of oil. 5th. The proportion of indigestible woody fiber in decorticated cotton cake is very small, and not larger than in the best linseed cake. 6th, and lastly. It may be observed that the ash of cotton cake is rich in bony materials, and amounts to about the same quantity as is contained in other oily cakes.

Management of the Colt.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman* gives his method of imparting an education to a colt, as follows:—In the first place, never entrust him to the care of a person of ungovernable temper. Secondly, he should be treated with kindness from the beginning until he is ready for labor. Since Mr. Rarey laid his method of subduing the horse before the public, I have made the horse and his diseases my study. The colt should be commenced with when quite young, and handled carefully, as he is quick to resent an injury. I begin as soon as he is able to run about—get him so that he will not run away at your approach—get his head in your hands—if he wants to get away, let him—you can easily get him again. After handling the head so that he is not afraid, pass on to the side and limbs. The sooner he gets used to having his legs handled, the easier he will be to shoe when necessity requires it to be done. See that the dam gives plenty of milk. If she does not, teach the colt to drink cow's milk; there is nothing better to promote the growth.

Great care should be observed in not using the dam so as to heat the milk, as a great many colts are rendered worthless by so doing. I should in no case let the colt remain with the mother after it is five months old, as it gives her time to get in good condition for winter, and it is also the best time for him to shift for himself; do not let him remain out after the nights get cold and frosty, as it will do him no good, but much harm. There is plenty of skimmed milk at this time of year; give him all he will drink; it will not hurt him. After he is weaned is the time to commence halter-breaking him; the method, if desired, I will give in my next, and also the time of harnessing and driving the colt.

Inquiries and Answers.

INQUIRIES ABOUT SHEEP AND SHEEP DRIVING.—I wish to make a few inquiries, through the columns of your valuable paper, hoping to hear from some of your numerous readers. I want to buy about a thousand sheep, and drive them seventy-five miles west of the Mississippi river—on the line of the Dubuque and Pacific Railroad—and keep them on the prairie. What I wish to know is, will sheep do well on the prairie? Must they have water? Will they winter well in that country, with good care? What time next summer will be the best to buy and drive them? Please answer these inquiries, and oblige—DAVID MORSE, *Litchfield Co., Pa*, 1860.

WEED FOR NAME.—Inclosed you will find a plant which you will please to name. The flower resembles the White Daisy in shape, but the petals are yellow, and the middle of the flower is of a dark color, and more convex in shape than the White Daisy. The stalk, which grows from twelve to eighteen inches in height, is covered with a coarse, hairy substance, and the leaves are also covered in like manner. The root resembles the White Daisy. There are but few of these plants in this section of country, but those few seem determined to live in spite of all opposition.—H. C. HITCHCOCK, *Palermo, Oswego Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

This plant is the *Rudbeckia hirta*, (Rough Cone Flower) It is not very common here, but is cultivated in gardens, and for sale at some of our nurseries.

GRASS FOR AN ORCHARD.—We are engaged in the Fruit business. Have eight thousand trees planted, and shall increase it to twenty or twenty-five thousand. Some of the trees are in bearing, and having been *headed* low, (the western plan of cultivating) it is impossible to cultivate them with a horse. We design sowing some kind of grass to keep the weeds down. Which is the best kind of grass to sow? We design cultivating under the trees as far as the limbs extend, with *digging* forks; then to cut the grass as fast as it gets high enough, and mulch the trees. How will it do? We think Blue Grass will be the best, as it will keep down a sort of wild grass that is very troublesome. Please give us your opinion—TRIO, *Manchester, Ohio*, 1860.

We have often heard it urged as an objection against low headed trees, that they prevent culture under the branches for the destruction of weeds, &c. But it will be found that where the branches are so low and so thick as to make culture difficult, the weeds will not grow, and the culture needed will be little. Blue Grass may be as good as any for the purposes wished, and the only objection to it is, it makes a pretty tough turf. It would be better for the trees, we think, to cultivate a hoed crop between the rows, if anything, until they become large. If our correspondent determines to sow the grass, we would urge that he give the roots plenty of room, at least six feet each way further than the branches extend; and even then we would turn under the sod every third year.

BROOM CORN PRESS.—We are asked who manufactures the best. If any one who knows will advise us, we will answer—either through the RURAL or by letter—inquiries on the subject.

BEE STING.—Nothing as an antidote to the poison of bee stings, is comparable to indigo. Keep it dissolved and apply immediately.—O. T. H., *Randolph, Crawford, Co., Penn.*, 1860.

AGRICULTURAL PATENTS.—During the last year no less than 629 agricultural articles were patented in this country. Of these, 117 were seed planters, 113 harvesters, 58 cultivators, 43 plows, 42 churns, &c.

Agricultural Miscellany.

BE CAREFUL WITH THE MACHINES.—Every season we hear of more or less painful, and not unfrequently fatal, accidents caused by negligence or inexperience in handling or using agricultural machines—such as reapers, mowers, threshers, straw cutters, &c. Young and able-bodied men of great promise and bright prospects are often maimed for life, by being deprived of legs or arms, hands or feet, almost instantly, through ignorance or carelessness in operating labor-saving machinery. The serious accidents, and even the destruction of life, which occur from this source, are annually augmenting, and should admonish all who have occasion to use reapers, mowers, and threshers, to exercise great care, remembering that "caution is the parent of safety." The surgeons and manufacturers of artificial limbs may be incidentally benefited by these sad calamities, but we submit that it is far better to be prudent and save the members and muscles invented by the Almighty, in preference to being compelled (by willful neglect) to use even the best of human "patents" and "improvements" in that line. As this is the season for operating threshing machines, we would caution all, and especially the young and inexperienced, to guard against accidents.

THE ICHNEUMON *vs.* THE WHEAT MIDGE.—We recently gave an account of the appearance (in Wheatland, this county,) of an insect supposed to be the Ichneumon Fly, a natural and deadly enemy to the Wheat Midge. A correspondent of the Canadian Agriculturist notices the advent of a similar enemy to the midge. He says:—"I am rejoiced that this week I can announce the arrival of a deadly enemy to the wheat midge or fly. In the neighborhood of Sparta, Township of Yarmouth, the farmers have discovered some species of ichneumons which deposit their eggs in the larva. One of these is very small, black, and shining; the other is also black, with red feet and a blunt tail. These are often mistaken for the wheat fly, but as it has only *two* wings, while they have *four*, the distinction is obvious. To observe the proceedings of the ichneumons, place a number of the maggots or larvæ of the wheat fly on a sheet of paper, and set a female ichneumon in the midst of them; she soon pounces upon her victim, and intensely vibrating her antennæ, bending herself obliquely, plunges her ovipositor into the body of the larva, depositing in it a single egg. She will then pass to the second, and so on, depositing a single egg in each. You will observe the maggot writhing in seeming agony, when sometimes the fly stings them three times. These ichneumons appear in myriads on the outside of the ear; but as if impatient of bright light, sheltering themselves from the sun's rays among the husks."

CALIFORNIA WHEAT.—A subscriber at Lancaster, Pa, (Mr. A. P ZOOK,) wishes information, through the RURAL, whether there is any California wheat in market, to be had for seeding, and how it is held. We presume it can be obtained in New York city, but know of none in this market or vicinity. Any one who has it for sale can address Mr. Z. as above.

—Mr. L. E. SHURTLEFF, of Saratoga Co., sends us several large heads of wheat, of a bald variety, and says: "This is a sample of wheat grown from seed which I brought from California last winter. I sowed three pecks the 17th of April; it is now (Aug. 12,) fully ripe. I have seen it grow 75 bushels per acre in California, but we can't expect as much here. [If you do, you will be short some 40 to 50 bushels] I distributed several pecks to different persons, and all agree that it is not to be surpassed by any winter or spring variety. I have seen it milled; 240 lbs. will make a barrel of superfine flour. [Such grain as the sample would hardly do that.] It is what we call, in California, '*Australian Seed*.' After I get in the returns, I will send you the different amounts raised from each peck, so that you may see how it will yield. Please tell me how it compares with 'Dayton' and 'Mediterranean.' [Not very favorably; hardly equal to either in quality, though we presume it will yield more.] In California we have no winter or spring sowing, but sow whenever we can from Dec. to March."

INDEX TO THE RURAL.—In ordering a back number to complete his file, a subscriber in Delaware says:—"Please state in your next issue whether you publish an index for each volume. If not, I wish to make one, as I intend to have mine bound." Yes, sir, we give an index at the close of each volume, and are happy to know that it is appreciated by thousands who annually preserve and bind the RURAL for future reference. The index of the leading departments of our last (tenth) volume comprises *over three thousand five hundred Articles*, and *three hundred and twenty-six Engravings*. This is exclusive of miscellaneous and news articles and items. New subscribers will please note that we give a Title Page, Index, &c, at the close of the year, rendering each volume complete and convenient for binding.

WHEAT IN NEW ENGLAND.—The editor of the N. E. Farmer says there are, in various parts of New England, numerous fields of as fine looking wheat as he ever saw. "It is now, August 9, being harvested without any signs of midge, mildew, or anything else, to lessen its value." A correspondent of the same paper urges the farmers to cultivate winter wheat—saying "it can be grown for $1 a bushel, or as cheap as a bushel of rye can be raised—and that it should be one of the important crops of the New England husbandman." We greatly doubt the wisdom of this advice, for we believe our Eastern friends can produce other crops to better advantage, and realize larger profits.

VERMONT HORSES FOR NAPOLEON III.—It is said that five superb Vermont horses have recently been purchased for the stables of the French Emperor, and will be shipped to Europe in one of the Vanderbilt steamers. They are of a deep bay color, fifteen hands high, and cost from $2,000 to $3,000 per pair. The Emperor's stud of horses already includes several fine Morgans, purchased in this country two or three years ago, and a second importation indicates that the favorite American breed of carriage horses is appreciated in France.

TENNESSEE MAY WHEAT.—We last year gave an account of some Tennessee May Wheat, grown by Mr. JAS. WHITE, of Wayne Co. Mr. W. now writes us that his Tenn. May, sown 23d Sept. last, after corn, was ready to cut as early as his Mediterranean, which was sown on the 1st of Sept. He adds that "some of it, sown 1st Oct., was struck with rust"—but says nothing about yield or quality.

THE PROVINCIAL FAIR OF CANADA WEST is to be held at Hamilton on the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st Sept. The premium list is said to be equal in amount to $15,000, and great preparations are being made for the exhibition. The Prince of Wales is expected to be present, and of course every department will be rendered as attractive as possible.

LIBERAL PREMIUMS.—The Livingston Co. Ag. Society offer two handsome prizes on Durham bulls—competition open to the United States and Canada—as follows:—For best thorough-bred bull, 3 years old or upwards, $100; best 2 years old, $30. The Fair is to be held at Geneseo, September 26—28.

THE MICHIGAN STATE FAIR is to be held at Detroit, on the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th of October. Hon. CASSIUS M. CLAY, of Kentucky, is to deliver the Annual Address.

HORTICULTURAL.

GATHERING AND PACKING FRUITS.

Now that many of the farmers in this section of the country grow more fruit than is needed for home consumption, and some are devoting their attention to the production of fruit, as a staple crop, a few hints on *Gathering, Packing,* &c., we know will not be unprofitable. As a general thing, this work is done in a careless, slovenly manner, the main object seeming to be to *save time.* This might have been well enough when the country was new, fruit cheap, and labor scarce and dear; but now, when good fruit, if properly packed for shipping, will sell at a high rate, and when farmers can obtain more cash for an acre in fruit than for five acres in any other crop, it is the very worst kind of economy. A barrel of apples of superior specimens, carefully hand-picked, and packed so as to receive no injury by shipment, will sell for more than three barrels tumbled into barrels without selection or care. A very good article, by a correspondent, we will give in the next number, and we ask any of our friends who have had experience in packing and marketing fruits, to give us the benefit of their experience. Mr. BARRY, in his *Fruit Book,* gives a very useful chapter on this subject a part of which we copy:

"This is a branch of the general subject of fruit culture and management that requires the most careful attention; for it is quite useless to take pains in producing fine fruits, without taking equal pains in gathering, preserving, and sending them to the table or the market in a sound, sightly, and proper condition. Very few fruit growers seem to appreciate this part of their business. Fruit dealers at home and abroad complain of the careless and slovenly manner in which our fruits are gathered, packed, and presented in the market, and would gladly pay a double price for them in a better condition. The first consideration is:

The period of maturity at which fruits should be gathered.—The stone fruits generally are allowed to reach perfect maturity, or within four or five days of it, on the tree. In moist, cool seasons particularly, they are benefited by being gathered a few days before maturity, and allowed to ripen in a dry, warm room; they part with the water contained in their juices, which thus become better elaborated and more sugary and high flavored.

Summer Pears, too, on the same principle, require to be gathered, as a general thing, from a week to a fortnight before their maturity. Sweet varieties, and such as are inclined to become *mealy,* are entirely worthless when ripened on the tree, and many very excellent varieties are condemned on this account. Such as these should be gathered the moment the skin begins to change color in the least degree.

Summer Apples, too, and especially those inclined to *mealiness,* should be picked early—as soon as the skin begins to change color, otherwise they part with their juices, and become worthless. Ripeness is indicated by the seeds turning dark colored, and by the stem parting readily from the tree when it is lifted upward.

Winter Apples and Pears should be allowed to remain on the trees as long as vegetation is active, or until frosts are apprehended.

Grapes, Berries, &c., are allowed to attain perfect maturity before being gathered.

Mode of Gathering.—Unless it be a few specimens wanted for immediate use, which may be taken with some of the contrivances mentioned under the head of implements, all fruits should be gathered by *the hand.* The branch to be gathered from should be taken in one hand, and the fruits carefully taken off, one by one, with the other, with their stems attached. (For fruits neither keep so well, nor look so well, without the stems.) They are then laid carefully in single layers, in broad shallow baskets, the bottom of which should be covered with paper or moss, to prevent bruises. Peaches and other soft fruits should be pressed as lightly as possible, for anything like a squeeze is certainly followed by decay in the form of a brown spot, and this is the reason why it is so exceedingly difficult to find a perfectly *sound,* and at the same time *ripe,* peach in our markets.

When more than one layer of fruit is laid in the same basket, some soft paper, dry moss, hay, or other material, ought to separate them, for it is difficult to place one layer immediately upon another, and especially if the fruits are approaching maturity, without bruising them more or less. Fruit should only be gathered in dry weather, and in the dry time of the day.

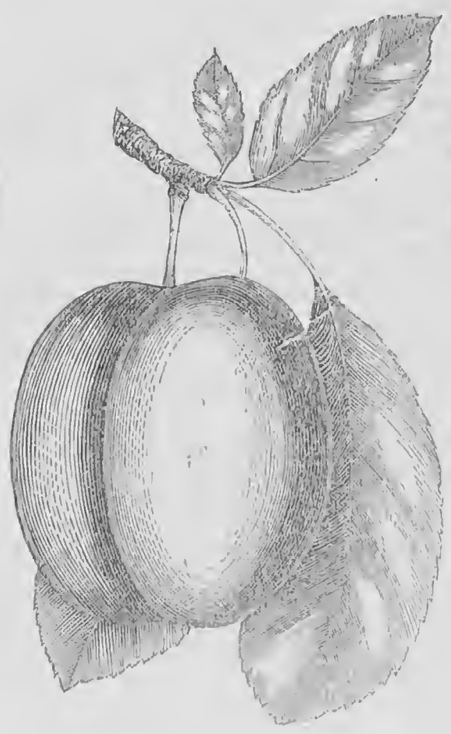
Disposition of the Fruits after gathering.—When they are thus in the baskets, if summer fruits, they are either carried into the fruit room and arranged on shelves or tables in thin layers, or they are carefully transferred one by one into market baskets, and carried to market on an easy spring wagon, if not by steamboat or railroad, by which jarring or jolting will be avoided. Treated in this manner, they will be in a marketable condition, and one basket will sell for as much as four, carelessly picked, thrown into baskets, and tumbled out of them into a barrel or wagon-box.

Ripe fruits may be kept in good condition for a considerable period of time, in an ice-house, or in some of the recently-invented fruit preservers, and even in very cool dry cellars. The vessels in which they are deposited, should be perfectly clean, that no unpleasant flavor may be imparted to them. Peaches have been sent to the East Indies, by being properly packed in ice; and it may be that methods of packing and preserving will, before long, be discovered, that will give us access to the markets of other countries, even for our perishable summer fruits. We have seen Seckel pears in a very good state of preservation in January, exhibited in the Horticultural Society's rooms in Boston. The science of ripening and preserving fruits is but in its infancy, and Horticultural Societies that have the means will be doing a great public service by offering liberal premiums that will incite to experiment on the subject."

Want of space compels us to omit many things that we designed to say, but the subject will be resumed next week.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

PEACHES are beginning to ripen, and the market is active, buyers from Canada, from the northern part of the State, as well as from New York city, offering to contract for the entire crops, at from seventy-five cents to $1 per basket. Peaches are abundant along the lake, from ten to twenty miles east of Rochester to Niagara, but in most other sections of the State they are scarce. In New Jersey the crop has partially failed at least, so that the growers of peaches will obtain fair prices. Although we have seen the trees more heavily loaded, we never saw finer specimens.



ROYAL DE TOURS PLUM.

PLUMS were never more plenty. Every old and neglected tree has made a desperate and successful effort for a crop. These, too, are bought up and shipped, bringing from $1 to $2 per bushel. Among those now ripe, we have to-day, (Aug. 20th,) examined *Prince Englebert,* one of the best of the dark plums, and *Royal de Tours,* of which we give an engraving. It is red in the shade, deep violet in the sun, with small yellow dots, and coated with a heavy blue bloom. *Lawrence's Gage* resembles the Green Gage, but is more than twice as large, and is an excellent plum. There are other plums ripe, and more ripening, of which we have taken notes, but before long we intend to devote a page to this fruit.

Among the FLOWERS the *Phloxes* are the most conspicuous, unless this honor should be claimed by the *Annuals,* which are now in their best estate. The *Asters* are just coming into bloom, and we have several new varieties of this fine fall flower, which we shall describe during the season.

ZINNIA ELEGANS.

We are so much pleased with a bed of *Zinnias,* that we determined to present our readers with an engraving of a flower and a brief description of the plant. The *Zinnias* are strong growing, rather coarse annual plants, some two feet in height. The flowers are of almost every conceivable shade of color, white, cream, pale to dark yellow, orange to scarlet, rose to crimson, purple, lilac, &c., and a bed containing a variety of colors, is the most dashing thing in the garden. Surrounding the center or disk of each flower is a chain of florets, very delicate and pretty. The seeds may be sown in the bed where they are to flower, or in a hot-bed or cold frame for transplanting.

MR. PRINCE'S STRAWBERRIES.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I noticed in your paper of last week, an anonymous article from some splenetic correspondent, attacking you for publishing a communication containing a descriptive list of some of my strawberries. I need not say that "straws show, &c." Now, sir, had the writer shown that there was a single error in the descriptions there given, or in the 160 varieties described in my Catalogue, that would have been a point gained, but in lieu of that he only uses some general expressions, which, if he will only show his hand, I will prove are misrepresentations. He has had no ten years' familiarity with my collection, and some of my varieties on which he professes to give an opinion in general terms, he has never yet seen. He doubtless does feel uneasy lest these really estimable varieties should supersede the inferior ones, when Burr's Pine is surpassed in size, productiveness, flavor and hardihood by at least six varieties, and when the Scarlet Magnate is twice the weight of Longworth's Prolific, and instead of the tender, sunburnt habit of that, is one of the most vigorous, robust and hardy of all strawberries. I made you the offer recently, Mr. Editor, to send you gratuitously some of my finest varieties. I have for sixteen years devoted special attention to growing seedling strawberries, and to importing the best foreign varieties, and have now so select a collection that orders have been received from nearly every country in Europe; and Mr. GLOEDE, who has the best European collection, considers the varieties obtained from me among his most valuable acquisitions. So numerous were the visitors the present season from distant States, that I was quite surprised.

It is true, sir, that I do cultivate these strawberries in specimen beds of 8 to 12 feet, and for a very plain reason. My private garden consists of but six acres, being in the heart of the town, where lots 25 by 100 feet are sold at $1,000 and over. I use this small plot for *specimens,* and concentrate in it as many kinds of trees and plants as possible. I have devoted 1½ acres to specimen beds of strawberries, that I may, without going to the Nurseries, exhibit them to visitors, and I give the fruit to them and to my neighbors. I do grow them in masses,—that is, I allow the plants to cover the whole ground, as this is the only proper course by which their productiveness can be fairly tested for market culture. Growing in stools is no test, and has been the cause of many varieties being recommended that have been afterward cast out.

You will see by the report of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, that "Scott's Seedling is not considered worthy of general cultivation;" the "Hooker not always hardy, and does not seem to be a desirable variety;" and that Wilson's Albany is declared to be "unworthy of general cultivation." WM. R. PRINCE.

Flushing, L. I., Aug. 2, 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

FRUIT BOOKS.—Will you, or some of the readers of your paper, please inform me if "Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees," and "The American Fruit Culturist," are both one book? If not, who is the author of "The American Fruit Culturist?"—H. D., *Rutland Co., Vt.*

A. J. DOWNING is the author of "Downing's Fruit and Fruit Trees of America," but it has been revised by CHARLES DOWNING, brother of the late A. J. DOWNING. JOHN J. THOMAS is the author of "The American Fruit Culturist.

LATE STRAWBERRIES.—Last year my strawberries, of the Burr's New Pine variety, blossomed from the middle of August to the middle of October. If I had a staminate kind beside them to fructify them, might I not have a considerable second crop? Can you mention a staminate that blossoms so late, so that I may try the experiment? Do you know of a berry that bears late, after the Hovey's Seedling, Hooker's, &c., are out of bearing?—Z. MORSE, *Wyoming, N. Y.,* 1860.

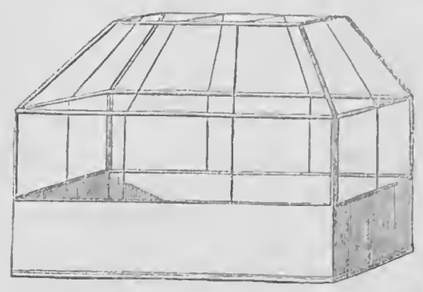
Burr's New Pine does not usually bear later than many of the staminate sorts. We don't think you will succeed in getting a full crop of strawberries that will amount to much. Some seasons almost any variety will give a few berries in the autumn. In 1857 we picked a good many in November. Trollope's Victoria is an excellent late berry. Crimson Cone is a late and productive variety.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE APPLES?—Can you, or some of the readers of the RURAL, give me some information about my apples, which are very much affected with dark spots, covering one-third, and in many instances one-half, of the apple, closely resembling the bark of the tree, both in taste and color, causing that part of the fruit affected to cease growing, thereby causing small, ill-shaped specimens? It is not confined to one variety alone, but is spread throughout the whole orchard. Where the apples are badly affected, there are large cracks or splits in them. It does not cause them to rot, as it does not extend into the apple, but seems to be confined to the skin, preventing it from expanding with its growth, thereby arresting proper development. Any information as to the cause and cure, if any, will be thankfully received.—C. C. W., *Virginia,* 1860.

This is doubtless a fungus growth, similar to that which affects some varieties of pears in this section, particularly the Virgalieu, causing them to crack and become worthless. No remedy has been discovered. Were it possible to apply sulphur, the application would no doubt be beneficial.

WARDIAN CASE.—I would like to be informed, through your columns, how to made a Wardian Case, or domestic green-house; and also what plants are best adapted to it?—L. H. J., *Colchester, Vt.,* 1860.

A Wardian Case is simply a glass case, and may be made of any form desired. We present an engraving of a simple and good style.



The air of our living rooms is too dry for the healthy growth of flowers. By placing them in a glass case, tolerably light, a humid atmosphere can be maintained without trouble, and very little watering is needed. When the room is warm, a portion of the moisture in the case becomes a mist, and as the temperature becomes cooler, the moisture settles on the glass, and drops down on the plants, or settles on the plants like dew. Another advantage is the preservation of the plants from the dust of the room, which is very injurious. The most popular house plants will succeed in a Wardian Case.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From ALBERT LESTER, Esq., of Canandaigua, a variety of pears which we cannot name. They are sweet and pleasant, but not high flavored, about the size of Julienne, and somewhat resembling that variety. We have not seen it before, and it is not cultivated in this section, or propagated by our nurserymen.

—From E. M. POTTER, Gates, Sweet Bough and Keswick Codling apples, and a variety somewhat grown in this neighborhood, having been sold by one of our old nurserymen many years since as the Striped Harvest. Also, the Windsor or Summer Bell pear.

—From NELSON HATCH, Esq., Holley, peaches for name. Think they are Crawford's Early.

New Horticultural Advertisements.

CHERRY SEEDS.—We have for sale a fine lot of fresh Mazzard Cherry Pits, in sand, can be forwarded at any time. Address FROST & CO.,
554-2t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

CHERRY PITS, CHEAP.—50 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits, in good order, at $4,50 per bushel.
Address JOHN MURPHY,
554-5t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y

BUYING AND SELLING TREES.—I am traveling among Nurserymen and wish to buy many kinds of trees, and sell all kinds. I can dispose of large lots with advantage to the seller, and furnish every variety on favorable terms to buyers. Please address
H. K. WARREN, Syracuse, N. Y., Box 175.

200,000 TWO YEAR OLD APPLE STOCKS for sale—No. 1, $3,50 per thousand.
100,000 Apple Grafts, wound with waxed cloth, delivered next March, $5 per thousand.
50 Bushels Apple Seed, in season, $5 per bushel.
P. BOWEN & CO., East Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y.

TO GARDENERS AND FLORISTS.
The Subscriber manufactures SEED BAGS of different sizes and qualities of paper. Also, Envelopes of all kinds for the wholesale trade. Samples sent by mail when requested.
SAMUEL RAYNOR,
554-1t No. 118 William Street, New York.

WILSON'S ALBANY, HOOKER'S, PYRAMIDAL Chilian, and Prolific Mammoth Strawberry Plants, warranted true to name, carefully packed and delivered, free of charge to any Post-Offices or Express Offices in the United States, at prices named, 12 plants for 50 cents; 40 do. for $1; 100 do. for $2. Address
CHAS. LESTER, Ringwood, McHenry Co., Ill.

TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES.—One year old strong, $1; two years, $1,50 to $2. Extra large layers with bearing wood, $2 to $3. Smaller layers, $1 to $1,50. Also, very fine Logan Vines, $1 to $2. All other good varieties, new and old, at lowest rates. Send for a Circular.
GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.
August, 1860. 551-9t

SELECT STRAWBERRIES.
FROST & CO., Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y., offer for planting in August and September, the most extensive stock and collection of
STRAWBERRY PLANTS
In the United States.
The following fine leading varieties are offered—delivered at any designated place in Rochester, and packed so that they will reach distant destinations in perfect order—for 100 plants, $2; for 500, $7,50; for 1,000, $10.

Brighton Pine,	*Hovey's Seedling,*
Burr's New Pine,	*Jenny Lind,*
Filbasket,	*Large Early Scarlet,*
Genesee,	*Triomphe de Gand,*
Hooker,	*Victoria (Trollope's,)*

Wilson's Albany.
CATALOGUES will be forwarded, giving full particulars of the above and *forty-eight* other sorts, on receipt of a postage stamp. 554-2t

THE GREAT AUSTIN SHAKER SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.
The Largest Strawberry in the World!
Amateurs consider this Seedling the greatest acquisition to our small fruits ever introduced. A monster in size, wonderfully prolific, and of the finest flavor. For particulars, see Genesee Farmer of July. We are now prepared to take orders and deliver plants in rotation, as ordered, at $1,00 per dozen, or $2,50 per hundred. Address either CHAUNCY MILLER, Albany, N. Y., Shaker Trustee, or WM. S. CARPENTER, 168 Pearl St., New York.
We, the undersigned, having ordered largely of the plants of the Austin, with an assurance that our money would be refunded if not satisfied after seeing the plants, were induced to go to Watervliet, the Shaker Settlement, where the Austin is fruiting, beg leave to report, That we found the Austin growing in the most common way, in masses and not in hills, without any particular care, and suffering much from drought, yet the great productiveness and uniform large size, fine flavor and beautiful appearance of this berry, induces us to consider the Austin the greatest acquisition to our small fruits. We found it averaging considerably larger than any variety under cultivation and wonderfully prolific. You will therefore please to increase our orders and forward them as soon as convenient.
John C. Thompson, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., 1,000 plants.
Jones L. Lockwood, Stanford, Ct., 125 plants.
Edwin Bishop, Stanford, 100 plants. 551-2teow

GENESEE VALLEY NURSERIES,
Rochester, N. Y.
FROST & CO., Proprietors, offer for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, one of the largest stocks of STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, SMALL FRUITS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, PLANTS, &c., in the United States. The Grounds at the present time contain over
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES,
devoted entirely to the cultivation of Trees and Plants.
The stock is so extensive in its different departments, that they are enabled to furnish the entire orders of their correspondents of the different kinds, of the best quality, and at the lowest market prices. Trees and Plants are packed in such a manner that they will reach the more distant parts of the United States in perfect condition.
Orders from Nurserymen, Dealers and others, who may wish to purchase in large quantities, are executed with care and dispatch, as well as those who may favor them with the smallest orders.

CATALOGUES.
The Following Catalogues contain full particulars of the stock in the different departments, and will be furnished gratis to all applicants who enclose a postage stamp for each:
No. 1—*Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.*
No. 2—*Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.,* for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861.
No. 3—*Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Green-House and Bedding Plants.*
No. 4—*Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List,* for Nurserymen and Dealers, and others who may wish to buy in large quantities, for Autumn of 1860.
No. 5—*Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs.* Address
554-6t FROST & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

WM. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING, N. Y., offer a more extensive and perfect Collection in each Department of their business than ever before.
The following Catalogues will be sent to applicants who enclose stamps
No. 1—Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, and all Small Fruits.
No. 2—Catalogue of Roses and Flowering Plants, including Carnations, Chrysanthemums, Phlox, Iris, &c.
No. 4—General Wholesale Price List for Nurseries.
No. 5—Wholesale Price List of Vegetable and Tree Seeds.
No. 6—Descriptive Catalogue of 160 Varieties of Strawberries.
No. 8—Wholesale Catalogue of Native and Foreign Grapes.
No. 9—Catalogue of Bulbous Flowers, Tree and Herbaceous Peonies, Dahlias, Primroses, Polyanthus, Auriculas, Cowslips, &c.
No. 10—Wholesale Catalogue of the same.
No. 13—Green-House Plants.
No. 11—Descriptive Catalogue of 300 Varieties of Native and 150 Varieties of Foreign Grapes. We offer a great stock of all the leading varieties of Grapes, of which 30,000 are strong layers and 25,000 in large pots.
Orders are executed and packed in a superior manner, forwarded according to instructions, and a transportation receipt mailed to the purchaser with the invoice.

SMALL FRUITS.
WE have an immense stock of *SMALL FRUITS,* for sale during the Autumn of 1860, and Spring of 1861.
In addition to the more common sorts of
NATIVE GRAPES,
We have over 25,000 plants of such desirable sorts as *Delaware, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, Early Northern Muscadine, Logan,* and 20 other sorts—strong vines, for out-door culture. Of
FOREIGN GRAPES,
We have thirty five sorts, one to two years old, for Hot or Cold Vineries, or for fruiting in pots.
An extensive stock of each of the common sorts of
CURRANTS,
One or two years old, and fine one year old plants of *White Grape, Victoria, Cherry, &c.* Fine and well grown
GOOSEBERRY
Plants, of the *American* and *Houghton Seedling,* which never mildew, as well as the best English sorts most suitable for this climate. A great stock of
RASPBERRIES,
Such as *Red Antwerp,* (Hudson River,) *Yellow Antwerp, Orange, Franconia, Knevett's Giant, &c.,* including several thousand of the Autumn-bearing kinds, *Belle de Fontenay, Marvel of four Seasons,* and others.
STRAWBERRIES.
The most extensive stock of saleable plants and varieties—comprising over sixty sorts—in the Union. Fine
BLACKBERRIES,
New Rochelle and *Dorchester,* in large quantities. Also,
FIGS, FILBERTS, AND MULBERRIES.
All orders, either for large or small quantities, will be executed with care and dispatch.
CATALOGUES containing description, with prices at retail, and No. 4 Catalogue, offering plants in large quantities sent on application containing a postage stamp for each.
FROST & CO.
554-6t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.—100 bushels, in fine order, now ready for delivery. Price $3 per bushel.
O. B. MAXWELL & CO.
Dansville, N. Y., August 8, 1860. 553-4t

FOR other Horticultural Adv'ts, see pages 275 and 276.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, AND TOMATO JELLY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Missing the usual contents of the Domestic Economy in your issue of August 4th, and fearing that RURAL housekeepers had forgotten their *duty,* I therefore seek to excuse myself by sending a few recipes for your disposal, which I know to be good.

TEMPERANCE CAKE.—Take 1½ cups sugar; 1 cup sweet milk; 2 teaspoons cream of tartar; 1 of soda; 1 cup raisins, one-half chopped; 3½ cups flour; ½ cup of butter. Season and salt to taste.

CHEAP SPONGE CAKE.—One cup of sugar; break 2 eggs into a teacup, beat slightly, then fill up with cream; 1 cup of flour; 1 teaspoon of cream of tartar; ½ do. of soda. Do not stir while baking.

BALLOON PUDDING.—To one square baking tin, use 4 eggs and 3 tablespoons of flour, well beaten together; a little salt; then fill up with sweet milk. Bake fifteen minutes in a quick oven. Serve with sweetened cream, or any sauce you choose. It can be made with 3 eggs and 4 spoonfuls of flour.

TOMATO JELLY.—Take ripe yellow tomatoes, (red, if preferred,) scald and peel them; then put them over the fire, with a little water, and cook until the juice can be readily strained. Add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice. It looks like nice strained honey, and is, we think, equal, if not superior. My mother thinks the plum tomato best.

TOMATO TOAST.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel and cook them, and season to suit the taste. Have ready in a dish some slices of toasted bread; then pour the tomatoes over them.

PICKLING RIPE TOMATOES.—Will some experienced housekeeper give me a recipe for pickling ripe tomatoes, and oblige RURAL READER?
Corner Block, N. Y., 1860.

WE intend keeping the Domestic column of the RURAL in full vigor, and, thanks to the many good housewives in the land who furnish us with such a collection of substantial dishes and sweet morsels, we are able to spread an appetizing table weekly. Our Horticultural friend, just over the column, had so much to say about Currants at the date referred to, we were compelled to let him finish his talk in the apartment devoted to the preparation of things good for the stomach, or else have a "scene," and as we are opposed to "family jars," he carried his point. It is only occasionally that he will take such liberties, and we must endeavor to bear with his loquaciousness, as we have found it well to let even a man have his own way once in a while.

GINGER BEER.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—If you would like to have a beer that will not make you tipsy, but make you a beer toper all the days of your life, just follow my directions and you will be able to make it for yourself. Now pay attention:

Put a gallon of cold water into a pot upon the fire; add to it one ounce of good ginger, and one pound of sugar; let all this come to a boil, and continue boiling for half an hour; then skim the liquor, and pour it into a jar along with one sliced lemon and a quarter of an ounce of cream of tartar. When cold, or nearly so, put in half a teacupful of good yeast, to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made. After it has worked for two days, strain it and bottle it for use; leave it bottled for a week or two. Be careful that you do not taste it before that time expires, or you will be sure to drink it all up before it reaches its prime. J. M. C.
Glendale, Ohio, 1860.

POISONOUS PAPER HANGINGS.—The Philadelphia Inquirer, in describing the poisonous effect of the inhalation of arsenic, says:—We know ourselves of the case of a young and beautiful lady of this city, whose health was shattered for years, and whose life was seriously jeopardized, from habitually sleeping in a room covered with paper colored green by arsenic. Her early symptoms were merely a slight dryness about the throat and fauces, with some diarrhea; these gradually increased and resisted all treatment. Dropsy supervened, and from being a beautiful girl, she became an object so bloated and repulsive in appearance as to be painful to look at. Her physician suspected slow poisoning, but the most careful analysis of her food could detect nothing, and her life was despaired of. At last, however, he bethought him of the possibility of the air she breathed being the vehicle of the poison. A small portion of the wall paper was taken to his laboratory, and being subjected to analysis, was found to contain arsenic. The lady was moved to another part of the house, and her recovery, protracted through many months, dated from the day of the change.

ECONOMICAL PERFUMES.—We give below a few simple recipes for ladies, by which they may manufacture their own perfumes, and have cheaper and better articles besides, than what they usually purchase in the shops:

1. Alcohol, one pint; oil of bergamot, one ounce.

2. Alcohol, one pint; oil or essence of sandalwood, one ounce,

3. Alcohol, one pint; oil of French lavender, half an ounce; oil of bergamot, half an ounce; oil of cloves, one drachm.

3. Alcohol, one ounce; oil of lemon-grass, a quarter of an ounce; oil of lemon, half an ounce.

By adding four times as much alcohol to either of the above recipes, you will produce a very good Cologne water.

KNITTING WORK.

LIKE tiny birds with burnished wings,
Just dropping to the sea-wave's foam,
And bearing from its billowy home
The snow that to their plumage clings,
The fluttering needles swiftly dip
In soft white meshes of her work,
Where quaint and loving fancies lurk
The eye betrays the silent lip.

The tiny needles loop the thread,
Strung with sweet thoughts of summer hours,
Of sunlight on the fragrant flowers,
Of poems in the woodland read,
With prelude of the wild bird's song,
And, blending with that warbled tone,
The murmurs, evermore their own,
That in the pine tree shadows throng.

And still, meandering from the ball,
Fond memory's chain unwinds and flows,
Drops here a smile and there a rose,
And here a treasured word lets fall;
So, on she knits, in twilight gray;
The past and present, with the years
Of morning life, its hopes and fears,
Inwoven with her dreams to-day.

Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"LITTLE LADIES."

"WHAT little ladies," every one exclaimed, when speaking of Mrs. C.'s children. There was no end to the wondrous patterns in embroidery which they wrought with their dainty white fingers,—and the number of books which they read and "sciences" which they understood at the ages of twelve and fourteen, was the marvel of the neighborhood whenever their fond mother repeated the "list."

Their mornings were spent in reading and study,—their afternoons in the parlor, from which the free, glad sunshine was carefully excluded by blinds and curtains. There, in the "dim uncertain light," they sat and stitched away industriously on their mysterious patterns of needlework. All through the pleasant spring-time, when they should have been hunting violets and mosses in the leafy woods; all through the balmy summer, when the coral strawberries were blushing in the dewy grass, and crying with their delicious breath to every passer-by, "come, eat me,"—when the blackberries hung their shining cones of ebony on their thorny bushes by the forest brooks; all through the dreamy Indian summer, when *other* children were joining their parents in gathering the stores of luscious fruit from the well laden trees, and singing with merry shouts the "harvest home," these "little ladies" sat in their darkened room, afraid of the genial sunshine, afraid of the dancing breeze, afraid of the dewy grass, afraid of the "dirt," which is an essential ingredient of mother earth's brown bosom.

They never gathered apples, or picked up hickory nuts, or swung on the pendant branches of the beech trees—ah no, they were "little ladies." If, once in a while, they condescended to "take a walk," they were robed in their best, and picked their way daintily along, as though the earth was hardly good enough for their little feet to tread upon,—the grass was too damp,—the roads were too dusty,—the fields and groves too rough,—and so they gladly sought refuge with their books or needles in their shaded parlors.

Very sweet little ladies they were,—lovely and pleasant, but delicate and slender as the tender plant which has been deprived of the warm sunshine in the earlier stages of its growth, and which we know the first rude blast that sweeps around it will crush forever.

Where are *they* now? Not long ago, I stood by an open grave and watched with tear dimmed eyes as the form of one of them was lowered to its last resting place. I looked upon him who but three years before had chosen her from among all others to be the partner of life's joys and cares, as he stood, stricken and bowed down by his great sorrow,—I heard that most mournful of all earth's many mournful sounds, the wail of his motherless child, and thought how sad that the penalty of those misinformed early years should have been visited thus early upon those she loved best on earth. The other sister presides over a home of her own, but already have the tokens of disease, and perhaps death, made their appearance, and her husband feels, (he hardly dares think why,) that a shadow dark and fearful is brooding over his home; while to her life has become almost a burden, for she knows not what it is to feel the exhileration of perfect health,—wasting strength and racking pains, scarce leave her a joy in the present or a hope in the future. Their early training all unfitted them for the toils and cares which must fall to the lot of all,—health and strength were gradually wasted away in those darkened rooms, or were absorbed by the over action of the mental powers,—and the penalty has been as certain as terrible.

The moral of this short sketch is obvious. Not all the stores of learning which can be gathered by youthful minds,—not all the graces and accomplishments which it is possible for them to acquire,—not all "the pearls from the ocean or gems from the mine," can compensate them for loss of health. Without *health*, learning is a mighty lever which we have not the power to use,—and the richest possessions an inheritance which we cannot enjoy. Learning and accomplishments are desirable, but if purchased at the sacrifice of health, the unhappy buyer will find, too late, that he has parted with a "pearl of great price," which, if once lost, is rarely regained. The body must be trained and strengthened as well as the mind, and a portion of each day should be spent in suitable exercise in the open air. Young students, lay aside your books for a time—throw away that sight-destroying embroidery, and go out and view the works of nature—breathe her invigorating breath, sweet with the scent of forest leaves and summer flowers, or clear and bracing as it comes dancing over the crusted snows of winter. Do not be "ashamed to dig" among the springing flowers,—their smiles will well repay your care—the grateful roses will reflect their own rich bloom upon your cheek, the violet lend its fragrance to your breath, the lily its graceful beauty to your form, and the "free air and glorious sunshine" give you health and strength withal. E. S. T.

East Henrietta, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

WHY, a great deal, especially in a fictitious one. One would think, to glance at the names of the authors of some of our Magazine literature, that the feminine part of the race, at least, is degenerating. So many "Saries," and "Maries," and "Jennies," as to justify a certain writer in calling it "the je fever."

There certainly must be some strong objection to the good, sensible names which girls, in the old-fashioned times, never thought to feel ashamed of. If CATHARINE of Russia had lived in this enlightened age, she would have learned what an improvement "KATE" would have been upon plain substantial CATHARINE; and Lady JANE GREY, seized with the mania, would soon have converted her sober, common name, into "JENNIE." One can see at a glance how *much better* it would correspond with her tragic history.

It has always seemed to me a great pity and a mistake in point of taste, that when they had set about changing SARAI'S name, ABRAHAM or LOT, or some of the family, shouldn't have suggested SARIE instead of SARAH. It would have saved many that trouble since. But isn't it a great consolation to think, when the history of the present generation is handed down to the future, there will be nothing in the names to shock their taste, and history may prove more attractive to young ladies whose brains are too full of fine sentiment to contain anything so *commonplace* as "ideas."

I have been astonished to see that some of our best writers still continue to display their own *sobriquets*—how they can do so and retain their popularity with a discriminating public remains a mystery. If Mrs. ELIZABETH BARRET BROWNING, for instance, would only style herself LIZZIE, how much *character* it would give to her writings. Strange she don't observe the fine effect it has on those of her cotemporaries.

But farewell! ye "Lena Mays," "Lina Linwoods," "Gertie Grays," &c., &c. You have my sympathies. Evidently you ought to be ashamed of your own names, and these are expressive substitutes! All I have to say further is, if I were an editor, I would first glance at the name attached to an article, and if it were not a *sensible* one, it should be thrust without mercy into "the pigeon hole." The quantity which would accumulate might be sold for paper rags. However, I fear it would not weigh much. COMMON SENSE.

Victor, N. Y., 1860.

WOMEN KEEPING SECRETS.

A NEW doctrine is being promulgated by "All the Year Round." Hear it:—"We laugh at the women's tongue, and wonder when a woman keeps a secret; but every true woman keeps a box of choice reserves for her own private indulgence. The man's mysteries are not her's; if he cannot keep them to himself, let him expect them to be blown abroad. Her own secrets of love, of loss, of self-denial, of unsuspected suffering, no woman exposes altogether, even to her nearest friend. There never lived a husband happy in the true love of his wife, who fairly knew all the depths of her mind about him. Every man profits stupidly by the wise little perceptions that arise so quietly and have no utterance except in deeds, of which we vaguely ascribe the fitness to a special faculty called woman's tact. Women, in short, keep to themselves four-fifths of the secrets of society, and do it with a winning air of frankness all their own.

A man with a secret will be stony, or portentous, or provokingly suggestive; he will keep his mouth shut ostentationsly. A woman is too absolutely secret to set up a public sign over whatever may lie buried in her mind. She gossips, prattles, pours out what she does not care to hold, with such an air of unreserved simplicity that all mankind is mystified, and says, in friendly jest, 'a woman only hides what she don't know.' Among the uneducated poor this difference between the woman and the man is most conspicuous. The inate powers of her sex place her at once upon an eminence which man can only reach by education. She must often be tied to one in whom there is often not the grain of understanding requisite to the formation of true sympathy. By far the greater number of the wives of unskilled laborers and mechanics, live more or less happily, and more or less conscious of the hidden life within them, having such a seal upon their minds and heart."

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the housewife qualifications of their partners *after* marriage, however little they may weigh with them *before;* and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life, than recklessness or want of knowledge, in the new housekeeper, of the duties which belong to her station. We admire beauty, and order, and system, in everything; and we admire good fare. If these are found in their dwellings, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will seek their chief enjoyments at home,—they will love their homes and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers that study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life; and daughters that appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.—*Selected.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOPE.

BY F. H. GUILWITS.

O, WHEN to the depth of despondency's gloom
My spirit retreats from the conflict of life;
When earth to my vision seems but a vast tomb
To bury the many who fall in the strife;
On the depth of the midnight I cast my wild cry,
"O, Father! thy world-weary child seeks to die,
And free from this wearisome burden to lie
In the grave that no trouble shall know."

Expectant I list, but no voice from that clime,
In the star-land above, where the ransomed have gone,
Is blent with the desolate night-wind's low chime,
Saying, "Peace, weary soul, thy labor is done,"
But torn by the anguish that dwells in my breast,
And tossed on this pitiless ocean-wave's crest,
A glimmer I see in yon haven of rest,—
The rest no disturbing shall know.

'Tis the beacon of hope on the evergreen hills,
Gleaming warm on the tempest and gloom of despair;
There happiness flows in perpetual rills,
And ravishing beauty distills from the air;
And this vestal ray shedding its light on my heart,
Its midnight dispels with a magical art,
And for its deep wounds a balm doth impart;—
Now I ask not for rest in the grave.

Avoca, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PEDESTRIANISM.

"ALL men * * * * are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."—*Jefferson.*

Notwithstanding the assertion which I have quoted from the great "Apostle of Liberty," has received the endorsement of a successful rebellion, and has been generally conceded to be a truth, it is equally true that but a very small portion of mankind have availed themselves of the right, so far as regards the "pursuit of happiness." Every man has, undoubtedly, an idea of what is necessary to make him happy, but very few men, whatever their professions may be, follow even their own *beau ideals*—a still smaller number follow the true road to happiness. I am of the opinion that mankind do not differ so much in their estimates of what is necessary to true enjoyment, as in the different degrees of intensity wherewith they strive to attain it. The witty HORACE, in his first satire, represents old misers as arguing that they lay up money in youth with the idea of spending when they shall have reached old age; yet he shows, with truth, that they never spend. Just so do the greater part of mankind pretend that they are striving to be happy, when, in truth, they are conscious that they pay attention to everything but happiness.

There is one thing, however, which is necessary to every one who would enjoy this life, whether he be in academic groves, or in the world plunged in the rapid stream of business life. I allude to health—bodily health—worshiped by the ancients as a deity, scouted by the moderns as of no account. Yet, without this health, it is as useless to expect a sound mind, as to look for sweet grapes on the north side of your house. Neither the clear, active plans of the business man, the shrewd calculations of the politician, the calm judgments and observations of the statesman, the profound thought of the scholar, the bright wit of the author, nor the warm feelings and active sympathies of the philanthropist, can long maintain their strength or purity without health.

Of all the means for the preservation of health, none has been more justly lauded in all ages than travel. Not that travel which has no other object than the search for health, and which takes the poor invalid across oceans, up mountains, and over continents, as if the health attained was in direct ratio to the space traversed, and in inverse ratio to the time occupied. Better by far go over a single county to see its landscapes, to hear its inhabitants, to be amused and taught by what one may find, than to overrun a world with finger on pulse, pill-box in pocket, and nose in the air. Hoon once said that the surest way to kill a man was to set him to work and compel him to keep singing,

"I'm doing this for my health;"

and of nothing is it more true than of travel. A man may return home after traversing the world in search of health, to die like poor DE SOTO, disappointed in his search after the Fountain of Youth.

But change of scenery, grateful as it is to the tired system, is not the only thing needed to secure health. Exercise must also be taken to preserve the strength of the body and the clearness of the mind, and that, not in the smallest possible intervals, but frequently, and in generous quantities. No one knows until he has tried it, the exquisite pleasure which is found in going to bed tired, and, unlike other pleasures, it never palls upon the taste, but preserves always the freshness of new gratification. Had the Imperial Lybasite of olden time known this, he need not have offered any reward for a new sensation, but could have manufactured one for himself every night. But exercise must be pleasant, and not too much, as well as not enough. Extreme poverty has not been found the best safeguard to health, although it makes exercise necessary. The mind and the body influence each other so strongly that whatever depresses the one, has also a bad effect upon the other.

Now both these requisites, viz: change of scenery, and pleasant exercise, are within the reach of every one. Expensive apparatus, and magnificent buildings, are not at all necessary to their attainment. Providence has given every one of us a stout pair of legs and feet, admirably adapted to bear our bodies, and with these for apparatus, and the whole world for a gymnasium, every man may exercise his body, and please and refresh his mind. Other means of exercise and relaxation require time, money, and anxiety, more than sufficient to make up for any enjoyment received. But it is in the power of every man to walk every day a sufficient distance to stretch his muscles, expand his lungs, invigorate his digestive apparatus, and clear the fogs from his mind—and all this shall cost him nothing. He may observe and examine the geological phenomena, the botany, the animals, the birds, the insects, or the inhabitants of his neighborhood; and will thus obtain many subjects for thought to be turned in the mind, "as a sweet morsel under the tongue," at those times when he lets his intellect loose to ponder on what it will—when he thinks of "nothing in particular."

And then, in the hot summer months, when one has a few weeks of time and a few dollars in money to spend, nothing can equal the delights of a tramp through some pleasant portion of the country. After the confinement of the counting-room, the study, or the office, with what delight will a man welcome the green fields and pure air of the country. With a knapsack on his back and a stout stick in his hand, he may feast his soul on beautiful scenery, sharpen his powers of mind in studying human nature, and invigorate his body for a new struggle for life. With the first few days all sense of fatigue is gone, and there remains only the physical enjoyment which springs from full lungs and freely circulating blood. And all this requires no great outlay of money. A knapsack, which need not cost much, a staff or *Alpenstock*, which may be cut in the woods, a suit of woolen clothes such as would be worn at home, a pair of stout but not clumsy shoes, a felt hat, and you are equipped. If you can add a linen frock or *blouse*, it will be found a luxury in keeping dust from the garments. Put nothing in the knapsack which is not absolutely needed, take but little money in your pocket, eat when you are hungry, rest when you are tired, sleep when sleepy, and try not to see how fast you can walk, but how much you can enjoy yourself, and you may have appetite, strength, pleasure, independence, and a clear conscience for less than a dollar a day.

There is no country better than ours for these trips, since its scenery is unsurpassed in beauty, and its people in hospitality. Any farm house will receive the pedestrian as a welcome if he but act on the Golden Rule, and try to give as much pleasure as he receives. CATO.

Western New York, 1860.

FIRST BABIES.

A SOMEWHAT extended observation, and a solitary experience, have convinced us that first babies have a hard time. Parents must have two or three children before they know what a baby is—know how to treat it, and acquire patience sufficient to treat it properly. The poor little fellows that have the misfortune to come along first, have to educate parents to their task, and in the process they get spanked, and shaken, and abused. After a man has three or four children, he learns that whipping or striking a child less than two years of age is barbarism. We know one "paternal head" who struck his first child when only six weeks old,—he actually believing that the child knew better than to cry, and that he stopped crying at that particular time because he struck him. We carry certain notions of children and of family government into married life, and the first child is always the victim of these notions. And not alone of these, for the parents have not learned self-control, and a baby is whipped quite as often because the parent is impatient or angry, as because it is vicious or intractable. We inflict on our first children the floggings we ought to have for our own impatience or fretfulness. This pounding children before they become, in God's eye, morally responsible beings, is very strange business. Patience, good people, unwearying patience! Don't wait to learn it until one of your little ones shall be hidden under the daisies.—*Springfield Republican.*

LORD BROUGHAM ON WASHINGTON.—In his recent installation address to the University of Edinburgh, Lord Brougham referred to Washington in the following eloquent words:

"In Washington, we may contemplate every excellence, military and civil, applied to the service of his country and of mankind—a triumphant warrior, unshaken in confidence when the most sanguine had a right to despair; a successful ruler in all the difficulties of a course wholly untried—directing the formation of a new government for a great people, the first time so rash an experiment had ever been tried by man—voluntarily and unostentatiously retiring from supreme power with the veneration of all parties, of all nations, of all mankind, that the rights of man might be conserved, and that his example might never be appealed to by vulgar tyrants. It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to omit no occasion of commemorating this illustrious man, and until time shall be no more, will a test of progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue, be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington."

A LITTLE STORY WITH A MORAL.—The manner in which so many allow themselves to be sacrificed to their love of wealth, reminds one of the cupidity of the monkey—that caricature of our species. In Algiers, the Kabyle peasant attaches a gourd, well fixed, to a tree, and places within it some rice. The gourd has an opening merely sufficient to admit the monkey's paw. The creature comes to the tree by night, inserts his paw, and grasps his booty. He tries to draw it back, but it is clenched, and he has not the wisdom to unclench it. So there he stands till morning, when he is caught, looking as foolish as may be, though with the prize in his grasp.

ENJOY the glory of the sun, and not put out your eyes by trying to count the spots upon his face.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ONLY HERE.

"ONLY HERE" the shadows gather
O'er each true warm heart;
Only here we feel the sorrow
Of affliction's dart.
There all tears are quenched forever,
There the pure are blest,
"There the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary rest.

"Only here" we cherish idols,
Which, with fatal grasp,
Soon, too soon, are rudely severed
From our loving clasp;
There we'll meet in sweet communion,
Nevermore to part,
And no note of bitter discord
Jar within the heart.

Only here we walk in darkness—
There are fields of light,
Where they walk in shining beauty
Glorious and bright;
Only here—ah! sweet reflection,
Never will we fear
All the trials life assigns us,
If 'tis "*only here.*"

Firmly can we strive and conquer,
Nobly can we bear;
If at last we reach "green pastures"
Where "still waters" are;
Where no more the heart will murmur,
And no teardrops fall,—
Where, in fields of regal splendor,
GOD reigns over all.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860. MARY A. B.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LICHENS.

WHAT is there so fearful as the expectation of evil tidings delayed? Sometimes in the midst of tears, or worse, amidst the convulsive gaspings of despair, we reproach ourselves for influencing the eternal fates by our gloomy anticipations; then, if a smile wreathe the mourner's lip, it is arrested by a throb of agony. Alas! are not the dark tresses of the young, painted gray—the full cheek of Beauty delved with sad lines by the spirits of such hours? Misery is a more welcome visitant when she comes in her darkest guise, and wraps us in perpetual black, for then the heart no longer sickens with disappointed hope.

"Every one seems to love you," said a gentleman to a little girl. "Do they?" she replied, smiling; "well, I guess its because *I* love them all."

Ah! never did philosophy, seeking for deeply hidden gems of wisdom, strike upon a truth more rare and pure; for a loving and kindly nature, like sweet music, awakens kindred echoes. It possesses the power of winning the love it freely gives. There is no harshness that love cannot soften, no anger that a gentle word will not disarm.

The sun may shine brightly and gloriously, but if we murmur and repine at our lot, its brightness will never reach our perceptions, our hearts will be under a cloud. MRS. J. W. SMITH.

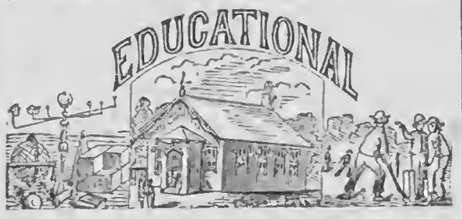
A TEST.

EVERY true child of God will earnestly desire to be conformed to his will, not only in the way of submission, but in the discharge of active duty. The mind that is enlightened to discern the beauty of holiness, will desire to be arrayed in that holiness. The mind that perceives the excellence of the divine law, will desire to render that law all the obedience it demands. A spiritual view of the amiability of the divine character must excite the ardent aspiration to be conformed to that character.

There are some who are satisfied with what they consider "just religion enough to carry them to heaven." They regard it as they would the money requisite to bear the expenses of a journey—as the bridge which was strong enough to carry them safely over a chasm which could not otherwise be crossed. Of the genuineness of such piety we stand in doubt. There is little reason to believe that such persons have ever been spiritually enlightened to discover the vileness of their own hearts, or the purity of the law of God. He who is conscious of the defilement of sin must seek to be utterly delivered, not only from its condemnation, but from its contamination.

Every one who has hope in Christ will endeavor to purify himself even as He is pure. But are such efforts consistent with being satisfied with low attainments in piety? How can such an one regard it as the very consummation of heavenly bliss not only to see Christ in glory, but to be like him? When the renewed heart pants after God, the living God, it desires him not only as the source of happiness, but as the Spirit of holiness. The prayer of the growing Christian is not only "Lift upon me the light of thy countenance, and grant me the joys of thy salvation," but "create within me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me;" "Order my footsteps by thy word."—*Central Presbyterian.*

PEACE.—Peace is better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always on tiptoe to depart. It tires and wears us out, and yet keeps us ever fearing that the next moment it will be gone. Peace is not so—it comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us one anxious forecasting thought. Therefore, let us pray for peace. It is the gift of God—promised to all His children: and if we have it in our hearts, we shall not pine for joy, though its bright wings never touch us while we tarry in the world.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TO THE YOUTH OF OUR SCHOOLS.

You are now in the morning of life. You know naught comparatively of its rough and thorny path,—behold nothing in the cup but happiness, smiles, and sunshine; even if a passing cloud intervenes, it is of transient duration, and the joy that awaits you seems *thrice* more welcome. Oh! childhood's tears serve to wash away the dust from the mind,—to dispel the petty trials, annoyances and anxieties attending some long, difficult task in Arithmetic or Geography,—some perplexing, brain-bewildering parsing exercise, and the like. But as you advance in life, you will *perceive*,—yea, more, *realize*, that this is all *right*,—all *just* that you should be called thus early to conflict with *some* trials. It is necessary, before the soldier enters the army, that he should be thoroughly trained and disciplined, that he may be well prepared to act his part. So it is with you; you *need* to meet *some* cares, *some* troubles, that you may be able to withstand the mightier waves and breakers with which your frail bark will have to contend. A few short weeks, or even *years* at most, and you will be called forth into life's battle-field. Therefore how necessary it is that your *minds* be properly disciplined, that you study *carefully*, *thoughtfully*, with regard to the directing of your affairs, knowing in what direction to go, what path to pursue, and how to avoid the tempests of pride, of avarice, and passion.

There are many heavy toll-gates erected along Life's pathway, which will beggar both the brain and the purse, unless you understand how to avoid them. They *appear* lovely,—they *charm* the eye, and fascinate the ear; they scatter roses under your feet, and lead you on by presenting to your vision pictures of happiness, day-dreams of unparalleled bliss, and they keep pointing you *on and on;* your eye becomes dim with the mists of age, your ear no longer has the power of listening to these siren charmers, you behold the roses crushed and withered, and perceive around you only discontent—longings to be some other than what you are, yet the reality is in the distance, and EVER *will be.*

Strive, then, for that which is more stable,—yea, strive for wisdom, cultivate the intellect, discipline the mental faculties—let Improvement be your watch-word, Truth your object-glass, Honesty your surveying-chain, Integrity and Perseverance your armor. You must not be content to stand still. The world is moving, science and literature are advancing, and we, as rational beings, must keep pace with the age. It is a duty we owe ourselves, our fellow-beings, and our Creator. Man was made for progress, and it is no unworthy aspiration when this desire fires the youthful mind. Cultivate and cherish it, prune and direct it in the right path, and above all, learn to think, *think* for yourselves; and when you have thought correctly, properly and justly, put those thoughts into execution. Be worthy of *self-approbation*, and as you *honor yourselves*, so will you *be honored.*

How many there are who are called "good scholars" in our schools, of whom we hear nothing after they go forth into the world. Their good scholarship gives them no impulse to go on to greater attainments for *themselves.* They are mere book-worms, walking libraries, their learning is either that of reception, as the sponge takes in water, or that of mere memory. They have none of that self-reliance which *impossibilities* alone can subdue. In the same school there are others known as "dull, heavy scholars," distinguished in no way but for their stupidity, who, in after life, fairly outstrip their fellows. And why is this? The proper course of educating and training these youthful minds has not been properly understood; people will not always go in leading-strings, and, again I repeat, they *must* think for themselves. Their instructors can, if they understand their vocation, (by *degrees*, it is true,) call forth these dormant minds and turn the active into a more healthful channel. Happy will be the day when human nature is so understood, and the science and art of education so comprehended, that every mind may be directed and direct itself into its proper sphere. It cannot be done for you; advice and assistance may be given, which shall greatly enhance your progress; but it depends chiefly on yourselves, whether you will be thus educated or not. As Improvement is your watch-word, you must be prepared to detect and avoid the errors of your Instructors. Remember, education has reference to *the whole man*,—the body, the mind, and the heart. To the frame it will give vigor, activity and beauty; to the senses, correctness and acuteness; to the intellect, power and truthfulness; to the heart, virtue. Soon will the affairs of the nation devolve on you; so on will you be called upon to fill the places your fathers occupy. And will you be prepared to do it with nobleness and honor? Some of you must be Statesmen, Lawyers, Judges, Ministers, Teachers, Physicians, Farmers, &c. A few more suns may rise and set,—a few more snows of winter, now falling on the silver locks of your parents, will soon fall on their graves. But remember their advice, imitate their noble examples. Be not like the meteor, glaring upon the startled vision with its sudden flash, but be silently gathering materials to support the more enduring light of the morning-star, which anon will arise in majesty and glory. Do not sit down and allow the worthy efforts of your fathers to sink back to dust. Ever let Excelsior, the motto of the Empire State, be your motto.

Castle Grove, N. Y., 1860. ARAMINTA.

THE noblest contribution for the benefit of posterity is a good character, formed by good conduct.

TALKING AND WRITING.

A MAN never knows what he has read until he has either talked about it or written about it. Talking and writing are digestive processes which are absolutely essential to the mental constitution of the man who devours many books. But it is not every man that can talk. Talking implies, first of all, a readiness on the part of the speaker, and next, a sympathetic listener. It is, therefore, as a digestive process, the most difficult, if it is the most rapid, in its operation. Writing is a different affair; a man may take his time to it, and not require a reader; he can be his own reader. It is an easier, although more formal, process of digestion than talking. It is in everybody's power; and everybody who reads much makes more or less use of it, because, as Bacon says, if he does not write, then he ought to have extraordinary faculties to compensate for such neglect. It is in this view that we are to understand the complaint of a well-known author that he was ignorant of a certain subject, and the means by which he was to dispel his ignorance—namely, by writing on it. It is in this view that the monitorial system of instruction has its great value—to the monitors it is the best sort of teaching. It is from the same point of view that Sir William Hamilton used to lament the decay of teaching as a part of the education of students at the universities. In the olden time it was necessary to the obtaining of a degree that the graduate should give evidence of his capacity as a teacher; and in the very titles of his degree, as magister, and doctor, he was designated a teacher. "A man never knows anything," Sir William used to say, "until he has taught it in some way or other; it may be orally, it may be writing a book." It is a grand truth, and points a fine moral. Knowledge is knowledge, say the philosophers; it is precious for its own sake, it is an end to itself. But nature says the opposite. Knowledge is not knowledge until we use it; it is not ours until we have brought it under the command of the great social faculty, speech; we exist for society, and knowledge is null until we give it expression, and in so doing make it ever to the social instinct.—*Blackwood.*

EDUCATIONAL SELF-DEVELOPMENT.

A WRITER in the North British Review furnishes us with the following thoughts on this subject: "It cannot be too earnestly insisted upon, that in education the process of self-development should be encouraged to the greatest possible extent. Children should be led to make their own inferences. They should be *told* as *little* as possible, and induced to *discover* as *much* as possible. They should be put in the way of solving their own questions. To *tell* a child this, and to *show* it that, is not to show it how to observe, but to make it a mere recipient of another's observations; a proceeding which tends to weaken rather than to strengthen its powers of self-instruction; which deprives it of the pleasures resulting from successful activity; which presents this all-attractive knowledge under the aspect of formal tuition; which thus generates that indifference and even disgust with which its lessons are not unfrequently regarded. On the other hand, to pursue the natural course, is simply to guide the intellect to its appropriate food; to join with the intellectual appetite their natural adjuncts; to induce, by the union of all these, an intensity of attention which insures perceptions alike vivid and complete; and to habituate the mind from the very beginning to that practice of self-help that must ultimately follow."

A TRIP TO THE WILDERNESS.—II.

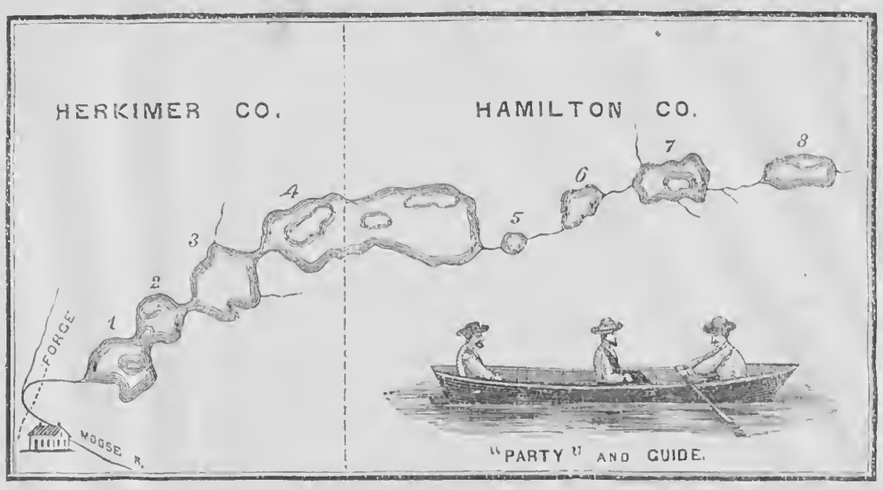
BY W. W. ELY, M. D.

THE entrance to the "New York Wilderness," by the Boonville route, makes an indelible impression on the memory of all who pass through it. The distance from Boonville to "ARNOLD'S" is 23 miles,—the last 15 of which constitute the horrible road which I attempted briefly to describe in my former letter. There is a better road from Boonville to ARNOLD'S, by way of Lyonsdale, passable for wagons, but it is eight miles longer distance. The former road, which has been described, has hitherto been tolerated, and may be considered the established route to the "John Brown's Tract."

The inconveniences of a single day's journey, great as they may be, will not deter tourists from making and repeating the trial, in view of the advantage of being so soon introduced to the best fishing and hunting grounds, and to the most beautiful, wild and wonderful scenery, which our country affords.

Invalids and those who travel with their families, or with ladies, and hence need the facility of good roads, and the accommodation of good hotels, will find the access from Lake Champlain to the lower Saranac Lake preferable. This furnishes a more comfortable and a more gradual introduction to the wilderness mode of life. A day's journey over a fine road of about fifty miles from Port Kent, on Lake Champlain, to the lower Saranac, with good country hotels at convenient distances, and pleasant quarters at the latter lake, where the traveler begins to feast on fish and venison, must lead many to choose this line of travel, who prefer not to encounter too suddenly the rough customs of the woods.

There is also the Carthage road,—from Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, to Carthage, in Jefferson county, which touches Long Lake and Forked Lake, and passes the Raquette Lake, making seventy miles distance from Lake Champlain, by road, to the Raquette Lake. By this route parties may enter or emerge from the wilderness.



FULTON CHAIN OF LAKES.

Explanation.—The engraving represents the Fulton Chain of Lakes, on the middle branch of the Moose River, from Arnold's to the head of 8th Lake—distance 22¼ miles. There are three portages on the route, viz., from Arnold's to the Forge, 2¼ miles; from 5th to 6th Lake, ¾ of a mile; from 7th to 8th Lake, one mile. The "Brown Tract" lies west of the middle of the 4th Lake. The 1st, 2d, 3d, 7th and 8th lakes are each 2 miles long; the 4th is 6 miles.

Still further,—there is an express route, recently established by "NED BUNTLINE," from Fort Edward to Eagle Lake, by which travelers, giving him ten days notice, may reach the Raquette, at a charge of $6. There are other less frequented routes, which it is not, perhaps, important to particularize.

As to time,—the eastern extremity of the lower Saranac Lake, by way of Lake Champlain, may be reached from Rochester in two days; and the same time is required to reach ARNOLD'S, by way of Utica and Boonville. The distance to the Raquette, in the heart of the Wilderness, is somewhat greater by the Saranac route than by the way of Boonville; and a longer time is required to reach the Moose River Lakes, when they are visited from the East; but the attractions and advantages of scenery, and fishing, and hunting, afforded by the Moose River or Brown's Tract Lakes, would induce us, were we to revisit that wilderness region, to choose the Boonville route. In this preference we are confirmed by the experience of other tourists, and the advice of intelligent and reliable guides.

Our route through the Wilderness, from West to East, after leaving ARNOLD'S, was through the Fulton chain of Lakes, eight in number—tributaries to the Moose and Black Rivers; the Raquette and adjacent Lakes—head waters of the Raquette River; and the upper and lower Saranac Lakes—which are continuous with the river of the same name,—the waters of which three rivers respectively empty into Lake Ontario, the River St. Lawrence, and Lake Champlain. The territory embraces portions of the counties of Herkimer, Hamilton, Franklin, Essex, and Clinton. The "John Brown's Tract" occupies the western part of the Wilderness, and includes only a part of the first or Fulton chain of lakes.

The Adirondack Mountains bound the territory on the east, and give sublimity and interest to the scenery after we leave the beautiful and enchanting region of lakes and rivers in the heart of the Wilderness.

The distance, in a general north-east course, from Boonville to Port Kent, is about 160 miles—of which about 80 miles are traversed by lake and river. Experienced and obliging guides, with boats capable each of carrying two persons and their baggage, can be secured at the reasonable charge of $2 per day.

The guides perform all necessary camp services; accompany you in fishing and hunting; transport you in their boats over lakes and rivers, carrying the boats on their shoulders around rapids and across portages; treat you with honest familiarity, always addressing "the party" as "you fellows," and speaking of the party to their comrades, as "them fellows;" entertain you with amusing and exciting incidents of the hunting grounds; and communicate much valuable information respecting the country. Many of them are hunters and trappers by profession, who spend a portion of the winter season in hunting deer and moose, and in procuring furs for the markets, and devote themselves during the summer to the service of parties who wish their aid in exploring the wilderness.

The first natural division of the territory, embracing the eight lakes of the Fulton chain, is second to none other as a fishing and hunting region. It is here, also, that some of the most beautiful lake scenery is to be enjoyed. The seventh lake, in particular, which is two miles in length by three-fourths of a mile in breadth, is by common consent regarded as the "Gem of the Woods." No description can convey an adequate idea of its fine contour and proportions, its dark reflecting waters, and its high picturesque banks, adorned with the most beautiful evergreens. The fourth and eighth lakes are very pleasing bodies of water; but they are inferior to the seventh. We encamped by the fourth lake, and also at the head of the seventh,—at the latter making our couch the ground, with the sky as our canopy, and were not a little surprised, on awaking after a *frosty* night, to find our hardy guides suffering from benumbed feet, and complaining of the "bitter cold" in no less doleful terms than ourselves.

Passing from the eighth lake, a portage of a mile and a half takes you to Brown's Tract Inlet, through which you are conveyed by boat, four miles, to the entrance of the Raquette.

The tourist, after leaving ARNOLD'S, finds himself in the "Wilderness;" yet probably not in such a wilderness as he had anticipated. Everything in these regions wears a welcome rather than a repulsive aspect. The bright sun, the clear stars, here shed their most genial influences. Islands, shores, hills and mountains, vie with each other in the verdure, variety and beauty of their evergreens. Nature, in her arrangements of hills and mountains, of lakes and streamlets, presents such endless diversity as to defy all discovery of repetition.

The waters of these lakes and streams, when at rest, have a peculiar dark color which affords the most perfect reflections imaginable. The delicate lichens and mosses that grow in such abundance on the decaying trees, are shown with the greatest distinctness in these natural mirrors. Everything that can afford a basis for lichens, mosses, and ferns, is appropriated to these lower orders of vegetation. One of the singular sights that frequently attracted our notice, was that of a large tree growing on the summit of a naked boulder, its roots extending down on all sides of the rock, and fastening themselves in the ground.

As our party consisted of tourists, rather than of sportsmen, and as the season was somewhat advanced for game, we have no exciting incidents of the chase with which to diversify our narrative. Brook and lake trout, and venison, can always be obtained in sufficient abundance to satisfy the physical wants of the tourist, but there are "times and seasons" which are to be observed by those who would make fishing and hunting a leading object of their visit to the wilderness.

THE ECLIPSE AS SEEN AT LABRADOR.

THE American Scientific Association held their Annual Meeting at Newport, during the first week of the present month, and the closing hours were marked by the arrival of the Expedition sent out by our government for the purpose of astronomical observations upon the eclipse at Labrador. Officers and members of the Expedition were presented to the Association, and we quote the following from their remarks, as given in the New York *Evening Post:*

Prof. Alexander rose under much agitation. He was overcome by the kindly reception which greeted him the moment he set foot on shore. Contrasted with the monumental desolation of the scence which he had witnessed, this sudden introduction to the midst of friends and social intercourse was most affecting. Without beginning with an apology, he simply alluded to those circumstances to explain what want of unity of ideas he might manifest in his remarks.

The expedition had been fitted out under the patronage of the Coast Survey and its enlightened Superintendent, Mr. Bache. Never in his wildest dreams had he conceived of scenes of such wild grandeur and desolation as greeted them as they approached their final destination. The shore was skirted with an almost unbroken range of mountains, seeming like *cast iron.* They were beyond arborescent vegetation,—and but little except mosses grew anywhere. Along the base of the mountain-chain towards the sea, lay a bank of mist. It was necessary to get on the opposite side to be free from danger from this source. The difficulties seemed to be very great; a sort of terrace on the western side of the range was found, which promised to be suitable; hither with great difficulty we transported ourselves and our instruments. The weather, when clear, was very clear, but lasted never more than two days. The day we had looked forward to with great anxiety was overcast; still we could see the disc of the sun; the clouds served our eyes for colored glass screens. The most interesting results of our observations are:

1. The moon broke the curve of the sun with an enormously rough edge.

2. A phenomenon which I was the first to notice some years ago, viz: a belt of light around the moon, brighter than any other part of the sun.

3. An appearance, which but one of our party saw, which was observed in 1820, and once later, and has been called an optical illusion, but which the *photographic plate now had not forgotten to record.* Thus it was real and not optical. The phenomenon in question was a *bluish light* on the side of the moon, close to the edge projected on the sun. These three results Professor A. considered amply justified the expenses of the expedition.

As the eclipse progressed, and when there was only a bit of rugged, intensely brilliant silver wire of the sun's disk left, it seemed as if the sun was melting away and dropping point by point, till in a minute all was gone. During totality, the sky was overspread with the most brilliant colors. We saw through the deepening mist, just as the last fragment of the sun's disc melted away, a single blush of the corona; but it was white and no red prominences were visible.

On shipboard they were more fortunate. During the totality, a momentary rift in the clouds revealed the spectacle to the sailors. They saw the corona, and described it precisely as if they had read a description in an astronomical work. The drawing taken from their statements be considered in every sense reliable. It exhibits the corona with unequal shoots of light.

Dr. F. A. Barnard, a member of the expedition, gave a few results which are really very interesting. The phenomenon known as "Baily's beads" was distinctly seen. This consists of a series of round dots of light, like a great string of beads, which immediately succeeds total obscuration. He attributed to them a similar cause to that which is attributed for *mirage.* The passage of shadow created the same inequality of density in the atmosphere as that on the principal of refraction produces mirage.

Dr. B. stated some interesting facts connected with the voyage. His ideas of icebergs was entirely incorrect. He had no conception of their enormous height. This, too, was in latitude 52°, off the coast of Belle Isle. Other remarkable features of these high latitudes were the great number and brilliancy of auroras, and great disturbance of the magnetic needle. What was quite as remarkable, too, the latter became quiet during the totality of the eclipse. The almost total absence of animal life, with the exception of mosquitoes, was also remarked.

The eclipse was also observed by a company of British *savans* at Santander, in Spain. The following is a thrilling extract from the journal of one of their number:

The totality began at 2h. 58m. 24s., and lasted until 3h. 1m. 44s. At 3h., most of the thermometers laid upon the grass had fallen from 71 deg. 1 min. to 64 deg. 5 min., and there was a perceptible chill in the air, increased, perhaps, by the wind having veered almost due north at 2h. 9m. During the totality the following phenomena were also observed:—At the moment in which darkness began to descend rapidly, consternation seemed to seize nature; pigeons flew about in clusters, confused and scared; poultry sought their roost; my dog whined at my feet; small birds fluttered and twitted excitedly, as if a hawk was in view; a cow moaned loudly, and the dew gathered like sweat on the flowers as they drooped and closed their petals. But the most impressive moment was yet to come; as darkness descended, and the winds and the deep grew hushed, man and beast were struck dumb with awe. Such might well seem the last day, as indeed it did to many; but the prophets of science had foretold the event, and deprived it of the terror of a surprise. Nevertheless, during those sinister, ghastly and absorbing three minutes, enlightened spirits prostrated themselves before the power of God, and the sceptic whom the radiance of the sun could not convince, nor the regularity of the seasons convert, was forced at that supreme moment to own the influence of the first great cause.

During the totality the bits of blue sky in the northwest and eastern horizons assumed the same appearance as they do at dawn on a cloudy morning, with the exception that the former was the brighter.

The flowers closed as follows:

	H.	M.	S.
Tiger Iris	2	10	0
Everlasting	2	15	4
Blue Saffron	2	20	0
Hibiscus Africanus	2	50	0

The youngest flowers felt the influence of the eclipse soonest, the old ones, the everlastings especially, yielding slowly and stubbornly.

Owing to the cloudy state of the weather, only Venus and two other stars were seen for a moment.

Of three thermometers laid on pieces of copper, blende and calamine ore, the former preserved the highest temperature.

The return of light was hailed with a murmur of satisfaction by the spectators—the cocks crowed in the neighboring farm yards, and nature all at once became cheerful and resonant. During the totality bats were seen flying about. At 4h. 30m. the heat of the sun's rays was intense, as if they hastened back to earth with redoubled ardor.

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

ONE of the most eminent American divines, who had for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, has spent some thousands of dollars in vain, and lost years of time, in consequence of getting up before day, and studying by artificial light. His eyes will never get well. Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of their eyesight in reading fine print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it will be well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never begin to read, write or sew, for several minutes after coming from darkness to a bright light.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window, or door.

It is the best to have the light fall from above obliquely, over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that, on the first awakening, the eye shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them; but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest dilutant in the world; then wash your eyes and face in warm water.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

How rich the following paragraph appears, which was originally printed in the English Quarterly Review in March, 1825:

"We are not advocates for visionary projects, that interfere with useful establishments. *We scout the idea of a railroad as impracticable.* What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospects held out of locomotives traveling *twice as fast* as stage coaches? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's ricochet rockets, as to put themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate."

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL PAGE.

Inquiries and Notes,.....269
Moon Blindness—Specific Opthalmia,.....269
Liquid Manure,.....269
Cutting the Tops of Diseased Potatoes,.....269
Labor-Saving Machinery in Farming,.....269
Ax-Grinding at Agricultural Fairs,.....269
Culture of Clayey Soils, &c,.....270
Buckwheat for Fattening Stock,.....270
Experiments in Subsoiling,.....270
The Hydropult, [Illustrated,].....270
Animals in the Highway—The Law,.....270
Taking the Census,.....270

Rural Spirit of the Press.—The Eyes of Horses and Cattle; Full Feeding Grass Lands; Tanning Skins with the Fur on; Colic in Horses; Introduction of the Potato into France; Cotton-Seed Cakes, for Feeding Purposes; Management of the Colt,.....270

Inquiries and Answers.—Inquiries about Sheep and Sheep Driving; Weed for Name; Grass for an Orchard; Broom Corn Press; Bee Sting; Ag'l Patents,.....270

Agricultural Miscellany—Be Careful with the Machines; The Ichnumon vs. The Wheat Midge; California Wheat; Wheat in New England; Tennessee May Wheat; Index to the Rural; Vermont Horses for Napoleon III; Canada West Fair; Liberal Premiums; Michigan State Fair,.....270

HORTICULTURAL.

Gathering and Packing Fruits,.....271
Fruits and Flowers, [Illustrated,].....271
Mr. Prince's Strawberries,.....271

Inquiries and Answers—Fruit Books; Late Strawberries; What is the matter with the Apples; Wardian Cases; Fruits Received,.....271

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Temperance Cake; Cheap Sponge Cake; Balloon Pudding; Tomato Jelly; Tomato Toast; Pickling Ripe Tomatoes; Ginger Beer; Poisonous Paper Hangings; Economical Perfumes,.....271

LADIES' OLIO.

Knitting Work, [Poetical;] "Little Ladies;" What's in a Name; Women Keeping Secrets; A Good Housewife,...272

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Hope, [Poetical;] Pedestrianism; First Babies; Lord Brougham on Washington; A Little Story with a Moral,.272

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Only Here, [Poetical;] Lichens; A Test; Peace,.....272

EDUCATIONAL.

To the Youth of our Schools; Talking and Writing; Educational Self-Development,.....273

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to the Wilderness, No. II—Fulton Chain of Lakes, [Illustrated,].....273

USEFUL OLIO.

The Eclipse as seen at Labrador; Take Care of your Eyes,.....273

STORY TELLER.

Midsummer, [Poetical;] Uncle Ezekiel; Why he is a Bachelor,.....276

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Harper's New Monthly Magazine—Harper & Brothers.
Small Fruits—Frost & Co.
Howe's Improved Hay Scales—Jas. G. Dudley.
Genesee Valley Nurseries—Frost & Co.
The Great Austin Shaker Seedling Strawberry—C. Miller.
The Hydropult—American Hydropult Co.
Bells—Bells.—A. Meneely's Sons.
Wm. R. Prince & Co., Flushing, N. Y.
Schenectady Ag'l Works—G. Westinghouse & Co.
Select Strawberries—Frost & Co.
Granville Female Academy—W. P. Kerr.
Agents Wanted Everywhere—Hosea B. Carter & Co.
Strawberry Plants—Chas. Lester.
Chapman & Davis' Commercial College.
Marion Collegiate Institute—E. R. Wright.
True Delaware Grape Vines—Geo. W. Campbell.
Buying and Selling Trees—H. K. Warren.
Cherry Seeds—Frost & Co.
Agents Wanted—J. H. Hovey.
Cherry Pits, Cheap—John Murphy.
Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—A. F. West.
Rare Chance to Make Money—Mercantile Agency.
Early Seed Wheat—Henry Wray.
Saratoga Female Seminary—E. F. Carter.
To Gardeners and Florists—Samuel Raynor.
Apple Stocks for Sale—P. Bowen & Co.
Farm for Sale—M. Huntington.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 25, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

A LETTER received at Washington from El Passo, dated July 19, says:—The Church party has taken possession of the Capital of Chihuahua, and the Governor of the Liberal party, with all his Cabinet, arrived here yesterday, where he intends to make his last stand. Cordoro and many of the wealthy citizens of that State accompanied him, all running from the General of the Church party.

No complete returns from any of the census districts have yet been received. In the cases where the Marshals have asked for further time, additional aid has been ordered.

The President has departed for several weeks' sojourn at Bedford.

The garrison at Fort Kearney having been greatly reduced by the strong detachments sent to the Pawnee reserve to quell Indian disturbances, is immediately to be strengthend by all the available infantry recruits now at Jefferson barracks.

According to reports received at Washington, the Abolition conspiracy in Texas appears to be on the increase. A young man had been hung for giving strychnine to the slaves to put into wells. Another preacher had also been hung for being an Abolitionist, while two other persons had been similarly treated for inciting slaves to insurrection. These events had taken place in different parts of the State. Frequent attempts at poisoning and incendiarism were reported. Although the town of Henderson had been nearly consumed by fire, the people appeared unwilling to put faith in the reported conspiracy.

The N. Y. Herald's Washington correspondent says, private letters from Col. Lander's wagon road party, dated at Honey Lake Valley, July 2, give accounts of an engagement with the Mohave Indians on the 23d of June, five days march eastward from Honey Lake Valley. Lander's party was attacked by Indians in ambush, and a young man named Painter, mortally wounded at the first fire. He died next morning. The Indians were pursued into the mountains, but returned the next day to the number of 300, and renewed the attack, which was continued about five hours, when the Indians were routed and pursued. Among the killed was a chief called Big Jim. The Indians continued to retreat during the night, and were followed two days by Col. Landers, without coming to an engagement. His provisions began to grow short, and Col. L. was obliged to return to Honey Lake. After recruiting a few days his party will commence operations on the wagon road, which they expect to complete in sixty days. Col. Landers had 73 men with him in the fight, chiefly armed with Sharp's rifles and revolvers.

Gen. Harney, in compliance with an order issued more than two months ago, reported himself in person to the Secretary of War to-day. He was relieved from the command of the Department of Oregon at the instance of Lt. General Scott, for reasons in connection with the San Juan question. It is probable he will be Court Martialed.

Political Intelligence.

THE Douglas Democracy of New York met in Convention at Syracuse on the 15th inst. Hon. DANIEL PRATT, of Onondaga, was made temporary Chairman.

JOHN J. TAYLOR, from the Committee on Permanent Organization, reported the following officers:

President—JOHN WILLARD, Saratoga.

Vice-Presidents—1st District, Robert B. Bradford and Michael Halpin, New York; 2d, A. R. Clark, Westchester; 3d, John Tracy, Albany; 4th, Gordon P. Thomas, Clinton; 5th, David Moulton, Oneida; 6th, E. J. Burhans, Delaware; 7th, Henry R. Pomeroy, Cayuga; 8th, C. J. Allen, Chautauqua.

Secretaries—1st District, Moses D. Gale, and Samuel Boardman, New York; 2d, Lawrence Handy, Kings; 3d, W. C. Derby, Ulster; 4th, W. H. Walsh, St. Lawrence; 5th; E. J. Clark, Jefferson; 6th, H. A. Dow, Tompkins; 7th, J. J. Matteson, Ontario; 8th, A. J. McNett, Allegany. The report was adopted.

The following gentlemen were put in nomination on the State Ticket:—*Governor*—WILLIAM KELLY, of Dutchess. *Lieut. Governor*—William F. Allen, of Oswego. *Canal Commissioner*—William W. Wright, of Ontario. *State Prison Inspector*—William C. Rhodes, of Chemung.

On re assembling at half past two, Hon. Robert T. Grant, from the Committee, after some preliminary remarks, reported the following Electoral Ticket:

Electors at Large—Reuben H. Walworth, Saratoga; Herman J. Redfield, Genesee.

District Electors—1st District.—Selah B. Strong, of Suffolk; 2d, Chas. H. Collins, Kings; 3d, Francis R. Tillow, New York; 4th, Elijah F. Purdy, New York; 5th, Oswald Oltendorfer, New York; 6th, Jas. Depeyster Ogden, New York; 7th, Jas. Robinson, New York; 8th, John Anderson, New York; 9th, Edward Haight, Westchester; 10th, Daniel B. St. John, Orange; 11th, Elisha B. Strong, Greene; 12th, William Kent, Dutchess; 13th, Martin Springer, Rensselaer; 14th, James Kidd, Albany; 15th, Isaiah Blood, Saratoga; 16th, Henry H. Ross, Essex; 17th, David C. Judson, St. Lawrence; 18th, Charles Goodyear, Schoharie; 19th; George C. Clyde, Otsego; 20th, Edward Huntington, Oneida; 21st, Ambrose S. Higgins, Cortland; 22d, Lucius B. Crocker, Oswego; 23d, Pierson Mundy, Jefferson; 24th, John M. Strong, Onondaga; 25th, Edwin M. Anderson, Wayne; 26th, James M. Pulver, Ontario; 27th, Miles Fineh, Tompkins; 27th, Charles H. Carroll, Livingston; 29th, Addison Gardiner, Monroe; 30th, John B. Skinner, 2d, Wyoming; 31st, Lorenzo Burrows, Orleans; 32d, William Williams, Erie; 33d, Stephen D. Caldwell, Chautauqua.

On motion of Mr. Hathaway, of Chemung, the report was unanimously adopted.

James S. Thayer, of Rensselaer, moved that the Committee of the Bell and Everett party with which, in the formation of the ticket, the Committee of the Convention had been in harmonious consultation, be invited to take seats on the floor of the Convention. (Loud, long, and continued applause.) The motion was adopted unanimously.

The following is the State Committee for the ensuing year, as finally agreed upon:

1st District, Wm. D. Kennedy and Benj. Wood, New York; 2d, John A. Dayton, Kings; Calvin Frost, Westchester; 3d, Peter Cagger, Albany; F. L. Laflin, Ulster; 4th, R. H. Cushney, Montgomery; R. G. Stone, Clinton; 5th, Williard Johnson, Oswego; S. Arthur Gilbert, Oneida; 6th, ——— Hubbard, Chenango; Duncan S. Magee, Schuyler; 7th, Elmore P. Ross, Cayuga; Chas. C. B. Walker, Steuben; 8th, Dean Richmond, Genesee; A. P. Lansing, Erie.

The Convention then adjourned *sine die*.

IN the Arkansas election, thirty-six counties have been heard from. Rector, Independent Democrat, beats Johnson, Regular Democrat, for Governor, 2,765. Eighteen counties yet to hear from. Rector is probably elected.

THE Ohio Bell and Everett State Convention met in Columbus on the 16th, and nominated a full electoral ticket, and candidates for Attorney General and members for the Board of Public Works. No nomination was made for Supreme Judge.

THE "Constitutional Union" State Convention met at Indianapolis on the 15th, and appointed E. J. Blyth, of New Albany, and Hon. W. J. Edwards, of Terre Haute, electors at large, and a full list of district electors. Resolutions endorsing the Baltimore Platform and opposing fusion or alliance with any other organization, were adopted.

THE Breckenridge and Lane State Convention met in Davenport, Iowa, on the 15th, and nominated a full electoral ticket. Resolutions endorsing the Breckenridge Democratic Platform, were adopted. About 75 delegates were present.

The Douglas State Committee met at Harrisburg, Penn., on the 15th inst., and sat with closed doors. It is ascertained, however, that it is their determination to nominate a clean Douglas electoral ticket. The electors on the Reading ticket who will give a pledge to vote for Douglas will be retained. The others will be struck off and their places filled with Douglas men.

THE Mississippi Douglas Democratic State Convention met at Granada, on the 15th, and nominated a full electoral ticket.

AT the Breckenridge State Convention, held in Charlotteville, Va., on the 18th inst., a resolution was adopted, modifying the electoral ticket, and appointing Senators Hunter and Mason, ex-Gov. Wise, and Messrs. Scott and Russell, as electors. A resolution was also adopted, instructing the electors that if Mr. Breckenridge cannot be elected, to vote as a unit, so as to prevent the election of Mr. Lincoln.

IN the Douglas Convention held at Staunton, Va., the Conference Committee was discharged, and a proposition for a compromise denounced. A resolution was adopted that the electoral vote of Virginia be cast for any one who can defeat Lincoln. A Douglas electoral ticket was adopted as follows:—Geo. Blow, L. Hopkins, J. B. Storal, Jas. Garland, Benj. Randolph, J. H. Cox, J. B. Ellsworth, G. H. Rowe, G. W. Brent, Israel Robinson, I. A. Leggett, G. P. Hedge, G. W. Hopkins, C. T. Stewart, and W. Brown.

THE Maryland Douglas State Convention was held on the 15th inst., at Baltimore. All the counties in the State were represented; a full electoral ticket was appointed, and the Convention adjourned *sine die*.

FULL returns from all the counties in North Carolina, give Ellis, the Democratic candidate for Governor, 6,580 majority over Pool, the opposition candidate.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Pony Express arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 15th, with California dates to the 4th inst.

There is a steady business doing in San Francisco, without speculative feeling or excitement.

The Pony Express, with St. Louis dates from July 20th, arrived at San Francisco Aug. 1st.

A report came that this express was to be discontinued, which causes expressions of regret.

Senators Gwin and Latham have arrived home. The former came by steamer, the latter overland. The newspapers are loud in denunciation of Senator Gwin, who seems to be held solely responsible for the defeat of Hale's Overland Bill.

The political contest in the State does not open with ordinary spirit. Both wings of the Democracy are quite confident of carrying the State, and several bets offered that Douglas would receive the most votes, have been taken even by Breckenridge men.

The ship Moonlight brings 326 Chinese passengers, and reports two more ships on the way from Hong Kong. The arrival of Chinamen during three months, exceeds 7,000, and more than half of that number had departed for British Columbia. The excitement against the employment of Chinese in San Francisco, seems to have died out.

Parties that have returned from the Caso mines report having discovered many new leads of silver and gold-bearing quartz. They bring a large number of specimens, and it is generally believed that this new mining region is very rich and extensive. Col. Fremont and a party of friends have gone there, on account of the favorable reports received.

A report reached Carson Valley on the 2d, that a company of twenty-eight men had just had a fight with Indians near Black Rock, in which two Americans were killed and the balance forced to retreat. The different companies in that region prospecting for mines, numbering one hundred in all, were concentrating to give the Indians another fight. Large numbers of Indians were reported to be congregating along the emigrant routes, and it was feared they would be more troublesome.

The bark Francis Palmer arrived with Sandwich Island dates to July 15th, but the news was of little interest. The Commissioners appointed by the U. S. Government to examine the affairs of the U. S. Hospital at Honolulu, in reference to disbursements by the Consul of the funds appropriated by Congress for the relief of the sick and destitute, were investigating industriously, and strange developments were anticipated.

From Pike's Peak.

DENVER CITY advices to Aug. 11, state that the quartz mills are becoming successful in saving the gold; many of them are yielding from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per day in the Gregogry diggings. The consolidated Ditch Company is turning its waters at night through the Spring road gulches, overflowing sluices, filling up pits, and doing thousands of dollars damage to the mines and quartz mills. The Black Hawk Mills alone have suffered to an amount of over five thousand dollars. A suit has been brought against the Ditch Company in the Minera Court.

The first U. S. Mail to this region arrived on the 10th inst., causing much rejoicing. General dissatisfaction had previously existed at its being withheld after the commencement of the contract time. A general belief existed that the Central Overland Mail and Pike's Peak Express Company, which received 25 cents on each letter to and from the States, had in some way prevented its arrival. Business continues dull in all the towns.

It is reported under date of Denver City, Aug. 7th, that the U. S. troops from Fort Kearney and Fort Reilly had a battle with the Kiowas, near Bent's Fort, about the 24th of July. They demanded the Indians who had committed the last outrages, and on their refusal to give them up were attacked; five Kiowas were killed and several taken prisoners. The latter were left at the fort, and the troops were proceeding down the Arkansas, but Bent fearing an attack, sent a messenger, an old Frenchman, several years in his employ, to notify the troops. The Indians attacked and scalped this messenger, leaving him for dead, but he managed to return to the fort, and will probably recover. Bent having but a small supply of provisions, and fearing trouble, released the prisoners. The Arapahoes and Cheyennes, who were lately in Denver, are now encamped around the fort, and promise to protect Bent from the Kiowas.

Some of the parties that went over the snowy range in search of gold have returned successful. A party starts to-day for the western part of Dacotah, where old miners were confident of finding gold.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The British Government has decided on having the whole of the iron plated steam floating batteries put in a state of thorough repair and ready for immediate service.

England declines to actively join the Syrian expedition.

In the House of Commons, on the 6th, in reply to a query from Mr. Berkley, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that the contract between the Government and the Atlantic Telegraph Company had became void, and hereafter the Government would exercise great caution in entering into further contracts for similar undertakings.

The Ministry had carried the paper duty resolution through the House of Commons, by thirty-three majority.

The Mark Lane Express says the weather of the past week, though below the usual temperature, with some rain, has further improved the condition of the crops, and been more calculated to produce a good harvest, than a hot sun.

The English Parliament had agreed to vote £2,000,000 for fortifications.

FRANCE.—The Superior Council of Commerce has already had four sittings devoted to an inquiry into the cotton trade, at which a great number of French, English and Belgium manufacturers were present. Mr. Douler, Minister of Commerce, presided.

The volunteers left August 7th for Sicily. Five thousand more left on the 14th. The men are conveyed by steamers.

It is rumored that Paris regiments of the line will be increased from 102 to 110.

The Governor General of Damascus and Beyrout have been suspended and arrested.

Napoleon was at the Chalons camp. It is denied that he is to have a meeting with the King of Sardinia.

NAPLES.—All efforts to conclude an armistice with Garibaldi having failed, preparations are being made to repulse any attempt at invasion. Improvements are being actively introduced in the royal army and navy.

Commander Capreclazo has been appointed Dictator of Marine. The office of Private Secretary to the King has been suppressed.

The Movement of Genoa published an extraordinary edition on Saturday evening, announcing that the 1st and 13th Neapolitan regiments had mustered in Calabria to the cry of "Viva Garibaldi."

Stocco had disembarked with 150 volunteers and met with an enthusiastic reception from the people. Garibaldi was almost hourly expected.

It is reported that the King of Naples has sent 4,200 soldiers to Beggio, opposite Messina, and these troops, it was confidently asserted, intended to join Garibaldi the moment he lands. At Naples and Rome he is waited for with impatience.

SICILY.—The Moniteur publishes the text of a Convention signed at Messina, by Gen. Clary and Col. Medici, which is mostly a Military Convention for the evacuation of Sicily, from motives of humanity.

Correspondence from Genoa reduces to six the military executions ordered by Garibaldi after the capture of Melazzo. They were shot as assassins, not as combatants. The loss of the Sicilians and Italian volunteers, is now estimated at very little less than 1,000 men, and a heavy proportion of it was sustained by Garibaldi's foot corps.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor of Austria and King of Bavaria are to have a meeting.

SARDINIA.—A Turin letter of August 3d, affirms that the Prussian Ambassadors at the Sardinian Court assured Count Cavour that the Cabinet of Berlin would observe the strictest neutrality with regard to Italy.

The Sardinian Government has negotiated a loan of 150,000,000 at 80f. 25c.

SYRIA.—News from Damascus to the 17th of July, announces that the massacres had ended. The Kurds and Bedouins had retired into the interior, but the Christians were still concealing themselves. Fapfuad Pacha arrived at Beyrout on the 17th inst. Sir Henry Bulwer had advised the Porte to recall the Grand Vizier.

It was officially announced that a Protocol was agreed for 12,000 European troops to be sent to Syria, remaining there not over six and a half months, and to be furnished with necessary articles. Another Protocol provided that the Porte carry out the engagements respecting the Christians. The Syrian corps is to be under the orders of the Commissioners of the Great Powers.

CHINA.—Regarding the preparations of the Allies for war with Northern China, attempts have been made to hurry the British forces northward, but serious casualities had occurred, arising principally from bad weather, causing delay. Two large transport vessels had been wrecked, and another has been laid up for repairs, while still another caught fire and was scuttled.

The Hong Kong Press of the 14th of June remarked that it was doubtful whether the French took part in any of the early operations, and their forces would not be ready till August.

The knowledge of the Allied powers eschewing all sympathy and convention with the Nankin insurgents, will probably tend to induce the Pekin Cabinet to listen to wise counsels, and to meet conciliatory diplomatic advices. The difficulty consists in satisfaction for the attack, which whilst it reflects disgrace on the Allied armies, has elevated the ardor of the war party at Pekin, to an extent which may prove a stumbling block to future relations, and render all concessions nugatory. The serpentine Pee-Heo is known to be fortified to such an extent as makes an attack on its face extremely dangerous, if not altogether out of the question.

LIVERPOOL BREADSTUFFS MARKET.—The weather continues cold and showery, and unfavorable to crops. The lateness of the harvest caused some anxiety. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour not much inquired for, but unchanged in value. The quotations from 27s to 30s. Wheat steady, and in demand at previous rates. Red western 10s@11s. White 12s@12-9d. A fine parcel of Baltimore red of the new crop realized 12s3d. Corn was in better demand for feeding purposes at 61@9d per quarter dearer. Mixed and yellow 30s6d@31s. White 32s6d@34s. *Provisions*—Pork quiet, but unchanged. Lard quiet, but firm. Sales at 60s@63s. Good cheese was steady, but inferior qualities were dull of sale.

The News Condenser.

— Paris contains 5,000 to 6,000 Americans.

— Rarey, the horse-tamer, is making a princely fortune in England.

— The total number of deaths in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, was 163.

— By estimate there are in Massachusetts 70,000 horses, valued at $700,000.

— The census of 1860 shows that slavery is constantly receding in Delaware.

— Putrid sore throat is prevailing among the children on Arbor Hill, Albany.

— A movement is on foot in England to erect a monument to John Bunyan.

— During the month of June, 1,500 Chinese emigrants arrived at San Francisco.

— The New Orleans Post-Master is reported a defaulter to the amount of $50,000.

— Twenty thousand persons recently attended a prayer meeting at Belfast, Ireland.

— There are 36 men now living at Eastport, Me., between the ages of 70 and 90.

— News from Ireland is to the effect that the potato blight has again appeared there.

— The town of Salisbury, Somerset Co., Md., was nearly consumed by fire on the 8th inst.

— The new San Francisco directory fixes the population of that city at about 200,000.

— Judge Baird has resigned the office of Attorney General for the Territory of New Mexico.

— A church is to be appropriated in Richmond, Va., for the worship of negro Catholics alone.

— The Buffalo Courier says the population of that city is 81,541—an increase of 7,065 in five years

— A school house at Marion, Linn Co., Iowa, was struck by lightning last week, and three children killed.

— Fifty seven marriage licenses were issued by the clerk of the Probate Court in Cincinnati, last week.

— The authorities at Cincinnati are arresting all omnibus drivers found acting cruelly toward their horses.

— A Zouave corps of Frenchmen is to be organized in New York. There is some talk of a Zouave regiment.

— It is said the Chicago Zouaves will return home with $1,600—the profits of their several exhibition drills.

— In Clay Co., Ind, four brothers, named Horton, were recently confined at the same time, for different offences.

— The Irish Methodist Conference reports the receipt of about $105,000 for Collegiate purposes—a magnificent sum.

— Suits have been commenced against four citizens of Richmond, Virginia, for refusing to answer the census takers.

— There were 1,640 liquor licenses granted in New York this year, bringing into the city treasury some $50,000.

— The ship fever is making fearful headway in New York, at Quarantine, at Randall's Island, and at Castle Garden.

— A child had its head instantly severed from its body while on a Sunday School excursion train from Chicago.

— During the past year, over 100,000 pounds of dried apples have been shipped from Lynchburg, Va., to Australia.

— The Duke of Saxe Coburg has determined to send an expedition to Africa, in search of the missing traveler, Dr. Vogel.

— Cotton, on the plantation of Judge Pace, at Covington, Ga., was recently killed by heated air, or a "simoon."

— They are to have a grand trial of steam fire engines at Troy, in this State, in September. Already there are 13 entries.

— A joint stock company has been formed in Paris, with a capital of $1,000,000, for forming operations on a large scale.

— Professor Dana, of New Haven, Conn., is second on a list of Candidates for a vacancy in the French Academy of Sciences.

— The Corporation of Yale College has determined that the College Boat Clubs shall attend no more regettas in term time.

— It is believed that the census now in progress will show the population of the country to be over thirty-two millions.

— A hot wind recently blew over parts of Kansas for eight hours, which destroyed many cattle, and caused much suffering.

— The decline of beef cattle at New York, last week, resulted in the loss of about $30,000 to the cattle brokers and speculators.

— A military company, composed entirely of negroes, has been formed in Chicago. The ranks, at present, number 40 men.

— English Journals report that last June was the coldest, with three exceptions, for 90 years. Rain fell on 26 of the 30 days.

— From July 1st, 1859, to May 23d, 1860, the shipments of tea from China to the United States amounted to 31,300,000 pounds.

— A fellow in Wheeling, Va., advertises to walk over an ordinary clothes-line, suspended seventy-six feet above the ground.

— An unpublished letter of Washington was recently sold in London to Mr. Trubner, the American and foreign bookseller, for $55.

— A late report to the Sec'y Wis. State Ag. Society gives the number of acres of wheat in that State this year to be 1,062,097.

— The number of Missions, under the direction of the American Baptist Missionary Union, is 19; number of mission churches, 385.

— Thaddeus Hyatt has offered a reward of $1,000 for the invention of a practical flying machine, adapted to individual locomotion.

— Two fires occurred in Philadelphia recently, involving a loss of upwards of $100,000, from spontaneous combustion of cotton waste.

— Out of one family in Walworth Co., Wis., within a few years, four of the brothers and two of the sisters have committed suicide.

— An eastern religious journal estimates that at the present rate of decrease, that in 20 years there will not be a Quaker in the world.

— The number of Free Will Baptists in New Hampshire is computed at 10,000. Their churches in the State are generally prosperous.

— Owing to the intense heat one day last week, the Mobile Advertiser could not work off its edition, as its rollers melted in the press-room.

— Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has been appointed Consul General to Prussia. He is the first Jew who has exercised such functions for that kingdom.

— Bell's tavern, so well known to all visitors to the Mammoth Cave, Ky., was recently destroyed by fire, and the furniture consumed with the building.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

MORE TROUBLE IN BEIRUT.—The New York World has correspondence from Beirut, to July 17, and Constantinople to 24th. In the latter city a serious outbreak had occurred between the Protestant Armenians and a mob, touching the right of the former to the use of the burying grounds. The disturbance lasted five days, in spite of the efforts of the minister of War, together with the Armenian patriarchs, assisted by several thousand troops. This occurred in the Ballarat quarter of the city. Since the disturbance was quelled the Protestants have been driven from two other quarters of the city by the mobs, and to prevent further outrage, the Government had suspended the Protestant worship. The Turkish Govenment, however, denies that Protestantism was really at the bottom of the outbreak, but that it was got up under Russian influence for the purpose of causing a collision between the soldiers and Christian population. A meeting has been held of all Protestant Embassadors, who sent earnest and decided protests to the Porte. On the day following this protest, the American residents of Constantinople, received formal notice from the Minister, to move the greatest portion of their goods, as further disturbance was imminent.

ONE of the most stupendous works ever undertaken by any city in the Union, is now going on immediately west of the Common in Boston. Some two hundred acres of flats are being rapidly filled up. The gravel and mold for the work is brought a distance of from six to eight miles on rail tracks, bringing into constant use some ten locomotives and one hundred cars. It is estimated that the land, when filled in, will be worth ten millions of dollars. It will take four years to complete the work.

SHAVER'S PATENT ERASER.—Among the new things recently presented us for trial is a very neat little instrument, invented by Mr. A. G. SHAVER, of New Haven, Conn. It is a combined eraser, polisher, paper cutter, folder, and pencil sharpener — just the thing for *habitues* of the counting room and others who have frequent occasion to use pen, paper, and pencil.

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE.—Attention is directed to the card of Messrs. CHAPMAN & DAVIS, of this city. These gentlemen are known as experienced and competent teachers of penmanship, book-keeping, etc., and their union in conducting a school in which these important branches are imparted will give pupils greater advantages.

A "SMART" little job of work was done in Tippecanoe, not long ago. Mr. Lutz cut a lot of wheat one morning, threshed it and had it ground, going two miles to mill, and then his wife baked it into bread, and had it ready to eat before eleven o'clock—only three hours from the standing grain to the warm bread.

THE Tribune Washington correspondent says, I hear that the Peruvian Minister has gone to New York. He is instructed by his government to return home in case our Minister at Peru, Mr. Clay, should suspend his relations there, on account of the refusal of that government to comply promptly with the demand of our own.

THE number of American citizens going to Europe this year is unprecedented. Already ten thousand must have left in steamers, and the season is not yet over. It is estimated that each traveler spends on an average $5,000. The total amount spent by ten thousand persons would thus be $50,000,000. American travel must therefore benefit Europe in a very great degree.

THE ceremony of breaking ground at this end of the Great Pacific Railroad — the first link in our national highway—took place at Kansas City on the 25th ult. The occasion was most appropriately celebrated by salutes, bonfires and speeches from the most prominent and thorough-going Railroad men of the West.

THE Library of Congress now contains about 65,000 volumes, exclusive of a large number of pamphlets, and about 50,000 public documents; the annual appropriation is $5,000 for miscellaneous, and $2,000 for law books.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, August 21, 1860.

FLOUR.—We note a falling off in best grades equal to 25 cents per barrel. Inferior is as last quoted. There is nothing but a home demand.

GRAIN.—White wheat ranges from $1,20 to $1,35 ₩ bush., though it is only an occasional load that will bring the latter figure. The bulk of purchases have been made inside of $1,30. Red sells from $1,05 to $1,10. But little corn is offering, and dealers are unwilling to pay more than 50 cents per bushel.

DAIRY.—Butter is in better demand, owing to foreign shipments, and brings from 12½ to 14 cents per pound.

FRUIT is very plenty in our market. Apples are likely to overstock the demand, as no shipments are making for the Eastern market. This is owing to the recent advance in rates of freight on railroads, and they are of such perishable nature it will not answer to send forward by canal. Peaches are beginning to be offered on sale, and are readily taken at from $1,00 to $1,50 per (half bushel) basket.

HAY, under advices of a short crop at the East, has started up $1,00 per tun.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	@10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,00@6,25	Honey, box	10@16c
Flour, spring do.	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,30	Apples, bushel	25@40c
Best white Can'a	$0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	50@50c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ₩ bu	60@60c	Plums, dried	0@00c
Oats, by weight	30@33c	Potatoes	30@40c
Barley	65@70c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	38@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	8@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	25c@62½c
Pork, Mess	$19,00@19,50	Lamb pelts	25@50c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ₩ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,50@3,00
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₩ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1.35
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, tun	$8,00@11,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ₩ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	13@13½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	$4,50@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 20.—FLOUR—Continues heavy and holders of medium and common grades have again been compelled to submit to still lower prices in order to realize. Sales at $5,10@5,15 for superfine State, $5,15@5,35 for extra do; $5,10 for super Western; $5,15@5,35 for common to medium extra do; $5,30@5,40 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing heavy. Included in the sales were 3,500 bbls for export, at prices within the range.—Canadian dull and drooping; sales at $5,00@5,05 for super; $7,15@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat firm, with a fair export and home trade demand. Sales new winter red Western at $1,28@1,29, red State $1,30; new white Kentucky $1,55, very handsome amber Illinois $1,32; new white Indiana $1,30@1,32; white Delaware $1,42; Michigan $1,40@1,50. Rye quiet and steady; sales prime new at 77c. Corn lower and more active; sales at 58@59c for damaged mixed Western; 60@61 for sound do, chiefly at 60½c; 69c for round yellow. Oats 36@39c for Western and Canadian; 39@39½c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy, sales at $19,30@19,37½ for new mess; $18,75 for old do; $18,62½ for thin do.; $16,25@16,50 for Western prime mess; $20,35 for clear; $14,00@14,12 for new prime; $13,31 for old do. Lard more active; sales at 12@12½c. Butter 10@15c for Ohio; 12@20c for State. Cheese steady at 8½@10½c.

ALBANY, August 20.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—In Flour there is a moderate business doing at previous prices.—Corn Meal steady.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet. Corn in moderate request, with sales of a few car lots of Western mixed at 58½c. Sales of 1,000 bu. Rye at 71c. Oats in moderate request, with sales 4,600 bu State at 37½c.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, August 20.—FLOUR—In moderate demand and market steady. Sales at $3@4 for fine; $4,50 for superfine Indiana, from new wheat; $5@5,50 for double extra Michigan, also from new wheat; $4,87½@5,25 for extra Indiana and Ohio, from old wheat, and $5,50@5,62½ for double extra do, in retail lots, also from old wheat.

GRAIN—Wheat active, and red and white winter ½@1c better. A sale of red winter to arrive, was reported Saturday evening, at $1,08. This morning, Chicago spring at 95½c; red Ohio at $1,08½; Indiana at $1,09; white Michigan at $1,11½; good white Ohio at $1,13; do in bags at $1,08; choice white Michigan, part bagged, at $1,20@1,26, and choice old white Kentucky at $1,30. Corn market dull, heavy and weaker. No sales in the afternoon of Saturday. This morning 10,000 bu. at 49c. Oats, market quiet and nominal at 29c. Barley, none arriving and market nominal.

PROVISIONS—Market firm at $19,50 for heavy mess pork; $18,00 for light do, and $15,00 for prime. Shoulders nominal at 8½c; plain hams at 10½c, and 12c for sugar cured.—Lard scarce with small sales at 13c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 8@8½c, as to quality, with moderate receipts.—*Com. Adv.*

CHICAGO, August 20.—Flour active and 15@20c lower.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and 2@3c lower; sales at 74@75c for No. 2 Spring; 98c for No 1 red Indiana in store. Corn active and 1@2c lower; sales at 31@35c in store. Oats quiet and 1c lower.

TORONTO, August 18.—FLOUR—There has been nothing whatever done in flour since our last, beyond the sales for local consumption. Quotations are not materially changed, perhaps, if anything, a little lower. They are nominally as follows:

Superfine	$5,15@5,20
Fancy	5,30@5,40
Extra	5,90@6,00
Double Extra	6,25@6,50

GRAIN—During the week the supplies of fall wheat have been hardly sufficient to test the market, and prices are not essentially changed. For good old white winter wheat, fit for seed, as high as $1,25 has been paid, but usually $1,20 has been the extreme figure. New wheat of really prime quality has realized that on some occasions; the range extending from that down to $1,10 ₩ bushel. The average price for the week's deliveries, which would not amount to over 2,000 bushels, would be about $1,15 ₩ bushel. The greater part of the week's receipts was of new wheat.—There is some disposition to purchase freely at these rates. Spring wheat is not offered freely, the new crop not yet having been gathered in; it is nominal at $1,05@1,08 ₩ bu. Barley, of the new crop is in good demand; but the quantity offered has been too limited to regulate prices. For the small lots sold, 55@60c. has been paid; but any quantity could not be placed at over 50@55c. Oats are rather more plentiful, and prices are unsteady at 32@34c, and for small lots, 35c ₩ bushel. Peas are in limited supply, and prices are unsettled at 50@55c. The opening price for the new crop will probably be the lowest figure.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 15.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ₩ cwt. $8,50@9,25; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $7@7,50; inferior, $5,50@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ₩ lb. 5½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ₩ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6@6¼c.

ALBANY, August 20—There is a falling off in the receipts by rail as compared with last week, but with the number held over and driven in on the Turnpike added, we have a total exceeding 3,700, which is several hundred more than enough to meet the demand. Retailers are doing as well as last week, but the wholesalers are compelled to make concessions—in many cases as much as ½c ₩ lb, live weight.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,186	3,621	2,526
Sheep	3,689	3,553	5,231
Hogs	52	86	622

Prices—We quote as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½c	5½@5½
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@5
First quality	3½@4½	3⅞@4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3½@3⅞
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@2¾
Inferior	@0	@0

[*Argus and Atlas.*

BRIGHTON, Aug. 16.—At market 1,320 beeves, 420 stores 7,100 sheep, 620 shoats, 450 fat hogs.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7,00@7,50; first quality, $6,50@6,75; second quality, $6,00@6,50; third quality, $5,00@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—Sales $70, $90@125.

MILCH COWS—$22@42; Common, $20@25.

VEAL CALVES—$3, 4@4,50.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $9@11; three years old, $12@17.

HIDES—6½@7c ₩ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@13c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,92@2,00; Extra, $2,25@3,75.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Shoats, small lots to peddle, 5@6½c for sows; 0c for barrows; selected lots 6@7c; Spring pigs 7½@8c; at retail from 7½@9c; Fat Hogs, 6½@6¾c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—The market for native fleece and pulled wools is very quiet but firm—sales of 60,000 lbs of the former at 40@60c, as to quality, the latter rate for choice Saxony, and 15,000 do. lambs pulled at 34@38c. Texas wools have been in good request—sales of 75,000 lbs at 22@24c for unwashed, and 33@36c for washed. Foreign is quiet but firm—sales of 100 bales Cordova at 22½c, 6 months, and 50 do. Meztiza at p. n. t.

Am. Saxony fleece ₩ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	31@38
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	36@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, pulled	34@38
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@28
California, common do.	10@18
Peruvian, washed	26@31
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	16@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	7@9
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Aug. 16.—There is not much activity in the Wool market. The sales have been 125,000 lbs. fleece and pulled, the fleece mostly medium grades, at 45@50c. The transactions in foreign wool comprise 200 bales Cape, Mediterranean, South American, and 100 ballots Peruvian, on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
⅜ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do, unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@57
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	20@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	28@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

CHICAGO, Aug. 16—Market quiet at the following quotations:

FLEECE—Full blood Merino	43@44
Three-quarter blood	41@42c
Half blood	36@38c
Quarter blood	33@35c
Common, native	28@30c

[*Democrat.*

Marriages.

IN Unadilla, N. Y., on the 8th inst., by Rev. J. F. Baker, Mr. EDWARD B. GARDNER, of Utica, and Miss NETTIE L. WOODRUFF, of Unadilla.

Deaths.

IN Mendon, May 29th, 1860, of scarlet fever, FRANK M., youngest son of MARTIN and ESTHER ANN MARLATT, aged 16 months.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance — THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Seventy Cents a Line.

5.000 AGENTS WANTED in a highly respectable business, salary $65 per month and expenses. Send stamps and address to J. H. HOVEY, Marshall, Mich.

EARLY SEED WHEAT.—I can still furnish *Boughton's Early Virginia Wheat*, a splendid article, at $1 per bushel, (in sacks or barrels) delivered at any point in Rochester. [551-2t] HENRY WRAY, Rochester, N. Y.

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.—$80 per month. Agents Wanted in every County in the Union. Full particulars on receipt of one red stamp. Address
554-1t MERCANTILE AGENCY, Milan, Ohio.

$3.50 GET the BEST. WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED. For $3,50 I will send a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, or 4 copies for $12. Free of charge. Address [551-2t] ALFRED E. WEST, Cleveland, Ohio.

CHAPMAN & DAVIS' COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,
Corner Main and St. Paul Sts., Rochester, N. Y.
THIS Institution is open day and evening, for instruction of pupils in PENMANSHIP and BOOK-KEEPING.
Conducted on an economical basis; the instruction being thorough and complete is furnished on MODERATE TERMS.
Send for Circulars. 554

MARION COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE,
Wayne County, N. Y.
THE FALL TERM of this Institute will commence WEDNESDAY, August 29th, and continue fourteen weeks. Rev. P. J. WILLIAMS, M. A., Principal, assisted by the usual corps of Instructors. For further information, apply for Circular to [551-2t] F. R. WRIGHT, *Sec'y.*

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 8 miles west of this City, in the town of Gates, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon. A small farm of 50 to 80 acres, near the City, or a house and lot worth 1 to $3,000 in the city, would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply on the premises, or at No 8 Hill street, at the office of JOHN M. FRENCH & Co., of M. HUNTINGTON.
Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-1t

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE!
TO SELL OUR CAMPAIGN MEDALS.
Sample Packages containing four magnificent Gilt Medals, with elegant Portraits—ambrotypes taken from life—of Lincoln & Hamlin, Douglas & Johnson, Bell & Everett, and Breckenridge & Lane, sent by mail to any address upon the receipt of ONE DOLLAR. All orders must be addressed to HOSEA B. CARTER & CO., Manufacturers,
40 & 48 Hanover Street, Boston, Mass.
☞ Clubs supplied at wholesale prices.

SARATOGA FEMALE SEMINARY,
No. 257 Broadway, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
E. F. CARTER, A. M., MRS. PAULINE CARTER, } PRINCIPALS.
THE Eighth Year of this *Family Boarding School* will commence on Wednesday, the 19th of September.
Music, Instrumental and Vocal, will be under the direction of an able master. Superior advantages afforded in Pencilling, Crayoning, and Oil Painting. French, under the superintendence of a resident Parisian gentleman will be the language at table and in the recitation-room. For Catalogues and any other information apply to the Principals.
Saratoga, August 20 1860.

GRANVILLE FEMALE ACADEMY,
GRANVILLE, OHIO.
THE TWENTY-SEVENTH ACADEMIC YEAR will commence on Thursday, the 13th day of September next.
The Board of Instruction will consist of nine experienced Teachers of known and tried ability.
Tuition in all the studies in the course, including Latin, and Board, including furnished room, fuel, lights and washing, 141 dollars a year of 40 weeks. Instrumental Music, including use of Instrument, 36 dollars a year.
Granville is two hours from Columbus via the Central Ohio Railroad.
For Catalogues and other information, address
W. P. KERR, A. M., Principal.
Granville, Licking Co., Ohio, Aug. 15, 1860.

SCHENECTADY AGRICULTURAL WORKS
THE Proprietors of these works are now prepared to fill orders for their well known Patent Horse-Powers, Threshers, and Winnowers, &c., and invite the attention of the public to them.
Important improvements have been made since the last season, which it is hoped will add to the already unequalled reputation of these machines.
To their former list they have added, and are manufacturing, MAHL'S Patent Convertible Cider Mill and Corn Sheller, which is well adapted for these purposes, being portable, and is efficient and durable. Its cost is no more than the Portable Cider Mills in common use.
A letter received a few days since, speaking of one of our Two-Horse Powers and Threshers and Winnowers, says: "My Thresher is the only perfect Two Horse Machine I ever saw."
A circular containing full description and price list of the Machines they manufacture, will be mailed to all applicants. Address G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.,
554-4t Schenectady, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY SCALES!
THE BEST IN USE!
HAY SCALES. CATTLE SCALES. HAY SCALES. | No Pit—set above ground—no trouble with water or ice—no friction on knife edges—weigh truly if not level—simplest in use. Delivered at any Railroad Station. Send for circulars.
Ingersoll's Portable Hay Press.
HAY PRESSES. HAY PRESSES. HAY PRESSES. | For Bailing Hay, Flax, Broom Corn, Rags, Wool and Cotton. Simple—Great Power—worked by 2 men. Hundreds in use. Send for circulars.
Cast Steel Bells.
CHURCH BELLS. CHURCH BELLS. CHURCH BELLS. | Weigh less—cost less—heard further than other first class Bells. Never break by frosts. Warranted 12 months. Send for circulars and testimonials.—Fixtures made by myself, at lowest prices. Send for Circulars.
Town Clocks.
TOWN CLOCKS. TOWN CLOCKS. | Of the most approved character of my own manufacture, warranted equal to any in use, at greatly reduced prices.
For full particulars address JAMES G. DUDLEY,
554-tf 93 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HYDROPULT.—
An invention for throwing water by hand-power, patented by W. T. VOSE. It is one of the most valuable inventions of the day.
THE HYDROPULT
will, by the power of one man, throw water at the rate of eight gallons per minute fifty feet high, with great force.—It is the best article ever invented for
EXTINGUISHING A FIRE,
PROTECTING A ROOF FROM TAKING FIRE,
WASHING WINDOWS,
SPRINKLING PLANTS,
WATERING GARDENS,
CLEANSING TREES FROM INSECTS,
WETTING SIDEWALKS,
SPRINKLING STREETS,
WASHING CARRIAGES,
CLEANING CISTERNS,
EMPTYING WATER FROM SAIL BOATS,
WETTING SAILS,
A SPRAY BATH, &c.
This article should be owned by every householder. It does away with the necessity of a hydrant. It is a light, portable FORCE PUMP, always ready, easily used, and will come in frequent use by every farmer, merchant, and mechanic in the community. Please call and examine the article at No. 41 Park Row, Times Building, or address the
AMERICAN HYDROPULT CO.,
No. 41 PARK Row, New York.
Agents wanted throughout the United States, to sell the Hydropult. Apply as above. 554-4t

BY MAIL.—The finest quality of Fashionable Wedding and Visiting Cards, written to order, at $2 per hundred. Address C. A. WALWORTH, Rome, N. Y.

THE AMERICAN CORN HUSKER—JOHNSTON'S PATENT.—This is a simple hand Corn Shucker, and will facilitate the work very much, as the corn is handled only once. Price one dollar. Liberal discount to dealers.
R. L. HOWARD,
553-2t Manufacturer, Buffalo, N. Y.

WOOD SAWING MACHINES.
The Subscriber is manufacturing the present season, 350 of his premium Wood Sawing Machines. Warranted to cut two cords of stove wood, stave, or shingle bolts per hour from the log. They are strong, durable and portable, require only two hands to run them, and will last a life-time. Price on the cars at Dunkirk, all complete, $60.—Send for a Circular.
☞ Agents wanted. HENRY C. LAKE.
Charlotte Centre, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., Aug. 11, 1860.

STRAWBERRIES.
WILSON'S ALBANY SEEDLING.
THIS Strawberry is still unrivaled in productiveness. Its yield this year has been greater even than last, when it produced over
Three Hundred Bushels to the Acre!
Price of Plants, $4 per 1,000, packed and delivered at the Railroad Depot or Express Office in this city. In quantities of 5,000 and upwards a liberal reduction in price will be made. The Money must in all cases accompany the Order. Orders for ANY QUANTITY can be filled any time the coming fall or spring.
Hooker's and Peabody's Seedling
At same price. T. BUCHANAN, JR.
Utica, N. Y., August, 1860. 553-2t
REFERENCE—Ex-Gov. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Utica, N. Y.

FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES
FOR THE AUTUMN OF 1860.
ELLWANGER & BARRY invite the attention of Planters, Nurserymen, Dealers, &c., to the great stock of FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS AND PLANTS, which they now offer. The season has been exceedingly favorable, and consequently the stock of all kinds is of the finest description.
FRUIT DEPARTMENT.
STANDARD APPLE TREES, for Orchards, 3 to 4 years from bud and graft.
DWARF APPLE TREES, for Gardens, on Paradise and Doucin Stock, 1, 2 and 3 years from bud.
PEARS, *on Pear stock*, 2 to 3 years from bud.
PEARS, *on Quince stock*, 1 to 4 years from bud.
CHERRIES, on Mazzard stock, 2 years from bud.
CHERRIES, on Mahaleb stock, 1 and 2 years from bud.
PLUMS, Standard and Dwarf, 1 and 2 years from bud and graft.
PEACHES, Nectarines and Apricots, 1 year from bud.
QUINCES, Orange, Portugal and Rea's Seedling.
FILBERTS, Spanish Chestnuts, Madeira Nuts, (English Walnuts.)
HARDY GRAPES, for the Garden and Vineyard, including *Delaware, Diana, Concord, Rebecca*, and all others of value.
FOREIGN GRAPES, (for Vineries,) 1 and 2 years from eyes. Strong, well ripened plants, in pots, of all the best old and new varieties, including *Buckland's Sweetwater, Muscat Hamburg, Golden Hamburg, Lady Downs, &c., &c.*
STRAWBERRIES—All the best sorts in Cultivation, old and new.
BLACKBERRIES—*New Rochelle, or Lawton*, and *Dorchester*, (the largest stock in existence.)
RASPBERRIES—A general collection, including those fine new everbearing sorts, "*Belle de Fontenay*" and "*Merveille de quatre Saisons.*"
GOOSEBERRIES—The best English sorts, and an immense stock of the *American Seedling* that bears most profusely, and never mildews.
CURRANTS—*White Grape, Cherry, Victoria, Black Naples*, and all other valuable old and new sorts.
RHUBARB, including *Linnæus, Prince Albert, Giant Victoria*, and many others.
NOTE. No pains are spared by the proprietors and their assistants, in the Fruit Department, not only to ensure accuracy, but also to adapt the stock, as regards varieties, to the wants of the various portions of the country as far as practicable.
ORNAMENTAL TREES.
THE stock is immense, all well grown and in perfect health and vigor. Nurserymen, Dealers, Landscape Gardeners, Park and Cemetery Companies, and gentlemen about to improve their grounds, are all invited to examine it.
DECIDUOUS TREES—*Elms, Maples, Cypress, Catalpas, Horse Chestnuts, Larch, Laburnums, Lindens, Magnolias, Mountain Ash, Tulip Trees, Salisburia, Poplars, Thorns, &c., &c.*, of all sizes.
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EVERGREEN TREES—*Arbor Vitæ*, (American, Siberian and Chinese,) *Red Cedar, Common Juniper, Balsam Fir, European Silver Fir, Norway Spruce, Red American Spruce, African or Silver Cedar, Japan Cedar*, (Cryptomeria,) *Pines*, (Austrian, Scotch, Benthamiana, &c.,) *Yews*, (English and Irish,) *Tree Box, Mahonia, Washingtonia*, or "Big Tree" of California, and many other California Evergreens.
FLOWERING SHRUBS, including all the finest new varieties of *Althæa, Calycanthus, Flowering Currant, Deutzia, Lonicera, Lilacs, Spiræas, Syringas, Viburnums, Wiegeleas, &c., &c.*
CLIMBING SHRUBS—Such as *Honeysuckles, Bignonias, Aristolochia* (Pipe vine,) *Clematis, Ivy, &c.*
ROSES—A great stock, both on their own roots and budded on the famous Manetti stock. This cultivation is the largest of the kind in the Union, covering 6 to 8 acres of ground annually, and forming a speciality in itself. All the fine new sorts are annually imported, and poor ones discarded as soon as proved. The best only are grown in large numbers.
PÆONIES—(Herbaceous,) a superb collection of upwards of 80 varieties in 3 classes.
PHLOXES—A collection of 140 beautiful varieties in 3 sections.
CHRYSANTHEMUMS—Fifty selected best sorts of the Large and Pompone classes.
CARNATIONS, Picotees and Monthly Carnations, a fine stock.
HOLLYHOCKS—Superb double varieties of all colors.
DAHLIAS—A select assortment of the best varieties, the prize varieties are annually imported.
HARDY BORDER PERENNIAL PLANTS—Over 500 species and varieties. During the past four or five years we have given this class of plants special attention, one of our most competent men has had charge of it, and we have been constantly adding such desirable plants as we could find.
HARDY BULBS—Such as *Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Crown Imperials, Jonquils, Lilies, &c.*, imported annually from Holland, ready to send out in September.
SUMMER AND AUTUMN FLOWERING BULBS—Such as *Gladiolus, Japan Lilies, Amaryllis, Tigridias, Tuberoses, &c.*, by the dozen, 100 or 1,000.
GREEN-HOUSE AND BEDDING-OUT PLANTS, of all the popular classes grown extensively and sold cheap.
Stocks for Nurserymen.
PEAR SEEDLINGS, 1 year from seed bed.
MAZZARD CHERRY, 1 year, strong.
MAHALEB CHERRY, 1 year, strong.
COMEWELL WILLOW, to graft the Weeping sorts on.
All parties interested are solicited to examine the stock and prices.
The following Catalogues are sent free, post-paid, to all who apply and enclose one stamp for each.
No. 1, Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, new edition, 1860.
No. 2, Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, new edition, 1860.
No. 3, Green-House and Bedding-out Plants, Spring of 1860.
No. 4, Wholesale or Trade Catalogue, just published.
ELLWANGER & BARRY,
MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GOOD OPPORTUNITY FOR ANY ONE who will become interested in starting a Nursery in Missouri, one that can but pay, and that largely.
For particulars address B. A. & T. V. S.,
552-3t No. 436 Fifth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

Important to every man who keeps

THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,
WHOLE CASKS, 448 feeds, price $14.
Half Casks, 224 feeds, price $7.
A pamphlet mailed free.
Manufactory, Caledonia Road, London.
DEPOT FOR U. S., 21 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
☞ Agents Wanted in every city and town in the United States, and liberal terms awarded. 552-4t

METAL FINGER-NAILS, FOR HUSKING CORN.
THE Proprietors of GOULD'S CELEBRATED HUSKING THIMBLE are now prepared to treat with dealers for the sale of this popular implement the approaching season. *Those desiring exclusive territorial Agencies should apply early, as we shall employ advertising agents in all territory not taken by the tenth of September.*
The following testimonials are samples of thousands now in our possession. *Read them:*
WE have seen no Corn Husker that we thought would pay, simply as a husker, except the *Husking Thimble*, which can be had for 25 cents. All the large husking machines we have seen lose too much time handling.—*Ohio Cultivator, in a Correspondent.*
[*From the New York Scientific American.*]
Gould's Patent Husking Thimble is a convenient article. It is an effectual remedy for the evils of excoriation common to husking corn by hand.
[*From the New York Life Illustrated.*]
FARMERS GET THE BEST.—Gould's Patent Husking Thimble is acknowledged the best device for husking corn now before the American people.
Huntington, Suffolk Co., N. Y., Nov. 21, 1859.
J. H. GOULD & Co:—Gentlemen—Your Huskers came to hand last Friday. We have used them. They give entire satisfaction, and should be used by every farmer. I accept of your terms for the Agency for Suffolk county, and enclosed send you eight dollars for Thimbles. Next season I shall want them in large quantities. Ship them to Platt Brothers, No. 20 Maiden Lane, New York city.
Yours truly, DAVID PLATT.
Circulars, giving full particulars sent free.
Circulars, and six pairs of sample Thimbles, assorted sizes, directions, &c., sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of One Dollar.
Orders covering five dollars fulfilled by Express, at wholesale prices. Address
552-3t GOULD & CO., Alliance, Ohio.

$29.00 A TERM OF 14 WEEKS PAYS FOR Board, Washing, and Tuition in Common English, in Falley Seminary, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y.
Fall Term opens August 16th, 1860. Address
551-4t J. P. GRIFFIN, Principal.

PHIPPS U. FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next Term and School Year of this Institution commences on the first THURSDAY of September next.
For Terms or Catalogues apply to the Principals,
MR. or MRS. H. L. ACHILLES.
Albion, N. Y., July 30, 1860. 551-6t

CUNNINGHAM'S CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY
Rochester, N. Y.—Established 1838.
THE Subscriber invites attention from both City and Country purchasers to his extensive assortment of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, &c., &c.
After an experience of twenty-two years I have all conveniences for manufacturing Carriages as cheap as they can be made in the United States.
All orders promptly attended to, and Carriages boxed and shipped to any part of the country. All my work is warranted.
MANUFACTORY No 3 Canal St.,—REPOSITORY No. 71 State St. Rochester, N. Y.—551-tf JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

EIGHTH NATIONAL EXHIBITION,
At CINCINNATI, OHIO, Sept. 12th to 20th.
The United States Agricultural Society
WILL hold its Eighth Annual Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition on the grounds liberally provided by the citizens of Cincinnati, which are to be fitted up in the best style. There will be Halls and Tents for the display of
Implements, Machinery, Tools, Domestic Manufactures, Farm and Garden Produce, Fruits, Flowers, and Native Wines;
With Stalls and Pens for HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP and SWINE; and an unequalled Track, one mile in length and forty feet in width, for the exhibition of Horses. The Premiums offered—in cash,—gold, silver, and bronze medals,—diplomas and certificates, amount to
$20,000.
The Exhibition will remain open from Wednesday, the 12th, to Thursday, the 20th, of September, thus giving time to examine and test the implements and machinery.
For premium lists or information, apply at the Office of the Society, No. 356 Pa. avenue, (up stairs:) or to the subscriber, at Cincinnati, Ohio.
BEN. PERLEY POORE,
551-6t Sec'y U. S. Agricultural Society.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. D. HICKOK,
548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.—The subscriber offers for sale a farm of 75 acres, situated one mile north of the village of Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y., on the Ontario and Wayne Plank Road, with good farming land, two good orchards of the very best fruit, good buildings of all kinds, well fenced, three wells, and in every respect a very desirable location.
PLATT CROSBY.
Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t

U. S. TENT & FLAG MANUFACTORY
No. 42 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.
TENTS to rent of the following sizes, suitable for the purposes designated:
For Agricultural Fairs, Conferences, Political or other Large Gatherings,
80 ft. by 110 ft. .... 80 ft. diameter.
60 ft. by 90 ft. .... 70 ft. "
50 ft. by 80 ft. .... 60 ft. "
15 ft. by 20 ft. fancy, ... 50 ft. "
For Camp Meetings, Military Encampments, Pic Nics, Fishing Excursions, &c.
24 ft. by 30 ft. | 12 ft. by 17 ft.
16 ft. by 24 ft. | 9 ft. by 12 ft.
Flags furnished with Tents, when required.
Parties wishing to rent, will please address the proprietor, stating what the Tents are to be used for. Also the facilities for transportation. Address
JAMES FIELD, Box 701, Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—Several large second hand Tents for sale cheap—one tent 60 by 90—ten feet wall with seats. 543-13t

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 71 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
525-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 53 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

TO HOUSEKEEPERS!
Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

CAST STEEL BELLS,
FOR CHURCHES, ACADEMIES,
FIRE ALARMS, FACTORIES, &C.
from SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND, have been tested in all climates, Europe and America. Weigh less; cost less per pound; have better tones; can be heard farther than other bells. They cost 60 per cent. less than
THE BEST COMPOSITION BELLS,
which are also sold by me at Makers' Prices.
Broken Bells Taken in Exchange,
or re-cast on short notice. Such bells will nearly pay for Steel Bells of same size.
Send for Circular. Bells delivered in all parts of the United States or Canada, by
JAMES G. DUDLEY,
518-tf 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HOWE'S IMPROVED HAY OR CATTLE SCALES,
THE BEST IN USE!
First Premium over Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fair, '57 and '58. First Premium and no Competition in '59. First Premium at 18 Different State Fairs. Silver and Bronze Medals at American Institute Fair, N. Y., 1859.
HOWE'S SCALES FOR ALL USES, have Great Simplicity, Wonderful Accuracy.
Require no Pit; may be set on top of the ground, or on a barn floor, and easily removed.
No Check Rods; No Friction on Knife Edges; all friction received on Balls. Weigh truly if not level.
Delivered at any Railroad Station in the United States or Canada, set up, and warranted to give *entire satisfaction*, or taken back.
Send for Circulars and price lists, with account of trial of Scales between Howe and Fairbanks, at Vermont State Fairs, to JAMES G. DUDLEY,
General Western Agent, 93 Main street,
518-tf Buffalo, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [424-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

MIDSUMMER.

AROUND this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of paradise.

Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face the Summer lays!

Becalmed along the azure sky,
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

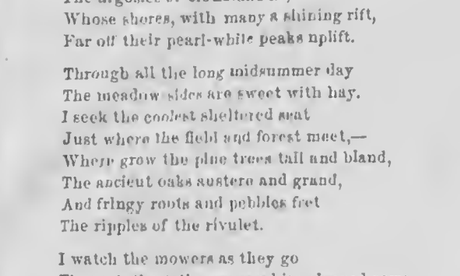
Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat
Just where the field and forest meet,—
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand,
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row;
With even stroke their scythes they swing,
In tune their merry whetstones ring;
Behind the nimble youngsters run,
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze; while, warm and still,
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and humble-bee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells,
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells,
The swarming insects drone and hum,
The partridge beats his throbbing drum,
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and, look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain blue bird trims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The down of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk, of book to read;
A dear Companion here abides;
Close to my thrilling heart He hides;
The holy silence is His Voice;
I lie and listen, and rejoice.

Atlantic Monthly.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

UNCLE EZEKIEL:
WHY HE IS A BACHELOR.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

EZEKIEL TOMPKINS, or, as his neighbors call him, "Uncle EZEKIEL," is a man of mark in Pineville, for among the worthy farmers who constitute the greater part of the population of that thriving borough, there is no one who owns a larger spot on the lap of his mother earth, or possesses ampler barns, or a finer dwelling, than he. Uncle EZEKIEL entertains a sincere affection for his horses,—cherishes the feelings of a patriarch for his grandchildren towards the numerous biped and quadruped inhabitants of his farm yard,—and feels a truly paternal fondness for his dog. His dumb favorites have no human rivals in his affections, the good man having passed the meridian of manhood unmarried, to the great wonder and even annoyance of his neighbors, who think it a pity that the spacious frame house should have no mistress but old BETTY, the housekeeper.

The sight of the pigs, chickens, and turkeys, swarming, numerous and noisy, about the premises all the fall and winter, instead of furnishing Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners,—as it was clearly their duty to do,—for want of a lady to preside on such occasions, became, at last, the source of so many unpleasant feelings to one of his neighbors,—good Deacon JONES,—that he felt it a duty to remonstrate with EZEKIEL on the folly of leading such a life. Then, too, he could not help noticing the peculiar nobody-cares-for-me appearance, that characterized his friend EZEKIEL,—in common with other old bachelors who are not themselves over nice in regard to their personal appearance, and have no mother or sister to look after their buttons, and prevent their raiment falling into a ruinous condition, generally,—which so strengthened his convictions that they impelled him to pay his friend a visit and endeavor to convince him of the truth of the declaration:—"It is not good for man to be alone." He found the object of his solicitude in his field, busily engaged in inverting the surface of the earth, preparatory to seeding, and opened the conference with,

"I want to offer you a little sensible advice, Squire, if you will listen to it." (EZEKIEL's townsmen had voted him a Justice of the Peace, at the last town meeting, hence the angular title by which the Deacon addressed him.)

"Well, sir, what is it?" and the 'Squire' removed his hat, mopped his face with his red bandanna, and leaned against his plowhandle to listen.

"Why, you see, Square, I think, and so does everybody that knows you, that you ought to be married."

"Humph!" replied EZEKIEL, giving his face another rub,—"is that all?"

"All! it's enough I should think, for you certainly need a wife badly, now that your mother is gone, poor woman, and you ought to have one. There is the widow TAYLOR. She is just the age for you, and a right smart woman, too, and she needs somebody to help her bring up them two boys of hers. It seems to me that a match between you and her would be just the thing for both of you. Then, there is HANNAH BARTLETT, one of the best housekeepers in the country. Her sisters are old enough to keep house for their father, and take care of their sickly mother, and she's getting kind of oldish,—may be she might be persuaded to marry; or, if you want a young wife,—though its my opinion a young one would not be at all suitable for you, I spose she'd be better'n none,—there are lots of girls that aint very well off in the world, that would make tolerable kind of housekeepers, and be glad of as good a home as you could offer them."

"And that's what you call sensible advice, is it, Deacon?"

"Yes!"

"Well, I always thought you a sensible man before. Gel-long, Jack,—git up, Jerry,—and away went Jack and Jerry, followed by their sturdy master, who kicked over the green sward as it rolled from his plowshare, with as much energy as though the unwilling turf had offered him an insult which he was anxious to requite.

Deacon JONES was so disgusted with the want of appreciation of his advice, as he walked slowly away, he resolved that though he might not mind his own business exclusively, to the neglect of that of others, he would abstain from meddling with Uncle EZEKIEL's affairs in future. His resolution, however, did not prevent his informing all his acquaintances, confidentially, that it was his opinion that EZEKIEL TOMPKINS was a downright woman-hater, and very likely to die an old bachelor.

A very natural, as well as shrewd conclusion, judging from appearances, yet at twenty-five he had not the faintest idea that he had a call to a life of single-blessedness; and at five-and-twenty EZEKIEL TOMPKINS was a remarkable young man. At least his mother thought so, and as no one questioned her right to such an opinion, we presume the old lady was correct. To be sure, there were persons who questioned both the acuteness of his intellect, and the beauty of his looks, but good Mrs. TOMPKINS did not. What if he was rather long and lank? It makes a person look dignified to be tall, and graceful to be slender. And what if his straight black hair did persist in stringing down over his forehead, to meet his eye brows, in defiance to all his attempts to make it take a contrary direction,—and his nose twist sidewise in the queerest way imaginable? His mother saw no lack of beauty in his odd-looking visage,—what mother ever did think her child homely? Mine, I am sure, did not, for when I came home from school in a towering passion because some would-be-witty urchin made sport of my big black eyes, she would say, "Never mind, my child, your mama thinks her little girls' eyes are always pretty, except when they look angry," and I have no doubt she thought me quite handsome enough, notwithstanding the contrary opinion of my schoolmates. And so does yours, dear reader, though your mouth may be an inch or two too wide, and your nose have an aspiring inclination that points it sky-ward; so we will not quarrel with good Mrs. TOMPKIN's taste.

Like many another mother, the old lady was ambitious, not for herself, but for her son, and it was the darling wish of her heart to see him well married. She was not anxious that he should marry wealth, for his father had left him an inheritance that she considered quite equal to any young man's requirements; but her daughter-in-law must be a lady. None but a real lady, well-bred, well-educated, and well-connected, she was resolved should marry her hopeful son. Being a woman of considerable strength of character, EZEKIEL regarded her as an oracle, and seldom took the trouble of founding an opinion of his own, because, as he said to himself, "Your mother, EZEKIEL, is a very wise woman, and it's likely she knows."

But where the paragon was to be found on whom EZEKIEL was to bestow his immense fist, was a question, until Miss JESSIE LEIGHTON came to Pineville to spend a summer with her grandparents. She was a pretty, sparkling brunette,—witty, lady-like and agreeable, and was soon the life of Pineville society, and a great favorite with widow TOMPKINS. The widow was an intimate friend of Grandma LEIGHTON, and immediately conceived the project of transforming JESSIE LEIGHTON into JESSIE TOMPKINS; and EZEKIEL, good, dutiful boy, went to work at once to engraft himself on the young lady's affections. To be sure, she was sadly deficient in the household knowledge a farmer's wife required, but his mother was a very wise woman, and could teach her all she needed to know.

Under mother's instructions he took her little presents of fruit, flowers, &c., dropped in to talk politics with grandpa, now and then, and invited her to all the pic-nics and merry-makings in the vicinity. As he drove a fine pair of horses before a neat carriage, and was a prudent driver, JESSIE unhesitatingly accepted his escort, because, as she told the young ladies of her acquaintance, it was very good of EZEKIEL, knowing that she had no brother, or convenient cousin, for a cavalier, to drive her whorever she wished to go, and she was very grateful for his kindness. Whether his heart was interested or not, would have been hard to say, for EZEKIEL's heart was a very undemonstrative affair indeed; but toward the close of summer he ventured to inform her that, "seein' as how they had got to be pretty good friends, he didn't mind tellin her that he felt inclined to marry, and thought she'd suit him pretty well for a wife, and he did'nt believe she could do better than to say she'd marry him and strike the bargain at once."

JESSIE repressed an inclination to smile, and answered, very demurely, that she thanked him for his good opinion, and regretted that she could not accept his flattering offer on account of a previous engagement.

"Dew tell!" said EZEKIEL, giving himself an uneasy hitch, "you don't say that JIM BROWN has been cuttin' on me out, do you?"

"No," said she, "it is a gentleman named ASHLEY,—a clerk in my father's store."

"Jemima! You don't mean to say you'd let such a chance as I offer you, go for that little, stuck-up, dandified counter-jumper, do you?—Well, if you are such a fool as that, I shan't trouble myself to hitch up the bays to take you ridin' any more,"

"Fie! EZEKIEL," said she, good naturedly, "don't get in a pet about it, for if I would break my promise to Mr. ASHLEY, to engage myself to you, you would have reason to expect the same treatment in turn, if I should meet any one I liked better."

"That's so," interposed EZEKIEL.

Then she went on, "I am no match for you, for I don't know how to make butter or cheese, or do any such thing, and have no doubt that when I come to Pineville again, I shall find you married to some one greatly my superior, and then how glad you will be that I was not at liberty to accept you. And as for you not taking me to ride any more, I am sure you cannot be so silly as to resent my being engaged before we became acquainted, and that, with your obliging disposition, you will be just as ready to do me a favor as ever."

EZEKIEL sat twirling his thumbs, and seeming not to know exactly what to say, and JESSIE resumed,—"This, you know, is the afternoon of KATE SMITH's quilting party, and I was just ready to go when you called, and as I have staid talking with you so long that I shall be late, I don't know but I should have asked you to drive over with me, if you had not told me what to expect."

"Well," said EZEKIEL, considerably mollified, "I don't mind takin you over, so git your bonnit."

JESSIE was bonneted and gloved in a trice, and talked agreeably all the way of the pleasure with which she should make the acquaintance of the future Mrs. TOMPKINS,—and what friends they would be when she came,—as she meant to every summer,—to spend a few weeks with her grandparents. And EZEKIEL drove away after seeing her home from the quilting with the conviction that she was an uncommon nice girl, and it was a shame she should throw herself away on such a doll-baby of a man as that ASHLEY. But his appreciation of her fine qualities was somewhat lessened, when, a few days later, Mr. ASHLEY paid a visit to Pineville, and towards the close of a bright afternoon strolled with JESSIE along a shaded lane, on the other side of which he was returning from the field, and he heard her, from behind the screen of bushes that lined the fence, giving her future husband a most ludicrous account of his proposal, and listened to the merry bursts of laughter that accompanied the recital.

"Confound the Jade!" he muttered, "I'm sorry I said anything to her about it. But I'll show her yet that there are girls enough that will marry me, if she wont. Now, there's SUSAN WILLIAMS," he soliloquised, a luminous idea flashing through his cranium. "She is just as smart and good-looking as that plagued JESSIE, and knows a heap more about some things,—and she'll have me, I know. She's got the polish, too,—though I don't see why mother makes so much account of that, for I don't think it's of much consequence,—but mother's a very wise woman and it's likely she knows." With this sage reflection the affair was settled in EZEKIEL's mind, and a short time after he waited upon Miss SUSAN WILLIAMS with the announcement that he "spose she must be thinking something about marryin' and havin' a home of her own, now that she was a woman grown; and as his mother was gittin old, and he needed a wife, he thought she had better marry him and go over to Tompkins' Corner to live." But unfortunately for EZEKIEL's plans, Miss SUSAN had been to boarding school, and acquired high notions,—had read poetry and imbibed romantic ideas, and was quite shocked at his want of sentiment, and indignantly informed him that if his object in marrying was to secure a housekeeper, he had better apply to some stout girl who could do twice the amount of washing and churning she would be willing to undertake; and when she found it necessary to go to service she thought she could find some employment more to her liking, than making puddings and darning stockings for him.

"Whew!" said EZEKIEL, "you need'nt be so spunky about it,—you wont git another such a chance in Pineville, now I tell you." Miss SUSAN did not condescend to reply, and her matter-of-fact suitor went away thinking that girls were queer creatures.

After two such signal failures, EZEKIEL dared not make another venture for a wife, until a long time after, when he made the acquaintance of a Miss MARIA HUBBARD, who had been educated to believe that "worth makes the man," and having repeatedly heard that EZEKIEL was "worth" at least fifteen thousand dollars,—would be "worth" twice as much when the railroad was completed through Pineville, and in consideration of this "worth" treated him with so much politeness that he ventured several times to insinuate that he thought she would make him a capital wife, without having the insinuation repelled; but the fates were against him. Miss HUBBARD had few personal charms to be proud of. Like most plain persons, she was very fastidious in regard to other peoples' looks, and one day said to her cousin that "she believed she would marry EZEKIEL TOMPKINS if he were not so homely, but she could not endure the idea of sitting down to the breakfast table every morning of one's life opposite such a face as his."

Foolish MARIA! she had resolved to marry him in spite of his homely face, and her cousin was one of those silly women who cannot, for their lives, refrain from telling all that is told them, and must needs repeat what MARIA had said, with a solemn injunction to secrecy, to her husband, and he could not refrain from telling EZEKIEL. This was the unkindest cut of all, and EZEKIEL almost swore, but checking the naughty impulse, he contented himself with bidding the cousin-in-law tell MARIA HUBBARD to "go to thunder." Luckily for himself, however, he forgot to deliver the message, and Miss HUBBARD not having sufficient moral courage to be an old maid, and failing to find another suiter whose "worth made him a man," contented herself with a "fellow" whose good looks were his only capital. This was the last attempt. EZEKIEL would not be persuaded, even by his mother, to make another effort, and, like the sensible woman she really was, she ceased to importune him on the subject, because, as she told grandma LEIGHTON, "if EZEKIEL was'nt inclined to marry it was no use to urge it, for the boy was no fool, and could take care of himself without a wife, if he chose."

ENGLISH ECONOMY.

BANKRUPTCY among American merchants is often occasioned by enormous expenses entailed annually by the splendid stores of granite and marble, which are thought almost indispensable to eminent success. Our English brethren have more prudent notions. Here is a striking description, from *Household Words*, of a great establishment in London:

Along a narrow passage, up a dark stair, through a crazy door, into a room not very light, not very large, not in the least splendid; with queer corners, and quaint carvings, and massive chimney-pieces; with tall cupboards, prim doors, and squat counters with deep, dumpy drawers; with desks behind thin rails, with aisles between thick towers of papered-up packages, out of whose ends flash all the colors of a rainbow; where all is quiet as a play-house at daybreak, or a church at midnight; where, in truth, there is nobody to make a noise, except one well-dressed man, one attendant porter, and one remarkably fine male cat, admiring, before the fire, the ends of his silky paws; where the door, as we enter, shuts with a deep, dull, muffled sound, that is more startling than a noise; where there is less bustle than at a Quaker's meeting, and less business going on than in a government office. The painfully neat man threads the mazes of the piles, and desks, and cupboards, and counters, to greet us, and to assure us, in reply to our apology, that we have not made any mistake whatever, and that we are in the silk-warehouse we were seeking—a warehouse in which we have previously been informed by one whose word we never doubted, that there is "turned over" an annual average of £100,000 of good and lawful money of Great Britain.

MARRIAGE.—Why cannot people enter into the marriage state without such a troublesome exhibition of joy? We see nothing in the occasion calculated to inspire mirth, but, on the contrary, much that might justly awaken solicitude and tears. Who can tell what may betide? That wreath may not yet have faded when the eye that now flashes beneath its fragrant bloom may be closed in death! That costly bridal dress, enriching and betraying the beautiful form, may not yet have received a soil from time, or an invasion from fickle fashion, when it must be laid aside for the pulseless shroud! and those who have now met to congratulate and make merry, may, ere another moon shall wane, meet to sympathize and mourn!

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 27 letters.

My 1, 9, 16 denotes fear.
My 20, 6, 12, 10, 14 is an indispensable article.
My 7, 3, 11, 5, 18 is a point of the compass.
My 23, 19, 24 destroys many people.
My 11, 21, 17 is a small animal.
My 2, 25, 9 is a carpenter's tool.
My 26, 3, 15 is a weight.
My 8, 13, 7 is a large luminous body.
My 22, 16, 2 gives consent.
My 4, 21, 7 is used by women.
My 20, 14, 6, 12, 27 denotes anger.
My whole is a true saying.

Hillsboro, Ill., 1860. M. V. Z.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 26 letters.

My 1, 2, 17, 16, 4 is an island in the Atlantic ocean.
My 4, 24, 24, 4, 3 is a county in New York.
My 5, 6, 16, 15, 10, 20 is a mountain in China.
My 7, 8, 13 is a river in Austria.
My 9, 10, 26 is a river in Bavaria.
My 11, 12, 22, 23, 20, 2 is a county in Ohio.
My 14, 22, 5, 17, 18, 19, 20 is a town in Michigan.
My 19, 22, 15, 24, 9, 8 is a river in Michigan.
My 2, 10, 11, 12, 16, 15, 13, 22 is a town in Texas.
My 25, 13, 9, 4 is a county in Ohio.
My 21, 2, 19, 19, 7, 24 is a town in Texas.
My whole is a German State.

Paw Paw, Mich., 1860. DEXTER P.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

THREE traders were on their way to town,
Themselves and their slaves both black and brown;
Each was absorbed in his own meditations,
The price of their slaves and their old plantations.
A spoke first, and said unto B,
If one of your slaves you give to me,
One-fourth of my number you then would possess,
Which should make you of men the happiest.
B, in return, doth say unto A,
I think you don't trade in a very fair way;
If one of your slaves you give to me,
Two-thirds of my number yours will be.
C said to A, I've a better plan,
'Twill fairer be between man and man,
If one of your slaves you give to me,
All will be equal for A, B, C.
And now, boys and girls, who with learning are blessed,
Tell me how many slaves each trader possessed.

Darien, Gen. Co., N. Y., 1860. WM. BROOKS, JR.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 552.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—A poor man is better than a liar.

Answer to Towns Enigmatically Expressed:—1. Oakdale. 2. Elk-horn. 3. Spring-field. 4. White-hall. 5. Stone-ham. 6. O-sage. 7. Brook-line. 8. War-saw.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—A, 9,342; B, 0.329; C, 0.329.

Answer to Charade:—Ring-dove.

Advertisements.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXXIV.] CONTENTS. [SEPTEMBER.

THE SEWING BIRD. By FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Sewing Bird.—The Sewing Machines.—The Dry-Goods' Store.—The Miners.—The Lumbermen.—The Working Girl.
A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.—II. MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Illustrated by PORTE CRAYON.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Captain West.—Catching a Shark.—What a Fish!—Black Bass, etc.—Cape Cod Pasture.—Gay Head.—Light-House, Gay Head.—Squire Flanders.—The Ocean Surf.—Gay Head School.—Deacon Simon.—Jane Wormsley.—Toad Rock.—Chilmark School.—The Young Harpooner.—Returning in Tow.—Milking.—Pigs.—The Deacons.—A Pleasure Party.
SPIDERS:—THEIR STRUCTURE AND HABITS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Web.—Anatomy of the Spider.—Mygale Avicularia.—Mygale Floridiæ.—Lycosa Fera.—Parts of Ichneumons.—Latrodecta Chrusos.—Its Web.—Atypus Mikros.—Pholcus Phalangiodes.—Young Pholcus.—Thomisis Eiemeus.—Epeira Diadema.—Parts of the Epeira.—Epeira Leucostigma.—Dryasderia Rhodii.—Web of Dryasderia.—Lycosa Tarentula.—Mygale Cementaria.—Parts of the Mygale.
LEGEND OF MICAH HOOD.
THE CRUISE OF THE TWO DEACONS.—By FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.—(*Concluded.*)
CHAPTER VI. Different Deacons have different Opinions.
CHAPTER VII. A paradoxical Chapter; in which the two Deacons, though at Sea, become clearer in their Views than ever before.
CHAPTER VIII. Conclusion.
SOMEBODY'S LOVE-STORY.
EATON'S BARBARY EXPEDITION.
BACHELOR'S HALL.
MY JOHNNY.
SOME OF MY TROUBLES.
THE FOUR GEORGES.—II. GEORGE THE SECOND. By W. M. THACKERAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Head-Piece.—Ave Cæsar.—The Hero of Culloden.
"UNTO THIS LAST."—I. THE ROOTS OF HONOR.—By JOHN RUSKIN.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
EXCELSIOR.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—A Youth who bore.—His Brow was Sad.—Happy Homes.—Try not the Pass.—O, Stay.—Beware.—The Monks of Saint Bernard.—Found.—Lifeless, but beautiful.
FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bridal Toilet and Child's Dress.—Infant's Cradle.—Under-Sleeves.

The Publisher's of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE believe that, in variety and interest of matter and beauty of illustration, the present Number is exceeded by no one which they have offered to their readers. Mr. O'BRIEN'S thoughtful Poem, "The Sewing Bird," touches upon the great evil—the source of so many others—the want of employment for women. PORTE CRAYON'S lively paper presents a genial view of New England life and character seen through Southern eyes. Mrs. TAYLOR'S article upon Spiders—which will be continued in a future Number—is a result of years of study, which have won for the author the reputation of one of the most accomplished microscopists and close observers of insect life now living, and have gained for her the appointment of State Entomologist of Georgia. Mr. HEADLEY'S stirring account of "Eaton's Barbary Expedition" is the first complete narrative ever published of one of the most daring exploits in our history. The conclusion of Mr. LUDLOW'S "Cruise of the Two Deacons" embodies a moral applicable to political as well as religious polemics. Mr. THACKERAY'S sketch of George the Second, and Mr. RUSKIN'S eloquent paper, are by far the best articles contained in our advance copies of the foreign Magazines for the month. These, with the other contents of the Magazine, have been carefully selected from the constantly increasing materials at the disposal of the Editors, whose own comments upon current events and topics furnish an epitome of the world's progress for the month.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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VOL. XI. NO. 35.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 555.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

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AUTUMNAL NOTES AND THOUGHTS.

The Fall Campaign of the Ruralist opens with September. Summer, with its scorching suns, sultry atmosphere, long days, and attendant wearying cares and labors, having departed, the scene changes with the season, introducing the genial rays, balmy zephyrs and fruit-laden, variegated fields of golden-tinted Autumn. This is the rhapsodizing season for poets and idealists, and the pleasant and *profitable* one for the Husbandman—wherein the products of field, orchard and garden are to be gathered, preparatory to the joyful celebration of the long-anticipated "Harvest Home."

As we have said aforetime, the invincible Rural Army now enters upon the performance of the final act of the *Drama of the Seasons*. Enacted as its Spring and Summer scenes have been, by myriads of intelligent, skillful and industrious cultivators in the great Laboratory of Nature, with Mother Earth for stage, various seeds, trees, domestic animals, labor-saving implements and fertilizers for properties and machinery, the sun, moon and stars for side and foot lights, the zenith and horizon for scene and drop curtains, the birds of heaven for orchestra, and the numerous habitans of mountain, plain and valley for audience, thus far this absorbingly interesting and profitable drama has proceeded most auspiciously in almost every section of our widely extended and naturally fertile and productive country—even though the star actors were interspersed with the ignorant, careless and slothful non-progressives.

This is not mere word-painting, or an attempt at the popular, magazine style of writing—for the crops gathered and growing in the East, West, North and South, demonstrate that the foregoing assertion embraces quite as much truth as poetry. Indeed, if what everybody proclaims, and the newspapers from various sections of the Union and Canadas assert, is true, or only half fulfilled, our candidate for the Chief Magistracy, General Prosperity, (with Ceres, Pomona, &c., for staff or cabinet officers,) is destined to be elected with great unanimity, at the close of the Fall Campaign, (about the period known among politicians as "the ides of November,") and the interests of the People will no doubt be vastly enhanced by his inauguration. If the General's constituents only discharge their duty, all will (D. V.) result satisfactorily. No fear of *his* administration being other than "national,"—for with the staple products of all sections of the Union at command, he may proclaim, in the tone of majesty,

"No pent up *section* contracts our powers,
For the whole boundless Continent is ours!"

But, though this is not intended as a practical article, let us hint that much depends upon the skill, judgment and industry exercised in performing the various scenes of the last act of the laborious Drama of the Seasons—including the gathering of maturing crops, husbanding or marketing their products, a wise expenditure of the avails, and judicious preparations for another season's operations. Those who grow winter wheat, especially in this region, should now be engaged in preparing good ground, and sowing the best seed obtainable, in the most approved manner.—The gathering and marketing of fruit must also receive extra care and attention. Bushes, weeds, thistles, &c., should be exterminated, "root and branch," at this season. Underdraining is now in order, and would *pay* on many a farm where it is supposed to be unnecessary,—while swamps and low grounds should now be ditched, and the grubs and stumps "extracted." See to the old meadows, and the seeding of timothy. The harvesting of Indian corn will soon require attention. "Make ready" in season for these and other important operations which we need not enumerate in this connection, for they are often discussed at length in our pages.

The earth produces most abundantly this year. Nature is beautiful at all seasons, but now the Garden, the Orchard and the Field exhibit a splendor and profusion which should inspire both admiration and gratitude. *We mean the gardens, orchards and fields which have been well cultivated*—for those of the careless and slothful awaken other emotions. Many there are, in every section, that exhibit the reverse of the pleasing picture which they ought to present in the autumn of this most fruitful season. Even in this Eden of America, Western New York—famed for its fertile soil and skillful cultivators—there is much "waste land" that might yield abundantly; numerous fields and farms in every county so poorly cultivated, (on the skinning, make-do, slovenly system,) that we are surprised the occupants do not starve or "slope" for parts unknown. They are clearly indictable for fraudulent practices or *pretences*, and might as well attempt to bore augur holes with gimlets as to produce good grain, fruit and other crops without the necessary use of mind, muscle and money. Why is it that within five miles of this city, in every direction, there are on some farms promising crops of most kinds, while the crops of the same kinds, on adjoining farms having equally good soil, will not pay for harvesting? We need not answer the question, for every intelligent reader knows the "why and wherefore." It is *not* because Nature is a niggard or defaulter—her laws, and requisites to abundant production, are unerring and unalterable—but for the reason that man is derelict in discharging the duties enjoined upon every good husbandman and lover of his family, race and country.

GOOD AND EVIL.

In this world of ours there is a strange admixture of good and evil. Nothing is so bad but in it the charitable and kindly disposed may discover a little good, and nothing so good as to be entirely free from evil. The Canada thistle fills the air with its delightful fragrance, and the rose bristles with thorns. The sun pours its direct rays upon the earth, the soil is parched, the atmosphere heated, the mill streams dry, but the corn revels in this little less than tropical heat, and the golden grain is ripened for the harvest. The heavens are opened and the rains descend upon the parched earth; all nature is revived, the birds resume their forgotten song, the trees put on a livelier living green, and the grass becomes luxuriant in the meadows; but the lowlands are flooded, and the bridges over the small streams are carried away, causing a little evil and a great deal of complaint. Happy is the man who can enjoy the good and endure necessary evils without repining; still happier he who can see "good in everything." Some are very expert in discerning the bad; their eyes are like powerful lenses, magnifying microscopic evils into objects of giant proportions, completely hiding the good from view. An English statesman once said that the habit of looking at the good in everything was worth more than a thousand pounds a year. The good Fenelon, when his library was burning, expressed his thankfulness that it was not the home of some poor cottager; while the man who found a shilling felt unhappy because it was not a quarter. Our happiness depends not so much upon circumstances, our good or ill fortunes, as our dispositions; and these dispositions are in a great measure, under our control, and may be curbed or cultivated.

We delight to visit farms and farmers during the summer season, as far as our duties will admit. We find it both pleasant and profitable; but seldom can tell much of the actual condition of the crops, without a personal inspection. Farmer A. sees and feels the dark side. The previous winter was unusually long and severe. If it had been any worse, stock must have suffered; and as it was, they didn't seem to come out in the spring in as good condition as usual. Then the spring was rather dry and grass was slow. It began to rain soon after corn planting and helped the grass some, so that the hay crop was pretty good, after all, but the corn came up poor and sallow—some of the seed must have rotted in the ground. Since the warm weather it begins to fetch up, but will be no great crop. The oats are heavy and tall, but seem to be weak in the straw, and a good wind and rain would lodge them terribly. Wheat is better than for some years past, but nothing like the wheat twenty-five years ago. Insects, and weeds, and bad seasons are so common, that farming is a very uncertain business. Farmer B., with even more real cause of complaint, sees nothing to complain of. Fodder held out nicely—just enough to carry him through the winter. The hay crop was fair. Corn is coming in beautifully of late, much better than he had reason to expect. Oats are magnificent. Wheat better than for many years before. The "good times" he has been looking for have arrived, and he is delighted and grateful.

The season for holding our State, and County, and Town Fairs is at hand. They are designed for the pleasure and profit of the farmer and his family. A few may be mismanaged so as in a great measure to defeat this laudable object. We must not expect perfection even in the best, tho this should be the aim of the managers. Scarcely a Fair takes place that gives universal satisfaction. Some are displeased and make bitter complaints of the officers. From the President to the gate-keeper, all are at fault. Overlooking the onerous unpaid labor, the exertions to have everything satisfactory and pleasant, they see nothing but negligence and want of good management. The beauty and value of the exhibition—all its instructive lessons—are lost sight of, while the foolish side-shows, the fat women, and the tamed snakes, and the two-headed calf, fill the eye, and are constant sources of annoyance and unhappiness. The labors of a score of candid, careful, pains-taking committees are forgotten, while the supposed mistake of one is magnified into an unendurable evil, causing unmerited charges of ignorance or dishonesty against men fully as intelligent and honest as those who make them.

Perhaps man endures no greater evil than this fault-seeing, and fault-finding disposition, and yet, while we have hundreds of inquiries for cures of the ills that man and beast are heir to, we have never received an inquiry for a cure of this troublesome disease. It is a singular fact, and shows the mysterious nature of the disease, that no one believes himself troubled with it, no matter how apparent the symptoms may be to all his friends.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

The Potato Disease.

The *Potato Disease* is again appearing in England, but most seriously in Ireland. The English papers say that the potatoes are showing disease in the haulm. The *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, one of our best foreign exchanges, of the first of August, first announced the appearance of the disease, as follows:—"There is little doubt, we fear, but that indications of the potato disease, and sometimes apparently *under a new form*, are prevalent throughout the country, although as yet its presence is chiefly confined to such symptoms. Their existence, however, must render every one anxious as to the future safety of the crop, of which there is an immense breadth in Ireland."

The same journal of a later date, regrets that in different parts of the country the potato disease exists to a considerable extent.

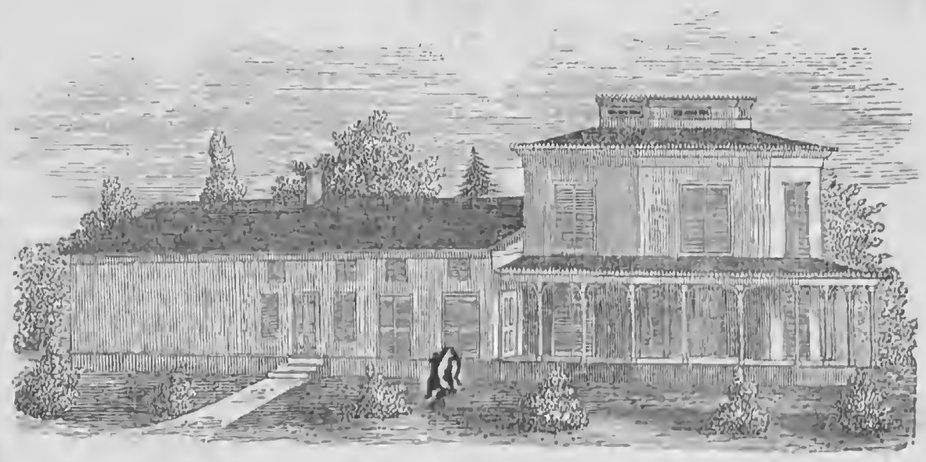
English Horses.

A writer in the *London Review* calls the attention of the lovers of the horse to the fact that the noble breed of *useful* English horses is becoming ruined. "We are every year deteriorating the qualities of our saddle horses and troopers, by the reckless mixture of breed with our racers, under the idea that we are infusing blood and staying qualities into their veins. Blood is all very well when allied to a compact, useful form, able to carry *men* a reasonable distance; but when it is produced by "in-and-in-breeding," from shallow forms on long, tottering legs, it ceases to be worth the name of "blood," in the common acceptation of the term. Those qualities in our race-horses which are decreasing every year more and more, are the most useful and natural ones—namely, constitutional vigor, freedom from hereditary disease, strength of bone, largeness of muscle, and great endurance under severe exertion. These are the qualities which we require for use; for very few of us would buy a horse for his single quality of speed,—indeed, none but turfmen would care to own such an one. The general public do not require such horses, because they have no use for them in the daily routine of life.

There are thousands of race-horses bred, and reared to the age of two years, which, after trial, are found worthless for the purpose they were bred for, and these are expelled from the racing studs in disgrace, and they are sold for little or nothing; some of them are given away, and are much too dear even at that price. Thus, our country, once famed for the best breed of saddle-horses in the world, is becoming overrun with a lot of worthless, weedy, refuse racing stock, which, by many inexperienced farmers and breeders, are gradually being crossed with, and thus deteriorating the breed of our short-legged, deep-bodied, wide-hipped, strong-loined saddle-horses, the lineage of which, in a few instances, we can still trace, by their compact forms, to the breed of race-horses encouraged by our forefathers, who bred horses for *useful* purposes, to carry *men* long distances, and not the spindle-shanked velocipedes bred by our turfmen of the present day, that break down after running a few furlongs with a baby on their backs."

The Harvest.

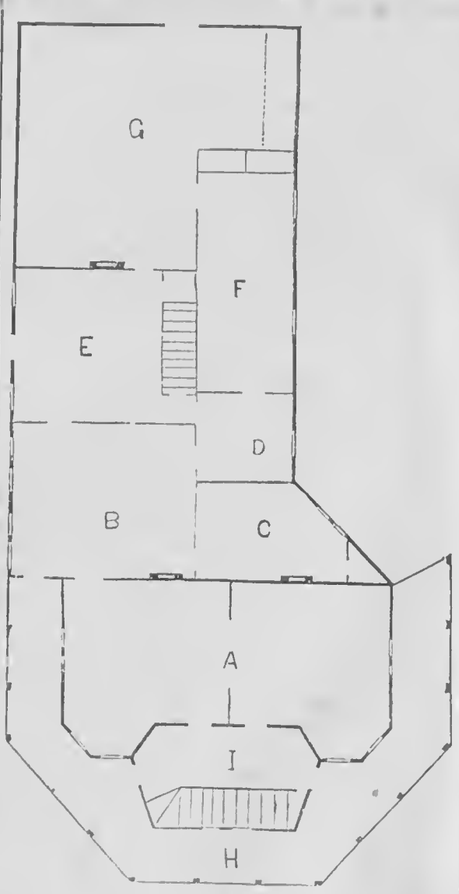
Here, fine warm weather for harvest is the rule, and cold and wet, ruinous to the crops, the exception. In England, favorable harvest weather is the exception. Hence, the state of the weather at harvest time is watched with great interest, and a rain storm, or a few days of warm weather produces a marked effect upon the price of grain. Even the fall or rise of the barometer is a matter of no small moment, and produces its effects



AN OCTAGON FARM HOUSE.

With octagon and six-sided houses we were never much pleased, and never recommended such to our readers. They require more labor in their construction than square buildings of the same dimensions; and it is difficult to arrange the rooms in a desirable form without loss of space. A correspondent furnishes us with the accompanying, which is, perhaps, one of the best plans for this class of houses:

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—The drawings for a farm house, which I inclose you, were made and the house built for Edgar A. Phillips, Esq., of this village, in the year 1854. In the drawings, I have made some alterations in the rear part, so as to be more convenient for a farm house.



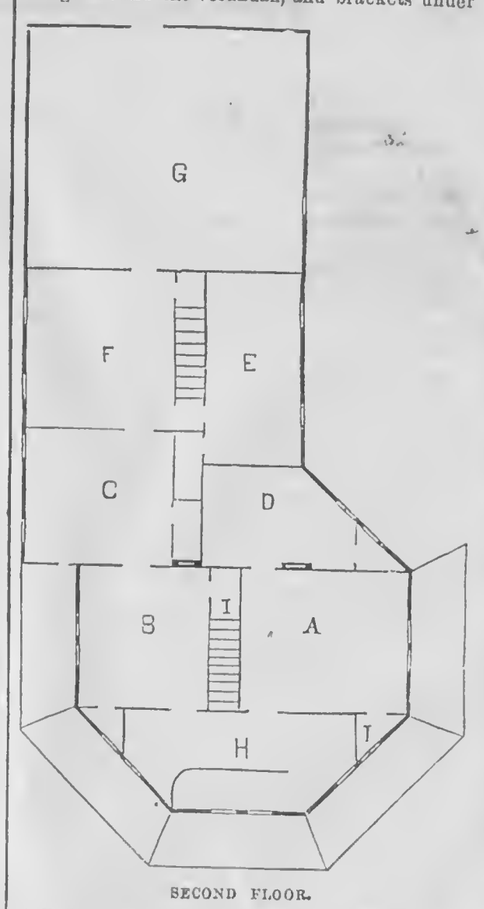
FIRST FLOOR.

A, Parlors—13x15; *B*, Dining Room—14x17; *C*, Bed Room—9x14; *D*, Pantry—8x9; *E*, Cook and Wash Room—14x14; *F*, Milk Room—9x22; *G*, Wood House—17x22; *H*, False Window; *I*, Hall—9x18.

I recommend a cellar, to be finished under every part of the house, for no foundation is as likely to stand as a good cellar wall, and every farmer can make a profitable use of all his cellar room. My manner of constructing a frame for the covering designed for this house, is first, to frame the posts, window, and door studs, and braces of 5 by 10 for posts, and 4 by 5 for studs and braces, then with ribs sawed 2 by 4, cut in between the studs 2 feet apart. Putting them even on the outside will leave a recess of one inch on the inside. Then refuse boards, nailed perpendicular upon the ribs, will make an even surface for lathing and finishing the inside. The outside covering boards should be planed in a planing mill, which will leave them of even thickness. The battings will lay smooth and make the tightest and most durable covering used, and when well done will make a neat and handsome finish, and at less expense than any other covering equally as durable. The chimneys should be built from the cellar. This will make it convenient for placing a stove in the cellar in cold weather or for other purposes. This design will require some brackets and trimmings around the verandah, and brackets under the main cornice, which should project not less than 3 feet. The posts, 21 feet, will finish the lower rooms 9 feet in the clear, the chambers 8 feet 6 inches, leaving room for a proper finish on the outside. The posts in the rear part should be 12 feet. This house, when finished in a good location, will make a desirable residence for any farmer, at an expense (in this county) of $1,800.

Lemuel Lewis.

Coventry, Chenango Co., N. Y.



SECOND FLOOR.

A, Parlor Chamber—13x16; *B*, Parlor Chamber—13x15; *C*, Bed Room—12x14; *D*, Bed Room—9x14; *E*, Bed Room—9x18; *F*, Bed Room—14x15; *G*, Lumber Room—22x26; *H*, Hall—9x22; *I*, Three triangular closets have false windows. The front window also is false.

upon the countenances, and hearts, and pockets of the farmers, and dealers in grain. The *Mark Lane Express* of August 6th, after giving notes of the weather in all parts of England and Scotland, says:—"These accounts are somewhat more cheering than of late, and probably attributable to the somewhat higher temperature experienced during the week, as well as the nights not being so cold. The progress of making hay has been slow, the great want of sun preventing its going up fast. A good deal of this work has yet to be done, some portion being still in the fields, and but little has gone up well. We have some croaking about our wheat, but we are of opinion that this crop is improving. Barley will be an excessively short and poor crop, save upon a few favored lands. A fine September harvest is what would set us right."

Agricultural Implements.

AT a trial of FOWLER'S Steam Plow before the Royal Agricultural Society of Ireland, the machine performed its work so well and so expeditiously, as to excite general commendation. The Emperor of the French, it is stated, ordered ten, one has been ordered for Russia, and two for America. WOOD'S Combined Reaper and Mower, and MCCORMICK'S Reaper did the work in the harvest field, although several English machines were in competition. They were tried in a field of *Dun Oats* sown expressly for the purpose of testing the implements. When the time of trial was decided upon it was supposed they would be ripe, yet on account of the backwardness of the season, it was found the time selected was far too early. That the implements worked so well under such unfavorable circumstances, surprised all.

THE DROUTH, &c., IN SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have just come up from Southern Kentucky. I traveled through several counties in the stage, and the most unpleasant trip it was, I ever had. The dust in many places seemed to be three or four inches deep. In some four or five counties there has been but little if any rain for eight weeks.

The effect has been a great transformation in the crops. Where some eight weeks ago I saw beautiful fields of corn and tobacco, growing in the greatest luxuriance, the leaves of a deep rich green, and every thing betokening a most abundant harvest, I saw only a few days ago the dry and withered leaf. The corn fields in many places appeared as they do late in autumn, when they have been visited by several severe frosts.

I have spoken with several gentlemen, who have large plantations, and they tell me they will not have over half a crop of corn and tobacco. The corn is of the usual height, which is very tall—from twelve to fifteen feet,—but the drouth commenced just at the time to prevent the corn filling. One heavy rain, four weeks ago, would have made a good crop.

The wheat through that region was very light this year, and the main dependence has been the corn for home consumption, and tobacco for the market. I was told that if the tobacco failed to the same extent all over the tobacco country, it would make but little difference as to the profit of the crop. A good crop the country over, will glut the market so much that the price will be greatly diminished; so much so, that a half crop would often bring as much as a whole one.

In some sections of the country, however, the crop will be good, and of course the price will be lower this year, as tobacco is already on the decline. I found all along the road to Louisville they had suffered more or less from the drouth. When I left, there were prospects of rain, and I hope ere this the deep dust has been turned into mud. In some places the rain would now do the corn and tobacco but little good; in other places, however, it would still do a great deal of good.

On the same train of cars on which I came to Louisville, there were twenty-eight negroes, who had been recently set free by their owner, the late Judge EWING, of Russellville, Ky. They were fine looking negroes, and were on their way, part of them, for Columbus, Ohio, and the rest for Kansas. McCAULEY.

Monroeville, O., Aug., 1860.

DAYTON WHEAT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—One year ago, the writer procured a few bushels of the Dayton variety of winter wheat, and sowed it in a field, beside the Mediterranean, in order to test its early maturity, productiveness, and ability to withstand our severe winters; and finds, by experience, that it did not head out as soon as the Mediterranean, by five days, but was fit to cut within two days of said variety. The low heads were slightly affected with the wheat midge, at the same time the yield is a little better than the Mediterranean, and it also stands up *very* much better to harvest. Altogether, I think it would be folly to desert the good old ship Mediterranean, for the new ship Dayton, without further trial of said new variety. On dry upland, it withstood the severe winter as well, or better, than the Meditteranean; could not say how it would do on moist, low land.

Newark, Wayne Co., N. Y. A. G. PERCEY.

MONTHLY MARKET FAIR AT HOLLEY.—The people of Holley, Orleans county, have organized a Society—of which L. J. PECK is President, and O. A. EDDY Secretary—for the purpose of holding a Market Fair monthly. A notice just received from the officers says—"The first exhibition of Stock will be held on the Society's Grounds in the village of Holley, on the 13th of September, 1860,—at which time there will be exhibited for sale all classes of matched and single horses, for carriage, draft or general use; also, fat and working cattle of all classes, with sheep, hogs, and all articles that are the products of or are used on the farm." The design is to make the organization permanent, and hold regular Market Fairs on the second Tuesday of each month. Believing that the Fairs will be of great benefit and convenience to both seller and purchaser, grounds have been prepared for that purpose at considerable expense. This expense, and the rent of the grounds, having been paid, the regular exhibitions "will be free and open to all who may desire to participate in the conveniences and benefits to be derived therefrom." All persons interested are cordially invited to attend.

The Bee-Keeper.

Italian Bees.

"A BEE-KEEPER," writing from Rome, N. Y., inquires in the RURAL of the 18th inst. in regard to Italian Bees, intimating that he has sent money for queens which do not come to hand. You reply by stating that some difficulty has been experienced in introducing these foreign queens to our native stock, &c. I cannot undertake to say what *others* may have done, but I have met with no difficulty. I obtained of Mr. PARSONS two queens, one of which I immediately transferred to a vigorous stock of common bees, which had previously been deprived of its queen, and all queen cells destroyed as fast as begun. The other queen, with the few bees accompanying her, I *built up* into a swarm, by giving it hatching brood comb from other hives, every three or four days. Both of these queens are now tenants of populous hives, notwithstanding the fact that I have constantly been taking therefrom brood combs and eggs, for the purpose of rearing Italian queens.

The *safest way for a novice* to do, would be to first take the queen from the swarm to which he proposes to introduce the Italian, and after the lapse of five or six days, destroy all queen cells which may have been commenced. Now let him place the *Italian queen, with a few workers, in a small box inverted over a hole in the top of the hive*, having a piece of gauze wire cloth of say fourteen meshes to the inch, covering the hole, so as only to allow the bees of the swarm to cultivate an acquaintance with the stranger, while they are prevented thereby from passing down into the hive, or the bees of the swarm from mixing with them. If a queen is thus placed *over night*, the bees cannot harm her, and by morning the wire cloth may be safely withdrawn, when the *new queen* and bees, having now the same scent, will be readily accepted. If this plan is strictly followed, I should not be afraid to *guarantee success* in every case.

In regard to the *disappointment* of your correspondent, not knowing of whom he ordered his queens, I could not enlighten him.

One other thing I wish to state to the bee-keeping readers of the RURAL, which may be new to them. It has been my practice to dispense with *natural swarming*, as a great bore, preferring to commence early in the spring rearing queens, using only a hundred or two bees for the purpose, which, as soon as fertile, I *build up* into good stocks, as before stated. I find, in thus rearing queens [illegible] that if a cluster of bees are left, for only a few [illegible] without a queen or eggs from which they can [illegible] there will be found *eggs in the cells la[illegible] worker!* These eggs are laid, regardless of order, frequently three or four in a cell, and scattered about, here and there, all over the combs. Some of these eggs will hatch, producing *drones* only, the bees failing, after repeated trials, to rear queens from them. If, now, a piece of fresh laid egg and comb be given them from a hive containing a mature queen, they will still be just as likely to choose a worker-laid egg from which to raise a queen, as any other, and hence many have met with so many failures in trying to produce queens. I have been compelled to exchange the comb from which a queen has just issued, for a piece of fresh brood of a fertile queen, and have thus met with *no failures*. I am aware that the fact of workers *sometimes* being egg-layers, has been before noticed; but that they always *become so* by remaining queenless for a certain time, and thus defeat the bee-keeper in producing queens, as above, will be new, I think, to most, if not all, apiarians; yet I do think any one may soon demonstrate that it is so.

Grand Rapids, Mich., 1860. MARTIN METCALF.

Stingless Bees from Central America.

MR. A. O. MOORE, of this city, who went to Central America last year on account of his health, has just returned from Guatemala, and has brought with him two swarms of the stingless bees common to that country, which he has given in charge of Mr. Parsons, of Flushing, who will propagate them for the Agricultural Department of the Patent Office, which will in due time distribute them, if it is found that they can be kept in any part of the United States.

These bees are of two varieties, one large and one small, and both quite different in all their habits from the honey bees common with us. For one thing, there appear to be but two classes, workers and queens. The largest class are about the size of our common bees, the queen being much larger; and while laying eggs appears very clumsy, and unable to fly. The honey is deposited in egg-shaped capsules, more than half the size of hens' eggs, fastened to a plate of wax only upon one side, and sometimes arranged quite horizontally in tiers one above another. The honey is considered particularly delicious, but is not stored in as great quantities as with our bees. As these are stingless, they are often kept upon the same familiar terms as Paddy's pig, about the house. The hive most commonly consists of a hollow log, and that is hung up in the hut that shelters the family, or at the door, under the projecting thatch of the roof. It is to be hoped that the experiment of their introduction will prove successful.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THESE bees seem to be somewhat like our *humble bee* in their habits, and it is not likely will be of much value for producing honey.

Removing Boxes of Honey.

I AM in trouble. In removing boxes of honey, I set them near the hive to let the bees get out and back into the hive, and let them remain all day: but I was much surprised on returning in the evening to find that the bees had removed nearly all the honey, and taken it to the hive, I suppose, leaving me only the empty comb in my boxes. Now, how can I remove the boxes, and save the honey; and what shall I do in my present difficulty?—YOUNG BEE-KEEPER, *Brighton, N. Y.*, 1860.

The best time to take boxes of honey is in the evening. Place them near the hive, with the hole uppermost, so that the bees can get out. Rap upon the sides of the box so as to disturb them, and they will begin to leave. Early in the morning, remove the boxes to the house. If they are allowed to remain all day, they will be, most likely, relieved of their contents. You had better return the boxes without disturbing the comb, and may yet secure some buckwheat honey.

Agricultural Societies.

AMERICAN RURAL EXHIBITIONS FOR 1860.

BELOW we give a list of *over four hundred and fifty* National, State and County Rural Exhibitions, including the Union and Town Fairs of New York. It is a noble record, indicating vast "Progress and Improvement" within a few years. This list has been prepared with care, and though by no means complete, is undoubtedly the largest and most accurate enumeration of American Fairs ever published at one time. May these and similar exhibitions prove interesting, instructive and profitable to all participants, and redound to the prosperity and welfare of the public.

NATIONAL FAIRS.

United States, Cincinnati	Sept. 12—20
Canada West, Hamilton	Sept. 18—21
Horse Exhibition, Springfield, Mass	Sept. 4—7
Horse Show, Kalamazoo, Mich	Sept. 11—14
Horse Show, Augusta, Maine	Sept. 18—21
American Institute, New York	Sept. 25—2 w'ks

STATE FAIRS.

Alabama, Montgomery	Oct. 29—Nov. 2
California, Sacramento	Sept 19—26
Georgia, Atlanta	Oct. 23—26
Georgia, (Cotton Planters,) Macon City	Dec. 3—3 weeks
Georgia, (Lower,) Savannah	Nov. 22
Illinois, Jacksonville	Sept 10—15
Indiana, Indianapolis	Oct. 15—20
Iowa, Iowa City	Oct. 2—5
Kentucky, Bowling Green	Sept 18—22
Kentucky, Central, Danville	Sept. 4—7
Kentucky, Northeast, Ashland	Sept. 18—20
Maine, Portland	Sept. 25—28
Maryland, Baltimore	Oct. 30—Nov. 3
Michigan, Detroit	Oct. 2—5
Minnesota, Fort Snelling	Sept. 27—29
Missouri, St. Louis	Sept. 24—27
Mississippi, Holly Springs	Oct. 16
Nebraska, Omaha	Sept 19—21
New Hampshire, Manchester	Oct. 2—4
New Jersey, Elizabeth	Sept. 4—7
New York, Elmira	Oct. 2—5
Ohio, Dayton	Sept. 25—28
Oregon	Oct. 2
Pennsylvania, Wyoming	Sept. 24—27
Pomological Society, Philadelphia	Sept. 11—14
St. Louis Ag. and Mech'l Ass., St. Louis	Sept. 24—27
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 13—16
Tennessee, Nashville	Sept. 10—15
Tennessee, Middle Division, Franklin	Sept. 24—28
Vermont, Burlington	Sept. 11—14
Virginia, Central, Richmond	Oct. 22—28
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 24—29
North Carolina, Raleigh	Oct. 16—20
Connecticut, no Exhibition	

COUNTY FAIRS.—NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany	Sept. 18—22
Cayuga, Auburn	Sept. 12—14
Chenango, Norwich	Sept. 18—20
Delaware, Hobart	Sept. 26, 27
Erie, Buffalo	Sept. 25—27
Essex, Elizabethtown	Sept. 26, 27
Genesee, Batavia	Sept. 18, 19
Jefferson, Watertown	Sept. 19, 20
Lewis, Turin	Sept. 25—27
Livingston, Geneseo	Sept. 26—28
Monroe, Rochester	Sept. 19—21
Oneida, Utica	Sept. 25—27
Ontario, Canandaigua	Sept. 26—28
Otsego, Cooperstown	Sept. 26, 27
Putnam, Brewsters	Sept. 25—27
Saratoga, Saratoga Springs	Sept. 4—7
Seneca, Waterloo	Sept. 26, 27
Schuyler, Watkins	Sept. 18—20
Tioga, Owego	Sept. 26—28
Tompkins, Ithaca	Sept. 5—7
Westchester, Mt. Kisco	Sept. 25—27
Wyoming, Warsaw	Sept. 19—20
Broome, Lisle Village	Sept. 11—13
Cattaraugus, Little Valley	Sept. 25—27
Chautauqua, Jamestown	Sept. 11—13
Clinton, Plattsburgh	Sept. 10, 11
Cortland, Homer	Sept. 10—12
Herkimer, Little Falls	Sept. — —
Madison, Brookfield	Sept. 26, 27
Oswego, Mexico	Sept. 18—20
Onondaga, no Exhibition.	
Queens, Jamaica	Sept. 19
Rensselaer, Lansingburgh	Sept. 19, 20
St. Lawrence, Canton	Sept. 26—28
Ulster, Kingston	Sept. 26—28
Wayne, Clyde	Sept. 12
Franklin, Malone	Sept 11—14
Niagara, Lockport	Sept. 27—29
Yates, Penn Yan	Sept. 26—28
Columbia Ag. & Hort. Ass'n, Hudson	Oct. 2—4
Dutchess, Wash. Hollow	
Putnam, Brewster's	Sept. 25—27
St. Lawrence International, Ogdensburgh	Sept. 26—29

NEW YORK UNION AND TOWN FAIRS.

Afton, Afton	Sept. 12, 13
Busti Union, Busti	Sept. 6, 7
Canaseraga, Dansville	Sept. 19, 20
China, Arcade	Sept. 13, 14
Columbus, Columbus	Oct. 2—4
Ellisburg, Adams, &c., Adams	Sept. 12, 13
Genesee Valley, Nunda	Sept. 13—15
Oxford, Oxford	Oct. 2—4
Ridgeway, &c., Medina	Sept. 12—14
Seneca Falls, Seneca Falls	Sept. 18—20
Sherburne, Sherburne	Sept. 26—28
So. Cayuga, Sherwood's Corners	Sept. 11, 12
Susquehanna Valley, Unadilla	Sept. 25, 26
Tonawanda Valley, Attica	Sept. 26, 27
Union, Brockport	Oct. 2, 3
Wayne, Palmyra	Oct. 2—4
Camden, Camden	Oct. 3, 4
Gouverneur, Gouverneur	Sept. 12, 13
Vienna, North Bay	Sept. 18, 19
Far. and Mech. Ass. Canastota	Sept. 28, 29
Coventry, Coventry	Oct. 3, 4
Harpersville, Harpersville	Sept 17, 18
Smithville, Smithville Flats	Sept. 6, 7
Otselic, So. Otselic	Sept. 13, 14
Winfield, West Winfield	Oct. 9, 10
Union, Marathon	Sept. 26—28
Chautauqua Union, Fredonia	Sept. 26—28
Essex Union, Essex	Sept. 18, 19
Union, Clymer	Sept. 5, 6
Palmyra Union, Palmyra	Oct 2—4
Aurora Union, Aurora	Sept. 18, 19
Skaneateles, Skaneateles	Sept. 25
Union, Trumansburgh	Sept. 11—13
Union, Rushville	Sept. 20, 21
Holley Market Fair, Holley,	Sept. 13

MAINE.

Kennebec, Readfield	Oct. 9—11
Sagadahoc, Topsham	Oct. 9—11
Waldo, Belfast	Oct 10—12
Hancock, Ellsworth	Sept. 26, 27
West Washington, Jonesboro'	Sept. 27, 28
Piscataquis Central, Dover	Oct. 3, 4
Androscoggin, Lewiston	Oct. 2—4
Union, East Sumner	Oct. 16, 17
Franklin, Farmington	Oct. 3—5
North Aroostook, Presque Isle	Oct. 3, 4
East Somerset, Hartland	Sept. 11—13
Somerset Central, Skowhegan	Sept. 12—14
East Washington, Calais	Oct. 3, 4

MASSACHUSETTS.

Barnstable, Barnstable	Oct. 9, 10
Berkshire, Pittsfield	Oct. 2, 3
Bristol, Taunton	Oct. 2, 3
Bristol Central, Myricks	Sept. 26, 27
Essex, Danvers	Sept. 25, 26
Franklin, Greenfield	Sept. 27, 28
Hampden, Springfield	Sept. 20, 21
Hampden East, Palmer	Sept. 18, 19
Hampshire, Amherst	Oct. 11, 12
Housatonic, Great Barrington	Sept. 26, 27
Highland, Middlefield	Sept. 13
Hoosic Valley, North Adams	Sept. 18
Hampshire, Hampden and Franklin, Northampton	Oct. 4, 5
Martha's Vineyard	Oct. 16
Middlesex, Concord	Sept. 20, 21
Middlesex South, Framingham	Sept. 18, 19
Middlesex North, Lowell	Sept. 13
Norfolk, Dedham	Sept. 27, 28
Nantucket	Oct. 11, 12
Plymouth, Bridgewater	Oct. 4, 5
Worcester, Worcester	Oct. 2, 3
Worcester North, Fitchburg	Sept 25
Worcester South, Sturbridge	Oct. 4
Worcester West, Barre	Oct. 27
Worcester Southeast, Milford	Oct. 9, 10

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rockingham, Portsmouth	Sept. 19, 20
Merrimack, Concord	Sept. 26—28
Cheshire, Keene	Sept. 25, 26
Carrol, Ossipee	Sept. 19, 20
Merrimack River, Nashua	Oct 10, 11
Hillsboro', Weare	Sept. 20, 21
Belknap	Sept. 23, 27
Grafton, Littleton	Sept. 19, 20

CONNECTICUT.

Windham, Brookline	Sept. 12—14

VERMONT.

Addison, Middlebury	Sept. 5—7
Caledonia, St. Johnsbury	Sept. 26—28
Rutland, Rutland	Sept. 6, 7
Windham, Brooklyn	Sept. 12—14

NEW JERSEY.

Somerset, Somerville	Sept. 11—13
Sussex, Newton	Oct. 2—5
Warren, Belvidere	Sept. 11—14

PENNSYLVANIA.

Allegheny, Pittsburg	Sept. 4—7
Bucks, Newtown	Sept. 26—27
Berks, Reading	Sept. 25—27
Chester, Westchester	
Crawford, Meadville	Sept. 18—20
Highland, Johnstown	Sept. 27—29
Lawrence, Newcastle	Oct. 2—4
Montgomery, Springtown	Oct. 2—4
Philadelphia, Powelton	Sept. 25—28
Wattsburg, Wattsburg	Sept. 26—27

OHIO.

Brown, Georgetown	Sept. 4—7
Portage, Ravenna	Sept. 5—7
Fayette, Washington	Sept. 5—7
Warren, Lebanon	Sept. 5—7
Gallia, Gallipolis	Sept. 11—12
Ashtabula, Jefferson	Sept. 11—13
Clermont, Bantam	Sept. 11—14
Pickaway, Circleville	Sept. 12—14
Medina, Medina	Sept. 18—20
Clermont, Olive Branch	Sept. 18—21
Clinton, Wilmington	Sept. 18—20
Miami, Piqua	Sept. 18—21
Highland, Hillsboro	Sept. 18—21
Muskingum, Zanesville	Sept. 18—21
Greene, Xenia	Sept. 18—21
Preble, Eaton	Sept. 18—21
Vinton, McArthur	Sept. 19—20
Miami, Troy	Sept 19—21
Knox, Mt Vernon	Sept. 19—21
Defiance, Defiance	Sept. 19—21
Delaware, Delaware	Sept 19—21
Madison, London	Sept. 19—21
Adams, West Union	Sept. 25—28
Belmont, St. Clairsville	Sept. 25—28
Brown, (Independent,) Ripley	Sept. 25—28
Geauga, Burton	Sept. 25—28
Jackson, Jackson	Sept. 26—28
Hardin, Kenton	Sept. 26—28
Columbiana, New Lisbon	Sept. 26—28
Tuscarawas, New Philadelphia	Sept. 26—28
Union, Marysville	Sept. 26—28
Guernsey, Cambridge	Sept 27—28
Clark, Springfield	Oct. 1—5
Wood, Perrysburgh	Oct. 2—3
Summit, Akron	Oct. 2—4
Mahoning, Canfield	Oct. 2—4
Sandusky, Fremont	Oct. 2—4
Carroll, Carrollton	Oct. 2—4
Logan, Bellefontaine	Oct. 2—5
Darke, Greenville	Oct. 2—5
Cuyahoga, Cleveland	Oct. 2—5
Richland, Mansfield	Oct. 2—5
Lucas, Toledo	Oct. 3—5
Hocking, Logan	Oct. 3—5
Williams, Bryan	Oct. 3—5
Wayne, Wooster	Oct. 3—5
Crawford, Bucyrus	Oct. 3—5
Marion, Marion	Oct. 3—5
Harrison, Cadiz	Oct. 3—5
Seneca, Tiffin	Oct. 3—5
Lorain, Elyria	Oct. 3—5
Morgan, McConnellsville	Oct. 3—5
Lawrence, Ironton	Oct. 3—5
Washington, Marietta	Oct. 3—5
Lake, Painesville	Oct. 3—5
Licking, Newark	Oct. 3—5
Putnam, Ottawa	Oct. 3—5
Ottawa, Port Clinton	Oct. 3—5
Butler, Hamilton	Oct. 3—6
Trumbull, Warren	Oct. 4—6
Stark, Canton	Oct. 4—6
Hancock, Findlay	Oct. 4—6
Champaign, Urbana	Oct. 9—12
Coshocton, Coshocton	Oct 10—11
Geauga, (free,) Claridon	Oct. 10—12
Morrow, Mt. Gilead	Oct. 10—12
Wyandot, Upper Sandusky	Oct. 10—12
Ashland, Ashland	Oct. 11—12
Fairfied, Lancaster	Oct. 10—12
Union, Marysville	Oct 17—19
Paulding, Junction	Oct. 25, 26

ILLINOIS.

Wabash Valley, Paris	Sept. 4—8
Henry, Cambridge	Oct. 3—5
Schuyler, Rushville	Oct. 3—6
Ogle, Oregon	Sept 25—28
DeKalb, Sycamore	Oct 4—6
Cass, Virginia	Sept. 4—7
Carroll, Mt. Carroll	Sept. 17—19
Champaign, Urbana	Sept. 20—21
Dupage, Wheaton	Sept. 26—28
Hancock, Carthage	Sept. 19—21
Lee, Dixon	Oct. 1—5
Lake, Libertyville	Oct. 2—3
La Salle, Ottawa	Sept. 25—28
Monroe, Waterloo	Oct. 16—18
Macoupin, Carlinville	Oct. 2—5
Macon, Decatur	Oct. 1—5
Pike, Pittsfield	Oct. 2—4
Rock Island, Rock Island	Sept. 19—21
Scott, Winchester	Oct. 2—4
Tazewell, Tremont	Sept. 26—28
Knox, Knoxville	Sept. 25—28
Adams, Quincy	Oct 2—7
Bureau, Princeton	Sept. 25—28
Marshall, Henry	Sept. 25—27
Menard, Petersburg	Sept. 18—20
Livingston, Pontiac	Sept. 18—20
Fulton	Oct. 3—5
JoDavies, Galena	Sept. 10—13
Fayette, Vandalia	Sept. 25—27
Kane, Geneva	Sept. 25—27
Kendall, Bristol	
Ag. Institute, Sandwich	Oct. 16, 17
Will, Joliet	Oct. 3—5
Logan, Lincoln	Oct. 3—5
Madison, Edwardsville	
Coles, Charleston	Aug. 29—Sept. 1
McLean, Bloomington	
Warren, Monmouth	
Winnebago, Rockford	Sept. 18—21
Boone, Belvidere	
Whiteside, Morrison	Sept. 19—21
Sangamon, Springfield	
Woodford, Metamora	Sept. 19—21
McHenry, Woodstock	Sept. 17—21
Stephenson, Freeport	Sept. 26—28
Vermillion, Catlin	Oct. 9—12
Richland, Olney	
Greene	Oct. 16—18
Peoria, Peoria	
Buel Institute, Hennepin	Oct. 2—5
Shelby, Shelbyville	Oct. 2—5
Bond	Aug. 28—31
St. Clair, Belleville	Sept. 5—7
Union Fair, Mattoon	Sept. 4—7
Mercer, Millersburg	Sept. 25—27
Jasper, Newton	Sept. 27—29
Union Fair, Warren	Sept 25—28
Hancock, Carthage	Sept. 19—21
Warsaw, Warsaw	Sept. 26—29

MICHIGAN.

Berrien, Niles	Sept. 26—28
Jackson, Jackson	Sept. 26—28
Cass, Cassopolis	Sept. 5—7
Battle Creek, Ag. & Mech., Battle Creek	Sept. 26—28
Macomb, Utica	Sept. 26—28
Kalamazoo, Kalamazoo	Sept. 25—27
Livingston, Howell	Sept. 26, 27
Oakland, Pontiac	Oct. 10—12
Horse Show, Kalamazoo	Sept. 11—14
Horse Show, Hudson	Sept. 19—21
Shiawassee, Corunna	Sept. 20, 21
Shiawassee, Owosso	Sept. 17—19
Ingham, Mason	Sept. 27, 28
Lenawee, Adrian	Sept. 25—27
Lapeer, Lapeer	Sept. 25—27
Sanilac, Lexington	Sept. 27, 28
Van Buren, Paw Paw	Sept. 27—29
St. Joseph, Centerville	Sept. 27—29
Washtenaw, Ann Arbor	Oct. 10—12
Branch, Coldwater	Oct. 26—28
St. Clair, St. Clair	Oct. 26—28
Washtenaw and Wayne, Ypsilanti	Oct. 12—14

WISCONSIN.

Fon du Lac, Fon du Lac	Sept. 18, 19
Winnebago, Oshkosh	Sept. 19, 20
Jefferson, Lake Mills	Sept. 19, 20
Sheboygan, Sheboygan Falls	Sept. 19, 20
Racine, Union Grove	Sept. 11—18
Badax, Viroqua	Sept. 10—12
Waupaca, Weyauwega	Sept. 13, 14
St. Croix, Hudson	Sept. 18, 19
Jackson, Albion	Sept. 15, 19
Columbia, Cambria	Sept. 18—20
Waushara, Watoma	Sept. 26, 27
Monroe, Sparta	Sept. 26, 27
Iowa, Dodgeville	Oct 3—5
Rock, Janesville	Sept. 18—20
Marquette, Westfield	Oct. 4, 5
Portage, Stanton	Oct. 15
Pierce, Prescott	Sept. 12, 13

KANSAS.

Breckenridge, Armon Mills	Oct. 10, 11

INDIANA.

Montgomery, Crawfordsville	Sept. 18—21
Morgan, Centerton	Sept. 25—28
Posey, New Harmony	Oct. 2—5
Fountain, Attica	Oct. 10—12
Noble, Albion	Oct. 3, 4
Orange, Livonia	Oct. 8—13
Spencer, Rockport	Oct. 10, 11
Steuben, Angola	Oct. 4, 5
Union, Bridgeton	Sept. 18—21

IOWA.

Clinton, Camanche	Oct. 10—14
Boone, Boonsboro'	
Monroe, Albia	Oct. 16—18
Harrison	Sept. 20 21
Appanoose, Centerville	Oct 5, 6
Bremer, Waverly	Sept. 13, 14
Delaware, Delhi	Sept. 25—27
Jackson, Andrew	Sept. 19, 20
Marshall, Marietta	Sept. 19—21
Poweshiek, Montezuma	Sept. 22 23
Warren, Indianola	Sept. 20, 21
Van Buren, Keosauqua	Sept. 25—27
Marion, Knoxville	Oct 2—4
Scott, Davenport	Sept 25—28
Washington, Washington	Sept. 27, 28

MISSOURI.

Platte, Platte City	Sept. 25—30
Newark, Newark	Sept. 3—7
Lafayette, Lexington	Oct. 2—6
Central District, Booneville	Oct. 1—5
S. E. District, Cape Girardeau	Oct. 11—13
Howard, Fayette	Aug. 29—Sept. 1
Osage, Linn	Oct. 4, 5
Jackson, Independence	Sept. 4—9
Benton	Sept 25—27
Saline, Miami	Sept. 4—8
Bates	Oct. 17—20
Cass, Pleasant Hill	Sept. 26—29

KENTUCKY.

Bourbon, Paris	Sept. 4—7
Clark, Winchester	Aug. 21—23
Harrison, Cynthiana	Sept. 18—21
Logan, Russellville	Sept 11—14
North Kentucky, Maysville	Sept. 11—14
Springfield Union, Springfield	Oct 9—12
Union County, Eminence	Sept. 25—28
Mason and Bracken, Germantown	Sept. 25—28
Owen, New Liberty	Oct. 2—6
Salvisa, Salvisa	Oct. 2—5
Shelby, Shelbyville	Aug. 28—41

TENNESSEE.

Eastern Division, Knoxville	Oct. 16—20
Middle Division, Franklin	Sept. 24-28
Bedford, Shelbyville	Sept. 18—22
Putnam, Cookeville	Oct. 1—4
Maury, Columbia	Oct. 1—6
Obion, Troy	Oct. 30—Nov. 3
Marshall, Lewisburg	Sept. 11—14
Warren, McMinnville	Oct. 9—11
Giles, Pulaski	Oct. 9—13
Sumner, Gallatin	Sept 2—8
Perry, Linden	Oct. 16—19
Lincoln, Fayettville	Oct. 2—6
Franklin, Winchester	
Fayette, Somerville	Oct. 3—6
Shelby, Memphis	Oct. 9—15
Wayne, Waynesboro	Oct. 16—20
Hardin, Savannah	Oct. 2—6
Wilson, Lebanon	Oct 2—6
Montgomery, Clarksville	Oct. 23—27
Hickman, Centerville	Oct. 9—15
Overton, Livingston	Oct. 10—13

MISSISSIPPI.

Grenada, Grenada	Oct. 30—Nov. 2
Warren, Vicksburg	Oct 18
Atlala, Liberty Chapel	Nov. 1—3
De Soto, Hernando	Oct. 9—13
Choctaw, Bankston	Nov. 9, 10
Okitbbeha, Starkville	Oct 23—25
Lowndes, Columbus	Oct. 9—12
Monroe, Aberdeen	Oct. 16—19
Pontotoc, Pontotoc	Oct. 30—Nov. 2
Chickasaw, Okalona	Oct. 23—26
Scott, Hillsboro	Nov. 7 8
Clairborne, Port Gibson	Nov. 13—16
Franklin, Meadville	Oct. 11—13
Panola, Panola	Nov. 6—8
Pike, Summit	Nov. 7—9
Jefferson, Rodney	Nov. 6—9

MINNESOTA.

Dakota, Hastings	Sept. 20—23
Winona, Winona	Sept. 19—21
Rice, Fairbault	Sept. 20

LOWER CANADA.

Brome, Knowlton	Sept. 18
Compton, Eaton Corner	Sept. 27
Huntingdon, Huntingdon	Sept. 25
Laprairie, St. Constant	Sept. 20
Levis, Notre Dame de la Victorie	Oct. 2
Maskinonge, River du Loup	Oct. 2
Montcalm, St. Ligouri	Oct. 3
Montreal, Montreal	Aug. 24, 25
Ottawa, Aylmer	Sept. 27
Pontiac, Clarendon Center	Oct. 4
Rimouski, St. Germain	Aug. 28
St. Johns, St. Johns	Sept. 27
Shefford, Waterloo	Sept. 19
Stanstead, Magog	Sept. 15

Agricultural Miscellany.

A BEAUTIFUL MEDAL.—The most artistic and beautiful Agricultural Society medal which we have ever seen, is one recently "got up" for the Union Agricultural Society of Ridgeway and Shelby, N. Y. In design and finish it is most appropriate and elegant. The medal is of silver, and nearly two inches in diameter. The main device consists of a bee-hive, flowers, &c., and the truthful motto, "All things flourish with Industry,"—surrounded by two cornucopias, the emblems of plenty, united above the hive and emptying the treasures of field, orchard and garden in great profusion at the base. The reverse gives, in a circle near the edge, the name of the Society, then a wreath of grain, etc., with the date of the organization of the Society in the centre. A fine gutta-percha case accompanies the medal, and corresponds with it in artistic taste, style and finish—the outside being ornamented with designs emblematic of rural life and industry. The inner left hand side of the case embraces an engraved certificate, to contain, when filled out, the name of exhibitor and article awarded the medal, and the names of the President and Secretary of the Society—rendering the whole a very unique, complete and valuable testimonial.

ADVERTISING IN THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Though many think our advertising rates too high compared with "other papers,"—especially those who do not know or consider that the RURAL'S circulation is from five to twenty or thirty times that of most papers,—we are in frequent receipt of letters speaking in the highest terms of the advantages and profit of announcements in our Special Notice and Advertising departments. Many of these epistles are amusing as well as gratifying—some writers relating how they were "cleaned out" in a few days, and unable to fill further orders, and others expressing wonder that they should receive orders from so many different sections and States. We are not at present short of advertising—the demand upon that department equaling the space we can devote thereto—yet are constrained to give an extract from a letter received during the past week. It reads in this wise:

"If you'll own up that Editors generally, aye, universally, are fond of *soft sodder*, I'll tell you what I heard one of your patrons say in *blood earnest*. 'Go ahead,' ha! Well, then, here goes:

"A certain agricultural implement manufacturer of our town, who had a Special Notice in the RURAL not long since, says:—'If a man wants to hear from all creation, let him put a Special Notice in the RURAL NEW-YORKER. I am flooded with letters of inquiry, and orders almost unconditional, from *all over the country*, and had I the machines ahead, or the facilities for making a supply, that *little notice* would be cheap at five hundred dollars!' And the speaker added that he 'must double his manufacturing facilities immediately.'"

A SOUTHERN PLANTERS' CONVENTION is announced to be held at Holly Springs, Miss., on the 15th of October ensuing. This meeting, it is stated, is exclusively disconnected from politics, having for its object the improvement of the condition and the independence of the planter upon home productions. The great interest of agriculture and mechanics will receive the undivided attention of the delegates.

HORTICULTURAL.

PICKING AND MARKETING FRUITS.

We are now in the height of the peach season, and thousands of bushels are every day being shipped. Most of the buyers are discarding the old peach basket and are packing in boxes, made principally of lath, the ends only being solid, while top, bottom and sides are made of lath nailed to the sides, about half an inch apart. Thus, plenty of air is furnished, and these boxes can be packed in cars, or on board of steamboats, much better than baskets. In some cases, these boxes have a division in the center, and are made to hold, we should judge, something more than a bushel. We resume the article which we were compelled to suspend last week for want of space, and also give an interesting article from an experienced correspondent on the same subject.

"*Winter Fruits* intended for long keeping are transferred by hand from the baskets in which they are gathered on the tree, into larger ones, in which they can be carried into a dry, cool room, where they are laid in heaps, which may be three or four deep, where they may remain for a couple of weeks, during which time they will have parted with considerable moisture and be quite dry. They will then be fit for packing.

Clean, new barrels should be procured, and the fruits should be carefully assorted. For shipping to distant or foreign markets, *the best only* should be selected; all bruised, wormy, knotty specimens being laid aside for home consumption. They are then placed in the barrels, by hand, arranged regularly in layers, so that no spaces will exist, by which the fruits may shift, roll, or knock against one another. The barrels are then tightly headed up, so that the head presses firmly on the fruits; some people recommend placing a layer of clean moss or soft paper, both on the bottom and top of the barrel; but this is not necessary where the packing and heading are performed carefully. After packing, the barrels must be sent to market in such a manner as never to be jolted or rolled, any more than they would be on men's shoulders, or an easy spring wagon or sled, or by a water conveyance.

On shipboard the barrels should be placed in the coolest and dryest place. It is perfectly idle to gather, pack, or ship fruits in any other way than this to foreign markets. American apples are frequently sold in Liverpool at auction for half what they would have sold for in New York, on account of their bad condition. I saw this in 1849, when Newtown Pippins were selling at twelve and a half cents apiece in the fruit shops.

Winter fruits for home consumption should be carefully assorted, keeping the best, the poorest, the sound, the bruised, and the earlier and later ripening varieties all separate; when sound and bruised, early and late, are all thrown together promiscuously, they cannot fail to decay speedily and to lose their flavor; for two or three decaying apples in a heap or barrel will taint the flavor of all, and hasten the decay of those around them. This arrangement into grades and classes is, therefore, absolutely necessary even for the fruits needed for family use; and when they are so arranged, the sound, long keepers are put into clean, new barrels, carefully, by hand, and the barrels headed up tightly and placed in a cool, dry cellar, or fruit room. The bruised ones can be laid in a place by themselves for immediate use. Every barrel, when packed, should be marked.

Winter Pears, as a general thing, require to be brought into a warm temperature one or two weeks before they are wanted for table use. All the baking and stewing, and even many of the table varieties, may be treated exactly like apples.

Packing Pears for distant markets.—The French send away more pears to foreign markets than any other people. Some small importations of their winter sorts have actually been made by some of the New York fruit dealers the present winter, 1850-51. They pack them in small boxes, either round or square, such as a man can lift and carry easily in his hands.

They cover the bottom and sides with very dry moss or soft, dry paper, well calculated to absorb moisture. They then wrap each fruit in the dry, soft paper, and lay them in layers, the largest and least mature in the bottom, and fill all the interstices with dry moss or paper. I have seen these boxes opened in London, in the finest condition, after being a month packed. They are so tightly packed that the slightest movement cannot take place among them, and yet no one presses upon another. The dry moss and paper that separate them, absorb any moisture; and if one decays it does not affect others.

Some of the Paris confectioners and restaurant keepers preserve fruits very successfully in barrels, packed in layers, and the interstices filled up with powdered charcoal. The barrels are kept in a dry, cool place, about forty degrees, where they are not subjected to changes of temperature. Apples, pears, grapes, almonds, nuts, and potatoes, are all preserved in this manner."

ORCHARD CULTURE.

There is perhaps no branch of rural economy so much neglected, or in which so many erroneous opinions exist among the masses, as that of orchard culture. Having occasion to be at many different farms during this summer, I observed that where young orchards had been set out, they were usually kept in grass, and the trees were making a sickly and stunted growth at the best, and in many instances had died out almost entirely, those that remained being covered with suckers. On the contrary, the older bearing orchards were kept frequently plowed and severely cropped with grain, and grassed only at short and distant intervals; and as a consequence, the trees, though far from being old, were fast going to decay, and the fruit was generally small, and the yield light and uncertain. When on a visit to England in 1856, I spent some weeks in Devonshire, Wiltshire, and Cornwall, and had frequent opportunities of observing the orchards there. Many of them are old, the trees having been planted from 100 to 300 years, yet they appeared healthy and vigorous, and bore heavy and regular crops of fruit, of as good quality as can be raised in that salt-impregnated climate. Here the old orchards are kept constantly in grass, and the soil is never stirred except to scarify the surface with a harrow occasionally, and sow fresh grass seed. Lime is applied largely at occasional intervals, say every twelve years, and soon works its way into contact with the roots of the trees. Sheep are usually kept at pasture among the trees, with perhaps a few hogs in the fall to eat up such fruit as remains ungathered; and their droppings keep the soil sufficiently enriched without any further trouble. The trees are kept carefully pruned, and all moss, &c., is scraped from the trunks each spring. It is rare to see any immatured or blighted fruit drop from the trees.

My plan of orchard culture would vary considerably from that generally adopted in America. First get the land where the orchard is to be into good order, by deep plowing, and heavy manuring with well rotted compost. Plant out the trees in holes dug six feet in diameter, taking care to place the roots extended in their natural position, and not deeper than they stood in the nursery. Fill in with soil, that taken from the surface to be placed nearest the roots of the tree, and when the hole is half filled, pour a bucket of water over the loose soil; this will settle it among the roots, and give the tree a firm hold on the soil; then fill up the hole. After planting out the trees, keep the orchard in fallow crops, and whenever the ground is plowed begin the ridge of each land at the line of a row of trees, with a one-horse plow, to no greater a depth than will allow of the roots being untouched by the plow, taking especial pains to steer round clear of the young trees so as to run no risk of abrading their bark with the whipple-tree. The little patches of unplowed ground left close round the trees can be afterwards spaded in, and kept clean with the hoe. As soon as the land is plowed wide enough to be clear of the roots of the trees, put on a two horse plow, and gradually deepen the soil to the furrow, which should have a clear outlet for the escape of the water. In this way all stagnant water in the soil will be drawn away from the trees.

By the third spring from the time of planting out the trees, the land may be seeded with clover on a barley crop, and allowed to remain in grass for two years, still keeping a small patch round each tree clear with the hoe or spade, and it would perhaps be well to throw a little lime around near the roots. No stock of any kind is to be admitted into the orchard for fear they might injure the trees. After two years, plow up again, and cultivate with fallow crops till the greater part of the trees have become established and are in moderate bearing, when the orchard may be seeded down permanently, and kept for mowing and sheep pasturage. It is presupposed that the pruning of the trees has been carefully attended to during the progress of the orchard to maturity. If the soil is very retentive of moisture, it is of no use trying to raise fruit without first underdraining the land. J. M.

Hamilton, C. W., August, 1860.

Remarks.—We are glad this subject is being agitated in Canada. In no place have we seen a greater destruction of young trees by mismanagement and neglect. Canada is one of the best markets for the fruit-growers of this section. Thousands of bushels of apples, plums and peaches are now being shipped from this city to Canadian ports, and while we do not regret that the growers of fruits here find a good market for their fruit, we hope the time is not far distant when the farmers of Canada will produce an abundance of apples, at least, for home consumption.

GATHERING AND PACKING FRUITS.

Messrs. Editors:—The season to commence to gather fruits for distant markets having arrived, and as many farmers have a surplus of apples and wish to sell them, but don't properly understand how to put them up, to sell well in market, I have thought a proper space in the Rural devoted to gathering fruits for winter use and to ship to distant markets, would be beneficial to a large class of its readers. Fruit Growers, shall we have an exchange of views on this subject for the benefit of all? I submit a few thoughts. Last season I bought and shipped some apples and pears to Boston market. My principle object was to help farmers and fruit growers get their summer fruit to market, and prepare the way for my grape crop that I wished to go to a Company in Faneuil Hall Market, Boston. Frequently was it the case when a car load of apples arrived there, the most of them in prime order, but a few barrels being put up in bad order, the whole car load was subjected to a discount of twenty-five cents on a barrel. There went all I had labored for, namely, the nett profits. Why? Because some fruit growers were so covetous they wanted every thing that was in the shape of fruit on the trees to count. And in some cases, the windfalls too. Now, it should not be so, because the means to get correct information is within the reach of all.

Every person that has 25 bushels of apples to pick should have a canvass or sheet. He will save enough that will drop in picking, to pay the cost of it. Last season I bought some *Golden Sweets* on the trees. I prepared a sheet to pick them. In the morning I took the barrels aboard, went one and a half miles to the orchard, and with five lads, that were glad to work for two to four shillings a day, and board themselves, we picked, barrelled up in good order, and delivered at the station two and a half miles from the orchard, eighteen barrels in a day. I presume two barrels of these apples were saved from being the same as windfalls, by having the sheet.

I will endeavor to give a description of the sheet. I took enough factory sheeting to make a square of about fourteen feet. Basted it together with wrapping twine. It took two clothes-lines to bind the rim of this sheet, to keep it from tearing and the apples from rolling off. At each corner about two feet of the lines were left loose to form slip-loops to hold the sheet upon the stakes. In the center should be a half-inch hole bound with strong thin leather. It requires four corner stakes, six and a half feet long, some notches in the upper end, for the slip-loop of the line to hold in, and at the other end steel spikes ⅜ of an inch in diameter, tapered to a point, to drive into the ground. A center stake five feet long, with a spike in one end and a half-inch bolt in the other, to hold up the center of the sheet, and cause the apples to roll to the rim, handy to be taken off, completes it. My practice was to spread the sheet under that part of the tree to be picked, clear of the ground, and send two lads into the centre of the tree, two more on ladders to pick from the outer branches, dropping the fruit on the sheet. All the fruit over the sheet that drops and don't hit a limb, is safer from injury than it would be laid into a basket. Myself and one lad sorted the fruit, and got it ready for carting to the station.

I used a press for heading up barrels, made in this manner: take 1½ inch plank of light timber some 10 feet long, set a standard in one end, having a mortice or strap of iron for a lever to work in. The lower side of the lever should be 4 inches above the barrel when standing on the plank,—a round stick, 1 foot long and 4 inches in diameter, with one side hewed off sufficient to have it lie steady on the head of the barrel. Fill the barrel, shaking it frequently while filling, till the apples are a little above the edge of the chime. The apples will be dented a little when the lever brings the head to its place, but will be less injured than those that are loose, and much more satisfactory in market. Apples intended for market should be sorted in this way: have two barrels ready, and all the largest, smoothest apples that are uniform in size should be put in one barrel, and marked *Extra*, the medium sized smooth apples, in the other barrel. The smaller ones should never be put up for a distant market. They write from Boston that probably no apples from Western New York will pay cost but those that are of *good quality*. Alvin Wilcox.

West Bloomfield, N. Y., 1860.

THE AMERICAN BLACK CAP RASPBERRY.

Now that this Raspberry has come to be somewhat extensively cultivated for market in Western New York, some hints from experience may be of general use. It has been rather underrated by our berry growers until within a recent time, though it possesses qualities which will render it popular both for family use and in the market. No other berry is *quite* so easily and surely raised. It is no more work to plant it than it is to plant potatoes; and the cost of cultivation is not more than for that crop, whether you have one hill or one acre. Profit can also be realized from it nearly as soon as from any farm crop; for in fifteen or sixteen months from planting, there is a remunerative return. Beside, it stays just where it is set. There are no troublesome runners to be clipped, or unwelcome shoots thrusting up their unwelcome heads a dozen feet from the mother plant, in spite of plow and cultivator. And having produced four or five successive crops from the soil, it shows itself to be a sensible plant by putting on the habiliments of old age, and refusing to bear. You may just plow it up, burn it, prepare and enrich the ground, and reset with young plants.

Soil, Location, Planting, and Culture.—It will succeed tolerably well in a variety of soils; but what it especially dislikes, is a hard, dry soil. Good corn land is commonly good raspberry land. It likes best a cool, moist soil, one that is not readily affected by drouth, and that is rich in vegetable matter. A northern and eastern exposure, if protected from the heavy prevailing winds by some screen—as a belt of woods—is preferable. The true time for planting is *early* in the spring. The ground should be fitted during the previous autumn, and as soon as it can be safely worked, set the plants. A smart freeze or two afterward will not injure them. Seven feet by three-and-a-half is a good distance for field culture. The first season they can be cultivated both ways, but afterward they form a hedge one way, keeping down, by their compactness, the weeds underneath, and allowing the cultivator to pass only between the widest rows. Keeping the ground mellow and free from weeds comprises the whole of the first year's cultivation.

Layering the Plants.—This is an important operation, and if the right method be not thoroughly understood and practiced, the future results may be disastrous. About the first of September, the plants set in the spring are in condition to layer. On an average, if they are thrifty, each will produce five new plants for next spring's planting. The proper time is shown by the ends of the canes becoming red, hard, and free from leaves. These ends should be inserted in the ground, *in nearly a perpendicular position, and only deep enough to keep the wind from blowing them out.*

A perfect style of plant consists of one bud from the end of the layer, with hundreds of fibrous roots radiating in all directions from it. This is formed by layering as described. An imperfect plant may be formed by burying several inches of the layer in a horizontal position. Numerous buds, set close to one another, with different sets of roots, will then spring from it, and you have a plant that, however fair its youth may promise, will never reach a vigorous maturity. On setting the *perfect* plant, it will throw up a single shoot, which will send out numerous branches and yield the first crop of fruit. The second year, several canes will grow from the base of this, furnishing abundant and productive wood for the following crop. But from the *imperfect* plant, the first year a number of weak canes will push up, some of them fruit canes, bearing clusters of berries. They make a feeble growth, for the strength of the plant is divided, and the next year a mass of canes spring from their numerous base buds, which, over-taxing the young plant, prove barren and worthless.

Trimming.—This, when properly done, obviates the use of stakes or other supports for the bearing canes, thus diminishing very materially the cost of producing the fruit. Nothing, however, is required the first year. The second spring the branches should be shortened to two, or at most, two-and-a-half feet in length. It may be done rapidly with a good corn-cutter, or a pair of hedge-shears. The plant has grown low and trailing, and as you look along the rows, the bushes appear very hedge-like. Perhaps in trimming you have cut away one-third or more of the bearing wood, which seems wasteful. But, it is well to remember that large and fine crops of bush fruits are *surer* by an unsparing use of the knife. The remaining buds will start with great vigor, and the first clusters will be large and numerous. If you defer trimming part of your plantation till the leaves have started, that part may ripen its fruit somewhat later, but it may not be quite so fine.

The next operation in trimming should be performed in June. It consists in clipping the tips of the young canes, growing for next year's crop, (they grow upright,) when they reach the height of two-and-a-half feet. The growth of the plant is thus thrown into the branches, and the main stalk becomes firm and stiff, able to resist the winds and sustain itself in an upright position. The following spring, last year's bearing wood must be cut away, and the branches of the new canes shortened, to give room to the horse and cultivator, and vigor to the remaining buds.

Yield of Fruit.—Two thousand quarts per acre is not an uncommon yield for the first crop. I have known them to exceed that by nearly a third, on a patch of an acre. An average yield of three thousand quarts per acre can be attained, by careful *selection of plants and good culture.*

Fairport, N. Y., 1860. G. F. Wilcox.

GAILLARDIA.

The Gaillardias are interesting and showy plants, though not generally cultivated in our gardens. They are naturally perennials, but will not endure our hard winters without protection, but when sown in a hot-bed or cold frame they commence flowering the first season in July, and will continue until frost. There are several varieties, differing principally in the markings, the prevailing colors being dark red, orange, and yellow. *Aristata* has yellow rays. *Bicolor*, crimson and yellow. *Picta*, orange, red, and yellow. *Alba marginata*, dark red, edged with creamy white. There is a

new variety, the finest of all, called *Hybrida grandiflora*, of which we give an engraving. The disc is yellow, but the pistils, which are large, give it a dark brown color; rays red, tipped with yellow. Many of the flowers are much larger than the engraving.

Horticultural Notes.

Nurserymen's Catalogues.—Few of our horticultural readers, we think, can have failed to notice the great improvement in the Catalogues of the Nurserymen within the last ten years. Without saying what were their character in previous years, we will say that the Catalogues of our leading Nurserymen are now got up with taste, well printed, and many of them illustrated with very creditable engravings of trees and fruits, and containing reliable descriptions of the varieties most worthy of cultivation. We have on our table a goodly number, received within the last month, awaiting acknowledgment:

From Ellwanger & Barry, of the *Mount Hope Nurseries*, Rochester. *Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits*—a very neat pamphlet of over 50 pages, containing brief but carefully prepared descriptions of the best and most popular fruits, as well as many that are yet new and scarce. Also, four excellent engravings of trees in bearing, and several of fruits, besides excellent hints for planting, after culture, &c. *Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, Flowering Plants, &c., &c.*,—a well printed pamphlet, uniform in size and general appearance with the last, and a work which any amateur may study with profit. *Catalogue of Green-House and Hot-House Plants, Fuchsias and Select Bedding Plants, Chrysanthemums, Phloxes, Dahlias, &c.*,—26 pages, uniform with the preceding.

From Frost & Co., *Genesee Valley Nurseries*, Rochester. *Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits*; a neat, well printed pamphlet of over 50 pages, containing correct and concise descriptions of fruits, and illustrated with engravings of trees, vines and fruits. It also contains valuable hints on transplanting, pruning, &c.

From R. Buist, *Rosedale Nursery*, Philadelphia. *Select Catalogue of Green-House, Hot-House and Hardy Plants*—a well got up pamphlet of 44 pages, with a lithographic view of the Green-Houses. *Descriptive Catalogue of Hardy Trees and Shrubs*, of over 30 pages, with map of the route from Philadelphia to the Nurseries

From James Pentland, *Green Mount Garden*, Baltimore. *Catalogue of Selected Roses and other Hardy Plants*—pamplet of 30 pages well arranged, with good descriptions, and printed in excellent style.

From Edward J. Evans & Co., *Central Nurseries*, York, Pa. *Trade Catalogue of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c.*,—a pamphlet of 14 pages, giving names and prices of the most popular varieties of fruits, shrubs, &c., without descriptions.

From A. P. Smith, *Pomological Garden and Nursery*, Sacramento, Cal., *Catalogue of Trees and Shrubs, Roses, &c.*,—30 page pamphlet, with colored plates of California fruits.

From W. C. Strong, *Montain Hill Nursery*, Brighton, Mass. *Catalogue of Trees and Plants*—pamphlet of 16 pages, containg a list of about 51 varieties of the best apples, and the same number of pears, without description, and about 20 varieties of plums, peaches, cherries, and a good selection of the small fruits. The Ornamental Department is more full.

From A Fahnestock & Sons, *Toledo Nurseries*, Toledo, O. *Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, &c.*, containing over 50 pages. A well printed pamphlet, and the descriptions are concise and plain.

Fruits in Massachusetts.—From almost all parts of the country we hear notes of rejoicing from the lovers and cultivators of fine fruits. The following is a postscript to a private letter from Hon. Marshall P. Wilder: "We are having one of the best seasons I remember for the growth of trees. Our crop of apples is very large. Of the pear, we have not so many varieties in bearing as in some former years, but the crop is abundant, and the fruit is very fair and handsome; and what adds further to our comfort, is the fact that we have had fewer insects than for the last ten years. Their decrease I think many be accounted for by the extreme cold of 1859, when, on the 16th of May, the thermometer stood at 30°, and at which time I lost most of my crop of pears."

Fruits Received.—From J. H. Buckley, Chili, N. Y., a Spitzenberg apple of 1859, in tolerable condition.

—From J. B. French, Victor, N. Y., a fine lot of Washington plums.

—From O. C. Ross, Esq., Penfield, N. Y., half a dozen peaches, measuring over 9 inches in circumference, and weighing 7 ounces each. Mr. Ross calls them *Cooper's Mammoth.*

Strawberry Plants by Mail.—It will be seen by reference to a Special Notice in this paper that Mr. I. W. Briggs offers Strawberry Plants of choice varieties by mail. We have no doubt of Mr. B.'s ability to furnish genuine plants as proposed, and trust his proposition will inure to the benefit of the public.

New Early Peach.—O. T. Hobbs, of Randolph, Pa., writes us that he has a seedling peach from Fay's Early Anne, which ripened this season in July—"small, but of fine quality."

Acknowledgments.—We are indebted to O. T. Hobbs, of Randolph, Pa., for several plants of the Randolph Pine strawberry.

PICKLES, COOKING CAULIFLOWER, &c.

Pickled Peaches.—Take ripe, sound, but not soft peaches, and pare them; make a gallon of good vinegar hot and add to it five or six pounds of brown sugar; boil and skim it, then add cloves and cinnamon, (broken up, but not powdered,) to taste. Put in the peaches and cook gently until they begin to soften, then take them out carefully, put them in a jar and pour the vinegar over them while hot. When cold, paste a thick paper over the top of the jar and set them in a cool place.

Cooking Cauliflower.—After having trimmed off the leaves and tough part of the stalk, put them in a stew-pan and pour on boiling water to cover; add a little salt, then cover the pan and boil half an hour, or until tender; pour off the water and take the cauliflower up on a hot dish, sprinkle salt and pepper over and spread butter, which has been softened before the fire, on plentifully, and serve warm.

Baked Tomatoes.—Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes, and remove the skins; cut them in two and place them in a deep baking dish, or tin; put bits of butter over them and add salt, pepper, and a little sugar, flour, and water, and bake an hour in a quick oven.

Stewed Tomatoes.—Peel and cut in pieces eight large tomatoes; put them in a stew-pan with a teaspoon of salt, half as much pepper, and a piece of butter the size of a large egg; cover and cook an hour, then add a large tablespoon of rolled crackers or bread crumbs, and stew half an hour longer. Stir them often that they may not burn.

Green Corn Pudding.—Grate the corn from three ears of green sweet corn; beat five eggs light, and stir them into a quart of milk; add the corn, with a large teaspoon of salt, half a nutmeg, grated, and a teaspoon of lemon extract; add sugar enough to make it sweet, and bake an hour.

Apple Butter:—Will some one please give directions *in full* for making what is called apple butter? Kate.

Walnut Farm, N. Y., 1860.

Canning Peaches.—We have a method of preserving peaches in cans, which we think far preferable to the usual mode. We use no sugar, as we think the fruit retains its natural flavor much better without it, and is more wholesome. Our method we give to Rural readers as follows: Peel and halve the peaches; then put them in a steamer, and place over a kettle of boiling water from five to eight minutes, when they will be sufficiently heated; have your cans hot, put in the fruit, filling them full as possible, and seal immediately. When wanted for the table, prepare with sugar and cream the same as fresh fruit, and they will be found equally delicious. Plums can be done in the same way.—C. M. M., *Rochester, N. Y.*, 1860.

Cement for Crockery.—Our women folks want me to write you for a recipe to make a cement to mend crockery and stone ware. They say jar covers, plates, &c., will come in two, handles to jugs come off, and how to put them together is what they would like to know.—X. Y. Z., *New York*, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"BROTHER CHARLIE."

I HAVE a little brother,—
He is my only one,—
No brighter one, or nobler,
Lives beneath the sun.
His hair was once as golden
As the sunset dyes,
His eyes of deepest azure
Told of yonder skies.

Twelve times the summer's sunlight
Has rested on his brow;
And his hair of golden paleness
Wears a darker shadow now.
The blue of his eyes seem deeper,
A holier light they wear;
For the stars in their nightly gleaming
Have left their glory there.

Three sisters call him "brother,"
Another name, the rest;
Our record writes it "CHARLIE,"—
I love the "brother" best;
One other name is sweeter—
It lives in Eden's air,
On the white page of GOD's "Record,"
They write it *Angel* there.

On earth there are many jewels,
Many in heaven above;
But none wears a brighter luster
Than this one of our love.
God, keep our precious treasure,
Unsullied, pure, and fair,
Till it shines among the angels,
And glows in beauty there.

Medina, N. Y., 1860. W. M. C.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WOMAN AT HOME.

Do not think that I am about to discuss the question which has been so all-important to many of our best female writers. They, in their praiseworthy endeavors to ameliorate the condition of woman, have often overlooked that which is of the most vital importance. The truth is, in their zeal, they have too often regarded the *political rights* of woman instead of her *intellectual wants*. All that I have to say concerning the rights of woman, is, that I believe GOD saw proper, in His matchless wisdom and divine goodness, to assign to man and woman spheres widely differing in a political, but not in an intellectual point of view. But, leaving this point, we come at once to the subject—Woman at Home.

A respectable author says that "home is woman's word." Now, as this necessarily is the case,—and as woman's influence can no more be confined to the narrow limits of her household than the tide can be made subservient to the will of man, the necessary qualifications that will enable her to exert that high-toned, moral, and intellectual influence required at her hand, becomes a matter of serious consideration. From some keen discerner of moral obligation, a truth has gone out into the world, which, though clothed in the homely garb of a common adage, has associated with it a sentiment worthy the consideration of every woman standing in as responsible a position as does *Woman at Home*. It is this:—"Guide the youth, and you guide the nation." This speaks volumes to the reflective mind. Was there ever a more important truth, in politics, morals, or religion? A moment's consideration amply qualifies us to answer.

While we deem it not actually necessary for woman to be crowded into the juror's box—to plead the merits of a suit in law—to occupy the judge's bench, or fill the sacred desk—to take the stump during a Presidential campaign, or to meet with the legislative bodies of her country—yet we do hold it to be absolutely necessary for her to be qualified to understand the various departments and relations of human affairs. Could this be the case to-day, it would be an epoch in the World's History, from which a new era would be dated. Could every home be adorned with a woman acquainted with History, Physiology, Botany, Chemistry, Philosophy, Astronomy, Political Economy, and many other branches, which are, to a greater or less extent, within the reach of all, how *many* ungrounded and superstitions notions would live only in the memory of the past, which now entrammel the mind of the rising generation, and of which it will be disabused only after arriving at mature age.

The education afforded our young ladies is not what it should be to prepare them for a useful and active life. What does it generally amount to? Its possessor is, perchance, qualified to write a letter to an absent friend, and to read the periodicals of the day, but not capable of understanding that portion which should be food and support to her immortal mind, and cause it to move onward and upward in the scale of intelligence.

But, the question may be asked, what! have we no educated women in our country? Our answer is, educated women in our land are the exception, not the rule. We admit that we often see ladies who are said to be educated; but why do we never hear from them only as we are under the sound of their voices? Because their education is too much like the bauble—more *show* than *substance*.

A little smattering of French or Latin, possibly mathematics as far as involution in practical arithmetic, a few weeks study of botany, a copious fund of knowledge gleaned from "yellow-covered literature," and a broken constitution, make up a fashionable education, but not one that is calculated to satisfy woman's immortal mind, prepare her to do good, and adorn her home with the lovely rays of that light beaming from a well-cultivated intellect.

How poorly does an education of the above mentioned character prepare woman to fill the sphere for which she was created. Though she may have a home abundantly supplied with all the luxuries necessary to render life agreeable, friends to make it pleasant and attractive, yet she cannot appreciate the many blessings attending her path, for no other reason that because her mind is not properly developed to embrace the great truths of science scattered profusely on either hand, and which, to a mind sufficiently capacious for their reception, furnish an inexhaustible mine of lasting pleasure.

In conclusion, I would say, prepare woman for home, and you prepare her for usefulness—prepare woman for usefulness, and you pave the way for the moral, intellectual, and, consequently, political advancement of the nation.

Western College, Iowa. LIZZIE H. BARTLETT.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE LITTLE VOCALISTS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

IT is a gloomy, unpleasant afternoon. The sky is overspread with dark, lowering clouds, and a fine, misty rain is falling with a chilling, disagreeable sound. There are but few passing, and those compelled by business, necessity, or, far more urgent, poverty, to be out in the damp air and muddy streets. Of the latter class are two little boys, respectively aged five and seven years,—though they seem much older, judging from the steady, smileless way they go on their business,—who appear to be singing from place to place, wherever they can attract a crowd of listeners, whether in street or shop, and thereby gather up a few pennies. How sad, sober, and old, is the expression of their countenances, as, joined hand in hand, their child-voices mingle for the amusement of the curious and unthinking throng that may happen to congregate around. Here they are, now, in a shop where several men are busily engaged in their usual routine of business, as if the sum total of this life consisted in seeing how many figures could be crowded on a ledger page. They have wandered about in the rain until their scanty clothing is wet through, and they are chilled and shivering in every limb. They are singing. Hark how their child-voices blend and harmonize, sweet but tremulous, for they are cold and disspirited. Yet they sing on, the younger one keeping time, but with faltering voice.

"Here, little boy," says a gentleman, "I will give you a penny if you will go home and change your clothes. You are wet and taking cold. Will you go?"

He looks wistfully at the proffered penny, but whispers sadly, "I can't go home till I get" ——. His brother shows him the money he has; his tearful eyes brighten, he seems satisfied, they take the penny, and go—*home?* Home! Oh, GOD! that there should be *such homes* in our plenteous land,—that there should be such sad hearts among little children. *Home?* Oh, what a mockery! Where is the cheerful fireside,—where the bountiful board,—the kind father, and, more than all else, the gentle, long-suffering, loving mother? Not there,—no, not there. A filthy, squalid room,—a few dying embers on the hearth,—sullen, downcast faces,—a few crusts of bread,—a drunken father,—and, shall we call that insolent termagant, who greets those half-famished ones, her own children, with a harsh shake and loud reproof that they have not earned more,—aye, shall we call her *mother?* GOD pity those poor little children. How every germ of innocent joy is crushed out of their nature,—how every smile is bid begone by the uprising tear,—how every noble sentiment and aspiring impulse is thrust back on the heart, to wither, by the coarse jest, the cruel taunt, the burning sneer. My heart turns from the sickening scene.

Has Charity withdrawn her hand?—has Mercy closed her ear?—has Justice no word of defense? Loving mother, as you gather your children around you to-night, and look in their beaming faces and list to their joyous prattle, thank GOD in your inmost soul that he has made you to differ from the poor, degraded ones your example cannot reach, nor your bounty save.

Jackson, Mich., 1860. MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

A CONNUBIAL SERMON.

A CONNUBIAL little sermon, from the text, "Be happy as you are," is thus preached by a contemporary print:

"Wife and mother, are you tired and out of patience with your husband's and your children's demands upon your time and attention? Are you tempted to speak out angry feelings to that faithful, but, perhaps, sometimes heedless, exacting husband of yours? or to scold and fret at those sweet and beautiful ones? Do you groan and say 'What a fool I was to marry, and leave my father's house, where I lived at ease and in quiet?' Are you, by reason of the care and weariness of body which wifehood and motherhood must bring, forgetful of, and unmindful for their comforts and their joys? Oh! wife and mother, what if a stroke should smite your husband, and lay him low? What if your children should be snatched from your bosom? What if there were no true, strong heart for you to lean upon? What if there were no soft little innocents to nestle in your arms, and to love you, or receive your love? How would it be with you then?

Be patient and kind, dear wife, unwearying and long-suffering, dear mother, for you know not how long you may have with you your best and dearest treasures,—you know not how long you may tarry with them. Let there be nothing for you to remember which will wring your heart with remorse, if they leave you alone; let there be nothing for them to remember but sweetness and love unutterable, if you are called to leave them by the way. Be patient, be pitiful, be tender of them all; for death will step, sooner or later, between them and you. And oh! what would you do if you should be doomed to sit solitary and forsaken, through years and years? Be happy as you are, even with all your trials; for, believe it, then wife of a loving and true husband, there is no lot in life so blessed as thine own."

FLOWERS.

Oh! they have looked upward in every place
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on an old friend's face
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers!
They tell us of wand'rings by woods and streams;
They tell us of lanes and trees;
But the children of showers and sunny beams
Have lovelier tales than these—
The bright, bright flowers!

They tell of a season when Men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers!

The blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of earth's fair flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister, Grief,
Made a home in the heart of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then—
The bright, bright flowers.

The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept,
In Eden, from brake to brake:
They were left as a proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home;
They are here as the type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TREE TALKS.

PERHAPS, Mr. Editor, I am going to ask you a very silly question, but I really want to know if you ever thought you saw the trees talking together; bowing most gracefully, or bending majestically to each other, seemingly having a nice, social chat, or dignified discussion? Doesn't it seem probable that each tree, varied from another by form, foliage and shading of color, has a distinct personality,—an inward consciousness of being, giving to it an individuality of its own, possessed by no other living, earthly tree?—Whether this is an established fact or not, I have always pleased myself with the fancy, and have spent many an idle moment,—that should, undoubtedly, have been better employed,—in watching the swaying of graceful branches, and weaving into words the sweet whispering of their leaves; while each tree, in its distinct peculiarities, reminded me forcibly of one or another friend whom I had known, or loved. This last is an odd conceit, perhaps, and foolish too, possibly; but I don't pretend to the wisdom of a SOLOMON, so, of course, am not responsible for an occasional lapse into foolishness.

But I really do believe that the trees hold *conversaziones* for the discussion of various important subjects, which, if not productive of great good to the nation, are of the utmost interest to themselves. Perhaps, too, they sometimes hold politically caucuses, and get into "warm debates," and though they may never draw knives, or snap pistols at each other, it probably is not because the questions agitated are of little weight, but from a fear of descending to the level of those whom they have always towered above. There is nothing, you know, Mr. Editor, like a just appreciation of one's own consequence, and so, of course, the trees command respect, for, as a general thing, they are always looked up to.

But even now, while I am writing, that group of trees opposite my window, are having a perfect "war of words," reminding me painfully of angry controversies between politicians of opposit party prejudices. See how they gesticulate, swaying themselves to and fro, in all the earnestness of interest that the momentous subject seems to demand. What can it be, I wonder, that so disturbs their serenity? Ah! I have it now! They are arguing over the mighty question of the day, "Who shall be President?" I think they must have called a "town meeting," and appointed that small, lusty looking tree, Chairman. How energetic and forcible he is in his remarks, and withall quite inclined to have his *ipse dixit* received by them all. Like all small men, he is, probably, conceited. I have no doubt, from that last great commotion among them, he has been giving it as his decided opinion that "honest old ABE," is alone worthy to rule over the nation; and the rest of their treeships, in their excitement, are ready to bow in homage to the President whom they have, in imagination, already elected. But there is a tall, firm-looking tree, who makes a very stately bow to the voluble little Chairman, and begs leave to put in a demurrer. Immediately "great confusion prevails," and cries of "order, order," are heard, while the tall, firm speaker is with difficulty made to understand that he has no part or lot with them, but is simply an interloper. Tall and firm, however, he stands as firmly rooted as ever, and politely intimates that it is his intention so to remain; and immediately began to advocate the claims of "the Little Giant." Just in the midst of his eloquence, he was interrupted by an "irrepressible conflict" of voices, that forced the meeting to break up in confusion equal to that of the Convention at Charleston.

The other day I was watching a small, graceful-looking locust tree, that always reminds me of a pretty, little, gossiping friend of mine; and as I looked, there was a commotion among the slight branches, that soon seemed communicated to all the other trees near by, and immediately the thought was suggested to me that this little gossiper was repeating to the choice circle of friends about her, the particulars of a grand wedding that had taken place the night previous; "how the little fairy of a bride was dressed in silk of the most immaculate white, with a double veil, fastened with the indispensable wreath of Orange flowers, and that she was attended by no less than four bridesmaids, wearing white lace dresses trimmed with five flounces, each and all bound with satin. Twenty flounces! Only think what a length of time it must have taken to make them! But "how sweet they did look!" And the bride was "perfectly beautiful!" Just as though all brides were not the sweetest, prettiest creatures that ever gave loving heart to selfish man. Why, I once knew a young lady of forty, who looked so perfectly lovely in her wedding robes, that you wouldn't have had an idea that she was less than twenty. This certainly is evidence conclusive that a *dressmaker* is a *magician*, if *love* is not.

But while I watched the trees, I became aware that a cause of unusual excitement existed among them, and I immediately concluded that the little gossip had arrived at the grand *finale* of her story, for such swaying of bodies, such putting of heads together, could only have been caused by the divulging of some choice *morceau*, more intensely interesting than any which had preceded it. "And are you really sure it is true?" "Certainly; the crowd was so dense, and their curiosity so eager, and the consequent pressure so great, that the poor little fainting bride-to-be was separated from the tall bride-groom elect, and her splendid veil fairly lifted from her head!" "Shameful!" "How very rude!" "But what did the bride in perspective do?" "Oh! she fainted, and pathetically implored information as to the course best to be pursued under such distressing circumstances. A colored servant who was in attendance on the bridal party, endeavored to replace the frail fabric, but men are proverbially awkward, and some one else had to take it from him,—I did not learn who,—for you must know I overheard one lady giving these particulars to another last night, and that silly young Maple was whispering such nonsense in my ear at the time, that I could not hear all that they said about it. I wish that he could have kept quiet!" And *petite* gave a coquettish toss of her head, as if she meant to convey the idea that it was a matter of the utmost indifference whether young Maple ever addressed another word to her or not. But I, who profess to have some,—well, yes,—some little experience in such matters, knew that it was all make-believe. What a pity it is that feminine humanity will put on such foolish little airs, feigning what is unreal, and making that appear unreal which is really true.

Now, there is that bit of a Locust, that I have watched day after day, from my window, flirting most unmercifully, I know, with that poor deluded Maple, while he bends over her, most adoringly, as any one with two good eyes can see, and whispers such low, sweet words to her that in spite of all her coquettish little airs, their thrilling music goes down deep into her warm little heart, and the tremulous flutter of her slight leaves is an answering token that the wells of feeling have been reached by the magic power that rules the lowly and the great.

But the poor Maple does not comprehend the tactics of the diplomatic little Locust, and so he continues to torment himself with fears, while he is still as persevering as ever in his attempts to make himself agreeable to the divinely adorable object of his idolatry. Somebody has very foolishly written,—"The heart beats but to *one*, and answers pulse to pulse." The coquette utterly denies the assertion, and proves in her daily experience that it was only a poet's fancy taking reins, which penned the line, and however pretty an arch of sentiment it may make, it yet lacks the keystone of truth to support its graceful proportions. And so, though the little Locust's heart has throbbed tumultuously at times, at the tender words of the ardent Maple, I haven't the slightest doubt that it would beat just as rapidly at the earnest tones of any other Maple, Beech, or Elm, whose love-tuned voice should whisper softly to her in the sweet summer evening twilight.

But don't you believe, Mr. Editor, there will come a time,—the fall-time of the heart, perhaps, when she will listen in vain,—yet, O, how longingly,—for the low breathed music that will greet her ear never again? Will she not have learned then that coquetry leaves on the heart's altar only dust and ashes? RUTH.

Auburn, N. Y., 1860.

JEALOUSY.—Of all the pangs of which humanity is susceptible, jealousy is the worst; for most frequently it is an effect without a cause—a monster engendered in the imagination of its victim; and feeding alike upon its heart and brain, it withers the rose upon the cheek of beauty, dethrones reason from its judgment seat, and gives the reins to passion; it is the punishment of Tantalus, without his crime. To the jealous mind madness would be a relief, and death a blessing; it takes a martyr's pleasure in its torments, and adds to their intensity by the ingenious skill with which it adduces proofs from air-drawn nothings, adding fuel to the flame by which it suffers. Jealousy is a passion against which persuasion and argument are equally vain—the proofs which convince, but tend to confirm its fatal error.

PERMANENCE OF LOVE AND HATRED.—The heart can never forget the object of its affection. The brow may wear a frown, and the eye may turn coldly on the loved object, but could the vision pierce through the casements of the heart, it would behold a different scene; in lieu of coldness, a red hot furnace would be raging in its center. And it is thus with its hatred; it cannot forget; you may separate from it the despised—years may roll on ere it beholds its form—but at the first glance of recognition, the wrong, the insult, the scoff, the cruelty of vanished years, will rush like a flood of lava through its channels, and it will stand on the same ground it occupied years before.

TRUTH-TELLING, in its highest sense, requires a well-balanced mind.—*Friends in Council.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HYMNS FOR DEVOTIONAL HOURS.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

Oh, for a purer love and life
Than ever yet have been in me;
When grace shall end the warring strife
That keeps my soul, O, GOD, from Thee.

Thine is a nature pure and just,
And cannot even look at sin;
And I am humbled in the dust,
When I reflect what I have been.

But the dead past is swept away,
And with the present I must do,—
GOD! give grace equal to my day,
And shut the world out from my view.

Kindle afresh the rising zeal,
And melt my soul till tears shall start;
And sinners all around me feel
The warm pulsations of my heart.

Climax, Kal. Co., Mich., 1860.

"TAKING THOUGHT."

NOTWITHSTANDING the Great Teacher has so beautifully and impressively shown us the folly of giving ourselves up to anxiety, with reference to the wants of to-morrow, how apt we are to do so. We do not really mean to be distrustful toward the overruling Providence, yet we often hang our heads in doubt, and pour out lamentations from our hearts, as if we had never been told of God's faithfulness to his offspring, or that even he "opens his hand to satisfy the wants of every living thing." We should make up our minds to walk through all the changes of our earthly life in trust. If we would be and seem like men of "cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows," we must consider to what improving tasks the trials of this world introduce us, and also reverently keep in mind the verity that God's vision is boundless and impartial, while our own is small and dim, and opens and dilates out to see the things which come nearest to ourselves, and which, often, are only baubles or toys.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.—I know not how strong others may be in spirit, but I confess I cannot be as holy as some profess to be; for whenever I do not bear in mind the word of God, I feel no Christ, no spirit of joy. But if I meditate on any portion of Holy Writ, it shines and burns in my heart, so that I obtain good courage and another mind. The cause is thus: We all discover that our minds and thoughts are so unsteady, that though we desire to pray earnestly, or meditate on God without his word, our thoughts scatter in a thousand forms ere we are aware of it. Let any one try how long he can rest on any one idea he proposes to himself, or take one hour, and now, if he will, tell me all his thoughts. I am sure he will be ashamed before himself, and afraid to say what ideas have passed through his head, lest he be taken for a mad dog, and be chained. This is my case, though engaged in serious thoughts.—*Luther.*

FAITH IN GOD.—Have faith in God. Faith will be staggered even by loose stones in the way, if we look manward; if we look Godward, faith will not be staggered by inaccessible mountains stretching across and obstructing apparently our onward progress. "Go forward," is the voice from Heaven; and faith obeying, finds the mountains before it as flat as plains. "God with us," is the watchword of our warfare, the secret of our strength, the security of our triumph. "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." How strong faith is when we are just fresh from the fountain of redeeming love! A good conscience, and then faith will do all things, for it is in its very nature such as to let God work all. We may say that it is the most active when it is most passive, and that it wearies least when it does most work.

HOW EVERY ONE MAY PREACH.—All cannot preach from the pulpit; but there is a kind of preaching that is permitted to all men, and oftentimes this kind is most effectual. Offices of kindness to the bodies and souls of those around us; words of encouragement to the weak, instruction to the ignorant, of brotherly-kindness to all; hearty devotion to the services of religion, in our families and our closets, as well as in the sanctuary; in a word, earnest, active, self-denying love to our fellow-beings, springing from our love to God, this will form a most impressive sermon, a most convincing proof to the world around us, that we have been with Jesus. All Christians are called on in this way to preach the gospel; and woe to them if they neglect the call.

PRAYER AND WORKS.—A *luxurious* Christian prays, in the good set phrases of devotion, for a spirit of self-denial: that he may endure hardness as a good soldier of Christ; that he may take up the cross and follow Christ; that he may be ready to forsake all that he hath, and be Christ's disciple; that he may not live unto himself; that he may imitate Him who went about doing good—who became poor that we might be rich, and who wept over lost souls. In such a prayer there may be, consciously, no insincerity, but a pleasurable sympathy, rather, with the grand thoughts and the grander feeling which the language portrays. The heart is buoyant with its gaseous distension to the bounds of its great swelling words.—*Still Hour.*

To bless God for mercies, is the way to increase them; to bless him for miseries, is the way to remove them. No good lives so long as that which is thankfully removed; no evil dies as soon as that which is patiently endured.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XIV.

Politics—Mode of making Flat-Heads—The Oak and its Parasites—War debt of Oregon and Washington Territory—What is a "Piker!"

SALEM, Oregon, May 15, 1860.

POLITICS are politics, right enough in their place, to be used as mud-boats on obstructed rivers, and then cast upon the beach to rot as worthless. [We also think "politics right enough in their place," but as that place is not in the RURAL, we omit the extended remarks of our correspondent on the subject.—ED.]

As to the native tribes of Indians, the *Flat-Heads* prevail here. In an adjoining county are twelve hundred, located upon a reservation, and are aided by the general government. They are peaceable, and the majority have given over the chase and have become cultivators of the soil. The flattened head is a curiosity. The method adopted to produce this deformity may not be uninteresting. It is as follows. A cradle like a bread-trough is hollowed out of a piece of cedar, and, according to the taste of the parent, is either fancifully carved, or is as simple in its artistic appearance as a pig's trough. This cradle, or *canim*, or canoe, as they term it, is lined inside with the softest of cedar bark, well pounded and cleaned, so as to be as soft as wool. On this the infant is placed as soon as it is born, and covered with the softest cloths or skins they can find. A little pillow at one end, slightly elevates the head. The child is placed flat on its back, and a cushion of wool or feathers laid on the forehead. An oblong square piece of wood or bark, having one end fastened by strings to the head of the canoe, is now brought down on the cushion and firmly secured by strings tied to the sides of the canoe or cradle, and causing the cushion to press upon the childs forehead. The infant is then so bound in the cradle that it cannot stir hand nor foot, and in this position it remains a year or more, only being taken out to be washed and for exercise. The pressure on the forehead causes the head to expand laterally, giving an expression of great broadness to the face, thus disfiguring them very much in appearance. I have seen several whose heads had not been thus pressed, and they were smart, intelligent, and good-looking; but they were laughed at by the others, who asserted that their mother's were too lazy to shape their heads properly. This flattening of the head appears to be a sort of mark of royalty, or badge of aristocracy, for their slaves are not permited to treat their children thus. The oldest white citizens say that they are acquainted "with Indians both with and without this deformity, but have never been able to discover any intellectual superiority of one over the other."

The oak, which is everywhere here very abundant, presents a unique and singular appearance. It is covered with the mistletoe,—a parasite, resembling at a little distance, huge crows' nests in the winter, and in summer a mammoth cabbage head. Occasionally these parasitic productions are seen on the fir and other trees. In winter, the forests have a cheerful aspect, caused by an immense parasitic growth of silver-gray moss, covering every branch and twig, hanging like a fringe of silver all through these primeval groves, converting the woods into one vast flower garden! Thus nature revels in creative fancies, and delights in multiplying herself in a thousand varied forms. The Druids considered the mistletoe of the oak efficacious in all sorts of disease, and in many parts of Germany it is still supposed to cure wounds, rather by its charming, than its healing properties, for the peasants also believe that if the hunters carry it in their hands, it will insure success. The mistletoe is found, when growing on the apple, to contain twice as much potash, and five times as much phosphoric acid as the tree itself;—and when parasitic on the oak, its bark is astringent. Now-a-days, however, it has lost its renown as a medicine, and the magical properties ascribed to it by VIRGIL, and other ancient poets, are remembered only as by-gone superstitions.

We have previously alluded to the war claim of Oregon and Washington Territory. This claim, exclusive of five years interest, is about $6,000,000. I have taken some steps necessary to ascertain the justness of the claim upon the federal treasury, and I am satisfied, that with some few exceptions, it is an honest one,—that the efforts to cut it down one-half, or more, are not only *unjust*, but furnish a bad precident in future emergencies. Congress should ponder well the consequences of repudiation and dodging in matters of such vital importance, not only to the claimants but to her own future welfare. I think that if the face of the claims were paid, government would only acquit herself honorably, and the claimants would rest satisfied. Nothing short of this will give satisfaction, nor in our judgment answer the ends of honorable dealing.

"Pike" or "Piker" is a term applied to a class of drones from Pike Co., Missouri, scattered through several counties in this State. They are the laziest and most shiftless set to be found in any free country. They are of that class called in the South "poor whites," and had just energy enough to push into Oregon and avail themselves of the "Donation Act," by which they obtained a half or whole section of land, but are too abominably lazy to improve it, or get out of the way and let others! I am credibly told that numbers of them have forty to fifty cows, and never have a gallon of fresh milk in their houses at a time, or seldom have an ounce of butter on their tables, hot bread and bacon being their chief living. Time and free institutions may revise them, or at least improve their descendants. Who can rightly estimate the blessings of freedom? None surely but a free man. S. B. R.

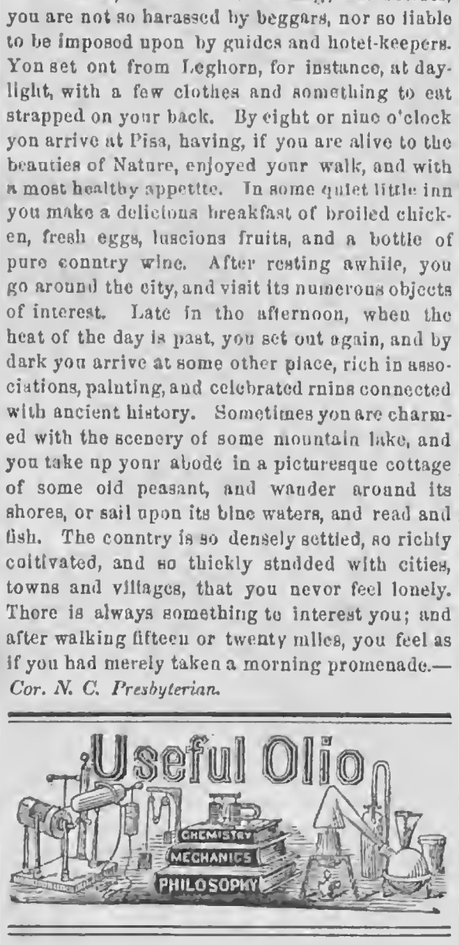
THE FUTURE OF AFRICA.

THE political and religious movement that has lately been visible in many portions of Africa, seems destined to usher in a brighter era than any that has yet dawned on that benighted land; and the moral and intellectual darkness which has settled for ages on the great continent shows signs of a gradual dispersion. Geographical explorers are daily opening up regions rich in all the elements of future wealth, and British commerce is steadily and firmly advancing into the interior, scattering in its progress the seeds of European knowledge and refinement. It seems to have been ordained that Africa should receive the rudiments of its ultimate civilization from a people differing essentially in moral attributes from all that have hitherto obtained a temporary dominion on its shores. That which neither the religion of Thebes, nor the civilization of Egypt, nor the military energy of Carthago, nor Roman ambition, nor Moorish fanaticism, nor Portugnese zeal, could have ever accomplished, may have been reserved for a nation not even in embryo at the most brilliant eras of the ancient world, but now one of the foremost on earth.

The occasional presence of an Englishmean in the interior of Africa, is regarded with the liveliest interest by its inhabitants, and he is hailed as the precursor of some mighty change that is about to affect the whole African race. From the southern extremity of the continent, we trust, a spirit will go forth which will rouse it from its torpor, and impart to it a moral and political existence, and a new and invigorating life. Christianity, as yet a light only faintly shining in a dark place, will doubtless eventually illumine the land; and may the cross which glitters in solitary splendor in the southern midnight heavens be speedily the sign of peaceful conquests as extensive as any that have hitherto changed the religious aspect of the world, as it is the symbol of that universal sovereignty in which all the nations of the earth will be finally comprehended and blessed.—*Quarterly Review.*

TRAVELING IN ITALY.

THE most pleasant, and decidedly the most profitable way of traveling in Italy, is on foot. You dress in peasant costume, which is easy, comfortable, and suited to walking; and besides, you are not so harassed by beggars, nor so liable to be imposed upon by guides and hotel-keepers. You set out from Leghorn, for instance, at daylight, with a few clothes and something to eat strapped on your back. By eight or nine o'clock you arrive at Pisa, having, if you are alive to the beauties of Nature, enjoyed your walk, and with a most healthy appetite. In some quiet little inn you make a delicious breakfast of broiled chicken, fresh eggs, luscious fruits, and a bottle of pure country wine. After resting awhile, you go around the city, and visit its numerous objects of interest. Late in the afternoon, when the heat of the day is past, you set out again, and by dark you arrive at some other place, rich in associations, painting, and celebrated ruins connected with ancient history. Sometimes you are charmed with the scenery of some mountain lake, and you take up your abode in a picturesque cottage of some old peasant, and wander around its shores, or sail upon its blue waters, and read and fish. The country is so densely settled, so richly cultivated, and so thickly studded with cities, towns and villages, that you never feel lonely. There is always something to interest you; and after walking fifteen or twenty miles, you feel as if you had merely taken a morning promenade.—*Cor. N. C. Presbyterian.*



THE DRUSES.

WHO are these murderous people?—is in everybody's mouth, about this time. The latest and best authorities trace them to the Eastern confines of Syria. They are Arabs, and settled in Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, within the last nine hundred years.

"Syria," says the reliable Dr. Thompson, who wrote from a twenty-five years' residence and travel in that country, "has always been cursed with a multiplicity of tribes and religions, which have split up the country into small principalities and conflicting classes—fruitful parents of civil war, anarchy and confusion." To give some proper idea of the populations of Syria, the Doctor enumerates them as follows:

Moslems,	800,000
Kurds,	50,000
Nusairiyeh,	150,000
Nowar,	20,000
Druses,	100,000
Jews,	25,000
Maronites,	200,000
Greeks,	150,000
Armenians,	35,000
Papal Offshoots,	80,000

The Moslems are the ruling race over all the country, except in Lebanon, and they are divided into two sects, the Sunnites and the Siites. The total population is thus estimated at 1,610,000,—exclusive, however, of the nomadic Arabs, whose number is set down by the best authorities at half a million.

The Lebanon region contains 400,600 inhabitants, living in some 600 towns, villages, and hamlets. Zahleh, just destroyed, was the largest town, and contained 11,000 people. The other towns which have fallen before the sword of the Druses, are Deir el Kamar, 7,000; Hasbeija, 6,000; and Rashaira, 2,500. The entire population live in towns and villages, and go out into the fields to cultivate them.

There is no homogeneous community of peoples in Syria. Every tribe lives apart, and hates every other with a hearty hate. The two Moslem sects excommunicate each other. Both hate the Druses, and all these three detest the Nusairiyeh. The Maronites love nobody, and nobody loves them. The Greeks despise the Catholics, and all sects look down with contempt on the Jews.

Except the Jews and the Bedawin Arabs, no tribe can trace back its origin to any ancient race. The Moslems are a mixed race, derived from the people of the Greek Empire at the time of Mohammed. In the nominally Christian sects, there is the same blending of races, and a large infusion of European blood during the times of the Crusades. Dr. Thompson thinks that the Maronites are the descendants of the ancient Syrians, but the Nusairiyeh say they are the "miserable debris of the accursed Canaanites." But this theory does not comport with that of Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, for they are not black!

The Metawalies, a class of dirty Arabs, who joined the Druses in their late crusade against the Christians, and very much like the Jews, and claim to have come from Persia. There is a large infusion of Egyptian blood in the Moslems from Carmel southward. Dr. Thompson thinks that their peculiarities are to be traced back to the old Philistines, who, according to his theory, came from Egypt, and not from Cyprus, as is commonly thought. He finds traces in Lebanon of the original Phœnicians.

In fine, the people of Syria answer completely to the prophecies respecting them—they are "a people divided, moted out, and trodden down."

These facts will explain the ferocity of the Druses and the sympathy of the Moslems with them. And their antipathies to all other races will continue, so long as Moslem authority continues in that ill-fated land. When Mehemet Ali declared himself independent of the Porte, and subjugated Syria to his yoke, all was peace in that land, and had he been left in possession by the European powers, his dynasty would have made a homogenous people out of those divided tribes, long ere this. It is to be hoped, that France and England will make haste to bring light out of the present darkness. Their joint word can put an end forever to the disgraceful civil war now prevailing in Syria.—*Selected.*

FRIDAY AN UNLUCKY DAY.

AMERICANS, at any rate, have no reason to be afraid of Friday. Mr. Timbs gives this catalogue of fortunate circumstances occurring on that day:

On Friday, August 21, 1492, Christopher Columbus sailed on his great voyage of discovery. On Friday, October, 12, 1492, he first discovered land. On Friday, January 4, 1493, he sailed on his return to Spain, which, had he not reached in safety, the happy result would never have been known which led to the settlement of this vast continent. On Friday, March 15, 1493, he arrived at Palos in safety. On Friday, November 22, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, on his second voyage to America. On Friday, June 13, 1494, he, though unknown to himself, discovered the continent of America.

On Friday, March 6, 1496, Henry VIII, of England, gave to John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America. This is the first American State paper in England. On Friday, September 7, 1563, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States by more than forty years. On Friday, November 10, 1620, the May Flower, with the Pilgrims, made the harbor of Provincetown; and on the same day they signed the august compact, the forerunner of our present glorious constitution. On Friday, December 22, 1620, the Pilgrims made their final landing at Plymouth Rock.

On Friday, February 22, 1732, George Washington, the father of American freedom was born. On Friday, October 7, 1777, the surrender of Saratoga was made, which had such power and influence in inducing France to declare for our cause. On Friday, September 22, 1780, the treason of Arnold was laid bare, which saved us from destruction. On Friday, October 10, 1781, the surrender of Yorktown, the crowning glory of the American arms, occurred. On Friday, July 4, 1776, the motion in Congress was made by John Adams, seconded by Richard Henry Lee, that the United Colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

AIR POISON.

PEOPLE have often said that no difference can be detected in the analyzation of pure and impure air. This is one of the vulgar errors difficult to dislodge from the public brain. The fact is, that the condensed air of a crowded room gives a deposit which, if allowed to remain for a few days, forms a solid, thick, glutinous mass, having a strong odor of animal matter. If examined by the microscope, it is seen to undergo a remarkable change. First of all, it is converted into a vegetable growth, and this is followed by the production of multitudes of animalcules; a decisive proof that it must contain organic matter, otherwise it could not nourish organic beings. This was the result arrived at by Dr. Angus Smith, in his beautiful experiments on the air and water of towns, where he showed how the lungs and skin gave out organic matter, which is in itself a deadly poison, producing headache, sickness, disease, or epidemic, according to its strength.

Why, if "a few drops of the liquid matter, obtained by the condonsation of the air of a foul locality, introduced into the vein of a dog, can produce death with the usual phenomena of typhus fever," what incalculable evil must it not produce on those human beings who breathe it again and again, rendered fouler and less capable of sustaining life with every breath drawn? Such contamination of the air, and consequent hot-bed of fever and epidemic, it is easily within the power of man to remove. Ventilation and cleanliness will do all, so far as the abolition of this evil goes, and ventilation and cleanliness are not miracles to be prayed for, but certain results of common obedience to the laws of God.—*Dicken's Household Words.*

UNCLE SAM'S FARM.—The amount of land the United States Government has for sale is almost incalculable. All the people of fourteen States and five Territories derive their title to their land from the Federal Government, and the records and files evincing the inception of their rights are preserved in the General Land Office at Washington. The public domain now covers a surface, exclusive of water, of 1,450,000,000 acres. The Government has sold about 120,000,000 acres of land during the last quarter of a century, for less than $150,000,000. It will thus be seen, Uncle Sam's farm is still sufficiently large for practical purposes, and though he should sell off lands for centuries to come he would have an abundance still, even if he does not enlarge his borders by the annexation of Cuba, Mexico, and half the rest of the world.

FAMILY ECONOMY.—There is nothing which goes so far toward placing young people beyond the reach of poverty, as economy in the management of their domestic affairs. It is as much impossible to get a ship across the Atlantic with half a dozen butts started, or as many bolt holes in her hull, as to conduct the concerns of a family without economy. It matters not whether a man furnish little or much for his family, if there be a continual leakage in the kitchen, or in the parlor, it runs away, he knows not how; and that demon, *Waste*, cries "More," like the horse-leech's daughter, until he that provides has no more to give. It is the husband's duty to bring into the house, and it is the duty of the wife to see that nothing goes wrongfully out of it.

IT matters not whether a man be mathematically, philologically, or artistically cultivated, so he be cultivated.

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—No. VII.

FALLS OF FALL CREEK, NEAR ITHACA.

RUNNING into the lakes of Central and Western New York, of which we have given our readers several fine views, are many beautiful streams, some of which form cataracts that, for picturesque beauty, cannot be excelled. Among the finest of these are those of Fall Creek, near Ithaca. Fall Creek takes its rise in Cayuga county, and runs in a south and southwest course for thirty miles, through Groton and Dryden, to Cayuga Lake, near Ithaca. Within the distance of a mile, it falls, in a succession of cataracts, 438 feet, over rocks of dark slate, and its whole descent from its source exceeds 1,000 feet. At the principal fall, of which our engraving gives a view, the whole sheet of water is precipitated 116 feet. On the Cascadilla, Six Mile, and Buttermilk creeks, around Ithaca, are several fine cascades. On the Cascadilla the water falls over a succession of rock ledges, 100 feet, in the form of a gigantic stairway. On Five Mile creek is another fall, still more surprising. Indeed, the visitor of this beautiful and picturesque district, will be led to exclaim with one who visited it thirty years ago, "Every valley has its stream, and every hill its waterfall."

YOUTH AT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

AT all large gatherings of people there are some who make it their business to obtain money by teaching youth foolish and ruinous practices. All should be on their guard. What appears simple and innocent at first, may be but the first downward step. The *Sketch Book* gives the following account of a scene at the last Connecticut State Fair:

Outside the grounds, behind or within tents or booths, were many who gambled and led others to do so. Now, it is a very simple thing to gamble; so simple, and often it appears so fair, that many a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the oyster stands a circle of men and boys; on the ground sat a poor degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed, and looking sick and weak. He held in his hand several iron rings, and before him was a board with large nails driven in it, which stood upright. A clear-faced, bright-eyed, handsome little fellow stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at a day school, and always has his lessons at Sabbath School. He showed this in his face as he stepped up to the man and said;

"What's that for?"

"Give me a cent and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you *six* cents."

That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a cent and took the ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed the ring and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three cent pieces were put into his hand, and he stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong.

A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, that is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you *won* them *just as a gambler wins money.* You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him the six cents back, and ask him for your penny; stand square with the world again.

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his comrades.

This was an *honest* boy.

EXPERIENCE IN CITY LIFE.

A YOUTH who we think is troubled with a disease which no physician can cure, commonly called "home-sickness," sends us his experience, and a warning that he hopes will keep others out of danger. He left a pleasant home to seek fortune and fame in a city, but soon found that "he had left a dear and cherished home, a loving and sympathizing circle of friends, for a cold and cheerless place among strangers in a strange land,—a miscellaneous collection of griping, struggling, self-interest-seeking souls, with whom he must battle in a perpetual warfare of bitterest and most determined competition, and then barely gain the morsel that sustains life.

"It is a delusive phantom that draws so many intelligent young men from the honest and honorable occupation of tilling the soil, and an unsound and unhealthy aspiration that causes them to ignore and to despise their lot, because lacking that hollow and superficial glare—those gilded vices, and those exciting and falsely-brilliant attractions, so prevalent in the densely crowded metropolis.

"It *does* now and then happen that a country youth, either through the aid or influence of wealth, friends, or rare talents, succeeds in the city; but, in nine cases out of ten, the talent that would have given honor, luster and strength in the rural district, is swept by the city's boisterous tide into oblivion."

HUBBARD SQUASHES.—From your statement of the quality of the Hubbard Squash, I was induced to purchase some seed and plant a pretty large piece of ground. They are doing very well, so far as growing is concerned, but they are of all shapes and colors. What is the matter? Please tell me.—YOUNG RURALIST.

THE matter is, that the seed generally sold is impure, just as we said last season it would be, unless particular pains was taken to keep it pure.

MICROSCOPES.—*(Inquirer.)*—Glass for microscopes can be obtained in this city, or in any of the large cities, we presume. A microscope to magnify 75 times will cost about $3; from 150 to 200 times, $8.

GOD has placed a judgment seat in every heart. Carry everything foreign there, and let it be weighed; if it agrees with your own unprejudiced opinion, then accept it; if not, lay it one side; time may determine what the present cannot unravel.

SAY nothing, do nothing, which a mother would not approve, and you are on the certain road to happiness.

Terms of Moore's Rural New-Yorker,
IN ADVANCE:

Single Copy, One Year,	- - -	$2
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 1, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE War Department received an unusually large amount of dispatches from various quarters on the 25th ult.

Capt. Smith gives the details of his victorious battle with the Indians 25 miles north-east of Lake Harney, Oregon. He was inclined to believe that all the Indians of that region were hostile. Col. Wright had promptly ordered the artillery and dragoons to march at once to the scene of hostilities. They will scour the whole country, and cause the savages to sue for peace.

Dispatches from Fort Kearney, Nebraska, in giving the particulars of the fight with the Kowaws and Camanches, near Republican river, state that 20 or 30 of them were killed. They numbered about 600. On the part of the troops one private was missing, two wounded, and five Indian guards were killed. Intelligence has also been received from New Mexico, relative to the hostile character of the Indians there.

Advices from Camp Cady, Cal., mention that an interesting council had been held with the Pah Utahs. Threats were made and good advice given. If these Indians can be believed, they will preserve friendship with the whites.

The recent insult to our Consul and flag, at Rio Hache, by the Liberal or Revolutionary party in New Grenada, has received the consideration of our Government. The Navy Department will dispatch vessels to the Atlantic coast of that Republic, for the prevention of similar outrages by the insurgents.

A Washington dispatch says that the Government is determined to concentrate a strong naval force at some point on the Gulf. The frigate Susquehanna has sailed. The Powhattan leaves Philadelphia soon, and special orders are sent to the frigate Sabine at Aspinwall, and the St. Louis at Pensacola.

Political Intelligence.

THE Republicans of New York held their State Convention at Syracuse on the 22d ult. The committee on permanent organization reported the following officers:

President—James M. Cook, of Saratoga.

Vice-Presidents—1st District, E. Delafield Smith, William P. Esterbrook, New York; 2d, Edward W. Fiske, Kings, Luther Caldwell, Rockland; 3d, John Musick, Rensselaer, John A. Cooke, Greene; 4th, Charles C. Montgomery, St. Lawrence, Willard J. Hencock, Fulton; 5th, J. A. Bell, Jefferson, Solomon Graves, Herkimer; 6th, Charles Hathaway, Delaware, A. S. Thurston, Chemung; 7th, Wm. Otis, Monroe, Orin Southwick, Seneca; 8th, Benj. Pringle, Genesee, J. G. Messereau, Cattaraugus.

Secretaries—1st District, John H. White, New York, Lewis Nauman, New York; 2d, John N. Stearns, Kings, Benson Ferris, Jr., Westchester; 3d, George T. Pierce, Ulster, Joseph H. Ramsey, Schoharie; 4th, Frothingham Fish, Montgomery, W. M. Colborne, Schenectady; 5th, Orson Carpenter, Oneida, F. W. Skinner, Oswego; 6th, R. H Duell, Cortland, A. E. Andrews, Broome; 7th, Orson Archer, Wayne, F. L. Sheldon, Cayuga; 8th, P. J. Heinlech, Erie; James H. Loomis, Wyoming.

The following ticket was put in nomination:—*Governor*—EDWIN D. MORGAN. *Lieut. Governor*—Robert Campbell. *Canal Commissioner*—Sam. H. Barnes. *State Prison Inspecter*—James R. Bates.

The Committee reported upon the following gentlemen for

Electors at Large—William C. Bryant, James O. Putnam.

Gen. Nye, for the purpose of expediting business, moved that the several Congressional delegations present the names of their district elector. Carried, and the following electoral ticket named:

District Electors:—1st, John A. King; 2d, Edwards W. Fiske; 3d, Andrew Carrigan; 4th, James Kelly; 5th, Sigismund Kauffmann; 6th, Frederick Kapp; 7th, Washington Smith; 8th, William A. Darling; 9th, William H. Robertson; 10th; Geo. M. Grier; 11th, Rufus H. King; 12th, Jacob B. Carpenter; 13th, John F. Winslow; 14th, Jacob H. Ten Eyck; 15th, N. Edson Sheldon; 16th, Robert H. Hale; 17th, Abijah Beckwith; 18th, Henry Churchill; 19th, James R. Allaben; 20th, Benj. N. Huntington; 21st, Sherman B. Phelps; 22d, John J. Foote; 23d, Hiram Dewey, 24th, Jas. L. Voorhees; 25th, William Van Marter; 26th, John E. Seeley; 27th, Frank L. Jones; 28th, Jas. S. Wadsworth; 29th, Ezra M. Parsons; 30th, Chas. C. Parker; 31st, Elisha S. Whallen; 32d, John Greiner, Jr.; 33d, James Parker.

George T. Pierce, of Ulster, moved that the several Judicial delegations now report the names of the State Central Committee, for the ensuing year. Carried.

The following Committee were named:—1st District—George Updyke, Simeon Draper, and James Kelley; 2d, Dennis Strong, G. H. Steadwell, George F. Sherman; 3d, Gilbert C. Davidson, Charles R. Richards, George H. Sharpe; 4th, Wm. A. Dart, Thomas R. Horton, Wm. Carey; 5th, Wm. H. Ferry, James Terwilleger, Horace M. Birch; 6th, Charles W. Hotchkiss, George W. Chase, Wm. Smythe; 7th, Stephen H. Hyatt, Geo. W. Peck, Samuel Allen; 8th, Samuel Spalding, Wm. Bristol, Almon N. Clapp.

THE Breckenridge State Committee met on the 21st ult., at the United States Hotel, John A. Green, Jr., in the Chair, and M. McMahon, Secretary.

Thirteen out of the sixteen members of the Committee were present.

Arrangements were made for an active and powerful prosecution of the campaign. The Committee were satisfied by facts presented, that the Cagger and Richmond Committee do not desire any union of the party that will result in the election of Breckenridge and Lane.

The Committee expressed themselves willing to co-operate with all National Democrats for the election of a truly National Democratic ticket standing upon the platform of the party adopted at the American Institute, Baltimore. There was a free interchange of opinions between members of the Committee to this effect, and the sentiment of the Committee was found unanimous.

The State Committee are to meet again in New York on the call of the Chairman.

THE Houston State Committee had a meeting in New York, on Saturday evening week. The Committee announced the following as the electoral ticket:

Electors at Large—John L. Boyd, New York; Joel W. Jones, Schenectady.

District Electors—Robert Lowden, Queens; Andrew H. Mickle, James E. Conly, Stephen Hasbrouck, Daniel Ward, Charles Smithson, Robert M. De Witt, Joseph H. Toone, Abraham E. Dates, and John Morris, of New York city; James L. Adams, Westchester; Daniel Bradbury, Ulster; Samuel Sneeden, Kings; Elijah L. Hyatt, Columbia; Ephraim Clark, Richmond; Augustus Doane, Putnam; William R. Knapp, Rockland; John H. Reynolds, Albany; A. A. Hoyeradt, Columbia; George W. Depew, Westchester; N. J. Harris, Oneida; B. T. Hutchinson, Suffolk; D. M. Moore, Schenectady; G. W. Johnson, Chenango; Calvin Sliter, Rensselaer; Charles A. Van Zandt, Kings; Robert Andrews, Genesee; J. A. Smith, Washington; William Westley, Oswego; W. H. C. Waddell, Orange; George P. Eddy, Niagara; John J. Stae, St. Lawrence; Isaac W. Thompson, Erie.

No State ticket was made up, but it is understood the friends of Houston will support Hon William Kelly for Governor.

A DISPATCH from Arkansas says that Rector, the independent candidate for Governor, is elected by 7,000 majority.

A Week of Storms.

THE last week was very prolific of rain storms. On the 21st ult., the noon train west from Albany, on the N. Y. Central railroad, encountered a severe storm when approaching Amsterdam. On reaching Fonda, the full extent of the violence of this storm of rain had almost ceased, but the track was in some places under water. Almost the entire village of Fonda was one or two feet deep in water. The train left the depot on time, but on arriving at the first bridge, a short distance west, the creek was found swollen to a torrent and the bridge for sixty feet swept away. The mirth of the passengers was soon changed to chagrin. The Conductor of the train immediately put back to Fonda, doing all in his power to provide for the comfort of the passengers. On reaching Fonda, every room in the hotel was speedily engaged. It soon became evident that food would be at a premium, and incursions were made into eating houses; eggs, herrings, crackers and cheese, being speedily bought up. It was soon ascertained that three bridges had been swept away between Fonda and Palatine Bridge Village. Fultonville, opposite Fonda, was entirely submerged to the second story of houses, and almost laid under water. The losses have not yet been ascertained, but were very heavy.

The telegraph from Philadelphia, on the 23d ult., says: "On the Schuylkill, at Manyunk, the storm was very severe. At Clegg's factory the ont building to the steam engine, and a large quantity of cotton were carried away. Scofield's factory and Ripka's mill were also damaged. The Reading Railroad was crippled in consequence of the giving away of an embankment, and trains were unable to run this morning. The damage to the streets, roads and culverts, was $15,000.

Additional reports from the surrounding country add to the damage by the storm last night and this morning. It extended as far as Trenton and New Brunswick. Considerable damage was done on the Jersey road between these points. The track on the road via. Jersey City, was partially washed away. Several days will be required to repair the injury. No trains for Jersey city are passed south of New Brunswick to-day.

Arrival of the Pony Express.

THE Pony Express from San Francisco, of the 8th, arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 20th ult., with very little news, and that political.

A Bell and Everett, and Douglas State Convention meet at Sacramento on September 18th.

Gold and silver discoveries continue to be made in the mountains, east of Los Angelos to San Berladino. Placer diggings believed very rich and extensive.

Exciting accounts continue to be received from Coss and Ulomo Lake diggings. Many holders of claims anticipate large results from the silver diggings.

Returns from Carson Valley of the vote are favorable towards organizing a conditional government of the proposed territory of Nevada, on the Squatter Sovereignty principle.

R. M. Anderson, ex-Governor of California, was mortally wounded in an affray at Guoa, during the election.

Overland emigrants continue to arrive at Carson Valley, and more are en route.

Two hundred tuns of silver ore have been sent to San Francisco from the Washoe mines since the 1st of June. The amount of silver ore shipped from San Francisco to New York and England by the last steamer reaches $70,000.

Oregon dates to July 31st, say that crops are expected to be heavy. Major Steen had a skirmish with the Snake Indians and took a few prisoners. The papers are filled with politics.

British American dates are to the 1st. Business was improving. The Chinese continued to flock to the Frazer river diggings.

A silver mine is reported to have been discovered on the lower Frazer lead. Discoveries are also reported further in the interior. Copper, in blocks too large for removal, much the same as those on Lake Superior, is said to have been discovered in enormous quantities. Altogether the account seems to be exaggerated.

From Pike's Peak.

THE Pike's Peak Express arrived at St. Joseph on the 27th ult., with Denver City dates to the 21st.

A subscription is being raised for extending the telegraph from Fort Kearney to Denver City, with a good prospect of obtaining the required amount.

The excitement is increasing with regard to the recently discovered silver leads near Tarryall and Breckinridge. The ore assays from $200 to $1,700 to the ton. Thousands of claims have been taken, and many are stampeding from the gold diggings to the silver mines. California gulch continues to pay richly, and in McNulty's, Georgia, and Humbug gulches, miners are realizing all sums.

The weather is cold in the southern mines, and there has been a light fall of snow in the Gregory diggings.

Some owners, discouraged in the quartz mills, are selling out below cost, but the general feeling is one of increased confidence, and there is a steady increase of success in separating the gold.

In Denver City business is reviving. Many of the merchants are starting for the river to purchase their winter stock. Some disappointed emigrants are also going. From $40,000 to $50,000 in dust is now leaving for the river in private hands, and Clark, Gruber & Co. are receiving and coining about $2,000 per day. Many substantial brick buildings are now going up.

FROM SANTA FE.—The Santa Fe mail, with dates to the 14th ult., arrived at Independence on the 27th. The 4th Infantry, from Utah, arrived on the 11th, and their arrival somewhat revived business, which was very dull. The troops are en route for Fort Defiance. The Indians are still hostile, but no outbreak of consequence since last mail. No Indians were seen on the route, but fresh trails were discovered where they crossed the road at two places. The troops are pushing them, and they have no time to tarry long in one place. Six hundred troops were met at Iron Creek, going to Fort Union. Also, a large number on the Arkansas river going to Big Timbers. Mr. Greenwood, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was met on the 25th, getting along well. The report of the death of Mr. Bent is contradicted.

News Paragraphs.

LESSONS FOR THE PRINCE.—The liberal papers of Canada, while entirely respectful to the Prince, take occasion to remind him of certain ideas of their own. The Hamilton Times, speaking of his intended visit to the United States, remarks:—"A valuable lesson will the young Prince learn from observing the prosperity of that people whom his ancestors drove to rebellion. He will see how little a free energetic people really depend upon princes—how easily they can be dispensed with, and how wise it is to dispense with them when they misuse the prerogatives which are entrusted to them for the people's benefit."

ABOUT a year ago, a New York lady, named Miss Powell, moved in behalf of a Woman's Library for that city. Since then her efforts in that direction have been entirely successful. The institution will commence its public operations during the month of September. The Library has already four or five thousand volumes, selected by Miss Powell herself, at an expenditure of about a thousand dollars.

THERE are two American officers in the army of Garibaldi at present; one is Dr. Warwick, of Richmond, Virginia, with a captain's rank; the other a Sicilian, an adopted citizen of the United States, Mr. Joseph P. Agresta, who serves as Lieutenant. There is also another American officer at Palermo—Captain Watson.

THREE of the choir of young girls who dressed in white, and greeted Washington as he entered Trenton, in 1789, on his way to assume the Presidency, and strewed his pathway with flowers, still survive. One yet lives in Trenton; one is the mother of Senator Chestnut, of South Carolina, and one, Mrs. Sarah Hand, resides in Cape May county, New Jersey.

CONSIDERABLE excitement exists in Hancock county, Ill., relative to a rumor that the Mormons intend returning and settling at Nauvoo, under the lead of Joe Smith, Jr. A mass meeting of the citizens was held at Carthage on the 21st, who protested against their returning, and declared that they would not allow them to do so.

THE Paris correspondent of the Allemaine Zeitung of the 10th ult., says that the Pope has written a very melancholy letter to the Cardinal of France. He looks upon all as lost; and although convinced that he will die by the bullet of an assassin, he declares that he will quit Rome under no condition and for no price.

DURING the last year, says the Lancet, the women of Great Britain have borne above 2,000 children a day, 796,190 in a year; but death struck down above 1,300 a day, 503,003 in the year; and reduced the natural increase of population to little more than 700 a day.

A WIND wagon is in operation on the Santa Fe road. It recently made a trip from Westport, Mo., of 125 miles, propelled all the way by wind. It has sails somewhat similar to those of the schooners on the Western lakes.

THE Grand Vizier of the Sultan of Turkey has been making a tour of the Turkish provinces, and for a novelty in Oriental customs, making speeches to the people at all the principal places. What is more, the speeches are sensible, promise equal justice to all without regard to sect or rank, and urge the people to forget their old animosities and live together as brethren.

THE Secretary of the New Brunswick Board of Agriculture, Hon. J. Robb, has issued a circular to the farmers and stock-growers of the Province, in which he sets forth the facts of the prevalence of the murrain among the cattle of New England, the symptoms and character of the disease, and strongly urges the utter and absolute exclusion of all cattle and raw hides from suspected countries.

THE London Morning Chronicle, in which the famous letters of Junius first saw the light, and which was the first paper to report regularly the debates in Parliament, is about to be suspended. It was established in 1770, eighteen years before the Times, and some of the most brilliant writers in England have contributed to its columns. But it has been obliged to succumb to the progress of the cheap press.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The resolution for raising three millions for India was agreed to in the Commons.

The hop crop in many parts of England was a total failure, owing to ungenial weather.

The weather continues warm and showery, and anxiety relative to the crops was increasing.

Reports were current in England that the government proposed to send Lord Stratford DeRadcliffe as especial envoy to Constantinople to advise the Sultan.

FRANCE.—Political distrust prevails in Paris on the Syrian and Italian questions.

The Emperor has given 300,000f. in aid of the fugitives from Syria.

The semi-official correspondent is inclined to think that the interview between the Emperor and the Queen of Spain, which has been spoken of, will not take place.

AUSTRIA.—Austria was assuming a threatening attitude, and there were rumors of an approaching manifestation on the Emperor's birthday, declaring a release from the Villa Fraca treaty, and uttering threats against Piedmont. Austria had already demanded explanations from Piedmont, concerning Garibaldi's letter to Victor Emanuel, announcing a projected attack on Venice.

There was a great activity manifested in the Austrian marine department.

The complete establishment of understanding between Austria and Prussia is officially announced.

The Emperor of Austria and King of Bavaria, attended a railroad celebration at Salzeburg, and both Monarchs made speeches favorable to German unity.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—Garibaldi had been at Naples to confer with the revolutionary party.—The Neapolitans claim to have repulsed an attempted landing of the Garibaldians near Reggio and at Candritell.

The Court party at Naples were demanding the proclamation of the state of the seige, but the government resisted.

It is reported that if Garibaldi lands in Naples Gen. Lamoriciere will cross the Roman frontier under a promise of support from Austria, and that Austria will renounce the obligation of Villa France and attack Garibaldi.

Naples had been proclaimed in a state of siege.

The Paris Patrie says that Garibaldi, in a letter to the King of Sardinia, said that he considered it a sacred duty to deliver Venita, and that the possession of a powerful navy like that of Naples would enable him to do it.

The Neapolitan parliamentary elections commenced on the 14th.

Naples telegrams state Garibaldi's attempts to land men were repulsed. Only 200 succeeded in landing and were pursued into the interior.

The papers publish dispatches announcing unopposed disembarkation of Garibaldi with 8,000 men near Reggio, on the night of the 10th. The same dispatches announce the evacuation of the fortress of Scylla, by the Neapolitans. Both reports are doubtful.

TRIESTE, Wednesday.—It is believed that Garibaldi intends to attack Austria, not on Venetia, but on the Croation coast, by attempting a disembarkation at Fieme. Austrian authorities believe he will first endeavor to provoke a revolution in Croatia and Hungary, before proceeding to Venetia. All the coasts are vigorously watched by the Imperial cruisers.

ITALY.—Gen. Lamoriciere had suppressed a demonstration in favor of Garibaldi at Lodi, had levied a war contribution of 44,000 crowns and taken the leaders prisoners.

A letter from Palermo, dated Aug. 2d, reports that some parties had been attempting to create trouble. Hitherto the government had acted with a certain generosity, but it has now arrested a number of persons of all classes and sent them off with passports to any country out of Italy.

The Prince Danniello, of Motenegro, had been shot by a Montenegran refugee, and died shortly afterwards.

SYRIA.—Latest dates from Damascus report all quiet there, but murders were still committed in the surrounding country.

The Beaufort sailed from Marseilles on the 9th, with 1,000 men for Syria.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinian loan closed with subscriptions to the amount of three times the sum needed.

There was a rumor that Sardinia proposed to send the *corps d'armie* to Naples to prevent complications from Garibaldi's landing there.

COMMERCIAL.—*Breadstuffs*—The weather continues unfavorable for the crops. Breadstuffs quiet but firm.—Flour firm and best descriptions higher. Wheat firm with an advancing tendency for best qualities of red. Corn quiet; mixed and yellow 31s 6d@32s.

Provisions very dull. Pork dull. Lard firm at 40@70s. Produce generally unchanged. Sugar quiet. Coffee dull.

The News Condenser.

— Amherst College has just completed a gymnasium.

— There are about three hundred daily papers in the United States.

— The entire militia force of the United States musters 2,000,000.

— The census just taken in Albany shows its population to be 66,350.

— There are twenty thousand slaves now in Peru, and the demand continues.

— The potato rot has made its appearance in the vicinity of Woonsocket, R. I.

— Pleuro-Pneumonia has now broken out among the horses in Massachusetts.

— The grasshoppers are doing great damage on some of the prairies of Illinois.

— The cattle disease has made its appearance in Shippingsport and Portland, Ky.

— A company has been established in Richmond, Va., to construct a street railway.

— The New York Herald very gloomily predicts a coming commercial revulsion.

— The census is showing a great falling off in the slave population of Western Virginia.

— Mr. Alfred Dickens, a brother of Charles Dickens, recently died at Manchester, Eng.

— Proctorsville, La., has been overflowed and destroyed by a storm on the Gulf of Mexico.

— The organ-grinders of New York have organized a Sabbath afternoon prayer meeting.

— J. Ellory Armory, Esq., U. S. Consul at Calcutta, died of cholera on the 28th of June.

— The steamer Lucas, from Memphis, encountered a 15 minute snow storm on the 12th ult.

— Within the last eight years, Ireland has lost one-tenth of its population by emigration.

— A brother of Charles Dickens is in the employ of the Illinois Central Railroad Co., at Chicago.

— The New York contributions to the Syrian Relief Fund, now amount to upwards of $3 500.

— The Queen of Spain is preparing herself to meet Napoleon at Barcelona, on his way to Algiers.

— The whole number of persons tried throughout the Russian Empire during the year 1858, was 404,717.

— Two Catholic churches in the city of New York have contributed $8,344 for the relief of the Pope.

— The Great Eastern has gone. About 175,000 persons were on board of her during her stay in New York.

— Gold discoveries are reported near Portsmouth, Va. The metal found has been tested and pronounced gold.

— A city railroad has been put in operation in Syracuse. The cars commenced running on Wednesday week.

— A meteoric stone, weighing from 400 to 500 pounds, fell in McAllisterville, Juniata county, Penn., on the 5th ult.

— There are fifty illustrated weekly papers issued in Paris. The aggregate weekly sale is nearly one million copies.

— The United States Convention of Universalists will meet in Boston on the third Tuesday in the present month.

— Four or five Methodist churches and one Presbyterian church, have been formed in the Pike's Peak region.

— Three thousand cases of shoes, valued at more than $100,000, were sent from Haverhill, Mass., in one day. A great trade.

— There has been a rebellion of students at the University of North Carolina, resulting in the dismission of sixty Sophs.

— A railroad through Southern Kansas, to connect with the Galveston Railroad in Texas, is about to be constructed.

— It is estimated that there are now running on the railroads of the United States, 6,000 passenger and 80,000 freight cars.

— Adjustable mirrors, reflecting all parts of the train, have been placed over the frame of an engine on an English road.

— An infant, a few weeks old, was suffocated in Bangor, Me., a day or two since, by the smoke from a defective chimney.

— In New England, the proportion of the insane to the whole population is about 1 in 600. In South Carolina, 1 in 6,058.

— Spurgeon, the English pulpit sensation, has given much offence to the Baptists by preaching, at Geneva, in canonical robes.

— A collection for the relief of the Syrian Christians was taken up in the churches at Auburn Sunday week, and $270 realized.

— It is proposed to erect a monument at Washington to the memory of Joseph Gales, late editor of the National Intelligencer.

— The accounts from France state that the Emperor Napoleon had advanced 300,000 francs for the relief of the sufferers in Syria.

— The Zouave disorder has attacked the firemen and policemen of New York, who industriously drill at their stations every evening.

— Prof. Samuel Denton, of the Michigan University, died at his residence on Friday week. We understand his disease was dysentery.

— The Second Adventists claim to have 600 preachers, of whom 365 are said to teach the doctrine of the literal annihilation of the wicked.

— It is said that the Peruvian custom of amputation of the fifth toe, to make the foot pointed and small, is beginning to prevail in Paris.

— Considerable anxiety is felt by the Christian European residents at Jerusalem, who are fearing an attack from fanatical Mahommedans.

— There is a nice steam canal packet plying regularly between Columbus and Chillicothe, Ohio. It accommodates from 40 to 50 passengers.

— A Halifax paper states that on two nights of last week, at Scotch Bay, 30,000 shad were caught in one night, and 35,000 in the other.

— A whaler arrived at New Bedford a day or two since, from a 22 months' voyage. She had only 221 barrels of oil—not enough to pay her outfit.

— Hundreds of farmers are said to be temporarily moving from Northern Missouri into Iowa, to save their cattle from destruction by the drouth.

— London covers 121 square miles. It is equal to 3 Londons of 1800. It increases at the rate of 1,000 a week—half by birth and half by emigration.

— Col. Forbes, of Kansas notoriety, has loomed up in Sicily, where he enjoys the confidence of Garibaldi, and occupies an important military position.

— During two days of last week, three children fell from the second story windows of houses in New Haven, and neither of them was seriously injured.

— A family in Albany, who had been ruralizing, suddenly returned a few days ago, and found the house occupied by four female friends of their servants.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Autumnal Notes and Thoughts, ...277
Good and Evil, ...277
An Octagon Farm House, [Illustrated,] 277
European Agriculture, ...277
The Potato Disease, ...277
English Horses, ...277
The Harvest, ...277
Agricultural Implements, ...278
The Drouth, &c., in Southern Kentucky, ...278
Dayton Wheat, ...278
Monthly Market Fair at Holley, ...278
The Bee-Keeper.—Italian Bees; Stingless Bees from Central America; Removing Boxes of Honey, ...278
Agricultural Societies—American Rural Exhibitions for 1860, ...278
Agricultural Miscellany—A Beautiful Medal; Advertising in the Rural New-Yorker; A Southern Planters' Convention, ...278

HORTICULTURAL.

Picking and Marketing Fruit, ...279
Orchard Culture, ...279
Gathering and Packing Fruit, ...279
The American Black-Cap Raspberry, ...279
Gaillardia, [Illustrated,] 279
Horticultural Notes—Nurserymen's Catalogues; Fruits in Massachusetts; Fruits Received; Strawberry Plants by Mail; New Early Peach; Acknowledgements, ...279

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Pickled Peaches; Cooking Cauliflower; Baked Tomatoes; Stewed Tomatoes; Green Corn Pudding; Apple Butter; Canning Peaches; Cement for Crockery, ...279

LADIES' OLIO.

"Brother Charlie," [Poetical;] Woman at Home; The Little Vocalists—A Sketch from Life; A Connubial Sermon, ...280

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Flowers, [Poetical;] Tree Talks; Jealousy; Permanence of Love and Hatred, ...280

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Hymns for Devotional Hours, [Poetical;] "Taking Thought;" Self-Knowledge; Faith in God; How every one may Preach; Prayer and Works, ...280

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letter XIV; The future of Africa; Traveling in Italy, ...281

USEFUL OLIO.

The Bruses; Views in Western New York, No. 8—Falls of Fall Creek, near Ithica, [Illustrated;] Friday an Unlucky Day; Air Poison; Uncle Sam's Farm; Family Economy, ...281

YOUNG RURALIST.

Youth at Agricultural Fairs; Experience in City Life; Hubbard Squashes; Microscopes, ...281

THE STORY TELLER.

Three Kisses, [Poetical;] Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel, ...281

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Campaign Charts, Medals, Badges, &c.—H. H. Lloyd & Co
Choice Bulbous Roots—Andrew Bridgeman.
Real Estate, Live Stock, &c., at Auction—D. R. Foskett.
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Mazzard Cherry Pits—E. C. Frost.
New Timothy Seed, &c.—J. Rapalje.
Campaign Medals—J. Whitley.
Isabella Grape Vines, &c.—Rev. F. E. Cannon.
For the Ladies—$5 Premium.—Edwin Clark.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Now is the time to set your Strawberry Plants.—I. W. Briggs.

Special Notices.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SET YOUR STRAWBERRY PLANTS.

ONE DOZEN good plants of any variety, set in this month or next, will produce, with ordinary care and attention, at least 2,000 by next fall, besides giving you a fair test of the quality of the fruit in June next. Rare and expensive sorts may be sent by mail with perfect safety, (which we will warrant,) to any P. O. in the United States or Canadas. The cost of transportation and the uncertainty of promptness by any other mode of conveyance, deters many from testing the new varieties of this indispensable luxury. We will guarantee the *Safe Delivery, in good order*, and *at our own cost*, any desired quantity of the following varieties, viz.,—The Great AUSTIN'S SEEDLING at $4 per dozen; DOWNING'S PROLIFIC SEEDLING at $1 per dozen; WILSON'S ALBANY and PEABODY'S SEEDLINGS at 50 cents per dozen. Those desiring an assortment of the above, may select to the amount of $5 from any or all, and in such proportion as they may fancy. Orders from Canada, California and Oregon, must add 20 per cent in all cases. If ordered by express, at purchaser's own cost, 20 per cent may be retained. Address

I. W. BRIGGS, Macedon Centre,
August, 1860. Wayne Co., N. Y.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—In ordering the address of the RURAL changed, please name the post-office to which it is (or has been) sent as well as the one where you wish it.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, August 28, 1860.

FLOUR remains at last quotations. The mills are begining to work and considerable shipments are making.

GRAIN.—The range for Genesee Wheat is wideuing, $1,06 @1,35 being the extremes. Barley is nominally worth 55@60 cents, but there are no buyers in the market as yet.

POTATOES are drooping, 25@38 cents being the range.

SEEDS.—There is no movement of importance in seeds, but prices are advancing. Clover has gone up 25@50 cents; Timothy has started fully 50 cents per bushel.

PELTS are moving upward, the advance being equal to 25 cents.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	@10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,00@6,25	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,06@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@40c
Best white Can'a	$0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	60@60c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	60@60c	Plums, dried	00@00c
Oats, by weight	30@30c	Potatoes	25@38c
Barley	55@60c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	32@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	38@75c
Pork, Mess	$19,00@19,50	Lamb pelts	50c@75c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1.35
Butter, roll	12½@14c	Hay, ton	$8,00@11,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	13@13½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

OUR EXPORTS—Comparative statement of the exports, exclusive of Specie, from New York to Foreign Ports, for the week ending Aug. 15, and since January 1st:

	1858.	1859.	1860.
Total for the week	$963,110	$1,674,468	$1,894,058
Previously reported	$38,952,292	$38,862,970	$52,932,857
Total since Jan. 1	$39,915,402	40,437,458	54,826,915

Among the exports were 5,131 barrels flour, 185,063 bushels wheat, 12,335 bushels corn, to Liverpool; 26,810 bushels wheat, 5,177 barrels flour, to London; 15,193 bushels wheat to Gloucester; 40,197 bushels wheat, 5,834 barrels flour, to Glasgow; and 9,058 bush. wheat, and 500 bbls flour to Cork.

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 27.—FLOUR—Market active and higher, with a better demand, both for export and home use. Sales at $5,25@5,30 for superfine State; $5,35@5,50 for extra do; $5,20@5,30 for super Western; $5,35@5,70 for common to medium extra do; $5,65@5,80 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quite firm. Canadian is a trifle better; sales at $5,20@5,30 for super; $5,40@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat is 1@2c better, with a brisk export demand. Sales winter red Western at $1,29@1,32; inferior and soft do at $1,23@1,26; common white Indiana $1,30@1,31; No 1 Chicago spring at $1,23@1,24; fair Milwaukee club at $1,24½@1,25; white Michigan $1,40@1,45; new North Carolina at $1,30; amber do. at $1,38; white do. at $1,50. Rye quiet; sales at 75c. Barley unchanged. Corn heavy but prices unchanged; sales at 62½@63c for sound mixed Western; 63c for do. yellow. Oats in moderate request at 38@40c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer for mess and steady for prime; sales at $19,25@19,31¼ for new mess; $19,00 for old do, $14-12 for new prime; $13,00@13,25 for old do. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 12½@13½c. Butter in fair request at 12@16c for Ohio; 14@20c for State. Cheese steady at 8@10½c.

ALBANY, August 27.—FLOUR AND MEAL. There is a good demand for Flour, with a fair business doing at previous prices. Corn Meal steady.

GRAIN. There is a moderate milling inquiry for Wheat, with sales Mediterranean at $1,15½ free on board; red and white Michigan at $1,16@1,30, and good white do. at $1,40.—Corn in moderate request at 61c for Western mixed. We notice a sale of new Monroe Co. Barley at 75c. Rye quiet at 73@74c. Oats in limited request, with sales State at 38@39c, which is a slight advance on the closing prices of the week.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, August 27.—FLOUR—In moderate request and market steady. Sales at $3,50@3,62½ for fine; $5,20@5,44 for good to choice double extra Wisconsin; $4,50 for superfine; $4,62½@4,75 for extra Michigan; $4,87½@5,25 for double extra Michigan; $4,87½@5,00 for extra Ohio and Indiana, and $5,00@5,50 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat, red and white winter better. Chicago Spring less firm. Nothing doing Saturday afternoon. This morning, No. 2 Chicago spring sold at 9@95c; prime No 1 do. at 95c; No. 1 Milwaukee Club at 9@c; red winter Indiana at $1,11, and white Indiana afloat at $1,12½. Corn market dull and heavy, and no sales this morning. Transactions in the afternoon of Saturday embraced 21,000 bu. at 49c.—Oats, market quiet and firm. Sales Saturday afternoon at 29c. Barley nominal at 55@58c. Rye nominal at about 63c.

PROVISIONS—Market firm at $19,50 for heavy mess pork; $18,00 for light do, and $15,00 for prime. Shoulders quiet; sales in dry salt at 8c. Lard quiet; sales at 12c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 8½@9c, as to quality, with moderate receipts.—*Com. Adv.*

OSWEGO, August 27.—FLOUR—Unchanged; sales at $5,-25 for extra State.

GRAIN—Wheat in good demand and market better; sales No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,07@1,08; white Indians on p. t. Corn held at 63½c. Oats nominal. Barley quiet; sales new Canada at 70c.

CHICAGO, August 27.—Flour active and 10@15c better for choice brands.

GRAIN—Wheat firm and 1@1½c better; sales at 81@82c for No. 2 Spring; 95@96c for No. 1 red Indiana in store. Corn dull and declined 1c; sales at 36@36½c in store. Oats firm at 19½c.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,50@9,25; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $7@7,50; inferior, $5,50@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,75@3,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6¾@6½c; all others, 6@6½c.

ALBANY, August 27.—There are less on sale to-day by 400 head than there were a week ago, and in view of this and the additional fact that there is more inquiry for the Brighton market, prices are a shade better—barely enough to justify any alteration in our quotations. Sales are comparatively quick, and while some admit that they are doing better than they did seven days ago, a majority report "about the same prices, with a little better demand."

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,077	3,196	2,832
Sheep	3,246	3,689	4,641
Hogs	72	52	83

Prices—We quote as follows:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾c	5 @5¼
Extra	4½@4⅞	4½@4¾
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3 @3⅜	3 @3⅜
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@2¾
Inferior	@0	@0

[*Argus and Atlas.*

BRIGHTON, Aug. 23.—At market 1,300 beeves, 275 stores 6,200 sheep and lambs, and 730 shoats, 450 fat hogs.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $7.00@7,50; first quality, $6,50@6,75; second quality, $6,00@6,50; third quality, $5,00@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—Sales $78, $90@120.

MILCH COWS—$43@47; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,75@2,50; Extra, $3,00@4,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Shoats, lots to peddle, 7½@8½c, and 7½@8½c; one entire lot 7½c; large hogs 7@7½c; at retail from 7½@9c. Fat Hogs, 6¼@6½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 23.—Native Fleece and Pulled Wools are in very light stock (particularly the latter,) and prices rule firmly, but the demand is confined mostly to the low and medium grades of Southern Fleece. The stock of old California is almost exhausted, but the new fleece is beginning to arrive, and a better supply may be expected soon. The quality of the first invoice is equal to that of last year; growers claim an improvement, but this cannot be conceded till a larger assortment is received. The transactions comprise 55,000 lbs State and Western Fleeces at 45@55c. for medium to extra; but some choice Saxony has been placed at 60c., while sorts have been sold in small lots at 63@5c., and choice sorted Picklock, fit to lay on the looms, at 70c. These rates, however, should not be regarded by our interior readers as any guide to the market, there is very little Wool here that will command over 58 or 60c, at most, for choice Saxony. Sales also of 100,000 lbs. Texas at 20@30c. for fair to fine unwashed. Foreign Wools are rather quiet, but very firm; sales of 200 bales Cape at 30@32c; 350 do. Chinese at 11½c, at 6 months; and 100 do. Donskol, on private terms.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	31@38
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	38@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, pulled	34@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@28
California, common do.	10@18
Peruvian, washed	26@31
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	13@25
African, unwashed	9@13
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Aug. 22.—The transactions in domestic Wool continue to be mostly in pulled. Sales of fleece have been confined to a few small lots of the medium grades. The transactions of the week have been 150,000 lbs. medium fleece, ranging from 45@50c. lb. The transactions in foreign wool comprise 700 bales Cape, South American and Mediterranean, and 500 ballots Peruvian, at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	56@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
¾ and ½ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

CHICAGO, Aug. 22.—Market quiet at the following quotations:

FLEECE—Full blood Merino	43@4t
Three-quarter blood	41@42c
Half blood	36@38c
Quarter blood	33@35c
Common, native	28@30c

[*Democrat.*

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

.*. In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

NEW TIMOTHY SEED.—100 bushels prime New Timothy Seed.
100 bushels prime New Red Top Seed.
50 " " " Kentucky Blue Grass Seed, &c.
For sale at the Genesee Seed Store, by J. RAPALJE.

MAZZARD CHERRY PITS to immediate applicants at $4 per bushel. Trade list of Trees, Stocks, Pits and Seeds sent gratis. E. C. FROST, Havana, N. Y.

REV. F. E. CANNON, of Geneva, N. Y., has in his garden one thousand LARGE and STRONG ISABELLA GRAPE VINES, 2 years old, which he will sell below market price. Also, *White* and *Red Dutch* and *Black English Currants.* 555-3t

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 5 new inventions—one very recent, and of great value to families. All pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars.
555-4t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

GAINSVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The Fall Term of this Institution will commence Sept 6th, and continue fourteen weeks. For further information and Catalogues address C. A. ELDRIDGE, Principal.
Gainesville, N. Y., Aug. 22, 1860.

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [555-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

CAMPAIGN MEDALS FOR THE MILLION.—Four Medals or one for each party sent for 30 cents. One for either party, sent by mail, with my extra terms to Agents, for 25 cents. Address, without delay, J. WHITLEY, JR., Publisher, Geneva, N. Y. 555-2t

$1.00 COPYING PRESS WITH BOOK for Copying Business-Letters instantly and perfectly, is sent, post-paid, for $1,27.
Agents Wanted. Address, with stamp for illustrated Circular, the Manufacturer, J. H. ATWATER,
555-2t Lock Box 388, Providence, R. I.

MAPLEWOOD YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE, PITTSFIELD, MASS., opens its 39th Semi-Annual Session, Oct. 4th. In location and educational facilities it is unsurpassed.
For full particulars address Rev. C. V. SPEAR, Principal, or Rev. J. TODD, D. D., President Board of Trustees. 555-5t

400,000 PEAR STOCKS, prime and *free from blight.* Price, $15 and $8 per thousand.
75,000 Plum Stocks, very fine, price $12 and $8 ℔ 1,000.
20 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits at $4 ℔ bushel.
Plum and Peach Stones for sale. 555-4t
Dansville, N. Y., 1860. BRISTOL & WILLIAMS.

REAL ESTATE, LIVE STOCK, &C., AT AUCTION. The subscriber will offer, at public auction, on the 15th day of Sept., his house and 2½ acres of land in the village of West Walworth, N. Y. Also, the celebrated Black Hawk stallion "North Star," together with six of his colts, from one to three years old—with other stock, household furniture, &c. DAVID R. FOSKETT.

FOR THE LADIES.
$5,00 PREMIUM!
EDWIN CLARK will pay Five Dollars premium on any of his Revolving Looper Sewing Machines returned after thirty days *fair trial.*
Address EDWIN CLARK, Windsor, Vt.
☞ Send for Circulars. 555

CHOICE BULBOUS ROOTS.
New Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of
Hyacinths,
Liliums,
Tulips, &c., &c.
Comprising the largest assortment ever offered.
ANDREW BRIDGEMAN,
555-9t 878 Broadway, New York.

"HEAD-QUARTERS."
More Agents Wanted!
HOW THEY SELL!!!
1 Campaign Charts. 1
2 Campaign Breast-Pins. 2
3 Campaign Medals. 3
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5 Campaign Books. 5

A SAMPLE CHART mailed, pre-paid, for 25 cents. The UNION CHART is impartial, and has Portraits of all the Candidates, and all the Presidents, all the Platforms, Map of the U. S., etc. The REPUBLICAN and DOUGLAS CHARTS have Portraits of those parties' Candidates, their Platforms, Map, etc., etc. "There is nothing like the Charts to sell."
A sample Photograph of each Candidate set in an elegant gilt Breast Pin or Medal, prepaid, for 25 cents each; Satin Badges, 12 cents each, (stamps received;) all executed in the most attractive styles, at the lowest possible prices to AGENTS. Published by H. H. LLOYD & CO.,
555-1t 25 Howard St., New York.

CHERRY SEEDS.—We have for sale a fine lot of fresh Mazzard Cherry Pits, in sand, can be forwarded at any time. Address FROST & CO.,
554-2t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

CHERRY PITS, CHEAP.—30 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits, in good order, at $3,50 per bushel.
Address JOHN MURPHY,
551-5t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y

EARLY SEED WHEAT.—I can still furnish *Boughton's Early Virginia Wheat*, a splendid article, at $2 per bushel, (in sacks or barrels,) delivered at any point in Rochester. [554-2t] HENRY WRAY, Rochester, N. Y.

$3.50 GET the BEST. WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED. For $3,50 I will send a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, or 4 copies for $12. Free of charge. Address [551-2t] ALFRED E. WEST, Cleveland, Ohio.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 6 miles west of this City, in the town of Gates, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon. A small farm of 60 to 80 acres, near the City, or a house and lot worth 4 to $5,000 in the city, would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply on the premises, or at No 8 Hill street, at the office of JOHN M. FRENCH & Co., of M. HUNTINGTON.
Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00	Do. Elements of Ag. Chemistry and Geology	1 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00	Do. Catechism of Chemistry for Schools	25
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75	Langstroth on the Hive and Honey Bee	1 25
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25	Leuchar's Hot Houses	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00	Liebig's Familiar Letters to Farmers	50
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00	Linsley's Morgan Horses	1 00
American Florist's Guide	75	Miner's Bee-keeper's Manual	1 00
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25	Miles on the Horse's Foot	50
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25	Milburn on the Cow	25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25	Mrs. Abel's Skillful Housewife and Ladies' Guide	50
Bright on Grape Culture	50	Saxton's Rural Hand Books, bound in 4 Series, each	1 25
Browne's Bird Fancier	50	Munn's Land Drainer	50
Browne's Poultry Yard	1 00	Nash's Progressive Farmer	60
Do. Field Book of Manures	1 25	Neill's Gardener's Companion	1 00
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't	1 50	Norton's Elements of Ag. riculture	60
Do. Florist's Guide	60	Olcott's Sorgho and Imphee	1 00
Do. Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	60	Pardee on the Strawberry	60
Do. Fruit Cult. Manual	60	Pedder's Land Measurer	50
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00	Persoz's New Culture of the Vine	25
Buist's Flower Garden	1 25	Phelps' Bee-keeper's Chart	25
Do. Family Kitchen Gard.	75	Quinby's Mysteries of Bee-keeping	1 00
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GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.
August, 1860. 551-9t

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STRAWBERRY PLANTS
in the United States.
The following fine leading varieties are offered—delivered at any designated place in Rochester, and packed so that they will reach distant destinations in perfect order—for 100 plants, $2; for 500, $7,50; for 1,000, $10.
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CATALOGUES will be forwarded, giving full particulars of the above and *forty-eight* other sorts, on receipt of a postage stamp. 554-2t

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THE Proprietors of these works are now prepared to fill orders for their well known Patent Horse-Powers, Threshers, and Winnowers, &c., and invite the attention of the public to them.
Important improvements have been made since the last season, which it is hoped will add to the already unequalled reputation of these machines.
To their former list they have added, and are manufacturing, MALE'S Patent Convertible Cider Mill and Corn Sheller, which is well adapted for these purposes, being portable, and is efficient and durable. Its cost is no more than the Portable Cider Mills in common use.
A letter received a few days since, speaking of one of our Two-Horse Powers and Threshers and Winnowers, says: "My Thresher is the only perfect Two Horse Machine I ever saw."
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TOWN CLOCKS. | TOWN CLOCKS. — Of the most approved character of my own manufacture, warranted equal to any in use, at greatly reduced prices.
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FROST & CO., Proprietors, offer for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, one of the largest stocks of STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, SMALL FRUITS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, PLANTS, &c., in the United States. The Grounds at the present time contain over
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES,
devoted entirely to the cultivation of Trees and Plants.
The stock is so extensive in its different departments, that they are enabled to furnish the entire orders of their correspondents of the different kinds, of the best quality, and at the lowest market prices. Trees and Plants are packed in such a manner that they will reach the more distant parts of the United States in perfect condition.
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The following Catalogues contain full particulars of the stock in the different departments, and will be furnished gratis to all applicants who enclose a postage stamp for each:
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THE HYDROPULT
will, by the power of one man, throw water at the rate of eight gallons per minute fifty feet high, with great force.—It is the best article ever invented for
EXTINGUISHING A FIRE,
PROTECTING A ROOF FROM TAKING FIRE,
WASHING WINDOWS,
SPRINKLING PLANTS,
WATERING GARDENS,
CLEANSING TREES FROM INSECTS,
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WASHING CARRIAGES,
CLEANING CISTERNS,
EMPTYING WATER FROM SAIL BOATS
WETTING SAILS,
A SPRAY BATH, &c.
This article should be owned by every householder. It does away with the necessity of a hydrant. It is a light, portable FORCE-PUMP, always ready, easily used, and will come in frequent use by every farmer, merchant, and mechanic in the community. Please call and examine the article at No. 41 Park Row, Times Building, or address the AMERICAN HYDROPULT CO.,
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Agents wanted throughout the United States, to sell the Hydropult. Apply as above. 554-4t

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:
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J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Summer, Pomaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Summer, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
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F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.
We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.
REMINGTONS, MARKHAM & CO
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SMALL FRUITS.
WE have an immense stock of *SMALL FRUITS*, for sale during the Autumn of 1860, and Spring of 1861.
In addition to the more common sorts of
NATIVE GRAPES,
We have over 25,000 plants of such desirable sorts as *Delaware, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, Early Northern Muscadine, Logan*, and 20 other sorts—strong vines, for out-door culture. Of
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We have thirty-five sorts, one to two years old, for Hot or Cold Vineries, or for fruiting in pots.
An extensive stock of each of the common sorts of
CURRANTS,
One or two years old, and fine one year old plants of *White Grape, Victoria, Cherry, &c.* Fine and well grown
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Plants, of the *American* and *Houghton Seedling*, which never mildew, as well as the best English sorts most suitable for this climate. A great stock of
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Such as *Red Antwerp*, (Hudson River,) *Yellow Antwerp, Orange, Franconia, Knevett's Giant, &c.*, including several thousand of the Autumn-bearing kinds, *Belle de Fontenay, Marvel of four Seasons*, and others.
STRAWBERRIES.
The most extensive stock of saleable plants and varieties—comprising over sixty sorts—in the Union. Fine
BLACKBERRIES,
New Rochelle and *Dorchester*, in large quantities. Also,
FIGS, FILBERTS, AND MULBERRIES.
☞ All orders, either for large or small quantities, will be executed with care and dispatch.
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Dansville, N. Y., August 8, 1860. 553-4t

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
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Important to every man who keeps
A or
THORLEY'S FOOD FOR CATTLE,
WHOLE CASKS, 448 feeds, price $14.
Half Casks, 224 feeds, price $7.
A pamphlet mailed free.
Manufactory, Caledonia Road, London.
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☞ Agents Wanted in every city and town in the United States, and liberal terms awarded. 552-4t

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THE Subscriber invites attention from both City and Country purchasers to his extensive assortment of CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, &c., &c.
After an experience of twenty-two years I have all conveniences for manufacturing Carriages as cheap as they can be made in the United States.
All orders promptly attended to, and Carriages boxed and shipped to any part of the country. All my work is warranted.
MANUFACTORY No 3 Canal St.,—REPOSITORY No. 71 State St. Rochester, N. Y.—551-tf JAMES CUNNINGHAM.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE
KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK,
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PLATT CROSBY,
Waterloo, June 9th, 1860. 544-13t

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TENTS to rent of the following sizes, suitable for the purposes designated:
For Agricultural Fairs, Conferences, Political or other Large Gatherings.
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60 ft. by 90 ft. ....70 ft. "
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15 ft. by 20 ft. fancy, ...50 ft. "
For Camp Meetings, Military Encampments, Pic Nics, Fishing Excursions, &c.
24 ft. by 30 ft. | 12 ft. by 17 ft.
16 ft. by 24 ft. | 9 ft. by 12 ft.
Flags furnished with Tents, when required.
Parties wishing to rent, will please address the proprietor, stating what the Tents are to be used for. Also the facilities for transportation. Address
JAMES FIELD, Box 701, Rochester, N. Y.
N. B.—Several large second hand Tents for sale cheap—one tent 60 by 90—ten feet wall with seats. 543-13t

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FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
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TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 68 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

H. & M. C. MORDOFF, Breeders of pure *Short-horn* and *Alderney Cattle, South Down* and *Silesian Sheep, Suffolk* and *Essex Pigs*, Rochester, N. Y. [521tf

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Healthy Saleratus! Healthy Bread! Something New!
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
CHEMICAL SALERATUS!
"THE very best article of Saleratus now in use." Much has been said of the injurious effect of Saleratus upon the health, but nothing can be more harmless than perfectly pure Saleratus, when properly used. THIS Saleratus is PERFECTLY PURE, and is refined by a process entirely OUR OWN, by which all impurities are removed. "*Dealers and Consumers Everywhere! Please try it!* It is warranted to suit in all cases or no sale." Also,
D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S
"*DOUBLE REFINED SALERATUS,*"
is far superior to most other brands of Saleratus now in use. Consumers of Saleratus should be careful to get that having the name of D. B. DeLand & Co. on the wrapper, as they will thus obtain a STRICTLY pure article. These brands of Saleratus are for sale by the "principal Grocers in this city, and dealers generally throughout the United States and Canadas."
Manufactured and for sale at Wholesale at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. 521-tf

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
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LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [454-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y

THREE KISSES.

BY WILLIAM WIRT SIKES.

AT BIRTH.

"BRING me the child," she said;
"Let me kiss my baby and die!"
Pale lips touched softly the infant head;
Weary breast heaved a faint, short sigh;
Weary eyes closed, and then with the dead
The mother was laid for aye.
The baby-girl slept in her little bed,
Damp on her brow lay the kiss of the dead.

AT THE BRIDAL.

"Come kiss the bride!" they said;
"Kiss the beautiful, new-made bride!"
To the blushing girl then the guests were led,
And the bridegroom, in his pride,
Smiled glowing thanks for the praises said
To the maiden at his side.
The white curtains closed on a night of bliss.
On the maiden's lips throbbed the wedding-kiss.

FOR THE GRAVE.

"Kiss me farewell," she said;
"One kiss for the last of life!"
And the man bent down, and his parched lips pressed
On the lips of his dying wife.
O'er the cold, fair corse what tears were shed!
For the babe, for the bride, for the wife!
Gone, the bridal kiss; gone, the kiss at birth;
On the dead, cold lips lay the last kiss of earth.

Knickerbocker.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

Chapter I.

THE pale and thoughtful-looking school-mistress opened her school-room desk one fresh June morning, and the first thing on which her eyes rested was a tiny billet. An eager light came into her eyes, and Love's flower bloomed brightly on each cheek, as she broke the seal and read:

DEAREST LUCY:—Will you walk down to Vine Rock Bridge with me to-night, after school? I will be at the school-house before the last scholar is out of sight. Don't refuse! NORMAN.

It was a weary day to one who could ill endure its fatigues. The weather was extremely warm for the season, and the children, who found the confinement of the school-room irksome, were more than usually troublesome. But one by one, at last, the little feet had crossed the dusty threshold on their homeward way, and with a sigh of relief LUCY HASTINGS threw one arm across her desk, and rested her pale cheek upon it. The sweet evening air stole in at the open door, and fanned her aching head, lifting the wavy, dark hair. The languid lids shut down, and for a time hid from the dreamy eyes the monotonous spectacle of wooden seats and desks, black-boards and maps. You would have thought she slept, she sat so motionless, but she was only resting and—thinking.

Thus nearly an hour went by. The sun had almost disappeared over the top of Poplar Hill, and long slanting rays of purple and gold glory stretched across the floor and fell upon the bowed form. LUCY did not see the long shadow intercepting the light from the doorway, but had she seen *herself*, she might not have wondered at the look of spell-bound admiration bestowed upon her by two large blue eyes appertaining to the maker of said shadow.

"Angel!" he exclaimed in a suppressed whisper.

That was the right word, for at that moment LUCY HASTINGS' head, with its halo of sunset rays, might have been a study for the old masters. She was not beautiful, except with inward beauty; indeed, people called her very plain; but she *was* intellectual-looking, and upon her calm brow and sweet, though firm mouth, there lingered an expression of holy patience.

While I have been writing that last paragraph, the owner of the shadow had crossed the intervening space with noiseless steps, and startled the dreamer by a kiss upon her delicate hand.

She was on her feet in a moment, and face, neck and hands were rosier than the sunset had made them before. To his apology for tardiness she answered only by a smile, while with gentle politeness he brought her shawl and bonnet, and locked the outer door for her.

They scarcely spoke, except those pleasant nothings which most friends interchange when meeting, and which, between lovers, scarcely need to be expressed, so well are they understood. Their way lay along a shady by-path, which, diverging from the main road of the village, wound toward a turbulent and shallow stream and crossed a rude bridge. At this bridge, close to the water's edge, a huge gray rock was embedded in the sand and moss, and was nearly overrun with the wild clematis, while anemones and violets found a fitting shelter at its base. Some kindly hand, mindful of such as they, had hewed out a rude seat upon the side next the stream, and here, as many a time before, they sat down.

There seemed something about the pair strangely in unison with the scene. The low laugh of the stream and the good-night sung of the robin kept time to their voices, till they grew so faint and soft that only the sweet south wind could catch the sound, and it bore it away up as if to whisper in angel ears that once more an earthly pair were seeking an entrance to Eden.

The twilight gathered fast, and LUCY arose to go. Her face was resolute, though sad, but her voice trembled as she addressed her companion, who, grasping her hand tightly, seemed alternately to entreat and to reproach her.

"NORMAN, this is unkind. Cease, I pray you, to urge me! You know that I love you. Have I not told you so over and over again? I would do anything in reason, for you, but I cannot marry you yet."

"I do not ask it, LUCY. Only say when you will. Promise to marry me sometime."

"I have told you already that I think it better not. Let us make no engagement that may in time prove galling to either of us. I do not say it *will*, yet neither of us knows how years may change us. While my aged father lives, this village, the home of his childhood, must be his abode; he could not be happy elsewhere. While he lives, I must be his companion, his ministrant. GOD give me strength for the task! and that I may have strength, no other object must come between me and this."

"Forgive me, darling, but your all-sacrificing devotion to your father almost makes me angry at times. He is well and vigorous, notwithstanding his age. He may live twenty years yet, and I'd like to know if you are to spend your youth in humoring his whims and supplying his wants, to find yourself in middle life without a tie of affection to bind you to a living soul?"

"Surely, I trust not," she answered with a faint smile. "I hope there will always be some to love me, some that I can love."

"O yes! I dare say, after the Quaker principle of loving all humanity. Anybody'd be a heathen who couldn't love you. But, LUCY, your taking care of your father need make no difference with you and me. You know I can help you do that."

"I know, dear friend! I believe you would do every thing you could. Yet, I tell you it is impossible. You cannot remain here in this obscure country place. You are young and ambitious,—you have your way to make in the world. This would be too narrow a field for talents such as yours. Then, too, you are aware that you are not a favorite with my father; he is old and childish; his judgment is impaired. He will see few more 'good days' on earth, and I am all that is left to make life bearable to him."

"O LUCY! LUCY! Do not reason with me, or I am vanquished. I always feel that you are right. You are so much better than I can ever be."

"Not better, only different. You give me life and hope; I give you thought. Much of my life has been sad, all of it thoughtful; you have always been as now, cheerful, energetic, impulsive. But come! I must hasten, for I have loitered too long."

"I don't doubt you have grudged me every moment that has given me a chance to plead my cause against your inexorable conscientiousness," said NORMAN, almost petulantly, as he arose and walked by her side.

When they reached the little gate of the old-fashioned gambrel-roofed building, that was LUCY'S home, she paused, and placing one hand upon the latch, offered the other to him. He took it, saying:

"Aren't you going to ask me in? I should think you rather anxious to get rid of me, considering that I am going away for ever so long—may be forever."

"O, NORMAN! I *know* that it may be forever, yet I cannot ask you in to-night. I have something to do immediately. Good night! I must be alone."

Little did NORMAN guess what that *something* was, which LUCY had to do. She had borne up wonderfully till this last moment, but as he lingered at the gate she feared that her self-possession would give way the next moment, and the big tears that heart, and throat, and eyes were filled with, would overflow. In that case, how should she be able to keep her resolution? She should be but a frail reed before the sway of NORMAN'S passionate energy. Never pausing for a glance behind, she flew to her own little room, and with the door securely closed, she loosed the flood-gates of her pent-up heart, and tears and supplications found vent at once.

A little after sunrise the Montville stage came lumbering down the street, on its way to the city. There were about half a dozen outside passengers; but one, a bright, gay-looking young man, with brown curls and blue eyes, was looking eagerly in the direction of the HASTINGS' old brown house. Although the Montville people were early risers, few of them were visible at this hour, but as the stage rolled up to Deacon BUMSTEAD'S store to take the morning mail, something white fluttered a moment among the woodbine leaves that overran the school-mistress' window opposite, and was answered by a shower of kisses from a hand in the neighborhood of the brown curls on top of the stage.

Chapter II.

Do you know what it is to look for letters,—to have some dear and far distant friend, from whom you are daily expecting and longing to receive some word of tender remembrances? I have known people, social, kindly souls, having many friends, some of them absent, who yet possessed not one correspondent. I know not whether most to pity or congratulate them. To me, letters are among life's chief gratifications, yet it is often a painful pleasure.

Perhaps you are looking for a letter of great importance. It is your last thought on retiring at night, your first on awaking in the morning. You watch the clock with eager eyes, while it seems to you as if the hands never moved so slowly, but at last it points the hour at which the mail arrives. You hasten to the Post-Office; there is a crowd around the delivery-box, and you think if they only knew how your heart is beating with impatience, they *would* make room for you. One by one they receive their packet, or, disappointed and empty-handed, turn away. The Postmaster knows you, and as you step hastily forward, he says, pleasantly:

"Nothing this morning, ma'am."

Down, at a single drop, sinks the heart that a moment before had almost mounted into your mouth. All day long, whatever your occupation, you are haunted by that letter; the ghost of a letter, for as yet it exists only in your imagination. Again and again you wonder why it did not come, and you find plausible reasons for delay. You contrive somehow to assure yourself that you have anticipated it too early, and that it will undoubtedly come to-morrow, or next day. And so the day passes, literally *got over* in your eagerness to reach that moment in the future when you can ask once more, "Has it come?" And the joy, the thrill of delight, with which you grasp the precious missive, if it *has* come! There it lies in your trembling hand, in a neat white envelope, superscribed in tiny characters; or it is covered by a plain brown, and the full, round, business hand bespeaks the large, strong heart that framed the words.

What may it not contain? Words, perhaps, which shall shape your future destiny. Thoughts which shall raise a kindred soul to the heights of heaven or sink it to unfathomable depths. You almost dread to break the seal, though longing to know the contents. A sealed mystery! There is so much that you may, you hope to find within. That seal is like a fairy touch-stone. You break it, and perhaps a new world of light, and joy, and love, may burst upon your view; perhaps—and the chances are equally great—beneath your touch a thousand castles may crumble to the dust.

Through all these alternations of hope and fear did LUCY HASTINGS pass during the remainder of that never-to-be-forgotten summer. True, she had received a brief and hasty note within a week after NORMAN'S departure. He merely said that he had found temporary employment, though not just what he wished. As yet he was too unsettled to give a definite address, but any letters directed to New York would probably reach him, and he should write again as soon as his affairs were arranged. The letter was full of loving kindness and assurances of constancy, very grateful to the poor girl, whose future was looking rather dim and sad.

Her first impulse was to answer it immediately, and let the feelings which filled her heart gush over and fill the sheet. But no, that would not be best. There was no engagement between them,—how hard she tried to keep this in mind. NORMAN was young, with his way to make, and if she did not stand in his path, he might attain any height to which his ambition might point. She was always dreaming for him; perhaps he might get to be head clerk in some mercantile house, and might even get to be a partner, by marrying his employer's daughter, or some such way. No, she would write to him affectionately, enter with interest into all his hopes and plans, give him all the aid and good advice in her power, but give him no reason to think that she looked to his future with any selfish views, any expectation of sharing it with him. And so she did write.

She had waited for an answer until the summer was fairly on the wane. She was growing sick of waiting. Not that she pined and languished, or faltered in any of her self-imposed labors. Her father's feeble steps and querulous wishes were as kindly, carefully heeded; her school prospered as ever, under her watchful eye and patient spirit, though it must be confessed that it wore upon her. From the latter care vacation at length relieved her, and she had leisure to read, sew, or visit a little, though she seldom went from home except to a neighbor's. Almost every pleasant evening found her in the little stone seat at Vine Rock Bridge, watching the sunset and reviewing the past. Here, one twilight hour in late August, she read over a letter received that morning from NORMAN. She was very pale, and the letter was blotted in many places by her tears.

Ere it reached her, he said, he should have sailed for Valparaiso, as supercargo on a merchant vessel. How long he should be absent, he could not tell,—over a year, probably. Captain HUGHES had been an acquaintance of his for some months, and they were on the most friendly terms. Among the passengers who were going out, were the captain's wife and daughter, which made it very pleasant for him. He would send his address the next time he wrote, if he remained at Valparaiso. That, however, was indefinite, and she might not hear from him again in a long time. She little dreamed *how* long; though something of the truth began already to "cast its shadow before," and darken her life.

Chapter III.

Nearly three years elapsed without any material change in LUCY, or her affairs, except that her father became more troublesome, more exacting with age, and the daughter more patient and self-denying. The expiration of the three years bro't her release. It was sooner than she had any reason to expect, and quite sudden at the last, yet who shall blame her if in her heart of hearts LUCY HASTINGS did not grieve? She *could* not. When the last shovel full of earth had fallen on the new made grave by the side of that of her mother, on which the grass had been green for years; instead of that forlorn feeling of utter loneliness and desolation which usually follows similar bereavements, she felt a sense of freedom, such as she had never experienced since her mother's death. She was alone in the world, it is true, but her time, her actions, were henceforth at her own disposal while health and energy remained to her.

She had never liked teaching a district school, but while circumstances bound her to Montville, this had been the best employment open to her. Her education, though good, was scarcely sufficient to admit of her taking a place in an academy or seminary. She was weary of the quiet monotony of village life; it gave her too much scope for thought; she must be busy and with others who were busy. If a person would be forgotten, or is longing to forget, he cannot accomplish either object more effectually while living, than by plunging with all his energy into more active employment in the heart of a densely populated city.

LUCY had long ago made up her mind to go to New York as a governess in some private family, if ever she saw the right moment to start. With her, to resolve was generally to execute, and in carrying out this plan Deacon BUMSTEAD proved a powerful auxiliary. Being now of age, she had come into full possession of what little property her parents had possessed; the old brown house, and a small legacy in money from her mother. The management of these she confided to the Deacon, through whose influence with a city cousin, a clergyman, she had obtained a profitable situation. [To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 43 letters.
My 41, 1, 10, 2, 36, 39 is what all should possess.
My 4, 15, 30, 8, 31, 38, 13, 20, 21, 22 is a town in Georgia.
My 17, 24, 30, 32, 11 is an arrow.
My 41, 16, 27, 11, 26, 40, 6 is a river in Russia.
My 43, 35 is an adverb.
My 37, 5, 41, 14, 40 is to carouse.
My 29, 9, 40, 18, 31, 6 is a town in Arkansas.
My 13, 12, 33, 28, 4 are worn by men.
My 19, 3, 31, 3, 7, 23, 25, 26, 34, 42 is a cape on the western coast of Spain.
My whole is a true maxim.
Darien, N. Y., 1860. MISS J. A. S.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 33 letters.
My 22, 7, 1, 11, 17, 8, 33, 7, 13 is one of the United States.
My 14, 24, 4, 16, 27, 2, 15 is a county in Tennessee.
My 7, 25, 3, 31, 18 is a lake in Russia.
My 32, 6, 28, 8, 19 is a river in France.
My 2, 32, 5, 23, 9, 26, 24 is a cape on the coast of Spain.
My 12, 32, 3, 20, 9, 30 is a town in Ireland.
My 4, 20, 19, 29, 15, 32 is an island in Polynesia.
My 22, 12, 33, 30, 7, 18, 9, 5, 17, 8 is a mountain in New Hampshire.
My 5, 32, 7, 15, 21, 29, 4 is a city in Austria.
My whole was a saying of Sam Patch.
Galnesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y. J. MARTIN BRAINERD.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

THE FIGURE 9.

HAVE any of the juveniles, who peruse the Youth's Corner, noted the fact that any number multiplied by 9 produces a sum of figures which, added together, continually makes nine. For example:—All the first multiples of 9, as 18, 27, 36, 45, 54, 63, 72, 81, sum up 9 each. Each of them multiplied by any number whatever, produces a similar result; as 5 times 81 are 648, these added together make 18, 1 and 8 are 9. Multiply 648 by itself, the product is 419,904—the sum of these digits is 27, 2 and 7 are 9. The rule is invariable. Take any number whatever, and multiply it by 9, or any multiple of 9, and the sum will consist of figures which, added together, continually number 9. As 17 multiplied by 18 equals 306, 3 and 6 are 9; 117 multiplied by 27 equals 3,159, the figures sum up 18, 8 and 1 are nine; 4,591 multiplied by 27 equals 330,552, the figures sum up 18, 8 and 1 are 9. Again, 87,363 multiplied by 54 equals 4,717,422; added together, the product is 27, or 2 and 7 are 9, and so always.
Mt. Pleasant, St. Jerome, C. E. ROBERT SHAW.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 553.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A soft answer turneth away wrath.
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Edmund Cartwright.
Answer to Charade:—A bird's-nest.
Answer to Geometrical Problem:—7.21690 feet.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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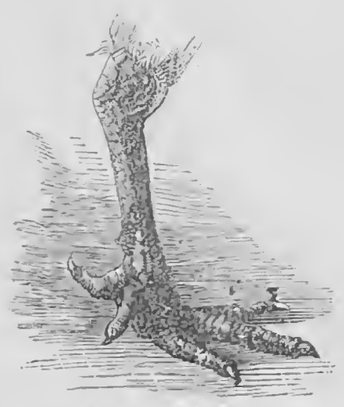
INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Dorking and Black Spanish Fowls.

IT is pretty generally believed, I think, that the large fowls,—the Shanghaes, and Cochin Chinas, and Bramah Pootras, that were so much lauded a few years ago,—are not as profitable as they were supposed to be, that they do not lay in proportion to the food consumed, as compared with other fowls, being inferior, in this respect, to our old common sort. The Dorking is coming into favor again, as I have no doubt it well deserves to do, but there is great difficulty in knowing when we get the true breed, as they have become badly mixed by the carelessness of those who have raised them. Will you please give us their characteristics, so that we may know when we get the genuine? The Black Spanish, I have seen stated, is a beautiful and productive breed. Please tell us some something about these also.—LOVER OF FOWLS, *September*, 1860.

THE large Chinese fowls were no doubt wonderfully over-praised. The people of almost the whole civilized world became affected by the *Shanghai* excitement; and therefore it was not strange that the people of America, who are proverbially susceptible to influences of this kind, should feel its effects rather severely. Now that the excitement has passed away, there is danger of going to the other extreme. These large fowls accomplished a great deal of good for the poultry of the country. We had bred our old stock until it had become sadly degenerated, and the ordinary fowls of the barn-yard were not much larger than pigeons. By the infusion of the blood of this new race, our fowls have generally doubled in size; and whatever may be said of the Cochin Chinas, &c., as a pure breed, we think there can be no doubt as to the advantages of the cross, evidences of which we see in almost every flock of fowls.



LEG OF THE DORKING.

The Dorkings are a valuable breed of fowls, or they would not have retained their popularity so long. They are said to have existed as a distinct breed more than two thousand years; and whether this is true or not, we have abundant evidence of a breed with two hind toes. Their most pominent characteristic is *five* toes instead of four, as in other breeds. Our engraving of a Dorking's foot shows this point so that it cannot be mistaken.

They are square and compact in form, with short legs, short neck, and heavy breast, giving a greater proportion of desirable flesh to the amount of offal than almost any other fowl. They fatten easily, and this, with the other desirable qualities mentioned, makes them favorites with those who deal in dressed poultry. Some contend that originally the Dorkings were pure white, while others contend that they always showed a diversity of colors. They are now white, spotted with black, these colors sometimes merging into a grizzly grey. The Dorking lays well, and makes a good mother, though we prefer lighter fowls for this purpose.

A correspondent of Andes, N. Y., wishes to know where good *Dorking* fowls can be obtained. To this we cannot at present respond, though we have no doubt plenty can be had. They have been exhibited at our State Fair for several years past, and at many of the County Fairs.

BLACK SPANISH FOWLS.

The *Spanish* or *Black Spanish* is the most beautiful of all our domestic fowls. We quote the description of Richardson. "The color of the Spanish fowl is a glossy black, and the feathers of the legs, thighs, and belly, are particularly decided in their hue, and of a velvety aspect. It is a stately bird, and of a grave and majestic deportment, and is, in either utility or beauty, to be surpassed by none of its congeners. One of the most striking characteristics of this fowl is a white cheek, and the comb and wattles are singularly large, simple, and of a very high color; the feet and legs are of a leaden color, except the soles of the feet, which are of a dirty fleshy hue. A full grown cock will weigh about 7½ pounds; the hen about 6½. This is a fowl well deserving the attention of the breeder, and present no peculiarities of constitution that would suggest difficulties in either hatching or rearing. As table birds, they hold a place in the very first rank, their flesh being particularly white, tender, and juicy, and the skin possessing that beautifully clear white hue, so essential a requisite for birds designed for the consumption of the gourmand. The hens are likewise layers of the first order."

HEADS OF BLACK SPANISH COCK AND HEN.

The only objection to this fowl is, that the large, thin, and beautiful comb, which is shown in the engraving, is very apt to become frozen, and thus this great ornament is lost.

To Keep Potatoes from Rotting.

BEING desirous of some information, and knowing that the RURAL is the best medium by which it can be obtained, I therefore inquire of you, or your readers, about the best mode of keeping Irish Potatoes. We have had a very dry summer in this section, which has caused the potatoes to shrivel, and many have dug and put away, and they have rotted. They are rotting in the ground also. The reason why people are digging so early, is from the fact that they are doing no good in the ground, and it is said that they will take the second growth whenever we have rain to make the ground wet. The pototo bug has become very annoying in this country.—C. W., *Fairview, Ky.*, 1860.

VARIOUS plans have been recommended to keep potatoes from rotting, such as dusting with powdered lime, &c. A thorough drying in the sun and air and then storing in a cool but dry cellar, is the best means we know of. If disposed to rot, and buried in the ground when damp, their loss is almost certain, as the moisture of the soil favors rotting, and there is no opportunity to watch them and select out those that are decaying, and the whole lot soon becomes a rotten mass. We were the first, we think, to speak of the potato rot the present season, and had watched its insidious attack and progress for some time previous to making the announcement, lest we might arouse unnecessary alarm. Now, the papers in all parts of the country are complaining of the ravages of the disease. In Ireland the greatest fears are entertained, lest the sad scenes of former years should be repeated, in view of the almost total destruction of the potato crop, which seems inevitable. In England, too, there is much complaint. The *Phytocores*, which some have supposed caused the rot, have been very numerous the present season, and we have counted twenty and thirty on a single plant. In our grounds the tops are entirely dead or dying. The tubers are not rotten, but they are heavy and wet, and hardly fit to be eaten. All varieties seem to be affected. The only kinds which are not seriously injured out of forty sorts, are the *York Regent* and the *Lapstone Kidney*, two varieties imported from England.

DESTROY THE SEEDS.

TENS of thousands and millions of seeds are now ripening upon almost every farm to produce a crop of weeds and trouble another season. With the most careful culture, a few weeds manage to elude detection, and when hoeing is carelessly done, a large number is left. These are now ripening their seeds, and may be seen in almost every field of corn and potatoes. They should have been pulled by hand long ago, for they are living and growing at the expense of the soil, and the farmer, and the growing crop. No one can afford to grow useless plants. The soil that will grow weeds will grow something better; the space that is occupied by a plant that is useless, should be occupied with something that the farmer can eat, or sell, or feed to his stock. But the present evil, though great, is nothing compared to the store of mischief that is ripening for another season, seeding the ground with a crop that it will take much hard labor to destroy.

Few who have not given particular attention to this subject, are aware how abundant are the seeds in almost all our common plants. Many of them ripen from one thousand to fifteen hundred seeds, so that but a few plants are needed to seed an acre. On another point, too, we are apt to mistake, and allow a portion of the seeds to ripen and fall to the ground before removing the plant. The seeds of the primary or first flower, or those on the main branch, are often sufficiently ripened to vegetate before the flowers of the secondary branches appear, so that in cutting down the weeds before we think the flowers scarcely appear, we are scattering seeds sufficient to grow a hundred plants, and burying them sufficiently to secure their growth. It should be a settled rule to cut down all weeds before a flower appears. But if this is neglected until too late, then remove every weed from the field, form a pile, and when sufficiently dry, apply the match and consume all by fire. The *Amaranthus*, sometimes called *Pig-Weed*, which is seen everywhere, ripens its seed when the plant is apparently green and vigorous, and will do so after being pulled up by the roots. After the buds are formed, the only safe way is to remove it entirely and consume. The same may be said of the *Chenopodium*, which in some places is called *Lambs-Quarter*, and in others *Goose-Foot* and *Pig-Weed*.

The nature of weeds should be understood, as such knowledge is of great service in devising ways and means for their destruction. Weeds are either *Annual*, *Biennial*, or *Perennial*. *Annual* weeds are those that grow from the seed in the spring, flower and ripen their seeds during the summer and autumn, and die. In this class is the *goose-foot, mustard, chickweed, groundsel*, &c. These can be eradicated by destroying the plants before seeds are formed. If this is followed up for a few years, all the seeds lying in the ground will germinate, and as no others are permitted to ripen, the stock will be exhausted.

Biennial weeds are those which grow from the seeds the first season, having leaves, but no flowers or seeds. At the approach of winter these leaves generally die down, leaving the roots in the soil alive, which next year send up strong branches which bear seeds, and the plant dies. Among this class is several species of *Dock*. An English author well observes that the "natural history of these weeds requires to be well considered, for if their crowns be but partially cut off in weeding, they often stool out into a great number of stems; but the most important fact is, that the tap-roots are appointed as storehouses of nutriment for the perfection of the seed, so that if these be pulled up, and, as is often the case, be left in bundles on the field, they do not necessarily die, but even ripen their seed, and thus leave a colony of the objectionable plant where they have lain. In these cases, and, indeed, as a general rule with weeds in seed, or that may perfect seed, as some do, under most disadvantageous circumstances, we should scarcely be satisfied until our enemies had undergone an ordeal by fire."

Perennial weeds are those in which the whole of the plant above ground dies at the approach of winter, or as soon as the seed is perfected, and yet the roots continue to live year after year, and on these and the underground stems are living buds, which continue the existence of the plant. Among these are the *Couch* and other creeping grasses, and the *Canada Thistle*. They are a troublesome class of plants to eradicate. Some of them have what is called *rhizomatous stems* under the ground, having the appearance of creeping roots, with an abundance of buds ready to spring up at the approach of spring. Although the roots may be cut and broken by the plow, each portion of underground stem containing a bud proves a new plant. The roots of such plants should be entirely removed from the soil, as far as possible.

It is important for the farmer to observe the manner in which weeds become propagated. This is done in the first place by *self-sown seeds* from growing plants, or from plants which have been cut down when the plant was sufficiently advanced to mature its seed on the ground. By *division of the roots*, as in couch grass and other perennial plants. Many seeds of weeds are *spread on the land with manure*. It is a great mistake to throw weeds with ripened seeds on the manure heap. Many seeds no doubt become destroyed by the decomposition of the manure, but many more live and grow at the first opportunity. Everything that is supposed to contain seeds of foul weeds, should be burned. Weeds are *sown with* almost all our crops. If an examination is made, it will be found that almost all our small seeds contain a great number of weeds. Every farmer should make an effort to obtain clean seed, and reject everything foul. Some seeds, like the *Dandelion* and *Thistles*, are winged, ready to be wafted on the first breeze. They are thus carried from the road-side, the waste land, or the grounds of the careless farmer, infesting every field for miles around.

We bring this subject briefly to the notice of our readers, hoping that the few suggestions will not be in vain.

A COUNTRYMAN IN THE CITY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have read in the RURAL, with much interest, many articles from your pen of what you have witnessed in your rambles in the country, and now I propose to tell a little of what a Countryman saw in your City. I left the field which the Lord hath blessed with a bountiful harvest, to take a stroll for a pair of days through your city, so justly celebrated for its thrift and enterprise. I find, in all my walks, the handiwork of man displayed in the architecture of your palaces and churches, as well as the thousand and one of the moveables in your shops and ware-houses, all contributing more or less to gratify fancy or use. I also find that *Mother Earth* has been lavish with her good things, both for food and luxury for the inner man. The display of choice fruits and vegetables, quite unsurpassed for the season, is very creditable to the farmers, horticulturists and gardeners of the surrounding country.

Rochester has been, and is destined still more to be, the Garner of Western New York. Her mighty water power and location, as it regards Canals and Railroads, must continue to make her a large manufacturing and commercial town, so long as water runs and grass grows,—to which will centralize not only a large portion of the agricultural productions of Western New York, but some portions of Canada and the Western States. The season has not advanced enough to bring in much of the present year's produce, although it is beginning to make its way there. I learn that over one million pounds of wool have been taken by your enterprising men in the trade, a part of which is retained in your market for sale, the balance being sent forward to Eastern markets.

As sheep raising is more my hobby than any other branch of farming, I felt a little interest to look after his fleece. There is nothing raised from the earth that is put to so many uses, and manufactured into so great a variety of fabrics, as the fleece of the sheep. We walk on it in our parlors, we wipe our feet upon it at our doors, we sleep on it and under it in our beds, we ride on it and under it in our carriages, we hang it about our windows, we wear it on our heads and our bodies, our hands and our feet. It is worn alike by the Prince and the Peasant, not even forgetting honest Old Dobbin in the stable, and is converted into the most costly as well as the cheapest of fabrics. Next to that which nourishes the inner man is that which imparts comfort to the outer. There never was nor never will be a substitute for the fleece of the sheep.

Well, I sauntered into the warehouse of one of your wool-dealing firms, and was kindly showed through their spacious lofts, where I had a fine opportunity to see the largest and best pile of American wool together that I ever saw. I have often visited the wool-houses of the principal dealers in Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, and I never saw three hundred thousand pounds of American wool, bought up promiscously, as this has been done, that equaled it. I felt proud as a wool-grower to learn that such a fine pile of wool was grown in Western New York. I hope that brother wool-growers who visit your city will not fail to take a peep into the wool house of Messrs. TERRY & ERICKSON. They will receive the courtesies of those gentlemen and be well paid for what their eyes may see. I am quite sure that manufacturers will not pass through without seeing it. I know that in the palmy days of manufacturing, some of their princes would have taken it all at one large grab. The great mass of it is in fine order, but in some of it I find evidence that the millenium has not yet come. There are (I am sorry to say,) wool-growers who are *base* enough to conceal their unwashed tags and pulled wool in the fleeces, and thus subject the buyer to a great loss and the grower to a heavy penalty, for a base fraud.

I find that portions of this wool were bought in about every county west of Seneca Lake. As the wool was put up in different piles, I had a fine opportunity to make a comparison of the style of wool grown in different localities and on different soils, and I find myself confirmed in what I thought I discovered more than twenty years since, viz., that sheep grown on limestone soil will produce more and better wool than on other soils. I am fully satisfied that you may take two hundred sheep of one flock, equal in all respects as to grade and condition, divide the flock and leave half in your county and take the other half to the beech and maple lands of Cataraugus, giving each flock the same chance as to quantity of feed, and the Monroe flock will out-shear the Cattaraugus one by three-fourths of a pound to the sheep, while a like improvement will be visible in the fibre and felting properties of the wool. You may from year to year reverse the flocks, and you will all the time see the visible advantage the limestone soil has over the other. I am inclined to the opinion that all domestic animals are improved by being raised on a limestone soil, both in symmetry and growth. I would like to hear from you or your contributors on this last suggestion.

Yours truly, STEUBEN.

BUTTER MAKING.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Below you will find a report of the Committee on Butter, submitted at the Broome County Fair, 1859. Butter being the leading Agricultural product throughout an extensive portion or section of New York, the Committee, (after fully canvassing the subject,) came to the conclusion that the public needed a more minutely detailed statement of the process of making a good article, so that a novice in the art, by closely following out the rule, would not fail to make a fine or prime dairy. And as a proof of the correctness of the position here taken, I would state that I have not manufactured my home dairy in twelve years,—and every dairyman and woman who has been engaged in the said dairy during that time, were inexperienced at the commencement,—yet I have never failed to send to market a prime dairy, and my prices have averaged over twenty-five cents per pound for the entire period. I have but one year sold under twenty-five cents, and that year at twenty-four cents; one year I sold for thirty cents.

The report was first published by request of the Farmer's Club in East Maine, Broome county, and has appeared in the *Broome Gazette* and *Binghampton Democrat*. It will no doubt be perused with interest by thousands of RURAL readers.

Binghampton, N. Y., 1860. O. C. C.

REPORT ON BUTTER MAKING.

The Committee on Butter, having taken great pleasure in examining a number of very fine samples, presented at the Fair in Broome Co., Sept. 30th, 1859, and after having awarded premiums, deem this a proper occasion for a few plain and practical remarks.

The butter interest is considered the leading one in our county, and if so, the process of manufacturing a superior quality of butter should be thoroughly understood by the masses. According to the best information this Committee has been able to obtain, by an interchange of opinion

with the most prominent dealers in the New York markets, we find that not more than one firkin out of every four, (taking into consideration all sent to that market,) proves strictly prime—that it is of the utmost importance that we produce the best article; and when we find a difference of at least ten cents per pound between the poorest and the best, it proves most conclusively that making poor butter is a very unpleasant and unprofitable business. In the first place it costs less to make a pound of prime butter, than a similar amount of poor, because the good butter is made systematically, and when everything appertaining to the manufacture is attended to in its proper season, and as it should be, it occasions less expense than when any of the duties of the dairyman are neglected. Consequently it is all-important to procure the very best cows for butter—one good cow being worth from two to three poor ones. Provide the very best of pasture for them—old pasture is much the best, and should never be plowed until it is absolutely necessary for the purpose of re-seeding when run out. Sow a few acres of corn broadcast or in drills, to be used in case of a drouth, and if not used for such purpose, it is extremely beneficial for winter fodder. About the first of March the dairyman should commence feeding the cows a little corn meal, buckwheat, or wheat shorts, or roots of some description; the orange-carrot or sugar-beet are the only roots this Committee would be willing to feed, and this mode of feeding should not be dispensed with until grass is plenty. Be cleanly about the milking, and see that your strainer is in good order; be sure that your milk pans, pails, and churns, are kept perfectly sweet, and never be satisfied without a good, deep, cool cellar, well protected from rats and mice. Perfect order and decorum should be maintained in the cow-yard, and no play, or delay, or harsh treatment to the cows, should be tolerated during the process of milking. In summer the milk should stand in a cool cellar, and in cool weather a suitable room above ground, with a stove or fire-place in it for the purpose of keeping the milk at a proper temperature. For churning, the temperature should be about sixty-five degrees. Temper in summer with cool well water or ice, and in cool weather with warm water. Every evening after milking, the milk intended to be churned the next morning, should be emptied and mixed in the churns, and all is considered fit for that purpose which has commenced thickening. The dash-churn is considered preferable, and horse-power the most convenient. Churn every morning as early as practicable, before breakfast if you can. Wash the butter thoroughly immediately after taking it from the churns; work it two or three times during the day, (using the Ashton Factory filled salt, as no other can be relied upon,) and once the next morning, adding a little salt at the last working, for the purpose of leaving a little extra brine and preserving the butter.

Butter must be salted all it will bear (about one ounce to the pound,) without leaving, when ready to pack, undissolved salt in it, which you will readily discover by tasting. A butter-worker can be used without any detriment to the butter; but a ladle is always safer. Great care should be exercised to prevent over-working, as it is fit to pack when the brine runs clear, and the butter becomes solid. Firkins should always be soaked in brine, and never in water alone. Nothing but the best of white oak for staves and heads, and round hickory hoops, should be used in the manufacture of tubs and firkins. Milk and butter should never be kept in the same cellar; a separate apartment should be provided for the butter, and nothing else allowed there. The milk-cellar should also be free from all articles usually kept there for house use. Immediately after a firkin is filled, a clean cloth should be placed over it; about one inch in thickness of the best salt should be deposited on it, and kept well filled with brine during the season. The firkins should be weighed dry, and the weight marked on one head of each firkin. The top heads should all be carefully numbered and laid away until they are wanted for heading, and oak or stone should be used during the summer for covers. When ready for market a clean cloth and salt should cover the surface of the butter, and all the brine should remain that can be conveniently headed in. Every butter man should have a neat brand, and never suffer a tub or firkin to go to market without his brand upon it. We consider a thermometer necessary for novices in the business, but to an experienced diary-maid, the appearance of the milk, and the rattle of it in the churns, are sufficient indications of the temperature.

A cream dairy should never be made; the milk and cream should be churned together.

Respectfully submitted,

O. C. CROCKER,
HEMAN CARTER,
EARLMAN ROGERS, } Committee.

FATTENING ANIMALS.—STALLS AND SHEDS.

IN Scotland, where everything in farming is reduced to system, several experiments have been made in order to ascertain the relative value of the two modes of fattening cattle, above named. The animals were, in one instance, selected and divided as near as possible in regard to weight, &c.; five of them were placed in an inclosure well sheltered, and allowed a sufficiency of room, and the other five were placed in boxes or stalls. At the commencement of October, it was ascertained that those in the sheltered enclosure eat, daily, one hundred and thirty-four pounds, while those in the boxes or stalls consumed but one hundred and twelve pounds, thus demonstrating the doctrine of Professor Liebig, that warmth is an equivalent for food.

Toward the end of April—the experiment having occupied seven months—the animals were all slaughtered, and the following results were noted down:—Cattle fed in boxes—beef, 3,462 pounds; tallow, 376 pounds. Cattle fed in yards—beef, 3,216 pounds; tallow, 301 pounds.

The above experiment, which we clip from the *New England Farmer*, is worthy of a test, and we hope some of our readers will prove it and report.

PROSPECTIVE STERILITY REAFFIRMED.

SOME people enjoy *lamentations*,—I don't, except now and then, for a pleasant variety. In this matter of "*sterility*" I am in real distress. I appeal to the fathers of our Agricultural Israel for evidence that the crops, when the country was new, were far more abundant than now. With the same pains in "putting in," the early settlers could depend upon just double the wheat, corn, oats, grass, potatoes, &c., that can be got from the same ground after twenty or thirty years of cultivation. I affirm that in nineteen cases out of twenty, if you should throw two fields into one and plant them, and one of them had not borne but two or three crops, and the other thirty or forty, I could follow the line between them with unerring accuracy. I appeal to our Agricultural literature, (outside of Virginia, too,) as proof that "worn out," "impoverished lands" had been heard of before I wrote my first article on "sterility." I appeal to the fading reputation of well-known sections of the country as proof that they are wearing out. Why, there was a time when you couldn't tell a story about the "Genesee Country" so big that somebody wouldn't believe it;—then the *marvels* were located at the "St. Josephs," "the Wabash," the Mississippi, and now nobody expects to find the *tallest kind of corn* this side of the Sacramento Valley.

When it is proposed to put land to hard service, it is justified by such expressions as this:—"It is *new* land, it will bear it;" which is itself an assumption that the *old* land is reduced. I appeal to the observation of every man that travels, if he don't see a great many *thin spots* in wheat and other grain—a great many knolls destitute of vegetation, and indeed whole fields that, though they throw up a rank growth along the fence, or here and there, where a little manure has been *accidentally* dropped, won't keep two sheep to the acre, or return more than the seed that is sown upon them.

I here take it upon myself to say that the case is a great deal worse than farmers generally imagine. They make the whole farm pay tribute to a few acres about the house and barn, which they keep up for show to delude themselves and the public with, (like the men that blanket and grain a few sheep for "*the Fair*,") while the back lots are troubled with "the weevil," "the rust," the *winter kill* and the *summer kill*, and such other "*providential visitations*" *(?) as grow abundant as manure grows scarce.* I beg leave to remind again that men *do plow a little deeper, sow a little earlier, use better implements and better varieties of seed, when they can, pulverize the ground and work it better than they did a few years ago, and so, in some cases, keep up the crops while the land goes down.*

I appeal to *the Census*—I am a little ashamed to do that, but after all, it is doubtless a fact that it does approximate to the truth sometimes—I appeal to the Census to show that forty years ago the average products per acre were far larger than now. And lastly, I appeal to the common and the un-common sense of the public at large, to decide whether, in the nature of things, it is possible, year after year, generation after generation, to strip the land of about *all* that it produces without making it poorer.

I affirm that not one acre in *ten* of our cultivated farms gets a single load of manure of any kind (except the occasional droppings of cattle that are pastured upon it,) as often as one year in *ten*. If "*the devastating hordes*"—called "*farmers*" in modern times—had not had a fertile "West" to overrun and make desolate, there would have been a famine in this land before now that all the "corn of Egypt" could not repair.

It is my solemn conviction that there is not gold enough in Christendom and Pagandom combined to restore the soil of North America to its original fertility! In humanity's name I say to farmers, *stop and consider.* Take one acre of *poor* land, and make it *rich* by the cheapest process you can devise, and tell me what it costs you! Buy guano at $50 a ton, ashes at 12 cents a bushel, lime at 18 cents, charcoal at 8 cents, (probably the cheapest of all,) bones at what they cost you, good barnyard manure at 50 cents a load, and draw it;—fertilize a *poor* acre, and make it good for thirty bushels of wheat, and tell me the cost. You will wish you had more money by the time you have fertilized a hundred acres.

I tell you, gentlemen, the annual depreciation of your grain farms, in particular, is a frightful and appalling circumstance. It is easier to stop the mischief than to repair it.

More on this subject next week. H. T. B.

DOCKING AND NICKING HORSES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Nicking a horse is barbarous, and I never had much to do with such an operation. The iron heel of Fashion requires it, but Fashion is a hard master, as the sufferings of the human family can testify.

Docking.—For the last forty years I have raised a good many horses, and have almost always docked them. If I had been obliged to throw them, and scar, and all this kind of stuff, or management, but very few colts would have lost any of their tails while I owned them. I will try to give a description, as near as possible, of my way to take the tail off. In the first place, get a small, strong string or cord, then separate the hair true around the tail where you wish to take it off, and turn it back. Tie the cord tight around the tail so as to stop all circulation below; have a sharp, two-inch chisel; get a scantling, or something with a square end, that will come high enough for the tail to be level, then, with one blow, take the tail off close to the cord. Have a bunch of tow about as big as a hen's egg, and fill it as full of dry pulverized horse manure as you possibly can, then press it very closely against the end of the tail; untie your string, bring down the hair over it even and tight to the tow, tying part of the hair tightly to the tow. As you wind around bring in more hair; tie it so it will hold the tow firmly against the end of the tail, then pull off your halter and let him go. In a week or ten days cut the string and it will soon come off itself. It ought to be done in the spring or fall when there are no flies. I would certainly leave the dock a foot long, but that depends a good deal on the size and shape of the horse. There might be a good many reasons given why I would dock a horse, but I do not wish to be tedious. A. E.

Union Springs, N. Y. August, 1860.

TAKING CARE OF FARM IMPLEMENTS.—Every farmer should have a house for keeping his implements. It should be tight and dry; and always be kept in perfect order. Every implement, when not required for use, should have its proper place, and before it is laid by for winter, all the bright metal belonging to it should be carefully dried, cleaned, and greased, to prevent rusting; its wood-work should be painted or rubbed with oil to prevent cracking; and every bolt, nut and screw should be oiled. Farmers should not leave their implements to rust and rot in their barnyards or open, damp sheds, and then grumble because they do not last longer. Nothing is more discouraging to a farmer, than to commence spring work with a set of rusty, rotten implements. Farmers should remember that carefulness in all things is economy, and that a little extra trouble taken in preserving his implements, saves extra expense.—CLOD-HOPPER, *Glendale, O.*

MANGE IN YOUNG PIGS—*Cure.*—Young pigs are very apt to be attacked with mange in the spring, especially when running on clover. The following may be relied on as an effectual, altho' a simple cure:—As soon as the pigs are noticed to be afflicted, procure a tubful of soap-suds, souse the little grunters into it, and at the same time give them a thorough scouring with a good stiff brush, to remove every particle of dust and dirt from their skin, which causes such irritation. Repeat this operation whenever you notice the disease returning. This remedy may fail in cases of "long standing;" but when early resorted to, I have never known it *to do otherwise than cure.*—PORKOPOLITAN, *Hamilton Co., Ohio*, 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Why Hungarian Grass should not be Grown.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Northwestern Farmer* objects to the raising of Hungarian Grass, "because of the peculiar manner in which it exhausts the soil. It is said that tobacco takes from the soil, of one element, at one crop, more than wheat does at twelve crops. True. Hungarian Grass acts similarly. It extracts, in one crop, from the soil more fatty matter for the composition of its seed than does corn in three or four crops. The absorption of any one chemical element from the soil, even if the other elements are in a measure unimpaired, tells with wonderful effect upon succeeding crops.

Plowing in Grass Seed.

O. L. DOW, of Nelson, N. H., writes to the *New England Farmer*, that "his way" of seeding down to grass has been, for the last twelve years, to plow in all his grass seed. He thinks it does best when sowed before the first plowing—at any rate before the cross plowing. He would plow it deep; it will come up in time, and being deep-rooted withstands drouth that will destroy a shallow corn crop, as well as resists the effects of frosts, or heaving out. He adds:—"I have sown on five different farms in this way, and on every variety of soil, from gravelly ledge to black muck, and never failed to get a fair crop of grass when seeded in this way."

Salt and Fence Posts.

A CORRESPONDENT of the N. H. *Journal of Agriculture* says:—"I have just been to examine some that I set 30 or 31 years ago. I found them all sound and erect. That is, I tried every one of them, and found them to stand firm. They are white oak, about 12 inches square, with the part set in the ground unshaved. After setting, I bored into each post about three inches above the ground, with a two-inch augur, at an angle of about 45°, and filled the hole with salt, and plugged it up. The plugs are all in, and the posts look as sound as when set. I put in about one-half a pint of salt to a post. As I tried none without salt, I cannot say whether it was the salt or something else that preserved the posts."

Eradication of Bushes.

SPEAKING of the improvement of hill pastures, the *Boston Cultivator* gives the following directions on the above subject:—"The larger bushes, which grow in stools, like the barberry, had better be twitched out. With a "root-claw," such as is sold at the agricultural warehouses, and a strong yoke of oxen under the direction of a suitable man, a "ripping business" can be done. Smaller bushes may be subdued by mowing. After the growth of the present year is finished—as may be known by the buds for the next year being formed—the scythe may be laid as near as possible to the root, with good advantage. They will seldom start much the same year they are cut—the cutting being usually the latter part of August—and if the sprouts which make their appearance the following spring can be got at by sheep, they will prevent their making much headway. Cattle also will crop the sprouts some, which, with the increased growth of grass will weaken them."

Driving Milch Cows.

DAIRYMEN, says the *Homestead*, are every year astonished at the remarkable yield claimed for some dairies, reaching five or six hundred pounds of cheese and butter per cow, and even higher than this, the cows being fed on hay and grass alone. To prove the truth of these statements, we are referred to the books of the merchant who has received the produce, and it is found all correct. Good cows, good feed, a careful dairywoman, are the most obvious reasons that must unite in producing this result. These are at the command of any one who earnestly sets about it. Yet how sure and how difficult it is to attain these highest yields of the dairy! The truth is, many minor causes, apparently too trifling for notice, must operate together, or we fail. Inquiring out one of three large reports, we found that the owners, the man and his wife, not only did all their milking themselves, but they *always brought and drove their own cows.*

Quietness in driving, especially when the udders are full, is of the utmost importance. A broken bar and a swelled teat are often the only indications the owner gets of inconsiderate haste in driving his cows. A wide gate, or taking out the bars entirely, is safer than to let them down at one end. A dairyman complains of the season as bad for the dairy, but his neighbors say, the training of shepherd's dogs is worse than the season. Two boys and a dog are as unfit for driving cows as they would be to drive a mowing machine or a locomotive. We have seen one boy and a dog urge them to the bars, and another watch outside to give them a good scare and make them jump as they came through. Yet the good dairywoman did not know why her cheese was smaller next day.

Low Lands that will bear a Team.

MANY acres of such land are too low and wet to be planted, either with corn or potatoes. Farmers are apt to neglect such grounds and let them run to rushes, hardhack, and wild grass. In many cases they will find it profitable to turn over such grounds in September with a strong plow, and put a little compost manure on the furrows. Then harrow thoroughly with a good harrow, and sow grass seed. A brush harrow is the best implement to bury the seed. After five or six days, before the seed has sprouted, put the brush harrow on and sweep over the whole. In this way you place your grass seed on a footing with the weeds that are always ready to start. The weed seeds are always swelled so much as to get the start of dry grain and dry grass seed. Harrow, therefore, a second time, before your seeds have sprouted, and you not only crush the little weeds which start at once as soon as you leave them, but you pulverize the soil more thoroughly and obtain better harvests. So says the *Massachusetts Ploughman.*

Dwarf Broom Corn.

THE editor of the *Indiana Farmer* says that S. H. BUCKNER, Esq., is cultivating, near Indianapolis, a small patch of dwarf broom corn. The corn grows from three to four feet high, stands very thick on the ground, and produces a very fine, elastic straw. The panicle, or brush, is finer, straighter, and better adapted to broom making than the tall varieties. The panicle (the brush) composes about half the entire length of the stalk, and like all other varieties, is liable to grow too long, unless the stand is very close to the ground. The panicle is enveloped in the boot of the upper blade, which, folding twice around it instead of once, as in the tall varieties, never looses its sustaining envelopment, until the seed is ripe, when the stems are too woody to fall over. There was not one bent down panicle in the lot. We are inclined to think that this variety will supersede the taller sorts. Two stalks of this corn can be seen at the *Indiana Farmer* office, on one of which the panicle is two feet long, while the entire stalk is but forty-four inches high.

Inquiries and Answers.

YANKEE CHEESE.—The wife of a young farmer in Missouri wishes to know how to make what is called, in that State, Yankee Cheese.

TURNING UNDER BUCKWHEAT.—It is a matter of inquiry with me, how buckwheat of two or three months' growth, turned under on a summer fallow, will operate as a fertilizer. Can I be informed, through your columns, of the probable result, by some one experienced. I sowed the grain in hope that as a manure it would benefit winter wheat, but some say it has a cold, souring tendency on this soil, which is clay and gravel.—A. W., *Westleyville, Pa.*, 1860.

LAYING TILE DRAIN.—I am desirous of laying about 400 rods of underdrain this fall, and am securing tile for that purpose. I am anxious that the work should be made durable as possible, which in order to secure, permit me to solicit through the RURAL the opinions of those who have had experience in laying drain pipe. I purpose digging the ditch two and a half or three feet deep, then making a trench the size of the tile, lay them in, and cover the joints with puddling clay. Then cover the whole with tough sods, and fill in the soil. Would an inch tile pipe be likely to fill with sand laid in this way, in a comparatively dry soil? Information will much oblige—JAS. LEWIS, JR., *Ontario, C. W.*, 1860.

SMOKING SEED CORN.—Some time since I noticed in the RURAL a communication in reference to smoking seed corn. It stated that the longer the corn was smoked the better. Now, about what length of time is meant by that,—six days, six weeks, or six months? The time I conceive is important, as the germinating power of the corn would, I should think, be destroyed by too much smoking, and the virtue of smoking would not be obtained if the corn were not sufficiently smoked.—D. H. P., *St. Helena*, 1860.

THE writer of the communication referred to will please give D. H. P. the information he desires.

SPLENT.—I have a very fine horse that has what is called a splent. Please inform me of the most effectual remedy,—one that will remove and leave no scar.—L. E. SHURTLEFF, *Galway, N. Y.*, 1860.

"Splent" is a callous or osseous tumor, growing upon or contiguous to one of the splent bones. It seldom causes lameness except in the first stages, or when the splent is high up, close to the *carpal* bone; or when it involves more than one of these bones. In the latter case it is large, rough and angular, and even then the lameness seldom lasts long. We copy the following mode of treatment from DR. DADD:—In the early stages, supposing some inflammatory symptoms present, we resort to cooling, evaporating lotions; these are various. The following will probably answer the purpose; we have used it extensively, and found it efficient: Acetic acid, 2 ounces; water, 8 ounces; chloric ether, 1 ounce. Mix; take a pad, composed of three or four folds of cotton cloth, immerse it in the mixture, place it over the seat of splent, then confine it, so as to produce slight pressure on the tumor, the outer bandage to be moistened as often as convenient. Rest at this stage is highly important, because the *periosteum*, or else the *interosseous* fibro-cartilage between the splent and canon, is inflamed, and all motion aggravates it. In a case of long standing, and even in one having a well-marked tumor, stiffness and lameness may be relieved by the occasional application of *acetate of cantharides.*

Some surgeons blister for the cure of splent; others saw off the tumor; and periosteotomy has been resorted to in view of cure; but, unfortunately, splent is no more curable than spavin, when once the cartilage has been converted into bone; and as in the majority of cases it is but an eyesore, and detracts but little from the value, and still less on the score of usefulness, of the horse, it may be well to pause ere we *operate* for the cure of an incurable disease.

Agricultural Miscellany.

HORSE SHOWS abound the present season. What, with the "National" Shows at Springfield, Mass., and Kalamazoo, Mich., the "International" Exhibitions at Buffalo and Watertown, and various local displays of the equine race, we think "the noblest of all animals" is receiving proper attention, especially in the line of "style and speed"—for, though much is said about the *improvement* of horses, the large premiums are offered for the popular qualities named. Even the far down-easters—to whom, on account of their steady habits and close proximity to sun rise, we look for light and knowledge, as well as bright examples in morals—have become infected with the "fast" fever, for (in addition to the National Show at Springfield,) it is announced that the "Maine State Association for the Improvement of Horses" have designated Augusta as the place for their first annual exhibition, and the 18th to the 21st of Sept. as the time. It is said that "arrangements are now making to insure the most extensive and valuable exhibition of horses ever held in the State."

—If these Shows with fast trotting, and "trials of speed" at Agricultural Fairs, are as demoralizing and injurious to the cause of improvement as many people contend, our Maine and Massachusetts friends have much to answer for—inasmuch as their example will be followed, with scarcely a "why or wherefore," in all parts of the land, and some will begin to doubt whether New England retains its usual quantum of steadfastness, morality, etc. Will Western missionaries be acceptable at the East?

THE MONROE COUNTY FAIR is to be held Sept. 19th, 20th, and 21st, as heretofore announced, on the Society's Grounds, near this city. In calling attention to it, our contemporary of the Daily Union remarks:—"We are confident the show will be a very fine one, if the weather permits. The season has been a prosperous one in all departments of business life, and the agriculturist has been especially favored. The farmers will be able to make fine displays of their products, and we hope they will contribute liberally to the exhibition in this way. We of the city had rather see the products of the farm, stock, &c., than the show department of the Fair. The latter must be, we take it, for the farmers themselves. What is to be offered by the managers, we are not advised, but we presume there will be plenty of amusement and attraction, besides what the farmers produce. HORACE GREELEY has accepted the invitation to deliver the annual address, and that will be attraction enough for one day. HORACE will have something practical to say, and, though he pleaded inability to the managers who invited him, he will do himself justice. On the whole, we can safely assure the people of Monroe, in town and country, that they will have a good fall exhibition."

THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW, at Buffalo, last week, is reported to have been quite successful. There was a fine display, especially of road and carriage and trotting horses. Monroe county was well represented, some fine teams being exhibited by residents of this city and vicinity. Other sections of Western New York also had good horses in the ring and on the track, while Canada contributed to the beauty and extent of the show. We visited the grounds on Thursday A. M. (while on a flying visit to Buffalo,) and found many fine animals on exhibition. Among the Draft Horses (then under examination,) the Clyde stallion "Champion," owned by Mr. MACK, of Lockport, was greatly admired, and justly, for he combines great weight, strength, beauty and docility. As we did not witness any trials of "style and speed," and had only a passing glance at the fine matched and single roadsters on the grounds, we cannot speak advisedly of that portion of the display.

SEEDS AND CUTTINGS FROM SYRIA.—According to a Baltimore paper, ninety-four boxes and two barrels of seeds and cuttings have recently been received at the Patent-Office from Syria—a fine assortment, comprising varieties of wheat, barley, grape-cuttings, olives, scions of fruits, and vegetable products. The cuttings, scions, &c., will be sent to the new propagating houses for experiment and increase. Among the interesting plants may be mentioned the Leesaban. It makes an excellent article for hedges, and as a tree it is very ornamental. There are also seeds of melons, squashes, &c., camel's food, dates, walnuts, equal to the English, and probably adapted to the Middle and Southern States. The length of the voyage caused the death of a large proportion of the articles shipped, yet it is thought enough will be saved to yield a rich return for the amount ($1,000) invested in their purchase.

FOUR CALVES AT A BIRTH!—A subscriber at Davenport, Iowa—Mr. J. W. WILEY—writes us that a half Durham cow, belonging to Mr. S. F. WILEY, of Buffalo Township, recently had four calves at one birth. They were apparently all alive and hearty, and of fair weight, at the time of birth—though when discovered the next morning the only male calf of the four was dead, having evidently been laid on by the mother. The remaining three are all alive and doing well, being fed by two cows. They are to be exhibited at the County Fair. A Davenport paper, speaking of this remarkable instance of bovine fecundity, says:—"We challenge any country to beat Iowa in *anything* in the way of productions, but we now send out a special challenge to all the sukeys in creation to beat this. Iowa is head, Scott county is ahead, and Buffalo township is *considerably* ahead."

COUNTY FAIRS.—We gave quite a list of New York County Fairs last week, and now add the following:—Orleans Co., at Albion, Sept. 6th and 7th; Oswego Co., at Oswego Falls, Sept. 25th, 26th, and 27th. [There are two Societies in Oswego claiming to be *the* Oswego Co. Ag. Society—one is to hold its Fair as above, and the other at Mexico, Sept. 18—20, as heretofore announced.]

SHEEP *vs.* DOG.—In a recent trial, in Ohio, the owner of a sheep-killing dog was fined $150 damages. The dog was not caught in the act of stealing sheep, nor seen inside of the sheep pasture; but he was seen in the woods near by, and as the owner knew he was a night prowler, if not a sheep-stealer, the jury founded their verdict on strong circumstantial evidence. The precedent is a good one.

REAPING MACHINES ON THE PRAIRIES.—The Chicago Times and Herald says that an idea of the amount of ground in wheat, may be gathered from the statement of a responsible gentleman of Janesville, who says that, with the assistance of a spyglass, he saw one hundred and forty-six reapers at work at one time. This is on the line of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad.

TARTAR CAMELS FOR UTAH.—Fifteen Tartar Camels (two humped) recently arrived in San Francisco from the Amoor River, and are to be used in transporting goods in Utah. They are said to be large, healthy animals, capable of carrying 1,000 pounds each.

GOOD YIELD OF WHEAT.—Among the many handsome crops of wheat recently reported, we learn that F. P. ROOT, Esq., of Sweden, in this county, has harvested one hundred acres that will yield about 30 bushels to the acre

FAIRS NEXT WEEK.—The United States, at Cincinnati; Illinois State, Jacksonville; Tennessee, Nashville; Vermont, Burlington. See list of Fairs in RURAL of 1st inst.

PICKING AND TRANSPORTING FRUITS.

On this subject we have spoken quite freely, and yet not more so than its importance demands. We are now in the height of our peach season. Crawford's Early are now coming in freely, and many cars are loaded every day for the Eastern market. We have taken some pains to observe the manner in which they are picked and put up, and have no hesitation in saying that one third of their value is lost either by ignorance or carelessness in packing and putting up. The greater portion are picked too early—before they attain proper color or flavor, and this they never will attain afterwards. An experienced person knows just when a peach can be picked with safety. If it has a soft plump look, and emits a delicate fragrance, then it is ready, although it may feel as hard as a stone. But this course would cause *trouble*—the grower would have to go over the same trees several times, picking those each day that were in the proper condition. But, by the old system, the tree can be stripped at once, and thus much time and trouble saved; and as our shippers do not reject these immature samples, there is nothing to reward the careful grower, while the careless receive a premium for want of honesty or want of care. One great evil of this mode of picking is that the fruit does not ripen uniformly. Some specimens in a basket commence to decay in a day after being picked, while others are hard and unfit for use. If the baskets or boxes were uniform in this repect, the dealers could dispose of them as fast as they matured, and during an over-supply many could be reserved for a day or two with great advantage and profit. But when each basket contains some fruits that will decay by keeping, all must be pushed upon the market at once. It is not strange therefore that eastern buyers suffer great inconvenience and loss, or that Western New York peaches and packers obtain a bad name. Buyers should require careful and uniform packing, and pay for the necessary labor. The interests of both parties and of the trade require this. The Albany *Journal* says that the daily receipts of peaches at that city by the Central Railroad will average forty tons, which is equal to a thousand packages. Of these, about thirty tons are sent to New York, four tons to Boston, and the rest are left at Albany and vicinity.

AUTUMNAL BEARING STRAWBERRIES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I notice in your last number a statement by Mr. Z. Morse, of Wyoming, N. Y., that "last year Burr's Pine Strawberry blossomed from the middle of August to the middle of October," and he asked, "if he had a staminate to fertilize them, might he not have a considerable second crop?" and desires to know if you can mention a staminate that blossoms so late that he may try the experiment. Mr. M. is perfectly correct as to this twice-bearing character of Burr's Pine, which it possesses in common with several other varieties. I have so stated in my Catalogues for several years, and you will see in my present edition, page 8, where, in describing the "*Superlative*," I say:—"A seedling of Burr's Pine, superior to it in productiveness and vigor, and like that, produces a moderate second crop in September, if irrigated." The "Perfumed Pine," another seedling of Burr's Pine, possesses, I presume, the same character, and is a very great improvement on its parent in size, flavor, productiveness, and hardihood. The other late flowering varieties, producing an autumnal crop when irrigated, or when the season is moist, are the Prolific Hautbois, old Swainstone, and the Running and Bush Alpines of the eight varieties enumerated in my Catalogue. It may be a question whether the pollen of the Alpines would blend with Burr's Pine, which is of the *Fragaria Virginiana* species; but it is probable that the Prolific Hautbois would blend, and the old Swainstone would most certainly fertilize, as it is of the same species as Burr's Pine. This variety would, therefore, be a *positive reliance*. It is possible that the pollen of the several European species may so far fertilize the flowers of the American species and varieties as to influence the production of fruit; but it is a fact which I have positively proven, that the seed cannot be fertilized, as no hybrid plant has ever been produced. This production of autumnal crops is perfectly feasible by bestowing the requisite attention, and I have known very considerable quantities of Burr's Pine, and of the Superlative, and of the Prolific Hautbois, sent to the markets during the autumn, and have also seen the Prolific Hautbois exhibited in September and October, in considerabe quantities at our Horticultural Fairs. Wm. R. Prince.

Flushing, N. Y., Aug., 1860.

Remarks.—The growing of a few berries for exhibition, or as a matter of curiosity for the amateur, is well enough, but as a matter of profit it is not worth attention. We have several varieties bearing a few flowers at the present time.

BUILDINGS AND FRUIT FOR THE WEST.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Your subscribers seems to be asking favors of you, and I will do the same. You have many plans of fine buildings in your paper and they are very convenient, but mostly unsuitable for us western farmers from their costliness. Such buildings would cost three times as much here as with you, and a farm worth three or four thousand dollars would not afford a house and barn costing as much more. I have several works on architecture, not one of which has a sett of buildings suiting me for a home on a choice western farm. Allen in his *Rural Architecture* has one or two, but I don't like style and appearance; neither are the arrangements convenient. I would like to see the plans and perspective of a small compact cottage containing three or four rooms down and two rooms up stairs, with suitable closets, and attached to which was a neat wood shed and out-houses—the cottage and attachments to be on the Italian style, or Gothic would answer. Also a neat compact barn of small size, to correspond with the above. The representations in the first number of this year suit me nearer than anything I have yet seen; but it is altogether too expensive, and could not be built here for much less than three thousand dollars, if it could for that. I want something that I can put up for one thousand two hundred dollars, all complete, barn and all. This is the first favor I have asked during the five years that I have been a subscriber.

I see you have had quite an excitement relating to *Dwarf Pears*. I wish some one would give their experience relating to the same here on our western prairies. I obtained mine from our nurserymen, who recommended them highly as coming from the neighborhood of Rochester, but with all the care and mulching that I could give them they died a natural death. They looked black and the bark badly cracked. But I intend visiting your neighborhood and looking for myself, as I am not yet wholly discouraged. I also obtained from New York thirty-three Heart cherries, four years ago last spring. I set them out carefully and took extra pains with them, but I have only six left, three of which have died down to the stump and again sprouted. They don't, any of them, look thrifty. I have one May Duke which seems to be doing well.

Canton, Fulton Co., Ill., 1860. H. Gardiner.

Remarks.—We commend the above to our readers of experience in the Great West.

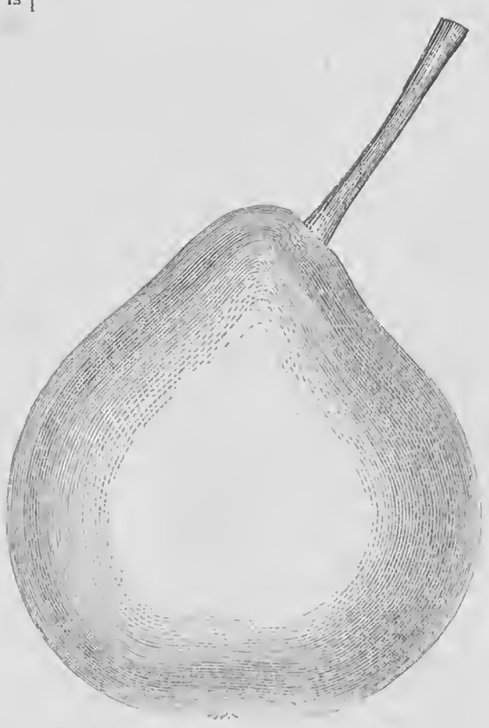
PEAR CULTURE.—THE TYSON.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In your paper of June 2d, you give a description of the *Tyson*, which you say is "very tardy in fruiting on the pear root." Now, I wish to give you the result of my experience. In the spring of 1858 I planted, among others, a *Tyson* pear tree of three years' growth from the bud. I have just gathered from that tree 73 mature pears, the largest of which measures 6⅜ inches in circumference, and the smallest 5¾ inches. The weight of the whole is 10¼ pounds. I have, also, some Bartletts on trees of the same age, planted at the same time, that measure 9¼ inches in circumference, by 5¼ inches in length, from root of stem to center of calyx.

I am but a beginner in fruit culture, and to me these facts seem quite encouraging; but whether I have done well or otherwise, I leave for those to decide who have had more experience in the matter.

I forgot to mention above, what I consider to be quite essential, that my *Tyson* pear tree is growing finely. Several shoots, which I have measured, having made a growth of 32 inches each, in length, of strong, healthy wood, this season. W. Scott Hicks.

Bristol, Ont. Co., N. Y., Aug., 1860.



BEURRE AUDUSSON PEAR.

Among the pears ripening about the last of August we had the pleasure of examining and tasting a variety which had not before come under our special notice, the *Beurre Audusson*. We had heard it described, and Mr. Downing says it is "not very fine in flesh, rather juicy, not melting or delicate in flavor." It proved, however, better than we were led to expect, being very juicy, sweet, and of good flavor. The engraving shows the form; the skin is yellow in the shade, but nearly covered with deep red, and with small dots of a still deeper color. The tree is moderately vigorous and seems to be productive.

Inquiries and Answers.

Black Raspberry.—I wish to inquire of you, or some one of your numerous correspondents, if Black Raspberries will pay for general cultivation in the central part of this State? Also, will wild plants do as well as those purchased at the nurseries? How soon will they come into bearing, and what is the usual yield per acre?—W. F. S., *Camden, N. Y.*, 1860.

We have more than a score of readers that grow the Black Raspberry for market, and quite largely. We hope one, at least, will answer these queries. The Black Cap is quite popular among our fruit growers and dealers, and is a favorite with the ladies for preserves and jams. They are also perfectly hardy, growing an abundant crop, and bearing almost as soon as planted. In obtaining plants from the fields, some will prove good and productive, but others worthless.

American and Houghton's Seedling Gooseberries.—Will you please inform me and others, through the Rural, if the American Seedling and Houghton's Seedling Gooseberries are not one and the same? In old catalogues, it is called Houghton's American Seedling, but in late editions they are classed under different heads. Is it not "a trick of the trade," calculated to confuse cultivators and sell plants?—Amateur, *West Bloomfield, N. J.*

The American Seedling is different from Houghton's. It makes a stronger and more upright growth. The American is an old variety found in many old gardens in almost all parts of the country. Its origin, we believe, is unknown. At first there was some confusion on the subject, and hence the fact to which our correspondent alludes.

Grapes, &c., for Minnesota.—My object in subscribing for your paper is to learn what I can of farming and horticulture, as applicable to this northern latitude. I would ask, particularly, if grapes can be grown as far north as this, either in New York, Maine, or Canada? Put the question to your subscribers, and let them answer; and if so, what variety is best? Will you also answer what is the best time for setting out strawberries in northern latitudes, and best method of preparing ground, how much may be raised per acre, and how long before the vines will bear a crop? There is one other question I am specially anxious to have answered. Will Chinese Hemp seed mature so far north as this in other sections?—I. W. M., *St. Paul, Minn.*, 1860.

Some of the hardier varieties of grapes would, no doubt, succeed in Minnesota. The Clinton, the Northern Muscadine, and the Concord, we would recommend for trial. Perhaps some of our readers in Minnesota have had experience with these and other varieties. We were informed by a gentleman in Wisconsin that the Delaware will endure as much cold in the winter as the Clinton. The latter part of August and early in September will answer for planting strawberries, but we would cover the plants in the winter. Early in the spring they may be planted without any risk. If planted the latter part of summer, they give a small crop the next summer, but if planted in the spring, there is no fruit until the following season. A bed of strawberries is of but little account after three years old.

Stocks for Budding, &c.—At what size or age should peach, cherry, and plum seedlings be grafted or budded, and at what season of the year? What kind of apple is the Ind. Rareripe, as I bought a lot of trees of an agent of Hooker, Farley & Co. a year ago last fall, and there were two of that name in the lot?—H. C. Turley, *Zanesville, Cooper Co., Mo.*, 1860.

Peach stones, if planted early in the spring, in a good soil, will produce plants fit to bud in the summer, and they should be planted in rows where they are to stand until ready for transplanting or sale. Cherry and plum seeds may be planted in the spring in beds, and the next autumn or the following spring they should be set out in rows for budding, and in most cases, if well taken care of, they will be fit to bud as soon as the buds are formed in the summer. The better way is to take up the stocks in the fall, and keep them in the cellar, and set them out in rows in the spring. The time for budding each species or class of fruits depends upon its habits of growth. Such as cease to grow early in the season, must be budded early, because it can only be done while the stocks are in a free, growing state, full of sap. Such as grow until late in the autumn must be budded late, otherwise the new layers of wood formed after the insertion of the bud, would grow over and destroy it, or the bud would be forced into a premature growth toward autumn, which in fruit trees should always be avoided. We know nothing of the "Ind. Rareripe" apple.

Shipping Peaches.—(C. A. H., *Scipioville, N. Y.*)—Plums may be shipped to New York city from Central and Western New York. They bear shipping better than peaches, if picked before becoming soft, and need no extra packing or care. They may be sent in peach or other baskets, holding about a bushel. The dark plums and Damsons, for preserving, shippers prefer.

Transplanting Hardy Trees.—(A. H., *Fountain, Minn.*)—Autumn is a good time for planting hardy trees. Some think a tree, immediately after transplanting, is not as well able to endure a hard winter as if planted the previous spring, but on this point we need proof.

Horticultural Notes.

Fruits Received.—From H. E. Stephens, North Chili, two varieties of pears, taken from old trees, one of them grafted twenty-five years ago. They are sweet, but rather dry. We have seen these varieties growing in old orchards, but never could ascertain their origin or name. We had an opportunity to show these to Mr. Charles Downing, who was as much in the dark as ourselves. They had not been brought to his notice before. While we have so many better varieties ripening at the same season, they are not worthy of cultivation, though they are as good as many of the new sorts.

— From Hon. Samuel Miller, Rochester, specimens of a seedling peach, which was first noticed and figured in the columns of the Rural in 1857. It is supposed to be from the Early Ann.

— From R Mattison, a fine basket of pears, mostly Bartletts, from that "extensive pear orchard" which we visited last summer, and described in the Rural of August 6th. Mr. M. says he has not seen a particle of blight in his orchard this year, and the trees are bearing well.

— From Elihu Wanzer, Pittsford, N. Y., two magnificent peaches, measuring over ten inches in circumference, and weighing nearly ten ounces.

— From Richard Waffles, Gates, N. Y., a fine half dozen peaches, of great size and beauty, the largest measuring some ten inches in circumference.

Catalogues Received.—From C. W. Grant, Iona, near Peekskill, N. Y., "Descriptive Catalogue of Vines, etc., with Explanatory Remarks and Indications for Cultivation." This is a well printed catalogue of over fifty large pages, containing descriptions of all the new hardy grapes, with full directions for planting, training, and pruning, in which the different systems are explained; also, the best methods of building trellis, protecting in cold latitudes, &c. The subject is well treated, and, by the aid of some thirty illustrations, is made both interesting and plain.

Horticultural Visits.—The present is a favorable time for those who wish to see Rochester, in its beauty, to pay us a visit. We were favored, the past week, with calls from several of our horticultural friends from abroad. Among the number, we take pleasure in naming Charles Downing, of Newburgh, whom everybody loves to see and hear; C. W. Grant, the Iona Island grape grower; T. W Field, Esq., the Secretary of the American Pomological Society; and Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago. Mr. W. is planting fruit and flowers extensively, on his large farm near Chicago, and came to see and learn. We hope for an opportunity to return the latter call sometime, and before this note is in the hands of our readers, we shall have seen most of our friends on the Hudson.

Treating the Peach.—I send you my experience, for many years, in treating peach trees. When I set out a peach tree, I make a trench about it that will hold about one gallon of water. I keep it well watered until I think it has fully taken root, so as to support itself. I keep this trench open, and clear of grass and weeds, and every week or two fill it with soap suds from the wash tub, the hotter the better. My trees are in a flourishing condition. I have remarked that, on the neglect of some trees, they showed the curled leaf, but on a regular supply of the soap suds, their health was restored.—Philo de la Peche, *Franklin, Bradford Co., Pa.*, 1860.

Pomological Meetings.—The American Pomologicol Society commences its session, at Philadelphia, on the 11th inst. We shall attend, and present our readers with a full report of the proceedings. The Fruit Growers Society of Western New York holds its Autumn Session at the Court House, in Rochester, on the 24th and 25th of this month.

A Fine Tomato.—I send you a tomato weighing twenty-four and one-half ounces. It is of a variety (new to me) called Fejee Island. They are usually very smooth and well shaped—rich, dark red, and, I think, much superior in sweetness and flavor to the ordinary red tomato, and ripen a little earlier. They are of peculiarly solid flesh—in that respect, quite superior.—S. Boughton, *Pittsford, N. Y.*, 1860.

The Syrian Hedge Plant.—You will remember those seeds I wrote you about some time last year—the Syrian Hedge. From the seeds I now have some very fine plants, about six inches high. They answer the description had of Mr. Scarborough, who collected the seeds on the mountains of Syira, in the spring of 1858. The young plants look extremely beautiful—the leaves a little like those of the Fringa Tree. The young thorns are about one inch long, and very sharp. They also look very ornamental, and, judging from the present indications, will make the most desirable hedge for a northern latitute ever yet known—W. H. White, *Dubuque, Iowa*

PICKLING RIPE TOMATOES, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a previous number I noticed a call for a recipe for pickling ripe tomatoes, from an experienced housekeeper. I do not consider myself as such, but I will pen mother's, which she thinks is excellent. Select handsome-sized tomatoes, wash them, then prick them with a fork, and lay them in dry salt twenty-four hours. Soak them in equal quantities of vinegar and water for twenty-four hours. Take them out, lay them down in a crock with sliced onions,—first a layer of tomators, and then onions, with cinnamon, cloves, and brown sugar, and then cover the whole with good cider vinegar.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Take green tomatoes, (they are best when nearly full grown,) slice and scald them in salt and water with the addition of a little alum, until they begin to be tender; skim them out and put them in a stone or glass jar. Take enough good vinegar to cover them, and to every quart add one pound of sugar, and spice to suit the taste. Scald them together and pour over the tomatoes, while hot. Try them and you will find they are delicious.

Tomato Catsup.—Four quarts of peeled tomatoes; 1 pint of vinegar; 3 tablespoons of salt; 2 of black pepper; 3 of ground mustard; 1 of red pepper. Miss Dora.

Clyde, N. Y., 1860.

TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM LINEN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Seeing in your paper of Aug. 11th, an inquiry how to take mildew out of linen, I will inform the querist how I have often removed it. Mix soft soap and salt together, in equal quantities, and rub on the damaged places; lay it out on the grass exposed to sun and rain. If the mildew does not wholly disappear with one application, try the same again. This process will remove the worst cases of mildew.—Nella, *Westfield, N. Y.*, 1860.

In reply to J. W. M's inquiry relative to taking mildew out of linen, I would say that I have had very good success in extracting it from either cotton or linen, by soaking the cloth in strong ley 3 or 4 days, and then exposing it to the sun the same length of time. Care should be taken at this season of the year not to allow much exposure to rain or dew, lest new spots will take the place of the old ones.—H. B., *North White Creek.*

If J. W. M., who inquired in a late number of the Rural how to take mildew out of linen—will take the cloth when it is dry, and saturate mildewed spots thoroughly with soft soap, and then lay it in the bright sun until dry, she will probably be satisfied with the result. In some cases it may be necessary to repeat the process.—Mrs. P. V. Clarke, *Wadham's Mills, N. Y.*, 1860.

Care of Oil-Cloth.—Please inform me of the proper mode of using oil-cloth carpeting,—how it should be cleaned, and whether it needs oiling afterwards; if so, what kind.—G. D. J.

When an oil-cloth begins to lose its brightness of coloring, we have found a coat of varnish the best thing for the process of restoration. Cleanse by washing the surface. We have never heard of any application of oil.—Eds.

Black Ants.—Is there anything which will drive away *Black Ants?* They are in our cupboards, pantries, cellar,—everywhere there is anything for a black ant to devour. Can you, or some contributor, prescribe any remedy?—Antiquary, *Winsor, Conn.*, 1860.

Camphor, sprinkled where the ants "most do congregate," is said to prove effectual.

Mock Cream.—Beat three eggs, thoroughly; add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and pour into a pint and a half of boiling milk. Sugar to suit the taste; one salt-spoonful of salt; and flavor with rose water, or extract of lemon. This may be used for cream cakes, or pastry.—Gene, *Home, N. Y.*, 1860.

Impression Paper.—Take a piece of foolscap, oil it well upon one side,—smoke it evenly and thoroughly over a lamp till it is *completely blackened.* I have a volume of leaf impressions taken with such paper—equally as well as if taken by paper manufactured in any other way.—H. N. W.

Coloring Red.—Can any contributor for the Rural inform me how to get a permanent red on cotton goods?—H. B., *North White Creek*, 1860.

Horticultural Advertisements.

WM. R. PRINCE & CO., FLUSHING, N. Y., can send Strawberry Plants and Small Bulbs, per mail, when so desired.

FOR SALE—50,000 PEACH TREES and other *Nursery Stock.* Send for a *Descriptive Catalogue*, giving plain directions for their proper treatment—*gratis.*
556 WILLIAM PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

GRAPES.—C. W. Grant's new Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue of Vines, &c., with explanatory remarks and indications for Cultivation is now ready and may be obtained by forwarding two three-cent Postage Stamps, to
C. W. GRANT,
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Dansville, N. Y., 1860. BRISPOL & WILLIAMS.

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August, 1860. 554-9t

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New Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of
Hyacinths,
Liliums,
Tulips, &c., &c.
Comprising the largest assortment ever offered.
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FROST & CO., Proprietors, offer for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, one of the largest stocks of STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, Small Fruits, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Plants, &c., in the United States. The Grounds at the present time contain over
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES,
devoted entirely to the cultivation of Trees and Plants.
The stock is so extensive in the different departments, that they are enabled to furnish the entire orders of their correspondents of the different kinds, of the best quality, and at the lowest market prices. Trees and Plants are packed in such a manner that they will reach the more distant parts of the United States in perfect condition.
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The following Catalogues contain full particulars of the stock in the different departments, and will be furnished gratis to all applicants who enclose a postage stamp for each:
No. 1—*Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.*
No. 2—*Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.*, for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861.
No. 3—*Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Green-House and Bedding Plants.*
No. 4—*Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List*, for Nurserymen and Dealers, and others who may wish to buy in large quantities, for Autumn of 1860.
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THE GREAT AUSTIN SHAKER SEEDLING STRAWBERRY.
The Largest Strawberry in the World!
Amateurs consider this Seedling the greatest acquisition to our small fruits ever introduced. A monster in size, wonderfully prolific, and of the finest flavor. For particulars, see Genesee Farmer of July. We are now prepared to take orders and deliver plants in rotation, as ordered, at $4,00 per dozen, or $25,00 per hundred. Address either CHAUNCY MILLER, Albany, N. Y., Shaker Trustee, or WM. S. CARPENTER, 468 Pearl St., New York.

We, the undersigned, having ordered largely of the plants of the Austin, with an assurance that our money would be refunded if not satisfied after seeing the plants, were induced to go to Watervliet, the Shaker Settlement, where the Austin is fruiting, beg leave to report, That we found the Austin growing in the most common way, in masses, and not in hills, without any particular care, and suffering much from drought, yet the great productiveness and uniform large size, fine flavor and beautiful appearance of this berry, induces us to consider the Austin the greatest acquisition to our small fruits. We found it averaging considerably larger than any variety under cultivation and wonderfully prolific. You will therefore please to increase our orders and forward the same as soon as convenient.
John C. Thompson, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, N. Y., 1,000 plants.
James L. Lockwood, Stamford, Ct., 125 plants.
Edwin Bishop, Stamford, 100 plants. 554-2teow

SMALL FRUITS.
We have an immense stock of *SMALL FRUITS*, for sale during the Autumn of 1860, and Spring of 1861.
In addition to the more common sorts of
NATIVE GRAPES,
We have over 25,000 plants of each desirable sorts as *Delaware, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, Early Northern Muscadine, Logan*, and 20 other sorts—strong vines, for out door culture. Of
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We have thirty-five sorts, one to two years old, for Hot or Cold Vineries, or for fruiting in pots.
An extensive stock of each of the common sorts of
CURRANTS,
One or two years old, and fine one year old plants of *White Grape, Victoria, Cherry*, &c. Fine and well grown
GOOSEBERRY
Plants, of the *American* and *Houghton Seedling*, which never mildew, as well as the best English sorts most suitable for this climate. A great stock of
RASPBERRIES,
Such as *Red Antwerp*, (Hudson River,) *Yellow Antwerp, Orange, Franconia, Knevett's Giant*, &c., including several thousand of the Autumn-bearing kinds, *Belle de Fontenay, Marvel of Four Seasons*, and others.
STRAWBERRIES.
The most extensive stock of saleable plants and varieties—comprising over sixty sorts—in the Union. Fine
BLACKBERRIES,
New Rochelle and *Dorchester*, in large quantities. Also,
FIGS, FILBERTS, AND MULBERRIES.
All orders, either for large or small quantities, will be executed with care and dispatch.
Catalogues containing description, with prices at retail, and No. 4 Catalogue, offering plants in large quantities sent on application containing a postage stamp for each.
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MAZZARD CHERRY PITS.—100 bushels, in fine order, now ready for delivery. Price $5 per bushel.
O. B. MAXWELL & CO.
Dansville, N. Y., August 8, 1860. 553-4t

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupation
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingin
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O, blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeons
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there I will keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in decay.

Atlantic Monthly.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PEAR TREES AND PEARL BUTTONS.

BY MARY J. CROSMAN.

Mrs. Martin and I have always set great store by each other, ever since we've lived neighbors,—almost as much as if we had been sisters. One April we each had two dollars, which, from certain circumstances, had a value that other dollars do not possess. I don't know that we we're particularly bewildered with so much money in hand, but its investment occasioned much anxiety and discussion,—the pith of which was simply this. The money is our own, and we'll get something ornamental instead of useful, because, of necessity, we always did the latter.

This, that, and the other thing, was talked of. We went to Mr. J——'s jewelry store,—to Mr. D——'s dry good's store,—to Mr. C——'s crockery store,—but, somehow, we were hard to suit, and to narrate our various exercises would be as lengthy, uninteresting, and fruitless as Legislative proceedings sometimes are. Finally, one balmy afternoon, when robin songs trilled and quavered in the air, and earth's pulses beat quickly with developing life and beauty, John Jones came along from the nursery, ten miles distant, his wagon heavily laden with shade trees, fruit trees, and the like. Mrs. Martin's two dollars found their way into the worn, rusty wallet—eight of his pear trees found *their* way into her little fruit yard, and two mountain ash trees, which John threw in, cast their shadows over her front gate.

Mrs. Le Rue was spending the day with me. She was a bright, gay, cheerful little French woman, who had seen better days; but in the city of Philadelphia, from good health and good business her husband became a rheumatic sufferer. Poverty and disease were heavy burdens to be borne together; his spirits sank, and the transfer from the city to the country did not rally him as she had hoped. He lost the comparative degree of energy once possessed, and became a kind of passive verb, subject to all moods and tenses that can accompany the masculine gender. Poor man! he was to be pitied—and his wife pardoned, if, sometimes, a few Phillippic-like statements slipped off her voluble tongue.

She had brought up a set of pearl buttons for me to purchase. "Madam might have them for two dollars—so very cheap—they cost very much more." I admired them—they were wrought cunningly, graduated in size, and would be so nice for a morning dress, which I purposed making of dove-colored silk,—that is, if we went to visit Henry's sister at the East, the next Autumn. They took such a hold of my fancy that I was resolved to be governed by it, rather than by the opinion or practice of somebody else.

"Why didn't *you* get something worth while," asked Henry of me that night as we stood in Mr. Martin's fruit yard. I answered by an allusion to our fences, which were quite objectionable then, but are not now, thanks to Rural teachings,—adding that my buttons would match so well with the pearl pin and buckle I was married in, which he gave me.

"A good time for them to have remembered the Missions," said Mr. Martin, referring to a habit which his wife had, and he had not.

"Our purses would be the alternative in that case," suggested Henry.

"For which you ought to be thankful," returned Mrs. Martin, for she believed that "the liberal soul should be made fat."

I would not admit, nor would I now to Henry or Mrs. Martin, that my investment was a foolish one, placed as I am, and was then; but Mrs. Le Rue's heart was lightened for a little time.

Several Autumn's have passed since that time, and Mrs. Martin's pear trees are yearly blessings. Old Mrs. Smith, who is always remembered, declares they do her more good than medicines, and poor Mr. Jones is made the happier for their delicious flavor. The minister's family forget their trials as they eat them, and the school-teacher's nooning takes a golden hue from the contents of little Sarah Jone's dinner-basket. Little hands move quickly and bright eyes glisten to the answer of—"Won't you pleathe to give me a pear?" And, in addition, two dollars at least are yearly given to the Missions from the proceeds of the fruit.

Yesterday, as Henry came in from Mr. Martin's with his hands full of the ripe fruit, he said, in his droll, significant way,—"*Pear Trees, or Pearl Buttons,—which afford the most pleasure?*"

Alexander, Genesee Co., N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PERPETUAL DREAMERS.

Did you ever see one, reader? They may be found in every walk of life, among all classes of people, rich and poor, learned and unlearned. They go to bed dreaming, and they get up dreaming; they go about their work dreaming, dream while reading, dream while talking, dream while riding, walking, eating,—in fact, they are always dreaming. This class always seem to be very busy, yet they never really do anything but *dream*. They begun dreaming before they went to school, dreamed while at school, dreamed when they left school, and they dream yet. They dream of accomplishing that which has not yet been commenced,—they dream of reward without merit, and they dream of merit without an effort.

I have seen one dream out a very good plan to obtain an object desired; but before he commenced acting on his plan, a dream of something better would take possession of his brain, and he would go on dreaming, and re-dreaming, until it was too late to obtain the object at all. I have seen the mother, with a half dozen little prattlers around her, so busily dreaming that she did not know

"They were engaged, one and all,
Sketching pictures on the wall,"

I have seen the father so much engaged building some "castle in the air," that he did not know one of his mischievous little ones had relieved him of his spectacles, had transferred them to her own head, and was trying to read by their aid a paper held in his own hand. I have seen the sister, so "wrapt" in some fanciful theory of her own, that when her brother inquired for certain articles he desired, even though held in her own hand, she did not know where they were, but went about searching for them. I have seen the countenance of the dreamer lighted up by a smile, which seemed to say, "It works well;" then, again, I have seen his countenance darkened by a frown which read, "It will not do." Indeed, you can trace almost all the emotions of the mind in the countenance of the dreamer.

We all have our abstracted moment, but save us from *perpetual dreaming*. We do not want to live in an *ideal* world—surrounded by *ideal* friends, and enjoying *ideal* comforts. We want the *realities* of life; we want to know "whereof we affirm." One has called these dreamers "*happy fools*,"—living in the enjoyment of their own fanciful creations. But will they not awake to the reality that they are spending their time for naught,—that there is *real* pleasure in knowing what we are, where we are, and what labor it is our duty to perform? Amie Neal.

Wellington, Ohio, 1860.

"ONLY ONE LEFT."

"Only one left." These are the words of a mother who has lately followed to the grave a little form that was more precious than herself; a form that death envied, and so changed into marble. We know how grevious a thing it is to hide our jewels in the dust. We cling to them with all the tenacity that love engenders; we claim them as all our own, and often dispute the Creator's right to them. But if we would remember that they are merely loaned to us, how much easier would it be to part with them. We might indeed sigh and weep to give them up, but there would be no snapping of heart-strings, no insufferable pangs, no terrible desolation.

"Only one left." Then let your affections concentrate upon him. You cannot benefit the dead—then seek to benefit the living. He is a noble boy, and will make a man worthy of the name, if you direct his young mind aright. Perhaps He, who watches over us all, saw that he needed all your care, and so took the rest away. Too much time cannot be spent upon a single soul. Eternity lies at the end of the path in which the boy has begun to walk. Be this reflection unto you a constant monitor, and a ceaseless inspiration.

"Only one left." And do you murmur? They might all have been taken. More mercy has been shown to you than to many others. There are many Rachels who weep over the loss of an entire household—will you repine who have one idol left? You must not. It is base to do it. You insult the Almighty while you repine. He knew what was best for you. Receive His chastenings graciously, if you care for His benefits.

"Only one left." One immortal spirit. One pledge of affection. One staff on which to lean. One joy. One consolation. Knows your heart no arithmetic? Counts it a unit of so little value? Mother! Mother! Be content. That little one shall be to you an increasing source of pleasure, if you will but train his infant feet to walk in the pleasant ways of wisdom.

"Only one left." Wait but a little and you shall have them all.—*Anson G. Chester.*

The hatreds and disgusts that there are behind friendship, relationship, service, and, indeed, proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkest spots upon earth.—*Friends in Council.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"BY-AND-BY."

BY J. W. BARKER.

"Boast not of to-morrow."

There's a little mischief maker
That is stealing half our bliss,
Sketching pictures in a *dream-land*
That are never seen in this;
Dashing from our lips the pleasure
Of the present, while we sigh;
You may know this mischief maker,
For his name is "By-and-By."

He is sitting by our hearthstones,
With his sly, bewitching glance,
Whispering of the coming morrow
As the social hours advance;
Loitering 'mid our calm reflections,
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;—
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,
This *enchanter*, "By-and-By"

You may know him by his wincing,
By his careless, sportive air;
By his sly, obtrusive presence,
That is straying everywhere;
By the trophies that he gathers
Where his sombre victims lie;
For a bold, determined fellow,
Is this *conqueror*, "By-and-By."

When the calls of duty haunt us,
And the present seems to be
All of time that ever mortals
Snatch from dark eternity,
Then a fairy hand seems painting
Pictures on a distant sky;
For a cunning little artist
Is the *fairy*, "By-and-By."

"By-and-by" the wind is singing;
"By-and-by" the heart replies;
But the phantom, just before us,
Ere we grasp it, ever flies.
List not to the idle charmer,
Scorn the very specious lie,
Only in the *fancy* liveth
This *deceiver*, "By-and-By."

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"THEY SAY."

Convenient words,—*important* words in common parlance. "They" is made to represent persons indefinitely and indiscriminately. Indeed, as a relative word, its chief peculiarity consists in the difficulty which we encounter in endeavoring to ascertain what does and what does not constitute its true antecedent. We have called them *convenient* words; and they are especially so to the scandal-monger; who, fearing to slander on his own responsibility, or wishing to confirm his malicious report, is sure to commence his onslaught against his neighbor's reputation with the phrase "they say," thereby rendering it a refuge for lies, which must otherwise be traced to himself. He who thus shields himself by this term, though less defiant than the open slanderer, is no less pernicious.

We are justified in giving credence to a report in proportion to the number and veracity of the witnesses who testify; but we are apt to forget that a person must be personally acquainted with the facts, in order to be really a witness. It frequently occurs that a number of persons of respectability and veracity testify essentially to the same thing; but if questioned with regard to the *source* of their information, they are found to have received it from report; and in tracing the rumor to its starting point, we find it originated in the mouth of some evil-disposed person, totally unworthy of our confidence.

In courts of law, however plausible a testimony may appear, and even when against a notorious criminal, if the testifier have no other authority for his declaration than "they say," it will not be received as truth. Yet the innocent are arraigned at the tribunal of slander, to answer for crimes they never committed, and on a mere *on dit* are banished from society and disinherited of their social rights.

The same Law-giver who has said "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not kill," has also said, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor;" and he that is so wicked as to "stab his neighbor's reputation," or "rob him of good name," because the civil law is not subtile enough to prevent him, would despoil him of his possessions or remorselessly thrust a dagger into his heart, did the same law impose no penalty for robbery and murder. In the sight of Heaven, it is as sinful to rob one of his honor as to purloin his wealth. Well has the poet said,

——"who steals my purse steals trash;
But he who filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

Look at the slanderer's head and heart, when all the powers and passions are assembled in "secret conclave against innocence and virtue." See Envy exulting in the prospect of a neighbor's calamity; Malice and Hatred eager to infuse the poison of antipathy; while Pride, Vanity, and Selfishness combine to consummate the diabolical enterprise. We can compare a person possessed of such a disposition to nothing but a scorpion, that waits to sting the unsuspecting traveler; or the deadly Upas, that diffuses its fatal poison through the atmosphere. Diogenes, the Cynic philosopher, being asked of which beast the bite was the most dangerous, immediately replied, "If you mean *wild* beasts, it is the slanderer's; if *tame*, the flatterer's!"

There are many who, unable to acquire distinction by their own merit, resort to gossip, and cast aspersions upon those more worthy than themselves, as a means of procuring notoriety. And when idle and mischievous persons, ever on the alert for scandal, swarm around them, like carrion flies attracted by the scent of corruption, they fancy themselves highly respected; and appear not to know that the esteem of none but the honorable can honor them. Let no one accept it as a proof of his worthiness, because he has attentive listeners while rehearsing a tale of scandal; for

"Slander, that worst of poisons, ever finds
An easy entrance to ignoble minds."

J. G. Webb.

Wheeler, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1860.

THE HARVEST.

The song of the harvest is everywhere. Its notes fall sweetly upon the ear, as they float over the prairie; away there, just subsiding, and away there, just beginning; and so they will pass the strain along, till the music has been wafted round the world. Along "down the river," the gleaners are out after the reapers; the golden cones are rising here and there, or the grain is dashing down like a mountain torrent, amid the cloudy tempest of the thresher. The music has floated up from the south, has come over to us from Iowan fields, and down from Wisconsin, and across from Michigan, and up from Ohio. And every syllable of the song is Saxon; it needs neither lexicon nor interpreter; it is the great lyric of the age.

And these are but random notes from the great tune they are everywhere singing. If we are not the most grateful people in the world, it will only be because we are a nation of utter ingrates. With a land dimpled with valleys that might have been hollowed for Eden, and smiling with prairies, just ready to laugh out aloud, we wonder sometimes what infatuation it is that keeps men the prisoners of cities, the only part of this beautiful world that God did not make, when they can be so independent, so care-free, so strong in hand, and heart, striding forth to the sowing, or panting after the reaper, on their own broad acres. The sun that only burns the brows of other men, turns the work of their hands to glory and gold. The rains that bring discomfort to other men, are beating the reveille of life and plenty for them. The clouds, that only fleck the blue or hide the day from other eyes, have richest freights consigned to fields their hands have plowed. The snow that seems a cold, white shroud to other men, is a downy mantle for their fall-sown grain. Each month throughout the year, comes with errands and gifts to them, and there is not a Judas in all the twelve.

That our great progenitor should have been a gardener, is to us no mystery at all; but that such direct, such child-like appeals to Nature's generous bosom for life's best gifts, should have been set aside for books and bustling crowds, and men prefer her offerings "second hand," will forever remain a marvel. The gold of the mine is dross compared with the gold of the grain, and there is no authorship so grand as that which writes over thousands of acres the legible language of plenty.

It seems to us that the prairies were cleared by the God of Nature, and held in reserve away in the West, and girded round about with forests and lakes, to recall man from the store, the shop, the office, and give glow to his cheek, strength to his sinews, health to his pulses, and gifts to his garners. If the millenium ever comes, it will be when there are fewer lawyers and physicians, and merchants and editors, and a world full of farmers and gardeners. We rather think, though at present wanting any direct evidence on the subject, that Paradise will reappear where it was found at first, in some glorious garden or other. Our hopes point to the North West as an eligible spot for breaking up the old fallows again, and where the sons and daughters of the long-gone tenants of Eden may enter into the latter-day inheritance.—*B. F. Taylor.*

LITTLE AND PRECIOUS.

Everything is beautiful when it is little, except souls; little pigs, little lambs, little birds, little kittens, little children. Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered Paradise than anything we know of. Little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment. Little words are the sweetest to hear, and little charities fly furthest, and stay the longest on the wing. Little lakes are the stillest, little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when Nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she maks it little; little pearls, little diamonds, little dews.

Agur's is a model prayer, but then it is a little prayer, and the burden of the petition is for little. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but the last dedication discourse was an hour. The Roman said *veni, vidi, vici*—I came—saw—conquered—but dispatches now-a-days are longer than the battles they tell of.

Everybody calls that little that they love best upon earth. We once heard a good sort of man speak of his little wife, and we fancied she must be a perfect *bijou* of a wife. We saw her; she weighed two hundred and ten; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what *could* she be but little?

We rather doubt the stories of great argosies of gold we sometimes hear of, because Nature deals in littles, almost altogether. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all; day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars. *Multum in parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all that we love best, hope for most, and remember longest.—*Chicago Journal.*

There is a wisdom that looks grave, and sneers at merriment; and again a deeper wisdom, that stoops to be gay as often as occasion serves, and oftenest avails itself of shallow and trifling grounds of mirth, because if we wait for more substantial ones, we seldom can be gay at all.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY LIFE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

A happy life is granted me,
With much to cheer and bless;
With Friendship's fond, endearing ties,
And Love's sweet tenderness.

Contentment at my table sits;
And ever at my side,
As guardian angels, Faith and Hope,
And Charity abide.

I envy not the worldly great,
I do not crave their gold;
For, amid all their luxury,
Some sorrow I behold.

I would not give the boon of health
For all that they enjoy,
Nor barter home's pure happiness
For pleasures that soon cloy.

I know that grief must come to me;
Already have I wept
Above that last repose, in which
The loved and loving slept.

But I indulge no vain regrets;
My heart, submissive still,
Would ever bow, with humble trust,
Unto a Father's will.

And if the Future bring with it
A weight of pain and care,
I know that strength will also come
The load to help me bear.

I will not cloud the present hour
By fears of coming woe;
Nor, mourning over blessings fled,
Those that are left forego.

Life's roses I'll not cast aside,
Because some thorns I view;
Nor spurn the mingled cup that holds
The sweet and bitter too.

And thus mine is a happy life.
Oh, may I thankful be,
That God, who watcheth over all,
Hath been so kind to me!

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

THE SORROW OF THE WORLD.

It comes upon every impenitent man sooner or later. It is the sorrow of unsatisfied desire—the hateful sorrow—the fire which does not melt, but hardens. The good which the man seeks and obtains not, troubles him; the good which he obtains, satisfies not. There is some way an ingredient in the cup of life which embitters all his bliss. All the fruit is specked or rotten at the core. The world grows a great deal of comfort for worldly men. But the sorrow!—It comes as an earthquake shock, or as a lightning's flash, or in fever's burning blood, consumption's wasting hand, ambition's guilty gain, or sensual debasements, or in having nothing for the other world. In all wasted lives remorse beats into "billowy griefs" the memories of the soul. Fiery billows, indeed! And they are here, they are there, they are everywhere! Springing from within, the growth of our own hearts—the sorrow of the world which worketh death? Shun the path.

The Goodness of God.—The Almighty has acted with the souls of men as he has with the different countries of the earth. He might have given fruits of all kinds to every land; but if every land did not require the fruits of another, there would be no fellowship maintained with the others. Hence it comes to pass, that to one he gave a superfluity of wine, to another of oil, to another cattle, to another of the fruits of the field; so that, since one gives what the other has not, and the latter supplies what the former wants, the separated lands are united by a communication of gifts. And, like different countries, the souls of saints are related to one another, by reciprocally communicating what has been imparted to them, as different counties share with one another their respective productions, they are all united together in one love.—*Gregory.*

A Thought.—When there is a thought in my heart, and I wish it to be in thine also, I seek a sound, as it were for a vehicle, by which it may pass to thee. I take a sound, and, as it were, put the thought into it. Thus I utter, and produce, and teach that thought, yet lose it not. If my thought can go forth to thee and still remain with me, cannot the Word of God do the same thing by means of the flesh which he took on him? Behold the Word of God, God with God, the Wisdom of God, remaining unceasingly with the Father, that he might proceed to us, sought the flesh, as it were a sound, and introduced himself into it. By this expedient he both proceeded to us and did not recede from the Father. *Augustine.*

Controlling the Inclination.—It is hard work to control the workings of inclination, and turn the bent of nature; but that it may be done, I know from experience. God has given us, in a measure, the power to make our own fate; and when our energies seem to demand a sustenance they cannot get—when our will strains after a path we may not follow—we need neither starve from inanition, nor stand still in despair; we have but to seek another nourishment for the mind, as strong as the forbidden food it longed to taste, and perhaps purer; and to hew out for the adventurous foot a road as direct and broad as the one Fortune has blocked up against us, if rougher than it.—*Charlotte Bronte.*

Men have worshiped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar.—*Friends in Council.*

Spice from New Books.

Traces of Past Life.

PLEASANT, both to eye and mind, is an old garden wall, dark with age, gray with lichens, green with mosses of beautiful hues and fairy elegance of form; a wall shutting in some sequestered home, far from "the din of murmurous cities vast;" a home where, as we fondly, foolishly think, Life must needs throb placidly, and all its tragedies and pettinesses be unknown. As we pass alongside this wall, the sight of the overhanging branches suggests an image of some charming nook; or our thoughts wander about the wall itself, calling up the years during which it has been warmed by the sun, chilled by the night airs and the dews, and dashed against by the wild winds of March, all of which have made it quite another wall from what it was when the trowel first settled its bricks. The old wall has a past, a life, a story; as Wordsworth finely says of the mountain, it is "familiar with forgotten years." Not only are there obvious traces of age in the crumbling mortar and the battered brick, but there are traces, not obvious except to the inner eye, left by every ray of light, every raindrop, every gust. Nothing perishes. In the wondrous metamorphosis momently going on everywhere in the universe, there is *change*, but no *loss*.

If a garden wall can lead our vagabond thoughts into such speculations as these, surely it may also furnish us with matter for our Studies in Animal Life. Those patches of moss must be colonies. Suppose we examine them. I pull away a small bit, which is so dry that the dust crumbles at a touch; this may be wrapped in a piece of paper—dirt and all—and carried home. Get the microscope ready, and now attend.

I moisten a fragment of this moss with distilled water. Any water will do as well, but the use of distilled water prevents your supposing that the animals you are about to watch were brought in it, and were not already in the moss. I now squeeze the bit between my fingers, and a drop of the contained water—somewhat turbid with dirt—falls on the glass slide, which we may now put on the microscope stage. A rapid survey assures us that there is no animal visible. The moss is squeezed again, and this time little yellowish bodies of an irregular oval are noticeable among the particles of dust and moss. Watch one of these, and presently you will observe a slow bulging at one end, and then a bulging at the other end. The oval has elongated itself into a form not unlike that of a fat caterpillar, except that there is a tapering at one end. Now a forked tail is visible; this fixes on to the glass, while the body swings to and fro. Now the head is drawn in—as if it were swallowed—and suddenly in its place are unfolded two broad membranes, having each a circle of waving *cilia*. The lifeless oval has become a living animal! You have assisted at a resuscitation, not from death by drowning, but by drying: the animal has been drowned into life!—*Studies in Animal Life, by* GEO. HENRY LEWES.

Books Received.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume X. Jerusalem—McFerrin. [8vo.—pp. 788.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—LIBERTY HALL & BRO., 8 Exchange Place, Subscription Agents.

THE CHAINBEARER; or, The Littlepage Manuscripts. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 436] New York: Wm. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO., 8 Exchange Place.

WOODS AND WATERS: or, The Saranacs and Racket. With Map of the Route and Nine Illustrations on Wood. By ALFRED B. STREET. [16mo.—pp. 345] New York: M. Doolady. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY, Arcade Hall.

COURSE OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. Arranged with Special Reference to Convenience of Recitation. By H. I. SCHMIDT, D. D., author of "History of Education: Plan of Culture and Instruction," "A Treatise on the Eucharist," etc. [12mo.—pp. 328] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

A NEW PRACTICAL AND EASY METHOD OF LEARNING THE SPANISH LANGUAGE. After the System of F. AHN, Doctor of Philosophy and Professor at the College of Neuss. First American edition, Revised and Enlarged. [pp. 149.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester STEELE, AVERY & Co.

A GREEK GRAMMAR, for Schools and Colleges. By JAMES HADLEY, Professor in Yale College. [12mo.—pp. 366] D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

VIRGIL'S AENEID: with Explanatory Notes. By HENRY S. FRIEZE, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. [16mo.—pp. 598.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

EURIPIDES. By FREDERICK A. PALEY. Vol. I. [pp. 304.] New York: Harper & Brothers.

HISTORY, THEORY, AND PRACTICE OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH. By GEORGE B. PRESCOTT, Superintendent of Electric Telegraph Lines. [12mo.—pp. 468.] Boston: Ticknor & Fields. Rochester—DEWEY.

THE BIBLE AND SOCIAL REFORM: or, the Scriptures as a Means of Civilization. By R. H. TYLER, A. M., of Fulton, N. Y. [16mo—pp. 366] Philadelphia: James Challen & Son.

A RUN THROUGH EUROPE. By ERASTUS C. BENEDICT. [12mo.—pp. 552] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OFFICER OF ZOUAVES. Translated from the French. [16mo.—pp. 317] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—DEWEY.

LIFE OF WILLIAM T. PORTER. By FRANCIS BRINLEY. [16mo.—pp. 273] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE MAGAZINES FOR SEPTEMBER.—Harper's Monthly, The Atlantic, Knickerbocker, Godey's Lady's Book, and other prominent magazines for the current month, were promptly received, (by mail and through the News Depots of L. HALL & BRO. and CHAS. CALHOUN) Harper and Godey are rich in both contents and illustrations, each maintaining superiority in its particular sphere—while the Atlantic, Knickerbocker, etc., though less attractive in externals, are replete with articles that will interest, entertain and amuse. All the popular magazines may be obtained of the dealers above named.

HALL & BRO. have the late parts of Cassell's Illustrated Family Bible and Chambers' Enclycopædia.

SISSON'S FOLIO BINDER.—This is a very neat, convenient, and useful article, for binding letters, invoices, music, etc., instantaneously. It was invented by H. T. SISSON, of Providence, and is sold by booksellers and stationers. Merchants, business men, and others who wish to bind their letters as received—as well as ladies who desire to "book" their new music—will find this Binder a long-needed desideratum. For sale by E. DARROW & BRO.,—who also have Shaver's Eraser, noticed in our last number.

A TRIP TO THE WILDERNESS.—III.

BY W. W. ELY, M. D.

THE lakes, which constitute so striking a feature of the New York Wilderness, are not only its chief attraction to the tourist, but, without them, this vast region would be, for all practical purposes, inaccessible. They are so numerous, of such nearly uniform elevation, and so related to the rivers which flow in widely different directions from the common center, that the exploration of the territory becomes not simply possible, but expeditious and pleasant. The traveler is not, therefore, obliged to wend his way through gloomy, trackless forests, but is transported from lake to lake, amid the most delightful mountain scenery, penetrating no further into woods than to cross a "carrying place," or to avail himself of a suitable camping ground during his sojourn in the neighborhood of an eligible hunting or fishing region. Any description from the pen of a tourist, of the territory in question, must accordingly relate more particularly to the scenery of which these interesting bodies of water form so large a proportion, and to the incidents from which they cannot be wholly disconnected.

By reference to the map given at the head of this page—which the enterprising "RURAL" has caused to be engraved for the purpose—a correct idea may be obtained of the relations which the principal lakes bear to each other, connecting the extreme points of the wilderness by navigable waters from the Brown Tract lakes on the southwest to the Saranac lake on the northeast.

Having already referred to the first of the series, or the Fulton lakes, we find in the northern part of Hamilton county that peculiarly shaped lake, the Raquette, whose size, central position and advantages as a rendezvous for sportsmen, invest it with special interest. This lake has an elevation of 1,731 feet above tide water, and is one of the head waters of the river of the same name which empties into the St. Lawrence. On account of its very irregular form, the size of this lake can only be approximately given. According to the State Geological Survey, its length is 14 miles, and its area covers the whole of township 40. These are over-estimates, as its area is less than half that of the township, and its length does not probably exceed ten miles. A similar uncertainty exists in regard to its circumference, which has been variously estimated from 50 to 100 miles. The lake contains about twelve islands, presents a bold, rugged shore, alternating with hilly slopes, and has several inlets favorable for deer hunting and fishing, while its pure, deep waters abound with the fine variety of trout which inhabit these inland lakes.

The term *Raquette*, (now commonly spelled Racket,) is evidently of French origin, but of its import, as applied to the lake, we were unable to obtain, from residents and others, any satisfactory explanation. As a designation for the snow shoe, and, in its primitive import, for the battledoor, it does not seem to be descriptively appropriate to the form of this irregularly shaped lake. Raquette is also a name for the Cactus, or prickly pear, and possibly may have been applied to the lake from the fancied resemblance between the form of this plant, whose oval, fleshy leaves grow one from another, and the lake in its irregular outline.

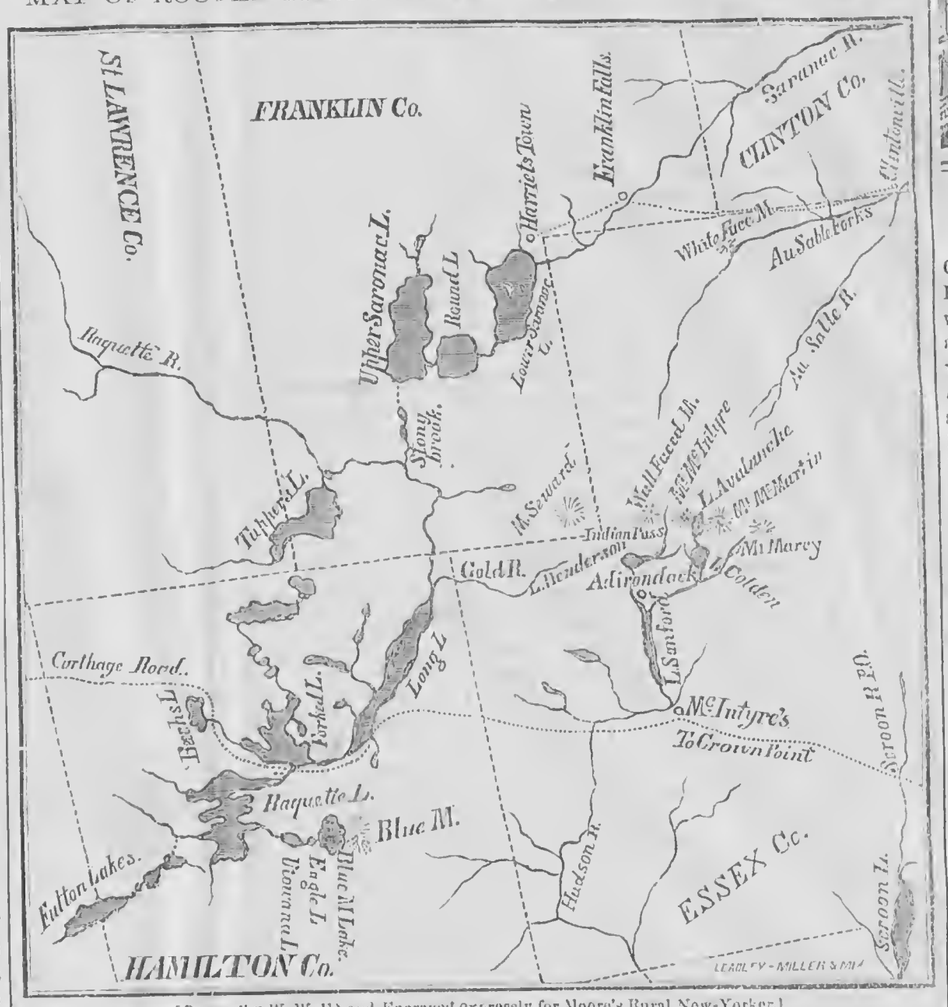
As you look out on the Raquette, or sail through its labyrinthine channels, you see but little to indicate the inroads of civilization. Four families only have taken up their residence in this township. On a central tongue of land, nearly surrounded by water, lives the venerable pioneer, now 77 years old, who has spent the last 24 years in this secluded spot. On another farm, with 30 acres of clearing, a family has resided for 16 years. The crops raised here are corn, oats, spring wheat and potatoes;—the latter have not wholly escaped the prevailing "rot." The distance from market is a discouragement to the agricultural improvement of this region. According to the census of 1855 there was but one grist mill in Hamilton county, and the residents at the Raquette are obliged to procure their flour from Crown Point, a distance of 70 miles, at an expense of about $12 per barrel. So sparse is the population of the northern part of the county, that about a dozen townships are included in the town of Long Lake, which contains 224 inhabitants in a domain of over 400 square miles. As there is no post-office in the town, the residents at the lake resort for postal accommodations to Schroon, a convenient distance of 55 miles.

To counterbalance these disadvantages, there are the enjoyments of a life of freedom, the excitements of hunting, and uninterrupted health. The lake region is free from endemic diseases. At such an elevation the air must be pure and bracing. The water is unsurpassed for clearness, softness and freshness, and the pioneer families seem to pride themselves on their practical independence of the medical faculty.

As incidental to a sojourn at the Raquette, the tourist will be tempted to make an excursion to Blue Mountain or Mt. Emmons. The distance is scarcely a day's journey by streams and lakes, with but half a mile of portage. The route passes through East Inlet, or Marion River, the small Utowana and Eagle lakes, and the larger Blue Mountain Lake of the Eckford chain. The last of the series is beautifully studded with islands, and surrounded with a bold, diversified background, which gives it a very picturesque appearance.

Blue Mountain has an elevation of 4,000 feet, and is not very difficult of ascent. The prospect

MAP OF ROUTES THROUGH THE NEW YORK WILDERNESS.



[Drawn (by W. W. E.) and Engraved expressly for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

from its wooded summit, (if you climb a tree to witness it,) well rewards the labor. The wilderness extends as far as the eye can see, and the number of visible lakes excites your astonishment. The elevated waters of the Blue Mountain lake flow with the Raquette streams to the St. Lawrence, while less than a mile south the head waters of the Hudson begin their course in a direction nearly opposite.

On the border of the Eagle lake is the neat and convenient residence of Mr. E. Z. C. JUDSON, alias "Ned Buntline." At his "Eagle's Nest," NED has gathered to himself many of the comforts of civilized life. A small clearing abounds with choice vegetable productions, this fish ponds teem with the finny tribe; his ice-house is well stored with the clear crystal, overlaid with the trophies of the chase; while the solitude of the surrounding woods, the romantic beauty of the lake directly in front of his residence, and the majestic old Blue Mountain near at hand, are well calculated to minister the inspiration necessary for his peculiar literary pursuits. Our party were courteously received at "Eagle's Nest," and, after looking over the "farm," we were further indebted to "NED" for the kind offer of such facilities as were needed to prosecute our trip to the mountain.

Returning on the following day, the night overtook us at a place known as the rapids, or "punkie camp," where, notwithstanding the warning of our guides, we concluded to pitch our tent. Our readers may never know how to pity those who rashly or unwarily enter the favorite abodes of punkies. Of all pests of the wilderness, there are none so remarkable for their diminutive size and capacity for annoyance as the punkie. Unlike the mosquito or the fly, who give warning of their approach, the first you know of the punkie is a sudden burning sensation like the puncture of a red hot needle. Soon every exposed part seems as if on fire; with a restless itching that nothing can allay. The frantic rubbings—the efforts to defend yourself and dislodge the cause of the annoyance—are more ludicrous than efficacious. There is no relief but in an atmosphere of smoke, sufficient to draw scalding tears from your bloodshot eyes, when you may more deliberately investigate the damages you have received from these infinitessimal tormentors. Punkies are not to be avoided in the woods, and the "smudge" or smoke is an available forest "institution"; but let not the presumed efficacy of fumigation tempt you needlessly to pitch your tent in a "punkie camp."

Reaching the Raquette again, enriched with a plentiful supply of brook trout—taken by the way, at "Loon Creek"—the lapse of time began to remind us that there must soon be an end to the enjoyments of a life in the camp and its sporting accompaniments. On the question of emerging from the woods our party were divided—a portion choosing pedestrian exercise by the road to Crown Point, while others preferred the ease and continued aquatic scenery of the lake route.

From the north eastern extremity of the Raquette, a portage of half a mile brings you to Forked Lake, across which the route leads to its outlet, or Raquette river. The first eight miles of the river are obstructed by falls and rapids, requiring three portages, amounting to three miles; then an unobstructed navigation of fourteen miles, through Long Lake, conducts to its outlet. Reaching the Raquette river again at this point, after dark, and finding no shanties, the shore being too low for *dry* and comfortable quarters, we were obliged to continue our sail down the Raqette—as the only lodging place known to our guides was an unoccupied cabin built for the winter use of lumbermen on a tributary stream called Cold River. The navigation of these rivers and streamlets is not always easy by day—shallows, concealed rocks, sunken trees and tortuous channels make it doubly difficult by night. The wished-for cabin was, however, safely reached about 9 P. M. A notice posted on the door kindly tendered its accommodations to travelers, with the reasonable request that care should be taken of the premises against fire.

Having joined another party before leaving the Raquette, we were at this time a dozen, including four guides. These, acting in the capacity of cooks, were not long in furnishing an ample supper of venison, of which we ate right heartily, notwithstanding the precept against "late suppers," and were soon after ranged along the floor of the cabin, thankful for having found such nice *hotel* quarters in the wilderness. At an early hour the next day we were ready to renew our journey, and passing down Cold River to resume the navigation of the Raquette, we met several "parties" throwing the fly, and, as far as we could judge, with but indifferent success. The Raquette river, now from six to eight rods wide, pursues a winding course—its banks alternately level and hilly, and clothed with the usual variety of evergreens—the tamarack, cedar, balsam of fir, spruce, and pine—with a proportion of elm, maple, white birch and mountain ash. About fifteen miles from Long Lake there is a small stream, tributary to the Raquette, called Stony Creek—misnamed, certainly, as no stones are to be seen. Through this narrow rivulet we pass for four miles to the portage which leads to the Upper Saranac Lake. The distance across the lake is one and a half miles, then a short portage conducts to Round Lake, where are good hotel accommodations. Passing over Round Lake, a distance of three miles, and through its outlet, for the same distance, we enter the Lower Saranac Lake, which is traversed in its whole length of six miles to the Hotel at its northern extremity. At this point we are practically "out" of the wilderness. Our guides are dismissed, and the romance and freedom of forest life give way to the realities and conventionalities of "civilization."

The inquiry here naturally arises, "What is the probable destiny of this extensive wilderness region?" We have not sufficient data to judge of the value and availability of its lumber,—but for agricultural purposes it is safe to conclude that its general settlement must be long postponed. The broken surface of the country, the nature of the soil, the distance from markets, and the superior inducements afforded by more fertile sections, must continue to divert an agricultural population from these barren, uninviting regions. The County of Hamilton—the third in size in the Empire State, and centrally situated—had, in 1855, a population of about 2500, while its adjoining sister counties numbered as many thousands. The general character of the country may be given in the language of a late statistical authority:—"The soil is a light sandy loam, and, except in the valleys, is not susceptible of profitable cultivation. The mountain sides are covered with a thin growth of forest trees, and when cleared, seem incapable of supporting vegetation. The valleys at first are productive, but being deficient in lime, as soon as the vegetable mold is exhausted they become barren."

The principal attractions of this territory consist in those very conditions which paralyze the arm of improvement. Fitted by nature to afford shelter and sustenance to game—abounding in scenery of endless variety and attractiveness—unsuited to the wants of an agricultural population—mountainous, rocky and barren to a very large extent—surely these are facts which should plead against the desecration of the New York Wilderness by too close calculations of economy and thrift.

A day's travel from the Saranac Lake over a good road of about fifty miles, partly along the Saranac River, and partly by the Au Sable through a portion of the iron region, brings the traveler to Keeseville and Port Kent, on Lake Champlain. The road passes in view of the lofty mountains of the Adirondack range, affording some of the grandest mountain views which the eye can rest upon. Bidding a reluctant farewell to these interesting scenes, and lingering in recollection over the pleasing impressions of the beautiful forest lakes, we found ourselves at night on the Champlain steamer, and at the close of another day in our own city, thankful for the refreshment of body and mind gained by a few weeks' "Trip to the Wilderness."

HE that knows useful things, and not he that knows many things, is the wise man.

GOODYEAR, THE INDIA RUBBER MAN.

ALL our young readers must have heard of CHARLES GOODYEAR, the manufacturer of India Rubber Goods, and the man who discovered the way to make what was once almost a useless gum, a very valuable article of commerce. Mr. GOODYEAR died in New York in July last, and the *Scientific American* gives a brief account of the struggles, and trials, and poverty of this great inventor, as well as of his success, wealth, and honors. The study of such a character must be beneficial to the young, and we copy a paragraph or two:

"It was in 1834 that Mr. GOODYEAR turned his attention to the manufacture of India Rubber. There was a mystery about this tropical gum which gave it a strange charm in his imagination. It was not an article of commerce, but appeared from time to time only as a rare curiosity brought from foreign lands. The savages who possessed it kept the mode of its manufacture a profound secret. It was found only under the burning sun of the equator, in the gloomy swamps of the unexplored Amazon, or the jungles of Asia and Africa. Its nature was as mysterious as its origin, and the chemists who examined it were baffled in their attempts to make it of practical use. Ingenious men, abroad and at home, had attempted to solve the mystery, but all had failed. That it was of immense value in the arts, to supply a thousand wants of civilized life, was obvious to all, but the elastic gum kept its own mysterious secret, and there was no clue to the discovery.

To discover the secret and solve the problem became the dream of CHARLES GOODYEAR'S life. The difficulties and failures which he encountered only made it more dear to him. He asked aid from men of science, but they discouraged him; his associates abandoned the pursuit in despair; his friends one after another left him, but he only clung the closer to his cherished faith. In one of the contests by which pirates of his invention sought to rob him of his rights, the veil was half withdrawn from the life of the inventor, and a few details of the privations which he endured were given. He was in such extreme penury that his bed was sold from under him; he was so poor that it was said he could not buy an ounce of tea on credit. In the dead of winter there was no food in his house and no fuel for fire. This was not the struggle of a few months only, but it was the story of years; for it was not till 1844, after ten years of toil, that he perfected and patented his discovery. His labor, however, did not cease, and even to the hour of his death he was devoted to the favorite pursuit upon which he lavished the immense sums which he received from his patents. His life was subject to the strangest vicissitudes. He went from a poor debtor's prison to a palace in Paris. The man who was an object of cold contempt in an obscure village, on account of his poverty, received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor from the Emperor NAPOLEON as a reward of his genius. In Europe as well as America his name was honored and his merits appreciated, but to the hour of his death he was the same enthusiastic and patient inventor."

TURKEYS—A CURIOSITY.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—For the past two or three years, I have been trying to raise turkeys, and began to be somewhat discouraged last year; but thought that I would try it one year more, and if I did not succeed I would quit the business. To my surprise, this spring I found that the old gobbler was bringing up a brood of turkeys, but for the past two or three weeks he has been missing, and I began to think that he was dead, when one day I was walking through the high grass in the orchard, and what should I see but the old gobbler sitting on a nest full of eggs as regular as any hen-turkey I ever saw. I approached the "old fellow" to examine more closely into the affair, but his feathers stuck up on his back, and he began to be very cross, so I left him to hatch his eggs in peace. I told it to the neighbors; but they would not believe it until they saw it for themselves. Now, Messrs. Editors, I begin to feel encouraged in raising turkeys, since the old gobbler has gone into the business himself, and if any of your readers can beat this, let them try.

Port Byron, Cayuga Co., N. Y., 1860. J. C. K.

MENTAL DISCIPLINE.

THE highest and most important object of intellectual education, is *mental discipline*, or the power of using the mind to the best advantage. The price of this discipline is *effort*. No scholar ever yet made intellectual progress without intellectual labor. It is this alone that can strengthen and invigorate the noble faculties with which we are endowed. We are not to look for any new discovery or invention that shall supersede the necessity for mental toil; we are not to desire it. If we had but to supplicate some kind genius, and he would at once endow us with all the knowledge in the universe, the gift would prove a curse to us and not a blessing. We must have the discipline of *acquiring* knowledge in the manner established by the author of our being, and without this discipline our intellectual stores would be worse than useless.—*W. H. Wells.*

SKELETONS OF FISHES, &c.—Wishing to obtain information in regard to the best method of obtaining *skeletons* of fishes, birds, small quadrupeds, etc., I apply to you or some of your readers who, I have no doubt, have the desired information.—J. W. A., *Tipton Co., Ind., Aug.*, 1860.

I NEVER wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.—*Dean Swift.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Inquiries and Notes,.....285
Dorking and Black Spanish Fowls, [Illustrated,].....285
To Keep Potatoes from Rotting,.....285
Destroy the Seeds,.....285
A Countrymen in the City,.....285
Butter-Making,.....285
Fattening Animals—Stalls and Sheds,.....286
Prospective Sterility Re-Affirmed,.....286
Docking and Nicking Horses,.....286
Taking Care of Farm Implements,.....286
Mange in Young Pigs Cured,.....286

Rural Spirit of the Press.—Why Hungarian Grass should not be Grown; Plowing in Grass Seed; Salt for Fence Posts; Eradication of Bushes; Driving Milch Cows; Low Lands that will bear a Team; Dwarf Broom Corn,.....286

Inquiries and Answers.—Yankee Cheese; Turning under Buckwheat; Laying Tile Drain; Smoking Seed Corn; Spleut,.....286

Agricultural Miscellany—Horse Shows; Monroe Co. Fair; The International Horse Show at Buffalo; Seeds and Cuttings from Syria; Four Calves at a Birth; County Fairs; Sheep vs. Dog; Reaping Machines on the Prairies; Tartar Camels for Utah; Good Yield of Wheat; Fairs next Week,.....286

HORTICULTURAL.

Picking and Transporting Fruits,.....287
Autumnal Bearing Strawberries,.....287
Buildings and Fruit for the West,.....287
Pear Culture—The Tyson,.....287
Beurre Andussou Pear, [Illustrated,].....287

Inquiries and Answers—Black Raspberry; American and Houghton's Seedling Gooseberries; Grapes, &c., for Minnesota; Stocks for Budding, &c.; Shipping Peaches; Transplanting Hardy Trees,.....287

Horticultural Notes.—Fruits Received; Catalogues Received; Horticultural Visits; Treating the Peach; Pomological Meetings; A Fine Tomato; The Syrian Hedge Plant,.....287

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Green Tomato Pickles; Tomato Catsup; To Remove Mildew from Linen; Care of Oil-Cloth; Black Ants; Mock Cream; Impression Paper; Coloring Red,.....287

LADIES' OLIO.

The Children's Hour, [Poetical;] Pear Trees and Pearl Buttons; Perpetual Dreamers; "Only One Left,".....288

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

"By-and-by," [Poetical;] "They Say;" The Harvest; Little and Precious,.....288

SABBATH MUSINGS.

My Life, [Poetical;] The Sorrow of the World: The Goodness of God; A Thought; Controlling the Inclination,.....288

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Traces of Past Life,.....289

THE REVIEWER.

The Magazines for September; Books Received,.....289

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to the Wilderness, No. III—Map of Routes through the New York Wilderness, [Illustrated,].....289

YOUNG RURALIST.

Goodyear, the India Rubber Man; Turkeys—A Curiosity; Mental Discipline; Skeletons of Fishes, &c.,.....289

THE STORY TELLER.

Memories of my Early Home, [Poetical;] Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel,.....292

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

It is ascertained that the Administration has no more official information on Mexican affairs than is already known to the public through the newspapers. The dispatch of vessels to the Gulf is merely a precautionary matter in view of the threatening Spanish hostilities against Mexico. It is probable that Minister McLane will return to Vera Cruz in October, in accordance with the desire expressed in official quarters. While our government would not view with indifference an armed European intervention in the affairs of that country, it would be powerless to lawfully interfere, Congress having made no provision for such a contingency.

Flag officer Cribley, of the East India squadron, officially reports that Lord Elgin and Baron Gross were endeavoring to settle the difficulties of the Chinese without resorting to force.

Gen. Walker's plans excite so little interest in official quarters that no naval vessels have been directed specially to watch his movements. Every precaution will, however, be taken to intercept any armed bodies leaving our shores to join him. The errand of Minister Dimitry, from Costa Rica to Nicaragua, recently, to exercise all the power vested in him to repel the invader, was, it is known, more in a spirit of diplomatic duty than with means of success. Information has reached here that before Walker captured Truxillo, he dispatched agents to Nicaragua to secretly organize his friends, in anticipation of his invasion of that State.

Political Intelligence.

On the 28th ult., the American State Convention was held at Schenectady, one hundred and twenty delegates being present. At 12 o'clock Gen. Scroggs called the Council to order.

Charles S. Macomber, of Buffalo, was called out, and said the old-line Americans were here in a body from Buffalo, representing every Council in that city, to repudiate the attempted sale of the Americans to the Republicans by Gen. Scroggs. When Mr. Macomber had finished, Gen. Scroggs said the next business in order will be to hand in the credentials of delegates. The duty of examining the credentials of delegates will, I presume, devolve on the presiding officer. He therefore devolves on delegates that duty on the following Committee:—James Dennis, of New York. Great excitement followed this announcement,—the President debating the power of the Chair, deciding that he has the right to form the committee, when the Hon. Geo. Briggs appealed from the decision. The President refused to put the appeal, when N. B. Lord, of Jefferson, one of the Vice Presidents, appeared in front of the President's seat and put the question, and the decision of the Chair was reversed.

Samuel Richmond then moved a suspension of the rules, and the appointment of a committee on credentials. The President again refused to put the motion, and John L. Riker moved that the Vice President take the Chair, which was carried. In accordance with the vote, General Prescott approached the Chair, when Gen. Scroggs rose, and shaking hands with Mr. Prescott, and resigned the Chair to him, amidst loud applause and much excitement. General Amos H. Prescott, on taking the Chair, said he hoped the Convention would come to order. There was no necessity for confusion, and the Council need be under no excitement.

Gen. Scroggs and his friends then withdrew.

The committee reported the following officers for the ensuing year:—*President*—Amos H. Prescott, Herkimer. *Vice President*—Jesse C. Dann, Erie. *Secretary*—Wm. D. Murphy, Albany. *Assistant Secretary*—C. S. Macomber. The report was adopted, and the officers named elected amid loud cheers.

L. S. Parsons moved the appointment of a committee of fifteen as a State Committee for the ensuing year. Carried. The following State Committee was appointed:—Erastus Brooks, New York; L. S. Parsons, A. H. Calhoun, C. H. Adams, Albany; Harvey Smith, Rensselaer; R. J. Stevens, Onondaga; B. S. Sweet, Tioga; Lorenzo Burrows, Orleans; L. W. Parks, J. C. Wager, New York; N. B. Lord, Jefferson; M. Strong, Monroe; Jesse C. Dann, Erie; Abel Smith, Schenectady.

On motion, the names of Harlow Hakes, of Steuben, and the Hon. George Briggs, of New York, were added to the committee.

The Convention resolved to sustain the Union Electoral Ticket in the coming contest.

The other branch met at the Eagle Hotel, when Gen. Scroggs suggested the following:

Whereas, The American Party has no nominees for President and Vice President; and,
Whereas, It is not deemed advisable to nominate an American State ticket; therefore,
Resolved, That the Americans of this State be at liberty to vote as their judgment and consciences may dictate.

The resolution was greeted with loud applause, and cries of "That's right." The resolution was adopted, after considerable opposition.

The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: *President*, Gustavus Adolphus Scroggs; *Vice President*, A. J. H. Duganne; *Secretary*, J. W. Husted; *Treasurer*, W. P. Brayton; *Sentinels*, Alonzo Welch and Louis Lounsbury.

Mr. Cantine moved that a State Committee be appointed, consisting of one from each judicial district, with the President as Chairman *ex-officio*.

Mr. Duganne moved to add, "and that should circumstances arise which render it necessary to call a State Convention this year, the State Committee shall have power to call such Convention.

Both resolutions were adopted.

The Convention adjourned subject to the call of the President and Secretary.

The radical Abolition National and State Convention assembled at Convention Hall, Syracuse, on the 29th ult. About 100 persons were present. W. W. Chapman, Chairman of State Committee, called the Convention to order, and T. B. McCormick, of Ohio, was selected Chairman. There was no list of delegates. All persons who chose to attend where considered members. A letter was read from Gerritt Smith, containing $50 to aid in printing tickets, &c. He discouraged the expenditure of much time and money. He alluded to the sad experience in 1858, and thought there was little ground for encouragement for the future. Delegates were present from Kentucky, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Michigan, Massachusetts, Ohio and New York.

The following are the nominations made:—*President*—Gerrit Smith, of New York; *Vice President*—Samuel McFarland, of Pennsylvania; *Governor*—Wm. Goodale, of New York; *Lieut. Governor*—Sydney A. Beers, of Brooklyn; *Canal Commissioner*—Zenas Brockett, of Herkimer; *Prison Inspector*—Ellis Clisbee, of Montgomery; *Electors at Large*—Frederick Douglass and Charles Hammond.

The Democracy of Connecticut met in Convention at Hartford on the 30th ult. The nomination of a clean Douglas electoral ticket was agreed on. There were 400 delegates present. The Breckenridge wing was in a minority. The following is the electoral ticket:—*Electors at Large*—Samuel Colt, of Hartford, and John J. Penrose. 1st District—E. A. Converse, of Stafford; 2d District—Frederick Croswell, of New Haven; 3d District—Wm. J. Johnson, of Montville; 4th District—Wm. P. Burrell, of Salisbury.

Resolutions were passed adopting the Charleston and Baltimore platform, and recommending the same for adoption by the Democracy of Connecticut, and recognizing Douglas and Johnson as the regular nominated candidates of the National Democracy. An effort was made to affix a clause to one of the resolutions, instructing the delegates to vote for some other candidate than Douglas in order to defeat Lincoln, but this was rejected. Yeas 152, nays 220.

The Republican State Central Committee of New York, met in Albany on the 30th ult. Twenty out of twenty-four members were present. The Committee was organized by the appointment of Simeon Draper, Esq., of New York, Chairman; James Terwilliger, of Syracuse, Secretary, and G. C. Davidson, of Albany, Treasurer. Executive Committee—Hon. Wm. H. Ferry, of Utica; Hon. George Opdyke, of New York, together with the Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer. Efficient measures were adopted for carrying on a vigorous campaign.

All political parties in California are actively preparing for their respective conventions to nominate electoral tickets, and politics in all the interior counties engrosses the general public attention. In San Francisco the Republican organization manifests the most force and zeal.

The Breckenridge State Convention of Michigan met in Detroit on the 30th ult., and nominated a full electoral ticket. Resolutions were adopted requesting each Congressional District to make nominations, and discountenancing any compromise with their opponents.

The Republicans of Massachusetts met in Convention at Worcester on the 29th ult. Ex-Governor Boutwell was chosen President, who addressed the convention, and was followed by Charles Sumner. A committee on the electoral ticket was appointed. The convention nominated John A. Andrews for Governor by a vote of 733 to 326 for Dawes. J. G. Goodrich was nominated for Lieut. Governor; Abner Warner, for Secretary of State, and George Morris and R. A. Chapman for electors at large.

The North Carolina Douglas State Convention met at Raleigh on Friday week. Resolutions endorsing the Cincinnati and Charleston Platforms were passed, and a full Douglas Electoral ticket was put in the field. R. P. Dick and Duncan K. McRae were chosen the electors at large.

Official returns have now been received from all but two counties in Kentucky (Laurel and Jackson.) In 103 counties the vote is as follows: Combs, 67,555; McClarty, 44,603; Bolling, 10,872; Hopkins, 802.

James T. Brady accepts the Breckenridge gubernatorial nomination of New York, with the understanding that he will withdraw in case there is a union of the Democracy.

From the Pacific Side.

The Northern Light arrived at New York on the 2d inst., bringing California advices of Aug. 11th, $934,000 in gold, and 604 bags of Washoe silver ore.

There is an active business doing, with a good demand by the regular trade, and some speculations to a limited extent. The market is assuming a more favorable appearance, while the easy state of money matters continues to increase the disposition to buy merchandize.

The pony which should have brought the express letters of St. Louis dates of August 4th, arrived at Carson River on the morning of the 15th, without rider or letter bags. The supposition is that the horse threw the rider and got away, or else that the Indians killed the rider, took the letter bags, and allowed the horse to escape.

Col. Fremont has issued a notice to the Chinese who are working the gold mines on his grant, forbidding them to pay any more license tax under the State law taxing foreign miners. He claims that all the gold contained in the soil belongs to him, and the State has no control over the disposition of private property; that owners of the land are also owners of the minerals, gold and silver contained in it—a question never yet determined by the Supreme Court of the United States.

The schooner Caroline E. Foot, which recently brought the camels from Syria, sailed yesterday for the Amoor River, via Hakodadi, Japan, taking home several Japanese who were left here sick by the Japanese steamer Candinmarrah.

The first crushing mill erected at Washoe mines commenced operations on the 11th. It is capable of crushing from 300 to 400 tons of gold-bearing quartz per week. Another mill of considerable power has since commenced operations, and several small mills are in process of erection.

From Pike's Peak.

Advices from Denver City reached St. Josephs, Mo., on the 31st ult.

The census returns were nearly complete. The population of the gold region was about 60,000, 48,000 of which were in the boundary of Kansas.

The engineer of the Smoky Hill Exploring Expedition has arrived at Denver from Colorado City and reports wood, water and grass on nearly the whole route from Missouri. He is confident that an excellent road is practicable, by which the distance from Leavenworth to Colorado City will not exceed 580 miles, and to Denver City 590 miles.

Excitement continues in regard to the discoveries of silver on the Blue River, and the veins increase in richness as they descend.

Mining operations continue brisk in the southern diggings. A pan of dirt in McNulty's gulch, a few days since, yielded $67.35, and several nuggets ranging in value from $50 to $94, have recently been found.

Parties just arrived from New Mexico report the wheat crop in that territory, which has hitherto largely supplied the Pike's Peak region with flour, will be mostly cut off.

The troubles with the Navajo Indians continue serious.

The Rocky Mountain News of the 22d, says that 2,000 or 3,000 Cheyennes were causing much annoyance on the Platte, begging and stealing, and in some cases attacking ranches.

News Paragraphs.

The Commissioner of Patents has given his hearty concurrence to a proposition for the erection of statues to the memory of great American inventors, the expense to be defrayed by private subscription. Niches will probably be prepared in the Patent Office building for the reception of such statues.

Victor G. Audubon, son of the late J. J. Audubon, and himself an artist of no little distinction, died at his residence near New York on the morning of the 17th inst. He was the assistant of his father in many of those fine drawings which illustrate the great works of the eminent Ornithologist.

On the 22d of July, a terrific tempest broke over Valencia, in Spain, at noon of a clear day. In two hours' time the river Turia was swollen to a torrent and overflowed, drowning a number of unfortunate women, who were washing clothes on its banks, so brief was the notice given, and so tremendous the body of water which fell.

The "National Political Chart and Map of the United States," with portraits of the candidates of each party for President and Vice-President, their Letters of Acceptance, Platforms, &c., has been received from the publisher, J. W. Bradley, Philadelphia. It contains much valuable and timely statistical matter, in a compact form. See advertisement.

We learn from the Albany Statesman that the business of the Erie Canal is largely in excess of the capacity of the boats heretofore engaged. Everything that could possibly be diverted from the laterals has been drawn off. A number of boats from the Pennsylvania Works are already employed on the Erie Canal, and last week a fleet of about twenty barges from the Delaware and Hudson passed this city on their way to the West, to be employed in the trade between Buffalo and this city.

Letters published in San Antonio, Texas, say two incendiaries were arrested at Henderson and lynched. Large quantities of poison were found on the negroes for the understood purpose of poisoning the wells and food of the whites. The total loss of property in Texas, it is said, reaches $3,000,000. Twenty persons have been hanged.

Advices from Honduras state that Walker had raised the old Federal Central American flag, and contemplated the regeneration and union of all five of the States, viz.: Honduras, Gantemala, Nicaragua, Salvador, and Costa Rica.

The Montreal Advertiser says that A. M. Ross, Esq., the engineer who superintended the erection of the Victoria bridge, under Stephenson, and whose name will be associated with it as long as it endures, is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—The British Government has obtained from Parliament an additional loan of two millions sterling, by means of exchequer bills, on account of bad harvest prospects.

In the House of Commons Sir C. Wood, in moving a resolution enabling the Secretary of State in the Council of India to raise money in the United Kingdom for the service of the Government of India, proceeded to show the state of the Indian finances. The deficit for the present year, ending next April, was estimated at £7,472,000, including guaranteed interest on railways amounting to £1,276,000.

The London Times says:—"There can be no doubt of the injury done to the hops by the ungenial weather, and the intelligence of each day confirms the opinion that in many districts they will prove a total failure."

The London Court Journal says:—"It is expected that Her Majesty will not remain at Balmoral longer than a month, and that the Queen and Prince will then cross to Hamburg in the royal yacht, proceed to Coburg, and, after a short stay at Rheinhartsbrun, go to Gotha. It is here that it is expected the meeting between the Princess Royal and Her Majesty will take place."

The London Times says:—"The new acts for taking the census in England and Ireland next April, have been issued. The act for Scotland has not yet received the royal assent. There is nothing as to 'religious professions' in the English act, but there is in the one relating to Ireland. The census is to be laid before Parliament within twelve months after next June."

France.—It is stated that France supplied Sardinia with large quantities of guns and ammunition at reduced rates.

According to despatches from Naples, which reached Paris on Sunday, the King is likely to abandon his dominions. Neither the army nor the navy, it is said, will fight for Francis II.

The representatives of England, Austria and Prussia at the Court of the Tuilleries, have already received the full powers necessary for converting the protocol of the 3d inst. into a formal convention. It is expected that before the departure of the Emperor for Savoy and Algeria, the Ambassadors of Russia and the Porte will have likewise received full powers, and that the Convention will then be definitely signed.

Austria.—An Austrian note has declared that in the event of Garibaldi taking possession of the Kingdom of Naples, or organizing an expedition against the Austrian possessions, Austria would not wait for the attack, but would proceed to meet the Garibaldian troops on whatever point of the main land it might be necessary.

When Commander Wullersdorff, with a flotilla, was sent in May last to cruise in the Neapolitan waters, Count Szecheny, the Austrian Minister at Naples, was instructed to inform King Francis II that the Austrian flotilla was principally destined to be held at the disposal of the young monarch and his family, in the event of the revolution compelling them to quit their own country. It is no longer doubted that if Garibaldi succeeds in becoming master of Naples, the King and his Consort will retire on board the Imperial flotilla, and afterward take refuge at Vienna.

It may be positively stated that, during the conference at Toplitz, the Emperor of Austria and the Prince Regent of Prussia, had before them a memorandum elaborated by their ministers for Foreign Affairs, containing all the questions on which an understanding between Austria and Prussia was desirable, and setting forth their motives. Thus, the august negotiators examined one question after another, and came to a definite agreement thereupon. Although no act or protocol was signed at Toplitz, formal and mutual engagements nevertheless exist between the Emperor of Austria and the Prince Regent.

The Austrian Marine budget is to be increased 100,000,000 florins.

Naples and Sicily.—Fifteen hundred Garibaldians have disembarked in Calabria, and were joined by two thousand insurgents, with whom they retired to the mountains. Preparations continue for the defense of Naples.

Col. Cosenz, with 4,000 volunteers, had quitted Taomania, taking the direction of the main land. Fifteen hundred men, with arms and ammunition from Sardinia, had landed at Naples, but were compelled to re-embark.

Commercial.—*Breadstuffs*—The weather had been unfavorable for the crops, but was fine on Tuesday. Wakefield, Nash & Co. report all kinds of breadstuffs active, and considerably advanced, but under more settled weather the advance was half lost. The market closed at an advance of 6d on flour since the departure of the Africa; 2d@3d on wheat; 6d on corn. The quotations are for flour 29s@32s. Red wheat 10s6d; white 11s6d@13s3d. Mixed and yellow corn 34s@34s3d; white 36s. Provision market dull. Lard steady.

The News Condenser.

— A ninety cent postage stamp has just been issued.

— Comodore Mackintosh died, at Pensacola, on the 1st inst.

— The small pox is raging in Olivet, Clinton county, Iowa.

— Geo. Washington Kimbal, U. S. Consul at St. Helena, is dead.

— The diocese of New York has sent $53,321 for the relief of the Pope.

— The Irish News calls Walker, the fillibuster, our American Garibaldi.

— It is estimated that not less than 20,000 people visited Central Park on Sunday week.

— A rumor was current in Paris, at latest dates, that Mazzini had been arrested at Naples.

— The streets of New Orleans are now being laid with blocks of Northern granite, laid diagonally.

— The Boston papers say that the rains of Tuesday week were the heaviest ever witnessed in that city.

— The population of Cleveland, Ohio, as shown by the census just taken, is 43,555. In 1850, in was 17,034.

— It is said that the James river and Kanawha canal, Va., have been sold to a French company of capitalists.

— There were 472 deaths in New York last week—less than in any corresponding week during three years past.

— The expense of maintaining the army and navy of France, for the current year, is estimated at $107,400,000.

— A police order has been issued in St. Louis for the closing of all dance houses with which the city is infested.

— The Prince of Wales intends to visit Bermuda, should time admit of it, on the voyage back to England.

— There are two thousand islands in Lake Huron that have actually been surveyed, besides others that have not.

— The Mayor of New Orleans has issued an order prohibiting the police from taking an active part in political affairs.

— Georgia is said to be one of the most flourishing States in the Union, and one of the best governed in the South.

— The Government of French Guiana has imposed a tax on a license to dance. The tax will bring a large income.

— The Rev. Charles G. Finney and wife have arrived at New York from England, on their way to their home in Ohio.

— Four sailors were killed at the reception of the Prince of Wales at Montreal, by the premature discharge of guns.

— A lucky Irish miner, named O'Neil, has discovered diamonds in the black sands of the Ovens district, in Australia.

— A box of coin has been found in an old house in Albany, where it is supposed to have been secreted many years ago.

— The death of Senor Don Vincent Antonio Larranga, Spanish Consul at Charleston, South Carolina, has been announced.

— Col. Charras, one of the Republican French exiles, and not unknown in this country, has joined the army of Garibaldi.

— A Californian, while chopping wood a while ago, found, in the but-end of a hollow tree, a bag of gold dust worth $7,000.

— The heir of Spain, the Prince of the Asturias, has made his appearance in public life at the mature age of two and a half.

— It is said that thirty men have been killed, or wounded for life, by threshing machines in Indiana during the present season.

— Gen. Lamoriere has had great trouble with his Irish Brigade, and has been glad to pay their traveling expenses home.

— About 50 negroes in Pittsburg, Pa., have formed themselves into a Zouave Company, under the name of Fort Pitt Cadets.

— Vitriol throwing has commenced in Worcester, Mass. A lady had an elegant dress destroyed, a few evenings since, in that city.

— It is calculated that England will have to import produce to the value of full $45,000,000 between now and the end of the year.

— The gold diggings at Springfield, Vt., are said to be yielding a good return. A company of five men lately took out $100 in five days.

— There is a possibility of a scarcity of grain, in consequence of the continued cold and wet weather, in a great part of France.

— The receiver of the Bank of Orleans gives notice that the notes will be redeemed at par, on presentation at his office in Albion.

— The ship carpenters of Buffalo are on a strike for higher wages. They demand fourteen shillings per diem, and cash every Saturday.

— The Georgia Western Railway Company, extending from Atlanta, Ga., to Jacksonville, Ala., a distance of 90 miles, has been organized.

— At a Temperance Convention at Fall River, it has been resolved to discountenance the use of small beer, by whatever name known.

— A German woman was recently arrested in New Orleans on suspicion of hanging her husband, because he was ill and a burden to her.

— There is not, in the British House of Peers, a male descendent of the 25 barons appointed to enforce the observance of Magna Charta.

— A boa constrictor escaped from a showman, in Troy, early in July, and was found at the Mansion House, in that city, on Thursday week.

— Of the one hundred and seventy-three deaths in St. Louis last week, one hundred and twenty-five were children under five years of age.

— C. A. Warden, of Pittsfield, Mass., shot a bald eagle, near the Pontoosue lake, on Friday week, that measured 6 feet 3 inches from tip to tip of wings.

— In St. Louis it is proposed to erect a public fount in front of the court house, for the dispensation of pure, clear ice water, to the thirsty populace.

— So many buffaloes have been killed on the Western plains, for mere sport, that the stench from the carcases is, in some places, almost insupportable.

— The five principal street railroads of New York carried, last year, 32,000,000 passengers, earned $1,733,556, and divided $637,989 after paying expenses.

— The whole direct and indirect taxation of the Austrian Empire amounted, in the year 1858, to 252,300,000 florins, the whole population being 37,800,000.

— Seventy-two churches, or about one-fifth of the societies of the Dutch Reformed Church, have, by the aid of their domestic missions, become self-sustaining.

— Thirteen of the Southern States have 16,823 miles of railway, 8,794 miles of which are in working operation—costing, in building and equipment, $235,960,842.

— A Portland paper says that Gen. Tom Thumb is to take a wife from that city. She is very pretty, below the ordinary height, and heiress to quite a large estate.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Horse and his Diseases—John E. Potter.
Baker & Godwin, Printers, New York
The National Political Chart and Map of the United States—J. W. Bradley.
The New York Chronicle—P. Church & Co.
Teachings of Patriots and Statesmen—J. W. Bradley.
Washington Nursery—John A. Nichols.
The Ashland Clover Huller—D. Whiting.
Bloomington Nurseries—F. K. Phoenix.
Grapes—C. W. Grant.
Strawberry Plants, &c—Wm. R. Prince & Co.
Hightstown (N. J.) Nurseries—Isaac Pullen.
Sylvia Americana—A. J. McClase.
Short-horn Bulls at Auction—C. K. Ward.
Peach Trees—Wm. Parry.
Improved American Black Raspberry—H. H. Doolittle.
Boughton Seed Wheat—Wm. R. Dufee.
Agents Wanted—Marie Louise Hankins & Co.
Keep it before the People—Albert Colby & Co.
Improved Willow-Peeling Machine—J. M. Wood.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Sept. 4, 1860.

FLOUR.—The latest eastern advices have had a very cheering effect upon our millers, and the advance on flour is calculated to set the mills at work. The addition to rates is equal to 25@50 cents upon all grades.

GRAIN.—But very little Wheat, comparatively, is offering in our streets, and the bulk of that now being converted into flour hereabouts was purchased at the West. It is thought the start taken during the week will have the effect of bringing in a goodly portion of the crop grown in this vicinity. The range is $1,15@1,35 per bushel, but an occasional load of very choice white has been disposed of at $1,40. Oats are dull of sale and drooping—25@27c being the extremes; the latter for old and the first figures for new. Barley is up a little, owing to recent rates at the East,—our brewers are not buying as yet.

PROVISIONS.—Pork has advanced fully 50 cents per barrel. No change in smoked meats. Lard is easier, but without abatement in prices.

BUTTER has been offered very freely during the past week, and 13 cents per pound is all that can be obtained at present.

PEACHES are rather plenty and the prices range at 37½ cents to $1,00 per basket, as to quality.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	@10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,15@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@40c
Best white Can'a	0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	50@60c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	60@60c	Plums, dried	0@00c
Oats, by weight	25@27c	Potatoes	25@25c
Barley	55@63c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	38@75c
Pork, Mess	$19,00@20,00	Lamb pelts	50c@75c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,50	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	3,00@3,50
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	0@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12½@13c	Hay, tun	$8,00@11,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	13@13½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 3.—FLOUR—Market opened steady and closed heavy and lower, with pretty large receipts and only a limited demand for export and home consumption. Sales at $5,45@5,55 for superfine State; $5,70@5,90 for extra do; $5,45@5,55 for super Western; $5,70@6,05 for common to medium extra do; $5,95@6,10 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian dull and the tendency is to easier prices; sales at $5,15@5,50 for super; $5,65@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat is 2@3c lower, with large receipts; holders generally are anxious to realize. Sales winter red Western at $1,33@1,36; soft and inferior at $1,30@1,32; white Michigan at $1,45@1,55; white Indiana at $1,40@1,48; Chicago spring at $1,25; amber Western at $1,37@1,37½; new red Southern at $1,45; white Kentucky at $1,55@1,60. Rye quiet; small sales at 79@80c. Barley quite and nominal at 70@80c. Corn in large supply and 1@2c lower, with only a limited demand; sales at 65@67c for sound mixed Western;—closing at the inside price; 68c for white Western; 65½@70c for round yellow. Oats quiet and unchanged—40@42c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork without striking change; sales at $19,62½@19,75 for new mess; $19,50 for old do; $14,12@14,25 for new prime; $13,25 for old do. Lard steady, with fair demand; sales at 12¾@12½c. Butter in fair request at 12@16c for Ohio; 14@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11c.

ALBANY, Sept. 3.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a moderate business doing in Flour at unchanged prices.—Corn Meal firm.

GRAIN—The receipts of wheat are light and the demand more active; sales choice white Canadian at $1,49, and do. Michigan at $1,50. For Corn the market is easier with limited offerings. Sales Western mixed at 63½c. Rye quiet. In Barley we notice sales of Winter on p. t., and handsome new State at 76c. Oats very firm with an improved inquiry. Sales at 38½c for State, and 39c for Western.

WOOL—We notice further sales of 7,000 lbs. lambs pulled on p. t., and 7,000 lbs common fleece at 36c.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Sept. 3.—FLOUR—Scarce and in fair demand. Market firm. Sales at $4,87½@5,00 for extra State; $5,00@5,25 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,37½ for extra Canadian; $5,25@5,62½ for extra Michigan; $5,37½@5,72½ for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,12½ for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat opened firmer, with a fair demand, but closed dull and heavy. Sales Saturday afternoon choice white Canadian at $1,32, and do. Michigan at $1,30. This morning, No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,05, and selected Green Bay club at $1,17. Corn dull and heavy, with sales at 53½c. Saturday afternoon 51,000 bu. changed hands at 53½@53c, mostly at the inside figure. Oats, market nominally the same. Barley market quiet at 56c. Rye firmer; sales at 61c.

PROVISIONS—Market steady at $19,50 for heavy mess pork; $18,00 for light do., and $16,00 for prime. Shoulders quiet at 8c; plain hams at 10½c, and sugar cured at 11½c.—Lard is going at 12c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 8½@9c, as to quality, with moderate receipts.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

OSWEGO, Sept. 3.—FLOUR—Dull and unchanged; sales at $5,25 for extra State; $6.75 for favorite double extra city brands.

GRAIN—Wheat closed lower, with less inquiry; sales red winter on p. t.; No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,11; No 1 Milwaukee club at $1,19. Corn held this morning at 56c. for choice Ohio, buyers at 57c; no sales. Other grains quiet.

CHICAGO, Sept. 3.—Flour dull and 10c lower.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and 3@4c lower: sales at 86@87c for No. 1 Spring; 83@84c for No. 2; 98@$1 for No. 1 red in store. Corn dull and 1@1c lower; sales at 34½@35c in store.—Oats steady.

TORONTO, Sept. 1.—FLOUR—There is still no movement in flour, there being none in stock, and no receipts, beyond a few bags for local use. There is a scarcity even for city consumption, and prices for this demand continue firm.—There is no inquiry for export, and until receipts begin to largely increase, which can hardly be within three weeks, there will be no revival in the trade. Prices, under the circumstances, remain purely nominal, as follow:

Superfine	$5,20@5,20
Fancy	5,40@5,60
Extra	5,75@6,00
Double Extra	6,25@6,25

Oatmeal cannot be placed in other than retail lots at about $4,50 ℔ barrel.

GRAIN—We have just begun to have increased receipts of wheat, and from this time forward large markets are confidently expected. The prices paid within the past few days have ranged from $1,10@1,15 for common and medium, and $1,15@1,20 for good to prime, and in a few cases $1,22@1,24 ℔ bushel. Spring wheat is in good request at $1,05@1,10, the latter being an extreme rate. $1,07 was about the average price. Barley has been offered very freely for the season, the receipts averaging 1,000 bushels per day. Prices keep up owing to the local demand—the brewers desiring to lay in a stock as early as possible. The rates paid have varied from 60@65c ℔ bushel, but the market is not firm at these rates. Oats are in good demand, with a limited supply.—Rates are steady at 32@33c ℔ bushel. Peas are scarce and wanted. The new crop is just now being gathered in and promises to be one of great extent and good quality. The present price is 55@60c ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Aug. 29.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,00@9,50; ordinary, $8,00@8,50; common, $7@7,50; inferior, $6,00@6,50.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb. 6½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $4@4,50; common $3,50@4; inferior, $2,50@3,50.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6½c; all others, 6¼@6½c.

ALBANY, Sept 3.—The supply is about equal to that of last week. The average quality is good—somewhat better than last Monday, although there are many third rate droves in the yards; but the extra and first quality cattle are both fatter and finer as compared with the same grades last Monday. The demand is good and prices better—½c ℔ lb, live weight, on extras, and ½@¾c ℔ lb on first quality and the lower grades.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,147	3,657	2,576
Sheep	5,160	3,346	5,185
Hogs	163	72	466

Prices—The market is unusually active at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾c	5½@5¾
Extra	4¾@5	4½@4⅞
First quality	4@4¼	3¾@4⅛
Second quality	3¼@3¾	3@3⅛
Third quality	2¾@3	2⅞@2¾

Sales—Upwards of 2,000 head have changed hands thus far, and the indications are that the remainder will be sold here this morning. Few or none will go through in first hands.

Sheep and Lambs—In brisk demand at an advance of 3@4s ℔ head. Nearly all on the market changed hands at $3@4,25 ℔ head.

Hogs—There is a better feeling in the hog trade. The demand is fully up to supply, and prices have improved a little.—[*Argus and Atlas.*

BRIGHTON, Aug. 30.—At market 1,400 beeves, 200 stores 1,700 sheep and lambs, and 650 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@7,25; first quality, $0,00@7,00; second quality, $6,76@7,00; third quality, $3,50@4,00.

WORKING OXEN—Sales none.

MILCH COWS—$41@45; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $10@17.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,50; Extra, $2,00@4,00.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale 6@6½c; Fat Hogs, undressed, none; Pigs 7½c; retail at 7½@8½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 29.—The demand is limited, owing to the light stocks offering and the high prices asked; considerable Fleece Wool has been delivered, however, on previous contract to the Delaine Companies, who thus far have taken some 60,000 lbs, at or about 50c ℔ lb; beside which some 75,000 lbs Common to Fine Fleeces sold in lots at 45@50c—the latter rate for choice Saxony; 15,000 lbs Californian at 14@26c. for ordinary to choice sorts; 25,000 lbs. Texas at 21@26c, and 225 bales Smyrna on private terms.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	56@60
Am. full-blood Merino	51@55
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	46@49
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	36@44
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	36@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, pulled	31@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@28
California, common do	10@18
Peruvian, washed	26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Aug. 30.—The demand is moderate, but market firm. Sales of 125,000 lbs fleece and pulled, mostly medium grades fleece, at 45@50c, and some lots double extra pulled as high as 60c. ℔ lb. In foreign the sales have been 10,000 lbs Canada at 34½@35c; and 750 bales Cape, Mediterranean and South American, on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	56@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do, unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@46	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

AT the residence of Mrs. EMILY HINCKLEY, Naples, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, Aug. 25, 1860, by Rev. Mr. GELSTON, Mr. A. HENRY WELD, of Cohocton, Steuben Co., N. Y., and Miss LARISSA HAIGHT, of Naples, Ontario Co., N. Y.

AT the residence of the bride's father, Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y., by Rev. J. M. VAN WAGNER, Mr. SAMUEL H. WHITE, of Chicago, Ill., to Miss MARY JANE BABCOCK, daughter of Hon. JEPTHA BABCOCK.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, In Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

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BOUGHTON SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.—It is the choicest of White Wheat. Ripens 6 to 10 days earlier than other varieties, and weighs 64½ lbs. Price, $3 per bushel. Address WM. R. DIRKEE, Nunda, Liv Co., N. Y.

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SHORT-HORN BULLS AT AUCTION.—I shall offer for sale at auction, at the Genesee County Fair, at Batavia, Sept. 19th, 1860, six thorough-bred Short-horn young Bulls and Bull Calves. All well bred, good animals.
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KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE!—HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.—Don't be deceived any longer. We, the originators of the Gift Book business, will send our new Catalogues, postage paid, to any address. Also, for ten cents, our History of the Gift Book Business, originally published for 25 cents. 1,000 Book Agents wanted.
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The experience of several years exclusive devotion to the improvement of this fruit, leads me in the selection of plants to reject now, as worthless, from one-sixth to one-third of the plants from even the best stock which others of less experience would pronounce good.
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N. B.—The fall, for several reasons, is the best time for planting these roots. 556

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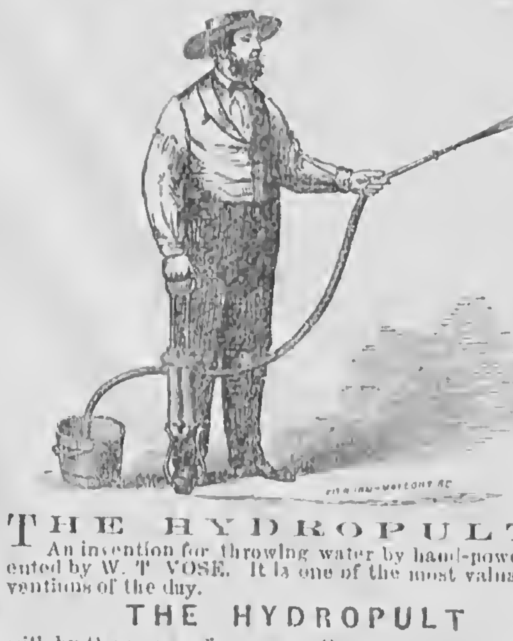

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MEMORIES OF MY EARLY HOME.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

At mention of my early home,
What precious memories start!
Again a happy boy I roam
With playmates and my cart!—
Again the brook, with whirl and foam,
Oft tearing through the meadow loam,
Is pictured on my heart!

That quaint old house I see once more,
Now looking just the same
As in those happy days of yore,
When from the school I came.
I wonder if the old dark store,
With peaked roof and double door,
Has ever changed its name.

And there on the four-corners stands
The school-house where we played—
Where oft we meet in playful bands,
And study quite delayed—
Where we so oft, with childish hands,
Rebuilt the walls around our lands,
Or house or fortress made.

And here we all rode down the hill,—
'Twas winter's favorite game;
There runs a little leaping rill,
As bright as then it came;
The brook winds through the meadow still,
And then around behind the mill,
I fancy, just the same.

The large, *old barn*, again I see,
Where, playing hide-and-seek,
With bounding hearts and spirits free,
We met most every week;
That *barn* looks just the same to me
As in those days of childish glee,
With *dove-holes* in the peak.

I see the fields and play grounds where
I tried my boyish kite,
The meadow and the orchard there,
The woods and brooklet bright;
Those youthful hours so free from care—
The place where first I bowed in prayer—
Dear memories of delight.

Those early scenes, then bright and grand,
Look just the same to-day;
But where are they who took my hand,
And joined in every play?
To-day we are a scattered band—
Some gone unto the better land,
Some wand'ring far away.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Continued from page 284, last number.]

I have told you that Lucy was intelligent looking. In her case looks were not deceitful. The full forehead and the large, far-seeing eyes, told a true story when they spoke of deep thought and great power of expression. I cannot say that she was really a *genius*, for that indicates a sort of fire-fly versatility of talent, a perpetual creating of something new. Lucy rather worked in those materials already so plentifully strewn along the ways of life. She sang of Nature, of the ever-new and never-fathomable mystery of Creation,—she sang of human hearts and human loves,—she sang of earthly joys and heavenly aspirations. A bitter drop had mingled with her cup of life, but the fountain was still sweet. When first her lips recoiled from the unpalatable draught, she did not dash it back into the pool, and force other lips to share its bitterness, but like a true ministrant, she turned it quietly aside, and dipped again the sparkling tide for those who would partake.

While living in Montville, several of her simple songs and poems had found their way into the papers of neighboring towns; some had even reached New York, unheraled and unclaimed; but as her father disapproved of spending time on "such nonsense," most of these productions never went beyond the pages of a book kept by her for that purpose. Now, however, alone in the great city, without near or dear friends, with little to do in the way of correspondence, her pen became once more a companion, and her heart found relief and solace in this mental music. There was now no need to restrain the natural, and by no means self-assurant wish to see her fledgelings clothed in print. In a short time editors were not wanting to lend their aid in that essential matter. To tell the truth, editors are generally very accommodating in such cases. If a young lady or gentleman writes articles of *real* merit; mind, I say *real*, and modestly *makes them a present of them*, in the hope of an opening, they don't mind taking a little trouble to bring said articles before the public. If the writer is not *too* obscure, and promises to "be somebody," they will even bestow a little praise sometimes.

They did in Lucy's case. It did not inflate her vanity; it did not make her relax one bit her wish and effort to please. She did not write for fame; indeed, it was a long time before she permitted her name to accompany her brain-children in their voyages. She was lonely. There was no one to claim her, to draw her close to a great heart, so she had an instinctive desire to draw near to the great heart of Humanity, for she was sure there was a warm spot in it somewhere. As to her poems, she rarely considered what others would say of them,—she deemed them too humble for criticism. She was like a mother who looks upon her children, and, simple and untaught as they may be, loves them for a certain beauty which they have in her eyes, feels that they are good children in their way. They are bound up with many a hallowed association, many a strong cord of her own being, and more for what she wishes them to be, than for what they are, she brings them to the baptismal font.

Lucy's life in New York began in Autumn, and on January first was the great festival of the New Year, the day of all days to New Yorkers. All the previous day there were runnings to and fro in and out of the great house on Twenty-third street, and by ten o'clock on the important morning, Mrs. Ridgley, Miss Ridgley, and Miss Flora, had rustled into the drawing-room to await the first call.

Miss Ridgley, or Bella, was engaged. Miss Flora was just *finishing* under the charge of Music and French masters. The remainder of the youthful family were a boy of fourteen, or so and three little Ridgleys, presided over by Miss Hastings, the governess. As the children had a holiday, so had the teacher, though she was frequently called upon to perform some service for the impatient but affectionate little creatures.

The day seemed to Lucy more lonesome than any which she had passed since leaving Montville. She sat in her room and tried to rest and think, but she was continually liable to interruptions, so she resigned that idea and took up her station at an upper front window to watch the throng of sleighs which went and came so merrily. For a time this was a novel and amusing occupation,—an ever-shifting panorama of gaiety. The sight of elegant and fashionable equipages, prancing steeds, the handsome and youthful forms of many of the riders, with the continual peal of the door-bell and the sound of merry voices below, kept up a sort of excitement for her. But as the short winter afternoon began to wane, the arrivals decreased in number, and, with an aching heart, Lucy could not but notice the unsteady step and hand with which many a manly form descended the steps of the aristocratic mansion, and with bold jest or maudlin mirth, drove recklessly away. Once in passing the drawing-room door she heard Miss Bella say she wished,

"If that horrid Higham must call, he would come earlier in the day; he was sure to get so shockingly boozy by two o'clock."

Yet she had no hesitation about pressing another glass upon him with her sweetest smile.

While Lucy sat at the window, a little shell-like cutter flew past, and in one brief instant a hat was lifted gallantly and she had a glimpse of a cluster of dark hair and two bright eyes darting smiles upon the lower windows. It was but a flash, a fancied resemblance, but something sprang up in her heart, fluttered a moment, then fell heavily, as we have heard of those buried alive, waking from their trance, struggling vainly with their winding-sheet and dying at last without a sound. She arose, and holding by the back of a chair, reached a glass of water from a table near, and ten minutes after, you would have seen no trace of emotion on the calm features of the governess.

In March came Miss Flora's eighteenth birthday, and of course there was a grand party for the "coming out." Over a hundred invitations were given to the very *elite* of the city, and a crowd was expected.

Lucy's taste and readiness of hand were found very available in the decorations of the rooms and the preparation of the numerous toilets. Flora was a pleasant and social, though rather shallow-minded girl, and, on the whole, Lucy liked her. She made herself "everlastingly to be remembered," so the young lady herself declared, by braiding and arranging her hair in a new and beautiful manner for the great occasion.

At a late hour in the evening, Lucy stood at one of the windows of the ladies' dressing-room, gazing into the silent and moon-lit street. Flora fluttered in, over-heated with the dance, to re-arrange her dress and hair.

"Why Miss Hastings! are you here? How you startled me! Why don't you come down stairs instead of staying up here so mopey?"

Lucy assured her that she did not feel mopey in the least.

"But come! This is my birth-night and I want every body to enjoy themselves. Come down and hear the music and see the dresses. You should see Anna Foulard to-night, she is magnificent! She has on a set of diamonds that cost three thousand dollars; only think of it! And I want you to see—you know who? Give me your opinion, you know. There! I'm ready. Come down with me and I will find you a cosy place in the library where you can see everything and not be seen. The music has stopped now; Mrs. Thorpe is just going to sing. They were talking about it when I came up."

"Who did you say?" asked Lucy, as the name caught her ear.

"Mrs. Norman Thorpe. She was Viola Hughes, daughter of one of our rich merchant-captains. She is a splendid singer, though not so good as before she was married."

"Hush!" said Lucy, for they had began to descend the stairs.

No one noticed the pale face and slender figure in plain brown silk, which from the curtained and dimly lighted alcove of the library, surveyed the scene beneath the blaze of the drawing-room chandelier. I say surveyed the scene, yet after the first brief glance, Lucy could scarcely have been said to see anything except in the direction of the piano. Seated on the music-stool was a little airy creature, surely not over nineteen years of age, and pretty as we in our childhood think wax dolls. There was about her face a flutter of little curls, and about her dress a flutter of ribbons and lace, and that was the most definite idea one could get of her at a distance. One or two gallants vied with each other in attentions; held her boquet and fan, turned the leaves of her music and poured into her ears a stream of the smallest coin of conversation. She smiled, coquetted, and nodded to all, as her jeweled fingers flashed along the keys in a lively prelude, then in a clear, ringing voice, she sang a wild Swiss carol.

Lucy looked and listened much as she would have done if a bird of Paradise had suddenly alighted near her and greeted her with melody unknown before. Again and again she sang, and each effort was greeted with renewed applause. A gentleman approached and bending over her spoke a few words in a low tone. She was about to retire from the piano, but eager voices cried

"One more! Only one more!"

She smiled, and the gentleman who had spoken to her, stepped back and stood leaning against the deep embrazure of one of the windows. He was facing the alcove in the shadow of which Lucy stood, and she saw in an instant that the face of one whom she had seen three years before, on the top of the stage, one clear June morning, and the face that shot by, on New Year's day, were here in one.

Higher, more joyous the notes swelled, and while all eyes were turned toward the singer, no one observed that the brown silk had emerged somewhat from its obscurity in its wearer's absorbing eagerness to catch every word, and that unconsciously to herself, the full glare of the chandelier fell upon her. A slight but hasty movement on the part of the tall form at the front window, awakened her to that fact, just as the last strains of the song were dying away. He took one step forward, their eyes met, and like a flash she was gone. Her eyes were blinded and in her ears was a rushing sound like falling water, as she flew along the dark passage and up the back stairs, and she never paused until safely locked in her own room she waited for the dawn.

What was the electric language of those two looks, who can tell?

Chapter IV.

The great financial crisis of 18— had come. Many a brilliant scheme lay shattered in the dust; many a noble house had a name no longer "upon 'change;" many an *up town* resident had been compelled to move lower down, and was no more to be found on the calling lists of their former "good society." The recent failures, and the great changes wrought thereby, were the daily theme of drawing-room and dinner-table talk. Lucy always dined with the family at the Ridgley's, unless she preferred not to do so, and for some time she had heard little discussed aside from money matters. She had begun to weary of the sameness of the subject.

"Papa," said Miss Flora, one afternoon at dinner, "I see, in this morning's list of failures, that of Messrs. Rush, Ryze and Thorpe; is it bad?"

"Rather, I'm afraid. Not over fifty cents on a dollar."

"Poor Mrs. Thorpe! How hard it will be for her to give up their nice house. I should think her father would help them."

"Not he. He is not any too well off himself. That last speculation came near upsetting him. He is too shrewd to trust much to young Thorpe, who, to tell the truth, is going it a little too fast."

"I thought so," said Mrs. Ridgley; "I don't know a young couple in our acquaintance who live more elegantly, or entertain on a larger scale. I have thought this long time that it would never do. There has been some rumors that Thorpe and his wife did not agree. Some say he married her for her money. However that may be, she is but a silly child, and the best thing she can do is to go home to her mother and live as modestly as she can until he gets on his feet again. Her mother has property, though she is stingy enough, goodness knows."

"If she would do that, and Thorpe would carry a steadier hand than he has lately, they might get along. But if he don't look sharp, there will not be a house in New York that will have any dealings with him."

"Why, father! I thought he was a very promising young man. You don't mean that he is dissipated?"

"I can't say so of my own knowledge, but things look very like it. He has first rate natural abilities, and might make a merchant of the first class, if he would apply himself. But when a young man neglects his business, gives too many oyster suppers, and plays billiards outside of his own house, it is about time to look out for him."

"Well," said Mrs. Ridgley, "if that is the case, it has come about since his marriage. There never was a young man who commenced life under better prospects,—so I have heard Mr. Foulard say. I never saw anything amiss in his conduct until the night of Bella's wedding,—I think he drank more wine than any other gentleman at the table."

"And at my birth-night ball, ma, two years ago, don't you remember how odd he appeared at supper and during the rest of the evening. You know he laughed and joked incessantly, in such reckless manner, yet I did not think he was intoxicated."

"Several persons remarked on him that night. I think even his wife was astonished."

In July Mrs. Ridgley and Flora went to Newport, but the children remained in town with their governess, having the privilege of occasional excursions into the country. One sultry day Lucy took them out to Bloomfield, for a breath of fresh air and a taste of summer fruits. It was twilight when they returned to the city, and as she assisted her charges from the car to the platform, a man attempted to step from the car in front. He accomplished this feat with some difficulty, coming so close to Lucy that her dress touched him. As she turned to look at him, wondering at his strange manner, he reeled suddenly to one side and fell heavily between the cars. She uttered a short and frightened scream, and extended her hand, though too late to save him. In that moment she had recognized him. One of the brakemen and a gentleman standing near raised him from his uncomfortable position, and found him unhurt, beyond a few bruises, and some slight damage to his fashionable suit of clothes.

Lucy was about to seek a carriage to convey herself and the children home. Should she do so without another look or thought for him? She could not make up her mind to do this. She hesitated an instant, looking around to see if any one present seemed to know him, then turning to the hackman at her elbow she said,

"Drive this gentleman to number twenty, East Fifteenth street. Is your back in waiting? Then I will see you help him in."

She stood by at a little distance, while her request was being obeyed, heedless alike of the looks of one or two bystanders and the curious questions of the children.

"Poor girl," said one of the lady passengers to another, "I suppose it is her brother. How dreadful!"

If she heard, she did not think it necessary to inform her of her mistake. When the man had safely deposited his half fainting burden, he turned to Lucy and, lifting his hat, asked if she should go, and the "children."

"No. Here is your fare. Drive carefully and see him into the house safely."

As she spoke, she put some silver into the rough hand, and her veil being down, did not notice that she dropped her handkerchief until she had entered another carriage and was on her way home. The man picked it up, but she was gone, and thinking it would doubtless do as well, thrust it into one of the pockets of the individual in his charge.

Norman Thorpe's sleep that night lasted far into the next day, and when at length he became aware that he was not only a living but a waking man, things seemed strangely *mixed up* some how. He rubbed his eyes and forehead, gazed vacantly around the room, and languidly raising himself, seized the bell-rope at the head of the bed. Presently a curly pate and mahogany visage appeared at the door and a short dialogue ensued.

"What time is it?"

"Ten minutes past ten, Sah."

"Where is Mrs. Thorpe?"

"At her father's. Went yesterday morning, Sah."

"Hand me that writing case. Here, take this note to the store, and mind and tell them that you left me in bed. But before you go, hand me those pants and that coat."

"Yes, Sah."

One by one the pockets were emptied and their contents found safe and in good order. But what is this? He looks at it curiously and spreads it on the bed before him. It is a delicate web of muslin, of French manufacture, and in one corner are some tiny black characters which he scans attentively. What can there be about that limpsey fragment of fashion to make a strong man tremble and turn pale? Another earnest examination of the black characters, and a gleam of returning recollection. Yes, it is the name! We have no need to ask *whose* name, for with the little handkerchief clutched tightly to his breast, Norman Thorpe buries his face in the pillow, moaning like a grieved child—

"O, Lucy, Lucy!"

Rising, he dressed himself with elaborate and particular care, and taking an up-town omnibus, very soon found himself at the door of Mr. Ridgley, in Twenty-Third street. He knew the family were away, but that made no difference. To the servant who showed him into the drawing-room, now retired into nun-like wrappers, from the vanities of this world, he said—

"I believe there is a young lady here, named Hastings; I wish to see her."

"The governess, sir?"

"Governess, or visitor, or something; it's all the same."

The waiter retreated only to return speedily with word that Miss Hastings received no calls in the absence of the family.

"Pshaw! Did you tell her who it was?"

"I did, sir. Mr. Thorpe, I believe."

"Confound you! Who asked you to take that liberty? No matter, I can call again some time."

The day after this unsuccessful call, Lucy received a letter bearing the city post-mark. The hand-writing was too familiar to be mistaken, though years had passed since last she saw it. She was strongly tempted to return the letter unopened, but the thought that it might be in her power to benefit the writer in some way, induced her to change her mind. She read:

Lucy—Perhaps I ought to say Miss Hastings—perhaps I ought to say—nothing at all; but the rush of old recollections is strong to-night, and notwithstanding your cruel refusal to see me this afternoon, I have courage to address you through the only medium left me. Two years ago I became aware that you were in this city,—you will remember when and how; but it was not until lately that I knew that you were actually an inmate of Mr. Ridgley's family.

For the present, I have to refer to a recent event which I feel certain has in some mysterious way laid me under obligations to you for undeserved, though, believe me, not *unappreciated* kindness. It is humiliating, under any circumstances, to have to speak of scenes such as transpired two days ago, and with which I feel sure that you are in some way connected; but doubly humiliating is it to me now.

I have in my possession a handkerchief bearing your name. I found it in one of my coat pockets, but my recent fall and consequent illness render me unable to recollect how it came there. I feel, however, that some good Genius must have placed it in my way to point out my guardian angel. I beg that I may keep it. If, with the last letter which I ever received from you, is now all that remains to speak to my unhappy heart of what has been.

O, Lucy! my first, best, and only love! I feel that it is folly to ask your forgiveness, though surely you could forgive an act which prevented you from uniting your fate with that of a wretch like me. I do not write to you with any wish to explain my conduct or exonerate myself.—Neither could avail me anything—could not even restore to me your good opinion. I only wish to bless you and thank you for all that you have been in times past, and for this new proof of your gentleness and goodness.

God bless and keep you forever more. And in the world to come, if such there be,—whether I shall be permitted to meet you in its blissful realms, or be doomed to perpetual banishment, a continuation of the sufferings which are already mine,—may all be made clear to you, that you may know wherein and how deeply I have erred. If ever a thought of my unworthy self crosses your mind, oh! be lenient, out of the depths of your divine compassion! Norman.

The letter was read again and again, and blotted by countless tears. Lucy had been less than human not to weep. A severe struggle took place in her mind, whether she should reply to it or not. It did not seem to require an answer, and Lucy was far too upright in spirit, too well disciplined in mind, to feel any weak, lingering desire to hold some sort of communication with the loved and lost, merely from reluctance to be severed wholly. No, it was no such slavish motive that caused her to hesitate. It was the intense yearning to stretch forth a saving and helping hand to one whom she felt surely needed it, weighed against the fear of being misunderstood. It was several days before she found courage to write and dispatch these words:

Mr. Thorpe—I am not aware that you are under any weighty obligations to me. Whatever I may have done, however I have been of service to you, it has been only from the same motives of humanity which I trust would actuate me in dealing with all my fellow beings. You must of course be aware that both my feelings and conduct must long have ceased to bear any relation to you. Do not understand me as denying all interest in your welfare. I were unchristian, could I so stifle the best feelings of human nature from wholly selfish considerations. You have surely mistaken woman's character, if you think she can at once recall her affections from their object, never to wander again. I do still retain so much memory of and interest in you, that I desire of all things to see you rise to an honorable position in society. Not that society which has become a household word in the fashionable world; but a society composed of the best and truest souls God ever made.

Nothing but the thought of incalculable good sometimes produced by "a word spoken in season," could ever have induced me to reply to your letter. You have intimated that words and thoughts of mine are still valuable to you. If in this you are sincere, I trust that what I now say will not be lost. Once I not only loved you, but *respected* you above other men. The love is laid away with other treasures, "where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt;" it is for you to say whether I shall part with the *respect*. Do you still possess those high qualities of mind and heart which once distinguished you? Is there nothing which you would wish to conceal? Are you still as much entitled to my respect and that of others, as formerly?

You have called me your "first, best, and only love." The first, I do believe I was, and the best, perhaps; but the *only* I have no wish to be. You are married. I have seen and admired your wife; there is much in her that is attractive and lovable, worthy of a more devoted heart than yours. I cannot, will not, believe that you have become so base as to win the hand of such a child-like creature without giving her at least some portion of your affections. It were easy for me to forgive your faithlessness towards myself, if you discovered that you had mistaken the depth of your own feelings; far easier than to forgive you so great a sin as perjury in taking the marriage vow.

O, Norman! by all that I have been to you—by all that I desire you to be—be faithful and true to her whom you have chosen—faithful and true in all the relations of your life! Only thus can you retain my regard. We shall never meet,—worlds will soon lie between us; but come what will, let me feel that the one error has been atoned for, by after integrity. Let me not live to thank God for the day that severed our paths.

I will pray for you, that the all-seeing One may hold you in his peculiar care. Do you ever pray for yourself? I do not mean to catechise you,—I but seek to remind you of the presence of Him "who forgiveth all our iniquities, who healeth all our diseases," and whose ears are ever open to those who come to ask for strength and guidance. Lucy.

[To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 52 letters.
My 5, 23, 16, 48, 43, 26 was the name of a prophet.
My 19, 32, 38, 11 was the name of Timothy's grandmother.
My 31, 17, 33, 22, 1, 34 was a country in Palestine.
My 33, 10, 42, 41, 18 was a king of Persia.
My 6, 20, 4 was a tree mentioned in the Bible.
My 8, 1, 49, 51, 36, 40 was an ancient coin.
My 13, 1, 21 was a tree spoken of in the Bible.
My 30, 9, 31, 8, 27 was an ancient musical instrument.
My 24, 15, 4, 15, 23 was a district of Eastern Palestine.
My 39, 10, 25, 52, 41, 28 was a scriptural tree.
My 34, 3, 24, 45 was the father of Eleazar.
My 12, 29, 47, 40, 44 was a part of the Temple.
My 32, 2, 33, was a bird spoken of in scripture.
My 20, 9, 7, 50, 43, 18 was a mountain in Palestine.
My 46, 35, 52, 14, 35, 36 was a measure mentioned in the gospel.
My 37, 15, 26, 20, 1 was a town in Greece.
My whole is a proverb of Solomon.
Penfield, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1860. A. J. D.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 19, 7, 7, 3 is an island south of Maine.
My 7, 12, 10, 16, 7 is a lake in the southern part of Canada.
My 10, 7, 17, 19 is a river in Maine.
My 2, 6, 16, 7 is a county in Illinois.
My 7, 9, 11, 7 is one of the great lakes.
My 16, 8, 6, 12, 18 is a county in Kentucky.
My 5, 2, 9, 1 is a cape south of South America.
My 9, 14, 8, 13, 7, 6, 9, 2 is a river in South America.
My 11, 15, 7, 3 is a river in Bavaria.
My 20, 2, 9, 14, 12 is a city in Spain.
My 8, 20, 4, 7, 9 is a town in Russia.
My whole is the name of two islands north of North America.
Janesville, 1860. F. I. Hoyt.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

A gentleman has a tract of land, containing 643 acres, which he wishes to divide among 3 sons and 2 daughters, in proportion to their ages; each daughter receiving four-fifths as much (in proportion to her age,) as each son. The eldest son is 14 years older than the youngest daughter, who is two-thirds as old as the youngest son. The eldest daughter's age, divided by 5, is equal to two-ninths of the age of the seconds on, who is three years older than the youngest son; and the sum of all their ages is 87 years. How many acres of land does each one receive.
Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y. J. Martin Brainerd.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 554.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—A soft answer turneth away wrath.
Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Saxo Meiningen Hilburghausen.
Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—A, 3; B, 2; C, 1.

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RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

THE BLIGHT.

SORELY are we troubled sometimes to know what is meant by the word at the head of this article, the *Blight*. A correspondent complains that his wheat or his oats looked well for a time, but was seized with a *blight;* or his potatoes or pear trees are *blighted*,—and he wishes to know both the cause and the remedy. Thus we are placed in a dilemma—being anxious to afford information, but have no means of doing so. It seems we are not alone in the difficulty; for the editor of the *London Gardener's Chronicle*, speaking of the same trouble, and in answer to a correspondent, gives a definition of blight, thus:—"It is a sun stroke, or a frost bite, a plague of insects, or of fungi, a paralysis of the roots, a gust of bad air; it is wetness, it is dryness, it is heat, it is cold, it is plethora, it is starvation; in short, it is anything that disfigures or destroys the foliage." This is an admirable definition; but our own would be more brief—that it is a name given to any *unknown* disease. This is especially the case where the effect is sudden and unexpected.

Blight is, perhaps, most generally thought to arise from atmospheric causes, and it is not unusual to hear persons point out the particular day, or fog, or warm rain, to which it is due. It is thought, however, that these peculiar conditions of the atmosphere only increase the malady already existing, so as to cause it to attract general observation. Mildew, no doubt, in many cases, is the cause of blight. Want of constitution in the plants is another cause. The plant is weak and becomes the easy prey of insects. These obtain nourishment and strength, and extend their ravages in each direction, forming circles of blighted grain. A remarkable case of this kind is reported in the English *Agricultural Gazette*. In June, the wheat was promising; but soon after blossoming, the plants died in certain spots; these spots gradually extended all around their respective centers. Adjacent spots occasionally united; but in other cases, they had merely approached each other when the ripening process was completed, although the whole crop was nearly destroyed. We have seen, the present season, a field of potatoes of about four acres, in a very similar condition. The latter part of June several spots appeared where the plants were dead or dying. In some cases only a few hills were destroyed; in others, several yards; but the circles continued to increase until the first of August, when the malady stopped. Every plant within the fatal circle was dead. This was probably caused by insects, though in a rather careful examination we failed to find the depredator. Might it not be caused by an infectious disease; and if so, the early removal of the diseased plants might have stayed its progress.

Blight, or disease of any kind, in grain, is apt to produce such a disorganization of the plant, that imperfect seed is the result—bearing very little resemblance to the true grain. We have before us a specimen of wheat sent us by a friend, as some new and foul seed, which we think is only the result of disease in the wheat plant, by which we have little hesitation in saying it was produced.

Blight sometimes appears so suddenly that a few are hardly willing to attribute the result to natural causes. A few years ago we lost a valuable peach tree very suddenly. On the morning of the Fourth of July it was apparently healthy and vigorous, and bearing a full crop of young peaches. On the evening of the same day every leaf was drooping and wilted, and it died as speedily as though it had been chopped off at the ground. Our first thought was, that it had been struck by lightning, as there had been a thunder-storm during the day, but of this we could find no proof. The operations of Nature are always wonderful, often mysterious, affording constant opportunities for the closest study and the most scrutinizing investigation. Though there are many things "past finding out," we have an ample field in which to glean wisdom, a valuable mine in which we need not search in vain for hidden truths.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Seedling Potatoes.

THE Journal of the Royal Dublin Society contains an article from DAVID MOORE, Curator of the Society's Garden, upon the raising and growing of seedling potatoes. During the first years of the potato disease in Ireland, the theory that the stock from which seed was then produced had become worn out, found favor with a large class of producers, and a panacea for the evil was sought for in the growing of seedlings. It was argued that if a fresh stock, with "new blood," as it was termed, could be established to procure seed from, the plant would be able to withstand the disease as well as it had done previously. Mr. MOORE was one of the most extensive experimenters, and reports as follows:

The seedlings have been fully as liable to disease as most of the old sorts, and even some tubers of the original stock which I had sent from South America, were very early and virulently attacked the same year they were planted, though they were kept apart from other potatoes; thus clearly proving that the disease was not the consequence of a worn-out stock.

So far, nothing more was proved than negativing the theory; but, in following up the experiments, results of another kind were obtained, which are of more public importance. During the first year of those seedlings the crops were light, tubers small, and quality bad; consequently, they were only grown for the purpose of trying whether, as they advanced in age, they would become better able to resist the disease. Great care was, however, bestowed on their cultivation, and yearly we had the satisfaction of seeing them improve in produce as well as in quality. In the early stages of their growth they were solid after being boiled, waxy, and unpleasantly flavored; and, on cutting a slice from the tubers sufficiently thin for examination under the microscope, it could be seen that the starch granules were comparatively few in the mass, and not well developed, as I several times observed when looking for the mycelium of the fungus among the cells. This will go far to account for the soft, waxy state of seedlings at first, as well as for their not bursting their skins, as properly matured tubers do when their chemical constituents are fully developed. The unpleasant flavor continued as long as the tubers were soft; but so soon as they become floury, and burst in boiling, the taste improved, and some are now equal to, if not better than, many of our old sorts. I sent 44 samples of the best kinds to the late exhibition, where they might have been seen on the stand near the middle gate, on entering from the court-yard, without any notice attached of the source they came from. It required ten years' cultivation to bring those samples to the state of perfection they were exhibited in, during which period they continued to improve gradually every subsequent year; and that is one of the principal facts I have to state in connection with this subject, which, simple though it may appear, and no doubt it is, when known, like most other things, it yet contains the principle of managing seedlings to a successful issue. Here we have carefully made experiments, showing that no small amount of patience and perseverance ought to be exercised with seedling potatoes before they are given up as worthless; and further, that such is really necessary to prove them.

Destruction of Weeds in Ireland.

IT would seem, notwithstanding the proverbial clean culture of Irish farmers, that the evils resulting from the disobedience of our first parents are seriously felt, as the attention of the government has recently been called thereto, and a law to provide for their destruction has received the sanction of the Queen. We give the first section of "The Weeds Act," merely adding that like laws and penalties might prove beneficial outside of the Emerald Isle:

It shall be lawful for the occupier of any cultivated lands, whether arable or pasture, who shall have reason to apprehend injury to the same by reason that the seeds of certain weeds commonly known as thistles, docks, or ragweeds, growing in any adjoining field or in any adjoining cemetery, or upon the sides of any adjoining railway or canal, might be carried by the wind upon such lands, to serve a notice upon the owner in occupation of any such field, or upon the clerk of the board or secretary of the company to which any such cemetery, railway, or canal shall belong, requiring him to cause such weeds to be cut down and destroyed. And in case the said owner, board, or company shall neglect to cause such weeds to be cut down or destroyed within the period of *fourteen* days from the day of the service of the said notice, so that they shall not be capable of being propagated by means of the wind carrying their seeds upon the said lands, such owner, board, or company shall be liable to a penalty not exceeding *five* pounds: And whenever the said owner, board, or company shall have neglected to cause such weeds to be so cut down and destroyed within the said period, it shall be lawful for the said occupier to serve a second notice of the like form and in the like manner as any such first notice upon the said owner, clerk, or secretary; and in case the said owner, board, or company shall again neglect to cause the said weeds to be so cut down and destroyed within the further like period of *fourteen* days from the day of the service of such second notice, such owner, board, or company shall be liable to a second penalty not exceeding double the amount of such first penalty, and in addition to the same.

Cinders for Pigs.

J. J. MECHI, of Triptree Hall, England, has been publishing his experience in fattening swine, and among other things, he has learned the fact "that pigs are very fond of coal ashes or cinders, and that you can hardly fat pigs properly on boarded floors without giving them a moderate supply daily, or occasionally." He says:—"In the absence of coal ashes, burned clay or brick-dust is a good substitute. If you do not supply ashes they will gnaw or eat the brick walls of their sheds. I leave to science to explain the cause of this want. It is notorious that coal dealers, where pigs have access to the coals, are generally successful pig feeders. Those who find that their pigs, when shut up, do not progress favorably, will do well to try this plan; a neighbor of mine found that a score of fat pigs consume quite a basket of burned clay ashes daily. We know that there is an abundance of alkali in ashes."

Stock Raising.

FROM an article upon this topic in the *Field and Fireside*, we make the following brief extract: It is choice cows, sheep, horses, and mules, that yield the greatest returns to skillful husbandmen. The production of scrubs, or mean stock of any kind, is rather a mean business, in a pecuniary point of view. Raise superior animals on rich perennial grasses, if you seek a good income from your farm stock husbandry. Such animals may obtain part of their living from unimproved old fields, particularly sheep; but they want good clover and pea hay in the winter, or hay made from the English grasses. The most prominent error in stock growing, is the attempt to rear fine hogs, cattle, and sheep, on scanty and defective food. Some want a great deal of meat, milk, or wool from little or nothing. They ask nature to make them rich, while they lie in the shade in summer, and sit by the fire in winter, and leave their poor animals to nearly or quite perish from neglect.

HOW TO CONSTRUCT LIGHTNING RODS.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing in a recent number of one of our dailies, no less than four instances in which property had been destroyed by lightning, in at least three of which protection would have been afforded by means of well-arranged lightning rods, (the fourth instance was the destruction of some cattle in an open field,) it occurred to me that far less use is made of the means of protection within our reach, than would be the case if the public were in possession of reliable information upon this subject,—while at the same time the miserable substitutes for lightning rods which we sometimes see, would no longer be tolerated. I therefore take the liberty of throwing together a few ideas upon this subject for the benefit of the readers of the RURAL, and in so doing would state that I have freely used the labors of our most eminent electricians—FARADAY, NOAD, DE LA RIVE, BECQUEREL, POUILLET, HARRIS, &c.—much rather preferring to be correct than to be original.

In setting about the erection of a lightning rod, the following points will claim our attention:

First—The material of which the rod should be made.

Second—Its form and size.

Third—The method of attaching it to the structure to be protected.

Fourth—Its termination, both in the air and in the earth.

With regard to the substance of which the rod should be composed, there can be no doubt of copper being the most suitable material for this purpose. Not but that a continuous iron rod, of sufficient size and in good condition, would carry off any electrical discharge whatever, but when we consider the impossibility of procuring a continuous iron rod of the requisite length, and that it must therefore be fastened by joints, between which oxidation is certain to occur, and that, in spite of paint, &c., iron rods very soon corrode and become worthless, it will obviously be very poor policy to adopt this metal. Indeed, so powerful are the destructive agencies constantly at work, that, from an inspection of a considerable number of rods, we are inclined to believe a very large percentage of the iron rods in existence afford no protection whatever.

Nor is copper so much more expensive as to preclude its use for this purpose. When we recollect that a copper strip one inch wide and one-seventh of an inch thick will conduct as much electricity as an iron bar one inch square, it is obvious that a good copper conductor is not more expensive per lineal foot than its more clumsy iron competitor.

The form of rod which recommends itself to our notice, is that of a flat strip,—not from its increased surface, for rods are efficient in proportion to their solid section, but as being neater and more easily applied. The size which we believe to be safe is one inch wide, and from one-fortieth to one-sixteenth of an inch thick. We believe that there is no instance on record of a rod of this size having been melted. Less might do, for it has frequently occurred that copper bell wires have carried off heavy charges, but in such instances the wires have always been burnt, although they protected the building as far as they went. The lightning conductor applied to the Nelson Monument, London, is three inches wide and one-fifth of an inch thick—nearly equal to ten such rods as we propose. HARRIS, (speaking of conductors for ships,) says: "It has been found that a rod of copper half an inch in diameter, or an equal quantity of copper in any other form, will resist the expansive and heating effects of any discharge of lightning hitherto experienced." But such conductors are exposed to those terrific tropical storms, compared to which any lightning stroke that we experience is but feeble. On the other hand, the Committee of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, (consisting of MM. POISSON, LEFEVRE-GINEAU, GIRARD, DULONG, FRESNEL, and GAY LUSSAC,) reported that there was no known instance in which an iron rod of thirteen to fourteen millimetres (half an inch) in diameter, had been fused or made red hot by a flash of lightning. Now, such a rod presents a sectional area of .1963 of a square inch, and, allowing for difference of conducting power, is only equal to a copper strip one inch wide and one-thirty-seventh of an inch thick. Any strip, then, one inch in width and over the thirty-second part of an inch thick, must be perfectly safe, although it is probable that even less than this would afford ample protection, and would be injured only on some very extraordinary occasion.

The rod is best attached to the building by simple nailing. Insulators are worse than useless,—all electricians, from FRANKLIN and HARE to FARADAY, recommending that they be connected with all large metallic surfaces on the building. There is no danger of the lightning leaving the rod, if the latter be well connected with the earth, while a charge passing parallel to a metallic water pipe, yet insulated from it, would be very apt to produce an inductive discharge which would prove rather dangerous.

The rod should terminate above in a series of points, forming a large brush. Not that this is required to enable the electricity from the clouds to enter the rod, for it would enter just as well by a single point, however blunt that might be; but as the lightning as often passes from the earth to the clouds, as from the clouds to the earth, the reasons in favor of a good connection between the air and the rod, are as strong as those in favor of a good connection between the rod and the earth. And as the air in such cases is generally moist, and hence conducts well, this condition is by no means difficult to fulfill.

That the lower extremity of the rod should terminate in a good conducting medium connected with the earth, is too obvious to require comment. This is generally secured by burying the end of the rod so deep as to be always in contact with moist soil, and as the area of the two surfaces in contact, (that of the soil and that of the rod,) determines the efficiency of the connection, we would not be sparing of the amount of sheet copper buried beneath the surface. In this case, however, it will be well to use the thinnest sheet copper, carrying it off in several directions. We thus obtain an increased surface of contact with a minimum of metal, but we must at the same time remember that where we depend upon the copper alone to convey the discharge, the aggregate section of all the strips should at least equal the section of the main conductor. J. P.

REMARKS.—We concur generally in the views expressed by our correspondent. In the belief that the flat copper rod, similar to that described, is preferable to any other, we have recently had such erected upon our dwelling, under the direction of Prof. N. BRITTAN, of Lockport. The rods used are about one inch wide. In the most exposed situation two copper strips were placed together—in the others only one was considered necessary. No insulators were used, but the rods were well pointed above, and terminated in moist earth—extending some four feet below the surface and six to eight from the building.—ED.

BROOME CO.—AG. SOCIETIES, PROGRESS, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The people of Broome County are at present taking a very lively interest in Agricultural pursuits. We have now three regularly organized Societies for the promotion of Agriculture, so situated as not to interfere with each other, and all working harmoniously together for the good of the whole. During the past year it has given me great pleasure to mingle with the members of each of these Societies, and to confer upon subjects of general interest to all. While on a visit last winter to the Farmers' Club of East Maine, (A. H. GREEN, President,) I found a well organized Society, situated in the western portion of the county, well officered with some of the most talented and substantial men of that section, accompanied by a glee club, which discoursed most excellent music—all harmoniously engaged in the advancement of the interests of the tiller of the soil.

The influence of this Society is felt for a great distance in the surrounding country, in the improved plowing and thorough culture of the soil, the clearing the new lots of the hideous stumps, briars, and thorns, the raising of magnificent sheep, fine cattle, and improved breeds of horses—including some fine specimens of oats and wheat.

The Harpersville Union Ag'l Society, (W. L. MUDGE, President,) located in the easterly portion of our county, is also a very flourishing institution. I had the pleasure of meeting its members last fall at their Annual Fair. The weather was unpropitious, and they were under the necessity of adjourning the first day; but, nothing daunted by the severity of the weather, they carried out the programme quite successfully, and to the satisfaction of all.

The head-quarters of the Broome County Agricultural Society (of which your humble servant is President,) are located in Lisle, nearly equidistant between the two above named. It has been organized only two years, but has been a decided success both years, and is now out of debt, with about one hundred dollars in the treasury. Our receipts last year were over eleven hundred dollars, and an effort will be made for a continued success on the 11th, 12th, and 13th of September inst. Previous to this, a Society was organized, but from some cause was allowed to run down. A Town Society was next organized in Lisle, and this is the fruit of it, and we are now indebted to the indomitable courage and energy of a few noble men and women in that town, for the existence of the present Broome County Agricultural Society.

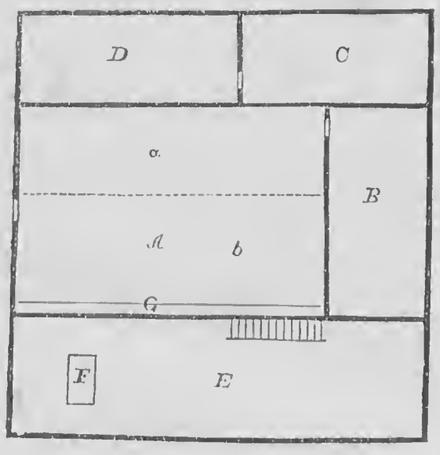
A word or two about the crops and I have done. The wheat is harvested in fine order, and a most excellent crop it is, free from midge or rust; and I think I can send you a sample of as fine wheat of my own raising, as Western New York can produce. The oats and barley are heavy, but very much beaten down by the severity of the storms. In some localities near here, we have been visited by severe hail storms. The hay crop is unusually large. O. C. CROCKER.

Binghamton, Broome Co., N. Y., 1860.

PLAN FOR A PIG PEN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Although you may not in me recognize one of your "numerous correspondents," alluded to by M., who asks for a "plan of a pen sufficient to accommodate five to eight hogs;" yet, as I have one in some respects better than most, I presume to forward an account thereof for the use of farmers.

The body of the pen, 12 by 24 feet, is of field stone, laid in solid masonry; the end walls raised 7 feet in height; rear and half the front side walls are 4½ feet; the balance of the front wall about 3 feet, with a board fitted firmly in the wall at the ends, and aslant, so as to form the spout over which the swill is poured, under which is a *shallow* trough extending from the end of the pen to the partition for the bedding apartment. The corners of the wall are turned, to strengthen the top of end walls. Six feet of the back end of the pen is partitioned off,—by a sleeper and joist laid in the wall, studded and boarded,—for the bedding room, with door near the rear wall. Floor of bedding room, plank; floor of feeding room, stone. The rear half is large flagging stone; the front half is paved with large field stone, so laid and wedged that the hogs cannot root them out. The flagged part is a trifle lower than the paved, and all 4 to 6 inches lower than the plank bedding. As the whole slightly descends to the rear, all the litter tends there, and the flagged bottom makes it convenient shoveling. To perfect the enclosure, over the swill spout is placed a plank set in the wall at the ends, the upper edge raised as high as the side walls, leaving a space under for passage of swill to the trough, along the entire length of which are slats 6 inches wide, about 10 to 12 inches apart, to prevent swine getting their feet in.



GROUND PLAN.

A, Feeding Room; *B*, Sleeping Room; *C*, Pigs' Sleeping Room; *D*, Manure Heap; *E*, Shed for sundries; *F*, Trap Door; *a*, Flagging; *b*, Paving.

A frame 24 feet square, made of three beams, with plates framed to their ends, is laid upon this foundation, so that the end or outer beams bear upon the end walls,—the middle beam supported by two short posts, standing on the center of the side walls; the rafters set quite steep, and a small glass window in the south gable end, makes a convenient room above to store corn for feed, as well as a convenient room for many small implements and lumber for most of the year. By planing this frame with 7 feet projection in front, I have an admirable shed for my grindstones, as well as shelter for other matters. In rear the eave projection is 5 feet, under which, by half wall and boarding, I have an enclosure 12 feet in length for a bedding for the store pigs, while the porkers are shut in for fattening. The rest of the rear is used to shovel out the refuse, &c. The space over that part of the back wall is closed by a flap door, hung to swing up when opened. By this arrangement every step in the raising and fattening of hogs is carried on at any time of the year with nearly the same success. It is cool in summer, and nearly as warm as a cellar in winter, hence extremes are not hurtful. It is light and airy, the two most important points in a pen for hogs. My trough is approached without any hindrance from gates or doors, and never receives any rainwater when stormy. The necessary work inside is done without crouching or bumping. I shovel my corn from the cart or wagon, through a trap-door over the front projection, and it is fed through the floor upon the paved part of the feeding room.

This pen I have used about nine years,—have fattened from 3 to 10 large hogs at a time,—once more than twenty shoats, only adding a temporary enclosure outside. I lose no pigs by excessive heat, or by freezing when young. The whole cost, including hauling stone, materials, labor, and board, was a trifle over fifty dollars.

Venice, Cay. Co., N. Y., 1860. E. W. BATEMAN.

BREEDING HORSES—REFORM NEEDED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As this is an age of reform and improvement, would it not be well to give some attention to the improvement of our horses, not in a few instances only, but a general, radical reform? This may surprise some, but if they will consider the number and class of horses kept for stock at the present time, they cannot but think there is great need of improvement.

For a few years past, if a breeder chance to have bred an ordinary-looking horse colt, the first thought that entered his mind was to save it for a stock horse, and thus they have been saved until their name is legion. This would be well enough if they were of the right kind, as it would only subject breeders to a little more teasing, which perhaps might serve as a lesson of patience. But when we examine them as a class we find some are spavined, some ring-boned, some in the last stages of consumption, and, in fact, all the ails of which horse flesh is heir to can be found among them. And, worst of all, these blemished and broken-down animals are patronized to the same, or greater extent than the best, for the reason of a present saving of a dollar or two in price, and the convenience of their coming to your stable. The natural and inevitable results of this, is a race of blemished, diseased horses, so that a healthy, sound horse, at maturity, has become the the exception instead of the general rule.

Now would it not be well for us to follow the example of the Green Mountain boys and levy a *tax* upon every horse kept for stock, and see if other States, as well as Vermont, cannot become noted for their fine horses? A BREEDER.

Borodino, N. Y., Sept., 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

That "Bee Frolic."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I read in your issue of the 4th inst., a communication from J. HERON FOSTER, Jr., setting forth some "facts about bees," which he styles a "bee frolic," intimating that what he saw was something out of the ordinary course of things, or a divergence from the natural instinct of the bee. In this, however, he is mistaken.

He presents the case of two colonies of bees, each sending forth a swarm, one on the 24th, the other on the 25th of June. The swarm issuing on the 25th was successfully returned to the parent stock, by depriving them first of their queen. An effort was then made to return the swarm issuing on the 24th, they having been absent from the parent stock 24 hours. Their queen was found and also taken from them, but instead of returning to their former hive, they *instinctively* followed the sound of the other swarm which had but just entered *their* old home, and entered after them, *their* parent stock being at the time settled and quiet. It is a fact which has been observed by very many extensive apprarians, where two or more swarms issue at or near the same time, that, attracted by "the peculiar hum," they will almost invariably, or at least quite often, *all cluster together*. Such was undoubtedly the case of the "bee frolic" alluded to by your correspondent.

Had he waited patiently till the first swarm had become settled, and the "hum" peculiar to bees swarming had ceased, the other swarm would as instinctively and kindly returned to *their* parent stock, as did the first. It seems that the reason for returning the issuing swarms to their parent stocks, was the fact that he regarded them too weak to bear the division. In this he was undoubtedly correct. But, if he was in the use of the Langstroth Hive, to which allusion was made, he should have known this fact previous to the swarming, thus saving himself all this trouble and final disappointment. This he could have known by removing the frames, and ascertaining the strength of their stocks, and at the same time removing the queen cells, which would have precluded all possibility of swarming.

Kenosha, Wis., August, 1860. R. C. OTIS.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In your issue of August 4th, I notice an article by J. H. FOSTER, asking information relative to what he evidently considers a "bee frolic," though regarded by the present writer as nothing more than might have been expected under the circumstances. There is much in bee-culture that is generally considered by the inexperienced as very mysterious, hence the reason why so much has been said about the "*mysteries of bee-keeping*." "Mysteries" exist in a greater or less degree in almost every science. It is time, however, that the term "mysteries" be used as little as possible. Nothing that is of material benefit to the bee-keeper, but may now be satisfactorily explained. Exceptions, however, exist.

Mr. F. unquestionably deems that "bee frolic" a pretty knotty question, and hence rather difficult to unravel. Were it not for the fact that experienced bee-keepers frequently encounter similar supposed "freaks," it might perhaps be so considered. Had Mr. F. arranged what he considered mysterious in the form of questions, it would have saved me considerable guessing. I guess that the following is one "mystery," to wit: Why did swarm No. 1, when shaken out near the parent hive, refuse to enter it; but, instead, took a direct course and joined swarm No. 2, which "fifteen minutes before" had been returned to *its* parent stock, No. 2? First, because they had lost *all instinctive knowledge* of the stock from which they had issued "twenty-four hours before." Such a conclusion may be arrived at by the following test: Hive a swarm any time during the day, let it remain where hived "twenty-four hours," then jar them out upon a sheet, secure and remove the queen, and report whether they return to the parent stock; that is, if five or more similar in appearance are sitting near each other. Should there be but one, they would very probably return to it, which would be no test whatever. They will not leave for the woods unless accompanied by the queen. Second, swarm No. 1 would have gone into hive No. 1, had it been returned before swarm No. 2 was returned to stock No. 2. Bees make a peculiar sound when hiving them, or when shaken out and made to enter a hive, termed "calling." This peculiar sound has been known to induce a swarm just issuing to enter a hive into which a few minutes before a swarm had been hived Sometimes this sound may be heard fifteen or twenty minutes, or even longer, after the bees have entered a hive, and become, at a distance, apparently quiet. The "calling" was doubtless the cause of swarm No. 1 uniting with swarm and stock No. 2. Even if swarm No. 1 had not forgotten its former home, it would, on hearing the "calling" in hive No. 2, be induced to fly thither, rather than to enter the parent hive. It may be asked, how did or could swarm No. 1 hear the "calling" in hive No. 2, when they were "fifteen feet apart?" This is readily accounted for, from the fact that a few bees, when shaken out of a hive, will generally rise on the wing, and passing near a hive similar to No. 2, would hear the sound, which would then almost instantaneously be communicated to the others. Their hearing is surprisingly acute, and even if none had taken wing, they might have heard the sound that distance.

The re-issuing of the swarms the next morning, is nothing more than might have been expected; and yet, I would not in the least be surprised had they not issued. Mr. F. does not state whether they were again hived the next morning previous to their leaving at "half-past 1 o'clock." I "guess," however, they were. The reason why they clustered again, "about a quarter of a mile," was on account of the queen being fatigued, and hence unable to fly much further without becoming rested. Swarms accompanied by old queens, are very liable to re alight after flying a long distance, on account of the queen being overburdened with eggs; also because she is not accustomed to fly—the same as a bird after having been "caged" for a long time. Mr. F. also states that the queen in swarm No. 1 was "small," while the queen in swarm No. 2 was "large;" and yet, both "second" swarms! This may be true, that one queen was "small" and the other "large," but it is not so likely to be true that both were "second" swarms. There is a perceptible difference in the size of queens. Queens in first swarms are generally what I term "large," while those that accompany "second" swarms are *invariably* what I term "small." Now, as Mr. F. may understand the terms "large" and "small" when applied to the size of queens, in a different sense than I do, he may possibly be correct. It is, however, immaterial why the swarms again re-alighted about a "quarter of a mile" distant, unless to satisfy an inquisitive mind. The principal causes I have given, and unless a person is positive relative to the swarm—whether it be a *first* or an *after* swarm—no truly correct answer can be given. The instance recorded by Mr. F. is not very "common," as very few bee-keepers take the precaution to return after swarms to the parent stocks. Every bee-keeper that uses the common hive, and relies entirely upon natural swarming, should return to the parent stocks all swarms after the second. Had Mr. F. been a little more explicit, I might perhaps have solved the "mysteries" a little more satisfactory.

M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niagara Co., N. Y., Aug. 9, 1860.

Artificial Honey Combs.

SOME ingenious bee-man in Germany has invented a method of making artificial honey-comb, which he puts into hives in which new swarms of bees are to be put. This is found to be quite an improvement. The bees find their new quarters already partly filled with unfinished comb, and they soon finish it up and fill it with honey. Thus both time and labor are saved to the bee, and he is made to return honey in less time than if such a start had not been given him.

We learn from a paragraph in the *Ohio Farmer*, communicated to that paper by Prof. KIRTLAND, that a Mr. J. N. HOAG, in California, has successfully manufactured this species of comb, and introduced it to his bees with manifest advantage. It is done by melting down pure beeswax, which is then run into molds to make it thin and smooth like window glass. When cooled, it is stamped or embossed into the exact shape of the partition which separates the double rows of cells in the comb. He does not make the entire comb, but merely the ground work, and it is done in such perfection that when placed in the hive, the bees accept it as their own work, and erect their six-sided cells upon it with the utmost alacrity.

Bees in California.

WE have been favored with the perusal of a letter from California, from which we make the following extract, showing the success of a California Apiarian:—"My bees are doing exceedingly well. I have 200 stocks, and shall have at least 500 by the 1st of October. One of my brothers who started in with 17 stocks, has now 70; and another brother who had 15 two months ago, has now nearly as many. I think bees will be worth about $25 a swarm this fall."

Bee House Wanted.

WILL you please give a plan for a bee house large enough to accommodate thirty swarms of bees? Any light on this subject will be very acceptable?—WM. J. EDWARDS, *Niles, Mich.*, 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Chester County Hogs.

MR. AUG. SHRIVER, a respectable planter of Maryland, thus speaks in the *American Farmer* of this excellent breed of hogs:

You say "you would like to know from farmers who have had this stock for several years, how they compare with other breeds?" In answer thereto, I propose giving the result of my own experience with them. I have had the Chester County breed for about nine years, and have had many opportunities of comparing them with the ordinary stock, and also the old Berkshires, and have found them in all cases, under the same treatment, to maintain their superiority in an eminent degree. I am no fancy farmer, and do not keep any stock for ornament or exhibition, but bring it down to the practical point of dollars and cents. It is therefore enough for me to say, that I consider the Chester County breed as the most profitable under all circumstances, both as a pen hog and as a grazer, of all the different breeds that I have ever owned.

They possess in an eminent degree the very desirable qualities of early maturity and fattening at an early age, which latter quality with me is the most important, as I am thereby enabled to put my spring pigs into the market at nine or ten months old, weighing at that age from two to two hundred and fifty pounds. This weight is produced, of course, by good feeding and proper attention. My fall litters, which I keep over winter, are turned out early in the spring on clover, and seldom receive any other food than the run of the wheat stubble until they are put up for fattening, when I usually have them to weigh from three to four hundred pounds at about fourteen or fifteen months old. A friend of mine has now a lot of six which he is keeping in high condition, which he expects to make average five hundred pounds at eighteen months old, and I have no doubt they will do it.

I wish it understood that in giving my views of the above hogs, I am disinterested, having none for sale, nor have I ever offered them for sale, though the effect of my success with them has led to their general introduction, and they are gradually superseding all other breeds in my neighborhood, where the farmers are noted for their practicality and aversion to all humbugs.

Native Cattle.

WE have a breed of cattle in the Northern States which pass under the appellation of "native cattle," but there appears to be a stock in Texas better entitled to the name. A Texas paper says: We are informed by those most familiar with the facts, that these cattle were of uniform color, as much so as buffaloes—a black brown, approaching black; short, glossy hair, beautiful turned horns, large in size, with broad chest and bodies, well-rounded quarters, and generally exhibiting excellent forms for beef and draft. The half-breed fully sustains this description, and is not only a valuable work-ox, but, when fat, would rank as a first-class beef. One object in alluding to the subject, is to invite inquiry as to whether, if not too late, our common stock of cattle may not be improved by preserving this wild breed and crossing it. It is probable there are some still in this country in a domestic state. Another point of considerable interest, and one that we have on various occasions heard discussed without any satisfactory result, is, whence came this distinctive family of cattle, all of the same color and general exterior, which make them entirely different from the domestic stock of the United States, Mexico, and the Creoles of Louisiana, all of which are new to Texas.

Milking Often.

WE find the following item "going the rounds" without any mark of paternity, and give it that RURAL farmers may reflect and experiment upon it, if they think "it will pay:"

I have never practiced milking more than twice a day, because in spring and summer other farm work was too pressing to allow of it; but there is no doubt that, for some weeks after calving, and in the height of the flow, the cows ought, if possible, to be milked regularly three times a day—at early morning, noon, and night. Every practical dairyman knows that cows thus milked give a larger quantity of milk than if milked only twice, though it may not be quite so rich; and in young cows, no doubt, it has a tendency to promote the development of the udder and milk veins. Frequent milking stimulates an increased secretion, and therefore ought never to be neglected in the milk dairy, either in the case of young cows or large milkers, at the height of the flow, which will ordinarily be for two and three months after calving.

The charge of this branch of the dairy should generally be intrusted to women. They are more gentle and winning than men. The same person should milk the same cow regularly, and not change from one to another, unless there are special reasons for it.

Hay for One Sheep.

IN reply to the question, "How much hay will a sheep consume during the winter months," the Michigan *Farmer* remarks as follows:

The usual rate of the consumption of food is at the rate of 3½ pounds of hay daily for every 100 pounds of live weight. If we take the average of flocks, the live weight of 100 common sheep would be about 7,500 pounds, or from that up to 8,000. It is rare that a whole flock of fine wooled sheep will average more than 70 pounds for each head, though it may be that this weight is exceeded in some instances. At the rate mentioned, a flock of 100 sheep should use up or consume 250 pounds of hay per day, or a total of 25 tuns in the winter season that lasted 180 days. This would also equal 504 pounds to each single sheep, or it may be stated as a general rule that a full grown Merino sheep averaging in live weight from 75 pounds to 100, will consume during the winter season a quarter of a tun of hay, or its equivalent, if comfortably kept. If grain forms a part of the ration, of course some of the hay may be saved; but if the animal is to be kept growing wool, it will need its full ration of hay, and a little grain, too.

Fattening Turkeys.

A WRITER in the Germantown *Telegraph* furnishes that journal with the following statement:—Much has been published of late in our agricultural journals, in relation to the alimentary properties of charcoal. It has been repeatedly asserted, that domestic fowls may be fattened on it without any other food, and that, too, in a shorter time than on the most nutritive grains. I made an experiment, and must say that the result surprised me, as I had always been rather skeptical. Four turkeys were confined in a pen, and fed on meal, boiled potatoes and oats. Four others, of the same brood, were also at the same time confined in another pen, and fed daily on the same articles, but with one pint of finely pulverized charcoal mixed with their meal and potatoes. They also had a plentiful supply of broken charcoal in their pen. The eight were killed on the same day, and there was a difference of one and a half pounds each in favor of the fowls which had been supplied with the charcoal, they being much the fattest, and the meat greatly superior in point of tenderness and flavor.

Fine Wool at the South.

IN reply to a correspondent, who asks whether a warm climate is unfavorable to the growth of fine wool, the editor of the Georgia *Southern Cultivator* remarks:—Our observation during the last six years on the produce of Merino sheep, brought from the very best flocks of Vermont and New York to Georgia, is, that while there is no loss in the weight, there has been a decided gain in the fineness of the fleece. If a "South Carolinian" will just prepare good pastures, and then get good Merino sheep, he will find that he can raise fine wool at a greatly less expense than is possible at the North. We are not speaking hastily when we express the conviction that wool growing, properly conducted, is by far the most profitable branch of agricultural labor at the South.

Agricultural Miscellany.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS — Below we give a list of the principal National, State, and New York County, Union Town Fairs to be held after this date:

NATIONAL FAIRS.	
United States, Cincinnati	Sept. 12—20
Canada West, Hamilton	Sept. 18—21
Horse Show, Augusta, Maine	Sept. 18—21
American Institute, New York	Sept. 25—2 w'ks

STATE FAIRS.	
Alabama, Montgomery	Oct. 29—Nov. 2
California, Sacramento	Sept 19—26
Georgia, Atlanta	Oct. 23—26
Georgia, (Cotton Planters,) Macon City	Dec. 3—3 weeks
Georgia, (Lower,) Savannah	Nov. 22
Indiana, Indianapolis	Oct. 15—20
Iowa, Iowa City	Oct. 2—5
Kentucky, Bowling Green	Sept 18—22
Kentucky, Northeast, Ashland	Sept. 18—20
Maine, Portland	Sept. 25—28
Maryland, Baltimore	Oct. 30—Nov. 3
Michigan, Detroit	Oct. 2—5
Minnesota, Fort Snelling	Sept. 27—29
Missouri, St Louis	Sept. 24—27
Mississippi, Holly Springs	Oct. 16
Nebraska, Omaha	Sept 19—21
New Hampshire, Manchester	Oct. 2—4
New York, Elmira	Oct. 2—5
Ohio, Dayton	Sept. 25—28
Oregon	Oct. 2
Pennsylvania, Wyoming	Sept 24—27
St. Louis Ag. and Mech'l Ass., St. Louis	Sept. 24—27
South Carolina, Columbia	Nov. 13—16
Tennessee, Middle Division, Franklin	Sept. 24—28
Virginia, Central, Richmond	Oct. 22—28
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 24—29
North Carolina, Raleigh	Oct. 16—20
Connecticut, no Exhibition	

COUNTY FAIRS.—NEW YORK.	
Albany, Albany	Sept. 18—22
Chenango, Norwich	Sept. 18—20
Delaware, Hobart	Sept. 26, 27
Erie, Buffalo	Sept. 25—27
Essex, Elizabethtown	Sept. 26, 27
Genesee, Batavia	Sept. 18, 19
Jefferson, Watertown	Sept. 19, 20
Lewis, Turin	Sept 25—27
Livingston, Geneseo	Sept. 26—28
Monroe, Rochester	Sept 19—21
Oneida, Utica	Sept. 25—27
Ontario, Canandaigua	Sept. 26—28
Otsego, Cooperstown	Sept 26, 27
Putnam, Brewsters	Sept. 25—27
Seneca, Waterloo	Sept. 26, 27
Schuyler, Watkins	Sept 18—20
Tioga, Owego	Sept 26—28
Westchester, Mt Kisco	Sept. 25—27
Wyoming, Warsaw	Sept. 19—20
Cattaraugus, Little Valley	Sept. 25—27
Madison, Brookfield	Sept. 26, 27
Oswego, Mexico	Sept. 18—20
Oswego, Oswego Falls	Sept. 25—27
Queens, Jamaica	Sept. 19
Rensselaer, Lansingburgh	Sept. 19, 20
St. Lawrence, Canton	Sept 26—28
Ulster, Kingston	Sept. 26—28
Niagara, Lockport	Sept 27—29
Yates, Penn Yan	Sept. 26—28
Columbia Ag. & Hort. Ass'n, Hudson	Oct. 2—4
Putnam, Brewster's	Sept. 25—27
St. Lawrence International, Ogdensburgh	Sept. 26—29
Wayne, Lyons	Oct 10, 11
" Horse Show, Lyons,	Sept. 28, 29

NEW YORK UNION AND TOWN FAIRS.	
Canaseraga, Dansville	Sept. 19, 20
Columbus, Columbus	Oct. 2—4
Oxford, Oxford	Oct. 2—4
Seneca Falls, Seneca Falls	Sept. 18—20
Sherburne, Sherburne	Sept. 26—28
Susquehanna Valley, Unadilla	Sept. 25, 26
Tonawanda Valley, Attica	Sept. 26, 27
Union, Brockport	Oct 2, 3
Wayne, Palmyra	Oct 2—4
Camden, Camden	Oct 3, 4
Vienna, North Bay	Sept. 18, 19
Far. and Mech. Ass. Canastota	Sept. 28, 29
Coventry, Coventry	Oct. 3, 4
Harpersville, Harpersville	Sept 17, 18
Winfield, West Winfield	Oct. 9, 10
Union, Marathon	Sept. 26—28
Chautauqua Union, Fredonia	Sept. 26—28
Essex Union, Essex	Sept. 18, 19
Palmyra Union, Palmyra	Oct. 2—4
Aurora Union, Aurora	Sept, 18, 19
Skaneateles, Skaneateles	Sept. 25
Union, Rushville	Sept. 20, 21

NEW YORK STATE FAIR—*Preparation of Buildings, &c.*—One of the Superintendents writes us from Elmira, (Sept. 8,) relative to the progress making in preparing the grounds and fixtures, &c, for the State Fair, from which we infer that ample arrangements will be completed in due season. Our correspondent states that "the fence, ten feet high, around the Fair Grounds, is finished—twenty acres being enclosed. The Ticket and Business offices are completed; Floral Hall up and floor laid; Domestic Hall, frame up and floor laid; Machinery and Mechanical Hall two-thirds completed; Dairy and Poultry Halls finished; Speaker's and Judges' stands half done; 250 horse stalls nearly finished, and sixteen rows of Cattle Sheds nearly ready. The track is enclosed by a circular fence. Work yet to be done:—Three wells to excavate; the track to plow, harrow, grade, &c.; gates to be made and hung, &c."

— We are requested to say that Mr. EDWARD F. CHERRY, Sup't of Poultry at the State Fair, will properly provide for and feed all fowls sent to his care at Elmira; and, if for sale, he will attend to the matter for a fair commission.

ANOTHER NEW PLOW.—Some days ago we witnessed the trial of a new plow, which apparently possesses sufficient novelty and merit to be pronounced an improvement. It was invented and recently patented by GILBERT H. MOORE, of this city. The improvement is in the mould-board, which is so shaped and constructed as to turn a very handsome furrow—especially in sward or stubble, for which it is more particularly designed—with less draft than is required in the use of ordinary plows. It worked admirably in a sward, with clay subsoil, giving satisfaction to several farmers and mechanics who were in attendance. A plow which received the first premium at our last State Fair was tried at the same time—but when turning a furrow of equal width and depth, its draft was 20 per cent. greater than that of the MOORE Plow, as tested by the dynamometer. The furrow turned by the new plow was also superior. We shall watch this invention with interest, as it evidently embodies a valuable improvement. Meantime we commend it to the attention of farmers and others interested.

A GREAT OLD TEAM.—One of the chief attractions at the Springfield Horse Show, last week, was a four-horse team, which aggregate 107 years! "This team," says a correspondent, "trotted their mile inside of four minutes, Thursday; trotted last year in 3:15, and can repeat it to-day. One of the leaders, whose age is thirty-five years, was at one time turned out by his owner to die. This statement I have from the owner, Mr. L. B. BROWN. He says this same horse can go his hundred miles with greater ease and speed than the majority of roadsters."

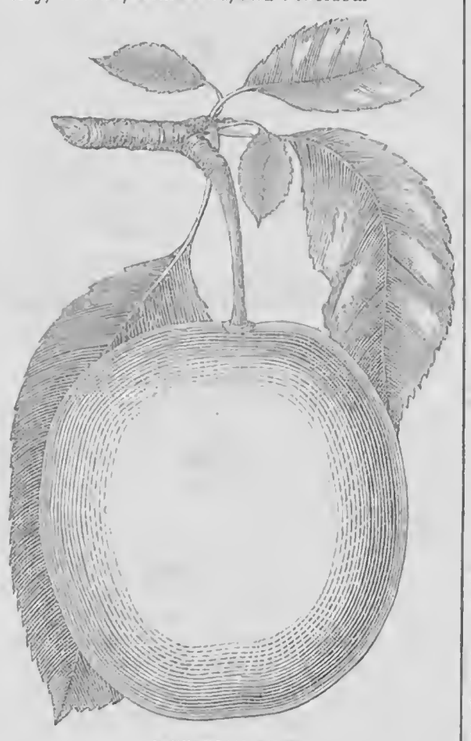
IOWA CORN.—We have received of Mr. J. W. MORRIS, of this city—who has just returned from Iowa—several splendid ears of Yellow Dent Corn, grown in the Des Moines Valley. It was gathered on the 3d inst., (at which time the farmers were generally harvesting corn,) and is fully ripe. Most of the ears have from 18 to 20 rows each, and are large, long, and well filled—indicating, if a fair sample, a large crop in the proverbially "great country for corn."

CURE FOR GAPES IN CHICKENS.—In a late number of the RURAL, "A Farmer's Wife, Trenton, N. Y.," says her cure is curd and meal mixed. It is not with me a "sure cure," unless a little pepper or warm curd be given cold mornings and wet days, to destroy a small worm, not unlike an angle worm, varying from half an inch to over an inch in length. Usually three or four may be found in the windpipe, from the lungs up, and as they increase in size, strangle their victim.—A. W., *Westleyville, Pa.*

SEASONABLE NOTES.

The present season has been unusually favorable for the flowers. We have been favored with plenty of showers, and cool nights, while the days, with one or two exceptions, have not been uncomfortably warm. The result has been very pleasing to the lovers of flowers, for many varieties that luxuriate in the moist, cool climate of England, but are never seen in perfection in our usually hot, dry summers, or are at best but short-lived, have given us a specimen of their home beauty and endurance. Many have thus ascertained the reason why English florists speak so enthusiastically of flowers that have appeared altogether unworthy of the praise they were receiving. The Heliotropes never before appeared so fine as bedding plants; and the Stocks and Asters, and Dahlias and Carnations,—in fact, almost everything we have had in unusual perfection and profusion.

The fruits, too, of all kinds, were never more abundant, and never before of such mammoth proportions. It is no unusual thing to see baskets of peaches exposed for sale, every one of which will measure over eight inches in circumference, and some of the specimens even nine or ten. Pears are almost equally fine. Bartletts are now ripe, and the abundance of the crop has somewhat reduced the price. Growers find it necessary to ship them, or become satisfied with much less than the prices of the last and previous years. Some of the growers are contracting their apples for $1 and $1.25 per barrel. This is too low. Good, sound winter fruit, we think, will be worth double that price. Those who carefully pick and select their fruit, will be sure of a remunerative price, while those who take no care in these respects may have to suffer for their carelessness. Plums continue abundant. We counted to-day (Sept. 6th) some fifteen excellent varieties ripe, among the number Lawrence's Favorite, Ghisborne, Golden Sage, Diaper Rouge, Nelson's Victory, Goliath, Gen. Hand, and Jefferson.



JEFFERSON PLUM.

The Jefferson is one of the most beautiful fruits that can be seen or imagined, and as good as it is beautiful. A branch containing a cluster of these plums is a most charming sight. But, unless our readers should consider us extravagant, we quote what Mr. Downing says of this fruit:—"If we were asked which we think the most desirable and beautiful of all dessert plums, we should undoubtedly give the name of this new variety. When fully ripe, it is nearly—shall we not say *quite*—equal in flavor to the Green Gage, that unsurpassable standard of flavor. But when we contrast the small and rather insignificant appearance of the Green Gage, with the unusual size and beauty of the Jefferson, we must admit that it takes the very first rank. As large as the Washington, it is more richly and deeply colored, being dark yellow, uniformly and handsomely marked with a fine ruddy cheek. It is about ten days or a fortnight later than the Washington, ripening the last of August, when it has the rare quality of hanging long on the tree, gradually improving in flavor. It does not, like many sorts, appear liable to the attacks of wasps, which destroy so many of the light-colored plums as soon as they arrive at maturity."

DAHLIAS AND THIER TREATMENT.

A correspondent wishes information in regard to the culture of the Dahlia, and we find a very good article in the Transactions of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society of last year, by Parker Barnes, Esq., which we transfer to our columns:

History.—The first account we have of this flower is its mention in *Hernandez' History of Mexico*, printed in 1651, in Madrid, in which two species are figured under the name of "Acocotli;" both are single flowers,—one probably Dahlia crocata, the other variabilis.

An Italian work on the Natural History of Mexico was published in Rome about the same time, in which two dahlias—one single, the other double—were figured under the name "Coeoxochitl." In these works the roots are described as tuberous, and of a bitter taste.

The next notice is by Thiery Menonville, who was sent to Mexico by the French Government, in 1787, to procure the cochineal insect and its plant. He saw some Dahlias near Guaxaca, and described them as having large aster-like *double* flowers, stems as tall as a man, and leaves like an elder.

In 1789, Dahlia variabilis was discovered in a wild state in Mexico by Humboldt, and sent by him to Madrid. Seeds were the same year sent from Madrid to the Marchioness of Bute.

A seedling, semi-double, flowered in 1790, and was figured in Icones Plantarum, when the genus was named Dahlia, in honor of Andrew Dahl, a Swedish botanist, and the plant (now Dahlia variabilis) called Dahlia pinnata. In the same work, Dahlia rosea (now lost) and Dahlia coccinea were afterward figured.

Plants and seeds were sent to Paris in 1802, with the idea that they might be edible. The seeds sent to the Marchioness of Bute, though vegetating, never produced any results of importance, and the plants were soon lost.

In 1802, an English gardener, named Fraser, obtained seed from Madrid, which produced orange flowers, (probably seedlings from Dahlia coccinea.)

In the autumn of 1803, Dahlia rosea flowered in England. In 1804, a paper was published in the "Annales d'Histoire Naturelle," by M. Thouin, in which he suggests propagation by division of the roots, and allowing them to rest during the winter, growing the roots in rich soil during the summer.

In 1804, Lady Holland sent seeds of Dahlia variabilis and Dahlia rosea and coccinea from Madrid to England. These were sown in hotbeds, and a few flowers were produced; these, by much care and nursing, ripened a few seeds in 1805, (the first ever produced in England,) which produced plants the next year. All the experiments thus far had been made in the green-house. In 1807, Dahlias were first grown in the open ground. About this time an attempt was made to change the name from Dahlia to Georgina. About 1808, it was cultivated around Paris, and fine seedlings raised. Fine varieties were raised in Berlin soon after; and in 1814, there were many fine double flowers in cultivation, and since that time the plant has been successfully cultivated in England. We are unable to state at what time this plant was introduced to our gardens, but till after the year 1830, it was not grown to any extent, if an inhabitant of our gardens.

Every florist has been at some period attacked by the Dahlia fever, and the plant has in the past been a great favorite. It must, from its many desirable qualities, always be popular, though at the present time it seems to be a little out of favor.

Dahlias are of every color and all shades, *except blue*, which has never been obtained. In estimating a modern Dahlia, form, color, and size are the requisites: in form, the flower should be round, without a center, the large flowerets at the edge gradually growing smaller. The color should be bright and clear. The size should be up to the average of Dahlias of the variety of that exhibited.

Soil.—My experience is in favor of a compost made of old black garden mould, stiff loam, and sandy peaty loam; trench the bed twenty inches deep; the finest flowers are produced with the least trouble in a rich soil; for the Dahlia is a gross feeder, though not fond of unrotted manure. Any garden soil will grow this flower; but by a little attention to the soil, a great improvement in both the quality and quantity of the bloom will be produced.

Plants and Planting.—My experience has shown that plants struck from cuttings produce the most perfect flowers, the blooms being less inclined to become semi-double than those borne on plants grown from tubers; the latter often produce very coarse flowers, and are always of a stronger growth. The cuttings should not be rooted so early as to become pot-bound before the time arrives to turn them into the border; if the roots are strong and numerous enough to keep the ball of earth from breaking, it will be sufficient. By the autumn, the tubers become large and solid enough to keep well during the winter, and in the spring the eyes break more freely.

The plants should be set three feet apart between the rows, and two and a half in the rows. *Shade of every kind is injurious to the plants.*

The ground being prepared by trenching as above directed, choose straight spruce poles (which are the strongest and most durable,) and stake the whole bed; let the poles be seven and a half feet long, and be driven into the ground one and a half feet; then plant your Dahlias, one plant to each stake; the plant should be set about one inch lower than the surface of earth in the pot, if the plants have been struck from cuttings; if from tubers, place the crown of the tuber two inches below the surface. Dahlias may be planted from the first of May to July; those latest planted give the *best* flowers, though, of course, do not afford as early or profuse a display. *Dahlias may flower too early*, and the blooms be burned up by the hot summer's sun; then before autumn the plant is exhausted, and no good flowers are produced. A Dahlia should not begin to flower before the latter part of August; for cool nights are essential to the production of fine flowers.

The plants should be tied to the poles with soft bass matting, and should be carefully and frequently examined for this purpose; a high wind will often break the plant and destroy its symmetry and beauty.

Pruning.—No arbitrary rule can be prescribed; the plant should never be allowed to become bushy with small branches, nor should severe pruning at any time be resorted to. Prune little but often, is a good rule. Varieties differ as to the amount of pruning required, and experience alone will teach the amount beneficial to each.

Some varieties produce too many flower-buds, and consequently all the flowers are small or imperfect; when the buds are small many may be removed to advantage; after they have attained any growth, however, this operation is of little benefit; in this, experience must also be the teacher.

Insects.—There are many insects injurious both to the stem, leaf, and flower of the Dahlia; I shall, however, only mention a few of those which prove most destructive in our climate.

The grasshoppers (Gryllidæ——,) do much damage to the blooms by eating off the lips of the petals. To remove them by hand is difficult and wearisome; the best remedy is to turn some turkeys or domestic fowls into the Dahlia plantation about the middle of August.

The striped squash bug (Galerucea vittata) and a small oval bug (Pentatoma——) destroy many flowers; they live in the bloom and eat holes in the floral rays, seldom leaving the flower till it is ruined. The remedies for these latter are unknown, for the flower is destroyed by the application of lime, &c. Fine blooms, or those which promise well, may be protected by a covering of gauze or lace; but this is too expensive and laborious an operation to be performed in a large plantation.

Watering—Is never beneficial to the plants, not even in dry weather, unless persistently continued; for it has a tendency to bring the roots to the surface, and when the water is withheld the plants suffer from the change. If the Dahlias are to be watered, the ground should be mulched with coarse litter of some kind, or sea-weed; this will better retain the moisture, and will prevent the earth around the plants from becoming hardened. Syringing the tops with soft water is of advantage; let it always be done in the evening; care should be taken *not* to use very cold water.

Selecting Blooms for Exhibition.—This is often a difficult task to the most experienced, and often one or more points have to be sacrificed. To my mind, diversity of color should be a matter of attention, with, of course, a due regard to form and size. A stand of flowers of similar colors never shows as well as one where some attention has been given to a selection of dissimilar varieties. The general rule, as before laid down, is form before anything; next, color, which should be bright and clear; and, lastly, size. The blooms should never be handled or exposed to rough usage more than necessary, as the dead appearance thus produced can never be removed.

Fancy Dahlias.—These have lately become popular, as many fine varieties have been produced. Miss Church, Loveliness, Lady Popham, and many others, are quite as fine as any of the selfs; they are perfect gems, and creditable to any stand of show blooms.

It seems to me that the best effect is produced when the two classes are exhibited in the same stand; the contrast is pleasing, and each cause the other to appear to greater advantage.

Degeneration.—A double flower being a monstrosity, there is always more or less tendency to revert to the primal state. With Dahlias this disposition is particularly marked. It has always been my practice to keep a good old variety, if possible, till a better of its color or shade was produced; yet among a collection of 250, not more than five, new five years ago, can now be found.

A striped, or mottled, or other fancy Dahlia, will often produce self-colored flowers, and all, both fancies and selfs, will in time so far run out as to produce single self-colored flowers.

Seedlings—Are grown largely by florists in England and on the Continent. Much attention has been given to hybridization during the last fifty years; but, as in other plants, many of the seedlings are worthless, and most not superior to those already grown. About six very fine seedlings in a thousand is considered good success.

These fine Dahlias, when brought to this country, are often worthless, producing poor flowers on account of the difference of the climate.

In this country very few good seedlings have been produced, probably because there is less attention paid to hybridization, and no encouragement is offered by our Horticultural Societies.

Wintering.—Take up the tubers soon after the frost has killed the tops; do not separate them, but pack them away in a dry cellar in dry loam, out of reach of the frost, till wanted for propagation in the spring.

In taking a retrospective view of the Dahlia fancy, we find a gradual improvement up to the present time. Of late years many of the finest varieties have been produced, and a really fine seedling commands as high a price now as at any former period.

The Dahlia is eminently worthy of attention, on account of its cheapness, its ease of cultivation, and the rich display it makes in the garden when other flowers are gone.

Inquiries and Answers.

Quince Stocks.—(C. L. J., *Waynesville, Ohio.*)—Raise stocks from cuttings, and not from seed.

Planting Gooseberry Seeds.—Will you, or some of your correspondents, please inform a subscriber, through the Rural, when gooseberry seeds should be planted?—W. D., *Kendall, N. Y.*, 1860.

Gooseberry seeds may be planted as soon as fully ripe, in beds of finely prepared, mellow earth Or they may be reserved until the following spring. The planting of seed is done to obtain new varieties. For obtaining fruit, it is better to buy plants at the nurseries.

Apple Pie Melon.—Will you, or one of your numerous correspondents, give me a little information in regard to the Pie Melon? Will they do to use before fully ripe? Also, a recipe for making them into pies.—Dude, *Kirkville, Iowa*, 1860.

The Apple Pie Melon is a poor substitute for apples, and we think is hardly worthy of the name. We tried it several times, and gave it up, but where apples cannot be had, perhaps it is better than nothing. The fruit must be ripe, or nearly so. A little apple, cut up with the melon, improves it, but a good pumpkin, cut up with apples in the same way, is about as good.

Diseased Verbenas—Can any of your readers, who cultivate verbenas as window plants, give the cause and cure of an appearance resembling a fine mould or flour upon the leaves and stalks? Those of the most vigorous growth are, if anything, the most liable to it.—F. A. A., *New Haven, Ct.*, 1860.

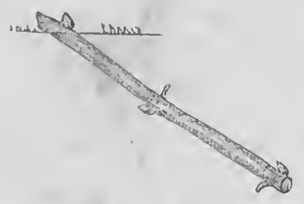
This is a mildew. Obtain a handful of lime, and about the same quantity of sulphur. Pour two or three quarts of boiling water upon it. After it is settled, and the liquid clear, put about one quart of this liquid to two quarts of water, and wash the plants occasionally until the remedy is effected.

Unfermented Wine—Will you, or some of your readers, inform me how to make unfermented wine from the Isabella Grape, such as is made in Germany for sacramental purposes?—Azro Goff, *Erie*, 1860.

A sirup may be made from grapes, or any other fruit, that will not ferment. The fermentation of the juice of the grape may be prevented, in a measure, by the same means used to keep cider from working. We were not aware that this was ever attempted in Germany, or in any of the wine countries.

Propagating the Grape.—Please inform me the best time to cut grape cuttings, how to plant, &c., and oblige—C. A. B.

The best time to save grape cuttings is at the winter pruning. The strongest and finest shoots of the previous season's growth are selected, and cut into pieces from twelve to eighteen inches long, with two or three eyes or buds. They are cut close to an eye at the lower end. The cuttings are buried in dry earth, until time to plant in the spring. In planting, the whole cutting, except one eye, is buried in the ground, as shown in the engraving.



It is better to put the cutting in the soil obliquely, as it keeps the roots nearer the surface. During the summer, the earth must be kept mellow, and all weeds destroyed. In the autumn or spring, the vines will be ready to transplant, though they may remain until two years old, in which case they should be cut back to two or three eyes.

"Black Raspberries."—"W. F. S." asks—1st. If Black Raspberries will pay for general cultivation, &c. The answer must depend upon so many local circumstances, (as conveniences for marketing, &c.) that it must be general; but their adaptability to so many useful purposes, as drying, preserving, and making wine, and their capacity to bear distant marketing, renders them a safe and profitable fruit. Years, like the present, when a perfect deluge of cherries and whortleberries are thrown upon the market at the same time with the raspberries, prices must favor the poor of the cities, and it is well that it should be so; but such years as the present are few and far between. His second inquiry, as to comparative value of wild or improved plants, I should consider settled by the entire failure of all attempts at the *profitable* culture of the wild berry in years past, till attention was called to the true nature and habit of the root. 3d. They will come into bearing, if set in April, in one year from the July following, and no earlier, if set in the fall; but the germs are less liable to get broken, if transported in the fall, and the liability of their germs withering, and, in consequence, an unhealthy, barren growth, or of their entire failure to grow, in case of a spring drouth before the roots become established, will be avoided. From 1,000 to 2,000 quarts per acre for the first crop, and from 2,000 to 3,000 after that, is a fair estimate of yield.—H. H. Doolittle, *Oaks Corners, N. Y.*

Seeds of the American Hop Tree.—Can you inform me, through the Rural, the best time to plant the seed of the American Hop tree—the fall or spring; where the seed can be obtained, and at what price?—A Constant Reader, *Chautauqua Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

Fruits Received.—From C. B. Herrendeen, Macedon, N. Y., a splendid Crawford peach, measuring nearly ten inches in circumference, and weighing over nine ounces.

—From Prof. Cutting, Rochester, fine Bartlett pears.

—From Joseph Macomber, of Farmington, specimens of the Summer Pippin, Primate, and Mosher Sweeting apples—all fair, and of good size and quality. The Sweeting is large and fine flavored—said to have originated in Dutchess county.

—From A. G. Northrop, of Perrinton, fine specimens of the Crawford peach—including one which measured just 10¾ inches in circumference, and weighed about as many ounces; a trifle larger than any previously received.

—From Mr. Willis Wilmot, of Webster, very large and luscious Early Crawford peaches—one of them measuring 10 inches, and weighing 9½ ounces.

Away from Home.—The Horticultural Editor is on a tour east to attend the Session of the American Pomological Society at Philadelphia, and to see and take notes of whatever may be interesting to our readers on the route.

Cooper's Mammoth Peach.—The peach growers in this section have a peach they call Cooper's Mammoth. It resembles the Early Crawford very much, but perhaps is a little flatter and smoother. It is thought by some to be the same. If it is not the Crawford, who can give us its history.

Raspberry Plants by Mail.—In the advertisement of Mr. H. H. Doolittle, in our last number, the printer made Mr. D. say he would for $1 send "to any post-office within 1,000 miles (except Canada) 10 perfect plants" of the American Black Raspberry—whereas the offer was Ten plants. See corrected advertisement in this paper.

Black Raspberries.—You will bear me witness that I did my part towards feeding the hungry with good, wholesome fruit, during the month of July. Three years ago I publicly made my boast, or promise, as you please to call it, that I would furnish the million with an abundance. I have this year sent 2,500 quarts to Rochester, the same to New York city and to Buffalo, besides from 200 to 1,200 each to all the intermediate cities. I estimate that, in Western New York, 200,000 quarts were grown from plants sent out by me; and everywhere the report is that they exceed what I claim for them. I have now eight acres near New York, and shall enlarge a plot of two acres at Albany to twelve or fifteen next spring, and in this way continue to fulfil my "manifest destiny," till pork and beef disappear from our tables, at least for that one hot month of July.—H. H. Doolittle, *Oaks Corners, N. Y.*, 1860.

Railway Traveling and Mushrooming.—"I was traveling last week," writes a correspondent, "by a railway on the English side of the borders of South Wales, when we happened to pass a field spangled with a most luxuriant growth of mushrooms. I had hardly remarked the circumstance to my companion, when we felt the train suddenly stop, and looking out to the front, we saw, to our astonishment, the driver jump off the engine, vault the fence, and proceed to fill his hat with the treasure. In a moment the guard was over the fence, following his example, which, as may be supposed, was infectious, for in less than half a minute every door was thrown open, and the field covered with the passengers, every one of whom brought back a pretty good hatful. Not till this desirable result was obtained, did we proceed on our journey, some of us wondering whether we had been dreaming, and whether, instead of the Welsh border land, we were not traveling by some newly constructed forest line in the far West of America. We begged the guard, who didn't seem quite comfortable about the joke, to have the place entered for the future, in his line of route, as the 'Mushroom Station.'"—*Guardian.*

KITCHEN SCIENCE.

In the course of a very graceful little speech made by Archbishop Hughes, at the recent exhibition of the St. Vincent Academy of Young Ladies in New York, he made the following very sensible suggestion:

"Although it is of the utmost importance, young ladies, that you should have a good education, should be accomplished, cultivated, graceful, and refined, yet there are other things that cannot be lost sight of. Before another year rolls round I purpose to arrange with the Sisters for a new branch of study in the Academy. That branch of study is what the French call the science of *cuisine*. It is the science of keeping house, and that we all know commences with the kitchen. Every young lady, I don't care if she be a Queen's daughter, ought to understand that department of life. Even though she may not have to practice it, though she may be able to hire her cook, yet she should understand it herself, for it may happen some day that the cook will dismiss her. [Great laughter.] What a predicament she would be in then. Well, what I was going to say was, that the Sisters should arrange it so that all the girls over 13 years of age, should be enabled to spend a portion of the time in the kitchen, and become acquainted with cooking and house-keeping. Here will be a new bureau of education. [Laughter.] We shall then have the theory and some practice too.

Another point and I will close. At the end of another year, if living, and my purse is long enough, I am going to give a gold medal, of not less than $50 in value, to the young lady who will write the best essay, not exceeding five pages in length, upon this great new science I have spoken of." (Laughter and applause.)

The Archbishop shows that he is as wide awake to the creature comforts, as he is to the spiritual direction of his flock. His suggestion is one of great importance,—especially in this country, where young ladies are lamentably ignorant of the plainest duties of house-keeping. Though thousands are passed through the fashionable schools annually, and furnished with certificates of a liberal education, very few, if any of them, acquire a practical or well defined notion of any department of science; and most especially are they ignorant of about the only science that can fully equip them for the duties and economics of the households over which they might naturally be expected to preside—but the evil is fortunately about to work its own cure. The parents of the young ladies, who are so unprepared for the plainest duties of their sex, are beginning to find the demand for them is rapidly diminishing. The head of a household is certainly not their place, and prudent young men—the only ones worth having—cannot afford to form any alliance with them. It is high time for those interested to consider the matter, and a reform cannot be commenced too early. The shrewd Archbishop has done a good service in calling attention to the subject.

MOTHS IN CARPETS—IRON RUST.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having long read and been highly benefited by the Domestic Department of your excellent paper, I will now answer some inquiries, and also make one myself. I would inquire of Mrs. J. M. J., of Canton, Ohio, who sends a washing compound, if *soft soap* will not do in the place of hard soap?

To Kill Moths in Carpets.—Spread a wet cloth on the carpet, and iron with a hot flat round the edges and places where you suspect them to be. Do this a few times in the course of the summer, and you will save your carpet from the moths.

To Drive away Ants.—I have seen several remedies for this, but none so good, I think, as mine. Put leaves of sweet elder where the ants come, and they will soon disappear.

To Make Crullers.—One teacup sugar; 3 eggs,—mix hard and fry in lard.

To Remove Iron Rust.—Wet the spot in lemon juice, put on salt, and lay it in the sun. Tartaric acid or cream of tartar will do in the place of lemon juice, by wetting it.

It will not hurt hop or potato yeast to freeze it. A Farmer's Wife.

Boston, Mich., 1860.

BOILED PUDDING AND CAKE.

Messrs. Eds.:—The Rural being my favorite paper, I will contribute to its valuable columns some recipes, which I think to be good:

Boiled Pudding.—Two and one-half cups of sour cream; 1½ teaspoons soda; mix well together, roll out, then add 1 teacup of fruit. Pin it good into a towel, put in the water while boiling, boil one and one-half hours, and serve with cream and sugar.

Fruit Cake.—One pound of sugar; 1 pound of butter; 1 pound of flour; 3 pounds of raisins; 2 pounds of currants; 1 pound of citron; 10 eggs; 1 paper of cinnamon; half ounce of mace; 5 nutmegs; 1 tablespoon of cloves. One half of the flour to be reserved, and mixed in with the raisins. Bake three hours.

Pork Cake.—One-half pound of pork, (chopped;) 3 teacups of sugar; 2 teacups chopped raisins; 1 teacup boiling water, (poured on the pork and to stand over night;) 1 teaspoon of soda; fruit to taste. Bake two hours. Libbie.

Oakland, N. Y., 1860.

Apple Pickles.—Will some one please give a receipe for Apple Pickles?—E. E. A., *Mt. Sena, O.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SISTER MARY.

BY MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

Eight years ago, sweet sister MAE,
A gentle girl so frail and fair,
Decked in a robe of purest white,
And white rose-buds within thy hair,
We saw thee take that solemn vow
That made thee wife—so young thy years
That when the parting came, alas!
We bade thee joy amid our tears.

Smiles played around thy girlish brow,
And dreams were in thine eyes of blue—
Dreams of a future full of joy
Undimmed by coming care or woe.
Well wert thou loved, sweet sister MAE,
But love cannot exempt from fate,
And years bore on their fleeting wings,
Of care and pain, a heavy freight.

Eight years, and now we come again,
And robe thee in thy bridal dress;
But not as then, with flowers adorn,
For death hath touched each flowing tress,—
Not only touched thy auburn hair,
But touched thy heart, sweet sister MAE,
Drank up thy life, and left us here
To shroud this pale and pulseless clay.

We bless thee as we lay thee down
In thy last resting-place—the grave,
The storm of care is over, past,
And sorrow's angry, fitful wave.
Faith, pointing upward to the sky,
Bids us remember thou art blest,
And while *we* linger here to mourn,
Hast entered everlasting rest.

Jackson, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"MIGHT BE"—"HAD BEEN"—"WILL BE."

If I might be! How often 'tis spoken; but oftener still it is a wish, away down in the heart, not permitted to rise to the lips and form itself into words. Sometimes it is laden with a *despairing sigh*, as it comes from hearts which throb under humble garments,—from those whose lots are cast among the lowly, to whom the world seems but one great work-shop. Toil, toil, toil! Oh, *so* tired grow the hands,—*so* weary the brain! Oppressed with the cares and perplexities of life, the soul reaches out for something higher and nobler than it finds in the dull routine of labor. Happy is he who looks for rest to Him who said "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." Sweet promise!

"If I might be!" It is the first awakening of youth's bright dream of glory, greatness and goodness. When he reads the records of fame and scans the honored names written there, he exclaims, "Oh, if I might inscribe my name among such a noble throng." Other pages open before him, and he finds that some have risen above difficulties and discouragements which have seemed to tower mountain-high in *his* path, —he wonders, "can this be so?" Why may not I, too, drink deep of science and leave a name among men? Alas! the price is *gold*, and that I do not possess. The faint heart falters, and henceforth we find him striving only for wealth, and dreaming that *this* will fully satisfy him; but as time rolls on, cares are heavy,—the soul grows weary of life's bustle, and as the shadows of life's twilight darken around, the way-worn old man reviews the dusty, thorny path which he has trod, and sighs that the green spot where the heart-yearning came,—"if I might be,"—was only an oasis in the great desert, wherein he wandered in after years. The remembrance of his life-toil for *gold* which absorbed every other wish and hope, seems a *blank*. "Oh, if I had been" more devoted to the improvement of my intellect,—if I had rightly used my *spare moments*, even—satisfaction would now fill the place of regret; but it is too late! Well, for him if it is not too late to enter heaven. Is there not many an one who sees little in his past to approve, and much to condemn?

But let us return to that point where "if I might be" is the language of another whose aspirations are the same. Difficulties are in *his* path, too, and viewing them in the hazy light of youth's morning, they seem insurmountable, but as the day wears on, the sunlight of reason reveals their true proportions, and he resolves that henceforth nothing shall conquer his perseverance,—"I will be" is his motto. Let us follow his course as his life's brightness begins to pale at the approach of "the last of earth." From the quiet of his own home he looks back on the toils, the hopes, and victories of youth and manhood, viewing them with grateful remembrance,—he has conquered poverty, scorn, and discouragement,—has stored his mind with useful knowledge, and the world is better for his influence, counsel, and example. With a thankful heart he adores the All-wise who enabled him to decide aright.

Consider the different emotions which crowd upon the minds of these two. Of the former, how little to be envied is that "aching void" in his soul which his wealth failed to fill. How sweet the assurance of the latter, that the "one talent" has not been hid away in the earth, but that for *him* will sound the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The world teems with just such noble characters. Even in our own country how many men are self-made. Two of the present candidates for the Presidency are examples of what may be done by energy and perseverance.

Youth of the Nineteenth Century, learn from such men the great lesson of success! If you have good advantages, improve them. Young man, if you are poor, and obscure, and yet feel within you the urging of a higher being, choose the path for which your tastes and talents are best adapted, "be *sure* you're right, then go ahead."

Young maiden, bending over your task, day after day, often longing to sleep under the willows which wave above your "dear ones," if there comes to you an earnest wish to be something *more* than you are, cherish it, and act upon it. Many a fine authoress, an accomplished scholar, an honored teacher, an excellent musician, with no more sunshine in her sky than in yours, has won a merited fame. But let not your life's purpose cause you to forget your allegiance to Him "who spake as never man spake." And when earth's shores fade forever from your view, the glorious light of the "Golden City" will break upon your sight and gladden you forever."

Geneva, N. Y., 1860. FANNIE CORWIN.

HAPPY WOMEN.

A happy woman! is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life! A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smiles even the coldest sprinkling of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, or for talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being happy under any and every circumstance. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace! Do they eat brown bread and drink cold water from the well? it affords them more solid satisfaction than the millionaire's *pate de foie gras* and iced champagne. Nothing ever goes wrong with them—no trouble is too serious for them "to make the best of it." Was ever the stream of calamity so dark and deep that the sunlight of a happy face, falling across its turbid tide, would not wake an answering gleam! Why, then, joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do. No matter how cross and crabbed you feel, Mr. Grumbler, no matter if your brain is packed full of meditations on "afflicting dispensations," and your stomach with medicines, pills, and tonics, just set one of these cheery little women talking to you, and we are not afraid to wager anything she can cure you. The long drawn lines about the mouth will relax—the cloud of settled gloom will vanish nobody knows when, and the first you know, you'll be laughing! Why? That is another thing; we can no more tell you why, than we can tell you why you smile involuntarily to listen to the first blue-bird of the season, among the maple-blossoms, or to meet a knot of yellow-eyed dandelions in the crack of a city pave-stone. We only know that it is so.

Oh, these happy women! how often their slender shoulders bear the weight of burdens that would smite men to the ground! how often their little hands guide the ponderous machinery of life with an almost invisible touch! how we look forward, through the weary day, to their fireside smiles! how often their cheerful eyes see *couleur de rose* where we only behold thunder-charged clouds! No one knows, no one ever will know, until the day of judgment, how much we owe to these helpful, hopeful, uncomplaining women?—*Selected.*

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Consider it your religious duty to take out-door exercise, without fail, each day. Sweeping and trotting round the house will not take its place; the exhileration of the open air and change of scene are absolutely necessary. O, I know all about "Lucy's gown that is not finished," and "Tommy's jacket," and even *his* coat, his buttonless coat, thrown in your lap, as if to add the last ounce to the camel's back; still I say—up—and out! Is it not more important that your children in their tender years should not be left motherless? and that they should not be born to that feeble constitution of body which will blight every earthly blessing? Let buttons and strings go; you will take hold of them with more vigor and patience, when you do return, bright and refreshed; and if every stitch is not finished, at just such a moment, (and it is discouraging not to be able to systematize in your labor, even with your best efforts,) still remember that "she who hath done what she could," is entitled to no mean praise. Your husband is undoubtedly the "best of men;" though there are malicious people who might answer that that is not saying much for him! Still, he would never, to the end of time, dream what you were dying of. So accept my advice and take the matter in hand yourself.—*Fanny Fern.*

CHILDREN'S FACES.

It is interesting to study human nature in children's faces, to see the effect of different modes of education upon diverse developments of mind and body. Many children look sour, wilful, and ugly; while others look happy, pleasant, and sweet, as children should. Much as perfect or diseased physical natures, proper or improper diet, may have to do in producing these appearances, home discipline and example, as a general thing, have more. Mothers do not realize that they fasten their own feelings, so far as expressed in their countenances, upon the faces of their offspring. She who scowls and frowns habitually, must not expect her child to look joyous, but gnarled and surly. Like mother, like child; only she who sows the wind in the heart of her daughter, may expect to see the whirlwind gather and burst forth, as our harvests are generally more plentiful than the seed we scatter. Select a very pleasant-looking child, and notice if it have not a pleasant-looking mother, one who answers many of its thousand and one questions with a warm, loving smile, instead of turning away the inquiring mind and fretting at its endless teasing.

We often make life unhappy in wishing things to have turned otherwise than they do, merely because that is possible to the imagination which is impossible in fact.—*Hazlet.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE MENDICANT.

BY IDA FAIRFIELD.

A poor old man came to my door,
And paused to beg a crust of bread,—
A single crust of all the store
Which plenty on my board had spread.

A wretched man of four-score years,
With hair uncombed, and beard unshorn,
Deep furrows, worn, perchance, by tears,
And filth, had made him most forlorn.

Swathed in unseemly rags alone,
Which covered scarce his sunburnt form,
With loathsome sores, and bowed and worn—
As oaks are bowed by winter's storm.

And, sadder still, kind reason's light,
Perchance, at best, a feeble ray,
Seemed quenched in sorrow's heavy night,
Which darkly on his spirit lay.

His wants I hastened to relieve,
(Naught human could do less, I trust,)
And gladly saw the stranger leave,
My pity mingled with disgust.

But as he journeyed on his way,
A deeper thought stirred in my heart,
"Was he not once as young and gay,
As loved and loving, as thou art?

"Folded on some fond mother's breast,
Through sickness' dim night-watches long,
And fondly pressed and hushed to rest,
With holy hymn and cradle song?

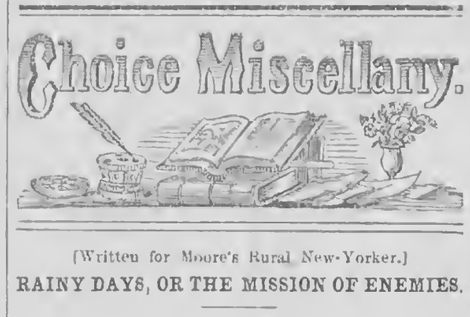
"Perchance, in life's bright morn, he led
As fair a bride, as loved as thou,
To altars pure—and o'er his dead,
In agony as deep, did bow.

"Hath he not battled with life's cares,
The path of human sorrow trod,—
Doth not his human soul still bear,
Though marred, the image of his GOD?"

And still another thought crept in,
And swept, with deeper shame, my pride,
For him, oh, pitying GOD! for him,
The blessed LORD of glory died!

And shall I shrink in scorn from him
The holy JESUS died to save,
Most sacred made, by suffering,
And journeying with me to the grave?

Ashaway, R. I., 1860.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

RAINY DAYS, OR THE MISSION OF ENEMIES.

BY GENE PRATT.

The late THEODORE PARKER, in a farewell letter to his Society, says:—"Several times in my life has it happened that I have met with what seemed worse than death, and, in my short-sighted folly, I said, 'Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest!' Yet my grief all turned into blessings; the joyous seed I planted came up Discipline, and I wished to tear it from the ground; but it flowered fair, and bore a sweeter, sounder fruit than I expected from what I set in the earth.

"As I look over my life, I find no disappointment and no sorrow I could afford to lose; the cloudy morning has turned out the fairer day; the wounds of my enemies have done me good. So wondrous is this Human Life, not ruled by Fate, but Providence, which is Wisdom married unto Love, each infinite!"

Ah! are there not many hearts that can, from experience, most fully respond to all of that, and more? Where is he (10 years of understanding grown) whose life has been a cloudless day; who has not known some real, or imaginary trouble? This would be a case as rare in the common order of earthly lives, as a faultless character or perfect individual among the children of men; and he is but a foolish dreamer, who promises himself an exception.

Now, as storms will ever come, and to all in a variety of forms, so with the many ills and disappointments that flesh is heir to; and as there is little hope for the wisdom of one who is not prudent enough to "go in when it rains," so he will never be a wise and strong man who seeks not to turn every dispensation of Providence to good account; nor makes up his mind to endure, or take life as it comes, with a brave heart and submissive spirit.

If there are things that are worse than death, they are very different. The loss of friends is more like a thunder bolt, or violent calamity, which, be it ever so looked for or expected, ever comes suddenly at last, overcoming and prostrating us upon the earth. There is no power to escape from the tempest, and the waters of affliction roll deeply over us in our helplessness. Honest hearts, knowing that sympathy is a good thing, gather about to lift us from the waves; but few realize how cautious and delicate the approach should be, and many a loving friend wounds more than he heals, because he has not the tact of dividing the waters without agitating them anew. The multitude, always profuse in the common expressions of consolation, coarsely forget that "premature sympathy is but the remembrance of sorrow." Thus are we constantly bruised afresh by the indiscriminating, who know not what they speak. O, bitter indeed is the mourner's cup! but He who "tempers the winds to the shorn lamb," knows when in mercy to lift him from the depths; while the wise of heart, with clearer eye, look up, and behold, there appeareth a beautiful signal bow in the clouds!

Domestic troubles (they are many, and exceedingly grievous, too,) are like summer showers, *drenching*, many times, to the unhoused victim, and accompanied with wind and hail; but the prudent man seeks shelter under closed doors, and quiet corners, so that the same mischievous drops can only furnish amusement, or food for thought, however wildly they may dance amid the tree tops or patter "on the roof."

But when the merry, pattering shower, that promised but to bring us rest and refreshment, ends later in the settled darkness and gloom of a rainy day, let no true heart repine. Jealousy, Envy, Malice, Spite, and Slander, are bad elements to be combined against any one; but it is a fact worth remembering, that there have been but few original, aspiring and independent minds that have not suffered more or less from all such wiles of enemies. The class is not small of I-propose-to-be-great men (women, too,) who are so anxious, and determined to be considered "top notch," that they take most singular and interesting ways to accomplish their object. If there chances to be any in their midst, who seeing through *them* and despising their narrowness, mark out for themselves a plan of action, that with their own more unassuming capacities promises success, why here is a subject. With tips of their fingers extended, *(for it may be convenient to have you for acquaintances sometimes,)* they proceed to "sift you like wheat," ridicule your abilities, injure your reputation, pull down what good you have accomplished, prejudice your friends, and swell your enemies, till *you* think a fiery Bedlam is let loose about your ears, and *they* think "now *he* is dead, any way," and *we* are foremost in notoriety and honor! This is your time to *go in* and shut the doors of your heart's mansion, for the tempest is raging. Some may suggest that you act in a "*cowardly manner*," but *he shall laugh who wins.* You will not care to struggle *without*,—there is plenty to employ your time *within.* Now rekindle the fires neglected, or unheeded, in sunny weather; heap on the long seasoned fuel; gather the inmates of your mansion, and draw nearer the generous hearth-stone; there bask in the *flame light;* acquaint yourself with the *household*, and those who are unworthy cast out for the *elements* to consume; study, reflect, cherish your former worthy plans, and *keep warm!* Thus, forgetting the tempest of the day, in the blessed quiet of the soul, will the stormy hours be fraught with gladness, and laden with the things you most needed. Anon, the sunlight begins to pour in from without, and you discover that "the winds are asleep, and the waters at rest," for no storm, however fearful, but sometime ends. And the most false-hearted friends are first to greet you and say, *how nobly you have lived through the storm!*

Oh, let us forgive our enemies, even though they ask us not; for to a spirit nobly proud, no friend is ever more useful than some enemies. While they unwittingly think to heap coals of fire on our heads, they *may* be only arousing us to more untiring purposes; and the fire they kindle serves to grace their funeral pile. Let us triumph only for His sake who controls the sunshine and wisely sends the storm.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1860.

FAMILY INTERCOURSE AT THE TABLE.

To meet at the breakfast-table, father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart; it should be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon the contemptible and low-bred cur, whether parent or child, that can ever come to the breakfast-table, where all the family have met in health, only to frown, and whine, and growl, and fret! It is *prima facie* evidence of a mean, and grovelling, and selfish, and degraded nature, whencesoever the churl may have sprung. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the tea-table; for before the morning comes, some of the little circle may be stricken with some deadly disease, to gather around that table not again forever.

Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy; but if within at all reasonable or bearable bounds, it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhiliration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energises digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and the nobles of England are models of mirth, wit, and bonhommie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect *abandon* of jabber, cachinnation, and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, to make a common interchange of high-bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brutes which perish, promotive, as these things are, of good digestion, high health, and a long life.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

The eye is a haven, at which the treasure fleets that sail through the ocean of light are unladen, and their stores deposited in the vaults of the intellect; but it is through the whispering gallery of the ear that man reaches the heart of his fellow-man most quickly and surely. Light and knowledge are for the eye, love and music for the ear. Hearing oftentimes seems to me a nobler sense than sight, with richer benedictions attendant on it, with tenderer and holier offices assigned to it. Man's voice, tuned by sympathy, moving to the modulations of intelligence and love, may perform the sweetest and holiest ministry of human life.

True Eloquence.—Milton thus defines it:—"True eloquence I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth; and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others, when such a man would speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"WHOM HE LOVETH HE CHASTENETH."

Glad thought, when o'er the checkered path
Of life's dark ocean wave we sail;
When frowning clouds are black with wrath,
And fiercely blows the drifting gale.

"He loveth whom He chasteneth,"—
A love that's pure, and strong, and true;
A love long tried, and firm as death,
A pitying Father feels for you.

Thou with thy spirit crushed and worn,
Thou with thy weak and faltering trust,
Look upward 'mid the wind and storm,
And own that His decrees are just.

Perchance no other way seemed good,
Or in accordance with His will;
Perchance thy soul needs conflicts rude
With better thoughts thy mind to fill.

Fair angels droop their snowy wings
In mournful pity o'er thy fears;
They feel the woe thy sorrow brings,
They feel and answer with their tears.

They weep to see thy faltering faith,
They mourn to hear thy soul bewail;
To feel that in this trying hour
Thy christian fortitude will fail.

Then raise thy bowed and drooping head,—
Look upward to thy sky above,—
What, though 'tis dark, thou sure canst see
A pitying Father's Chastening Love.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860. MARY A. B.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THERE'S REST AT HOME.

Precious promise! cheering thought! O, how it raises the soul above the things of earth while it contemplates the glorious state upon which it will enter when "this mortal shall have put on immortality." How it lightens the burden of sorrow pressing so heavily upon the heart of the stricken one, as he, by faith, appropriates to himself the unfailing promise of JEHOVAH, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of GOD." How it refreshes and encourages the weary, way-worn pilgrim, while treading life's thorny pathway, encompassed by trials, temptations and afflictions, pointing him to that "Better Land," and gently whispering in his ear, "*There's rest at home.*"

Fellow pilgrim, journeying with me to the land of the blest, do thorns instead of roses strew thy pathway? Do trials and temptations thickly stand around thee? Is thy sky often obscured by clouds of darkest hue, and appeareth there at times no light to illuminate the gloom? Have those in whom thou didst put confidence proved traitors to their trust? Has slander aimed at thee its venomed dart, and pierced thee through with many sorrows, so that in bitterness of soul thou hast said, "It is better for me to die than to live?" Lift up thine head, stricken one; it is but for a little while, and the storms of life will be ended,—in thy home above, none of these things shall ever assail thee, for

"Sin, the source of mortal woe, has never entered there."

No cloud of darkness will ever obscure those elysian skies, for "the glory of GOD doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." No treacherous friends are there, for none but "the pure in heart shall see GOD." No more shall contumely and reproach be heaped upon thee, for "there the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

O, then, be not discouraged because of the way, but be constantly pressing onward; and let this thought cheer thee amid all thy trials,—"*There's rest at home.*" S. A. P.

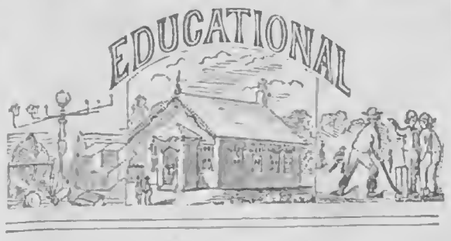
Hart's Grove, N. Y., 1860.

Personal Influence.—Blessed influence of one true-loving human soul on another. Not calculable by algebra, not deducible by logic, but mysterious, effectual, mighty, as the hidden process by which the tiny seed is quickened, and bursts forth into tall stem and broad leaf, and glowing tasseled flower. Ideas are often poor ghosts, or sun-filled eyes cannot discern them; they pass athwart us in their vapor, and cannot make themselves felt. But sometimes they are made flesh; they breathe upon us with warm breath, they touch us with soft responsive hands; they look at us with sad, sincere eyes, and speak to us in appealing tones; they are clothed in a living human soul, with all its conflicts, its faith, and its love. Then their presence is a power, then they shake us like a passion, and we are drawn after them with gentle compulsion, as flame is drawn to flame.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The all hail hereafter.—I live, as did Simeon, in the hope of seeing a brighter day. I do see gleams of dawn, and that ought to cheer me. I hope nothing from increased zeal in urging an imperfect, decaying form of Christianity. One higher, clearer view of religion rising on a single mind, encourages me more than the organization of millions to repeat what has been repeated for ages with little effect. The individual, here, is mightier than the world; and I have the satisfaction of seeing aspirations after this purer truth.—*Channing.*

Satan would make a man look anywhere rather than to Christ. There is such a thing as false conversion. Satan sometimes stirs people up to care about their souls. He makes them look to ministers, or books, or meetings, or duties—to feelings, enlargement in prayer: he will let them look to any thing in the universe except to one object, "the cross of Christ." The only thing he hides is the Gospel, the glorious Gospel of Christ.

If God stop our outward blessings, it is that the stream may run faster another way.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR ADVANTAGES.

To the young searcher after wisdom, the present age is one of peculiar interest. The past is brilliant with the deeds of the learned, but our own period eclipses their mightiest efforts. Our Universities and Colleges are mines of knowledge, glittering with massive and precious ores. The whole aspect of the intellectual field bespeaks a guiding hand richer in wisdom, and more royal in learning. The accumulated experience of ages, expressed in characters of living light, is here centered, free to the ardent gaze of millions. Everywhere is to be seen the fruits of minds matured after years of deep and profound study. The flames enkindled upon the altar of Education burn with brighter lustre and increasing brilliancy, dispelling the gathering darkness and threatening gloom. The thoughts of the learned, the heroic deeds of the great, the victories of the good and just, are garnered as into one common store-house, to feed and nourish the youthful mind. There is spread out before our vision a picture of which the world has never seen the precedent.

Knowledge is everywhere diffused, radiating in all directions, and, like the sunlight, visiting the poorest. Its genial light, emanating from a free press, cheers the pathway and illumines the dwelling of the lowliest, elevating their condition, dignifying their characters, and sweetening their lives. The plodding husbandman may pass his leisure hours in hoarding up intellectual riches. Though his body is bowed earthward by the hardships of his lot, and his immortal mind is in comparative darkness, unhewn and shapeless, void and unfashioned, yet he may, by improving the many opportunities for profitable reading, mental and moral culture, break through the barriers that wall him in, and in the sunlight of free knowledge, develop the dormant rudiments of noble purposes that are imbedded in the deep mines of his nature. Though his hands still guide the plow, turn the sod, or reap the ripened grain, his mind is unburthened, and in its free liberty turns from things groveling to revel in loftier studies and higher converse.

The spirit of Education has moved the world, and is destined to exert an influence which will increase and gather new strength as ages roll away. It possesses a charm that is boundless in its sway, no barrier being so formidable but it will assail and overthrow, setting free the oppressed, and instilling into their minds noble aspirations. Its works are in harmony with the better feelings of our nature, touching the tenderest heart-chords and inspiring our very being with a relish for things beautiful. Nearly every nation at the present time gives proof of its renovating influence. Its workings may be traced in the heretofore barbaric islands of the Pacific, and it is slowly wending its way to the sunburnt coast of degraded Africa. We have reason to believe that ere many ages have passed to swell the vast ocean of the past, it will be the acknowledged conqueror of the world,—every land paying homage to it as the fountain of their many blessings and privileges.

The present age may truly be denominated an age of advantages far superior to that of any other in the history of our world. Knowledge has unfolded her glittering and varied store to the youth of our land, and they flock to the fountain, drinking deep of the pure waters. Here they find originality portrayed in all its fascinating colors,—here they can paint from reality, scenes radiant with Christian love,—here they find a congenial field that is inexhaustible in its vast researches. The archieves of the past have not reached the acme of present aspirations, and we are seeking still higher stand points. We have passed neath the beetling cliffs of adversity, and are cheered by the sunshine of prosperity. Fame, from her lofty summit, still beckons on, waiting to deck the winner's brow with a wreath "that fadeth not away." H. T. M.

Pearl Creek, N. Y., 1860.

TEACHERS SHOULD STUDY.

Some of the best lessons of life are learned from familiar objects, and we do not hesitate to seek instruction from the humblest sources. We have often watched with interest the management of steam engines on boats and on railroads. A goodly supply of fuel is provided at the outset, and so placed as to be convenient for use. Before the machine can be made to work, two things have to be done. A fire must be made in the furnace of the engine, and then must be duly supplied with fuel. The former of these operations is generally styled by engineers "firing up," and the latter "wooding up," or "coaling up," according to the materials used. We have heard the chief engineer of an Atlantic steamship call out to a subordinate, "coal up." Recently on a railroad connected with this city, we heard the order given, "wood up." And once in a miserable steamer, having been weather-bound for twelve hours in a Mediterranean port, we heard with joy the Captain's call, "fire up."

We have been led to reflect on the consequences that would follow if orders of this kind were either not given or not obeyed. Steamships would halt mid-ocean, and railroad cars would disappoint us more than when blocked up by "mountains of snow." Indeed, the whole course of business would be seriously affected, and general indignation would be excited against the steamboat and railroad engineers.

Now, we have educational crafts that are stopped in their career of usefulness by the ignorance and blunders of the managers more months than we spent hours on the Corsican coast. With what joy, then, would the call be heard by suffering communities, "fire up: wood up." Without assuming any but a subaltern's post, we take the liberty of raising the cry in our ranks, "Fire up; wood up."

Light and truth are as needful to the teacher as fire and fuel to the engine. Neither can carry forward either man or humanity without proper attention. Therefore, white veritable engineers "fire up" and "wood up," let teachers "read up" and "study up" at every interval of their labors, for the better discharge of their duties.

We need not institute here a formal and extended parallel. Teachers should provide themselves with suitable books, maps, charts, and other means of instruction and improvement; and should seek to kindle their zeal and quicken their interest in the objects of their profession by study, meditation, and intercourse with their fellow laborers. Teachers thus provided, and improving their means of usefulness, acquire, during the lapse of years, great energy of character and power of propulsion, often reminding one of the steam engine; and they bear about the same comparison with improvident, unimproving teachers, that a powerful locomotive does to a hand car.

In employing this figure of speech, we need not guard against misapprehension. Though the steam-horse goes snorting through the country, and, as a signal to parties interested, utters a shrill whistle on approaching a railroad station, noisy, officious demonstrations of zeal and interest on the part of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are not hence to be commended. Rather such manners are to be characterized as vulgar and prejudicial to the best interests of education. Teachers of this order may float on the surface of society, but they are not the strongest reliance or the best representatives of their profession, lacking, as they generally do, the quiet energy and the inherent force of character which spring alone from genuine scholarship and mental culture.

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
> For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
> And drinking deeply sobers us again."

Teachers should study and think; for in this way alone can they keep in the line of their profession, understanding its aims, maintaining its spirit, and accomplishing its objects. Unfaithfulness or negligence here is a prolific source of mischief, often causing friends to pity and mourn, enemies to despise and rejoice, and bringing defeat to the best laid plans for the promotion of good learning. They should work, drawing from the fountains of heavenly wisdom and illuminating their minds with the best lights of the ages. They should read and study the best books on the nature, objects, and means of education; or forever resign their noble calling.—*Rhode Island Schoolmaster.*

USE OF TEXT-BOOKS IN SCHOOLS.

We would not depreciate the value of text-books in school; on the contrary, we appreciate them at their true worth, and consider them valuable assistants to the teacher, when properly used. What we would protest against is their abuse.

Text-books are good in their proper sphere, but, like other good things, they are often misused. We have frequently seen teachers, in hearing a recitation, take the text-book and read the questions from it, in the regular order in which they occurred; the class, in the meantime, answering, parrot-like, the questions propounded, while he who could give the answer in the exact words of the author was pronounced the best scholar. There were no explanations asked or given as to principles involved in the subject under consideration; and there was no effort made to arouse or cultivate any faculty of the mind save that of memory. Ask a child for the why or the wherefore of the thing affirmed, and he would look at you in blank amazement, or simply reply that "it was not in the book." Attempt to explain the subject to him, and he will perhaps reply, "The book don't say anything about that." He will seem to wonder where you could have acquired any information that was not contained in "the book." "The Book," with him, is "law and gospel." The authors of "the book" have found out every thing there is to be known upon the subject, and have expressed it in the very words in which it should alone be expressed.

We have repeatedly met with such instances, and consider such a misuse of text-books far worse than the entire exclusion of text-books from a school. It unmans a child, depresses his reasoning faculties, destroys his self-dependence, the cultivation of which should be the principal aim of the educator, and causes him to be dependent upon others for the opinions he may entertain. Such a course of education may answer the purposes of a despot, but in our country, the child should be taught to think for himself. Our school-rooms should be well supplied with charts, maps, black-boards, globes, etc. Our teachers should then be so well prepared for their duties as to dispense with text-books in recitations. The class should not be required to repeat a rule as given by any author; but should be drilled in principles, and taught to reason for themselves. But, where the school-room is not thus properly furnished, the teacher must, from necessity, be more dependent upon the assistance of text-books than would otherwise be desirable.—*Wisconsin Journal of Education.*

In conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole being, rather than a part of our nature, and at any rate is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.—*Friends in Council.*

How fortunate beyond all others is the man who, in order to adjust himself to his fate, is not obliged to cast away his whole preceding life.

BLACK-NECKED SWANS.

In former volumes of the Rural we have given portraits of Swans, both White and Black, together with descriptions of their peculiar characteristics. For many years the most eminent naturalists scouted the idea that there were any other birds of this class than the white, or mute, and the proverb, "like unto a Black Swan," arose from the supposition that such a feathered creature was only a myth. Australia at last dissolved all doubts upon the subject, by sending specimens to Europe which were domesticated. We have now a third variety, the Black-necked, (*Cygnus Nigricollis,*) a very beautiful species, which is found in Chili, the Falkland Islands, the River Platte, and other parts of South America. It is distinguished by a black neck, which finely contrasts with the snowy whiteness of the rest of its plumage. The bill is red, and the legs flesh-color. Our engraving is a representation of two bequeathed by the Earl of Derby, from his celebrated collection, to the Zoological Society of London.

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN.

Children and young persons have generally great curiosity in relation to tales of the imagination, especially when they are attended by some gossiping nurse, whose head being empty of good sense, has been filled brim full of ghost legends and black letter recollections. We have even now, while we write, a dim, shuddering recollection of those appalling horrors which make the blood chill, creep and curdle about the heart—even after the finger of time has planted furrows on the brow and sown silver threads in the hair. It was the practice of a full-grown boy of nineteen or twenty years of age, (we are certain he never became a man,) to take the writer upon his knees, (then three or four years old,) when the twilight was gradually fading into darkness, veil his face with a black handkerchief, and then for our special edification, affirm that he was the unmentionable personage who is supposed to be no better than he should be. Then would follow a long dissertation upon witches, ghosts, hobgoblins, a whole family of horrible monstrosities, by way of giving tone to the infantile imagination. The lessons operated upon the young mind like a potent spell; soon it became as much as the life was worth to attempt to cross a dark entry after nightfall. If left alone in a sleeping apartment, the avenue to the eye was carefully barricaded by the pillows and bed-clothes; there, panting, trembling, shivering, huge drops of perspiration oozing out at every pore, the flesh creeping all over with horror, the writer lay a full believer in all monstrous shapes and terrible delusions, at times but a single remove from a maniac.

Those terrible night-time solitudes, the darkness peopled by the imagination with spectres the most terrific, how vividly do they come back even now in the days of maturer judgment and riper reason, never to be erased from the recollection by the hand of time. If there is a worse condition on earth than that into which this monstrous superstition plunges an imaginative child, we have no conception of its curdling horrors. Never to lay the head upon the pillow from the time it is two years of age, until seven, eight, or ten, without feeling the most perfect assurance in his own mind of realizing his own prophecy, and seeing some hideous spectre before morning. This is the purgatory of early innocent, and otherwise happy childhood.

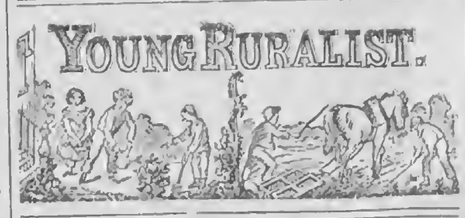
These midnight horrors haunt the imagination even to old age. They may lose somewhat of their painful vividness, the appalling distinctness—something of their curdling horror, so potent in its mystery and so terrific even in its impossibility—but the terrors linger in the imagination still, ready to be called up in every suspicious spot, awakened in every solitude, in spite of all the judgment can do, or the reason can urge. For a moment at certain times—even to old age, the heart will throb will painful distinctness, the hair will become perpendicular, and a disagreeable shudder will make the blood run cold in the veins, even when manhood has reached its prime. To be sure, the judgment soon dispels these unfounded fears, but they will haunt the victim at times to his dying day. These are some of the painful, deleterious effects of frightening children in the early season of their growth.

How important it is that parents should guard them against these groundless terrors, exciting the early imagination, and chaining the trembling victim to the indescribable agony of this nervous bondage for all its future life.—*Dr. Knapp's Journal.*

USEFUL EFFECTS OF LIGHT.

Sir James Wylie, late physician to the Emperor of Russia, attentively studied the effects of light as a curative agent in the hospitals of St. Petersburg; and he discovered that the number of patients who were cured in rooms properly lighted, was four times greater than that of those confined in dark rooms. This led to a complete reform in lighting the hospitals in Russia, and with the most beneficial results. In all cities visited by the cholera, it was universally found that the greatest number of deaths took place in narrow streets, and on the sides of those having a northern exposure, where the salutary beams of the sun were excluded. The inhabitants of the southern slopes of mountains are better developed and more healthy than those who live on the northern sides; while those who dwell in secluded valleys are generally subject to peculiar diseases and deformities of person. These different results are due to the agency of light, without a full supply of which plants and animals maintain but a sickly and feeble existence. Eminent physicians have observed that partially deformed children have been restored by exposure to the sun and open air. As scrofula is more prevalent among the children of the poor, this is attributed by many persons to their living in dark and confined houses, such diseases being most common among those residing in underground tenements.

The health statistics of all civilized countries have improved greatly the past century. This may be justly regarded as due to the superior construction of houses, by admitting more light into them. The old-fashioned dwellings were built with narrow, dwarfish windows; and as glass, until late years, was very dear, its application to windows was proportionably limited. Dwelling houses of the present day are generally built with windows of four times the dimensions of those belonging to those of the olden times; and the streets of our cities, upon which houses depend so much for their light, are made much wider than those of a former age. Light is now more valued, for its influence is better understood than was the case fifty years ago; and the most gratifying results have followed. But we are not at the end of city improvements yet; as it is felt, in almost all our cities, that if the streets (even the broadest of them,) were twice their present width, a general benefit would be the result.—*Pennsylvania Inquirer.*



LIGHT READING.

The enormous amount of this kind of reading now afloat, and the consequent influence which it exerts, would naturally lead to the important inquiry whether this influence be for good or for evil, whether this species of literature is a blessing or a curse. The lamentable fact that it is the latter, by no means lessens the importance of the subject to all, and especially to the youth, whose reading, whatever it be, makes life-long impressions. The greater part of this reading, and indeed the great bulk of written fiction, consists, as all are aware, of sentimentalism, or, in common parlance, love stories. Papers, filled to the brim with these stories, are now possessing circulations much larger than those of any other class, a fact which shows very plainly the literary taste of the majority of the people. But what is the effect of an indulgence in this reading. It certainly renders no one any wiser. Its pretended life-pictures are too highly wrought and colored to be true to the reality, for they are nearly always running to the extremes of perfection and goodness on the one hand, and of wickedness and cunning on the other. In all of these stories, there is always a certain point where the feelings of the reader are worked up to the highest pitch possible, and then comes a combination of happy circumstances which cause them to turn out most beautifully, and in a manner every way agreeable to the reader; and this is as it must necessarily be in order to fulfil the writer's intention, for, were it otherwise, they would cease to be popular; and it is but too apparent that the object of all this trash is to gratify the natural craving of the mind for pleasure and excitement; hence it must require no effort of the intellect, but, as it does, the simply placing the imagination captive, and thus following the writer through with the various scenes of his story. As a consequence, therefore, a mental indolence and lethargy results; the mental faculties remain idle and uncultivated, till, in many cases, they eventually, like unused iron, rust away, and leave, what we so often have occasion to deplore, an empty head! To the student, therefore, nothing could be more injurious than an indulgence in this kind of reading, for his occupation is nothing less than the cultivation of these very faculties.

The general effect of this reading may be said to be a mental dissipation, for it also inevitably renders dry and insipid all substantial and useful reading, and at the same time establishes a taste for exciting fiction, too strong to ever be entirely eradicated, however much one may endeavor in after time to do so. What I have read of the experience of others, combined with my own, leads me to this conclusion. Three years ago a New York story paper made its appearance in our family. I read it, and continued to read it with increasing interest, looking eagerly for its appearance from week to week, till it was more devoured than read; each story was gulped down successively, only creating a morbid appetite for more, which was partially appeased by subjecting what "yellow-covered literature" I could obtain to a similar process. After a time, and before a year had passed, the paper was discontinued, and, thus depreved of it, I began to perceive where I was drifting, and resolved to let the stuff alone. Since then I have kept my purpose, though it of course required self-denial, and will continue to, for the craving is still strong. But it was not till I turned my attention elsewhere that I fully realized its pernicious influence. In the pursuit of my regular studies, it was with great difficulty that I could bring down and fasten my mind on them, and give them their proper attention. Biography and history were prosy in the extreme, while the "book of books" was a mass of dryness and insipidity. It now requires labor at a disadvantage to repair the mischief thus done. But enough of the jottings of experience, and of this article. A careful observation must convince every one that habitual light reading is productive of evil results, and that something should be done for a reform in this respect.

Livonia, N. Y., 1860. C.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

The year is divided into four seasons—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter—each having charms peculiar to itself. This pleasing variety of seasons is occasioned by the annual revolution of the earth around the sun, together with the inclination of her axis to the plane of her orbit.

When Winter retires before the direct rays of the Great Luminary, virgin Spring comes forth, clothed in beauty, with her thousand flowers that lade every breeze with fragrance, that sport over hill top and glen, rejoicing amid the splendors of the new-born year. Nature seems renewed, the ear is charmed with the gentle murmur of the streams, while the feathered songsters pour forth their "unpremeditated lays" from towering cedar twig and bush, and the woods and fields resound with soul-stirring melodies that the genius of a Handal or Mozart could never equal.

Poets have recorded, in harmonious numbers, the allurements of Spring, and philosophers have, with rigid logic, endeavored to prove that she is superior, in excellence and beauty, to the other members of her family; but in that they have utterly failed.

She is indeed beautiful, and possessed of rare attractions; but she must yield the palm to Golden Autumn, whose beauties exceed those of her rival sister. Who can describe, with pen or pencil, the enrapturing beauties of Autumn? This season presents many of the curiosities of Spring, with the addition of others that are never seen at that time of the year. In the place of blossoms, we have the ripened fruit, the well-filled granary, the yellow corn, the rosy apple, the delicious peach, the garden vegetables, richest flowers, and bright days, with their soft, mellow light, together with "bird music" among the many-colored leaves of the forests and fields.

The leaves of the American forests, during autumn, reflect the greatest variety of colors of any in the world. The rainbow is beautiful, but in that we see only the seven primary colors, while the autumn forest reflects a variety of brilliant colors, with intervening hues, soft tints, and delicate shadings, which can only be numbered by considering them infinite; and the mingling of these many colors gives increased beauty and attractiveness to the autumnal landscape. N. B. Ament.

The Great California Tree.—Some year or two ago there was a good deal said about the Great California Tree—*Wellingtonia*, I believe it was decided to call it. It was cultivated in some of your Rochester nurseries. What has become of it? Has it succeeded or failed?—Young Inquirer.

The California Tree has succeeded here. We have specimens five feet or more in height growing in the open ground. We may take an engraving of one before long.

We may judge of a man's character by what he loves—what pleases him.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER. SEPT. 15.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

The Blight,.....293
European Agriculture,.....293
Seedling Potatoes,.....293
Destruction of Weeds in Ireland,.....293
Cinders for Pigs,.....293
Stock Raising,.....293
How to construct Lightning Rods,.....293
Broome Co.—Ag. Societies, Progress, &c.....293
Plan of a Pig Pen, [Illustrated,].....294
Breeding Horses—Reform Needed,.....294

Bee-Keeper.—That Bee-Frolic; Artificial Honey-Comb; Bees in California; Bee House Wanted,.....294

Rural Spirit of the Press—Chester County Hogs; Native Cattle; Milking often; Hay for one Sheep; Fattening Turkeys; Fine Wool at the South,.....294

Agricultural Miscellany—Agricultural Fairs; N. Y. State Fair—Preparations, &c.; Another New Plow; A Great Old Team; Iowa Corn; Cure for Gapes in Chickens.294

HORTICULTURAL.

Seasonable Notes, [Illustrated,].....295
Dahlias and their treatment,.....295

Inquiries and Answers—Quince Stocks; Planting Gooseberry Seeds; Apple Pie Melons; Diseased Verbenas; Unfermented Wine; Propagating the Grape, [Illustrated;] Black Raspberries; Seeds of the American Hop Tree,.....295

Horticultural Notes—Fruits Received; Away from Home; Cooper's Mammoth Peach; Raspberry Plants by mail; Black Raspberries; Railway Traveling and Mushrooming,.....295

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Kitchen Science; To Kill Moths in Carpets; To Drive away Ants; To Make Crullers; To Remove Iron Rust; Boiled Pudding; Fruit Cake; Pork Cake,.....295

LADIES' OLIO.

Sister Mary, [Poetical;] "Might Be"—"Had Been"—"Will Be;" Happy Women; Children's Faces,.....296

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Mendicant, [Poetical;] Rainy Days, or the Mission of Enemies; Family Intercourse at the Table; True Eloquence,.....296

SABBATH MUSINGS.

"Whom He Loveth He Chasteneth," [Poetical;] There's Rest at Home; Personal Influence; The all hail hereafter,.....296

EDUCATIONAL.

Our Advantages; Teachers should Study; Use of Text-Books in Schools,.....297

USEFUL OLIO.

Black-Necked Swans, [Illustrated;] Frightening Children; Useful Effects of Light,.....297

YOUNG RURALIST.

Light Reading; Spring and Autumn; The Great California Tree,.....297

THE STORY TELLER.

Time's Changes, [Poetical;] Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel;.....300

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Justice to the South—A New Book.—Geo. G. Evans.
Everybody's Lawyer—John E. Potter.
Trees for the Autumn of 1860—T. C. Maxwell & Bro's.
Toledo Wholesale Nurseries—A. Fahnestock & Sons.
Improved American Black Raspberry—H. H. Doolittle.
Dutch Flower Bulbs—Meyer & Bro.
Brittan's Continuous Copper-Strip Lightning Conductors.
Benton Nurseries—Isaac & Platman.
Grape Roots—J. P. Merriam, Agent.
Water Pipe—I. S. Robbie.
The Annual Show of the Ontario Ag. Society.
Cherry Seeds—A. Fahnestock & Sons.
Agents Wanted—Gill Brothers & Co.
Peach Trees for Sale—Wm. Parry.
Culver's Fruit Preserver's Manual—E. Darrow & Bro.
Boughton Seed Wheat—Wm. R. Duryee.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Monroe Co. Agricultural Society's Annual Exhibition.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

It appears from our treaty of amity and commerce with China, just officially promulgated, that the United States will exert their good offices, in case any other nation should act unjustly or oppressively against that Empire, to bring about a satisfactory arrangement of the question, thus showing their friendly feeling. A similar provision is contained in the treaty with Japan.

The U. S. and California boundary commission will depart shortly, for the scene of its duties.

Lieut. Mowry, Commissioner on the part of the United States, has received his instructions from the Secretary of the Interior, which contemplates, with the concurrence of the Governor of California, the establishment of the initial point of the boundary at the South intersection of the 35th parallel, lat. North, with the Colorado river, and the reconnoisance of the line toward the North this winter.

In the spring of 1861, the initial point at the North, in the Washoe region, will be established, and the line surveyed as far as practicable.

With a view to economy, Secretary Thompson has limited the number of employes to be engaged here to those absolutely necessary for the scientific work and charge of the instruments on the way out. The remainder of the corps will be engaged in California.

The commission, as organized here, consists of Sylvester Mowry, U. S. Commissioner; Lieut. J. C. Jones, U. S. Astronomer and Surveyer; H. M. C. Brown, Asst. do.; J. M. McLeod, Computor; J. F. Kantz, Quarter-Master and Commissioner, and O. Bessen, Artist.

Secretary Cobb has ordered the revenue vessels in the Gulf to cruise off the month of the Mississippi for New Orleans fillibusters, and compel their return. This action is in consequence of reports that large numbers of men, who are anxious to join Gen. Walker in Honduras, are hastily preparing to leave.

The Secretary of the Treasury has advertised for proposals till the 22d of October, for a loan of $10,000,000 under the treasury note redemption act of June.

Political Intelligence.

The Jefferson City Examiner of Saturday, gives a full list of members elect of the Missouri Legislature, with the following recapitulatory classification:

SENATE.—Breckenridge Democrats, 17; Douglas Democrats, 8; Union, 7; Republican, 1—total, 33.

HOUSE.—Breckenridge Democrats, 52; Douglas Democrats, 29; Democrats, position not known, 6; Union, 33; Republicans, 12—total, 132.

The Breckenridge State Committee met at the Astor House, New York city, on the 7th, to consider the propositions from the Douglas Committee for fusion, for which purpose a subcommittee was appointed. The latest intelligence is to the effect that the Breckenridge State Committee rejected the terms of the Douglas Committee, and have adjourned without affecting a compromise.

At the meeting of the Republican State Committee of Missouri, on the 4th inst., the Chairman was instructed to prepare an address to the Republicans of Missouri, urging them to vindicate their principles in the ensuing Presidential election, without any affiliation with any other party.

The Vermont election for State Officers and members of Congress, took place on the 4th inst. Returns for Governor, in 27 towns, gives Erastus Fairbanks, (Republican,) 6,885; J. G. Saxe, (Douglas Democrat,) 2,664; Harvey, (Breckenridge Democrat,) 487. Majority for Fairbanks, 3,733. Majority for Hall, (Republican,) last year, 3,064, showing a Republican gain of 669. These towns embrace one-fifth of the State, and indicate the election of Mr. Fairbanks by a large majority. Forty-nine towns elect 43 Republican representatives, showing a gain of 7 over last year, and 6 Democrats, a gain of 4.

Advices from Texas state that a new electoral ticket is advocated, and promises to become a plan of action, to be voted for by all parties opposed to Breckenridge and Lincoln.

Speaker Pennington has written a letter to his constituents declining a re-election to Congress.

Terrible Calamity on Lake Michigan.

The Steamer *Lady Elgin*, of the Lake Superior Line, left Chicago on the night of the 7th, and was run into by the schooner *Augusta*, off Wankegan, at half past two o'clock on the following evening, striking her abaft the wheel. The steamer sunk in twenty minutes, in 300 feet of water. No accurate list or number of the persons on board can be given, but the following is estimated as nearly correct:—Excursion passengers, consisting of the Black Yagers, Green Yagers and Rifles, and several Fire Companies from Milwaukee, 300; regular passengers, 50; steamer's crew, 85. Of these but 98 are saved.

The Clerk, H. G. Caryl, gives the following statement of the disaster:

At about half past two o'clock the schooner Augusta, of Oswego, came in collision with the Lady Elgin, when about ten miles from shore. The vessel struck the steamer at the midships gangway, on the larboard side. The two vessels separated immediately, and the Augusta drifted by in the darkness. At the moment of collision there was music and dancing in the forward cabin. In an instant after the crash all was still, and in half an hour after the boat sunk. I passed through the cabins—the ladies were pale but silent—there was not a cry or shriek; no sound but the rush of steam and the heavy seas. Whether they were not fully aware of the danger, or whether their approaching situation made them speechless, I cannot tell. A boat was lowered at once, with the design of going round upon the larboard side to examine the break. There were two oars, but just at that moment some person possessed himself of one of them, and we were left powerless to manage the boat. We succeeded once in reaching the wheel, but were drifted away and thrown upon the beach at Winetka. Only two boats were left on the steamer, one of them contained thirteen persons, all of whom were saved. The other bore eight, but only four reached the shore alive, the others being drowned at the beach.

Before I left the steamer her engines had ceased to work, the fires having been extinguished.—Within thirty minutes the Lady Elgin disappeared. The force and direction of the wind was such that the boats and fragments of the wreck were driven up the Lake, and would reach the shore in the vicinity of Winetka. As I stood upon the beach, hopelessly looking back along the route we had drifted, I could see in the gray of the morning, objects floating upon the water, and sometimes I thought human beings struggling with the waves.

When the intelligence of the loss of the steamer with the excursion party, reached Milwaukee it spread like wildfire throughout the city. The telegraph office was thronged all day with relatives and friends of those on board. Many who presented dispatches were in tears, and the most intense excitement was manifest in the countenances of all. In the first ward in that city it is said there is scarcely a house or place of business which has not lost some inmate or employe. All the survivors unite in awarding to Captain Jack Wilson, commander, praise for his great bravery and daring throughout. He was foremost in confronting danger. He was drowned within a 100 feet from shore.

Nearly 100 persons arrived within fifty yards of the beach, but were swept back by the returning waves and lost. Up to 9 o'clock at night only 21 bodies had been recovered, most of which have been recognized by friends as residents of Milwaukee.

News Paragraphs.

The Cattle Commissioners of Connecticut still adhere to their decision in June last, not to permit cattle to cross the line from Massachusetts into that State. There is still a fear among the border towns that the epidemic will reappear on the approach of cold weather.

The lodging rooms of the Catholic Orphan Asylum in Toledo, Ohio, were destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. Three children and one Sister of Charity were missing, and it is supposed they perished in the flames. Another sister was seriously injured by jumping from a window.

The water in the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers is so low, that fears are entertained that a large portion of this year's wheat crop will have to be stored in the State until the opening of navigation in the spring.

From Pike's Peak.—Denever city dates to Aug. 28th, bring the following intelligence:—There was a reported discovery of rich placer diggings in the vicinity of Fort Garland, New Mexico. Several hundred miners are on the way thither. Accounts are exceedingly contradictory. Parties almost daily arrive from beyond the snowy ranges, most of them reporting favorably. Nearly 2,000 Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians are about ten miles down the Platte approaching Denver. Some of them threaten violence, but the majority appear well disposed. An Arapahoe who speaks English, supposed to be "Left Hand," is visiting the ranches on Cherry Creek, warning the owners against the Kiowas, who threaten to cut off the settlers, and if possible destroy Denver. Several meetings have been held in the mountains with reference to the formation of a government. The general feeling among the miners is in favor of the old provisional government, and there is some talk of holding an election under it. But little interest is manifested concerning the presidential election.

From Mexico.—The steamship Austin arrived at New Orleans on the 4th inst., with Brazos dates of the 30th ult., and $107,000 in specie. The Brazos river was very high, and fears were entertained of a destructive flow. A number of Montercy merchants had gone to Boonville, in consequence of a new foreign loan claimed by Vidaura at San Juan, on the 16th ult. A battle was fought at Eagos between Miramon and Degollado, on the 10th ult. Miramon, with 2,000 men, tried to cut his way through, but his force was surrounded by Degollado with 2,800 men. The fight lasted five days. Miramon was badly wounded, but escaped with a few of his cavalry. He lost his artillery, and the balance of his army were made prisoners. Gen. Pachico was killed, and Gen. Megia made prisoner. Miramon was in full flight. There was great rejoicing at the Capital and throughout the country, in consequence of Miramon's defeat.

Filibuster Walker.—The schooner Toucey has arrived at New Orleans, bringing dates from Ruatan to the 24th, and Truxillo to the 25d. A force of 700 men assembled outside the walls, ready to attack Walker. An English man-of-war arrived at Truxillo on the 19th. Heavy cannonading was heard at Ruatan on the morning of the 24th, in the direction of Truxillo, which lasted till noon. The man-of-war stated on her arrival, that her object was to protect the citizens and property of Honduras, and restore the revenue of Truxillo to the rightful authorities. It is believed that the cannonading was from the combined attack of Guardiolo and the man-of-war.

Activity in the Pennsylvania Coal Mines.—The Philadelphia Ledger says, there is scarcely a mine in working condition that is not driven with all the force that can be made available, and what is even more satisfactory, there is a ready market for every ton mined. We are informed that there is less coal piled up than almost ever before known—indeed there is scarcely a ton piled up for want of buyers. The little that is done in that way is from some other cause. Of course prices are firm. Already the sources of supply have sent forward nearly five millions of tons, being an increase of six hundred and fifty thousand tons, by the same companies to the same time last year.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—Lord Palmerston had stated in the House of Commons, that a British subject had been wrongfully imprisoned in Paraguay, pending the payment of the compensation demanded. Relations between the two countries continue interrupted. Lord P. also referred, in disparaging terms, to the Suez Canal scheme, a large number of shares in which had been taken by the Pasha of Egypt, and stated that the French government had declared that they had nothing to do with the scheme.

In the Commons, on the 25th, Lord Palmerston said there was no truth in the statement that Austria had threatened to support Naples. She adhered to non-intervention till her own frontiers were threatened. Lord P. acknowledged the services rendered the Christians in Syria by Abd-el-Kader, and said the British Consul had been instructed to tender to him the thanks of the British government. Lord P. also said that the government had no information relative to the intention of France to establish a fort on the Lake of Geneva, and explained the position of the Savoy question, the session having not yet been recognized by Europe.

Mr. Lindsay, M. P., had been authorized to proceed to Washington and lay before the American government the views of the British government relative to the navigation laws, belligerent rights, &c., and enter into negotiations for the opening of the coasting trade, &c. Mr. L. sails on the 8th of September.

The Times Paris correspondent writes that he learns from several official sources that Russia is concentrating fresh troops in Besalagia, and increasing her naval forces in the Mediterranean.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 18th ult. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. She says that her relations with foreign powers are friendly and satisfactory. She trusts that there is no interruptions of the general peace of England. She believes that if the Italians are left to settle their own difficulties, the tranquility of other States will remain undisturbed. She hopes that in any negotiations which may take place on the Savoy question, the neutrality and independence of Switzerland will be maintained. She laments the late atrocities committed on the Christians in Syria, and cheerfully concurs with the other powers of Europe in assisting the Sultan of Turkey to re-establish order. She regrets the failure of the negotiations with China, and says that her forces will support the demand for a full and faithful execution of the treaty of Tein Sing. She thanks Parliament for the appropriations for the fortifications, and congratulates the country on the efficiency of the rifle volunteers. She concludes by expressing the heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction she has experienced at the warm and enthusiastic reception the Prince of Wales has met with in her North American Provinces.

The Great Eastern averaged about 14 knots per hour on her passage home.

France.—The weather throughout France was most discouraging. Rain fell five or six hours every day, and the harvest must be unfavorable. France admits breadstuffs duty free.

The Emperor had made a speech at Lyons, in response to addresses by the authorities. He condemned the unjust distrust excited abroad, and declares that nothing should make him deviate from the path of moderation and justice. His sole desire was the general interest of France. He urged them to give themselves up with confidence to works of peace. He was determined, with God's assistance, that France should not degenerate under his dynasty. The pacific nature of his speech caused an advance on the Bourse. Rentes 68f. 25c.

The Constitutionel publishes an article stating that the relations between France and Austria are excellent, and congratulating the latter power on its reform tendency.

It was reported in Paris on the 29th, that the King of Naples had quitted there on the previous evening, on board the frigate Strombulic, and that the Piedmontese occupied the forts.

It was said that a French corps d' Armee of 100,000 men, with camping materials and artillery, were ordered to be ready to move at short notice. The Emperor and Empress had gone to Savoy and Nice.

The news published in the German papers that Napoleon has proposed a Congress for the settlement of the Italian question, is totally unfounded.

The French government has already made known to the European governments, that its proposal for raising Spain to the rank of a great power, having given rise to objection, it will not endeavor, for the present, to carry it out. The Nord reports its account of the arrangements, notwithstanding the official denial.

The same journal asserts that suggestions made by Prussia for the reorganization of the army of the Confederation was strongly disproved by the secondary German States, who considered that the giving up of the command of the military forces to one or both of the great powers, would be the first step toward their political destruction. The smaller States have refused to abdicate so much of their independent sovereign power.

Naples and Sicily.—The Royal Intendant of Pollnesa, was at the head of the insurrection in the province of Basilitea. The Chiefs of the National Guards of Naples, had tendered their resignations in consequence of the foreign battalion not having disbanded.

The invasion of Calabria by Garibaldi is fully confirmed. The town of Regios had been attacked and taken by Garibaldi. Four thousand Calabrian insurgents had joined the Garibaldians. A general battle with the Neapolitans was imminent. Four hundred and fifty volunteers for Garibaldi, from Parma, were obliged to return from Genoa.

Turin advices state that the Provisional Government had been established at Faggia, capital of the Capitanata, one of the Neapolitan States. Gen. Basco, with Neapolitan forces, was at Monteteone.

Disturbances at Naples were imminent. Appeals to the people to revolt were being publicly distributed. The Neapolitan Minister of War and Gen. Basco had left Naples for Calabria with six battalions as reinforcements.

The fort of Regio capitulated on the 21st. The garrison were allowed to leave with their muskets and personal baggage only. Gen. Cossenz, with a considerable force, had crossed the straits at Piumichino, and two Neapolitan brigades surrendered to him at discretion.

The Garibaldians were masters of Fort Delpyezo. They also, after a short fight, occupied Villa San Giobanni. The defection of the army of Naples was considered extremely probable, and it was hoped that Garibaldi would enter the city in triumph, without bloodshed. Conflicts had taken place between the Neapolitan troops and some Bersaglieri who landed from Sardinian vessels.

An English steamer, the Orfal, from Hull, with passengers for Messina, was seized by the passengers while the captain was ashore at Genoa. It is supposed that the passengers were friends of Garibald. The vessel was chartered under a penalty of $5,000 against seizure, and the inference is that she was not assigned for Garibaldi.

Sardinia prohibits any more embarking of volunteers at Genoa for Sicily.

Austria.—The Emperor of Austria and King of Wurtemburg, were about to have an interview.

The reconciliation of Anstria and Russia is said to have been fully accomplished.

The Cologne Gazette publishes a Vienna letter, which says that the Austrian note relative to Garibaldi's expedition will shortly be forwarded.

Russia.—Notwithstanding the rains and locusts the harvest will be the most abundant for years.

The Emperor of Russia gave a grand banquet in honor of the Emperor of Austria's birthday, and proposed Francis Joseph's health in the most friendly terms.

Syria.—All was quiet in Syria. Said Pasha had completely quieted the people.

India and China.—The mails from Calcutta to July 8th, have arrived at England. The Indian news is unimportant. Large bodies of rebels, who took refuge in the jungle near Blawsward, had been routed.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gross had gone to the Gulf of Pecheli. It is supposed that they would attempt to renew negotiations, while everything indicated the intentions of the Chinese to fight. All was quiet at Canton. The rebels continued to advance toward Shanghai.

Commercial Intelligence.—*Breadstuffs.*—Breadstuffs quiet and steady. The weather has been more favorable for the crops, but is still unsettled. Richardson, Spence & Co., Wakefield, Nash & Co., report flour dull, and prices easier, but quotably unchanged. Wheat quiet at Friday's advance. Sales of red western at 11s5d@11s6d; southern 11s10d@12s6d; white 12s9d@13s6d. Corn quiet; sales of mixed and yellow at 34s@35s6d; white 38s@38s6d. Provisions generally dull. Various circulars report pork and lard quiet.

The News Condenser.

— Hiram Powers, the sculptor, is in New York.

— The number of deaths in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, was 148.

— Twelve ocean steamers sailed from New York Saturday week.

— The attempt to raise the Atlantic cable has been abandoned.

— The potato rot has made its appearance in Northern New Jersey.

— The President declines raising Sardinia to a first-class mission.

— There are ten thousand hoop skirts made weekly in Meriden, Conn.

— The grand ball given to the Prince of Wales, in Montreal, cost $40,000.

— Contracts for hogs, for winter delivery, are already made in St. Louis.

— The shipment of specie for Europe reached $1,100,000 on the 8th inst.

— Nearly fifty persons have been killed by lightning, this season, in Iowa.

— The yellow fever is raging at Porto Rico, both among foreigners and natives.

— The fruit crop in Massachusetts, this year, will be the largest ever gathered.

— A canary bird, eighteen years old, died in Paterson, N. J., on Wednesday week.

— A great religious movement is going on in Prague and other cities of Bohemia.

— A body was recovered from the wreck of the steamer Hungarian, a few days since.

— Sir George Simpson, Governor of Hudson's Bay, died at La Chene, on the 7th inst.

— Sir Benjamin Brodie, the celebrated London surgeon, has become totally blind.

— The Italians of Mobile, Ala., have subscribed but $223.50 to the Garibaldi aid fund.

— The State hole in the ground, at Columbus, Ohio, is 2,686 feet deep, and no water yet.

— The St. Louis Pacific Railroad was opened a distance of 176 miles from that city, last week.

— A grain warehouse, with a capatity of 700,000 bushels, is in process of erection at Chicago.

— The Prince of Wales and Lady Franklin have each announced their intention to visit Chicago.

— Sardines, of excellent quality, and of full size and flavor, are abundant on the coast of California.

— The census of the city of Dubuque, Iowa, shows a decrease in population of 4,000 within three years.

— Several most outrageous attempts to fire school houses in Portland, Me., have been made recently.

— The campaign medal manufacturers in Waterbury, Ct., are making 76,000 a day of the various candidates.

— A Deputy Marshal in Cherokee Co., Ga., found a white man who had attained the respectable age of 135 years.

— The St. Paul Minnesotian tells of a man who committed suicide by drowning, rather than eat a cold dinner.

— A San Salvador paper says more than fifty shocks of earthquake were experienced there on the 21st of June.

— The State of Kentucky has declared in favor of assessing a public school tax, by a majority of 26,000 votes.

— The Directors of the Central Railroad of New Jersey have placed refreshment cars on some of their trains.

— Accounts from St. Petersburg say that a fearful scourge, the plague of Siberia, has broken out in that city.

— Since it has been determined to uniform the police of Philadelphia, quite a number of the force have resigned.

— A vigilance committee, for the arrest of thieves and burglars, in and around Clyde, Ohio, has been lately formed.

— Hop picking, in Madison, Chenango and Otsego counties, is now in full blast, and "pickers" are in great demand.

— Twenty thousand more emigrants have arrived at New York thus far this year, than up to the same time last year.

— Isaac Bell, Esq., the oldest shipping merchant of New York, died at Saratoga Springs, last week, in the 93d year of his age.

— Upwards of five hundred high-blooded and valuable horses have been entered at the great Horse Fair at Springfield.

— The amount of subscriptions received for the Christian in Syria, by the Jewish committee in Paris, already exceeds 50,000f.

— A man who lived at the Chincha Islands cites an instance of 17 Coolies hanging themselves in one night, in the same house.

— The Suspension Bridge has been recently painted. The Niagara Sentinel says it required, for the operation, 20 tons of paint.

— The citizens of Pittsburg, Pa., have held a meeting and appointed a committee to invite the Prince of Wales to visit that city.

— A woman in Baltimore committed suicide a few days since, because one of her daughters married a poor but honest young man.

— It is said that the only very intimate friend that Louis Napoleon has at present, is Baron Rothschild, the head of that family.

— Vigilance committees exist in all the towns and counties that have been excited by the late attempts at incendiarism in Texas.

— The lady managers of the Aged Women's Home, in Baltimore, have determined to erect on their premises an asylum for aged men.

— The latest Parisian horror was a child cut up into small pieces, literally minced, and left one night at a house in the Rue Leone.

— A boy of 13, Henry Crane, while endeavoring to turn a summersault, near Economy, Penn., broke his neck, and died in an hour.

— The Roman Catholic clergy of New York follow Archbishop Hughes in refusing to make marriage returns to the City Inspector, as required.

— Cohocs Post-Office was robbed by a burglar on Monday week. Fifty dollars in stamps and some money letters paid the rogue for his trouble.

— An African convict in the Eastern Pennsylvania Penitentiary has acquired a stock of Latin and Greek which would do honor to many Freshmen.

— The expenditure of the U. S. P. O. for the past year, was over $14,000,000, and the revenue less than $8,000,000, leaving a deficit of about $7,000,000.

— A New York capitalist of distinction has purchased the salt meadows of Bergen Co., N. J., and will fatten frogs for market on an extensive scale.

— Charles C. Clark, of Bolton, Saratoga Co., has had taken from his ear a honey bee, which had been there for two years, and caused him great distress.

— Counterfeit $3 bills on the Merchants' Exchange Bank of New York, and $2 on the Whaling Bank of Connecticut, have just been put in circulation.

Special Notices.

Ho! for the Annual Rural Festival!

ANNUAL FAIR AND SHOW
OF THE
MONROE CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
ON ITS GROUNDS, NEAR ROCHESTER.
September 19th, 20th, and 21st, 1860.

FARMERS, HORTICULTURISTS, AND ARTISANS, are invited to exhibit the best products of their Skill and Industry. The season has been a most productive one in all departments, prosperity abounds, and it is meet to gather together and rejoice—exhibiting and comparing the representatives of our Flocks, Herds and Stables, the choice Fruits of Field, Orchard and Garden, the wares of Shop and Factory, and the various products of Domestic Manufacture. Arrangements will be made for the proper care and display of all Animals and Articles entered for exhibition. Competent Superintendents and Judges have been appointed in all Departments of the Exhibition, and if the People so *will* and *act*, the Fair will prove highly creditable to all interested.

Synopsis of the Programme.

WEDNESDAY, THE FIRST DAY, will be principally devoted to making Entries, receiving Articles and Animals, and the PLOWING MATCH, which will take place at 1 o'clock, P. M.

THURSDAY, the 20th, the General Exhibition will open, and the Examinations and Awards be made in the various departments.

ON FRIDAY, THE LAST DAY, a GRAND PROCESSION of the Premium Animals will be made at 10 o'clock. At 11 o'clock the ANNUAL ADDRESS will be delivered by

HORACE GREELEY.

THE EQUESTRIAN DISPLAY will take place at 2 o'clock, and immediately thereafter the Road and Carriage Horses will be driven on the track for the display of Style, Action, &c. Their speed will be tested on time.

TERMS OF MEMBERSHIP AND ADMISSION.—Life Membership, $10; Annual, $1. A Life or Annual Member Ticket entitles the owner and his or her Family (with Carriage) to admission to the Grounds during the whole Fair. ☞ All non-members will be charged FIFTEEN CENTS for each Admission.

☞ For Premium List, &c., and more complete Programme, Regulations, &c., see pamphlet and bills, which may be obtained at the SOCIETY'S OFFICE, 109 State St., or at the office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER.

D. D. T. MOORE, *Pres't.*
SAMUEL MILLER, *Sec'y.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Sept. 11, 1860.

THE changes to be noted this morning are very few, and but little activity is observable.

FLOUR is as last quoted, and the transactions are mostly on Eastern account.

GRAIN—Spring wheat is a little lower, while winter has put on 2@3 cents per bushel as to quality. Corn advanced and firm. Oats are worth 2@3 cents per bushel more than last week.

PROVISIONS—No change in Pork, and dealers are now looking forward to the fall trade, which is expected to open in three or four weeks. We see that contracts are being made at the West, but prices are not stated. Beef, Mutton, &c., are without change.

SEEDS.—Clover holds to the prices which have ruled lately; Timothy has declined 25 cents on the bushel.

WOOL—No change, and holders of stocks are exceedingly firm in their demands.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	@10c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,38	Apples, bushel	25@40c
Best white Can'a	$0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	50@55c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	0@60c	Plums, dried	00@00c
Oats, by weight	25@30c	Potatoes	25@28c
Barley	55@65c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	38@75c
Pork, Mess	$19,00@20,00	Lamb pelts	50c@75c
Pork, clear	$21,00@21,50	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	12½@13c	Hay, ton	$8,00@11,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, ton	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@40c
Lard, tried	13@13½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 10.—FLOUR—Market 10c better, with a good export and home trade demand and speculative inquiry. Sales at $5,75@5,85 for superfine State; $6,05@6,15 for extra do; $5,75@5,85 for super Western; $6,00@6,35 for common to medium extra do; $6,20@6,30 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing firm, with holders disposed to insist upon very full prices. Canadian a shade better; sales at $5,75@5,35 for super; $6,15@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat 1@2c better, with a brisk export demand; sales winter red Western at $1,38@1,40; unsound do. at $1,33@1,37; white Michigan at $1,45@1,62; white Indiana at $1,40@1,49; amber Ohio at $1,40; amber Iowa at $1,38; amber winter Illinois at $1,40@1,42½; Canadian at $1,50; white Genesee at $1,60; Chicago spring at $1,22@1,30 for inferior to good; white Kentucky at $1,57@1,60; Milwaukee club at $1,30@1,32½. Rye scarce and firm; sales at 77@80c. Barley scarce and wanted at 80c. Corn a shade firmer; sales at 65@70c for sound mixed Western, afloat and in store; 70c for do to arrive in 10@15 days. Oats firm at 41@42c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and without striking change; sales at $19,45@19,50 for new mess; $19,25 for old do; $14,12@14,37 for new prime; $13,25 for old do. Lard steady, sales at 12½@13½c. Butter at 12½@17c for Ohio; 15@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9½@11c.

ALBANY, Sept. 10.—FLOUR AND MEAL—Supply fair, with light inquiry. Holders firm; sales about 1,200 bbls.

GRAIN—Wheat in light demand; sales common white Michigan at $1,40; fair do. at $1,48; prime do. to arrive at at $1,50; white Indiana on p. t. Rye in some demand; sales in lots at 75@76c. Corn quiet and transactions light; sales at 67@68c. Sales State oats at 39½c in car lots.

BUFFALO, Sept. 10.—FLOUR—In fair demand and market steady. Sales at $5,25 for extra State; $5,25@5,40 for extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,50 for extra Michigan; $5,37½@5,62½ for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat, the stock for present delivery is light, and most of the sales have been made to arrive. Demand fair and market firm. No. 2 Chicago spring to arrive at $1,10; No. 1 do. on the spot at $1,12½, and red Ohio at $1,20½. This morning, choice No. 2 Chicago spring, on the spot, at $1,12. No. 1 do. to arrive at $1,13; Milwaukee club to arrive at $1,17½, and white Indiana at $1,26. Corn in moderate demand and market steady. Sales Saturday at 54c. This morning at 54@55c. Oats, market quiet and steady at 31c. Barley quiet at 56@58c. Rye nominal at 61c.

PROVISIONS—Market firm. Heavy mess pork being held at $19,50; $18,00 for light do., and $15,00 for prime. Beef dull at $7,00 for mess, and $5,00 for prime. Bacon firm at 12c for sacked hams; 11½c, for sugar cured hams; 9½c. for plain do, and 8½c for shoulders. Lard scarce at 13c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 8½@9c, with fair receipts.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

OSWEGO, Sept. 10.—FLOUR—Market quiet.

GRAIN—Wheat firm; sales Milwaukee club at $1,25; No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,18. Corn firm; sales Indiana at 60c.—Other grains quiet.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—Flour dull; sales super at $5@6,25.

GRAIN—Wheat declined 2c; sales red at $1,40@1,43; white $1,48@1,58. Corn buoyant; sales yellow at 75c.

TORONTO, Sept. 8.—FLOUR—There has been nothing done in flour beyond the supply of the local demand. The mills throughout the country have completed their repairs and are in expectation of a profitable fall trade. The deliveries of wheat are likely to be large early in the year, and within two weeks the receipts of flour must begin to be considerable. The opening prices are unsettled, and at present rates are to be quoted as purely nominal:

Superfine	$5,20@5,20
Fancy	5,40@5,40
Extra	5,75@6,00
Double Extra	6,25@6,50

GRAIN—Recent foreign arrivals have created an excitement, and the market has moved upward for winter wheat. From $1,20@1,35 has been paid frequently for good lots, and $1,25 quite freely for ordinary samples. Competition is very active. Spring wheat is offered very sparingly, and the market is not as yet tested. There is a good demand for dry samples at $1,05@1,10, and for very prime $1,13 ℔ bushel. Rye is not offered, and is nominal at 60c ℔ bushel. Peas are scarce; the new crop is just now completely harvested, and large supplies may be expected soon. Quotations are nominal at 55@65c ℔ bushel. Oats are offering freely, the receipts by cars having largely increased. Old stocks are being pushed off in anticipation of the new crops. Car loads have been bought at 28@30 ℔ bushel. Barley, the demand for local use has continued brisk, with a considerable activity in the inquiry for export. Prices for the early part of the week were from 65@69c., but since Monday 65c is the highest paid, ranging from that down to 60c.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,00@9,00; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $6,50@7; inferior, $5,50@6,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $27,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb, 5½@5½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@5,50; ordinary, $3,50@4,50; common $3@3,50; inferior, $2,50@3,00.

SWINE—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6½@6½c.

ALBANY, Sept. 10.—BEEVES—The market opens dull. There is about the usual number of buyers on the ground, but as prices went down, both in New York and Brighton, last week—quite unexpectedly, too, owing to an excess in the supply—they stand out for important concessions. Holders have been compelled to yield ½c ℔ lb. live weight, but even at this the trade is more languid than for several weeks past. It is more than probable that a large proportion of the receipts will go through in first hands. The average quality is not high. There are a few droves of prime extra from Kentucky and Ohio, but second and third rate cattle are more plenty in the yards this week than usual.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,330	3,077	3,488
Sheep	2,767	5,160	6,385
Hogs	231	163	681

PRICES—What sales have been made indicate a decline of ½@½c ℔ lb., live weight, and the market is dull at this concession. We hear of no sales at a price equal to 5c ℔ lb. live weight. For a drove of premium Ohio 5c was offered, and the holder would readily sell at 5½c.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½c	5½@5¼
Extra	4½@4½	4½@5
First quality	3½@4½	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3½@3½
Third quality	2½@2½	2½@3

SHEEP—Supply light and demand not active. Prices declined at least 25c ℔ head. Sales during the week 1372 head at $2,75@$1. The outside figure will buy extra.

HOGS—Prices about the same. There are not many offerings on this side, and the inquiry is limited. We hear of but one sale, a lot of good State, average 200 lbs., at $6,30.—*Argus and Atlas.*

BRIGHTON, Sept. 6.—At market 1,300 beeves, 350 stores 2,000 sheep and lambs, and 1,100 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality, $0,00@7,25; second quality, $6,00@6,75; third quality, $4,00@4,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, $8@90.

MILCH COWS—$41@46; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $11@12; three years old, $13@14.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,50; Extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale 6½@7c; retail 7½@8c; Spring Pigs 7@7½c; retail at 8½c.; Fat Hogs, undressed, 6½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept 6.—The demand is moderate, owing to the light stocks offering and the extreme prices prevalent; sales of 75,000 lbs. Native Fleece at 40@60c. for one-quarter to full-blood Saxony—the latter rate for choice; also, sales of 70,000 lbs Californian at 14@30c. for ordinary to fine quality; 15,000 lbs Lambs' and super pulled at 31@37c.; 124 bales East India at 21½c; 50 do. Cape at 30c., six months, and 50 do. washed Cordova on private terms.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	34@38
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	31@36
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, pulled	34@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@22
California, common do.	10@14
Peruvian, washed	26@31
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Sept. 6.—There is no change in fleece or pulled Wool. Market firm, with sales of 150,000 lbs at previous rates. The demand is only for the medium grades of fleece, at prices ranging from 44@50c. ℔ lb. A lot of 163 bales Texas sold on private terms, and the sales of foreign embrace 400 bales Cape, Mediterranean and South American, and 80 ballots Peruvian at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
¼ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	20@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

IN Palermo, on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst., by Rev. A. N. Damon, of Vermillion, G. B. JOHNSON and Miss KATIE E. BECKWITH, both of the former place.

Deaths.

IN this city, on the 10th inst., ALBERT HENRY, infant son of Dr. N. S. BARNES.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

∴ In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

SEND 15 CENTS AND GET CULVER'S "FRUIT-PRESERVER'S MANUAL," by mail.
E. DARROW & BRO., Publishers, Rochester, N. Y.

BOUGHTON SEED WHEAT FOR SALE.—It is the choicest of White Wheat. Ripens 6 to 10 days earlier than other varieties, and weighs 64½ lbs. Price, $3 per bushel. Address WM. R. DURYEE, Nunda, Liv. Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE—50,000 PEACH TREES and other *Nursery Stock*. Send for a *Descriptive Catalogue*, giving plain directions for their proper treatment—*gratis*.
557 WILLIAM PARRY, Cinnaminson, N. J.

WANTED.—*Responsible Agents* throughout the U. S., to whom we will pay a salary of from $30 to $75 per month and expenses. For particulars, address inclosing stamp. GILL BROTHERS & CO., Boston, Mass. 557-2t

CHERRY SEEDS.—We have 20 bushels fresh Cherry pits we will sell at $3,50 per bushel, where 5 or 10 bushels are taken. Single bushel, $4.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.
Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1860. 557 5t

BRITTAN'S
Continuous Copper-Strip Lightning Conductors.
THESE Conductors are furnished at wholesale and retail, with instructions and every requisite for their ready erection on buildings of every description. They are peculiarly well adapted to the protection of church edifices and all high buildings, as they are constructed of any desired length, width and thickness, and when once properly attached there is no danger of their parting or falling.
Agents wanted in every part of the country.
Address N. BRITTAN, Rochester, N. Y.

WATER PIPE.—The undersigned is manufacturing large quantities of Wooden Water Pipe and is prepared to fill orders promptly. This is the *best, cheapest and most durable pipe in use.* Advertised only in the RURAL.
☞ Send for a Circular. I. S. HOBBIE,
557-2t 44 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

250,000 GRAPE ROOTS! Catawbas, 1 year old, $15 per 1000—2 years old, $25; Isabellas, $25 per 1000; Anna, Delaware, Diana, Concord, and 60 other varieties of Native and Foreign Catawbas and Isabellas, *Superior*, owing to location, soil, &c., and bringing a much higher price with our vintners here. Terms liberal to dealers. Orders by mail satisfactorily filled.
J. P. MERRIAM, Agt., Sandusky City Nurseries.
Sandusky City, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1860. 557-7t

WESTERN DEPOT
FOR
DUTCH FLOWER BULBS.
WE have just received direct from Holland, a shipment of "*Dutch Flowering Bulbs*," such as Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Crocus, &c., &c., which will be sold at reasonable prices. *Quality superior.* Order soon.
MEYER & BRO., Wholesale Druggists, &c.
Fort Wayne, Ind., Sept., 1860. 557-2t
We refer to ELLWANGER & BARRY, as to the character of the House.

BENTON NURSERIES.
For the Autumn trade the Subscribers offer for sale 30,000 Cherry Trees, from 2 to 3 years old, very fine. 100,000 Apple Trees, from 2 to 4 years old. A large Stock of Dwarf and Standard Pears, Plums, Peaches, Quinces and Apricots. Of Small Fruits a large supply of Gooseberries, Currants, Lawton Blackberries, Raspberries, Wilson's Albany Seedling Strawberries, Isabella Grape Plants, 1 and 2 years old. 80,000 Mazzard Cherry Seedlings at $1 per 1,000. 100,000 Apple Seedlings, 2 years old, at $4 per 1,000. Apple Scions at 75 cents per 1,000. We are willing to furnish 300,000 root grafts next March at $4,50 per 1,000, or a smaller quantity in proportion. Horse Chestnut Seedlings, 2 years old. We will deliver our stock at Geneva or Penn Yan, to suit our customers. JAYNE & PLATMAN.
Benton, Yates Co., N. Y., Sept. 11, 1860.

DOOLITTLE'S IMPROVED AMERICAN BLACK RASPBERRY is everywhere a great success. For proof, send penny stamp for Circular.
The experience of several years exclusive devotion to the improvement of this fruit, leads me in the selection of plants to reject now, as worthless, from one-sixth to one-third of the plants from even the best stock which others of less experience would pronounce good.
"*A word to buyers is sufficient*" For One Dollar I will send to any P. O. within 1,000 miles, (except Canada,) postage paid, 10 perfect plants.
Price, when by Express, as freight, 25 plants for $1,00—100 plants for $3; 500 and over at $25 per 1,000. Large orders will be filled from a plat near New York. Address, with the cash, H. H. DOOLITTLE, Oaks Corners, N. Y.
N. B.—The fall, for several reasons, is the best time for planting these roots. 557

TOLEDO WHOLESALE NURSERIES.
WE would respectfully call the attention of the public to
Our Large Stock of Trees, &c.,
Offered for Sale this Fall. We have
One Hundred and Seventy Acres of Ground
Closely planted, that will compare favorably with the stock of any Nursery East or West. We offer

100,000	APPLE TREES,	5 to 7 feet, $85 per 1,000, packed.
200,000	Do.	2 years, 3 to 4½ ft, $50 ℔ 1,000 pack'd
40,000	DWARF PEARS,	1 year old, $10 ℔ 100, packed.
20,000	Do.	2 years old, $21 ℔ 100, packed.
20,000	Do.	2 " $16 " 2d class, packed.
6,000	STANDARD PEARS,	2 years old, 4 to 6 feet, $27 per 100 packed.
30,000	Do.	1 year old, $20 ℔ 100 packed.
20,000	STANDARD CHERRIES,	2 years old, 5 to 7 feet $14 per 100, packed.
5,000	Do.	2 years old, 2d class, $10 ℔ 100 pack'd
5,000	DWARF CHERRIES,	1 year old, $14 ℔ 100 packed.
20,000	PEACHES,	1 year old, $70 ℔ 1,000 packed.
80,000	CURRANTS.	
50,000	GRAPE VINES,	including the best sorts. Besides

Raspberries, Blackberries, and Strawberries
in quantity.
250,000 EVERGREENS, 1 to 3 feet, assorted kinds.
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, &c.,
Of the Choicest Varieties, at Lowest Rates.
Descriptive Catalogues furnished, by inclosing stamp to pre-pay postage. A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS,
557-5t TOLEDO, OHIO.

JUSTICE TO THE SOUTH.
A NEW BOOK
AND ONE
DESTINED TO CREATE A SENSATION.
Just Published.
THE SUNNY SOUTH;
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The Southerner at Home,
EMBRACING
FIVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE
OF A
NORTHERN GOVERNESS
IN THE
Land of Sugar, Rice, Tobacco and Cotton.
EDITED BY
PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM,
OF MISSISSIPPI.
Handsomely bound in One Volume, 12mo. 526 pages. Price, $1,25.

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THE SUNNY SOUTH.—"We have rarely peeped within the covers of a more appetizing volume. Although not intended as an answer to the foul untruths in the Uncle Tom trash of the last 10 years, it nevertheless does unmercifully hurl back to their source all lies of such a nature, and we are glad to believe that the book will be read in thousands of northern homes. The South, also, should take to it benignantly, for independent of its truthfulness and integrity it is one of the liveliest and most entertaining books of the year."—*Times, Greensboro, N. C.*
THE SUNNY SOUTH.—"This volume gives, so far as we can judge, faithful pictures of Southern life, without prejudice. The scenes presented are quite different from an "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and we think the portraits painted are in very nearly natural colors."—*Boston Daily Bee.*

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OF THE
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From the Consecration of the Shepherd of Bethlehem to the Rebellion of Prince Absalom.
Being an illustration of the Splendor, Power and Dominion of the Reign of the Shepherd King, in a series of Letters, wherein the magnificence of Judea is shown to the reader, as if
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Copies of either of the above books, with a handsome Gift, worth from 50 cents to $100, will be sent by mail to any person in the United States, upon receipt of $1,25, and 21 cents to pay postage, by addressing the publisher, GEORGE G. EVANS, No. 439 CHESTNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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THE ANNUAL SHOW OF THE ONTARIO CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be held on the grounds, at Canandaigua, on the 26th, 27th and 28th days of September. Members can obtain their tickets at the office of the Treasurer, Room No. 9 Atwater Hall. Exhibitors can obtain their cards for entree at the office of GIDEON GRANGER, two days previous to the Fair. 557-3t

TREES! TREES! TREES!
FOR THE
AUTUMN OF 1860.
THE Subscribers, grateful for past favors, and encouraged with a larger and better assortment than ever, ask the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters, to their immense stock of well-grown trees and plants, comprising,
APPLE TREES, *Standard* and *Dwarf*, strong and healthy, with "King of Tompkins Co." and other good sorts, in large supply.
PEAR TREES, *Dwarf.* A splendid stock, two and three years, fine, strong and healthy trees of the most approved sorts on the Quince.
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CHERRY TREES, *Standard* and *Dwarf*, one, two and three years, a fine stock, and beautiful trees. Early Richmond by the 100 or 1,000.
PEACH TREES, one year. *Plum*, two years. *Orange Quince, Apricots* and *Nectarines.*
CURRANTS, Red and White Dutch, Victoria, Cherry, White Grape and other sorts.
GOOSEBERRIES, Houghton Seedling, and the best English varieties.
RASPBERRIES, Large quantities of such kinds as Orange, Belle de Fontenay, Franconia, Antwerp, &c.
BLACKBERRIES, LAWTON, Dorchester and Newman's Thornless.
RHUBARB, Myatt's Linnæus, Cahoon's Mammoth, Downing's Colossal and other varieties.
GRAPE VINES, Delaware, Diana, Concord, Hartford Prolific, Rebecca, Logan and many other new and old sorts, in large quantities; strong plants, *one* and *two years old*, grown in the open air and in large pots under glass. Also, *Foreign Varieties* for cultivating under glass, of the best sorts, such as STOCKWOOD GOLDEN HAMBURG, BOWOOD MUSCAT, Muscat St. Laurent, Black Hamburg, Zinfindal, Royal Muscadine and 30 others of the best kinds, *one* and *two years old*. And for ORCHARD HOUSE CULTURE we have a fine lot of these in extra large pots for *immediate fruiting.*
EVERGREENS, Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch, Norway, White and Austrian Pines, Red Cedar, American and Siberian Arbor Vitæ, Junipers, &c.
DECIDUOUS TREES AND SHRUBS, Horse Chestnut, Mountain Ash, European and American Linden, Maples, American Chestnut, American and European Ash, Judas Tree, Laburnum, Snowball, Purple Fringe, Altheas, Spireas, &c.
ROSES, Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals, a fine assortment of strong plants.
HEDGE PLANTS, American Arbor Vitæ, Red Cedar, Privet, Honey Locust, &c.
STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN.
Auger's Quince, Pear, Plum, Mazzard and Mahaleb Cherry, and Apple Stocks, two years old.
Packing will be done in the best manner for all parts of the country.
☞ Descriptive Catalogues furnished. Wholesale Catalogue in August. T. C. MAXWELL & BROS.
Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y., August 1, 1860. 557-3t

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AND
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GENESEE VALLEY NURSERIES,
Rochester, N. Y.
FROST & CO., Proprietors, offer for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, one of the largest stocks of STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, SMALL FRUITS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, PLANTS, &c., in the United States. The Grounds at the present time contain over
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES,
devoted entirely to the cultivation of Trees and Plants.
The stock is so extensive in its different departments, that they are enabled to furnish the entire orders of their correspondents of the different kinds, of the best quality, and at the lowest market prices. Trees and Plants are packed in such a manner that they will reach the more distant parts of the United States in perfect condition.
Orders from Nurserymen, Dealers and others, who may wish to purchase in large quantities, are executed with care and dispatch, as well as those who may favor them with the smallest orders.
CATALOGUES.
The following Catalogues contain full particulars of the stock in the different departments, and will be furnished gratis to all applicants who enclose a postage stamp for each:
No. 1—*Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.*
No. 2—*Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.*, for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861.
No. 3—*Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Green-House and Bedding Plants.*
No. 4—*Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List*, for Nurserymen and Dealers, and others who may wish to buy in large quantities, for Autumn of 1860.
No. 5—*Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs.* Address
554-6t FROST & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

SYLVIA AMERICANA—AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ EVERGREEN FENCE—This beautiful and Hardy Evergreen makes a permanent hedge screen and wind break. Send for a Circular. The trade supplied on liberal terms. Diana, Delaware and Concord Grape Vines; Wilson's Albany Strawberry, &c., &c. Address
556-6t A. J. McCLAVE, Palmyra, N. Y.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, Illinois.—
FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, a large stock cheap for cash. *Apple*, 1 to 4 years, 1,000, $20 to $95. *Stocks*, 1 year, selected, 10,000, $30. *Gooseberry*, Houghton, strong, 100, $4. *Raspberry*, many sorts, 100, $2 to $5. *Strawberry*, Wilson's, Ky Scarlet, C. Cone, Iowa, or Washington, and others, *pure*, 100, $1; 1,000, $5. *Tulips*, 100, of 20 named sorts, Dbl and Sg'l, $4. *Root Grafts*, 10,000, $50; &c., &c., as per Lists. Cash orders in full packed free.
556-2t F. K. PHOENIX.

100,000 PEACH TREES.
HIGHTSTOWN, N. J., NURSERIES,
ISAAC PULLEN, PROPRIETOR,
OFFERS for sale for the Fall of 1860 and Spring of 1861, 10,000 PEACH TREES of the best assorted market varieties. Also a complete assortment of other fruit trees. Catalogues supplied gratuitously on application.
Address ISAAC PULLEN,
556-3t Hightstown, Mercer Co., New Jersey.

WASHINGTON NURSERY, SPENCER, TIOGA CO., N. Y.—200 thousand Apples, 1 to 5 years old, for sale very cheap by the thousand. Also, a good stock of Cherries, 7 to 10 feet high, together with dwarf and standard Pear and Peach trees. A splendid lot of Norway Spruce, 2 to 5 feet high. 2,000 large Red Dutch Currants, bearing size, at $5 per 100. 50,000 2 year old Apple Stocks. 20,000 Cherry Stocks. This Nursery now covers 20 acres of ground, and is well stocked with all the leading varieties of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, and Plants, and Small Fruits. All of which will be sold at a great bargain, as the proprietor wishes to clear the ground this fall and in the spring of 1861.
Orders for Root Grafts, if received this fall, will be filled at $6 per thousand. Scions furnished for $1,50 per thousands sticks. [556 2t] JOHN A. NICHOLS.

REV. F. E. CANNON, of Geneva, N. Y., has in his garden one thousand LARGE and STRONG ISABELLA GRAPE VINES, 2 years old, which he will sell below market price. Also, *White* and *Red Dutch* and *Black English Currants.* 555-3t

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PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [555-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

400,000 PEAR STOCKS, prime and *free from blight.* Price, $15 and $8 per thousand. 75,000 Plum Stocks, very fine, price $12 and $8 ℔ 1,000. 20 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits at $4 ℔ bushel. Plum and Peach Stones for sale. 555-4t
Dansville, N. Y., 1860. BRISTOL & WILLIAMS.

CHOICE BULBOUS ROOTS.
New Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of
Hyacinths,
Liliums,
Tulips, &c., &c.
Comprising the largest assortment ever offered.
ANDREW BRIDGEMAN,
555 9t 878 Broadway, New York.

CHERRY PITS, CHEAP.—30 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits, in good order, at $3,50 per bushel.
Address JOHN MURPHY,
554-6t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES.—One year old, strong, $1; two years, $1,50 to $2. Extra large layers with bearing wood, $2 to $3. Smaller layers, $1 to $1,50. Also, very fine Logan Vines, $1 to $2. All other good varieties, new and old, at lowest rates. Send for a Circular.
GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio.
August, 1860. 554-9t

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Corner Main and St. Paul Sts., Rochester, N. Y.
THIS Institution is open day and evening, for instruction of pupils in PENMANSHIP and BOOK-KEEPING.
Conducted on an economical basis; the instruction being thorough and complete is furnished on MODERATE TERMS.
Send for Circulars. 554

SMALL FRUITS.
WE have an immense stock of *SMALL FRUITS*, for sale during the Autumn of 1860, and Spring of 1861.
In addition to the more common sorts of
NATIVE GRAPES,
We have over 25,000 plants of such desirable sorts as *Delaware, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, Early Northern Muscadine, Logan*, and 20 other sorts—strong vines, for out-door culture. Of
FOREIGN GRAPES,
We have thirty-five sorts, one to two years old, for Hot or Cold Vineries, or for fruiting in pots.
An extensive stock of each of the common sorts of
CURRANTS,
One or two years old, and fine one year old plants of *White Grape, Victoria, Cherry, &c.* Fine and well grown
GOOSEBERRY
Plants, of the *American* and *Houghton Seedling*, which never mildew, as well as the best English sorts most suitable for this climate. A great stock of
RASPBERRIES,
Such as *Red Antwerp*, (Hudson River,) *Yellow Antwerp, Orange, Franconia, Knevett's Giant, &c.*, including several thousand of the Autumn-bearing kinds, *Belle de Fontenay, Marvel of four Seasons*, and others.
STRAWBERRIES.
The most extensive stock of salable plants and varieties—comprising over sixty sorts—in the Union. Fine
BLACKBERRIES,
New Rochelle and *Dorchester*, in large quantities. Also,
FIGS, FILBERTS, AND MULBERRIES.
☞ All orders, either for large or small quantities, will be executed with care and dispatch.
CATALOGUES containing description, with prices at retail, and No. 4 Catalogue, offering plants in large quantities sent on application containing a postage stamp for each.
FROST & CO.,
554-6t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK,
548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
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LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

TIME'S CHANGES.

THERE was a child, a helpless child,
Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
That often wept, and sometimes smil'd
Upon its mother's breast;
Feebly its meanings stammered out,
And tottered trembllugly about,
And knew no wider world without
Its little home of rest.

There was a boy, a light-heart boy,
One whom no troubles could annoy,
Save some lost sport, or shattered toy,
Forgotten in an hour;
No dark remembrance troubled him,
No future fear his path could dim,
But joy before his eyes would swim,
And hopes rise like a tower.

There was a youth, an ardent youth,
Full of high promise, courage, truth,
He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,
Save love's sweet wounds alone;
He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
He sought no gain but beauty's prize,
And sweeter held love's saddest sighs
Than music's softest tone.

There was a man, a wary man,
Whose bosom nurs'd full many a plan
For making life's contracted span
A path of gain and gold;
And how to sow, and how to reap,
And how to swell his shining heap,
And how the wealth acquired to keep
Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old, gray-haired one,
On whom had four-score winters done
Their work appointed, and had spun
His thread of life so fine
That scarce its thin line could be seen,
And with the slightest touch, I ween,
'Twould be as it had never been,
And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom fate
Seemed as strange contrasts to create,
That each might in his different state
The other's pathway shun?
I tell thee that that infant vain,
That boy, that youth, that man of gain,
That gray-beard, who did roads attain
So various—*they were one.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Continued from page 292, last number.]

Chapter V.

IT had been the wish of LUCY'S life to go abroad. All the wealth of her imagination, all the romance of her susceptible nature, went out in dreams toward the Old World,—"the lands of poesy and song." An opportunity was at last opened to her. BELLA RIDGLEY had married a man several years her senior, and of considerable talent and experience as a physician. Her health was not good, and as he had for sometime intended pursuing his studies in Europe, he decided to take his wife with him and spend two or three years, at least. At first BELLA felt a strong disinclination to the plan. She was indolent, besides being delicate, and hers was not a mind to regard the mental improvement as a counterpoise to the undesirable physical exertion. The matter was duly discussed with her mother and FLORA. She could not go alone, that was plain. Some reliable person must be found for a companion, and, if possible, one who understood the language of one or more of the countries in which they should sojourn, for, to tell the truth, after all BELLA'S devotion to French and Italian, her knowledge of them amounted to but a smattering.

FLORA said their governess was just the one for her. She was "dying" to go to Europe, and, beside, the children were getting too old to be under her care, and she would soon have to leave them. She could read French, and translate passably, but being nearly self-taught, spoke it imperfectly. German had come to her through an insatiable desire to dive into that treasury of literature and art, to which this language is the key. In Montville she had read and studied some time with one of Deacon BUMSTEAD'S daughters, whose aunt was a native of Prague, and was now an invalid in their family. Thus by slight advantages, carefully improved, LUCY had laid the foundation of a good education.

BELLA felt that though she might find LUCY'S superior in acquirements, she certainly could not in refinement and trust-worthiness.

They were to leave early in April, and all things were in a state of active preparation. LUCY'S wardrobe was never large or showy, and the few articles which she now added to it were, from choice, of the plainest, most serviceable description.

Not many weeks before sailing, Mr. FOULARD dined with them. As usual, he and Mr. RIDGLEY conversed of stocks, dividends, &c., while the others listened when they felt any interest, or talked in low tones among themselves.

"I see that WICKS & MCGARVEY are advertising for a junior partner, with a small capital," said Mr. RIDGLEY. "Are they a little hard up?"

"I guess not," replied his guest, "they can scarcely be pressed now when they have got through the tightest places we've had for a year past. I understand they intend enlarging their ware-rooms this spring, and I presume they can raise money that way easier than otherwise, at present. There are plenty of young firms who 'broke up' a few months ago, who would jump at the chance of starting again with such old stagers."

"Very true. There is THORPE, poor fellow, has been doing little or nothing since they were handed over to the assignees."

"I always liked him," said Mr. FOULARD, "and I've half a mind to recommend him to WICKS & MCGARVEY. He has a long head for so young a body."

"Granted, when there is not too much wine in it. I'm afraid they wouldn't thank you for the recommendation. I don't see how he would get the money, either."

"I suppose there are those who would lend it even to him, on good security, but I very much doubt if his wife's precious father and mother are among the number. I am sorry for him. If he married for money he is 'paying dear for the whistle.' I was afraid this reverse would give him a new impetus on the downward track; but I don't know but it may bring him to his senses. He has given up his house, and sold the furniture, and his wife has gone into retirement somewhere with her mother. I have seen him once or twice lately, anxiously looking up a chance for business, and though he seemed rather down hearted, I thought he talked sensibly,—soberly, at any rate."

"Well, if he is going to 'turn over a new leaf' I am glad of it, and hope he may find helpers."

Thus far LUCY had listened attentively, though appearing to be occupied with FLORA'S gossip. She was glad, however, of an opportunity to retire at this juncture. She could not help remarking the difference of tone in the two merchants. The one cautious to suspiciousness,—the other almost inclined to be generous.

"Why, out of their thousands, will they not give a mite to save another from ruin?" was her sad question. It is a question which Selfishness and Mammon have not yet answered.

The day after this conversation, Mr. ISRAEL FOULARD was surprised to receive a visit in his counting-room from a lady in a traveling suit of gray, and wearing a thick veil. When this was laid aside, he recognized her as a person whom he had several times met at Mr. RIDGLEY'S table, but to whom he had never been introduced. They held a long and confidential interview, and had any one been there besides themselves, they might have heard the name of THORPE frequently mentioned. As she took leave he shook her hand cordially and his parting words were—

"You may rest assured, my dear young lady, that your agency in this transaction shall not appear, and all that has passed between us is strictly confidential. I trust I shall be able to adjust this matter without any pecuniary obligation to you; but after what you have said, I shall not fail to call upon you if necessary."

When she had gone, he seated himself once more at his desk and wrote—

MR. NORMAN THORPE—*Dear Sir*: I presume you have noticed Messrs. WICKS & MCGARVEY'S advertisement for a junior partner. After our conversation, a few days ago, I thought you would like the chance. I have spoken with the firm about it, and they think favorably of your mercantile ability. I have had dealings with them for years, and I know that such a position would be of advantage to you, *if you made the best of your opportunities.* A friend of mine authorizes me to say that the required amount of capital shall be at your disposal, on terms that cannot fail to suit, if you will call on me after consulting Messrs. WICKS & MCGARVEY. Yours, very truly,

ISRAEL FOULARD.

Chapter VI.

Through the sunlit vales of France,—through the olden cities and haunted galleries of Italy,—our travelers loitered during that year, and another June found them up among the lakes and hills of Switzerland. They had tarried longer in Edinburgh, London, and Paris, than elsewhere, for the matters of interest and information to Dr. RUYSDALE were mostly centered in the large cities, though he was as eager as his wife or Miss HASTINGS to reach the lands of storied splendor.

BELLA'S health improved in traveling, but wholly unaccustomed to great exertion, she never lost that languid manner which use soon makes habitual. As she discovered more and more of her companion's capabilities every day, she leaned more upon her than she would once have believed she could; beginning to find that, in many cases, the society of a dependant needs but judicious cultivation to grow into a valuable friendship.

Stopping along the way wherever aught could tempt to the pursuit of health or amusement, they had come at last to Baden, the little Swiss namesake of a more beautiful and attractive Austrian village of baths. There is little here to satisfy the lover of the picturesque, but the country round about is pleasant to the eye, and the baths are much resorted to, on account of their secluded situation, as well as their mineral and medical properties. There were few guests at the *Stadthof*, therefore the host and hostess had the more time and inclination to be attentive. The weather being fine, it was decided to spend a few days in trying the baths, exploring the ancient castle and ruins, and rambling in the rich fields and vineyards of the Limmat.

The day after their arrival, as they were returning from their morning walk on the invalid's promenade, a faint, sweet sound, as of some one singing, floated toward them from the open windows of the Inn. They listened until the song ceased when BELLA said,

"I thought that was an English voice; it surely was not Swiss. Such music as that is not native to these wilds."

Again, just as they were entering the house, the sweet notes swelled forth, this time accompanied by Italian words.

"How beautiful!" was the triune exclamation, and Mrs. RUYSDALE, with more animation than was usual to her, said:—"We must find her out. I don't believe we have seen the owner of *that* voice."

A few inquiries of their sociable hostess only elicited this information concerning the singer: She was an invalid, who had come from Florence without other attendants than her mother and their maid. It was surmised that she had been a great singer in Florence, but, poor lady, she would soon cease to sing. She went every afternoon to the Great Baths, and sometimes rode out into the country, but it did not seem to benefit her; she coughed a great deal, mostly when she tried to sing.

The pleasantest excursion in the neighborhood of Baden, is by way of Windisch, Konigsfelden and Habsburg, to Schintznach. Places for three had been engaged in the vehicle which was to convey them, but LUCY awoke that morning with a severe headache, having taken cold in remaining too long upon the castle hill the day before. Mrs. RUYSDALE offered to excuse her from attendance if she could procure a substitute, whereupon their kindly and officious hostess recommended to them to invite the mother of "the poor lady who sings," alleging that she never went anywhere, and must be weary of tending her daughter so closely. The invitation, which promised to gratify Mrs. RUYSDALE'S curiosity regarding their fellow boarders, was given, accompanied by an offer from LUCY to take the mother's place in attending the young lady. After some hesitation she sent an acceptance, and a few moments after their departure LUCY knocked gently at the door of their apartments. She found the lady whom she sought reclining upon pillows on a couch. Raising her eyes from her book, she smiled, and frankly extending her hand, invited her visitor to a seat. The smile, the manner, woke a sudden gleam of recollection, and though she was changed, LUCY instantly recognized Mrs. NORMAN THORPE. Knowing that the remembrance could not be mutual, and feeling that for some reason the lady had chosen to remain unknown, she avoided any appearance of such knowledge.

"I hear that you are from America; if so, we are countrywomen," said the sweet voice, and with this introduction, conversation was easy.

It was evident that the poor girl was longing for home and friends, and her loneliness made her confidential in an unusual degree. LUCY was ever a good listener, sympathetic and sensible, knowing when to speak and how to say the right word. Mrs. THORPE was evidently one accustomed to speak a great deal and generally whatever came into her mind, having too much simplicity to fear consequences. She was reading a novel, and at her request LUCY read a few chapters for her. Soon tired of that, she began to question her concerning her party, their names and destination.

Her surprise was great on finding that Mrs. RUYSDALE was the BELLA RIDGLEY of her acquaintance. They had never been intimate, beyond visiting relations, but it seemed like seeing an old friend to know that she was so near. She alluded to herself, her husband and their affairs, carelessly and with an air which in LUCY'S judgment savored of deception.

"Then your husband did not come to Europe with you?" asked Miss HASTINGS, as if everything on the subject was news to her.

"No. Perhaps you heard that his firm failed, so we gave up our house, and I left town to stay with my parents until he could settle his affairs and start again. Ma and pa had urged me to cultivate my voice more carefully before I was married, and as my health was poor and my husband did not seem to be doing very well, ma insisted on bringing me to Florence to take lessons in music. I don't know but she expects I shall yet make a fortune as a *prima donna*. I am no better than when I came; I cannot sing as well; but ma thinks if I try the baths and rest awhile, I shall get used to the climate and do well enough. I had rather go home, though," she added, with a deep sigh.

"I should think you would," said LUCY; "how can you remain so long away from your husband?"

For an instant she raised her large eyes to LUCY'S face with a half-questioning, half-sorrowful glance, as if doubtful how to answer,—then said, slowly,

"I suppose it is even of less consequence to him, than it is to me."

She was watching the effect of her words, LUCY knew, and had she not already known something of the position of the parties, she would have taken refuge in discreet silence. But it seemed to her almost providential that she should be thus placed in a situation where a few words from her might make or mar the life-long happiness of two beings so strangely connected with herself.

"I suppose you are wondering what I mean, judging by your serious face. Perhaps you are thinking I must be insane?" added the invalid.

Truthful always, and holding it as a principle that truth properly applied can never wound beyond healing, LUCY answered gravely,—"I wonder to hear one so young, so gentle in appearance, speak to a stranger so openly, and with such bitter expression, of a holy relationship."

She laughed lightly, saying, "I should know *you* were not married. People always talk so before the reality takes the romance all out."

"Is there any reality so stern that it can utterly take away the romance of holding sacred from reproach the name and character of one whom we have loved?"

"You do not know that I do not."

"No, I am only theorizing; yet, to deal plainly with you, almost any one who heard your remark a moment ago, would have felt that your husband must have committed some great error, so to have alienated your regard."

LUCY spoke kindly and sincerely, as to a younger sister, and she felt that she should not give offence. She was glad to see the eyes of her listener fill with tears, while her fingers played nervously with the fringe of her pillows. Feeling was not extinct.

It would be needless to dwell minutely upon this transient acquaintance, so strangely begun. In that one day LUCY learned more of the real character of NORMAN'S wife, than she could have learned of some women in months. And VIOLA, all unknowing the true cause of the interest in her, which LUCY seemed to feel, found herself irresistably drawn toward her as she had never been toward any of her fashionable friends. During the remaining few days of her stay at Baden, LUCY renewed this visit several times. She began to feel that truly her young friend's days were numbered, and she had a sister's solicitude for her. In those interviews she learned that NORMAN'S dissipation had tended greatly to weaken the affections of his wife, who had always submitted much to her mother, a shrewd and worldly woman. Slight and petty quarrels did not lead to open rupture until about the time of the failure, in which NORMAN lost the whole of his wife's dowry. Mutual unhappiness ensued, and his wife became more than ever convinced that he had never really loved her, only marrying from mercenary motives. The breach thus made was still unclosed, and at the time of the meeting at Baden, no correspondence had taken place between the disunited pair.

Before Dr. RUYSDALE'S party resumed their travels, Mrs. THORPE had obtained her mother's consent to an immediate return to America. She parted from LUCY with much affection and the sincere hope of renewing the acquaintance.—LUCY, on her part, felt that their meeting had not been in vain, and looked for gratifying results. VIOLA'S plastic nature had received at her hands a leaven of good which should affect her whole after life. Her feelings were softened, her mind elevated; and from regarding her relation to her husband from merely a selfish point of view, her mind was rising to a better sense of womanly duty and devotion. She now ardently desired a reconciliation with her husband, blaming herself as the chief aggressor, and humbly praying for time and patience to repair former errors.

(Concluded next week.)

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 37 letters.
My 1, 17, 6, 4, 13, 9 is a person's name.
My 12, 22, 7, 18, 8, 32 is a small fruit.
My 21, 28 is a preposition.
My 28, 35, 20, 12, 2 is a weight.
My 10, 34, 13, 27, 14 is a domestic animal.
My 27, 36, 8, 19, 24, 7 is a verb.
My 8, 11, 23 is a kind of grain.
My 31, 25, 3, 5, 23, 8 is a blacksmith's tool.
My 16, 19, 5, 17, 30, 37, 26 is a kind of grass.
My 5, 15, 33 is a month.
My 29, 15, 20, 12, 33 is a faculty of the mind.
My whole is a maxim of great utility.

Hillsboro, Ill., 1860. M. V. Z.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 28 letters.
My 1, 9, 26, 12 is a county in Michigan.
My 20, 3, 18, 10, 13, 17, 11, 28 is one of the United States.
My 11, 16, 21, 26, 2 is a river in Germany.
My 26, 23, 22, 25 is a river in my 9, 24, 7, 4, 15.
My 5, 8, 11, 17, 27, 2 is a country east of Macedonia.
My 19, 7, 20, 14, 16 is a country in Asia Minor.
My 6, 28, 18, 9, 26, 17 is an island in the Atlantic ocean.
My 26, 17, 26, 1, 14, 26 is a city in my 27, 6, 21, 26, 10.
My whole is a text of scripture which all should remember.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. B. R. BENTON.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

WHEN I appear a lofty dome,
I brave inclement skies;
But when a perfect hexagon,
I'm hid from vulgar eyes.

Within my orb's a mimic state
That's govern'd by a queen,
Who never fear'd the Salic law;
Triumphant rules unseen.

Young Cupid, as the story's told,
Would once go rob the state;
But they the urchin soon repell'd,
And forced him to retreat.

But lordly man's imperious sway
Their strength cannot withstand;
For he their empire oft destroys
With a relentless hand.

When worn with age and impotence,
I'm thrown neglected by;
Or to the flames I am consigned,
Or by the wayside lie.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A HAS two notes against two men, B and C, of $500 each. These notes are to be paid in five equal annual payments. The manner of paying the interest alone is different. B is to pay the interest yearly on the principal remaining unpaid. This is the usual method. C is to pay the interest on each payment from the time the note is given until such payment is made, the rate of interest being seven per cent. Required the difference in the value of the two notes. J. H. WHITMORE.

East Shelby, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 555.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—It is easier to be wise for others than for ourselves.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Some things can be done as well as others.

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Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

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To their former list they have added, and are manufacturing, MALE'S Patent Convertible Cider Mill and Corn Sheller, which is well adapted for these purposes, being portable, and is efficient and durable. Its cost is no more than the Portable Cider Mills in common use.
A letter received a few days since, speaking of one of our Two-Horse Powers and Threshers and Winnowers, says: "My Thresher is the only perfect Two Horse Machine I ever saw."
A circular containing full description and price list of the Machines they manufacture, will be mailed to all applicants. Address G. WESTINGHOUSE & CO.,
554-4t Schenectady, N. Y.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

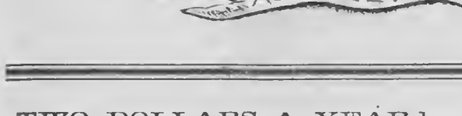
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other Journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.



DOES FARMING PAY?

THE great majority of farmers in this country, as in every other, are practical business men, working their farms for profit, and dependent upon the proceeds for their living, as well as for any surplus capital which they may accumulate. Very few are amateurs, engaging in the business merely for amusement and recreation, and having other sources of income on which to rely. Hence the question whether farming pays, and *how* it may be *made* to pay, are of great interest and importance to a large majority of our readers.

It is not to be doubted that, under favorable circumstances, persons *owning* good farms and free from debt, can ordinarily not only secure a good living, but lay aside yearly a considerable surplus—perhaps from two to five per cent. on their capital; but this is not *making money* by farming, though it is generally so considered. It is really receiving a low rate of interest on his capital. We doubt very much whether any man could take a farm at present prices, (varying in all the older States from forty to eighty dollars per acre,) and pay for it entirely from the proceeds, after paying for the help, stock and machinery necessary to carry it on properly. On the contrary, we know many persons who have paid from one-third to one-half of the value of their farms, who can barely raise the annual interest money on their debts, and in bad years not even that, after defraying all expenses of conducting their farms. And these are not by any means the worst of farmers. It is true that farmers who have large families of strong, healthy boys, can do better than this in farming, as their help costs them little or nothing, and this is the foundation of most of those cases of successful farming which have come under our notice; but as this is an advantage *which is not assured to everybody*, it is not worth while to reckon *too strongly* upon it. So that after all, farming, *as generally conducted*, does not ordinarily—after paying for the labor, wear and tear of farm implements, and other incidental expenses—yield the legal rate of seven per cent. interest on value of farm, stock and farm implements, often indeed not more than two or three per cent.

There is, however, one advantage in having capital invested in lands—it is *safe*, and if little profit is derived from it, it still commends itself to persons with great wealth, on account of the *security* which it affords. In fact, we are compelled to regard farming, as generally pursued, as a kind of *luxury* which a poor man cannot afford, but which properly belongs to those able to live on a small per cent. of their capital, and whose object is to secure its *safety* rather than its increase.

But if a man is in *debt* for his farm, the shoe is on the other foot. He is giving *other* people all the security of real estate investments, while still paying the seven per cent. allowed by law, and that too on property from which he will not ordinarily realize half of that. And the man whose farm is mortgaged gets all the *dis*advantages with none of the advantages of real estate investments. It is, therefore, the first duty of any farmer who is in debt, to *get out of debt* as quickly as possible, even (if no better means offer,) by the sale of a part of his farm, and generally with the increased proportionate capital which he can then command, if he does not raise as much, he will make even more profits from a part than from the whole.

While we have written this of farming *in general*, as at present carried on, we do not doubt that, if judiciously pursued, it *might* be made moderately remunerative. But this profit is not to be secured suddenly, or from the proceeds of one or more good crops, but rather in the improvement of the farm itself—not merely in price, but in productive capacity. Sometimes a comparatively small outlay will produce a large proportionate profit; and there are a great many ways in which this can be done. The *increased* annual profits resulting from these improvements, are really nothing less than the dividends of so much capital, added directly to the value of the farm. If, for instance, a farmer can, by planting fruit trees, or by draining, or by a judicious purchase of manures, or by any other methods, make a yearly *increase* of thirty-five dollars in the value of his farm produce, he is then making a yearly *addition* to his productive capital of *five hundred dollars, just as certainly* as though he had it in the bank. And this would generally be considered quite a respectable income. There are thousands of farms where this yearly increase could be made indefinitely, and at a comparatively trifling outlay. But if, on the contrary, he permits his farm to "run down,"—if it does not produce as much each succeeding year as formerly,—then it is hardly possible for any *temporary* profits to repay the loss which his farm and himself are suffering. So, then, the *whole* question, whether farming *pays* or not, depends upon whether the farm is being improved or impoverished. We leave these thoughts with our readers, hoping to resume ere long the discussion of the last subject broached.

WINTERING SHEEP.

A RURAL subscriber in Michigan who has had "bad luck" in wintering sheep, and would guard against a recurrence of the disaster, wishes to know the reasons therefor, with the best mode of performing that branch of husbandry. We will endeavor to give the information desired in the closing portion of his query, and he can then draw his own conclusions as to the causes which have heretofore ended in failure.

The leading want in the winter care of sheep is *shelter*. Judging from what we have often witnessed, too many sheep-breeders have imbibed the idea that nature, in coating the animal with a good fleece of wool, has taken this care entirely off his hands. Here a great error is committed, for none other of our domestic animals are so ill constituted to withstand the rigors of a severe climate. Long domestication has almost entirely changed its nature, and if it was ever able to endure inclemencies of weather, the artificial being with which it is now endowed is not calculated to bear up the animal amid the rains and snows of our northern winters. This has been demonstrated time and again, and yet each winter will renew the costly lessons, only to be forgotten amid the genial smiles and bland breezes of our summer months. Inattention to this necessity is a gigantic evil, and until a thorough reformation is completed, ill-success will inevitably attend the efforts of such breeders as expose their flocks to extreme changes of temperature.

As we have before said, if no higher motive than that of economy urges the shepherd to the performance of his duties in this respect, the arguments educed are substantial, for the following reasons:—First, It removes disease and promotes the general health of the flock. Second, It will increase the quantity, and improve the quality of the fleece. Third, The beneficial results arising therefrom will be very perceptible at the time of yeaning. Fourth, Warm and comfortable quarters are equivalent to a certain amount of food. During cold weather a considerable portion of the food consumed is taken up by the animal economy, used for the purpose of supplying bodily heat, and the expenditure in this direction is in exact ratio to the exposure which stock are compelled to undergo. These propositions are founded upon the basis that everything furnished for the comfort of the animal must redound to the healthiness of the system, and, consequently, to its productiveness and perfection.

While we are urging the demands of the sheep for shelter, this need must not be reduced to a system of *confinement*, else we fly from one defect in their management into another. They must have sufficient latitude for exercise, and be judges of their own desires when they would seek the protection of a roof.

In bringing up the flocks to their winter quarters they cannot be herded together indiscriminately and, at the same time, attain their highest good. While we cannot lay down any rules for guidance, a few general principles may be stated, which, with the watchfulness of the flock-master, and the judicious exercise of his judgment, may prove all that is necessary. The size of the flock, and the conveniences at hand will have their controlling influences, but the strong and the weak should be separated,—another division will contain the breeding ewes, a third, the lambs, and so on, keeping, if possible, each class and age by themselves.

The next topic to be considered is *feeding*. Animals desire their food as regularly and as plentifully as man, yet this is a feature seldom recognized by "creation's lord." In many cases, feast and famine bear alternate sway, and a flock thus kept,—although the amount fed out during the season may be greater than in other instances where a systematic course is pursued,—will never thrive. In the choice of fodder much discrimination may be used, and, probably, we cannot do our readers—not alone sheep-breeders, but stock growers, generally,—better service than to give the result of a series of experiments conducted by VEIT, Professor of Agriculture in the Royal Institution of Bavaria. He remarks:

The straw of the usual *leguminous fruits*, and especially of lentils, vetches, and peas, is more nutritious than the straw of seed-clover. The greener the tips are, the less it is lodged, the better can it be dried and brought in, the more nourishing it is. The fine stalk vetch straw is also very nutritious, behind which stands somewhat the pea straw, with its thicker stalk. All straw of leguminous fruit is particularly a welcome fodder to sheep, on which account therefore it is greatly prized by many sheep-owners, and considered equal to hay.

Oat and *barley* straw is the straw for fodder of the cereal fruits. Oat straw is most agreeable, and also most nutritious, on account of its peculiar taste, for all species of cattle, because on the tips of the panicles are usually found unripe grains, and oats are cut before they are fully ripe. Barley straw has, on account of its moisture, and short period of vegetation, a high value as fodder, and other things being equal, is as nutritious as oat straw, if it were not, as is the case, fully ripe before reaping. Yet it is more liable to injure than oat straw, because it imbibes more moisture from the air and soil.

Straw of *summer wheat*, summer speltz, and summer rye, for fodder, stands after oat and barley straw.

The *stalk of maize* or Indian corn contains much saccharine matter, and therefore is very nutritious, used fine, and agreeable to all kinds of cattle. The cobs, after the corn has been taken off, ground up, are likewise a very nutritious fodder, and the hard stalks may be chopped up for the purpose. Taking all these things into view, it stands next to the straw of summer rye in value as fodder.

Millet straw has a hard stalk, but contains at least as much nutriment as the winter straws.

Buckwheat, on account of its quantity on a field of less fertility, and if of fine stalk, in which its value as fodder from its straw being rich with leaves, is enhanced, is as good as the straw of winter grain.

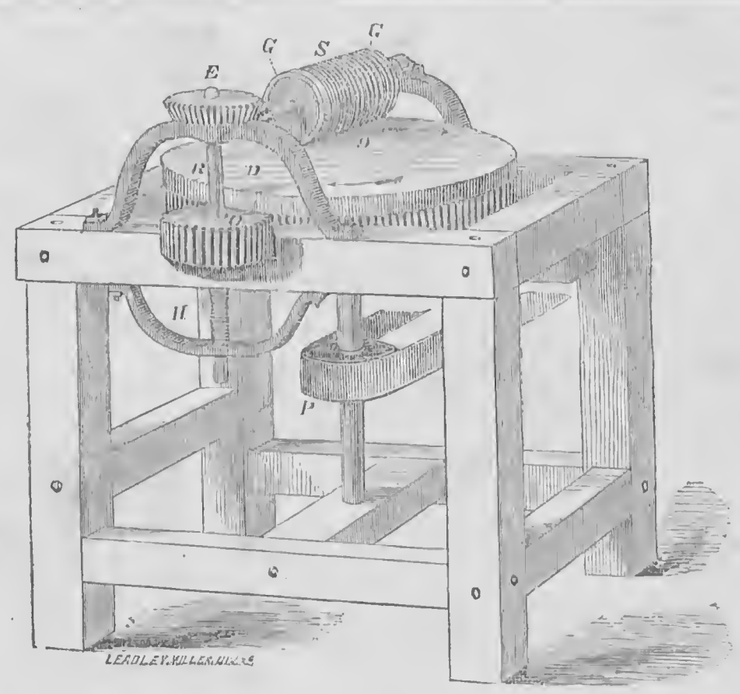
Bean straw, in case its leaves have not fallen off or decayed, and the ends of the stalks are green when it is cut, as many experiments have shown, is more valuable than generally supposed.

Whether water was a necessity of the sheep during winter, was a mooted point for a long period, but it is now ranked among their wants. True, an animal will quench its thirst by eating snow, and man will satisfy nature's cravings in the same manner, if compelled; but where a choice is given to both, the tastes can be readily discovered. Sheep will not over-drink where constant access to water may be had, and the objection that the animal is robbed of natural heat by these draughts in cold weather, is nullified if proper shelter has been provided.

We have thus glanced at the essentials in the Winter Management of Sheep, and if the flock are brought in good condition to the yard,—not suffered to roam over frost-bitten fields late in the fall seeking the wherewith to sustain life,—sheltered comfortably, fed regularly and in sufficient quantity, the shepherd will be rewarded in due season.

An Excellent Use for Dogs.

AN exchange says the most profitable use that nine-tenths of all the dogs in this country could be applied to, is to mix about five dogs with a barrel of lime and ten cart-loads of muck in a compost heap. A barrel of wood ashes may be added to help the decomposition of the bones. We believe that a dressing of this compost, applied to sheep pastures, would greatly enhance the production of wool.



WOOD'S PATENT WILLOW PEELER.

DURING the past year several inquiries have been made through the RURAL and other journals, for a cheap and expeditious machine for peeling willows. These inquiries, and the immediate necessity of one of his neighbors, induced Mr. JOHN M. WOOD, of Geneva, N. Y., to apply his inventive genius to supply the desideratum, which resulted in the production of the machine above represented. This machine has been thoroughly tested, and we are assured is highly approved by all who have witnessed its operation. It is cheap, expeditious and durable, being mostly iron. For further information relative to the invention, see advertisement in this paper, or address Mr. WOOD.

"TURNING OUT" CATTLE.

SOME communities are yet blessed (?) with one or two representatives of the "times of long ago," who believe in making a pasture of our highways, thus turning "Uncle Sam's" property to their own personal account. Without giving the venerable old gentleman even a bow or a thank you, sir. Their cattle are fed upon the remnant of an old straw-stack, without shelter, during the winter, and as soon as grass begins to grow in wet places, they are "turned out;" and not only their cattle are thus turned on the highway, but sheep, hogs, and even horses, are set at large, with or without the owner's private mark. This, in itself, is bad enough, but what is still worse, some of these animals are known to have habits not at all to the liking of an enterprising man, and their education in this respect seldom diminishes. The interest of a community of farmers is centered in their crops, and when this interest is invaded, they cannot be blamed for resenting the injury, and guarding against a repetition of the same grevivance. But it is said that a good farmer always has good fences! A good farmer *has orderly cattle*,—not vitiated by highway habits,—and in judging of the security of his crops by the jumping propensities of his own stock, he is often deceived. No matter how good his fences may be, or how closely he may watch them, there will, at times, be a rail misplaced, or a corner out of order; an occurrance for which these watchful cattle are ever on the lookout.

It is also said by some,—"My cattle were not unruly when I turned them out." Perhaps not, but they have learned it by fighting through the fence with other cattle. They found out how easy the fence fell down, and soon learned to try experiments where the fence is better. Nor is this all. After meeting with poor success in entering a field during the day, they learn to come in the night. But twelve hours since I turned a drove of 20 or 25 cattle, of different ages, out of my neighbor's cornfield, and these cattle were all owned by men who were better able to take proper care of their cattle, than is my neighbor to lose his corn. And, besides the damage done to crops, the depredations of these cattle plant "grudges" in a neighborhood which, taking root, will not be forgotten in years. It is asked, what shall we do with our stock? Do not keep it,—let your income be less,—let it be no more than you can honestly account for, and yourself and neighbors will enjoy better sleep, clearer consciences, and more neighborly feelings.

But does it always result in the profit of the one who turns these cattle out? My observation has taught me a lesson in this matter. Last spring a three year old colt, with several others of the horse kind, was in this neighborhood, and attracted much attention by its dexterity in leaping and throwing fences, sometimes crossing two or three fields before reaching the one desired.—Numerous were the threatenings against the colt and its owner, (who was unknown,) till one morning it was found dead by the roadside; and upon examination a little spot of clotted blood was found on its side, and a hole,—rather suggestive of a bullet. No one approved the plan of shooting it, but no one expressed any sympathy for its owner. Another man became "*short of pasture*," and concluded to turn some forty or fifty fine sheep out. They were gone some six weeks, when he found them minus ten, and had the satisfaction of knowing that *some* of them were in another man's flock, but his mark was too dim to prove them. His pasturing cost him at least fifteen dollars, and he could have hired them kept the same length of time for three or four dollars. I might give instances of animals being "hamstrung,"—one of a fine colt, one of a yoke of oxen,—dogged to death, pounded, and otherwise cruelly abused, when the fault for which they suffered was not their own, but their masters. I have seen enough to convince me that the profit is very uncertain, and often "comes out at the little end of the horn." There are cases, it is true, where a poor man, with one cow, would be sadly driven were he obliged to hire her pastured.—But these are not the ones that do the mischief. It is the young cattle and horses, by rubbing and scratching, break down the fence and let in the whole drove; or else it is done by scraping acquaintance with some on the other side.

Romeo, Mich., Aug. 25, 1860. J. E. D.

KANSAS,—CROPS, CLIMATE, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The accounts I have seen in the papers of the drouth in Kansas are not exaggerations, taking the Territory as a whole, though there are localities exempt, in some degree, from the general misfortune. Here, in the forks of the Missouri and Kansas rivers, our corn will yield a full half crop—about forty bushels to the acre—new ground more. Our gardens entirely failed. A small field of Hungarian grass yielded me three tons to the acre. Potatoes, we shall have none—the vines look as well as I ever saw them, but no tubers. I planted mine with unusual care, and in various ways, to test them,—covered some with straw and earth enough to keep it down; covered some deep, some shallow, but all failed alike. I do not think the rain has reached the roots since planting. They evidently require more rain than corn.

The season has been particularly hard on newly set-out orchards. I planted 2,000 gooseberry roots one year old, and not 500 will survive the drouth. Nurserymen, too, have suffered much,—seeds and grafts alike failing. The peach trees on high ground are loaded with fruit, which, however, is unusually small, from the effects of dry weather, no doubt; and the same may be said of apples, although I think we have as fine a fruit country as any in the United States. I see it stated in one letter published in the Eastern papers, that our wild plums and grapes had also

failed of their usual crop; such is not the fact in this neighborhood, where I never before saw these wild fr s so abundant.

The drout, on the prairies is much more disastrous than in the woodlands, (there is no prairie within ten miles of Quindaro,) but even here you will, at long distances, see fields side by side, presenting very different aspects—one with half a crop, the other without any. The reason I was assured was this. The ground in the one field had been plowed deep, the other merely skimmed over,—which is the usual way of cultivating new prairie lands in Kansas, and has heretofore done very well; but in a dry season the error is sadly apparent. I believe, from what I have seen and heard, that had all our farmers plowed eight or ten inches deep, the crops of the Territory would have been equal to the consumption,—that we should have heard nothing of scarcity or distress, nor have lost a single family of this year's immigration. This large loss to the interests of the Territory may then all be set down to the account of *bad* farming,—and this loss, all things considered, cannot be less than a million of dollars, which, to a new country, already drained of its money, and struggling under many difficulties, is serious indeed.

But I must add, that I have now lived in the Territory sixteen years, and this is the first drouth I have known seriously to affect our agricultural interests. In the year 1853, we had a drouth that cut the corn crop short, particularly that which was planted late. The last good rain we had that year was on the 10th of June. With these exceptions I have not known crops to be injured by dry weather.

Kansas I regard as having the finest climate of any State in the Union. From the middle of December to the middle of February, we have rain; winter then breaks off and we have a week or two of rough, changeable weather. From about the first of March to the middle of April, we seldom have any rain; about the first of May the rainy season sets in and lasts for about six weeks, during which farmers must look close to their crops and improve every hour of dry weather, else the weeds will soon become unmanageable. The summer is generally favored with alternate rain and sunshine, as favorably distributed as man could wish. We rarely have frost from the first of May to the first of October, giving five months for the growth and perfection of crops. Twenty-five years ago cotton was extensively cultivated in those counties of Missouri bordering on Kansas, but about that time a sudden change in the climate compelled the abandonment of this branch of agriculture; but it is now believed the climate has so far recovered its former mildness as to justify a renewal of the attempt to cultivate this great staple. We have now had three months of intensely warm weather, during which time there have not been five days when the mercury has not ranged from 90° to 105° in the shade; and to-day I observe it is up to 137° in the sun. But this is far the *hottest* weather for the length of time it has lasted, I have known in Kansas.

Quindaro, Aug. 29, 1860. TONTRA.

THE SEASONS AND THE CROPS IN N. H.

FRIEND MOORE:—Hoping the time is not far distant when you shall feel disposed to visit your humble correspondent, and behold the majesty and sublimity of these stately mountains, upon a warm summer's day, I send you these lines greeting:

The beautiful spring time, the season of the singing of birds, the peeping of frogs, the resurrection to a newness of life of the Vegetable Kingdom, the waking up of the beautiful daughters of Flora, whose cheeks are red with the blush of the bow in the cloud—the violet, the crocus, the peony and the rose, the beauties of the beautiful—the lily, the modest, lovely lily, so sacred by reference; yes, May, sweet, balmy, lovely May; June, warm, smiling, genial June, have come and gone. The hay season, the season of mirth and joy, has followed on, and again we are in the midst of another harvest. Never before did these hillsides and valleys smile in the gift of such a bountiful harvest. The farmer who has tilled well is *rich* in his hay crop—*richer* in his abundance of his oats, barley and rye—*richest* in his golden fields of luxuriant wheat, which is the heaviest and best we have had for twenty years.

The breadth of land planted to potatoes is great, and the yield good, but they are rotting badly. Most of the early varieties are nearly worthless. Some cultivators hold that digging before the blast upon the tops reaches the tuber, will save them. If this philosophy be sound, why do potatoes exposed to the air in the hills rot, where the vines died long before the blast struck them?—Many false theories are afloat in regard to the cause and cure of this disease. The corn crop is a fair one. The yield of all kinds of small fruits and berries has been remarkable. The apple crop is abundant, the fruit smooth and fair. We have had less of the curculio than for many years, and the canker worm and caterpillar have favored us with their abscence. The Baldwin seems to be the leading apple here in New England by general consent; the Hubbardston Nonsuch next. The fact that New England apples excel in keeping qualities, is the only advantage we can claim in their cultivation. We have neither the rich lime bottoms nor the humid climate of Western New York, to assist us in this great and noble work. You certainly ought to feel grateful to *Ontario* for the protecting arm she folds about your fruit trees in the extreme cold parts of winter. I have noticed that your great distance from the eastern markets, has led you into the practice of picking fruit from the trees while green, for the purpose of getting it into market by the time of its maturity. Most of our experienced fruit growers hold that this picking fruit from the trees when green, will inevitably kill the trees in a few years. How far your picking pears and plums before ripe, will correspond with this opinion, I am unprepared to say. What has been your experience? and what is your opinion? L. L. PIERCE.

East Jaffrey, N. H., Sept. 1860.

SHOCKING CORN.

THE method of shocking the corn in the field is perhaps the most economical—taking five rows of corn for one of shocks or stooks, setting the shocks on the middle row. The shocks can thus be made large or small, to suit the fancy. Smaller ones cure quicker, and are for that reason preferable. If a good hill is taken to stand the stalks of corn about, it will help much to support the shock. When it is desired to move the shock from the field, the standing hill is quickly cut by pushing the shock partly over with the left hand, while a long knife in the right hand is thrust under the bottom, and the stalks severed.

This method saves laying the corn on the ground, binding it in bundles, and then lugging together to shock,—consequently saves much lifting and hard labor. Sometimes, especially if it be windy weather, one may be bothered to make the stalks stand about the hill till there is enough for a shock. To obviate this difficulty, an apparatus, or horse for shocking corn, is used. It consists of a round stick, about two inches in diameter, and long enough to reach just above the ears of corn as they stand on the hill. In the lower end is inserted an iron point some eight inches in length, shaped somewhat like a large butcher knife, only much thicker. This is for the purpose of sticking it readily into the ground when in use. Close at the top end two one-inch holes are bored at right angles. Through these are thrust two rods about four feet in length. These rods must be so they will readily slip in and out. With this instrument and your corn knife, you are ready for the field. Select your row and stick your horse where you want a shock. Then cut your corn and set it in the angles of the cross sticks, which readily hold it till you have enough for your shock. Then with your wisp of straw or whatever you use for a band, bind the tops firmly together. Now to remove the horse, grasp the upper end of the standard with one hand, and with the other withdraw the rods, when the standard is taken out with no further trouble.

There is this advantage in using such an apparatus,—one can place the stalks more readily and as firmly in their places, is not troubled with their falling down before securing them with a band, while, if one wishes, he can make the shock away from any hill, without any central support, and in so doing save all the trouble of binding into separate bundles. So there must be a saving of time and labor enough, even in one day's use of it to pay its cost.

CORN HORSE.

For a corn horse, or jack, we know of nothing bet'er than one we figured and described several years since, and the engraving of which we now re-publish for the benefit of those who may desire to construct such an implement. It has been used by hundreds, and is declared by many to save one-third the time annually employed in cutting up and stooking corn. In its construction is used a pole about 12 feet in length, being 4 inches in diameter at the large end, in which is placed two legs, wide enough apart at the bottom to be admitted between the rows of corn, and in length according to the height of the corn, say three or four feet, while the other end rests on the ground. About three feet back of the legs is a 1½ inch hole, through which is placed a rod four or five feet long, that is easily admitted and removed, and is horizontal when the horse is standing, as shown in the illustration. The horse is placed in the center of the number of rows desired to be cut, the corn is placed in the four corners around the rod, the shock is then tied, the horizontal rod removed, and the horse drawn ahead. The rod is then replaced, when it is ready for forming another shock.

HARVESTING CORN.

[As this is the season for harvesting corn, we republish the following remarks on the subject from an article given in an early number of our present volume.—ED.]

I AM aware that there has been much said and written on this subject, but we are at liberty to learn all the different ways, and then choose the way that we think best answers our purpose. My way is this:—In the first place, I take some rye straw to bind the shocks with. I commence on four rows, and cut up enough at the roots to make a good sized bundle, and then carry it forward between the two middle rows, to where I want the shock to stand; then stand it up as near perpendicular as possible, between two hills of the standing corn; then reaching with one hand, while holding the bundle with the other, and taking generally about two stalks from each hill of the standing or uncut hills, form a band by crossing them on the opposite side of the bundle from where I stand, bringing them around, and giving them but one twist, as they are apt to break if twisted too much. I then lift up some of the stalks next to me, and simply tuck the twisted tops under them; and the bundle, by being bound to the standing hills, is very firm, as the hills stand bracing on each side. I then go on and cut enough, and set up on each side of the bundle, to make it as large as desired, and then take a band of straw, and bind the shock as tightly as possible. This is very essential, in order that it may stand up until husking time. I prefer cutting the rows north and south, as our hardest winds and storms generally come from the west, and by the shock being braced in that direction, it seldom gets blown down. Some might object to leaving two hills to be cut up on removing the shock, but it is easier to cut the two hills on the outside of the shock, than to cut one on the inside. Then there is an advantage, by having two hills mostly on the outside of the shock, as the corn and stalks will dry out sooner and better than to have a hill of green corn bound up in the center.

This way of harvesting may be a little awkward at first, to any one not accustomed to it, but a little practice will enable one to get along with it much faster than any other way that I ever tried. There is another advantage in shocking in this way, especially when the wind blows; the hills standing bracing out at the roots on each side, makes the bundle in a flat shape instead of round, and then by standing the loose corn up on each side, brings it into a round shape, ready to bind. A. B. BENHAM.

Dryden, N. Y., 1860.

SYSTEM IN LABOR.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Farmers, as a general thing, have the least system in labor of any class of men. They work without any fixed hours, from daylight till dark,—never take time for reading or recreation, and if they undertake to read before going to bed, they are so exhausted that they do not enjoy it, and often fall asleep over their book or paper. They virtually wear themselves out, so they become old men when they should be in their prime. Nature did not intend that man should work incessantly, without rest or recreation. Why cannot farmers have some fixed time for labor, as well as mechanics or professional men—say from 6 or 7 o'clock in the morning till 6 or 7 at night, which will give them twelve or thirteen hours a day for work. This is as long as a man can labor without injuring his health sooner or later. Mechanics in the cities work only ten hours a day, and you cannot get them to work any longer, and a man will accomplish more in that time than if he worked from daylight till dark every day, because he will have more strength, will work with a will, and when his day's work is done he can read and inform himself. Man was not placed here on earth by his Creator to wear himself out by work, but to prepare himself to dwell with Him in Heaven. Then adopt some kind of system for labor, and improve the mind. JAMES L.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Boiled Corn for Hogs and other Stock.

WM. VAN LOON, writing to the *Prairie Farmer*, says that he has practiced feeding boiled corn to his stock and hogs, and is satisfied that he saves one-half his grain, and gains as much more in time; that one bushel of corn on the cob, boiled, will produce as much pork as two fed raw, and in one-half the time. In one experiment he fed three bushels of boiled corn, per day, to 27 hogs, for ten days. The average gain was two pounds per day. He then fed the same lot of hogs on three bushels of raw corn per day for twenty days—they gained a mere trifle over one pound per day. These were small young hogs—larger ones would have fattened better.

Corn—Shall it be topped, or cut up?

THE New Hampshire *Journal of Agriculture* says:—"To cut, or not to cut up cornstalks, is a question about which farmers differ in opinion; and so they do about whether it is the better way to cut up and shock the corn as soon as the grain is well glazed, or to let it ripen on the hill. Not being authorized to settle these disputed points, all I can say in the matter is, "Let each one be fully persuaded in his own mind," and practice accordingly. I have practiced a great variety of ways in this matter, and after due consideration have fallen back upon the old method of cutting stalks, and when the crop was fit to harvest, cutting it up near the surface and carting to the barn, and husking it at my leisure. Some may think me a little old fogyish in this matter, but it's all very natural, for I was born prior to the advent of the present century. But it seems to me, there can be no difference of opinion among farmers in regard to the good policy of going into the cornfield and selecting the earliest, most prolific, and best ears for seed; these should be traced by the husks, and hung up beyond the reach and teeth of rats and mice.

Facts about Sheep.

SIMON BROWN, editor of the *New England Farmer*, stated the following interesting facts at a meeting of the Concord Farmers' Club:

He remarked that he was familiar with the care of sheep in his youth. He had been obliged to sit up night after night, in cold weather, to take care of lambs, because they were dropped too early. The first broadcloth he ever wore was made from the wool of sheep which he had assisted to raise. Sheep raising was formerly profitable, but it had been discontinued among us chiefly on account of the losses occasioned by dogs. He had been informed that in the adjoining county of Essex there were only 500 sheep, but there were 3,500 dogs! A good many persons were now entering upon the business. A new spirit has been awakened upon the subject. Sheep have been improved in size and productiveness, as much as cattle, and perhaps more. Fifty years ago a quarter of mutton, in England, that weighed fifteen or twenty pounds, was thought large. Now a quarter of mutton is frequently seen weighing 50 or 60 pounds. One weighing 60 pounds was recently exhibited in Boston market. If there is a demand for mutton, sheep raising must be profitable. He had no doubt that there would be a demand for all the good mutton that might be raised. He spoke of the effect of keeping sheep in reclaiming pastures. He knew a tract of land in Plymouth county, that was formerly so covered with briars and rose bushes, that it was almost impossible to walk through it. He saw it last fall, and it was a beautiful green pasture, with a smooth surface, and not a bush or brier upon it. It had been reclaimed *by the use of sheep alone.*

The following additional statements were made by JAS. B. ELLIOTT, of Keene, New Hampshire:

He is engaged in sheep husbandry, and has been for five years. His sheep had become breechy. When this is the case, the best way is to change the entire flock. Sheep require about one acre each. Many of the farmers on the Connecticut now feed all the corn they can raise to their sheep. They buy wethers, and put them up about the 1st of December, and give them cob meal and oats, all they will eat. In March they shear them, and send them to market in the cars alive. They will weigh from 150 to 170 lbs., live weight, and bring from five and a half to seven cents per pound. The manure from sheep is better than that from cows. From twenty-one sheep he made ten loads of the best manure he ever saw. Leaves, or some proper absorbent, should be placed upon the bottom of the yard, and litter used as required. This manure is excellent to mix with muck. It costs about forty cents, in New Hampshire, to pasture a sheep from the 10th of April till the 20th of November, or till they are "snowed up," and about $1 10 in the winter. A sheep requires about two pounds of hay daily. He feeds with hay twice a day, and once with roots. Sheep require plenty of fresh air, and running water. Some keep them without water, but it is not so well. Sheep will destroy almost every kind of bushes, except pines and alders. Some sheep are easily kept within ordinary fences; others will learn to jump over almost every fence. He related an anecdote of one man who had kept a flock of sheep 29 years, and never knew but one to get out of the pasture. Mr. E. thought small mutton quite as good as large, but as most farmers in this section would keep only small flocks, the long-wooled sheep might be the most profitable here. The Cotswolds and South Downs would yield from five to six pounds of wool. This wool, although it does not fetch quite as much as fine wool, is in demand for certain kinds of manufacture. He said that a man of his acquaintance in Vermont realizes $1,000 per year from 200 sheep.

Don't Abuse the Oxen.

THE Massachusetts *Ploughman* puts in a plea for the ox, as follows:—"The patient ox submits to the most barbarous treatment by a thoughtless class, who are not the owners, but are hired to drive the animals for others. We find it a difficult task to keep the lash from the tame and obedient ox. Thoughtless men will whip, whip, whip. They do it from habit—a very bad habit; and we find it difficult to correct that habit. We are trying to teach our hired men better manners than to put on the whip before giving an invitation to the brute animals 'to go.' We have oxen that will 'go' as soon as they are invited, without the endorsement of the whip. Yet we find it a difficult matter to control the whip. It is surely a savage practice to apply the lash before inviting the animals to move by the proper words. Yet we see that this is a very common practice of those who are not owners of the cattle. When the common whip lash is not thought to be hard enough for the backs and noses of cattle, the walnut handle, one inch in diameter, is used on the noses of oxen, to make them back a load up hill, before the cattle have ever been taught to back an empty cart down hill.

Cattle must be made to obey—and the common lash, or a switch stick, will be sufficient for breaking in. But we ask for mercy on all cattle that are willing to do right as soon as the right is pointed out. Many drivers of oxen put the lash on first, before asking their patient teams to move. This is a species of barbarism which all owners of cattle ought to prohibit. It is so natural for people whom we hire from the interior, to use force in the first instance, and gentleness afterward, if at all, that particular care should be exerted in regard to the treatment of their cattle. Proper driving is an important item in husbandry. So many farmers now depend upon their hired help to do the main work, it is important for them to see that the work is properly done. The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Inquiries and Answers.

PREVENTING A COW SUCKING HERSELF.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL give the best method of preventing a cow sucking herself, and oblige—A CONSTANT READER, *Jamestown, N. Y.*, 1860.

LUNG FEVER IN HORSES.—Will you, or some one of the RURAL'S readers, please inform me of the cure, if any, for lung fever in horses? Several horses of this vicinity, among whom were a few fine stallions, died of this terrible and seemingly incurable disease within the last year.—J. M. COCHRAN, *Glendale, O.*, 1860.

DRYING OFF MILCH COWS.—In answer to J. H., of Cowlesville, I would say, rub soft soap on the udder once a day, after milking, for a few days, and milk but partially. I sometimes rub soap across the loins, with good success.—H. COVEY, *Jamestown, N. Y.*

SCALES IN BUTTERMILK.—In answer to "Young Farmer," I would say I have been a farmer's wife for ten years, have made more or less butter every year, and my experience teaches me that the scales in the buttermilk are caused by the cream drying in the summer season. The thicker the cream the more scales in the buttermilk, (I should think more from a new milch cow than a farrow cow.) I always beat up my cream with a large spoon every time I put any in the crock or churn, and let it stand a few hours after skimming in the last, that it may soak the dried cream before churning, and there will be but few scales in the butter or buttermilk; and instead of throwing away that much cream, I have it in butter.—A RURAL READER, *Weyannega, Sept.*, 1860.

KEEPING POTATOES.—C. W., of Fairview, Ky., wishes to know what to do to keep potatoes from rotting. I will give my experience, and the way I saved them in 1854. When digging, I discovered occasionally a potato that was affected, and had them all picked out carefully. I had about 100 bushels. They were all dried in the sun, and put in the cellar in one bin. Some few days after, I examined them, and found them warm and emitting an offensive smell. I considered them lost, when it occurred to me that I would try one thing before giving them up. I got two bushels of plaster, threw it on them (after taking them out of the bin,) shoveled them all over, and left them on the cellar bottom about one foot deep. They cooled off, and stopped rotting. Those that were not affected, which was about three-fourths, kept as well as any I ever had. This was merely an experiment,—I never tried it before nor since.—but I shall try it again if I have occasion.—H. PAYNE, *Lockport, N. Y.*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR, at Elmira, Oct. 2–5.

NEW YORK COUNTY AND LOCAL FAIRS are to be held during the ensuing three weeks, as follows:

Delaware, Hobart	Sept. 26, 27
Erie, Buffalo	Sept. 25–27
Essex, Elizabethtown	Sept. 26, 27
Lewis, Turin	Sept. 25–27
Livingston, Geneseo	Sept. 26–28
Oneida, Utica	Sept. 25–27
Ontario, Canandaigua	Sept. 26–28
Otsego, Cooperstown	Sept. 26, 27
Putnam, Brewsters	Sept. 25–27
Seneca, Waterloo	Sept. 26, 27
Tioga, Owego	Sept. 26–28
Westchester, Mt. Kisco	Sept. 25–27
Cattaraugus, Little Valley	Sept 25–27
Madison, Brookfield	Sept. 26, 27
Oswego, Oswego Falls	Sept 25–27
Steuben, Bath	Sept. 26–28
St. Lawrence, Canton	Sept 26–28
Ulster, Kingston	Sept 26–28
Niagara, Lockport	Sept. 27–29
Yates, Penn Yan	Sept. 26–28
Columbia Ag & Hort. Ass'n, Hudson	Oct 2–4
St. Lawrence International, Ogdensburgh	Sept. 26–29
Wayne, Lyons	Oct 10, 11
" Horse Show, Lyons,	Sept. 28, 29

UNION AND TOWN FAIRS.

Columbus, Columbus	Oct. 2–4
Oxford, Oxford	Oct 2–4
Sherburne, Sherburne	Sept. 26–28
Susquehanna Valley, Unadilla	Sept. 25, 26
Tonawanda Valley, Attica	Sept. 26, 27
Union, Brockport	Oct 2, 3
Wayne, Palmyra	Oct 2–4
Camden, Camden	Oct 3, 4
Far and Mech Ass. Canastota	Sept. 28, 29
Coventry, Coventry	Oct 3, 4
Winfield, West Winfield	Oct. 9, 10
Union, Marathon	Sept. 26–28
Chautauqua Union, Fredonia	Sept 26–28
Palmyra Union, Palmyra	Oct 2–4
Skaneateles, Skaneateles	Sept. 25
Livonia, Livonia Center	Oct. 4
Union, Hemlock Lake	Oct. 10, 11

THE SPRINGFIELD HORSE SHOW.—The "Fourth National Exhibition of Horses," at Springfield, Mass., week before last, is pronounced a decided success, pecuniarily, if not otherwise—the net profits amounting to $4,000. The editor of the Boston Cultivator, who was present, says:—"The number of people in attendance, for two or three days, was 10,000 to 15,000 a day. The whole number of horses entered for premiums is reported at 433, and the number for exhibition or sale, 184—making an aggregate on the ground of 617. Among them were many good ones, but comparing this with the first "national" exhibition here—which, by the way, is claimed by the United States Agricultural Society as *their* first exhibition—our impression is that the average standard of excellence would be in favor of the first Show. The principal benefit of the Show to the public has been the opportunity afforded for purchasing and selling, and the means of comparing different horses, or different stocks and varieties."

THE POTATO ROT seems to prevail extensively and over a wide region. We learn that the crop is badly affected in many eastern counties, on the Hudson in Columbia county, whole fields of six to ten acres are said to be entirely destroyed, or nearly so, and in other cases they are so far gone that it will not pay to dig them. In Sullivan county, also, the crop is nearly all destroyed. The rot also prevails in New England, as The Homestead, (Hartford, Conn.,) says it exists in almost every field to some extent, in that region, "though there is little fear entertained of a failure of the crop." After mentioning facts familiar to our readers, it adds:—"If the tops are cut off at first, the tubers stop growing, but are often secured free from disease. Thus, if the disease appears late in the season, the crop is sound, if early in the season, they had better be left to their fate."

ILLINOIS HARVEST PROSPECTS.—A Chicago correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, ("C. D. B.," who, we reckon, is one of the editors of the Prairie Farmer, and hence good authority) who is familiar with the daily grain traffic of the city, says he "has recently had all his ideas—Western ideas, too, mind you—of the extent of our resources and amount of our products the current season extravagantly magnified. He has visited most of the northern, eastern, and central counties of the State since harvest commenced, has talked with farmers, seen the grain standing, falling before the reaper, after it had been bound and shocked, when it was being thrashed, and after it had been cleaned and gathered to the garner—and he assures your readers that they may safely believe the stories of large yields of wheat, oats, or other grains, that are being circulated. They are in no wise magnified beyond the fact. Even the producer is astonished when he measures his grain, and measures the ground from which it was harvested. The number of measured bushels staggers one's credulity. Thoughtful men here boast little of the West in consequence of this harvest. It is too apparent they have no right to. They receive it as they have received affliction the past three years—as a necessity; and they are thankful. The truth is, notwithstanding all effort during prior years, crops failed. The present year no new modes of culture were adopted. The early Spring promised a good seeding-time, and it was improved to the utmost. The entire season has been favorable. Everything has gone smoothly, and sunlight, soil, and season, have combined to relieve the debt-oppressed people of the West."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S STABLES AND HORSES.—In a recent letter describing his visit to Windsor Castle, Dr. LEYBURN says:—"Before going into the interior of the Castle, we were shown the Queen's stables—'Mews,' as they call them here. These, as may be imagined, are on a scale corresponding with the extravagance of royalty. She keeps 300 horses, part of which were now in London, as she was sojourning for the present at Buckingham Palace. All of those here were grays, except the fancy ponies. One of the latter is a beautiful little milk-white animal, as clean and nice as soap water and currying can make him. He is a pet of the Queen's, and she has a small chair in which she drives him herself around the gardens. There were also four of the tiniest bay ponies, which the Princess ALICE herself drives, four-in-hand, in a small carriage. These, with six others, were a present from the king of Sardinia. The name of each is inscribed on a marble plate in his stall, on one of which is 'Victor,' and on another 'Emanuel,' in honor of the illustrious donor."

PROMOTED.—Among the references appended to an advertisement in one of our exchanges, we lately read "B. P. JOHNSON, Esq., Sec'y N. Y. State Ag Society, *D. D.*" As the Secretary is proverbially as modest as meritorious, we have been looking for a declination of the honor, having no doubt he would do it as gracefully as did brother BEECHER, recently. Meantime—and especially if he don't decline—the Colonel has our profound sympathies, for it's a great bore to have so many D's in one's signature!

AMERICAN MOWING MACHINES are becoming celebrated the world over. At a recent trial at the Hague, in Holland, four of the six machines entered were of American invention, and the first, second, and third premiums, were taken by ALLEN'S, MANNY'S, and WOOD'S machines—all American.

THE UNION FAIR at Medina, last week, was a great success in all respects, we understand. The receipts were about $1,700. The Military Encampment on the Fair Grounds was an attractive feature.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTH SESSION, AT PHILADELPHIA, 1860.

THE American Pomological Society commenced its eighth session at Philadelphia on the 11th inst. This was the most successful meeting held by the Society, in all respects. The West and South were well represented, both by delegates and fine collections of fruits. Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, all reported themselves in a manner highly creditable. The Committee had prepared very convenient rooms, both for the display of fruits and for the business of the meeting; but being in the center of the city, the noise made it difficult for the reporters to hear. The room appropriated to the fruits was decorated with a fine arch of flowers, vines and evergreens, bearing the honored names of COXE, DOWNING, VAN MONS and DUHAMEL. We took but a few notes of the fruits on exhibition.

Ellwanger & Barry made the finest display, exhibiting 233 varieties of pears, 80 of apples, and 50 of plums; H. R. Roby, Va., 22 varieties of pears, 25 of apple; Wm. Reed, Elizabethtown, N. J., 26 of pears and 6 of grapes; John Chambers, Burlington, 112 of pears; Franklin Davis, Va., 75 apples; Hovey & Co., Boston, 25 of pears; Marshall P. Wilder, Boston, 130 varieties; T. T. Lyon, Mich., 120 of apples, 20 of pears; G. B. Ide, Springfield, Mass., 21 varieties of pears; Dr. Boynton, Syracuse, 55 of pears; J. H. Stewart, Quincy, Illinois, 80 varieties of apples, and a variety of quinces and peaches; Wm. Saunders, Philadelphia, peach and plum trees bearing fruit in pots; J. L. Darlington & Co., Westchester, Pa., well-grown foreign grapes; J. Butler, of the same place, good foreign peaches; Wm. Perry & Son, Bridgeport Conn., specimens of the Delaware grape; Chas. Downing, exceedingly large bunches of the Delaware; J. C. Rennison, gardner of B. A. Mace, Newburgh, fine Delaware and Concord grapes.

The Society was called to order at noon, by the President, Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, and after the appointment of committees, and the transaction of other preliminary business, an adjournment was had until the afternoon, when the President delivered his Annual Address.

PRESIDENT WILDER'S ADDRESS.

Gentlemen of the Society, and friends of American Pomology:

By our Constitution, my official position requires me, at the opening of this session, to address you on the art or science of Pomology, on the interest, progress, and present condition of our Association.

In the performance of this duty, I am happy to meet you in this city of brotherly love, the birthplace of that Declaration which gave us an independent national existence; of that Constitution, also, which embodies the wisdom of our venerable fathers, and is the charter by which we hold the inheritance we seek to improve, enjoy, and transmit. Here, too, by a former inhabitant of Philadelphia,* a few years later, was first exhibited the application to vessels of that invisible agent which now propels thousands of steamers through our navigable waters, which has wrought such wonders in all the useful arts of life, and is progressing upon a stupendous scale of development. Here was organized the first Society for the promotion of American Agriculture. Here, also, originated the first Association for the advancement of American Horticulture, having for one of its leading objects, the introduction and cultivation of new and choice varieties of fruit.

Most of the venerable men who were the authors of these institutions, the founders of these civil and social compacts, have fulfilled their earthly mission; but the enterprises which they inaugurated continue, diffusing, through the land and the world, the blessings of progressive art, of rural life, of social order, of civil liberty. These fathers have fallen in the great battle of life; and since our last biennial session, others, more intimately associated with us in our favorite pursuits, have passed away never to return. Two of the founders of the Society, who have occupied official positions from its formation, will meet with us no more.

DECEASED OFFICERS.

Andrew H. Ernst, of Cincinnati, Ohio, one of the Vice Presidents of this Society, died at his residence in that city, February 13th, 1860, aged 64 years. He was a gentleman of foreign birth, but thoroughly nationalized; being a great admirer of American character, and a firm supporter of American institutions. He was a pioneer and champion of our cause in the northwest section of our country; a gentleman favorably known and highly appreciated by all who knew him for his pomological knowledge, for his characteristic modesty, suavity of manner, and for his eminent Christian virtues.

We have also to mourn the death of Benjamin V. French, of Dorchester, Massachusetts, a member of the Executive Committee, who died April 10th, 1860, aged 68 years. Mr. French was ardently devoted to the cause of terra-culture, in its most comprehensive sense, and has, for many years, held important official positions in the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of this State and country. Few men have been more interested in the cultivation of the soil, and few have been so strongly attached to rural life and rural happiness. Even to the close of life, these were his most cherished objects.

In reflecting on the usefulness of our departed friends, on their labors and contributions to the cause of Pomology, their honorable life and peaceful death, we shall ever retain a high appreciation of their worth. We cheerfully accord to their memory our gratitude for their valuable services, and enroll their names among the benefactors of mankind. We mourn the loss of these worthy associates, but our institution still lives, and other friends survive to co-operate with us in advancing the cause so dear to our hearts.

EIGHTH SESSION.

This is the eighth session and twelfth year of our Association. Much has been accomplished since its organization, but how wonderful the improvement in every branch of husbandry, and in all that concerns the progress of society since the formation, in this city, of the first association for the promotion of rural art, just three-quarters of a century ago! It is profitable to look back occasionally, and see what has been achieved in the past.

Most sincerely do I congratulate you upon the general interest now awakened in fruit culture—on the zeal, enterprise, and industry of cultivators in the acquisition and production of new and choice varieties—on the multiplication of local associations and publications, all laboring with us for the promotion of pomology.

In this presence, and on this occasion, I have no speculations or doubtful theories to promulgate. We have had already enough, and perhaps too many of these for our own benefit or others. What we especially need, are the results of the ripe and united experience of the best cultivators, guided by the deductions of science. Some of the recommendations in former addresses I desire to reinforce, for it is "line upon line, and precept upon precept" that makes a deep and lasting impression. New topics, as they arise, are entitled to respectful consideration, and the discussion of them will undoubtedly elicit important information.

[The President advised a revision of the catalogue, and the plan was adopted by the Society, and the necessary committees appointed to commence the work. It is a matter of great importance, to which we shall give particular attention.]

CULTURE OF FRUIT TREES.

1. The healthful development of fruit trees, as of other living substances, depends on the regular reception of a certain quantity of appropriate food. This food, whether derived from the earth, air, water, or other natural elements, is conveyed through the medium of the atmosphere and the soil. While we have only an indirect and imperfect control of the atmosphere and other meteorological agents, the Great Arbiter of Nature has committed the *soil* directly to our care and treatment.

2. To this I may add the general sentiment in favor of thorough and perfect drainage, beneficial to all cultivators, but indispensable to the fruit-grower.

3. Not less uniform is the experience of the salutary effects of a proper preparation of the soil for fruit trees, both in the nursery and in the orchard.

These principles are settled in the minds of all intelligent fruit-growers; but they need to be often promulgated and enforced. It should be equally well understood that success depends upon the adaptation of the habits of the tree to the constituents of the soil, the location, and aspect or exposure. A disregard of this principle, and the fickleness of seasons, are among the most common causes of failure, not only among inexperienced cultivators, but among professed pomologists.

More attention should be given not only to the location, but especially the aspect of trees. A common error is to disregard the time of ripening. We plant our early fruits in the warmest and most genial locations. These should be assigned to our latest varieties. For instance, we, at the North, have too often placed our late fall and winter pears, like Easter Beurre, or Beurre d'Aremberg, in northern aspects and exposed positions, where they are liable to injury by the gales and frosts of autumn, whereas we should have given them a southern aspect, and our most fertile soils, to bring them to perfection. The most favorable locations are not so indispensable to our summer fruits, which mature early under the more direct rays of the sun, and in a much higher temperature. This rule may require modification and even reversion, to adapt it to the south or southwest portion of our country. And here I cannot refrain from expressing the earnest hope that our local catalogues may be framed with a wise reference to this principle, and that the day may not be distant when the Society's Catalogue shall designate the particular locality, aspect and soil, adapted to each variety of fruit.

But however important these considerations may be, the subsequent cultivation of trees must receive a passing notice, even at the risk of repeating some opinions of myself and others, which are already before the public.

The sentiments contained in the communication of Mr. J. J. Thomas, at our last session, against the growth of any other crop in orchards, especially against relying upon small circles dug around trees in grass ground, as a method of culture, deserves to be held in perpetual remembrance.—Equally injurious, in my own opinion, is the habit of deep digging or plowing among fruit trees, thereby cutting off the roots, and destroying the fibrous feeders, which frequently extend beyond the sweep of the branches. However necessary the practice may be of cutting off roots in old orchards, in the process of renovation, it should be carefully avoided in grounds properly prepared, and where the trees are in a healthy or bearing condition. From experiment and observation, I am persuaded that working the soil among fruit trees, to the depth of more than three or four inches, should be carefully avoided. The surface should only be worked with a hoe, or scarifier, for the purpose of stirring the soil, and keeping out the weeds. Thus we avail ourselves of the advantages of what, in farming, is called flat-culture, at present so popular. For the same reason, manure should not be dug in to any considerable depth, and some of our wisest cultivators now recommend its application on the surface. So favorably impressed with this practice is the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, that it has ordered a series of experiments with cereal grains and other products in the application of manures on the surface, as compared with specified depths beneath it.

The practice of surface manuring is no novelty of our day. An eminent cultivator of fruits, nearly two hundred years ago, said,—"Manures should be applied to fruit trees in the autumn upon the surface, that the rains, snow, and frosts may convey the elements of fertility to the roots;" and "that, by this method, one load will do more good than two used in the common way of trenching in to the depth of one foot." Other distinguished cultivators and scientific gentlemen recommend the same practice. Hence we are of opinion that our orchards and gardens should be manured in the autumn, and on the surface, so that the manures may be thoroughly decomposed, made soluble during the fall and winter, and suitable for the nourishment of the trees early in the spring.

In the history of this art, as of most others, it is wonderful how human opinions change. What were once considered as fundamental, are now rejected as unphilosophical or injurious, and those once rejected are now adopted as wise maxims. The doctrine has prevailed, from the time of Columella and Varro, that manures should not be exposed to the air, but should be incorporated with the soil as soon as laid out; whereas, we have now the opinion of cultivators and chemists in favor of exposure to the air and other external agents of decomposition, and that it is not a source of nutrition to the plant until it is thoroughly decomposed. This opinion is certainly corroborated by the practice of skilful gardeners in all past time, who will never use green manure in the potting or cultivation of plants, and only that which has become old and fine.

NEW NATIVE FRUITS.

Changes of opinion have also taken place in regard to the acquisition of new sorts of fruits. Formerly we looked to other countries; now we rely more especially on our own seedlings for the best results. When we reflect upon the great number of new varieties which have, in our time, been raised from seed, and the progress which has thereby been made, no apology need be offered for repeating what has been said in former addresses in commendation of this branch of Pomology. It was my first, so it shall be my continual and last advice:—"*Plant the most mature and perfect seed of the most hardy, vigorous, and valuable varieties, and, as a shorter process, ensuring more certain and happy results, cross or hybridize your best fruits.*"

What wonders this art has already accomplished in the production of new and improved varieties in the vegetable kingdom! How much it has done for the potato, the turnip and other vegetables,—producing, from a parent stock of inferior grade, numberless varieties of great excellence! How it has brought forth, from the hard, acrid, and foxy grape of the woods, the delicious varieties that are now obtaining notoriety and extension; from the bitter almond, the luscious peach and nectarine; from the austere button-pear of the forest, the splendid varieties that command our admiration; from the sour crab, the magnificent apples which now constitute the dessert of our tables; from the wild raspberry and blackberry of the hedge, from the native strawberries of the pasture, those superb varieties which crown the tables at our exhibitions. We believe it is now admitted that our native varieties are more hardy, vigorous, productive, and free from disease than most foreign sorts. Thus we have seedling gooseberries free from mildew, and pears that never crack. Why can we not breed out the black wart from the plum? It has been suggested, by a gentleman of great knowledge, that, by taking the common wild plum, the *Prunus Americana*, of which there are several varieties, varying in color, size, and flavor, we may produce kinds not subject to disease, if judiciously crossed with our best garden sorts; or, if bred between themselves, we might, perhaps, add new varieties to our species of cultivated plums, which would be healthy, productive, and delicious. This suggestion is certainly worthy of consideration and experiment.

Let not this recommendation, however, in regard to cross-fertilization, discourage the sowing of other seeds, because they have not been artificially impregnated by the hand of man; for they may have been fertilized by the wind, or insects conveying the pollen of one variety to the style of another. In this way have been produced most of the sorts of American fruits. How extensive and inviting is the field here opened even to the most common fruit grower, who, practising upon this principle through a series of years, can hardly fail to produce some good fruits, although he may not be acquainted with the higher and more delicate process of artificial impregnation. But infinitely superior and more promising is the sphere of enterprise which opens before the Scientific Pomologist. It is broad as the earth, free as the air, rich as the land of promise. In his hands are placed the means of continual progress without the numerous uncertainties which must ever attend accidental fertilization. He has the sure guide of science, which never misleads her votaries, but elevates them from one degree of excellence to another toward absolute perfection. By these processes, new varieties are multiplying with unparalleled rapidity throughout our country. We rejoice in the intense zeal which has been awakened in this pursuit. It augurs well for the future, whether prompted by the desire either of fortune or of fame. But the spirit of adventure, thus awakened, needs occasionally a little wholesome discipline, lest it foster an undue reliance on immature experience, and tend to quackery, imposition, and fraud.

While we refrain from all personal reflections, we cannot forbear exhorting all, and especially the officers and members of this association, to increased vigilance and caution in the recommendation of novelties, until they have been thoroughly tested by competent judges. As it is human to err, so it is natural to be partial to one's own offspring and friends, and this partiality often sways the judgment of honest and good men.

But a more common and serious difficulty under which we labor, is the promulgation of seedlings by individuals and associations that have not the information requisite to form an intelligent, and therefore reliable judgment. Another evil which increases with the mania for what is new and rare, is the exposure for sale, by flaming advertisements and speculating agents, of old varieties under new and specious names,—varieties which, like Jonah's gourd, were known in their day and place, but have long been consigned to oblivion.

As in the past, so in the present and in the future, let it be our purpose and practice to reject those that are worthless, to withhold our approbation from those that are doubtful, and to encourage the multiplication of those only which are of decided and acknowledged worth. Thus shall we elevate the standard of judgment, and fulfil the mission providentially assigned us. We might enlarge on this and other topics, but the brief period which it is proper for me to occupy in this opening address, restricts me to one or two other considerations.

AFFINITIES.

I would here again recommend a more careful study of affinities between the stock and the graft. Whatever be the opinions in regard to the manner and degree of influence which the scion has upon the stock, or the reverse, the fact of that influence is undeniable. For example, we have seen certain varieties of the pear, as the Cross, Collins, and others, which would not readily assimilate with the stock, however vigorous. We have, in many instances, seen healthful trees sicken and eventually die, by the insertion of these uncongenial grafts. So great was the want of congeniality, that we have seen the stocks throw out successive crops of suckers, and altho' these were frequently removed, yet the scion would refuse to receive and elaborate the sap in sufficient quantity to nourish it, and the trees would finally die. In such instances, the only way to restore the health of the stock, is to remove the graft for a scion of its own or some other appropriate sort.

As I have formerly directed your attention to this topic, I have only space to embody a few general rules to guide practice.

In deciding upon affinity between the tree and graft, consider—

First, The character of the woods to be united, as whether of fine or coarse texture, of slender or gross growth.

Second, The wood-buds, whether abundant or sparse, plump or lean, round or pointed.

Third, The seasons of maturity, whether early, medium, or late.

These suggestions will suffice to indicate the direction of thought and the kind of investigation to be pursued. A better knowledge of the subject will, no doubt, hereafter be attained, and will reveal some of the inexplicable mysteries which now attend this branch of fruit culture.

GRAPE CULTURE.

Let me for a moment call your attention to the cultivation of the grape. This is now assuming so much importance in our country that it seems entitled to special attention at this time. Its progress is indeed marvellous. Until within a few years, it was supposed that Providence had assigned grape culture and the manufacture of wine to countries in the south of Europe, and that the soil and climate of America were not at all adapted to their production. Still later, the theory was promulgated, which has not as yet yielded in full to a more enlightened judgment, that no good grape could flourish on our eastern slope. Now it is known to succeed in almost every aspect where soil and cultivation are suitable, and it is believed that no country on earth is better adapted to the extensive cultivation of the grape than the United States of America. This branch of fruit culture is yet in its incipient state, but it has progressed so far as to authorize the belief that the grape can be grown with success in almost every State and Territory of the Union.

With the progress already made in raising new sorts, it is only a question of time when we shall have varieties adapted to almost every locality. Thousands of cultivators, scattered over our extended country, are each of them raising new varieties from seed in the expectation of success. While some of them may be valuable, many must, of necessity, be failures, having been originated from natural and accidental impregnation, without any settled or philosophical plan. The laws of reproduction in this department are the same as in other branches of the vegetable kingdom. For instance, in northern latitudes, the great object should be to produce good kinds which ripen early and are perfectly hardy. To procure these from the limited number of our native grapes, we must resort to the art of hybridization, taking for the parents those sorts which contain the characteristics we desire to combine.

This work has already been commenced in good earnest, and is progressing rapidly in the hands of many practitioners. Illustrations have occurred under our own observation, proving the immediate and happy results from the crossing of native with foreign grapes. A gentleman in my own vicinity has taken, as the mother parent, the *Vitis Labrusca*, a common native grape, and crossed these vines with the pollen of the Black Hamburg, and the White Chasselas grapes. Of forty five seedlings, thirty-seven have borne fruit. All progeny of these has proved perfectly hardy, and have stood without protection for several winters, where the Isabella and Diana have been much injured. Of the seedlings produced from impregnation of the Black Hamburg, most of them inherit, in a good degree, the color and characteristics of the male parent; while those fertilized with the White Chasselas, all were of a reddish color, intermediate between the natural colors of the parents. Thus we see the positive and powerful effect of the art of hybridization in the hands of scientific cultivators, who can, in a measure, control the process of reproduction, and render it subservient to their purpose.

But, to prevent discouragement and sustain perseverance, it should be remembered that, in conformity with the experience of Van Mons, Knight, and other pioneers, a seedling does not attain to perfection at once. To arrive at its culminating point of excellence, it must often be fruited for several years. Others maintain that a number of manipulations are requisite to bring a new variety to perfection. Some varieties attain this much earlier than others, and the same variety reaches it earlier or later in different localities. Hence an originator should not reject a seedling of some apparent good qualities simply because it may have some defect; for this may result from local or external influences. He should, therefore, cause it to be transferred for trial to a different soil and climate. Even grapes of acknowledged excellence are improved by this change. The Concord and Diana of Massachusetts, valuable as they are at home, acquire a superiority in the south and southwest unknown in their original locality, even rivaling the Catawbas and Isabellas of those sections.

It seems to be a general law of nature, illustrated in our forests and fields, that some trees and grains will flourish in nearly all localities and latitudes, while others are particularly restricted to certain districts. By this arrangement an all-wise Providence diffuses blessings over our country and clime. Each has its appropriate share in the general munificence of the Creator, together with luxuries peculiarly its own. The grape is common and almost universal; but the varieties of this fruit are mutable and local, capable of endless adaptation by human skill. Hence this field for the culture of the grape, upon the borders of which we have scarcely entered, is, to the intelligent cultivator, full of promise and reward.

While it was formerly supposed that the peculiar, and, to many, the disagreeable aroma of our common grapes disqualified them for the production of choice fruits and wines, it has been proved, we think, beyond a reasonable doubt, that the characteristic designated, by way of contempt, as the fox or pole-cat flavor, will hereafter constitute one of the chief excellencies of our new varieties, when, by the art of hybridization and civilization, this flavor shall have been modified and changed, by alliance with other grapes of excellence that are destitute of this quality. This flavor, thus improved, seems destined to form a distinctive characteristic of an important class of American grapes, even to give them a marked superiority over such varieties as the Black Hamburg, Sweetwater, and such other foreign sorts as are destitute of any especial aroma, and consist mainly of sugar and water. It may yet make our seedlings rivals of the Muscats, the Frontignacs, and other highly flavored foreign grapes of the Old World. Multitudes of seedlings, deriving their origin from our native vines in various stages of civilization, and with a special view to this result, are now on probation in various parts of our country. From these must necessarily arise, in coming time, many sorts of superior quality.

What if the desire for new varieties has become a mania? What if it produce, here and there, personal sacrifices and disappointments? What if, from want of skill, or from adverse causes, many inferior or even worthless varieties are produced? The result is certain. The time fast approaches when the ultimate good will be realized, and when America will become the great grape-growing and wine-producing country of the world.

I admit, in respect to all our fruits, that, as the number of varieties increases, more judicious and severe discrimination in the selection of very valuable, and in the rejection of comparatively inferior varieties, will be demanded. This is the lesson which past progress teaches us. What would the gardener of fifty years ago have said, if he had been told that his favorite Bon Chretiens, Muscats and Blanquets, were soon to be thrown into the shade forever? He would have shown as much incredulity as some of our modern amateurs do when we talk of future progress. The Duchesse d'Angouleme, the Beurre d'Anjou, Doyenne Boussock, Beurre Superfin, Bartlett and Seckel, had not revealed to him the vast extent of improvement in fruits which was to be made. What was true, in this respect, fifty years ago, is equally applicable to present varieties. The impossible has no place in the history of progressive science, whether relating to natural arts or to mechanical industry.

CONCLUSION.

But, gentlemen, I have occupied my share of your time and attention, yet I must beg your indulgence in a few concluding remarks.

We have spoken here, and on former occasions, of the advancement which has been made in pomology in our age and country. This is to be ascribed in part to the great scheme of Providence which has developed such stupendous results in the march of civilization and all the arts of life. Human pursuits are allied by affinities so intimate, that a remarkable discovery or improvement in one advances them all. Never before has the public mind been so profoundly moved, nor the energies of mankind so concentrated upon efforts to relieve toil, to perfect skill, to reward labor, and to multiply the comforts and blessings of life.

Truly we live in an age of transition and wonder! The invention of to-day supersedes that of yesterday, and in its turn is to be supplanted by that of to-morrow. No enterprise, however bold, adventurous, or vast, whether the construction of a railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the laying of the mystic wire in old ocean's bed, or threading it through Behring's Straits and winding it around the globe, is too great for the capital, energy, or intelligence of the present generation.

How wonderful the scale of development in modern society! The old wheel and hand loom of our mothers have passed away, and given place to the busy hum and clatter of our princely manufactories; the needle of the weary housewife, plied by day and night for clothing her family, has been exchanged for the ingenious sewing-machine, turning off its ready-made garments, and performing the labor of months in a day; the old printing-press of our Franklin, working off by the sweat of the brow only a few hundred newspapers per day, has yielded to the steam-press of our time, throwing off its twenty thousand impressions per hour; the brush of the artist patiently filling up his outline, touch by touch, through toilsome days, to the pencils of light in the hand of the king of day, picturing at a flash the image of yourself, and of all around you; the coaster, creeping cautiously along the shore, dependent on wind and tide, to thousands of steamboats which now dash over our lakes, rivers and oceans, despite of current or tempest; the old stage-coach, making only fifty miles per day, to our despatch and lightning trains, running fifty miles per hour; the horse express and carrier-pigeon, hailed as wonders in their time, to the electric telegraph, which, quick as thought, speaks with a tongue of fire the languages of earth.

Discoveries, inventions, and improvements equally remarkable characterize all the arts of husbandry. Witness, in place of the forked stick of the ancients, or the wooden plow of our boyhood, the improved iron plow of every model, and adapted to all kinds of soil and situation; and, still more marvelous, the Steam Plow, moving as a thing of life across the broad prairie, turning up its numerous furrows at once, and leaving behind it a wake like that of a majestic ship. Witness also, instead of the rude hook, the sickle, or the scythe of the farmer, slowly and tediously gathering his crops, our mighty mowing and reaping machine, cutting down its ten to twenty acres per day.

The great industrial pursuit which this Society seeks to promote furnishes testimony of progress not a whit behind the most favored of the arts.

Behold the improved methods of cultivation; the vast number of nurseries and orchards, springing up everywhere, as by enchantment; the novel processes of reproduction, multiplying plants in endless profusion, and as by the stroke of a magician's wand. Witness the interminable lists of varieties now in cultivation, increasing with each revolving year; the restless and anxious desire to obtain everything new and promising from whatever country or sea-girt isle it comes; the refined taste for choice fruits rapidly extending through every gradation of society; the standard of pomology, like the star of empire rising in the east, moving still onward to the west, and exciting the attention and astonishment of mankind.

But this progress results from no supernatural power. It is rather an illustration of human capability, acting in conformity with natural laws, and in harmony with the benevolent designs of the Great Husbandman for the amelioration of society, and the display of his infinite wisdom and love, "sought out of those who take pleasure therein." It exhibits the conquests of mind over matter, the dominion of man over nature, improving, adorning, and elevating her to the highest and noblest purposes of her creation.

Inspired with these sentiments, let us take encouragement, and press on in the career of improvement, ever remembering that study and experience make the man; and that, for the highest attainment and the greatest success, we must depend upon the culture of the mind as well as of the soil.

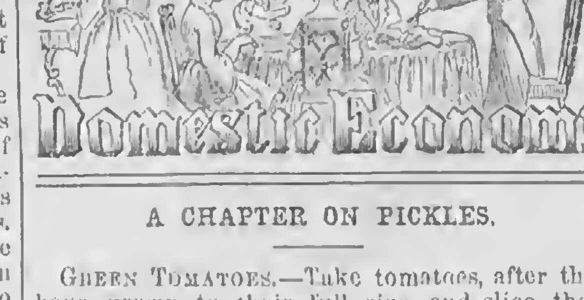
"Survey the globe through every zone,
From Lima to Japan,
In lineaments of light 'tis shown
That CULTURE makes the man.
All that man has, had, hopes, can have,
Past, promised or possessed,
Are fruits which CULTURE gives, or gave,
At Industry's behest.

*JOHN FITCH, in 1788. To his steamboat Perseverance.

Horticultural Notes.

TO OUR READERS.—On our recent trip East, we visited and took notes of many fine places and many things of interest, which we shall use as soon as we find sufficient space. We took a full record of the discussions on fruits at the meeting of the American Pomological Society, and shall commence their publication next week.

HORTICULTURAL EXHIBITION AND DISCUSSION.—The Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York holds its Autumn Session at the Court House, in Rochester, on Tuesday next, the 25th inst. The Genesee Valley Horticultural Society makes its Fall Exhibition of Fruits, Flowers, and Vegetables, on the same day, at Corinthian Hall. Those of our horticultural friends who design to visit Rochester the present season, could not select a better day.



A CHAPTER ON PICKLES.

GREEN TOMATOES.—Take tomatoes, after they have grown to their full size, and slice them thin; scald them an instant in salted water; then lay them in a jar with vinegar, cloves and cinnamon.—E. J. J. G., *Prattsburgh, N. Y.*, 1860.

RIPE TOMATOES.—Pick them before ripe enough to be soft; wash and prick them; make a brine so strong it will not dissolve all of the salt; boil and skim, and when cold pour it on the tomatoes. Let them stand eight days, pour off, and put on a weak vinegar, which let remain the same length of time, then remove, put on strong vinegar, and whatever spices suit your taste; tie up and put away. You will have nice pickles, and those that will keep.—MRS. J. W., *Rock Stream, N. Y.*, 1860.

PICKLING TOMATOES.—In answer to inquiry, I will send my method. Select such as are of uniform size, just after they begin to ripen; scald, peel, and place in the jar. Prepare a pickle as for peaches or plums, (that for plums in a late No. of the RURAL is excellent,) scald and pour over them. Let them stand two or three days, then drain carefully, boil the juice to a syrup, pour over, cover tight, and keep in a cool place. A neighbor puts the ripe ones in sweetened water,—in a cask or jar,—keeps the tomatoes covered with the water, which should be rather sweeter than for vinegar. When sufficiently sour, keep in a cool place; peel as you serve. Those fond of tomatoes should lay up a supply of dried ones, and they will find them as much of a treat in winter as they are now. A little sugar is a great addition to tomatoes, in any way they can be cooked or used.—LOVER OF TOMATOES, *Genesee Co., Mich.*, 1860.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Wash, cover with a cloth; turn over them a weak brine, boiling hot; cover closely. Let them remain a few days, then rinse the brine from them, and remove to cold vinegar, with horse-radish and spices to taste. Keep covered closely.—A. B. C., *Honeoye, N. Y.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GONE.

BY KATE CAMERON.

Gone from the world's temptations,
Its sorrows and its strife;
Gone from the toils and trials
That make a war of life;
Gone from these thorny earth-roads
To Heaven's shining track—
The loved ones who have left us,
Oh, would ye call them back?

Gone, with their dreams of beauty,
Where beauty never dies;
Gone, with their joyous spirits,
Where tears ne'er dim the eyes;
Gone, with their earnest longings,
Where faith is lost in sight—
Would ye call them from such noon-tide
Back to the shades of night?

Gone from our tender keeping,
Which yet was all in vain;
Gone from our fond affection
Which could not spare them pain;
Gone from their friends so loving,
To *One* who loved them more—
Why mourn when they are happy
Upon the Spirit-shore?

Gone from all fears of evil,
Gone from all thoughts of ill,
Gone from Care's heavy burdens
'Neath which we murmur still;
Gone from the cross of anguish
The promised crown to wear—
Shall they cast aside its glory,
The weight again to bear?

Gone from the weary striving
'Gainst worldliness and sin;
Gone from all outward tempters,
Gone from all foes within;
Gone where their spirit's pinions
Are ever free to soar—
Oh, would ye draw them earthward
To wear Life's chain once more?

Ah, though our hearts are aching,
And though our tears will fall,
We would not, in our weakness,
Our loved and lost recall.
We leave them with our Father,
Whose goodness we adore,
And pray that we may meet them
Where we shall part no more.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AN AGED WOMAN'S STORY.

Much has been said and sung of changing, or selling, old clothes for china and glass nick-nacks with those peddlars who seem to scour this land, calling alike at the homes of refined culture, of honest industry, and of thriftless degredation, awaking, by the sight of their well-filled baskets, the desire of possession. The peddlar enters, bending beneath the weight of his cunningly arranged ware, and the house is carefully searched from top to bottom, and old clothes are brought forth from their long seclusion. Perhaps there yet lacks something to complete the desired trade—it is, it may be then, modestly intimated that one more old coat, or a quilt, if they have one to spare, would be about enough. The transfer is completed, and the clothes and quilt which would have clothed and warmed some suffering child of sorrow, are changed for showy ornaments, while the gentle emotions of charity, and those higher feelings arising from self-denial and conscious ministration to the wants of poor humanity are checked; thus the actor, instead of rising in the scale of being, has, shall we whisper it, taken a step back. Their garments smell more of earth—their hearts are less pure, less fitted for mansions of rest. These reflections were suggested by the story of an old woman, which we give, with a short preface, nearly in her own words.

One bright day, while visiting an old friend in a neighboring town, an aged woman came in, who was cordially greeted as Aunt Phile. The lady soon gave her a cup of tea, and some other refreshments, after which she left the room saying, "I know your wants, and will go and see what I can find for you."

This seemed to relieve and quiet Aunt Phile, who then turned to us, with her bright eyes. We were much interested in that mild-faced woman, and drew from her her life's story.

"It was a long time before I found out what was my mission. We all have a work to do here,—all of us have a place to fill, a part to act. Perhaps you do not know your work, but if you will ask our Father, he will show what He wants you to accomplish. Sometimes the answer seems long in coming. Yes, it was so with me, but now that I do know what my work is, I am thankful for it, for I love my task. For thirty years I was the village nurse,—that was my business. One night while I was watching Miss B—— she suddenly started up saying, 'Why, Aunt Phile, why don't you gather up the fragments, and give them to the poor?' The effort was too much for her in her weak state,—she sank back exhausted, and as I watched, and cared for her during the long hours that followed, I pondered the words, for I did not take their meaning. Just as the morning was breaking, Miss B—— again gathered strength to tell me, with much effort, that she meant to have me gather all the old clothes I could, and give them to the poor, for, said she, 'the poor will often thankfully take from you things that they would refuse from those who are more richly endowed with this world's goods. From you they only expect sympathy and counsel, but the old garments that you gather, you can mend, or show them how to mend, or make over themselves,—these they will be glad to get, and they will do them much good.' This was all that she was able to say; for," said Aunt Phile, wiping her eyes with the corner of her ample apron while she sobbed, "My dear, kind, good Miss B—— died without speaking, before another sunset; but she did not need to speak again,—her life had been all spent in doing good.

"Then I felt that I knew my work, and ever since I have been a gatherer of old clothes, which I have distributed to the poor, visiting them in their homes, and carrying to them as I have found they were needed. Often so much would be given to me that I kept them in a room, mending them as well as I could, that they might be ready when they were wanted. Many is the night, as I have sat watching the sick, that I kept myself awake by mending these old garments. I most valued old quilts, they seemed to go the furthest, and to do the most good. How many homes have been made comfortable by these things, and the happiness I have felt has more than re-paid all effort on my part. 'True, I had only time to gather up the fragments, and to scatter them again, but it is wonderful how far these things go when there is a blessing. How many would come to me and say, 'Aunt Phile, have you a dress, a coat, a pair of shoes, a bonnet, a shawl, or something?—naming the articles needed. O, how my heart has swelled with gratitude that I have been made the humble dispenser of so much comfort.

"But things are not now as they were in the good old days. Now it takes a long time to gather up. It was a great while before I could see the reason of this. I have been wearied, and often discouraged in my efforts, as I went from house to house,—even in the houses where once I was most liberally supplied. I thought on't, and thought on't; still it was a mystery. Well, one day I saw it all so clear,—just how it was. Why, there were the old quilts, and old clothes, all on the mantle-pieces,—all changed into China and Glass."

Lewiston, N. Y., 1860.

MAKING FUN.

Once, when traveling in a stage coach, I met a young lady who seemed to be on the constant lookout for something laughable; and not content with laughing herself, took great pains to make others do the same. Now, traveling in a stage coach is rather prosy business. People in this situation are apt to show themselves peevish and selfish; so the young lady's good humor was, for a time, very agreeable to the travelers. Every old barn was made the subject of a passing joke, while the cows and hens looked demurely on, little dreaming that folks could be merry at their expense. Animals are not sensitive in that respect. They are not likely to have their feelings injured because people make fun of them; but when we come to human beings, that is quite another thing. So it seemed to me; for after a while an old woman came running across the fields, swinging her bag at the coachman, and in a shrill voice begging him to stop. The good-natured coachman drew up his horses, and the good old lady, coming to the fence by the road-side, squeezed herself through two bars, which were not only in a horizontal position, but very near together. The young lady in the stage-coach made some indicrous remark, and the passengers laughed. It seemed very excusable; for, in getting through the fence, the poor woman had made sad work with her old black bonnet, and now taking a seat beside a well-dressed lady, really looked as if she had been blown there by a whirlwind. This was a new piece of fun, and the girl made the most of it. She caricatured the old lady upon a card—pretended, when she was not looking, to take patterns of her bonnet, and in various other ways tried to raise a laugh. At length the poor woman turned a pale face toward her.

"My dear," said she, "you are young, healthy, and happy; I have been so too, but that time has past; I am now decrepit and forlorn. This coach is taking me to the death-bed of my child. And then, my daar, I shall be a poor old woman, all alone in a world where merry girls think me a very amusing object. They will laugh at my old-fashioned clothes and odd appearance, forgetting that the old woman has a spirit that has loved and suffered, and will live forever."

The coach had now stopped before a poor-looking house, and the old lady feebly descended the steps.

"How is she?" was the first trembling inquiry of the poor mother.

"Just alive," said the man who was leading her into the house.

Putting up the steps, the driver mounted his box, and we were upon the road again. Our merry young friend had placed her card in her pocket. She was leaning her head upon her hand—and you may be assured I was not sorry to see a tear upon here fair young cheek. It was a good lesson, and one which we hoped would do her good.

Woman's Charity.—That was a beautiful idea of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who, while poor himself, had given gratuitous instruction to poor scholars, but when increased in worldly goods, began to think that he could not afford to give his services for nothing:

"Oh, James, don't say the like of that," said the gentle-hearted woman, "don't—a poor scholar never came into the house that I didn't feel as if *he brought fresh air from Heaven with him*—I never miss the bit I give them—my heart warms to the soft and homely sound of their bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens of itself to receive them in."

The condescensions of an elevated mind, when it stoops to the apprehensions of others, will always be overpaid by gratitude; the mild instructions of wisdom, like the rays of an evening sun retain their magnitude, while they remit their splendor, and please the more by dazzling less.

We often speak of being settled in life—we might as well think of casting anchor in the midst of the Atlantic Ocean, or talk of the permanent situation of a stone that is rolling down hill.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NATURE'S VOICES.

BY FANNIE CORWIN.

Nature whispers all around us,
With her voices sweet and low,
Winning us from care and sadness,
Giving life a brighter glow.

From the flowers, in beauty blushing,
Comes a voice of gentle sound,
Saying earthly beauty fadeth;
Naught immortal here is found.

When the gentle breeze comes wand'ring
Over hill and verdant lea,
Seems it not to softly whisper,
Health and life I bring to thee?

(Ah, that breeze! Of yore it lifted
Tresses from the happy brow
Of a last and fondly loved one;
O'er her grave 'tis sighing now!)

Nature speaketh all around us;
Not in voices low, alone,
But in notes of awe and grandeur,
In majestic thunder tone.

In the raging of the tempest—
In the lurid lightning's glare—
Comes a voice that thrills our being,
Telling us that God *is there*.

In the deep, old ocean's roaring,
As it breaks upon the shore;
In the rushing of the waters,
Pouring downward evermore,

Is a voice of mighty power,
Bidding earth's proud sons revere
Him who speaketh forth in nature,
Whom the hosts of heaven fear.

Nature's voices! heed their teachings,
As on eye and ear they fall—
They will draw us nearer heaven,
For "our Father made them all."

Geneva, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE AGE OF TALK.

It is not easy to foresee by what characteristic the present time will be known to future ages. The intellectual activity of the day runs in so many channels, each keeping so nearly even course with the others, that one can hardly point out any particular distinguishing excellence, entitled to give name to a period. Imagination has conceived a time when men followed rural employments, in simplicity and purity of life, and mankind celebrated that as the Golden Age of the race. Then there was the Heroic Age,—the age when those called the children of the gods are supposed to have lived. Severity of discipline and the absence of all luxury, give to another period the name of the Iron Age. In Literature, the time of any Nation's highest purity and refinement, is called its Augustan Age. But, as remarked above, our own age distinguishes itself in so many directions, that it is impossible to fix upon a single name that will do it full justice. Should one examine its merits with a view to determine its claim to a metallic designation, the *Age of Brass* would present itself as a singularly fit and appropriate title. Again, the pre-eminence of our time in works of benevolence,—in efforts to ameliorate want and suffering,—make it worthy to be known as the Philanthropic Age. Equally, the astonishing progress of this century toward perfection in the arts, entitle it to be denominated the Age of Invention. Indeed, so numerous are the ways in which the time manifests its superiority, that to mark it by a suitable name it is necessary to search out some excellence comprehensive of all others,—some characteristic common to the inventor, the philanthropist, the confidence man and others; and looking about for such universal or general distinguishing trait, we are struck by the pre-eminence of this age in the exercise of the social faculty, and we straightway resolve that this should be celebrated as the Age of Talk.

So ready is this age at self-proclamation, that it tells not only what it has done, but what it is doing, and what it is going to do. Its failures are as well known as its successes. From the beginning to the end the public is as well informed of the progress of an undertaking as the workers themselves. Every child knows, or may know, what pictures artists are painting, what books authors are writing, what works musicians have in hand, and how long before the publication of new remedies for the potato rot and the curculio may be expected. The time is reticent of nothing. It talks with equal freedom of what it knows, what it believes, and what it guesses at. The days of patient working and thinking in silence and secrecy are, for the most part, over. Nothing new takes the world by surprise, unless it is discovered accidentally. It seems as if the artist, the inventor, and the literary man dreaded solitary labor,—could not wait till the end of their work for their reward—must have the world thinking of them while they are thinking for it. One poet announces (not publicly yet, that I know,) the title and plan of a poem which he allows himself twenty-five years to finish! What a time to be under the eye of expectation! One would think his faculties would be paralyzed by it. Will he produce a true poem? Will it be written throughout in obedience to inward impulse, or will he feel that the outward demand, which the publication of his purpose has created, compels him to his work? Who knows, indeed, but the superiority of ancient over modern works of art, may be owing, partly at least, to the artist, in the former case, having matured his thought in silence and solitude, and afterwards worked it out under circumstances of less publicity than in the latter? As, to borrow a homely illustration, hens that steal their nests and brood in quiet and obscurity, invariably bring off a finer, healthier flock, than those that are set artificially, subjected to daily visits of inspection, and waited upon with the silly pedantry of regular feeding and watering. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OILY PEOPLE.

Did you ever have any such persons in your neighborhood, and did you ever notice how they manuever? If you have, you cannot fail to think with me that "oily" is just the epithet to apply, they have such a genteel way of smoothing out everything. They will sit down by you, and quiz you about your affairs, and seem so interested in all of your concerns, that, before you think, you tell them all you know. But do you turn the tables, mum is the word,—they know nothing at all,—not even one word can you find out about their business. Perhaps you havn't the least deception about you; and when you meet persons that you do not like, you use them just as you feel, and speak out what you think. Mark how these oily people glide through such difficulties. They use every one just the same, never allowing their feelings to influence them in the least,—before their faces, I mean. Behind their backs they talk worse than you do; but, for all that, they are extremely agreeable, while you are a sour, crabbed, old thing. Just so they slick everything over, and even make you think they are just right, when you know they slander you out of sight.

How detestable such characters are. Rather let any one be saucily blunt than to use so much oil. The fact is, I cannot swallow it.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1860. Amelia.

THE LAST HOURS OF LA FAYETTE.

No life had ever been more passionately political than his; no man had ever placed his ideas and political sentiments more constantly above all other pre-possessions or interests. But politics were utterly unconnected with his death. Ill for three weeks, he approached his last hour. His children and household surrounded his bed; he ceased to speak, and it was doubtful whether he could see. His son George observed that with uncertain gesture he sought for something in his bosom. He came to his father's assistance, and placed in his hand a medallion which he always wore around his neck. M. de La Fayette raised it to his lips; this was his last motion. That medallion contained a miniature and a lock of hair of Madame de La Fayette, his wife, whose loss he had mourned for twenty-seven years. Thus already separated from the entire world, alone with the thought and image of the devoted companion of his life, he died. In arranging his funeral, it was a recognized fact in the family, that M. de La Fayette had always wished to be buried in a small cemetery adjoining the Convent of Picpus, by the side of his wife, in the midst of victims of the Revolution, the greater part royalists and aristocrats, whose ancestors had founded that pious establishment. The desire of the veteran of 1789 was scrupulously respected and complied with. An immense crowd—soldiers, national guards and populace—accompanied the funeral procession along the boulevards and streets of Paris. Arrived at the gate of the Convent of Picpus, the crowd halted; the interior inclosure could only admit two or three hundred persons. The family, the nearest relatives, and the principal authorities entered, passed through the Convent in silence, then across the garden, and finally entered the cemetery. There, no political manifestation took place; no oration was pronounced; religion and the intimate reminiscences of the soul alone were present; public politics assumed no place near the death-bed or the grave of the man whose life they had occupied and ruled.—*Guizot's Memoirs.*

CLINGING TO YOUTH.

I abominate the padded, rouged, dyed old sham; but I heartily respect the man or woman, pensive and sad, as some little circumstance has impressed upon them the fact that they were growing old. A man or woman is a fool who is indignant at being called *the old lady or the old gentleman*, when these phrases state the truth; but there is nothing foolish or unworthy when some such occurrence brings it home to us, with something of a shock, that we are no longer reckoned among the young, and that the innocent and impressionable days of childhood (so well remembered,) are beginning to be far away. We are drawing nearer, we know, to certain solemn realities of which we speak much and feel little; the undiscovered country (humbly sought through the pilgrimage of life,) is looming in the distance before. We feel that life is not long, and is not common-place, when it is regarded as the portal to eternity. And probably nothing will bring back the season of infancy and early youth upon any thoughtful man's mind so vividly as the sense that he is growing old. How short a time since then! You look at your great brown hand. It seems like yesterday since a boy companion (gray now) tried to print your name upon the little paw, and there was not room. You remember it (is it five-and-twenty years since?) as it looked when laid on the head of a friendly dog, two or three days before you found him poisoned and dead; and helped, not without tears, to bury him in the garden, under an apple tree. You see, as plainly as you saw it then, his brown eye, as it looked at you in life for the last time. And as you feel these things, you quite unaffectedly and sincerely put off, time after time, the period at which you will accept it as a fact you are old. Twenty-eight, thirty, thirty-five, forty-eight, mark years, on reaching which you will still feel you are young. Many men honestly think that sixty-five or sixty-eight is the prime of life.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

It is a common thing, in the voyage of life, to mistake, like Sinbad, a whale's back for an island.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"HOPE THOU IN GOD."

"Hope thou in God," for 'tis from him
Thy blessings all descend;
Thy sun and shield He'll ever be,
Thy guardian and thy friend.

"Hope thou in God"—let thy whole heart
Be placed on things above;
So shalt thou prove the length, the breadth,
Of Everlasting Love.

"Hope thou in God," and though thy heart
Is oft with cares oppress'd,
Yet thou shall find the promise true,
"I'll give the weary rest."

"Hope thou in God," though adverse winds
Upon thy path may blow,
Eternal bliss shall yet reward
For all thy toils below.

"Hope thou in God," and even death
Shall have no sting for thee;
And o'er the grave thou shalt obtain
A perfect victory.

"Hope thou in God," and when from heaven
The message shall descend,
Which bids thee lay thine armor down,
He then will be thy friend.

"Hope thou in God;" and when at last
Thy Savior bids thee rise,
With songs of triumph thou shalt join
The music of the skies.

Hartsgrove, N. Y., 1860. S. A. P.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME."

A source of the sweetest and most satisfying consolation is the knowledge that there is a Friend, of unbounded tenderness, who is infinite in wisdom, and so "knoweth our frame." The human heart needs sympathy while beset by the many cares and ills of the present state. Earthly sympathy is priceless. Dreary would life be were there no hearts of whose love we are assured, and whose kindness never fails; but sometimes the winds grow boisterous, and the arm of earthly sympathy is powerless to save from sinking beneath the dark billows of sorrow, which seem ready to engulph us. Blessed it is then to trust for support to the out-stretched and all-potent arm of Him who "knoweth our frame."

Earthly joys are unsatisfying, and only mock our seeking. Our spirit's thirst can never be assuaged by the springs of earthly pleasure, but it is sweet to slake that thirst with the pure waters drawn by faith from the life-giving fountain opened by the love of Him who "knoweth our frame." Life is not all sunlight, neither is it all shadow,

"But we know by the lights and shades, through which
our pathway lies,
By the beauty and the grief alike, we are training for
the skies;"

and while we are affected by devout gratitude that so much pleasant light beams upon our way, we should also remember that it is indeed love that permits the shadow to fall. How strongly our affections are wedded to the things of time! Our hearts need disappointments and sorrows to divorce us from the world; and so the shadows are thrown,—really visitants of mercy,—to turn our thoughts heavenward, to the blooming plains where "shines one eternal day," with no shadow of grief to ever impair the brightness of its glory. We should, therefore, adore the love that gives the blessing, and trust the wisdom that permits the apparently adverse dispensations, knowing that as much of the one and as little of the other as shall be for our highest and final good, will be given by the Disposer of all events, for "He knoweth our frame."

Thus, whatever may be our experiences, if we are the children of the Heavenly Father's care, we should never listen to the dark utterances of Distrust, for it is not only our duty but our blessed privilege as Christians to have peace,—yea, to "rejoice evermore." Though dark clouds shroud our sky in gloom, and it is but an uncertain light that glimmers upon our present pathway, the breezes of love will in time sweep them all away, and in the gorgeous light of that radiant future, over the splendors of which a shadow can never stray, we shall see that all events are wisely ordered, and how all the circumstances of the present are conspiring for our good in the ultimate realization of the real and never-fading glory. This attests the unfailing promises of the kind one who "knoweth our frame."

Kind reader, if thou hast not a faith that doth evidence to thee the unseen, and if thou hast not a well-defined hope of a happy future where time shall proclaim that thy days on earth are numbered, this subject hath an important lesson for thee which thou wilt do well to heed. There is One who hath sympathy for thee, and there is a time certainly coming,—it is but a little way off in the future,—when thou wilt know the worth of that Friend if thou dost not now. And if through life thou dost continue to slight His love, how sad and hopeless will be thy condition when He taketh His friends home to dwell in light ineffable. Haste, oh, haste to secure the unalterable friendship of Him who "knoweth our frame."

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860. Ellath.

It was thought by the old heathens to be the grandest thing they could say of a man that he should one day eat at the tables of the gods. My brethren, we eat at these tables every day. At the table of my God I feast, and from His cup I drink. I have nothing which I have not received from Him; the Lord hath given me all that I have.—*Spurgeon.*

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well, while one ascends, the other descends.—*Bishop Hopkins.*

THE TRAVELER.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XV.

The Pressing Want of Oregon—Pacific Railroad—Indian Statistics—Wheat Converted into Bacon—Great Fall of Rain—"Cascades" and Indian Traditions—Old "Trav," the Hunter—The Gold Mania, and its Fruits.

PORTLAND, Oregon, June 6, 1860.

THE great want of Oregon is an increase of population. Instead of 50,000, she ought to have, immediately, 500,000 inhabitants. Oregon is an inviting field for emigration. Here rich and cheap lands, fine climate, and beautiful scenery, hold out flattering inducements for eastern men to make their homes on the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Were the Atlantic and Pacific coasts connected by a continuous line of railroad, immigration would pour into these valleys, like rain from surcharged clouds. A Pacific railroad is the great desideratum of the age! In comparison, every other public enterprise is dwarfed to insignificance. It utters its appeals in all ears, in all places, and all times,—pleads for self-creation with an eloquence and power that ere long will give it birth and being, and prove a blessing to humanity throughout our wide and free domain!

Recently we were favored with an interview with Mr. GARY, General Superintendent of Indian Affairs. From him we gathered the following items. His jurisdiction extends from the 42d to the 49th parallel, and from the Rocky Mountains to the ocean coast. Within this Indian territory, there are, at present, about 36,000 Indians. They speak some forty different tongues. Some of the tribes are very athletic and healthy, others diminutive and sickly. There are sixteen reservations, varying from 800 to 1,200 square miles each. One, however, contains 6,300 square miles, and is as large as Connecticut and Rhode Island combined. Government disburses from five to six hundred thousand dollars annually among these various tribes; not in gold and silver, but in articles conducive to their happiness. The Indians call all Americans "Bostons," because the first they saw came from the city by that name. They call Englishmen King-George-men. The number of Indians is decreasing,—the race is wasting away.

Wheat is the principal grain used here for fattening hogs. Pork-making is a leading branch of farm pursuit, and wheat is thus readily turned to cash. It is said that a well-bred hog never turns up his nose against a dinner of good white wheat soaked in fresh butter milk. Bacon is usually worth from 18 to 20 cents per pound.

Oregon is in the midst of the moistest "spell of weather" that she has had at this season for several years. The amount of rain that has fallen during the last three weeks has been very great—at least eight inches of water, and probably more. The weight of eight inches of water is 39 pounds to the square foot,—10,540 pounds to the square rod,—842 tuns (and a fraction) to the square acre,—and 539,200 tons to the square mile. Extend these figures over the Willamette Valley—an area of some 4,550 square miles,—and we find that about *two thousand four hundred and fifty-three millions three hundred and sixty thousand tuns of water* have fallen in this Valley within a period of a few weeks. When we reflect that this immense weight is carried up from the ocean to a height of two to four thousand feet, and evenly distributed over the land by an agency which is not capable of holding up a mustard seed, we are filled with the most profound astonishment.

In leaving Oregon, the "Cascades" come in for a passing notice. This is a point of great interest in the Columbia River. It is a narrow defile between towering piles of rocks on either hand, through which all the accumulating waters caused by the rains and melting of snows on the mountains press on their way to the ocean. There is much evidence to show that this passage has at no remote period been partially dammed up by some action in nature; for above the "Cascades" are acres of submerged forests. The tops of large trees are discovered just peering themselves out of their watery bed. The Indians have a tradition regarding, or touching it, running in this wise:—"Mt. Hood," say they, "became mad with Mt. Adams and his wife,—and in his anger, tore down a natural bridge which led over the "Cascade" to prevent his wife from coming and quarreling with him." There is much evidence to show that the natural bridge was thrown down, but it is not *quite clear* that the Indians give the correct solution of the matter.

There is a type of mind, in all new States and Territories, which revels in border scenes and pioneer life. Such a mortal organism we recently fell in with. The fellow had once been a slave in Missouri, and was brought to this coast. He worked one year, split 15,000 rails, and obtained in return a title deed to himself. He is now a professional hunter,—the owner of guns, several horses, and seven large, full-grown hounds. To the question whether he made it pay to keep so many dogs, he replied, "it pays so finely that I intend to increase the number to twenty-four." He was attired in a suit of buckskin. Among his assets were large numbers of deer skins and wolf hides, but the most prominent item in his stock of trade was a rollicsome heart, and an enthusiastic love of his profession. Judging from his airs and conversation, it was evident that he had not a doubt flitting across his brain, but that he was a very important personage. And so he was. The farmers, or sheep raisers, suffer much from the ravages of the *tryote* or prairie wolf. "Old TRAV," for this is his name, delights in vetoing the designs of Mr. Wolf, and his hounds find their meat tolerable, after a hard run, provided they have not on hand any venison, which they esteem far more highly. The farmers pay "TRAV" $5 for every wolf tail caught in near proximity to their sheep pastures. Really, "Old TRAV" is very popular, simply because he is very useful, and very *good natured*.

Gold is the grand stimulent of society on the Pacific coast. Gold, gold, gold, rings out on the air, as the eager multitude pursue their yellow chase, grasping for fortunes, and restless to become millionaires. The present is truly a Golden Era. During the *last decade*, there has been coined in the world and put into circulation, the vast sum of twenty-two hundred millions of dollars,—over three hundred and ten millions of which was coined last year, thus showing that the amount is every year increasing. The discovery of new gold and silver mines in Oregon continues. The placers at Pike's Peak are constantly improving, and the gold districts of California are yielding an increased supply every year. The truth is, the quantities of this precious metal which still lie concealed in the bowels of the American continent, are beyond calculation. Every year some new discovery will be made, till at length it will be found that in their vast mineral resources as well as in their boundless agricultural wealth, the United States stand at the head of all nations. Not only is the surface of its virgin soil unequaled in extent and fertility, but the depths beneath are filled with inexhaustible stores of precious metals, which will hasten the development of agriculture, quicken the energies of commerce, foster the arts into excellence, and stimulate the growth of population and prosperity, beyond a precedent in human annals. Forty years hence,—in the year 1900,—this Republic will present a feature of grandeur and wealth, to which no parallel can be found in the records of the past. S. B. R.

SAULT Ste. MARIE.

A VOYAGE of eight hours, by steamer, from Mackinac will bring us to the famous Falls of St. Mary, in the Strait of St. Mary, which connects the waters of Lake Superior and Lake Huron, and separates Canada West from the upper part of Michigan. The strait extends 63 miles from the south-east extremity of Lake Superior until it reaches Lake Huron. Its course is sometimes narrow, and broken into angry rapids; again, it widens into beautiful lakelets, and winds amid enchanting islands. It is navagable for vessels drawing eight feet of water, up to within a mile of Lake Superior, where the passage is interrupted by the great "Sault" or Falls. The Sault is a series of turbulent rapids, with a total descent of 22 feet in the course of three-quarters of a mile.

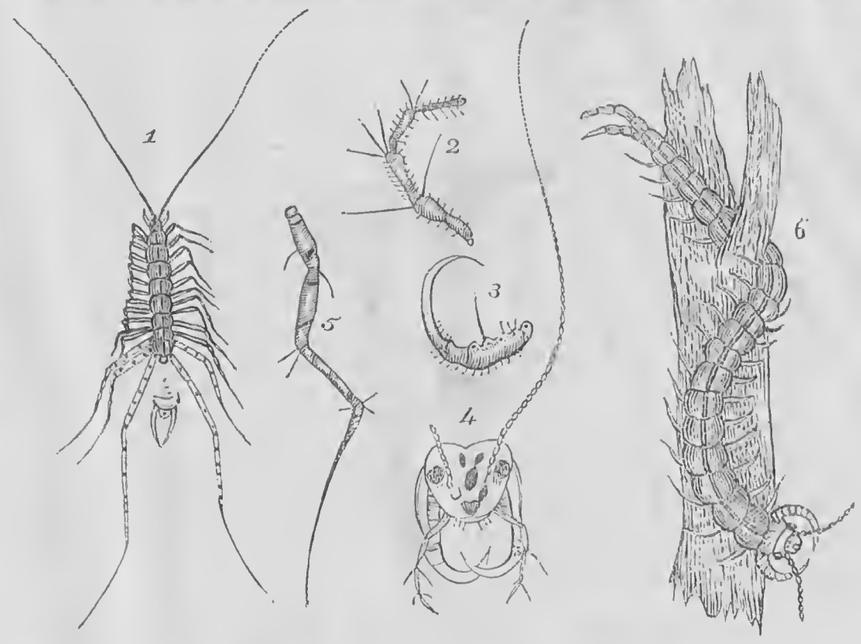
The exhilarating sport of descending this passage, or of *running the rapids*, as the adventure is called, is thus described in the Lake Superior Journal:—"Wast thou ever in a gondola in Venice?" is nothing to the question constantly asked now-a-days, "Hast thou ever run the St. Mary's Rapids in a birchen canoe?" One who can decide that interesting question in the affirmative can boast of the most delicious sport ever enjoyed on the water. The Rapids, bright and sparkling, and white with foam, are beautifully broken and dashed into a thousand eddies by small islands and huge boulders; some rearing their frightful heads above the surface, some bowing themselves under the foaming, rushing currents, seeming like so many sea-monsters forcing their way madly up the rapid stream.

The bark canoe is beautifully adapted to this "leap;" light as a feather in the hands of its only true master and builder, the Indian, it bounds with every motion of the dancing waters. None but an Indian can pilot our bark down among those furious waters and frightful rocks; but guided by an Ojibwa, a people rocked from their infancy in these birchen canoes, we feel safe as we do on land. For a perfect enjoyment of this descent, the day should be warm, calm, and clear—so warm that it is a luxury to be out upon these cool waters, so still that not a breath of air can be felt stirring. Though the excitement of the trip never wears off, yet the first venture in the frail boat has a freshness of interest never to be forgotten. One walks up to the "Head," beside the roaring rapids, where the boat is in waiting for the leap, and the never-ceasing roar fills his mind, as well as his ear, with vague sensations of fear; he sees everywhere the ugly-looking boulders in the channel of the river; he sees the waters dashed into foam around them; he has heard of all the accidents that have happened in making the descent, and he steps into the giddy little craft with more of fear than pleasure. But that sensation is of short duration. He feels encouraged by the ease and pleasant coolness of his Indian *voyageurs*, and by their dexterity in guiding the canoe.

At first the current is smooth and unbroken, and one looks down through the crystal water at the boulder-covered bottom, and is surprised and delighted at the canoe's rushing into an abyss, gradually subsiding into the quiet flow of a broad river, so that steamboats may run into the very foot of the rapids, and the frail bark canoe of the adventurous and skillful half-breed dash far up among them in pursuit of the white fish. These rapids are broken up into several different channels, and among them are scattered little islands, such as you see at Niagara, and, like them, bristling with cedars in all possible attitudes.

These rapids are not unlike those of Niagara, excepting that, instead of ending upon the brink of a terrible precipice, they decline with the steady flow of a wide river; and steamers and canoes may fearlessly enter them. They run in different channels, everywhere dodging the numerous little cedar-covered islands in their way.

The St. Mary's Ship Canal now overcomes the obstruction made by these rapids in the passage from Lake Huron to Lake Superior. Heretofore, merchandise from Chicago, Detroit, Buffalo, and other places, had to be discharged and conveyed over a railroad to the upper end of the Sault, and then hauled down to the waters at the opposite extremity; and the locks in this massive canal are, perhaps, the largest in the world.—*Hand-Book of American Travel.*



MYRIAPODA—CENTIPEDES, &c.

DEAR RURAL:—They who interest themselves by examining the insects they meet with, often find specimens undescribed by such authors as they may have, when consulted. Many such are among my collections, and some of which have since been noticed and described by Mr. FITCH, for which he deserves credit. The trouble is, I have never opened a scientific channel, and only within a few years past availed myself of Agricultural journals, which, though more extensively read, are not those expressly devoted to the mere notice of new species; and consequently those only of importance in an agricultural point of view, are calculated for such pages. Your paper, however, is a proper medium for the following remarks, in a domestic point of view, if not particularly connected with agriculture.

Among the terrestrial crustaceans, we have what are termed the *Myriapoda*, or many-footed creatures, also called centipedes, millipedes, &c. These undergo a metamorphosis, by acquiring, in their progress from the egg to the adult state, several additional segments, each with one or two pair of legs attached. These are divided into two orders, thus distinguished: The first have a body generally cylindrical, each segment with two pairs of legs; antennæ 7, jointed—*chilognathans*. The second, a body depressed (seg. covered with a plate,) each segment one pair of legs; antennæ 14, many-jointed—*Chilopodans*. The names derived from the compound Greek words for *a lip* and *a jaw*, No. 1; and *a lip* and *a foot*, No. 2, has reference to their oral structure also, which distinguishes them.

The *Chilopodans*, or centipedes, are again divided; those having the six hind pairs of legs longer than the rest are denominated *Inæquipedes*. Those having all their legs equal in length (except the last pair,) are called *Æquipedes*.

There is but one genus mentioned among the *Inæquipedes*, which genus is named *Cermatia*, by ILLIGER & LEACH, and *Scutigera*, by LAMARC and LATRILLE. SAY barely mentions a single species, the *Cermatia coleoptrata* of VILLIERS, found in Georgia and East Florida. He considers these introduced by our shipping from abroad. This is all I can find respecting it, so that I am unable to say whether it is like one that has become a real nuisance here at Lancaster, or not. KIRBY says they are not found in England, but they are found on the Continent, in France, at least.

Fig. 1 represents a species that infests our dwellings, bed-rooms, and out-houses. They conceal themselves during the day, and are rarely abroad, unless disturbed from their lurking-place between the washboards, joists, or any crevice in which they can hide. When night comes they may be seen running upon the walls and floor with great velocity, coursing for prey, which consists of bedbugs and smaller insects. These they puncture with their oval fangs, and the venom they instill acts very quickly, thus enabling them easily to secure their victims. A lady acquaintance, finding them running upon the walls in the bed-room occupied by her children, in one of our first-class dwellings, brought one to me, inquiring what they were. I gave her to understand that they were more poisonous than the bite of a spider, and ought to be expelled from the bed-chambers, and every lurking-place secured, by using thick lime plaster in the chinks, or otherwise closed up. In corroboration of my own views, I will give the observations of Mr. WM. H. THACKARY, in his own words, as nearly as I can remember them, on observing the drawing of one in my book. He said that on the 20th day of June last, having disturbed some rubbish, one of these creatures, in running along the wall, got into a spider's web. A small-sized spider ran out, but retreated instantly, while a larger, robust specimen, the adult parent, perhaps, came to secure the prisoner. She adroitly pulled the ropes and kept her victim entangled, notwithstanding violent jerks and exertions to become disengaged; the spider was evidently shy of her customer, and exerted all her skill at a respectful distance from her adversary. The fight became interesting, without exciting any sympathy for one or the other of the vermin; it was "devil kill devil" to me. Determined, however, to await the issue of the contest, I closely watched the maneuverings of both. After struggling for some time, the persevering spider, either with a view to bite or get her victim's head secured, approached close enough to receive a stroke on her rotund corporosity from the fangs of the millipede. It was truly astonishing to notice the effect; the moment the spider was struck she *keeled* over, stretched her legs, and that was the end of her. The body seemed to swell to twice its previous bulk, and subsequently, on a post mortem examination, I found two white spots where the fangs had struck. As to the victorious prisoner, he made a few energetic efforts and cleared himself from the web, marching off unharmed from the combat, and proved too many for a full-sized spider.

The general use of this order of insects, is to remove putrescent animal and vegetable matter from dark, moist places, such as they commonly frequent. These seem nearly related to the *Scolopendra*. Some species of this genus grow to an enormous size. The giant centipede in the British Museum is more than a foot long.

They have the second pair of legs terminating in a strong claw, which is pierced at the apex for the emission of poison—the first pair being considered the lip, hence called *Chilopodans*, lip-footed. Fig. 2, the palpi-like first pair. Fig. 3, the clawed pair, one of each enlarged. Fig. 4, a front view of the head. Fig. 5, an intermediate leg. Fig. 6 is the *Scolopendra morsitans* of the West Indies; also called *Malfaisante*, which means mischievous. The pain caused by their bite, though it never proves mortal, is, however, greater than that produced by the sting of the scorpion.

In connection with those frequenting bedrooms, I will add, that when such are infested with bedbugs, they had better be encouraged, as they come in search of that vermin; but I would, of course, recommend cleanliness and a total banishment of the one; the other then may seek a hunting-ground better adapted to its necessities.

This imparts a further lesson. There is a war of one part of the creation upon another, that the sacrifice of a part may maintain the health and life of the whole; or, when cleanliness is not observed, vermin will result; these, again, are kept in check by another class, also noxious, but conservative; so that, notwithstanding all the drawbacks, creation, with man at its head, is still progressive to higher development and usefulness.

Description of Fig. 1.—Scales of a dull yellow color, margined, (a variety has the margin spotted with black,) and a central dark stripe; the scales are emarginate and carinated behind, forming a callous point of an oval shape, slightly elevated and of a lighter color, ten in number, with about eighteen pairs of legs, the hind pair exceedingly long. J. STAUFFER.

Lancaster, Pa., September, 1860.

THE NEW PLANET VULCAN.

THE latest number of the North British Review contains an interesting summary of the discussions by the French astronomers on the alleged discovery of a new planet between Mercury and the sun. M. Lescarbault, an humble but honest physician, living at Orgeres, who has studied astronomy from his earliest youth, and has provided himself with rude but accurate instruments of observation, saw on the 26th of May, 1859, a black point immediately after its entrance upon the sun's disc, which it crossed in one hour and 17 minutes. From calculations soon after made, it was estimated that the new body, which is appropriately named Vulcan, is only one-seventeenth as large in mass as Mercury, and that the time of its revolution is 19 days and 17 hours. It is never at a greater elongation, or distance, from the sun than eight degrees.

Leverrier, the discoverer of Neptune, and the head of the National Observatory, had expressed his partial belief in the theory that certain disturbances in the movements of Mercury could be accounted for by the existence of small bodies circulating between Mercury and the sun, like the ring of such bodies as there are between Mars and Jupiter. He received, however, with doubt the news of Lescarbault's discovery, and it was not until after a severe examination of the latter's work, papers and instruments, that he became convinced that the Doctor had really made the discovery. When satisfied that an intra-Mercurial planet had actually been seen, he made the facts public, and the discoverer of Vulcan became famous. Some of the leading astronomers, hereupon, took up the subject, holding opposite opinions. M. Wolf made calculations founded on the records of many black spots which had passed across the sun since 1762, confirmed the credibility of Lescarbault's narration, and moreover expressed the opinion that the observatios can only be reconciled by the admission of at least three intra-Mercurial planets.

On the other hand, M. Lisis, another French astronomer, denies the whole story of Dr. Lescarbault, both as to the observation, which he declares to be false, and as to the truth of his hypothesis. He argues the matter with great skill and force; his course of reasoning, however, being too elaborate to be properly condensed in this paragraph. It is perhaps sufficient to say, that the Reviewer in the North British, after carefully stating all the facts and criticisms, does not doubt the honesty of Dr. Lescarbault, nor does he believe that he is mistaken.

PROSPERITY is no just scale; adversity is the only true balance to weigh friends.

YOUNG RURALIST.

'TIS A FEARFUL THING TO LIVE.

WE frequently hear persons remark that it is a fearful thing to die; but seldom do we hear them say 'tis a fearful thing to *live*. It *may* be a fearful thing to die, (certainly a solemn one,) but to me it seems more solemn, more *fearful* to *live*. That *is* a solemn hour when we gaze upon the pallid cheek of a loved and dying one,—when we feel the last pressure of those lips upon ours,—when the last farewell is faintly whispered,—and to the dying one it may be solemn to leave earth and its loved objects, and to enter the "dread unknown;" but surely one need not *fear* to die who has thought, spoken, and acted in the fear of GOD, framing all his actions with that great day in view, when all decisions must remain as they are made; when every secret shall be revealed, all mystery solved, nothing concealed. To one who has thus lived, dying can only be like

"Wrapping the drapery of his couch about him,
And lying down to pleasant dreams."

But Life! O, Life! what is it to *live?* Not merely to eat, drink, and sleep,—it is to love, to rejoice, to mourn, to feel the keenest sorrows, to know the greatest pleasures.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths; In feelings, not in figures on a dial."

Man dies, but his *influence* lives; it ceases not with the pulsations of his heart, but shall live and be felt even when he is forgotten. This makes it a solemn, yes, fearful thing to live. O, who does not shudder at the thought of exerting an influence which shall tell unfavorably upon an *undying soul through all eternity!*

Prof. HITCHCOCK, in his chapter on the "Telegraph System of the Universe," introduces the remarkable theory, that our words, our actions, even our very thoughts, make an indelible impression upon the universe; that "not a word has ever escaped from mortal lips, but it is registered indelibly upon the atmosphere we breathe." Whether this be true or no, it is certain that we all have an influence, and that this influence is continually exerted for good or ill upon all around us. Knowing this, how cautiously should we tread life's pathway; ever keeping a sentinel at the door of our mind that no evil thought enter, and at our mouth that no evil word go out.

Dansville, Steuben Co., N. Y., 1860. L. E.

TWILIGHT THOUGHTS.

How calm, how placid are the hours of sunset and twilight. Nature in all her works betokens rest, for scarce a leaf stirs or bough sways, so still is all around. As I sit by the open window gazing upon the scene without, how varied are the emotions that crowd themselves upon me.

The past, lighted up by memory's gleams, seems almost a present reality. Imagination carries me back to the happy hours of childhood, now gone for ever, and the friends of youth, now scattered far and wide over this broad earth, seem again to surround me. But memory loves not always to be sad, and now she bids the heart be gay, lighting up its dark recesses, guiding us back through joys which once we prized as never to be forgotten, and happiness long buried in oblivion, is renewed at this quiet hour.

But not alone with the past do we love to dwell, for thought glides gently to the present, and from thence out into the uncertainties of the vast future. Dark, indeed, is the veil that separates us from its untried realities, and the most penetrating eye fails to pierce its sable folds, yet Hope bids us not despair, and lures us on with expectations of happiness greater than it has been our lot to enjoy. O, Hope! how wonderful is thy power.—Poverty and distress but adds to thy lustre. The traveler on life's journey, bowed down by disappointment and cares, turns to thee, his guiding star, and is revived. The fainting one, almost giving up in despair, oft catches a gleam from thy countenance which lights him far out upon his weary journey. J. A SMITH.

Geneva, Wis., 1860.

TREE PLANTING.

"HAVE you never heard of the student who, on being told that the cow would sometimes live a hundred years, bought a young cow to try the experiment?" Yes, indeed, we have heard of him,—the irony is excellent,—and of Dr. Johnson's growl about "the frightful interval between the seed and the timber." Still, we say, plant trees. They who plant at once, instead of wasting their breath in selfish complaints of the shortness of life, find luxuriant foliage waving over them much sooner than they expected. But, whether you live to see the maturity of your trees or not, be benevolent enough to plant for posterity. Transmit to your children the inheritance of rural beauty received from your fathers, greatly augmented. By all means plant, and plant well, and the result will overpay the labor. And let not your work end with planting. Feed your trees from year to year with generous food, and guard them from injury. And, in the words (slightly altered) of an old planter:—"What joy may you have in seeing the success of your labors while you live, and in leaving behind you, to your heirs or successors, a work that, many years after your death, shall record your love to your country! And the rather, when you consider to what length of time your work is like to last." If you have country homes to embellish, be content with simplicity. Remember that a great establishment is a great care, and that the proprietor is apt to become slave to it. Let your dwelling-places be marked with what painters call "repose." Make them the abodes of comfort and refined enjoyment, places which will always afford you agreeable occupation, but not oppress you with care.—*North American Review.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Does Farming Pay?....301
Wintering Sheep,....301
An Excellent Use for Dogs,....301
Wood's Patent Willow Feeler, [Illustrated,]....301
"Turning Out" Cattle,....301
Kansas,—Crops, Climate, &c,....301
The Seasons and the Crops in N. H.,....302
Shocking Corn, [Illustrated,]....302
Harvesting Corn,....302
System in Labor,....302

Rural Spirit of the Press—Boiled Corn for Hogs and other Stock; Corn, shall it be Topped, or Cut up; Facts about Sheep; Don't Abuse the Oxen,....302

Inquiries and Answers—Preventing a Cow Sucking herself; Lung Fever in Horses; Drying off Milch Cows; Scales in Butter-milk; Keeping Potatoes,....302

Agricultural Miscellany—Agricultural Fairs; Springfield Horse Show; Potato Rot, Illinois Harvest Prospects; Queen Victoria's Stables and Horses; Promoted; American Mowing Machines in Holland; The Union Fair at Medina,....302

HORTICULTURAL.

American Pomological Society,....303
President Wilder's Address,....303

Horticultural Notes.—To Our Readers; Horticultural Exhibition and Discussion,....303

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A Chapter on Pickles; Green Tomatoes; Ripe Tomatoes; Pickling Tomatoes; Pickling Cucumbers,....303

LADIES' OLIO.

Gone, [Poetical;] An Aged Woman's Story; Making Fun; Woman's Charity,....304

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Nature's Voices, [Poetical;] The Age of Talk; Oily People; The Last hours of La Fayette; Clinging to Youth,....304

SABBATH MUSINGS.

"Hope thou in God." [Poetical;] "He knoweth our Frame,"....304

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letter XV; Sault Ste. Marie,...305

USEFUL OLIO.

Myriapoda—Centipedes, &c., [Illustrated;] The New Planet Vulcan,....305

YOUNG RURALIST.

'Tis a Fearful thing to Live; Twilight Thoughts; Tree Planting,....305

THE STORY TELLER.

The Alpine Sheep, [Poetical;] Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel,....308

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Cincinnati Dollar Times—C. W. Starbuck & Co.
Potato Hooks—N. B. Phelps.
Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machines.
Potato Forks—N. B. Phelps.
N. Y. Central Nurseries—S. B. Kelly.
Corn Baskets—N. B. Phelps.
Palmer's Leather Trusses—G. T. Palmer.
Turn Table Apple Parers—N. B. Phelps.
Grape Vines—S. D. Hefferon.
Coring and Slicing Apple Parers—N. B. Phelps.
Valuable Chart—Wm. S. Brown.
To Inventors—J. Fraser.
Traps! Traps!—N. B. Phelps.
Pure Dorking Fowls for Sale—R. R. Coleman.
Pure Blood Ayrshire Bull for Sale—W. D. Huntington.
To Tree Dealers—E. Barrow & Bro.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

SEMI OFFICIAL dispatches from Vera Cruz state that Gen. Cortez having been defeated, the State of Oaxaca is now in possession of the Liberals. The Re-actionists have abandoned the cities of Codora, Jalapa, and Orizaba, where the Liberals were raising troops to attack the enemy at Puella. The Liberal army of the Interior were in Queratero making preparaiions to advance upon the city of Mexico.

The Secretary of the Navy has appointed a Board to examine into the condition of vessels of the Navy, the cost of giving them full steam power, and the expediency of so altering them.

New Orleans mails have so repeatedly failed to arrive within the schedule time, during the past month, that the Department has taken the matter into consideration, with a view to a remedy.

Within the past year about 16,000,000 acres of public lands have been offered. Owing to well-known causes, the sales have been small, and the transactions, so far, are comparatively insignificant.

A Washington dispatch to the N. Y. Times, says that it is understood that government has given consent and co-operation to the intended mediation between England, France, and Spain, in affairs in Mexico. Minister McLane has instructions to that effect.

The Secretary of the Treasury to-day opened the bids for the construction and use by the government of a telegraph line to the Pacific. The proposal of Hiram Sibley, of Rochester, N. Y., representing the Western Union Line, was in accordance with the minimum sum in the act of Congress, namely: $40,000 per annum, and $3 for a single dispatch of ten words, with the usual proportionate deduction upon dispatches of greater length. Theodore Adams, of Harrisburgh, Pa., bids $29,000 per annum for ten years; Orville Clark, of Sandy Hill, N. Y., and J. H. Harman, of Detroit, $25,000 for ten years; B. T. Bicklin, of St. Joseph, makes three bids; the first, $35,000 per annum for ten years; second, $40,000 and to transmit all government dispatches at a dollar and a half for the first ten words, with the usual deductions on those of greater length; third, $40,000, accompanied with a proposition to run a pony express after the first five hundred miles of the line is finished, at the usual telegraph rates, until the line is completed,—for this, however, the act makes no provision.

Political Intelligence.

THE New Hampshire Democratic State Convention assembled at Concord on the 13th inst. Strong Douglas resolutions were adopted, after which the Convention nominated the following ticket:—*Electors*—Henry P. Rolfe, of Concord; G. W. Stevens, of Laconia; Thos. W. Gilmore, of Newport, John G. Sinclair, of Bethlehem, and Wm. C. Clark.

AT the Douglas Democratic primary election, in San Francisco, it was demonstrated that nearly all the Irish of the city will give their support to that ticket. Political mass meetings throughout the State are almost engrossing the public mind. Primary elections and conventions are taking place daily in all the counties to choose delegates to represent the four political parties, whose State Conventions will meet at Sacramento early in September.

THE Democratic State Convention of Oregon had met, and divided nearly equally with Douglas and Breckenridge wings, the former calling a State Convention at Eugene, on the 19th of September, the latter on the 18th. The Portland news says Delazon Smith, Lansing Stout, M. P. Deadly, Wm. Nesmith, Geo. Williams, David Logan and E. D. Baker, are candidates for U. S. Senator. E. Trngge and W. B. Hotly are contestants. The three parties—National Democrats, Douglas Democrats and the Republicans—will each have its candidate, and will each strive to carry off the prize by any and all the combinations and influences recognized as legitimate under the modern system of partisan strife.

THE Massachusetts regular Democratic State Convention met at Springfield on the 12th inst. It was abandoned to the Douglas men by the other wing of the party. Oliver Stevens, of Boston, presided. In the informal ballot for Governor, Judge Pliny Merrick had a large plurality, but after some discussion Orasmus D. Beach was nominated by acclamation. Charles Thompson, of Charleston, was nominated for Lieut. Governor; Isaac Adams, of Boston, Treasurer; James Easterbrook, of Worcester, Auditor; Samuel W. Bowman, of Pittsfield, Secretary of State; Samuel O. Lamb, of Greenfield, Attorney General. Isaac Davis, of Worcester, and Charles Hecbuer, of Lee, were nominated for electors at large. Strong Douglas and non-intervention resolutions were adopted, and the feelings of the Convention were decidedly against fusion.

THE Connecticut Breckenridge State Convention was organized on the 12th inst., at New Haven, by the choice of Hon. R. I. Ingersoll as President. The Convention nominated for electors at large, Ralph I. Ingersoll and Thomas H. Seymonr. For district electors, Ephraim H. Hyde, Edward A. Rupell, Joseph Lawrence and Edward A. Phelps, with instructions to vote for Breckenridge if it can elect him, if not, for any national candidate that can defeat Lincoln. Also inviting the co-operation of other organizations. The Convention comprized the experienced men of the party, and was enthusiastic.

RETURNS of the Maine election foot up as follows:—213 towns give Washburne, Rep., 48,147; Stewart, Dem., 35,026; Barnes, Whig, 1,240. In same towns last year, Morrell, Rep., 39,360; Smith, Dem., 35,044. Republican majority is 11,881, on an increased vote of 14,509. The aggregate vote of the State will reach 120,000. About 20,000 more than last year. All the Republican members of Congress are elected.

THE Massachusetts Breckenridge State Convention, nominated a clean State and Electoral ticket, including Benjamin Butler, of Lowell, for Governor, but passed resolutions favoring fusion, and appointed a committee to fill vacancies.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Pony Express from San Francisco on the 29th ult., arrived at St. Josephs, Mo., on the 2th inst.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 29.—The general tendency this week has been unfavorable, owing to the indisposition of buyers to operate. There have been but few leading transactions, and quotable exchanges cannot be recorded. No article can be sold as well as a week ago, if we except coal, which exhibits greater firmness at auction. The country trade has slacked up, and the jobbers are doing nothing. Without a revival in this respect, a general reaction seems unavoidable.

Wheat comes in largely. Buyers for export to Australia have withdrawn. The ship St. Helena, which has commenced loading for England, will carry 25,000 sacks of wheat. The bark Christina sailed for Australia with over 10,000 bushels of wheat, and the Lord Raglan has commenced loading for the same destination.

The ship Wild Ranger cleared on the 29th for Australia, conveying 170 sacks of wheat, 1,000 sacks of oats, and over 4,000 sacks of flour.

The several State and County Agricultural Fairs are about to meet, and all the reports represent the progress of the country, in an agricultural sense, as most extraordinary. At the Stockton fair 1,000 tons of copper, from Colemas Co., are on exhibition.

Thirty-three State Prison convicts made a desperate attempt to escape on the 28th ult., by rushing upon the guard. The prisoners were fired upon, and three or four mortally wounded before they could be secured.

On the 7th of August, the ship Lawson, of Bath, Maine, sailed from Port Townsend, Washington Territory, for New York direct, with a cargo of yellow fir spars, varying in length from 60 to 118 feet in length. This is the first cargo of ship timber shipped from Puget Sound for any Atlantic port. Another vessel is loading with the same kind of timber, for Loudon.

The value of the merchandise, not including the treasure, exported from San Francisco during August, exceeds $1,000,000, nearly all of which being products of California.

There have recently been several strikes of laborers in San Francisco for the ten hour system, which have been partially sustained.

The schooner Ortolean, which was started from San Francisco last spring for a gold prospecting expedition to Point Berlings Strait, on the Asiatic Continent, known as East Cape, has returned. No gold could be found, but the soil was brilliant with mica, which accounts for the marvellous reports which have been put in circulation, and which caused the expedition.

News from Honey Lake Valley is to the 26th. The wagon road expedition had completed its labors, and returned to the Valley. Col. Lander had an interview with the principal war chief of the Pawnee Indians, who desires peace, and has promised to keep his warriors quiet for one year, to give opportunity to have the cause of the troubles explained at Washington. This probably puts an end to further danger to the Pony Express and overland emigration.

OREGON.—Great excitement exists among the people of Oregon, on account of the extraordinary mineral discoveries in the neighborhood of Rock Creek, Keople River, and the Northern rivers generally. The Mountaineer says that experienced persons on the ground, assert that the Rock Creek mines are equal to those of California in their palmiest days. Our information is of a discouraging character. However, it is certain that a large number of persons have left, or are leaving, for the new diggings.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY papers have also glowing accounts from the northern mines, representing that great excitement prevailed at Slattle and other Puget Sound settlements, and that there was danger of some towns being almost temporarily depopulated.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The British Columbia news is confirmed relating to mining matters. Major Downie had arrived at Victoria, from the country in the neighborhood of Nans River, bearing specimens of gold quartz, very pure copper, silver ore, lead, and plumbago of very fine quality, quite fit to make drawing pencils from. The whole district is rich with minerals.

The Victoria Gazette says that the mining population of British Columbia is now receiving supplies almost exclusively from the American territories. The miners were turning their attention to the construction of ditches. Between 700 and 800 were working Van Winkle Bar, a short distance above Lython City, about half of whom were Chinamen. The diggins will give employment to a large number for two or three years to come. A piece of ore from the Fort Hope silver lead, has been assayed at Victoria, and yields $258 to the ton.

JAPAN.—The bark Watcher brings dates from Japan to July 22d. The Japanese steamer Cardinarangh arrived home from San Francisco June 25th, via. Honolulu. All well. A Portuguese ship-of-war had arrived at Kanagana with a Commissioner on board to effect a treaty with the Japanese government. The state of the country was peaceful. The Commander of the Cardinarangh had made a highly colored report to his countrymen, of the brilliant manner in which he and his crew were entertained while in San Francisco.

Important from Central America.

THE steamer Bienville arrived at New Orleans on the 10th inst., with important news from Central America, received by way of Havana. On the night of the 1st instant the commander of the English man-of-war Icarus ordered Gen. Walker to surrender Truxillo. Walker obeyed, and proceeded down the coast with about 80 men. Later accounts represent these as having been reduced to 25. The Hondureans would appear to have harrassed him on his march. After having taken possession of the town, Walker had been severely wounded in the face, and no opinion could be formed as to his coming fate. Some of his party have been brought to New Orleans by the steamer Kate, which left Truxillo on the 31st ult.

Some further particulars respecting the siege are given in the New Orleans Picayune of the 11th instant, received by the schooner Isaac Toucey. The partisans of Guardiola assembled before Truxillo are said to have numbered 900, all well armed. On the 31st ult., heavy cannonading was heard at sea from four o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon. It was supposed to proceed from both the land forces and the British vessel, which had been cruising for six months along the coast, as if anticipating a visit from the fillibusters. The British Consul at Comayagua, and other officials in that State, had made common cause with the Hondureans.

So the gray-eyed man of destiny has proved for the third time that "there is something in a name." He has had to walk out of Truxillo, and in a somewhat different style from the mode in which he entered it. By this time, if he has succeeded in making his escape by sea, it is not improbable that he may have met the fate he deserved.

FROM PIKE'S PEAK.—Denver City dates to Sept. 1st, are received. Reports from Tarryall silver mines continue favorable. The richness of the ore has not yet been fully ascertained. Some specimens yield more lead than silver. Several quartz mills in the Gregory district have been sold below cost. Most of those in Nevada gulch had been stopped several days on account of scarcity of water. The Davis mill in Russell's gulch, running four days, had reported $1,589. Several mills are moved from Boulder district to Gregory's, where their owners anticipate finding better quartz. The miners in the gulches are generally doing well. A few are making upward of $25 per day.

Left-Hand, of the Arapahoes, is in Denver, and says we may expect further trouble.

Mr. Creighton, telegraph agent, leaves this week for the States. He has been unable to raise a sufficient amount to bring the overland telegraph through to Denver. It will probably go via South Platte crossing and Fort Laramie.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Emigration from the port of London to the Australian Colonies is said to be rather quiet.

The Coventry strike was at an end, and the weavers, after suffering severe privations, had agreed to accept the terms of their employers.

Sir William Armstrong writes to the Times to state that he has not tendered his resignation to the government. He says that, although his engagements with the government is for years, he has no intention of holding the office longer than his services may be required for perfecting a system of artillery which he has been the means of introducing.

The Times Paris correspondent remarks that the demand of the French government from Naples on account of the recent outrage on the Prince Embassador cannot be viewed otherwise than as a lift to Garibaldi and the revolution.

FRANCE.—The Emperor and Empress had reached Chamouny, and were enthusiastically received.

A Paris correspondent of the London Herald says that France had just purchased ten large steam transports in the United States.

Count Persigny had made another speech, giving the impression that Napoleon would do nothing more than maintain the Pope's throne on the Vatican, and not help Lamoriciere to keep the Roman States.

It is reported that Queen Victoria's speech, relative to Savoy, produced a bad impression at Paris. A permanent French camp was to be established close to the Swiss and Germanic frontiers.

The Times Paris correspondent of Wednesday evening, says that Signor Parini went to compliment the Emperor on the occasion of his first visit to the transferred Provinces, and presented an autograph letter from the King of Sardinia, in which Victor Emanuel declared that it was impossible for him any longer to resist the current of public feeling in Italy, that he must head the lead, or be swept away by the tide.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—The Province of Terra di la Vero had risen in insurrection. Bands of insurgents were uniting and marching on Camp Basso.

There was nothing as to Garibaldi's movements further than that he was at Montelcone.

It was reported that the Neapolitan Ministers had tendered their resignations, but they were not accepted.

The King of Naples was to pay an indemnification of three millions of francs for French losses at the bombardment of Palermo.

The Antheon, which left Naples yesterday, brings the news that on Monday last the Neapolitan generals assembled in council, had, with the exception of General Bosco, unanimously resolved to leave the city.

At the moment of the departure of the Antheon, a report was circulated at Naples that the officers of the army and navy had tendered their resignations to the King.

The latest intelligence is to the effect that confusion was increasing at Naples. The Annexation Committee on the 3d received a communication from Garibaldi, announcing that as the country required a definite solution, he would be in Naples about the 8th, and in the name of Victor Emanuel, assume the directorship of the two Sicilies.

The Neapolitan Ministers have withdrawn their resignations, the attempt to form new ones, under Prince Exhittela, having failed.

SARDINIA.—Sardinia was about to interfere at Naples. It was reported that Gen. Lamarmora was about to leave for Naples with 30,000 troops, the object being to prevent Naples from becoming a prey to anarchy in view of the fall of the Bourbon dynasty.

All disposable vessels of the Sardinian navy were to be sent to Naples, and military preparations were more vigorous in Piedmont.

The Sardinian government was fitting every available transport, and it was said that if a rapid conveyance of so large a force should be found impossible, the Pope would be asked to allow passage through his dominions.

It was asserted that the prohibition placed on the departure of the volunteers from the Sardinian States, had been removed.

SPAIN.—The duty on printing paper had been reduced nearly one-half.

AUSTRIA.—A Revolutionary Committee had been discovered at Verona. The members were arrested. The papers seized, throw a startling light on the proceedings of a neighboring power.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor has invited the Prince Regent to a hunting party at Warsaw. The Prince consequently visits Warsaw about the middle of September.

Rumors of an interview of the Emperors of Austria, Russia, and the Prince Regent, gain more consistance. It is reported that preparations are making at Warsaw.

It was rumored that the Cabinet at Turin had agreed to prevent any invasion of the States of the Church.

The French garrison at Rome was to be increased by 3,500 men.

Ancona has been declared in a state of siege, and the Papal delegate recalled.

A dispatch from Perugia states that General Lamoriciere had directed his troops to plunder any town showing symptoms of insurrection.

SYRIA.—Said Pacha is acting vigorously in Syria. Seventy persons have been hung, and 110 soldiers shot. Four hundred and fifty troops have landed at Beyrout. There are threatening manifestations between the Christians and Moslems.

Official advices from Damascus, August 25th, announce the capital execution of 167 persons implicated in recent massacres. The executions struck terror into the inhabitants, and the city remained tranquil. One hundred and ten of the malefactors belong to the local police. They were shot in public. The others, including members of the first families of the country, were hung. Other parties were sentenced to hard labor at Constantinople. The Ex-Governor and other officials were under trial. The Sultan's army was acting with most perfect discipline. Perfect tranquility prevailed throughout Syria.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co., and Wakefield, Nash & Co's circulars report flour dull, and quotations barely maintained. Corn dull and easier, but quotations unchanged. *Provisions*—Beef dull. Pork quiet. Bacon quiet, but rather more doing. Lard firm and slightly higher. Sales 62s@64. Tallow firmer. Sugar dull and slightly lower. Coffee quiet. Rice firmer and active at 6d advance.

LONDON MARKET.—Barings' circular reports wheat buoyant at the opening, but closed with a declining tendency, and buyers demanding a reduction of 2d@3d; which, however, was not conceded. Sugar firm. Coffee buoyant, and 6d@1s higher. Rice quiet.

The News Condenser.

— Washington City contains 61,400 inhabitants.

— Garibaldi has 250 men armed with Colt's revolver rifles.

— The present Catholic population of Philadelphia is 130,000.

— The German population in this country is estimated at 7,500,000.

— There were two deaths, last week, at Charleston, of yellow fever.

— Forty-eight thousand Coolies have been landed in Havana since 1847.

— Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, has just completed his 30th year.

— There is a man in Concordia, Ohio, who is the father of thirty-two children.

— At Bremen, lately, in one day 2,300 emigrants left that port for North America.

— The total value of milk consumed in New York, is estimated at $4,000,000 a year.

— Gen. Wheat, of Nicaragnan notoriety, is about leaving New York to join Garibaldi.

— The potato disease has assumed serious proportions in many of the English counties.

— There are seven hundred lady stockholders of the Bank of Commerce of New York.

— There are four hundred and sixty slaves less in the District of Columbia, than in 1850.

— According to the N. Y Commercial, $15,000 a day are spent in New York for oysters.

— The new freshman class at Dartmouth College numbers ninety, which is larger than usual.

— It is said that a direct trade between Memphis, Tenn., and Europe, will soon be inaugurated.

— One of the German Medical Journals gives an account of poisoning by lead contained in snuff.

— The streets of New Orleans are now being laid with blocks of Northern granite, laid diagonally.

— The new census will probably show the number of slaves in the United States to be over 4,000,000.

— Young Genlowski, nephew of Kossuth, whose mother died lately in Brooklyn, has gone to join Garibaldi.

— It is estimated that the growers of Otsego county will this year receive about $600,000 for their hops.

— The total revenue of Spain, for 1859, was estimated at $122,000,000, the total expenditure, $123,000,000.

— The richest man in Great Britain is the Marquis of Westminster, whose annual income is about $7,000,000.

— An attempt was made at New Orleans recently, to blow up a house with gunpowder, for the sake of plunder.

— The collections in aid of the Pope, made in the churches of Baltimore, will amount to $10,000 or $12,000.

— Lynn, Mass, is the largest morocco manufacturing city in the United States, with the exception of Philadelphia.

— The Grand Duchess Anne, of Russia, an aunt of Queen Victoria, is dead. She had nearly completed her 79th year.

— The Earl of Caithness has built a carriage which is to be propelled by steam-power upon ordinary turnpike roads.

— The Governor General of Cuba has determined to enforce the laws against the landing of slaves upon that Island.

— There are no less than 1,300 convicts in the Sing Sing Prison, 300 of whom, it is said, are soon to be drafted to Auburn.

— The oldest person in the city of Worcester, Mass, is Michael Quirk, a tailor, who is 102 years old, and has a wife 98.

— A bear was caught in a trap, on the 9th inst., at Searsburg, Vt., which weighed rising of three hundred pounds.

— There is a general diminution of crime in Ireland, a result of the great revivals of religion and consequent temperance.

— Floating batteries have been recommended as preferable to stationary fortifications, for the coast defences of Great Britain.

— A Committee of Swiss patriots have forwarded to Garibaldi, through Major Ott, of the Federal army, a magnificent rifle.

— The total number of wild pigeons shipped East from Michigan, the past summer, exceeded two millions, which yielded $25,000.

— The Northwestern Provinces of India are beginning to suffer a severe famine, owing to drouth and the bad season last year.

— A number of convicts undertook to escape from Sing Sing prison Thursday week. After a desperate struggle they were secured.

— Six thousand dollars have been collected in California toward a monument over the remains of the late Senator Broderick.

— The Lake Superior Journal has a report that a bed of anthracite coal has been discovered some fifteen miles from Portage Lake.

— All free colored persons recently come into Berkeley Co., from other counties, have been given 10 days by the courts to leave.

— The heir of Spain, the Prince of the Austrians, has made his appearance in public life at the mature age of *two and a half years.*

— M. Felix Belly, of Nicaragua memory, is publishing in the Revue des Deux Mondes, a history of his interoceanic canal scheme.

— The population of Paris is given as over one million and a half of souls—an increase of more than three hundred thousand in four years.

— The funeral of Mrs. Grandine, an old lady who recently died on Staten Island, aged 95, was attended by twenty persons 80 years old.

— The vintage in Italy is again bad. For nine years the disease has attacked the Neapolitan vines, and wine grows yearly dearer and worse.

— The Illinois Central Railroad is shipping largely at Cairo, and by that outlet 2,000,000 or 3,000,000 bushels of grain will go forward this season.

— Measures are now in progress which are almost sure to eventuate in the building of a line of telegraph to San Francisco, and perhaps to Oregon.

— Charles Bassett, of Berkley, Mass., has lost an entire flock of sheep by dogs, and among them were a $20 buck and several ewes valued at $10 each.

— The Philadelphia Inquirer says that the Irish military organizations in that city will refuse to unite in any demonstration to the Prince of Wales.

— Gold has been discovered on Hinckley Brook, New Hampshire, which empties into the Connecticut river. The yield is small, but of great purity.

— Saturday week the amount of wheat (including flour) received at Chicago, was 205,566 bushels—the heaviest receipts for one day in the history of that city.

— The number of deaths in New York city last week was 524, of which 103 were of cholera infantum, 56 of consumption, 21 of scarlet fever, and 5 of small pox.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

DURING the past year a small printing office and a lithograph press have been set up in Godthaab, and the first book that was ever printed in Greenland has been issued.

THE Paris Constitutionnel, speaking of the harvest in France, thinks that high prices will rule, and the result of a short crop will compel large importations from the U. S. and the Baltic.

THERE is an old lady at Saratoga from Georgia this season, who sixty years ago made the journey to Ballston, eight miles from Saratoga, from her home in the South, a thousand miles distant, in the family coach and four.

THE census returns are so far reported that the New Hampshire papers put the population of the State of 322,000, an increase of only 4,060 in ten years. There is a falling off in the rural towns and a gain in the manufacturing.

THE colored population of Philadelphia is from twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand. They own property to the amount of nearly three million of dollars, and have churches and schools valued at from four hundred thousand to five hundred thousand dollars.

THE American Bank Note Company are about filling a liberal order from Russia, for $100,000. The Company have been intrusted with the getting out of plates and working material for the Bank of St. Petersburg, with a capital of £8,000,000 sterling.

CODFISH *vs.* SALMON.—In New England, codfish are plenty and salmon comparatively scarce and dear. In California, however, codfish are scarce, while salmon are plenty, the former being quoted in San Francisco at 12, and the latter at 10 cents per pound.

THE Deseret News of August 15th, gives the names of about sixteen hundred persons who are on their way to Salt Lake City. Their traveling stock consisted of nearly three hundred wagons and carts, seven hundred oxen, one hundred and eighty-six cows, and a large number of tents.

MAJOR CULBERTSON, who has just come from the Rocky Mountains, says that the head waters of the Missouri and Columbia rivers are so near together, that he at one time drank from the Missouri, on the east side of the Rocky Mountains, and a half hour afterwards from the Columbia, on the Pacific.

THE Rev. Abel McEwen, D. D., died at his residence in New London, Conn., on Friday morning week, at the advanced age of 80 years. He had been the pastor of the First Congregational church of that city, for more than half a century, but during the last few years had been assisted by a colleague. The New London Star says that he was a classmate at Yale College of John C. Calhoun, and his successful competitor for the valedictory.

SANTA FE NEWS.—The Santa Fe mail, with dates to the 27th ult., arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 10th inst.

Governor Rencher is out in a lengthy article in the Santa Fe Gazette, defining his position in refusing to call for volunteers. He says there are sufficient troops of the regular army for all practical purposes, and that under the law the Governor has no power to call into service the militia, as Congress has made no provision for paying them for any service rendered.

Col. Fauntleroy has received orders from the Secretary of War to make an immediate and vigorous campaign against the Navajo Indians. With the force he has now, the Colonel will be able to put a speedy termination to existing troubles, if he only obeys his instructions. On the 15th of August the Navajos stole from the Government at Valvorde, three hundred head of beef cattle. Thirty troops went in pursuit and recovered fifty head, but did no injury to the thieves. A report reached Santa Fe fork that the Cheyennes, Kiomas and Sioux had joined together and would make war upon the troops whenever found, and the command at Pawnee Fork were apprehensive of an attack from them.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Sept. 18, 1860.

FLOUR remains at last quotations, and considerable business is being transacted on Eastern account. Our mills have been comparatively idle for a long period, but would now seem to be driven almost at full capacity, if the large quantity awaiting shipment at the various railroad freight houses is any index.

GRAIN—Wheat is as last noted. Corn has advanced 2@3 cents per bushel; Rye 2½ cents; Barley 2@5 cents. Oats are declining, the reduction being equal to two cents per bushel.

BUTTER has taken another start and is in demand at 14 cents for prime table.

EGGS are 1@2 cents per dozen better.

FRUIT.—Apples are coming in in such quantity that it is difficult to obtain more than 25 cents per bushel for choice. Other kinds of fruit are as last quoted.

PELTS—We observe an advance of 12@25 cents per skin, as to growth and quality of wool.

SEEDS—There is no change in rates, but the firmness which characterized the market is not so apparent as at date of our last report.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,12@1,38	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Can'a	$0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	55@57c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@62½c	Plums, dried	0@00c
Oats, by weight	25@28c	Potatoes	25@35c
Barley	60@65c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1
Pork, Mess	$19,00@20,00	Lamb pelts	50c@75c
Pork, clear	$20,00@21,50	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,33
Butter, roll	14@14c	Hay, tun	$8,00@11,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	13@13½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17.—FLOUR—Market opened steady and closed heavy, unsettled and 10@25c lower. Sales at $5,40@5,70 for superfine State, $5,60@5,75 for extra do; $5,35@5,70 for super Western; $5,60@5,90 for common to medium extra do. $5,75@6,00 for inferior to good extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian heavy, unsettled and lower; sales at $5,40@5,70 for superfine, and $5,70@7,50 for extra.

GRAIN—Wheat, market opened quiet and steady, but closed 2@3c cents lower, shippers refusing to buy even at the decline, sales at $1,14@1,21 for superfine to very choice Chicago spring; $1,22@1,25 for Milwaukee club; $1,28@1,32 for winter red Western; $1,38@1,43 for good white Western. Rye quiet at 80c. Barley scarce and firm; sales State at 78c. Corn, market a shade easier, sales at 65@67c for mixed Western, chiefly 66@66½c. Oats quiet at 41@42c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and heavy; sales at $19,00@19,35 for new mess; $19,00 for old do, $14,00@14,12 for new prime; $13,25 for old do. Lard dull; sales at 12½@13¼c.—Butter in fair request at 12½@17c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9½@11½c.

BUFFALO, Sept. 17.—FLOUR—In moderate demand and market steady. Sales at $5,62½ for fair to choice extra Illinois and Wisconsin, $5,50@5,62½ for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,50 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat, market dull, heavy and lower. The only sale Saturday afternoon was white Ohio at $1,20. Sales this morning, No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,00. Southern Illinois spring (uninspected) at $1,04; red winter Ohio at $1,12½, and good white Mich. $1,22. Corn steady and in moderate demand. sales at 55c. Oats lower and in fair demand; sales ordinary to fair at 28@30½c. Barley market nominal at 73c. A sale of choice Canadian at 76c. Rye nominal at 61c.

SEEDS.—No clover offering. Timothy in fair supply and market steady at $2,50.

PROVISIONS—Market firm. Heavy mess pork being held at $19,50. $18,00 for light do., and $15,00 for prime. Beef dull at $7,00 for mess, and $5,00 for prime. Shoulders quiet at 8c; plain hams at 1½c, and sugar cured at 11½c. Lard is going at 12c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 8½@9c; as to quality, with moderate receipts.—*Com. Adv.*

ALBANY, Sept. 17.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market opened quiet for Flour and during the morning only a moderate business has been done at the closing rates of Saturday. Corn Meal is unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat in moderate request; sales Mediterranean at $1,28. Corn quiet and quotations would be nominal. For Barley there is some inquiry, but we could learn of no sales. Rye quiet. Oats steady with sales State at 38½@39c.—*Journal.*

OSWEGO, Sept. 17.—FLOUR—Market unchanged; sales at $5,70 for extra State.

GRAIN—Wheat closed lower; sales in the morning winter red Western at $1,16@1,17. Corn scarce, firm and quiet; sales No. 1 Illinois at 59c, which is above shippers' views.—Barley firm; sales Canadian at 70c, afloat. Other grains quiet.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 17.—Flour dull; sales super at $5@6,12½.

GRAIN—Wheat declined 5c; sales red at $1,30@1,35; white $1,47@1,53. Corn steady at 75c.

PROVISIONS quiet.

TORONTO, Sept. 15.—FLOUR—There is no change to notice in the condition of the flour trade. We have yet no receipts of new flour at hand, and there are no sales transpiring beyond the supply of the local consumption. Quotations at present it is impossible to give, and even dealers refrain from naming nominal rates. The unsettled state of the market makes it very difficult to form an idea of the probable opening price.

GRAIN—The greatest activity has pervaded the market for wheat throughout the week. We scarcely remember a period when competition between buyers has been more actively displayed. There has been so great an exhibition of feeling, that their anxiety now appears to be, not to secure the wheat, but to make each other pay as high rates for it as possible, and then drive one another out of the market. The price of fall wheat during the week has had a steadily upward movement, reaching $1,40 as the outside figure for an extra prime sample. For common to medium $1,30@1,35; for good to prime $1,37@1,37; and, in one or two cases only $1,40. Spring wheat has been offered only very sparingly—some ten or a dozen loads only, changing hands. The price is steady at $1,05@1,10 per bushel. Barley still keeps up very high, contrary to the expectation of nearly all interested in the trade. What was regarded as an exorbitant price for local use has now become the lowest rate for export. The demand is very active at 65@68c, and sometimes 69½c per bushel. Oats have offered freely, mostly of old stocks, but the receipts of new are commencing. Car loads have brought 28@30c, closing rather steadier at the latter figure. Peas are opening at high rates, which, if continued, will make this the most profitable crop for the farmer, because it is the most prolific. The sample is generally uniform and excellent, and finds ready buyers at 65@67½c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 12.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $8,00@9,00; ordinary, $7,50@8,00; common, $6,50@7; inferior, $5,50@6,00.

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 5½@6½c; Ordinary 4½@5c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@5,50; ordinary, $3,50@4,50; common $3@3,50; inferior, $2,50@3,00.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 5@6½c.

ALBANY, Sept. 17.—BEEVES—There is quite a spring in the market this week, which fact seems to be mainly attributable to anticipations of a large falling off in the supply, which are not realized the number in the yards being only 300 less than last week. The extremes of quality are more noticeable this week than for a long time before. On the better grades there is an advance of ⅛@¼c ℔ lb, gross weight. Sales are quick at this advance, nearly everything worth buying having already changed hands.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	2,968	3,330	2,784
Sheep	4,200	2,767	4,194
Hogs	268	231	1,338

PRICES—We quote the market unusually brisk at an advance of ⅛@¼c ℔ lb gross, on the medium grades, and ⅛@½c on prime extra and premium:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾	5 @5¾c
Extra	4¾@5¼	4½@4¾
First quality	4 @4⅜	3⅞@4¼
Second quality	3½@3¾	3 @3¼
Third quality	2¾@3	2⅝@2⅞

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Demand good and supply fair, the market opening at 25c advance on our last quotations, and continuing firm to the close. Sales during the week 1,340 head at $3,00@4,50. There is a noticeable improvement in quality.

HOGS—But little doing on this side. We have only to notice a sale of 72, averaging 207 lbs, at 6⅛c ℔ lb.—*Argus and Atlas.*

BRIGHTON, Sept. 13.—At market 1,500 beeves, 385 stores 7,000 sheep and lambs, and 610 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality, $7,00@7,25; second quality, $6,00@6,50; third quality, $4,00@5,00.

WORKING OXEN—$75, $85@100.

MILCH COWS—$41@47; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $11@12; three years old, $14@16.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10½@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@1,50; Extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale 6@7c; retail 7¼@7½c; Spring Pigs 7½c; retail at 7½@8½c; Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept 12.—The stock of all kinds is small and the demand is fully equal to the supply, prices consequently rule firmly; sales of 75,000 lbs. Native Fleece at 45@60c for medium to extra Merino and Saxony; 45,000 lbs Texas at 23@28c; 20,000 lbs Californian at 14@30c. for common to extra fine; 10,000 lbs Lambs' and super pulled at 36@38c.; 50 bales Cape at 30c, and a parcel of Donskoi at 21c, six months' also, 75 bales Chilian and 200 unwashed African on private terms, but understood to be at full prices.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	64@70
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	34@38
Extra, Pulled	42@47
Superfine, Pulled	34@36
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, pulled	34@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@22
California, common do.	10@14
Peruvian, washed	26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	15@18
South American, unwashed	8@11
South Am. Cordova, washed	20@21
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Sept. 13.—Fleece and pulled wool are firm and sustain full prices, but the demand continues moderate.—Sales of the week 100,000 lbs. The transactions in foreign wool have been considerable, comprising 1,209 bales Mediterranean, Cape and Chinese, and 200 ballots Peruvian at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	26@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
½ and ¼ blood	44@49	Do, unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@57
Do. superfine	33@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

IN Brooklyn, Conn., Sept. 3d, by Rev. Dr. THOS. HUNTINGTON, Mr. J. E. MILLER, of Oberlin, Ohio, and Miss EMILY C. HUNTINGTON, of the former place.

—Thousands of readers, who have admired Miss HUNTINGTON's contributions to the RURAL, will unite with us in best wishes for her happiness and prosperity in future.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

FOR SALE—A Pure Blood two-year-old Ayrshire Bull. Address W. H. HUNTINGTON, Pontiac, Erie Co., N. Y.

TO TREE DEALERS.—I have a choice lot of 4 year old Apple Trees for sale, very cheap. Inquire at E. DARROW & Bro's Bookstore, Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

CORN BASKETS.—25 Dozen Extra Splint Corn Baskets, at No. 3 Buffalo Street, Rochester. N. B. PHELPS.

PURE DORKING FOWLS FOR SALE.—Single pairs, boxed and sent for $3. Each Additional fowl $1. R. R. COLEMAN, Clinton Corners, Dutchess Co., N. Y. [558-2te

TURN TABLE APPLE PARERS. 25 Doz. Turn Table Apple Parers, at the old stand of D. R. Barton. N. B. PHELPS.

SEND A STAMP to WM. S. BROWN, at Dansville, N. Y., and get a sample of a new and valuable Chart for Schools and Families. 558-2t

COREING & SLICEING APPLE PARERS. 15 Doz. Coreing and Sliceing Apple Parers, at No 3 Buffalo Street. N. B. PHELPS.

TO INVENTORS.—*Rejected applications* prosecuted, and no charge unless patents are obtained. New applications made on favorable terms. 558-3 J. FRASER, Rochester, N. Y.

POTATO HOOKS.—10 Doz. 4, 5, and 6 Prong Cast Steel Potato Hooks, at No. 3 Buffalo St. N. B. PHELPS.

GRAPE VINES.—Twenty varieties of the best hardy sorts singly, by the dozen, or hundred. Send stamp for priced Descriptive Catalogue. Sept. 21, 1860. [558-2t] D. S. HEFFRON, Utica, N. Y.

POTATO FORKS.—20 Doz. 4, 5, and 6 Tine Potato Forks, at the old stand of D. R. Barton. N. B. PHELPS.

PALMER'S LEATHER TRUSSES.—These instruments differ from all others now in market. They are made entirely of leather, and for ease, durability and efficiency, cannot be excelled. There are no springs to rust or get out of order, and the Truss can be worn with ease by old or young. All the measure required in ordering is the size around the hips. Address 558-cowtf G. T. PALMER, East Avon, N. Y.

TRAPS! TRAPS! TRAPS!
25 Doz. Oneida Pattern Mink Traps.
15 Doz. " " Muskrat Traps.
15 Doz. " " Otter and Fox Traps.
At the old stand of D. R. Barton. N. B. PHELPS.

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S. B. KELLY, PROPRIETOR, offers for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861,
300,000 APPLE TREES, 3 and 4 years old.
5,000 DWARF PEAR TREES, 2 years old.
5,000 STANDARD PEAR TREES, 2 and 3 years old.
25,000 CHERRY TREES, 2 and 3 years old.
10,000 PLUM TREES, 2 and 3 years old.
5,000 PEACH TREES, 1 year old.
20,000 APPLE STOCKS, 1 year old.
20,000 CHERRY STOCKS, 1 year old.
200,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS of the best varieties. Also, GRAPES, CURRANTS, &c., a good assortment.
Those wishing to buy at wholesale will do well to call and examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere. Packing done with dispatch and in the best manner.
Catalogues containing descriptions sent gratis, on application. Send for one. S. B. KELLY, Brighton, N. Y.

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THE GREAT ECONOMIZERS OF TIME AND PRESERVERS OF HEALTH,
Have Won the Highest Premiums
AT THE FAIR OF THE U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
AT THE STATE FAIRS OF
Maine, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Mississippi, Missouri, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, California.
AND AT THE FAIRS OF THE
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THE LOCK-STITCH MADE BY THIS MACHINE
Is the only stitch that cannot be raveled, and that presents the same appearance on both sides of the seam. It is made with two threads, one upon each side of the fabric, and interlocked in the center of it.
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JUST IN TIME FOR THE CAMPAIGN.
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ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR!
IT IS IMPARTIAL IN POLITICS;
INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS;
NEUTRAL IN NOTHING;
It finds its ADMIRERS AMONG ALL PARTIES, and its PATRONS IN ALL SECTIONS.
It contains but a LIMITED NUMBER OF ADVERTISEMENTS, and is in all particulars
A FAMILY JOURNAL
Of the first class in all that is requisite thereto. To still further increase the circulation of such a journal, the proprietors, in view of the political condition of the country, have thought proper to issue a Political Chart, containing a large amount of information, all of which is IMPARTIALLY RENDERED and reliably compiled from the best information. It is entitled
The People's National Chart;
An Impartial Guide for the Campaign of 1860.
This is one of the most complete National Charts that has ever been placed before the people. It is an IMPARTIAL GUIDE to ALL PARTIES, and will furnish FAITHFUL STATEMENTS in regard to MATTERS OF REFERENCE in the campaign. It is, in fact, a
Handsome Double Chart, 30 by 44
Inches in size, handsomely embellished, and will contain as follows:
The Portraits of the Presidents,
From the foundation of the Government to the present time, with the Electoral Vote cast for each;
THE PLATFORM OF EACH PARTY;
THE POPULAR VOTES OF THE STATES IN 1856, 1852 AND 1848;
THE AREA AND POPULATION OF THE STATES;
HOW THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE WILL BE COMPOSED;
THE COATS OF ARMS OF THE STATES,
with the time of their settlement or admission into the Union;
HOW THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IS COMPOSED:
THE STATE GOVERNMENTS;
WHO ARE GOVERNORS;
THE TIME OF GENERAL ELECTION, &c.
THE ELECTION IN CONGRESS,
And how a President is chosen when the People fail to elect. Together with a large amount of
Very Valuable Information
Of a National character. Each Chart will contain a fine Portrait, either of
BELL, LINCOLN, DOUGLAS, or BRECKENRIDGE,
As may be ordered by those desiring to obtain them.
Any person, from this date henceforth, to the end of the Campaign, remitting us $1, will be entitled to one year's subscription to the DOLLAR TIMES, and a copy of this
USEFUL CHART.
Send on your orders.
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WANTED.—*Responsible Agents* throughout the U. S., to whom we will pay a salary of from $30 to $75 per month and expenses. For particulars, address inclosing stamp. GILL BROTHERS & CO., Boston, Mass. 557-2t

CHERRY SEEDS.—We have 20 bushels fresh Cherry pits we will sell at $3,50 per bushel, where 5 or 10 bushels are taken. Single bushel, $4.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS. Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1860. 557 5t

THE ANNUAL SHOW OF THE ONTARIO CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be held on the grounds, at Canandaigua, on the 26th, 27th and 28th days of September. Members can obtain their tickets at the office of the Treasurer, Room No. 9 Atwater Hall. Exhibitors can obtain their cards for entree at the office of GIDEON GRANGER, two days previous to the Fair. 557-3t

WATER PIPE.—The undersigned is manufacturing large quantities of Wooden Water Pipe and is prepared to fill orders promptly. This is the *best, cheapest and most durable pipe in use.* Advertised only in the RURAL.
☞ Send for a Circular. I. S. HOBBIE, 557-2t 41 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

250,000 GRAPE ROOTS!—Catawbas, 1 year old, $15 per 1000. 2 years old, $25; Isabellas, $25 per 1000; Anna, Delaware, Diana, Concord, and 60 other varieties of Native and Foreign Catawbas and Isabellas, *Superior*, owing to location, soil, &c., and bringing a much higher price with our vintners here. Terms liberal to dealers. Orders by mail satisfactorily filled.
J. P. MERRIAM, Agt., Sandusky City Nurseries. Sandusky City, Ohio, Sept 10, 1860. 557-7t

TOLEDO WHOLESALE NURSERIES.
WE would respectfully call the attention of the public to
Our Large Stock of Trees, &c.,
Offered for Sale this Fall. We have
One Hundred and Seventy Acres of Ground
Closely planted, that will compare favorably with the stock of any Nursery East or West. We offer
100,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 7 feet, $85 per 1,000, packed.
200,000 Do. 2 years, 3 to 4½ ft, $50 ℔ 1,000 pack'd
40,000 DWARF PEARS, 1 year old, $16 ℔ 100, packed.
20,000 Do. 2 years old, $20 ℔ 100, packed.
20,000 Do. 2 " $10 " 2d class, packed.
6,000 STANDARD PEARS, 2 years old, 4 to 6 feet, $27 per 100 packed.
20,000 Do. 1 year old, $20 ℔ 100 packed.
20,000 STANDARD CHERRIES, 2 years old, 5 to 7 feet $14 per 100, packed.
5,000 Do. 2 years old, 2d class, $10 ℔ 100 pack'd
5,000 DWARF CHERRIES, 1 year old, $14 ℔ 100 packed.
20,000 PEACHES, 1 year old, $50 ℔ 1,000 packed.
80,000 CURRANTS.
60,000 GRAPE VINES, including the best sorts. Besides
Raspberries, Blackberries, and Strawberries
in quantity.
250,000 EVERGREENS, 1 to 3 feet, assorted kinds.
Ornamental Trees and Shrubs, Roses, &c.,
Of the Choicest Varieties, at Lowest Rates.
Descriptive Catalogues furnished, by inclosing stamp to pre-pay postage. A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS, 557-6t TOLEDO, Ohio.

TREES! TREES! TREES!
FOR THE
AUTUMN OF 1860.
THE Subscribers, grateful for past favors, and encouraged with a larger and better assortment than ever, ask the attention of Nurserymen, Dealers and Planters, to their immense stock of well-grown trees and plants, comprising,
APPLE TREES, *Standard* and *Dwarf*, strong and healthy, with "King of Tompkins Co." and other good sorts, in large supply.
PEAR TREES, *Dwarf*. A splendid stock, two and three years, fine, strong and healthy trees of the most approved sorts on the Quince.
PEAR TREES, *Standard*. A large and fine assortment of the most desirable kinds.
CHERRY TREES, *Standard* and *Dwarf*, one, two and three years, a fine stock, and beautiful trees. Early Richmond by the 100 or 1,000.
PEACH TREES, one year. *Plum*, two years. *Orange Quince, Apricots* and *Nectarines*.
CURRANTS, Red and White Dutch, Victoria, Cherry, White Grape and other sorts.
GOOSEBERRIES, Houghton Seedling, and the best English varieties.
RASPBERRIES, large quantities of such kinds as Orange, Belle de Fontenay, Franconia, Antwerp, &c.
BLACKBERRIES, LAWTON, Dorchester and Newman's Thornless.
RHUBARB, Myatt's Linnæus, Cahoon's Mammoth, Downing's Colossal and other varieties.
GRAPE VINES, Delaware, Diana, Concord, Hartford Prolific, Rebecca, Logan and many other new and old sorts, in large quantities; strong plants, *one* and *two years old*, grown in the open air and in large pots under glass. Also, *Foreign Varieties* for cultivating under glass, of the best sorts, such as STOCKWOOD GOLDEN HAMBURG, BOWOOD MUSCAT, Muscat St. Laurent, Black Hamburg, Zinfindal, Royal Muscadine and 30 others of the best kinds, *one* and *two years old*. And for ORCHARD HOUSE CULTURE we have a fine lot of these in extra large pots for *immediate fruiting*.
EVERGREENS. Norway Spruce, Balsam Fir, Scotch, Norway, White and Austrian Pines, Red Cedar, American and Siberian Arbor Vitæ, Junipers, &c.
DECIDUOUS TREES AND SHRUBS. Horse Chestnut, Mountain Ash, European and American Linden, Maples, American Chestnut, American and European Ash, Judas Tree, Laburnum, Snowball, Purple Fringe, Altheas, Spireas, &c.
ROSES, Climbing and Hybrid Perpetuals, a fine assortment of strong plants.
HEDGE PLANTS, American Arbor Vitæ, Red Cedar, Privet, Honey Locust, &c.
STOCKS FOR NURSERYMEN.
Anger's Quince, Pear, Plum, Mazzard and Mahaleb Cherry, and Apple Stocks, two years old.
Packing will be done in the best manner for all parts of the country.
☞ Descriptive Catalogues furnished. Wholesale Catalogue in August. T. C. MAXWELL & BRO'S. Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y., August 1, 1860. 557-3t

GRAPES.—C. W. GRANT's new Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue of Vines, &c., with explanatory remarks and indications for Cultivation is now ready and may be obtained by forwarding two three-cent Postage stamps, to C. W. GRANT, 556 Iona, near Peekskill, Westchester Co., N. Y.

SYLVIA AMERICANA—AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ EVERGREEN FENCE.—This beautiful and Hardy Evergreen makes a permanent hedge screen and wind break. Send for a Circular. The trade supplied on liberal terms. Diana, Delaware and Concord Grape Vines; Wilson's Albany Strawberry, &c., &c. Address 556-6t A. J. McGLAVE, Palmyra, N. Y.

"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT."
The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.
WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired: and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may, but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to
Rev. ROBERT DICK, Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.
Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.
☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 538-tf

GENESEE VALLEY NURSERIES, Rochester, N. Y.
FROST & CO., Proprietors, offer for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, one of the largest stocks of STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, SMALL FRUITS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, PLANTS, &c., in the United States. The Grounds at the present time contain over
THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES,
devoted entirely to the cultivation of Trees and Plants.
The stock is so extensive in its different departments, that they are enabled to furnish the entire orders of their correspondents of the different kinds, of the best quality, and at the lowest market prices. Trees and Plants are packed in such a manner that they will reach the more distant parts of the United States in perfect condition.
Orders from Nurserymen, Dealers and others, who may wish to purchase in large quantities, are executed with care and dispatch, as well as those who may favor them with the smallest orders.
CATALOGUES.
The following Catalogues contain full particulars of the stock in the different departments, and will be furnished gratis to all applicants who enclose a postage stamp for each:
No. 1—*Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.*
No. 2—*Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.*, for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861.
No. 3—*Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Green-House and Bedding Plants.*
No. 4—*Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List*, for Nurserymen and Dealers, and others who may wish to buy in large quantities, for Autumn of 1860.
No. 5—*Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs.* Address 554-6t FROST & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, Illinois.—FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, a large stock cheap for cash. *Apple*, 1 to 4 years, 1,000, $25 to $85. *Stocks*, 1 year, selected, 10,000, $30. *Gooseberry*, Houghton, strong, 100, $4. *Raspberry*, many sorts, 100, $2 to $5. *Strawberry*, Wilson's, by Scaler, C. Cone, Iowa, or Washington, and others, pure, 100, $1; 1,000, $5. *Tulips*, 100, of 20 named sorts, Dbl and Sg'l, $1. *Root Grafts*, 10,000, $50; &c., &c., as per lists. Cash orders in full packed free.
556-2t F. K. PHOENIX.

100,000 PEACH TREES.
HIGHTSTOWN, N. J., NURSERIES,
ISAAC PULLEN, PROPRIETOR,
OFFERS for sale for the Fall of 1860 and Spring of 1861, 100,000 PEACH TREES of the best assorted market varieties. Also a complete assortment of other fruit trees. Catalogues supplied gratuitously on application.
Address ISAAC PULLEN, 556-3t Hightstown, Mercer Co., New Jersey.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED—To sell 5 new inventions—one very recent, and of great value to families. All pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars.
555-4t EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [555-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

400,000 PEAR STOCKS, prime and *free from blight*. Price, $15 and $8 per thousand.
75,000 Plum Stocks, very fine, price $12 and $8 ℔ 1 000.
20 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits at $4 ℔ bushel.
Plum and Peach Stones for sale. 555-4t
Dansville, N. Y., 1860, BRISTOL & WILLIAMS.

CHOICE BULBOUS ROOTS.
New Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of
Hyacinths, Liliums, Tulips, &c., &c.
Comprising the largest assortment ever offered.
ANDREW BRIDGEMAN, 555 9t 878 Broadway, New York.

CHERRY PITS, CHEAP.—30 bushels Mazzard Cherry Pits, in good order, at $3,50 per bushel.
Address JOHN MURPHY, 554-5t Dansville, Livingston Co., N. Y.

TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES.—One year old, strong, $1; two years, $1,50 to $2. Extra large layers with bearing wood, $2 to $3. Smaller layers, $1 to $1,50. Also, very fine Logan Vines, $1 to $2. All other good varieties, new and old, at lowest rates. Send for a Circular.
GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio. August, 1860. 551-9t

CHAPMAN & DAVIS' COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Corner Main and St. Paul Sts., Rochester, N. Y.
THIS Institution is open day and evening, for instruction of pupils in PENMANSHIP and BOOK-KEEPING.
Conducted on an economical basis; the instruction being thorough and complete is furnished on MODERATE TERMS.
Send for Circulars. 554

SMALL FRUITS.
WE have an immense stock of *SMALL FRUITS*, for sale during the Autumn of 1860, and Spring of 1861.
In addition to the more common sorts of
NATIVE GRAPES,
We have over 25,000 plants of such desirable sorts as *Delaware, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, Early Northern Muscadine, Logan*, and 20 other sorts—strong vines, for out-door culture. Of
FOREIGN GRAPES,
We have thirty-five sorts, one to two years old, for Hot or Cold Vineries, or for fruiting in pots.
An extensive stock of each of the common sorts of
CURRANTS,
One or two years old, and fine one year old plants of *White Grape, Victoria, Cherry, &c.* Fine and well grown
GOOSEBERRY
Plants, of the *American* and *Houghton Seedling*, which never mildew, as well as the best English sorts most suitable for this climate. A great stock of
RASPBERRIES,
Such as *Red Antwerp*, (Hudson River,) *Yellow Antwerp, Orange, Franconia, Rivers's Giant, &c.*, including several thousand of the Autumn-bearing kinds, *Belle de Fontenay, Marvel of four Seasons*, and others.
STRAWBERRIES.
The most extensive stock of saleable plants and varieties—comprising over sixty sorts—in the Union. Fine
BLACKBERRIES,
New Rochelle and *Dorchester*, in large quantities. Also,
FIGS, FILBERTS, AND MULBERRIES.
☞ All orders, either for large or small quantities, will be executed with care and dispatch.
CATALOGUES containing description, with prices at retail, and No. 4 Catalogue, offering plants in large quantities sent on application containing a postage stamp for each.
FROST & CO., 554-6t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK, August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK, 548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY,
Office, 66 William Street,
NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S
IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent, 515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death,
Like a long twilight, sad'ning lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love:

"They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime;
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shelves of pastures green,
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

"But naught can tempt the timid things
That steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And scared below the pastures lie,—

"Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go;
Then, heedless of the lifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rocks and snow.

"And in those pastures high and fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flock, unsheathed
From icy thraldom, to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding *our* little lamb asleep;
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

Norman Thorpe's Guardian Angel.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[Concluded from page 300, last number.]

Chapter VII.

Up the island-studded Rhine, bedecked with vineyards, gemmed with many-tinted hills, our travelers slowly wended, across the German Ocean, once more to make their temporary home in "Merrie England." It seemed as if the depths of imagery slumbering in Lucy's nature, needed but contact with beauty and romance such as that on which she now feasted, to bud and blossom into beautiful thought and expression. She wrote with a freedom and freshness such as only happiness creates. She wrote from a genuine love of the occupation, and already, unknown to herself, her name was beginning to be known in the literary circles of her native land. Her anonymous correspondence in a leading New York periodical was read with interest, and recognized as the production of no common mind.

After over two years absence, she returned to find her occupation of governness grown out of her hands so far as the little RIDGLEYS were concerned. The funds placed at Mr. FOULARD'S disposal were still at her command, and had accumulated, while the income of her literary labors was daily increasing. Though not exactly famous, at twenty-five our friend LUCY found herself well able to resign her office of governess and live by her pen. But she had always loved children, they were necessary to her as motives for action, as incentives to cheerfulness. In less than a year after her return to America, she was presiding over a pleasant establishment in the outskirts of a Western city. She had made for herself a home, what she had long wished for: a home not only in a house of her own, but in the hearts of the dozen happy children who, with an assistant, comprised her little household school. She had ample time for recreation and literary pursuits, and her school was gaining rapidly in popularity. Thus, loving and beloved, the years flew over her head so lightly as not to leave a wrinkle on her kindly face, and she could scarcely realize the lapse of four years, as one beautiful summer day she sat reading this letter:

WILLIAMSBURG, N. Y.

MISS HASTINGS—*Madam:* Through the medium of several influential friends of yours in this vicinity, I have the pleasure to hear of the prosperity of your school. You may perhaps remember that a few years ago, while traveling with Dr. RUYSDALE and his wife, you met at Baden my wife, Mrs. HUGHES, and our daughter, Mrs. THORPE. From her acquaintance with you at that time, our daughter was greatly prepossessed toward you, and this feeling increased to a strong friendship in time, so that she always spoke of you in the highest terms. You will realize the depth of her regard, when I tell you that at the time of her death, which took place nearly three years since, it was her urgent request that her child, then scarcely a year old, might be placed in your care should she live to reach the age of five years. That time is rapidly approaching, and I am happy to say that our little grand-daughter is, to all appearance, a healthy, intelligent child. We are greatly attached to her, as she has remained with us since her mother's death: but acquiescing in her mother's wishes, we surrender her to your charge, with all confidence in your ability to fulfil the trust satisfactorily. Will you be so good as to inform me, without delay, at what time it will be convenient to receive her? I will accompany her and make all necessary arrangements. Respectfully yours,

Capt. ARCHIBALD HUGHES.

So, in due time, there came among the elves that haunted LUCY'S *pensionat*, a little sprite who timidly answered to the name of VIOLA HASTINGS THORPE. The dainty figure, the coquettish ways, and the love for all musical sounds, brought continually to LUCY'S mind the chief actor in the scene of the birth-night party at the RIDGLEY'S; but the laughing blue eyes and thick brown curls were made in another's image. What wonder that she grew to love the little creature? Who shall blame her if, in the frequent kisses bestowed upon the tiny mouth, some were warmed with memories of auld lang syne?"

LUCY had not seen or heard from NORMAN THORPE since she returned from Europe, except that Mr. FOULARD assured her of his prosperity in business and the good opinion of the community. She knew not whether the seed which she had endeavored to sow had fallen on good ground and had borne fruit, but she felt that this little child came to her as an assurance that her labor of love had not been in vain. Its very name seemed to indicate a degree of unity in the pair who had stood in such different relations toward herself. It was very pleasant to see how these two were growing so near to each other. Every year VIOLA'S grandpa came to take her home for the holidays, and though petted and loaded with presents, she was always delighted to get back to "dear Aunt LUCY," to whom she never failed to bring some choice token of her love.

And now our friend LUCY has passed the age of thirty—the dreaded landing-place whereon those who reach it are wont to pause—and, looking back with regretful eyes, to exclaim,

"O Youth! and art thou mine no more?"

I say LUCY had passed that point, but you would scarcely believe it. She herself did not stop to make the above reflection; she was too busy, beside, she *felt* young, and while there was so much to do in the world and so few to do it well, and she had health and vigor, she did not think of telling her age by years. Then, too, LUCY possessed that wonderful charm—the true *Sang Real* —of having kept her heart fresh. She had preserved her affections pure, devoted, and unchanging.

* * * * * * * * *

NORMAN THORPE sat alone in his handsome apartments in a pleasant boarding house in New York. Around him were the appliances of comfort, even wealth—much to charm the eye and occupy the mind—yet he to whom they belonged was ill at ease. Slowly he paced the floor, now and then pausing to look out into the November twilight, thickened by gathering snow-flakes. The flickering firelight played upon the pictures upon the walls, heightening their colors to life-like vividness. Conspicuous in the ruddy light stood out the portraits of a lady and a child, and before these the solitary inmate frequently stopped and sighed. Weary at last of his monotonous march, he threw himself into an easy chair and carelessly took up a magazine. Turning the leaves—his eyes fell upon a little poem. A name attracted his attention, and with an eager start he held the page to the firelight and read —

THE GRAVE OF LOVE.

BY LUCY HASTINGS

Stars of midnight, glist'ning nightly
In the dome above,
Beam ye brightly, ever brightly,
On the grave of Love.

Bird of morning, upward soaring
From the dewy grove,
Sing, your sweetest notes outpouring
O'er the grave of Love.

Flow'rs of spring-time, early blooming
Where bright waters rove,
Shed your sweets, the air perfuming
Round the grave of Love.

Murm'ring streamlet, bear thou tidings
How a heart did prove
Faithless to the one confiding
In its vows of Love.

Roll, bright waters, on forever,
With soft shades inwove;
But sweet hope returneth never
To the grave of Love.

As he finished reading, he bowed his face upon his hands and held communion with his thoughts. Back to the rustic seat by the old bridge—back to the day when last two hearts had beat in it side by side—Memory flew, and all the days thereafter passed in review one by one. *He* had suffered, *he* had changed, fearfully, too, he felt; but through all, the face of her he loved had shone upon him as the face of an angel of peace. Out of error he had at last won wisdom,—out of suffering, strength. He no longer looked back upon his lost love as a child who seeks by force to reclaim a valued toy which he has given away, and too late regrets his inconsiderate prodigality. He had long since accepted his fate like a man, and in so accepting it, had known a degree of happiness such as he had not expected ever again to see. He had learned to love his wife, with a love born of his own humility and her gentle forbearance. He had been callous, indeed, not to melt before her meek submission, her affectionate forgiveness. He came to regard her as his superior in all lovable traits and virtues, and to remember the love which he had slighted in his youth, as something far above his deserts, forever beyond his reach, only to be cherished for its holy influences. If he had no other reward, he was blessed in the knowledge that the last years of VIOLA'S life were warmed and brightened by his tenderness.

* * * * * * * * *

Again the Christmas holidays drew near, and little VIOLA was expecting Captain HUGHES every hour. Her trunks were packed, and with the impatience of childhood, she ran about the house looking frequently from the windows, wondering when he would come. LUCY was busy, making a few final preparations, when her protege flew into the room exclaiming,

"O, Aunt LUCY! come this minute! It isn't grandpa, but my own papa!"

"Yes, dear. You go down and I will come presently."

It was a trying ordeal. They had not met face to face since she had thought him all her own. But she looked from the window and saw the carriage waiting to take her pet away, and thought—"He will not stay long."

Then she looked in the glass to re-arrange her hair, which never seemed to need it, and thought, "how foolish to be in such a flutter. What should he care about an old maid like me?"

And so she went down, greeting him, after all, in a very calm and dignified manner. He was changed—there was no denying that—yet she could not think the change disagreeable. He looked older than he really was, but there was an upright self-reliance in look and manner that commanded respect. His eyes, once so animated, were more changed than aught else. It affected LUCY to see that they were now habitually grave even to sadness, and there was, here and there, a white thread among the brown locks, still curly.

With an ease and grace, such as LUCY could not have expected to command, she conversed with him on ordinary topics, mostly concerning her school and his child's progress. With the polite and kindly interest of an old though not familiar acquaintance, she inquired of his health and prospects, and gently touched upon her casual meeting with his wife abroad. The latter subject was one on which he had evidently hoped to hear her speak. He knew, of course, much that had transpired between them at that time on which LUCY could not remark, and there was much which she would gladly have known of the sequel, which she could only surmise from the tone and manner in which he alluded to the past. Very delicately he thanked her for her kindness to the dead; very delicately he mentioned VIOLA'S attachment to her, and wishes concerning her education of their child.

Then followed a pause, when each felt the hour of parting momentarily drawing nearer, while much remained that each desired to say. While they conversed, VIOLA had stood at LUCY'S side with one arm affectionately thrown around her neck. It was growing late, and her father arose to go. For a moment he stood silently regarding the group before him, reluctant to speak the words which should separate them. LUCY had never looked more lovely in his eyes than at that moment. The freshness of youth seemed to fall around her like a vail, and through it he saw her as if the vanished years had never been.

"Good bye! dear, sweet Aunt LUCY! I shall come back," said the childish voice.

"GOD bless you! my little lamb!" and LUCY bowed her head in benediction upon the little shoulder pressed so tightly against her own.

What came over the heart of that strong man? Smitten as by a power beyond resistance, he knelt as to a higher presence, and from beneath the face, bowed so suddenly upon her knee, LUCY heard, in husky tones,

"O, bless me too!"

What would *you* have done? Would you have remembered errors and administered justice? Or would you not rather, woman and angel-like, have remembered love and mercy? With one white hand upon the head of him she had always loved, LUCY answered reverently—

"GOD bless and keep you, all your life, my friend!"

There must have been magic in that gentle touch: for seizing her hand with fervent earnestness, he said:—"And must that life be lived forever apart from you? O, LUCY! are we always to be strangers this side of the grave? If so, how can my life be blessed?"

Whatever she said, was spoken very low; for even VIOLA did not hear it. I suppose that her father did, though; for when he went away a few moments after, he clasped LUCY in his arms and kissed her more than once, as he whispered, "Parted now, but soon to part no more from *my guardian angel!*"

In case you should have any children whom you would like to place at Miss HASTINGS' excellent establishment, it becomes my duty to inform you that she is not at present teaching school, but resides in New York, and herself employs a governess.

Wit and Humor.

YOUNG AMERICA WONDERS.

WONDER what mamma keeps Bridget at home from church to work all day for, and says it is wicked for me to build my rabbit house on Sunday?

Wonder why our minister bought that pretty cane with the yellow lion's head on the top and then asked me for my cent to put in the missionary box? Don't I want a jewsharp just as much as he wants a cane?

Wonder what makes pa tell such nice stories to visitors about hiding the master's rattan when he went to school, and about his running away from the schoolmistress when she was going to whip him, and then shuts me up all day in a dark room because I tried, just once, to be as smart as he was?

Wonder why mamma tells pa he is cross when he comes home at night and says his tea is weak, and ties a handkerchief over my mouth so that I can neither speak or breathe because I happen to say he is cross?

Wonder what made pa say that wicked word when Betsey upset the ink all over his papers, and then slapped my ears because I said the same thing when my kite string broke?

THE QUAKER AND THE BULLY.

A GENUINE bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him. "Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking aside his visitor's fist, "before thou proceedest to chastize me, wilt thou not take some dinner?" The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up then to fulfill his original errand. "Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" and he supplied abundance of punch. The bully now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer; but quoth the Quaker, "wilt thou not take a pipe?" This hospitable offer was accepted, and the bully, utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastize the Quaker. The latter, opening the door and pulling him toward it, thus addressed him:—"Friend, thou earnest here not to be pacified; I gave thee a meat offering, but thou did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I give thee a burnt offering, neither did that suffice; now will I try thee with a heave offering." And with that he tossed him out of doors. That sufficed him.

LITTLE JOKERS.

MOTTO for fast young men—*meet* and *drink*.

CHILDREN progress very rapidly—often at a *spanking* pace.

MONEY is the root of all evil—particularly *matri*-mony.

VICTIMS of faro-banks must allow that gamblers have very *win*-some ways.

THE only share that love has in most fashionable marriages is their *Cupid*-ity.

AT what season were Adam and Eve most unhappy in Eden? In the Fall.

THE only State of the Union ruled over by a special Providence—Rhode Island.

WHEN have married people passed through the alphabet of love? When they reach the ba-be.

A GENTLEMAN, remarking that he wished to get some base voices for a Club, was advised to get a club for the base voices.

WANTED, the knife with which a man cut an acquaintance, and a kernel of a grain of allowance.

IT is said more misery, present and to come, can be compressed into a marriage ceremony than into any other space of a similar duration.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 68 letters.

My 13, 2, 52, 13, 59, 68, 4, 24, 5 was a German writer of Latin poetry.

My 66, 16, 57, 48, 24, 3, 40 was a celebrated English historian.

My 9, 7, 66, 2, 29, 55, 45, 10, 22, 51, 64 was the "prince of orators."

My 14, 39, 11, 65, 47, 20 was a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

My 49, 45, 21, 24, 44, 18, 43 was the "father of English poetry."

My 66, 24, 15, 67, 1 was a daring French General.

My 28, 59, 54, 44, 12, 24, 58 was a celebrated Roman actor.

My 6, 45, 35, 66, 38, 5, 17, 2, 57, 19, 27, 64 was a renowned Athenian General.

My 49, 53, 8, 57, 63, 25, 32, 61, 30, 24, 5 was a celebrated Roman Dictator.

My 48, 34, 8, 59, 19, 37 was a revolutionary officer who turned traitor

My 41, 23, 33, 56, 64, 2, 22 was an American author of celebrity.

My 62, 31, 42, 15, 35, 8 was a distinguished Major General of the revolution.

My 60, 7, 42, 26, 4, 32, 36, 68, 9 was a King of Spain.

My 29, 24, 66, 50, 10, 42 was a celebrated General of the revolution.

My 67, 42, 57, 45, 4, 66, 12, 33, 7, 58 was a great Mathematician who lived two centuries before Christ.

My whole is a Hindoo proverb.

Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1860. J. M. BRAINERD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

OPTICAL PROBLEM.

DR. LARDNER observes that the quantity of light admitted into the eye, and consequently the power of vision, is in exact proportion to the size of the pupil. Now, it is known that the intensity of light decreases as the square of the distance increases, and allowing the diameter of the pupil of the human eye to be one-fifth of an inch, how large must be the pupil in the eye of an inhabitant of Uranus, (if there is no change in the structure,) to enable him to see as distinctly as we do, that planet being twenty times as far from the sun as the earth? R. G. WHEELER.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

ONE part of my birth, I claim from the earth,
In the shape of a globe I must be;
If with me men contend, I make each hurt his friend,
Yet among them they cannot hurt me.

My substance within, is covered with skin,
Which very hard labor abides;
For when I am used, I am often abused
By the blows I receive on my side.

Knees, legs, I have none, nor a foot to stand on,
Tho' I oftentimes run like a rover;
But, to come to an end, I do often ascend,
And descend when my strength is quite over.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 556.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—North Georgian Islands.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—Eldest son receives 192 acres; second son, 144 acres; youngest son, 120 acres; eldest daughter, 128 acres; youngest daughter, 64 acres.

Advertisements.

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Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

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IRVING, N. Y.

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AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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THE KIND OF HORSES WE NEED.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Our age is a fast one, and the fever has got among the horses. The "Horse Exhibitions"—County, State, and National—are all fostering this spirit by large premiums for the animals who can perform certain distances in the shortest time, and ere long, if a change does not take place, our horse stock will be good for little else than crowding Old Father Time into the corner. Ten years ago it was a matter to be wondered over when a mile was compassed in the "thirties," but now, if the seconds range above "twenty-eight," there is considerable said about "slow coaches." This is all wrong, and it is the sphere of the RURAL to show the matter up in its true light. As an opening chapter, will you please give us a description of the horse we farmers want—if the "style and speed" does not suit our young men who are got up on *locomotive* principles, it will please, I doubt not, one who can contentedly travel at a less rate per minute than—TWO-FORTY, *Ontario Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

IT is hardly fair for our "Two-forty" friend to enter the *sanctum* in so abrupt a manner, and give us a lecture upon the duties of the RURAL in regard to matters intimately connected with the welfare of man's noblest servant, especially when it is so apparent that horse-talk is a second nature with him, and he speaks from the book. It would have comported better with the true spirit of a lover of the equine race, had he presented himself, MS. in hand, and desired its publication for the benefit of mankind, and the well being of those whose greatest good he seeks.

"Two-forty" desires our views upon this topic, and as we shall be free to give them expression, we hope he will at least give us opportunity to observe *his* "style," as he comes boldly forward to do battle in behalf of horsedom. Previous to entering into the discussion, however, we may premise by stating that this very question has been before the public in our columns, and different views seem to be entertained by the best judges in the land. We do not propose to settle the disputed points, at once and forever, but if anything may be called forth that will redound in value to those specially interested, "Two-forty" will consider us specially licensed to "fly the track," while he "takes the heat" at his leisure.

In the breeding of horses, no matter what the strain of blood, there are certain general principles which those who desire success must recognize. If we would have sound stock, we *must have constitutional soundness in both dam and sire.* There are hundreds, aye, thousands, who will scour the country and compare the merits of a dozen horses,—will give time and money to secure the services of a good stallion,—and all with the expectation of procuring a fine colt from a miserable, puny, ill-shaped, broken-winded, spavined old mare. How often do we hear it said, "Oh, she will do to raise a colt from;" or,—after hard service and cruel usage have left a mere wreck of what, away back in the farmer's memory, was once, a beast of power, activity, excellent temper and noble bearing,—"we must now turn the old mare out to breed from." The start is wrong,—the foundation is defective, what wonder should the structure tumble to the earth.

In the mare we need size and symmetry,—if there be blood, all the better, it will tell. Without the first two, however,—even though all the blood that has flowed through thorough-breds, from the days of Godolphin to the present, were in her veins,—she is utterly unfit for a breeder. Many animals possess some favorable peculiarity which owners wish to transmit, and though there may be a structural deficiency in some other part, the mare is brought to the breeding paddock in the hope that the desirable features will be prominent in the colt, even if it be at the expense of other points of strength and action. The breeder here commits an error. It would be better to let the mare go, for in the very large majority of cases the deficiencies will be transmitted while the excellencies will not.

An excellent modern writer upon the horse,—though he is speaking of thorough-breds,—in choosing a mare for breeding purposes, remarks that she should be so formed in frame "as to be capable of carrying and well nourishing her offspring; that is, she should be what is called 'roomy.' There is a formation of the hips which is particularly unfit for breeding purposes, and yet which is sometimes carefully selected, because it is considered elegant; this is the level and straight hip, in which the tail is set on very high, and the end of the haunch bone is nearly on a level with the projection of the hip bone. Nearly the opposite form is the more desirable, where, on examining the pelvis, it will be seen that the haunch bone forms a considerable angle with the sacrum, and that there is, as a consequence, plenty of room, not only for carrying the foal, but for allowing it to pass into the world. Both of these points are important, the former evidently so, and the latter no less so on consideration; because, if the foal is injured in the birth, either of necessity or from ignorance, it will often fail to recover its powers, and will remain permanently injured. The pelvis, then, should be wide and deep,—that is to say, large and roomy; and there should also be a little *more* than the average length from hip to the shoulder, so as to give plenty of bed for the foal, as well as a good depth of back ribs, which are necessary to give the strength to support this increased length. Beyond this roomy frame, necessary as the egg-shell of the foal, the mare only requires such a shape and make as is well adapted for the purpose she is intended for, that is to say, for producing colts of the style and form she is intended to produce. We will add, that she must have four good legs under her, and those legs standing on a foundation of good, well-shaped, *large* feet, open-heeled, and by no means flat-soled."

"In health," says the same writer, "the brood mare should be as near perfection as the artificial state of the animal will allow; at all events, it is the most important point of all; and in every case the mare should be very carefully examined with a view to discover what deviations from a natural state have been entailed upon her by her own labors, and what she has inherited from her ancestors. All accidental defects, such as broken knees, dislocated hips, &c., may be passed over; the latter, however, only when the stock from which the mare is descended are famous for standing their work without this frailty of sinew and ligament. Spavins, ringbones, large splents, sidebones, and, in fact, all bony enlargements, are constitutional defects, and will be almost sure to be perpetuated, more or less, according to the degree in which they exist in the particular case."

Having said thus much upon the requisites on the side of the dam, let us see what should be sought for in a sire. It is maintained by all writers upon this subject, that *blood* should be possessed by a stallion in an eminent degree,—that the essential on the part of the sire is the greatest amount of pure blood compatible with size, weight and power, according to the purposes for which we intend to breed. Our best veterinarians argue that the degree of strength in the bone, sinew, and frame of a blooded-horse is, in proportion to extent, vastly superior to that contained by his coarser and more mammoth brother,—the English cart-horse. The difference in the form and texture of the muscular system, and in the lesser tendency to form flabby, useless flesh, is also in favor of blood. In addition to all this, the general constitution of the animal is calculated to furnish him with greater vitality, recuperative energy and physical power,—in proportion to size and weight,—and, as a consequence quicker movement, greater courage, and better powers of endurance.

HERBERT, in his *Hints to Horse-Keepers*, gives his views upon this branch of our subject so concisely and clearly, that we cannot refrain from quoting a paragraph, as follows:—To breed from a small horse with the hope of getting a large colt; from a long-backed, leggy horse, with the hope of getting a short, compact, powerful one; from a broken-winded, or blind, or flat-footed, or spavined, or ringboned, or navicular-joint-diseased horse, with the hope of getting a sound one; from a vicious horse, a cowardly horse,—what is technically called a dunghill,—with the hope of getting a kind-tempered and brave one; all or any of these would be the height of folly. The blood sire (and the blood should always be on the sire's side) should be, for the farmer-breeder's purposes, of medium height, say 15¾ hands high, short-backed, well-ribbed up, short in the saddle-place, long below. He should have high withers, broad loins, broad chest, a straight rump,—the converse of what is often seen in trotters, and known as the *goose rump;* a high and muscular, but not beefy crest; a lean, bony, well-set-on head; a clear, bright, smallish, well-placed eye; broad nostrils and small ears. His fore legs should be as long and as muscular as possible above the knee, and his hind legs above the hock, and as lean, short and bony as possible below those joints. The bones cannot by any means be too flat, too clear of excrescences, or *too large.* The sinews should be clear, straight, firm, and hard to the touch. From such a horse, where the breeder can find one, and from a well-chosen mare (she may be a little larger, more bony, more roomy, and in every way coarser than the horse, to the advantage of the stock,) sound, healthy and well-limbed, he may be certain, accidents and contingencies set aside, of raising an animal that will be creditable to him as a scientific stock breeder, and profitable to him in a pecuniary sense.

We have endeavored to describe the peculiar constitutional and physical traits sire and dam should possess, and now take up the query,—Upon what basis do we rest the value and excellence of all horses? This, unquestionably, is quickness of movement, power of performance, and capability to work day after day, and year after year with unimpaired vigor. The horse that can plow one acre while another is able to accomplish only one-half that amount; or that can carry his owner and the load of produce to market in one-half the time required, has just a double pecuniary value over his less able and less fleet brother. In what manner we are to acquire such a breed of horses, we will leave for our readers to discuss. The general rules to be acquiesed in by successful horse raisers have been already given, and we wish each to bring forward and advocate the claims of the various strains of blood which, by their performances, are worthy of recognition at the hands of American farmers.

FLYING STALLION "WILDFIRE."

WE give above a very good portrait of the fine stallion "Wildfire," owned by WM. W. KNAPP, of East Clarkson, Monroe County, N. Y. He was sired by Morgan Emigrant, and he by Imported Emigrant of the Cleveland Bay breed. The dam of Wildfire is a very spirited Marassar mare, (known as "Old Bluestreak,") who was sired by Young Marassar, and he by old imported Marassar of Vermont. Young Marassar's dam was by Imported Messenger of Vermont. His color is a beautiful mahogany bay, with black legs, mane, and tail. He was eight years old last spring, and is 15½ hands high. "Wildfire" was bred on the same farm (and by the same family) as the celebrated trotting mare Lady Suffolk.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Crop Prospects in Ireland.

JUDGING from the tenor of the Irish press, the farmers of Ireland are placed in very distressing circumstances. Each and all of the journals are deploring the prospects of the agricultural community, and are indulging in gloomy prophecies as to consequent results upon the population of the Island. We clip the following from one of our leading exchanges:

The clerk of the weather has assuredly held no sinecure office during the present season. It has been his office to record changes the most rapid and unexpected, from storm to sunshine, and from sunshine again to storm. Reports reach us from every quarter of crops damaged by the rain, or attacked by disease. Whole tracts of country have been laid under water, hay and cattle have been ruthlessly swept away, while in some instances the unhappy farmers have found safety only upon the top of the stacks which they had in vain attempted to save. Bridges have given way under the pressure of the current; broad fields of wheat have been laid flat as if with a roller, and acres of soil have been covered by a deposit from the inundations which it will take months to remove. A single week has changed the whole face of the country, and inflicted an amount of damage in certain districts which they will not recover during the present year.

We turn to the reports from the provinces only to meet a repetition, in a minor key, of the same sad tale. Of one hundred and forty-one returns from various localities in England and Scotland, ninety-three show a wheat crop decidedly below the average; and, if the principal wheat-growing districts alone be taken into account, the proportion is not less unfavorable. Hay, abundant as it has been, has been but very partially secured. Potatoes are everywhere failing, and we shall have to trust to our light lands even for the short supply which we may eventually succeed in obtaining of this valuable esculent. In no instance do the figures exhibit more than an average, and even these are still liable to important deductions. Such are the present results of a summer, the rainfall of which has not been equalled for a century, while we must go back to 1821 for a parallel to the unwonted inclemency of the temperatures of April and June."

Amid all these causes for despondency, the genial, rollicking nature of the Irishman will break out, and he paints a silver lining for the cloud hanging over his country in this manner:

Happily for our friends, the consumers, others have been more fortunate than ourselves. The last returns from America dwell in glowing terms upon the long-delayed arrival of a year of plenty. The corn crops are everywhere abundant. We may look for large trans-Atlantic shipments of breadstuffs of all descriptions. There is even a rumor of an intention on the part of some enterprising Yankees to compete with us in a field which has hitherto been regarded as peculiarly our own, and to stock our market with American beeves, the quality of whose meat will have been positively improved by their having snuffed the breezes of the Atlantic. Whatever our farmers may say to so unprecedented an invasion, Paterfamilias will assuredly not look unkindly upon an enterprise which promises to reduce the price of meat, and somewhat to abate the present formidable proportions in this cardinal item in household expenditure.

Mauchamp-Merino Sheep.

AT the late French Agricultural Exhibition, in Paris, the Mauchamp-Merino breed of sheep were shown, and elicited much attention from the visitors. These, it is said, originated from a single animal which was gifted with peculiar properties, and, also, the power of transmitting them. Concerning the breed the *Mark Lane Express* gives the following account:

One of the most interesting portions of the sheep-show was that of the Mauchamp variety of Merinos, having a new kind of wool, glossy and silky, similar to mohair. This is an instance of an entirely new breed being, as it were, created from a mere sport of Nature. It was originated by Mons. J. L. GRAUX. In the year 1829, a Merino ewe produced a peculiar ram-lamb, having a different shape to the usual Merino, and possessing a long, straight, and silky character of wool. In 1830, M. GRAUX obtained by this ram one ram and one ewe, having the silky character of wool. In 1831, among the produce were four rams and one ewe with similar fleeces; and in 1833 there were rams enough of the new sort to serve the whole flock of ewes. In each subsequent year the lambs were of two kinds; one possessing the curled elastic wool of the old Merinos, only a little larger and finer; the other like the new breed. At last, the skillful breeder obtained a flock combining the fine silky fleece with a smaller head,

broader flanks, and more capacious chest; and several flocks being crossed with the Manchamp variety, have produced also the Manchamp-Merino breed. The pure Manchamp wool is remarkable for its qualities as combing-wool, owing to the strength, as well as the length and fineness, of the fibre. It is found of great value by the manufacturers of Cashmere shawls and similar goods, being second only to the true Cashmere fleeces, in the fine flexible delicacy of the fibre; and when in combination with Cashmere wool, imparting strength and consistency. The quantity of the wool has now become as great or greater than from ordinary Merinos, while the quality commands for it twenty-five per cent higher price in the French market.

Weight of Hay for Sheep.

THE question is often asked,—How much hay do sheep or cattle require per day? In reference to sheep of a given size, this question is well answered in a letter of the noted sheep-breeder ALEXANDER VON STERNBURG, of Lutzschena, Saxony, to Hon. JOS. A. WRIGHT, American Minister at Berlin. He says:

"*One-thirtieth part of the weight* of the live animal in good hay is considered necessary, per day, for its sustenance. According to the quality of the fodder, and its abundance or scarcity, this may be increased to one-twentieth part; but less than one-thirtieth part ought not to be given. Taking good meadow hay as the fodder standard, a ram should receive about 3¼ lbs. per day, a ewe about 2¾ lbs. per day, yearlings, &c., in that proportion—taking the average of a full-grown ram at 110 lbs., of a ewe at 82 lbs., the weight of each varying, according to age, size, and condition, between 105 and 125 lbs., as regards the full-grown rams, and from 70 to 85 lbs., as regards the ewes. The weight of a wether varies between 80 lbs. in lean condition and 110 to 115 lbs., if strong and fat for the butcher. One pound of good meadow hay is considered equivalent to one and two-thirds pounds of oat, pea, wheat, or barley straw, four pounds of turnips, or two pounds of grains in the wet state, as daily delivered from the brewery in winter. When the time for stabling for winter arrives, the sheep-master has his supplies of straw, hay and turnips, allotted to him on the basis of the above calculation, and he is bound to make them serve out the proper time, under feeding being as much guarded against as over feeding and waste."

THE CANADA WEST AG'L FAIR.

THE Fifteenth Annual Fair of the Provincial Ag'l Association of Canada West, took place at the city of Hamilton during the third week of September. In anticipation of a visit from the PRINCE OF WALES, great preparations had been made, and no pains or expense spared to render the show in every way attractive and worthy the country. A piece of ground containing some 25 acres had been fenced in, grassed, and graveled. Around three sides of the fence were arranged the stalls and pens for the live stock. A handsome structure of wood and glass in the form of a cross, 174 feet in length each way, and 56 feet wide at the ends, with an octagonal center surmounted by a large dome 85 feet high, was erected on the grounds by the Corporation of the city at an expense of $30,000. The interior of the building had a circular gallery running round it and extending into the arms of the cross.

The weather was all that could be desired until the third day, the one on which the Prince visited and inaugurated the Exhibition. No sooner had he come within the enclosure, than the rain came down, and continued to pour down, at short intervals, during the day. Some 40,000 people were on the ground at this time.

The receipts were larger than ever before known, and the entries in the different departments numbered over 7,000—the prize list being unusually liberal. It would occupy too much space to give particulars, so I will only append a few notes as they occurred to me during a personal inspection.

Horses mustered in strong force—423 entries being made in this class—most of the animals in it being heavy draft stock. A few thorough-breds were shown, and among them I noticed a beautiful yearling colt owned by Sheriff GRANGE, of Guelph. Of cattle, 540 entries were made. Durhams mustered strongly; but as a class I think they were inferior in quality to former years. A great deal of wire-pulling took place among the judges throughout the Fair; and it was especially observable in this class, some of the prize animals being akin to the SMITH bull described so graphically not long since in the RURAL. The best animal in this class was a two-year old bull owned by GEO. MILLER, of Markham. He is a perfect gem, and took the gold medal. His owner intends to exhibit him at Geneseo and Elmira this fall; and I think he bids fair to become the champion Short-horn bull of America. He is a light roan, out of "Tweedside," and has more good points than I ever saw combined in one animal before.

Devons were the most numerous class of neat stock on the ground; and the animals shown were of extra good quality throughout. Galloways, or black-polled cattle, were also numerous and very fine. This breed is deservedly gaining great favor among our farmers, from their hardiness of constitution and aptitude to fatten, combined with large size and good milking qualities. In Ayrshires some good cows were shown. The Herefords were few, and those few of the meanest description—in fact totally unlike what I have seen of them in England, and I think inferior to our native stock. A small lot of recently imported Gloucester or long-horned cattle were exhibited; they were in poor condition. Grade cattle were numerous and very superior.

In sheep the Cotswolds and Leicesters largely predominated, some fine animals being shown by F. W. STONE, of Guelph, GEO. MILLER, of Markham, and JOHN SNELL, of Edmonton, who divided the prizes among them. A few pens of South-Downs were on the ground, and I was much pleased with them. I think it will yet be found that this breed is better adapted to the climate and pastures of Canada than the heavy, sluggish, long-wooled breeds. Of Merino and Saxons very few were shown, and those few were miserable representatives of their respective breeds.

Pigs made a good display, the small breeds having evidently obtained the preference.

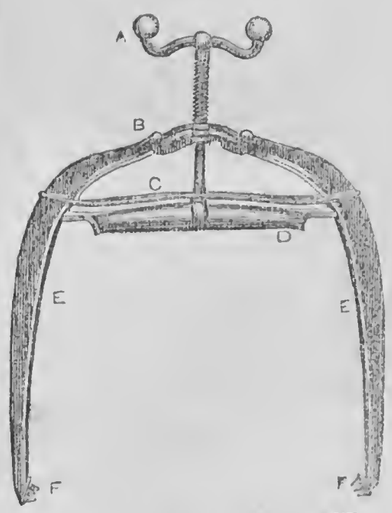
The machinery, as usual, had to be left to itself—scattered about, without order or method, in various parts of the grounds. Among it I noticed a Caloric Engine adapted to farm purposes, made in Rochester, N. Y. It was kept under headway all the time and attracted large crowds. A handsome threshing machine, made of ash, walnut, and maple, the iron work burnished and glistening in the sun, occupied a prominent position. It was made by JOSEPH HALL, of your city, at his branch establishment in Canada, and obtained the first premium.

Within the Crystal Palace were the Vegetable and Fine Arts departments. A great many samples of Wheat were shown, Mr. H. MOYLE, of Brantford, taking the Canada Company's prize of $100. His wheat weighed 66½ pounds per bushel was of the Kentucky White variety, and very hard and flinty.

Around the center underneath the dome, was arrayed the Horticultural department, and a very fine display of fruits there was. Dr. BEADLE, of St. Catherines, exhibited 180 varieties, and took the prize for the best collection of fruit of all sorts, as well as several other prizes in this class. MESSRS. ELLWANGER & BARRY, of your city, showed a fine collection of 80 varieties of pears, and 40 varieties of plums, for which they ought to have obtained an extra prize, but did not through some bad taste on the part of the judges.

Altogether this Exhibition has been a fine one, and far ahead of any the Society has yet held. The arrangements, however, were bad. What little attention the members of the agricultural press present received, was due solely to the exertions of H. C. THOMSON, Esq., the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, and his duties were of too multifarious a description to enable him to do all he would have wished for his friends.

Hamilton, C. W., Sept. 22. J. MACKELCAN, JR.



ROBERT LAW'S APPLE PACKER.

THE above cut represents an Apple Packer, invented and patented by Mr. ROBERT LAW, of Lockport, N. Y. It is said to give entire satisfaction to those who have used it, being admirably adapted to the work for which it is designed, and greatly expediting the packing of fruit for market. It also greatly facilitates the packing of potatoes, eggs, &c., and, being entirely of iron, is very durable. For further particulars, see advertisement in this paper.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

GARGET IN COWS.—Many remedies for garget in cows, I have noticed in your journal. Brought up from childhood on a farm, keeping a dairy for a living, and getting somewhat along in years, perhaps my experience may be amusing, if not instructive, to my brother farmers. I have had many instances of this malady, and whenever I discover that the milk is bloody, I do not save it from the section of the udder affected until the milk again presents a healthy appearance, which generally has been but a few milkings at furthest, and in no case exceeding a week or ten days. Accident, I think, is ever the cause, and Nature a sufficient physician to effect a cure—at least it has been on my premises; for no remedies have ever been administered, or applied.

COUGH IN HORSES.—A valuable horse was taken with cough the present season, which steadily grew worse for some two weeks, until it was unfit for labor, and I hastened to a celebrated veterinary surgeon. The horse rapidly grew better, its cough entirely disappeared, and a few days restored it to its accustomed health and usefulness. Do you want to know what cured it? I can't tell. The Dr. was away upon a journey, and before he got back the horse simply got well. If he had given it a few pills and "Condition Powders," I could have reported a wonderful cure.

COLIC IN HORSES.—Speaking of horses, reminds me of a recipe in the RURAL of August 25th, for colic, which was simply a wet bandage applied around the horse. I will give you one, which may be applied with less trouble, and which I do not recollect ever seeing in print. Turn a spoonful of cold water in his ears; the effect is instantaneous. I have seen it tried in many cases, and never knew a failure.

SCALES IN BUTTERMILK.—Tell W. T. P., of Lockport, that the reason of his finding scales or flakes of cream in his buttermilk was because he permitted the air to become too dry, and perhaps to move too free through his milk-room. If he did not allow the top of the cream to dry there would be no crust to break up into scales.

REMOVING BOXES OF HONEY.—Say to Young Bee-Keeper of Brighton, to take off his boxes of honey just when he gets ready,—morning, noon, or night,—carry them to a cellar, or some dark room, leave a small place for light, set the boxes a good distance from it, and as the bees leave them they will fly to the light and go home, and never think of returing. TIMOTHY FLAIL.

Mt. Upton, N. Y., 1860.

WHY DRAINING IS BENEFICIAL.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Many persons do not see *why* land is benefited by draining; they don't understand the philosophy of it. For the benefit of such, I purpose giving the philosophy, as brief and understandable as possible, hoping that it may enable some to determine the good it may do them. We all *know* that the air and soil after a shower becomes cooler; the reason of this is, that a quantity of heat, sufficient to cause the evaporation of the water on the surface, is taken from the air and soil, and rendered latent or insensible. Where a large quantity of water is evaporated, a proportionately large quantity of heat is rendered latent. The earth needs all the heat it contains, for the proper support of vegetable life; and by means of draining it is preserved, by allowing the water to pass through the soil, after having watered the roots of the plants, which it will not do if allowed to stand upon the surface.

Again, the action of this superior heat in the soil, on the water there, by insinuating it into all parts of the soil, renders it mellow, and easy to be worked; for this reason it is peculiarly adapted to clayey soils; and another important consideration is, it allows a more free admission of the germinating qualities contained in the atmosphere into the soil. Again, in a drouth, or more properly, when the heat and dry weather is sufficient to cause a drouth in an undrained country, draining is serviceable to moisten the surface of the soil for the simple reason that the water generated below, by the action of the great heat above, is made to evaporate, and, passing upward through the soil, moistens the surface,—saving us from the direful effects of a drouth. Furthermore, the dew is more profusely admitted to drained than undrained soils.

In view of these important advantages, which are,—1st. An increased warmth of the soil; 2d. Carrying the water to the roots of the plants, where it is needed; 3d. Rendering the soil mellow and porous, so that it can be more easily worked, and obtaining a more profuse supply of dew in time of dry weather; 4th. Furnishing moisture in time of drouth,—draining must, sooner or later, commend itself to general favor, where it is at all practicable. C. C. B.

Watertown, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

To Keep Potatoes in the Cellar.

A WRITER in the *New England Farmer* says:—Put them in a pile as deep as you can conveniently. He has for three or for years noticed that where they were the deepest they kept the best. Last autumn he put 125 bushels in one bin, and filled them two and a half or three feet deep. They decayed but little, and he found more rotten ones near the top than anywhere else.

Housing Cattle.

AN English experimenter last fall tied up four bullocks under a hovel, three in separate boxes, and kept seven loose in two yards, four in one end and three in another, each having a hovel or shed to run under. The fourteen beasts were all alike in age, and were treated in the same way, namely:—eight pounds of linseed cake each per day, three-quarters of a bushel of mangel wurzels, and hay or oat straw distributed equally to all. Those shut up in the boxes, and those tied up, were all ready for market first, and those fed in the yards replaced in the boxes; but when they came to be marketed, it was found they were not ready by a month as early as those that were tied or fastened up.

Use of the Curry-Comb.

THE following has appeared in several of our Agricultural exchanges with the rather indefinite credit, "*Selected*," appended. We don't know who is the owner, but we do know there is a good deal of "sound doctrine" in its teachings:

The tongue of a cow or ox is suggestive. It is armed with a compact bed of spines, very rough to the touch, and adapted to a variety of uses. With this pliable member, it draws grass between the teeth for cropping, and all other articles of food when necessary. It comes in play in reaching up into the limbs of trees for foliage or fruit, or in reaching over walls and fences after forbidden crops. The tongue is also used in disturbing the hair and skin on all parts of the body within reach, and the inaccessible parts of the head are curried by mutual accommodation. No sight is more common in a herd of cattle than this reciprocal toilet of the tongue. Here is nature's hint for the use of the card and curry-comb. These tools are especially called for in winter, when cattle are kept in stalls, with their heads confined, so that they cannot use their tongues upon their own skins.

It is said by old hostlers, that a good currying, brushing and rubbing down once a day, are equal to a feed of oats for a horse. However this may be, there can be no doubt that it greatly promotes the health and comfort of horses and cattle. It removes all filth from the skin, which is apt to accumulate in stables, unless currying is attended to daily. The skin is constantly throwing off effete matter, which collects around the roots of the hair, and stops up the pores, unless it is in some way removed. The tongue does this partially, but the card and curry-comb do it still better. This office is performed for the horse quite regularly, because he is more frequently exhibited in the presence of his owner, and the cleanliness of the carriage, and of the clothes of the family, depend somewhat upon the condition of the skin of the horse. But the ox, the cow, and the young animals, are sadly neglected. It is not unfrequently that a yoke of oxen will come out of the stable in the spring, with a thick plaster of filth upon their hams, the accumulation of a whole winter—a disgrace to humanity, and to the good husbandry of the owner.

All these animals manifest their pleasure at the use of the card and curry-comb upon their skins, and after a little practice the young stock will come as regularly for their carding as for their food. It is an excellent method to tame heifers that are to bear their first calves in the spring. They become accustomed to the handling of man, and submit to the first milking without much resistance. It is equally good for steers that are soon to be brought under the yoke. They become so gentle under gentle treatment that they are easily broken to the yoke, and make a more tractable team than by the ordinary process. The card is a much better persuader than the ox whip. This is excellent business for boys, and they should be taught to keep the card moving.

Fatten Hogs Early.

WE have used this caption, or its equivalent, on former occasions. It has been brought to mind by reading an article from a correspondent of the Ohio *Farmer*. He first "hogged down" (in western parlance) forty acres of corn, between the 10th of September and the 23d of October. By the hogs being weighed when they were turned in and when they were turned out, it was found that they paid forty cents a bushel for the corn, estimating the pork at four cents a pound, and corn at forty bushels to the acre.

His next course was to take one hundred hogs, averaging 200 pounds each, which were placed in nine covered pens, and fed all they could eat of corn and cobs ground together, steamed, and given in allowances five times a day. In a week they were again weighed, when, reckoning 70 pounds of corn and cob as equal to a bushel of corn, and the pork as above, the hogs paid 80 cents a bushel for the corn. The weather was warm for the season.

The same experiment was tried again the first week in November, when the corn brought 62 cents, the weather being colder. The third week in November, the corn brought only 40 cents, and the fourth week it brought but 26 cents, the weather continuing to grow colder. Another lot of hogs was fed through December, which only gave 26 cents a bushel for the corn. A part of the time the temperature was at zero, and then the hogs only gained enough to pay *five* cents a bushel for the corn, and afterward, when the mercury went down to ten degrees below zero, the hogs only *held their own*.

The inference from these trials is, that in general it is not profitable to feed corn to hogs after the middle of November. The difference in gain is certainly surprising, and whether caused altogether by the difference in temperature or not, no person of observation can doubt that hogs gain much more in proportion to the food consumed, in mild than in cold weather. It seems that the hogs gained much less by helping themselves to corn in the field than when the corn was ground and cooked, and fed to the animals in pens, under equal advantages of weather. So says the Boston *Cultivator*.

Inquiries and Answers.

HUNGARIAN GRASS AND MILLET.—Inclosed you will find two specimens of grasses, which are both called Hungarian Grass in this vicinity. One, as you will perceive, resembles pigeon grass, except that the head is darker colored, and contains more seed. The head of the other somewhat resembles the top of broom corn. Will you, or some of your correspondents who are posted, please inform me which is the genuine article; and also what is the name of the other?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Henrietta, Mon. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

The dark-colored specimen, resembling pigeon grass, is the Hungarian Grass, probably a variety of the German millet, *Setaria Germanica*. The other, resembling broom corn, is another variety of millet, *Panicum Milliaceum*.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE NEW YORK STATE FAIR is to be held at Elmira, next week—October 2–5. The Society's Journal says: "The Local Committee are making every necessary preparation for the completion of the grounds, and all will be ready before the last week in September. The indications are that the exhibition will be in all respects creditable to the State, and the attendance promises to be of the most gratifying character. The Farmers, Mechanics, Manufacturers, and Horticulturists, are all preparing for this great gathering of 1860—so that it shall, in all respects, equal those which preceded it."

—For list of other Fairs, see former numbers of RURAL.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS are due and tendered to the Officers of many State, County and Local Ag'l Societies for invitations to attend their Annual Fairs. Regret that home duties and engagements preclude us from responding in person, as we had hoped to do in several instances; and also that we have been unable to accept any of the numerous invitations received to deliver addresses. If life and health are spared, we hope it will be in our power to be more affirmative another season.

THE FAIRS held last week in this State—and especially those which continued through Thursday and Friday—were materially affected, especially in the exchequer, by the equinoctialish storm. As the rain fell alike upon the just and the unjust, we of Monroe ("of the first part") did not escape, and can sympathize with friends in Albany and other counties. *Mem.*—Never calculate upon three *fair* days about the 20th of Sept., in this region.

THE CORN CROP SAFE.—Many fears have been expressed during the past month that the corn crop of this region would not ripen in season to escape frost. We are glad to know that these fears will not be realized—for the crop is generally so far ripened as to render it quite safe, there having been no frost to injure it up to this date, (Sept. 24.) The yield is generally reported good, and we congratulate the farmers upon the prospective result.

FINE CANADA WHEAT AND OATS.—We are indebted to our attentive Canada correspondent, Mr. J. MACKELCAN, Jr., for a sample of the Wheat which was awarded the Canada Company's prize of $100 at the recent Provincial Fair at Hamilton. It is of the Kentucky White variety, very plump, and weighs 66½ lbs. to the bushel. Also, for a sample of superior Oats, grown in Canada from seed brought from Australia. Our trans-Ontario neighbors are entitled to credit for the attention they are devoting to the introduction and improvement of grain.

THE UNITED STATES FAIR—at Cincinnati, 12th to 20th inst.,—is variously estimated, some reporters declaring it a miserable failure and others a decided success!

THE MONROE COUNTY FAIR—held on the Society's Grounds, near this city, Sept. 19th, 20th, and 21st—was a success and triumph, considering the unfavorable weather, and previous opposition and predictions of many who desired the Society to offer special and large inducements for the display of fast horses. The result proves that an *Agricultural* Fair, pure and simple, can be rendered successful in Monroe,—and, though the exhibition was far from what it might and should have been, it indicated that our Farmers, Horticulturists, Artisans and Manufacturers, are skilful, enterprising, and progressive. The weather was very favorable on the first day, and the attendance unexpectedly large. The day was devoted to making entries, general preparations, and the Plowing Match, which was a grand one—by far the best we ever attended at any Fair, either State or Local. *Twenty-two entries were made*, and the contest proved most spirited and satisfactory. Though there was a heavy rain at night, the next day dawned brightly, and the Fair opened and progressed favorably until 2 P. M., when a heavy rain storm occurred, dispersing the thousands of exhibitors and spectators, checking the labors of out-door committees, and preventing large numbers (especially city people) from visiting the grounds as they had anticipated. This was a damper in all respects, and of course materially lessened the receipts. The show had opened well and was good in most departments—superior in several, the entries being large—but the severe storm caused many to remove their articles and animals, and, we hope, so fully demonstrated the necessity of large, well-roofed exhibition buildings, that some action will be taken on the subject at the next annual meeting of the Society. The third day was cool, and a high wind prevailed, which, with the state of the roads, (made bad by the heavy fall of rain,) rendered the prospect anything but encouraging. As the day advanced, however, the skies brightened, and there was a large attendance—the number being estimated at from eight to ten thousand. The address, by HORACE GREELEY, was listened to attentively for an hour and a half by several thousand people, and universally pronounced the best ever made upon the Grounds. Certainly no speaker ever had *and held* so large an audience at any Fair of the Society. A copy of the address was requested for publication, and we hope to be able to give it, or its substance, in the RURAL. The Fair closed successfully, without any accident. We have thus far heard less complaint relative to arrangements, awards, etc., than usual—and hence, (it being our *duty*, as an officer of the Society, to be abused, and every competitor's privilege to find fault,) we conclude that the Managers, Superintendents, and Judges, were not altogether unsuccessful in their efforts to render the exhibition creditable to the Society and County. The awards of premiums, and other particulars, will be given in the local papers.

WHEAT HARVESTING IN WISCONSIN.—The recent wheat harvest in Wisconsin seems to have employed everybody and most of their friends in the rural districts. The harvest was so great and laborers so few, that men, women, and children, were employed to secure the crop, and we have seen some poetical accounts of the work being prosecuted by moonlight. A correspondent of a Milwaukee paper, who visited Walworth county in the busy season, experienced considerable trouble in finding anybody "at home." His account is amusing. In seeking lodgings, he called at the house of an old friend, but could not gain admittance—a passer-by informing him that the occupant was "getting in his wheat." He then went to another part of the town and called on an old schoolmate, Squire R. Nobody at home. A person passing was asked—"Is the Squire in town?" "Getting in his wheat, I reckon." "Well, where is his lady?" "She's helping the Squire." "And the young ladies?" "Getting in the wheat, stranger—you'll find 'em all down in the field about a mile from here." The traveler next tried the Hotel, but found a notice on the door saying the house was closed for a week, as the proprietor was *getting in his wheat*. Having already carried his carpet-bag five miles in a hot sun, the weary traveler offered a boy a dollar to carry said baggage, but boy "guessed he'd have to wait till dad got his wheat in." He then resolved to walk to the next house he saw, and demand, in the name of civilization, the hospitality due to a traveler. As this proved to be a boarding school for young ladies, he was fortunate enough to secure a night's rest; and the next morning, not being able to see anybody but young ladies, as every member of the "male persuasion" was "getting in his wheat," he left for home, resolved never to visit that region again when people were harvesting.

THE RURAL APPRECIATED.—Though in almost daily receipt of the most encouraging letters relative to the RURAL, we rarely refer to or quote from them, having little space for the reiteration of facts which we trust are apparent to all attentive readers. But among the epistles of this character now on our table, is one from a Lewis Co., Ky., farmer, from which we are constrained to segregate a few sentences, as follows:—"Fortune placed a copy of you RURAL NEW-YORKER in my hands a few days since, and I would say to you, free of flattery, that *it is a little the best paper I ever read*. I have now in the room copies of some thirty different newspapers from the East and West, but none so interesting or so *well calculated* to 'post up' the farmer as the well-filled-up pages of your RURAL. I am a young farmer and delight in the rearing of stock, the cultivation of the soil and the growing of fruit trees, and as a matter of course want all the information I can obtain. * * I will be a subscriber for the RURAL as soon as I hear from you, and think I can get up a club."

DICKINSON'S IMPERIAL WHEAT.—A Correspondent at Grand Rapids, Mich., (who is too modest to give any other name than "Valley Farmer,") sends us the best sample of wheat we have seen this season. The kernal is large, plump and white—superior to the Canada prize wheat noticed elsewhere. He calls it "Dickinson's Imperial;" and in answer to an inquiry in the RURAL whether wheat will do well after potatoes, says:—"In the fall of 1858 I dug a patch of potatoes, (seven rods,) and the last week in Sept. sowed it in drills 3 by 5 inches, with one pint of the above named seed; hoed it once in the Spring and harvested 2 bushels and 3 lbs. of plump wheat, weighing 62 lbs. per bushel. I sowed again (in 1849) after potatoes, on the 17th of Oct., and harvested this season at the rate of fifty bushels to the acre."

THE AGRICULTURAL CAULDRON AND STEAMER, invented by D. R. PRINDLE of Genesee county, was exhibited in operation at our recent County Fair, and proved an attractive and prominent feature among the farm implements and machinery. The apparatus is complete, compact and portable, and apparently fulfils the object of its invention in the best manner. This steamer was illustrated and described in the RURAL of April 21st, and we are glad to learn is gaining favor with farmers and others who have witnessed its operation.

FINE BERKSHIRE PIGS.—Several fine pens of Berkshires were exhibited at our recent County Fair—from Ogden, Greece and Henrietta. We were unable to obtain the names of all the owners, but among them were GEO. C. LATTA of Greece, and STEPHEN LEGGETT of Henrietta, both gentlemen having taken pains to obtain the best Berkshire stock in the country.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS in the RURAL, if you wish to be advised as to where, of whom and at what prices the best articles are obtainable. See, also, special notice of the RURAL'S Fall Campaign, in this number.

HORTICULTURAL.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTH SESSION, AT PHILADELPHIA, 1860.

AFTER the delivery of the Annual Address by the President, the Committee appointed to recommend suitable officers for the ensuing year, made their report. The only change which the Committee recommended, was that of Secretary, the Horticultural Editor of the RURAL being nominated in place of the present incumbent. All the other officers of the Society being recommended for re-election, this change was resisted by the friends of the Secretary, on the ground that it was a direct censure upon that officer, and a motion was made to amend, so as to retain the old officer, which, after several trials, some discussion, and a little "noise and confusion," was declared to be carried. So the officers stand as last year.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

According to the recommendation of the President and of the Business Committee, the Society had agreed not to revise the list of fruits recommended for *General Culture*, at this session, and proceeded at once with

APPLES RECOMMENDED AS PROMISING WELL.

Broadwell.

Passed without discussion.

Buckingham.

Several gentlemen inquired if the *Bunkum* was the same variety.

Dr. WARDER, of Ohio — It is the same, and is called Bunkum in North Carolina and Winter Queen in Virginia.

Coggswell.

Passed without comment.

Fornwalder.

Dr. WARDER — I think it might as well be stricken from the list.

Mr. RUTTER, of Pa.—I view it as one of the finest of apples. It bears very well. Have 125 in bearing. The fruit sells higher than almost any other sort. They are large and keep well. Had them fine in April last. Not equal in quality to some others, but does well in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Mr. BALDWIN, of Pa.—I agree with Mr. Rutter in regard to its bearing qualities. It is a desirable sort—just such as we want.

Genesee Chief.

Dr. WARDER—I think it should be taken from the list promising well. It comes at a season when we have many other and better sorts. It is a large, coarse apple, well enough for cooking, but with little flavor besides its acidity.

Mr. BARRY, of N. Y.—If we reject this I think we should reject many others that are now on the list. It is one of the largest apples we have, and when ripe is of very superior quality. It is not only a fine looking fruit, but a good eating apple.

Mr. HARRISON, of Pa.—With me it is one of the best of 15 or 20 varieties which I have grown. Too good for cooking.

Jeffries.

Mr. HOOKER, of N. Y.—Fruited it this season for the first time. It seems to be one of the finest of apples.

Mr. ESHLEMAN, of Pa.—It is well adapted to Eastern Pennsylvania; bearing well when most other sorts fail. A very delicious medium sized apple.

Mr. LYON, of Mich.—Very fine, fair sized apple in my State.

Mr. RUTTER — It originated in Pennsylvania, and is one of our finest fruits, ripening in September. It was brought into notice by the Horticultural Society of Westchester.

King of Tompkins County.

THE PRESIDENT — Can any gentleman say aught against this apple. I think it worthy of all commendation.

LYON, of Mich.—It is coming very much into cultivation. Its greatest fault is its size, being too large for market.

BATEHAM, of Ohio—Reports from Ohio are not so favorable. It ripens too early to be profitable with us, and is disposed to speck.

THE PRESIDENT — Does not this disposition arise from an undrained soil?

BATEHAM—It is the same in all soils, but succeeds better in the Western part of the State.

WARDER—I can confirm what Mr. Batcham has said. Have seen it in all soils. We cannot yet form an *opinion*, but our *impressions* are unfavorable. It ripens too early — prematurely — and is prone to rot. This sentiment seems to be general in Ohio, and we must draw our own conclusions.

Mother.

Passed without discussion.

Smoke House.

BALDWIN, of Pa.—This we consider the best apple in Eastern Pennsylvania, both for cooking and the table. It has no superior.

White Winter Pearmain.

Passed without remark.

Winter Sweet Paradise.

RUTTER, of Pa.—I cannot conceive how this apple got on the list as *promising well*. Have had it fruiting for the last 15 or 18 years, and do not think it worthy of cultivation. It is small, rather handsome, but I think inferior to many others that have originated in Pennsylvania. How it succeeds in other sections I cannot say. I move it be stricken from the list of varieties *promising well*.

TAYLOR, of Va.—I object to the motion, for it is one of the best sweet apples we have in Virginia.

BATEHAM—I think the gentlemen are talking about two different apples. Mr. Rutter does not describe the Winter Sweet Paradise of Ohio, which is an excellent sweet apple.

RUTTER—Think I cannot be mistaken, as the apple of which I speak originated in or near Paradise, Lancaster Co. The Pennsylvania Sweet Paradise is a rather flat apple, with a blush on one side.

BARRY, of N. Y.—I saw the Winter Sweet in Washington. It was very large, and I thought it the best sweet apple I had ever seen. In Columbus, Ohio, I have also frequently seen it, and thought it one of the most delicate sweet apples for the dessert that I had ever tasted. It is far superior to the Tolman Sweet, or any of our popular sweet apples. I can say nothing about its success in Western New York, but I know that in the South and in Ohio it is considered of the first quality.

SAUL, of N. Y.—Have known this apple some twenty years. Mr. Rutter has described its shape and appearance very well. At Newburgh it has always been fair, handsome, and productive, and, as one member remarked, one of the best sweet apples of the season.

ESHLEMAN, of Pa.—There are two *Sweet Paradise* apples, both originating in this State. There can be no difficulty in distinguishing them, for one is a summer apple, and passed at this time, and the other is a winter apple.

BALDWIN, of Pa.—It is a very shy bearer on my place, and I believe that to be the general character of the fruit.

Winthrop Greening, or Lincoln Pippin.

THE PRESIDENT—This apple was placed upon the list promising well, six years ago, at the meeting of the Pomological Society in Boston, on the motion of a gentleman of the State of Maine, who gave it a high recommendation as an apple suited to that region. I think it was placed upon the list rather as an act of courtesy to the State. I have not heard of it in any other section of the country.

[This completed the list already recommended as promising well, and the proposal of new candidates for this position came in order.]

Summer Sweet Paradise.

LYON—The *Summer Sweet Paradise* I think should be added to the list. Have cultivated it for several years. It is a large yellow, and a very fine sweet apple.

H. E. HOOKER, of N. Y.—I hope no gentleman will introduce a fruit which he does not think will prove worthy of general cultivation.

BATEHAM — I would like to know whether the *Summer Sweet Paradise* and the *Autumn Paradise* are the same apple.

PRINCE, of N. Y.—These two names are given to the same fruit.

SCOTT, of N. J.—The names are too similar if the fruit is different.

THE PRESIDENT presented specimens of the fruit.

SAUL, of N. Y. — I know the apple and pronounce it first rate.

Adopted as promising well.

Ben. Davis.

Dr. WARDER—Recommend the *Ben. Davis*. Do not wish to say much about it, but believe it is a variety that will yet make a noise in the world. If any gentleman is acquainted with it, I hope he will present the facts.

BERCKMANS, of Ga.—It promises to be a fine keeping apple in our section, where good keeping apples are not plenty. As a grower it is good; rather acid, of medium size, and of fair though not of first quality. Have had it in fruit four years. It is best known in Todd county, Kentucky, where it was introduced by Mr. Downer.

WARDER—I move this apple be added to the list of varieties promising well.

BARRY—When a fruit as little known as this is presented, I, like many others, feel embarrassed in regard to placing it on the list. My impression is, that where an apple is known only to one or two, it would be well to hear a description of its qualities, to be placed on record to be read by all interested; but not to add the almost unknown variety to the list promising well. It should be well known in several districts of the country before being entitled to this honor.

THE PRESIDENT—These are my views, and they are conformable to our previous practice.

WARDER—I have a list of apples in my possession, which is of considerable length. It embraces the names of those I consider worthy of being placed upon the list of *promising well*. If we wait until these apples struggle out of their native woods, they will never be placed on that list. We have instances enough to show the truth of my assertion. Take the *Cooper* apple, for instance, which cannot live out of its naturally limited kingdom. There is an instance of an apple which, for fifty years, has been cultivated upon—and is absolutely necessary to—every house garden on the Muskingum river, and being scarcely ever found away from that river. This Society did me the honor to place on the promising well list the *Buckingham*, which, apparently, was not known to any other member. In consequence of that kind action, I have been led to gather many specimens of valuable fruits, throughout the South and West, in anticipation of their undergoing the same formula. I would have certain fruits which promise well placed on their appropriate lists, in order to give them, not only a local reputation, but a certain degree of notoriety. If this course is considered to run counter to the rules of the Society, I will fold up my list.

THE CHAIR—There is certainly no objection to adding to the list the names of those fruits which appear to be well vouched for by gentlemen having a sufficient knowledge of them, such as Mr. Warder has already communicated to us, relative to certain varieties applicable to his own region. I understood Mr. Barry's intimation to be, that in cases where the variety was somewhat less known, the opinions of gentlemen relative to it should be recorded, but the name of the variety not to be placed on the list of "Promising Well," except in exceptional cases.

WARDER—As Mr. Berckmans is better acquainted with this apple than myself, and does not highly recommend it, I ask leave to withdraw the motion.

CUMMINGS, of N. Y.—As we have had no description of the apple under consideration, I would like to hear some of its characteristics.

BERCKMANS—The Ben Davis is an apple very well known in Kentucky, from which State it originally came. I have had it in cultivation for four years, and the fruit is not yet ripe. From different sources, I have collected information in regard to it, and all who have tried the apple recommend it as very good for a winter-keeping apple. The size is medium, rather flat, has a red cheek, and is striped. Its quality is fair—not of the first order. It is a fine grower.

Pres. Ewing.

WARDER—I introduce specimens of the Pres. Ewing, another Kentucky apple. It is globular, yellow, nearly covered with stripes; juicy, and keeps well. Some of the apples I present I have never seen upon the tree.

Fall Wine.

WARDER—I offer, to be placed on the list of "Promising Well," at the option of the Society, Fall Wine. Mr. Downing has had this specimen for thirty years, and yet it is on no list in our Transactions. It is first rate, a good bearer, fine grower, and a very fine apple in September for cooking, the table, the market, or anywhere.

DOWNING—A pleasant, good apple for amateurs.

BARRY—A fine apple.

LYON—Inclined to speck in Michigan, and is uneven in size.

LOOMIS, of Ind.—We consider it one of the finest apples of its season, a regular bearer, and good for all purposes for which apples may be used.

Added to the list as promising well.

Common Pearmain.

WARDER.— I move to add the Common Pearmain. It is an excellent keeper; will withstand the roughest treatment. It may be kept without any difficulty until March, and is good until May. One of our very best south-west keeping apples; not of the very highest quality, but infinitely better than anything I have seen from Boston to Virginia, in the spring season of the year.

TAYLOR, of Va.—With us it is a good apple and a heavy bearer, but is not fit to use until April and then is good until harvest. It originated in Virginia.

LOOMIS, of Ind.—It is cultivated to a great extent along the Ohio River, and is considered valuable as a long keeper.

BATEHAM.—I have seen it in Ohio good in the spring, though not superior.

Added to the list.

Early Joe.

WARDER.—I propose now to add to the list a variety with which many here are doubtless familiar—the Early Joe.

LYON.—The only fault with it in Michigan is that it is inclined to over-bear and is sometimes speckled.

Added to the list promising well.

Father Abraham.

WARDER —I propose the Father Abraham.

ROBY, of Va.—It is a rather shy but regular bearer. Keeps well, and has a rich, spicy flavor. Season, late winter. Not fit to eat before January, and lasting generally until March. Of rather small size. A fine grower.

STEWART, of Ill.—It has been grown in Illinois for many years, and plenty of them can be seen in the spring throughout the center of the State. Too small for a market apple and of indifferent flavor.

Not added to the list.

Willow Twig.

WARDER.—I propose the Willow Twig, known also as the Willow, or James River. A large sized apple, one of our best market fruits. Thousands of dollars have been brought back, for years and years, by those who have taken this article, in large quantities, down the Mississippi. It is known all along the banks of the Ohio, though I believe of Southern origin—from Virginia—of fair size. The tree looks like a wilding, and is a good bearer, though not pretty.

BISSEL, of Pa.—It has been kept in our neighborhood (Pittsburg) for two years. Fair, but not high flavored apple, and a great bearer.

STEWART, of Ill.—It is considered by market dealers as our most valuable fruit of the apple species. It will keep twelve months. Hangs on the tree until late in the season; bears a uniform crop; and when properly packed will keep all winter, without loss. It is salable to the last of June and about the beginnig of July.

Adopted as promising well.

Limber Twig.

WARDER—I introduce the Limber Twig; an ugly customer, very unprepossessing in appearance, but every thing said in regard to the Willow Twig,—its keeping qualities, &c.,—may be said of this fruit. Like it, it may be called a spring apple.

STEELE, of N. C.—The Limber Twig has not the flavor of some other apples, but it is an excellent keeper, hardy and productive, will grow at a level of 30 degrees above tide-water.

ROBY, of Va.—The Limber Twig is considered one of our best winter apples for keeping, and a regular bearer. If kept too dry it becomes spongy.

BERCKMANS, of Ga.—It is one of the greatest winter apples we have. I have frequently found it in the markets of Charleston and Augusta. I have seen it sound in the months of April and May, which is pretty good evidence that it is a good keeping apple.

TAYLOR, of Va.—I have had it in Virginia, and know that is grown very well in Illinois. The great objection to it is its property of getting spongy, during the winter months. You will not find it plump and sound in the spring. If you store it away on the floor of a room, or like place, it will dry up and wither. It requires to be laid on the ground for preservation.

ROBY—We keep it in sand, in which material it is well preserved. The tree bears well.

Added to the list promising well.

Bonum.

STEELE, of N. C.—I present an apple—a seedling of one of the central counties of North Carolina, and first named by the gentleman who raised it, Magnum Bonum. The tree is hardy, a good grower, and productive. There is no better apple this season of the year.

ROBY, of Va.—It is one of our best winter apples.

BERCKMANS—In Georgia it is not a winter apple.

STEELE—It is a September apple with me.

ROBY—With me it is an early winter apple.

Recommended as promising well.

Stansill.

STEELE, of N. C.—I present an apple said to have originated in the county of Stansill, and hence I have given it this name. Some of them are almost entirely green, with a slight blush, while in others the cheek is bright. The tree is a very beautiful grower, and a very early bearer, and worthy to be placed upon the list. There is an enlargement of the fruit spur; more so than in any apple I know of. It is yellowish in flesh, of very good quality—indeed, is a capital apple. With us, in season in the month of January. It is well tested, and the earliest bearer I know of.

BERCKMANS.—I have this apple in fruit now. It is a very early bearer, endures any amount of heat and remains sound.

Recommended as promising well.

New York Pippin.

WARDER.—I present for the consideration of the meeting an apple known in many places at the West as the New York Pippin. The tree is a thrifty grower, the apple large and conical, handsomely striped with fine bright red, and a good keeper. In some places it is called the *Kentucky Streak*, and along the Ohio, particularly on the Kentucky side, as the Carolina Red Streak.

STEWART, of Ill.—I concur in all Dr. Warder has said in regard to the New York Pippin. We have cultivated it in our section of the country, under the name of the Red Pippin. I have met it all through Missouri, under the name of the Victoria Red, and I find it one of the best growers in the nursery and orhards, one of the hardiest trees, and one of the most profitable and saleable apples. It is cultivated largely and finds first-rate sales.

BYRAM.—The history of that apple I think is in this wise. It was introduced into Kentucky from Philadelphia by one of the Allens, who saw it in the markets of this city, and was so well pleased with it that he introduced it as I have stated, under the name of New York Pippin, the same by which name it was known here.

LYON.—I received by way of Indiana and Kentucky, some years since, what appeared to be a very good apple—the one under consideration — though I have another superior to this.

NOBLE, of Pa.—I never saw any specimen of this apple. I merely wish to ask whether this was, a few years ago, the Ben. Davis. It is so stated in some of the periodicals of that time.

WARDER.—It is not the same. A horticultural body, though quite a subordinate one to this, met at Bloomington, Illinois, last winter, and after proper consideration, they agreed to call it the Carolina Red. I move that that name be given to it now.

BARRY.—In the case of an important apple like this, I would inquire whether it would not be better to refer it to the Committee on Synonyms, in order that they may between this and the next session, investigate its history and find out its real name.

The nomenclature of the apple was referred to said Committee.

Rome Beauty.

BATEHAM—I would like to hear something about that famous apple, the Rome Beauty. It is exceedingly popular in our portion of Ohio and in the adjoining States.

BARRY.—I think the Rome Beauty is very handsome and productive. Even in Ohio, it is said to be an apple of third or not more than second quality.

BERCKMANS.—It is an apple of second quality only. Cultivated in our section on account of its beauty. It is an August apple in Georgia.

White Pippin.

WARDER—The White Pippin is worthy of notice by this meeting. Would like to hear the opinions of gentlemen in regard to it.

BATEHAM.—I was required by the Chairman of the Fruit Committee, at the State Pomological Meeting of Ohio, to present the names of twelve winter apples, and I had to put the names of the White Pippin at the head of the list. I do not expect to find a better winter apple than this. It is so good that I could not recommend half a dozen varieties without including it. We have been greatly puzzled in Central Ohio to know where it came from. It is supposed that it was brought from Eastern Pennsylvania or New Jersey, under certain names. It much resembles the Newtown Pippin, and is every way profitable.

SCOTT, of N. J.—There is an apple in our nurseries which answers the description given by Mr. Bateham.

QUINN, of N. J.—I think it is the same as the French Pippin.

REED, of N. J.—The French Pippin is cultivated very extensively in New Jersey.

DOWNING.—The White Pippin is a very fine apple, but distinct from the French Pippin.

Added to the list, as promising well.

Mexico Apple.

TROWBRIDGE, of Conn.—I introduce the Mexico Apple. It is a very superior, rich apple; ripe in September. Exceedingly popular in Conn.

DOWNING.—It is a good, pleasant apple. In our classification, I call it very good. In Connecticut, around Brookfield, there is an apple liked so well. It is an early September apple and the nurseries there cultivate it and have it in thir catalogues as one of the finest apples.

Not added to the list.

Pryor's Red.

WARDER.—I introduce the Pryor's Red.

TAYLOR.—It originated in Virginia and is cultivated throughout the South. Has a rather tender skin, liable to a little rupture in the keeping, used to mid-winter and spring.

BATEHAM.—That apple I have seen very often in southern and south-eastern Ohio, and have been much pleased with it. But a serious complaint brought against it is the blight of the tree. It seems to be particular in regard to location, as it is liable to become diseased, on being planted in uncongenial soil. Along the Ohio it does very finely. But I would not recommend it to my friends or customers for general planting.

TAYLOR, of Va.—It is one of the hardest trees to graft, in many attempts at the process being unsuccessful.

ROBY.—In southern Virginia it is considered of very fine flavor, though a tardy bearer, and a poor one after it commences.

WARDER — A tree six years old and bearing a bushel, I do not call a tardy bearer. These objections have been made and may be made still, but it is so well known, so long established in and out of Virginia, that I think we might safely put it on the list of promising well. It is one of the institutions of the Ohio Valley.

BARRY.—In some places it bears a very high reputation, and in those places will still be cultivated whether included in this list or not. I think it as much entitled to a place on the list as promising well as some others we have placed there.

BYRAM, of Ky.—Twenty years ago that apple was one of the most popular apples in the Western country, but for the last few years it has become so blighted, that nurserymen have generally ceased to grow it. It is an excellent apple but blights very much in Kentucky from the rusting of the leaf.

FULLER, of N. Y.—It is much valued south and west, and I move it be added on the list that promises well.

STEWART.—For the last 15 years it has been considered a valuable variety, not liable to be blighted by any disease.

Added to the list promising well.

Winter Queen.

WARDER.— I am very sorry I cannot find a specimen of what is known through the Southwest, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri, as the Winter Queen, Kentucky Green, Frankford Queen; and, is also known in Southern Ohio as the Fall Queen and Queen. It much resembles the Buckingham, though differently colored, being of a deep red, a portion inclining to yellow, without any specs, but instead, a very fine bloom. It has been called the Horse Apple, in limited localities. I propose to name it Winter Queen.

BYRAM.— It is considered in Kentucky one of our best apples.

STEWART, of Ill.—Cannot say much in favor of its quality.

Not recommended.

Strode's Birmingham.

RUTTER.—I wish to call attention to a fine apple from Chester Co., Pa., Strode's Birmingham. We think it superior to the Porter. It is a fine bearer and a good market fruit. It has more acid than the Porter.

DOWNING.—I have this apple in full bearing. It is about two-thirds the size of the Porter, but not half as good.

ESHLEMAN. — We think we known something about apples in Chester county, and when the Porter and Strode's Birmingham are in competition, the committees of exhibitions find very little difficulty in awarding the premium to the latter.

Not recommended.

Ohio Pippin.

WARDER.—I introduce an apple which commemorates a departed friend. It is known by several names—the Ernst Pippin, the Ohio Pippin, and the Shannon Pippin of Arkansas. I know of no other synonyms. The apple originated in Dayton, Ohio; is of large size, somewhat round in form, of a pale yellow color; good for cooking, fine for eating, and in season in December.

BATEHAM.—I know little about it, but esteem it as a good apple.

Not recommended.

Baker Apple.

ROCKWELL, of Conn.—I present the Baker apple for consideration. It originated on the farm of Dr. Baker. He had in his possession the original tree from which this variety has been disemenated by grafting, &c. The trees are very prolific bearers. I consider it the best apple we have in our nurseries. In season from October to February, although they generally keep until March and April. As a cooking apple there is no superior.

THE PRESIDENT.—As a cooking apple I entertain a favorable opinion of this variety.

Large Striped Pearmain of Kentucky.

WARDER.—There is an apple, called the Large Striped Pearmain of Kentucky. It is thought to have originated in Virginia, but of this I am not certain. It does well in the Kentucky region, and I think should be recommended as promising well.

BYRAM, of Ky.—It is one of the best growers we have in the nursery. The fruit is "good" and large, according to our classification. It is especially good as a late keeping apple, or what some call a spring fruit.

Not recommended.

Clapworth.

ESHLEMAN, of Pa.—I have been familiar with the Clapworth for over twenty years, and have fruited it for more than twelve, and like it much. It is in use from the middle of August to the last of September.

Not adopted.

Keswick Codling.

LYON—I present for consideration the Keswick Codling.

WARDER—It is a very old variety, well known, and it is very strange that it has not previously been before the Society. We have this fruit in our latitude, very fine for cooking.

DOWNING—It is only a good cooking apple.

SAUL—It is one of the best cooking apples.

BATEHAM—We want an apple at that season of the year just like this. It is one of the best cooking apples, and I wonder that it is not in every household collection. The apple is of a light yellowish color.

Recommended as promising well.

[Mr. BATEHAM said that this, as well as some others recommended as promising well, being old apples, reminded him of the necessity of a change of the heading of the list; and he suggested that instead of "*New* Varieties that Promise Well," the "New" should be stricken out, which was agreed to.]

Rawle's Janette.

WARDER—I recommend the Rawle's Janette as promising well.

BATEHAM—It does well in Central Ohio, on good land, but south of that section it is diminutive.

ESHLEMAN—I planted trees eight years ago. They are now falling, and the fruit is small.

STEWART—It succeeds well at the West, and is popular, the specimens being large and fine.

ROBY, of Va.—It is one of the best of apples, and is a good bearer. It blooms two weeks after most other varieties, and always gives a crop.

BERCKMANS—Its quality is second rate, but it is a never-failing bearer.

TAYLOR, of Va.—For rich soils it is proved to be valuable, but in stiff soils and dry places it is of but very little account.

BUIST—I have grown this apple, and think it very inferior for the North. In the South it succeeds better.

STEELE—I have known this apple since I was a boy. It is cultivated over the Valley of the Ohio, and in Carolina. Those who think it a very small apple are much mistaken about it, for I have seen specimens grow to a very large size; but I am not one of those individuals who believe that every big apple must be of good quality. It is a pretty good apple as raised in certain sections of North Carolina.

NOBLE, of Pa.—I have fruited this apple for the last four or five years, and think well of it. The trees seem rough, but the apple keeps well with me.

Not adopted as promising well.

Hawthornden.

HOVEY, of Mass.—I present the Hawthornden. It is an apple well adapted to general cultivation.

BARRY—I think well of it.

LYON—Does well in Michigan.

DOWNING—Good for cooking, but not first rate for eating.

BUIST — A beautiful yellow apple, good for market, good for cooking, and for eating.

GRISCOM—It has done well in New Jersey.

LYON—I was surprised to see it, two years ago, placed upon the rejected list. It is an oblong, yellow-colored apple, with a red cheek; produces abundantly; a good market apple and a good cooking apple.

HOVEY—Objections have been made to apples not bearing for ten years. Now the Hawthornden will bear in two or three years. Gentlemen owning gardens may have the Hawthornden in them on account of its small size. When a foot high, it will bear several apples, and we can have it in our garden the size of a currant bush. It is one of the best and handsomest apples, and appears to me to have all the qualities necessary for general cultivation.

HOOKER—I hope that apple will never get on the list that promise well. There is no richness about it; made of mere water. Nobody wants to eat it. It is a sure bearer, and productive.

NEWHALL.—I cultivated the apple for a number of years. It is a great bearer and very beautiful. I never could get any of my family to eat it, though it sometimes sells pretty well.

WARDER—I have hardly heard of an apple about which so much of commendation has been said, as that of the Hawthornden.

REED—This is such an old apple, that I think a designation of it as "promising well for cooking," would not be inappropriate. The only objection I have to cultivating it in New Jersey, is that the Maiden's Blush is a very superior apple, and so much like this one, that few people could tell the difference.

BATEHAM—I arose a few moments ago, to substitute the name of the Malden's Blush, in place of its present one.

BARRY—Both are worthy of cultivation. The Maiden's Blush is not as early for cooking by several weeks.

Not recommended.

Maiden's Blush.

BARRY—I present the Maiden's Blush. This and the Hawthornden are much alike, yet there is a very great difference in the growth, habits, and bearing of the trees. The Hawthornden is not very prolific, and a month or even six weeks before the Maiden's Blush. I think they are both eminently worthy of cultivation. I know they are extensively cultivated in many parts of the country.

WARDER—Everything said of the Hawthornden applies to the Maiden's Blush. The only objection to the former is that the latter is better. It seems strange that the bearing season of the Maiden's Blush, with my friend from Rochester, should differ so much from my own. What he has stated in regard to that point, is the reverse with us. The Hawthornden, with us, does not make its appearance until the end of September, while the other specimen may be seen about the first of that month.

ROBY—One of our favorite apples — it grows well.

Recommended as promising well.

Summer Sweet Russet.

PARSONS, of N. Y.—I would like to call the attention of members to the Summer Sweet Russet. I know not that it has ever been before the Society. It is with us the most delicate and delicious sweet summer apple we have.

Morse Sweeting.

WARDER—I will introduce to the notice of members the Morse Sweeting, specimens of which I hold in my hand. It has been called the Red Sweet Pippin, but in the Proceedings of the London Horticultural Society it is named the Morse Sweeting.

LOOMIS, of Ind.—It is one of our best sweet apples, though a little too dry.

REED—A very good apple.

Ridge Pippin.

SCOTT—I name the Ridge Pippin of New Jersey, an old variety.

PARRY, of N. J.—I have cultivated it for twenty years, and I think it is a good apple and very valuable for market. It always sells well.

CORSON, of Pa.—I have had it for forty years, and find it to be a good bearer. It is now in full fruit, while other trees are bare. It keeps well. I have kept it till the 1st of August.

[To be continued.]

Horticultural Notes.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From I. H. SUTHERLAND, Esq., of Pittsford, N. Y., fine samples of Crawford Peaches, Isabella Grapes, and Nectarines. Also, a bottle of excellent Grape Wine.

— From Mr. H. N. LANGWORTHY, of Greece, a large and fine flavored Black Spanish Watermelon.

— From WM. T. KENNEDY, Jr., of Rochester, (Sept. 12,) well-ripened and exceedingly palatable Isabella Grapes.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE FORSAKEN YOUNG WIFE.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

When morning comes with beauty
The heart is all aglow,
And we list to the calls of duty
As thought begins to flow;
Then, then, I'm waiting, praying,
For his foot-fall at the door,
And wonder at his staying
Till the morning hour is o'er

Then, when the hours are bringing
The scenes of noon-day care,
And the belfry bell is ringing
With mid-day echoes there,
I wonder at his staying
Beyond the hour of noon,
And still am earnest, praying,
His coming may be soon.

When eventide is bringing
The hour for evening prayer,
Oh, then his stay is ringing
My heart with keen despair:
For his foot-fall is not sounding
Within the wicket gate,
And my heart, with tumult bounding,
Bemoans its lonely state.

Few, few can know how weary
Roll on the wheels of time;
Few know how sad and dreary
This lonely life of mine;
For the heart my hope was staying,
This hour is far away,
Nor know I why, delaying,
He does not come to-day.

Thus, day by day is hasting,
The weeks and months go by,
While life seems lonely wasting,
And they ask me why I sigh;
But, ah, they are not knowing
The loneliness of heart
That checks life's joyful flowing,
And bids my tears to start.

But cease my heart's wild beating—
This tumult, now, be still—
Father, to Thee retreating,
I'll trust through all Thy will;
Speak to my lonely spirit,
And help me to attend,
Trusting in JESUS' merit,
Feel, *still I have a Friend.*

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OLD LETTERS.

DEAR, precious relics of the past. How beautifully they serve as golden links in the chain of thought,—connecting the present with the days far back in the vista of time, when first we welcomed them with glad smiles, as sweet tokens of remembrance from distant friends so fondly loved. Who has not securely guarded, in some little repository sacred to friendship, a well-worn package, too precious for other eyes, yet so familiar to our own. To those possessed of such inestimable treasures, they afford a source of happiness pure and deep as the gushing heart fountains from which they emanated, and lasting as time. They are all dear to us,—it would probably be difficult to decide which most so,—yet what different emotions are excited by each. Let us devote a leisure moment to the examination of their torn and yellow pages.

The first is in the delicate handwriting of a gentle, merry-hearted girl, who has long since "gone home." We were playmates in childhood, inseperable friends at school, and when circumstances required her removal to a distant State, our tearful parting was not accomplished until many promises had been exchanged of lasting remembrance, and the commencement of a correspondence which, with school-girl enthusiasm, we affirmed nothing but death should interrupt. Ah! how little we dreamed that the ruthless tyrant was so soon to assert his power. For a time her letters came regularly, always in that happy, careless, inimitable style so characteristic of herself. But at length no answer came to my punctually written missive, and thinking she had grown heedless of our correspondence, I wrote again, gently chiding her neglect,—at first persuasively asking, and then, with a playful assumption of authority, demanding a reply. Soon it came, but the answer was not in CARRIE'S familiar hand. Tremblingly I opened it, and obtained in a line from a bereaved brother, the intelligence of her death, and enclosing a few words which she in her weakness had scarcely made legible. Dear, angel CARRIE.

Searching our letter-box still further, we recognize a long letter from mother, written,—as only a *mother can write,*—when we were far from home. When mingling with strangers, and meeting only neglect or cold respect from all, how soothing to the troubled spirit almost grown weary with life's toil, is such a letter, and how dearly is it prized.

The bold, dashing hand of a school-boy brother next meets our gaze, and as we now peruse his letters, we are amused at what was once, to us, an annoyance of no trifling character. How provokingly he would persist in calling us "*little sis,*" and promise, so graciously, to bring us childish toys, when we considered ourself fully entitled to the appellation of "young lady." With almost magic power, a few short years have converted the wild, thoughtless college boy, into the sedate, dignified man.

Many letters more are there, bearing the signatures of widely scattered friends. Each would afford a fund of almost ceaseless thought, but we forbear. It may be that time, by causing partial forgetfulness, will render our treasures less dear, but not now would we part with them for the most flattering prospect of happiness this world can afford. FRANCES.

Cherry Grove, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GOVERNING CHILDREN.

"STRANGE what queer ways of governing young ones, folks have now-a-days!"

Aunt BETSEY sat looking dreamily into "the first fire of the season," swaying back and forth in her rocking-chair, with an air of content which spoke of perfect satisfaction in regard to the governing and "bringing-up" of *her* "young ones," yet with a slight air of asperity about her that made us fear that *our* mother was one to be lectured, and we were "sure *she* was strict enough already."

"Now, there's SOL. BRAINARD'S folks," she continued, raising her feet to the fender, and settling back in the chair. "I always thought Miss BRAINARD was a likely woman, and a sensible one for these days, but if my SAMUEL and JUDITH had ever 'cut up' as her two children did that day I was there, I'd have set my foot down pretty hard, I tell you. The boy kept going in the pantry to the sugar-bowl,—she'd send the girl after him to see what mischief he was in, and finally have to go herself after them both. Then I'd hear her say, 'GEORGE, don't you know I have told you, over and over again, not to touch that sugar? I shall speak to your father if you don't mind me.' Of course he was right into it again by the time she was back into the parlor, for if she had told him 'over and over again,' just as she did then, of course he would eat some more, and that would be all she would say next time. I never told one of my boys to *do* a thing, or *not* to do it, more than once, I can tell you,—if they didn't start the first time, they knew I wouldn't wait to 'speak to their father' about it, either. If JOSHUA ever got into any trouble with the children himself, I held my tongue, and let him manage them his own way,—he always made 'em mind, too,—but when *I* undertook to have them do a thing, they *did* it, without any of his help."

"I know my children hadn't quite so much of 'old Adam' in 'em as some has," she added, complacently, "if they had, maybe I wouldn't have managed them; but I took care when they first began to show his natur' to let 'em know it wouldn't answer."

"Well, and then there's Mr. SEARS' folks. You know I was down there last week, and she had some baking to see to before she come into the parlor, so I set there alone. Mr. SEARS' was in the next room reading, and I concluded JIMMY was there too, for by-and-by I heard a crash, and Mr. SEARS' spoke up sharp,—'You put that down, sir!—if you don't I'll jerk you into shoe-strings in a minute. Don't you stir again for half an hour, now,—if you do I'll thrash you till you can't stand.' It was dreadful still for about a minute, then the door into the parlor opened, and JIMMY backed out as sly as a cat, putting his fingers to his nose just before he shut the door, and shaking his fist at it after it was shut. He turned red as fire when he see me, and made a spring for the window out into the yard."

"Now, I never made any threats of doing such awful things to my children, if they didn't do as I wanted them to, 'cause anybody with common sense can see that it sets Satan right to work. I known when anybody talks and acts ugly to me, it makes me feel hateful, too, and I don't know why children shouldn't just as well. Then folks haven't the least idea of doing what they say they will, and I don't see why it isn't lying. I declare, I do most believe that young ones get the worst used of anybody, these days. R. C. L. E.

Charlotte Centre, N. Y., 1860.

CHILDHOOD.

WHAT can be a truer picture of man's creation than the position of a child in its own home? How silently, yet how surely, does the domestic rule control him, dating his rising and his rest his going out and coming in, apportioning his duties, and ordering secretly the very current of his thoughts, and whether his eyes sparkle with gladness or overflow with tears. Yet how rarely has he any painful sense of the constraining force which is every moment on him. Hemmed in on every side by a power more vigilant than the most zealous despotism, yet look at the open brow, and say whether creature was ever more free. And why? Not certainly because childish minds are destitute of self-will that would seduce them into transgression; but because where reverence and love make melody in the heart, the temper is charmed, and sleeps.

Light, therefore, as the weight of the circumambient atmosphere upon the body, is the presence of home duty upon the child; easy by the constancy and completeness with which it shuts him in; inseparable from the vital elements of his being. His life is an exchange of obedience for protection; he gives submission, and is sheltered. Folded in the arms of unspeakable affections, he is screened from the anxiety of self-care; and yet he is not left alone upon the infinite plain of existence, to choose a path by the dim, sad lustre of his own wisdom, but is led gently on by the unextinguished lamp of a father's experience, and the meek starlight of a mother's love. In strangeness and danger, how close he keeps to the hand that leads him; in doubt, how he looks up to interpret the eye that always speaks to him; in loss and loneliness, with what cries he sits down to lament his freedom! He asks, but claims nothing; his momentary forwardness stilled, perhaps, by a mere word; and if not yet, his spontaneous return, after an interval, to his accustomed ways, confesses that in the order of obedience is the truest liberty.

FRIENDS that are worth having are not made, but "grow," like Topsy in the novel. An old man gave this advice to his sons, on his deathbed:—"Never try to make a friend." Enemies come fast enough without cultivating the crop; and friends who are brought forward by hot-house expedients, are apt to wilt long before they are fairly ripened.

NOBLE spirits rejoice in the consciousness of a motive—base ones delight only in a pretext.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DISTANT MUSIC.

BY MRS. S. P. HADDOCK.

I have heard it when the moonlight
Strayed o'er lake and leafy bower;
When the zephyr, stealing softly,
Kissed the dewy, blushing flower

I have heard it—it was music
Of the waters where they meet,
And it seemed the pleasant murmur
Of some fairy voices sweet.

I have heard it o'er the waters,
'Twas the distant bugle song,
And the winding, witching cadence,
Lingered 'mong the echoes long.

I have heard it oft at midnight,
Music sweet of light guitar,
And the winning, soft vibration,
Whispered love tales from afar.

I have heard it, high and distant,
Seeming Heaven's brightest throng
Of celestials newly singing
A divine, immortal song.

Down from Heaven's seventh Heaven,
Through the far off starry spheres,
Came this perfect spirit music
That hath awed my soul to tears.

Jackson, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE HUMAN VOICE.

ALL are acquainted with the simple mechanism of the vocal instrument. The least perfect student of physiology can describe the structure of the little tube which produces such an infinite variety of sounds, from the most harsh and discordant to the softest, most bird-like note. But though we wisely define its form, and explain the utility of every cartilage, ligament and muscle connected therewith, our wisdom becomes folly in the attempt to produce anything equal to it. How vast its powers! How varied its intonations! For what human exigency has it not an especial key? What emotion thrills the bosom which it cannot fully express?

Pause for a moment amid the bacchanian revel, where coarse hilarity reigns,—are there not notes ringing in the brutal jest and loud mirth of the debauchee which defy comparison? Harsh and dissonant, they not only grate upon the ear, but they fill the soul with disgust and loathing. Again, listen to the utterances of the anger-stirred soul, which differ from the former as the maddened crash of the foaming cataract contrasts with the voices of the slimy, reptile-haunted pool. How are we filled with dread by the deeply-muttered curse, and how is the being who utters it bowed low by the ignoble weight! But now the glad, merry prattle of childhood greets the ear, and we feel how precious a gift is the human voice; for its music steals through the heart, filling it with sweetness, as the fragrance of fresh flowers through a desolate hall.

There are a thousand other keys to this inimitable instrument, and you are seeking one not yet touched upon. Mayhap it is that which the lover strikes to waken a response in the heart of his loved one. Listen as he pleads his cause! Now soft, low, sweet as a sucing fairy's,—again, deep-toned and passionate, his voice floats on the "moon-lit" zephyr. Cruel, inexorable judge, if she decide not in his favor; but hearken! Ah, far more witching are the notes which bear to him his blissful fate. But the mother's voice is deeper, sweeter and more sacred, as it murmurs blessings on her child. He is stepping from beneath the home-roof to listen to the music of the world, by whose distant hum his ear is fascinated. He fancies it full of harmony; but how soon will he long to hear again that mother's tones, to him the most delicious melody. Yet more powerful than all these to stir the heart's depths, is the voice of the earth-weary one, as it floats upward to the Father, laden with the incense of holy aspiration.

And not only is this magic instrument varied in tone, but its power is untold. Through this medium the orator pours eloquence into the ear of admiring thousands. The heart is touched in proportion as his voice is appropriately modulated. Speaks he of pity? Soft and melting is the cadence,—it appeals to, it touches the sympathy, which is now alive to the most exorbitant demands. Would he stir his auditors to a righteous wrath? His words are burned upon the mind by his earnest tone, so fraught with indignation. From this, nature's lyre, the musician calls melody which ravishes the soul, creating therein a love for the truly beautiful. In every-day life the influence of this "wondrous toy" is not feeble. We are intuitively attracted by a mild, sweet voice; but if its utterances are not pure and elevating, how perverted is the most precious of Heaven's gifts.

"Degrade not thou the instrument
That GOD has given to thee;
But till its latest breath be spent,
Let Conscience keep the key."

AMY SUMMERS.

VULGARITY OF LIFE.—Man is self-inclined to give himself up to common pursuits. The mind becomes so easily dulled to impressions of the beautiful and perfect, that one should take all possible means to awaken one's perceptive faculty to such objects; for no one can entirely dispense with these pleasures; and it is only the not being accustomed to the enjoyment of anything good, that causes many men to find pleasure in tasteless and trivial objects, which have no recommendation but that of novelty. One ought every day, to hear a song, to read a little poetry, to see a good picture, and, if it is possible, to say a few reasonable words.—*Goethe.*

WAKING REVERIES.

THURLOW WEED BROWN, of the *Wisconsin Chief,* excels most writers in picturing the various phases of life. Here is a specimen of his pen-painting:

Youth lives in the future; middle age in the present; old age in the past. More now than "years ago," we find ourself—the writer meaning—leaving the bow of the craft, and at set of sun, looking over the wake and upon the shores fast becoming shadowy and dim. The scenery ahead has lost much of the charm which made the early voyage but a changing dream of beautiful romance, each shore rising in view wondrously lovely in the morning sunlight. Specks in the far-off blue, long thought of and eagerly looked for as "Isles of the Blest," without clouds or storm, and radiant with the light of happiness and hope, proved to have many a rugged shore and dangerous reef, stony ways up sharp ascents; flowers with thorns; craters with blistering scoria; hidden enemies to pierce, and storms to overwhelm. And the craft, too, bears the rake of many a hidden rock. The sails are rent, and the timbers begin to yield to the sea. In the cabin is garnerned many a treasure, the bloom of loved hopes between the leaves withered, yet fragrant with memories; an old arm chair vacant, and a little one, too, where the first-born sat;—all are sacred, and shall go upon the "other shore" with the wreck. There is no memory of sorrow which we would wish to toss over to lighten ship! Many the stormy sea has beat over the bulwarks, and many a friend has been swept from the deck. Whether storm or calm await us in the future, the pennon shall go from the peak, and the old craft enter the "shoreless sea" with figure-head to the wind.

Talking about living in the past. The pilgrimage of a life-time, wearily and sorrowfully trodden at times, may stretch like a desert, with here and there an oasis of bloom, between the two extremities of the way—and yet it may be trodden with a foot-step fleeter than the lightning's wing.

This morning we took up the scythe for an hour, and laid the herd's grass and clover in a swath. The blade was rusty and dull, and we touched it with the "Quinnebang" in the old-fashioned way. The sharp click was a drum-beat—a "roll call" to the army of shadows—and as if at the sweep of the enchanter's wand, they came marching out of the mist, down the old road, by the spring, and encamped as of old, by the fragrant swaths. All else faded out, and as we carefully touched the fingers to the edge at the point, we dropped the snath, lifted the hat, and wiped the sweat from the brow with the hardened palm, dreaming over the dreams that were not all dreams.

Nearly forty years ago, back among the hills of a township of the good old Empire Commonwealth, was a homestead to whose fallen chimney and grass-grown hearth the thoughts turn like pilgrims from day to day. Cold and damp under the luxuriant weeds, lieth the stone whose flame kindled to that of the mother's eye as she sat and sang the first cradle hymn, for the flame died out "long ago," and that fresh young heart, cheery with the hopes and dreams of that hour, is as cold and still as the old hearthstone under the grass of Summer.

The nursery, planted by the GRANDMOTHER when her hair was bleached and her hand tremulous with years, and yet bearing fruit many an Autumn before she was garnered home, was just below the house, and then the meadow. Back it all comes again! the old butternuts and elms waving, its daisies blooming like drops of gold, its bobolinks singing, its thickets of briars and choke-cherries, rank and shadowy, and the spring, stealing from under the sward rim, and away through the overlooking grass like a thread of silver. The thorn is snowy with blossoms, and the orchard, and the dog-woods by the swamp. The mowers are busy, and as they stand at the corner, the gleaming blades are wiped with damp grass, and the same sounds on the steel, as a moment ago, ring sharply out. The "cocks" of hay stand like sentries at sundown, and the next day the cart and oxen—used no horses and wagons then—gathered the fragrant crop and drew it to the barn. And all this panorama, with all its associations, fragant and beautiful, comes of one stroke of the "Quinnebaug" on the scythe! And we might stand and dream on until sunset, but the horses would vote *neigh* to a dream which left them without their "baiting" of clover.

GREATNESS.—All greatness consists in this—in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear or need to hear at that moment; in being the concretion, the result of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking in history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, and they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily daguerreotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside—the thoughts, if not the action of men—their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far-off themes.

LOVE.—The following exquisite passage we find in Tupper's "Crock of Gold":—"Love is the weapon which Omnipotence reserved to conquer rebel man when all else had failed. Reason he parries; fear he answers blow to blow; but love, that sun against whose melting beams winter cannot stand, that soft subduing slumber which wrestles down the giant, there is not one human creature in a million, not a thousand men in all earth's large quintillion, whose clay heart is hardened against love."

ACTIONS, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HYMNS FOR DEVOTIONAL HOURS.

BY EDWARD KNOWLES.

DEATH may be terrible to some,
Whose treasures all on earth are laid;
But were it suddenly to come,
I would not shrink or be afraid.

What is this life that I should cling
So fast upon its brittle thread?
And fear the summons that would bring
So great a gain when I am dead?

No—I am not afraid to die,
Unwelcome as the thought may be;
For CHRIST went by the grave on high,
And lighted up the way for me.

Climax, Kal. Co., Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

THERE rests the infant on its downy couch. How quietly it sleeps, as the long delicate lashes pencil its fair, soft cheek, and the little bosom rises and falls to the music of its breathings. Now it smiles in its slumber, as if a vision of heaven entranced it, or watchful angels whispered to it amid its dreams. "Sleep on," we murmur, as we gaze tenderly on the unconscious little sleeper, for, to such as thou, the blessing comes in those sweet words of heavenly love, "He giveth His beloved sleep." Surely, thou art one of the Father's lambs, and one day we hope the Good Shepherd will give thee slumbers in fairer realms, and dreams infinitely lovelier than these.

The gentle maiden, too. "Downy-feathered sleep" visiteth her as she reposeth dreamily in her quiet chamber, while the pale moonbeams, from the open casement, cluster among her fair curls, and wreath her white arms in their misty, silvery light. There are no tears on her pillow, no lines of care on her smooth forehead, no restless wakenings, or unquiet dreams, like those that disturb the murderer's couch; but a slumber, peaceful as EVE'S in Paradise, blesseth and embraceth her. She, too, is a "beloved" one, for to "Him" has she consecrated the dew of her youth, and at morn and night do her orisons of praise arise to Heaven. Truly, "until the day-break and shadows flee away," she will sleep on, and the eye of the Almighty Father will guard her slumber, for "He giveth His beloved sleep."

Sleep, balmy sleep, she who "knits up the raveled sleeve of care," sootheth the disquieted brain of the man of business, who has labored diligently all the day, and lies down at night, wearied and desponding, with anxiety in every thought. How the rude and wrinkled visages of Business, Care, and Mammon, are banished by the magic charms of Sleep, and in peaceful rest, pleasant dreams and visions come to the weary man. Dreams of the olden time, when he rested his head upon his mother's knee, and said his evening prayer at her feet. That mother's voice had attended him all his life, and so his path had been that of the just—the narrow way that leads to Heaven. Thus it is, he, too, hath the sleep of the beloved.

The poor of earth, devout and humble, they also are His beloved, and, through the gracious love of One who had "not where to lay His head," do they receive the fulfilment of the same loving promise—"He giveth His beloved sleep." All day they toil in poverty, and when the brown shadows of evening come on, and each one droopingly seeks his humble home and straw-spread pallet, none, in the wide earth, have sweeter dreams or more delightful slumbers.

Still, there remain, both among high and low, many a pure-hearted one to whom the softest couch brings only wearisome tossings and tiresome vigils. But there is a rest, even to these—the calm quiet of a conscience at peace with GOD and the world. And so, when mortal slumbers come not to their entreating eyelids, *He* stayeth at their side, and comforteth them with His promises. Ere long also He will bless them with such sleep as never *living* mortal slept, "a slumber in a dreamless bed"—a deep unconsciousness which nothing can disturb, save the music of celestial voices. Such a rest the poet has sung of in these sweet lines:

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for mourners found;
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground."

September, 1860 A. M. D.

HOW EVERY ONE MAY PREACH.—All cannot preach from the pulpit; but there is a kind of preaching that is permitted to all men, and oftentimes this kind is most effectual. Offices of kindness to the bodies and souls of those around us, words of encouragement to the weak, instruction to the ignorant, of brotherly kindness to all, hearty devotion to the services of religion, in our families and our closets, as well as in the sanctuary; in a word, earnest, active, self-denying love to our fellow beings, springing from our love to God—this will form a most impressive sermon, a most convincing proof to the world around us, that we have been with Jesus. All Christians are called on in this way to preach the gospel; and woe to them if they neglect the call.

THERE is no Christian grace which has in it a particle of self-existence. Faith, love, courage, are all sweet flowers, but their roots are in God. There may be streams of gratitude in your heart, but the springs thereof are in Him. Your soul may be devoted and consecrated, but the lock of your devotion will be shorn off, as was the hair of Samson, unless the eternal God preserves it.—*Spurgeon.*

Spice from New Books.

Birth-place of Columbus.

TRADITION makes Cogoletto, a small town through which we passed a few miles before reaching Genoa, the birth-place of Columbus, and there is an inscription which marks the house of his reputed birth. It may be true and it may be false, for in this land of tradition and superstition, it is as easy to fabricate a tradition as an inscription, and credulity is ready to believe that it is as old as Adam. The house of his father was in the suburbs of Genoa, as is shown by the deed. He, himself, says he was born in Genoa, an expression which may well mean the territory and not the city of Genoa. There is, therefore, some color for the tradition, and it is not worth while to dig deeper to find doubts. He was a Ligurian, and nothing could be more likely to sharpen his curiosity, and suggest a life of adventure, than to look out from these rocky highlands, upon the Mediterranean, washing the fields at its base, and covered with the little, but daring and enterprising corsairs of the Levant, the Grecian Archipelago, and the African coast.

How time sets things right! Brought home in chains, robbed in his lifetime of his honors and his profits, and the name of another given to his discoveries, time has written his name "with iron and lead in the rock forever." His jealous and triumphant enemies, as well as his royal patrons and enterprising followers in the path of discovery, are remembered; but when we call them up from the land of shadows, there is always in the midst of them and before them, the great Genoese with a glory about him, in the light of which they shine with a pale ray. So it will be forever. He went on, when every other would have given up in despair. He gave a New World to the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon. But Castile and Aragon, and all the progeny of their descendant commonwealths, are dwindling and fading away, and a race, nearer akin to the old Ligurian—"the world-seeking Genoese"—is, from year to year, devoting the New World to the great commonwealth of freedom and mutuality.—"*A Run through Europe*," *by* ERASTUS C. BENEDICT.

From Marseilles to Nice.

THE drive from Marseilles to Nice is one of great beauty. A violent rain of an hour, at starting, had swept along the coast, laid the dust, and washed the face of nature. Immense orchards of olive-trees, and fig-trees, and almond-trees, cover the plains and the hills—the cereal plants and the vines are spread side by side in long strips, like the beds and alleys of a garden of boundless extent—and long lines of mulberry-trees stretch along the wayside and the headlands that divide the farms. The choicest flowers of our conservatories, the rarest and rankest cactuses grow wild, and here and there, as you approach a village that strangers have decked with a profusion of plants, whose breath is sweet as their hues are beautiful, the whole air is loaded with perfume for miles. The shower had refreshed them all, and the fields seemed to smile with a newly-discovered joy, and gardens to wave a happy welcome to us, as our wheels bore us toward them.—*Ibid.*

Garibaldi in Italy.

FROM Milan we made a day's run up the Lake of Como, highly enjoying the beauty of the scenery by land and water. It was too early in the spring for the hills to have put on their verdure, and yet the grandeur and the beauty were extreme. On those waters and in the town the peaceful fame of Volta appeared to be entirely drowned by the thundering renown of Garibaldi. The honest boatmen, in their terribly difficult dialect, delighted to dwell upon the events of the last summer; and how the fame of Garibaldi passed from mountain to mountain, and lake to lake; and how the Austrians were perplexed, and the people excited; and how little boys left their homes in crowds to join the hero's standard—their fathers and their mothers telling them that they would be of no use, but afterward finding that they had fought like soldiers! Some ladies were quite as enthusiastic as the boatmen, pointing out, step by step, the way that Garibaldi's forces came down the hills, the posts to which he scattered them, the points at which they opened upon the Austrian pickets, and then the triumphant conclusion, when the strong enemy made an ignominious retreat, carrying his splendid artillery away to Camerlata. How delighted they did seem to be told that even in London they might see coffee-houses by the name of Garibaldi, and Garibaldi paletots; and for the boatmen, especially, it was a notable fact that in London they might see advertised "Garibaldi pipes."

This enthusiasm for the hero we found, however, by no means universal in the country. One was very often told that Garibaldi was no statesman, that he was not a sound and safe politician, and several items of information of that sort; and even in reference to his soldierly qualities it would sometimes be said, "It is true he is a wonderful soldier, but then we have so many of them." Yet, with all this, it was plain that every Italian talked of his name with a certain pride and confidence, and those who said most by way of drawback would often wind it up with the admission, "After all, when the work of hunting the Austrians is to be done, there is nobody like Garibaldi.—"*Italy in Transition*," *by* WM. ARTHUR, A. M.

Death of Garibaldi's Wife.

IT was on the 4th of August, 1849, shortly after Rome had fallen under the arms of the French, that about twenty people were gathered round a farm-house in the village of Mandriole, near Ravenna. They were laborers waiting for their week's pay from the steward of the Marquis Guiccioli. A phaeton came up, in which a woman was lying beside the man who drove. He did not look an ordinary man; but the woman was deadly ill. A doctor happened to be there: he felt her pulse, and declared that she was in the last stage of fever. The owner of the house had her carried into a room and laid upon a bed. A little water was brought to her; she tasted it, and died in her husband's arms.

Then that strong man lifted up his voice and wept. It was the voice of Garibaldi. It was his Agnes who lay there; he gave vent to what even a papal official calls "outbursts of inconsolable grief"—charged the family to give that body an honorable burial. Whatever may have been the words, the tone would say, "My Agnes was the heroine wife of a hero." Then he fled from the eyes of the astonished peasants, fled they knew not whither. Into the jaws of the Austrians? Into the clutches of the Pope? No; but under the wing of Providence, reserved to reappear at Varese, and Como, and Sicily.—*Ibid.*

A GROUP OF KAFFIRS

KAFFRARIA, or Kafirland, comprises all that portion of country in Africa situated between lat. 32° and 34° S., and lon. 27° 20′ and 29° 30′ E. It is bounded east and south by the Indian ocean, south-west and west by the Keiskama river, and north by a chain of mountains. The Kaffirs are described as hospitable, intelligent, acute, and brave, but dishonest and superstitious. From a work recently issued by DICK & FITZGERALD, entitled "*Narrative and Adventures of Travelers in Africa*," we learn that their national character is bold, warlike, and independent. From these qualities, as well as from the cast of their countenance, some have conjectured that they are of Arabian origin. The men are extremely tall and well-proportioned, many being six feet and more in height; the women are said to be good-tempered, animated, and cheerful, with teeth beautifully white and regular, and without the thick lips or flat noses of most of the natives of Africa; but they form a strong contrast to the men in the lowness of their stature, their figures being short and sturdy. Their name of Kaffir, or unbeliever, was originally given to the inhabitants of the south-eastern coast of Africa by the Moors, and, being adopted by the Portuguese, it became the common appellation of all the tribes occupying that region.

The manner of life of these people is, in general, extremely simple. Their diet mostly consists of milk, which is kept in leathern bottles until it is sufficiently thick and acidulous. They eat also boiled corn, which is usually served up in small, baskets, from which each one helps himself with his hands. They sometimes make of their corn a kind of pottage; at other times they form it into thick cakes, which are baked on the hearth. They lay up provisions for winter use either in pits or subterranean granaries. An occasional feast of animal food, with the articles now mentioned, are sufficient for the support of this hardy race.

The apparel of the Kaffirs consists wholly of the skins of beasts, so prepared as to render them perfectly soft and pliable. Sometimes they are long enough to reach to the feet, hang loosely from the shoulders in the manner of a cloak, and are, in general, the only covering adopted by the men. To protect themselves from the parching effect of the sun's rays, they anoint themselves from head to foot with some unctuous substance. The same materials are used by the women, but their dress is of a different shape.

The chief wealth of the Kaffir consists in his herds of cattle. Nothing affects him more than an injury done to his horned creatures, whose increase and prosperity appear to occupy the chief place in his thoughts, and to be the ruling motive of his actions. The more laborious occupations of tillage, of felling wood, and of building dwellings, are performed by the women, whose life, after marriage, is indeed one of bondage.

The Reviewer.

VIRGIL'S AENEID: with Explanatory Notes. By HENRY S. FRIEZE, Professor of Latin in the State University of Michigan. [16mo.—pp. 598.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS new and complete edition of VIRGIL will be particularly acceptable to scholars, and especially to those whose only knowledge of the great Roman Bard has been derived from such defective editions as COOPER'S, DAVIDSON'S, and others, of schoolboy memory. It is got up as are few school books, even in these days. The paper is superfine, the type large, clear, and agreeable to the eye, the binding suitable and substantial, and there are numerous illustrations of "ancient usages, arts, costumes, utensils, and implements of war," which will prove very useful to the student. The text adopted is "the revised text of JAHN, as one of the most faultless and reliable, and as the one at present, perhaps, most generally approved." The explanatory notes are copious, condensed, and valuable, as the editor has not hesitated to avail himself of the ablest commentaries on the Aeneid. The American student will be greatly assisted by the frequent references to ANDREW'S and STODDARD'S Latin Grammar, and to Dr. ANTHON'S edition of ZUMPT'S Latin Grammar. We commend this fine edition to the public, feeling assured that it will be generally adopted in our schools and academies when its merits become fully known. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

A GREEK GRAMMAR, for Schools and Colleges. By JAMES HADLEY, Professor in Yale College. [12mo.—pp. 366] D. Appleton & Co.

WE have here a new Greek Grammar, published in uniform style with the preceding work. It is founded on the celebrated German work of Prof. CURTIUS, which, first published in 1852, has already passed through four editions. The author has, wisely, as we think, not attempted in this work a complete exhibition of the various Greek dialects, but has paid special attention to "the new views of Greek etymology and structure, developed and established by the study which the Greek, in common with the other Indo-European languages, has of late received, and is now receiving." The author has made frequent use of works by eminent German Philologists, among whom are MADVIG, KRUGER, BUTTMANN and KICHNER. Both the Greek and the English type in this work is very clear and beautiful. This grammar, though not as much called for by the exigency of the times as the VIRGIL, is still a very valuable addition to the series of educational books and works of reference published by Messrs. APPLETON & Co. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

COURSE OF ANCIENT GEOGRAPHY. Arranged with Special Reference to Convenience of Recitation. By. H. I. SCHMIDT, D. D., author of "History of Education: Plan of Culture and Instruction," "A Treatise on the Eucharist," etc. [12mo.—pp. 328.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

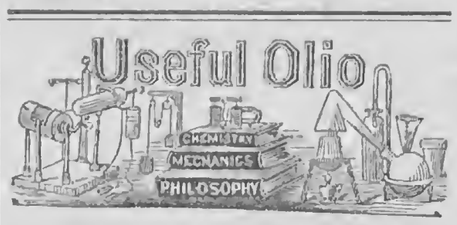
THIS new work of Dr. SCHMIDT has been prepared "solely with the design of furnishing a text-book arranged with special reference to convenience of recitation." It contains all the important facts and data, the real quintessence of Dr. ANTHON'S elaborate work on Ancient Geography, omitting the minor geographical and historical details. The author has consulted the very best authorities in the preparation of his work, so that it is as reliable as our knowledge of the Ancient World will permit. The matter of the work is divided into short paragraphs, and the numerous questions, to be found in the lower margin corresponding to these, will be of great assistance to both teacher and pupil. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

A RUN THROUGH EUROPE. By ERASTUS C. BENEDICT. [12mo.—pp. 552.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THE author, in his prefatory remarks, takes up the query—"Why publish another book of travels over ground made dusty by the footsteps of many generations of travelers?"—and says, had he known one just like his "Run," he would not have thus rushed into print. Well, we are glad he did not anywhere discover a family likeness unto his volume, for it has been the means of putting into our hands an exceedingly interesting and valuable work, one that we can—and so may all who wish to possess it—peruse with pleasure and profit. The manner in which Mr. BENEDICT treats his subjects, is calculated to carry the reader on with an unflagging desire for new scenes and incidents. While he sought no new or untrodden paths—hunted no new lions, or penetrated no new jungles, the five-and-twenty kingdoms and sovereignties passed through, have all yielded a rich treasure to his spirit of inquiry. In our "Spice" will be found a few extracts, and we may give our readers a still greater taste of its quality hereafter. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

TEACHINGS OF PATRIOTS AND STATESMEN; or the Founders of the Republic on Slavery. By EZRA B. CHASE, Esq. [pp. 495.] Philadelphia: J. W. Bradley.

JUST at the present time, when the various political parties in our country are marshalling their forces for the November contest, a work like unto this may prove of value to the young man who is undecided as to what course he will pursue in the use of the elective franchise, and it may shed new light upon the old stager, whose doubts have placed him "upon the fence." There are sixteen chapters in the volume, the first of which opens with "Occurrences Incident to the Act of Confederation," together with THOMAS JEFFERSON'S notes relative to the debate thereon—the last furnishes the Platforms of our political parties on the subject of Slavery, from 1848 to 1860, while the intervening portions render our political history complete. Sold by LIBERTY HALL & BRO.



THE CURIOSITIES OF CORAL.

CORAL, like sponge, is one of those common things about which the majority of people know very little. The following particulars will therefore no doubt be interesting to a large class of readers:

Coral is the work of that infinitessimally small and laboriously industrious family, the polypes. Just as men are best known by their doings, so are these polypes best known by their works. These are spread over all parts of the world. They are built up from the bed of the ocean, and from habitable islands, as well as dangerous reefs. A portion even of our own country is based on a foundation of coral, and many of the tropical islands rest entirely on masses of coral rock. The order and regularity with which these vast accumulations of solid matter are constructed, by means so apparently inadequate to the end, are no less astonishing than the amazing number of such masses which are known to exist.

Coral formations occur chiefly in the Pacific, the Indian Ocean, and the Red Sea. In the Indian Ocean, and round New Holland, they are produced by various species of polypes, known as cellepora, medrepora, millepora, and tubipora. The navigation of the seas in which they abound is rendered continually more difficult by the incessant labor of these animals. To trace the progress of these formations, is an interesting branch of geological research. The immense height of the reefs may be estimated by the fact that within a short distance of them there are no soundings to a depth of several hundred fathoms. These zoophyte builders have laid the foundation of their structure deep and strong, and by the minute but combined labor of millions, they have built up their reefs to the very surface of the water. The ridge of reef having reached such a height that it remains almost dry at low water, the polypes cease from building higher. On these foundations islands are formed, vegetation is produced, and man establishes a home. Of their gradual development, an interesting account is given by an eminent traveler. After describing the work of the polypes, he says:

"Sea shells, fragments of coral, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken off prickles, are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand which has risen from the pulverization of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone, which, strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials, gradually increases in thickness till it becomes at last so high that it is covered only at some seasons of the year by high tides. The heat of the sun so penetrates the mass of stone when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves at the time of high water. The always active surf throws blocks of coral (frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick,) and shells of marine animals between and upon the foundation stones; after this, calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds and trees or plants, cast upon it by the waves, a soil upon which they rapidly grow to over-shadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by rivers from other countries and islands, find here at length a resting place after their long wanderings. With these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, for the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here; strayed land birds take refuge in the bushes, and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil formed by the corruption of the leaves of trees, and calls himself the lord and proprietor of this new creation."

There is much that is beautiful as well as interesting in the appearance of a coral reef. On the coral coasts, where the water is bright and transparent, the effect presented by the submerged reefs may be easily observed. Every variety of form, glowing with vivid tints, rival the floral splendor of a cultivated garden.

THE RIVER-FALLS INTO THE OCEAN.—Some idea of the enormous quantity of water that is perpetually flowing into the oceans of the globe, is derived from the extent of its chief river basins. The Rhone, for example, drains the waters from an area of 7,000 square miles of country; the Rhine, which has a length of 600 miles by its windings, drains the water from a country of twice that area; and the Danube from 55,000 square miles of surface; but the waters from an area of 300,000 square miles fall into the St. Lawrence, and those from 1,000,000 of square miles into the Mississippi, which, by its winding, has a length of 3,560 miles. It is estimated that 1,800,000,000 of tuns of water fall daily into the Mediterranean, which, besides the great rivers that fall into it, receives more than twenty secondary rivers and innumerable smaller streams. More than a fourth of the river water of all Europe falls into the Black Sea.—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

THERE are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest, and sets them to work in their proper places, and turns them to the advantage of their possessor. Without it learning is pedantry; wit, impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; and the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors and active in his own prejudices.

YOUNG RURALIST.

LETTER TO FARMER BOYS.

DEAR BROTHERS:—I can imagine the smile that passes over your handsome, manly faces, as you glance at the heading of this article, and wonder who has been writing to you, and you arrive at the conclusion that you will read it, for it may contain some advice of importance. It is simply a chat with you this pleasant morning. (I abhor writing on rainy days, one is so apt to imbibe the spirit of the weather.)

You are having rare times, these hazy autumnal days, cutting up the golden corn, and shaking off the ripe, yellow, juicy apples, every one worth their weight in gold. You wonder if Madam Health will ever cease to smile on you, as early in the morning you fill the bright tin pails with rich milk, and drive the cows away to the pasture field, bringing back with you "Bill" and "Rosinante"—the brisk gallop back to the barn, in the cool, bracing morning air, sending the bright red blood dancing through your veins, and crimsoning your cheeks with a glow no less bright than that which shone on the red-cheeked peaches which you gathered for "mother," and whose dear hands have prepared them for breakfast, adding the indispensable maple sugar and cream.

You seldom complain of being dyspeptical, nor are you to the necessity of always carrying with you a "case" of medicine to assist the digestive organs; for the light, snowy, nutritious bread, is easily digested. And then the rich, sweet butter, fresh from the dairy room; and the nicely cooked steak; and the delicious pie, made from the nicest pumpkin that grew in the great corn field.

Ah, happy brothers, you are invested with true manhood—with true dignity. The king on his throne is not a prouder monarch than you; the millionaire no greater aristocrat; and, with all his wealth of gold, he kneels to you for bread. You are the standard of excellence. You are standing on the highest platform of honor. Emperors and presidents are beneath you. They are fed and clothed with the products of your farms. They are dependent on you for their every luxury. You may well feel proud that you are the dispensers as well as the receivers.

The young man who aspires no higher than to measure tape, and asks, in the most winning manner, "anything to-day, sir?" envies you, and well he may. His pale, attenuated face, is far in the shade by the side of your honest, browned one. His exquisitely fitted vest and coat possess not half the beauty of your ample blue frock. The lawyer envies you as he sits in his pent up ten-by-twelve office, poring over law books, or, perchance, trying to write a "speech." *You* are a greater lawyer than *he*, for you study Nature's laws, and all will admit that the older and more experienced, the most reliable. And we know of no lawyer older than Dame Nature. *Your* office is the broad, green fields, flooded with the pure air and golden light of Heaven. No dingy paper cover its walls, but it is papered with the golden-fringed cloud—the azure sky—the distant woods looming up, with their massive branches of green and brown. And on the west side, at even, the day god paints for you pictures of crimson, gold, and gray—one that no artist can imitate, no pencil portray.

The lawyer may gather together *all* his "discharged talents," and he cannot even manufacture for himself a *sign!* The little strip of pine, on which is lettered "COUNSELLOR AT LAW," is taken from the tall pine that ruled king in your forest. God paints your sign on the waving sea of grain, and the heavy silken tassels of the stately corn—on the snow-capped buckwheat, and the green vines that clamber over the latticed frame, and from which you pluck rare, purple bunches—on the graceful trees that bend beneath their weight of red and yellow apples, of purple plums, crimson-cheeked peaches, and luscious pears, that all seem to mock the passers-by with, "I, too, am the Farmer's."

Floriculturists may boast of their rare exotics; but what have they that will outvie the velvet and orange marigold, or the scarlet dahlia, that flourishes in your sisters' gardens—or the gentle and unassuming violet that nestles with its sister flowers in the leaves of your forest? For *you* they grow spontaneously; for *him*, they do not.

But the sun is high in the heavens, and I must dive down into the kitchen and "help the dinner," for the boys will soon be here, and no half-cooked dinner for the noble farmer boys.

Dinner is done away with, and so is nearly all the day. As I sit here by my favorite west window, the sun looks like a huge golden dollar, as its bright face is reflected in the waters of dear Cayuga, causing its surface to look like a sheet of molten gold, or a sea of the same colored liquid.

Hark! that is the whistle of the steamer "Kate Morgan," and yonder she is nearing the landing, with her gaily colored flags streaming in the breeze. And look, away yonder is a fine schooner, while here and there are smaller boats, looking like mere specks on the glassy surface. But the sun has hid himself away behind the hills, across the lake, and Monsieur Toad has commenced his evening lullaby, and Madamoiselle Katy Did has seated herself in the grape vine under the window, and is continually contradicting her neighbor in an adjoining cherry tree. I never could write when any one was disputing near me, so I'll lay aside my pen until Jack Frost opens the chestnut burrs, when I will write to you again.

MINNIE MINTWOOD.

Hillsdale Farm, Empire State, 1860.

DON'T live in hope with your arms folded; fortune smiles on those who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.
The Kind of Horses we Need,....309
Flying Stallion, "Wildfire," [Illustrated,]....309
European Agriculture,....309
Crop Prospects in Ireland,....309
Manchamp-Merino Sheep,....309
Weight of Hay for Sheep,....310
The Canada West Agricultural Fair,....310
Robert Law's Apple Packer, [Illustrated,]....310
Inquiries Answered,....310
Garget in Cows,....310
Cough in Horses,....310
Colic in Horses,....310
Scales in Buttermilk,....310
Removing Boxes of Honey,....310
Why Draining is Beneficial,....310
Rural Spirit of the Press—To Keep Potatoes in the Cellar; Hoeing Cattle; Use of the Curry-Comb; Fatten Hogs Early,....310
Inquiries and Answers—Hungarian Grass and Millet..310
Agricultural Miscellany.—The N. Y. State Fair; Acknowledgements; Ag'l Fairs in this State; The Corn Crop Safe; Fine Canada Wheat and Oats; U. S. Fair; Monroe Co. Fair; Wheat Harvesting in Wisconsin; The Rural Appreciated; Dickinson's Imperial Wheat; Prindle's Ag'l Cauldron and Steamer; Fine Berkshire Pigs,....310
HORTICULTURAL.
American Pomological Society,....311
Discussions on Fruit,....311
Fruits Received,....311
LADIES' OLIO.
The Forsaken Young Wife, [Poetical;] Old Letters; Governing Children; Childhood,....312
CHOICE MISCELLANY.
Distant Music, [Poetical;] The Human Voice; Vulgarity of Life; Waking Reveries; Greatness; Love....312
SABBATH MUSINGS.
Hymns for Devotional Hours, [Poetical;] "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep;" How Every one may Preach,....312
SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.
Birth-place of Columbus; From Marseilles to Nice; Garibaldi in Italy; Death of Garibaldi's Wife,....313
THE REVIEWER.
Virgil's Aeneid; A Greek Grammar, for Schools and Colleges; Course of Ancient Geography; A Run Through Europe; Teachings of Patriots and Statesmen,....313
USEFUL OLIO.
A Group of Kaffirs, [Illustrated;] The Curiosities of Coral; The River Falls into the Ocean,....313
YOUNG RURALIST.
Letter to Farmer Boys,....313
THE STORY TELLER.
Fairy Lore, [Poetical;] Borrowing and Lending; or, One Angry Moment,....316

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Guano from Baker's Island—John B. Sardy.
Narratives and Adventures of Travelers in Africa—Dick & Fitzgerald.
The Grover & Baker Noiseless Family Sewing Machine.
Farm for Sale—A Rare Chance.—S. D. Arnold.
R. Law's Patent Apple Packer.
Bloomington Nursery—F. K. Phoenix.
True Delaware Grape Vines—Geo. W. Campbell.
To Nurserymen and others—Carlton H. Rogers.
Native Grape Vines—B. H. Mace.
Durham Cattle at Auction—J. H. Bennett
Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.
Canvassers and Agents Wanted—S. F. French & Co.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 29, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Political Intelligence.

THE Breckenridge and Lane Missouri Convention assembled at Jefferson City on the 20th inst. Fifty-eight counties were represented. Col. John W. Hancock, of Greene county, was chosen President.

A special dispatch to the St. Louis Republican, says that the Convention adopted the Report of the Committee on Resolutions, which declares:

Whereas, The failure of the Charleston Convention to nominate, leaving to the people their choice of candidates and principles, therefore

Resolved, That we still adhere to the principles of constitutional government which the Democratic party has always upheld, and which, if faithfully adhered to, will perpetuate the Union, and disseminate its blessings equally and beneficently throughout the borders of the Confederation.

The resolutions also re-affirm the platform adopted by the State Convention held in April, declare a steadfast devotion to the platform adopted by the Maryland Institute Convention, and accept Breckenridge and Lane as the candidates of the Democracy of Missouri.

Before the final adjournment, a resolution was offered, but not acted upon, requiring the electors to vote for any candidate to defeat Lincoln. The electoral ticket was revised and all the vacancies filled, when the Convention adjourned sine die.

The Douglas State Executive Committee of Pennsylvania publish a card, stating that as much has been recently published on the subject of alleged propositions for fusion in Pennsylvania, the public are informed that the question of fusion has at no time been entertained by that Committee.

THE Breckenridge and Lane California Convention was held at Sacramento on the 11th inst. Hon. J. P. Weller was elected permanent President, with seventeen Vice-Presidents. P. L. Shoaff, D. T. Beach and Frank Laughton, were chosen Secretaries.

The following gentlemen have been appointed as electors:—Wm. Corrual, of Los Angeles; A. T. Dudley, of Calaveras; J. E. Gerger, of Tehala; Zachariah Montgomery, of Sutler. The Convention is still in session.

THE Douglas California State Convention was held in Sacramento the 5th inst. The State was fully represented. The delegates were strong supporters of Senator Latham and the Administration last year. The representation was such as indicates a probability that the State would go for Douglas. Messrs. Hammond, Humphrey, Griffith, Don Pedro De Laguerra, and George F. Price, were nominated for Electors.

The resolutions adopted censure the California delegates for seceding from the Charleston Convention, and repudiate the intervention doctrines of the Republicans of the North and Disunionists of the South, insist upon our rights to San Juan Island and their speedy enforcement, in favor of the overland mail, telegraph, and the Pacific railroad, and urge Congressional aid.

The Bell-Everett party held a Convention the same day, 217 delegates being present, representing 26 counties; considerably more than half the State. The proceedings were very harmonious, though the organization has as yet manifested but little strength.

The Republicans are actively canvassing the State. All their best speakers are in the field. They are gaining the support of many Anti-Lecompton Democrats of last year, while the Douglas party are gaining from Breckinridge. The recent unfavorable news from the Southern States disheartens the Breckinridge men.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Pony Express, with California dates to September 12th, arrived at St. Josephs, Mo., on the 24th inst.

The tenth anniversary of the admission of California into the Union, was celebrated by the pioneers in San Francisco, on the 10th, by a partial suspension of business, a procession through the principal streets, an oration, and a giant ball in the evening.

The Mariposa gold mines on Col. Fremont's grants, are reported to yield immensely since the completion of the extensive quartz mills. The last week's yield was at the rate of nearly $200 per day.

The camel express is about to be established between Los Angelos and Fort Mohave.

Sufficient census returns are made by the Marshals to form a basis for establishing the population of California at 500,000.

OREGON.—Oregon dates are to the 6th. The silver excitement has been brewing in Oregon for several months, and the most extravagant rumors now prevail respecting the mines in different parts of the Cascade mountains, bordering on the Willamette Valley. Several parties have been prospecting during the summer, and many more are now preparing to go. Dr. Bray, of Salem, has left at the Statesman office a specimen of silver ore from the Santian mines which assayed $4,200 to the ton. Other specimens have averaged from $1,200 to $2,600 per ton.

The Portland News gives the most encouraging reports from Rock Creek gold mines. It represents that they yield from $5 to $10 per day to the man, and that enough paying ground has been explored for 5,000 men for several years. Some 350 men are at work on the creek.

Iron ore has been discovered in the Cascade mountains.

On the first of August Lieut. Mullen was at Fort Benton, having completed the military road to that point, and was to leave that port for Walla Walla immediately, repairing and improving as he traveled. The line of road is 393 miles long.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Washington Territory dates are to the 31st ult.

A fire occurred at Fort Vancouver, destroying $5,000 worth of Government stores.

The Olympia Pioneer says that acting Governor McGill is determined that the Indian pirates who have taken refuge in Victoria, shall be brought to punishment. These Indians are believed to be the murderers of the crews of the Helen and Maria and Blue Wing, in 1859. The Pioneer says that Governor McGill will take steps at once to overcome the technical objections of his neighbors across the Straits.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.—Columbia dates are to the 4th inst. The Victoria Price Current of the 3d of September, gives the following summary of the mining operations in British Columbia.

The State of mining affairs in British Columbia is very prosperous. At the latest account the Frazer River mines were being rapidly deserted, except by Chinamen, for the Eldorado at Rock Creek. The rush appears to be general all thro,' as numbers of men were on their way to Oregon and Washington Territory. At the ports on Puget's Sound the same excitement prevails, and at many lumber mills the men have had their wages raised to induce them to stay. With regard to the yield of the mines there is, as might be expected, some difference in the accounts, but all agree that miners are making from five to twenty dollars per day to the hand; while some claims are stated, on reliable authority, to pay one hundred dollars per day per man.

News Paragraphs.

IN New Russia the locusts are causing a great deal of loss. They march in enormous masses, often covering a space twelve miles by two, and have at last crossed the Dniester into Bessarabia. Ten thousand men from this province attempted to stop them on the bank of the Dniester, but were unable to do so. Every possible means of destruction has been put in operation, but without effect.

FULLY ten per cent of all the apparent gold coin in circulation, is estimated to be bogus; much of it being so admirably executed as to deceive bank officers and other first-class judges. The natural and legitimate loss in value of gold coin is immense. The estimated loss on the coin in circulation in the United States is over $1,000,000 per annum.

BUSINESS OF THE LAND OFFICE.—The land office is issuing at the rate of twenty-three thousand five hundred patents a month, including every description of bounty swamp lands under all acts of Congress. One patent was issued for forty-eight thousand acres, for a private claim.

A MAN in Williamston, Mass., has a large lot of bullfrogs, all fattened for a foreign market. Some of them have been highly fed for several years, and are of enormous size, weighing about forty pounds! Although no premium is offered on this stock, he intends to exhibit them at the Hoosac Valley Fair.

THE census returns are now complete for the entire State of Rhode Island. In 1850 the population of the State was 147,549; in 1860, 173,869; an increase of 26,320, or a little short of 18 per cent

SEVEN infants were suffocated in bed, in London, in a single week. One infant was, by mistake, packed up in a turn-up bedstead, and when discovered life was extinct.

THE Buffalo Express says the receipts of grain at that port on the 20th inst., have "no parallel in our own history, nor in the history of the world. *Eight hundred and forty-nine thousand bushels of wheat* were poured in upon us during the twenty-four hours ending last night, and of other grain almost sufficient to make the receipts one million of bushels during a single day."

DEATH OF THE CHILIAN MINISTER.—Don Juan Bello, Minister from Chili to the United States, died at his residence in New York on Sunday week, of asthma. Mr. Bello was formerly a professor of law and literature in the University of Santiago. He commenced his diplomatic career as Secretary to the Chillian Legation in Paris, where he remained several years, after which he was promoted as Minister to this country, arriving here about eight months ago. He was but 35 years of age, and was born in London.

FIRE AND TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.—The telegraph this (Monday) morning brings intelligence of a fire in New Orleans, accompanied with a dreadful loss of life, on the night of the 21st. Several liquor stores on Ptchoupitlas street were burned, and the fourth story of one was heavily laden with spirits, which exploded, causing the building on the corner of Lafayette and Ptchoupitlas streets, to fall, burying fifty or sixty persons in the ruins. Fifteen dead bodies have thus far been abstracted. The loss is estimated at $150,000, and is mostly covered by insurance.

TERRIBLE STORM IN THE GULF.—There was a furious gale on the 15th inst., in the Gulf of Mexico, involving great destruction of property. Nearly every house in Balize was carried away, and several lives were lost. Milneburg, the terminus of the Ponchertrain Railroad, is submerged, and the wharves badly damaged. It is reported that all the wharves and boat houses on the Lake shore between New Orleans and Mobile have been swept away. The town of Biloxi, in Mississippi, is in ruins. At Mobile the storm was severely felt. All the wharves in the lower part of the city were submerged during the gale, and five steamboats sunk. The loss in Mobile alone is estimated at $1,000,000.

IMPORTANT FROM CENTRAL AMERICA.—The steamship Star of the West, from Havana on the 13th, arrived at New Orleans on the 17th inst. The Spanish war steamer Francisco Dasis arrived at Havana from Amos, on the 6th, and Truxillo on the 7th inst. She reports that the British war steamer Icarus, with transport and troops, under command of Alveraz, proceeded to Rio Negro, where Walker's army was encamped. The boats of the Icarus proceeded up the river and captured Walker and seventy of his men, all of whom were taken to Truxillo and delivered to the authorities of Honduras. Walker's men were very destitute, many of them being sick were permitted to return to the United States, on condition of never engaging again in an expedition against Central America. Gen. Walker and Col. Kudler are to be shot. The Gautamala expedition arrived from Amos shortly after the capture of the fillibusters.

FROM PIKES' PEAK.—The Pike's Peak Express reached St. Louis the 19th inst., with $45,899 in treasure, besides some $50,000 in the hands of the passengers. Business at Denver is fast reviving, and the streets present a lively appearance. Hot weather being almost over, and the cold weather coming on, parties are beginning to arrive from the mountains to purchase their winter supplies. Discoveries of silver mines continue to be made, which promise to yield well, and are exciting much attention. A crevice about 550 feet in length, which showed itself at the surface in solid ore, is reported to have been discovered. Several assays had been made with different results, ranging from $100 to $1,700. Pure silver in large quantities has been found in sluices in Big Blue mines, weighing one and one-half ounces. Other reports are in circulation that the ore is worthless, and that these reports are circulated very industriously by men of capital, who think by that course to buy many of the gold claims for almost nothing. However, the silver mines are being inspected, and if they yield anywhere near as reported, many millions will be realized. Gold claims continue to pay as largely now as they have ever done.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The weather continued fine, and the harvest in the southern counties was nearly completed, and the result exceeds expectations. Operations have commenced in the more northern counties with encouraging prospects.

Earl Granville was *en route* for Madrid, and it was supposed that he had a mission relative to the slave trade.

The number of English volunteers offering for Garibaldi was so great that funds could not be raised fast enough to send them to Naples.

The Queen goes to Germany of the 24th of September.

FRANCE.—Napoleon is reported to have assured M. Farini of his sincere intention to see Italy independent. When Victor Emanuel shall be master of Sicily and Naples, he will be strong enough to contend alone against Austria; but should Austria prove victorious in a conflict, France would not allow her to abuse her victory.

It was reported that the French Government had sent a diplomatic note to Switzerland relative to the outrages at Genoa, on the French flag. The outrage in question was perpetrated by a Swiss mob during a violation of Swiss territory, on Savoyards going in procession to congratulate the Emperor.

The weather was fine in Paris, but floods and hurricanes are reported in the Provinces.

GERMANY.—A general meeting of the National Union at Coburg, unanimously adopted as a programme the transfer of the Central Power to Prussia, and the convocation of a German Parliament.

AUSTRIA.—The Emperor has received Sezechen and Apponga, who exposed to his majesty the historical right of Hungary. The Emperor pronounced himself in favor of the Hungarian programme, which it is said will be adopted with an amendment presented by Hartez, and concerted between him and the Hungarian delegates. An autograph letter of the Emperor will be reproduced, re-establishing the principle of the autonomy of the Provinces, and announcing the reform to be immediately promulgated.

It was reported that Prince Metternich would be minister of Foreign Affairs, but the rumor was contradicted.

It was also reported that 35,000 Austrains had received orders to leave Vienna for Trieste.

Very large quantities of wheat, barley, and rye, have recently been bought in Austria by English and French speculators.

The managers of the Southern Railway have been requested to prepare for an extraordinary transport of troops. The 3d, 4th and 8th corps de armie are about to be placed on a war footing, and the soldiers on a furlough have received orders to join their regiments.

SICILY AND NAPLES.—The King of Naples quitted the capital on the 6th, on a Spanish vessel for Gaeta.

Garibaldi was at Cagaon, 26 miles from Naples, on the 6th, and was expected to reach the capital on the 7th. His advance guard arrived at Salerno on the 7th. A battle was considered likely on the 7th, between Olora and Salerno. The royal troops occupied a strong position and it was said, in case of defeat, would retire upon Gaeta.

Garibaldi dined at Lacava on the 6th inst., and was expected to enter Naples on the 7th. Lacava is only 26 miles from the capital. The Austrian Minister at Naples had telegraphed to Vienna that the King of Naples had resolved to quit his States. The pictures and furniture of the palace and King's baggage were embarked on the 4th, on board a Spanish vessel.

Eight Sardinian war vessels are in the Bay of Naples, with two regiments of Bershagliere on board.

The Queen of Spain had offered the King of Naples a refuge in Spain, which the latter accepted.

ROME.—A correspondent of the Daily News says, Gen. Lamoriclere's proclamations impose on the Sardinian Government the duty of watching the frontiers, and preparing to cross them too, in case of necessity. The government is already commencing in that direction a force of 20,000 men.

Insurrectionary movements had broken out at Pesaro, and the insurgents have attacked and defeated the Papal troops.

Turin journals denounce the position of the troops of Lamoriclere, and call on the Pope to disband his foreign mercenaries.

It is rumored that Count Cavour has sent a note to Rome, announcing that any movements of the Pontifical troops beyond the Roman frontiers would be considered an act of intervention, and that Piedmont would consider herself justified in occupying the Marshes.

Later Foreign Intelligence.

By telegraph this (Tuesday) morning, we are put in possession of the following highly interesting and important intelligence from the Old World:

FRANCE.—As the Pope's protest disapproves of armed resistance, and should Piedmont accomplish aggression, France will withdraw from Sardinia her protection. France hopes Piedmont will respect international right, which alone can preserve mutual alliance; and trusts that Emanuel will avoid political fault, which would be a misfortune for Italy.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—Garibaldi entered Naples on the 8th with his staff alone. The joy was intense. The Provisional Government had been formed. Garibaldi had discovered that the National Committee was illegally constituted, and had ordered the Prefect of Police to punish them. Garibaldi had consigned the fleet and arsenal to Admiral Persano. He proclaims Victor Emanuel King of Italy.

Garibaldi had borrowed 80,000,000 livres of the Bank of Naples. Sardinian flags were flying from all the forts in Naples.

The Cabinets of Vienna, Munich, and Dresden, advise the King of Naples to take refuge in Germany.

ROME.—A panic prevails at Rome. Insurrections had taken place at Pesaro, Montefeltro, and Urbino. The state of siege at Ancona had been proclaimed. Five hundred insurgents repulsed the Papal troops. The inhabitants of Pergold, Sinigraglia, and other districts, had revolted, and Emanuel proclaimed King. The telegraphs and bridges had been broken.

RUSSIA.—Russia desires perfect reconciliation with Austria. Arrangements for a meeting were to be made immediately, and measures were to be taken for ending the present state of things which Russia considers intolerable.

SARDINIA.—The King received to-day a deputation from Umbria and the inhabitants of the Marshes. His Majesty granted the protection which the deputation solicited, and orders have been given to the Sardinian troops to enter these provinces by the following proclamation:

Soldiers:—You are about to enter the marshes at L'Umbria to establish civil order in the towns now desolated by misrule, and to give the people liberty of expressing their own wishes; you will not fight against the armies of any of the powers, but will free those unhappy Italian provinces from the bands of foreign adventurers which infest them; you do not go to revenge injuries done to me and to Italy, but to prevent the popular hatred from unloosing itself against the oppressors of the country; by your example you will teach the people forgiveness of offences and christian tolerance to the men who compared the love of the christian fatherland to Islamism.

At peace with all the great powers, and holding myself aloof from any provocation, I intend to rid Central Italy of one continued trouble and discord; I intend to respect the chief of the church, to whom I am every-ready to give, in accordance with the allied and friendly powers, all the guarantees of independence and security which his misguided advisers have in vain hoped to obtain from the fanaticism of the wicked sect which conspires against my authority, and against the liberties of the nation. Soldiers, I am accused of ambition. I have an ambition, and it is to preserve you from the continual danger of revolution and war.

The News Condenser.

— Two wild bears have been shot in Virginia.

— The potato rot has made its appearance in Hancock Co., Me.

— A letter from Paris announces the death of Mrs. Gen. Harney.

— Boston has a population of 117,626—a gain in five years of 14,878.

— The yellow fever, at last accounts, was raging fearfully in Honduras.

— The Chinese rebels are armed for the most part with sharpened bamboos.

— The Turks near Adrianople lately put a Christian to death by crucifixion.

— There was a slight fall of snow on the Hudson river, on Wednesday week.

— The Clairmont, N. H., Eagle says that gold has been discovered in that town.

— On Saturday week a new planet was discovered at the National Observatory.

— A Ragged School is about to be established at Cairo, Egypt, for Moslem children.

— At Bremen, lately, in one day, 2,300 emigrants left that port for North America.

— Brigham Young, as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, is a defaulter to a large amount.

— The population of San Francisco is 78,083, of whom 3,150 are Chinese and 1,605 colored.

— The graves of those who fell in the Crimean war occupy 20 square miles of territory.

— Five editors in Michigan have been nominated for the Legislature of Michigan this year.

— It is stated that large contracts have been made in Missouri for corn at 20 cents per bushel.

— The planet Venus, the moon, and the sun, were all seen at noonday, at Newburyport, on Monday week.

— Recruiting for Garibaldi is advertised in the London papers as an "excursion to the South of Italy."

— The wine crop of France is very poor this season, and the opinion is that it will fall short of the last one.

— At the opening of a new Normal School in Buenos Ayres, July 18, 8,000 children marched in the procession.

— In Kanawa Co., Va., there are five coal oil factories in operation, which turn out 6,200 gallons of oil per day.

— Twelve hundred and twenty-one dollars have been subscribed in Newport, in aid of Garibaldi and his friends.

— Elder Kimball, one of the leading Mormon Saints, recently had born to him, in one night, fourteen children.

— A steam passenger car, carrying fifty passengers, has been placed on the Providence and Worcester railroad.

— The hay crop in Vermont, Canada, and Northern New York, is so small that farmers cannot winter their stock.

— The artesian well at Columbus, Ohio, has now reached the depth of 2044 feet—four feet more than half a mile.

— Our Government is understood to have consented to the meditation of half of Europe in the affairs of Mexico.

— A project is on foot to construct a railroad from Memphis to Vicksburg, on the most direct and practicable route.

— There was a severe frost in parts of Western Massachusetts, on Sunday week, which did great injury to vegetables.

— It costs three hundred and seventy-six dollars per night to light the streets of Boston, the total for the year being $137,321.

— The railroad companies are bothered to obtain cars enough to carry the grain that, like an ocean, is flowing into Milwaukee.

— The inventor of the "Sewing Bird" lives in Meriden, Ct. He has realized about $68,000 out of the simple little invention.

— There were 28,624 arrivals at Saratoga during the season just past; being 10,187 in excess of 1858, and 8,000 more than in 1859.

— The city of Cincinnati has already paid, this season, for 2,400 dog scalps, and the Commercial says "the cry is still they come."

— The Sandwich Islanders try out their dead horses, and get half a barrel of oil from each horse, which is said to be equal to sperm.

— England has accepted one more American invention. On the 30th ult., the first street railroad was formally opened at Birkenhead.

— The New York city Inspector has appointed Mr Wm. Johnston, formerly a member of Congress, pound keeper at Carmansville.

— In Boston, on Monday, salutes were fired and bells rung in commemoration of the 230th anniversary of the settlement of that city.

— Cats are in demand at Pike's Peak, as mice are plenty, though rats are not known in that part of the country. Cats sell at a high price.

— Kossuth has gone to Italy, and is at Bellagio, in Piedmont. There are rumors of new revolutionary movements in Hungary.

— Rossi, of Florence, has published a work entitled "One hundred and seventy-one rebellions in the Papal States, from 896 to 1829."

— The first bale of North Carolina cotton, from Wayne Co., was received in Wilmington on the 4th inst., and sold for 12 cents a pound.

— There are nearly 100 applicants for the clerkship in the Census Bureau, notwithstanding a number failed to pass the examining board.

— In Lynn, Mass., boots are now chiefly heeled by machinery. One establishment has sold in four months about 50,000 turned heels.

— The failure of the Atlantic telegraph is not the only disappointment of the kind. The Red Sea cable is now decided to be an entire loss.

— A settler in Aroostook Co., Me., found fault with the unhealthfulness of the climate, caused by the "air coming in contact with the atmosphere."

— Madame Elizabeth Ortes, the great-grandmother of the editor of the St. Louis Bulletin, is 105 years of age, and has resided in that city 103 years.

— When the telegraph announced at Leghorn the landing of Garibaldi at Calabria, the houses were instantly covered with gay colors and emblems.

— We have 7 vessels, which have 104 guns and 1,601 officers and men; in the Pacific, to stir up Peru, if she shall not admit our claims, and settle them.

— One hundred and thirty-eight bodies of the victims to the Lady Elgin disaster have been recovered. Fifty-five have been recognized since Sunday last.

— The N. Y. Chamber of Commerce have resolved to present a memorial to Congress in favor of a quick mail to Shanghae and Japan, by the Pacific route.

— Mr. Stephen Swett, of Upper Gilmanton, N. H., is 90 years old, and has a wife but little younger. He carries on a small farm, and can walk 20 miles a day.

Publisher's Department.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN!

THE RURAL, ON TRIAL, AT HALF PRICE!

THE Last Quarter of Vol. XI of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commences next week—with October. As a large number of subscriptions expire this week, (all which have No. 559 printed after their address,) we would remind those interested that a prompt renewal is necessary to secure the uninterrupted continuance of the paper. We hope they, and thousands of would-be subscribers, will avail themselves of the favorable opportunity now presented to renew or subscribe. Single, Club and Trial Subscriptions are now in order and respectfully solicited.

PROSPERITY ABOUNDETH.

The season has been a most fruitful one throughout the land—the Earth has yielded abundantly, and peace and plenty abound, maugre the melancholy predictions of the politicians. Gen. PROSPERITY (our candidate for the Presidency,) has been elected by the People, (not unaided by a Higher Power, however.) with CERES, POMONA, &c., as cabinet officers, and the Farmers and Horticulturists of the Country are abundantly blessed in basket and in store. The magnificent and abundant Fruits and Grains of Field, Orchard and Garden are nearly secured, the long evenings and leisure of Winter are coming on apace, and *Now is the Time* to obtain good Books and Journals for the Instruction and Entertainment of yourselves and your families. Such a paper as the RURAL is needed, and will *pay*, in almost every family, and if those who are already subscribers and know its value, *will kindly lend their influence in behalf of its circulation*, it may be placed in the homes of thousands and tens of thousands of appreciative persons during the ensuing few weeks.

POLITICS WANING.

The Presidential Campaign is nearly closed—the people are becoming surfeited with the political campaign papers and their contents, and (as they soon cease by limitation,) it is important that useful, instructive and entertaining journals be substituted. The Agricultural Press deserves well of the People and the Country, and should be remembered at such a period. Will not the readers of the RURAL see that its claims are properly presented to their friends and acquaintances?

THE BEST, AT HALF PRICE!

☞ In order to introduce it more readily to the notice and support of comparative strangers, preparatory to the commencement of a new volume, we have concluded to offer the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the ensuing Quarter — Oct. 1st to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, thus placing it within the reach and means of all non-subscribers who wish to give it a *fair trial.* We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many persons and post-offices as desired. We shall not make a farthing's direct profit, yet shall be glad to thus circulate 5,000 to 20,000 trial copies—for, though we may lose temporarily, it is believed the bread thus cast abroad will return ere long, while thousands of families will be benefited by making the acquaintance of the RURAL and becoming permanent subscribers.

A REQUEST, AND WHEREFORE.

— We ask its friends all over the land to aid in circulating the RURAL'S Campaign Quarter. Almost any one can readily obtain from 4 to 20 subscribers. "Where there's a *will* there's a way," and have not its friends in the East and West, North and South, the will to extend the circulation and usefulness of the favorite RURAL WEEKLY of America?

Publisher's Special Notices.

☞ A NEW HALF-VOLUME of the RURAL NEW-YORKER commences on the 6th of Oct, and hence the present is a favorable opportunity to subscribe, form new clubs, &c. Those who believe the RURAL a good, safe and instructive Family Visitor—one which should be known and read by men, women and children, especially during the political campaign, as an offset to the party organs—will please note this announcement.

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59—bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1858 and 1859—price, $2 each.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Sept. 25, 1860.

FLOUR remains at last quotations, but the market is a little easier.

GRAIN.—Wheat has met with a decline of 2@3 cents per bushel. The best Genesee can now be purchased for $1,36. Canadian wheat does not make its appearance in our market as yet. Rye has advanced slightly, the current price being 63c. A very choice article might bring half a cent more. Barley has put on 3@5 cents per bushel, but this is more owing to the condition of the Eastern markets than our own, as our malsters are not yet purchasing.

PROVISIONS.—We have nothing new to note in this department of trade except that holders of Pork seem more anxious to realize. Transactions are light, as those who possess the stock are unwilling to concede.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	11@12c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50	Honey, box	16@16c
Flour, spring do	$5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@12c
Flour, buckwheat	$1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	$1,25@1,31	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	$1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Can'a	$0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	88c@$1,00
Corn, old	55@57c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bu	@63c	Plums, dried	00@00c
Oats, by weight	25@28c	Potatoes	25@38c
Barley	65@70c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,12
Pork, Mess	$19,00@20,00	Lamb pelts	50c@75c
Pork, clear	$21,00@21,50	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	$6,50@7,00	Clover, bush	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ℔ cwt	$4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,25
Spring lambs, each	$1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	$3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	$5,75@6,00
Chickens	00@10c	Coal, Scranton	$4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@12c	Coal, Pittston	$4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	$4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	14@14c	Hay, tun	$8,00@11,00
Butter, firkin	00@12c	Straw, tun	$0,00@0,00
Cheese	8@10c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@00c
Lard, tried	13@13½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	$4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	$3,00@3,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—FLOUR—Market opened dull and heavy at some slight concession, but towards the close there was a better export inquiry noticed. Sales at $5,00@6,12½ for super State; $5,30@5,45 for extra do; $5,00@5,15 for super Western; $5,30@5,60 for common to medium extra do; $5,55@5,70 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing with no sellers below $5,60; market closed steady. Canadian in moderate request but without material change; sales at $5,40@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat, 1@2 cents easier, with rather more doing for export at the decline; sales Milwaukee club at $1,20@1,21—chiefly at the latter price; Chicago spring at $1,15@1,17½; winter red Western at $1,25@1,26—chiefly at the latter price; very choice Milwaukee club at $1,23; white Indiana and Ohio at $1,30@1,31; inferior white Indiana at $1,22; choice white Michigan at 1,42½; red North Carolina at $1,30. Rye quiet and steady; sales prime at 80c. Barley scarcely so active; sales fair Canada West at 80c. Corn steady, with a moderate demand for the Eastern and local trade; sales mixed Western at 66@67c—chiefly at 66@66½c. Oats in moderate request at 37@40c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet and steady; sales at $19,37@19,50 for new mess; $19,00 for old do; $14,00@14,25 for new prime; $13,25 for old do. Lard steady and in fair demand; sales at 12½@13¼c. Butter steady and in good demand for export at 12½@16c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11½c.

ASHES—The market is unchanged. Sales 30 bbls. at $5,25 for Pots; $5,66 for Pearls.

ALBANY, Sept. 24—FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is a fair business doing in Flour at the closing rates of Saturday, and the market if anything is rather firmer, the foreign news received this morning being considered more favorable. Corn Meal is in fair request at unchanged prices.

GRAIN—In Wheat there is no change to note; the demand for milling is moderate at former prices. Sales white Canadian at $1,38, and do. Michigan at $1,50. Corn in limited request, with sales Western mixed at 66c, in car lots. Rye steady, with sales at 75c. Barley, sales four-rowed State at 81c; winter at the same figure; Canada East at 85c. Oats continue in limited request and the market favors the buyer; sales State at 36½@37c.

FEED—A steady market, with sales 30 tuns 26 lb feed at 81c.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Sept. 24.—FLOUR—The market is steady, and the demand as heretofore is confined to the wants in the wants of the home trade. Sales at $3,75@4,00 for fine; $5@5,25 for extra State and Canadian; $5,25@5,50 for extra Wisconsin and Illinois; $5,50@5,62½ for extra Michigan, Illinois and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat, the market is unsettled, but, on the whole, rather weaker. Parties are further apart in their views. Sales this morning, red winter at $1,12½, and white do. at $1,16. Corn, market quiet and less firm; sales at 51½. Oats nominal at 30c. Barley less firm. Rye steady at 60c. Peas, market quiet at 55c.

SEEDS.—No clover offering. Timothy quiet at $2,50.

PROVISIONS—Market steady. Heavy mess pork being held at $19,50@$18,00 for light do., and $15,00 for prime. Beef dull at $7,00 for mess, and $5,00 for prime. Shoulders quiet at 8c; plain hams at 10½c, and sugar cured at 11½c. Lard is going at 12c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 8½@9c; as to quality, with moderate receipts.—*Com. Adv.*

OSWEGO, Sept. 24.—FLOUR — Market unchanged; sales at $5,50 for extra State; $7,00 for favorite double extra city brands.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair demand; sales winter red Western at $1,14; No. 1 Chicago spring at $1,08; choice No. 2 do. at $1,07 afloat. Oats in demand; sales Canadian at 30½c. Barley held above the views of buyers; no sales. Rye quiet.

CHICAGO, Sept. 24.—Flour dull.

GRAIN—Wheat quiet and 1@1½c lower; sales at 85½@86½c for No. 1 spring; 82½@83¼c for No. 2 do. in store.—Corn quiet and 1c lower; sales at 39@39½c in store. Oats 1c lower.

TORONTO, Sept. 21.—FLOUR—There is of course nothing doing in flour as yet. The continued high rates for wheat, with the poor prospect for much of a demand for flour, gives the impression that the milling trade is not promising, and certainly so far in the season the prospects do not look bright. A change, however, in the aspect of affairs, even an inconsiderable decline in prices, may alter the tone in favor of the miller. At present the opening prices most frequently spoken of are:

Superfine	$5,25@5,25
Fancy	0,00@5,37½
Extra	5,75@6,00

GRAIN.—The tendency in prices of wheat during the week has been downward; a decline of about 10 cents ℔ bushel on wheat is noted. There is still, however, the greatest anxiety manifested to secure wheat, and with the largely increased receipts the market has stood well, prices closing quite firm, although moving a shade lower in obedience to a similar movement in New York. Upwards of 15,000 bushels of fall wheat were sold at prices ranging from $1,20@1,30 for common to good, and from $1,30@1,35 for good to prime. Spring wheat is coming forward more freely, and several thousand bushels have been bought. From $1,05@1,10 was the range, the current rate being $1 08 ℔ bushel. Barley continues to maintain its importance and is the second leading grain of the Canadian farmer. The receipts for the week cannot have fallen far short of 26,000 bushels, all of which has been placed at from 70@74c. On Tuesday 73@75c, was pretty freely paid; but, towards the close, the tendency was drooping. Peas are in limited supply, and somewhat inquired for. They sell at from 61@67c ℔ bush.; average, 64c. Rye, only two loads found a market this week, for which 65c ℔ bushel was paid. It is required for local use. Oats are pretty freely offered, and sell steadily at 29@30c ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

PORK PROSPECTS.—Friday's Cincinnati Gazette says:—"About 1,500 hogs sold for November at $6,65@6,75. The market is firm, but the demand, though equal to the offerings, is only moderate."

One of the heaviest houses in Chicago has contracted for 10,000 hogs at $5,90@6 net, for November delivery. They are selling in Green county, Indiana, at $4,50@5,50. The crop is larger than for several years past.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 19.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE—First quality, ℔ cwt. $9,00@10,00; ordinary, $8,00@8,50; common, $7,50@8,0; Inferior, $6,00@7,00

COWS AND CALVES—First quality, $50,00@60,00; Ordinary, $40,00@50,00; Common, $30,00@40,00; Inferior, $25,00@30,00.

VEAL CALVES—First quality, ℔ lb., 6@7c; Ordinary 4½@5½c; Common, 3½@4c; Inferior, 3@3½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS.—Prime quality, ℔ head, $5,00@6,00; ordinary, $3,50@4,50; common $3@3,50; inferior, $2,50@3,00.

SWINE.—First quality, 6½@6¾c; all others, 6@6¼c.

ALBANY, Sept. 21.—The receipts of live stock by the Central Railroad the last week have been unusually large. Upwards of 4,000 cattle were brought down. Prices of beef have declined ½@¾c ℔ lb., live weight; premium is selling at 5½c.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	4,267	2,958	2,636
Sheep	3,632	4,260	4,542
Hogs	165	286	1,565

PRICES—The following are the ruling prices:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¼	5¼@5½
Extra	4½@5	4½@5
First quality	3¾@4	4 @4½
Second quality	3 @3½	3¼@3½
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@3

SHEEP AND LAMBS—In fair demand at a decline of 25c ℔ head; sales about 2,000 at $3@4,20.

HOGS—In fair request and held a shade easier; we quote at 5¾@6½c.

BRIGHTON, Sept. 20.—At market 1,400 beeves, 600 stores 6,000 sheep and lambs, and 600 swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices—Extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality, $7,25@7,50; second quality, $0,00@6,50; third quality, $4,50@0,00.

WORKING OXEN—$85, $90@95.

MILCH COWS—$41@50; Common, $19@20.

VEAL CALVES—$3@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, none; two years old, $11@12; three years old, $14@16.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb.; Calf Skins, 10½@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,00@2,00; Extra, $3,00@3,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale 6¾c; retail 7c; Spring Pigs 7c; retail at 7½@8c; Fat Hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept 20.—A good inquiry is noticeable for the low and medium grades and with light stocks prices of all kinds are firmly maintained; sales of 75,000 lbs. Native Fleece at 40@60c. as to quality; 150,000 lbs California at 12@36c. for common to choice Saxony; 45,000 lbs Texas at 14@26c for common to fine unwashed, and 30@36c for washed; 18,000 lbs pulled at 36@45c. for Lambs' and super extra; 350 bales Donskoi at 21@22c; 120 do. Cape at 30c.; 90 do. unwashed Entre Rios at 10½c; 160 do. Chagres, St. Jago, at 23c. 8 months; 16,000 lbs. Curacoa, 200 bales Mestiza, 50 do. Montevido, and a few small lots of East India on private terms.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. native and one-fourth Merino	34@38
Extra, Pulled	00@00
Superfine, Pulled	34@36
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, pulled	34@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	20@22
California, common do.	10@14
Peruvian, washed	26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@13
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do	15@18
South American, unwashed	7@9
South Am. Cordova, washed	21@22
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Sept. 21.—The demand for Fleece and Pulled Wool has been fair, and prices are steady and firm. The sales of the week have been 150,000 lbs, the fleece ranging from 40@65c ℔ lb, the latter price for foreign grades, which has been more inquired for during the week. In foreign wool the sales have been 553 bales Mediterranean, South American and Cape, and 150 ballots Peruvian at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	30@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna, washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

IN this city, on the 11th instant., by Rev. J. B. SHAW, ABRAHAM CUSHMAN and FRANCES MONTGOMERY.

Deaths.

IN this city, on the 21st inst., of consumption, ROBERT D. WEBBER, aged 19 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance — THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

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100 DURHAM CATTLE AT AUCTION, 10th of Oct, 1860, at my farm, 5 miles north of Lockport, Niagara Co, N. Y., on time to suit, with approved paper—6 Bulls, 8 Bull Calves, 7 Cows (2 imported,) and 13 Heifers; 36 grade Cows and Heifers; 30 Steers, 4 years and under. J. H. BENNETT. Avon, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1860. 559-2t

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CHERRY SEEDS.—We have 20 bushels fresh Cherry pits we will sell at $3,50 per bushel, where 5 or 10 bushels are taken. Single bushel, $4. A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS. Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1860. 557-5t

THE ANNUAL SHOW OF THE ONTARIO CO. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, will be held on the grounds, at Canandaigua, on the 26th, 27th and 28th days of September. Members can obtain their tickets at the office of the Treasurer, Room No. 9 Atwater Hall. Exhibitors can obtain their cards for entree at the office of GIDEON GRANGER, two days previous to the Fair. 557-3t

250.000 GRAPE ROOTS!—Catawbas, 1 year old, $15 per 1000; 2 years old, $25; Isabellas, $25 per 1000; Anna, Delaware, Diana, Concord, and 60 other varieties of Native and Foreign Catawbas and Isabellas. *Superior*, owing to location, soil, &c., and bringing a much higher price with our vintners here. Terms liberal to dealers. Orders by mail satisfactorily filled. J. F. MERRIAM, Agt., Sandusky City Nurseries. Sandusky City, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1860. 557-7t

SYLVIA AMERICANA — AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ EVERGREEN FENCE.—This beautiful and Hardy Evergreen makes a permanent hedge screen and wind break. Send for a Circular. The trade supplied on liberal terms. Diana, Delaware and Concord Grape Vines; Wilson's Albany Strawberry, &c., &c. Address 556-6t A. J. McCLAVE, Palmyra, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 6 miles west of this City, in the town of Gates, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon. A small farm of 50 to 80 acres, near the City, or a house and lot worth 4 to $5,000 in the city, would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply on the premises, or at No. 8 Hill street, at the office of JOHN M. FRENCH & Co., or M. HUNTINGTON. Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

GENESEE VALLEY NURSERIES, Rochester, N. Y.

FROST & CO., Proprietors, offer for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, one of the largest stocks of STANDARD AND DWARF FRUIT TREES, SMALL FRUITS, ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, PLANTS, &c., in the United States. The Grounds at the present time contain over

THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES,

devoted entirely to the cultivation of Trees and Plants.

The stock is so extensive in its different departments, that they are enabled to furnish the entire orders of their correspondents of the different kinds, of the best quality, and at the lowest market prices. Trees and Plants are packed in such a manner that they will reach the more distant parts of the United States in perfect condition.

Orders from Nurserymen, Dealers and others, who may wish to purchase in large quantities, are executed with care and dispatch, as well as those who may favor them with the smallest orders.

CATALOGUES.

The following Catalogues contain full particulars of the stock in the different departments, and will be furnished gratis to all applicants who enclose a postage stamp for each:

No. 1—*Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits.*
No. 2—*Descriptive Catalogue of Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, &c.*, for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861.
No. 3—*Catalogue of Dahlias, Verbenas, Green-House and Bedding Plants.*
No. 4—*Wholesale Catalogue or Trade List*, for Nurserymen and Dealers, and others who may wish to buy in large quantities, for Autumn of 1860.
No. 5—*Catalogue of Flowering Bulbs.* Address 554-6t FROST & CO., Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [555-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

CHOICE BULBOUS ROOTS. New Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of Hyacinths, Liliums, Tulips, &c., &c. Comprising the largest assortment ever offered. ANDREW BRIDGEMAN, 555-9t 878 Broadway, New York.

TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES.—One year old, strong, $1; two years, $1,50 to $2. Extra large layers with bearing wood, $2 to $3. Smaller layers, $1 to $1,50. Also, very fine Logan Vines, $1 to $2. All other good varieties, new and old, at lowest rates. Send for a Circular. GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio. August, 1860. 551-9t

CHAPMAN & DAVIS' COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, Corner Main and St. Paul Sts., Rochester, N. Y.

THIS Institution is open day and evening, for instruction of pupils in PENMANSHIP and BOOK-KEEPING.

Conducted on an economical basis; the instruction being thorough and complete is furnished on MODERATE TERMS. Send for Circulars. 554

SMALL FRUITS.

WE have an immense stock of *SMALL FRUITS*, for sale during the Autumn of 1860, and Spring of 1861. In addition to the more common sorts of

NATIVE GRAPES,

We have over 25,000 plants of such desirable sorts as *Delaware, Concord, Diana, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, Early Northern Muscadine, Logan*, and 20 other sorts—strong vines, for out-door culture. Of

FOREIGN GRAPES,

We have thirty-five sorts, one to two years old, for Hot or Cold Vineries, or for fruiting in pots.

An extensive stock of each of the common sorts of

CURRANTS,

One or two years old, and fine one year old plants of *White Grape, Victoria, Cherry, &c.* Fine and well grown

GOOSEBERRY

Plants, of the *American* and *Houghton Seedling*, which never mildew, as well as the best English sorts most suitable for this climate. A great stock of

RASPBERRIES,

Such as *Red Antwerp*, (Hudson River,) *Yellow Antwerp, Orange, Franconia, Knevett's Giant, &c.*, including several thousand of the Autumn-bearing kinds, *Belle de Fontenay, Marvel of four Seasons*, and others.

STRAWBERRIES.

The most extensive stock of saleable plants and varieties—comprising over sixty sorts—in the Union. Fine

BLACKBERRIES,

New Rochelle and *Dorchester*, in large quantities. Also,

FIGS, FILBERTS, AND MULBERRIES.

☞ All orders, either for large or small quantities, will be executed with care and dispatch.

CATALOGUES containing description, with prices at retail, and No. 4 Catalogue, offering plants in large quantities sent on application containing a postage stamp for each.

FROST & CO., 551-6t Genesee Valley Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money. Address O. B. CLARK, August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.

THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.

It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK, 548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

AMERICAN GUANO, FROM JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IMPORTED BY THE AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY, Office, 66 William Street, NEW YORK.

C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y. J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest. 535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, 505 Broadway, New York.

These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.

Prices from $50 to $150. Hemmers, $5 extra. S. W. DIBBLE, Agent, 515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2½ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [434-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

FAIRY LORE.

GLAD were the children when their glowing faces
Gathered about us in the winter night,
And now, with gleesome hearts in verdant places,
We see them leaping in the summer light;

For they remember yet the tales we told them,
Around the hearth, of fairies long ago,
When they could only look out to behold them,
Quick dancing, earthward, in the feathery snow.

But now the young and fresh imagination
Finds traces of their presence everywhere,
And peoples with a new and bright creation
The clear blue chambers of the sunny air.

For them the gates of many a fairy palace
Open to the ringing bugle of the bee,
And every flower-cup is a golden chalice,
Wine-filled, in some grand elfin revelry.

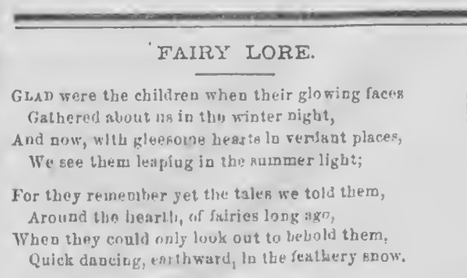
Quaint little eyes from grassy nooks are peering.
Each dewy leaf is rich in magic love;
The foam-bells, down the merry brooklet steering,
Are fairy-freighted to some happier shore.

Stern theorists, with wisdom overreaching
The aim of wisdom, in your precepts cold,
And with a painful stress of callous teaching,
That withers the young heart into the old,

What is the gain if all their flowers were perished,
Their vision-fields for ever shorn and bare,
The mirror shattered that their young faith cherished,
Showing the face of things so very fair?

Time hath enough of ills to undeceive them,
And cares will crowd where dreams have dwelt before;
Oh, therefore, while the heart is trusting, leave them
Their happy childhood and their fairy lore!

All the Year Round.



BORROWING AND LENDING;

OR, ONE ANGRY MOMENT.

"No," said Mr. Bray, looking up from the newspaper he was reading, and speaking with unusual sharpness of tone.

A young man, one of his clerks, stood before him.

"Do you understand me? No—I said no! Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend."

The clerk had hesitated about sending back the rough refusal of Mr. Bray to accommodate a neighbor with a loan of a couple of hundred dollars, within an hour of bank closing, even on the explanation that he was "short on a note." But, at this emphatic confirmation of the first refusal, he turned from his employer, and went forward to where the messenger of Mr. Carlton awaited an answer.

"I'm tired of this eternal borrowing," said Mr. Bray to himself, in justification of his angry refusal to accommodate a neighbor. "Why don't he make timely provision for his notes, as I do, and not go money-hunting at the eleventh hour? I'm not going to reduce my bank balance to meet his deficiencies. There is too much of this idle dependence among traders to suit my notion of things."

But these words of justification did not bring the mind of Mr. Bray into a state of calm self-satisfaction. Reason did not approve his hastily-uttered denial; and self-respect was hurt by this sudden ebullition of anger.

"Send Mr. Carlton word that I neither borrow nor lend."

"I needn't have said just that!" Mr. Bray was already in a repentant mood. "I could have refused on any decent pretext. There was no call for an insulting denial."

Ah me! How blinding is sudden anger! For a while Mr. Bray sat communing with himself, and then taking up his pen, drew a check for two hundred dollars. Calling his clerk, he said:

"Here, Thomas, run with this to Mr. Carlton."

The young man took the check and went out hurriedly. He came back in a few minutes with the check still in his hand.

"Why didn't he take it?" asked Mr. Bray, his face deepening in color as he put the question.

"He said he was much obliged to you, but Mr. Agnew had accommodated him."

Mr. Bray, in a very quiet manner, tore the check into small fragments. He felt badly. Mr. Agnew had the reputation of being the roughest, most unaccommodating man in the neighborhood; while he took pride in the thought of being held in very different estimation. Even Mr. Agnew had exceeded him in amiable compliance and prompt business courtesy! He felt rebuked and humbled.

"O, dear! I wish I had a little decent self-control!" he said sharply, to himself. "This quick feeling, and hasty action therefrom, are always getting me into some kind of trouble."

As Mr. Bray walked homeward, after leaving his store that afternoon, he saw Mr. Carlton approaching at the distance of half a block ahead of him. He was conveniently near the corner of a street, and so taking the flagstones, he crossed over, and thus avoided meeting his neighbor.

"I don't like this," he said in some humiliation to himself, as he breathed a little more freely. "Skulking like a criminal don't suit me at all! Why should I fear to look any man in the face?"

Mr. Bray was usually a cheerful man at home, though he sometimes darkened the home-light for a season, through fits of sudden anger that soon subsided. But even the briefly ruling tempest leaves, usually, some mighty traces of its course, that require many days of sunshine, gentle rains, and refreshing dews to obliterate. It was so with the tempest of Mr. Bray's too easily awakened anger; it never darkened the sky, nor swept fiercely along the earth, without leaving its ugly marks behind. But, usually, he was cheerful in his family, bringing home with him the bright, warm sunshine. It was not so, however, on the present occasion. This little act of discourtesy to Mr. Carlton, had not only shadowed his feelings, but left his mind disturbed. He was just in a state to be annoyed by the merest trifles.

Two little boys were playing in the passage as he came in from the street. At the very moment of his entrance, one of them hurt the other by accident. The latter screamed out, and, under the passionate impulse of the moment, charged his brother with striking him. In a different state of mind, Mr. Bray would have tried a little moral suasion in the case, or, at least, withheld punishment until he saw clearly that duty to his child required its administration. But now, obeying an unhappy impulse, he caught up the child who was charged with the offense of striking, and punished him with smarting strokes. At the moment of his doing so, the mother of the children, who had seen all that passed between them, called out earnestly,

"Stop, stop, Henry! He didn't strike his brother on purpose. It was all an accident!"

But this appeal came too late. The wrong had been done.

"It's a shame!" said the mother, who felt every painful blow the child had received, and who spoke from the moment's indignant impulse.

Mr. Bray did not feel any better. Setting the child down without venturing a reply to his wife's remark, he strode up stairs to the sitting-room, and threw himself into the great arm-chair. No one ventured to come near him for some time, so he had fair opportunity for self-communion. At last, a toddling little curly-head, who generally hailed her father's return with joy, came sideling into the room, and with a half timid air made her way, by almost stealthy approaches, to the side of the moody man. Curiously she lifted her eyes to his clouded countenance, stood for a moment or two, as if in doubt, and then clambered up and laid her golden tresses against his bosom. As she did so, the father's arm was drawn around her. But little curly head was not, in her unselfish innocence, content with the sunshine of favor for herself alone.

"Pa!" Her voice had in it something of doubt.

"What is it, my little pet?" And Mr. Bray, who was penetrated by the child's sphere of tenderness, kissed her pure lips.

"Willy didn't hurt Eddy a purpose. He didn't strike him."

"But Eddy said that Willy struck him." The father sought to justify himself in the eyes of his child.

"Eddy only thought so," replied little curly head. Willy didn't strike him at all."

Mr. Bray said nothing more, but he felt very uncomfortable. When the tea bell rung, he went, with little curly-head, to the dining-room. All the rest of the family had kept away from him. Mrs. Bray looked particularly sober; and Willy, who had been set all right as to his conduct by his mother's declaration that he had not been guilty of striking, put on, to the life, an air of injured innocence. Mr. Bray did not speak once during the meal, but sat in silence, with a heavily clouded brow. For that evening the accustomed pleasant talks, cheerful, smiling faces, and merry laughter, were banished from the home of Mr. Henry Bray. A single moment of anger had done this unhappy work. It was something better at the family reunion on the next morning. Sleep had wrought its usual work of restoring the mind to its better state, and calming its pulses to an even beat.

As Mr. Bray left his house something earlier than usual, and was walking along with his eyes cast down, thinking over certain matters of business that would require his attention, a man came to his side, and, in a pleasant voice, said:

"Good morning, Mr. Bray!"

The merchant glanced up, with heightening color, into the face of this person who had overtaken him in his rather deliberate walk. He know the voice. It was that of Mr. Carlton.

"Good morning." The response was not hearty. How could it be?

"I was sorry to trouble you, yesterday," said Mr. Carlton, speaking in a frank, cheerful way; but a friend, to whom I had loaned a sum of money, disappointed me at the last moment, and I was compelled to borrow at an unseasonable hour. Your kind effort to serve me was none the less appreciated because I had no need for the check when you were so obliging as to send it in. Mr. Agnew had already supplied my trifling deficiency."

Now, what answer could Mr. Bray make to this? Was Mr. Carlton actually in earnest? Was he really so dull as not to have appreciated his rough, insulting message of the day before? Or, was this courteous acknowledgment of an almost extorted favor a rebuking piece of irony?

"It would have gratified me if you had used the check," replied Mr. Bray, his voice a little below its usual firmness of tone. "It was tendered in all sincerity."

"I never doubted that for an instant," said Mr. Carlton, as if surprised that his neighbor should intimate, even remotely, a question of his right appreciation of the favor. "Mr. Bray's reputation as a courteous, gentlemanly merchant, and a kind-hearted man, forbid any other inference."

Now this, Mr. Bray felt, was crowding him a little too hard; and he was considerably annoyed. "Tell Mr. Carlton that I neither borrow nor lend." Could he forget that rough answer to his neighbor's request for a couple of hundred dollars, at a late hour in the day, when his bank account was still short? No. He could not forget it; and that neighbor's compliments upon his mercantile and manly virtue, sounded too much like covert rebuke to be in the smallest measure agreeable. So he changed the subject by referring to some general topic, and managed to appear interested, until, their ways diverging, they parted with courteous forms of speech.

"I don't like that," said Mr. Bray to himself, as he walked on alone. "All this is mere hypocritical assumption; and under the circumstances, I can scarcely regard it as less than insulting; and if he talks again to me after this fashion, I will tell him so.

The opportunity soon occurred. It was, perhaps, about twelve, when the merchant saw Mr. Carlton enter his store, and come back to where he was sitting at his desk. There was a familiar smile upon his countenance, and he looked altogether self-possessed.

"Good morning," said he, with much apparent frankness of manner.

"Good morning," Mr. Bray tried to look pleasant, and tried to assume a perfectly composed exterior, but the elements of excitement were moving within him. There was always a point beyond which self control was impossible, and he felt that Mr. Carlton was pressing him beyond that point. In his uncourteous refusal to lend him two hundred dollars he had done wrong; but to the best of his ability he had endeavored to repair that wrong, and Mr. Carlton should have accepted, and not insulted him by throwing Mr. Agnew in his face along with his rejected loan. Mr. Agnew! known throughout the trade as one of the most uncourteous and disobliging of men. In that act he had given a sufficient rebuke; and there, in Mr. Bray's opinion, he should be willing to let the matter rest. But it seemed that Mr. Carlton felt differently, as he had shown in his ironical reference to the matter at their meeting on the street; and it was plain to Mr. Bray, from the manner of his neighbor, that he had come to annoy him again with some reference to a circumstance that he desired to forget as quickly as possible. He was not altogether mistaken. Following the "good morning again," of Mr. Carlton, succeeded this sentence with all the cheerful frankness of a man in earnest.

"Your kindness yesterday makes me a little presuming to-day. I will take that check now, if you have it to spare. My friend has disappointed me again, and I have several payments to make."

The smile had faded from Mr. Carlton's face ere this sentence was finished; for, instead of meeting a countenance of kind compliance—stern, almost flashing eyes, looked steadily into his, and compressed lips gave warning of a refusal.

"There has been enough of this already," said Mr. Bray, with repressed excitement.

"Enough of what?" Mr. Carlton looked surprised.

"Enough of insulting reference to my act of yesterday!" answered Mr. Bray.

"Insulting! What do you mean?" And Mr. Carlton drew himself up and looked quite as indignant as his neighbor.

"My words are very plain. You understand the King's English, I presume?"

"I had supposed so. But yours is a dialect with which I am not familiar, and I must beg you to supply the glossary."

"Let me do that," said the clerk of Mr. Bray, stepping forward at this juncture.

"Do so, if you please, and I will be a thousand times obliged." And Mr. Carlton moved back a pace or two, awaiting the clerk's explanation.

"Permit me!" the clerk looked at Mr. Bray.

"Say on, Thomas," was answered.

"When Mr. Carlton sent in for the two hundred dollars yesterday, you were annoyed about something, and returned rather an uncourteous refusal—one altogether so unlike yourself that I could not do you the injustice of letting it pass to our neighbor unqualified. So I softened the refusal to make it sound as much like regret for not complying as I possibly could. I knew that you would think and feel differently in a few moments, and I was not mistaken, as the offered check proved. This is the glossary, Mr. Carlton, which you asked, and I trust that it will make all clear. Did I do right or wrong, Mr. Bray?" The young man turned, with a half-timid look, to his rather passionate employer, whose moods were of so uncertain a character that it was hard to calculate the direction of their impulse. A moment of silence passed, and then Mr. Bray said, with feeling,

"Right, Thomas, right! And I thank you for such judicious conduct."

The young man bowed, and retired to wait upon a customer. For a little while the two men stood looking at each other, each so impressed with a sensation of the ludicrous that the muscles of risibility were all in play.

"You have the glossary," said Mr. Bray, at length, a broad smile covering his face.

"Giving the clearest meaning to your words, a moment ago so full of mystery," was answered with a broad smile in return.

"You won't refuse my check, I presume," and Mr. Bray turned to his desk.

"Just try me," said Mr. Carlton, in a voice that left no doubt of its meaning.

"Will two hundred be sufficient?"

"You can make it three hundred if you are over to-day."

"Three hundred it is, Mr. Carlton," said the merchant, the thermometer of whose feelings had risen from zero to summer heat, "and whenever I can accommodate you in matters of this kind, don't fail to command me. If, as it may happen sometimes, I should be a little unamiable, my clerk there will act as a cushion, and prevent your feeling the shock of my temporary ill-nature. I didn't know before that I had so discreet an assistant."

There was a warmer atmosphere in the home of Mr. Bray on the evening that succeeded this rather clouded morning, than on the one which preceded, when the shadow of a single angry moment was large and dense enough to cover the whole household with a leaden pall. Little curly-head leaped into her father's arms almost upon the instant of his return, and hugged him with all the out-gushing love of her young heart; and Eddie and Willie, the trouble of the past evening forgotten, were ready for their game of romps, and enjoyed it to their heart's content. The mother, too, was smiling and happy. That evening was marked as one of the green places in their home-life; and but for the impulsive act of a single angry moment, the previous evening would have left with every heart a sweet remembrance.—*Home Magazine.*

THE finest composition of human nature, as well as the finest china, may have flaws in it, though the pattern may be of the highest value.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 18 letters.
My 1, 3, 6 is a number.
My 2, 9, 6 is a domestic fowl.
My 3, 8, 14 is an adverb.
My 4, 16, 13 is a piece of meat.
My 5, 8, 6 is a kind of vase.
My 6, 14, 7 is a nickname.
My 7, 5, 6 is disagreeable.
My 8, 18, 10 is a color.
My 9, 17, 3 is a woman's name.
My 10, 12, 6 is a Spanish title.
My 11, 12, 1 is very small.
My 12, 7, 9 is a song.
My 13, 16, 8 is to disfigure.
My 14, 16, 8 is an organ.
My 15, 12, 7 is a kind of fish.
My 16, 6, 1 is an insect.
My 17, 16, 1 is a large vessel.
My 18, 11, 18, 6 was a beautiful garden.
My whole is a recently discovered natural curiosity.

Hillsboro, Ill., 1860. M. V. Z.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 27 letters.
My 1, 10, 19, 13, 7, 20, 18 are what we should always have.
My 24, 6, 22, 3, 21 is a wild animal.
My 4, 15, 10, 17 is a small bird.
My 11, 26, 23, 16 is a short poem.
My 27, 22, 2, 7, 5 is a valuable kind of wood.
My 8, 15, 19, 24, 23 is a flower.
My 14, 25, 10, 21 is sometimes used in making fences.
My 9, 25, 7, 17 is a fragrant flower.
My 12, 13, 14, 22, 27, 10, 10, 5 is a kind of fruit.
My whole is a proverb.

Glendale, O., 1860. JERRY.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

ALL the horrors that wait on my first would ye know,
Seek Spitzbergen's cold shores, and her hills capt with snow;
When the gloomy approach of the tempest you've fled,
How you've wished that my second were over your head!
My whole heightens luxury's summer repast,
Yet hates genial warmth, courts the chill northern blast,
Loves the bleak air of winter, and studious retires
From the sun's fervid beams, and the heat of your fires.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 557.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Keep thy heart with all diligence.

Answer to Charade:—Bee-hive.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—$9.80.

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WE would respectfully call the attention of the public to

Our Large Stock of Trees, &c.,

Offered for Sale this Fall. We have

One Hundred and Seventy Acres of Ground

Closely planted, that will compare favorably with the stock of any Nursery East or West. We offer

100,000 APPLE TREES, 5 to 7 feet, $35 per 1,000, packed.
200,000 Do. 2 years, 3 to 4½ ft, $20 ₱ 1,000 pack'd
40,000 DWARF PEARS, 1 year old, $16 ₱ 100, packed.
20,000 Do. 2 years old, $20 ₱ 100, packed.
20,000 Do. 2 " $16 " 2d class, packed.
6,000 STANDARD PEARS, 2 years old, 4 to 6 feet, $27 per 100 packed.
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THE SEASON—RESULTS AND LABORS.

THE cold piercing winds, the clear blue sky, with here and there a fleecy cloud flying swiftly through the upper air, the hazy atmosphere during warm and pleasant days, the ripening of the autumnal fruits, the gay dresses of purple, and gold, and crimson, which the trees are beginning to put on—all warn us that the summer is gone and the autumn time has come.

Never have the farmers of America had greater cause of gratitude to the Giver of all Good—never, perhaps, since "thorns and thistles" sprang up from the seeds of disobedience, and man was condemned to procure bread by the sweat of his face, has the toil of the husbandman been more richly rewarded, than in our own happy land the present year. The earth has yielded its most *delicious fruits* in such abundance that there has been enough for all, and while the price has been so low as to enable all to purchase a generous supply, the abundance of the crop has well remunerated the grower. Apples, pears, plums, peaches, grapes, in fact all the fruits, have been exceedingly abundant here, and with the exception of peaches, we hear of similar reports from all parts of the country. The wheat crop never has been nearly as large. The Western barns and storehouses are groaning under their immense burdens; and, as a gentleman remarked to us a few days since, the West has the appearance of one vast granary, designed for the feeding of the world. Oats and barley have yielded large crops almost everywhere, and the corn was never better. We don't know how largely roots have been planted, but we do know the present season has been exactly adapted to their growth, and wherever planted they have attained a size and perfection unusual in this country.

There is only one drawback to this general prosperity. The potatoes in this State and in some others, are very badly rotting. We noticed the disease in the haulm in July, and published the fact in the RURAL before we had heard a whisper on the subject from any other source. Our fears have been realized, and we think the disease will be found more general and more destructive than for these many years past. A gentleman of Walworth, Wayne county, informed us yesterday that there are many fields in that town that will not pay for digging, and have been abandoned. We heard of another gentleman in the same town, who selected sufficient Flukes for winter use, as being the least diseased, and put them in his cellar, but they decayed so rapidly and produced such a stench, that he had to remove them. The only thing that can now be done is to get potatoes out of the ground as quick as possible, and thoroughly dry them. Thorough drying we know prevents the spread of the disease, and saves the tubers that are sound at digging, but many that appear sound will be found diseased upon close examination. Even when there is no appearance of rot, potatoes should be got out of the ground as soon as possible. Hundred of bushels are every year lost in this neighborhood, by delaying digging until it is so late that all cannot be safely housed before hard frosts.

Corn is well ripened, we believe, in all parts of the country. On our return from the East, on the 16th of September, we observed that between Schenectady and Utica there had been considerable frost a night or two previous, but we were informed the corn was so far advanced toward maturity, as to receive no injury. In this section, up to the present time, (Sept. 27th,) we have had no frost, and the corn stalks are larger, with more and broader leaves than usual, and as they have ripened gradually without frost, are in excellent condition, making a very large amount of good feed. They should be secured at once from future injury, for though everything seems abundant at present, this is no excuse for waste. A long, and perhaps tedious and severe winter, is before us.

Almost all roots make a good growth quite late in the fall, therefore it is desirable to leave them in the ground as long as possible, particularly if they were planted rather late, and have not, therefore, completed their growth. It is better, however, to take them up a little too early than too late, and delays at this time of the year are very dangerous. Sometimes winter sets in suddenly and unexpectedly. It is always well to be prepared for winter as early as possible. It is a very good plan to commence digging pretty early, where practicable, and continue digging a few every day or two, as fast as the stock can consume the tops, which are of a good deal of value.

It takes much more food to make a pound of flesh in the cold weather of winter, than in autumn. The pigs, therefore, should now be fattening. In gathering crops, there is a good deal of waste food excellent for hogs, especially if cooked and mixed with a little meal, that could not be used very well in any other way. But we need not particularize. Every farmer understands this matter, and our only design is to drop a hint and help the memory.

COMPARATIVE VALUE OF GUANOS, &c.

FACTS which have of late come to our knowledge, have convinced us that the comparative value of manures, and especially of the natural guanos, is not well understood even by those of considerable general intelligence in regard to agricultural matters. We recently attended a discussion among practical men where this lack of knowledge was plainly visible. This made us to determine write a brief article, in the hope of making the matter plain to our readers; and for the further purpose of answering some inquiries as to the best mode of applying guano, &c., which for several weeks have been awaiting a convenient opportunity for reply. Fortunately we have just received an interesting pamphlet on this subject, from England, entitled the *History and Properties of the different varieties of Natural Guanos, by* J. C. NESBIT. We observe that it is highly commended by the *Gardener's Chronicle*, and other English journals, and we shall make use of its pages at the present time, deferring any lengthy remarks of our own for another occasion. We have also received several pamphlets from American dealers, which we will notice in due time. This is becoming an important matter. Millions of dollars are now spent by American farmers every year for Guano, and we fear in some cases to very little purpose. They have a right to look to the Agricultural Press for such information as will save them from becoming the dupes of designing speculators. The adulteration of guano and the sale of inferior sorts we fear is not confined to England.

Mr. NESBIT describes the composition of plants, the relations of manures to vegetable growth, and the rules for calculating the value of a manure founded on its composition as declared by analysis and on the value of its several ingredients in the market. He then in successive chapters enumerates the different kinds of guano, gives many of the analyses of each, which he has himself conducted, and estimates by the rule already given the intrinsic as compared with the commercial value of the articles thus analysed.

He classifies guanos under three heads:

1st. Those which have suffered little by atmospheric action, and which retain nearly the whole of their original constituents, such as the Angamos and Peruvian guano.

2d. Those which have lost a considerable portion of their soluble ingredients; of this class are the Ichaboe, Bolivian, and Chilian guanos. They contain a sufficient quantity of nitrogen to distinguish them from the third series. [In this class we think is included the American Company's guano.]

3d. Those which have lost nearly all their ammonia, and contain but little more than the earthy phosphates of the animal deposit. Many of these are largely contaminated with sand. [In this class is embraced the Sombrero.]

The greater part of the pamphlet is occupied with a description of these several imported manures—with a list of analyses of each—and with instances illustrative of their liability to adulteration. The following paragraph contrasts Peruvian guano with various home manures:

The following table contains analyses of various manures, made by BOUSSINGAULT and other well-known chemists, and also an analysis of an ordinary sample of Peruvian guano:

ANALYSES OF FARM-YARD DUNG, &C.

	Farmyard Dung.	Horse Dung.	Cow Dung.	Pig Dung.	Mixed liquid and solid excrement of man.	Peruvian Guano.
Moisture,	79.20	76.17	86.44	82.00	94.24	18.35
Organic matter,	14.03	19.70	11.20	14.29	4.72	51.25
Inorganic matter,	6.67	4.13	2.36	3.71	1.04	30.40
	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00	100.00
Nitrogen (equal to)	0.41	0.65	0.36	0.61	0.91	13.88
Ammonia,	0.49	0.78	0.43	0.74	1.14	16.85

BOUSSINGAULT, PAYEN, and many others of our leading practical Agricultural Chemists, have come to the conclusion that the value of different manures varies nearly in proportion to the amount of nitrogen they contain. There may be cases to which this rule is not exactly applicable; but in many natural manures, an increase of nitrogen is accompanied by an increase in the phosphate of lime, and every other valuable manuring element. In the above table, for instance, the 13.88 of nitrogen in the guano is accompanied by 30.40 parts of inorganic matter, of which 23.60 parts (or more than two-thirds) is phosphate lime.

If we take the per centage of nitrogen, then, as a correct indication of manuring value, we shall find that one ton of ordinary Peruvian guano is equal to 33¼ tons of farm-yard dung, 21 tons of horse dung, 38½ tons of cow dung, 22½ tons of pig dung, and 14⅛ tons of mixed human excrements.

Let those who farm in hilly countries, and other places where carriage is expensive, ponder well the above facts.

Though a good farmer will produce as much manure as he conveniently can, yet even farm-yard dung may be bought too dear; and it is certain that on numbers of farms the carriage of dung is so expensive an item of management, that the introduction of guano, for those parts at the greatest distance from the homestead, would be productive of the same fertility at a considerable saving of expense.

Instructions are given for the application of this valuable fertilizer to the various crops. The following paragraph relates to the preliminary preparation of the manure for drilling.

For drilling, it must first be mixed with four to six times its weight of the ashes of turf, or coal, or with the same quantity of well-sifted mould. Charcoal, in powder, either from peat or wood, is also a most excellent article to be mixed with the guano, in the proportions indicated. Its great porosity allows it to retain the volatile ammonia, and dry weather to absorb considerable moisture from the air. This is of material benefit to plants in their early growth.

Before mixing, the guano must be finely pulverised, which may easily be done with a common garden roller upon the floor of a barn or shed, or even by beating it with a common shovel. A layer of the ashes, &c., is then spread evenly upon the floor, and a quantity of the fine guano sifted over it. This is followed by another layer of mould or ashes, and another of guano, until the requisite quantity of both is used. The whole must then be repeatedly turned with the shovel until thoroughly mixed. If time will permit, it is now preferable to leave the mixture for eight or ten days. It must then be again sifted, when it will be ready for use.

In using guano with the drill, care must be taken that the mixture falls below the seed, and that an inch or so of soil intervenes between them, otherwise the strength of the guano will kill the seed.

The above mixture is generally sufficiently damp to fall exactly where the hand directs it. When this is not the case, a small quantity of water should be added; the field must be sown with the mixture in the ordinary manner, and the manure harrowed in; the seed is then drilled as usual.

Perhaps the preferable mode would be to broadcast two-thirds of the guano applied, and to drill one-third with the seed. The young plants would then have enough manure under the drills to serve the early stages of growth, while the guano sown broadcast would supply the wants of the plants in a more mature state, when the roots would have spread in every direction in the soil.

Mr. NESBIT also refers in general terms to the adulteration of guano:

The demand of the farmer for cheap manure, acting upon the trade through the medium of the unscrupulous dealer, has given rise to a fraudulent and hitherto successful business.

A most extensive and profitable trade is at present carried on by parties who practice the compounding of specious-looking articles to mix with guano; these they supply to dealers in that manure.

The materials used to sophisticate guano are numerous. Sand, marl, clay, chalk, lime-stone, bricks, tiles, gypsum—ground, when necessary, to a fine powder—constitute the materials for which the farmer is destined to pay 8*l.* or 10*l.* per ton. These, mixed in proportions to counterfeit the color of guano, are sold to roguish dealers in town and country, who introduce a little genuine guano to give the necessary odor. Some recent actions brought against parties who have sold adulterated guano, in which heavy damages were obtained, have contributed some little to arrest this nefarious traffic. One remedy lies with the farmer, who ought to prosecute vigorously those who impose upon him.

Another system of deception is often practiced by men whose consciences are perhaps too tender to sell as first-class guanos those they know to have been manufactured in England; these parties however, have no objection to sell as first-class guanos importations of very inferior quality. What they sell is no doubt guano, but it is not the guano the buyer wishes to purchase. All purchasers should therefore require the invoice to expressly declare on its face the name and quality of the guano bought, such as Peruvian, Bolivian, &c. The parties will thus render themselves liable to severe punishment in case of fraud.

Though numerous unprincipled dealers exist

AN ORNAMENTAL BEE-HOUSE.

EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER:—In your issue of Sept. 15th, a correspondent requested that you or some of your readers would present, through the RURAL, a plan for a Bee House. I therefore take the liberty of sending one, and if thought worthy, you will oblige the undersigned, and, perhaps, benefit your intelligent correspondent, as well as others, by placing it in your columns. In the construction of a Bee House, two things ought first to be provided against, viz.—a great heat in summer, and extreme cold in winter. To provide against these, when separate hives are used, is no great task—they being easily moved to any desired situation; but when a bee house is employed like the above, it is quite a different thing. In this case the walls should be boarded up on the inside as well as out, and the spaces between the two filled with some good non-conductor, such as spent tan-bark, saw-dust, &c.

The above engraving is intended to represent an octagon or eight-sided house, the walls of which are constructed in this manner:—The windows shown at the sides are not of glass, but merely *painted* on the wood work to give it a more attractive appearance. The bees enter the hives (which are fixed around on the inside of the house,) through the small holes seen near the bottom of the windows—and the narrow shelf below is for them to alight upon. Windows or skylights

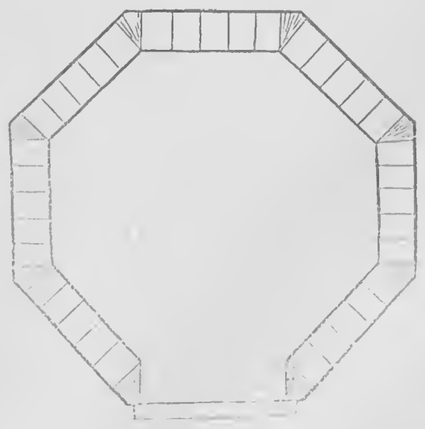


FIGURE 2.

are fixed in the opposite sides of the roof, which are covered or uncovered at pleasure by the hinged doors, (seen in the engraving partly open.) These doors are operated by the small cords connected with them, which pass up over small pullies in the little cupola, thence down into the interior of the building.

Fig. 2 represents the ground plan. The partitions seen around on the inside, are frames for the hives, which are made of sufficient size to slide snugly into these frames from the inside. It must be understood that the frames are fixed permanently to the sides of the house. The dimensions of the house are as follows:—Height, 8 feet; distance from the opposite sides passing through the center, 18 feet.

Your correspondent requested a plan for one that was capable of containing 30 swarms. This one will hold 35 swarms, placing five on each of the *seven* sides of the house, the door occupying the eighth. The dimension of the frames is 18 by 20 in breadth and length, and 24 inches in height—allowing a necessary waste of room at the corners of the house.

In constructing the hives, be careful not to plane the insides. You may paint, varnish, and smooth the outside as much as you please, but if you consider the speedy working and comfort of your bees worth *anything*, leave the inside as smooth as the reciprocating motion of the saw-mill saw left it. The bottom of the hives should be about three feet from the ground. A small piece of glass three or four inches square, should be fixed in the middle of the back part of each hive, so that the progress of the bees may be viewed at pleasure. The holes through the walls of the house at which the bees enter, are directly opposite those in the hive, thus leaving an uninterrupted passage from the outside of the house to the interior of the hive, and *vice versa*. The hives should be constructed of one-inch pine, basswood, or hemlock boards, not forgetting, as I said before, to leave the inside as rough as possible. The boards on the outside of the house should be placed in a vertical position; those on the inside horizontal,—in both cases the edges of the boards should be well matched. The house should also be painted with some attractive color—say, for instance, a light sky-blue with the shelves and ends of the rafters white. The latter should be ornamented by carving to represent brackets. The advantages that can be claimed for this bee house are, I think, 1st, Beauty, if not elegance of appearance; 2d, Comfort of the bees; 3d, Security of the bees and their manufactured products. One word more. Build your bee house in the most picturesque and pleasant location your premises afford. WM. BROOKS, JR.

Darien, Genesee Co., N. Y., 1860.

in the manure trade, yet there are certainly many others, honest men, upon whose fair fame there has never yet been a breath of suspicion.

We advise the farmer, therefore, to purchase his manures from men of established reputation, who have a character to lose, and who will not demand from him more than a fair and reasonable profit.

The best safeguard, however, against fraudulent dealers is never to use a manure of any kind without having a sample analysed by a competent authority. Indeed men of real intelligence and business habits now regularly call to their assistance the science of the analytical chemist to ascertain the real agricultural value of artificial manures.

SAVING CORNSTALKS FOR FODDER.

In some seasons and in some localities the hay crop is likely to prove so light as to be insufficient for the wants of the stock belonging to the farm, so as to carry them safely and creditably through a long American winter. Such an evil can rarely be foreseen in time to sow other crops to make up the deficiency, and yet it is necessary to find other substances to remedy the loss.

Horses cannot very well do without hay to a certain extent; and where it is scarce, what there is of it should be reserved for them. Sheep will thrive well on pea and oat straw, with the addition of a few turnips, or some grain, given regularly every day. Horned stock, although they may be kept alive through the winter on straw alone, which too commonly is the case in America, can never be expected to keep in a thrifty, growing condition, without some more nutritious food in addition. For them there is nothing better than well-cured cornstalks, and, little extra, judicious labor in saving this much-despised product of the farm, will not be thrown away.

A farmer, of all men, should keep in view the adage, "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." Cut the cornstalks off close by the roots, as soon as the ear is glazed, or as soon as a frost occurs severe enough to wilt the leaves; then set the stalks up on the field in stooks containing about 15 hills each; tie each stook with a band round the top to prevent being blown about by the wind, and let them remain so for a month, or till they are tolerably dried — not bleached, as is too often the case. Then husk out the corn in the field, and take the stalks to the vicinity of the cattle yard, and carefully stack them on a platform of rails elevated some 8 or 10 inches above the ground; the stack to be made circular, and the stalks laid on in the bunches as they came from the field in alternate layers, butts in and butts out, leaving a hole about one foot in diameter in the center of the stack, through which a current of air can pass from underneath the platform, to carry off the gases evolved, which otherwise would make the stalks musty. A layer of clean straw three inches thick, placed between each layer of cornstalks, would be an improvement, as the straw will imbibe some of the juices of the stalks, and so become more palatable and nutritious. A few pounds of salt scattered on the stalks at intervals will also be found advantageous. The top or roof of the stack is to be finished off with straw, so placed as to form a sharp rain-proof roof, overhanging the sides of the stack sufficiently to shed all moisture clear of it. The straw roof closes up the opening left in the stack, but a tin or wooden tube may be placed horizontally on the last layer of stalks so as to admit of the free passage of air into and out of the interior.

In this way cornstalks will keep sweet till the cold, frosty weather of mid-winter, from which time till March the cattle will greedily devour them, if fed out at regular times in clean cribs, and not scattered over the yard to be trampled into the dung heap. Cutting the stalks up in a machine, and afterward steaming them and mixing a little bran or corn meal with the steamed stalks, will be found to pay well.

Saved and fed in this way, cornstalks are equal in value to clover hay, and may be estimated to be worth at least $6 per acre. The stack should not be large, or it would be more liable to heat and decay. Five acres of stalks to a stack will be enough. J. M.

Hamilton, C. W., Sept., 1860.

KEEPING POTATOES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker: — In your issue of Sept. 22d, I noticed an article by H. Payne, of Lockport, N. Y., answering an inquiry of C. W., of Fairview, Ky., by stating how he saved his potatoes in 1854. Having some experience in potato culture and keeping, I adopted a plan last fall which, for keeping potatoes dry and sound, is superior to anything I ever tried. This mode obviates the necessity of picking your potatoes by hand but once, and when put away in the cellar or pit, can be so arranged that a constant circulation of air can pass through, thus preventing heating or sweating, and in the spring, when necessary to remove them from their place of deposit to some out-house or to the field for planting, they can be moved in the boxes of the capacity of one and one-half bushels, into which they were put in the fall when dug.

The box is made by taking a pine board thirteen inches wide, and cutting it into lengths of thirteen inches, which square pieces are for the ends of the box; then take good pine lath and cut them in lengths of twenty-three and a half inches. Nail the laths to the square pieces, previously prepared, by using two shingle nails in each end of the lath where it is nailed to the board. Put five laths on each side and bottom, and the box is ready for use. An improvement can be made by boring two half-inch holes four inches apart in each end of the box midway between the center of the box and the top, take short pieces of rope of the right size, eight or ten inches long, draw the ends through from the outside and tie firm knots on the inside, which will prevent them from being drawn through, and you have convenient handles. The whole expense of material will not be more than from four to six cents for each box.

Improve dry, fair weather for digging, and let your potatoes remain in the sun through so much of the day as will give you time to secure all that may be dug. They will then be free from dirt, and when put into the boxes can be removed to any place desired, and piled up in a nice, snug manner, with but little trouble.

Wilmington, Ill., Sept., 1860. Henry Watkins.

A VOICE FROM THE WILDERNESS.

Dear Rural:—We are under great obligations to Dr. Ely and yourself, for a "Map of Routes through the New York Wilderness," and the entertaining sketch of a "Trip" accompanying it. But we feel a bit disposed to complain of the conclusion as to the "probable destiny of this extensive wilderness region." Not the least objection to an honest expression of opinion, but we much doubt the soundness of an opinion that appears calculated to "divert an agricultural population from these *barren, uninviting regions.*"

"The broken surface of the country," and "the distance from markets," are doubtless great obstacles in the way of improvement; but that the "nature of the soil" should be included with these, is an open question.

We reside in the Southern part of Franklin county, therefore nearly in the center of the section mapped out in the Rural. And we do not believe any one would call this a "*barren region*"—whether visiting the "*clearings,*" or the "*woods*" so "fitted by nature to afford shelter and sustenance to game." Where did these tall, gigantic trees obtain nutriment for such growth and proportions, if the soil is so very poor?

Grain of all kinds, vegetables of every description, thrive hereabout luxuriantly, and should a few more copies of the excellent Rural find their way here, doubtless we could show you "still better things." No doubt the present "principal attractions" consist in the very things that pleasure-seekers find; notwithstanding they *might* find "choice vegetable productions" at other places than "Ned Buntline's Eagle's Nest." More anon. A Dweller in the Wilderness.

Mayrose, September, 1860.

Remarks.—The above having been submitted to Dr. Ely, he replies as follows:

To the strictures of our fair critic we would reply, that the statements to which she objects refer to the general characteristics of the country, and not to particular localities. There are, undoubtedly, portions of this extensive region where the soil is at present fertile, yet its durability may still be "an open question." In French's Gazetteer of the State of New York, (1860,) it is said that "three-fourths of the entire surface of Essex county is too rough and broken for cultivation." This is surely "uninviting to an agricultural population." Of Franklin county the same authority says:—"Upon approaching the mountainous region toward the south, the soil becomes more and more sterile, and large tracts are valuable only for their timber and iron ore." Hamilton county is almost an unbroken wilderness. Of Clinton county we are told that "a large share of the central and western portions is covered by the original forests, and is too rough ever to admit of profitable cultivation." "The primitive portion of St. Lawrence county is generally elevated and considerably broken. Its soil is light and sandy, and in some parts are extensive sand plains entirely unfit for agricultural purposes." Compared with the New York Wilderness, it cannot be doubted that our extensive country affords more favored regions, equally accessible, vastly more fertile, with better market facilities, and therefore more likely to attract an agricultural population. Still, we would not underrate the "Wilderness," nor say aught to deter any from testing its capabilities of improvement. We are right glad to know that the pure and instructive Rural has found its way into these lonely regions, and perhaps the time will come when prophesy shall become history, and "the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

W. W. E.

FENCE MAKING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—May I say something about fence making, in your paper? Having had some considerable experience in that line of business, as a contractor, fencing railroads, farms, &c., it may not be improper to give my mode of building.

I prefer boards 16 feet and 6 inches long, four boards to a panel,—the boards 7 inches wide and 1¼ inches thick. Have every panel of exact length. Use three posts for the first panel. Have the middle post on the reverse side from the end ones. Put on the top boards first, — ranging some eight or ten rods forward to a sight in line, and have the sight or target the height of "lawful fence," 4 feet and 6 inches. Let the posts be put in the ground three feet deep. Tamp them well at the bottom and top. Saw off the top of the posts even with the top board. Put two nails (regular fence nails) in each end of the board, and the same in the middle. Put a batten on the end joints. Use five 20-penny nails—two in the top, and the remaining three in the center of the batten—against each joint of the boards.

It is always preferable to have the ground level, but if not practicable, place an extra board on the top of a panel by nailing on to the fence. Never let the bottom-board come within two and a half inches of the ground. I use no battens on the middle posts, for it has a tendency to make them decay; nor do I use a cap board, for it holds the wind, causing the posts to sag. Let every post be set plumb.

Where the ground is uneven, nail on below the panel what boards are needed, and of such lengths as are necessary. I use a gauge made with a hook, hang it on the top board, with the proper distances for the boards, making them to correspond with the top one, equal distance apart. I use augers where the soil will admit, for boring the post holes. When not suitable, use a long-handed round-blade shovel, with a crowbar, sharpened "spud fashion." Let it taper for six inches from the point, and be kept sharp. I put three men in a gang, with one auger, saw, ax, two hammers, shovel, spade, and one crowbar. Nail kegs sawed off serve for nail boxes.

I consider the foregoing plan decidedly the best. I practice a regular, systematic course, and the fence is uniform and of sameness. In building some 800 miles of fence, I have tried many experiments, and among them all I find this course *the* one both for profit and utility.

The Buffalo and New York City, and the Lake Shore Road from Buffalo to Erie, some of the former, and all of the latter is built and being built on this plan. We use red and yellow cedar posts principally. I find that a round hemlock post will not last as long as a hemlock that is split. I also find posts that have been set in the ground top down, invariably the soundest.

Storrs Barrows.

South Trenton, Oneida Co., N. Y., 1860.

WEAK-EYED HORSES.

Eds Rural New-Yorker:—In your journal of Aug. 25th, I see an article upon moon-eyed horses, a subject which I am, unfortunately, too well acquainted with from sad experience. Much have I lost by such horses, together with weak-eyed horses. Of all the ills that does or can attend the horse, none is so fatal to his value as defective eyes. A part of the article you quote is wrong, if my experience is worth anything; for except from hurts, the disease of the eyes is hereditary. I could give many facts and circumstances to establish the truth of my position. There are stocks of horses that become blind at five, six, and nine years of age, to my knowledge. Strong food, such as corn, and hard labor, facilitates blindness very much. My opinion is clearly substantiated in the Bible, where it says "like begets like." A truer statement is not in the Bible.

Whenever a horse becomes clearly moon-eyed, I do not consider him worth his food; for it takes as much food for a blind horse as it does for one with good eyes. The trouble of a blind horse is also much more than that of one with good eyes. It is high time our country should legislate upon the subject of stock or breeding horses. No man should be allowed to breed or keep a weak-eyed stallion, or one with other material defects, for the reason that they are a public calamity—while a fine and good horse is a public blessing. The Legislature has as much right to interfere in this particular as they have in many instances where they do legislate. I could write a book on this subject if I had time or the ability. While a horse is fed light and used in moderation, there is not much danger of his going blind; but when he is put to hard service and fed high, (as you must do if he or his stock are at all disposed to blindness,) his eyes will very soon show it. The best and only remedy I know of is light food, no labor, deplete heavily, and keep him poor and weak, which is worse than no horse at all.

Mississippi, Sept., 1860. A Farmer.

MOLE CATCHING.

Eds. Rural New Yorker:—In a late number of your journal I noticed an inquiry as to the best mode for destroying the troublesome moles, and for some time have been anticipating a hint or two thereupon. I will simply state my observations in regard to the mole, and offer it as a suggestion.

This summer, about the time that the moles commence their depredations, I procured the assistance of some laborers to sink a number of post holes, for a yard fence. The work was done with a *post auger*, eight inches in diameter, and three feet deep. In the course of a day or two I was about to set the posts, when, to my surprise, I found a number of moles in the post holes. They, in their nocturnal perambulations, had sliped into the pits, and not being experts at climbing, from the peculiar shape of the fore feet and body, they could not get out. They have troubled our mounds in the yard but little since, —their numbers being thinned. We subsequently it tried in the garden, near their rendezvous, and with the same success. I would suggest putting water into the pits, that the mole may meet headlong a "watery grave." Conkle.

Near Mt. Union, Ohio, 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

No Mange in Black Hogs.

A writer in the *Southern Planter*, describing the different varieties of swine, says that he never knew black hogs to have the mange, while white ones are very subject to it, and sometimes die of it.

Heaves in Horses.

The *Farmer and Gardener* gives the following as a cure for the heaves in horses:—Take smartweed, steep it in boiling water till the strength is all out; give one quart every day, mixed with bran or shorts, for eight or ten days. Give green or cut-up feed, wet with water, during the operation, and it will cure.

Scours in Calves.

Nothing is so good to stop this complaint—says the *Massachusetts Ploughman*—as loam from the field. Calves should be weaned on hay; but they should always have sods of earth beside them in the barn. This is new to us. Carbonate of lime, it is well known, will check the scours; and perhaps it is this ingredient of the loam which renders it efficacious—and if so, pulverized limestone would be most effective.

Pea Vine Hay.

To make hay of pea vines, Mr. Edmonston, of North Carolina, recommends in the *American Farmer* the following simple plan of curing:

"As an article of fodder or forage, there is none superior to the pea vine. Horses and cattle will eat it with avidity, and in preference to any other kind of fodder. The difficulty of saving these vines, has constituted the chief objection to their use. The writer believes that they can easily be saved by cutting them off close to the ground with sharp hoes, in the month of September; and then, having first provided forks and poles, plant the former in the ground in a straight line, and so place the poles upon the forks, that a common sized man can clasp his hands over the pole, (i. e., they must be about six feet above the ground.) Place rails, with one end resting upon the pole, about six or eight inches apart, after the manner of a top stack for a fodder house, as it is called, leaving both ends open, and upon these rails throw the vines, until they are about one foot deep; throw over all some straw or grass, and a good supply of the best fodder for milch cows, or any other kind of stock, will be obtained."

Turning Under Stubble.

I noticed a simple arrangement for assisting in turning under stubble, weeds, &c., viz: a heavy trace-chain, with one end fastened around the beam of the plow just where the upright joins the beam, and the other end of the chain fastened to the outside of the doubletree. The chain swung loose, so as to be about even with the unbroken land. By using this the land is left in beautiful order, no ends of the stubble and weeds sticking up, to make a jagged, unfinished appearance.—*Correspondent Country Gentleman.*

"Giant Wheat."

In Ireland they have a variety of wheat with the above name, of which the editor of the *Agricultural Review* says:—"The length of the straw is astonishing, and the head is more than proportionately large." The Waterford *Mail* describes a crop of it as seen growing, as comprising "from 40 to 60 ears of corn growing together from one setting; and in some instances 72 ears are found; and if the average yield is 80 grains, which is far under the mark, and the number of stalks growing together is 40, which is also below the average, we have the enormous yield of 3,200 fold. All the seed which was required to sow one-fourth of a plantation acre, was *four* pounds!"

Unloading Hay.

Mr. L. F. Scott, of Connecticut, communicates, in a late number of the *Country Gentleman*, his mode of unloading hay from a cart all at once. He says:

"My plan is to have two or more endless ropes spread on the cart rigging, and load on them, and when in the barn, bring the ropes together on the top, on a strong double hook made fast to a stout rope; this rope may be run through the tackle, with a horse outside, similar to the plan of unloading with a horse fork, while a man with a guy-rope over a pulley, back side of the mow, directs it where he chooses. Then let down and unhook the ropes on one side, and pull them out with the same power that hoisted it.

Another way, to hoist without the horse, is to have a wheel, similar to what merchants use for hoisting hogsheads of molasses and other merchandise, hung in the ridge of the barn, and operated in the same way, with guy-ropes, as in the other plan. Where a barn is built with the floor on one side of the barn, with short middle beams, the wheel can be hung partly over the mow, so that it will need less power on the guy-ropes."

Oil for Boots and Harness.

Some practice, and a good deal of reasoning from analogy, has proved that the very best oil for all applications to leather, is the common castor oil, (from the bean of the Palma Christa plant,) and identical with that with which careful mothers sometimes nauseate their children. One of the reasons of its value, is that it has less affinity for water than any other oil, and less tendency to harden or thicken the leather, as neatsfoot and other animal oils do. Leather that has been frequently saturated with any kind of animal fat, and exposed to water, as boots and harness are, instead of remaining pliable, becomes hard and dry, losing its elasticity, and finally becoming brittle and worthless; but that which is oiled with the extract of the Palma Christa bean, and in a less degree with flax-seed oil, appears to retain its fibrous toughness a great deal longer. The oil is naturally viscid, containing some glutenous matter, which serves a better purpose than animal oil to exclude the water, which, when absorbed by leather, is the real cause of its non-elasticity. Castor oil, if bought by the gallon, is not expensive. It was manufactured a few years ago in Illinois, and sold at fifty cents a gallon, and the beans were grown as a field crop, at fifty cents a bushel. It is well worth the while for farmers to give castor oil a trial as a lubricator of leather. So says the New York *Tribune.*

Saving Seed Corn.

Mr. F. Holbrook, a distinguished farmer of Brattleborough, Vt., has published a long communication on the subject of cultivating Indian corn, in which we find the following mode adopted by him in selecting *seed corn:*

"While upon my present subject I will say a word about saving seed corn. All experienced farmers are aware that the productiveness and early ripening of any kind of corn, depend very much upon the manner of selecting the seed. I have a long-eared variety, which I have been planting and improving for some ten or twelve years; and although during that time I have tried, I presume, a dozen other sorts, I give the preference to the first-named sort. Whatever may be said in favor of a change of seed, as regards other crops, there is no need of changing seed corn, *provided* proper care is used in the early selection of that for planting. By proper attention to this matter, a variety may be perfectly adapted in its habits to a given climate and soil, and changed much for the better, as to productiveness. The difference in product between careful selection in the field, and taking seed at random from the crib, will in a very few years be much in favor of the former mode—the soil and cultivation being in both cases alike.

"As soon as the earliest ears are thoroughly glazed, I go over the field myself, selecting from those stalks that are 'stocky' and vigorous, and that promise two good ears. The selected ears are taken immediately home, braided, and hung up in a dry, airy place. When I commenced with my favorite variety, it was difficult to find twin ears, but now they are abundant. My crops also ripen ten days earlier than at first. I will not mention the length of the ears that might be found in my fields, but will say to you, Mr. Editor, come and see for yourself."

Agricultural Miscellany.

The Weather—*State Fair.*—The first real frost of the season occurred on Saturday night last, and was very severe in this region. Fortunately the corn crop was safe a week before Jack's killing fingers touched vegetation, and little injury was done to anything, except grapes.

— October opens quite unpleasantly — a decidedly equinoctialish storm prevailing hereabouts from early Monday morning to the time we write (Tuesday M.,) though both the Heavens and the Barometer indicate a favorable change. The weather has been bad for the opening of the State Fair, but we hope sunshine will soon prevail, and that the exhibition will yet prove a success in both display and attendance.

Read the Terms.—We beg all who think of advertising in the Rural to read the terms carefully before sending us their orders. They are published conspicuously in every number, *on purpose to be read and heeded*, and with a desire that none be deceived. Mention this now, particularly, because we have before us a letter complaining that we have charged the writer thirty-five cents a line, instead of twenty-five—which he supposes to be our rate, as it was *last year*—and saying it ought to be only ten cents a line, as "that is what *other* agricultural journals charge." Our friend is advised that our present rates have been published in every issue of the Rural this year. As to what other ag'l journals charge, all we have to offer is that, if he has advertised in any which has half our circulation, its rate being only ten cents a line, we will receipt his bill in full, *free;* and we will do the same if he does not pay said journals far more, *in proportion to circulation*, than he does the Rural. The fact is that the paper to which we suppose our correspondent alludes, has only about one-eighth the circulation of ours!—and we therefore object, most decidedly, to being placed upon an equality in advertising rates. Why, we this week *add* enough to our regular edition (5,000) to make a very respectable circulation of itself, and suppose that when we reach an edition of 100,000, some people will still insist that we ought to charge no more for advertising than "other journals!"

Illinois State Fair.—The Prairie Farmer, after criticising some of the arrangements for the exhibition, says:—"Compared with other exhibitions, the show of cattle and hogs was the finest we have ever seen. The exhibition of sheep was large. Horses were out in large numbers, and embraced very many splendid animals of all grades." The Fine Art and Mechanical departments were very meagre, and the Farm Products little better. "Floral Hall contained a large amount of fruit—much that was fine and considerable that was not so fine. As a whole the exhibition of fruit did not equal that made last year." Few flowers were shown. There was a large display of preserved and canned fruits and domestic wines.

— During the Fair the biennial election of officers for the State Society took place, and resulted as follows: *President*—W. H. Van Epps, of Lee county. *Vice-Presidents*—C. B. Denio, Joe Daviess; A. J. Matteson, Whiteside; Richard Holder, McLean; R. H. Whiting, Knox; J. W. Singleton, Adams; A. P. McConnell, Sangamon; Wm. Kyle, Edgar; Wm. S. Waite, Bond; A. S. Osborne, Perry. *Treasurer*—John W. Bunn, Sangamon. *Recording Secretary*—John Cook, Sangamon. *Corresponding Secretary*—John P. Reynolds, Marion.

The St. Louis Fair.—According to all accounts and telegrams thus far received, the Fair of the St. Louis Ag'l and Mechanical Association, held last week, was eminently successful. The attendance was large, the exhibition varied and extensive, and the *profits* are estimated at twenty thousand dollars.

— When will the "Western New York Agricultural, Horticultural and Mechanical Association" go into operation and make a similar exhibition to that of the St. Louis?

The County and Local Fairs, held last week in Western and Central New York, were generally creditable and well attended, so far as we have ascertained. The Livingston Co. Show, as we learn from friends who were present, was unusually good in most departments. The weather of the week was not very favorable for outdoor exhibitions, and we fear some Societies suffered in consequence.

Auction Sales of Pure Bred Stock.—The attention of all our readers interested is directed to the announcement in this paper of two public sales of Improved Stock. Both sales will be somewhat extensive. That of the "Albany Co. Breeding Association," to take place on the 10th inst., will include some of the best Short-horn and Devon cattle in the State, and also superior horses, sheep, and swine—presenting a rare opportunity to breeders, and farmers wishing to procure good stock animals. The sale of Mr. Seth A. Bushnell's fine herd of Short-horns, and other good stock—at Hartford, Ohio, Oct 18th—is worthy the special attention of our Western friends.

John Johnston, Esq., of Seneca county, who has become celebrated on account of his successful experiments in *burying crockery*, (in the shape of draining tile,) and demonstrating the great benefits of underdraining, etc., called upon us a few days since. Though somewhat advanced in life, Mr. J. is in fine health and spirits, appearing far younger than he is, and as enthusiastic as ever relative to his system of farm enrichment and improvement. May he long live to enjoy the fruits of his skill and industry, and as an exampler to farmers.

Illinois Spring Wheat. — We have received a fine sample of Spring Wheat from John Galbraith, Esq., of Belvidere, Ill. Mr. G. thinks it is the best he ever saw. He speaks in the most encouraging terms of the crops in Northern Illinois, there being an abundant yield of everything the farmer has planted—wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, potatoes, &c.

The Best Berkshires at our recent County Fair (two pens) were exhibited by Mr. Wm. K. Gridley, of Ogden. We could not ascertain the name at the time of writing our brief notice last week.

Whence it Emanates.—As we have said aforetime, *Rochester, N. Y.*, is the "local habitation," or place of publication, of the Rural New-Yorker. It don't emanate from New York *city*, Albany, Utica, Syracuse, Buffalo, or any other small town, but from Rochester, the *Metropolis of Western New York*—in the midst of what is said to be the best populated and cultivated "Rural District" of America—and people who address us will please govern themselves accordingly. *Why?* We almost daily receive letters which have been misdirected to New York, or elsewhere, and kindly forwarded by the Post-Master. No doubt many epistles, thus wrongly addressed, never reach us at all. Letters, intended for us, not unfrequently go to some other Rochester than this in N. Y.—for there is a Rochester in almost every State. Business and other correspondents will please note that our address is simply "Rochester, N. Y.," (not Rochester,) The State should be designated by *N. Y.*, *very plainly written*, to distinguish it from N. H. and other States having a post-office of the same name. Some letters probably go astray because New York is written in full, instead of N. Y. The term *New-Yorker*, especially with the prefix *Rural*, don't mean N. Y. city by any means. Friends, please "be sure you're right" in this matter. ☞ See Publisher's Notices.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTH SESSION, AT PHILADELPHIA, 1860.

(Continued from page 311, last week.)

Princely.

SCOTT, of N. J.—I propose the Princely.

NOBLE—It is a very good apple, rather sweetish, and excellent for the table.

GRISCOM—It is a fine-flavored, beautiful apple.

Sweet Bell Flower.

WARDER—I will name the Sweet Bell Flower of Ohio, Green Sweeting of Indianapolis, Hague Pippin of Indiana, and Hall's Red of Virginia, as worthy of cultivation.

Dyer Apple.

SAUL—I propose the Dyer, or Pomme Royal. It came from Mr. Foot, of Bercks county, and is one of the best of apples. It is of fair size, and as regards quality there is none that can excel it.

COIT—An excellent apple.

BARRY—Good.

WARDER—I have never seen it. Is it red or white? We have a Pomme Royal, but not like this.

THE PRESIDENT—It is a yellow apple—a good, fair apple, with a good reputation.

SAUL—Had received the Pomme Royal as the Tompkins Apple.

Recommended as promising well.

Summer Queen.

TROWBRIDGE—I propose a Connecticut apple, the Summer Queen. It always bears very freely. I have seen it bear when others have failed.

PARSONS—I have also seen it bear very well.

QUINN—I concur with the last two speakers.

WARDER—In Ohio, we say it outgrows its own roots. It is good for cooking.

ROBY—We consider it one of our best summer apples.

Recommended as promising well.

Waugh's Crab.

ROBY—I recommend Waugh's Crab. It makes better cider than any other, and in the spring is a good eating apple. It may be allowed to hang on the trees a month even after frost, without injury.

Varieties of Apples which promise well, as revised at the present Session.

Broadwell Apple,	Summer Queen,
Buckingham,	Mother,
Coggswell,	Smoke House,
Fornwalder,	White Winter Pearmain,
Genesee Chief,	White Sweet Paradise,
Jeffries,	Winthrop Greening, or Lincoln Pippin,
King of Tompkins County,	S. S. Paradise,
Bonum,	Fall Wine,
Limber Twig,	Common Pearmain,
Stansill,	Early Joe,
White Pippin,	Willow Twig.
Pryor's Red,	
Pomme Royal,	

Second Day—Afternoon Session.

LIST OF SMALL FRUITS THAT "PROMISE WELL."

THE CURRANT.

THE PRESIDENT—We have on our list the Versaillaise, the Cherry, and the Fertile de Pallua.

Cherry Currant.

LYON—I think the Cherry Currant is too acid and not more productive than others to which it is far inferior in quality. This was, I believe, the opinion of many gentleman at the last meeting of this Society, and it is still mine.

THE PRESIDENT.—Eight years ago I discarded this currant on account of its poor quality; but as so much was said in its praise, I commenced its culture again, but still considered it worthless. It is large, but very poor, and I am sorry to see it so much cultivated. It looks like progress backward. It has a taking name, which has given it great popularity.

WARDER—I am happy to say that our expectations of its being a bad bearer, have been disappointed. Near Cincinnati, Ohio, it has borne abundantly. As to its quality I say nothing.

HOPKINS, of N. J.—I have grown the Cherry Currant for three or four years. Found it exceedingly productive, and the quality fair—equal to Red Dutch. Would be sorry to see it stricken from the list.

LAWTON—Don't like its flavor. Think it inferior to Red Dutch.

HOVEY—I concur with the President in his opinion of the Cherry Currant. Cultivated it for 10 or 12 years ago, and abandoned it; but being a nurseryman, and there being considerable demand for it, had to commence its propagation again. Its quality is very poor, and it is unfit for the table. It may be of better quality in other places. It has a large berry, but only a few on a bunch, and does not produce more than half as much as Red Dutch or Victoria. The shoots are large, but tender, and break easily.

DOWNING—Too sour for the table; may do well for wine.

HOOKER—The Cherry Currant has improved much in my estimation within the past three years. In growing small fruits for market, I find that size is a great object. This currant is large, vigorous, and productive, and I think should not be stricken from the list.

The Cherry Currant was allowed to remain on list "promising well."

Versaillaise and Fertile de Pallua.

Both were passed without discussion.

Fertile d'Angers.

HOVEY—I move we add Fertile d'Angers to the list.

PRESIDENT—It is as good as the Versaillaise, and I think better.

Added to the list.

Bronze Currant.

HARRIS—Has any gentleman had any experience with a new currant, called the "Bronze Currant?"

FULLER—I have had it several years, and do not like it.

Glorie de Sablons.

PRESIDENT—Has any gentleman information in regard to the new striped currant Glorie de Sablons?

HOVEY—It is a sour currant, and I cannot recommend it for cultivation. It is about the size of the Champaign.

Imperial Red.

PRESIDENT—Who can give any information about the *Imperial Red?*

STRONG—I have cultivated it, and it is not as large as I expected to find it. It is altogether too small, and I cannot recommend it.

White Gondouin.

NEWHALL.—I recommend the White Gondouin, as the best white currant we have.

PRESIDENT.—I have had this currant for several years, and am much pleased with it.

PIERCE—It succeeds well with me, and this season was the best currant I had.

SAUNDERS—I hope the White and the Red Gondouin will not be confounded, and these recommendations be applied to the latter, which is a poor bearer, and produces poor fruit, with a thick skin.

White Gondouin placed on the list "promising well."

Imperial Jaune, or Imperial Yellow.

Added to the list without discussion.

Attractor.

SCOTT—I would like some information in regard to the Attractor, which is to be found in some of the catalogues.

BARRY—It is a feeble-growing, cut-leaved variety of the White Grape.

Prince Albert.

PRESIDENT—I would like Mr. Barry to give us the benefit of his experience with the Prince Albert.

BARRY—It is a good late currant, much better than the Victoria. It bears well when the plants attain a little age. [In answer to a question whether the Red Gondouin and the Prince Albert were not identical,] Mr. B. said:—They are quite distinct—the Prince Albert being remarkable for its upright growth. I think very little of the Red Gondouin.

HOVEY—I received a very sour currant under the name of Red Gondouin, from one source, but from another source I received a currant of fair quality, somewhat resembling the Cherry.

FROST, of N. Y.—Had found the Red Gondouin and Long Bunched, of Holland, or Long Bunched Dutch, the same.

La Hative.

PRESIDENT—There is another variety known as *La Hative.* I have it in fine condition, and like it much.

BARRY—In our experience with currants, and after testing many varieties, we have found no red currants as large as the Cherry; next to it comes the Victoria. The Prince Albert we prefer to the Fertile d'Angers. The Cherry is only remarkable on account of its size. Many pick it as soon as it becomes red, thinking it must be ripe, but it should be allowed to remain on the bushes until it becomes of a brown color. It is not a shy bearer, unless pruned too much. It should get considerable age before being subjected to severe pruning. The Versaillaise is one of the best. But, the new Red Currants are too much alike, and few of them are better, or even as good, as the old Red Dutch.

Currants which promise well.

Versaillaise,	Imperial Jaune,
Fertile d'Angers,	Cherry,
White Gondouin,	Fertile de Pallua.

STRAWBERRIES.

Vicomtesse Herricart.

HARRISON—I move to add the Vicomtesse Herricart to the list recommending as promising well. Have tried it for three years. It is very satisfactory in size, quality, and productiveness.

SAUNDERS—I have fruited it for four years. It is one of our best strawberries—certainly better than any other foreign variety.

RUTTER—I have fruited it two years. It is of good flavor, superior to Albany, but not superior to Hovey.

ESHLEMAN—All persons who have eaten it at my place have praised it highly.

RUTTER—It is equal to the Hooker Seedling.

ESHLEMAN—I think it is more productive. It is equal to Walker's Seedling for productiveness, and I prefer it to that variety.

FULLER—I think it good, though not very productive.

HOVEY—I recollect our decision last session was almost unanimous that no foreign fruits should be recommended. I think much of some, but I will not recommend them. This I find is not a profitable fruit. I hope it will not be recommended for general culture.

HARRISON—There seems to be a difference between the English and Continental strawberries. I find that the French and Belgian are well adapted to this country, though they all need high culture. The highest culture that can be given to strawberries is the most profitable.

HOVEY—The Belgian cultivators have taken up our American strawberries to breed from, and we may expect desirable results.

PRESIDENT—It possesses good qualities as an eating fruit, but must be grown in hills and receive good culture, or it is worthless.

Motion to add to the list withdrawn.

Triomphe de Gand.

S. MILLER, of Pa.—The Triomphe de Gand I have fruited for several years, and there is none which I like better for beauty, quality, and productiveness.

HOPKINS—Have had this variety in fruit the past two years, and most cordially endorse what has been said by Mr. Miller as to its beauty, flavor, and productiveness.

BARRY—I consider this one of the finest strawberries in cultivation, whether native or foreign. I was not aware that this Society had expressed an opinion adverse to recommending foreign strawberries. I think no such a thing has been nor should be done. When we find a good strawberry, no matter whether of foreign or native origin, we should recommend it. This Triomphe de Gand has been tested all over the country, and everywhere the experience has been that it is a large berry, excellent in flavor, standing the sun well in summer, and enduring the cold of our winter without injury. It is also quite productive. This was recommended last year as promising well, as may be seen on page 76 of last report, though by some error it was not added to the list as published in the pamphlet.

HOVEY—[Mr. H. read from last report, remarks of Messrs. Prince, Walker and Manice, condemning foreign strawberries as unproductive. Mr. H. then said:] I do not wish to be understood as saying that this Society ever intimated that it would not recommend this or any other variety of foreign strawberries.

BARRY—I understood from the tenor of Mr. Hovey's remarks, that he considered the sentiment of this Society against the introduction of foreign varieties of strawberries, and this I wish to correct.

HOUGHTON, of Pa.—I saw the Triomphe de Gand this summer, at Jenkinstown, on the grounds of Mr. Satterthwait, an extensive grower for market. He informed me that the Wilson sold at 18 cents a quart, and Triomphe de Gand for 38 cents. He considers it an excellent market fruit.

KNOX, of Pa.—I have fruited the Triomphe de Gand for three years. Out of 100 varieties I have under cultivation, I regard it as the very best of them all. I have fifty acres in strawberries, and would be very glad if the whole were changed to Triomphe de Gands. It seems to me there is scarcely an excellence it has not. The plant is hardy and very vigorous, as much so as the Wilson. I think the healthiest and most vigorous plants I ever knew on my place, are of this variety. The fruit is large and luscious, bright and glossy, attracts attention, and brings the highest price—from 25 to 50 cents per quart. I am not able to supply the demand. From my place at Pittsburg they have been carried to Cincinnati, where they profess to know something about strawberry culture, and they sent back for more at 50 cents per quart. I think the question should not be what mode of culture is *necessary*, but what kind will *pay best.* That mode of culture required for the Triomphe de Gand and for other foreign varieties, is that which pays better with us than any other. The only mode of culture adopted in Pittsburg, is in hills. We place them in rows two and a half feet apart one way and twelve inches the other. It forms quite a number of stools, and bears remarkably well.

FULLER—I have several hundred varieties of strawberries, the Triomphe de Gand being one of the best, and I would favor its being placed on the list for general cultivation.

SATTERTHWAIT, of Pa.—I cultivate strawberries for market, and have means of knowing which kinds are the most profitable. I am not prepared to say that it is the best market berry, but I consider it next to the best. I consider Wilson's Albany to be the most profitable, by far, the only objection to it being that it will not stand the heat so well as the Triomphe de Gand.

HOUGHTON—I wish to say that Mr. Satterthwaite is one of the best practical growers of fruit and vegetables for market, I have ever seen or known. In the culture of the strawberry he has a method which far exceeds all others. He grows the Triomphe de Gand in rows thirty inches apart. He runs the cultivator all summer, and in the fall covers them with long manure, and does it with great economy of labor.

Longworth's Extra Red.

WARDER—I name Longworth's Extra Red. It is productive and very handsome; somewhat sour; of sufficient good flavor, and a very fine market fruit.

MILLER—I have cultivated Extra Red for five years. It has invariably been one of the finest and most productive of strawberries. Exceedingly fine for preserving.

BATEHAM—It is a hardy, vigorous plant, very productive, but sour, requiring a good deal of sugar. Preferred the flavor to Wilson's Albany.

Lady's Pine.

MILLER—I introduce the Lady's Pine.

HARRISON—It is too small, though fine and delicate in flavor.

KNOX—Its smallness is my main objection to it.

FULLER—It is delicious, but too small.

Jenny Lind.

BATEHAM—I recommend the Jenny Lind, as worthy of general introduction.

FROST—This is the best early strawberry we have in cultivation.

QUINN—It is early, good, and productive.

ESHLEMAN—I have known the Jenny Lind for five years, but have discarded it.

KNOX—It is a very early berry and a good bearer.

HOVEY—It seems to me to be the Old Virginia Scarlet, or Early Scarlet, improved. It is about double the size of Early Scarlet, of a good color and flavor, and productive.

PRESIDENT—It is very popular in New England.

Recommended as promising well.

Scott's Seedling.

ESHLEMAN—I propose the Scott's Seedling, or Lady's Finger, which I consider identical,—a beautiful berry, a good bearer; very salable in the market, and excellent for preserving.

SCOTT—The Lady's Finger has been decided, the present season, by those who have cultivated both varieties, to be different from Scott's Seedling. The Lady's Finger is of good quality, but Scott's Seedling is deficient in flavor and substance.

HARRISON—The Lady's Finger originated in Burlington Co., New Jersey. Its color is desirable, and its peculiar firmness fits it for carriage almost any distance.

ESHLEMAN—I allude to the Scott's Seedling of Massachusetts, a very long berry, sometimes a little flattened.

PARRY—The Scott's Seedling is entirely different from the Lady's Finger.

HOVEY—I do not know the Lady's Finger, but the Scott's Seedling is a genuine seedling of Massachusetts, raised by Mr. Scott, a gardener near Boston. It was at first called Scott's Strawberry, and was eagerly bought by the dealers for market, where I first saw it. Being pleased with its appearance, I went to the beds of Mr. S. to see them in bearing. If I cultivated but two strawberries, Scott's Seedling should be one of them. It has one peculiarity which raises it above its fellows—a peculiar mixture of orange and strawberry flavor. It stands carriage well, and has but one fault—it does not retain that delicious aroma in which it abounds when picked from the bed. When kept in shops or drawers, it becomes flat.

THE PRESIDENT—I would like to ask whether it has not gone out of cultivation in Massachusetts, in consequence of its being a poor bearer?

HOVEY—No, sir. The Scott is considered a fair bearer.

PARKER, of Mass.—It is a poor bearer, and I gave up its cultivation on this account.

SATTERTHWAITE—I cultivated the Scott's Seedling of Massachusetts for a few years, but found it was not a good market berry.

STRONG—My impression is that this berry has been lost sight of on account of its inferior qualities. It is very light, and almost invariably hollow, and is not considered in Boston unworthy of cultivation.

HOOKER—We cultivated the Scott strawberry for some years, and introduced it into our plantations, for market, where it was tried for two years, when we found it worthless. We have laterly cultivated but a few specimens.

BATEHAM—It is of no avail upon clay lands. It may do better on sandy lands.

PRESIDENT—I suggest that the discussion be left open without taking a vote. (Carried.)

Brighton Pine.

KNOX—I introduce the Brighton Pine. It is of excellent flavor, an abundant and steady bearer, never failing.

WARD—It is a poor bearer, and only of medium size.

STRONG—In general it is regarded as a poor bearer, though if we have dry weather it does pretty well.

Moyamensing.

KNOX—I recommend the Moyamensing. It is of dark color, excellent flavor, and productive. Much valued for preserving.

WARD—In the neighborhood of New York it has failed, and seems ill adapted to that latitude. This variety has specific relations to certain soils and latitudes, and here and in New York it is comparatively worthless. In New Jersey and some other places they are rather good. This fact will explain the apparent contradictions touching the character of strawberries.

SATTERTHWAIT—I rejected it some years ago, as an unprofitable berry.

Strawberries which promise well.

Genesee,	Scarlet Magnate,
Le Baron,	Trollope's Victoria,
McAvoy's Superior,	Walker's Seedling,
Jenny Lind,	Triomphe de Gand.

RASPBERRIES.

Allen.

HOVEY—I move that the Allen be rejected, as I think no one will want to cultivate bushes instead of fruit.

SCOTT—At the last meeting a vote was taken, and it was decided to let this matter rest for two years, at the end of which time the experience of cultivators could be heard in regard to it.

SATTERTHWAITE—The idea of some in this section in regard to this raspberry, is erroneous, which is that its blossoms are pistilate, and that it will not perfect its fruit, without having its blossoms impregnated by some other variety. This is a new idea, and before we leave the question I would like to have something more said in regard to it.

PARRY—It has frequently borne abundant and luscious fruit, and at other times appeared to be entirely deficient. When planted in connection with our common red raspberry, cultivated extensively here for the Philadelphia market, they both bear admirably from near the ground to the top of the stem. In other places where I have planted the true Allen Raspberry by itself, it has failed. In other cases where I have sold plants, I have noticed the same thing—that where the Allen was planted alone it was unproductive, but when planted near other varieties it bore well. I have come to the conclusion also, from examination of the flowers, that there is a deficiency in the stamens.

QUINN—My experience has been the same as that of Mr. Hovey. The Allen gives a large quantity of wood and little fruit.

DOWNING—Have fruited the Allen three years. The first two years obtained plenty of suckers, but no fruit. This year cut away the suckers and obtained plenty of fruit, but of poor quality, no better than common red.

Placed on rejected list.

Kirtland.

WARDER—I introduce the Kirtland. It is not as ample a grower as some, but is the earliest berry we have.

LAWTON—Bears abundantly, but needs care and protection. It throws up a large number of suckers, but that may be owing to my neglect.

WARDER—The great difficulty is to get suckers enough to supply the demand.

Purple Cane.

WARDER—I ask for information in regard to the Purple Cane.

DOWNING—The Purple Cane and the American Red Cane I think are alike. I consider it the farmer's raspberry. Thirty or forty years ago it was extensively cultivated around New York.

SCOTT—The Purple Cane is the *Rubus occidentalis.*

SATTERTHWAIT—It is the only raspberry I have found to stand the test. I never found any other to pay, as a market fruit, but the old Purple Cane. It is uniformly an abundant bearer.

REED—Its manner is to propagate by the points of the shoots. This berry used to be cultivated extensively for the New York market.

LEWIS—This belongs to the class of *thimble berries,* which is a distinct species.

Hornet.

HARRISON—I suggest the Hornet. I have known it for three years, and it bears enormous crops. It is of a fine quality, and for a raspberry will pay well. It sells in the market at from 37 to 50 cents per quart, when others are selling at 25. It attains a very large size, and is worthy of our attention.

REED—I have the Hornet on my place, and think much of it. I find it to bear very well.

PARRY—It bears abundantly, and I found it to succeed very well, but I do not think it very hardy. It is well worthy of cultivation.

MITCHELL—I have always found it to do well, and I concur in what the other gentlemen say as to its quality.

PRESIDENT—Ordered it from France, but received Knevett's Giant. I am glad to hear so favorable a report.

Recommended as "promising well."

Belle de Fontenay.

FULLER—I think well of the Belle de Fontenay.

BARRY—It is worthy of cultivation, and especially desirable for amateurs. It bears a large crop at the ordinary season, and by a little management a good crop can be obtained in the autumn. The way to do this is to suppress the crop and remove the shoots.

HOUGHTON—I have taken great interest in this fruit. It is perfectly hardy, and shows a disposition to fruit constantly and very late. Some have said that the Belle de Fontenay and Marvel of Four Seasons are identical.

[Several gentlemen said that they had received the same variety from Europe, under both names.]

PRESIDENT—The Belle d' Fontenay has a silvery leaf, and the fruit is very large. If rightly managed, I think it will be exceedingly valuable for the South.

HOUGHTON—It should be described in our report, so that it may be recognized.

BARRY—It has a short, stiff cane, with thick foliage, silvery on the under side, and quite erect.

Improved American Black Cap.

KNOX—I call attention to the Improved American Black Cap.

R. R. SCOTT—I would remark in regard to this berry, said to be improved by Mr. Doolittle, that since the last meeting I have given particular attention to the question, whether it has been improved by any hybridization, and I have found that the Improved Black Cap is nothing but the common Black Cap.

HOOKER—I propagated it for market purposes, and it is different from the wild raspberry, and is a seedling of a far larger size, better flavored, and more delicate. It is prized above all the raspberries of the season. I esteem it highly for its valuable cooking properties.

TROWBRIDGE—Benj. Hodge, of Buffalo, tells me that he has taken 2,000 quarts from one acre of ground,—that is to say 30 to 50 quarts per day for about six weeks. No other raspberry in the market brought as high a price.

BARRY—Whatever improvement it has undergone has been by cultivation. I would call it the Improved Black Cap. Mr. Doolittle does not claim to have raised it from seed.

KNOX—It is popular with the people of Philadelphia. With us it is called the Improved Black Cap. My opinion is that whatever improvement it has received is by cultivation.

HOOKER—Mr. Doolittle does not assert that he raised the seedling, but that he procured it from a locality where it was thought to be very superior. The origin of it is well known, though who raised the seedling I cannot designate.

VICK—Mr. Doolittle states distinctly that the original plants were obtained from the fields, and not from seed; and that he has improved them by a superior system of raising young plants from the ends of the shoots. His theory he has fully explained.

HOVEY—In relation to this raspberry, if it is superior to the wild raspberry taken out of the woods, I hope it may be entitled to a distinct name, and that it will not be called the Black Cap, because persons would then go to the woods and get the common plant, as they did the Dorchester Blackberry. In that case the people insisted that they could go to the woods and get a blackberry as good as they could from the dealers. Two years ago we assembled, and gave it the dignified name it has since borne. I would advocate some kind of distinct name, either the Doolittle Black Cap, or anything else.

It was decided to name it the Doolittle Raspberry, and to recommend it for culture.

Raspberries which promise well.

Cope,	Thunderer,
Catawissa,	Walker,
Hornet,	Doolittle.

Rejected—The Allen.

BLACKBERRIES.

Newman's Thornless.

HOOKER—I propose Newman's Thornless.

MILLER—It has few thorns and fewer berries.

SAUL—I concur with Mr. Miller.

WARDER—That is my experience.

Grape Blackberry.

HARRISON—I propose the Grape Blackberry. It has very strong canes and large fruit.

Parsley-Leaved Blackberry.

LAWTON—This is a trailing variety, the shoots growing sometimes twenty feet in length. It is very hardy and productive. It has done well the three past years.

PRESIDENT—I have this variety, but the long shoots described are objectionable.

FREEMAN—The flavor is not as good as the New Rochelle, and it fruits two weeks later.

Western Wild Blackberries.

WARDER—We have white, yellow, and pink blackberries growing wild in Kentucky and Illinois. We do not suppose them to be a distinct species, but only a departure from the blackberry. Mr. Orange has three distinct plants which were procured from the woods—they were of a green color, becoming somewhat transparent. Mr. Elliott has called them the Albion or Crystal. They are common near Maysville, Ky. They are large and fine, and I like them better than the New Rochelle or Dorchester.

PIERCE, of D. C.—I understand they grow in Bath Co. With me they have proved worthless. I have found them on the tops of mountains near Condersport, Pa. They are considered there very fine when growing in the woods, but in gardens they are worthless.

WARDER—Mr. Orange has not found any difficulty in propagating these blackberries.

[To be continued.]

Horticultural Notes.

FRUIT GROWERS' SOCIETY OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—This Society held an interesting meeting in Rochester on the 25th ult. As soon as we find room we shall give some notes of the proceedings.

THE GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY held its Autumn Exhibition on the same day, and the fruit was exhibited together, making one of the finest shows we ever witnessed. The display of hardy grapes we never saw equaled, consisting of over seventy plates.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—We are indebted to many friends for samples of fruit, some of which we have stored away for future examination, when we will endeavor to comply with the requests of our friends, and furnish the correct names.

—To A. HITCHCOCK, of Fountain, Minnesota, we are obliged for specimens of the Ground Apple, or Hush Tomato, and the Ground Cherry.

—To ELLWANGER & BARRY for a fine basket of pears.

—To W. R. GRIDLEY, Ogden, for specimens of Newtown Pippin.

—To ORIN SCOVILL, of Medina, N. Y., for Stevens' Genesee Pears. Mr. S. says "they are called by a number of names in Orleans and Niagara counties." Our opinion in regard to the name was confirmed by a dozen of the best pomologists attending the meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society. We think there can be no doubt on this point.

CLOTHES BARS, AGAIN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In answer to a correspondent in a late number of your journal, requesting information for a good pair of clothes bars, I would say that I have made a few pairs of the kind described below, and they are pronounced first rate, and I think they are far ahead of those made by WM. BROOKS, described in RURAL

of Aug. 18th. They are made in the following manner:—Take eight pieces, five feet long, one inch thick and one and a half inches wide. Boro five five-eighth holes in four of them, and four holes in the other four pieces, as marked by the dots in the drawing,—the top ones to be two inches from the top in them all. The rods are three feet long, dressed out round by using a six-eighth bead plane, four of the rods to be two inches shorter than the other ten. They can be fastened at the end by driving in a brad, or small nail. They can be opened and closed at pleasure. They will stand in any small space three feet wide, and are light, only weighing about nine pounds when made of pine, and the corners and the tops rounded as I make them. You can omit the hinge, if you see fit. JAMES M. PALMER.

Tuscola, Mich., 1860.

RIPE TOMATOES.—Seeing an inquiry in the RURAL for a recipe to make tomato pickles, I send you one which I think is good. Take ripe tomatoes, wash, and put them in a weak brine, where let them remain twenty-four hours, then take them out and rinse in cold water; pack in jars, and pour good vinegar over them. Let the vinegar be put on cold, as hot vinegar will break the skins. Add some pieces of horse radish root, cover close, and set in a cool place. They will be ready for use in about four weeks. They are very nice with fresh pork or boiled meats. Try them.—A FARMER'S WIFE.

REMEDY FOR SORES.—I have read of a great many good cures for both man and beast, but have never met with one equal to Wild Black Cherry Tree Bark, steeped in water, for sores. It is remarkable for cleansing and healing. Several great cures have been performed in this section of late.—W. A. K., *East Scott, Cort. Co., N. Y.*

CLEANING WINDOW CURTAINS.—The flies have been very numerous the present season, and have left my window curtains in a rather sad plight. The curtains are of the "transparent window shade" order, and I would like to have some of the lady readers of the RURAL tell me how to cleanse them.—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, *Erie Co., N. Y.,* 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY BROTHERS.

BY BELLE BEACH.

GEORGE, my eldest brother, companion of my early years
My confident and refuge true,
The sharer of my childish joys and tears,
What tribute will I bring to you?
I will not wish what cannot be—
A wish I know were vain—
A life of ease, from care and sorrow free,
Unknown to sighs, or griefs, or pain;
But I *can* wish that through life's ills,
And o'er its changing sea,
That faith in GOD thy heart may fill,
And He thy solace be.

ROBERT, stricken one, whose hopes are crushed—
Whose day-dreams, fond and bright,
Have crumbled into dust,
And shrouded thy young heart in sorrow's night—
Brother, that with trusting, out-stretched hand,
Went forth to seek the Future's joys unknown,
Art left a wanderer on life's weary strand,
Thy bark to guide alone—yea, all alone.
Yet not alone, for GOD to thee hath given
A bud to watch and guard with care,
A treasure lent to thee from heaven,
Ere long to be transplanted there.
Live, then. Yield thee not unto despair,
Mourn o'er thy withered joys no more,
But trust in GOD, through faith and prayer,
He'll moor thy bark upon the other shore.

EDWARD, youngest brother, sparkling with wit and mirth,
Light-hearted, joyous, gay, and free,
The sunbeam round the family hearth,
What tribute will I bring to thee?
A heart's deep love, undying, firm, and true,
A love *Time* will not change;
Should shame its blight thy path bestrew,
Thy sister still, I'll be the same.
So, from out the garden of my soul,
The flowers of constancy I'll twine,
And on the tablet of my heart thy name enroll
To last for aye—my brother mine.

Evans, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"OVER TO GRANDPA'S."

OVER to Grandpa's!—the words recall bright visions of a walk through dim forests green and shadowy, and most musical with the light touches of the fragrant breeze on leaf and stem,—over wide meadows flushed with midsummer verdure and hedged about with the emerald line of drooping osiers,—by sunny hill-sides plumed with steadfast pines, and along the velvety margin of many a frisky burn, gleaming, picture-like, among the summer lilies. Very precious is the remembrance of the welcome which I was wont to receive, as with eager steps I hurried over the ancient threshold and stood in the cheerful kitchen,—it warms my heart even now. Aunt ABBY's mournful blue eyes lightened up like a lake at sunset, as she greeted me with a fond word and a silent caress; and grandpa's smile, as he lifted me to his knee and stroked the locks so like his LUCY's ere the silver of age had displaced their golden embrownment, was very beautiful to me.

Oh, the loved of "long ago!"—they may be replaced by the friends of to day, but their fond tenderness has a sweet charm and a living glory about it which we vainly seek for now; the early spring flower is ever cherished more tenderly than all the georgeously lovely blossoms that follow it. I always regarded my grandfather's dwelling with a deep respect, not unmingled with a slight tinge of awe. It was of ancient date, and had stood in its lofty position on the eastern hill-tops, long years ere the thunders of the Revolution shook our beloved land. I dearly loved to hear the long and graphic stories which my grandmother was wont to relate of this gloomy period, — of the eventful battle wherein two of my great uncles "bravely fought and nobly died," willingly laying down their lives for their country, though they had traveled the great life-journey but a little while, and their feet were not weary nor their eyes dim. How my cheek paled and my lip quivered, as she told, with a voice sweet as a falling fountain, of the time of doubt and terror in the later war, when the crowded barges of the hostile frigate "Tenedos" appeared in the peaceful harbor of Fair Haven, and many of the frightened inhabitants took refuge in the bonndless forests skirting the hills, and one good lady went to so far as to build her a tent of boughs in a sequestered spot, intending to make her abode there until the removal of the foe!

In the Library at Mount Prospect were many tall mahogany bookcases, filled with latin classics, —Virgil's and Horace's,—and I know not what beside. They had been the property of one of my uncles who died young, but not until he had won the reputation of being a "book-learned man." There were also many other works, magazines, poems and histories, that occupied me when my visit chanced to be in the winter, but in summer the great attraction was the garden. This little spot of ground,—Aunt ABBY's care and pride,—lay beneath the parlor windows and in the time of blossoms was very beautiful,—a mass of delicate colors. Dahlias, clothed in queenly magnificence; Sweet-Peas, glowing in etherial loveliness; the delicate deep tinted vases of the Climbing Convolvulus; gleam-like Nasturtions, and Pinks of many colors, all mingled lovingly together, and filled the summer with fragrance. Ah, me! those were happy days, so calm and bright, and the fair New England sky that bent above my native hills was placid as the Atlantic waters in their deepest calm. The skies have clouded since, and stormy winds have dashed the waters, and many an island of hope and beauty, larger and fairer than Atlantis of old, has been submerged beneath the waves of time and sorrow. Grandpa sleeps in the quiet church-yard with the strength and loveliness of many generations; and many of his descendants have been gathered to rest beside him. Aunt ABBY now graces the fireside of another, and stranger footsteps wake the echoes in the roomy halls of Mount Prospect house.

Cohocton, N Y., 1860. LAURA E. W.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE BURIAL OF THE POOR.

MOST of our life has been spent amid the quiet scenes of the country, where human hearts seem made for human purposes, where sorrow meets a comforting word, and misfortune calls forth from fountians of love, in simple natural hearts, the tear of human pity. But the new, strange scenes of the city now greet our view. The great, throbbing, animate, busy city,— where life, from the pauper to the millionaire, seems one long, earnest struggle for gold,—paltry, yet all powerful gold

To-day, winds carelessly along the street, a dray-cart, drawn by a lazy pack-horse. A boy sits in front on one corner of the box, whistling a hoy's tune, which is a few notes here and there at random. But the baggage. It is a *coffin*. Aye a coffin, a rough pine box, painted black,—wide at the head, narrow at the foot, and five or six feet long. There it goes, over the hill, up the street to the Cemetery. No human being follows it to the tomb. The sexton shovels the sod over it, and there, in the Potters Field, is another nameless grave.

What a gloom gathers around our heart. We have seen the dead carried cautiously and tenderly to its last couch in the earth, followed by a long train of neighbors and friends, whose sad faces told how truly each felt the loss of a human brother. And we have seen the tear of sympathy shed even upon the bier of a stranger. But this one did not die in the country,—did not take his farewell of earth amid the soft whispers of Nature's kindly voices, and in the presence of *friends*, though strangers. Nay, he died in the city, where gold buys sympathy, buys affection, buys friends, buys a respectable burial. He was poor,

"Rattle his bones over the stones,
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns."

What a history of human suffering, crime, or woe, went sealed in that rude coffin to oblivion. How sad that selfishness and greed for gold should eat out the holiest feelings of the human heart.

Rest thee in thy nameless bed, weary, unknown pilgrim. Thy journey to the banks of the cold river is finished. Thou hast passed from sight with the grim ferryman, and the vail hideth. Mayhap GOD will know thee when thou comest to Heaven. MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

Jackson, Mich., 1860.

SOLICITUDE FOR CHILDREN.

DR. STORK, in his "Home Scenes, or Christ in the Family," has some beautiful thoughts on a duty of the Church, which cannot be too frequently or too impressively inculcated. We quote one, as follows:

Even in what are called the dark ages, the time of monkish austerity and priestly sway, we see glimpses of tender solicitude for childhood. In the Gothic Cathedral, that embodiment of the middle ages, the Holy Mother and her divine child beam upon the worshiper from illuminated missals and painted windows. There by the altar stands the baptismal font; and the child of the poorest peasant is recognized as a lamb of the Good Shepherd, and received into His fold. What would childhood have been in the dark ages without the church? What other power could have stood between innocence and its tempter and destroyer? Who would have withstood Herod, if the mother heart of Christianity had withheld its guardianship?

Christianity is still the guardian of childhood, for Herod still lives. His spirit is still the spirit of the world—of the world's passion and its policy. What multiform evils are all around, to blight the innocence and purity of the young! What evils surround their path! What serpents are gliding among the very flowers of their spring! The child ever needs protection; Herod ever in some form rages; Christianity, like a maternal heart, needs ever to keep its watch.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

LOOK on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier by wearing a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. There is always that before or around us which should cheer and fill the heart with warmth. The sky is blue ten times where it is black once. You have troubles, it may be. So have others. None are free from them. Perhaps it is as well that none should be. They give sinew and tone to life—fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. It is the duty of every one to extract all the happiness and enjoyment he can without and within him, and above all he should look on the bright side of things. What though things do look a little dark? The lane will turn, and the night will end in broad day. In the long run the great balance rights itself. What is ill becomes well; what is wrong, right. Men are not made to hang down either heads or lips; and those who do, only show that they are departing from the paths of true commonsense and right. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than a whole hemisphere of cloud and gloom. Therefore, we repeat, look on the bright side of things. Cultivate what is warm and genial —not the cold and repulsive, the dark and morose. The Iron Duke was right. Don't neglect your duty; look to the bright side; live down prejudice.

MAN may err, and be forgiven; but poor woman, with all his temptation and but half his strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she but once be tempted into crime.

THE greatest gluttons are those who feed upon slander.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE DYING CHIEFTAIN.

BY CARL DISCO.

FAR to the west by the setting sun,
Just as the day had its journey run,
Twilight was spreading its curtain round,
Hiding the wrecks of a battle ground.

Stretched near a stream, in his gory bed,
Wounded and pale lay a chieftain dead.
Chilled in his veins was the dancing tide;
Sadly had fallen that warrior's pride.

Still had the bloom of his youth, till now,
Dwelt on his cheek and his noble brow;
Age had yet left not a single trace
Lurking in lines on his beaming face.

Loving and loved was this warrior chief—
Cherished by one whose impassioned grief
Stirred in her soul when she saw him lie
Bleeding and faint, and about to die.

Clasping his neck in her tawny arms,
Bravely she stood amid dread alarms,
Soothing the pains of his anxious breast,
Telling of joys in the warrior's rest.

"Go to thy fathers, thou honored of earth!
Dwell with the brave ones who sang at thy birth.
Truly they spake of the praise thou wouldst win,
Striving with foes in the battle's wild din.

"Glory shalt crown thee, and love shalt entwine,
Faultless and fadeless as e'er has been thine;
Youth shalt adore thee and age hold thee dear;
Maidens caress thee and mothers revere.

"Go to thy fathers; for earth should not hold,
Trammelled in fetters, a spirit so bold;
Flee to the isles of the far distant West,
Enter the gates of the Kingdom of Rest.

"Only recall, in that world of thy bliss,
Her who hath loved thee so dearly in this—
Only remember the hours we have passed
Basking in pleasure too thrilling to last.

"Go to thy fathers; but think of the vow
Long ago made me when health on thy brow
Flushed in its crimson, and light in thine eye
Sparkled like dewdrops in rays of the sky.

"Then shall I know when I visit thy grave,
O'er which the cypress its branches shall wave,
Love, still inflaming this bosom of thine,
Burns yet as brightly as when it was mine."

Lulled by the sound of her gentle breath,
Calmly he waited the voice of Death,
Then, as did Love o'er him vigil keep,
Sank to the rest of his dreamless sleep.

Harvard University, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NIAGARA IN THE SUMMER.

IN the year 1840, for the first time I beheld the great Falls of Niagara. It was in June, when Nature was clad in all her glory. Blossoms, flowers, and singing birds made the world appear like one vast panorama,—a fairy world, where rested the smile of heaven. It was more pleasing to me then, for I had just emerged from the dense forests north of Toronto, where snow was still lingering amid those deep haunts of Nature's solitude.

It was noon—the sun shone bright—the grey mist arose high in fleecy clouds. At a distance my eager-strained eyes beheld the ascending clouds,—my ears heard the murmuring whisper of GOD's power,—my sensibilities felt the earth beneath me vibrate under the tread of falling waters.

"*There is the Falls!*" said my guide, who was more anxious about the linings of my pockets than anything else I might possess. Sure enough, there it was! GOD's thunder,—His eloquence, His majesty and power!—Nature's home of sublimity, of grandeur, of beauty. There the waters from the vast upper lakes roll down in maddened fury—down on their way to the St. Lawrence—and the waves hurrying to the edge, leap away in air, and arise in clouds like a gauze over the sublime face of Nature. The snowy foam lay from shore to shore like drifted snow, and at times rolled into columns whirled up along the rugged edges of the rocks over-hanging both sides of the river. The shores are wet, the trees are wet, the ground is damp, the cedar and hemlock wave their branches in the cool air.

For ages these waters have worn the trembling rocks away, the "Table Rock," and the large masses of stony matter which lie on each side, once were a part of the hard strata which still overhangs below the trees. The falling waters dash away now as they did a thousand years ago, —those whirling eddies dance along like spirits, laughing, hiding, gliding in the car of sublimity unto destruction.

There is a little boy, about five years old, drawing an oyster shell with a string, and its burden of stones,—drawing it along the edge of a foaming current, two steps from the precipice and death—all absorbed in his imaginary caravan—his horses — his children—his goods. How like some people, so full of materialism. Nothing that is grand and lofty—nothing that is beautiful and sublime in Nature will, or can ever excite them. "Eyes have they, but see not, and ears, but hear not." They grope in darkness by you, while you feed your soul in the light of GOD's beauty and glory. They starve in the midst of plenty,— they never smile, for it's sin with them. Give me the man *whose heart* is like a rose-bud, which, when the morning sun arises in his majesty and glory, opens itself to drink immortality as the dew of heaven. G. C——

Geneva, N. Y., 1860.

FICTIONS are revelations not of truth, for they are most unreal, but of that which the soul longs to be true; they are mirrors not of actual human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations of the eternal desires of the heart.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

'TIS Evening. The *Time-waves* of another day have rolled past, and now mingle with others, long since gone into oblivion. Aye, but *what* have they borne "onward" upon their bosoms, as freightage, from the shores of *Human Life* and *Thought Land*.

One Star,—the Poets "Lone Star of Even,"—stands sentinel at the gates of Earth, which open upon the way leading toward the *other world*, that great unknown world. Here, perchance, the recording Angels stay in their ascent, to take a last, lingering look upon earth, before entering the portals of Heaven with the history of man's daily life-work. Cheering thought! If there be but *one human soul* yet unrepented of an impure thought, word, or deed, and the record stand dark against the page, over which man does not weep, let us hope, when we see the angel tears glisten in the brightness of that Star, that there is yet room for repentance, yet time to forsake the evil, and learn the True, the Beautiful, and the Good.

Calm Eventide! Lovely hours! when quietness seems to float gently over Nature,—when the broad bosom of earth heaves but slowly to the ceaseless throb of *active Life*, coursing through her every vein.

Sweet hours! how like a healing balm ye come to the toiling and care-worn spirits of men. With what a Holy Joy the heart feels and responds to this season of rest. How gently the change comes over the soul.

All of Earth seems as if the breath of Time was for the hour suspended, that, *living, thinking, reasoning mortals*, might have a little space for reflection, might have an hour for redeeming retrospection. The erring here finds opportunity to repent of his errors,— the angry one, to grow calm, loving, and forgiving,—here the desponding ones gather hope and courage for the future, —the toil-worn get a foretaste of an endless rest, awaiting them in the end of time. Pure love and wisdom hath thus kindly provided a season of rest and forgetfulness, for the toiling, struggling millions of earth.

Blessed hours! Would there was naught on earth to mar the scene, as the *Angel of Sleep* unfolds his wings, and so sweetly, gently, lets fall the curtains of night. H. PATRICK, M. D.

New Albany, Ind., 1860.

WHERE SHALL WE SLEEP?

"I FEEL the daisies growing over me," said the dying poet, and solemn yet beautiful was the thought.

To mingle thus with Nature in her sweetest forms of life, is not to die; it is as the passing of the soul through a vestibule of June's own building, on to the inner gates of Paradise.

To be wafted to the air on the crimson wings of fire; to leave a little dust for token, in the bottom of an urn, is not lying, a weary child at rest, close folded in the bosom of the Earth. To lie beneath a billowy maple on a hillside, green, and sloping to the sun, with birds singing in the boughs, and threshold flowers soft tolling in the air, is no unpleasant thought. The fever of the world is all past, its strifes all drifted over, even as the cloud that sheds a shadow on the spangled heap, and passes on forever.

To turn immortal with the Arctic touch, and wear the senseless robe of winter for a shroud; to have the tear that parting wrings from trembling Nature, lie like an imperishable jewel on the cheek of death, has little charm. To be let gently down, some pleasant summer's night, into the cleft crystal of a lake, to one's last sleep, would not be to bid the light "good by." For there, as in the lower sphere of *the finished heaven*, the form should lie, among the doubles of the stars, and the shimmering of the moon. The dawn should redden there, and the great sun move quenchless through the waters; it would not be beyond the flight of day, that burial place, and yet below the storm that wrecks both sea and sky.

And yet there is a quiet charm in that close fellowship with Nature on the shore, as so simply told by Landor, a long time ago:

"The place where soon I think to lie,
In its old creviced nook hard by,
Rears many a weed:
If parties bring you there, will you
Drop slyly in a grain or two
Of wall-flower seed?"
"I shall not see it, and, too sure,
I shall not even hear that your
Light step was there.
But the rich odor, some fine day,
Will what I cannot do, repay
That little care."

HOME LIFE.—Even as the sunbeam is composed of millions of minute rays, the home life must be constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, gentle words, loving counsels; it must not be like the torch-blaze of natural excitement, which is easily quenched, but like the serene, chastened light which burns as safely in the dry east wind as in the stillest atmosphere. Let each bear the other's burden the while—let each cultivate the mutual confidence, which is a gift capable of increase and improvement — and soon it will be found that kindliness will spring up on every side, displacing constitutional unsuitability, want of mutual knowledge, even as we have seen sweet violets and primroses dispelling the gloom of the gray sea-rocks.

ELOQUENCE.—The highest platform of eloquence is the moral sentiment. It is what is called affirmative truth, and has the property of invigorating the hearer; and it conveys a hint of our eternity, when he feels himself addressed on grounds that will remain when everything else is taken, and which have no trace of time, or place, or party. Everthying hostile is stricken down in the presence of the sentiments; their majesty is felt by the most obdurate.—*Lowell.*

YOU may depend upon it that he is a good man whose intimate friends are all good.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WAY, THE LIFE.

BY JANE S. M'CREA.

YEA, I know what life is made of,
Sunny smiles, then gloom appears;
Dark, black clouds, we'er half afraid of,
And life's sunshine 's drowned in tears.

'Mid bright flowers entranced I wander,
While o'er earth Spring's verdure falls;
O'er their graves, how sadly ponder,
When appear their frosty palls.

I have seen, in youth's bright morning,
Joyous hearts with pleasure beat,
Then came death—a solemn warning—
They lay lifeless at my feet.

Hence, I learn to value lightly
Joys that quickly pass away—
Hence, I learn to clasp more tightly
Hopes that never can decay.

While our friends are round us falling—
Yielding 'neath the embattled strife—
Hark! a voice is to us calling,
Lo! I am the Way, the Life.

Strive, life's pilgrim, strive to enter
On the joys prepared for thee—
Let thy hopes but on Him center,
Who, a ransom, died for thee.

On, then, on, the right pursuing,
Until, freed from doubt and care,
In the home Faith now is viewing,
Thou a Crown of Life shalt wear.

Plainville, Onon, Co., N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TRUST IN GOD FOR FUTURE BLESSINGS.

PROBABLY nothing can be more pleasing in the sight of GOD, than the spirit of trust in Him which is exercised by the faithful heart. One of the principal causes of a barren religious experience is the failure on the part of Christians to trust all their interests to GOD, and to cast all their cares upon Him who careth for them. The spirit of distrust is one of the principal things with which the young Christian has to battle. It cannot be otherwise than that the young Christian will be weak—the law of progression is the law of the true Christian experience. The young disciple soon begins to feel his weakness, and is often discouraged by the severity of the discipline to which GOD finds it needful to subject him in order to dissipate from his mind early errors; and not having yet learned the lesson of trust in CHRIST, he looks forth to coming time, and asks himself, "Shall I be able to persevere?" Yes, young Christian, if you trust in CHRIST with an unwavering faith, and remember that you cannot sustain yourself for a moment, you will be able to persevere, and advance from strength to strength, while your path will be "brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

The blessed SAVIOR lived his earthly life that our feet might be guided in the way of peace, and He will never forsake those who put their trust in Him. Are there not some things in thine own experience, even though it be a short one, the consideration of which should induce thee to trust CHRIST? Has he not, when thou hast sought his favor, bestowed richer blessings upon thee than thou hast dared to ask? Has he ever failed to sustain thee in the path of life for a single day? Remember, a thousand years are but as a day in His sight, and giving or withholding can neither impoverish nor enrich Him whose good pleasure it is to give thee the kingdom. Courage, Christian! Though thy path may be a rough one, and thy tender feet may often be wounded by the cruel thorn, rejoice in the assurance that GOD will give thee strength to overcome every obstacle in thy way, and through the lights and shadows of earth will lead thee to Himself.

Wadhams' Mills, N. Y., 1860. ELLATH.

THE EMPTY CUP.

IF you were to see a man endeavoring all his life to satisfy his thirst by holding an empty cup to his mouth, you would certainly despise his ignorance; but if you should see others of finer understandings, ridiculing the dull satisfaction of one cup, and thinking to satisfy their thirst by a variety of guilt and golden empty cups, would you think that these were even the wiser, or happier, or better employed: han the object of their contempt? Now this s all the difference that you can see in the various forms of happiness caught at by the men of the world.

Let the wit, the great scholar, the fine genius, the great statesman, the polite gentleman, unite all their schemes, and they can only show you more and various empty appearances of happiness. Give them all the world into their hands, let them cut and carve as they please, they can only make a greater variety of empty cups; for search as deep and look as far as you will, there is nothing here to be found that is nobler or greater than high eating and drinking, than rich dress and human applause, unless you look for it in the wisdom and laws of religion.

Reader, reflect upon the vanity of all who live without godliness, that you may be earnest at the throne of grace, to be turned from the creature and seek for happiness in the Creator. The poorest Christian who lives upon Christ, and walks in daily fellowship with God, is happier than the richest worldling. Indeed, such only are happy. —*Bogatzky.*

THAT flower which follows the sun, doth so even in cloudy days; when it doth not shine forth, it yet follows the hidden course and motion of it. So the soul that moves after God, keeps that course when he hides his face—is content in all conditions and events.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

EXAMINATION OF TEACHERS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—As the time for the Teachers' Institutes of the several counties, and for the examination of teachers for our winter schools is approaching, a few words thereon, from one who has felt and seen the difficulties attendant upon the present system, not only to teachers, but to the Commissioners, would not be deemed inappropriate. The present system requires that the Commissioner shall examine each teacher before granting a license. This is done by asking a few questions on the several branches, to be answered vocally. The questions are often asked without previous thought, are liable to be misunderstood, and, if answered, are often called correct, when they are not, or *vice versa*. The time of these examinations is always short, consequent upon holding them in the afternoon, and as some teachers live far from the place of meeting. The questions are frequently asked the class collectively, and one more quick than the rest answers all, and the credit is given to the entire class; or *he* tells *others*, and lets *them* answer. Candidates are often much embarrassed, and cannot answer even what they know perfectly well. I have thus mentioned some of the objections to the present system. There are many more, but I will speak of only one, which I consider greater than any other.

Any one who has attempted to teach, or who knows anything about schools, knows that mental qualifications are not alone necessary, to constitute the *good teacher*. He must have that particular "aptness to teach" which can present to the mind of the child the fact as plainly as it is in his own, and he must have that *order* which is so necessary to develop the mind. Now, how much does the Commissioner know of this, simply by hearing the answers to a few questions put indiscriminately to twenty or thirty different persons, some of whom answer all,—some a part,—some none at all? Positively nothing. But he has answered the requirements of the law? Yes, in form, and that is all. He grants certificates to all, or a part, as he may happen to feel disposed, and the patrons of our schools take them all in good faith.

Some Commissioners grant first grade certificates to all in their district, at all times during their administration, thus not only binding *themselves* to perpetuate the wrong, but also binding their successors. Licenses should expire at the time the Commissioner leaves his office, and the new Commissioner may thus have power to reform, if he is so disposed. Then, again, those teachers who are least qualified, as they have been at no expense, can teach cheaper than those who have fitted themselves; and as Trustees cannot distinguish when *all* have the same documents, *they* get the preference, to the detriment of the schools and the best teachers.

Most teachers have seen that this examining is only a dumb show, doing no good, but working a positive injury, so much so that many believe the schools would be better were no certificates given, as the trustees would then depend on themselves. I would rather trust any three farmers to decide, than one such examination. I have heard Trustees say, when they had hired a teacher and he failed, "Why, I knew he couldn't teach school, but he had a first grade certificate, and I might be deceived."

As I do not wish to tear down without giving something to occupy the cleared place, I present my plan for the consideration of teachers and others who may feel an interest in the question. The plan may have many objections, but I think that it will do away with nearly, if not quite, all the objections I have mentioned, and it can be improved upon by those Commissioners who feel disposed to try it. I believe that it will be a much more thorough test of qualification than the old mode, and sufficient in all cases, where it is carried out with the good of the schools as its first object.

The examination is conducted in the following manner: At the meeting of the teachers for examination, all who expect licenses should be present, and be provided with a pencil, half quire of paper, but no book, nor slate. Each takes his seat by himself, so that there can be no communication. The Commissioner should be provided with sets of questions on all the branches, and such questions as none should be ignorant of who wish to teach. They should not be puzzles, but plain, practical questions. These should be printed on small slips of paper, or on cards. The Commissioner passes round, for instance, the card with the questions in geography, and allows a suitable time for each to write his answers on his paper, which is then signed, and the Commissioner takes them all up, whether finished or unfinished, and gives another card, which is written in the same way. After all are thus written he puts them, each person's answers by themselves, and if he wishes, asks some other questions,—ascertains how they would govern a school, &c., &c., or dismisses them. He then has time to examine and compare his papers, and can grade them so that all the schools shall be supplied with teachers, and those who are best fitted can have the first chance,—for they should have their licenses first,—and then, if there were not enough, second grade certificates might be given, or even third.

Let me now mention some of the advantages of this system. In the first place, it removes all embarrassment from teachers. Next, the Commissioner need feel no embarrassment, because he knows nothing of how each is doing. Third, it exhibits, at one view, the penmanship, punctuation, spelling, order, clearness of explanation, neatness and dispatch of the candidate. Fourth, it prevents one assisting another, and no deception can be practiced. Fifth, the schools can be open for good teachers first,—the poor ones will have to be last, while it is just the opposite now, and I believe that this was the intent of the law for graded certificates. There are many more advantages, which any one can see for himself, and need not to be written here. I present this plan, fellow-teachers, for your consideration, and I offer it that you may examine it, criticise, and improve. I have hoped that some Commissioner would adopt it, and see how it works, and report; and I believe that any Commissioner would be sustained should he annul all the certificates granted before he came into office, and call on all who teach to come forward for examination. At any rate, I know of many who would be glad to see it done. Solon.

Lansing, Tomp. Co., N. Y., 1860.

SCHOOL HOURS AND EXERCISES.

Mr. Edwin Chadwick, whose name is identified with so many important social reforms, has of late been prosecuting an educational inquiry of great interest. He was, as our readers may remember, appointed by the British government a commissioner to inquire into the excessive labor of young persons in cotton factories. The results he obtained led him to propose measures, which were in part executed, for reducing the working time of children under thirteen years of age to six hours a day, and for insuring their attendance at school the residue of the time, say three hours. The children under this provision are called "half-timers;" and it turns out, according to Mr. Chadwick's investigations, that in well-conducted schools their attainments are quite equal to those of the "full-timers," who attend school six hours daily, while in aptitude for the application of their knowledge they are said to be superior. As they gain in bodily condition by the reduction of their physical labor, so they do in mental condition by the reduction of the time devoted to mental labor.

Mr. Chadwick made also a close examination of the best of the long-time schools for young children, and found, upon the testimony of the most intelligent teachers, that they could not keep up voluntary attention to study beyond two hours in the morning and one hour in the afternoon. By force, even, they cannot get more than an additional half-hour of real attention, and that half hour proves in the end a mental mischief as well as a bodily injury. From these facts it would seem to follow, as he contends, that our school systems are a violation, in this respect, of the laws of physiology.

Boys are enabled to repair the injury of undue mental work, to a certain extent, by their athletic games. Not so with girls. In bourding schools they are fastened to their sedentary occupations often eight hours a day, with but slight intervening relaxation or exercise. Mr. Chadwick finds the daughters of mothers who have worked, but whose fathers have got on in the world, and have sent these daughters to day or boarding-schools, and kept them from work, are shorter and generally of inferior strength to the working mothers; that the proportion of mothers of the well-to-do classes who can suckle their own children is diminishing; that among women who have one servant there are ailments which are unknown among women who have no servants; and that these ailments are worse with women who have two servants, and get very bad indeed, and with new complications of hypochondria, among women who have three servants.

The remedies recommended by this gentleman, are the reduction of the ordinary school hours by one half, and the devotion of them either to manual labor or gymnastics. But no form of exercise, he thinks, is equal to the naval and military drill.—*New York Evening Post.*

SPELLING FOR ADVANCED PUPILS.

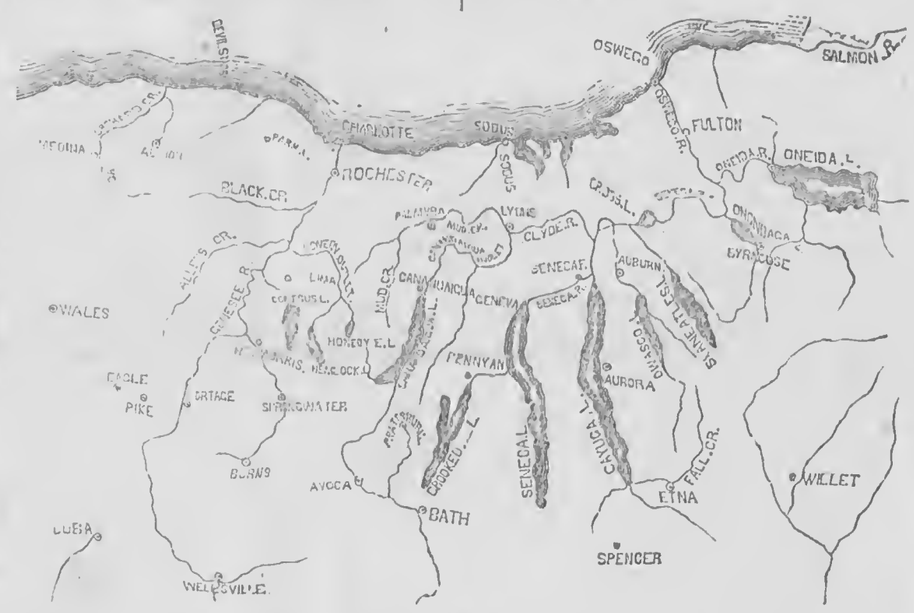
As the exercise of spelling for advanced pupils is now conducted in many of our schools, it is deficient in two very important particulars. It is not frequent enough, and pupils do not spell a sufficient number of words. Pupils of all ages ought to spell *every day*, even in High Schools, Academies, and first-class Grammar Schools, where in many cases it is much less frequent. A weekly, semi-weekly, or any other *occasional* spelling exercise, is not often enough. Such is the peculiarity of our language, that but few general rules for spelling can be given. A good speller must become so mainly by dint of memory and continual drill.

For want of time, the exercise, if an oral one, is generally too short. But few words can be actually spelled by each pupil. Listening to the spelling of others may be, and is, beneficial; but to a far less extent than spelling for ourselves. This want of time can be in a great measure avoided, by having the words written instead of being spelled orally. But little ingenuity is necessary on the part of the teacher, to conduct the exercise so as to make it a time-saving one. Let the words be written on slates, or slips of paper, and after the pupils have exchanged their slates or papers, let the words be read aloud and corrected; or, which seems preferable to us, let them be written on paper, with the pupil's name at the head of the slip; and then let a pupil, called up at random, read the words, while others check on their respective lists those words they have missed, and write them out *correctly* on the back of the paper. The slips should then be collected and passed to the teacher, that it may be known if the work is done neatly, honestly, etc. In this way fifty, or even seventy-five, pupils in a Grammar or High School, may spell from fifteen to forty words each, *daily*, and never occupy more than *ten minutes* at a time. This accustoms one to the kind of spelling that must be practiced in after life. Many children will spell well orally, from a habit of associating the orthography of a word with the sound of it in spelling aloud. Such, however, are not always correct or ready spellers when called upon to write. It is only in writing, of course, that proficiency in spelling can be considered of any real or practical benefit. *Massachusetts Teacher.*

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—No. VIII.

VIEW ON SENECA RIVER.

During the present season we have given our readers some fine views in Central New York, and more particularly of those beautiful small lakes beginning with the Canandaigua at the West, and embracing the Oneida on the East. These fine lakes, situate as they are in the most fertile and beautiful portion of our State, are the admiration of all tourists, and the pride of its inhabitants. Yet, few who write of the beauties of foreign lands, and speak in glowing terms of Italian skies and scenery, know that in the central portion of our State we have a cluster of lakes at least as charming as anything that can be seen or enjoyed in a tour of Europe. Many pleasant hours have we spent on their green banks and pebbly shores, while we have looked down, down through the crystal element, to watch the shining perch or bass, nibbling at the deceptive bait. The memory of past hours spent on these silvery waters, is exceedingly pleasant. The trees will soon put on their gay autumn dress, and the banks of these lakes will soon be in one blaze of gorgeous beauty. No better time could be selected for a pleasant tour, where pleasure can be surely and cheaply obtained. Some of our correspondents have made inquiries in regar to the outlets of these lakes, and as we wish to make the matter well understood, we have had engraved a small map of the lake region of New York. From this it will be seen that Canandaigua Lake has for its outlet Canandaigua River, which runs into the Clyde River, and the Clyde into the Seneca River. Crooked Lake empties into Seneca Lake, and the outlet of Seneca Lake is Seneca River, which connects with the Oswego River. Cayuga Lake empties into Seneca River, near Senoca Falls. Owasco Lake empties into Seneca River, thro' a small stream called Owasco outlet, a few miles from Auburn. Skaneateles Lake is connected with the Seneca River by an outlet, near the same place. Onondaga Lake empties into the Seneca River near Syracuse. The Oneida Lake empties into the Oneida River, which unites with the Seneca, forming the Oswego River, which is the common outlet of the whole range of Lakes. The Oswego enters Lake Ontario at the city of Oswego.



MAP OF THE LAKE COUNTRY OF WESTERN AND CENTRAL NEW YORK.

ORIGIN OF THE JAPANESE.

Everything relating to the Japanese, is peculiarly interesting. The following sketch, from the pen of Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, is valuable, inasmuch as it contains some facts regarding the origin of this nation, which very few of our readers, doubtless, have ever seen before:

"Many have supposed that the Japanese are descended from the Chinese; but it is not so. The evidences are that they are an original nation. The language of the two people is entirely different, both in construction and pronunciation. So the religion of the two nations differed. The original religion of Japan was the Sintoo, the gods and idols of which were *Sin* and *Kame*. Buddhism, which now prevails, was not introduced into the empire until fifty-six years after the birth of Christ. Chinese settled in Japan in the seventh year of the eighth monarch of the empire, Kokem, and there was considerable trade between the two empires prior to 1637, after which it was restricted. They introduced and communicated by these sparse settlements, from time to time, the arts and sciences to Japan, which had long before flourished in China. Kœmfer, besides these reasons for denying that the Chinese and Japanese are the same people, inhabiting different countries, inclines to the opinion that the Japanese are descendents of the first inhabitants of Babylon, and their language one of those which God, as a punishment, and for the confusion of its vain and conceited builders, infused into the minds of those who commenced the tower of Babel. He thinks that the confusion of tongues brought the people, who then dwelt in the plains of Shinar, to separate and be dispersed over the world. This is an ingenious theory; but the general opinion is that the Japanese belonged originally to the great Tartar race. Information is too limited, however, to solve the question satisfactorily. The empire of Japan has two emperors—one ecclesiastical, and the other secular. The first is called the *Mikado*, and resides in Mikao. He is the first in rank, and is regarded with excessive veneration, but has no political power whatever. The second is called the *Ziogoon*, who resides at Yeddo. He commands the army, has the revenues at his disposal, is emperor *de facto*, and visits the Mikado once in seven years, with great pomp and pageantry. A council of state consists of thirteen, of which five are taken from the hereditary vassal princes, and eight from the hereditary nobility below the rank of princes. The council of state governs in the name of the emperor—Ziogoon. Among these councillors there is one called the 'Governor of the Empire,' to whom the others are subordinate. There are numerous other inferior officials, but the empire is ruled by those already named; and while the laws are sanguinary—death being the penalty in most cases of offence—the whole system is a government of spies, and as absolute as any, if not the most absolute, in the world."

THE GREAT PLAINS OF AMERICA.

Mr. Wm. Gilpin, in a recent book on the Central Gold region, advances and maintains the idea that the great Western plains, where he has spent twenty years, instead of being *a desert*, as is the common impression, are the opposite, forming the pastoral garden of the world, and the basis of the future empire of commerce and industry of this Continent. They occupy a longitudinal parallelogram of less than 1,000 miles wide, extending from the Texan to the Arctic coast, and from the Rocky Mountains to the western border of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri and Iowa, an area equal to the surface of twenty-four States between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, without a single abrupt mountain, timbered space, desert, or lake. There is no timber on this area, and single trees are scarce.

The soil is not silicious or sandy, but a fine calcareous mold. The country is thickly clad with grasses, edible and nutritious, through the year, and swarms with animal life. The climate is comparatively rainless; the rivers, which abound, and which all run from west to east, serving, like the Nile, to irrigate rather than drain the neighboring surface. From their dimensions and position the author thinks they are to be the *pasture-fields of the world*, and that upon them pastoral agriculture will become a separate department of national industry. On this belt of perennial pasture are found the infinite herds of cattle peculiar to North America, whose aggregate number, it is estimated, exceeds one hundred million, the buffalo alone being as numerous as the American people. The plains embrace an ample proportion of arable land, which may be easily and cheaply watered by the various systems of irrigation, and the soil being alluvial and calcareous, returns a prodigious yield. They abound in fuel, and materials for dwellings. The climate is favorable to health, longevity, intellectual and physical development.

Swiftness of Birds.—A German ornithologist says the vulture can fly at the rate of 150 miles an hour. Observations made on the coast of Labrador convince Maj. Cartwright that the wild goose can travel at the rate of 90 miles an hour. The common crow can fly 25 miles; swallows, according to Spallagin, 92 miles an hour. It is said that a falcon was discovered at Malta 24 hours after the departure of Henry IV from Fontainbleau. If true, this bird must have flown 15 hours at the rate of 57 miles, not allowing him to rest a moment during the whole time.

READING FOR YOUTH.

A wise man once said, of the making of books there is no end. This is more literally true now than when spoken some three thousand years ago. Thousands of new books are every year published in this country, and many more in England, and France, and other parts of Europe. A life time devoted entirely to reading, would not afford time for the perusal of one-tenth of the books already published, to say nothing of the vast annual increase, and the great amount of periodical literature. As, therefore, with the time young men have for reading, only a very small portion—not one in a hundred—of the existing books and of the periodical matter can be read, it becomes necessary that the youth should be very select in choosing works to which they devote their time and attention. If this is not the case, valuable time is, at least, wasted.

In selecting books, act as in choosing friends. There are those with whom we cannot associate, and books we cannot read, without receiving positive injury. Then there are light, trifling and foolish people and books, whose company tends to dissipate the mind, and give it a distaste for everything manly and noble. Select only a few books for perusal, and those calculated to improve the mind and the heart. The manner of reading, too, is important. Books should be read not merely for amusement, but for a purpose. Coleridge divides readers into four classes. "The first," he says, "may be compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand; it runs in, and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class resembles a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class is like a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class may be compared to the slave in the diamond mines of Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserves only the pure gem."

Another author says it is necessary to have a fixed, noble purpose behind a disposition to read, as behind physical strength in secular pursuits, otherwise what is read will be of comparatively little service. These few hints on reading are designed as merely suggestive of thought, and perhaps discussion among our young readers.

GENEALOGY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

He is the oldest son of Victoria, who is the daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was the son of George the Third, who was the grandson of George the Second, who was the son of Princess Sophia, who was the sister of William and Mary. Mary was the daughter, and William the son-in-law of James the Second, who was the son of Charles the First, who was the son of James the First, who was the son of Mary, who was the granddaughter of Margaret, who was the sister of Henry the Eighth, who was the son of Henry the Seventh, who was the son of the Earl of Richmond, who was the son of Catherine, the widow of Henry the Fifth, who was the son of Henry the Fourth, who was the cousin of Richard the Second, who was the grandson of Edward the Third, who was the son of Edward the Second, who was the son of Henry the Third, who was the son of John, who was the son of Henry the Second, who was the son of Matilda, the daughter of Henry the First, who was the brother of William Rufus, who was the son of William the Conquerer, who was son of the Duke of Normandy, by a tanner's daughter of Falaise.

Fish and Plants for Aquariums.—I saw in some of the back numbers of the Rural, directions for making small aquariums, and as I am going to try the experiment, I should be much obliged by your answering a few questions. How many gold or silver fish would you put in an aquarium made of window glass 12 by 14? How many plants will be sufficient, and what kind? Is it necessary to wash the sand clear from earth before putting it in?—Young Ruralist, *Ledyard, N. Y.*

Three or four gold fish would be enough with a few minnows, or other small fish. The Calla, or African Lily, is a good plants for the center. Then try any small water plant which you may be able to obtain in the marshes, or any wet places. Wash the sand as clean as possible.

Paste for Scrap Books.—Will O. W., of Norwich, Conn., (see the Rural of Aug. 11th,) please inform me if his paste for scrap-books has any advantage over gum Arabic, except perhaps in cheapness?—W. W., *Monterey, N. Y.*, 1860.

Despise nothing because it seems weak. The flies and locusts have done more harm than ever the beats and lions did.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

The Season—Results and Labors,....317
Comparative Value of Guanos, &c,....317
An Ornamental Bee-House, [Illustrated,]....317
Saving Cornstalks for Fodder,....318
Keeping Potatoes,....318
A Voice from the Wilderness,....318
Fence-Making,....318
Weak-Eyed Horses,....318
Mole Catching,....318

Rural Spirit of the Press.—No Mange in Black Hogs; Heaves in Horses; Scours in Calves; Pea Vine Hay; Turning Under Stubble; "Giant Wheat;" Unloading Hay; Oil for Boots and Harness; Saving Seed Corn, ...318

Agricultural Miscellany—The Weather—State Fair; Read the Terms of Advertising; Illinois State Fair; The St. Louis Fair; County and Local Fairs; Auction Sales of Pure Bred Stock; A Call from John Johnston; Illinois Spring Wheat; Good Berkshire; Whence it emanates,..318

HORTICULTURAL.

American Pomological Society,....319
Discussions on Fruit,....319

Horticultural Notes.—Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York; Genesee Valley Horticultural Society; Fruits Received,....319

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Clothes Bars, again, [Illustrated;] Ripe Tomatoes; Remedy for Sores; Cleaning Window Curtains,....319

LADIES' OLIO.

My Brothers, [Poetical:] "Over to Grandpa's;" The Burial of the Poor; Solicitude for Children; The Bright Side,....320

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Dying Chieftain, [Poetical;] Niagara in the Summer; Twilight Musings; Where shall we Sleep? Home Life; Eloquence,....320

SABBATH MUSINGS.

The Way, the Life, [Poetical;] Trust in God for Future Blessing; The Empty Cup,....320

EDUCATIONAL.

Examination of Teachers; School Hours and Exercises; Spelling for Advanced Pupils,....321

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. VIII—[Illustrated;] Origin of the Japanese; The Great Plains of America; Swiftness of Birds,....321

YOUNG RURALIST.

Reading for Youth; Genealogy of the Prince of Wales; Fish and Plants for Aquariums; Paste for Scrap Books, 321

THE STORY TELLER.

A National Hymn, [Poetical:] "Some People's Professions"—A Story for your Neighbors and mine,....324

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Household Journal—A. Hartshill & Co.
Public Sale of Pure Bred Stock.
To Teachers—Ivison, Phinney & Co.
Assignees Sale of Blooded Stock—H. B. Thompson.
Canaseraga Nurseries—O. B. Maxwell & Co.
Andre Leroy's Nurseries—Brugniere & Thebaud.
A Farm for Sale—Samuel Hill.
Employment for Young Men—L. Hall & Bro.
Money can be made—Saxton & Barker.
Pear Stocks for Sale—I. Hudreth.
A Propagator Wanted.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 6, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

A DISPATCH from Washington on the 28th ult., says that the Post-Master General is meditating the re-arrangement of the California service via. Salt Lake, which it is understood will stop the Pony Express at an early day.

Official dispatches from Peru announce that the Peruvian Government had made a proposition to our Minister for a settlement of all the existing difficulties between the two Governments.

A dispatch to the World says the Government has ordered 17,000 stand of arms to Fort Moultrie, South Carolina.

The U. S. store ship Relief will leave Boston on the 15th inst. for the Mediterranean. The Secretary of the Navy cheerfully responded to a request that the vessel be directed to convey thither such articles of clothing and fabrics so convertible, for the relief of the sufferers in Syria, as the charitable of this country may contribute up to that period.

The Neapolitan Minister has taken leave of our Government, his diplomatic functions having been terminated by the recent revolutionary events in his own country.

Reliable information has been received, showing that no difficulty exists in the confirmation of the cession of the Bay Islands to the Republic of Honduras, but the transfer has been delayed by the fillibustering attempts of Gen. Walker. The stories as to the disaffection of the British residents were exaggerations. Nor is there any truth whatever in the report that Cabaras, of Salvador, was friendly to his movements. The Central American States were unitedly preparing to make common cause against the invasion of any of them. For the first time they all are now diplomatically represented here by Senor Moliva for Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, and by Senor Yrissasi, for Salvador and Guatemala.

The telegraph this (Monday) morning, says that the President is giving more than usual attention to our foreign affairs. A room for his especial use has been prepared at the State Department.

The Post-Office Department has determined to discontinue the present mail service from St. Joseph to Denver, and send the mails around by Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Political Intelligence.

THE Pennsylvania Constitutional Union Executive Committee met on the 27th ult., under the call of the Chairman, Henry M. Fuller, for the purpose of completing the electoral ticket and selecting a candidate for Governor. Most satisfactory accounts were received from all parts of the State. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That it is not expedient at this time for the Constitutional party to nominate a candidate for Governor.

Resolved, That Henry M. Fuller, William M. Wright, William Lyon, John Roberts, and William P. Seymour, are hereby appointed a committee on behalf of the friends of Bell and Everett in Pennsylvania, with authority to so modify and change the electoral ticket this day made, as shall best secure the harmonious action of all National men.

Resolved, That we recommend the holding of a Union State Mass Convention of all citizens of Pennsylvania opposed to the Republican organization, at as early a day after the October election as practicable.

THE California Breckenridge and Lane Democratic State Convention which recently assembled at Sacramento, after nominating an electoral ticket, adopted a series of resolutions endorsing Mr. Buchanan's administration, favoring the Overland Mail, and also the Pacific Railroad, and recommending the people to vote in favor of calling a convention to revise the State Constitution.

IT is understood that the New York Douglas State Committee notified Mr. Henry, Chairman of the Committee of Fifteen, that they will substitute six of the seven names proposed by the latter for an equal number of Douglas electors, who have declined; and as to Mr. Randall, the sixth name proposed, they will answer as soon as they can learn whether any vacancy can be made. Mr. Walworth, in whose place it was proposed to substitute Mr. Randall, had not been heard from.

THE Executive Committee of both wings of the Democracy of Virginia are to meet at Richmond on the 5th inst., and will endeavor to effect a fusion. The Enquirer hopes that the union of the two wings will be effected by the withdrawal of Mr. Douglas, but fears this proposition comes too late.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Pony Express, with California advices to the 15th, arrived at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 27th ult. The news is meagre.

The shipments of grain from California promises to be large. The ship Comet sailed for Hong Kong on the 13th, carrying 2,000 feet of lumber, 8,000 quarter sacks of flour, 200 sacks potatoes, and other California products, besides 6,000 in gold. The ship Bisurgis has cleared for Liverpool with 30,000 sacks wheat, 640 sacks flour, &c. The receipts of wheat are scarcely so free as noted. Prices steady at $1,45a1,50, for shipping qualities. Tonnage is getting very scarce, with no prospect of an increased supply at present.

A new woolen factory is nearly completed in San Francisco, being the second establishment of the kind in the country. The manufacture of blankets and other coarse woolen fabrics, is proving highly lucrative.

Several apparently well authenticated statements have recently been published in the San Francisco papers, concerning the discovery of a new forest of mammoth trees on the eastern borders of Tullareco. The group is represented to extend a distance of eight miles, and embracing a vast number of trees exceeding 30 feet in diameter, and estimated at 300 feet high. One tree, supposed to be the largest, it is thought will measure 123 feet in circumference.

Recent accounts from the New Coro silver mining district are encouraging. Two tons of ore are on the way to San Francisco for testing, and high expectations are indulged for the richness of the advanced specimens. The Washoe mining accounts continue favorable, but are a mere repetition of former accounts. The receipts of the ore at San Francisco continued large, and there seems no doubt that when the necessary works are erected for extracting silver at the mines, the yield will be sufficient to form an important item in the treasure products of the world.

The Atlantic and Pacific telegraph line was to be opened to Los Angelos by the 20th inst.

A train in charge of a man named Smith, from Decatur, Ill., was attacked by a party of Apaches and Camanche Indians, at Doubtful Pass. Seven horses belonging to the train were killed, and others stolen. The day following, the same party of Indians attacked another train, and drove off 100 horses. Eight mules belonging to the Overland Mail Company, were stolen by the Indians at Horsehead Crossing, Pecos river. They were subsequently recaptured by the station men, who took them from the camp of the Indians by stratagem. Two companies of mounted troops are reported en route from Salt Lake to Fort Brewster, on Membros river.

Nothing new had transpired in relation to the Arizona mines.

News Paragraphs.

A CORRESPONDENT of the London Times calculates the age of the great California Tree (a part of which was in the Crystal Palace,) at six thousand four hundred and eight years.

AN acre of orchard near San Jose, California, is estimated to be worth $800 to $1,200. One garden of eleven acres is offered for sale at $12,000. Two pear trees in it will produce each, this year, about 2,500 pounds of fruit.

A COPY of the Bay Psalm Book, the first book printed in British America, at Cambridge, Mass., has been sold in England, to a private individual, for one hundred and fifty guineas, a sum exceeding $750.

SILK culture is to be added to the industrial pursuits in California. It is ascertained that the climate is warmer and more applicable to the culture of the silkworm than that of France, where they succeed admirably, and that the silkworm of Japan will stand the best chance in that climate. It is not susceptible to the cold, is hardier, more healthy, is easier fed, and yields a better species of cocoon.

A PETRIFED fish, over sixteen feet in length, and very perfectly preserved, its scales and fins being distinctly marked, has been taken from the coal mine at Blue Mound, Kansas. Its species has not been determined, but it is much larger than any fish now found in the Kansas rivers.

BY a decree of the President of Veneznela, rice, corn, potatoes, salt beef, lard, and other necessaries, may be introduced free of duty "and all importation charges, ordinary and extraordinary," through any of the ports of that Republic. The decree will remain in force until repealed by the same authority.

THE squirrels are so numerous and destructive in Santa Cruz county, California, that the farmers are compelled to construct board fences sufficiently tight to keep them out of their gardens.

THE latest project of the people of Chicago is one to connect the waters of Lake Michigan with those of the Gulf of Mexico, by an uninterrupted channel for steamboat navigation.

THE geological examination of Texas, which is now going on, has revealed the existence, in great abundance, in that State, of the finest clay, suitable for the manufacture of Queensware.

THERE are about 4,000 acres laid out in vineyards in the State of Ohio, of which nearly one-half are in the immediate vicinity of Cincinnati. It is anticipated that with good weather the Ohio vineyards will yield 1,600,000 gallons this year.

ON the 29th of July the Princess Isabel, of Brazil, attained her majority, and, amidst great rejoicing, took the oath of office, which constitutes her the Empress of Brazil in the case of the death of the present Emperor, Don Pedro II., her father.

A FIRM of Cambridge, Mass., have contracted to build eleven dwelling houses for the Egyptian government. All the wood work of the houses is to be completed in this country, even to fitting the locks and hinges on the doors. They are to cost about $3,000 each.

THE Milwaukee People's Press thinks that the number of passengers on board the Lady Elgin at the time of her loss, has been underrated. In consequence of conversations had with several of the survivers, the Press is confirmed in the belief that there were fully 500 souls on board the ill-fated vessel, and that consequently 400 souls were lost.

THE largest sugar estate in Cuba contains 11,300 acres, employs 866 slaves, and turns out 16,000 boxes of sugar. The smallest number of slaves employed on any estate is 300, and no estate has less than 6,000 acres. The yield to each slave is 10,000 pounds of sugar. There are 2,000 sugar estates on the Island.

THE Pittsburg Chronicle says late intelligence from the oil districts, reveals the fact that the celebrated Tiedout well stopped flowing over the top after throwing some two hundred barrels. Out of the two hundred and sixty seven wells on the creek above Titusville, only thirty-four are yet pumping oil.

ACCORDING to late Russian criminal returns, it seems that no less than twenty-three hereditary nobles, thirty-nine persons of rank, enjoying what is called "personal nobility," and twenty-two ecclesiastics, were among the convicts of last year; and they were punished as though they had been the meanest villains in the land, so impartially are the scales of justice held in that despotic realm.

ESTIMATES based upon the returns so far made of the present census in Minnesota, place the population of the State at 176,700. In fifty counties the number of inhabitants is 114,213; the number of farms, 10,625; the number of manufactories, 374. In 1857 the population of the State was 153,312; at the last census the Territory contained 6,087.

IN the year 1815, the late Elkanah Watson made and published an estimate of the probable population of the United States, for a long series of years. The actual result thus far shows a singular approximation to the calculation. The estimate for 1850 was 22,185,368; the actual result, 23,191,876. For 1860, 31,753,854. We shall ascertain from the present census how nearly his calculation is verified by the sum total of the returns.

THE Prince of Wales is to visit New York city, and the following is a statement of the work cut out for him when he arrives:—Thursday, Oct. 11, arrival in New York. Friday, 12th, morning, parade of the First Division New York State Militia. Friday, 12th, evening, grand ball. Saturday, 13th, evening, Firemen's torch light procession. Sunday, 14th, attends divine service at Trinity. Monday, 15th, visits West Point.

THE LAST OF WALKER.—The British war steamer Gladiator arrived at New Orleans on the 28th ult., and has been quarantined. She has on board the remains of Gen. Walker's army. Walker was shot on the 12th. Ten shots were fired at him amid the cheers of the natives. He was afterward buried by foreigners, the natives refusing to take any part in the ceremony. Col. Rudler has been sentenced to four years imprisonment.

FROM PIKE'S PEAK.—The Pike's Peak Express arrived at St. Joseph on the 28th ult., with a small treasure shipment of $1,570. The company hereafter will have a messenger in the coaches triweekly. Many owners of quartz mines who two months ago became wholly discouraged and considered they had lost all they bought, are now sanguine of success, and are making $200 or more per week. At last accounts, about twenty teams had left for the States, many of which were intending to return in the spring to locate farms or develop their gold and silver leads with proper equipments. The weather at Denver is very cold, with an occasional fall of snow; the miners not being able to commence operations before nine o'clock, A. M., on account of ice. Winter is rapidly approaching. Trains consisting of merchandize have left here this week to the number of fifty wagons; more are preparing to leave.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The English funds are heavy, and the Paris Bourse shows a great dullness. The belief prevailed that there will be no general war in Europe, but that some new transactions, like the Villa Franca treaty, will take place during the autumn.

The English attacking party at Nartard, New Zealand, consisted of 347 men. The natives lay on the ground and killed men who were close upon them, when they sprang up, fired their double-barreled guns and met the bayonet charge of their adversaries with the tomahawk, keeping a hand to hand fight. The retreat of the English was so urgent, that their dead and a few of their wounded were left on the battle field. It is also reported that the natives took one gun. Great complaints are made against Col. Gould, the commander of the attacking party, in not calling to his aid the additional force who were said to be within his reach.

The London Times says that Victor Emanuel finds a formidable competitor in Garibaldi, whose success appears sufficient to overcome any resistance that can be made by the state or the church, and which brings him into collision with the Austrian powers in Venice. Piedmont must make herself mistress of the revolution, or be content to give up the lead and follow. There is reason to believe that the Emperor Napoleon sees things from this point of view, and that no danger need be apprehended from France.

The harvest was making rapid progress, and the weather rather more favorable.

FRANCE.—Gen. Goyon left Paris for Rome on the 13th, to take command of the French troops. It was asserted that the French army at Rome would be increased to 10,000 men.

The Paris telegram to the London Post, dated Wednesday night, says the Piedmontese forces were marching rapidly on Lamoriciere's army, and an engagement is expected to take place tomorrow. The Emperor and the French Government had used every exertion to prevent an invasion of the Roman States.

The relations of France and Piedmont are critical.

It is reported that France refused to make the slightest concession to Switzerland in the Savoy affair. Switzerland, therefore, insists more than ever in considering the question one for the decision of Europe.

The *Constitutionnel* says that the recall of the Embassador is to express disapproval at the course of Sardinia, but is far from a rupture.

The French Minister had withdrawn from Turin. The business of the Legation will be conducted by his Secretary.

SICILY AND NAPLES.—Naples was tranquil. The forts had all surrendered.

Garibaldi exchanged interviews with the English Admiral and Embassador.

The Sardinian troops had disembarked at Naples, by request of Garibaldi, who transferred the Neapolitan fleet to Sardinia.

General Fanti had been appointed Commander-in-Chief.

Naples letters state that very ardent popular demonstrations were taking place. Many priests had fraternized with the people.

Numerous desertions had taken place from Gaeta.

The enlistment of volunteers had been ordered.

Liberio will be Dictator while Garibaldi is attacking Lamoriciere.

Garibaldi declared that he should proclaim the annexation of Naples to Piedmont from the summit of Quirinal, where all the Italians would be united at one national banquet.

A revolutionary movement with fatal conflicts had taken place at Ariano. Garibaldi was marching there.

SARDINIA.—It is asserted that without waiting a reply from Rome, 25,000 Sardinian troops entered Umbria, on the 11th, and on the 12th, 25,000 more Sardinian troops attacked and took Pesaro, taking prisoners 1,200 Germans, who were in the fortress. Gen. Bella, who commanded the Pope's troops, and had ordered the sack of the town, was taken prisoner to Turin. The German garrison of Oribeto had capitulated to the insurgents.

The Sardinian General, Fauti, entered the Rugia on the 14th, after a hot fight, which was continued through all the streets. The enemy withdrew into the fortress, which subsequently surrendered 1,000 prisoners, including General Schmidt. The Sardinian loss was insignificant.

Perugia was declared in a state of siege. The inhabitants were threatened with the direst penalties for the mere fracture of telegraph wires.

A Sardinian Memorandum in defence of the course adopted, is published.

ROME.—The French forces at Rome had been increased by two regiments.

Lamoriciere had concentrated his troops at Ancona.

The tri-color was hoisted at Tivoli, Genervano, and Subraceo, but it is said that the people did not support the intended demonstrations.

An alleged order of Lamoriciere for pillage in case of insurrection, is denied.

Gen. Lamoriciere had concentrated his army at Ancona.

Several powers had protested against the entrance of the Sardinians into the States of the Church, as an attack upon their international rights. Russia and Prussia protested in the strongest terms, but would take no other step. Cavour had issued a note explaining the new attitude of Sardinia.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.—An interview between the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Prince Regent of Prussia, takes place at Warsaw on the first of October.

Le Norde says that the statement of an alliance between England, Austria, and Prussia, is false, so far as Austria is concerned.

SYRIA.—The French army is still encamped at Beirout. No open disturbances had taken place. The arrival of the prisoners at Constantinople had excited the populace.

CHINA.—The delays caused by the French is still a matter of complaint. Troubles were expected at Canton, should the allies receive a check in the north. The rebels had taken possession of Lowkiang, only 25 miles distant from Shanghai.

INDIA.—All fears of famine in the northwest district of India have passed away. Abundant rains have fallen. There was every prospect of an average crop.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs*—The weather had been favorable for the crops, but had again become boisterous on Friday. Flour was quiet, but steady. Wheat firm. Corn quiet and rather firm. Sales of mixed at 33s6d—holders demanding 34s. *Provisions*—Pork quiet and firm.

The News Condenser.

— The Syrian Fund in New York has reached $14,465.

— The new Freshman class of Yale College numbers 150.

— It is said 600,000 chickens are annually consumed at the Saratoga hotels.

— The Philadelphia Press calls the disturbances in Canada "the King's evil."

— There are 331 gas companies in the Union, with a capital of nearly $50,000,000.

— The amount of "Peter's pence," annually collected in France, exceeds $1,000,000.

— The reconciliation of Austria and Prussia is said to have been fully accomplished.

— Upwards of 5,000 bales of cotton were received at New Orleans, on Thursday week.

— There is now a continuous line of telegraph from N. York city to Brownsville, Nebraska.

— The best fencer in Paris is a beautiful young lady of Polish origin, Madamolselle Linowska.

— The capital invested in the coal lands of Pennsylvania, is said to be nearly $324,000,000.

— A rich man of Boston has offered to found 16 scholarships of $250 a year each, for poor boys.

— A marriage was solemnized in Lynn, Mass., recently, between a man of 50 and a girl of 16 years!

— The Pennsylvania Training School for feeble-minded children, had 56 admissions in the last year.

— It is stated that large contracts have been made in Missouri for corn at twenty cents per bushel.

— A mammoth tusk, ten feet in length, has recently been taken from a swamp in Ulster Co., N. Y.

— Gen. Cass recently presented to a Methodist Society of Detroit three lots of land, valued at $3,000.

— The city of Peoria, with 14,360 inhabitants, has 24 churches, being one church to 598 inhabitants.

— It is estimated that, owing to the dronth, not more than half a sugar crop may be expected in Louisiana.

— The Vintners' Company of London have presented to the city of N. Y. 45 swans, to be placed in the Central Park.

— The imports of foreign merchandise at New York, for August, were $25,800,000, against $24,300,000 last year.

— A monument has been erected at Greenwood Cemetery, New York, to the memory of the sister of Kossuth.

— Dr. U. Martin recently rowed a boat alone from Boston to New York, in eighty hours, including resting hours.

— Massachusetts has had twenty Governors since the adoption of a State Constitution, eight of whom are now living.

— At the Philadelphia U. S. Mint, three million gold dollars are now being melted and re-coined into double eagles.

— The bureau of Napoleon I, recently advertised for sale, was sold in Paris for 5,000f., to M. Bineau, a furniture dealer.

— The Pennsylvania Railroad Company have sent a splendid car to Cincinnati, for the use of the Prince of Wales.

— The receipts for pew rent in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, in Brooklyn, this year, will amount to $30,000.

— The Grand Trunk Railroad brought to Portland, Me., the past week, fourteen thousand five hundred barrels of flour.

— Two blacksmiths in Brooklyn, N. Y., had a duel with sledge hammers the other day, and both were fatally injured.

— Hon. John C. Richardson, an ex-member of the Supreme Bench of Missouri, died at St. Louis, on the 21st ult.

— A proclamation has been issued by the President for the sale of 231,000 acres of land in the State of Arkansas.

— The receipts of grain at Toronto, on the 25th ult., amounted to 32,000 bushels, the largest day's receipts of the season.

— The census returns give Philadelphia a population of 640,000. The capital, in industrial pursuits, is about $150,000,000.

— The total cotton crop for the year ending the 1st ult., is 4,675,790 bales; increase over last year's product, 824,829 bales.

— Think of a city containing 7,000 widows and 14,000 orphans, and you have an idea of Beyrout as it was at last accounts.

— The first State Muster of the Volunteer Uniformed Militia of New Hampshire, will be held in Nashua, Oct. 12th and 13th.

— Six pocket books, rifled of their contents, were found in the cemetery, west of the Albany Fair Grounds, on Saturday week.

— Three Cuban families are said to own one-sixteenth of the entire real and personal property of the island, and 25,000 slaves.

— The Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel says there are now about 1,000 orphans in that city, rendered so by the Lady Elgin calamity.

— Jacob Greenwood, of Starkville, Ga., who claims to be a prophet, predicts that Garibaldi will not survive the first of next January.

— One hundred and forty tuns of cheese were sent from Richmond, Vermont, one day last week, all to two New York city dealers.

— There are men in Chicago who have made the catching and marketing of frogs a business—some of them earning $3 and $4 a day.

— Baltimore will not reach 230,000 people. There are 20,000 vacant houses! There is also a great falling off in manufacturing industry.

— The treasure said to have been found by Garibaldi, in the royal bank at Naples, (89,000,000 livers,) amounts to $16,400,000 of our money.

— Two sons of Kossuth have joined Garibaldi's army, as well as one of his nephews, son of the lately deceased Madam Kossuth Zulavsky.

— The Adriatic, on her last outward trip, ran to the Needles in 9 days and 7 hours from her wharf—the quickest time made this season.

— The small pox is prevailing considerably in the towns of Effingham, Freedom, and Porter, on the borders of New Hampshire and Maine.

— Some of the most popular conductors on the Pennsylvania railroads have been found guilty of peculation to an amount as high as $15,000.

— Since the opening of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, on the 10th of June, 1854, upwards of nine million people have visited the building.

— In spite of all the "troubles" in our country, American stocks are advancing in the English markets, while European stocks are going down.

— It is proposed to give the unrecognized dead of the steamer Lady Elgin common burial at Chicago, with a monument commemorative of the event.

Publisher's Department.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN!

THE RURAL, ON TRIAL, AT HALF PRICE, And Premiums for Club Agents!

IN order to introduce it more readily to the notice and support of comparative strangers, (preparatory to the commencement of Vol. XII, in Jan. next,) we have concluded to offer the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the present Quarter — Oct. 1st to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, thus placing it within the reach and means of all non-subscribers who wish to give it a *fair trial.* We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many persons and post-offices as desired. We shall not make a farthing's direct profit, yet shall be glad to thus circulate 5,000 to 20,000 trial copies—for, though we may lose temporarily, it is believed the bread thus cast abroad will return ere long, while thousands of families will be benefited by making the acquaintance of the RURAL and becoming permanent subscribers.

A REQUEST, AND WHEREFORE.

— We ask its friends all over the land to aid in circulating the RURAL'S Campaign Quarter. Almost any one can readily obtain from 4 to 20 subscribers. "Where there's a *will* there's a way," and have not its friends in the East and West, North and South, the will to extend the circulation and usefulness of the favorite RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY of America?

PREMIUMS FOR TRIAL CLUBS!

THOUGH we cannot *afford* to give premiums for lists of Trial Subscribers, we are willing to reward those disposed to make an effort, and therefore offer the following liberal inducements for Quarter Clubs:

To the person sending the Largest List of Trial Subscribers for this Quarter, previous to the 1st of December, 1860, remitting pay at 25 cents per copy, we will give a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, (price $6 50.)

To the person sending the second largest list, as above, we will send, post-paid, Agricultural Books to the amount of $4—the books to be selected from list given in a late number of the RURAL.

To the person sending the third largest list, as above, $3 in Ag'l Books, post-paid.

TO EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pen, (price $1 50,) post-paid, or, if preferred, the RURAL NEW-YORKER from Oct. 1st, 1860, to Jan., 1862, (15 months.)

TO EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, the RURAL NEW-YORKER for six months, or any 50 cent book in our list, post-paid.

☞ To any person who sends a club of 12 to 20, and does not become entitled to one of above premiums, we will send the RURAL for the Trial Quarter, *free.*

— NOW IS THE TIME to open and prosecute the Fall Canvass,—after which we shall offer Agent-Friends our programme for the Winter Campaign.

Publisher's Special Notices.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Oct. 2, 1860.

FLOUR is without change in rates, and the demand is light.

GRAIN.—Wheat remains at last quotations. Corn has advanced 3 cents per bushel. Rye has lost the firmness which characterized it one week ago, and is tending downward. Barley has lost 5 cents in price during the week.

PROVISIONS.—No change in prices, and a sort of stagnation seems to prevail in this branch of business.

DAIRY, &C.—Butter has advanced fully 1 cent per pound and grocers seem to experience considerable difficulty in procuring supplies. Cheese has gone up $1,00 per 100 lbs. Eggs are advancing. Honey is being brought into market and sells at 12@14 cents per pound, as to quality.

SHEEP AND LAMB PELTS.—An advance of 12½ cents in best samples in noted.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50
Flour, spring do.	5,25@5,50
Flour, buckwheat	1,50@1,75
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,31
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35
Best white Canada	0,00@0,00
Corn, old	55@60c
Corn, new	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush.	50@52c
Oats, by weight	25@28c
Barley	65@65c
Buckwheat	35@40c
Beans	62½@00c
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$19,00@20,00
Pork, clear	21,00@21,50
Pork, cwt.	6,50@7,00
Beef, ℔ cwt.	4,00@6,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00
Mutton, carcass	4@6c
Hams, smoked	11@12c
Shoulders	8@9c
Chickens	9@10c
Turkeys	10@12c
Geese	31@44c
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c
DAIRY, &C.	
Butter, roll	15@16c
Butter, firkin	13@14c
Cheese	10@11c
Lard, tried	12@12½c
Tallow, rough	6½c
Tallow, tried	9½@10c

Eggs, dozen	12½@13c
Honey, box	12@14c
Candles, box	12@13c
Candles, extra	14c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	25@00c
Apples, dried	$3@$1,00
Peaches, dried, ℔ lb.	00c
Cherries, dried, ℔ lb.	00@00c
Plums, dried	00@00
Potatoes	25@35c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	5@5½c
Calf	9@10c
Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Lamb pelts	50@87c
SEEDS.	
Clover, bushel	$5,25@5,75
Timothy	2,75@3,25
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Coal, Lehigh	5,75@6,00
Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Coal, Char.	10@12½c
Salt, bbl.	$1,35
Hay, ton	8,00@11,00
Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Wool, ℔ lb.	30@40c
Whitefish, bbl.	9,00@9,50
Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,00@5,25
Trout, bbl.	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1.—FLOUR—Market opened heavy and a shade easier, with only a limited demand for export and home consumption; after the news by the Glasgow a little more activity was observable, and market closed firm, with an upward tendency in prices. Sales at $5,15@5,25 for super State; $5,40@5,54 for extra do; $5,15@5,30 for super Western; $5,40@5,70 for common to medium extra do; $5,70@5,75 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian in moderate supply and market steady; sales at $5,50@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat opened heavy with a decline of 1 cent, and holders of spring being disposed to realize, but after the Glasgow's news a firmer feeling was noticeable, and the market recovered from the decline and closed firm, with an upward tendency; sales winter red Western at $1,27@1,28—nearly all at the inside price, but closing with sellers refusing the latter price; white Indiana at $1,33@1,35; white Ky at $1,45; Chicago spring at $1,11@1,18; Milwaukee club at $1,20@1,21; amber Milwaukee at $1,21c; handsome white Canadian at $1,45; red State at $1,26½. Rye scarce and firm; sales at 79c. Barley active and firmer; sales at 83½@86½c for Canada East and West; 87c for State. Corn firmer with a fair demand; sales mixed Western at 63@68½c—67c for white. Oats steady 37@39½c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy for mess, but prime in active demand and 50@75c ℔ bbl higher; sales at $19,20@19,25 for new mess; $19,00 for old do; $14,50@14,75 for new prime; $13,25 for old do. Lard quiet; sales at 12½@13½c. Butter steady at 11@15½c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11½c.

ASHES. The market is steady and unchanged. Sales 50 bbls. at $5,25 for Pots; $5,50 for Pearls.

ALBANY, Oct. 1. — FLOUR AND MEAL. —Our market for Flour is rather quiet, the inclemency of the weather has tended to check out-door operations. Corn Meal steady.

GRAIN—In Wheat there is rather more doing for middling at previous prices. A small parcel of Mediterranean was sold at $1,25; Canadian on p. t.; Michigan at $1,45. Corn without material change in value, with a better demand; sales Western mixed, in store, at 67c; do. in car lots, at 67¾, and round yellow at 69c. Rye rather easier, with sales in lots, at 74c. Barley in fair request for prime; inferior lots are slow of sale. The sales of the morning, Canada East at 80c. for inferior and 83c for choice; Canada west at 80c. for stained and 84c for choice samples. No State barley was reported. Oats steady and in fair request for shipment; sales at 36c for State, at the depot, and 36½c afloat.

FEED—A limited business doing; sales 30 tons at 70c for 18 lbs., and 84c for 26 lbs. feed.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Oct. 1.—FLOUR—Market quiet and steady; sales at $4,87½@5,25 for ordinary to fair extra Illinois and Wisconsin. $5,25@5,50 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat, a rain storm has prevailed all the morning, and the market in consequence has ruled quiet. At the close and after the New York report a better inquiry prevailed and No. 2 Chicago spring advanced 2c. Sales No. 2 Chicago spring, Saturday afternoon, at $1. This morning No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,02; red winter at $1,12½, and white do. Michigan in bags, at $1,26@1,34. Corn, in fair demand and market firmer, sales this morning at 51c. Oats steady and in fair demand; sales at 27c—part afloat. Barley lower; sales Saturday afternoon at 62½@65c. Rye market steady at 68c. Peas, market quiet at 55c.

SEEDS.—No clover offering. Timothy quiet at $2,50.

PROVISIONS—Market steady. Heavy mess pork being held at $19,50; $18,00 for light do., and $15,00 for prime. Beef dull at $7,00 for mess, and $8,00 for prime. Shoulders quiet at 8c; plain hams at 10½c, and sugar cured at 11½c. Lard is going at 12c. New cheese is selling from first hands at 8½@9c; as to quality, with moderate receipts.—*Com. Adv.*

OSWEGO, Oct. 1.—FLOUR — Market steady at $5,50 for extra State.

GRAIN—Wheat dull; sales choice No. 1 Milwaukee club at $1,13½c. Corn firm; sales Illinois at 60c. Other grains quiet.

CHICAGO, Oct. 1.—Flour quiet but firm.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and ½@2c higher; sales at 88@89c for No. 1 spring; 85@86c for No. 2 do. in store. Corn steady, small sales at 40c in store. Oats dull.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 1.—Flour dull and prices weak; superfine $5,50@5,62½.

GRAIN—Wheat, sales 6,000 bushels at $1,40.

TORONTO, Sept. 29.— FLOUR—There is an increased amount offering, although the quantity is still small. The demand for shipment shows signs of improvement, and an inquiry is now and again made for shipping lots. Prices, however, are in a degree unsettled, and quotations must be nominal. Superfine can be had for $5,25, but it is doubtful whether it could be placed at above $5,15. A few small lots of Fancy have been sold at $5,30@5,40. Extra is not inquired for, but is firmly held at $6. Double Extra is nominal at $6,25. Oatmeal is in fair request at $4,05@4,20 per barrel.

GRAIN.—The deliveries of wheat have not been nearly as large as might be desired—owing to the decline in price. We are sorry that the receipts should be lessened by a decline of so slight a character, as the prices stated paid are as satisfactory as we have any reason to expect. The news of the fine weather in England opened the eyes of speculators to the risk they were running in putting up prices to such a level, and there is no doubt that the present rates are much more in proportion to the foreign value of grain than they were a week or ten days ago. The prospect for a good paying price is now pretty well confirmed, but that exhorbitant rates will prevail, few interested in the trade will expect. The prices paid since Monday have been fully 10 cts. below those current in the early part of the previous week. On Tuesday the range for white winter wheat extended from $1,10@1,17 for common to medium, and from $1,19@1,23 for good to prime. Spring wheat is offering more freely, and on Tuesday upwards of 1,000 bushel were placed at 97c to $1,01 ℔ bushel. Barley has continued to pour in at the rate of 5,000 bushels a day, and has found ready sale. There are a good many buyers for the article, and prices are kept up to the extreme limit without difficulty. We quote fair to good samples at 60@65c, and prime 67c. The prevalent rate is 65c. per bushel. Rye, a few loads of rye were sold during the week at 60c per bushel. Peas are in good request, and all offering — say 750 bushels per day — meet with ready sale. The market is pretty firm at 55@60c per bushel. Oats are in moderate supply, with a slight decline in prices since our last. The inquiry is active at 28@30c. per bushel.—*Globe.*

CHICAGO PORK TRADE.—The Hog market during the past week has been less active, owing to the withdrawal of some shippers, and the market is scarcely as strong as at the date of our last Weekly Review. The principal buyers are city packers, who are buying freely at $5,20@5,65, according to quality.

58	Hogs averaging	260	lbs at	$5,60
37	" "	265	lbs at	5,60
50	" "	260	lbs at	5,65
100	" "	245	lbs at	5,60
50	" "	235	lbs at	5,55
23	" "	220	lbs at	5,45
104	" "	225	lbs at	5,50
200	Still Hogs	210	lbs at	5,25

—[*Democrat.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$9,00@9,50
Ordinary quality	8,00@8,50
Common quality	7,00@7,50
Inferior quality	5,50@6,50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@60,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	6 @7c
Ordinary quality	5 @5½
Common quality	4 @4½
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@6,00
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,00@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	6½@6¾c
Other qualities	6 @6¼

ALBANY, Oct. 1.—The receipts are again heavy, and somewhat in excess of the demand. The number brought down by the Central Railroad during the week reaches nearly 4,000, or about 400 less than last week, but there is full as much beef here now as then. The average quality is much better than last week, there being many droves in the yards of unusually heavy steers and oxen.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,951	4,267	2,924
Sheep	2,454	3,632	5,146
Hogs	120	286	1,724

PRICES—There is a fair business doing, but the market is not so active as last week. The following are the ruling prices:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5¼@5¼	5¼@5¼
Extra	4½@5	4½@5
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3 @3¼	3 @3¼
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@2¾

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Doing better. Supply comparatively light and fair demand. We report an advance of 25c ℔ head. Most of the sales were made at $3,25@4,25.—*Argus and Atlas.*

BRIGHTON, Sept. 27.—At market, 1,500 Beeves, 600 Stores 790 Sheep and Lambs, and 500 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality, $7,25@7,50; second quality, $0,00@6,50; third quality, $4@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$75, $80@85.

MILCH COWS—$19@50.

VEAL CALVES—$3@$4,00.

STORES — Yearlings, $00@00; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $11@17.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10½@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — $1,00@2,00; extra, $3,00@3,50.

PELTS—50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6¾@0c ℔ lb; retail 7@0c—Spring pigs 7c; retail 7¼@8c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

CAMBRIDGE, Sept 28.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,572—about 1,000 Beeves, and 572 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@100.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 35, 40@62.

STORES — Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $11@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—6,630 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,75@3,75.

HIDES—6c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—10@12c ℔ lb. Pelts, 50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Fat Hogs sold for 6½@6½ ℔ lb, live weight.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 29.—The market is poorly supplied, and a fair inquiry prevails for Clothing Wools; the demand, though not so active as last week is fully equal to the supply, and prices rule firmly; sales of 70,000 lbs. native fleece at 40@60c; 100,000 lbs. California at 18@25c, for fair to choice Saxony; 25,000 lbs. Texas at 15@26c, for common to fair unwashed; Smyrna at 17c, 6 mos.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	53@55
Am. full-blood Merino	47@51
Am. half blood and three-fourths Merino	40@46
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	30@46
Extra, Pulled	43@50
Superfine, Pulled	35@42
No. 1, Pulled	27@34
Lamb's, Pulled	00@00
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	22@35
California, common do.	10@15
Peruvian, washed	26@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	12½@28
South Am. common, washed	00@00
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	10@16
South American, unwashed	8@11
South American Cordova, washed	22@22½
East India, washed	00@00
African, unwashed	9@16
African, washed	16@25
Smyrna, unwashed	10@15
Smyrna, washed	21@26
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Sept. 27.—Fleece and Pulled Wool have been in fair demand, with sales of 200,000 lbs, at prices indicating no change, mostly medium grades fleece at 48@62c ℔ lb. The sales of foreign have been 850 bales Cape, Mediterranean, and South American, and 500 ballots Peruvian at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@57
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	20@31

WOOL SALE IN PHILADELPHIA.—There was a large sale of wool at the Manufacturers' Exchange on the 26th ult., and the attendance was large, but the number of Eastern manufacturers present not so great as at the last sale. A considerably larger number of Philadelphians, however, were on hand. The prices for the lower to medium grades were fully sustained. The fine and extra qualities sold at good rates. 350,000 pounds were sold at the following prices:—Medium fleece 35@41½c; fine medium 47@50c; extra 46½@47½c; double extra 48c; extra fleece 46½@52c; common medium 35@41c; unwashed 27½@28c; common to quarter blood 35½@40c; old do 44c; choice tub 40@42c; lambs 33½@40c; western culled 27½@31c; unwashed Texas 23c; extra Wisconsin fleece 50½c; Cape unwashed 27@28½c; Lasbon unwashed 14c; black and white unwashed 13½c.

Marriages.

IN this city, on the 1st instant, by Rev. F. F. Ellenwood, Mr. DENISON SMITH and Miss KITTIE HOLLAND, all of this city.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance — THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

∴ In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

WANTED—To engage immediately, a good Propagator, principally for Grapes and Roses. References required. Address, stating particulars, Rochester Nurseries, P. O. Box 1,598, Rochester, N. Y. 559-3t

MONEY CAN BE MADE IN SELLING OUR AGRICULTURAL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. For terms of agency apply to SAXTON & BARKER, 25 Park Row, New York. 560-6t

FOR SALE.—60,000 fine, healthy Pear stocks, from 8 inches to 2 feet high, at $10 ℔ M. 10,000 Isabella Vines, at $20 ℔ M.
Ten bushels Lodi Plum Pits, unmixed, which make a freer growing stock than any other variety in the United States, at $3 50 per bushel. Also, stocks of same variety at $10 per M. I. HILDRETH, Big Stream Point, Yates Co., N. Y.

A FARM FOR SALE—Situated ½ of a mile north of the Court House, in Albion, Orleans Co., N. Y. Said Farm is of as good soil and possesses as many pleasing advantages as any one in Western New York. It contains 130 acres—30 acres first rate timber—superior watered, and under more than common good cultivation. For further information call on or address the subscriber on the premises. A part of the price may be secured by mortgage on the farm. SAMUEL HILL, Albion, N. Y.

ANDRE LEROY'S NURSERIES, At Angers, France.
THE Proprietor of these Nurseries, the most extensive in the world, has the honor to inform his numerous friends and the public that his CATALOGUE OF FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, SEEDLINGS, FRUIT STOCKS, &c., for the present season is now ready and at their disposal. Apply to BRUGUIERE & THEBAUD, 560-3tlam 51 Cedar Street, New York.

CANASERAGA NURSERIES, Dansville, N. Y.
O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,
IN addition to their extensive stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, offer for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, an immense stock of
SMALL FRUITS.
HARDY NATIVE GRAPES—Anna, Catawba, Concord, Clara, Delaware, Diana, Isabella, Hartford Prolific, and Rebecca, very strong and well-grown.
RASPBERRIES—Red and Yellow Antwerp, Catawissa, Fastolf, Franconia, Large Fruited Monthly, and Brinckle's Orange, by the thousand, very low.
CURRANTS—White and Red Dutch, Black Naples, Victoria, Cherry, and White Grape.
GOOSEBERRIES—Houghton's Seedling, 1, 2, and 3 years, very cheap.
BLACKBERRIES—New Rochelle and Dorchester.
STRAWBERRIES—Of all the leading sorts.
RHUBARB, ASPARAGUS, &c.
☞ Descriptive and Wholesale Catalogue furnished to applicants.
Dansville, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1860. 560-3t

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF BLOODED STOCK!
I SHALL sell the Stock of SETH A. BUSHNELL, Esq., at his residence in Hartford, Trumbull Co., Ohio, at Auction, to the highest bidder, on THURSDAY, the 18th day of October next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. The Stock consists of over 30 head of Short-horn Durham Cattle, principally Cows and Heifers, which have been carefully selected and reserved from previous sales,—together with a few Young Bulls, including *Fancy Boy*, an animal of great promise, to which the Cows and Heifers have been bred. Six Jacks and Jennetts of excellent breeding and descended from the best of imported stock. Also a flock of South Down Sheep of superior quality and pure breeding, descended from the famous flock of JONAS WEBB, the prince of South Down breeders. Some Horses, including a good roadster mare.—Also, at private sale at any time, Chester White Pigs of the best quality and breeding.
Mr. BUSHNELL has bred and sold more Improved Stock than any other man in Northern Ohio, and has shared largely in premiums at various State and County Fairs, and his long established and enviable reputation as a breeder of stock is a sure guarantee that this will be a rare chance for bargains, as it is a well known fact that under ordinary circumstances no established breeder will part with his best selections of stock.
TERMS OF SALE.—Six months credit on approved notes, or a liberal discount for cash.
H. B. THOMPSON, Assignee of SETH A. BUSHNELL.
Hartford, Trumbull Co., O., Sept. 28, 1860. 560-2t

PUBLIC SALE OF PURE BRED SHORT-HORN AND North Devon Cattle; Brood Mares, Colts and Stallions; Berkshire, Essex and Suffolk Swine, And a small flock of South Down Sheep.
"THE ALBANY COUNTY BREEDING ASSOCIATION," will sell at Public Auction at the "Washington Parade Ground," in the City of Albany, on WEDNESDAY, the 10th of October, 1860, at 11 A. M., a select and large herd of SHORT-HORN Cows, Heifers, Young Bulls, and Calves; including "Minna," by imported Duke of Gloster (11382,) and the imported cows Flattery, bred by Earl Ducie, and got by 4th Duke of York, (10167,) Bloom, bred by Mr. Fowle, and imported by Col. L. G. Morris; Finella, bred by S. E. Bohlen, Esq., and imported by Mr. Alexander, got by Grand Duke, (10284) and her calves by imported Sirius and imported Neptune; also imported Neptune 3192, (11847,) and several Bull and Heifer calves of Neptune's get.
NORTH DEVON COWS, Bulls and Calves, mostly bred from imported stock, including the celebrated prize bull Empire (121,) and his get. Also 1 pair of Premium DEVON WORKING CATTLE.
TWENTY BROOD MARES, of the BLACK HAWK and MESSENGER breed, including the celebrated Black Hawk Maid, by the original Vermont Black Hawk; "Rose Allen," by "Ethan Allen," and others sired by Black Hawk, Messenger and English Stallions.
Also, 13 spring colts, 13 yearling colts, 10 two years and three years old, nearly all of which were sired by the noted trotting stallions "Black Murat," George W. Adams' English Horse "American," "Henry Clay," "Logan," "Gray Messenger," "Ethan Allen," The Spirit of the Times, Chevelier the Black Hawk, Gray Prince, the sire of General Darcy, and Addison, who was sold for the sum of $5,000.
The proprietors have been many years engaged in breeding the FAST TROTTING HORSE, and they flatter themselves that there has never been offered to the public for sale, at any one time, such a numerous and desirable stock as can be found named in the Catalogue. Sale positive, without regard to weather, within the buildings erected for the accommodation of the Albany County Agricultural Society, which offer ample accommodations, in case of *rain*, for all visitors and stock.
TERMS.—Good notes at four months, without interest.
CATALOGUES now in press, and will be mailed by applying by letter or otherwise, to either of the undersigned, or to R. H. BINGHAM, 48 Steuben Street, Albany, N. Y.
Carriages will run hourly from Stanwix Hall.
WILLIAM M. BULLOCK, Bethlehem, near Albany.
JOSEPH HILTON, New-Scotland.
WILLIAM H. SLINGERLAND, Norman's Kill.
WILLIAM HURST, Albany, N. Y.
GEO. W. ADAMS, Whitehall, N. Y.
Albany, Sept. 28, 1860. BREEDERS AND MANAGERS.

EMPLOYMENT FOR 500 INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MEN—From $10 to $30 per week can be made by active agents in selling L. HALL & BRO.'s subscription books.
560-2t L. HALL & BRO., No. 8 Exchange Place, Rochester, N. Y.

TO TEACHERS.—The first three books of ROBINSON'S PROGRESSIVE ARITHMETICS, and his NEW ELEMENTARY ALGEBRA, have been before the public for more than a year, and in that time have acquired an unprecedented sale and circulation. The publishers are happy to announce that
Robinson's Progressive Higher Arithmetic,
for High Schools, Academies, and Commercial Colleges, is *now ready*, and that it is a complete and comprehensive text-book on the science of numbers.
Robinson's New Geometry & Trigonometry,
IS NEARLY READY.
Sanders' New Illustrated Readers.
The Primmer, First, Second, Third, and Fourth Readers, have new and elegant illustrations, and are printed on fine white paper. The whole series have been carefully revised and greatly improved, and are unsurpassed for beauty and excellence by any similar series extant.
A DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE of 168 pages, and the "EDUCATIONAL CIRCULAR" of 16 pages, containing Descriptions, Notices, Testimonials, Prices, etc., of the "*American Educational Series*," sent free on application.
The most liberal terms for specimen copies, and first supplies for Schools. IVISON, PHINNEY & CO., 560-3teow Publishers, New York.

THE HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL, No. 2.
NOW READY. THREE CENTS PER COPY.

THE CONTENTS OF NUMBER 2, HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL,
Are as follows:—
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ALL FOR THREE CENTS.
In No. 2 of the HOUSEHOLD JOURNAL.
To be had of all News Agents.
Sample Copy of No. 1 mailed free to any address by the publishers, A. HARTHILL & CO., 20 North William Street, New York.
Any other number mailed on receipt of a 3 cent stamp.

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in an honorable business which pays from $3 to $7 per day. Address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

$30.—WANTED—The address of good CANVASSERS and AGENTS who will travel for $30 per month and expenses paid. Address S. F. FRENCH & CO., 559-3t Publishers, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.

100 DURHAM CATTLE AT AUCTION, 10th of Oct., 1860, at my farm, 5 miles north of Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., on time to suit, with approved paper—6 Bulls, 8 Bull Calves, 7 Cows (2 imported,) and 13 Heifers; 36 grade Cows and Heifers; 30 Steers, 4 years and under. J. H. BENNETT.
Avon, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1860. 559-2t

$1. TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES—PROPAGATED FROM THE ORIGINAL VINE, compactly grown, with abundant fine, fibrous roots, carefully packed in moss and enveloped in oil silk, sent by mail, post-paid, to any part of the Union, on receipt of $1. Also, all valuable varieties for sale. Send for a Circular.
559-eow0 GEO. W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, O.

TO NURSERYMEN AND OTHERS. The Subscriber has 60,000 APPLE TREES, four years old, comprising the BEST VARIETIES, which he will sell at LOW PRICES, delivered on the premises in this city, or they may be removed at the option of the purchaser. For particulars, inquire of Dr. M. STRONG, near Caledonia Square, or address CARLTON H. ROGERS, Palmyra, N. Y.
Rochester, Sept. 28, 1860. 559-3t

NATIVE GRAPE VINES.—For sale by B. H. MACE, at wholesale and retail, a fine stock of the following varieties:—Delaware, Diana, Anna, Rebecca, Concord, Taylor, Clara, Allen's Hybrid, Union Village, Lenoir, Hartford Prolific, Maxitawney, &c. Persons ordering will address J. C. RENNISON, care of B. H. MACE, Newburgh, N. Y. Nursery one mile north of Newburgh. 559-2t

BLOOMINGTON NURSERY, Illinois.—FRUIT AND ORNAMENTAL TREES, a large stock cheap for cash. *Apple*, 1 to 4 years, 1,000, $25 to $35. *Stocks*, 1 year, selected, 10,000, $30. *Gooseberry*, Houghton, strong, 100, $4. *Raspberry*, many sorts, 100, $2 to $5. *Strawberry*, Wilson's, Ey Scarlet, G. Cone, Iowa, or Washington, and others, *pure*, 100, $1; 1,000, $5. *Tulips*, 100, of 20 named sorts, Dbl and Sg'l, $4. *Root Grafts*, 10,000, $90; Fruit Stocks, Seeds, &c., as per Lists. Cash orders in fall packed free. [559-3t] F. K. PHOENIX.

"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT."
The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.
WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired: and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appurtenances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to
Rev. ROBERT DICK, Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.
Or to his Agent and Attorney, JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.
☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not practically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 538-tf.

R. LAW'S PATENT APPLE PACKER. Patented July 1859.
THIS Packer was invented with a full knowledge of what was wanted for the important business, and has risen in this short time to be a staple and desirable article. No Farmer with Fruit to pack should or would be without one if he knew its advantages. It is entirely of Iron and will last a lifetime. See cut in RURAL of Sept. 29. Price $3,50.
Agents and Peddlars wanted in every County and Town in this and other States where fruit is extensively grown. A few County and distant State rights for sale. Send for a Circular. Address or apply to
559-4t R. LAW, Lockport, N. Y.

THE GROVER & BAKER NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE
Is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The DOUBLE LOCK-STITCH formed by this Machine is found to be *the only one* which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing.
IT IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD
For families to use, who desire a stitch unrivaled for BEAUTY, ELASTICITY, and STRENGTH. This machine sews equally well on all fabrics; muslin, cotton, linen, woolen cloth, etc.; from the finest SWISS MUSLIN up to the HEAVIEST BEAVER CLOTH or LEATHER. It finishes its own work, which is more durable than any fabric, runs at a quicker rate of speed than any other, is very simple in its construction, easily understood, and with proper management NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.
OFFICES.
495 Broadway, New York; 18 Summer Street, Boston; 730 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; 181 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; 124 North Fourth Street, St. Louis; 58 West Fourth Street, Cincinnati; 171 Superior Street, Cleveland; 115 Lake Street, Chicago; and all the principal cities and towns in the United States.
559] ☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. [4t

GUANO—FROM BAKER'S ISLAND.
WE would call the attention of Guano Dealers, Planters, and Farmers, to the article which we have on hand and for sale at
40 Per Cent. Less than Peruvian Guano,
which we claim to be superior to any Guano or Fertilizer ever imported or manufactured in this country.
This Guano is imported by
WILLIAM H. WEBB, OF NEW YORK,
From Baker's and Jarvis' Islands, in the South Pacific Ocean.
Sold genuine and pure as imported by the Cargo, or at retail by
JOHN B. SARDY, General Agent, No. 58 South Street, Corner of Wall Street, NEW YORK.
It has been satisfactorily tested by many of our prominent farmers, and analyzed by the most eminent and popular Agricultural Chemists, and found to contain, (as will be seen by our Circular,) a large per centage of
Bone Phosphate of Lime and Phosphoric Acid,
and other animal organic matter, yielding ammonia sufficient to produce immediate abundant crops, besides substantially enriching the soil. It can be freely used without danger of burning the seed or plant, by coming in contact with it, as is the case with some other fertilizers; retaining a great degree of moisture, it causes the plant to grow in a healthy condition, and as experience has proved,
FREE OF INSECTS.
For orders in any quantity, (which will be promptly attended to,) or pamphlets containing full particulars of analyses and tests of farmers, apply as above. 559-13t

TO INVENTORS.—*Rejected applications* prosecuted, and no charge unless Patents are obtained. New applications made on favorable terms.
558-3 J. FRASER, Rochester, N. Y.

PALMER'S LEATHER TRUSSES.—These instruments differ from all others now in market. They are made entirely of Leather, and for ease, durability and efficiency, cannot be excelled. There are no springs to rust or get out of order, and the Truss can be worn with ease by old or young. All the measure required in ordering is the size around the hips. Address
558-eow4t E. T. PALMER, East Avon, N. Y.

N. Y. CENTRAL NURSERIES, Brighton, 3 Miles East of Rochester, N. Y.
S. B. KELLY, PROPRIETOR, offers for sale for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861,
300,000 APPLE TREES, 3 and 4 years old.
5,000 DWARF PEAR TREES, 2 years old.
5,000 STANDARD PEAR TREES, 2 and 3 years old.
25,000 CHERRY TREES, 2 and 3 years old.
10,000 PLUM TREES, 2 and 3 years old.
5,000 PEACH TREES, 1 year old.
20,000 APPLE STOCKS, 1 year old.
20,000 CHERRY STOCKS, 1 year old.
200,000 STRAWBERRY PLANTS of the best varieties. Also, GRAPES, CURRANTS, &c., a good assortment.
Those wishing to buy at wholesale will do well to call and examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere. Packing done with dispatch and in the best manner.
Catalogues containing descriptions sent gratis, on application. Send for one. S. B. KELLY, Brighton, N. Y.

CHERRY SEEDS.—We have 20 bushels fresh Cherry pits we will sell at $3,50 per bushel, where 5 or 10 bushels are taken. Single bushel, $4.
A. FAHNESTOCK & SONS.
Toledo, Ohio, Sept. 1, 1860. 557-5t

SYLVIA AMERICANA — AMERICAN ARBOR VITÆ EVERGREEN FENCE — This beautiful and Hardy Evergreen makes a permanent hedge screen and wind break. Send for a Circular. The trade supplied on liberal terms. Diana, Delaware and Concord Grape Vines; Wilson's Albany Strawberry, &c., &c. Address
556-6t A. J. McCLAVE, Palmyra, N. Y.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 6 miles west of this City, in the town of Gates, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon. A small farm of 50 to 80 acres, near the City, or a house and lot worth 4 to $5,000 in the city, would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply on the premises, or at No 8 Hill street, at the office of JOHN M. FRENCH & Co., of M. HUNTINGTON.
Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 551-tf

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [555-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

CHOICE BULBOUS ROOTS.
New Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of Hyacinths, Liliums, Tulips, &c., &c.
Comprising the largest assortment ever offered.
ANDREW BRIDGEMAN,
555-9t 878 Broadway, New York.

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL.
THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines.
It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK,
548-13t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

AMERICAN GUANO, FROM JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IMPORTED BY THE AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY. Office, 66 William Street, NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, 505 Broadway, New York.
These Machines combine all the late improvements for *Hemming, Stitching* and *Felling Seams*, and are the best in use for FAMILY SEWING and tailoring work.
Prices from $50 to $130. Hemmers, $5 extra.
S. W. DIBBLE, Agent,
515-tf Nos. 8 and 10 Smith's Arcade, Rochester, N. Y.

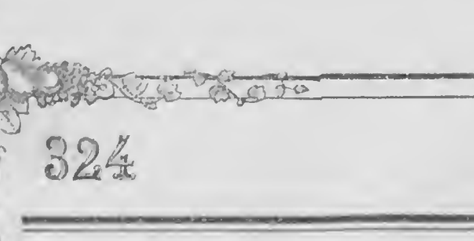
LIME.—Page's Perpetual Kiln, Patented July, 1857.—Superior to any in use for Wood or Coal. 2¼ cords of wood, or 1½ tuns of coal to 100 bbls—coal not mixed with stone. Address [424-tf] C. D. PAGE, Rochester, N. Y.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

[DANIEL WEBSTER said of the following poem, "This beautiful hymn, 'The Rock in the Wilderness,' from the pen of General MORRIS, contains the whole history of the landing of the Pilgrims, in sixteen lines. It is the best ever written, besides being the shortest:"]

A ROCK in the wilderness welcomed our sires
From bondage far over the dark rolling sea;
On that holy altar they kindled the fires,
Jehovah, which glow in our bosoms for Thee.
Thy blessings descended in sunshine and shower,
Or rose from the soil that was sown by Thy hand;
The mountain and valley rejoiced in Thy power,
And Heaven encircled and smiled on the land.

The Pilgrims of old an example have given
Of mild resignation, devotion, and love,
Which beams like the star in the blue vault of heaven,
A beacon light swung in the mansion above;
In church and cathedral we kneel in our prayer—
Their temple and chapel were valley and hill—
But God is the same in the aisle or the air,
And He is the Rock that we lean upon still.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"SOME PEOPLE'S PROFESSIONS."

A STORY OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND MINE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

CHAPTER I.

RAINING again in the morning. It has been drizzling, drizzling for more than a week. Miss CRIPPS had sighed when she dropped the curtains in the lonesome twilight the evening before, and wished, from the bottom of her desolate heart, that the sun would shine again on the morrow, so that somebody,—it mattered little who,—would drop in and cheer her up. There were fifty things she was dying to know, and thrice as many she was dying to communicate to an appreciating ear, but that any one would venture out in such disagreeable weather, merely to enliven the dreary existence of an old maid like her, she was too frank in her cogitations with herself to admit for a single moment. She languidly pushed away her breakfast tray, after dividing its contents between her pet kitten and spaniel, and dropped into the high-backed and faded chair before the little work-table in the window niche. Daily she lamented the fickleness of the wool with which she had embroidered that old easy chair. What wonder that worsted roses and leaves should fade in a time that blights every one of the heart or cheek? But in spite of her mirror, and her stiffening joints, Miss CRIPPS could with difficulty believe it was more than yesterday since she sat in that same east window, fair golden curls shading her face, and half hiding her smiles and blushes from the earnest eyes that pretended to be watching the progress of her work. Twenty-five years ago was only yesterday to her; and sitting there in the window niche, with the faded roses behind her, she was able to conjure up sometimes as blissful dreams of to-morrow as when,——well, he had children and grandchildren now; had been married twice, and might be the third time,—but she had no thought or hope of him.

It bid fair to be a most dismal day for lonely Miss CRIPPS. She smoothed her thin, silvery curls,—she could poorly afford but two,—and looked discontentedly out of the window. Dr. GRIMSBY'S blinds were yet tightly closed,—most likely, he had grown tired of the depressing appearance of things, and would keep them closed all day. Who could blame him for this precaution against an increase of dejection and *ennui?* "Not I,"—she mused sadly to herself;—"his is an unmated heart likewise." Then she sighed, drew her work-table nearer to the light, and fumbled over the pile of unfinished articles despairingly. She was not long in selecting her task,—it mattered little what her fingers held when her mind was so pre-occupied.

"MELLICENT! MELLICENT!"—rather peevish it is true. "A slight, pale-faced girl, whose thoughtful eyes had grown red over her fine stitching, appeared at the door of the adjoining room.

"Did you call me, Miss CRIPPS?"

"Yes, twice. Draw up this curtain, MELLICENT. There, that will do. This shade of blue is very trying to my eyesight,"—then she quickly added, as if to rectify an unfortunate admission,—"It is trying to everybody's eyes, you know. It always was to mine."

"Let me work that part of the pattern for you," said MELLICENT. "My eyes are young, you know."

Miss CRIPPS flushed with subdued indignation.

"I thank you, MELLICENT, but this requires the most perfect skill. I would not trust it to any fingers or eyesight but my own. It will be the handsomest piece of embroidery at the fair, and must bring a pretty profit."

"Do you think you will find a purchaser, easily? It is very handsome, but seems of little use."

"I find ample room for conjecturing as to who will be charitably disposed enough to pay the price we shall set upon this cushion. Sit down here, MELLICENT, with your work. Your window must be dark to-day, and this weather is depressing to the lightest hearts."

Perhaps MELLICENT was weighing this last remark as she sat by her mistress' side, keeping silence. It sounded much like an excuse for the gracious invitation. MELLICENT let it pass, and breaking up the blissful reveries that kept her heart cheery, took pity upon the old maid's loneliness, and sat down beside her with as contented a face as if she loved the society of Miss CRIPPS as well as that of anybody in the world.

"I have thought," said Miss CRIPPS, feeling unusually communicative toward her poor sewing girl "that, perhaps Mrs. Gen. WELLS will be the purchaser. She professes to have the object of the Society close at heart, and has expressed a desire to aid us; but then some people's professions are not to be relied upon, you know. Never mind those shirts to-day, MELLICENT,—I did not promise to make the donation before next month. Finish those ragged-school hoods; I am tired of the sight of them. Ah, me! what a dismal day!" Her work fell from her hands, and her eyes wandered with listless despondency out of the window,—and over the way.

A little start, followed by a subdued exclamation of surprise,—perhaps of joy. The doctor's blinds were open, and the doctor himself—smoking cap, dressing gown, and meerschaum,—to be seen in the office window. He appeared as resigned to rainy days and loneliness as any old bachelor could be. There was a renewed smoothing of the thin silvery curls, and a sweet, placid smile was beginning to dawn upon the face of Miss CRIPPS, when the stopping of a carriage before the doctor's door, and the alighting of a fairy little figure, draped in the deepest mourning, drove the clouds back again darker than before.

"Look, MELLICENT, look! Is not that Mrs. LUDLOW?"

"Yes, I think it is,—but am not positive."

"I am positive it is,"—and Miss CRIPPS appeared as if she had made her final decision upon a thousand matters of serious importance.—"What could send her to doctor GRIMSBY'S on such a morning as this? How impatiently she rings the bell. *I* should want a good excuse for calling there on such a day. Secrets will out,"—her bitter tone did not conceal her own secret too carefully. "No woman ever possessed a greater love for her husband than she did. He has been dead six months,—not more,—but some people's professions, MELLICENT, are not always to be relied upon. There are no less than three physicians occupying the very block she lives in,—"

"But Dr. GRIMSBY has practiced in their family a long time. I do not think she could be prevailed upon to employ anybody else."

"I don't doubt that," replied Miss CRIPPS, significantly; and fell into a sombre silence that lasted until Mrs. LUDLOW'S carriage disappeared. Her embroidery progressed but slowly. She yearned most of all to let somebody into her desolate, empty heart, that dreary morning, and was sorely tempted to give MELLICENT the key.

"Did Mr. and Mrs. LUDLOW live happily together?" asked Miss CRIPPS, recalling MELLICENT'S wandering thoughts to the subject her own had fed upon for more than an hour.

MELLICENT'S brief reply still left room for more speculation. She had lived with Mrs. LUDLOW but a short time, and during Mr. LUDLOW'S absence from home, but she had no reason to suppose they were not the most amicable couple in the world.

"They might have *seemed* so; appearances are very deceitful you know, MELLICENT." Miss CRIPPS gave a sad smile. "I did not ask from curiosity, merely. I know but little of Mrs. LUDLOW,—our spheres have been so different from each other. I early felt it my duty,—my christian duty—to resign my enviable position in gay, fashionable society, and devote myself to the mission of CHRIST'S followers here below. I expend nearly the whole of my income in charitable and religious objects,—I have nothing to lavish upon myself,—I have spent little in that direction, as my wardrobe and old fashioned furniture loudly testify. While Mrs. LUDLOW'S gaieties have been the talk of the whole town, I have reaped more lasting rewards in a far humbler way. Her ambition has led her where my Christian profession forbade my following,—not my means, for they are more ample than hers. She is a member of our Church, yet I know but little of her,—our spheres have been so foreign to each other."

MELLICENT was inwardly amused by this display of self-complacence, but she replied nothing further than that she had heard Mrs. LUDLOW spoken of as a benevolent woman.

"Ah, that may be,—I would not deny her giving away a dollar know and then. I have even known her to go out among the sick and needy,—but there is a great difference, MELLICENT,"—Miss CRIPPS' tone was impressive,—"between dedicating one's whole fortune to the LORD, and giving the leavings after our worldly desires have been surfeited."

MELLICENT meekly assented to the indisputable fact, and then sewed on in silence. Her mistress had fallen into a revery,—her hands idle upon her work,—her silvery head resting upon the faded wreath, and her eyes intently fixed upon the sombre old house over the way. MELLICENT gave her a sly glance occasionally, and saw by the pleasant light that dawned faintly at first upon the harrassed face, and gradually increased to full sunshine, that the old maid was living blissful fancies,—was growing young again. A half hour ticked quickly away, and neither mistress nor servant resumed the conversation. The rain was still falling, and there was not a sign of a "blue break" over head.

When Miss CRIPPS did speak, her changed voice startled MELLICENT. There was a clear, merry ring in it, she never heard before.

"And what if does cost a trifle,—two thousand dollars, or more? The work shall be begun to-morrow, and promptly executed."

MELLICENT looked up with wonderment. Miss CRIPPS was waiting for her reply.

"I do not understand you, madam. Are you contemplating some new charity?"

The reply was an abrupt one. "Yes, a charity to myself, and my neighbors. I am going to fit up this old house, so that it shall look less like the ogre of the row. That broken cornice, and those old-fashioned dormar windows, the faded blinds, and cracked door-steps, shall pass away at last, and Dr. GRIMSBY, who must often catch his mood from the appearance of this old house, shall have something more cheerful to look at. I will see an architect to-morrow,—I would find one to-day, if the rain would cease."

"This house can be made to look very handsome," said MELLICENT, "but I have a preference for old-fashioned houses; and if it was mine, should like it best as it is."

"Your taste is as quaint as it is simple, MELLICENT. I would have my house more attractive from the outside; its gloom is enough to repel any one now. But to make these improvements I must retrench in my present expenses, or go beyond my yearly income, which I am determined never to do. Let me see. Put down your work, MELLICENT, and listen to me.

"Heretofore, more than half of my income has been given away—yes, given away to charitable and religious objects, and that not grudgingly. I can truly say that I have been a cheerful giver. For the last ten years I have given to the Augustine Orphan Asylum fifty dollars per year." Miss CRIPPS began counting her charities upon her fingers. "It will not do to withdraw that at present. I should render myself exceedingly unpopular, the funds of the Society are so low—and, besides, I am told that the young poet, HEMPSTEAD, has been engaged to write an ode for our next anniversary, to be dedicated to me as the chief benefactress. Fifty dollars a year to the Ragged School. I renewed my subscription only last week,—dear me. One hundred dollars to the —— Hospital. Instead of withdrawing that I feel it my stern duty to increase it, for Dr. GRIMSBY tells me,—he is the physican to the Institution,—that he shall never withdraw his arduous and unrequited services while so many self-sacrificing woman help to bear the burden with him. One hundred a year to the St. George Tract Distributing Society. The donation has been talked of so loudly I have not the face to withhold it next year. Mine is the largest subscription on the list. Mrs. Gen. LANE only gives fifty."

And thus she went on through the lengthy catalogue of her charities, manifesting not a slight amount of gratification whenever she discovered a chance for retrenchment. She must not withhold a dollar, she said, if her reputation were to be injured thereby. She will not withhold a dime, MELLICENT thought to herself, if thereby a trumpet of laudation shall be hushed.

"I think I can see plainly, now, what I must do"—said Miss CRIPPS, after a long silence, in which she had counted and recounted her fingers a multitude of times. "I must retrench in my minor charities. I shall receive some criticism, no doubt, but then it will not begin to cause the talk the withdrawal of a heavy donation would. I shall thereby give a chance to some of the many who abound rather in words that deeds, to exercise their benevolence. I doubt if Mrs. MONRO, who prides herself upon being one of the founders of our Ragged School, would deny herself a single addition to her wardrobe for the sake of supplying my donation if I should withdraw it. Mrs. MONRO, like too many of us, professes a great deal," and Miss CRIPPS sighed because the deceitfulness of the human race in general and Mrs. MONRO in particular.

"Oh, how I wish I were able to give so much to the poor," said MELLICENT, whose thoughts had progressed far beyond those of the mistress.

"I wish you were," was the chilling rejoinder. "Every Society I am assisting is still calling for more aid. I doubt if it is right for me to forget entirely my own happiness; in fact, I do not feel called upon to sacrifice my own tastes so largely in the future. This turning about will be a difficult matter, but the obstacles shall and must be overcome." A thoughtful pause, in which the fingers were recounted. "Somebody else must pay Mrs. SIMPSON'S rent. I think it is time I was relieved of the burden of that family. I have never yet received any great show of gratitude, for all I have done. They do not belong to our church, and what are our alms houses for if not for just such cases as this?"

"That French boy was here again last evening," said MELLICENT. "He says his mother has not yet succeeded in obtaining any work, and that his father is unable to go out."

"The father is a worthless inebriate, most likely, and it is hardly probable the mother has looked very far for employment," replied Miss CRIPPS, coldly. "I shall have nothing to do with that family any longer,—my suspicions are awakened regarding them. I am glad I was not at home, or I might thoughtlessly have given him encouragement to call upon me for assistance hereafter."

MELLICENT turned her head lest her mistress should see the tears that were falling upon her work. It was foreign to her nature to tell how gladly she had slipped a dime into the poor boy's shivering hand,—and a dime was a great deal to the meagerly paid seamstress,—or how, after her weary day's work, she had gone out in the rain and sought the French emigrant family, cheering up the heart-broken mother, who had been seaching in vain for her besotted husband. But for MELLICENT'S dime the forsaken wife and child would have gone to their pallets without having tasted a morsel that day,—but MELLICENT had no reason for telling this to her mistress. She repressed a sigh when Miss CRIPPS resumed,

"As long as such worthless creatures have a generous purse to rely upon, they make no exertion to help themselves. Of course the father will drink as long as I assist him to his drams,—and as for the mother, work is not so scarce as she represents it to be. I shall squander nothing more in that direction. Bring me my account book, MELLICENT."

For more than an hour Miss CRIPPS knit her forehead with making close calculations, and adding up infinite columns of visionary expenses for architects, carpenters, masons, glaziers, upholsters, etc., etc. She was too absorbed to know that the sunshine was shooting through the windows, making MELLICENT'S face to light up with as heavenly a smile as that upon the sweet picture of Charity hanging over the mantel.

Miss CRIPPS finally stopped her figuring, and closing the book, pushed it from her with an air of satisfaction. "Yes, I can do it. I calculate closely, MELLICENT. I have been trained in a good school. I believe it a sin for me to part thoughtlessly with a single farthing the Lord has placed in my hands. Ah! there is Dr. GRIMSBY! How pleasantly he bowed! It was the merest accident I saw him. He seems deeply interested in the *Gazette* this morning. Go and bring me the morning paper, MELLICENT. Strange I should have forgotten it."

"What a noble hearted man!" exclaimed Miss CRIPPS, from behind the *Gazette*. "Have you heard of it, MELLICENT? I must encourage that enterprise,—indeed I must!"

"Heard of what, Miss CRIPPS?"

"Why, Dr. GRIMSBY, who is not a military man,—and this is, therefore, but another instance of his disinterested generosity,—has succeeded in getting on foot a grand Military Ball, to be given in honor of the Thirty-third. The proceeds are to purchase a splendid banner for the corps, to be embroidered at the Convent of St. Anne, where, you know, such work is executed beyond anything to be found anywhere else. The banner is to be accompanied by a splendid new uniform for their brave veteran commander, Gen. BRIGGS. The ball comes off a week from to-night. Yes, I must go,—my father was a military man, an intimate friend of the General, and that consideration should move me, even if I were not inclined to show my approval of Dr. GRIMSBY'S undertaking."

The decision being made, her thoughts naturally turned to her wardrobe, which, owing to the routine of her late unfashionable years, held little in readiness for a grand Military Ball.

"I suppose I must have a new silk,—the brocade I wore at the Hospital Festival is altogether too sombre; it adds, rather than takes the years from my face, and that is unnecessary." She laughed out merrily upon the serious topic. "Something heavy and rich. New laces will be indispensable. What do you think MELLICENT?"

"Oh, yes,—a little will do that," replied MELLICENT, duly regarding the newly made resolution of retrenchment.

"I wish a little could do it, my child,"—most placid was Miss CRIPPS'S resignation,—"but a proper outfit for this occasion will cost more than the uninitiated dream of. We will go around to DEMAREST'S this afternoon and see the new styles. I would give the world to know what Miss BLOND will come out in. I will not be a whit behind her if I can help it; I never have been in anything, and she is always trying to outstrip me. The secret is, her husband was a beau of mine—and she cannot forget—but we will let that go. Don't ever repeat it, MELLICENT."

MELLICENT promised as readily as she had a dozen times before, when the same secret had been imparted to her by her mistress.

[To be continued.]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 56 letters.
My 45 29, 10, 33, 42 15, 25, 52, 6 is a town in England.
My 3, 20, 1, 28, 55 is a measure.
My 18, 11, 41 is an instrument connected with a lock.
My 49, 7, 16, 31 are parts of the body.
My 8, 17, 53, 35, 43 is a girl's name.
My 48, 2, 46, 38, 9, 21, 26 is what all should practice.
My 37, 19, 5, 39 is a county in Virginia.
My 22, 13 is a pronoun.
My 24, 12 is a verb.
My 40, 4, 44 is a lake in the United States
My 50, 30, 34 is a noun.
My 51, 32, 27 is to moisten.
My 47, 54, 36, 16 is sin.
My 23, 1, 18, 7 is a body of water.
My 41, 56, 14 are wise.
My whole is what all should do.

Shantyville, N. Y., 1860. JASON G. CROUCH.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 40 letters.
My 11, 23, 20 is an island in the Irish Sea.
My 1, 3, 18, 9, 29, 6, 17, 22 is a town in France.
My 7, 38, 12, 34, 20 is a town in Upper Bavaria.
My 13, 19, 31, 10 are islets along the shores of Honduras.
My 2, 14, 21, 27, 8, 25, 39, 33 is a county in Texas.
My 15, 5, 23, 7, 32, 12 is a county in New York.
My 28, 37, 40, 12, 2, 31, 36 is one of the Scilly Isles.
My 4, 30, 23, 11, 16, 3, 7, 24 is a town in Vermont.
My 26, 2, 20, 35 is a city in Pennsylvania.
My whole is an axiom. HARRY GAYLORD.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

A RURALIST bought a flock of geese and also a flock of ducks, (containing, in all, 128,) for which he paid $45.60. He paid one-half of his money for geese and the remaining half for ducks, and by so doing his geese cost him 19 cents apiece more than his ducks. Now, he requests some of his brother Ruralists to inform him for how much he must sell his geese and ducks apiece to gain $4 80 on each flock?

Conquest, Cay. Co., N. Y., 1860. J. McC.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

DEAR LADIES, two kinsmen that wait upon you,
Beg leave, in disguise, to appear to your view;
Though tender our frame, yet to obey your commands,
Through fire and through water we pass to your hands;
But though we're your vassals, and under your care,
By your friends we're caressed, and your company share.
When the witty remark, and the smart repartee
Pass around the gay circle, for idle are we,
For attendance we pay, and when wit runs not high,
Our beauty and fashion a subject supply.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 558.

Answer to Biographical Enigma:—To listen deliberately and understand readily, are characteristics of a wise man.

Answer to Optical Problem:—Four inches in diameter. Rather a large eye.

Answer to Charade:—Foot-ball.

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20,000 Do. 2 years old, $20 @ 100, packed.
20,000 Do. 2 " $16 " 2d class, packed.
6,000 STANDARD PEARS, 2 years old, 4 to 6 feet, $27 per 100, packed.
30,000 Do. 1 year old, $20 @ 100 packed.
20,000 STANDARD CHERRIES, 2 years old, 5 to 7 feet $14 per 100, packed.
5,000 Do. 2 years old, 2d class, $10 @ 100 pack'd
5,000 DWARF CHERRIES, 1 year old, $14 @ 100 packed.
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R. Evans
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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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FARM LABORERS:

HOURS FOR EATING AND WORKING.

A CANADIAN friend asks our opinion upon several points of great interest to farmers; we have room this week for but one of the queries: "What are the proper hours of eating and working for agricultural laborers and their teams?"

We thank our friend for the question. It is important in its economical bearings; in its moral, intellectual, social, and sanitary aspects it is doubly so. It opens a wider field than is the province of our journal to occupy, and is suggestive of considerations that philosophy cannot master in the present state of human developement. It brings us back to the Catechism:—"What is the chief end of man?"

The prominence always given to manual labor, absorbing as it does almost our entire waking hours, is in part a necessity imposed by physical wants and in part an over-estimate of material things, as compared with intellectual and moral. A large majority of persons devoted to agricultnre evidently regard all time as "*lost*" that is not specially spent in promoting material interests.

While we have no sympathy with the emasculated philosophy that repines at the rough edges of life, we cannot avoid seeing that *mind* is the lawful master of matter—that humanity owes its improvements to thought, and that thought demands opportunity and encouragement—a time for investigation and reflection. It is fit, then, that we should consider in all seriousness: what are the proper hours for WORKING on the farm? and *is there time for any thing else?*

Here a difficulty meets us at the outset—*necessity is law*; emergencies continnally occnr in farming not put down in the programme. More perhaps than any other pursuit, farming is subject to contingencies of weather and the pressure of times and seasons, when a large amount of work must be accomplished in a short time to prevent waste or the entire loss of crops.

If we could strike the intangible balance between mind and matter, between man and money, and in our domestic and business arrangements remember that we have souls, and, remembering this, give the immortal member a portion of our care, cultnre and regards, a shower or a frost would make an "exception" in our order of exercises. All this however should not prevent the adoption by farmers of a *plan* or *system* of reading and study, of work, and of recreation. Such plan must be modified by the circumstances of the individnal. People with a *competence* will do well to lean strongly to the side of intellectual, social, and moral culture; while the poor cannot choose, but must devote their powers largely to toil. Still there are limitations, even here. The poorest of the poor are not at liberty to forget that they are immortal, neither are the rich and the well-off excusable if they ignore so important a fact.

As we intimated above, this subject transcends our limits, but we ask indulgence for a few observations by way of showing the magnitude of the interests involved.

Attempts have been made by pungent and powerful appeals, by formidable combinations, and by exciting and sometimes bloody demonstrations, to increase the pay of laborers and *restrict the hours of labor*. These efforts, discredited by the rich and influential, and apparently unsuccessful, have informed capital of danger, and may not have been altogether barren of good results. They aim not only to increase the compensation for labor, but, by introducing the custom of working fewer hours in a day, more workmen are expected to find empolyment, as more will be required to do a given amount of work.

An ardent labor "reformer" of our acquaintance signified his intention of abandoning the "*ten hour system*" and agitating in favor of "*five* hours for a day's work," asserting that "if no man would consent to work more than five hours in a day, every body would be employed at good prices." Let us be thankful that our extended territory offers as yet an ample field for all our laborers, and that capital cannot govern labor here as absolutely is in the "*old countries;*" still these questions have their significance here. You that are young and strong, use all diligence to gain a competence—make, if need be, an agonizing effort for pecuniary independance, and so settle the "*labor* question" for yourselves—there is yet a chance.

The friend who proposed the question that we are discoursing upon, did not contemplate any radical changes; he doubtless expected us to view it in the light of convenience and expedience. He will pardon some allusions to points that men of leisure and taste in that direction may pursue with profit.

It is well known that agricultural laborers are required, as a universal rule, to labor from sunrise to sundown—varying, according to circumstances, from "daylight to dark"—that no recess is allowed, except sufficient for a rapid absorption of food, and in exceptional cases a nooning of an hour, and very rarely an hour and a half or two hours. Except during the long and hot days of summer, "*noonings*" are not often allowed. It is well known that the majority of farmers working for themselves observe the some rule, laboring not unfrequently harder and longer than their men.

This exclusive devotion to labor during the day, unsnits us for mental effort and social enjoyment during the evenings, making farming repugnant to minds that might be an ornament to agriculture. We shall not compromise our dignity by asking, recommending or expecting an impracticable thing—we recommend the mass of men to do what they are determined to do. We take this occasion, while the subject is up, to express the hope that there may be some—an ever increasing number—who, having guarded sufficently against poverty and want, will arrange their time with reference to other interests, giving to religion, to literature, to science, and to society, what is due.

Men of acknowledged genius and varied accomplishments occasionally attain the height of their ambition by the purchase of farms; *we shall expect them to unfold the bright side of farming!* A few households, properly arranged, endowed with warm and generous sympathies, might revolutionize whole neighborhoods. We suggest the adoption of some such method as this: Rise at sunrise in summer and at daybreak in winter. Work, when the weather will admit, in the vegetable and fruit garden till 7 o'clock—take breakfast—work diligently till noon—take dinner—rest till 2 o'clock—devote three hours to reading and study—do the chores—take supper at six—spend the evening in conversation, reading, and amusement—go to bed at 9 o'clock.

We advise all young men who expect to enter the "learned professions," to spend a few years in households organized in the manner above described. *School teachers* might in this way do valuable service in the fields while enlarging their area of useful knowledge. If some did not do as much labor under such a system, many others would be induced to enter the field who now hold themselves altogether aloof from farming.

Parents, from whose guardianship and personal oversight children should never be removed, except from imperative necessity, could in their hours of leisure qualify themselves to become instructors, and their children to a large extent might be educated at home,—saving much money, health, and spare hours for useful employment on the farm.

Of course, the mass of men will continue essentially in the old paths; they will do well however to keep a few things in mind.

First, abundant time should be taken for meals. Nothing can justify a "hasty plate of soup," much less a hasty piece of roast beef, or mince pie! Out-door affairs should never enter the dining-room. At least one hour should be given up to eating dinner, and half an hour to other meals, to be employed in faithful mastication. Rest, or moderate exercise, should succeed meals. Three meals, in general, are better than four. Breakfast should be taken at half past six or seven, dinner at twelve, and supper at half-past five. Supper at half after five renders a lunch unnecessary, and allows apportunity to *do* the dishes in time. It must however give place to emergencies that will sometimes occur, and on large farms a later hour must sometimes be substituted. There is, or there *should be*, work in the garden and about the house to occupy the time before breakfast or after supper.

There is a difference in the digestibility of food. When farming as a *science* is better understood, the dishes will be made to correspond with the work. Pork and beans have a natural connection with mauling rails,—ham and eggs with loading manure,—while peaches and cream, pudding and milk, soup and salsify, may follow the teams and trim the orchards.

Inordinate and irregular eating kills more men than pestilence and war.

People who hav'nt an appetite for breakfast, sometimes require a *lunch*, it is worthy of remark, however, that any person with a poor appetite at the proper meal time, is either sick or deserves to be; there is a broken law somewhere. Appetite is a good guide when not perverted by bad practices. Meals should neither be too frequent nor too far apart—we should strive to be regular and right. Good constitutions and good habits will prevent extreme delicacy with regard to food.

The largest amount of work is not always accomplished by working the most hours.

Men lose their elasticity and energy by overexertion, and induce lasting disease.

When hard, heavy work is on hand, especially if the weather is hot, the hours of labor should be reduced, or light work substituted for a part of the day.

Never give your help reason to think that you require too much.

Thousands who "drag their slow length along" would have accomplished more had they attempted less. The mind and the body should always be elastic and vigorous,—never dispirited and exhausted.

We should educate ourselves to prompt and energetic movements; thus we may save time and our tasks will be less irksome.

Whoever would save time for intellectual pursuits, should remember that it is not the most worthy ambition to be the richest man in town, that larger farms bring more cares, that spending less may save the necessity of earning more.

Teams are subject to essentially the same physiological laws as men.

Nine out of ten of our most useful citizens are prematurely old and hopelessly infirm from overwork and neglect of physiological laws.

There is a good time coming, when the culture of man will be deemed as important as the culture of corn.

All our customs, habits and usages affect not merely our outward life but our moral growth. What we deem too small for notice, proves in the result too large for estimate.

DISCUSSIONS AT NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

THE evening discussions at the New York State Fair are becoming an important feature in these annual gatherings. If properly conducted, we think the time is not far distant when they will become even far more important and profitable than at present. To see what the soil has been made to produce in grains, and fruits, and vegetables; to what perfection skillful breeding has brought the domestic animals; to see the triumphs of genius, which have made the mechanical powers, and even the elements, subservient to man; is of no small interest. But, to see the men who by untiring and well directed toil have accomplished all this, to hear them relate their failures and their triumphs, is a treat which all can appreciate and enjoy.

Thousands of farmers attend these Fairs, every one of whom has some important information of benefit to others, which he can impart. It is always interesting to us to hear in these meetings reports from the different parts of the State, from the grazing lands, the limestone districts, the hills and the valleys, and to learn the different systems of farming adapted to each. These practices sometimes seem contradictory, but we are often compelled to acknowledge that experience is the great teacher and guide.

At the present meeting at Elmira, the accommodations provided were poor indeed, and many had to stand during the whole time, which, after the labors of the day, was tiresome indeed. We hope in future proper provision will be made to accommodate a thousand at these discussions. Indeed, we think the time will soon come, if it has not already arrived, when it will be proper to have several meetings on the same evening. Subjects could be so arranged that persons could obtain information on any matter in which they were particularly interested. Cattle and Horses, the comparative value of the different breeds, &c., might be selected for one meeting; for another, Sheep and Wool-growing; for another, the Cereals and Grasses; another, the Orchard Culture of Fruit, &c. In this way a vast amount of information could be obtained on all of these subjects. The necessity of some such course was apparent to us at the meeting at Elmira; for there seemed to be considerable feeling as to the choice of subjects.

On Wednesday evening, Sheep and Wool-growing occupied the attention of the meeting, and we give notes of the discussion.

WOOL AND MUTTON SHEEP.

WADE, of Port Hope, C. W.—Canadian farmers prefer the long-wooled mutton sheep, as a general thing, because they can make more money by keeping them than the fine-wooled. They are more healthy, and though the wool sells for less per pound, the larger fleece brings a higher price to the farmer.

PETERS.—How do you feed?

WADE.—Feed well, winter and summer. Grow great quantities of roots, and find them almost indispensable in sheep keeping, but give anything they relish and all they will eat. It is nonsense to keep any animal poor. In winter principally feed turnips, hay and a few oats. The fleece averages eight pounds each, when well washed. Prefer the Leicester crossed with the Cotswold. The Cotswold has a heavier carcass and better constitution. The sheep, however, that we now have are modifications of the old breeds whose name they bear. The Leicesters were much modified and improved by BAKEWELL, who bred in-and-in for the purpose of improving the form, which he accomplished, but in doing so sacrificed the constitution to a certain extent. It is therefore well for the grower of long-wooled sheep to gain constitution in the way I have mentioned.

JOHN S. PETTIBONE, Vermont.—I have always recommended the farmer who has only land enough for fifty or one hundred sheep, to keep those best for mution. But, under other circumstances, fine-wooled are most profitable. I commenced raising Merinos forty years ago, and have continued to this time without admixture or cross. The greatest difficulty with sheep-raisers is that they let their flocks run down in October when the pastures get poor. Unless a person is a good judge he cannot tell when his sheep are losing flesh, and thus many are deceived and their flocks get in low condition before they are aware of it. No one can judge of the value of a sheep when the wool is off. Once I selected two ewes which I considered as near alike as possible, but at shearing time one gave five pounds of wool and the other three. Always examine them in January, and when I find a ewe with long, soft, thick wool, I mark it for myself, and no one can buy it.

A FARMER—Do Vermont sheep-raisers grease their sheep?

PETTIBONE—I have no doubt there is a good deal of fraud practiced, but I never greased a sheep in my life. Merino wool will be somewhat greasy, but there is a great difference in this respect. I know a gentleman who had a ewe which sheared thirteen pounds of very greasy wool. One of mine sheared five pounds, and yet, when cleaned, my five-pound fleece was one pound the heaviest. Those sheep with extremely greasy fleeces, should be discarded, as the wool becomes cold, and the sheep chilled. They will freeze almost as quick as a cabbage plant, and need blanketing in the barn. By a careful selection of ewes I am enabled to get a hundred good lambs from a hundred and one ewes, and can do this every year. A pen 40 feet in length by 15 in width, is room enough for a hundred sheep in winter, and they will do better than where more room is provided.

BAKER, of Steuben Co.—Have kept Merino sheep all my life. Commence in October, as soon as pastures get poor, and give a little grain until winter sets in. Then take into the sheds. Give them hay in racks, twice a day, and more or less grain. Stable all winter. Keep 400 sheep in one barn 90 by 45 feet, divided into three parts by a low board fence. The product of my sheep averages about $2 per head. Feed considerable straw, and when I do this continually for any length of time, give grain. Usually feed roots to ewes some twenty days before lambing. The turnip is a somewhat uncertain crop, but beets are sure and valuable. Have kept eight hundred a year on less than two hundred acres, including hay and pasture. The fleece averages from 4½ to 4¾ pounds each. The wool is somewhat greasy, but not what may be called gummy. I think it very desirable to increase our flocks, for the purpose of keeping up the fertility of the land. There is nothing like it. Have raised 120 bushels of shelled corn on an acre, where sheep had been kept. Have had no experience with coarse-wooled sheep.

HARMON, of Monroe Co.—Some 40 years ago commenced with Merino sheep. After five years' trial of these, obtained an imported Leicester buck, which resulted in detriment to the flock, and this cross I soon abandoned. Never let my ewes have lambs until three years old. The range of average weight of fleece in different years is from four to five and one fourth pounds. Last year the product of 328 sheep in wool, was $707; the year before, from 330, $705. Feed but little hay; use straw, corn, oats, and some bran. Put about 50 in a stable 14 by 40, and keep from fall to spring. Wash in running water until it ceases to be discolored. Let sheep run from five to eight days after washing before shearing. The wool is not gummy, but thick and fine. Feed in racks. Have some low land, which produces a grass that will keep sheep alive, but make no tallow. Believe long-wooled sheep tender. The wool is long and open, and parts, leaving portions of the skin almost bare. The water gets in and the sheep take cold and die. I lost several by consumption.

WADE.—Is not the crossing of the Merino ewe with the Leicester buck an unnatural cross? Did you ever try the Leicester ewe with the Merino buck?

HARMON—Never have; never bred a long-wooled ewe.

ALLEN, of Black Rock—Have kept sheep 25 years. My land is a clay loam; lies well up, with good surface drainage; natural to timothy, bluegrass, oats, and corn. The best Canada farmers are mostly foreigners, and are somewhat prejudiced in favor of breeds of sheep popular in Europe. They certainly have most beautiful and magnificent animals of enormous size. They find them profitable, no doubt, but no man can eat them any more than he can eat a cake of tallow. Have seen these sheep in New York, and they are bought by the keepers of large hotels, like the St. Nicholas, to grace the tables, but only a few ounces are eaten. The long-wooled sheep need shelter, for the wool parts, and in wet weather they get cold. They need grain in winter, and some roots; but in our climate, too many roots are apt to scour. The climate of England is different, and there roots are a necessity. Here corn takes the place of roots. They are beautiful sheep, shearing from five to eight pounds of wool.

BOWEN, of Orleans Co.—I can hardly sit still and hear such remarks about long-wooled sheep. I live only about thirty miles from the last speaker. I have yearlings that weigh 150 pounds. Don't know anything about the tendency of long-wooled sheep to take cold, but know they are hardier than the Merinos. Have kept sheep all my life. Long-wooled sheep in New York will bring $8 to $10, while Merinos are selling at from $1,50 to $3. There have been long, gaunt, worthless long-wooled sheep in Western New York, and perhaps to these the objections stated will apply. My sheep are called Cotswold, though perhaps they are not purely of this breed.

ALLEN.—I acknowledge the long-wooled is a grand sheep, but it is not suited to all farmers under all circumstances. When farmers live near a railroad, where mutton sheep are in demand for market, it is better to raise mutton sheep. But, when they are distant from market, it is better to grow for wool. I have fed and fattened a great number of South-Downs, and find it best to get them pretty fat on grain. They mature earlier than most any other sort, and bring more profit. At my place I find it most profitable to raise mutton sheep. Can raise as many lambs from South-Downs as any others, and they make the best mutton.

DICKINSON, of Steuben—Can you tell, by tasting, the difference between mutton of the South-Down and the Merino sheep?

ALLEN—I think I can. The fleece of the Merino is oily. This oil comes from the flesh, and gives it a bad flavor. In eating Merino mutton you can almost taste the wool. The South-Down wool is dry, and the mutton beautiful.

ROBINSON, of N. Y.—South-Down mutton brings the highest price in New York, and next to that the Longworth sheep of Canada. Still, there is

not that nice distinction made that should be. SAMUEL THORN buys every fall poor ewes coming from the West, breeds from them, and fats both lambs and ewes, making a profit of $7 on each ewe he buys. This would be a very profitable business for the farmers in the vicinity of New York city.

NEW YORK STATE FAIR.

THE Twentieth Annual Exhibition of the New York State Agricultural Society, held at Elmira last week, resulted quite differently from what officers, members and friends anticipated. The weather was unfavorable, the display meagre, and the attendance and receipts limited. Arrangements had been made for a large and complete exhibition in the various departments, — the stables for Horses, stalls for Cattle, pens for Sheep and Swine, and halls for Fruit and various products and manufactures, being abundant and spacious, though the grounds occupied were not as large as usual, comprising only a little over twenty acres. Small as were the grounds, however, there was no cause of complaint for lack of room; and as to the stock stalls and pens, not half of them were occupied. Indeed, we never attended a N. Y. State Fair which was so deficient in almost every class — the Fruit, Implement, and Mechanical departments being about the only creditable ones in the whole exhibition. Much of the apparent meagreness may be attributed to the weather, but surely a *State* Fair ought to excel an ordinary County Exhibition in every particular; — it is nevertheless true that in several classes (such as Grain, Dairy Products, Vegetables, &c.,) the recent Monroe Co. Fair was superior, in both the number and quality of articles presented, to that of Elmira.

Be it understood that we have no disposition to find fault with or criticise the official management of the Fair, and its preliminaries — for, with the exception perhaps of a lack of proper distribution of bills and premium lists (an important item, by the way,) we think the preparations and arrangements were ample and complete — yet, unfavorable as was the weather on the opening day, and uncertain as it proved through the week, we were chagrined at the display made by the Agricultural Society and Rural Population of the Empire State on an occasion when the best representatives of our Stables, Flocks, and Herds, and the choicest products of Field, Orchard, Garden, Dairy, Factory, &c, should be exhibited in friendly competition. The people of the "Southern Tier" are known to be industrious, skillful, and enterprising — perhaps no portion of the State has made greater progress within the past ten years — and hence we are surprised that they did not contribute more generally and largely to the various departments of the exhibition. In some classes they did much and well, but we fear many who went to see what others presented left better articles and animals at home. Certainly Chemung Co. alone ought to have made a much better and larger display of Dairy Products, for example, than was embraced in the entire exhibit at Elmira. Not alone for their own credit should a grand show have been made, but for that of the State and Society, in the eyes of Canadians and other "outsiders" present at the Fair, who expected great things of New York, and reasonably, from her reputation and former demonstrations.

—But regrets are of little avail, and having neither time nor space for extended remarks or suggestions, we will proceed to speak of the various departments of the Fair, as they appeared to us and our associates.

STOCK DEPARTMENT.

CATTLE.—Were we to sum up this department of the Exhibition in as few words as possible, we would be compelled to write over against it — a complete failure. In certain breeds of Cattle there were not a sufficient number shown to relieve the Society of the *three* premiums offered; and, in some instances, where the enumeration was large enough for the purpose, the animals were utterly unworthy of such distinction. Indeed, in the pithy language of PAGE, the artist and breeder, "the show was as far inferior to that of last year as that was superior to any former one ever made by the Society."

Durhams.—There were twenty-five or thirty representatives of the Short-Horns on exhibition, and among these some quite choice stock. In aged bulls, Cooper Sayre of Oaks Corners, Ontario Co., had one of the produce of old "Neptune,"—said to resemble his sire very strongly,—which was a fine animal. A. F. Wood and T. S. Harrison of St. Lawrence County, A. M. Underhill of Dutchess, John R. Page, H. S. Dunning, J. M. Sherwood, and Abram Myers of Cayuga, James O. Sheldon of Ontario, A. B. Benham of Tompkins, and J. B. Garrett of Onondaga, were the principal exhibitors, and brought forward some good stock in the competition.

We can not pass from the Durhams without mention of the "Prince of Wales," a two year old bull, exhibited by Geo. Miller of Markham, C. W. This animal was the winner of the first prize in his class, and of the gold medal at the Provincial Exhibition at Hamilton. He was exhibited at the Livingston Co. (N. Y.) Fair week before last, and carried off the sweepstakes. He is a superb specimen, *bodily*, but, as we think, with a little too much legs. However, this defect was very apparent in almost every specimen exhibited. A second animal was shown in this class (Foreign Cattle) by Adam Fergusson of Hamilton.

Devons.—Passing from the space allotted to Short-Horns to that given the Devons, we hoped to see the scantiness relieved, but were disappointed. In aged bulls there was no competition, and but one premium awarded, which was taken by an animal owned by E. Cornell of Tompkins. The exhibitors were D. M. Lindsay of Steuben, S. W. Johnson and S. W. Bradley of Cattaraugus, E. Ottley of Ontario, Clark Hyatt of Tioga, and E. G. Cook of Jefferson.

Herefords.—Here there seemed to be something of a gain, in numbers, at least, as one of the competitors, E. Corning, Jr., of Albany, made a fair contribution. In certain divisions, however, the same deficiency heretofore noted was apparent,—bulls, three-year-olds, for lack of display, could carry away but first and second prizes; two-year-olds and yearlings were in like condition as to numbers. In most of the others there was barely sufficient to take the premiums offered. The exhibitors were E. Corning, M. C. Remington of Cayuga, A. Bowen of Orleans, and R. H. Avery of Madison.

Ayrshires.—If it were possible to go from bad to worse in such an exhibit of stock, the "deepest deep" was reached when we came to examine this breed of milkers. But two exhibitors presented anything at all worthy—Henry Somerville of Cattaraugus, and Samuel N. Andrews of Herkimer,—and we think the Society saved all their offered prizes, with, perhaps, the exception of two.

Alderneys.—This breed made a little (and but a little) better display than the Ayrshires. Thomas Messenger of Long Island, and Jas. O. Sheldon of Ontario, made up the exhibition almost in its entirety. In the division of Foreign Cattle was a good three-year-old bull of this breed, owned by Henry Smith of Patterson, New Jersey.

Holland Cattle.—Three representatives of this breed (bull, cow, and heifer calf,) were upon the ground, and, to say the least, elicited the attention of spectators because of their peculiar marking. From the point of the muzzle to a line a few inches back of the shoulder, and from the tip of the tail to the flanks, was a deep, jetty black, the intervening space being almost pure white.

Grade Cattle.—The show of Grades was limited, but some very choice animals were exhibited by S. J. Spencer and J. L. Chapman of Wyoming, A. Bundy of Allegany, C. W. Wadsworth of Genesee, E. Ottley of Ontario, Samuel Balcom of Steuben, and M. C. Remington of Cayuga. Among the curiosities in this line was a cow eighteen months old,—a veritable cow in all but maternity and size.

Working Oxen.—Eleven yoke were entered in competition, and, taken as a whole, the exhibition was very creditable, if we except the display of fat made by a goodly portion, which would seem to better fit them for the butcher's stall than for labor. The yoke entered by A. Bundy of Allegany county, called forth the admiration of those surrounding the exhibiting ring, because of their docility and training. This pair, grade Devons, have been in charge of F. Bundy (a lad now about 17 years of age,) from the days of their juvenility, and the manner in which he handled them, without a word, or use of the gad, spoke volumes for his patience and perseverance. The others were brought out by E. Ottley and Thomas Tufts of Ontario Co., C. W. Wadsworth of Genesee, and A. F. Wood of Jefferson.

HORSES.—While this part of the Fair labored, to some extent, under the same difficulties which detracted from the merit and interest of other portions, it was compelled to sustain an additional burthen. The race on Wednesday, between "Flora Temple" and "Patchen," drew thousands from the Society's Exhibition, and compelled examining committees to attempt two days' labors in one. As a consequence everything was in admirable confusion. Matched Teams, Trotting Stallions and Trotting Geldings, Draught Horses and Roadsters, Thorough-breds, and those totally destitute of breeding, were vieing with each other for the praise of outsiders and the premiums. Amid all this, it was an unenviable job to get any information, or judge concerning the merits of the various animals shown. In the class "*All Work*," good animals were shown by H. McConnell and D. Fitzsimmons of Chemung Co., John Bowker of Tompkins, Andrew Race of Cayuga, and E. O. S. Barnes of Ontario.

Matched Horses were shown by E. O. S. Barnes, Thomas Gould of Cayuga, and Charles R. Sackett of Tioga.

Draught—A good display was made, in which the animals shown by the following individuals were prominent:—J. H. Kies, B. S. Carpenter, J. Smith and W. T. Wynkoop of Chemung Co., Henry Welles of Kings, A. Ligne of Tioga, E. Corning, Jr., of Albany, Jacob Wamsley and A. Stearns of Ontario.

In "*Foreign Horses*" our sister State of Pennsylvania was well represented by the animals of Mr. Wagener of Knoxville, R. R. Beckwith of French Mills, A. Cropsey of Lawrenceville, J. E. Post of Scranton, and Isaac Gregory of Athens.

The *advertising* card among the horses was the Arabian (but one was on the grounds,) presented to Hon. Wm. H. Seward. This horse has latterly undergone the privations and hardships of a long sea voyage, and we must make allowance therefor, but we believe that nineteen out of twenty who saw him, when asked for an opinion, would express disappointment, if nothing couched in stronger terms. He is, we think, considerably under fifteen hands, dark bay, black mane and tail, the latter fine, long and thin; small head, well set on; large bright eyes; a medium nostril; and is badly marked with white, especially upon the back. There may be something very valuable about him, and well worth the notoriety which the press and the Society have accorded, but there were a score of animals exhibited which will not even receive "honorable mention," that, in our humble opinion, possessed more spirit, power, endurance, style, speed, and all the other desirable features which constitute a good horse.

SHEEP.—This department of the Exhibition might be characterized as fair in numbers, and a very good average of the total would be pronounced of excellent quality. The bulk of the display was made up of Mutton breeds, so much so, we begin to fear that our farmers are deserting the fine wooled varieties.

Spanish Merinoes—In this division there was perceptible a remarkable uniformity of contour and fleece, and the majority of those on exhibition were well worthy of a position in the flocks of our most skillful breeders. Among the flocks represented we noticed those of J. Stickney and D. Z. Gibbs of Steuben Co., Geo. Brown of Ontario, Isaac M. Lyon of Schuylor, N. M. Dart of Delaware, and O. Howland of Cayuga.

Silesian Merinoes.—There was a good display of this class, which was mainly owing to large collections contributed by two or three breeders Wm. Chamberlin and Wm. L. Chamberlin of Dutchess Co., and Geo. Brown of Ontario.

French Merinoes were in a sad minority, the responsibility of representation resting upon one or two animals presented by L. J. Jones of Chemung Co.

Cross Breeds were shown in goodly numbers by the gentleman already named and by E. G. Cook of Jefferson Co., A. B. Whipple and son of Tioga, J. Whitney and F. J. Potter of Chemung.

South-Downs.—The quality of the South-Downs on exhibition could not but please those with whom this breed finds special favor. Samuel Thorne and Jacob Lorillard of Westchester Co., H. Bowen of Orleans, and C. B. Meek of Ontario, were the principal exhibitors, and as such presented specimens that highly commended their skill as breeders.

Shropshire-Downs.—Mr. Lorillard had six yearling ewes and a two year old buck of this breed. The average shearings were 6¼@7lb, and the weight of the buck was a little over 300lb.

Hampshire-Downs.—A good show was made of this breed by Mr. Lorillard, Mr. Meek, Mr. Thomas Messenger of Long Island, and Henry Somerville of Cattaraugus.

Cheviots.—There was twenty specimens of this breed on exhibition, and, as they are somewhat a novelty among sheep-breeders hereabouts, attracted considerable notice. They were shown by C. Bassett of ———.

New Oxfordshire.—Luther R. Harris of Broome Co. had fine bred samples of his flock, ranging from lambs to those six years old, also crosses with the Cotswold, ¼ and ⅜, which reflected much credit upon his system of breeding.

Cotswolds.—E. Ottley and Cooper Sayre of Ontario County, exhibited bucks, ewes, and lambs, which were very choice specimens.

Fat Sheep.—The numbers were limited, but the oleaginous display was enough to make the countenance of a tallow chandler beam with gratification. W. H. Coon, H. Bowen, Jr., Lyman Murdock, C. B. Meek, Hitchcock & Lewis, and O. Howland were the principal exhibitors.

Foreign Sheep.—John Miller of Pickering, C. W., exhibited several remarkably fine Leicesters, among others the "1st Prize" of the Provincial Show. Geo. Miller of Markham, C. W., had the Cotswold and its crosses. A two-year-old buck, weight 379 pounds, winner of the "1st prize" and silver medal at Hamilton, was in his collection. John Snell of Brampton, C. W., exhibited Lincolnshires, Cotswolds, and Leicestershires, in profusion.

SWINE.—As regards this portion of the exhibition, a few words will be sufficient to describe all that was worthy of notice. Nearly all the breeds were represented, but in many instances by only single specimens. The large varieties would seem to have found special favor in the eyes of breeders, as they bore the palm of numbers. *Good keep* was *the* feature, in fact, almost the only nice, neat points observable, were such as the corn-crib might bestow upon any of the breeds belonging to this class of animals.

POULTRY.—The show of Poultry was large and fine, and exceedingly interesting to those who have a fancy for domestic fowls. A great change has come over this department during the past five or six years. Then the large Asiatic or Chinese fowls made up the bulk of the exhibition. Now attention seems to be directed to smaller and more fancy breeds.

The *Black Spanish* we think were more numerously represented than any other variety. They are beautiful birds, of a glossy black, with a thin, brilliant red comb, and though smaller than the Shanghaes, large enough. They are good layers and their flesh is desirable. The greatest objection to them is the difficulty of keeping the comb from freezing in the winter, which destroys their beauty. Fine coops of these were shown by E. S. Ralph, W. Barnes, J. R. Harcourt, J. E. Chamberlain, and others.

The *Polands* are coming into favor again. About as many of these were exhibited as of the Black Spanish, and even a greater number, if we include the fancy colored sorts—Gold and Silver Polands. The Black Poland is an excellent variety for laying, then they are more quiet than ordinary fowls, but unless kept clean soon become diseased. When kept nice they are very ornamental. Their flesh is not thought to be as fine as that of other fowls by some, but perhaps this is fancy. They seldom want to sit, which makes them desirable for those who keep fowls for the eggs alone. The Golden Polands are pretty, but the Silver Poland, beautifully marked with black and white, are as beautiful as any fowls we know.

The *Game Fowls* which for several years have hardly honored our Fairs with their presence, were exhibited in pretty large numbers. They are good fowls, but their great combativeness makes them somewhat troublesome. Some half a dozen varieties were shown.

Half a dozen coops of *Chinese Fowls* were shown, and these monster birds did all that could be asked of them, both in appearance and by voice, to maintain their fading honors.

Jersey Blues and *Bolton Grays* are both good fowls, and the latter very pretty. They were shown in fair numbers.

The *Bantams* made up in numbers and beauty what they lacked in size. There were Gold and Silver Laced, very ornamental, also the Black and White, and the White Java, with clean legs and double comb.

Turkeys were fine, but not as numerous as usual. *Geese* were well represented. The Bremen and African were splendid, and attracted general attention. Among the *Ducks* we noticed Aylesbury, Muscovy, and the White Top-Knot, but what pleased us most was a coop of Black Cayuga, by John R. Page of Sennott, hatched in June last. They were magnificent birds. Altogether the show of poultry was very creditable.

DAIRY AND GRAIN.

In the building appropriated to dairy products we found but little that legitimately belonged there. Indeed, the dairy interests of the State were never so poorly represented at any State Fair that we have ever attended, unless our recollection is very much at fault. There were some choice specimens of butter, in all forty lots. In addition to this, some half a dozen cheeses made up the collection.

In the same building we found some very good wheat, Dayton, Red Spring, Mediterranean, &c., six or eight barrels in all, and a few bags. The exhibition of oats was very fair, and we counted about twenty lots, and some very plump, heavy specimens. The Poland seemed to prevail, though there was a very fine lot labeled "*California Oats.*" Of corn, there were but two barrels shelled, and a few ears. The barley exhibited was very fine, and the same may be said of the Timothy seed, of which there were several samples. The ladies seemed to be at fault, for we observed only three loaves of bread, and two specimens of honey, hardly enough to satisfy a hungry committee.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, &c.

The exhibition of Agricultural Implements, Machinery, &c., was very good—large and varied for the locality, though not so extensive as at Albany last season. It included the usual "assortment"—reapers and mowers, horse powers and threshers, portable and other engines, plows, harrows, cultivators, drills, horse rakes, ditching machines, potato diggers, hay and cheese presses, cider mills, churns, bee hives, &c., &c. The display comprised quite a number of noteworthy improvements, and a few novelties, but we have not space this week to even enumerate the articles mentioned in our note book.

Among the Reapers and Mowers were Ketchum's, Wood's, Kirby's, Hubbard's, Allen's, Shipman's, and others—with Sherwood's Grain Binder. The Genesee Valley Mower, a new and cheap machine, attracted attention, and if not an infringement upon Ketchum's patent, may yet mow a good swath. It has a good look. While looking at the mowers we observed a new attachment to one, (Kirby's, we believe, though adapted to others.) This was a Potato Digger, patented by Bartlett,—apparently a simple machine for the purpose. Time and trial will decide as to its utility.

R. R. Horse Powers and Threshers were shown in operation by Westinghouse & Co., Wheeler & Co., Pease, the "inevitable" Emery, Wells & Co., R. & M. Harder, J. M. Harvey & Son, and others—making a fine exhibition, and occupying much space and merited attention. The competition in furnishing this class of machinery is quite spirited, and must benefit the large number of farmers and mechanics who can use the powers advantageously.

Among the straw and stalk cutters the "Empire Feed Cutter," exhibited by A. Gordon, of Rochester, was much approved for its strength, simplicity and ease of management. It is a compact, four-knife machine, and comprises several advantages over others intended for the purpose.

Prindle's Agricultural Cauldron and Steamer was in full blast, and we found the enthusiastic inventor explaining its merits with considerable force and evident success. He certainly cooked potatoes well and speedily, and steamed other stock feed "on time," quite satisfactorily.

Hay and other Scales were exhibited by several manufacturers. Howe's Scales, which are admired for their great simplicity and durability, attracted merited attention, and were awarded two first premiums. We believe they have also taken precedence at the Ohio and several other State Fairs.

Among the new things, we were glad to find Wood's Willow Peeler (recently described in the RURAL). It is a very simple, compact machine, and evidently just what the growers of oziers have long needed.

A Wind Mill exhibited in operation by E. W. Mills of Onondaga, is a very complete and cheap affair for pumping and other purposes. It is self-regulating, very effective, and is furnished for $40, with a pump complete.

Gladding's Horse Pitchfork was on exhibition in a shape to show its operation, and attracted no little attention. It is a good thing, as we know from former experience.

Washing Machines were exhibited in full array, and their operation and the eloquence of the delineators of their respective merits, attracted a very *fair* audience. Among them we noticed the "Cataract," "Conical," "U. S. Roller," "Green Mountain," "Union," "Wide Awake," and last, but by no means least in merit, the "Gymnasium," a very neat and practical looking machine, the invention of a lady—Mrs. C. H. Pendleton, of Galena, Ill., we believe. The storm furnished abundant fluid of the right kind, and the mud-soiled garments of many in the crowd rendered the exhibition of this class of machines highly appropriate and suggestive.

Of the many new plows, horse-rakes, churns, presses, pumps, etc., of which we took notes, it is impossible to make even brief mention.

MANUFACTURER'S AND MECHANIC'S HALL contained many curious and useful articles. Stoves were exhibited largely. The "Stewart," and another somewhat resembling it, but with some "improvements," called the "Peace-Maker," attracted general admiration. Improved Cheese Vats of several patterns were shown — that of Messrs. COOPER, of Jefferson Co., is well worthy the attention of dairymen. Of Churns there was quite a variety — some of them no doubt useful in the saving of labor, while others had the appearance of curious playthings. The Hall also contained very beautiful carriages of all descriptions, some good enough for any farmer to ride in, and a variety of machines which we have not the space to describe.

The machine of Wyckoff, Hobbie & Co. of Elmira, for boring wooden water pipe, attracted great attention, and interested us more than any other on the grounds. It is a great labor-saving and timber-saving "institution." A pine log eight feet long, is bored out by a hollow augur ten inches in diameter; the core taken from the log is bored out by a smaller hollow augur, and the core of the latter by another augur of less size.

—For report of Fruit and Vegetable departments of the Fair, see next page.

DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT.

The leading feature in the Domestic Hall was a grand display of quilts of all colors, and of the most fanciful and curious workmanship. Many millions of stitches and many years of time must have been employed in their fashioning, far more than their intrinsic value would seem to warrant —yet as the work of sisters and daughters and friends—as heir-looms in the family—they are no doubt valuable beyond price to their owners. The worsted and crochet work was fine, though the number of pieces exhibited was not large. The show of rag carpet, of domestic flannel, and of tow cloth, proved that the ladies of the "Southern Tier" have not forgotten to imitate the industry of their mothers and grandmothers, even in this fast age of railroads, sewing machines, and patent milkers. These two last were exhibited in the same building, and the milking machine operated by exhausting the air, which produces a suction, said by the exhibitor to be twice as natural as the same operation could be performed by the calf.

E. D. Hallock of Rochester exhibited the result of his new process of tanning, by which even lamb skin is said to be made tougher and more durable than deer skin. Dr. Bly also exhibited to the unfortunate his wonderful leg, which is said to possess many advantages even over the natural limb, though in some respects we imagine it is a little inferior. But really the most *tasteful* article in this department that came under our notice was wine made of the Elderberry, by Alfred Speer of New Jersey. It was represented to be made of the pure juice of the Elder fruit, without water, sugar or spirit, and was four years old. To our taste it was much better than most of the stuff made of water and sugar and half-ripened grape juice, and called by way of compliment, native wine.

Agricultural Miscellany.

RECENT AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.—The *New York State Fair*, at Elmira, last week, opened inauspiciously, continued unfavorably, and closed unfortunately. *Reasons*—bad weather and (in the estimation of many) wrong location. *Result*—meagre exhibition, small attendance, and receipts so limited as to probably render the Fair financially disastrous. All which is to be regretted. See our extended report, elsewhere, for particulars.

The *Ohio State Fair* (at Dayton, Sept. 25—28,) was quite successful. The weather was very fine until the third day, the morning of which was wet and unfavorable, though the attendance and receipts were large. The Ohio Farmer thus sums up the result:—"The Fair was excellent in nearly every department, and the management better than ever before; and what is equally to the purpose, we have never visited a Fair where the people seemed to study all the departments with such interest and industry. This was particularly true of the agricultural implement department. The large hall and grounds devoted to this interest, were continually crowded, even more than the horse-ring. The receipts, we understand, were about $12,000, large enough to pay expenses and have a small surplus left."

The *Fair of the U. S. Ag. Society* (at Cincinnati, the week preceding Ohio State Fair,) resulted in a failure, as we learn from friends who attended and reports in Western papers. There was a fair display of machinery and artistic and domestic manufactures, but the show of Stock was a total failure. Though the weather was most favorable, *the People* were not at the Fair—showing that the protests of the State and Local Ag. Boards, and the advice of the Ag. Press, had been read and heeded.

The *Michigan State Fair*, at Detroit, was decidedly creditable in its various departments, and largely attended—as we are informed by a gentleman who was present. In some classes—especially Fruit, Vegetables, &c.,—the show excelled that of any previous Fair of the Society. The weather was fine throughout, and the attendance unusually large on Thursday. We congratulate the Society and our Michigan friends generally upon the successful result.

The *Oswego County Fairs*—at Mexico and Fulton—were both quite successful, as we learn from local papers. The receipts at Mexico considerably exceeded those of last year. "The exhibition proved a success and triumph; the several departments, with few exceptions, were well represented, and some even to profusion." At Fulton the display is said to have been the largest ever witnessed in the place—the pre-eminence being especially apparent in several important departments. The receipts were handsome—sufficient to liquidate all claims against the Society, and probably leave a small surplus. They have *two* County Societies in Oswego, and pluck enough, it seems, to sustain both creditably.

The *Ontario County Fair*—held week before last, on the Society's fine grounds in Canandaigua—was in most respects quite successful. The Messenger reports that "the number of people in attendance was about as large as usual, and the exhibition quite as good and varied as on any former occasion. There was a fine show of stock, especially of horses. Also a large number of sheep. There was the usual display of agricultural implements, labor-saving machines, &c."

The *Seneca County Fair*, held at Waterloo, Sept. 25—28, is reported to have been largely attended, considering the weather and other unfavorable circumstances. The Observer says:—"The exhibition throughout was one of the best ever seen at any of the Fairs in the county. It was certainly so as regards the quality of the stock and articles exhibited, while the quantity was quite large."

INDIANA STATE FAIR.—Great preparations are making for this exhibition, to be held at Indianapolis, Oct. 15—20. New Fair Grounds have been secured and put in fine order. It is said "a handsomer surface could not have been found—the forest is complete, affording a fine shade —while the improvements are in the right place, and handsomely adapted to their purposes." The general arrangements are of the most satisfactory character, and the public pulse beats anxious for a splendid success—the people being determined that the Indiana State Fair shall excel that of the U. S. Society, at Cincinnati.

WHEAT SEEDING is again becoming a large and important branch of Autumn farm labor in this region. During last month probably a larger surface was sown to wheat in Western and Central New York than in any previous season for ten years, and we think the work was done with more care and attention. The Mediterranean is the leading variety sown hereabouts, we think, though various new varieties are being tested, and some of them (such as the Dayton, Early May, Early Virginia, &c.,) quite extensively. Many of our farmers are again trying the Soules, in the hope that, by early sowing, on rich, properly-prepared soil, it will escape the midge.

THE AMERICAN TERRACULTOR, a Rotary Digger, advertised in this paper, will attract the attention of farmers and manufacturers. We purpose giving an illustration and description of this machine in a future number.

HORTICULTURAL.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTH SESSION, AT PHILADELPHIA, 1860.

(Continued from page 319, last week.)

Third Day—Morning Session.

GOOSEBERRIES.

Mountain Seedling.

J. T. LYON, of Mich.—The foreign Gooseberries may not be worthy of special consideration, being so universally destroyed by mildew, but the Mountain Seedling is worthy of cultivation. In size, it is considerably larger than Houghton's Seedling, and of good flavor.

PRINCE—Is originated with the Shakers, at Lebanon, in this State.

Recommended as promising well.

Downing's Seedling.

LYON—I introduce for discussion Downing's Seedling.

REID, of N. J.—I have seen it and consider it the best American variety I have met with. It is larger than the Houghton, and I am cultivating it with other seedlings.

Recommended as promising well.

GRAPES.

Taylor, or "Bullitt."

MILLER, of Pa.—I wish to correct an erroneous impression, as I have been charged with changing the name of this grape, received from Judge Bullitt, of Kentucky. Dr. Taylor, of Cleveland, says it may be confounded with his new seedling, the Cuyanoga. The Taylor or Bullitt grape deserves a place on the list promising well.

BINER, of Bethlehem, Pa.—I move that this grape be called the Taylor.

BYRAM, of Ky.—I have taken some interest in the cultivation of this grape, in certain States, and find that it stands the climate remarkably well. It is excellent, and has proved one of the most beautiful vines I know of. It ripens about two weeks before Isabella.

RUTTER—I have seen it growing in Northampton Co., Pa., on wood, fifteen feet long, this season. Its foliage beautiful, and its leaves smooth.

ESHLEMAN—There are specimens here which a number of members have tasted. They have every appearance of being ripe, and yet are quite inedible.

RUTTER—I had this grape from Kentucky, last week; very fine tasted. I think, with due deference to the opinions of my friends, the flavor is fine, and equal to any out-door grape. I have never tasted better, excepting the Delaware. As for its growth, there is no question about it. Among some eighty or ninety kinds, it is the best grower among those that promise well.

Recommended as promising well.

The name of the grape referred to the committee on synonyms.

Raabe.

PRINCE—I propose the Raabe grape. As far as my own experience goes, I have found it a perfectly rustic American grape, the sweetest, perhaps, of the American varieties. The cluster is small, the flavor very good, and early in ripening I consider it quite an acquisition—one well suited to the climate, and will probably grow very well in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. The fruit is excellent. I would like to hear from Pennsylvania on the subject.

SCOTT—My ideas agree with those of Mr. Prince, as to its sweetness; and I know that it is a rustic grape, and that the leaves are strong. Its foliage is unlike our native grapes. It is free from mildew.

MITCHELL, of Pa.—I have cultivated this grape for several years. The bunches and the berries are small, but contains a very large seed. It bears enormous crops. It is altogether desirable, I think, for special culture. It has a rich juice. It has been cultivated not only in Philadelphia, but in the neighborhood for the last eight or ten years, and was formerly thought to be a seedling of the Catawba. It is second only to the Delaware.

RUTTER—It is about the size of the Delaware, sweeter, but does not possess its vinous flavor. It endures abuse well.

Recommended as promising well.

Creveling.

PRINCE—It is large, oval, less pulp than Isabella, about the same sweetness and color, and two weeks earlier.

MITCHELL, of Pa.—The Creveling grape is cultivated in my place. It is now very nearly ripe.

ESHLEMAN—In order to prevent confusion, I will mention some of the synonyms of that variety. I think it will prove identical with the Catawissa, and Columbia Bloom.

PRINCE—The Columbia is the name of a grape which was described in publications on the grape many years ago. It originated in the District of Columbia.

GOODWIN, of Kingston, Pa.—I exhibited the grape here, and know something about its history. It has been cultivated some twenty-five years in the neighborhood of Columbia county, Pa.—from which place it derives one of its names. The name of the grape there was originally Creveling, from the family who originated it. It has been cultivated for a long time, and has, to some extent, run out the Isabella, on account of its early ripening. It ripens as early as the Northern Muscadine, and many think it superior to Isabella. It hangs well on the bunch, and makes good wine without sugar.

On motion, it was resolved, that with our present information on this subject, it is not advisable to recommend any varieties as promising well the present session. The Taylor Bullitt grape and the Raabe were, therefore, stricken off.

Maxatawney.

MITCHELL—This grape derives its name from a township in Berks county, where it is supposed to have originated. It is perfectly hardy, and there can be no doubt of its truly native character, as the leaves indicate this. The grape being a white one with a Malaga appearance, is rather remarkable. It is late, however, and does not get fully ripe until about the first of October.

Clara.

SCOTT—I call attention to the Clara, one of Mr. Raabe's seedlings, raised about the same time as the Raabe. I would like information from those who have fruited it. The color is a light amber.

Dr. GRANT, of N. Y.—I have cultivated it a number of years, and fruited it twice. The leaf shows its foreign character. It seems perfectly hardy, having endured the coldest weather without injury, even where the Isabella has suffered. Its quality is good, though not remarkably productive, and ripens about the same time as the Catawba. It is a good grower, and the foliage is as exempt from mildew as most other varieties.

MITCHELL—Mr. Raabe has the Clara growing in his yard, in Philadelphia, and invites the entire convention to go and look at it. It has borne very large grapes—the result of no special culture. Last year, bore a very heavy crop. The vine that I have, is a young one, and so far as mildew is concerned, it is not affected more than any other variety.

LYON.—Several years ago, I had a small plant of this variety, which I planted with rather unusual care, among a number of varieties, and carefully covered it. For two years, I was unable to get much growth. It suffered some from mildew, while others were unaffected, and I finally lost it. It bore no fruit.

MILLER.—I have had the Clara grape for four years. It fruited in 1858 and '59. Last winter, it was partly winter-killed, not having any protection. This summer, it mildewed, I think, in consequence of having been partially killed by winter. Any plant injured by the winter does not stand the same chance of escaping in the fall of the year.

To-Kalon.

HARRISON.—I would like to gain some information in regard to the To-Kalon.

STRONG.—I find it somewhat liable to mildew. I do not know that my experience with this variety will entitle me to say much. My impression, however, is that it is better than the Isabella and mildews about the same.

HOOKER—It is very liable to rot and mildew. The vine is hardy and a vigorous grower, and when obtained in perfection it is a very superior grape, large and handsome. The wood, though exposed all winter, is as hardy even to the ends and shoots as the Diana. I would not recommend it. It ripens at the same time as the Isabella; the color is not so dark.

PRINCE.—I have a vine, and it is perfectly hardy. I am satisfied that if this grape has enough open exposure and free air, it will not mildew.

LYON.—I fruited the To-Kalon this year. When I left home, about the first of September, it was considerably colored. The Isabella was about half colored; not so much as this one. With me, it has not mildewed, though I have seen certain premonitory symptoms. It is a very strong grower.

GRANT.—Four years since, I proposed the To-Kalon for the list promising well. That was the last of a succession of remarkably favorable years for the growth of the vine. The three preceding seasons it had given much satisfaction. The bunch is very large. Its productiveness is equal to any grape I have grown. It has ripened with me every year, and always a week or so earlier than the Isabella. It is liable to rot and mildew.

Clinton.

HOOKER.—I introduce the Clinton. It is not a new grape, having been fruited for many years. It is very productive, hardy, and makes a very good wine. It is of a dark purple color; in very compact bunches; not very sweet, but has a vinous flavor; a remarkably good keeper, and when put up in boxes improves in flavor. Beginning to ripen before the Isabella, it retains its fruit on the vine until frost. It is entirely hardy, the foliage looking very much like that of a wild vine.

PRINCE.—The Clinton is one of the most important grapes we have in the country now, but its cultivation is much neglected. It is very much disseminated through the State of New York, and it is the most productive native grape I have seen. It is very juicy; and good wine can be made from it, though not sweet enough. As a productive, hardy vineyard grape, I consider it without an equal.

MILLER.—There is not a grape in whose behalf I find more pleasure in speaking, than of this. I have grown it for four years, and it has not known such a thing as mildew or rot. As for the wine, it is very good though sharp. I have used no sugar in making it. The grapes, when perfectly ripe, are quite good. The description given by our friend Downing, in the revision of the Fruit Book, "When perfectly ripe, very good," I think just the thing.

PARRY.—This grape has succeeded with me better than any other. I consider our location unfavorable to the culture of the grape, in general, as many others, spoken well of in other places, do not succeed with me. When the time for the grape to ripen arrives, the leaf falls off. This variety retains its leaves to the end and seems admirably adapted for cultivation, with us.

ESHLEMAN.—I cultivate a good many varieties, but nothing gives as good a crop of fruit as the Clinton. I think this is the grape we should cultivate.

GRANT.—I have cultivated the Clinton for many years. I supposed no one attempted its dissemination earlier than I did. At that time, we were in want of a grape that would reach a more Northern latitude than the Isabella. Of late years I have only propagated a few for those who wish to make a complete collection. It is a grape which will grow for many years, with but little care. I have seen it, this year more completely stricken down with the mildew than any grape which has come under my observation. It colors very early in the season, but does not ripen or become eatable until after touched with the frost, when it becomes palatable.

THE PRESIDENT.—One of the most vigorous frost vines I ever saw; but I have seen this grape rot a little.

HOOKER.—The present season, my large vine of the Clinton has mildewed. It is the only instance of that variety mildewing, I know of. I was much surprised at the fact, but consider it an exceptional case.

HOUGHTON.—I have the Clinton grape, and would confirm the remark made that it sometimes mildews. I do not consider it of any value, except for its enormous growth, which causes a fine shade, suitable for arbors.

RIDER.—I have about two hundred vines of this variety. It has mildewed under the leaves, and we have a very poor crop, rotten and defective. When ripe, it makes very good wine.

QUINN.—I have had it for four years, but not once mildewed, even when the Catawba and Isabella were entirely covered.

LOOMIS, of Indiana.—We have had a valuable crop of it, in our State; said to be perfectly ripe. It bears well, better than any other variety.

Marion.

STRONG.—I introduce the Marion. It answers the description of the Ohio Marion. The size nearly up to the Isabella; color, black; and the fruit presenting quite a fair bunch; perfectly free of rot or any indications of disease.

PRINCE.—I would remark that the first Marion was sent out by Mr. Longworth; the second by Mr. Shepherd, of Marion. I ask the gentleman which of these varieties this is?

STRONG.—I received my variety from Dr. Grant.

GRANT.—Mr. Strong has, undoubtedly, the one disseminated by Mr. Longworth. That disseminated by Mr. Shepherd is better known as the York Madiera. I have received cuttings from Mr. Shepherd, that have proved identical with the York Madiera, or Schuylkill Madiera. It is a much less vigorous grower, and does not ripen as early. The Marion is of the Clinton family, blackens early, but is not fit to eat until touched by frost. Its berries and bunches often attain great size.

PRINCE.—I would like some gentleman to specify the distinguishing traits of the Marion and Logan.

GRANT.—The leaf of the Logan is not more than half as large as the leaf of the Marion, and it bears much earlier. A characteristic never wanting in the Marion, is its strength of vine, and the large red tendrils peculiar to this variety, by which it clings to a tree or any other support with remarkable tenacity.

Pauline.

MITCHELL.—I introduce the Pauline, and would like to hear how it succeeds.

SCHLEY, of N. C.—I have not progressed far enough in its culture to give any definite or reliable information to the meeting. I have been favorably impressed with it, and think it an admirable grape, and a good bearer; full flavored and delicious; will make an excellent wine. It is of a purple hue, very much the color of the Warren; a prolific grower, and ripens in the month of August in North Carolina.

MILLER.—I have had the fruit growing for two years. It is perfectly free from mildew, and hardy.

BERCKMANS—The Pauline has been cultivated by some persons for upwards of 50 years as a wine grape. It ripens the last of September. It has, with us, mildewed, when the leaf has crumpled up. It is not a good grower the first or second year. After that it grows well. The size of the bunch is ten inches, very compact, and of a pale lilac color. Very sweet, and we consider it one of the best we have. There is another grape which ought not to be confounded with the Pauline, called the Long Bunch.

Allen's Hybrid.

I introduced the Allen's Hybrid. My experience in its cultivation is not extensive. I have known it for three years. It is now ripe, and but for a mistake I would have some of them on exhibition; most beautiful in appearance; more completely transparent and lucid than any I have grown in the open air. Much of the Chasselas in character, with a portion of wine added.

STRONG—Have not fruited it, but it seems to me to be one of the best of grapes.

THE PRESIDENT—I have great respect for the opinions of the gentleman who have spoken, but we have understood, in Massachusetts, that this grape was rather late in ripening. I concur in what has been said in relation to the excellence of the fruit. It resembles the Chasselas, and has what I particularly like, a little smack of the native aroma—just enough to make it piquant. I think it a very superior grape. Mr. Allen informs me he has qualities of the Isabella and other varieties, which have been injured by mildew, when this has not been touched. It is a most vigorous grower, and is now ripe.

Rodgers' Hybrids.

PRINCE—I would like a report of the success with Rodgers' Seedlings.

GRANT—My information is not very extensive, having had but two years' observation. I entertain strong hopes in regard to them, based chiefly upon one years' growth. Among them are varieties which approach the Black Hamburgh, but are much earlier,—earlier than the Isabella. Number 5, which is on exhibition, I remember as one of the best. I give my opinion from the grapes grown at Salem. I saw them on the vines there, in the open ground.

THE PRESIDENT—I have never seen Mr. Rodgers' vines, and it is not my custom, occupying an official position as I do, through your kindness, to give my name to fruits, or even endorse them, unless well satisfied with their properties. Mr. Rodgers is a very modest young gentleman, occupying the Secretary's birth in an office in Salem, and has devoted a portion of his time to the art of fruit culture. I confess I was surprised when he sent me his grapes, and wrote that he himself had produced them from seed. From those gentlemen who have received samples of these grapes I would like to hear. I will only state, that I was much pleased with the good quality of many of them. The vines are grown two feet apart, being run up to a height of 20 feet along the terrace. Some of them I thought quite equal in size and quality to the Diana, but with a larger berry and larger bunches. Those crossed with Black Hamburg, were quite as handsome as any foreign bunches of Black Hamburgs. Being grown under these circumstances so well and handsomely, I have been induced to believe that they might be grown as fine as the Black Hamburg. I would state that I have been favored with an examination of them, and have written to Mr. R. that I believed he had commenced a new era in the cultivation of the grape.

MILLER—Mr. Rodgers was kind enough to send me twenty-seven varieties of his seedlings. No. 1, which resembles the Sweetwater, was my favorite, and I think the best of the lot. Nos. 1, 15, and 19, are the only ones that I can highly recommend. The others were not fully ripe. Some of them I think may be well adapted to Southern growth.

THE PRESIDENT—I think we ought to be very cautious indeed in recommending new varieties. I mention Mr. Rodgers' grapes as being very fine without having received any extra cultivation. At the Horticultural Society of Salem they received a premium, as being better than the Concord, and therefore I arose to state what I have stated, and not to say anything which might particularly interfere with the growth of these grapes. I know that No. 1 is a splendid bunch, so is 33, but I desire to refrain from commending anything until fully satisfied with its excellence.

PRINCE—I make no comment upon these grapes. I asked merely to have them brought forward. I obtained from Mr. Rodgers 12 varieties. Several of these are very late. Mr. Rodgers seems willing to elicit information from others, and the suggestion made that some of them are suited only to Southern States, may be of use.

MILLER—I never opened a box of grapes, the appearance of which astonished me so much as these, on account of their enormous size, some being even larger than the Hamburg.

CAMPBELL, of Ohio—The growth is more vigorous than Black Hamburg. I have understood that they mildew in Mr. Rodgers' garden, and that is the case in southern Ohio.

STRONG—I found mildew on Mr. Rodgers' grapes, more than on any others, but I am not sure it was a fair test, as they were more exposed.

Emily.

LYON—There has been a grape before the community for a long time, called the Emily. There is much confusion respecting it. I have received vines under that name which are worthless. I would like to know something of the characteristics of the true variety.

MILLER—I obtained what I supposed to be the Emily from head-quarters, but it proved worthless—not even fit to graft upon.

MITCHELL—In justice to Mr. Raabe, it should be stated that he has another grape somewhat resembling this, and the two have in some way become confounded. One is much better than the other.

Massachusetts White.

RUTTER—The Massachusetts White has obtained a good deal of notoriety at the east. It would be well for gentlemen to give members present their opinion of its character.

STRONG—The least said about this grape and the less it is cultivated the better, as it is entirely worthless.

[This opinion was fully endorsed by the President, Messrs. Reid, Rutter, and others.]

Norton's Virginia.

PRINCE—I introduce Norton's Virginia. I received it several years ago from Dr. Norton, of Richmond, Va. It was then said to be a hybrid between Meunier, of France, and some native grapes. It appears now that this Virginia grape is found wild in various sections of that State. A grape sent from Columbia, S. C., by James G. Genyard, and which he stated he found wild, some 30 years ago, is very much like this Norton, only a great improvement on it. I saw by statements last year, that vines of it are found in different parts of the south. It is a black grape, exceedingly hardy, will stand the winters of Massachusetts, and will succeed in vineyard culture. There is a gentleman at Shrewsbury, who last winter made 17,000 gallons of wine, who has this grape in culture. It was ripe some time ago. It makes a fine growth, ripens its wood well, and is perfectly hardy.

Anna.

HOUGHTON—I have seen and tasted this grape at Dr. Grant's, and like the flavor. I have not yet fruited it, but it is an excellent grower. Dr. Grant says it is a little inclined to rot.

REID—I would like some information from Dr. Grant in regard to this variety. I think it has a hard pulp.

GRANT—It has a pulp about like Catawba, and requires nearly as long a season to ripen. In a week or two, if the weather is favorable, it will be ripe, and then is exceedingly rich and of high flavor.

HARRISON—I have fruited the Anna several years. I think it improves with the age of the vine. The pulp, when beginning to ripen, is quite hard, but by hanging on the vine until well ripened it becomes tender. It has a good deal of the Chasselas flavor. I have from 15 to 20 varieties bearing, and this, with the exception of the Delaware, pleases more tastes than any other. It makes a good growth, commencing to ripen before the Catawba, but often is not fully ripe until after that variety.

Ontario.

THE PRESIDENT—I would like to hear from those who have seen and tasted the Ontario.

PRINCE—I think it will prove to be the Union Village.

MILLER—I received it from Mr. Reid, of Canada West, and it is said to have originated on or near his place at Port Dalhousie, on the bank of Lake Ontario. When ripe it is perfectly luscious. The berries are enormously large, of the size of Black Hamburgh, and the bunches will weigh from 1 to 1½ pounds. The leaf is not pubescent like Union Village. It is a purely native grape.

BARRY—I saw a grape said to be the Ontario, at Rochester, which had a very thick skin, and which I thought worthless. Others have expressed the opinion that it is a foreign grape.

MILLER—It is a native grape. There can be no doubt on this point. It is what I call a buttery grape, and I think grapes should be divided into classes as buttery, watery, and fleshy.

PRINCE—I think the Ontario is a native.

REID—I think there can be no doubt of this. I have grown only a few bunches. They are of the same color as Isabella, but more oval.

SALTER, of Rochester, N. Y.—Two years ago I obtained Ontario vines and fruited one the first season. It is certainly a native, and I think a very good grape. The skin is about as tough as Isabella, and the pulp is about the same. It is a very strong grower.

VICK, of N. Y.—I saw this grape at Mr. Saller's. It resembled the Isabella very much, though larger. The skin was quite as tough, and in pulp and flavor it was much the same. I do not think any one could distinguish it from Isabella by the taste.

SALTER—I think it is a little sweeter than the Isabella.

[Here the discussion of Grapes was concluded. In the next issue we will finish our report.]

HORTICULTURE AT THE N. Y. STATE FAIR.

THE show of fruit at the New York State Fair was all that friends of the Society, and the lovers of fruits could desire. The building was large, and some improvements on the arrangements of last year were made, though these we yet considered quite defective. One main table passed through the center of the building, and this was so wide that Judges could examine the fruits in the center with difficulty, and all that spectators could do, was to distinguish between apples and pears. No comparisons could be made between varieties, nor could the characteristics of each be observed with any satisfaction. In the center of this table, and at equal distances, three ranges of shelves, in diamond form, were made for flowers, so that to examine them the Judges were compelled to mount the tables, to the great danger of their necks and the plates of fruits among which they were obliged to walk. Another, and a great mistake in the arrangement, of which most of the Judges sorely complained, was the strange mixing up of collections and varieties, causing the Judges unnecessary labor, and in fact preventing them from doing justice to exhibitors. For example, a premium was offered for the best twenty varieties of apples. All the twenties that competed for this premium should have been placed together, and then the Judges could have found them without trouble, and made the necessary comparison. But, instead of this, the twenties were scattered over every part of the hall, mixed in with varieties that were competing for the prizes offered for the best collection and for the best twelve, and hours of vexatious labor was performed by the Committees in ascertaining the whereabouts of the fruits they were called upon to examine. And, when found, one twenty was in one end of the hall, another in the middle, and another on temporary side-tables. Now, we do say that under these circumstances, no Committee can do justice to exhibitors, without performing an amount of labor to which they should not be subjected—without, in fact, re-arranging the fruit, so as to bring all contending for the same premium together.

But, notwithstanding the bad arrangement, or want of arrangement, the show of fruits has not been excelled, if equalled for many years. There were over 3,000 plates of apples and pears on the tables, mostly excellent specimens, and making a magnificent show. What pleased us particularly was the large number of small collections of apples and pears, exhibited by amateurs, mostly farmers of the surrounding country, who showed specimens of fruit that would have been creditable to any exhibition. Ellwanger & Barry, as usual, made a grand display, composed of 200 varieties of pears, 140 of apples, 25 plums, and 8 native grapes. John Donellan & Co. presented 65 varieties of apples, 25 of pears, and a splendid dish of peaches, which took the first premium. Col. E. C. Frost presented a fine lot of the Tompkins County King Apples, which from their showy appearance attracted considerable attention.

Foreign Grapes were shown in fair quantities, and the display of hardy grapes was good, and among them we noticed the Franklin and Ontario.

The season was too late and unfavorable for an exhibition of flowers, and with the exception of a few dahlias and five or six bouquets, there was nothing worthy of being shown, if we except one lot of verbenas, which was very good.

VEGETABLES.—The exhibition of vegetables was exceedingly poor. We have often seen it far excelled by County Societies. There were perhaps a dozen varieties of potatoes exhibited, a couple of bushels in all. Many of them were named wrong, while others seemed entirely unworthy of a name.

Roots have done well the present season, and they were shown in tolerable quantities. Ruta Bagas, Carrots, Mangel Wurzel, and White and Yellow Sugar Beets were fine and large, and reminded us of similar exhibitions in Canada.

Cabbages were large and well headed, and they were shown in pretty good numbers. We were much pleased to see a fine lot of Savoys, exhibited we believe, by J. H. Rathbone. This, in our opinion, is about the only winter cabbage fit for the table, and yet it is seldom grown, and very rarely seen at any of our exhibitions.

As usual, hosts of mammoth vegetable productions, labelled *Squashes*, were on the tables. It is about time the culture of these great and coarse Mexican pumpkins was abandoned. At all events it is a disgrace to the whole squash family to label them Squashes, and yet some of them bore the honored name of "Hubbard Squash." If, however, the committee ever saw or tasted a good "Hubbard," they could not be deceived.

For the first time we observed the *Kohl-Rabi* on the tables. This vegetable is becoming popular in Europe for feeding stock.

The Committees should take especial pains to correct wrong names, and in this way they may do exhibitors a great service, and do something towards correcting the confusion that now exists. We observed the White Pole Bean named Windsor, and a white round bean labelled Lima.

MANGO AND APPLE PICKLES, COOKIES, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being a warm friend to your excellent paper, I would like to add my mite, and also make some inquiries which I have not yet seen in the RURAL.

MANGO PICKLES.—Will some one be so kind as to inform me how to make Mango Pickels?

PICKLED APPLES.—In the RURAL I saw an inquiry how to make Pickled Apples. I think my way excellent. Take seven pounds of apples, pare, and steam them until you can run a fork through them easily; then put them into a pan with three pints of vinegar, three pounds of sugar, one-half cup of spices, (equal parts cloves, cinnamon, and allspice,) and cook them the same as you would preserved fruit, that is, till they are cooked through. Next put them into a jar snugly, and boil the liquid down to a good thickness, pour over the fruit, and when used for the table, serve with liquid just as we do with any preserves. I prepare pears, cherries, and peaches in the same manner. We think this way excellent.

COOKIES.—One cup of thick sour cream; one cup of sugar; half cup of butter; cinnamon to taste; soda as usual. My husband thinks they can't be beaten, so they must be good.

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1860. MRS. ALGINA T.

MACHINE FOR QUARTERING APPLES.—Take a piece of board,—say three feet long and six inches wide,—make a hole through one end four and a half inches in diameter (more or less, as you please.) Break the edge off an old scythe, two inches longer than the hole in the board is in diameter, and have *two* of these edges. Take an old axe and cut each scythe edge half in two, one from the edge toward the back, the other from the back toward the edge, and cross in the center where you have cut them. Put this knife across the hole in the board, by sawing places half through, fasten on a lever eighteen inches long, to press the apple through, and it is done. This is easily made, and works first rate.—E. B. TANNER, *Attica, Ohio*, 1860.

PICKLING RIPE TOMATOES.—Noticing a request in one of the RURALS for a recipe for pickling *ripe* tomatoes, I send mine, which all lovers of *sharp* pickles pronounce excellent. Scald and peel your tomatoes, sprinkle a thin layer of sugar in the bottom of the jar, then put in a layer of the tomatoes, and so on. The small ones I put in whole; larger ones, slice. Will be ready for use in two weeks, or will keep till tomatoes come again.—A. E. WATERBURY.

EXTRACTING GREASE FROM WOOLEN FABRICS.—I notice your journal is made the medium of information for various practical matters, and I want to inquire of some of your numerous readers the best means of extracting grease spots from woolen goods. Can it be done?—M. P., *Auburn*.

ORNAMENTAL LEAF WORK.—I believe it is becoming customary, if anybody wants to learn anything, to ask the RURAL. I would like to learn how to prepare and put on autumn leaves for ornamenting boxes, picture frames, "what nots," &c.—S., *Windsor, N. Y.*, 1860.

CLEANING RIBBONS, &c.—Will some one give, through the columns of the RURAL, a method for cleaning ribbons; also a recipe for coloring purple, and oblige—A READER.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

GET D. B. DE LAND & CO.'S SALERATUS; it is *pure;* it is perfectly *reliable;* it will give the most complete and entire satisfaction; it is HEALTHFUL, from the fact that it is perfectly free from impurities. D. B. DE LAND & CO. are sparing no pains nor expense to furnish consumers with the best Saleratus that it is possible to manufacture. These goods are manufactured, and for sale at wholesale, at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. For sale by dealers generally. The principal grocers throughout the country also wholesale it.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CHIMES.

BY LAURA M. CLARKE.

FLOATING on the evening breeze,
Gently murmuring through the trees,
Comes the merry chime;
Bringing many a joyous feeling—
Through my senses ever stealing
Harmony sublime.

Thy loved music cheers the heart,
Bidding anxious fears depart,
Softly whispering peace;
Breathing hopes of future bliss,
In a better world than this,
Where all sorrowings cease.

Oft there comes a plaintive lay,
In memory bearing me away
To a distant home;
Happy dreams of those so dear
Now recall a saddened tear—
All alone I roam.

Still I love thy notes of sadness,
Fill my heart with truthful gladness—
Pleasures only bring;
Sound thy chorus loud and long,
Distant echoes join thy song—
Ring, bright bells, ring.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD.

THERE are two forces prevading the material Universe, whose harmonious co-operation have transformed it from chaos into a cosmos—a poem. In the material world we call these forces contraction and expansion,—in the moral world freedom and love,—and in humanity typified as Masculine and Feminine. In the ancient world the masculine element emphatically predominated. When Christianity beamed its religious light upon the world, Love, Virtue and Gentleness shone out of that light as revealed from Heaven to be the *essence of the Divine*. No wonder woman was disregarded when the great principles she was designed to embody were so imperfectly understood. Virtue and patience are revealed in woman as Divine Love. Man and woman were made to symbolize the two elements of the Universe, and can only accomplish the object of their mission, by a hearty co-operation in each others efforts and affections.

Ignorance and prejudice have filled the world with two lamentable errors—the one representing her the *same* as man, the other as his inferior. The sublime purpose of both man and woman should be to carry the object of their mission to its highest capability. Two planets cannot cease to move onward in their course of true mission, because in their course they revolve about each other.

The rights of man or woman grow out of his or her duties,—all duties growing out of his or her mission. It is the spiritual beauty of Feminine meekness and purity that causes pride and humility to bow before it. In DANTE'S great Christian poem, the "*Vitea Nuova*," in which he so idolizes his sainted BEATRICE,—how the vulgar ideals of mouldering antiquity vanish away from human vision! It was her gentle spirit that called forth this worship, for she was already dead when the poem was written. It is not the flesh but the spirit of such an one that man loves. His soul will worship at the alter of her Divinity when she shall have passed away. By Christianity was the Feminine element introduced into the moral world, and the seeds of Divine love planted in the hearts of men.

But woman's love is the inspiration of faith. Lost in the dark mazes and financial struggles of the world, there are times when the stoutest hearts grow faint, and exclaim, watchman, what of the night? what of the night? But the darkness still gathers around us. Shall the day never come? Is the world in chaos again, ruled by shame and not by wisdom? Behold, the genius of Feminine patience and affection comes, and on the arm of inspiration she lifts you up to Pisgah heights of faith, where you see the sun as it tips the hills with its golden splendor and fills the valleys with light, and you are a *man* again. A being so perfect cannot be described. The lily, the pure white lily, the symbol of modesty and purity, resting so trustingly on its slender stem, and casting its little golden tears on every rude wind that passes by, her only comparison. And "SOLOMAN, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Woman,—pure, virtuous woman, wife, mother, nurse,—the *last* at the cross and the *first* at the sepulcher—the embodiment of Love and the emblem of Purity.

East Jaffrey, N. H., Sept., 1860. L. L. PIERCE.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

EYES.

WHAT a difference there is in eyes! I've been led to this exclamation by the thought of a pair of keen, scrutinizing gray ones, that I dread, above all others, to have fixed upon me. For my life, I cannot bear up under them, but as I meet them, down drop mine, quickly as though guilt was written and could be read on them.

"I feel the brand upon my forehead now
Strike hot, sear deep, as guiltless men may feel
The felon's iron, say, and scorn the mark
Of what they are not."

But now I lift them to a pair into which I love to look, so pure, so gentle, so loving, so thoughtful are they. I can see that tears might sometimes fill them, but how they could express anger or envy I do not so readily see. They seem to me like the little mountain-lakes almost in cloudland, where their little basins are filled directly from heaven, and the sun and blue sky are mirrored in them all day, and the stars by night; and weary birds in their long flights, and travelers up rocky steeps, stoop to drink from their brimming cups, and go on their way with songs.

Ah, me! those sorrowful eyes, now raised imploringly to heaven, now drooping hopelessly earthward again,—of what do they tell? Shadows from them steal over my own, and through the gloom flit despairing thoughts, chastened hopes, and forms of loved ones who have passed through death's dark portal.

Those dreadful eyes! to look into which is to make one shudder and shrink away from them, thinking that if there could be such a thing, an evil spirit had become incarnate, and was wandering about among mortals, literally "seeking whom he may devour."

There are blind eyes, upon which were never yet traced the beautiful forms with which GOD has filled earth and heaven; which never yet caught the tints that color them. Alas for such! *We* see, thank GOD. H. E. C.

Princeton, Ill., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WOMEN AND POLITICS.

WHAT have we to do with them? I hear some fair one exclaim. *This* much. When you are asked by an intelligent man (as is often the case,) "what are your views on political matters?"—to *tell* what you think,—if you think *anything*,—and also to give a good reason. No sensible gentleman will respect you less for being "posted" on the questions which agitate your country.

Many think it extremely lady-like to say they "don't know anything about politics, and are not the least interested;" and if they hear the names of the Presidential Candidates mentioned, would very likely inquire if Mr. DOUGLAS was not the *Republican* candidate, and Mr. LINCOLN that of the Democracy! For shame! Ladies, you have as good a right to know of the world's doings as those who bear an active part in them; though it is not your place to join in the contest, neither is it your duty to be entirely ignorant of these subjects which so greatly interest your fathers, husbands, brothers, and lovers.

A few weeks since, an old citizen of Western New York hearing some lady friends speak of the "Wide-Awakes," very innocently inquired who and what they were! Girls, *read*—get into your heads some ideas which you will not find in novels; and when you meet with such a specimen as the above, enlighten him,—tell him who to vote for, if he does not know,—and very many men *do not know!* FANNIE CORWIN.

Geneva, N. Y., 1860.

"WITHOUT ENCUMBRANCE."

"BOARD WANTED—A gentleman and lady, without encumbrance, desire, &c."

ONE sees queer things in little type in the newspapers, sometimes conveying, by implication, all sorts of doctrines, disclosing people's ideas of happiness when they least suspect it, and affording a clue to the faith in many a heart that is a sealed book to those that know it best, and yet all set forth so many times daily in a full advertisement.

Sometimes, as in this nonpareil expression of "a want," we have people's definition of things which set Webster and Johnson at defiance.

"Without encumbrance!" What young mother, when she feels for the first time her first-born's breath, would ever imagine, in the new blossoming of her new love, there should exist a lexicon, wherein, under the E's, it should read thus: "Ed, Eg, Ei, El, En.

ENCUMBRANCE, *n.* A young human being—a child."

There! what do you think of that, ye old-fashioned grandmothers, whose love is visited upon the children, even to the third and fourth generation! "Rachel weeping for her *encumbrances!*" "Here am I and the *encumbrances* thou hast given me!" "And the lion shall lie down with the lamb, and a little *encumbrance* shall lead them!"

These little motives, in pink and fair dimity, that stir up the pulses like a clarion, that nerve up the weary, and light up the hope, and fill up the sighing with song, are encumbrances! So then the sweet little candidates for heaven's kingdom, that dance around the threshold of the open heart, and enter unforbidden; that keep the world from growing old in sorrow and in sin, are *encumbrances* all! And when they are elected, for so, alas! they sometimes are, as the greensward broken in little billows everywhere, and the Rachels that will not be comforted, so sadly attest, think you, when the mother rocks the empty cradle, and looks upon the unpressed pillow, and finds in the "till" a silken tress and a pair of little shoes, that were laid aside for sandals of light, that she finds the name of the wearer under the En's?—that when the poet sighed,

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;—
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair,"—

or when he who sang the "Airs of Palestine," declared,—

"I cannot make him dead!
His fair sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair,"—

that either of them dreamed the burden of the song was a mortgage? and not rather one star lost out of visible heavens—that set

"As sets the morning star, that goes not down
Behind the darkened west, nor hides obscured
Amid the tempests of the sky, but melts
Away into the light of heaven."

May the hearths, the thresholds, and the hearts of the world never be without "encumbrances,"—let them all be mortgaged to them, who, "like the planets, are nearest the sun."—*Chicago Jour.*

THE test of enjoyment is the remembrance that it leaves behind it.

[THE recent publication in the RURAL of Dr. ELY'S series of articles descriptive of the "New York Wilderness—its lakes, rivers, scenery, routes, habitants, etc.,—probably induced one of our fair readers in the Raquette region to indite the following:]

AN INVITATION TO NED BUNTLINE.

BY C. B. BRIGHAM.

COME down from your "Eagle's Nest," dear NED;
We have many things to say
That never on paper can be said,
It is such a tedious way;
Come down the river—the winding river—
And over the lakes, like a shaft from a quiver,
And alight at our "landing tree," we pray.

We will open the door for you ever so wide,
And will bring you the easy chair;
We will feast you from morning till even-tide
On the hunter-farmer's fare;
Or on the river—the broad still river—
Where the finny "beauties" in dread may shiver—
We'll glide to the tune of "Throw away Care."

Your tales of the ocean and scenes on the land
Have made us good friends, long ago;
We're sure that we know you, so give us your hand,
With ours must our hearts also go;
For like our river—our pleasant river—
That seeks other streams, in its course, forever—
Our souls unto kindred souls must flow.

So come from your eyrie to quiet "Mayrose,"
Dear NED, and a heart-welcome find;
You see we are neighbors, and should not be foes—
Or strangers—unless so inclined;
Come down the river—the wood-fringed river—
And cross the lakes, like a shaft from a quiver,
And answer the greeting of mind to mind.

Mayrose, Sept 20, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SHAKSPEARE.

THERE are few, if any, of the great poets of England of whose personal history less is known than of that of her greatest dramatist. All that we certainly know is, that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, on the twenty-third of April, 1564; that at about the age of eighteen he was married to ANNE HATHAWAY; that he had a family of three children; that he wrote plays, and died at the place of his birth on his fifty-second birthday. A few anecdotes of him have been handed down to us by tradition, but their truth has never yet been fully established. This lack of knowledge in regard to his life would seem to argue that, popular as he now is, he was not a very great favorite with his contemporaries and immediate successors. If he had been, they would have taken more notice of him. We know so little about him, that it has even been disputed whether he wrote all the plays found in the collection of his works.

How much has the world lost because our poet did not meet with some one who would have treated him as JIMMY BOSWELL did JOHNSON. If he had been so fortunate, or unfortunate, we would have been permitted to have looked upon the every-day life of one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. Would not the growth of such an intellect have been both an instructive and interesting study to the student of human nature? Would we not have read with interest of his loves and his hates? But none of his contemporaries have done the world the favor of letting us know anything about these matters; and he, himself, is silent in regard to his own history. It is highly probable that SHAKESPEARE never dreamed of the fame that has fallen to his lot since his death. Genius is often ignorant of the value of its own productions, and those who have written the books that bid fair to live the longest, have often appeared unconscious that they had accomplished anything worthy of remembrance. The "Bedford Tinker" long doubted whether his Pilgrim on his Journey would be welcomed by many friends. BURNS' highest expectations, when he published his volume of poems, was, that a few of his countrymen might think him "a clever fellow." EVEN VIRGIL, when near his death, requested his friends to burn the Æneid, and it was only by the authority of AUGUSTUS that the work was saved from the flames. While this modesty may, in some respects, deserve praise, it has kept from us the knowledge we might otherwise have possessed of many great writers. What would not the world give for the autobiography of SHAKESPEARE?

Even our author's works have not come down to us pure. They are in so deranged a state, that the explanation of them has given more employment to the critic than that of the works of any other modern author. They are a strange mixture of blemishes and beauties. There are few pages in which the critic does not find some of his rules violated,—faults which would prove fatal to the reputation of any man of ordinary talent. But it is often the privilege of the highest order of genius to disregard rules that others are forced to obey. Such men as SHAKESPEARE are a law unto themselves. Doubtless some of his faults were owing to the age in which he lived, and were considered by his contemporaries, perhaps, as his greatest beauties; and many passages that appear enigmatical to us were plain to the first generation of his readers. One of his greatest faults is a disposition to quibble; and we know that at that time it was considered a mark of superiority to be skillful at playing off this kind of wit. Even the genius of BACON did not render him proof, in this respect, against the taste of his age.

But SHAKESPEARE did not write alone, or even principally, for his own time. His beauties are his own. There are those who excel him in particular points. He has not MILTON'S sublimity or BACON'S comprehension, but he excels them both in his knowledge of, and mastery over, the human heart. SHAKESPEARE could not have written Paradise Lost,—neither could MILTON have been the author of Macbeth, Othello, or the Merchant of Venice. What human passion has not our author drawn with a master hand? He makes us familiar with human nature in men of all grades, from the king down to the beggar. His works are full of passages, any one of which would prove its author a man of genius.

Alas, that works of so much genius cannot be recommended to the young. Their moral tendency is far from being good. It may be said, by way of excuse, that his plays are not more licentious than was the conversation of his contemporaries. This may be true; but if so, it does not prove that they are not calculated to pollute the minds of those who read them. They cannot be read at the fireside of a respectable family without causing the blush of shame to suffuse the cheek. There are few even of his most virtuous characters, in whose mouths he does not place language that would not be tolerated in decent society. Have not many among his youthful readers realized the truth of the poet's lines:

"Vice is a monster of such hideous mien,
That to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It may well be questioned, notwithstanding all his genius, whether his writings have been any blessing to the world; all the good that they have done being over-balanced by the evil.

Butler, Wis., 1860. S. L. LEONARD.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF OLD AGE.

HE greatly errs who imagines that old age cannot be beautiful:

There is naturally but one disease—that of old age. To leave the world as gently as go out the embers on the hearth, or as the candle in its socket, without pain, shock, or spasm, this is worth taking pains for! Literally, the lot is terrible of a man with tottering limbs and gray hairs; dying by piece-meal, from racking rheumatism—from spasmodic asthma—from torturing gout, or the slow-eating cancer,—the mind all the while, by reason of incessant pain, growing morose, querulous, bitter, and atheistic! On the other hand, how ineffably beautiful is it to arrive at a hearty, buoyant old age, without ache, or pain, or sadness; sunshine always in the face, gladness in the eye—the heart, meanwhile, welling up and running over with human sympathies and love divine, of whom "my mother sang" so oft in the clear, sweet, and cheery tones of youth and health.

"The day glides swiftly o'er their heads;
Made up of innocence and love,
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

Quick as their thoughts their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be."

And when their work is done, their journey ended, the life of time melts into an immortal existence,

"As fades a summer cloud away,
As sinks a gale when storms are o'er,
As gently shuts the eye of day,
As dies a wave along the shore."

To have the lamp of life thus go out, physically, we must live regularly, temperately, actively; for by these means only can the human clock work well till all the wheels wear out together, and all cease their running at the same instant; then there is no shock, no pain, no torture, and scarce a perceptible struggle, so that the moment of departure can be noted only by the most scrutinizing eye. Reader! may such be your exit and mine.

ABOUT LAUGHING.

A MAN who has "a whole soul" within him, whose heart is large and round, will be sensitive to all varieties of human experience, and to the ever varying shades of emotion. His mind, pure and transparent, is like one of the Scottish lakes, over which the clouds chase each other swiftly, and which is now darkened by showers, and now lighted up by gleams of sunshine. So upon his open countenance, the mirror of a noble heart, does the sunshine come and go in smiles and tears. This changefulness of feeling the Bible does not repress, but rather commands, when it bids us "rejoice with them that rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Nor does it check that natural gayety, which is the overflow of healthful spirits. While it reproves senseless mirth, it yet declares that "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and often animates those who are prone to despondency and gloom, not only to that peace and contentment which come from faith, but to the liveliest demonstrations of overflowing joy. Where, then, is the point of divergence between the two? When is it right to indulge in laughter and mirth, and when is it foolish and wicked? On this point we have a simple rule: that *it is right to laugh when there is anything to laugh at.* There are many things in life which are ludicrous and absurd, at which a man would do violence to himself, if he were not amused. And if in this there is no mixture of malice or ill nature, it is perfectly right to smile at the absurdities and follies of conceited and pompous men and women. So of that laughter which is called forth by a pleasant, genial humor, or a delicate, playful wit. It is the finer natures which are most sensitive to this play of the fancy. The mirth it evokes is not the coarse, broad laugh, but that fine spiritual smile that twinkles in the eyes and lurks around the corners of the mouth, and diffuses a glow over the whole countenance.—*Evangelist.*

IT is a good thing to profess religion when a man has any religion to profess. There is no objection to putting goods in the shop window, and hanging them in festoons about the door, for exhibition, unless a man puts all he has got there. But if the shop is empty, then the goods in the window and about the door are a cheat. And if a man has true piety, there is no objection to his making an open profession of it.—*H. W. Beecher.*

THE VOICE FROM GALILEE

BY DR. BONAR.

I HEARD the voice from Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

PERSONAL RELIGION.

EVERY one who knows anything of his own heart, must be aware that the possession of a good feeling or a right motive at one time, by no means insures its continuance or recurrence in perpetuity. There is so much thoughtlessness which leads the mind into snares; so much weakness within, which is ready to betray to strong attacks from without; so much earthly feeling, which presses to mingle itself with or succeed to heavenly thoughts or actions; so much tendency to slight again upon the earth on the presentation of a well chosen lure; there is so much of all these to second Santan's attempts to lead us captive at his will, that only those grossly ignorant of the waywardness of human nature, could believe that present righteousness is a certain pledge of future holiness. Every man must here be his own watchman, nor hope to have the charge fulfilled by another. A friend may warn and guard against outward actions, but where is the second person that can enter the chamber of the heart? To ourselves alone its possessions, its state, and its necessities can be known; and it is our place, that we may do the will of God, to increase its possessions, to improve its state, and to supply its necessities.

There is no way, be it remembered, of securing what we have but by obtaining more. The slothful servant who dosired to retain merely what he had once possessed of his Lord's money, lost the sum he at first received, but he who had added to it was increasingly blessed. In this respect, religious feeling is like the unstable productions of nature, which are always advancing towards perfection or decay. There is no state of stationary good. The utmost of our present attainments leads forward to a further advance, or else is a height which we rapidly descend. From the point whence we stop may we reckon the commencement of our fall. *Onward* is the motto of the Christian shield of faith. And, however small may be our progress up the mount of God, as soon as we stay to gaze about us or to look below, that moment we begin to be giddy, preparatory to our fall, and our only safety is again to look upward and go on. "This one thing I do," says St. Paul, "forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Let us, therefore, be like minded.—*Protestant Churchman.*

NOTHING LOST.

LOOKING into a paper mill, a few days since, we saw numerous bags of rags thrown together in large piles. These rags were the worthless remnants thrown aside in making up garments, the refuse torn off at the factory from the handsome pieces sent to the market, and the soiled parts which were left from the worn-out, cast-away garments. These are taken and transformed into sheets of paper by the skill of man. On their fair folds the news of the day is sent forth to greet the eye of the world. If man can effect this change out of dirty, useless things, may not God produce transformations as beautiful from our poor humanity? May not he gather up the outcasts of social life, the morally degraded, the foul sensualist, those who have lost the power to render any good service to the race, those who are rejected from all the circles of respectability—may not he take these defiled, abused and fallen souls, and by the discipline of his providence and the power of his spirit, make them, as it were, pure sheets, upon which may be inscribed the good news of salvation, and the glad tidings of the gospel—*Gospel Banner.*

EARTHLY VS. HEAVENLY QUALITIES.—There are thousands of thousands of men, of whom, if you take away their houses and ships, and lands, and fiscal skill, and such other qualities belonging to them as they will not want in heaven, there will not be enough left to represent them there, of righteousness, and godliness, and faith, and love, and patience, and meekness, and such like qualities. They have used all the faculties up for fuel for their machine. It has been their business in life to sacrifice probity that they might be rich; that they might gain power and influence; that they might make their hold on this world broader and stronger. And if they cannot carry forth these things, which have been the objects to the attainment of which they have devoted all their energies, what is left for them to go out of life with?—*Beecher.*

THE TRAVELER.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XVI.

Departure from Oregon—Vancouver's Island and Victoria—"British Men-of-War"—Clootchman Indians—Their Hates and Revenges—Port Townsend—Olympia and its "Reds"—Exports of Ship Timber—A Mystery Explained—Northern Scenery—A New Act of an Old Play, by Neptune—Picture of the Elegant Portal to the Commerce of the Pacific—On Terra Firma Again.

PORTLAND, Oregon, June 6, 1860.

AT 4 o'clock, P. M., the signal bell announced the departure of the steamer from her dock in Portland—a thriving city of 3,000 inhabitants, and the first in the State in commercial importance. An hour's steaming or so, and our gallant boat left the noble Willamette, and entered the waters of the Columbia—a river 1,200 miles in length, and possessing some of the finest river scenery on the Continent. Thence we rode gaily and cheerily for seventy miles, to its outlet, and crossed "the bar" at 5 o'clock the next morning, and stood out once more on the billowy ocean. All day our course was northward, up the coast. We encountered rough seas, which greatly diminished our numbers at dinner table. The next morning we entered the Straits of Fuca, which lead to the magnificent waters of Puget's Sound. Before noon we touched at Victoria, situated on Vancouver's Island, in 48½ degrees north latitude, which is a part of British Columbia, and is regarded by JOHN BULL as a valuable gem, judging from the large naval force stationed and maintained for its defence. Three large British men-of-war—the "Ganges," "Topaz," and "Satellite," carrying 66 guns each, with pendants flying, ride at anchor in the harbor of Esquimalt, 3½ miles off from the town. There is a good wagon road, kept smooth by the express, mail, and passenger vehicles that ply between the harbor and Victoria. This is an old town, established many years since by the Hudson Bay Company. It has 2,500 inhabitants, composed of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, Chinamen, Negroes, and half-breed Indians, besides 2,000 Marines, and, in and around the town, some 2,500 Indians! A modest estimate would forbid that we speak of more than every other building as a saloon or restaurant for the retailment of cheap whisky and lager beer, and the manufacture of drunken sailors and crazy "red skins."

The road from Victoria to Esquimalt harbor is lined with squaws, and is often chosen as the spot where hates and revenges are to be wiped out between their pugnacious masters. Just after sunset, this place and time is selected by the hostile tribes, to blot each other out! Woe betide the unfortunate wight belated on the Esquimalt road; for, as the Indian takes good aim to fire in all directions, in these nightly demonstrations, it is hard guessing where the stray sliver of a cleft bullet might sue for quarters. It might be in the flat head of a Songish Clootchman, or under the right breast pocket of an Anglo-Saxon's coat!

As an instance of the *polite usages* adopted by these infuriated tribes, we observed two warriors with rifles leveled at each other's heads, and just ready to blaze away and blow to the winds each other's brains, or anybody's else that might happen to be in a line with the barrels. Fire they certainly would, only that a dozen courageous and by no means tongue-tied squaws suddenly interposed their own persons between their hostile braves, and so out-talked and out-jostled them, that at length they retired, having concluded to defer *amiable intentions* toward each other until "a more convenient season."

At length we left this redoubtable old town, and in due time touched at Port Townsend—a port of entry, having a custom house, two hotels, one or two stores, two or three saloons, a Protestant school, and a 7 by 9 Catholic church. Thence we made our labyrinthian way to Olympia, the capital of Washington Territory, which is at the extreme southern terminus of the Sound, just south of the 47th parallel of latitude. It has now 500 inhabitants, and, in all human probability, will, at no remote period, *have more*. Its location is favorable to its growth.

On landing, we were beset by some twenty squaws, who, in ceaseless jargon, clamored for customers to purchase their baskets of oysters and clams, which they gather from the slimy beach at low tide. They did not cease their importunings until their wares were all disposed of to the officers and crew. These Indians are very degraded. They are the very personification of filth, miserably clad, with most revolting features. With all their sluttish habits, the squaws exhibited the universal Indian traits, by wearing what they regarded as ornaments, in great profusion—such as brass rings around their wrists and fingers, and around the ankles of their papooses, glass beads strung round their necks, and gilt buttons strung and suspended to their hair, &c. This array of ornament, in connection with old, dirty, cast-off garments, hanging in slouch style from their sun-burnt limbs and browned shoulders, gave them a ludicrous and pitiable appearance. We could not suppress the question:—"O GOD, who hath made us to differ?"

This region affords the finest spars for ship building that can be found in the world! Within a few years, England has imported spars or masts from here, to the value of over $2,000,000! Spars, delivered on shipboard, are valued and sold from $125 to $800 each. It requires skill to bring them to the ground without injury, and some engineering to haul a spar (which squares 44 inches at the base and is 135 feet in length,) from the forest, and lay it securely on the deck of a vessel. The fir here grows to a great height, and is smart and durable. A ship load of spars is valued at $75,000; the cost of transportation to England, $40,000 more; making a total of $115,000 for a full-rigged clipper ship's cargo of ship-masts. At this present time, an American vessel is being loaded with spars, destined for China, where dismasted ships are accustomed to haul up and repair.

The chief exports from this region are lumber, which finds a market in California, in the Sandwich Islands, in South America and Australia, in England and China. The world is put under contribution, and pays tribute to this north-west coast, for its house and ship-building materials! Never have we seen trees whose diameters for the first 75 or 100 feet varied so little. We measured one spar just taken from the forest; it was 134 feet in length, and *only* eleven inches in diameter at its base!

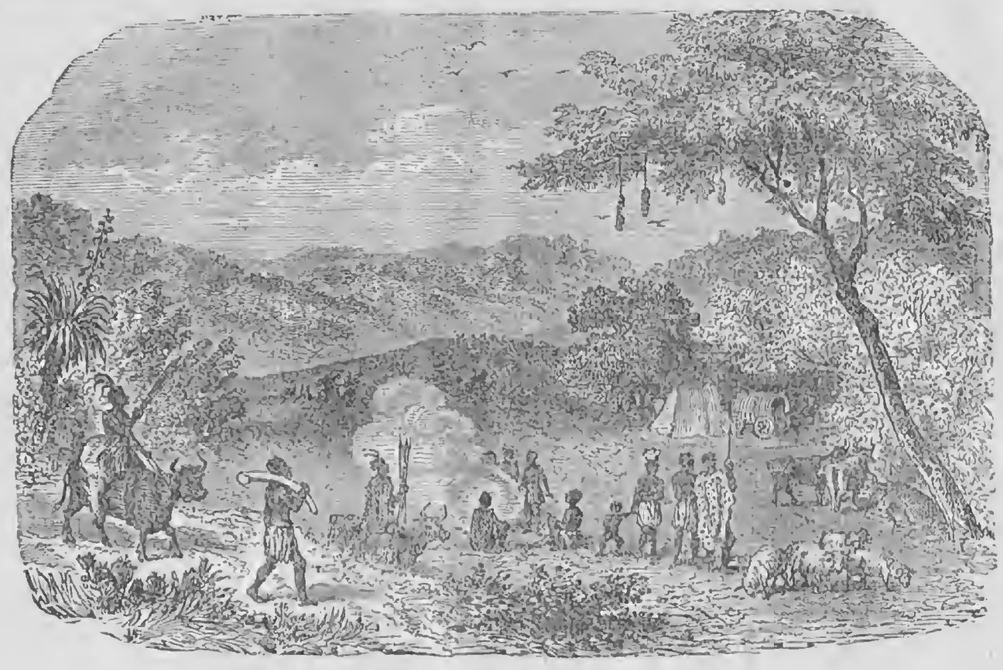
There is to some a mystery how such an enormous growth of timber abounds in all this region, in a soil that but poorly supports vegetation, after the timber is taken off and the soil (made from decayed vegetable matter, and very thin,) is plowed under. The only satisfactory solution seems to be, that in this region it rains something less than all the time, there is a humid atmosphere the whole year round, and from the atmosphere it is reasonable to suppose these trees derive no small share of their giant growth.

The distance from Olympia to San Francisco is not far from 1,000 miles. The scenery on the Sound at this season of the year is delightful,—you can catch the rich fragrance of the dog-rose, as it nods to you on its stem; the willow, the maple, the oak, and the alder, are in their summer sheen; and even the weird pine has donned an emerald coronal. When on shore, instead of sand and dust, you tread a living verdure, soft, springy, and variegated, as your richest looms of Turkey and Kidderminster!

For several days our trip was rendered pleasant by calm seas and good company. But before we made port, we must be newly impressed with Neptune's power, and so between the winds and waves, for 48 hours, we had our recollections quickened, our impressions revivified, and ourselves transformed into periodical stomach-pumps,—in short, it was another act of the old drama of last February, only on a less magnificent scale, just to give us the "spice of life"—a variety of sea-voyage.

At length our voyage is drawing to a close. We have coasted both sides of the North American Continent, from the 49th degree north, to within a few degrees of the equator,—over seas once plowed by the keels of COLUMBUS and BALBOA, of GRIJALVA and SEBASTIAN VISCAINO. We are running along the shore, within ten or twelve miles distant. The hills are bare and scanty, but loom up finely through the deep blue haze. The coast trends somewhat more to the eastward, and a notch or gap is at last visible in its lofty outline. An hour later, we are in front of the entrance to San Francisco bay. The mountains on the northern side are 3,000 feet high, and come boldly down to the sea. As the view opens through the splendid strait, three or four miles in width, the island-rock Alcatraz appears gleaming white in the distance. There is a small fort perched upon a point on our right, where the strait is narrowest, and a glance at the hills shows that this pass might be made as impregnable as Gibralter! The town is still concealed behind the promontory, around which the bay turns to the southward. High through the vapor, in front and thirty miles distant, rises the peak of Monte Diablo, which overlooks everything between the Sierra-Nevada and the ocean.

At last we are again through the Golden Gate—fit name for such a magnificent portal to the commerce of the Pacific! Yerba Buena Island is in front, southward and westward opens the renowned harbor, crowded with the shipping of the world, mast behind mast, vessel behind vessel, the flags of all nations fluttering in the breeze. Around the curving shore of the bay, and upon the sides of three hills, which rise steeply from the water, the middle one receding so as to form a bold amphitheater, stands the city—*the eighth wonder of the world.* But yet, not on shore. The gun of the *Panama* announces our arrival, people crowd the wharves, we glide with the tide, round up to the dock, the signal bell is given, the paddle wheels stand still, our voyage is over. S. B. R.



BIVOUAC OF KAFFIRS.

IN our issue of the RURAL for Sept. 29, we gave an illustration representing a group of Kaffirs,—male and female,—in various styles of dress and ornament which caste and position in life assign them, and follow with a view of their bivouac, which will convey to our readers some idea of the domestic habits of this tribe of wanderers. As may be observed, this class of people are not totally devoid of the benefits to be derived from a civilized condition of society. The covered wagon in rear of the Kaffir's home strongly resembles the conveyance used for the purpose of reaching a "Yankee's Paradise," (the Far West,) in days lang syne,—while the cattle on the right, and sheep in the foreground, show that beef and mutton have power to tickle the palate of the Kaffrarian, as well as of certain others who lay high claims to special acuteness in alimentary matters. Of their "horned steeds," we cannot speak as favorably when compared with the "Flora" and "Patchen" style so much admired at the present, but our old time forefathers, we are told, often went forth on expeditions of love and business with just such a "traveling rig."

The chief wealth of the Kaffir consists in his herds of cattle, and we quote from *Narratives and Adventures of Travelers in Africa*, the mode of bartering, as practiced at their fairs:—"The Kaffir having articles to dispose of, sits down amidst his comrades, waiting the approach of a colonial dealer, who produces his beads and other species of traffic. Neither party understands the other's language, yet it seldom happens that an interpreter is present, and the negotiation is therefore carried on by signs. Should the beads or other commodities offered not be considered by the Kaffir sufficient for the transfer of his own produce, a shake of the head adequately denotes his dissatisfaction. More beads, perhaps, are then added on the one side, dissent being still manifested on the other, until, as the dealer is not disposed to make any further advance, the affair terminates, without agreement, to the vexation of the bead-merchant, whose time and patience have been so unprofitably exhausted; but to the utter indifference of the Kaffir, whose imperturable coolness is an additional source of chagrin to the unsuccessful bidder. A second and a third dealer often display their ornamental treasures with similar failure, and it not unfrequently happens that the tenacious Kaffir departs without disposing of his commodity, which he brings to the next fair, and perhaps exchanges ultimately for articles of less number and value than had previously been offered.

When a bargain of any magnitude is concluded, the chief is generally at hand to substantiate his claim, considering himself entitled to a certain portion of the profits as his tribute, in consequence of his territory having been made the scene of traffic. His retainers are therefore dispersed throughout the fair, to watch the various negotiations, and summon their chief at the close of any considerable bargain, no fraction of the payment being touched by the salesman before his arrival."

Useful Olio

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

IT is just sixteen years since Prof. Morse put up the first Electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of James K. Polk for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington "two hours in advance of the mail."

No one at that day, probably not even the professor himself, dreamed how closely the electric wire would be interwoven with our daily life. Now, railroad trains are run by electricity. Fire bells are rung by electricity. Watches are set and clocks strike by electricity. Armies march and fleets sail at its bidding. Treaties are negociated at its word. Two friends in remote towns, by its help, sit down and have a friendly game of chess. Two emperors, a thousand miles apart, by its aid, carry on the siege of a distant city.

By night it flies all over the world, gathering news to serve up to us at breakfast. By day it flies all over the world, here congratulating a bride, there ordering a funeral, here warning of disaster, there summoning help to a wreck, here buying pork by the hundred barrels, there selling grain by the thousand bushels, arranging for feasts and fights, for sermons and stock bargains, for the harmonies of a concert and discords of a convention, for law making and for law breaking, the fall of empires and the fall of thermometers, the candidates for the presidency and the candidates for the penitentiary. Truly, the romance of the Arabian Nights is tame beside the reality of the Electric Wire!—*Albany Evening Jour.*

HOW COFFEE CAME TO BE USED.

IT is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons, in any half or wholly civilized country in the world, now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia and Upper Ethiopia. The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink the infusion of coffee, upon the report of shepherds, who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The Dutch introduced it into Java and the East Indies, and the French and Spanish all over South America and the West Indies. The extent of the consumption can now hardly be realized. The United States alone annually consume it at the cost, on its landing, of from fifteen to sixteen millions of dollars.

PHYSICAL BENEFIT OF SINGING.

1. IT improves our speaking. It often corrects any defects of speech, such as stammering, hissing or a nasal enunciation. Some parents have declined to send their children to the Singing School because of these defects of voice. This is a great mistake.

2. It improves our hearing. By listening to singing, we learn to distinguish the relative position of the notes uttered by one voice; our ear thus becomes practiced, and able to convey the nice distinction of tone to the seat of perception. Thus, by endeavoring gradually to imitate others, we succeed in rendering the organs of voice capable of reproducing the sounds which the ear has received.

3. It improves the health of children. One of the prejudices most obstinately maintained against teaching children to sing, arises from an opinion frequently broached, that singing, if practised at a tender age, may have a baneful influence on the health, and may occasion spitting of blood and other pulmonary affections. It is not long since this idea prevailed in Germany also; but the most minute investigations, made by governments as well as parents, have proved it to be quite erroneous.

Nothing is better calculated than the practice of singing to produce the power of free respiration. We are convinced that singing, or as it may be termed, the art of breathing, is one of the best preventives of, and surest remedies for, general weakness of the chest; and that its use, provided always it be proportioned to the other physical powers of the singer, is calculated to exert a most favorable influence on delicate constitutions, to impart vigor to the organs connected with the lungs, and thus to conduce to a healthy state of all parts of the body.

WHAT WE ARE MADE OF.

THE following is from an article by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES:

If the reader of this paper lives another year, his self-conscious principle will have migrated from his present tenement to another, the raw materials even of which are not yet put together. A portion of that body which is to be, will ripen in the corn of his next harvest. Another portion of his future person he will purchase, or others will purchase for him, headed up in the form of certain barrels of potatoes. A third fraction is yet to be gathered in the southern rice field. The limbs with which he is then to walk will be clad with flesh borrowed from the tenants of many stalls and pastures, now unconscious of their doom.

The very organs of speech with which he is to talk so wisely, plead so eloquently, or speak so effectively, must first serve his humble brethren to bleat, to bellow, and for all the varied utterance of bristled or feathered barn-yard life. His bones themselves are, to a great extent, *in posse*, and not *esse*. A bag of phosphate of lime, which he has ordered for his grounds, contains a large part of what is to be his skeleton. And more than all this, by far the greater part of his body is nothing at all but water—the main substance of his scattered members is to be looked for in the reservoir, in the running streams, at the bottom of the well, in the clouds that float over his head, or diffused among them all.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.—Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, indiscriminate dosing and drugging have ruined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, sleep on a mattress, and retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick, take counsel of the best physician you know, and follow nature.

YOUNG RURALIST.

GETTING RICH.

THE difficulty of getting rich is commented on by the Albany Knickerbocker in noticing the failure of Jacob Little. He was once worth two million dollars in ready money, and had credit for five millions; but just as much as when he had only two thousand he wanted that to become four thousand, he now desired to change his two millions to four millions. He was not satisfied with an income of three thousand dollars a week, but like Oliver Twist, he wanted more. Reverses came, and the great Bear of Wall street was prostrate. Again he recovered; and again he fell before the changing tide; and we believe he has suffered five failures, each time, however, like an honorable man, paying in full all demands against him. At his present age it is doubtful if he will be able to overtake the fortune he has so long been in pursuit of, but he will undoubtedly yet make Wall street feel that he is alive.

What is true of Jacob Little, is true of everybody, for he has only acted out human nature. Men are never richer on their millions than on their thousands or hundreds—they are never satisfied, whatever they have; they never are blessed, but always to be blessed. We start out into the world without a cent, and think, while we toil for a mere pittance, that if we had a house over our heads we could call our own, we should be independent and contented; then we want five or ten thousand dollars; and by the time that has accumulated, the expenses of living have pressed upward so fast, that we must double it to keep clear of absolute want. Next the man may have his fifty or a hundred thousand; but the value of money has changed to him; a dollar once was bigger than a doubloon now; and there is the same desire to be rich, as when the half eagles in his pocket were only pennies.

Happiness is not in riches; wealth is not in abundance; independence and contentment depend not upon the extent of lands, the number of ships, or the list of stocks, one calls his own; it all depends upon the state of mind; and he who learns to do without what is not absolutely necessary, is making just as much progress towards contentment—perhaps more—as he who has acquired the means of satisfying that needless want. The actual wants of mankind are few and simple, and easily supplied; it is the artificial—the luxuries—that make us slaves; and beyond these we have imaginary or anticipated wants, which may never come to us, that burthen and perplex the soul. We have not the least confidence that the future will supply its own needs—that to-morrow will be as abundant as to day; we have no faith that God will temper the storms to the condition of the man, or give supplies when required, and to the exact amount needed; and therefore doing our own work, and assuming God's supervision, living in to-day all the future, and seeking at once to supply natural and artificial wants for all time, civilized society is in a state of servitude.

EXERCISE.—Throughout all nature, want of motion indicates weakness, corruption, inanimation, and death. Trenck, in his damp prison, leaped about like a lion, in his fetters of seventy pounds' weight, in order to preserve his health; and an illustrious physician observes:—"I know not which is most necessary for the support of the human frame—food or motion. Were the exercise of the body attended to in a corresponding degree to that of mind, men of learning would be more healthy and vigorous,—of more general talents,—of more ample practical knowledge; more happy in their domestic lives; more enterprising and attached to their duties as men. In fine, with propriety it may be said, that the highest refinement of mind, without improvement of the body, can never present anything more than half a human being."

A GOOD PAPER FOR TAKING IMPRESSIONS.—I have seen paper for transferring impressions of leaves, &c., made as follows:—Take a sheet of thin letter or strong tissue paper, and give it a coat of boiled linseed oil; when dry apply dry colors (in powder) with a heavy camel's hair brush; enough will adhere to the surface to make a first rate impression paper.—E. TAYLOR, *Cincinnati, Ohio.*

THE TIMID MAN.—A timid man can never become great; if he possesses talent, he cannot apply it; he is trampled upon by the envious and awed by the swaggering; he is thrust from the direct path which leads to honor and fame, by every aspirant who possess more spirit than himself."

THERE is culture not less in carriage than behavior. The seneschal in old castles could rank all the guests without error, by their conduct.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Farm Laborers:—Hours for Eating and Working, ...325
Discussions at New York State Fair—Wool and Mutton Sheep,....325
New York State Fair—Report of the Show in Various Departments,....326
Agricultural Miscellany.—Recent Agricultural Fairs—Ohio, United States, Michigan; Oswego, Ontario, and Seneca Co. Fairs; Indiana State Fair; Wheat Seeding; The American Terracultor,....326

HORTICULTURAL.

American Pomological Society,....327
Discussions on Fruit,....327
Horticulture at the N. Y. State Fair,....327

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Mango Pickles; Pickled Apples; Cookies; Machine for Quartering Apples; Pickling Ripe Tomatoes; Extracting Grease from Woolen Fabrics; Ornamental Leaf Work; Cleaning Ribbons,....327

LADIES' OLIO.

Chimes, [Poetical:] Ideal of Womanhood; Eyes; Women and Politics; "Without Encumbrance,"....328

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

An Invitation to Ned Buntline, [Poetical:] A Few Words about Shakspeare; A Beautiful Picture of Old Age; About Laughing,....328

SABBATH MUSINGS.

The Voice from Galilee, [Poetical:] Personal Religion; Nothing Lost; Earthy vs Heavenly Qualities,....328

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letter No. XVI,....329

USEFUL OLIO.

Bivouac of Kaffirs, [Illustrated:] The Electric Telegraph; How Coffee came to be Used; Physical Benefit of Singing; What we are made of; How to Preserve Health,....329

YOUNG RURALIST.

Getting Rich; Exercise; A Good Paper for Taking Impressions; The Timid Man,....329

THE STORY TELLER.

Adieu to the Birds, [Poetical:] "Some People's Professions"—A Story for your Neighbors and mine,....332

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary—G. & C. Merriam.
The American Terracultor—Henry O'Reilly.
Highland Nurseries—A. Saul.
"While it is Day"—P. Church & Co.
Trees and Plants—A. M. Williams.
Pine Hill Nurseries—Godfrey Zimmermann.
Hickock's Keystone Cider Mill—H. C. White.
A Nice Fruit Farm for Sale—Daniel Wood.
Bulbous Flower Roots—Elwanger & Barry.
Active Young Men Wanted—L. Ball & Bro.
Chestnuts—O. T. Hobbs.
Leicestershire Buck Lambs—P. P. Bradish.
Agents Wanted—E. Brown.
Grape Roots for Sale—J. P. Merriam.
New Grapes—O. T. Hobbs.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

The Great Invention.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 13, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

SOME charges have been preferred against Gen. Harney, by subordinate officers, on grounds of behavior on his part unbecoming an officer, etc. But what of his course is obnoxious to the accusation of "abuse of authority," is doubtless, founded on a serious charge by Gen. Scott. It seems that the British Minister demanded the removal of Gen. Harney from his command in Washington Territory, for the alleged reason that he had violated the arrangements entered into by Gen. Scott and Gov. Douglas concerning the Island of San Juan, thereby restoring Captain Pickett to command, and by again putting in operation the United States territorial laws. Gen. Scott impeaches Gen. Harney by stating, in substance, that, having had no confidence in his disposition to carry out said arrangements with fidelity and courtesy, he suggested to Gen. Harney, before leaving the Pacific Coast, the advisability of his taking some other command, adding that the British Government would doubtless ask his removal from the one he then held. General Harney rejected the advice, stating that he should not abandon a position in which he had been placed by the President. The above charge of Gen. Scott having very recently come to the knowledge of Gen. Harney, he has made defense by a letter to the Secretary of War. He states, as it is said, that he was not made acquainted with the arrangements entered into by Gen. Scott and Gov. Douglas. He removed the captain who, under order of Gen. Scott, had been assigned the command of the United States company on the Island of San Juan, because of his punishing and banishing person, who had been acquitted of crime by the legal authorities. He also defends himself from the other charge of Gen. Scott, to wit: the restoring of the United States territorial law to force and effect upon the Island.

As His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been the recipient of governmental hospitalities during the past week, we make note thereof. On the 3d inst., Baron Renfrew arrived at Washington. There were about 1,000 spectators at the station, evincing intense anxiety to obtain a view of his person, and in this they were gratified. They greeted his appearance with cheers. Immediately on the arrival of the train Gen. Cass was introduced to Lord Renfrew by Lord Lyons, when the former said he had the pleasure of welcoming his lordship to Washington. In the name of the President and with his lordship's permission he would accompany him to the Executive mansion. There were present with General Cass, Messrs. Henry and Buchanan, nephews of the President, each formerly his private Secretary, and on this occasion representing the President's family. Several carriages of the President, together with those of Secretary Toucey, Cobb, Thompson and Cass, and Lord Lyons, were in waiting to accompany the party to the White House. Lord Renfew rode thither in company with Gen. Cass, Lord Lyons and the Duke of New Castle, arrived at the mansion, where the President was in waiting to receive him. He was presented to him by Gen. Cass, and received a cordial welcome. Lord Lyons then performed the ceremony of introducing the suit. As these proceedings were private, the gates to the President's grounds were closed against intrusion. During his stay the Prince visited all the Public Buildings and noted points of interest in the vicinity, taking his departure for New York on the 6th inst.

A DISPATCH to the State Department, mentions the death, at Florence, of H. D. Johnson, lately appointed Consul at Constantinople.

Political Intelligence.

AT a meeting of the Democratic State Central Committee, held at the city of Albany, on the 3d inst., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That Green C. Bronson, of the city of New York, be and he is hereby substituted as an elector at large on the Democratic electoral ticket in the place of Hon. Reuben H. Walworth, declined.

Resolved, That John H. Brower, of the county of Kings, Jacob A. Westervelt, Stephen P. Russell, William B. Duncan, and William A. Kobbe, of the city of New York, and Abraham Conger, of Rockland county, be and they are hereby substituted as district electors on the Democratic electoral ticket in the place of Charles H. Collins, Oswald Ottendorfer, Francis R. Tillon, James Robinson, John Anderson, and Edward Haight, declined.

Resolved, That Hon. William C. Crane, of the county of Herkimer, be and he is hereby substituted as the Democratic candidate for Lieut. Governor, in place of Hon. William F. Allen, declined.

THE Kentucky State Central and Executive Committees of the Union party, publish an address recommending the Bell and Everett men in Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, to disregard the Gubernatorial candidates in their respective States, and throw their votes in such a manner as to prevent the success of Lincoln and Hamlin.

AN election for Legislative and local officers in the Upper Peninsula, was held on the 25th, which resulted in the election of the entire Democratic ticket, in Mackinaw, Chippewa, Houghton, Wahoughton, and Marquette counties. Joseph Conlter was elected Senator,—a Democratic gain.

THE Oregon Legislature met at Salem on the 10th ult., and organized by choosing for Speaker Benjamin Hardinge, a Douglas Democrat, who voted at the last two elections for Mr. Logan, the Republican candidate for Congress. T. McFatten, a Republican, was elected Chief Clerk, Mr. Allen, a Douglas Democrat, Assistant Clerk, and Mr. Leverage, a Republican, Sergeant-at-Arms. The organization was regarded by the Breckenridge members as an indication that a Douglas and Republican coalition is already formed to elect Col. Baker and S. W. Nesmith, U. S. Senators. The President of the Senate is Hon. A. S. Elkins, and the Secretary, Mr. People, both Douglas Democrats. The Sergeant-at-Arms is of the same political faith. The Assistant Clerk and the Enrolling Clerk are Republicans.

THE Constitution of Oregon requires that two-thirds of all the members elected to each House shall form a quorum to do business. Upon receiving the news of the organization of the House, six of the Breckenridge Senators bolted, absconding from Salem early in the morning of the 11th, thus leaving the State Senate without a quorum, and in that condition it was continued up to the latest hour. A resolution was passed by the Senate empowering the Sergeant-at-Arms to compel the attendance of the absent members, and call to his aid whatever force was necessary to do so. An attempt will be made by the Breckenridge men to defeat a quorum in the House, so as to prevent the election of Baker, (Rep.,) and Nesmith, (Douglas Dem.,) but it is thought this cannot be accomplished, and that the want of a quorum in the Senate will not necessarily prevent the election of the Senators.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Overland Mail, with San Francisco dates to Sept. 11th, arrived at Fort Smith on the 1st instant.

The telegraph line was completed to within three miles of Los Angelos.

A serious accident happened to the mail coach near Fort Tejon. The stage was driven into a deep ravine, and in descending turned a double summersault. The driver was killed, and the conductor and one passenger seriously, though not dangerously, injured. They were left at Fort Tejon on the evening of the 18th ult.

A body of Apache Indians, numbering about 100, broke into the correl at Sutton Station, 150 miles east of Fort Yuma. The attack was made while the horses were being released from the coach. The passengers and station keeper fired on the Indians, when they responded with a shower of arrows. The party then returned within the station, and renewed their fire upon the savages. An Indian was shot by a passenger while in the act of setting fire to the house. The fight continued about an hour, when the Indians retired, taking with them the four horses of the mail coach. Their loss was about twenty killed and wounded. None of the defending party were injured except the station keeper, Mr. Sutton, who was hit in the face with an arrow. The Indians made no attack upon the passengers until they were fired upon. Their sole object was to secure the horses. They held possession of the coach one hour, without touching the mails or baggage in the least.

The troops of miners returning from Membros River, were met at Desert Hill. They report the alleged gold and silver discoveries a humbug. One party reported that miners engaged about forty miles south of Membros Station were taking out four dollars a day for the man. This statement is fully reliable.

The passengers confirm the previous report in relation to the flight of the Texas burners. The road north of the Red River is said to be lined with wagons. The excitement in Northern Texas continues unabated. All suspected persons are warned away.

The People's Reform Society of San Francisco has decided to nominate a full municipal ticket, irrespective of politics.

The State Agricultural Fair opened on the 20th, under very favorable auspices, the receipts of a single day exceeding $4,000.

The best feature of the Fair is said to be the display of blooded stock, requiring 450 stalls for their accommodation.

News Paragraphs.

THE Proclamation of Gov. Morgan for a day of Thanksgiving has been promulgated, and Thursday, November 29, set apart for that purpose.

COL. E. L. SNOW, the well-known temperance lecturer, died in New York on the 30th ult., in the 55th year of his age. He was the founder of the order of the Sons of Temperance.

THE great supply of apples this year has created a large demand for flour barrels. Collectors of barrels in country villages freely give a bushel of apples for an empty barrel.

BY the recent decease of an English millionaire, Senator J. McLeod Murphy, of New York city, becomes heir to a comfortable little fortune of over half a million of dollars.

OF the 166,550 persons inhabiting the large area over which the Victoria gold fields extend, no less than 124,891 are dwellers in tents, three-fourths of which consist of but a single apartment.

ON Monday week, four sisters left Nantucket in the steamer Island Home, whose respective ages were 80, 72, 69 and 60 years. They were going to visit a sister living in Mattapoisett, whose age is 87 years.

AT Richmond, Me., on Monday last, Mrs. Emma Blair, Miss Helena Saunders, of Perkins, and Dr. Underwood, of Boston, were out on the river for a sail, when the boat was upset by a sudden gust of wind. The ladies, being good swimmers, saved themselves and the doctor, as the medical gentleman couldn't swim.

THE mercury at Hartford, Conn., on Thursday week, stood at about 30°, and thin ice was formed. Some vegetables (as potatoes and ungathered squashes) were touched by the frost. In New Hampshire the apples were badly touched, even those on the trees. The mercury sank to 26° at Newton Corner, Mass., and in towns about there the apples were all frozen to the core.

STORM AT NEW ORLEANS.—A severe storm raged at New Orleans and vicinity on Tuesday, the 25 inst., which was the most severe experienced for years. The back portion of the city was entirely submerged. Eleven miles of the Jackson railroad was washed away, and a large number of houses on the route were carried off by the flood. Several lives were lost, but the particulars have not reached us yet. The damage on the river was very heavy. Many steamboats were blown ashore, and a number of others sunk. Some thirty-five or forty sugar houses were blown down, and the crops greatly injured. The total loss by the storm is estimated at $150,000.

At Baton Rouge twenty-one canal boats were swamped, and four steamboats sunk.

FROM DENVER CITY.—Denver City dates to the 24th of September are received. The express brought little over $1,000 in dust, but much more was in the hands of passengers.

The citizens of Denver met in mass convention on the 23d, and adopted a provisional government, under which they hope in future to enjoy all the blessings that a good government can afford.

The election of officers for the ensuing six months, was to have been held September 29th.

A chunk of gold weighing $191 is reported to have been taken from the American gulch on the head waters of Blue River. The said gulch bids fair to rival the celebrated Georgia gulch in the same neighborhood. A new silver lead has been discovered on the dividing ridge between the Arkansas and Platte, which assays very rich.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.—The steamer Atlantic, from Brazos on the 29th, arrived at New Orleans on the 5th inst., with $49,000 in specie.

The Atlantic brings advices from Mexico, confirming the report of the final condemnation and confiscation of the Spanish bark Maria Conception, by the Mexican authorities. The Spanish Commodore threatened to bombard Vera Cruz for indemnity, but Capt. Jarvis, of the American squadron, condemned the course of the Spaniards, and the whole Spanish squadron, with the exception of one vessel, returned to Havana.

A conductor of $1,700,000 for Tampico, had been seized by Degollado, who, it was believed, would use the fund to support the expedition against the capitol. It is stated that Degollado had effected a loan of $600,000 for the same purpose. The vanguard of the Liberal army had arrived at Tacutja, and other additions were expected to be soon before the city.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—An official letter from the foreign office says that Mr. Lindsay has no authority to negotiate with the American Government relative to the shipping interest.

Queen Victoria embarked for Prussia on the 23d. She will meet the Prince Regent of Prussia at Cobourg. Lord John Russell accompanies the Queen, and will, it is said, have a political conference with Baron Schleinitz, the Prussian Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Four sub-marine cables between Valentia and the Islands of Ivica, Majorca, and Minorca, and thence to Barcelona, have been successfully laid.

FRANCE.—The Paris correspondent of the London Post telegraphs that the statement of the attempt on the life of the Emperor is totally unfounded.

The Emperor and Empress have returned from Algeria.

The Emperor of Austria and Prince Regent of Prussia, will not be accompanied by their ministers to Warsaw. It was rumored that Napoleon had caused the Czar to be notified that he would have pleasure in joining the circle at Warsaw, and dispel, by personal explanations, the distrust entertained, respecting the designs of France.

Napoleon, in his speech at Algiers, promised his best efforts to forward the interests of the Colony.

The Sardinian Embassador had quitted Paris leaving the business of the Legation to the Secretary.

The attempt to lay a sub-marine cable between Toulon and Algiers had failed.

Considerable uneasiness was felt in Paris of a collision between the French troops in Rome and Cialdini's legions. The hope of more serious complications being avoided, was chiefly founded on the expectation that the Pope would shortly leave Rome. The Sacred College were exerting their influence to induce him to seek an asylum in Spain or Austria. If the Pope departs, the French would follow his example, and the Sardinians would at once occupy Rome.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinians, under Cialdini, had met and defeated the Papal troops under Lamoriciere. The battle lasted six hours, and afterwards the great portion of the Pontifical army capitulated. Gen. Lamoriciere escaped to Ancona. The following is the official dispatch:

JESI, Sept. 18.—Lamoriciere, with 11,000 men, to-day attacked the position lately taken by Cialdini at Castle Fidaldo. The fight was short but desperate, with the following result: The junction of Lamoriciere's corps, with the remainder of his troops at Ancona, is prevented. Six hundred prisoners have been made; six pieces of artillery and a flag were taken. All the wounded, among whom was Pienodeni, fell into the hands of Cialdini. The loss of the enemy is Considerable. A column of 6,000 men made a sortie from Ancona and took part in the fight, but was compelled to return, and is being pursued by the Sardinian troops. The Neapolitan fleet opened fire against Ancona. The 600 prisoners of war taken at Spoleto, are Irishmen.

The Sardinian Government asked the British Minister to take charge of and send them home, but he declined, saying he could not regard them as British subjects.

The Sardinian Government decided that the French soldiers of the Papal army, who were made prisoners, should be immediately returned to their families.

The London Times says the Papal army no longer exists, for the 40,000 men besieged in Ancona may already be reckoned as Gen. Cialdini's prisoners. The Herald says the Papal army has been defeated, but not dishonored. Gen. Lamoriciere was evidently outnumbered, and his forces ill-formed and ill-organized, and were no match for a regular army led by able commanders. The Chronicle says that the result of the recent battle is to transfer to the King of Sardinia the whole Roman territory except Rome, Viterbo, and Civita Vecchia.

Advices from Turin assert that a letter had been addressed by Garibaldi to Victor Emanuel, demanding the immediate dismissal of Cavour and Farini. He also demanded 30,000 Sardinian soldiers to garrison Naples. Garibaldi's letter is couched in respectful but energetic terms. The above conditions are specified by Garibaldi as a *sine qua non* of good understanding between him and Piedmont. The King immediately dispatched a note to Garibaldi. The Ministry will communicate to Sardinia the demands of Garibaldi, and request its approval of their conduct. Should this approval be withheld, the Cabinet will resign. If Garibaldi's request is rejected, the King will place himself at the head of his army and march for Naples.

The official Turin Gazette gives a formal denial to the reports of certain letters received and answered by the King. The statement is nevertheless reiterated in the Turin correspondence, and the substance of the King's reply to Garibaldi is given. The King wrote his reply without consulting his ministers, as it concerned them personally. It completely saves the dignity of the crown. He speaks in the language of a sovereign justly hurt in his *amour propre*, points out that he knows how to resist the suggestions and influences of a foreign power, even when menacing, and declares that he cannot comply with such strange pretensions from a man whose successes seem to mislead him.

NAPLES AND SICILY.—Garibaldi, in a letter published in the official journal of Naples, says:—Although I am quite disposed to sacrifice all personal feeling on the altar of freedom, I can never be reconciled with men who have sold an Italian province.

Nevertheless the decree of Garibaldi promulgates the Sardinian Constitution for Naples and Sicily, but without fixing a day for carrying it into effect.

Garibaldi was preparing to march against Capua. He had again said that he would only proclaim the Kingdom of Italy from Rome.

Garibaldi's troops had embarked at the mouth of the Garigliano and interrupted the communication of the Royal troops between Capua and Gaeta. He had been to Palermo and published a fresh proclamation to the inhabitants of Rome, reporting that he would only proclaim the Constitution and Kingdom, and will not accomplish the amalgamation at present. It is expected that on his return he will operate against Capua. An early capitulation of this place is anticipated.

In a fresh proclamation he indicates that he will join the Sardinian troops at home, and begin a march against Venice. The antagonism between Garibaldi and the Piedmontese Government continued.

The King of Naples had published the decrees at Gaeta ordering a state of seige in all the provinces where a revolutionary struggle exists, and cashiering all officers of marine as guilty of high treason except of one vessel which went to Gaeta.

Kossuth was expected at Naples.

The only foreign ministers remaining at Naples were the British, French, Sardinian, and American; the latter was very unwell.

SPAIN.—Prince John, of Bourbon, publishes in the Times an appeal to the Spanish people, relative to his rights to the Spanish throne.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs*—The weather is favorable for the crops, though variable. Richardson, Spence & Co., and others, report flour firm. 28s@31s 6d for American. Wheat firm, and slightly higher for prime white. Red 11s@12s; white 12s@13s 3d. Corn buoyant, and 6d@1s higher; mixed 33s 6d@36s; white 38s@39. *Provisions*—Pork quiet. Lard quiet—63s@64.

LONDON MARKET.—Breadstuffs buoyant. Wheat 1s@2s higher.

The News Condenser.

— The village of Penn Yan was lighted with gas last week.

— A large skate manufactory has been started at Wellfleet, Mass.

— New York is the third city of the civilized world in population.

— Out of 1,000 published books, 600 never pay the cost of printing.

— There are already 11 religious periodicals published in California.

— The sponge business at Key West has yielded $12,000 the past year.

— Showers of frogs have taken place in Liege, and lately one of ants.

— Several thousand Polish Jews are on their way to the United States.

— A camel express is about to be established between Los Angelos and Mohave.

— A New York woman has ordered a $3,000 dress for the Prince of Wales' ball.

— The Times has an editorial urging the adoption of horse railways in London.

— Garibaldi had but eight men killed in the conquest of the Kingdom of Naples.

— More than 30 Bible Colporteurs are now going through the Sardinian States.

— Garibaldi has declared the adoption of the decimal system for the coinage in Sicily.

— A theater is talked of in Paris, in which part of the performance shall be in English.

— Garibaldi's Agents in Liverpool have purchased the Conard steamer Cambria for $9,000.

— Thirty-eight thousand persons have been converted by the revival of last year, in Wales.

— Gerrit Smith is said to be dividing property to the value of $200,000 among five relatives.

— The newly discovered planet, found at Cambridge on Friday week, is only 40 miles in diameter.

— The population of England is about 27,500,000, of whom only 48,000 are proprietors of the soil.

— Philadelphia mechanics are now making two steam plows for use on tobacco plantations in Cuba.

— The last hand fire engine in Boston has gone out of use. There are 19 steam fire engines in the city.

— Various English firms in the leather trade have failed, recently, with liabilities exceeding $15,000,000.

— The Massachusetts Supreme Court recently divorced a man from his wife for the reason that she was a Shaker.

— President Buchanan declines to be present at the ball to be given in New York, in honor of the Prince of Wales.

— The dividends payable in Boston, early this month, will amount to about two and a quarter millions of dollars.

— At Lake Bilger, California, it is not unusual to take mountain trout there which weigh from six to twelve pounds.

— Myers, the Houston deer hunter, says that he has killed 6,000 deer in the last nine years, on the Houston prairies.

— Parties wishing to marry, in Germany, must produce 14 distinct certificates of various qualifications to procure a license.

— William Brooks, of Porter, Me., shot a gray eagle, on Thursday week, the wings measuring seven feet from tip to tip.

— Austria taxes her Venetian Provinces just sixty per cent. No wonder they seek freedom from such oppression.

— The drouth in Mexico is reported as very severe, and serious apprehensions of famine are felt in the vicinity of Tampico.

— A parrot recently frightened away some burglars who were ransacking the house of Mr. Hutchinson, of Camden, N. J.

— A correspondent of the Home Journal, in a half year's residence in Japan, has never seen a quarrel, even among children.

— Within a year, New Hampshire State prison has paid nearly $12,000 cash into the State treasury from the labor of prisoners.

— There is now a continuous chain of railroads from Bangor, Me., to New Orleans, composed of eighteen independent roads.

— The consumption of coal in France is eleven million tuns yearly, brought from abroad. They buy wood by the pound in Paris.

— A captured slaver has been brought into Norfolk, Va., with 619 negroes on board, and another at about the same time with 800.

— Eleven volumes of a new and complete edition, in Swedish, of the works of Cooper, the novelist, have appeared in Stockholm.

— Carrie Wells, a girl of ten years, recently rode from her home, in Newton, Mass., 64 miles, in one day, on horseback, and alone.

— The sloop Emma, on a recent cruise in the Pacific, captured 800 sharks, some of them with jaws large enough to swallow an ox whole.

— The tent and several cages of a menagerie were blown over at Calais, Me., and an elephant, a monkey, and two foxes, set loose.

— Miss Frederika Bremer has been residing at Athens for several months, and is soon to give the world her impressions of the country.

— Reggio, lately taken by Garibaldi, is said to be the ancient Rhegium, where St. Paul once spent a day waiting for the south wind to blow.

— The hull of the Lady Elgin, relieved of its freight and machinery, has risen to the surface, and now rides at anchor where it went down.

— The cotton crop last year is the largest ever made. Over three million bales were exported, leaving not quite a million for use in the country.

— The Hamilton (C. W.) Times says the first of the Legislative Council nominations has resulted in the most complete defeat of the Ministry.

— On the 13th ult., a fire broke out in the town of Port Hudson, La., and the entire place, with the exception of one house, was reduced to ashes.

— There are 5,000 Polynesians to be brought to Cuba to test their physical capacity, intelligence, and docility, to meet the necessity for laborers.

— Strawberries, fresh from the vines, and very delicious, were sent to the editor of the Petersburg Bulletin, last week, from Prince George Co., Va.

— At a military parade in New Haven, a horse became frightened, broke loose, and ran, dashing his head against a tree, and killing himself instantly.

— Several residents of Jersey City have appealed to the Council to allow the horse cars to be run on Sunday, the bells to be taken off the horses.

— The largest raft arrived the other day, at Dubuque, which ever came down the Mississippi—1,100,000 feet of lumber, and 950,000 shingles and lath.

Special Notices.

From the New York Christian Advocate and Journal.

THE GREAT INVENTION.

The poor woman's riches,
The rich woman's bliss.

In the war which is going on among the sewing machines, there is something comforting in the fact that nobody is killed, and the community in general derive a permanent benefit. As in the political world, where a great variety of opinion prevails, and each party has its favorite leader, so among the sewing machines, we find a great variety of opinion, and each one loud in their praises of the one they think the best. Unlike political opinions, however, we regard all the sewing machines as a blessing. From the greatest to the least, from the splendid cabinet machine of GROVER & BAKER, down to the smallest machine invented, we find a labor-saving benefit to all the families in the land. In so saying, however, we must not be considered as recommending a cheap article, as to our sorrow, we have invariably found that a cheap article is in the end the dearest.

We speak from experience when we say that, after having tried all the principal sewing machines, we must accord to that of GROVER & BAKER the pre-eminence. Those indispensable features of sewing, strength, uniformity, and elasticity, all of which are brought out in this incomparable invention, make it the first sewing machine in the country. Others have their good points, but this combines all, and possesses every characteristic necessary to make it most desirable. We know one lady whose appreciation of this machine, after a trial of years, is such that she would part with almost every other article of household furniture before she would allow it to be taken. She understands the different varieties of sewing machines, and has tested the merits of all; but GROVER & BAKER'S noiseless machine, with its firm uniform stitch, surpasses, in her estimation, all others. In that lady's opinion, we have the most unlimited confidence, her taste and judgment being excelled by none. Nor has her judgment been formed hastily. She has, with a view of thoroughly testing the merits of the different sewing machines, given the most of them a fair trial, and the result as above stated.

The GROVER & BAKER Company, from being one of the oldest and most successful of the originators and directors of the business, and having associated with it men of the greatest artistic skill, possesses facilities above that of others in making such improvements as are calculated to bring the sewing machine to perfection. In their magnificent establishment on Broadway, they have in the finest taste fitted up a large drawing-room, where a great number of ladies may be found every day, either learning or perfecting themselves in the art of sewing; and we would say to our lady friends, who have hitherto remained skeptical in regard to this great invention of the age, an hour could not be more profitably spent than at this establishment.

Publisher's Department.

THE RURAL, ON TRIAL, AT HALF PRICE, And Premiums for Club Agents!

IN order to introduce it more readily to the notice and support of comparative strangers, (preparatory to the commencement of Vol. XII, in Jan. next,) we have concluded to offer the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the present Quarter — Oct. 1st to January, 13 numbers — at ONLY HALF PRICE, thus placing it within the reach and means of all non-subscribers who wish to give it a *fair trial*. We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many persons and post-offices as desired. We shall not make a farthing's direct profit, yet shall be glad to thus circulate 5,000 to 20,000 trial copies — for, though we may lose temporarily, it is believed the bread thus cast abroad will return ere long, while thousands of families will be benefited by making the acquaintance of the RURAL and becoming permanent subscribers. See Premiums offered for Trials in last No.

A REQUEST, AND WHEREFORE.

— We ask its friends all over the land to aid in circulating the RURAL'S Campaign Quarter. Almost any one can readily obtain from 4 to 20 subscribers. "Where there's a *will* there's a way," and have not its friends in the East and West, North and South, the will to extend the circulation and usefulness of the favorite RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY of America?

Publisher's Special Notices.

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others — 1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59 — bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1853 and 1859 — price, $2 each.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM — copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Oct. 9, 1860.

FLOUR is without material alteration, although the tendency of the market, under the influence of foreign news, is upward.

GRAIN — The only changes noted are in Corn and Oats, which have declined.

POULTRY is beginning to make a show in market and prices have fallen off somewhat.

No other changes of note.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	14@1'c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	11c
Meal, Indian	1,27@1,31	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	8@c@$1,00
Corn, old	55@57c	Peaches, dried, ℔	00c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush	00@62c	Plums, dried	00@00
Oats, by weight	25@28c	Potatoes	25@35c
Barley	65@65c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$19,00@20,00	Lamb pelts	50@85c
Pork, clear	21,00@21,50	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	6,50@7,00	Clover, bushel	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ℔ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,25
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@8c	Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@00c	Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	15@15c	Hay, ton	8,00@11,00
Butter, firkin	00@14c	Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8. — FLOUR — More active, and about 5c better for shipping grades, with an increased export demand and fair home trade inquiry. Sales at $5,30@5,35 for super State, $5,45@5,55 for extra do; $5,25@5,35 for super Western; $5,50@5,70 for common to medium extra do; $5,70@5,75 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Of the sales 14,000 bbls. for export. Canadian a shade firmer with fair demand; sales at $5,62@7,40 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN — Wheat 1@2 cents better, with pretty good export demand; sales white Michigan at $1,40@1,45; winter red Western at $1,33. Milwaukee club at $1,25@1,26; amber Wisconsin at $1,26; Chicago spring at $1,18@1,22½. Nos. 2 and 1; red Southern at $1,35; white do. $1,45; white Ohio, Indiana, &c., $1,38@1,40. Rye scarce and firm; sales at 80c for Western. Barley continues in fair request; sales of Canada at 84@86c. Corn in fair request, in part for export, but prices are without material change; sales at 70@70½c, afloat and in store mixed Western. Oats in very moderate request at unchanged prices — 36@38c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS — Pork dull and heavy; sales at $19,00@20,00 for new mess; $18,87½ for old do; $16,25@16,37 for Western prime do.; $14,50@14,75 for new prime; $13,25 for old do. Lard dull; sales at 12½@13½c. Butter at 11@15c for Ohio; 16@22c for State. Cheese steady at 9½@11½c.

ASHES — The market is unchanged. Sales are 50 bbls. at $5,25 for Pots; $5,60 for Pearls.

ALBANY, Oct. 8. — FLOUR AND MEAL. — The rain storm in the early part of the day tended to restrict operations in Flour, and during the entire morning only a moderate business has been done at the closing rates of Saturday. Buckwheat Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged.

GRAIN — Holders of Wheat have advanced their views 2@3c ℔ bu., which has tended to check operations. There is a fair supply offering, with sales inferior white Michigan at $1,42. Corn is lower, with only a moderate demand; sales Western mixed at 68c, afloat. For Barley the market is rather irregular, but no quotable change in prices can be given. Sales two-rowed Canada East at 65c; Michigan at 68c; Canada West, via Buffalo, at 73c; Niagara Co. at 75c; four-rowed State at 78c; Vermont at 80c, and Canada East at 82@83c. Rye rather firmer, with sales at 75c, afloat. — Oats unchanged with only a moderate inquiry; sales State at 38c. — *Journal.*

BUFFALO, Oct. 8. — FLOUR — In better demand and market steady; sales at $4,87½@5,00 for extra Canadian and Wisconsin; $5,10@5,62½ for double extra Illinois and Wisconsin, $5,00@5,50 for fair to choice extra Ohio and Indiana and $5,75@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN — Wheat, steady; sales Saturday afternoon, No 1 Milwaukee club at $1,09, and choice white Canada at $1,28. This morning, No 1 Chicago spring at $1,05; No. 1 Milwaukee club at $1,09; white Ohio at $1,22, and white Michigan at $1,24. Corn steady and in good demand; sales Saturday afternoon, at 55½c. This morning, afloat at 55c, and 55½c in store. Oats market nominal at 28c. Barley quiet, within the range of 62½@65c. Rye steady; sales this morning at 68c.

PROVISIONS — Heavy mess pork lower, held at $19,25; no light mess or prime offering. Mess Beef is quoted at $7,50, and prime at $5,00. Bacon scarce and none offering. Receipts of cheese are extremely light and the market is firm. The range of prices from store is 10@11c. — *Com. Adv.*

TORONTO, Oct. 5. — FLOUR — There has been a settling in the prices of flour, which, however, under the influence of the news may recover. There is a limited demand and an almost complete absence of a speculative inquiry. We quote

Superfine No. 1	$5,05@5,15
Fancy	5,25@5,50
Extra	5,70@6,00
Double Extra	6,00@6,25

GRAIN — The market for wheat is very buoyant, and $1,28 @1,31 is paid pretty freely for the primest lots. About 1,000 bushels of fall wheat were sold on the 3rd inst., at an average of $1,26 per bushel — an improvement on the previous week of 8 cents per bushel. Spring wheat is offered more freely, and finds ready sale at $1@1,03 ℔ bush. for good to prime. Barley has not materially increased in receipts, although there is not as much as formerly offering. The deliveries amount to about 4,000 bushels per day. — Prices within the past few days have shown a tendency to improve, 63@65c, and for very good samples of white grain 66c, has been freely paid. Peas are in steady demand at 55@60c, the latter for good qualities. Receipts slowly increase. Oats are firm, with an improvement in the deliveries. Prices are steady at 28@30c ℔ bushel. The demand is pretty active. — *Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3. — The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt	$9,00@9,50
Ordinary quality	8,00@8,50
Common quality	7,00@7,50
Inferior quality	5,50@6,50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@60,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	6 @7c
Ordinary quality	5 @5½
Common quality	4 @4½
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,00@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	6½@6⅞c
Other qualities	6⅛@6⅜

ALBANY, Oct. 8. — The trade is active, considering the large supply. The total receipts here during the week foot up about 4,500, all but about 400 of which were thrown upon the market. The 400 were shipped to Bergen Hill. There are at least 1,000 too many on sale.

Receipts — The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	4,281	3,931	2,601
Sheep	4,608	2,451	6,082
Hogs	647	120	413

Prices — We advance our price this week ½c. on premium, there being a drove sold at that figure. The next grades remain the same with a slight decline on the lower grades, the market closing exceedingly dull, so much so that some bunches may be held over:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½	@5
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@4¾
First quality	3½@4⅛	3½@4
Second quality	2¾@3	3 @3⅛
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@2¾

BRIGHTON, Oct. 4. — At market, 1,400 Beeves, 900 Stores 7,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 800 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE — Prices, extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality, $7,25@7,50, second quality, $0,00@6,75; third quality, $4@5,50.

WORKING OXEN — $7?, $80@85.

MILCH COWS — $19@44.

VEAL CALVES — $3,00@4,00.

STORES — Yearlings, $0@00; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

HIDES — 6@6½c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW — 6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — $1,00@1,50; extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS — 50c@$1,75 each.

SWINE — Stores, wholesale, 6½@0c ℔ lb; retail 7@0c — Spring pigs 7c; retail 6½@8c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 3. — Whole number Cattle at market 2,021 — about 1,200 Beeves, and 821 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE — Prices, extra, $6,75@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN — $72@110

COWS AND CALVES — $25, 30, 40@62.

STORES — Yearlings, $6@7; two years old, $8@10; three years old, $12@15.

SHEEP AND LAMBS — 7,620 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,75@3,75.

HIDES — 6c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS — 10@12c ℔ lb. Pelts, $1@$1.75 each.

SWINE — Fat Hogs sold for 6¼@6½c ℔ lb, live weight. — Shoats 6½@7c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 5. — We notice sales of 6,000 lbs. extra domestic fleeces at 49c. Messrs. Bowes, in their Liverpool circular of the 20th ult., remark that "the public sales of wool commenced here yesterday and will be continued up to 29th inst. There is a full attendance of buyers, and East India wool is in good demand, at prices equal to our June-July sales. English is about ½d ℔ lb lower than at that period, but presents an improvement on the rates current last month. Egyptian is rather neglected and 1d ℔ lb lower. The following quantities have already been offered, viz: — 2,322 bales East India, all sold; 765 English and Irish; 474 Egyptian, about one fourth of them sold; 118 washed Merino Spanish, and 408 greasy Spanish and Lisbon, all withdrawn; 123 Syrian long skin, grey, sold at 6⅜@7, and 9½ refused for white; 270 bags Canadian fleece sold readily at 18@18½ for 1st quality, and 16½@17½ for irregular seconds, the average of the whole being 17½d ℔ lb. The arrivals of East India wool at this port since last auction sales, amount to 1?,?60 bales. At a public sale of Buenos Ayres wool, held at Antwerp yesterday, prices are reported to have declined 5@10 ℔ cent upon the sale held there in June. Public sales of 8@10,000 bags various kinds of Scotch wool are advertised to be held at Leith, Edinburgh and Glasgow on 25th to 29th instant."

We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	52@55
Am. full-blood Merino	47@51
Am. half blood and three-fourths Merino	40@46
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	30@38
Extra, Pulled	43@50
Superfine, Pulled	35@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@31
Lamb's, Pulled	31@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	22@25
California, common do.	10@15
Peruvian, washed	26@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	12½@28
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	10@16
South American, unwashed	8@11
South American Cordova, washed	22@22½
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@16
African, washed	16@25
Smyrna, unwashed	10@15
Smyrna, washed	24@26
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

BOSTON, Oct. 5. — The sales of Fleece and Pulled Wool have been 2?0,000 lbs, at about previous prices. The demand is confined to the medium grades of fleece. The sales of foreign have been 500 bales Cape, Mediterranean, and South American, and 300 ballots Peruvian at steady prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@23
¾ and ⅞ blood	44@48	Do. unwashed	9@15
Common	20@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@57
Do. superfine	28@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Deaths.

ON the 18th of Sept., 1860, at the residence of his brother, in Webster, Monroe Co., N. Y., OLIVER C. PARCELL, aged 21 years and 10 months.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, In Advance — THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

⁂ In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

LEICESTERSHIRE BUCK LAMBS, carefully bred from Imported Stock. Price, $10 to $15. 561-2t P. P. BRADISH, Batavia, N. Y.

CHESTNUTS. — Contracts will be made for delivery, to early applicants. O. T. HOBBS, Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED — To sell 5 new inventions — one very recent, and of great value to families. All pay great profits to Agents. Send four stamps and get 80 pages particulars. 551-8teow EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.

NEW GRAPES NEW STRAWBERRIES. — Send for the "First Annual Catalogue of New and Rare Fruits; Originated at the American Garden of Experiments and Vineyard-Nursery." O. T. HOBBS, Pro. Randolph, Crawford Co., Pa.

300 ACTIVE YOUNG MEN WANTED — To sell by subscription, some of the most popular books ever published in this country. Some of our Agents are making from $100 to $300 per month. Address LIBERTY HALL & BRO., 561-3t Booksellers, Rochester, N. Y.

TRUE DELAWARE GRAPE VINES. — One year old, strong, $1; two years, $1,50 to $2. Extra large layers with bearing wood, $2 to $3. Smaller layers, $1 to $1,50. — Also, very fine Logan Vines, $1 to $2. All other good varieties, new and old, at lowest rates. Send for a Circular. GEORGE W. CAMPBELL, Delaware, Ohio. August, 1860. 561-2teow.

BULBOUS FLOWER ROOTS. Our annual fall importations of Bulbous Flower Roots is just received from Holland in fine order. It embraces *Hyacinths, Tulips, Crocus, Narcissus, Jonquils, Lilies, Crown Imperials, &c.,* all strong, sound bulbs that cannot fail to give satisfaction. Orders should be sent in immediately. ELLWANGER & BARRY, Oct. 9, 1860. Mt. Hope Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

250.000 GRAPE ROOTS! — Catawbas, 1 year old, $15 per 1000; 2 years old, $25; Isabellas, $25 per 1,000; Anna, Delaware, Diana, Concord, and 60 other varieties of Native and Foreign Catawbas and Isabellas. *Superior,* owing to location, soil, &c., and bringing a much higher price with our visitors here. Terms liberal to dealers. Orders by mail satisfactorily filled. J. P. MERRIAM, Agt., Sandusky City Nurseries. Sandusky City, Ohio, Sept., 1860. 561-2teow

A NICE FRUIT FARM FOR SALE. — About 40 acres of choice land — good frame buildings — on the Rochester and Webster Plank Road in Penfield, about five miles from this city with from 12 to 1,500 grafted Apple Trees, and a Dwarf Pear Orchard of over eight hundred trees, in good thrift and bearing order. About four acres of wood land — all well fenced. One of the finest places in the country. For further particulars inquire of WM. WOOD, on the place, or of the undersigned at his office, No. 39 Arcade, Rochester, N. Y. DANIEL WOOD.

GODFREY ZIMMERMANN, Pine Hill Nursery, near Buffalo, N. Y., OFFERS for sale a general assortment of Fruit, Ornamental Trees and Shrubs. The collection of Fruit consists of all worthy for general cultivation, including Grape Vines, Foreign and Native. Of Apples, Cherries, and Dwarf Pears, a large stock of very thrifty and stocky Trees is on hand, of the best varieties. Orders respectfully solicited. Catalogues sent to all applicants. 561-1t

HICKOK'S PATENT PORTABLE KEYSTONE CIDER AND WINE MILL. THIS admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1860. It is, if possible, made better than ever before and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such machines. It has no superior in the market, and is the only mill that will properly grind Grapes. Price, $40. For sale by dealers or the manufacturer. W. O. HICKOK, Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa. The above Mills on hand to fill orders at 338 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. Address H. C. WHITE, Agent.

"WHILE IT IS DAY," a beautiful sketch written BY T. S. ARTHUR, expressly for THE NEW YORK CHRONICLE, is contained in the number for October 11th. Other writers of wide celebrity will furnish the CHRONICLE with lively and wholesome reading for the family and the young. The ablest minds in the Baptist denomination also contribute frequently to its columns, and it aspires to stand as the representative of the highest and best religious life of the denomination. The surest evidence of the worth of the CHRONICLE is shown in the fact that it has advanced and is advancing more rapidly in circulation than any other Baptist paper in the country, and the publishers feel confident that it will soon lead the whole Baptist press in the extent of its patronage. As a liberal inducement to those sending new subscribers, the publishers of the CHRONICLE OFFER TO PRESENT a copy of WEBSTER'S NEW PICTORIAL UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY, containing 1,500 beautiful illustrative wood cuts, and sold at $6,50, to any person who will send them the names of THREE NEW SUBSCRIBERS, with SIX DOLLARS, in advance. As the subscription price of the paper is two dollars a year, they thus substantially offer to give away the Dictionary. TERMS By mail, $2 a year in advance. Specimen copies of the CHRONICLE sent free to any address. Address P. CHURCH & CO., 561 41 Park Row, New York.

THE AMERICAN TERRACULTOR, A ROTARY DIGGER, BY HORSE OR STEAM POWER, FOR REVOLUTIONIZING THE MODE OF CULTIVATING LAND, Intended as a Substitute For the ordinary Plowing, Subsoiling, Cross-plowing, Harrowing and Seeding Processes. Farmers desirous of improving, quickening and cheapening the preparation of land for crops, may find their interest in examining the TERRACULTOR, a Rotary Digger or Spading Machine, combining the Evans Patent with Vernam's improvements. The importance of some such Rotary Machine, for superseding *Plows* worked either by horse or steam power, may be found illustrated in the volume called "*Talpa, or Chronicles of a Clay Farm,*" and in the United States Patent Office Report on "Agriculture," for 1859, pages 251, &c., now being officially circulated. Reaping, mowing and threshing machines — superseding the sickle, the scythe and the flail — have effected great improvements and conferred vast benefits on the farming community, by quickening and cheapening the modes of *securing* a certain class of crops. But these inventions, however great and valuable, are comparatively limited in application — having reference only to hay and small grain. Whereas, the *Rotary Terracultor,* in quickening and cheapening and improving the *preparation of land for Crops of all kinds,* will, by superseding implements heretofore employed, effect a *revolution in the mode and cost of preparing land for crops,* greater and more valuable than all the improvements ever made in crop-saving apparatus — inasmuch as the proper preparation of the soil for the reception of seeds and the growth of grains, roots, fruits and grasses, now costs the Agriculturist more, and is of greater consequence to him and to the consumer, than all the subsequent labors in the business of tillage. Having devoted attention for many years to the subject of improving machinery for *preparing land for crops,* I now invite the attention of the Farming community to the Machine constructed by me, and which I have denominated "The American Terracultor" in the belief that it presents the most valuable improvement ever made for cultivating the earth — an improvement which, like the Telegraph, will form an era in the History of Human Progress. In behalf of the American Terracultor Company. HENRY O'RIELLY, Pres't. 661 Office No. 8 Masonic Hall, Rochester, N. Y.

TREES AND PLANTS. — I am now prepared to furnish to the trade the following Trees and Plants at unusually low prices, for cash or approved notes:
50,000 Standard Apple Trees.
10,000 do. Pear Trees.
10,000 do. Plum Trees.
5,000 Cherry Trees.
3,000 Grape Vines — Isabella, Catawba, Clinton, and Concord.
10,000 Linnæus Pie Plant.
2,000 Arbor Vitæ, 1 year transplanted.
2,000 Raspberries, Fastolf, Franconia, Antwerp, &c.
1,000 Norway Spruce, 3 feet.
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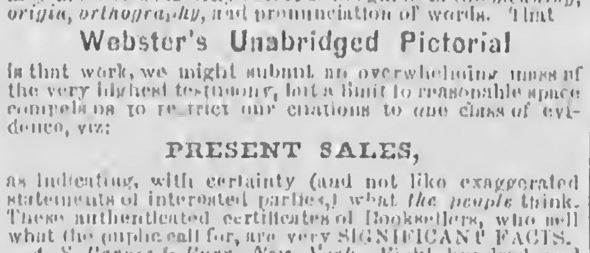

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[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ADIEU TO THE BIRDS.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

Adieu, cheerful swallows; again must you go
Where the tropics are blooming in unfading glow?
Then, birds, as you leave us, permit me to say,
Success to your journey, success all the way;
Adieu, cheerful swallows, adieu.

Adieu, happy Robins; again must you fly,
And seek in the south-land a more genial sky?
Again must you leave the dear tree-top and nest,
Where you sung all the summer with such joyful zest?
Adieu, happy Robins, adieu.

Adieu, sprightly Blue-birds; and now must you turn?
From these hill-sides and pastures, the brake and the fern?
Must you, too, be leaving our bright summer home,
Ere the winds and the storms of the equinox come?
Adieu, sprightly Blue-birds, adieu.

Adieu, Bob O'Lincoln; and, too, must you
Now turn from our meadows, and we say adieu?
How much we shall miss thee, thou musical rover,
From all the old meadows, the daisies and clover;
Adieu, Bob O'Lincoln, adieu.

Adieu now, gay Sparrows and Wrens; must you all
Forsake us so soon at the coming of "Fall?"
O, must you away at the very first chill,
And leave us no bird-songs, not one little trill?
Now, Sparrows and Wrens, all adieu.

But, O, all ye Birds, come back with the spring;
Again round our homes, chirp, frolic, and sing;
I may be gone, but others will stay,
And welcome you back with April and May!
Adieu, all ye Birds, now adieu.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"SOME PEOPLE'S PROFESSIONS."

A STORY OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND MINE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

[Continued from page 324, last number.]

"Well, if it hasn't stopped raining at last," was the enthusiastic exclamation when Miss CRIPPS was forced to a discovery of the happy change in the weather, by the stealing of a saucy sunbeam directly across her eyes. "Some one will happen in now, I am sure." She looked wistfully down the street. "If there isn't ESTHER FIELDING picking her way through the mud,—no mistaking her, for there is the everlasting green silk. This is the third year she has worn it. I wonder at her putting it on to-day, unless she is meditating untieing her purse-strings, and squeezing out another. What a penurious thing she is."

"Perhaps she is obliged to be economical," said MELLICENT. "I am not acquainted with her, but she does not look like a penurious person."

"Not look like a penurious person?" You lack penetration, MELLICENT. Not look penurious in that everlasting old silk, and brown bonnet, and that old-fashioned shawl, when we know she has six hundred dollars a year to live on, and not a soul to care for but her stingy self? She has not had a new thing to wear for a year or more I know; for her seat is directly in front of mine at Church, and I wish, for my sake, if not for her own, she would give me something fresher than that faded old brown bonnet to look at."

"Six hundred dollars a year is a great deal," said MELLICENT. "Enough to dress her quite elegantly if she wished to. Perhaps she spends her money in charities, as you do, Miss CRIPPS."

"Then she does it very slyly, and no one is the wiser for it. But it is foolish to suppose that she would give away something less than one hundred dollars a year without telling of it. She is not disposed to benevolence, I know; for I have called upon her with subscriptions until I am tired of it. She did give me five dollars once, for the Ragged Schools, and was going to subscribe something for the Hospital, when she heard that only the sick of our own denomination were received there. She made that an excuse for applying her donation to another quarter, she said, —a fine excuse for not lessening her miserly hoard! To talk with her you would think her one of the most charitable persons in Christendom,—but many people's professions are nothing but professions, you know." MELLICENT had been sufficiently instructed in that fact to receive the assertion without doubt or contradiction. "Talking and doing are very different things, MELLICENT. It is a mystery what that girl does with her money. I hate penuriousness. She would be glad to get married, no doubt,"—alas, for our proneness to judge others by ourselves,—"but it will be a sorry husband that old green silk wins for her. As true as I live, MELLICANT, she is coming here! What can it mean? I cannot go down to the parlor, so bring her right up here. I will not be formal with her,—I intend to give her a few hints to reflect upon, if I have an opportunity. Hand me my subscription book before you go."

The book was made to peep out accidentally from the huge work-basket, which Miss CRIPPS drew into a more conspicuous situation, arranging its variety of work with an eye to an imposing and impressive effect upon her visitor. There were mittens and coarse shirts, charity-school hoods and cloaks, besides fancy articles, destined for the Christmas fairs, beyond enumeration. When ESTHER FIELDING entered the room, Miss CRIPPS was sewing so assiduously upon a little brown hood, it was necessary for MELLICENT to speak twice before she could make her conscious of Miss FIELDING'S presence.

"Busy as ever," said ESTHER, after all the conventional phrases regarding health and the weather had been duly executed; "busy as ever, I see, and upon some charitable society work as usual. Really, you seem overwhelmed by such work,—every kind, useful and ornamental. What a beautiful mat this is; you have blended the shades most exquisitely."

"That is for the Christmas fair for the Lapland Mission," and Miss CRIPPS sighed wearily as she lay down the little hood to discourse with her visitor. "By-the-by, my dear Miss FIELDING, has the pressing need of that Mission been presented to you? or has it been reserved for me to receive your donation for so worthy a cause? The Society will sell this mat at a very reasonable rate; will you not purchase it?" and the sweetest smile in Miss CRIPPS' treasury of smiles beamed upon her face, as she held up the pretty mat for ESTHER FIELDING'S decision.

"I cannot," was the unhesitating reply." I would be glad to aid the Society, but it is impossible for me to do so at present. I cannot afford to."

Miss CRIPPS studied her sharply,—something her keen little eyes were capable of doing. She continued, as softly as before,

"It is sometimes a trial to keep the greater part of our income set apart for charities, I well know. Give as little as we will, until our gift is absolutely nothing in comparison to what we spend upon ourselves, our worldly and selfish desires will still find ground for disputing the encroachment. I have found it so in my case,—are our experiences unlike?"

ESTHER FIELDING saw the covered attack, and met it openly.

"As professing Christians, devoting our substance to the LORD, our experiences must naturally resemble each other, although our interests may be engaged in different directions."

"Ah, now I understand why you refuse me; your heart is not in the Lapland Mission. Doubtless your indifference arises from your ignorance of the subject,—your mind having been absorbed in something having equal claim upon us. Perhaps you are giving too great a proportion of your time and sympathy to the —— —— —— Society. I trust our labors in that direction will be successfully rewarded."

"My assistance to that Society has been too small to mention," said ESTHER, frankly. "I hope to do more for them before long."

"There are calls enough within hearing of our very hearthstones," continued Miss CRIPPS, "to expend a fortune. The catalogue of our city missions and benevolent societies is a long one—presenting a vast field of usefulness to every one. Then, there are some more worldly things demanding our co-operation. Have you heard of Dr. GRIMSBY'S generous project in behalf of the Thirty-third regiment. It is truly commendable."

ESTHER smiled mischievously.

"Have you not heard," said she, "of his efforts to gain an appointment as Surgeon in the army?"

Miss CRIPPS threw up her hands. "Another instance of the self-sacrifice of that noble-hearted man! To think of his giving up his lucrative and pleasant practice here in his native city, to undergo the horrors of a Surgeon during a terrible campaign. I never heard the like of it, and I have seen not a little self sacrifice and Christian heroism in my day." It was necessary for her to wipe her moistening eyes.

"I don't see any self-sacrifice in it," said ESTHER, bluntly. "The salary is more than his present income, and—"

"But what is the salary in comparison with what he will have to undergo as surgeon during a war? Think of those frightful wounds,—ough!" and she shrugged her shoulders with horror.

"You forget that our country is now at peace, and we have every reason to believe it will remain so, for some time to come at least."

Miss CRIPPS was instantly relieved, too much so to experience any embarrassment on account of her seeming ignorance. How fortunate for Dr. GRIMSBY that he had not to enter upon a bloody campaign. She hoped the Cabinet would cease meddling with foreign affairs.

"You are certainly going to the ball, ESTHER?"

ESTHER gravely shook her head.

"Not going, my dear? You do wrong in excluding yourself from society as you do. You need not dance,—I do not intend to. Why are you not going?"

"I have not the money to spare—"

"Oh fie! fie!" returned Miss CRIPPS, disdainfully. "It is folly for you to tell me that. What is fifty or a hundred dollars out of your income?"

ESTHER'S face flushed scarlet. For a moment she lost her composure. Miss CRIPPS read her struggle with secret triumph.

"If I had fifty dollars to spare," said ESTHER, calmly, "I should not have called upon you this morning to ask your assistance in raising that very amount."

"Ah, indeed!" The air of the speaker gave ESTHER little encouragement.

"Have you heard about Mrs. RODMAN'S baby?" asked ESTHER, hoping to be spared the repetition of the sad story.

"No, I have not." Miss CRIPPS was instantly frozen with stateliness.

"I know," continued ESTHER, gazing unflinchingly into her cold eyes, "that there is trouble existing between you and the RODMANS; yet I trust that nothing in the past could prevent you from helping them in this, their greatest affliction."

"The trouble between us is simply this. They occupied one of my houses, and for more than six months failed to pay their rent. I could not afford to give them the free use of the house, and they were compelled to move. No one can blame me for the course I pursued."

"If you remember," said ESTHER, "it was in mid-winter when you compelled them to move. That sick boy has not been free from pain since that day. GOD will take him soon, I trust!"

Miss CRIPPS was losing her equanimity. "Their having to move in the storm was not my blame," said she, with heightened voice and color. "They were duly forewarned to leave the house before a certain date. I have no compunctions on that subject."

"Well, let the matter drop," said ESTHER, sadly, and a heavy sigh followed her words. "Even if they were at fault, I can hardly believe that you will make that a reason for refusing them your assistance now, if it lies in your power to help them. They are communicants of our church, you know, and we are charged to help bear each other's burdens."

"You say they are communicants of our church. It is more than a year since any of them have been inside the church door."

"And you know why they have not been there," said ESTHER, warmly. "What prevents them from coming? JOHN RODMAN'S heart is turned most bitterly against you, and he is too honest a man to meet with Christians when he is far from feeling like one. He will not attend church, nor suffer his family to. Be careful, my dear Miss CRIPPS, how you stand between him and his LORD'S table. There is a fearful weight resting upon you, be as innocent as you may. I have been glad of giving you this opportunity of healing the breach, if you will, for if anything can soften their feelings toward you, it will be sympathy with them now."

There was a long, painful silence. Miss CRIPPS kept her eyes upon the carpet. She had not yet inquired what was the heavy trial the RODMANS had to bear,—what fresh one,—for their burden had always been grievous. ESTHER observed her chilling silence upon the subject, and found it most difficult to proceed.

"Mrs. RODMAN has a boy baby,—a beautiful child,—and apparently healthy, but its feet are so deformed that unless a surgical operation is performed, it will be a cripple."

"Indeed! that is very sad! It must be hard for a mother to submit to such a decree."

"She bears up astonishingly," said ESTHER, looking in vain for a sign of relenting. "It is enough to break one's heart to see her trying to bandage those poor little feet into proper shape. The surgeon tells me her efforts will be of no avail, only causing the babe to suffer. The cords must be cut before the misfortune can be remedied."

"How providential that the defect can be overcome! Mrs. RONMAN has great cause for thankfulness," was the cool rejoinder.

"She is thankful it can be done," said ESTHER, warmly, "but her grief arises from their utter inability to pay for the surgical operation, which must be performed soon, if at all."

"They had better part with everything they have, than to suffer their child to grow up a cripple."

"They will gladly sell anything they can possibly do without, but all their household goods would not raise fifty dollars, and that is nearly the cost of the operation. Mrs. RODMAN will need some one to assist her in taking care of the child afterward, as her health is poor, and TIMMY is growing worse every day. Fifty dollars must be raised in some quarter."

"Fifty dollars is a great deal to give to one poor family in these hard times. I doubt if you succeed in raising so much. Have you called upon any one but me?"

ESTHER replied that she had not. She omitted telling her that she had vainly hoped it would be unnecessary to call upon any else.

"You must present the case to Mrs. BLOND, and old Mrs. WILSON. Tell them I sent you to them." Then directing MELLICENT to bring her purse, Miss CRIPPS abstracted a half dollar therefrom and placed it in ESTHER'S hand.

ESTHER FIELDING did not leave Miss CRIPPS' door utterly disheartened. She had hoped to go directly from there to the desponding mother, who, bending over her cradle, was oftentimes tempted to pray for GOD to take the blighted little blossom from the world,—and to take her as well, if she might bear in her arms, as she had for years, the patient, wasting boy, who lay hour after hour counting the clock ticks, in his darkened corner. The half dollar Miss CRIPPS had given, was very small to ESTHER in comparison with the dime MELLICENT had slipped into her hand when she followed her to the street door, her eyes overflowing as she expressed her regret at not having more to give. But was there anything she could do for the poor baby, she anxiously inquired,—watch with it, or make something for its wardrobe? She would be thankful to do something for the child. She once had a club-footed little brother, that,—GOD be praised,—was asleep in the church-yard then. Her mother was never able to raise money enough to pay a surgeon, and her poverty broke her heart. Briefly and simply the touching story was told, and as ESTHER clasped the poor girl's trembling hand, her heart grew stronger, and her faith in GOD'S mercy surer than before.

CHAPTER II.

Wearily MELLICENT laid down her perplexing work, just as the setting sun threw his last arrow between the two great stone blocks that barred the sunshine from the window of her sewing-room, save for a little time late each afternoon. She was very tired. Her head ached, and her heart too. There was more than one tear-stain on her work that day,—the dress her mistress was to wear to the ball,—but lace and ribbons, and flowers have been useful for hiding tear-stains, time out of remembrance. Weary as she was, she would not fail to keep her promise to ESTHER FIELDING, to call upon Mrs. RODMAN that evening, and watch with the sick boy, if necessary, through the night. So she bathed her throbbing forehead, re-arranged her simple dress, and repaired to her mistress' sitting-room, to obtain leave of absence. Miss CRIPPS sat in the window niche, behind her piled up work-basket, as usual. She dropped the fashion plate she was studying, upon hearing MELLICENT'S request.

"It is something new and strange, MELLICENT, for you to ask to be out all night. It is an infringement upon my rules, you are aware."

"I have promised to watch with a sick boy to-night, if he should require watchers."

She purposely refrained from telling her whose boy it was, and Miss CRIPPS was not sufficiently interested to inquire.

"I dislike to have you going out among sick people too much, MELLICENT. You might bring infection into the house. Are you sure there is no contagion in this case?"

"Perfectly sure,"—and she added inwardly,—"unless it be sorrow."

"Well, go; but do not fail to be back early in the morning, for my laces are yet to be made up, and a hundred things to be done. Are you sure you have finished the dress? It must be done to-night, or I cannot sleep."

MELLICENT assured her of its completion. Miss CRIPPS was still dissatisfied, and expressed many regrets that she could not try it on before MELLICENT left, for fear some alteration would be necessary.

MELLICENT paused upon the threshold. She had another difficult request to make, and only the thought of lighting up poor TIMMY RODMAN'S pale face with a smile of delight, gave her courage to express it. Would Miss CRIPPS permit her to gather a few flowers from the green house, to carry to the sick boy, who had a singular love for flowers.

Miss CRIPPS knit her forehead. MELLICENT could have bitten out her tongue.

"You know, MELLICENT, that I must have a choice boquet to-morrow evening, and I have promised one to MARY ROBERTS, besides having designed sending one over to Dr. GRIMSBY. But go and gather a few,—your taste will tell you what ones to reserve for me."

Miss CRIPPS considered MELLICENT'S departure abrupt, almost to rudeness. She doubted if she had done her duty in consenting to her absence for the night. She would be too tired on the morrow to work much, and if she should be sick, how deplorable that would be. But it was too late to recall her.

MELLICENT struggled mightily with her pride, before entering the green-house, the beauty of which was profuse enough to furnish boquets for half the belles of the coming ball. Had there been a dime in her purse, she would have bought a nosegay for TIMMY RODMAN. She doubted if a bunch of simple flowers like those he used to raise in his little garden, would not please him more than rare exotics.

[To be continued]

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 24 letters.
My 10, 13, 10, 21, 7, 3 is the name of a poetess.
My 1, 2, 22, 7, 9 was a distinguished poet.
My 19, 13, 6, 8 is what everybody has.
My 7, 18, 10, 17, 5 is a goddess.
My 11, 23, 14, 13, 7, 24 is the name of an ancient city.
My 20, 10, 2 is a large bird.
My 14, 15, 22, 16 is a musical instrument.
My 5, 6, 4 is what every farmer raises.
My 12, 22, 2, 12, 15 is a small bird.
My whole is a maxim.

Vernon Center, 1860. ELISHA CLAPP.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first's the last destructive foe
Of nature's fairest form below;
My second is proud Albion's boast;
And both defends and decks her coast.
My whole, (such change from union flows,)
The bitterest boon the earth bestows.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

WHAT must be the length of a rope tied to a horse's neck that he may feed upon 7,854 square feet of new feed every day, for four days; one end of the rope being each day fastened to the same stake?

Harmony, Chaut. Co., N. Y., 1860. I. I. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 559.

Answer to Acrostical Enigma:—The Hundred Dome Cave.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Folly and pride walk side by side.

Answer to Charade:—Ice-house.

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INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Plan for an Ice-House.

I WISH to make an ice-house, and have not seen any, or read of any, on the plan I would like to adopt, and would like to have advice before beginning. The plan is this:—An oblong pit, (say 10 feet deep and 12 by 18 feet,) with a partition, making one room 12 feet, and the other 6 feet, the latter to be a little deeper, or rather for the whole bottom to slope gently from the extreme end of the 12 feet room to that of the other, so that the drippings from the ice in the large room would run down into the small room, which I would want for a dairy, &c. But the question is, would such a contrivance answer the purpose? Would the ice keep as well as if the whole pit was filled; and would the drippings flowing into the dairy be the right thing for the purpose? The partition might be made double, and filled in with some suitable material. What advantage would a straw-thatched roof have over shingles? What effect would a stone wall coating the ice-room have? These questions I ask, but if there are any other items of importance connected with the subject, please give them.—J. G. R. KALL, *Millbrook, Va.*, 1860.

I THINK I have seen in your valuable paper a description of a simple, cheap, and good-keeping ice-house. I wish to build such a house, and as cheaply as possible, consistent with a good article. If you have a number of your paper containing such description, I wish you would send it to me, and I will remit price by return mail, and be under many obligations to you in addition. I give my copy of the RURAL to any who will read it—this accounts for not having it.—JOSHUA DOUGLASS, *Meadvill, Penn.*, 1860.

THE best place for an ice-house is above ground and on a gravelly subsoil, where good natural drainage can be had, so that the water formed by the melting ice will pass off freely. Formerly it was thought almost essential to dig deep pits for preserving ice, but this plan has been abandoned by all who keep ice in large quantities for sale, as it is preserved better above. Damp and heat are the two great agents of thawing, and the first endeavor must be to counteract these by every means in our power. For the first ventilation is necessary, and for the latter the most non-conducting material available must be used for the house. The old plan of building ice-houses under ground was bad, as it was almost impossible to secure good drainage and sufficient ventilation to arrest the dampness which is sure to exist in all underground rooms or houses. Then the ground is too good a conductor of heat, and communicates its heat very readily to other bodies, much more so than even the air. The best material for an ice-house is wood, next brick, and then stone. The wooden walls should be made double by boarding both on the outside and inside of the frame timbers, the space between being filled with some non-conducting material. Charcoal dust is an excellent non-conductor; dry tan-bark or sawdust will do very well, and if neither of these can be procured, straw will answer a very good purpose.

Where the natural drainage is not first rate, drains must be dug and filled up with stones. If left open, the cold air will pass through them very freely, and its place be supplied by warm air from above. Ice keeps best in large masses, and for several reasons. In a large body there is much less surface exposed in proportion to the whole. Melting ice absorbs and renders latent a large amount of heat, so that the thawing of a part helps preserve that which remains. A house twelve feet each way on the ground, and eight or ten feet high, is large enough for any family, and even for two or three families, and yet it is as small as we would recommend any one to build, as the cost and trouble is but little more than for a house just large enough, and the supply is certain. A room, as suggested by our correspondent, attached to the ice-house, is not objectionable, and is a great convenience for preserving milk, meat, &c., during the warm weather. The ice made in the early part of the winter, and that which has been subjected to no change from freezing to thawing, is the best. It should be sawed out in square cakes as uniform in size and thickness as possible. All snow, and ice formed from half-melted snow, should be rejected, as it will not keep. After one layer is put down, the crevices should be filled with pounded ice, and this should be continued until the house is filled, when the whole will freeze into a solid mass. A few inches of straw should be placed between the walls of the house and the ice, and this should be done while the house is being filled. Then cover the whole with a foot or so of straw, and the work is done. An opening must be made in the roof for ventilation.

Cementing Cellar Bottoms.

I WISH some information through your paper about a wet cellar bottom, whether it will be advisable to cement it for all purposes—that is, for keeping vegetables in winter, and setting milk in summer? If it is best to be cemented—what proportion of sand, and what thickness on the bottom? What time in the year is it best to do it?—S. B. L., *Seymour, N. Y.*, 1860.

CEMENT makes a good cellar bottom, for all purposes, we believe; but all who have had wet cellars, and have attempted to make them dry by cementing either sides or bottom, have failed. This must be done by drains. Where the cellar is wet because it is a little deeper than it is possible to drain, then filling up the extra depth and cementing the bottom will answer. The object of cementing is to obtain a clean, hard, smooth bottom, and not to keep out the water. The usual way of cementing is to fill in with coarse gravel or broken stones from three to six inches. Then mix water lime until about a little thinner than cream, add clean sand until so thick that it will just run, and pour upon the gravel all that it will take. Smooth off the surface and allow sufficient time to harden before using. The work may be done at any time.

The Potato Disease.

WE are sorely troubled this year with the potato rot. Have you any light upon this subject that will be of benefit to farmers? Have you decided whether an insect is the cause of the trouble? Many farmers who usually sell a good many, will not save enough for their own use.—G. M., *Sodus, N. Y.*, 1860.

WE have given some attention to this subject, and the present season have expended thrice more in experimenting than our crop is worth. Nevertheless, we have settled nothing, and it would be useless to give crude notions or surmises. There has been far too much of this already. In July and August insects attacked the tops of our potatoes, and they drooped and died during the month of August. All varieties suffered about alike, except a few fine seed obtained from England, which we received and planted very late. We examined for signs of rot, but up to this time have not found a rotten tuber. The potatoes are smaller than usual, and the crop not more than half as much as last year. The land was a light loam. On heavy land near, where the haulms kept green until late in the season, we observe the rot is very bad. On a similar soil, with a heavy growth of clover turned under, the crop is abandoned. On a lot adjoining our own, and with a light soil well manured, and planted with Mercers, the whole are gone. It seems to us the Mercer must be abandoned, as they are generally rotting in this section more than any other variety, and this has long been their character. It is singular that after years of almost entire exemption, the rot should be so general the present season in almost all parts of the world. In Ireland and England it is no doubt worse than here. We have received a circular from a gentleman in Maryland, who thinks he has discovered the cause of the rot, and the remedy. The latter he has patented. He thinks the cause is an *Aphis*, that the eggs are planted with the potato, the insects hatch in the soil and feed upon the under-ground shoots, roots, and tubers. We are not prepared to believe the rot is caused in this way. There are several objections to this theory which we may present at some future time. By the application of large quantities of manure we are satisfied we have increased the rot, or caused it, for in rows adjoining, without the manure, not a single rotten tuber was found. Salt, lime, sulphur and ashes, applied to the soil or the leaves, produced no effect, so far as we could ascertain.

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT;"
OR, "LOOKING AHEAD" IN FARMING.

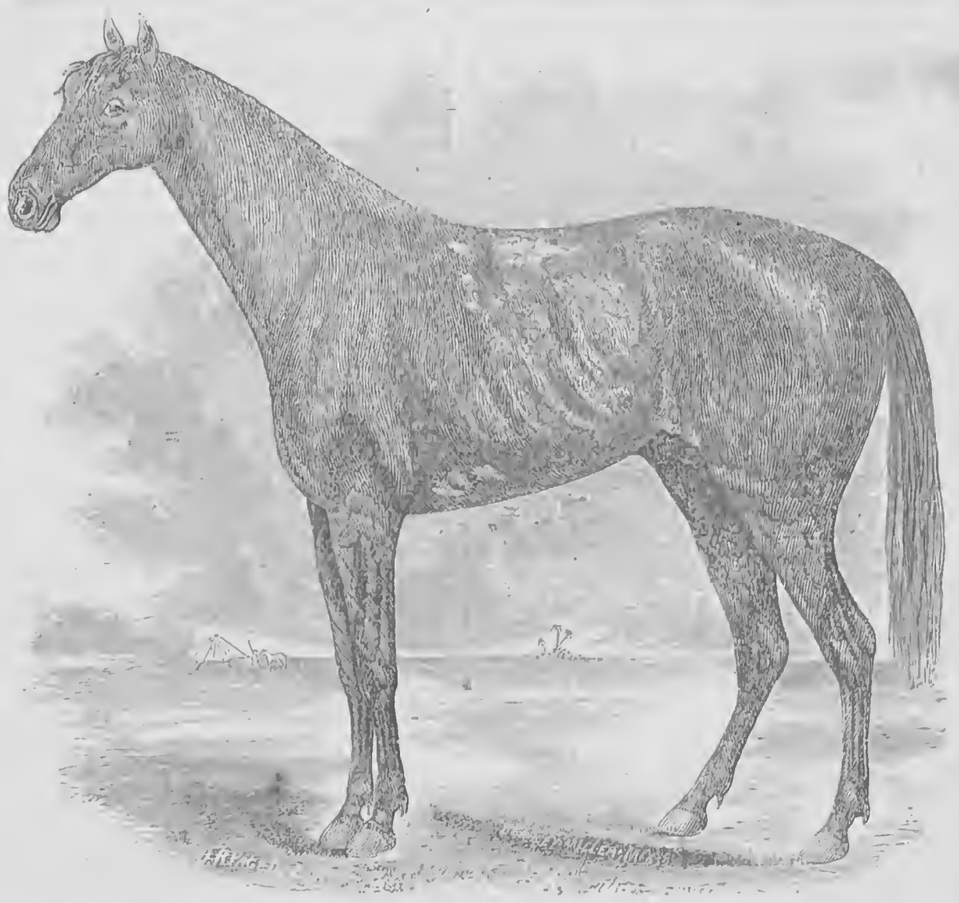
WE have long maintained the opinion that of all the books for children with which our bookstores abound, there is none which in real usefulness can at all compare with that old nursery tale of the "House that Jack Built." There is nothing better calculated to awaken the reasoning powers of the child, and initiate it into the art of tracing effects back to their causes, than this same story, in which all the various events are so naturally and clearly shown to be dependent on each other, from

"The priest, all shaven and shorn,
Who married the maiden all forlorn,"

down to the famous "dog which worried the cat, which killed the rat, that ate the malt that lay in the house that Jack built." All those reasoning faculties which enable a man to take into the account a long series of years, and which are so essential to every *grown* man, are nowhere else so fully called out as here.

Now what we want to say is:—If there is any man who, more than another, needs to look far ahead for *ultimate results*, it is the farmer. It is not the value of this year's crop, or even the profit which the farmer makes upon it, which determines his success, but he must take into account the effect upon *future* crops, and upon the value of the farm, before he can decide whether he is making money or not. If the farm is gradually growing poorer and poorer, and producing less each year than the year preceding, it is evident that no amount of temporary success can make it a paying operation—for, whatever may be the *apparent* profits upon the capital invested, the capital itself is gradually but surely wasting away. As it is practically impossible to keep the farm in *precisely* the *same* state of fertility from year to year, the farmer ought to pursue such a system as *not only* to perpetuate, but even to *enhance* the fertility of the soil, and no good farmer will ever be satisfied with less than this. To do this most effectually and certainly, it is *essential* that the farmer should *uniformly* raise *good crops*, for the large amount of fodder and the coarser grains which he will thus obtain will enable him to so largely increase his manure heap, that he can easily restore more of the elements of fertility than he has taken from the soil; while, on the other hand, if the produce is small, no matter how carefully every portion of it may be saved, this cannot well be done. For, though a poor crop may not exhaust the soil as much as a good one (about which we are not exactly sure,) it certainly *does* exhaust it much *more in proportion to its bulk*. A *good* crop always derives a great portion of its food from the atmosphere. Its large, broad leaves are constantly absorbing those elements of growth which the plant requires. Every summer breeze or passing shower, or drop of dew, brings with them something that the plant needs. Now, the trouble is, that in a *poor* soil the plant never gets large enough to fully *take advantage* of these opportunities. In fact, *one* great advantage of applying manure is, to give the plant a good start at *first*, so that it can *better take care of itself*.

Nothing is, therefore, more evident than that no farmer can *really afford* to raise a poor crop. Even looking at the result of a single year's operations, we can readily prove that it is always the good crop, and not the poor one, that *pays;* for a good crop will almost always, *of itself*, repay any extra care and attention necessary to produce it, but it is still more apparent when we consider the one good crop as merely the *first in an indefinite series* of good crops, and as the beginning of a system which is making the farm constantly better and better. So, if a farmer cannot otherwise secure good crops, let him, if need be, even *purchase* the manures necessary to restore the fertility of his farm. If he will only take proper care of the produce, and make it increase his manure heap as much as possible, (as he should,) he will find the effects, not merely in next year's crop, and on the land where the manure was applied, but for *all coming time*, and on *every portion* of *his farm*. On lands already moderately fertile, it might not be absolutely necessary to purchase manures, (except gypsum or plaster.) Even here, however, a broad, comprehensive view might show that it would *pay*, but on exhausted soils it is absolutely essential for profitable farming that the owner should *purchase some kind* of fertilizers to put on the land. Without this, long years of *fruitless* toil would be required to place the land where it would *begin* to pay, while the application of two, three or five hundred dollars at the ontset, in a judicious purchase of manures, (or perhaps in draining,) would make it pay from the first. We remember urging these views on a neighbor whose farm had been a good deal reduced in fertility, who replied that he intended to improve his farm *gradually*, and from the farm itself. He might raise poor crops at first, but after a few years, or as soon as he "got things straightened around again," he would have as good crops as anybody. He said that it was "almost impossible to take a *poor* farm and raise large crops from the first." There is much truth in this, but we question very much whether, in this case, as in multitudes of others, it would not pay better to expend something extra to make the farm right a *little sooner*. W. J. P.



SENATOR SEWARD'S IMPORTED ARABIAN.

THE celebrities at our recent State Fair included several ex and present Governors, Senators, etc., and many candidates for high official positions, but no specimen of the genus homo, however distinguished, attracted so much attention and observation as did a dumb animal—Senator SEWARD'S Imported Arabian horse. As this animal has become somewhat celebrated, and was the "cynosure of all eyes" that could get within sight of him at Elmira, we thought RURAL readers would like to behold a representation of him on paper. We therefore engaged Mr. J. R. PAGE to sketch the steed "to the life," and take pleasure in presenting the above portrait as the result of his and our engraver's artistic endeavors. The picture is not handsome by any means, yet we assure the reader that the *portrait* is quite accurate—albeit the horse looked so "awful" that it's barely possible the artist flattered the sketch a trifle in order to maintain (or not lose all of) his reputation for handsome protraiture!

As most of our readers are aware, "the subject of this notice" was presented to Gov. SEWARD during his sojourn in Syria last year. He is a stallion, six years old, and certainly not what our people regard as beautiful, though judges say he possesses many good points. He was not, however, in proper condition to exhibit at Elmira—for, as we remarked last week, he has lately undergone the privations and hardships of a long sea voyage, and we must make allowance therefor, but we believe that nineteen out of twenty who saw him, when asked for an opinion, would express disappointment, if nothing couched in stronger terms. He is, we think, considerably under fifteen hands, dark bay, black mane and tail, the latter fine, long and thin; small head; large bright eyes; a medium nostril; and is badly marked with white, especially upon the back.

STERILITY—OBJECTIONS ANSWERED.

A MAN who chalked his accounts on the pantry door got them washed off in one of those epidemic cleanings that periodically disturb the portion of christendom that wears breeches, and history records that the accountant quietly remarked, "I don't care, I'll make the accounts out again, and make them against better men." Having mislaid an article on "sterility" intended for the RURAL, in which I brought railing accusations against T. C. PETERS, A. B. DICKINSON, Mr. GEDDES, J. W., and others, I do not well see how I can write it over and abuse better men. The substance of their offence is that Messrs. DICKINSON, GEDDES, and PETERS all acquiesced in the statement that "farmers now raise more than their fathers did." You may rest assured that I denied this very pertinaciously in the last document, and held the aforesaid gentlemen to a rigid accountability for administering *anodynes* when *blisters* were too mild.

Mr. PERCEY, in RURAL, Aug. 18th, says a field of some twenty acres produced, over thirty years ago, "less than thirty bushels of corn per acre, and the year following less than thirty bushels of oats when it was seeded with clover and timothy and remained in that situation for twenty years,—it was pastured with sheep. It received (annually) about one ton of plaster,—beyond this there was no fertilizing material used. After having been exhausted of more than $1,800 worth of its soil in bone and wool, it produced over fifty bushels of corn to the acre, and more than fifty of oats the year following. Was this increased crop due to the small amount of plaster and salt used during the twenty years it was pastured? I think not." "The dews and rains are constantly sending down fertilizing materials," &c.

Such "facts" are not very "stubborn things," Mr. PERCEY. I had a field produce, after a heavy manuring, eighty bushels of corn to the acre,—the next year it produced less than forty bushels per acre, and yet I hereby certify that the aforesaid field lay out doors during the whole time, unsheltered from "the dews and rains that are constantly sending down fertilizing materials." There may have been a difference in the seasons,—there may have been a difference in the culture,—I know there was a difference in the manure, as it got none the second year, "the dews and rains" excepted.

It does not appear from Mr. PERCEY'S statement what the peculiarities of seasons and culture were in the case he mentions,—the only inference I can draw from it is in favor of *rotation of crops*. I think it more than probable if the same land had been put to corn instead of oats the next year, the yield would have been only twenty-five bushels instead of fifty. The corn required, to some extent, different materials from the grass grown on the land for twenty years. Important ingredients were accumulating all that time waiting for the corn crop,—certainly the *rains and the dews*, as well as the plaster, made their contributions; but it will be borne in mind that the droppings of the sheep, and a twenty year old sod, must have furnished very grateful support to the corn.

Without supposing any increase of fertility in the land, for there probably was deterioration as a whole, the sod was decomposed and turned into food for the plant just at the time it was wanted, and it helped, doubtless, to make the mechanical condition of the soil better than it was when the previous corn crop was grown. It would appear from the data that this increased yield was obtained some ten years ago, but we have no report from subsequent crops. Of course we are to infer that "the dews and the rains" by this time have brought the field up to some eighty or a hundred bushels per acre—I beg pardon—I have seen land that has been rained and dewed upon for six thousand years, more or less, which could not be persuaded without manure to yield twenty bushels of corn to accommodate any man. The recuperative powers of nature are something, but they are very inadequate to repair the terrible exactions of American farming.

I consider the case cited by Mr. PERCEY entirely on my side of the question,—the land may have been *abused*, but it was the mildest abuse that land is subjected to,—think of getting rid of a grain crop for twenty years! Oh, ye wheated, and corned, and oated, and barleyed, and ryed fields, do ye not envy the good fortune of that twenty acre lot? Twenty years to grass,—the mildest form of "*husbandry*" ever inflicted—and an annual dressing of plaster!

What I want to call the attention of farmers to, is precisely this. What amount of manure and what kind is requisite to keep up and if necessary increase the fertility of the cultivated soil? I deny that the generality of land gets any manure at all, and I assert that all such land is doomed to "prospective sterility." I do not recollect that I have ever expressed an opinion whether a bushel of plaster would repair the loss of material of an acre growing grass—I now say that I think it would not. But it is so unusual in our country for grass ground to get even a bushel of plaster to the acre, that I propose that it shall be inscribed on the tombstone of the owner of that twenty acre lot, that through all changes of weather, and politics, and times, the deceased (would that he might never die,) did faithfully and truly apply plaster to his land."

Mr. PERCEY is particular to state that the field aforesaid produced wool and the growth of sheep valued at $2,000, receiving during the time not more than $200 worth of plaster. The small cost of the plaster applied, and the large value of products obtained, do not show, in the least, that the plaster was not sufficient to keep up the fertility of the soil—of course we do not expect the manure we use to cost as much as the crops are worth. My opinion is that it might cost more than Mr. PERCEY supposes to restore to that field all it had lost during the twenty years. That there remained materials for a fair corn crop, and a good oat crop, is all that we have in evidence—we are left to regret in this case, as in others, that the measure of deterioration is not known. [To be continued.]—H. T. B.

LIVINGSTON CO. FAIR.

WHAT A WOMAN SAW AND THOUGHT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have always been an admirer of your valuable journal, of which I lately heard an observant friend remark that she believed it was read by more women and boys, than any other paper in the State. Being so universally read, it must exert an important influence on both the manners and morals of the rising generation. * * * * *

Last week I had the pleasure of attending the Livingston Co. Fair. There was a good show of cattle and horses. By the way, why do not more ladies attend the first day? Surely farmers' wives and daughters are, or at least ought to be, as much interested in good horses and cattle, as the farmers themselves. It is one of the most prominent characteristics of a lady to like a beautiful and fast horse, and during the early days of cattle, ladies have as much to do with them as men. I think certainly ladies should be interested in having good cows; for, while I believe in men milking *when it rains*, still I believe in ladies *knowing how* to milk. The presence of ladies exerts a good moral influence. It was a noticeable fact that those gentlemen who were accompanied by wives or sisters, left the grounds at a much earlier hour than those who went by themselves.

It has been suggested that there ought to be premiums offered for fast walking horses. [They *have been* offered in this (Monroe) County.] Then why should there not be a premium offered for the best preserved old horse? Farmers might thus be encouraged to do justice to these much abused animals.

On going through the hall, we observed some very fine specimens of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. The arrangement of the bouquets certainly exhibited much taste. The only improvement we could have suggested was, that there should have been a few more small *white* flowers. In a dentist's case, we saw a set of artificial teeth, which seemed to be regulated by clock-work, and were perpetually snapping. We regretted that the exhibitor had neglected to furnish a piece of *tongue* for them to be employed on! In going up the fancy side, we noticed some sewing machines busily employed in sewing up little pieces of cloth. We heard a lady remark that she thought it a pity that they were not employed in making articles of clothing. The specimens of home manufacture were so fine that we only wished there had been more. There were some very good pictures in oil, water-colors, crayon, monochromatic, and penciling. I believe the most of them were by Miss STRANG, of York, and Miss CUYLER, of Cuylerville. One of Miss STRANG'S water-colors (a Camelia, surrounded by heather,) was superb. The effect was much heightened by a beautiful home-made bronzed frame. On account of the deficient light, we were unable to obtain such a view of the pictures as we could have wished. Would it not be a good idea to have sky-lights in such a building? Almost everything, and especially pictures, would show to much better advantage in such a light. But in a county like Livingston, there are so many lovers of the fine arts that a hint from the RURAL will be all that is necessary, in order to have this matter attended to. Artists might thus be encouraged to contribute more largely to the display.

The weather was pleasant, there was a good variety, and everything passed off pleasantly. We were only sorry that there was not more competition. A. M.

DRAINING.—NON-IMPROVERS IN THE WAY.

MR. MOORE:—The progressive farmers hereabout, although you have higher military titles, seem generally to concede that you are their Captain in all things pertaining to the improvement of their farms, and would respectfully ask you to make their grievances known in the columns of your RURAL NEW-YORKER, in a manner that their great array of opponents may be compelled to do what is not only advantageous to themselves, but a duty to their neighbors and the community generally in which they live—thereby rendering the appearance of rural districts more beautiful and healthy, and adding much to the wealth of the improvers of the soil in this great agricultural "Empire State."

We allude to the very many instances where lands are in a situation not to be drained without other lands adjoining, and lower, are first drained to carry off freely the water from the higher grades, and which lower lands are owned by men who, in many instances, will not drain their own lands, or allow others above them to make a drain through their lands, even at their own expense. It is this ignorant, churlish mass of nuisance in human form that progressive agriculture at this time demands the strong arm of legislative power to restrain and purify—that the country's prosperity and beauty, and individual advancement, may no longer be retarded by its blighting effects.

We are not prepared to say that a general law could reach all cases justly, but we do insist that a law can be framed, properly guarded to protect the rights of those advancing in improvement, and prevent these "dead heads" from unjustly and obstinately retarding. Perhaps special powers may be given town officers, such as Assessors, and Commissioners of Highways, (now made fence viewers by virtue of their offices,) and perhaps twelve freeholders could decide any controversy arising out of these too frequent, and generally improper and unjust differences, and let their drained lands be liable for the proper draining.

We do not desire to be umpires in this vital law-making scheme, but throw out these suggestions to set the "*ball a-rolling*," believing that when our present national effort to "*save the Union*" has accomplished its work, farmers, in particular, (if the "dear people" can't *all* see its propriety,) will turn their attention to the more common sense and absolutely necessary project of *saving their lands* from the floods forced to remain upon them by the decree of our domestic "squatter sovereigns," who are not entitled to any name approximating nearer to citizenship while they continue to use their powers to prevent prosperity in the pursuit upon which all others must and ever have rested for their support.

Galen, Wayne Co., N. Y., Oct., 1860. MANY CITIZENS.

The Bee-Keeper.

A Bee-Keeper in Great Trouble.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—On the 2d of July, two large swarms of my bees came out about at the same moment, and both entered one hive, which is twelve inches square and 18 inches long, lying on its side; a glass in the end. I inserted another one just like it on the top of it. The bottom hive is now entirely full of honey and bees, and the upper one more than half full. This is the 24th of the month, being 22 days after swarming, and I see bees in the upper hive carrying young bees about, which they bring down through the lower hive to carry them out, and among them carried out, I have picked up four dead queens. My query and perplexity is:—Is there a queen in the upper and also in the lower hive? Will it do to remove the upper hive, unless there be a queen there? If not, what course should be taken, as both hives will probably be full in ten or twelve days? I hope some of your readers will give me a speedy answer and relief.—THOS. HAWKINS.

WITHOUT an actual inspection of the interior of your hives, it would be impossible to decide positively whether there is or is not a queen in each apartment. I presume, however, there is. I will tell you why. When two or more swarms unite, and are hived without separating them, and the hive contains more than one apartment, it is not an unusual occurrence to find that they separate, forming, as it were, separate colonies, each having a queen. I have a case that will illustrate this. Early in July two first swarms in my apiary issued almost simultaneously and united, forming a monster meeting. As I had others nearly ready to issue, I did not attempt to divide them—which may be easily and quickly done—but prepared a Langstroth hive for their reception, by arranging the surplus honey receptacles, so that the bees could have free access to them, thus affording them plenty of room. A few days thereafter, I had occasion to examine this duplex colony, and found that one of the rear boxes was filled with worker brood. On further examination, I also discovered a queen in this box. Being satisfied that the hive proper also had a queen, the queen in the box was taken away. I then examined the interior of the hive, by lifting out the frames of combs separately, and soon found the queen.

One of your swarms, at least, was evidently an *after* swarm, which accounts for the "four dead queens." All after-swarms are generally accompanied by two or more queens; therefore having found "four dead queens," would be no evidence that all were killed off except one.

Now, if you will follow my directions, and have had *some* experience with bees, you will find but little difficulty in ascertaining whether each hive is in possession of a queen. Take a piece of cotton cloth about ten inches square, and spread over it a thin layer of smoking or chewing tobacco; then commence on one side of the cloth and roll it till it meets the other side or edge, which should then be served in such a way as to keep the cloth in the form of a roll. I prefer in all my operations to use very dry punk or rotten wood, which can easily be obtained and answers every purpose. The smoke, however, is less pungent than that of the cloth and tobacco, and the timid, therefore, had better adhere to the latter. Now, set one end of the roll burning, but do not let it blaze; it will make a good smoke, and will keep burning till it is wholly consumed. We are now ready to examine the hives. Blow the smoke into the entrance of each hive; this will cause the bees to retreat and fill their sacks with honey, when they are *always perfectly docile, and may be handled with impunity*. Invert either hive carefully, then blow a little more smoke among the bees, so that they will leave the bottoms of the now inverted combs uncovered—packing themselves more closely together—thereby affording the operator a better chance for inspection. With the hands, gently crowd the central combs apart; and, if *brood* be found in each hive, you may be certain that each has a queen, provided the communication between the lower and upper hives is by means of narrow *slots* or small *holes*. That they have brood may be ascertained by the presence of convex-capped cells; and by removing such caps or lids, the brood may be seen. *If you find, when you make the inspection hereafter*, no brood in the upper hive, and the communication between the hives is by means of holes or slots, but the lower hive well filled with brood, you may rest assured that the lower hive only has the queen. Much depends upon the communication between the hives. Should it be square,—say six by six inches, or nearly of that size, though in the form of a rectangle or of any other shape,—one queen would be very sure to take charge of both apartments; but when the communication is by means of holes or narrow slots, she seldom or never re-enters the upper apartment after having once abandoned it.

Another test for the presence of the queen, is simply to remove the upper hive a short distance, and watch the result. If the bees remain apparently contented in both hives for one or two hours after the removal, it is generally taken for granted that each is supplied with a queen; but if within the above time the bees in one of the hives become greatly agitated,—running out of the hive and over its sides evidently in search of something lost, then it is also taken for granted that the colony thus agitated is queenless. This test may be tried first; then, should it fail, the former,—in many cases the most reliable,—will have to be resorted to.

Should it be found that each hive is in possession of a fertile queen, contains a good supply of worker comb, and is well filled with bees, it would be advisable to remove one of the hives—it is immaterial which one—to a dark, cool cellar, and after the expiration of three days it should be set out on a stand previously prepared for it. After such confinement, they will invariably again mark their location, seldom any returning to their former homes. If the cellar be cool and *very dark*, it will not be necessary to confine the bees *to the hive*; but should the condition of the cellar be the reverse, it would be necessary to do so. The better way would be to take one of the hives the distance of a mile, when they may at once be allowed their liberty, and after the expiration of three days or a week, may be returned to the apiary. Should one of the hives be found queenless, and contains the above requisitions, I would advise you to procure a late weak swarm, deprive it of its queen, and give her to the queenless colony. On the other hand, if the colony be queenless, and filled principally with *drone* or store comb, the contents had better be taken out, and given to such colonies as have not sufficient winter stores; or, if not thus needed, it may of course be converted to other purposes. By actual inspection, the experienced bee-keeper could at once decide what to do that would be for the best; whereas, without such an examination, it is extremely difficult. M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niagara Co., N. Y., Sept., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Goshen Cheese.

FROM an article on the manufacture of cheese in the Ohio *Farmer*, we extract the following paragraphs on the celebrated Goshen cheese:

There are towns in rocky, bleak New England, realizing annually more profit from cheeses, whether estimated per acre, per cow, or per pound, than most western towns where the land is far handsomer and apparently more favorable every way for the service of a dairy. We may take, for example, Berkshire county, Mass., and Litchfield county, Conn., which lie contiguous to each other, and belong to that broken, rocky, mountainous region, which extends northward to the valley of the St. Lawrence. We shall encounter facts like the following. The town of Goshen, in extent about nine miles by five, and not less than a third of this barren rock, or swamp, will exhibit an annual exportation of cheese ranging from a million and a quarter to a million and a half pounds. All this brings, in the best markets, from one to three cents per pound above the price of ordinary western cheese. It ought, however, to be said here, that Goshen being the favorite name in market, so far as this region of country is concerned, (and that probably through the influence of some enterprising cheese merchants of the last generation,) the cheese-makers, who reside near the borders yet within the adjacent towns on every side, as Winchester, Torrington, Canaan, Cornwall and Norfolk, quite generally prefer to sell by way of Goshen, and in this way, of course, swell somewhat the gross amount which passes through the hands of the Goshen merchants, receiving their brand.

There are in this region a considerable number of manufacturers who keep few or no cows themselves, but buy the curds of the neighboring farmers. It is a curious fact, those farmers, or farmers' wives, (for the mistress of the house always "runs the curd,") who know how to get the greatest number of pounds of curd from a given number of quarts of milk, are also those who receive the highest price by the pound for their curds; that is to say, the greater the amount of curd that can be obtained from a given amount of milk, the better will be the curd or the quality of the cheese that is made from it. And this difference in amount, under the management of the various curd-makers, is considerable—enough to astonish those who have no actual acquaintance with the matter. It is said sometimes to equal a fourth of the whole amount.

Flavor—the great point in cheese-making—is here carefully attended to. The farmers, however, contend that there is something unusually delicious in the grasses of these mountainous counties of New England, from the Sound to the St. Lawrence; especially do they claim a freedom from bitter and nauseous weeds in the pastures. But, after all, we believe that the delicacy of flavor in these New England cheeses is, for the greatest part, owing to the scrupulous neatness and nicety with which they are treated throughout the whole process of making, together with a precise, judicious and skillful, but indescribable seasoning of the curds. Perhaps we ought to add, as an indirect cause, that the largest and best cheese-makers have this for their whole business. They do almost nothing else. To this art and its process they devote the study of their lives.

To Keep Sweet Potatoes.

HERE is a topic upon which very many cultivators desire information, and we copy the following remarks from the October issue of the *Valley Farmer*:

The product of sweet potatoes per acre, when properly planted and cultivated, is equal to or greater than that of Irish potatoes, but the difficulty of preserving them through the winter renders them of less value for home consumption. There is no difficulty in preserving sweet potatoes for double the period that it is possible to keep Irish potatoes. We have seen specimens, in large quantities, of sweet potatoes on exhibition together, the product of two season's growth, and those of the previous season's growth were as hard and as sound as those grown the season they were exhibited, and the only apparent difference in the two parcels was, that the old ones were a shade darker in color (they being of the yellow and white variety.) There is no secret in keeping sweet potatoes sound at least for one year. The only requisites are a dry situation, of uniform temperature, not below 38° or 40°; perhaps 45° or 50° would be near right.

The least expensive method of keeping potatoes for family use, is to pack them in boxes containing eight or ten bushels each and filled with dry sand or dust. Our practice has been to collect the dry dust from the road at the driest period of the summer, and reserve it till the time of harvesting the potatoes. The potatoes should be dug as soon as matured, or before a killing frost occurs; let the tubers dry perfectly, and then pack them in boxes or barrels, and fill in the interstices with the dry sand or road dust. Fine sand may be dried for the purpose in a large kettle, or in a log heap. The boxes or barrels should then be placed in a dry situation in a cellar, raised from the floor a foot or more, and at as great a distance from the walls. If at any time the temperature is found likely to fall below the degree indicated, a small stove or furnace should be employed with moderate fire to warm and dry the room. Some market gardeners dig deep pits or cellars, twenty-five or thirty feet deep, in dry soils, walled up and lined with tan-bark, in which the potatoes are kept on shelves, a space being kept in the center for a small stove to be used in extreme cold weather.

A Chapter on Fencing.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Northwestern Farmer* gives his views upon this topic, as follows:—I am aware that many fence without any regard whatever to the future. Leaving out of the account those who put up shackling, crumbling concerns at first, there are many who believe they are putting up substantial fences, which, from a few points of neglect or ignorance, fall to the ground in a few years.

Really, a post should never be put into the ground in a green state. I need not state the reason. The end that is put into the ground should not have any bark on. Why need I state the reason? If not cyanized, every post should be charred or burned, at least one-fourth of an inch deep; i. e., so the charred part shall be at least a foot above the surface, and a foot below the surface of the ground. The New York farmers used to do that, and posts lasted for a life-time. The reason is obvious. While the post is charring, large quantities of water evaporate, leaving the post dry and the pores closed; the charcoal has the power of absorbing large quantities of air gases, rendering it in a measure impervious to water. Finally, charcoal possesses the power of "resisting putrefaction or decomposition," thereby preserving the wood within. Illustration:—Have you never found charred logs in the woods, perfectly dry and sound inside, while other logs lying beside them, and more recently fallen, were partly or wholly decayed?—*prima facie* evidence of the truth of my statements.

Well, then, having fixed the posts according to directions—they must also have one straight hewn side if they are not sawn posts—put them in, if possible, two-and-a-half feet deep, and press the earth around them hard and solid. The wind cannot then sway the fence to and fro. Set the posts on an air line, so that the boards may be put on without warping them. If the ground be level, break joint with every other board. This makes the fence still more strong, as will be easily seen. If rails are to be put on with nails, see that they fit well against the posts, or they will pry themselves off. Let every bit of the bark be taken off, so that the wood may harden and close its pores. Even poplar rails may be made to last as long again by treating them in this way. As to rails I would advise a different method. Let the posts be mortiched, and the rails inserted in the mortices. Such a rail fence I believe meets with general acceptation, and yet I have a caution concerning them which very few think of. The rails are put in the mortice wedge shaped. Don't put them in too tight, lest when they get wet and consequently swell, they may split the posts. I have seen this done.

Let me say, in conclusion, that, although it requires more time to be particular, it is more profitable from beginning to end. No temporary concern is ever comely or useful, while more time and capital are ultimately used.

Agricultural Miscellany.

N. Y. STATE FAIR.—The Treasurer of the State Ag. Society announces, in his paper, that the receipts at Elmira were over $9 000. This is good authority, and includes, of course, the *entire receipts* of the week; yet a telegram dated Elmira, Oct. 4, and widely published, reads thus—"The receipts *during yesterday and to-day* amount to $10,000." The telegraph wires, or somebody who used them, did a vast amount of ly—— Munchausenism during the State Fair. The authority first above quoted, after speaking of the weather during Fair week, says:—"In the character of the Show, there are several features which place it above mediocrity; and there are none, of which, after due allowance for locality and other retarding circumstances, we need hesitate to speak in entire sincerity." We are glad to hear that—though we before had a glimmering idea that, as an officer of the Society, and an agricultural journalist, our respected contemporary was in duty bound to speak *in entire sincerity*. After the dispatches sent from Elmira during the Fair, we think it due the public that truth and sincerity should prevail, and endeavored to do our share, without the least hesitancy, in last week's RURAL.

MICHIGAN STATE AG. SOCIETY.—*Fair, Officers, &c.*—As we briefly stated last week, the recent Fair of this Society resulted successfully. The *Mich. Farmer* states, however, that the number of entries was 25 per cent. *less* than last year—and very properly suggests whether the best interests of the Society would not be promoted by occasionally holding its great annual exhibitions at some point more central or western than Detroit. "Financially considered the Fair has been very successful, although the receipts were not as large as those of last year But the falling off in the number of entries explains the reasons of that difference sufficiently, and accounts for the discrepancy." The Society had the benefit of the finest weather throughout the whole week—the most favorable for many years. The show of stock was inferior to that of former years. The Farmer says—"The exhibition of Cattle throughout the whole of the classes, except in No. 11, was very limited; the number of Short-horns competing was but 35, and certainly was no fair show of this class and the position it occupies throughout the State. Very many well known herds had no representative whatever. The number of Horses entered the present year was not so great as at the previous Fair, but the quality of the young stock has never been excelled."

—The annual meeting of the Society was held at the close of the Fair, and resulted in the election of the following Officers for the ensuing year: *President*—H. G. WELLS of Kalamazoo. *Secretary*—R. F. JOHNSTONE of Wayne. *Treasurer*—B. Follett of Washtenaw. *Executive Committee*—Philo Parsons and William Taft, of Wayne; W. G. Beckwith, Cass; Jas. W. Sanborn, St. Clair; Chas. Dickey, Calhoun; J. J. Newell, Lenawee; John H Button, Oakland; T. G. Cole, Monroe The President, Secretary, Treasurer and Messrs Parsons and Dickey were re-elected to their respective positions.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR—*The Prince and Duke invest in Fast Horses.*—As we have already stated, the recent Fair of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association was unusually profitable. It is stated that the gross receipts at the gates were $38,500, leaving a profit, after paying all expenses, of $17,000. On the day that the Prince of Wales and suite were present, $10,140 were received for admission tickets—more than the entire receipts at our last State Fair. A St. Louis letter says:—"One of the trotting horses, *Silver Heels*, attracted the Duke of Newcastle's attention, and he was purchased by him. Another, *Wide Awake*, came in for the Prince's admiration, and like his friend the Duke, he also became a purchaser at the Fair. Both will be sent to England."

THE JEFFERSON COUNTY FAIR, at Watertown, was quite successful. The exhibition was good—never so fine in the Fruit and Vegetable departments, and equal to any former one in other respects. Attendance large, and receipts several hundred dollars above all expenses. So we are informed by Hon. MOSES EAMES, from whom we had the pleasure of receiving a call last week.

HOW TO PRESERVE SHINGLE ROOFS.—MR. E. EMERSON tells the *N. E. Farmer* that twenty-three years ago he had quite a lot of refuse shingles on hand, both sappy and shakey, which were laid on a back kitchen and woodshed. Having just examined them he thinks they will last seven years longer. He says the building has not yet leaked to his knowledge, and adds—"I soaked these shingles in a very thin whitewash made with brine instead of clear water. There has been nothing done to them since, although I have no doubt that to have whitewashed, or served a coat of dry-slaked lime or fine salt once in two or three years on them, would have been of great advantage to them." Mr. E. thus describes his present mode of shingling:—"I lay all my shingles in whitewash. I prefer brine for making it. I line with red chalk. I then whitewash the last course laid down to the line, and after the building is shingled I whitewash the whole of the roof."

THAT EGYPTIAN CORN.—Last Spring, Mr. M. E. CRANDAL, of Illinois, advertised in this and various other agricultural journals, what he styled Egyptian Corn, claiming for it great superiority in yield, that two crops could be grown in one season, and so forth. We knew nothing of its value, but that our readers might be forewarned, quoted what an Illinois farmer, who had tried the Egyptian, said in its condemnation. If any of our readers have grown the corn this season, we should like to receive the result of their experience for publication.

A TIMELY REQUEST AND OFFER.—Under date of Oct. 8, 1860, a gentleman writes us from Grey Co., C. W., as follows:—"Having for some two years been a reader of the RURAL NEW YORKER, I am convinced that its excellence as an Agricultural, Literary and Family Newspaper surpasses all others of the kind that I have ever had the privilege of perusing. And believing its contents would be invaluable to the community, and that were its merits shown and promulged its circulation could be easily extended in the rural districts, it is my intention to make an effort before long. If I had a few copies as samples to show as I go along, I think the people could convince themselves of its merits by ocular demonstration, and consequently this desideratum would be more easily accomplished. So if you will please send me a few sample copies they will be very acceptable."

—We do not publish the above on account of its admiration of the RURAL—though such appreciation is gratifying—but as a sample of expressions, requests, and offers to canvass in behalf of this journal, which we are receiving from various sections of the Union, Canadas, &c., and to announce that it will afford us pleasure to respond to all similar calls by promptly forwarding specimens and other documents. Such requests and generous offers to aid in extending the usefulness of the RURAL are most timely now, and we hope they will increase as the season of leisure among farmers advances, and the waves of political excitement subside. The country and people were never more prosperous than now, and the hundreds who have been waiting for good times to "give the RURAL a lift," are reminded that they can do so most successfully during the ensuing two months. We need scarcely add that any and every effort in the direction indicated will be most gratefully appreciated, and successful canvassing rewarded in the most liberal manner.

HORTICULTURAL.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTH SESSION, AT PHILADELPHIA, 1860.

(Continued from page 327, last week.)

Third Day—Morning Session.

PEARS.

REVISION OF THE LIST OF VARIETIES RECOMMENDED AS "PROMISING WELL," AT THE LAST SESSION.

Adams.

REID—I consider it a good summer pear.

Alpha, Bergen, Beurre d'Albert and Beurre Gris d'Hiver Nouveau.

Called in succession and passed without comment.

Beurre Hardy.

BARRY—One of the best pears standing on the list promising well, and but for the rule we have adopted, not to add to the list for general cultivation at this session, worthy of promotion.

PRESIDENT—I entirely concur in the opinion of Mr. Barry.

REID—I agree with both the gentlemen.

COIT—It is a long time coming into bearing, but I think well of the quality of the fruit.

FIELD—The *Beurre Sterkmans* is sometimes grown for Beurre Hardy. I have received it from Europe as such.

Beurre Kennes

PRESIDENT—A very excellent pear.

Beurre Langelier.

FIELD—Did not think as well of this pear as formerly.

PRESIDENT—Think as well of the fruit as ever, but it is a very shy bearer on the pear root.

SAUL—Had it out three years in specimen rows, and now bearing from twenty to thirty specimens.

WARD—Have four or five trees three years planted, and all now bearing. They are on the quince root.

COIT—Flowers well with me, but most of the blossoms drop off.

PRESIDENT—That is its habit.

BOYNTON—I have twelve trees which last year were a perfect bouquet of flowers, but obtained no fruit.

Beurre Nantais.

FIELD—The Beurre Nantais is almost entirely destitute of flavor—nothing but sugar and water, and very insipid. It is a great bearer. Never saw such a crop as my trees have, and perhaps they overbear.

REID—I consider it fair in quality, but not high flavored. I judge only from a few specimens.

BARRY—It is a very sweet pear; large, long and fine.

PRESIDENT—It makes with me a very fine pyramid, being a handsome, straight grower. It bears well, and the fruit is of fair quality.

Chancellor.

REID—I have had it in bearing some years. It is fine in flavor, not very handsome in appearance. Somewhat like Dix.

HARRISON—It originated at Germantown, Pa., on the grounds of Mr. Chancellor. The original tree is dead.

ESHLEMAN—I have fruited it for several years. It is of excellent quality.

BAXTER—It is a large, fine pear, and grows well on the quince.

Charles Van Hooghten.

PRESIDENT—A vigorous grower, of medium quality.

Collins.

SAUL—It will kill any tree you put it on.

PRESIDENT—It has killed trees with me, no matter how vigorous they were before.

FIELD—On account of this diffienlty, I move it be stricken off the list.

Stricken off.

Comte de Flanders.

Passed without discussion.

Conseiller de la Cour.

SCOTT—Is this the same as *Marechal de la Cour.*

PRESIDENT—I am not able to answer the question. It is a good pear.

Comptesse d'Alost.

PRESIDENT—Vinous and good.

Delices d'Hardenpont de Belgique.

BARRY—This is one of those pears that will never rank very high.

Dix.

FIELD—I never knew a good Dix to be brought to the New York market from within the distance of a hundred miles.

SCOTT—There are some fine specimens on exhibition, grown in this section, but it often rusts and cracks.

Rouselett d'Esperen.

Passed without discussion.

Sterling.

ESHLEMAN—It succeeds admirably with me.

BERGEN—A beautiful tree, a good bearer, and an excellent market fruit. In quality not quite as good as Bartlett.

PRESIDENT—Beautiful tree, and very fine pear. Of good repute about Boston as a market pear.

LYON—Beautiful pear. For market we have no superior. Many prefer it to Bartlett.

BARRY—Very good.

Theodore Van Mons.

PRESIDENT—A very handsome, fine pear.

Duchesse de Berri d'Ete,

Passed without comment.

Emile d'Heyst.

PRESIDENT—It is a straggling tree, looking almost like a wild tree. A pear of some merit.

Fondante de Comice.

COIT—It is very slow in bearing.

REID—It is an early bearer with me. It varies somewhat in quality, and is a great bearer.

Fondante de Charneuse.

SAUL—The Fondante de Charneuse is a good pear. It has been confounded with Desire Van Mons, Duc de Brabant, Waterloo, and the Excellantissimo of some.

Fondante de Noel.

BARRY—A poor pear, handsome, but never ripens.

Stricken off.

Henkel.

REID—I consider it one of the very finest orchard pears.

Hosenshenck.

ESHLEMAN.—On the original tree the pears have been remarkably fine, Mr. Garber informs me. I know it is one of the best pears taken into Lancaster market. Twenty miles west of the city it does not succeed.

LOOMIS.—It does well in Indiana.

MITCHELL—It is very fine.

RUTTER—I have received fine specimens from Columbia, Lancaster county, which is the native place of the tree. It is remarkably fine. It has the synonym of Watermelon.

Hull.

BARRY—A good pear. [Saul and others agreed with Mr. B.]

Jalousie de Fontenay Vendee.

BARRY—An immense bearer of good quality; nearly first rate. Needs severe pruning.

SAUL—A good pear, a prodigious bearer, and one that pays the grower well.

ESHLEMAN—I cannot succeed with it.

SCOTT—Some persons have the old *Jalousie*, for this variety, which is a much inferior pear, and ripening earlier.

ESHLEMAN—I think I have the old Jalousie.

Kirtland.

PRESIDENT—A good pear, fine for market.

ESHLEMAN—It is disposed to rot at the core.

PRESIDENT—We all rot there at last.

Lodge, (of Penn.)

SCOTT—It bears early, a little below medium size, russet, and is of good quality.

PRESIDENT—Fair size with us, a fine straight grower and good bearer, and of excellent quality.

REID—One of the finest pears of its season. As good as Cabot.

STEELE—I endorse all that has been said of its good qualities.

Niles.

Passed without discussion.

Ott.

PRESIDENT—Very fine quality but too small.

ESHLEMAN—A fine grower, fruit small, but flavor inimitable.

REID—Excellent in quality, but its small size detracts from its value.

Philadelphia.

MITCHELL—The Philadelphia originated near this city, has a good local reputation, and is a good pear. It has the synonym of the *Latch.*

BALDWIN—It is one of the best pears I am growing.

Pinneo.

Passed without remarks.

Pius IX.

PRESIDENT—As I introduced the Pope, it may be well that I should say something of his character. It is a large pear, very handsome and productive.

Pratt.

Passed without discussion.

Van Assene, or Van Assche.

BARRY—A fine, large, beautiful pear; melting and sweet, yellow skin with a red cheek. One of the largest and handsomest pears we have.

SAUL—A sweet, delicious pear, but I have never seen it large.

PRESIDENT—It is not usually large with me, but I have it large this year.

BERGEN—I agree with Mr. Barry, in regard to the quality of this pear, but with me it has no color.

BARRY—It almost invariably has a red cheek as grown in our neighborhood.

Walker.

PRESIDENT—This pear is well known, I believe. It is of large size, green, and has some good qualities.

Zepherine Gregorie.

SAUL—A good pear and a great bearer.

PRESIDENT—I concur in that opinion.

INTRODUCTION OF PEARS NOT ON ANY LIST.

[The consideration of the list already recommended as "promising well," being completed, the President announced that any additions to the list would be in order. The introduction of new varieties to the notice of the meeting would also be proper.]

Washington.

MITCHELL—I call the attention of the Society to a pear that has no place on any of our lists, the Washington. It has the best local reputation of any pear I know of, and is the only one in fact that is brought regularly and in quantities to the Philadelphia market,—the most beautiful pear that grows. I move it be placed on the list that promise well.

Adopted.

Beurre de Montgeron.

FIELD—The trees of this variety are perfectly hardy, and strong and rapid growers. It is sometimes grown as the Frederic of Wurtemburg.

WHITING—Cultivated it a long time, before the Bartlett, and consider it worthless.

SAUL—As the assertion has been made that this fruit is known as the Frederic of Wurtemburg, I will state that it is the same as the *New Frederic of Wurtemburg*, and not the old one.

REID—Had it in bearing several years. Like it well. It is a good market pear.

Added to the list promising well.

Doyenne Robin.

COIT—I introduce the Doyenne Robin. It is large, round, and of a green color.

IVES, of Mass.—I have known it for four or five years. It is of good size, and promises to be a fine market fruit.

BARRY—It appears to be a good pear, but not handsome. The tree appears to be sickly on our grounds.

PRESIDENT—I have had it in cultivation ten or fifteen years, and I consider the tree quite unhealthy.

Windsor, or Summer Bell.

BERGEN—I would inquire if the Summer Bell has been rejected. I think it ought not to be. Next to the Bartlett it is the most profitable pear that can be grown.

BARRY—It is grown extensively and sold in our markets, principally for shipping, as it is readily bought up for the Canada and other markets. It can be shipped as easily as apples.

PRESIDENT—It is a favorite market pear, but unworthy of cultivation. Those who sell them may do well enough, but those who eat them will be disappointed.

BERGEN—Gentlemen differ in taste. It is an astringent pear, and some like it. I think it is occupying an improper position on the rejected list.

STEELE—The remarks of Mr. Bergen lead me to make one inquiry. Do I understand the American Pomological Society to be organized for the purpose of catering to the bad taste of people who know nothing on the subject, or to recommend fruits because of their good quality? I wish to be informed on this point.

REID—As an eating pear, it is worthless; as a stewing or cooking pear, it is valuable. No one that knows the pear will buy it for eating.

BERGEN—We don't eat many of these pears in New York. They are improved by house ripening, and shipped from New York to the Boston market, where there are good judges of pears.

PRESIDENT—It is no doubt as Mr. Bergen has stated, but as we are endeavoring to establish a standard of Pomology for the United States, it is doubtful whether we ought to admit that pear anywhere.

New Bartram.

SCOTT—I now present the New Bartram to the notice of the meeting.

MITCHELL.—I have tasted this pear, and it is excellent. It is well known to Dr. Brinckle. The doctor has hunted up its history from the Bartram family. It is so much superior to the *Old* Bartram, that that pear should be stricken from the list and this inserted in its place. Unless this is done, I think confusion will be the result.

PRESIDENT—The Committee on Native Fruits have had this pear under consideration, and will report upon it.

Fondante de Hillot, or Serrurier.

ESHLEMAN—This pear is about the size of *White Doyenne*, and somewhat like it.

PRESIDENT—In Massachusetts, where we have had it many years, we have abandoned its culture.

Bonne de Zees.

FIELD—I propose this pear. It is very large, handsome, light yellow, and good.

STEELE—I never saw a tree that was not diseased. It will not live in North Carolina.

IVES—I have a tree of this kind six years old, perfectly healthy, and the wood clean. I have been watching for the canker, but have not discovered it. I have obtained no fruit as yet. It is with me a healthy grower, but I would like to see it produce fruit.

SCOTT—I have seen the Bonne de Zees in several sections of the country. I do not think the disease on the bark usually extends to the wood so as to produce much injury. Nor is the cracking universal. At present I know of a tree bearing a full crop of average-sized fruit, without a diseased specimen among them, and the tree appears perfectly healthy.

QUINN—I have fruited this pear, and have noticed the cracking of the bark, while the fruit was good.

BARRY—The tree with me is a moderate grower, erect and handsome. The bark cracks, but does not seem to injure the tree. Fruit good, but not of first quality.

PRESIDENT—With me it cracks almost as bad as Van Mons' Leon le Clere, and sometimes dies. I ask whether it is desirable to introduce into our lists a tree of this character.

REID—Never saw it crack so as to injure the tree. I think it best adapted to the quince stock.

FIELD—Did any one ever know of a tree dying by this cracking.

PRESIDENT—Yes, one died with me from this cause.

Uwchlan.

BAXTER—I propose the Uwchlan, found in Chester county, Pa., near a fence, among a lot of stones, not far from the forks of Brandywine Creek. It is one of the very best pears. I hope to see it occupy a place on the list that promise well.

BARRY—It is a good pear, of medium size.

FIELD—An excellent pear. I saw it at Mr. Barry's.

RUTTER—One of our best pears.

Placed on the list promising well.

Selleck.

SCOTT—I proposed the Selleck at a previous meeting of the Society, but nothing has been done with it. The Native Fruit Committee has reported upon it, but it has never been put upon any list.

BERGEN—I obtained it from Mr. Downing some years ago. It is a very poor grower upon the pear stock; indeed I have nothing that grows so badly.

LYON—It is a very fine grower in Michigan, and very promising.

SCOTT—It is a beautiful yellow, and melting, like the Bartlett. I believe it to be a seedling of that variety.

Congress.

SAUL—I propose the Congress; a fine, fair, promising pear.

Des Nonnes.

HARRISON—The Des Nonnes is a good pear, ripens well on or off the tree, and bears abundantly. Fruit of medium size, and always fair.

WARDER—Though not a Western fruit, we Western men claim to have first discovered its merits. It continues to maintain a very high reputation with us.

FIELD—The pears on the same tree vary very much, some being excellent and others insipid. Its great fault is a lack of juice.

PRESIDENT—With us it is high flavored and an abundant bearer.

SAUL—A very good pear.

HOUGHTON—Some good judges prize this pear very highly. I have it fruiting and think it a good and beautiful pear.

Omer Pacha.

HOOPER, of Pa.—I introduce the Omer Pacha, I think highly of it. It ripens just before Autumn, and is very delicious.

REID—I had it ten years before it bore fruit, but it now bears well. Ripens before Bartlett and does not keep long. Resembles Beurre Hardy very much, but they ripen three weeks apart.

FIELD—It resembles very much the Beurre Hardy.

BARRY—I consider it a good pear.

Entered on list as promising well, and referred to Committee on synonyms.

Stevens' Genesee.

LYON—I move that Stevens' Genesee be removed from rejected list. It is very highly esteemed at the West. It did not succeed in certain localities, and for that reason was rejected.

[Mr. FIELD here read an extract from p. 52 of the Proceedings of 1858, showing that this pear was stricken from the list recommended as promising well, but was not placed on the rejected list.]

LOOMIS—It is a very fine pear, and I think it should be replaced on the list promising well.

SCOTT—It was removed from this list on account of its cracking and rotting at the core.

RUTTER—Had seen it in many sections and considered it one of our finest pears, although it does sometimes crack.

COIT—I think there must be a spurious kind in cultivation, as I formerly heard favorable accounts of it. Have been much deceived in its cultivation.

BERGEN—It does well with me, but the leaves become blighted. This does not materially affect the fruit.

Golden Beurre of Bilboa.

BARRY—Does the Golden Beurre of Bilboa maintain its reputation?

LOOMIS—It is a very fine fruit.

FIELD—The tree is exceedingly unhealthy, and I am not much pleased with the fruit.

WARDER—It does well at the West, particularly on the quince stock.

BERGEN—With me it barely lives on the pear stock, and dies on the quince, and should be stricken off the list.

BARRY—It is a very fair, second rate pear, but the tree has an unhealthy appearance, both on quince and pear.

PRESIDENT—Although a second rate pear, it is beautiful in appearance, and juicy, and takes prizes at our shows. Those who visit Boston at our large shows will find it among every collection of twenty-five to which the premium is awarded.

LYON—I propose that we close this discussion and take up the cultivation of pears on the quince.

Agreed to.

PEARS ON QUINCE STOCK.

Flemish Beauty.

IVES—I wish to know the opinion of the gentlemen present, in regard to the Flemish Beauty. With me it is one of the finest growers.

FIELD—One of the very best for the quince—nothing better.

BARRY—It does very well on quince when established, but its propogation is very uncertain. Of one hundred budded, perhaps not more than a dozen will take.

LOOMIS—With me it has not done well on quince stocks, but better than Tyson or Seckel.

BERGEN—With me, after it has once taken it does well.

REID—I have found no difficulty in budding it, and by double working you can get excellent trees.

QUINN—With me it is the strongest grower that can be put upon the quince.

Howell.

PRESIDENT—I would like to know how the Howell succeeds on the quince.

BARRY—It does well.

[The President's experience agreed with Mr. Barry's.]

Washington.

BAXTER—I would like gentlemen to try the Washington on the quince root. I have never known it to be cultivated as a dwarf.

Soldat Laboureur.

FIELD—I move we strike from the list the Soldat Laboureur. It is not worthy of cultivation. I know of two hundred varieties that are better than this.

BARRY—I consider it a good pear.

PRESIDENT—I think it is not expedient to strike it off.

Tyson.

PRESIDENT—Does the Tyson do well on the quince?

Messrs. LOOMIS of Indiana; BAXTER of Pa.; LYON of Michigan; QUINN of New Jersey; and BARRY of N. Y., answered in the affirmative.

Bloodgood.

BOYNTON—The Bloodgood does well on the quince.

QUINN—I succeed with the Bloodgood.

LYON—It does well in Michigan.

BARRY—It starts very well, but I do not think these gentlemen will find it to succeed a great while.

Doyenne d' Etc.

REID—Does the Doyenne d' Etc do well on the quince.

LYON—It has done well with me for four years. It grows well, but does not make a very strong growth, and is quite productive.

FIELD—Succeeds well on the quince.

BARRY—I do not consider it one of the best growers on the quince, about middling.

PRESIDENT—That is my experience.

Brandywine.

HOOPER—The Brandywine does well on quince.

FROST—It succeeds with me.

Kingsessing.

FROST—The Kingsessing grows well on the quince.

Osband's Summer.

SMITH—Osband's Summer succeeds on quince.

FROST—After it gets started it does well.

SAUL—First rate on quince.

BARRY—Very good.

Duchesse de Berri d' Etc.

QUINN—This pear grows well on quince.

BARRY—I consider it rather uncertain on the quince.

FIELD—There is also a class of pears that do not take readily when budded on the quince, or make but a slow growth at first, but afterwards do as well as any one can desire. Of this class are Flemish Beauty and Seckel.

BARRY—Urbaniste and Easter Beurre are also of this class.

Varieties of Pears which promise well, as revised at the present Session.

Adams,	Emile d'Heyst,
Alpha,	Fondante de Comice,
Bergen,	Fondante de Charneuse,
Beurre d'Albert,	Fondante de Malines,
Beurre Gris d'Hiver Nouveau,	Henkel,
Beurre Hardy,	Hosen Schenk,
Beurre Kennes,	Hull,
Beurre Langelier,	Jalousie de Fontenay Vendee,
Beurre Nantais,	Kirtland,
Chancellor,	Lodge, (of Penn.,)
Charles Van Hooghten,	Niles,
Comte de Flanders,	Ott,
Conseiller de la Cour,	Philadelphia,
Comptesse d'Alost,	Pinneo,
Delices d'Hardenpont de Belgique,	Pius IX,
Dix,	Pratt,
Rouselett d'Esperen,	Van Assene, or Van Assche,
Sterling,	Walker,
Theodore Van Mons,	Zepherine Gregorie.
Duchesse de Berri d'Ete,	

Added to the list, this Session.

Beurre de Montgeron,	Omer Pacha,
Uwchlan,	Des Nonnes.

Horticultural Notes.

THE FRUITS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.—The Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of the United States have this year offered liberal premiums for exhibition of fruits, and have consequently created a lively competition. The U. S. Agricultural Society offered $50 for the best collection of pears, the St. Louis Society $20, the Ohio State Society $10, New York $15, and other Societies in proportion, showing a general disposition to encourage the culture of the pear. It is interesting to know the success of our Western New York fruit growers in competing for these premiums, and therefore we publish the following, handed us by Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, proprietors of the Mount Hope Nurseries, showing the premiums awarded to them during the recent exhibitions:

First Premium for the largest and best collection of Pears and Plums, from the following Societies, viz: The U. S. Agricultural Society, Cincinnati, Ohio; St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association; Ohio State Agricultural Society, Dayton; Illinois State Agricultural Society, Jacksonville; Tennessee Agricultural Society, Nashville.

First Premium for the largest and best collection of Apples, Pears, and Plums, from the following: The New York State Agricultural Society, Elmira; Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society, Wilksbarre; Brooklyn (N. Y.) Horticultural Society; New Jersey State Agricultural Society, Elizabeth; Monroe County Agricultural Society, Rochester, N. Y.; Hunterdon County Agricultural Society, Flemington, N. J.; Kentucky Horticultural and Agricultural Association, Lexington; Genesee Valley Horticultural Society, Rochester, N. Y.; Toronto (C. W.) Horticultural Society; and Provincial Agricultural Association, Hamilton, C. W.

We are sorry to see a little jealousy exhibited by our contemporaries in some sections of the country. If it is right to offer premiums to encourage the growth of fruit, it is certainly right that those entitled to them should receive them. Then it is hardly gentlemanly to say or insinuate, without knowing the facts, that these gentlemen grow but a few specimens on each tree just for exhibition, and that the trees are nursed, and fed, and forced in a way that would not pay the grower for market—that they have no pears at home, but all are sent off for exhibition. We happen to know, from our observation during the season, that the trees receive no more care than every good cultivator would give them, if he wished to grow fruit profitably for market; in fact, not much if any more culture than any first-rate farmer would give his corn. A reasonable manuring and the stirring of the soil with the plow or cultivator for the destruction of weeds and to keep it mellow, is all that is required and all that these trees have received. Thinning the fruit when small, in seasons when trees bear freely, is necessary to produce fine fruit and a good crop. Yet, these trees have most of them borne extraordinary crops, so much so as to astonish those who see them for the first time, and to cause them to wonder how so small trees can bear up under such a load of fruit. Indeed, we are satisfied that no intelligent amateur or grower for market would give his trees less care or in the main pursue a materially different course of culture.

As to the quantity of fruit, we know that hundreds of bushels have been grown, all of excellent quality, some of which has gone to market, some has been sent to Horticultural Exhibitions in all parts of the country, adding much to the interest and value of these local fairs, while some has been sent as presents to gentlemen of horticultural taste scattered throughout the land. And, although we speak without authority, should any of our friends wish to make a fine show of winter pears by-and-by, by writing to E. & B. in season, we have no doubt they will obtain a collection that will cause them to form a very favorable opinion of this branch of pear culture.

DWARF PEARS ON SANDY SOILS.—It has generally been supposed that dwarf pears would not succeed on a sandy soil. And this is true, we think, unless liberally manured. H. N. LANDWORTHY, Esq., who has very light sandy land in this county, informs us that no trees have borne better than his this season, or made a finer growth of wood. His *Louise Bonne de Jerseys* are magnificent, and the trees are loaded down. His crop was so large that though only designed for his own use he was compelled to dispose of a portion. Mr. L. never starves or neglects anything he grows, and this accounts for his success on a sandy soil.

PEARS IN WISCONSIN.—From all sections of the country we hear of success with the pear. A gentleman from Wisconsin informs us that in that State they are bearing most abundantly this season, and those who doubted their success in that State have become convinced, and the present autumn and next spring will plant extensively.

TO IMPROVE CIDER AND KEEP IT SWEET.

LET the new cider from sour apples, (sound and selected fruit is to be preferred,) ferment from one to three weeks, as the weather is warm or cool. When it has attained to lively fermentation, add to each gallon, according to its acidity, from half a pound to two pounds of white crushed sugar, and let the whole ferment until it possesses precisely the taste which it is desired should be permanent. In this condition, pour out a quart of the cider, and add for each gallon one quarter of an ounce of sulphite of lime, known as an article of manufacture under the name of "anti-chloride of lime." Stir the powder and cider until intimately mixed, and return the emulsion to the fermenting liquid. Agitate briskly and thoroughly for a few moments, and then let the cider settle. The fermentation will cease at once. When, after a few days, the cider has become clear, draw off and bottle carefully, or remove the sediment and return to the original vessel. If loosely corked, or kept in a barrel on draft, it will retain its taste as a still cider. If preserved in bottles, carefully corked, which is better, it will become a sparkling cider, and may be kept indefinitely long.

CAKES AND COOKIES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Missing the usual contents of the Domestic Economy in a late issue, I, therefore, send you a few recipes which are very good:

CREAM CAKE.—Two eggs; two cups of thick cream; one cup of sugar; one teaspoon of soda; cinnamon and nutmeg.

RAISIN CAKE.—One and a half cups of cream; one cup of butter; three eggs; one and a half cups of sugar; one pound of raisins,—cloves, cinnamon, and one teaspoon of soda.

LINCOLN CAKE.—Whites of eight eggs beaten to a froth; two cups of sugar; one half do. of butter; one half do. of sweet milk; three cups of flour; one spoon of cream tartar; one half spoon soda.

DELICIOUS COOKIES.—Two-thirds of a cup of sugar; half cup of butter; half do. sweet milk; one spoon of cream tartar; one half do. of soda. Flavor with lemon.—MRS. EMMA FITZGERALD.—*Navarino, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

PICKLING APPLES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry in your paper for a receipe to make apple pickles, I will send you mine:—Two quarts vinegar; four teacups sugar; two oz. cloves; one oz. cinnamon. Pare the apples, put in the mixture, and boil till cooked through.—EMMA, *Newark, N. Y.*, 1860.

NOTICING an inquiry from E. E. A. for pickling apples, I will tell you how mother does, and if you could see how we little folks clean the preserve dishes, you would think they were good. Take seven pounds of apples; four pounds of sugar; one quart of vinegar; one oz. cloves, and one oz. of cinnamon. Tie in a bag together, boil over a brisk fire till the apples are done,—take out the apples, put them in a jar, then boil the sirup fifteen minutes, and pour it on the apples.—LETICIA EMMA, *Nyack Turnpike, N. Y.*, 1860.

PACKING RIPE TOMATOES.—Can any of your many readers give me a mode of packing ripe tomatoes, so that they will keep fresh for winter use?—A STOCKBRIDGE FRIEND, *Stockbridge, N. Y.*

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

D. B. DE LAND & CO.'s SALERATUS is giving the most complete satisfaction to housekeepers, as it cannot fail to do. Its manufacturers are determined that it shall be PURE, and are sparing no expense to make this the most reliable brand of Saleratus ever offered to the public. It is for sale at retail by most grocers and shopkeepers. The principal grocers throughout the country wholesale it. Manufactured at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

MY WIFE.

I HAVE a little pleasant wife,
Who nothing, nothing lacks;
She keeps herself and things about
The house as neat as wax.
And everything, with woman's taste,
Seems placed expressly for
The pleasure of a man who long
Has lived a bachelor!

Her handkerchiefs are white as milk;
Her skirts as white as snow;
Her slippered feet are small and neat,
And always "on the go."
She floats about as if upborne
On gum-elastic springs,
Or some unseen, mysterious power,
With undiscovered wings.

Her glossy hair is deepest brown,
Here eyes are softly dark;
And from their loving depths shoot forth
Full many a cheerful spark;
Her smiles send speeding on their flight
The swift-winged, rosy hours,
And what was once my darkest way,
Is radiant now with flowers.

My linen has a glossy white,
More pure than ever shone
On Parian marble; and, what's more,
There's ne'er a button gone.
She knits my stockings, makes my shirts,
And darns up all my rents,
And saves me half of what was once
My bachelor expense.

Now, all you crusty bachelors,
With life's great battle sore,
Go get a wife and settle down,
And play the fool no more!
Don't be too nice—they're angels all—
With loving hearts and true;
The secret is, be kind to them,
And they'll be kind to you.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LARGE HOUSES.

WE lived in a little brown cottage at the foot of a hill. Very pleasantly it rested beneath the protecting shadow of patriarchal forest trees,—very pleasant looked the little garden well-tilled and the little orchard well-filled,—sweetly the flowers blushed and nodded to the whispering breeze, and tenderly the ivyed vine clasped the moss-bound roof in its embracing arms. Very pleasant was it also within, with its toil and recreations, its amusement and instruction, its multiplied joys and divided sorrows, its loving voices and sympathizing hearts, for it had ample room for each and all of these. Very pleasant was our home, indeed.

But notwithstanding this, I oftentimes looked with feelings of envy and discontent upon the broad domains and large houses of our more wealthy neighbors, and sighed for possessions like theirs,—for princely halls and elegant furniture,—for tempting deserts, stylish dress, and showy equipage. Thus magnifying the blessings of others, I overlooked the numberless ones which I could call my own,—gazing at the dazzling meteor so far above my reach, I crushed the meek-eyed flower of contentment which bloomed at my feet; but its dying, odorous breath taught my heart the lesson which its life had failed to enforce. It happened in this wise:

I had friends,—wealthy, aristocratic friends,—living in the city of B——, whom I had never visited, though pressing invitations from living lips were left annually at our rural home, which invitations, to be sincere, I had long desired to accept. So, one fine autumn day, I laid the question before the house, and after due consultation and deliberation by the members thereof, it was decided in the affirmative. Hastily giving a few extra touches to my wardrobe by way of preparation, I was soon *en route* for the great city, and ere long set down "bag and baggage" at my cousin's door. I had pictured to myself the magnificence which I should witness, but it fell short of the reality, and I was wholly unprepared for the imposing edifice which rose before me, with its luxurious surroundings. Oh, I shall be so happy here, I murmured softly. Then, as I entered and took a general survey of the well-furnished apartments, I again repeated the same words. I felt like one suddenly transported to fairy land. There were soft, velvet carpets,—sofas with open arms waiting to receive one, and massive lamps ready for evening service,—elegantly bound books stared from the glass doors of their prison house, and the piano stood open in the corner,—to say nothing of the wax fruit, artificial flowers, pencilings, paintings and rare statuary, which adorned and beautified the whole.

It was a warm, sultry day; so drawing my easy chair to the window, I put aside the graceful folds of the curtain and threw up the sash, hoping thereby to obtain a little of "Heaven's pure air," but,—O vain and foolish thought,—there was none such to be had, and with a quiet smile, and a quiet remark as to the injurious effect of dust upon polished furniture, the window was again closed, and I had nothing to do but hide my disappointment and chagrin behind my fan.

The third day after my arrival was Miss FLORA'S birth-day, and preparations were being made to celebrate that great event in a proper manner. Such scouring and cleaning,—such sweeping and dusting,—such putting things away in unheard of places, and bringing unknown things to light,—such arranging and re-arranging, I never before witnessed. And then such baking and brewing, such boiling and stewing, as was going on in the kitchen,—such a variety of dishes, new and old, the savory odor of which only mocked our longing appetite, as we dined on cold potatoes and pudding, and, for a change, supped on pudding and cold potatoes. Meanwhile poor I wandered from room to room like a prisoned bird, restless and unhappy. What should I do at such a great party with my country ways and manners—what should I do with my *hands*, browned and hardened by the summer's toil, were questions which remained to be answered, while all that I had ever read or heard about the trials and mortifications of country cousins generally, passed unbidden and unwelcomed through my mind.

Well, the eventful evening arrived. Everything was in perfect readiness, the great lamps lighted, the doors swung open, and then came the patter of soft footfalls, the hum of musical voices, the rustling of silks, and wealth and fashion, and beauty and splendor thronged the house. I was dragged from the obscure corner where I had taken refuge, hoping to remain an unnoticed observer of the scene, and presented to this, that, and the other, until my brain reeled under such an accumulation of names and titles, and I sank down on the nearest embroidered ottoman utterly home-sick, sighing for the companionship of a few chosen friends in the snug little parlor at home, rather than so much bustle and excitement in the gilded halls of fashion. Home! what would I not have given to have been there at that moment. But the longest day will have a night, the longest night a morning, and so this wore away with mirth and song, and it was with a feeling of great relief that I saw "friend after friend depart," until the last couple had disappeared in the darkness. It was many days however before the house was restored to its wonted order and quietness.

I have said it was warm,—O, so warm, and we not possessing the same contented spirit as did the "Shepherd of Salisbury plain," were sighing and wishing for rain. For once we got our wish, all the long afternoon and evening the crystal drops trickled from the eaves and danced lightly upon the stony pavement. It will clear away cool we said, and so it did. The next day people went about saying, "A fine day, but how cold it is,—what a change in the weather, &c.," while we shrugged our shoulders, and the men rubbing their benumbed fingers inquired for great coats and mittens. To me, the change proved anything but desirable; the stove had been removed from the family sitting room, and there was no room for me in the kitchen, so wrapped in my shawl and shrunk into the smallest possible compass, I strove to forget my sorrows "past, present, and to come," in the pages of the last new magazine. But it would not do, thoughts of the warm cheerful fireside at home would intrude themselves between every paragraph, and make me shiver again. Then at night, when retired to my own spacious chamber, a sight of the thin curtains and white spread sent an icy thrill through my frame, and as I lay with chattering teeth on my pillow, I was haunted by visions of mother's warm quilts and soft homespun blankets ever piled beyond my reach.

Thus many and frequent were the comparisons which I drew between large houses and small ones, always in favor of the latter, and I would willingly have given up all the wealth and splendor with which I was then surrounded,—had it been mine to give,—for the quiet possession of that little house among the hills. And when my visit was ended, though in many respects it had been a pleasant one, and I fully appreciated the efforts of those who, friendly alike in "palace or cot," had by their kindness and attention made it so, yet I bade them all a glad good-bye, and went home fully determined to be "content with such things" as I had. My friends can tell you how well I kept the resolution. OMEGA.

Columbus, Pa., 1860.

OVER-DRESSING.

THE over-dressing of American ladies in the streets, at hotels, and in the churches, is a subject of general remark among travelers from abroad, as well as sensible people at home; though to little purpose, it would seem, as at no period has the love of display been more conspicuous in our country. American women are slaves to dress; it is the bane of their life, aye, and of the male victims, too, whose lives are connected with theirs. Traveling trunks, almost as large as a small house, must be carried about, filled with all sorts of finery, for a summer jaunt to watering-places, and for a winter visit to a city. The father or husband vainly remonstrates; flounced dresses and crinoline must have ample space, and there must be a variety, too, in the costumes. "Heaven save the ladies, how they dress!" may we well exclaim. Why will they not become more practical? Does the most fastidious critic of female beauty admire a young lady in full toilette more than in simple dress? If beautiful, there is no need of ornament; if plain, she should appear without pretension. We have known ladies who have traveled through the continent of Europe with only a small trunk to contain their wardrobe, and they found a wonderful relief in not having "too much to wear."

THOMAS HOOD AND HIS WIFE.—I never was anything, dearest, till I knew you—and I have been better, happier, and a more prosperous man ever since. Lay by that truth in lavender, dearest, and remind me of it when I fail. I am writing fondly and warmly; but not without good cause. First your own affectionate letter, lately received—next the remembrance of our dear children, pledges—what darling ones!—of our old familiar love—then a delicious impulse to pour out the overflowings of my heart into yours—and last, not least, the knowledge that your dear eyes will read what my hands are now writing. Perhaps there is an after-thought that, whatever may befall me, the wife of my bosom will have this acknowledgement of her tenderness—worth—and excellence—all that is wifely or womanly, from my pen.—*Memorials of Hood.*

PURE truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation; because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth, than to refine themselves.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GATHER WHILE YOU MAY.

BY L. M. JONES.

MARCH on to the field of action,
Ye who are brave and strong,
And gather the good and precious
From among life's busy throng.

March on, for the golden treasures
Are strewn o'er the beauteous land,
And they who search to find them
Receive from a bountiful hand.

Seek them, ye idle watchers,
Where the precious alone are found;
Answer unto your calling,
And come at the trumpet's sound.

Come while the spring is dawning,
And the blossoms are on the trees—
Come gather the Gems while music
Is floating upon the breeze.

Turn ye from the paths of evil,
And list to the Shepherd's call,
Who guideth our erring footsteps,
And findeth a home for all.

Awake from your dreaming slumber—
Arouse, with your armor bright,
And toil while the day is passing,
For soon will come the night.

Oh, gather the good and precious,
Not such as will here decay,
But that which retains its splendor
Through realms of endless day.

Damascoville, Ohio, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CUTFIZ AND READAM—NO. I.

Persons—JOHN CUTFIZ of Burrburg, a farmer.
HORACE READAM of Vineville, also a farmer.

WERE we writing a play in which our two friends were the heroes, we should begin it in the above manner. Then we should bring them into various situations, comical and calamitous. We might introduce, as a third party, a beautiful damsel, and get up a tragical rivalry between Messrs. CUTFIZ and READAM. That would be quite an orthodox plot. But there is a serious disadvantage in this style of composition; it is too great a strain upon the imagination; it bothers poor brains. The personages are not described either in dress or looks. This one talks, then that one talks; and from merely their conversation, you have to imagine the rest. In fact, a play is a study, and no play. This is why so few read them, and why thousands nightly throng our metropolitan play-houses to have them "acted out" for them. Here is a case in point. On the appearance of those flaming forerunners of a circus,—the boy-trapping bills that disfigure old bar rooms, stick like leeches to unfortunate sheds, and which a man of taste would no sooner tolerate on his fence than he would a mustard plaster on his healthy back,—every boy seems electrified. "Father, may'nt I go to the circus?" *Our* father used to say—"Go to the circus! why, no respectable boy goes to such a place. Look at those handbills,—you'll see all they do, and a heap more." Of course we were not satisfied, and we envied the representative Young America urchins, independent of paternal let or hindrance. And verily, barefooted BOB, brimless except by wisps of strawy hair sprouting out from under the trunk of an ancient chip hat like suckers from an old-style currant bush; and slow-witted NED, always behind his engineer BOB in getting into mischief,—and in getting out, they understand the principle in question. When the circus comes clucking through our main street, with greatest spread and gayest feather, and settles down upon the curious out vacant lot called "the green," and gathers her canvas wings snugly to the ground, letting the outside chicks in to see the inside ones only at the corner of the wing just under her eye; BOB, NED, and that select class of which they are junior members, have no previous engagements. They manage, after peaking unsatisfactorily around and getting pecked, to splice out a few pennies, with brass or entreaty, to the "half-price" notch, and get in. It matters not now, that the wonderful Chinese tower of live men is a few "pegs" taller in the bill than in reality, or that the horses do occasionally touch hoof to the ground,—it is something they see with their eyes. BOB is in high glee as the real horses go, and the real (?) men caper; and NED "senses" the old jokes of the clown better, illustrated as they are in his funny face and gestures, which leave it plain when the laugh is to come in. In fact, a circus, abstractly considered, would not prove a very enlivening entertainment to our juvenile friends. And we are very like them. To save hard thinking on the part of RURAL readers, we will eschew the dramatic form of presenting the gentlemen.

We all like a good story—put it in that shape.

But we sometimes think we don't like stories, or rather that there is something better than a story. A story is like a swiftly running stream. It does very well for a navigator who is in a hurry and on business; but for real enjoyment give us a tranquil sheet of water where we can rest on our oars, drop a fish-line into the stream, lose ourself in viewing any charming bit of scenery or in chatting with a certain equally charming companion at our side. We don't fancy the current of a story. It sweeps us along, willing or unwilling, and keeps us looking for the end of the route—the port—the finale—just as the little iron-snouted toy-fishes are attracted by the magnetic bait, which they cannot help going to. Any gem of description or of character,—painting any delicious episode, is to us readers of a rushing story what the sandbar is to a steamboat on a western river, an ugly interruption, provocative of no very choice expletives from the profaner passengers. Young friend! instead of seeing the menagerie roll by on its train of wheeled cages, would you not prefer going into the spreading tent, and feeding the elephant with crackers, pelting the curveting monkeys, and seeing the growling hyenas poked up,—in short, taking it leisurely? Friend of any age! do you like to eat your dinner on the run? or to have spirited away half of the wedge of pie you are eating with such inward satisfaction? No; and you do not wish to take mental food in like manner, nor to have it broken short off by a call of business, or a "to-be-continued." Therefore, we shall not give you a story.

Every one has fragments, more or less, of leisure. The farmer has his "nooning," in honor of a hearty dinner, celebrated in a merry and sleepy way, and in agricultural undress, i. e., an expanse of shirting from the waist upward, more or less limp according to the thermometer, more or less clean according to work and wearer, and in a few instances strapped by two bands, or "suspenders," or "gallows," in a crosswise fashion, and tied by a wisp of cravat, if the owner is dignified or precise. Then there is the spell "after sundown," when the cool evening breeze strokes the yeoman's well-washed face, and fans his glowing brown neck and breast exposed to the cooling operation, by throwing back the lappets of shirt bosom. There's the time when one "lunches," and the time when the veteran laborer comes in with the sighing—"I b'leeve I'm tired," or "it's mighty hot," and appropriates lounge, or floor, or easy chair, according to taste. There, too, is the time (she *says* she never gets it, though,) when the busiest housewife has "cleaned up" and donned a spotless apron, and has a little season to herself.

Now, what is wanted is something readable that will just fit into those spaces, noonings, restings—something natural, *lifeful*—something calculated to call out the involuntary tribute—"that's good! that's a fact! true, every word!"—"aye! aye!" something that will bring down a big man with quaking haw-haws, and now and then draw moisture to the eyes of all that have the blessed gift of true and large hearts. It must be complete—a perfect whole—something you can look at, see around, turn over, and feel that it is a thing by itself; and feel, too, that it is incapable of being spun out, and only ask for more of the same sort.

In riding through the country we catch a glimpse of a village nestling in far-off valley, see a glorious old tree near by, a neat garden, a trim fence, a fine-blooded cow, a stretching slope, and from some hill-top spy away off a shimmering lake veiled, where it touches the sky, in clouds or haziness. It is these fragments, these separate gems of scenery that make the pleasant trip. Just so in literature, and so in the newspaper, the little views of life and manners, the bits of life-like description, the "sketches," or "pieces," or whatever they may be called, affect us most—they are what we want.

"How fortunate are we in having a writer that so fully appreciates, and is so abundantly qualified, to supply our wants!"—some one dryly remarks, with a meaning twinkle of the eye, evidently at the expense of RUSMAN.

GOOD NATURE.

BE good natured. Nothing operates against a man's happiness more than ill-nature; it is, in fact, the very bane of his existence. It deprives him of all pleasures, except such as he may be able to give himself—it is a complete bar against his entry into any social amusements, and has the effect of rendering him miserable, as well as those with whom he is thrown into contact. Who ever heard of a happy ill-natured man? Why, the thing is morally impossible. Always growling if anything goes wrong, and if nothing goes wrong he is miserable because he has nothing to growl at. Such a man is really an object of pity and commiseration. He lives a secluded, isolated life, views the world through the medium of his ill-nature, and dies disgusted with everything and everybody, except himself, whom he vainly imagines to be a perfect pattern to the rest of mankind.

Oh! do shun such a life. If you are not naturally good natured, cultivate good nature, and rest assured you will not repent it; if you like pleasure, you will be good natured, for happiness is co-existent with good nature; if you love your fellow man, you will be good natured, for you will, as far as your individual self is concerned, render his existence in this world a pleasure instead of a pain, and turn the desert places of his life into a garden of joy. Then be good natured! How much you will gain by it, how little it will cost you! Be good natured, it will save you a world of trouble, and you will rest satisfied in the consciousness of having done your duty. For,

"Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We should each endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can."

"HE MEANS WELL ENOUGH."—O, no doubt; but the question is, why don't he behave as well as he means? What is the use of a man's being so odd and eccentric that nobody knows what to make of him, unless he has an apologist and an interpreter like you always at hand to explain. Isn't it just as cheap, in the long run, to be good-natured and polite, as to be morose and surly? And does not a man feel better in his own secret heart, when he is conscious of being the former, than he does when the shrinking and uncertain air of those who are obliged to approach him, proclaim that he is the latter? Certainly it does; for our thoughts are always busy sitting in judgment on our own selves. Any man who carries such a bearing that a timid person, or no woman can approach him without dread, does not need to be told *from without* that he is *no gentleman*. He knows it perfectly well. He is not yet reclaimed from the savage state.—*Minnie Melnotte.*

A MAN can do without his own approbation in society, but he must make great exertion to gain it when alone; without it, solitude is not to be endured.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE EARLY DEAD.

WHITE hands meekly folded
O'er a quiet breast;
Form, sylph-like, moulded,
Lying still—at rest.
Brow of beauty peerless,
Pale, yet very fair,
Dark eyes closed and tearless,
Smoothly plaited hair,

Long dark lashes sweeping
O'er a cheek of snow,
And a soft smile sleeping
On those lips—below.
"Forget-me-nots" are wreathing
Round her lovely head,
Soft their fragrance breathing
O'er the slumbering dead.

Loving hands enfold her
In a robe of white—
Thus I e'er behold her,
Morning, noon, and night,
Long the sod hath rested
O'er the quiet form—
Long my soul hath breasted
Life's unceasing storm;

Still I see her lying
As I saw her last—
Memory, undying,
Bringeth back the past.
Oft the visions thronging
Wake a vague unrest,
And a bitter longing
In my troubled breast,

Then I long to fold her
To my heart once more,
In my arms to hold her
As in days of yore.
But thou'lt meet her never,
Saith my weeping heart,
Those whom death doth sever
Evermore shall part.
This, my *soul* denying,
Points to worlds above—
Constantly replying
There meet those who love.

East Pharsalia, N. Y., 1860. J. E. C.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE ANGELS CAME.

YES, the angels came and took the household pet to Him who claimed her as his own. Years ago I remember looking at an engraving representing a mother watching by the couch of her sick child. Weariness had overcome her, and sleep had closed her eyelids. While she slept angels came, and one was bearing away to heaven a child resembling the cold clay upon the pillow. It was a lovely picture, and whenever I now see the lifeless form of a little one, thoughts instinctively arise of the angel who bore away in his arms the beautiful child. Then, I will say of "little ANNA," the angels came and bore her away to the land of bright spirits, when but little more than two summers had passed over her head. She had brought much love to earth with her presence, but how soon the light faded from her eyes,—how soon the silver chord was broken. The loving mother dreamed not that her darling could die, until the little heart had almost ceased to beat, and when whispered words told that the stern messenger had won the victory, it fell upon her ears with startling power.

Kind friends arrayed her for the tomb—a myrtle wreath with white buds encircled her brow, and as we gazed upon the little innocent face, beautiful even in death, we could not help feeling that the angels had taken her. They laid her in the quiet church-yard, and sorrowing friends sought their homes. Now that she is gone, every little act comes to mind,—every little garment or toy brings bitter tears to the mother's eyes. Active and knowing beyond her years, what wonder the parents gloried in their child,—what wonder if they feel that the sunlight has gone from their home? But they should look, in their sorrow, to Him who has only called her to a more blessed home,—they should think that she who was once their daughter is an angel now. Can help them to say, blessed is he who gave and hath taken away; we will strive to meet her where joy fills the heart.

"I give thee to thy GOD,—the GOD that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And, precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of heaven, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child."

Battle Creek, Mich., 1860. L.

IT is not by regretting what is irreparable, that true work is to be done, but by making the best of what we are. It is not by complaining that we have not the right tools, but by using well the tools we have. What we are, and whence we are, is God's providential arrangement—God's doing, though it may be man's misdoing,—and the manly and the wise way is to look your disadvantages in the face, and see what can be made out of them. Life, like war, is a series of mistakes; and he is not the best Christian nor the best General who makes the fewest false steps. Poor mediocrity may secure that; but he is the best General who wins the most splendid victories by the retrieval of mistakes. Forget mistakes!—organize victory out of mistakes.

IMPATIENCE acts as a blight on a blossom; it may wound the budding forth of the noblest fruit; relative to the dispensations of Providence, it is ingratitude; relative to our own purposes and attainments, it will be found to impede their progress.

AGED reprobates are apt to think that the world was better in their youth—because they themselves were.

The Reviewer.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPÆDIA: A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEO. RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Volume X. Jerusalem—McFerrin. [8vo.—pp. 788.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THOUGH our notice of this volume has been delayed, the cause is not attributable to a lack of appreciation of its value, for the contents are unusually interesting. It discusses nearly two thousand subjects, many of them of great importance, and others (such as the history of Kansas, biography of Dr. KANE, etc.,) will be perused with interest, from the fact that the topics are not only timely but such as have absorbed considerable public attention. Some of the more important subjects are treated at length—such, for instance, as the Jesuits, Samuel Johnson, Dr. Kane, Kansas, Kant, Kentucky, Language, Law and the Law of Nations, Latin and Literature, Lafayette, Lead, Leather, London, Louisiana, etc. These topics occupy from four to twenty broad double column pages each, and impart an amount and variety of information scarcely obtainable in as many different volumes—indicating the great value of the Cyclopædia and the vast amount of labor necessarily bestowed by its editors and contributors. Many subjects of great interest occupy less space, the facts being so condensed and presented as to save much labor on the part of those having occasion to refer to the work or use it as an authority for their statements—a point in which the Cyclopædia must prove, to the student, scholar, and many others, as great a time and labor-saving invention as do the improved machines and implements to the industrial classes.

—We again commend this great American work to the attention of our readers. It not only promises to be all that was originally announced, but a lasting monument to American erudition, industry and enterprise. The Cyclopædia may be obtained in Rochester of LIBERTY HALL & BRO., 8 Exchange Place, who are the authorized Subscription Agents.

NARRATIVES AND ADVENTURES OF TRAVELERS IN AFRICA. By CHARLES WILLIAMS, Esq. Profusely Illustrated with Engravings. [12mo.—pp 340.] New York: Dick Fitzgerald.

THE intense interest which has recently been awakened with reference to Africa by the writings of LIVINGSTONE and others, has induced the author of the work before us to furnish, in a concise and neat form, all the details of fact which tend to the elucidation of the thousand-and-one inquiries daily asked concerning this almost *terra incognita*. In connection with the statistics as to history, settlement, natural productions, &c, there are sufficient adventures given to make the volume an interesting one for the perusal of the young. The extracts we have made from its pages will give our readers an idea of the style in which the volume is prepared. Quite a number of illustrations grace its pages. For sale by L. HALL & BROTHER.

WOODS AND WATERS: or, The Saranacs and Racket. With Map of the Route and Nine Illustrations on Wood. By ALFRED B. STREET. [16mo.—pp. 345.] New York: M. Doolady.

THIS work is the fruit of a "month's excursion" through the New York wilderness; and a busy month it must have been to have afforded such manifold experiences of forest life. The author gives many interesting details of hunting, fishing, camping, and journeying by land, and lake, and river—with gems of poetry, and poetical descriptions of wilderness scenery, interspersed with the narrative of exciting adventures and anecdotes of the hunter-guides, whose quaint "conversations" constitute a prominent feature of the work. Our knowledge of this wild, romantic region, is of recent origin. About ten years ago Mr. J. T HEADLY drew public attention to it in his "Adirondack." It has now been so thoroughly explored in its principal accessible routes that it is no longer a *terra incognita*. To all who have had their curiosity awakened in regard to this region, Mr. STREET'S work will be welcome. As it is written with the inspiration of a poet and an artist, the reader must be dull indeed who cannot find, throughout its numerous pages, something novel, exciting, or entertaining. Sold by D. M. DEWEY.

PEARLS FOR THE LITTLE ONES. A Series of Stories from Real Child-Life. By Mrs. MARY JANE PHILLIPS. New York: CARLTON & PORTER, for the Methodist Sunday School Union, 200 Mulberry street.

DAISY DOWNS; or What the Sabbath School Can Do. By the author of the "Willie Books." Four illustrations. New York: Published by CARLTON & PORTER.

AMONG the most influential and useful books now published, we class those prepared for children by the Sunday School Unions. They are, with scarcely an exception, well calculated to implant in the youthful mind correct moral and religious principles. They teach the great duties of life—duties which man owes to his fellow man and to his Creator—in a pleasing manner, and yet in a way so forcible and impressive that they cannot fail to make lasting impressions. These children's books are doing a great work for the rising generation—they are moulding the minds of millions into forms of moral beauty.

These books, too, are elegantly got up in every respect—paper, type, illustrations and binding are of the very best class, and much better than of most books of more pretensions. This, too, is right. It will give the children a taste for the beautiful. We can well remember the time when children's books were the coarsest and meanest of all, and when we only got a look at a respectable book by stealth, or as a special favor. We are right glad things have mended since our childhood. We like these books, and would rather spend a leisure hour in perusing them than in reading the best story of love, jealousy and suicide that was ever published.

The above works, as their titles indicate, are published by the Methodist Sunday School Union in New York, which issues one new volume every week, and often two. E. DARROW & BROTHER are the agents for this city and the surrounding country.

Books Received.

LECTURES ON METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, Advocate, A. M. (Oxon.) etc.; Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Latin Society of Jena, etc. Edited by the Rev. HENRY L. MANSEL, D. D., Oxford, and JOHN VEITCH, M. A., Edinburgh. In two volumes. Vol. II—Logic. [8vo.—pp. 731.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY.

JACK TIER; or, The Florida Reef. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 511.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO., 8 Exchange Place.

ITALY IN TRANSITION. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M., author of "A Mission to the Mysore," etc. [pp. 329.] New York: Harper & Bros.. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By EDWARD EVERETT. [pp. 348.] Boston: Gould and Lincoln. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE MANUFACTURE OF VINEGAR: Its Theory and Practice, with especial reference to the Quick Process. By CHAS. M. WETHERILL, Ph. D., M. D., Member American Philosophical Society; Academy Natural Sciences of Phila.; Indiana State Medical Society, etc. [pp. 300.] Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

THE PROGRESSIVE HIGHER ARITHMETIC, for Schools, Academies, and Mercantile Colleges. Combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods; and forming a Complete Treatise on Arithmetical Science, and its Commercial and Business Applications. By HORATIO N. ROBINSON, LL. D., author of Works on Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, Surveying and Navigation, Conic Sections, Calculus, Astronomy, etc. [pp. 432.] New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. II.—Discovery of America. [pp. 288.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

BEES AND BEE-KEEPING. A Plain, Practical Work; resulting from Years of Experience and Close Observation in Extensive Apiaries, both in Pennsylvania and California. With Directions how to make Bee-Keeping a Desirable and Lucrative Business, and for Shipping Bees to California. By W. C. HARRISON, Practical Apiarian. [pp. 287.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. [From the Publishers.

BRIGHT'S SINGLE STEM, DWARF AND RENEWAL SYSTEM OF GRAPE CULTURE.—Adapted to the Vineyard, the Grapery, and the Fruiting of Vines in Pots, on Trellises, Arbors, etc. By WILLIAM BRIGHT, Logan Nursery, Phila. [pp. 121.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co. [From the Publishers.

THE EBONY IDOL. "It is the land of graven images, and they are mad upon their idols." [pp. 283.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE COTTAGES OF THE ALPS; or, Life and Manners in Switzerland. By the author of "Peasant Life in Germany." [12mo.—pp 422.] New York: Chas. Scribner. Rochester—E. DARROW & BRO.

Spice from New Books.

A Storm in South Africa.

"Both our wagons," says Captain Harris, "stuck fast in the Sant River, and were with difficulty extricated by the united efforts of the teams. The heat was intense, not a breath stirred, and heavy black clouds fast collecting bade us prepare for a deluge. We therefore formed the camp in an elevated position, under the lee of a high stone inclosure, which only required the entrance to be closed with bushes to make a secure pound for the cattle.

"Scarcely were these arrangements completed, when a stream of liquid fire ran along the ground, and a deafening thunder-clap, exploding close above us, was instantly followed by a torrent of rain, which came 'dancing to the earth,' not in drops, but in continuous streams, and with indescribable violence, during the greater part of the night; the thunder now receding, and rumbling less and less distinctly, but more incessantly among the distant mountains—now pealing in echoes over the nearest hills, and now returning to burst with redoubled violence above our heads

'Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leapt the wild thunder, not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain soon had found a tongue.'

"The horses and oxen were presently standing knee-deep in water; our followers remained sitting all night in the baggage-wagon, which leaked considerably, but our now being better covered, forthnately resisted the pitiless storm. Sleep was, however, out of the question, the earth actually threatening to give way under us, and the lightning being so painfully vivid that we were glad to hide our heads under the pillow. Those only who have witnessed the setting in of the south-west monsoon in India are capable of fully understanding the awful tempest I have attempted to describe."—*"Narratives and Adventures of Travelers in Africa," by* CHARLES WILLIAMS.

Costumes in Switzerland.

INNOVATIONS march slowly among the mountains; yet Paris fashion plates have found their way into almost every hut and hamlet. The original dress of the men was similar to that in Unterwald, consisting of black leather small clothes, white stockings, scarlet vest, and blue or brown jacket reaching to the knee, and open in front. In olden times, the government officers wore scarlet mantles and perrucks, small clothes, with red coat, having many folds, reaching to the knee, and four sleeves, two of them hanging very loose, like those of Roman lictors. But now this is the dress of the standard-bearers and *Landweibel*, the officials appearing in black like other burghers, with only the addition of mantles of the same color for state occasions.

The red petticoat and variegated apron have almost entirely disappeared; but the jaunty straw hat, with bouquets of flowers and knots of ribbons, may sometimes be seen, with the long braids of hair interwoven with red, and brought down on each side of the neck in front. The bodice is usually of black, instead of blue, with scarlet lacings; and the velvet collar has taken the place of the parti-colored neckerchief.—Among a great portion, there is no remant of the former costume; and in some places it has all disappeared except the cap, which is always the last to be given up. It consists of two wings, like a butterfly, spread out each side, and the hair brought up between in braids, and fastened with a silver or gilt hair-pin in the form of a full-blown rose, and called *rose hair-pin*. Others wear the lace comb, standing up so high, that in church or public assembly there is such a forest of caps that the speaker is entirely concealed from those behind. The nuns wear black and white veils, so thick that a pretty face is entirely concealed by them.—*"The Cottages of the Alps."*

Napoleon III.

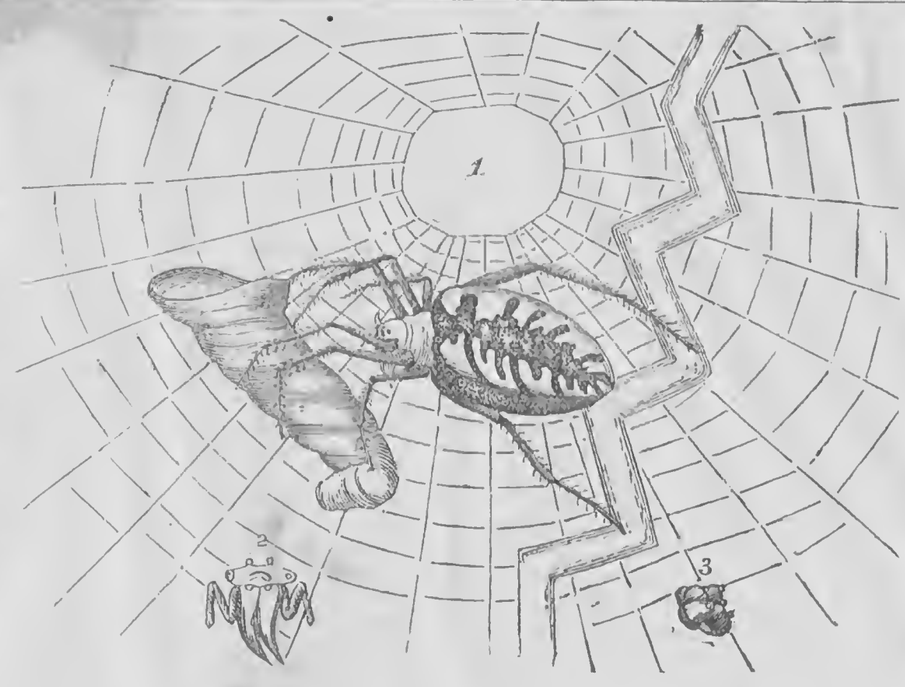
AT Boulogne we came under the government of his Imperial Majesty, Napoleon III., Emperor of the French, at the very place where—endeavoring, as the result has showed, to anticipate his destiny—he landed with a few followers, and galloped up the streets, scattering gold as they went like madmen, expecting a rising and a revolution like that when his uncle returned from Elba. A few stared, a few laughed, none joined him; he was arrested, and imprisoned, and set down as too great a simpleton or madman to be shot or guillotined. I do not remember how long ago it was—not long—but he is now quietly and safely Emperor of that great, learned, brave, and warlike nation, and has been at the head of it for six years. After his uncle, he is, doubtless, the ablest head that the French nation has had since the days of Louis XIV.

The Queen of England reigns, but does not govern; Louis Napoleon reigns and governs also, both with the hand of a master, with tact as well as talent, and is popular because he governs as well as reigns. The Emperor and royalty suit the French love of display. As a nation they like to be governed, if they can be governed well—have peace at home, respect abroad, and prosperity in all the departments of industry. These he secures to them—and why should they run after the few who sigh and agitate for the theoretical republic—while a practical one is impossible for the French—or for the ancient and legitimate monarchies of the Bourbons, which most of the present generation of Frenchmen have been taught to despise. His destiny, thus far, is certainly a most extraordinary one. When it will end, no one can predict. I do not see in it any elements of weakness.

We object to the fusilades and slaughters of his prompt and energetic revolution, but revolutions are always bloody, although not always as short and complete as his. Of the numerous French revolutions, his was not the most bloody. Of all the great treasons to free government in France, his was the most pardonable. The question was forced upon him whether, in one week, he should be Emperor, or prisoner, or fugitive—living or dead. He chose to triumph by revolution, which, in France, is a regular power in the state.—*"A Run through Europe," by* ERASTUS C. BENEDICT.

PASSION AND REASON.—Truth enters into the heart of man when it is empty, and clean, and still; but when the mind is shaken with passion as with a storm, you can never hear the voice of the charmer, though he charm never so wisely; and you will very hardly sheathe a sword when it is held by a loose and a paralytic arm.

THE road ambition travels is too narrow for friendship, too crooked for love, too rugged for honesty, and too dark for science.



A CHAPTER ON SPIDERS.

SPIDER, is our common name for the family Araneadæ of LEACH, and however repugnant they may be to some, their habits and structure excited the attention of naturalists at a very early period. They frequently change their skins, and when about to cast them, they suspend themselves in some corner, and creep out of a fissure which takes place on their back, gradually withdrawing their legs from the skin as we take off a glove. That they have the power of reproducing their legs, is clearly proven by the full account given of the manner in which this takes place, by that accurate observer of nature, Sir JOSEPH BANKS. These creatures prey upon other insects, and in the economy of nature seem to be destined to prevent the too great increase of them, while they in turn afford a store of food for the young mud-wasps and other species of the genus *Sphex*.

Spiders have 4—5 nipples or papillæ, at the extremity of the abdomen, through which they can eject, with considerable force, a viscid juice through numerous minute apertures. REAUMUR has often counted 70 or 80 with a microscope; but has perceived that there were infinitely more—say one thousand in each papilla. This will give us an idea of the exceeding fineness of a single thread, 5,000 producing the ordinary thread for forming the web,—united these are speedily dried by the air. M. BON, of Languedoc, many years ago contrived to manufacture a pair of stockings and mittens from the silk of a spider. M. REAUMUR was appointed by the Royal Academy to make further inquiry into this new silk-work; who in his Memoirs of the Academy for the year 1710, raised various objections, so as clearly to show that the thing wouldn't pay, as we say, and would no doubt prove a *"Mons multicaulis"* speculation.

The old genus *Aranea*, of which GMELIN has enumerated more than one hundred and twenty species, is now separated into a number of genera, with a detail of which we will not perplex ourselves. We frequently observe floating threads in the air in autumn, by some called *air-threads*. Any one taking the trouble to arrest such a thread, will find a young spider attached to it. These young are taking an *airing*, and by that means visit new localities, and their aeronautic exploits are carried on by simply ascending a fence or elevated object, spinning out a line, which the wind carries outward and upward, until of sufficient length to bear them up, when they rise and go sailing through the air in great glee, entangling gnats in their flight, which they no doubt prey upon; since legs and wings are frequently found attached to the webs.

To conclude a subject on which much more might be said, I will relate a circumstance that interested me greatly at the time, illustrated by the accompanying wood cut.

Early in September, in passing along the borders of a wood adjoining a field, I noticed a beautiful, large sized spider, on a web between a few low bushes, a rather broad zig-zag belt, diagonally across the web, arrested my attention. To obtain a closer view I approached, and in so doing started up numerous grasshoppers. In their efforts to get out of harm's way, one made a sad mistake, by coming in contact with the spider's web. The watchful creature was on the alert, and before the grasshopper could make a single struggle, the spider was at work, and with the most astonishing rapidity had enveloped the luckless jumper from "stem to stern," in a silken coat, spun, woven, and applied on the "spur of the moment," a well-fitted straight jacket, confining the "Sam Patch" customer to close quarters. Never flew shuttle faster than did the body of the spider, as if aware that delays were dangerous. What surprised me, was the width of the web (at least one sixteenth of an inch) employed, so dexterously was it applied too, that the eye could not detect the precise process. The task accomplished, the spider resumed his position near an open space in his web, with a watchful eye on me as an intruder, no doubt. Whether a male or female spider I cannot say, being a solitary occupant. Having a pair of long-pointed pliers, I attempted to nab the creature, but as quick as thought, he vaulted to the other side of his web through the open space. Not disposed to injure him or his web, (I think he was a male,) I stepped around the bush, but "presto," he was back again to his former station.

Considering that his movements were quicker than mine, I dislodged him with my cane, to the gravel path. His activity was very great, and when closed pressed, showed fight, biting into the steel pliers, with his strong horny jaws. I took him prisoner, however, examined his proportions, &c., and restored him to his web, considering the abundance of grasshoppers could be put to no better use, than to furnish food for the birds and spiders. The body was ovate, rather pointed behind, of a silky black color, with bright yellow markings. The thorax broad behind, narrow in front, rather flat, covered with a grayish silky pubescence;—front legs black, the thighs of the three hind pair of legs are yellow. Fig. 2, shows the eyes, jaws, and two (palpi) feelers. Fig. 3, The four papillæ. I can scarcely venture to give the generic name, after close inspection of numerous described genera and species. And what is there in a name after all? a spider is a spider, and the figure clearly illustrates its size and proportions. It is facts we want, in order to arrive at the general history, and this door of inquiry is open to all. What though they are not entomologists, they can observe, and give others the benefit of their observations, and thereby promote knowledge from facts, without entering the domain of mere romance and imagination. Nor can I see why such matter is not quite as interesting as fiction. JACOB STAUFFER.

BENEFITS OF KNOWLEDGE.

IT has been truly said that "knowledge is power." It is power in many ways. Minds possessed of knowledge and habits of reflection, are led to form just estimates of human character and enjoyments. Without them, we are apt to form an erroneous estimate of men, considering only the advantitious circumstances by which they are surrounded, or in which they are placed. Such look at the wealth which men possess, and are almost ever ready to bow down, as it were, and worship them. A man of genius, of virtue, and of piety, is seldom, very seldom distinguished in the opinion of the ignorant from the common herd of mankind, unless he can live in a splendid mansion, and afford to entertain convivial parties, and mingle with the fashionable and polite. The poor themselves look up with a kind of veneration to my lord and my lady, as if they were superior beings, when stripped of their money and of a few trifling accomplishments, they would scarcely be above the commonest.

The ignorant are apt to form a no less erroneous estimate of human happiness. Having felt themselves little misery other than that arising from excessive labor and want, they are apt to indulge in the thought that where riches abound there misery is unknown, and that those who are wealthy do not feel the cares and anxieties which press upon the rest of mankind. Hence many persons are led to a morbid desire for the acquisition of wealth, even at the loss of honor, and the risk of life. But the man who reads, and thinks, and observes, easily penetrates the veil of exterior accompaniments, and appreciates that which is alone worthy of regard in the human character. Let us, therefore, store our minds in our youthful days with knowledge that will be beneficial to ourselves and to those by whom we are surrounded. The path is open, and none can prevent our entering it. Let us press on, aiming for a station of honor and usefulness. We need only perseverance and patient industry to accomplish our end. Let us all strive to become wise, bearing in mind that to be wise is to be great, and to be truly great is the summit of all earthly ambition. R. B. D

Cardington, Morrow Co., O., 1860.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

THE Rev. T. Starr King, in his address on the Fourth of July last, at the Children's Celebration in San Francisco, gave utterance to the following, which is worthy of preservation:

"You know that a clock ticks and ticks, second by second, in a dull, patient, humdrum sort of a way, till the hand reaches the sixtieth minute, and then *it strikes*. A new hour is born. What if each day should be marked at sunrise by the louder striking of a clock, to tell us that a more important minute was reached? What if the commencement of a new year should always be told to us by the vibrations of some mighty bell far up in space, that sounded only on the first of January, touched then by the hand of God? And now suppose that, when anything very important was about to happen in the world; when a new year of hope and joy for a nation or mankind was to come, a mighty time-keeper, away up among the stars, should ring out, so that men could hear it, and say:—"Hark! ah, a new hour, one of God's hours, has struck in the great belfry of the heavens!"

"This would be grand. But God does mark the great seasons of the world's history by a mighty clock. In fact, every nation has a huge dial-plate, and behind it are the works, and below it is the pendulum, and every now and then its hands mark a new hour. Our revolution was such a period. That is the glory of it. The English government had oppressed our fathers; it tried to break their spirit. It was for several years a dark time, like the season before sunrise. But the old time-piece kept ticking, ticking, the wheels kept playing calmly, till about 1775; there was a strange stir and busy clatter inside the case; the people couldn't bear any more; a sixtieth minute came, and all of a sudden the clock struck! The world heard the battle of Bunker Hill—*one;* the Declaration of Independence—*two;* the surrender of Burgoyne—*three;* the seige of Yorktown—*four;* the treaty of Paris—*five;* the inauguration of Washington—*six;* and then it was sunrise, and we live in the forenoon of the glorious day.

"Let us be glad and grateful on this anniversary, that such a glorious hour was marked for our country and the world, on our coasts. Let us hope and pray that the good old clock shall remain for centuries uninjured, and that it will strike many times again—but not through battles—to mark new hours for humanity.

JAPANESE LITTLE FOLKS.

DURING more than a half year's residence in Japan, I have never seen a quarrel among young or old. I have never seen a blow struck, scarcely an angry face. I have seen the children at their sports, flying their kites on the hills, and no amount of intertangled string or kites lodged in the trees, provoked angry words or impatience. I have seen them intent on their games of jack-stones and marbles under the shaded gateways of the temples, but have never seen an approach to a quarrel among them. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but I have never seen one of them chastised. Respect and reverence to the aged is universal. A crying child is a rarity seldom heard or seen. We have nothing to teach them in this respect out of our abundant civilization. I speak what I know of the little folks of Japan, for more than an other foreigner have I been among them. Of all that Japan holds, there is nothing I like half so well as the happy children. I shall always remember their coal black eyes and ruddy brown faces with pleasure. I have played battledoor with the little maidens in the streets, and flown kites in the fields with as happy a set of boys as one could wish to see. They have been my guides in my rambles, shown me where all the streams and ponds were, where the flowers lay hid in the thicket, where the berries where ripening on the hills; they have brought me shells from the ocean and flowers from the field, presenting them with all the modesty, and a less bashful grace, than a young American boy would do. We have hunted the fox holes together, and looked for the green and golden ducks among the hedge. They have laughed at my broken Japanese and taught me better, and for a happy, good-natured set of children, I will turn out my little Japanese friends against the world. God bless the boys and girls of Niphon!—*Frank Hall.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S YOUTHFUL NEGLECT.—Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:—"If it should ever fall to the lot of youth to peruse these pages, let such readers remember that it is with the deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; that, through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance; and I would this moment give half the reputation that I have had the good fortune to acquire, if, by doing so, I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

TOIL and trial are grim schoolmasters, but a flush of hope can make them beautiful, even as a sunbeam the rude mountain frost.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.
Inquiries and Notes,...333
Plan for an Ice-House,...333
Cementing Cellar Bottoms,...333
The Potato Disease,...333
"The House that Jack Built;" or, "Looking Ahead" in Farming,...333
Senator Seward's Imported Arabian, [Illustrated,]...333
Sterility—Objections Answered,...333
Livingston Co. Fair—What a Woman saw and thought,...334
Draining—Non-Improvers in the Way,...334
The Bee-Keeper—A Bee-Keeper in great Trouble,...334
Rural Spirit of the Press—Goshen Cheese; To Keep Sweet Potatoes; A Chapter on Fencing,...334
Agricultural Miscellany—N. Y. State Fair; Michigan State Ag. Society—Fair, Officers, &c.; St. Louis Fair—The Prince and Duke invest in fast Horses; Jefferson Co. Fair; How to Preserve Shingle Roofs; That Egyptian Corn; Timely Request and Offer,...334
HORTICULTURAL.
American Pomological Society,...335
Discussions on Fruit,...335
Horticultural Notes.—The Fruits of Western New York; Dwarf Pears on Sandy Soils; Pears in Wisconsin,...335
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
To Improve Cider and keep it sweet; Cream Cake; Raisin Cake; Lincoln Cake; Delicious Cookies; Pickling Apples; Packing Ripe Tomatoes,...335
LADIES' OLIO.
My Wife, [Poetical;] Large Houses; Over-Dressing; Thomas Hood and his Wife,...336
CHOICE MISCELLANY.
Gather while you may, [Poetical;] Cuffe and Readam—No. 1; Good Nature; "He Means well Enough,"...336
SABBATH MUSINGS.
The Early Dead, [Poetical;] The Angels came; True Work; Impatience,...336
THE REVIEWER.
The New American Cyclopedia; Narratives and Adventures of Travelers in Africa; Woods and Waters; Pearls for the Little Ones; Daisy Downs; Books Received,...337
SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.
A Storm in South Africa; Napoleon III,...337
USEFUL OLIO.
A Chapter on Spiders, [Illustrated;] Passion and Reason,...337
YOUNG RURALIST.
Benefits of Knowledge; A Beautiful Sentiment; Japanese Little Folks; Sir Walter Scott's Youthful Neglect,...337
THE STORY TELLER.
This World, [Poetical;] "Some People's Professions"—A Story for your Neighbors and mine,...340

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Hints to Inventors—Munn & Co.
All who want Paying Employment—E. G. Storko.
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EXCELSIOR
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 20, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

The Department of State received intelligence on the 5th inst., that Henry D. Johnson, formerly of the State Department, and recently appointed Consul General to Constantinople, died on the 15th ult.

As much interest has been occasioned by late events at Vera Cruz in connection with the movement of the Spanish fleet, the result of inquiries at proper sources warrants the assertion that there is not the slightest foundation for the statement widely published that Capt. Jarvis interfered in the affair which took place some weeks ago between the captain of the Spanish brig Berenguela and the Juarez government, nor did Capt. Jarvis send a note to the Spanish Commodore condemning his course, or act in any other disapproving manner. The relations between these two officers were of the most cordial character, without reference to political questions, and Maj. Amcaraja, when coming to New Orleans on board the Pocahontas, was so gallantly treated that he expressed himself in the most complimentary terms towards the officers of the Navy. It is further reliably ascertained that the action of the Spanish Commodore was suspended, and his squadron withdrawn to Havana, in consequence of the pressing representations of the Spanish subjects in Vera Cruz, through the French Consul, acting Spanish Consul to the Captain General of Cuba. The bombardment, they stated, would not only destroy much of their property, but peril their lives. No further hostile demonstrations will be made in the absence of advices from Madrid. It is also known that the commander of the Gulf Squadron is not left to his own discretion, but that he will act under the advice of Minister Melane, in the event of the bombardment of Vera Cruz by the Spanish, and extend all possible protection to American persons and property, including the landing of marines at Vera Cruz for that purpose.

Information from Mexico shows that the English Government contemplated an entire separation of the Diplomatic relations with Miramon, if it has not done so already. Another proposition of its mediation, for the restoration of peace, has been rejected by the Liberal government. It is stated that the Spanish Minister in Mexico has received the most urgent advice from the authorities in Havana to treat that government with the greatest respect.

Advices from Washington territory show that the American and British boundary commission will probably complete their labors this year, the pending San Juan question having had no effect to obstruct their operations.

Dispatches from Capt. Engle, of the Chiriqui expedition, speak of the discovery of immense coal fields and excellent harbors. The expedition is a complete success.

Numerous and urgent but ineffectual applications have been made for the further postponement of the Minnesota land sales, on the ground that the settlers are unable to make payments for pre-emptory claims within the prescribed time. According to an official statement of the Secretary of the Interior, the pre-emptors will inevitably loose their lands if sold and paid for by other parties; but if not sold, they would, under the declaratory notices of settlers, have the benefit of a year's credit allowed by law for paying for lands, and become subjected to private entry.

The P. M. General has issued an order, that after the 1st of November all unpaid letters be sent to the dead letter office; the practice of notifying the writers thereof not having the desired effect to prevent their accumulation.

Political Intelligence.

The Douglas and Breckenridge parties of Oregon, have each held conventions and nominated electoral tickets. The Breckenridge ticket is as follows:—Delazon Smith, James O'Meara, and Wm. Dogheritt. The Douglas ticket is—Wm. H. Farrar, Benjamin Harding, and Wm. Hoffman.

At the meeting of the New York Breckenridge State Committee on the 9th inst., the Presidential Electors resigned, in order to unite the Democracy on the Union Electoral ticket. An address was adopted, which denounces the Albany Regency, and charges upon them the purpose, by refusing all compromise with the Breckenridge Committee, to give the State to Lincoln; attacks Douglas and his platform, but recommends the support of the Douglas-Bell-fusion electoral ticket headed by Mr. Redfield, in order to defeat Lincoln and throw the election into Congress, which, it is believed, would result in the choice of Breckenridge and Lane. A resolution was also adopted, advising a thorough organization in each Electoral and Assembly District.

The Breckenridge candidates for Governor and Congressmen in Florida, are elected by about 1,500 majority.

The election in Pennsylvania has resulted in favor of the Republicans. Curtin, people's candidate for Governor, it is thought will have upward of 32,000 majority. The Legislature will stand as follows:—Senate, 25 Republicans to 8 Democrats. House, 67 Republicans to 23 Democrats. The result upon Representatives in Congress is not yet ascertained.

Returns from 60 counties in Indiana, indicate that the Republican majority on the State ticket will reach 15,000. The Legislature will stand nearly as follows:—Senators holding over, 14 Democrats and 11 Republicans. New members, 7 Democrats and 18 Republicans. Republican majority, 9. House, Republicans 58, and Democrats 42—giving the Republicans a majority of over 20 on joint ballot, which will secure the election of a Republican U. S. Senator. James A. Cravins, Democrat, in the 2d Congressional District, is elected by 200 majority over Davis, Independent Whig. Holman, Democrat, 4th District, is re-elected by 400 majority, leaving the members of Congress the same as in the present Congress.

Election returns from Nebraska Territory come in slowly. The Democrats claim that their candidate, Morton, is elected by 200 majority,—both Houses of the Legislature as Democratic, while the Republicans claim several majorities for Daily, and both branches of the Legislature as Rep.

The Vermont State Legislature organized on the 12th inst., the House electing A. P. Hunton, of Bethel, Speaker, and Charles J. Cummings, of Brattleboro, Clerk. The Senate chose Mr. Gleason, of Montpelier, Secretary. Gov. Fairbanks was inaugurated, and delivered his message, mainly relating to local subjects. The educational, agricultural, and financial condition of the State is represented to be flourishing. The Governor intimated that he would not be a candidate for re-election.

From the Pacific Side.

The Pony Express from California arrived at St. Josephs, Mo., on the 16th, with San Francisco dates to the 29th ult., from which we gather the following summary of intelligence:

California.—The first ton of silver from the New Coro mines, arrived at San Francisco on the 28th. It has a high degree of richness.

The ship George Lane has been chartered for Hong Hong, taking a cargo of flour and wheat.

Favorable accounts have been received from the party engaged in digging wells in the desert, from San Bernardino to Fort Yuma. Three wells, having an abundance of water, have been completed. The last Legislature appropriated $5,000 for digging wells on that route, with a view of shortening the overland route, if possible.

The experiment of establishing a camel express between Los Angelos and Fort Major, was commenced on the 21st, when the first camel was dispatched to Los Angelos.

The grape crop in the Southern counties yields well this year.

A large emigration is reported to be on the way from Salt Lake to San Bernardino and other Southern counties, composed partially of eastern emigrants, but principally of dissatisfied saints.

A severe thunder storm passed over the Central Valley portion of the State, accompanied with a shower of rain. The lightning prevented the working of the telegraph, an occurrence never before experienced since the working of the telegraph on the coast.

The overland emigration is arriving in considerable numbers. Stock in excellent condition. The principal part of the emigrants are from Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa.

The activity in trade continues with a healthy and steady country demand, no arrival of importance having occurred. A sensible inroad was being made on stocks.

Breadstuffs quite animated. Wheat is being taken freely for export to England and New York, and quotations may be advanced from 150 to 155 per 100 pounds.

The last downward steamer brought fifty tuns of copper ore from the new mines in Del Norte county, near Crescent city, on the northwestern coast of California. The ore gives evidence that the mines are of immense wealth.

The mining accounts from Carson Valley, as well as from the new Coro silver mines, near Owen's Lake, are encouraging, and public confidence in them is increasing. San Francisco assayers express astonishment at the richness of the ore received from the latter mines.

Oregon.—The latest news from Oregon comes by Overland Mail to Yuka, the northern terminus of the California telegraph, and thence telegraphed to San Francisco.

Accounts have become confused and contradictory, rendering it difficult to arrive at the correct conclusion of affairs. On the 25th ult., the latest dates, the best statement that can be made from conflicting accounts is, that on the 20th the House passed a resolution inviting the Senate to meet in joint convention, to elect U. S. Senators. The Senate, although without a quorum, accepted, and went into convention with the House. After twenty ballots without choice, the joint convention adjourned sine die, each branch of the Legislature returning to its separate organization. The House then adjourned sine die, on motion of Mr. Holbrook, by 17 to 13.

At the time of the adjournment, the Senate was keeping up its organization by adjourning from time to time, without a quorum. The Clerk of the House accordingly transmitted the sine die resolution to the Senate, and that body laid it on the table. The Oregon State Constitution contains a clause which says:—"Neither House shall have the power to adjourn, without the consent of the other, for a longer period than three days."

The Senate refused to adjourn, and insisted that the adjournment of the House was without their consent and was unconstitutional, while the members of the House claim that there was no Senate to ask consent of, as the Senate had been organized without a quorum. Soon after the determination of the Senate not to adjourn became known, although many members of the House had left for their homes, the Speaker convened all the members that the Sergeant-at-Arms could drum up, and proceeded to do business for several hours, taking no notice of their previous adjournment. Many of the members who voted for the adjournment, took part in the proceedings. After re-assembling, the House adopted a resolution appointing five members of the House to confer with the President of the Senate and the Governor of the State, relative to devising some plan by which the organization of the Senate can be perfected.

A later dispatch on the 26th ultimo, states that the six absent Senators who had so far prevented the organization of the Senate, had returned to Salem, and propose taking their seats. No explanation is given of the political consequence of this return, so the question now appears to be, whether the House was really adjourned *sine die*, so that the resolution cannot be renewed until the Constitutional period arrives.

Japan.—The brig Orbitt arrived at Victoria on the 12th, 31 days from Hogodadi, Japan. She went for a cargo of notions, but found the Japanese so unwilling to observe the treaty that she did not obtain a cargo. The captain states that Mexican dollars were at 50 per cent. discount, and other gold at the same rate. The French Minister at Jeddo had resigned, as his representations were all unattended to in respect to the treaty.

China.—There is little later news from China. A large British force had assembled, and it was rumored that the Chinese would make a great resistance, and a desperate fight was expected.

The Russian war steamers have been very active, moving about with large bodies of troops on board.

Sandwich Islands.—News is received from the Sandwich Islands to the 8th inst. Prince Lot, brother to the King, sailed from Honolulu on the 27th of August, for Victoria, and intends to visit San Francisco before returning home.

The Hawaiian Legislature adjourned on the 29th of August. A large appropriation bill was passed. There was no other change from ordinary public policy.

A Chinese trader had been permitted to sell opium throughout the kingdom, paying $2,000 per year for the privilege.

The investigation into the American Consulate affairs are reported to be bringing to light an old and thoroughly organized system of abuses. It appears that the united profits of the Consul, Hospital Physician, and Surveyor of the Port of Honolulu, have averaged more than $40,000 per annum, or more than three times what they legitimately could have been.

News had been received at Honolulu from the Kodiac, Bristol, and Arctic whaling grounds, to the latter part of July and beginning of August. The season catch had so far yielded but a slim average.

Loss of the Steamship Connaught.—The steamship Connaught, from Galway, via St. Johns, sprung a leak on the 6th inst., and took fire the following morning, about 140 miles from Boston light. All her passengers and crew were saved by the brig Minnie Scheffer, and brought to Scituate. Capt. Leitch, of the Connaught, reports that on the 6th inst., at 8 in the evening, 150 miles east of Boston, his ship sprung a leak in the engine-room. He succeeded in keeping it below the fires until four o'clock Sunday morning, when it gained rapidly, extinguishing the fires. At 9:30 he discovered smoke issuing from the aft stoke hole. Notwithstanding the utmost exertion, the fire gained, and soon drove the cabin passengers on deck. Water and fire both gaining, boats were got ready. There was a heavy sea. The first boat lowered was stove. Six others were launched successfully, and filled with passengers. About 12 o'clock the brig Minnie Scheffer saw our signal, and bore down about 7 in the evening, and took off the passengers. She had on board 50 cabin and 417 steerage passengers, and 154 crew. All were saved. The passengers saved nothing except the clothes in which they stood. The Connaught was valued at £120,000 and was fully insured in England. She was of iron, launched at Newcastle on Tyne, in April last, of over 4,000 tuns burden, and had five water-tight compartments.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Great Britain.—Lord Russell's note to James Hudson, the British Minister at Turin, expresses the fear that the attacks against the Roman States and the Kingdom of Naples, may lead to an attack on the possessions of Austria in Venetia. If the King of Piedmont was not at liberty to accept the preliminaries of Villa Franca and the treaty of Zurich, now that he has pledged his royal word, he is not at liberty to attack a nation with which he promised to live in peace and friendship. He said, should such an event occur, Italy would again be exposed to all the chances of uncertainty.

Orders have been received at London to prepare a considerable number of steamers for the conveyance of troops. It is asserted that these steamers are expected at Malta with reinforcements from England.

The weekly returns of the Bank of England show a decrease of £123,000. The discount market is stringent.

The text of Lord John Russell's warning to Sardinia, not to attack Venetia, is published.

The second body of English volunteers for Garibaldi, 450 strong, had embarked.

France.—The Sardinian Minister has had an audience with the Emperor, in order to take leave. The Legation was left in charge of the first Secretary.

General Goyon had issued an "order of the day," declaring his resolution to defend the Pope to the last.

An envoy from Rome, it is said, had arrived at Paris with the Pope's determination to the effect that, if France does not interfere to prevent the further progress of the Piedmontese, he will leave Rome forthwith.

The Paris correspondent of the London Daily News, says a council was held Thursday, at which it is understood the proposal from Gen. Goyon to augment the French army at Rome, to 20,000, and some say to put down Garibaldi, was discussed. It is to be feared there was a decision which will lead to a bloody war, and at the best put an end, for a long time, to all hope of the regeneration of Italy. Marshal Vaillant leaves Paris to take command of the army of Italy, and will speedily be followed by two divisions.

Naples.—Garibaldi consented to the deputation of Venetians publishing a journal in Naples to excite the people of Venetia to a general rising. He told them the present war was the only national one which could give them a country. Our battles are so many marches in our progress; on the summit alone we will stop. He authorized them to act as an association for the purpose of raising subsidies of all kinds of insurrectional war making.

The King's soldiers at Gaeta, demolished the residence of the French Consul under the pretence that there was concurrence between him and Garibaldi. A formal order was given to the Piedmontese commander to avoid conflict with the French, and even discussion of any point whatever with the French commanders.

It is reported that Garibaldi has withdrawn the command of the fleet from Admiral Persam.

The repulse of the Garibaldians at Campana is fully confirmed.

One account says they lost 400 killed and wounded, and 200 prisoners. Their positions are nevertheless maintained, and the attack renewed in force.

The King's troops are reported to number 50,000, and he is determined to show fight.

The Garibaldian Minister at Naples had resigned on account of the preponderance of Bectaine.

Signor Comforte is about to form a new Ministry professing extreme opinions.

Sardinia.—The Sardinians are reported to have carried on their seige of operations at Ancona. Notwithstanding the desperate resistance of the garrison, they took Fort Dellegrage. Forts Pelago and Perlito, at Ancona, were taken by assault by the Sardinians.

Victor Emanuel would leave for Florence and Bologna on the 29th.

It is said that Farini is to retire as a compromise between Garibaldi and Cavour's administration.

Ancona capitulated on the 29th.

Lamoriciere was a prisoner of war with all his troops.

The vanguard of the Sardinian army was at the Cuoli, six kilometers from Rome.

Rome.—It was asserted that the Pope's ultimatum for France threatens that he would quit Rome at once unless France interferes to stop the progress of the Sardinians. A majority of the Cardinals is reported to have recommended his departure. Additional French troops had been ordered, and French outposts had been placed two miles beyond Rome.

Austria.—It is stated that Austria intended to propose at Warsaw, that the different powers should not recognize the settlement of the Italian question as binding, without her consent.

Turkey.—Two Turkish war vessels are at Jeandaiere, and the commander declared that he would open a fire on the town upon the slightest attempt to create a disturbance.

Great misery and mortality existed at Constantinople. The public treasury deferred payment of interest due on public securities. Exchange on London had risen fourteen per cent.

China.—The rebels have taken Nantsieng City, in the silk districts.

An American named West undertook to re-capture Ningpoo, but failed and was wounded.

The allies left for Peibo on the 25th of July, and were to take the forts before treating. The French division was landing at Pehtang. A severe engagement had occurred with the pirates. Two hundred were slain, and two European leaders were captured.

Commercial Intelligence—*Breadstuffs.*—Liverpool breadstuffs generally firm. All qualities of wheat slightly advanced. The weather has been unsettled, and not so favorable for the crops. Wakefield, Nash & Co., Richardson, Spence & Co., Bigland, Althya & Co., and others, report flour firm, 28s6d@31s6d. Wheat active and advanced 1d@2d Sales of red at 11s@12s6d; white 12s@13s6d. Corn quiet and steady. Sales of mixed and yellow 35s@36s. *Provisions.*—Bigland, Althya & Co., and others report pork steady. Good old is quoted at 60s.

The News Condenser.

— Thanksgiving in New Hampshire November 29.

— The sister of the Empress Eugenie has recently died in France.

— The usual burden of a camel is about seven hundred and fifty pounds.

— One, three, and five-cent pieces, are unknown in the commerce of California.

— Horse railroads do not prosper in New Haven. Land owners claim land damages.

— The value of this season's tobacco crop in Connecticut will not fall short of $200,000.

— Lord Brougham completed his 82d year on the 19th ult. He is still in vigorous health.

— The Emperor has authorized the institution of a national shooting association in France.

— The population of Syria is about 1,655,000, while that of the Nomadic Arabs is only 50,000.

— A boot manufacturer in Milford has recently received a single order for 50,000 cases of boots!

— The Jamaica people are discussing the policy of annexing that colony to the United States.

— The largest steam whistle in the world is on a rolling mill in Toronto. It is 14 inches in diameter.

— The exports of wheat and flour from San Francisco, since June 1st, equal 172,000 barrels of flour.

— Only about one-third of the cranberry crop of Eastern Massachusetts will be gathered this season.

— Forty thousand head of cattle, worth $1,600,000, have been sent east from Iowa, in the past year.

— Thirty-five American vessels are already known to have been lost during the month of September.

— The water gas has been in successful operation at the Girard House, in Philadelphia, for three months.

— Pine apples are now successfully raised in Florida, proving hardier and more profitable than the banana.

— One thousand men are employed in the United States in the manufacture of sewing machine needles.

— Work, on the new road up the White Mountains, was suspended on Friday week by a fall of six inches of snow.

— A seven thousand pound fire bell, cast in Troy, for the city of Buffalo, was sent off on the cars on Saturday week.

— The cranberry crop in Martha's Vineyard was nearly destroyed by frost on the 30th ult., with other crops.

— A disastrous fire recently occurred in Long Acre, London, caused by the spontaneous combustion of lamp black.

— This year the British House of Commons has sat no less than 139 hours and 40 minutes after 12 o'clock at night.

— P. C. Waters, of Carlinville, Ill., dug a sweet potato on the 2d inst., measuring four feet and two inches in length.

— The barbers in Bangor, Me., have held a meeting and resolved not to shave the public or dress its hair on Sunday.

— A skating club has been organized in Detroit, and a new pond, comprising two and a half acres, is to be constructed.

— The will of Lady Byron has just been proved in England, and her personal property sworn to be under $300,000.

— In the town of Farmingdale, Kennebec Co., Me., there is no ordained clergyman, no lawyer, and no physician.

— At Ontonagon, Lake Superior, on Sept. 29th, water, which happened to remain in vessels out-doors, froze an inch thick.

— A large silken balloon, without a car, and without a name, was found last week in the woods near Hancock Co., Maine.

— The receipts for Customs at New York, for September, are $137,000 in excess of the corresponding month of last year.

— The Canada papers say that snow has already fallen at Quebec, and to such an extent as to prevent the cattle from grazing.

— The first new sugar and molasses of the season was received in New Orleans on the 27th ult., from the parish of St. Charles.

— An infant, in the arms of its mother, was crushed to death by the crowd pressing forward to see the Prince at the St. Louis Fair.

— A large number of Garibaldi's soldiers are said to be fair, pretty looking boys, not more than twelve or fourteen years old.

— The State House artesian well in Columbus, Ohio, is half a mile and four feet deep. The auger is in sandstone rock, but no water.

— Diptheria is prevailing to a considerable extent in Louisiana. Twenty-four negroes upon a single plantation were affected by it.

— Hon. Jas. French Strother, formerly a Member of Congress, from Va., died at his residence in Culpepper Co., on Friday week.

— Upwards of 80 colored residents of Pennsylvania have applied to the Colonization Society of that State as emigrants to Liberia.

— Boston is losing its old supremacy in the China and East India trade. Not a single cargo has arrived there from China this year.

— A first-class newspaper, devoted to American politics and interests, called the London American, has been established in London.

— Mrs. Burdell Cunningham was married but a few weeks since in California, and her new husband has already left her a widow.

— The St. Louis Court House, not completed, has already cost $1,250,000, and $1,250,000 more will probably be required to finish it.

— An iron church, which accommodates two hundred and fifty people, in a degraded portion of London, is opened for free preaching.

— The brig Ocean, of Tonawanda, was capsized on Lake Erie last week, and the crew drifted for 30 hours on a raft before they were picked up.

— There was a destructive inundation in the valley of the Rhone, in Switzerland, on the 1st of September. The crops are mostly destroyed.

— A bed of white marble has been discovered at Salisbury, Ct., considered equal to the Rutland statuary marble. The supply appears inexhaustible.

— The railroad just built connecting Brazoria Co., Texas, with the sea coast, has increased the tax list of that county $2,538,947 within two years.

— About 150,000 sheep have been driven out of Vermont, and sold at good prices, choice varieties from as high as $7 to $12 per head, since July 1st.

— There were eleven hundred and fifty-nine columns of Parliamentary debates published in the Times during the past session of the British Parliament.

— Mackerel are very abundant on the coast of Maine, and are caught in large quantities. They are too small for No. 1, but they are fat and of excellent quality.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

REMBRANDT PEALE, the eminent painter, famous for his portrait from life, of Washington, and the celebrated picture, "The Court of Death," is dead. He was eighty-three years old.

The unexampled health of New Orleans the present season, is attributed in part to the re-paving of the principal thoroughfares with granite blocks, thereby preventing noxious exhalations.

THE "American Wine Company," of Chicago are about to transfer their operations to St. Louis, being convinced of the superiority of the Missouri grape, and expect to produce from 60,000 to 70,000 gallons of wine the first season.

NINETY-SIX thousand Buffalo robes, worth $250,000, have been brought from the Upper Mississippi this year. They are all tanned by squaws, the braves not stooping to such menial work. In spite of this large number, prices will be high this winter, as there are fewer old ones in market than common.

A PACKAGE of Liberian coffee, raised on the farm of President Benson, in Bassa county, has been received in New York. The berry is uncommonly large and full, and light in color. The coffee raised in Liberia, according to the *Colonization Herald*, is declared to be the best known, and commands a much higher price than any other.

A MAN in Iowa, not far from Mercer county, Missouri, being annoyed very much with persons stealing watermelons, put poison in some of them. Five men who went into the enclosure got hold of some of these poisonous melons, ate three of them, and three of the party were found dead in the enclosure and two just outside.

A FIRM in Amherst, Mass., are manufacturing about fifteen hundred pounds of artificial leather daily, from scraps of leather and old pieces of rope. It has not been introduced out of New England, yet the demand is reported to be greater than the supply. The process of making is similar to that of manufacturing paper. So says the Boston Journal.

EARNINGS OF THE AUBURN PRISON.—The State Prison, at Auburn, has at length become a paying institution. The figures are as follows:

Total earnings and expenditures of Auburn Prison for the month of September, 1860.

Total contract earnings	$ 7,438 11
Miscellaneous "	8,441 37
Total earnings	$ 15,879 48
Total expenses for ordinary support	5,449 81
Earnings over expenditures	$ 10,429 67
Total receipts for the year ending September 30, 1860	100,315 74
Total ordinary expenses during same time	75,191 89
Profits over expenditures for the year	$ 25,153 85

FROM NEW MEXICO.—The New Mexican mail, with dates to the 21th ult., arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 8th inst. The preparations for a campaign against the Indians have not intimidated them. A party of them went into Fort Fauntleroy, a short time ago, and run off eighty head of cattle belonging to Dr. Connolly. The volunteers who enlisted for the war against the Navajoes, have marched for the place of rendezvouse. The election for members of the House of Representatives passed off quietly. J. A. Hubbell was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Judge Baird.

No news from the plains. But few Indians were seen, and they were friendly.

Publisher's Department.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN!

THE RURAL, ON TRIAL, AT HALF PRICE, And Premiums for Club Agents!

IN order to introduce it more readily to the notice and support of comparative strangers, (preparatory to the commencement of Vol. XII, in Jan. next,) we have concluded to offer the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the present Quarter — Oct. 1st to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, thus placing it within the reach and means of all non-subscribers who wish to give it a *fair trial*. We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many persons and post-offices as desired. We shall not make a farthing's direct profit, yet shall be glad to thus circulate 5,000 to 20,000 trial copies—for, though we may lose temporarily, it is believed the bread thus cast abroad will return ere long, while thousands of families will be benefited by making the acquaintance of the RURAL and becoming permanent subscribers. Below see Premiums offered for Trials.

A REQUEST, AND WHEREFORE.

— We ask its friends all over the land to aid in circulating the RURAL'S Campaign Quarter. Almost any one can readily obtain from 4 to 20 subscribers. "Where there's a *will* there's a way," and have not its friends in the East and West, North and South, the will to extend the circulation and usefulness of the favorite RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY of America?

PREMIUMS FOR TRIAL CLUBS!

THOUGH we cannot *afford* to give premiums for lists of Trial Subscribers, we are willing to reward those disposed to make an effort, and therefore offer the following liberal inducements for Quarter Clubs:

To the person sending the Largest List of Trial Subscribers for this Quarter, previous to the 1st of December, 1860, remitting pay at 25 cents per copy, we will give a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, (price $6 50.)

To the person sending the second largest list, as above, we will send, post-paid, Agricultural Books to the amount of $4—the books to be selected from list given in this number of the RURAL.

To the person sending the third largest list, as above, $3 in Ag'l Books, post-paid.

To EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pen, (price $1 50,) post-paid, or, if preferred, the RURAL NEW-YORKER from Oct. 1st, 1860, to Jan., 1862, (15 months.)

To EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, the RURAL NEW-YORKER for six months, or any 50 cent book in our list, post-paid.

☞ To any person who sends a club of 12 to 20, and does not become entitled to one of above premiums, we will send the RURAL for the Trial Quarter, *free*.

— NOW IS THE TIME to open and prosecute the Fall Canvass,—after which we shall offer Agent-Friends our programme for the Winter Campaign.

☞ Though we are daily receiving scores of Trial Subscribers, we can still furnish back numbers from Oct. 6th, having printed a large extra edition in order to supply the demand.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1861 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $2 magazine, for $3. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the RURAL is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1 25. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1.37½, and to Europe, $2 25—the extra charge being for postage.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Oct. 16, 1860.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—Although considerable is doing, we are unable to note any changes in rates. The last foreign news has had a tendency to strengthen the market, and holders are firm.

PROVISIONS—The prices for pork are not so firm as heretofore, and we are inclined to the belief that those having any large amount of stock on hand would be willing to make slight concessions. Fresh pork is beginning to make its appearance in market, and the range is $7,00@7,25.

DRIED FRUITS.—Now and then a package of dried fruit is on sale, and the prices at which the market is opening may be seen by reference to table of quotations.

HAY.—During the week hay has put on $1,00 per tun for best quality.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	14@15c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,31	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	63@75c
Corn, old	55@56c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush.	00@62c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	22@26c	Potatoes	25@38c
Barley	65@65c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@100c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$19,00@20,00	Lamb pelts	50@88c
Pork, clear	21,00@21,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	7,00@7,25	Clover, bushel	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ℔ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,25
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@8c	Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@10c	Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,25
Butter, roll	15@15c	Hay, tun	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	00@14c	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$0,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	0@6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—FLOUR—Demand less active and prices generally without change; the firmness of holders materially checks the export demand. Sales at $5,10@5,30 for super State; $5,60@5,72½ for extra do; $5,15@5,30 for super Western; $5,60@5,90 for common to medium extra do; $5,90@6,00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian less active, but market rules very firm; sales at $5,70@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat, demand less active and market scarcely so firm; prices, however, have undergone no material change; sales winter red Western at $1,37@1,40, on shipboard at $1,39; white Western also on shipboard at $1,17—freight on both parcels 12½c; white Michigan at $1,50@1,56; Milwaukee club at $1,30@1,33; Chicago spring at $1,24@1,29; white Ohio, Indiana, &c., $1,50—chiefly in store; amber Wisconsin at $1,33@1,35; red North Carolina at $1,42.—Rye scarce and very firm; sales prime at 85c. Barley in better request; sales at 80@85c for Canada East and West—including Canada West at 85c. to arrive. Corn in fair request, in part for export, without material change in prices; sales at 71½@71¾c, for mixed Western, afloat and in store. Oats in better request and firmer at 38½@40c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork quiet but firm; sales at $18,75@18,85 for mess; $14,50 for prime. Lard dull; sales at 12½@13½c. Butter steady at 11@15c for Ohio; 15@21c for State.—Cheese steady at 9@11c.

ASHES—The market is unchanged. Sales are 50 bbls. at $5,25 for Pots; $5,50 for Pearls.

ALBANY, Oct. 15.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—Our market for Flour opened very firm with a good demand from all quarters at the closing rates of Saturday. Some holders were asking an advance, but no quotable improvement can be made. Buckwheat Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged.

GRAIN—Wheat is in active milling request and for prime samples an advance of 3@4c ℔ bu., has been realized. We note sales of spring State at $1,15, Mediterranean at $1,30@1,31, and white Michigan at $1,53@1,55, principally at the latter figure. Corn is rather more active and the market is firmer. A further sale was made on Saturday of Western mixed at 67½c, and this morning do. at 68c, and round yellow at 70c. Barley is in fair request and unchanged in value. The sales aggregate 36,000 bu., including four-rowed State at 75c; Canada via Buffalo, at 76½c; Canada East at 81, and West at 84@85c. Oats firmer and more active. Sales State at 36c.

FEED—Sales 100 tuns at 70 for coarse and 86 for fine feed.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Oct. 15.—FLOUR—In moderate demand and market steady; sales at $5,00 for extra Wisconsin; $5@5,50 for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat in fair demand and better: sales Saturday afternoon, No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,07½. No 1 do. at $1,09; No. 1 Milwaukee club at $1,11@1,12, and red winter Ohio and Michigan at $1,20@1,21. This morning, No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,07½; No. 1 Milwaukee club at $1,13; red winter Ohio at $1,21, and white do. at $1,30. Corn firmer and in good demand; sales Saturday afternoon, at 56@56½c. This morning, also at 56@56½c. Oats market quiet and nominal. Barley firm and in fair demand; sales this morning on p. t. Rye quiet at 66c.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess pork lower, held at $19,25: no light mess or prime offering. Mess Beef is quoted at $7,50, and prime at $5,00. Bacon scarce and none offering. Receipts of cheese are extremely light and the market is firm. The range of prices from store is 10@11c.—*Com. Adv.*

TORONTO, Oct. 11.—FLOUR—There is more activity in the flour market. The demand is slight, and it being almost purely speculative, is not steady. Prices are now and again based on quotations, but they cannot be regarded as other than nominal under the circumstances. The offerings are increasing and should the next steamer's news be of a favorable character, considerable sales will likely be consummated. We quote

Superfine No. 1	$4.20@4,25
Fancy	4,30@4,40
Extra	5,90@6,00
Double Extra	6,25@6,50
Oatmeal	4,00@4,10
Split peas	3,50@0,00

GRAIN—The market for fall wheat has been unusually steady since the date of our last review. The quality of the grain brought in has of late been excellent. This fact tended to keep rates more uniform, and the range was therefore narrow. Medium to good lots brought $1,25@1,28, good to prime $1,28@1,31; and for prime to extra prime $1,31@1,33 ℔ bushel. Common and low grade wheat was sold at $1,15@1,20. Spring wheat is in increased supply, and is enquired for at $1@1,05 for ordinary to good, and $1@1,10 for good to prime; $1,07 being freely paid for the latter sample. Oats are in rather increased supply, and the demand is hardly so active. Prices are therefore in favor of the buyer, but nevertheless are firm at 27@28c ℔ bushel, the latter being the current rate. Barley, the deliveries have fallen off, and have averaged over 3,500 bushels during the week, but on Tuesday upwards of 6,000 bushels were sold. The market was a shade easier towards the close, 65c being the current outside figure, and varying from that to 60c. The average, however, is not lower than 60c ℔ bushel. Peas are offered only sparingly, and prices remain steady at 50@60c ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—During the past week the market has been quiet and the supply light. Sales were made throughout the week at $5,25@5,50; but yesterday and today both summer packers and shippers were more eager to purchase, and the sales ranged from $5,50@5,75. The sales were:

45 Hogs averaging	208 lbs at	$5,60
51 " "	235 lbs at	5,65
106 " "	265 lbs at	5,70
41 " "	275 lbs at	5,75
119 " "	245 lbs at	5,65
75 " "	220 lbs at	5,50

—[*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, Oct. 11.—Provisions are dull, but holders are firm at $17,75@18,00 for mess pork, and 9@11¼ for bacon shoulders and sides. There is an improved feeling in the market for hogs for future delivery; we hear of sales of about 4,000 head for December at $6,50. For November they are mostly held at $6,75, with buyers at from $6,50 to $6,65. The large contracts that have been made throughout the West will operate in favor of sellers, and prospect is that the great bulk of the crop will change hands at prices highly remunerative to feeders. The assessors have made returns for twenty-six counties, to the Auditor's office, at Columbus, of the number of hogs assessed. The figures compare as follows:

Twenty-six Counties 1860	621,649
Twenty-six Counties 1859	756,679
Decrease in 1860	135,030

The same ratio of decrease in the remaining counties would make a falling off of 457,000 head. Western packers are offering box meats at 8¾ for long-rib, 9 for long clear, and 9¼ for short clear, but are unable to effect contracts, though these figures might be realized for good city brands. Mess pork for December is held at $16,50, bulk meat at 6¾@8½, and barrel lard at 10½, with buyers at ¼ below these figures.—*Gazette.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt	$9,00@9,50
Ordinary quality	8,25@9,00
Common quality	7,00@8,00
Inferior quality	5,50@6,50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@60,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	6 @7c
Ordinary quality	4½@5½
Common quality	3½@4
Inferior quality	3 @3½
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,00@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	6¾@7c
Other qualities	6¼@6½

ALBANY, Oct. 15.—Beeves—Notwithstanding that the supply is about the same as last week—being only 129 head short, the demand is quick for the best and middling droves, at a shade higher prices. There are comparatively few prime beeves on sale, and only two or three droves strictly premium. For the most part the supply is made up of light, green stock, unfit for market, and for this description the trade is heavy at declining prices. Of the better grades both New York and Brighton are buying quite freely.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	4,080	4,284	3,179
Sheep	5,118	4,068	10,398
Hogs	1,163	547	772

Prices—We quote the market pretty active for the better grades, and dull for inferior, at the following rates:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@6¼	5 @6¼
Extra	4½@5	4½@4¾
First quality	3½@4	3½@4¼
Second quality	2¾@3	2¾@3
Third quality	2¼@2½	2¼@2½

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 10.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,915—about 1,500 Beeves, and 415 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,75; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@160.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 30, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—6,000 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25@2,75@3,75.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—10@12c ℔ lb. Pelts, $1@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 11.—At market, 1,500 Beeves, 500 Stores, 6,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 700 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,50@0,00; first quality, $7,00@7,25; second quality, $0,00@6,50; third quality, $4@5,50.

WORKING OXEN—$85, $90@100.

MILCH COWS—$18@46.

VEAL CALVES—$3,0@4,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $00@00; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@16.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10@12c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,50@1,75; extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—$1@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@0c ℔ lb; retail 6¼@—. Spring pigs 7c; retail 6½@8c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—The market is very quiet, and there is no sale for Fleece of any description but California, which is taken up immediately on arrival at 12@30c, as to quality. Other qualities may be quoted as follows:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	53@55
Am. full-blood Merino	47@51
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	40@46
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	30@38
Extra, Pulled	43@50
Superfine, Pulled	35@38
No. 1, Pulled	28@31
Lamb's, Pulled	34@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	22@35
California, common do.	10@15
Peruvian, washed	26@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	12½@28
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	10@16
South American, unwashed	8@11
South American Cordova, washed	23@22½
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@16
African, washed	16@25
Smyrna, unwashed	10@15
Smyrna, washed	24@26
Mexican, unwashed	11@11

[*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—The demand for Fleece and Pulled Wool has been fair, and sales of 150,000 lbs, at previous prices. A lot of 60 bales Texas and California sold on private terms; and 500 bales Spanish, South American, and Mediterranean at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	25@32
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	15@28
¾ and ⅞ blood	40@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	28@31

Marriages.

IN Mendon, Monroe Co., N. Y., on the 11th inst., by the Rev. N. HURD, HENRY C. WOOD of Pittsford, and PHEBE ANN, youngest daughter of TIMOTHY BARNARD, Esq., of the former place.

Deaths.

IN Otoe city, Nebraska Territory, on the 24th of September, 1860, HENRY ADAMS, formerly of Holley, Orleans Co., N. Y., aged sixty-three years.

In this city, on the 14th inst., of whooping cough, MARY ALICE O'MALEY QUINN, aged 11 months and 14 days.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, In Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

∴ In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.—This Bank has funds to loan on bond and mortgage, on improved farms, in the counties of Monroe, Livingston, Genesee, Orleans, Ontario, and Wayne.
562-13t EDWARD WHALIN, Sec'y.

$100 PER MONTH—Made by any active person, with the cheapest and best STENCIL TOOLS in the market. Before purchasing elsewhere, be sure to send for my latest Circular and samples, which are free. Address
562-2t D. L. MILLIKEN, Brandon, Vt.

$80 PER MONTH—AGENTS WANTED—Great inducements are offered. For particulars send 1 red stamp. Address—MERCANTILE AGENCY, Milan, Ohio.
☞ The parties are responsible and their business a legitimate one.—*Western Gleaner, Cleveland, Ohio.*

PRINCES NEW CATALOGUE OF GRAPES comprising over 200 varieties. Prince's Catalogue of Bulbous Flowers, Pæonies, Dahlias, &c., very comprehensive. Applicants to send stamps for these and other Catalogues. Prices are lower than ever before offered.
552-11 WM. R. PRINCE & CO., Flushing, N. Y.

20,000 DWARF PEAR TREES—of fine growth, and a full assortment of other Fruit Trees, both Standard and Dwarf, Small Fruits, Evergreens, Roses, Stocks for Nurserymen, &c. ☞ Send for Catalogues of the *Columbus Nursery*.
M. B. BATEHAM & CO.
Columbus, Ohio, Oct., 1860. 562-2

TO NURSERYMEN, &c.—FOR SALE—Two hundred thousand French Quince Stocks, for dwarfing the Pear—my own growing and fine—at prices as follows:
First size, at $10 per thousand.
Second size at $6 per thousand.
In large quantities at still lower rates.
Rochester, N. Y., Oct., 1860. G. W. EASTMAN. 562-2t

BEST SIX NEW GRAPES.—Delaware, Diana, Concord, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific and Union Village—good one year old roots, warranted genuine, will be furnished, packed in moss for Express, for $5 the set, or for $4 we will send the Rebecca and York Madeira, (same as *Marion Port* and *Hyde's Eliza*,) Clinton, Catawba and Isabella, making 10 varieties. ☞ Send for *Descriptive Catalogue of the Columbus Nursery*.
Columbus, O., Oct., 1860. M. B. BATEHAM & CO.

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Dansville, N. Y.
O. B. MAXWELL & CO.,

In addition to their extensive stock of Fruit and Ornamental Trees, offer for the Autumn of 1860 and Spring of 1861, an immense stock of

SMALL FRUITS.

HARDY NATIVE GRAPES—Anna, Catawba, Concord, Clara, Delaware, Diana, Isabella, Hartford Prolific, and Rebecca, very strong and well-grown.

RASPBERRIES—Red and Yellow Antwerp, Catawissa, Fastolf, Franconia, Large Fruited Monthly, and Brinckle's Orange, by the thousand, very low.

CURRANTS—White and Red Dutch, Black Naples, Victoria, Cherry, and White Grape.

GOOSEBERRIES—Houghton's Seedling, 1, 2, and 3 years, very cheap.

BLACKBERRIES—New Rochelle and Dorchester.

STRAWBERRIES—Of all the leading sorts.

RHUBARB, ASPARAGUS, &c.

☞ Descriptive and Wholesale Catalogue furnished to applicants.
Dansville, N. Y., Sept. 24, 1860. 560-3t

THE GROVER & BAKER NOISELESS FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

Is rapidly superseding all others for family use. The Double Lock-Stitch formed by this Machine is found to be *the only one* which survives the wash-tub on bias seams, and, therefore, the only one permanently valuable for Family Sewing.

IT IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD

For families to use, who desire a stitch unrivaled for BEAUTY, ELASTICITY, and STRENGTH. This machine sews equally well on all fabrics; muslin, cotton, linen, woolen cloth, etc.; from the finest SWISS MUSLIN up to the HEAVIEST BEAVER CLOTH or LEATHER. It finishes its own work, which is more durable than any fabric, runs at a quicker rate of speed than any other, is very simple in its construction, easily understood, and with proper management NEVER GETS OUT OF ORDER.

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559] ☞ SEND FOR A CIRCULAR. [4t

"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT."

The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.

WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the detailed management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired; and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the service or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, which the statement or statements are not true, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, by the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accurately by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in its broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights" or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to

Rev. ROBERT DICK,
Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.

Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.

☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that the gross absurdity is all that Mr. Dick has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which the gross absurdity is not surreptitiously smuggled in any manner: neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 532-tf

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THIS Packer was invented with a full knowledge of what was wanted for the important business, and has risen in this short time to be a staple and desirable article. No Farmer with Fruit to pack should or would be without one if he knew its advantages. It is entirely of Iron and will last a lifetime. See cut in RURAL of Sept. 29. Price $3,50.

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WE would call the attention of Guano Dealers, Planters, and Farmers, to the article which we have on hand and for sale at

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which we claim to be superior to any Guano or Fertilizer ever imported or manufactured in this country.

This Guano is imported by

WILLIAM H. WEBB,
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Sold genuine and pure as imported by the Cargo, or at retail by

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It has been satisfactorily tested by many of our prominent farmers, and analyzed by the most eminent and popular Agricultural Chemists, and found to contain, (as will be seen by our Circular,) a large per centage of

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THIS WORLD.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Behold! an idle tale they tell,
And who shall blame their telling it?
The rogues have got their cant to sell—
The world pays well for selling it.
They say the world's a desert drear,
Still plagued with Egypt's blindness;
That we were sent to suffer here—
What! by a God of kindness?
That since the world has gone astray,
It must be so forever;
And we should stand still and obey
Its desolateness. Never!
We'll labor for the better time,
With all our might of Press and Pen;
Believe me—'tis a truth sublime—
God's world is worthy better men.

Oh, they are bold—knaves ever bold—
Who say that we are doomed to anguish;
That men in God's own image mold,
Like hell-hound slaves must languish.
Probe nature's heart to its red core,
There's more of good than evil;
And man—down-trampled man—is more
An angel than a devil.
Prepare to die! Prepare to live!
We know not what is living;
And let us for the world's good give,
As God is ever giving.
Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth, and Time,
To win the primal age again;
Believe me—'tis a truth sublime—
God's world is worthy better men.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"SOME PEOPLE'S PROFESSIONS."

A STORY OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND MINE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

[Continued from page 332, last number.]

Mellicent felt her way up the three flights of steep, rickety stairs that led to the attic of the old tenement house where the Rodmans lived. She knocked at the door, but the crying of the baby within prevented her being heard, so she ventured upon entering without further ceremony. The low, small apartment, was but dimly lighted by the almost wasted candle. In the uncertain light she distinguished Mrs. Rodman, with the shrieking child in her arms, vainly striving to soothe its cries.

"Oh, Miss Fielding! how glad I am you have come." The woman's voice told that she was weeping. "God must have sent you, I do believe. My poor baby! I was trying to put the bandages on, but he screams so I cannot. I am afraid he will wake up Timmy, and the dear boy has not had a wink of sleep before to-day." She gave a deep, heavy sigh of utter weariness, then began singing a lullaby as she cradled the child in her arms.

Mellicent having introduced herself, and made known the object of her visit, was as gratefully welcomed as Esther would have been. She placed her flowers in the little cracked pitcher which Timmy kept standing by his bedside, even when he had no flowers to fill it with, as was most generally the case. She wept as she bent over his pillow, and could not help smoothing back his curly hair, and kissing his broad, full forehead, his thin white face was so like to the one she last saw within its coffin.

Mellicent took the babe from the mother's tired arms, and soon caroled down the heavy lids. Then she insisted upon Mrs. Rodman's taking a little rest if possible, and she would prepare supper for the father, who was momentarily expected home from his day's hard labor. She saw the grateful smile that followed her about the room, and forgot the heart-ache and head-ache in the sweet reward she was reaping.

"Miss Fielding was very kind to send you to watch with Timmy," said Mrs. Rodman. "I am afraid it would prove too much for me if I should attempt taking care of him to-night, and if I should fall sick John would have to leave his work, and God only knows what would become of us then. I have prayed all day for strength to bear up under my load a little longer, at least, for the children's sakes.

"Are you often without any one to assist you?" asked Mellicent.

Mrs. Rodman's tears flowed faster as she replied—

"I am alone here, with my two children, from morning until night, unless Miss Fielding drops in, like an angel, as she is, and helps me carry my sorrow a little way—"

The sound of a footstep ascending the stairs, summoned a sweet smile to Mrs. Rodman's face, hiding, in a great measure, her suffering anxiety and care. A tall, broad-shouldered man, with an honest face, be-grimed by smoke and soot, opened the door, and was met upon the threshold by the wife, who was greeted by an affectionate kiss, and an anxious inquiry concerning herself, Timmy, and the baby.

"I hoped to get away to-night a little earlier than usual, Mary, but was prevented by a pressing order. How tired you look, dearie. Does your side pain you still?"—and he drew her again to his breast, with a sincere tenderness that led Mellicent to think poor Mrs. Rodman not so very poor after all.

"This is Miss Kelly, a friend of Miss Fielding, who has come to watch with Timmy to-night," said Mrs. Rodman, when a chance for the introduction presented itself.

John Rodman instantly arose upon seeing Mellicent, and, extending his big, brawny hand toward her, said, low and earnestly,

"We are very grateful to Miss Fielding and to you, Miss Kelly. Such instances of unbought charity, on Miss Fielding's part and yours, should convince me, if anything can, of the existence of Christian benevolence."

"Did you ever doubt its existence?" asked Mellicent, with a gentle rebuke in her kind eyes.

"I distrust its existence where it is the loudest proclaimed." His face showed that he was fanning a half-smothered fire into fury again. "There ought to be a faint spark of the rare virtue somewhere in the world, seeing it is trumpeted so much—"

His wife here quietly interposed her request that he should drop that unpleasant topic, and never resume it again. He smiled kindly upon her, and ceased speaking; then stealing softly to Timmy's bed, he bent down and kissed the slumbering boy.

Mellicent heard his suppressed sigh, and saw him brush the tears from his eyes as he sat down beside the cradle where the baby lay. His wife could not see his face as he sat there watching their sweet babe, and it was well she did not, for it revealed the misanthropy, rebellion, and despair—the distrust in God's mercy—and the hatred of his lot which was writhing day by day like a serpent in his breast. He covered it from his wife, but he dared bare all to his God when he did not disbelieve in His existence. Crushed in the mire of poverty, held down by a force he could not master, forbidden to elevate himself by the strength he was hourly conscious of, to a position of honor and wealth, his proud spirit looked to Satan for a counselor, and threatened to strike a fearful blow of some kind, in the desperate hope of changing, if not bettering, the sphere of his life. Long before the baby was born, this bitterness had been in his breast, and it is needless to say the new trouble his advent brought, made John Rodman more rebellious than before. This state of mind dated back to the winter they moved from Miss Cripps' house. Timmy was gaining a little then—they had delayed their removal solely on his account, and John had lost many a day's work that hard winter to stay home and nurse the little fellow, when the mother was too feeble to wait upon him. It was a bitter cold day that they were obliged to move, and Timmy need never hope to recover from the chill he received. The doctor had told them so—and they were only waiting for the release to come. And with all this, those deformed little feet; and he, the most loving of fathers, must submit to having his child grow up a helpless cripple, because of the curse of poverty. All this he brooded over when his wife's eye was not upon him—he loved her too tenderly to add so much to the heavy load she already staggered under. So, when in the midst of his revery that evening he felt her soft touch upon his shoulder, he looked up with the smile he wore upon entering the room.

"Come, father, our tea is ready. Miss Kelly has toasted our dry bread, and made it very tempting." She bent down and kissed the dreaming babe, drawing the blanket over the chubby arms that had stolen out of their nest. "Oh, he is such a good babe, John—such a comfort to me, after all. I tried to put on the bandages this afternoon, but I must have hurt him, for he cried very hard, and I had not the strength to persevere." Softly she raised up the cradle spread, exposing the deformed little feet, beautiful with all their deformity. Very tenderly she kissed them, and wrapped them in the warm folds again—the unutterable sorrow of her heart speaking distinctly from her face. The father shut his lips tightly together and turned away.

"I should be very unhappy," she said, when seated at the supper table, "if I did not have a hope that something will turn up soon, and we can have the surgical operation performed."

"Gold does not rain down poor men's chimnies, now-a-days," replied John, with a bitter smile.

"But God takes care of us—and I do firmly believe—" she paused, chilled to silence by the cold, sarcastic expression, verging upon ridicule, with which her husband was regarding her. The look that unguarded revelation made settled gloomily over her heart, causing the few sickly flowers of happiness she had tenderly nursed through dreary winters, to hang their heads as if a sudden frost had sapped their life. But not many moments after the sunshine burst in, and they held up their heads again, for Esther Fielding came.

John Rodman could scarcely believe his eyes! Fifty dollars lying within his own hand! Esther had brought it, and, in reply to the many inquiries they made, could only tell them that the money was contributed by a few charitably disposed ladies in behalf of the baby, most of it by one who had long before dedicated her fortune to the Master's service.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, there is the carrier, Mellicent! What a blessed relief!" Miss Cripps yawned and fell back upon the sofa cushions again, where she had been lounging all day. It was nearly five in the afternoon, the day after the ball. Her hair was in papers, her eyes sunken and red, and her incessant yawning and petulant retorts had made their lasting impression upon Mellicent, who had been forced into her companionship, and compelled to listen to a ceaseless account of the festivities since morning.

Miss Cripps was as dissatisfied with the *Post* that evening as she was with everything else. The description of the party she had deviated so far from the usual routine of her life to attend, was meagre indeed; not only unjust, in her consideration, to Dr. Grimsby, of whom but brief mention was made, but to the many stars of exclusive aristocracy who had honored the gay assembly with their presence and patronage. She had confidently expected a leader upon the topic, studded full with initials and pretty flatteries, and in her impatience for the carrier's shrill cry, she had dreamed out her expectancy like this:

"In the drawing-room where many of the most distinguished guests were assembled, everybody was delighted to discover the stately figure and still beautiful face of Miss D——s C——s, who reminded not a few of her admirers of that valiant and beneficent gentleman, her father, Gen. C——s, of the 32d."

But the editors of the *Post* had spared themselves such an effort, and their readers, particularly our heroine, such a fund of entertainment; and Miss D——s C——s having glanced cursorily over the lengthy columns, was about throwing down the sheet with her hearty contempt, when a little paragraph under the head of "Home Matters" caught her dissatisfied eye, and after reading that paragraph through slowly, twenty times at the least, her poor brain reeled as wildly as it did after waltzing with Dr. Grimsby the night before. It was astounding, perplexing, yet too gratifying to her morbid appetite to deny herself, particularly when the dainty morsel was served up so exactly to her taste, unasked for, unexpected and unearned. She cut the interesting item from the paper before leaving it where Mellicent might read it. She did not wish to be catechized. Thus said the *Post:*

"Among the rare instances of christian charity which we sometimes have had the opportunity of recording as occurring in our own city, we can remember none more praiseworthy than the last benevolent deed of a distinguished benefactress. We doubt if any of her donations to the many societies depending upon her aid—her bequest to —— Hospital, the —— Infirmary, the St. George Ragged School, &c., &c., have conferred more good and lasting happiness than the deed we now take pleasure in making known, although it was a humble one by the wayside, never intended for the public eye. A poor man living in one of the wretched tenements on the river quay, has lately received from her the sum of fifty dollars, to expend upon an infant son, whose feet are wretchedly deformed, but whose deformity can be removed by a skillful surgical operation and proper care. We understand that the benevolent lady not only donates this amount, but spends much of her time in this abode of suffering and want, lessening, as far as she is able, the burden of the poor, feeble mother. Who can paint the contrast between what the future of that child now promises to be, and what it would have been, had he been compelled by his father's poverty to grow up a helpless cripple."

That Miss Dorcas Cripps was the benevolent lady spoken of, Miss Dorcas Cripps did not for a moment doubt, or that any one in her wide circle of acquaintances would hesitate in assigning the compliment to her. There was a queer mistake somewhere,—but the self-sacrificing woman was powerless to deny herself so dainty a morsel of praise. And then, why should she publish a refutation of the statement? Would it not be modest in her to admit that she could suppose herself, even for a moment, to be the benefactress so highly lauded by the *Post*. She would be found on the side of humility at least, if found out at all.

John Rodman's step and heart were lighter than they had been for many a day, as he hastened home from the furnace the night following the one upon which we last parted with Miss Cripps. His ambition was beginning to struggle,—his hope to look up again. He had accomplished double his usual amount of labor that day, and felt rich enough to buy a rosy red apple for Timmy from the old woman on the corner, whom he had never patronized before. His step quickened when he saw the dim light of the attic window of his home, for he knew that Mary was already listening for his footfall. How busy his thoughts had been all day—his breast overflowed with gratitude to the unknown angel hand which had conferred upon them a greater blessing than he had believed it in the power of heaven to grant.

At the foot of the stairs, drawn up in the corner, where the light from the street lamp could fall but dimly upon him, an old man, with a thin, sharp visage, a hungry-shark eye, and bony hands clutching a staff which seemed to support him more than his shivering legs, had been waiting a half hour or more for John Rodman to come home. It portended no good, on old Epping's part at least. Had John sought the interview and appointed the meeting, we might conclude that in his bitterness and rebellion he had called upon Satan to deliver him. It was well he had not found the wily snake coiled in his path the night before,—there was less danger now. But more than once during his conflict of the last few weeks, he had thought seriously of searching out the unscrupulous old miser, confident that profitable work would be given him,—and what cared he what that work might be?

* * * * "No, I cannot serve you in any way, Isaac Epping," quickly answered John, in his roughest manner, shaking off the clammy hand that had seized his like the talons of a vulture.

"Ah—I have been mistaken," muttered the old man, studying John with his snake-like eye,—"I thought you might be glad to earn something besides your wages just now,—but no matter,—no matter. I can find somebody else,"—and he shuffled into the street, pausing a moment upon the doorstep for John to recall him if he chose; but he did not.

"I wonder what he wanted of me," mused John, ascending the stairs. "Nothing good, I may be sure. Lucky that I did not fall in with him last night. Ugh! Perhaps there is a God in it, as Mary says." [Conclusion next week.]

Domestic Faults.—Homes are more often darkened by the continual recurrence of small faults, than by the actual presence of any decided vice. These evils are apparently of very dissimilar magnitude; yet it is easier to grapple with one than the other. The eastern traveler can combine his force and hunt down the tiger that prowles upon his path; but he scarcely can escape the mosquitoes that infest the air he breathes, or the fleas that swarm the earth he treads. The drunkard has been known to renounce his darling vice; the slave to dress and extravagance, her besetting sin; but the waspish temper, the irritating tone, rude, dogmatic manners, and the hundred nameless negligences that spoil the beauty of association, have rarely done other than proceed till the action of disgust and gradual alienation has turned all the currents of affection from their course, leaving nothing but a barren track, over which the mere skeleton of the companionship stalks along.

Wit and Humor.

Why is T like an amphibious animal? Because it is found both in earth water.

What is that which ladies look for but never wish to find? Answer—A hole in the stocking.

Naval architects are discussing the question what shape is best for a vessel. Undoubtedly it should be ship shape.

A down-east editor says he has seen the contrivance our lawyers use when they "warm up with the subject." He says it is a glass concern, and holds about a pint.

De Quincy being asked why there were more women than men, replied:—"It is in conformity with the arrangements of Nature: we always see more of Heaven than Earth."

Affairs of the heart are productive of so many tragedies, that however much love may laugh at locksmiths, he can hardly feel any such disposition toward gunsmiths.

The advantage of ignorance—Men have gained immortality by writing; but those who can not write are sure to make their mark in the world.

When persons are delirious they are said to be "out of their head." As most heads are constituted, we should suppose, their owners would be more sensible then than at any other time.

Didn't Get Much.—"Pray, my good man," said a Judge to an Irishman, who was a witness on a trial, "what did pass between you and the prisoner?"

"Och! then, plase your lordship," says Pat, "sure, I sees Phelim a top of the wall. Paddy," says he. "What?" says I. "Whist!" says he. "Hush!" says I. And that's all, your lordship."

How Dick took the Turkeys.—A story is told of Dick, a darkey, in Kentucky, who was a notorious thief, so vicious in this respect that all the thefts in the neighborhood were charged to him. On one occasion Mr. Jones, a neighbor of Dick's master, called and said that Dick must be sold out of that part of the country, for he had stolen all his (Mr. Jones') turkeys. Dick's master could not think so. The two, however, went into the field where Dick was at work, and accused him of the theft.

"You stole Mr. Jones' turkeys," said the master.

"No, I didn't, massa," responded Dick.

The master persisted.

"Well," at length said Dick, "I'll tell you massa; I didn't steal dem turkeys, but last night I went across Mr. Jones' pasture, and saw one of your rails on de fence, so I brought home de rail, and, confound it, when I come to look, dare was nine turkeys on de rail!"

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 31 letters.
My 10, 31, 12, 1 is a vegetable.
My 9, 24, 18, 28 is a mineral.
My 4, 2, 29, 27, 11 is an animal.
My 5, 6, 21, 2 is a preposition.
My 14, 8, 31 is to fasten.
My 19, 13, 25, 14, 11, 29 is good to eat.
My 3, 30, 6 is a large cask.
My 7, 18, 24, 27, 9 is an artificial substance.
My 15, 16 is commonly classed among conjunctions.
My 26 is a pronoun.
My 23, 20, 29, 18 is to throw.
My 17, 6, 3, 2 is a preposition.
My 22, 12, 3, 31, 29 is the first of beverages.
My whole is a universal maxim.

Hopewell, Ont. Co., N. Y. Mary E. Hyslop.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 7, 22, 3, 14 was one of the sons of Adam.
My 9, 4, 2, 6 was one of the children of Enoch.
My 8, 20, 10, 2, 23 was a son of Japheth.
My 15, 19 was a country of the Chaldees.
My 5, 16, 1, 2, 14 was a son of Midian.
My 17, 12, 9, 11 is a mountain where Esau dwelt.
My 21, 5, 2, 11 was the feeling of Jacob after robbing Esau of Isaac's blessing.
My 18, 2, 10, 7, 15, 23 was the birthplace of Paul.
My 13, 9, 18, 15, 7 was called the son of Paul after the common faith.
My whole may be found in the Proverbs of Solomon.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. Harry Gaylord.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

POETICAL ENIGMA.

For your dear sakes, ye lovely fair, I'm made,
Through you my brightest virtues are display'd;
Soon as you deign my presence to command,
And me permit to kiss your snow-white hand;
Lo! at your feet, behold a valued friend,
In grateful sense of this high honor, bend;
The obligation dies with parting breath,
And, like true friendship, only ends in death.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ASTRONOMICAL QUESTION.

In the year 1852, the month of February contained five Sundays. In what year will the same thing occur again? Also, when will it occur the second time?

Gainesville, Wyo. Co., N. Y. J. Martin Brainerd.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 560.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Acquire honesty, seek humility, practice economy, and love fidelity.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Prosperity makes friends, adversity tries them.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—Geese, 57½ cents; ducks, 34½ cents.

Answer to Poetical Problem:—A cup and saucer.

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VOL. XI. NO. 43.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 563.

IRVING, N Y

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS:

THEIR LATE RETROGRESSION, AND ITS CAUSES.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES have become quite popular throughout the Union and the Canadas. During the past decade they have largely augmented in numbers, influence and usefulness.—They have been regarded as great auxiliaries to Improvement in Agriculture, Horticulture and the Mechanic Arts. Their design and professed objects have been laudable and noble; and hence the most intelligent, progressive and enterprising citizens have contributed to their organization and support. The increase of these associations—State, County, Union and Town—within the past few years has been remarkable. Beneficial results to community have been anticipated, and, in many, perhaps most instances, realized. But no human institution is perfect. Associations, like individuals, sometimes become frail and selfish, if not corrupt, when correction and reform are eminently necessary to continued usefulness and prosperity. Thus much generally, prefatory to what particularly refers to the present position of our Agricultural Societies.

Now that the season for holding Agricultural Fairs is nearly past, and the results of the multitudinous exhibitions are being made public, it is evident to all who observe and read that there has been a noteworthy retrogression—that the recent shows have been far less interesting, useful and successful than those of the former and previous years. After making due allowance for unfavorable weather, (which has not perhaps been a greater drawback this than last year, taking the whole country into account,) it is apparent, from the reports reaching us from various and widely separated sections, that—either owing to a lack of interest and zeal on the part of the people, or other causes as yet unexplained—the recent exhibitions have been comparatively meagre, and the attendance and receipts much less than heretofore. This remark will prove true, we apprehend, in regard to a great majority of the Fairs of 1860—and we regret the necessity of believing, and the duty of uttering and commenting upon, such unpleasant intelligence. There are certainly noble exceptions, instances of marked success, but these are few and far between, compared with those of former years. Taking the reported results of the National, State, and Local exhibitions of the present season, we think the deterioration in display, attendance, and consequent spirit and interest manifested, will prove quite unsatisfactory, not to say discouraging, to the large and intelligent class who believe Agricultural Associations and their Fairs to be indispensable aids to Rural and Mechanical Progress and Improvement. The reports of meagre exhibitions and unsatisfactory results, financially and otherwise, are so general that none will gainsay their tendency, while thousands must deplore the inauspicious results—the decadence of our Societies in popularity, influence and usefulness.

Assuming, upon the general data referred to and our own observation, (comparatively limited, we admit, this season,) that the recent Fairs have been less interesting, useful and successful than usual of late years, it is pertinent and of vital importance to the paramount interests of the country to ascertain what has mainly contributed to a result so unfavorable, in order that the proper remedy may be applied and reform instituted in future. Let us endeavor to trace results—failures, if we may be allowed the expression—to their legitimate causes or sources.

In seeking reasons for the non-success of late Fairs, we can find little consolation in saying the weather was unfavorable, for in that respect the present autumn has been no worse than the preceding. Nor can we attribute the diminution to any lack of prosperity or fruitfulness, for, with rare exceptions, our whole country has been favored with extraordinary crops, and the producers are more prosperous, in the aggregate, than at any previous period for many years. There are, however, a number of causes—in some cases one, and in others several combined—which have, in our opinion, operated to diminish the interest heretofore manifested in the prosperity of our Agricultural Societies and the success of their exhibitions. And as this subject is one in which most of our readers are more less interested, its discussion is important, and we have entered upon it, not only to express some of our own opinions and convictions, but in the hope of eliciting the views of others having sufficient observation and experience to enable them to speak advisedly as to the *mistakes which have been made*, and the *the reforms that are necessary* in the premises. We are aware that many who are opposed to, or prejudiced against, Agricultural Societies, will rejoice if we admit or assert that what we have long argued as most useful and promotive of the public weal, proves far from being perfect or free from errors. But constant readers of the RURAL NEW-YORKER know that we believe in calling things by their right names, without regard to consequences; and hence if some institutions designed to benefit community are injudiciously managed or prostituted to other than legitimate objects and purposes, it becomes our duty to expose the wrong, in order that like errors may be corrected and avoided by similar organizations. Premising that we have been somewhat actively connected with Agricultural Societies for about twenty years—during which period we have served in nearly every capacity, from high private to president—we will briefly allude to a few of the causes which, in our judgment, have militated against the success and usefulness of recent exhibitions.

1. The introduction and offer of large premiums for fast horses—or "style and speed," as it is termed—has been injurious, not to say disastrous, to the prosperity of many Societies. The precedence given to trotting, and the large premiums offered therefor, compared with those given for plowing, grain, and various products and animals, has introduced *scrub racing*—to speak in plain English—and disgusted many sensible, discriminating and moral people, and caused them to leave Societies which they had aided in organizing and sustaining—while their places have been occupied, if at all, by admirers of the sports of the ring and race course. The consequence is that hundreds, who had formerly contributed fine animals and articles to the display, absent themselves from the Fairs, while those who are induced to attend to see the trotting rarely exhibit anything. The same remark applies to foot racing, and other modern "attractions" which have been introduced at many Fairs. We could name a number of Societies which have been materially injured, and some nearly disorganized, from the introduction of matters which are neither legitimate nor proper for an Agricultural exhibition. In many instances the most prominent items in programmes are of a character unsuitable for place and occasion; and the main reason assigned for this, when objected to, is that such things *draw*, and hence *pay best*—that the Society is in debt and must replenish the treasury. Thus, in not a few cases, *a sacrifice of principle for temporary gain*, has resulted most injuriously to the reputation and interests of the Societies departing from their avowed and legitimate objects and purposes. Some have wisely avoided any outside attractions, and thus maintained their reputation and prosperity; others have ignored them after trial, and will probably regain their former standing and usefulness, with a prospect of proving continuously beneficial to the interests of the industrial, productive classes.

2. Another grave error—evil we may justly say—consists in the management of many Societies, and especially in the careless manner in which awarding committees are appointed, and their duties discharged—(a carelessness resulting, perhaps, in too many instances, from that exhibited in electing the officers who select the committees.) The judges should be selected with the utmost care, and with special reference to their competency for deciding upon the particular kind of animals or articles in their department. Practical, experienced men, of sound judgment and known integrity, should always be appointed if possible, and proper measures taken to secure their attendance, and a discharge of the duties assigned. It is comparatively easy to select such men in Town and County Societies, for the officers who appoint are generally well acquainted thro'out the district, yet time and discrimination are necessary even then. With the utmost pains, and the most impartial awards, there will be abundant complaint, and it behooves officers and judges to use their utmost endeavors to see that justice is done so far as possible in every case. To avoid even the semblance of partiality, the names of exhibitors should be kept secret, if possible, until after the awards of the judges, and every committee be instructed as to the rules to govern them in awarding premiums.

3. There is too much selfishness manifested by members of Agricultural Societies. Most of the "high privates" neglect to attend the annual meetings, at which the officers are elected, and then complain either of the persons chosen, or the manner in which their duties are discharged. They seem to make grumbling a special business, and some are apt to imitate a certain army in Flanders if things do not square exactly with their individual notions. They give little and exact much. If they don't get the best premiums, or all for which they compete, the committees are *blessed*, while the whole board of managers find themselves in a hornet's nest. No matter how much time and labor the managers devote to the discharge of their duties, they get little help or sympathy from those who consider it their privilege and duty to find fault. We fear the millenium will never come to officers of Agricultural Societies—for the more they strive to do their duty the more unhappy may be their lot on this mundane sphere. No doubt there are errors in the management of many Societies, but if those who complain of the sins of omission and commission, would attend the annual meetings and use their efforts to elect good men and true, *and stand by them after their election*—instead of compelling a few men to do all the work and receive all the abuse as well as glory—there would be far less cause of complaint.

—There are other points upon which much might be said in this connection, but we must forego their discussion at present. We trust the whole subject will receive that profound consideration and judicious action which its importance demands.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

To Improve a Light Sandy Soil.

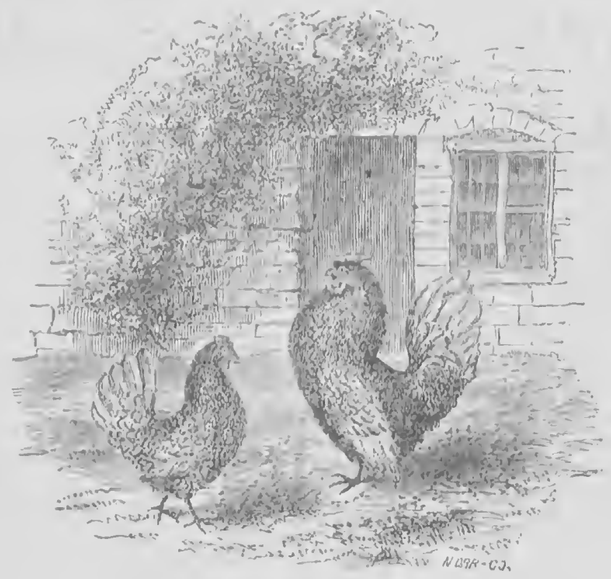
DURING the four years that I have been a resident of this place, I have not kept a cow, for the reason that convenient pastures could not be had, and I will not turn any stock of mine out to run at large. I have just found that our Railroad Company own a common of about three acres, cut off from a farm about a mile up the track. It is very light yellow sand, producing whortleberries, dewberries, scrub oaks, &c., with as light subsoil as surface. There is, in one corner, a quantity of vegetable muck, a kind of light mahogany color, producing a rank growth of coarse grass, fire weeds, &c. My object in writing this is for a little advice, as you are supposed to *know everything, and to be quite good-natured withal.* My idea is this:—The present autumn to have those bushes cut, and the large ones grubbed out; then, with a common road scraper, haul on and cover over the ground with the muck to the depth of four or five inches, and in the course of the winter, if the weather is favorable, draw on a quantity of hog manure from our distilleries, plow in the spring once or twice, and sow with green crops for soiling, as recommended in the RURAL a few weeks since. I hardly know what to think of the manure, as it is by road about two miles from the distilleries. It may not pay to draw it so far; and, so far as the muck is concerned, I have no experience. I, of course, know that if the muck could remain over winter in the bottom of a barn-yard, that it would be valuable manure on that land, but that is out of the question. I would like to raise that to first-class land, (and we have a great deal of it here,) just as soon as possible. Should it be plowed very deep?—C. D. HALE, *Bellevue, Ohio, September*, 1860.

THERE is a good deal of the kind of land described by our correspondent, in some parts of the West. It needs to be improved by the addition of vegetable matter. The peaty muck which it is proposed to add to this soil decomposes very slowly, and indeed prevents the decomposition of other materials with which it comes in contact. It is for this reason that it is valuable in composting with too rapidly fermenting and decaying manures, as horse manure from the stables, or animal matters. When composted with such materials it retards their decomposition, while they exert an influence on the muck, and finally all is slowly decomposed, and come into a condition to be available as food for plants. We think we have applied muck when its effect was injurious the first season, but afterwards proved of considerable advantage. Many are deceived by the appearance of muck. Because it is of a dark, rich color, they credit it for more than it is worth. We have seen farmers in planting orchards shovel in the cold, sour muck around the roots of the young trees, when the common soil was richer, and certainly much better for contact with the tender roots. That trees did not thrive under such treatment was a matter of great surprise to the owners. Under the circumstances, our plan would be to draw on the muck, as proposed this fall, scatter on a few bushels of lime, and let it lay exposed to the frosts and winds until spring, then plow tolerably deep. Some time in the latter part of winter draw on plenty of the distillery manure and let it lay until after the first plowing. Then spread and plow shallow. Perhaps some of our readers can tell a better plan than this.

Pipe for Water Rams.

SOME time ago there was, in the RURAL, a discussion about Water Rams, the pipe necessary to drive them, &c. Having loaned my numbers, I cannot refer to it, but the main part I remember. I wish to know what is the best material for pipes. It has been said that wooden pipes are unsuitable, and the same, I believe, is true of lead—that is, for a drive pipe. Is iron pipe the best, and the only kind that should be used?—B., *Chautauqua Co., N. Y., Sept.*, 1860.

ON this subject we have a communication from LOVETT EAMES, of Kalamazoo, Michigan, which will we think answer the inquiry of our correspondent, and give all the information needed. He says,—"Wooden pipes *will* answer, and answer *well*, where water is to be raised but a small height. They do not admit air through their pores, either inwardly as some suppose, or outwardly, but they *spring* and *yield* under the great pressure necessary to raise water a great height, say one hundred feet. Lead pipes would hold the pressure for a time, but continual hammering, (for a ram is a hammer,) stretches them until they became so thin that they give way. The very best material for a drive pipe is heavy cast iron or glass. Although, for all practical purposes, gas pipe will do. Great care should be taken to have the drive pipe run as nearly straight as possible, and of a *uniform* grade; and to prevent air passing back from the opening along up the drive pipe to the head. The pipe can raise a little immediately before entering the ram."



SILVER SPANGLED BANTAMS.

IN our notice of the exhibition of Poultry at the New York State Fair, we alluded to the fine show of Gold and Silver Laced or Spangled Bantams. Though small, they are the most beautiful of the whole family of domestic poultry, and are kept more as pretty pets than for profit. Of course there is little meat on a fowl that when full grown and fat will weigh but about a pound, and yet they are full-breasted, the flesh is delicate and rich, and they only consume food in proportion to their size. The eggs, too, are proportionally small. But a Bantam, if not more than a year or so old, is much better for eating than any half-grown chicken.

What the Bantam cock lacks in size he makes up in self-importance, being remarkable for his courageous and passionate temper, pompous manners, and arrogance. His soul seems altogether too large for his body, and this often leads him into difficulty, for he will attack a Dorking or Cochin China cock of ten times his own weight. Dixon says:—"His full rose-comb, and deep depending wattles are plump and red; but this disproportionate size affords a most unfortunate hold for the beak of his adversary; but he cares not for that; a little glory is worth a good deal of pecking and pinching, and it is not a slight punishment, nor a merely occasional infliction of it, that will make him give in. The great hens, too, look down upon him on a first introduction, though they afterwards find out that they might as well have received him in a more cordial manner."

The feathers of the Golden Bantam are of a reddish, or golden-brown, tipped or spangled with black. The Silver Spangled Bantams have white feathers tipped with black, and they are, in the opinion of most poultry fanciers, the most beautiful of the whole family. For perfection of model and beauty of plumage, nothing can exceed them. The portraits we give were taken from a pair in the possession of M. VASSER, Esq., of Springside, near Poughkeepsie. They are, as may be seen in the portraits, beautifully marked; the tail of the cock is square, like that of the hen, without sickle-feathers, and carried high; and the head thrown back, the head and tail nearly meeting; the wings jauntily dropping until they nearly brush the ground; they have a rose-comb nicely pointed, and projecting behind; and light blue legs. The accuracy of marking is a very important point. The feathers are spangled, that is, the ends tipped with black; and the more exact this marking, and the more it extends to all the feathers of the bird, the greater its value. The ground color is ivory-white or rich cream, the ends of the feathers tipped with black. The cocks are hen-feathered as well as hen-tailed; they have neither hackles nor plumes. The plumage of the hen is similar to that of the cock. They are very good and early layers, most excellent sitters, sedulous and affectionate mothers, but cruel step-mothers—so that it is useless to attempt to change or add to the number of the brood they have themselves hatched. Their chickens are of a creamy white, with two longitudinal dark stripes on the body.

CRAWFORD COUNTY (PA.) FAIR.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I have just finished reading your report of the New York State Fair, and it strikes me that some how, this year, there is an unusual number of meagre exhibitions reported. Surely, with the past favorable season, there is no lack of fine stock, and superior agricultural and horticultural products; the mechanism of the country in undiminished, and our artists and professionals are still thriving; so I am at a loss to determine why such excellent institutions as Agricultural Fairs are suffered to dwindle down and die out. Within a circle of twenty-five or thirty miles from my place of writing, nearly a score of County and Township Fairs have been held this fall, and, with few exceptions, meagre exhibitions and diminished interest on the part of the people, are reported.

But the Crawford County Fair, held at Conneautville, Pa., the first week in October, is a worthy exception. This was the eighth annual exhibition, and instead of declining, each year adds to the interest of the Fair. The Society has excellent grounds, new and commodious buildings, and their regulations are most perfect, so much so that they are taken as a pattern by Societies in neighboring Counties, and States even. The weather was unfortunately wet and very disagreeable the second day, notwithstanding which, upwards of 5,000 people visited the ground. The

entries of stock alone amonnted to over 600, and a better lot we never saw at any County Fair; this was the universal expression of strangers and even old drovers. And the other departments were all equally as well filled. Floral Hall was like a fairy temple, decked with flowers, paintings, articles of fancy workmanship, filled with fair forms and smiling faces, while sweetest music lent enchantment to the scene.

With about $1,200 cash premiums to pay, expenses, &c., I understand that the receipts were sufficient to cover all, leaving a nice little balance in the treasury for a rainy day. This success is attributable to good regulations, good management, prompt payment of all premiums, expenses, and to the hearty support of a go-ahead, progressive people. A few years ago we had none but the commonest kind of native cattle, and unsalable apologies for horses. Now almost every farm has its blooded stock of all kinds, for which at any time the cash can be taken at what some would call exorbitant prices. And farms, buildings, and the general appearance of the county and the intelligence of the people have correspondingly improved. So much for the influence of Agricultural Fairs, RURAL and local papers, and the desire, will and ability for progress and general thrift. Yours ever, CRAWFORD.

Conneautville, Pa., Oct. 15, 1860.

DISCUSSION ON SHEEP.

Experience of Shepherds as to best Breeds for Profit—Coarse and Fine Wooled Mutton—About Greasing Sheep, and Large Fleeces—Selection of Bucks—How to Cross Leicesters and Merinos—Advice to New Breeders—Young Beginners, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I was pleased to notice in the RURAL of the 13th inst., a sketch of the discussion at the State Fair. Circumstances forbade my attendance there, but I venture the assertion that those who were present at the discussion referred to, found *that* the most profitable and pleasent part of the whole thing. The show of animals and agricultural productions are of but little importance when compared with the interchange of views with sound, practical men, who have spent their lives tilling the soil.

I said in my article (which you gave in RURAL of Sept. 8,) that sheep-raising was more my hobby than any other branch of farming. I was pleased therefore to notice the varied experience of the different shepherds given at your meeting for discussion. It is well that there is a diversity of opinion as to the best breeds of sheep in our country for profit. If all concentrated on one breed, the thing might soon be "run into the ground," but as it is we get a good supply of fleeces for the variety of fabrics wanted in our country, and then a variety from the flesh of the sheep to suit the varied taste of the mutton epicures.

While one contends that the mutton of the long-wooled is the most juicy and well-flavored, another that the South-Down has the best flavor and is the best interspersed with fat and lean, I have heard others whose opinions are equally worthy of credit, declare that the flavor of the fine-wooled mutton is as much superior to the coarser grades as the wool is finer.

I noticed with interest the reply of PETTIBONE to the question, "Do Vermont sheep-raisers grease their sheep?" I perfectly agree with him about greasy sheep and wool, and I write this article more than for any other reason to warn young beginners and new sheep-breeders not to be too much elated with their final success with greasy sheep. They will find in the end that they are *greasy, slippery things*. First—If you buy sheep that have been artificially greased, it is a self-evident fact that you have caught a *Tartar*. Secondly—If you buy sheep that are strongly predisposed to grease, depend upon it that you have got a short-lived race of sheep, as the draft of grease from the flesh to the wool is so great that it is sure soon to impair the constitution of the animal, which can only be kept up by high keeping. Prolific ewes of a dozen years of age will be very scarce and far between, from this variety.

PETTIBONE says—"Those sheep with extremely greasy fleeces should be discarded, as the wool becomes cold and the sheep chilled. They will freeze almost as quick as a cabbage plant, and need blanketing in the barn." There may be a good deal in that, but I apprehend that it is more from the draft on the constitution than the cold nature of the grease in the wool. Such sheep are unprofitable, as the fat inclines so much to the outside they are not a sheep in favor with the butcher. Again—The wool is becoming more and more a drug with dealers. They cannot sell it until their floors are well cleaned of the lighter varieties. An average of 4½ lbs. of clean wool to the flock should satisfy any reasonable breeder. The writer once bought (as a curiosity,) the premium fleece taken off at a Sheep Fair, the weight of which was 30 6-16 lbs., and had it cleansed for the card,—and when cleansed, its weight was reduced to 7 11-16 pounds.

As the season is approaching to make selection of bucks for our flocks, I advise all new breeders not to look so much for grease in their selections as to a compact fleece of even, fine wool; and also shun bucks that have wrinkles on the body, as they will be short lived. Let the shirt fit snug to the body; a wrinkle or two on the neck, and a good flap across the breast, is well enough. See that your sheep has a stocky form, a peach-blow skin, wool compact and long, particularly on the belly, and certainly on the legs as low as the joints or lower, and then, with good sheds and keeping, you will find grease enough at shearing and be pretty sure to have a good constitution. From careful observation I am satisfied that not one in ten of these extraordinary shearers attain to three-fifths in weight of their former shearings after they have passed into second hands.

Mr. BAKER's remarks at the discussion were very sensible, and from my personal knowledge he is a true model for young beginners.

I noticed Mr. HARMON's remarks as to his trial of the cross with a Leicester buck and Merino ewes. The failure he experienced is the general rule and not the exception of that manner of crossing. I would go a good way to see a prime flock reared from that manner of crossing. It is "the cart before the horse;" but you reverse it, and cross with the fine buck and Leicester or coarse ewe, and you get a good staple of wool, and a fine, vigorous animal. The reason is obvious; the Leicester or other coarse wooled ewes give a much larger amount of milk than the Merino. The Leicester lamb requires much more milk than the Merino, and with his Merino mother is all the time starved for the want of a full stomach, and the consequence is he grows up a stinted sheep, covered with thin coarse wool; while on the other hand the Merino lamb requires a less amount of nutriment, but gets from his Leicester mother a surplus, and he comes up strong and hearty, and invariably with a finer, better staple of wool than the other cross.

Yours truly, STEUBEN.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1860.

HARVESTING ROOTS.

ROOT CROPS are now become a matter of necessity on every well conducted farm where it is desired that the soil should be ameliorated, and the stock carried creditably through the winter, and a few hints on harvesting them may not be out of place at this time.

CARROTS.—This crop requires to be taken up before a hard frost occurs, as the roots easily freeze, and soon decay if once frozen. Run a plow as deeply as possible on one side of a row of carrots; this will clear away the earth, and they can then be easily pulled by hand, topped, and thrown into heaps to dry for a day or two, and then stored away in the cellar or root house.

PARSNIPS.—This crop is best to be left in the ground all winter, if the land is not liable to be saturated with too much moisture. They are much improved in flavor thereby, and can be taken up in spring as soon as the frost leaves the soil, and fed to the stock as wanted.

BEETS AND MANGELS.—These crops are usually pulled by hand, and are best preserved in circular pits in the ground where the soil is dry. They are very liable to heat, and as a preventive, place a large sheaf of dry straw in the center of each pit, and pile the roots around it, leaving the top sticking out of the pit to facilitate the escape of the foul gases thrown off by the roots. Beets are best fed in early winter; mangels about February.

TURNIPS.—Swedes, Yellow Aberdeens, and most of the hybrid turnips, acquire the largest portion of their bulb growth in the Autumn, and continue to enlarge in size until very cold weather and severe frosts occur. As soon as the top leaves become wilted by the frost, it is about time to harvest them. The white varieties, such as the Globe, Norfolk, &c., are more susceptible to the effects of frost, and require to be taken up and housed somewhat earlier. These latter are the varieties usually grown in Great Britain, where the frost being seldom severe enough to seriously injure them, they remain in the ground through the winter, the sheep being penned in small lots on the turnip field, and removed from one spot to another till all the turnips are eaten off. I will give the most expeditious mode of taking up turnips, as practiced here.

Have a hoe made with a long blade, not more than four or five inches wide, and very strong and sharp. The operator walks in the furrow between two drills, and cuts off the turnip top at one blow, and then strikes the hoe into the soil at the side of the drill just below the bulb of the turnip, severing it off the tap-root, and with a slight pull on the handle the turnip rolls into the furrow. By taking two rows at a time, left and right, every two drills when drawn occupy one furrow. In this way an expert man can take up half an acre of turnips per day.

A slower but neater method is to pull up the turnips by hand, cut off the top and tap-root with a sharp knife, drop the turnips of four drills into one furrow, leaving the leaves in the outside furrow. In cold, wet weather, this method renders the workman liable to suffer from chilblains in his fingers.

Let the turnips lie on the field in heaps for a few days to dry and sweat a little before storing them. It is important that turnips should not become frozen after they are taken out of the ground, and where hard frosts are anticipated at night, they should either be stored at once, or covered during the night with straw, potato or buckwheat haulm. Even the turnip leaves on the ground may be forked over them, provided they are not too wet.

Where, from the want of a root house or cellar, it becomes necessary to store the turnips on the ground, there are two methods of procedure, either of which may be advantageously adopted. One is, to put them in circular heaps of fifty bushels each, on the highest and driest spots on the field where they are grown, cover them with earth, without straw, to the depth of one foot,—the earth thrown on the heap being so dug out around it, as to leave a ditch to drain off the surface water and prevent it from getting underneath the turnips. The earth may be piled a little thicker at the junction of the slope with the level ground. This is a very convenient mode of storing turnips, as one heap can be opened at a time, and the contents removed to the barn or cattle stalls during the coldest weather in winter, and a little freezing then does not hurt them if used before they thaw out again.

The other plan, and one often adopted, is to draw the turnips to a clean piece of sward ground near the farm yard, and pile them on the surface in long, narrow ridges—say six feet wide at bottom, and the sides carried up to an apex like a roof, at the height of four feet from the ground. These are then covered with earth the same as before described, but to prevent the turnips from decaying from the heat evolved by them, holes four inches in diameter should be left at every five feet along the apex of the ridge. These holes can be stuffed with a wisp of straw in very severe cold weather, or when a snow or rain storm is anticipated, care being taken to remove them again in a few days. The length of these ridges is immaterial, or several may be built alongside of each other. The turnips are taken out as wanted from one end of the ridge, and that end kept closed up when not in use, by a bunch of straw or some green pine boughs.

Hamilton, C. W., Oct., 1860. J. M.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS IN ILLINOIS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having just returned from a pleasure jaunt through the central and south-east part of the State, and as I am writing you relating to business, I will, at the same time, try and give you some information relating to farmers, their vocation and prospects here upon our western prairies. Farming in Illinois is, "as I presume your readers know," quite a different thing from farming upon those clay hills of Western New York. The Divine injunction is there truly fulfilled, "that by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread." Not that I wish to infer that we farmers of the West are wholly free from labor, but that we can farm here and raise our crops with much less hard work than with you. To make farming a paying, as well as a prosperous business, among those hills, requires time, capital and labor. Yes, hard, bodily labor, not altogether free from cares and anxieties. Here it is different. Many who a few years ago possessed nothing, are now owners of a nice little home. Others who came to the State entirely destitute, are making good headway toward their hopes. I know of young men who, less than two years ago, came to this State on foot, "comparatively poor," that are now comfortably situated, own their team, wagon and harness, have a home furnished, and good living obtained, all from the proceeds of their own labor. Not one cent of capital did they possess, and one was somewhat in debt. One party has also made a small payment on a farm, which he has the papers for, and possession at any time. These are not single cases,—such are constantly occurring throughout the West. Where else in the world can you find the young man who, unaided, and with family encumbrances, could have placed himself in the position now enjoyed by those I have portrayed. The West holds out strong inducements to just such men. She needs them to till her lands and break her prairies. She yields bountifully to those who, with their hands to the plow, are willing to labor for what she willingly gives.

The wheat crop throughout the State has proved good. The yield has not always been the heaviest, but what has been lacking in that respect has generally been made up in quality. Our spring wheat, which we finished threshing this week, has yielded an average of eighteen bushels per acre. It was somewhat damaged by the chintz bug, but nevertheless it was as handsome and plump a lot of wheat as I ever saw. We have delivered the last at market to-day, at 75 cents per bushel.

Corn will yield abundantly. In fact, there was never a better or a heavier corn crop raised in this part of the country than that of the present season. There are small fields here which I have heard computed at ninety bushels of shelled corn to the acre. These fields were subsoiled last fall and this spring. On my farm is one field of thirty-six acres, that my farmers and others assert will average seventy-five bushels. All, however, are not like these, some giving as low as fifty and sixty. I have not seen quite as good corn since I left home, as this appears here.

The farmers are rejoicing at the fine prospects, and with renewed hopes are preparing to crop heavily another year. Winter wheat has become a very uncertain crop with us, and we are turning attention more to sowing winter rye, which appears to stand the winter better upon the honey comb land of the richer prairies. The Fruit Crop is rather light. Heavy frosts during the time the trees were in blossom, destroyed our prospects. There has been quite a quantity of Sugar Cane raised here, almost every farmer having enough to supply molasses for the coming year. They have no difficulty in making very fine sirup, nearly equal to the choice "Golden" of the sugar refineries. I have not seen any sugar made, although I understand that they are trying to manufacture at the mill, where there are fair facilities for making up. It is expected to have a large steam mill in operation by another season, when I think it will be quite largely raised.

Canton, Fulton Co., Ill., 1860. H. GARDINER.

P. S.—Have just learned that a very fine sample of sugar from this cane took the premium at our county fair, which has just closed. It was a clear, light straw color. G.

"EGYPTIAN CORN."

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having had some experience in raising "Egyptian Corn" during the past season, and thinking that the result of such experience might prove interesting to, at least, a few of the readers of the RURAL, I concluded to send you a statement of the facts, to dispose of as you shall think proper.

Last April, I obtained of Mr. CRANDAL, of Illinois, one package of seed, containing 113 grains of corn, which apparently were utterly worthless. I planted it, and but twenty-three stalks made their appearance. It had no extra cultivation, but it grew much more rapidly than any one of three other varieties which I had. From these twenty-three stalks I have now gathered two hundred and forty ears of sound, well-ripened corn, varying in length from four to seven inches, and in diameter from one to two inches. In addition to this, I have one hundred and thirty-three ears of unripe corn and nubbins.

At this rate, I estimate that one acre of land will produce three hundred and sixty bushels of ears. I judge from its appearance that it would make meal of superfine quality. The stalks are long and small, and the foliage more luxuriant than that of any other variety I ever saw. It is superior as a forage crop. I intend to plant one acre next season, and give it a more extended and thorough trial. MILO SHATTUCK.

Gouverneur, N. Y., 1860.

THE above was received after our inquiry of last week was in type, but before it was published. It is quite different from the following report on the same subject:

MR. MOORE:—Pursuant to a call in the RURAL of this week, for the results of experiments with the Egyptian Corn, I hasten (as briefly as is consistent with clearness,) to state:

Firstly—I mailed to Mr. CRANDAL, about the 1st of May, one dollar. Secondly—I received by mail, soon thereafter, 100 very pretty *little* white grains of something which, by the aid of the circular accompanying it, I interpreted to mean "Egyptian Corn." Thirdly—I planted 50 of those "*little* white grains of something," in excellent soil, and according to directions, about the 20th of May. Fourthly—In due time ten very small blades of corn made their appearance. Fifthly—It grew "in the form of a tree"—"*id est*"—it combined the three elements of extension—length, breadth and thickness. Sixthly—I tended it well, placed under my ban all envious poultry and weeds, and gave my corn room to "spread itself." Seventhly—I harvested my CROP about the 20th of September. My corn is *red*. Eighthly—I divided my 100 grains equally with a neighbor, who is fully my equal in all respects as a farmer. Ninthly—My neighbor's corn is *white*, and his yield is quite as large as mine. Tenthly, and lastly—No other corn was planted within a Sabbath-day's journey in either case.

Summarily and finally—My crop matured in four months, making room for three instead of two crops a year, as claimed by Mr. C., and whether it will yield, as he avers, 200 bushels of 65 pounds each, per acre, I have not taken time to estimate. Surely I have no stalks burdened with "twenty-two ears," and when Mr. C. says, "when ground and properly bolted, it is equal in *color* and fineness to wheaten flour," I think he must be understood sometimes to mean (as in my case, for instance,) *red* "wheaten flour." Whether my crop will suffice to plant "from twenty to thirty acres," I cannot say, (Mr. C. says it will, and Mr. C. knows, of course he does.) I send you one-fourth of my crop, a fair average of the whole, which you may distribute among agriculturists (and none others,) at the exceedingly low rate of fifty cents per 100 grains, after reserving enough to pay yourself for describing, advertising, &c., and remit the balance by mail, in drafts or current bank bills, properly inclosed and registered. Seriously—P. T. BARNUM is no longer the Prince of Humbugs. J. G. BLOOMINGDALE.

Penn Yan, N. Y., Oct. 15th, 1860.

THE one-fourth of Mr. B.'s crop which accompanied the above, consists of one small ear of *red* corn. The ear is about three inches long, twelve rowed, and greatly inferior in diameter (and size of both cob and kernel) to the small pop or "tucket" corn. We respectfully decline the proposition to distribute so large an amount.—ED.

Inquiries and Answers.

PASTURING WHEAT IN THE FALL.—As I have seen some farmers pasture their wheat in the fall, without knowing *why* they did so, I wish to ask those following the plan a few questions. First, is it beneficial, or otherwise, and why? Second, if it is a benefit to the crop, at what time will it answer to turn on, and when taken off? Thirdly, what kind of stock, if any, should it be fed with? In the absence of sheep or calves, should larger stock be turned on, &c. By answering the above, they will oblige —E. R., *Canastota, N. Y.*, 1860.

FATTENING HOGS—FERMENTATION OF FOOD.—Among the many of your contributors, I would ask for information concerning fattening hogs. I have farmed it for thirty years, and when I commenced, I adopted the plan of keeping swill barrels and saving all the surplus water of the kitchen, with the milk and whey, and mixing some kind of meal or middlings with it, then let it go through the process of fermentation, after which I fed it to the hogs. I supposed I was doing things about right, until last week, when traveling on the cars, I got into conversation with an intelligent-appearing gentleman, who said this process was all wrong—that the fermentation destroyed the most of the fattening properties of the grain. He also said that making meal into pudding would not fatten as fast as dry meal. Now, I would inquire of your readers whether these things are so?—M. R. P., *Honeoye Falls, N. Y.*, 1860.

CRACKED HOOF.—I have a valuable fleet horse, but she is troubled with what is called a quarter crack in the hoof, which causes lameness. What shall I do to remedy the evil?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Camden, N. Y.*, 1860.

We make the following extract from the "Horse and His Diseases," lately issued by ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S.: "This disease, also called sand-crack, occurs only in the hoof that is dry, hard, brittle, and contracted. The hoof in a natural, elastic condition, can be bruised, but not split up, if double the force that splits the dry, contracted hoof, is applied. This crack occurs most generally at the quarters, and almost always in the fore feet, they being almost alone subject to contraction. If the crack extends through the hoof, it causes very painful lameness,

"For treatment, the foot must first be carefully examined to see that no dirt has worked in under the hoof; the loose parts of the horn must be cut away; a pledget of tow, saturated with sulphate or chloride of zinc, or tincture of myrrh, should be applied, and a bandage carefully put on to keep it in place, and keep out the dirt. As soon as the new horn has grown down a little, draw a line across the top of the crack with a drawing knife or firing iron, and apply a little tar or hoof ointment. If the crack is at the toe, a shoe, with a band running across from the heels to a little below the coronet in front, and united by two screws, will often be all that is required, and the horse may be kept at work; but in quarter-crack it is unsafe to use the animal, particularly if it extends through to the soft parts. If the frog is in a healthy condition, which is rarely the case, a bar shoe, eased at the quarter, will be found beneficial."

On the same subject, Dr. DADD remarks:—"The best practice would be, first, to poultice the foot, (supposing the shoe to have been removed,) with a view of softening the hoof and removing any extraneous matter that may have insinuated itself into the crack. When the hoof is sufficiently softened, it should be cleansed, examined, and dressed with tincture of myrrh. Select a spot about an inch below the coronet, and, with a small gimlet, bore a hole through the two edges of the crack, and another one inch above the toe. A straight needle, armed with a strong ligature, is to be passed through the upper holes, brought over and through a second time; thus closing the two edges of the fissure by what the sailors term a 'round turn.' The same thing is to be repeated at the toe. The assistant, by the aid of pincers or otherwise, shuts the crack as close as possible; the ligatures are each drawn tight, and tied with a surgeon's knot. A small quantity of blister ointment is to be smeared over the crack, and bar shoe applied. A quarter-crack may be treated in a similar manner, omitting, however, the *sutures*."

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE RURAL'S FALL CAMPAIGN has thus far proved eminently successful. Scores of trial subscribers are received daily from all parts of the country—New England, the Middle, Southern and Western States, the Canadas, &c. Every mail brings us clubs of 4 to 20 trials, from distant and widely separated sections, all the States from Maine to Minnesota being well represented. For example, Mr. H. A. HOYT, of Fairfield Co., Conn., sends us *seventy-two* subscribers, all but two at one post-office; Mr. LARUE THOMPSON, Steuben Co., N. Y., has already sent over one hundred and forty—his first letter, containing 47, being the result of two hours effort. The handsome lists from other parts of this State, the West and Canada, are "too numerous to mention," but we assure RURAL friends everywhere that their timely and generous efforts are gratefully appreciated. And as Election will soon be over, we hope our readers will see that the RURAL is substituted for the political campaign papers, which have had full sway for so many months—a change which cannot but prove beneficial in the Homes of the People. Whoever is elected President, or whatever party triumphs, the prosperity of the country and people must mainly depend upon the skill and success of the productive classes; and hence we submit that every journal which, like the RURAL, aims to promote the best interests of these classes, should be encouraged by all who desire to advance the common weal.

BROTHER JUDD, of the *American Agriculturist*, who is one of the most clever, enterprising and successful of our contemporaries, announces that his office has been removed from Water street to Park Row, and congratulates himself and patrons thereupon. This is all right, and we wish him and his monthly continued and increased prosperity, yet can't suppress a smile on recollecting how earnestly brother J. dilated, two or three years ago, upon the fact that he was located in an *Agricultural Street*, among the Agricultural Warehouses, Seed and Produce Stores, &c.,—and hence was "all right on the goose!" But we reckon he will still make a good paper, even among the political publishers and money changers; the greatest drawback is, that only twelve numbers are issued in a whole year, whereas the public would be better pleased to receive fifty-two at least—especially, if offered at double the price of twelve! But it's a capital journal as it is, (if not so good or cheap as the RURAL,) as any one can ascertain by remitting $1 for a yearly copy, to ORANGE JUDD, A. M., New York.

MR. SEWARD'S ARAB HORSES.—An exchange contains the following description of these animals, a portrait of one of which (the six year old) was given in last week's RURAL:—"The larger is about 15 hands high, dark bay, with black mane and tail, the latter long, fine, and very thin; small head, large bright eyes, and large nostrils, but none of the fire and poetry—if we may be allowed such a mixture—about him that we are led to expect in the steed of the desert. In short, to the uninitiated, a 'full-blooded Arabian,' as here represented—and he is affirmed to be pure and invaluable—is 'not much of a shower,' after all. He is badly marked with a white stripe on the forehead, white fore and hind off feet, and a dapple on the back. But the beauties and perfections excite the knowing ones. Legs—and they are superb—hips, shoulders, back, breast and neck, &c., are deemed perfect, and in all essential points, he is pronounced, by those who ought to know, the most splendid animal they have ever seen. Hearing these enthusiastic posted ones talk, will greatly relieve the disappointment experienced on first seeing the stallion. This one is six years old. The other but two years, and is a much handsomer animal—some fourteen hands high, and a very beautiful sorrel. He evinces more spirit than the other, and his points are quite as loudly praised."

A LATE HARVEST—*Reliable News.*—The "Farmer's Journal and Transactions of the Board of Agriculture of Lower Canada," for *October*, grandly announces that "in several counties in Western New York, the wheat harvest *has fairly commenced*." It has similar intelligence from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, &c.,—all which must be exceedingly fresh and gratifying to it readers. Some other monthlies are remarkable for imparting equally important and reliable information. For example, the "pioneer agricultural journal of America," (as it is styled by its presiding genius and publisher, who, by the way, *has not been in America ten years!*) lately made a great ado about its list of Ag. Fairs to be held this fall, and then was so inexcusably stupid as to give the time for holding the exhibition of its own County Society *a week too late!* But the pioneer prophet being without honor or circulation in its own region, no harm was done!

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" AND SKILL AT A PLOWING MATCH.—A plowing match recently took place in the department of the Rhone, France, at which a damsel of nineteen won the prize. When she first appeared with her oxen, objections were made by the plowmen against her being suffered to compete, but they were overruled. At the death of her father, he had a lease of a farm at a rent of 2,000f. per annum. In order to prevent the necessity for her mother's giving up the farm, she undertook to work the land herself. Thus she became skilled in guiding the plow, and no doubt far more healthy and happy than the great mass of fashionable crinoline wearers of Paris—or the listless, dyspeptic, do-nothing misses of American upper-tendom.

THE RURAL IN CALIFORNIA.—The RURAL has quite a circulation in the Golden State, yet not one-tenth what it might have if our friendly readers there would kindly give the matter a little attention. For example, Mr. T. T. FAIRCHILD, of El Dorado Co., remits $27.50 *in gold*, for 22 new subscribers, all at one post-office and where but one copy of the RURAL was previously taken. Mr. F. writes:—"We are in the mining region and a little out of what is considered the agricultural part of California; but miners like to *read*, and wherever we can get water to irrigate with, the land produces vegetables, fruit and vines hard to beat in any part of the world. I have not exerted myself but very little in getting up this club. The subscribers are mostly miners, but some of them, I am glad to say, are engaged in ranching or gardening, and in raising stock on a small scale. If you only had some one that felt interested in the circulation of the RURAL in every little mining camp like this, California would swell your list several hundred. The people here are not like those in the older States. Here *all, everybody*, seem to read, and read a great deal—I mean in the shape of papers—and therefore they are more willing to subscribe for a paper than our Atlantic friends."

—Mr. FAIRCHILD is no longer among our two or three thousand single subscribers, (each of whom gets his paper in a wrapper, there being no other subscriber at the same post-office,) but has twenty-two associate Ruralists. If our *single* friends throughout the country would "go and do likewise," or even double a less number of times, they would receive their own papers much more promptly and regularly, (for large mail packages always go first and quickest,) benefit their friends and neighbors, and add largely to the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL. Our friends in the East, West, North and South, who receive their papers in single wrappers—or small packages—will please bear this in mind, and see what they can consistently do at this favorable season for obtaining subscribers.

—See Publisher's Department, page seventh.

HORTICULTURAL

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

EIGHTH SESSION, AT PHILADELPHIA, 1860.

(Continued from page 335, last week.)

Third Day — Afternoon Session.

DISEASES OF THE GRAPE, AND CULTURE.

THOS. HARVEY—Our grapes are nearly an entire failure on drained and undrained ground, in borders and in the natural soil. The disease I allude to causes a dry scab on one side of the grape. The leaves first show the same scabby appearance.

FULLER—About thirty years ago several Italians started vineyards in Southern Illinois. But their grapes were worthless, although the vines grew. I first thought it was caused by the heavy subsoil in that place, but after-experience convinced me that this was not the cause, for the grapes scabbed the same on mellow drained ground. I experimented by using sulphur, and succeeded well—perfectly, I might say, while I tried it—but in other seasons it may fail. I put the sulphur in water and then syringed the vines.

IVES—I tried sulphur in Salem, but it did no good.

SCOTT—Sulphur is of no benefit unless applied in such condition and under such circumstances as to give off the fumes of sulphur, which combining with the atmosphere form an acid. Unless this is the case, sulphur will neither prevent nor cure mildew.

FULLER—All I can say is, that it did succeed with me for two seasons, when all other preventives failed.

SCHLEY—I think slope and exposure very important in the culture of the grape, as well as a thorough drainage of the soil. I have observed that a few days' exposure to a damp atmosphere will produce mildew and blight. If the vine can exhale moisture, it will flourish; if not, it will blight.

CORNELIUS, of Pa.—I have had six years' experience in the culture of the grape indoors. My house is 120 feet long with well drained border. The first three years my vines did pretty well, but I had some mildew, and for some years after that did not get a pound of grapes. I opened the house in the morning and closed it at four o'clock in the afternoon. The year before last, covered the bottom of the house with leaves, thinking this might arrest the mildew, but without effect. I then grew desperate, obtained 50 pounds of sulphur and placed it on the floor, closed the house, and fastened up every crack, kept it very hot, watered freely on the floor once or twice a day, and the fruit ripened beautifully, and the vines were in good condition. They were the Black Hamburg, White Muscat, and the Muscat of Alexandria. I think currents of air of different temperatures, passing through the house, checks the flow of sap and causes disease.

SAUNDERS—I have been giving the mildew some attention, and am satisfied that currents of cold air passing through a house causes mildew. For several years past I have kept all the lower sash closed to prevent this, and ventilate entirely from the top. The mildew I think is generally caused by aridity. It may be thought strange by some that dryness should cause mildew, as we always associate it with dampness. I think, however, there can be no mistake on this point. We see now the same disease on the gooseberry and the hawthorn, and the few past weeks of dry weather has brought it out. The lowering of the night temperature in the house hastens the maturity of grapes. I have proved this many times. I mean not a lowering of a few degrees, but of 25 or 30. For grapes, in the open air, I can only suggest shelter.

QUINN—Our vines become spotted from the middle of June to the first of July. The young shoots become spotted, the leaves turn yellow and curl up. The growth of fruit is stopped, and it finally becomes brown and drops off. I know of no cure or preventive.

GRANT—I believe with Mr. Saunders in the importance of shelter for grapes. I have seen vines on trellises after a cold storm much more liable to mildew than when protected on a tree. The remedy in Mr. Quinn's case is sulphur. It was tried with success in France, when, in 1847, this disease made its appearance.

QUINN—We have applied sulphur every morning, without arresting the disease.

GRANT—Three sulphurings are supposed to be necessary to cure this disease. The fumes of sulphur are necessary, and they have a transient action. The fumes are produced by combustion. Sulphur is sometimes applied suspended in water for the convenience of applying. It is constantly used in France and is considered effective.

GROUND WORK.

FIELD—I propose the subject of ground work be now taken up. I am satisfied that deep cultivation, deep trenching of the ground, and liberal manuring, is the only way in which vines can be made to produce grapes for a great length of time.

GRANT—The first requisite is draining and next the enrichment of the soil to a considerable depth, giving a uniform manuring at least eighteen inches or two feet deep. I am not aware that there is anything peculiar in my system. The ordinary soil would be scarcely the one for the cultivation of grapes. Drift soil has sometimes fertility for five feet in depth, but this soil is very rare. Deep working and mixing composted manure below, is very effectual indeed. My compost is manure with about 35 per cent. of muck. If you bury fresh manure in large quantities, and the roots come in contact with it, they will be destroyed. I keep my soil in good order by a small addition of manure once every three years. The expenditure would vary on soils according to circumstances.

FIELD—I suppose fresh dung of animals is unfit for vines, unless when mixed with compost. I believe that manure should be a long time in compost. It should be left for six or seven months, and occasionally turned. The roots of plants are always injured by the application of large quantities of fresh manure. The manure that is used for food for plants must have age.

ESHLEMAN—How can the under soil be kept rich?

GRANT—A little manure applied to the surface every year or two will keep the ground in good condition. That applied to the surface may be strong.

LUITWEILER—I never use manure except as a compost, and then apply it on the surface. No plant can take up or receive a particle of manure in a raw state. It must be decomposed and in a liquid form to be available.

PRESIDENT—The question has been long discussed as to what depth manure should be turned under, or whether it is not best to place it on the surface. I trust before long we shall have the matter settled. I have come to the conclusion that manure is useless until it is decomposed. A plant cannot receive food except in a soluble state. When manure is placed on the surface, it acts as a mulch, as well as a manure, and it is gradually washed down by the rain in just the condition needed by the roots.

Evening Session.

PREPARING GROUND FOR THE PEAR—CULTURE.

WARDER—As in our place the soil is largely composed of the detritus of rocks, and is very rich, we do not feel the importance of manuring as horticulturists do at the East. An analysis of our soil shows an abundant supply of all the materials that are necessary to supply the wants of most plants, and the pear among the rest. In preparing a piece of ground, we care not so much for foreign substances, as for the thorough preparation of the soil. The main question with us, where labor is scarce and dear is, how this can be accomplished in the cheapest manner. In selecting a site for an orchard, we have reference to this, and avoid places with stumps and stones, where the labor must be mainly performed by hand. On the prairie we use horses or oxen. The double Michigan plow is the very best implement in our possession, by which we can thoroughly prepare the soil. If we have stiff clay we use three yoke of oxen. The double Michigan plow is familiar to all cultivators. It is two plows to one beam. The first lifts a part of the soil and the other follows and finishes and reverses it. For a good preparation of the soil, we run it 15 inches deep, and generally at this depth find nothing that we are afraid to have on top of the ground. For other soils, where we do not wish the subsoil on top, or when we wish to make it deeper, we use the lifting subsoil plow. It loosens the subsoil, lifts it out of its place, and lets it fall back. We thus have a thorough stirring of the soil twenty or twenty-five inches in depth. I am often asked how large to dig holes for trees. I inquire how many acres are to be planted. If ten acres is the reply, then I tell them to dig the holes ten acres in size.

FIELD—More preparation than this is necessary on the arid soils of Long Island. In preparing land for pear trees, I put on the surface three inches of solid manure and plow it under. Then put on three inches more and spade this under from twenty to thirty inches deep. I am not sure that more than twenty is of any service. Four years ago I set men at trenching, and when I came to inspect their work, found they had dug down three feet and six inches. The trees planted on this deeply trenched soil grew poor for a long time, but now they are the most healthy trees I have, the leaves being clean, lustrous and healthy, while on the other ground they became spotted and have dropped. This plan may be considered very laborious and expensive, but it seems necessary for the soil on which I am located.

Dr. BOYNTON—I am but an infant in the business of raising pears, having had but five year's experience. I commenced on a piece of ground that had never been plowed. Took out the maple trees and stumps, and planted pear trees in the holes. Dug around the trees and filled the holes with the top soil. I never saw trees grow finer. The next season, dug drains from three to three and a half feet deep, and found clay hard enough to make brick, and plowed the whole surface. My object is to get the water, when it falls upon the ground, into the soil and out of it as quick as possible. The pear tree requires no more water than it can obtain by capillary attraction. In rain water there is ammonia, and we want to get this ammonia from the water. In passing through the earth, the water imparts ammonia to the soil and the tree. Air also passes down with the water, and thus the tree is nourished without stirring the soil. The ammonia and air are thus carried as far and wherever the water penetrates. I do not believe in plowing after trees get established and send out their roots. I have known good orchards destroyed by this course. The principal manure I use, and what I consider altogether the most valuable, is the phosphates. The beauty and remarkably high color of my fruit demonstrates the value of this manure for the pear.

FIELD—In planting trees on the quince stock, great difficulty has been found when the budding has been done too high on the stock. In such cases, to get all the quince below ground, we have to thrust the tree down to an unnatural depth, and then a new layer of roots has to be formed above the old ones, and near the surface, and the lower ones often become diseased and die, and the tree shows disease. I find such trees can be restored by taking them up and cutting off the lower strata of roots.

PRESIDENT—I was among the earliest cultivators of the pear on the quince root in this country. Many trees that first came from Europe had shanks of quince eighteen inches in length. I had never heard of planting the whole of this quince stock below the surface, but commenced the practice, and I am pretty well convinced that if the soil is well drained, no evil will result from this deep planting, but that there may be several courses of healthy roots. In taking up trees that have been long planted, I find them in this condition unless they have stood in a cold, uncongenial soil. Some thirty years ago I purchased large pear trees of Mad. Plantier, of Brooklyn, and lately had occasion to take up one of them, and the roots were as sound as when first planted. It must be about 40 years old, and had never rooted from the pear stock. *Louise Bonne de Jersey* seldom roots from the pear; Beurre d' Anjou does not readily give out pear roots. The Bartlett with me never does well until it has formed pear roots.

WARDER—At what age of the tree does pear above the quince throw out roots most freely?

PRESIDENT—If a dwarf pear tree ever throws out pear roots, it is when the tree is young.

SAUNDERS—A few years ago I tried some experiments at rooting pear cuttings of different varieties, and the Bartlett was the only one that rooted freely.

PRUNING.

[The subject of pruning was introduced by Mr. Loomis, of Ind. He was in favor of heading trees low.]

WARDER—I agree with Mr. Loomis. I like the plan of pruning trees *down* instead of *up*. This is particularly advantageous in the western country. I branch my trees at the ground in preference to any other place. When pruned in this way the trees get to work quicker and bear fruit earlier. The sap has not so far to travel for nothing. I call this my method, not because I claim any originality, but because I have adopted it and urged its adoption upon others.

Here the discussion closed, and the Society adjourned to meet in Boston in 1862.

Inquiries and Answers.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE APPLES?—In the RURAL of August 25, C. C. W., of Virginia, asks for information regarding his apples. The cause of his failure, I think, is an insect in the bark. My fruit has been affected in like manner for eight or ten years past. Much of the best fruit has been worthless. I sought for information, tried mulching, and manuring, with no benefit to the fruit. I concluded to try the following experiment. A year ago last spring, after my wife had done making soap, after a rain, and while the bark on the trees was soft, I took a sharp hoe and scraped off all the rough bark from the trunks and large branches of a few trees, and then gave them a good washing with the lye, using a corn broom. The lye was quite slippery. I found the fruit benefited by the application; and last spring I gave the remainder of the trees the same kind of treatment, using stronger lye than last year. The fruit now is handsome, as in former years—not a crack on them. My Virgalieu pears for some years past have been worthless. Last year I took a shaving knife, such as coopers use, and shaved all the brown bark off the trunk down to the white, and then gave a thorough washing with the lye, top and all. I repeated the washing last spring with lye stronger, and now the tree is loaded with as handsome fruit as ever grew in Rochester.—E. BIXBY, *Stafford, N. Y.*, 1860.

A SEEDLING GRAPE.—Having some grapes that I raised from the seed, and not knowing what kind they are, I thought I would send some to you, thinking that you might have seen some like them. If you know the name, please publish it in your paper.—JOSEPH SUTHERLAND, *Niagara*, 1860.

Strongly marked native; color, and bunch, and shape of berry, like the Diana. Of course, for a seedling there is no name. In some cases a seedling so resembles the parent that scarcely any difference can be perceived, and then it is called by the name of the parent. It is the opinion of some that we have several seedlings from the Isabella that pass by that name.

A WHITE BLACKBERRY.—There has been discovered in this section what seems to many a novelty, in the form of a White Blackberry. The fruit has been gathered, and the bushes have been cleared, and transplanted by some of your subscribers. I have a bush, just transplanted, with berries on of a yellow white, or amber color. Mr. DANIEL POTTER gathered berries, and transplanted the bushes. They are perfect blackberries, both fruit and bush, except color. I wish, if it would please you, to give us a botanical name in the RURAL, for it seems as if White Blackberry is a contradiction of terms.—E. G. WARNER, *Kingsboro, N. Y.*, 1860.

White, or amber-colored blackberries, have recently been found wild in various parts of the country, and transferred to the gardens of amateurs. Some information in regard to them was given at the last meeting of the American Pomological Society, at Philadelphia. In a year or two more, we shall know more of their value.

Horticultural Notes.

AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—To-day we conclude our report of the discussions at the last meeting of the American Pomological Society. It is the most complete and by far the most correct report published. Although occupying a large share of our room for several weeks, to the exclusion of other important matter, it will be found exceedingly valuable for present reading and future reference. We shall now devote particular attention to correspondents whom we have neglected for a few weeks.

FRUITS RECEIVED.—From J. B. JOHNSON, Naples, N. Y., large and well-ripened bunches of Isabella grapes. Also, good specimens of the Clinton.

— From CHARLES W. SEELYE, exceedingly fine specimens of Beurre Clairgeau pears. This is an exceedingly showy pear—good, and bears early. It is destined, we think, to be popular.

— From SOLOMON GILES, Weedsport, N. Y., a box of very fine Prunes. Mr. G. says:—"I think them worthy of more general cultivation than any other fruit, except the apple. They are so dry, cleave from the pit so readily, and are so sweet as, to make them fine for cooking or drying."

We have quite a collection of apples on hand awaiting attention, and now that we have got through attending fairs and Pomological Conventions for the season, our friends shall not have cause to complain of neglect.

INTRODUCTION OF DAHLIAS INTO ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—In the RURAL, a few weeks since, I saw an article on "Dahlias, and their Treatment," in which you give a very correct account of their introduction into England and France, but do not know at what time they were brought to this country. I was in England in 1823, and saw this flower exhibited at the London Horticultural Society's rooms. The number of varieties was not large, the Royal George being considered their best. On my return, in 1824, I brought all the leading varieties in pots, and made presents of them to my friends. These were the first plants I had any knowledge of being introduced into our gardens. The Royal George was then counted A No. 1, and was sold at three guineas a plant. Now we have so far improved the flowers that the above named is not reckoned among our choicest varieties.—N. GOODSELL, *New Haven, Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

CUYAHOGA GRAPE.

THE present excitement on the subject of grapes, has brought to light a great number of seedlings that have been for a long time hidden. From almost every State and County we hear of a seedling grape. A few days since Dr. TAYLOR, of Cleveland, Ohio, presented us with a bunch of the *Cuyahoga Grape*, a seedling raised in Cuyahoga County, Ohio. It is of a light transparent green, skin and pulp about like the Isabella, but much sweeter, and of an agreeable vinous flavor. The engraving shows the form of the bunch and berry.

The vine with which this grape originated was found growing near the steps of a store, in the village of Euclid, Ohio, by a Mr. WEMPELL, who took it home and planted it. The original vine, we believe, has borne fruit for ten or twelve years. It has been called by some *Wempell's Seedling*, but the Horticultural Society of Cleveland named it the *Cuyahoga*, it having originated in that County.

PRESERVING FRUIT IN CANS AND BOTTLES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Fruit, and many kinds of vegetables, are so extensively put up in cans and bottles, now-a-days, that all who are interested, or ever expect to be, should know how to do it well—by which I mean, not only efficiently, but neatly and expeditiously. It is a luscious thought, that we can, with only a little trouble and a little more perseverance, sit down to our dish of peaches and cream the whole year round,—almost as fresh and good, too, as when first plucked from the tree,—and then there are the plums, cherries, strawberries, and so on through, out the whole list of Pomona's gifts to man—delicious luxuries, all to be enjoyed the greater part of the year, with only the trouble of providing yourself with the fruit, a few bottles, and a little labor in cooking and sealing.

There are some who, owing to the imperfect manner of doing their work, have failed and become faithless. The poping corks and poison cans have frightened them so badly, that they "want to hear nothing more about putting up fruit." Then, there is many a good housewife who is deterred from repeating her first experiment, on account of there being "so much," as she says, "fussing about it." She would gladly possess the fruit to supply her table with delicacies, but can not endure the thought of having to go through with such a puttering performance again. Now, some people always have a fussing, pothering way of doing anything; and others, through inattention, unaptness, or lack of energy, never perform their work neatly or thoroughly; and it is not surprising that failures and disappointments are common among these classes, and always will be, so long as these methods of doing work exist. But those who go to work coolly and intelligently, with a due amount of determination, will, in nine cases out of ten, be successful, and in a short time will become so expert that fruit can be put up in this way in half the time required by the old method of making it into those unhealthy articles, sweetmeats.

Metal cans, jars of glass or earthen-ware, or any wide-mouthed bottle, which can be readily sealed, may be used for keeping the fruit in. Glass, or earthen-ware, is preferable to metal, owing to the liability of the latter to corrode, and poison the fruit more or less. A family of my acquaintance was taken suddenly with sickness and vomiting, from effects of this kind of poison. They put up tomatoes quite largely, last year, part of which were kept in metal cans. Sometime during the winter past, tomatoes were wanted for the table, and those in one of the metal cans used, with the poisonous effects stated, and which might have been much worse had it not been for a timely antidote. All acidulous fruits or vegetables should be put up in glass, not only on account of corrodibility, but that the condition of the fruit may be seen at any time.

The usual mode of putting up fruit, is to have two vessels,—one a small, enameled kettle or pan, to cook the fruit in; and another, larger and deeper one, into which the can or bottle is placed, and then water poured in and gradually heated to the boiling point. When the fruit is sufficiently cooked, it is dipped into the bottle, which is then taken out of the water, corked, and sealed.

A much better way than this, or that given by C. M. M. in the RURAL of the 1st Sept., is to take the stove boiler, fit a rack in the bottom of it, by nailing together strips of lath, leaving interstices of an inch or so; or perhaps what would be better, make the rack of a piece of board, first shaping it to the boiler, then boring numerous holes in it, to allow the steam to pass through. Pieces should be nailed underneath, to raise the rack a little from the bottom, to clear the water, enough of which should be poured in to furnish steam and keep the boiler from burning.

The rack and boiler ready, the next thing is to prepare the fruit. This should be freshly picked; and if we could know when it is just ripe, that would be the proper time for putting up—though it is more likely to keep well if put up when not *fully*, than when it is *over ripe*, and the process of decay commenced. This should be more especially regarded with soft, pulpy fruits, than those of firmer flesh. Peaches should be halved, and their pits removed; also plums that part from the stone,—those that do not, readily, had better be put up whole, as had also cherries, as too much of the pulp would be wasted in trying to remove the pits. Tomatoes should be skinned and sliced. It is not necessary to state how each kind of fruit is prepared—the mode will suggest itself, to the novice, even. If you regard the fine appearance, after being put up, as anything, the fruit must not be spooned into the bottles, and shaken together into a shapeless mass, but should be put in layers, evenly and compactly as possible, till the bottles are full. When you have filled as many bottles as you wish, put them into the boiler, over which spread a thick cloth, and put on the cover, putting weights on to hold it down, if necessary; build a smart, brisk fire, steaming them to a few degrees above the boiling point, letting them remain in the hot steam a time, greater or less, according to the kind of fruit,—peaches, plums, and fruits similar, about ten minutes,—berries, twelve to fifteen,—tomatoes, half an hour,—and green corn, beans, peas, &c., from three-quarters to one hour. (The albumen of which the latter are composed is in a soft, immature state; thoroughly heating them, solidifies it, and fermentation is checked or retarded.) They should then be taken out. The cooking and slight cooling will cause them to shrink a little. A knitting needle run down through the fruit, and around the outside next to the bottle, facilitates the escape of air that may be collected, and does not disturb the layers as shaking does. Fill up the bottles again with some of the fruit, steamed at the same time, in a bowl, basin, or some other convenient dish—leaving just room enough for the corks; wipe off with a clean cloth any fruit that may adhere to the mouth of the bottle; (this is important, as it would prevent the wax from sticking;) cork and seal, expeditiously as possible, *but not over-hurriedly.*

In my first attempts at sealing, I lost several bottles, because I did not work coolly and deliberately. I supposed that success depended upon the bottles being sealed *instantly* after being taken from the boiler, and worked accordingly—did my work imperfectly,—consequence was—"pop went the corks," and all my expectations. But it is not necessary to work so hurriedly; the fruit would retain heat enough to keep the air in a sufficiently rarified condition to preserve the fruit, though ten minutes were occupied in sealing a bottle. Yet, when one becomes expert at it, a dozen could be sealed, perfectly, in the same time.

The wax or cement commonly used for sealing, is composed of tallow and resin in the proportion of an ounce of tallow to a pound of resin. If thought too hard, a little more tallow may be added. A quantity can be made at once, and kept in an old basin, to be melted again whenever wanted. Some have used common putty, and like it as well as the common cement. I have never tried it, therefore can not speak of it with certainty.

The bottles should be kept in a cool, dry, dark place; should not be allowed to freeze; a cool closet on the lower floor is a good place to keep them until freezing weather, when they should be removed to warmer quarters—as the chamber closets in the vicinity of a stove-pipe.

If these directions are closely observed, I think no one need fail in keeping fruits the year round, or will ever grudge the little time, or regret the trouble they were put to, in thus supplying their tastes with precious fruits. J. A. G.

Waverly, Tioga County, N. Y., 1860.

MARKING FLANNEL FOR EMBROIDERY.—Having seen an inquiry for a recipe to mark flannel for embroidery, I send you my wife's plan. Mark your pattern on thin paper, stitch the paper to the flannel, and trace with a thread different in color from the flannel; tear off the paper, and you have the pattern.—T. BALLENTYNE, *Bellville, C. W.*, 1860.

CRACKER PUDDING.—Will some lady reader of the RURAL please give a recipe for making a Cracker Pudding?—BELLE, *Andalusia, Ill.*, 1860.

SODA BISCUIT.—Will some of the RURAL readers give me the mode of making soda biscuit?—CELLA, *Galesburgh, Mich*, 1860.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

SINCE MRS. C. commenced using DE LAND & Co.'s Saleratus, she declares that her husband's expression of countenance has wonderfully improved. She says that the difference in the quality of the bread, pastry, &c., has undoubtedly effected this desirable condition of temper on the part of Mr. C. Good, sweet, wholesome bread, she believes, has a very perceptible and gratifying effect upon the disposition. DE LAND & Co.'s Saleratus is manufactured at Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. It is sold by most grocers and storekeepers, and can be bought at wholesale from the principal grocers.

THE RETURNED LETTERS.

How she strives her grief to smother!
Tears fall on the snowy page;
To a daughter writes a mother—
Calls her *home* to cheer her age.
Weary, then, with looking, longing,
Weeks and months pass sadly by;
All the past to memory thronging,
Hoping on but—no reply.
Till at last there comes a letter!
'*Tis her own* she traces there—
Better she had died—far better—
"Gone away, and not known where!"

From *her* home across the ocean,
Blotted with repentant tears,
Writes the daughter her emotion—
How she turns to earlier years—
Prays that heaven may bless her mother,
Tells her of her wedded joy;
How she left her for another—
Sends the picture of her boy;
Then she waits to be forgiven,
Till another year has fled;
Back *her* letter, torn and riven,
Comes—and on it written "DEAD."

Knickerbocker.

THE PET LAMB.

SPEAK kindly to the little boy,
Nor dash to earth his cup of joy;
Give him a smile whene'er you can—
A happy child makes happy man.
What if the Shepherd now would come
And take the little darling home!
Ah, me! when He the flock doth call,
He takes the pet lamb first of all—
To greener pastures from the rock
He takes the pet lamb of the flock.

Speak softly to each little child;
Let every word be sweet and mild—
Kind words, like goodly seeds, will start
And fill the garden of his heart.
Then smile, and sooth his cares away,
The Shepherd soon may come your way!
And, ah! when He the flock doth call,
He takes the pet lamb first of all—
To greener pastures from the rock
He takes the pet lamb of the flock!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SPEAK GENTLY TO THE LITTLE ONES.

"MARY, did you break that large platter while I was out?"

The mother's voice was harsh, and her manner threatening, but truthfulness was written upon the fair, open brow of the child, and her reply came without hesitation or reserve.

"Yes, mother, I did it. CHARLEY was so fretful after you were gone that I left him a moment, and went to the pantry to get some milk, and as I was standing in a chair to reach it, my foot slipped, and my arm knocked the platter from the shelf. I am very sorry, but, indeed, I couldn't help it."

"You are a careless, good-for-nothing child, and deserve to be severely punished. I can never leave the house a moment but you are sure to break, or injure something. I almost wish sometimes that you had never been born."

The fiery temper of the passionate child was fully roused by such injustice, and half-defiantly, half-sadly she answered—"And so do I wish."

The injudicious mother, not reflecting that her own undeserved censure had provoked the angry retort from her little daughter, seized her by the arm, and with no gentle force inflicted blows that left their impress upon the bare, white shoulders, but more indelibly upon the plastic mind of the wounded child.

Poor MARY! she had none to sympathize with her. Leaving the house she sought a retired spot in the garden, and throwing herself upon a grassy mound, with that abandonment to grief peculiar to childhood, she murmured, with great choking sobs,—"Mother doesn't love me. O, I wish I was dead! I wish I could die now! Nobody loves me, I am so naughty, mother says, and I can't be good. I tried hard to do every thing just right to-day and keep CHARLEY still, and when the platter fell and cut my arm I kept quiet because a noise would make CHARLEY cry. I sung him to sleep, and took good care of him, and I thought mother would pity me when she saw my arm,—not scold me. But she didn't see it, and when she pulled me and hurt so dreadfully, I couldn't have told her if I had died. If I should be very sick and die like FANNIE HART, and be buried here in this pretty place, where the birds sing so sweetly, I wonder if mother wouldn't come sometime, and weep over my grave, and call me her *darling*. Oh, I want some one to love me! LUCY MEAD tells us at Sabbath school, about heaven, and the kind SAVIOUR, who loves little children, and takes them in his arms when they die, and carries them to that bright, beautiful world,—I wish he would come for me now. But she says he doesn't love bad children, and I am so unruly, and think such wicked thoughts when mother gets so angry with me, that I am afraid he would never have me for his child. If mother would only smile as ELLA FOSTER'S mother does, and just say, 'you must be more careful, dear,' when I *don't mean to do it*, I know I could be good. If JESUS *did* love me as LUCY says he loves little girls, mother would tell him how naughty I am, and then *He* would hate me, too. Oh, dear! dear!"

And the poor little sufferer, bowed low with a load of sorrow too great for her tender years, writhes, and moans in the deep anguish of a broken heart, until exhausted nature yields the contest, and she sinks into a troubled sleep.

Think you, mother, is it any wonder if such treatment serves to alienate the affections of a naturally warm-hearted, impulsive child, from home, and, perhaps, in time, render her skeptical in regard to the love and care of a kind heavenly Father? Mothers, ye who have these tender plants committed to your charge, be careful that you do not thoughtlessly wound their sensitive natures, and when reproof is necessary, do it in a manner that shall not for a moment cause them to doubt your love. FRANCES.

Cherry Grove, N. Y., 1860.

GIVE US LIGHT AND AIR.

OUR parlors have become simply furniture warerooms, not "show-rooms" even, for light is essential to a good show of any sort; they are mere places for the storage of carpets, pictures and chairs that have cost money, and have no doubt a money value, but whose office is a sinecure, as far as making a comfortable home is concerned. On calling to see a friend, we are shown into an utterly dark and airless room. After a long time she appears, or something appears, of which we can dimly discover the outline. If she is very amiable, she remarks, by way of conversation, "this room is rather dark," and raises one of the various coverings of the window about an inch. Thereupon comes in a light streak of sickly hue, that makes the previous darkness more visible. You have the pleasure of hearing her voice, without the slightest notion of her color, expression or looks generally. After you escape into the cheerful brightness of out of doors, she steps back into the room, drops the shade closely again, and trips up a darkened stairway into another dark room, there to sew, read or write, all the time straining her eyes to the utmost, in her efforts to see in the dark.

Her eyes "trouble her very much"—she "has constant pain in her eyes and head"—she has been to this oculist and to that, and has paid large sums of money, and "is nothing better." They all tell her one thing—she must "rest her eyes"—she "uses them too much," and so on. No part of this is true, as she has never used her eyes in any good sense, though she has always abused them. About every third person of her acquaintance is affected in the same way, and "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" Her grandmother—all their grandmothers in "point of fact"—at eighty-two, could sew the nicest and most exact seam, and read the finest print in the evening, with the aid of the usual glasses. She lived all her long life in rooms whose shutters were never closed save at night, and curtains of any kind there were none. The sun in her day did not harm the rich Turkey carpets that covered the floor, or the "portraits by Copley" that hung upon the wall. Her aunt, at seventy-one, can make as elegant a button-hole as eyes ever saw, can embroider muslin and cambric in beautiful style, and in fine, plain sewing, has few equals. Her mother at sixty could see to mark her own name in full, eighteen letters, with her own hair, on the finest linen cambric handkerchief, and at sixty-nine can do almost anything that can be done with a needle, in the most workmanlike manner. These three ladies spent thirty years of their lives in full view of Boston harbor, and the use of a spy-glass was one of their almost daily recreations. These are not exceptional cases. Any one can recall similar facts among the circle of their friends between the ages of sixty and eighty years. But our modern lady is "troubled with her eyes;" she has, in fact, no soundness in her. From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she is a bundle of ailments produced by broken law.—*Boston Transcript.*

CHOOSING HUSBANDS.

WHEN a girl marries, why do people talk of her choice? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred has she any choice? Does not the man, probably the last she would have chosen, select her? A lady writer says:—"I have been married many years; the match was considered a good one, suitable in every respect—age, position, and fortune. Every one said I had made a good choice. I loved my husband when I married him, because he had by unwearied assiduity succeeded in gaining my affections; but had choice been my privilege, I certainly should not have chosen him. As I look at him in his easy chair, sleeping before the fire, a huge dog at his feet, a pipe peeping out of the many pockets of his shooting coat, I cannot but think how different he is from what I would have chosen. My first *penchant* was for a clergyman—he was a flatterer, and cared but little for me, though I have not forgotten the pang of his desertion. My next was a lawyer—a young man of immense talent, smooth, insinuating manners; but he, too, after walking, talking, dancing and flirting, left me. Either of these would have been my 'choice,' but my present husband chose me, and therefore I married him; and this, I cannot help thinking, must be the way with half the married folks of my acquaintance."—*Married Life.*

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT TO A WIFE.—The following neat and beautiful reply was made by the late Daniel O'Connell, in response to a toast given in compliment to his wife, who was the object of his long and affectionate attachment. It was given at a political meeting. The English language could not furnish anything more touchingly tender and graceful:

There are some topics of so sacred and sweet a nature, that they may be comprehended by those who are happy, but they cannot be possibly described by any human being. All that I shall do is to thank you in the name of her who was the disinterested choice of my early youth; who was the ever-cheerful companion of my manly cares; and who is the sweetest solace of that "sear and yellow leaf" age at which I have arrived. In her name I thank you: and this you may readily believe; for experience, I think, will show to us all, that man cannot battle and struggle with the malignant enemies of his country, unless his nest at home is warm and comfortable,—unless the honey of human life is commended by a hand that he loves.

TRUE friendship increases as life's end approaches, just as the shadow lengthens with every degree the sun declines toward its sitting.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

TO THE RIGHT BE TRUE.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

ARE you marching, patient marching,
Through the storms of life?
Are you meeting, daily meeting,
Weary toil and strife?
There's a voice above life's tumult,
Speaking still to you,
Never falter—never waver—
To the Right be True!

Are you thinking, daily thinking,
Of the painful way?
Often asking, frequent asking,
Why these sufferings stay?
Hear the promise—*all shall surely*
Work for good to you!
Never fearing, never doubting,
To the Right be True!

Are you hearing, often hearing,
Earth's alluring call,
Tempting offers, golden offers,
Ever gilding all?
Yield not to the tinseled goddess—
Spurn each selfish view!
Listen to the angel whisper,
To the Right be True!

When the strong are basely forging
Fetters for the weak,
Shall the earnest, truthful spirit,
Yield, nor dare to speak?
Spurn the thought—yes, ever spurn it—
Hurl it far from you!
Spurn the selfish, grasp the noble!
To the Right be True!

Are there many siren voices
Calling you and me?
Never listen to their pleading—
Spurn them and be free!
Of life's active, earnest duties,
Get the highest view,
Firmly grasp the arm of heaven—
To the Right be True!

Are you hoping, joyful hoping,
For the rest of heaven?
Are your waiting, patient waiting,
Till the chains are riven?
Would you keep the heavenly mansion
Clear and bright in view?
Always heed the earliest prompter,
TO THE RIGHT BE TRUE!

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

NIGHT MUSINGS.

NATURE is hushed, and the pulses of the great world are still. Midnight, like a huge mantle of blackness, hangs over hill and dale. The multitudes are sleeping in the cradle of silence, and all, save the plaintive notes of the lone whippoorwill, in the distant forest, and the continual murmuring of the water-fall, is mute. Now for an hour of thought. An olden balcony shall be our place for prospects and musings, for we would draw around us the relics of past beauty and grandeur, that their memories may haunt us—we would bring back to our ear the sounding footsteps of years which have not yet died out in the corridor of Time. From their bright abodes, the melancholy stars look down, as a christian looks into the grave. We feel on our cheek the sweepings of night's moistened wings, as if it were laid on cider-down that had long drank evening's silent dews. Awe watches from the windows of the soul, and Thought goes out in the realms of space, as the lonely dove went forth from the ancient ark.

'Tis now strange aspirations mount within our spirit, circling through the eternity of its being, wandering toward GOD, and winding through many a flowery maze, till the soul is burdened with a sublime Presence. Fancy has been out—the wandering bird of heaven—now kneeling by the altars of the silent stars to worship beauty and light; now threading the lamp lit stairway of heaven, and quaffing the ambrosia that wafts minstrel breezes from angel bowers. Come back, bright-eyed, smile-wreathed Fancy, sweet goddess of the mind! I fain would kiss thy cherub cheek again. Come, charm mine ear with thy voice: place thy warm lips close to my enraptured ear, breathe such sounds in my secret soul as GOD may speak when to the hosts that give Him praise He breathes His welcome love.

Oh, who can go the very gate of Night, swing it open on its ponderous hinges, pass out into the glorious field of day, and not feel the hand of an indefinable Presence suddenly, yet peacefully, laid on his heart? Up the shining footprints of GOD that glitter along the pavements of the sky, his soul may wander; and, as grateful bees sit, murmuring their hymns of toil, and roam amid fields of honey-laden flowers, may sip from angelic fountains the nectar of life, and sing the new-born notes of Paradise.

Aye, go forth now, poet and muse, beneath the canopy of stars. What unutterable, indefinable, overpowering feelings crowd around the heart, and yearn for utterance, till they go drifting over the multitudinous peaks of heaving thoughts as the waves break over the crests of rocks that shoot up from the sea. And then what sounds ravish the ear!—not loud and clamorous, but soft, balm-like, and divine, baptizing the soul with the melodious foretastes of celestial song. Thus is enchantment weaving a hallowed halo around us as we sit musing amid the whispering hours of night, whose dulcet voices sing to the world a blessed lullaby. The audible whispers of Nature are wafting on the balmy breeze that kisses our grateful brow, and lifts our damp locks from the fevered temple, leaving there its soothing memory.

Oh, lover of Nature, oft hie thee to some genial retreat, and there commune with GOD. Thou wilt feel His soft hand upon thy brow, His finger on thy trembling lip, and in thy heart of hearts, His voice will speak. Upon thy vision will break a fairer view than this, peopled with angelic forms, enraptured with unceasing songs, and carpeted with lovelier flowers than ever graced the earth; where the painted skies are decorated with festooning rainbows, where Beauty and Peace have hung their beatific semblances. Thither will thy soul yearn to retire, and leave behind earth and its ills, to live where

"Heaven's the perfection of all that can
Be said or thought: or riches, delight, or harmony,
Health, beauty; and all these not subject to
The waste of time, but in their height eternal."

Cleveland, N. Y., 1860. EUGENE.

SHAKING HANDS.

AS a means of defense, the Englishmen use the clenched fist, and not the dagger, as the Spaniards and Italians do. They consider this a more noble, manly, and, as being more at hand when wanted, a more efficient power. But for friendship, as its most heartfelt expression, the worthiest, manliest, and sincerest sign of feeling, they give the open hand to us. Indeed, this English hand-shaking, when immoderate, as it sometimes is, has a somewhat comical effect. But it has its bright side also; for in this custom—hearty, strong, and sometimes rough—we see expressed the deep, fraternal sympathy of this great nation. Bodily union, as far as the junction of the ten fingers can effect it, is a beautiful symbol of that of the soul, and almost all nations have adopted two hands clasped together as the emblem of mutual brotherhood and aid. There is a language, silent indeed, but ever variously expressive in this custom. Think but upon its degrees—the pressure—the grasp—the hands held, twisted within each other, given or shaken—all, from woman's gentle touch, which seems to linger as a feeling, to man's nervous, strong retention. Mark those who, unacquainted with each other, or possibly estranged, offer the hand as a mere outward act of courtesy. How restrained is their action! how motionless, unfeeling, insensible! Like oil upon water, one hand rests within another; how readily they depart, each glad to escape from his hypocritical communion! On the contrary, when long-tried friends, who have been separated for years, again meet, with what haste and warmth of feeling do they not grasp the hand; how short, but hearty is their salutation, "Well met!" They seem riveted together as the links of a chain, true and inseparable, with hearts for any fate. And when we bid "Farewell," does not our hand rest folded within another's, motionless, yet thrilling with gentlest touch? for sorrowed affliction has soft, restraining feelings, that lead us to yield the hand so often clasped in tenderness at the moment of separation.—*Selected.*

PREACHING.

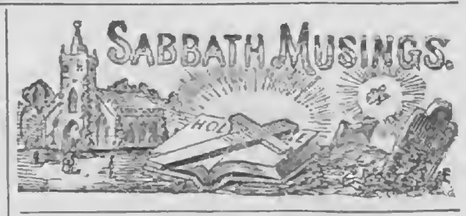
THERE are some things that preach besides men. Sometimes it is a book, sometimes a child, sometimes an unwritten life, and sometimes there is a sermon in a stone. There is no lack of preachers. If there is a dearth in anything it is practice; if there is any famine in the land it is a moral one.

Lives preach. When a minister's son pitches quoits on the Sabbath, he preaches louder and more eloquently than his father in the pulpit. When a wine-dealer's boys grow up spendthrifts and go reeling through the streets, it is an exposition of the text with which he started, "Am I my brother's keeper?" more forcible than any divine could give by a score of arguments. When a fashionable mother teaches her daughters to despise labor, and ignore mental attainments, and lives to see them taking in washing and sewing, there is an inference to be drawn from such education more potent than any pulpit could portray. When a young man makes beautiful prayers in the social meeting, and refuses to comfort the widow and the fatherless, and locks his "closet" door, except on the first day of the week, his six days' preaching not only eclipses the seventh, but gives rise to the question whether Pharisees are obsolete. When a government officer betrays his trust, and absconds with a hundred thousand dollars wanting on the records, with which he gave great dinners and lived like a nabob, and finds, instead of a state prison, a false, sickly sympathy among brother politicians, there is a comment upon fast living and false morality more powerful than any exposition upon the life of Dives, from a theologian's pen.

Of many, it would be wisdom to say, as the lady did, when asked of a student, whose life was a burlesque upon his preaching, whether he was preaching—no, he is practicing.—*Olive Branch.*

HOW SOON FORGOTTEN.—So lately dead; so soon forgotten. 'Tis the way of the world. We flourish for a while. Men take us by the hand, and are anxious about the health of our bodies, and laugh at our jokes, and we really think, like the fly on the wheel, that we have something to do with the turning of the earth. Some day we die and are buried. The sun does not stop for our funeral; everything goes on as usual; we are not missed in the streets; men laugh at new jokes; one or two hearts feel the wound of affliction, one or two memories still hold our names and forms; but the crowd moves in its daily circle; and in three days the great wave of time sweeps over our steps and washes out the last vestige of our lives. —*Providence Journal.*

POVERTY THE PARENT OF FUN.—Poverty runs strongly to fun. A man is never so full of jokes as when he is reduced to one shirt and two potatoes. Wealth is taciturn and fretful. Stock brokers would no sooner indulge in a hearty laugh than they would lend money on a second mortgage. Nature is a great believer in compensations. Those to whom she sends wealth she saddles with lawsuits and dyspepsia. The poor never indulge in woodcock, but then they have a style of appetite that converts a number three mackerel into a salmon, and that is quite as well.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SOUL'S REFUGE.

"ARISE and pray, lest ye enter into temptation."

OFT listening to some sweet refrain,
Its music doth my soul enchain,
And still keeps warbling o'er again.

Thus, harkening to the sacred word,
My SAVIOR'S kind command I heard,
And in its depths my heart was stirred.

And still, low whispering, day by day,
I hear a soft voice gently say,
Arise and pray! Arise and pray!

When vanquished quite by sin and care—
A captive made by grim Despair—
The same sweet tones are murmuring there.

Arise and pray! Thou hast the key;
No longer needest thou prisoner be;
Go ope thy dungeon gate and flee.

When turn my wayward steps aside—
Or, swayed by passion, or by pride,
My Master I had half denied,

Its sad, reproving tones I hear—
"Why sittest thou all day idle here?
Arise and pray!—the night is near.

"The night is drear and soon will come,
One sad misstep may seal thy doom,
And plunge thee in its fearful gloom.

"Then rise and pray, O, laggard soul,
Lest over thee, without control,
The waves of dark temptation roll."

Clay, Iowa, 1860. S.

RELIGION.

SOME men think only of religion as something which gives them a title to heaven—as if the devil were some sneaking thing going about to snatch from man his title to a property. Or as if a man had an estate to which another claimant arose. The case is contested, and the man who holds the estate is adjudged to have it rightfully. He goes back home—is the estate improved? are the fences repaired? are the fields more fruitful? No, it is the same thistle-grown estate that it was; but the man rejoices and says, "Now I know it is mine; for I have got a title." Other men look on religion as a provision for the future; like a little estate laid by snugly for them, to which, if anything should happen, they may retire by-and-by, and enjoy themselves. Still other men's religion bears about the same relation to their whole life and character that a farmer's garden does to his whole farm. Here he has finer vegetables and fruits, and, if anywhere, flowers, while all the fields are full of marketable commodities. A great many persons have gardens of piety, while the large fields of their character are without a flower or a fruit. A man cannot parcel off a little place and say, "Here I will have my piety, and out there I will have my business and my politics;" it may do in farming, but not in religion. There must be a Christianization of the soul, and of each of its separate faculties. Worship must be Christianized. Under the ancient influences Churches have been darkened, and worship made somber and gloomy. The outward life must also be made to conform to the inward, and both be regulated by the same divine law.—*H. W. Beecher.*

LIFE AND DEATH.—Life and death, what awful words, yet how lightly they drop from the lips. We utter them as if we had not constantly before us the solemn warning, "that in the midst of life we are in death." We wander along the highways of our mortal existence, either heedless or unconscious that we are pursued by a shadow which will go wherever we go. Wrapt up in ourselves, we adore the present, regardless of the fact that, however glittering it may appear to our senses, it is wreathed in mists that spread disease, and pain, and death on every side of us.

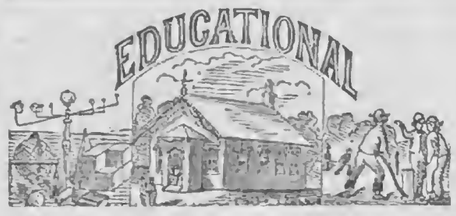
"Floating down the current of time to the tomb,
We hallow too much the flowers on its side."

THE smallest, homeliest, humblest actions, are ennobled by the sentiment of love and duty. Think of two arch-angels—one sent to rule the British realm, the other to sweep the streets of London, and both finding equal dignity and equal pleasure in the faithful doing of their work. Bethink you, too, with what joyous alacrity the cherubim would grind knives along the streets of our town, if set to do it by their Lord and ours—and how well they would grind them too! And not a single seraph, winging by on swift pinions upon some embassy of highest import to the realm-ruling angel, would have a thought of scorn for the faithful knife-grinder's or the cheerful street-sweeper's place and work.—*Greystone.*

FAN GENTLY THE DYING SPARK.—In attempting to convert a sinner from the error of his way, one should be as careful as though he were endeavoring to revive a rapidly expiring fire. Not trundle in a scuttleful of dogmas all at once, so that the faint spark which gives indications of spiritual life is so overwhelmed by the mass, that it can with difficulty force its way through it, or perhaps is smothered entirely, but drop a truth here, a maxim there, always striving to keep the sparks alive. Fan it—do not blow it out.

THE more we attach ourselves to the refined pleasures of religion and virtue, the more are we persuaded of their eternal duration and improvement; the more we attach ourselves to the transient pleasures of time, the more do we fear to lose them; while the use of them familiarizes and diminishes our enjoyment.

THE great object of him who conducts his life by principles of religion, is to make the future predominate over the present.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PHYSICAL PUNISHMENT.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Your "Out West" correspondent gives one "*suggestion to young teachers,*" which, it seems to me, needs examination. He says, "I never use it (the rod,) unless in extreme cases." It is an old and common idea among professional teachers, that extreme cases require violent remedies. Even Mr. Page, in his "Theory and Practice," remarks, after admitting that "kindness is the best general means to maintain order; yet, in extreme cases, the rod must be used." But, if extreme cases need the *best* means, and if those are love and kindness, how can the *rod*, an implied inferior means, ever be a *better?*—and if the rod is the best in extreme, why not in all cases? But if gentle *firmness*, that never yields,—if "*kindness*," that never fails to inspire *respect*,—and if *patience*, that never flags, are essential qualities of a teacher, then, extreme cases grow out of inefficiency of teachers as often as out of fault in scholars—for the cause is but a *demand* exceeding the supply-stock of such essentials.

Another idea often "suggested to young teachers," to "command and *enforce* respect," belongs to that class of errors chargeable to common custom, but not to common sense. *Respect* is the natural offspring of gentleness and love, and *fear* is the offspring of violence, and parent of *hate;* but it is the teacher, not the pupil, who elects which shall exist.

The inclination to force and violence in rule, is pure *animal*, and proper enough among brutes, where virtue is not required—where merit lies in obedience merely, and not in the motive that prompts it. But man, with reason, moral, mental, and intellectual qualities, resembling Deity, given purposely for dominion, belies his superiority and sinks to the brute level when he resorts to brute force in order to prove his supremacy, even though it be not till patience tires in waiting the natural results of love and respect. Advocating the *rod*, is admitting the supremacy of physical over moral and mental force,—of matter over mind,—of the body over the soul,—of *evil* over *good*,—as inducement to right, to order, and social harmony. I would ask, and let each one answer for himself, every parent and teacher, if punishment with a *rod* can possibly be inflicted without exciting passion,—to cause insanity, sufficient, legally, to justify homicide, as murder in self-defence,—for who can help resenting whatever brings them ill,—an ill that comes purposely through human agency. A blow, purposely given, is the greatest human outrage, the most provoking insult in the known catalogue of human wrongs, inciting anger, hatred, and desires for revenge; and the cause, not the effect, is justly accountable for the crime, or whatever else of evil might result.

Experience demonstrates that government is the most difficult part of education, and the most onerous task in school keeping. Why? Because the science is not made a branch of education—because the law leaves the system of school government to old, time-honored custom, which is *despotic*, and because an understanding of the first principles of any specified system is not required as a qualification of a teacher. The character of a government by *force* is *arbitrary*, that of *coercion, tyranny*,—that of the *rod, absolutism*. Under neither is it possible to develope virtue, worth, and excellence. But the Divine system of love and kindness, which rejects transcendentalism and involves equality, is gospel *liberty* and christian *freedom*, with which, it is possible for humanity to demonstrate the Divine Truth of the abstract, (and under all other systems impractical,) moral, social teachings of Christ. That liberty is a prerequisite of virtue, which, also, is the first essential to the enjoyment of freedom—*liberty* to choose or to refuse, for themselves, good and evil, as therein being responsible only to themselves and accountable to God only, and *freedom* to work out their own destiny in their way, and by their own light; with none to molest, make afraid, nor purposely interfere, without their consent.

Folly regards only present, superficial appearances, while wisdom sees effects and results beyond and to the end; and because *fear* and the *rod* effect apparent submission, though all within is rebellion, yet fully claims a victory, which wisdom rejects as a defeat, unless the *will* assents. God regards the *soul* as the essential, and educates the *real* person, which He only knows and comprehends fully; but man cares for and cultivates the *ideal* merely for appearances, which he understands but partially. The Divine teachings of the apparent are true, because they always accord with the *real;* but human teachings based on the ideal only, may be false. Outward appearances are reliable as true only when the ideal is founded on the real within, and then appearances will harmonize with Nature and with Divine revelation of truth.

The teacher, faithful and true, that desires to develope the highest excellence of man, will seek to know the *real* within himself,—to learn the way to approach the *real* within his pupils,—or else his teachings can be but superficial, and for appearance only. S. Graves.

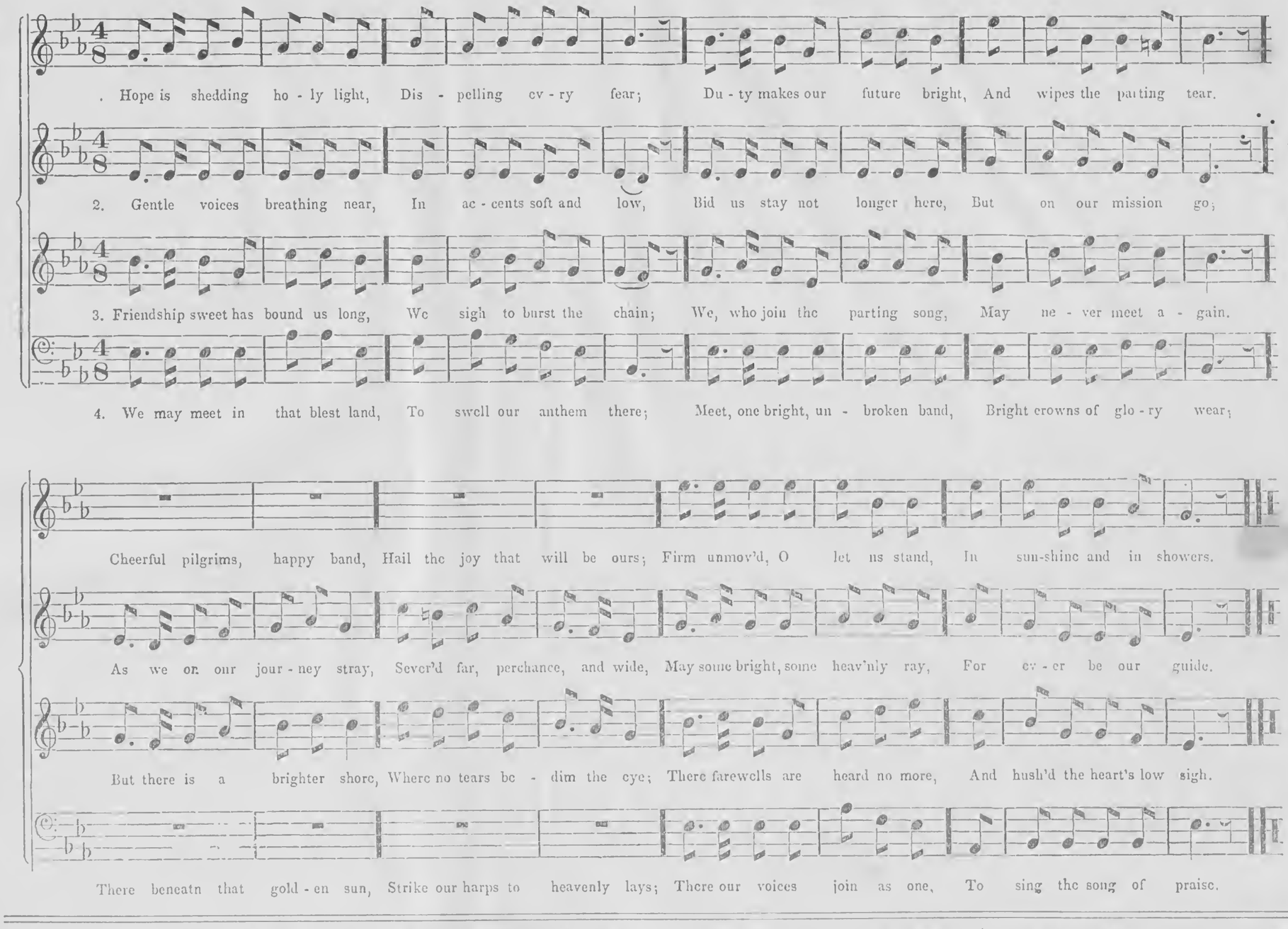
Marcellus Falls, N. Y., 1860.

Humboldt said ten years ago, "Governments, religion, property, books, are nothing but the scaffolding to educate a man. Earth holds up to her Master no fruit but the finished man. Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."

My character is to be estimated not only by my accomplishment, but by my ideal of accomplishing.

HOPE IS SHEDDING HOLY LIGHT.

Poetry by Miss Hazard.



EDUCATION IN THE VARIOUS STATES.

At the Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the American Institute of Instruction, recently held in Boston, the President called upon the "orators of the evening,"—representatives from near a score of States,—to respond for their respective Commonwealths. Although each speaker was limited to five minutes, a good deal was said, and we are not aware that we can furnish a richer entertainment to those interested in Educational topics, than to give the sayings and doings on that occasion.

Maine.—Mr. E. P. Weston, State Superintendent of Schools, began a geographical recitation as follows:—Bounded by "way down east;" extent, large enough to take the Bay State on its lap, and leave room for all her New England sisters beside; climate, said to have nine months of winter, and very cold weather the rest of the year; productions, a hundred bushels of oats to the acre, and great men for the other States. Before he had finished, his five minutes being up, the President informed him that the rest of his lesson must be recited after school, whereupon he sat down amid shouts of laughter.

New Hampshire.—Mr. H. E. Sawyer stated that New Hampshire boys did not like to recite after school, and that he should begin at the end of the lesson. The cause of education is advancing, though not with railroad speed. There are Teachers' Associations for the State; the counties, and even towns, increasing appropriations for educational expenditures and libraries. The greatest need is more good teachers.

Ohio.—Mr. M. T. Brown, of Toledo, liked the five minutes rule; by it, he would avoid being a bore. New England institutions had dotted Ohio, born in the Nutmeg State. In relation to education, he thought Ohio's foundations were broader than those in the east.

Michigan.—Mr. Ira Mayhew proceeded at once to statistics. The proceeds of the school lands have been $2,000,000. Annual taxes for education in the State, $500,000; total paid out for educational purposes each year is about $700,000, and 250,000 children receive instruction in the Public Schools. There are Union Schools established in villages, and the State has a Free University.

Illinois.—Prof. Johnson, of Chicago, said:—Although Illinois is a young State, she has accomplished much. In her villages are graded schools that would honor any of the older States in the Union. Their State, County, and Town Teachers' Associations are doing much to elevate the teachers; yet still their greatest want is able teachers, men of backbone. It is said that Massachusetts is the best State for teachers to go from, and he would say that Illinois is the best State for teachers to go to.

Wisconsin.—Mr. Pickard, the State Superintendent of Schools, said that, like all young people, his State was full of hope and spirit, and it was progressing rapidly in educational matters. Some fourteen years ago the State was covered with *paper* universities and academies, each claiming to teach all the *ologies*. These have passed away. Seven years ago a State Teachers' Association was organized, with a broad constitution, admitting everybody who claimed any interest in education. On meeting the second year, they found in attendance *six teachers and eight book agents*. The constitution was changed so as to admit only actual teachers. This year about three hundred teachers attended the annual meeting of their State Association.

Iowa.—Rev. McHenry Locke stated that the people there believe Iowa to be the nearest to the center of the world, and more beautifully located than any other State in the Union; a climate most healthful; those who have consumption have to leave the State for permission to die. They also claim more land to the acre than any other State, because of the great depth of her soil. *Paper* provisions are made on magnificent scale for public education in our State. We consulted the best educators at the east in forming our laws, and we claim to have the best; and what is better, we think our society the cream of the country and of all nations.

South Carolina.—Mr. T. A. Sawyer, of Charleston, responded. Massachusetts and South Carolina had often stood together, and he hoped they would again. Carolina was not ashamed in matters of education to follow Massachusetts. The principal of every school in Charleston, and several of the assistants, were present at this convention. The speaker gave an account of the educational reform which commenced in Charleston four years ago. That reform was extending into other large towns.

North Carolina.—In response to the call for this State, Mr. Elliott, a veteran teacher, stepped forward on the platform, amid rounds of applause. He said their school fund was small, because they were swindled out of the means provided for this purpose before the Revolutionary war, and that event had a great influence in stirring up the people in that State to engage in the war of American Independence. Besides the State subsequently gave all her public lands to the State of Tennessee to liquidate her debts. Recently they have been struggling to build railroads. The State has four thousand schools, which are kept open, free, for three months each year. The money for their support is raised by county tax, and amounts to $1,35 for each pupil. Their school system had been without a head until six years ago, but there is now more progress.

Maryland.—Rev. Dr. McJilton, of Baltimore, responded. His State had no system of Common Schools; but it was the first to establish proper female High Schools, and the first to establish a Floating School. There were school systems in nearly all the counties. The State expends $800,000 annually for her schools, many of which are excellent. Baltimore spends $200,000.

Pennsylvania.—Thomas H. Burrows, the State Superintendent of Schools, being called upon to stand up for the Keystone State, said he could say nothing in five minutes, about their 10,000 schools, and 15,000 teachers, or their 2,000,000 of children; so he concluded by inviting the American Institute of Instruction to come out of its shell, visit Pennsylvania with one of her meetings, learn a little geography, see the Dutch, and learn some of the humors of the people there.

New York.—Mr. J. W. Bulkley, Superintendent of Schools in Brooklyn, was proud to say that the Teachers of New York were the first to form a purely State Teachers' Association, and a journal as the organ of the profession. Evening Schools were doing more than any thing else to Americanize the foreign population. They also had Saturday Normal Schools, which were of great advantage to teachers.

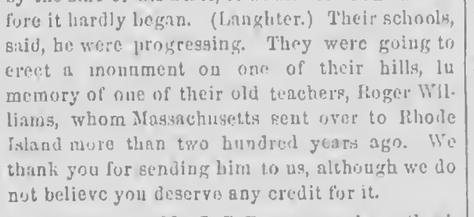
Connecticut.—Mr. D. N. Camp, State Superintendent and Principal of the Normal School, had the pleasure and honor of representing the Nutmeg State. He made some humorous introductory remarks, which were received with applause, and then proceeded to speak enthusiastically of the excellent school system of that State.

Rhode Island.—Prof. S. S. Greene, of Brown University, said, if his speech was to be gauged by the size of his State, it would be at an end before it hardly began. (Laughter.) Their schools, said, he were progressing. They were going to erect a monument on one of their hills, in memory of one of their old teachers, Roger Williams, whom Massachusetts sent over to Rhode Island more than two hundred years ago. We thank you for sending him to us, although we do not believe you deserve any credit for it.

California.—Mr. J. C. Pelton spoke enthusiastically of the extent and climate of the State; but regretted that he could not speak so highly of the schools. Nevertheless, they were doing much with their New England system and teachers. There are about 1,000 schools in the State; in San Francisco, 31 schools, with 10,000 scholars.

Germany.—Other States were called, but, no responses being made, the President remarked that, as some people regarded Germany as the "coming State," he would introduce Mr. Mellen of Berlin, in Prussia. He said, "I like my country so much as you do like your own country;" he believed it was worth our attention to look at their system of compulsory education. He said, "We have not such large audiences at meetings for education, nor such universal interest in the education of the masses, as in America. I will go home to my country, and tell them that I have seen those go-ahead people in America, and tell them to go-ahead, too."

Massachusetts.—Ex-Governor Boutwell was called upon to respond. He ascribed the excellence of the educational system of Massachusetts to the character of its founders. He spoke particularly of the necessity of elevating the character of Primary Schools, in which direction the efforts of the educators of this State had recently been specially bent.



IMPRESSION PAPER, &c.

Messrs. Eds.:—In a late number of the Rural I saw a request for a recipe to make *Impression Paper*, to copy leaves, &c. As I have seen no answer that I think will prove as satisfactory as the one I append, perhaps you may think proper to give it space. I give it in the words used in the work from which I copied it. It is easily made, and answers an excellent purpose:

"Chromatype.—Chromatype is a new process of photography. It consists in washing good letter paper with the following solution:—Bichromate potass, 10 grains; sulphate copper, (blue vitrol,) 20 grains; soft or distilled water, 1 oz.

Papers prepared with this are of a pale yellow color, and may be kept for any length of time without injury, and are always ready for use. For copying botanical specimens, or engravings, nothing can be more beautiful.

After the paper has been exposed to the influence of sunshine, with the object to be copied superposed, it is washed over in the dark, with a solution of nitrate of silver of moderate strength; as soon as this is done, a very vivid positive picture makes its appearance, which then only requires washing in pure water." I think I found this recipe in the *Scientific American* some years ago.

Shall I treat *Red* Raspberries in the same way you recommended the Black Cap to be treated?

Bristol, R. I., Oct., 1860. H.

Red Raspberries are propagated by suckers from the roots, and not by the tops.

SELECTION OF PEAR TREES.

As I wish to set out a few pear trees, will you please inform me, through your paper, what varieties are most productive, which ripen in succession, both dwarfs and standards.—A Young Farmer, *Seneca, Sept.* 1860.

Remarks.—It is best for "A Young Farmer" to commence with a few good varieties that are known to succeed, and enlarge the collection as fast as he gains the necessary information, experience, and time. Too many make a sad mistake at the commencement of fruit culture. They want everything that has been described as desirable—the newer the better. The consequence is they get a large collection, much of which is comparatively worthless; some good in certain districts and countires, but unsuited to their location, and in a little while they get discouraged. The testing of those new varieties should be left with nurserymen and with amateurs of time and means. Still, we would not discourage any one from testing a few new sorts, by way of experiment.

On pear stock, "Young Farmer" may commence with Osband's Summer, Tyson, Bartlett, Flemish Beauty, and Sheldon. On quince, Lonise Bonne de Jersey, Duchesse d' Augouleme, and Vicar of Winkfield.

The Theory of a Brick.—A boy hearing his father say, 'Twas a poor rule that wouldn't work both ways, said, "If father applies this rule about his work, I will test it in my play."

So setting up a row of bricks, he tipped over the first, which, striking the second, caused it to fall on the third, which over-turned the fourth, and so on, until all the bricks lay prostrate.

"Well," said the little boy, "each brick has knocked down his neighbor. I only tipped one. Now I will raise one, and see if he will raise his neighbors." He looked in vain to see them rise. "Here, father," said the boy, "'tis a poor rule that will not work both ways. They knock each other down, but will not raise each other up."

"My son, bricks and mankind are alike made of clay, active in knocking each other down, but not disposed to help each other up."

"Father," said the boy, "does the first brick represent the first Adam?"

The father replied:—"When men fall, they love company; but when they rise, they love to stand alone, like yonder brick, and see others prostrate before them."

Moral Courage.—You are a coward if you fear to tell the truth when you should do so. You are a coward when you insult the weak. You are a coward if afraid to do right; if you shrink from defending your opinion, for maintaining that which you know to be just and good; and you are especially a coward if you know certain things of yourself and dare not own them to yourself.—*Hain Friswell.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.
Agricultural Exhibitions,—Their late Retrogression, and its Causes,....341
Inquiries and Notes,....341
To Improve a Light Sandy Soil,....341
Pipe for Water Rams,....341
Silver Spangled Bantams, [Illustrated,]....341
Crawford County (Pa.) Fair,....341
Discussion on Sheep,....342
Harvesting Roots,....342
Agricultural Prospects in Illinois,....342
"Egyptian Corn,"....342
Inquiries and Answers—Pasturing Wheat in the Fall; Fattening Hogs; Cracked Hoof,....342
Agricultural Miscellany.—The RURAL'S Fall Campaign; Mr. Seward's Arab Horses; A Late Harvest—Reliable News; "Woman's Rights" and Skill at a Plowing Match; The Rural in California,....342
HORTICULTURAL.
American Pomological Society,....343
Discussions on Fruit,....343
Cuyahoga Grape, [Illustrated,]....343
Inquiries and Answers—What is the Matter with the Apples? A Seedling Grape; A White Blackberry,.. 343
Horticultural Notes—American Pomological Society; Fruits Received; Introduction of Dahlias into England and America,....343
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
Preserving Fruits in Cans and Bottles,....343
LADIES' OLIO.
The Returned Letters, The Pet Lamb, [Poetical;] Speak Gently to the Little Ones; Give us Light and Air; Choosing Husbands; A Graceful Compliment to a Wife,.341
CHOICE MISCELLANY.
To the Right be True, [Poetical;] Night Musings; Shaking Hands; Preaching; How Soon Forgotten; Poverty the Parent of Fun,....344
SABBATH MUSINGS.
The Soul's Refuge, [Poetical;] Religion; Life and Death; Love and Duty; Fan Gently the Dying Spark,...344
EDUCATIONAL.
Physical Punishment; Education in the Various States—Maine, New Hampshire, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois; Wisconsin, Iowa, South Carolina, North Carolina, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, R. Island, California, Massachusetts, Germany,....345
YOUNG RURALIST.
Impression Paper, &c.: Selection of Pear Trees; The Theory of a Brick; Moral Courage,....345
THE STORY TELLER.
The Stranger on the Sill, [Poetical;] "Some People's Professions."—A Story of your Neighbors and mine,....348

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The People's Farm Mill—R. L. Howard.
To the Public—Sidney E. Morse, Jr.
Two Valuable Works—Dr. S. S. Fitch.
New Books for Agents—Duane Rulison.
To Nurserymen and Farmers—John J. Gross.
Steam and Fancy Dyeing—D. Leary.
Farmer Wanted—Dennis Church.
A Rare Chance—H. Lovelace.
Photochromatic Oil Paintings—L. L. Todd & Co.
Cuyahoga Grape—Edward Taylor.
Agents Wanted—M. M. Sanborn.
Apple Seedlings Wanted—M. H. & Co.
Sulphite of Lime—Webb, Walker & Co.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Fun! Fun!—P. Dory.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER
EXCELSIOR
NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 27, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Times' Washington correspondent telegraphs that the Nicaraguan Minister notifies the State Department that a plot exists in the Southern States to invade Central America, for the purpose of extending slavery, under the auspices of a powerful combination, of which Gen. Walker was simply an agent.

In respect to the claims of officials for payment for services outside of the duties of their regular office, the Attorney-General decides the important matter in the case of Mr. Hunter, chief clerk of the State Department, as follows:—"It seems that while Mr. Webster was Secretary of State, he was absent during several protracted periods from the Department, and that at those times Mr. Hunter was the acting Secretary of State. Has he a right to be paid? The opinions heretofore given by me would answer this question in the negative. The plain words of the acts of Congress, as I read them, made the conclusion at which I arrived inevitable. Though two of my predecessors and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court, have had the same point before them, and have given a construction to the act of Congress which compels me to yield up the doctrine I formerly held, my private judgment remains unconvinced. But private judgment must surrender to that public wisdom whose organ is the highest judicial tribunal of the country. There is nothing in the law, as it now stands explained, which forbids Mr. Hunter from receiving his pay, provided that there be any appropriated fund out of which he can be legally satisfied." Under the above decision of the Attorney-General, Mr. Hunter will get as additional compensation for acting as Secretary of State, the difference between his pay as Chief Clerk of the State Department, and that of the Secretary. By another decision of the Attorney-General, it seems established that all officials who discharge the duties of two offices, or perform extra service outside of that pertaining to their regular office, can receive compensation therefor under the decision of the Supreme Court.

Titus & Co., of New York, have been informed that they cannot hold the Arizona mines under the Mexican mining laws. The land office has ordered that the rules for surveying the lands in California be applied to the lands in Arizona, by which all mineral lands will be omitted from the public surveys. This ruling prevents the location of mines by private parties, and leaves them open to be worked by any one, as they are in California. There is no positive law for this, but it is consistent with the previous law of our government.

Capt. Gaines, of the Government Survey, with his party, reached home on the 18th inst. He has been engaged upon the government survey west of the six principal meridians for the past two months. He reports a country rich in soil, and well watered, but sparsely timbered, except upon the Little Blue River and its tributaries.

The receipts into the treasury the first quarter of the present fiscal year, commencing with July, are about $18,000,000. Those during the present week, $877,000. Subject to draft, $4,193,000.

Mr. Clemin, the Superintendent of the Agricultural branch of the Patent Office, is on his way home from Europe, whither he went by the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, to purchase vegetable, medicinal and economical plants and seeds generally. Many varieties have already been received. Before they are distributed among the citizens of the United States, they will be tested at the Government Propagating Garden in Washington, where additional facilities for this purpose are in progress.

During the year ending with June, the receipts for the sales of public lands were less than $2,000,000. Those recently sold yielded a very small amount, owing to the scarcity of money and other causes, and in other cases no bids at all were received.

Four or five California land cases only will be argued before the Supreme Court of the United States at the next term, the bulk of them, involving millions of dollars, having already been adjudicated.

Gen. Paez presented his credentials as minister from Venezuela, on the 20th inst., and was received by the President in that capacity.

Political Intelligence.

ELECTION returns from Nebraska are all in but Shorter and Salmo counties. Morton, Democrat, has 55 majority for Congress. The two counties to hear from will probably increase this to 150 or more. The Legislature stands—House, Rep., 12; Dem., 17. Council, Rep., 6; Dem., 6; in doubt, 1. The former reports giving Daily a majority, are incorrect.

THE Pennsylvania Douglas Central Committee, on the 20th inst., withdrew the straight electoral ticket, and pledged themselves to the support of the Reading electoral ticket, but endorsed Douglas and Johnson as the nominees of the party. An attempt to erase the Breckenridge men from the ticket was unsuccessful.

THE Governor of South Carolina has issued a proclamation calling an extra session of the Legislature of that State, for the purpose of electing Presidential electors, and, "if advisable, to take action for the protection and safety of the State."

THE Kansas Democratic Convention at Topeka was divided by the adoption of the majority report of committee on credentials. The withdrawing delegates, embracing those from Breckenridge, Bourbon, Doniphan, Douglas, Leavenworth, Osage, and Wanbenzer counties, with a portion of those from Wyandott, Reilly and Allen counties, representing two-thirds of the population and wealth of the Territory, organized a seperate Convention, and recommended, unanimously, the passage of the bill which has been recommended by the Committee on Public Lands in the House of Representatives. Much feeling exists in the matter between partizans of rival towns and localities.

THE result of the late Congressional elections is as follows:—The Ohio delegation to the next Congress stands 13 Republicans, 8 Democrats. The last Congressional representation of Ohio was 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats, showing in the late election a gain of two Democratic members. The representation from Pennsylvania in the next Congress will stand, Republicans 20, Democrats 5. The representation from Indiana in the next Congress, will stand, Republicans 7, Democrats 2, Independent 1, with one District yet to hear from. The doubtful District, in 1858 elected a Democrat. The entire representation in Congress from Indiana at the last session was, Republicans 7, Democrats 3, Independent 1.

Complete official returns from Pennsylvania make Curtin's majority 32,092.

From the Pacific Side.

THE Pony Express, with San Francisco dates to the 6th inst., reached St. Joseph, Mo., on the 18th inst. The news is unimportant.

The yacht Emma Rourke arrived on the 4th from Honolulu via. Victoria, bringing Prince Kammehameha and party. They have since received considerable attention from city and State functionaries. The presence of the Royal party, however, excites more curiosity than practical interest.

Showers of rain fell on the nights of the 3d and 4th, indicating an early rainy season.

On the 15th of September, Lieut. Beale, accompanied by Fred. Keilen, arrived at Fort Majove, on the Colorado river. Fifty days were occupied in reaching that point from Westport, Mo. The party were all well. All along the route from about 120 miles of the place of starting, the Indians were hostile, and the Lieutenant was strongly advised not to make the experiment, but he reached his destination without the loss of a man or animal. He had fourteen men, forty head of cattle, and two wagons. Beale reports the road in good condition, but owing to the determined hostility of the Indians, he would not encourage emigrants to go that way, as their stock would be in danger. As soon as protection is afforded by the government, the route may be traveled with advantage.

It was reported at Los Angelos, that the Indians had attacked the store of settlers at Fort Defiance and held possession of the post for six hours in the face of four companies of United States troops.

Operations were about to commence at the Lemescal tin mines. The purchase of stock in the various leads had been made by Col. Fremont and others, who have the utmost confidence in the success of the enterprise.

The campaign in California was progressing vigorously. The canvass has taken such a shape that the success of Breckenridge would insure Senator Gwin's re-election.

Telegraphic communication between San Francisco and Los Angelos is established. The Placerville and Salt Lake line is extended thirty miles east of Miller's station.

The Italians of San Francisco celebrated Garibaldi's entrance into Naples.

The Broderick will, after a long contest to prove it a forgery, has been admitted to probate.

OREGON.—Advices from Oregon report a massacre of an emigrant train consisting of forty-six persons, nineteen of whom were males, and the balance women and children. The fight lasted several days, and only one man, named Scheiber, escaped, and he traveled seven days through the bushes without food. Six of the party were discharged soldiers from Fort Hall. Mr. Scheiber thinks the whole party were butchered.

J. W. Nesmith, Douglas Democrat, and E. D. Baker, Republican, were legally chosen Senators from Oregon—the former for the long, and the latter for the short term.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

As cold weather approaches, and the various modes for promoting warmth are brought into use, the telegraph and the press are daily recounting the destruction of life and property by the agency of fire. It is evident that those who are in charge of these auxiliaries of our comfort do not exert that care and watchfulness incumbent upon them, or else the seekers for "news" would not be so frequently beset with painful and thrilling narrations of the ravages of this destroying element. We clip the following items as a sample of the past three or four days:

The whole inside of the upper part of the building No. 32 Platt street, New York, was burnt on the 20th inst. The occupants of the building are Gaudelet & Gouse—loss $10,000, fully insured; S. J. Bardessus—loss $15,000, fully insured; L. Baily—loss $3,000, insured. The building was owned by Thos. Patten—damaged $3,500; insured. Nos. 30 and 34 also damaged by water. The total loss is about $40,000.

The Franklin buildings, five stories high, in the rear of Franklin Hall, Sixth street, below Arch, Philadelphia, were burnt on the 20th inst. They were occupied by Duncan White, bookbinder—loss $2,500; W. S. Young, job printer, among whose stock the forms of several weekly and monthly papers were destroyed, including the Presbyterian Quarterly Review and Christian Instructor—loss not estimated; Peters, stereotype printer—loss $3,000. The buildings were owned by Hulings Coperwaith. Total loss $15,000, covered by insurance. The fire was the result of an accident.

Schofield's woolen yarn factory on Willow street, Philadelphia, was burnt on the 19th inst. Loss $30,000.

A block of houses, on 6th avenue, N. Y., burnt on the 22d inst. Loss $20,000. It belonged to the estate of S. P. Townsend.

A fire in Salem, Mass., Sunday morning, destroyed the Franklin Buildings, occupied by several stores, the armory of the Salem Cadets, the melodeon manufactory of E. T. Nichols, a private school, club rooms, &c. The building was valued at $25,000 and insured for $13,000. Total loss about $35,000.

Eighteen buildings in the square bounded by Monroe, Summit, and Perry streets, Toledo, Ohio, were burned Thursday morning, the 18th inst. They were mostly of wood, and the fire caught in a bakery. The loss is from $25,000 to $35,000, partly insured.

A collision occurred on the Detroit and Milwaukee Railway on the 19th inst., two miles west of Bermingham, between a freight and express train, by which Mr. Jones, mail agent, Nickles, express messenger, and Wilkie, fireman, were killed.

The mail train on the Cleveland and Erie Railroad, going east, ran into a wagon at Painesville on the 20th inst., killing Mrs. Solomon Stone, and a boy named Dyke, and injuring Mrs. Dyke, master Stone, and an infant, who were in the wagon.

Reports indicate that the ship Black Hawk, from Calcutta for Boston, before reported missing, has been lost with all on board. She was last seen in the Bay of Bengal, about April 15th, and afterwards a portion of the wreck of an American vessel was discovered.

News Paragraphs.

THE Legislative Council of Canada have taken a firm stand against death-bed bequests—enacting that no bequests will be valid if made within six months of the testator's death.

CHICAGO and Milwaukee receive and ship more wheat than any four cities on the globe. The receipts of wheat at these two cities since harvest, have been nearly ten millions of bushels!

THE population of Southern Ohio, excepting Hamilton county, (Cincinnati,) is ascertained to be 1,262,000; this is an aggregate increase of some 200,000 for the entire district.

A SPANISH Medical Journal is of opinion that cholera has chosen its domicile in that country, and fixed itself upon the soil, as it has not quitted it for the last six years.

THE editor of the N. O. Delta says that many items that would have been of interest to his readers, were spoiled in his pocket as he was swimming a lake to get to his office during the late inundation.

A MR. WINANS, of Baltimore, intends to build a new and very large steamer on his cigar-shaped model, that will make the trip to Europe in five days. She will be between five and six hundred feet long. The experimental steamer now built is said to have made thirty miles an hour.

THE execution at Damascus of 210 of the Druse murderers has struck the Moslems of Syria with terror. It seems that they were under the impression that England would sustain them, and that Turkey would not dare to inflict any punishment for the atrocities committed upon the Christians.

THE old Monroe Tavern in Lexington, Mass., where the wounds of the British soldiers were dressed after the battle of April 19th, 1775, has recently been put in complete repair. The original building is more than a hundred and fifty years old, and will last another century at least, as the oak timber of the frame is still sound.

THE potato disease in Ireland is again a subject of anxiety, and at the last accounts it was thought that not an eighth of the quantity sown would be realized.

THE first railway in South Africa, extending two miles from the landing to the town of Durban, on the S. E. coast, was opened with much ceremony on the 26th of June.

THE Post Office Department has issued an order that after November 1st, all letters dropped in the Post Office without pre-payment of postage will be sent to the Dead Letter Office.

THE municipality of Marseilles celebrated the late visit of the Emperor and Empress to that city by depositing one hundred francs in the savings bank for every female child born of poor French parents in Marseilles on the 8th, 9th and 10th of September.

THE union of the fleets of Sardinia, Naples and the vessels of Garibaldi, makes the Sardinian navy now the first in Europe after those of England and France. The aggregate, including those recently purchased in England, is about one hundred and forty men of war.

A LADY writes from Pike's Peak, that for three months she has not been in a house, sat in a chair, or seen a woman; she sleeps in a wet bed, wears damp clothes all the time, and finally, writes these experiences upon a board in her lap, sitting on the ground.

FIFTEEN years ago there were not more than fifty miles of railroad in Mississippi; now, it is said that there are about eight hundred miles of completed railroad in successful operation, and about the same number of miles of road in the course of construction.

THE sea serpent has again been seen—this time off the coast of Ireland. One of the witnesses was a justice of the peace, who describes it as being some 25 or 30 feet in length, covered with brilliant scales of a yellow hue, with its neck about six feet above the surface. It was shot at, and immediately disappeared.

THE fleet, which is to take the Prince of Wales home, arrived at Portland the 16th inst. The last British fleet that arrived in that place was the one commanded by Captain Mowatt, who, with two ships, two schooners and a bomb sloop, entered the harbor of Portland—then called Falmouth—on the 16th of October, 1775, and two days later destroyed the town by bombardment.

THE debts of the several States of Europe, at the close of June, '60, were as follows:—Great Britain, $5,366,000,000; France, $2,880,000,000; Russia, $1,745,000,000; Austria, $1,600,000,000; Spain, $1,050,000,000; Prussia, $284,000,000; Turkey, $185,000,000; Portugal, $196,000,000; Belgium, $100,000,000.

THERE exists in Ireland at present about seventy towns—containing from 10,000 to 25,000 inhabitants—without a book-seller's shop; and six whole counties are found without either a publisher, book-seller, or circulating library. In Scotland, the number of book-sellers, as compared to Ireland, in the proportion of the population, is nine to one.

MESSRS. J. ASPINWALL & SON, of Detroit, have chartered the bark T. F. Park for a trip from Milwaukee to Cork, to load with wheat. The Park is a staunch craft, and carries about 17,000 bushels. She is at Milwaukee, and will soon start on her voyage. It will be remembered that she made a trip to Europe last summer, and returned with a cargo of pig iron shipped from Glasgow to Detroit.

THE Emperor of China is represented to be in a state of drunken, helpless imbecility. The Chief Censor, whose duty it is to rebuke the faults of the highest Chinese officials, protested, some months ago, against the conduct of the Emperor—his drunkenness and dissipation, his attachment to actors, and love of low society. This reproof to His Majesty was published in the Pekin Gazette, and circulated throughout the Empire.

THE idea of installing the Pope in Jerusalem has been broached by the French press. They say it is no further from Jerusalem to Jaffa than from Rome to its sea port, Civita Vecchia; a railroad would place Jerusalem within one hour of the Mediterranean, and it would be very nearly as convenient for the Catholic world as Rome is now. It would add, also, very much to the advance of Christianity in the East. The French army in Syria can easily take possession of Palestine if the Sultan should dare refuse a demand for it; in fact they say it would be the easiest way to settle the Roman question.

DEPARTURE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The telegraph this (Monday) morning gives a full account of the departure of the Prince from Portland. After describing the display made in honor of the heir to England's throne, we learn that the procession proceeded through the principal streets to Victoria wharves, where the Royal barge was awaiting the Prince, and whence he embarked at 3:15 o'clock, the military presenting arms. Before the Prince embarked, he shook hands cordially with Lord Lyons, the Mayor, the British Consul and, others. As the Royal barge left the wharf, the British squadron fired a salute of 21 guns, and similar salutes were fired from the city and Fort Preble. The harbor was full of steamers, boats, barges, &c., which accompanied the Royal barge from the wharf, the latter being surrounded with boats from the Royal squadron filled with officers.

As the Royal party passed the various vessels of the squadron, the Prince was received with repeated cheers, and when he reached the Hero, the Royal standard was run up to the main, and another salute fired by all the fleet. At half-past four the squadron sailed, steaming out of the harbor, the Hero leading, followed by the Nile, Ariadne, Flying Fish and the Styx, saluting and being saluted by the first Battery passed. The Royal squadron will steam long enough to clear the land, and the remainder of the voyage will be under sail. The Nile and Styx will leave the squadron off Halifax.

The News Condenser.

— The potato rot is making sad havoc in some parts of Massachusetts.

— Miss Dix, the philanthropist, is now visiting the prisons of Detroit.

— There are twenty alleged murderers confined in the Tombs, New York.

— Mazzini has had an interview with Garibaldi, and been well received.

— A lynx, five feet long, was recently killed in Carlisle, Mass., near Concord.

— The population of Iowa is about 600,000, a gain of 46,000 over last year.

— The Kingston (C. W.) people propose erecting a statue to William III.

— The 29th of November has been named as Thanksgiving day in Michigan.

— A slight shock of an earthquake was felt all over Canada, on the 17th inst.

— The total length of railroads in Germany, at the close of 1859, was 7,949 miles.

— A package of Siberian coffee, called the best known, has been received in New York.

— The taxable property of Mississippi, in land and negroes, amounts to $653,100,000.

— Mrs. Gell, the only daughter of the late Sir John Franklin, died a short time since.

— A Frenchman, 7 feet 8 inches high, is stopping at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans.

— Collections, in aid of Syrian sufferers, are to be taken up in all the churches of Boston.

— Commodore Chas. M. Skinner, of the U. S. Navy, died at Richmond, Va., on Monday week.

— There are now 8 different kinds of post-office stamps, namely, 1, 3, 5, 10, 12, 24, 30, and 90 cents.

— It is reported that Lord Lyons will not allow the Prince to ride in an open barouche after dark.

— The choir of Trinity Church, New York, made its first appearance in surplices, on Sunday week.

— The midnight meetings for the restoration of unfortunate women in London, have been given up.

— The lead mine recently discovered in Texas, eighty miles from Rome, is turning out two tuns per day.

— The Mobile Register says that a movement is on foot in that city to erect a monument to filibuster Walker.

— The New York treasurer for the Syrian fund has received and forwarded about seventeen thousand dollars.

— At the Bethel, Me., Town Fair, a premium is to be paid for the best patched coat presented by an unmarried lady.

— The Empress Eugene, it is said, has symptoms of the same disease that killed her sister, the Duchess of Alba.

— Prince Alfred, brother of Albert Edward, is receiving ovations from British subjects at the Cape of Good Hope.

— A dispatch announces the murder of the Rev. Morris Brangnier, missionary to the Crow Indians, by a party of Sioux.

— Lola Montez has had a very severe attack of paralysis, and it has left her face partly turned over her shoulder.

— The Provincetown Banner says the whole front of that town presents the appearance of being shingled over with codfish.

— Nena Sahib has turned up again. He is still alive somewhere in India, according to a Bengal paper, but is out of reach.

— A new manifesto of Mazzini declares no king of Italy should be proclaimed until the kingdom thereof is organized in Rome.

— Sharp's Rifle Company of Hartford has entered into contract with a foreign government to furnish $200,000 worth of arms.

— It appears from statistics recently published that the consumption of coffee is increasing more rapidly than the production.

— Lady Franklin will soon leave New York to proceed to California, which, it is expected, she will make her future residence.

— Upwards of 10,000 persons were in attendance upon the recent jubilee of the American Board of Foreign Missions in Boston.

— The Sardinian forces, in conjunction with the French army of occupation, are now masters of the whole extent of the Papal States.

— The average wealth of every inhabitant, male and female, man, woman and child, in Linchburg, Va., is over one thousand dollars.

— A rich silver mine, the Montreal Herald is informed, has been discovered by Mr. Charles Page, about a mile east from Sherbrooke.

— The White Mountains are covered with snow, and in the clear sunlight of these fine October days, presents a beautiful appearance.

— Census returns have been received from 31 of the 40 counties of Kansas. The aggregate number of inhabitants reported is 83,435.

— Friends of Walker say there is no reliance to be placed in the Spanish accounts recently published of his dying speech, or execution.

— According the last Leipsic Catalogue, 3,860 new books were published in Germany during the first six months of the present year.

— A severe shock of an earthquake was felt at Saco, Me., on the 17th, rocking buildings, ringing bells, &c. It was accompanied by loud thunder.

— The Empress Eugene, since the death of her sister, the Duchess of Alba, has absolutely refused to receive company, or be seen in public.

— Garibaldi has issued a decree granting pensions to the mother and sisters of Agizilas Milano, who tried to assassinate the King of Naples.

— Wholesale dealers in Chicago are selling more goods in the day time than they can pack at night, as a result of the heavy crops now coming in.

— There are 1,500 Evangelical Missionaries abroad in the heathen world. Ninety thousand are wanted to give one preacher to every 10,000 souls.

— A New York paper says, by the next steamer, $367,000 will be sent in drafts to England to charter vessels to go to China and take coolies for Havana.

— Gov. Hardings, a wealthy gentleman residing near Nashville, Tenn., has a park of 500 acres, in which are 300 deer, 20 buffaloes, and a herd of elk.

— The New Orleans Delta of Thursday week says that one broker of that city bought, on the day previous, 16,000 bales of cotton, valued at $750,000.

— It is now an admitted fact that the cotton crop of the Southern States this year will fall fully one-third short in the number of bales of last year.

— They had a great squirrel hunt in North Stratford, N. H., last week, which brought in game numbering 21,125. The winning party brought in 11,180.

— The Cuban Messenger of the 8th says, on Monday, the locomotive was heard for the first time in the Reta Pena Valley, on the branch from Guines to Matanzas.

Special Notices.

FUN——FUN——FUN!.

A COPY of the best and cheapest Comic paper in the world; also, how to make from $25 to $100 per month, sent to any person free of charge. Send your Name, Post-Office, County, and State to P. DORY, Cincinnati, O.

Publisher's Department.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN!

THE RURAL, ON TRIAL, AT HALF PRICE, And Premiums for Club Agents!

In order to introduce it more readily to the notice and support of comparative strangers, (preparatory to the commencement of Vol. XII, in Jan. next,) we have concluded to offer the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the present Quarter—Oct. 1st to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, thus placing it within the reach and means of all non-subscribers who wish to give it a *fair trial*. We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many persons and post-offices as desired. We shall not make a farthing's direct profit, yet shall be glad to thus circulate 5,000 to 20,000 trial copies—for, though we may lose temporarily, it is believed the bread thus cast abroad will return ere long, while thousands of families will be benefited by making the acquaintance of the RURAL and becoming permanent subscribers. Below see Premiums offered for Trials.

A REQUEST, AND WHEREFORE.

—We ask its friends all over the land to aid in circulating the RURAL'S Campaign Quarter. Almost any one can readily obtain from 4 to 20 subscribers. "Where there's a *will* there's a way," and have not its friends in the East and West, North and South, the will to extend the circulation and usefulness of the favorite RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY of America?

PREMIUMS FOR TRIAL CLUBS!

THOUGH we cannot *afford* to give premiums for lists of Trial Subscribers, we are willing to reward those disposed to make an effort, and therefore offer the following liberal Inducements for Quarter Clubs:

To the person sending the Largest List of Trial Subscribers for this Quarter, previous to the 1st of December, 1860, remitting pay at 25 cents per copy, we will give a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, (price $6 50.)

To the person sending the second largest list, as above, we will send, post-paid, Agricultural Books to the amount of $4—the books to be selected from list given in this number of the RURAL.

To the person sending the third largest list, as above, $3 in Ag'l Books, post-paid.

To EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pen, (price $1 50,) post-paid, or, if preferred, the RURAL NEW-YORKER from Oct. 1st, 1860, to Jan., 1862, (15 months)

To EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, the RURAL NEW-YORKER for six months, or any 50 cent book in our list, post-paid.

☞ To any person who sends a club of 12 to 20, and does not become entitled to one of above premiums, we will send the RURAL for the Trial Quarter, *free*.

—NOW IS THE TIME to open and prosecute the Fall Canvass,—after which we shall offer Agent-Friends our programme for the Winter Campaign.

☞ Though we are daily receiving scores of Trial Subscribers, we can still furnish back numbers from Oct. 6th, having printed a large extra edition in order to supply the demand.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

BELOW we give extracts from several letters, (mostly of recent date,) as indicative of the sentiments entertained and communicated to us by hundreds of correspondents:

Pennsylvania.

A CUMBERLAND Co., Pa., farmer, who has taken the RURAL a quarter on trial, sends the gold to become a regular subscriber, and says:—"The last number of the RURAL for the quarter has come to hand. It can't be beat. *The first quarter pays for a year's subscription.* Put me down for a regular subscriber. I cannot do without it. My neighbors are conning it. Inclosed you will find," &c.

Virginia.

A SUBSCRIBER in Rockingham Co., Va., in remitting pay for a list, regrets that he has not done better still, and adds:—"I like the RURAL, and will do all I can to introduce it into other families. All who see the paper are pleased with it; hence persons who have a taste for good reading, can soon be induced to subscribe. Such wholesome, valuable, and instructive reading as the RURAL always contains, is incomparably superior to the 'trash' of the flash paper."

Ohio.

A LICKING Co., Ohio, subscriber writes:—"This is the third year that the RURAL NEW-YORKER has come into my family. We can truly say that we like it better and better. It gives us information that *we* can gain nowhere else. Its entire freedom from all moral impurity gives it a character with us as a family newspaper of incalculable value."

Indiana.

AN Agent-friend in Noble Co. remits several subscriptions, and adds:—"The RURAL is steadily gaining ground in our vicinity, and I hope before long to send you a club of fifty or more additional subscribers. It is such a paper as I can recommend with pleasure, and every one is satisfied with it. I shall certainly work for it as long as I live, and it continues to be as good a paper as it now is."

Kentucky.

A Lewis County, Ky., farmer writes:—"Fortune placed a copy of you RURAL NEW-YORKER in my hands a few days since, and I would say to you, free of flattery, that *it is a little the best paper I ever read.* I have now in the room copies of some thirty different newspapers from the East and West, but none so interesting or so *well calculated* to 'post up' the farmer as the well-filled-up pages of your RURAL. I am a young farmer and delight in the rearing of stock, the cultivation of the soil and the growing of fruit trees, and as a matter of course want all the information I can obtain. * * I will be a subscriber for the RURAL as soon as I hear from you, and think I can get up a club."

Rhode Island.

A RHODE ISLAND subscriber renews his subscription in advance, thus:—"Inclosed find $2 for another year, as I believe my term has nearly expired. I have been a reader of the RURAL for the past year, and find it to be one of the best weeklies I have ever seen, and *the best paper I ever took.* I have been taking the —— ——, as it is the leading Agricultural paper here, but the RURAL surpasses it much, though the former is a good paper."

Canada West.

IN renewing his subscription, J. H. S., of Elgin Co., C. W., says:—"I have concluded to try your valuable RURAL, as I consider it *the best Agricultural journal I have ever seen.* Find inclosed $2.12, which I believe is in compliance with your terms to Canada subscribers."

—We have scores of letters from the various States, Territories, &c., similar to the above, but must omit them for want of space.

"BOYS, DO YOU HEAR THAT?"

WEBSTER'S PICTORIAL DICTIONARY AS A PREMIUM.

TRUMANSBURGH, N. Y., Oct. 20, 1860.

D. D. T. MOORE:—Do you offer any premium in the shape of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary for the coming year to boys getting a certain number of subscribers for your paper? If so, how many are necessary to draw the prize?

Please let me know as soon as convenient, and oblige,

H—— B——.

YES, Master B., we *do* purpose to offer the *Great Pictorial Dictionary* to the Boys, and perhaps Men also—but thought of withholding any announcement until after Election. Yet, if you will not impart the secret to any except the live, progressive Young Ruralists, we'll tell you what we *intend* to offer the Boys—indeed, what we *now promise*, to wit:

To every minor (Master or Miss, Young Man or Maiden,) who remits payment according to our club terms for Forty Yearly Subscribers to the RURAL NEW-YORKER—at least twenty of which shall be *new* subscribers—previous to Christmas, (Dec. 25, 1860,) we will give a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY (cash price $6 50) *and a free copy of the Rural;* and the same prize (Dictionary and free copy,) to the minor remitting, as above, for THIRTY NEW SUBSCRIBERS—(new subscribers being defined as persons who did not take the RURAL previous to Oct., 1860.)

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Oct. 23, 1860.

THE weather of the past week was such as to materially affect trade, and though we note some slight alterations in the scale of prices, business has been exceedingly dull.

FLOUR is without change in rates.

GRAIN—Corn has declined 2 cents per bushel; Barley has fallen off 3@5 cents. Every thing else in this branch of trade is as last quoted.

PROVISIONS—In anticipation of the opening of the Pork market, holders of old have submitted to a decline in order to get rid of the stock on hand. The reduction is equal to $4,00 per barrel for both mess and clear.

DAIRY, &C.—Butter is still moving upward. Roll is worth 16 cents, and firkin 15, and there is a good demand. Cheese has put on ½ cent per pound for choice. Eggs are very scarce, and bring 16 cents per dozen readily.

HAY is selling at last week's quotations, but a choice article is taken quick at the extreme figures,—$12 ₮ ton.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16@16c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	1,50@1,75	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,31	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@0,00	Apples, dried	03@75c
Corn, old	55@56c	Peaches, dried, ₮ lb	12@5c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₮ lb	12@c
Rye, 56 lbs. ₮ bush	00@72c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	25@26c	Potatoes	25@38c
Barley	60@63c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	35@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$19,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	50@38c
Pork, clear	20,00@00,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	7,10@7,75	Clover, bushel	$5,25@5,75
Beef, ₮ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,75@3,25
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	6,75@6,00
Chickens	6@8c	Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@10c	Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Geese	34@41c	Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₮ pair	38@41c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	16@16c	Hay, ton	$9,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	00@15c	Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ₮ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ₮ quintal	4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9¼@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 22.—FLOUR—Market heavy and about 5c easier, with only a moderate demand. Sales at $5,30@5,35 for super State; $5,50@5,65 for extra do; $5,25@5,35 for super Western; $5,50@5,80 for common to medium extra do; $5,80@5,90 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio, —closing very dull. Canadian without quotable change; sales at $5,85@7,10 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat a shade easier, with rather more doing for export; sales winter red Western at $1,35@1,36; Milwaukee club at $1,27@1,28¼; white Michigan at $1,45@1,55; Chicago spring at $1,21@1,26; prime white Canadian at $1,51; red State at $1,35; amber Wisconsin at $1,28; white Indiana $1,41@1,47. Rye quiet at 80@81c. Barley in pretty good request; sales at 73c for State, 83c for Canada West.—Corn heavy and rather easier, with only a moderate demand for home consumption and some little speculative and export inquiry; sales at 70c, for mixed Western, in store and afloat; 75c for round yellow. Oats in pretty good request at 33½@40c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull, and prices without striking change; sales at $19,25@19,50 for mess; $14,50 for prime—Lard dull and unchanged; sales at 12½@13c. Butter steady at 11@16c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11c.

ASHES—The market is quiet and steady, with sales 30 bbls. at $5,25 for Pots; $5,25 for Pearls.

ALBANY, Oct. 22.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—Only a limited business has been done in Flour, which, in part, can be attributed to a rain storm which has prevailed during the greater part of the morning. In prices there is no change to note, but for the lower grades the market rules in favor of the buyer. Buckwheat Flour is quiet. Corn Meal is steady.

GRAIN—For Wheat there is a moderate milling demand at a slight decline on the current prices of last week; sales in lots at $1,22 for spring State, $1,30@1,31 for Mediterranean, and $1,50 for prime white Michigan. Corn very quiet at unchanged prices; sales Western mixed at 67½c, round yellow is held at 70c. Barley in fair supply with a very limited demand. The only sale reported was stored in car lots at 70c. Rye steady at 75c. Oats firm and in moderate request; sales State at 26½c.

FEED—The demand is more active with a fair supply.—Sales 130 tons at 75 for 26 lbs., 78c for 28 lbs., and $1,06 for 35 lbs feed.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Oct. 22—FLOUR—The market is steady with a moderate home and interior demand. Sales at $4,90 for Canadian; $5,01 for extra Wisconsin; $5,20@5,50 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extras.

GRAIN—Wheat to-day is the dullest of the season, not a single sale having come to our knowledge. The cause is traceable to the recent advance in freights. A sale of 12,000 bu. white Canada, took place Saturday afternoon, on private terms. Corn is also dull and heavy, nothing in the way of sales having been reported since Saturday noon.—Oats dull, and no sales. Barley quite and nominal. Rye also quiet and nominal.

PROVISIONS—The market is weaker. Heavy mess pork is selling at $19,00; no light mess or prime offering. Mess Beef is quoted at $7,50, and prime at $5,00. Bacon scarce and none offering. Receipts of cheese are extremely light and the market is firm. The range of prices from store is 10@11c.—*Com. Adv.*

TORONTO, Oct. 20.—FLOUR—The market has not been very active during the week, and but few sales have transpired. The views of holders have, if anything, become firmer, and in some cases an advance in prices has been demanded, while the ideas of buyers have receded, and there is now a wide difference between the two. The offerings are gradually increasing, although there is not sufficient on the market to induce a pressure to sell. We are without quotations based on sales, but we give below views of buyers and sellers:

Superline No. 1	$5,15@5,25
Fancy	5,30@5,50
Extra	5,80@6,00
Double Extra	6,15@6,50

GRAIN—The market for fall wheat has been remarkably steady for another week, closing with a still further advances in prices. The receipts have been moderately large, averaging about 6,000 bushels per day—the quality uniformly good. There has been a healthy degree of competition among buyers, and good samples have been eagerly sought throughout the week. The rates paid on Tuesday ranged from $1,25@1,30 for common to good, and from $1,30@1,34, and in a few instances $1,35, for prime to extra prime. The advance in freights tended to check the animation towards the close, while the advices by the *Arabia* were not interpreted as of a decidedly favorable character. Yesterday the market for wheat was a shade better, $1,34@1,35 being paid more frequently for extra prime samples—while very little really good wheat was bought below $1,30 ₮ bushel. Spring wheat has been in active request, and prices have kept steady at the advance of last week. Fair to good lots sell at $1,06@1,08, and prime $1,10 ₮ bushel.—There has been a good deal of animation in the demand for barley, and prices towards the end of the week were better. From 61@67c was the range, while the average rate was fully 65c, being 2c better than last week. Rye is in limited supply at 65@66c ₮ bushel. Peas early in the week were freely sought, and sales slightly better were realized, as high as 63c being paid, but toward the close the market was not so lively, and 65@67c were the prevalent figures. Oats have again fluctuated, and with a slight decrease in the supplies; the rate ranging from 28@30c ₮ bushel.—*Globe.*

RECEIPTS AT TIDE-WATER.—The quantity of flour, wheat, corn, and barley, left at tide-water, during the 2d week in October, in the years 1859 and 1860, is as follows:

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Barley, bu.
1860	81,000	829,800	419,000	276,800
1859	48,400	118,400	7,600	191,800
Increase	32,600	Inc. 711,400	Inc. 411,400	Inc. 85,000

The aggregate quantity of the same articles left at tide-water from the commencement of navigation to the 15th of October, inclusive, during the years 1859 and 1860, is as follows:

	Flour, bbls.	Wheat, bu.	Corn, bu.	Barley, bu.
1860	720,100	9,702,100	12,123,100	943,700
1859	384,800	1,748,500	2,294,100	667,800
Inc.	315,300	Inc. 7,953,600	Inc. 9,930,000	Inc. 275,900

By reducing the wheat to flour, the quantity of the latter left at tide-water this year, compared with the corresponding period of last year, shows an increase equal to 1,916,547 barrels flour.

A GREAT EXPORT MOVEMENT.—The *Courier & Enquirer* of Wednesday, says:—"The Exports from the port of New York for the past week are valued at *more than three million six hundred thousand dollars,*—larger by nearly a million, than any previous week in the history of commerce. Nearly or quite one-half of this great value was made up of Breadstuffs, and included the following quantities of Domestic Produce:—7,000 bales Cotton, 90,300 bbls Flour, 800,000 bushels Wheat, 815,000 lbs. Cheese, 14,200 gals. Sperm Oil, 13,000 bbls. Rosin, 2,278 hhds. and cases Tobacco, 331,100 lbs. manufactured Tobacco, 318,000 lbs. Tallow, 4,200 bales Hops, 23,000 lbs. Whalebone, 1,300 pkgs. Cotton Goods. Liverpool and London take nearly one-half the value of the Exports, and British Ports in the United Kingdom, Ireland, or Dependencies, more than two-thirds. Indeed, except Cotton to Havre, there is little to swell the value of the Exports to other than British Ports. The effect of the heavy shipments to British Home Ports has depressed Exchange, and nearly stopped the export of specie.

THE PORK TRADE.

LOUISVILLE, (KY.) Oct. 17.—Hogs have arrived pretty freely, and prices are nominal. A good many hogs have been offered for future delivery to butchers, and but few engagements have been made. Prices range from $5,50@6,25 ₮ 100 lbs. gross.—*Courier.*

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 17.—Nothing new has transpired in our market. Packers are willing to pay $6 net for 200 lb. averages, now, or December delivery, and higher for still heavier hogs; but we hear of few sales the past week.—*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, Oct. 17.—About 3,000 hogs sold to-day for December delivery at $6,50, and $6,62½@6,75 for November. The contracts made during the week, as far as heard of, reach 9,000 head. For new products the market is very dull, and there being no demand except at prices below the views of sellers. We quote for December delivery cross pork $16,50, bulk meat 6¾@6¾c, and barrel lard 10¾c.—These figures are obtainable to some extent, but ¼ more is generally asked. The assessors returns of hogs in thirty-nine counties of Ohio, and 41 counties of Indiana, show a decrease, as compared with last year, as follows:

Ohio	190,796
Indiana	211,567
Total	402,357

The total number, however, reported in the 80 counties of the two States, is more than half the whole number usually reported as packed in the entire West. The full returns for Indiana and Ohio will show considerably over three million hogs that were six months old on the 1st of June. Large supplies of corn and high prices for pork will develop enough of these between now and the 1st of February to make the crop long enough. A panic is not to be apprehended in this line.—*Gazette.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 17.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ₮ cwt	$9,00@10,00
Ordinary quality	8,25@9,00
Common quality	7,50@8,00
Inferior quality	6,00@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ₮ lb	6 @7c
Ordinary quality	5 @5½
Common quality	4 @4½
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ₮ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,25@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	6¾@6¾c
Other qualities	6 @6¾

ALBANY, Oct. 22.—Beeves—New Yorkers say they lost money last week, and cannot buy unless at prices that precludes all chance of loss now. Holders, although unwilling to meet their views, have been compelled to make concessions, and the sales made indicate a decline of ½c ₮ lb, live weight, on all grades.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,332	4,080	3,587
Sheep	5,016	5,118	5,165
Hogs	546	1,153	785

Prices—The market is comparatively inactive at the following prices:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5¼	5¼@5¾
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@5
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@4
Second quality	2¾@3¼	2¾@3
Third quality	2¼@2¾	2½@2¾

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 17.—Whole number Cattle at market 2,011; about 1,000 Beeves, and 1011 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 25, 30@37.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—9,709 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,75@3,50.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ₮ lb. Pelts, $1@$1,25 each.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 17.—At market, 2,011 Cattle, about 1,000 Beeves, and 1,011 Stores, consisting of working oxen, milch cows, and one, two and three years old.

6,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 700 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@7,00; first quality, $6@6,00; second quality, $0,00@5,25; third quality, $0@3,50; ordinary quality, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75, $90@160.

MILCH COWS—$29@57.

VEAL CALVES—$3,0@6,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

HIDES—6@6½c ₮ lb: Calf Skins, 10@11c ₮ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ₮ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@2,00; extra, $2,25@3,50.

PELTS—$1@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6½@0c ₮ lb; retail 6¾@—Spring pigs 7c; rutail 6¾@8c; fat hogs, undressed, 0c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18—We have nothing new to report. The market still feels the effects of the late sale, on domestic wools in particular, which are at a stand still. Foreign wools are also quiet, and in the absence of sales prices are but nominal. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ₮ lb	58@65
Am. full-blood Merino	50@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	42@43
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@41
No. 1, Pulled	30@33
Lamb's, Pulled	35@39
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	12½@36
California, common do.	12@20
Peruvian, washed	25@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11¼
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	14@16
South American, unwashed	8@11
South American Cordova, washed	19@23
East India, washed	26@30
African, unwashed	17@22
African, washed	10@25
Smyrna, unwashed	10@15
Smyrna, washed	15@20
Mexican, unwashed	13@17

[N. Y. Evening Post.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Domestic has been in moderate demand, the sales comprising 100,000 lbs, Fleece and Pulled, mostly medium grades fleece at 46@50 ₮ lb. Foreign has been sold to a fair extent the transactions comprising 800 to 900 bales Cape, Mediterranean and South American, and 150 ballots Peruvian at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
⅝ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	25@27
Do. superfine	32@47	Crimea	5@17
Do. No. 1	25@28	Buenos Ayres	9@15
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

On the evening of the 17th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. T. L. FRANKLIN, ROBT. H. BROOKS and EMELINE A. WEEKS, eldest daughter of REUBEN S. WEEKS, Esq., of Mt. Morris, N. Y.

On Wednesday evening, the 10th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. S. M. DAY, of Havana, Mr. JOHN D. WISNER, of West Dresden, N. Y., and Miss ADALINE C., daughter of C. H. NOBLE of Moreland, N. Y.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, In Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

∴ In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

WANTED—100,000 Apple Seedlings, 2 years old, of first quality. Address M. H. & Co., Plymouth, Michigan.

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in an honorable business which pays from $3 to $7 per day. Address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

CUYAHOGA GRAPE—Strong pot plants, cut back 2 to 3 or 4 eyes. Price $3 each. For description, &c., send stamp for Descriptive Catalogue. EDWARD TAYLOR, Cuyahoga Nurseries, Cleveland, Ohio. 563 2t

SULPHITE OF LIME—For preserving Cider—with full directions for use. Price, 50 cents per bottle of ten ounces—enough for forty gallons cider. Sent by Express anywhere. WEBB, WALKER & CO., Oct. 22, 1860. [563-4t.] Utica, N. Y.

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [563-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

A RARE CHANCE. On account of age and infirmities, I now offer for sale my Farm (known as the Goodwin Farm,) situated on the Buffalo Plank Road, 4 miles west of Rochester. Said farm contains 101 acres good land, with plenty of fruit of all kinds, good buildings, and is well watered. H. LOVELACE.

FARMER WANTED.—A man of good and industrious habits, of small family, is wanted to take the care of a Farm under the supervision of the owner. One is wanted that is capable of taking the oversight of stock usually kept on a farm. Enquire of E. BRIGGS, Esq., Burns' Block, Rochester, or the subscriber, near Rice Center. DENNIS CHURCH.

D. LEARY'S STEAM FANCY DYEING AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT.

Two hundred yards north of the N. Y. C. R. R. Depot, on *Mill St., Corner of Platt.* The oldest and most extensive in Western New York. Every description of goods dyed and finished with dispatch. D. LEARY, Rochester.

TO NURSERYMEN AND FARMERS. FOR SALE, (in whole or in part,) TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY ACRES OF GOOD LEVEL LAND, near the city of Baltimore, and convenient to a turnpike. It is admirably adapted for an extensive Nursery, which is very much needed, as thousands of orders are annually sent North for Trees, &c., which would seek a supply nearer home. For particulars address JOHN I. GROSS, Real Estate Agent, Baltimore, Md.

NEW BOOKS FOR AGENTS, SOLD ONLY BY SUBSCRIPTION.

WANTED—An Agent in every County, to engage in the sale of Beautifully ILLUSTRATED WORKS. Circulars, giving full information, with Terms to Agents, and a full list of my Publications, sent on application.

Address DUANE RILLSON, Quaker City Publishing House, 563-6teo No. 33 South Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

TWO WORKS, VALUABLE TO THE SICK OR WELL.

Sent by mail, no pay expected until received, read and approved.

Address Dr. S. S. FITCH, 714 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

1st. SIX LECTURES on the Causes, Prevention and Cure of Lung, Bronchial and Skin Diseases; and Male and Female complaints. On the mode of Preserving Health to a Hundred Years. 300 pages, 21 engravings. Price, 50 cents, in silver or P. O. Stamps.

2nd. A work on Heart Disease, Palsy, Rheumatism Dyspepsia, Dysentery, Cholera Infantum, Summer Diarrhœa of Children, Cholera and Cholera Morbus, Bilious Colic, Costiveness, Diphtheria, Sore Throats, Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, and the diseases of elderly and old people, with Medical Prescriptions for 9 of these diseases. The Prescriptions alone worth $500.

WHY WE GROW OLD AND WHAT CURES DISEASE! 168 pages, 6 engravings. Price, 50 cents. Say which Book you will have, giving Name, State, County, and Post Office

TO THE PUBLIC.

Do you wish to read an entertaining, instructive, religious not secular, family newspaper, sound, conservative, and safe,

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD,

giving a full, impartial and reliable summary of all the news in all religious denominations, from all political parties, from all countries in the world, belonging to no sect in the Church, and to no party in the State, but opposed to every *ism* that disturbs the peace of the community and the harmony of the country; a newspaper having distinct departments devoted to Agriculture, Commerce, and General Literature, with Tales, Poetry, Science and Art, furnishing pleasant and instructive reading for children and parents, in all the realms of matter and mind? You can have it for one year by sending your name and address, with $2,50, to the NEW YORK OBSERVER office.

COMMISSION TO AGENTS.

Any person who will obtain five *new subscribers* with advance payment, may retain FIVE DOLLARS as his commission, and for twenty *new subscribers*, may retain twenty-five Dollars as his commission.

SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO., Editors and Proprietors, 37 Park Row, New York.

THE PEOPLE'S FARM MILL; OR, A COMPLETE GRIST MILL FOR $40. Sandford's Patent.

AWARDED the First Premium at the American Institute last fall; also at the New York State Fair, at Elmira, this fall, in competition with the best Mills in use.

IMPROVED FOR 1861.

THIS WONDERFUL MILL IS MADE WITH FLAT PLATES.

They are dressed on both sides like Burr Mill Stones.

There are 10 Plates, 4 movable and 6 stationary. The movable Plates are operated by a double crank, and all the power is applied within one inch of the centre of the shaft. They have an oscillating, longitudinal and reciprocating motion.

It is NOT a Rotary Mill.

It has more grinding surface than any other Mill, requires less motion and less power, for the same amount of work.

It can be attached to any kind of power using a belt.

And with about two-horse power and 250 revolutions will grind from 150 to 175 bushels of grain in 24 hours.

It will not heat meal.

It is the most simple and compact Mill in use.

It will grind all kinds of grain, coarse and fine, for feed.

It can be entirely renewed by adding new plates, which cost only 50 cents each.

They are self-sharpening, as the wear is upon both sides of the grooves, in consequence of the reciprocating motion.

The Plates are made of white iron, and are very durable.

This Mill is the cheapest ever made, on account of its simplicity, durability and capacity.

It will grind Oats alone, and cannot be clogged.

It will grind Wheat, Corn, Barley, Buckwheat, Oats, Plaster, &c., &c., &c.

Liberal discount to dealers. I also manufacture HOWARD'S NEW MOWER and Johnson's Hand Corn Husker. Send for a Circular. Address E. L. HOWARD, 653-2t Buffalo, N. Y.

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.—This Bank has funds to loan on bond and mortgage, on improved farms, in the counties of Monroe, Livingston, Genesee, Orleans, Ontario, and Wayne. 562-13t EDWARD WHALIN, Sec'y.

$100 PER MONTH—Made by any active person, with the cheapest and best STENCIL TOOLS in the market. Before purchasing elsewhere, be sure to send for my latest Circular and samples, which are free. Address 562-2t D. L. MILLIKEN, Brandon, Vt.

20,000 DWARF PEAR TREES—Of fine growth, and a full assortment of other Fruit Trees, both Standard and Dwarf, Small Fruits, Evergreens, Roses, Stocks for Nurserymen, &c. ☞ Send for Catalogues of the *Columbus Nursery.* M. B. BATEHAM & CO. Columbus, Ohio, Oct., 1860. 562-2

TO NURSERYMEN, &c.—FOR SALE—Two hundred thousand French Quince Stocks, for dwarfing the Pear—toy own growing and fine—at prices as follows:

First size, at $10 per thousand.
Second size at $6 per thousand.

In large quantities at still lower rates. G. W. EASTMAN. Rochester, N. Y., Oct., 1860. 562-2t

BEST SIX NEW GRAPES.—Delaware Diana, Concord, Rebecca, Hartford Prolific, and Union Village—good one year old roots, warranted genuine, will be furnished, packed in moss for Express, for $5 the set, or for $6 we will send the foregoing and York Madeira, (same as *Marion Port* and *Hyde's Elvira,*) Clinton, Catawba and Isabella, making 10 varieties. ☞ Send for *Descriptive Catalogue* of the *Columbus Nursery.* Columbus, O., Oct., 1860. M. B. BATEHAM & CO.

MONEY CAN BE MADE IN SELLING OUR AGRICULTURAL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. For terms of agency apply to SAXTON & BARKER, 560-6t 25 Park Row, New York.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted.—540 SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 6 miles west of this City, in the town of Gates, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon. A small farm of 50 to 80 acres, near the City, or a house and lot worth 4 to $5,000 in the city, would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply on the premises, or at No. 8 Hill street, at the office of JOHN M. FRENCH & Co., of M. HUNTINGTON. Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

CHOICE BULBOUS ROOTS. New Descriptive and Priced Catalogue of Hyacinths, Liliums, Tulips, &c., &c. Comprising the largest assortment ever offered. ANDREW BRIDGEMAN, 555 9t 878 Broadway, New York.

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the Farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money. Address O. B. CLARK, August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

AMERICAN GUANO, FROM JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS, IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN, IMPORTED BY THE AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY Offices, 66 William Street, NEW YORK. C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y. J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 71 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest. 555-tf MOORE, HERING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street. Rochester, N. Y. 1525-tf E. F. WILSON.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.'S IMPROVED FAMILY SEWING MACHINES, 505 Broadway, New York

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY T. BUCHANAN READ.

BETWEEN the broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lovely home where I was born;
The peach tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded doorway still—
But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows throng,
And hear the pewee's mournful song;
But the stranger comes—O, painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
That knew my childhood so well to please,
Where I watched the shadowy moments run,
The life imbibed more of shade than sun;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger children are swinging there.

It bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;
'Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing—
But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O, ye, who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crown the old barn eaves,
Then think what countless harvest sheaves
Have passed within that scented door,
To gladden eyes that are no more.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"SOME PEOPLE'S PROFESSIONS."

A STORY OF YOUR NEIGHBORS AND MINE.

BY JENNY MARSH PARKER.

[Concluded from page 340, last number.]

IT was plain enough that ESTHER FIELDING had been there that day. There was a fresh boquet by TIMMY'S bedside, a basket of fruit upon the supper table, and MARY'S wan face was lit up with the smile ESTHER was sure to leave there. He kissed the little group all around, increasing the sick boy's happiness by the red juicy apple, and MARY'S by his words of encouragement and love. The surgeon was coming on the morrow, with the sharp instruments which were to cut her baby's tender flesh. Her mother-heart failed her almost, when she thought about it. It was hard to look beyond that dreaded to-morrow, to the time when her child would bless her for her courage. ESTHER had promised to be with her, and when JOHN told her he had obtained permission to be absent from the furnace that day, her burden was so much lightened, she found it in her power to talk cheerfully with him upon more pleasant topics.

JOHN, who was too poor to buy a newspaper, might forever have remained in blissful ignorance of the item in the *Post*, pertaining to the charity bestowed upon them, had he not procured from a fellow-workman the issue of the preceeding day, which contained it. He had rocked the baby to sleep, and read a chapter to TIMMY—the one the child loved best, and oftenest selected, the story of the River of Life, clear as crystal; the Throne of the Lamb; the Holy City, and the Light thereof,—listening with wrapt wonder to the little believer's prattling of the glories soon to be revealed to his longing vision, until the weary eyelids closed in sleep, and a smile spread over the emaciated face, that told the holy beauty of his dreams. Then JOHN sat down beside his wife, who was trying to make, of something old, something new and pretty for her baby, and taking the *Post* from his pocket, asked if he should read aloud. She said no,—her mind was too full of something else.

An hour passed in silence, and then JOHN spoke with a sharp decision that dispelled her sad revery. He had laid aside the paper, and was preparing to go out.

"I shall not be gone long," he said,—"not a half hour at the most."

"But it is late, dear,—and hark, how it rains. Why must you go?"

"Because I must," and without further explanation he shut the door behind him. For a moment she thought him unkind, and was distressed with perplexity. But she had a more tangible sorrow to contend with during his absence, than any her imagination could conjure up.

That same afternoon, the parlors of Miss CRIPPS had been converted, rather unexpectedly to her, into a beehive of enthusiastic industry, known only to impromptu charitable gatherings. It was no unusual thing,—her house had long been the rendezvous of half the Benevolent Societies in town,—the Committees met there,—Boards of Managers, and getters up of Fairs, Festivals, and subscriptions generally. There was an importunate demand for bedding at the Hospital,—a demand too importunate for the zealous ladies, upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of sustaining the honor of the institution, to hear repeated, so the call was sent forth one day, and the ready forces assembled on the next to make comfortables, sheets, and pillow-cases, at the house of Miss DORCAS CRIPPS. Tea was to be served up when the mountain of work was completed, and a few favored masculines had been invited to the select banquet—strictly those having an interest in the Hospital, thereby including the self-sacrificing Dr. GRIMSBY.

The ladies worked wonderfully,—their fingers kept pace with their tongues. A looker-on would have been able to distinguish only a ceaseless murmuring hum of voices, varied by an outburst of laughter from some bevy of girls,—an exclamation of triumph at the completion of an article,—a demand, in a key above the conversation tone, for scissors or thread,—or the loud, shrill voice of good old Mrs. WILSON, who, afflicted by deafness, tried in vain to be heard, by herself, at least. Every comfortable, every sheet, and every pillow-case, had a circle and topic of its own, and the less extensive the article, the more compact the circle, and, therefore, the more interesting the conversation.

"How worn out Miss CRIPPS is looking! Her years begin to tell on her now!" said a faded spinster, from one corner of a sheet.

"Yes, time will show his footprints, now matter how much we try to conceal them," was the response from the opposite corner of said sheet, and MARY ROBERTS, the pretty speaker, looked mischievously at the foretop and the penciled eyebrows before her.

"She will kill herself yet, I am afraid," broke in a tender voice from the bottom of the hem.

"It is truly wonderful how she does so much. They say she has watched with that poor baby nearly every night for a fortnight."

"Well, she ought to." Miss LANE might have spoken softer.

"You mean because she turned them into the street once, as she did, I suppose," said MARY. "We must not judge her too harshly now. Perhaps she is trying to make amends for her severity."

"It will take more than her fortune to do that," said the harsh voice again. "That boy TIMMY is going to die before the winter is out."

"It will be a mercy if he does. ESTHER FIELDING says he is one of the greatest sufferers she ever saw."

"ESTHER FIELDING! what does she know about it? By-the-by, I wonder where she is this afternoon? She will happen in about tea time most likely." The speaker exchanged significant glances with MARY, who replied in a whisper, loud enough for the whole circle to overhear, "that ESTHER was perhaps remodeling the old silk, and that they must not be startled if it should appear in some new shape."

While this suggestive topic was being thoroughly handled, something like the following was passing between two heads, bent close together in the back parlor corner.

"You don't say so,—do you think she will get him?"

"I shouldn't wonder. The two lonesome old bodies have watched each other long enough to be attracted."

"They do say he is looking out for a wife."

"And we know she is looking for a husband."

"He is certainly interested in her. Husband says he talks about her like a boy-beau, and of the shame it is she should throw away so much money unthanked."

"Her money will go in a different direction, I prophecy, if he ever gets the control of it. They do say he is stingy, but likes to make a display."

"They are alike there,"—the voice fell into a whisper. "What do you think of the *humble* charity spoken of in yesterday's paper?"

"I had my thoughts. Pity her kindness to the RODMANS dates no further back."

"Have you spoken to her upon the subject? I suppose we are in politeness bound to extol her."

"Of course. She said little or nothing when I mentioned it to her. She 'bears her honors meekly,' and she has had an excess of panegyries this afternoon."

That was very true. Nearly every one of the guests had bestowed a flattering compliment; but none had been sufficiently in doubt to question her directly upon the subject, and her modesty,—we will not give her weakness a harsher name,—had forbidden her admitting to them, by a denial, that she could suppose any one would for a moment imagine her to be the lady spoken of in the *Post*. There were many charitable women in the city besides her. She could apply any of their compliments to some of her late charities.

She found herself at last in a most distressing situation. Old Mrs. WILSON, the deaf lady before mentioned, knew nothing upon the subject excepting what she had read in the paper, and her dissatisfaction at not knowing the particulars compelled her to raise her sharp voice high above all the rest, in direct inquiry of Miss CRIPPS herself. Every person in the room was an attentive auditor.

"You have been making more poor hearts very glad, lately, I see, Miss CRIPPS. GOD will reward you for it. You never did a more blessed thing in all your life. Whose child is it? The paper was afraid of giving names."

Miss CRIPPS was too far removed to make her reply heard by the old lady, without an exercise of her elocutionary powers she was, in her present excitement, wholly unable to accomplish. She signed to MARY ROBERTS to perform the task for her.

Mrs. WILSON knew JOHN RODMAN very well, and all about his trouble with Miss CRIPPS, and his name was the last one in creation she expected to hear. Her wonderment and surprise were too great for concealment.

"JOHN RODMAN'S child is it?" continued the old lady, whom if wishes could have annihilated would have instantly made a miraculous disappearance from Miss CRIPPS' parlors. "I know MARY RODMAN very well, or used to in years gone by. I will go and see her to-morrow. Miss CRIPPS, shall I drive around here in the morning?"

In so embarrassing a dilemma, what could the modest woman do but nod assent, coloring deeply, and trembling violently, which perturbation was variously accounted for by her guests. Not a few decided it was owing to Dr. GRIMSBY'S entrance at that moment, accompanied by several gentlemen of equal distinction.

"It grieves me to see you look so exhausted," said the tender-hearted doctor, returning from the supper room with the hostess upon his arm. "You are over-taxing yourself. With unbounded benevolence for others, you lack charity for yourself. My type of human perfection ever has been a humble, self-sacrificing woman, given to good works."

The poor maiden grew dizzy at this sudden approach to the awful precipice.

"Let us go into the library," said she, with faintness and desperation. "My head aches terribly; I must have a few moment's quiet."

"You surely do not think of watching with that poor child to-night?" anxiously inquired her attendant, seating himself beside her upon the sofa, fanning her energetically.

"I cannot tell—I must do my duty—which is not to consider my own wishes in the matter," she replied with touching resignation. She would have added more, but the discovery of a third person in the room caused her to utter a frightened cry, that made the devoted doctor start upon his feet to seize the intruder by the collar.

"I am JOHN RODMAN," spoke out the rough-looking fellow, who stood there holding his slouched hat in his hand, and staring at Miss CRIPPS rather defiantly.

"Ah! ah! indeed!" affably smiled the doctor, bowing like a mandarin. "Excuse me—I was startled—so was Miss CRIPPS. Her nervous system is over-taxed—nearly prostrated—a fact that must pain you as deeply as it can any one."

Miss CRIPPS gazed vacantly at her untimely visitor. She was horrified to see MARY ROBERTS and several others enter the library. JOHN crossed the room and planted himself before her; taking his little worn wallet from his pocket and deliberately unclasping it before her, began,

"I do not want your money," said he, distinctly, "I would not keep it if it were enough to make my boy a prince. Your avarice has killed one of my children, and your vanity cannot bless the other." Thereupon he emptied the little wallet of all it contained, and laid a roll of bills upon the lap of Miss CRIPPS.

"What does he mean?" gasped she, with ill-feigned amazement. "This is not my money, I know nothing about it—take him away—take him away"—and she appealed to the bravery of the doctor, who stood gazing first at one, then another of the actors of the farce, lost in a whirlwind of mystery.

Her importunities to be freed from the hateful presence of her visitor were entirely uncalled for; for after disposing of the money in the way he did, JOHN hastily left the room, and was closing the heavy door behind him, when a soft, familiar voice caused him to pause and turn back into the hall, where ESTHER FIELDING stood pale with excitement and alarm; for true to prediction she had made her appearance just about tea time, dressed in the everlasting green silk.

"Oh, Mr. RODMAN, what a mistake you have made! Who deceived you? Here is the money again. Take it—I insist upon it—you are indebted to no one but me, excepting a half dollar from Miss CRIPPS and a mite from Miss KELLY.

Finally, JOHN received the roll, minus one dollar, which ESTHER was compelled to return to the giver, through MELLICENT, as Miss CRIPPS positively refused to see Miss FIELDING when she requested an interview with that estimable lady who had fainted and was under Doctor GRIMSBY'S care in the library.

MARY ROBERTS carried the interesting story to the assembly in the parlor, and it was soon in brisk circulation. It was some time before old Mrs. WILSON could understand what everybody was whispering about, but when she was initiated into the mystery, her voice broke out in a discourse that nothing could interrupt. "It was the way it always had been, and always would be," she said, "for people to think that nobody could be charitable unless they gave by hundreds, and had the deed proclaimed in the market place. For her part, she believed in not letting the left hand know what the right hand did. That was ESTHER FIELDING'S way of giving to the poor (happily ESTHER had withdrawn,) and she didn't suppose any one would have known a word of what she had done for Mrs. RODMAN'S poor little baby, any more than they did of what she gave away every day, if it had not happened to come out in the way it had. She was glad of it. Most of folks called ESTHER FIELDING stingy and mean, because she did not carry her money on her back, or have her name put into the papers whenever she gave away a dollar. They little knew what an angel of mercy they were slandering when they said that. She could tell of more than one poor family living upon ESTHER FIELDING'S bounty, and of more than one wretched sufferer who looked to her hand for all their comfort in this world. There were not many of them who would deny themselves not only luxuries, but necessaries, for the sake of GOD'S poor, and that without expectation of praise by the world."

In her warm enthusiasm she was proceeding directly to a still more animated discourse upon the annihilated Miss CRIPPS, who had excused herself for the evening, and no doubt she would have handled the subject with masterly skill, but a whisper from one of the more discreet ladies brought her to consideration, and finally silence.

"But I can't help thinking," added the old lady, bent upon a closing remark at least, "of what some people say about some people's professions."

* * * * * * * *

Miss DORCAS CRIPPS survived this stunning blow to her reputation, although her recovery would have been doubtful had she been deprived of the unremitting solace of the self-sacrificing Dr. GRIMSBY, who, notwithstanding the wintry skies frowning over her, with characteristic disinterestedness, resigned himself to live with her beneath them, and now the weather-beaten sign of "Physician and Surgeon" creaks no longer over the window across the way, but upon the plate of the highly polished oak door of the old CRIPPS mansion, the name of GRIMSBY is engraven.

Some say the bride is happy, and some say she is not. Some say the doctor leads a wretched life, while others say he has plenty of spending money, and is enjoying himself as he never did before. Both profess to dwell in a world of bliss,—but then, you know, there is no trusting some people's professions.

Dr. GRIMSBY has not been known to write a newspaper item since a brother surgeon led him to commit a most provoking blunder; but that relates to a secret he guards most sacredly from his wife, and we have not the heart to betray the poor man.

TIMMY RODMAN'S sufferings are over. He will never more say "I am sick." He lived long enough to see his baby brother careering about the room on a pair of legs which promised to be straight and strong some day.

JOHN RODMAN is blest with prosperity, and, better than all, a heart which thanks the Giver of all good things. He can sincerely pray, "as we forgive"—yes, even when he kneels by the grave of his first born, and remembers what he prays GOD to forget.

ESTHER FIELDING is still walking alone in the old path. "Many shall rise up and call her blessed,"—yea, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AN ENIGMA OF INDIAN NAMES.

I AM composed of 19 letters.
My 2, 11, 17, 6 was the Indian name of the Governor of Pennsylvania in 1742
My 3, 17, 14, 17, 19, 6, 17, 7, 12, 8, 15, 13 was a celebrated Chief of the Six Nations.
My 4, 10, 9, 2, 11 is one of the three primitive languages spoken by the North American Indians.
My 5, 7, 13, 4 is an Indian name for wood.
My 6, 8, 11, 5, 3, 17, 19 was a powerful and warlike tribe of Indians.
My 7, 2, 14, 15, 10, 6, 12 is a tribe who once inhabited the northeastern parts of Asia
My 11, 12, 2, 4 is an Indian name given to God.
My 13, 7, 7, 5, 16, 6 is the name of a tribe of Indians in the west.
My 14, 2, 11, 6, 17, 4 is an Indian name for father.
My 15, 16, 8, 17, 7, 4, 17; 16, 5 is another Indian name for the Almighty.
My 17, 6, 19, 17, 16, 17, 15, 2, 17 was the Indian name given to the Governor of New York in the year 1744.
My 18, 17, 3, 17 is an Indian name for part of the face.
My 19, 5, 6, 17, 4 is an Indian name for brother.
My whole is the title of an association in Rochester.
Rochester, N. Y., 1860. C. T. W.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 9, 4, 11, 12 is a county in Mississippi.
My 2, 3, 3, 5, 6, 2 is a town in New York.
My 3, 11, 9, 10, 3 is a city in Austria.
My 4, 8, 5, 10, 9 is a river in Europe.
My 5, 3, 8, 2, 6, 2 is a town in New York.
My 6, 2, 3, 2, 10, 5, 2 is a city in Sicily.
My 7, 5, 9, 11 is a city in Russia.
My 8, 9, 10, 4, 12 is a county in Ohio.
My 9, 11, 5, 9 is a county in New York.
My 10, 2, 10, 7, 5, 10 is a city in China.
My 11, 2, 5, 10, 12 is a lake in North America.
My 12, 2, 10, 3, 5, 6, 7 is a river in Connecticut.
My whole is the name of a distinguished statesman of '76. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE

I HAVE a foot, but not a leg,
Yet firmly I can staud;
And what may seem as strange to you,
An arm without a hand.
Although I never promenade,
In public I am seen,
And dressed in garb of various hues,
Brown, yellow, red, and green.
Now, reader, can you tell my name,
And as nothing shall be hid,
My possessions are exceeding small,
A trunk without a lid.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 561.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Busy hands make happy hearts.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—First rope, 50 feet; second, 70.5; third, 86.5; fourth, 100.

Answer to Charade:—Worm-Wood.

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Sandusky City, Ohio, Sept., 1860. 561-2teow

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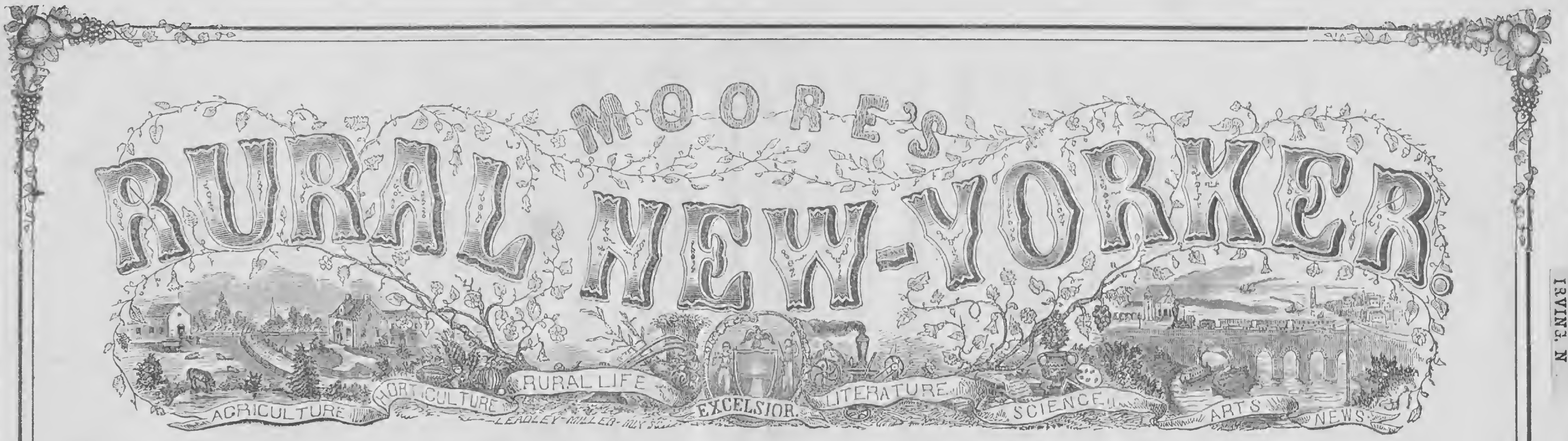

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VOL. XI. NO. 44.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 564.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

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With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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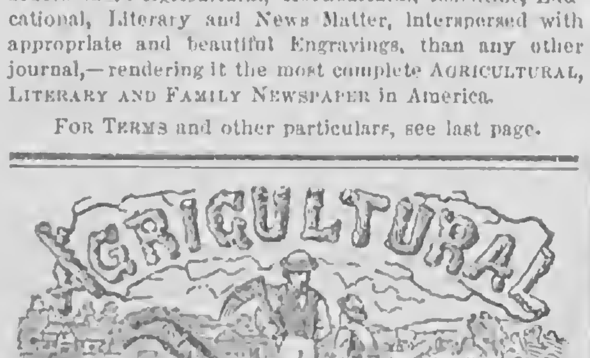


SEASONABLE HINTS.

THE Summer is gone—the struggles of another season are about over. The life and pushing activity of spring and early summer—the toils of later summer and autumn harvests are nearly at an end, and we are about to settle down into the quiet and repose of another winter. The weather in this section during October has been very unfavorable for farm work, for we have scarcely had two days in succession without rain. This has materially delayed operations, and unless we have a few weeks of tolerably fair weather, of which there is now some prospect, the result must be disastrous. Thousands of acres of potatoes yet remain in the ground, and the predisposition to rot has been favored by the unusual amount of rain, which has completely soaked the soil. Many farmers in this section are bringing their crop to market as fast as dug, fearing to keep potatoes over winter, and as shippers are somewhat afraid to buy, the price is low—too much so to be remunerative. If the rot is as general as we suppose it to be, potatoes kept well until spring, we judge must bring a fair price.

A great deal of corn remains in the fields unhusked, and the stalks in many cases are injured, appearing black and mildewed. All the fine weather we have this autumn will be needed, and every moment should be improved. Never before have we seen so favorable a season for the growth of roots. Turnips, even when planted so late that in ordinary seasons they would have been a failure, have made an extraordinary growth. Carrots, Beets, Parsnips, and in fact all roots have done nobly, and if saved as they shoud be, will go a long way in helping though the coming winter.

But there are a good many things that need to be done before winter sets in besides securing crops, and some of these, we fear, in the present hurrying time will be forgotten or neglected. The wheat grower this season will need no patent level to discover the low spots in his fields, though he may need a hint that a little surface drainage will be of great benefit, and prevent the killing out of places that would give the field a spotted and bad appearance, and lessen the product. The coarser fodder should be all secured, for even if it is not needed, it makes one comfortable to know that he is provided for the worst. Necessary provision must be made for sheltering cattle, and racks and bins for foddering, to avoid the wasting of half the feed. Most likely barns and stables need considerable patching to make them comfortable, and the cellar must be banked up and the windows secured. All this should be done as early as possible, for it is a sorry job on a cold day, especially if a good deal of mischief is done before you get at it. All summer tools should be stored away under cover, for a winter's exposure generally does more evil than a whole summer's work.

All good keepers agree that it is the very worst policy to allow animals to lose flesh in the autumn, or even to stand still, and yet in too many cases animals receive a check in the autumn before being put on regular rations, from which they slowly recover. Let animals commence winter with a go-ahead impetus, that, with proper care, will keep them moving all winter. This is true philosophy, and economy too. Hogs that are to occupy the pork barrel the coming winter, should not be allowed to waste time, as you can add to their weight much cheaper now than during cold weather. This is a fact which all admit, yet some act as though it was forgotten.

We have had a most abundant crop of apples this season, and they are so cheap that only the best varieties, and those sound and fit for shipping, are worth carrying to market. Thousands of barrels are lying exposed under the trees, and many are not considered worth the picking. Barrels, too, on account of the great demand for shipping apples and potatoes, are very high, and in some places can hardly be obtained at any price, so that farmers find it expensive and inconvenient to barrel their fruit. But the crop should not be allowed to run to waste. It will cost but little to get them into the cellar, and they will be found excellent for stock during the winter, and in the spring the better and long keeping sorts may sell at a fair price.

Since writing the above, we learn that the corn is rotting in the shock, in several places, and we have been shown samples entirely ruined. Let [illegible] After one fine day, (now Oct. 26th,) it is raining again, with every prospect of a continuance of unfavorable weather.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Harvesting in Wet Weather.

THE past season was a trying one to English farmers, owing to the almost incessant rains, and those specially interested are now discussing, in the Agricultural journals, the merits of various modes of conducting the operations of the harvest field during wet, or "catching" weather. "Necessity the mother of invention," is a cardinal principle readily recognized by English farmers, and if it is possible to avert the disasters incident to inauspicious atmospheric conditions, we have great faith in JOHNNY BULL's perseverance and pluck. The *Mark Lane Express* is actively engaged in this discussion, and we extract from its columns, as follows:

"In wet harvests the universal maxim is, never to postpone anything till to-morrow that can be done to-day, always providing for the worst. In such seasons it is often [illegible] a pitched battle with the weather, the farmer himself being always in the forefront in the fray, storming and in a storm, be it wet or dry.

In all cases of this kind, masters and servants, generally speaking, thoroughly understand each others' interests, and accordingly are ready and willing to act together whenever the golden opportunity occurs. If reapers are allowed to recruit their strength in a wet morning, they will go into it, when the day breaks up, with a spirit and a force which otherwise they would not, and even could not do. And even if they have two or three fine working days together, but are sure of the first wet day to themselves, they will then daily go through an extra quantity of work. What would be the thought of the general, who, under similar circumstances, had not his soldiers fresh and ready for the fight? Just so it is with the farmer in the harvest-field. If half the working time is wet, and barely the other half dry, as is often the case, nothing can be more short-sighted than to dabble hands at some dirty jobs during the former period when they have to perform double work during the latter. In a wet harvest always have your hands ready for the onslaught, and never squander a single hour that should be spent directly or indirectly for the harvest.

The second thing in a wet season is, to have the teams fresh and ready for their extra work whenever occasion requires. In this case, as in the last, the farmer must look often a long way before him; for if his teams are not prepared to do the extra work within the short time a wet season allows, the upshot need not to be told. Night work in carrying is generally avoided if possible; but we have frequently gone on two days and the two intervening nights, stopping only one hour each night, and when we awoke on the fourth morning and perceived about three acres of stooks in the rain, there was loud murmuring in all corners of the camp, that we were not held on to the previous midnight, so as to have secured the whole. If prepared for it, men and horses will go through a vast amount of work, in such cases, to secure 'the fruits of the earth,' but not otherwise.

Men and horses ready for work, the next thing for notice is the work itself, 'the cutting, stooking, and stacking the corn.' In the former of these operations—the cutting—the details of the practice depend much upon the quality of the crop, as to how it will stand bad weather. Some fields of wheat, for example, differ widely from others in this respect; so do those of barley, and the other kinds of corn. Even in individual fields, it often occurs that the corn may be safely cut wet in some places, while it would be certain ruin to do so in others. We never cut wet grain, if possible; but in a wet harvest it never could be wholly avoided. It will thus readily be seen that it would baffle the pen of any writer to chronicle, even at the time, a faithful account of all the details of reaping in a bad harvest, so fitfully changeable is the weather, and diversified, and voluminous are the consequences that follow.

Passing over the reaping machine, the scythe, the reaping hook, and sickle, as implements with which all are now equally familiar, what first engages the attention of the farmer, whichever of these implements he uses for cutting, is to get his corn dry into small sheaves, and loosely tied or bound before the straw is too ripe and broken. There are three reasons for this; first, the sheaves can be more loosely bound, they stand better in the stook, while they, at the same time, permit a free circulation of air, [illegible] otherwise [illegible] sooner when wet through; and third, they are sooner ready for stack-yard. In each of these cases the practical conclusion is so manifest that it would be superfluous to advance a single sentence in corroboration of their importance.—*Large tight-bound sheaves are the curse of a wet harvest, both in the field and stack-yard.*

As to the actual size of the sheaf, no general rule can be laid down, unless it be—*as small as it will stand in the stook.* In fine, dry seasons the rule, or gauge, for a sheaf is 12 inches through; but in wet harvests we never used to allow above the half of this size, and often even less than that—or three small sheaves out of one ordinary one.

Much depends upon the quality of the straw. If it is soft, leafy, or full of grass, many are the difficulties experienced in getting it safely harvested in wet seasons like the present. We have known cases where a single sheaf that contained much wet grass fire-fanged a whole stack, which without that sheaf would have kept well. In cutting crops of this kind, therefore, the farmer must always look forward to consequences in his stack-yard. Where a fifth part of the area has been sown out with grass seeds (ray-grass and clover,) the clover rises high amongst the corn. In such instances, the crop, whether it be barley, wheat, or oats, is either cut above the clover as much as possible, or else the clover is shaken out and given to stock. We have adopted various plans of this kind, the maxim being never to tie up wet clover in the sheaf. The same maxim is applicable to soft and leafy short straw.

With regard to the practice of leaving corn abroad in the swath to dry when cut wet with the scythe or reaping machine, and in the open sheaf when cut with the reaping hook or sickle, it is not approved of as a general rule, and only followed in a very few exceptionary cases. We have tried it, but were never successful, having always found the small, loosely-tied sheaf, when properly stooked, sooner dry than the corn in either of the other two cases, and less liable to malt and to lose color. In short, we always made it a rule to keep the stooking close up to the cutting."

Culture of Wheat.

IN the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, for September 29, we have an editorial upon "Farming Operations for October," from which we extract the following paragraphs treating upon the culture of wheat:

This should be the principal month for sowing winter wheat, whether the preparation be by naked fallow, or after clover, beans, vetches, or potatoes; although on some rich, light soils the end of the month may be preferable. If sown on fallow, be sure it has received, at least, four plowings, with the necessary harrowings between, and thoroughly cleansed; but let the seed be put in on a stale furrow, six weeks old, at least; if after clover, the land-presser will be necessary, to close and consolidate the sods and bury the clover. If the land is dry, it should be plowed into wide lands, about forty feet wide, as the produce will be of a more equal sample, and ripen more evenly than if sown in ridges, which, in times of drouth, are more dry in the center, and too wet at the furrows in times of rain; besides, the crop at the crown, or to one side, is ripe, while that at the edges, or one side, is still green, and in waiting for the latter, the former is shed; but if the land is damp or undrained, sowing in ridges is unavoidable; in which case, the narrower the ridge is the better. The application of some artificial manure, such as phospho-Peruvian guano, or bone dust, will assist the crop considerably.

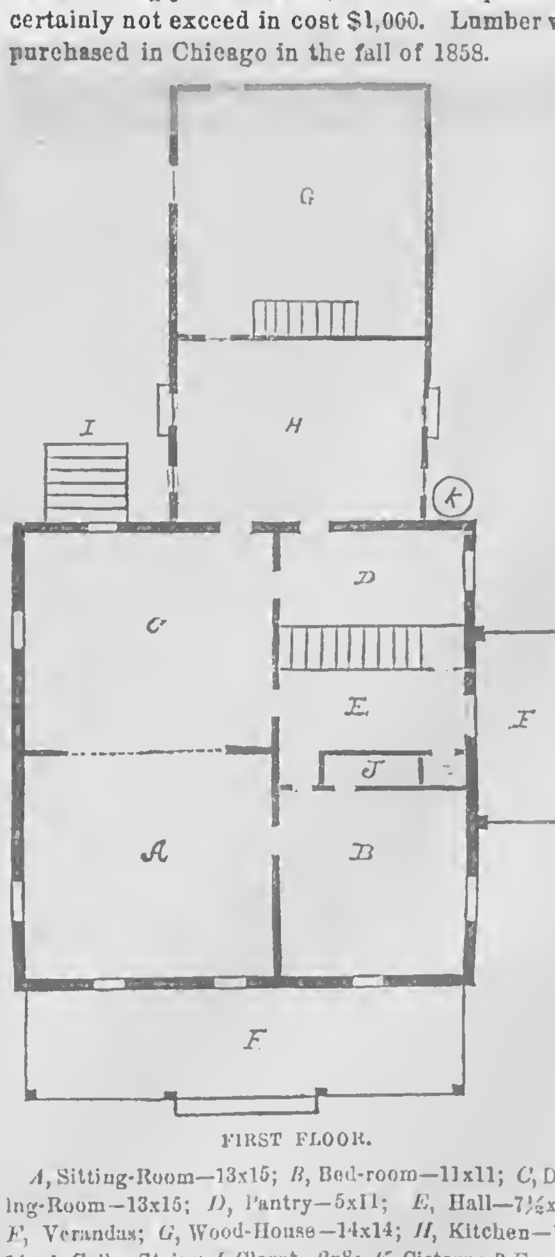
Seed.—The seed should be procured at as great a distance as possible from home, and from an earlier soil and climate, but as dissimilar as possible; let it be plump, of good color, and free from the seeds of weeds, smut, bunt, and rust,—to free it from the latter, it should be steeped in the following:

Prepare a brine of salt and water strong enough to float an egg, and in sufficient quantity to admit the grain to be stirred about and scrubbed by a broom, taking care to remove all floating grains; dissolve half a pound of sulphate of copper (bluestone) to each barrel of seed to be steeped; the seed may remain in the steep from 36 to 48 hours; it is then taken out, and left to drain over tubs in baskets or sieves, and, when sufficiently drained, it is spread thinly on the floor, and some finely slaked lime sifted over it; it is then thoroughly mixed, more lime being added, till each grain is coated over, and so dry that no two grains may stick together.

Prepare only as much seed at a time as may be sown in one day; if, through stress of weather or any other cause, some should remain, it should be scattered thinly over a dry floor, and turned daily till sown. The quantity of seed necessary depends on the soil and the time and manner of sowing. If sown early, the land being dry and in good condition, eight to ten stones (RURAL readers will remember that fourteen pounds is technically denominated a "stone,") will sow the Irish acre, either by the drill or broadcast under the plow; but the longer sowing is deferred the more seed will be required. On inferior soils it will be necessary to give from twelve up to eighteen stones per Irish acre.

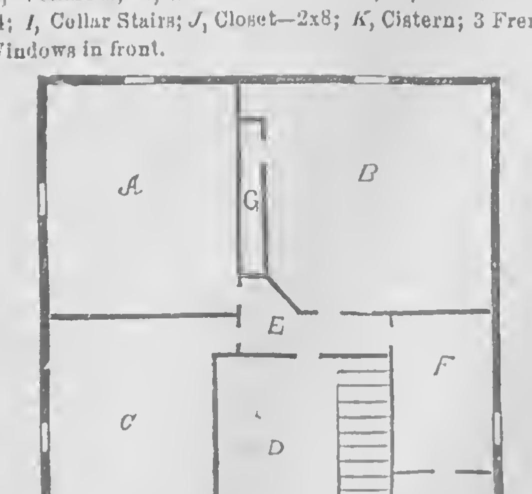
CHEAP FARM-HOUSE FOR THE WEST.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As you asked for replies from western readers to the request of H. GARDENER, Fulton Co., Ill., for a plan of a cheap farm house, I inclose that of one recently built by my father near Huntley Grove, McHenry Co., Ill. It is pronounced by all who have examined, to be exceedingly convenient; and all complete will certainly not exceed in cost $1,000. Lumber was purchased in Chicago in the fall of 1858.



FIRST FLOOR.

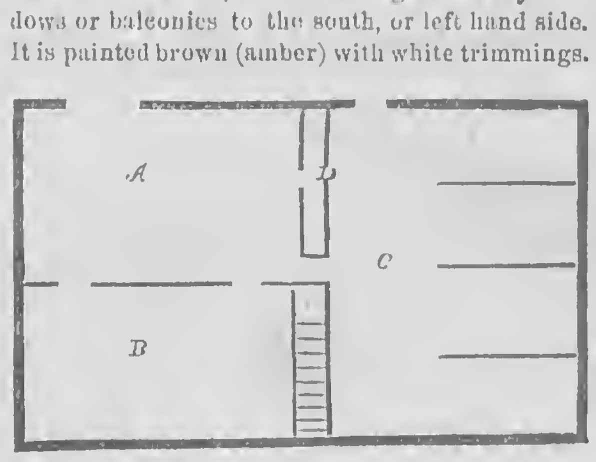
A, Sitting-Room—13x15; *B*, Bed-room—11x11; *C*, Dining-Room—13x15; *D*, Pantry—5x11; *E*, Hall—7½x11; *F*, Verandas; *G*, Wood-House—14x14; *H*, Kitchen—10x14; *I*, Cellar Stairs; *J*, Closet—2x8; *K*, Cistern; 3 French Windows in front.



SECOND FLOOR.

A, Bed-room—11x13; *B*, Bed-room—13x15; *C*, Bed-room—10x13; *D*, Bed-room—8x10; *E*, Hall—3x12; *F*, Closet—5x10; *G*, Closet—2x7; *H*, Garret-way; *J*, Closet—3x5.

The main building is twenty-six feet square and eighteen feet in height,—has a square cottage roof, heavy cornice, corner boards, and pillars to correspond. A light, open cornice, pillars, &c., would probably be less expensive. We could suggest an improvement, by extending the verandah around three sides, or else adding either bay windows or balconies to the south, or left hand side. It is painted brown (amber) with white trimmings.



CARRIAGE ROOM AND STABLE.

A, Carriage-Room—10x17; *B*, [illegible]; *C*, Stable—[illegible]; *D*, [illegible].

I also inclose the plan of a carriage house, stable, &c., yet to be built, which can be done, beside cattle sheds already complete, for the $200 your correspondent allows. C. W. H.

Huntley Grove, Ill., 1860.

A VISIT TO CANADA.

FARMING, CROPS, AGRICULTURAL SHOWS, &c.

MR. MOORE:—I have recently been in Canada in the towns of Whitby, Pickering, and Darlington, and I think these towns the garden of the portion of Canada I have visited. The land is excellent and highly cultivated; buildings good, equal to any farming district I have ever passed through, with the exception of those near large cities, and their highways are as good as any I ever traveled. I was quite surprised to see such roads and buildings, especially when I know that thirty years ago, and perhaps less, that whole district was a wilderness. The timber was principally beech and maple, yet the stumps are all gone, and the country looks as old as around Geneva.

I attended the Agricultural Show at Whitby the first day, when the grain, roots, implements and ladies' work were exhibited. The roots were the best I have seen; the carrots and turnips very large. The grain was also very fine. The white wheat (Soule's) I think could not be excelled in any country. The spring wheat shown was good, but I saw better spring wheat in Canada last year. The peas and oats were very good. I am sorry we cannot raise peas like the Canadians. I think our oats as good.

The Ladies' work was beautiful, but I am no judge of such articles. There were some fine portraits and other paintings exhibited in the same hall, and what I thought a fine toned piano was kept in use all the time I was there.

The Mechanical productions (farm implements, &c.,) were also exhibited the first day. Some of those enormous long 250 lb plows were there, but the farmers are beginning to find out that what they call Yankee plows are better than the long, heavy ones which they have held on to so long, without ever reasoning on the subject. Many are now throwing them aside, and using the Yankee plow they so long held in *derision*, or at least imitation Yankee plows manufactured at Oshawa. There were two kinds shown; some with cast-iron beams, similar to ours; then there were steel plows with wooden beams, similar to those made by Messrs. REMINGTONS, MARKHAM & Co., of this State, but not near so good a plow, in my opinion, and I believe the latter would sell better if introduced there than those made in Oshawa. The manufacturers at Oshawa might do well to have a plow from Ilion as a pattern. Although there is $3 duty on each plow, I have no doubt Messrs. R., M. & Co., could under-sell the Oshawa manufacturers, or at least they could sell a better article at the same price. Their cast-iron beam plows appeared to me to be equal to any of ours, and for some purposes better. I thought well of the cultivators shown. The iron ones were new to me, and I do think must answer the *purpose* they are made for, better than any I ever saw. There were two kinds of harrows shown; one a rotating, on a new principle; the other was an improve-on the common double harrow, which I think good. There were different kinds of cutting boxes; those I never pay much attention to. I don't see what use cattle have for teeth if their fodder has to be cut for them.

The second day the stock were shown. The Horses, or at least part of them, were of immense size—I thought altogether too heavy for farm work—but they were noble looking animals. One

black and a gray were beautiful animals of their kind, but I thought them too large. There was also a very good show of Durham Cattle. A Mr. THOMPSON showed some very good, and a large number. There were others that showed very good Durhams. There were also some very good fat cattle shown. A five year old Devon heifer (imported,) was very fine and very fat, although I believe she only got the second premium, a Durham heifer of same age being fatter on the rib. They were both superior.

But the sheep excelled all. They were in great numbers, and for fat and size I question if they could be surpassed anywhere. Mr. WM. JEFFREY had some very fine. A Mr. GUY had also some that were very good. But they were all good—not a bad lot among them. I examined Mr. JEFFREY's and Mr. GUY's on their farms, and really I think there can be no further improvement made on them. Mr. JEFFREY's are pure Leicester,—Mr. GUY's have some cross of the Cotswold, at least a portion of them. Mr. GUY has also some pure Cheviots. It was forty years since I had seen any of them. They were fat and fine, and I think pure bred; but the Leicesters and Cotswolds are so much larger, they will always be the favorites in Canada, although I think a cross with the Cheviot might give them more hardiness and also improve the mutton. At Mr. GUY's I saw his buck that took the first premium at Kingston, for three year olds, last year. He then weighed 352 lbs. He is now so enormously fat that it is with great difficulty he can rise. I never saw his equal. It is worth a journey to Canada to see him.

I was delighted with the sheep I saw at the show and on Mr. JEFFERY's and Mr. GUY's farms. There was a pair of fat ewes shown that took the first premium; said to weigh, together, 480 lbs. They were as broad in the back as a good Durham cow. The Canadian farmers can make wonderful sheep. Mr. JEFFREY had photographs taken of some of his bucks, but they were not so good as the originals.

The wheat crop in that section has been excellent this season. Their spring wheat was a very large crop, but I did not think the quality very good. They can raise but little winter wheat near the lake (Ontario.) The midge ruins it there, but from twenty to forty miles back, they raise excellent white wheat. I heard of one fine field of five acres in the township of Scott, that gave 52 10-60 bushels per acre. The field was summer fallowed, and the neighbors said the owner kept plowing it from spring until seeding time, manured it and put a large quantity of ashes on it; but they acknowledged it paid him after all. That was a larger crop than I ever saw. I brought samples of the best white winter wheat found, but it is no better than some here, although it was said to produce more to the acre. I think if they would sow from 200 to 300 lbs. of salt to the acre on there spring wheat, it would improve the quality very much. The straw, although not rusted, is of a dull, dark color; and when such is the case, the quality of the wheat is never first rate. I advised a gentleman last year, who lives north of Rice Lake, to try salt. I saw his foreman this year; he told me they salted part of their spring wheat, and it was better by far than that not salted.

Yours, &c., JOHN JOHNSTON.

Near Geneva, N. Y., 1860.

KEEPING CORN IN CRIBS, &c.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The preservation of corn in cribs is a subject that has yet been discussed in the RURAL, to my recollection. It is quite an expense and trouble to erect narrow cribs three and a half feet wide to store a large crop of corn in, and wider cribs seldom keep it sound. Many farmers use a temporary rail crib to store their corn in; but there is much waste in such imperfect and ill-secured structures, as all the corn shelling off in the handling is lost, and the difficulty in covering properly tends to injure or weather-beat considerable on the top of the crib. Corn houses, as commonly constructed, do not keep corn as sound as cribs, unless built in a place fully exposed to the winds, and then care must be taken not to draw the corn when wet, or when the cob is much green, or it will mould.

If corn could be preserved in buildings eight, ten, or twelve feet in width, with the sides and ends slatted in the usual way, it would very much lessen the labor and space of storing. It occurs to me that buildings of the above width might possibly be fitted with slatted tubes, (with four or more inch openings the entire length, and four or six inches in diameter,) open at the ends, and reaching from side to side of the crib, placed about three feet or more apart, and admit air enough to preserve the corn. If any of the readers of the RURAL have had any experience in keeping corn in this or a similar way, I would like to hear of their success; also, if any think they know a more "excellent way," they would confer a favor by giving it in your columns at this time, when all can avail themselves of its benefits.

Wayne Co., N. Y., 1860. J. R.

FARMING IN KANE COUNTY, ILLINOIS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Very much do I wish that you could see the smiling faces of the inhabitants of our county. There is no deceitfulness in their smiles this year. They are now the true representatives of the inward emotions of the hearts of the people. For three or four years, these silent expressions of happiness were merely external; they were not connected with the inmost soul; the people would smile, because it was fashionable to do so, especially in company and conversation. They did it as a matter of courtesy, desiring to make others happy, even while they themselves were, in a degree, miserable. Those delightful emotions are now involuntary. They smile because they cannot help it. Good crops and a prospect of fair and reasonable prices for their productions have caused this change. The times have been terribly hard. Under these unforeseen and unavoidable contraction of funds and credits, many of the best business men have failed, a great number have been expecting perfect ruin in their enterprises on account of the weight of their obligations. But now they have hope. Heretofore all the energies and faculties of the farmers were paralized, as were those of the merchants and the mechanics, for with the cultivators of the soil their interest were intimately connected. Few could tell who would be the owners, or occupants of their farms, their houses, property or goods,—perhaps within the short space of six months or a year. But a more auspicious season has dawned,—the portentious cloud which so long hung over trembling souls is now dissipated. The tall, thrifty corn, the waving full grown grain,—the fruitful vines,—the bending orchards,—the delicately rich flowers, and exquisite ordors of their tastefully arranged gardens, now give them comfort and happiness.

Good times are coming,—great crops have been grown,—prices are reasonable,—farmers are fast paying their debts,—merchants are filling their stores,—mechanics are multiplying every variety of machinery,—ministers are getting their salaries,—physicians are obtaining pay for past services,—editors are obtaining full pay from patrons,—justices of the peace are having but little business,—and the savages are starving, or being converted and becoming preachers,—in fact, good times have already come! A. P.

Pingree Grove, Kane Co., Ill., 1860.

RAIN IN KANSAS—*Error Corrected.*—In my communication of the 29th of August, a very important monosyllable is left out of a sentence in the last paragraph, I am made to say, "from the middle of December to the middle of February, we have rain." It should have been, "from the middle of December to the middle of February we have *no* rain." We generally have a good deal of snow during that period; but *no* rain, or very rarely. No country can boast of finer winters than Kansas. The air, however, is keen and bracing, the mercury often dropping to 5° or 10° below zero.—TORETSA, *Quindaro, Kansas, Sept.* 29th, 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

A Familiar Conversation about Bees.

A. I CALLED for the purpose of learning how you managed your bees in winter, as you always appear to have good *luck* in wintering them, while I and my neighbors have the worst kind of *luck* in keeping bees. The combs not occupied by bees were filled with frost during freezing weather; and when we had a thaw they would become wet and the combs damp and mouldy, and many of the stock die or be so enfeebled as to be nearly worthless.

F. You wintered them in the open air, I presume. In order to be successful, you must study their natural instinctive habits, with which the Creator has endowed the bees to protect themselves against the cold of winter. In order to benefit the bee, you must unite your efforts with their natural instincts and the laws of Natural Philosophy, according to which, heated air and vapor is carried upward, and when brought in contact with any cold substance it condenses and runs down its sides. Such is the case with all hives not having a chamber for the discharge of the surplus vapor, which vapor arises from the heat and dampness of the bees, ascends to the top of the hive, and on passing down the sides, giving off on its way vapor, and on freezing from the cold without, the sides and top become covered with frost; on thawing, the combs become wet, and soon mouldy, the bees damp, and the colony nearly or quite destroyed by the atmospheric changes during winter operating upon the dampness within the hive. To prevent, as far as possible, if your hives have neither chamber or box cover with holes through them, make a tight box cover eight inches deep to fit the top of the hive; put cleats with screws on all sides on the under edge of the top of the hive for the box cover to rest upon; bore from four to six one-inch holes through the top of the hive, near the front and back, (so that they will fit surplus honey boxes,) and leave the holes open during winter or cover with wire screen, and place the box cover on the top with no ventilation to the open air. Bore a three-eighths of an inch hole about one inch from the bottom above the usual place of entrance, place the hive close to the bottom board, closing every aperture except this one three-eighths inch hole, and put them where they will be protected from the north and west winds, and thatch with straw or inclose them with boards, and fill with straw at least four inches thick; pack close top and sides; cut the straw from the small hole at the bottom that the bees may have ingress and egress through the same. You will have no trouble with the bees flying when the snow is light. If you have a healthy stock in the fall, you will have one in the spring which will furnish you with sweets, and an increase of the stock. Tell your neighbors to think of their bees about to be imprisoned the coming winter in a close box hive, whose walls are so thin that the bees are incased with frost accumulated from their breath and the vapor arising from their bodies—a thaw to be more dreaded than cold, as they would be well nigh drowned from the melting frost. You cannot attribute it to luck as long as you neglect the plain and simple laws of instinct taught the bee by the Author of Nature, and to assist man in their cultivation and usefulness. Now is the time to prepare for winter. I bid you good evening, and I should be glad to hear your opinion in regard to wintering in cellars and buildings, &c.

HENRIETTA.

Bee Houses.

MR. J. EDWARDS, Niles, Mich., in the RURAL of Sept. 15th, wishes a "plan for a bee house large enough to accommodate thirty swarms of bees." I am somewhat at a loss to know precisely how to answer this inquiry, as he does not state whether he desires the house to keep his bees in during the summer, or winter, or both. Now, my opinion is, that neither Mr. E. nor any other bee-keeper, is actually in want of a bee house. A bee house is not necessary in order that a person may keep bees profitably and successfully. I have seen a large number of bee houses, but none that I could recommend for keeping bees in during summer. Hives of bees should generally be at least six feet apart, and within eight inches of the ground, facing the southeast. It will not do, as a general thing, to have them sitting near each other—especially such colonies as have young unimpregnated queens. These queens must leave the hives to copulate with the drones, and, at such times, when hives are near each other, are liable, on their return, to enter the wrong one, thereby meeting usually with instant death. More colonies are ruined, though indirectly, from the loss of queens, than from all the various other causes. Last fall, while visiting an apiary near Cleveland, Ohio, I had occasion to examine the colonies in the bee house, which was literally filled with hives of bees. The hives faced the north and south, and were scarcely two feet apart; the fronts, however, were painted with different colors to aid the queens in finding their own hives. I have forgotten the number of queenless and nearly ruined colonies; but, if my memory serves me correctly, the actual loss of colonies of bees on account of the loss of queens, caused by the colonies sitting too near each other, was estimated at nearly $50! On account of the liability of losing queens and for various other reasons, I would not, in the summer season, be induced to place within the best constructed bee house, colonies having, and those liable to have, young unimpregnated or unfertile queens, even though it be furnished to me gratis; that is, if obliged to sit them within less than six feet of each other.

Now, taking what I have already said into consideration, I could not conscientiously recommend building a house "that would accommodate thirty swarms of bees," *in the summer season*, less than *one hundred and seventy-four feet in length!* This statement, I am in hopes, will so frighten Mr. E., and all others anticipating building houses for their bees, that he and they will at once abandon the project. The better, and unquestionably the best place for bees during summer, is in the *open air*, in an orchard. Sit one hive only, if possible, under the north side of a tree. In this way, a queen will seldom be lost by entering the wrong hive on returning from her aerial flight. Should the hives be properly painted and constructed, they will bear such exposure without much injury to the hives; or, in any way being injurious to the prosperity of the colonies.

Should Mr. E. desire a house for wintering bees, I could give a plan such as I would adopt, were I to build. Where a person has from one to thirty colonies only, it is, perhaps, more economical to winter bees in a good *dry* cellar. Colonies thus wintered last winter, in this vicinity, came out very strong early in spring. Some of them on being weighed at the time of putting them into the cellar, and again when taken out last spring, indicated a loss in stores of only fourteen pounds. Colonies *properly prepared* may be wintered with very good success even in the open air; much better than they have wintered in past seasons. As my time will not at present allow me to speak of how to properly prepare bees for winter, it will have to be reserved for some future article. M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Beets for Poultry.

AN English farmer says:—"I have used the root of the garden beet (red) as food for poultry for several years; sometimes in a raw state, a root being thrown down in the poultry yard; but generally in the cooked state, mixed with the scraps of meat, of meal, potato, bread, etc., and in this case the beet is invariably picked out by my poultry with the greatest avidity. I find it has increased the health of the fowls in every instance. I may also say it conduces to an increase in eggs, as also to an improvement in their color."

Lime for Preserving Shingles.

HON. D. HUNTER, in a letter published in the *Rural Intelligencer*, says that slaked lime sprinkled on the roofs of buildings on rainy days, will remove moss and preserve the shingles for nearly double the time they would last if not thus treated. Put it on thick enough to make the roof look white, and two applications will clean off the moss and leave the roof white and clean. It should be applied annually; but if the lime is not to be had very conveniently, wood ashes will answer the purpose.

Saving and Using Rough Fodder.

THE last issue of the *Rural Register* thus remarks upon this timely topic:

"The coarse material which every farm supplies in greater or less quantities, may, by proper management, be turned to good account. Coarse hay, made from swamp grass, and straw, the butts of cornstalks, and various other articles, which nearly every farm produces, contain more or less nutritive properties, and are available for food. The practice of foddering cattle with these articles in their crude state, or scattering them on the ground from the stack yard, compelling the animals to eat them or starve, is wretched policy. They would answer an infinitely better purpose for bedding or manure. The best and only true plan of rendering the above named articles valuable as fodder, is to pass them through a straw cutter, cutting them up as finely as possible, and then mixing a small quantity of Indian meal with the cut feed, by which means nearly the whole of it will be eaten; the coarse parts giving *bulk* to the food, and the finer parts furnishing *nourishment*. The process of steaming or boiling this sort of food will make it still better, by softening the coarse, hard stalks and straw, and enabling the animals to digest them more readily. The steaming of food is becoming a more common practice among farmers than formerly, the advantages arising from it having been clearly demonstrated. A little attention to the preparation of the odds and ends of the farm, while it lengthens out and saves the winter's supply of fodder, also turns to a useful account many a coarse article which has been annually wasted, even among what are denominated good farmers.

Where meal is not to be had, and the steaming apparatus, or a large boiling kettle is not available, it answers a good purpose to mix sliced roots—turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips, &c.—with the short cut fodder. This mixture is highly relished by cattle, and they will thrive on it if the root and straw cutters have thoroughly performed their work.

There are several advantages to be derived from an observance of the above hints. The additional fodder which is thus secured enables the farmer to keep his stabled animals full fed from the setting in of winter till the commencement of the grazing season in the spring; and the system will materially increase the size of the manure heap, and thus add to the value of the farm."

Gas, Stone, and Shell Lime Compared.

IN reply to a query from a correspondent, the Working Farmer remarks, upon the difference of value between these limes, that "shell lime, in its natural state, is very superior to stone lime, for agricultural purposes, as it contains a trace of phosphate of lime, in and about that portion of the shell where the valve or muscle is attached by which the oyster is enabled to close its shells, and usually known as the heart. When shell lime, however, has been used for the purification of gas, its value is materially deteriorated, if intended for immediate use, as large amounts of sulphuret of lime are contained in the refuse of gas lime. By exposure to the atmosphere for one or two years, this sulphuret changes to sulphate of lime, known as Plaster of Paris, and after such change, it may be used with propriety; but before the chemical changes occur, above referred to, the sulphurretted hydrogen, occasionally given off, is unfriendly to vegetation. Afterwards, however, it has greater value than stone lime. The stone lime, before use, is materially increased in value, if slaked with salt water, or a strong solution of salt, before using—in the proportion of one bushel of salt to three of lime—thus forming the chloride of lime and carbonate of soda, we have so often described as the lime and salt mixture."

Selection and Management of Dairy Stock.

WE copy the following from the report of the Committee of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture on Cattle Husbandry:

The general aspect of the dairy animal is thinner, sharper, and more angular than a feeding animal. When selecting dairy cows, we should look for a wide chest, small head, wide between the horns and eyes, small muzzle, thin, slim neck, sweeping smoothly into the shoulders, the shoulders at the withers thin, back straight, hips wide, and wide in the pelvis, and deep in the flank, ribs a little flat, belly somewhat large, udder large, extending well up behind and forward, her general appearance delicate and feminine; but, after all signs, the best recommendation a dairy cow can present, is a list of a long line of ancestors that have been famous for milk. Heifers may come in at two years old, but are enfeebled in health and constitution by the practice, and will not hold out in the dairy to so great an age as those that come in a year older. The best dairy bull should have a broad, short head, horns spreading from the side a little in front, and turning upwards, back straight, a little sharp at the withers, widening backwards to the hips, slightly sloping rump, belly large, and legs short and fine, tail long and tapering, with a heavy brush of hair at the end.

Much of the profit of a dairy cow depends upon a plentiful supply at all times of rich food. The variation in the quantity of milk they yield is principally owing to the difference in the nutritive quality of the food they receive. Cows receiving food poor in alimental matter fall away in milk. Add to the nutritive properties of their food, and they immediately increase their flow. The quantity of milk, then, does not depend on giving a particular kind of food, but on giving a quantity equal to the support of the natural waste of the body, and leaving a remainder to be converted into milk.

Farmers err very much when they undertake to keep more cattle than they have means to sustain in the best condition, especially in winter. The result is, their cows come out of the stable in the spring weak and feeble, and struggle through half the summer before they are in a condition to yield milk in quantity more than equal to paying expenses. Dairy cows should at all times be in good condition. They should receive their food at regular intervals; their milk should be drawn at stated hours, and by quiet, gentle milkmen; and they should be treated at all times with the utmost kindness. In short, every means in the power of the dairy farmer should be used to insure their tranquility. Harsh treatment exerts a very injurious action on their milk, rendering it less buttery, and more liable to acidity.

Respiration is a species of combustion. At every breath we inhale oxygen of the atmosphere, which unites with and consumes the carbon or fatty matter of the food. When cows are worried or driven too rapidly, they breathe more frequently, inhale more oxygen, and more of the buttery portion of their food is consumed, leaving less to be converted into butyraceous milk. Warmth is a substitute, to a certain extent, for food. Cows, when warm and comfortable, will consume proportionately less food, and it is well known to all experienced dairymen, that their cows yield more milk in warm, pleasant days, or when they have the run of a warm, well-sheltered pasture, than on cold, rainy days, or when they run in cold, bleak pastures. When cold they inhale more oxygen; the result is a combustion of more of the carbon or oily part of the food, and less remains to supply the lacteal vessels with rich milk.

Inquiries and Answers.

CUTTING FEED FOR SHEEP.—I would like to inquire of your readers whether it is profitable to cut feed for sheep? My own experience last winter was otherwise, though I have heard it was done by some farmers.—A SUBSCRIBER, *South Bristol, N. Y.*, 1860.

DRAINING PUBLIC ROADS.—Can any of the numerous RURAL subscribers give any information in regard to draining public roads with tile? Will it pay? Where should they be put—in the center, or at the sides?—PUBLICO, *October*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

UNION AG. FAIR AT DUNDEE.—In a letter recently received from J. J. H., Eddytown, Yates Co., we have a description of the transactions at the Union Fair, by which we learn that the last display was fully equal to any heretofore given, although exhibitors had to contend with unfavorable weather. In horned cattle, the show was said, by competent judges, to excel this portion of the State Fair at Elmira. Sheep were brought forward in goodly numbers, and of excellent quality. Swine were also well represented. In Poultry was the only failure. The votaries of Pomona proved their love by tempting displays. Several very elegant Floral Designs were contributed—"one, in particular, comprising one hundred and fifty varieties, was furnished by Mrs. T. J. MYERS. It was about three feet in height, and was surmounted by a beautiful bouquet, which had undergone the process of crystallization." The address was delivered "by Miss SUSAN B. ANTHONY, of Rochester, and all who heard her, and have expressed an opinion, admit the correctness of the positions assumed, and the power of her arguments." Our correspondent appeals to the women of the age for their influence and the force of their example in arguing onward the farmers' profession, urging the physical and intellectual advancement of the race, if they will devote less time to "stitching quilts in inch pieces," and more to the cultivation of the useful and the beautiful which God has given to every valley, and with which he has gladdened every hill-top.

THE U. S. FAIR FOR 1860—*Is "Brevity the Soul of Wit?"*—Col. HARRIS, of the Ohio Cultivator, thus briefly sums up the results of the recent Exhibition of the United States Ag. Society at Cincinnati:—"The show of the U. S. Ag. Society came and went, and if we were possessed of half the ill-nature which the officers of that institution give us credit for, we should say—served 'em right! But we have no resentments to fatten on their disgrace. They came in defiance of the protests of the friends and representatives of our State and Local Boards, and when we found that they would come in spite of these protests, we advised our people to administer the quiet and effective rebuke of letting them alone, and they did so! Never were fairer skies, or more balmy airs, but the opening was an ominous dearth of people, the progress a most farcical attempt at respectability, the close resounded with the maledictions of duped innocent victims who do not read the papers, and the pretentious officers were at last dogged out of the State by the sheriff, and left their local manager deeply in the lurch. Such is a true history of the late exhibition."

WINTER SQUASHES.—Through the kindness of DANIEL T. WEED, of Newburgh, we have received a fine Honolulu Squash, and have given it a thorough trial. It is a fair squash, as good as any we have ever tasted, except the Hubbard.

A gentleman of Clarkson also laid on our table a couple of small squashes, about eight inches in length and five in diameter, ribbed, and of a mixture of green and yellow. Accompanying these was the following note:—"I have sent you a squash of my raising that I think is superior to the Hubbard. I wish you to try it, and if you think it is worthy of a puff in your paper, I should like to have you do so. They are called the Chinese Yams. All that have tried them pronounce them the best. I will furnish the seeds of the above at fifteen cents a paper, free of postage; or I will send a sample squash to any one for fifty cents, by paying freight."

The Chinese Yam, if those sent us were fair specimens, we consider a very inferior squash. Indeed, we think it entirely unworthy of culture. It is wet, stringy, very sweet, but this sweetness is unpleasant. We would advise our Clarkson friend not to disseminate it in any way. Get pure Hubbard seed, and keep it pure, and sell this until you get a better variety. It will be a long time, we think, before the Hubbard can be beaten, but we fear the seed will become so mixed with inferior sorts that it will be hard to find a pure specimen in a few years.

ENGLISH DAIRY CHEESE.—Several correspondents are anxious to know how to make what is called English Dairy Cheese. We have before published inquiries on this subject without a response. A. M. SHEPARD, of Henrietta, Ohio, says:—"Since the first inquiry about English Dairy Cheese, I have made fifteen hundred pounds of what is called Western Reserve Cheese. Is there none among your catalogue of Subscribers who know how to make such cheese, or are they as ignorant as myself? It may be there is nothing of it but the name; if so, any Yankee could call his cheese English Dairy Cheese, if such a Yankee name is more desirable than any other. Perhaps it is a secret that is not to be divulged; if so, I can tell you that there is more ways to the woods than one, and perhaps some one may yet give us the needed information in the RURAL."

GOV. FAIRBANKS AND AGRICULTURE.—Gov. FAIRBANKS, of Vermont, makes the following suggestions in his message to the Legislature. He says:—"In the exercise of that fostering care which it becomes the Legislature ever to maintain over the industrial interests of the State, I respectfully invite your attention to the question of providing for an Agricultural Bureau, or Board of Agriculture, having for its object the collection of statistical and other information relating to Agriculture, to be embraced in annual reports, for distribution throughout the State. It is not desirable that such a department should be made expensive to the State. Little need be required, except to provide for the salary of its Corresponding Secretary and the publication of its reports."

INFLUENCE OF EXTREME COLD UPON SEEDS.—Some experiments have been made this year by Prof. ELIE WARTMANN, of Geneva, Switzerland, on the influence of extreme cold upon the seeds of plants. Nine varieties of seeds, some of them tropical, were selected. They were placed in hermetically sealed tubes, and submitted to a cold as severe as science can produce. Some remained fifteen days in a mixture of snow and salt; some were plunged into a bath of liquid sulphuric acid, rendered extremely cold by artificial means. On the 5th of April, they were all sown in pots placed in the open air. They all germinated, and those which had undergone the rigors of frigidity, produced plants as robust as those which had not been submitted to this test.

FROM CANADA.—A letter just received from Mr. W. J. KIRK, of Elgin Co., C. W., says: "Inclosed find pay for twenty-two trial subscribers, all new. I hope to have a large number for 1861, and of course I shall mind the 12½ cents per copy for American postage. I have been four years keeping RURAL NEW-YORKER company, and would not be without it for four dollars a year. I like to see its face every Saturday night. Intend to have 100 subscribers for 1861." By the same mail, Mr. C. THAIN, of Wellington Co., C. W., remits for twenty subscribers, saying: "I can be silent no longer. I have been a subscriber for the RURAL something like three years; have pleaded its cause ever since I knew it, but that was all until about a week ago, when I received your offer. The next morning I started to my work with a RURAL in each pocket, determined, if possible, to raise a club. Below you see the result." [The result is, that we now have twenty-one subscribers where there was only one before.]

—The RURAL has several thousand subscribers in Canada West, including many ardent and generous friends who are kindly extending its circulation

HORTICULTURAL.

NEW VARIETIES OF CURRANTS.

Some time since we published an article in the Rural from Wm. R. Prince, in which it was stated in substance, that the English had done but little to improve the Currant, and it was pretty strongly intimated that they had not kept well informed of the improvements made by the French. To this article the London *Gardeners' Chronicle* makes the following reply:

"We find it stated by Mr. Prince, of Flushing, in Moore's Rural New-Yorker, an American Horticultural newspaper, that we know nothing in this country about the progress that has been made in improving the breed of currants; and that twenty-seven years after three new sorts, very little better than the Red Dutch, had been raised by the late Mr. Knight, only one new variety, the Victoria, had been produced in England. On the other hand Mr. Prince mentions the names of sixty sorts known in the gardens of the United States, twenty of which have been obtained by the French, and three in the United States.

Undoubtedly many names are to be found in catalogues of what are called currants, especially if the mawkish varieties of *R. floridum* and *aureum* are included. But in this country we reject all such plants from the class of eatables, and confine ourselves to varieties of *Ribes nigrum* and *rubrum;* and we suspect a critical examination of the subject would show that as many really valuable sorts of currants are to be found in England as in any other country.

In one or two points we may take the liberty of setting Mr. Prince right. He states that the want of progress in obtaining new varieties of currant arose from the circumstance that Mr. Knight and the Horticultural Society had remained quite ignorant of the existence in France of very superior varieties, of which Mr. Knight should have availed himself when commencing his operations. But Mr. Prince forgets that when Mr. Knight set about improving the breed of currants, he had only the Black, Red, White, and Champagne to work upon, with a sort called the *Perles;* so that we do not quite see how he is to be blamed for not having availed himself of what had no existence in France or elsewhere.

Even now, in 1860, the Bon Jardinier mentions only eight sorts, exclusive of Black, viz.: *Blanche de Hollande*, or White Dutch—Fruit of excellent quality, transparent, and as large as that of the *Cerise* or Cherry Currant. The latter is described as having large berries, but the bunches are short. *Groseille a fruits roses*—This is the Champagne Currant, and well known in England. *Goudouin a fruits blancs*—Earlier and more productive than the Common White; berries rather small and acid. *Goudouin a fruits rouges*—A late variety, with long bunches, but the berries, though more numerous, are smaller than those of the Common Red. *Native de Bertin*—A very early variety raised by M. Bertin. Bunches well formed; berries deep red, very transparent, and very sweet. *Queen Victoria*—Bunches loose, but remarkably long; berries red, large and of good quality. *Rouge de Hollande*, Red Dutch—Bunches long and thick; berries delicious, bright red, very large. A vigorous, productive variety, and the latest. *Versaillaise*—A very fine variety, raised by M. Bertin; bunches long and well filled up; berries large, light red.

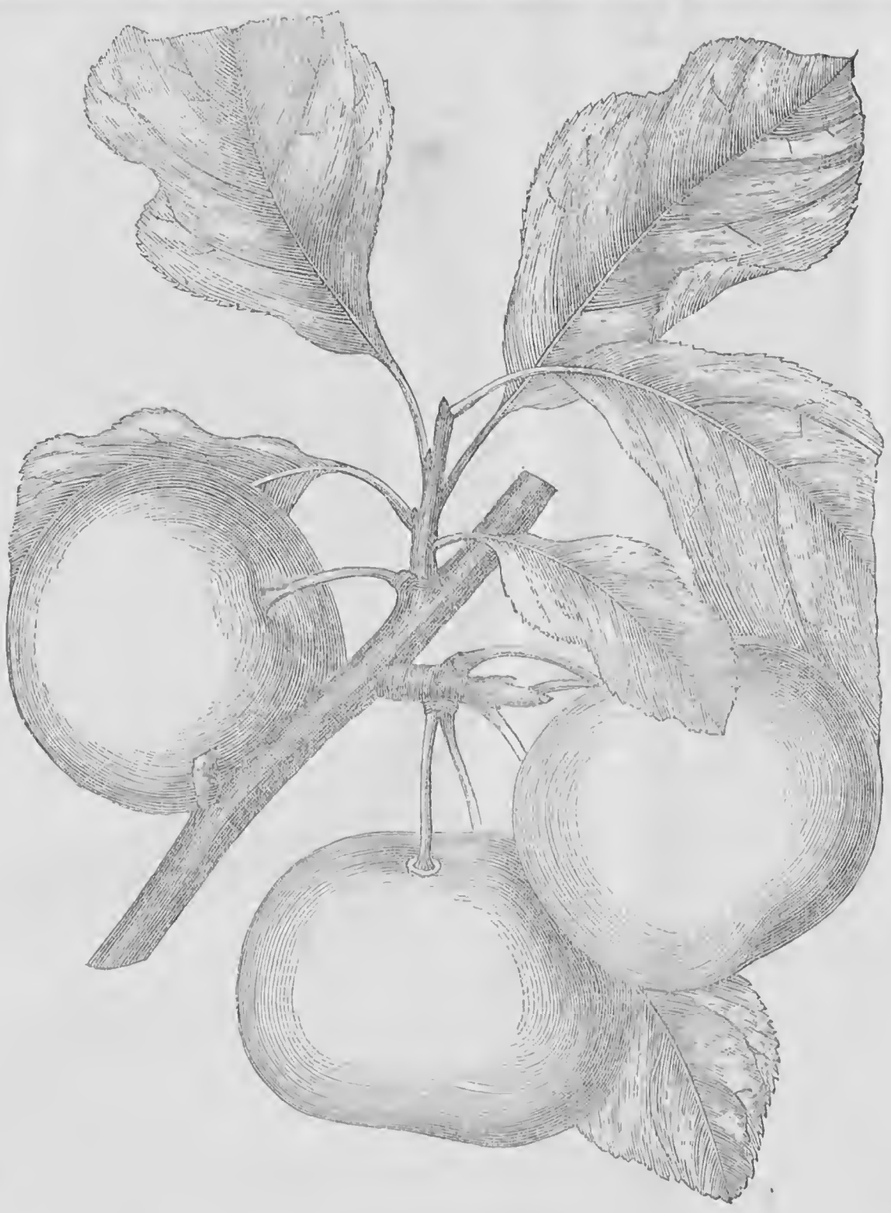
These are all that the French recognize, even now; and out of the nine, three are old sorts, and two only of any particular merit occur among the more recent acquisitions, viz., the Victoria, raised in England, and the Versaillaise in France, both of which have been for years in the Garden of the Horticultural Society. The great stride in currant breeding which Mr. Prince thinks the French have made, amounts in reality to having obtained four new sorts, three of which, the Gondouins and Cherry, are of doubtful merit.

Mr. Prince mentions, indeed, several others of French origin, viz., the Chasselas, Attrocar, La Caucase, Imperial Rouge, Imperial Jaune, Fertile de Palinau, Blanche Transparente, White Provence, Red Provence, Gloire des Sablons, Belle de Fonteuny, Belle de St. Gilles, Cerise a longues Grappes, and Fertile d'Angers.

But we submit that English gardeners may be excused for not knowing anything about their names, seeing that they are unrecognized in the Bon Jardinier, the only French authority in the matter. Mr. Prince says they are "estimable." We shall see. A good many varieties called new, have been this year added to the collection at Chiswick, and will be reported upon in due time. Should any prove to have real merit, Mr. Prince may be assured that we are not so blind to our own interests as to neglect them."

THE PLUM.

For ten or twelve years little attention has been given to the culture of the Plum. The ravages of the curculio, and the disease known as black knot have discouraged cultivators, and the planting of plums during that time has been confined to amateurs. A few trees in the garden is all that any one has had the courage to put out. But, for a year or two back, from natural or other causes, the curculio has apparently decreased in numbers, so that without any effort at defeating its operations, even the most careless grower has obtained a share of fruit; and last year, almost every tree in the country bore a large crop. Previous to this, however, it was found that the black knot was not as formidable an obstacle to the culture of the plum as had been supposed, and a little watching and prompt use of the knife was proved to be an effectual remedy. A few good cultivators, too, during all this time, had been



M'LAUGHLIN PLUM.

proving that, by promptly shaking the trees and killing the insects and carrying off all the stung fruit, a good crop could be secured every season, even when the curculio was the most numerous and destructive. These facts, and particularly the fine crop of this year and the splendid exhibitions of plums at many of our horticultural shows, have aroused attention to this neglected fruit, and cultivators are beginning to take courage.

We have several letters inquring the best varieties for sending to distant markets, &c. The *Damson*, we think, is the best for this purpose, and the present autumn sold for a higher price than any other plum. It is altogether the best for preserving, and no fruit when cooked excels it, in our opinion. One correspondent wishes to know whether the growing and drying of prunes for market might not be made profitable, and wishes information as to the European mode of drying. On this point we quote from the *Arboretum Britannicum:*

The best *prunes* are made near Tours, of the St. Catharine plum and the prune d'Agen; and the best *French plums* (so called in England,) are made in Provence, of the Perdrigon blanc, the Brignole, and the prune d'Ast; the Provence plums being most fleshy, and having always most bloom. Both kinds are, however, made of these and other kinds of plums, in various parts of France. The plums are gathered when just ripe enough to fall from the trees on their being slightly shaken. They are then laid, separately, on frames, or sieves, made of wicker-work or laths, and exposed for several days to the sun, till they become as soft as ripe medlars. When this is the case, they are put into a spent oven, shut quite close, and left there for twenty-four hours; they are then taken out, and the oven being slightly re-heated, they are put in again when it is rather warmer than it was before. The next day they are again taken out, and turned by slightly shaking the sieves. The oven is heated again, and they are put in a third time, when the oven is one-fourth degree hotter than it was the second time. After remaining twenty-four hours, they are taken out, and left to get quite cold. They are then rounded, an operation which is performed by turning the stone in the plum without breaking the skin, and pressing the two ends together between the thumb and finger. They are then again put upon the sieves, which are placed in an oven, from which the bread has been just drawn. The door of the oven is closed, and the crevices are stopped round it with clay or dry grass. An hour afterward, the plums are taken out, and the oven is again shut with a cup of water in it, for about two hours. When the water is so warm as just to be able to bear the finger in it, the prunes are again placed in the oven, and left there for twenty-four hours, when the operation is finished, and they are put loosely into small, long, and rather deep boxes, for sale. The common sorts are gathered by shaking the trees; but the finer kinds, for making French plums, must be gathered in the morning, before the rising of the sun, by taking hold of the stalk, between the thumb and finger, without touching the fruit, and laid gently on a bed of vine-leaves in a basket. When the baskets are filled, without the plums touching each other, they are removed to the fruit room, where they are left for two or three days exposed to the sun and air; after which the same process is employed for the others; and in this way the delicate bloom is retained on the fruit, even when quite dry.

During the present summer we have given descriptions of several of the best varieties of plums as they ripened, and now call attention to the *McLaughlin*, one of the best and most beautiful of this class of fruits, nearly equal in quality to *Green Gage*, of which we had a drawing taken when the fruit was in perfection. The tree is hardy, and vigorous, and productive; branches smooth, fruit large, and nearly round, as shown in the engraving, and flattened at both ends. The suture is barely perceptible. Stalk, three-fourths of an inch long, inserted in a small cavity with a ring. Skin, thin and yellow, and dotted and marked with red on the sunny side, and covered with a thin bloom. Flesh, dull yellow, rather firm, juicy, sweet, and luscious, and adheres to the stone. It ripens the latter part of August.

We have a number of drawings of other varieties on hand which, we may give hereafter.

TARTRATE OF POTASH IN OUR GRAPES.

This salt, or rather the bi-tartrate of potash, is so common in the grapes of Europe as to be thought essential to the excellence of this admirable fruit. It must be equally necessary in the grapes, cultivated or native, in our country. It is strange that the opinion should have been originated that this salt is not to be found in our grapes, excellent as they are for fruit and in the wine manufactured from them. It is gratifying to know that the matter is already settled right.

In the Patent Office Report for 1859, on Agriculture, are two papers from two distinguished chemists on this subject. The first is from Dr. Jackson on p. 57, and the second from Prof. Antisell, on p. 59.

Dr. Jackson examined the juice of thirty-seven forms of the grapes in cultivation, and found tartaric acid, without which the tartrate cannot exist, in every one of them, varying from six tenths of one per cent. to 1.9 per cent. The latter amount was obtained from the Clinton and the Bartlett grape, near Boston, and the former from the Sweet Water and Bull's Concord seedling. Even two per cent. was obtained from No. 35 of Weber, on page 68. The average of the whole is more than one per cent., an adequate quantity.

Prof. Antisell found tartaric acid in the Catawba grape and the salts obtained from it, in Green county, Ohio. Some salts from grape juice were sent to the Rural New-Yorker, which seemed to contain the same.

It is obvious to remark, that as potash is one of the ingredients of the bi-tartrate, there should be the adequate supply of potash for the grape vine to feed upon, as its roots will take it readily from the earth. Only a small quantity is needed, which will be found in the best vegetable manure, or may be easily supplied from wood ashes. C. D.

PEACHES.

This fruit is truly designated as one of the first of luxuries for man. And while in and about Rochester, and further west, its market value, owing to its production in the immediate vicinity, brings it within the reach of all, yet in Central New York, in and about Syracuse, we have to rely wholly on importations, at such prices as make them taste good to those who have the money to buy. Upon a recent trip in Ontario county, I saw on my way, and there, multitudes of thrifty peach trees as barren as the fig tree named in the Scriptures, while in regions adjoining they are produced in great profusion. So far as I can learn, but for natural causes they too would have been alike barren. Neither man nor science have materially contributed, in any wise, to the difference in result. The question is, why cannot these differences be lessened? Where peach trees grow so well, practical science, mixed with labor, should assist Nature in making them fruitful, and so increase human happiness, by the cheapness and home production of this fruit. It is generally conceded that the starting of the sap by the warm days of early spring, and the consequent swelling of the buds, followed by subsequent hard frosts, are among the chief causes of barrenness. I have known some persons, in a climate more unfavorable than I have referred to, covering the ground under the tree in winter, of a surface equal to its size of top, and while the ground was frozen, with a coat of three or four inches deep of sawdust, which kept the ground frozen, and prevented the starting of the buds in early spring; and they gathered, in consequence, a fair crop of peaches in their season. Another person, I am told by one who saw it last winter, in the vicinity where I went, burned coal for fuel, and sifted his ashes and scattered them about on the snow during the winter, under the peach trees in his garden, and the result was, his trees so treated did not start early, and bore full, while his neighbors had none. My friend Mr. Noxon suggests that the ground under the tree, some five or six inches above it, might be covered with boards until after the early warm spring days and following frosts, with like effect, keeping the ground frozen and cold until the danger is past. These different modes, some of them at least being within the reach of every one, should be tried at least on a few trees in the garden. Many have already learned how to assist nature in the culture of grapes and other fruits in our climate and soil, and why not in the culture of peaches as well? S. N. Holmes.

Syracuse, N. Y., Oct., 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

Fruits Received.—From L. W. Hand, Bushnell's Basin, N. Y., very fine clusters of Isabella grapes, large, and well ripened.

— From Geo. H. Townsend, Palmyra, N. Y., 16 varieties of apples for names, some of which were too far gone for examination. No. 1, a large apple that has been grown in this section for a great number of years. We don't know its true name, if it has one. It is generally called Golden Pippin, and sometimes New York Pippin. 2, Yellow Bellflower. 6, Pennock's Red Winter. 7, Twenty Ounce Pippin. 8, somewhat resembling Yellow Bellflower, but not so good an apple. 10, Red Canada. 11, Black Detroit. 12, English Russet. 14, small and immature—not able to judge. 15, a tolerably good apple—not known.

— From Thomas Roe, Gates, N. Y., 4 apples for name. 1, Ribston Pippin. 2, Melon. 3, Roxbury Russet. 4, resembles Wagner very much.

— From H. N. Langworthy, an apple very much like Ribston Pippin, though we could not decide it to be that variety from the examination of a single specimen.

Rawle's Janette Apple.—I have just been reading in the Rural the proceedings of the National Pomological Society, and see they have rejected Rawle's Janette apple. Could you, Mr. Editor, be here now, and see, in my orchard of some twenty-five or thirty varieties, the superiority of that variety over *all* others, you would say that the opinion of that body does not hold good for Virginia, at least. Were the whole of my orchard of that variety, I could supply our whole settlement with as fine apples as anybody need wish to see or eat; while the cry is all around, what knotty, scrubby fruit we have this year, and not enough at that. I have, for at least twenty-five years, been a close observer of fruit, as I am somewhat concerned in the raising of trees, and I have come to the conclusion that for one variety alone, I should choose Rawle's Janette for Winter—J. G. R. Kall, *Millbrook, Va.*, 1860.

Rawle's Janette was not rejected. It was introduced like many others, and gentlemen from all sections had an opportunity to express their opinions in regard to it. These opinions are recorded for the information of cultivators. It was then passed over without a vote, and will not appear on the rejected list.

The Bullitt Grape.—As there has been some dispute in regard to the origin of the Bullitt grape, we will give the facts, as we have learned them, from gentlemen residing in Kentucky. About fifteen years ago, a Mr. Cobb observed, on the Cumberland Mountains, a vine bearing white grapes, of good quality, picked the fruit, and marked the vine. At the proper season, he took it up and planted it in his garden. His place he afterwards sold to a Mr. Bullitt, who had little love for horticulture, and the vine was neglected. Some years afterwards, Mr. Cobb told Judge Taylor, an amateur horticulturist, of the existence of this vine, and he obtained it of Mr. Bullitt, and planted it in his garden in Henry county, Kentucky, and from this it has been disseminated over the country.

The Hop Tree.—I noticed in your excellent paper of September 15, an inquiry, by "A Constant Reader," relative to the Hop Tree. I have lately returned from the West and Southwest, and found growing wild in but one locality, in Missouri, a clump of the American Hop Tree (*Ptelia trifoliata*) in its native habitat. And it is a singular fact that I could not find any of the inhabitants of that section who knew of its existence there till I discovered it. The seeds may be planted either in the fall or spring. If in the spring, they should be soaked by pouring on them hot—not quite boiling—water, and letting it remain, say twenty-four hours. They will grow in any *dry*, good soil; if rocky, none the worse. But for a seed bed to start the plants in, I would prefer equal parts of *sandy* loam and *well-rotted* leaf mould. After they have grown one of two years in the seed bed, they may be transplanted, either to nursery rows, or the permanent plantation. This is truly an ornamental as well as useful shrub, and deserves a place in the ornamental grounds of both nurserymen and planters.—E. S. Holmes, *Wilson, Niag. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Indianapolis Horticultural Society.—We are pleased to learn from the local papers, that the Indianapolis Horticultural Society made a very fine Autumn Exhibition. The Executive Committee in their report of the show, says:—"The success of this, the first exhibition of an infant Society, has done much toward quickening the pulse of the doubtful, and cheering on the hopeful. As our object is to aid in disseminating 'useful knowledge in the cultivation of vegetables, in every variety, of fruits and flowers, of trees and shrubs, and all that can surround home with the ornamental of husbandry,' cannot we hope that the approving smiles of our citizens, aided by continued exertions on our part, will give the society an impetus which will insure its permanency, the result of which will be to give to our people more delicious fruits for the table, better vegetables for our markets, and make 'home, sweet home' more beautiful for all."

Massachusetts Horticultural Society—*Election of Officers.*—At the annual meeting of this Society, the following officers were elected: *President*—Joseph Breck of Brighton. *Vice-Presidents*—Edward S. Rand of Boston; J. F. C. Hyde of Newton; Eben Wight of Dedham; W. C. Strong of Brighton. *Treasurer*—Wm. B. Austin of Dorchester. *Corresponding Secretary*—Eben Wight of Dedham. *Recording Secretary*—F. Lyman Winship of Brighton. *Professor of Botany and Vegetable Physiology*—Asa Gray of Cambridge. *Professor of Zoology*—J. W. P. Jenks of Middleboro'. *Professor of Horticultural Chemistry*—A. A. Hayes of Boston. The Society is in a flourishing condition.

Horticultural Society in Geneseo.—We learn that a Horticultural Society has been organized in Geneseo, under very favorable auspices. Will the Secretary please give us a list of the officers?

Peaches Shipped from Rochester.—About eighty thousand baskets of peaches, it has been calculated, were shipped from Rochester the present year by Railroad. One firm paid the farmers of one town in this county $30,000. The price averaged about 75 cents per basket.

The Best Pear.—What variety of pear, if but one, would you recommend for general cultivation?—B., *October*, 1860.

We dislike such questions, and know not how to answer. It is about as bad as asking a mother, if obliged to lose all her children but one, which one she would prefer to have spared.

HOW TO MAKE APPLE BUTTER.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—In a late issue of your journal, "Kate" wants to know how to make apple butter. Take two barrels of cider made from nice, *sound* sweet apples; draw off six or eight gallons; then boil the remainder to sirup. Peel and core five bushels sweet, and the same quantity of sour apples,—put the raw cider in the kettle, (which should be copper or brass,) boil and skim it; then put in the sweet apples, and boil till tender. Dip part of them out and put in the sour ones; boil a few minutes; then gradually add the apples you took out, and the sirup; boil till smooth; spice to taste. Commence stirring as soon as you put in the apples, and continue till done, or it will be very sure to burn fast to the kettle. Now, Kate, if you follow these directions, and your apple butter is not good, come to "our house," and you may taste some that is.—Eliza, *West Fayette, N. Y.*, 1860.

In a late issue of the Rural, I noticed an inquiry about making apple butter, and I will give a recipe which may do until some one sends a better. Apple butter, if properly made, is indeed excellent. When new, I prefer it to the best of preserves, and it will keep good eight or ten years. Apple butter making is considered somewhat expensive, as it requires a copper kettle, which will cost from twelve to fifteen dollars; but hereabout one man buys a kettle, does his own boiling with it, and then lets it out and charges twenty-five or fifty cents a day.

To one barrel of cider, take five patent pailfuls of well-pecled, cored and quartered sweet apples; then fill your kettle with cider, hang it over the fire, and before it begins to boil, skim it well. Boil down one-fourth, then rinse your apples in clean water, and put part in the kettle. Have ready what we call a stirrer, which you can make of a piece of inch board, five inches wide at the bottom, and two at the top, the length of which depends on the height of the kettle, with seven or eight holes in the bottom, and a handle attached to it at the top eight or ten feet long, so that you can stir without suffering from the heat of the fire. Stirring is done so as to scrape the bottom of the kettle to keep it from burning, keeping a brisk fire, and stir well, putting the remaining apples in as fast as you can, and boil down to seven or eight gallons. The best way to try it is to put some in a saucer, and if it draws cider, it is not cooked enough. Take a large dipper, and dip it out into crocks. Have ready some ground cinnamon, sassafras, and anise seed; put half a tablespoonful in each crock, and stir it around; then tie cloth or paper around them, and set them away. When cold, it forms a sort of skin on top, which must remain unbroken till the time you want to use it.—R., *Erie Co., N. Y.*

In looking over the Rural, I see an inquiry for making apple butter, and as a friend gives a recipe, I thought I had better send it along:

Apple Butter.—The apples must be either all sweet or all sour. Pare, core, and cut as for drying. Boil in a little water, until they can be strained through a sieve. If sweet, add to one pint of the pulp half a pound white sugar, of the best kind,—if sour, add to one pint a pound of the same. Then put sugar and pulp in a kettle, and cook until it is clear; put into bowls and seal up tight. Mother says seal with thin paper, rubbed with white of eggs.—Nette E., *Clyde, N. Y.*

ONION PICKLES, SPONGE JELLY CAKE, &c.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having received much valuable information from the domestic department of your paper, I would show my gratitude by adding my mite:

Tomato and Onion Pickles.—To one quart of vinegar, add half a pound of brown sugar, half an ounce of cloves, and one ounce of cinnamon buds. Select small onions, boil in the vinegar three minutes, skim them out; when cool, lay them down in a crock; first a layer of onions, and then tomatoes, (the small plum tomato is best,) and when the vinegar is cold, pour it over them, and set in a cool place.

Sponge Jelly Cake.—One cup sugar; one of flour; three eggs; two tablespoonfuls sweet cream; half a teaspoonful saleratus. Bake fifteen minutes; spread with jelly while warm, and roll up. Cella, *Galesburgh, Mich.*, 1860.

Citron Sauce, &c.—Will some one inform me through the Rural how to make pies with the Japan pie melon, or apple pie melon? Also, how to make citron sauce.—E. B. T., *Attica, Ohio.*

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

D. B. De Land & Co. employ a new process in refining the Saleratus manufactured by them. This process is a recent discovery, and is declared by chemists and scientific men to be the most effectual method known. It is in use at no other establishment in this country. Saleratus, to be healthful and wholesome, must be perfectly free from impurities. De Land & Co's Saleratus is perfectly pure. For sale by all good grocers. Manufactured and for sale at wholesale by D. B. De Land & Co., Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR LOVED AND LOST.

BY MRS. A. J. HORTON.

LIGHTLY fold away the tresses from the death-pale brow,
Though she heeds not the caresses lavished o'er her now,
Softly move, as though still listing for her gentle call,
Light, as near an infant slumbering, let your footsteps fall.

Let no sable pall be lying o'er the loved one here,—
Let fair flowers, like her now dying, fade upon her bier.
Bring the flowers she loved and cherished, to whisper words of truth,
For the one thus early perished in her gladsome youth.

Round her brow, the bright Immortelle — type of deathless mind —
With the green leaves of the Myrtle, for a chaplet bind.
In her hand a pure White Rose-bud, scarce half open, place,
Let the Lily of the Valley upon her bosom rest.

On the heart once warmly beating,
Home of purest thought,
Lay the flower,—e'er entreating
"Loved ones,—Forget-me-not."

Seek the spot where in the spring time
Bloom the Violets fair,
Where the Mosses are the greenest,
Lay our darling there.

Northville, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OILINESS vs. BLUNTNESS.

In a late issue of the RURAL, "AMELIA" says, "rather be sancily blunt than use so much oil." Now, we, with all due respect to the opiniens of others, would choose the last extreme, as being the least of the two evils. Though not possessing this faculty of oiling over every thing ourselves, we are not disposed to condemn it in others who are more fortunate in this respect. On the contrary, we think it highly advantageous. Its universality alone is an argument in its favor. The common blessings of life, those most necessary to the happiness and well-being of all, are the ones most evenly distributed among the children of men. So with regard to this quality or faculty of the mind, there are few persons who do not possess it in a greater or less degree,—very few who know not how to cover blemishes, conceal defects,—in fact put the "best side out," and in a conspicuous place, too. And how much more pleasant it is to have all *our* faults and short-comings nicely smoothed over,—oiled, if you please,—than have them exposed in all their deformity, or, perhaps, made to appear even worse than they really are, by the blunt remarks of some "sancily blunt" person. How much better to slip through the world easily than run against every sharp angle or corner that comes in our way.

O, this oiling propensity is all important in the world, and, though like all things else, it may be, and doubtless often is, perverted and abused, it is none the less important on that account. It smooths the lines of grief and lightens the brow of care,—it gives an added joy to the happy heart, lifts the load from the sorrowing one, gently checks the tears of the mourner, and, by frequent and lavish applications, it keeps in repair the complex machinery of society, which would otherwise soon wear itself out with friction.

This saucy bluntness, this saying things, which, when once said, sound oftentimes worse than was intended, is a very undesirable trait of character. It wounds unintentionally and without hope of cure. It creates jealousies, green-eyed and terrible, in the hearts of neighbors, keeps one aloof from strangers, and even separates long and tried friends, and in addition, its unfortunate possessors are called by the misunderstanding world, the "odd ones of earth," "curious bodies," or perhaps "cross, crabbed, disagreeable, or toppish," when a warm, pure heart beats within their bosoms, which would not willingly give utterance to a harsh word. A little "oil," with skill and aptness in applying it to all with whom they come in contact, would work an almost miraculous change, converting them into very agreeable persons.

We speak from experience as well as observation. This saucy bluntness, this free out-spoken nature, has been, and still is a great misfortune to us; and if its opposite, of which we have been speaking, was a marketable commodity, we should certainly order a good supply at once.

Columbus, Pa., 1860. OMEGA.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PITY FOR THE LIVING.

"LIKE many another of earth's martyrs, she was better loved and understood when she was dead, than she had ever been in life; and they who had despised and reproached her when with them, mourned sincerely when she was gone forever."—*Anonymous.*

A STRANGE, inexplicable thing is the human heart. Carelessly we jostle each other as we tread the highways of life, unmindful of each other's burdens, until one who walked by our side is gone forever. Then we remember the faltering step, and the tearful eye imploringly lifted to us for pity, and *wonder* that we did not impart of our sympathies, and minister to the needs of the weary heart, which neither our reproaches nor appreciation can any more reach. Ah! little matters it then that we assume the habiliments of woe,—that we plant flowers above their dust, and water them with tears of sorrow,—the arrow with which we pierced the now pulseless heart can never be recalled.—the burden we should have helped bear, Death has lifted, and to us is left only the useless longing,—the unavailing regret. In vain then do we pity where we had blamed, and mourn the coldness and scorn that made darker the lonely way. The life that might have been bright and beautiful in the sunshine of loving sympathies is spent, and to us the privilege of imparting gladness to the sorrowing heart, will come no more.

Oh! why are we so unmindful of other's needs?—why so slow to pity the sorrowing, to reach forth a helping hand to the tempted one, or seek the rescue of the already fallen? *Why so unlike* CHRIST? LINA LEE.

Sherburn, N. Y., 1860.

HOME CONVERSATION.

CHILDREN hunger perpetually for new ideas, and the most pleasant way of reception is by the voice and the ear, not the eye and the printed page. The one mode is natural, the other artificial. Who would not rather listen than read? We not unfrequently pass by in the papers a full report of a lecture, and then go and pay our money to hear the self-same words uttered. An audience will listen closely from the beginning to the end of an address which not one in twenty of those present would read with the same attention. This is emphatically true of children. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem it drudgery to study in the books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of the educational advantages which they desire, they cannot fail to grow up intelligent, if they enjoy in childhood and youth the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. Let parents, then, talk much and talk well at home. A father who is habitually silent in his own house, may be, in many respects, a wise man; but he is not wise in his silence. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, uninteresting at home among their children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficient for both, let them first provide for their own household. Ireland exports beef and wheat, and lives on potatoes; and they fare as poorly who reserve their social charms for companies abroad, and keep their dullness for home consumption. It is better to instruct children, and make them happy at home, than it is to charm strangers or amuse friends. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape, if they can. They will talk or think of being "shut up" there; and the youth who does not love home, is in danger. Make home, then, a cheerful and pleasant spot. Light it up with cheerful, instructive conversation. Father, mother, talk your best at home.

HEBREW WOMEN.

THE Hebrew woman in her love for her kindred, soars above her Christian sisters. The tender devotion which the daughters of Israel bestow upon their parents, especially upon their father, is full of beauty and pathos. In the dark alleys of the World's Ghetti, when the old Hebrew man toddles home from his daily strife with prejudice and lucre, a wondrous change transforms his face as he crosses the threshold of his weather-beaten house. The furtive glance expands, the crooked gait is made straight, the many wrinkles of his brow are made smooth, the crouching form of the peddler disappears, and the old man stands erect, as if he were worthy of better things; the smile loses its sinister grin, and is clothed with genial beauty.

Rebecca has kissed away the ugliness of the money-changer; and to see him sit down at his table after having sent up to Jehovah a prayer for good luck and a plenty of gain for the coming day, and chat with his daughter, who delights in humoring his jokes, is a treat for an artist in search for the picturesque, or for a poet in quest of the romantic. Rebeccas abound not only in the region of the Ghetti, but in the middle, higher and highest order of Hebrew abodes. Here we find the daughter, as a class, watching with argus eyes fathers' and mothers' happiness and comfort. Here on the domestic shrine, all the fires of love and affection are burning so vigorously, that unwittingly even the sympathies are created, which are wanted to kindle the great flames around the sacred altar of common humanity.—*Selected.*

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.—An over-worked woman is always a sad sight — sadder a great deal than an over-worked man, because she is so much more fertile in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache — sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples — sometimes letting her work with half her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go the pieces — sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and her back-aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and less than nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightingly of as hysterical — convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal ones—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is always entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.—*Dr. O. W. Holmes.*

BABY'S RIVAL.—There are many persons who make a practice of saying to little children, to whom has come the gift of a brother or sister: "Now, baby, your nose is put out of joint; you never can be mother's baby any more, for she has got another." This is said in thoughtlessness — often with glee; but it sinks like a stone into the baby heart to which it is addressed. Were one to go to a grown man and tell him that his house, and all that rested within it, had gone, none knew whither, but where he never more might hope to see them, it would not be a more cruel blow to him than it is to a little two or three years' old child, to tell him that he can never be his mother's baby any more. It makes him a poor, frightened little outcast in a moment; and any one that, realizing this fact, can so sport with the feelings of a tender babe, is worthy of being promoted to the office of chief torturer in some barbarous despot's court.—*Clara Sidney.*

THE ALPINE CROSS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Benighted once where Alpine storms
Have buried hosts of martial forms,
Halting with fear, benumbed with cold,
While swift the avalanches rolled,
Shouted our guide, with quivering breath,
"*The path is lost!—to move is death!*"

The savage snow-cliffs seemed to frown,
The howling winds came fiercer down;
Shrouded in such a dismal scene,
No mortal aid whereon to lean,
Think you what music 'twas to hear,
"*I see the Cross!—our way is clear!*"

We looked, and there, amid the snows,
A simple cross of wood uprose;
Firm in the tempest's awful wrath
It stood, to guide the traveler's path,
And point to where the valley lies,
Serene beneath the summer skies.

One dear companion of that night,
Has passed away from mortal sight;
He reached his home to droop and fade,
And sleep within his native glade;
But as his fluttering hand I took,
Before he gave his farewell look,
He whispered from his bed of pain,
"*The Alpine Cross I see again!*"
Then, smiling, sank to endless rest
Upon his weeping mother's breast!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CUTFIZ AND READAM — No. II.

THE WHEAT DISTRICT.

DWELLERS in Western New York are wont to regard that section of country as a goodly land,—very Eden-like in the quality and productiveness of its soil,—a land than which there is none better. Those upon whom fortune has smiled, and is smiling, who are well off and making money, are remarkably contented,—as may be the case elsewhere with such people. On the other hand, we are told, there are some unlucky, shiftless people even here,—if they haven't all gone "West" to number their acres by a significant figure with a few ciphers after it, instead of counting them, as they did here, by ciphers alone,—who have neither the "little farm, well tilled," nor the "purse well filled;" and they may hold slightly modified opinions of the same country. We should not choose the future historian of Western New York from that class. But leaving it to the well-satisfied inhabitants to glorify and cultivate their own territory, we assert that a life here is a distinctive thing,—much unlike living in other portions of the same State.

For instance, take a sweep of counties eastward and southward from the center of the State,—as far, if you please, as to the Hudson, and to Pennsylvania,—and compare them with the portion westward of that center. Perhaps the Census will assist you to find the line, on the one side of which butter and cheese slightly predominate over the grains, and thence increasing toward the east, rule supreme and gloriously in those famous and historic dairy counties that spread the aristocratic bread of New York city; and on the other side of which, wheat begins to come into notice, and swelling into importance, makes its way, like the star of empire westward, throwing prematurely rich spurs down between the small inland lakes of Indian name, until it culminates at length in the wonderful "Genesee Country." There you may hear of the "almighty wheat," for it rivals the dollar in man's regard. The people even make it a standard for judging of character, indorsing a man most effectually by saying, "He is as good as the wheat." But perhaps we ought to use the *past tense* and say "was, and is not." For has not the midge, for a few years, wrought havoc and gloom? Has not the people's confidence in their idol been shaken? Has not the West, the "granary of America," overshadowed Western New York by sheer extent, though not by native fertility? But never fear,—the clouds are rolling away!

The section east of the line we have drawn, we will call the Dairy District, and that west of it, the Wheat District. A common observer would readily define his position while on his way to the heart of either section, or, if conducted thither blindfold, just so soon as his eyes were freed. First, we will visit the Wheat District.

We go directly to its center, to Western New York,—to the famous Genesee Country. This is that land of promise whither the wistful eyes of New Englanders turned three-fourths of a century ago. The tillers of hard and sterile hills knew what a fertile and beautiful country was, and when the Indian titles were extinguished, how they flocked hither on foot, on horseback, in boats, and on ox-sleds! A line drawn north and south through Seneca Lake to Lake Ontario, and to the Pennsylvania line, is the eastern boundary of this region. We leave it to the old pioneers to dilate upon its earlier glories and game, fish and fevers, hardships and successes. We leave scientific men to discuss the old question whether wheat can be profitably raised south of the lime strata that runs east and west through the center of the State, or where the streams run southward. Suffice it to say, that here the streams have mostly a northern tendency, and the foundations of the earth are chiefly limestone, so that tea-kettles will be coated, and wheat grown for some time to come.

A great variety of scenery belongs to this tract. Here are the wild and romantic hills and ravines; and here the smooth, park-like beauty of stretching slopes, crested with dark oak and walnut groves, and with maple forests scattered along down their sides. Here are the rich flats and lowlands burdened with heavy fleeces of grass, out of which rise the parasol-like elms, most graceful of trees, with their long fringe drooping low, as if to drink the dew beneath; and here wide uplands undulating in gently risings and sinkings, and tablelands covered by a perfect half sphere of sky, and rimmed by a regular ring of a horizon,—a true western prairie, but for occasional forests, which prairies do not have.

Situated with its northern and western boundary of large lakes, this region enjoys a very favorable climate. CERES, the grain deity, and POMONA, the goddess of fruits, we may suppose, take special delight in their conjoint reign over this, their favorite domain. The former once lavished bounties on a good son of hers here, at the rate of sixty-nine bushels of wheat to the acre, and still offers equal prizes to the agriculturally wise; and the latter is very kind and bountiful, but she is not yet fully believed in—she finds many infidels. Verily! we do not begin to realize how excellent a fruit-growing region we possess.

The Wheat District is the best exponent of agricultural life and enterprise. Its farmers are pre-eminently business men. Here you do not find the deliberate movements which characterize the quiet Dairy District. Here, pastimes are out of sight,—labor monopolizes everything. The traveler along the road has always been struck by the peculiar harvest hurry of this farming country. Everywhere is heard the clicking of mowing and reaping machines, where but a few years since, files of men were seen with scythes, and cradles, and rakes, turned into the fields and doing battle with a "76"-like spirit. The sight of the new inventions is pleasant, as was the measured ring of the whetstones in the olden time. Hoeing and cultivating corn, haying, harvesting, summer-fallow plowing, and sowing, come treading on each other's heels, and are often almost "neck and neck." Men and boys, horses and oxen, in different fields, singly and doubly, are at one and the same time carrying on the different processes of husbandry. In one field the newly turned earth smokes with a peculiar, wavy, vibrating exhalation, while the stubble glares and glints in another, and the corn catches and throws the sunlight in a third. The sun is warm and bright, and aids in giving the general busy look to the landscape, as also the endless variety that it wears.

Such is the busy, sunny, and fertile Wheat District. Burrburg is a town in this district, and CUTFIZ a resident of that town. RUSMAN.

THE MEMORY OF BURNS.—The memory of Burns—I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it to leave us anything to say. The west winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken for the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves, perching always on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns—every man's, and boy's, and girl's head, carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The wind whispers them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them; the hand-organs of the Savoyards in all cities repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They are the property and the solace of mankind.—*R. W. Emerson.*

GREATNESS.—All greatness consists in this—in being alive to what is going on around one; in living actually; in giving voice to the thought of humanity; in saying to one's fellows what they want to hear at that moment; in being the creation, the result of the present world. In no other way can one affect the world than in responding thus to its needs, in embodying thus its ideas. You will see, in looking in history, that all great men have been a piece of their time; take them out and set them elsewhere, and they will not fit so well; they were made for their day and generation. The literature which has left any mark, which has been worthy of the name, has always mirrored what was doing around it; not necessarily daguerreotyping the mere outside, but at least reflecting the inside — the thoughts, if not the action of men — their feelings and sentiments, even if it treated of apparently far-off themes.

HOW TO GET REPOSE IN OLD AGE.—I strongly recommend to you to follow the analogy of the body in seeking the refreshment of the mind. Everybody knows that both man and horse are very much relieved and rested, if, instead of lying down and falling asleep, or endeavoring to fall asleep, he changes the muscles he puts in operation; if, instead of the level ground, he goes up and down hill, it is a rest both to the man and the horse which he rides,—a different set of muscles are called into action. So, I say, call into action a different class of faculties, apply your minds to other objects of wholesome good to yourselves as well as of good to others, and depend upon it, that is the true mode of getting repose in old age. Do not overwork yourselves; do everything in moderation.—*Lord Brougham.*

LITTLE ACTS GREAT.—Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value like the little figures over the larger ones in arithmetic, to its highest power. They are tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current, that show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather the real heroism of life is to do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

"WE see," said Swift, in one of his most sarcastic moods, "what God Almighty thinks of riches by the people to whom he gives them."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SHALL WE DESPAIR?

BY FANNIE CORWIN.

WHEN our lives seem almost dreary
With the weight of anxious care,—
When our souls are sorrow-weary,
Shall we hopelessly despair?

When our "dear ones" are departed
To the better land above,
And we're weeping, broken-hearted,
Lone, and sad, without their love,—

When our earthly homes and treasures
Melt away as morning dew,—
"Sunshine" friends and social pleasures,
With misfortune's frown grown few,—

When the *wide world's* dark before us,
Gloom around us everywhere,
Never hope-star shining o'er us,
Shall we even then despair?

Never! oh, be not repining,—
See ye not the flashing sheen
Of the dark cloud's "silver lining?"
Gleams there not the light between?

GOD is true! Oh, trust Him ever,—
Tread by *faith* the way o'ercast,—
Doubt this precious promise never,
"I am with you to the last."

Geneva, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WORK OF LIFE.

AS on a sunshiny day flying clouds cast their shadows over the fields, one moment at our feet, the next moment gone from sight, leaving no traces of their passage, so do we come and go from earth, leaving no trace of our course. Tho' there is a path marked out for *us* only, along which are joys and sorrows for *us* alone, and in which we may individually work out the great task of life, given us by our Maker; yet we turn aside, and losing ourselves in the multitude of travelers, journey as "strangers in a strange land" to an unknown city.

We must leave "*foot-prints*" behind us,—records of lives well spent,—writing each day in the hearts of our fellow men lessons of self-denial, love, truth, and obedience, so that the "milestones" of our route shall not speak of Divine counsel slighted, privileges abused, vows broken, and sin triumphant,—telling the passer-by that here pride made us stumble, and there sloth took us captive,—but shall speak of holy purposes realized, noble deeds performed, self-sacrifices enjoyed, temptations overcome, and grace victorious,—telling the passer-by that here our faith was strengthened, and there our courage was renewed.

We live only in the present. The past is gone forever, and the future is not ours. Day by day we are writing our own biography, to be read by coming generations, not in a "new and revised edition" with an "errata," but in the same old book, with its sad mistakes, foul blots, and false teachings. May we keep the page clean, the style clear, and the thoughts pure. Let us cast ourselves a "living sacrifice" upon the altar of GOD, and the incense thereof shall reach Heaven, and bless the world. E.

Iona, N. Y., 1860.

SKEPTICISM.

THE first step toward the abyss of infidelity is a doubting or skeptical state of mind in regard to some parts, or the whole, of the Scriptures; the next is either into the wilderness of universal doubt, or into the abyss itself. Skepticism is a most dangerous state of the mind. Like moderate drinking, it leads on its unhappy victim from bad to worse, till both mind and heart are ruined and damned forever. It is the moral inebriation of the man in its incipient stages. Beware of it, ye young men, as ye would the contagion of death. It has no power of fascination. Its breath is tainted and repugnant. Its administrations to the soul are those of sorrow. Break away from the first symptoms of its deadly approach. Let not a corrupt and unbelieving heart beguile thee with the promises of a proud and vain philosophy. There is no safety in a cultivated intellect, nor in all the resources of a Christian education, the watchfulness and teachings of friends—no, not even under "the droppings of the sanctuary." In the faith of Jesus only there is safety. Believe in Him to the salvation of the soul; then will you "know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—*Congregational Journal.*

WATCH.—Watch, for the time is short. The days make haste. The hours fly swifter than any meteoric body that ever astonished the world by its fleetness. Watch, for it will be but a few days before you will put your foot upon the shore of the eternal world, when with wide circumspection, you will see the height, and depth, and length, and breadth of that treasure which awaits you there; and when all the tears, and all the strifes, and all the watchings of earth, will seem to you as nothing, the meanest price, to pay for such endless dignity and glory.

"And what I say unto you, I say unto all, *Watch!*"—*Beecher.*

LEAVES are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable; they even dance; yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson, not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

GOD is all to thee. If thou be hungry, He is bread; if thirsty, He is water; if darkness, He is light; if naked, He is a robe of immortality.—*St. Augustine.*

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XVII.

All nations represented in California — Her strides to wealth and power — Eighty years ago — Twelve years since — When and by whom Lower California was discovered — Jesuit missions — Their fate — Catholicism — Protestantism — Wild oat fields — Their beauty and utility.

YOLO CO., (Cal.) Aug. 1, 1860.

CALIFORNIA is a world in miniature! Her countless treasures have tempted hither hordes of Huns from the Atlantic States, from Europe, Asia, Mexico, and the islands of the sea. California should be pre-eminently *national*. She has drawn her sons from every State,— from every nation, and from every quarter of the globe. Congregated under the broad ægis of American liberty, they affiliate and unite their destinies, and by their combined faith and energies, have built up a State, which, like the fabled Minerva, has leaped into existence *full armed*, and in her strides for wealth and power, out-rivals the oldest and strongest communities on the continent! It remains for California to exhibit to the gaze of the world, a rapidity of growth, improvement, and progress, in everything that makes up the material greatness of a State, *unequaled* by anything heretofore presented to the gaze of the American people!

The "Giant West" has navigated the lakes, forded the Mississippi, scaled the Rocky Mountains, and at length descended the Pacific slopes, and here on the shores, laved by the waters of the largest ocean on the globe, gathers fresh inspiration and new strength, and puts forth a power that strikes the world with astonishment.

"O'er mountain, prairie, river,—fast and far,
Westward, still westward! speeds the blazing star
Of Progress and of Empire,—till, behold,
It stands high poised above the hills of gold;
Its circuit finished and its course complete,
Here, where the Occident and Orient meet,
Where California in her glittering robe,
Sits by the ocean-highway of the globe;
And looking o'er the seas in queenly state,
Takes the world's tribute at her Golden Gate."

In 1776,—eighty-four years since,—the uninterrupted winds were drifting across the sand hills of this coast, and making merry pastime with the dust of centuries,— the only inhabitants the dull savages, to whom POWHATAN and TECUMSEH were as demi-gods. The spot where now stands the Metropolis of the Pacific, was hidden away by low buttes and solitary bays, and sunk deep in the tides of the sea,—a sea undisturbed by any keel. There was no "rapture on this lonely shore." 'Tis true, not far from this,* a few poor Franciscan Friars had just before arrived and kindled their camp fires, but their store-ship — the *first vessel* which ever entered the "Golden Gate"—had not yet arrived. Seventy years pass away, and the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, in 1848, is proclaimed. A city of tents at once appears, numbering no more than seventy-five souls. It grew rapidly to important dimensions, and then disappeared in smoke. Again it appeared, revised and considerably enlarged, and was again swiftly transformed to ashes! Unconquered, the city struggled, as if endowed with self-creative energy, into a third existence, and now numbers 100,000 inhabitants—*the largest city of its age in the world.*

Lower California was discovered by CORTEZ in 1534, but it was not until 1697 that the Spaniards began to interest themselves seriously in the Californians. It was then that the Jesuits came to preach the Gospel to the Indians, and initiate them into civilization. They planted twenty-two missions, embracing the whole country between San Diego and San Francisco. These monuments of the days of the Spanish Jesuits are fast crumbling to ruin, and probably in another quarter of a century the plowshare will pass where stately churches and cloisters once rose, or warehouses and private residences be erected on the site.

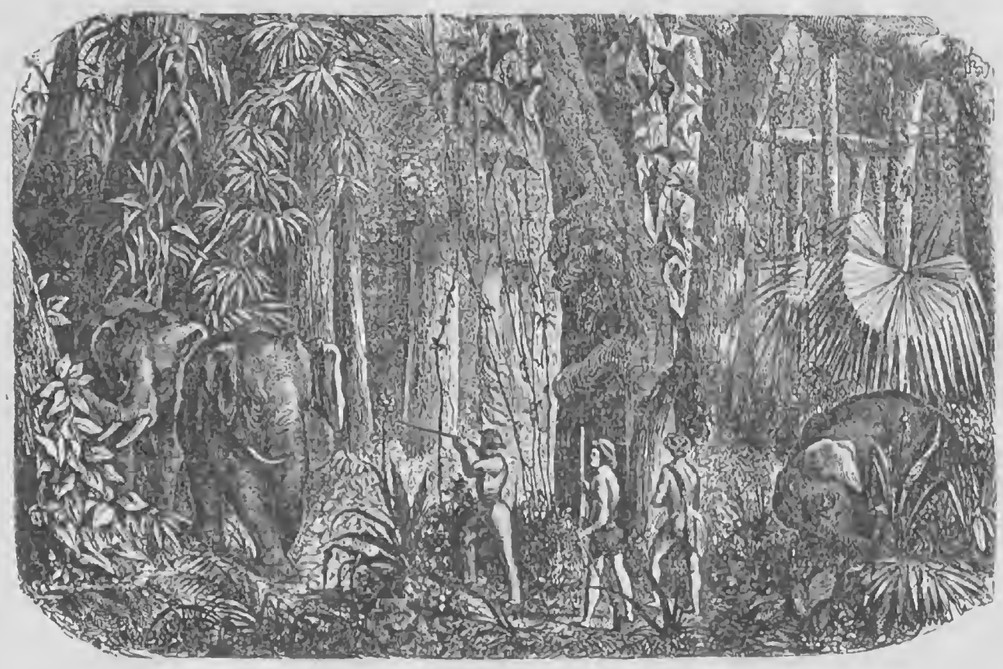
For more than 150 years Catholicism held undisputed sway along this western coast. Protestantism began her mission on the other coast a little earlier, and in the interim has traveled up and down the continent into the interior, and doubling Cape Horn, has unfurled the Banner of the Cross in the valleys and mountains of California and Oregon; and here, in these ends of the earth, is silently, yet surely, moulding the genius of their institutions after her divine and progressive spirit. Let the picture be called up and viewed in all its distinctive beauty. Let it be created by your nimble fancy, and held up in all its bewitching imagery to your mental vision. Think of the peace and plenty, the intelligence, the thrift, the power, the schools, and churches, and happy homes, the capitals that are the fountain-heads of equal and beneficent laws, which gird the track of emigration for the last forty years. Think how the wilderness has been invaded by axe and fire, the prairies plowed, the marshes drained, the rivers bridged, the waterfalls harnessed to useful toil, the lakes skirted by railroads, and furrowed by hurrying ships, to herald the advent and compact the power of Protestant civilization; and then, after illumining the central wastes, over which the buffalo are tramping, and through which the wagons of the stout-hearted emigrants are slowly plodding,— think how civilization has scaled the mountain tops and traveled down the slopes that overlook the waves of the Pacific. Think of the hundreds and thousands of Americans scattered all through the mountains and valleys, the towns and villages, of this infant State. Think of the harvests that are waving where, ten years since, they saw uncultivated wastes. Think of the bloom which in that short time has supplanted the desert. Think of the cities that have sprung up, large and prosperous, where the arid soil, not twelve years since, was only whitened with tents. Think of the commerce that has been opened, attracting fleets of merchantmen from nearly every maritime port on the globe! Think of the noble institutions that have pushed aside, and overshadowed the haunts of evil all over the face of a country that seemed in its first settlement to be threatened by a moral desolation, more dreary than its isolated situation,—remote from the great centers of influence and civilization. Think how the spirit of religion and education has opened, *by Artesian wells*, the renovating streams of intellectual and everlasting life. Think of this and a thousand-fold more, and decide whether Protestant Christianity has not an inherent and heavenly power, well nigh Omnipotent.

California is termed "the Golden State." This is by no means a *misnomer*. Its numerous and lofty mountains are inexhaustible storehouses of the precious metals.

"From that sapphire fount, the fretted brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
Run nectar, visiting the land below."

Its pastoral buttes, and arable valleys, possess vast stores of agricultural wealth. Her landscapes wear, all through the summer months, the richest golden tint. Millions of acres are literally mantled with the drapery of yellow grain, strewn by Nature's profuse hand, all over their wide extent. Hundreds of thousands of cattle, and sheep, and horses, *run riot* in these *natural* oat fields. This luxuriant wilderness of wild grain *resembles a vast sea of molten gold!* Altho' it is dry, crisp, and sear, having doffed its coat of green for one of richer hue, and is now garnered *where, and as it grew*, it is nevertheless of priceless value to the vast hordes of stockmen, ranchers, and shepherds, who occupy the mountain slopes that overlook the dark, blue sea. S. E. R.

* Arrival at San Francisco of the first Spanish Mission Expedition in A. D. 1776.



ELEPHANT HUNTING IN THE FOREST.

WE present RURAL readers a view of one of the modes of hunting the Elephant, and, in connection therewith, extract from the "*Adventures of Travelers in Africa*" the experiences of some of the elephant slayers.

Lieutenant Moodie had recently joined the semi-military settlement of Fredericksburg, where his party had already shot many elephants, with which the country at that time abounded. On one occasioned he witnessed an elephant hunt for the first time, when a large female was killed, after some hundred shots had been fired at her. At first the balls seemed to produce little effect, but at length she received several shots in the trunk and eyes, which entirely disabled her from resisting or escaping, and she then became an easy prey to her assailants. On the following day one of the servants stated that a large troop of elephants was in the neighborhood of the settlement, and that several of the people were on their way to attack them. Moodie instantly set out to join the hunters, but did not overtake them till after they had driven the elephants from their first station. On getting out of the jungle he was proceeding through an open meadow to the spot where he heard the firing, when he was suddenly warned of approaching danger by loud cries of "*Pas-op!*"—"*Take care!*" coupled with his name; and at the same moment he heard the crackling of broken branches, produced by the elephants bursting through the wood, and the tremendous screams of their wrathful voices resounding among the precipitous banks. Instantly a large female, accompanied by three others of a smaller size, issued from the edge of the jungle which skirted the river margin. As they were not more than two hundred yards off, and were proceeding directly toward him, Moodie had not much time to decide on his motions. Alone, and in the middle of a small open plain, he saw that he must inevitably be caught if he fired in this position, and his shot did not take effect. He therefore retreated hastily out of their direct path, thinking they would not observe him, until he should find a better opportunity for the attack. But in this he was mistaken, for, on looking back, he perceived to his dismay, that they had left their former course, and were rapidly pursuing and gaining ground on him. He now determined to reserve his fire as a last resource; and turning off at right angles, in the opposite direction, he made for the banks of the small river, intending to take refuge among the rocks on the other side, where he felt he should be safe.

But before he got within fifty paces of the river the elephants were within twenty paces of him—the large female in the middle, and the other three by her sides, apparently with the intention of making sure of their victim—all of them screaming so tremendously that he was almost stunned with their noise. Immediately he turned round, cocked his gun, and aimed at the head of the largest elephant. Unfortunately the gun hung fire, till he was in the act of taking it from his shoulder, when it went off, the ball grazing merely the side of her head. Halting only for an instant, the elephant again dashed furiously forward. He fell; but could not remember whether he was struck by her trunk or not. She then made a thrust at him with her tusk. Luckily for Moodie, she had only *one*, which, still more luckily, missed its mark; but it plowed up the earth within an inch or two of his body.

She then caught him with her trunk by the middle, threw him between her fore feet, and knocked him about for some time. Once she pressed her foot on his chest with such force that he actually felt, as it were, the bones bending under the weight; and once she trod on the middle of his arm, which, fortunately at the time, lay flat on the ground. In these critical circumstances, he happily never entirely lost his recollection, or they would most likely have proved fatal. But owing to the roundness of her foot, he generally managed, by twisting his body and limbs, to escape her direct tread. At this crisis, Lieutenant Chisholm and Diederik, a Hottentot, came up, and fired several shots at the elephant, one of which hit her in the shoulder; and at the same time, her companions retiring and screaming to her from the hedge of the forest, she reluctantly left Moodie, giving him a cuff or two with her hind feet, in passing. He now got up, picked up his gun, and staggered away as fast as his aching bones would allow; but observing that she turned back and looked toward him before entering the bush, he lay down in the long grass, and by this means escaped her observation.

On reaching the top of the high bank of the river, he met his brother, who had not been at the hunt, but had run out on hearing one of the men say he had seen Moodie killed, and was not a little surprised at meeting him alone and in a whole skin, though plastered with mud from head to foot. While the two brothers and Mr. Knight, of the Cape regiment, were talking of the adventure now related, McClane, a soldier of the Royal African Corps, attracted the attention of a large male elephant, which had been driven toward the village. The ferocious animal gave chase, and caught him immediately under the height where the three persons were standing, carried him some distance in his trunk, then threw him down, and bringing his four feet together, trod and stamped upon him till he was quite dead. Leaving the corpse for a little while, he again returned, as if to make quite sure of McClane's destruction, and kneeling down, crushed and kneaded the body with his fore legs. Then seizing it again with his trunk, he carried it to the edge of the jungle, and threw it among the bushes. While this tragedy was proceeding, Moodie and his brother scrambled down the bank as far as they could, and fired at the ferocious animal, but, unhappily, they were at too great a distance to render the unfortunate man any service.

Shortly after this, a shot from one of the people broke the elephant's left fore leg, which completely disabled him from running. Seeing the danger and distress of her mate, the female, who had been Lieutenant Moodie's personal antagonist, regardless of her own danger, quitted her shelter in the bush, rushed out to his assistance, walked round and round him, chasing away the assailants, and still returning to his side, caressing him, and, when he tried to walk, she placed her flank under his wounded side, and supported him. These attentions were continued for about half an hour, until the female elephant received a severe wound from Mr. Mackenzie, of the Royal African Corps, which drove her again to the bush, where she speedily sank exhausted from the loss of blood; and the male soon after received from the same officer a mortal wound.

THE SPONGE.

[EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The following article is taken from *Chambers' Treasury of Knowledge*, and as I have never seen anything in the papers about it, I thought it would be interesting to many of your readers.—H. A. KELLOGG, *East Scott, N. Y.*, 1860.]

THE substance so well known by the name of sponge, is an animal product, which is found attached to the rocks under water in the Mediterranean and other seas. Sponge is a light, soft, and highly elastic material, very easily compressed, and rapidly resuming its original shape when the pressure is removed. It is exceedingly porous, containing an immense number of small tubes, which communicate with some larger apertures that are found in it. The substance of the sponge consists of living elastic fibers, and these are so placed as to form the tubes and pores described.

When the sponge is in the sea, alive, the inside of the pores are covered with a soft substance, like the white of an egg. This appears to be the flesh of the animal, and currents of water may be seen running into the sponge, through the small pores, and out of it through the large ones; and it is supposed that while the water is passing through the sponge, the nourishment requisite for the support of the animal is extracted. When the sponge is removed from the water, this soft flesh drains away, leaving nothing but an elastic fibrous substance, with which we are acquainted.

The use of the sponge, as a material for washing with, depends chiefly on its being so highly porous and elastic. When placed in water its pores become filled with the liquid. If in this state it is compressed, the water is readily forced out over anything desired to clean, and as soon as the pressure is taken away, the sponge resumes its former size, and its pores are again open to suck up a fresh supply of fluid, if required.

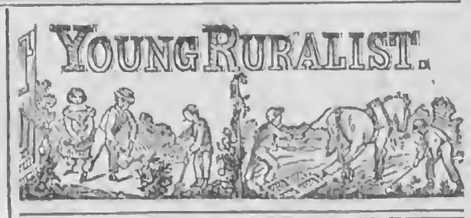
The sponge we use comes chiefly from the Mediterranean Sea, where it is procured by diving, and also by dredging, or dragging the bottom of the ocean. The best sponge,—which is white and fine,—comes from Turkey; the inferior and coarse kinds from the coast of Barbary. Ten or eleven kinds of sponge are found on the coast of England—none of them, however, are fit for use.

RESISTANCE TO IMPROVEMENTS.—The following from Archbishop Whately's Annotations on Bacon's Essays, is a rich literary and scientific gem:

It was the physicians of the highest standing that most opposed Harvey. It was the most experienced navigators that opposed Columbus' views. It was those most conversant with the management of the post-office that were the last to approve of the plan of the uniform penny postage. For the greater any one's experience and skill in his own department, and the more he is entitled to the deference which is proverbially due to each man in his own province, the more likely, indeed, he will be to be a judge of improvements in details, or even to introduce them himself; but the more unlikely to give a fair hearing to any proposed *radical* change. An experienced stage-coachman is likely to be a good judge of all that relates to turnpike roads and coach horses; but you should not consult him about railroads and steam carriages. Again, every one knows how slowly and with what difficulty farmers are prevailed on to adopt any new system of husbandry, even when the faults of an old-established usage, and the advantages of a change, can be made evident to the senses.

THE LATE COMET.—According to information received from Prof. Schmitz of Cologne, the comet which has just disappeared is Prof. Lexell's. The perihelium is one hundred and fifty million miles. It was first seen on the 20th of February by the astronomer of the observatory in Pernambuco, and put down as a new double comet. Its orbit is southerly, with three degrees inclination north of our earth. It has now disappeared, and will be back in three years' time. Its first appearance in A. D. 173, was accompanied by an earthquake; in 363, according to Rockenbach, it was seen in the daylight; in 1770, it was only one million eight hundred thousand miles distant from our earth, and caused great confusion among astronomers.

THE BIBLE has been translated into 260 languages and dialects, and is ready for 600,000,000 of the inhabitants of the earth; but only 160,000,000 have, as yet, received it. In the colleges of our land, containing last year about 5,000 students, 2,600 are members of the church, of whom nearly 1,000 were added the previous year. Dr. Duff states that about 1,000 pupils are in regular attendance on the Mission School under his care in Calcutta.

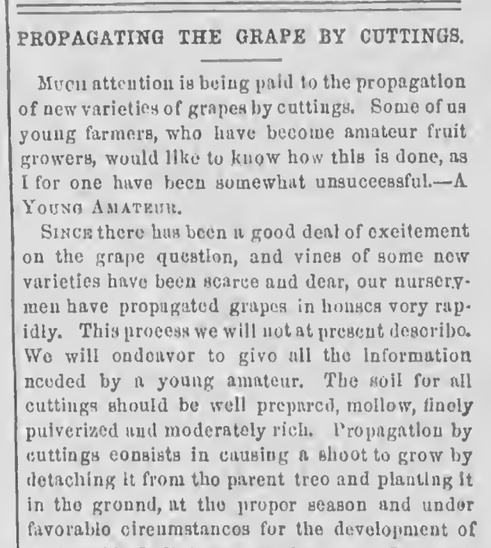


PROPAGATING THE GRAPE BY CUTTINGS.

Much attention is being paid to the propagation of new varieties of grapes by cuttings. Some of us young farmers, who have become amateur fruit growers, would like to know how this is done, as I for one have been somewhat unsuccessful.—A YOUNG AMATEUR.

SINCE there has been a good deal of excitement on the grape question, and vines of some new varieties have been scarce and dear, our nurserymen have propagated grapes in houses very rapidly. This process we will not at present describe. We will endeavor to give all the information needed by a young amateur. The soil for all cuttings should be well prepared, mellow, finely pulverized and moderately rich. Propagation by cuttings consists in causing a shoot to grow by detaching it from the parent tree and planting it in the ground, at the proper season and under favorable circumstances for the development of roots. All fruit trees may be grown from cuttings, but only a very few grow with sufficient ease to make it desirable or profitable to propagate them in this way. The gooseberry, currant, vine and quince, of our common fruits, are generally grown in this way.

A *cutting* is a shoot or part of a shoot, and generally of one season's growth. A foot is the proper length for cuttings, for ordinary out-door culture, though under some circumstances a single eye or joint is used. We give an engraving, which we have altered from BARRY'S *Fruit Book*, to suit our purpose as well as our columns, showing the different forms of cuttings as well as the manner of planting. The wood should be as stout and mature as possible, and should be cut close and smooth to a bud at both ends, as



seen in figure 1. Cuttings, taken off closely to the old wood, with the base attached, as in figure 2, are more certain to grow than when cut at any point above, and in the quince an inch or two of the old wood left attached renders success more certain. The philosophy of the matter is that the descending wood forming sap forces out roots at the lower end of the shoot, and thus the cutting becomes a new plant. The more buds that can be got around the base of a cutting the better, for these buds, as soon as they become active, send down new matter for the formation of roots.

Scarce varieties of grapes are propagated by eyes having about two inches of wood attached, as seen in figure 4, and success is supposed by many to be more certain where the joint is halved before planting, as shown in figure 5. When this mode is adopted it is usual to plant the eyes about half an inch deep in light soil in a hot-bed, or in pots in a propagating house.

Cuttings should be inserted so deep that only two buds will be above the surface of the soil, and in the vine only one. Vine cuttings it is well to make long, but they need not be set upright so as to be out of the reach of heat and air, but sloping, as we have endeavored to show in figure 3. They may be set much more sloping than we have been able to exhibit in the engraving, from lack of room.

Cuttings may be made any time during the fall or early winter. It should always be done before the buds begin to swell. A soil for cuttings should be mellow and warm, yet sufficiently compact to retain moisture. Those who try to grow them in a hard, baking, compact soil, or one low and wet, or dry and sandy, will assuredly fail.

Very early in the spring is the best time, all things considered, to plant cuttings. If it is delayed until late, the warm weather starts the leaves before sufficient roots are formed to supply the demand they make for sustenance, and the cutting dries and perishes. Those who grow only a few cuttings could shade them, or spread sawdust about them, to preserve an even temperature.

Cuttings made in the fall may be buried out of doors in a pit where the water will not stand. A mound of earth should be made over the pit to throw off the water. Particular attention should be given to cuttings after planting, to keep the weeds destroyed and the ground in a mellow condition.

SAID a distinguished American statesman to a debating club of young men:—"Life is a book of which we can have but one edition. As it is first prepared, it must stand forever. Let each day's actions, as they add another page to the indestructible volume, be such as that we shall be willing to have an assembled world read it." Good advice.

THE secret of one's success or failure in nearly every enterprise, is usually contained in the answer of the question,—how earnest is he?

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Seasonable Hints,.....349
European Agriculture,.....349
Harvesting in Wet Weather,.....349
Culture of Wheat,.....349
Cheap Farm-House for the West, [Illustrated,].....349
A Visit to Canada,—Farming, Crops, Agricultural Shows, &c.,.....349
Keeping Corn in Cribs, &c.,.....350
Farming in Kane Co., Illinois,.....350
Rain in Kansas,.....350
The Bee-Keeper.—A Familiar Conversation about Bees; Bee-Houses,.....350
Rural Spirit of the Press—Beets for Poultry; Lime for Preserving Shingles; Saving and Using Rough Fodder; Gas, Stone, and Shell Lime Compared; Selection and Management of Dairy Stock,.....350
Inquiries and Answers.—Cutting Feed for Sheep; Draining Public Roads,.....350
Agricultural Miscellany.—Union Ag'l Fair at Dundee; U. S. Fair for 1860; Winter Squashes; English Dairy Cheese; Gov. Fairbanks and Agriculture; Influence of Extreme Cold upon Seeds; From Canada,.....350

HORTICULTURAL.

New Varieties of Currants,.....351
The Plum, [Illustrated,].....351
Tartrate of Potash in our Grapes,.....351
Peaches,.....351
Horticultural Notes.—Fruits Received; Rawle's Janette Apple; The Bullitt Grape; The Hop Tree; Indianapolis Horticultural Society; Massachusetts Horticultural Society; Horticultural Society in Genesee; Peaches shipped from Rochester; The best Pear,.....351

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

How to make Apple Butter; Tomato and Onion Pickles; Sponge Jelly Cake; Citron Sauce,.....351

LADIES' OLIO.

Our Loved and Lost, [Poetical;] Oiliness vs. Bluntness; Pity for the Living; Home Conversation; Hebrew Women; Over-Worked Women; Baby's Rival,.....352

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Alpine Cross, [Poetical;] Cuttz and Readam, No. II—The Wheat District; The Memory of Burns; Greatness; How to get Before in Old Age; Little Acts Great,.352

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Shall we Despair? [Poetical;] The Work of Life; Skepticism; Watch,.....352

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letter No. XVII,.....353

USEFUL OLIO.

Elephant Hunting in the Forest, [Illustrated;] The Sponge; Resistance to Improvements; The Late Comet,353

YOUNG RURALIST.

Propagating the Grape by Cuttings, [Illustrated,].....353

THE STORY TELLER.

The Village Trees, [Poetical;] The Cousins; or, Do the Duty nearest you,.....356

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Farmer Candidate.
The New American Watch made at Waltham, Mass.—Robbins & Appleton.
Young Ladies' Institute at Auburn, N. Y.
Pear Trees, &c., for sale—W. D. Strowger.
Fort Edward Institute—Joseph E. King.
Bremen Geese—Samuel Heston.
Apple Seed—James A. Root.
Berkshire Swine—W. J. Petlee.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER EXCELSIOR NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 3, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

NOTWITHSTANDING the urgent applications for the postponement of the Kansas land sales, the Secretary of the Interior has not regarded it as proper, under the existing laws, to submit the recommendation to the President with that view, as in the case of those soon to be offered in Minnesota. The relief suggested by the Secretary is, that if the lands of pre-emptions shall not be sold, they will have the benefit of a 12 month credit allowed by law, for paying for the lands which thus become subject to private entry.

Dispatches received from our Minister at Peru submitting a new proposition for the settlement of American claims, have been examined by the State Department, and will be rejected, notwithstanding Minister Clay urges acceptance.

The Times' Washington correspondent states that a high official in the Treasury Department has divulged a plan of disunion at the South. The plan, in case Lincoln is elected, is to convene the Southern Legislatures, by proclamation, on the the 8th day of November, and declare the Union dissolved, pronouncing in favor of Breckenridge as President of the Southern Union.

The telegraph of the 25th ult., brought the following paragraph from Washington:—"The position of the Post-Office Department is this:—The public in the large cities demand facilities like those in London and Paris. The Department is anxious to grant them, but claims that it can only be done by having a monopoly of the business, which it is now endeavoring to secure by the enforcement of the laws against private expresses. The opposition with which it meets occasions embarrassment."

The Postmaster-General has issued an order, which it will be well for careless people to bear in mind. Heretofore the postmaster has notified those to whom unpaid letters were directed that they would be sent when the postage was paid. But it seems that unpaid letters are greatly on the increase—advantage being taken of this accommodating custom to throw the cost of postage upon the recipient of the letter. After November 1st, therefore, unpaid letters will be sent to Washington and treated as dead letters.

A letter from Washington states that the Postmaster General has adopted and ordered a one cent self-sealing envelope, which will soon be supplied to Post-offices throughout the country.

Capt. Echols, of the Topographical Engineers, has fully tested the fitness of the camel for service in the south-west, by his reconnoitering expedition in north-western Texas. The labor was very severe, and for six days in the heat of midsummer the camels did not have a drop of water. On the day water was discovered, they indicated by their increased speed that they were approaching water, though the stream was ten miles off.

Political Intelligence.

THE Douglas papers in Oregon are very bitter in denouncing the coalition by which a Republican Senator was elected. The President of the Senate, a Douglas Democrat, has been burnt in effigy in the county he represents, by the Douglas Democrats.

THE political canvass in California engrosses universal attention. The anxiety to hear the returns from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, is becoming intense, and even many Republicans are fearful that Pennsylvania will go Democratic. Gov. Downey, who has been stumping the State for Douglas, expressed his opinion in private that California will go for Douglas by a large majority, and that the Breckenridge ticket will run largely behind the Republicans. It is believed that the Bell and Everett men will mostly vote for Mr. Douglas.

THE several Committees of the two sections of the Democratic party and the Union Constitutional party in New Jersey, met on the 27th ult, at the Astor House, New York city, and agreed upon the following electoral ticket:—Peter D. Vroom, (Breckenridge;) John S. Vancey, (Breckenridge;) Edward Brewer, (Union;) Selus Condict, (Union;) William Cook, (Douglas;) Joel Parker, (Breckenridge;) Theo. Runyen, (Breckenridge.)

THE Tribune's Washington correspondent says that orders have gone out to the States of the northwest, directing the Administration Democrats to vote for the Douglas electoral ticket.

From the Pacific Side.

THE steamship Ariel arrived at New York on the 23d ult., with California mails to October 1st, and over $300,000 in specie.

The following are the particulars of the late Oregon massacre:—The Oregon mail train arrived at Yreka, Northern California, on the 9th, bringing dates from Vancouver, a town on the Columbia river, to the 3d inst. Mr. H. Scheiber had just arrived at that place with news of the massacre, by the Snake Indians, of an entire emigrant train, consisting of 46 persons, 19 of whom were men, and the balance women and children. The party was first attacked about 50 miles from Salmon Falls, on the 9th of September. This attack lasted about one hour. The Indians then withdrew, and allowed the train to proceed five miles; then they attacked them. The fight lasted two days and one night. On the afternoon of the 10th the Indians held possession of the whole train, with the exception of six men, who being wounded, escaped, after the battle, through the woods, where they were for nine days. These six men were again attacked, and five of the party killed, Scheiber alone escaping by hiding in the bushes. After traveling seven days without food, he was found in an exhausted condition by some persons who took him to the Dalles. Of the nineteen men in the party, six were discharged soldiers from Fort Hall. Mr. Scheiber was the only one who escaped. He says that the six men who left on horseback, did not leave until the Indians had complete possession of the train, and from the screams of the women and children, he believed that the whole party were butchered.

News Paragraphs.

THE remains of the late Herbert Ingraham, proprietor of the London Illustrated News, who was lost in the Lady Elgin disaster, have been taken to England, and interred in the cemetery of his native town, Boston. Some 18,000 persons followed his remains to the grave.

SEVERAL thousand Polish Jews recently passed through Posen on their way to the United States, via. Berlin and Hamburg. The German papers say that such an exodus of the children of Isreal has not been witnessed since that out of Egypt.

A RAILWAY about thirty miles in length, will shortly be opened from Smyrna to Turbali, which is nearly due east of the former place. This work, the first of its kind in Turkey, was undertaken some years since by a number of Englishmen; but has experienced more than the usual share of delay, arising from obstacles on the part of both the government and the people. It was expected to be completed early in the present month, and the Sultan and his Ministers were to attend the opening.

THE Chicago Times says the fatal throat disease among children is making fearful ravages among the little ones in various parts of Northern Illinois. It prevails at La Salle, in Kane, Stephenson, Winnebago and Du Page counties, and in the country towns around Chicago. It proves fatal in nearly every case, the physicians being unable to effectually treat the malady.

THERE is a young man, named Mark Ralf, at Bent's Fort, who was recently stabbed in three places and shot three times, scalped, and left for dead by the Kiowa Indians, but who afterwards regained his consciousness, and walked thirty-five miles to a place of safety and succor. He has now nearly recovered, but has only two locks of hair left upon his head, as all the rest was taken with the scalp.

AN EARTHQUAKE IN ROCHESTER.—A goodly portion of the inhabitants of this city are quite positive that Mother Earth was in a fretful mood hereabouts on Friday night last, and the towns in our immediate vicinity are furnishing a large amount of corroborative evidence. The shock was felt in nearly every ward of the city, and also in the adjoining villages. Its general characteristics appear to have been the same in every locality. In a number of cases it was violent enough to frighten people, so that they ran out of their houses.

TELEGRAPH MATTERS.—The Overland Mail brings the gratifying announcement of the completion of the Pacific and Atlantic Telegraph line to Los Angelos on the 8th. Congratulatory messages passed between the Mayor of Los Angelos and the President of the Board of Supervisors at San Francisco. Senator Latham set the first pole east from Los Angelos on the 8th, and left for the States on the same day.

U. S. VESSEL FIRED INTO.—The U. S. steamer Crusader had a shot fired across her bows by a Spanish man-of-war steamer on the 23d ult., when Capt. Maffitt replied by return firing, and hoisted his colors, and steaming down with his men at quarters, demanding what was meant. It was a mistake. The Crusader looked somewhat like the City of Norfolk, hence the misapprehension.

THE FAMINE IN KANSAS.—At Atchinson, on the 25th ult., 17,000 barrels of flour, corn meal and potatoes arrived from Illinois, and several teams from the destitute portion of Southern Kansas, which were in waiting, were loaded and started for their destination. There has previously arrived and been distributed from that point 500 bushels of corn, and 20,000 barrels of flour, groceries, potatoes, &c.; most of which has been sent to Neosho county.

INTERESTING TO DROVERS.—A decision of some interest to drovers has just been rendered in Westchester county, in a case against the Hudson River Railroad, for the value of two bullocks smothered in the cars in consequence of the grated door becoming broken, and the conductor closing the tight door, on the passage from Troy to New York. The case had been tried in the lower Court, and $100 damages decreed, from which the road appealed, but the higher Court sustained the original judgment, deciding that the printed formula on the drover's pass, in relation to his taking it and his freight at his own risk, was null, because the drover had never consented to such an agreement to release the road from any claim for damages.

LATER FROM MEXICO.—The steamship Tennessee arrived at New Orleans on the 24th ult., from Vera Cruz the 21st ult. Minister McLane arrived there on the steam sloop-of-war Pawnee, on the 17th. The capture of Guadalajara is confirmed. The sufferings of the people during the seige were intense. Gen. Degollado had been detected in communication with the enemy, and was ordered to Vera Cruz for trial. The British and Prussian Minister had gone to Jalapa. Distress at the capital was very great. It was reported that Puebla had been abandoned and the garrison called into Mexico. The health of Vera Cruz and the American Squadron was excellent.

FROM BUENOS AYRES.—There was a heavy gale at Buenos Ayres August 29, during which the British barks Crusader and Reciprocity collided in the harbor, and both sank. Many other vessels were driven ashore or otherwise badly damaged, chiefly foreign. Two American vessels, the bark Dawn and brig Bolante, were damaged slightly. The Custom House was flooded and a large amount of foreign goods damaged. Many buildings were washed away. Bocco was deserted, the inhabitants having all removed in boats. Large quantities of hides, beef, &c., at the Saladerer and Barracas, were destroyed.

FROM NEW MEXICO.—The New Mexican mail with dates to the 8th ult., arrived at Independence, Mo., on the 23d ult. The Companies against the Navajoes had been gone about two weeks. In their absence, a band of Indians came within eight miles of Santa Fe and ran off 230 mules belonging to Ellsbury & Amberg. A company of thirty soldiers, under command of Capt. Gibbs, went in pursuit, but failed to overtake them. A company of Mexicans and Pueblos also went and recaptured 60 of the mules, but the balance are entirely lost, which will be a heavy loss on the owners. About the same time of the above transaction, the Indians succeeded in running from the Governor at Albuquerque, 100 beeves. They were followed, but the Indians killed all the cattle and made their escape. On the 6th ult., a band of Indians crossed the river within twelve miles of Santa Fe, going in the direction of Galesto. The Governor and Col. Fauntleroy are at loggerheads.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Paris correspondent of the London Times says private, trustworthy accounts from the Island of Sardinia, speak of the commencement of maneuvers by secret agency there in favor of annexation to France, in the same manner and by the same means as were employed by French emissaries in Savoy.

FRANCE.—The *Presse* says the great powers, except England, notified the Cabinet of Turin that they would not recognize the blockade of Gæta.

Gen. Lamoriciere had returned to France.

The French had occupied numerous places near Rome.

It is reported that a third division will be sent from France to Rome.

It was reported that the French army at Rome was to be increased to 60,000 men, and the garrison at Lyons was to be put upon a complete war footing.

AUSTRIA.—In Austria an extraordinary credit had been granted by the Naval Department for the construction of the naval batteries to defend the entrance of the ports.

The correspondent of the Times remarks that a movement of the Austrian trains need not take persons by surprise. Austria considers herself released from all obligations contracted with the French Emperor, and has good reasons to know that that government, bent on exterminating her, have prepared and probably brought to maturity their plans for an insurrectionary movement in her provinces.

The Austrians were reinforcing their troops in Illistria and Dalmatia.

SARDINIA.—It was reported that three of the great powers had protested against the entry of the Sardinians into Naples.

A private letter from Turin announces that a large armament had been ordered by the Piedmontese government, and the day before the Sardinian Minister's departure from Paris, a supply of 50,000 muskets and 11,000,000 percussion caps was granted by the French goverment to its ally.

The Constitutionel contains an article signed by M. Boniface. He says it does not belong to any foreign State, no more to Sardinia than to Austria, to intervene in Naples and Sicily. Between the invasions of Garibaldi and Sardinia, there is a great difference. Garibaldi came to raise a direct revolution in the interior with his bands. He would only communicate to them a proper spirit in their struggle against an unpopular government. The Sardinia invasion constitutes a direct intervention of one regularly constituted State in the affairs of another independent State. Strange to say, the Sardinian invasion took place without any declaration of war, the representative of the King of Naples still being at Turin. By the entrance of the Piedmontese troops into the Roman State, Sardinia has violated the principles of neutrality.

Count Cavour gave it to be understood that the entry of the Sardinia troops into the States of the Church was principally directed against the influence of Garibaldi. Now, on the contrary, it has become evident that they go to aid him. M. Boniface deplores the conduct of the Sardinians.

Victor Emanuel had set out for Naples, and had issued a manifesto to Southern Italy.

The Sardinians, under Victor Emanuel in person, would enter the Neapolitan territory at three different points on the 9th.

The Sardinian Chambers were debating the law of annexation, and a vote was expected to be taken on the 11th.

NAPLES.—The new Predictator of Naples, as soon as he was appointed, addressed a letter to Mazzini, complimenting him on his patriotism, but asking him to give a proof of it by leaving the country, telling him that without even intending it, he caused disunion; that many used his name with the parricidal intention of hoisting another banner in Italy.

There is a probability of a Congress on the affairs of Italy.

The Neapolitans, estimated at 30,000 strong, attacked the Garibaldians on the 1st, at Bolturno, under cover of a thick mist, and carried some positions, and for a time succeeded in driving back the Garibaldians, whose numbers did not reach one-half of theirs. Garibaldi went forward with revolver in hand, cheering on his men, and after a desperate fight of eight hours' duration, the Neapolitans were broken and routed, and were pursued close under the walls of Capua. A brigade of Germans was cut off from the main body of the Neapolitan army and driven to the mountains. The Garibaldians took 5,000 prisoners, and it was estimated that the Neapolitans had 3,000 killed and wounded. The loss of the Garibaldians is stated to be between 1,200 and 2,000. The Royalists subsequently made a sortie from Capua to the rescue of the German brigade, but were repulsed. The King of Naples and his brothers were present at the battle.

The line of the Bolturno was still strongly protected, and it was said the Neapolitans were prepared to defend their positions. Some Sardinian troops assisted the Garibaldians in the battle.

Rumors were current that Capua had surrendered, and that the bombardment of the town was progressing, but neither had been confirmed.

Garibaldi had called on the King of Sardinia to go to Naples and send him 14,000 men immediately.

The Piedmontese troops had entered the Neapolitan territories.

The Patrie says that Garibaldi has thanked the seamen of the English ship Renown, who served the Garibaldian's guns on the first. The men were that day on leave of absence.

Gen. Cialadini had received orders to cross the Neapolitan frontier, and decisive events were expected to occur at any moment.

Garibaldi was about to convoke the Electoral Colleges of the two Sicilies to vote by universal suffrage.

The Piedmontese corps, the army in Naples, will amount to 20,000.

PAPAL STATES.—Affairs are unchanged. It was reported by telegraph to Marseilles, that Lamoriciere is to secure passage on the steamer Civita Vecchia for himself and three officers.

Advices from Rome confirm the statement that the French were to re-occupy Biterba. The Pontificial gens d'arms precede the French by twelve hours. The inhabitants prepared to repulse them but would yield to the French. Marquis Deppoli had proceeded to Victoria to re-assure the inhabitants that Victor Emanuel was at Saccrata.

The Pope remained at Rome.

The French occupy Viterbo, Velletri, Civita Vecchia, Castellano, Tiboli, Palestrino, Frascati, Albano and Valmoiotone.

The Pope's official journal had published an article claiming Peter's Pence from all the faithful, but declaring that the Pope will accept no subsidy from any secular power.

RUSSIA.—The programme of a future Congress on Italian affairs will be examined at Warsaw, and then submitted for the approval of the English and French governments.

It was reported that Russia was about to recall her Embassadors from Turin.

SPAIN.—The statement is confirmed that Spain had proposed a Congress to the Catholic powers at Gaeta.

SYRIA.—Since the departure of Fuad Pacha for Syria, the Musslemen had recommenced their massacres, and killed 20 Christians. The remaining Christians were emigrating to Satatia. The Musslemen were furious against the Austrians, and had threatened the life of the Prussian consul.

CHINA.—Advices from China, received via. St. Petersburg, state that 6,000 Pekin militia had been sent against the English, but the Pekinese were generally favorable to the English.

The Chinese insurrection continues to extend.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co., Wakefield, Nash & Co., Bigland, Althya & Co., and others, report flour dull, and 6d lower since Tuesday, making the week's decline 1s. Sales at 28s@31s6d. Wheat is limited request, and 2d@3d per cental dearer, making 4d on the week. Red western 11s6d@12s 2d; southern 12s2d@12s6d; white 12s@14s. Indian corn in good demand at 36s@36s9d; mixed and yellow 39s@40s6d for white. *Provisions*—Pork firm, but quiet. Lard neglected; prices barely maintained. Sugars firm for refining sorts, but drooping for grocery kinds. Coffee quiet.

LONDON MARKETS.—Breadstuffs quiet and unchanged, but were more difficult to effect sales. White American wheat 62s@65s; red 60s@64. Flour 30s@33s.

The News Condenser.

— Apples are selling in Mobile at from 40 to 50 cents a dozen.

— Wool growing is gradually but surely increasing in California.

— Small pox is prevailing to an alarming extent in New Jersey.

— Thirty thousand Africans have been landed in Cuba within a year.

— Glass was broken in 2,300 houses in Leipsic, by hail on the 27th ult.

— With the exception of Queen Isabella, no Bourbon now reigns in Europe.

— A young man in Taunton, last week, ran a mile in 3 minutes and 40 seconds.

— The finest emeralds come from veins of clay slate, in the valley of New Grenada.

— Three millions of cocoanuts are exported in a single year from the island of Ceylon.

— Blondin, having made a large fortune by rope walking, is about to return to France.

— In the United States there are nearly six times as many journals as in Great Britain.

— In the gale Friday week the, lower portion of Norfolk, Va., was completely submerged.

— Garibaldi has appropriated 5,000 ducats to the continuance of the excavations at Pompeii.

— The anniversary of the death of Senator Broderick was properly observed in San Francisco.

— The total revenue of the Island of Cuba the past eight months, was upwards of $13,000,000.

— In early life, Mrs. Edwin D. Morgan was a milliner, and Mrs. Nathaniel P. Banks a factory girl.

— Good fresh yeast, taken internally, is said to give instant relief in cases of putrid sore throat.

— It is stated as a fact that California does not produce any wood hard enough to make an ax handle.

— Mrs. Washington, the wife of John A. Washington, Esq., late of Mt. Vernon, died a few days since.

— The city debt of Philadelphia is $21,000,000, and they are about adding two more for public buildings.

— A large and very fierce black bear, weighing 235 pounds, was killed near Turin, N. Y., last week.

— A single real estate broker in Hartford, Ct., has $1,100,000 worth of property in his hands for sale.

— When New Hampshire and Massachusetts were colonies, only church members were allowed to vote.

— A few nights ago some dogs got among the sheep flocks in Robinson township, Penn., and killed nearly 100 sheep.

— Professor Way, a member of the French Academy, has discovered an electric light far superior to any yet known

— Yellow fever has appeared at Mobile. During the past ten days, there have been five deaths from that disease.

— Mad dogs are unusually rife in Washington at this time, four or five having been killed there during the past week.

— The business of the California Pony Express is said to be a losing concern, and without government aid, must be stopped.

— Frost has set in in Mississippi; Raymond and Vicksburgh have been visited, and vegetation has been entirely arrested.

— During the week ending Tuesday, Oct. 11, 127 boats cleared the port of Cumberland, Md., carrying 14,101,068 tons of coal.

— A man in Lewiston, Me., owns a cow for which he has been offered twenty-five cents a pound. He values her at $2,000.

— The number of arrivals at Niagara, this season, is said to have been 28,624, exclusive of those stopping at private houses.

— The walls of the Asylum for Inebriates, at Binghamton, are about half completed. There are about 4,000 applicants.

— The splendid equipage in which the Prince of Wales was drawn on his arrival in N. Y. city, has been sold at auction for $620.

— A new spring has lately been discovered at Lockport, Niagara Co., which is said to possess wonderful magnetic curative qualities.

— The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the Emperor Napoleon is anxious that the Pope should quit Rome.

— There are said to be in London 30,000 sewing women who earn barely $1 a week, while working incessantly 16 or 17 hours a day.

— The Metropolitan free drinking fountains of London are effecting much for temperance. One hundred have already been erected.

— In Monroe Co., Ky., a man, 96 years old, has this year planted and cultivated 15 acres of corn, which is the best in that region.

— The London Commercial Record states that the Great Eastern steamship is so shaken up and weakened that she is unseaworthy.

— Since the erection of the first Methodist meeting house in America, in 1760, 14,000 have been erected, an average of three a week.

— A proposition to introduce German into the public schools of St. Louis, was defeated in the Board of Education, by a vote of 9 to 11.

— The tobacco crop of Kentucky has been seriously injured by frosts, and it is estimated that one-eighth of the whole has been ruined.

— Since the first of September, there have been one thousand one hundred and forty-three persons naturalized in this (Monroe) county.

— Miss Agnes Bailie, sister of the late Johanna Bailie, has completed her one-hundredth year, and still pursues her literary gleanings.

— The ginseng excitement in Minnesota is equal to that of last year. Twenty-five tuns of the root have been exported from the State this fall.

— The submarine cable, from Algiers, has been successfully landed at Minorca, and messages are in course of perfect transmission both ways.

— The naturalization of the Ostrich, in France, is seriously talked of, several young ones having already been hatched at the Jardin des Plantes.

— Mr. Bradley, of East Bloomfield, Ont. Co., estimates his crop of grapes on 4 acres of vines planted in Nov., 1856, at over 10,000 pounds in 1860.

— The revenue of Great Britain is about £70,000,000, ($350,000,000.) The salaries of the English Cabinet amount to £75,000 ($375,000) a year.

— Kossuth has written a letter to Garibaldi, advising him not to attempt anything against Hungary, as that country is not yet ripe for revolution.

— A monument, on a magnificent scale, to Luther, is to be erected at Worms. They have collected $60,000 from all parts of the globe for this purpose.

— An attache of the Troy (N. Y.) Times can sit and listen to a speech of an hour's length, and, without a previous note, write it out nearly verbatim.

Publisher's Department.

TO AGENTS AND OTHERS.

AGENTS OF THE RURAL NEW-YORKER, and all other persons disposed to aid in extending its circulation and usefulness in their respective localities, are advised that we shall VERY LIBERALLY REWARD those who make special efforts to obtain subscribers for the ensuing volume. Our list of Inducements, Show-Bills, &c., will be issued in a few days, and we shall be pleased to forward copies (and also specimens of the RURAL,) free and post-paid *to all applicants.* All who wish *Good Pay for Doing Good*—and especially all who believe the RURAL is doing worthy service in behalf of the Cause and in promotion of the best interests of the People and Community—are invited to send for the documents, and enter upon the canvass as early as possible.

THE FALL CAMPAIGN!

THE RURAL, ON TRIAL, AT HALF PRICE, And Premiums for Club Agents!

IN order to introduce it more readily to the notice and support of comparative strangers, (preparatory to the commencement of Vol. XII, in Jan. next,) we have concluded to offer the RURAL NEW-YORKER for the present Quarter—Oct. 1st to January, 13 numbers—at ONLY HALF PRICE, thus placing it within the reach and means of all non-subscribers who wish to give it a *fair trial.* We will send 4 copies for $1; 8 for $2; 12 for $3; 20 for $5, &c., and mail to as many persons and post-offices as desired. We shall not make a farthing's direct profit, yet shall be glad to thus circulate 5,000 to 20,000 trial copies—for, though we may lose temporarily, it is believed the bread thus cast abroad will return ere long, while thousands of families will be benefited by making the acquaintance of the RURAL and becoming permanent subscribers. Below see Premiums offered for Trials.

A REQUEST, AND WHEREFORE.

—We ask its friends all over the land to aid in circulating the RURAL'S Campaign Quarter. Almost any one can readily obtain from 4 to 20 subscribers. "Where there's a *will* there's a way," and have not its friends in the East and West, North and South, the will to extend the circulation and usefulness of the favorite RURAL AND FAMILY WEEKLY of America?

PREMIUMS FOR TRIAL CLUBS!

THOUGH we cannot *afford* to give premiums for lists of Trial Subscribers, we are willing to reward those disposed to make an effort, and therefore offer the following liberal inducements for Quarter Clubs:

To the person sending the Largest List of Trial Subscribers for this Quarter, previous to the 1st of December, 1860, remitting pay at 25 cents per copy, we will give a copy of WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY, (price $6 50.)

To the person sending the second largest list, as above, we will send, post-paid, Agricultural Books to the amount of $4—the books to be selected from list given in this number of the RURAL.

To the person sending the third largest list, as above, $3 in Ag'l Books, post-paid.

To EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, a Gross of the Washington Medallion Pen, (price $1 50,) post-paid, or, if preferred, the RURAL NEW-YORKER from Oct. 1st, 1860, to Jan., 1862, (15 months.)

To EACH of the TEN persons sending the next ten largest lists, the RURAL NEW-YORKER for six months, or any 50 cent book in our list, post-paid.

☞ To any person who sends a club of 12 to 20, and does not become entitled to one of above premiums, we will send the RURAL for the Trial Quarter, *free.*

—NOW IS THE TIME to open and prosecute the Fall Canvass,—after which we shall offer Agent-Friends our programme for the Winter Campaign.

☞ Though we are daily receiving scores of Trial Subscribers, we can still furnish back numbers from Oct. 6th, having printed a large extra edition in order to supply the demand.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper,*—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the RURAL is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1.25. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1.37½, and to Europe, $2 25—the extra charge being for postage.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Oct. 30, 1860.

THE disagreeable weather of which we spoke last week still remains with us, and under its influence business is very much depressed. Wholesale merchants are doing little or nothing; millers are waiting Old World advices before operating, and the retail trade is exceedingly light because few farmers can get into market. The roads must be in very bad condition, and city residents are beginning to feel the effects of a scarcity in certain articles of produce. We are not able to note a single change in rates during the week, and refer those interested to the table of quotations for particulars.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.	
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,50
Flour, spring do	5,25@5,50
Flour, buckwheat	1,50@1,75
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,31
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35
Best white Canada	0,00@0,00
Corn, old	55@56c
Corn, new	00@00c
Rye, 60 lbs ⅌ bush	00@62c
Oats, by weight	25@26c
Barley	60@63c
Buckwheat	35@40c
Beans	62½@00c
MEATS.	
Pork, Mess	$19,00@00,00
Pork, clear	20,00@00,00
Pork, cwt	7,00@7,75
Beef, ⅌ cwt	4,00@6,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00
Mutton, carcass	4@6c
Hams, smoked	11@12c
Shoulders	8½@9c
Chickens	0@8c
Turkeys	00@10c
Geese	34@44c
Ducks, ⅌ pair	38@44c
DAIRY, &C.	
Butter, roll	16@16c
Butter, firkin	00@15c
Cheese	10@11½c
Lard, tried	12@12½c
Tallow, rough	6½c
Tallow, tried	9½@10c
Eggs, dozen	16@16c
Honey, box	12@14c
Candles, box	12@13c
Candles, extra	14c
FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Apples, bushel	25@00c
Apples, dried	03@75c
Peaches, dried, ⅌ lb	12½c
Cherries, dried, ⅌ lb	12½c
Plums, dried	0@10
Potatoes	25@35c
HIDES AND SKINS.	
Slaughter	5@5½c
Calf	9@10c
Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Lamb pelts	50@55c
SEEDS.	
Clover, bushel	$5,25@5,75
Timothy	2,75@3,25
SUNDRIES.	
Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Coal, Lehigh	5,75@6,00
Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Coal, Char	10@12½c
Salt, bbl	$1,35
Hay, ton	$8,00@12,00
Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Wool, ⅌ lb	30@70c
Whitefish, bbl	$0,00@9,50
Codfish, ⅌ quintal	4,60@5,25
Trout, bbl	5,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 29.—FLOUR—Market exhibits a little more activity, but prices generally without striking change; holders disposed to realize. Sales at $5,25@5,30 for super State; $5,40@5,45 for extra do; $5,25@5,30 for super Western; $5,45@5,70 for common to medium extra do; $5,70@5,75 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio,—closing dull. Canadian dull, with limited supply; sales at $5,45@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat opened steady, but under favorable advices by the Asia, and telegraphic accounts by the Fulton, the market closed 2c higher, with a pretty active demand for export; sales white Michigan at $1,44@1,57; winter red Western at $1,32@1,31; Milwaukee club at $1,22@1,25; amber Wisconsin at $1,25@1,26; Chicago spring at $1,17@1,22; Racine spring at $1,19½; red State at $1,29@1,30; Canada club at $1,27; white Kentucky at $1,56; white California on p. t. Rye quiet at 78@80c. Barley more active at easier prices; sales at 72@71c for State; 71@79c for Canada East; 81c for Canada West. Corn heavy and lower; sales Western mixed at 68@69c afloat—closing at inside price. Oats only in limited request at 35½@39½c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork firm, with moderate demand; sales at $19,00@19,12 for mess; $14,50 for prime. Lard dull and heavy; sales at 12½@12⅝c. Butter steady at 11@15c for Ohio; 16@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9½@11c.

ASHES—The market is quiet and steady, with sales 30 bbls. at $5,25 for Pots; $5,25 for Pearls.

ALBANY, Oct. 23.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—Market quite dull, but quotations are unchanged. Buckwheat Flour 15s. in the street, and 16s. 6d. in store. Corn Meal 11@12s. per 100 lbs.

GRAIN—We have no sales of Wheat to report. The offerings are fair but demand light. There was but one cargo of Corn offered on 'Change, which was held at 67c.; but there were no bids, and it was shipped for Boston. Of Barley sales, Saturday evening, prime Canada West at 82c, and good Canada East at 75c; ordinary State at 70c. Oats a shade easier; sales State at 36c. A car load of Rye was sold at 76c.

FEED—Supply large. Sales 400 tuns at 70@75c. for 24@25 lbs. feed, and 95c@$1,08 for Middlings.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Oct. 29.—FLOUR—The market is quiet and steady. Sales at $4,62½ for superfine; $4,95@5,00 for extra Wisconsin; $5,62½ for extra Canadian; $5,25@5,50 for extra Michigan, Indiana and Ohio; and $5,75@6,25 for double extras. Included in the sales were 25 bbls. Rye Flour at $4,50.

GRAIN—Market dull and heavy, and parties apart. Sales Milwaukee club, Saturday afternoon, at $1,06. This morning No. 2 Chicago spring at $1,01@1,02. Corn dull; no sales since Saturday noon. Oats steady; sales at 27½c. Barley nominal at 65@66c. Rye nominal. Peas quite and nominal at 55c.

PROVISIONS—The market steady. Heavy mess pork is selling at $19,00; no light mess or prime offering. Mess Beef is quoted at $6,50, and prime at $5,00. Bacon scarce and none offering. Cheese is coming in very slowly, and the market is firm. Quotations from store are 10@11c.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

TORONTO, Oct. 26.—FLOUR—The transactions of the week have been exceedingly limited, and the depression in New York with the high rate of freights have produced their natural effect. Superfine No. 1 has been bought at as low as $5,10, but holders very reluctantly concede, and still demand $5,15@5,20. Fancy is quoted nominally at $5,25@5,40; Extra $5,60@5,80. Double Extra is held very firmly at $6,00@6,50 ⅌ barrel.

GRAIN.—The market for fall wheat up to Tuesday last, ruled very steady throughout the week. There was a fair demand for white winter wheat at full rates, and a moderate inquiry for lower grades at prices named. For good to prime samples $1,28@1,35 were the current rates, and in a few cases slightly higher figures were realized. For common and low grade wheat $1,20@1,24, and for medium $1,25@1,28 were paid. On Tuesday the wet weather, the high freights, and the depression in New York, checked the feeling, and prices were a shade easier—$1,33 was the highest realized, the range extending from that down to $1.20. The average price for the day was $1,26 ⅌ bushel, but the quality was inferior, and the average rate was hardly a fair criterion as to the state of the market. Yesterday the market for wheat still showed signs of giving way, and up to noon, the highest price realized was $1,32, ranging from that down to $1,20. The deliveries amounted to about 2,100 bushels, the average price of which was not over $1,25 ⅌ bushel. The news by the overdue steamer was anxiously expected. Spring wheat continues in good demand and prices remain steady. Ordinary to good samples are quoted at $1,05@1,08, and golden drop is sought for at $1,10@1,12½ ⅌ bushel. Barley has fluctuated slightly during the week, but under the influence of a good demand and only moderate deliveries, the market closes firm at 60@65c, and sometimes 67c ⅌ bushel—the latter being, however, a very extreme rate. The favorite figure for ordinary samples is 63c ⅌ bushel. Oats are in moderate supply with a steady demand. Prices have been and remain very firm at 28@30c ⅌ bushel. Peas are offering in only small quantities tho' there are plenty behind. Rates have varied considerably during the week, and are somewhat lower. The market however closes firm, at 52@56c ⅌ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 25.—Hogs have been in good demand all the week at better prices for heavy. The sales embrace 4,600 head at 5,00@5,25 for common, and $5,50@5,75 for fair to prime fat, per cental gross.—*Gazette.*

CHICAGO, Oct. 25.—The general downward tendency of hogs in Cincinnati and other markets has a corresponding effect here, and we have to note a decline on the week of 25@30c per 100 lbs. Monday the supply was fair and sales ranged from $4,87½@5,25 for common.

45	Hogs averaging	293 lbs at	$5,25
105	" "	240 lbs at	5,05@5,20
90	" "	259 lbs at	5,20
96	" "	252 lbs at	5,25
170	" "	230 lbs at	5,10@5,20
250	" "	230 lbs at	5,10@5,25
60	" "	215 lbs at	5,15
41	" "	275 lbs at	5,20
50	" "	251 lbs at	5,15
104	" "	200 lbs at	4,87½
90	" "	270 lbs at	5,20

—[*Democrat.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ⅌ cwt	$8,50@9,00
Ordinary quality	7,50@8,00
Common quality	6,50@7,00
Inferior quality	5,50@6,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ⅌ lb	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ⅌ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,25@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	6½@6⅝c
Other qualities	6 @6⅜

ALBANY, Oct. 29.—Beeves—The drovers are sadly discouraged this week. We do not remember a period when the market was more flat, the spirits of drovers more depressed, or their prospects more unpromising. Prices have declined ¼@½c, and nobody ventures to predict anything like a marked improvement.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	4,067	3,932	3,217
Sheep	4,112	5,016	7,760
Hogs	81	546	1,522

Prices—The market is very heavy at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @	5 @5½
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@4¾
First quality	3½@4	3½@4
Second quality	2½@3	2¾@3¼
Third quality	2 @2¼	2¼@2½

CAMBRIDGE, Oct 24.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,823; about 1,000 Beeves, and 823 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@100.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 30@67.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—7,001 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,50@3,00.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 6@6½c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ⅌ lb. Pelts, $1@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Oct. 25.—At market, 1,600 Beeves, about 1,030 Stores, 7,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,000 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $0,00@7,50; first quality, $7,00@7,25; second quality, $0,00@6,50; third quality, $3,50@4,75; ordinary quality, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—None.

MILCH COWS—$47@47; common, $19@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@6,00.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

HIDES—6@6½c ⅌ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ⅌ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ⅌ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,50; extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—$1@$1,75 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6@7c ⅌ lb; retail 6½@8c; Spring pigs 7c; retail 8c; fat hogs, undressed, 6½c; corn-fed, 6½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

BOSTON, Oct. 25.—The transactions in Domestic have been 100,000 lbs, mostly medium grades of fleece, without change in prices. In Foreign considerable doing, the sales comprising about 1,000 bales Mediterranean, Cape, and South American, at full prices.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@51	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	30@43	Syrian	11@21
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	28@57
Do. superfine	36@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	35@38	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	26@31

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—The market for Domestic and California Wools is still active, and prices are firm. California Wools are increasing in favor, and, in comparison with other descriptions, the sales have been very large. The transactions have amounted to some 16,000 lbs Domestic Fleeces, 10,000 selling at 52c, and the balance at 30@50c; 8,000 lbs. Pulled at 35@50c; 5,000 lbs. Texas at 25c., and 50,000 lbs. California on private terms. Foreign Wools of all descriptions are quiet, without quotable change in prices.

Am. Saxony fleece ⅌ lb	58@65
Am. full-blood Merino	50@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	42@43
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@41
No. 1, Pulled	30@33
Lamb's, Pulled	3?@39
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	12½@36
California, common do.	12@20
Peruvian, washed	25@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common, washed	10@13
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	14@16
South American, unwashed	8@11
South American Cordova, washed	19@23
East India, washed	26@30
African, unwashed	17@22
African, washed	16@25
Smyrna, unwashed	10@15
Smyrna, washed	15@20
Mexican, unwashed	13@17

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Marriages.

IN Marengo, on the 10th inst., by REV. W. H. MEGIE, Mr. HENRY PEACOCK, of Somerset, N. Y., to TAMAR D. STOCKING, of the former place.

IN Boston, Mass., Oct. 25th, by Rev. ROLLIN H. NEALE, Mr. JAMES WM. HARRIS, of Woburn, and Miss ANNA F. PETTEE, of Foxborough, Mass.

ON the 18th inst., by the Rev. Dr. HALL, R. N. WILLIAMS, Esq., of Syracuse, to FLORA L. SPENCER, of this city.

Deaths.

IN Penfield, Oct. 7th, HATTIE V., daughter of the late DAVID WEEKS, aged 15 years.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

BERKSHIRE SWINE!—Of pure breed, for sale by W. J. PETTEE, Lakeville, Conn. 561-1t

APPLE SEED.—A choice lot of the growth of 1860, for sale by JAMES A. ROOT, Skaneateles, Onondaga Co., N. Y. 561-3t

BREMEN GEESE.—25 *pure white* Bremen Geese, boxed and shipped, to any point, at $5 per pair, by SAMUEL HESTON, Batavia, N. Y. 564-1t

$110 FORT EDWARD INSTITUTE. $110
A first Class Boarding Seminary.—Expenses $110 per year—18 Teachers—Superior facilities to prepare for College, Teaching or Business. Graduates course for Ladies. Send for new Circular and examine claims. Winter Term commences December 6th, 1860.
Address Rev. JOSEPH E. KING, Fort Edward, N. Y.

PEAR TREES—Standard, from 4 to 6 feet $25 ⅌ 100.
Currants, White Grape, strong plants, $10 ⅌ 100, $80 ⅌ 1,000.
Currants, Red Grape, strong plants, $7 ⅌ 100; $60 ⅌ 1,000.
do. Victoria, " " $8 " $70 "
do. Red Dutch, " " $4 " $30 "
do. Black English and Missouri, strong plants, $4 ⅌ 100; $30 ⅌ 1,000.
Apple Trees, from 4 to 6 feet high, $70 ⅌ 1,000.
do. 1 year, popular varieties, $15 ⅌ 1,000.
do. Seedlings, 2 years, first quality, $4,50 ⅌ 1,000.
do. do. 1 year, " " $3,50
do. Seed, wet seed, ⅌ bushel, $4,00.
Pear Seed, dry seed, per pound, $1,00.
For sale at the above prices before packed. A slight charge will be made only for the boxes and moss, but I do not make any charge of the packing and delivering at Rochester.
W. D. STROWGER,
October, 1860. Penfield, N. Y.
P. S.—I will also furnish Apple Grafts of the popular sorts, packed and delivered at Rochester, at $5,00 ⅌ 1,000, in quantities over 10,000. 561-tf

YOUNG LADIES' INSTITUTE.
A SELECT FAMILY SCHOOL,
Auburn, N. Y.

ITS *peculiar advantages* are presented in Circulars, which are sent on application. Fall Quarter opens Nov. 12th. A few boarding pupils will then be received.

From the Oswego Times.—"High commendation is bestowed upon this institution by its friends and patrons here and elsewhere. The following will be heartily endorsed by our citizens whose daughters have been in the family of the Principal":

It is *in fact* as well as name, a home to the young ladies of the family. There are not, indeed, as under the parental roof, a father and mother; but there is the same kind care, the same careful attention to habits and styles of thought, the same anxiety for health and comfort, as the young ladies would find at home. Above all, it is a *Christian home.*—*Syracuse Daily Journal.*

The Patrons of the Institute speak in the highest terms of commendation of its character. The influence of the family and school is such as any Christian parents would desire for their daughters. In view of its appointments and privileges we cordially commend it to the attention and patronage of the public.—*Buffalo Christian Advocate.*

THE NEW AMERICAN WATCH
MADE AT WALTHAM, MASS.

IN order to meet the requirements of gentlemen who prefer a thinner Watch than those usually made by us we have lately issued a new style of Watch on the three-quarter plate model, especial designed for this purpose.

In establishing this new series, it has also been our design to produce a Watch in every way superior to the best and highest priced products of the most reputable of English and Swiss Watch manufacturers; and no labor or expense has been spared to this end.

In all respects of fine and durable material, of external and internal finish, of accurate compensation and adjustment, of mathematically just proportions, and of *practical results,* our new three-quarter plate Watch challenges comparison with any in the world.

The following named gentlemen may be referred to in relation to these Watches:

HON. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, *Maine,* JOHN G. SAXE, *Vermont.*
N. P. WILLIS, *New York,* HON. N. P. BANKS, *Mass.*
HORACE GREELEY, FRANK LESLIE,
CYRUS W. FIELD, *New York,* WM. H. CARY, *New York.*
PAUL MORPHY, *New Orleans,* NORMAN WIARD, *Wisconsin.*
DR. J. MARION SIMS, PROF. BARTLETT, *West Point.*
Lieut. H. A. WISE, U. S. N. Col. W. J. HARDEE, U. S. A.
S. I. PRIME, D. D., *Wh't. Pl's.* WILSON G. HUNT, *New York.*
GEN. G. P. MORRIS, *New York.* PETER COOPER, *New York.*

CAUTION.—As our watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a certificate of genuineness, bearing the number of the watch, and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. Robbins, or by our predecessors, Appleton, Tracy & Co.

As these watches are for sale by jewelers generally throughout the Union, the American Watch Company do not solicit orders for single watches.

ROBBINS & APPLETON,
564-2t Wholesale Agents, No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

300 AGENTS WANTED—To engage in an honorable business which pays from $3 to $7 per day. Address M. M. SANBORN, Brasher Falls, N. Y.

CUYAHOGA GRAPE—Strong pot plants, cut back to 3 or 4 eyes. Price $3 each. For description, &c., send stamp for Descriptive Catalogue. EDWARD TAYLOR, Covedale Nurseries, Cleveland, Ohio. 563-2t

STEEL PLOWS.—We are manufacturing for the spring trade large numbers of our Mohawk Valley Clipper Plows, with steel mold-board and land-side, with steel or cast point, as desired, and would refer you to the following persons, who have them in use:
John Johnston, Geneva, N. Y.
J. Ingersoll, Ilion, N. Y.
Wm. Summer, Pomaria, S. C.
R. C. Ellis, Lyons, N. Y.
Col. A. J. Summer, Long Swamp, Florida.
A. J. Bowman, Utica, N. Y.
A. Bradley, Mankato, Minnesota.
F. Mackie, Utica, N. Y.
We are also manufacturing Sayre's Patent Horse Hoe and Potato Covering Machine, Sayre's Patent Cultivator Teeth in quantities for the trade, and all kinds of steel and swage work in the agricultural line. Send for a circular.
REMINGTONS, MARKHAM & CO.
545-1am-tf Union Agricultural Works, Ilion, N. Y.

SULPHITE OF LIME—For preserving Cider—with full directions for use. Price, 50 cents per bottle of ten ounces—enough for forty gallons cider. Sent by Express anywhere. WEBB, WALKER & CO.,
Oct. 22, 1860. [563-4t.] Utica, N. Y.

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [563-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.—This Bank has funds to loan on bond and mortgage, on improved farms, in the counties of Monroe, Livingston, Genesee, Orleans, Ontario, and Wayne.
562-13t EDWARD WHALIN, Sec'y.

MONEY CAN BE MADE IN SELLING OUR AGRICULTURAL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. For terms of agency apply to SAXTON & BARKER,
560-6t 25 Park Row, New York.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted.—549 SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 8 miles west of this City, in the town of Gates, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon. A small farm of 60 to 80 acres, near the City, or a house and lot worth 4 to $5,000 in the city, would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply on the premises, or at No. 8 Hill street, at the office of JOHN M. FRENCH & Co., of M. HUNTINGTON.
Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY
Office, 66 William Street,
NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 71 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT
AND
DISPATCH PATENT."

The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.

WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired; and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to
Rev. ROBERT DICK,
Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.
Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN A. HAINES, London, England.

☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither boldly nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically: this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 528-tf.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.

THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00	Do. Elements of Ag. Chemistry and Geology	1 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00	Do. Catechism of Chemistry for Schools	25
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75	Langstroth on the Hive and Honey Bee	1 25
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25	Leuchar's Hot Houses	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00	Liebig's Familiar Letters to Farmers	50
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00	Linsley's Morgan Horses	1 00
American Florist's Guide	75	Miner's Bee-keeper's Manual	1 00
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25	Miles on the Horse's Foot	50
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25	Milburn on the Cow	25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25	Mrs. Abel's Skillful Housewife and Ladies' Guide	50
Bright on Grape Culture	50	Saxton's Rural Hand Books, bound in 4 Series, each	1 25
Browne's Bird Fancier	50	Munn's Land Drainer	50
Browne's Poultry Yard	1 00	Nash's Progressive Farmer	60
Do. Field Book of Manures	1 25	Neill's Gardener's Companion	1 00
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't	1 50	Norton's Elements of Agriculture	60
Do. Florist's Guide	60	Olcott's Sorgho and Imphee	1 00
Do. Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	60	Pardee on the Strawberry	60
Do. Fruit Cult. Manual	60	Pedder's Land Measurer	50
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00	Persoz's New Culture of the Vine	25
Buist's Flower Garden	1 25	Phelps' Bee-keeper's Chart	25
Do. Family Kitchen Gard.	75	Quinby's Mysteries of Bee-keeping	1 00
Chemical Field Lectures	1 00	Rabbit Fancier	50
Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making	25	Randall's Sheep Husbandry	1 25
Chorlton's Grape Grower's Guide	60	Richardson on the Horse	25
Cobbett's Am. Gardener	50	Do. Pests of the Farm	25
Cottage and Farm Bee-keeper	25	Do. Domestic Fowls	25
Cole's Am. Fruit Book	50	Do. on the Hog	25
Do. Am. Veterinarian	50	Do. on the Honey Bee	25
Dadd's Modern Horse Doc.	1 00	Do. on the Dog	25
Do. Am. Cattle Doctor	1 00	Reemelin's Vine-dresser's Manual	50
Do. Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse	2 00	Shepherd's Own Book	2 00
Do. colored plates	4 00	Stewart's Stable Book	1 00
Dana's Muck Manual	1 00	Stray Leaves from the Book of Nature	1 00
Do. Prize Essay on Manures	25	Stephens' Book of the Farm, 2 vols	4 00
Darlington's Weeds and Useful Plants	1 50	Skillful Housewife	25
Davy's Devon Herd Book	1 00	Skinner's Elements of Ag.	25
Domestic and Ornamental Poultry	1 00	Smith's Landscape Gardening	1 25
Do. colored plates	2 00	Thaer's Principles of Ag.	2 00
Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees	1 50	Thomas' Farm Implements	1 00
Downing's Landscape Gardening	3 50	Thompson's Food of Animals	75
Do. Rural Essays	3 00	The Rose Culturist	25
Eastwood's Cranberry Culture	50	Topham's Chemistry Made Easy	25
Elliott's Western Fruit Book	1 25	Turner's Cotton Planter's Manual	1 00
Every Lady her own Flower Gardener	50	Warder's Hedges and Evergreens	1 00
Farm Drainage, (H. F. French)	1 00	Waring's Elements of Ag.	75
Fessenden's Farmer and Gardener	1 25	Weeks on Bees	25
Do. Am. Kitchen Gard.	50	White's Gardening for the South	1 25
Field's Pear Culture	1 00	Wilson on Flax	25
Fish Culture	1 00	Youatt & Martin on Cattle	1 25
Flint on Grasses	1 25	Youatt on the Horse	1 25
Guenon on Milch Cows	60	Do. on Sheep	75
Herbert to Horse-keepers	1 25	Do. on the Hog	75
Hooper's Dog and Gun	25		
Hough's Farm Record	3 00		
Hyde's Chinese Sugar Cane	25		
Johnston's Ag. Chemistry	1 25		

☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.

Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

THE FARMER CANDIDATE.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

WE are not among those who indulge in strong preferences or prepossessions for one calling or profession over another, or who lend their support to candidates for office on account of their connection with any particular department of business, or their devotion to any special pursuit in life. Such preferences and such action, natural perhaps in themselves, as society is constituted, do not form the basis of a correct standard in the discharge of our public duties or in the selection of names to represent our principles in the official relations imposed by our system of government. Were we to look for candidates for the various positions under the State and National Governments most congenial to our own immediate business and social relations, attention would naturally be directed to the commercial classes, with whom we are more closely identified than with any other. But we are always to remember that commerce would be nothing without agriculture—that the cultivation of the soil is the basis of all our prosperity, and that whatever tends to improve that cultivation, and to elevate the condition of the cultivator, has a most important bearing upon all the trades and professions—that it gives activity to our commercial and vital energy to all our business affairs.

Politicians Overlook the Great Agricultural Interest.

In the selection of candidates for the higher stations in the General and State Governments, the agricultural interests are too often overlooked. Professional men and merchants, especially the former, from the circumstances of the case, are brought more prominently before the public mind, and enjoy advantages not possessed by the more retired and unassuming cultivators of the soil. But we would not select or recommend a candidate simply because he belongs to this or that profession, but rather on account of his fitness for the position, and his ability to promote the greatest good of the greatest number of the citizens of the State. We have had farmer Governors, lawyer Governors and merchant Governors—some fit and others unfit for the duties of the chief magistracy; and the same thing, we suppose, will happen in the future. But when a name is presented, commanding universal respect and confidence, one fitted by experience and acquaintance with the public interests to discharge the duties of the executive office in all its departments, we deem it entirely proper to show that his connection with that branch of industry upon which the people of this State so largely depend, is of a character to commend him to their earnest support.

Mr. Kelly Abandons Mercantile for Agricultural Pursuits.

Hon. William Kelly, who is now so prominently before the people of the State as a candidate for the office of Governor, not only has a good name, wherever commercial integrity and honor are appreciated, but his popularity throughout the agricultural districts is unbounded. To the unsullied honor attaching to the position of a retired merchant, whose integrity was never questioned, he adds the practical and useful qualifications of an educated, intelligent farmer. His connection with the agricultural interests is not of the holiday order, designed for occasional recreation and amusement, but having, on his retirement, in early manhood, from mercantile life, chose agriculture as the occupation to which his future years were to be devoted, he entered upon its duties with an earnest and settled purpose to contribute to its advancement, and to exert his abilities and influence in behalf of its development, both practically and scientifically, for the benefit of the people at large.

To this end his estate of seven hundred acres has been gradually and steadily improved,—not in the mode adopted by some fancy farmers of the present day, by extravagant outlays of money, but upon national principles, and in a manner worthy of practical imitation, until it is now one of the best cultivated farms in the State.

Mr. Kelly's Relations with the State Society and the N. Y. S. Agricultural College.

Not content with the example which his own farm afforded of successful culture, Mr. Kelly has been an earnest friend of the institutions designed to foster and promote agricultural improvements. The New York State Agricultural Society owes much to his intelligent and well bestowed labors. By personal attendance upon its meetings, and active labor upon its committees and in its Executive Board, in various positions, and finally as one of its most efficient and accomplished Presidents, he has done much to advance its interests, and to place it in a position more influential than any similar institution in the country, and which enables it to promote, to a marked and gratifying degree, the most useful improvements in the great fundamental basis of our prosperity.

Pursuing his purpose of contributing to the advancement of the interests and education of the masses of the people, we find Mr. Kelly actively enlisted in the establishment of an institution designed to bestow upon agricultural pursuits additional facilities, through the medium of a combined course of practical and scientific instruction. The New York State Agricultural College, located at Ovid, Seneca county, has received his aid and assistance, both material and personal. As a member of its Board of Trustees, and an efficient worker on its most important Committees of Management, his services have always been acknowledged by his co-laborers, composed of the leading agriculturists of the State. This institution, now nearly ready to receive pupils, and to enter, as we hope, upon a long career of usefulness, owes its position to the persevering efforts of a small number of gentlemen, all of whom will concur with us in pronouncing Mr. Kelly one of the most efficient and reliable of their number.

Mr. Kelly and the Cause of Education—The Rochester University.

While the efforts of Mr. Kelly have been directed to the improvements in agriculture, both in its practical and intellectual departments, as a leading feature in the great work of public advancement, other branches of education have commanded his sympathy and attention. The District Schools of his town and neighborhood, in the latter of which he is almost always a Trustee and principal manager, and the other educational institutions of the State, have shared his counsel and aid. He has been a large contributor to the Rochester University and other organizations for the education of young men, and—we may here add, although perhaps a digression—a liberal donor to many of the benevolent and religious charities appealing to the public for aid.

It is because the efforts of Mr. Kelly have been directed to the advancement of those objects in which the greatest number of our people are interested, because, in short, he sought in an unostentatious manner to elevate the standard of agriculture, commercial integrity, and education—to raise the profession of the farmer to a dignity and social position which shall make it attractive to educated and refined persons, and because of his unselfish and constant labors in behalf of the people, that his nomination for Chief Magistracy meets with such a warm response from every section of the State. It proves that a pure and unsullied character, a benevolent and liberal heart, and a willingness to labor in the cause of the people, do not go unnoticed or unappreciated, even in these days of political degeneracy.

Mr. Kelly's General Political Views and Qualifications.

Let us not be understood, in the remarks we have made touching Mr Kelly's connection with the affairs of our own State, that he neglects the broader concerns of the country at large. As a National Union man, devoted to the great cause of equality and security in all our rights as individuals and as States, no man is sounder or more reliable. And in the effort to advance the industrial interests of the people, his efforts have not been confined to his own State. To raise the standard of agriculture and education among farmers of the country at large, has been his aim, and to procure a recognition of this great interest by the government and to have a department assigned to it, has been with him a favorite theme.

We advocate Mr. Kelly's election, not because he is a farmer, but because being a farmer he possesses a comprehensive mind, capable of grappling with public questions, and of directing the affairs of State in an intelligent and systematic manner. In his hands, the administration would be above suspicion, and above reproach; its financial honor untarnished, and the interests of the people carefully consulted. The electors, whether educated professional men, merchants, or farmers, if they would honor themselves, restore the affairs of the State to pure and honest system, dignify labor and encourage universal education, should vote for Wm. Kelly for Governor at the ensuing election.

THE VILLAGE TREES.

THE village rests beneath the trees
That stretch their arms in air,
For peace and love to light those homes,
Forever stretched in prayer.

When birds begin to lift their wings,
And when the robin sings,
The buds unfold their tender leaves,
Like soft and fluttering wings.

In autumn yellow flame leaps up,
And plays among the trees;
And crimson banners float their folds
Upon the scented breeze.

Our hearts are hushed when we recall
That dark Passover-night,
When humble hut and haughty hall
Confessed the Angel's might.

We read no print of angel-foot
Was seen around the door,
Whose posts were stained with drops of blood,
As if they roses bore.

And now the trees, that clasp and arch
The village like a door,
Are red, as if with sprinkled blood:
Are angels passing o'er?

And so, in soft and sweet spring-showers,
Through autumn's balmy airs,
With broad uncovered heads the trees
Are ever at their prayers.

[*Knickerbocker.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE COUSINS;
OR, DO THE DUTY NEAREST YOU.

BY KATE CAMERON.

PERHAPS there was never a greater contrast between those of near "kith and kin," than was presented by the persons and character of ADELINE and AMY SEYMOUR. Their fathers being brothers, and their mothers sisters, some resemblance between the cousins might have been expected from this double alliance, but such was not the case.

ADELINE was about twenty-five years of age; but so long had she been a prominent member of the church, the sewing circle, and society in general, that to the good people of Brookville, she seemed much older; and the place which she always claimed as a leader among them, was readily granted her, without any particular inquiry as to her natural qualifications for the same.

Very different was the position occupied by her cousin, who was three years younger. Every one loved AMY SEYMOUR, but no one ever thought of asking her advice, or of trying to draw her from the narrow circle of intimate friends, where she seemed to find her greatest happiness. Like ADELINE, she was a member of the only church in Brookville, but so unobtrusive was she, that she seemed to shrink from the active duties in which her older cousin so much delighted.

In their personal appearance the same dissimilarity was manifest. ADELINE was tall, and showy-looking, with black hair and eyes, a loud voice and commanding air; while AMY'S stature was rather below the medium, her hair of light brown, and her eyes clear, laughing blue,—her musical voice and gentle manners well suited the rest of the picture.

But we must look at them both in the light of home, if we would judge correctly of their true merits. Both were only daughters,—their fathers honest, hard-working farmers, and prominent inhabitants of the little country village where they had always resided, and where AMY'S father had long held the office of Deacon. He had less of this world's goods than his brother, and yet his home was really the most comfortable and pleasant of the two,—while his sons, JAMES and WILLIAM, ranked higher in public estimation than their cousins HENRY and CHARLES, who lacked their refinement of taste and manners. This will not be wondered at when we remember how potent is a sister's influence and example, and no one could visit these two homes without observing the vast difference in the conduct of ADELINE and AMY toward their parents and brothers.—ADELINE was selfish and dictatorial,—she seemed to consider herself the most important member of the family, and felt that all must yield to her will; while AMY ever treated her father and mother with respectful deference, and her brothers with affection and gentleness.

About the time our little sketch commences, the church at Brookville was without a pastor, and among numerous candidates, came a young clergyman, EDWARD LEWIS, prepossessing in his appearance, and of marked talents and piety. He soon won a high place in the opinion of all those who formed his acquaintance, and it was not long ere he received and accepted a call to settle among them. Mr. LEWIS was unmarried, and many were the conjectures as to whether he were also free from matrimonial engagement; but as nothing definite could be ascertained on this point, it was decided best to consider him "in the market," until some proof to the contrary was given,—and, perchance, this conclusion did not diminish his popularity with the younger members of his flock.

Immediately after the ordination, it was proposed to give a "parish party" in honor of the new minister, at Deacon LEE'S where he boarded, and in connection with the same a Fair was to be held by the Ladies' Sewing Circle, to raise part of his salary,—this being their time-honored custom; for as Brookville could boast of but few wealthy men, the ladies very naturally as well as gracefully came to their assistance.

As might be expected, ADELINE SEYMOUR was first and foremost in all the numerous preparations attendant upon so important an occasion. She was present at all the "committee meetings," and held a prominent place among the Managers of the Fair. Every evening, for a fortnight, she was either at the house of some of her co-workers, or holding a meeting of them at her own home, to "adopt measures," and to perform the requisite labor.

One day her mother said, in her usual timid way, (for the good woman actually stood in awe of her daughter,) "ADELINE, don't you think I ought to have a new dress to wear at the parish party?"

"You, mother! Why! are *you* going?"

"I thought I would like to," was the meek response.

"Oh! well, if you want to go, you can; but I think your black bombazine will answer very well; it won't make much difference, you know, what *you* wear;" and ADELINE continued stitching on a new, high-colored silk, which she was making expressly for the grand event.

Mrs. SEYMOUR said no more, but the next morning, while ADELINE was absent, having gone to spend the day with Mrs. LEE and assist her in making cake, AMY came in, with her wonted smile, and kissing her aunt affectionally, caught the towel from her hand, and insisted on helping her wipe the breakfast dishes; talking all the while in her light-hearted way: "Well! auntie, what are you going to wear at the party?"

"Oh! ADELINE says my black bombazine will answer, but I think it looks rather *shabby*."

"To be sure it does," was the rejoinder, "and you shall have a new brown merino like mothers;" and seeing her uncle pass the window, she hastened to the door, and stopped him with, "Uncle WILLIAM, you *will* get Aunt FANNY a dress like mother's, won't you? She wants it to wear at Deacon LEE'S, Thursday night."

"Anything she wants," was the good-natured reply; "how much will it cost?"

"Oh! about ten dollars,—but then she must have a new cap and collar, so you may as well hand out fifteen," and in a moment more, the desired sum was transferred from Mr. SEYMOUR'S pocket-book to the extended hand of his niece, who ran back to the kitchen exclaiming eagerly, "Here, auntie, is the money, and now I am going to the store, right away, before the rest of that piece is sold; and I'll get Miss FLINN to come this afternoon and fit your dress, and then I can take it home and finish making it. There's but two days more before the Fair, you know, and we shall have to hurry. But one thing, you must promise not to tell ADELINE of it, beforehand, for she might think I was meddling with what did not concern me."

"You are a dear, good girl, anyway, AMY," was the answer, and as she tripped lightly away, intent on her mission of kindness, her aunt sighed, and said to herself, "Oh! what a blessing such a daughter must be!"

In a very short time AMY returned, having purchased a handsome merino, and the necessary trimmings, a delicately wrought collar, and the materials for a new cap, which she assured her aunt she should find plenty of time to make before Thursday evening.

"But, Aunt FANNY," she continued, "you must come to our house this afternoon. Miss FLINN says she will be there at one o'clock, and you know ADELINE might come home and spoil the fun, if you were to have the work done here."

Mrs. SEYMOUR readily assented, and before it was time for her to go home and get tea, the new dress was fairly "under way," and with the aid of AMY'S nimble fingers, gave promise of being done in season.

Mrs. SEYMOUR found ADELINE at home, busily sewing on her gay silk, and grumbling because her mother was out. "I had to kindle the fire, and put on the tea-kettle," said she, pettishly, "and it has hindered me very much; I *should* think, mother, you might stay at home and keep the fire burning at least, when *I* have so much to do." The mother *might* have spoken of the burden of household care which she bore alone, but she was a "peace-maker," and forebore to add fuel to ADELINE'S uncalled-for indignation. Indeed so much accustomed was she to being addressed in this way, that she would have been more surprised to have heard kind and gentle words from her only daughter. And yet, this was the village model,—the pattern young lady,—the benefactress of the poor, and the prime mover in all schemes for the public good! It was evident *her* charity did not begin at home!

That evening ADELINE called for AMY to accompany her to the committee meeting, telling her they wished her to take charge of one of the tables, and thought she had better meet with them once first. AMY, who had only time to lay aside her aunt's dress, on which she was working, before her cousin entered the room, excused herself, saying she was very busy, and couldn't possibly go, whereupon her zealous relative gave her a serious lecture on the sin of selfishness, and ended with saying she presumed she was making very extensive preparations for her own toilette on the occasion; but for *her* part, she thought they owed more to *the minister*, and the parish, than to the gratification of any personal vanity.

AMY quietly answered, that she was going to wear her last year's blue merino, but said, "I believe you are having a new dress, ar'n't you, ADDIE?"

"Why, yes, I thought I ought to be dressed respectably, as long as I am first Directress of the Sewing Society,—but then, I don't stay away from the evening meetings to work on it." And looking a little abashed, she rose with the excuse that she must hurry, or she should be late.

Thursday afternoon arrived, and in every house throughout the village there was more or less bustle of preparation.

The assembly for the evening differed from most "donation parties," which it was deemed would be out of place, as Mr. LEWIS was not a married man. Those attending it, carried refreshments for the entertainment of the guests, but their more substantial offerings were either coined into money, or reserved for a future occasion.

Tables were spread to receive the various fancy articles prepared for sale, and early in the afternoon ADELINE SEYMOUR was at Mrs. LEE'S, first among those who were making arrangements for the Fair. Her new silk was completed, and already hanging in Mrs. LEE'S closet, to be donned when her more active labors were completed. Meanwhile, our favorite, AMY, had taken home the addition to her aunt's wardrobe—the nicely made dress, the collar, and cap with its snowy trimmings,—nor did she leave until she saw Mrs. SEYMOUR arrayed in the very becoming costume, which her husband acknowledged made her look "full fifteen years younger." "Well, Uncle!" said AMY laughing, "that's a cheap way of rejuvenating a person, a dollar for a year; you had better let Aunt FANNY try it again."

"Certainly, she can have the money whenever she wants it; but, somehow, ADELINE hasn't the 'knack' that you have, AMY, about fixing up the house, and having the old folks look nice; if she were like you, it would be different."

AMY kissed them both, and hurried home "to see that mother was all right," and to make her own simple preparations, which were quite a secondary consideration with her.

The company were at length assembled in Deacon LEE'S spacious rooms, every one looking well pleased, but no one happier than Mrs. WILLIAM SEYMOUR, assured of her own improved appearance, unless it was the merry AMY, who glided here and there, with a smile and kind word for every one, and as well content in her old dress as if she were displaying a new outfit.

ADELINE was quite radiant in crimson and black, but a close observer might have detected an expression of uneasiness upon her face, before the arrival of her parents, as though she feared that they might bring discredit upon her own superior pretensions. Her surprise may be imagined when she witnessed the complete transformation which had taken place in the appearance of her mother, whom she had expected to see clad in the ancient bombazine, with a dowdy cap and old-fashioned collar. And she took an early opportunity to whisper to her, "I declare, mother, I never saw you look so well in my life; where did you borrow them?"

"Your father bought them for me, thanks to AMY," was the unusually bold response; but ADELINE had no time to spend in discussing the merits of the question. She was soon completely engrossed with playing the agreeable to the young minister, and his polite attentions evidently flattered her highly.

Soon AMY passed by, with some mirthful remark, and Mr. LEWIS said to ADELINE, "How unlike one another, you and your cousin are!"

"Oh, very!" replied ADELINE, with a sigh. "AMY is so giddy, so thoughtless, and indeed, Mr. LEWIS, she is very remiss in her performance of duty,—I do wish you would converse with her upon the subject."

Mr. LEWIS assented; but now tea-time had arrived, and a blessing having been asked by the pastor, the tempting viands were, as on all such occasions, "passed round;" the elder people sitting about the rooms, while the "young folks" stood in groups, here and there. Occasionally some awkward individual would present a ludicrous spectacle, being so overwhelmed with a bountiful supply of food, as to be very much in the condition of TANTALUS, and unable to enjoy any of it,—a plate piled up with biscuit, cake and tarts in one hand, and a cup of hot tea in the other; but it was observed that such difficulties were finally overcome, and disappeared together with the innocent cause thereof. [Conclusion next week.]

Wit and Humor.

A NOAD TO MR. BLONDIN.

BY K. N. PEPPER.

remarkabel pusson! enterprisin Strainger!
You left the Shoars ov frans, wair you youse to liv,
& landid hear, talking at 1's a Hi Stan.
You hev mutch genus & apperiently few cloaths.
Your intelegent feachers Speaks well Ballanst mind,
& we al no youv got a well Ballanst Body.
You must Be good, for we al no you wock
a Strait & narer path which few can foller.
altho thin clad your not a Shiftless pusson,
fur you Supoart yourself uncomon well.
Sumbody's warud you Bout the 1st fals Step,
for al kin see youm cairful not to taik it.

remarkabel pusson! perfick Biznis man!
wus it a gal that got you onto a String?
Exkews me ef I tech a tender cord—
i woodent hirt your feelins for the world.
wot Sercus man did you taik lessons ov?
You probbly Startid onto a rail rode trac,
or praps a curb ston; then you tooc to fensis;
& then you Soared to ratters of noo houses,
a Scalrin al the Carpeutlers like mischif;
then "roaps" wos whispered Bi your gardian angel—
to wich you liritend with a Sweta Sirpris,
& orderd ov a Balens poal imejitly.

remarkabel pusson! forriner tremenjus!
How plain you Sho the good ov egsersize!
Bi merely a taikin ov a wock, you cleer
$1,000 dolers neerly every time.
Besides, you wock into al pepels afeckshuns.
the Hier you git the Straiter you kin wock.
this shows you aint at al like Comon foax,
wich can't wock mutch when they air Elevaited.
Youm Consecraitid for to wock a roap.
Ef I was yung, (wich Strickly Spekin aint troo,)
& hedent no wife, likewais no tender infans,
i thinc Ide lern for to wock a roap miself.

remarkabel pusson! persewerin frenchman!
did you leve eny 1st chop men in frans?
ive bet thare aint no smarter men then you there!
Hes lewis napolin ever seen you wock?
Ef so, peraps he got a Hint or 2
that learnt him for to keep the roap hisself.
thay Say sum pepel go to See you fall,
& blo perfusely wen thay See you doant.
Betn french ov coars you would plese your frens;
But probbly you aint french enuf for that,
Becos it woodent pay as well as wockin;
Besides, you coodent git your life inshoored.

remarkabel pusson! Elivatid carricter!
Wot is your cam opinyun ov america?
You must hev moments ov profound reflekshun
Wile a-standin outo your Hed So dignifide.
We Shood Be Sory to Hev you go away
& say that things Heer doant egsackly Soot.
Weer very angshus for to plees grait foriners.
air you pleesd with niagry, mr Blondin? praps
it aint as good, for a fall, as Sum in frans,
But it roars cuite passibel, sumtimes in the nite,
You air admired, grait forriner, By thousans,
Keep on a-wokin, mr, Blondin. adoo.

Buffalo Republic.

"YE LAZIE FEVRE."

THE following, taken from an old book, entitled "The Breviary of Healthe, by Andrew Boorde, Phisyche Doctoure," an Englishman, anno, 1557:

"A CURE FOR YE LAZY FEVRE."

"The 115th chaptire dothe showe of an evyll Fevre, ye wich doth much cumbre yonge persons, named Ye Fevre Burden, or Lazie Fevre.

Among al ye fevres I had almost forgot ye Fevre Burden, wyth wich many yonge men, yonge women, maydens, and other yonge persons be sore infected now-a-days.

The cause of the Infirmite.

This fevre doth cum naturally, or els by evyll and slothful bryngynge upp. If it doe cum by nature, then is this fevre not to be cured—for itt can never cum out of ye fleshe that is bred in ye bone. If it be by evyll bryngynge upp, itt may be holpen by diligent labor.

Ye Remedie.

There is nothing so good for ye Fevre Burden as is *Unguentum Baculinum;* that is to sai—take a sticke or wand, of a yard of length and more, and lett itt be so grate as a man's fynger; and with it anoint ye back and shoulders well, mornings and evenings, and thys doe twenty-one days. If this evyll fevre bee not holpen in that time, let them beware of waggynge on the gallows.

Nota Bene.—And whyles they doe take thys medicine, see you putt no lubber wort in thyr pottage."

SOME forty years ago, a respectable Irish company of volunteers was named the Erin Musketeers. During its brief existence they met to spend a social evening. After the supper was disposed of a prominent member was called upon to speak, and responded as follows:—"Mr. President, I am no spach-maker, but will give you a sintiment:—"The Erin Musketeers—equal *to* none; the *last* on the field, and the *first* to leave it!"

IT has been said that it is a greater misfortune for a man to be blind than a woman to be so, for, as to him, it involves a deprivation of the greatest of all enjoyments, the sight of woman. But we apprehend the reverse is true as to deafness.

ARTISTS may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they generally give things a color.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ASTRONOMICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 90 letters.

My 58, 51, 87, 43, 38, 11, 69, 31, 81 is a large star in the constellation of the Bull.
My 67, 72, 82, 23 is the principal star in the Harp.
My 61, 49, 42, 85, 80, 9 is the brightest of all the fixed stars.
My 12, 41, 6, 11, 26, 20, 34 is the second star in the Dolphin.
My 65, 30, 81, 46, 38, 79, 51, 55 is a star in the tail of the Great Lion.
My 44, 23, 50, 25, 75, 89 is a star in the right fore foot of the Great Bear.
My 40, 63, 47, 58, 50, 17, 31, 80, 53 is a large star in the Southern Fish.
My 89, 36, 27, 68, 73, 8, 61 is one of the principal stars in the Scorpion.
My 42, 31, 90, 23, 50, 82, 68, 33, 14, 85 is a star in the head of Hercules.
My 9, 54, 71, 77, 11, 18 is a star of the 2d magnitude in Pegasus.
My 51, 29, 22, 89, 62, 76 is a star in the Scorpion.
My 32, 45, 57, 50, 52, 89, 83 is a bright star in the Harp.
My 55, 51, 49, 66, 48, 7 is one of the stars which form the Great Dipper.
My 26, 89, 99, 19, 15, 69, 58, 28 and 60, 9, 16, 84, 89, 38, 85, 84 are two of the principal stars in the Goat.
My 23, 50, 14, 78, 64, 59, 35 is one of the Pleiades.
My 56, 25, 42, 89 is a very remarkable star in the Whale.
My 7, 21, 31, 3, 74, 90 is a cluster of stars in the Bull.
My 12, 15, 82, 39, 4 is a bright star in Orion.
My 1, 59, 52, 4, 11, 56 is a star in the girdle of Orion.
My 16, 89, 32, 10, 64, 69 is a bright star in the Twins.
My 37, 70, 85, 36, 9 is a constellation and a sign of the Zodiac.
My 16, 12, 5, 88 is a constellation lying east of the Goblet and south of the Virgin.
My 9, 24, 89, 2 is a constellation lying in the Milky Way.
My 13, 84, 31, 85, 43 is one of the largest constellations in the heavens.

My whole is to be found in the New Testament.

Rochester, 1860. B.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE

My first flies swiftly o'er the mead,
And while terrific foes pursue,
My second cheers their flagging speed,
And strives their efforts to renew.

My whole recalls the fleeting breath,
And, when the spirits feel dismay,
Steps forth to ward off coming death,
And chases fear and pain away.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM.

IT is required to find two numbers whose less increased by the square of the greater is equal to 14, minus the greater; and also the product of their second powers increased by the product of the less by the square of the greater, plus the product of the two numbers is equal to 600 diminished by the product of the greater plus 2 multiplied by the square of the less into the cube of the greater.

S. G. CAGWIN.

Verona, Oneida Co., N. Y.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 562.

Answer to Biblical Enigma:—Hatred stirreth up strifes.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Nothing is beautiful but what is true.

Answer to Astronomical Question:—The years 1850 and 1920.

Answer to Poetical Enigma:—A Wedding Ring.

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AGRICULTURISTS APPRECIATED.

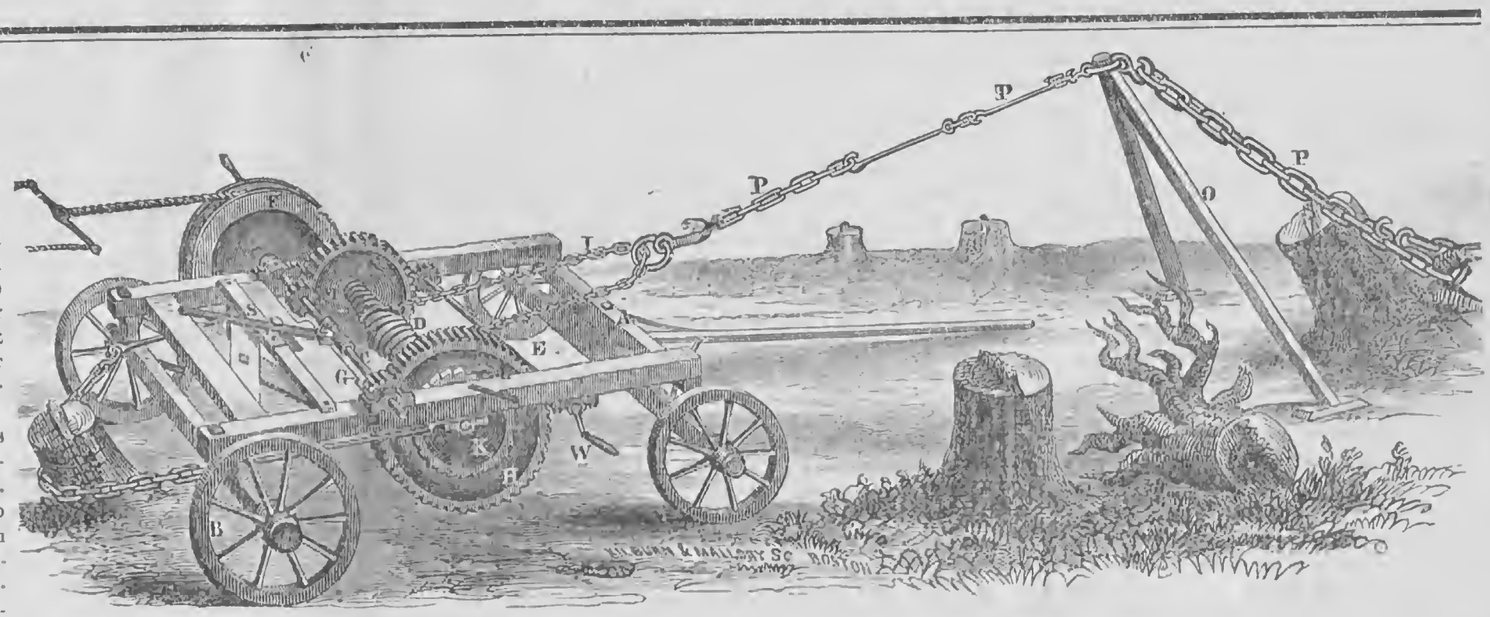
It has been said, and perhaps with too much truth, that nearly all the important offices in the State and National Governments are filled by professional men, and mostly lawyers, to the almost total exclusion of the tillers of the soil. The charge has often been made that even the rural districts were represented by second and third rate lawyers, and that farmers have seemed to take particular delight in passing by honorable and intelligent men of their own profession, and elevating those far their inferiors to positions of honor and trust. Various attempts have been made to account for this strange state of things in a reasonable way, and many remedies have been proposed. Some have thought that a want of familiarity with public affairs, and the lack of ability to express their opinions publicly in an intelligent manner, are the causes that have kept farmers somewhat in the back ground. As a remedy they naturally propose the formation of Lyceums and Clubs where the cultivators of the soil may learn to discuss practical and political questions, and thus prepare themselves for an enlarged sphere of usefulness. This is an excellent course, one that cannot fail to be productive of great good, particularly to the young. It may not effect a speedy cure of the evil which it is designed to remedy, but it will awaken thought, arouse dormant intellects, and give a hungering after knowledge which nothing but its acquisition will satisfy. Every city almost has its course of winter lectures, and though in too many cases they are far less practical and therefore less useful than they should be, and are, in many cases, quite objectionable; yet, on the whole, they furnish a large amount of valuable knowledge in a very pleasant way. A brief course of lectures might be got up in almost every town the coming winter at a very little cost, and even where this is not thought advisable, a home discussion might be had on many important topics. This, in some respects, is more desirable even than a course of lectures, as it calls for thought, labor, and investigation by every one engaged in it, and brings into activity powers that, but for this incentive, would forever have remained dormant—unknown even to the possessor and his friends. Precious thoughts like precious gems, lie buried in the ordinary soil, and require to be dug out, and then polished. The diamond is polished and its brightness revealed by rubbing diamond against diamond. So mind is brightened and its power and beauty developed by contact with mind.

Courses of Scientific Lectures have been delivered in our Colleges, where hosts of young men have congregated to learn the laws which govern the Universe—the motion of the heavenly bodies, their natures, and their names—the constituents of the earth we inhabit, and the air we breath—but the application of all this science to practical purposes, for the benefit of those whose business it is to cultivate the earth, has been forgotten. For some time it seemed as though the highest honors of the country could only be secured by the sword. While the name of a successful general called forth enthusiasm, the most important civic services failed to receive applause.

But a change has come over the politicians and the savans. It seems now that to be a farmer is no drawback upon preferment, and that politicians even consider the fact that a man is engaged in tilling the soil as one which they can hold up prominently before the people with hopes of advantage to their candidate and their party. Hence they are willing to pay a good price to have the fact stated in an Agricultural Journal, even as an advertisement, as may be seen by the RURAL of last week. The motive for this may not be very patriotic, but it shows that politicians now consider farmers of some consequence in the political world.

Another important sign of the times is the establishment of Courses of Agricultural and Horticultural Lectures. That at Yale College last winter was so successful that it is to be repeated, with such improvements as have been suggested by past experience. Many prominent Agriculturists and Horticulturists have been consulted on the subject, and it is the design of the institution to furnish Lecturers with such means as may be necessary for the preparation of diagrams and other illustrations to make the subjects plain and instructive. We learn also that arrangements are making for a somewhat similar course at Portland, Maine, the present winter. It would seem from these and other facts which have come to our knowledge, that Agricultural and Horticultural Lecturers will soon be in good demand.

The world is moving, knowledge is increasing; show and glitter cannot stand before real worth. If farmers are true to themselves they will soon take their true position in the moral, scientific, and political world.



AMONG the first "improvements" of the settler upon new timbered land, whether in old sections or recently organized States or Territories, is the "clearing," (the removal of trees, grubs, brush, etc.,) and then comes the "tug of war"—the extraction of stumps to render the surface and soil easily cultivated. In many localities, however, it has been customary to allow the stumps to remain unmolested for years, to the great inconvenience, not to say loss of the cultivator—the labor and expense of their destruction or removal being considered too great to *pay*. But of late years inventive genius has supplied machinery which performs this important branch of farm improvement with great expedition, and at a comparatively small expense. Various stump machines have been introduced and used advantageously, and we trust they will rapidly increase in numbers, speed, power, and cheapness of operation, until the farms of the whole country shall be free from the unsightly and unprofitable obstructions now so common, even in sections which have been cleared and cultivated a score of years. Like the honey bee, the stump machine should be recognized as a pioneer of civilization and cultivation, and accompany or speedily follow the settler in all regions where forests abound. Of the stump machines before the public we have heretofore commended several—including those of WILLIS, of Mass., and HALE, of Owego, N. Y.,—and now take pleasure in calling the attention of all interested to that of G. D. HARRIS, of Fitchburg, Mass. The Inventor claims that this Extractor is superior to others in several respects, and challenges the world to produce a machine which equals it in the three great requisites of power, speed, and portability. Mr. H.'s advertisement, in this paper, embraces particulars as to price, and other information.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Fermentation in Manure Heaps.

As winter is coming on, and the period of the year at hand when farmers begin to house their stock, I would like to ask some questions as to the best mode of preserving the enriching properties of manure intact. It is well known that when manure is piled up, it heats—burns—that its most valuable elements are dispelled—and I would like to know of any application which can be used as a preventive. To prevent this loss, would it not be a good plan to draw out and spread upon such fields as are intended for enrichment, just as fast as it accumulates? I intend to try the experiment, but would be pleased to hear your views, and those of your correspondents.—J. A. C., *Marcellus, Onon. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

THE process usually termed fermentation in organic manures is, actually, a species of combustion, hence the burning mentioned by our correspondent. To this result, three conditions, or circumstances, are necessary. *First*, a temperature of at least forty-five degrees; *second*, a goodly amount of moisture; *third*, a constant and full supply of air. Where this combination exists, the rapidity with which the combustion progresses depends upon the accumulation and retention of the heat developed. Spreading the manure will dissipate the heat,—if the weather should prove dry the moisture will evaporate,—and thus two of the prime agents affecting the rate of fermentation will be, to a greater or less extent, removed. The arrest of fermentation will prevent the setting free of two of the most valuable elements of manure—ammonia and carbonic acid,—the loss of which renders it comparatively worthless. We can see no decided objection to the hauling of manure to the fields in fall and winter as proposed. Very many of our most skillful agriculturists thus operate, and argue from the results,—as experienced in their individual cases,—that the application of manures to the surface when fresh, is supported by economy and genuine philosophy. The only danger is from heavy, washing rains, induced by sudden changes of the weather, when the ground is hardened by frost, and the moisture runs over the surface carrying off the soluble portions of the manure.

Farmers are not always so situated that they can carry out and spread the manure of the barn-yard as fast as it accumulates, and applications calculated to retard fermentation and decomposition are of great value. Our correspondent desires information in this respect, and we quote from *A Manual of Scientific and Practical Agriculture*, the following description of some of the best substances which can be used for the purpose:

Clay and *humus*, either separately or mixed, have the property of rendering large quantities of ammonia involatile. Clay alone is generally too tenacious to be conveniently mixed with manures; but when mingled with a large quantity of decayed vegetable matter, it forms a rich mould which may be conveniently used in compost heaps. *Humus*, under the form of peat, muck, etc., contains organic acids which readily combine with ammonia, forming involatile compounds.

Gypsum is valuable as an absorbent of ammonia. Its action is chemical.

Sulphate of iron (copperas) acts in a manner similar to gypsum. It gives up its sulphuric acid to the ammonia, forming an involatile sulphate of ammonia, while the iron becomes first a carbonate, then an oxide. The copperas must be applied in solution. One pound to four gallons of water is sufficient. It may be sprinkled over the the different portions of manure as they are thrown up.

Acids.—Sulphuric and muriatic acids both have a strong affinity for ammonia. If either of them be diluted with twenty parts of water, and sprinkled over a fermenting manure heap, the escape of ammona will be at once arrested in every part of the mass to which the acid liquid has access.

Caution.—Avoid the use of caustic lime with all manures containing ammonia. It will expel ammonia from any and all of its compounds. Sulphate of lime, on the other hand, is beneficial; carbonate of lime has no effect, while caustic lime is ruinous when mingled with ammoniferous fertilizers.

Thoroughpin.

As the columns of the RURAL are open to give all the information you can to your inquisitive readers, I would like to make some inquiries about Thoroughpin. What is its cause? Does it produce lameness, or stiffness?—and, if curable, what is the remedy and treatment? Any information will be thankfully received by—A SUBSCRIBER, *Ithaca, N. Y.*, 1860.

THOROUGHPIN is an extravasation of the synovial fluid, similar to that of a spavin, and the formation of a sac, running between the bones of the hock joint,—not from the front backward, but across the joint, from side to side. Its presence can be easily detected by manipulation, as the fluid can be felt ebb and flow under pressure. HERBERT, in his *Hints to Horse-Keepers*, pronounces it incurable.

In the *Horse and his Diseases*, recently published by ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S., blood spavin, hog spavin, and thoroughpin are considered one and the same disease, occasioned by an over secretion of joint oil in the hock joint, causing a dissention of the capsular ligament, and presenting soft, puffy swellings about the joint. The appearance of the disease is attributed to violent exercise, throwing the animal upon his haunches, running, jumping, etc. While HERBERT says a horse with thoroughpin must be summarily rejected in a purchase, JENNINGS remarks that "as it seldom causes lameness, treatment is rarely needed; if requisite, blistering, bandaging with compresses, and rest are the most successful."

YOUATT considers the presence of thoroughpin as an indication of considerable work, but it is rarely attended by lameness. Blistering is an effectual, but too often temporary remedy. Firing is thought to be more certain, but this measure is so severe, he would not call it into requisition unless the tumors are sufficiently large and numerous to justify such course. Iodine and mercurial ointments, in the proportion of three parts of the former to two of the latter, have been used with advantage.

The treatment recommended by Mr. SPOONER is either the application of the firing-iron, or the repeated rubbing in of the ointment of iodine and mercury. A seton over the diseased part has frequently restored it to a healthy condition. Mr. S. thinks it seldom productive of lameness, but says that a weakness and stiffness of the joint is often the consequence.

DR. DADD considers thoroughpin a sad blemish although it seldom occasions lameness, and recommend acupuncturation and pressure.

Potatoes for Seed.

WILL potatoes of last year's growth answer for seed the coming season? But a few days ago this community supposed that this year's crop of potatoes would be an unusually large one, whereas now it is found that they are so badly affected with the "rot," that it is thought enough cannot be saved for even another season's seed. As many of last year's crop still remain, the query arises—can they be saved and used for seed? If so, how should they be treated? Will not the continual sprouting of the tubers tend to waste their vitality; and, on this account, should they not be so far wilted or dried as to prevent it?—J. M. B., *Big Flatts, N. Y.*, 1860.

WE fear the potatoes of last season's growth have already become so weakened by "*sprouting*" that it would not be worth while to attempt to save them for seed. Potatoes are rotting badly in most sections, yet on light land we have seen good crops very little affected with the rot. The price here is quite low, as many growers are afraid to keep their crop over winter, and are forcing them upon the market. Yet, those who have potatoes in the keeping qualities of which they have confidence are holding on for better prices. They will doubtless be higher in the spring, and yet, with such an abundant crop of grain of every kind we do not think they will reach a very high rate. You will be able to procure, we think, good, sound potatoes here in the spring for planting at a fair price.

Care of Calves.

As I am engaged in the Dairy business, and desire to raise good stock for the purpose of replenishing my herd of cows, and also wish to procure all the milk possible for dairy purposes, I am induced to ask the RURAL for the best modes of accomplishing the object in view. Any information will be thankfully received by—STEPHEN HART, *Nashville, Tenn.*, 1860.

WITH a large proportion of our best breeders it is customary to remove the calf after the second day. If the cow gives a reasonable quantity of milk, the calf gets one-half of it for a couple of weeks. After this time a small portion of meal is given,—oatmeal is in the best repute,—and after two weeks more the amount of milk is reduced to one-fourth and the quantity of meal increased. When the calf is two months or ten weeks old it is fed only on meal, and such skimmed milk, sour milk, or buttermilk as may be to spare. This is the mode pursued where milk is an object of importance. Some persons adopt the *easiest* plan to raise a good calf, viz., let it run with the cow, and have all the milk it wishes. Some let the calf suck a portion of the milk and appropriate the remainder to other purposes. This is a very difficult, and an exceedingly poor plan. If the owner gets his share first, the calf will go hungry at least half the time, and, if, on the other hand, the calf is given first privileges, the owner will get cheated full as often. Will not some of the RURAL'S contributors who are engaged in dairying, or have had experience therein, give our Tennessee friend such information as he wishes to elicit.

SORGHUM AND FAIRS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It may be owing to deficient reading, but really, I have scarcely heard of Sorghum this side of Iowa. If four years have proved sufficient to send it beyond the Mississippi, a like additional period of time may pitch it into the Pacific. So mote it be.

For the benefit of younger readers, it may be well to state that the cereal in question,—generally known as Chinese Sugar Cane,—was sought to be introduced into this country and latitude a few years ago, with a view to the production of sugar for domestic use; and that zealous men entertained the idea with decided favor because they could therewith not only provide for a necessary want in life, but, as they thought, could also use it effectively to weaken and perhaps destroy a system of labor peculiar to nearly half of the country. They accordingly rushed into the cultivation of Sorghum in good earnest,—and for a time tried to make themselves believe they were succeeding. They published experiments,—portrayed cane crushers and syrup evaporators, and heralded results with great gusto—even going so far as to fix day and date when "full panicles of bright seed burst the upper joint" of the wonderful stalks. Gradually, however, the notes of success grew less,—one after another retired behind the scenes with "a flea in his ear," and we now hear scarcely anything of it. I venture that its early and enthusiastic defenders in the RURAL feel no more kindly to the writer now than when he first told them it was a humbug; but as they are getting short of encouraging facts and experience, they at best can do nothing more than to lie back and growl. I commend their discretion.

The history of Sorghum would seem to support two positions:

First, That different portions of the earth have productions in some measure peculiar to each, and that efforts by men to translate such to the

opposite side of this terrestrial ball are not apt to be successful. The Chinese Sugar Cane belongs not here, and cannot be made to succeed here until we can repeal that irrepealable fiat of Him who has made that universal adaptation of locality and productions which we see to exist.

Secondly, That the relation of master and servant at the South, which *some* regard as wrong, and others believe to exist by divine warrant, can hardly be upset by *any* instrumentality as weak, and vapid, and watery, as is the Chinese Sugar Cane when grown on or about the forty-second parallel in any of the States of this blissful Confederacy.

A word as to the late retrogression in agricultural exhibitions. "The precedence given to trotting," and the "carelessness and incompetency of judges," are but links in the downward chain,—the real cause lying *in the nature of the thing itself*. Stripped of all disguise, a fair is merely an exhibition of mortal bragging. We do not meet at a show in any spirit of dependence upon that Being who gives us life, breath, and all things, or of thankfulness for that Providence which has blessed us abundantly in both basket and store. On the contrary, we get together to *boast* and to *beat*. Not less in the material than in the spiritual world is boasting "excluded," and therefore it is that our agricultural exhibitions contain within themselves the seeds of decay and ultimate death. No man, no business, no society, can be permanently prosperous that rests for success upon human pretense. But it is presumed that this solution of the question you have raised, will hardly command a general assent.

Prattsburgh, N. Y., 1860. W. B. P.

PROTECTION FOR FARM STOCK.

It is generally conceded that domestic animals require shelter in winter—at any rate, those who do not concede it seldom show themselves in the newspapers; *their* faith is to be inferred from their works. It is not so generally known that they require protection during the cold and wet weather of summer and fall.

One peculiarity of this American climate is the rapidity and extent of its changes. We go from one zone to another just exactly as quick as the wind can travel over the space. When we get our pores all open, and sweating becomes a habit, a *north-easter* puts us into the shakes. Then is the time that we put on woolen, if we can, and build a fire in the sitting-room—unless we were unwise enough to omit a fire-place, and fools enough to take the stove down—even though it occurs at the period marked "dog days" upon our charts.

We take the liberty to be uncomfortable when the weather is cold,—but our domestic animals are expected to keep their sensations in abeyance till the proper time of year comes round. What business has a cow to shiver till the first day of December? It would be as improper as it is to cry at a wedding if you are sad, or laugh at a funeral if you were mirthful.

Per Contra—Cattle do suffer, and that very seriously, during these sudden changes from hot to cold. I submit that no field is properly prepared for pasturing cattle, till there are shelters in it under which cattle can take refuge whenever they feel disposed to. The wise scriptural injunction which saith, "the merciful man is merciful to his beast," does not apply to any particular season, but *to all seasons*—hot and cold, wet and dry. If it has reference to any one period more than another, however, it must be the season when the "ides of November" (which make even the politicians quake) prevail throughout the land—when the cold rains and chilling blasts of Fall and coming Winter blight vegetation and affect the whole animal kingdom.

Now, therefore, is the time to provide and make use of shelter and forage for all your domestic animals, and to give them extra care and attention. It is an investment that will *pay*—for, properly cared for now, *your* stock will not shake and tumble like that so mercilessly treated by the bulls and bears of Wall street—nor will you have hides and carcasses for sale in the spring.

H. T. B.

ENGLISH DAIRY CHEESE.

Your correspondent, A. M. Shephard, seems anxious to know how to make English dairy cheese. Being among many of the dairy counties of the State this summer, I became quite familiar with the operations of the farmers, and especially those having dairies, which would include almost nine-tenths of the whole population. I took much pains to learn all the "art and mystery" of Cheese Making. But few, however, are engaged in the manufacture of the "English Cheese," as they call it, in contradistinction to the Herkimer County Cheese of the eastern and middle counties, and the "Hamburgh Cheese" of the western counties.

The English cheese is made mostly by English people who emigrated from Lancashire, and the general principles are similar to those practiced in making Cheshire, Gloucester, Chedder, and Dunlop cheese. The difference is more in the size than anything else.

I spent some four hours in a dairy in Otsego county to see the process from the setting of the milk till the curd was ready to put into the press, and on my return home had my dairy woman make a cheese exactly as I saw one made there. It has not yet been cut, but I think from outside appearances it will be good. Still I do not like the plan, and shall not adopt it.

I find the following memoranda in my journal:

This cheese is a single meal, or, in other words, the milk is *run up* or *set* directly from the cow, both night and morning, no artificial heat being used in any part of the process. The milk is colored to a better color by annatto, rubbed down in milk and added before the rennet. The preparation of the rennet, and the quantity used, is the same as in other good dairies. The milk stands an hour after the rennet has been put in. The curd is then cut up in the usual way, and worked moderately as it begins to settle. The whey is gradually withdrawn, and as soon as it begins to harden so as to hold together, it is put into a cloth and sink, and gently washed and pressed till the whey is well out. It is then broken up again, salted at the rate of an ounce of salt to three pounds of curd, and put into the hoop or net, and moderate pressure put on. The hoops are 13 or 14 inches by 5 or 6 inches deep, but the cheese when pressed should not be over 4½ inches thick. The manipulations are much as in other dairies, except that when the cheese is turned the first and second times, it is well rubbed with salt, and stands in the press three days. In one dairy, instead of rubbing on the salt, after standing in the press for twelve hours, the cheese was put into a strong brine for twelve hours, taken out, wiped dry, and put back in the hoops or net, and pressed two days longer.

No grease is used upon the cheese, and they are cured in a cool, damp room, if possible. They get a very hard rind, are sent to market in bulk, about the 1st of November, and handle as safely as so many pieces of plank. They weigh, usually, when taken from the press, about 25 pounds, and when cured, 20 to 21 pounds.

The cheese is expensive to make and handle, as compared with the larger and two meal cheese. It is, however, rich, mild, and easily cured, and much sought after in the cities, among the English population, in the same manner as the Limbugh cheese is the favorite kind with the Germans. Neither, however, have any superiority over some of our best American cheese that is well cured.

At more leisure I will give you another chapter about cheese. P.

Remarks.—Thanks, General, for your timely and valuable article—especially as it comprises, in a compact form, what will be new to most persons in this country. We trust you will have more leisure soon, and furnish us another chapter on the subject of cheese—for, though you are in the service of the State, we are glad to learn that you still pay attention to the *modus operandi* of the various branches of rural and domestic economy and production. By the way, friend P., how is the Limburgh cheese manufactured? We ask especially for information, and because you are good authority. Please tell Rural readers.—Ed.

MORE ABOUT EGYPTIAN CORN.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing the request in a late number of your journal, for the experience of farmers in raising Egyptian corn, I send you mine, although it may not be so favorable as some. Seeing the advertisement in the Rural last spring, I sent a dollar and got about one hundred grains, and planted it the 12th of May, in a very rich garden. Not more than fifteen or twenty grains came up. I cultivated it thoroughly. One stalk had eight or ten ears on it, but the rest had not more than two each. It is not as large as the little pop corn. It did not mature any earlier than other varieties, and it is my opinion that it is a humbug. I have given you this statement so that other farmers may not be deceived. L. Engle.

Butlerville, Ind., 1860.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—I have a nephew who is taking your paper, which I have found reliable as to the best quality of seeds, and the manner in which they should be cultivated. At your request I answer as to Egyptian corn. From its advertising recommendation through your columns, I was induced to inclose a dollar in a letter, and directed it to Mr. E. Crandal, for which he sent me one hundred grains, which I planted about the 12th of May, upon warm, sandy ground. Only fifteen out of the hundred germinated. Its growth was slow, not answering the description. It did not ripen until about the first of October. Found it to be pop corn, such as many boys raise in our town for winter recreation. I conclude if Joseph filled the Egyptian store houses, at the time of the great famine, with such corn, they must have had a fine time husking.

Cato, Cay. Co., N. Y., 1860. P. D. T. Hendricks.

A GOOD PUMP WANTED.

Messrs. Editors:—Can any of your readers tell me how I can raise water from a well 60 feet deep, for all the stock on a farm of 200 acres? The well was blasted about 40 feet through rock, and is about 8 feet across; a bad one to get into. It is all the water we have, except rain water. We have used a pond for stock, dug out of clay, for years past, which has done very well till late years. We keep about 100 hogs, and these loafers pile into our pond hole, and spoil it for cattle. This hole for water has been scraped out for near 40 years, and is quite large, it was drained for the first time a few weeks ago, and must be scraped out again for winter use, or abandoned. What can we do for water? It is impossible to draw water with a bucket for all our stock, from so deep a well. Can a pump be made to work by wind, and keep in repair? Will some one that knows please tell me? Orson Smith.

Manlius Centre, N. Y., 1860.

THE POTATO ROT.

The potato rot has been very destructive in this vicinity the present year, and I believe it is so throughout the State. I have been informed that in some localities it destroyed the entire crop. We chose a sandy soil for potatoes when convenient, believing they are less liable to rot on such soils; but this year the disease has visited the potatoes in both sand and clay. I planted a small piece of sandy land to potatoes of three different varieties—Pink Eyes, Irish Greys, the others were white, the name unknown to me. Each kind were diseased badly; some hills were wholly destroyed, and in others I found from one to four tubers; but in the whole patch, containing about one-eighth of an acre, I found only one good productive hill, in the center of which was an old rusty iron candlestick, around which were a dozen or more of large, fine tubers, perfectly free from rot. The difference was so great in quantity and quality in this hill, compared with others in the same patch, that I am almost convinced that the oxide of iron served as a preventive of the rot. I can, therefore, say I have grown one good hill of potatoes this year which is some encouragement on a small scale. I mention this incident hoping some skillful hand will make use of it, together with the experience of others, and point out, if possible, some useful remedy that will prove a blessing to mankind. L. Carver.

Saline, Mich., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Yield of Cream and Milk.

The *Agricultural Gazette*, in reply to an inquiry, says:—Cream is generally 10 per cent. of milk, and butter 1 pound in 21 pints of milk; an average yearly yield of milk is 550 to 600 gallons per cow. We should like to have the opinions of some of our dairymen on these points.

Scurf or Mange on Cattle.

The remedy is given in the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*:—Curry and brush the parts affected well, to remove the scurf, then wash well with warm water and soap, and when dry rub with a mixture of hog's lard, sulphur, and spirits of tar. Wash clean with warm water and soap, and rub with ointment every second or third day till well.

Lockjaw in a Horse.

Wilkes' *Spirit* states that a recent case of lockjaw in the horse is reported in the English sporting papers, which was cured by eight ounces of chloroform. The subject was Stamford's yearling filly by Orlando. Mr. Barrow, V. S., was called in, and administered the above prescription. The filly lay prostrate under the effects of the medicine for nearly four hours, when the effects of the powerful potion passed off, and the malady went with it. She promised soon to entirely recover.

Paris Milk.

Every drop of milk brought into Paris is tested at the barriers by the lactometer, to see if the "iron-tailed cow" has been guilty of diluting it. If so, the whole of it is remorselessly thrown into the gutter. The Paris milk is very pure in consequence. If a tradesman adulterates any article of food offered for sale, he is first fined, and then made publicly to confess his fault, by means of a large placard in his window, setting forth the exact nature of the trick he has played upon his customers.

Fattening Cattle upon Hay.

Speaking upon this subject, a Committee of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, of which John Brooks and Paoli Lathrop are members, remark:

"Fattening cattle in winter upon hay alone, is a resort of many farmers, and where hay is plenty and distant from market, the practice is not inconsistent with economy. If well attended, good animals consuming four per cent. of their live weight of good hay daily, will gain daily two pounds of flesh. Suppose the flesh gained to be worth sixteen cents, it will be equal to eight dollars a tun for the hay. The better practice, however, is to give only three per cent. of the live weight of the animal in hay daily, and an equivalent for the other one per cent. in Indian meal or roots. The gain would be greater for the same cost of food."

Another remark worth quoting is the following:—"The best age for feeding cattle for beef, is from four to eight years. Young growing cattle may be fattened, but it will require more food in proportion, and longer time."

Why Hungarian Grass injures Stock.

A late issue of the *Northwestern Farmer* contains the following from one of its correspondents:

"1. It is fed profusely to horses, while at the same time they are fed well of oats or corn. In such cases I do not wonder that many horses die. The seed of the Hungarian grass contains a large amount of oil, making it, as food alone, almost too highly carbonized; but when large feeds of corn and oats are given in addition, there is so much carbonized food taken into the stomach, as to affect the horse diuretically. 'I know,' said a farmer, 'that Hungarian grass injures my horses, but my cattle do well on it.' Reason: the cattle get no grain, but in addition to the Hungarian grass get a good deal of coarser food, such as straw, corn stalks, etc.

"2. It is a fixed law of nature, that all animals,—man included,—need a great deal of coarse, innutritious food. 'The belly must be filled,' is an old and wise saying. The enough with animals is to fill themselves, and they will do it if the food be more or less nutritious. Let it be of the most nutritious kind constantly, and cattle will eat straw with great eagerness if tried; horses will gnaw their mangers for something; therefore Hungarian grass may be good for cattle, if fed to them once or twice a day, giving them at the same time liberty at the straw stacks, with now and then a bundle of corn stalks; and also with horses. If fed to them, no grain ought to be given, but occasional armfuls of bright straw. Horses do well on corn stalks and grain. I verily believe that horses do best on straw only, where plentiful and regular feeds of grain are given. It seems to be a kind of natural blending of the nutritious and in-nutritions foods.

"The Hungarian, when well cured, makes a beautiful hay, but it must be used with a great deal of discretion. There is no doubt of that. The question asked so often, 'Does Hungarian grass affect the urine of horses?' must have some foundation in fact, when it is acknowledged by nearly all who have used it, that horses have become more diseased since its introduction. Let the matter be thoroughly tested, and if there 'lurks a poison within the flower,' let its culture be laid aside for something else."

Training Colts to Walk and Drive.

The gait at which colts are driven in taking their first lessons should be moderate. A good walk is of great importance, and for the sake of acquiring this, the horse with which they are driven should be a fast walker. It is best to teach one thing at a time, and the colt should be taught to walk well before he is pushed in his trot—otherwise, in his hurry, his gait will become awkward and confused. Indeed, I believe the principle will hold good in all cases, that the horse should not be hurried in his gait, whatever it may be, faster than he has learned to perform it well; its practice invariably produces a shuffling, scrambling movement, inimical to speed and beauty of action. Before the colt has been driven many times he should be shod, particularly the fore-feet, because if they get tender or sore, he will be inclined to paddle, a habit difficult to be corrected, and should therefore be well guarded against.

After a colt is well broke to drive in double harness, he may be geared singly to a light carriage, or, what is better, a sulky, using the same care as when first commencing to drive him double. Riding on horse-back, although a very pleasant and healthful exercise, is so much out of fashion, that it is scarcely necessary to say anything on the subject. As a general rule, colts are ridden too young, and if I was going to break a colt to ride, I should not commence until he was five or six years old. The practice of fast driving down hill, and carrying heavy loads upon their backs while young, injures more horses in their shoulders, knees, and feet, than any other causes with which I am acquainted, and cannot be too strongly condemned. So says a correspondent of the *Stock Journal*.

Packing Butter.

A correspondent of the *Homestead* says that to be able to make good butter is an acquisition worth much study and practice; but unless we acquaint ourselves with a knowledge of how to have it *keep*, also, our labor in the dairy will fall far short of its just remuneration. Packing has probably about ceased for the present season, yet we have a few hints which we wish to commit to paper at this time, and which may serve some one in the future.

Butter in late autumn and winter invariably commands a good price, and if properly put down in the spring and summer, will well repay the additional trouble. An important particular in endeavoring to secure good butter is the employment of *clean vessels*. Without this precaution the butter cannot possibly come forth sweet; and this, of course, suggests the necessity of scalding such vessels before they are used, and sometimes it may be essential to their purification to employ chloride of lime. Another very important requisite is, that every particle of buttermilk be removed from the butter. This may be ascertained by working until it entirely ceases to flow. A thorough working is what is absolutely necessary; (and it may be hinted that this is better done by taking the butter in the hand in lumps of three or four pounds each, and slapping it against a hard surface, than by using a ladle, as is generally practiced in New England dairies.) Then when it is salted just right, (and bear in mind that *taste* is to determine that,) it should be packed down in a pot sufficiently strong to endure the pounding down of the butter, a strong brine poured over it, and set away in the coolest part of the cellar.

The above precautions being observed, together with some minor particulars that are supposed to be familiar to every dairywoman, it cannot be otherwise than that you will have good butter, worth the highest market price, for sale when the winter comes round.

Feeding Hens in Winter.

The value of warm food, and a variety of kinds for hens, has often been reiterated, but the following record of experience is furnished the *American Agriculturist* by a correspondent:

"I have twenty-eight chickens, large and small, several of them fall chickens. I obtained but a few eggs the fore part of the winter—not more than one or two a day. The feed was corn and oats. In January I tried the experiment of hot feed once a day, in the morning. As soon as the fire was started in the cook stove, I put a quart or so of small potatoes in an old dripping pan, and set them in the oven. After breakfast I took a quart or more of wheat and buckwheat bran, mixed, put it in the swill pail, and mixed into thin mush with boiling water, then added about one quart of live coals from the stove, and put in the potatoes hot from the oven, adding all the egg shell on hand, and sometimes a little salt, and sometimes a little sulphur. These mashed together are fed immediately in a trough prepared for the purpose, made about ten feet long, of two boards six inches wide, nailed together, and two short pieces nailed on the ends, with a narrow strip nailed lengthwise on the top, and two bearers under. The object of this was to keep the hens out of the trough, and leave room to eat each side of the narrow strip. At noon I fed six ears of corn cut up in pieces an inch long; and in the evening oats and wheat screenings about a quart. Now for the result. In about a week the number of eggs increased six fold, and in about two weeks, and since, they have ranged from twelve to twenty eggs per day. The coldest weather made no difference. When it was cold and stormy, I kept them in the hen-house all day, and generally until 10 or 12 o'clock. Such singing over the corn at noon I never heard from hens before—a concert of music that would have done any lover of eggs good to hear."

Inquiries and Answers.

Corn Sheller.—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me where I can get a good hand corn sheller that will separate the cob from the corn, with the price, and oblige—A Subscriber.

We do not know of any such sheller in our market. Dealers in implements inform us that shellers, performing the separation, require considerably more power, and as the cobs have to be picked up from the floor, where either kind is used—and they can be raked out of the shelled corn so readily—the expenditure in power is more than sufficient to balance the fact that the shelled grain and the cob leave the machine at different parts.

Hominy Machine.—Can any of the numerous readers of the Rural inform me where I can procure a machine for making hominy? Also, price of the same, including transportation to this place, and oblige—A New Subscriber, *Mansfield, Ohio*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Our Twelfth Volume.—As Election is over, and the political tempest subsiding, we beg to announce, briefly, that it is our purpose to render the Rural New-Yorker for 1861 worthy of largely increased support and encouragement from the friends of the paper and the cause it advocates—our design being to more than maintain its superiority as an *Agricultural, Horticultural and Family Newspaper*, combined. All interested in the success of the paper—and especially such as can consistently aid in extending its sphere of usefulness—are referred to first column of seventh page for our programme of Inducements, &c.

The Agricultural Press—*New Recruits*—Now that the great Presidential Campaign is over, and the country saved, we trust, for another four years, it is hoped the Agricultural Press will go on, conquering and to conquer, until its influence shall equal that of the political journals. There is a vast field for beneficial operations, and every well-conducted journal devoted to the promotion of the Rural Interests of the Nation, merits a largely increased circulation, especially among the industrial, productive classes—for if, as we believe, these journals are greatly augmenting the prosperity of the People and Country, their usefulness should be extended to every cultivable portion of the Continent. Agricultural Journalism occupies a noble and enviable position. In ability and honesty of purpose, as well as in the earnest and independent advocacy of Right and condemnation of Wrong, it equals any other class of journals, and will receive increasing support from the intelligent, right-thinking portion of community. If those who stand at the helm remain faithful to the trust—each ignoring petty jealousy, but exercising a noble rivalry by striving to excel through the merit and usefulness of his journal—beneficial results will redound to all interested.

—With the coming year, new recruits will enter the arena of Rural Journalism, and should be cordially welcomed—for there are tens of thousands of farmers alone, in almost every State, that read no agricultural paper at all, and a myriad that take only one each, whose interest would be promoted by taking from two to half a dozen Hence we welcome the announcement, by Col. Harris, of the *Ohio Cultivator*, of a new weekly to be devoted to "the leading Agricultural and Live Stock Interests of the Country,"—(and none the less cordially because the Col. once declined advertising a Stock Journal for us, and returned our money!) It is to be entitled "*Field Notes*"—$2 per year. The *Cultivator* is to be changed from a semi-monthly to a monthly—50 cents a year.

Saving the Union.—As we write, the voters of the land are making choice of those whose duty it will be to preside over the counsels of the nation—those in whose hands will be placed the destinies of our country. Who is to be the fortunate (or unfortunate) choice of the people, we cannot foretell, but we consider it a very small matter—notwithstanding the prating of politicians and enthusiasts—provided the farmers faithfully perform the duties allotted to their sphere of action. The tillers of the soil are the true preservers of the confederacy—they hold the scales, and the balance of fate turns as they may will. The smiles of a benignant Providence, and the truthful labor of honest hands and approving hearts, will bring order out of chaos—will render any people happy, honorable, and prosperous.

Bone Manure.—Almost every farmer has on hand, or could have, a collection of bones. Everybody has an idea that bones are a valuable manure, but the difficulty is how to prepare them for use without too much trouble and cost. The Irish Farmers' Gazette recommends that they be broken up as small as possible with heavy hammers, and placed in tubs, or on the barn floor, and saturated with water. Then add fifty pounds of sulphuric acid to every hundred pounds of dry bones, and stir the mass frequently, as in making mortar. In about a week it will be fit for use. Before using it should be mixed with dry earth and charcoal dust, until it becomes so dry that it can be conveniently distributed.

Wool Grower and Stock Register.—As we not unfrequently receive inquiries and cash orders for this journal, we again state that it was merged in the Rural New-Yorker some years ago,—and that we *cannot supply complete sets of the work*. As we remarked last year, "though tolerably well sustained, the W. G. and S. R. was discontinued because many of its subscribers preferred the Rural, on sight and examination. Perhaps we made a mistake in sending specimens of the Rural to its readers, but if so, it is too late to repent, and we are satisfied with the result. The W. G. and S. R. is not the only *monthly* that has had to succumb to the more varied, interesting, and progressive weeklies."

A National Circulation.—We are frequently asked if the Rural circulates at the South, to which we reply—Not generally, except in Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri, where it has many ardent friends. Yet it goes into all the other Southern States, where its subscription is increasing, though we do not "talk to Buncombe" to secure favor or patronage in any region. For instance, by this morning's mail (Nov. 6th) we received new subscribers from Virginia, South Carolina, Mississippi, Missouri, and Texas.

Water and Warm Feed in Winter.—Mechie, the celebrated English farmer, contends that all the water needed by cattle should be given in the roots they eat, and that only as many roots should be fed as will furnish about the required amount of water. The unusual health of his stock he attributes to this course. He also argues in favor of giving warm feed in winter, as heat can be furnished cheaper by coal or wood than by costly food.

Soda Ash for the Wire-Worm.—Some of the European journals are recommending the use of soda ash for the Wire-Worm. It is used at the rate of 150 pounds to the acre, sown broadcast, and harrowed in with a long-toothed harrow. It is generally used before wheat, which should not be sown until about a month after its application.

Don't Know.—A Canadian asks us several questions about the routes to Kansas, Pike's Peak, &c., and the expense. We are a *know nothing* on the subject, so far as enlightening him is concerned—though we think a man green enough to tax us ten cents postage for the privilege of answering, must be in need of information, and ought to travel in the direction named.

A New Jersey Subscriber, who had unintentionally allowed his subscription to expire, writes in this wise:—"I received the copies of the R. N. Y. you sent me; inclosed find $2 for the year, and I wish you to continue to send the paper year after year, even if it be contrary to your published rules, and I will try to be as prompt to pay. My children have often upbraided me for not taking the Rural again, and were in ecstacies when your package came; but it was only through neglect that I did not promptly renew my subscription. I find I *cannot afford to do without the* Rural *in my family*, and were it not that the children refuse to lend them (desiring to preserve them,) I could get you some subscribers here. I think I will be good for ten subscriptions next year, if spared." We always cheerfully send extra papers free to those desiring them as specimens.

HORTICULTURAL

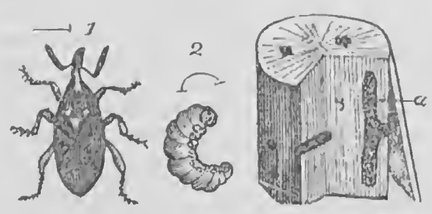
PICKING AND BARRELING APPLES.

A LITTLE more attention to the picking and barreling of apples, we think, would be of great advantage both to the growers and purchasers of this fruit. A few years ago nearly all the apples were shook from the trees. The consequence was more than one-half were bruised and rotted. Of late this has been corrected, and growers for market pick their apples by hand. Another difficulty is the packing in barrels. Apples, if put into barrels in the ordinary way and the head gently pressed on, move in shipping and rolling about, and become injured. Almost every specimen will be found bruised. To prevent this, screws have been used for pressing on the heads of barrels. This bruises and destroys about a peck on the top, but keeps those below in place, so that they come out sound, unless kept too long in barrels, until those on the top become rotten and the decay spreads and injures them below. This is somewhat an improvement, but is a very defective plan, after all. We need some better method. If some elastic material were placed at the bottom and top of the barrel, and perhaps a layer in the center, we think apples might be packed and shipped without injury to a single specimen. Cannot some of our growers or shippers tell us of a better method than that usually pursued?

DESTRUCTIVE INSECTS.

PINE WEEVIL.

DEAR RURAL:—In reply to your correspondent L. A. GRISWOLD, Esq., who has sent a portion of an infested twig, in the channel of which I found a matured insect, I send you a few remarks. He writes that a vigorous Norway spruce in his yard, some four years old, growing luxuriously, began to droop, and the leaves and side stalks gradually died away. On the 9th of August he cut off the last season's growth, as that was all that appeared affected, finding an insect under the bark, which he also inclosed. Figs. 1 and 2 are a drawing taken of this insect. Fig. 3, the portion of the twig cut off, split open, in the channel of which I found the same matured insect lodged. Fig. 2 is the grub or larva.



Having met with the same villain before, and become acquainted with him from the description given by Dr. HARRIS, I can assure friend GRISWOLD that it is what is called the *White Pine Weevil, Rhynchænus (Pissodes) Strobi* of Prof. PECK, the *Pissodes nemorensis* of GERMAR, first described and figured by the professor in the fourth volume of the "Massachusetts Agricultural Repository and Journal." I may as well copy, as did Prof. HARRIS, since his description is so correctly given that I cannot improve upon it. He says:—"The lofty stature of the white pine, and the straightness of its trunk, depend upon the constant health of its leading shoot for a long succession of years; and if this shoot be destroyed, the tree becomes stunted and deformed in its subsequent growth. This accident is not uncommon, and is caused by the ravages of the White Pine Weevil." I may add, that this destroys the value of the pines for ship masts, for which they are usually employed. He continues: "This beetle is oblong oval, rather slender, of a brownish color, thickly punctured, and variegated with small brown, rust-colored, and whitish scales. There are two white dots on the thorax; the scutel is white; and on the wing-covers, which are punctured in rows, there is a whitish transverse band behind the middle. [They are covered with minute oblong scales of various colors, similar to those on the wings of the butterflies, which produce the mottled appearance in their coats or coverings.] The snout is longer than the thorax, slender, [I should say rather stout,] and a very little inclined. The length of the insect, exclusive of its snout, varies from one-fifth to three-tenths of an inch. Its eggs are deposited on the leading shoots. The larvæ, hatched therefrom, bore into the shoots, and probably remain in the wood more than one year." Mr. FITCH feels confident that eggs deposited in the spring become matured beetles by the following spring, or earlier. This beetle was matured between August and October, as the one found in the channel (dead, but fully developed) proves, as well as those found escaped from the channels. If those were hatched from eggs deposited in the spring, then the time of maturity is shorter; if, however, from eggs laid the spring previous, then Mr. HARRIS is correct. I am in doubt as to the facts of the case.

HARRIS says further:—"When the feeding state is passed, but before the insect is changed to a pupa, it gnaws a passage from the inside quite to the bark, which, however, remaining untouched, serves to shelter the little borers from the weather. After they have changed to beetles, they have only to cut away the outer bark to make their escape. They begin," he continues, "to come out early in September, and continue to leave the wood through that month and part of October." Such is its history with respect to the white pine, and if their devastation would not be checked by a species of ichneuman fly, which deposits its eggs into the larvæ, our forests would not produce a single mast, as also stated by Prof. PECK. These beetles are abundant as early as April and May, on fences, in board-yards, buildings and pine trees, secreted during the winter under the bark and crevices. The only remedy I know is that suggested by Mr. HARRIS, which is to stick newly-cut branches of pine trees in the ground, in an open place, during the season when the insects are about to lay their eggs. In a few hours these branches will be covered with them, when they may be shaken into a cloth and burned.

The little grub is white, glossy, plump, and curved into an arch; its body is soft, and broadest anteriorly, as shown enlarged. The family of *Curculionidæ*, or snouted beetles, the weevil tribe, is very extensive. Mr. STEPHENS describes 400 species, now embraced in a number of genera, "too numerous to mention." The above must suffice for the present. I will add, however, that this is not the Pine Weevil, *Curculio (Hylobius) Abietis*, which Dr. RATZEBURG, in his Entomological communication in the Transactions of the Imperial Leopold and Caroline Academy of Sciences, vol. xvii, 1st division, pp. 429, has so fully described, and proved that the *Hylobius Abietis* of SCHOUH, and the *Curculio Pini* of LINN., must be regarded as identical. The subject of the foregoing account is different in its habits, as also in its generic character, in some particulars.

PLANT LICE.

In reply to your correspondent from Holley, Michigan, (A. H. HEITH, P. M.,) I would say that the insects inclosed with a cherry leaf are *Aphids*, and from the dry and mangled specimens, I judge they are the *Aphis Cerasi* of FABRICIUS. These are common on the garden cherry, and have been so often described as to be well known generally as *Plant Lice*. They multiply rapidly, but have their enemies in the larvæ of the lady bird *(Coccinellidæ)* and Syrphus flies. The ants he noticed among them fed upon the exuded juices, called *honey dew*, which these little creatures emit from their horns. Mr. HARRIS gives a graphic description of this fact. He says:—"The stems swarm with slim, hungry ants, running upward, and others lazily descending, with their bellies swelled almost to bursting. When arrived in the immediate vicinity of the plant lice, they greedily wipe up the sweet fluid which has distilled from them, and, when this fails, they station themselves among the lice, and catch the drops as they fall. The lice do not seem the least annoyed by the ants, but live on the best possible terms with them; and, on the other hand, the ants, though unsparing of other insects weaker than themselves, upon which they frequently prey, treat the plant lice with the utmost gentleness, caressing them with their antennæ, and apparently inviting them to give out the fluid by patting their sides. Nor are the lice inattentive to these solicitations, when in a state to gratify the ants, for whose sake they not only seem to shorten the periods of the discharge, but actually yield the fluid when thus pressed. A single louse has been known to give it drop by drop successively to a number of ants that were waiting anxiously to receive it. When the plant lice cast their skins, the ants instantly remove the latter, nor will they allow any dirt or rubbish to remain upon or about them. They even protect them from their enemies, and run about them in the hot sunshine to drive away the little ichneumon flies that are forever hovering near to deposit their eggs in the bodies of the lice."

Several pages might be filled with the history given of this insect. I have discovered much that accords with these accounts, and much that I consider new, having quite a collection of various species and genera of this family, and paid considerable attention to their history, I may at some other time enter into a more complete history of them.

Persons sending insects of such small size, ought to inclose them in a quill, as they are usually dry, bruised and mangled when folded in paper, and get smashed with the post-master's stamp, or by close packing. J. STAUFFER.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN NURSERY AGENT.

As the time for fall planting is now near at hand, to those who are unable to visit the nursery in person for the purpose of purchasing such trees, shrubs, plants, bulbs, &c., as they wish to set, and those who are waiting for an agent to call and take their orders, I would suggest what seems to me quite as good a way as either of the above for the procurement of horticultural wares. It is no new discovery; but doubtless there are many to whom it has never occurred; and, of these, some may be benefited by having it proposed to them. Indeed, within the last few months, I have heard persons who pay considerable attention to gardening, express their regret at not having had an opportunity to obtain such and such things from the nursery, and attribute their disappointment to the fact that no agent had called on them soliciting orders, as if there were no other means of communicating with the nursery than through an agent, or by a personal visit.

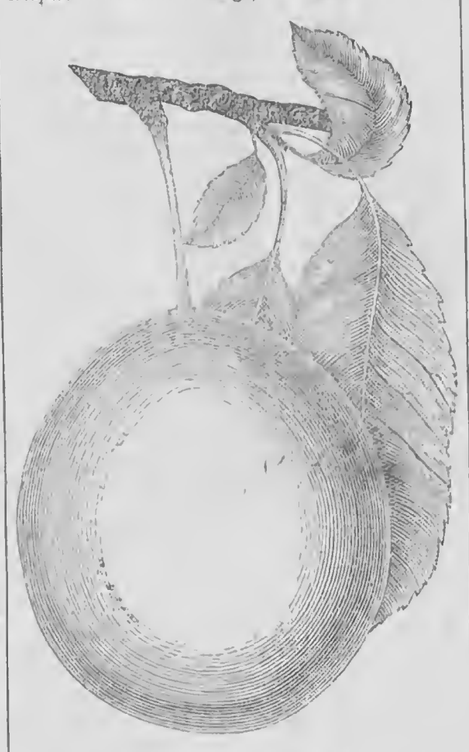
An important preliminary to making out an order for a nursery, however it is to be filled, is the procurement of a catalogue. Even when the selection of varieties is to be left to the judgment of the nurseryman, which, provided he is honest, is generally best unless you know exactly what you want—yet there are always preferences as to the size, color, time of blooming, &c., in the case of flowering plants; so that, to a person of limited acquaintance with such matters, the information contained in a descriptive catalogue of flowers is of great use in giving general directions. Also, in the case of fruits, it is desirable to know something of the character of the different kinds, from which a selection is to be made, even when the choice is to be left to another person; and in no other way can such knowledge be gained so easily and cheaply as by means of a descriptive catalogue of fruits. Again, one intending to purchase nurserymen's goods naturally wishes to know the prices at which they are sold; and, as the cost of each article is stated along with its description in the catalogue, these little books leave nothing to be desired on that head. And when we consider at what trifling expense these pamphlets may be obtained—by merely writing to the nurseryman, stating what you want, sending your address, and inclosing a postage stamp for each volume—it is a wonder how any one can feel able to do without the pleasant and valuable information they contain.

Having concluded what you want in the way of fruits and flowers, or determined to let the nurseryman you deal with decide for you, if you cannot go and bring away your purchases yourself, there is no better way than to make out a list stating as nearly as possible your choice of trees, plants, shrubs, &c., estimate the cost of the whole, inclose the list and the cash in a letter to the proprietor of the nursery, telling him what discretionary power he may exercise in filling your order, what he may add to your list in case there is an overplus of money, what strike off should there be a lack, and sending your address and directions as to the mode of transportation of your package. By return mail you will get a letter acknowledging the receipt of the money and containing a promise to fill your order as soon as suitable and convenient. In due time, with perhaps less liability to destruction or accident than the stove you order sent by canal or railroad from the hardware store, or the chairs from the cabinet shop, you receive your purchases, at small expense for freight, and so skillfully and securely packed that it is a real pleasure to undo and take them out of their envelop of moss, straw, and twine. If, on examination, the articles prove more numerous, and, of course, cheaper, than was expected, you may be as agreeably surprised as was the writer at finding several of the items of a bill accompanying a package of nurseryman's goods set down at prices considerably reduced from those named in the catalogue, (whether a new or an old one I cannot say,) furnished by an agent but a short time before. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1860.

DIAPREE ROUGE PLUM.

As intimated last week, we continue our description of Plums, and present our readers with an engraving of one of the best and most beautiful of the dark varieties, *Diapree Rouge* or *Red Diaper*. The fruit is large, of beautiful form, as



shown in the engraving, and of a bright reddish purple color, with a few golden specks, and a light blue bloom easily rubbed off. Stalk three-fourths of an inch long, slender, hairy, slightly inserted. Flesh pale green, juicy, very melting, rich, and delicious; separating from the stone, which is quite small. Last of August.

It seems to us this will prove one of the best dark plums that can be grown for market. We have observed it several years, and have before called attention to its good qualities in the RURAL.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUITS RECEIVED.

NORTHERN SPY APPLES—From J. L. KENNEL, Chili, very large Northern Spy Apples. No variety has borne better than the Spy the present season. Almost every tree we have noticed has been loaded down with fruit, like Baldwin. The specimens, too, are unusually high colored. No apple, to our taste, equals a high-colored, medium-sized Northern Spy. We have a tree that gave its first crop of fifteen bushels the present season, after being twelve years planted. It is rather trying to the patience to wait so long before seeing a single fruit, but suppose it had given half a dozen specimens two years after being planted, and increased gradually every year, until the present time. It is doubtful whether we would, in all, have obtained our fifteen bushels, while the growth of the tree would have been much less in consequence of the too early production of fruit. Now we have a full-grown, mature tree, as all the nutriment the roots were capable of furnishing the tree, has been used in the production of wood.

AN ENGLISH APPLE.—JOHN ROBERTS, of Cobourg, C. W., sends us a box of golden-yellow apples, of medium size, oblong, smooth, glossy skin, with a faint blush on the sunny side, and altogether a very beautiful apple. The flesh is tender, but the specimens were altogether too ripe to judge of quality. Mr. R. says:—"Eight or nine years ago I got the scion from St. Ewe, Cornwall, England. It originated in a garden belonging to a woman by the name of POLLY WHITEHAIR, by whom it was named. I have named it the Emigrant. It is a great bearer, giving a crop every year. What do you think of the name that I have given it?"

If it has been named in England, you should retain the original name. To give a new name, would create confusion.

CATAWBA GRAPES.—We are indebted to E. S. HAYWARD, of Brighton, N. Y., for several bunches of ripe Catawba grapes. We seldom see Catawbas so well ripened in this section, and as usually picked and sold in our market, they are entirely unfit for eating. As a general thing, persons in this section pick their grapes as soon as they color, especially if there is prospect of frost. Nine-tenths of the grapes grown here, we presume, were picked a month since. We have now on our vines Isabellas completely ripe, and they are so good as to surprise some who have grown this variety for twenty years. We are apt to pick all our winter fruit too early. Varieties that hang on the tree well, should be allowed to remain as long as possible. A light frost will not injure them. A specimen, accidentally left on the tree until November, will be found much better flavored than those gathered at the time of picking. This we have observed many times.

THE ROCHESTER NURSERIES.—If there is anything of which Rochester has a right to boast, it is the beautiful and fertile country in which it is situated, and its splendid nurseries which have attained a world-wide fame. New York city is acknowledged to be the head and center of the commerce of the country, and Rochester, we think, may claim to be the center of the nursery trade. We have not the statistics by which we can show the extent of this business, or the capital employed, but we know enough to warrant us in saying that thousands of acres are now covered with nursery trees, at least a thousand men are kept in constant employment, and the amount of capital employed is very great. We have observed the rise and progress of the business to its present position. Some twenty years ago we saw the first tree planted in the grounds of ELLWANGER & BARRY, who have now, at least, one of the largest and best conducted nurseries in the world. Twelve years since, FROST & Co. commenced the general nursery business in a small way. Now they have three hundred and fifty acres devoted entirely to the cultivation of trees and plants, and keep in steady employment two hundred men and twenty horses. Their specimen grounds contain over 1,200 trees, 20 varieties of hardy grapes in bearing, 60 varieties of strawberries, &c. Some notion of the extent of the business of this firm may be gathered from the fact that they use over 300,000 feet of lumber every year in making boxes for packing trees and plants. Their houses are convenient and in good order, and contain over 14,000 feet of glass. Messrs. FROST & Co. deserve, and we are glad they have achieved success. We have several other extentive nurseries of which we may speak at some other time.

It may be asked why Rochester has thus become so largely engaged in this business, and so justly celebrated. To this we reply that the soil and climate of Rochester are peculiarly adapted to the production of healthy, vigorous tree and plants. The men, too, who have been engaged in the nursery business here, with very few exceptions, have been men of the strictest honor, and at the same time careful, energetic, and enterprising. All these requisites are necessary to the successful nurseryman. Although in an extended business, mistakes may and will occur, yet we believe our leading nurserymen would at any time rather destroy a hundred trees than send out one with a wrong name. This gives confidence to all who deal with them, and a steadily increasing business is the result.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—AUTUMN SHOW.—This Society holds its last exhibition for the season at Corinthian Hall, Rochester, on Tuesday, the 13th inst. The leading feature of this exhibition will be pot plants, principally chrysanthemums, we presume. There will also be a show of apples and other late autumn and winter fruits.

Inquiries and Answers.

DIANA, OR ANNA GRAPE?—The Gardeners' Monthly for October pretends to give the proceedings and discussions of the Eighth Session of the American Pomological Society, held in Philadelphia September last. I noticed, under the head grapes, some remarks are made by Dr. GRANT, Dr. HOUGHTON, Mr. REID, and Mr. HARRISON, on the Diana. In the RURAL, I find the same remarks made by the same gentlemen on the Anna. As I have the two grapes, it will be a great satisfaction to me, and I think to other RURAL readers, to know which grape was under discussion.—S. SHERMAN, *Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y., October*, 1860.

The grape under discussion was the Anna, as published in the RURAL. We were present through all the discussions, and took notes. The room in which the discussions were held, was in a public street; and from the noise, it was almost impossible to hear the speakers. The report in the Gardeners' Monthly is as given by the stenographic reporters. That in the RURAL is corrected from our own notes, and in some cases written out entire from them, and is the most correct. Still, we have observed some slight errors.

SAVING TEN-WEEKS STOCK SEEDS.—Please inform me, through the columns of our highly prized RURAL, how I can save seed of the Ten-Weeks Stock, so as to have it double next year? My plants stand alternately, a double and single one, the branches of some intermingling. The double ones were beautiful flowers, and well repaid all the care bestowed on them, but as I suppose is always the case, have fallen off without producing seed. I saw a suggestion (I think in an old number of the RURAL,) to save only those flowers which contained five petals, but I cannot find any such on my plants. I am therefore in a dilemma, and, like many others, flee to the RURAL for information. By answering which, you will confer a favor on a lover of flowers.—ELIZA D. KNOWLES, *Lott's Creek, Iowa*, 1860.

The single Ten-Weeks Stock has but four petals. A perfectly double flower never produces seed. Seed from your single plants, arranged as they are, will give a good proportion of double flowers next season.

PLANTS AND GRAFTS.—I am somewhat interested in tilling the soil, and am going to remove to Western Pennsylvania, in March next. I want to take along some choice apple grafts, raspberry roots, and strawberry plants, and I do not know when to cut the grafts or dig the roots, neither do I know what to do with them, or rather how to keep them till that time. Will you, or some one of your many readers, please tell me when to cut the grafts, and dig the roots and plants, and how to manage them till March, or till time to set them?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Fairfield, Her Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Strawberry, and other plants generally, can be dug by the first of March. They can, however, be taken up this fall, and heeled in and covered with straw, or some material that will protect the ground from freezing deep. Or they may be put in a cool cellar, and the roots covered with earth. The grafts may be cut any time during winter, and stand in the cellar in dry sand.

CHANGING THE COLOR OF THE DAHLIA.—Can a yellow dahlia, or any other color, be variegated by sewing saddler's silk through the roots? For instance, to sew red silk through the roots of a yellow or straw-colored dahlia root, will the dahlia become yellow and red, or straw-color and red? If you think not, will some of your many subscribers answer my question through the columns of the RURAL?—CHARLIE E. AUSTIN, *Norway, Herkimer Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

No such effect will be produced by any operation of the kind.

BURSTING OF THE BARK.—I wish to inquire, through the RURAL, the reason why young apple trees split their bark? I have trees set out one year ago. Some have grown well and some not at all. I find them all affected alike. The bark bursts about six inches above the surface of the ground, and four to six inches in length, causing them to bleed very much, and leaving the bark completely saturated down to the surface of the soil. The juice is of a thick gummy nature. A neighbor told me that he had lost many of his best trees from this cause, but did not know any remedy. I have consulted COLE, BARRY, and other works in my possession, but find nothing touching the matter in question. Any information leading to cause or cure, will be thankfully received. —H. L. BOSS, *Burford, Brant Co., C. W.*, 1860.

CULTURE OF THE GRAPE IN HOUSES.—I would like to hear, through your valuable paper, from some one who has tried a cold-house for the grape, with HOAR'S method for the border, (that is, charcoal, bricks, mortar, and bones, exclusively inclosed in brick,) and with what success? Was the border out or inside of the house? Divided for each vine or not? Also, from one who has tried BRIGHT'S new method? Does either of the methods give finer grapes than the more general one by ALLAN and others; and will it pay for the additional expense for a cold-house?—AMATEUR, *Walpole, Oct.*, 1860.

Domestic Economy

ALL ABOUT SODA BISCUIT.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having seen an inquiry for a recipe to make Soda Biscuit, I will send you mother's, which we think very good. Take 1 tumbler of sweet milk; 2 teaspoons of cream tartar; 1 do. of soda; 1 do. of butter, and a little salt. Roll thin, bake in five minutes. Put the cream tartar into the flour and soda into the milk.—NANNIE C., *Groveland, Liv. Co., N. Y.*

IN answer to CELIA, as to the way to make good Soda Biscuit, I would say, 2 quarts of flour; 1 pint of milk; ½ cup butter, (some say lard, or half of each is best;) 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar; 1 do. of soda; 1 tablespoonful of salt. Mix the cream tartar thoroughly into the flour, then rub in the butter. Dissolve the soda in water, let it settle, then pour it into the milk. Observe this order and you can not fail to have nice, light biscuit.—H. N. W.

To the inquiry of CELIA, for a recipe for Soda Biscuit, take 1 teacup of sweet cream; 2 teacups of sweet milk; 4 teaspoons cream tartar; with a little salt,—mixed in a portion of the flour,—2 teaspoons of soda, dissolved in the milk. Mix soft and bake 15 minutes.—MAGGIE, *Nunda, N. Y.*

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being a reader of your paper, and noticing an inquiry for making Soda Biscuit, I send the following recipe, which we think excellent:—One quart flour; butter the size of an egg, rubbed in the flour as for pastry; two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, in the flour; water or milk enough to mix, with one teaspoonful soda dissolved in it.—Mrs. C. J. HORNE, JR., *Carrollton Station, N. Y.*, 1860.

HAVING noticed an inquiry in your paper for a recipe for making Soda Biscuit, I thought I would send mine, which I think very good. Two quarts of flour; butter, size of two eggs; two teacups of sweet milk; two teaspoons of soda, dissolved in the milk, and four teaspoons of cream of tartar, rubbed well in the flour, with the butter. Use a little salt if you take lard instead of butter.—ABBIE, *Avon, N. Y.*, 1860.

BUNNS, CRULLERS, BRECKENRIDGE CAKE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I see it is customary for ladies to give recipes through the columns of your excellent paper. I thought that I would do a little in that way too, in case you deem the following recipes worthy of a place in that department of the paper. I have tried them, and I know them to be good:

BUNNS.—Four eggs; 1 pound of sugar; ½ a lb. of butter; ¼ cup of sour cream; 1 tablespoon of soda; 1½ lbs. of flour.

CRULLERS.—Eight eggs; 1 pound of sugar; 6 ounces of butter; 2 gills of thick cream; cinnamon, and sufficient flour to make it stiff enough to roll out,—boil in lard, like doughnuts.

BRECKENRIDGE CAKE.—One pound of butter, beat it with your hand in a warm pan till it comes to a fine cream; put in one pound of powdered loaf sugar,—beat together to a nice cream. Previously, have one pound and a quarter of flour sifted; put in a little, and give it a stir; put in four eggs, and beat well; then take a little more flour, and four more eggs, as before, and beat well again; then stir in the remainder of the flour. If baked in small tins, they should be buttered; if in large tins, paper them; sugar over the top, and bake them in a moderate heat.

Mrs. LYDIA B. MCCLURE.

Scotland, Franklin Co., Pa., 1860.

APPLE PICKLES AND HOP YEAST.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having received much benefit from the domestic department of your valuable paper, I desire to contribute some recipes of my own.

APPLE PICKLES.—In answer to "E. E. A. M., Sena, O.," I will give a recipe which I have tried for several years and found good. For 16 lbs. of apples; 4 lbs. of sugar; 1 pint of vinegar; ½ pint of water; 1 oz. cloves; 1 oz. spice; 2 ozs. cinnamon. Boil the apples until soft, and when they all have been thus boiled, proceed with the ingredients as with any sauce. When boiled enough, pour over the apples, close the jar, and in a week they will be delicious.

HOP YEAST.—Will some one give a recipe for hop yeast?—IDA, *Saquoit, N. Y.*, 1860.

COOKING CARROTS, CARROT PIE.

HOW TO COOK CARROTS.—As many in the West, at least, do not appreciate the value of the carrot as an article of diet, I will give our plan of cooking it, should the editor of the RURAL think best to insert it. Cut in rims, rather fine, and stew in just water enough to cook tender; if any remains when soft, or nearly so, uncover and let it dry out. When quite tender, season with salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter; add a teacupful,—or more, according to quantity,—of nice, sweet cream; let it boil up, and send to the table.

CARROT PIE.—Cook as above, omitting the pepper and reserving the cream; when tender and quite dry, mash, sift, and treat the same as for pumpkin pies.—E. K., *Lott's Creek, Iowa*, 1860.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

BREAD is likely to be plenty this year. But its quality much depends upon the way it is made. Those who prefer bread perfectly light and sweet, must recollect that DE LAND & Co.'s Chemical Saleratus is indispensable in its manufacture. It can be procured from any good grocer or storekeeper. It costs you no more than an inferior article, and makes infinitely better bread, cake, pastry, &c., than the common Saleratus. Sold at wholesale by the principal grocers, and by the manufacturers, D. B. DE LAND & Co., Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE OLD MAN TO HIS WIFE.

BY MARGARET ELLIOTT.

We're growing old, dear wife,
We're growing old—
Ere long the arms of Death
Will us enfold.
Life slips out from our clasp
The while with trembling grasp
The boon we hold.
We're growing old, dear wife,
We're growing old.

We're failing fast, dear wife,
We're failing fast—
As autumn-withered leaves
Wait winter's blast,
We wait the Angel pale,
Whose slow steps never fail
To come at last.
We're failing fast, dear wife,
We're failing fast.

We're growing old, dear wife,
We're growing old—
But Heaven is growing near—
Bright to behold;
Waiting to grasp our hands
A white-robed Angel stands,
With crown of gold,
And in that better land
We'll ne'er grow old.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE WEB OF LIFE.

"The web of life—
Who weaves it well!"

What but Infinite Power and Wisdom could have arranged this delicate, yet strong,—this simple, yet intricate and incomprehensive web,—which commences with our being, its circles constantly increasing and enlarging, and whose brittle thread can be severed only by death.

But how diversified in texture. While we sit weaving at the loom of Time, we now and then see with clearer vision some portion of the intricate design we are working out day by day. On one side the attention is arrested by its forbidding appearance, for Crime and Misery are scattered among its dark and tangled meshes; but on the other, Beauty and Innocence are readily distinguished, for the web is fair to look upon, and angel tongues speak of the weaver in heaven.

How greatly is this fragile web, called "ours," adorned and beautified by Friendship. That sweet comforter sheds a mellow radiance over the rough places, and helps to sustain the burdens of life. Even the memory of the dear departed lingers still, as fragrant incense at the heart's shrine, and we fondly wish that their pinions might sweep away

"All the darkness sin hath wove
In the golden warp of love."

To each weaver there are helpers,—on the one hand, Truth and Gentleness bring soft and shining threads,—on the other, Hate and dark, smooth-tongued Hypocrisy promise that their care shall be the wedding garment of the soul immortal. As we advance on our oft-times toilsome journey, the heart is made sad as we see the number of the latter rapidly increasing, while the former is diminishing. Among these we notice more particularly the offspring of Sin and Disobedience, whose haggard features at once betray their melancholy, yea, deplorable condition. Involuntarily, we inquire if it was always thus,—if the Immortal Weaver of Destinies was thus partial in the distribution of His gifts? Ah, no! That mysterious woof was once as beautiful and fair as any which now adorn the earth; but riches and the cares of this life obscured the inward vision, so that the soul failed to discover its intricate windings, and over and anon some important thread has been broken and lost, never again to be reunited. Sad, sad indeed it is to see the frail, yet beautiful, web of life thus woven.

But as we watch the weavers, almost forgetting that we are weavers too, a little fairy child, like a ray of sunshine, crosses our path. How intensely each step, each word, each look is watched by that gentle mother. How faithfully does she guard the hidden fastenings of that lovely web, lest some false intruder might introduce a dark, discolored thread. The shuttle of Faith and Prayer is diligently used, and ere she is aware the task is accomplished, the warp is filled out. Radiant and fair is that web,—no imperfections can be traced by mortal vision. Death at last takes her beloved one. But why should she mourn? It is only transferred to the great Loom of Eternity, there to be expanded and perfected. Perchance the misty vail which now separates them, has for a moment been thrown aside, for she says "it is enough,"—while the angels in heaven echo "she hath done what she could."

Ought not each one to inquire "How am I weaving this sacred, immortal web committed to my trust?" Do we allow the coarse and tangled threads of Error to be intermingled?—for the mighty loom is ever in motion, constantly receiving either good or evil, though unwilling we may be. Let us examine and see what we are doing. May the fabric be made smooth by the breath of kindness, and may the shades of "gentle words and loving smiles" be beautifully blended there; for those delicate threads are not fastened to the barren shores of Time, but the breezes of heaven waft them safely over the dark and turbid waters of Death, and extend through the vast cycles of Eternity.

Le Roy, N. Y., 1860. FRANKIE.

It takes away much of the savor of life, to live among those with whom one has not anything like one's fair value.—*Friends in Council.*

CHILD-ANGELS;
THEIR EARLY GOING HOME.

Benjamin F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, relates thus eloquently and feelingly upon the death of a child:

It went in the morning—a bright and radiant morning; many went yesterday, more to-day, and there are dews to be shed for the departures of to-morrow. And can it be wondered that pleasant summer mornings should beguile them into going? Is it a marvel that they do not wait for the burden and the noon, but follow the lark, and hear her song over the rim of the rainbow? That those words so beautiful, they should make so true, "and joy cometh in the morning?"

Going in the morning! a glorious morning—when the sky is all beauty, and the world is all bliss, ere the dews have gone to heaven, or the stars have gone to God; when the birds are singing, and the cool winds are blowing, and the flowers are out that will be shut at noon, and the clouds that are never rent in rain, and the shadows, inlaid with crimson, lie away to the West.

We have sometimes seen a little coffin, like a casket for jewels, all alone by itself in a huge hearse, melancholy with plumes, and gloomy as a frown, and we have thought not so, should we accompany those a little way, who go in the morning. We have wondered why they did not take the little coffin into the carriage with them, and lay it gently upon their laps, the sleeper there lulled to slumber without a bosom or a cradle. We have wondered what there was for tears in such a going—in the early morning from home to home—like fair, white doves, with downy wings, emerging from nether night, and fluttering for entrance at the windows of Heaven. Never has there been a hand wanting to take the wanderer in, and shut out the darkness and the storm.

Upon those little faces it never seemed to us that death could place his great seal; there is no thought of the charnel house in those young listeners to the invitation, whose acceptance we are bound not to forbid; there should be morning songs and not sighs; fresh flowers and not badges of mourning; no tears nor clouds, but bright dews and bright dawnings together.

Fold up the white robe; lay aside the forgotten toy; smooth the little unpressed pillow, and gently smile as you think of the white garment, of the harp of gold, and of the fair brow with its diadem of light: smile as you think that no years can make that memory old. An eternal, guileless child, waiting about the threshold of Paradise for the coming friend from home.

Here the glad lips would quiver with anguish; the bright curls growing grizzled and gray; the young heart weary and old; but there, changeless as the stars, and young as the last new morning.

The poet tells of a green bough rent by the tempest from the tree, and swept rudely along on the breast of an angry river, and a mother-bird, with cries of grief, fluttering beside it, for her nest and nestlings were there. Ah! better to be wafted away from earth than thus that they should drift around the world in storm.

WELL-GOVERNED CHILDREN.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that children love the parents less who maintain a proper authority over them. On the contrary, they respect them more. It is a cruel and unnatural selfishness that indulges children in a foolish and hurtful way. Parents are guides and councillors to their children. As a guide in a foreign land, they undertake to pilot them safely through the shoals and quicksands of experience. If the guide allows his followers all the liberty they please—if, because they dislike the constraint of the narrow path of safety, he allows them to stray into holes and down precipices that destroy them, to loiter in woods full of wild beasts or deadly herbs—can he be called a sure guide? And is it not the same with our children? They are as yet only in the preface, as it were, in the first chapter of the book of life. We have nearly finished it, or are far advanced. We must open the pages for these younger minds. If children see that their parents act from principle; that they do not find fault without reason: that they do not punish because personal offence is taken, but because the thing in itself is wrong—if they see that, while they are resolutely but affectionately refused what is not good for them, there is a willingness to oblige them in all innocent matters—they will soon appreciate such conduct. If no attention is paid to rational wishes; if no allowance is made for youthful spirits; if they are dealt with in a hard, unsympathizing manner—the proud spirit will rebel, and the meek spirit be broken.—*Mother's Magazine.*

Home Courtesies.—A correspondent gives us this experience:—"I am one of those whose lot in life has been to go out into an unfriendly world at an early age; and of nearly twenty families in which I made my home, in the course of about nine years, there were only three or four that could be properly designated as happy families, and the source of trouble was not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." The closing words of this sentence gives us the fruitful source of family alienations, of heart-aches innumerable, of sad faces and gloomy home-circles. "Not so much the lack of love as lack of care to manifest it." What a world of misery is suggested by this brief remark. Not over three or four happy homes in twenty, and the cause so manifest, and so easily remedied! Ah, in the "small, sweet courtesies of life," what power resides. In a look, a word, a tone, how much of happiness or disquietude may be communicated. Think of it, reader, and take the lesson *home* with you.—*Ladies' Home Magazine.*

Lord Bacon said:—"If a man be gracious to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that the heart is no island cut out from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE AUTUMN TIME.

Throw ope the wiodow—let the sunshine pour
Its mild, rich radiance from yon dreamy Heaven;
For now the gorgeous summer hours are o'er,
And smiles of peace the "Autumn Time" has given.

'Tis strange how I have sighed for these sad days,
When woods would wear the crimson hue of Death,
And skies grow bright, then melt in dreamy haze,
And winds go by with half suspended breath.

My heart was joyous when the spring-time came,
And seeds lay warm within the throbbing earth,
And flowers up-sprang to meet the sun again,
And tiny leaves unfolded to new birth—

And my glad footsteps buoyantly went forth
To seek the fairy spot where poetry
Seemed breathing in the air—its quiet worth
O'erflooding all the blue arched canopy;

A prayer was in my heart, that God would send
A bounteous harvest to our sunny clime;
And give us grateful, thankful hearts to blend
In holy anthems at the "Autumn Time."

And now the banquet of the year is spread,
While hushed and brooding quiet Nature lies,
And earth seems gathering its bright smiles ere fled
Is all the beauty of its sun-bright skies.

There is a quiet in thy glorious days,
O, tranquil Autumn! rivaling the Spring;
And Summer noontide's pure, unclouded blaze
Cannot a charm more pure and perfect bring.

O, thoughts flow swift when beauty dwells around,
And my chained spirit grasps its hidden lyre;
Awed into silence, deep, intense, profound,
Long slumbering thoughts awake the soul to fire.

O, that the Autumn of our life like this
Might still, serene, and beautiful e'er be,
Breathing out tones of unimpassioned bliss,
Waking at last in Heaven's Eternity.

South Danby, N. Y., 1860. MARY A. B.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WORDSWORTH AND COLERIDGE.

About the year 1770, a poet was born in England whose claims to genius have given rise to more disputes than those of any other man who has lived for the last hundred years. William Wordsworth was, in his youth, an ardent republican; but he afterward changed his political opinions, and was, at the time of his death, Poet Laureate of England. Not satisfied with political revolutions, he attempted a new school of poetry. His design was to lead his contemporaries back to the simplicity of nature. He held that the every-day affairs of life are the most proper subjects about which a poet can write.

That a revolution in the public taste was needed at that time, will not be disputed by any one capable of judging in the matter. The influence of Pope had made nearly all the poetry of the age mere mechanical versification. The most popular authors were mere inane versifiers,—writers who thought they became poetical just in proportion to their unnaturalness. Few readers could now be found who would admire Haley's verses, yet, at the time of which we write, he had many admirers. Darwin was then a public favorite. The period appeared, in some respects, favorable to Wordsworth's experiment. The field appeared to be clear, and there seemed to be no man of great genius who would be likely to oppose his project. True, Bloomfield was in the first flush of his popularity, for his "Farmer Boy" had just been published, when the "Lyrical Ballads,"—the joint production of Wordsworth and Coleridge,—made their appearance. That poem, however, was not popular because of the vitiated taste of the age, but in spite of it. Cowper was standing sadly upon the verge of the tomb; but he was so far from opposing a reformation in poetry, that he may be said to have commenced the work which Wordsworth and Coleridge carried out. The "Task," which was published in 1785, was a noble protest against the sickly sentimentalism which so fully characterized the poetry of that period. That bright galaxy of stars which shed such light upon the first quarter of the present century, had not yet arisen above the horizon.

All reforms are liable to be pushed to extremes, and it cannot be denied that the authors of the "Lyrical Ballads," in their efforts toward simplicity, sometimes became childish. We never could discover anything very poetical in the piece entitled "We are Seven," or in "Harry Gill," or in "Mary and her Lamb." And the admirers of Coleridge cannot deny that he is sometimes silly. Who but a Lake poet would ever have thought of choosing an ass as a subject of a poem. But these men were true poets, and their genius will shine out in spite of their theory. No mere poetaster could ever have been the author of the "Excursion," or "Recollections of Early Childhood." Coleridge's "Christabel," "Lines Written in the Vale of Chamouny," and "Genevieve," would be sufficient, had he never written anything else, to substantiate his claims to a place among the canonized bards of his country.

When the "Lyrical Ballads" were first published in 1789, they created quite a sensation in the literary world. By the majority they were greeted with derision. The *Edinburgh Review* denounced the theory as puerile, and the poetry as a species of second rate nursery rhymes. Byron joined, most heartily, with his enemy in ridiculing Wordsworth and Coleridge. Even in 1814, when the "Excursion" made its appearance, it met with more contempt than applause. But our poets held on their way, and one of them lived long enough to see the tide turn in their favor. Perhaps no two men have exerted more influence upon the literature of the present day than they have. It is no longer considered requisite that candidates for literary fame should sneer at them. Wordsworth lived to see the very Review which so bitterly scoffed at him at the beginning off his career governed by the popular taste which he himself had created.

Butler, Wis., 1860. S. L. Leonard.

NOVEMBER AND THE POETS.

November is proverbially a somber month Just as the house is sad and gloomy before time has softened the anguish with which we laid the loved departed ones in their lonely bed; so the painful emotions with which we look back upon the buried beauties of summer, have not had time to subside before November, with its winds, and clouds, and storms, is upon us. The old Saxons called it *wint monath*, or wind month. It is a month that has stirred all the gloomy moods of the poet. M. Louisa Chitwood, in the "sad autumn time," 'mid the leaves and fading flowers, sent forth a refrain sweet and yet sad as her own seraphic spirit:

The south wind sighs, for he misses now
The hand of the summer so sweet,
That scattered roses along his path,
And dew-drops at his feet.

Even the muse of Thomson, the poet of the seasons, struck with the "power of philosophic melancholy, utters his strains in "low whispering," as the glooms of November close around her:

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the power
Of philosophic melancholy comes!
His near approach, the sudden starting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierced deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.

In the midst of the disheveled forests, with the November blasts howling around him, and the sun receding further and still further, Bryant breaks forth:

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile through the soft vapory air,
Ere, o'er the frozen earth, the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

In the stern presence of November, Hosmer thoughtfully moralizes:

The sky is dark again,
And, roaming sadly in the woodland path,
I deem that grove and plain
Lie in the shadow of celestial wrath.

How sweetly do the skies,
And the wide earth that withers far below,
Though tongueless, sermonize
On that great change we all must undergo!

But Longfellow would teach us that this is not all a scene of sadness.

Be still, sad heart, and cease repining!
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary!

But let us add to the other glooms of November a fog—*a London fog*—and then take Hood for our poet. You shall read his humorous description:

No sun, no moon;
No morn, no noon;
No dawn, no dusk, no proper time of day;
No sky, no earthly view,
No distance looking blue;
No roads, no streets, no 't other side the way;
No end to any row;
No indication where the crescents go;
No top to any steeple,
No recognition of familiar people;
No courtesies for showing 'em,
No knowing 'em;
No travelers at all, no locomotion;
No inkling of the way, no motion;
"No go," by land or ocean;
No mud, no post;
No news from any foreign coast;
No park, no ring, no afternoon gentility;
No company, no nobility;
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member;
No shade, no shine; no butterflies, no bees;
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—
No-vember!

After all, dear reader, there may be gloom without; November winds may howl around us, autumnal frosts may blight and wither all that is beautiful; but if the love of the Infinite Father fills the heart, it shall be a perpetual summer in the soul.—*Ladies' Repository.*

Such is Life.—It is a wonderful thing—Life—ever growing old, yet ever young; ever dying, ever being born; cut down and destroyed by accident, by violence; by pestilence, by famine, preying remorselessly and insatiably upon itself, yet multiplying and extending still, and filling every spot of earth on which it once obtains a footing; so delicate, so feeble, so dependent upon fostering circumstances, and the kindly care of nature, yet so invincible; endowed as if with supernatural power, like spirits of the air, which yield to every touch, and seem to elude our force; subsisting by means impalpable to our proper sense, yet wielding powers which the mightiest agencies obey. Weakest and strongest of the things that God has made, Life is the heir of Death, and yet his conqueror; victim at once and victor. All living things succumb to Death's assault; Life smiles at his impotence, and makes the grave her cradle.—*Selected.*

A Line.—Men accustomed to mingle in crowded circles, to jostle against their equals at every turn, to feel oft times disgust and weariness at the daily requisitions of social life, can form but a feeble conception of the almost rapturous joy with which an individual to a great degree exiled from his fellows, hails the stranger, the traveler, or the pilgrim, who becomes, for the time, a link between him and the great world from which he is shut out.—*El Fureidis.*

Youth and age have too little sympathy with each other. If the young would remember that they may be old, and the old remember that they have been young, the world would be happier.—*Barton.*

AFTER STRIFE.

The Sabbath sunshine blessed the earth to-day
With large, still utterance of a thought divine;
For ever freely thus—it seemed to say—
Doth heavenly love on human darkness shine:
O, bright beyond all suns that wondrous light of Thine!

To-night the Sabbath moonlight, with white wings,
Dove-like, doth brood o'er Earth's dark, fevered breast;
So God's great calm its gift of healing brings
To souls long tossed in sorrowful unrest,
And leaves therein the peace that cannot be expressed.

AFTER REST.

The loving skies lean softly down to bless;
The hills reach upward for that mute caress;
White calms of clouds are floating on their way,
As wing'd with that sweet peace of yesterday.
Sunrise with singing in the east is born,
And the whole earth is jubilant, this morn,
After the Day of rest.

From out the white tent of that blest repose,
We pass, as one who unto battle goes,
His head anointed with a kingly oil;
And, as we climb anew the hills of toil,
The work-day world, elate and all astir
With eager tumults, looketh hopefuller
After the Day of rest.

Thus o'er our path the Sabbath lilies spring,
Through hours of strife their dewy sweets to fling;
With bells of peace to call our hearts away,
Expectant still of that eternal day
When souls that burn on tireless wing to rise,
Shall find all high and pure activities,
And weariness, all rest.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"SUFFER AND BE STRONG."

"Oh, fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer, and be strong."

That there is suffering in our world, no one will deny, for in almost every countenance are the lines of agony. Both young and old have their share in the common suffering. Some wear their sorrows on their faces, as if for all the world to know what they have endured,—others,—while the fire which will not be quenched is burning within, the worm gnawing, and their heartstrings breaking,—rather than show to the world the agony which cannot be relieved, seek to cover their aching hearts and withered hopes with the semblance of joy,—with smiles, and laughter, and seeming happiness,—but too often their wild mirth is like flowers on the graves of the lost; they cover only the ruins of what was once beautiful. Alas! that to the children of men should come such bitter sorrow as to make their hearts a sepulchre. Though this world is not all sadness,—for there are joys here many and rich,—there are sorrows which sweep like lightning through the heart and brain, crisping every living thing, striking to clay all we have loved most; and though in our sufferings there may be pangs wilder far than in a thousand deaths, yet there is something divine in the idea of suffering. Even Christ suffered deep and long. By suffering, when we allow it to answer its true ends, our spirits are purified and made better for the Kingdom of Heaven. What nobler sight can be imagined than one weighed down by suffering, patiently enduring all the Master sends for His sake! There are many who, when a few bitter dregs are placed in their cup, would push it all away, exclaiming, "Oh, my Father! this is too much for thy child,—give me the release of death!" thinking they are acting magnanimously. Ah, the weakness of human nature! Had God desired to take them to Himself without discipline thus derived, never would the cup have been given them. 'Tis cowardly to wish for death; but the act of a noble mind to nerve the soul to encounter all that lies in store for it,—"to suffer and be strong." Some there are, when the waves of sorrow roll over their souls, who forget the duties they owe to themselves, their fellow-beings, and their God, and selfishly give themselves up to their own sorrow, and thus, the purposes of the All-Wise are not accomplished. When we see those whose souls rise above the afflictions of this world,—which are but for a moment compared with the eternity beyond,—we reverence them in their sorrow. It must be a sweet consolation to "earth's stricken ones" to know the more they endure here of sorrow, the sweeter will be their rest in Heaven,—the brighter the smiles of an approving God.

Hillsdale, Mich., 1860. Millicent Gray.

REPENTANCE.

You might pound a lump of ice with a pestle into a thousand fragments, but bring it in beside your own bright and blazing fire, and soon, in that genial glow, the living waters flow. A man may try to make himself contrite. He may search out his sins, and dwell on all their enormity, and still feel no true repentance. But come to Jesus with His words of grace and truth. Let that flinty, frozen spirit bask in the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, then will it melt.—*Dr. James Hamilton.*

See the ice, how hard it is! But twelve o'clock comes, and there is a great heat from the sun, the ice cracks; but the sun goes down, and at night it is as hard as ever. How often is it so under the influence of instruction! A powerful appeal often produces a melting of the heart; the tears, apparently of contrition, flow; but the instruction ended, the tears are dried up, and the heart becomes as hard as ever.—*Rev. Thomas Jones.*

Without confidence, friendship is but a mockery, and social intercourse a sort of war in disguise.

Spice from New Books.

Swiss Children.

A SHADY promenade attracts our attention, and following a narrow pathway, we come upon a group of little girls, and learn that they belong to the orphan school near by. We sit down on a bench to watch them in their play. They are pinning leaves together with stems, and making wreaths and scarfs, with which to adorn themselves and then "go a visiting," as we have seen little girls do a thousand times. The conversation and the sports of children are the same in all languages and all lands. We ascend an eminence, and find ourselves on what were, in the olden times, the ramparts for the defence of the town. Now it is a playground for children, and their merry voices make the same glad music, though it is not in one but many strange tongues. We sit down on the roots of a tree, and a little boy, not four years old, looks a moment in our face, and, without any more formal introduction, climbs up and throws his arms around our neck. We teach him how to use his wooden shovel in the sand; his tiny sister asks us to rock the cradle of her doll, and soon we are surrounded by a little train of wagons and hobby-horses, with their owners, in amusing rivalry for our attention. How truthful are children! How sad that they must be trained to all the deceptions of false politeness, and the cold, unchristian charities of the world!—*Life and Manners in Switzerland.*

Floating for Deer.

THE boat seemed now to glide of its own volition, Harvey drawing his paddle so still as not to wake even the whisper of a bursting bubble. Once dipped, the paddle is not withdrawn, but worked by the wrist and elbow, noiselessly as the fin of a fish.

As I hushed my breath while thus borne along, there was a weird effect from the glide, making me feel, with Hecate,

"Oh, what a dainty pleasure 'tis
To sail i' the air!"

The water-flies entering the glare of the jack-light glittered like specks of gold. As the broad crimson gleam startled up the banks, a gigantic shadow seemed to chase the boat and swallow the trees, touching them first, and then meandering over the branches down to their very tips. The red beams flitted athwart the bushes and water-plants of the margin near us, and turned the bushes into moving gold, upon which, and the gleaming lilly-pads, we would rustle suddenly, as suddenly leaving for the still water. A quick, dropping shot of splashes in the shallows, told the "plops" (one of Harvey's Saranac words,) of the startled muskrats, as they tumbled into the water from the logs and borders. Their little black heads spotted the water all around in the jack's radiance, vanishing when out the stream of light, with the quickness of thought.

We were now gliding across the opening of Palmer Brook. Suddenly I heard a rustling close to the bank, and then two or three light, paddling sounds in the water. Corey raised his rifle and motioned towards a black thicket. The boat glided up as if sentient. The click of Corey's springing gunlocks followed; I saw two spots of pale fire in front of an immense black tree; Corey caught his weapon to an aim; the figure of a deer, motionless as a sculptured image, with head turned toward the jack, started out; a rifle-crack; the deer sank; the boat shot to the bank, and Corey, drawing his wood-knife, leaped out. The deer scrambled up, fell, and then lay motionless. —"*Woods and Waters; or the Saranacs and Rackett,*" *by* ALFRED B. STREET.

Lombardy—Garibaldi—Victor Emmanuel.

SOON after we arrived at Novarra, the scene of Radetsky's triumph and Charles Albert's fall in 1849. Here was a vast multitude of recruits arriving from the neighborhood of Genoa—tall, strong young fellows, apparently full of glee, singing national songs with vociferous enthusiasm. Into our carriage came three officers. These were all Lombards: one a mere youth, full of fire, and quite at home the moment he found we were English; the second was a short, sharp fellow, with great eyes; the third, tall and weather-beaten, silent, strong, and self-composed. He had two medals: the one he took off, to show us the countenance of our own queen, from whom he had received it for the Crimean campaign, and inquired of the ladies, "Is she as beautiful as this?" To the second our attention was called by his companion with pride, for it was the national medal for military valor, equivalent to our Victoria Cross.

When we approached the Ticino, how they did fire up! Every inch of the way had its own interest. The big eyes of the little officer first gleamed, and then filled with tears. "Oh!" he said, "you cannot tell how I feel here. I was a conscript in the Austrian army, and deserted to Piedmont, and for two years dared not cross the line. How I did feel when the day came that I could march across it, not as a captured deserter, but in my uniform as an Italian soldier—a common soldier, but still an Italian soldier, in uniform, marching on to Austrian territory!" "He was longer than I," he said, pointing, through his tears, to his tall, medaled friend—a man of few words. "Yes," he said, "I was a deserter, too, and for eleven years I could never cross this line to see my family."

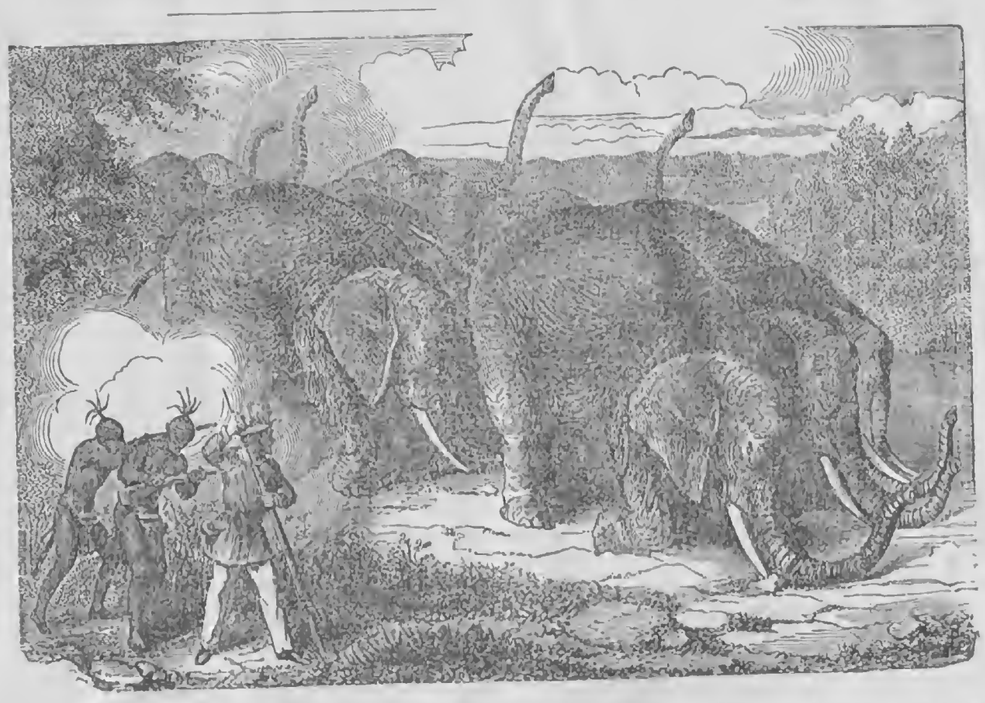
As we approached Magenta they pointed out, first, the positions of the troops; then the traces of the battle, the marks of musket shot and cannon shot, and the feeling grew higher every moment. Finally came the cross raised to commemorate the dead. Deeply moved, I lifted my hat and said, "May God establish the liberty of Italy!" The young fellow dropped his eyes, overcome. The tall one gave me such a calm, grateful look; and the little one seized my hand in both of his, and cried out, "Thanks, thanks!"

"Signori, cannon balls! Signori, grape-shot! Signori, a sabre! Signori, an Austrian sword-belt! Signori, eagles! Signori, French shot!" Such was the cry of a crowd of urchins who thronged outside the railing of the station. Our little friend was out in a minute, and bought some relics for each of us, and then we managed to get a few on our own account.

They did not blow cold on Garibaldi, though Fanti and La Marmora, and especially Cialdini, seemed the men of their chief confidence. One hint dropped has often recurred to my mind since recent events in the south. "Where is Garibaldi?" "Oh," replied the young fellow, "he is in the isle of Capriola, ill; he has a little property there." Then, lifting his brow, and ponting his lip, "He is there, if not somewhere else, organizing something."

How they spoke of the King's soldering! "He is a soldier! Just a soldier! The *beau ideal* of a soldier! Why, at the battle of Palestro," said the little officer, "when I was fighting away in the thick of it, whom should I see close by me but the King; and the balls were as free for him as for me. Oh, he is a soldier!"—"*Italy in Transition,*" *by* WILLIAM ARTHUR, A. M.

ELEPHANT HUNTING ON THE PLAIN.



IN the last issue of the RURAL we gave an engraving illustrative of the method of capturing elephants in the forest, together with a narrative of the adventures of several individuals thus engaged, and now exhibit the mode adopted when they are encountered upon the plain. The following, from LIVINGSTONE'S *Travels and Researches in South Africa*, relating the destruction of a female elephant and her young, is interesting, as showing the maternal instincts of the animal:

"I had retired from the noise, to take an observation among some rocks of laminated grit, when I beheld an elephant and her calf at the end of the valley, about two miles distant. The calf was rolling in the mud, and the dam was standing fanning herself with her great ears. As I looked at them through my glass, I saw a long string of my own men appearing on the other side of them. I then went higher up the side of the valley, in order to have a distinct view of their mode of hunting. The goodly beast, totally unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old; they then went into a pit containing mud, and smeared themselves all over with it, the little one frisking about his dam, flapping his ears and tossing his trunk incessantly, in elephantine fashion. She kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail, as if in the height of enjoyment. Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or the hands closed together, as boys do into a key. They call out to attract the animal's attention,

'O chief! chief! we have come to kill you.
O chief! chief! many more will die besides you, etc.
The gods have said it,' etc., etc.

Both animals expanded their ears and listened, then left their bath as the crowd rushed toward them. The little one ran forward toward the end of the valley, but, seeing the men there, returned to his dam. She placed herself on the danger side of her calf, and passed her proboscis over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety. She frequently looked back to the men, who kept up an incessant shouting, singing, and piping; then looked at her young one and ran after it, sometimes sidewise, as if her feelings were divided between anxiety to protect her offspring and desire to revenge the temerity of her persecutors. The men kept about a hundred yards in her rear, and some that distance from her flanks, and continued thus until she was obliged to cross a rivulet. The time spent in descending and getting up the opposite bank allowed of their coming up to the edge, and discharging their spears at about twenty yards distance. After the first discharge she appeared with her sides red with blood, and, beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her young. I had previously sent off Sekwebu with orders to spare the calf. It ran very fast, but neither young nor old ever enter into a gallop; their quickest pace is only a sharp walk. Before Sekwebu could reach them, the calf had taken refuge in the water, and was killed. The pace of the dam gradually became slower. She turned with a shriek of rage, and made a furious charge back among the men. They vanished at right angles to her course, or sidewise, and, as she ran straight on, she went through the whole party, but came near no one except a man who wore a piece of cloth on his shoulders. Bright clothing is always dangerous in these cases. She charged three or four times, and, except in the first instance, never went further than one hundred yards. She often stood after she had crossed a rivulet, and faced the men, though she received fresh spears. It was by this process of spearing and loss of blood that she was killed; for at last, making a short charge, she staggered round and sank down dead in a kneeling posture. I did not see the whole hunt, having been tempted away by both sun and moon appearing unclouded. I turned from the spectacle of the destruction of noble animals, which might be made so useful in Africa, with a feeling of sickness, and it was not relieved by the recollection that the ivory was mine, though that was the case. I regretted to see them killed, and more especially the young one, the meat not being at all necessary at that time; but it is right to add that I did not feel sick when my own blood was up the day before. We ought, perhaps, to judge those deeds more leniently in which we ourselves have no temptation to engage. Had I not been previously guilty of doing the very same thing, I might have prided myself on superior humanity when I experienced the nausea in viewing my men kill these two—the mother and her young."

The Reviewer.

THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. By EDWARD EVERETT. [pp. 348.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

THIS is indeed a very small book, on a great subject. Only 348 pages in large type, to contain a history of the eventful life of the great WASHINGTON, and this, too, after the national work of IRVING. Yet it is just such a comprehensive memoir as will be read and remembered, and is therefore excellent for school libraries. In Europe, no doubt hundreds will read this that would not the larger works of MARSHALL, SPARKS, or IRVING. The publishers of the Encyclopædia Britannica requested the late Lord MACAULAY to prepare an article on WASHINGTON for that work. Lord M. thought it should be done by an American, and recommended EDWARD EVERETT. The present volume is the result of the undertaking, and we commend it to all who have not the larger works. We regret that the publishers had not given, as a frontispiece, a good portrait of WASHINGTON instead of a bust of the compiler. Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

CHAMBERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA: A Dictionary of Useful Knowledge for the People. On the Basis of the Latest Edition of the German Conversations Lexicon. Illustrated by Wood Engravings and Maps. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

TWENTY PARTS if this publication have been issued, and the last, in all that constitutes a work of value, is fully equal to any of its predecessors. The closing article in the twentieth number is biographical, descriptive of EUGENE BURNOUF, one of the most distinguished Orientalists of modern times. This Encyclopædia embraces Geography, Metaphysics, Jurisprudence, Biography, Natural History, Topography, Theology, Medicine, etc., in the topics discussed, and is well worthy of a prominent position in the library of any individual. As a means of reference, it is invaluable. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE COTTAGES OF THE ALPS; or, Life and Manners in Switzerland. By the author of "Peasant Life in Germany." [12mo.—pp. 422.] New York: Chas. Scribner.

IN this volume, the author has detailed everything which came under observation, and was deemed worthy of notice, during a somewhat protracted stay in Switzerland. We have a faithful portraiture of life and manners among a people where there are no subjects; none who enjoy privileges on account of birth, person, or family,—a people the humblest among whom may look forward to the highest honors in the gift of the republic, if he will make himself worthy of them. The style is graphic and interesting, and the tenor of the entire work is to impart knowledge concerning a nation with whose fortunes and history—because of its peculiar form of government—every American should be conversant. The mechanical execution is excellent, and, in addition to its practical worth, the volume possesses an attractive appearance. For sale by E. DARROW & BRO.

THE YOUNG FARMER'S MANUAL: Detailing the Manipulations of the Farm in a Plain and Intelligible Manner. With Practical Directions for Laying out a Farm, and Erecting Buildings, Fences, and Farm Gates. Embracing also The Young Farmer's Workshop: giving full Directions for the Selection of good Farm and Shop Tools, with their Use and Manufacture, with numerous original Illustrations of Fences, Gates, Tools, etc., and performing nearly every branch of Farming Operations. By S. EDWARDS TODD. [12mo.—pp. 459.] New York: C. M. Saxton, Barker & Co.

WE received a copy of this work some months ago, but ere we could give it more than a cursory examination, an excellent farmer (one who has a good workshop, and understands mechanical matters,) not being able to find a copy at the bookstores, insisted upon taking ours—promising to give us his opinion of its merits. Our friend reports that the Manual is a capital work—sensible, practical, and worthy of strong commendation, especially to young farmers. Knowing the good judgment and large practical experience of our adviser, we consider his endorsement of the work a guaranty that it will prove a safe guide and instructor. It is profusely illustrated and issued in good style.

THE MANUFACTURE OF VINEGAR: Its Theory and Practice, with especial reference to the Quick Process. By CHAS. M. WETHERILL, Ph. D., M. D., Member American Philosophical Society; Academy Natural Sciences of Phila.; Indiana State Medical Society, etc. [pp. 300.] Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

ON the subject of making vinegar there is much need of information, for while, perhaps, all that is necessary to be known, may be found in expensive chemical works, particularly French and German, and in scientific essays, yet no book on the subject that we know of has been published in a convenient form to place in the hands of the people. Mr. WETHERILL has availed himself of the labors of those who have preceded him in this field, and with his practical experience, has produced a work that we can recommend to the student and farmer. One half of the book is devoted to the philosophy of the subject, and the other half to the practical details. For sale by D. M. DEWEY.

Books Received.

THE LAKE REGIONS OF CENTRAL AFRICA, A Picture of Explorations. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Capt. H. M. I. Army; Fellow and Gold Medalist of the Royal Geographical Society. [12mo.—pp. 572.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—DEWEY.

THE HOUSEKEEPERS' ENCYCLOPÆDIA of Useful Information for the Housekeeper in all Branches of Cooking and Domestic Economy: Containing the first Scientific and Reliable Rules for putting up all kinds of Hermetically-Sealed Fruits, with or with Sugar, in tin cans or common bottles; also, Rules for Preserving Fruits in American or French Styles; with Tried Recipes for making Domestic Wines, Catsups, Syrups, Cordials, etc.; and Practical Directions for the Cultivation of Vegetables, Fruits, and Flowers. Destruction of Insects, etc., etc. By Mrs. E. F. HASKELL. [12mo.—pp. 445.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BROTHER.

PRIMARY HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES: Made Easy and Interesting for Beginners. By G. P. QUACKENBOS, A. M. [pp. 192.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE REDSKINS; or, Indian and Injin: Being the Conclusion of the Littlepage Manuscripts. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 536.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO., Subscription Agents.

THE KING OF THE MOUNTAINS. From the French of EDMOND ABOUT, author of the "Roman Question," "Germaine," etc. By MARY L. BOOTH. With an Introduction by EFFIE SARGENT. [12mo.—pp. 300.] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF MATTER, and their relations to each other. By MICHAEL FARADAY, D. C. L., F. R. S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, Royal Institution. Delivered before a Juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain during the Christmas Holidays of 1859-60. Edited by WM. CROOKES, F. C. S. With numerous Illustrations. [pp. 198.] New York: Harpers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND POEMS. By T. BABINGTON MACAULAY. New and Revised Edition. [16mo—pp. 358.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

NOTES ON THE PARABLES OF OUR LORD. By RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH. Condensed. [16mo.—pp. 288.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BROTHER.

WHEAT AND TARES. [16mo.—pp. 280.] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCE AS A MINISTER, with some account of his Early Life and Education for the Ministry; contained in a letter from him to the members of the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. [12mo.—pp. 182.] Boston: Rufus Leighton, Jr. From the Publisher.

LOUIE'S LAST TERM AT ST. MARY'S. [16mo.—pp. 239.] New York: Derby & Jackson. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

A YEAR WITH MAGGIE AND EMMA; A True Story. Edited by MARIA J. MCINTOSH. [16mo.—pp. 137.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

THE LITTLE NIGHTCAP LETTERS. By the author of "Nightcaps," "New Nightcaps," etc. [pp. 178, with illustrations.] New York: Appletons. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

"MY NOVEL;" or, Varieties in English Life. By PISISTRATUS CAXTON. Library Edition—in two volumes. [pp. 580 and 581.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

HARAN, THE HERMIT; or, The Wonderful Lamp. By Rev. J. HYATT SMITH. [pp. 116.] Buffalo: Breed, Butler & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

SCIENCE.

WE are placed in the midst of a scene where a vast multiplicity of objects solicit our attention. Whether we look around on the surface of the earth, or turn our eyes upward to the surrounding atmosphere and the vault of Heaven, we perceive an immense variety of things celestial and terrestrial, animate and inanimate, continually varying their aspects and positions, all differing from each other in certain points of view, yet connected together by various relations and resemblances. Science, in the most general and extensive sense of the term, consists in a perception of the resemblances and differences, or the relations which these objects have to each other and to us, as rational beings.

Science is simply facts. The most sublime truths and deductions in every science, when stripped of their adventitious circumstances, are but so many facts. Every comparison we make between two or more objects, or ideas, is an act of the mind,—affirming a resemblance or a disagreement between the objects presented to the mind or senses,—is the declaration of a fact.

If the position is true, it will follow that every person possessed of an ordinary share of understanding, is capable of acquiring all the leading truths of the most useful sciences, since he enjoys the faculties requisite for the observation of facts, and for comparing them one with another. An ample field still remains for the exertion of all the energies of the human mind. The sciences are, as yet, far from perfection. Some of them have but lately commenced their progress, and some of their elementary principles still require to be established by future observations.

The objects of nature which science embraces, are almost infinite. Would we then accelerate the march of science far beyond the limit of its present and past progress? would we extend its range far beyond its present boundaries? Nothing is so likely to accomplish this end as an increase of the number of scientific experimenters and observers. Let intellectual acquirements be exhibited to the mass of mankind, as the noblest objects of pursuit, and let them be encouraged to form associations for the purpose of mutual improvement and scientific research. By these means attention would be directed to intellectual attainments, a taste would be excited for investigations, which would stimulate to further progress. They would listen with pleasure to the accounts of discoveries which are gradually brought to light, and would be stimulated by a laudable ambition to distinguish themselves as discoverers,—from an innate love of the pursuit of knowledge,—to observe those facts, to make those researches, and to institute those experiments that might wonderfully enlarge the circle of human science.

Were the number of searchers after truth increased, so that many more might be employed in surveying the various aspects, and operations of nature, in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, on the surface of the earth and the ocean, and in the celestial regions,—many new facts would in all probability be brought to light, from which new and important conclusions might be deduced. L. M. LARKINS.

Salem, Mich., 1860.

LETTER TO FARMER BOYS—No. II.

DEAR BROTHERS:—The chestnut burrs have opened, and one by one the rare nuts have fallen upon the discolored leaves, with a sad dirge-like moan, too plainly telling of the visits of the Frost King. Here among the hills of Allegany, far away from the dashing, sparkling waters of Cayuga, my promise to write again to you prompts me to the fulfillment. You will soon enjoy a season of physical rest, and find much time for the improvement of those intellectual faculties which are to be the instruments of your future usefulness for the advancement of your own happiness, and for the benefit of those with whom you will come in contact. Adopt this for your motto,—*Be Something.*

Make for yourselves a character which will withstand *all temptations.* Aim high—you *may hit something.* Do not be contented to be *mere farmers* in the *commonly* used sense of the word, but farmers in truth—God's noblemen. Be chemical, philosophical, physiological, botanical, astronomical, or even theological farmers, if you would be great, good, and useful. You have the whole field of Nature for your laboratory—the blue vault of Heaven for your astronomical researches. The fields, stones, trees, brooks, and rivulets all demand your attention. By a judicious use of your time and means, you may obtain a very general knowledge of these sciences. You do not need to be *profoundly* versed in these things, but you require sufficient knowledge of them to make them practicable and useful to you.

Again I say, *be something.* Do not be a drone in the great hive of humanity, and do not, I beg of you, be what is sometimes designated *a dreamer,* lest you dream away the best years of your life, and spend the remaining ones in deploring your folly.

Life is not all a dream,
Oh, tell it not to me;
Life is all that it seems,
A grand reality!

Open your eyes to the fact that you have a great life mission to perform. You may think great thoughts, and in imagination make great discoveries, perform great actions; but if you do not reduce your *theories to practice,* what are you better than the barren fig tree?

If you only *resolve* to be something, poverty will not debar you—obstacles will be removed by your perseverance—and you will ultimately rise to a position of wealth, honor, and influence. Look up!—do not always be groveling in the dust of earth. You should see the beauties of the Heavens—breathe the pure air that comes over the hill tops.

Aim high! you *may* hit something. Place for yourselves a standard of Right, and adhere to it. Appoint for yourselves a goal, and resolve that you will attain to it. GOD *helps those who help themselves.* In making yourselves true, genuine farmers, you form the noblest specimens of humanity. Every profession ultimately tends to the advancement of agriculture. The first and only *perfect* man GOD ever made, was a farmer—the fairest woman a farmer's wife! Dear brothers, be *true* to your profession. You may hear from me again. I will close this letter with a rythmical production of earlier years.

FARMER BOYS.

Of all the boys in east or west,
I love the farmer boys the best;
Their handsome, honest faces are
A panacea for all care;
And o'er their sun-browned brows does shine
A light which seems almost divine.

Of all the hearts in east or west,
The farmers' hearts I think the best;
Their hearts are, like their winter's store,
Chock full, all ready to run o'er;
With love and generous feelings rife,
Such hearts as theirs will sweeten life.

Of all the hands in east or west,
The farmer's hand I'm sure's the best;
They're large and strong, and sure to save—
They're honest, manly, good, and brave;
And *if I ever* change *my* name,
A farmer's hand I'm sure I'll claim.

Of all the homes in east or west,
The farmer's home I love the best;
And as they gather every night
Around their gleaming hearth-stone's bright,
Methinks no other homes are found
Where love and joy do more abound.

GOD, guard these tillers of the land,
And bless them with Thy bounteous hand;
With stores of good increase their wealth,
Bestow upon them peace and health;
And ever Thou augment their joys—
GOD bless the noble Farmer Boys?

Alfred University, N. Y. MINNIE MINTWOOD.

LYING.—There is no lie, in the long run, successful. The hour of all wind-bags does arrive; every wind-bag is at length ripped, and collapses; likewise, the larger and older any wind-bag is, the more fetid and extensive is the gas emitted therefrom.—*Carlyle.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Agriculturists Appreciated,....357
Inquiries and Notes,....357
Fermentation in Manure Heaps,....357
Thoroughpin,....357
Potatoes for Seed,....357
Care of Calves,....357
Harris' Stump Elevator, in Operation, [Illustrated,]....357
Sorghum and Fairs,....357
Protection for Farm Stock,....358
English Dairy Cheese,....358
More about Egyptian Corn,....358
A Good Pump Wanted,....358
The Potato Rot,....358
Rural Spirit of the Press—Yield of Cream and Milk; Lockjaw in a Horse; Scurf or Mange on Cattle; Paris Milk; Fattening Cattle upon Hay; Why Hungarian Grass Injures Stock; Training Colts to Walk and Drive; Packing Butter; Feeding Hens in Winter....358
Inquiries and Answers—Corn Sheller; Hominy Machine,....358
Agricultural Miscellany—Our Twelfth Volume; The Agricultural Press—New Recruits; Saving the Union; Bone Manure; Wool Grower and Stock Register, A National Circulation; Water and Warm Feed in Winter; Soda Ash for the Wire Worm; Don't Know,....358

HORTICULTURAL.

Picking and Barreling Apples,....359
Destructive Insects, [Illustrated,]....359
Every Man His Own Nursery Agent,....359
Diapree Ronge Plum, [Illustrated,]....359
Horticultural Notes.—Northern Spy Apples; An English Apple; Catawba Grapes; The Rochester Nurseries; Genesee Valley Horticultural Society,....359
Inquiries and Answers.—Diana, or Anna Grape; Saving Ten Weeks Stock Seeds; Plants and Grafts; Changing the Color of the Dahlia; Bursting of the Bark; Culture of the Grape in Houses,....359

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Soda Biscuit; Buns; Crullers; Breckenridge Cake; Apple Pickles; Hop Yeast; How to Cook Carrots; Carrot Pie,....359

LADIES' OLIO.

The Old Man to his Wife, [Poetical;] The Web of Life; Child-Angels—Their Early going Home; Well-Governed Children; Home Courtesies,....360

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

The Autumn Time, [Poetical;] Wordsworth and Coleridge; November and the Poets; Such is Life; A Link,..360

SABBATH MUSINGS.

After Strife; After Rest, [Poetical;] "Suffer and be Strong;" Repentance,....360

SPICE FROM NEW BOOKS.

Swiss Children; Floating for Deer; Lombardy—Garibaldi—Victor Emmanuel,....361

THE REVIEWER.

The Life of George Washington; Chambers' Encyclopedia; The Cottages of the Alps; The Young Farmer's Manual; The Manufacture of Vinegar; Books Received, 361

USEFUL OLIO.

Elephant Hunting on the Plain, [Illustrated,]....361

YOUNG RURALIST.

Science; Letter to Farmer Boys—No. II; Lying,....361

THE STORY TELLER.

On the Ocean, [Poetical;] The Cousins; or, Do the Duty nearest you; Self-Control—A Family Incident,....362

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Stump Extractor—G. D. Harris.
Premiums for Subscribers—L. Bangs.
The Oporto Grape—E. Ware Sylvester.
Rich and Racy—Williams & Breedy.
Durham Bull Wanted—John Francis.
South-Down Bucks—Thomas Bailey.
Ericsson's Caloric Engines—D. B. Logan.
Turkeys and Ducks—J. R. Page.
A Farm Wanted—William Wood.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE United States Court of Claims has resumed its session after a long recess. The number of cases on the docket is small. Renewed efforts will be made to procure an amendment of the law establishing this tribunal, so that awards not exceeding $3,000 may be final, instead of having, as now, to be definitely acted upon by Congress.

The Executive Committees of the four political parties are closing up their business, having ceased to issue any more printed material. It is estimated that the aggregate number of documents circulated by them since the commencement of the Presidential canvass, is between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000. Nearly all of them were folded at the Capital.

A cogent remonstrance has been presented to this government against diversion of the Brooklyn and St. Marys vessels of war from the protection of the Panama route to other purposes. This remonstrance is from a responsible source, and has been induced by the recent occurrences at Panama, as well as by rival and conflicting interests existing with respect to the Panama Railroad and Chiriqui. The remonstrants urge as a great subject of complaint to Americans, that the Panama route, over which there is so much transportation of treasury, is left to the protection of British men-of-war, though the New Granadian treaty imposes such duty upon the United States.

As much has recently been said in the public prints about the recoining of gold dollars into pieces of larger denominations, it may be stated that orders for that purpose have been issued from the Treasury Department in two special cases only, and then on representation that the smaller coins occasioned much inconvenience in the receipts and disbursements, for no sooner are they paid out than they are returned again in business transactions, there appearing to be a redundancy of them among the commercial class. The Assistant Treasurer at New York was, for the greater facility in counting, authorized to have about 2,000,000 of them recoined, and the Assistant Treasurer at St. Louis upwards of 150,000, for similar reasons. The recoinage, however, applies to the original in earlier issues, which it is known are smaller in circumference and thicker than the later and superior coins. Of the former, there are now 9,000,000, and of the latter 6,000,000 in circulation. On a complaint a few days since from Philadelphia, 200,000 of the newer dollars were sent to New York to the mint, where they were withdrawn, and very many of them again found their way to New York. While the gold dollars are a very great convenience in small, it is considered that there is a redundancy of them for large transactions, and hence the recent special order in relation to the recoinage. There does not seem to be any purpose so to rednce the amonnt of this description of coin as to inconvenince the public.

Semi-official advices received, show that owing to the energy of President Ospina and Gen. Herran, director of war operations, and to the patriotism of the people, the revolution in progress in the Republic of New Grenada may by this time be considered at an end. In the decisive action of Oratorio, fought by 3,500 men, 600 were left in the field, and in the combat of Manizales General Mosquera lost 300 out of 2,500 men. It is mentioned as a noticeable fact, that no revolution commenced in New Grenada has ever triumphed, and that the present one, which seemed likely to be the largest and most fatal in its results, is the soonest repressed. The principle which the revolutionists have been fighting for, was the expounding of the Federal Constitution in a nullifying sense, but the victorious party are now urging a revision of the Constitution in a more conservative spirit.

Some incorrect statements have been made in regard to the temporal protection given to the city of Panama by the American and English men-of-war. The Intendante of that State, while employing the city troops in pursuing the negro insurgents therefrom, requested the joint landing and services of both squadrons, and as soon as they were of no further use, orders were consequently given for the withdrawal of the forces. At the latest dates only six British marines remained in the city by the authority of the Intendante.

Thaddeus Hyatt, previous to leaving for Boston, for the purpose of obtaining relief for the Kansas sufferers, laid before the President of the United States, documents under oath, to show the deplorable condition of that Territory.

Two hundred thousand copies of the 300,000 of the Agricultural part of the Patent Office report, ordered by the House of Representatives, have been printed.

From the Pacific Side.

By the arrival of the Northern Light at New York, and the Pony Express at St. Joseph, Mo., we are placed in possession of the following intelligence:

CALIFORNIA.—San Francisco markets are slightly firmer, and demand improved. Quotations generally unchanged.

Gen. Clark, commander of the department of California, is dead.

There is a great anxiety to hear from the Pennsylvania election. It is conceded that if the Republicans triumph in that State, there will be great danger of California going Republican.

OREGON.—An address from the fifteen Douglas members of the Legislature, who united with the Republicans, and elected Col. Baker, (Rep.) to the U. S. Senate, has been issued, in which they excuse themselves as follows:—"In voting for Col. Baker, we were influenced to some extent by his position upon the Slavery question in the Territories—a position differing but little from that of our own party, although acting with the Republicans. Col. Baker, in the canvass of this State last spring, openly declared himself in favor of practical non-intervention, and allowing the Territories, as well as the States, to settle their domestic affairs. His open repeated declaration upon the stump in California in the State canvass last year, while his private professions more recently made, leave us no room to doubt his sincerity. In voting for him, therefore, our sacrifice of principles seems to be more in name than in substance; aside from partizan politics, we are satisfied that Col. Baker will prove a wise, able, and prudent Senator, and will reflect credit upon the State, which is more than can be said with truth of our Senators, hitherto.

PANAMA.—A difficulty has arisen in Panama between the United States and British naval forces, owing to the arrest of an American officer for refusing to respond to a challenge of the British guard, which had been stationed in the streets since the recent disturbances. Communications had passed between the flag officers and the British commander. The result not known.

A fresh alarm occurred at Panama on the night of the 22nd, in consequence of the report that Tachio was coming with a party of negroes to sack the city. The troops were under arms all night. Nothing happened, but new rumors continue to circulate, and the city was kept in a state of excitement.

NICARAGUA.—Advices from Nicaragua state that the news of Walker's capture reached there Sept. 30th, causing much rejoicing. Martinez was again at the head of affairs. Mr. Dimitry was pressing the government for a Convention to settle the American claims, but was unsuccessful. Martinez had, however, consented to call a meeting of Congress for the 15th of December, so that the ratification of the Lamar treaty might be effected within the specified time.

PERU.—The ultimatum of the American government had been rejected by Peru so far as the Lizzie Thompson, Georgiana and Sastoria claims are concerned. This refusal would compel the American minister to demand his passports.

A frightful accident occurred on the 10th, on the dry dock at San Lorenzo, involving the entire loss of the Peruvian frigate Callao, formerly the Autermac, and a great loss of life. She was being docked, with all the crew on board, when some stanchions of the dock gave way, causing her to pitch over, when she rapidly filled with water. A great number of people, including men, women and children, sick in the hospital, all perished. All the particulars were not known at the date of our advices, but it is believed the number of killed would reach 150. The number of wounded was very great. The Callao was a 44-gun frigate, built at Blackhall, England, and was six years old. The dry dock was also damaged and rendered useless. The revolution in Bolivia is suppressed. Several officers were shot.

FRANKLIN CO., Vt., supplies the world with more cheese, it is said, than any other Co. in N. E. Much of it is sent to Old England and sold as "Stilton" and "Cheshire," at high rates.

News Paragraphs.

THE population of Arkansas is likely to exceed 500,000, and she will probably be entitled to four if not five Representatives to Congress. She now sends but two.

COAL oil has the remarkable and very valuable property of never becoming rancid. All other oils—vegetable and animal—absorb oxygen and decay; but all the neutral oils derived from coal are permanent compounds like water, and do not experience corruption or change from time and exposure.

THE effects of the frosts of the latter part of week before last, upon the tobacco crop in Kentucky, have been most disastrous, involving the loss, perhaps, of about one-eighth of the crop in the tobacco growing region of the southern portion of the State. In consequence the price of tobacco advanced one dollar per hundred in the Louisville market.

On the river Ouelle, in Kamouraska, Canada, the late earthquake was more severe than anywhere else. The buildings on both sides of the river suffered considerable damage—chimneys were toppled over with the shock, the cross of the church fell, and pictures were thrown from the walls.

A TRAIN on the Staten Island Railroad was delayed half an hour Tuesday morning by the accumulation of leaves which had fallen from the forest trees alongside the track. They had formed a slippery bed, and causing the wheels of the locomotive to slip, detained the train until the track could be cleared.

THE Druid Hill Park, just opened at Baltimore, contains about five hundred and fifty acres. One-fifth of the gross receipts of the passenger railways was demanded by the city for the charters, and the amount has been appropriated to the Park. It will amount to an annual sum of over $50,000. The trees on the Park are primeval, and a full view of the city and the Chesapeake is obtained.

A WEARY TIME.—John Bateman, a resident of Chatham Center, C. W., returned home on Thursday week, after living for twenty-three years a convict's life in Van Dieman's Land, whither he had been sent for participating in the Canadian rebellion of 1837. Bateman is now 64 years old.

THE people of the United States are the healthiest on the globe. The deaths per year are one and a half per cent. of the population. In England the ratio is nearly two per cent.

THE New Orleans Picayune states that the emigration of free colored people from Louisiana to Hayti, since the establishment of President Geffrard's government, has assumed such an importance that a steamer has been placed for the first time, in the line between New Orleans and Hayti. She will sail for Haytian ports on the first of November, and continue making regular trips, until, as contemplated, she will be bought by the Haytian government.

A COMMUNICATION has been received from Mr. N. Hatch, of Egremont, Mass., by the Commissioners of Charities and Corrections, proposing to present to the City of New York 400 acres of land, situated in Ulster county, in this State, for the exclusive use and benefit of the children of the poor of New York, who are thrown upon the city for support and protection.

IN consequence of the productiveness of California, there is a constant decline of shipments from the Atlantic ports. Three shipments per month would now supply the California provision market.

GARIBALDI, it is reported, washes his own shirt when occasion requires. After the battle of Melazzo, he took it off, washed it in a brook hard by, and hung it on the bushes, ate his lunch of bread, fruit and water, smoked his cigar bare-backed, and wrapt in thought, sat apparently contemplating the drying of his garment.

CENSUS ITEMS.—The net increase in the Northern District of Ohio during the past ten years is 166,059. In the Southern District the increase for the same time is 197,655.

The partial returns from Wisconsin already made indicate that the State has gained about fifty per cent. in the last five years; and, according to this estimate, its entire population at the present time is 800,000.

The census of Michigan shows a population there of 750,000. This is a gain upon the population in 1850 of over 350,000, and upon that in 1854 of 250,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The weather in England continued unsettled and stormy.

A Gotha newspaper supposes that the only daughter of the Duke of Saxe Meiningen, just turned seventeen, is the destined bride of the Prince of Wales.

The Times says that Lord John Russell was not authorized to promise that England will teach the King of Sardinia political morality, or defend the treaty of the Holy or any other alliance, against the national interests of the Italian race.

The Times urges upon Victor Emmanuel the necessity of speedy action at Naples, as Warsaw may take advantage of the delay to throw its protection around Francis.

Hobbs, the famous lock-smith, is about to return to America.

Sheridan Knowles, the author, was lost in the steamer Arctic on the voyage from Hull to Constandt.

When the Bohemian left Liverpool, great rejoicings were going on in honor of the opening of the splendid free library presented to the town by Wm. Brown. Thousands of volunteers were out in procession and business was generally suspended. Lord Brougham and numerous other celebrities were taking part in the proceedings. A great meeting of workingmen was held in the Amphitheatre the previous evening, and presented Mr. Brown with a handsome testimonial.

The Queen and Court had arrived at Windsor from Germany. The Queen had recovered from her indisposition.

Punch has a leading picture, in which he is introducing the Prince of Wales to his pretty Miss Columbia, with the assurance that he don't get such a partner every day.

FRANCE.—Count Persigny, the French Minister to London, had gone to Paris on summons of the Emperor. It was supposed that he would soon replace M. Thouvenel in the Foreign Office.

The Times' Paris correspondent says that the departure of the Pope's Nuncio from Paris was considered the forerunner of the Pope's quitting Rome. The same authority says that seldom has the spirit of hostility been so general in the Church of France, and never has it been more boldly displayed. Pastorals, circulars and sermons denounce, and all but implore the Divine vengeance on the invaders of the Papal States. The whole Prelacy is aroused from one end of the country to the other. The French note of the Federal Council states that independent of the insults offered to the French flag at Siona, a French subject was maltreated on that occasion. France therefore claims that a searching inquiry be instituted and expresses the hope that the guilty parties will be punished and full satisfaction accorded. The Federal Council had directed the government at Valais to make the necessary investigation.

The garrison at Marsailles is to be reinforced.

The French fleet has been recalled from Naples. Advices from Syria state that the French had established a provisional municipality at Deirjalkammar, and reinstated christians in houses built by French soldiers.

Fortifications at Cherbourg and Algiers are to be strengthened. A number of steel cased frigates are also to be built.

ITALY.—Victor Emmanuel had not reached Naples. The last steamer took a report that Pallavacino, the Pro-Dictator of Naples, had resigned. Later dispatches say that he and the ministers remained in office on account of the popular demonstration and the expected arrival of Victor Emanuel.

It was reported that a fresh attack by the Royalists on the Garibaldians had been repulsed.

The movement of the French upon Silerho and other places within fifty miles of Rome, caused great dissatisfaction among the inhabitants. Petitions to the King of Sardinia and Napoleon on the subject were being most numerously signed.

It is reported that Austrian troops were largely concentrated on the frontiers, and there was an unconfirmed rumor that 4,000 Austrians from Mantua had crossed the Po.

It was reported that the National vote in Sicily would not take place till the 28th.

The Paris *Patrie* says that as soon as the annexation of Naples and Sicily is proclaimed, Garibaldi will resign his political authority and assume the title and function of Commander-in-Chief of the land and sea forces of Southern Italy. He will exclusively occupy himself in preparing for war next spring, and will make an appeal to all Europe for volunteers.

It is confirmed that a French merchantman, laden with stores, had been captured by Garibaldi's ships, but as the blockade is not recognized by France, she will probably be restored to avoid disagreeable consequences.

The Turin Gazette says that Prussia has simply made some remarks against the entry of Sardinian troops into Naples, but Russia made no communication. It was reported, however, in Berlin, that the Russian Ambassador at Turin had been recalled, and that the Sardinian Ambassador at St. Petersburg had received his passports.

It was stated that 14,000 Piedmontese troops had already reached Naples by sea. After Victor Emmanuel reviews them, they will march to Caserta, where they will be joined by those entering by the Roman frontier.

Mazzini has refused to leave Naples.

The diplomatists at Gaeta had protested against the decree relative to Milano, and all the Ambassadors had signed it.

Gen. Goyon had re-occupied Viterbo.

Three new forts armed with rifle cannon had been completed between Sido and Malamocco, and the arrangements on the whole Venetian shore are being renewed and connected with an electric battery.

SARDINIA.—The Sardinian Chambers closed their Session on the 19th, after adopting an address to the King expressive of their homage and gratitude.

RUSSIA.—The Sovereigns were to meet at Warsaw on the day the Europa sailed.

It was reported that Prussia will demand of Austria, as the price of her support in Europe, that Prussia should have support, in reviving at no distant day the question of the Danish Duchies.

SPAIN.—Judicial proceedings had been commenced against Rodrique Servia, the man who fired at the Queen of Spain. He has confessed, and says he was employed by Hennrore Prode, a deputy of the Cortese ally.

CHINA.—According to the Paris Patrie, the English Minister to China had received an intimation that the Emperor would be disposed to conclude peace if the allies captured the Peiho forts.

Advices from China state that the allied troops reached the Peiho, August 1st, and established camps at Pehtang. They found the northern and southern ports evacuated, and attacked the Tartar camps on the 16th, when the Chinese fled in disorder. At the departure of the mail the allies were opposite the Taku ports, where the Chinese were preparing to resist. The grand attack was to take place August 15th. The Rebels attacked Shanghai, August 18th, and were repulsed. Trade was stopped.

INDIA.—The Bombay mails reached Marseilles on the 19th. The dates and commercial news had not transpired. Another rising of an important character had taken place at Kalliawar.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs*.—Flour firm, and 6d higher; quoted 29s6d@32s. Wheat dull, and 1d higher. Red western 11s6d@12s4d; southern 12s6d@13s; white western 12s9d@13s; white southern 13s6d@14s8d. The latter rate for very choice. Corn firm, and 6d higher. Mixed yellow 36s6d@37s3d; white 39s@42s. *Provisions*.—Pork quiet and firm. Lard quiet at 61s for fine.

LONDON MARKET.—American wheat 64s@68s for white; 60s@64s for red. Flour 28s@33s.

The News Condenser.

— The total valuation of property in San Francisco is $35,809,639.

— The provinces which remain to the Pope have 326,504 inhabitants.

— No rain, says a traveler, has fallen in Sweden for several months.

— The break bone fever is prevailing to a great extent in Memphis, Tenn.

— The population of New Orleans, by the late census, is stated at 170,766.

— The New York Newsalls the Great West the "bread-basket" of the world.

— Upwards of one thousand troops are about to be sent to California and Texas.

— Nearly sixty locomotives are on order at the works of a single firm in Philadelphia.

— Commander John L. Sanders, of the U. S. Navy, died at Norfolk, Va., on Friday week.

— Rev. M. McNeel fell dead in the pulpit while preaching, on Sunday week, at Selma, Ala.

— A statue of the gallant Gen. Havelock is about to be placed in Trafalgar Square, London.

— A movement has been started in New Haven for a home for aged and indigent females.

— The Sisters of Charity are making arrangements to establish an insane asylum at Buffalo.

— The early frosts in Massachusetts have done great damage to the grape and cranberry crops.

— Intelligence has been received from the Hayes Arctic expedition, which had reached Upernavik.

— The Emperor Napoleon is about to build a palace for the Prince Imperial, now in his fifth year.

— Minnesota farmers are much frightened by burning prairies, which threaten their homesteads.

— Letters from the south of France are filled with the tales of the damage caused by inundation.

— The New Yorkers are talking about the feasibility of having gardens on the roof of their houses.

— A decree of perpetual banishment has been issued against Salomon, ex-Minister of Soulouque.

— They are preparing to hold an Industrial Exhibition at New Orleans, which promises great success.

— The entire population of Brooklyn is 273,425, which shows an increase of about 68,000 in five years.

— A woman in Toledo, O., takes six live frogs daily for the consumption, and it is said she is recovering.

— The crops, both of corn and cotton, in Central Mississippi, it is said, will prove almost a total failure.

— The decrease of the imports of coffee into New Orleans, this year, up to the 20th ult., is 14,325 bags.

— The New London, Conn., Star says that the weeds on some of the sidewalks in that city are five feet high.

— An apple tree in Norwich, Ct., which has had neither bud, blossom, nor fruit, all summer, is now in full bloom.

— Mrs. Betsey Hartwell, of Westminster, Mass., a lady over 81 years old, has seated over 400 chairs within a year past.

— The fig harvest at Smyrna, this year, is said to be much better in quantity and quality than for several years.

— A Washington cent sold recently in Philadelphia, at a sale of coins, for $59, and a silver dollar, of 1794, for $26.50.

— Rarey is about to return, and will bring with him the most unmanageable of his trans-Atlantic steeds, the Cruiser.

— American merchants at Shanghae, China, complain that their interests are not properly looked after by our Minister.

— Arrangements have been made for the establishment of monthly steam communications between Jamaica and New York.

— Shakopee, Chief of the Medawakautwan, or Spirit Lake Sioux, died, last week, at Red Wood, Min. He was 90 years old.

— Timothy Wessel, while whittling a stick, near New Madrid, Mo., on Friday week, cut a vein in his left hand, and bled to death.

— On Tuesday last, the mother of Rev. Dr. Kennedy, of Albany, died at Broadalbin, Fulton Co., at the advanced age of 102 years.

— The weather has been so cool in Florida that fires have been patronized in the mornings and evenings, and thick clothing worn.

— It is said that in the event of the Pope being obliged to leave the States of the Church, he will in no case consent to go to France.

— The engine drivers and firemen of England are making a move to reduce their working time from seventeen to ten hours per day.

— An Iowa farmer who failed to sell his land last spring at $20 per acre, netted $23 per acre from the prolific crop he has just harvested.

— Andrew B. Hutchinson, one of the famous Hutchinson family of vocalists, died in a lunatic asylum, in Boston, lately, aged 52 years.

— The Norwegians are raising money to build a college in Iowa. Twenty thousand dollars have already been raised for this purpose.

— C. McKnight, of Truxton, N. Y., died, week before last, of a sore throat, caused by the use of corn-solvent, purchased of a peddler.

— The New York Saturday Press places under the dramatic head the account of the reception of the Prince of Wales in Trinity Church.

— Mr. Sumers, United States Marshal for Iowa, reports that the population of the State is about 600,000, a gain of over 46,000 since last year.

— One thousand barrels of cranberries have been sent to market this season from the town of Carver, Mass. They sell at $8.50 per barrel.

— The salutes fired in honor of the U. S., by the English fleet, on entering Portland harbor, were distinctly heard at Paris, Me., 50 miles off.

— By the bursting of a camphene lamp in a house, in San Francisco, a whole family was burnt to death, and the house and furniture destroyed.

— In Madrid, Spain, recently, an æronaut, in attempting to ascend in a balloon, hanging by his feet, fell at a height of half a mile, and was dashed to pieces.

— The estimated average weight of Americans is about 6 lbs. more than men in Belgium, 10 lbs. more than Frenchmen, and 4 lbs. less than Englishmen.

— The Galveston (Texas) Civilian announces the ignominious failure of the K. G. C.—Knights of the Golden Circle—fillibustering expedition into Mexico.

— There is a memorial before the Vermont Legislature asking, for the Troy Conference Academy, authority to confer the degree of "Mistress of Literature."

— Mary Dietrich, of Philadelphia, died recently of hydrophobia, produced by the bite of a dog, three months ago; the wound had been cauterized and healed.

— Recently the powder mill of J. Carkin, of Bennington, N. H., was blown up. The workmen were absent, and nobody injured. There were six tuns of powder in the mill.

"EXCELSIOR!"

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER — 1861.

The Twelfth Volume of this Journal commences with January, 1861. The RURAL is so well known as the most Complete and Popular Weekly of its Class—while many pronounce it the Best, as it certainly is the Cheapest and Largest Circulated—that we consider it unnecessary to accompany the announcement of a New Volume with extended pledges or protestations. Suffice it to say, that the ensuing volume will at least equal either of its predecessors in Contents, Style and Appearance—for we shall endeavor to manifest Improvement in every Department, thus rendering the paper worthy a LARGE INCREASE upon the immense Circulation it has attained throughout the American Union and adjacent British Provinces.

Good Pay for Doing Good!

A VALUABLE GRATUITY TO EVERY PERSON WHO FORMS A CLUB!

THE AGENTS and other influential and working Friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and all disposed to become such, are respectfully advised that we have concluded to offer very LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS—*the best yet offered*—for early and active efforts to *renew* its present list, and add NEW SUBSCRIBERS for the ensuing volume. Our reasons for this course are,—1st. Our new system of Mailing by machinery renders it necessary to receive a great portion of the list of subscribers for 1861 at the *earliest possible moment*, in order to get them ready for printing by the first of January. 2d. We are desirous of largely extending the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL, and willing to *pay liberally* for efforts which shall secure *new subscribers*. 3d. The prosperity of the People and Country is such that we believe *now* the best time since the RURAL was established to largely INCREASE its circulation; and hence we are willing to forego immediate profit in anticipation of a greatly augmented permanent list—looking to the future for a gradual return of the large amount invested in Premiums.

— Such being the facts, we invite special attention to the following unprecedentedly Liberal SPECIFIC PREMIUMS—so arranged that *every person* who obtains a Club of Three Subscribers or more *will secure a Valuable Prize!*

GRAND SPECIFIC PRIZES.

Premiums for Each and All — No Blanks!

In order to give *every* Club Agent or Active Friend of the *Rural* a Benefit, we have concluded to offer the following Liberal Specific Premiums to *every person* who forms a Club for the New Volume!

WE WILL GIVE

1. **WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY** (cash price $6,00,) and an extra copy of the *Rural* to *every* person remitting $50 for Forty Yearly Subscribers to the *Rural New-Yorker*, (at least twenty of which must be *new* Subscribers, or persons who have not taken the paper regularly for 1860,) previous to the 1st of April, 1861. The same (Dictionary and free copy,) to every person remitting $37,50 for Thirty *New* Subscribers, as above.

2. **LOSSING'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES** (Imperial 8vo., with 300 Illustrations,—price, $3,50,) and an extra copy of the *Rural* free, to every person remitting $37,50, as above, for *thirty* copies, at least *twenty* of which must be for *new* subscribers.

3. **MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** (Harper's Edition, in 4 volumes, 12mo., bound in leather—cash price, $3,) and an extra paper free, to every person remitting $30, as above, for *Twenty-Four* copies, at least *twenty* of which must be for *new* subscribers.

4. **MACAULAY'S ENGLAND,** (same edition as above, in cloth binding—price, $2,50,) and an extra paper free, to every person remitting $25 for *twenty new* subscribers, as above. Macaulay's England (as above) to every person remitting $25 for Twenty subscribers, old or new.

5. **MACAULAY'S ENGLAND** (in cloth, as above,) to every person remitting $21 for Fifteen copies, at least *ten* of which must be for *new* subscribers.

6. **WEBSTER'S COUNTING HOUSE AND FAMILY DICTIONARY** (Mason and Brothers' Edition, bound in leather, cash price, $1,50) *post-paid*, and a free copy of the *Rural*, to every person remitting $18 for Twelve copies, at least *eight* being for *new* subscribers.

7. **WEBSTER'S C. H. & FAMILY DICTIONARY,** post-paid, and a free copy of *Rural*, to every person remitting $15 for Ten *new* subscribers; or

8. **EVERYBODY'S LAWYER** (bound in law style, price $1,25,) *post-paid*, (OR, any $1,25 or $1 work, mentioned herein, post-paid, and a free copy of *Rural* to every person remitting $15 for ten subscribers, whether old or new,

9. **WEBSTER'S C. H. & F. DICTIONARY,** post paid, and a free copy of *Rural*, to every person remitting $10 for six *new* subscribers.

10. **THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES** (Illustrated, bound in leather, price $1.25,) *post-paid*, and a free copy of *Rural*, to every one remitting $10 for Six subscribers, whether old or new.

11. **LOSSING'S PICTORIAL UNITED STATES** (12mo, with 200 Illustrations, price $1,) *post-paid*, to every person remitting $8 for Five subscribers, three being new—or $5 for Three subscribers, two being new.

12. **COLE'S FRUIT BOOK** (price 50 cents) *post-paid*—OR, if preferred, **THE SKILLFUL HOUSEWIFE,** (same price,) *post-paid*—to every person remitting $4 for two subscribers, one being new.

[Persons entitled to any of the above books, and preferring other works of equal value, mentioned herein, can be accommodated on stating their wishes. For instance, any one entitled to "Everybody's Lawyer," can have "The Horse and His Diseases" or "Lossing's Pictorial," and *vice versa*. Any one entitled to Macaulay's History can have instead, post-paid, either *two* of the dollar or ten shilling books; and any one entitled to "Lossing's Illustrated History," can have instead, and post-paid, *two* copies of the Counting House and Family Dictionary, &c. The Pictorial Dictionary, Lossing's Illustrated History, and Macaulay's History are too heavy to send by mail—but all the other works will be sent *post-paid* to any part of the U. S. within 3,000 miles.]

☞ Persons who take the *Rural* this quarter, on trial, and subscribe for next year, may be counted as *new* subscribers in competing for Premiums.

EXTRA PREMIUMS

For Prompt and Efficient Action.

In order to secure a portion of the list for 1861 as early as convenient, we will give the following *Extra Premiums*, in *addition* to what is offered in the Specific List:

I.—To each of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of *Thirty* or more Yearly Subscribers to the *Rural*, (at least fifteen of which must be *new* subscribers,) remitting pay according to our Club Terms, we will give a perfect and handsomely bound volume of the *Rural* for 1860 or 1859, as preferred; OR, $2 in such Books as we offer, *post-paid*.

II.—To *each* of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of *Twenty* or more subscribers (at least *ten* being *new*,) as above, we will give (and pay postage if sent by mail,) a copy of *Webster's Counting House and Family Dictionary*.

III.—To *Each* of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of *Ten* or more subscribers, (at least five being *new*,) we will give (paying postage, if sent by mail,) a copy of *Modern Cookery* [by Miss Acton and Mrs. Hale,] price, $1,25—or any dollar or ten shilling book [or two fifty cent books,] mentioned above.

[If preferred, either of the following works will be sent, post-paid, instead of any one of equal price above named: Hints to Horse-Keepers, price $1.25; Buist's American Flower Garden Directory, $1.25; Dadd's Horse Doctor, $1; Dadd's Cattle Doctor, $1; Practical Cookery, $1; The American Poultry Yard, $1; Langstroth on the Hive and Honey Bee, $1.25; Mysteries of Bee Keeping Explained, $1.]

☞ Remember that these are *Extra Premiums* — in *addition* to all others offered — and given as a reward for early and efficient action! *Now is the Best Time to Act!*

TERMS OF THE RURAL—In Advance.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR. *Three Copies, one year, $5; Six Copies, and one free to Club Agent, $10; Ten, and one free, $15; Fifteen, and one free, $21; Twenty, and one free, $25; and any greater number at the same rate—only $1.25 per copy! Club papers sent to different post-offices, if desired. As we pay American postage on copies mailed to foreign countries, $1.37 is the lowest Club rate for Canada, and $2.25 to Europe.*

☞ *Bills on all solvent Banks in U. S. and Canada taken at par, but Agents will please remit New York, Canada or New England money when convenient. All subscription money remitted by Draft on either New York, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo, (less exchange,) may be sent at the risk of the Publisher, if made payable to his order.*

FRIENDS OF THE RURAL! such is our Programme of Specific Premiums for the Winter Campaign. Please examine the list closely, and you will observe that *every work offered is as good as there is of the kind and price*. The Books have been selected with *great care*, special reference being had to their intrinsic value and merit. Is not the Programme all "on the square," Reader, and are not the Premiums worth contending for? Bear in mind that EVERY PERSON who forms a Club of three or more is sure of a good book, and that the greater the effort, the larger will be the prize! There is no "Gift Book Enterprise" or gammon about the matter, Gentlemen and Ladies, Boys and Girls,—for we have determined to give ALL of you disposed to aid the RURAL and its Objects, a *bona fide*, substantial reward for generous exercise of influence. The Presidential Election is over, the Country is safe, the People prosperous and ready to substitute a useful paper for the campaign sheets, and *Now is the Time* to canvass successfully for the Favorite RURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER of America.

Please write all addresses plainly and carefully, in order that they may be accurately entered upon our books and correctly PRINTED by our Mailing Machine. All subscriptions should be well inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to D. D. T. MOORE,

November, 1860. Rochester, N. Y.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ THE RURAL AS A PRESENT.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the RURAL is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1.25. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1,37½, and to Europe, $2.25—the extra charge being for postage.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Nov. 6, 1860.

FLOUR.—An advance of 25 cents per barrel is noted in flour from choicest wheat. Other grades are as last quoted. Buckwheat Four is selling for $2 per 100 pounds.

GRAIN.—Best White Canada wheat brings $1,40 ₩ bushel readily, and considerable is being offered on sale. Barley has dropped slightly. Buckwheat has opened at 40@44c, and in some instances has brought a little better price.

MEATS.—Nothing new to note in this department of trade except in fresh Pork, which has declined 50@75 cents during the week. A little is coming in but not enough to fix the market.

SEEDS.—Clover has dropped 25@50 cents per bushel; Timothy has also lost a like amount.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16@16c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,31	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,40	Apples, dried	63@75c
Corn, old	55@60c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	12½c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	12½c
Rye, 60 lbs. ₩ bush	00@62c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	26@26c	Potatoes	25@38c
Barley	60@62½c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@44c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$19,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	60@88c
Pork, clear	20,00@00,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	6,00@6,50	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ₩ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,25@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	5,75@6,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Turkeys	0@10c	Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₩ pair	34@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	16@18c	Hay, tun	$8,00@12,00
Butter, firkin	00@15c	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ₩ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—FLOUR—Market 10c higher on common and medium grades, with a moderate demand for home use and limited export inquiry. Sales at $5,40@5,50 for super State; $5,60@5,65 for extra do; $5,40@5,50 for super Western; $5,60@5,85 for common to medium extra do; $5,80@5,90 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing quiet and firm. Canadian in little better request and market a shade firmer; sales at $5,80@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat market firm, but the extreme scarcity of freights and high rates ruling operate as a serious check on the export demand; sales winter red Western at 137@138c afloat, 137@137½c in store; Milwaukee club at 12@127½c; amber Wisconsin at 128@129c; white Ohio and Indiana at 144@155c; white Kentucky at about 155c; choice white Michigan at 159c. Rye heavy and lower; sales Canadian at 72@73c. Barley in moderate request, but prices without material change; sales at 75@78c for Canada East, 83c for Canada West. Corn opened firm, but closed decidedly better, with a good export demand; sales at 70½@71½c for Western mixed, afloat; 72½c for do in store—closing with no sellers below 73c. Oats steady at 37@38c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork very quiet and steady; sales at $19 for mess; $14,12@14,50 for prime. Lard dull and unchanged; sales at 12½@13c. Butter steady at 11@15c for Ohio, 16@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11c.

ASHES—Quiet and unchanged; sales at $5,25 for pots, $5,75 for pearls.

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened steady for flour, with a moderate local and limited shipping inquiry. The European advices received just at the close of 'change, have rather tended to strengthen the market, but no improvement had been realized up to noon. Buckwheat flour and corn meal are unchanged.

GRAIN—In Wheat there is a moderate business doing for the supply of the local mills. Sales No. 2 Chicago spring at 117c, Mediterranean at 129c, and white Michigan at 152c. Corn is rather firmer and in good request, in part for shipment. Sales Western mixed at 67@68c, closing at the outside figure. Barley is in moderate request for home consumption and for shipment. Sales State at 71c, Canada East at 78c, and Western for shipment to Philadelphia at 82c. Oats without important change in value, and moderately active. Sales State at 35½c.

FEED—A good supply and a fair inquiry. Sales at 68 for 25lb and 70 for 26lb feed.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Nov. 5.—FLOUR—Moderate demand and market steady. Sales at $4,50 for fine; $5 for fair extra Illinois and Wisconsin; $5,25 for favorite extra Illinois (bakers brands) $5,37½@5,50 for extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extra.

GRAIN—Freights have again advanced, and the demand in consequence is very moderate, but one sale having been reported since Saturday noon—Green Bay Club this morning at $1,05. Corn closed firmer. Sales this morning at 50c—held at 51c at the close. Oats dull and heavy. Sales Saturday afternoon at 26c. Barley dull at 62½@63c. Rye quiet at 63c. Market for peas nominal at 65c.

PROVISIONS—Market steady. Heavy mess pork is selling at $19; no light mess or prime offering. Mess is quoted at $6,50 and prime at $5. Bacon scarce and none offering. Cheese is coming in very slowly, and the market is firm. Quotations from store are 10@11c. Lard quiet at 12½c.—*Com. Advertiser.*

TORONTO, Nov. 1.—FLOUR—There is an utter absence of demand for flour, especially of the lower grades. There is a good deal offering now, and holders have lowered their views considerably beneath those of last week. The demand from Montreal appears to be pretty fully met by supplies from the Western States, at rates much below what our millers can afford to manufacture and compete. The prospect at present is not very gratifying for high prices for Canadian flour, except it be of very superior quality. We quote superfine at $5, at which rate it has been offered and refused, although some holders still demand $5,10; fancy may be named at $5,20@5,30; extra $5,50@5,80, and double extra $6@6,25 ₩ barrel. These rates must, of course, be regarded as nominal. Oatmeal is not so brisk at $4 per barrel.

GRAIN.—The weakness in fall wheat which the market displayed at the close of our last review has continued to manifest itself throughout the week, although quotations have not so much declined as we anticipated. The prices are for common to good $1,15@1,20; for good to prime $1,20@1,25, and for extra prime $1,26 in about a dozen instances. The current outside rate was $1,25, and the average price for the day was about $1,23 ₩ bushel. The market closed steady at these rates. Spring wheat is in good request at $1@1,08, the latter being the extreme figure, and $1,05 the current price. Barley is still active at improved prices. On Tuesday upwards of 7,000 bushels were bought at 60@67c. ₩ bushel—the frequent range being between 63@65c ₩ bu. Oats are in better demand, with liberal supplies. Prices are firmer at a cent better—quoted now at 29@31c ₩ bush. Peas are not so much sought for and the market was depressed at 50@55c ₩ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Oct. 31.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ₩ cwt	$8,25@9,00
Ordinary quality	7,50@8,00
Common quality	6,00@7,00
Inferior quality	5,00@6,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ₩ lb	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ₩ head	$5,25@6,00
Ordinary quality	4.00@5,00
Common quality	3,50@4,00
Inferior quality	2,50@3,25
SWINE.	
First quality	6 @6⅜c
Other qualities	5⅜@5⅞

ALBANY, Nov. 5.—BEEVES—The heavy falling off in receipts this week shows that drovers take no little interest in the coming election. The Illinoisans, especially, prove by their absence this week that they are almost to a man determined to take part in the contest. In view of the light supply prices have advanced ⅛@¼ ₩ lb. live weight, according to quality. The average rise is about ⅛c. Sales are not quick, however, the buyers both from New York and Brighton representing that their markets are already pretty fairly supplied for the next seven days.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	1,829	4,067	2,822
Sheep	4,827	4,409	6,315
Hogs	26	81	1,040

PRICES—The market is moderately active at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5¼	5 @
Extra	4¼@4⅞	4¼@4¾
First quality	3¾@4¼	3¾@4
Second quality	2¾@3⅜	2½@3
Third quality	2¼@2⅞	2 @2¼

HOGS—Demand good and supply fair; prices are no better, if as good, as the ruling rates of the previous week.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Oct. 31.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,583; about 1,000 Beeves, and 583 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.
WORKING OXEN—$80@175.
COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@60.
STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—7,300 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,50@3,00.
HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 6@6½c.
CALF SKINS—10@11c ₩ lb. Pelts, $1@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 1.—At market, 1,800 Beeves, about 900 Stores, 7.000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,000 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $0,00@0,00; first quality, $0-00@7,00; second quality, $6,00@6,50; third quality, $3,50@4,75; ordinary quality, $2,75.
WORKING OXEN—None.
MILCH COWS—$40@44; common, $18@19.
VEAL CALVES—$3,00@3,50.
STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@16.
HIDES—6@6½c ₩ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ₩ lb.
TALLOW—6@6½c ₩ lb.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,75; extra, $2,00@3,00.
PELTS—$1@$1,50 each.
SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 0@6½c ₩ lb; retail 6@7c; Spring pigs 7c; retail 6½@8c; fat hogs, undressed, none.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—The market continues dull but prices generally are well sustained. Desirable pulled wools continue in good demand at full rates. California wools are firm, with a fair request. Fine foreign wools have shown more activity than like grades of domestic, and there has been a moderate business done in the coarser descriptions. Walter Brown's Monthly Circular remarks:—"We have exported from this market, from the commencement of the year to October 1st, 2,700 bales of wool, (none were exported in 1859,) while our imports, including California and Southern domestic, fall short of last year's during the same period, more than 7,500 bales—making the present supply, comparing the two years, about 10,000 bales less than last year, while the consumption is not at all diminished." We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ₩ lb	53@65
Am. full-blood Merino	50@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	40@42
Extra, Pulled	44@48
Superfine, Pulled	38@41
No. 1, Pulled	30@35
Lamb's, Pulled	32@39
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	15@36
California, common do.	12@20
Peruvian, washed	25@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	11@12
South Am. common, washed	10@16
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	11@16
South American, unwashed	8@10
South American Cordova, washed	19@23
East India, washed	16@30
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@25
Smyrna, unwashed	10@19
Smyrna, washed	24@27
Mexican, unwashed	12@14

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

BOSTON, Nov. 1.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool is moderate, but prices remain the same. Sales of 125,000 lbs, at previous prices, medium grades of fleece ranging from 45@50c ₩ lb. The sales of Foreign have been 250 bales Mediterranean, South American and Spanish, and 100 ballots Peruvian at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	22@57
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	9@17
Do. No. 1	35@38	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

IN this city, on the evening of the 28th ult., by the Rev. W. F. PAYNE, JAMES McGIVERN, JR., and EMILY LOUISE W., youngest daughter of JAMES BUCHAN.

IN this city, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. Mr. MONTGOMERY, Mr. CHAS. H. RIPLEY and Miss LEMIRA A. GOFF, all of this city.

Deaths.

AT his residence in Newport Valley, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Monday, October 1st, of hemorrhage of the stomach, JOS. BENCHLEY, aged 68 years.

His death was calm and peaceful as his life had ever been. Suffering no pain, he felt no fear—no regret at death's approach,—but breathed his life out sweetly, surrounded by loving friends.—[COM.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER has a far larger circulation than any similar journal in the world, and is undoubtedly the best advertising medium of its class in America.

TWENTY PAIRS OF BRONZE TURKEYS (LARGE breed,) and a lot of Cayuga Black Ducks, for sale.
Sennett, N. Y. 565-2t J. R. PAGE.

ERICSSON'S CALORIC ENGINES are manufactured by the Newark Machine Co. For particulars address D. B. LOGAN, Agent,
565-2t 58 Beekman Street, New York.

SOUTH DOWN BUCKS.—I have a few, very fine full blood South-Down Bucks, which I will sell low. They are from imported stock THOMAS BAILEY,
565-2t Livonia, Livingston Co., N. Y.

DURHAM BULL WANTED.—I wish to purchase a *first class* Short-horn Bull; an imported animal preferred, if the price is not too high.
Address, giving *full* pedigree, age, color, size, lowest price, &c. JOHN FRANCIS, General Agent, Westfield, Chautauqua Co., New York.
N. B.—Cheap Farms for sale. 565

WANTED, A FARM CONTAINING FROM 40 TO 70 acres of warm, rich soil, well stocked with the different varieties of Fruit, Small Wood Lot, living running Water, located near the City, or on line of Railroad near a Depot. Any one having such a Farm to sell at a fair price, can learn of a cash purchaser by sending a line to WILLIAM WOOD, Shortsville, Ontario Co., N. Y., giving location, description, price, &c.

THE OPORTO GRAPE.—The subscriber offers this grape to the public, believing that it possesses all the essential qualities of a first class wine grape. It is perfectly hardy, it bears good crops, it is free from mildew, the juice is thicker than that of any other grape, and has excellent proportions of sugar and acid. N. Longworth, Esq., (the wine king,) says:—"To my surprise the must (juice) weighs 82 degrees, a fair weight, *as black as ink, and thicker than any I have seen.*" Dr. C. T. Jackson says, "The specimen of Oporto wine is not too sweet, *but is just right.*" Send for the descriptive catalogue of the Lyons Nursery.
E. WARE SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y.

RICH AND RACY.
A CIRCULAR containing a list of all the Books published, of a *HIGHLY INTERESTING* character, sent FREE, on receipt of a three cent stamp to pay postage.
Address WILLIAMS & BREEDY,
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PREMIUMS FOR SUBSCRIBERS.
THE METHODIST,
The new RELIGIOUS WEEKLY, conservative in its principles on all church questions, of high literary character, and a first-class
FAMILY PAPER,
is published on Saturdays, in the City of New-York. Its popularity is evinced by its rapidly extending circulation, as well as by strong testimonials from all quarters.
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TO THE PUBLIC.
My STUMP EXTRACTOR is designed to take the place of the well known Lever Machine, using the same chains, rods, &c, extracting stumps at less than one-half the cost of the lever or any other machine. I claim for my machine power, speed and portability combined, which are the three fundamental principles of a practical Stump Extractor, and challenge the world to produce a Stump Extractor combining those principles equal to my machine.
The Cylinder winds chain enough to turn the largest stumps entirely out of the ground without any taking up of *chains*. I will warrant the machine of sufficient strength for two horses, giving (92) *ninety-two* horse power on the smallest part of shaft or cone, D.
My price for a Machine, with chains, rods, &c., sufficient to pull stumps (80) eighty feet from anchor stump, ($300) three hundred dollars, including a deed of a town right.—For a set of machinery, all fitted up, including the chain which winds upon cone or shaft D., with a town right included, is ($150) one hundred and fifty dollars. Any good mechanic can put the machine together. Any farmer can operate the same. Any other information given by the inventor that may be desired. G. D. HARRIS.
Fitchburg, Mass., 1860.

TIOGA, Tioga Co., Pa., Sept 29, 1860.
THIS is to Certify that we, the undersigned, having witnessed to our entire satisfaction a practical operation of G. D. HARRIS' new and improved Stump Extractor, we take pleasure in recommending it to all who are in want of such a machine, as being far superior to any other Stump Extractor within our knowledge.
Col. H. S. JOHNSON, Maj. V. DEPUE,
IRA BAKER, PORTER GAYLORD,
A. C. MANN, C. H. PLACE,
E. B. BENTON, LEROY TABER,
E. A. SMEAD, LYMAN SMITH.

THIS is to Certify that we, the undersigned witnessed an operation of G. D. HARRIS' improved Stump Extractor in extracting four pine stumps from eighteen inches to three feet in diameter. From the time that the machine was driven into the field, anchoring the same, throwing off chains, rods, &c., raising the crotch, pulling three stumps and pulling one without crotch, making four in all *extracted*, picking up chains, rods, crotch, &c., loading upon machine and leaving field, was inside of forty minutes. The time required for pulling the four stumps after the machine was hitched to them, was inside of *four minutes*.
Col. H. S. JOHNSON, Tioga, Pa.
A. W. WILSON, Covington, Pa.

ELMIRA, Chemung Co., N. Y., Oct. 15, 1860.
THIS is to Certify that I have witnessed a practical operation of G. D. HARRIS' new and improved Stump Extractor, and I take pleasure in recommending it to the public, as being far superior to any other Stump Extractor within my knowledge—fully combining the three fundamental principles, which are power, speed and portability. I have been the owner of a lever machine for the last eight years, with chains and rods enough to pull all stumps on *ten acres* of land from one anchor stump. There are two screw machines in my neighborhood, one an upright, the other a horizontal screw. I think that stumps can be extracted with Mr. HARRIS' machine at *one half* the cost they can be with any other machine.
CHRISTIAN GREATSINGER.

APPLE SEED.—A choice lot of the growth of 1860, for sale by JAMES A. ROOT,
561-3t Skaneateles, Onondaga Co., N. Y.

PEAR TREES—Standard, from 4 to 6 feet $25 ₩ 100.
Currants, White Grape, strong plants, $10 ₩ 100, $80 ₩ 1,000.
Currants, Red Grape, strong plants, $7 ₩ 100; $60 ₩ 1,000.
do. Victoria, " " $8 " $70 "
do. Red Dutch, " " $4 " $30 "
do. Black English and Missouri, strong plants, $4 ₩ 100; $30 ₩ 1,000.
Apple Trees, from 4 to 6 feet high, $70 ₩ 1,000.
do. 1 year, popular varieties, $15 ₩ 1,000.
do. Seedlings, 2 years, first quality, $4,50 ₩ 1,000.
do. do. 1 year, " " $3,60 "
do. Seed, wet seed, ₩ bushel, $4,00.
Pear Seed, dry seed, per pound, $1,40.
For sale at the above prices before packed. A slight charge will be made only for the boxes and moss, but I do not make any charge of the packing and delivering at Rochester.
W. D. STROWGER,
October, 1860 Penfield, N. Y.
P. S.—I will also furnish Apple Grafts of the popular sorts, packed and delivered at Rochester, at $5,00 ₩ 1,000, in quantities over 10,000. 561-tf

THE NEW AMERICAN WATCH
MADE AT WALTHAM, MASS.
IN order to meet the requirements of gentlemen who prefer a thinner Watch than those usually made by us we have lately issued a new style of Watch on the three-quarter plate model, especial designed for this purpose.
In establishing this new series, it has also been our design to produce a Watch in every way superior to the best and highest priced products of the most reputable of English and Swiss Watch manufacturers; and no labor or expense has been spared to this end.
In all respects of fine and durable material, of external and internal finish, of accurate compensation and adjustment, of mathematically just proportions, and of *practical results*, our new three-quarter plate Watch challenges comparison with any in the world.
The following named gentlemen may be referred to in relation to these Watches:
Hon. HANNIBAL HAMLIN, *Maine*, JOHN G. SAXE, *Vermont*.
N. P. WILLIS, *New York*, Hon. N. P. BANKS, *Mass.*
HORACE GREELEY, FRANK LESLIE,
CYRUS W. FIELD, *New York*, WM. H. CARY, *New York*.
PAUL MORPHY, *New Orleans*, NORMAN WIARD, *Wisconsin*.
Dr. J. MARION SIMS, Prof. BARTLETT, *West Point*.
Lieut. H. A. WISE, U. S. N. Col. W. J. HARDEE, U. S. A.
S. I. PRIME, D. D., *Wh't. Pl's.* WILSON G. HUNT, *New York*.
Gen. G. P. MORRIS, *New York*. PETER COOPER, *New York*.
CAUTION.—As our watch is now extensively counterfeited by foreign manufacturers, we have to inform the public that no watch is of our production which is unaccompanied by a certificate of genuineness, bearing the number of the watch, and signed by our Treasurer, R. E. Robbins, or by our predecessors, Appleton, Tracy & Co.
As these watches are for sale by jewelers generally throughout the Union, the American Watch Company do not solicit orders for single watches.
ROBBINS & APPLETON,
564-2t Wholesale Agents, No. 182 Broadway, N. Y.

SULPHITE OF LIME—For preserving Cider—with full directions for use. Price, 50 cents per bottle of ten ounces—enough for forty gallons cider. Sent by Express anywhere. WEBB, WALKER & CO.,
Oct. 22, 1860. [563-4t.] Utica, N. Y.

PHOTOCHROMATIC OIL PAINTINGS.—Agents Wanted to introduce this beautiful art. Young men are making over $50 a month in this business. Terms and Specimens sent FREE, by addressing, with stamp for return postage. [563-8t] L. L. TODD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK.—This Bank has funds to loan on bond and mortgage, on improved farms, in the counties of Monroe, Livingston, Genesee, Orleans, Ontario, and Wayne.
562-13t EDWARD WHALIN, Sec'y.

MONEY CAN BE MADE IN SELLING OUR AGRICULTURAL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS. For terms of agency apply to SAXTON & BARKER,
560-6t 25 Park Row, New York.

GREAT CURIOSITY.—Particulars sent free. Agents wanted.—549 SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

FARM FOR SALE.—One of the best and best situated farms in Monroe Co., lying 6 miles west of this City, in the town of Gates, on the Buffalo road, will be sold at a great bargain if application is made soon. A small farm of 50 to 80 acres, near the City, or a house and lot worth 4 to $5,000 in the city, would be taken in part payment. For particulars apply on the premises, or at No. 8 Hill street, at the office of JOHN M. FRENCH & Co., of M. HUNTINGTON.
Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

AMERICAN GUANO,
FROM
JARVIS & BAKER'S ISLANDS,
IN THE
SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN,
IMPORTED BY THE
AMERICAN GUANO COMPANY
Office, 66 William Street,
NEW YORK.
C. S. MARSHALL, Pres't. H. MATHER, Sec'y.
J. K. CHAPPELL, Agent, 69 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.

TO FARMERS, MECHANICS, AND BUILDERS.—Our "Irrepressible Conflict" is against high prices.—We offer you, at 74 Main St., Rochester, Iron, Nails, Hardware, Oils, Paints, Colors, Windows, Doors, Blinds, Hoes, Spades, Shovels, Corn Hoes, Cultivators, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also, the celebrated "Straight Draft Plow," which we offer cheaper than the cheapest.
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TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW.
Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street,
Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT."
The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.
WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired: and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to
Rev. ROBERT DICK,
Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.
Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.
☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. ☜ 532-tf.

BOOKS FOR RURALISTS.
THE following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the RURAL NEW-YORKER. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published.

American Farmer's Encyclopedia	$4 00	Do. Elements of Ag. Chemistry and Geology	1 00
Allen's Am. Farm Book	1 00	Do. Catechism of Chemistry for Schools	25
Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals	75	Langstroth on the Hive and Honey Bee	1 25
Allen's Rural Architecture	1 25	Leuchar's Hot Houses	1 25
Allen on the Grape	1 00	Liebig's Familiar Letters to Farmers	50
Am. Architect, or Plans for Country Dwellings	6 00	Linsley's Morgan Horses	1 00
American Florist's Guide	75	Miner's Bee-keeper's Manual	1 00
Barry's Fruit Garden	1 25	Miles on the Horse's Foot	50
Blake's Farmer at Home	1 25	Milburn on the Cow	25
Boussingault's Rural Economy	1 25	Mrs. Abel's Skillful Housewife and Ladies' Guide	50
Bright on Grape Culture	50	Saxton's Rural Hand Books, bound in 4 Series	each 1 25
Browne's Bird Fancier	50	Munn's Land Drainer	50
Browne's Poultry Yard	1 00	Nash's Progressive Farmer	60
Do. Field Book of Manures	1 25	Neill's Gardener's Companion	1 00
Bridgeman's Gard. Ass't	1 50	Norton's Elements of Agriculture	60
Do. Florist's Guide	60	Olcott's Sorgho and Imphee	1 00
Do. Kitchen Gardener's Instructor	60	Pardee on the Strawberry	60
Do. Fruit Cult. Manual	60	Pedder's Land Measurer	50
Breck's Book of Flowers	1 00	Persoz's New Culture of the Vine	25
Buist's Flower Garden	1 25	Phelps' Bee-keeper's Chart	25
Do. Family Kitchen Gard.	75	Quinby's Mysteries of Bee-keeping	1 00
Chemical Field Lectures	1 00	Rabbit Fancier	50
Chinese Sugar Cane and Sugar Making	25	Randall's Sheep Husbandry	1 25
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Cobbett's Am. Gardener	50	Do. Pests of the Farm	25
Cottage and Farm Bee-keeper	25	Do. Domestic Fowls	25
Cole's Am. Fruit Book	50	Do. on the Hog	25
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Dadd's Modern Horse Doc.	1 00	Do. on the Dog	25
Do. Am. Cattle Doctor	1 00	Reemelin's Vine-dresser's Manual	50
Do. Anatomy and Physiology of the Horse	2 00	Shepherd's Own Book	2 00
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Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees	1 50	Thomas' Farm Implements	1 00
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Do. Rural Essays	3 00	The Rose Culturist	25
Eastwood's Cranberry Culture	50	Topham's Chemistry Made Easy	25
Elliott's Western Fruit Book	1 25	Turner's Cotton Planter's Manual	1 00
Every Lady her own Flower Gardener	50	Warder's Hedges and Evergreens	1 00
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Hooper's Dog and Gun	25		
Hough's Farm Record	3 00		
Hyde's Chinese Sugar Cane	25		
Johnston's Ag. Chemistry	1 25		

☞ Any of the above named works will be forwarded by mail, post-paid, on receipt of the price specified.
Address D. D. T. MOORE, Rochester, N. Y.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ON THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. ELLEN C. L. KIMBEL.

We're rocking, rocking on thy breast,
Oh, ocean, broad and blue;
Bnt ere thy wave song lulls to rest,
Say if thy heart be true.

We see its pulses rise and fall
In throbbings calm and slow;
But passions, at the wild wind's call,
May wake in depths below;

While trusting hearts that fell asleep,
Lulled by thy murmured song,
Launched on the waves of death's wild deep,
Faint with the fears that throng.

Sending across thy dark blue waves
Long searching looks of dread,
With thonghts of caverns turned to graves,
And loved ones lying dead,

There breaks from out the growing fear
A gleam of better faith—
Danger and darkness may be near,
But God's *will* bringeth death.

So, with the darkness folding close
The last warm rays of light,
We lade the breeze that landward blows
With many a fond "good night;"

And rocking, rocking on thy breast,
Oh, ocean, broad and blue,
If false the song that lulls to rest,
The *Heart above* is true.

"Home," N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE COUSINS;
OR, DO THE DUTY NEAREST YOU.

BY KATE CAMERON.

[Conolnded from page 356, last number.]

At length the repast was ended, every one having eaten more than enough, and all being impatient to repair to the upper rooms, where the Fair was to be held. That passed off as such gatherings in a village like Brookville always do, to the general satisfaction of all concerned; affording mnch amusement during its progress, and realizing a handsome amonnt for the object in view.

Adeline was too mnch fatigned by her exertions on the occasion, to think of doing anything for a week excepting to attend the Saturday evening meeting and the sewing society. So her mother, as usual, did the housework, and all things moved on in their wonted course, save that Adeline was rather less amiable, and seemed anxions to find some ground for a quarrel with Amy.

Mr. Lewis appeared to remember his promise in regard to the latter, for he called freqnently at Deacon Seymour's, and always looked well pleased to find his daughter at home. Adeline, meanwhile, had decided in her own mind that no person in the village was so well fitted to occupy the parsonage as herself; and,—softly be it spoken,—one more Sundays than one had she imagined berself, dressed plainly but richly, and seated in the second pew from the pulpit, the place appropriated, from time immemorial, to the minister's family in the Brookville church.

And oh! how devoted she would be to the duties of a clergyman's wife. She should then be president of the sewing circle, and leader of the female prayer meeting, besides making pastoral calls with her husband, and receiving annal donation parties. It was a bright pictnre, and one on whieh she gazed with all the enthusiasm of a visionary, albeit she would have repndiated with horror the charge of being a day-dreamer, or a builder of air-castles.

Mr. Lewis, however, seemed in no haste to find a "help-meet," bnt mingled as freely with the young ladies of his congregation as though there were not dozens of eyes watching his proceedings, ready to eourt his every look, and bow, and smile, and "guess" that he was "paying attention" to this one or that.

One Wednesday, the great institution of the village, (the sewing society, so often alluded to,) was to meet at Deacon Lee's, where the minister still boarded, and perhaps on this account there was an nnusually full attendance. Adeline's mother had proposed going, bnt her daughter did not approve, and told her she had better stay at home, for if she went, very likely Charles and Henry would want to go in the evening, and they were really so uncouth and awkward, that she should feel more at ease not to have them there. So Miss Adeline went "alone in her glory," arrayed in her favorite crimson and black silk, and intent on making an impression on the obdurate heart of her clerical victim.

There was also a discussion at Deacon Seymour's, bnt carried on in quite a different tone.

"Amy," said Mrs. Seymour, "you must go to the society this afternoon; yon have not been for four weeks, while I have attended every one in that time."

"Yes, mother, and I would rather have you go again to-day; you are older than I am, and haven't as many years left for visiting; and as we can't both conveniently leave the house, I will stay and get supper, and see that father and the boys are nicely fixed up to go this evening; then, when I'm through with the housework, I'll finish that sewing for poor Mrs. Brown,—it will do just as much good as if I were to go to the sewing circle."

Mrs. Seymour was easily persuaded to go in Amy's place, telling her she was a dear, dutiful daughter, and would sometime have her reward.

That evening, Mr. Lewis seemed more silent and reserved than usual, and soon after tea, he found an opportunity to ask Mrs. Seymour if her daughter was ill, as he observed she was not present.

"Oh, no sir," was the answer. "Amy is always well, but she insisted on staying at home to let me come,—she would rather deny herself the pleasure, than not have me enjoy it;" and our good madam must be forgiven if a tear of maternal love sparkled in her eyes as she gave this tribute to her daughter's filial virtues.

They were now interrupted by Adeline, who tried to engage the minister in conversation, merely nodding to her aunt and saying, "Amy is not here, I see; how can she be so heedless and wordly-minded?" And then she proceeded to inform Mr. Lewis of a new treatise she had been reading upon the Evangelization of the West, and the necessity *she* felt for greater exertions in behalf of those deprived of gospel ministrations in the remote sections of our land. Mr. Lewis acquiesced, but without entering very earnestly into the subject, soon excused himself, and in a short time was observed to leave the room quietly.

We have the advantage of the Brookville ladies, for they could only follow him with surmises, whereas we can see him take his overcoat and hat, and wend his way toward Deacon Seymour's, and from the rapidity of his pace we infer he is in quite as much of a hurry as if he had not left Mrs. Seymour in Mrs. Lee's parlor, and caught a glimpse of her husband and sons entering the gate just as he crossed the road from his boarding place.

On reaching his destination, he saw a bright light in the cheerful sitting-room, and his knock was answered by Amy, who looked much surprised to receive a call from her pastor whom she had supposed was entirely engrossed with the more active members of his society. She said something to this effect, but received the assurance that none were more dear to him than the absent one, whom he had come to seek. And then, in a few hurried words he told Amy of his love for her, and that she alone could make him happy. One glance at her blushing cheeks and down-cast eyes seemed to satisfy him, and growing bold, he gently drew her sewing from her hands, and held them willing prisoners within his own; and so much had they both to say, that the candles burned dimly, and the fire went almost out on the hearth, quite unheeded by the two happy inmates of that cosey room. But the clock struck nine, and the spell was broken.

Amy hastily replenished the fire, trimmed the lights, and was very busily plying her needle, when footsteps were heard, and the door opened, admitting Mr. and Mrs. Seymour, and the two young men.

"Well! if this don't beat all," ejaculated the good old deacon, "here is the minister with our Amy, while all Brookville has been wondering what had become of him." And he gave Mr. Lewis a cordial grasp of the hand, while the young minister with some little hesitation informed him of the state of affairs, and begged the consent of himself and his wife to a speedy union with their daughter. This was, of course, joyfully granted; but all parties concerned decided that, under existing circumstances, it would be best to keep the matter strictly private.

Ere long, it was arranged that the First of May—three months after this occurrence,—should witness their nuptials, and that a short time previous to that date, Amy should go to visit some relatives residing in a neighboring city, whither her affianced should follow her, and have the ceremony quietly performed, without even saying "by your leave," to his numerous well-wishers in Brookville.

Soon after his engagement, Mr. Lewis had deemed it advisable to inform his people that he would like to move into the parsonage on the First of May; and curiosity was on tip-toe to find out who was to reside there with him. Adeline Seymour tossed her head, and was sure she didn't know or care,—the minister might marry whom he liked,—she was rather glad it wasn't to be one of the Brookville girls,—for her part she should not want to be domineered over by one of her old mates, and a minister's wife was so prim and precise, the next thing to an old maid, she would not be one for all the world!

The day named for the wedding came at last; Mr. Lewis had left town a few days previous, and would not return until Saturday night; he desired to have every thing pass off quietly, and at once vetoed the public demonstration which some of his church desired to make, saying that he would much rather have his people call on his wife without ceremony, than to have a large party given in honor of her arrival.

So there was no one at the parsonage to receive the newly wedded pair, save the two deacons and their wives. As might be anticipated, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour did not share in the surprise expressed by Mr. and Mrs. Lee when, her thick traveling veil thrown aside, Amy's familiar face was exposed to their inquiring gaze. Bnt nothing could equal the astonishment of the parish in general, and of Adeline Seymour in particular, when a similar discovery was made on the Sabbath morning following.

For once, every one was punctual in their attendance at church; and all heads were turned toward the door, as the time arrived for the minister to make his appearance. And when at length he entered, followed by the tastefully dressed and smiling Amy, a suppressed "*Oh!*" might have been heard echoing through the building; and if Mr. Lewis had reason to complain of aught being amiss in the behavior of his congregation that morning, it certainly could not have been that they yielded to the alluring influences of morpheus, for every eye was open, and every eye was fixed upon *the minister's wife!*

Little remains to be told; Amy Lewis' after-life well fulfilled the promise of her girlhood. A kind and devoted daughter and sister can but sustain the same character as a wife, and Mr. Lewis never had cause to regret that he had trusted to these indications in his choice of a companion. Ever gentle and unassuming, Amy gradually glided into the new and enlarged circle of duties now devolving upon her, and all by whom she was surrounded (if we except her cousin Adeline,) felt that "the blessings of her quiet life, fell on them like the dew." She continued firm in the belief that *home* has the first claim upon all, and her favorite motto was, "do the duty nearest you."

Adeline Seymour, for so she remained, ere many years became a member of that class whom she had denounced as being even worse than ministers' wives, viz:—old maids,—and instead of throwing the charm of dignity and beauty over the harsh outlines of a single life, she rendered them still more unlovely and repulsive by the asperity and selfishness of her disposition. The pathway of her parents, as they descended into the valley of old age, was unsmoothed by the countless little attentions which do so much to cheer the deepening twilight of Life's evening hour; while her brothers gladly sought new homes at a distance from one who had never been a sister to them, save in name.

Thus have we hastily sketched the portraits of two cousins, whose prototpye may, we think, be found in other villages save Brookville; and while our readers cannot fail to give the preference to the character of Amy, we would recommend to them as a rule of action, her chosen maxim, "do the duty nearest you."

SELF-CONTROL—A FAMILY INCIDENT.

"Mother!" cried a little girl, rushing into the room where a lady sat reading—"mother! John struck me in the face with all his might! Oh dear! oh dear! it hurts so!"

And the child pressed her hand against her cheek, and threw her head backward and forward, as if she were in great pain.

The lady's face reddened, instantly, and the book fell from her hand to the floor. There was anger in her heart against John, and in the blindness of her sudden indignation, she resolved to punish him with a severe chastisement. But ere she reached the apartment in which her child had been playing, she paused suddenly and stood still. A timely thought glancing through her mind, had arrested her steps.

"This will not do. I must control myself," she said, speaking half aloud. Then, after a resolute strife with her angry feelings, the mother went back to the room where she had left her weeping child, and sitting down in her old place, said, with as calm and steady a voice as she could assume,

"Agnes, let me see your cheek."

"Oh dear! How it hurts!" sobbed Agnes, as she came to her mother's side, her hand still pressed to her face.

The lady gently removed the hand, and examined her little girl's cheek. There was a red mark as if a blow had been received, but no evidence of a bruise.

"Agnes," said the mother, now speaking very calmly and gently, yet with a firmness that at once subdued the excitement of her child's mind, "I want you to stop crying, and tell me all about this trouble with John."

The child's tears ceased to flow, and she looked up into her mother's face.

"Agnes, who gave the first provocation in this matter, you or John?"

"John struck me in the face!" replied the child, evincing a great deal of angry feeling toward her brother.

"Why did he strike you?"

Agnes was silent.

"Who saw the trouble between you and John?" inquired the mother.

"Why, Mary saw it. She'll tell you that John struck me in the face with all his might."

"Tell Mary that I wish to see her."

Agnes went for her sister. When they returned, the mother said:

"Now, Mary, tell me all about this trouble with John and Agnes."

"You saw him strike me, didn't you, Mary?" said Agnes, with the eagerness of resentment.

"I will question Mary," said the mother, "and while I am doing so, you, Agnes, must have nothing to say. After Mary has finished, then you can correct her statement if you wish to do so. Now, Mary, say on."

"Well, mother, I'll tell you just how it was," said Mary. "Agnes was teasing John, and John got angry."

"And struck his sister!" There was a tone of severity in the mother's voice.

"I think the blow was accidental," said Mary. "John declared that it was, and tried his best to comfort Agnes; even promising to give her his pet kitten, if she would stop crying, and not make trouble by telling you. But she was angry, and would not listen to him."

"Tell me just what occurred, Mary, and then I shall know exactly how far both were to blame."

"Well," answered Mary, "John and I were playing checkers, and Agnes would, every now and then, steal up behind John and push his elbow when he was making a move. It worried him, and he asked her over and over again not to do so. But she didn't mind what he said. At last John pushed the board from him, and wouldn't play any longer. He was angry. Still Agnes seemed bent on annoying him. John got a book and sat down near the window to read. He had not been there long before Agnes stole up behind him, whipped the book out of his hand, and ran away. John sprung after her and they had a struggle for the book, in which Agnes got a blow upon the face. I was looking at them, and I think the blow was accidental. It seemed so at the time, and John declares that he did not mean to strike her. That is all, mother."

"Call your brother," said the lady, in a subdued voice. John entered the room in a few moments. He was pale, and looked troubled.

"My son," said the mother, speaking without apparent excitement, yet with a touch of sorrow in her voice, "did you strike Agnes on purpose?"

The boy's lips quivered, but no answer came through them. He looked into his mother's eyes for a moment or two, until tears blinded him, and then he laid his face down upon her bosom and sobbed. With love's tender instinct, the mother drew her arm tightly round her boy, and then there was a silence for the space of nearly a minute.

"It was an accident, I am sure," whispered the mother, placing her lips close to the ear of her boy.

"Indeed it was!" John answered back with earnestness. "My hand slipped as I tried to get my book from her, and it struck her in the face. I was so sorry!"

What less could the mother do than kiss with ardor the fair brow of her boy, against whom, under the influence of anger, she had passed a hasty judgment. She almost shuddered at the thought of the unjust punishment she had come nigh inflicting while blind from sudden excitement.

"The chief blame, I see, rests with Agnes," said the lady, turning with some severity of voice and countenance toward her little girl, who now stood with the aspect of a culprit instead of an accuser.

"It was her fun, mother." John spoke up quickly. "She loves to tease, you know, and I was wrong to get angry."

"But teasing does not come from a good spirit," replied the mother, "and I am sorry that my little girl can find no higher enjoyment than the pleasure of annoying her brothers and sisters. I am satisfied with you, John, but not with Agnes; and now you may leave us alone."

John and Mary went out, and left their mother alone with Agnes. When the little girl joined her brothers and sisters some time afterward, she had a sober face like one whose spirit was not at ease with itself. She had been guilty of a double wrong, and had come near drawing down upon her innocent brother an unjust punishment. So clearly had her mother brought this to her view, that shame followed conviction, and she was now ready to acknowledge her fault, and promise better conduct in the future.

But the one who profited most by this scene of trouble, was the children's mother. After all was harmonized again, and she was alone with her own thoughts, she lifted a heart of thankfulness for self-control, and prayed that she might ever possess her spirit in calmness. "I tremble in thinking of the evil that would have followed a blind punishment of my noble-hearted boy!"—*T. S. Arthur.*

A Convenient Custom.—The authors of "Wanderings in Brittany" give the following illustration of thoughtful care for the wants of marriageable young men:—"The peasantry around Josselin retain their old dresses and customs in perfection; the girls, especially, have a habit that would save much trouble were it introduced into more civilized circles. They appear on fete days in red under-petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them; the number of these denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter; each white band, representing silver, betokens a hundred francs of rent; and each yellow band means gold, and stands for a thousand francs per year. Thus any young farmer who sees a face that pleases him, has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoat to learn in an instant what amount of rent accompanies it."

Nobility of birth is like a cipher; it has no power in itself, like wealth or talent, bnt it tells with all the power of a cipher when added to either of the other two.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 56 letters.
My 15, 51, 35, 4, 20 is indispensable in a school room.
My 5, 46, 3, 11, 33, 44, 13, 19, 18 is a city in New York.
My 48, 45 is a preposition.
My 38, 14, 22, 27, 2 was a king of Lydia.
My 10, 23, 43, 47, 25 is robbery.
My 2, 3, 21, 44, 45, 30, 36, 53 is a useful instrument.
My 7, 55, 16, 53, 8, 17, 9 is the name of a group of islands in the Pacific ocean.
My 52, 12, 29, 42, 43 is the king of birds.
My 24, 49, 37 is an article.
My 26, 46, 54, 9, 41 is a kind of dog.
My 44, 39, 49, 34, 40, 1 is a great desert.
My 31, 28, 22, 50, 30 is passion.
My 32, 14, 38, 4, 21, 34 is the goddess of health.
My 6, 12, 28, 35 is a kind of sea-weed.
My whole is a good motto for a teacher.

Onarga, Ill., 1860. A. E. H.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE

My first has no life, yet instruction conveys,
And might teach us a lesson to number our days;
'Tis a part of our dress, and it guards us while sleeping,
And when time hangs most heavy, we oft'nest are peeping.
My second's a being so wise, I scarce dare,
United, to say they pass nights in the air.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

Five persons have lost, together, $40 62½. The loss of B is 50 cents more than three times that of A; the loss of C $2 less than double the loss of B; D has lost 25 cents less than A and B together, and E twice as much as B, less 12½ cents. How much did each lose?

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. G. V. I.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 563.

Answer to Enigma of Indian Names:—Rochester Union Grays.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Patrick Henry.

Answer to Charade:—Tree.

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VOL. XI. NO. 46.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 566.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

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FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

PORK RAISING IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

TILL within a few years, farmers of Western New York, especially of the wheat growing region, have not been disposed to enter largely into the raising of stock of any kind. So long as wheat succeeded, that was unquestionably the greatest and most profitable crop of the Genesee Valley and it was found, or supposed, more profitable to dispose of the coarser grains at the nearest market, without waiting to manufacture them into pork, beef, or mutton, in which it was not supposed we could profitably compete with the Great West.

But the failure of the wheat crop, from the attacks of the midge, a few years since, rendered some change of programme necessary, in order to dispose of the larger quantities of corn, oats, &c., which were then raised, and many farmers found the raising and fattening of pork and beef unexpectedly profitable—according to some, much more so than any other method of disposing of these surplus products. This feeding the products of the farm on the farm, had at least the advantage of restoring the elements of fertility, and preventing the farm from becoming exhausted, or "run down" as it is termed. Now that wheat raising has again become a possibility, a great many farmers do not want entirely to abandon the raising of stock, as, however profitable (?) that course might prove at first, it must ultimately destroy the fertility of the farm. Besides, the wheat crop, though succeeding well this year and last, is still liable to failure, at any time, from the wheat midge, and it is never best for a farmer to risk the entire profits of a year upon any one crop—especially one so precarious as wheat is at present.

It seems to us, in the present position of affairs, that the raising and fattening of pork can, more than any other thing, be profitably combined with the culture of wheat. Hogs are stock which can always, at short notice, be profitably converted into cash, which, as too many know to their cost, cannot always be said of sheep, cattle or horses, especially the latter. Besides, all other stock require a much larger area for pasture in summer, and the production of hay and other forage for winter feed, and this is an item not to be overlooked. Unless the farm is unreasonably large, counting its acres by the hundred, it is almost impossible to keep a large herd of cattle or horses, and still sow a great deal of wheat, because the land cannot be spared for that purpose. But the keeping of hogs does not ordinarily interfere with this. Wheat may sometimes be sown after corn, though this is not often advisable, except on rich soil, and where the corn has been taken off early, but *peas*, which are the best and cheapest food for hogs, furnish the best possible preparation for wheat. They do not seem to exhaust the soil in the least, and when sown either on sward ground or on corn stubble, they leave the ground light and mellow, almost if not quite equal to a summer fallow. Late sowing will prevent the working of the bug, though it is liable to produce a small crop, but very early sowing—in March or first week of April—will almost insure a large yield, and (judging from the experience of several farmers of our acquaintance, and our own, both last year and this,) will secure entire freedom from the bug.

As food for hogs, we consider a bushel of peas much superior to the same amount of corn. We have never had hogs gain faster than during the past three months, when fed entirely on peas; (since they have become dry enough we have had them ground.) We have not made any close experiments, but should judge that our peas, when fed to hogs, must make about fifteen pounds of pork (live weight) per bushel, which at present prices would equal seventy-five to eighty-two cents. This we consider a pretty fair price for peas, better than we could get by selling them in Rochester.

We merely throw out these suggestions for the benefit of wheat growers. Those whose farms are large enough will and *should* continue to raise cattle and other stock; but for that large class whose farms are not large enough to do this extensively, and still sow as much wheat as they wish to, we hope these suggestions may prove of some practical benefit, by showing them how they can still raise wheat without entirely abandoning the raising of stock.

EGYPTIAN CORN—HUMBUGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Pursuant to a call in your journal for the result of experiments with the Egyptian Corn, I would state that, noticing an advertisement in the RURAL of the Egyptian Corn, and believing if the statements therein were half true, it would be worth cultivating, I sent to Mr. M. E. CRANDAL for a package, together with three of my neighbors, about the first of May. In due time we received it, containing one hundred and eight kernels of small white (what the circular called) corn, which was equally divided.

I planted my portion about the middle of May, on good ground, and after a while eight small blades made their appearance, and grew in the form of a tree, because it grew *up*, but their spreading branches did not retard the growth of anything that grew under or about. I took good care of it, and in due time the ears made their appearance—and such tremendous ears, there was neither *five* nor twenty-two on a tree.

Well, the last of September I harvested the wonderful corn, and obtained nineteen nubbins, sound and unsound, from one and one-half to four and one-half inches in length. My corn is both *white* and *red*. My neighbors' crops were not as large as mine. It is nothing new here—nothing more nor less than pop or rice corn, so called.

Any one wishing to try the wonderful corn, can obtain a package, pure, by addressing the subscriber at Watertown, Jeff. Co., N. Y., not at the "remarkable low price of one dollar," but by sending postage stamps for return postage. I think Mr. C. hard up for *funds*.—H. LEACH, *Pamelia, N. Y.*, 1860.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—You ask for the experience of those who have raised the world-renowned Egyptian Corn. I give you mine cheerfully. Last spring I sent one dollar to M. E. CRANDALL, Sandwich, Ill., and received in return, promptly, *one hundred kernels* of genuine pop corn by mail—said corn, for all the world, being exactly like the pop corn which I raised last year. My neighbors laughed at me, but I told them to hold on, for autumn would develop the "Egyptian" part, and moreover asserted that I had been into the Egyptian Museum, in New York, and all antiquity could not be a humbug!

Well, I planted the corn; fifteen kernels out of the hundred grew; and *four quarts of third-rate pop-corn nubbins comprised the harvest!* Glory to humbug, thought I—where is my old hat?—CRANDALL *is* entitled to it—but hold, I cannot spare so useful an article on a rainy morning, so I reserve for this class of people who live by their wits, and the credulity of community, the leathern casings of the other extremity.

P. S. Any neighbors wanting any of the celebrated "Egyptian Corn" (of the CRANDALL patent,) can be supplied by applying to the subscriber. Only one shilling per nubbin:—J. R. HOAG, *Clarendon, N. Y.*, 1860.

WE design to make the above a text for a few remarks, to which we call the particular attention of enterprising farmers, for these are the persons particularly interested. No class of men are more humbugged than wide-awake, enterprising farmers. Not a season passes but some wonderful and unheard-of thing is advertised and puffed into an ephemeral notoriety, seeds of which can be obtained by forwarding to the advertiser the small sum of one dollar, more or less. And this we are then told is done, not for the purpose of making money, but for the very benevolent object of furnishing farmers with improved grains or vegetables. One has a squash which he believes, or pretends to believe, is better than anything known, and having a good quantity of seeds on hand, he rushes into the seed business, and advertises his *choice* seeds at an enormous price. Another has some wonderful skinless barley, or honey-grass, or Egyptian corn, or something else with a taking name, and he is seized with a benevolent impulse which he cannot restrain, and therefore advertises in the agricultural papers, and sets forth in glowing terms the value and importance of his new commodity. If he can get an agricultural editor green enough, or good-natured enough, to puff his stuff, all the better; and if this cannot be accomplished, he generally finds no difficulty in getting the editor of some local paper, who knows nothing of the subject, and relies on his word, to say just what he wishes said. This is then cut out and published in advertisements and circulars as the unbiased opinion of the editor, and enterprising farmers, who are anxious to obtain everything new and desirable, send on their dollars. The next season shows that they have spent their money for trash, perhaps for something that they already have, or had discarded as worthless years before.

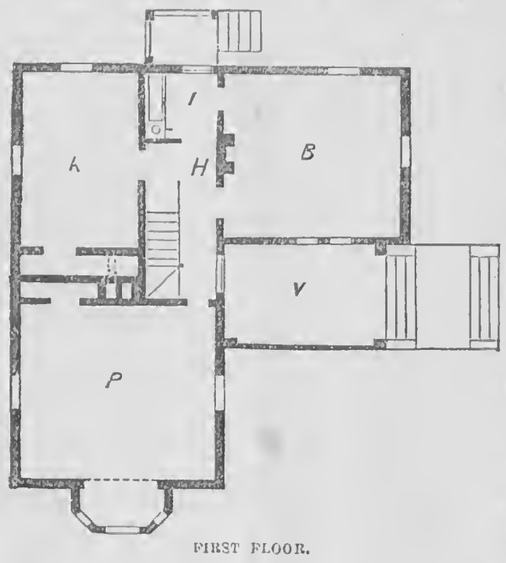
Now, we think that farmers are principally to blame for this state of things, for they encourage the practice by making it profitable. As long as people are willing to send on their quarters and dollars to any unknown person who advertises seeds of an equally unknown plant, speculators will be found ready and willing to pocket their money. Never order seeds of one who has no reputation to lose, should he act dishonestly. Never purchase seeds of anything new, until it has been fairly tested and exhibited at one or more agricultural exhibitions, nor until you have seen the report of the committee in regard to its merits. This is just, both to the seller and the purchaser, for no man who cares for his reputation should offer for sale articles that have not been fully tested by competent judges. Then, if they are found valuable, the report of these judges will go forth to the world as proper vouchers, and if, after all, the result is a failure, the seller cannot be charged with intentional deception. If the report of the judges is adverse to its dissemination, it is better for all parties that it should be known, for no man of honor would pursue a course calculated to bring a cloud upon his good name for a few dollars.

Purchasers should always insist upon a history of anything offered as new—when, where, how, and by whom it was originated—and yet scores of things are offered for sale every year about the origin of which we know and can learn nothing. Horticulturists pursue a proper course in this respect. They trace out the origin of every new fruit and flower, and a man who offered either for sale who could not or would not state the facts of its origin, would be voted at once an ignoramus or a knave.

We have often, even at our State Agricultural Fairs, seen farmers pay one and two cents each for seeds of some great, worthless squash or pumpkin, because the owner could tell a large story in regard to it—that he obtained the seed from California, or New Mexico, or Japan. We like to see enterprise—we are glad that farmers are willing to pay high prices for seeds and improved products,—but they should insist on the evidence of fair, honest dealing, and not encourage fraudulent speculations.

DESIGN FOR A SUBURBAN COTTAGE.

ALL the readers of the RURAL are not farmers, nor can all live in farm houses. We have many subscribers who live in the large cities, and yet who love rural life, and are looking forward to the time when they shall have a pleasant home in the country, away from the turmoil of city life; then we have many more who live in the suburbs of the small cities and the beautiful villages scattered all over our country. To such we present a tasteful design for a suburban cottage, designed by GEORGE E. HARNEY, of Lynn, Mass., and originally published in the *Horticulturist*.



FIRST FLOOR.

It is designed to be built of wood, and covered with plank put on in the vertical manner, and battened. The roof is to be covered with cedar shingles; part of them pointed at the lower end, and laid on in the lozenge or diamond pattern, and the rest put on in the usual manner.

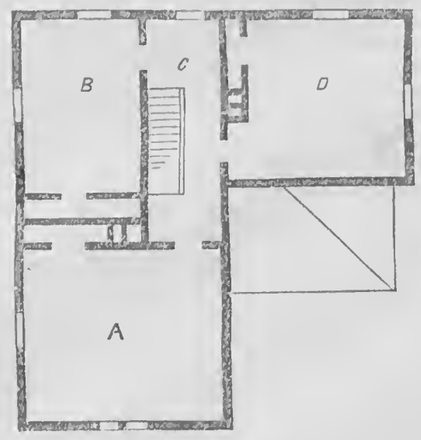
The exterior is somewhat ornamental in its character, and great care should be taken in building, that the trimmings have a solid, substantial appearance, the verge boards more particularly. For a cottage of this size, the plank from which they are cut should never be less than two inches in thickness, but oftentimes thicker than that. The bay window and verge boards form the prominent features of the front, while the entrance door is shielded by a veranda eight feet wide, supported on heavy posts and guarded by a balustrade. The upper panel of the front door is glazed, to admit light into the hall. This hall is 6½ feet wide and 13 feet long—contains a flight of stairs to the second story, the only chamber flight in the house—and opens into the several rooms.

The parlor is 14 feet by 15 feet 8 inches, and is lighted by the bay window in front, and two single windows on the sides. It also contains a closet on the side of the chimney breast.

The bed-room is 9 ft. by 14, and is furnished with a large clothes press; a flue runs from the room through this closet into the chimney.

The kitchen measures 13 feet by 14 feet 6 inches, and opens into the pantry, which has on the left side a pump and sink, with a closet underneath, and is fitted up with shelves for stores; it opens out upon a platform, from which steps descend to the yard. Under this platform is an entrance to the basement, which may contain a cellar kitchen with oven and boiler, closets, store-rooms, and fuel-rooms.

On the second floor are three good-sized chambers, well lighted, and supplied with closets.



SECOND FLOOR.

The height of the first story is 10 feet 6 inches, and that of the second is 9 feet at the eaves and 10 feet in the center of the rooms.

This cottage could be built for about $1,500.

There are, we think, some objectionable features in this plan, the most prominent of which consists in the location of the kitchen. This, however, may be remedied by an addition to the building.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT DISCUSSED.

THE ELEMENTS OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTION.

THERE is a very important fact, of great significance in its connection with all agricultural production, that it is to a great extent ignored, not only by intelligent practical farmers, but also by those who furnish us with the theory of agriculture. That fact is:—No agricultural product, whether it be wool, milk, meat, grain, or vegetables, can possibly be made out of nothing; but on the contrary is always an aggregation of elementary matter, accomplished and effected in some natural laboratory. If this fact were more duly considered, and held in remembrance, it would, I think, very materially affect the range and aim of agricultural experiment. For instance, an Agricultural Society offers a premium to test whether a selected herd of Short-horn, or of Native cows, will yield the most butter in a given number of consecutive days; and when the result is obtained it is triumphantly announced as the *ne plus ultra* of experiment in that direction; whereas the fact in which the farmer is chiefly interested, is not which cow will yield the most butter, but which cow will yield the largest amount from a given quantity of food consumed by her. One cow yields six pounds per week; another, it may be, ten pounds. Now, whence came the extra four pounds of butter? Undoubtedly it was made of

grass, or other food eaten by the cow. The cow being a natural laboratory for working up a less valuable or unmarketable commodity into a production that is more valuable and marketable—for changing grass into human food. The mere fact that one cow yields four pounds more than another cow, does not prove that she is the more valuable cow, unless it be also shown that she consumes proportionably less food. Butter cannot be made out of nothing.

Again—A farmer becomes in earnest to improve his flock of sheep. He purchases for this purpose a valuable buck, for which he pays, perhaps, $50 or $100. After making such an investment he will of course care that all is right about pasture, fodder, shelter, grain, roots, water and salt; but this for our present purpose we will let pass. In due time he announces to his wife, neighbors and perhaps to a periodical, that his lambs have sheared one pound, or two, of wool each more than he formerly obtained. He charges himself with the cost of the ram, credits himself with the extra pounds of wool, and very complacently considers himself as much richer as the balance indicates. But those extra pounds of wool, whence came they? Why they grew on the backs of my beautiful sheep, says the farmer. Yes, well; but wool cannot be made out of nothing. That wool was made out of the grass, fodder, grain, roots, water and salt fed to the sheep. The real question at issue is; did those sheep make a pound of wool out of less of these raw materials than the old flock? otherwise there may be some incidental advantages about the new breed, but not the great profit claimed.

I am aware that the opponents of "H. T. B.," in the "Prospective Sterility Question," aver that the atmosphere furnishes a part, and not the soil all of our agricultural product. I am not disposed to doubt this averment; because, when I see a heavy hickory log reduced to a few ashes, and the rest gone into the atmosphere, I cannot help thinking that Nature has some way of making out of that volatalized log another, or some other solid substance—perhaps wool. Whether she passes it through the soil first, or whether the sheep may breathe it and be themselves the laboratory, I know not. Without the help of the atmosphere, they certainly would not make any wool. We will all grant, that all which is obtained from the atmosphere is clear gain—for even H. T. B. will not advocate making any returns for that. Yet even this view of the question does not modify the issue that the important point is not the yield of any animal, in the abstract, but the yield compared with the value of the food consumed it should be the aim of experiment to exhibit.

For many years I have had a favorite mare, now twenty years old, yet still fat and sleek, and coltish with a few days rest, that has rendered a large amount of service for a small amount of service for a comparatively small amount of food.—long journeys of week's continuance, when four quarts of oats three times each day was all she would consume, and of hay a less quantity than other horses of her size (which is medium) would have required for the same service. Doubtless her secretive organs were more efficient than other horses, and about her emunctories there was less absolute waste. On the other hand; when Ohio was wild and new, hogs in large numbers lived and bred in the frost. In autumn the farmers would get these wild animals into enclosures as best they could. Sometimes it was impossible, sometimes it was with difficulty accomplished. I have known instances where the hogs were so wild and ferocious that they would not eat corn if they could see or hear any person near them; and after eating large quantities of corn, were not well fattened. From all their emunctories food escaped without nourishing them.

Having already passed the ordinary limits of an essay, I will conclude with a hope that the subject may be treated by abler pens than mine. Statistics, showing the consumption of food, and the result, are a very valuable addition to agricultural literature. I know these statistics do not readily admit of graceful utterance, of the ornate period, of the rounded sentence, of mellifluent language, and are therefore not attractive to the ambitious writer; but still you could allow him a little scope in describing the beautiful horse, cow, or sheep, while writing of their food.

Milan, Erie Co., Ohio, 1860. PETER HATHAWAY.

LIMBURGH CHEESE.

BEFORE I answer your question about Limburgh cheese, I want to find fault the least bit in the world with your proof reader. In all the articles you have published from my manuscript, and you know how many, I do not remember two more provoking slips than in the article on English cheese. If I were a bad penman, there would be some excuse, though it is the compositor's and proof reader's business to make out the proper words, if they have only straight marks to work from. But, I especially pride myself upon my legible writing. There have occurred but few instances when I could not read my own writing with facility, and these were when I had forgotten the subject matter of the manuscript. I hope the Captain and Mr. K. will be more particular, now election is over.

The milk is colored to a *butter*, not a "better" color; or a little darker than a bright half eagle. A little further on you make me say the curd is gently "*washed.*" If you were a cheese maker, you could relish the absurdity of *washing* curd. What I did say was, that the curd was gently "*worked.*" That is, squeezed by the dairy woman, while in the strainer. You next make me say "hoops or net." I said vat, which is the common word for the round thing the curd is put into, and pressed till it becomes cheese. Please correct the errors, for they are important.

Did you ever eat any Limburgh cheese? If not, go into some German saloon, call for a mug of lager, brown bread, and cheese, and pretty sure you will get a piece of very strong-smelling cheese. A friend who sometimes explores the Teutonic quarters of the large towns, is very enthusiastic in favor of this peculiar condiment. He gives his experience as to the best way to enjoy its peculiar flavor and savor. It is in this wise:—Drink a quart of lager, smoke six pipes, then call for a quart of lager, fresh pipes and tobacco, and some bread and cheese. The whole makes a concatenation of strong smells, that the subject is then prepared to appreciate. If you are curious in these things, try it.

Limburgh cheese is manufactured principally by one firm in New York, who supply the article to dealers in all the large towns from Boston to New Orleans and California. The largest supply comes from Lewis county, where some four or five hundred cows are rented annually for its manufacture.

The implements consist of a large copper kettle which will hold about one hundred gallons, with a large iron bail, by which it is suspended from a huge crane, by which it is swung into and out of a large arch, which exactly fits the kettle, being open, however, on the front to admit its passage. A series of moulds about the size and appearance of those used in moulding brick, are necessary, each set of moulds resting upon a board full of small holes.

The cheese maker and his assistant, (no women are employed,) go into a dairy neighborhood, hire a convenient dairy house, put up their fixtures, and bargain for the season for the milk of about eighty cows, paying the farmers usually six cents per gallon. When the milk is brought in at night or morning, it is measured and poured into the *copper*, swung into the arch, and warmed to 85° Fah. The rennet is then put in, and the management the same as in other dairies till the curd is properly scalded. The whey is dipped off until all is taken out that can be easily. The curd is then put into these moulds, and stands until it has *formed*, or will keep its shape when turned out. No pressure is used. The cheese are rubbed with salt and cured, if possible, in a cold, damp cellar. The fermentation commences early, and the odor exhaled from the cellar of the dairy house I visited in Lewis Co. was so peculiar that months after I had no difficulty in recognizing the source of a very pervading *smell* that annoyed a good many passengers on the New World steamer, as we were going down the river to New York. We had quite a large shipment of Limburgh cheese on board. I think it never forgets to smell, for I have seen it strong as in its youth, only more so, when three years old. Many people like it, but I am *not* in that category. It brings high prices, however, among the Germans, and is principally consumed by them. The manufacture is confined exclusively to and for this class of our people, and must be a strong reminder of their Fader Land. It may become, in time, an article of general commerce, but the chances are that our own improved manufacture will, in a measure, supercede it.—P.

The Bee-Keeper.

Further Conversation about Wintering Bees.

F. I HAVE become quite interested on the subject of bees, and I would be pleased to have further conversation on the subject of wintering. A neighbor of mine put his bees last winter in a small room partially warmed through the day by a stove pipe. He had them in a tight box hive, and they were ventilated by small gimlet holes. They became restless, kept up a continual buzzing, with water draining from them, and it would freeze at the bottom of the hive at night, and the stocks became unhealthy, having more dead bees than those wintered in the open air; and he said it would be the last of his keeping bees in rooms in winter.

K. I have had much experience for the last thirty years in wintering bees in warm rooms, cellars, and out-buildings. This method has some desirable advantages and some unavoidable disadvantages. The natural instincts of the bee must be attended to in regard to heat, cold, dampness, dryness, &c., as you have to violate natural laws, more or less, by confining them in rooms. To derive the full benefit of wintering bees in dark rooms or cellars, they must be thoroughly ventilated at the top of the hive, in order to keep them dry. To give us control as far as possible, of the cold and warmth of the rooms by means of ventilation, prepare the hives the same as I mentioned for wintering in the open air. The box hive must have a tight box cover or empty chamber. Leave the six holes at the top open, cover them with a wire screen to confine the bees to the hive, and to prevent the mice from destroying the comb, unless the light and mice are wholly excluded. When the weather becomes so cold as to confine the bees to their hives, remove them to the room destined for their winter quarters. Take the top box cover off and open the chamber doors in all moderate winter weather; and when it becomes very cold, so as to freeze in their rooms, put the box cover on and close the doors of their hive, and be careful to remove them when the weather moderates, to prevent the combs becoming damp and mouldy. If the bees become restless to obtain their liberty in warm days, open the ventilators to their rooms at evening, if cool, and close them early the next morning. This will do much to keep them quiet, which is of the utmost importance in winter, as they consume much less of their stores, and they are more healthy. Strive to keep the rooms of a temperature not lower than 32°, nor higher than 40°. The reason that your neighbor did not succeed in wintering his bees in a warm room, was for the want of proper ventilation, and arousing them by fire heat.

F. I see very plainly the reason that my neighbor did not succeed with his bees. It was as you say,—he did not give them sufficient ventilation, and kept them too warm during the day, and too cold during the night.

K. They are taught by Nature to fly out when the weather is sufficiently warm, if not kept in dark rooms; still, their instinct is so strong that they would sooner die than submit to close confinement.

F. I have heard of giving bees water in winter if confined in rooms; I would like to know your opinion on the subject.

K. In some instances it would be advisable; but the Author of Nature, by the natural laws, designed to furnish the bees with what water they need in the winter, by means of their sealed honey combs, which they place, by instinct, above their brood comb. The former is one of the best materials for condensing the vapor arising from the heat of their bodies, by which means the bees are furnished with water during their confinement by the cold. In shallow hives, in which the brood combs extend from the top to the bottom of the hive, with but little sealed honey comb above them, it will be necessary to give the water in small quantities, as often as every other day, from the middle of January until they can obtain it for themselves in order to supply the *mature* bees and perfect their *brood* early, which cannot be done without water.

F. I see the reason why the bees require water in winter is for the want of sealed honey comb to condense the vapor that arises. I must call some evening and hear your reasons on the disadvantages of wintering bees in houses, and have you explain further the method of inclosing them in boards. Good evening; I thank you for your trouble. HENRIETTA.

To Remove Boxes of Honey.

Tell "YOUNG BEE KEEPER," if he wants to remove any more boxes, to remove them immediately to a dark cellar, shut all cellar windows but one, place the boxes near it, and as the bees come out of the box they will make for the light, and return to their hives. If he has no cellar, another very good way is to take off the boxes when it is warm; turn them with the hole up, then set glass tumblers over the holes; when a quantity get up in the glasses, raise them and let the bees out. This will prevent any from entering the box.—M. H. S., *Fairview, Pa.*, 1860.

Bees in Tompkins County.

IN the Agricultural Report from Tompkins Co., as published in the last Vol. of Transactions, we find the following in regard to the honey crop of that county:—The quiet manner in which this industrious little insect hoards luxuries and wealth for man's use, after supplying its own wants, has caused it to be overlooked in the estimate of our annual crops, until our attention is arrested by the export demand for the article. I am quite sure it is not an over estimate of the year's crop, to place the figures at 100,000 pounds of honey and 5,000 pounds of wax.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Boiled Corn for Food.

WILLIAM VAN LOON, writing to the *Prairie Farmer*, says that he has practiced feeding boiled corn to his stock and hogs, and is "satisfied that he saves half his grain and gains as much more in time;" that one bushel of corn on the cob boiled, will produce as much pork as two fed raw, and in half the time. In one experiment he fed three bushels of boiled corn, per day, to twenty-seven hogs, for ten days. The average gain was two pounds per day. He then fed the same lot of hogs on three bushels of raw corn per day for twenty days; they gained a mere trifle over one pound per day. These were small young hogs—larger ones would have fattened better.

Teaching Pigs to Eat Slow.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *New England Farmer* says:—Pigs should be early taught to eat slowly, for the advantage of the pig, as well as of the owner. Nothing is easier. Give the weaned pig, at 6 or 8 weeks old—in a clean trough—half a tea cup of dry shorts or bran, and after his dry food is all eaten, give his drink, and increase the dry food according to the age and appetite, till three months old; and then add one-half Indian meal for two months, and then dry Indian meal, till fattened sufficiently. This plan has been followed for five years with decided success.

Management of Cream in Cold Weather.

FOR some reason not yet known, cream skimmed from milk in cold weather, does not come to butter, when churned, so quickly as that from the same cow in warm weather. Perhaps the pellicles, which form the little sacs of butter in the cream, are thicker and tougher. There are two methods of obviating this trouble in a great degree. One is, to set the pan of milk on the stove, or in some warm place, as soon as strained, and let it remain until quite warm—some say, until a bubble or two rises, or until a skim of cream begins to form on the surface. Another mode recommended, is to add a tablespoonful of salt to a quart of cream when it is skimmed. Cream thus prepared, will generally come to butter in a few minutes when churned. It is thought the salt acts upon the coating of the butter globules and makes them tender, so that they break readily when beaten by churning. So says the *Maine Farmer*.

Whipping Oxen.

IT is a cruel and generally a useless act of barbarism to whip oxen. The best drivers use the lash the least. Upon this point hear what the editor of the *Massachusetts Ploughman* says:—It is good sense, and every farmer should think of it:

"Thoughtless men will whip, whip, whip. They do it from habit—a very bad habit; and we find it difficult to correct habit. We are trying to teach our hired men better manners than to put on the whip before giving an invitation to the brute animals 'to go.' We have oxen that will 'go' as soon as they are invited, without the indorsement of the whip. Yet we find it a difficult matter to control the whip. It is surely a savage practice to apply the lash before inviting the animals to move by the proper words. Yet we see that this is a very common practice of those who are not owners of the cattle. When the common whip-lash is not thought to be hard enough for the backs and noses of cattle, the walnut handle, one inch in diameter, is used on the noses of oxen, to make them back a load up hill before the cattle have ever been taught to back an empty cart down hill.

"Cattle must be made to obey—and the common lash, or a switch stick, will be sufficient for breaking in. But we ask for mercy on all cattle that are willing to do right as soon as the right is pointed out. Many drivers of oxen put the lash on first, before asking their patient teams to move. This is a species of barbarism which all owners of cattle ought to prohibit. It is so natural for people whom we hire from the interior, to use force in the first instance, and gentleness afterward, if at all, that particular care should be exerted in regard to the treatment of their cattle. Proper driving is an important item in husbandry. So many farmers now depend upon their hired help to do the main work, it is important for them to see that the work is properly done. The merciful man is merciful to his beast."

Reclaiming Worn Out Meadows.

IN the November issue of the *American Agriculturist*, S. A. NEWTON, of Susquehanna Co., Pa., writes that it is often remarked by farmers that the grass on their older meadows has run out, and that they cannot plant all their lots, and get round in time to prevent it. They practice keeping the land under the plow for two successive crops, before laying it down to grass again. Some take four or more successive crops; they manure well, as they should, but they do not consider that the rest of the farm is thereby robbed to keep a few acres in full bearing fertility. Let any one do this for a dozen consecutive years on the same lot, and the injurious effect on his other fields will be unmistakably visible. My experience teaches a better method, because it increases the fertility of the soil, and renders it in future years more productive.

There is much land in our country which, although not swampy, is too low and humid in spring and early summer, for making sound and profitable corn crops. When I emigrated to Susquehanna some twenty-five years ago, I soon found I had several acres of such low, wet soil, in one of my lots. Twice the grass thereon run out, and each time I had it up three years, under the usual way of treatment, taking off three successive crops. Each time I got a worse surface for the scythe, because I could not entirely subdue the sod; and besides, what was worse, I was evidently reducing the natural strength of the soil. When the grass failed again, I ordered it to be plowed of usual depth, perfectly, and without a balk. The furrows were rolled down and harrowed lightly, to fill up the spaces between; and then oats and timothy seed were sown and well harrowed in for one grain crop only. This was an experiment; I did not expect much—I was not disappointed; but the crop was worth, for feed, as much, if not more, than the hay could possibly have been. The next year the grass was greater than I had ever seen grown before, and of a superior quality. For five years after, the crop annually was equally good.

The next year the grass was evidently failing, and I broke the lot up again exactly as before. This was in 1853. The oat crop this time was full and good, having had the benefit of the old sod; and this year the grass was fully equal to the yield of any former year; besides, the sod now appears to promise for the future better than at any time before.

I have twice since treated some of my corn lands in the same way, obtaining each time superabundant crops, even greater the first time of mowing than I formerly got after two grain crops. One of our most practical farmers in an adjoining town, about the same time, yet unbeknown to me, commenced the same process of tillage on a large lot of humid soil, in every respect like mine, which had nearly become non-productive. He is getting extra large crops of hay annually; and he now considers that lot as one of his best, which had long been his poorest, having been least productive.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER continues very wet and unfavorable for out-door operations. We do not remember a fall when the aqueous element was so copiously, and almost continuously, sprinkled and poured from the clouds as the present in all this region. The securing of crops, fall plowing, etc., have been greatly hindered—indeed almost ignored—the days when it has not rained being exceptions to the general rule for over a month past. Corn has been injured extensively, and potatoes are rotting more generally that in any former year. This is bad for farmers, yet we trust the actual loss will not be great, and they should remember that the Spring and Summer were most favorable, with abundant harvests.

N. Y. STATE FAIR PREMIUMS.—We intended to publish a list of the principal Premiums awarded at our late State Fair, but preferring a correct, official list, we awaited the publication of the October number of the Society's Journal. This was received so late, however—on the 10th of November—that we have concluded to omit the publication, and refer all interested to the pages of the Journal for particulars.

A GOOD RURAL ANNUAL.—We are in receipt of "The Illustrated Annual Register of Rural Affairs and Cultivator Almanac for 1861"—a handsome and well filled work of 124 pages—published by LUTHER TUCKER & SON, Albany. A few days since we received an order for several hundred copies of a work of this character—the writer supposing us to be the publisher. We would therefore state that we only publish the RURAL NEW-YORKER, but can commend the above work as the best of the kind within our knowledge.

A MODEL AG'L WAREHOUSE CATALOGUE.—We have received a most beautiful and admirably arranged "Illustrated Catalogue of Plows and other Implements and Machines manufactured and sold at C. V. MAPES' Agricultural and Seed Warehouse, 126 and 128 Nassau st., and 11 Beekman st., New York." It contains 240 pages, is profusely and finely illustrated, and altogether a model Catalogue. We have no acquaintance whatever with Mr. MAPES, and never saw him to our knowledge, but infer from this Catalogue, as well as from an incog glance at his Warehouse a few days since, that he is a progressive business man—such an one as will, from apparent enterprise and favorable location, soon achieve a prominent and leading position in his vocation.

THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE N. Y. STATE AG. SOCIETY for 1859, with an Abstract of the Proceedings of the County Agricultural Societies, have been received from Mr. Secretary JOHNSON. This is the nineteenth volume issued by the Society, and its 790 octavo pages comprise several able and valuable essays and papers, in addition to the ordinary business transactions of the Institution, and statistics and reports from the local Rural Associations of the State. The Agricultural Survey of Onondaga County, by Hon. GEO. GEDDES, will attract attention from the ability, clearness, and apparent familiarity with which the whole subject is discussed—including Topography, Geology, Soils, Agricultural Products, Manufactures, &c. Mr. G. admirably illustrates the material wealth and capabilities of one of the best agricultural districts in our State. We hope other counties will be as well surveyed, and the results given in future volumes. The Transactions comprise several other papers worthy of special notice, but we cannot even enumerate them at present

NOT THIS PAPER—*but a Politico-Agricultural one.*—While in New York city, recently, two or three parties informed us that they had heard of our offering the RURAL NEW-YORKER, for clubbing with country papers, at *fifty cents a year*, and wished to know if such was the fact. As we had never offered our paper to the press, even for the purpose named, at less than the lowest club rate, we of course promptly denied the *soft* impeachment. We are not doing that kind of business, and suspect our inquiring friends have got matters a little mixed. Reckon they must refer to the *Rural* ——, a paper started several years ago, somewhat in imitation of this Journal in form, &c. It commenced as a weekly, but was, if we remember correctly, soon changed to a semi-monthly. We think it is now issued weekly again—though we are not positive, for we have not seen a number in over a year, (having stricken it from our exchange list long ago, for pirating upon our pages and giving no credit.) It is, or was, *a great paper*, in its peculiar way—but we don't think it will succeed in permanently substituting itself for a dozen copies of agricultural journals in as many years, if fairly judged. Indeed, we suppose the fact to be that it is a *political paper* in the guise of an agricultural journal—"stealing the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in"—for we have a Circular to Post-Masters, (issued some time ago,) wherein its claims are urged, and favor sought, on the ground of being an advocate of certain political principles; and it very innocently adds that such doctrines can be more successfully inculcated in a *rural* than an avowed *political* paper! [The circular alluded to was sent us by a P. M. who did not fancy its tenor, with a request to expose the "sell."] This was an "artful dodge," to be sure. How many others have emanated from the same source we wot not; but the offer to country papers belongs to the same category. We suspect, however, that the conductors of the press are a little too shrewd to be thus induced to club with and commend such a publication—though we observe that one of our friends has "put his foot in it," ankle deep.

—Let it be distinctly understood, by both PRESS and PEOPLE, that we base the claims of the RURAL NEW-YORKER upon its *merits* and *intrinsic value* alone, instead of mere size or price—and moreover that we do not wish it mixed or confounded with any other "Rural." That's all we ask in the premises.

THE POTATO ROT.—We don't know that there is any probability of giving very great light on this question, yet the following from a correspondent will be found interesting, especially the present season, when the evil is much worse than usual:

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Some ten or twelve years ago, I planted about one-third of an acre of Mercer potatoes in ground well manured, and they grew well and yielded well. Myself and hired man dug and put seventy-five bushels in the cellar, in a dry and excellent condition, on the 10th of September, without any signs of rot, and they kept sound until they were used up, the next summer. But not so with the balance of the patch. There came a heavy rain the next day, and it continued to rain more or less every day for a week or more, when I found those left in the ground had badly rotted, especially the large ones. We then dug the balance, (about one hundred bushels,) the ground wet as water could make it, washed the potatoes, and spread them on the barn floor to dry. But they all, or nearly so, rotted. Again, about four years after, I planted about the same amount of ground with the Round Pink Eye potato. They grew finely until the 20th of August, when we had three days of very showery weather, the sun shining between showers extremely hot. My potatoes again commenced rotting rapidly, so much so that potatoes as large as a man's fist would change so fast that in twelve hours they would, from a sound potato, become so rotten that they would not hold together when the earth was taken from around them, and was very offensive. At the end of three days, the rain ceased, and the rot very soon after, and the result was, that when we dug them, (9th or 10th of September,) full one-third of those that were left, had commenced rotting, and stopped when the weather became dry, and they had continued to grow till the time of digging, when they were found to be perfectly sound, though from one-fourth to one-half had rotted away.

STOCK RAISING—*Good Advice.*—In an article on stock raising, a Southern journal has some truthful remarks, applicable to any meridian, as follows:—"It is choice cows, sheep, horses, and mules, that yield the greatest returns to skillful husbandmen. The production of scrubs, or mean stock of any kind, is rather a mean business, in a pecuniary point of view. Raise superior animals on rich perennial grasses, if you seek a good income from your farm stock husbandry. Such animals may obtain part of their living from unimproved old fields, particularly sheep; but they want good clover and pea hay in the winter, or hay made from the English grasses. The most prominent error in stock growing is the attempt to rear fine hogs, cattle, and sheep, on scanty and defective food. Some want a great deal of meat, milk, or wool, from little or nothing. They ask nature to make them rich, while they lie in the shade in summer, and sit by the fire in winter, and leave their poor animals to nearly or quite perish from neglect."

SHALL WE HAVE THE 100,000 SUBSCRIBERS?—A Long-Island Subscriber writes:—"Now that 'the Country *Safe*,' it is time for all RURAL Agents to join in the *irresistible conflict* and swell the subscription list to *One Hundred Thousand*, and claim the promised portrait of D. D. T. MOORE. I am in hopes of doing some good in the way of circulating it in this Isle of the Sea."

—Our friend's memory is a little treacherous. We did not exactly *promise* the portrait; but, in answer to a request to give it in the RURAL, we said—"Even if we possessed sufficient merit to warrant the *exposure*, we doubt the propriety of going into the *picters*. When we get the 100,000 subscribers, *and* sufficient age and dignity, it may answer." However, we have no objection to the 100,000 subscribers, and when we get them—as RURAL friends seem determined we shall ere long—we will consider about the "age and dignity" qualification!

SHORT CROPS IN KANSAS.—Gov. MEDARY writes to the Ohio Cultivator that the failure of crops over a large portion of Kansas Territory is very discouraging. Still, he hopes there will not be great suffering for want of food. He says cattle are everywhere fat, and in good numbers, that pork will be plenty, but generally thin, and that there are chickens "without number." Bread will be scarce, and with many, difficult to get.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

The Chrysanthemum is a beautiful autumnal and early winter flower. It is easily cultivated, and thrives in any good garden soil. In favorable seasons it flowers, in sheltered situations in the garden, in October and November, but the weather is so uncertain in the fall, that the Chrysanthemum cannot be relied upon in this latitude as a garden flower. We have found, however, that if the branches are cut down to the ground as soon as the first hard frost destroys the leaves, and these branches are thrown over the roots and a few forest leaves are added as a protection, they will bloom much earlier in the autumn than if removed to the house, and a very fine show of flowers may be obtained before serious frost. But as a parlor flower, and for the conservatory, the Chrysanthemum is a perfect gem. When needed for this purpose, plants should be taken from the garden before hard frosts, and placed in pots, which can safely be done even after the buds are formed, but it is better to place them in pots in the summer, and sink the pots in the earth to the rim. Then they can be removed to the house in the spring without disturbing the roots, where they will furnish abundance of charming flowers until after Christmas.

Most of our readers, no doubt, are acquainted with the old Indian Chrysanthemum, which formed a large plant, with semi-double flowers, a class by no means to be despised or neglected, but in 1847 Mr. Fortune sent from China a new race of Chrysanthemums, called the Chinese or Pompone, and sometimes the Button or Daisy Chrysanthemum. They are of a dwarf or bushy habit, small foliage and daisy-like flowers, small and very double like a Ranunculus, and are produced in profusion. Since their introduction they have been multiplied and improved by florists from seed, and every season adds to the number of choice sorts.

CHRYSANTHEMUM PERFECTION.

We will not at present describe any of these, as the *Genesee Valley Horticultural Society* hold a Chrysanthemum Show this week, when we shall have an opportunity to examine most of the best varieties in cultivation. We, however, give an engraving of a very good flower, which we had taken last season, named *Perfection*, a purplish lilac, of a regular and beautiful form, and blooms in large clusters. One of the best of this color.

PROPAGATION AND CULTIVATION.

Cuttings are generally made in March or April, and they root in a sandy soil, in pots, if kept at a temperature of 60 or 70 deg., in about two weeks. They may be turned out in the garden in May, in a dry, rich soil. Here a little attention in cultivation and pinching to make the plants grow bushy, is all the care they will need until the latter part of October, when they should be taken up, potted and carried to the house for flowering. A better way is to place the plants in large pots in May, and sink these pots in the border, when they can be removed to the house for flowering without trouble. Amateurs who have no convenience for this work, may divide the roots of old plants in the spring, and set them in the garden, or plant them in pots, to be sunk in the earth in some shady border, which will save the trouble of starting new plants. As a general rule, however, the young plants flower best. Those who live near nurseries can obtain fine plants in October or November, ready to flower, very cheap, which will give them plenty of blossoms until the holidays.

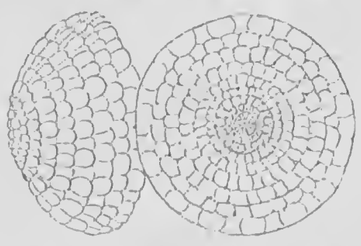
PROPERTIES OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

For the information of all our readers who wish to know the properties of a good flower, and especially for the benefit of those who may be called to act in the capacity of Judges at Horticultural Exhibitions, we give the following, on the *Properties of the Chrysanthemum*, by Glenny.

It is a curious circumstance in the character of the Chrysanthemum, that however nearly some of the flowers may approach the general form required, there is scarcely two of the same construction. One globular face is formed of long petals reflexing, another by a succession of cupped petals, one row above another to the center; a third may be formed by a mass of incurved petals, whose spoon-like ends, showing the backs only, curl over and form an almost solid surface by their closeness; others again have petals broad and flat, but towering one above another, forming a fine symmetrical flower to the center; and we have only spoken now of the varieties fit to show because of their approach to the desirable form of half a ball. But for those who grow a general collection for the sake of variety in form and color, there are many more forms—some throwing out their quill-like petals like so many diverging rays, and scarcely opening even the ends of these quills, but open at the ends a tolerably broad surface of the inner side; then some have long ragged tassel-like flowers, in the form of a loose mop—but the most fanciful of these varied forms, and perhaps the prettiest of all, is that of a round disk formed with broad flat petals, and globular mass of quilly florets nearly filling it. It is this variety of construction running through the whole family, that perplexes the judges at a show; but they should look to the main point first; no matter what the construction, whichever flower makes up the best and closest half of a globe is the best flower, while those which are open and loose are the worst.

THE POMPONE VARIETIES.

The properties of the Pompone varieties do not vary much from those of the larger family; but as their diminutive size is their chief distinction, it is the more necessary that they should be compact and symmetrical. They must not show a disk. If the center be not covered well, they must be discarded as soon as their color can be got with a sound close center. They should be as perfect as the Ranunculus or double Crow-foot, and as double as a double Primrose of the better kind. The flowers should be abundant at the end of all the shoots, in bunches, with footstalks sufficiently long to prevent the blooms covering each



FORM OF A PERFECT CHRYSANTHEMUM.

other. They should not be larger than one and a half inch diameter, nor smaller than an inch, and the habit of the plant should be short-jointed and shrubby. At an exhibition they must be shown on the plants. These should not be more than 18 inches high, nor less than 12 inches, with one or more flowers perfectly open at the end of every shoot. The style of flower in all the family of Chrysanthemums should rank thus:—Flowers forming a half ball, ranunculus fashion; flowers forming a half ball by incurving; flowers forming a half ball by reflexing; anemone flowers; tasseled flowers; quilled flowers; flowers showing a disk. Of these the first three alone are showable in an open class; the anemone flowers form a class by themselves; the tasseled and quilled sorts are not showable except on the plant in collection.

MARKS OF PERFECTION.

1. The plant should be dwarf, shrubby, well covered with green foliage to the bottom, the leaves broad and bright, the flowers well displayed at the end of each branch, produced in abundant quantity, and well supported by the stem.

2. The flower should be round, double, high in the crown, perfect in the center, without disk or confusion, and of the form of half a ball.

3. The individual petals should be thick, broad, smooth, circular at the ends, according with the circle of the flower, the indentations, where they meet, hardly perceptible.

4. The petals must not show their undersides by quilling, and should be of such firm texture as will retain them all in their places.

5. Size of bloom to be large in proportion to the foliage, but the size only to be considered when plants are in all other respects equal.

NEW DOUBLE ZINNIAS.

In the Rural of August 25th, in our notes of flowers in season, we gave a drawing and description of the *Zinnia elegans*, a single flower of almost every conceivable shade of color and great brilliancy. Florists have entertained high anticipations of obtaining a double Zinnia, and it seems these hopes are realized. That a double Zinnia must be an exceedingly fine flower, any one can readily imagine who has seen the brilliant colored single sorts, rich as they are, and only wanting additional petals to elevate them to the Florist's standard. Their brilliant colors will form a rich contrast throughout the autumn with the lilac and purple hues of the Aster. Messrs. Vilmorin & Co., of Paris, are the raisers of the novelty, and in September sent to Dr. Lindley, editor of the *London Gardener's Chronicle* a bouquet of cut flowers. In acknowledging their receipt, the Doctor writes as follows:

"Whatever may be the success which is destined to attend the attempts at producing green roses, we can at least congratulate our friends upon the appearance of an entirely new and extremely beautiful race of florist's flowers, not likely to yield to either Dahlias or China asters, and certain to become rivals of the best of the latter, even when brought up at Erfurth.

It is well known that the common purple Zinnia does occasionally produce flower-heads larger than ordinary, and even semi-double; but that no permanence has been secured to such sports.

Growers have in vain attempted to fix the changing habit, and a purple Zinnia remains a purple Zinnia still; all that has proved noticeable being a greater disposition than formerly to break into other colors. This greater disposition than formerly has, however, proved in Zinnia precisely what it has proved in so many other cases,—the turning point between wild nature and domestication. By degrees a greater and a greater tendency to vary has come over the constitution of Zinnia, till at last she has broken out in an entirely new array.

A box from Paris reached us the other day, filled with what at first sight appeared to be a new race of double dahlias. Upon being unpacked, however, the box displayed a collection of double Zinnias of the most beautiful form and color. Four-and-twenty flower-heads were there, some nearly double, the greater part as completely so as the best Pompone Chrysanthemums; mostly three inches in diameter, some two and one-half inches, a few but two inches. Purple, deep rose, light rose, rose striped, red, orange, buff, and various shades of these colors formed a bouquet of singular beauty, especially when illuminated by a ray of that sunshine which has been so rare this week. The metallic surface of the Zinnia then displayed a brilliancy which none of our autumn flowers can equal.

The specimens forwarded by Messrs. Vilmorin & Co., of Paris, who, by patient watching for several years, have succeeded in so far fixing the new condition of Zinnia that it comes as true from seed as China asters, the different colors separate, and the double forms still double.

That the Florist is thus provided with an entirely new field in which to exhibit his skill in transmutation is certain. The first step has been taken by Messrs. Vilmorin."

THE DIOSCOREA BATATAS.

A few, notwithstanding early discouragements, have persevered in the culture of the *Dioscorea*, and with very satisfactory results. The following, showing the result of a fourth year's trial by Dr. Hollick, of Staten Island, we take from the *Horticulturist:*

The result of my fourth year's experience with the Dioscorea batatas is, that I am satisfied it may be made a profitable and desirable article of cultivation, at least for the *garden*.

On deeply dug grounds, with a medium supply of well-rotted stable manure, I have produced roots weighing six pounds, from one plant, and I think they may be made to *average* five pounds. Some of mine were planted one foot apart each way, and others only six inches apart one way by a foot the other. On the same soil I observed no difference in the product, but, on the contrary, I think those at *six inches* were the best.

I decidedly think that the plant was much weakened when we first had it, *constitutionally*, by having been so much *subdivided* to increase the quantity for *sale*. The largest roots I could raise at first were very small compared with those I can raise now, and it certainly has improved each year, as the part planted has been larger and better developed.

The number of axillary *tubers* has also increased, and they, too, have been *larger*. In fact, the number produced of these tubers is enormous. They cover the ground, and thousands have to be dug in, or left on the surface. They will, however, remain in the ground all winter and come up themselves quite thick in the spring.

These tubers will form good roots when planted the following year, but not such large ones as those from other roots. The true plan seems to me to be this with them: To plant them quite thick, almost like seed, the following year after they are produced, and let them make *small roots*, which plant again the next year, say six inches by twelve, and they will then form fine roots of four to six pounds each.

When roots are planted it is best to lay them along the ground, horizontally, and just cover them over—at least mine did best that way. Next to whole roots, it is best to plant the thin ends of the largest roots, which are not good to cook.

I should perhaps remark here, that the product of every plant is not *one root*, but often two or three.

The larger the root is that is planted, the larger the product will be as a general rule. The planted root does not grow, nor does it rot away, but only shrinks up, and hardens. The earliest start and the best growth are made from the top of the root, on the tip end of the thin part.

It is now demonstrated that this root is perfectly hardy, even in very severe climates, and it will also *take care of itself*. Any part left in the ground will produce other roots the next year, and the little tubers formed above ground will do the same. In fact, numbers of these will *strike* and make roots as large as the little finger, by fall.

This root may, therefore, be planted on the western prairies, and all along the various *overland routes* to California. In all those plains and valleys, and even on the mountain slopes, I feel confident it would soon multiply, if once planted; so that emigrants and others, who have to traverse those now *foodless* regions, could always depend upon it as a means of subsistence.

The importance of this, it seems to me, can scarcely be overrated, and I trust this brief allusion will call attention to it. The Federal Government should see to this, and have the Dioscorea planted at the various military stations, and along the routes which the troops traverse. A single quart of the little tubers would *start* the plant over hundreds of miles, and then, as I before observed, it would take care of itself. Even on *sandy plains*, I have no doubt but it would attain at least an *eatable* size.

It would give me great pleasure to contribute my share of the tubers for this purpose, from my own stock, if any one will do the work.

Doubtless there are other wild regions in our country where a similar experiment could be tried, and if any gentleman feels desirous of trying it, I will send him the tubers with pleasure.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUITS RECEIVED.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Please accept some specimens of apples for name. They were grown on the grounds of A. Baldwin, Hanover Neck, N. J.

No. 1. Locally called Longstem; an old apple with him. The tree producing them has been known near fifty years, and was then large. Are they the genuine Longstem, or a seedling, or identical with any known sort?

No. 2. Seedlings—name wanted. It promises to bear well.

No. 3. Caroline—Mr. B. thinks the quality is better than described by Downing. Specimens small; excellent bearer; keeps better than R. I. Greening. Early Winter. Good for any purpose, from October to January.

No. 4. Willow Twig—good bearer; Tree weeping; fruit borne singly on ends of twigs.

No. 5. Mock Spitzenberg—Seedling. A good bearer biennially.

No. 6. From an old graft. Sweet, rich apple. Wart always on stem, but not always at the same point; sometimes midway. Ordinary specimens. Name wanted.

No. 7. Seedling Russet—specimens small. May possibly be a graft. Good bearer. Slender stem. Ripens September and October.

No. 8. Spice apple—seedling. Excellent. Good specimen.

The following were grown by Mr. J. P. Crane, of West Bloomfield, N. J.

No. 9. A nameless sweet apple. Old; good bearer and keeper. Limbs form a dense, impenetrable mat.

No. 10. Victuals and Drink. Old in New Jersey. Has it a synonym?

Nos. 11 and 12. Called Queen apple. Mr. C. has grown this for the last forty years.

No. 13. A pear. Name wanted. Tree imported from France. First specimen it ever bore.

No. 14. Jersey Baldwin.

Would be pleased to see notes on above in Rural New-Yorker.—E. Williams.

Several of these apples were badly kept and shriveled, so that we could not judge well of quality. Others were partially or entirely rotten. No. 1. We think, was not the Longstem, of Pennsylvania. It more nearly resembled the Old Winter Pearmain. 2. Doubtless a seedling. 3. Too far gone to judge of quality. 4. Correctly named, Willow Twig. 5. We judge to be a poor apple. 6. Rotten. 7. Too far gone to judge. 8. Appeared to be a good apple, but it came to us a little too late. 9. Gone. 10. Big Sweet and Pompey are synonyms. 11 and 12. A very good apple, having much the character of Greening. 13. Easter Beurre. 14. Baldwin, and good specimens.

— From Judge Carroll, of Groveland, N. Y., three varieties of apples—1. Seek-no-Further. 2. Henrich Sweet, or Sweet Pearmain. 3. A seedling.

— From Joseph Vick, Greece, N. Y., Old Winter Pearmain.

— From H. N. Langworthy, a fine russet apple, said to be a seedling of Pomme Gris, and in every way much better than that old variety.

GRAPE CULTURE.

The Vintage in the West.—From all sources we learn that the yield of the Western vineyards was very great. The Iowa Republican says:—"The vintage of this year will be extraordinarily rich. From every side we hear the most encouraging news, the most wonderful from Nauvoo, Illinois, where the yield borders on the fabulous. And yet in spite of this immense quantity of grapes, the price of them has not fallen below ten cents per pound. At this rate the price of wine cannot fall."

Grapes at Kelley's Island.—A letter from Kelley's Island says:—"There is much excitement here now in disposing of the grape crop. I suppose the amount of the crop may be put down at $25,000. Fifteen tons left recently for St. Louis, and several tons had gone the same way before. We are now sending grapes to Cincinnati."

Grape Culture at Cincinnati.—There is a lengthy and highly interesting article in Mr. Klippart's Agricultural Report, recently issued, on the history of agriculture in Ohio, in which considerable attention is paid to the labors of citizens of this city and county who have been devoted to Horticulture and Pomology. The writer considers that Mr. Longworth bears the same relation to vineyard culture that Fulton did to steam navigation.

Mr. R. Buchanan contributes an interesting and concise history of grape culture here, and its present condition. He states that the first vineyard in this vicinity, and in the State, was planted for Mr. Longworth by Ammon, one of his German servants, some four miles below this city, thirty-seven years ago. It is still in vigorous bearing.

A small vineyard, of a few hundred foreign vines, was planted on the slope of a hill on Third street, in this city, by Meunonceiur, a French political exile, about the beginning of the present century; but, like most of the efforts with foreign vines, it did not succeed.

Mr. Longworth's vineyard was planted with the Schuylkill grape, which, with care, makes a good red wine, but being a poorer bearer, has been almost supplanted by the Catawba. The Swiss, at Vevay, Ind., in 1805, planted also the Schuylkill grape. Their vineyards were planted on bottom lands instead of the better positions on the hillsides, and about thirty years ago were abandoned. The wine made from this grape by Mr. L. and the Swiss, was found to be too acid for the American palate.

In 1825, Mr. Longworth introduced the Catawba grape in vineyard culture, in this vicinity—having received it from Maj. Adlum, of Georgetown, D. C.,—and the wine made from it met with such favor that it gave a new impluse to grape culture, placing "wine farming," as now supposed, on a permanent basis, and making it an important branch of the agricultural industry of Hamilton county.

Mr. Buchanan estimates the number of acres in vineyards in this State from 4,000 to 5,000. In this county, 2,000 acres at least are in vineyards. The great majority of the vines cultivated are Catawba; some Schuylkill Isabella, Herbemont, and Norton's Seedling, are planted, and the two last named are fast growing into favor. The average annual yield of wine, for a series of years, may be put down at two hundred gallons to the acre, which is about the same as in France and Germany. Thus far the culture of the grape has been remunerative, and the cultivation is increasing in every part of the State where the vine will thrive.—*Cin. Gazette.*

Ontario County Grapes.—A few days since we received a call from Mrs. McKay, who is on her way to Montreal to dispose of her entire crop. About two-thirds full ripened. The unripe grapes were sold for wine.

"Uncle Peter" should know that it is a rule with the editors of most agricultural papers to publish no articles unless the name of the writer is furnished, and this is doubtless the reason why he has had such poor success in getting his articles in print. We don't wonder the author of such a ridiculous story, as that a tree, after bearing one crop of apples, should change its character, and bear an entirely different sort, should keep dark, both in regard to his name and residence.

Inquiries and Answers.

Grape Roots.—What is the difference between "grape roots, two and three years old," and "grape vines," of the same ages, as advertised by nurserymen? If they differ, wherein, and which is the best for planting a vineyard? Which is the best work to give me the botanical names of fruit trees, &c? I find many things in "Barry's Fruit Garden" which I do not understand, but which he seems to take for granted. I am about to do a little at the nursery business.—E. R., *Elwood, Doniphan Co., Kansas*, 1860.

There is no difference between grape *roots* and grape vines. It is only a different way of expressing the same thing. Mr. Barry is very plain in his directions, and generally gives the rudiments in a manner not to be misunderstood. We know no better work of instruction for the beginner in the nursery business. "Downing's Fruits and Fruit Trees of America" should be in the library of every horticulturist.

Domestic Economy.

ORNAMENTING BOXES, &c., WITH LEAVES.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Having noticed in your columns a request for information how to prepare and put on leaves for ornamenting boxes, picture frames, &c., I will give you my experience in making a box, which I think very pretty, and has been admired by many. I first prepared the box (which you can have any shape you desire,) and put on a coat of black paint, letting it stand until perfectly dry, then rubbed it down with pumice stone until smooth, and afterwards put on two coats of paint,—the last the best kind of carriage paint,—letting it stand to dry between each coating. Line your box with something pretty, and it is then ready for ornamenting with leaves, which have to be prepared in the following manner.

Gather yellow and shades of brown leaves, (no green ones,) place them perfectly flat in a book, or between the folds of paper, put a weight upon them, and keep them thus until the dampness is all abstracted. Prepare a solution of gum arabic, gum the leaves and place them upon the box, not in groups, as it destroys the effect. Have ready a wad of cotton tied up hard in a piece of black silk, put them on carefully until every part is fastened down. Cut out butterflies from yellow paper, mark them off, and place them among the leaves. When all is done, prepare a solution of ising glass, not too thick, take a soft brush and brush it over, rubbing it all one way. Let stand until perfectly dry, then varnish with three coats of the best copal varnish, letting it stand each time until dry. Try it, I think you will be well paid for your trouble, and procure a pretty ornament with a little expense. Mollie N. B.

Shelby, N. Y., 1860.

EGGS IN WINTER, PICKLING PEACHES, &c.

To Color Purple.—One bushel of purslane; 10 ounces logwood; 5 oz. alum, to 4 lbs. of yarn. Boil the purslane till the strength is out, then dip the articles in it after they are dyed. Scald about 20 minutes. This is said not to spot or fade.

Best method for Pickling Peaches and Pears.—Pare the fruit, then add ¾ lb. sugar to every pound of fruit. Put them in a jar—a layer of fruit and then a sprinkling of sugar, and let them stand all night. To the juice thus expressed, add vinegar enough to cover them, cook a short time, and they are done. Spice as you please. I learn from a German lady (an excellent house-keeper,) that a piece of horse radish root put into the jar with any kind of pickles, will prevent any scum from rising. We have only to *try* it to prove it.

How to Keep Eggs for Winter.—Take equal quantities of salt and bran; dry it well in the oven. Pack the eggs in it, and cover the top with a thick paper fitted close—on which strew salt to the depth of an inch. Keep in a cool, dry place.

Venice Centre, N. Y., 1860. A Countrywoman.

GINGER COOKIES, CREAM TARTAR BISCUIT.

Extra Ginger Cookies.—One teacup of molasses; ¼ do. of sugar; ½ do. of shortening; ½ do. of hot water; 1 teaspoon saleratus; 1 do. of ginger; just flour enough to roll and *no more*.

Good Gingerbread.—One and one-half cups of molasses; 1 teacup of cream; 1 do. of buttermilk; 2 eggs; 1½ teaspoons saleratus; 2 do. of ginger; 4 small teacups of flour. Beat thoroughly and spread on two baking tins.

Cream Tartar Biscuit.—Take a small milk pan half full of flour and mix thoroughly in it one tablespoon of cream tartar and two of shortening. Dissolve ½ tablespoonful of soda in a pint bowl two-thirds full of sweet milk,—mix them hard enough to roll good. These are easily and quickly made.

White of Eggs in Raised Biscuit.—The white of an egg kneaded into the dough with the shortning, for *raised* biscuit, makes them nice.

Bakers' Varnish.—A varnish, such as bakers use, can be made for rusks by beating the yolk of an egg and one teaspoonful of pulverized sugar together. Spread on just before baking. Put them on round pie tins to rise. They look nice on the table. M. E. P.

Victor, N. Y., 1860.

TO COLOR BLACK.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing an inquiry in your journal for a recipe to color black, I thought I would send you one. To one pound of cotton goods, use one-half ounce blue vitriol, and two ounces extract of logwood. Take an iron kettle containing water enough to cover what you wish to color, bring the water to a scalding heat, put in the goods for a few minutes, then remove them from the kettle, drain, and add the blue vitriol. When dissolved, and the water carefully skimmed, put in the goods, let them remain thirty minutes, with a scalding heat, occasionally airing them; then take out and rinse in rain water. The vitriol water should next be put in a separate kettle, and the extract of logwood dissolved in a sufficient quantity of water, skimmed, and brought to a scalding heat; then put in the goods, keep the dye at the same heat, and let them remain thirty minutes; stir frequently; then take out and drain. Pour the vitriol water into the dye, then put in the goods, letting them remain fifteen minutes. Cleanse well.

Attica, Ohio, 1860. E. B. Tanner.

[Special Notice.]

De Land & Co.'s Saleratus is still an interesting subject for the housekeepers' attention. It is just what they have long desired, and which, now that it is in their possession, they are not inclined to part with. It continues to give the most complete satisfaction in the kitchen and in the dining-room. Manufactured and for sale at wholesale by D. B. De Land & Co., Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. Sold by all good grocers everywhere.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SPEAK KINDLY TO THY HUSBAND.

BY J. W. BARKER.

Speak kindly to thy husband,
Thou may'st not ever know
The depth of that perennial stream,
Nor hear its silvery flow
From love's undying fountain,
Deep down within the heart,
Whence, in the mellow sunlight,
Those pure emotions start.

Speak gently to thy husband,
Though on his troubled brow
The shadows of a fearful frown
There seems to gather now;
It is not that his love is cold,
Nor that his care is less,
It is not that he does not seek
Thy peace and happiness;
But on his heart the wintry storms
Of life are pressing now,
'Tis this that shrouds the forms of joy,
And shades his noble brow.

Speak gently—how his heart will prize
A kind and tender word,
And how the coldness of his joy
Will with new life be stirred,
When to his troubled spirit comes
The tenderness of love,
Like gentle whispers, soft and still,
Just dropping from above.

Speak kindly to thy husband,
Though sometimes he may stray,
For words of spleen and bitterness
Will drive him still away
From virtue, peace, and happiness;
But kindness will reclaim
His wandering spirit to its home,
And give it joy again.

Deal gently—many a bursting bud,
All beautiful and fair,
Hath withered ere its sweet perfume
Hath blest the morning air;
Some cruel hand, some biting frost,
With an untimely breath,
Hath scattered 'mid the buds of hope
The poisoned stings of death.

Speak kindly—life will soon be o'er,
And, O, when death shall come,
The memory of those words of love
Will yield a rich perfume;
But o'er the "dim and shadowy vale,"
Will spectral forms appear—
Those words of strife and bitterness,
Which taint our pleasure here.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

DEAR RURAL:—It is a long time since I last wrote you, although you have continued your weekly visits to us from the commencement. You have so many able correspondents, that I thought my contributions would be of little account; but I have been so grieved at the wrongs of the little folks, that I thought I would tell you all about it, and see if you could not prevail upon at least a few of your many thousand subscribers to "consider their ways and be wise."

My heart aches for the dear children. They are in the way at home, and are sent to school by their parents to get rid of their noises. Then it is soon whispered around, "I guess that aint much of a teacher, for the children are running out half the time." The matter keeps brewing until everybody hears of it, and then it reaches the teacher's ears. One says, "I want you to keep my children in;" another says, "Keep mine in;" and the decree of imprisonment passes from lip to lip. Some are afraid they will take cold, as though there was poison in the pure fresh air,—others wish their children to hear the recitations, and learn from them. They might be interested in the stories of the younger classes, but when the larger ones are reading the speeches of HENRY CLAY, DANIEL WEBSTER, and PATRICK HENRY, I think they would not comprehend much, until they arrive at the last clause of HENRY, "Give me liberty or give me death." "That's it," says the little fellow; "if I could only have my liberty like the lambs and kittens, how glad I should be; I don't see why little boys and girls must be penned up so; but I must be good, I suppose."

Next comes the grammar class, and the teacher says, "You may conjugate the verb love, in all its moods and tenses;" and they go on with "I love, thou lovest, he loves; I am loved, I was loved," &c. "What's all this fuss about *loving?*" says the little one. "I love pa and ma, and little sister, and we love each other, and are loved by our parents; and I would love to go and have a good run, and I'd do it if it wasn't for that awful teacher. I wish I was big. When I get big I guess I won't go to school. O dear! how tired I am! When will recess come?"

Then the arithmetic class is called out, and we hear "Ten and ten make twenty, and two make twenty-two;" and talk about fractions, and reduction, and interest. "I'm sure it don't interest me much," remarks the a-b-e-darian; "I should be much more interested in running a good race. How my head aches! I can't be good any longer. I don't care if I do get punished, I can't stand it." He grasps his neighbor tightly by the arm. The aggrieved one, glad of anything for a change, cries out "Pinching," and the teacher leaves the class in the midst of a complex example to settle the affair. But the disease is contagious, and soon another cry is heard,—"Striking," and "Kicking," and so on through the whole catalogue, until perhaps it comes to "Fighting," and the teacher gets so puzzled that he can hardly tell whether two and two make four, or six. He wonders which would be the worst, to displease the parents, or be guilty of murder in the second degree, and decide to let them go out at any rate. See how their eyes sparkle; they do not wait for a second bidding, but are off in an instant, and away they run like young deer. They're happy now, while gathering strength for future years. The recitations now go on without interruption; and when it is time for the little ones to read, they are fresh and rosy, and everything comes easy; whereas, if they had remained within, they would have been mere blockheads in comparison. I have tried to bear patiently with the faults of my fellow creatures, hoping they would exercise charity toward me in return; but when I hear people complaining of little children having too much liberty at school, I can hold my peace no longer. I wish they were obliged to sit in school for one week, as they require their children, with nothing to do except repeating the alphabet four times a day. But perhaps they would not learn wisdom thereby, for many people are so wedded to certain whims and notions that it is hard convincing them that they are wrong.

Maple Valley Farm, Wis., 1860. ELMINA.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CLOTHING FOR CHILDREN.

Too much cannot be said against the pernicious practice of many mothers of insufficiently clothing their little girls at this season of the year. The cold, raw, November winds and rains are here, and do, in common humanity, put some comfortable clothes on your children,—cover their little blue arms, and necks, and *knees*. You shorten their skirts above their knees, have their drawers a trifle below their dress, and leave the knee exposed to the cold, and below that, perhaps, a thin stocking and gaiter. Even if you pretend to keep on a long-sleeved, high apron, it must come off, if company comes in, or you go out with her. Better leave them off altogether. Is beauty of more consequence than health? And as for the beauty, where you see it in the cold and purple flesh is a mystery to an unprejudiced mind.

Is it too much to say, that the inordinately inexhaustible vanity of woman is her greatest enemy and curse? Does it not even exceed, in mothers, their natural affection for their children? Hundreds of mothers are, to-day, sacrificing their little ones to a false, fictitious taste, and just as really, and absurdly, throwing them away, as the heathen mothers when they offer their children to monsters to propitiate the favor of their gods. O, that they could but be persuaded to dress their children simply, neatly, comfortably! Q.

DON'T GET DISCOURAGED.

DON'T get discouraged. Who ever gained anything by drawing down the corners of his mouth when a cloud came over the sun, or letting his heart drop like a lead weight into his shoes when misfortune came upon him? Why, man, if the world knocks you down and jostles past you in its great race, don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows, and begin again. There are some people who even to look at is worse than a dose of chamomile tea. What if you do happen to get a little puzzled on the dollar-and-cent question? others beside you have stood in exactly the same spot, and struggled bravely out of it, and you are neither halt, lame, nor blind, that you cannot do likewise. The weather may be dark and rainy; very well, laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow. Business may be dull; make the best of what you have, and look forward to something more hopeful. If you catch a fall, don't lament over your bruises, but be thankful that no bones are broken. If you can't afford roast beef and plum pudding, eat your codfish joyfully, and bless your stars for the indigestion and dyspepsia you thereby escape. But the moment you begin to groan over your troubles, and count up the calamities, you may as well throw yourself over the docks, and done with it. The luckiest fellow that ever lived *might* have woes enough, if he set himself seriously to work looking them up. They are like invisible specks of dust—you don't see them till you put on your spectacles. But then it is not worth while to put on your spectacles to discover what is a great deal better let alone.

Don't get discouraged, little wife! Life is not long enough to spend in inflaming your eyes and reddening your nose because the pudding won't bake, and your husband says the new shirts you worked over so long "set like meal bags." Make another pudding—begin the shirts anew. Don't feel "down in the mouth" because dust will settle and clothes will wear out, and crockery will get broken. Being a woman don't procure you an exemption from trouble and care; you have got to fight the battle of life as well as your husband, and it will never do to give up without a bold struggle. Take things as they come, good and bad together, and whenever you feel inclined to cry, just change your mind and laugh. Keep the horrors at arm's length; never turn a blessing round to see if it has got a dark side to it, and always take it for granted that things are blessings until they prove to be something else.

Never allow yourself to get discouraged, and you'll find the world a pretty comfortable sort of a place after all.—*Life Illustrated.*

BEAUTIFUL MATERNAL SENTIMENT.—The following exquisite verse was found in a Haytien manuscript. Was there ever a more beautiful expression of a mother's unselfish devotion? The original is in French, entitled "Last Wish of a Mother," and the translation literal:

"Oh, God!" she faintly said upon her dying bed,
"If I have followed Thy divine behest,
As my entire reward grant this request—
Make me the guardian angel of my babes when dead.

WOMAN BY A SICK MAN'S COUCH.—It has often been truly remarked that in sickness there is no hand like a woman's hand—no heart like a woman's heart—no eye so untiring—no hope so fervent. Woman by a sick man's couch is divinity impersonated.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE SCOURGE OF THE TONGUE.

BY LINA LEE.

'Tis a fearful scourge—the scourge of the tongue—
When it breathes with its poisonous breath,
As it does alike on the high and the low,
Bringing sorrow, and ruin, and death.
Nor worth nor station can guard its approach,
Nor innocence ward off its rage—
It tramples on all, both the false and the true,
Irrespective of wisdom or age.

The hearts it has broken—the tears it has cost—
The attempt to count them were vain;
For peace and contentment flee its approach,
And misery walks in its train.
Oh, how many a needless sorrow it brings
To this sin-blighted world of ours—
How many an otherwise useful life
Has been wrecked by its blighting powers.

And is there no cure for this merciless scourge,
No relief from its venomed sting?
Must it ever pursue its cruel work,
Going forth as an unfettered thing?
We have sometimes thought it might be helped,
If we all would the recipe heed;
It is simply this—*mind the Golden Rule*—
None other relief shall we need.

Sherburne, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FACTS.

I AM a regular gradgrinder,—a stickler for facts, at all times, and under all circumstances. To be sure, they are a stubborn, homely race, and just about as unmanageable as a southern donkey, which, once planted in a given position, no coaxing or driving can induce to move out of it. Notwithstanding that trait, and their being also brown-fisted, big-knuckled little fellows, ready and able to assert their rights on all occasions, they are so honest and truthful that one cannot help respecting them,—and, withal, they have shoulders broad enough to carry any weight of responsibility you see fit to lay upon them.

Miss Imagination, on the other hand,—between whom and these solid matter-of-fact fellows, a strong antipathy has always existed,—is an airy, fairy creature, bedizened with finery, and very pleasing to look at, but for actual good sense and stability, not worth a copper. If foolish mortals would trust less implicitly to her smooth words, and rely more on the statements of these brown-fisted facts,—without beauty or grace, but very useful on the world's great field of battle,—there would be an infinitely smaller number of broken heads and hearts, and many more happy faces in existence, than now.

Imagination is a real *ignis fatuus*, dancing up and down in your path, and dazzling and bewildering you until you find yourself in the very worst slough of Despair you ever heard of. But if you had taken one or two of these stout little facts for guides, they would have lifted you on to their backs in a trice, carried you home, and set you safely down at your own door. Now for an example or two.

Had Miss CLARA MELINDA only looked about for the facts in the case, she would have found that her gentlemanly lover, whom she had imagined so virtuous, so noble, and so brave, was a selfish, dissolute young scape-grace, with only just enough sense to trim his moustache, tie a becoming knot in his satin cravat, and say pretty nonsense to foolish girls. If Miss CLARA had known a little more, she never would have stood up at the altar, and promised to "love, honor, and obey" such a puppy as he was. And her fond mamma,—who fancied her daughter was marrying eligibly,—if she could have been previously introduced to the facts, would rather have assisted in making CLARA'S shroud, than have seen her put on her white veil and orange blossoms.

If our noble-hearted Cousin CHARLIE, who was so good and true himself that he never suspected guile in another, had known more about the facts connected with Miss ANGELINA MAYROSE'S previous history, he would never have been duped by her, as he was. CHARLIE, poor fellow, imagined, as the majority of men do, that because a lady's face was fair, and her voice sweet, her character must be of the same stamp, and when those lovely lips of ANGELINA'S, which he had now and then been permitted to kiss, informed him that she had only been making believe love to him, to make HARRY ATWOOD jealous, and that she and HARRY had been engaged for a year or two, it nearly broke his heart. But the facts having done their duty by beating his head soundly with their doubled-up fists, CHARLEY said they were worthy fellows, shook hands with them all, and vowed a woman's *face* should'nt cheat him again as long as he lived.

It must be a libel on the farmers' boys in the country, but I have heard it said that they consider it rather dishonorable to have hard hands and red faces, and would prefer to be merchants' clerks, or study law. Now, if they would get acquainted with some of the honest facts about such occupations, they would a thousand times rather be out under the blue sky, among singing brooks and waving woods, plowing the fields, or felling the oaks, than prisoned up in close counting-rooms and narrow law offices with dingy windows. The clerk, who is compelled to measure calico and tie up brown sugar in brown paper all day, although his hands *may* be white, would give half his wages, could he afford it, to have a run through the meadows in spring mornings, or help load the hay cart in the pleasant summer afternoons. Then these pale clerks do not have the long winter evenings to read new books and papers, as the farmers' boys do; for the ledgers and day-books are always open till bed-time. As for sleighing parties with pretty girls, and going home with them from singing school, they have neither the money to spare for one, nor the time for the other.

But these lawyers, whose name is Legion, and whose soft hands are often accompanied by softer heads, it makes me half sick to remember how many I have seen, and still see, in the country and city, lounging about in bar-rooms and saloons, with nothing to do, and a wife and children half starving at home. Far better would it be if they had remained at home, and worked the farm as their contented fathers did before them. There was MARY LEE, the prettiest farmer's daughter in the country for ten miles round, who took it into her foolish little head to absolutely marry one of these village attorneys, whose office sign was about all the recommendation he possessed for the profession. MARY might have had JOE BENNETT, who had loved her ever since she was a little girl, and used to draw her to school on his sled, and give her the rosiest apples he could find in his father's cellar; but she thought he was "nothing but a farmer,"—so she told me a few days ago, with tears in her eyes,—and his face was rather embrowned by toil and exposure, and his boots were not kept shining as the young sprig of the law kept his, and so MARY turned the cold shoulder on him. Well, he is "nothing but a farmer" now, but his farm is the finest in the county, and his wife has a new silk dress every month if she wants it, while poor MARY hasn't one in the world, except the one she was married in eight years ago; and I have no idea she has seen a beef steak inside her house for more than six months.

But there are some very stubborn facts about various other things which people do not trouble themselves much about. They run for the doctor every time they have a pain in their backs, or an itching in their throats, while the fact is, that the doctor, notwithstanding all his knowledge of technical terms, knows very little more about curing "rheumatiz" and "neuralogy" and the various ills that flesh is heir to, good reader, than you or I do—that is, if we will use our common sense about things. It is doubtful whether he gives his children as much medicine in a whole year as you give yours in a week.

There are facts about farming, and economy, and various other things, which people do not know, and never will know, until they subscribe for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, or some other agricultural paper, that has all the facts set down in plain black and white.

But a word must be added about politics, because nothing is noticed now-a-days unless it has the word "political" hung to it somewhere. These long-winded patriots of our land are very imaginative at times. One party declares that the country will rush to ruin, instanter, if everybody does not run and get on to their platforms, while the speechifiers, on the other side, assure you, 'pon honor, that if things do not go as the Fusionists wish, the Union will get so disjointed and broken up, that all the Spaulding's glue in the country cannot mend it. Now, the facts for the most part, are these:—Patriotism, self-sacrifice, devotion to the Constitution, and all such high-sounding terms, take up a much larger space in men's mouths than in their affections. The words engraven on their hearts, as Queen MARY affirmed *Calais* was engraven on hers, in my humble opinion, is nothing more nor less than *office*. Right in my town there are a half dozen or more gentlemen, waiting, Micawber-like, for "something to turn up" that shall turn the present Post-Master out, and turn one of them in. But they do not *say* so. Oh, no,—they are, every one of them, staunch patriots; own a Wide-Awake livery, and are doing everything they can to enlighten public sentiment with outlays of kerosene and burning fluid. Dear me! I wish there was a Post-Office for every one of them. But if this is the case at the foot of the class, what are great men at the head after? If the facts should speak out, they would doubtless say that one is hoping to receive a foreign appointment, somewhere, another hopes for a place in the Cabinet, and a third has eager expectations of being a candidate for the White House before many elections come and go. Nevertheless, they are patriots, because they use so many patriotic words in their speeches. Isn't that demonstrable?

But "enough is as good as a feast," and having said "*quantum sufficit*," as the lawyers have it, and perhaps a little more, I will stop and permit the facts, to which the future is the mother, speak for themselves, only hoping they will speak out boldly, and substantiate what has been set down against them. A. M. P.

Nov. 1, 1860.

GREAT MEN.—A great man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed and disappointed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something; he has been put on his wits; he has gained facts; he learns his ignorance; is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man always throws himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. As long as all that is said is against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. —*Emerson.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES vividly describes death thus:—"By the stillness of the sharpened features, by the blackness of the tearless eye, by the fixedness of the smileless mouth, by the deafening tints, by the contracted brow, the dilating nostril, we know that the soul is soon to leave its mortal tenement, and is already closing its windows and putting out its fires."

HE who acquires riches without labor, generally lavishes them without care. Frugality is as closely connected with industry as idleness is with vice.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SHADOWS.

How oft, when Sorrow o'er my soul
Her shadowy mantle throws,
And with dread power Life's billows roll,
And mists around me close,

With earnest eyes I look beyond
Earth's scenes so dark and drear,
And almost murmur at the bonds
Which hold me captive here.

And yet I would not wish or ask
Freedom from every care,
Or in perpetual sunshine bask,
'Mid breezes mild and fair.

Trials but make the spirit strong,
And nerve its latent powers
To rise above the trifling throng
Which fills this world of ours.

And if beneath congenial skies,
Our journeyings should lead;
Or in a flowery, thornless way,
Our feet should always tread,

So fair might seem earth's luring scenes,
So bright her glittering toys,
The truant heart might lose those beams
Which guide to surer joys.

Wyoming, Wyo. Co., N. Y., 1860. ANNABEL.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WATCHERS.

READER, did you ever think how many watchers there are around your life-path,—how many vigilant eyes are continually directed towards you, watching every word, action and look? I dare say you never had the thought; yet if you will observe, as you pass along the devious way, you may discover that surely you are the unconscious object of attention of eyes you never dreamed would bestow one look of interest on you. Are there children around you? Be cautious that your words and actions are prompted by pure motives, for they are watching, and in their simplicity they will imitate, be it good or evil, and justify themselves by saying you did or said so. The child's rule of analysis is simple and straight forward, and seldom departs from reason, running much as follows:—If those who are older and more experienced may do so, and be tolerated, then we, as a matter of course, may follow their example.

Are you a sister? Be careful that a brother is not led into error by your misdeed, for he is watching you, and who can tell how deep, and wide, and infinite, is a sister's influence over a brother. Have you a sister? Often, if you observe, you may discover her dark, searching eyes following your motion, or lifted in silent wonder or delight, and you may read there the fixed determintion she has formed to do as sister does. Have you parents? They are watching you. Oh, how deep, various and anxious is their solicitude. You were unconscious that father watched you when you said "I do not believe the Bible is true." You didn't see the look of pain that crossed his aged brow, or note the pang that thrilled his heart,—yet he watched you,—watched, and waited, and prayed, and trusted in GOD,—and, mayhap on the contrary, that father took his first step in infidelity watching you. Mother watches you when you go out and when you come in, when you rise up and when you lie down,—silently, yet unmistakeably, watches; and how often she is pained or pleased by your conduct; and as declining strength comes on, she will watch and trust and lean upon you. Lead her gently down the sloping way to the tomb,—pick for the spots where the sun shines most warm and mellow as it steals toward its setting,—watch for the places where the sward is softest and greenest, along the desert way, that her weary feet may tread lightly down to her last resting place. Have you friends? They are all watching you from afar off, yet are they influenced by you. Walk cautiously, lest following, they stumble and rise no more. Have you enemies? Envious, malicious, suspicious, burning is their constant gaze upon you. Go straight forward, turn neither to the right nor to the left, that they may not trace their downfall and ruin to your guidance. Have you a Maker? Yea, verily, GOD is watching you. Make Him your guide in the devious ways, and angel watchers will smile in their vigils, and mortals, watching, follow you to Heaven. MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

Michigan, Nov. 1860.

THE EVIL OF A BAD TEMPER.—A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly, wherever it is found. It is allied to martyrdom, to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. To hear one perpetual round of complaint and murmuring, to have every pleasant thought scared away by this evil spirit, is a sore trial. It is like the sting of a scorpion, a perpetual nettle destroying your peace, rendering life a perpetual burden. Its influence is deadly; and the purest and sweetest atmosphere is contaminated into a deadly miasma, wherever this evil genius prevails. It has been said truly, that while we ought not to let the bad temper of others influence us, it would be as unreasonable to spread a blister upon the skin, and not expect it to draw, as to think of a family not suffering because of the bad temper of any of its inmates. One string out of tune will destroy the music of an instrument otherwise perfect; so, if all the members of a church, neighborhood, and family, do not cultivate a kind and affectionate temper, there will be discord and every evil work.

PROVIDENCE conceals from us the moment of our death, because the knowledge of it, by taking away a sense of moral freedom, would prevent us from employing the rest of our time well, by acting from liberty according to reason.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PIETY INDISPENSABLE TO THE TEACHER.

Our profession, my fellow teachers, is indeed one of the most important. In comparing it with that other sacred and divine calling, the ministry of the gospel, we are sometimes almost led to say ours is the holier. Fraught with the most weighty responsibilities, demanding the greatest patience, charity, and justice, in all our acts, it behooves us to see to it that we are well prepared for the station.

It is well that we attend schools and institutes, and thereby store our minds with useful knowledge; knowledge which is, as it were, the main spring of all our success in after life; but there is a fountain whose bitter stream must first be sweetened, whose corrupted effusions must first bear the marks of our own cleansing, before we can meet with perfect success. That fountain is the heart—the secret foe of man, whose constant errings lead him into many paths, winding and dangerous.

Many of those who take upon themselves the responsibility of teaching a common country school, never once ask themselves the most, the all-important question—"Am I prepared in *heart* for this duty?" Carelessly they take the souls of the young under their charge, and mold and fashion them after their own image. Oh, teacher, beware! There is a God, whose ever watchful eye rests upon all thy labors, and shall He say concerning them, "It shall not be done"?

Do you wonder, then, my fellow teachers, who trusts not in God, that you meet with ill-success—that your days seem long and wearisome, and your labor unrewarded? We, too, often forget that we are dealing with immortal spirits, whose destinies are sealed in other worlds. We are heedless of the fact that we are inscribing in deathless characters our words, looks, and actions, upon an immortal soul. Oh, had we these thoughts before our minds, think you we would so often err? Shall we recommend piety, then, as useful to the teacher?

Why is it that industrious, persevering children, so often speak of school with a dread? Because it is a happy place?—because they there expect to find one who will take the place of a parent in kindness, patience, and love? Ah, no; but rather because it is an unpleasant place—because they expect to meet there one who employs force to bring submission—one who despises youthful fancy, and delights in teaching only for money. But with what delight, think you, would children go to a teacher whose heart is filled with love to God and man—one whom they see teaches because he loves to teach—whom they think loves them? Shall we not, then, say that piety is useful—shall we not say it is indispensable to the teacher? As well might a teacher instruct without this as a bird fly with clipped wings. Truly, he may ascend above the common level of the people, but he will never reach the station of a perfect teacher. If, then, it is good, let us have it—if it is profitable, let us possess it, both in our hearts and lives. A. J. W.

Racine, Wis., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"WELL DONE."

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

No matter what vocation in life a person may choose, or be obliged to follow, his success and prosperity must mainly depend upon the merit of his work. What a man *does*, and *how* he does it—*these* are the things which determine character and give position in society. Although his business be to scour knives and black boots, or even to sweep the streets, if he performs it faithfully, soon will it be said to him, "well done; come up higher."

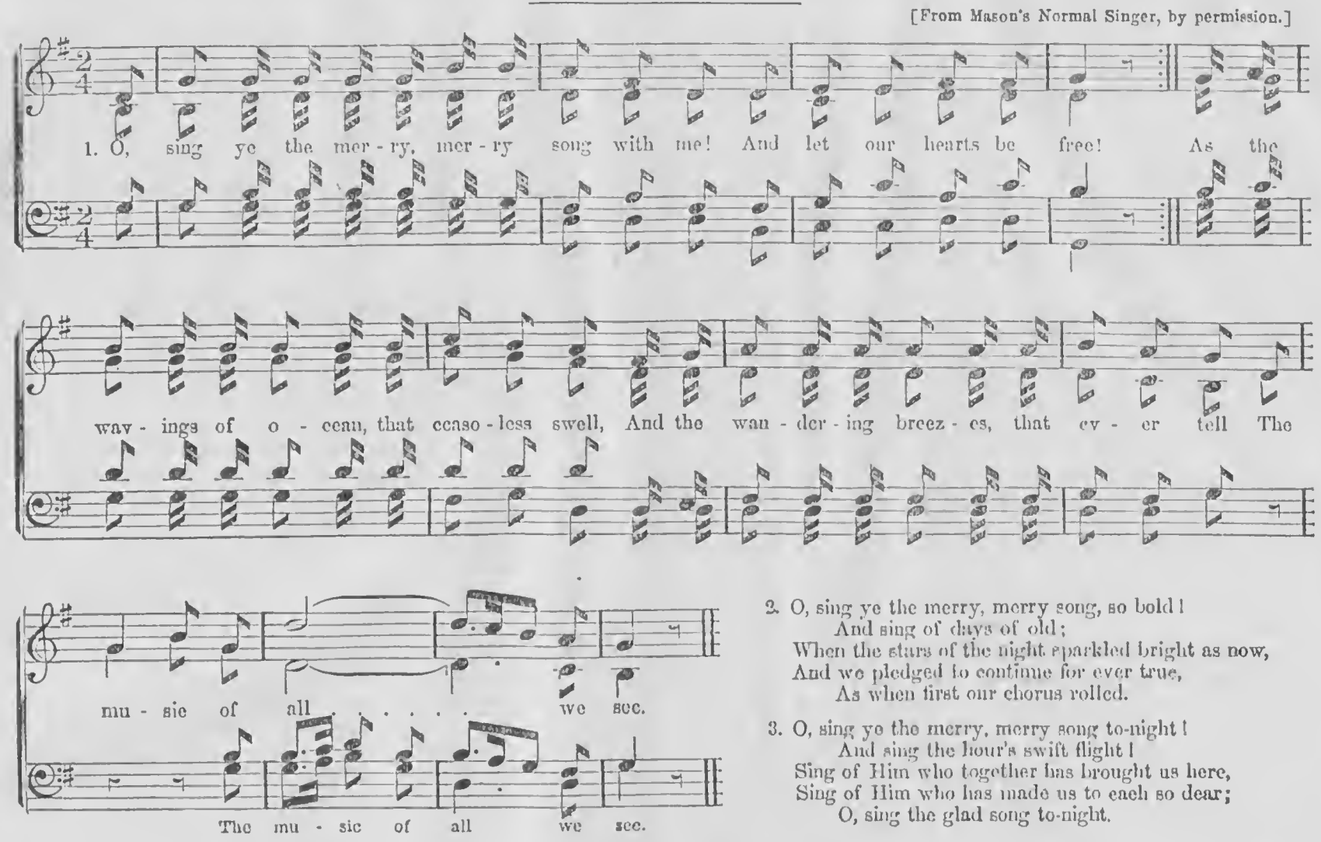
But by how much soever the teacher's vocation is more exalted than that of the boot black, by so much the more should he endeavor to merit the plaudit—well done. The teacher's vocation is emphatically the one in which there is something to be done—and no mere pretension, nor half-way work, will answer the purpose. The development and discipline of the youthful mind is a work that must be done, and well done. To this end it is essentially necessary that the teacher understand his business well, and then enlist in its performance all of the highest and best powers of both head and heart.

Teachers are too apt to overlook the fact that the work of education has relation to the heart as well as to the head of the pupil. And hence comes their sad neglect of *moral training*. With regard to this matter of moral training, teachers should be "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." Lessons of moral instruction may be derived by the judicious teacher from many things connected with the every day exercises of the school room, especially from the reading lessons. Stories, too, such as are calculated to touch the heart and rectify the principles, should occasionally be read. But, above all, and with this end in view, should the school be opened each day with the reading of appropriate selections from the Bible, followed by the use of the Lord's prayer.

Every teacher should constantly strive to exalt his ideas of education; for, just in proportion as this is done, will there be a corresponding elevation in the nature and style of his instructions. The affectional part of the child's nature will receive an equal share of attention with the intellectual, and its mind will no longer be literally crammed with indigestible material, nor left to starve for lack of nourishment adapted to its state and capacity, any more than its body would be thus imposed upon.

SING THIS SONG WITH ME.

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]



2. O, sing ye the merry, merry song, so bold!
And sing of days of old;
When the stars of the night sparkled bright as now,
And we pledged to continue for ever true,
As when first our chorus rolled.

3. O, sing ye the merry, merry song to-night!
And sing the hour's swift flight!
Sing of Him who together has brought us here,
Sing of Him who has made us to each so dear;
O, sing the glad song to-night.

No teacher should consider his work well done as long as he has it in his power to do it better. "Excelsior" should be his motto, and the *animus* of this motto should be impressed on the work of each day. And then, at its close, may the faithful teacher hear the still, small voice within, saying, "well done." Wm. M. Russell.

Bowling Green, O., 1860.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

We commend the subjoined judicious remarks, from the London Quarterly Review, to the discriminating attention and regard as well of parents as of teachers. They contain an important principle in reference to the education of the young, and one which cannot be too carefully heeded:

"It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head, and forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when he is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart, and a father shall instill more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in the fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotype aphorisms.

"No physician doubts that precocious children, in fifty cases for one, are much worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundations for insanity are laid. When the studies of maturer years are stuffed into the child's head, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and can bear exertion—the other is growing up, and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts—to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail—in short, to expect a child's brain to bear the exertion of a man's, is just as rational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscles.

"The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principle rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out such a course: for the emotions are the liveliest, and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly; very few where it is at all necessary that we should think profoundly.

"Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention not to interrupt them by improper or over-excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period as is necessary to its health, and the best is oral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to add that, at this period of life, special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensable, and wherever either of these are withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering, in innumerable instances, have been sown into the constitution of the child, simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voice of these innocent victims should ascend, 'trumpet-tongued,' to the ears of every parent and every teacher in the land. 'Give us free air and wholesome exercise—leave us to develop our expanding energies in accordance with the laws of our being—and give us full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood.'"

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

PURITANIC SLANDERS REVIVED.

They are, of course, to be refuted again. For, though this was done long ago by distinguished writers, the slanders are still supposed by many to be actual truth. The last refutation is in the "History of New England," by Dr. Palfrey of Boston, in the second volume, lately published.

The first of these is the "Blue Laws of New Haven" or of Connecticut. Though great reproach has been cast upon our Puritan fathers for this code, it never had any actual existence; never was passed by the New Haven Colony, nor by any other; and no prosecutions were ever commenced before any court for violations of such laws. No man, acquainted with the facts, could believe in the enactment of the "Blue Laws," because the absurdity was obvious.

Some years since, the volume, so called, was reprinted in our country, and I purchased a copy, that I might know the real character of the laws. I found the same as are mentioned by Dr. Palfrey, viz.:—That "no one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day;" nor on that day or a Fast-Day, might a "woman kiss her child;" nor might any one "read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or Saint's-days, dance, play cards," and the like.

The little volume, entitled the "Blue Laws of New Haven," was first printed at London in 1781, and has been several times reprinted. It was the fabrication of Samuel Peters, a tory in our Revolution, who fled to England, and was distinguished for his disregard of truth in the statement of facts. Peters was a clergyman, as well as a tory refugee, who designed by the work to caricature our countrymen as Puritans, because they had such an innate love of liberty that he could not dwell among them in peace. He was characterized by a poet of that day, as that "fagend man, Parson Peters." He wrote a history of Connecticut, which was published in England, and in which I read long ago, that Connecticut River is so compressed at Bellows Falls "that no iron can be forced into it; here, iron, lead, and cork, have one common weight." This presents adequate proof of Peters' imagination being equal to the fabrication of the "Blue Laws," without any history to support him.

The other slander of the Puritans is, that they agreed to adopt the "Divine" code of the Israelites, till they could "*establish a better.*" This I heard stated also, long since, by an intelligent man, as sober fact. The nearest known proposition to this end on record, and this directly refutes the charge, was the ordering by the New Haven Colony, that "the judicial laws of God, as they were delivered by Moses, and as they are a fence to the moral law, *being neither typical nor ceremonial, nor having any reference to Canaan*, shall be accounted of moral equity, and shall generally bind all offenders, and be a rule to all the courts in this jurisdiction in their proceedings against offenders, till they shall be branched out into particulars hereafter."

This ordering embraced only the *civil* part of the Mosaic code, and excepted all of those laws that had any *reference to Canaan*, or to the *ceremonies and types* of their religion and its sacrifices; it contained only the civil laws for the Israelites as members of society, which have ever been held to be judicious and beneficial to the people above those of any other ancient nation. These were to be in force till the principles of them should be developed in particular legislative enactments.

The Puritans held, with all the Christian world at that day, that all men were bound to worship God and to keep sacred his Sabbath; and of course, that these two laws were not local, or confined to any people or age. If this is error, it was the error of the age, and deserves to be of every age. The impiety, implied in the slander, is contradicted by their constant adherence to the Bible and all their devout religious lives.

Let there be light spread among the people, till no one, educated in the Common School, shall dishonor the Puritan fathers by attributing to them such egregious folly, or render doubtful his sense and knowledge by believing such refuted slander. O. D.

CREEPING THINGS.

Let me put a spider into a lady's hand. She is aghast. She shrieks. The nasty, ugly thing. Madam, the spider is perhaps shocked at your Brussels laces, and although you may be the most exquisite painter living, the spider has a right to laugh at your coarse daubs as she runs over them. Just show her your crochet work when you shriek at her. "Have you spent half your days," the spider, if she be spiteful, may remark, "have you spent half your days upon these clumsy anti-macassars and ottoman covers? My dear lady, is that your web? If I were big enough, I might with reason drop you and cry out at you. Let me spend a day with you and bring my work. I have four little bags of thread—such little bags! In every bag there are more than 1,000 holes—such tiny holes! Out of each hole thread runs, and all the threads—more than 4,000 threads—I spin together as they run, and when they are spun they make but one thread of the web I weave. I have a member of my family who is herself no bigger than a grain of sand. Imagine what a slender web she makes, and of that, too, each thread is made of 4,000 or 5,000 threads that have passed out of her four bags through 4,000 or 5,000 little holes. Would you drop her, too, crying out about your delicacy! A pretty thing for you to plume yourself on your delicacy, and scream at us." Having made such a speech, we may suppose that the indignant creature fastens a rope round one of the rough points of the lady's hand, and lets herself down lightly to the floor. Coming down stairs is noisy, clumsy work, compared with such a way of locomotion. The creeping things we scorn are miracles of beauty. They are more delicate than any ormolu clock, or any lady's watch made for pleasure sake, no bigger than a shilling. Lyonet counted 4,041 muscles in a single caterpillar, and these are a small part only of her works. Hooke found 1,000 mirrors in the eye of a bluebottle, and there are 13,000 separate bits that go to provide nothing but the act of breathing in a carp.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

Central Heat of the Earth.—The rate of increase of heat is equal to one degree of Fahrenheit for every forty-five feet of descent. Looking to the result of such a rate of increase, it is easy to see that at seven thousand two hundred and ninety feet from the surface, the heat will reach two hundred and twelve degrees, the boiling point of water. At twenty-five thousand five hundred feet, it will melt lead; at seven miles it will maintain a glowing red heat; at twenty-one miles, melt gold; at seventy-four miles, cast iron; at ninety-seven miles, soften iron; and at one hundred miles from the surface, all will be fluid as water—a mass of seething and boiling rock in a perpetually molten state, doomed possibly never to be cooled or crystallized. The heat here will exceed any with which man is acquainted; it will exceed the heat of the electric spark, or the effect of a continued voltaic current. The heat which melts platina as if it were wax, is as ice to it. Could we visually observe its effects, our intellect would afford no means of measuring its intensity. Here is the region of perpetual fire, the source of earthquake and volcanic power. *Recreative Science.*

Traces of Dreams.—Persons are frequently at a loss to account for the reception of certain impressions, which are commonly a source of erroneous judgment. Sir H. Holland observes:—"There are few who have not occasionally felt certain vague and fleeting impressions of a past state of mind, of which the recollection cannot by any effort take a firm hold, or attach them to any distinct points of time or place; something that does not link itself to any part of life, yet is felt to belong to the identity of the being. These are not improbably the shades of former dreams; the consciousness, from some casual association, wandering back into that strange world of thoughts and feelings in which it has existed during some antecedent time of sleep, without memory of it at the moment, or in the interval since."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ANIMAL INTELLECT.

The inquiry was made some time since, by a correspondent of the Rural New-Yorker, whether animals have intellect. I answer:

1st. Animals have organized bodies,—they see, hear, feel, taste, and smell. They have appetite for food, sexual love, affection for offspring, social attachments, courage,—a disposition to possess, to accumulate against want, to secrete, to construct, to build, to waste, and to destroy. These are social and *selfish propensities.*

2d. They have love of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," desire of approbation, prudence, fear, mildness, stubbornness, perseverance, determination, and imitation, which are *selfish sentiments.*

3d. They have the mental ability to take cognizance of facts, to appreciate dimensions and distances. They have ideas of space, bulk, weight, resistance of bodies, perception of colors, position, calculation, arrangement, memory of facts, occurrences, duration, harmony, melody, and ability to acquire a knowledge of signs, which is *perceptive intellect.*

The difference in the dispositions of animals have a corresponding difference in their organization, regarding size, activity, and texture; all of which are common to all.

The superiority of man consists in his endowment of additional and superior faculties, and the conditions of texture. His superior faculties are,

1st. The ability to trace the relations of cause and effect; to digest, analyse and compare, which is *reflective intellect.*

2d, *The moral faculties;* a consciousness of justice, veneration for the sacred, hope of future good, faith or belief.

3d. Texture, or superiority of organization.

Without the faculties common to animals, there could be no manifestation of man's superior intellectual and moral powers.

Randolph, Pa., 1860. O. T. Hobbs.

RAISING TURKEYS.

Some turkeys' eggs, of a goodly fame, a week on our pantry shelf had lain, and neighbor B., when he sent them, said, "Be sure to give them a good, warm bed."

Old White and Brownie had portly forms to hide their eggs from cold, spring storms, and in such a case were just the hens, for want of turkeys to make amends. Ah! you might have searched all heedom through, and never found hens with vices so few,—and even like her of the wondrous *lay*, they counted an egg for every day, and Sundays three! For this very virtue and others as rare, I promised those hens they should go to the Fair—(hoping to see Major Plowhandle there.)

Last April, on a sunny day, they said, as plain as hens could say, "Our spring's work is done, now let us each one a family bring, from the eggs,—the early eggs of spring. Their chickenhood shall be carefully tended, and when for them our care is ended, white offerings the best shall fill every nest;" and with heaving bosoms and tear-dimmed eyes, they hinted at Christmas and chicken pies.

Three weeks went by; each wondering hen, hearing no peep, sat down again, simply saying, "It might have been."

Ere long had dawned the twenty-eighth day, to the loft which had held the winter's hay, where breaking shells and shells unbroken, of turkey-life were giving token.

Six months have sped with swift-footed tread, and now as I look toward the barn-yard, I see, on the rail fence brown, that twenty-four turkeys are smoothing their dark, damp feathers down; hard by is a wide-spreading willow, to the east an inclosure of boards, but the roosting place they have chosen more pleasure than either affords; and though on the point they are silent, I judge that if turkeys could vote, 'twould be for,—oh, well, 'tis no matter my foolish opinion to quote.

Suffice it to say, on Thanksgiving, among the young innocents slain, that some from their ranks shall be taken to return to them never again.

Genesee Co., N. Y., 1860. M. J. C.

The Duties of Life.—If we would spend the time, the nervous energy and mental fire, in doing the duties of life, which we often spend in dreading them, we and the world would be stronger and better. All the severe tasks of life only grow more formidable as we look at them from a distance, while we grow weaker all the while, and less disposed to grapple with them. We should inquire, with an honest, brave heart, what are our duties here and now; and with what of mental energy we can summon at the moment, we should go forward to perform them. In the very act of attempting to do them, we shall gain strength to do them. Not before, but at the time, the needed strength will come. Not while we dread, but while we do the work of life, the Master helps us.

Genealogy of the Prince of Wales.—Your Genealogy of the Prince of Wales in a late Rural is erroneous. It should be as follows:—George the First was the son of the Princess Sophia, who was the daughter of Elizabeth of Bohemia, who was the daughter of James the First of England. —G., *Fairmount, N. Y.*, 1860.

A man that hath no virtue in himself, ever envieth the virtue of others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon other's evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.
Pork Raising in Western New York,....365
Egyptian Corn—Humbugs,....365
Design for a Suburban Cottage, [Illustrated,]....365
An Important Subject Discussed—The Elements of Agricultural Production,....365
Limburgh Cheese,....366
The Bee-Keeper—Further Conversation about Wintering Bees; To Remove Boxes of Honey; Bees in Tompkins County,....366
Rural Spirit of the Press—Boiled Corn for Food; Teaching Pigs to Eat Slow; Management of Cream in Cold Weather; Whipping Oxen; Reclaiming Worn Out Meadows,....366
Agricultural Miscellany.—The Weather; N. Y. State Fair Premiums; A Good Rural Annual; A Model Agricultural Warehouse; Transactions of the N. Y. State Ag. Society; Not this Paper, but a Politico Agricultural one; The Potato Rot; Stock Raising—Good Advice; Shall we have the One Hundred Thousand Subscribers; Short Crops in Kansas,....366
HORTICULTURAL.
The Chrysanthemum, [Illustrated,]....367
New Double Zinnias,....367
The Dioscorea Batatas,....367
Horticultural Notes—Fruits Received; Grape Culture,....367
Inquiries and Answers—Grape Roots,....367
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
Ornamental Boxes, &c., with Leaves; To Color Purple; Best method for Pickling Peaches and Pears; How to Keep Eggs for Winter; Extra Ginger Cookies; Good Gingerbread; Cream Tartar Biscuit; White of Eggs in Raised Biscuit; Bakers' Varnish; To Color Black,..367
LADIES' OLIO.
Speak Kindly to thy Husband, [Poetical;] A Plea for the Little Folks; Clothing for Children; Don't get Discouraged; Beautiful Maternal Sentiment; Woman by a Sick Man's Couch,....368
CHOICE MISCELLANY.
The Scourge of the Tongue, [Poetical;] Facts; Great Men,....368
SABBATH MUSINGS.
Shadows, [Poetical;] Watchers; The Evil of Bad Temper,....368
EDUCATIONAL.
Piety Indispensable to the Teacher; "Well Done;" Education of the Heart,....369
USEFUL OLIO.
Puritanic Slanders Revived; Creeping Things; Central Heat of the Earth; Traces of Dreams,....369
YOUNG RURALIST.
Animal Intellect; Raising Turkeys; The Duties of Life; Genealogy of the Prince of Wales,....369
THE STORY TELLER.
Broken Lyres, [Poetical:] Last Thanksgiving and this; The Hole in the Pocket; Or, The Secret of Success,....372

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Arthur's Home Magazine—T. S. Arthur & Co.
The Illustrated Annual Rural Register of Rural Affairs—Luther Tucker & Son.
The Gardener's Monthly and Horticultural Advertiser.
The Canal Boy—Street & Smith.
Copying Press with Writing Case—J. H. Atwater.
A Cheap Farm—J. W. Tubbs.
Farm for Sale—Jane A. Powis, Executrix.
Clark's School Visitor—Daughaday & Hammond.
Valley Seminary—John P. Griffin.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Howe's Standard Scales.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE telegraph of the 10th inst. brings the following relative to the recent insurrectionary display of feeling at the South, an account of which will be found in another column of the RURAL:

"No apprehension exists in official quarters that any efforts will be made to seize the ports or other public property in the South, as no such movements would be tolerated by the authorities of the States in which they are located.

The question which now distracts the people of that section being of great delicacy, nothing will be done by Executive authority which would tend to exasperate the public mind against the general government at this juncture, while, however, the President will perform his duty of fully enforcing the laws.

The resignations of the Federal officers at Charleston being contingent on the acceptance by the President, time will be given them to reconsider their actions. An erroneous report has prevailed that the President intends issuing a proclamation, but it will be recollected that General Jackson did not pursue such a course until South Carolina had passed the nullifying ordinance.

The Cabinet to-day held their first meeting since the Presidential election, but no question in connection with Southern events required formal action."

Political Intelligence.

AT present writing we are unable to give the vote of the various States, but sufficient has been ascertained to establish the success of Mr. LINCOLN, the Republican nominee. The following exhibits the result as far as heard:

LINCOLN—Maine, 8; New Hampshire, 5; Vermont, 5; Massachusetts, 13; Connecticut, 6; Rhode Island, 4; New York, 35; Pennsylvania, 27; Ohio, 23; Michigan, 6; Indiana, 13; Illinois, 11; Wisconsin, 5; Iowa, 4; Minnesota, 4,—fifteen States, with an electoral vote of 169.

BRECKENRIDGE—Alabama, 9; Delaware, 3; Florida, 3; Maryland, 8; Louisiana, 6; Mississippi, 7; Virginia, 15; North Carolina, 10; South Carolina, 8; Georgia, 10,—total, 79.

BELL—Kentucky, 12; Tennessee, 12,—total, 24.

DOUGLAS—Missouri, 9; New Jersey, 7,—total, 16.

DOUBTFUL—Arkansas, 4; California, 4; Oregon, 3; Texas, 4,—total, 15.

RECAPITULATION.

Lincoln	169	—
Breckenridge	—	79
Bell	—	24
Douglas	—	16
Doubtful	—	15
	169	134

It will be remembered that 152 of the electoral vote is necessary to a choice, consequently Mr. LINCOLN (according to the returns received,) has seventeen more than the number required.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

We give, as far as possible, the result on the Congressional tickets of the various States:

	Republican.	Democrat.
New York	23	10
Massachusetts	10	1
New Jersey	2	3
Delaware	1	—
Michigan	4	—
Illinois	4	—
Wisconsin	3	—
Iowa	2	—
Minnesota	2	—

The Assembly of New York stands 81 Republicans to 26 Democrats.

The South on Lincoln's Election.

IF we are to judge from the tone of the telegraphic dispatches which have reached us from the Southern States, our brethren thereabouts are taking the election of Mr. LINCOLN in a much more serious manner than the case warrants. Politicians have conjured up terrible consequences as naturally flowing from the elevation of the Republican candidate to the Presidency; and as they wish to avert these disasters, they counsel secession. We think, however, that when sufficient opportunity has been given the masses for "a second sober thought," the cloud now hovering over the country will be dispelled, and all will be willing to remain and enjoy the prosperity resulting from a brotherly union. Nevertheless, our position as journalists compels us to put on record "the transactions of the times," thus giving much prominence to what we, individually, consider a matter of minor importance,—a shadow which the light of calm reflection and reason will dissipate.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—Joint-resolutions were adopted in the Legislature on Thursday, on the question to call a Convention of the people of the State, for the re-organization of the militia, and preparations for defence of the State. A State Convention is to be called, and secession is certain. The election of delegates will probably be ordered on the 4th of December, and the Convention meet on the 17th.

A private dispatch received from Richmond, says:—"When the news of Lincoln's election reached Charleston, the United States Judge, (Magrath,) District Attorney Conner and the Collector of Charleston, resigned." A dispatch from Richmond to the N. Y. Times, says there was but little excitement there. The Whigs were well pleased with the election.

When the House of Assembly convened on the 10th inst., the Speaker announced that he had received a communication from Mr. Chesnut, resigning his position as a Senator of the United States.

Mr. Aldrich made a report from the Committee on Federal Relations, making amendments to the Senate bill, calling a convention of the people by inserting, that an election be held on the 6th of December instead of the 6th of January, and that the convention meet on the 17th of December instead of the 10th of January. After discussion the bill as amended was passed unanimously. The Senate agreed to the House amendment, and the bill finally passed.

It is expected that Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Texas, and Mississippi will go with South Carolina.

GEORGIA.—Gov. BROWN has sent in a Special Message to the Legislature, in which he expresses the belief that but few States will meet the Southern Convention, and does not recommend the appointment of delegates from Georgia. He thinks the Constitutional rights of Georgia have been violated by several non-slaveholding States to the extent of justifying, in the judgment of civilized nations, the adoption of any means necessary for the preservation and future protection of their rights. He advises reprisals, and says, let us meet unjust aggression and unconstitutional State Legislation with just retaliation. He recommends the enactment of laws authorizing the seizure of such amount of money or property of any citizen of such offending State, for indemnifying the losses of the citizens of Georgia. He recommends legislation to drive the manufactured articles of such offending States from Georgia. He says Georgia has the right, as soon as Northern goods are brought into the State, to tax them as she thinks proper. Should such legislation prove ineffectual, he recommends the repeal of all parts of the penal and civil code protecting the lives, liberties, and property of the citizens of the States where such unfriendly laws exist.

In his opinion the time for bold and decided action has arrived, and he is unworthy the confidence of the people of Georgia who refuses to vindicate her honor at any cost, and maintain her Constitutional rights at every hazard. The Governor entertains no doubt of the right of each State to decide to act for herself so long as all the States abide in good faith by the Constitutional obligations. No State can withdraw from the Union without being guilty of bad faith to the others. Any violation of the compact relieves all parties. A full review of offensive Northern legislation concludes thus:—For the purpose of putting the State into a defensive condition as fast as possible, and preparing for the emergency, which must be met sooner or later, he recommends that the sum of $1,000,000 be immediately appropriated as a military fund for the ensuing year, and prompt provision made for raising such proportion of money as may not be in the treasury, as fast as the public expenditures require. "Millions for defence, but not one cent for tribute," should be the future motto of the Southern States. To every demand for further concession or compromise of our rights, we should reply,—The argument is exhausted and we now stand on our arms.

A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature heavily taxing manufactured articles from Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, and other States nullifying the Fugitive Slave Law; also, for preventing the citizens of offending States from suing in the Courts of Georgia. Senator Toombs sent in his resignation.

ALABAMA.—The telegraph on the 10th, says that the military companies, fully armed and equipped, have tendered their services to the Governor. Our citizens are all unanimous for disunion. A plan for secession will be organized next week.

The city of Mobile will be against secession, but nine-tenths of the country districts are for disunion.

LOUISIANA.—The minute-men of New Orleans met on the 10th, and passed a resolution requesting the Governor to call the Legislature into session. New cockades are worn by a few in the streets.

From the Pacific Side.

CALIFORNIA.—The Pony Express, with the result of the Pennsylvania election, arrived at San Francisco on the 22d. The news was received by telegraph on the 21st. It produced a marked sensation in political circles, rendering Republicans exceedingly jubilant, while the friends of other candidates despaired.

A new canvass of the probable condition of the next Legislature elicits the fact that 17 Senators hold over from last year, and will be members of the next Senate. Of these, 11 support Douglas, 4 Breckenridge, 2 Lincoln. It is thought impossible for Senator Gwin to secure enough new members of the Legislature, under these circumstances, to gain even a reasonable chance for a re-election.

Lieut. Colonel Beale, of the First Dragoons, had arrived in San Francisco, and has assumed the command of the California division.

There has been quite an extensive fire in the village of Oakland, on the opposite side of the bay from San Francisco, destroying an entire square of wooden buildings. The loss is heavy, but its amount has not yet been ascertained.

An effort was being made at Los Angelos to push forward the telegraph on the Butterfield route from that place to the Colorado, one party having subscribed $10,000 for the purpose. This was before news was received of the intention of the Eastern companies to build their lines to California by the Central or Salt Lake route.

Accounts from Washoe state that a new tunnel 1,100 feet long, had been completed, striking the Comstock lead 200 feet below the surface, at which depth the ore taken yields $1,200 per ton. This is an important test of the extent of the lead, and holders of shares in the Upper Mexican, Center, and other claims on the lead, are much elated.

OREGON.—Dates from Oregon State Capital are to the 15th inst. The Legislature had decided to adjourn for the purpose of holding a special session next January, at which time the Code Commissioners appointed this session are expected to report.

The bill providing for the election of a representative to Congress, and rendering nugatory the recent Congressional election, was returned from the Senate, with amendments, to the House, which refused to concur in two amendments, and agreed to one. It seems doubtful about classing so as to accomplish the object intended.

Recent intelligence from Oregon says, that the account of the late massacre by Snake Indians is greatly exaggerated. Col. Wright had received information that all but eleven of the train had arrived at the settlement in safety, and strong hopes were entertained of the escape of the eleven who had become separated from the main body.

Conflagrations and Casualties.

THE past week has been very prolific in matters destructive and terrible, as the following will exhibit:

The entire Neil House, Columbus, Ohio, is consumed. The loss on the building is $150,000. Insured $10,000. The loss on furniture is $40,000. Insured $10,000. Blynn's jewelry store, Allen & Awls' shoe store, Richard's dry goods store, Clark's shoe store, and Rose's clothing store were burned, but the goods were mostly saved. Odeon Hall was damaged. The total loss $200,000 to $300,000.

A fire consumed the Agency Bank of Columbus, and several stores and dwellings, in Fort Wayne, Ind., on the 7th inst. Loss $50,000. It was the work of an incendiary.

The Willmington Springs Hotel, in Anderson District, South Carolina, was burned on the 7th inst. The hotel and furniture was valued at $60,000. Marsden's store was also burned, loss $10,000. Insured $10,000 in Northern Company.

The ship China, from New Orleans to Liverpool, with 2,277 bales of cotton, was totally burned off Cape Carnovers, Florida. The crew were taken off by the barque Ocean Bride, and transferred to steamer Quaker City, which brought them to New York city.

The fire at St. Joseph, Mo., on the 3d inst., did not prove as destructive as was at first supposed. It was confined to the block where it first broke out. Only six buildings were consumed. The principal loser is G. P. Luermore, dry goods. Loss $5,000. No insurance.

The Astor House, New York, took fire on the 7th inst. The damage was about $15,000. Thos. Brady, a waiter, was fatally injured, and a child badly burned.

The Western Transportation Company's propeller Mohawk, exploded her boiler at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 7th inst., while crossing St. Clair Flats. Five persons—the 2d engineer, three firemen and one deck hand—were instantly killed. The propellor sank in eleven feet of water. Her upper works are badly shattered, but it is believed she can be raised and brought into port.

ON Friday night (the 9th inst.,) about 12 o'clock, a fire was discovered in the Clarendon Hotel, Buffalo, and before it was subdued the greater portion of that magnificent edifice was a smoldering mass of ruins. The saddest feature of the disaster is the accompanying loss of life. Henry L. Chamberlain, of the firm of Rowe & Chamberlain, threw himself from the fourth story of the building, and was picked up a shattered and bleeding mass of humanity, and expired in a short time. William Carland, of the firm of Carland & Beirne, was burned to death, as was at least two of the domestics—Bridget Mulcahy and Ann McAnley. The loss of property is about $80,000,—insurance amounts to $43,000.

The propellor Globe, which arrived at Chicago from Buffalo on the 10th inst, exploded her boiler at her dock while getting up steam for the purpose of hoisting out freight. Thirteen persons were killed, and a number injured. The killed are Mary Ann Golden, Patrick Donoghue, James Hobbie—all of Chicago. Benj. Wilson, first engineer; Forsythe, 2d do.; David Gibbons, Peter Barnhard two deck hands, and four firemen, whose names are unknown. The boat is a complete wreck. She is owned by Wm. O. Brown, of Buffalo, and was valued at $15,000. Insured $10,000. The explosion was caused by pumping water into the boiler which was exceedingly hot, and had but a trifling amount of steam on.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—It is stated that the English Admiral is going to Gaeta for the purpose of protecting the flight of the King of Naples.

The English squadron had left Syria for the Adriatic.

FRANCE.—A semi-official article in the Paris Constitutionnel says:—That organized and powerful Italy is henceforth for the interests of Europe. The part of France is that of non-intervention, but when the revolution is accomplished, it should be consolidated by an act of European Congress.

Gen. Lamoriciere had returned to France.

Enlistments for the rebel army had ceased.

Napoleon had received a letter from the Czar, to the effect that nothing hostile to France would be entertained at the Warsaw interview.

An Imperial decree raises the price of tobacco in France 20 per cent.

The Emperor Napoleon held a military Council relative to the formation of a new plan of an army of reserve. All the Marshals attended.

The Opinione Nationale caused considerable sensation in all quarters by publishing an article branding the Warsaw meeting as nothing but a conspiracy on the part of the Governments represented there, against France, and also charged England with being a go-between. The same journal gives a report that the government of Austria proposes to negotiate with France for a pacific solution of the Italian question. She will resort to arms with the countenance of her new allies.

The Royal parties and their ministers held a conference on the 25th. Nothing authentic transpired, but a statement was afloat that the principle of the European Congress was adopted.

The Papal Nuncio had left Paris in consequence of orders from Rome.

AUSTRIA.—An order has been issued to prepare for the Coronation of Prince Francis Joseph, as King of Hungary, next spring.

Warlike preparations are being extensively increased on the Mincio.

A new charter by the Emperor of Austria, records the Court of Chancery to Hungary, and the Chancellor is to be a member of the Ministry.—The Constitutional institutions of Hungary are to be re-established. The Hungarian language to be the official language. All financial matters to be subject to the approval of Reicharath. The University of Pesth to be re-opened. Abolition of personal service due to landlords, and the exemption from taxes confirmed. Hungarian Diet to be convoked without delay, and the Emperor will then be King of Hungary. Similar Constitutional institutions will be granted to Transylvania.

Gen. Benedek is appointed commander-in-chief of the army in Italy.

The Emperor's charter was favorably received.

Pesth and Bunda were illuminated by order of the municipalities.

Austria has 100,000 men in Verona alone.—Mantua and Peschiera are likewise strongly garrisoned.

SARDINIA.—Spain has withdrawn its ambassador from Turin, leaving its affairs in the hands of a Charge. The text of the Russian note to Sardinia, protesting against her course in the affairs of Italy, and ordering her legation to retire, is published. It is very strong in its tone.

Victor Emmanuel had arrived at Denyfia, in Naples. The Royalists evacuated Cajazzo and vicinity. The line of the Volturno had been abandoned for that of the Garigliano. Garibaldi had entered Capua.

It was said that the Ambassadors of Russia and Portugal were preparing to quit Turin. The vote of Sicily was almost unanimous for annexation. Victor Emmanuel would be in Naples on the 27th. The Sardinian ambassador has been ordered to leave St. Petersburg.

ITALY.—The Pope assured the representatives of France at Rome, that he had no intention of leaving.

The position of the hostile forces in Italy was literally unchanged.

Some details of the voting on the question of annexation, confirms the previous reports that the result was almost unanimously in favor of annexation.

RUSSIA.—A recent census of Russia shows a population of 70,000,000.

A Warsaw dispatch says the principle of the European Congress was adopted.

TURKEY.—Advices from Constantinople say the Grand Vizier was favorable to the forced loan.—Ali Pacha was named as foreign minister. The withdrawal of Riga Pacha from the Ministry, was expected.

A great fight occurred at the election of the Greek Patriarch.

SYRIA.—Two French vessels remained at Beyrout. It was reported that agitation prevailed at Damascus, and threats were made against the Christians in consequence of war there. Fuad Pasha had returned there.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Flour remained quiet at Tuesday's advance of 6d per barrel. Sales at 28s 6d@33s 6d. Wheat firm, and full prices obtained. Market closed with a slight advance on all qualities. Sales of red at 12s 6d@13s; white 12s@13s 9d. Corn buoyant, and advanced 1s@1s 6d per quarter since the sailing of the Europa. Sales of mixed and yellow 39s@40s; for white, quotations are nominal. *Provisions.*—Lard steady, at 63s. Bacon inactive. Pork steady.

The News Condenser.

— Two cents a day will find a man with food in China.

— It is said the hay crop in this State this year is worth $4,000,000.

— Havana papers report the entire disappearance of yellow fever.

— The entire cost of receiving the Prince in Albany was but $513.

— Thanksgiving, in Winconsin, Nov. 29. This is the twelfth State.

— Small pox is raging in Thomasville, Ga. There were 15 cases lately.

— The best cranberrias sell at $11@$12 a barrel at Yarmouth, on Cape Cod.

— The Philadelphia police made 2,940 arrests during the month of October.

— Snow commenced to fall about noon of Oct. 31st, at Fayetteville, Arkansas.

— Gold has been discovered in Kokoma, Howard Co., Indiana, in quartz rock.

— All but 173 of the superior officers in the Prussian army are of noble blood.

— Vermont, according to the census returns, has receded 5,000 in population.

— A small alligator was caught in the Passaic, at Acquackanonk, N. J., last week.

— Lady Franklin intends to embody her American observations in a British book.

— Census returns show 2,500 unoccupied houses in the rural districts of Massachusetts.

— Three million acres of public lands in California are to be put in market in June, 1861.

— Concord, Mass., has exactly the same number of inhabitants now that it had in 1850.

— It is said that all the Presidents of the United States, except Gen. Harrison, had blue eyes.

— Ralph Farnham, the Bunker Hill veteran, is an incorrigible smoker. He is only 104 years old.

— The statue of Jefferson, ordered by the Legislature of Virginia, will shortly arrive from Italy.

— The New York fund for Capt. Wilson, and crew of the Minnie Schiffer, now amounts to $5,000.

— Mrs. Mitchell, of Kellogsville, has been burned to death from the careless use of burning fluid.

— The scarlet fever is quite prevalent in many portions of Minnesota, and proves fatal in most cases.

— Twelve vessels have been raised at Sebastopol, including a sixty-gun frigate, in good condition.

— The expenses of governing France amount to $1,000,000 per day, including interest on public debt.

— Oil wells have been sunk in McLean Co., Ky., which promise to be as rich as those in Pennsylvania.

— The Aurora (Ind.) Commercial reports the case of a lady who lived six days after her neck was broken.

— Florence is making grand preparations for a grand exhibition of Italian art, to be held there next summer.

— A sum equal to $50,000 is yearly paid out at the royal mint of England, in exchange for worn-out silver.

— The London ladies have found a new object for their charities, and established a home for lost and starving dogs.

— A man in Cincinnati has just discovered that he has been paying, for the last fifteen years, another man's taxes.

— The census marshals in Connecticut report that, in eighteen cities and towns, the population shows a gain of 27,000.

— The population of California, it is estimated, will not exceed 400,000, while it may materially fall short of that figure.

— A letter from Hayti says, among the Acal Mountains, a bust of Lord Nelson has, for fifty years, been worshiped as an idol.

— According to M. Pouillet, the stars furnish heat enough to the earth to melt a stratum of ice 70 feet thick every year.

— A lady from Albany, at the Prince of Wales ball in New York, wore a dress, the three flounces of which cost $1,000 each.

— Two intoxicated young men of Galveston, Texas, recently fought a duel for fun, and one of them was mortally wounded.

— There are in Buffalo, sixty-five churches and chapels, exclusive of several meeting houses, occasionally used for divine service.

— Mr Berry, the principal Chicago undertaker for the victims of the Lady Elgin disaster, has since died himself, from overwork.

— A German journal states that the number of homœopathic physicians now practicing is 3,254, of whom 1,612 are in America.

— The St. Louis (Mo.) Democrat states that a total of 80,000 buffalo robes have been received in that city during the present year.

— The value of slaves who have escaped from Bourbon and Fayette counties, Ky., within the last month, is estimated at $15,000.

— Rev. T. Starr King will return to Boston after his present engagement with the Unitarian Society in San Francisco expires.

— The Minnesota Farmers' Club have placed the average yield of wheat per acre, in that State, the present year, at 28 bushels.

— At the Indiana State Fair was exhibited a fine-toned piano, made entirely without aid from others, by a man blind from his birth.

— New York city next year will spend $1,300,000 on its public schools—this will make the cost of education average $19 a scholar.

— There are 22 physicians in N. Y. city who are said to earn annually from $10,000 to $40,000, and of this number four are homœopathists.

— Henry Wright, of Williamstown, Mass., has caught another bear, making the fifth this season, and the last weighing over 300 pounds.

— The tolls on the New York canals still increase from last year. The total thus far this season is $2,431,328 against $1,851,328 last year.

— Serious apprehensions of famine are felt in St. Johns, Newfoundland, in consequence of the total failure of the fishery and the potato crop.

— The fund of $2,000 required to start the Hoosic (Mass) Ag. Society, has all been subscribed, and deposited in the savings bank.

— Gen. Harney, for disobedience to the orders of Gen. Scott, has been granted a leave of absence for one year, which he will pass in Europe.

— A church bell, made of glass, 14 inches high and 15 inches in diameter, has been recently placed in the turret of the chapel at Grange, Eng.

— A magazine for the blind, to be published in raised characters, is suggested by the late Principal of the Missouri Institution for the Blind.

— Mrs. Tibbles, a widow woman of Lewiston, Me., has lost five children within six weeks, from typhoid fever. Such mortality is as rare as it is terrible.

NEWS PARAGRAPHS.

CAPT. MARTINEZ, a distinguished officer of the Spanish navy, has been commissioned by his government to contract for the construction of three first-class war frigates in American shipyards.

OVER five millions of dollars of silver, contained in over two thousand packages, were recently landed from a steamer in England in seven hours, drawn in wagons by upward of one hundred horses, and in seven hours more deposited in the vaults of the Bank of England.

THE schooner Brilliant, from Campeachy Oct. 13, reports the outbreak of civil war in Yucatan, caused by the imposition of inland duties on goods from Campeachy, and a contention for revenues of the island of Carmen. The general government and the neighboring provinces prepared to invade Campeachy, but the latter anticipated their movements, and was marching troops on the capital to conquer a treaty of peace.

THE New York Evening Post, speaking of the several thousand suits on the calendar of the Court of Common Pleas, brought by the Commissioners of Excise to recover a penalty of $50 for each violation of the excise law by liquor dealers selling liquor without licenses, say that six hundred having failed to answer the complaints, judgments have recently been obtained against them in the sum of $50 each and $13.13 costs, making a total sum of about $38,000. These judgments have been entered up, and executions will be issued forthwith.

AT the last meeting of the "Boston Society for Medical Improvement," Dr. Jackson said the practice of opium-eating was exceedingly common in our country towns, and this opinion was confirmed by other physicians present.

THE receipts of cotton since the 1st of September at the shipping ports, are 536,000 bales, against 645,000 in the same time last year. The exports amount to 175,000 bales, against 249,000 last year. The stock in the ports is 446,000 bales against 450,000 last year. The decrease in the receipts is 111,000 bales compared with last year, and 26,000 compared with the year previous. The general impression is that the crop will prove about half a million bales less than last year.

THE whale oil people of New Bedford, feeling the kerosene and coal oil rivalry, made up a purse of $5,655 some time ago, to be distributed in prizes for improved lamps for burning whale oil. The result has been some very valuable improvements, which it is believed will make whale oil economical, and, of course, popular again.

WM. R. MAY, of Pomfret, Conn., picked 40 bushels of apples from one tree. He had the curiosity to count the number of apples in one peck, and found 190, making 760 in one bushel, and, taking the peck as an average, consequently 30,400 apples grew upon the tree.

QUICK SHIPMENT OF WHEAT TO LIVERPOOL.—The Chicago Journal says George Little, Esq., in September last, purchased and shipped a cargo of wheat from that port direct to Liverpool, by way of the St. Lawrence river, and he has now received a letter, informing him that the grain had arrived at Liverpool in twenty-five days from the date of its shipment at Chicago. The route of shipment was as follows:—From Chicago to Port Colborne; from Port Colborne to Port Dalhousie, over the Welland Railway; from Port Dalhousie to Quebec, by propeller; and from Quebec to Liverpool by steamer. Deducting the delays and stoppages at the various ports of transhipment, the number of days of travel was only eighteen.

THE survey of the route for the Cape Cod Canal has been executed by the engineers of the United States Coast Survey. The proposed route extends from Buzzard's Bay to Cape Cod Bay, and is designed to avoid the somewhat dangerous navigation around the Cape.

THANKSGIVING IN CANADA.—The Toronto Globe understands that it is the intention of the Government to appoint a day of National Thanksgiving for the abundant harvest and the returning prosperity of the country.

THE Government Survey of the northwestern lakes has closed for the season. Headquarters for the winter are established at Detroit. The field notes show that a very large amount of work has been accomplished, the entire region of Grand Traverse Bay, including the Manitou and Fox Islands, having been surveyed, and the topography and hydrography obtained with extreme accuracy.

HOWE'S STANDARD SCALES.

HOWE'S Scales were among the noticeable features at the Ohio State Fair. The Hay Scales did good service in weighing up cattle and people. Being of exceedingly simple construction, they are set entirely above ground, and avoid the difficulty of water and ice, which, in the deep pits of other Hay Scales, is very annoying and injurious. Indeed, they have not half the working parts of the ordinary scales. They must consequently be less liable to get out of order, and continue to weigh accurately as when set up. The platforms of all of HOWE'S scales rest on Chilled Iron Balls, placed between them and the knife edges, by means of which device the knives are protected from wear and tear. Check rods are thus dispensed with, and no jarring of the platform affects the sensitiveness of the beam. The scales were set up "out of level," and continued to weigh correctly. This is one of the great features of HOWE'S improvements. The Morris & Essex Canal Company, in New Jersey, have an immense scale, 70 feet long by 30 feet wide, which is 7 feet higher at the upper than at the lower end. It has weighed thus far (1860) some 700,000 tuns of iron and coal, and has been in use for four years without any variation in weighing. We are informed that the Messrs. HOWE are the only manufacturers who could build a scale to meet the requirements of this Canal Company, to build a scale *on an inclined plane.* These scales are now in successful operation in many parts of Ohio, and any further information may be had by addressing the General Agent, Mr. JAMES G. DUDLEY, 93 Main street, Buffalo, N. Y., who is prepared to deal liberally with all orders, whether large or small.—*Ohio State Journal, Columbus, Ohio, Nov. 8.*

"EXCELSIOR!"

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER—1861.

The Twelfth Volume of this Journal commences with January, 1861. The RURAL is so well known as the most Complete and Popular Weekly of its Class—while many pronounce it the Best, as it certainly is the Cheapest and Largest Circulated—that we consider it unnecessary to accompany the announcement of a New Volume with extended pledges or protestations. Suffice it to say, that the ensuing volume will at least equal either of its predecessors in **Contents, Style and Appearance**—for we shall endeavor to manifest Improvement in every Department, thus rendering the paper worthy a LARGE INCREASE upon the immense Circulation it has attained throughout the American Union and adjacent British Provinces.

☞ For "Good Pay for Doing Good"—list of Premiums offered, &c.,—see last week's RURAL; or we will send full particulars, Show-Bills, Prospectuses, &c., to all applicants.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Nov. 14, 1860.

FLOUR.—The advance noted last week is still retained, but no further movement noted.

GRAIN.—In this department of trade we have observed nothing new except in Oats, which have advanced 1 cent per bushel.

MEATS.—The falling off in fresh pork last week has been regained, and should the weather hold out cool we may expect more lively times in the provision market. All that is offered is readily taken at $6,50@7,00 per cwt.

DAIRY, &C.—Butter is still going up, the current rates for choice roll being 16@17 cents per pound. Eggs have put on 1 cent per dozen and are scarce.

POTATOES.—The best varieties are stiffening a little in price, Mercers being worth 40 cents per bushel.

HAY has taken a start of $1,00@2,00 during the week, the latter advance being on best loads.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	17@17c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,50@6,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,25@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@0,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,31	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@40c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,40	Apples, dried	63@75c
Corn, old	55@56c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	14@5c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush	00@62c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	26@27c	Potatoes	27@40c
Barley	60@62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@44c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$19,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	50@88c
Pork, clear	20,00@00,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	6,50@7,00	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,25@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	5,75@6,00
Chickens	6@8c	Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@10c	Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	1,25
Butter, roll	16@17c	Hay, tun	$9,00@14,00
Butter, firkin	15@16c	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,60@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 12.—FLOUR—Heavy and 5@10c lower with little more doing for export, the decline having bro't in buyers to a fair extent. A decline in freights to-day also assists the export demand. Sales at $5,25@5,30 for super State; $5,40@5,50 for extra do; $5,20@5,30 for super Western; $5,40@5,75 for common to medium extra do; $5,70@6,75 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing moderately steady at the decline. Of the sales some 7,000 or 8,000 bbls. were taken for export. Canadian dull, heavy and rather easier; sales at $5,75@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat heavy, and notwithstanding a material decline in freights holders are compelled to accept lower prices in order to realize. Sales red State at $1,31@1,31; Milwaukee club at $1,25@1,27; amber Wisconsin at $1,26@1,27; Chicago spring at $1,16@1,22; choice Canada club at $1,29; good white do. at $1,60; winter red Western at $1,33@1,31 afloat; Racine spring at $1,23½; choice amber Iowa at $1,30; inferior white Western at $1,10. Rye dull and heavy; sales 700 bushels at 72c. Barley heavy and drooping, except for strictly prime parcels, which are not plenty; sales at 67@70c for State; 79c for Canada East; 80c for good Canada West. Corn heavy and and lower; sales at 68@69c for Western mixed, afloat; 72c for prime Southern yellow, 80c for small lots white Southern; mixed Western, in store, held at 71c, with buyers at 70c. Oats quiet at 37@38c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork heavy and lower both for mess and prime, the latter having declined 50@75c ℔ bbl; sales at $19-13@19,25 for mess—closing with no buyers at over $19; $13,25@13,50 for prime. Lard dull; sales at 12@12½c. Butter 10@14c for Ohio, 16@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11c.

ASHES—Quiet and steady; sales small lots at $5,25 for pots and pearls.

ALBANY, Nov. 12.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market opened quiet for flour and throughout the morning only a limited business done at previous prices. Buckwheat flour and corn meal are steady.

GRAIN—There is a good supply of Wheat offering, but buyers and sellers being apart in their views, only a few parcels changed hands. Sales red winter State at $1,25.—Corn is steady, but quiet. Sales Western mixed at 68c.—Rye lower with sales at 70c. In Barley we notice only a moderate supply offering and not a very spirited inquiry, except for very choice samples. Sales State at 68c; Lake Shore at 72c; Canada East at 75c, and Canada West at 82½c. Oats in fair request and the market is steady; sales at 35½c for State and Canada East.

FEED—The market is rather more active with a moderate supply. Sales at 62½ for 16@17 lb feed, 70 for 26 lb and 72½ for 27 lb feed.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Nov. 12.—FLOUR—Demand moderate and market steady. Sales at $4,90@5 for extra Wisconsin; $5,25@5,50 for fair to choice extra Indiana and Ohio, and $5,75@6,25 for double extra.

GRAIN—Market quiet and a shade easier. A sale of No. 1 Chicago spring took place Saturday afternoon at $1. This morning No. 2 Chicago spring at 92c; No. 1 do. at $1; Milwaukee club at $1,02; Canada club at $1,02@1,02½. Corn dull and no sales. Oats nominal at 25c. Barley nominal at 62c. Rye dull and nominal at 62½c. Peas, market nominal at 60c.

PROVISIONS—Market steady. Heavy mess pork is selling at $19; no light mess or prime offering. Mess is quoted at $6,50 and prime at $5. Bacon scarce and none offering. Cheese is coming in very slowly, and the market is firm. Quotations from store are 10@11c. Lard quiet at 12½c.—*Com. Advertiser.*

OSWEGO, Nov. 12.—FLOUR—Market dull at $5,60 for extra State.

GRAIN—Wheat steady; sales No. 1 Milwaukee club at $1,10 afloat, and white Canada at $1,30 afloat. Corn quiet.—Barley dull; sales New Castle at 66c; Bay Quinte at 59½c. Other grains quiet.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—FLOUR steady.

GRAIN—Wheat closed with declining tendency; sales at 84c for Northwestern club; 81@82c for No. 1, and 79@80c for No. 2 spring, in store. Corn steady; sales at 36c, in store. Oats steady.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 12.—Flour steady; Howard St. and Ohio $5,50; City Mills $5,37½.

GRAIN—Wheat firm; sales at $1,30@1,37 for red; $1,35@1,65 for white. Corn advanced 2c; red 70@72c; white 72@76c.

TORONTO, Nov. 9.—FLOUR—The market is at present unsettled and quotations quite nominal, as follows:—Super fine $4,75@5; fancy has been sold at $5,30, but we question much if the operation could be repeated,—the outside rate would now be $5,25; extra is nominal at $5,50@6; and double extra is firmly held at $6@6,50 ℔ barrel. For Oatmeal the wholesale price is $4 ℔ barrel.

GRAIN—The wheat market has ruled steady throughout the week, showing towards the close a slight tendency to advance. The receipts have been very moderate indeed, which is owing to the bad state of the country roads. The deliveries for the entire week will not amount to over 25,000 bushels. There is an excellent demand for good bright samples of grain and an unusual number of buyers are on the market. The rates paid on Tuesday ranged from $1,20@1,25 for inferior to good; and from $1,25@1,28, and in a few instances $1,30, for good to prime and extra prime. Yesterday the market for wheat was a shade easier, the outside rate paid being $1,28 ℔ bushel, the price ranging from that down to $1,20. The average up to noon would not have been much if any over $1,25 ℔ bushel. Spring wheat has been in the usual good request, but prices somewhat lower in proportion to those paid for winter grain. The best samples of "Golden Drop" have been placed at $1,06@1,08, but the ordinary grades have sold at $1@1,04, while it has been impossible to sell common lots at above 97c ℔ bushel. Barley is in moderate request at a considerable decline on the week, although near the close the tendency was towards improvement. The present range of prices is from 58@64c, the current rate being between 60@63c ℔ bushel. Oats are in better demand, with moderate receipts. Prices are steady at 29@31c, the current figure of the week being 30c ℔ bush. Peas are in only fair request at slightly better prices, 55@5,c ℔ bushel being the rates paid.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 8.—The cool weather of the past few days has caused a good demand for hogs by packers, and the market was very firm—sales varying from $5,00@5,40 gross. Monday there was an active demand by shippers, and the yards were cleared out at full prices. The sales were as follows:

46 Hogs averaging	245 lbs at	$5,45
57 " "	270 lbs at	5,30
52 " "	280 lbs at	5,35
40 " "	320 lbs at	5,30
201 " "	260 lbs at	5,25@5,35
97 " "	230 lbs at	5,55
325 " "	240 lbs at	5,25@5,30
150 " "	265 lbs at	5,40
92 " "	275 lbs at	5,35
84 " "	230 lbs at	5,20

—[*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, Nov. 8.—Hogs firm; the packing season has commenced, and sales of about 6,000 head were made the last three days, at $5,75 to $7 net, according to quality, the latter, however, must be regarded an extreme rate, $6,87 being the outside rate packers were disposed to pay generally; but at this rate the demand was good, at the close, for good, heavy hogs, on the spot. About 2,000 head were received during the week.—*Gazette.*

LOUISVILLE, (Ky.) Nov. 8.—Hogs have been plenty the past week, but nearly all are sold at present, and prices have an upward tendency for well fatted. Prices range from $5,25@6 ℔ 100 lbs. gross.—*Courier.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 7.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$9,50@10,00
Ordinary quality	8,50@9,00
Common quality	7,50@8,00
Inferior quality	6,50@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,25@6,00
Ordinary quality	4,00@5,00
Common quality	3,50@4,00
Inferior quality	2,50@3,25
SWINE.	
First quality	6 @6½c
Other qualities	5½@5⅞

ALBANY, Nov. 12.—BEEVES—Owing to the light supply in New York last week, an unusual number of buyers left that city, on Thursday, for Buffalo. The receipts there, from the West, were unusually light, and these New Yorkers went through the Yards, buying up nearly every steer, on speculation. Arriving here they were slightly disappointed at finding so many (1,300) on sale from our State.—Still they have profited by the venture, prices having sprung ¼@½c ℔ lb, live weight, at which the market is active and holders firm.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,100	1,829	2,737
Sheep	8,085	4,827	5,519
Hogs	321	26	371

Prices—The market is moderately active at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5½@5¾	5 @5¼
Extra	4⅞@5	4½@4⅞
First quality	3⅞@4¼	3¾@4¼
Second quality	3 @3½	2¾@3¼
Third quality	2½@2¾	2½@2⅞

Sheep and Lambs—The market pretty dull, owing to the unfavorable weather. Prices have declined 25c ℔ head.—During the week about 3,000 head have changed hands at $3@4,50.

Hogs—In fair request at last week's prices. Sales during the week, about 2,800 head, at prices ranging from 5¾c for ordinary stillers to 6¾ ℔ lb for prime corn fed.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 7.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,325; about 800 Beeves, and 525 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,75@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$80@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4,200 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,75@3,00.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 6½@7c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ℔ lb. Pelts, $1,25@$1,75 each.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 8.—At market, 1,100 Beeves, about 700 Stores, 1,000 Sheep and Lambs, 700 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,50@0,00; first quality, $0,00@7,00; second quality, $6,00@6,50; third quality, $4,00@5,00; ordinary quality, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@95.

MILCH COWS—$43@45; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@3,50.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@16.

HIDES—6@6½c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6@6½c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,50; extra, $2,00@3,50.

PELTS—$1@$1,50 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 0@6¼c ℔ lb; retail 0@7c; Spring pigs 7c; retail 7½@9c; fat hogs, undressed, none.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8.—The market still continues quiet, but prices are firm. There were no doubt large supplies laid in by manufacturers at the shearing time, which together with the political excitement which has long been prevalent, may to some extent account for the inactivity and dullness of the market. Election, however, is now over, and as the stocks of manufacturers must soon become reduced, we may expect before long to see a better demand prevail. The few small sales that have taken place have been almost entirely confined to California and domestic fleeces. Foreign wools are very dull, but prices are without change. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	58@65
Am. full-blood Merino	50@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	40@42
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@41
No. 1, Pulled	30@33
Lamb's, Pulled	37@39
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	12½@34
California, common do.	12@20
Peruvian, washed	26@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common washed	10@23
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	14@16
South American, unwashed	8@10
South American Cordova, washed	19@23
East India, washed	16@30
African, unwashed	17@22
African, washed	00@00
Smyrna, unwashed	10@19
Smyrna, washed	24@27
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

BOSTON, Nov. 8.—The demand for fleece and pulled wool continues moderate, and the market remains without change. The sales of the week have been 150,000 lbs, including medium grades of fleece at 46@54c, and 12,000 lbs. fine at 55c. Transactions in Foreign have been to some extent, and include 600 bales Cape, Spanish, Mediterranean, and East Indian, and 5,000 ballots Peruvian on private terms.

Saxony & Merino	55@58	Western mixed	28@12
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	45@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@45	Crimea	10@17
Do. No. 1	30@37	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@29	Peruvian, washed	26@31

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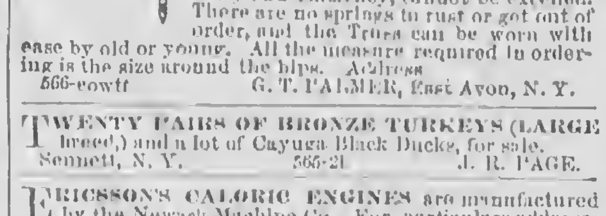

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535-tf MOORE, HEBING & CO.

TEETH FOR THE MILLION—SOMETHING NEW. Office No. 7 Mansion House Block, 58 State street. Rochester, N. Y. [525-tf] E. F. WILSON.

"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT."
The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.
WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired: and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means an l appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to
Rev. ROBERT DICK,
Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.
Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.
☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 538-tf

BROKEN LYRES.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers who will stop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them;
Alas! for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Whose song has told their heart's sad story—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow,
But where the glistening night dews weep
O'er nameless sorrow's church-yard pillow.

O, hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out the cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses.
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as Earth, as sweet as heaven!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LAST THANKSGIVING AND THIS.

BY MARY J. CHOSMAN.

"Come forth to the haunts of your childhood, *come;*
To the roof in whose shadow your life was nurst;
By the hearth of the household *there yet is room,*
Where your breath of thanksgiving was faltered first,
The faggot is blazing your welcome home,
And from joyful lips shall your greeting burst."

MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

LAST THANKSGIVING.

Ah, they were so joyous making ready for the day! There a sunny head which had seen but its eighth summer, sat in the light of the east window in the kitchen. "Mother, please make some crullers, won't you?—they're so cunning and so good; and won't you put some raisins in the pudding, just as you did last year?—the children like 'em so well," and JAMIE turned to the little box of shelled corn near him, and threw a few kernels to the fattening turkey which chanced to pass along.

"I see the turkey you can have next year," continued JAMIE to his mother, who was in the pantry making seed-cakes.

"Can you, my darling?" and with her check apron the mother wiped away the tears that were gathering in her eyes—she knew too well that when they were to prepare for another Thanksgiving, JAMIE'S chair would be vacant—his innocent, childish voice, hushed forever.

"JAMIE'S sorry for you, poor biddies, but, after all, Thanksgivings are good days," said he, still scattering corn to the fated fowls.

JOHN BLAKE and his wife were honest, industrious people. They were above want, (I use the word want in its *comparative* wanting sense,) and often had something to give their poorer neighbors, yet Mrs. BLAKE affirmed that it needed close economy and pretty good management to bring the year about. They and the twelve children GOD had given them, were blessed with excellent health, excepting poor JAMIE in the chair by the east window. When some of Mrs. BLAKE'S neighbors, who found it difficult to worry through a third of the work she accomplished, would ask her "how in the world she ever did so much with all her children," she would say, "O, la, I get along easy enough. If one goes out, I never call him in—if another one goes to sleep, I never wake him up—sometimes I s'pose you'd call us pretty thick, but we always get straightened out before Sunday."

In that working, bustling family, JAMIE was never a burden—ah, no; he was the darling of the household. The children had taught him to read, and so apt was he to learn, that at the age of six, he could read better than most boys at ten. JAMIE longed to be useful—he had rocked the cradles of the three children younger than himself—he soothed their sorrows, made and repaired toys for them, as well as for the older ones. One day, after he had finished winding some yarn for his mother, he turned wearily, and, looking out of the window, said, "Why can't I be well, too, do you suppose, and work and play with the other boys. I get so tired sitting in my chair doing nothing, and you have to work so hard, mother, and so does father; but I knew I ought not complain, GOD gives me such good friends, and every blessing I could ask, but one—*all but one.*"

Those sad, wistful tones, entered the mother's soul like iron, and she would say to JOHN, her husband, "It hurts me more'n a hard day's work to hear him make any complaint—he's always so gentle and patient, but it ain't no more'n natural that sometimes he should get tired out sittin' there."

Every neighbor that passed JAMIE'S window almost always looked up and smiled. Many nice apples, many little bags of beech-nuts, hickory-nuts, etc., found their way into the small hair trunk that always stood by his chair. In that trunk were his story books and his bible, his jack-knife, pen-knife, an awl and other *et ceteras* of mechanical art which beguiled many a slow-footed hour.

It was a pleasant episode in the BLAKE family to prepare for Thanksgiving,—pleasant to expect the children all home, to see the pale face by the window bright with expectancy. It was customary for the children living from home, each to provide a dish for the table, that their mother's hands might be the less burdened. Five of the eldest were married. SUSAN lived twenty miles away, and was the wife of a thriving, money-making farmer; she had four boys, promising children rather, but so harum-scarum and noisy:

"Like sportive deer they chased about,
And shouted as they ran;
Turning to mirth the things of earth
As only boyhood can."

Of course they were delighted to go to grandpa's, and boisterous as they were, JAMIE'S low voice had ever a charm for them and the little trunk many tokens of their generosity.

"Now, mother, what may we take to JAMIE this year?" asked JOHN, the second boy, who was named for his grandfather. "I know what I shall take," broke in the stout voice of GEORGE, the eldest.

"Oh, tell what it is," pleaded JOHNNY, "I won't get what you're agoing to."

"No, I guess you won't,—you haint got money enough. I'm goin' to get him the nicest knife in SHEPHERD'S store,—one with four blades and a tooth-pick in it, and a place to mark his name. I've got ten shillings, and I don't care a whittling if it takes every cent of it,—little JAMIE shall have the knife;" and would you believe the great, rough boy brushed a tear from his eye, though he turned suddenly and walked off toward the window whistling, "Wait for the Wagon."

JOSEPH, Mr. BLAKE'S second child, was a blacksmith living in a neighboring town; he was the most showy of any of the family,—always drove a handsome horse, which, in sleighing-time, wore the merriest bells and danced before the prettiest cutter anywhere around. He had a round-faced, black-eyed wife, who was as proud of her husband as was he of her, and their little three-year-old duplicate rejoicing in his first pair of boots.

MARK and HENRY were house-carpenters,—boys who loved their mother amid the cares of married life, with nearly the same tenderness as when they knelt at her knee, and, with her hands clasped over their heads, repeated their evening prayers. Every Thanksgiving they brought her a dress,—as HANNAH made for SAMUEL "a little coat, and brought it to *him* from year to year, when she came up with her husband, to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Last Thanksgiving, JULIA'S husband was first welcomed among them as a child. He had been brought up in the neighborhood, and their love dated back to the long ago, when he drew her to school on his sled, chose sides with her at spelling-schools, and selected her from the ring when at apple-parings they would play "get married." JULIA was sweet-tempered and amiable, the most so of all the girls, and her mother knew when she gave her up that another home would be brightened even as their's had been.

These were the married children who came home, who, with the grand-children, and the other seven, made quite a circle in behalf of one turkey. By eleven they were all there; by one o'clock they were seated around the table, JAMIE'S chair drawn closely beside sister JULIA'S,—ah, JAMIE had the hardest struggle of any in resigning JULIA.

How pleasantly the meal passed off to that humble family; how many associations of the past it brought to mind—some laughable and some sad. True, the children were waiting impatiently without, but so long as SUSAN'S boys were managers they were not likely, as JOHNNY said, to "get out of plays."

Then, when their turn came, how eagerly each one looked over his plate to see who had the wish-bone—for it had passed into a statute, "that the parts containing the wish-bones should be reserved for the children's table."

Those families on that day remembered what the past year had done for them,—what gifts of joy and sorrow it had laid at the door of each. Looking over the future, they pledged themselves to meet again on next Thanksgiving, so many of them as GOD should spare. JAMIE'S eyes moistened as these last words were said, though only his mother and JULIA noticed it. About four o'clock, JOSEPH, and MARK, and HENRY, with their families, prepared for going home. SUSAN, as well as JULIA and her husband, were to remain over night, and after they had all gone, JAMIE, with one hand in JULIA'S, read about those beautiful mansions beyond, where there are no more partings, no more sickness, neither sorrow nor death.

THIS THANKSGIVING.

"Go, call JENNY from her spinning,
Go, call JOSEY from the mill,
For I'm going on a journey
That is very long and still."

This Thanksgiving,—ah, its story is shortly told. True, eleven children gathered around Mr. BLAKE'S table, but like the man who, "when he had an hundred sheep, and one went astray, left the ninety and nine, and went into the mountains to seek that which was lost," so did their thoughts leave the eleven and go out towards the eternal mountains, to the Savior's fold, whither their blighted lamb had been taken.

When they were preparing for Thanksgiving this year, they could not appropriate the turkey that JAMIE had selected and fed with his own hand until a week before he went away.

After JOSEPH had brought his family, he went over to get JULIA; she had made a real orthodox, New-England pudding, just such a one as her father's mother had always made Thanksgivings, when they lived on true, puritan soil, but forty miles from where the May-Flower landed.

JULIA'S advent gave unusual pleasure, probably on account of the baby tucked snugly under her shawl,—a wonderful baby it was, just five weeks old, with its father's handsome features and the blue eyes of its mother. It was wrapped in embroidered flannels and muslins, and over all a white merino cloak; the cloak was a little too fanciful its grandmother thought, but as it was a present from its papa's sister, which *her* bouncing baby had outgrown, the little one wore it with an economical gravity becoming the family circumstances. SUSAN, HARRY'S oldest daughter, was soon in the rocking-chair, ready to take Aunt JULIA'S baby. HARRY'S children, I forgot to say, were remarkably quiet and useful,—so much more so than some of their cousins, that it seemed they must have been born on the condition that they would never make any trouble, and do all the good they could. None realized so fully as on that day how closely the little invalid entwined about their hearts.

"We dream not of Love's might,
Till death hath rob'd with soft and solemn light,
The image we enshrine. Before that hour
We have but glimpses of the o'ermastering power,
Within us laid."

After the supper-dishes were washed and put away, and the pledge of a renewed meeting made, Mrs. BLAKE brought out the trunk containing JAMIE'S treasures, to divide some of them among the children. There were little gifts from HARRY'S girls, books and toys from MARK'S son and the other boys, and there was the four-bladed knife he had prized so highly, and with which he had wrought such cunning images for the children.

"Here, GEORGE, you brought this last Thanksgiving, now you may have it again," said his grandmother, putting the knife towards him.

"No, I can't take that knife, grandmother, you keep it," said GEORGE hastily.

It was not a time for unnecessary words—she laid down the knife, and taking up JAMIE'S bible handed it to GEORGE, speaking partly to herself, and with a clearer voice than you would have thought, "He that getteth wisdom loveth his own soul;—the fear of the LORD is the beginning of wisdom."

After returning to the other children their gifts, Mrs. BLAKE laid her Thanksgiving dress—that day MARK and HARRY brought their mother a black dress—in the little trunk, shut down the lid and put it carefully away.

Sainted JAMIE! early was thy mission-work completed. In life's morning wert thou made perfect through suffering, and long will the east window, in whose sunlight thy beautiful life exhaled, be to the mourners a hallowed spot.

THE HOLE IN THE POCKET;

OR, THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

JONAS SLACK and his wife commenced housekeeping, as many other young people do, with little means for defraying the necessary expenses; but as he was a good mechanic, and could generally find employment in his native village, and she being an industrious little woman, besides doing her housework, earned considerable in the course of a year by doing plain sewing. But still they did not seem to prosper as did Ned Bowen and his wife, who commenced housekeeping near them about the same time, under similar circumstances. The reason why, and the way he made the discovery, we will let him tell in his own words.

My wife said to me one evening, "Mr. Slack, I wish to get some thread and needles at the store, and want a little change." I felt in my pocket, examined my wallet thoroughly, but could find nothing that would pass for currency at the store, and reported the unpleasant fact to her."

"Why!" said she, "what has become of the half dollar I gave you this morning, that I got from Mrs. Jones for sewing," (she had always made me cashier of the firm.)

After another unsuccessful attempt to find it, I said:—"Mrs. Slack, I think there must be a hole in some of my pockets, for certainly I have not got it, and I do not think of anything I have paid it out for."

"I'll look to your pockets this evening," said she, mildly, "and mend them, if they need it."

It was not long after this conversation, that I remembered having treated myself and three friends to ice cream and oranges at a confectioner's shop, but concluded to keep the discovery to myself.

"I could not find any hole in your pocket last night," said my wife, the next morning, in a gentle tone, and with a look that my feelings prevented me from scanning closely, and all the reply I felt willing to make, was, "Ah! couldn't you?"

A few days afterward, she called on me for twenty-five cents she had lately deposited in my sub-treasury for safe keeping. A thorough search proved unavailing.

"Really, Mrs. Slack," said I, thinking it best to show a bold front, "there must be some corner or seam in my pocket that is open," (though really I could not find one, any more than I could the missing quarter.)

"If there is, it is singular that I did not find it the other evening," said she, in her usual quiet way; "but I will be sure to find it this evening, if there is any."

On the way to my work after dinner, while passing the Arcade Saloon, the fate of my wife's quarter came distinctly to my mind. It had vanished in smoke in front of that institution, i. e., it had paid for five finely-flavored cigars, which some of my village "friends" had helped me to dispose of while discussing politics there the previous evening.

Mrs. Slack never told me whether she found any hole in my pocket or not, and I did not feel disposed to push the investigation on the subject any further at the time.

Although I was seldom entirely out of change, still it was frequently unpleasantly scarce. In fact, I spent more than I was really aware of, in small items from day to day, for the double purpose of maintaining my reputation of being a "clever fellow," and to gratify my appetite or fancy for things I could have done very well without.

The result was, that we did without things at home which my wages would have enabled me to buy, and left something for charitable purposes.

One day, I was presented with a subscription paper for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, which I reluctantly handed back without signing, with the remark that I really could not afford it.

My wife smiled sadly, as she said to me in an under tone:

"Ned Bowen subscribed five dollars."

"I don't see how he can afford it," I replied, "as he does not get any better wages, or work more hours than I do."

A few days after the foregoing event, on an invitation from Ned Bowen and his wife, we spent an evening at their house, which we found much better furnished than our own, though there was no apparent attempt to make any needless display of furniture.

The evening passed pleasantly away, but I could not avoid some unpleasant feelings, whenever I contrasted their home with our own.

"I wonder," said I to my wife, on our way home, "if Bowen does not go in debt for some of their furniture?"

"He does not," she replied, "for his wife told me that they did not owe a dollar in the world."

"But how can they live as they are doing on his wages, if he gives five dollars at a time for charitable purposes?"

"I think I can tell you," said my wife, in a hesitating manner.

"Well do, if you please," I replied, not a little curious to know what her ideas on the subject were.

"Well," she continued, "in the first place, she never buys for herself any unnecessary finery, and takes good care that nothing is lost or destroyed that comes into the house, and—"

"But," said I, interrupting her, "I doubt amazingly whether she is more careful in that respect than my own model wife."

"In the second place," said she, "*he* is as careful in these respects as she is. He buys no ice cream, oranges, cigars, &c., neither for himself nor any of his pretended friends. In short, my dear Mr. Slack, he has no hole in his pockets."

It was the first word of suspicion my wife ever uttered on the subject, and that fact, together with the conviction that she had clearly seen, and so unexpectedly, but in so kind a manner, told me the real cause of the difference between our home and that of Ned Bowen and his wife, cut me to the quick—or rather, I should have said, it sewed me up, and my pockets too; they have never had holes in since that evening. Her change has always been safe in them ever since, and our home now will not suffer any in comparison with that of our friends the Bowens. With good books and papers, I can spend my leisure hours more pleasantly and profitably at home than anywhere else; and the saving of small expenses more than pays for them, and is the secret of success.

BEAUTIES OF SHADOWS.—The *shadows* all day long play at silent games of beauty. Every thing is double, if it stands in light. The tree sees an unrevealed and muffled self lying darkly along the ground. The slender stems of flowers, golden rod, wayside asters, meadow-daisies, and rare lilies, (rare and yet abundant in every nice, level meadow,) cast forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow, that lies long all the morning, shortening till noon, and creeping out again from the root all the afternoon until the sun shoots it westward in the morning. A million shadowy arrows such as these spring from Apollo's bow of light at every step. Flying in every direction, they cross, interlacing each other in a soft net-work of dim lines.

Meanwhile the clouds drop shadow-like anchors, that reach the ground, but will not hold; every browsing creature, every flitting bird, every moving team, every unconscious traveler, writes itself along the ground in dim shadow.—*Beecher.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

AGRICULTURAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 101 letters.

My 100, 26, 6, 82, 21, 56, 4, 24, 68, 7 is a variety of wheat.

My 46, 81, 24, 58, 95, 92, 49, 72, 39, 80, 37 is a parasitic animal which affects wheat.

My 58, 1, 40, 79, 101, 3, 15, 9, 14, 30, 44, 76, 90, 50, 24, 11 is the name of a most destructive insect when stored among wheat or corn.

My 2, 51, 17, 55, 97, 14, 12, 57, 18, 45, 10, 23, 41, 59, 70 is a variety of corn.

My 8, 28, 6, 53, 77, 60, 67, 93, 74, 9, 22, 6, 44, 34 is a variety of oats.

My 46, 9, 63, 92, 5, 31, 33, 25, 62, 99, 88, 42, 16, 98, 67 is a simple saline manure.

My 16, 85, 46, 71, 90, 22, 35, 14, 63, 79, 91, 73 is a species of grass.

My 36, 94, 50, 27, 61, 52, 96, 48, 19, 76, 32 is a breed of cattle.

My 54, 55, 87, 42, 86 is a disease of the windpipe to which young cattle are subject.

My 10, 84, 64, 69, 35, 22, 6, 13, 81 is an implement much in use among farmers.

My 20, 51, 33, 46, 43, 84, 32 are leguminous plants.

My 58, 47, 66, 88, 24, 36, 92, 20, 68, 13, 37 is the "proper bone" in the foot of a horse.

My 32, 97, 65, 78 is often called the poor man's manure.

My 7, 83, 9, 21, 93 was a noted agricultural chemist.

My 89, 5, 16, 52, 1, 10, 26, 84, 42 is a phosphatic manure.

My whole—which was written about three thousand years ago—is proof that bad farmers are not the exclusive property of the Nineteenth Century.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860. HARRY GAYLORD.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

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One ray of light divide in twain,
Two perfect words you'll see quite plain;
Each the same meaning will convey;
Our present state they both display.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

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Answer to Charade:—Harts-horn.

Answer to Algebraical Problem:—Two and three.

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MOORE'S
RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE HORTICULTURE RURAL LIFE EXCELSIOR LITERATURE SCIENCE ARTS NEWS

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

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R. Evans
IRVING, N. Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,
AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY
RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.
With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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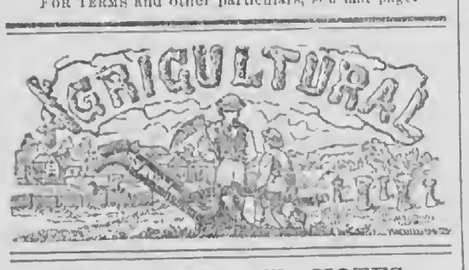


INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Tile and Straw for Roofing.

IT seems to me that we have not yet discovered a cheap and good covering for buildings. Shingles are not durable, and, except in lumber regions, are very expensive. Slate and tin are beyond the means of builders of cheap houses, and most of the compositions advertised as patent roofing, have failed, so far as I have observed. Could not straw be used to advantage, as in Europe, particularly for out-buildings? Tiles, of the same material as brick, burnt hard, I understand, are generally used in the small cities and villages, and for all country houses, of moderate size and cost. As we have plenty of clay for brick, in all parts of the country, why cannot it be used for cheap roofing? And may we not also use up a portion of surplus straw in the same way, particularly in making roofs for our cattle sheds?—A PRAIRIE FARMER, *Central Illinois*, 1860.

STRAW is considerably used in different parts of Europe for covering cheap cottages, sheds, &c. We have often been surprised that it has not been generally employed for this purpose on the prairies of the West, where shingles and boards are so dear that many farmers allow their cattle to run at large all winter, without protection from the storms, which in the prairie country are peculiarly severe. Those who are not handy in the use of straw, and have not observed the labor of the skillful straw-worker, will be surprised to notice the many ways in which it can be employed to furnish the very best of shelter. Not only may buildings be roofed, but even walled with straw, while the yard may be sheltered by a fence of straw that will afford ample protection. Of course a light frame-work is necessary. These straw shelters are made use of in Europe by all good gardeners, to protect borders of early vegetables and hasten their maturity. A western correspondent in the last volume of the RURAL, highly recommended straw for roofing, and where this could not be obtained, the "slough grass," abundant on low prairie lands, which he had found to make a "cheap, substantial and durable roof for out-buildings." Perhaps other western readers have had experience which they will communicate for the benefit of their fellow-laborers.

Tiles of brick clay have been used in Europe for ages. Indeed, we think shingles are never used, and probably would not be allowed on account of fire, while their cost would be much greater. In the better class of buildings slate is used exclusively. Tin in the moist climate of England is soon destroyed by rust. Tiles are of two forms, one plain and flat, the other curved, the latter being called pan-tiles. The former are simple parallelograms, generally about ten and a half inches long, six inches wide, and five-eighths of an inch thick, and each tile has a hole at one end, to receive the wooden pin by which it is secured to the lath; they are laid on the laths on mortar, with an overlap of six or eight inches.

Pan tiles have their outline of a parallelogramic form; they are straight in the direction of their length, but curved in their cross section, as seen in engraving. They are 9 inches long and seven inches across, in a straight line, and half an inch thick, and they have a small projection or tongue formed at their upper end, by which they are hung on the laths. They are laid on laths, either dry or on mortar, overlapping laterally, the down turn of the one covering the upturn of the other, and overlapping longitudinally about three or four inches. In both pan and plain tiling, large concave tiles are used to cover the ridges and hips, and gutter tiles are also used for the valleys.

Of the cost of tiles in this country, as compared with shingles, we can now form no estimate. In regard to their durability, we quote the opinion of JAMES NEWLAND, Civil Engineer of Edinburgh: "Tiles form a very heavy covering for a roof, and the rapidity with which they absorb moisture, which they communicate to the laths and rafters below, speedily destroy these, and is also destructive to themselves in the event of frost. Of the two kinds, pan tiling is the lightest; and, altho' not so warm, is a more secure covering than the other, especially when pointed on the inside with lime and hair; it also may be used with a roof of less pitch." Our climate, we think, would be much more severe on tiles than that of England or Scotland.

Composting Manure.

WITH some friends I have been discussing the advantage of composting manure. I cannot see that, by mixing manures, we add anything to their value. Why are not the same manures applied to the soil just as valuable as though mixed, or composted, and then added?—A LOVER OF FACTS, *Ontario, N. Y.*, 1860.

IT is true that we cannot add to the elements of fertility by mixing manures in the form of compost. The value of a manure in practice, however, depends somewhat upon its mechanical as well as upon its chemical condition. It may contain all the elements necessary for a valuable manure, and yet be in such a condition that these elements cannot be made available. A farmer may, thro' some misfortune, have on hand a number of dead carcasses, or a quantity of refuse animal matter at killing time in the fall, and a quantity of strong liquid manure from the stables. He may also have, as almost every farmer should, a pile of weeds, leaves, road scrapings, muck from the swale, &c. Now, nothing is *added*, we admit, by mixing them, and yet we think much is *gained*. The animal bodies and matter are not in a condition to distribute over the soil, and if put together to decay, putrefactive fermentatation takes place so rapidly that much of value is lost. The liquid manure must be diluted with water, and distributed over the soil, and this, with the conveniences farmers generally have, is a very troublesome operation. The refuse pile of muck and weeds should be decomposed before being put on the soil, or its decomposition takes place very slowly, and many of the weeds will grow. But even in a pile, unless there is an unusual quantity of vegetable matter, decomposition is too slow. This is the condition in which the farmer finds himself placed, with all the elements of a valuable manure on hand, but yet not in a condition to be applied to the soil.

It is in such a case as this that the value of composting is seen. Make the animal matter as fine as possible, mix it with the cold pile of muck, turf, &c., pour over this the liquid manure, and the result is that the disposition of the animal matter to decompose too rapidly is checked by the slowly decomposing substances with which it is in contact, while the decomposition of these are hastened, and in a few months all forms a mellow pile of the richest manure, in the proper mechanical condition to be evenly applied to the soil. Fresh stable manure cannot always be taken to the field and plowed in as soon as made, and if thrown in a pile alone, rapid decomposition takes place, and the result is a great loss of valuable plant-food, and a mass of fire-fanged stuff hardly worth cartage. If this manure had been composted with any slowly decomposing material, all would have been saved. It is the opinion of some of the best cultivators in Europe, that peaty muck receives most of its value from the decomposition which it undergoes in the compost heap.

The compost heap furnishes a very convenient receptacle for odd things, which but for this would never be saved—a few bushels of weeds would lay in the corner of the fence but for the fact that the compost heap is waiting for them—it furnishes a fine grave for a dead hen or sheep-killing dog, and will nicely absorb all the washing water, &c., from the house. In this way the compost heap is a catch-all and save-all.

Value of Bone Manure.

COMPARING bones with guano, what do you consider the worth of the former? What may be deemed the chief constituents of bones, rendering them valuable for fertilizing purposes?—T. W., *Carthage, Ham. Co., O.*

THE decay of the gelatinous substance in bones is accompanied by a yield of ammonia, and, consequently, they are a valuable source of this important element of fertility. The mineral portion is chiefly phosphate of lime, which is well adapted to nearly all the crops ordinarily produced by our farmers. With reference to their worth, as compared with guano, we cannot answer exactly, but should, when reduced to dust, appraise them at more than one-half. It is estimated that they yield about half as much ammonia, nearly twice as much phosphoric acid, and about three times as much lime as does guano. Their effect, as our correspondent is aware, is much slower than that of guano, but is very much more durable.

GROUP OF PURE BRED LEICESTER SHEEP,
THE PROPERTY OF WILLIAM JEFFREY, ESQ., WHITBY, C. W.

WE take pleasure in presenting the above group of pure Leicester Sheep, as representatives of the flock of one of the best breeders in Canada West—WM. JEFFREY, Esq., of Whitby. The portraits are not as good as the originals, however, from the fact that our artist had only poor photographs from which to transfer the "counterfeit presentments;" yet we think Mr. J. will recognize the animals, if the picture does not do justice to their beauty and proportions. The large figure on the left is a two-year-old buck—a very fine animal. Of the next three figures, two are two-year-old ewes, and one a buck lamb; while the one lying down is a ewe lamb. We believe that most, if not all of the group, are first prize animals.

As many of our readers are aware, Canada West is famous for her superior mutton sheep—Leicesters, Cotswolds, South Downs, &c. The breeders of the Province are entitled to great credit for what they have accomplished in maintaining and improving these excellent breeds, and we trust they will continue to find the business profitable, as it is honorable to themselves and beneficial to the country. No portion of the Continent can produce so fine a show of Leicesters as Canada West, as any one can attest who has ever witnessed a display at its Provincial Fair. We were never more agreeably surprised than at the show in this department at the Fair held in Cobourg, some years ago—an account of which was given in the RURAL. To us the exhibition was most wonderful and instructive; and the numerous specimens of superior mutton sheep, (superior in size, weight and beauty,) convinced us that the farmers of the Province were both skillful and enterprising—entitled to the front rank among the exponents and promoters of Rural "Progress and Improvement."

Mr. JEFFREY and other Provincial breeders of Leicester and long-wooled sheep, have sold many fine animals to farmers in the States and throughout the Canadas, and we hope they will long be able to supply good specimens to both Canadian and trans-Ontario farmers. Of the quality of their sheep Mr. JOHN JOHNSTON, one of the best judges in America, spoke in the highest terms in an article published in the RURAL of the 3d inst. Speaking of the Agricultural Show at Whitby, Mr. J. says:—"But the sheep excelled all. They were in great numbers, and for fat and size I question if they could be surpassed anywhere. Mr. WILLIAM JEFFREY had some very fine. A Mr. GUY had also some that were very good. But they were all good—not a bad lot among them. I examined Mr. JEFFREY'S and Mr. GUY'S on their farms, and really I think there can be no further improvement made on them. Mr. JEFFREY'S are pure Leicester,—Mr. GUY'S have some cross of the Cotswold, at least a portion of them. * * * I was delighted with the sheep I saw at the show, and on Mr. JEFFREY'S and Mr. GUY'S farms. There was a pair of fat ewes shown that took the first premium; said to weigh, together, 480 lbs. They were as broad in the back as a good Durham cow. The Canadian farmers can make wonderful sheep. Mr. JEFFREY had photographs taken of some of his bucks, but they were not so good as the originals."

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Root Crops for Live Stock.

IN a late issue of the *Mark Lane Express* we find an article from the pen of J. J. MECHIE, answering the queries—"What proportion of an animal's winter food should be roots?"—and "In what condition should they be given?" As Mr. M. so presents the subject that American farmers, who are cultivating and feeding roots, will find its perusal both pleasing and profitable, we extract at considerable length:

The question appears to hinge upon what proportion water should bear to the dry food consumed. Turnips contain 90 to 92 per cent. of water; mangel, 88 per cent.; grass, 75 per cent. If we wish to keep a horse in good condition, we give him twenty to twenty-five pounds of dry food, and forty to fifty pounds of water daily; but if we feed our sheep or bullocks entirely on turnips, we compel them to take ninty-one pounds or pints of water with every pound or pint of dry food; or, as a sheep will consume twenty pounds of roots daily, we compel it to take nearly two gallons of water with its two pounds of dry food. A bullock consuming one hundred and fifty pounds of turnips daily, would be compelled to take thirteen and a half gallons of water with fifteen pounds of dry food. The consequence of this treatment is to tax very unduly the urinary organs, and prevent the accumulation of fat and muscle. This is bad enough in mild weather, with a tolerably high temperature; but in winter, with turnips at a freezing or very low temperature, let us imagine what an absorption of calorie must be taken from the stomach and system of the sheep which has to raise to the digestive temperature, or, in fact, to warm two gallons of cold water or ice some forty or fifty degrees. Can we wonder at the laxative scouring of sheep or bullocks, and the consequent inflammation or death? And cannot farmers now understand why my live stock losses are so small compared with theirs, when I avoid such treatment? Need we be surprised that our stock thrive so much better as the spring advances, when the temperature of the atmosphere and of the roots is so considerably raised, and when the latter have lost a large percentage of their moisture? What would be the condition of our carriage horses, and what would the grooms say, if we compelled each horse to drink eighteen gallons of water, with his twenty pounds of hay and oats? and yet this is how we treat our sheep and beasts when they have only turnips.

Let us see what a lesson nature teaches us in this matter. Grass, during the vernal and growing season, contains 25 per cent. of dry matter; and the 75 per cent. of water it contains is at a temperature which I can imagine to be considerably raised by the rays of a May or June sun. Farmers have a saying that sheep thrive much better on roast meat than boiled, meaning that the diminished per centage of moisture and increased temperature of the food in the hot months abstract little calorie from the internal animal system; whilst the exterior surface of their bodies, being surrounded by a summer temperature, makes no demand upon their food to keep up the natural animal warmth. Farmers know quite well that there is diminished quality in grass when the summer has departed, and there is an absence of heat and light; and most people know the evil results when animals consume green food with the hoar frost upon it, or when very wet from rains. Nature has indicated that we should make hay while the sun shines, as a provision for winter, and that the grass having lost sixty-five per cent. of water by drying, we must make up the deficiency by providing our animals with drink. Nature has taught them the proper quantity to take; and a wise farmer would in cold weather take care that the temperature of the water should be warm, and thus our live stock would fatten with a smaller quantity of food.

The pulping of roots and mixing them with cut straw have soon come into favor with farmers, because it diminishes the disproportionate quantity of water which the animals are compelled to take in their roots, when they have no dry food. Sheep should always have one pound of clover or grass-hay, or some cut straw, and one pound of rape-cake, when on turnips, in cold or wet weather. This would diminish the consumption of turnips, and restore a proper equilibrium between the dry food and water, and would add fertility to the soil. If no hay is given, fine cut straw will answer admirably, and you will find that your straw thus applied will realize a much better price than when merely used as bedding.

In conclusion, a wise farmer will so limit his consumption of roots by each animal, that the water contained in them should approximate to the quantity he would give to an animal eating dry food. Four gallons, or forty pounds of water per day would be a full allowance for a bullock, and this quantity would be contained in forty-five pounds of roots. Probably a bushel of roots, weighing fifty pounds, would be a fair average quantity for a full-sized bullock, and a proportionate quantity for sheep.

Farm Operations for November.

THE editorial in the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, laying down a plan of operations for November, contains three paragraphs which will strike American farmers as very unseasonable, to say the least. We can perceive from their tenor the advantages of climate,—where an early matured product is desired,—possessed by the agriculturists in the "Emerald Isle." We quote:

PEAS AND BEANS.—The Russian or winter bean, the Mazagan bean, and gray peas, may still be sown; they yield good crops in good stubble land without manure, but if it can be spared, a liberal dressing will be well re-paid at harvest time, in the superiority and early maturity of the crop. Well manured beans is the best possible preparation for the wheat crop.

EARLY CABBAGES.—If the breadth intended for early cabbages has not been planted, use every possible diligence in completing it. Abundance of manure is necessary to ensure a good crop.

POTATOES.—Should the weather prove dry, a good breadth of potatoes should be planted this month, if not already committed to the ground. Plant in ridges or lazy beds, five or six feet wide, with eighteen inch furrows; plant the cut set (the cut limed,) or small whole potatoes, in rows across the bed, eighteen inches apart, and twelve inches set from set in shallow drills, or dibble them in at that distance, covering with about two inches of earth, so as to keep them from actual contact with the manure; spread the manure over the bed, and trench up with spade and shovel.

KANSAS,—DROUTH, SHEEP RAISING, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Having traveled over quite a portion of Kansas Territory during the summer, I have become impressed with the importance of a subject, which I am anxious to bring to the notice of my friends, and the farmers generally, in Western New York. Much is said about the drouth in Kansas, and much of it is indeed, true,—true, that the country has suffered immensely by it. Let those who doubt it, "come and see." I think the oldest inhabitant in the United States can recollect of no instance when there has been such a length of time with so little rain, as in Kansas during the past year. I have witnessed some severe drouths in Western New York, when the earth was "parched," but in the course of sixty-five years I have never witnessed such a want of rain in any one year, as in Kansas the past year. All vegetation was burned up,—we have no wheat, no potatoes, only a few oats, and part of a crop of corn. Some buckwheat was sown late, but the ground being perfectly dry and hot, it did not germinate, and mostly remains in the earth, in the shape of dry malt.

It is said there will be suffering in Kansas during the coming winter for want of food, but I think there will be very little. The people have had a long time to prepare, and will make every effort to live it through. Last year it was said, the frost had killed everything in Western New York, and cattle must starve, but the people went to work, and they never came out better,—so it may be here. The prosperity of Kansas, however, will be checked and put back for years, even if we have good seasons hereafter. As it is, I am convinced of one fact,—that Kansas is better capable of sustaining a drouth, than any country I have ever known. If the same want of rain and snow had been felt in Western New York, I believe that her hills and valleys would be barren—not a blade of grass growing, and horses, cattle, and sheep could not find enough to sustain life. But how is it here with these animals? They are numerous, all fat, sleek, and fine,—never better, if as good. Even hogs have been able to get a good living on the prairies, bottoms, and among the bushes. Buyers are here picking up store hogs, and purchasing cattle. The avails of these will aid the people in getting through the winter, and if they are careful, there will be no want of hay to winter stock, enough can be cut in the bottoms and swales for all such purposes.

But this drouth, severe as it is, has not in the least discouraged me, nor lessened my faith in the value of Kansas as a farming country, if the business for which I think it is designed is entered upon by farmers. In "a state of nature," Kansas is as handsome a country as the sun ever shone upon, and, in many respects, as good,—not flat, like State prairies east, but beautifully diversified with hill and valley, or rolling prairie and woodland bottoms. The territory is abundantly supplied with quarries of excellent lime and sandstone, for fencing and building purposes, cropping out of the hill slopes on almost every claim.

This brings me to the subject to which I wish to direct attention, viz:—Sheep Raising and Wool Growing as the principal business in Kansas, for home consumption, and for export. Wool can be raised in Kansas, and the expense of shipping and selling in the city of New York, met with far greater profits than it now is, or can be done, in Western New York. In the first place, Kansas was made for sheep. The feed will cost very little. Nine or ten months in the year sheep need nothing for food but the prairie grass they pick up. Here are millions of acres of prairie unoccupied, all that is wanted for those who are able, to bring on sheep and occupy. The fact that sheep here are *now* as fat, fine, and healthy as any in the world, without care or shelter, is sufficient proof and encouragement, "to pitch into" the business. All that is wanting at present, is a place for a family to live, and sufficient help to take care of the sheep. They need not be fenced in, but watched during the days and, probably, yarded nights. Yards can be made of rails. Here sheep are "corralled," which is done by driving stakes into the ground at short distances, in a circular form, and fastening to them heavy cotton cloth, four to five feet high. These I have seen and they make a very convenient sheep yard.

As to feed, in addition to grass, plenty of hay can be had for the cost of cutting and putting up. Corn will be raised in plenty. Last year it could have been bought for twenty cents per bushel, and it now can be had in Illinois for from twelve to fifteen cents, and if it cost twenty cents to ship it here, it is cheap feed then. I will suppose a farmer should come here with 3,000 sheep, or more. All he would want would be to select a place where he could have a range of prairie, the necessary conveniences for a family, and to provide help to take care of the sheep. If he wants to yard his sheep during the night, and does not wish to make fence, he can adopt the plan of "corralling." Sheep, no doubt, should be sheltered during the cold and stormy parts of the season, and as necessity is the mother of invention, there are many *cheap* ways of making shelter here. One is, to go up on the edge or first slope of a bluff, or high prairie, where the stone crops out in quarries, and right where the stone lies build two parallel walls about twelve feet apart,—one wall seven feet high and the other five,—for any length; and if the cheapest possible way is desired, put poles from wall to wall, and over these put limbs of trees and brush, and over all a heavy covering of prairie hay to form a roof, leaving the ends open, with an occasional "hole in the wall" for ventilation. But, if able on the start, the sheep farmer can erect barns and sheds.

When the wool is ready for market, suppose the Kansas wool costs, to produce it, one-half per pound less, than it costs to produce the same in Western New York, (which I believe would be the case, or perhaps better in favor of the Kansas wool,) then if 3,000 sheep produce, in each place, 12,000 pounds of wool, and it costs thirty cents per pound to produce it in Western New York, it would at one-half, cost fifteen cents per pound to produce it here; and if it cost two cents per pound more to ship and sell Kansas wool in New York city than Western New York wool, it would make Kansas wool cost seventeen cents, leaving thirteen cents per pound profit over Western New York wool. This amount—12,000 lbs., at thirteen cents per pound,—sums up $1,560, thus giving the Kansas farmer $1,560 more cash on the wool from 3,000 sheep, than the Western New York farmer from the same number. I have made the foregoing figures,—whether correct or not,—simply to direct the attention of those interested to the subject.

There are now but very few sheep in Kansas, and those mostly of native breeds. Were I to bring sheep here, I would not bring the finest grades, but improve them afterwards, by the introduction of such bucks as experience might suggest. I have recently conversed with some practical and observing men, who concur in all I have thus far said about sheep raising and wool growing here. Millions of sheep, if they had been in Kansas during the past dry year, would, no doubt, look as well and be as fat as the few now here; and if each farmer in Kansas had a "flock of sheep," they would furnish means to supply his wants during the coming winter. These, with the abundance of crops which lie so near us in Illinois and Iowa, would banish all fear of hunger, and the fact that provisions are abundant so near us in those States, would seem to render it unnecessary that any person should starve in Kansas.

It was my intention to say that I think the prairie grass and hay of Kansas contains more nutriment than any of our Eastern grasses per like quantity. Though now apparently dry and sparse, it contains its full quantum of nutriment. This is apparent from the fact that all animals that feed on grass are in such fine condition. And I have observed that poor cattle will come forward faster in the spring on prairie grass, than on eastern grasses, even though you add a little meal with the eastern product.

As all practical and observing men with whom I have conversed, agree that Kansas must be a profitable wool growing country, cannot the attention of some of our able Eastern farmers be turned in this direction? GOV. MEDARY is said to be somewhat of a practical sheep man. He has traveled much over the Territory the present season, and I am told agrees in the main in the ideas here suggested as to wool growing. He has gone to Ohio to impress this subject upon the attention of the people of that State.

In conclusion, I say, with the utmost confidence, after four seasons of observation, that Kansas is *the* field for making money in the wool business. The climate is healthy,—no spot is more so in the United States. On the high prairies, where sheep do most like to congregate, the breeze is always stirring, rendering it cool and healthy for them. There is another reason not to be overlooked in favor of growing wool in Kansas in preference to any other article of produce. The fact that, until we have manufactories here, we are a long distance from market, and wool is a safe article to transport. It is not liable to injury in laying over, or waiting for a good market, like most other commodities. If we raise cattle they must be sold at once, or they will "eat themselves up,"—beef and pork, if salted, may sour; butter may become rancid, and dirty by breaking of packages, &c.; but wool is subjected to none of these difficulties,—it is always right and ready, easy to handle, and is quite as likely to command ready cash as any product that can be raised. A. S. STEVENS.

Lecompton, Kansas, September, 1860.

SORGHUM IN THE WEST.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Noticing a communication in a late number or your journal, from W. B. P., Prattsburgh, N. Y., wherein he says, "*he has scarcely heard of Sorghum this side of Iowa*," I take this method of informing him,—and all others who may desire such information,—that he need not come further West than Earlville, Lasalle Co., Illinois, to be convinced that the Sorghum is not all beyond the Mississippi. And, judging the future by the past, it will be no distant period when Illinois will raise and manufacture molasses and sugar, not only for her own consumption, but furnish a surplus for other markets.

Four years ago the cultivation of Sorghum was commenced as an experiment by a few. The experiment has grown to be a fixed fact, and we are assured that it will pay equal to any other crop. The soil and climate seems well adapted to it,—there is no difficulty in the cane getting ripe, and it costs about the same per acre to cultivate it as corn. There has been over two hundred acres grown in this section this season, which will average one hundred and fifty gallons per acre, and there are large quantities of cane that will spoil for the want of facilities to manufacture. We have an establishment in this place which has manufactured an average of five hundred gallons per days for the last six weeks, and will continue to do so until the cane freezes up.

If W. P. B. were in Illinois at the present time, he could witness the farmers, *one after another*, daily retiring from the syrup factory, *not with a flea in their ear*, but with their ten, twenty, forty, one hundred or two hundred gallons of as fine syrup as ever formed an alliance with a buckwheat cake, or entered the hogshead of a West India sugar planter. One fact has been forcibly developed to the farmers this fall, viz., that in order to get their cane manufactured in season henceforth, each one will have to prepare to manufacture his own, or each neighborhood will have to erect sugar works so extensive as to work up all the cane grown in its immediate vicinity, before the setting in of cold weather.

Earlville, Lasalle Co., Ill., '60. J. DENIS ROGERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In the issue of your journal for the 10th inst., I noticed a communication from W. B. P., of Prattsburg, N. Y., applying the term "humbug" to the crop known as Sorghum, or Chinese Sugar Cane. Now, so far from its being a *humbug*, we find it a reality. It has been cultivated somewhat extensively in this section of the country, and found, when properly managed, to be a paying crop; far more so than the old system of tapping maple trees and boiling the sap down to syrup or sugar. There was a time, previous to the invention of the Cotton Gin, that the raising of cotton might, with equal propriety, have been called a "humbug;" but with the improvements that have been made in cotton manufacturing machinery, it has certainly resolved itself into a reality. And the same will be the case with Sorghum. At least, we of the West don't mean to yield to the Old Fogy cry of "*humbug*," even here at 42½ degrees of latitude, but mean to press the thing to perfection, if possible, believing it may be done if all those who have been engaged in its cultivation will but contribute their experience to the press. Even now, in its infancy, as it were, I have tasted the syrup made from Sorghum, and it is not to be excelled by the world-renowned STUART'S best Sugar House." And we can enjoy the consciousness of eating the products of honest and requited labor. We have come to the conclusion that it is not the "irrepealable fiat" of an All-Wise Creator, that Sorghum shall be confined in its cultivation to an Asiatic climate, but that, in the Peninsular and Hoosier States we can raise it, and very profitably too, the predictions of W. B. P. to the contrary notwithstanding. P.

New Buffalo, Mich., 1860.

RAISING CALVES.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of November 10th, STEPHEN HART, of Tennessee, desired information relative to the raising of calves. I will give my experience.

Remove the calf from the cow at the age of two or three day, give it new milk for two or three weeks,—four or five quarts at each meal,—twice a day. At the end of that period commence giving milk skimmed after twelve hours, once a day,—in one week, omit the new milk, and give only skimmed milk. As they advance in age, the milk may be allowed to stand a longer time before skimming. Instead of giving meal and turning out to pasture, as is usually practiced, I prefer keeping them in a large stable, allowing them to run, and feeding all the fine rowen, or nice clover hay, they will eat, with skimmed milk, or whey, for drink, until they are five months old. If the stock is good, my word for it, you will have calves worth showing.—J. A. EDWARDS, *Skaneateles, N. Y.*, 1860.

EDUCATING THE CHILDREN OF FARMERS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—My observations may not have been sufficiently extended to judge fully, but so far as these have gone, (and I have been about some,) they have led me to believe that great improvements are needed among our rural population, in the education of their children. Permit me, then, through the medium of your columns, to give a hint to them (so many of whom your paper reaches,) on this subject. I fear that most have not waked up to the fact that an educated workman or woman is much better than one uneducated—that an uneducated man who can dig good post holes, could dig better post holes if he were educated; or, at least, could dig them more speedily, because the discipline of his mind would enable him to work more directly. The fact herein would of course become more apparent in labor requiring more thought and skill, so that, in many departments of farming, it shows itself a real power. I do not wish to intimate that farmers have *no* idea whatever of the importance of education. If this were so, what I most wish to speak about would not exist—and that is, the manner of bestowing what little learning parents vouchsafe.

Farmers' children, usually, are not sent to school at all, until they are old enough to be of some, at least, seeming use about the house or grounds; and with this fact patent, are then only sent winters, when there is "nothing to do." This alternating system prevails until the girls get to be twelve or fourteen, and boys sixteen or eighteen; when—if the parents are able—they are, at considerable expense, sent to a seminary or boarding school of some sort. Here they blunder through a year, or maybe more, coming home at the end of that time polished off with all the "accomplishments of the quality." Now, all this results from a mistaken idea of economy, in some cases—from carelessness in others, or "because their parents did so." As a mistake in economy, it seems to me a grave one. Children must be very good workers, or the time and vexation of keeping them employed will nearly counterbalance all they do, leaving but a small amount gained. Then, in the matter of going to school, they forget much during the summer at home of what they have learned the winter before, and this ground must be regained before going further; so that when the time arrives for them to "go off" to school, they have done little helping work and got little learning. When this time arrives, too, they have become valuable as laborers, and in the two years spent away from home, could have earned more than in the whole time previous.

Now, I suggest that a course of the following description would be much better for all concerned:—Give children six years to get bodily vigor, and lay the foundation for a healthy future, then send them to school, and make this their business. Give them every opportunity and appurtenance, and have them used. At fourteen they should come out with a good English education—amply sufficient for all ordinary positions in life—and they will also, most likely, have a taste for reading and gathering miscellaneous information, that will be a source of interest and improvement to them all the rest of their days. Now they are ready to work two years, or even three, uninterruptedly, and with effect, before choosing their occupation for life, which, with their better disciplined minds, they can do understandingly—a very important thing in every man's history.

I commend this to the consideration of the people I address, hoping it may set them thinking of the matter, if nothing more. W.

Big Stream Point, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Construction of Cider Filters.

THE *Scientific American* says:—"Take a square or round wooden box, made of inch pine plank, three feet in diameter and one foot four inches deep. Make it with a bottom perforated with numerous one-quarter-inch auger holes, over which should be laid coarse hemp bagging. Now fill in the box for eight inches, with pieces of charcoal (animal charcoal is the best, but it is expensive,) about nut size, and on the top of this place a four-inch layer of clean washed sand, and cover all with a coarse hemp bagging, and you have a cheap and good filter. Any number of such filters may be used, according to the quantity of cider to be operated upon, and the tow cloth can be frequently washed, without disturbing the sand and charcoal. Before any cider is filtered through, pass a stream of clear water into the filter for fifteen minutes, so as to remove any fine, loose particles of charcoal that otherwise would be mixed with the cider."

Treatment of Muck.

OF all methods of using muck, says the *American Agriculturist*, we are best pleased with it as an article of bedding for cattle. This, we think the best and most rapid way of manufacturing it into manure. In addition to the liquid manure and a portion of the solid which it receives, it has the heat of the animal while lying down, and this, with well fed cattle, is a large part of the time. It has all the qualities of a good bed, dryness, softness, cleanliness, until it becomes saturated with urine, when it is time to throw it out, and put in a new charge. An allowance of a half cord to the animal, will become saturated in about two weeks, if the stall be occupied all the while.

A correspondent asks if the muck should be taken from the stable to the compost heap, or to the field for plowing in? Either is a safe practice. We are governed entirely by circumstances, in the disposition of the muck after it leaves the stable. In the spring, during the planting season, we fork it over, make it as fine as possible, and plow it in. Nothing is lost by this method. If not wanted for immediate use, we remove it with the solid droppings of the compost heap, where we mix it with two or three times its bulk of muck or peat. It undergoes fermentation, and becomes a more valuable manure, we have no doubt, than that taken directly from the stables. The ammonia is more equally distributed through the mass, there is more of it, and it is in a much finer condition. But the labor of handling is considerable. Whichever course is pursued, we always think money is made about as fast as a farmer can expect, when he is handling muck. We are confident the man who follows it up ten years, will come to the same conclusion.

Subsoiling.

THE subsoil plow is now becoming one of the most important implements upon the farm. It is used to run in the bottom of the furrow before the potato is dropped, to loosen the earth under the seed, to admit the air and permit the surplus water to sink; and after the potatoes are up, a one-horse subsoil plow is run between the rows; and when properly done, it is equal to trenching with a spade. It is also run between the rows of corn when the corn is about four inches high. This will lift the soil slightly, and also the young corn plants, but will not seperate the particles of earth from the roots. This will be a more thorough disturbance of the soil than a dozen hoeings, and will permit the corn roots to descend in search of food. In raising carrots, beets and turnips in heavy ground, it is almost indispensable. The plow now most approved is the lifting subsoil. The sole of this plow is something like a spear placed flat on the ground, point forward, with its lower side slightly concave. It is a gradually inclined plane from the point backwards. This is fastened to the beam by two standards with sharp cutting edges. It lifts the soil but one inch, and requires the least power to move it through the earth, at the same time pulverizing the soil as much as spading to the same depth. It may, perhaps, more properly be called the "mole plow," as it works like the mole, under the surface of the earth. No good farmer can dispense with it. They should have the sizes for one or two horses. —E. W. STEWART'S *Address at the Erie Co. Fair.*

Inquiries and Answers.

WHITENING BROOM CORN.—The RURAL being the medium through which much valuable information is gained, I would like to have some one inform me, through its columns, how to whiten broom corn that is somewhat weather beaten, so as to make good white brooms.—W. S. BARR, *Portland*, 1860.

WHAT SHALL I DO FOR MY COW?—Can any one tell me, through the RURAL, how I can cure a cow, the hoofs of the hind feet of which are grown to twice the usual length, and turned up so much that she has to walk on her heels, or pasterns, occasioned, I think, by standing long on a plank floor?—D. S. BLACKMAN, *Port Republic, N. J., November*, 1860.

WINTERING SHEEP—WATER, VENTILATION, &C.—I noticed in the RURAL of October 13th a discussion at the New York State Fair, relative to sheep-keeping, by Messrs. PETTIBONE, BAKER, and HARMON. They each recommend very shall inclosures for wintering sheep. I wish to inquire of these gentlemen:—1st. Have you a roof over the space occupied by the sheep? 2d. Have you living water under the same? 3d. What means do you employ for ventilation?—A SUBSCRIBER, *Coulesville, N. Y., November*, 1860.

Agricultural Miscellany.

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.—A Circular signed M. R. PATRICK, President, and dated Ovid, Seneca Co., Nov. 6, makes the following announcement:—"The First Term of the New York State Agricultural College will commence on Wednesday, the fifth day of December next, and continue three months. Applicants for admission should have their names registered on the College Books by the 22d of November inst. The charges are Two Hundred Dollars per Annum, payable one-half in advance."

—This intelligence will be gratifying to the friends of Agricultural Education, and especially to the young men who have been seeking such an opportunity as is now presented. We gave a synopsis of the history of this Institution, its plan of operations, proposed course of studies, etc., in the RURAL of Feb. 11, 1860.

KANSAS FOR SHEEP HUSBANDRY.—In another column we give an article mainly on this subject, written by Judge STEVENS, long a resident of Attica, N. Y., who is familiar with the soil and climate of Kansas. As corroborative of his testimony on the subject, we make the following extract from an article by Gov. MEDARY, of Kansas:—"In my travels through the Territory, I have persuaded myself that Kansas is the best sheep and wool growing country in the Union, Texas not excepted. I have examined the country south and west, and have got myself into quite a fever on the subject. Extraordinary as has been our drouth, I have not seen a spot, on high or on low lands, nor upon broken hill points, where sheep could not live and fatten. Is there any other soil in North America that can show such a tenacity for moisture? I think not."

SORGHUM CULTURE.—Alluding to the remarks of W. B. P., on this subject, in a late number of the RURAL, the *Prairie Farmer* says our correspondent has not cut his eye teeth, and never been in the West, adding:—"But little is said of it [Sorghum,] because but little needs to be said. The people of the West are succeeding in its culture and manufacture beyond even the highest hopes of its friends. More sirup and *sugar* is being and will be made from it this year in the West, than ever before—more seed will be planted next season than was planted the present. No one is "growling" here—at least we have heard no one growl. The sirup and sugar grown and manufactured on our soil, will save our farmers a heavy tax that would otherwise be paid for Southern sugar and sirup. It is a source of wealth—an item of economical husbandry which Western farmers will scarcely ignore for some time to come."

"LAYING LOW FOR BLACK DUCKS"—is not a very refined expression, but it forms an appropriate heading for a story too good to keep. As every one posted about poultry is aware, Mr. J. R. PAGE, of Sennett, is a breeder of the best Black Cayuga Ducks extant, and usually takes the first prize wherever he exhibits. Well, a few weeks previous to the late State Fair, JOHN was favored with an order from a Buffalo dealer in fancy poultry, for *the best pair of ducks he had*, as they were for a particular customer, etc. The order was duly filled, of course—but lo! when the seller got to Elmira with his own (to be) first prize ducks, he discovered that his friend, the professional dealer, had the choice pair on exhibition! Still, PAGE (who told us the above while we were looking at the ducks,) reckoned he would come out ahead,—yet we observe from the award of premiums that *his* were pronounced second best! We'll wager a big apple that *that* dealer won't "sell" PAGE again. [By the way, we would remind our artistic friend that Christmas occurs on the 25th of December ensuing, but we are not confident of dining on duck!]

A NEW HORSE DOCTOR.—We are in receipt of an advance specimen sheet of "The Illustrated Horse Doctor," by Dr. MAYHEW, soon to be published by APPLETON & Co. This is a reprint of an English work, and will be a large volume, profusely illustrated. Of its merits, and adaptation to this country, we shall speak in a future number—when the complete work is received. The sheet before us—comprising a part of the first chapter only—is well printed and finely illustrated.

AMERICAN HERD-BOOK.—We have received a circular from LEWIS F. ALLEN, of Black Rock, N. Y., announcing that he has in preparation the fifth volume of the American Short-horn Herd-Book. He gives notice to all breeders who wish pedigrees recorded, that they must be sent in previous to the 15th of December ensuing, to allow time to compile them and issue the work by the 1st of May, 1861.

RURAL LECTURES AT YALE.—We stated two or three weeks ago that arrangements were in progress for another Course of Agricultural and Horticultural Lectures at Yale College, and now learn (by a printed slip received from JOHN A. PORTER,) that the course will commence Feb 5th, and continue through the month. It is also printed that "these lectures are given under the auspices of the *Yale Scientific School*, or Scientific Department of Yale College, as a supplement to its newly instituted course of practical collegiate education, and for the benefit of the public at large"—and that "the lecturers of last year will take part in the course, and other eminent names, with a variety of new subjects, will be added to the list." We presume the official list has been furnished to, and will duly appear in, all journals whose conductors sing peans to the Yale Mutual Admiration Society. Meantime, we beg respectfully to advise the engineers of the Course that, unless furnished with a regular programme as early as its contemporaries, the RURAL NEW-YORKER cannot, consistently with its ideas of propriety and self-respect, give publicity to the same.

"EVERYBODY GOES FOR THE RURAL NOW," writes an agent-friend in Niagara Co., dating soon after election. And we think he must be right, for never were the calls for specimens, bills, etc., so great as at present, or the prospect so encouraging for a large increase of circulation. Our friends seem to be taking time by the forelock, and therein they are wise, for NOW is the very season to canvass—before the country is overrun by the agents of all sorts of trashy papers and namby-pamby magazines. By attending to the matter in season, RURAL agent-friends can do much good, and prevent some evil, in securing the names of such persons as only need asking, in time, to subscribe for a practical, useful, and entertaining journal—but who, unless seen soon, may be induced to take some sheet which will not promote either their moral or material interests. The political, and love-and-murder-story papers having reaped an abundant harvest, we submit that the Rural Press deserves a benefit, and respectfully present THE RURAL, for which we hope every sensible body will go wherever its claims are properly made known. This can be best done by those who take and read the paper, and kindly volunteer influence in its behalf. We know it has tens of thousands of warm and appreciative friends, and only ask a little manifestation of their *faith* in the shape of *works*. Reader, if you cannot yourself form a club, or aid a friend in so doing, will you not hand in your subscription to the agent early? By so doing you will greatly facilitate the receipt and "typing" of our list for 1861, besides manifesting your approval of the RURAL and the cause it advocates. Never mind if the agent does get a valuable gratuity for his services,—you will not be the loser, but obtain full "value received" for your money.

AMERICAN STRAWBERRIES IN FRANCE.

Some two years since, Messrs. Hovey, of Boston, sent to Ferdinand Gloede, the celebrated strawberry grower, of Les Sablons, France, a collection of the most popular and promising of the American strawberries, for trial in that country. Mr. G. has furnished a report of the result, which we find in *Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture* for November. Mr. G. says:

"I beg leave to fulfill my promise in handing you herewith a true and detailed account of the result of the various sorts of strawberries, of which you sent me plants early in 1859. Altho' these plants arrived, generally speaking, in very fair condition, as I had the honor of telling you in a previous letter, still they required a little time to get re-established, and consequently did not produce any fruit last year. They grew fast and became very fine plants before the winter set in, in spite of having been allowed to run freely. You know what a trying winter we had, still your plants did not even lose a single leaf, and remained as green as in the fine season, which certainly is a great recommendation.

In consequence of total absence of sunshine last spring, which, moreover, was a mere continuation of winter, the plants bloomed very late, and were unusually long in setting their fruit, so that I may fairly consider our strawberry season fully two or three weeks later than in ordinary seasons. This circumstance warrants the belief that such kinds as Jenny Lind, Charles' Favorite, and Monroe Scarlet, are extra early, and will produce ripe fruit, in favorable years and in suitable situations, on or about the 15th of May.

I further believe that in a more sunny season than we had last summer, most of the sorts would be of fine flavor. Jenny Lind ripened its fruit on the same day as our earliest English varieties—May Queen and Princess Frederick William—and continued a long while in bearing.

Monroe Scarlet was the most productive of all, and everybody who saw it was surprised at the mass of berries it ripened at the same time.

Hovey's Seedling is no doubt the noblest fruit of all; but it lacks that richness and lusciousness of many of our European varieties, such as Sir Harry, Carolina Superba, La Constante, and others; still, I consider it a very useful sort, and worth growing on a large scale, as it is such a sure cropper, and never fails.

I received last spring some of Messrs. Prince's sorts, but alas! they had such a long journey, and were evidently such feeble plants that most of them perished. I saved out of twenty but the following, viz.:—Eclipse, Imperial Scarlet, and Champion Montevidlo. Owing to the lateness of the season, I could, of course, not judge their fruit; but since then the plants have grown strong, and I shall be able to test their merits next season, and then duly report on the same.

I now beg to give you the descriptions of your lot:

Jenny Lind.—Ripe June 3. Fruit of pretty conical shape, very even, middle sized; color very bright scarlet; flesh pale red, solid, juicy, sweet, and pleasantly acidulated; seeds very little imbedded. Plant hardy and very prolific; seems to be an excellent sort for preserving.

Charles' Favorite.—Ripe June 5. Fruit above the middle size, cone shape, bright scarlet; seeds deeply imbedded; flesh red, solid, juicy, sweet, with a very pleasant flavor. Very handsome plant, hardy, and a good bearer.

Monroe Scarlet.—Ripe June 7. Fruit middle sized, round shaped, bright scarlet; seeds slightly imbedded; flesh pale red, solid, juicy, and sweet. Plant exceedingly vigorous and healthy, and an enormous bearer, the ground round the vines being literally covered with ripe fruit.

Wilson's Albany.—Ripe June 7. Fruit very handsome, rather above the medium size, oval, bright glossy scarlet; seeds slightly imbedded, often prominent; flesh pink, solid, juicy, sweet, and pleasantly acid. Plant very strong, dwarf, and productive.

Scott's Seedling.—Ripe June 7. Fruit of the medium size, elongated form, dark red when fully ripe; seeds prominent; flesh pale red, hollow at the core, sweet, and fine flavored, but rather pasty. Very hardy and prolific.

Hooker.—Ripe June 10. Fruit rather large, heart shaped, bright glossy red; seeds deeply imbedded; flesh red, solid, juicy, slightly acidulated, lacks sugar. Plant very hardy and prolific.

Peabody's Seedling.—Ripe June 11. Fruit above the medium size, round or elongated, with a neck, sepals reflexed, color dull dark red, seeds slightly imbedded; flesh pale red, solid, sweet, with a pleasant aroma, partaking of the Hautbois flavor. Plant of dwarf straggling habit, fertility not in proportion with its vigor.

Brighton Pine.—Ripe June 13. Fruit rather large, mostly round; color bright red; seeds little imbedded; flesh yellowish, solid, sweet, pleasantly flavored; a very good sort. Plant hardy and productive.

Hovey's Seedling.—Ripe June 18. Very fine fruit, of large size, sometimes very large, round shaped, or blunt cone; color bright scarlet; seeds deeply imbedded; flesh pale red, solid, sweet, and pleasant, but not very highly flavored nor juicy. Plant exceedingly healthy, hardy, and productive, producing a long time. This may be considered a first rate market fruit.

Maryland Ica.—Ripe June 18. Fruit rather large, round or flattened; color dark crimson; seeds deeply imbedded; flesh very solid, *rather horny* white, the center red toward the skin; juicy, but flavor only middling. Plants very hardy, but not very productive.

Harlem Orange.—Ripe June 28. Fruit of medium side, round shaped; color pale orange; seeds deeply imbedded; flesh solid, pale red, sweet, but without flavor; rather pasty. Plant hardy, but an exceedingly shy bearer, and for this reason alone scarcely worth growing."

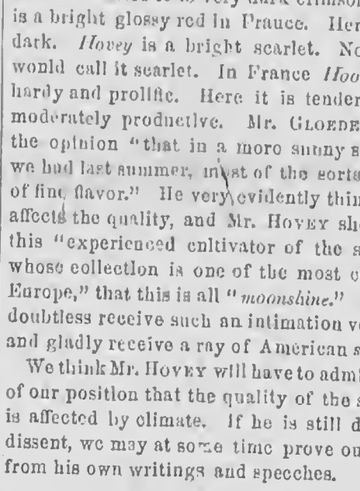
This report is quite interesting to us, but we cannot see what object Mr. Hovey could have in sending American strawberries to Europe to ascertain if they would succeed in that climate, and be more or less valuable than in America. In speaking of the discussion before the *Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York* last summer on the strawberry question, we said:—"Perhaps there is no fruit we cultivate so easily affected, both in quality and productiveness, by soil and climate, as the strawberry; hence there is a great difference of opinion among cultivators in different localities—a difference of opinion that sometimes seems strange and contradictory." To this Mr. Hovey replied—"It is all moonshine. The productiveness of a strawberry may be affected by *soil*, though not by climate. A sand bank would not, of course, give as good a return as a deep rich earth. But as to a change of quality we do not believe that *any perceptible alteration* would be made by *either soil* or *climate*." Now, if Mr. Hovey has any faith in any such moonshine as what we have quoted, we don't see why he should be so anxious to have American strawberries tested in the climate of France, or that he should introduce the result with such a flourish of trumpets, declaring that this experiment has "established the reputation of several [American] varieties as being equally as valuable in Europe as at home." If Mr. H.'s theory is correct of course they are just as valuable, for the *productiveness* of a variety cannot be effected by climate, and the *quality* by neither soil nor climate. Everybody knows that there is in France good soil for the strawberry, and everybody who knows anything of "Mr. Gloede, an experienced cultivator of the strawberry," is aware that he has a favorable soil, and does not undertake to grow strawberries on a "sand bank." So, we don't see anything to make a fuss about. Mr. Hovey knew what the result would be before the trial as well as after, if climate could not affect either quality or productiveness.

But, there are a few things in this report which seem to show the effect of climate. In France *Monroe Scarlet* beat the *Wilson* in productiveness. It was so extremely productive as to surprise everybody who saw it. *Hooker*, which with us is sweet and delicious, is represented as lacking sugar, while *Wilson*, which all admit to be sour in this country, is said to be sweet. Again, *Wilson* is represented as of a "bright glossy scarlet." Here it is very dark crimson. *Hooker* is a bright glossy red in France. Here it is very dark. *Hovey* is a bright scarlet. No one here would call it scarlet. In France *Hooker* is very hardy and prolific. Here it is tender, and only moderately productive. Mr. Gloede expresses the opinion "that in a more sunny season than we had last summer, most of the sorts would be of fine flavor." He very evidently thinks climate affects the quality, and Mr. Hovey should teach this "experienced cultivator of the strawberry, whose collection is one of the most complete in Europe," that this is all "*moonshine*." He would doubtless receive such an intimation very kindly, and gladly receive a ray of American *sunshine*.

We think Mr. Hovey will have to admit the truth of our position that the quality of the strawberry is affected by climate. If he is still disposed to dissent, we may at some time prove our position from his own writings and speeches.

WINTER BOUQUETS.

We all feel regret when the season of flowers is passed, when we can no longer walk in the garden, admire their beauty, inhale their fragrance, or gather beautiful bouquets for the table. Green houses for flowers in winter all cannot afford. A few appropriate house plants all may have, but of these we will not speak at the present time. We only design to announce the fact that noble bouquets for table—containing flowers of beautiful forms and brilliant colors—those that will retain all their original beauty until spring, may be grown by every one who has twenty feet square of ground suitable for a garden. We have one of them now before us containing buds and blossoms, red, purple, brownish, white, and every shade of yellow, from the delicate cream to the brilliant orange, all interspersed with the beautiful quivering grasses. And this bouquet will endure in all its brilliancy and beauty for years. This class of flowers are called by the French *Immortelles*, and commonly in English, *Everlasting*. Some varieties, as the Globe Amaranth, have been known and cultivated in our gardens for many years, but of late, new sorts have been produced by the French, larger and more brilliant than the old varieties.



HELICHRYSUM.

The Helichrysum is perhaps the most interesting and showy family of the everlasting flowers. There are several varieties, all annuals. Golden Eternal Flower, (*H. bracteatum*,) grows about two feet in height, with abundance of bright yellow flowers, from the middle of summer until autumn. Large Everlasting Flower, (*H. micranthum*,) has a much larger flower than the preceding, and the plants are somewhat taller. The flowers are yellow, and white and yellow, tipped with a bronze-like red. Monstrous Everlasting Flower, (*H. monstruosum*,) has flowers larger than either of the preceding, as its name indicates. It is a magnificent flower, and we give an engraving of a blossom and bud, the former reduced in size.

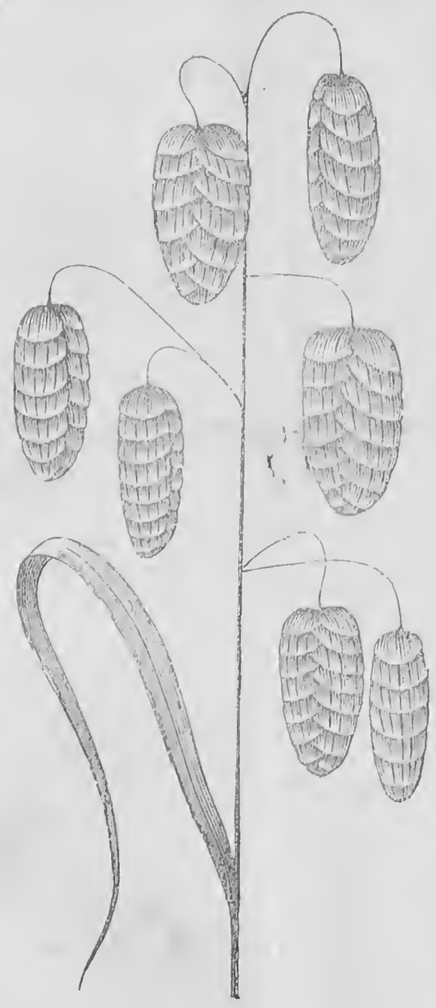
For preserving, the flowers should be picked as soon as they are open, and they will keep their natural appearance for years. It is also well to gather a few buds for variety.

The Globe Amaranth, (*Gomphrena globosa*,) is one of the best known of this class of flowers. There are several varieties differing only in color, the white, purple, and striped. The purple is the most showy, and is really a beautiful flower. Of late years a new variety has been introduced, but is not generally disseminated, called the *New Orange Globe*. We obtained it first from Vilmorin, of Paris, in 1851. These flowers must be gathered in just the condition in which it is desired to preserve them. If allowed to remain on the plant too long, they produce seed, lose their brilliancy, and fall to pieces. The seed may be sown in a warm place in the open ground, but would be better if grown in a hot bed or cold frame, and transplanted. The seed should be placed in warm water before planting, and allowed to remain in a warm place for twenty-four hours, at least. Some recommend soaking in milk, but we don't know that this is any better than water. After picking, the flowers only require to be laid away, so that the stems and leaves will dry, when they can be made into bouquets at pleasure.

The Xeranthemum is a good everlasting flower. There is a purple and white variety.

Acroclinium is a very delicate new eternal flower, somewhat like a single daisy in appearance, pink and white.

Ornamental Grasses.—In making a winter bouquet, the ornamental grasses, of which there are now a great variety, are exceedingly useful. The most beautiful of these is the Quaking Grasses, (*Briza*.) The spikelets of these grasses are in constant motion—hence the name.



BRIZA MAXIMA.

We give a drawing of *B. maxima*, from which our readers can get a good idea of the delicate and graceful appearance of this grass, whether in the garden or in the bouquet. There is another variety, *B. minima*, in which the spikelets are of the same form as above, but about the size of a kernel of wheat. These we consider the most beautiful of the ornamental grasses.

Eragrostes elegans is a very graceful, feathery grass. *Pennisetum longistylum* has a rough, hairy head, very singular in appearance, and quite ornamental for winter bouquets. A very beautiful grass, and the most so of any known, is the Feather Grass, (*Stipa pennata*.) It is among grasses what the Bird of Paradise is among birds, and is used in Europe for ornamenting the windows of seedsmen's stores, and is also worn by ladies in their bonnets in place of feathers. It is somewhat difficult of culture, or rather the seed does not germinate readily in the open ground. We give a drawing and description of this grass from the *London Gardener's Chronicle:*

It is a perennial, with fibrous *roots; leaves* in thick tufts, upright, long, narrow, sharp, rather rough, and dark green; *sheaths* of leaves striated, very long, especially the uppermost one, which is also considerably swollen, inclosing the young head of flowers, rising above it when blooming, the leaf being bent back, pendulous, striated, and with edges turned inward; *stipules* oblong, blunt; *panicle* or head of flowers on a stem about a foot high, erect, composed of six or seven flowers; *calyx* of two nearly equal, spear-head shaped, concave, pointed valves, containing one floret; *corolla* of two valves nearly equal in length, the outer valve spear-head shaped, edges turned in, slightly keeled, with a terminal, twisting, feathery *awn*, sometimes a foot long, jointed, and finally separable at the base; inner valve much narrower, awnless, turned in at the edges, smooth. *Seed* cylindrical, pointed, loose, closely inclosed in the hardened outer valve of the corolla, which is very sharp, and barbed with bristles at the base, so that, after being borne through the air sustained by the long awn, when it alights upon the soil it there soon penetrates, and is retained by the barbs.

The beautiful and feathery appearance of the awns arises from their being thickly set with very fine, soft, whitish, semi-transparent, diverging hairs.

FEATHER GRASS.

It is found on dry, mountain, rocky soils, and in such a situation was discovered about the year 1724, by Dr. Richardson, in company with Thomas Lawson, both good botanists, on the limestone rocks hanging over a little valley, called Long Sleadale, about six miles north of Kendal, in Westmoreland. (Ray's *Synopsis*, 3d ed., p. 393.) No one has detected it there since, nor in any other part of the British Islands, and we fear that it no longer belongs to our native Flora. It blooms in August, and ripens its seed about the middle of September. It belongs to the *Triandria Digynia* class and order of the Linnean system.

Mr. Sinclair says that he never could obtain plants from the seed of this grass when sown in the ordinary way on soils in open situations, and it may be owing to some peculiarity of this kind that it is now not to be found wild in this country. In pots and favorable positions, the seeds vegetate very well. In many parts of Germany it grows naturally on Alpine or dry, sandy places, much exposed to the sun.

It is readily propagated by division in the spring, and flourishes in an open situation and light soil, especially if the soil contains chalk, or has lime rubbish mixed with it.

Inquiries and Answers.

Flowers for Name.—There are a few amateur botanists here who have been greatly puzzled to know in what part of Wood or Gray the inclosed three specimens of plants have a "local habitation and a name." The specimen marked number one has somewhat the appearance of the *Artemisia Abrotanum*, (Southernwood,) but the leaves are of a finer, softer appearance. Specimen number two, the flower resembles the double flowering Feverfew, but the leaves are linear-lanceolate. Specimen number three, the flower resembles the tansy, but smaller. The leaves are elliptical, obtuse, crenate, having an agreeable, fragrant odor. If convenient, please give the botanical names to the above, and you will oblige—A Subscriber, *Johnson's Creek, N. Y.*, 1860.

Number one we do not recognize. Number two is a variety of *Achillea ptarmica*, called by florists *A. ptarmica pleno*. Number three is *Balsamita vulgaris*—known in England by the popular name of Costmary. Both Wood and Gray describe number two; number three is not described in any American Flora.

Double Flowers.—Will you give, through the Rural, the *modus operandi* of converting single blossoms to double?—G. W. Chapman, *Linden, Genesee Co., Mich.*, 1860.

Double flowers are produced somewhat in the same manner as choice fruits. By years of careful culture, and the raising of new varieties from seed, improvement is effected. In double blossoms, the seed-producing qualities are sacrificed in the production of an extra number of petals, and sometimes, therefore, double flowers, like the Ten-Weeks Stock, produce no seeds, or very few, like the Balsam. In cases where the double flower produces no seed, it must be saved from single flowers growing near or surrounded with double ones. In that case, the pollen from the double flowers affects the single plant, and the product is a good proportion of double flowers. We have not space at present to discuss the physiology of the matter.

Color of Inside of Cold Vinery.—Will you have the kindness to inform me what color to paint the inside wall of a cold vinery? I have one in which the vines are very promising.—L. M. C., *St. Mary's, C. W.*, 1860.

A composition of lime and sulphur is thought by some of our most experienced grape growers to be the best for vineries, as it tends to keep off mildew. In some cases the wood work is left rough, so that it will retain more of the wash than if planed. The composition being cheap, it can be applied frequently.

Barren Grape Vines.—Can you, or some of your numerous subscribers, tell me the reason why my grape vines do not bear, and the remedy, if any? I have three very thrifty vines, five and six years old, that blossom every season, but produce no fruit. If they could be made to produce fruit, I should be thankful.—Charles F. Northrop, *Lee, Mass.*, 1860.

Your vines are probably wild and barren. If so, graft them in the spring, or get thrifty vines of some good sorts at the nurseries, and dig up the old ones.

Transplanting Evergreens.—Are not evergreen shrubs rather tender about living when transplanted? What is the best mode of treatment when you transplant to have them survive?—Frank, *Medina, Orleans Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

If the roots of evergreens get dry at the time of transplanting, death is almost certain. Keep the roots covered and moist, spread them naturally, and cover with good mellow earth. Be careful not to plant too deep.

CLEANING RIBBONS.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Noticing an inquiry in the columns of your paper for information how to clean ribbons, I will give you a recipe which I have tried and know to be good. Take 1 tablespoonful of brandy; 1 do. of soft soap; 1 do. of molasses,—mix thoroughly together, place your ribbon upon a smooth board and apply your liquid with a soft brush, after which rinse in cold rain water; then roll up in a cloth until nearly dry; iron with a flat not too hot. If you will only try it; you will find your ribbons as bright as new.—Nell E. B., *Shelby, Orleans Co., N. Y.*

To clean ribbons, or silks, take equal quantities of brandy, soap, and molasses; beat well together; lay the ribbons on a clean board or table, and rub them well with this upon both sides (till you think they are spoiled;) rinse in clean rain water till this liquid is all out—then dip them in old (sweet) skimmed milk or glue water, and spread them upon a table to dry. When nearly dry, iron them upon the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, and they will look nearly as well as new.—A Countrywoman, *Venice Center, N. Y.*

Having seen an inquiry in the Rural for a recipe to clean ribbon, my wife would send the following:—Mix equal quantities of alcohol, honey, and soft soap,—place the ribbon on a clean white cloth, and rub with a white woolen cloth wet in the mixture. Rinse well in cold soft water. Iron before dry.—W. L. B., *Portland*, 1860.

Having tested the following, I know it to be reliable. Take equal parts of soft soap, honey, and liquor, mix, spread the ribbon and apply the mixture with a stiff brush; rinse in warm rain water and roll in a clean cloth. When partly dry, iron carefully, and if your ribbon don't look "e'en most as well as new," my name is not—Bridget, *Genoa, N. Y.*, 1860.

CAKES, PUDDINGS, &c.

Cream of Tartar Cake.—One cup of butter; 2 of sugar; 5 of flour; 3 eggs; 1 cup of sweet milk; 3 teaspoons cream tartar; 1 of soda; nutmeg, (2 cups of chopped raisins if you like.) Rub well the cream of tartar in the flour, stir sugar and butter together, then eggs, then milk with the soda well dissolved in it.

Apple Pudding.—Make a crust as for common biscuit,—with buttermilk and butter, or cream of tartar and soda, with sweet milk,—then roll out, leaving it one-half or two-thirds of an inch thick, and spread it over a deep dish. Put into it some stewed apples, then over this place a crust similar to the lower one, place it in the oven and bake one-half of an hour. Serve with cream and sugar. Salt the apple a little.

Coffee Cake.—One cup of sugar; 1 do. molasses; 1 do. butter; 1 do. raisins, chopped fine; 1 do. luke warm coffee, with a teaspoon of soda in it; 1 egg, cinnamon and nutmeg. Flour to your judgment.

I would like to inquire through your paper for a recipe for making Spanish Pickles.

Avon, N. Y., 1860. Abbie.

Musty Barrels.—Many barrels at this season are found to have become musty, and in that state are unfit for use. Put into them a pint of unslaked, fresh lime; pour thereon one or two gallons of water; bung up and shake the barrel; while shaking, loosen the bung occasionally to give vent; when it has stood from three to six hours, pour out, and then rinse with clean cold water. If not perfectly sweet, repeat the dose. Usually one application will be sufficient.

Weeping Sinew.—Having long been a subscriber to the Rural, I wish to inquire, though its columns, of the matron readers, if they can give us a cure for a weeping sinew, as I have a daughter who has one upon her wrist which troubles her very much, and seems to be increasing in size, and the wrist becomes weaker every day. If any of your readers will give us a cure for it we shall feel very grateful.—Ransom Bradley, *Franklin Mills, Ohio*, 1860.

Cider Yeast.—Take cider from sour apples before it ferments, scald, skim thoroughly, and pour, while hot, upon flour enough to make stiff batter. When cool, add yeast of any kind, and let it rise, stirring it down as often as it tries to run over for several days, then put it in a cool place, (where it will not freeze,) and you will have something equal to the best hop yeast. It will keep until May without any further labor.—Mrs. J. A. E., *Skaneateles, N. Y.*, 1860.

Cement for Stoves.—Can some of the readers of the Rural inform me how to make a composition to stop up the cracks in a stove and prevent the ashes from falling down into the oven, and oblige—A New Subscriber, *Licking Co., Ohio*, 1860.

[Special Notice.]

Good! What enjoyment there is in taking tea at a friend's house, if, when you take your seat at the table with other invited guests, there appears no cloud of vexation and disappointment upon the ordinarily pleasant face of the hostess, as her eyes rest upon the heaping plates of biscuit, dishes of cake, pastry, &c. If De Land & Co.'s Saleratus has been used in preparing these articles, no time is consumed in making apologies for poor biscuit, &c., and the conversation takes at once a pleasant turn, the tea is drank, the biscuit eaten, and the lady complimented upon her success in the kitchen, while she gives the credit where it is due, to the perfectly pure and always reliable Saleratus, manufactured by D. B. De Land & Co., at Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y. This Saleratus is for sale by the grocers and storekeepers throughout the country. Sold at wholesale by the principal grocers and dealers in the large towns.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE PRISON WINDOW.*

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

STRONG is the prison, and olden;
Its walls are grim and gray,
And scarce can the sunbeams golden
Find entrance day by day.

One look at its gloomy vastness
Makes you sadly depart,
As you think, its dreary fastness
Holds many a restless heart,

Shut in from the world forever,
Though it tremble and beat,
With hope and strength, which shall never
Speed the returning feet.

Sometimes, at the Western window,
Fanned by the evening air,
May be seen, in the sunset glow,
A face that's wondrous fair—

A face whose delicate sweetness,
An artist's fertile brain,
To render in its completeness,
Might seek for years in vain.

Perhaps he might paint EVANGEL,
Truthful and fair, like her;
Yet more is she like the angel
At JESUS' sepulchre.

How oft in this world the rudeness
Of outward form doth hide
A soul whose beauty and goodness
Seems to the saints allied.

Whenever some transient vision
Doth inward life reveal,
I think of that face in prison,
Its tender and mute appeal.

Dedham, Mass., 1860.

* On a beautiful illustration of BURNS' "Lament of MARY, Queen of Scots."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHO ARE THE GOSSIPS?

"Good morning, Mrs. SIMPKINS."

"Good morning, Mrs. BROWNING."

"A beautiful morning, isn't it?"

"Delightful! I could not content myself at home, so I told MARTHA JANE I would just run over here, and have a little chat with you. I made up my mind if I ever saw you again, it would have to be here, unless I happened to meet you somewhere," laughed Mrs. S.

"Now, Mrs. SIMPKINS," said the other, reprovingly, "you know I go to your house oftener than anywhere else. I have not even been in to see my next door neighbor, Mrs. JEWEL, in nearly two weeks."

"Indeed! then you have not seen JENNIE since her return?"

"I have not, but I hear she is greatly improved."

"Improved! Why, Mrs. BROWNING, you ought to see her put on airs. It is perfectly ludicrous."

"You have seen her, then?"

"No, but MARTHA JANE has. It is really amusing to hear her describe her call there.—MARTHA JANE is rather witty, you know, and can set off anything of that kind perfectly."

"Decidedly so. But did not JENNIE treat her well?"

"O, well enough, as to that, but she was just from the *city*, and thought, I suppose, she must set herself up on that account. It is so ridiculous in *her*. I *presume* Mr. SIMPKINS is quite as well able to send his daughter to a city boarding-school, and dress her up within an inch of her life, as Mr. JEWEL is,—but Mr. SIMPKINS chooses to *pay his debts* first," said Mrs. S., significantly.

"I have heard," said the eager, but less talkative Mrs. BROWNING, "that Mr. JEWEL is considerably in debt."

"Laws! I guess he is. Between you and me, Mrs. BROWNING, I think it would be much more honorable in him to pay Mr. SIMPKINS what he owes him, before he lays out quite so much for his daughter. However, I always make it a point to say nothing about my husband's affairs."

"Was that not Mrs. BUTTERFIELD that just passed?" said Mrs. BROWNING, pushing aside the curtain.

"Yes, I believe it was,—pretty, isn't she?"

"Very pretty, but she looks careworn."

"Well, I don't wonder, if stories are true," said the sympathizing Mrs. S. "I suppose she has very little enjoyment. She has all those children to take care of, and does her own house-work besides. I should think, with as large a salary as Elder BUTTERFIELD gets,—four hundred dollars,—he might afford to hire a girl."

"I have heard," replied Mrs. B., "that she prefers doing her own work, to being subject to the annoyance of keeping a hired servant."

"That is what *their church* try to make out, but, in my opinion, there are few ladies who *prefer* to do their own work when they can get help; tho' they may make a virtue of necessity. For my part, I pity her, poor soul. They say he is really unkind to her, too. It is such a pity that a man of Elder BUTTERFIELD's talent, and one that might do so much good in his sacred calling, should set such an example in his private life. However, I known him only by reputation, and what I hear may not be true. There are some people, you know, that *must talk*. Dear knows there are gossips enough in this town. I don't pretend to believe one-half I hear. Do you know, Mrs. BROWNING, they have almost had MARTHA JANE married two or three times. It is *so* provoking that a young lady cannot receive a call from a gentleman but it is construed into something portentous by the gossips."

"Yes," replied Mrs. B., "in these little country villages there is any amount of gossip going on. I am very anxious that Mr. BROWNING should sell out and return to the city. There one need not know one's next door neighbor."

"Very true," said Mrs. S, rising to go. But before she could take her leave, another theme for her busy tongue presented itself. "There goes Miss GRANGER," said she, pausing on the step. "Poor girl, how I pity her!"

"Pity her, why?"

"Havn't you heard, Mrs. BROWNING? TIM MCFARLAIN has left her, and she is almost crazy."

"Is it possible! I should not mistrust it by her looks. Besides, I have heard that it was she who broke the engagement."

"That is not so. I have heard all about it from several reliable sources; and MARTHA JANE was in there about the time he left, and Miss GRANGER was crying herself *almost to death*. It must have been about that. What else could it have been? She is too proud to let people know how she feels. But I guess if she knew him as well as *I* do, she would thank her stars that she was fairly rid of him. But, mercy! I *must* go. Good morning."—Mrs. S. disappears around the corner, and Mrs. B. within the door. Thus endeth the lesson. *Who are the gossips?* All who have reached the age of sixteen years can testify to the fact that there is such a class in existence, and yet a large majority of them would be struck with amazement and indignation to find their names upon the list. The dear, innocent souls never dream that the interest they take in the affairs of their neighbors results from ought else than pure devotion to the welfare of humanity. There is many a Mrs. SIMPKINS in the world,—aye, and Mr. SIMPKINS, and Messrs. SIMPKINS Jr., who, for want of something else to do, collect about the steps of shops and stores, comment upon the style of the ladies' dress, or the size of their feet, if they happen to lift their skirts to cross a gutter, or avoid the pools of tobacco juice with which these gentlemen of ease adorn the sidewalks. They witness every arrival in town, and every departure. They know what ladies receive calls, and what ones do not. They know when Mrs. JENKINS gets a new silk dress, just how much it cost, and if Mr. JENKINS is able to pay for it. They know, to a minute, the time Miss MARY JENKINS expects to become Mrs. JOHN SMITH, and all the particulars of the wedding, at least a month before it takes place. After storing their minds with as much valuable information as their soft craniums will contain, talking it over among themselves, comparing notes, and expressing their brilliant ideas, they go home and retail it to their less fortunate mothers, wives and sisters for future use.

Oh! ye gossips. Is there not work enough in this suffering world for you all? Aim at something higher than gathering and spreading news. Think of the consequences of your idle life,—think how it degrades your own moral nature,—think what you do when you throw a shadow upon the character of the helpless and innocent,—think what you do when you seperate friend from friend, intruding your unholy presence and poisonous breath "where angels dare not tread." The same GOD who said "thou shalt do no murder," also said, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Think you not you are "treasuring up wrath"? Guard well each his own fireside,—you know not what enemy may be laying snares for you or yours. "Mind your own business," is a homely phrase, but it carries with it a valuable meaning. Carry out its instructions, and allow others to do the same, and your hearts will be lighter, your sleep sweeter, your conscience more at ease. There will be less strife, less contention, less heart-bleeding, less sighing in a world where there is sorrow enough at best.

Pike, N. Y., 1860. FREDERIKA FENWOOD.

NEAR WIVES AND "TOUCHY" HUSBANDS.—Women have their faults, 'tis true, and very provoking ones they sometimes are; but if we would all learn, men and women, that with certain virtues which we admire are always coupled certain disagreeableness, we might make up our minds more easily to accept the bitter with the sweet. For instance, every husband, we believe, delights in a cleanly, well-ordered house, free from dust spots and unseemly stains, the pains-taking machinery necessary to keep it so, he wishes never to see, or seeing too often forgets to praise. If, then, his wife, true to her feminine instincts toward cleanliness, gently reminds him, when he comes home, that he has forgotten to use the door-mat before entering the sitting-room on a muddy day, let him reflect before he give her a lordly, impatient, ungracious "pshaw!" how the reverse of the picture would suit him—viz: a slatternly, "easy" woman, whose apartments are a constant mortification to him in the presence of visitors. It is a poor return, when a wife has made every-thing fresh and bright, to be unwilling to take a little pains to keep it so, or to be properly reminded, if forgetful on these points upon which many husbands are unreasonably "touchy," even while secretly admiring the pleasant results of the vigilance of the good house mother.

LOVE.—This is the great instrument and engine of natnre, the bond and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe. It is of that active, restless nature, that it must of necessity exert itself: and like the fire, to which it is so often compared, it is not a free agent to choose whether it will heat or no, but it streams forth by natural results, and unavoidable emanations, so that it will fasten upon an inferior, unsuitable object, rather than none at all. The soul may sooner leave off to subsist than to love, and like the vine, it withers and dies, if it has nothing to embrace. Now this affection in the state of innocence was happily pitched upon its right object; it flamed up in direct fervors of devotion to God, and in collateral emissions of charity to its neighbor. It was a vestal and a virgin fire, and differed as much from that which usually passes by this name now-a-days as the vital heat from the burning of a fever.—*Dr. South.*

REMEMBER that love is dependent upon forms—courtesy of etiquette guards and protects courtesy of heart. How many hearts have been lost irrecoverably, and how many averted eyes and cold looks have been gained from what seemed, perhaps, but a trifling negligence of forms.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

DESPONDENCY.

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

Drops of rain!—drops of rain!
Dashing on the window pane,
Dripping from the mossy eaves,
Dripping from the faded leaves—
Desolate, and dread, and drear,
Falls the sound upon my ear.

All day long—all day long—
I have listened for the song
Of the cheerful, happy bird,
Always in the orchard heard,
When the storm is passing o'er,
And the sun shines out once more.

Darksome clouds—darksome clouds—
Now the setting sun enshrouds—
Shapeless shadows drifting by
O'er the leaden-colored sky—
Night comes on, the long dark night,
But no stars will give their light.

Drops of care—drops of care—
Falling, falling everywhere;
Dripping down upon my heart—
Will the shadows never part?
Letting in the blessed light,
Making all my life-path bright.

All in vain—all in vain—
List! for the song again
Of the Hope bird singing clear
When the shadows disappear—
Singing in the blooming bowers
Of the far-off future hours.

Midnight clouds—midnight clouds—
Seem to wrap their sable shrouds.
All that once I counted mine
Now with cypress leaves entwine.
Drops of rain and drops of care,
Dashing, dripping, everywhere.

Cambria, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CUTFIZ AND READAM.—NO. III.

THE DAIRY DISTRICT.

VERY unlike the Wheat District is the Dairy District. The traveler remarks it at every turn. The school-boy, away from his Genesee home,—attending one of the many "Seminaries" that have sprung up like mushrooms in the pure air and moral atmosphere of that region, issued great catalogues and suddenly created good vegetable markets for insignificant hamlets,—this boy is really puzzled to know what the people "live on." Were he better acquainted with the operations of the commissariat, he would discover that the man that does not grow wheat, may nevertheless feed upon "extra superfino," and that though his fields produce only grass and corn, he is not doomed to live upon hay and hoecake. The natives of the country will not acknowledge that they cannot raise wheat, but they speak of the weevil, and say that the true riches of the soil may be more advantageously developed by dairying.

In an agricultural view, this district, which we marked out in the RURAL of Nov. 3, is not one of the richest. It is of the dwellers upon such hills as are found here, a certain writer affirms that they are much given to look and dig beneath the surface for the gold that does not grow in crops above it. But we do not believe they are so discontented, though we cannot wonder that the farmer on a western tour, when he sees the plow walking through straight furrows upon level ground, with no rocks to break its point, throw it out, or shock the arm that holds it, envies such farming land, and depreciates his own farm. Land is not, except in the valleys, held at near so high a price per acre, as in the wheat district. It is not a first-rate fruit-growing region. Good apples are grown, but the other luscious varieties are not found to any extent. The peach, which is the best test of a climate, cannot abide this. But if the gains are less, the savings are more. Less hired help is required on a dairy farm, and this is chiefly native, for an Irishman is yet something of a novelty here. While the pasture in Western New York is dried up, here it is fresh and green. But let us go there and see for ourselves.

Elsewhere, the rail-car, with its rattling, and its red-velvet cushions, and its red veneering, hurries the deafened and blinded passengor from beginning to end of his journey, making a highway of all the byeways, and leaving a dim impression on his mind as if he had taken the underground railroad and been set down at the back door of his destination. But the old stage coach jogs you through this district after four sleek horses, if your route lies in one of the larger and more populous valleys. The road lies not beside the stream upon the valley-bottom, but winds a little way up the hillside upon what seems a natural lowest step, where the farm-houses sit out of reach of the spring freshet. You have a front view of all the fine residences, and go through the smarter portions of every village. And here all the villages are in valleys. You may meet great loads of butter firkins and boxes of cheese, and as you, of course, make it a point to talk with all your fellow travelers, you soon learn that this is a land flowing with milk. You, yourself, had noted the large cow-yards in proximity to the farm-houses, and so many cows in the pastures that you once tried to count them in passing. Residents inform you of the fact that there is a peculiar richness in the grass, as evidenced in the flavor of the butter and cheese. They believe there is no such grass, no such butter and cheese, found elsewhere. And here are the good old-fashioned inns, where good fare is quite as commonly met with as at "the hotel" in some place that we think of; and when at noon, our red-faced "driver" brings up with an adroit rush before the one where our inner man is to be refreshed, expectancy combines with appetite to move us to reconnoitre the dining-room. Here we let fall the curtain, till the stage rumbles up with fresh horses, and the easy travelers, pocketing their tooth-picks, and with sundry slow and satisfactory movements of reminiscent mastication and deglution, resume their romantic journey. Your fellows are jolted through a continually repeated series of napping, and nodding, and blinking, but you study the country. Beside and above you rolls the land like a huge scroll, here and there indented, or thrust up into a camel-like hump. Your view on this side is very limited. Here it is a heavy forest struggling up the precipitous ascent; there, pasture ground, which the cows have terraced by parallel winding paths along which they eat and rise, and down whose side you try to imagine a huge rock or sawlog rolling, and pitching over the jagged ledges of sandstone, about which the blackberry grows. But back of these swell a series of hills or scrolls, just as you see them stretch away on the opposite side of the valley, where your eyes have all day loved to range.

But if your route traverses the hill-country, you must content yourself to begin it with coach and two, and end it perhaps in a one-horse wagon, whose driver is proprietor of the establishment and is engaged to carry the mail, with travelers' fees as his prequisites. He readily talks about this section where he was raised, gives you the history of General or Colonel so-and-so, a vastly rich man of a generation or two ago, but whose children have "run it through," and in yonder valley, in grim repose lies the old mansion. In that house a man once hung himself,—and there is Dead-man's Hollow, and yonder, within that distant thicket, is Lake Misery, where one night a few acres of wood are said to have sunk, and now out of whose oozy, matted carpet, the pitcher-plant raises its urn, and the rare fly-catcher, its hair-like fingers tipped with sticky drops of "prepared glue." As you rise upon one of the crests of the country, you may discern over the successive billows, the faintest curving lines traced against the sky, and which you are told are the Catskill Mountains; and between those darker, forest-covered piles, flow the Susquehanna, the Delaware, the Unadilla, or one of their tributaries. No one that has not seen it, can imagine the autumnal glory of such a view, when the leaves have ripened as they seem no where else to ripen. In the Genesee country, the forests in autumn wear a tawdry garb,—a brown, frost-bitten appearance,—but here all is surpassingly brilliant, gorgeous. In other regions, the land lies in mimic waves, and troughs, and ridges, like the surface of a troubled lake, and in huge drifts and pinnacles like arctic ice-banks, but here is a grand continental ocean ever rolling majestically.

The valleys are very rich and green, both because they have received for ages the "washings" of the hills, and because of the abundant dews and fogs. Fog generally heralds the brightest summer days, and so dense is it that the sun must plant his hot artillery at the height of several hours before the vapor takes flight. Though the hills are the picture of great commotion, profoundest repose forever sleeps upon them.—Countless springs burst out from their sides, and trickle over the brown sandstone ledges. The roads wind up the lesser valleys, where the trout-brooks come brattling and flashing down through numerous private nooks and hiding-places, and an occasional sunny meadow. Here are located none of the enormous-eaved brick houses, or bay-windowed, and tripple-piazzaed two-story houses shining all over with white lead, but wholesome looking cottages, of brown, or red, or yellow exterior, and mostly of the story-and-half type.—They chime in well with the country. At the time of harvesting, when in Western New York the grain and stubble fields checker the landscape so as almost to dazzle the eye as the snow does in winter, this land is green with meadow and pasture, the dark-leaved corn, the growing oats, and the buckwheat just sprouting up. The prevailing tone of color is green, and even the grey trunks of the trees, and the brown walls that constitute the fences here, catch this hue from the moss that creeps up, around and over them, in this moist climate. Such is this quiet land of hill and valley—the home of COOPER,—and this the country described by him in the wild and incomparable Leather-stocking Tales. We love it for its beauty, for its wildness, for its personal and family histories, and for its legendary romances.

Here, in the town of Vineville, lived HORACH READAM, Esq. RUSMAN.

THE EDITORIAL TREADMILL.—The *Home Journal* thus truthfully describes the editor's burdens:

"It is one of the hardships of our profession that its working wheels—brains and heart—are not allowed to lag for sickness, or stop for calamity or sorrow. The Judge may adjourn his court, the school and the workshop may close the shutters, the mourner may veil his features, and turn friend and stranger from the door; but the journalist must forget before to-morrow the sorrows of to-day—must write gaily and freshly, as a newsmonger, on the trifle of the hour, whatever burden has been laid upon that same hour by Providence, or his brain as a man. It sometimes tries and mocks, as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of."

The public look upon an editor's labors as the Indian did upon the man that was cutting hay. He finally gave in his "opinion" that it was "easy to *see* white man mow."

DON'T quarrel with your conscience. Own up when she accuses—be ashamed of your wrong doings, and reform, and thus escape her upbraidings. It is true that "conscience makes cowards of us all, but the fault is with ourselves, and not with conscience. Deal justly with all hearts, pay for your newspaper, and be assured that conscience will permit you to sleep as sound as when you were a nestling on your mother's bosom.

THE vine bears three kinds of grapes: the first of pleasure, the second of drunkenness, the third of repentance.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHOM HE LOVETH HE CHASTENETH.

BY MARGARET ELLIOTT.

HAVE ye lived so long in vain?
Useless is the toil and pain?
Rise, a nobler manhood gain!

Will ye weakly still repine?
Ore is smelted from the mine,
Only fire can gold refine.

So GOD'S hand is heavy pressed
On the hearts He loveth best;
Light afflictions serve the rest.

And through sorrow shall ye stand
Purified at GOD'S right hand
In that far-off, better land.

Then in glory, safe at last,
When Life's storms are overpast,
Ye shall praise Him who hath cast

Fuel on the fire of pain,
Sending grief's hot, leaden rain,
Tearing heart and 'wildering brain.

Gainesville, N. Y., 1860.

THE NILE OF GRACE.

THE sources of the Nile in secret lie,
Unknown to man, like God, a mystery.
The human soul and Egypt's flooded mould,
By inundating grace their germs unfold.

The seed is moistened; soon from growing sprout
Upshoots the lofty stalk, its leaf buds out;
The husk, brown-tasselled, cloaks the golden grain,
And labor plucks contentment once again.

The soul drinks grace, the vine entwines the tree
Of faith, with tendril love and charity;
Its blossoms sweet shall, culled by Him, outpour
In Paradise their fragrance evermore.

New York Evening Post.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

How often we hear life spoken of as though it were nothing more than a dreary, wretched existence,—as though nothing good or beautiful could possibly be associated with it,—as though happiness were only a thing of the imagination, and nothing that could be analyzed. It is true, it cannot be compared to a summer's day without a cloud, or to the placid surface of some gentle river; for clouds will often dim the bright sunlight, and tempestuous waves will often beat upon our frail bark; yet they who see nothing but sadness in it, have surely failed to perform faithfully their part; for in the plainest sense of the term, *life is what we make it.*

If we are determined to look only upon the dark side of things, we willfully close our hearts against those genial rays which might otherwise warm and cheer them. If, because we have merely tasted the cup of sorrow, we are constantly apprehending greater evils which may never befall us, we *thus* deprive ourselves of much happiness. If, because one friend has proved false, we look with distrust and coldness upon all, it is not strange that life appears dark and desolate.

But if, on the contrary, we meet bravely, and bear patiently, the ills of life, our pathway will be one of sunshine rather than of gloom. This world contains much that is beautiful, and was, by our great Creator, designed for our happiness; yet a discontented spirit fails to appreciate the blessings he bestows, and by perverting them turns life's sweetest joys into bitterness. What if clouds do obscure the golden sunlight to-day, it will shine with increasing brilliancy to-morrow. What if you do have to meet with cares and trials, so do others; every heart has its own sorrows to bear, and yet you would almost think, as you see the elastic step, the brightly beaming eye and the countenance lighted with smiles, that grief was a stranger there,—the secret is, they have learned to extract honey from every flower that blooms along life's pathway, and in so doing have found the truth of the assertion,—*life is what we make it.*

Then lay aside those frowns,—wipe away those tears of useless sorrow,—be determined to know something of the sunny side of life, speak a word of kindness when you meet with the sorrowing ones, give them a word of sympathy; and when you meet erring ones, strive gently to win them back into the path of happiness. Cherish a spirit of kindness and of forbearance toward all; and you will be amply repaid with the satisfaction of knowing that you are not living for self alone.

To each there is a mission given;
O, then let none mistake it;
Though clouds oft o'er our path are driven,
Yet life is what we make it.

Hart's Grove, O., 1860. S. A. P.

NO "AFFINITIES" IN VICE.—It is idle to talk of the vices as a sisterhood. There may be association, but no affiliation. Knaves may be companions, but not friends. The vain dislike the vain; the proud hate the proud; the covetous abhor the covetous. But the virtuous are never at war. The just love the just; the chaste esteem the chaste; the benevolent admire the benevolent. In short, all good things harmonize; all bad things are discordant, both with the good and with each other.

CONSCIENCE.—The sweetest bedfellow is—Conscience, Conscience. Ha! it's a charming thing to feel her at our heart—to hear her evening song and morning song.—*Jerrold.*

A MAN'S most glorious action will at last be found to be but glorious sins, if he hath made *himself*, and not the glory of God, the end of those actions.

THE TRAVELER.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XVIII.

Physical description of California — Its ranges of mountains — Gold region, its extent — Valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin — Rainy and dry seasons — Variety of climate — Agricultural products — Origin of the term "Golden Gate" — Size of San Francisco bay — Standard of prices in 1850 and 1860 compared.

CALUSA, Cal., Aug. 29, 1860.

A BRIEF physical description of California and its gold region may not be amiss. It extends, from southeast to northwest, nearly 750 English miles in length, and an average breadth, from east to west, of 250 miles. Its superficies, therefore, may be estimated at about 188,000 square miles, or nearly three times the size of all the New England States, and about twice the size of Great Britain! It is capable of sustaining a population of 50,000,000, or once and a half the present population of the United States! A great chain of mountains, called by the Spaniards the Sierra Nevada, or snowy range, runs nearly through the center of the southern district. Further north, this mountain range, (which has a probable average height of from 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea, though many of its parts rise much higher, and are covered with perpetual snow,) becomes the eastern boundary of the State, and at the extreme northern limit, by various cross ranges, separates it from Oregon. Eastward of the Sierra Nevada, and between it and the Territory of Utah, lies the *curious* and extensive district called the Great Basin, which *has no outlet to the ocean for its waters!*

Between the Sierra Nevada and the Coast Range, lie the fertile valleys of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, together with all the lateral valleys and foot hills, extending from the summit elevation of either range. It is in the cross valleys, running up to the summit elevation of the Sierra Nevada, that the *chief gold placers are situated.* The whole country in this quarter, for a length at least of 500 miles, and an average of perhaps 30 or 40 miles, is highly auriferous. If some small portions of this region seem to be almost exhausted, yet its whole extent is so great, and so many parts yet untouched, that all, by the aid of proper scientific appliances, can be made still to render a bountiful reward to the miner, and it may be truly said, several generations must pass away before the California gold region can be emptied of its treasures, or cease to be profitably wrought. This may be more particularly said of the gold-bearing quartz rocks and veins, which, in many places, are exceedingly numerous and rich.

The richest agricultural portion of the State comprehends the great valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin, with all the smaller side valleys running into them. The Sacramento takes its rise near the extreme northern limit of the State, in the neighborhood of Mt. Shasta, which is 14,400 feet above the sea level. From thence it flows in a southerly direction, for nearly 300 miles, carrying off the waters of numerous streams on both sides, until it receives those of the San Joaquin, which have come to meet it from the southeast, for nearly 200 miles. The united streams then run westward a further distance of 60 or 70 miles, through various arms of the bay of San Francisco, till they rush through the Golden Gate to bury themselves in the Pacific.

Properly speaking, California has neither winter nor summer, but the months comprehended under these terms, are here called the rainy and the dry seasons. The rains usually begin about the middle of November, and continue, with short occasional dry intervals, till the month of May. These are the most charming months in the year, when the air is balmy, the surface of the earth green and fresh, and all nature, animate and inanimate, rejoices in a holiday. During the remainder of the year, generally speaking, no rain falls. The climate of the coast generally differs from that a few miles inland. Fogs, and cold, damp winds blow from the ocean, and there is scarcely a day in the year when an overcoat is not a needful companion in San Francisco. Thirty or forty miles inland, and the heat of summer is sometimes quite oppressive, rising frequently, and that, too, for days together, from 100 to 110 deg. Fah. But except a month or so, and it may be said that here eternal summer reigns. The atmosphere for the most of the year is mild and agreeable. Whole districts are covered with a luxuriant growth of wild oats, on which cattle and sheep thrive the year round. The landscape is beautified with a profusion of wild flowers and low flowering shrubs. The climate is remarkably salubrious. The grape, the fig, the orange, the olive, the peach, the nectarine, and the almond, grow luxuriantly in these regions, and so do all other semi-tropical products. All varieties of European fruits thrive in great plenty,— plums, cherries, apples, pears, quinces, apricots, melons, pomegranates, &c. In the more southern parts of the State, the plaintain and banana likewise ripen. Wheat, oats, and barley, potatoes, beets, and every other kind of vegetable for the table, grow to the utmost perfection, and yield a return the like of which can scarcely be paralleled in any other country. It is believed, also, that the climate, in particular districts, is admirably adapted for the profitable culture of tobacco, cotton, and sugar. In short, there is no vegetable production of *any value*, raised in the temperate zone, and very few peculiar to the torrid zone, which may not be cultivated to perfection in these finer portions of California. The western slopes of the Sierra Nevada afford a plentiful supply of wood and timber.

The entrance to the bay of San Francisco, called the "Golden Gate," received its fortunate name from Col. FREMONT, prior to the discovery of gold in 1848. The term was descriptive simply of the rich and fertile country around the shores of the bay, and of the wealth, which the commerce of the Pacific, passing through the strait, would certainly give to the future metropolis of the Pacific. Since the discovery of the auriferous character of the country, the title is seen to be of a still more *felicitous* nature. This entrance is *about five miles long and of an average breadth of one and a half or two miles!* After passing through the "Golden Gate," the great bay of San Francisco opens up. This bay lies almost at right angles to the entrance just described. It extends from north to south nearly 70 miles, with an average breadth of 10 or 12 miles.

The standard of prices in 1850, when compared with that of 1860, reveals a *shade* of difference. Then, eggs sold at one, two, and three dollars apiece,— inferior sugar, tea, and coffee, at four dollars a pound,— or three and four hundred dollars a barrel. Medicines,—say laudanum,—one dollar a drop; forty dollars was actually paid for a dose of that medicine, and ten dollars for a pill or purgative, without advice, and with it, from thirty dollars to one hundred dollars. Spirits were sold from ten dollars to forty dollars per quart, and wines at the same per bottle. Board cost eight dollars per day, or thirty dollars per week. Every mouthful at dinner might be valued at a dime, and a single hearty meal would cost from two dollars to five dollars, according to quality. Pork and flour sold at four hundred dollars a barrel. Thick boots cost thirty dollars a pair, and superior ones one hundred dollars! Soiled linen was often thrown away rather than pay twelve dollars to twenty dollars per dozen for washing. Laborers had one dollar an hour. Mechanics received from twelve to twenty dollars per day. Every brick in a house was roughly estimated to cost one dollar before the building was finished, and lumber rose to five hundred dollars for one thousand feet! Rents were correspondingly high. For a single store of limited dimensions and rudely constructed of rough boards, three thousand dollars per month was charged. A certain two story frame building, known as the "Parker House," paid its owners one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year in rents. A gambling saloon adjoining, paid forty thousand dollars per annum. Another small building, which might have made a moderate sized farmhouse kitchen, was taken by WRIGHT & Co., brokers, under the name of "Miner's Bank," at a yearly rent of seventy-five thousand dollars! The United States Hotel paid thirty-six thousand dollars. A mercantile firm, for a one story building of only twenty feet front, paid forty thousand dollars, and seventy thousand dollars per month was paid for the Custom House. From eight to fifteen per cent. *a month*, with the addition of real security, was regularly given *in advance* for the use of money!

Now, money can be obtained for three per cent. per month,—board be had from seven dollars to twelve dollars per week,—five dollars to ten dollars pays the doctor for extracting a jumping molar,—twelve dollars buys a No. one pair of boots, and "two bits" (twenty-five cents) pays 'BIDDY" for washing your socks. Wages of mechanics are down to four and six dollars per day. Cooks have to be content with sixty, eighty, and one hundred dollars per month, and table waiters with thirty-five dollars to forty dollars. Poor whiskey is down to a "bit" a drink, and a dinner for yourself and mule costs but one dollar. Rents have fallen off. A tolerable store in San Francisco can be had for one thousand dollars per month, and a crack billiard saloon for half that, while small, out-of-the-way hotels and stores can be leased as low as two hundred dollars per month. Everything now is moderate and modest, except doctors' and lawyers' fees, which know no abatement. Lawyers fatten here. For crime and litigation this country is without a parallel. Lawyers are full of jobs, with heavy fees in advance for the exercise of their skill, talents, and ingenuity. This is still a fast country, and "Young America" here finds ample room to spread himself. S. B. R.

THE CORANNAS AND THEIR DWELLINGS.

A TRUE history of the intercourse of civilized with savage nations during the last two centuries, and the general effects of such intercourse upon the latter, would furnish a story, we think, by no means flattering to our boasted civilization. Instead of using the power which knowledge gives us for the good of those less favored, as a general rule it has been made use of to advance our selfish and often cruel purposes, and to the injury and degradation of those who are entitled to our sympathy and aid. The following interesting account of the Coranna tribe of Africans, who have suffered less by contact with the whites than some other tribes, we extract from *Narratives and Adventures of Travel in Africa:*

When the Dutch had possession of the Cape Colony, the various native tribes suffered greatly from their cruel oppression. One tribe, the Corannas, or Korahs, were protected, to a considerable extent, by the wide desert Karroo, situated between them and the Colony. Hence they displayed more civilization than the general race of Hottentots who lived on its skirts. They are now widely dispersed over the country on the northern side of the Garlep or Orange River; but it is not easy to define the boundaries of their country, as they constantly shift their quarters, and the villages of two or three tribes are so intermingled that it is difficult to decide to which the territory belongs. They never consider the soil as worth claiming, or even disputing about. The water and the pasturage are all they esteem, and when these are exhausted, the land is abandoned as useless.

In their persons the Corannas are more cleanly than the Hottentots, arising probably from the abundance of water with which the Orange River, whose banks they frequent, is supplied at all seasons, and more especially in the summer, and which is scarce in almost every other part of the southern angle of Africa. Their dress and domestic utensils are neater and constructed with more care. Their dwellings, which are formed with great skill, are in the shape of hemispheres, generally about six feet high and eight in diameter, and are covered with several folds of neat matting, made of rushes, or coarse grass. Their water or milk vessels, are sometimes made of clay, baked in the sun, sometimes of gourds, and at others of wood, hollowed out from blocks of willow. Their possessions of horned cattle, sheep, goats, and dogs, are sometimes considerable. They have no kind of carriages; but on removing from place to place, their mats, furniture and utensils are packed on oxen, which also usually carry the women and children.

Their dress consists of skin cloaks, similar to those of the other Hottentot tribes. When visited by Barrow, the women wore square ornamented aprons, suspended from the waist, with copper chains, and beads of glass around the neck, wrist, and legs. These chains he supposed to have been procured from the Damaras, a tribe of Kaffirs to the northwestward, dwelling at the foot of the Copper Mountains.

Four Corannas paid Burchell a visit, and he purchased of them a fresh ostrich egg for a small piece of tobacco. They belonged to a neighboring kraal, of which one was the chief. Of this man he drew a portrait. After making the bargain to give him a large piece of tobacco, he stood patiently and still, till the drawing was finished, but as it was only in black lead pencil it did not produce any extraordinary impression. It is by the imitation of the lively colors of nature, far more than by exactness of forms, that drawings afford delight to the far greater number of those who view them; the more valuable part of the art being generally underrated.

This Coranna wore on his head a piece of leather, bound round in the form of a cap, and was clothed with a leathern cloak or caross, which, together with his whole body, was so covered with red ochre and grease, that the part of the wagon against which he leaned to have his portrait taken, was soiled with a red stain, not easily removed. From his neck hung a number of bead necklaces of various colors, to which were appended a Bechuana knife, and the shell of a small tortoise, to hold snuff or tobacco. His wrist and fore-arm were ornamented with bracelets of beads, cords of acacia bark, and a broad ivory ring. Although perfectly friendly in all their intentions, these men were armed with spears, and some with a bow and arrows. The countenance and manners of this chief were expressive of a good, natural, quiet disposition; his behavior was even respectful; and he was less troublesome in the way of begging, than the generality of his countrymen.

At another time a party of Corannas, attracted by the provisions of travelers, took up their abode with them. One of them having struck a yellowfish, Burchell borrowed it that he might finish a drawing he had previously made. As soon as this was done he called the Coranna to the wagon, to take his fish again; when, catching sight of the drawing, he was instantly struck with a most laughable degree of astonishment, and for a minute, stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, dumb with wonder. At last, without taking his eyes off the picture, he called to his companions to come and see.

A crowd now being collected, astonishment was general, and the various expressions of it not a little entertaining; none ever having imagined that objects could be so imitated by art as to exhibit the color and appearance of life, they seemed to believe that it had been done by magic; while others supposing it to be the fish itself listened to the paper, asked where was the wound with which it had been struck. Curious were their looks of incredulity and amazement, as they examined the back of the drawing, and actually felt the thinness of what they supposed to be a solid fish. There was but one way in which the mystery could be unraveled; so Burchell showed them his brushes and colors, and in their presence, laid some of the same tints on a piece of paper. After this, they all retired satisfied and greatly pleased; the wonders they had witnessed forming the topic of conversation.

In crossing the Orange River, which is both wide and rapid, the Corannas adopt a curious contrivance to transmit their sheep and other property. They take a log of wood, from six to eight feet in length, and at a few inches' distance from one of its ends, fix a wooden peg. On this log the person intending to cross the river stretches himself at full length, and holding fast by the peg with one hand, while with the other, and occasionally with his feet, he strives to keep the end of the log at an angle of about forty-five degrees with the stream, when the obliquity of the log opposed to the current causes it, in floating down the stream, to push gradually over to the opposite side.

A PICTURE OF VENICE.

A CITY of marble did I say?—nay rather a golden city paved with emerald. For truly every pinnacle and turret glanced and glowed, overlaid with gold, or bossed with jasper. Beneath, the unsullied sea drew in deep breathing, to and fro, its eddies of green wave. Deep-hearted, majestic, terrible as the sea, the men of Venice moved in sway of power and war; pure as her pillars of alabaster stood her mothers and maidens; from foot to brow, all noble, walked her knights; the low-bronzed gleaming of sea-rusted armor shot angrily under their blood-red mantle-folds. Fearless, faithful, patient, impenetrable, implacable—every word a fate—sate her Senate. In hope and honor, lulled by the flowing of waves around her isles of sacred sand, each with his name written and the cross graved at his side, lay her dead. A wonderful piece of world. Rather itself a world. It lay along the face of the waters no larger as its captains saw it from their masts at evening, than a bar of sunset that could not pass away; but for its power it must have seemed to them as if they were sailing in the expanse of heaven, and this a great planet, whose orient edge widened through ether. A world from which all ignoble care and petty thoughts were banished, with all the common and poor elements of life. No foulness, no tumult, in those tremulous streets, that filled or fell beneath the moon; but rippled music of majestic change, or thrilling silence. No weak walls could rise above them; no low-roofed cottage nor straw built shed. Only the strength as of rock, and the finished setting-stones most precious. And around them, far as the eye could reach, still the soft moving of stainless waters, proudly pure; as not the flower, so neither the thorn nor the thistle could grow in the glancing fields. Ethereal strength of the Alps, dreamlike, vanished in high procession beyond the Torcellan shore; blue islands of Padnan hills, poised in the golden west. Above, free winds and fiery clouds ranging at their will; brightness out of the north, and balm from the south, and the stars of the evening and the morning clear in the limitless light, or arched heaven and circling sea."—*Ruskin's "Modern Painters."*

THE RHINE.—Carl Benson, in a recent letter to the Spirit of the Times, says:

"I was desirous of seeing the Rhine a third time, and stopping at some of its principal points for the sake of comparing it more closely with the magnificent Hudson, on which I had traveled only a fortnight previous. My former impressions were strengthened by the result. Depend upon it, our river can give the Rhine points; that is to say, can give it the old castles and beat it then. Not that I should advise any one to neglect seeing the Rhine if he has the chance. It is a glorious river, but we can beat it."

COAL was used very early in China as fuel; it is mentioned by Du Halde as "black stones dug out of the mountains, which stones burn when kindled, and are used by many persons in preference to wood, of which there is abundance." It is found in the north and in the south, and probably might be had in nearly every province in the empire. At Shang-hae, it has been used on board of foreign steamers; in this district it resembles Cannel coal; it is to be had also at Canton. Le Compte assures us that there is not any country better supplied with coal than China, particularly the provinces of Shansi, Shensi, and Pe-che-le.

YOUNG RURALIST.

ORNAMENT THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.

IN too many places the ground around the school house is destitute of a shrub, or tree, or flower—nothing but a bare yard, worn even bare of grass by the many little feet. We never pass such a school house without a feeling of regret, especially when we remember how beautiful it could be made with only a little labor, which could be performed by the scholars, or by their older brothers and friends. We know of a case where the older boys in a district clubbed together and improved the grounds for those who succeeded them. With how much pleasure will these thoughtful youth look upon the result of their labor in after years. He who plants a tree, plants a monument for himself. We commend this example to all Young Ruralists.

Mrs. HOYT, in the *Wisconsin Journal of Education*, gives some valuable thoughts and directions on the subject, from which we make the following extract:

For single trees, where there is to be left sufficient space for their entire exposure, in a level or moderately hilly region, there is no tree in grace or beauty which can surpass the drooping elm. The oak and chestnut are among the largest and noblest of our trees, and either of them may be taken for the central object of a group. The weeping willow appears best as a single tree, and in a level space. The spruce, hemlock, ash, and beech, from our common forests, all make beautiful shade trees. Among those that can be easily procured, in some portions of the country, are the horse-chestnut, locust, and hickory, the magnolia and the cottonwood of the Southern States, and the buckeye, sycamore, and black walnut of the West. The soft maple is especially valuable as an ornamental tree, on account of its red blossoms of early spring, its dense, green foliage of summer, and its beautiful dress of deep crimson after the first frost of autumn. But whatever are the trees selected, the arrangement of them should be the subject of careful study. They should be planted singly, or in groups. Single trees should be such as have a graceful and beautiful outline, and convey to the mind the feeling of completeness. Groups should always be composed of one principal tree, larger and taller than the rest, with the others grouped around it as subordinates. Shrubs that are used for hedges should be planted in gracefully curved lines, so as to screen such fences and buildings as, exposed, would detract from the general beauty of the scene.

School grounds arranged in this manner would become great powers of refinement and influence for good. When trees are once planted, the winds, the sun, and the rain, nurture them, supplying their every want, and converting their puny stalks into giant forms, until

> "They stand mossy, and tall, and dark,
> Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
> Communion with his Maker."

But trees cannot grow in a day, neither are they more valuable than those shrubs and flowers which are at once, and in such diversity of form and tint, within our reach. Plant trees, most certainly; and wherever they would be a beauty or a refreshment, let their roots begin to pierce the mold above which their branches may, year after year, wave with a fascination of grace and variety, like which there is nothing else in nature. But while making provision for these more enduring and imposing improvements which must be the work of time, do not forget

> "That delicate forest flower,
> With scented breath, and look so like a smile."

In their influence over the feelings, to refine and soften the nature, to elevate the thought, and to imbue with that love of the beautiful which must always precede the practice of virtue, flowers have a value peculiar to themselves. Their gay colors attract the eye, their exquisite forms chain the observation, and with the odors exhaled from the scent-chambers of drooping bell, or golden chalice, there comes a soul of piety, a sense of sweetness, a something that finds its way into the very recesses of the youthful nature, winning it to goodness, and exalting it to beauty,

> "Ere it is aware."
> "It is my faith that every flower
> Enjoys the air it breathes."

And it is a truth founded no less on observation than philosophy, that every child reflects, to a fearful extent, the spirit of its surroundings. Flowers are the most beautiful, the most suggestive, and the most available ornaments with which we can adorn the school premises. Let it be the business of parents and friends to supply the means, and a no less faithfully performed duty of teachers to see that the culture of flowers is not neglected in the embellishment of school house grounds.

DON'T RUN AWAY.

DON'T run away from the world's temptations and influences. If you are really a coward, go and hide yourself somewhere until you have screwed up backbone enough to face the enemy like a man. Don't run away at the slightest indication of danger, as if you hadn't the slightest confidence in yourself. Nobody ever conquered a foe by beating a retreat. If you mean to fight the battle of life like a hero, you can't begin too early. Would you respect yourself and win the respect of others? Then don't shrink away from the trials and temptations, but encounter them, smite them down, lay them in the dust at your feet. A man who has conquered his enemy, is immeasurably greater than the poltroon who creeps away in abject terror. High or low, rich or poor, we are all soldiers in the action that terminates only with the sunset of life's day; and the weak-hearted trembler who shrinks back and quakes at the sound of the trumpet, is yet far in the rear when the light of victory shines on the crest of the warrior who pressed straight on and fought his way through. A temptation overcome is better discipline than twenty avoided. No man knows his strength until it has been tried and proven, and the noblest natures have passed oftenest through the fires of trial.—*Life Illustrated.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Inquiries and Notes,.....373
Tile and Straw for Roofing,.....373
Composting Manure,.....373
Value of Bone Manure,.....373
Pure Bred Leicester Sheep, [Illustrated,].....373
European Agriculture,.....373
Root Crops for Live Stock,.....373
Farm Operations for November,.....373
Kansas,—Drouth, Sheep Raising, &c.,.....374
Sorghum in the West,.....374
Raising Calves,.....374
Educating the Children of Farmers,.....374
Rural Spirit of the Press.—Construction of Cider Filters; Treatment of Muck; Subsoiling,.....374
Inquiries and Answers.—Whitening Broom Corn; What shall I do for my Cow? Wintering Sheep—Watering, Ventilation, &c.,.....374
Agricultural Miscellany.—State Agricultural College; Kansas for Sheep Husbandry; Sorghum Culture; "Laying Low for Black Ducks," A New Horse Doctor; American Herd-Book; Rural Lectures at Yale; "Everybody Goes for the Rural Now,".....374

HORTICULTURAL.

American Strawberries in France,.....375
Winter Bouquets, [Illustrated,].....375
Inquiries and Answers.—Flowers for Name; Double Flowers; Color of Inside of Cold Vinery; Barren Grape Vines; Transplanting Evergreens,.....375

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cleaning Ribbons; Cream of Tartar Cake; Apple Pudding; Coffee Cake; Musty Barrels; Weeping Sinew; Cider Yeast, Cement for Stoves,.....375

LADIES' OLIO.

The Prison Window, [Poetical;] Who are the Gossips? Neat Wives and "Touchy" Husbands; Love,.....376

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Despondency, [Poetical;] Cuttiz and Readam, No. III—The Dairy District; The Editorial Treadmill,.....376

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Whom He Loveth He Chasteneth; The Nile of Grace, [Poetical;] Life is what we make it; No "Affinities" in Vice; Conscience,.....376

THE TRAVELER.

A Trip to California—Letter No. XVIII; A Picture of Venice; The Rhine,.....377

USEFUL OLIO.

The Coranuas and their Dwellings, [Illustrated,].....377

YOUNG RURALIST.

Ornament the School Grounds; Don't Run Away,.....377

THE STORY TELLER.

Katie Lee and Willie Grey, [Poetical;] Maudo Lawrence's Lesson,.....380

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Prospectus of the N. Y. Tribune for 1861.
The Household Journal—A. Hartbill & Co.
Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly—Harpers & Brothers.
Water-Cure Journal—Fowler and Wells.
Nursery Stock—Williams, Ramsden & Co.
Agents Wanted—B. B. Russell.
Six Lectures—H. K. Fisher.
Farm for Sale—C. S. Brother.
Peach Pits for Sale—Stephen M. Corwin.
Bronze Turkeys for Sale—A. Eldredge, Jr.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE State Department has received advices from Minister Harris, of the 5th of July. He states that the Japanese steamer Candinmarrah had arrived at Jeddo from San Francisco, and that on the return voyage she was navigated by Japanese alone. This, he says, is the first instance in which a vessel conducted solely by Asiatics has succeeded fully in crossing the great North Pacific Ocean, and strikingly proves the Japanese of being so capable of improvement that they might soon place themselves at the head of Oriental enterprise, if allowed freely to cultivate the great powers they possess.

The commander of the steamer, with two Governors for foreign affairs, had called on Mr. Harris, saying they came by command of the Tycoon, and were directed to express to him their Majesty's sincere thanks, for the friendly and cordial manner in which the commander and officers in his steamer were received by the authorities and people of San Francisco. They were directed to thank him particularly for the complete repairs of the steamer at Mare Island Navy Yard, and expressed the deep sense His Majesty entertained of the kindness and courtesy of Capt. Cunningham, commander of the yard.

The reports of the officers of the Candinmarrah, and letters received from the Embassy, with full accounts of the reception at San Francisco, and the kindness shown them by all classes of our people, have produced a lively sensation, especially among the nobles heretofore opposed to the treaty of Yeddo. One of the officials naively remarked to Mr. Harris,—"We did not believe you when you told us of the friendly feeling of your country for us, but we now see that all you have said was true."

Mr. Harris is of the opinion that when the Embassadors return to Japan and relate their reception by the President,—repeat their large experience in the States, and state what they have seen of the greatness and prosperity of our country, it will have an important effect on the minds of the recalcitrant Dunois, and lead to a better state of feeling on their part towards us and toward the intercourse of foreign nations.

Many letters received in Washington from leading politicians from all parts on the border of the Slave States, express decisive opinions against the legality of secession under the Constitution, and also its expediency. The mercantile and moneyed interest are also making their voices heard by the administration, and almost unanimously they are standing for the Union. Virginia is by no means favorable to precipitate action by South Carolina. A letter from a strong cotton house in Charleston, says that there is really no unanimity, even in South Carolina, for secession. The business men, artizans and mechanics, and all professional classes, are directly opposed to secession.

The President, it is said, knows fully all the schemes of the seceders, and will meet the responsibility resting upon him when the hour of action comes. He does not propose issuing any proclamation concerning secession, as reported, because Congress will assemble before the meeting of the South Carolina Convention, when his opinions will be communicated in his message. He avows himself, however, strongly against the whole scheme, and will enlarge considerably upon the Union, the integrity of which he declares it his intention to maintain by every Constitutional means.

The remark attributed to Representative Keitt, that the President is pledged to secession, has been received in Washington with much astonishment, and his friends do not believe that he is correctly reported. It is well known that the President has never made such a pledge in any public paper, and his most intimate friends have never heard anything from his lips which would lead to the belief that he entertains any sentiment which is not warmly in favor of preserving the Constitution in all its integrity.

Several leading Virginians in Washington represent it to be the intention of the Old Dominion to become mediator between the two sections, when South Carolina shall have accomplished secession. The basis will require that no one be elected President unless he receive a majority of both sections of the Union, and that no law be passed except by a majority of the members representing both sections, thus securing the majority of the whole people in each case.

The President (on the 12th inst.,) informed Thaddeus Hyatt that the land sales in Kansas could not be postponed, but that such was the construction of the law, that actual settlers would be allowed to re-file their pre-emption claims, and should not be disturbed in their possessions. The President said some of the settlers acted very badly, but they were, nevertheless, human beings, and they should be relieved and protected. He gave credence to Mr. Hyatt's representations as to their sufferings, and said he would appeal to Congress in their behalf. As an earnest of his sympathy, he headed a subscription list with a $100 check.

Mr. McLane has been instructed to co-operate with the Spanish and French Ministers in Mexico, in securing suspension of hostilities and the establishment of a Provisional government until popular elections can be held.

Political Intelligence.

TEXAS.—Returns indicate that the State has gone for Breckenridge by about 4,000 majority.

ALABAMA.—The Mobile Mercury claims Alabama for Breckenridge by about 11,000 majority.

GEORGIA.—Every county in Georgia except one gives a majority against Breckenridge of not less than 2,500.

VIRGINIA.—Bell's majority in Virginia is about 400.

FLORIDA.—Official returns from sixteen counties in Florida indicate that the majority for Breckenridge in the State will be about 3,000.

NEW JERSEY.—The official vote of New Jersey is now in. The following persons are elected electors:—William Cook, Dem.; Theodore Runyon, Dem.; Joel Parker, Dem.; Joseph C. Hornblower, Rep.; Charles E. Elmer, Rep.; Edward W. Ives, Rep.; Isaac W. Scudder, Rep. The three Douglas Democrats are elected by from 3,000 to 4,000 majority.

MISSOURI.—The result of the election in this State is doubtful, and nothing can be known positively for several days. The Republican figures Douglas slightly ahead, with about thirty counties to hear from. The Bulletin figures Bell considerably ahead, with the same number of counties to hear from. The vote of Breckenridge, so far as heard from, is 23,000; for Lincoln, 17,000; fifty-four counties (official) give Bell 34,864; Douglas, 29,617.

NEW YORK.—Steele, Democrat, is elected to Congress from the Greene and Ulster District, making the delegation stand 23 Republicans to 10 Fusion. The majority for Lincoln in this State is in the vicinity of 50,000.

KANSAS.—Complete returns from the Territorial election for members of the House of Representatives, show a large Republican majority.

The Secession Movement.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—At a meeting recently held, Mr. Keitt said that Mr. Buchanan was pledged to secession, and would be held to it. South Carolina should shatter the accursed Union. If she could not accomplish it otherwise, she would throw her arms around the pillars of the Constitution, and involve all the States in common ruin. The South Carolina Legislature adjourned on the 15th inst. Nothing of interest transpired. The members are now en route for their homes.

The Washington Constitution publishes one of the forms of the Declaration of Independence that is to be submitted to the South Carolina Convention. It embodies a portion of the American Declaration of Independence, with the list of grievances altered to suit the present occasion.

GEORGIA.—The bill appropriating one million dollars, to be used at the discretion of the Governor, for putting Georgia in a state of military defence, passed the House of Representatives unanimously. The bill received a like vote in the Senate.

The Military Convention met on the 12th inst. The attendance was large. Resolutions were passed favoring secession. Gov. Brown made a strong resistance speech, declaring the right of secession, and the duty of other States to sustain these rights. He declared if the federal troops attempted coercion, for every Georgian who fell in the conflict, the heads of two federal soldiers should atone for the outrage on the State sovereignty.

VIRGINIA.—Hearing of Gov. Wise's movements in organizing minute men, Gov. Letcher, it is said, addressed him a note, hinting that he (Wise) was no longer Governor of Virginia, but that another had succeeded him who would take care of the public interests of the State.

Gov. Letcher has called an extra session of the Legislature for January 7, to take into consideration the condition of public affairs, and determine carefully and wisely what action is necessary in this emergency.

ALABAMA.—The Governor of the State will issue a call for a State Convention, to assemble on the 6th of December. He urges the people to prepare for secession.

MISSISSIPPI.—Gov. Pettus has issued a proclamation convening the State Legislature, to consider the propriety and necessity of providing surer and better safe-guards for the lives, liberties and property of the people of Mississippi, than the late election and past action of the Northern States governments promise.

KENTUCKY.—A large and enthusiastic meeting, irrespective of party, was held at Henderson on the 12th inst. Ex-Gov. Dixon presided. Strong Union speeches were made by Bell, Breckenridge and Douglas men. Union resolutions were unanimously adopted, and secession was strongly deprecated. A meeting of the people of the whole country was called for Saturday next, at Louisville. The Bell and Douglas parties held a meeting in Lexington on the 15th, and passed resolutions denouncing in strong terms any attempts at secession or disunion by any State. Speeches were made by Leslie Coombs, and others.

FLORIDA.—A dispatch received at Charleston, from the Governor of Florida, states that Florida goes with South Carolina.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Daily News publishes the text of the dispatch of Lord John Russel to the British Minister at Turin, dated October 27. It says the great questions which appear to the British Government to be at issue, are these:—"Were the people of Italy justified in asking assistance of the King of Sardinia, to relieve them from governments with which they were discontented, and in furnishing assistance to his army?" Russel says:—"The Government do not feel justified in declaring that the people of Southern Italy have not good reasons for throwing off their allegiance, and cannot therefore blame the King of Sardinia." The dispatch closes as follows:—"Her Majesty's Government will turn their eyes rather to the gratifying prospects of the people building up an edifice of their liberties, and sympathies, and good wishes of Europe."

Admiral Sir Charles Napier had been seized with sudden and severe illness, and there was considerable anxiety as to his recovery.

Parliament had been further prorogued from the 6th of November to January 3d.

Mr. Rarey had given, at the Crystal Palace, a farewell demonstration prior to his departure for the United States.

FRANCE.—The Emperor of the French has placed four ships-of-the-line before Gaeta, with orders to prevent an attack on the fortress by Admiral Persano, and, if necessary, to sink his ships. Under these circumstances Admiral Persano will take no part in the approaching seige of Gaeta. The London Daily News denounces this as direct intervention by France, and says Europe must not be allowed to remain a victim to all this mystery and repeated surprises. It is believed in Paris, that the object of France in preventing the blockade of Gaeta by sea, is merely to facilitate the escape of the King of Naples, and to prevent complications were he captured. The French journals offer no explanations.

Formidable military and naval preparations were going on, and some writers construe the recent Council of War at St. Cloud as a probable indication of an eventual campaign.

The Emperor on the 31st reviewed 20,000 men near Paris. Bivouacking and all the proceedings of a regular campaign were represented.

The Paris Pays asserts that the Sovereigns at Warsaw united in promising assistance to Austria if she were attacked by Piedmont.

Five hundred of the Irish Brigade had passed through France en route for Ireland.

The Herald's Paris correspondent says the Government has contracted with private ship builders for the immediate construction of 150 steam iron-cased gun-boats.

The Captains in the French Mercantile Marine have been informed by circulars from the Minister of Marine, that in the event of war, they will be taken into the service as 2d Lieutenants. As the proposition has given dissatisfaction, it is said that it will be proposed to give them a pension.

ITALY.—According to the Neapolitan accounts, Cialdini was beaten with great loss at the Garigliano. Some dispatches place his loss as high as 2,000 killed and wounded, and five guns taken. Official dispatches from Turin say these assertions are completely false, the Sardinians not being defeated at all.

Capua was attacked on the 1st, and capitulated the following day. Troops leave with honors of war, laying down their arms, and were to go to Naples on the 3d.

Naples was illuminated, and there were great rejoicings.

An attack on Gaeta is shortly expected.

It was denied, via Turin, that Admiral Persano had suspended firing on the Royalists near Gaeta.

Victor Emmanuel crossed the Garigliano.

On the 27th the Sardinian flotilla cannonaded the Royalists near Gaeta. The French Admiral despatched a frigate to stop the firing.

Admiral Persano returned to Naples, expressing regret at the conduct of the French.

Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, whose operations are combined, were preparing for war.

The London Morning Advertiser asserts, on the authority of an official dispatch, that Victor Emmanuel is to immediately bombard Gaeta by sea and land.

Capua had been definitely occupied by Garibaldi's troops.

It was reported that King Victor Emmanuel would confer on Garibaldi the title of Prince of Calafirni, with an income of 3,000 liv., and would decorate him with the Order of the Annunciation.

AUSTRIA.—It was denied that Austria had informed the European Cabinets of her intention to send an ultimatum to Turin. On the contrary, she had reiterated her assurances of pursuing a purely defensive policy.

Count Rechberg had given explanations to the diplomatic corps, relative to the Warsaw interview.

Austria put the following questions to Russia: Will your Government recognize the facts which have been or may be accomplished in Italy?—Should Austria be attacked by Sardinia, and the latter supported by another great power, what would be their attitude in the event of another war, and its being transferred to German territory? What would Russia do?

The answers were not given, but Count Rechberg stated that Austria was about to issue a circular note to her representatives abroad, giving the results.

The German journals are unanimous in pronouncing the Warsaw Conference a failure.

SPAIN.—Marshal O'Donnell, in Cortes, on the 29th, reiterated that Spain had resolved to remain neutral in the affairs of Italy. He also protested against the doubts expressed of the loyality of Napoleon towards the Spanish Government.

RUSSIA.—The Dowager Empress of Russia is dead.

The correspondent of the London Times at Vienna, supplies the information as to what passed at the Conference. The Monarchs and their Ministers had several interviews, but did little more than exchange opinions concerning the state of Europe. Gortschakoff failed to convince the Prussian and Austrian statesmen that it would be advantageous to all parties if the treaty of March, 1856, was subjected to a revision. Russia is exceedingly desirous of regaining her position on the Danube, and doing away with the neutrality of the Black Sea. It is related that Gortschakoff and Reichberg had an altercation at the very first interview.

POLAND.—The Poles displayed such a disloyal spirit while Alexander was at Warsaw, that His Majesty was unable to conceal the vexation he felt.

The Daily News says it is generally believed that the failure of the Warsaw Conference mainly arose from the prominence given by the Czar to a revision of the treaty of Paris, that being the main object of the policy of Russia.

It is stated that the Warsaw interview maintained to the last a purely personal character as regards both the Princes and their Ministers. No stipulation was made. No convention of any kind was concluded, nor was even a protocol drawn up.

CHINA.—The Overland Mail has arrived with Hong Kong dates of September 12. The Times gives full details of the capture of the Taku forts. The conquest of the forts is described as a dashing little campaign of eight days. The Chinese were learning the art of war, and contrary to all Chinese precedent, it was found that their positions upon the road had been taken with considerable military skill, and fortified with much care. A Tartar camp had been formed, and the best troops of China were placed behind the works. It was thought that if the weapons of the Chinese had been equal to those of the Allies, the contest might have favorably compared with several European battles. The English and French acted together with harmony and equal gallantry in the attack.

The French version says that on the 21st the Allies, after a vehement resistance, carried by assault the most important of the Taku forts. Two hundred French and two hundred English were *hors du combat*. Ten thousand Tartars were killed and found in the fort, among whom was the General-in-Chief. Other forts surrendered successively the same evening. The capitulation gives the Allies the whole country as far as Tien Sin, and 600 brass guns of large calibre.

The attack was made on the morning of the 21st, four English and four French gun boats drawing the attention of the forts lower down on the northern bank, when the batteries opened a fire of Armstrong guns, and it was found to be tremendous, as their shells pierced and burst the walls of the forts, and awful explosions shook the ground, but amid the ruins the Tartars stood to their guns, when the field pieces advanced and the riflemen got under the walls; the fire was still hot, and many were struck by rude missiles. Here much of the loss to the Allies was experienced; the resistance of these Tartars was at last overcome, the surrender of other forts followed, not without some chicanery on the part of the Viceroy.

The loss was severe—32 officers were wounded, two dangerously, 13 seriously, and seven slightly. The 44th regiment had 10 men killed, 50 wounded, 4 mortally, and 38 dangerously. The 67th regiment had 6 killed, and 40 dangerously wounded. Total British killed, 161.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.—By the arrival of the Vanderbilt at New York, yesterday, (Sunday 18th,) we have the following additional items of news:

Admiral Napier is dead.

The Piedmontese, under Emmanuel, gained a brilliant victory on the 3d, on the Garigliano. Tents, wagons and stores were left in Emmanuel's possession, and 11,000 prisoners. Gen. Somnez pursued the enemy, and afterwards occupied Mola and positions commanding Gaeta. Emmanuel was expected at Naples immediately. Garibaldi was at Naples. Anarchy reigns at Victerbo. The voting on annexation was announced at Perugia. The inhabitants at Victerbo hastened to vote, notwithstanding the French occupation and pontifical Gendarmes.

Later telegraphs from Shanghae say the reported negotiations are not going on smoothly at Tein Sin.

Chappel's piano factory at London was burned. Twenty persons were injured.

The telegraph cable to connect Singapoor and Rangoon was about to leave England. Length 1,300 miles.

The corn crop of Italy was deficient.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Breadstuffs active. Flour quiet, at a partial decline of 6d, quoted at 28s@32s6d, Wheat quiet, but firm. Red western 11s3d @13s; white 12s@19s. Corn has an upward tendency, with a slight advance on all qualities. *Provisions.*—Generally quiet. Pork quiet and firm.

The News Condenser.

— There is great scarcity of food in the North of Ireland.

— Snow fell quite profusely in London, Canada, on the 6th inst.

— There are 20 alleged murderers confined in the Tombs, New York.

— The population of Baltimore has increased more than 44,000 since 1850.

— The arrests in St. Louis last month amounted to 595, for all manner of offences.

— Gen. Clark, who died in San Francisco on the 17th ult., had been in the army 48 years.

— An immense amount of fradulent coin is said to be in circulation throughout the West.

— The finest emeralds come from veins of clay and slate, in the valley of New Grenada.

— The taxable property of St. Louis Co., Mo, amounts to nearly one hundred million dollars.

— Scarlet fever has taken an epidemic form in Philadelphia. There were 22 deaths last week.

— There are 30 newspapers published in the empire of Brazil, some of them of large circulation.

— Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney, the well-known poetess, is now in the 70th year of her age.

— Extensive revivals are said to be in progress in the Methodist and Baptist churches of the South.

— The late rains have given the people on the Androscoggin river, Me., four million feet of sawlogs.

— The Jews of Philadelphia are about erecting a magnificent building for a Hebrew Orphan Asylum.

— A railroad car for the Birkenhead Street Railway, in England, has just been finished in Philadelphia.

— Americans are at a premium in Italy. They meet with the most partial consideration by Garibaldi.

— A rich deposit of manganese has recently been discovered in Maxatawny township, Berks Co., Penn.

— Two young Persians of rank have just been admitted to the Imperial School of Agriculture, in France.

— Statistics go to prove that tea is used, more or less, by one-half the human race—500,000,000 of people.

— The present population of the city of New York is 821,113. In 1850, it was 515,547, and in 1855 it was 629,-810.

— Capt. Robert Conway, one of the defenders of Baltimore, in the war of 1812 and '14, recently died in that city.

— The State of Kentucky has declared in favor of assessing a public school tax, by a majority of 26,000 votes.

— Daniel West, the Tennessee hermit, who had lived nine years in a hollow tree, recently died at the age of 78 years.

— The English literary journals are debating vigorously the relative merits of Webster's and Worcester's dictionaries.

— The tobacco crop of Connecticut and Massachusetts was very fine this year. It has been housed in good condition.

— One million bushels of oysters in the shell are sold, and the same number opened, annually, at New Haven, Connecticut.

— At one straw hat manufactory in Roxbury, Mass., three hundred girls and two hundred and seventy men are employed.

— Recruiting for the army is very brisk in New York. The average number of enlistments at that place is over 200 per month.

— The London Times says that Great Britain has already expended $200,000,000 in the attempt to suppress the slave trade.

The diamonds belonging to the crown of France are 16,312 in number; weighing 18,752 carats, and worth about $6,000,000.

— A Russian tradesman recently swallowed forty tallow candles, in St. Petersburgh, on a wager, and, strange to say, still lives.

— The total expenses, so far, of the English expedition to China, according to parliamentary returns, is £9,524,-128, or $47,620,640.

— There is living in France a woman 107 years old. She drinks well, eats better, and at times goes into the woods to cut faggots.

— There are now five railways in successful operation in Brazil, four of them finished, and still a sixth in progress of construction.

— It has been discovered that there is a portion of the Great Eastern's bottom which cannot be got at, and is therefore liable to rust.

— The black tongue is prevailing among the cattle in Pike Co., Ind., and it is feared that the disease will kill a large quantity of stock.

— Wm. Howitt, the English author, has announced his belief in Spiritualism, and English journals have taken up the discussion extensively.

— Helen Dresser, a converted Mormon, is lecturing in the Western cities. She describes the females at Salt Lake as pictures of despair.

— The forests of the Cordilleras, Central America, are said to abound in India rubber, though up to the present time none has been exported.

— Not less than 100 professional assassins, says a foreign letter writer, obtain a livelihood by their peculiar avocation, in Lisbon, Portugal.

— It is stated from Havana that the remains of Christopher Columbus are again to be removed to a new and splendid cemetery near that city.

— The Mississippi steamboat Atlantic made the unprecedented run of 460 miles, from New Orleans, to Hard Times, under 24 hours, last week.

— A recent advertisement of a masquerade ball, at Laporte, Cal., requested gentlemen and ladies to leave their fire arms and cutlery at the door.

— The Empress Eugene is the possessor of a pearl—found at Paterson, N. J., during the pearl-fishing excitement a few years since—worth $2,500.

— The census of Michigan is now complete. It foots up 750,000. In 1850, the population was but 397,000. It has nearly doubled in the last decade.

— The telegraph line between Milwaukee and St. Paul is now completed. The wire crosses the Mississippi at Winona, on three masts, 100 feet high.

— The Trustees of the Buffalo Female Academy have tendered to the daughter of the lamented Capt. Jack Wilson, free tuition in that institution.

— Gov. Banks, of Massachusetts, is shortly to go to Europe to organize a system of emigration, to settle lands belonging to the Illinois Central Railroad.

— Lawyers are taxed $50 per year on Vancouver's Island, bankers $250, real estate agents $100, and auctioneers $50. Real estate is taxed one per cent.

— The annual financial statement of Georgia shows $1,453,930 receipts for the year, and $1,179,110 expenditures. The State debt amounts to $2,670,750.

— In the West India Islands, there are 200 Baptist churches, 96,250 members. There is also a theological institution for the training of native preachers.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England, or Canada money, when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $5 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester, or Buffalo, (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ WE would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the RURAL can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59—bound, at $3 each. The *only* volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1859 and 1860—price, $2 each.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ Our large Show-Bill for 1861 sent free.

☞ See Inducements to Club Agents on last page.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Nov. 20, 1860.

THE excitement reigning in commercial circles at the East, affects our market to a greater or less extent. It is very hard to fix quotations, as there is an utter lack of transactions. Such changes as are noted exhibit a decline in rates.

FLOUR has fallen off 25 cents on inferior grades,—choice brands being sought for the retail trade, remain at last week's quotations.

GRAIN. Genesee Wheat is as last quoted, while Canadian has fallen off 2 cents per bushel. Barley has gone down 2 cents per bushel, and is now selling at 58@62½ cents,—an inferior grade has been put upon the market at 55 cents per bushel. No other changes in this department of trade.

PROVISIONS remain at our last prices and but little is yet doing. The weather has been so soft that but very little pork has been offered for sale, and packers are awaiting a change in the weather before beginning operations.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	17@17c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,25@6,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do.	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,31	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,25	Apples, bushel	25@30c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,33	Apples, dried	63@75c
Corn, old	55@58c	Peaches, dried, ₩ lb	12½c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ₩ lb	12½c
Rye, 60 lbs ₩ bush	00@62c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	25@27c	Potatoes	25@40c
Barley	58@62½c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@44c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$19,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	50@83c
Pork, clear	20,00@00,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	6,50@7,00	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ₩ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,25@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	5,75@6,00
Chickens	0@8c	Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@10c	Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Geese	34@44c	Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Ducks, ₩ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	16@17c	Hay, tun	$9,00@14,00
Butter, firkin	15@16c	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ₩ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	12@12½c	Whitefish, bbl	$0,00@4,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ₩ quintal	4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—FLOUR—Dull, unsettled and 10@25c lower. The extreme tightness of the money market and the depression of Foreign exchange has imparted a gloomy look to the market. Sales at $4,91@5,00 for super State; $5,00@5,25 for extra do; $4,90@5,00 for super Western; $5,00@5,20 for common to medium extra do; $5,25@5,50 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian dull, and declining; sales at $5,00@7,50 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat dull and unsettled and 3@4c ₩ bu. lower; the difficulty in the money market still prevents shippers from taking hold. Sales white Canada at $1,33@1,35; white Michigan at $1,30@1,40; winter red Western at $1,23@1,21; Milwaukee club at $1,12@1,16, closing heavy and unsettled. Barley heavy and declining; sales State at about 65c. Corn heavy and decidedly lower, with only a moderate export and home trade; sales at 65½@66c for Western mixed, in store; 68c for Southern yellow. Oats dull at 30@32c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull, heavy and very much unsettled; sales at $17,75@17,62 for mess; $12 for prime. Lard dull; sales at 12@12½c. Butter 10@15c for Ohio, 15@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11c.

ASHES—Quiet and steady; sales small lots at $5,25 for pots and pearls.

ALBANY, Nov. 19.—FLOUR AND MEAL—The market wears a quiet aspect and but little is doing in flour beyond supplying the immediate wants of the trade at the closing prices of Saturday.

GRAIN—In Wheat nothing has transpired. For corn the market is easier and rather quiet. Sales mixed Western at 66c. Barley is taken sparingly and the market rules in favor of the buyer. Sales mixed State at 62½c, fair State at 65c, and choice do at 67c. In Rye we notice a further sale on Saturday at 66¼c, and this morning do at 68c. Oats in fair request and steady. Sales State at 35¼c.—*Jour.*

BUFFALO, Nov. 19.—FLOUR—The market is quiet and the tendency of prices is downward. Sales at $4,75@5,00 for good to choice extra Wisconsin; $5,25 for extra Michigan, and $5,25@5,37½ for extra Indiana and Ohio.

GRAIN—Wheat dull, heavy and nothing doing this morning. Sales Saturday afternoon, Milwaukee club at 95c, and red winter at $1,06. Corn in fair demand and market steady; sales Saturday afternoon at 47c. This morning 12,000 bush. at same. Oats dull at 25c. Barley also dull at 60@61c. Rye quiet and nominal at 62@63c. Peas nominal at 50c.

PROVISIONS—Pork lower. Heavy mess is selling slowly at $18,50; no light mess or prime offering. Mess is quoted at $6,50 and prime at $5. Bacon scarce and none offering. Cheese is coming in very slowly, and the market is firm. Quotations from store are 10@11c. Lard quiet at 12½c.—*Com. Advertiser.*

TORONTO, Nov. 16.—FLOUR—There has been a still further decline in flour during the week, and the market continues to present a most unfavorable aspect for millers. The demand is very limited, and to effect sales holders have had to submit to a concession far below a profit. We have again to repeat nominal quotations as follows:

Superfine No. 1	$4,60@4,80
Fancy	5,00@5,30
Extra	5,70@5,90
Double Extra	6,20@6,50

Oatmeal is dull at $3 per barrel, and difficult to place at that.

GRAIN—The deliveries of fall wheat during the week do not amount to over 25,000 bushel. The demand for the best qualities of white winter grain has been buoyant, and competition quite sufficient to keep the market in a moderate degree of animation throughout the week. The prices paid have ranged from $1,20@1,25 for ordinary to good, and from $1,25@1,28 for good to prime. In one or two cases on Tuesday $1,30 was realized. Spring wheat has been in good demand, but at prices a shade lower than last week. Ordinary to good samples are placed at 95c@$1, and extra at $1,01 ₩ bushel. The demand for barley for shipment is not so active, and the main purchases for the week have been on account of local breweries. Prices have receded and the best qualities of white grain cannot now be sold at over 55c, and it must be a good sample to command that figure. Prices range from that down to 50c ₩ bushel. Peas are not in active request, with only very moderate supplies. Prices are firm and rather favor the buyer. We quote them at 47@50c ₩ bushel. Oats still are quiet, with prices fluctuating only slightly with an increase or decrease with receipts.—They are quoted this week at 28@30c ₩ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 15.—The demand for Hogs continues active, and choice lots command outside prices. The offerings at the yards on Monday were liberal, but many lots were rather too light for making Mess Pork, and on that account were refused by packers, but shippers were in the market who took all that were not taken by packers. The latter seem to have but little confidence in the present prices being maintained any length of time, and some of them say they will not touch a Hog until prices decline.—Other houses which have orders to fill are actively engaged in cutting, and are taking all the choice lots offered; but none of them seem disposed to make contracts for future delivery. The sales were as follows:

49 Hogs	averaging 310 lbs at	$5,50
47 "	" 309 lbs at	5,50
221 "	" 248 lbs at	5,35
200 "	" 275 lbs at	5,40
40 "	" 225 lbs at	5,25

—*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, Nov. 15.—The market for Hogs has been dull all the week, and prices declined 25c per cental net.—The receipts have been quite large, and the weather not being very favorable, along with the unusual high prices, made buyers more timid, and each succeeding day they were duller than the previous day, and at the close prices were nominal at $5,50@6,00 for good Hogs, on the spot.—*Gazette.*

LOUISVILLE, (KY.) Nov. 15.—The market for Hogs is stagnant, as packers have refused to purchase. They are freely offered at $5,50 net, but there are no buyers at that price. If the weather should prove favorable the packers will commence slaughtering by the close of the present week.—*Courier.*

DETROIT, Nov. 15.—Packers here are expecting to buy mostly at about $6, and indeed, we hear of contracts for several hundred hogs to average 240 lbs, delivery in about two weeks, at that figure.—*Tribune.*

TORONTO, Nov. 15.—Fresh pork has offered sparingly, and the supply is about equal to the demand, for local consumption. Any increased receipts would depress prices, but at present fair to good hogs sell easily at $6@6,25 per 100 lbs.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ₩ cwt	$9,50@10,00
Ordinary quality	8,50@9,00
Common quality	7,50@8,00
Inferior quality	6,50@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ₩ lb	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ₩ head	$5,00@6,00
Ordinary quality	4,00@5,00
Common quality	3,50@4,00
Inferior quality	3,00@3,25
SWINE.	
First quality	6½@6¾c
Other qualities	5½@6c

ALBANY, Nov. 19.—BEEVES—There is scarcely any change to notice from last week, with the exception of the trade being a trifle duller. The receipts are full up to the weekly average, but the quality has fallen off, there being but few good droves in the yards. The Eastern buyers will not take over 500 head.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,088	3,100	2,465
Sheep	6,758	8,646	6,920
Hogs	487	321	1,191

Prices—The market is dull at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @6½	5½@5½
Extra	4½@4⅞	4⅞@5
First quality	3⅞@4½	3⅞@4½
Second quality	2⅞@3⅛	3 @3½
Third quality	2½@2⅞	2½@2⅞

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 14.—Whole number Cattle at market 2,520; about 1800 Beeves, and 720 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,75@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—10,100 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,75@3,25.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6½@7c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ₩ lb. Pelts, $1,00@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 15.—At market, 1,500 Beeves, about 1,000 Stores, 8,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,600 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,50@0,00; first quality, $7,00@7,25; second quality, $0,00@6,50; third quality, $4,50@5,50; ordinary quality, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@100.

MILCH COWS—$40@45; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@3,50.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

HIDES—6½@7c ₩ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ₩ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ₩ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,75; extra, $2,75@3,50.

PELTS—$1@$1,50 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 0@6½c ₩ lb; retail 0@7c; Spring pigs 7½c; retail 7½@8½c; fat hogs, undressed, none; corn fed, 8½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—We have nothing new to report. The market is laboring under the effects of the panic in the money market, and until matters improve in Wall St., we can expect but little business to be done. Prices are without variation.

BOSTON, Nov. 15.—In fleece and pulled wool the business continues moderate, with sales 100,000 lbs., at steady prices. The transactions in foreign comprise 1,150 bales, and include Syrian, South American, Cape and Mediterranean at various prices as to quality.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	23@37
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	10@17
Do. No. 1	35@38	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

ON Wednesday evening, Nov. 7th, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Milo Center, N. Y., by Rev. D. CROW, Mr. STEPHEN C. HATMAKER and Miss FANNIE L., daughter of H. F. ANDERSON, Esq., all of the above place.

IN Spencerport, on the 14th inst., by Rev. W. A. FOX, A. D. SMITH, Esq., of Fulton City, Ill., and EMMA L. KNEELAND, of the former place.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

.*. In consequence of its large and increasing circulation, we are obliged to put the last form of the RURAL to press earlier than formerly, and advertisements should reach us on *Monday* to secure insertion the same week.

BRONZE TURKEYS FOR SALE.—A few pairs, raised from the largest stock in the country.
567-2teo A. ELDREDGE, JR., North White Creek, N. Y.

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Nov. 16th, 1860. C. S. BROTHER.

BEARDLESS BARLEY FOR SALE—at $15 per bushel, or smaller quantity at the same rate, or 10 cents per oz. Send stamp to pay return postage, where sent by the oz.
J. C. RAYMOND, Bluff Point, Yates Co., N. Y.

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20,000 do. do. 2d size at $2,50.
100,000 1 year do. at $2,50.
50,000 Pear Stocks, 2d size.
New Rochelle Blackberry Plants.
Brinkle's Orange Raspberry Plants.
Houghton's Seedling Gooseberry Plants, 2 years.
American Arbor Vitæ.
Hemlock, 8 to 24 inches.
Red Dutch Currants, 2 years.
WILLIAMS, RAMSDEN & CO.
Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y., Nov. 13, 1860. 567-4t

THE TRIBUNE FOR 1861.
PROSPECTUS.

THE XXth Volume of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE commenced with the issue of Sept. 1. During the past year The Tribune has been obliged to devote quite a large proportion of its space to Politics, but we shall soon be able to forego Political discussion almost entirely, for months if not for years, and devote nearly all our columns to subjects of less intense, but more abiding, interest. Among these, we mean to pay especial attention to,

I. EDUCATION.—The whole subject of Education, both Popular and General, will be discussed in our columns throughout the year 1861, and we hope to elicit in that discussion some of the profoundest thinkers and the ablest instructors in our country. It is at once our hope and our resolve that the cause of Education shall receive an impetus from the exertions of THE TRIBUNE in its behalf during the year 1861.

II. AGRICULTURE.—We have been compelled to restrict our elucidations of this great interest throughout 1860, and shall endeavor to atone therefor in 1861. Whatever discovery, deduction, demonstration, is calculated to render the reward of labor devoted to cultivation more ample or more certain, shall receive prompt and full attention.

III. MANUFACTURES, &c.—We hail every invention or enterprise whereby American Capital and Labor are attracted to and advantageously employed in any department of Manufacturing or Mechanical Industry as a real contribution to the Public Weal, insuring ampler, steadier, more convenient, more remunerating markets to the Farmer, with fuller employment and better wages to the Laborer. The progress of Mining, Iron-Making, Steel-Making, Cloth-Weaving, &c., &c., in our country and the world, shall be watched and reported by us with an earnest and active sympathy.

IV. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—We employ the best correspondents in London, Paris, Turin, Berlin, and other European Capitals, to transmit us early and accurate advices of the great changes there silently but certainly preparing. In spite of the pressure of Domestic Politics, our News from the Old World is now varied and ample; but we shall have to render it more perfect during the eventful year just before us.

V. HOME NEWS.—We employ regular paid correspondents in California, at the Isthmus of Darien, in the Rocky Mountain Gold Region, and wherever else they seem requisite. From the more accessible portions of our own country, we derive our information mainly from the multifarious correspondents of the Associated Press, from our exchanges, and the occasional letters of intelligent friends. We aim to print the cheapest general newspaper, with the fullest and most authentic summary of useful intelligence, that is anywhere afforded. Hoping to "make each day a critic on the last," and print a better and better paper from year to year, as our means are steadily enlarged through the generous co-operation of our many well-wishers, we solicit, and shall labor to deserve, a continuance of public favor.

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Semi-Weekly	(104 " " ")	3 00
Weekly	(52 " " ")	2 00

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Weekly: Three copies for $5, Eight copies for $10, and any larger number at the rate of $1 20 each, per annum, the paper to be addressed to each subscriber. To clubs of Twenty, we send an extra copy.

Twenty copies *to one address* for $20, with one extra to him who sends us the club. For each club of One Hundred, The Daily Tribune will be sent gratis for one year.

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Tales of Fact and Fiction,	Recipes for the Workshop,
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Biography,	Fashions,
Vocal and Instrumental Music,	Chess Problems, &c.,
Essays and Literary Gems,	Notes and Memoranda,
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Editorials,	Poetical Gossip,
Gardening and Horticulture,	Wit and Humor,
Household Recipes,	Answers to Correspondents.

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Send for a sample copy, which will be sent free by the publishers, A. HARTHILL & CO., 20 North William street, New York.

SIX LECTURES.—Now ready, three Poems—"Harvests of the Soul;" "Leaves from my Cabinet of Thought," and "Rural Life." Also three Lectures in prose. Persons tired of politics and "big guns," can (if they please) try my revolver. Address H. K. FISHER, Cambridge Valley, Washington Co., N. Y.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE, AND HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. 538-tf

KATIE LEE AND WILLIE GREY.

BY MARGARET VERNE.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black, and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver, and thick ranks
Of green willows lined its banks;
Half in thought and half in play—
Katie Lee and Willie Grey.

They had cheeks like cherries red,
He was taller—'most a head;—
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Grey.

Pretty Katie, Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill.

Katie answered, with a laugh,
You shall carry only half;
And then, tossing back her curls,
Boys are weak as well as girls;
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

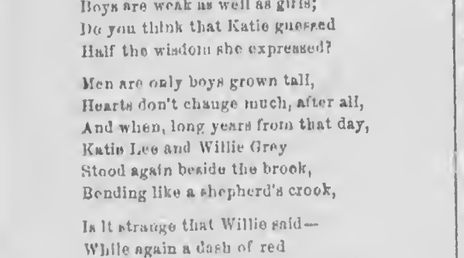
Men are only boys grown tall,
Hearts don't change much, after all,
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Grey
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said—
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep,
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

Will you trust me, Katie dear,
Walk beside me without fear?
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?
And she answered, with a laugh—
No, but you may carry half!

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing, with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where, to-day,
Katie lives with Willie Grey.

In the porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years agone;
This is long—and deep—and wide—
And has—ROCKERS AT THE SIDE.



[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MAUDE LAWRENCE'S LESSON.

BY BELLE V. HOWARD.

"How provoking!" exclaimed Mrs. LAWRENCE, sinking back in her luxurious easy chair, and speaking with rather more irritation in her tone than she would have cared to display before any of her fashionable acquaintances.

"What is it, mamma?" said MAUDE, looking up with some curiosity from her embroidery, while NELLIE laid the book she was reading in her lap, and glanced inquiringly at her mother.

"Your father gave me a letter this morning before he went down town, and I have just read it. It is from his brother-in-law, CARLTON, and he says that his daughter is coming to make us a visit,—will be here on Thursday night, he writes, by the evening train."

"A country cousin! ridiculous!" exclaimed NELLIE, with a look of contempt on her fair face.

"She must not come!" said MAUDE, decisively, but her countenance fell as her mother replied,

"You forget, my dear, that she is already on the way. We must make the best of it."

"But just think of it, mamma! To be obliged to introduce an awkward, verdant country girl to our friends as our *cousin!* What will HENRY LANGDON think of us, if he knows we have such vulgar relatives?"

"And Thursday evening is the night of Mrs. TOWNELEY'S party, too," said NELLIE, but of course we will not stay at home for her."

"It may be that she is not perfectly unpresentable," said Mrs. LAWRENCE, "or if she is, we must manage to keep her in the background as much as possible. You know your father is *so* queer in some respects, and he considers himself under obligation to his brother for assistance that he rendered him years ago,—so, as I said before, we must make the best of it."

"But HENRY LANGDON, mamma?"

"Well, my dear MAUDE, you must try and bring him to the point as quickly as possible, and when once you are engaged to him, you need have no further fear."

"I am so sorry," said NELLIE, "but my private opinion is that Miss CARLTON will not care to prolong her visit."

A gay party of callers interrupted the conversation, and our fair friends forgot their troubles for a time. When they were gathered around the dinner table that afternoon, their numbers being augmented by the addition of Mr. LAWRENCE, a portly, good-natured gentleman, with a pleasant look in his dark eyes, and CARRIE, a gentle, blue-eyed school girl whom fashionable life had not yet spoiled, the subject was renewed.

"Father," said MAUDE, "what kind of a person is this Miss CARLTON, who is to honor us with her presence so soon?"

"A very good girl," said he, "if she resembles her mother any."

"But, I mean what kind of style do her parents live in? Are they wealthy?"

A gleam of mischief sparkled in her father's eyes as he answered. "When I last saw them, they lived in a little log cabin in the edge of a western clearing, and I thought them a very charming family."

The girls exchanged a glance of despair. "Of whom are you talking, father?" said CARRIE.

"Of your cousin, MARGARET CARLTON, who is coming to spend part of the winter with us," replied her father.

"A cousin! Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed CARRIE, her eyes beaming with delight.

"Don't let me hear you call her *cousin*, CARRIE, said NELLIE, "I have no intention of claiming relationship with every verdant specimen of the backwoods who may chance to be connected with me by way of ADAM, or not much nearer."

There was a curious expression on Mr. LAWRENCE'S face as he left the table, and took his way to his place of business, but none of his family noticed it, each being fully occupied with her own thoughts. Mr. LAWRENCE was a New York merchant who came from New England some thirty-five years since, a bare-footed country boy, whose sole earthly possessions were contained in a little bundle which he carried in his hand. Beside this, however, he possessed an abundant capital in the shape of that energy and perseverance which characterize the true Yankee, and had gradually worked his way upward from an errand boy to a situation among the merchant princes of the Empire State. His wife,—whom he had wooed and won from her father's farm-house beneath the shadow of the hills of the Old Granite State, when he had returned thither at intervals during his youth to revisit his own paternal roof,—had labored with him, and for him, during the years when fortune seemed doubtful, but it was the old story. Wealth and fashion had changed her from the loving, trusting help-mate which she had been to her husband in former years, and in the glare and glitter of society she forgot her *home*.—MAUDE and NELLIE were not slow in imitating their mother's example, and as both were young and beautiful, they were surrounded by a large circle of admirers, especially as to their other charms were added the most potent of all,—golden ones.

Mr. LAWRENCE was not at all satisfied with this state of affairs. Wealth had not calloused *his* heart, and the teachings that had influenced his boyhood in his New England home, were still too strong to be forgotten. But he was powerless to stem the tide of Fashion, and so, like many a one before him, he was obliged to allow his wife and daughters to take their own course.

Among those whom MAUDE would class in the circle of her intimate friends, was HENRY LANGDON, a young man whose wealth was his least qualification for admittance into the "first society." Handsome, talented, and of fascinating address, it was no wonder that MAUDE exerted herself to bring him to her feet, but so far she had not succeeded, and even her vanity could not construe his attentions as other than those of friendship. Though the idea of receiving a visit from a "country cousin" would not have been pleasing at any time, in the present state of affairs, it troubled MAUDE deeply, and she would have sacrificed much if she could have prevented her unknown relative from coming, for she knew her father would insist on her being treated with respect, at least when he was present.

Thursday evening came at last, and Mr. LAWRENCE in vain tried to induce his wife and daughters to remain at home and welcome his niece. Mrs. LAWRENCE ridiculed the idea of their denying themselves the pleasure of attending Mrs. TOWNELEY'S party for the sake of *such* a relative, while NELLIE insisted that she would never know the difference, adding, in her own mind, that it would matter but little if she did. Her father finally gave up his point, and only he and CARRIE were left to welcome MARGARET.

Meanwhile, the cause of all this commotion was quietly and unsuspectingly seated in the cars, and rapidly approaching the place of her destination. He who might have looked upon her would have seen a slender, youthful figure, a pair of clear, dark eyes, and a white, intellectual brow beneath bands of glossy brown hair. Quiet, easy, and graceful in every respect, MARGARET CARLTON bore the stamp of a true lady, and would have been recognized as such in any place, or in any society. It was a late hour when the train reached the depot, where MARGARET found her uncle's carriage waiting for her, and in a short time she was at his house. Both he and her cousin CARRIE gave her a loving welcome, but she was very much surprised by her aunt's and cousin's absence. But she suspected the truth, which suspicion was deepened into a certainty when her uncle, giving her a keen glance, said mischievously

"I don't see many traces of the backwoods about you after all, MAGGIE! Where have you kept yourself all your life?"

She gave him some laughing answer, but was sure from that moment that she had discovered the cause of her relatives' neglect. As she was very tired with her journey, CARRIE rang the bell for a servant to show her to her room. To her surprise, she was conducted to a diminutive chamber near the top of the house, where there was scarcely room for herself and her trunks, though the furniture was of the scantiest description. As she looked round upon the carpetless floor and bare walls, she could not help laughing merrily. "Well!" exclaimed she, "this is getting to be decidedly interesting! Doubtless my respected aunt thinks this is good enough for 'a friend from the country.' If it were not for uncle, I'd give her a specimen of Western manners in earnest, but as it is, I'll see the affair out, now I have commenced."

It was a late hour the next morning when MARGARET was aroused from her slumbers by the breakfast bell, and after making the needful preparations, proceeded down stairs to the sitting-room, where all the family were assembled, with the exception of Mr. LAWRENCE, who had taken an early breakfast and gone to his store some time previous. To say that MARGARET created a sensation as she entered the room, would be but the simple truth, for neither Mrs. LAWRENCE nor her eldest daughters were prepared for any such vision of beauty as greeted their eyes. MARGARET'S cashmere morning-robe was as elegant as MAUDE'S, while in beauty of features, and easy grace of manners, she was not in the least her inferior. She gave CARRIE a pleasant morning greeting, but not Mrs. LAWRENCE herself could have been more freezingly polite than was she, as CARRIE introduced her to her aunt and cousins. Besides being a little vexed at their conduct, as was natural, she was determined, as she afterwards told her mother, to give them a lesson on the treatment of their friends from the Rural Districts, that they would not soon forget. Mrs. LAWRENCE was actually surprised into an attempt to make an apology for her conduct, and MAUDE and NELLIE strove, by profuse attentions on their part, to make her forget what had passed.

When the hour for morning calls had arrived, HENRY LANGDON and his sister were announced. MAUDE had just time to be conscious of a fear that her handsome cousin would find too much favor in his eyes, before they entered, when her surprise may be imagined as she saw EFFIE LANGDON advance toward MARGARET with outstretched hands, greeting her with,

"My dear MARGARET! I am so glad to see you!" and accompanying her words with such a kiss as only two intimate female friends *can* give.—Whereupon, Mr. HENRY LANGDON advanced, and heartily shaking MARGARET'S hand, exclaimed, imitating his sister's manner,

"My dear MARGARET! I am so glad to see you!" at the same time looking as if it would be extremely agreeable to him to follow EFFIE'S example still further.

"I was not aware that you were acquainted with Miss CARLTON," said MAUDE to EFFIE.

"Oh, yes," replied she, "HENRY and I spent a part of the last summer at her father's, but I did not know that she was your cousin until a short time since."

An animated conversation followed, which showed MARGARET and the LANGDONS to be intimate friends, if nothing more; and when they left, it was with an urgent invitation for her to spend a good portion of her time, while in the city, with them.

On the first opportunity, Mr. LAWRENCE was overwhelmed with a shower of questions and reproaches for keeping them in ignorance of MARGARET'S social standing.

"Why, father," said MAUDE, "you must have known that your brother was wealthy. Why didn't you tell us, and keep us from making fools of ourselves?"

"I am not certain that it would have had that effect," replied her father, drily.

"But you said they lived in a log house, father," said NELLIE.

"So they did, twenty years ago," answered her father. "But what if her father did not possess quite so many dollars? I am sorry that daughters of mine should value money before mind."

But his words did not make much impression. NELLIE turned away with some indistinct words about her father being *so* odd, and he sighed to think what erroneous ideas of life his daughters had.

MARGARET did not occupy her attic chamber another night, and Mrs. LAWRENCE apologized for the blunder of the servant in putting her there, which explanation MARGARET took the liberty to disbelieve. It was not long before the LAWRENCES made a party in her honor, on which occasion Mr. LAWRENCE offered his sympathy to his wife and daughters for their want of success in "keeping MARGARET in the background."

MARGARET'S father had gone to the West when young, and in the course of years had seen a thriving city grow up on and around his farm, which, of course, made him the master of immense wealth. Himself a man of intellect, though in a measure self-educated, his family of sons and daughters received every advantage that money could bestow, and were fine specimens of cultivated and intelligent Westerners, of whom there are many in our country. Two years before this, HENRY LANGDON, when on a western tour, had been introduced to the society of the city where Mr. CARLTON resided, and of which, of course, his own family were prominent members. Being attracted by MARGARET'S beauty and accomplishments, he had followed up the acquaintance thus begun, and had finally won from her a promise to become his wife on some future day. Communications between her family and the LAWRENCES had been few of late years, and MARGARET had never chanced to mention them to HENRY when he was with her, and when she wrote to him of her intention of visiting New York, she asked him not to mention her to them, as she had a little vein of romance in her disposition, and wished to take them by surprise.

She had no further reason to complain of her relatives' neglect, for MAUDE was proud to introduce her as her cousin, everywhere. And when, a few months later, MARGARET became Mrs. LANGDON, no one could quote the opinions of another with more assiduity than did MAUDE those of "my cousin, Mrs. HENRY LANGDON." She had learned one lesson, at least,—that even those who had once been sheltered beneath the roof of a log cabin in the West, might possess qualities worthy of the notice of the inhabitants of an eastern metropolis, and that "country cousins" were not *always* models of verdancy and awkwardness.

Goodrich, Gen. Co., Mich., 1860.

THERE are some things which it is allowable to write, which had better not be printed; some things which one may speak in very private conversation, which he would not commit to paper; and some things which he may think of, which he would not utter to his most intimate friend; and finally, some things which it is a shame even to think of.—*Prof. Park.*

Wit and Humor.

THE HOG.

THE following *jew desperate* is an extract from a humorously poetical report on Swine, delivered by J. C. Milne, Esq., editor of the Fall River News, at a recent Cattle Show in that vicinity:

We sing the *Hog!*—not those in common styes,
But that which roam'd unpenn'd in Paradise,
And furnished, next to that "best gift," dear *Madam*,
An extra *spare rib* for old Father Adam.
But if you doubt, when Eden's garden fair
Bloom'd fresh and lovely, that the Pig was there,
You'll certainly allow, (please don't forget,)
He went with Noah *in*, out of the wet.
Yet there are some, who this plain fact dispute,
And out of that old ark would crowd the brute!

Said my friend Dean to me, the other day,
(My friend, the Treasurer,) in his *Taunton' way*,
How can you prove, Sir, that in Noah's boat
The hog was gathered with the sheep and goat?
Of that, quoth I, one cannot be mistaken,
For wasn't it *then* that Noah *saved his bacon?*
And did he not, though on the surging brine,
Have his *Hum* there whene'er he chose to dine?
Dean ceased to *bristle*—'lowed 'twas even so,
The "critter" figured at *that* Cattle Show.

O, much abused and much despised beast!
Men slight thee most, who know thy merits least;
Who would make *light* of thee, should *try* thee first,
Then with thy praise they'll *inter-lard* their verse.
Without thy presence at the festive board,
Tickling the palate of creation's lord,
In bake or fry, or even in a stew,
Pray what could we, or our good housewives do?
Sore grief would seize on many a bosom stout,
If, by perchance, the hog should once "step out;"
And Life become, 'mid all its varying scenes,
Like Sunday morning, without *pork and beans!*

On beef and mutton, Englishmen expand,
But pork's the crowning glory of our land—
Pigs are true Patriots—in the Buckeye State
They die to make her Cincinnati great.
Pork to the Jew is every way unclean,
Howe'er prepared, with or without his bean.
Though Paul felt free from Moses here to swerve,
The Jew still deems it binding to observe;
We go with Paul—as every one supposes—
As for the *Jew*—why, he may go to—*Moses!*

THE following is an alarming evidence of the progress of the photographic art:—A lady last week had her likeness taken by a photographist; and he executed it so well that her husband prefers it to the original.

A MODERN Munchausen, addicted to humming an air beginning "Strike the lyre, strike the lyre," was greatly surprised when one of his acquaintances, taking him at his word, knocked him down.

WE always admire the answer of the man who, when asked how old he was, answered, "Just forty years; but if you count by the fun I've seen, I am at least eighty."

"THERE, John, that's twice you've come home and forgotten that lard." "La, mother; it was so greasy that it slipped my mind."

WHY are all games of chess of equal duration? Because it takes just *four knights* to play every game.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 40 letters.
My 8, 33, 40, 6, 32, 33 is a town in Chemung Co., N. Y.
My 36, 33, 22, 2, 24, 7, 14, 35 is a town in Livingston Co., N. Y.
My 1, 12, 15, 23, 29, 5, 10 is a town in Orange Co., N. Y.
My 37, 20, 10, 13, 17, 39, 25, 9, 35, 37 is a town in Columbia Co., N. Y.
My 11, 35, 19, 13, 4, 33, 34 is a town in Westchester Co., N. Y.
My 18, 39, 21, 38, 3, 35, 1, 22 is a town in Cortland Co., N. Y.
My 16, 26, 8, 21, 39, 5 is a town in Onondaga Co., N. Y.
My 27, 31, 7, 10, 33, 34 is a town in Washington Co., N. Y.
My 30, 19, 31, 10, 24, 1, 28, 16, 37 is a town in Rensselaer Co., N. Y.
My whole it is well to remember.
Rochester, N. Y., 1860. ANNA STARR.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE

I WAS born in a forest, and wear a green head,
And with green heads am compass'd full oft,
Some younger, some older,
Some sly, and some bolder,
Some harder, and some very soft.
As various specks on my face do appear
Of different colors and shapes,
So intent on the matter,
Some grin and some chatter,
Like a parcel of monkeys and apes.
By nature I'm harmless, but not so by art;
The art not my own but my neighbors;
If you suffer by me,
Your own fault it must be,
And may e'en take your pains for your labors.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THERE are 3 numbers which have the following capacities:—The 2d, divided by the 1st, has two quotients and 1 over; the 3d, divided by the 2d, has 3 quotients and 3 over; and the sum of all three is equal to 70. What are these numbers? G. V. I.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 565.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Ascertain that you are right, then go ahead regardless of the result.

Answer to Charade:—Watch-man.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—A, $2; B, $6.50; C, $11; D, $8.25; and E, $12 87.

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TO EVERY PERSON WHO FORMS A CLUB!

THE AGENTS and other influential and working Friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and all disposed to become such, are respectfully advised that we have concluded to offer very LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS—*the best yet offered*—for early and active efforts to *renew* its present list, and add NEW SUBSCRIBERS for the ensuing volume. Our reasons for this course are,—1st. Our new system of Mailing by machinery renders it necessary to receive a great portion of the list of subscribers for 1861 at the *earliest possible moment*, in order to get them ready for printing by the first of January. 2d. We are desirous of largely extending the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL, and willing to *pay liberally* for efforts which shall secure *new subscribers*. 3d. The prosperity of the People and Country is such that we believe *now* the best time since the RURAL was established to largely INCREASE its circulation; and hence we are willing to forego immediate profit in anticipation of a greatly augmented permanent list—looking to the future for a gradual return of the large amount invested in Premiums.

—Such being the facts, we invite special attention to the following unprecedentedly Liberal SPECIFIC PREMIUMS—so arranged that *every person* who obtains a Club of Three Subscribers or more *will secure a Valuable Prize!*

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November, 1860. Rochester, N. Y.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER

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VOL. XI. NO. 48.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 568.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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WASTE OF FOOD.

NOWHERE in the civilized world, we think, is so much food wasted as in our own happy land. The art of feeding man and beast in the most economical manner, is here but little understood. It is a lesson we have not yet been compelled to learn; while in Europe the usual high price, the occasional scarcity of food, and the superabundance of population, have taught the farmer, the landlord, and the housekeeper, how to use everything to the best possible advantage; and in this work an astonishing amount of skill is displayed. The traveler in Europe is astonished at the number of strange and savory dishes set before him, of the composition of which he cannot even give a guess. And, if fortunate enough to be on familiar terms with steward or landlord, and is thus enabled to show a little Yankee curiosity without appearing impertinent, he is still more astonished to learn that he has partaken of a sumptuous meal prepared from materials that in his own home would have been thrown to the dogs. If of an observing mind, and he pursues his inquiries, desirous to know somewhat of the condition of all classes, he learns to his surprise that good farm laborers receive but about $3 per week, and that with this pittance they have to hire a dwelling and clothe and feed a numerous family. His astonishment is not lessened when he learns the cost of provisions, &c., and observes the tidy and respectable condition in which these families appear. Dressed neatly, because appropriately, they claim respect and admiration. Every penny is a treasure, and is used to the best possible advantage, not for show, but for service; not for parade, but comfort. Perhaps a cow furnishes the main sustenance for the children. If so, how carefully everything is saved that can furnish her a choice mouthful—a few straws from the farmer's wagon scarcely touch the ground before a child is ready to pick them up and carry them to the cow-shed—a little grass by the roadside is gathered with the same care. The wealth of the family may not have permitted the purchase of a cow, but the little garden which surrounds the cottage yields abundance of vegetables; for the soil is exceedingly rich, highly manured and well cultivated. And how is this done? Not a hole by the road-side, not a ditch in the neighborhood, but is carefully scraped of its mud, which is carried to the manure pile in the back of the garden; not a particle of manure dropped in the road by passing horses, but is removed to the same depository by the children, who perform much of the labor in the garden, which yields to the contented family, under the superintendence of the good wife, abundance of healthful food. By this care and economy a family is kept well fed and comfortable on means which in this country would be thought insufficent to keep starvation from the door.

The same care and economy may be observed in all farm operations. Everything that can be used for food is husbanded with the greatest care, so that nothing may be lost; and after storing, it is used in the way to accomplish the best results. Cutting and cooking, and adaptation to the condition of animals, are matters of constant attention. To observe the anxiety with which the farmer watches the increase of his manure pile, and the pains taken for its increase, one would suppose that he imagined it to be a heap of gold, instead of manure.

Every season, in this country, we waste a large amount of food which would, if properly cared for, make valuable meat, and no less valuable manure. To-day we heard a farmer of Niagara county remark, that he had eleven acres of pumpkins and several hundred bushels of turnips, not one-half of which would be gathered, besides a good many carrots, hardly worth the digging. If carried to market they would not bring enough to pay for cost of gathering and carrying. It was this remark that caused the above reflections upon the state of things in Europe, so far different. The present season has been unusually productive, and many farmers find themselves with a larger amount of food than usual, but it seems to us some means can be devised for turning the surplus to good account. As a general rule no man can be called a good farmer who does not provide means to turn all the food produced into something that will bring money in the market, or that may be returned to the land for its enrichment, in the form of manure. Of course, seasons of scarcity will come as well as those of abundance, but a little forethought will generally provide for every emergency, so that nothing will be lost and nothing suffer.

We will never be able to boast of economy in feeding until we provide better storage for food, and pay more attention to cutting, and cooking, and the comparative value of different kinds. This is necessary to an intelligent and economical system of feeding. Our observation at the West has convinced us that one half of the food given to cattle in that section is wasted, as will always be the case where corn is fed to cattle in the ear, or on the stalk. We know the excuse for this course is the abundance and cheapness of grain, and the scarcity of labor. Still, we have no faith in its economy. We have much yet to learn on this subject, and it is for the purpose of inducing reflection, rather than to indicate any particular course of practice that we make these brief suggestions.

STERILITY.—MR. HATHAWAY REVIEWED.

SOME time since, Mr. HATHAWAY, of Ohio, gave his experience upon the "Sterility question," and I take the first leisure time to review his statements. His farm has been cultivated for a score or two of years, and his principal crop, *wheat*, has increased its yield from year to year with no other manure than plaster and clover. Shall we take another nap, with the comfortable assurance that *homeopathy* is the true principle to manure upon?

Mr. HATHAWAY, with evident candor, and a desire for the truth, states several interesting particulars—and here let me say that in citing examples and illustrations, we should *always* be very full and exact in regard to qualifying circumstances. This land had been annually burned over by the Indians for a long series of years. Of course it was deficient in vegetable matter, which may explain the moderate yield during the first years of cultivation. Clover and plaster are exactly adapted to such a case,—the clover with its broad leaves draws largely on the atmosphere for support, and when plowed under supplies the vegetable material needed. Taking it for granted that Mr. HATHAWAY'S farm had a good supply of *mineral elements*,—enough for a fair wheat crop every other year for the full term, perhaps, of the owner's natural life,—we can see that there might have been a regular increase of vegetable matter from the clover, and a consequent increased yield of wheat. But J. H. T. B., farmer, Justice of the Peace, late candidate for Path-master, neighbor to a man who saw the Prince of Wales, do hereby notify Mr. HATHAWAY that, according to a *law* of the vegetable kingdom, the aforesaid wheat crops have taken, and are taking, from the soil aforesaid, *elements* not returned by *rain water*, nor *even clover seed and plaster*,—and, furthermore, sooner or later, the biggest tub will run empty from the smallest leak.

It is the peculiar weakness of this American people, to substitute the experience of a life-time, for the treasured knowledge of ages,—the unfinished experiments of to-day, for the attested teachings of centuries,—nor do we always read our short lessons right. Men whom their grandfathers would blush to recognize,—effeminate, dyspeptic, billious, rheumatic,—will complacently cite their own experience and example in favor of their medicinal and dietic theories and practice. Anything short of annihilation is gloried in. Anything short of famine (with an occasional touch of that,) is counted in as plenty and prosperity. An average of fourteen bushels of wheat to the acre is proof among us of the mighty strides we are making in agriculture,—proof positive that our land will never wear out,—whereas some countries that have been forewarned to guard against "prospective sterility," have, by attention to their night soil, and other sources of fertility, maintained an average of *forty bushels of wheat to the acre*, which was no unusual crop *here*, when our land was *new*. Parts of Great Britain and Holland show the good effects of looking to every available source for fertilizers, prompted by a wholesome dread of *sterility*.

The Chinese have olive complexions, oval features, a relish for rats, and a very disagreeable habit of minding their own business, and wishing other nations to mind theirs,—but with all these draw-backs, they save their *night soil*, and have a great many kindred virtues, which, if outside barbarians would imitate, elsewhere, as there, "every rood of ground would maintain its man."
—H. T. B.

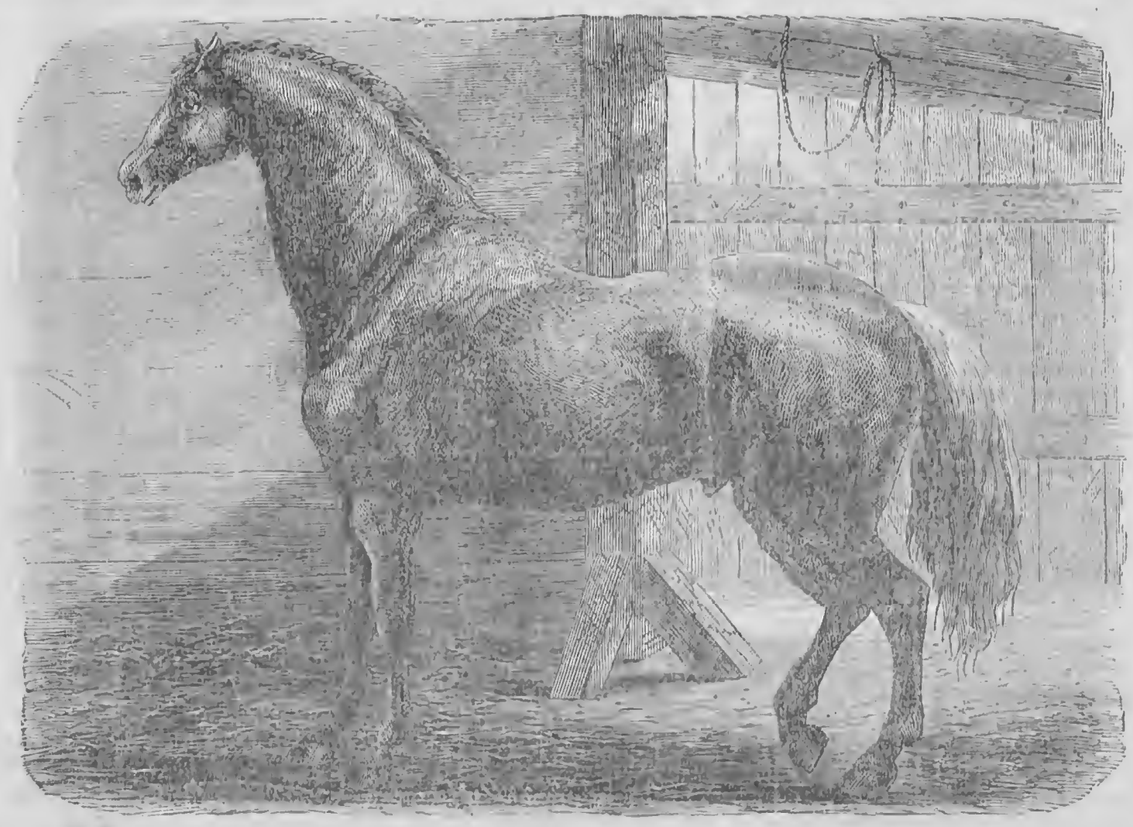
WHAT THE FARM WILL PRODUCE.

"EXCELSIOR" (a subscriber in Canada West,) sends us the following description of one hundred acres of land, copied from a Surveyor's report, asking whether such land is profitable for cultivation, its qualifications, faults, &c. We give the description, with the remarks of an experienced farmer and geologist to whom we submitted it for consideration:

"The land is gently rolling and good. Soil, sandy loam. Timber—Maple, beech, elm, and hemlock. Crossing the rear of said lot there is six chains of swamp, containing cedar and some good white pine. The remainder is good hardwood land, gently rolling. On the west side of said lot the land is flat, but not too wet for agricultural purposes. There are two small beaver meadows on this side of the lot, containing about six acres. The soil on said beaver meadows is black loam, with clay subsoil, and sufficiently dry for cultivation. The timber on said west side of the lot is hard-wood, hemlock, and white pine. The front of the lot is gently rolling. Timber, hard-wood and hemlock. Said lot is well watered by small spring creeks—one entering it on the east side twelve chains from the road, and one on the west side. About the middle of the lot both unite and leave the lot in one stream, at the distance of ten chains from the side road, crossing the rear of said lot. The only fault to the lot is that a large portion of it is too low for a wheat growing farm."

REMARKS.—The premises you describe, would seem to possess all the requirements for a good wheat and grain farm. The soil, a sandy loam, with a rolling surface, will adapt it to the cereals and other crops. The low and level portions would probably produce grass better than other crops, particularly if they have a preponderance of black muck, entirely of vegetable production, without sand or clay—to produce the *silicate of potash* to glaze the straw sufficiently to make it withstand the winds and perfect the kernel.

Wheat, and in fact all the cereals, require lime in the soil; which prevails in all those situated in the secondary sand and limestone formations. The prevalence of pine and hemlock timber, indicate a soil composed of the destruction of the primitive rocks, mostly devoid of lime, in which case it can be artificially improved by its addition. Low and undrained and undrainable land can never be depended upon for winter wheat, or be valuable for any other crop than grass, and hardly that. To settle the kind of crops most profitable to be grown, the distance from market and the home demand must be considered.



A CLYDESDALE STALLION.

THE improvement of farm horses is deservedly attracting a good deal of attention in this country at present. We are gradually improving in our system of farming, and this improvement makes an increased amount of horse-labor necessary. As we manure heavier, plow deeper, drain, and strive for larger crops, we feel the want of heavier horses than those common on our farms. Improved implements, also, greatly increase the amount of horse-work on the farm. Once all the reaping and mowing was done by hand; now this work is performed by horse-power; and the cultivator has almost superceded the hoe. Some years ago, when the country was newer, a farmer with a hundred acres of land, one half of which was in wood, and the other half only partially cultivated, could do all his work, drive to market, &c., with a single team. Now, the larger number of acres under cultivation, in wooded countries, the general settlement and culture of our prairie lands, and the extra demand for team labor in other respects, makes it necessary that we should have more and heavier horses. Seeing this want, farmers and breeders have imported some of the heavy English breeds, to one of which, the *Clydesdale*, we call the attention of our readers, The engraving represents the Clydesdale stallion, and was drawn by that excellent judge of horses, the late HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

The *Cyclopedia of Agriculture* says:—"The Clydesdale horses are larger than the Suffolk, and are found most extensively in the neighborhood of the Clyde river, in Scotland, after which they are called, where their services in the one-horse carts of the district are well appreciated. Indeed, there is no description of horse that appears better adapted for single horse carts, or that can get through more work in the course of the day. They are for the most part powerful horses, standing about sixteen hands high, and are extremely active. Their faults are a tendency to light bodies and long legs; and some of them are hot workers. When free from these defects, they are certainly a most valuable kind of animal for agricultural purposes. They are generally docked, in their native district; and their short tail, so unusual in cart horses, gives them a very unique appearance. A pair of Clydesdale horses will plow a larger breadth of land than almost any other kind of horses, but they require to be well fed, and in a greater degree than most others. They have usually tolerably small heads, which, with their great activity, shows that their pedigree is not altogether of the cart kind. We are told that an Earl of Huntingdon imported some Dutch mares, a breed then much thought of, into the district of the Clyde, and being crossed with the native breed, (probably the ancient pack-horse,) thus became the founders of the now highly appreciated Clydesdale. The prevailing color is black; but there are also many browns, and some greys. The great bulk of this breed is susceptible of much improvement, by careful selection in breeding, and avoiding the evils which we have pointed out as those to which the breed are prone."

Mr. YOUATT says the Clydesdale horse is strong, hardy, pulling true, and rarely restive. The south part of Scotland is mainly supplied with this breed, and many of them find their way to the central and southern counties of England, for the coach, the saddle, and for agricultural purposes.

HERBERT considered them good and faithful horses, excellent for farm purposes, and would make, without any improvement of blood, extremely useful stage horses, especially for hilly and heavy roads where more power than speed is desired.

"SORGHUM, WHERE IS IT?"

THIS significant question was asked a year ago by a correspondent of the RURAL, who insinuated that it had taken its place with the defunct hum-bugs of "Morus multicanlis and Merino Sheep Importation," but his attack awakened a defence by some hopeful and successful cultivator "Out West," which was at the time satisfactory. But, a year has passed since then, and "the world does move" without dissolving the Union. Having asked where it is, I will tell you frankly where it was a month ago, and where I find it now.

In the month of September, 1860, it was to be seen in the fields of nearly every farmer in North Western Missouri. Now, November 7th, just one day after the Presidential election, it may be found in a converted state, on the table of every "well regulated family," in this "Old Mormon County of Caldwell." We have sorghum in preserves, in molasses, and most and best in SUGAR. Sugar has been the desideratum long sought by all cultivators of the Chinese cane, but since a lengthy and scientific report made by Mr. LOVERING, of Philadelphia, some five or six years since, I have seen nothing authentic in the Reports of Agricultural Societies, or of the Patent Office giving a single ray of hope.

It was reserved for the *Rural New-Yorker*, of June, 1860, to put us on the track for sorghum sugar. I noticed in said truthful paper, an acknowledgment of the reception of some sorghum sugar, from A. H. MILLER, of Laporte, Indiana. Now we know friend MOORE never made any false pretenses, so we wanted to know why we could not have sorghum sugar too. I wrote to Mr. MILLER instanter, telling him what I had read in the RURAL, and my faith in said paper, and further informed him that as I had found him out, I now wanted him to tell me how he made sugar,

IRVING, N Y

and to send mo a little, and I would judge it in righteousness. I further intimated that sugar cane was nearly the only thing the drouth had left us to base our hopes on, to keep us sweet-tempered. Thus a correspondence was opened which resulted in my ordering one of his *Evaporators*, and I prevailed on a few of my friends here to send in their orders also; partly because I had faith in the RURAL, and partly because of the frank and courteous letters Mr. MILLER wrote. I felt certain he was an honorable man, because he patronized the RURAL. We were not mistaken in the man, for he came to see us and taught us how to make sugar, and we found him to be a gentleman of truth and veracity, and his Evaporators are all he claims for them. They make sugar, as he said they would, and sirrup so pure and good that for all cooking purposes it is equal to any brown sugar. This fact has passed into a proverb, in all this region, and as we have otherwise encouraged the cultivation of sorghum, at all times since its first introduction into the United States, we can now say to the agricultural readers of the RURAL that we expect shortly to see the time that the Mississippi river will float sugar and molasses down stream instead of bearing it up as now.

I do not intend this as an advertisement, only wishing to encourage the home production of one of the necessaries of civilized life, and any person really interested in the manufacture of sorghum, and desiring any further information, they can write me, and I will tell them all I know freely and gladly.

A word about other crops in this region. The story is soon told. The drouth has been such that wheat was an entire failure all over Missouri and Kansas. Hay from the prairie was not made this year, but pasture was very good in this region. Corn is a poor apology for a crop, but as we did not expect to have any at all, for several months in the summer, we are "thankful for small favors." The corn crop is much better near the Missouri river than here, and better here than in the interior of Kansas.

Fruit trees have done well here this summer, considering the drouth, especially those planted this spring; but evergreens of every description have dried up. For two years past the farmers here have given great attention to planting orchards. The Rochester Nurseries have shipped very large quantities of stock into every part of this State for the past two years. The quality has been fine, and they have lived and grown well. We regard Rochester as the great Nursery of the Western Continent, and the RURAL the great paper to encourage the cultivation of fruit and shrubbery everywhere where it is read. I have never seen any country where fruit trees would grow so rapidly or produce so early as here. The grape is indigenous to this soil and its cultivation is receiving a good deal of encouragement lately. Notwithstanding the hard times, we intend to sustain the RURAL in this county, because the times would be harder without it. You may look for an enlarged subscription for the New Year.

J. WILLIAMS.

Kingston, Caldwell Co., Mo., Nov. 7, 1860.

A PATENT CHURN BUG.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—For the past two weeks we have had in this locality a small "humbug," by the side of which your "Egyptian Pop Corn" must "pale its ineffectual fires." *This bug* is of the churn species, and I assure you it is full grown—none of your small, crawling bugs, but one that will walk right up to its game, insert its *trunk*, and extract a $5 bill ere you are aware that you are bit.

The modus operandi is this:—A man enters a town and proceeds to canvass the same for a club of fifteen or twenty subscribers, (according to the size of the town.) Said club is to have the exclusive right of said town, for 12 years, in a certain patent Atmospheric Attempered Churn, which is *to be* manufactured and supplied to subscribers *alone*, at half the retail price at the manufactory. For a membership in said club the modest sum of $5 only is required, which makes the neat little sum of $75 for each town canvassed. Subscribers that enter this club will please take notice that they only buy the right "to buy and sell said churns on commission," as the right to make is reserved. After the formation of the club, the members are to appoint a general agent, who is to order the churns, (if there are any to order,) and transact the business of the company. To some the representations are that they have a churn for the five dollars; to others, that unless the club is completed before night no more will be said about it. Again, after procuring six or seven names the subscription list is changed for a new one, and then it is said that he will not probably succeed, as he has had poor luck.

Such, Mr. Editor, are a few of this bug's tricks. The game has been progressing in this county for some little time past, and you will please expose it for the purpose of putting your readers on their guard, especially as it is entirely among farmers that the dodge is played. I am sure they will be much obliged to you for opening their eyes. As I am not one of the bitten ones, but only a looker on, I have no revenge to satisfy or ax to grind. HERKIMER.

Herkimer Co., N. Y., Nov., 1860.

TO KEEP MANURE HEAPS FROM HEATING.—In a late RURAL, J. A. C. inquires how he shall "keep manure heaps from heating." Nothing is easier. All that is necessary is the frequent application of water. Make the heap rather flat, excavate a small place on the lowest side, and make it water tight, wet the heap freely, let it drain into the hole, have an old scoop-shovel, and as often as the heap begins to smoke toss the water on the top of the heap to drain through and cool it, and be ready for the same operation again when needed. He can thus keep his manure cool and have all of its valuable qualities left.—J. C. B., *Sheridan, N. Y.*, 1860.

The Bee-Keeper.

Drones—How to Exterminate.

"THERE! I wonder," says Uncle WATCHMK, "what our friend will write about next? He is now to tell us how to exterminate the drones! Can it be possible that he is sane? It is surprising that he has not yet learned that the drones are females; that they lay all the eggs; that they sit upon them until they hatch, and then supply the worms with food until sealed over; that they fly out at mid-day and extract from the atmosphere the substance of which the comb is made; that they are, in fact, the most useful members of a 'skip,' and hence to exterminate them would most assuredly ruin the whole colony."

Mr. Editor—if you only had the experience that I have had in traveling among nearly all classes of bee-keepers, I venture to predict that you would not, in the least, be surprised to hear some old-fashioned, whimsical, and worse than all else besides, self-conceited bee-keeper, make in substance precisely the same remarks as are given above. As I have neither space nor time, at present, to write any more Bee-ology nonsense, I will proceed to state the office of the drones and their relation to the colony—why at a certain season of the year they should be destroyed, and then give the process for expelling them.

The drones are the male bees—their sole office is to impregnate the queen, which office generally expires as soon as the swarming season is over, and all the then young queens impregnated. When a large number of colonies are in one apiary, a few drones to each—50 or 100—are sufficient. The queen always being impregnated in the open air, would not very likely fail to meet some of them, as the drones instinctively issue from all the hives at about the same time, making, in the aggregate, according to the number of colonies, several thousand. With no hive, except it have movable combs, can the production of drones be prevented, and the precise number actually wanted obtained. This, in the former case, may be effected simply by removing all the drone comb and supplying its place with worker comb. If 100 drones are wanted, cut out a piece of drone comb containing 100 cells and a corresponding piece out of a worker comb, and insert the piece of drone or store comb. In this way any desired number may be obtained. It frequently is the case, however, that the bee-keeper does not avail himself of this very desirable advantage afforded by movable frames, and therefore necessarily finds his colonies well populated by a large progeny of drones. To show how, at the above season of the year, to exterminate the drones, wholly or partially, is what I purpose soon to do.

Why drones should be exterminated:—1st, *To save a useless consumption of a large amount of honey.* It has frequently been observed by practical apiarians, and may easily be ascertained by any one, that the drones, when issuing from the hive, are usually loaded with honey; but when they return, are either empty or contain comparatively but little honey. Suppose, for instance, that there are only 1,000 drones in a colony; that they each issue, on an average, but once per day; and that they each carry out with them one drop of honey; reader, do you not suppose that a large amount of honey is thereby consumed, to say nothing of the honey necessary for their daily sustenance while in the hive? The above, in my opinion, is a pretty low estimate for some colonies. It has been estimated by a said-to-be reliable bee-keeper near Philadelphia, that no less than four drops are daily consumed by each drone. Some colonies that I have personally examined, indicated that no less than 5,000 drones had emerged from their cells within only a short time previous. The fact that they return from their flying excursions empty, is conclusive proof that they gather nothing to increase the stores of the colony, as some might suppose. It must be evident to thinking minds that no colony having a large progeny of drones, can be very prosperous or very profitable to its keeper, at least not as prosperous and profitable as though there were only a few.

2d, *To propagate Italian Queens and secure them purely impregnated.* Many, doubtless, have been induced to purchase queens of this variety of the honey bee; but how to secure them purely impregnated has been a mystery. To introduce the queens to native stocks when containing a large number of common drones, it would be necessary to wait until they died off naturally, were killed by the bees or banished from the hives, before it would do to rear queens artificially, if the keeper were desirous to have them purely impregnated. By this time, it might be too late in the season to attempt to rear them at all. A few weeks since, I was obliged to contrive a plan for exterminating all the drones, as I wished to propagate these queens on a large scale and secure them pure. I would here remark, that it would be folly to attempt such a result with any hive except it have movable combs. I use and have used for the past three seasons Mr. LANGSTROTH'S movable comb hives, believing them to be the best. The process, as will be obvious, is very simple, and by it the drones may all be expelled in 10 or 15 minutes, or even less. The terms which I shall use will readily be understood by those using the above hive,—hence an explanation of them will be unnecessary. Having never heard of the process before giving it a trial, nor since, I hope to claim for it a little originality.

The process:—Let No. 1 represent the colony from which the drones are to be expelled. By the side of No. 1, place an empty hive, No. 2, without frames. Place before the entrance of No. 2 the entrance blocks, so that the working bees can pass readily through them. Make the blocks secure, so that they cannot possibly be moved by the bees. Now, subdue the bees in No. 1, by smoke, either punk or tobacco, and then commence taking out the frames of comb for the purpose of finding the queen. When she is found, secure and confine her for a few moments in a "queen cage;" or, if you have none, hold her carefully between the thumb and finger. With the other hand suddenly jar the bees off from the frame, or such a portion as will easily enable you to ascertain whether the comb has left upon it any matured drones. Being satisfied that no drones are upon the comb, transfer it to empty hive No. 2. The bees must be jarred back into hive No. 1. Proceed in this way with each comb until all are transferred. The queen may now, or before, if preferred, be given to hive No. 2. Each time a comb is transferred, care should be taken not to let any drones get into hive No. 2. This result may be effected by closing it each time with the honey receptacle cover. All the combs now transferred should again be inspected, and such as contain sealed or unsealed drone brood, or eggs in store cells—if deposited by common queen—should be taken out, and either empty frames, frames of worker comb, or empty store combs, if a progeny of Italian drones is desired, put in instead. Both hives should now be closed—hive No. 1 removed 10 or 15 feet away, and hive No. 2 put upon the stand originally occupied by hive No. 1. The bees in hive No. 1, having neither queen nor combs, will soon ascertain their actual condition, and in a few moments will commence lively preparations for going home. They will readily pass through the entrance blocks into hive No. 2; but the drones finding themselves too large to pass through them, will have to content themselves by staying on the outside. In the course of half an hour, all or nearly all the workers will be in hive No. 2. At evening the drones will be found clustered under the portico, when they may be collected and drowned. The entrance blocks should not be disturbed; for, the drones from other hives will seek, and thereby gain, admittance. Should this colony be removed to a location two miles from neighboring bees, Italian queens, when the progeny of Italian drones makes its appearance, may thus be obtained pure. I would not advise taking all the drone or store comb away from any colony; better leave at least a few cells. All that is desired, is to know that the apiarian can expel or exterminate the drones wholly or partially when necessary.

M. M. BALDRIDGE.

Middleport, Niagara Co., N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Fattening Hogs on Dry Corn.

A WRITER in the *Country Gentleman* remarks that, "one of my neighbors—a farmer all his life, and over seventy years of age—fattens his hogs in a dry pen without water or slop, giving them nothing but dry corn, and I have noted the fact for five years that I have lived here, that he has made I think the best—I know the fattest—pork in this county. The hogs while fattening, particularly in dry, warm weather, eat and lie down, walking about but little. Had I known the above twenty years ago, it would have saved me a great deal."

Apparatus for Salting Sheep.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Cultivator* writes:—"Last year I carried a large hogshead, for which I paid 38 cents, into the field and laid it upon the ground, making it fast—one head having been previously taken out. I was careful to smooth off all protruding nails or rough substances liable to pull the wool. Then upon the inside of the other head I nailed a seven by nine box, to contain the salt, and the work was completed—the whole costing in money and labor, about fifty cents, and so far as necessity is concerned, it answered a very good purpose."

Lime and Wheat.

GEORGE H. CHASE, an enterprising young farmer of Union Springs, N. Y., writes to the *Country Gentleman* that he has tried an experiment the present season with salt, ashes, and lime, on wheat. An acre each was selected for the three experiments. About two barrels of salt were applied to one, two two-horse loads of ashes to a second, and a hundred bushels of lime to the third acre. The result has not been measured as yet, but the effects of each are very visible. The salt proved least useful; the ashes more so; and the lime most of all. The line of superiority marking the boundaries of the limed portion was as distinct as a line fence. The increase of the crop by liming, over the portions not dressed with anything, is at least ten bushels per acre.

Calves With Sheep.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Germantown Telegraph* remarks, that late calves, when they come to the barn in the fall, will, if confined in yards with older animals, frequently sicken and become debilitated. Being weak and small, they are usually shoved about, and deprived of their due share of the food, and in consequence, "fall away" rapidly. Now, I never allow animals of this description to associate or be confined with larger ones, but put them with my sheep, where there is no danger of their doing or receiving harm. Sick calves, I have observed, often pick up and devour with avidity the hay and straw from among the sheep dung. It is medicinal, and I know of no article that has a more immediate and salutary effect in restoring diseased calves to health, than sheep dung. I have practiced this usage for many years, and have never lost an animal, though I have had many sick when they came to the barn.

Light for Animals.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Homestead*, in an article on fattening hogs, gives the following advice:—"One more important item of advice, and that is, locate your pen where your hogs can have the benefit of light. I don't mean merely *daylight*, but the full, bright light of the sun; it will add to their cheerful contentment, as it does to the human species, and physiologists declare that, other things being equal, families who occupy apartments in the sunny side of dwellings are the most healthy and happy. Although the comparison may, to sensitive nerves, appear odious, still it is beyond our power or province to change the established laws of nature. I never knew of a hog, or any other animal, kept under the north side of a barn or other building, where the dampness and darkness is never penetrated by the sun's rays, and where the animal was employed as the scavenger for other animals, to be sleek-looking, fat, clean or quiet. I have seen many a pen where the mud and offal was two or three feet deep, and no place of retreat left for the poor occupants upon a higher spot, excepting the bed floor, and that unfurnished by straw."

How to Finish Rooms.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S opinion on this subject is thus expressed in the N. Y. *Independent*:—"For the finishing of rooms, there is nothing equal to the native wood, simply oiled to develop the beauty of the grain. Even the commonest pine, treated in this way, has a warmth and luster, beside which the dreary white paint, so common, even in the best of houses, looks dull and dead. Nothing gives a house such a cold, uncomfortable air, as white paint and white plaster. This color is fit only for the tropics. Our cheap, common woods—pine, ash, chestnut, oak, maple, beech, walnut, butternut—offer us a variety of exquisite tints and fibrous patterns, which, until recently, have been wholly disregarded in building. Even in furniture, we are just beginning to discover how much more chaste and elegant are oak and walnut than mahogany. The beauty of a room is as dependent on the harmony of its coloring as that of a picture. Some of the ugliest and most disagreeable apartments I have ever seen, were just those which contained the most expensive furniture and decorations. My experience shows that a room finished with the best seasoned oak or walnut, costs actually less than one finished with pine, painted and grained in imitation of those woods. Two verandahs of yellow pine, treated to two coats of boiled oil, have a richness and beauty of color beyond the reach of pigments; and my only regret connected with the house is, that I was persuaded by the representation of mechanics to use any paint at all."

Inquiries and Answers.

CARROTS FOR HORSES—HOW TO FEED.—How should carrots be fed to horses; and how many are equal to a peck of oats?—S. T. T., *Southold*, 1860.

In feeding carrots to horses, it is usual to chop them and feed with grain, or a mash. The comparative value of carrots and oats, for feeding purposes, is estimated at about two of the former to one of the latter. An English agricultural exchange says that four and two-thirds pounds of oats is estimated by analysis to contain a little over one pound of flesh, muscle, and fat-forming principles. To equal that, it will take of carrots nearly nine pounds; of Aberdeen turnips, nearly twenty pounds; and of Swedes near seventeen pounds, omitting minute fractions; the quantity of oats being too small to go closer.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE WEATHER very suddenly changed from a mild to an exceedingly frigid temperature on Saturday morning last. The change was not only sudden, but very great, with high winds. The canal was soon blocked with ice and navigation suspended, while an embargo was as suddenly placed upon the out-door operations of farmers. The storm has caused many disasters on the lakes, but we trust little damage has resulted elsewhere. The weather is mild to-day, (Nov. 27,) efforts are being made to navigate the canal, and it is thought the great number of eastern-bound loaded boats will be able to reach their destination or proper hibernating quarters.

AG'L SCIENCE IN GENESEE COLLEGE.—We learn from the Lima Journal that it is proposed at the Winter Term in this College to organize a class in Agricultural Science, to consist chiefly, and perhaps exclusively, of practical farmers. The class is to meet once a week, we believe, and is only the beginning of a thoroughly furnished Department of Agricultural Science, which the Trustees design ere long to connect with the College. We wish the endeavor every success—for, next to the University of Rochester, the Genesee College is the best located for such an enterprise, of any in the whole country.

GOV. SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSE—*Opinion of the Committee.*—Having had our say about the Arabian stallion exhibited at the recent State Fair, we give the report of the committee, of which Ex-Gov. JOHN A. KING was chairman:—"In their opinion the horse unites most, if not all, the points which indicate the purity of the Eastern blood. He is six years old, a blood bay, and about fourteen and a half hands in height. The horse is not in good condition, being recently off a long voyage; but among other good points, it may be stated that his head is perfect, and well set on; his eyes are lively; his ears small; his nostrils full, and his forehead broad. His loin is large, with a full development of muscle; his barrel round, and well ribbed up. His stifle and square knees indicate a powerful muscular action. The committee need scarcely more than allude to the well understood properties of the Arabian in imparting style, action, spirit, and stamina, to all other breeds of horses, as indispensable in elevating this noble animal to the dignity and station which he should ever hold in the estimation of a civilized people. As such, they commend this horse to the good opinion of the American people."

THE RURAL'S SHOW-BILL, FOR 1860, seems to be greatly admired, though we do not consider it perfection. An earnest friend writes:—"Your new Show-Bill is just the thing—brief in talk and very attractive. That large engraving is so rich in colors that it 'sticks right out,' so that every one stops to examine the bill. How much superior, and more *appropriate* withal, is such a design—new, and indicative of the objects of the paper—to the *piece* of a dozen-year-old picture of the London Crystal Palace which *defaces* the otherwise tolerable bill of the ——. Are we to take the two 'picters' as a fair index of the comparative progress and enterprise of the establishments whence they emanate? By-the-by, I am at variance with a friend about the way in which so many colors are blended in your 'big picture.' He contends that it was done by painting, while I as stoutly affirm that it was executed by printing. We've not bet largely on the point, but want to know who is right. Of course you'll decide on *my* side."

—The illustration alluded to was drawn and engraved expressly for us, and is mostly original, though a small part of it is copied from the Coat of Arms of the Empire State. As the artist performed his task "on time," he could not do justice to the design. We can't decide in favor of our friend as to the coloring—for that was done by hand, (stencil painting, as it is called, thirteen stencils being used in this case,) and *not* by the printing process. We send the bill, post-paid, to all regular agents, and also to other persons who will use it in aiding our circulation

VALUATION OF CATTLE, &C., IN MASS.—The Valuation Committee have established the following prices for the appraisal of cattle, sheep, and swine, throughout Massachusetts:—Oxen $40 each; cows $25 each; swine $6 each; sheep $2 each; steers and heifers $10 each.

THAT RURAL RUINING ADVERTISEMENT—"*Strike, but Hear!*"—Two weeks ago the claims of a then candidate for Governor of this State, were presented in our advertising department. This was done during our absence, yet we "assume the responsibility," for we were not altogether ignorant. A clerk in our office asked us by telegraph, if an electioneering article in favor of a certain candidate was to go in the RURAL, and if so, where. Our response was this—"*Do not insert* ANY *electioneering matter, except as regular advertisement.*" We did not then know a word of the contents of the article; but we *did know* we had been applied to, before leaving home, to aid the same candidate in a certain manner, (the same way that, we were assured, "other agricultural journals in this State had done,") and *promptly refused*—stating that *we* would not thus aid any political party. We were then asked if we would insert an advertisement urging the claims of the candidate, and replied that we could not refuse either party such a request—it being a legitimate business transaction—though our preference was averse. The next we heard of the matter was by telegraph, as already stated.

—We thought some subscriber unacquainted with the rules of publishers, or, more likely, some *jealous enemy*, would be moved to say or do something about the matter—and lo! we are not mistaken. *Not one of our subscribers has addressed us a word of complaint on the subject*, yet we have the *gratuitous sympathy* of the publisher of an agricultural monthly hereaway. Now, we beg respectfully to state, for the information of all interested, that, if any subscribers feel aggrieved at our course, they can "stop my paper." We advertise for both political parties (as do the leading party papers,) and their organs, and if any subscriber should object to our advertising for the Democrats this year, as one did because we advertised for the Republicans (or their great organ,) last year, we should be likely to reply in a similar manner, as follows:

[*From the Rural New-Yorker of Dec. 3, 1859.*]

"STOP MY PAPER!"—Under date of "Yadkinsville, N. C., Nov. 15th, 1859," a subscriber writes us in this chivalrous wise:—"I see in your last paper a long advertisement for the *New York Tribune*, a lying hell hired, sectional concern. You can stop my paper immediately. I can't patronize no paper that advertises for the Tribune."

—While receiving new subscribers from all parts of the Union (the Carolinas not excepted,) and encouraged with the prospect of adding from twenty to thirty thousand to our present circulation within the ensuing three months, such a logical, peremptory, and (so far as one whole subscription is concerned,) perfectly annihilating epistle as the above, is a stunner—a strong dose of hydropathy for this chill weather! Our truth-loving, patriotic friend *ought* to have considered our "feelings," and not "gone and went and done it"—crushing our fond hopes, and blasting our bright prospect in such a summary and overwhelming manner, regardless of the destructive consequences to the future weal of (not only the RURAL, but) that portion of the people of this great "Universal Yankee Nation" who subscribe to the somewhat obsolete dogmas of the Declaration of Independence, and think the "rights guaranteed by the Constitution" (including free speech to our friend and a free press to us,) are not altogether mythical! However, we submit to the great pecuniary loss, and severe shock to our personal dignity and prospects, with becoming humility—as we have aforetime to similar dispensations of wrath from both Northern and Southern fanatics. Meantime, and perhaps for some time longer, we shall continue to edit and publish the RURAL NEW-YORKER in such manner as seemeth to us right and proper—furnishing the *paper* at $2 per annum, in advance, and inserting such advertisements (from the North, South, East, and West,) as we consider legitimate, at our usual rates! As the present is a good time to "stop my paper," we are thus particular in giving our platform, so that people who "*can't* patronize *no* paper" that don't square exactly with their notions, may govern themselves accordingly.

—The above article was prepared and put in type for publication three weeks ago, as the opening sentence indicates; but, presuming that our readers generally were too sensible to suppose that the political sentiments of an advertisement foreshadowed our own—or that we would swerve in the least from our neutrality—we concluded to omit it until some subscriber should allude to the matter. Since then we have received two letters on the subject—one from a subscriber in the "Southern Tier," commending the publication, and another from a Republican Post-Master and influential Agent of the RURAL in the Western part of this State, saying that some of his subscribers objected to the same. Both letters were of course written under a misapprehension of our rules. The one of praise, we pass; but the one implying censure shall be briefly noticed. The writer endorses his letter "private," else we would give it in full—date, contents and signature. In one paragraph he says, substantially, that he has labored for the paper successfully for several years—that most of his subscribers are Republicans—that they object to subscribing again, because we published the KELLY advertisement—and that he shall be sorry to see the list of names dwindle, &c. In another he avers that he is himself a Republican, and thinks that, for a neutral paper, the publication was a *bad move*; "but," he proceeds, "I think the RURAL NEW-YORKER is the best and cheapest Agricultural and Family Paper published in the State, and my rule and practice is not to *discommode* or *wrong* myself for the sake of *spiting* some one else." Our friend concludes:—"Should you think best to make any proposition or suggestions in regard to the matter, I shall be glad to hear from you, and with the kindest feelings, am," &c.

Now, we like, and gratefully appreciate, the frankness and kindness of our friend. His letter shows that he is manly, and disposed to be just and charitable. But we have no private proposition or suggestions to make to any man or club of subscribers, on the subject; whatever we say shall be public—and indeed we have little to add to the above article, written three weeks ago. We, however, confess to surprise that any one who has read the RURAL for years, should for a moment suppose that we would take any part in politics,—and we do not believe any reader has discovered our political sentiments from anything ever published in this journal, *even as an advertisement.* And we are furthermore surprised that Republicans—who advocate the freedom of Speech and of the Press—should, especially in the hour of triumph and victory, notice such a matter. They have succeeded in this State—just as we from our (not political) standpoint supposed they would, long before the publication of the advertisement—and, notwithstanding the large circulation of the RURAL, we did not believe any publication in it would change the result. Indeed, we think sensible men of all parties, who judged dispassionately and calmly, entertained the same view of the subject. The fact that we publish the advertisement of the leading organ of the Republicans, is no evidence of our endorsement of its principles—nor does the publication of the claims of Mr. KELLY, in our advertising columns, prove that we labored or voted in the same direction.

In conclusion—our advertising department is open to proper announcements from all parties and their organs, and any person who denies us this right and privelege, is of course at liberty to "stop my paper" at his convenience.

ANOTHER NEW AG. JOURNAL.—The publication of an octavo monthly to be entitled *The Minnesota Farmer and Gardener*, is announced by L. M. FORD & Co., of the Groveland Garden and Nursery—to be issued at St. Paul, at $1 a year. From the prospectus we infer that it will be devoted to matters pertaining to Minnesota, and act as an organ of the State Ag. Society and similar local organizations. The time it is to be commenced is not definitely stated.

HOW MANY?—The Prairie Farmer says an Iowa man "writes that he has *squashes* that measure 8½ feet in circumference, and weigh 126¾ lbs." The size and weight being definite, please state the *number* of vegetables. Was there a cart load, or how many?

HORTICULTURAL.

DOUBLE ASTERS.

No class of flowers have been more improved within the past few years, or more deserve increase in popular favor than the Asters. A few years ago the Asters were semi-double, and quite imperfect, though showy, and valuable on account of their late flowering. Now, we have Asters as perfect as the Chrysanthemum, and almost as large as the Dahlia. We had a fine show the present season and took notes of some of the best varieties, but we find a very good article on these flowers in the *London Gardeners' Chronicle:*

In no class of flowers with which I am acquainted has greater improvement been effected than in that of asters, and as they have always been favorites with me, perhaps a few words on their culture may not be unacceptable.

I do not sow too early; on the contrary, some say I sow too late; but I have never experienced any disappointment on that account. As a rule, my seed is generally sown the last week in April; but it has sometimes been put in later than that. The young plants are pricked out about the middle of June, and are finally planted where they are to bloom about the end of that month. I sow in a cold frame under glass in drills. The plants come up in a few days, after which I give them as much air as the weather will permit, and as soon as they are about an inch high, remove the lights for two or three days, and then prick out on a slight hot-bed three or four inches apart. Before the plants begin to run, transplant to where they are to bloom. Previous to planting, the soil should be well broken up and made tolerably rich with well rotted manure, and the plants should be moved with as much ball as possible. Plant in rows a foot apart and ten inches asunder in the row.

Concerning kinds, those I have hitherto grown I have had from M. Vilmorin, of Paris; but this year I have had some from Messrs. Carter, of Holborn, of which I entertain great expectations. Of these the following descriptions have appeared in their "*Gardeners' Vade Mecum:*"

TRUFFAUT PYRAMIDAL ASTER.—This indicates the great care and perseverance the grower has taken in rearing it; there are now five varieties of it, viz., Fleur Perfection; the blossoms of this kind are unusually large; petals long and but slightly reflexed; height from two to two and a half feet. Fleur Bombee; the flowers of this variety are very large and full, and form almost half a ball; height from two to two and a half feet. Fleur Chrysantheme; the blooms of this are not so large as the preceding; the petals are entirely reflexed; height about two feet; produces more side flowers than the previously described varieties. Fleur Pivoine; the Peony-flowered Asters turn their petals toward the center, and a flower not quite in full bloom resembles a ball; height from one and a half to two feet; produces but few side flowers. Fleur Imbrique and Pompone Imbriquee; the petals of these over-lie each other exactly like slates, one on the top of the other to the center of the flower; the Pompone produces smaller blooms, but of such beauty that they resemble a perfect half ball, and being dwarf, look well planted in front of taller kinds.

QUILLED ASTER.—The individual petals of the ordinary blossoms consist wholly of tubes or quills, and the exterior crosses only are blossom petals, which are slightly reflexed; it is from one and a half to two feet in height, branches freely, and throws out many large blossoms; its fittest use is for flower groups in parks or general ornamentation in the flower garden.

TURKISH ASTER.—This very much resembles the quilled, but it grows only to a height of one to one and a half feet, has many branches, and the flowers are smaller than the preceding.

DWARF ASTER.—The individual portions of the blossom-tube are partly tube-like and partly leaf-like; it reaches a height of from one-half to one foot, and is richly covered with moderate-sized flowers; they are principally used for edging.

GLOBE ASTER.—The principal flowers of this aster are very large, and so arched that they may be compared to a half ball; most are quilled; height from two to two and a half feet.

PYRAMIDAL ASTER.—The beautiful large flowers appear on this nearly all of one height; it produces very few side flowers; most probably it received its name because it resembles an inverted pyramid; some blossoms are quilled and others not; height from two and a half to three feet.

BOUQUET ASTER.—This deserves its name; for each individual plant is so richly covered with bloom that the green foliage is scarcely visible; almost every plant forms itself into a perfect bouquet; height from three-quarters to one and a quarter feet; highly ornamental in pots; blooms for a long time.

GIANT EMPEROR ASTER.—This variety has sprung from the Pyramidal, and for size and form is unsurpassed; the flower consists in the middle of little tubes, outwardly they are little leaves, and are so regularly formed as to leave nothing to be desired; it bears only a few flowers on a robust, strong stem, from which the side sprouts grow in the form of a candelabrum; in favorable cases it produces five flowers, of which the chief blossom is four inches in diameter; in spite of its size, all its flowers are of an equal height.

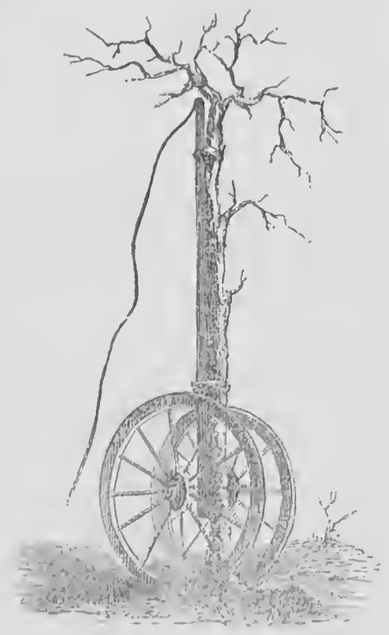
If these prove more beautiful than the striped kinds and brilliantly colored selfs I have been in the habit of growing, they must be fine indeed.

I may add that if the weather is dry after planting out, I water until the young plants have fairly taken root. About the first week in August I top-dress with rotten dung from an old hot-bed, and again give a good soaking of water if the soil is dry. When the plants come into bloom, if some of the latter are wanted in unusually good condition, or for exhibition, they must be shaded and secured from wind waving. Some thin out the blooms and tie the plants to small stakes; but this attention I pay as a rule only to the outside row; the interior of the bed I leave to take care of itself."

In addition to the varieties named, the *Ranunculus Flowered Aster* is deserving of notice. It is small, and the best flowers are perfectly double. Quite a distinct and very pretty sort. The *Hedge-Hog* is another variety which we grew for the first time last summer. The petals or florets are tubular, like those in the quilled varieties, but are closed, and have sharp, and rather stiff points. It is from this fact the name is derived. We always prefer to raise plants of asters in a cold frame. This is simply a frame made of boards like a hot-bed frame, placed over a bed of common earth, after it has been well spaded and pulverized. It is then covered with sash of any kind. Seed may be sown in such a bed about the middle of April, and plants will be ready for the open ground as soon as spring frosts have ceased. This is the best way to raise plants of most annuals.

TREE-MOVER.

THE accompanying cut illustrates a very convenient contrivance for moving large trees, for the drawing of which we are indebted to a young friend. It is not a recent invention, but will probably be new to many of our readers. It almost explains itself. The truck is backed against



the tree, the tongue thrown up against the body, and secured by stout cords. The earth is then removed from around the roots, the tongue pulled down by means of the rope attached to the end of tongue, a team hitched fast, and the tree moved to its new quarters. The truck is placed over the hole in which the tree is to be planted, the tongue thrown up, and the tree is then in just the right position for filling in the earth. A truck of this kind would be very useful in planting parks and large grounds, and a small one would be useful for general purposes.—*Horticulturist.*

GARDENS.

THE formation and management of small gardens, in the immediate vicinity of dwellings, is one of the most beautiful features in American civilization. No one thing connected with the health and happiness of a rural life, presents to the minds of the people so many considerations of taste and refinement as the artistical arrangement of fruits, flowers and shrubbery. And in the formation and arrangements of walks, parks, bowers and beds in the fruit and flower garden, a good share of indulgence should be granted the designer, in view of the great diversity of opinion existing among the people. In no place is the simplicity and loveliness of this art so beautifully portrayed as in the rural districts. One of the most serious errors existing at the present time, and most easily committed, is *confusion* in arrangement. It frequently occurs that in a garden originally laid out with much taste and care, the introduction of some "new and beautiful flowering shrub," or "valuable fruit," is suggested to the proprietor, and one innovation after another takes place, until the order and beauty of the whole is destroyed.

If the object of the designer is to produce admiration and loveliness, a spot of ground *naturally charming* should be selected. It is fallacy to suppose that art and effort can supply deficiencies in natural beauty of scenery. In a majority of cases in our country villages, people build within fifteen or twenty feet of the road line, leaving but a short space for walks in front. In this case a straight walk from the front door to the gate, is in good keeping with taste and order in arrangement. Walks for the open garden should diverge in curved lines. This would avoid the dull monotony of lineal stiffness. In the small curves plant some showy annuals—double marigolds or asters; in the large curves or parks, a fruit tree or some large, showy flowering shrub; in the intermediate curves or recesses, some small, modest, bewitching little flower, with now and then a cluster of peonies, alternately white and red, to produce diversity of color and habit. Never plant marigolds, or other yellow flowers, by the side of a yellow or Austrian rose. The Queen of Prairies, a double red, and the Belle of Baltimore, a beautiful white rose, (both climbers,) make a beautiful show when allowed to mingle on the same trellis, or climb some small evergreen tree, as ceder or balsam. I usually trim them up six or seven feet, when trained upon a trellis, then let them branch out in every direction, forming a beautiful head, in tree form; by this method they blossom more profusely, and remain in bloom much longer. In order to secure these objects in a garden, I would select, as near as possible, a smoothe, warm piece of land, naturally underdrained, gradually descending to the south or south-west.

East Jaffrey, N. H., 1860. L. L. PIERCE.

Horticultural Notes.

THE FRENCH RASPBERRY.—A gentleman of this State, in a late number of the Gardener's Monthly, spoke of the French raspberry giving a crop in the autumn. The French is one of Dr. BRINCKLE'S seedlings, and is usually called Vice-President French. The Doctor thinks a mistake is made, as this variety is a late berry, and never bears in the fall; and we quote his note:—"If this is one of my seedlings, it is the *Cushing*, and not the *French*. In propitious seasons, the Cushing always bears an autumnal crop on the young canes of the same year's growth, and the berries are usually larger and finer than those it matures at the ordinary raspberry period on the canes of the preceding year's growth. The berry of the Cushing is large, of a lighter crimson than the French, and slightly conical in form.

"The *French* is a very late variety, and throws up but few suckers, and never fruits on these till the succeeding year. It is the latest and most hardy of all my seedling raspberries. It was the result of a cross between the Fastolff and yellow Antwerp. The seeds from the berry produced by this cross, were planted, and some twenty or more of them vegetated. Being desirous of creating new varieties with a constitution sufficiently hardy to adapt them to the exigencies of our climate, I subjected these young plants to such severe treatment as to kill all of them but one. This one bore the harsh usage well. I named it the French, in honor of my late friend, the Hon. B. V. French, of Massachusetts. The *berry* of the French is large, round, and of a deep crimson color."

In this connection, we may be allowed to say that we saw Dr. BRINCKLE at Philadelphia, in September. He is very feeble, and himself and his friends are looking for his early departure to the world of spirits. Few men have done more for the cause of American Pomology, and he will go down to the grave honored and loved.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE AMERICAN POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—In answer to inquiries as to the time when this volume will appear, &c., we will state that its preparation for the press, and the superintendence of its publication, was intrusted to the Horticultural Editor of the RURAL. We hope to have the work ready to deliver to members in about three weeks. It will make a handsome volume of some two hundred pages, printed in the very best style, and bound in cloth. The book is published only for the use of members. Two dollars, sent to the Treasurer, THOMAS P. JAMES, Esq., of Philadelphia, will constitute the person sending, a member of the Society for two years, and the transactions will be forwarded to his address as soon as published. Be sure and write your Post-Office plain.

GENESEE VALLEY HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The Fall Exhibition of the Genesee Valley Horticultural Society was held in this city on the 13th ult. The show of Chrysanthemums was exceedingly fine. Several hundred well grown plants, in pots, were exhibited. This is the first show of the kind held by the Society, and several of our usual prominent exhibitors were not represented, as they had not grown plants for exhibition. CHARLES W. SEELYE had over one hundred plants, and about thirty different varieties, and obtained the premium for the best collection. JAMES CRAIG, a very skillful plant grower, and gardener to SELAH MATHEWS, Esq., obtained the premiums for best six plants, and the best single specimen. Next year, if we have a Chrysanthemum Show, we anticipate a magnificent display.

GRAPES AT KELLEY'S ISLAND.—A letter to the Sandusky Register, dated Kelley's Island, Nov. 13th, states that their first frost of the season was noticed that morning, but that it was too slight to injure the grapes. Last year the first frost of the season also occurred November 13th. The writer says that they expect several weeks good weather before a frost sufficient to injure grapes hanging on the vines, or most other vegetation. He estimates the value of the exports of grapes from the Island this year at $25,000. The wine presses are busy, and are now making about 1,000 gallons per day.

We had Isabella grapes on our vines until the 13th of November, and they did not suffer from frost, but improved until the last were picked.

PEARS—DUCHESSE D'ANGOULEME.—The Duchess d'Angouleme was a fortunate lady—Duchesses are *ladies*, most commonly, if I rightly appreciate those things—in having her name associated with one of the most wonderful of vegetable productions, a *good* pear and *great*—two qualities not always blended in this lower sphere. Of all other ways, let my name be wafted to posterity by a good *flavor*, and a great deal of it. Messrs. BARTLETT and SECKEL—do not men think of Heaven when they speak your names?

The Duchesse d'Angouleme is not the *best* pear, but I know people that are in the habit of eating it whenever they are required to—the very picture of resignation, at that. I have just performed such a service for my friend MINTON D. LORD, of Pavillion, Gen. Co., N. Y., who presented me with a Duchesse weighing *one pound and a quarter*, requesting me to eat it—wasn't that asking a good deal of me? I wish to ask you, Mr. Editor, and the readers of your "*excellent journal*," (for further particulars under this head, see "*Prospectus,*") whether you have a neighbor that has raised a bigger pear?—H. T. B.

FRUIT IN MICHIGAN.—I have lived within twenty miles of Rochester thirty-three years, and nine in Coldwater, Michigan. We can raise everything here that can be grown in Western New York, and in abundance. I have grown a grape vine in eight years seventy feet long, and large in proportion, and that bears big crops of grapes every year. I have taken the first premium for the best grapes the two past years. Call it Union Village. I presume that there has been fifty different persons to see it this summer. I sold thirteen dollars' worth of grapes from this vine the present season, and gave a good many away, besides having all my family wanted to use. We have all the strawberries, and raspberries, and honey, that we want, all on a five by eleven rods lot. Now, you see you Rochester folks don't have all the good things. At some future time I will give you my plan of growing grapes.—J. G. KETCHAM, *Coldwater, Mich*, 1860.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE CAMELLIA IN THE PARLOR OR DRAWING ROOM.—I had three *tables* made, about *five feet long and three feet three inches wide*, with stripes around the edges, so as to be about a third of an inch above the margins all round, and then common (sawed) laths cut into short pieces, and placed about two inches apart on the top surface of the tables, so that the water which ran from the flower-pots could pass from one part of the tables to another, crosswise or lengthwise, and pass out at a notch in the edging spoken of above; by which means the pots would not stand in the water which runs from them. These tables I placed far enough from the windows and walls to allow a person to pass all round them, and to water and syringe the plants, which made a space of about one and a half or two feet in front and at the ends. The tables should be of a height in proportion to the windows, which windows should be made to let down at the top. By that means the plants can have air let in upon them, without a strong current passing through them. This I consider a very important matter, as a strong draught or current of air is very injurious.

Plants in rooms should be watered more frequently than in green-houses, and they should be syringed over the tops *every evening* about sunset, in dry weather, and twice or thrice a week in wet weather. The syringing will not injure a carpet upon the floor, if the water is wiped off immediately after the drip ceases to fall from the leaves.

Those that I would recommend as the best to flower in parlors are the semi-double, and that have a green calyx; also all the single varieties. The plants should have air, by letting down the top sash whenever the weather is mild, or when there is no frost in the atmosphere, for a short time, though it may be cool. Camellias require a great quantity of air; they will bloom in a room where the heat varies from 35° to 50°; but will bear a much greater heat, and bloom well, and on some occasions they will flower, even though the earth on the top of the pot has been slightly frozen; but extremes, either of heat or cold, do not suit them.

I have had Camellias bloom finely on tables, as above, where the sun did not shine on them; but, in such cases, they should have a great quantity of light.

I generally use soft water for my plants, both winter and summer, and it is better if warmed to the same temperature of the room, in winter. As to general watering, I think it best, whenever the top soil begins to get dry, to water well and freely, so that the water may pass to the bottom roots, and to repeat the watering when the surface begins to get dry again; when Camellias are blooming or growing, they require more watering than at any other time.

In the latter part of May, after danger of frost is over, the plants should be removed to the open air, and placed in a situation where they will be shaded from the mid-day sun. Here they will only require watering occasionally, until time for re-potting, and removing to the house, in the autumn.—*London Floricultural Cabinet.*

Inquiries and Answers.

BARK LICE.—Having discovered that apple trees in this vicinity are badly troubled with lice, I concluded to inquire, through your columns, the best mode of removing them. They seem to be thickest where the tree begins to branch, and are shaped like wheat hulls, only smaller.—B., *Pine Valley, N. Y.*, 1860.

The bark louse is a difficult insect to get rid of. Washing with soft-soap in the spring, and rubbing with a stiff brush, will do some good. Perhaps a wire brush would be the best. We repeat two proposed remedies that we have before published:—1st. Prune early in the spring. Mix tar and linseed oil together, and apply warm with a paint brush to every limb. This, when dry, cracks and peels off, bringing away the scales and eggs with it. Trees thus treated will show the benefit received by a vigorous growth. 2d. Boil leaf tobacco in a strong lye until it is reduced to an impalpable pulp; mix this with soft-soap (which has been made cold, and not the jelly-like boiled soap,) to make the mass about the consistence of thin paint. Prune the trees, and apply this preparation with a brush, to every limb and twig. This will take time, but the remedy is effectual. A gentleman in the Western part of this State wrote us last season that he had entirely rid his orchard of this pest, by simply throwing unleached ashes over the branches and trunk when wet. Care must be used that the ashes do not touch the leaves. The best time for this operation would be early in the spring, before the buds push.

HEDGES AND BONES.—I wish information about the hedge plant, Privet. Is it another name for Osage Orange? Does it require much care; and how soon will it be a sufficient barrier against the encroachments of man or beast? How is bone dust prepared? Are the bones first burnt, and then ground? If so, what kind of a mill would be suitable, and what the cost? Is it equal to lime for pear trees? Please answer the above, and oblige an—OLD SUBSCRIBER, *Camden, N. Y.*, 1860.

Privet is not the same as Osage Orange. Privet has no thorns; will never make a hedge for protection. It is excellent for an ornamental hedge, to divide the flower from the kitchen garden. Bones are better unburnt, as they lose valuable manurial properties by burning. After being burnt, however, they are more easily pulverized. The soft and greasy nature of the bones makes their grinding somewhat difficult. We believe the mill used is something like that for crushing flax seed, being a large, heavy stone, running on its edge. Bones may be broken with heavy hammers, and then composted for a short time with good stable manure. This helps their decomposition. We have often done this. Bones are much more valuable than lime.

PLANTING PEACHES, &C.—Will you please inform me, through the columns of the RURAL, the best mode of cultivating peaches? The best time and manner of planting the seed, and young trees? The proper time and manner of budding, and oblige a subscriber?—W. R. D., *Kennon, Belmont Co., O.*, 1860.

If you have peach stones on hand, put them in boxes, mixed with sand, or in layers, and expose them to the frosts of the winter. This may open most of them, and the remainder should be cracked before planting. After cracking, they may be mixed with earth, put in a warm place, and sprouted a little before planting. Then set out in a good, well tilled, mellow soil, as soon as dry enough. Cover not over a quarter of an inch deep, and when they come up, keep the soil well tilled. By the time the buds are perfected, the young plants will be ready for budding.

THE APPLE TREE BORER, &C.—Inclosed please find specimen of bug that is killing my fruit trees; also, the young limbs, showing how they work in them. Are these what is called the borer? If so, please inform me, through your valuable paper, what I can do to save my trees. I planted 200 apple trees last fall, and I wish to plant 200 dwarf pears between every two apple trees, which are planted 33 feet apart, both ways. Shall I have room; and will it be policy to plant the pear trees between? Please answer, and oblige—T. MARTIN, *Grand Rapids, Mich.*, 1860.

The "bug" had escaped before your note reached us. Your apple trees will need, in a few years, about all the room you have given them. It would be better, therefore, to make a dwarf pear orchard separate, planting the trees about ten feet apart.

GRAPE VINES AND RASPBERRIES.—The latter part of last month I received from the Clover Street Nurseries a few fruit trees, among them a grape vine, (the Catawba, as per label,) with a root, and ten or twelve inches of stock. I set it in the ground where it is intended to remain. Did I do right? Will it need any protection during the coming winter? Please inform me all that is necessary. Also, concerning the Red Antwerp Raspberry, which was received at the same time.—C. C., *Mercer Co., Penn.*, 1860.

Throw a few leaves or coarse litter over the vine, and all will be right. The canes of raspberries should be bent over carefully, and a little earth placed on the ends to keep them down. Then cover them with earth or straw, or litter of any kind. Both may keep safe over the winter without protection, but it is best to be on the safe side.

IMPROVED TOMATO.—Is the Improved, or Perfected Tomato, as it is called, better than our common tomato? If so, in what respect? I believe it is sometimes called Pomo d'Oro.—W.

The Perfected Tomato is of fair size to large, tolerably smooth, more solid, and containing less seeds than any other sort we know of. Is is of a very light red, or pinkish color. An excellent tomato. Many think it is superior in flavor to any other variety, and that they can tell it in the dark by its flavor.

PLANT FOR NAME.—Will you please name the inclosed plant? Is it poisonous? It was found on a neighbor's farm, growing wild.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER, *Harbor Creek*, 1860.

It is a variety of the Strawberry Bush—*Euonymus Americanus*, variety *obovatus*. It has the reputation of poisoning cattle.

GOOD APPLE DUMPLINGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Some time ago there was quite an animated discussion between a Mr.—I forgot his name,—a young gentleman, real, or pretended, and lots of marriageable girls, relative to the best manner of making a good apple dumpling. I never heard whether any of the girls were successful in winning his cap,—and him, of course,—or he ever found a dumpling to suit his taste. Mr. Sir, I wish to say, that I have discovered the "*modus operandi*" of making *good* apple dumplings,—with this unpleasant damper, or condition, attached,—viz., I am an old, married woman, and daughterless. Grease a baking dish, and fill it half full of sliced, or quartered apples, then stir a batter with either sweet milk, cream of tartar, and soda, &c.; or with sour milk and cream, turn upon the apples, place the pan in a steamer, and steam. A dish that will hold three quarts, will steam sufficiently in an hour and a quarter, or half, according to the hardness of the apple.

SWEET APPLE PUDDING.—Another excellent pudding which we esteem, is made with sweet apples, sliced in a dish, and a batter of Indian meal, made by stirring it into boiling milk first, to scald and get the proper thickness, and then pour it warm upon the apples. First scatter sugar among the apples and stir some into the batter. We cook ours without any other seasoning, except sugar. The milk should be sweet and good, and when it is baked, eaten with butter, or sweet cream. Bake slowly, a couple of hours. AZUBAH.

CITRON SAUCE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In looking over your journal, I see an inquiry in the Domestic Department, for making Citron Sauce; I thought I would give you my method,—it is excellent, and I think every lady reader of the RURAL, who follows the directions, will never wish for a better recipe for Citron Sauce.

Prepare your Citron, cut in square or diamond-shaped pieces, as you please, and place in a brass kettle. To twelve pounds of citron add one pint of water, boil until cooked through,—not too soft—taking care not to mash the citron while boiling. Skim out the citron, add the sugar,—three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to one pound of citron,—when dissolved add the citron, with three lemons cut in thin slices. Grate the outside peel off the lemon, then boil slow for three hours, until the citron becomes transparent, and the syrup clear. When done, pour into a jar, then add a little lemon extract, and you have sauce beautiful to the eye and delicious to the taste. SALLIE.

Onondaga Co., N. Y., 1860.

HOP YEAST.—In the RURAL of the 10th ult., "IDA" asks for the best recipe for Hop Yeast. The following can't be beat:—Into two quarts of water put eight good sized potatoes, and a handful of hops tied up in a bag; boil until the potatoes are well done; mash them through a seive; add seven tablespoonfuls of flour; pour over this the water in which the potatoes and hops were boiled, scalding hot. Add half a cup of sugar; tablespoonful of ginger,—stir well together, and when nearly cold put in a cup full of yeast. After it is done working, add a teaspoonful of salt, and bottle up for use. It will keep three months. —MARY CROCKETT, *Sterling, N. Y.*, 1860.

LINCOLN CAKE, CRULLERS, &C.—Fully appreciating the valuable information contained in the domestic department of the RURAL, I send you some recipes for insertion, if you think them worthy:

LINCOLN CAKE.—Two eggs; 2 cups sugar; ½ cup butter; 1 cup sweet milk; 3 cups flour; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar; ½ do. soda.

CRULLERS.—Three eggs; 6 tablespoonfuls melted lard; 6 do. sugar; flour enough to roll out; boil in lard.—IDA S., *New York*, 1860.

HOW TO GET RID OF BLACK ANTS.—We take sage, and strew small quantities where they frequent, and have never yet failed in getting rid of them, not for a day or two only, but for the entire summer. Try it, you that are plagued with them, and we warrant you success. We hear much about camphor, but that with us never yet proved successful.—Mrs. H. E. EVANS, *Irving, N. Y.*

SAUSAGES.—For the benefit of new subscribers, and some old ones, I would renew my former recipe for seasoning sausages, viz:—40 lbs. meat; 1 lb. salt; 3 oz. popper; ½ pint sage, after it is pulverized.—AMERY WILLSON, *Marcellus, N. Y.*

A NEW SEWING MACHINE.—(*L. M. C., St. Mary's, C. W.*)—The sewing machine you propose with side-stitch, as well as back-stitch, we think would be a great acquisition. There is nothing like it, we believe.

CIDER WINE.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL please instruct me how to make cider wine?—C. W. MOSHER, *Perth, Ful. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

HOW MUCH LONGER will you purchase and use impure or inferior Saleratus? A good, perfectly pure and reliable Saleratus will cost you no more than the other. The next time you may require to purchase Saleratus, get a package of that manufactured by DE LAND & Co., and we are confident that you will be greatly pleased with it. It is for sale by most grocers and storekeepers, and the principal grocers wholesale it. Manufactured and for sale at wholesale by D. B. DE LAND & Co., at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THAT LITTLE CHAIR.

BY MRS. S. F. HADDOCK.

"Give me that little chair, 'tis long
Since, useless, it was put away,
And those who occupied it once,
Are grown up into manhood's day."
Thus spake the son to her who nursed,
Long since, his tender years with care,
And round him now another group,
His own, were gathered young and fair.

That mother paused, and o'er her face
A sad look passed—a look of pain—
No other boon that son could ask
But quickly he was sure to gain;
But this one favor, little, yet—
The mother firmly answered nay—
Ask not that little chair, my son,
That I can *never* give away.

That little chair—how deep it stirred
Long buried memories in her heart—
Like magic, that one little word
Bade tears from love's sealed fountain start.
In the still church-yard roses grew
Over two little narrow beds—
Earth, cold earth, that mother knew
Pillowed two little golden heads.

She knew that weary years had fled
Since those sweet babes she laid to sleep—
Sleep which comes calmly o'er the dead,
Changeless and cold, mystic and deep.
Yet mem'ry would fondly paint again,
Love-lit and bright, the merry blue e'en—
Make life-like and rosy the cheek,
And curl the soft hair just as then.

And oft at eve, when shadows crept
Over, around, enveloping all,
Tearfully musing, yearning yet,
Fancy would still the past recall.
In the dim light seemed they to come,
Those little ones, childish and fair,
Prattling as joyously yet,
Sitting in the little arm chair.

Michigan, 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HARD TRUTHS.

Wo be unto the woman, in these days, who is compelled to keep "hired help," especially if, by reason of infirmities, she is unable to look into every chamber, every cellar, and the corner of every cupboard and shelf, and peep into every jar, safe, and finally, into everything and place, every day of her life. If you get an oldish, single woman, who, it would seem, had years enough to give some experience and judgment, ten to one she is notional, set, bigoted, and can't be turned from her ways any more than the North Pole; and in a little while she is mistress, and you stand and look on, in mute astonishment, with folded hands, and weak, submissive countenance, wondering what will be the next thing in the programme.

Then you try a youngish girl, young enough to be presumed, by you, to have something yet to learn. But then, again, you are in perpetnal spasms, if you are not so utterly exhausted that you can neither hear, nor see, nor think. She will not assume any care or responsibility, what ever. It is, "how will you have this?" and "when will you have that?" and she must run to see every passer-by, and stand and chat with a companion, while the bread burns to cinders, or the table stands to be devoured by flies. After asking and getting directions, as to how, and when, and wherefore, if they are ever accomplished, you must constantly go, and see, and call,—"are you doing this?"—have you done so and so? "O, I forgot, marm, you'll have to keep telling me, or I shall forget it, sure."

And the waste and destruction that goes on in your house, in one year—through neglect, forgetfulness, heedlessness—if it could be seen, in the aggregate, would astonish the most extravagant.

A hired girl, or woman, is a constant sinking fund. No matter what you hire done, you lose more than you gain before you get through with it, and five times out of seven, you have your sewing to pull out or your work to do over again. So my experience has been during my housekeeping of a dozen years. The good fairies deliver me from a position where I should have a number of servants to look after. When I have three, I am in purgatory—when I have two, I am driven to distraction—and when I have one, I am harrassed within an inch of my life! Yet, no one woman can accomplish all the labor incident to a large farm, and house, and the care of a family, even if in health; and if feeble and nervous, Heaven have mercy on her family! You must have some one—must try—must hope, that you have, *at last*, got some help, and so you must keep trying. But the best thing you can do is to sell your farm, put your money at interest, build a cabin seven by nine, and retire from active life; for as to living in any sort of comfort, or peace, or quiet, or as an intelligent, rational, human being, the thing is impossible in the present state of affairs—or that is my impression at this date, the last day of the summer of 1860.

A FARMER'S WIFE.

JUVENILE IMAGINATION.—There seems to be a pretty strong tendency, in these matter-of-fact days, to suppress the imaginative faculty in children. This is quite wrong. The imagination is quite as legitimate, in its way, as any other portion of the mental apparatus. "Facts are stubborn things," and mere dry facts are far too stubborn to be a wholesome pabulum for the graceful and spiritual understanding of children. They find out, in time, that their dolls are only stuffed wit sawdust, and that Santa Claus is a myth. Let them enjoy their innocent illusions, then, while they may, and let the poetic, rather than the prosaic, side of their natures be cultivated first.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LITTLE FANNIE.

FAR away in a foreign land, thou art sleeping, little sister. Years ago, thy tiny hands were clasped over the pulseless breast, and the cold earth heaped above thee and all thy sweet beauty.

My eyes have never seen thee, fair, precious one; but in the soft, calm twilights, when the birds swung in the vines outside the window, the mother, who loved us both, often spoke of thee, her *angel babe*, and my young heart learned to love the one whose home was far away beyond the blue sky and its bright stars.

Once, and only once, I stood beside the little grave, and oh! how my heart came up with its wishing—to look into thy sweet face. But years, great sober years, stood up between us,—the dead babe, and the living woman.

Tears were in the eyes of our pale, gentle mother, as she bent over the grassy mound, and I knew thy memory was busy at her heart, as the eager words came with quick broken sobs over her lips—"*My beautiful, my angel Fannie.*"

Dark waves lift up their white crests between thee and me, when the autumn winds rock the birdless branches above thee. And when spring comes to our hearts and homes with her robin songs and bright daisies, no loving hand may strew the fair blossoms over thy sleeping. The green leaflets lie unparted, and the sod remains unbroken at thy side, though that mother went to her grave pillow near five years agone. Sometimes I go to her *resting place;* for miles have come in between her grave and me, and my mind gathers up the *fancy* of the welcome that greeted her approach into the "*Beautiful City.*"

Years will go by, perhaps, 'ere you and I may meet,—time may set his seal upon my brow, and his quiver upon my lips, before the "Angel of Death shall carry me,"—yet the *hope* is true, and the faith strong, that I shall be with you in "*the day when He shall make up His jewels.*"

Suspension Bridge, N. Y., 1860. FRANC M. WITMER.

GREAT MEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN.

How fond Luther was of little children, and how many were the lessons he learnt from them! The Doctor's little children were one day standing at the table looking intently at some peaches that had been served. Luther observed: "Whose would behold the image of a soul which enjoys the fulness of hope, may find it in infants. Ah! if we could but await with joyful expectation for the life to come." Again; "Children, after all, are the happiest." Mr. W. C. Bennett, one of our sweetest of song-writers, indeed, has filled a little volume with poems, beautiful and touching, on his "Baby May." She has—and so, dear madam, has yours—

"Cheeks as soft as July peaches,
Lips whose dewy scarlet teaches
Poppies paleness; round large eyes
Ever great with new surprise;
Minutes filled with shadeless gladness,
Minutes just as brimmed with sadness;
Happy sighs and wailing cries,
Crows, and laughs, and tearful eyes,
Lights and shadows swifter borne
Than on wind swept autumn corn:
Ever some new tiny motion,
Making every limb all motion;
Catching up of legs and arms,
Throwing back and small alarms,
Clutching fingers—straightening jerks,
Twining feet whose each toe works,
Kickings-up, and straining risings,
Mother's ever new surprisings,
Hands all wants, and looks all wonder
At all things the heavens under;
Tiny scorns of smiled reprovings,
That have more of love than lovings,
Mischiefs done with such a winning
Archness that we prize such sinning."

And so on. Fathers and mothers, had they the power, would all sing in similar strains.

The sleep of a babe, how beautiful it is! Barry Cornwall says:—

"All gently glide the stars,
Above no tempest lowers,
Below are fragrant flowers,
In silence growing."

Poets ought to be fond of babes and little children. Even old Sam Rogers, who had a sneer for every one else, had a smile for them. Leslie, the painter, writes: "Mr. Rogers was very fond of children. On his visit to us, when ours were little ones, his first ceremony was to rub noses with them. 'Now,' he would say, 'we are friends for life. If you will come and live with me you shall have as much cherry pie as you can eat, and a white pony to ride.'" His stories of children, of which he told many, were very pretty. The prettiest was of a little girl who was a great favorite with every one who knew her. Some one said to her: "Why does everybody love you so much?" She answered: "I think it is because I love everybody so much." That old heathen, Charles Lamb, once gave the "memory of the good King Herod," but there was a screw loose about the poor gentleman. Such a toast must have been given under great provocation, and there are babes and children—not mine, certainly not yours, my dear madam—who are enough to try the patience and temper of Job.

THE POWER OF WOMEN.—Whatever may be the customs and laws of a country, the women of it decide the morals. They reign, because they hold possession of our affections. But their influence is more or less salutary, according to the degree of esteem which is granted them. Whether they are our idols or companions, the reaction is complete, and they make us such as they are themselves. It seems as if nature connected our intelligence with their dignity, as we connect our morality with their virtue. This, therefore, is a law of eternal justice; man cannot degrade woman without himself falling into degredation; he cannot raise her without himself becoming better. Let us cast our eyes over the globe, and observe those two great divisions of the human race, the east and the west. One-half of the ancient world remain without progress or thought, and under the load of a barbarous cultivation; women there are serfs. The other half advance toward freedom and light; the women are loved and honored.

WHERE love is, there is no labor; and if there is labor, the labor is loved.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life is a garden fair and free—
But 'tis Love that holds the golden key;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storms of sorrow,
And gloom to-day may be bright to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life is a diamond, rich and rare,
But Love is the luster that danceth there;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels grow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamonds to-day may be dust to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

Life has a rich and smiling face;
But Love is the dimple that gives it grace;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's brightest beams are blanched with sorrow,
And roses to-day may be lilies to-morrow.
So reckless ever of wind and weather,
Let Life and Love be linked together.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON was born in London in the year 1608. He graduated at Cambridge, and was designed by his father for the Church, but never became a clergyman. What would the world have lost, had he followed the wishes of his father. Upon his graduation he returned to his father's house in Horton, in Buckinghamshire. It was during his residence at this place, that he composed Comus, L. Allegro Il Penseroso, and Lysidas, three poems that would have immortalized any man.

In 1638 he visited France and Italy. Upon his return to England, he engaged in school teaching; but he was soon called from this employment by the necessities of the times. The political storm that had been so long gathering over his country, now burst forth in all its fury. MILTON was not the man to look with unconcern upon such a contest. He was undoubtedly the most powerful writer on the popular side. He even went so far as to continue his advocacy of the establishment of a Republic, after the death of CROMWELL. He defended the execution of CHARLES 1st, in a work entitled, "Tenure of Kings and Maglstrates." But he has been charged with writing this work for the sake of the pay he received for it. Parliament paid him a thousand pounds for composing it. But the fact that he was well paid for his labor, is no proof that he did not write his real sentiments. The king had written a book of prayers and meditations entitled "Icon, Basilike." This production MILTON severely attacked in a work called, "Iconoclastes, or the Image-Breaker." In this work he severely censures the King for copying a prayer from "Sydney's Arcadia." SALAMASIUS, the celebrated Swedish scholar, about this time came to the aid of CHARLES 1st in his "Defensio Regia, or a Defence of the late King." MILTON was employed to answer this book. His answer was entitled, "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano." "It was observed by HOBBES, in regard to the two disputants, that he did not know whose style was best, or whose arguments worst." It was the composing of this book that cost MILTON his sight. By the time he finished it he was entirely blind.

But the times soon changed. After having exercised more power over England than any of her Kings had done for a hundred years before, and caused her to be respected among all the nations of Europe. CROMWELL was borne to his resting place in Westminster Abbey, and the nation, in the midst of demonstrations of joy, crowded around the throne of CHARLES the Second. But there was one man in England, who did not acknowledge the claims of the new monarch. MILTON still remained true to his principles, and employed his pen in calling upon his countrymen to defend their rights. But the case was hopeless. On the Restoration he was excluded from the act of indemnity, but through the kind offices of Sir WILLIAM DAVENANT he was returned to favor. He now retired from political contests, and devoted his time to writing poetry. "Paradise Lost" was published in 1667. For this work he received the *munificent* sum of *fifteen pounds*. It is said, that, he derived the original idea of it from an Italian drama on the "Fall of Man;" and he himself commenced writing a tragedy on the same subject. But as he proceeded in his work, his poem took its present form. This work was not received very well by the public. MILTON had placed himself ahead of his age. There was not frivolity enough about his poem to suit the taste of his contemporaries. "Paradise Regained" was published in 1670. It has been read less than it would have been had it not been written by the author of "Paradise Lost." MILTON considered it superior to the latter. Our poet died in 1674.

A sketch of MILTON would be imperfect that made no reference to his domestic relations. In 1643 he married MARY POWELL, the daughter of RICHARD POWELL, an Oxfordshire Magistrate. This match was far from being a happy one. In less than a month the bride left her husband and returned to her father, where she remained during the rest of the summer. Certainly love must be blind, or the rigid republican poet would never have thought of marrying the daughter of a gay Royalist. The incensed husband began to pay his addresses to another lady, when, through the interference of friends, a reconciliation was brought about. It was these circumstances that gave rise to his "Treatise on Divorce." His first wife died in 1652, and he was married again in 1654. In 1661 he married his third wife. We believe that it is said in relation to her, that when she was compared to a rose, the poet replied that "he was no judge of colors, but that he often felt the thorns."

It is too late to criticise MILTON'S poetry. He is, perhaps, the sublimest uninspired poet that ever wrote. But to the virtuous mind, there is more to admire in the man, than in the poet. Perhaps, England never gave birth to a person to whom she is more indebted for the civil freedom she now enjoys than to MILTON. "Paradise Lost" is a sublime epic, but the life of its author is one still more sublime. S. L. LEONARD.

Butler, Wis., 1860.

WAS HE A MAN, OR A BRUTE?

I ONCE picked up a man in the market place. They said "He is a brute—let him alone." I took him home with me, and kept the "brute" fourteen days and nights, through his delirium; and he nearly frightened Mary out of her wits, one night chasing her all about the house with a boot in his hand. But she recovered her wits; and he recovered his. He said to me,—"You wouldn't think I had a wife and child?" "Well, I should not." "I have, and—God bless her dear little heart—my little Mary is as pretty a little thing as ever stepped!" said the "brute." I asked,—"Where do they live?" "They live two miles away from here." "When did you see them last?" "About two years ago." Then he told me his sad story. I said,—"You must go back again." "I mustn't go back—I won't—my wife is better without me than with me. I will not go back any more; I have knocked her, and kicked her, and abused her; do you suppose I will go back again?"

I went to the house with him. I knocked at the door, and his wife opened it. "Is this Mrs. Richardson?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, that is Mr. Richardson. [Laughter.] And Mr. Richardson, that is Mrs. Richardson. Now come into the house." We went in. The wife sat on one side of the room, and the "brute" on the other. I waited to see who would speak first; and it was the woman. [Applause.] But before she spoke she fidgeted a good deal. She pulled up her apron till she got hold of the hem, and then she pulled it all down again. Then she folded it all up closely, and jerked it through her fingers an inch at a time, and then she spread it all down again, and then she looked all about the room and said, "Well, William?" And "the brute" said, "Well, Mary?" [Laughter.] He had a large handkerchief around his neck, and she said, "You had better take the handkerchief off, William; you'll need it when you go out." He began to fumble about it. The knot was large enough; he could have untied it if he liked; but he said, "Will you untie it, Mary?" and she worked away at it; but her fingers were clumsy, and she couldn't get it off; their eyes met, and the lovelight was not all quenched; she opened her arms gently, and he fell into them. If you had seen those white arms clasped about his neck, and he sobbing on her breast, and the child looking in wonder, first at one and then at the other, you would have said, "It is not a brute—it is a man, with a big, warm heart in his breast."—*J. B. Gough, in England.*

INFLUENCE OF BOOKS ON CHARACTER.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN tells us, in one of his letters, that when he was a boy, a little book fell into his hands, entitled "Essays to do Good," by Cotton Mather.

It was tattered and torn, and several leaves were missing. "But the remainder," he says, "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life; for I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good, than any other kind of reputation; and if I have been a useful citizen, the public owes all the advantages of it to the little book."

Jeremy Bentham mentions that the current of his thoughts and studies was directed for life by a single phrase that caught his eye at the end of a pamphlet:—"The greatest good of the greatest number." There are single sentences in the New Testament that have awakened to spiritual life hundreds of millions of dormant souls. In things of less moment reading has a wondrous power.

George Law, a boy on his father's farm, met an old unknown book, which told the story of a farmer's son who went away to seek his fortune, and came home, after many years' absence, a rich man. From that moment George became uneasy, left home, lived over again the life he had read of, returned a millionaire, paid all his father's debts. Robinson Crusoe has sent to sea more sailors than the pressgang. The story about little George Washington telling the truth about the hatchet and the plum tree has made many a truth-teller. We owe all the Waverley novels to Scott's early reading of the old traditions and legends; and the whole body of pastoral fiction came from Addison's sketches of Sir Robert de Coverley in the *Spectator*. But illustrations are numberless. Tremble, ye who write, and ye who publish writing. A pamphlet has precipitated a revolution. A paragraph quenches or kindles the celestial spark in a human soul—in myriads of souls.—*The World.*

THE wind is unseen, but it cools the brow of the fevered one; sweetens the summer atmosphere, and ripples the surface of the lake into silver spangles of beauty. So goodness of heart, though invisible to the material eye, makes its presence felt; and from its effects upon surrounding things, we are assured of its existence.

Sometimes the sun seems to hang for a half hour in the horizon, only just to show how glorious it can be. The day is done; the fervor of the shining is over, and the sun hangs golden—nay, redder than gold—in the west, making everything look unspeakably beautiful, with the rich effulgence which it sheds on every side. So God seems to let some people, when their duty in this world is done, hang in the west, that men may look on them, and see how beautiful they are. There are some hanging in the west now.—*Beecher.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

ASK, SEEK, KNOCK.

ASK and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you.—Mathew 7: 7.

Ask ever for a thankful heart
For all thy blessings given;
That thine heart may unceasing raise
Its grateful songs to heaven.
Ask for the promised love of GOD
To smooth life's rugged way,
And that from virtue's pleasant paths
Thy feet may never stray;
For He hath said, ye who believe,
Ask but of me, thou shalt receive.

And seek thou for the treasures hid
Within the sacred book,
For treasures rich and rare are stored
For all who humbly look;
And prayerful seek the pearl of price,
A spirit meek and pure,
Most precious in the Father's sight;
His promises are sure,
That if ye seek, with earnest mind,
Eternal riches ye shall find.

At the door of th' heavenly kingdom knock,
In the twilight hour of life,
To gain admittance to the blest,
To part from earthly strife,
Longing for thy heavenly rest,
Bid sin and toil depart;
Reaching the gate of Paradise,
Knock with unfaltering heart;
For CHRIST, the gentle SAVIOR, stands
To open it with ready hands.

Geneva, Wis., 1860. B C. D.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

"FOR what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul."—*Mark viii., 36.*

WHAT shall it profit thee, O man, to toil, and strive, and heap up riches as the sands along the sea. Gold cannot lengthen out the days of life, nor make the pillow of the grave more soft, nor buy an entrance to the heavenly world. Yea, what shall it profit thee though the whole world thou gain, if, in so doing, thy soul,—thy never-dying soul,—is lost? Dost thou not know that all for which thou laborest,—all upon which thou art wasting the noblest energies of a life granted thee for higher and nobler ends,—is perishable? fleeting as the morning cloud scattered by the first breath of passing wind?

Thine is the wealth to-day that years of care and toil have won thee. But misfortune cometh, thy gold is scattered, and to-morrow thou art poor. Clusters brightly around thy brow to-day the glory wreath of fame?—to-morrow it lies torn and trampled in the dust. And for riches and honors such as this, (yet the best this world can give thee,) thou would'st barter a soul so precious that the blood of GOD'S beloved Son was freely shed to ransom it,—a soul destined for heaven, for glory, for the company of Angels, and the presence of its GOD. Dost thou count upon length of days, and say,—"The treasures of this world I will possess, *then* heavenly treasures I will win? Is not thy life compared to the withering grass and fading flower that, in the morning flourisheth, and in the evening is cut down and burned? Daily lessons are taught thee of the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death, and well would it be for thee, O man, if thou wouldst profit by them and seek no more the riches of this world, "but the blessing of thy GOD that maketh rich and bringeth no sorrow with it."

Surely, surely, the Prince of this world leadeth on to victory, when man, created in the image of his GOD, with the light of Revelation beaming bright around him, chooses the broad way of death, because, forsooth, at the entrance gate, on golden soil, the flowers of sin blossom brightly for a season, withering all too soon, when the cold winds of despair pass over them,—sweeping ever, ever sweeping, down from the abodes of endless woe. E. H. FORD.

Geneva, N. Y., 1860.

SIMPLE PREACHING.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Christian Intelligencer*, writing from Saratoga, speaks as follows:—"One of the most delightful acquaintances I have formed at the Springs this season was Judge M'Lean, of the United States Court. I was specially interested in his criticisms on preaching. 'We want,' said he 'more simple, practical sermons—right to the conscience—made lively by Scripture, history, and incident. I like an occasional anecdote, if well put; for our Saviour spoke in parables. But I can not abide dry, abstract discussions, or cold homilies. Preaching should be piquant and popular, and suited to "common people." There was a capital lecture on pulpit rhetoric in the judge's remarks."

Luther, reproving Dr. Mayer because he was faint-hearted and depressed on account of his simple kind of preaching, as he supposed, in comparison with other divines, reproved him, and said:—"Loving brother, when you preach, pay little attention to the doctors and learned men, but think of the common people, and try to instruct and benefit them. In the pulpit we must feed the common people with milk; for each day a new church is growing up which stands in need of plain and simple diet."

THE fall was a step downward from innocence but also it was a step onward—a giant step in human progress. It made goodness possible; for to know the evil, and to conquer it and choose the good, is far nobler than a state which only consists in our ignorance of both.

HE who makes an idol of his interest, will make a martyr of his integrity.

The Reviewer.

GAZETTEER OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK: Embracing a Comprehensive View of the Geography, Geology, and General History of the State, and a Complete History and Description of Every County, City, Town, Village and Locality. With full Tables of Statistics. By J. H. FRENCH, Member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; Corresponding Member of the N. Y. Historical Society, etc. Illustrated by Original Steel Engravings, and accompanied by a New Map of the State from Accurate Surveys. Fifth Edition [8vo.—pp 739] Syracuse: R. Pearsall Smith. [From the Subscription Agent.

In this Gazetteer and Map we have the results of a vast amount of labor, so well and accurately performed, in the main, as to produce a work of great value—indeed almost indispensable for reference. Though the volume contains some errors, (a perfect work of its character cannot be expected,) it is generally very accurate and reliable so far as we have examined, and embraces an amount and variety of information that can be obtained from no other single source. The Map is, we think, beyond question, the best—the most accurate and reliable in details—yet published. A friend who visited the great New York Wilderness during the past Summer, assures us that this Map more correctly delineates that vast region than any one of several he has examined, being far superior to COLTON'S celebrated Atlas and the State Maps heretofore published.

Mr. FRENCH is a thorough man, usually doing well whatever he undertakes; and in this instance has exceeded the anticipations of the public. The publisher has also performed his task well, and we think the people of the Empire State ought to thank the Philadelphian for accomplishing successfully what none of our own citizens dared to undertake—though he worked for, and will no doubt obtain, a more substantial reward.

A COURSE OF SIX LECTURES ON THE VARIOUS FORCES OF MATTER, and their relations to each other. By MICHAEL FARADAY, D. C. L., F. R. S., Fullerian Professor of Chemistry, Royal Institution. Delivered before a Juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution of Great Britain during the Christmas Holidays of 1859-60. Edited by WM. CROOKES, F. C. S. With numerous Illustrations. [pp 198] New York: Harpers.

THE name of MICHAEL FARADAY is a host in Chemistry. No authority surpasses that of the Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. Distinguished as was his predecessor, Sir HUMPHREY DAVY, FARADAY stands forth vastly the greater mind.

These "Six Lectures" are a great curiosity; on the "Forces of Matter," as Gravitation, Cohesion, Chemical Affinity, Heat, Magnetism, and Electricity, and their Correlation; "delivered before a Juvenile Auditory at the Royal Institution," taken by a skillful reporter as they were spoken, and printed *verbatim et literatim;* exhibited and illustrated by the most simple experiments, the particular subject admitted of, and in language clear, plain, familiar almost to colloquy, and yet striking, impressive, and even eloquent. The Lectures are not long and fine treatises on the several topics, but mere presentations of the existence and action of these forces, as shown by experiments, involving, of course, many of their laws, which come out spontaneously, as it were, from the very manipulations of the Professor. They must be read and studied to impart to the mind the desirable knowledge they contain. The young and the older reader will often need the apparatus and operations so fully detailed.

At the close, it is seen that the Lectures were attended also by an auditory not so very juvenile. What, then, was the object of the juvenile auditory? It probably was to justify and sustain the teachings of the Professor under a manner and form more simple, familiar, and colloquial, than seemed to comport with the number and dignity of the auditory to which the Royal Institution was opened, and in this form to give them to the world. Never was Lecturer more successful; never were lectures more worthy of publication, or better fitted to instruct, to satisfy, and delight. The correlation of the Forces is finely presented; their differences are made palpable, even when they are co-laborers to the same end; their modifications are traced, but most will fail to find proof of "their mutual conversion one into another." Sold by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE PROGRESSIVE HIGHER ARITHMETIC, for Schools, Academies, and Mercantile Colleges. Combining the Analytic and Synthetic Methods; and forming a Complete Treatise on Arithmetical Science, and its Commercial and Business Applications. By HORATIO N. ROBINSON, LL. D., author of Works on Algebra, Geometry and Trigonometry, Surveying and Navigation, Conic Sections, Caculus, Astronomy, etc. [pp. 432] New York: Ivison, Phinney & Co.

"THIS work is intended to complete a well-graded and progressive series of Arithmetics, and to furnish to advanced students a more full and comprehensive text-book in the science of numbers than has heretofore been published." Both the Analytic and Synthetic methods of instruction are used and illustrated. In the preparation of this work, the author has endeavored to combine the characteristics of a first-class text-book, and we think he has admirably succeeded. It will augment his well-earned reputation. For sale by ADAMS & DABNEY.

FIRST GREEK BOOK; Comprising an Outline of the Forms and Inflections of the Language, a Complete Analytical Syntax, and an Introductory Greek Reader. With Notes and Vocabularies. By ALBERT HARKNESS, Ph. D., Prof. Greek in Brown University. [pp. 276.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN this last work, Dr. HARKNESS has furnished an admirable text-book for beginners in the study of Greek. The student is conducted through the common forms and inflections of the language, and made acquainted with the leading principles of its syntax, the practical illustration and working of which are found in a series of well-selected exercises and reading lessons. The work is complete in itself; though frequent references are made to the standard Greek grammars of Professors HADLEY, CROSBY, and SOPHOCLES. The mechanical work of the book is most beautifully executed.

A FOREST HYMN. By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. With Illustrations by JOHN A. NUMS. New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY.

THIS is a most magnificently illustrated Gift Book. BRYANT'S grand Forest Hymn is worthy the beautiful style in which it is presented—the illustrations, paper, typography and binding being all superb. We predict that it will rank among the choicest and most popular presentation books of the Holiday Season. For sale by ADAMS & DABNEY.

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS AND POEMS. By T. BABINGTON MACAULAY. New and Revised Edition. [16mo.—pp. 358.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

THIS volume will attract the attention of all admirers of the writings of the distinguished English essayist. It comprises a fine collection of brief essays and poems some written in youth and others in the maturity of the author's life—embracing several papers originally contributed to the Edinburgh Review, Knight's Magazine, etc For sale by L. HALL & BRO.

QUIET THOUGHTS FOR QUIET HOURS. By the author of "Life's Morning," "Life's Evening," "Sunny Hours," &c. [16mo.—pp. 268.] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

A PRETTY book, well illustrated, and in every way attractive. It contains twenty-eight articles in prose and eight in poetry, designed as suggestive of thought and reflection, and as incentives to the more faithful performance of Christian duty. It is a reprint of an English work, and the publishers are entitled to credit for presenting it to the American public in such a beautiful dress. Sold by DEWEY.

THE HORSE AND HIS DISEASES: Embracing his History and Varieties, Breeding and Management and Views; with the Diseases to which he is subject, and the Remedies best adapted to their Cure. By ROBERT JENNINGS, V. S., Prof. of Pathology and Operative Surgery in the Veterinary College of Philadelphia; Sec'y of the Am. Veterinary Association of Philadelphia, etc. etc To which are added RAREY'S Method of Taming Horses, and the Law of Warranty as Applicable to the Purchase and Sale of the Animal. Illustrated by nearly One Hundred Engravings. [pp. 384] Philadelphia: John E. Porter.

THIS volume is a new candidate for favor at the hands of horsemen, and of all those also who have the care of but a single animal. With regard to the practical merits of the author, Mr. JENNINGS, it is only necessary to say he brings to his profession the experience of fifteen years ardently devoted to an investigation of the habits, peculiarities, wants, and weaknesses, of the horse. That he is fully capable of leading the great majority of men to a better understanding of an animal which can never be too well understood by any one who would gain the greatest possible advantages to be derived from so useful a servant, an examination of the work fully demonstrates. As a book of reference—when disease or accident renders just such works almost invaluable—we recommend it to those peculiarly interested. [From the Publisher.

LIFE OF WILLIAM T. PORTER. By FRANCIS BRINLEY. [16mo.—pp. 273.] New York: D. Appleton & Co.

IN the year 1831, the subject of this memoir started a journal in the city of New York, which was, among the American people, the pioneer of a new and novel style of literature. Its title was the "Spirit of the Times," and its object the elevation of the sports of the turf to a National importance. For twenty-five years he labored to this end, with a success honorable to himself, and in which every ardent admirer of the thorough-bred horse feels a just pride. In the statistics of sporting, he was the possessor of a fund of knowledge unequalled by any man in our country, and his decisions and reports have been, and will continue to be, quoted as authority. An intimate acquaintance says "his mind was clear and comprehensive, his perception keen, his deductions clear and concise, while his judgment, in sporting matters, was more reliable and more respected than that of any other person whatever." In the daily walks of life, WM. T. PORTER was known as the high-toned and high-bred gentleman. He was respected and beloved by all with whom he came in contact, no less for his gentleness and kindness of nature, than for those characteristics which assured the world of his manhood. His friends, and they are legion, will hail this brief biography of "York's Tall Son" with feelings of gratification. For sale by STEELE, AVERY & Co.

WINNIE AND WALTER: or, Story-Telling at Thanksgiving [16mo.—pp. 127.] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

WINNIE AND WALTER'S CHRISTMAS STORIES. [16mo.—pp. 124.] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

WINNIE AND WALTER'S EVENING TALKS with their Father about Old Times. [16mo.—pp. 142.] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

HERE are three little volumes for the children, each of which is complete in itself, but the purchaser of one will not so consider it, nor be satisfied without possessing the whole. The little ones who form the home circle are very much interested in the life-pictures, which are simply, but beautifully and truthfully, drawn, and the "toddling wee thing" finds his share of entertainment in gazing upon the illustrations, of which there are several in each volume. Parents making investments in behalf of SANTA CLAUS, should not forget the "Talks" and "Story-Telling" of WINNIE and WALTER. For sale by D. M. DEWEY.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS. Republished by LEONARD SCOTT & Co., New York.

THE October issue of the *London Review* is at hand, and presents a "Table of Contents" which must gratify the lovers of the type of literature it represents. The subjects treated are as follows:—The Brazilian Empire; Deaconesses; Public School Education; Wills and Will-Making, Ancient and Modern; Eliot's Novels; Arrest of the Five Members by Charles the First; Iron-Sides and Wooden Walls; Competitive Examinations.

THE *Westminster Review* is not a whit behind the London in the variety of topics presented, nor in the ability with which they are discussed. The titles are, Neo-Christianity; North American Indians; Robert Owen; The Organization of Italy; The Antiquity of the Human Race; Russia—Present and Future; Our National Defences; Thackeray as a Novelist and Photographer; Contemporary Literature. The issues before us are the closing numbers of the respective volumes, and each Review will doubtless begin the New Year with increased mental activity and vigor. D. M. DEWEY is the Agent for Rochester and vicinity.

Books Received.

THE FOUR GEORGES. Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court and Town Life. By W. M. THACKERAY. With Illustrations. [16mo.—pp. 241] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN A. QUITMAN, Major General U. S. A., and Governor of the State of Mississippi. By J. F. H. CLAIBORNE In two volumes. [pp. 400 and 392.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

SONGS OF IRELAND; Containing Songs of the Affections; Convivial, Comic, Moral, Sentimental, Satirical, Patriotic, and Miscellaneous Songs. Edited and Annotated by SAMUEL LOVER, author of "Handy Andy," etc. Profusely Illustrated. [16mo.—pp. 360] New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

RAILWAY PROPERTY. A Treatise on the Construction and Management of Railways: Designed to afford Useful Knowledge, in a Popular Sense, to the Holders of that Class of Property; as well as to Railway Managers, Officers, and Agents. By JOHN B. JARVIS, Civil Engineer. [16mo.—pp 341] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER: An American Story. By J. G. HOLLAND, author of "The Bay Path," "Bitter Sweet," "The Titcomb Letters," "Gold Foil," etc. [pp. 476] New York: Charles Scribner. Rochester—ADAMS & DABNEY, and STEELE, AVERY & Co.

FAMOUS BOYS: and How They Became Great Men. Dedicated to Youths and Young Men, as a Stimulus to Earnest Living [pp. 360.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

TRUE STORIES OF THE DAYS OF WASHINGTON. Illustrated. [pp 312.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Rochester—DEWEY.

MAY COVERLEY, the Young Dressmaker. [pp. 258] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

THE WAR TIGER: or Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea Chief and his lad Chow: A Tale of the Conquest of China. By WM. DALTON, author of the "White Elephant," etc. With Illustrations by H. S. MELVILLE [pp. 337] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

EVAN HARRINGTON: or, He Would Be a Gentleman. By GEORGE MEREDITH. [pp. 491] New York: Harper & Bros. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & Co.

THE BIG NIGHTCAP LETTERS; Being the Fifth Book of the Series By the author of the Six Nightcap Books, "Aunt Fanny's Stories," etc. [pp. 184.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

THE FAIRY NIGHTCAPS. By the author of the Five Nightcap Books, "Aunt Fanny's Stories," etc. [pp 215.] New York: Appleton & Co. Rochester—HALL & BRO.

NEW FAIRY STORIES for My Grandchildren. By GEO. KEIL. Translated from the German, by S. W. LANDER. [pp. 84] New York: Appletons. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

BOB AND WALTER: With the Story of Breakneck Ledge. [pp. 138.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Rochester—DEWEY.

HIDE AND SEEK. A Novel. By W. WILKIE COLLINS. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. [pp. 212, octavo.] Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

ETIQUETTE, and the Usages of Society. By HENRY P. WILLIS. [pp 64.] New York: Dick & Fitzgerald. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

VIEWS IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—No. IX.

CANANDAIGUA LAKE—WEST SHORE.

ALREADY we have given sketches of the principal Lakes of Western New York, with appropriate engravings, including views of the head and eastern shore of Canandaigua Lake. We now present our readers with a very pretty sketch of the western shore. In bold and beautiful scenery this Lake is not surpassed by any of her fair sisters, and we know of no way in which a few hours of quiet enjoyment of nature can be better obtained, than by taking passage in the little steamer that leaves Canandaigua every day during the summer, for a trip up the Lake. If short of time you can return with the boat, but the better way is to take a supply of fishing tackle, and spend a day among the hills and dales, and fertile farms that skirt the Lake. It was some years ago that we took such an excursion, but the recollection is still pleasantly treasured up, as a bright and pleasant page in the memory. It was a warm day in the Autumn,—the frost had tinged the foliage with crimson and gold,—that haze peculiar to the season, softened the bright light of the sun, and, as an artist would say, gave to the whole scene a mellow, yet deep, rich tone. As we wandered through the fields and woods, and watched the squirrels in their gambols, and the waterfowl in their sports upon the silvery Lake, and gathered the nuts from among the fallen leaves, we thought that perhaps a few days,—a scene here and there,—may have been saved from the wreck of Eden, to remind us of what was lost by the first great sin.

CUTTLE FISH.

OUR commerce with Japan is introducing some rather novel articles of trade, about the mercantile value or use of which few persons are well informed. One of the most valuable of these, Rapeseed Oil, is beginning to be pretty well appreciated as a burning fluid. Others, however, are mainly used by Asiatic residents, and among these we may enumerate Seaweed and Cuttle Fish. The former is a glutinous substance, and much prized by those who esteem most highly the far famed "bird's-nest" luxury. Of the Cuttle Fish we have heretofore known little, except that it afforded a peculiar shaped bone, indispensable to the aviary, or, at least, that portion of it assigned to the canary. The flesh of this fish, however, is highly prized in Asiatic countries as an article of food; and by the Japanese, on the coast of whose country it is found in abundance, it is dried, and becomes an article of commerce.

The Cuttle Fish belongs to the class Mollusca, without essentially varying in characteristics from the small squid used as bait by cod-fishers, to the monster kraken, (the Cephalopoda of naturalists,) whose arms have been known to be forty-five feet in length, is of all possible sizes, so that it has been designated by sailors to be both the largest and the smallest fish known to sea-going men. The larger varieties of the Cuttle Fish, however, seldom frequent the shores, but inhabit deep waters, where they become the prey, and, perhaps, the antagonist of the sperm whale. The noted whaler, Captain Collin, some years ago, on being interrogated before a committee of the British House of Commons, on some points designed to elucidate the formation of ambergris, incidentally stated that he once killed a sperm whale, from whose stomach he took part of the arm of a Cuttle Fish, which portion measured twenty-eight feet. Montfort relates that, on the Norwegian coast, the flesh of the larger Cuttle Fish is deemed by the sailors a great delicacy.

But it is the smaller animal of this description that is taken by the Japanese. It is found in crevices of rocks, but is almost entirely aquatic, preying upon fish and vermin. Montfort describes it as holding on the projecting rocks on shore, by one or two of its arms, while, with the others of these members, it gropes for its prey in the water. When thus found, it has been known to have attained the size of the human head, and had arms six feet in length, and several inches in diameter. Their capture is said to be a work of great risk, as they are by no means non-combatants, and possess the power and disposition to involve the attacking party in the coils of their long and serpent-like arms. Montfort relates that, on one occasion, himself and a powerful mastiff which accompanied him, barely escaped with life from an encounter with one of these shore Mollusci.

The bone of the Cuttle Fish, which is universally known, (the Os Sepia of the druggist,) seems to be the skeleton of the fish, and is found in great abundance in various parts of the world. The shores of Australia are said to afford them in myriads. It occupies the center of the bag-like body of the fish, and seems assigned by nature merely to sustain and give shape to the fabric around it. It is a chalky substance, and in formers days was supposed to possess rare medical virtues. It still enters into the composition of some dentifrices, and is said to form a part of the best Parisian "rouge."

The pigment well known as India Ink, is made from a fluid secreted by the Cuttle Fish. This fluid is of a jet black color, and is exuded in great quantity, even by the diminutive squid. According to travelers, who describe the manufacture of India Ink, the Chinese gather the fish, and throw them together in vats, where the ink flows out, and is drained off into proper vessels. It is well known that the black tint of the fluid secreted by the cod-bait, is ineradicable.

The ancients were well acquainted with the Cuttle Fish, and the Greeks and Romans esteemed it a delicacy, and paid for it a high price. According to Pliny, the gourmands of Rome ate every variety of this fish found in the Mediterranean.

But, after all, it may be deemed questionable whether the opening up of Japanese commerce can be the means of introducing the Cuttle Fish to the tables of Anglo-American barbarians. Still, if our Asiatic residents prize it as an article of food, its importation is all well enough. Commerce is not at all fastidious. If Cuttle Fish, Seaweed, or anything else, will "pay," let us have it.—*Alta Californian.*

THE POWER OF THE HEART.—Let any one, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all muscular control over it. Speedily it may be observed to sway forward and back through a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time, they will be found to agree exactly with the beatings of the pulse. Every one knows that, at a fire, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, the tendency is to straighten the hose; and if the bend be a sharp one, considerable force is necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body. The arteries are but a system of hose through which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood rushing through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is the effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such ocular demonstration, it is difficult to conceive the power exerted by that exquisite mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.—*Jos. W. Sprague.*

WHAT CAUSES THE HAIR TO TURN GRAY.—It has been recently asserted that an undue proportion of lime in the system is the cause of premature gray hair, and we are advised to avoid hard water, either for drinking pure or when converted into tea, coffee or soup, because hard water is strongly impregnated with lime. Hard water may be softened by boiling it; let it become cold, and then use it as a beverage. It is also stated that a liquid that will color the human hair black, and not stain the skin, may be made by taking one part of bay rum, three parts of olive oil, and one part of good brandy, by measure. The hair must be washed with the mixture every morning, and in a short time the use of it will make the hair a beautiful black, without injuring it in the least. The articles must be of the best quality, mixed in a bottle, and always shaken well before being applied.

THE EXCITEMENT OF INTOXICATION.—The love of narcotics and intoxicating compounds is so universal, it may almost count as an instinct. Every nation has it in a greater or less degree—some in the shape of opium, some in smoke, some in drink, some in snuff; but, from the equator to the snow-line, it exists—a trifle changed in dress, according to the climate, but always the same need, always the same desire. Kings have decreed punishment on the secular side; priests have anathematized on the spiritual; lawmakers have sought to pluck out the habit, root and branch, from their people; but all to no good—man still goes on smoking, snuffing and chewing; putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," and finding immense satisfaction in a practice that makes him both an invalid and a madman, and never quits him till it has laid him fairly in the grave.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PEBBLES MISTAKEN FOR DIAMONDS.

IN speaking of Diamond-hunters, one naturally understands the term as signifying a certain class of men, forming but a very small portion of the millions inhabiting the earth, whose vocation is that of searching for the little stone which is destined to shine in the monarch's diadem, and in the rich attire of the belle. And then, the imagination is quickly at work, and we see the toilers searching all the long day, and observe the lighting up of the eye at a treasure found, and the look of disappointment which follows, as one picks up a pebble for a diamond, and discovers his mistake.

But these are not the only Diamond-hunters. Scan the actions and motives of the rest of mankind. What are we all doing? Each wishes to attain some object, and this wish is made the motive for exertion in a greater or less degree. In short, we are all seeking for diamonds; not the little jewel which sparkles on head, or neck, or finger; but something which we consider of much greater value. It assumes an infinite number of forms, and these vary with the seeker. But always, in whatever shape it is,—to the one who so zealously seeks it,—it is only another name for happiness.

Here is one who is anxiously seeking for a diamond. See how arduously he works to obtain the fame he so much covets. Now he grasps it; but, lo! the bubble has broken, and instead of the diamond, he has a pebble. Another is working just as earnestly to obtain wealth. After many year's toil and perplexity, he obtains it, but with it comes a load of care, and by it the value of his diamond is reduced to that of a pebble. Still a third is seeking happiness in a course of revelry and dissipation,—in having a protracted "good time." But in a little while he finds that it "don't pay," that his diamond isn't worth much more than a pebble after all. One fair searcher is seeking admiration,—for a few seasons she is successful, then a rival steps in, and she is supplanted. Where, now, is her diamond?

Thus we see that very many are not successful in their labors,—that they often mistake the pebble for the diamond, and are thereby disappointed. What is the cause of this short-sightedness? These inconsiderate Diamond-seekers, we fear, do not take the trouble to distinguish the diamond from the pebble before the work is begun.

But all are not thus unsuccessful. Some there are among us like bright sunbeams, who are apparently always happy. Where did they find the diamond? By an ordinary amount of observation one can see where true happiness has her abiding-place. It is not always in the palace, or in the hovel,—it does not always accompany fame or admiration; but it *may* be with either one of these. And what is the secret? How shall we find it? It is embodied in the simple word Content. There you have it, brother seekers. Only be content with your present lot, and you possess a diamond without any further search. H.

Plymouth, O., 1860.

FARMER'S BOYS.

THE following article, which we find in the Valley Farmer, a Western agricultural periodical, we commend to the attention of every farmer's boy. Parents should also point it out to their sons, and, if necessary, read it to them carefully, and then hand the article over to them without comment, unless the remarks be of a mild and pleasing nature:

"In the wide world, there is no more important thing than farmers' boys. They are not so important for what they are, as for what they will be. At present they are of but little consequence too often. But farmers' boys always have been, and we presume always will be, the material out of which the noblest men are made. They have health and strength; they have bone and muscle; they have heart and will; they have nerve and patience; they have ambition and endurance; and these are the materials that make men. Not buckrams and broadcloth, and patent leather and beaver fur, and kid gloves and watch seals, are the materials of which men are made. It takes better stuff to make a man. It is not fat and flesh and swagger and self-conceit, nor yet smartness, nor flippancy, nor foppery, nor fastness. These make fools, but not men; not men such as the world wants, nor such as it will honor and bless. It is not long hair, nor much beard, nor a pipe, nor a cigar, nor a quid of tobacco, nor an oath, nor a glass of beer or brandy, nor dog and gun, nor a pack of cards, nor a novel, nor a vulgar book of love and murder, nor a tale of adventures, that makes a man, or has anything to do with making a man.

Farmers' boys ought to keep clear of all these idle, foolish things. They should be employed with nobler objects. They have yet to be men of clear grit, honest, intelligent, industrious, ambitious men, who shall love their country and their kind. With the means they possess, how easy for them to be in fact the first class men. They have land and stock and tools; they have health, time and mind; they have schools and churches and papers; they have books and perseverance, and the heart and hand for work. More than this they need not. Let them awake and work and study. It is not all work nor yet all study, that will make men of the right stamp. They must work intelligently and study with an earnest purpose of being benefitted, and then they will become what they ought to be, the real men of the world."

DIG but deep enough, and under all earth runs water, under all life runs grief.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

Waste of Food,.....381
Sterility—Mr. Hathaway Reviewed,.....381
What the Farm will Produce,.....381
A Clydesdale Stallion, [Illustrated,].....381
"Sorghum, where is it?".....381
A Patent Churn Rug,.....382
To keep Manure Heaps from Heating,.....382
The Bee-Keeper—Drones how to Exterminate,.....382
Rural Spirit of the Press.—Fattening Hogs on Dry Corn; Apparatus for Salting Sheep; Lime and Wheat; Calves with Sheep; Light for Animals; How to Finish Rooms,.....382
Inquiries and Answers.—Carrots for Horses,.....382
Agricultural Miscellany.—The Weather; Ag'l Science in Genesee; Another New Ag. Journal; The Rural's Show-Bill for 1861; Gov. Seward's Arabian Horse—Opinion of the Committee; Valuation of Cattle, &c., in Mass.; That Rural Ruining Advertisement; How Many?.....382

HORTICULTURAL.

Double Asters,.....383
Tree-Movers, [Illustrated,].....383
Gardens,.....383
Horticultural Notes—The French Raspberry; Transactions of the Am. Pom. Soc'y; Genesee Valley Hort. Society; Grapes at Kelley's Island; Pears—Duchesse d'Angouleme; Fruit in Michigan; Culture of the Camellia in the Parlor,.....383
Inquiries and Answers.—Bark Lice; Hedges and Bones; Planting Peaches, &c.; Apple Tree Borer; Grape Vines and Raspberries; Improved Tomato; Plant for Name,.....383

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Good Apple Dumplings; Sweet Apple Pudding; Citron Sauce; Hop Yeast; Lincoln Cake; Crullers; How to get rid of Black Ants; Sausages; A New Sewing Machine; Cider Wine,.....383

LADIES' OLIO.

That Little Chair, [Poetical;] Hard Truths; Juvenile Imaginations; Little Fannie; Great Men and Little Children; The Power of Women,.....384

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

Life and Love, [Poetical;] Milton: Was he a Man, or a Brute; Influence of Books on Character,.....384

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Ask, Seek, Knock, [Poetical;] The Pearl of Great Price; Simple Preaching,.....384

THE REVIEWER.

Gazetteer of the State of New York; A Course of Six Lectures on the Various Forces of Matter; The Progressive Higher Arithmetic: First Greek Book; A Forest Hymn; Critical and Miscellaneous Essays and Poems; Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours; The Horse and His Diseases; Life of Wm. T. Porter; Wines and Wines, &c.; The Quarterly Reviews; Books Received,..385

USEFUL OLIO.

Views in Western New York, No. IX. [Illustrated,] Cuttle Fish; The Power of the Heart; What Causes the Hair to Turn Gray; The Excitement of Intoxication,....385

YOUNG RURALIST.

Pebbles mistaken for Diamonds; Farmer's Boys,.....385

THE STORY TELLER.

The Leafless Woods, [Poetical;] My Autograph,.....388

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The Independent—Joseph H. Richards.
The Newspaper of New England—Samuel Bowles & Co.
The School Visitor.
Burrall's Patent Corn Sheller and Separator—Wm. D. Burrall.
Stock for Sale—Benjamin Fish.
The Universal Plow—William M'Kendree Bray.
A Farm for Sale—Geo. Keech.
Clover Seed; Seminary—Amy Moore.
Important to Nurserymen.
Berkshire Pigs for sale—Wm. K. Gridley.
More Agents Wanted—Liberty Hall & Bro.
Middlebury Academy—M. Weed.
The Oporto Grape—E. W. Sylvester.
Webster Academy—C. H. Dann.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 1, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Government was officially informed on the 21st inst., that Capt. Montgomery and his company have again commenced operations in Kansas by hanging and killing their opponents, and threatening to compel an adjournment of the land sales, advertised to take place during December. Several days previous letters were received from responsible sources, addressed to the proper authorities, stating that Capt. Montgomery had a force of probably 500 men, with plenty of arms, ammunition and other material aid, and that from time to time war-like supplies had been received by him from the North. The writers also say that the demand to adjourn the land sale would be resorted to as a mere pretext for raising an armed force, and that the real object of this lawless organization is a raid, first on the frontiers of Missouri, and then on Arkansas and the western border, to avenge the punishment of abolition emisaries. Gov. Medary has recently communicated some important particulars relative to Capt. Montgomery's alarming movements. Orders will be forthwith dispatched, ordering the United States troops in Kansas, to such points as may be necessary for the protection of the land officers in the performance of their duty, as well as the public property menaced, including Fort Scott.

On the 22d the President received a dispatch from Judge Willams from Warsaw, acquainting him with the alarming state of affairs in Kansas. Additional orders have been transmitted, to resort to all the available means within his reach to crush the insurgents.

Mr. Floyd, the Secretary of War, has expressed the determination to hand over the forts and arsenals in South Carolina intact, to his successor on the 4th of March. Any attempt, therefore, to seize them by the secessionists, as suggested by Mr. Rhett, would inevitably lead to serious consequences.

Washington is alive with rumors of grave disagreements in the Cabinet. The President maintains the illegality of secession, as well as its impolicy, and has resolved earnestly to rebuke it. Secretary Cobb and Thompson threaten to resign unless he suppresses his condemnation of the Secessionists. Postmaster Holt, to some extent, dissents from the President's position, but it is doubtful whether he will carry his opposition so far as to resign, in case the President adheres to his sentiments.

The receipts into the Treasury for the week ending on Monday, were $1,432,000, including about $1,400,000 only from the customs. The drafts paid amounted to about $2,000,000, a portion for the redemption of Treasury notes. Leaving subject to draft $3,195,000.

The amount of lands sold during the year ending with June, were 3,461,000 acres. Amount received therefore, $1,844,000.

The Postmaster General has ordered the preparation of envelopes embossed with a one cent stamp, from a newly executed dye, representing the head of Franklin, to be used for circulars and drop letters. Letter envelopes will also be prepared with a one cent stamp in juxtaposition with the three cent stamp, to facilitate the necessary pre-payment of the carrier fee on letters taken from stamp boxes, or other stations in cities, to the Post Office for transportation by mail. These envelopes will be ordered both ruled and unruled.

A telegraphic dispatch, dated the 24th ult., says:—The position of the President is understood to be:—Though the South has just cause for complaint against the North, no State is justified in seceding or revolutionary movements. Until every constitutional measure for redress has been exhausted, no State has a right to commit acts having the effect of precipitating such condition of affairs as would induce or compel other States to join her in disruption of the Union; and calling dispassionate deliberation of the people, may result in restoring confidence and positive integrity to the Constitution.

The Government received a dispatch from Minister Clay on the 26th ult., stating that he had, pursuant to instructions, demanded his passport, and was on his way home. Shortly after this information came to the Executive, the Peruvian Minister to the U. S. was promptly furnished with his passport, and thus all diplomatic intercourse between the two countries is terminated. The amount of unadjusted claims against Peru, on account of the seizure and confiscation of the vessels Georgiana and Lizzy Thompson, is $150,000. Mr. Clay has been our Minister to Peru for nearly 14 years.

Political Intelligence.

WE give the official vote in the recent elections as far as it has been ascertained:

NEW YORK.—The official footing on electors, as far as heard from, assuming Orange and Sullivan as heretofore reported, are as follows:—Lincoln electors, 362,646; Fusion electors, 312,510. The canvassers not having received returns from Orange or Sullivan, completed the canvass without their vote, and adjourned to meet December 7th, to canvass the State ticket.

THE official vote on the question of Negro Suffrage in the State of New York, is ascertained to be as follows:—Against, 273,073; for, 172,477. Majority against, 100,596.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The official vote of this State for President gives Lincoln a majority over all opposition of 62,518, and a plurality over the Reading ticket of 92,622. The following are the figures:—Lincoln, 268,518; Fusion, 175,896; Douglas, 17,350; Bell, 12,754.

ILLINOIS.—The official vote of Illinois is as follows:—Lincoln, 172,545; Douglas, 160,549; Bell, 4,846; Breckenridge, 2,272. Increase in vote since 1856, 103,132.

AT the late election a law was submitted to the popular vote of Maryland, compelling free negroes to hire out on certain conditions, and voted down in every county.

CALIFORNIA.—The People's Reform ticket for municipal officers for San Francisco, is elected by majorities ranging from 600 to 4,000. This is the fifth time the Reform government, which was inaugurated by the Vigilance Committee of 1856, has been indorsed, and the majorities just given are larger than ever before. Presidential election returns still lack 5,000 or 6,000 votes from being complete. Total vote returned, 111,818. Lincoln, 36,586; Douglas, 35,990; Breckenridge, 31,216; Bell, 8,026. Lincoln over Douglas, 396. This is the most favorable account for Douglas published, other authorities placing him nearly 1,000 behind Lincoln. The balance of the returns will probably reduce Lincoln's majority, but the State is generally conceded to have gone Republican, though the official account is required to settle all doubts.

OREGON.—A dispatch from Yorka, near Oregon, on the 13th, says the latest advices from Oregon give 250 majority for Lincoln over Breckenridge. Douglas was 6,000 behind Breckenridge, with three small counties to hear from, which cannot vary the result.

KENTUCKY.—The official vote of this State is as follows:—Bell, 66,016; Breckenridge, 52,836; Douglas, 25,341; Lincoln, 1,466.

The Secession Movement—Re-action.

GEORGIA.—The largest meeting ever held in Greene county, Georgia, came off on the 23d ult. The most influential men in the county took part. Resolutions of a conservative character were almost unanimously adopted. They urge the call of a State Convention of all parties, to calmly consider the evils threatening the destruction of the National Union—appealing to the people of the Union to discard the counsels of agitating politicians and demagogues of all sections, and rally to the support of our imperilled government. They say the politicians, instead of allaying the excitement, have stirred it up; instead of repressing mutual distrust and dislike, they have promoted it; instead of removing causes of dispute, they have created them for the sake of power and office.

A large meeting in Hancock county on the 24th ult., adopted firm conservative resolutions, denying that the mere election of Lincoln was a cause for disunion, but declaring the unfriendly legislation of many of the free States an outrage on the comity of the Union.

Judge Wayne, of the Supreme Court, has, it is understood, written a letter to a friend in Washington, saying, among other things, that four-fifths of the people of Savannah are opposed to secession.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Legislature has assembled. A strong Southern feeling is manifest. The Governor's message takes strong Southern grounds, and recommends a Conference with the neighboring States, and then a State Convention on federal affairs. He recommends the enrollment of all men between 18 and 45 years, and the raising of a corps of 10,000 volunteers with arms and equipments. He goes for resisting any effort at coercion in any event.

VIRGINIA.—Gov. Letcher has published a letter in reply to that of John J. Brisben, of Penn., who ridicules Secession, and states that 200 Virginians had tendered him their command in the event of disunion, &c. The Governor, in his reply, administers a severe rebuke to the Northern nullification States, and shows that dereliction on the part of the North is the prime cause of the present dangerous trouble. He advises the people of the North to correct public sentiment at home, and discharge their constitutional obligations with strict fidelity. He then indicates his determination to defend the State of Virginia, and stand as a mediator, an armed mediator, if necessary, between the Southern States and their assailants, come from what quarter they may.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The conservative sentiment in the South appears to be disgusted at the unceasing sectional wrangles, and considers that the Northern States should promptly convene their Legislatures and repeal their unfriendly laws, and urge a Convention of all the States to make a prompt and united effort to preserve the Union and country from bankruptcy, anarchy, &c.

MISSISSIPPI.—The Congressmen of this State met in Jackson on the 24th ult., and unanimously declared for a Southern Confederacy. The secession movement creates great enthusiasm throughout the State.

MARYLAND.—A telegram dated Nov. 26th, says:—An association calling themselves "Southern Volunteers," displayed the Palmetto flag, and was greeted with groans and hisses from the crowd, and with plaudits from the volunteers. Captain Jones, of the bark Isabel, also displayed the Palmetto flag from the mast head of his vessel this morning, when all the ships in the vicinity immediately ran up the Stars and Stripes.

Kansas Troubles Renewed.

THE citizens of Kansas, it would seem, are in a fair way of once more getting into hot water. One Montgomery, with the title of Captain, has been inciting a certain portion of the inhabitants to deeds of violence, and if the statements furnished us by the entire press (which we condense below,) are to be relied upon, that gentleman and his band are certainly committing outrages which will receive the attention of the government, and result seriously to the perpetrators. The intelligence received is as follows:

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 22.—Dr. Massey of Fort Scott arrived here this evening. He left Fort Scott Tuesday last. Rumors of burning of the town on Monday night are incorrect. He confirms the account of the murder of five men and the capture of others, who have probably met the same fate. Montgomery's gang are well armed with Sharp's rifles and Navy revolvers; they have plundered the town of Paris and arrested many of its citizens. The people have petitioned the Secretary of the Territory, in the absence of Gov. Medary, to come to their assistance with federal troops.

LEAVENWORTH, Nov. 24.—The latest information received here from Fort Scott, shows that up to Tuesday night no demonstration had been made there. It is thought here that Montgomery's object is only to drive off some obnoxious settlers, and that he has no intention of molesting the government officers at Fort Scott, or of invading Missouri. His original band has been largely reinforced by men recently driven from the New York Indian lands, and rendered desperate by want.

OSCEOLA, Nov. 24.—A gentleman just in from Osceola informs us that the citizens of that section were in a great state of excitement, apprehending that Montgomery would push on to that place for the purpose of taking possession of the bank and contents, which could be easily effected in the present unarmed condition of the inhabitants. The last news of Montgomery's movements was that a portion of his band were at Ball's Mill, only 25 miles from Osceola, and it is feared he will march on to the latter place.

WARSAW, Mo., Nov. 23.—Judge Williams, U. S. District Judge of Southern Kansas, arrived here to-night. A meeting of the citizens was immediately called, and Judge Williams delivered a calm and cool statement of affairs in the Territory. He has been for 20 years the presiding Judge on the border of civilization. Judge W. said since Saturday night he had been in the saddle. He came to warn Missourians of the approaching danger. Southern Kansas had been delivered over to abolition outrages under Montgomery and others. For three and a half years he had been Judge, striving to maintain the supremacy of the laws, and to that end has used his efforts, on and off the bench faithfully, notwithstanding the evidence of marauders and lawless men who were there for that purpose only. He had organized and held courts in all the counties of this district. These marauders and murderers are sustained by men who procure means in the States under the pretense of aiding the sufferers of Kansas, but appropriate them to carry out their designs of rebellion against law. They are the same men who procured a passage of the amnesty and other indulgencies, by their promise that they would maintain the law, and preserve order in Southern Kansas. But this has only proved a respite to enable them more effectually to prepare for the accomplishment of their designs.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 25.—The Brigade of Missouri volunteers, under the command of Brig. General Frost, mustered into service by order of Governor Stewart for the protection of the Western frontier, left on an extra train for the Pacific Railroad, at 11 o'clock to-day. The Brigade numbered about 700, embracing eight companies of infantry, engineer corps, one company of calvary, three pieces of artillery, fully armed and equipped for one month's campaign. Major Bell, of the U. S. Arsenal, furnished a full supply of shot and cannister for the battery; forty thousand rounds of Minnie balls, sixty rounds for each of Colt's revolvers.

The Late Storm on the Lakes.

IT was feared that the gale which set in on the night of Friday, the 23d, and continued through Saturday and Sunday, would result in the destruction of life and property upon our inland waters—and the telegraph this, (Tuesday) morning, brings us the following melancholy intelligence:

BUFFALO, Nov. 27.—The storm of Saturday and Sunday was the most severe that has occurred for many years. The damage to buildings in the city was heavy. The marine losses as far as heard from are as follows—The schooner Comet, ashore in the bay, cargo of oats. The barque Torrent, ashore near Barcelona, cargo of coal. The schooner Fanny Gardner, ashore near the Comet, no cargo. Propeller Forest Queen, ashore at Bailey's Harbor, gone to pieces. A large propeller, supposed to be the Decotah, of the New York Central Railroad line, is ashore at the Eighteen Mile Creek. She left Buffalo Friday afternoon, with a double crew on board, all of whom have perished. The propeller Jersey City, of the New York and Erie Railroad line, is reported to have foundered near Dunkirk, and all on board perished. Two or three propellers and a number of sail vessels are ashore on the Canada side. Most of the fleet bound down have arrived safely, the loss being confined mostly to vessels bound up.

Of those bound up the schooner J. S. Newhouse is ashore near Goderich, C. W. Schooner Wm. Maxwell, ashore above Sugar Loaf. Crew all perished except one. Schooner Enterprise, ashore at Long Point. Schooner Artic, ashore at Presque Isle. Schooner Scalawag, ashore near Port Stanley; gone to pieces. Schooner William Case, of Chicago, and W. H. Goodel, of Buffalo, were today towed into the river at Sarnia, completely covered with ice, with every man on the Goodell more or less frozen. Brig Curtiss Mann, from Chicago to Buffalo, is ashore near Goderich, C. W.; crew saved, vessel a total loss. The Cadet, of Detroit, arrived at Goderich, safe. She reports seeing a loaded vessel in the lake running under bare poles, shipping heavy seas, and thinks she must have foundered. Three other vessels, names unknown, are ashore at Point Albino. The bark Sunshine and schooner Kenosha, are safe under Long Point, but damaged. The schooner Marco Polo is capsized near Long Point. Schooner Sacrament, ashore near Port Colborne.

From Lake Ontario we get the following:—The schooners St. George, Mary, The Wild Rover, and two or three others, names unknown, are ashore near South Bay. Schooner Forrest, frozen in the ice near Trenton, in the Bay of Quinte; Cascade, driven to Sackett's Harbor, disabled, sails gone—she was loaded with wheat; Mary Selina, ashore in Chaumont Bay—lumber; Comet, ashore near Big Sodus—grain; propeller Coaster, ashore three miles below Stone Mills, Canada, gone to pieces; schooner Augusta Hardy, in South Bay. Seven vessels ashore between Kingston and Sackett's Harbor, reported by steamer from former place.

DR. LONGSHOW, who went out with Dr. Hayes' Arctic Expedition, has returned. He left the explorers frozen in the ice, where they expected to remain until June next. All well and hopeful.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITIAN.—At Lord Mayor's banquet, in London, the only European Embassadors present were those of France and Sardinia. Persigney spoke for the diplomatic corps in a cordial and friendly spirit.

The projected Cotton Company, in Manchester, was assuming definite shape. The capital is fixed at £100,000 sterling.

The African mail steamer had arrived at Liverpool. The slave trade was reported brisk. The American ship Lauretta is supposed to have left Whydah on the 28th of September, with 600 slaves on board, and the American bark Buckeye sailed a few days previous with a cargo of slaves.

The bullion in the Bank of England had decreased £230,000. The banks had raised the rate of interest to 4½ per cent.

No intelligence had been received of the Prince of Wales, but two vessels, supposed to have been the Hero and Ariadne, were seen passing Pill, off Portland, during the night of the 8th inst.

Prince Albert arrived at Plymouth on the morning of the 9th inst.

FRANCE.—The monthly return of the Bank of France shows a decrease in cash of twenty-five and a third millions of francs.

ITALY.—Advices from Naples say that 15,000 Neapolitan troops, 4,000 horses and 32 guns, being pursued by Sardinians, took refuge in the Papal States. Their progress was arrested by French and Papal authorities, and they will be disarmed.

After the fall of Gaeta, Garibaldi will, it is said, retire to private life for a time.

Official result of the Sicilian election on annexation—Ayes 433,054; noes 667.

Victor Emmanuel formally accepted the Sovereignty of the two Sicilies, and the deed of annexation was drawn up. Garibaldi and his Ministers resigned on the 9th, and the former departed for his home. Victor Emmanuel was received at Naples most enthusiastically.

Investure of Gaeta on the land side continued, and the departure of Francis II. was considered imminent. It is reported that the commander at Gaeta had commenced negociations with General Fanti for the evacuation of the fortress.

The British Legion at Naples were dwindling away on account of the disgraceful conduct of its members.

The London Post's Paris correspondent says that the dissolution of the Pope's army is positive, and that he will only have left to him a simple guard of 3,000 men.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co., and others, report flour dull, and 7d lower. Wheat dull, and 2d@3d lower on the week. Corn tends downward, and buyers demand a reduction of 6d@1s; mixed 38s@39s. *Provisions.*—Pork steady. Lard firm, at 63s@64s.

LONDON MARKETS.—Barings quote breadstuffs quiet. American stocks quiet, but steady. Railroad stocks are considerably lower. Illinois Central shares 29@31 discount. New York Central shares 75@78.

The News Condenser.

— A lynx has been shot near Saratoga.

— The population of Nashville is 17,020.

— Five persons were burned to death on the prairies, recently.

— Providence, R. I., sold 33,000 pieces of printed cloths last week.

— There are 15,000 hotel and tavern keepers in New York State.

— Nearly 1,000,000,000 tumblers of ale are drank annually in London.

— Diptheria is making sad havoc in Chester county, North Carolina.

— Thirty thousand tourists visited Niagara Falls during the past season.

— There are 700 lady stockholders of the Bank of Commerce of New York.

— A splendid meteor was observed in Philadelphia on Wednesday evening.

— Three million cocoanuts are exported annually from the island of Ceylon.

— Mr. Lincoln is said to be in the receipt of a half a bushel of letters per day.

— Lamoriciere has been created a Roman noble, and a medal struck in his honor.

— The gold yield of the Pike's Peak region for the current year, is about $5,000,000.

— Four magistrates of Hamilton, C. W., have been cashiered for malfeasance in office.

— Miss Hattie Smith has been elected Clerk of the Board of Supervisors of Genesee Co.

— Among the Texas recruits, is an old Scotch Crimean soldier, wearing the medal and clasp.

— At Fort Kent, Aroostook Co., Me., chimneys were thrown down by the recent earthquakes.

— Three deaths by railroad accidents have occurred in one family, in Albany, in about 24 months.

— Ten thousand pounds of a choice quality of tea have just been received in New York from Japan.

— The diptheria, or putrid sore throat, is prevailing in many parts of Indiana, with alarming fatality.

— There is little excitement at Washington about secession. Members of Congress are arriving.

— The subscriptions raised in France for the relief of the Syrian Christians, amount to 404,165 francs.

— The sword of Tiberius, the Roman Emperor, is for sale at Mayence—the Magentum of the Romans.

— The Georgia woods are teeming with a heavy crop of nuts and mast, and hogs are fattening rapidly.

— Great prairie fires are said to be in progress in Nebraska, and much damage has been done by them.

— A farmer in Watertown, Conn., has been fined for letting Canada thistles go to seed on his own land.

— A drayman in St. Louis has become totally blind in consequence of over-exertion and straining in lifting.

— A grizzly bear in the mountains of California is supposed to have killed no less than seven men in the last year.

— A young dog, alive and kicking, was picked up at sea, not long ago, though neither land nor vessel was in sight.

— A glutton at Oyster Point, Conn., ate a bushel of oysters, last week, as fast as an expert negro could open them.

— The defalcation of Bates, the late Vermont State Treasurer, as far as ascertained, is $53,810, with more to come.

— Georgey, the Hungarian traitor, is living in comparative poverty and obscurity, as a Professor of Chemistry.

— Vermont has increased, instead of decreased, as heretofore announced, in population, since 1850, about 2,500.

— Asa M. Wagner, a Revolutionary pensioner, died recently in Ashland, Vt., at the advanced age of 110 years.

— The Rockland (Me.) Gazette says that a subterranean retreat has been discovered in Megunticook Mountain, Camden.

— A project is on foot in New York to supply water through meters, on the same principle that gas is now supplied.

— The friends of the Middlebury (Vermont) College have appropriated $15,000 for the erection of a new building.

— In the Island of Ceylon, in September, a man, and his wife and three children, were destroyed by a huge anaconda.

— Wise, the balloonist, made a trip from Richmond to Hampton, Va., on the 3d ult.,—90 miles—in two and a half hours.

— Fifteen hundred men have been enlisted in and about New York within a few months, and have been sent West.

— The omnibus receipts of London for a week, ending October 10, were some $60,000, an average of $2,000,000 a year.

— The Supreme Court at New York city has affirmed the decision of the lower court against German Sunday theatricals.

— It is asserted that Russia has positively refused to enter into any engagements with Austria which might lead to war.

— There was a report in London that a treaty of peace had been concluded between the Allies and the Chinese at Tien-tsin.

— It is stated that the Government of the British East Indies has abandoned the attempt to cultivate cotton in that country.

— Calvin Fletcher, one of the pioneer merchants of Cincinnati, died, on Thursday afternoon week, of disease of the heart.

— The commission given to Governor Coddington, by Cromwell, in the year 1650, has recently been found in Rhode Island.

— The Faculty of Harvard College have suspended nine Sophomores, for an attack upon two Freshmen, and riotous conduct.

— One of the acts passed by the Hawaiian Legislature of 1860, is an act to prevent married persons from deserting one another.

— No less than three daily papers are published at Denver City, Pike's Peak—a place of less than five thousand inhabitants.

— On Sunday week, 40 homeless, houseless wretches, sought shelter from the night at the ninth street station house, Cincinnati.

— It is said that Col. Rudler, the fillibuster, is loaded with chains, and imprisoned in a mine in Honduras, 100 feet under ground.

— A pauper recently died in Holland, Vt., and so little had he been cared for that, when removed, maggots were scraped out of his bed.

— An old elm at Somerset, Mass., one hundred feet in height, and sixty-six in girt, was blown down by the high wind of Saturday week.

THANKS TO PEOPLE AND PRESS.

OUR "Letters from the People" are most encouraging and numerous of late—far more so than ever before at the same season of the year. Indeed, we have received, since the 1st of Oct., *more than double the number of letters* sent us during any corresponding period since the RURAL NEW-YORKER was commenced. And they are of the most substantial and promising character—the best possible indications of good will, and influential efforts in behalf of our circulation. Thanks to the People who are so kindly aiding the RURAL and its Objects.

—We are also indebted to the Press of the whole country for generous *voluntary* notices. Of the numerous ones received of late, we annex a few samples:

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Many of our readers are making up their list of periodicals for the coming year. In our extensive exchange list, we know of no one we can with more confidence commend than the *Rural New-Yorker*, published at Rochester, N. Y., by D. D. T. Moore; single copy $2, 3 copies for $5, 10 do. $15, and 20 do. for $25, and a copy to the getter-up of a club of ten or more. It is free from politics, sectionalism and sectarianism—a family paper of the first class. We feel safe in putting this into the hands of our children, and notice that it is the first sought for in the pile of exchanges. We don't get a cent for this notice—do it of our own free will and accord, trusting it may induce some to subscribe for it instead of the New York Ledger and other trashy publications.—*Good Templar, St. Louis, Mo.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Very few of the subscribers to a good weekly newspaper are aware of the amount and variety of reading which is furnished them during the year. We have just turned the pages of "Moore's Rural," and we confess to a surprise at the variety and richness of its contents, bountifully illustrated as it is. Its leading feature and object is agriculture; but it contains a little of everything, "besides many other things." The bound volume is worth twice the cost of the subscription, which is $2 a year. It is one of the many good things furnished at Rochester, N. Y.—*N. Y. Observer, Nov. 6th.*

AMONG our most prized exchanges, the Rural New-Yorker stands pre-eminent. We have before spoken of the Rural in the highest terms, but it is a subject which will bear repetition. As the leading and most widely circulated Agricultural, Literary and Family Journal, its claims are well established and indisputable. It is published not monthly but weekly, each number embracing a large number of topics more useful and timely for the farmer and family, than any of its class with which we are acquainted. The printing, the illustrations and the matter are all superior, and Mr. Moore will be satisfied with nothing less.—*Express, Lexington, Mo.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—In regard to this excellent publication, we take pleasure in recommending it to all our intelligent readers. As an original weekly Rural, Literary and Family Newspaper, it is unsurpassed. Devoted as it is to Agriculture, Horticulture, Rural Life, Literature, &c., &c., it cannot but find a ready welcome in every family, being eminently calculated to interest every class of its readers. Under the careful supervision of its able conductor in all its various departments, it has attained a high reputation and a wide circulation in almost every part of the Union.—*Repository, New London, Conn.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is one of the *very few* agricultural papers which keeps up with the progress of the age in all that pertains to improvement in the important branch of industry to which it is devoted. To this fact it owes its success, which is almost unparalled in the newspaper enterprise. Its circulation counts by tens of thousands, and extends into almost every portion of our wide-spread confederacy. Its publisher is a live, wide-awake practical man, who knows how to keep up interest in his journal. Upwards of 100 copies have been received at the Geneva Post Office during the present year. The number should and doubtless will be increased the coming year.—*Geneva Gazette, Geneva, N. Y.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—We desire to call the attention of our patrons to the fact that the 1st of January will be the beginning of a new volume of this very interesting paper. We have long deemed the Rural the best Agricultural and Family Newspaper, combined, published, and have no hesitancy in saying that it should find readers at every fireside, and in every household in the land. It is far better than all the Ledgers and Posts and Mercurys you can get, for it is filled with practical life and sense, while they only contain fiction and nonsense.—*American Citizen, Jackson, Michigan.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This sterling, first-class agricultural paper comes to us in a new dress, and presents an exceedingly fine appearance. The Rural New-Yorker is a household word throughout the land, and is known as the best agricultural paper in the world. The farmers of Wisconsin, those who desire a reliable paper, and one admirably adapted to their wants, cannot do better than to subscribe at once. The Rural is published at Rochester, N. Y., and is not only a valuable agricultural journal, but is one of the model family newspapers in this country.—*Democrat, Janesville, Wis.*

WE are glad to place before our readers the Prospectus of our old friend, "Moore's Rural New-Yorker," which will be found in another column. Almost our entire selections for our agricultural department, are taken from this superior journal. We consider that the small amount of this kind of information we give weekly to our readers, is more than a compensation for the price of our paper. And of course, to take the Rural, will be a large augmentation of benefit.—Farmers, mechanics and practical men, take the Rural New-Yorker. It will pay.—*Wesleyan, Syracuse, N. Y.*

WE believe the Rural to be decidedly the best Family and Agricultural weekly in the world, and one that ought to be taken by every man owning a plot of ground. In it will be found able articles on Agriculture, Horticulture, Architecture, Domestic Economy, Science and the Arts. Altogether it is pronounced by good judges to be the best Rural and Family Journal extant, and we have no hesitation in recommending it to our readers.—*Herald, Ingersoll, C. W.*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—It seems unnecessary for us to call especial attention to this excellent Agricultural and Family paper. It is already extensively circulated, and the admirable addresses of its responsible editor, D. D. T. Moore, at the Fairs at Mexico and this place last fall, have created a warm interest in him and his paper throughout this entire section.—*Patriot and Gazette, Fulton, N. Y.*

LIKE an old friend, long known, tried and approved, we greet again among our exchanges, *Moore's Rural New-Yorker.* With singular tact, energy and perseverance, the proprietor has built up an agricultural journal of great reputation, influence, and circulation. It is deservedly popular, for aside from Agricultural and Horticultural interest, it is one of the best family and general newspapers published. We do not wish to part company with it again, nor will any, who have once tried it.—*Wisconsin Chief.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, published weekly at Rochester, N. Y., is a king among agricultural papers. Its farming matter is always sound and practical, free from sophistry or bunkum; and choice tales, Sabbath reading, extracts from new books, and the market quotations, add to its interest and usefulness.—*Physio-Medical Recorder.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER is in our opinion the best agricultural paper in the country. We recommend it to the Farmer's of Jasper as a paper without a rival in its class. If you will take it one year we guarantee you will be numbered among its subscribers so long as you can raise the money to pay for it.—*Jasper Free Press, Iowa.*

THIS champion of the Rural Press is one of the most beautiful as well as bountiful of all the weekly newspapers it has been our good fortune to examine. It seems to have peculiar parts devoted to everybody's interest, and their little folks, and should grace every person's habitation, rich or poor.—*Practical Man's Assistant, Dayton, Ohio.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER, published at Rochester, has a very large circulation, especially among the agricultural population of the Northern, Western and Middle States, and offers a very excellent medium for advertising to business men of this city who desire to reach those sections. It is an able and well-managed paper, and deserves the success it has achieved.—*N. Y. Daily Times.*

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This excellent Agricultural and Family Weekly was founded over ten years ago by its present editor, D. D. T. Moore, and has been steadily built up by him to its present large circulation, by patient fidelity and untiring industry.—*N. Y. Daily Tribune, Oct. 27.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This is the paper for the million. Taking the lead in its class—adapted to every rural fireside—cheap and good, practical and chaste—it has no competitor. New volume commences with the new year. Prospectus next week.—*Attica Atlas.*

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ See Inducements to Club Agents in our last No.

☞ Our large Show-Bill for 1861 sent free.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

BACK NUMBERS AND VOLUMES.

BACK numbers of this volume of the RURAL can still be furnished to new subscribers. Though our edition is running low, we find, on counting, that we yet have a few sets more than we wish to save for binding. Hence, we can still supply copies of the entire volume at the rates heretofore offered to Agents.

In answer to frequent inquiries whether we can furnish all the back volumes, at what price, &c., we would again state that *neither of the first five volumes can be supplied.* We can only furnish the last five volumes—for 1855, '56, '57 '58 and '59. The price, bound, $3 per volume. The only complete volume we can furnish *unbound* is that of last year—price, $2. Copies of the Eleventh volume (1860,) will be furnished as soon as completed; price, bound, $3—unbound, $2.

☞ We have many orders on hand for all the back volumes, and regret that we can only furnish as above, except when we can purchase the first five volumes, as is occasionally the case.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Nov. 27, 1860.

THE cold weather which set in on Saturday morning last, has put an embargo on trade. The Canals having closed, and the wholesale avenue for millers and produce shippers shut up, the only resort was the retail demand, which has been little or nothing, owing to the inclemency of the weather. Such changes as we note are of a declining character, and will be found below.

FLOUR. No change in rates,—holders do not want to sell at a less price than was current a week since, and buyers demand a concession. Indian meal has fallen off 6 cents per 100 pounds.

GRAIN.—No alteration in wheat, but the rates are nominal as millers refuse to purchase except for home wants. Corn has declined 2 cents per bushel. Barley has lost 5@8 cents during the week. Buckwheat will only bring 38@40 cents.

PROVISIONS.—There is a decline in Pork, and under its influence but little is offering. The highest price offered is $6,50 per cwt, and the range is down to $6,00. For other matters see table.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	18@19c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,25@6,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,20@1,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,10@1,35	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,38	Apples, dried	62@75c
Corn, old	50@54c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush	00@62c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	26@27c	Potatoes	35@40c
Barley	50@55c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	38@40c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$18,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	50@85c
Pork, clear	19,00@20,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	6,00@6,50	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,25@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	5,75@0,00
Chickens	0@8c	Coal, Scranton	4,25@4,50
Turkeys	00@10c	Coal, Pittston	4,25@4,50
Geese	31@44c	Coal, Shamokin	4,25@4,50
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &C.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	16@17c	Hay, tun	$9,00@14,00
Butter, firkin	15@16c	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	11½@12c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	0½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,50@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	5,00@5,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—FLOUR—Transactions are to a moderate extent and prices are generally without important change. Sales at $4,75@4,90 for super State; $5,05@5,20 for extra do; $4,75@5,00 for super Western; $5,05@5,40 for common to medium extra do; $5,35@5,40 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian in very moderate request; sales at $5,10@6,75 for common to medium extra.

GRAIN—Wheat opened quiet and closed with a moderate demand at full previous prices. Sales Chicago spring at $1,09½@1,12—latter price for No. 1; Milwaukee club at $1,17@1,17; winter red Western at $1,22@1,25; amber Wisconsin at $1,17@1,18—latter for very choice; white Michigan at $1,35; white Indiana at $1,36; white Kentucky at $1,40@1,42½; choice red Tennessee at $1,21½. Rye quiet; sales at 70c.—Barley less freely offered and firm; sales State at 70c. Supply of Corn afloat limited and demand fair; prices advanced 1c ℔ bushel; sales at 66@67c for mixed Western, afloat—68@72c for white. Oats firmer and in better request at 37@38½c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork opened with an increased firmness for both mess and prime, and closed quiet; sales at $17,00@17,75 for mess; $12,25 for prime. Dressed hogs firm at 7½@7¾c. Lard dull, with a very limited supply; sales at 11½@12½c. Butter 10@15c for Ohio, 14@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@10½c.

ASHES—Quiet and steady; sales at $5,25 for Pots and Pearls.

ALBANY, Nov. 26.—FLOUR AND MEAL—There is a slight improvement to notice in the demand for Flour, but the market is not active even at the reduced prices. Buckwheat Flour is selling in the street at $2,00@2,12½ and from store at $2,25. Corn Meal is steady but inactive at $1,37@1,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN.—Owing to some damage to the banks of the canal, the water was drawn off the level at West Troy on Saturday, which has caused a detention of boats. It was to have been repaired so that water could be let in at noon to-day. The offerings on 'Change this morning were consequently limited, and the transactions at the Board were small.—Mixed Western Corn was held at 61c afloat, with buyers of car lots at that price. But little Barley was offered, and up to the close nothing of moment was done. Oats are in fair request, and the market, if anything, was firmer than at the close on Saturday; sales State at 35½c.

HOGS—The market for dressed hogs has not yet fairly opened, though we learn of sales of a few heavy corn fed at $7,25.—*Journal.*

BUFFALO, Nov. 26.—FLOUR—The market is quiet and nothing in the way of sales has taken place this morning, except a few small lots to the local trade. Prices unchanged.

GRAIN.—Wheat dull and no sales. Corn quiet and nominal at 45@46c. Other grains unchanged.

PROVISIONS—Pork lower. Heavy mess is selling at $17,00@18,00; no light mess or prime offering. Mess is quoted at $6,50 and prime at $5. Bacon scarce and none offering. Cheese is coming in very slowly, and the market is firm. Quotations from store are 10@11c. Lard quiet at 12½c.—*Com. Advertiser.*

CHICAGO, Nov. 26.—Flour dull. Wheat quiet; sales at 76c for No. 1, and 74@74½c for No. 2 Spring, in store. Corn very dull. Oats dull.

TORONTO, Nov. 23.—FLOUR is dull and nominal. There is a total prostration in the demand, and it would be impossible to place lots at even a great concession. As there have been no transactions, we have only to repeat nominal quotations:

Superfine No. 1	$4,50@4,75
Fancy	5,00@5,00
Extra	5,25@5,50
Double Extra	5,75@6,25

Oatmeal is steady at $4.

GRAIN.—The receipts of fall wheat has not averaged over 2,000 bushels per day. The market has been very inanimate, and $1,20 has been the highest price realized for the best samples offering, a decline of 6c on the week. The current rate for the better grades was from $1,16 to $1,20, and for medium and common $1,10@1,15. The average price for Tuesday would not be above $1,15 per bushel. Spring wheat is also dull, and not sought for at above 90@95c. per bushel. The latter figure is paid only for the best lots.—Barley has not been so much affected by the excitement on the other side of the lake, the present purchases being made on account of local brewers. The price remains steady at 50@53c per bushel. Oats are in moderate supply, which, however, is equivalent to the demand, so that prices are unchanged at 28@30c per bushel. Peas are only very sparingly offered at 50c. per bushel, at which rate they are in moderately good demand.—*Globe.*

MOVEMENT OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE.—The deliveries at this market for the past week comprise 11,900 bales cotton, 189,000 bbls. flour, 1,056,000 bush. wheat, 183,000 bush. corn, 112,000 bush. oats, 9,880 bbls. and tcs. beef, 21,800 boxes cheese, 5,000 bbls rosin, 2,200 bbls. spirits turpentine, 2,100 casks rice, 434 bales wool, 5,500 bbls. whiskey, 405 pkgs. tallow, 600 bales hops, 50,000 sides leather, 6,000 pkgs tobacco, besides other articles in considerable quantities. The exports have comprised 6,000 bales cotton, 67,000 bbls flour, 741,000 bush wheat, 152,000 bush. corn, 938 tcs and bbls beef, 1,090 bbls. pork, 280,000 lbs. bacon, &c., 246,000 lbs. lard, 100 lbs. cheese, 426,000 lbs. butter, 255 bbls pot ashes, 3,125 packages tobacco, 257,000 lbs. tallow, 55,000 lbs. whalebone, and 1,000 bales hops. The entire exports of the week, are valued at three and a quarter millions of dollars, of which two-thirds go to Great Britain. Exports have been on this scale for many weeks. The exports for the year thus far, comprise the following enormous totals: 1,620,000 bbls flour, 11,000,000 bush. wheat, 3,500,000 bush. corn, 92,000 pkgs beef, 103,000 bbls. pork, 16,000,000 lbs. bacon, 14,000,000 lbs. lard, 22,600,000 lbs. cheese, 5,600,000 lbs. butter, 15,360 casks pot and pearl ashes, 212,500 lbs. beeswax, 513,000 bbls. rosin, 61,000 bbls. spirits turpentine, 30,000 casks rice, 82,000 hhds. bales and cases, 6,800,000 lbs. tobacco, 11,000,000 lbs. tallow, 1,300,000 lbs. whalebone, 60,000 pkgs. domestic cotton goods—far exceeding, in nearly all these items, not only last year, but any previous year, although in Naval Stores the export has been checked by the rapid advance in freights to foreign parts.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

THE PORK TRADE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The sales were as follows:

154	Hogs averaging	285 lbs at	$5,00
200	"	"	285 lbs at	5,00
41	"	"	300 lbs at	5,00
89	"	"	251 lbs at	4,80
48	"	"	250 lbs at	4,80
60	"	"	240 lbs at	4,75
63	"	"	245 lbs at	4,75
160	"	"	270 lbs at	4,90
42	"	"	290 lbs at	4,95
24	"	"	285 lbs at	4,85
168	"	"	250 lbs at	4,50
41	"	"	320 lbs at	5,12
111	"	"	275 lbs, slop-fed, at	4,25

—[*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, Nov. 21.—The Hog market has been extremely dull, and quite unsettled, throughout the week.—The demand has been limited and irregular, and prices declined from day to day until they reached $6,00@6,15; but drovers seemed indisposed to sell for less than $6,25, so that they have not been offered freely below this rate. Yet the want of confidence, which exists, makes packers quite timid, and had there been a pressure to sell even at $6, the market would not have stood up under it. The market closes dull, packers offering $6@6,15, and drovers asking $6,15@6,30, though even for hogs averaging 230 to 240, they have not been able to obtain over $6,25.—*Gazette.*

LOUISVILLE, (Ky.) Nov. 21.—Hogs have declined, and the last sales reported were at $6 at four months. The weather has been very unfavorable for slaughter until yesterday, when it became cold and clear, and all the packers, with the exception of a single house, were busy. Owing to the disturbed state of finances and the failure of the corn crop, the slaughter the present season around the Falls will exhibit a falling off from the business last year.—*Jour.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 21.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$9,50@00,00
Ordinary quality	8,50@9,00
Common quality	7,25@8,00
Inferior quality	6,00@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@5,00
Common quality	4,00@4,50
Inferior quality	3,00@3,25
SWINE.	
First quality	5½@6½c
Other qualities	5 @5½c

ALBANY, Nov. 26.—BEEVES—Again we have a full market, the receipts being 400 head more than last week; quality quite ordinary, there being no premium droves among the whole offerings. Although we cannot alter our quotations in price, the market is exceedingly dull and inactive, many of the holders contending that they are selling less than on Monday last, while the buyers say there is no change. Thus far the demand is almost wholly confined to first quality and extra, of which the New Yorkers and Brighton men are buying pretty freely. Some retail business has been checked because of doubts entertained of the money offered—Western and New Jersey bank notes.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	3,232	3,028	2,057
Sheep	4,660	6,758	6,381
Hogs	210	437	1,010

Prices—

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	0 @	5 @5¼
Extra	4½@4¾	4½@4¾
First quality	3½@4⅛	3½@4⅛
Second quality	3 @3½	2¾@3½
Third quality	2¼@2⅞	2¼@2⅞

SHEEP AND LAMBS—The trade in sheep is considerably affected by the panic, and prices have dropped during the week 50@75c ℔ head. Reported purchases of 1,684 head at prices ranging from $3@4, and $5 ℔ head for strictly extra.

HOGS—Live are in fair request at 5¾@6c ℔ lb. Sales during the week about 8,300 head. Heavy dressed hogs are selling at 6⅞@7½c. Light are neglected.—*Journal.*

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 21.—Whole number Cattle at market 2,498; about 1200 Beeves, and 698 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $0,00@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@175.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—8,900 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,75@3,25.

HIDES—6½@7c. Tallow, 6½@7c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ℔ lb. Pelts, $1,00@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 22.—At market, 1,400 Beeves, about 1,000 Stores, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,100 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,25@0,00; first quality, $6,75@7,00; second quality, $5,50@6,00; third quality, $4,50@5,00; ordinary quality, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85, 90@95.

MILCH COWS—$43@47; common, $18@19.

VEAL CALVES—$3,00@3,50.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,75; extra, $2,75@3,50.

PELTS—$1@$1,50 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 0@6½c ℔ lb; retail 0@7c; Spring pigs 7½c; retail 7½@8½c; fat hogs, undressed, none; corn fed, 8½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—The market is still dull and depressed and laboring under the effects of the stringency in the money market. No important transactions have taken place and our quotations are nominally unchanged. We quote:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb.	58@65
Am. full-blood Merino	50@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	45@48
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	40@42
Extra, Pulled	44@46
Superfine, Pulled	38@41
No. 1, Pulled	30@34
Lamb's, Pulled	35@30
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	12@36
California, common do.	15@20
Peruvian, washed	25@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	10½@11½
South Am. common washed	10@14
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	14@16
South American, unwashed	8@10
South American Cordova, washed	19@23
East India, washed	12@30
African, unwashed	17@22
African, washed	00@00
Smyrna, unwashed	10@19
Smyrna, washed	21@27
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

[*N. Y. Evening Post.*

BOSTON, Nov. 21.—The market for Wool continues very quiet and no sales of any importance in either foreign or domestic.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	22@57
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	10@17
Do. No. 1	35@38	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	20@31

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

THE OPORTO GRAPE.—The Wine Grape of America. Send for a Circular. E. W. SYLVESTER, Lyons, N. Y.

APPLY TO C. H. DANN about 14 weeks' free tuition to Teachers, in Webster Academy, Monroe Co., N. Y., commencing January 2, 1861. 569-1t

MIDDLEBURY ACADEMY—Its Winter Term opens Monday, Dec. 3d. There will be a Teachers' Class,—*tuition free.* M. WEED.
Wyoming, N. Y., Nov. 19th, 1860. 568-2t

IMPORTANT TO NURSERYMEN!—Any one having capital to invest in the nursery business will receive the particulars of a rare opportunity, by addressing drawer 256 Buffalo Post-Office.

MORE AGENTS WANTED.—We want about 30 more good Agents, to sell our subscription Books. Address LIBERTY HALL & BRO, 565-2t Rochester, N. Y.

BERKSHIRE PIGS FOR SALE—A few, from my premium stock. Also, a pedigree Durham Bull Calf, from extra milking stock. WM. K. GRIDLEY,
568-1t North Chili, Monroe Co., N. Y.

CLOVER STREET SEMINARY.—The Winter Term will commence Monday, Dec. 10th, 1860. Circulars may be obtained at the Bookstore of STEELE, AVERY & Co., No. 18 State Street, Rochester, N. Y., or of
565-3t AMY MOORE, Principal.

FOR SALE!
50,000 Apple Seedlings two years old, at $5.
20,000 Quince Stock, first quality, at $15.
10,000 do. do. second do, at $10.
Rochester, Nov. 26, 1860. BENJAMIN FISH.

A FARM FOR SALE—In St. Joseph county, State of Michigan, containing 160 acres, 100 improved, a good frame house and barn, 2 young bearing orchards, convenient for dividing into two Farms, lying within 3 miles of the county seat and 9 miles from the S. M & N. I. Railroad.—Terms, $35 per acre, ⅓ purchase money down, liberal credit for the balance. Address GEO KEECH,
Centreville, Nov. 17, 1860. Centreville, Mich.

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CORN SHELLER AND SEPARATOR,
HAS long been known as the best in use. It is all of iron, runs light, shells clean without breaking either the cob or corn, and is in fact *the only one that shells and cleans at a single operation, without waste or breakage.* It shells equally well the *small* corn of the North and the *large* of the West and South, and will last a lifetime.
The subscriber has a superior lot on hand, (warranted to work well,) which he offers to the trade on liberal terms. Retail price, $12.
I also manufacture the "Excelsior" Clover Huller, Clod Crushers, Rollers, Grain Reapers, Reapers and Mowers, Plows, and other farm Implements. All orders promptly filled. WM D. BURRALL, Geneva, Ontario Co., N. Y.

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Among the leading special features of THE REPUBLICAN are, a full summary of New England News, arranged by States, and extending in each Daily to two columns, in each Tri-Weekly to four columns, and in each Weekly to from four to six columns; an Editorial Review of the Week of two to three columns; a Weekly Review and Summary of Religious Intelligence; weekly original papers on The Farm and Garden; Monthly Summaries in Science and Invention; Special Correspondence from Boston, New York and Washington; Several columns of Personal and Political, and Miscellaneous News Items, re-written and condensed for The Republican; Review of New Books and Gossip on Authors and Art; Original and selected Stories and Poetry to the extent of six or ten columns weekly; and a summary of latest Market News.
Dr. J. G. HOLLAND ("Timothy Titcomb,") the popular author, continues connected both with the editorial and proprietary departments of the paper; and his pen constantly enriches its columns. In addition to his various editorial articles, he will furnish during the coming year a special series of papers over his own name.
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"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT
AND
DISPATCH PATENT."
The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.
WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the fact as desired: and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to
Rev. ROBERT DICK,
Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.
Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.
☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. Dick has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. ☜ 533-tf

THE LEAFLESS WOODS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I know how beautiful it is
  Where forest leaves are green,
And little silver-throated birds
  To music turn the scene,
With poet-winds that in their joy
  Make every bough a lyre,
Whose harmony is sweeter far
  Than Art's divinest wire.

O, what an ecstacy is his
  Who hears that music roll,
If a true love of Nature makes
  An altar of his soul,
From which perpetual incense soars
  In praise and prayer above,
To Him who sits the Father-Lord
  Of Wisdom, Light, and Love!

But, mighty woods! is 't only when
  Your robes are on that ye
Can to the true, religious heart
  Give glorious ministry?
For it must birds forever sing?
  And winds weave delicate tunes
Beneath the proud unclouded suns
  And azure-tented moons?

No, mighty woods! though bare ye wave,
  Though all your crowns are lost,
And round ye, like o'ertortured souls,
  The writhing clouds are tost—
Yet still ye have a ministry,
  And still ye shake the heart
With feelings beautiful and grand
  Beyond the touch of Art.

What lessons in your leafless boughs!
  Though bare, they wrestle still
With all the stern, unpitying storms,
  Nor sink beneath the ill;
So when misfortune strikes the soul,
  If truth and courage reign,
He nobly takes each iron blow,
  And smiles at all the pain.

Yes, winter woods! 'tis yours to roll
  Grand music for us still,
If a true love of Nature makes
  An altar of the will,
From whence perpetual incense soars
  In praise and prayer above,
To Him who sits the Father-Lord
  Of Wisdom, Light, and Love!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY AUTOGRAPH.

BY EVAN KENYON, JR.

"What's in a name?"

McKNAB and myself were smoking two good Havanas on the piazza of the —— Mountain House, and regaling our minds on the latest arrival of Boston papers.

"Somebody has been carrying matters with a pretty high hand in Philadelphia," he remarked between the puffs. "Reminds me of an affair that I had some share in myself, a few years ago."

"You're not doing much in that line at present?" said I.

"Not much. I liked it amazingly when I was a younger man. The excitement suited me, but as I cooled down, the cunning and deception necessary to the profession grew distasteful to me."

"What was the affair to which you allude?" I inquired, and thus he told it.

Why, you see, there seemed to have been a regular system of robberies going on for some time. All the principal Eastern cities had suffered more or less, and though every exertion had been made, nothing had been elicited which could afford any definite clue to the perpetrators, up to the time of the noted safe robbery of Messrs. KELSO & CAMERON, Brokers of New York. The morning after the robbery, Mr. KELSO sent for me and placed the matter in my hands, after a thorough explanation of all that they had ascertained. They felt confident that the unravelment of this would prove a clue to various similar transactions. I noted down the principal facts relative to the firm, and their loss, more from a habit of professional accuracy than any defined project. Some of these notes were after this manner:

"Mr. KELSO, special partner; large capital; is a bachelor; boards at the Star House; quiet, orderly house; no suspicions boarders. Branch firm in St. Louis, — RICHARDS, WASHBURN & KELSO. Few days before the robbery had an application for employment from a gentlemanly appearing young man who gave a noted Boston firm as references. Remembered no other stranger specially. Young man stayed but few moments, and while there, a middle-aged gentleman from Virginia, who with his daughter had just taken rooms at the Star House, came in and had a check cashed."

I took a night to think upon it. The result was that Mr. KELSO gave up his room at the Star House, and it was immediately taken for a gentleman from the West. A good looking man he was, not over thirty-five, and evidently well to do in the world, though quite unassuming. Perhaps you guess that said gentleman had a better right to the name of McKNAB than to that which figured as his on the register of the House.

I found the House everything that Mr. KELSO had said of it, though I took care to inform no one of who had recommended it. The landlord was the prince of hosts,—the boarders were social and intelligent, and not too numerous. I did'nt think it best to make many acquaintances. I had been so fortunate as to secure an introduction to Miss LIRSCOMB, the daughter of the Virginia gentleman, soon after my arrival. During the day her father was generally out on business; sometimes his daughter accompanied him; or if not, she kept her room. Her father seemed very watchful of, and attentive to her, remaining at her side during most of the evening, and always insisting on her retiring early. I bantered her on his strictness, remarking that she would catch no lovers at the North if her father shut her up all day and watched her so closely every evening.

"What do you find to pass away the time, when caged up?" I inquired.

"O, I have enough to do, I assure you," she replied. I have sewing and reading, *sleeping*, too, these warm days. Then I have so many letters to write to my friends at home."

I had at that moment glanced at her right hand which held her fan, and I noticed that the middle finger was slightly inky at the end. Perhaps she saw the glance, and made her last remark explanatory. Any farther conversation was prevented by her father, who, taking her on his arm, led her to the piano. I will give you her portrait as she sat and played.

She was tall, — taller and larger than most women, though not coarse looking. This probably led me to think she resembled her father, who was a very large man, for she was not like him in anything else. Her complexion was remarkably clear, generally pale, but flushing easily to pink. Her eyes were large and very deep-looking, even sad when not speaking, and then lighted with an excitement scarcely natural. My impression, after seeing her two evenings, was, that she had something of the appearance of a woman who has been disappointed, and feels it a burden to keep up that show of spirit and attraction which *position* demands. Her hair was very beautiful, and hung in short curls on her neck and about her face. It had probably been *red* in childhood, but was fast changing to golden brown. Her mouth was not as pleasing as the other features, and showed more character. It was small, thin, and slightly drawn down at the corners, giving a touch of the defiant to her expression. Her teeth were fine, and showed to excellent advantage when she sang, which she did in a rich contralto voice. I am particular about voices, and I flatter myself that I can tell how a person will speak only by looking at them. I am seldom mistaken. I was not surprised when Miss LIRSCOMB addressed me in a voice which was like her singing in its tone; for I had particularly noticed two things in regard to her. First, her hand, though white and soft, was thin, and could not have entered a glove less in number than sevens. Second, her foot, delicately and neatly dressed in roseate slippers, (which the ladies say make their feet look small,) could not have worn less than four and a half at the best calculation.

Another thing which struck me as peculiar was, that she invariably wore plain clothing, though of rich materials. She could not have been over twenty years of age, yet she never wore jewelry, — never displayed bare arms or shoulders, scarcely even a shred of lace. The weather was extremely warm, and those ladies who had not fled to the country were wearing their thinnest apparel.

Wishing to pay Miss JULIA a compliment, I remarked upon her contrast to New York ladies in this respect, adding that she would scarcely be able to preserve her simplicity of dress in a long residence among them.

"O, I don't take the credit of that at all. That's pa's notion. He says I shall have money enough if I will but dress suitably and comfortably. A year or two ago I was sick and nearly lost my voice, and he has abolished the low-necked dresses ever since. The climate here is so different from what it is at home, that I do not suffer in my winter silks, and pa won't hear of my wearing anything else."

I acknowledged "pa's" wisdom, and gallantly remarked that, in my opinion, her costume of French blue silk could not be improved. Blue was her usual color; it softened and purified her already transparent complexion in a remarkable manner. Altogether she was a striking looking girl, and she had not been in the house a week before she was the cynosure of all eyes. I began to be strongly interested in her myself; indeed, had I been able to forget two quite important facts, viz., that I was married to a charming little woman, though passing for a wealthy CHELEBS; and that I was employed in business that ought to occupy my mind to the exclusion of all personal matters,—I don't know but my feelings might have become seriously involved.

I had passed nearly a week in fruitless thought and investigation, and began to think of changing my quarters. In the meantime I had got on pretty good terms with papa LIRSCOMB, and had managed to gather considerable information concerning his affairs, as he represented them.

He informed me that his son, who was in Montreal, would join them in New York the following week, and that they should then proceed to St. Louis. I inquired what place he was from, and he said that he had lately had an interest in a large manufacturing establishment near Petersburg, but having recently lost his wife, he had sold out and thought he should locate in New Orleans if he found a good opening.

One evening, as I toyed with Miss JULIA's fan, and played the agreeable to her to the best of my ability, scattering small-talk like loose change from a leaky pocket, she asked me if "papa" had told me that they were going away soon. I replied that I regretted to hear that it was so.

"And I'm sorry," she said pensively; "I have found you a very pleasant friend, as you might see from my having given you more of my society than any one else here."

I acknowledged the concession with rapture, and ventured to kiss the fair Southerner's hand. She withdrew it instantly, and looked as if she had not noticed it.

"Will you not write in my Autograph Book?" she said with a smile. "Most of the boarders have written in it already; indeed, it is nearly full. It will be so pleasant to recall to mind so many Northern friends by these little tokens when at home."

Of course I could'nt refuse, and the book was produced. Turning the leaves I found the names of several distinguished persons, among whom were two or three Senators at Washington; the majority, however, which were familiar to me, were names of noted business men. I inquired if she knew these personally.

"O, no!" she replied, "We have met them mostly at hotels where we have stopped. I had often heard of some of them, and was glad to be so fortunate as to secure even so slight a souvenir as their autographs."

Taking a pen from the table, I wrote, in my best style,

WITHINGTON WASHBURN,
St. Louis, Mo.

"Why!" exclaimed the fair collector of autographs, "are you Mr. WASHBURN, of the firm of RICHARDS, WASHBURN & KELSO?"

"The same, my dear young lady, at your service," I answered with perfect gravity, though feeling a twinge of conscience for the fib.

"Pa only said that you was Mr. WASHBURN from the West. Your first name is not on the register, and I did not imagine who you were, though I wonder I did not."

"Why?" I asked innocently.

"O, because," she said, looking a little confused, "because I know the firm very well, and as the branch in this city has lately met with a great loss, it seems natural that you should be here. I suppose you came on business connected with the loss."

As she made this interrogatory remark, she turned and looked full in my face, and it seemed to me that the deep blue eyes had increased to more than their usual size. We were sitting on a sofa behind the drawing-room door, and being in the shadow, the pupils of her eyes would naturally dilate and brighten. She very soon went to her room, and I did not see her again until the next evening.

The next day I visited Mr. LIRSCOMB to take a ride to view some of our delightful suburban residences. The day was sultry, and a shower coming up rapidly, we took temporary refuge at a house, half beer shop, half grocery, out on the Break-Neck road. We were shown into a cool and decent apartment or saloon, at the back of the shop, and there refreshed ourselves with a quite respectable mint julep—at least, I did, and found it sufficient; but my Southern friend, calling the bouncing BETTY, who attended us, ordered something in addition, which steamed and smelt strongly of brandy.

As she set it down, I noticed that she had placed it in a white plate, and I thought I saw something under the tumbler, probably a ticket informing us of the amount of the reckoning. Probably I should not have noticed it all, but for a trifling circumstance. Having finished my own decoction, I turned my back upon my new acquaintance, and endeavored to revive my wilted shirt collar by the help of a small mirror upon the wall. At the same moment I perceived that I was attentively observed by the middle-aged gentleman. Most likely he was moralizing on the vanity of youth, or manhood in my case. I have long adopted it as a rule not to look behind me if I see myself looked at, in the glass. Besides being dishonorable, it is sometimes disadvantageous. So I took no notice except of the fact that Mr. LIRSCOMB, while gazing at me, transferred something from his plate to his pocket. I altered my previous idea that it was a ticket, particularly as I paid the reckoning without one.

On our way home I drove through several by-ways, of which there are an abundance in the Empire City. I did not do so because bashful about being seen in such high company, though maybe he thought I was; for he rather petulantly asked if I was in pursuit of a pawn-broker's establishment. I chose to attribute his tone to the strength of his refreshment, and politely assured him of the contrary. Passing through Spring street from the Bowery to Broadway, I noticed a young man and a girl on the steps of a house on the corner of a cross street. The house faced me as I drove toward it. At the sound of wheels the young man looked up and instantly stepped within the doorway, but not before I had been struck with his resemblance to some one whom I knew. I could have sworn that my companion made some sign of recognition at the same moment; but when I asked if he knew him, he said,

"Who?"

I explained, and he said he had not observed him. After we got by, I turned my head and saw the girl standing at the corner. [Conclusion next week.]

FORGIVE US, AS WE FORGIVE.

MR. WHITFIELD once sobered Gov. Oglethorpe, of Georgia, when abusing his servant for some misdemeanor, and saying in great excitement: "The rascal shall suffer for it, for he knows I never forgive such offences." "If you never forgive," said Whitfield, quietly, "I hope you never sin, or need forgiveness of God." There is instruction in the following story:

"In the Middle Ages, when the great lords and knights were always at war with each other, one of them resolved to revenge himself upon a neighbor who had offended him. It chanced that the very evening when he had made this resolution, he heard that his enemy was to pass near his castle, with only a few men with him. It was a good opportunity to take his revenge, and he determined not to let it pass. He spoke of this plan in the presence of his chaplain, who tried in vain to persuade him to give it up. The good man said a great deal to the duke about the sin of what he was going to do, but in vain. At length, seeing that all his words had no effect, he said:

"My lord, since I can not persuade you to give up this plan of yours, will you at least consent to come with me to the chapel, that we may pray together before you go?"

The duke consented, and the chaplain and he knelt together in prayer. Then the mercy-loving Christian said to the revengeful warrior:

"Will you repeat after me, sentence by sentence, the prayer which our Lord Jesus Christ himself taught to his disciples?"

"I will do it," replied the duke.

He did it accordingly. The chaplain said a sentence, and the duke repeated it, till he came to the petition:—"Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us." The duke was silent.

"My lord duke, you are silent," said the chaplain. "Will you be so good as to continue to repeat the words after me, *if you dare to do so?*—'Forgive us our trespasses, *as we forgive* them that trespass against us.'"

"I can not," replied the duke.

"Well, God can not forgive you, for he has said so. He himself has given us this prayer. Therefore, you must either give up your revenge or give up saying this prayer; for to ask God to pardon you *as you pardon others*, is to ask him to take vengeance on you for all your sins. Go now, my lord, and meet your victim. God will meet you at the great day of judgment."

The iron will of the duke was broken.

"No," said he, "I will finish my prayer. My God, my Father, pardon me; forgive me as I desire to forgive him who has offended me; lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil!"

"Amen," said the chaplain.

"Amen," repeated the duke, who now understood the Lord's Prayer better than he had ever done before, since he had learned to apply it to himself.

MENTAL PUGILISM.—Half the ill-natured things that are said in society, are spoken not so much from malice as from a desire to display the quickness of our perception, the smartness of our wit, and the sharpness of our observation.—*Lady Blessington.*

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 41 letters.
My 17, 25, 23, 13 was the god of War.
My 10, 41, 11, 38 was the wife of Saturn and mother of Juno.
My 20, 15, 22, 14, 12, 19 was the goddess of discord.
My 7, 0, 27, 1 was the goddess of hunting.
My 5, 29, 17, 30, 28 was the god of revelry and feasting.
My 25, 13, 24, 31, 33, 1 was the goddess of justice.
My 38, 39, 37, 21, 40, 34 was one of the furies.
My 8, 15, 38, 7, 4, 25 was one of the graces.
My 16, 3, 1, 40, 18 was the muse of eloquence and lyric poetry.
My 35, 7, 34, 23, 33 was the goddess of flowers.
My 26, 10, 4, 23 was the attendant messenger of Juno.
My 32, 7, 34, 40, 15, 29 was the fate who drew the thread of life between her fingers.
My 2, 34, 10, 2, 29, 27, 13 were three deities, (very beautiful,) the seeing of which turned the beholder to stone.
My 9, 3, 33, 27, 4, 1 was the muse of astronomy.
My 25, 23, 3, 34, 36, 19 were used by Appollo to destroy the serpent Python,
My whole is a maxim which will be endorsed by most of the readers of the RURAL.

Plainville, N. Y., 1860. J. B. L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 41 letters.
My 9, 39, 4, 12, 40 denotes a subject.
My 2, 12, 40, 18, 28, 30, 21 is an eminent literary man.
My 34, 39, 35, 9, 13 20, 7, 18 is an American poet.
My 38, 8, 20, 22, 31, 32, 4 is the name of a paper.
My 6, 23, 24, 35, 36, 11, 15, 31 is the name of a county in Missouri.
My 29, 19, 27, 32 is a vegetable.
My 1, 10, 30, 41, 6, 23, 35, 25 is a geometrical figure.
My 14, 17, 26 is a transitive verb.
My 37, 19, 27, 33 is an important member of the human body.
My 3, 30, 16, 37 is an insect.
My whole is a Scriptural injunction.

Ghent, N. Y., 1860. S. L.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM.

SUPPOSE a man to have a calf which, at the end of three years, begins to breed (and afterwards,) a female calf every year, and that each calf begins to breed in like manner at the end of three years, bringing forth a cow calf every year, and that these last breed in the same manner, &c., what would be the owner's whole stock at the end of 20 years?

Richland, Ohio, 1860. WESLEY MCLAUGHLIN.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 566.

Answer to Agricultural Enigma:—And lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down.

Answer to Charade:—Be-am.

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VOL. XI. NO. 49.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 569.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

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THE TIMES AND THE PANIC.

FOR some weeks past the country has been filled with rumors of bank suspensions and mercantile failures, of losses and bankruptcy, and general ruin. Never before have we seen such a manifestation of ingratitude for great national blessings. Never before have we witnessed a people exhibit such errant madness—such a fixed determination to bring upon themselves and the whole country financial ruin, as has been exhibited by a portion of our people within the past few weeks. In this nefarious work, we are sorry to say, they have been aided by a part of the political press, that should have been above such an exhibition of desperation and recklessness. That they have not brought upon our country another commercial crisis, beggared thousands that are now in the enjoyment of abundance, and brought want and starvation to the doors of tens of thousands of the industrious laboring poor, is only because they lacked the ability to accomplish this abominable mischief. Thanks to a kind Providence, our prosperity was too well established to be easily shaken. Never did the earth yield a more abundant harvest than the past season. If we except Kansas, a portion of Missouri, and a few other sections of limited extent, we have been blessed with abundance all over the land. Barns are filled to overflowing, storehouses are loaded to their utmost capacity. Rail-cars, steamboats and canal-boats—every avilable means of conveyance, have been pressed into the work of carrying produce to market, and the winter sets in with millions of bushels of grain awaiting shipment.

This has increased the revenue of Railroad companies, enriched forwarders, and brought cash to the pockets of farmers, enabling them to square accounts with country merchants, and leave a surplus for a rainy day. England needs all the grain we can spare, and exportation has been rapidly going on. Thus we have obtained means to pay our foreign debts, and keep our gold, which has flowed in from California, and never was more abundant. Labor has been in good demand, and wages fair; while living has been tolerably cheap, so that the poor have been enabled to live in comfort, enjoying the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life. In short, our country was as prosperous and happy as the most philanthropic could desire, when the desperate effort was made by a set of traitors to humanity, to stem this tide of prosperity, and bring wretchedness and ruin upon our happy land. Let us thank the Giver of all good, that their designs have been defeated—that we have passed the shock comparatively unharmed, which we could not have done but for the abundant harvest of the past season.

Had this effort proved successful, the farmers would have suffered less than those of any other profession, for no class of men are so independent of their fellows—so independent of the fluctuations of trade—so free from great and crushing calamities, as farmers. The farmer fears no sudden disaster, that may in a day sweep away the accumulations of a life-time—no sad reverse that shall crush out all life and hope, and cause him, like one of old, to curse the day on which he was born. He does not depend for success upon the chances of trade or the fickleness or selfishness of man. He depends upon One who rules in the Heavens, and who has said that "seed-time and harvest shall not fail." The "bulls" and the "bears" may pursue their selfish tricks. Stocks may go up or down, and this may affect the price obtained by the farmer for his produce; but still, whether a few shillings a bushel, more or less, is realized for his wheat or his corn, or a dollar a hundred for his beef and pork, he has enough to maintain himself and family and the creatures dependent upon him for support. He can obtain clothes of the most comfortable, if not of the most expensive kinds, means to educate his children,—has house and home, and all that is necessary to make life pleasant and joyous.

The farmer, it is true, meets with disappointments and losses peculiar to his profession,—the wheat midge or the rust injures his wheat; the rot destroys his potatoes; some seasons are very dry, and others excessively wet, and crops suffer; but these losses are only partial, and usually confined to one crop in a season. Then the loss is one of anticipated profit, and not of large amounts of money expended, for under the most unfavorable circumstances, enough is usually raised to pay for the seed, and sometimes for both seed and labor. Then, such losses being somewhat general, the natural consequence is an increase of price in most cases, which makes up to some extent for the diminution in quantity. It may prevent the prosecution of some cherished plan of improvement—cause a delay of a year or two in building a new house, or a larger barn; deprive the family of some desired luxuries, but it brings no crushing grief, no mental or physical suffering.

The farmer may well congratulate himself on the comfort and safety of his position, and learn not only to be content, but proud of his lot, for though his gains are not rapid, they are generally sure, and though he meets with losses, they are neither great nor embarrassing.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Steep for Wheat.

SEVERAL inquiries having been made through the columns of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette* for a process by which smut may be prevented in wheat, there have been numerous answers thereto, and the remedy in general use would seem to be one which has been frequently recommended in the RURAL,—blue vitriol. Among others who have tested its virtues is WM. JOYCE, a Waterford agriculturist, and in his experience, of more than thirty years, he considers it "the cheapest and most effectual preventive" yet brought forward. His mode of preparation and application for one barrel seed, is as follows:—Take one pound of the best blue vitriol powdered; put it in a bucket kept for the purpose; put one gallon of boiling water to the pound of vitriol in the morning; let it stand until the evening, occasionally giving it a stir to dissolve the vitriol; then add two gallons of cold water; put your barrel of wheat on the floor of your barn, or some such place, where you will be able to turn it over. Take the vitriol water, and put it over the wheat; then turn the heap over three or four times with a shovel, that the whole of the wheat may be well saturated with the steep; in the morning it will be fit for sowing. Should any circumstance prevent the sowing for any length of time, the seed will not be injured by the steep. Before vitriol was known in England as a steep for wheat, we used brine, urine, and lime; but that has been out of use for many years. Vitriol is now used to a great extent.

Wintering Young Stock.

WE extract the following from a communication of a practical farmer, addressed to the *Mark Lane Express:*

"Of all the departments of management connected with the breeding of cattle, few give the breeder so much anxiety as the rearing and subsequent care of his young stock. This is peculiarly the case in districts not altogether applicable to breeding purposes, and yet cannot well be appropriated to better uses. Young cattle cannot endure cold rimy frosts for any length of time; it causes scouring. The loss of condition in a short time is often surprising. My usual remedy is the change of food, dry warm bed, and a few doses of thick wheaten-flour gruel, with a little laudanum in each. The issue is very precarious; I always think it a poor prospect, when I am obliged to resort to medicinal treatment for any animal. Young stock should, as a rule, be safely housed in warm sheltered yards before cold or frosty weather sets in; the youngest and most delicate must be provided for in covered hovels, airy, but well shut in. Warmth to a young animal is equal to a moderate supply of food. The stronger animals may do well in the yards, provided the yards be warm, and have open hovels for them to retire to in wet and stormy weather. The great question arises: How are they to be best and most profitably wintered? There probably is no better way to promote condition and healthiness than to feed them on good meadow hay, and to give with it a moderate allowance of oil cake. This will ensure progress and a healthy constitution. The common white-fleshed turnip, when well grown and sliced, is excellent food in the early winter, and if a quantity of the leaves could be given along with the bulbs, all the better; the leaves promote the sounder and freer growth of the bone in all young animals. With this kind of food a little barley or oats should be daily given; of course, cut chaff or hay, or even a great superabundance of good straw for the young stock to browse over, is to be included as food. Roots will never do alone; in all cases dry cereal food is desirable, if not absolutely necessary. Much has been written about the necessity of exercise for young animals. It certainly does appear to be right, if not necessary to promote growth and vigor. Taking all into consideration, however, I prefer the plan of tying up, with an occasional run into the yard in suitable weather." The experience of a stock raiser given above is worthy of attention by all our farmers.

Breeds of English Sheep.

AT a recent meeting of the Central Farmer's Club, at London, Mr. CHARLES HOWARD delivered an address on the subject of "The merits of Pure-Bred and Cross-Bred Sheep." In this address, he gave the origin and merits of several "established" breeds:

SOUTH DOWNS.—The South Downs are descended from small, gray, and dark-faced sheep, which were found on the hilly and monutainous districts throughout England. JOHN ELLMAN was the original improver. He was followed and surpassed by JONAS WEBB, who has made the South Down perfect. The peculiarity of this sheep is its superior quality of mutton and wool. Average weight, from thirteen to fifteen months, is 126 pounds. Weight of fleece, six pounds. The ewes are capital breeders, and generally produce one-third twins. They are best adapted to elevated situations and bare pasturage. Among the nobility and fancy farmers they are regarded as the *elite* of sheep.

HAMPSHIRE DOWNS.—This valuable sheep has been established from various crosses, commencing with the century. They present as great an uniformity in wool, color, and general appearance, as their smaller, but handsomer cousins, the South Downs. They have risen into favor rapidly. They are very hardy, and of good constitutions, and good wool-bearers, the average fleece being six to seven pounds, of early maturity, and have plenty of lean as well as fat meat, and will graze to almost any weight you may choose to make them. The ewes are good breeders and sucklers.

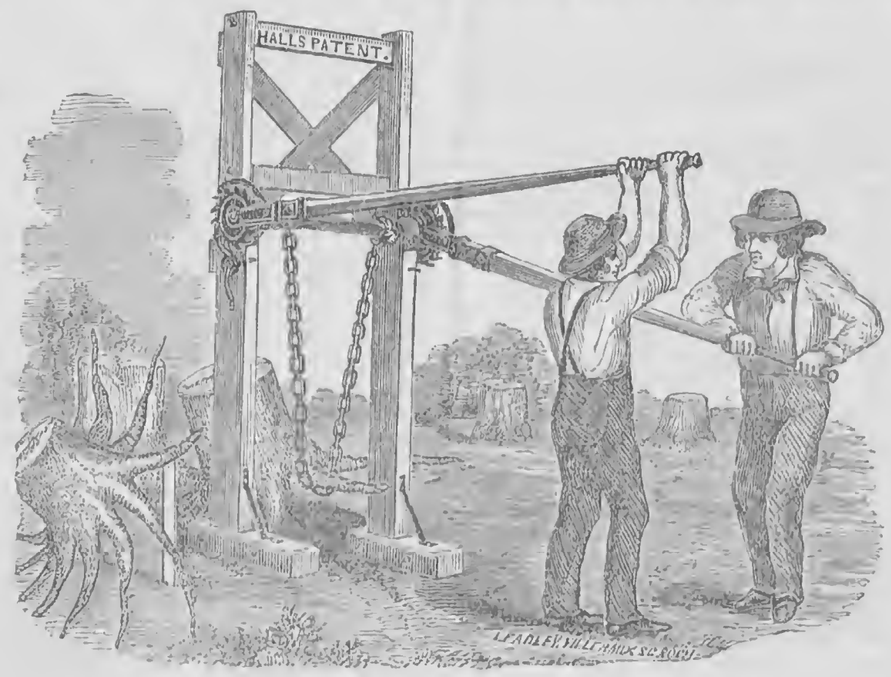
LEICESTERS.—These originated with Bakewell. To this breed all other long-wooled sheep are indebted for their improved shape and greater disposition to fatten. Their chief characteristics are, great aptitude to fatten with a comparatively small consumption of food, and early maturity; fleece, seven pounds; carcass, at fourteen or fifteen months, 140 pounds. They are not very good breeders, and it is a rare thing to have more lambs than ewes.

THE COTSWOLD.—This is one of the oldest of the established breeds. They were originally heavy, coarse animals, with a thick, heavy fleece, well adapted to the bleak, uninclosed Cotswold hills. They are now *very* hardy, and will succeed well in almost any situation, and produce a great amount of wool and mutton at an early age. They sometimes reach 86 pounds to the quarter. The average weight of an ordinary flock when fit for the butcher, at fourteen or fifteen months old, is about 180 pounds, and the weight of wool of the whole flock would be about 7½ pounds each.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—As the Western part of Great Britain is famous for its Cotswolds, so is the North-eastern esteemed for the heavy-wooled and large-framed Lincolns, to which district they especially belong, and where for many years they held their own. They, like the Cotswolds, have been improved by an admixture of Leicester blood. The present improved Lincoln sheep partakes largely of the peculiarities of the Cotswold and Leicester, having the expansive frame and nobility of appearance of the one, with the quality of flesh, compactness of form, beauty of countenance, and propensity to fatten of the other; but they far exceed either in weight of fleece. Three-year-olds sometimes weigh 96½ pounds to the quarter, and yearlings 71 pounds. The weight of wool of an entire flock, under fair average management, is about 8¾ pounds each; weight of carcass at twenty-eight months, 160 pounds. The Lincoln breeders consider the mutton excellent, having less fat, and a greater proportion of fine-grained, lean flesh, than the Leicesters. The ewes are good breeders, but, like the Cotswolds and Leicesters, they are not good sucklers.

SHROPSHIRES.—These are crosses. Their merit consists in their superiority over any other breed in their own country. They possess hardiness of constitution, excellent quality of mutton, and are prolific breeders; but they are not equal to other breeds.

OXFORDSHIRE DOWNS.—This breed of sheep was produced twenty-seven years ago, by crossing the Hampshire, and in some instances South Down ewes, with Cotswold rams, and then putting the crosses together. They drop their lambs in February, and at thirteen or fourteen months old they are ready for market, weighing, on an average, 140 pounds each, with a fleece varying from seven to ten pounds. The ewes are good mothers, and produce a great proportion of twins.



HALL'S HAND-POWER STUMP MACHINE.

SOME weeks ago, in noticing a stump machine, we spoke of the importance of such machinery, especially in all regions where stumps or forests abound. Among other things, we remarked—"Various stump machines have been introduced and used advantageously, and we trust they will rapidly increase in numbers, speed, power, *and cheapness of operation*, until the farms of the whole country shall be free from the unsightly and unprofitable obstructions now so common, even in sections which have been cleared and cultivated a score of years." At the time of penning the sentence quoted, we had no idea that we should so soon have an opportunity of verifying the wish relative to a cheap and cheaply operating machine, but have since examined a Stump Puller, which will, we think, prove a long sought desideratum. We allude to Hall's Patent Hand-Power Machine, an illustration of which, as it appears in operation, is given above. It looked like a practical, economical machine, and the fact that the manufacturers—Messrs. BADGER, ACER & Co., of No's 4 and 6 Hill St., Rochester—have recently sold several, proves that it is becoming popular. Most stump machines are objectionable on account of their high cost, great weight, bulk, and expense of operating. The manufacturers of this machine claim superiority in these respects, and enumerate the following reasons therefor:

"1. It is much *cheaper*—a great consideration for farmers on new land—the price being only $60. 2. It is much *lighter*, requiring no team of oxen or horses to remove it from one stump to another. Two men can carry it in their hands. 3. It requires no team to operate it; two men can work it by hand, and extract more stumps, and at very much less expense—generally requiring about two minutes to take up a common stump. 4. It can be used when and where the ground is wet and soft, and does not punch up the grass field as with a heavy team. 5. It is very simple in its construction and not liable to get out of order, and so small that it can be housed as conveniently as a plow or wheelbarrow. 6. It will take up every stump in the field, not requiring one to anchor to, as is usual with the best stump machines. 7. It does not turn the stump over—thereby taking up a large quantity of earth from one place and heaping it up on another, as is usual with other stump pullers, but leaves the stump poised at a convenient distance from the ground, until the soil can be rattled off the roots into the bed of the stump—saving the labor of shoveling the heap back into the hole in order to leave the field smooth. It is peculiarly adapted for clearing common roads and railroads through forests, by tipping the tree over, stump, roots, and all together; and then you cut it off where you like, or roll it out one side whole. Also very useful for digging knees and roots for ship timber; for raising any heavy body; for moving buildings, &c. Three men will pull up from 50 to 100 large pine stumps per day, after they have worked two or three days to get their hand in—thus costing about six cents per stump—for such as usually cost from fifty cents to one dollar each. These machines are so durable that one will pull up more than twenty thousand stumps before it is worn out, and pay for itself many times over."

SOILING CATTLE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The agricultural community have been, to a greater or less extent, diverted from their usual course on account of the political interests of the day; but as the eventful sixth of November has come and gone, and we find the earth traveling in her circuit uninterrupted, and the Union not yet dissolved, we may, with propriety, turn our attention to those things intimately connected with our farming interests. Whatever difference of opinion may exist among the readers of your valuable journal upon political topics, we imagine they are pretty well agreed that the RURAL is about the best agricultural paper extant, and especially a most excellent medium through which to communicate and receive information.

Having read considerable of late on the subject of soiling I have become much interested therein, and have for some time been of the opinion that this was the system of feeding best adapted to our locality. The land in this region being not the most fertile imaginable, the question arises, which is the cheapest way to produce fertilizing material, and thereby improve the condition of the soil. We know that Guano and Patent Manures are beneficial, but our great distance from market, and the extravagant price demanded for such manures, render it impracticable, except in the last extremity. The manner of farming here, and particularly of producing manure, is, I presume, but a fair specimen of the way the thing is managed in other sections. On a farm of, say one hundred and fifty acres, there will probably be kept from fifteen to twenty cows, beside a team of horses and oxen. At the same time not more than fifty acres will be under cultivation. If this statement be correct, it requires one hundred acres to summer and winter the above stock. The manure from this number of cattle will be more than sufficient to cover properly a field of corn of fifteen acres. As a matter of course, the winter grain has nothing but the poverty-stricken soil from which to draw its sustenance. And, furthermore, one dare not plow up a field out of the regular course, from fear of getting nothing for his trouble, losing his grass seed in the bargain.

In view of all these facts, it seems rational that if

forty cows can be kept on fifty acres, instead of fifteen upon one hundred, four times the amount of manure can be produced; for, 1st, we have double the number of cows and, 2d, we have the manure of both summer and winter. Being anxious to put the system in operation, I would like to be further enlightened. I was much interested in an editorial, in your issue of August 18th, entitled "Soiling of Stock," in which you spoke of a "valuable little work by JOSIAH QUINCY, Jr.," and you will confer a favor upon me by stating where the book can be obtained, and at what price. I would solicit the opinions of practical farmers on this subject, through your pages, and if I adopt the system, will communicate the results of my experience. Hoping to see, ere long, in the RURAL, something further on this topic, I remain yours truly, M. FRELIGH LYON.

Bruynswick, Ulster Co., N. Y., 1860.

REMARKS.—Mr. QUINCY has prepared a brief treatise on this subject, but our copy we sent a short time since to a friend in search of information, so we cannot now give the name of the publisher. We have before us two brief Essays on Soiling, and an Address on the same subject, by Mr. Q., printed together, and making a work of sixty-four pages. It is published by JOHN WILSON & Son, Boston, and will cost about 50 cents.

LABOR-SAVING INDOORS—WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

WHAT relation does *man* sustain to "the rest of mankind?"—or, more properly and specifically, what *duties* do men owe to women?

Leaving political franchises, and such sort, to the guardian angels who have them in charge, I propose to inquire whether *Patent Rights* are impartial?—Whether they "deal justly and love mercy" in matters of *gender*?—Whether Yankeedom, as it travails in pain with the birth of new machines, is inspired with a generous sentiment of chivalry and devotion to "the fair?"—Whether, in unmistakable English, the inventions and improvements of modern times have eased the toils of women as much as the labors of men?

Reapers, mowers, threshing machines, and horse rakes, have reduced the labor of the farmer one-half, in the departments in which they are used, while improvements in other tools have, I am convinced, reduced the farmer's work at least one-fourth; if he is fool enough to *increase his acres* for the sake of avoiding any diminution of care and toil, that is *his* business. *Invention* has offered him an easier time, and he might take it if he would. But how is it with the women? Floors are swept with the same weeds tied to the end of a stick, and by the persistent swing of the arms, as when our mothers were young; complaint seems to be chronic, with no hope of a change—for my friend TOMLINSON, with his eyes open, is arranging to cut up fifty thousand feet of boards into broom handles.

Dishes are washed with water and soap, brought to the same temperature, by the same kind of wood, and wiped with the same linen, (adulterated with a little more cotton,) and piled by hand labor on the same shelves, covered with a little more paint, as in years gone by.

I grant we have washing machines, philanthropically designed to aid in the dirtiest business this side of politics, and all for the sake of the dear women and the pay for making them,—but alas! *man*, so accustomed to cater for himself, made such awkward work when he commenced for the women, that the dear creatures have been compelled to put these contrivances *out to dry* with the clothes, and come back to the old washboard, which wears out sooner than the knuckles from wanting vitality to grow whole again during the week. I will say, however, that my wife wishes to thank somebody, I think it is Mr. DANIELS, of Otsego, for "aid and comfort" in drying her clothes. Certainly, if there is a time when the smallest assistance is gratefully received, it is when hungry men are coming in for dinner, forgetful that it is washing day, when the put-off children are clamorous, and the bedrabbled woman summons the last remains of her strength to get the clothes into a position where, Providence permitting, they may dry without getting dirty again. Mr. DANIELS' Clothes Dryer has a cord supported by four arms, with the additional advantage of being lowered to just the right height for putting on the clothes, and then it may be elevated so as to be out of the way of teams or persons passing, and so is adapted to small yards, or may occupy a position near the house, and be out of the way.

Take the great cookery business. Our mush is toilsomely stirred with ancestral pudding sticks—dough worked and re-worked by the same laborious processes—our stewing, and steeping, and boiling, and brewing, and frying, goes on by old processes, requiring infinite watchfulness and continuous labor. Electricity, and steam, and water-power, do not condescend to household affairs—they have been subsidized by man.

— This, then, is to suggest that the ladies are entitled to the "distinguished consideration" of inventors, for the next hundred years or so, till the inside of the house shall overtake the outside in the march of improvement.—H. T. B.

PRACTICAL SERMONS FROM SHORT TEXTS.

NUMBER ONE.

"THE action of leached ashes is most powerful upon moist lands and meadows, on which they not only facilitate the growth of useful plants, but if employed constantly for several years, will free the soil from weeds."—CHAPTAL.

IT is no uncommon thing to see an accumulated heap of ashes laying about our farmer's house-yards, when they would be better out of the way, either in the manure heap or spread over the fields. There is scarcely any soil that may not be benefited by the use of ashes,—sandy soils are rendered more compact, and clay soils more friable by the application of ashes. Mixed with gypsum, in the proportion of one bushel of plaster to ten bushels of ashes per acre, they form the best top-dressing for meadows or clover that can be had. Last year a friend tried plaster alone, and plaster and ashes together, on his clover, and where the latter was used the hay crop was much the heaviest and earliest matured.

Where I lived, in the backwoods, years ago, it was a common custom to sow unleached ashes on the pea fields, two weeks or so after the peas were up. Mixed with salt, in the proportion of ten to one, they form an excellent top dressing for wheat in spring, rendering the straw more flinty, and forwarding the period of blossoming. A mixture of ashes and plaster applied to potatoes at the time of planting, acts as one of the best preventives of the rot known.

In Germany no other manure is used for grass lands. Ashes, in fact, are beneficial in so many ways, that he who allows them to go to waste, or be thrown into the road, is doing an injury both to himself and the commonwealth.

Hamilton, C. W., 1860. J. M.

FACTS ABOUT FEEDING HORSES.

FRIEND MOORE:—In a recent number of the RURAL, an inquirer asks if fermented grain will fatten hogs, and states that a conversation with some savan in a Railroad car has led to the inquiry. Having had occasion to use from two to four road horses for my own driving for the last twenty-one years, and having fed my hogs in the fall from the same grain as the horses for the last ten years, perhaps this limited experience may be of benefit to some of the numerous readers of your valuable journal.

My first impressions were that good, clean, bright timothy hay, and good oats, were alone fit for roadsters. For two or three years I used nothing else, when necessity compelled me to fill my barn with the red-top grass, and my mind with the beautiful prospect of heaves, crow fodder, and all that sort of thing. Contrary to all my high wrought anticipations, however, I found my horses went out of the stable, not as full and plump in the morning, but returned much more so at night, than when fed on timothy. This took the first scale from my eyes.

Soon after this, having raised a few hundred bushels of corn of my own, the query arose as to what disposition was to be made of it. Scouts, founder, belly-ache, and all that kind of nonsense, attached itself to the idea of feeding it to horses—when a friend suggested that I should break it up short, and soak it in the ear. On this I found my horses could do as much work as on good oats. The bulk of the cob made it too much labor, and I soon after commenced with shelled corn, and for the last fifteen years have fed no other grain, when at home, than this.

About the same time I learned the important fact that hay was not necessary, and that the same money laid out in good bright straw and corn, would last much longer than the same in hay and oats. My plan was to take a barrel and fill, say two-thirds full of corn, and then full of water, and when I commenced feeding this, would have another barrel filled and soaking while using the first. The odor which it gives in summer is not sometimes as pleasant as the Otto of Roses, and I have found that with some horses there was an objection to feeding it, if compelled to feed them away from home, for they would utterly refuse any other kind of grain. It was seldom that I found a horse that would eat more than four quarts of this three times a day, which is equivalent to less than three of dry corn for any length of time. Strange as it may seem to many an old fogy, after harvesting my crop of carrots, I have substituted one and two feeds a day of four quarts of carrots for their feed of corn, and had them do equally as well; but have never given them to my hogs instead of corn.

If said learned savan will consult LIEBIG'S Animal Chemistry, he will find the true rationale to the above facts. There are many advantages in feeding fermented grain to horses subject to fast driving, only two of which I shall mention now. First—it is easier of digestion, so that if obliged to start the horse as soon as his meal is finished, he is not as apt to scour. Second—you can feed him, however warm he may be, without the least fear of injury. Give him his regular feed and then turn him to the barrel and let him eat his fill, and your humble writer will guarantee all damage from it. And if he has just learned that he has been killing lean hogs for the last ten years, surely he must need some lessons.

South Avon, N. Y., 1860. POOR FARMER.

REMARKS.—Though his cognomen is "Poor Farmer," the writer of the above is one of the best in the Genesee Valley, so noted for its rich and progressive cultivators. And, moreover, he drives good horses, in good condition, as many can attest. Such men—those of large experience and close observation, who have *converted their prejudices*—ought to write more for Agricultural Journals.—EDS.

IMPROVED "NO-PATENT" CORN SHELLER

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—"A Subscriber" in a late issue of your paper asks, "where he can get a good Hand Corn Sheller that will separate the cob from the corn." I do not know of a machine of the kind that will perform the work to my satisfaction, as manufactured throughout the country, so far as my knowledge extends. I have tried some made for that purpose, but all had some defect. I will give "A Subscriber" an account of what I have done, with your permission; and I will premise by saying that I am not manufacturing for sale or speculation. I have made just one machine, as described below, for my own individual use.

I bought a common hand sheller and made a separator for myself and attached to the same, which works to a charm, letting the shelled corn fall down through and carrying the cob up and letting it fall over the end into a basket or in a pile entirely separate from the corn. It requires a frame made of two pieces one inch thick, 2½ inches wide, and about three-and-a-half feet long, with two cross pieces to hold it together—the cross pieces long enough to make the frame about an inch wider than the frame of the sheller. Take two hard wood sticks about 2½ inches through, and turn out a pair of rollers for each end of the carrier, turning the shaft part down to three-fourths of an inch, leaving the rollers about 2½ inches, with a light flange on the outside of each; leave a pulley on the out end of one shaft about 1½ inches over. Take two straps, three-fourths of an inch wide, and long enough to make the circuit of the carrier, and make an open carrier like the open carriers used for carrying straw on threshing machines, except on a smaller scale. Make it with slats, say three-fourths of an inch wide, and just far enough apart to let the shelled corn fall through. Attach your frame to the sheller just low enough to let corn and cob come from the sheller on to the carrier, having the out end of said carrier elevated a little, say a foot. Now, drive your carrier by a belt from the crank shaft of the sheller, which will need a small pulley thereon, and the belt to be run crossed.

I have tried this imperfectly described thing to shell two or three thousand bushels of corn, and I can say that it is a great saving of labor. I do not believe the cost would exceed one dollar, if they could be built by the quantity. The power required to run it is hardly perceptible. I would give five dollars more for a sheller with the attachment, than I would without it. My neighbors have seen it work, and pronounce it a decided improvement. It does the work required to perfection. Three men can shell, of good corn, one hundred and fifty bushels per day, by keeping the machine running all the time. With my sheller, so rigged, I can shell out my crop of corn cheaper than I can do it by horse power.

Athens, Pa., 1860. J. F. OVENSHIRE.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

The Use of Rawhide.

WILLIAM RHODES, in the *Country Gentleman*, says, "how few persons know the value of rawhide! It seems almost strange to see them sell all of their "deacon" skins for the small sum of thirty or forty cents. Take a strip of well tanned rawhide an inch wide, and a horse can hardly break it by pulling back—two of them he cannot break any way. Cut into narrow strips and shave the hair off with a sharp knife, to use for bag strings; the strings will outlast two sets of bags. Farmers know how perplexing it is to lend bags and have them returned minus strings. It will outlast hoop iron (common) in any shape, and is stronger. It is good to wrap around a broken thill—better than iron. Two sets of rawhide halters will last a man's life time—if he don't live too long. In some places the Spaniards use rawhide log chains to work cattle with, cut into narrow strips and twisted together hawser fashion. It is good to tie in for a broken link in a trace chain. It can be tanned so that it will be soft and pliable like harness leather. Save a cow and "deacon's pelt" and try it.

Baden's Method of Saving Seed Corn.

THE most successful and interesting demonstration of the practicability of improving Indian corn, says the *Rural Register*, is that made by Thomas Baden, Maryland, who, by carefully selecting the best seed in his field for a long series of years, having special reference to those stalks which produced the most ears, ultimately obtained a variety which yields 4, 5, 6, and even as high as 8 and 10 ears to the single stalk.

The plan he adopted was this:—When the corn was husked, he made a re-selection, taking only that which was perfectly sound and fully ripe. In the spring, before shelling the corn, he examined it again, throwing out any that had assumed a bad appearance during the winter. In shelling the corn, he threw aside the grains at both large and small ends. He has carefully followed this mode of selecting seed corn, for twenty-five or thirty years, and still (if living) continues to do so. At present he does not pretend to lay up any seed without it comes from stalks which bear 4, 5, and 6 ears.

In addition to the number of ears, and of course the great increase of the quantity unshelled, it yields much more than common corn when shelled; 10 bushels of ears will make more than 6 bushels when shelled. Ordinary corn will only shell 5 bushels to the barrel.

Mr. Baden plants his corn 5 feet each way, leaving two stalks to the hill, which is equivalent to 3½ feet each way with one stalk to the hill. This makes more hills to the acre than 4 by 4, or 5 by 3, the old Virginia mode of planting.

Beautify the Homestead.

IT is said the American has no home—no love of the spot where he was born; but is as ready to swap off his homestead as his horse. The English nation, from lord to peasant, have an abiding love for their ancestral acres. Even the cottages of the peasants are more tastefully adorned externally with shrubs, flowers, and climbing vines, than the houses and grounds of forehanded American farmers. These things the farmers neglect sadly. They are intent only on what they deem useful. The love of the picturesque and beautiful should be cultivated in the young mind. There is no eye quicker to discover a pleasant landscape than that of childhood. Children are always delighted with a beautiful tree, shrub, or flower. Plant these about your houses and grounds. Make home pleasant and cheerful. Put books into the hands of your children that will teach them a love of nature, reveal her secrets, and direct their minds in the way of their intended occupations in life. Under this management parents will not be troubled with truant children, who wish to fly from home before they get through the spelling book! If the farmers will permit their wives to direct the adorning of their homesteads, trees, shrubs, and flowers will spring up as by magic. If any doubt the exquisite taste of the ladies, let them go through Floral Hall! Do any doubt her industry and skill, let them go through the Hall of Domestic Industry, and see what her cunning busy fingers have wrought, with that little but wonderful instrument, the needle! See what patient persevering work will do!

If farmers' wives, with all their multitude of household cares, can find time to work up quilts of such elaborate pattern and curious workmanship, a single one composed of ten thousand pieces wrought into every form of beauty, can the husbands of such wives say *they* have no time to master the chemistry of agriculture? That they have no time to make any improvements? If so, let them resign the reins to their "better halves!"—*E. W. Stewart's address at Erie Co. Fair.*

Farming is Business.

Too many forget this. There is poetry in farming, to be sure, if it is rightly managed; but there is no poetry in it if it does not *pay*—if there are no satisfactory material results. But farming is business. It is a dollar-and-cent transaction to produce and market a crop—from the turning the first furrow to the delivery of the last bushel, *money* is involved. Farming should accordingly be conducted in a business manner. Each item of expense, each moment of time, all expenditure of labor, should be charged the crops, and if the market price of the product does not cover this cost and leave a balance, that kind of husbandry better be abandoned.

Most men acknowledge the force of the above position, but say—"Why, we have not the knowledge necessary to systematize our business, keep a book account with the farm, and do things as we see it is only profitable to do." Very well. Suppose you are not capable. Grant it. There is something which can be done. Your children may be so educated that they shall not follow in your footsteps per force—be obliged to submit to the yoke your ignorance imposes upon you. See that they secure that knowledge, and insist that they put it in practice as they obtain it. Give over the farm accounts to their keeping. Furnish the girls as well as the boys with the facilities for acquiring this knowledge. It is as essential to one as the other. Let the girls keep the household accounts. Interest them in this. Let them learn the lesson figures teach when used to designate receipts and expenses. They will thus learn economy—to calculate. Do not fear they will become sordid. This process will give greater power to indulge in poetic fancies and poetic employments. And they will be really poetic, for they will be based upon facts. So says the *Prairie Farmer.*

Hints on Shingling.

MR. ED. EMERSON, of Hollis, Mass., thus gives, in the *New England Farmer*, some hints upon shingling roofs, that are worthy of circulation:

A correspondent asks, "What will make shingles last longer?" Twenty-three years ago I found I had quite a lot of refuse shingles on hand, both sappy and shakey, and I laid them on the back kitchen and wood-shed. I have just examined them, and think they will last at least seven years longer. The building has not leaked, to my knowledge. I soaked these shingles in a very thin whitewash, made with brine instead of clear water. There has been nothing done to them since, although I have no doubt that to have whitewashed, or served a coat of dry-slaked lime or fine salt once in two or three years on them, would have been of great advantage to them.

As I shingle differently from almost every one else, I will give you my method, and my reasons for it. However wide the shingles may be, I do not allow the nails to be put more than two inches apart. *Reason*—If your shingles are wet or green, and the wide ones are nailed at the edges, the shingles must split, or one of the nails must draw when the shingle shrinks. If the shingle is dry, it must huff or crowd the nail out when it swells. Thus your nails are kept in constant motion by every shrink or swell of the shingle, till they are broken, pulled out, or the shingle is split. I do not want the nails drove quite in, or so as to sink the head. *Reason*—The heads of the nails hold up the butts of the next row of shingles, and give the air a free circulation.

I lay all my shingles in whitewash. I prefer brine for making it. I line with red chalk. I then whitwash the last course laid down, to the line, and after the building is shingled I whitewash the whole of the roof. *Reason*—To make the shingles last twice as long as they would without the whitewash, and I consider it much better than just whitewashing the roof after shingling.

Carpenters often object to shingling in this way, as it is rather dirty work, and declare they know it does not do any good—that it is just as good to whitewash after shingling, &c.

Inquiries and Answers.

KILLING SORREL.—Will some of the RURAL'S correspondents inform me as to the best mode of destroying sorrel? I have tried shell lime with but little, if any, effect.—T. E. BRIDGER, *Suffolk, Suf. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

WHITENING BROOM CORN.—A correspondent asks how to whiten "weather-beaten" broom corn, so as to make "*good* white brooms." It can't be done;—it may be bleached with chloride of lime—*a la milliner*—but not to make "*good*" brooms. The rust, or mildew, has *injured* the outer coating, and it will become brittle in consequence.—CHEMIST, *Deansville, N. Y.*, 1860.

FROST-BITTEN FEET IN COWS.—A correspondent asks what he shall do for his cow, whose "hoofs of the hind feet have grown to twice the natural length?" The probable cause is that, at sometime, they have been frost-bitten. At all events, the cow is crippled for life. The best thing "to do" for her, is—to do her into beef.—HUMANITAS, *Deansville, N. Y.*, 1860.

BLACK TONGUE.—I send you a recipe which I think is a sure cure for this disease. I have tried it in several cases, and have always found it beneficial. Two ounces of salt peter; one-half pint of sweet milk; one-half pint of turpentine; one-half pint of vinegar; mixed together, the vinegar to be put in last. Put the mixture into a glass or earthen bottle, and pour into the animal's mouth enough to gargle. Repeat the dose from eight to ten times a day, until the animal is cured.—N. BRYANT, *Amherst, Lorain Co., O.*, 1860.

BEST TIME FOR PAINTING HOUSES.—According to the Scientific Artizan, the best time for painting the exterior of buildings, &c., is late in autumn, or during winter. Paint then applied will endure twice as long as when applied in early summer, or in hot weather. In the former, it drys slowly, and becomes very hard, like a glazed surface, not easily affected afterward by the weather, or worn off by the beating of storms.

Agricultural Miscellany.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER ADVANCING—*Enlargement and Improvement.*—It will be seen by reference to an announcement in our News Department that this Journal is to be *Materially Enlarged* and otherwise Improved on the first of January—with the commencement of its Twelfth Year and Volume. The reasons for the proposed change are set forth in the announcement, but we may say here that it will be especially advantageous to our Agricultural and Horticultural friends, as the Departments in which they are most interested—occupying the first three pages—will not only contain much more reading matter, weekly, but be free from infringement at seasons when advertisements abound. Indeed, we trust the expansion will prove beneficial and satisfactory to all classes of readers, for we shall strive to make every department of the RURAL *better* as well as *larger*, though the labor and expense of editing and publishing will be considerably increased. In the future, as in the past, our earnest desire and constant endeavor will be to render the RURAL NEW-YORKER unequalled in Value, Variety and Usefulness of Contents—to make it an honest, independent, reliable, and eminently acceptable AGRICULTURAL, HORTICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER, correct and progressive in its teachings on Practical Subjects, instructive and entertaining to members of the Family Circle, of high moral tone, and as free as possible from deception and quackery, even in its advertising department.

—We take this occasion to remind the friends of the RURAL NEW-YORKER that *the present* is the *best season and period to increase its circulation* that has occurred in ten years. The People are prosperous, the Country rich, and Confidence rising to par—the palaver of politicians, freaks of financiers, and predictions of panic-makers and party-fuglemen to the contrary notwithstanding. True, the bluster and excitement which now abound may temporarily affect monetary affairs, but we are not of those who believe permanent injury to, or depreciation of, stocks and products, will be the result.

HORSE FLESH AT PAR.—The N. Y. Tribune of the 1st inst., says:—"If straws show which way the wind blows, then the sale of four thousand dollars' worth of trotting horses, at good prices, at Flatbush, yesterday, speaks well for the state of the public mind at the North. Secession or no secession, panic or no panic, one thing is certain, good horses can be sold at good prices, at auction" The Tribune proceeds to describe a sale by the executor of ADRIAN MARTENSE, who was a farmer and dear lover of horses. It was so late in the season, the weather unfavorable—and withal the recent stock sales had generally been such sacrifices—that the writer was surprised to find a large attendance of well-to-do farmers and speculative horse-jockeys, and more, that "the executor got off his entire lot of horses at prices that would have been fair at any time, and, under the adverse circumstances, were remarkably good."

COWS—*Cost and Profit.*—A New England paper avers that OTIS BRIGHAM, of Westboro', Mass., announces, as the result of many years' experience, that good cows eat, on an average, 20 lbs. of hay per day when giving milk, and 15 lbs. when dry—not guess work, but tested by actual weighing for months at a time. Then it is easy to calculate the cost of milk. In the neighborhood of New York, the average value of hay is one cent per pound, and the quantity of milk not over six quarts. At 3½ cents a quart, it will pay the hay bill and one cent a day over. If other feed is given, the increase of milk must pay for that. The manure will be worth at least the cost of attendance and milking. If the milk is worth more than 3½ cents, it gives a profit; and if less, a loss.

A NEW CONCENTRATED MANURE is thus noticed by the Tribune:—"A French agricultural chemist, M. COUTURIER, formally announces a new manure, consisting of equal parts of uric acid, extracted by washing from guano, and from other excremental matter by various processes, and of the chlorhydrate of ammonia. A small quantity suffices to produce an unusual crop upon the poorest soil, and a laborer can carry upon his back sufficient manure for several acres. Its cost is only about fifty cents per acre." The remark, "a laborer can carry upon his back sufficient manure for several acres," reminds us of a prediction published in the RURAL some ten years ago, that the time was coming when the farmer could carry enough concentrated manure in his vest pocket for an acre.

THE UNIVERSAL PLOW, advertised in this paper, is highly commended by some of our exchanges. One of the editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal, who has seen it work, says he can confidently affirm that it performs better than any other plow within his knowledge. If it is what is claimed, the plow is certainly worthy the attention of farmers and manufacturers—which much we say without the knowledge of any party interested in its sale.

THE POINTS OF MERIT IN A FARM HORSE, according to Mr. STRAWN, the great stock farmer of Illinois, are these:—"A large eye, bay color, with heavy black mane and tail, round body, large ham-strings, short back, long belly, fifteen or sixteen hands in height, and weighing about 1,200 pounds." An experienced horseman at our elbow says he should prefer a dark chestnut color, as it is indicative of great "bottom" or endurance.

ITEMS.—Hog drovers, who sell shoats by weight, have been known to increase the size of an animal one-third by feeding. A pig that weighed 240 lbs. when stuffed and purchased, weighed only 180 lbs. the following day. Somebody sold corn and water for six cents a pound.—A grade Durham calf of B. R. WILSON, of Bristol, R. I., that weighed, at four months old, 300 lbs., at five months 595 lbs., at six months 705 lbs., now at seven months old weighs nearly 800 lbs.—C. W. COLES, of Buckland, Ct., has a bronze male turkey that, at five months old, weighed eighteen pounds, and now weighs thirty pounds. Of seventy-five turkeys hatched the first of June, and fed when young on milk curd, with very little meal, by Mr. C., all were living at last accounts on corn, with an average weight of fifteen pounds.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER *and one of its Imitators*—The extraordinary course pursued by a pretended rural and family paper published in the central part of this State, has induced us to "vindicate the truth of history," and "give the —— his due," in an article (under the above heading) on our last page. We are aware that in thus noticing the base imitation of *this* RURAL, and its slanderous and highly libelous attack, some may think we "stoop to conquer," yet consider ourselves amply justified for exposing the egregious "sell." A paper which will pursue so infamous a course as has the R. A. in several matters—such as stealing from this and other popular and expensively conducted journals, and, in a private circular to Post-Masters, avowing that, though nominally an agricultural journal, it is in fact a political organ, (thus crying "Good Lord, Good Devil" in the same breath)—ought to be known and marked by all who believe that journalism should be characterized by some sense of justice and decency. The career of the R. A. has of late been so reprehensible that its destiny need not be predicted, and as its imitations and operations must react powerfully, we hardly think our expose of its true character will greatly accelerate its consignment to the oblivion of infamy it is approaching.

HORTICULTURAL.

WINE FROM THE BLACK CURRANT.

In our columns we have often spoken of the value of the Black Currant for making wine, and urged its culture for this purpose. We have long been satisfied that this fruit would make a better wine than the half-ripened grapes of which most of our native wines are manufactured. Recently the fact has been made public that this currant is extensively grown in France for the manufacture of a wine, or what the French call "*liqueur de cassis*" in some of the best wine districts of that country. Prof. DECAISNE, in his recent work, *Le Jardin Fruitier*, publishes a communication from Dr. MAILLARD, giving some important facts, principally showing the extent of the growth of the Black Currant in the Department of the *Cote d'Or*, from which we make the following extracts:

"The planting of the black currant bush was commenced in 1841 at Dijon, and a small portion of the liqueur was then made; it was so well liked, that since then near two millions of currant bushes have been planted, covering a space of ground occupying twenty miles in length, by from one to four miles in breadth, and this exclusive of several other districts of vast extent—the most remarkable feature being that the principal plantations have been made, and are making, in the district producing the fine Burgundy wines; in some instances the vine giving place to the currant. In the Department of the Coto d'Or alone, there are thirty manufactories for the fabrication of the liqueur de cassis. The trade is rapidly increasing, and the supply not equal to the demand; each bush yields from 2 to 5 lbs., the manufacturer paying from $7 to $8 per cwt. The acre yields a profit to the agriculturist of from $100 to $150. The wholesale price of the liqueur is about 60 cents a quart; in the town of Dijon, upward of a quarter of a million of gallons are produced, yielding a large revenue. The bushes are planted in trenches, 4 feet 3 inches apart, and 15 inches deep; the plants being placed same distance asunder; the soil most suitable is chalk and clay.

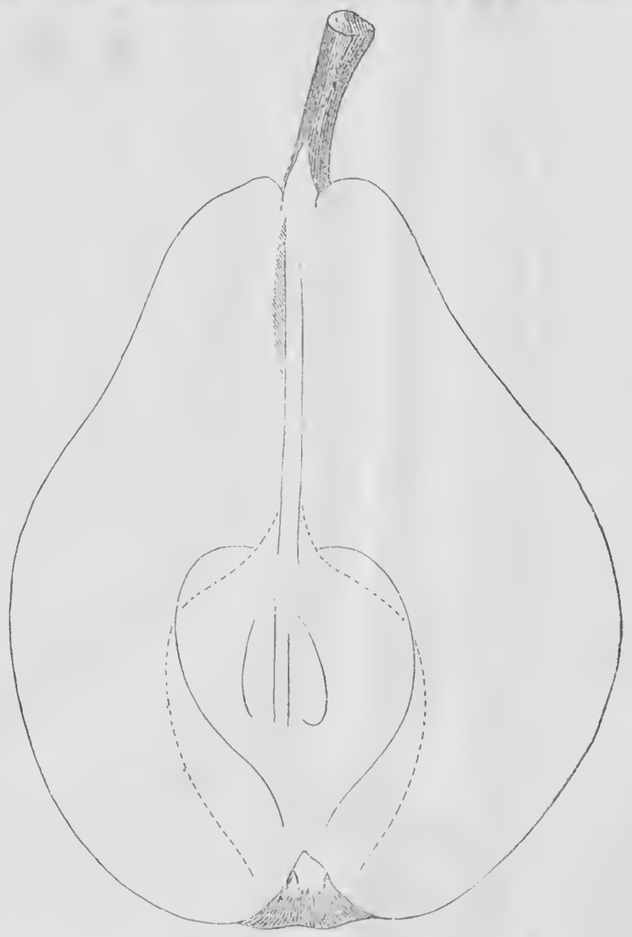
"Up to the present time, the production of the article in the Cote d'Or has depended upon the supply of fruit, which has frequently proved unequal to the demand, and has had to be brought from considerable distances. Even in the neighborhood of Lyons, Black Currants are now cultivated for the Dijon market. For the first few years, when the success of the manufacture remained uncertain, the owners of vineyards confined themselves to planting Black Currants here and there among vines, and by the sides of roads and footpaths, so as not to risk any considerable outlay of capital or loss of ground. But the manufacture is now so well established that land owners are cropping their land with Black Currants alone, the number of plants introduced into vineyards being also on the increase. The rage, indeed, for planting was so great in 1857, that rooted plants sold as high as $16, and even $24 per thousand. Now, however, price has found its usual level, that of $4 to $6 per thousand. The exact number of plants cultivated round Dijon does not seem to be ascertainable, the proprietors themselves not knowing how many they have planted. It is, however, probable that to estimate the number near Dijon at 1,500,000 would be greatly below rather than above the mark.

"In the Department of the Cote d'Or, the center of currant cultivation exactly coincides with that of the vine. In fact, it may be said to extend from Chagny to Dijon, in a narrow zone skirting the eastern slope of the mountain chain of the Cote d'Or, 18 to 25 miles in length, and from one to three miles in breadth. Within these narrow limits are to be found all the great growths of Burgundy wine, connected by vineyards only producing *vin ordinaire*. It is among these, and in land of a similar nature, that the Black Current is cultivated. Many of the villages producing large quantities of the latter, are noted for the excellence of their wines, as for example—Volnay, Beanne, Aloxe, Savigny, Premeaux, Nuits, Vougeot, Chambollo, Vosne, Morey, Gevrey-Chambertin, Brochon, Fixin, Marsannay, Tulani, and Fontaine. Leaving this center, the current follows the vine in the valleys that traverse the mountain range toward the west; there are extensive plantations at Nolay, Plombieres, Malain, Lanmes, and Montbard, and others occur occasionally in the large and fertile plain which extends from the foot of the Cote d'Or chain to Saone, and in which the vine is not cultivated. Finally they are to be found in the Department of the Saone-et Loire, particularly in that part of it which adjoins the Cote d'Or. Rather considerable plantations also occur near Autun and Chalon-sur-Saone.

Contrary to what might have been expected in fruit with so strong a flavor, there exist great differences in the quality of the currants from different localities. The French liqueur makers easily distinguish them, and carefully reserve currants of superior quality for first class liqueur, which sells as high as 60 cents per quart, wholesale. In general, indeed, wherever wine is good the currant is also good. By this is not meant the choice growths, but *vins ordinaires*, the vines producing which are frequently grown along with currants."

The English and Irish Agricultural Journals are urging upon the farmers and fruit growers of these countries the importance of the culture of the currant. A writer in the *Irish Farmer's Gazette*, says:—"The climate of these countries is better adapted to the growth of the currant than France; we can produce them cheaper and larger, and, no doubt, good culture will improve in flavor. In an agricultural point of view, the information is important; in a commercial, even more so. Its introduction, by lessening the consumption of ardent spirits, would give more corn food to the people, and improve their social condition."

Now that our recommendations have received European sanction, we hope they will be heeded. As far back as January 7th, 1857, we said "those who make currant wine should try the Black, as it makes a superior article," and in the number for August 4th, of this year, we urged all who made wine for home use to try the Black Currant, "as it makes a very superior article, and its merits are not appreciated as they will be ten years hence."



CLAPP'S FAVORITE PEAR.

AMONG the new pears brought before the Pomological Society at Philadelphia, was a seedling by S. CLAPP, Esq., of Dorchester, Mass., called CLAPP'S FAVORITE, of which we give an engraving, made for the Society's Transactions, soon to be published. In size it is large, very much like the Bartlett in form and general appearance, though a little smoother in the outline. It is of excellent quality, vinous, melting, buttery, juicy, and of fine texture. It is of the character of the Bartlett, ripens at the same time, but lacks the peculiar musky flavor of that variety, which, to some, is disagreeable. We have great hopes of this new pear. Several specimens were kindly presented us by Hon. MARSHALL P. WILDER, which we had the pleasure of sharing with several good judges, and all pronounced it excellent. If it is as universally hardy and productive as the Bartlett, that old favorite may be superceded by this new American candidate for public favor.

Horticultural Notes.

A GREEN ROSE.—The London Gardeners' Chronicle thus describes a novelty among roses, which has been successfully grown in France and in England:—Conceive a China Rose, with every part bright green, deep on the outside, pallid in the middle; the calyx wholly unchanged; the five natural petals transformed into five small, broad, green leaves, and the rest of the center consisting of pale green straps of various degrees of narrowness, spreading evenly round the middle, and forming a green star, with innumerable points. Such is the Rose Bengale verte. It has no scent, and does not show the least inclination to exchange its verdure for a rosy hue. It is quite regular in its form and greenness, no change having been remarked in it since the year of its birth. It is now a well established five-year-old plant, with a fixed habit. Although this has no great beauty in itself, it is considered possible that by hybridizing, new varieties may be obtained, combining the parent colors, red, white, and green, and thus new beauty be added to the Queen of Flowers.

PROGRESSIVE GARDENERS' SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA.—At the last stated meeting of this Society, the following officers were elected: *President*—JOHN POLLOCK, Gardener to James Dundas, Esq. *Vice-President*—James Eadie, Gardener to Dr. Rush. *Treasurer*—H. A. Dreer, Seedsman, Chestnut street. The nominee for Secretary (William Saunders,) declined, and the election of Secretary was postponed for one month.

On a recent visit to Philadelphia, we had an opportunity of attending one of the sessions of this Society, and taking part in the discussions. We hope this useful association will be well sustained. In all towns where a dozen gardeners can be got together, such associations should be established.

PENNSYLVANIA HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The following persons were elected officers of this Society, on the 20th inst., for the ensuing year; *President*—M. W. BALDWIN. *Vice-Presidents*—James Dundas, B. A. Fahnestock, J. F. Knorr, Robert Cornelius. *Treasurer*—R. Buist. *Corresponding Secretary*—William Saunders. *Recording Secretary*—Henry Hay. *Prof. of Entomology*—S. S. Rathvon. *Prof. of Botany*—Dr. Darlington. *Prof. of Hort. Chemistry*—James C. Booth.

TREE PRUNER.—We are indebted to D. P. CHAMBERLAIN, of Hudson, Michigan, for a very convenient tree pruner. It is attached to a pole, but entirely different and more convenient than any other pole pruner that we have seen.

GEORGE C. THORBURN, the well known nurseryman of Newark, N. J., and son of GRANT THORBURN, died recently, from injuries received in a fall.

Inquiries and Answers.

BEARING OF APPLE TREES.—I take the present opportunity of making an inquiry of you, through the means of your valuable paper. Does the freezing and heaving ground affect the bearing of the apple trees—that is, to prevent their bearing? Also, do healthy and thrifty-growing trees, that have borne well for years past, become barren, or cease to bear? Having a specimen of each kind I have mentioned, and wishing to know a remedy, if any, or cause, I could not apply to a better source for information. Any information will be most gratefully received by—A SUBSCRIBER, *Colon, N. Y.*

Freezing and thawing of the ground would not affect the bearing of apple trees, if it was properly drained. If water lays around the roots all the winter, it will be very likely to do injury. Various causes make trees barren. Sometimes want of cultivation and proper nutriment check the growth of trees, and they become stunted and mossy, and bear only a few imperfect fruits. In such cases, the soil should be broken up, manure applied, and the trunk should be scraped and washed. This, with pruning, will cause the tree to start with new vigor. Sometimes, when the soil is very rich, or manure has been liberally applied, a vigorous growth of wood is produced and but little fruit. In this case, root pruning, or summer pruning of the branches, or seeding down to grass, will check the growth of wood and induce fruitfulness.

GRAPES FOR IOWA.—As it seems to be rather a pleasure than a task for you to answer inquiries, I do not hesitate to make a few, answers to which will be of use to me, and perhaps many others. I am living in one of the newly settled portions of Iowa, in longitude 94° and 42", and latitude 42° and 3". I wish to know what three varieties of grapes would be best suited to this region? I am quite favorably impressed with the Concord, Diana, and Delaware. The winters are quite severe here, but I intend to protect my fruit by a belt of trees.—A. B. MASON, *Irvington, Kossuth Co., Iowa*, 1860.

The Concord and Diana are two of the hardiest of our good native grapes, and we have no doubt would succeed in Iowa. So we think the Delaware would. As far as we have observed, it is extremely hardy.

MAKING RAISINS.—I wish to inquire the process of making raisins from grapes?—C. B. DENNIS, *Sandusky*, 1860.

The grapes for making raisins are carefully picked from the vines, and laid upon the ground to dry. They require turning, but are handled as little as possible, so that the bloom may not be injured.

EVER-BEARING BLACK RASPBERRY.—I have a variety of raspberry that bears two crops each year, (a black raspberry,) that I transplanted from my field. The shoots of this year are now loaded with ripe fruit, and also bear fruit next year. Will you give me the name of the variety? I have this variety in my garden three years, and have two crops each year. They are a new thing here. Please give me some information on the subject.—PETER LANSING, *Lishaskill P. O., N. Y.*

There is an ever-bearing or autumnal bearing variety of our native black cap, known as the Ohio Ever-Bearing. It is a flattish berry, quite black, and nearly covered with a whitish bloom, or down. It bears tolerably well in the latter part of July, and often, but not always, gives a second crop in September or October.

We give a drawing of the Ohio Ever-Bearing Raspberry, which we had taken several years since from specimens growing in this city, so that our correspondent may be able to judge whether his is similar or not. The above inquiry was mislaid, being received in our absence.

KEEPING WINTER SQUASHES.—There is just this one simple rule for keeping winter squashes:—Put them in a dry, warm place, and they will not rot. It is a warm, damp atmosphere, like that in most cellars, that causes decay. A dry stove-room, or furnace-heated room, which never gets cold, or a closet near the fire-place, which never gets cool enough to freeze, are good places in which to winter squashes and pumpkins. They also keep well hung up in baskets or bags overhead in the kitchen, or on a hanging shelf. They should always be stored singly—never in piles—when you wish to preserve them a long time.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Domestic Economy

CITRON CAKE, RICE CUPS, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Thinking a few more recipes would be acceptable, I contribute my mite.

GINGER COOKIES.—Two eggs; 2 cups molasses; ½ cup lard; ½ cup butter; 1 teaspoonful soda, dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls of water; 1 tablespoonful ginger; flour enough to roll thin.

CITRON CAKE.—Two and one-half cups of sugar; 3 eggs; 1 cup sweet milk; a piece of butter the size of a hen's egg; a teaspoonful of cream tartar; 1 of soda; a little over two cups flour. Place in a baking dish with layers of citron. A very good cake without, however.

BREAD CAKE.—Three cups of dough, very light; 3 cups sugar; 1 cup butter; 3 eggs; 1 nutmeg; a little soda, and raisins or not, just as you please.

RICE CUPS.—Boil rice in water till nearly done, then add milk and a little salt. When cooked soft, add a little butter and sugar, and mould in cups. When cold, put in a custard made of the yolks of eggs and milk, in the proportion of 4 yolks to a quart of milk, steamed over a dish of boiling water. The custard must be stirred almost constantly while cooking. Season it with lemon or cinnamon.—MRS. JANE J. GILLET, *Prattsburgh, N. Y.*, 1860.

CAKES AND PUDDINGS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Please accept a few recipes from a reader of your valuable paper, which I think very good:

FRUIT CAKE.—Five cups brown sugar; 2½ cups butter; 8 cups flour; 1 cup sour milk; 1 cup molasses; 7 eggs; 3 pounds raisins, stoned and chopped; ¼ pound citron; ½ tumbler wine; spice to taste.

WINGATE CAKE.—Three eggs; 2 cups powdered sugar; ½ cup butter; 3 cups flour; 1 cup new milk; 1 teaspoonful soda; 2 cream tartar.

BARNARD CAKE.—Three eggs; 2½ cups powdered sugar; 1 cup butter; 1 cup sour milk; rind and juice of one lemon; 3½ cups flour; 1 even teaspoonful soda, *last*. Sugar sifted over the top *after it is put into the pan.*

SUNDERLAND PUDDING.—Eight spoonfuls flour; 3 eggs; 1 pint milk. Bake in cups, about fifteen minutes. *Wine sauce*,—very nice.—A FARMER'S WIFE, *Camden, Maine*, 1860.

HOW TO MAKE HOP YEAST.

EDITORS RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The following recipe, I believe, appeared in your pages some years ago, from a lady correspondent, then a resident of Massachusetts. We have tried it, and would recommend it to "IDA." One handful of hops steeped in two quarts of water; three large potatoes, boiled and peeled, and rubbed through a colander with three table-spoons flour,—strain the water upon them while rubbing them through. When not too hot, add one teacupfull of yeast, and let it rise till light. Add ½ tea-cup each of salt and sugar, and bottle for use. Shake well before using, and keep in a cool place. Two-thirds of a tea-cup is sufficient for 4 good sized loaves.—J. H. BATES, *Titusville, Nov.*, 1860.

HOW TO MAKE A CEMENT FOR STOVES.

TAKE fine salt one part, and two parts of fresh hard wood ashes, mix well together, then take cold water, and mix into a mortar. Apply to the crack either warm or cold, and you will find a cement which will answer all common purposes, and found to be very useful where the stove-pipe joints are not as tight as is desirable.

STILL ANOTHER.—Take iron filings, and mix to about the consistency of putty for glazing, with white lead and linseed oil. Fill in the joints as securely as possible, while the stove is cold, and let it stand a day or two before using.—T. E. BRIDGER, *Suffolk, N. Y.*, 1860.

A SEASONABLE INQUIRY.—After cool weather, buckwheat cakes are indispensable mornings, with my family. But instead of growing hale and hearty, they are afflicted in various ways. This I concluded is partially owing to the use of so much *saleratus*. If some of our good housewives will inform me, through the RURAL, how to prepare buckwheat that it may be, when baked, light and palatable, without using the detestable article, they will oblige—DOROTHY E, *Palmyra, N. Y.*

ANOTHER CURE FOR WHITE SWELLING.—Take the bark of the root of Bitter-Sweet, and steep it in water until the strength is extracted, then put in hog's lard and mutton tallow, equal quantities; simmer until the water is out; afterwards strain through a cloth. Its application must be made on the first appearance of the white spot, previous to the swelling. Its tendency is to scatter the inflammation.—H. WEEKS, *Wattsburg, Erie Co., Pa.*

COOKING EGG PLANT.—Will some one please inform me how to cook Egg plant?—MRS. C. J. HORNE, Jr., *Carrollton Station, N. Y.*, 1860.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

HOUSEKEEPERS.—You have, we suppose, been using DE LAND & Co.'s Saleratus. How are you pleased with it? Does it not perform all that it promises? If you have made a fair trial of it, you must certainly be pleased with it. You cannot fail to observe its superiority and excellence. How much better the bread and biscuit and pastry are; and what a saving in the wear and tear of the digestive organs has been made. Are there any of our readers who are housekeeping without DE LAND & Co.'s Saleratus in the kitchen? If there are any, we beg them to procure it from their grocer or storekeeper at once. Manufactured and for sale at wholesale by D. B. DE LAND & Co., at the Fairport Chemical Works, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD!

A VALUABLE GRATUITY
TO EVERY PERSON WHO FORMS A CLUB!

THE AGENTS and other influential and working Friends of the *RURAL NEW-YORKER*, and all disposed to become such, are respectfully advised that we have concluded to offer very LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS—*the best yet offered*—for early and active efforts to *renew* its present list, and add NEW SUBSCRIBERS for the ensuing volume. Our reasons for this course are,—1st. Our new system of Mailing by machinery renders it necessary to receive a great portion of the list of subscribers for 1861 at the *earliest possible moment*, in order to get them ready for printing by the first of January. 2d. We are desirous of largely extending the circulation and usefulness of the RURAL, and willing to *pay liberally* for efforts which shall secure *new subscribers*. 3d. The prosperity of the People and Country is such that we believe *now* the best time since the RURAL was established to largely INCREASE its circulation; and hence we are willing to forego immediate profit in anticipation of a greatly augmented permanent list—looking to the future for a gradual return of the large amount invested in Premiums.

—Such being the facts, we invite special attention to the following unprecedentedly Liberal SPECIFIC PREMIUMS—so arranged that *every person* who obtains a Club of Three Subscribers or more *will secure a Valuable Prize!*

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[Persons entitled to any of the above books, and preferring other works of equal value, mentioned herein, can be accommodated on stating their wishes. For instance, any one entitled to "Everybody's Lawyer," can have "The Horse and His Diseases" or "Lossing's Pictorial," and *vice versa*. Any one entitled to Macaulay's History can have instead, post-paid, either *two* of the dollar or ten shilling books; and any one entitled to "Lossing's Illustrated History," can have instead, and post-paid, *two* copies of the Counting House and Family Dictionary, &c. The Pictorial Dictionary, Lossing's Illustrated History, and Macaulay's History are too heavy to send by mail—but all the other works will be sent *post-paid* to any part of the U. S. within 3,000 miles.]

☞ Persons who take the *Rural* this quarter, on trial, and subscribe for next year, may be counted as *new* subscribers in competing for Premiums.

EXTRA PREMIUMS

For Prompt and Efficient Action.

In order to secure a portion of the list for 1861 as early as convenient, we will give the following *Extra Premiums*, in *addition* to what is offered in the Specific List:

I.—To each of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of *Thirty* or more Yearly Subscribers to the *Rural*, (at least fifteen of which must be *new* subscribers,) remitting pay according to our Club Terms, we will give a perfect and handsomely bound volume of the *Rural* for 1860 or 1859, (cash price, $3,) as preferred; OR, $2 in such Books as we offer, *post paid*.

II.—To *each* of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of *Twenty* or more subscribers (at least *ten* being *new*,) as above, we will give (and pay postage if sent by mail,) *Webster's Counting House and Family Dictionary*.

III.—To *Each* of the *One Hundred Persons* sending the first lists of *Ten* or more subscribers, (at least five being *new*,) we will give (paying postage, if sent by mail,) a copy of *Modern Cookery* [by Miss Acton and Mrs. Hale,] price, $1,25—or any dollar or ten shilling book for two fifty cent books, [mentioned above.

[If preferred, either of the following works will be sent, post-paid, instead of any one of equal price above named: Hints to Horse-Keepers, price $1,25; Buist's American Flower Garden Directory, $1,25; Dadd's Horse Doctor, $1; Dadd's Cattle Doctor, $1; Practical Cookery, $1; The American Poultry Yard, $1; Langstroth on the Hive and Honey Bee, $1,25; Mysteries of Bee Keeping Explained, $1.]

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FRIENDS OF THE RURAL! such is our Programme of Specific Premiums for the Winter Campaign. Please examine the list closely, and you will observe that *every work offered is as good as there is of the kind and price*. The Books have been selected with *great care*, special reference being had to their intrinsic value and merit. Is not the Programme all "on the square," Reader, and are not the Premiums worth contending for? Bear in mind that EVERY PERSON who forms a Club of three or more is sure of a good book, and that the greater the effort, the larger will be the prize! There is no "Gift Book Enterprise" or gammon about the matter, Gentlemen and Ladies, Boys and Girls,—for we have determined to give ALL of you disposed to aid the RURAL and its Objects, a *bona fide*, substantial reward for generous exercise of influence. The Presidential Election is over, the Country is safe, the People prosperous and ready to substitute a useful paper for the campaign sheets, and *Now is the Time* to canvass successfully for the Favorite RURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER of America.

Please write all addresses plainly and carefully, in order that they may be accurately entered upon our books and correctly PRINTED by our Mailing Machine. All subscriptions should be well inclosed, and carefully addressed and mailed to D. D. T. MOORE,

November, 1860. Rochester, N. Y.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

I'M TWENTY-ONE.

Even thoughtless ones, at twenty-one,
Will pause to muse on years gone by,
And scan the past with fond regret,
The future with an eager eye.

I'm twenty-one, and if I could
But lift the vail from future years,
What might I view, glimpses of joy?
Or cause for sorrow's bitter tears?

It may not be, but I may cast
A long look on the varied past.
What numerous queries thence arise,
To answer which I must be wise;
But list, and you, perchance, may know
The nook in memory whence they flow.
What hast thou done? Say, maiden, say;
Hast given one heart a brighter ray,
Hast well employed the talents given,
Hast shadows from one sad heart driven;
Can parents, brothers, sisters tell
Thou hast fulfilled thy duties well:
The little world in which you move,
Is 't better for thy care and love?
O, tell me, memory, can there be
Joy in thy secrets hid for me—
Can I believe that all the pain
I have endured is not in vain,
That all my toil shall not be lost,
Nor all the anguish it has cost?
If so, a sunny gleam will spread
Over life's toilsome, weary road,
And with fresh hope I can renew
The life of labor I pursue.

Geneva, Wis., 1860. B. C. D.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY MOTHER.

When disease first laid its hand npon her, and death seemed to stand at our very door, we learned, by the crushing weight of sorrow upon our hearts, what it would be to lose her. Nightly did we linger near her bedside, fearing to slumber, lest the dreaded summons should call her away before the dawning.

"We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees
In fervent supplication to the throne
Of mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs
Sincere, and penetential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven."

O, how dark, how desolate were our hearts all through those dreary months, when she seemed just lingering on the borders of time, ready at any moment to leave us. But when the soft spring winds began to cheer the earth, our hearts took courage, for she seemed to revive. We hoped yet to be blest by her counsel and love for a season. But we were deceived, for the early spring flowers had only began to spring up in the woodland, when we layed her to rest. For more than a year her dear form has been sleeping in the grave. Since that time how bitter have been life's experiences to me. How I miss the faithful counsels and the earnest prayers that came from her lips. I cannot forget the love that blessed me all through the years of childhood, nor the cheerful courage with which she took up life's burdens. How heavy those burdens were we did not realize until she ceased her life-work. Then we knew what a skilful hand had guided the household. How often did a word or look from her prevent the unkind thought, about to be spoken; and how frequently have her mild, persuasive tones restored peace to the family circle. We never appreciated rightly her wisdom and self-sacrificing love, until she had gone to the Better Land. My heart is desolate—the waves of sorrow have rolled over me. My bark has been tempest-tossed, and the treasures I counted mine, have been thrown to the devouring sea. Perhaps, if I had had my mother's counsel and admonitions, I might have been led into calmer waters. But I will not wish her back. She had enough of care and anxiety while she walked the vale of tears. I would not, if it were possible, call her from the congenial clime she has entered, to take up again the burdens of life. May it be my greatest care to live as nobly as she, that I may at last join her in her blest abode. Hattie.

Butler, Wis., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SERMONIZING FASHION-WISE.

What a dreadful task it is to have to be fashionable. One likes, so well, to breathe, dress, eat and sleep, according to the requirements of nature and common sense. That awful bugbear, fashion, does so frighten many into such fearful contortions, that she wrings, squirms, and twists the very life out of us!

There is a certain propriety and fitness to be observed in all things, but, beyond what contributes most to our happiness and that of others, why should we grow prematurely old, fretting about what other people do, and say, and think? We suffer ourselves to be so warped and dwarfed, that we neither feel nor act natural, lest we are not doing, and saying, and thinking just as Mr., or Mrs., or Miss somebody else.

How pitiful it is to hear some persons forever asking:—"Are such and such things worn now? What will be said or thought of me if I wear this or that, or do so and so?"—never asking themselves, is this or that garment suitable to my business or to the occasion, or does it correspond with my means?—and act accordingly, independent of idle lookers-on, or hangers-on. Why, havn't you a mind and soul of your own, and can't you think, as well as others, what is best, and fitting, and proper? Must you wear your best silk into a promiscuous crowd, or your best hat in a damp, rainy day, for fear you will not be thought "genteel?" and if you do not happen to have any *very genteel* clothes, had you better spend any great amount of time or tears, or bemoanings against *fate*, that much abused and much mistaken theme? It is not the really rich who are such unmerciful slaves to Madame Grundy's taste, but the really poor, and people in moderate circumstances, who constantly covet display, and are in a continual stew and flutter about what they shall eat and drink, and wherewithal they shall be clothed. Such people had better cultivate a little self-respect. Queechy.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SOME OF MY WONDERS.

I wonder what benefit the great "Japanese fizzle" has been to the world. I wonder what was the use of making such a fuss over the Prince, when he is not a bit better flesh and blood than any other *green boy* traveling over the country. I wonder folks don't get tired of humbug and pretension any way. I wonder why women are always so willing to marry ministers, no matter how many "better-half" they may have lain in the ground, or how many young ministers may be growing around them. I wonder what need there is of men continually prating about the happiness of home, &c., as if it all depended on woman, never thinking that they have a share in the business,—that if the wife should be a model housekeeper, they should be model husbands when in the house. I wonder what honor it is, in this every-day world, to despise work. I wonder what makes an old maid always deny her age. I wonder what business it is to that little "Miss Prim," if I don't choose wear hoops. I wonder if she thinks I care what she says about it. I wonder if those ladies who boast so much of their literary attainments, know who the first man was. I wonder if I havn't a right to say what I please in the Rural (Mr. Moore being willing). I wonder if I don't feel better now I have got through.

Cayuga, N. Y., 1860. Amelia.

WOMAN'S COURAGE.

No one can have read the statement of the clerk of the steamer, which went down on Friday night, without being struck by his description of the bearing of the ladies. "They were pale, but silent; there was not a cry or a shriek." The fortitude and resignation of men may have failed, but theirs failed not. So is it always in the great exigencies which women are called to meet. When troubles or dangers are but slight, they are more excited and more alarmed than men. But let an overwhelming calamity bury the fortunes and hopes of the husband, or father, or brother, in sudden night, let disease or accident strike him down, and stretch him on the bed of keenest suffering, then, when strong men's hearts fail them, when their nerves are unstrung, when quaking fear or hopeless despondency takes possession of their souls, the frail, weak woman rises with elasticity and calm determination to the demands of the terrible emergency, and with untrembling hand and cheerful voice hastens to perform those blessed ministrations, for which the might of men was inadequate. How many scenes of danger have we heard described, conflagrations, assassinations, shipwrecks, in which women have with heroic patience and submission bowed meekly to their fate, and have taught the sublime lesson of Christian resignation to the husbands and fathers who were with them. In the hour of trial her weakness becomes strength, her sensibility is swallowed up in faith. There were men of renown in the Lady Elgin, men whose names are known through the wide world, but none of them ever did a braver or more heroic deed than was achieved by those noble women who sat in silence awaiting their death.—*Providence Journal.*

The Mourning Mother.—Do you see, near the wall of the churchyard, that female form, sitting on a stone, and as motionless as the stone itself? Wild and neglected, locks of gray hair fall down over her shoulders; the winds play with her torn and tattered garments. She is old and stiff, but not from years alone. Go not coldly past; give her a mite. It is not long that she will trouble you. Behold her crutch; behold her dying eyes; behold the pain round her silent mouth. Wherefore sits she there? Because she cannot be elsewhere. She is—her heart is—with the graves of her children. Sorrow for her children has made the light of her eyes and the light of her mind dim. She marks not when the autumn leaves fall around her; she knows not when the spring breezes melt the snow on the tombs; but every day thither she goes, equally calm, equally insensible to the things around her. No one knows her; no one speaks to her, and she speaks to no one. She has, nevertheless, one object; she waits—for what? Death. During long years she has seen graves opening round her; but she still sits in death—in the midst of death, and waits.—*Frederika Bremer.*

Real Pets.—Best of all pets are little children, real children; not the fashionable ones, who, as soon as they can walk and talk, are transformed by artificial processes into silly little dolls—poor things! It is well to cherish a friendship for God's mute creatures, to be kind and gentle to the birds and beasts, and to recognize them as created by the dear God who "made and loveth us," but human souls have the first claim upon our affections, and sentimental women who lavish their tenderness upon pet dogs and kittens, yet shrink from contact with buoyant, noisy childhood, are to be regarded with suspicion.

It is well for us that we are born babies in intellect. Could we understand half what most mothers say and do to their infants, we should be filled with a conceit of our own importance, which would render us insupportable through life. Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A LIFE PICTURE.

By J. W. Barker.

Through the mellow skies of childhood,
'Neath which flowers of beauty bloom,
Glances from the distant future
To our longing vision come;
And we see not half the roses
That are bursting by our side,
Or we crush the tender blossom
Which the springing leaves may hide.

I can see amid the blossoms
Of life's rosy-tinted morn—
I can see a restless spirit
Sporting in the early dawn.
Dashing from his snowy temple,
Many a golden, sunny curl,
While a thousand idle fancies
In his gorgeous vision whirl.

On his cheek a tear-drop glistens,
There is sorrow in his eye,
Out upon the velvet meadows,
He hath chased the butterfly;
He hath seen its gaudy pinions
O'er his path a beauty fling,
And he dreams unsullied pleasure
Lives upon its shining wing.

But, alas! far in the sunlight
It hath sped its shining way,
Over fields of brighter verdure,
Into realms of clearer day;
While the restive, boyish spirit,
Droops to see his golden prize
Vanish in the weary distance
Of the mellow, balmy skies.

This is life—the gaudy colors,
Painted on the distant sky,
Vanish, or retreat before us,
Like the vaunting butterfly;
And we crush a thousand blossoms,
Brightly gleaming where we stray,
While our eager hearts are grasping
Fancy pictures, far away.

Childhood revels in the future,
'Mid a world of golden dreams;
Age is ever straying backward,
Through young life's enchanting scenes;
Plucking roses that have blossomed
Since, with careless feet, we ran
In the velvet walks of childhood,
Chasing the *ideal man.*

Vain our dreams, and wild our fancies
In the toilsome race of life—
Now we hope, and now we struggle,
Now we sink amid the strife;
While the golden *star of promise*
Rises o'er the turbid stream,
That, with sullen flow, is winding
These mysterious worlds between.

Buffalo, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LAUGHTER.

A capacity for mirth is not, as some suppose, the mark of a shallow, surface nature, but the reverse. For as nothing is absurd, or ridiculous in itself, so even the most common and trivial objects can only be made to appear thus as they are contrasted with something higher and nobler than themselves. In accordance with these views, the most earnest and serious minded persons should always be the most mirthful; or, at least, should most quickly perceive the ludicrous side of any subject. And such, in fact, is generally the case; because, as the minds of such persons are occupied with the most important themes, anything low or trivial presents a greater incongruity to them than to others—we mean, of course, men *really* serious and thoughtful, and not those who put on a long face, and try to look very solemn merely because they think they ought. So, too, all must have noticed how easily they are excited to laughter in church, or on other solemn occasions. And this is not, as some slanderously assert, because they are tired of listening to the sermon, and want something to amuse them, but because they must involuntarily contrast any odd occurrence with the solemnity of the exercises, and of their own feelings. A very comforting corollary to this is, that our neighbor who reproved us for laughing in church, was not half so solemn, and did not appreciate the sermon half so fully as we, if, in truth, he was not wholly asleep!

Laughter, indeed, is often, and generally, in itself, rather the manifestation of intense feeling than of joyous buoyancy of spirit. Every one must have noticed the thrill of pleasure which a good illustration, presenting some truth in the clearest light, will often send through an entire assembly; and which, in some of its effects, so nearly resembles an outbreak of merriment. We know persons who cannot restrain their laughter, whenever their minds are strongly excited, even by the most solemn events, which could not, of course, provoke mirthful feelings. With many, a sudden revulsion of the most solemn feelings is quite as apt to be manifested by a burst of laughter as by a flood of tears,—a tendency which is not only a source of grief to themselves, but is often widely misconstrued by their friends. In the earlier history of the Methodist Church, what was known as the "holy laugh" was a *recognized* expression of the most fervid religious feeling, but we must confess it was apt to provoke a rather unholy tittering among the younger and less reverential portion of the congregation. The custom, as a recognized practice, has gone entirely into disuse, if, indeed, it was ever anything more than a local and temporary peculiarity of the pioneers and backwoodsmen of America.

Even when laughter is merely the expression of mirthfulness, a certain degree of seriousness and power is required to excite it. We soon tire of the meaningless buffoonery of the clown, and it is only as we see behind this mask the capacity for something better, that it can awaken even momentary gratification. The antics of the *real* fool,—the idiot,—can only excite our disgust. Even for amusement, a book loses more than half its interest if there are in it no passages of serious and solemn import, and which arouse the deepest feelings of our nature. Humor and pathos not only generally go together, but are indeed essential to each other. It is not the broad jokes of would-be wits, but rather the delightful namby-pamby, in which the tragic and the comic are alike intermixed, and which brings at once a smile to the lips and moisture to the eyes, which gives us most pleasure.

Laughter cannot, therefore, be considered trivial or meaningless, and it requires no ordinary power to excite it. The world has hardly done justice as yet, in its estimate of the ability of this class of its benefactors. To write books of humor, like some which have been written, which are not mere transient productions, but which will live and make men laugh as long as the language exists, marks the very highest order of talent. It implies the power of appealing to the deepest as well as more superficial of human passions,—of arousing the soul by the most sublime and ennobling ideas,—elevating it far above all that is low, and common, and trivial—and then, suddenly letting it down with a jerk!

Henrietta, N. Y., 1860. W. J. Fowler.

AVERSION TO A LARGE HOUSE.

We want it—but our taste is naturally against. Or, so thinks an English writer who thus explains himself. Do you think that a rich man sitting in his sumptuous library, all oak and morocco, glittering backs of splendid volumes, lounges and sofas in every degree, which he merely paid for, has half the enjoyment Robinson Crusoe had when he looked around his cave with its rude shelves and bulkheads, its clumsy armchair and its rough pottery, all contrived and made by his own hands? Now the poor cottager has a great deal of the Robinson Crusoe enjoyment; something of the pleasure which Sanford and Merton felt when they had built and thatched their house and then sat within it gravely proud and happy, whilst the pelting shower came down but could not reach them. When a man gets the length of considering the architectural character of his house, the imposing effect which the great entrance hall has upon visitors, the vista of drawing-room retiring within drawing-room, he loses the relish which accompanies the original idea of a house as something which is to keep us snug and warm from wind, and rain, and cold. So if you gain something by a grand house, you lose something, too, and something which is the more constantly felt—you lose the joy of a simple tidiness, and your life grows so artificial, that many days you never think of your dwelling.

BIG WORDS.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are also sometimes employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best *conceal* their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half-educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common, but very egregious mistake to suppose the long words are more genteel than the short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine higher colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. These are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed, but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed;" and instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation delight in what Horace calls "*verba sesquipedalia*,"—words "a foot and a half" long.—*Selected.*

Doctors.—In olden times, what a reverence was associated with the name of doctor! A doctor was a man who by education and practice acquired a reputation which made him an object of universal respect. He had about him a retiring modesty, a dignified air—a Solon-like aspect and demeanor. When he visited the domicils of our fathers, how suddenly was the unbridled liberty of juvenile speeches hushed into silence! How the domestics and girls of sixteen would stare! What a peeping and squinting all about the house to see the Doctor! But times have changed.—Now the name of "Doctor" is as common as that of Colonel, or Captain, or Major. The cognomen is no longer indicative of profound scientific learning, or elaborate study of the human system. When a gentleman is introduced to you as Dr. So-and-so, it is impossible to tell whether he is a farrier, a pill-vender, a druggist, a magician, a dealer in magnetic rings, a physiologist, or a phrenologist. Time and change have completely robbed society of its staid, dignified, and old-fashioned "doctor."

Bishop Ames and Newspapers.—The Pacific *Advocate* says:—In his address to the conference, just before reading out the appointments, Bishop Ames alluded to the various methods by which an itinerant preacher might render himself useful, and among others he spoke of circulating newspapers as an important means of good doing. In his first circuit, some thirty years ago, he had been very active in this direction, and he said he used to say to his members, as a reason that they should take newspapers, that he had had experience as a school teacher, and that it was his deliberate opinion that two dollars spent for a good newspaper was of more value as an educator in the family than ten dollars paid to a school master for tuition. "And," remarked the Bishop, "thirty years observation has but confirmed that opinion."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

By Hebron Bell.

The hoar frosts whiten all the fields,
Where late the bounteous harvest stood,
And Autumn, regal crowned, wields
His scepter o'er the brilliant wood;

The sunlight with a silvery hue
Looks through a misty atmosphere;
The skies have lost their emerald-blue,
But still remain all soft and clear;

The little brooklet sweetly sings
While loitering 'mid the rocks to play,
Or as with sudden glee it springs
O'er some great root across its way,

And unto Thee, Oh, God! we'd raise
From every hamlet in our land,
'Mid festive joys a song of praise
For all the blessings from Thy hand.

Our cellars and our barns are stored
With choicest fruit and golden grain,
And gathering round our social board,
Or cheerful fire, through Winter's reign,

We'll give Thee thanks for Thy pure love,
That all our needs doth more than fill,
And by our every thought we'd prove
Our meek dependence on Thy will;

And as we thus, Oh, God, to Thee,
Give praise, and Thy great name adore,
Warm our cold hearts with Charity
Toward all the weak and homeless poor,

Teach us the wisdom truth imparts,
And bid all envious hatred cease—
Stretch forth Thy hand and fill our hearts
With fervent Love and tranquil Peace.

Lebanon, Ill., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CONSOLATIONS OF RELIGION.

There are blighted joys; there are withered hopes; there are desolate hearts; there are dreary hearth-stones; and at times there is such a sense of utter loss and loneliness that we sit down with palsied hearts and folded hands, hoping and praying that "The Shadow" will wait for us no longer.

We have no sympathy with that philosophy which says,—all joy; no sorrow. We have no faith in unalloyed happiness. Youth, joyous and hopeful when standing upon the threshold of life, just ready to step forth to grapple with its mysteries,—its unsolved problems,—its bitter griefs—its chastening sorrows, (all unseen and unknown,)—will give to its future a roseate hue, looking at it only in the light of poetry and romance. But age, wearied and worn, when standing upon the threshold of eternity, just ready to embrace the untold bliss of a perfect future (looking back upon life known and felt,) will give to its past a darksome, chastened hue, with only here and there touches of light.

What a terrible knowledge of sorrow comes with the entering in of the Death-Angel. You know now of that dreary hopelessness which wanders with you around rooms desolated, when everything speaks of *one* that was loved and taken. You know now of a "vacant chair;" and when, lost in sleep, the form so dearly loved comes to you with all the mortal natnralness, with the same sweet voice when here,—the same beaming smile,—you have felt the piercing anguish of awakening to the bitter reality. Yes! there is great grief. "The air is full of farewells to the dying."

What a black darkness follows the quenching of some "lamp-like hope." Let a hope that has been long and fondly cherished, till it has become a part of our nature, permeating every portion of our being, strengthening with our strength, growing with our growth, the center from which all our present happiness radiated, and, to which all the bright visions of our future happiness converged,—let this hope be suddenly blighted, is there not desolation of heart and anguish of spirit? Is it not the crushing of one of life's purest inspirations? Yes! "the road of life is hard," and our "feet bleed, and scourging winds us seathe," as we grope on. But from out the darkness shines the cheering promise breathed by the "Man of Sorrows," by Him "who was acquainted with grief,"—"I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you."

Weary heart—no longer orphaned—though death may leave you desolate, He will come to you, and cheer you with the promises of a future re-union, in which there can be no separation. Though you may be made desolate, by the withering of hopes that you thought could only blossom, He will come to you and

"Bring before your fading eyes
The lamp of life,—the Hope that never dies."

O, blessed religion of ours! that, when all that we have leaned upon fails us, supports, sustains, and cheers. M. A. D.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

Old Age without Religion.—Alas! for him who grows old without growing wise, and to whom the future world does not set open her gates when he is excluded by the present. The Lord deals so graciously with us in the decline of life, that it is a shame to turn a deaf ear to the lessons which He gives. The eye becomes dim, the ear dull, the tongue falters, the feet totter, all the senses refuse to do their office, and from every side resounds the call, "Set thine house in order, for the term of thy pilgrimage is at hand. The playmates of youth, the fellow-laborers of manhood, die away, and take the road before us. Old age is like some quiet chamber, in which, disconnected from the visible world, we can prepare in silence for the world that is unseen.—*Tholuck.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SCHOOL TEACHING.

Most of the District Schools through the country have just opened for the winter. Many who are engaged in teaching them have had but little experience as teachers, while not a few, doubtless, are beginners. It may be, therefore, that a few observations upon the subject, at this time, would prove of special interest to such teachers, while any others, who have given attention to the subject, might find a general interest in perusing anything relating to it.

School teaching, as the term is generally used, embraces two things—teaching and discipline. These, though intimately connected, are quite distinct, the one being the end, and the other a means to the accomplishment of that end. Place one pupil under the charge of a teacher to be instructed in the various branches of study. No discipline is necessary, except so far as the inattention of the pupil to his studies may require. Place thirty pupils under his charge, and discipline becomes necessary, simply by reason of the number; the end to be attained, the instruction of the pupils, being still the same. Discipline is important as necessary means to the attainment of a desired end. In teaching, it should be regarded as a grand auxiliary, but should never be made a substitute. As in everything else, so here the means and the end have each their relative importance; without the means, the end cannot be attained, and without the end, the means avail but little. This distinction is dwelt upon, because there is reason to believe that many teachers attach undue importance to discipline, to the great neglect of the more important work before them. It cannot be doubted that there are schools that are highly popular, not so much from the intellectual improvement of the pupils as from the excellent order and showy discipline maintained.

The great end at which every teacher should aim, is the intellectual improvement of his pupils. This should be the ruling thought. The pupils are to engage in mental labor; the teacher is to direct and assist them in that labor. Now, the teacher who enters upon his labors with his view of the matter, will not rest satisfied when he has brought his school under proper discipline. He will feel, rather, that he has but prepared the way for the real work before him. His aptness to teach is yet to be tested, and he will consider himself successful as a teacher, only so far as he enables his pupils to attain a clear and full understanding of the subject before them. Here the special work of teaching begins, and to offer a few suggestions upon this point, is the main design of this article.

What, then, is the proper course to pursue in teaching? How shall the teacher instruct his pupils so that they may clearly and fully comprehend the subject taught? In answering this question, one important fact is to be borne in mind, namely, that the mind is very slow to receive and clearly apprehend a new thought—that it requires time to think of it, to examine it, and thus become acquainted with it, and perceive its relation to other thoughts. Now, since several distinct thoughts enter into most of the subjects of which the pupil is to acquire a knowledge, and these thoughts are so related that a clear apprehension and familiar acquaintance with each is necessary to a right understanding of the subject into which they enter, it is evident that the first work of the teacher, in presenting a subject for examination and explanation, is to present each thought by itself to the mind of the pupil—to explain and illustrate it, and so hold it up before the mind, that the mind shall see it, and become acquainted with it. In this way, an acquaintance with the distinct thoughts of which the subject is composed, leads at once, by a presentation of them in their logical order and relations, to a thorough acquaintance with the subject itself.

To thus trace out the thoughts of a subject, and become acquainted with them, and hence with the subject itself, is what is properly called *study*—something which many pupils, and not a few teachers, know but little about. The great work of the teacher, then, is not simply to assist the pupil in acquiring a certain amount of knowledge, but to teach him at the same time *how to study*—how to investigate a subject, to *think into it*, and *think through it*, and become fully acquainted with it—not simply to enable the pupil to acquire facts, but, what is more important, to investigate principles. When this is done—and its accomplishment is a work of time and patient labor—little remains for the teacher to do but to mark out the course for the pupil to pursue, and assist him in the more difficult questions which, from time to time, arise.

From this view of the subject, the relative importance of books and teachers is readily perceived. Until the pupil has learned to study, no book can take the place of the living teacher. The number and variety of explanations and illustrations necessary to the full presentation of a subject to the mind of the pupil—and without which he fails to understand it—preclude the idea of their being presented through a book; they must come directly from the teacher. In presenting new subjects, therefore, especially to young and less advanced pupils, the teacher should rely much, not to say mainly, on *oral* instruction, calling books to his aid as the progress and attainments of the pupils may dictate.

It is plain to see, too, why there are so few, comparatively, (for the number is much smaller than is generally supposed,) thorough, independent scholars. They have not been properly instructed. They have been taught to receive facts without inquiring how they were ascertained, or on what principles founded; or to accept the conclusions at which others have arrived without inquiring by what process they reached them; or, where an analysis of the subject is attempted, and the explanation correctly given, each subordinate thought has not been distinctly enough presented, and sufficiently dwelt upon, for the pupil to become familiar with it, and hence he does not see its connection with the subject and its bearing upon it. The consequence is, confusion of mind and a failure to understand the subject. The writer, in the early part of his teaching, often made this very mistake, attributing the failure of his explanations to the inability of his pupils to understand the subject, whereas it was simply owing to haste in presenting the different steps, not allowing the pupil sufficient time to become acquainted with each step. Observation and experience have convinced him that this is an all-important point—the *distinct presentation of each thought* contained in the subject, and *dwelling upon it* till the pupil becomes fully acquainted with it. Their relations to each other, and their bearing upon the subject, may then be readily pointed out, and the whole subject understood. By pursuing this course, the progress of the pupil, at first, will necessarily be very slow, but it will be *real*, and not *apparent*, progress. Fundamental principles will be acquired, habits of close thinking and study be formed, and thus the foundation laid for the rapid progress of the pupil, in future, with comparatively little assistance from the teacher.

Perhaps at another time a few suggestions may be offered, in illustration of the observations above, respecting the method of teaching some of the more common branches of study, particularly arithmetic.

E. M. C.

House of Refuge, Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

WHY TEACHERS FAIL.

Of the large number of those who engage in the work of teaching, but few, comparatively, are successful. A very large majority teach but a short time and with no true success. It may not be unprofitable to consider some of the reasons for these numerous cases of failure in teaching. That such cases are numerous, no one will question,—but why they are so numerous, but few stop to consider. It will be one object in this article to name a few of the more prominent reasons as they occur to us.

1. *Want of sufficient education.* It is often the case that persons enter the teacher's desk with a very limited educational capital. By the favor of some relative or the committee, and by the direct or indirect connivance of the examiners, they are entrusted with work for which they have no proper qualification. From want of the requisite knowledge, they fail to interest their pupils or to awaken any true love for school and its exercises.

2. *An excess of education.* This may seem rather paradoxical. It is, however, unquestionably true that some *know too much*,—in their own estimation,—to teach a common school. They have pursued a collegiate course of study, and have acquired a somewhat superficial knowledge of many branches. Their elementary training was entirely neglected or but very imperfectly attended to. Most of their time and attention have been devoted to the study of the "languages" and the "higher branches," and they consider it "beneath their dignity" to teach the common branches. Indeed, they do not thoroughly understand them. Latin, and Greek, and French they know, but reading and spelling they poorly comprehend. Algebra, Geometry, Philosophy, Chemistry, and Geology they are somewhat familiar with, but of Grammar, Geography, and Arithmetic they know but little, and care less. They are of the class thus described by the inimitable Dickens:—"He and some one hundred and forty other teachers had been lately turned, at the same time, in the same factory, on the same principle, like so many piano-forte legs. He had been put through an immense variety of paces, and had answered volumes of head-breaking questions. Orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, biography, astronomy, geography, and general cosmography, the sciences of compound proportion, algebra, land surveying, and leveling, vocal music and drawing from models, were all as at the end of his ten chilled fingers. He had taken the bloom of the higher branches of mathematics and physical science, French, German, Latin, and Greek. He knew all about all the water-sheds of all the world, and all the names of all the rivers and mountains, and all the productions, manners, and customs of all the countries, and all their boundaries and bearings on the two and thirty points of the compass. Ah, rather over-done. If he had only learned a little less, how infinitely better he might have taught much more!"

3. *Want of a lively interest in the work.* No one can expect true success to attend any work in which he engages with feelings of indifference. Especially is this true of teaching. Unless one feels that his work is an important one,—a work for which he has a love,—he will hardly engage in its performance with a zeal and earnestness which will make success sure.

4. *An excess of confidence.* A degree of confidence in one's ability to do a work is essential to his success in its accomplishment. Indeed he must feel that he *can* do before he *will* do. But some teachers have a superabundance of confidence in themselves. They know too much to know more. They cannot be told anything. Hints or suggestions from fellow teachers, committees or parents, they spurn as useless,—or, perhaps, regard as insults.

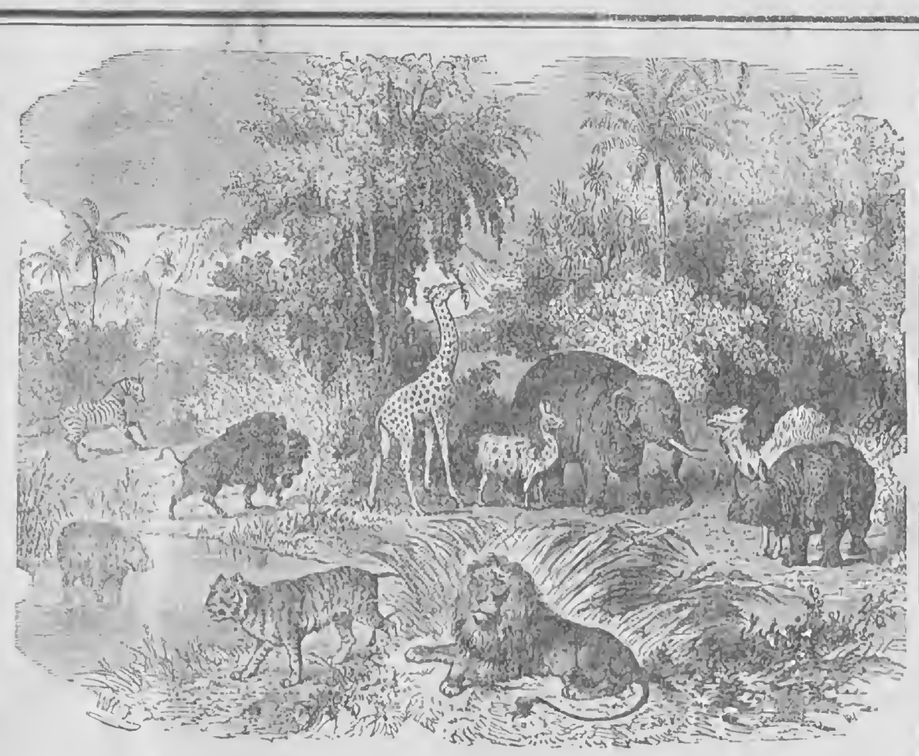
5. *A lack of confidence.* If an *excess* of confidence is undesirable, a *deficiency* is equally so. A degree of it is indispensable to true success. To feel that we *can* do a certain work will do much to make its accomplishment certain.

6. *A want of true courtesy.* If a teacher would be in the truest sense successful and useful, he must have the respect and good wishes of those with whom he is called to labor. A lack of genuine politeness has done much to prevent the usefulness of many a teacher. A rough exterior, negligence of personal appearance and dress, unpolished and abrupt modes of address or excessively formal and frigid manners, have, in many cases, blighted the prospects of teachers whose intellectual qualifications were ample.

7. *Want of patience.* It is frequently the case that teachers despond and labor in vain because they are too impatient. When they do not see immediate and abundant fruits of their labors, they are too apt to feel that they have not done what they ought. An impatient or desponding spirit will always prove hurtful in the school room, and they who indulge the same will not prove successful. It is the teacher's duty to labor wisely and patiently; to sow the good seed with diligent and careful hand: another and a greater will give the increase in his own good time,—particularly is this so in moral culture and results.

8. *Want of adaptation.* Some teachers have the ability to succeed in some particular situation and under a certain order of arrangements and circumstances, while the most trifling change or deviation will cause a failure. Lacking the ability to adapt themselves to existing circumstances and surroundings, they lack one of the most important essentials to success.

9. *Want of professional feeling and interest.* "Every man," said Webster, "owes a debt to his profession." By this we understand that every member of a profession is under obligations to do what he can for the elevation of his profession. This he must do by promoting his own improvement, by uniting with others in associational effort, and in various ways by manifesting a professional interest and feeling,—a true *esprit de corps*. A teacher who secludes himself, withdrawing from all associated efforts and meetings for mutual improvement, may keep a good school,—but as a man and as a professional teacher he will fall far behind the mark. If his own views, plans, and results are entirely satisfactory to himself, he will, if he has true professional feeling, gladly communicate them to others and not be content to hide his light as under a bushel. We would then advise all teachers who would make success sure, to unite heartily in every effort and plan designed for the good of their profession. By the very means adopted for professional improvement, personal profit and advancement will be secured.—*Conn. Com. School Journal.*



ANIMALS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

The Lion is the fiercest and most to be dreaded of all the beasts of prey of Southern Africa. Many persons annually fall victims to his fierceness and courage. Almost every one in Africa can relate hair-breadth escapes of themselves or their friends.

A boor, of the name of De Clercq, one day riding over his farm, had alighted in a difficult pass, and was leading his horse through the long grass, when a lion suddenly rose up before him, at a few yards distance. He had in his hand only a light fowling piece, loaded with slugs; and hoping that the lion would give way, he, according to the plan always recommended in such emergencies, stood still and confronted him; but the lion, on the contrary, advancing and crouching to spring, he found himself under the necessity of firing; he took a hurried aim at the forehead, but the slugs lodged in the breast, and did not prove instantly mortal. The furious animal sprang forward, and seized De Clercq on either side with his talons, but at the same time bit his arm almost in two, as he mechanically thrust it forward to save his face. In this position he held him for a few seconds, till his strength failing from loss of blood, the lion tumbled over, dragging the boor with him in a dying embrace.

Next to the lion the Tiger is most to be dreaded. When the nightly depredations of a tiger have roused the farmers, the following is the course pursued:—The animal is tracked to its lair in the thick underwood, and, when found, attacked by large dogs. If possible, it flies; but, when unable to escape, makes a desperate defence, raising itself above the assailants by leaping on a bush, and from thence striking them down with its paws as they rush in, and from its great strength and activity, frequently destroying them.

Le Vaillant, after an unsuccessful pursuit of of the Giraffe, says:—"The next day was the happiest of my life. By sunrise I was in quest of game, in hope of obtaining some provisions for my men. After several hours' fatigue, we descried, at the turn of a hill, seven giraffes, which my pack instantly pursued. Six of them went off together; but the seventh, cut off by my dogs, took another way. Bernfry was walking by the side of his horse; but, in the twinkling of an eye, he was in the saddle, and pursued the six. For myself, I followed the single one at full speed; but, in spite of the efforts of my horse, she got so much ahead of me that, in turning a little hill, I lost sight of her altogether, and gave up the pursuit.

My dogs, however, were not so easily exhausted. They were soon so close upon her, that she was obliged to stop to defend herself. From the place where I was, I heard them give tongue with all their might; and, as their voices appeared all to come from the same spot, I conjectured that they had got the animal into a corner; and I again pushed forward. I had scarcely got round the hill than I perceived her surrounded by the dogs, and endeavoring to drive them away by heavy kicks. In a moment I was on my feet; and a shot from my carbine brought her to the earth. Enchanted with my victory, I called my people about me, that they might assist in skinning and cutting up the animal. While I was looking for them, I saw Klaas Baster, who kept making signals, which I could not comprehend. At length I went the way he pointed; and, to my surprise, saw a giraffe standing under a large ebony tree, assailed by my dogs. It was the animal I had shot, who had staggered to this place; and it fell dead the moment I was about to take the second shot.

The Gnu is about the size of a full-grown ass. The neck and tail precisely resemble those of a small horse, and its pace, which is a species of light gallop, is so perfectly similar, that a herd of gnus, when seen at a distance scampering over the plains of South Africa, might be easily mistaken for a troop of wild horses, but for their dark and uniform color.

They live in large herds on the Karroo, a great desert. When first alarmed, they fling up their heels and caper like a restive horse, tossing their heads and tails, and butting at the mole-hills, or any other object that might be in their way; but immediately after, off they start, traversing the desert with a speed which soon carries them beyond the reach of danger. They do not run in a confused crowd, like sheep or oxen, but in single file, following a leader, and exhibiting an agreeable regularity as they bound over the plains. When hunted, they turn upon the hunter and pursue him, dropping on their knees before making an attack, and then darting forward with amazing alacrity and force.

The Quagga is a timid animal, with a figure and gait much resembling those of an ass, but stouter and handsomer than that animal as found in Europe. Though its flesh is carrion and its hide almost useless, it is often pursued merely for pastime. It is inferior to the horse in swiftness, but it baffles the hunter by seeking refuge in the most rugged parts of the mountain, where his steed can only follow with extreme difficulty.

Zebras were formerly abundant in different parts of the Cape Colony, but latterly their number has been greatly diminished. Troops of six or eight have been seen to stand at a distance, gazing on a wagon as it moved slowly onward; but startled by the sound of the whip, they set off eagerly, scampering over stones and bushes, and leaving behind them a thick cloud of dust.

The Hyæna is remarkable for his voracity, and also for the singular fact that he will feed with the vulture from the same carcase. Mr. Burchell explains this circumstance by stating that the flesh of vultures themselves smells like carrion, and no other animal, however pressed with hunger, will eat it, a quality which gives them impunity which they would not otherwise enjoy.

The Civet is somewhat more than two feet long from the nose to the insertion of the tail, which is upward of a foot in length. The color of the animal's fur is an ash gray, and is marked with large blackish or dusky spots. The hair is of a course texture, and along the back stands somewhat erect like a mane. The body is rather thick; the forehead is broad, the muzzle acute, and black at the tip. There are three black stripes which proceed from the back of the ear, and terminate at the shoulders and throat. Like all nocturnal animals, the civet is torpid and indolent during the day, nor does it ever display much of either intelligence or docility.

This animal is celebrated for its musky perfume, the product of a peculiar glandulous apparatus. The name civet, first applied to the odoriferous substance, is of Arabian origin, but the animal has received the same appellation. The civets are found in all the warm parts of Asia and Africa, in the island of Madagascar, and in the East Indian islands.

LETTERS TO FARMER BOYS.—NO. III.

Dear Brothers:—There is in Italy a gaseous lake situated in a grotto, called the Grotto del Cane, or Dog's Grotto. A man walking in it is quite safe, while his dog, whose head is below the surface of the gaseous lake, is immediately suffocated. You will find similar grottos, containing similar lakes, all along your life-path. If you will but be *men* you may avoid the poisonous effluvia that arises from them.

Among these grottos is one which I shall designate the Grotto of Intemperance. It is filled with creatures who once gloried in their manhood—creatures whose eloquence once swayed multitudes—creatures whom God made in his own image—whom he endowed with great souls, and pronounced men. They threw away their manliness—they became beastly, and all that pertained to their manhood was suffocated. A young man—the son of a farmer—and one of the finest specimens of manly beauty that I ever saw—possessing a mind that could hardly be surpassed—a splendid scholar—a deep thinker, and having a soul large enough to take in a whole world, is now an inmate of the Grotto of Intemperance. Dear Brothers, would you inquire why he is there?—do you not wonder that one once so gifted and glorious, is now a beast in mind, soul, and body? He was thrown into a society which is the curse of all societies—a society which tolerates and encourages the drinking of *wine!* He, as well as you, had been taught that "wine is a mocker," and "to touch not, taste not, handle not," &c. He deemed himself able to withstand all temptations, but alas! when a glass of wine was handed to him by a young Miss, and she urged him to drink, he feared the sneers of the assembly, and thinking one glass could do no harm, he drank, and the seeds of spiritual death were sown in him. Thank God! that Miss was not a *farmer's daughter!* I have three brothers, and well as I love them, I had rather a woman would plunge a dagger in each breast, than to entice them to drink. You may think this an exaggerated expression, but 'tis nevertheless a truthful one. I had rather see them die in the full glory of their manliness, than see them wallowing in the mire of intemperance. I never see a young man *looking* at a glass of wine without shuddering. I see in it the curse of all curses—the evil of all evils—the essence of all poisons—the death of all deaths.

If God, in his great goodness, causes your vines to bend with the purple clusters—if your currant bushes are adorned with the white or red fruit—if the berries of the elder shrubs are not blighted, you have great reason to rejoice. But, in the name of all that pertains to your manhood—for the sake of humanity, and for your dear soul's sake, do not, I pray you, convert these gifts of God into *wine. All wines* contain alcohol, all alcohols are intoxicating, intoxications are the source of all misery compounded.

There are other grottos very dangerous, but the Grotto of Intemperance is the one to be most avoided, I think. Another grotto, the *odor* of which is almost pernicious to life, is the Tobacco Grotto. I wonder if there are any farmer boys in it? I'll peer into it. I see nearly half the world in the Tobacco Grotto! A fine state of things, isn't it, brothers? I see some fellows in it that bare a close resemblance to you, but I hardly think they are farmer boys. Their cheeks are hardly as rosy as yours, their eyes not quite as sparkling, and their faces have a begrimmed and smoky look, that I do not believe you would be willing to own. No, brothers, I trust your dignity will never allow *you* to become so *beastly as to chew a cud!* It seems incredible that you (holding the position that each of you should as farmer's sons,) would be seen by God or man with a cigar or pipe between your lips—lips that should be as free from pollution as your hands are free of the blood of your fellowmen. One word more and I am done. Remember that *wine drinking* is the stepping-stone to intemperance. If you would be great, good and useful, avoid everthing that tends to baseness—practice only things that will elevate and refine your souls—purify your characters, and strengthen your good purposes. Build an eternal barrier between yourselves and every form of vice. You will be *safe* only as you *shun* temptation.

Alfred University, N. Y. Minnie Mintwood.

Canary Birds — Vermin. — I wish to know what will remove vermin from Canary birds.—Will you be so kind as to answer through the columns of the Rural?—G. A. D., *Janesville, Wis.*

Bathe frequently, keep the cage clean, and put sand mixed with anise seed on the floor.

Intellect Without Heart.—Woe, woe for that mortal whose intellect outgrows his moral sense, until the one stands dwarfed in the growing shadow of the other. A being thus constituted is "no less a monster," some one has said, "than the big-headed child of the fair, or the weak-kneed giant of the circus." Saturn eating his own children is a type of men of this stamp. Humanity recoils from them when once they unveil their remorseless egotism, their sublimated sophistry. Voltaire, Rosseau, Napoleon, Robespierre, were monsters of this class, scarcely less hideous to me than Caligula or Heliogabalus. Yet how attractive, until the Mokanna veil is lifted, is its glittering light; and the soft breathings of the voice beneath, and the graceful, sinuous motions of the draped and stately form it covers, are—oh, how mystic, how bewildering! It becomes a question here, how much of this is perishable, how much immortal. Can evil be perpetuated in accordance with our conception of a just, a purifying God! At what point does soul take issue with intellect?—*Miss Warfield.*

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.

The Times and the Panic,.....389
European Agriculture,.....389
Steep for Wheat,.....389
Wintering Young Stock,.....389
Breeds of English Sheep,.....388
Hall's Hand-Power Stump Machine, [Illustrated,].....389
Soiling Cattle,.....389
Labor-Saving in Doors—Womens' Rights.....390
Practical Sermons from Short Texts,.....390
Facts about Feeding Horses,.....390
Improved "No-Patent" Corn Sheller,.....390

Rural Spirit of the Press.—The Use of Rawhide; Baden's Method of Saving Seed Corn; Beautify the Homestead; Farming is Business; Hints on Shingling,..390

Inquiries and Answers.—Killing Sorrel; Whitening Broom Corn; Frost-Bitten Feet in Cows, Black Tongue; Best Time for Painting Houses,.....390

Agricultural Miscellany—The Rural New-Yorker Advancing—Enlargement and Improvement; Horse-Flesh at Par; A New Concentrated Manure; Cows, Cost and Profit; The Universal Plow; Points of Merit in a Farm Horse; Items—Stuffing Swine, A Large Young Bovine, Heavy Turkeys; The Rural New-Yorker and one of its Imitators,.....390

HORTICULTURAL.

Wine from the Black Currant,.....391
Clapp's Favorite Pear, [Illustrated,].....391

Horticultural Notes—A Green Rose; Progressive Gardeners' Society of Philadelphia; Pennsylvania Hort. Society; Tree Pruner; Keeping Winter Squashes,.....391

Inquiries and Answers.—Bearing of Apple Trees; Grapes for Iowa; Making Raisins; Ever-Bearing Black Raspberry,.....391

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Ginger Cookies; Citron Cake; Bread Cake; Fruit Cake; Wingate Cake; Barnard Cake; Sunderland Pudding; How to make Hop Yeast; How to make a Cement for Stoves; A Seasonable Inquiry; Another Cure for White Swelling; Cooking Egg Plant,.....391

LADIES' OLIO.

I'm Twenty-One, [Poetical;] My Mother; Sermonizing Fashion-Wise; Some of my Wonders; Woman's Courage; The Mourning Mother; Real Pets,.....392

CHOICE MISCELLANY.

A Life Picture, [Poetical;] Laughter; Aversion to a large House; Big Words; Doctors; Bishop Ames and Newspapers,.....392

SABBATH MUSINGS.

Thanksgiving Hymn, [Poetical;] Consolations of Religion; Old Age without Religion,.....392

EDUCATIONAL.

School Teaching; Why Teachers Fail,.....393

USEFUL OLIO.

Animals of South Africa, [Illustrated,].....393

YOUNG RURALIST.

Letters to Farmer's Boys—No. III; Canary Birds—Vermin; Intellect without Heart,.....393

THE STORY TELLER.

A Score of Years Ago, [Poetical;] My Autograph,.....396

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 8, 1860.

Special Announcement!

ENLARGEMENT OF MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER!

HAVING completed arrangements to fulfill a long-cherished design, we have the pleasure of announcing that the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be MATERIALLY ENLARGED and otherwise Improved on the commencement of its Twelfth Volume—next month. The enlargement will enable us to give about ONE-SIXTH MORE READING!—equal to an addition of considerably more than a page to our present form. The Type, and other material used, will all be entirely new, of the best style, and manufactured expressly for the purpose. Indeed, we hope to manifest true "Progress and Improvement" in the enlargement, and to render the ensuing volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far more acceptable and valuable than any of its predecessors—an improvement in Size, Style, Contents and Appearance. Our aim in the future, as in the past, will be to excel—to *try to* make this the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class—and if we fail it will not be for the want of earnest desire, persistent labor, or liberal expenditure, as all these requisites will be invested in the new enterprise.

The *manner* of enlargement may not be striking, but the *matter* gained quite material, while the general form and characteristics of the RURAL will be so well preserved that its friends will readily recognize it without a new or special introduction. But we will not anticipate.

The *necessity* of the change now announced has been impressed upon us for years, as from week to week and month to month, we have been compelled to defer or omit altogether various matters of interest which ought to appear in our pages. With all our powers and labors of condensation we have been unable to discuss many timely and important subjects, or give contributors and correspondents a hearing—and, though we may still lack space for all, the enlargement will enable us to do better justice to readers, writers and ourselves.

The *benefits* of the enlargement will accrue mainly to *Subscribers* and *Advertisers*—for, while we make no advance in the rates of either Subscription or Advertising, we shall give each class of supporters, more than ever before, "value received" for the money invested—Subscribers obtaining considerable additional reading, and Advertisers more space, without an increase of expense. [To explain the latter, we will here state that the columns of the enlarged paper will be *wider*, and the lines of course *longer*, than the present.]

The *expense* of the proposed expansion will be no small item—the extra paper and type-setting alone amounting to several thousand dollars per annum. Indeed, we do not expect any real profit on the subscription of the paper, without a material increase of its present large circulation, for our expenses will be what many would pronounce enormous—our estimate for paper alone, next year, being about *forty thousand dollars!*

—But we are confident of being nobly sustained, for we verily believe no paper in this broad Union has such a host of ardent, generous and influential friends, or more appreciative and attached subscribers, than the RURAL NEW-YORKER. Of this we have the best evidence—for from Maine to Minnesota, and Canada to California, we are daily receiving the most encouraging and substantial assurances of continued and largely increased support.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

A WASHINGTON telegram to the N. Y. Commercial, says the President will, in his message, insist that the Federal laws must be obeyed, and he will maintain them at all hazards. He expresses the earnest hope that the South will not provoke a collision. He will also emphatically declare his duty to the country, which forbids the idea of his permitting the secessionists to take possession of Federal ports or to withhold Federal revenue. The President has received information that the ordinance for South Carolina secession is prepared, and will be adopted December 18th, though the President expresses a desire that no collision may occur. He anticipates very great danger that it will come now.

The Cabinet held a meeting on the 28th ult. It is rumored that the Southern members were adverse to Mr. Buchanan's discussing the question of secession in the message, they deeming it advisable to wait until a formal declaration had been made by the seceding States, when the subject could be treated in a special message.

The Census Bureau is in receipt of returns from all the States, South Carolina included. In a few scattered districts, however, some are withheld for correction. The returns from the Territory of New Mexico are now on their way to Washington, and those of Utah and Kansas have only in part come to hand. In all cases, with one exception, laws have heretofore been passed to extend the time for taking the census. As to the present one, they have been rendered within a shorter period than ever before, but not in time to enable the Secretary of the Interior to communicate to Congress at the commencement of the session, the enumeration of inhabitants, and the new representative government.

The N. Y. Commercial's Washington letter says, advices from St. Petersburg give reason to believe that ere this, Minister Appleton has obtained payment of the celebrated Perkin claim against the Russian government, amounting to $385,000, for non compliance with the contract for smuggling arms and ammunition during the Crimean war.

A Paris letter of November 9th, says deplorable events are probable in Syria. So threatening are the appearances that Abdel Kader has advised the Christians to quit the country.

Congressional Proceedings.

BOTH Houses of Congress met yesterday, (Monday,) and the telegraph this A. M. gives us the following summary of the transactions:

SENATE.—The Senate convened at 12 precisely, Mr. Breckenridge in the Chair.

Absent—Messrs. Benjamin, Chestnut, Clay, Gwin, Hammond, Harlin, Iverson, Johnson, of Ark; Johnson, of Tenn.; Mallory, Pugh, Sebastian, Slidell, Ten Eyck, Thompson, Toombs, and Wilkinson.

Prayer was offered by the Chaplain, Mr. Gurley.

Mr. Bright moved that the Secretary inform the House that a quorum of the Senate had assembled and was ready to proceed to business. Adopted. Mr. Bigler introduced the following resolution:

Resolved, That a Committee of three from the Senate and such as may be appointed by the House, wait upon the President of the United States and inform him that there is a quorum in each House of Congress, and are ready to receive any communication he is pleased to make. Adopted.

Messrs. Bigler, Mason, and Collamer were appointed a Committee.

Mr. Fitzpatrick ordered that the hour of daily meeting of the Senate be 12 o'clock, until otherwise ordered. Adopted.

A message was received from the House, to the effect that it concurred in the Senate resolution for a Committee to wait on the President, and had appointed a similar Committee. Adjourned.

HOUSE.—Excessive good humor prevailed previous to the Speaker taking the Chair at noon, and calling the House to order.

A prayer was offered up by Rev. Mr. Stockton.

The roll of members was then called. About 200 members responded to their names.

Mr. Mc Kentry, of Pa., appeared in the place of Mr. Schwartz, deceased. Mr. Barrett, of Mo., and John Young Brown, of Ky., severally appeared and were qualified.

A message was received from the Senate announcing the appointment of Messrs. Bigler, Mason, and Collamer, as a Committee on the part of the Senate, to wait on the President, and inform him that a quorum of both Houses were in attendance, and ready to receive any communication he may be pleased to make.

Mr. Morehead offered a similar resolution, which was adopted; he and Messrs. Bocock and Adams, of Ky., were appointed a Committee on the part of the House.

On motion of Mr. Grow, a message was sent to the Senate, informing them that a quorum of the House was present, and ready to proceed to business.

Mr. Washburn, of Me.—As he would vacate his seat on the first of January, he asked to be excused from serving on the Committee of Ways and Means. The Speaker replied that the Committee appointed at the last session would be continued throughout the present session, but the vacancies, however, that may occur, will be filled by him. Mr. Washburn was excused.

Mr. Washburn, of Illinois, said, as it was understood that the President's Message would not be transmitted to the House till to-morrow, he moved an adjournment till that time. Carried.

The Secession Movement.

Gov. HICKS, of Maryland, replies to a petition for a special session of the Legislature, declining to convene it. He is unwilling to place Maryland in a position of appearing to join in any treasonable designs against the Union, whilst he is ready to go as far as any man in demanding the rights of the South in the Union.

In Georgia, a debate took place in the House on the bill to protect the rights of citizens. An amendment was offered to extend the provisions of the bill to every State which voted for Lincoln, and was agreed to.

Mr. McDonald opposed the bill and amendment, expressing warm union sentiments, and moved an amendment, fining any Georgian $2,000 who sells a bale of cotton or a barrel of apples to any person north of Dixon line. Mr. McDonald's amendment caused a commotion and discussion, and conservative sentiments were uttered. The bill was made the special order for the 30th ult, when an exciting discussion is anticipated. The disunionists oppose, and the conservatives favor it. It is still generally thought the Governor will vote for it.

A committee of citizens of Texas petitioned Gov. Houston to convene the Legislature. The Governor responded, that viewing the proposed measure as unwise, he could not call the Legislature, but if a majority of the citizens of the State petitioned for it, he couldn't stand in their way. The secession feeling largely predominates.

A Washington special dispatch to the Charleston Courier, semi-official in tone, says that the President hopes that South Carolina will appreciate the delicacy of his position and not compel him to use force for the collection of the revenue.

The President will maintain the laws, collect the revenue, and protect the public property.

The Florida Legislature unanimously passed the Convention bill. It meets the 3d of January.

The Kansas Difficulties.

IT is hard work to believe anything that comes from Kansas now-a-days. One mail brings intelligence of famine dire and dreadful,—the next denies that scarcity exists; the telegraph to-day tells of civil war, to-morrow brotherly peace and union are in the ascendant. The reports are conflicting, and but very little can be drawn from them in consequence, but we give them, in order to complete our record of the transactions of the times:

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 27th.—The Mail Coach from Fort Scott arrived here this evening, bringing Jesse Morrison and two registers of the land office at Fort Scott, who furnish the following touching the late disturbances:—"Much of the excitement here during the last week has been without reasonable cause; the business of the land office has not been interrupted, and no fears exist that it will be. The flight of Judge Williams and the Court was not warranted by the circumstances in the case."

A meeting was called at Leavenworth on the 26th ult., the Mayor presiding, but a variance of opinion caused a disruption, when two sets of resolutions were reported and adopted.

The first declare that intelligence has been received from South-eastern Kansas, which leaves little room to doubt that civil war has been added to the curse of famine, which already oppresses that section of Kansas; and that, without expressing any opinion as to the causes which may have led Montgomery, Jameson, and their followers, or any bands of men acting with, or in opposition to them, to the renewal of violence and disorder in that section of Kansas, we regard it our duty, as citizens of the Territory, to denounce this unlawful and insurrectionary act, and to support the Executive authorities of the Territory in restoring and preserving peace.

The second state that there is no reliable information on the subject, and it is resolved that the people of Leavenworth withhold all action in the matter, until the facts connected with the case can be satisfactorily ascertained; and that a committee of three be appointed by the Chair, for the purpose of ascertaining the facts with regard to the nature and origin of those difficulties and their extent.

Intelligence from Lawrence states that Secretary Beebe had arrived, and had an interview with Montgomery. At the time of the interview Montgomery, with forty-three men, was engaged in the trial of a man charged with kidnapping a free negro. The man, whose name was not given, was found guilty, and hung in the presence of Beebe. On being expostulated with, Montgomery is reported as having defied the power of the Territorial and Federal Governments.

From California and Oregon.

WE have received by the Pony Express, California dates to the 16th ult.

The election returns are nearly completed. Lincoln is 500 to 800 ahead of Douglas, and all parties concede California to Lincoln.

The people of California are waiting with anxiety for Eastern news, showing the disposition of the Southern States in the disunion question. All political animosities are greatly moderated—the Republicans as well as Democrats seeming to be fearful of serious trouble. The Republican illumination in San Francisco in honor of Lincoln's election, was a complete failure, and the Republicans generally are not in an exulting mood.

The returns from 15 counties in Oregon show Lincoln 5,062, Breckenridge 4,866, Douglas 3,850, Bell 148.

News Paragraphs.

THERE are estimated to be 9,000 locomotives in use in the United States, their total annual mileage being 175,000,000 miles. The average cost of fuel at ten cents per mile, would be $17,500,000.

A SON was born to the Emperor of Russia on the 20th of September. He is named Paul, and has already been appointed Chief of the Koura regiment of infantry, several regiments of Guards, and the Rifle Battalion of the Imperial family. An Imperial proclamation announces the fact, and gives devout thanks for the auspicious event.

LOSS OF LIFE BY THE RECENT GALE.—The Detroit Free Press makes a summary of the effects of the gale of Saturday week, as follows:—"We can now begin to form some estimate of the number of lives that have been lost by this terrific gale, though this estimate must necessarily be imperfect. Where the crews of vessels have been lost, we estimate the number at eight for a crew, which will rather fall below than exceed the true number. The following are those who are lost, so far as known:—Propeller Dacotah, 24; propeller Jersey City, 17; propeller Cuyahoga, 1; brig F. B. Gardiner, 1; schooner William Maxwell, 7; schooner Marco Polo, 8; schooner Tornado, 8; schooner Omar Pasha, 1. Total 67. To this list it may be necessary hereafter to add others, and among them the crew and passengers of the steamer Ploughboy."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Prince of Wales' fleet had arrived. The details of the return voyage show that the fleet had experienced head winds and bad weather during the entire passage. The vessels were within a day's sail of England on the 6th, when a heavy gale prevented any further progress. They had only another week's provisions on board, and the Royal party, for the last few days, lived on salt and preserved provisions. The party, however, landed all well, and the Prince reached Windsor Castle on the evening of the 15th.

The return of the Prince is made the theme of congratulatory editorials by the Press generally, and the reiteration of warm compliments to the American people.

The Empress Eugenie arrived at London on the 14th inst, and remained there in the strictest incognito. She will make a visit to Scotland, in the hope of regaining her health.

The Bishop of Worcester is dead.

Australian gold to the value of £507,000 arrived on the 16th, which was immediately bought for the Bank of France, and this temporarily prevented any further withdrawal from the Bank of England. There was more confidence on Friday, and the funds slightly improved, closing firm. The discount market continued to present an anxious and unsettled appearance, and no business had been done below the Bank minimum, and in many cases 6¼ per cent was the lowest rate that would be taken. Three month's paper was negotiable below 7 per cent, and six month's paper at 8 per cent.

It was rumored in London that the British Government had received official dispatches from China that peace had been concluded at Pekin by the English and French Ambassadors and the Emperor of China, but it was generally believed that the Government would not withhold such intelligence.

FRANCE.—Rumors of Ministerial changes were rife. It is reported that M. Lailly, who figured in the Savoy negotiations, is to be Minister of the Interior. The commercial treaty of France and England was completed at Paris on the 16th, and received the final signatures.

The formation of a French squadron of reserve, to be ready in the spring, is positively announced.

It was said that the Representatives of France and England recommended the King of Naples to abandon the contest.

The drain upon the Bank of France continues, and has become more active.

ITALY.—There was a report that a conspiracy had been discovered at Gaeta against Francis 2d. Two officers and two men were shot.

The official Piedmontese Gazette of the 15th, says that the Neapolitans under Gen. Sabreaus had proposed to Fanti the surrender of the Neapolitan troops who remained outside of Gaeta, consisting of ten battalions of Chasseurs and a regiment of cavalry. Fanti rejected the proposition, but after a combat on the 12th the Bourbon troops re-entered Gaeta and the Sardinians took up fresh positions around the town. The garrison of Gaeta consisted of twenty-eight battalions, but the dispatch announces that two merchant steamers, carrying the French colors, had left Gaeta with troops supposed for Civita Vecchia.

The seige works before Gaeta are actively continued, and if the garrison will not capitulate, a general bombardment will commence.

Francis has rejected the proposal to evacuate the town, on the basis that he commands the troops, 13,000 in number, at Gaeta, and relies on the strength of the fortress.

Farini has been appointed Viceroy of Naples.

A new counsel was appointed, including Poerio and other liberals.

Garibaldi was appointed General in the army.

Garibaldi has issued a farewell proclamation to his late army, concluding by telling his companions in arms that an army, a million men, will be wanted to follow him again to a fresh conflict which is likely to break out in Italy by March next.

AUSTRIA.—An attempt has been made to introduce arms into Hungary. English vessels were engaged in the enterprise.

Austrian preparations for war were continuing at Mantua.

CHINA.—The Paris Monitcur asserts that the latest telegram from Sir Hope Grant, fully authorizes the hope that further recourse to arms will not be necessary in China.

It is reported that the settlement of negotiations has been delayed on the question of money and unity of understanding.

The allied armies were marching on Pekin where Sang Kee Siu Sin had a large force to defend the city. Lord Elgin was to follow the troops September 9th. The army reached Young Tein Tein on the 10th. The coolies were deserting and carriage was difficult. Two thousand troops were left at Tein Tein, to protect it from the rebels who were inactive. At Canton trade was obstructed by the rebels.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Breadstuffs had a declining tendency. Richardson, Spence & Co. report flour dull, at a reduction. Quotations 28s@31s6d, Wakefield, Nash & Co. say fine wheat generally unchanged, but inferior marketable at a reduction. *Provisions.*—Provisions generally quiet. Pork quiet. Lard firm. Market closed 63s@63s6d.

The News Condenser.

— The United States Supreme Judges are all against secession.

— A single firm in Buffalo has received this season over 5,000,000 bushels of grain.

— No treaty has been existing between the United States and Chili since 1850.

— Ten trout were found in the body of a snake killed at East Poultney, Vt., recently.

— Washington Irving's works have been translated into every leading tongue of Europe.

— A little girl was burned to death in Albany, Thursday week, while playing with matches.

— Pierre Antoine Beyer is considered the greatest French orator. He is 70 years old.

— This year the Rensselaer Co. Excise Commissioners have collected something over $10,000.

— Scarlet fever has taken an epidemic form in Philadelphia. There were 22 deaths last week.

— A lap dog, of the King Charles species, was sold at auction in London, not long ago, for $2,000.

— The Boston Traveller states that the amount of patronage in the Boston Custom House is $221,990.

— A French machinist, named Baldi, has invented a movable fortress, which is said to be a terrible machine.

— Mrs. Jabez Lane, of Chatham, fell into a cistern, a few days ago, while dipping a pail of water, and was drowned.

— The profits of the Bank of England have averaged a fraction under nine per cent. per annum for eleven years past.

— In Alabama, the penalty for sending a challenge to fight a duel, is two years imprisonment in the penitentiary.

— Specimens of new paper for printing, invented in Austria, and made entirely from straw, have reached Paris.

— The commission given to Gov. Coddington by Cromwell, in the year 1650, has recently been found in Rhode Island.

— We have the authority of Professor Agassiz for the assertion that a grasshopper's organs of hearing are in his legs.

— The citizens of Chicago are beginning again to talk about a ship canal between their harbor and the Mississippi.

— The cost of hauling a passenger or a ton of goods a mile on an English railroad, is about one-half of what it is in America.

— A great number of French Prelates were, at latest accounts, about starting for Rome, to visit and confer with the Pope.

— The President and Vice-President elect held a levee at Chicago, Friday week. Some 3,000 persons paid their respects to them.

— The United States census shows that we might better afford to lose three successive crops of cotton than one crop of grass.

— Two Spanish slave brigs have been recently captured on their way from Cuba to Africa. Three others were in sight, but escaped.

— The total number of bales of cotton raised in North Carolina for the year ending August 31, was 903,907, valued at $9,000,000.

— All editors in Russia are now compelled to insert, gratis, the replies of parties whom they may have attacked in their columns.

— Farmers in Upper Vermont have been rushing their stock to market, sacrificing on the price rather than risk the wintering of them.

— One of the attractions at a late Agricultural Fair in California, was a camel race. Fifteen were on exhibition, exciting great curiosity.

— The London army and Navy Gazette asserts that, in two years, all the artillery in Great Britain will be provided with Armstrong guns.

— The tolls upon the canal this year, amount to nearly or quite three million dollars, and exceed those of last year a million and a quarter.

— It required a whole freight car to convey the game shot by two sportsmen from Hamilton, C. W., in about a week, on the St. Claire Flats.

— The attempt to find a practicable route for a railroad across the Isthmus, between Chiriqui and the Gulf of Dolce, has been a total failure.

— The French Minister of Public Instruction is about to interdict the use of tobacco in any form in the educational establishment of France.

— Mary Ann Oothout, aged 58, died in Troy a few days since, after an illness of over 30 years, during which time she could not rise from her bed.

— The income to the French government from tobacco—nearly one-half of which is from the U. S. and Cuba—last year, was about $36,000,000.

— Daniel Coyne, a native of New York, is said to be the wealthiest merchant of Athens, Greece—having accumulated a fortune of $6,000,000.

— The late Sir Charles Napier will be honored by a monument, to be erected to his memory by the officers and sailors of the British Navy.

— Green corn, beans, radishes, and the general run of early vegetables, are in the Boston market from the second crop, at Brownsville, Texas.

— The emigration project of Geffrard is meeting with opposition on the part of a few planters in Hayti, who fear a decline in the price of labor.

— The schooner Fleetwood arrived at New York, from Para, bringing 14 anacondas, some of them larger than any heretofore seen in this country.

— The British Volunteers now number 200,000 men. They are in good condition, and are steadily increasing in military knowledge and efficiency.

— An idea of the commerce of London may be formed from the fact that 248 vessels (more than 52,000 tuns,) arrived there on Monday, Nov. 5.

— Four steamers have been lost, with all on board, in the North sea, between England, Norway, and Denmark, in the great storm of 3d and 4th of Oct.

— Not long since Messrs. Graves & Beals, miners in Plymouth, Vt., gold diggings, found a nugget worth $6.50, and the next day another worth $10.75.

— The great municipal question in Paris, of the best pavement for roadways, has been decided in favor of the dry asphaltum, a new patented invention.

— It is stated in the N. Y. Tribune that, during the first half of this century, 3,240 visitations of earthquakes were noticed, or about one in every week.

— The high price of rent in Paris has determined the Government to encourage the building of dwellings for the workmen, at some distance from the city.

— The London Times, influenced by the experiment of a railway at Birkenhead, after the American pattern, is arguing in favor of their general introduction.

— Travis, the celebrated marksman, shot at the rhinoceros on exhibition in Memphis. The bullet fell to the ground, flattened by contact with the thick skin.

— Margaret Chesebrough, lately deceased in New York, left the sum of $13,000 to various religious institutions of the German Evangelical Lutheran denomination.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

1,000 Agents Wanted—J. W. Bradley.
The Water-Cure Journal—Fowler and Wells.
Important to Stock Growers—A. G. Hatch, Gen. Agent.
The Penman's Manual—Fowler and Wells.
American Stock Journal—A. G. Hatch, Gen. Agent.
From $10 to $50 per Week—Frederick W. Prince.
To Young Men—Fowler and Wells.
Apple Grafts—W. D. Strowger.

Special Notices.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

FROM REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER, N. Y.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" "It is five years since that I accidentally entered your store for some sort of a preparation for Hoarseness—the Troches which you gave me entirely answered the purpose which I had in view. Since then in all my lecturing tours I put "Troches" in my carpet bag as regularly as I do lectures or linen, and I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except to think yet better of that which I began in thinking well of."

Publisher's Department.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ "FOR GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD" see third page.

☞ Our large Show-Bill for 1861 sent free.

☞ SEND ON THE NAMES.—Now is the time to forward lists of subscribers for 1861, and we hope agent-friends will "hurry up" the names as fast as possible. Our printers are ready to put the lists in type, and if they are sent in gradually, now, (instead of coming by the thousands, daily, about the 1st of January,) we shall not have too much of a good thing all at once. There is yet time to secure the Extra Premiums for early clubs.

☞ UNIFORM RATES—*No Private Terms*—We beg to state, for the benefit of all interested, that our published Terms are rigidly adhered to—that we do not intend to publish one rate and accept of another in any case. It is therefore useless for people to send us less than our full price for a copy or club of RURALS—or for any one to ask private terms. We have no time to answer inquiries by letter, though we desire to be civil, and hence give our platform in this shape. Persons who intimate that they can get "other papers" cheaper are advised to do so if they think the investment safe and profitable,—but the RURAL NEW-YORKER cannot be had of us for less than regular rates, and no person is authorized to offer it at a lower price than our published terms.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ SPECIMENS FREE.—We always take pleasure in sending specimens free of charge. Reader, if you have any friends, near or distant, that you think would subscribe for the RURAL, or act as agents, please give us their addresses and we will send them specimens, &c. No matter how many names—"the more the merrier."

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but *our agents and other friends* will please remit New York, New England, or Canada money, when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $5 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester, or Buffalo, (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

BACK NUMBERS AND VOLUMES.

BACK numbers of this volume of the RURAL can still be furnished to new subscribers. Though our edition is running low, we find, on counting, that we yet have a few sets more than we wish to save for binding. Hence, we can still supply copies of the entire volume at the rates heretofore offered to Agents.

In answer to frequent inquiries whether we can furnish all the back volumes, at what price, &c., we would again state that *neither of the first five volumes can be supplied.* We can only furnish the last five volumes —for 1855, '56, '57 '58 and '59. The price, bound, $3 per volume. The only complete volume we can furnish *unbound* is that of last year—price, $2. Copies of the Eleventh volume (1860,) will be furnished as soon as completed; price, bound, $3—unbound, $2.

☞ We have many orders on hand for all the back volumes, and regret that we can only furnish as above, except when we can purchase the first five volumes, as is occasionally the case.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—Very few of the subscribers to a good weekly newspaper are aware of the amount and variety of reading which is furnished them during the year. We have just turned the pages of "Moore's Rural," and we confess to a surprise at the variety and richness of its contents, bountifully illustrated as it is. Its leading feature and object is agriculture; but it contains a little of everything, "besides many other things." The bound volume is worth twice the cost of the subscription, which is $2 a year. It is one of the many good things furnished at Rochester, N. Y.—*N. Y. Observer, Nov. 6th.*

RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This is decidedly the best Agricultural and Family Newspaper in the world. Not a line appears in the columns of the *Rural* that a parent need fear to put into the hands of his children to read. It is proudly free from all sickly sentimentalism—pure in its tone and influence; at the same time its beautiful typography and attractively arrayed articles are calculated to make this paper a universal favorite. No deceptive advertisements are allowed to appear in its columns. If you desire an honest, faithful, reliable, and *instructive* home paper get "Moore's Rural New-Yorker."—*Clark's School Visitor.*

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.—This is the paper for the million. Taking the lead in its class—adapted to every rural fireside—cheap and good, practical and chaste—it has no competitor. New volume commences with the new year. Prospectus next week.—*Attica Atlas.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Dec. 4, 1860.

FLOUR.—Quotations unchanged and nothing doing except by retailers.

GRAIN.—The only alteration we are able to note in this branch of trade is in the price of wheat, which has declined 4@5 cents per bushel on Genesee, and 3c. on best Canadian.

PROVISIONS.—The prices remain at last quotations with but light transactions. Farmers are beginning to sell mutton by the carcass and quarter in the streets at 4@5 cents, as to quality.

POULTRY.—Thanksgiving being over there is a slight decline noted in most kinds of poultry. Chickens bring 7@8c, and Turkeys 9@10 cents per pound. Geese are in demand at 40@60 cents each.

DRIED FRUIT.—Apples have fallen off 6@9 cts. per bushel. Other kinds remain stationary.

HIDES AND SKINS.—Hides are down 5 cents. Sheep pelts do not move upward as is usual at this period of the year. The stringency in the money market is such that purchasers are scarce and wary. It is but seldom that our extreme rate, $1,25, is paid.

COAL.—By reference to this portion of our table it will be seen that a very material advance has been made. The difficulty in obtaining boats during the fall has made the stock short and dealers seem determined to make the most of what is on hand.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	18@19c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,25@6,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@0,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1,08@1,30	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,25	Apples, dried	66@66c
Corn, old	54@54c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush	00@62c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	26@27c	Potatoes	25@40c
Barley	50@56c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	37@40c	Slaughter	5@5c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	9@10c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$18,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	50@88c
Pork, clear	19,00@20,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	6,00@6,50	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	4,00@6,00	Timothy	2,25@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@6c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	11@12c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	8½@9c	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens	7@8c	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese	40@60c	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,35
Butter, roll	16@17c	Hay, tun	$9,00@18,00
Butter, firkin	15@16c	Straw, tun	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	11½@12c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,50@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.—FLOUR—Market heavy and 5 cts. lower, with only a very moderate demand for export and home consumption. Sales at $4,70@4,75 for super State; $4,85@4,95 for extra do; $4,70@4,90 for super Western; $1,85@5,15 for common to medium extra do; $5,15@5,20 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Canadian in limited request and prices favor the buyers; sales at $4,95@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat continues heavy and in favor of purchasers, while the slight advance in freights to-day have somewhat checked the export demand. Sales Chicago spring at $1,03@1,07; Milwaukee club at $1,10@1,11; amber Wisconsin at $1,12, winter red Western at $1,17@1,20; Canada club at 1,10, amber Iowa at $1,12, white Western at $1,30. Rye dull at 68@70c. Barley quiet at 68@85c: fair Canada West at 80c. Corn heavy and lower, with moderate business doing at the decline; sales at 63@64c for mixed Western, afloat and in store. Oats in moderate request at 37½@38½c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork firmer for mess and heavy and lower for prime; sales at $16,50@16,75 for old mess; $18 for new do.; $10,37½@10,50 for prime. Dressed hogs quiet and steady at 7c. for corn fed; live hogs firm at 5¾@5⅞c. Lard heavy and lower; sales at 10¾@10¾c. Butter 10@15c for Ohio, 14@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@10½c.

ASHES—Dull and unchanged. Sales 20 bbls. at $5,00 for Pots, and $5,12 for Pearls.

BUFFALO, Dec. 3.—FLOUR—The market quiet and nothing doing.

GRAIN—Wheat also quiet, the only sale reported being 600 bu. red winter at $1,05. Corn dull and no sales. Oats held at 24c. Barley in moderate demand; sales 9,000 bush. this morning, at 51c. Rye quiet at 78c.

PROVISIONS—Steady. Heavy mess Pork is selling at $17,00@18,00; no light mess or prime offering. Mess is quoted at $6,50 and prime at $5. Bacon scarce and none offering. Cheese is coming in very slowly, and the market is firm. Quotations from store are 10@11c. Lard quiet at 12½c.—*Com. Advertiser.*

ALBANY, Dec. 3.—FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been a fair business doing in Flour at the closing prices of Saturday. Buckwheat Flour and Corn Meal are unchanged.

GRAIN—But little doing in wheat, with only a moderate supply offering. Sales Spring State at $1,06, and red winter do. at $1,15. Corn rather firmer but quiet. Sales mixed Western at 65c. There is more activity in Barley, with an improved home demand, particularly for choice lots; sales winter at 65c. in store; Canada East, in store and afloat, at 73c, and Canada West, in store, at 80c. Oats have improved in value, with a fair demand at the improved price; sales State at 37c, and Canada East at 36c.

HOGS—The receipts are very light for the season, and the transactions are consequently restricted; sales 40 head of dressed State at $6,75@7 for light and heavy.—*Journal.*

TORONTO, Nov. 29.—FLOUR—There is a slightly improved feeling in the flour market, consequent upon the receipt of some small orders from Montreal, probably induced hither by the low prices. There is, however, no improvement in rates. We quote

Superfine No. 1	$4,45@4,65
Fancy	4,00@5,00
Extra	5,25@5,75
Double Extra	6,00@6,25

The quotations are in a great measure nominal. Oatmeal is in limited request at $4 per barrel.

GRAIN—The tendency of the market for wheat has been downward throughout the week, and prices for the most part show a decline for the week of from 5@7c, and in the fortnight of from 12@15c. The receipts have been very limited, amounting for the entire week to not over 8,000 bushels. For the best samples of white winter the price was $1,12½@1,15, and, in one or two cases, for a very prime lot $1,17 per bushel. For ordinary and good $1,10@1,12 were the current rates. The average price was about $1,13 per bushel. For spring wheat the demand is better than for winter grain, the result of an inquiry for milling purposes. Good qualities are placed without difficulty at 95c, while the ordinary lots are sold at 90c. per bushel. The supply has been very moderate throughout the week. Barley still keeps up, purchases made being on account of the local breweries, and the prices are consequently unaffected by the decline in other articles. Good to prime lots are worth from 50@55c per bushel. Rye is in very small supply, and importations from other lake ports have been received to meet the requirements of the local distilleries.—The price paid on this market was from 60@65c per bushel of 60 lbs. Peas are rather more freely offered, and the market is steady at 47½@50c. per bushel. Very large receipts may be expected as soon as the roads are in good condition. Oats are still steady at the old figures. Supply and demand are equally balanced, and an advance is only made by a slight falling off in the receipts. We quote them at 28@31c per bushel.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—Hogs received last week, 11,310, against 23,268 received the week previous. The receipts during the week have been very light, and under a good demand by shippers, and considerable inquiry by packers, the market has ruled firm and 15@20c higher. Yesterday the supply was light, and the market was firm at $5@5,10 gross; and yesterday, under a good inquiry by shippers and packers in Cleveland, the yards were cleaned out at a range of $5@5,25 gross. The sales were as follows:

145 Hogs averaging	325 lbs at		$5,25
84 " "	310 lbs at		5,20
115 " "	300 lbs at		5,15
111 " "	256 lbs at		5,10
85 " "	285 lbs at		5,10
130 " "	290 lbs at		5,10
100 " "	270 lbs at		5,00
100 " "	230 lbs at		5,00
54 " "	210 lbs at		5,00
81 " "	235 lbs at		5,00
195 " "	248 lbs at		5,00
182 " "	265 lbs at		5,00
80 " "	212 lbs, at		4,75

—[*Democrat.*

CINCINNATI, Nov. 29.—The receipts of Hogs have fallen off largely within the last few days, and to-day there were few on the market. Prices ranged from $5,80@6,00 for 200 to 230 lb averages, but at these figures sellers were scarce, and as matters now stand the market could not be sustained under a moderate pressure to sell. Nearly all the packers are holding off, in anticipation of lower rates. For hog products there is but little demand, the unsettled condition of money matters preventing orders from consuming districts.—*Gazette.*

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 28.—Buyers are generally holding off. Some small lots have been sold at 5¾c, 5¾c, and 6c, dividing on 175 and 200 lbs; but many could not be sold at these figures. To-day, 800 hogs, to average 220 lbs, sold at 5¼c net. Packers offer 5¼@5¾c net, dividing on 200 lbs. Sellers generally hold at ¼c higher. About 5,000 killed to date.—Only three houses are yet operating.—*Democrat.*

LOUISVILLE, (Ky.) Nov. 24.—Hogs have declined, and we regard $1 gross as the top of the market: Sales have been made during the week at $5,50@6 net, for cash and six months' time. The sales of the week comprised 1,175 head at quotations.—*Journal.*

TORONTO, Nov. 24.—Fresh pork is increasing in the supply and the first instalment of very large deliveries is already finding good sale, at prices, however, a shade lower than last week. For the best and heaviest hogs $6 ℔ 100 lbs is the highest price realized,—ranging according to quality from that down to $5,60.—*Globe.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$9,00@9,50
Ordinary quality	8,50@9,00
Common quality	7,25@8,00
Inferior quality	6,00@7,00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb.	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,00@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	5¼@5⅝c
Other qualities	4½@5 c

ALBANY, Dec. 3.—BEEVES—The trade in cattle this week presents a singular feature. While holders expected, on account of their being 1,000 head less on sale than on Monday last, they would be able to spring the market ½@¾c ℔ lb, live weight, not for an instant supposing that the Eastern buyers could be crowded out of the market;—but like all other calculations in times of a panic, they have jumped at this short supply as a "sure thing," without cause, and instead of a brisk market with an advance, we have to quote a dull one, with scarcely any change in prices; the *best bunches* being mostly sought for by the New Yorkers, at perhaps an advance of ⅛c ℔ lb, while some of the lower grades have fallen off in a like proportion.

Receipts—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad estimating 17 cattle to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Corresponding week last year.
Cattle	2,480	3,632	2,350
Sheep	3,938	4,830	5,700
Hogs	430	210	2,275

Prices—

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	5 @5½	0 @
Extra	4⅝@4⅞	4⅝@4⅞
First quality	3¾@4⅛	3¾@4⅛
Second quality	3 @3¼	3 @3¼
Third quality	2¼@2½	2¼@2½

CAMBRIDGE, Nov. 27.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,293; about 1000 Beeves, and 292 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,50@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—4,500 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,75@2 each; extra, $2,25, 2,75@3,25.

HIDES—6@6½c. Tallow, 6½@7c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ℔ lb. Pelts, $1,00@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Nov. 28.—At market, 1,100 Beeves, about 900 Stores, 4,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,200 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,25@0,00; first quality, $6,75@7,00; second quality, $0,00@6,50; third quality, $4,00@5,50; ordinary quality, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—None.

MILCH COWS—$39@40; common, $18@19.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@16.

HIDES—6½@7c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@2,00; extra, $2,75@3,00.

PELTS—$1@$1,50 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6@7c ℔ lb; retail 7@8½c; Spring pigs 7½c; retail 7½@8½c; fat hogs, undressed, none; corn fed, 8½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—The market is dull and unsettled; Clothing qualities are offered lower, but coarse grades, from scarcity, maintain former prices. The only sales we hear of are 40 bales Rio Grande, and 30 do. Chilian Mestiza, on terms not made public.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	51@58
Am. full-blood Merino	48@52
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	43@46
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	34@38
Extra, Pulled	—@—
Superfine, Pulled	34@36
No. 1, Pulled	28@30
Lamb's, Pulled	34@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	18@22
California, common do.	10@14
Peruvian, washed	25@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	12@13
South Am. common washed	10@14
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	17@18
South American, unwashed	8@10
South American Cordova, washed	20@22
East India, washed	12@25
African, unwashed	9@18
African, washed	16@28
Smyrna, unwashed	11@18
Smyrna, washed	22@28
Mexican, unwashed	11@14

BOSTON, Nov. 28.—Sales of 50,000 lbs, Wool at various prices. In foreign Wool sales of 100 bales Cape of Good Hope and Mediterranean.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	22@37
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	10@17
Do. No. 1	35@38	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Marriages.

ON the 28th ult., at the residence of the bride's father, in this city, by the Rev. Mr. MONTGOMERY, HENRY GALETTE CUSHMAN and CHARLOTTE A., second daughter of C. G. Wilson, Esq.

IN Irvington, Iowa, May 2th by A. B. MASON, J. P., Mr. OSCAR STEPHENS and Miss JANE M. COVRO, both of Clear Lake.

Deaths.

IN Evans, Erie county, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1860, Deacon JOHN FRARY, aged 67 years.

As an officer of the Church, he was ever at his post. As a Christian, conscientious and devoted; as a husband, father, and Christian, he has left an example worthy of imitation,—"He being dead, yet speaketh."—COM.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

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FROM $10 TO $50 PER WEEK—Can be made clear of all expenses, by an energetic Agent in selling GOOD BOOKS. My Catalogue of new and fresh BOOKS FOR AGENTS is now ready. Send for it.
Address FREDERICK W. PRINCE,
569-4t 35 Park Row, New York.

APPLE GRAFTS. I will sell Apple Grafts this winter and coming spring. Apple grafts got up in the best style, on good healthy stock, and popular varieties, such as are generally grown in this vicinity, for $5,00 ℔ 1,000, in quantities over 10,000. W. D. STROWGER.
Penfield, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1860. 569tf

THE PENMAN'S MANUAL.

BEING a New Theory and System of Practical Penmanship, Designed as a Text Book for Schools and Private Students. Price Fifty Cents.

This is the title of a new work just issued, which it is believed will do more to improve the penmanship of all classes than all others ever before written. It teaches not only how to write, but instructs in what good writing consists. Knowing this, the student becomes a critic, and this point attained, nothing but practice is necessary to make him an accomplished penman.

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THE THIRD VOLUME of the
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Commences January 1st, 1861.

IT is devoted exclusively to matters relating to the care and management of our domestic animals, and is by far the largest, cheapest and most widely circulated paper of the kind in the world. No stock grower can AFFORD to be without it.

☞ Sixteen large octavo pages, handsomely Illustrated. Published Monthly, at 25 Park Row, New York, at $1,00 per year in advance. *Specimen Copies gratis.*
D. C. LINSLEY, Editor and Proprietor.
OTIS F. R. WAITE, Associate Editor.

Newspapers giving the above advertisement two insertions, and sending a marked copy to A. G. HATCH, Windsor, Vt., will receive a copy of the paper one year free.
A. G. HATCH, General Agent.

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There is no publication in the world from which you can gain so much valuable information relative to the Laws of Life and Health, as

The Water-Cure Journal.

In it the true nature and cause of disease are fully and rationally explained, and one of its principal objects is to teach

How to Keep Well.

But as some from Hereditary affections, or supposed unavoidable causes do not enjoy health, one department of the JOURNAL is devoted to articles relative to the treatment of diseases, where you may learn

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The JOURNAL is now in the fifteenth year of publication, and thousands in every part of the country are ready to testify to the priceless benefits they have derived from its perusal.

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D. C. LINSLEY, Editor and Proprietor.
OTIS F. R. WAITE, Associate Editor.

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In a New and Beautiful Style of Binding, gotten up expressly for Agents and Canvassers. 569-4t

MIDDLEBURY ACADEMY—Its Winter Term opens Monday, Dec. 3d. There will be a Teachers' Class,—*tuition free.* M. WEED.
Wyoming, N. Y., Nov. 19th, 1860. 566-2t

MORE AGENTS WANTED.—We want about 30 more good Agents, to sell our subscription Books.
Address LIBERTY HALL & BRO,
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CLOVER STREET SEMINARY.—The Winter Term will commence Monday, Dec 10th, 1860. Circulars may be obtained at the Bookstore of STEELE, AVERY & CO., No. 18 State Street, Rochester, N. Y., or of
568-3t AMY MOORE, Principal.

THE UNIVERSAL PLOW. BRAY'S COMBINED PEELER AND GIBBS'S CYLINDER PLOW, so constructed that every variety of blade can be attached to one and the same beam; possessing three essential requisites, either one of which makes it a success:—1. *It saves labor;* 2. *It saves time;* 3. *It saves money.* Rights of counties in the States of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the six New England States; and also agencies sold by the proprietor. Address WILLIAM M'KENDREE BRAY,
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THE TRIBUNE FOR 1861.

PROSPECTUS.

THE XXth Volume of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE commenced with the issue of Sept. 1. During the past year The Tribune has been obliged to devote quite a large proportion of its space to Politics, but we shall soon be able to forego Political discussion almost entirely, for months if not for years, and devote nearly all our columns to subjects of less intense, but more abiding, interest. Among these, we mean to pay especial attention to,

I. EDUCATION.—The whole subject of Education, both Popular and General, will be discussed in our columns throughout the year 1861, and we hope to elicit in that discussion some of the profoundest thinkers and the ablest instructors in our country. It is at once our hope and our resolve that the cause of Education shall receive an impetus from the exertions of THE TRIBUNE in its behalf during the year 1861.

II. AGRICULTURE.—We have been compelled to restrict our elucidations of this great interest throughout 1860, and shall endeavor to atone therefor in 1861. Whatever discovery, deduction, demonstration, is calculated to render the reward of labor devoted to cultivation more ample or more certain, shall receive prompt and full attention.

III. MANUFACTURES, &c.—We hail every invention or enterprise whereby American Capital and Labor are attracted to and advantageously employed in any department of Manufacturing or Mechanical Industry as a real contribution to the Public Weal, insuring ampler, steadier, more convenient, more remunerating markets to the Farmer, with fuller employment and better wages to the Laborer. The progress of Mining, Iron-Making, Steel-Making, Cloth-Weaving, &c., &c., in our country and the world, shall be watched and reported by us with an earnest and active sympathy.

IV. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—We employ the best correspondents in London, Paris, Turin, Berlin, and other European Capitals, to transmit us early and accurate advices of the great changes there silently but certainly preparing. In spite of the pressure of Domestic Politics, our News from the Old World is now varied and ample; but we shall have to render it more perfect during the eventful year just before us.

V. HOME NEWS.—We employ regular paid correspondents in California, at the Isthmus of Darien, in the Rocky Mountain Gold Region, and wherever else they seem requisite. From the more accessible portions of our own country, we derive our information mainly from the multifarious correspondents of the Associated Press, from our exchanges, and the occasional letters of intelligent friends. We aim to print the cheapest general newspaper, with the fullest and most authentic summary of useful intelligence, that is anywhere afforded. Hoping to "make each day a critic on the last," and print a better and better paper from year to year, as our means are steadily enlarged through the generous co-operation of our many well-wishers, we solicit, and shall labor to deserve, a continuance of public favor.

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Rochester, N. Y., August 21, 1860. 554-tf

FARM FOR SALE.—About to remove from the State, I offer for sale, very cheap, my Farm of 200 acres, one mile from Waterloo,—100 acres in wood, worth half the price I ask for the farm. New house and barn, peppermint distillery and building, orchard and two good wells.—Liberal credit for one half the purchase money.
Address O. B. CLARK,
August 11, 1860.—tf. Waterloo, Seneca Co., N. Y.

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"DICK'S ACCOUNTANT AND DISPATCH PATENT."

The Inventor's Claims as acknowledged and protected by the Governments of Canada, the United States, and Great Britain; with explanations.

WHAT I claim as my invention is, the contrivance of keeping accounts current, of whatever kind, description, or variety, in printed form, by keeping the statements of the several accounts standing in printers' type, or their equivalents, the type being so arranged in form as to admit of being readily and quickly readjusted in any particular part, where an account may have undergone a change, by the lapse of time or the current of business transactions; so that, when readjusted in all such parts up to any given date, an impression then taken from the type shall exhibit, in printed form, the true state of all the accounts so kept, accurately representing all the balances or conclusions, in accordance with the end or ends contemplated in keeping the record; rendering it, in commercial business, a balance sheet of the most compact and perfect character, the details of management being substantially as recited in specification, wherein it is shown, that the fact or facts to be recorded, may be represented by figures, symbols, dates, or numbers, used either separately or in combination, or by whatever else will indicate the facts as desired; and furthermore, based on this primary invention, I also claim the device or contrivance of rendering or transmitting accounts in partial or full statements, when the statement or statements so sent are thus, or substantially thus, kept in type, by the contrivances of my invention, be the medium of transmission what it may; but the particular mode of rendering accounts by the use of the Dispatch Machine, constituted of Apron Movement, Reel, and Cutter Stamp, I claim in the broadest and fullest sense; and also the machine itself, embracing all its forms and modes of operating, as indicated in describing it, either as a simple hand instrument, or as propelled by machinery. And in connection with these specific claims, and based upon them, I also claim all other means and appliances substantially the same as those herein claimed or intended to be claimed. With these claims fully acknowledged and protected as above, this Invention has already spread itself over Canada, fourteen States of the American Union, and into Great Britain, and is now used in more than one hundred Newspaper Offices. Its immense value to banking and similar institutions will be shown in a circular which will make its appearance soon. Meanwhile, applications for information, "Deeds of Rights," or "Dispatch Machines," will receive due attention, when addressed either to

Rev. ROBERT DICK,
Buffalo, N. Y., or Fort Erie, C. W.

Or to his Agent and Attorney,
JOHN J. HAINES, London, England.

☞ To "LEX," who in the *Montreal Gazette* of 1st February, 1860, pronounces the "idea" of keeping accounts current "in type," a "gross absurdity," thanks are hereby tendered, and the assurance given, that this gross absurdity is all that Mr. DICK has patented in the domain of keeping accounts. His claims hinder no operation therein into which this gross absurdity is not piratically smuggled in any manner; neither bodily nor partially; neither directly nor indirectly; neither explicitly nor symbolically; this ground his claims cover, and nothing more; the absolute monopoly of this absurdity and nothing else, is all he asks as his claims, rationally read, attest. ☜ 538-tf

A SCORE OF YEARS AGO.

Down by the breaking waves we stood,
Upon the rocky shore:
The brave waves whisper'd courage,
And bid with friendly roar
The fait'ring words that told the tale
I dared not tell before.

I ask'd, if with the priceless gift,
Her love, my life she'd bless.
Was it her voice, or some fair wave—
Far south, I scarce may guess—
Some murmuring wave, or her sweet voice,
That lisp'd so sweetly "Yes."

And then, in happy silence, too,
I clasp'd her fair wee hand;
And long we stood there, carelessly,
While o'er the darkening land
The sunset and the fishing boats
Were sailing from the strand.

It seems not many days ago—
Like yesterday—no more,
Since thus we stood, my love and I,
Upon the rocky shore;
But I was four and twenty *then*,
And *now* I'm forty-four.

The lily hand is thinner now,
And in her sunny hair
I see some silvery lines, and on
Her brow some lines of care;
But, wrinkled brow, or silver locks,
She's not one whit less fair.

The fishing boats a score of years
Go sailing from the strand;
The crimson sun a score of years
Sets o'er the darkened land;
And here to-night upon the cliff
We're standing hand in hand.

"My darling, there's our eldest girl,
Down on the rocks below;
What's Stanley doing by her side?"
My wife says, "You should know;
He's telling her what you told me
A score of years ago." *Once a Week.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MY AUTOGRAPH.

BY EVAN KENYON, JR.

[Concluded from page 388, last number.]

That evening we had a gay time at the Star House. The boarders assembled in the drawing-room, and we passed the evening till a late hour in music and pleasantry. Miss Lipscomb seemed to avoid me, though more than usually gracious to others. I was cut to the heart, and begged to know "the head and front of my offending," as Shakspeare says. She assured me of her regard, and condescended to play a game of chess with me, saying that we should then be more retired from the crowd.

I found her quite expert at the game, but as she gave it her whole attention, thus excusing herself from conversation, I soon tired of it. What I wanted was to study *her*, not *chess*.

"Do you know," said I, "that a gentleman in this house was robbed last night, of bills and money to a large amount?"

"Yes," she said, "most of us knew it this morning. Our hostess told the ladies. She says he does not wish anything said about it at present."

"Have they any suspicions of the servants?" said I.

"None, I think," she answered, scanning the board attentively, and changing the subject immediately.

Just then our landlady, Mrs. R., approached us and said,

"My dear Miss Lipscomb, are you aware that you have left your room door open? You should be more careful. Remember you are in New York."

"O, well," answered Miss Julia, gaily, "I think I am safe. I have no jewelry, except a watch, which I always carry with me, and I am sure nobody but myself would wear my dresses."

I thought I would hazzard one more shot.

"Speaking of robbery," I said, "I am happy to inform you that the business on which I came to New York is nearly finished,—we now think we have a clue to the Kelso and Cameron affair."

I was looking at her. She raised her head with a sudden motion, and the glance she gave me was one of mingled inquiry and surprise. The expression was transient, but like a flash it called to mind the young man whom I had seen as I came through Spring street.

"Yes," I continued, without giving her time to reply, "I shall now return to St. Louis very soon,—perhaps I may have the pleasure to accompany you part of the way. When do you leave?"

"That will depend on my brother. We expect him to-morrow. If he comes, we shall leave the next day."

I thought her voice faltered a little, and her face flushed deeply.

"It is so warm," she said, "I think I will go to my room. I shall not need to finish our game, for, see, I should check-mate you in the next move."

"I see," said I, taking her hand and pressing it gently, "you play a deep game, Miss Julia."

She gave me a keen look, and left the room. At breakfast she did not appear, but I did not lose heart on that account.

My room adjoined Miss Lipscomb's on one side, her father's on the other. They had formerly formed a suite, the doors which connected them still remaining. I lay awake a good part of that night, planning and speculating. My bed stood near the partition wall, but a step from the connecting door. People were always coming and going in the night, though not as many as from some other hotels. About twelve o'clock, when most of the boarders were sound asleep, I heard a waiter knock at Mr. Lipscomb's door, and inform him that his son had arrived. A few moments after I heard the waiter usher that important personage to his father's room. He was met at the door with a slap on the shoulder, and a—

"How are you, Tommy, my dear boy! Safe and sound, eh?"

That was all for some time. Then I began to hear, or fancy I heard, a low murmur in the room between. I thought it must be a devoted brother, who could not wait till morning to see his sister. Wishing if possible to see such a model, I arose and applied my eye to the key-hole of her door. It was filled with paper, but I could see a light in the crack at the threshold. I could faintly distinguish the voices of all three within. With a slight push with my finger, I could have put the paper through, but that would never do. I had a pair of tweezers, and with them I succeeded in drawing it out on my side, though with sufficient noise to occasion the new comer to say,—

"What the deuce is that?"

I looked through the keyhole, but for some time saw not a soul. They were evidently near together at one side of the room. I heard paper rustle and leaves turned. Presently some one crossed the room to examine the door into the entry. Judging by the legs, I guessed it to be the brother. In his hand was Miss Julia's autograph book, open at a blue leaf.

I had written on a blue leaf. A queer time of night to show her brother my autograph.

"Here, in this house, did you say?" asked Master Tommy; and Miss Julia answered,—

"Yes, here."

"That's bad. No, not so bad either," replied he.

There was some more talk in muffled tones, then father and son made their exit by the door of their room, which was directly opposite that in mine. Miss Julia, in a rich dressing-gown, arose and locked it. She was handsomer than ever, *en dishabille*. Turning, she faced me,—her wrapper hung open, and her first step displayed *as masculine a limb as I ever beheld*.

I was never busier than on the day following this discovery. I wonder I did not faint. I got to bed more dead than alive, and did not sleep much.

Directly after breakfast I made my appearance at *the* house on the corner of Spring street. I greatly feared that I was on Tom Fool's errand; but the door was opened by the girl I was in pursuit of, and that was something. I entered immediately, and without more ado, asked her if she knew a lady named Julia Lipscomb. She evinced no surprise, and said she did not,—never heard of her.

"Very well," said I, "do you know a delicate looking young man, with large blue eyes and curly brown hair,—golden brown?"

She blushed, and said she knew several similar ones.

"I mean the one who called here on Tuesday," said I confidently. "You know you stood talking with him at the door when two men drove by, and you went to the corner to look after them. Don't you remember only three days ago?"

"Well, what if I do?" she asked nervously.

"Why nothing, only one of those gentlemen has something to say to him, as he can do him a great service, and he would like to know where he can see him."

"One of those gentlemen," said she, thrown off her guard, "knows where to find him, I fancy, when he wants him."

"O," said I, "you mean Mr. Lipscomb. I mean his friend, Mr. Washburn, of St. Louis. Didn't your young friend, or lover, perhaps, mention him?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said, petulantly. "You have probably mistaken the person."

"How can that be, my child?" I spoke gravely, for she was not over sixteen, and I pitied her. "You just said that one of the gentlemen knew him. Now, I was the other, and as I know who was with me, how can I be mistaken in this?"

She looked puzzled, and a little frightened.

"Let me sit down somewhere, and I will tell you all about it," said I, and she showed me into a neat back room, plain even to poverty.

"Now," said I, "I know only part of the story, and guess part. This young man passes himself off for a woman. Perhaps you know that?" She said nothing, but trembled violently.

"This young man writes a great deal, and keeps a book, which he gets gentlemen who are rich to write their names in. Then he and his pretended father and brother talk over these names in their rooms. In the meantime, stores, hotels, private houses, are robbed; forgeries are committed, and this young man seems to know nothing about it."

The poor thing's eyes stared and stared at me, and though the tears stood in them, they did not fall.

"Now, my dear, you see something must be done, and if you can tell me anything, you had better tell it, for before night the young man will be with those who will make him tell all he knows."

"O, sir!" she cried, "tell me what they will do to him. They can't prove anything."

"I am afraid they can," said I. "He will go to States Prison, probably. Perhaps, though, you can tell me something that will help me to save him. I will, if I can."

"Will you? Are you his friend? O, if my mother were only here to tell me what to do. God forgive me if I do him wrong."

"Where is your mother?"

"Gone out to sew. We work for the slop-shops."

"Have you no money?"

"Only this. Charley gave me this to-day."

She showed me a bill, which I took and examined. It was a two dollar bill on the —— Bank of Albany. I took out my note-book, and found that the number corresponded with that of the lowest one of those stolen from our hotel two nights before. Here was something, truly. I gave her three dollars in change, and retained the bill, telling her there was a discount on it, and she would be troubled to pass it.

Little by little I drew from her their humble family history. They had always been poor. Her father had been a drunkard and gambler, connected with men hardened in vice. Her mother was of a different stamp; honest, industrious and ambitious,—more for her children than herself. Both her children were intelligent and handsome, the boy eminently so. But no one took them by the hand, and they struggled in the slough of sin and poverty, which swallows half the children of great cities. The boy was precocious, and took to bad company, as if by nature, yet, withal, he had the elements of a gentleman in him. He had a talent for writing and drawing. His mother got him apprenticed to an engraver, but evil associates surrounded him, and he was discharged from his employment. He grew intimate with a young fellow, older by some years than himself, and whom Tommy Lipscomb greatly resembled. He talked of him at home, calling him "a splendid buck, with heaps o' money, and not afraid to spend it."

He often laughed about the boys calling him a girl in boy's clothes. He said his new friend declared himself in love with him.

Poor Charley was not fifteen when he disappeared, and his mother and sister heard no more of him for a long time. When he returned, he was pale and older looking. He had lived much in two years. Had been to California and thro' the Southern States; made "lots o' money," (he did not say how,) and was going to England with a gentleman who had taken a great deal of pains with his education.

That was all they knew, till now he had suddenly returned again, coming from, they knew not where.

Other than this I could gain no information, save that he had told his sister that he had a handsome trunk, and several silk dresses, which he would send her after he left New York.

The inside of that trunk I was determined to see. On reaching my lodgings, I found that Miss Lipscomb still kept her room, and that they had ordered the hack to convey them to the Railroad Depot in time for the first morning train. I had n't much time to work.

I requested our polite hostess to invite Miss Julia to favor us with some music in the evening, as it was her last evening with us. Very graciously she accepted, and was accompanied by both her father and brother, the latter a black-eyed, snobbish-looking fellow, with a profusion of black moustache and beard.

I had borrowed of the landlady the key of the door which opened into my room, and while Miss Julia sang, I withdrew to reconnoiter. Her large traveling trunk I found open in various places, with a few things scattered about, as some young ladies are apt to leave their wardrobe; but I thought the display rather ostentatious. It seemed useless to search, for the different compartments were easily seen, and were filled with feminine finery.

I lifted the bonnet box, and was about to replace it, when I was struck with the disparity between the depth of the inside and the outside. Taking out the bonnet, I tapped upon the bottom, and it sounded hollow; but no slide, no opening was visible. I turned it every way but inside out. The bottom was painted, while the rest was either leather or papered wood. I wondered that I had not noticed that more particularly. Placing it on the floor, bottom upward, I laid my hand on it, and moved it backward and forward. It certainly slipped one way. Again I tried, and harder. It slid out like the lid of a cigar box, and there lay a pile of papers of various sorts. On several sheets were patterns of letters in different languages, such as engravers use as copies. On others were portions of these transcribed, with remarkable accuracy, with pen and ink. There, too, lay the autograph book, and several sheets of paper thickly filled with striking fac similes of some of the signatures. One whole page was filled with the name of Withington Washburn, so like the copy that I should scarcely have known the difference. There were a few packages of bills, some of which belonged to the gentleman boarding in the house, and some, to my great joy, were the property of Kelso and Cameron.

The game was up now,—the secret of Miss Julia's inky finger fully explained.

Replacing all things except the bills, as I found them, I returned to the drawing-room, and paid due attention to the performance of the divine Julia until the party retired.

They intended to be gone before I was up, but I was down stairs before them, and requested the pleasure of accompanying Miss Lipscomb to the cars. Her brother scowled, and her father did not look well pleased, but I went. I wished to spare our house the disgrace of the arrest. At the Depot we were met by a posse of our attentive police, who, notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, escorted all hands of us to the office of the Chief.

Of course the Lipscombs,—father and son, who, by-the-way, were only related thro' Adam and his sins,—were furnished with snug quarters at Sing-Sing. On divesting the young man of his profuse growth of hair, Mr. Kelso had no difficulty in recognizing him as the late applicant for employment in his office.

The confession of the boy Charley, brought to light other confederates, and considerable missing property. He saved himself by telling all he knew, when he found I knew it before hand; and through the influence of Mr. Kelso and the *real* Mr. Washburn, he was rescued from the ruin which I feared had already overtaken him. He and his mother and sister have lived in St. Louis these fifteen years or more, and as no one knew his real name, it is not disgraced there, but it is known only as that of a superior engraver.

Wit and Humor.

[Our artist has recently had his mind considerable *exercised* by observing the *cutting* manner in which sundry low-priced weekly papers are made up from the Rural New-Yorker and other expensively conducted journals. He professes to have discovered that most of the so-called cheap papers are either re-prints of dailies, or edited with pens formed like unto *shears* and *scissors*—a labor-saving invention which, though not altogether new, is ahead of the sheep-shearing machine, for it enables the operator, in many instances, to so disguise the fleece as to effectually pull the wool over the eyes of his readers. Of course these "sappers and miners," who ruthlessly steal and use as original, (or borrow without giving credit,) the best articles from leading journals, have so little occasion for ink, &c., that their writing materials are "laid on the shelf" and enveloped in cobwebs. He has endeavored to illustrate his *notion* on the subject in the annexed cut and dialogue:]

HOW THEY MAKE CHEAP WEEKLIES.

Old Scissors—(to assistants)—"Cut fast now, and a few more borrowed articles will do the business. Don't give credit (except *Ex.*) to any article from Moore's Rural, or any other popular paper."

Little Scissors—(more wordy than wise)—"Should this snow-storm continue, we will fail to issue our next number, I fear, because you know the mail-train won't be able to get through with the exchanges."

[Old Scissors looks awful wrathy, and does not feel a bit better as the printer's devil pops his head in at the slide, and sings out in an exceedingly insinuating manner, "*Moore copy.*"]

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER AND ONE OF ITS IMITATORS.

Three weeks ago a sense of duty and justice to the Press, the People, and the Rural New-Yorker, constrained us to indite and publish the following article:

Not this Paper—*but a Politico-Agricultural one.*—While in New York city, recently, two or three parties informed us that they had heard of our offering the Rural New-Yorker, for clubbing with country papers, at *fifty cents a year*, and wished to know if such was the fact. As we had never offered our paper to the press, even for the purpose named, at less than the lowest club rate, we of course promptly denied the *soft* impeachment. We are not doing that kind of business, and suspect our inquiring friends have got matters a little mixed. Reckon they must refer to the *Rural* ——, a paper started several years ago, somewhat in imitation of this journal in form, &c. It commenced as a weekly, but was, if we remember correctly, soon changed to a semi monthly. We think it is now issued weekly again—though we are not positive, for we have not seen a number in over a year, (having stricken it from our exchange list long ago, for pirating upon our pages and giving no credit.) It is, or was, *a great paper*, in its peculiar way—but we don't think it will succeed in permanently subsidizing itself for a dozen copies of agricultural journals in as many years, if fairly judged. Indeed, we suppose the best to be that it is *a political paper* in the guise of an agricultural journal—"stealing the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in"—for we have a Circular to Post-Masters, (issued some time ago,) wherein its claims are urged, and favor sought, on the ground of being an advocate of certain political principles; and it very innocently adds that such doctrines can be more successfully inculcated in a *rural* than an avowed *political* paper! [The circular alluded to was sent us by a P. M. who did not fancy its tenor, with a request to expose the "sell."] This was an "artful dodge," to be sure. How many others have emanated from the same source we wot not; but the offer to country papers belongs to the same category. We suspect, however, that the conductors of the press are a little too shrewd to be thus induced to club with and commend such a publication—though, we observe that one of our friends has "put his foot in it," ankle deep.

—Let it be distinctly understood, by both Press and People, that we base the claims of the Rural New-Yorker upon its *merits* and *intrinsic value* alone, instead of mere size or price—and moreover that we do not wish it mixed or confounded with any other "Rural." That's all we ask in the premises.

Through the kindness of an Oneida Co. friend and agent of this journal, we have been favored with *Miner's Rural American* of the 24th ult., which contains a very logical, elegant, and withal, amusing rejoinder to the above—a reply eminently worthy its source, and so rich that we cannot forbear giving it entire, *verbatim et literatim, etc.* As a specimen of "strong writing," it is noteworthy, being in the powerful, argumentative, eloquent, persuasive and refined language which hereinafter followeth, to wit, namely:

The Rural New-Yorker.

We learn that *Moore*, of the *Rural New-Yorker*, has spasms frequently, in view of the great popularity and extensive circulation of the *Rural American!* Poor fellow! He is to be pitied; but we do not think it exactly expedient to abandon our business, just to please him. *(a)*

It is a pleasure to deal with such men as Messrs. Tucker & Son, of the "*Country Gentleman*," who are *gentlemen*, as well as scores of other agricultural editors; but Moore is one of your piggardly, mean fellows, who has a soul no larger than the point of a needle. We will give an example of the fellow's "*model*" transactions. *(b)*

Some years ago he took offense at our criticisms of articles in his paper on domestic fowls, and stopped sending us his paper as an exchange. We then enclosed $2 in a letter, sent it to him, for the paper a year, as we were keeping files of all such papers; and we did not care a fig whether he would exchange with us or not. Well, the "*model*" editor sent the money back, refusing to send his paper for the *cash*, and put us to the expense of 10 *cents postage on his letter*. *(c)*

Another instance of this "*model*" publisher's meanness, is as follows: A few weeks ago, we sent an advertisement of Concord Grape vines to the "*Country Gentleman*," and to the *Rural New-Yorker*. The editors of the "*Country Gent.*" inserted it, and were *gentlemen* enough to take *one-third* of their regular rates; but Moore, the "*model*" editor, threw it under the table, and did not even notify us that it would not be inserted! *(d)*

We should not have alluded to this contemptible fellow, if he were not in the practice of assailing us, occasionally, in an underhanded way—just as a highwayman will stab a man in the back, under the cover of midnight darkness. *(e)*

It is always remarked by those who study human nature, that a man who attacks a person, by sneaking behind some covert position, without coming out boldly and in a *manly* manner, and calling him by name, may be set down as possessing an inordinate degree of *meanness*. *(f)*

One of Moore's themes of vituperation against us, is that we have had the "audacity" to use the word "*Rural*" as a prefix to the name of our paper; and that we have divided it into departments, in some degree as he has his paper. He seems to imagine that he has a copy-right to the *English language*, and that no one but himself has any right to publish matter, under the heads, "*Educational*," "*Story Teller*," &c! He must either be a fool, or devoid of common sense, to suppose that a publisher is not justified in getting up a paper in just such a style as he pleases, without asking his consent. *(g)*

We are not disposed to handy words with any *civil* editor; but if Moore persists in meddling with our affairs, we shall give him his full deserts. Some men know enough to mind their own business, and some do not. Moore, and Judd of the *Am. Agriculturist*, are of the latter class. *(h)*

—To all which we respond in the following hastily-penned running commentary:

(a) As an exordium that will do. Though abrupt and vehement, it is indicative of what follows. The writer is evidently exercised by our plain statement of facts. "We learn"—an easy matter, when not only the writer, but over a score of other persons in his village take the Rural New-Yorker! But the "spasms frequently" on *our* part, and "great popularity and extensive circulation" of the R. A., is not quite so patent, for "no other paper has the news." The expression is slightly mixed or transposed, for to be *true*, the "frequent spasms" should refer to him of the R. A., and the "popularity and circulation" to the Rural New-Yorker—a correction which every intelligent reader will make.

(b) Glad he has *any* pleasure; thought one so conscienceless could not realize that sensation. "Niggardly," "mean," "soul no larger than the point of a needle," are decidedly original and argumentative expressions—albeit they have too much the odor of the stable to be appreciated by people of refined taste. "Model" reminds us that the same writer "once on a time" (in his monthly, and *before starting a weekly.*) commended Moore's Rural New-Yorker as the "Model Agricultural and Family Newspaper of the Union." [We quote from memory, as we did not save the "first-rate notice."]

(c) The idea of our taking offence at his fowl criticisms is, in plain English, all "gammon"—a *foul* dodge, as the writer knows. No, sir!—*you* well know that the sole and only reason of our striking the R. A. from our exchange list was because it copied columns and pages of our original matter, and gave no credit whatever. Some people would call your conduct violating the Commandment which says "*Thou shalt not steal;* but you now add insult to injury by breaking the next command—"*Thou shalt not bear false witness.*" The stealing—yes *stealing* is the word—from our pages was so notorious that it was condemned editorially by several papers at the time. Stopped the exchange on account of "fowl criticisms," forsooth! The *canard* about subjecting him to ten cents postage would be wicked, did not the "truth of history" render it absurd and laughable—the truth being that such a thing was impossible, for the simple reason that his sheet was not started till *years after* the 10 cent rate and credit system of postage were abolished!! Unlike some of his others, therefore, *that* tale "has not enough of truth to point the lie with venom!" Its author should remember the adage which intimates that a certain class of people should have good memories.

(d) "Meanness." That is a slight improvement on "niggardly," "mean," etc., and our "sapper and miner" evidently believes in progress, even in Billingsgate. But his memory is slightly treacherous again—for the advertisement was *not* "of the Concord Grape" alone, (as his generous C. G. friends can bear us witness,) but also included the R. A.; and any one who has so long read and copied from the Rural New-Yorker ought to understand, by this time, that we do *not*, knowingly, insert "*deceptive advertisements* (or those of humbugs,) *on any conditions.*" Why should we *notify him* of what was already patent to "all the world and the rest of mankind?" Stupid mortal! We may be "niggardly," "mean," a "highwayman," etc., but we *never could descend* to so low a thing as to advertise, for pay, such an egregious and contemptible sell as *Miner's Rural American!* Make up faces and call us names, school-boy like—do anything, everything, but pray never ask us to commit *such* a "meanness" as *that!*

(e) "Contemptible fellow," "highwayman," etc.—more progress—nice "family paper"—a month's reading of it must be as good for boys as driving on the canal a whole season!

(f) Not much "Progress and Improvement" here, "sneaking" being the only evidence of "Excelsior" in phraseology. Were not aware that we had alluded to the waspish giant (?) for years—since we first *illustrated* the mode of making cheap weeklies—though we have had many opportunities and even *requests* to expose his *operations*, (the vending of a bee-hive labeled patented being only one item; whether it was ever patented, any one interested can ascertain on application to the Commissioner of Patents.)

(g) The "Excelsior" of Buncombe is reached in this nonsense, for, as our long-time readers are aware, we have never objected or even alluded to such matters. Indeed, when our article was written we had only seen *one number* of the R. A. in over two years (but that one, by the way, had two of our articles on its first page, without credit,) and until the receipt of the late number, a few days since, *we did not even know that it had any such departments as "Educational," "Story Teller," &c.* But that "issue" shows us that the "miner and sapper" of the agricultural press has not only imitated this journal in form, &c., and recently aped (in an abortive manner, to be sure,) our title vignette heading, illustrated heads of departments, border rules, corners, &c., *but actually stolen the substantial descriptions of several departments from a Supplement we issued nearly* two years ago! Truly, "a guilty conscience needs no accuser!" He thought we knew all this, and yet we were entirely oblivious of the compliment. Had he done it two years ago, when our headings were original—instead of waiting until after we had decided to discard them at the close of this year—more enterprise would have been exhibited, to say the least. As to the transaction itself, we leave a discriminating and just public, and all our contemporaries who believe in legitimate and honorable journalism, to decide—merely adding that we cannot conceive how its author can "sleep o'nights."

(h) The talk about deserts reminds us of a threat once made by *another Bombastes Furioso*—a couplet which reads in this wise:

"Who dares these Boots disgrace
Must meet Bombastes face to face!"

And the final sentence reminds us that Judd once made public one of the tricks of the R. A. bodies in his expose of humbug advertisements—showing, if we remember correctly, that they had a sort of marriage brokery, to sell soft and sentimental youths. But we suspect the special venom is owing to the fact that Moore publishes by far the largest circulating Rural and Family Weekly, and Judd the most popular Agricultural Monthly, in the World!—each of said journals probably exceeding the Utica *and* Clinton ones by at least forty thousand. Reason enough, truly!

—Now, reader kind (and patient, too, if you have read all the above,) do not say we have descended too much in this case—that the Rural New-Yorker can afford to let such venom as we have noticed pass unheeded. True, we can afford to let it pass, but are bound, for once, to give the "artful dodger" the benefit of our circulation, and put the Public on its guard against imposition. Read our article of three weeks ago, then the reply (?), and judge whether any of our statements—founded upon the best evidence, now in our possession—is explained, denied or even alluded to. *Not one word is said on the points!* Now, we repeat that we wish it distinctly understood, by both Press and People, that we base the claims of the Rural New-Yorker upon its *merits* alone, and moreover that we do not wish it mixed or confounded with any other "Rural." In other words "let every tub stand on its own bottom."

In conclusion, we invite all interested to examine and compare the two papers—in Contents, Appearance, Price, &c. And to further this object we will cheerfully circulate among our Agents and the Press, at our own expense, from 100 to 500 copies of the R. A of the 24th ult., if the publishers will furnish them, (and we understand they do so free for specimens.) And if that is not enough, we will pay the regular subscription rates for the above number, and circulate them in the manner stated. A bill with the papers, by Express, will be duly honored. Now, Sir Copyist and Imitator, shall we have the papers?

Youth's Corner.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 13, 3, 16, 5, 18 is a man's name.
My 5, 16, 19, 6 is an ancient city.
My 14, 12, 21, 20 is a kind of tree.
My 19, 12, 21, 11 is what every person has.
My 7, 22, 3, 17, 6 every housekeeper must have.
My 16, 17, 20, 10 every baker uses.
My 1, 18, 9, 8 is an early vegetable.
My 15, 3, 14, 6, 8 all sailors understand.
My 4, 9, 7 is used in all large cities.
My 2, 3, 11 is a measure.
My whole is a motto of one of the best papers in New York State.

So. Sodus, N. Y., 1860. J. Veley.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 567.

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—Without confidence, friendship is but a mockery.
Answer to Charade:—Card-table.
Answer to Mathematical Problem:—7, 15, 48.

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.] "PROGRESS AND IMPROVEMENT." [SINGLE NO. FOUR CENTS.

VOL. XI. NO. 50.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 570.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL eminently Reliable, Interesting and Acceptable.

FOR TERMS and other particulars, see last page.

IMPROVE THE MIND AND THE SOIL.

THE motto of one of the first agricultural journals established in America, was for a long time, and perhaps still is, "To Improve the Soil and the Mind." Though good, we think the sentiment susceptible of improvement—say by this transposition: *To Improve the Mind and the Soil.* This rendering is certainly the most appropriate at the present day, when Agriculture is not reckoned as an Art alone, but as a Science also—when extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and close discrimination, are important requisites to success in the noblest of all pursuits. The time is approaching, if indeed it has not already arrived, when the young farmer especially, must be thoroughly informed* relative to the most improved modes of culture, and know somewhat of the Practical Sciences—such as Chemistry, Geology, Botany, &c. All minors who intend to pursue farming as a profession for life, will find it for their interest to devote special time and attention to the investigation and study of such questions as are closely connected with the practice and science of Agriculture,—as the period is not distant when he who would be up to the times, and equal to his competitors, must be intimately acquainted with those branches of culture and production in which he is engaged.

These thoughts are suggested now for the consideration of our agricultural readers, and particularly the young and middle aged, for the reason that the present is their season of leisure, affording abundant time to *improve the mind.* For months the great mass of our readers can do little or nothing, by physical labor, to improve the soil, but they can do much, make large, dividend-paying investments, in mental improvement—in storing their minds with such knowledge as will prove of vast benefit in future practical operations. The best books and journals on Agriculture, Horticulture, and Kindred subjects, should be read and studied with care and earnestness. On this point an able writer, addressing the young, remarks:—"Agriculture is in itself the grandest, noblest, and most useful of sciences. It is yours to practice it, but study it also. Read your agricultural papers with an earnestness next after that with which you read your Bible. One may be a good farmer without being much of a man; or he may be the latter without being the former. We confess to a little ambition;—we should want to be both. If we had a son leaving us for this employment, we would say *don't be an unintelligent farmer.* After counselling him on the higher obligations of a reasonable being, we would say, putting the least important first, make your farm a *model farm,* and yourself a MODEL MAN; and we would say, you cannot do it without reading; and past education, however good, cannot, must not be relied upon."

—In this connection, let us further suggest that now is the season for *associated effort* in acquiring and imparting knowledge pertaining to Rural Affairs. Farmers' Clubs should now be in full operation in every district where a dozen or more progressive cultivators, whether young or old, can conveniently assemble, and discussions, lectures, &c., be frequent. The season of hibernation precludes the culture of the Soil; let precedence be given to the culture and improvement of the Mind in every available manner—by Reading, Thought, Discussion, and Investigation.

* While our pen was upon this word (loformed) a young man from the Genesee Valley interrupted us to inquire about the New York State Agricultural College—and we were happy to have it in our power to place in his hands a pamphlet containing its programme, and to inform him that the institution was opened for the reception of students on the 5th instant.

INQUIRIES AND NOTES.

Quitch Grass.

I HAVE a piece of land that seems natural to Quitch or Quack Grass. All the ordinary efforts to keep the ground clear of weeds has failed to eradicate this pertinacious grass. I have thought that perhaps this enemy might be used to good account by encouraging it growth for pasture and hay. Is it of any value for those purposes? If not, how can I get rid of it?—A. D., *Genesee, Co., N. Y.,* 1860.

THE Couch or Quick Grass, which is known by many other names, as quack, squitch, &c., has creeping roots, or rather under-ground branches, as may be seen by the engraving, which take root at every joint, and each joint, if broken off, forms a distinct plant, so that its eradication from the soil is very difficult. It is almost impossible to get up every joint, and usually enough is left to form a troublesome crop. Plowing in the autumn and leaving the roots exposed is said by some to be quite effectual, while in other cases it has failed of accomplishing much good. Plow and drag and go over with a hand-rake, and collect the roots in piles to dry. Then throw them on the manure heap, or burn. Plant corn or potatoes and keep them quite clean, no matter what may be the labor required. This is the course we have pursued, and if followed up for a few years it will pretty effectually destroy couch grass. We have killed several patches in our garden by the use of the spade and rake.

When young, this grass is relished by cattle, and if cut in blossom it is said to make nutritious hay. We would not, however, encourage its growth, for it is always bad policy to have a plant in cultivation so difficult of control.

Potatoes Mixing in the Hill.

SOME time since, we published several articles on this subject, among which was one from F. KELLOGG, of South Avon, N. Y. Mr. F. sends us further proof of the position assumed by him,—that potatoes will and have mixed, or that different varieties may be grown from the same tubers. We have not space now to argue this question, but we have grown potatoes a great many years, and some seasons, forty or fifty different kinds in the same field, and we have had no mixture. It is contrary to the laws which govern the vegetable world. The potato is but an enlargement of the under-ground stem, and if potatoes will mix, as described, there is an end to all our ideas on vegetable physiology, for the trees may mix in our orchards, and the Grecning bear Spitzenburgh apples, and so on, until all is confusion.

MESSRS. EDS.:—About one year ago, or a little more, when there was a controversy through the columns of the RURAL, in regard to potatoes mixing in the hill, I stated then that I had, by planting the Blue Mercer and Long Pink Eye in the same hill, found two potatoes, of which one half was *Blue Mercer,* and the other half, *Long Pink Eye,* and that I should experiment further with those two potatoes. This I did, and will give the result, thinking it may be interesting to some. Last spring, at the usual time of planting, I took those two potatoes, and with my knife I divided the Pink Eye portion of the potatoes from the Mercer, very accurately, so that there should not be any of the white left on the blue portion, or the blue on the white; neither was the white portion of the potato interspersed with blue spots, nor vice versa. I made eight hills of the two potatoes, four of the white portion, and four of the blue, and when I dug them this fall, from the four hills planted with the Pink Eye portion, I dug Long Pink Eyes; from the Blue Mercer portion, I dug Blue Mercers, which proves that potatoes will mix in the hill. W. K.

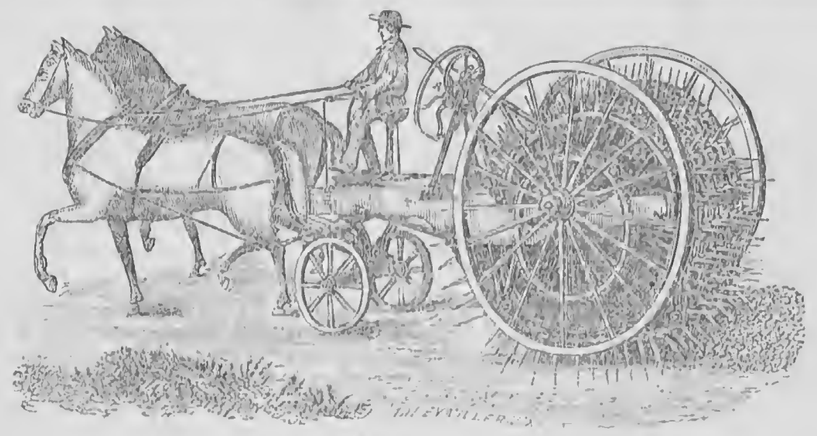
Roofing Materials.

IN our issue of November 24th, we made some remarks in regard to the various materials used for roofing, their comparative value, cost, &c., in answer to an inquiry from a PRAIRIE FARMER. WM. LYMAN, Esq., of Moscow, N. Y., who has before recommended tile for roofing in our columns, takes some exceptions to our remarks. We give his communication entire.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—It may be presumption in me to set my opinion in opposition to an editor's, but pleading the privilege of age, I shall attempt it, believing that your established character for good temper will save me from censure. I think you do not answer "A Prairie Farmer," of Central Illinois, correctly, in your RURAL of the 24th ult. It is certainly a matter of great consequence if a substitute for the covering of our buildings can be furnished, more durable and safe than that which is at present used; and although I confess myself a novice, yet I have ideas, (which I should be glad to have controverted if incorrect,) and which I will endeavor to spread out for consultation with whoever wrote the answer to the Illinois inquirer. I have already troubled you with some speculations of my own upon the use of clay—let me continue. The opinion you quote of JAMES NEWLAND, Civil Engineer of Edinburgh, is founded upon the fact that the tile of which he spoke was porous, and admitted, retained, and communicated moisture. Now, I am yet to believe that good sand and good clay well mixed, and brought to an incandescent or white heat, at the same time absorbing carbon, and properly cooled, can admit, contain or communicate moisture sooner than glass,—and at a white heat silex and alumina are fused, carbon is incorporated, and the compound is a vitrified mass, incapable of communicating moisture. Why do you speak of overlapping tile? What earthly advantage can there be if the tile are laid flat upon the roof and brought within half or one-quarter of an inch of each other, and the crack is filled with non-expansive material, such as mortar, putty, or lute. You speak of tile 10½ by 6⅜ inches thick. Why not have them 24 by 18⅜ inches thick. I know they can be moulded and dried of that size. The burning is to be tested, but if the large platter can be successfully baked or burned, why not this sheet? My opinion is, that if you have a sheet of 24 by 18⅜ inches thick, well burned,—vitrified,—with counter sunk holes left at proper distances from the corners, laid as above intimated, and screwed to wood, it would furnish a covering for the outside and inside of our buildings that would be indestructible by the action of the climate, and cheaper than the present method of covering. But I do not issue this opinion *ex cathedra,* but subject to criticism. If my ideas are right they should be adopted and acted upon; if wrong, answered and quashed, for it would be no trifling alteration that would follow the establishment of a tested material for roofing, siding, flooring, &c.

The clay that underlies the greater part of the Genesee Valley is calcareous and ferruginous,—too much so to be good for the manufacture of tile; but the clay that out-crops at Stafford, Genesee Co., and at Perrysburg, Wyoming Co., N. Y., when burned, is of a cream color, and is tough; but I understand that it will not bear as intense a heat as the Amboy clay. This business of clay should be taken up. Our forests are fast disappearing,—the material for shingles is nearly exhausted. WM. LYMAN.

If the tile was subjected to great heat, so as to become somewhat fused or vitrified, as we occasionally observe in brick, it would not be materially affected by time or weather. All the tile that we have seen used in Europe, is burned only about as much as our common brick. We wish some practical tile or brick-maker would give us a little information as to the practicability and expense of burning tile, as proposed by Mr. LYMAN. More would be lost than gained by laying tile flat, as proposed, instead of overlapping, and we are satisfied the joints would be a constant source of leakage and annoyance.



THE AMERICAN TERRACULTOR—

For Revolutionizing the Culture of the Earth, by Mellowing and Seeding the Soil while passing once over it—Improving and Quickening Cultivation, while reducing the cost "full fifty per cent.," and producing better Crops.

SEVERAL weeks ago we briefly alluded to THE AMERICAN TERRACULTOR, intimating that it was our purpose to give an illustration and description of the invention in a future number. We now have the pleasure of fulfilling the design in a very complete manner—by giving a new and accurate representation of the machine, with a description of the same, and a collation of testimony relative to its merits and operation, from the pen of HENRY O'REILLY, Esq., the public-spirited President of the American Terraculitor Company. It is a source of regret that, owing to prior engagements and accidental causes, we have thus far been unable to witness the operation of the Terraculitor; yet, from an examination of the machine, the lucid description of its construction and design by Mr. O'REILLY, and the testimony (concerning its practical operation) of those whose judgment is entitled to great confidence, we are of opinion that it will result in (if it is not already) a long-sought desideratum—an invention which promises to fulfill the anticipations of Mr. O'R. and his associates by "revolutionizing the Culture of the Earth," and if so, prove of incalculable benefit to the Agricultural World. In this conviction we have freely tendered unusual space for the purpose of introducing the Terraculitor to the notice of that portion of the American Agricultural Public reached by the RURAL NEW-YORKER:

To DANIEL D. T. MOORE, Esq., Pres't Monroe Co. Agricultural Society, and Editor Rural New-Yorker:

Dear Sir—The regret expressed by you, in common with myself and others, that you were prevented, by accidental circumstances, from witnessing the operation of the Terraculitor when last worked, and that the weather since then has prevented a repetition of the working specially appointed for the inspection of yourself and other friends who were with you on the former occasion—together with sentiments expressed in your letter of December 3d, concerning impressions derived by you from an examination of and explanations concerning the machine, and from "the good opinions of competent judges of mechanical improvements," to quote your own language—induce me now respectfully to submit to you several statements from well-known agricultural authorities, together with an engraving of the form in which Terraculitors are now being constructed—the present structure differing from the former in weight and draft, as much as the above engraving differs from the pictures heretofore published.

The above engraving, now first published, represents a Terraculitor like that worked on the 7th of November, at the nurseries of Messrs. ELLWANGER & BARRY, when its workings were witnessed by Messrs. BRONSON MURRAY, of Illinois; LUTHER TUCKER, of Albany; JOHN J. THOMAS, of Cayuga, and other gentlemen interested in agricultural improvement. The engraving also substantially represents the machine worked at the nurseries of Messrs. A. FROST & Co., on the several occasions when witnessed respectively by Mr. HORACE GREELEY, of New York; Mr. LEWIS F. ALLEN, of Buffalo, the representative of the Agricultural Department of the New York World, and others. (The seed-box is not shown in the engraving—as it is not attached, except when seed-sowing is required, and the omission enables the engraver to show the machine more perfectly.)

The substance of the observations of the above-mentioned gentlemen is briefly collated below.

It may be premised that the above engraving represents a Terraculitor cutting ten inches depth and nearly four feet width; or about double the average depth and fourfold the average width of the plow furrow-slice. The machines at the two places were worked partly with six horses and partly with only four. The draft, with machines of *this* weight, required six horses; but the reduced weight of future machines of the same size will bring them within the power of four horses or oxen, with a single driver.

The Terraculitor is designed to supply the great agricultural desideratum mentioned in the U. S. Patent-Office Report on Agriculture, for 1859. While discussing the experiments with *steam* plowing, that Report says:—"Every one knows how much better is the preparation "of the garden by forking up and raking, than by turning with plow and harrowing; and *the implement desired* "*now,* in place of the plow, is *a forking or digging* "*machine,* that shall, *at one operation,* stir the ground to "sufficient depth—leaving it as nearly as possible in the "condition of a garden-bed prepared with a fork." The extent to which the Terraculitor can supply this great farming necessity, may be inferred from the following statements:

After saying that the soil of ELLWANGER & BARRY'S grounds, where the machine was worked, was "a medium loam, free from stone—the surface uneven, and the soil wet by the abundant rains"—Messrs. TUCKER and THOMAS state that "The machine was entirely successful in its operation, and reduced the soil to a condition quite similar to that of spading or forking, except that it did not invert it, but scattered and intermixed all portions promiscuously. It was drawn by six horses, although but four had been used. It pulverized handsomely a strip of land forty [six] inches wide at each passing, and would consequently go *over an acre in an hour,* at a speed of two and a half miles an hour, if the team could endure it. The soil was left *as loose as it could lie*—the whole motion being to raise it, instead of pressing it down, as with a harrow, or crowding it into a mass, as in plowing. The advantages of this machine, as they appeared to us at the time (continue Messrs. T. and T.,) are—

"1. It throws the soil up and loosens it thoroughly, instead of pressing it down, as in harrowing, &c.

"2. It forms no subterranean crust, as is always done by the sole of the plow, and the tread of horses' feet in the furrows.

"3. The teeth clear themselves completely of all obstructions, and cannot clog, in consequence both of the centrifugal force which they give to the soil, and by their sudden expansion asunder as the chains pass around the lower cylinder.

"4. Its working is not attended with the heavy friction between the sod and mould-board always existing in plowing.

"5. By taking a wider sweep of land at each passing, a single hand is able to direct a larger quantity of work daily than by the use of the single plow.

"6. Should culture by steam be adopted at some future time, the use of this machine would be equally adapted to this force, and would not be liable to the imperfect work which the gang plow attached to the moving engine has hitherto made."

These "six points of excellence" include all that is generally considered essential in cultivation—and are given as they appear in the *Country Gentleman* and *Cultivator;* and Mr. TUCKER personally, in a letter, expresses "gratification at the success in getting up a machine which affords so high a promise of usefulness to the Farmer, and through him to the community at large, not only in this country, but to the great masses of Europe—for every invention which tends to cheapen bread and meat, is a blessing to the world."

Mr. BRONSON MURRAY, widely known for his efforts in stimulating agricultural improvements by a proposed premium of fifty thousand dollars for the best steam plow, witnessed the working of the Terraculitor, in company with Messrs TUCKER, THOMAS, BARRY, ELLWANGER, and others. Mr. MURRAY, who took special pains with a hand spade to ascertain the depth and thoroughness of the cultivation, is not less emphatic than the gentlemen already quoted. He says:—"It is not to be questioned that the work which the Terraculitor performs, in fitting land for the seed, is *superior to any method or sets of methods known in practical Agriculture in this country.* This was admitted by all who saw its work." "The machine appears to be of perfect simplicity," continues Mr. MURRAY. "Every part that could give way can be replaced by the counterpart of the piece itself, without further loss, in case of accident—as much so as a link to a chain"—and the links in the Terraculitor chains are arranged so that a new link can be instantaneously inserted by the driver. Mr. MURRAY sums up his commendations by declaring that "it (the Terraculitor) left the soil in a condition to defy competition from the spade or even the fork—much less the plow and the harrow."

The Agricultural Editor of the New York "World," who witnessed the working of the Terraculitor on a different occasion, concurs fully with the foregoing gentlemen in their statements concerning the excellence of the work performed by the machine, and concludes by expressing "great pleasure at having, as public journalists, discharged our duty to the agricultural community, in congratulating them on the introduction of so novel and important an invention to their notice."

Among the gentlemen who at different times witnessed the working of the Terraculitor at the Nurseries of Messrs. A. FROST & CO., were HORACE GREELEY and LEWIS F. ALLEN. The opinions of Mr. GREELEY were expressed fully to those who surrounded him on that occasion, and subsequently to yourself (Mr. MOORE) and other gentlemen; but as those opinions have not yet

been expressed through the Tribune, it is sufficient for the present to state that Mr. G. declared that the Terracuitor involved the true principle of rotary cultivation, and should be driven by a steam engine, &c.

As to Mr. ALLEN, it may be stated in this connection, that, in addition to his usual Agricultural labors, he edited the American edition of "Talpa, or the Memoirs of a Clay Farm," nearly ten years ago, in which work, special attention was bestowed on *Rotary Culture*, as preferable to the old process of plowing, whether by horse or steam. His opinions are briefly summed up in the following extracts from several letters:

"I have seen the Terracultor work, at Frost's Genesee Valley Nurseries, [on a stiff clayey soil, saturated with rain,] and no repetition of the kind would confirm me more fully in my convictions of the practicability and importance of the machine." * * "I assure you that no argument is necessary, to convince me of the vast importance of the invention to the Agricultural public, as well as its pecuniary advantages to the holders of it." * * "That it is to be successful in its results, I can have no doubt. So signal and valuable an invention cannot but soon attract the attention of men of means and enterprise." * * "Nothing of a secular nature could give me greater pleasure than the success of the Terracultor."

—But it is needless to multiply testimonials, where all the witnesses concur in sustaining the declaration of BRONSON MURRAY, that "the work which the Terracuitor performs, in fitting land for seed, is superior to any method or sets of methods known in practical Agriculture in this country"—which "was admitted (he says) by all who saw the work," including Proprietors of Nurseries known world-wide for successful cultivation.

—Inquiry concerning the *peculiarities* of an invention which thus inaugurates a "Revolution in the Culture of the Earth," may be briefly answered by reference to the following statements of the *New York World*:

"1. Unlike all other rotary machines intended for cultivating the earth, *its diggers are attached* (not to a roller or cylinder, but) *to broad, endless chains*, which chains pass around wheels and rollers as the machine moves along—which wheels and rollers are so arranged that the diggers are pressed nearly perpendicularly into the earth by the weight of the machine as it rolls onward, while the earth is thrown up and pulverized by the short, sharp leverage across the hind rollers as the ranges of teeth or diggers pass successively under [and around] the said hind rollers while the machine moves forward.

"2. In this novel combination, the mechanical mind will discover the *reasons why the Terracultor is successful*, while all former attempts at making rotary diggers (with spikes or claws projecting from solid cylinders,) have utterly failed, and ever must fail.

"3. The combination of chains and teeth and wheels requisite for producing this great effect, *is claimed as original in the Terracultor*; and similar good results (it is added) cannot be produced by any combination of machinery different from that already patented in the Terracultor.

"4. Indeed, the Terracultor may be considered the embodiment of a combination of points so different from anything now otherwise existing, as to amount to the discovery and use of (what may be termed) *a new principle* in agricultural machinery." * * * * * *

Unwilling to occupy more of your time or space, I refrain from saying much that might appropriately be said in this connection; and conclude for the present with the remark, that the Terracultor, while improving and quickening the cultivation, will reduce full fifty per cent. the cost of pulverizing and seeding the land—and by way of exemplification, the Terracultor Company will contract to "put in crops" in this neighborhood, in the best manner, for "at least thirty (30) per cent. less cost" than the present cost of culture with equal depth and excellence.

—As for the *power* used, I may add, that, while ready to furnish Steam Terracultors of any required size, I have aimed particularly to render the machines *suitable for general use* with common teams *among Farmers of moderate means*, constituting the great mass of the agricultural community throughout the world.

Cordially appreciating the spirit which you have manifested in this matter, I remain,

Yours, truly, HENRY O'REILLY,
Pres't Am. Terracultor Company.

Rochester, Dec. 6, 1860.

WHEAT-GROWING, STERILITY, &c.

RURAL readers may infer from H. T .B.'s "review" that I have advocated growing wheat on the same land every other year; of which I certainly am guiltless. The course, which I averred had been successful for a long term of years without impairing the fertility of the soil, was this: I divided my wheat land into three fields,—one in wheat, one in clover pasture, and one, pastured by sheep in the spring and as the plowing progressed, in summer fallow. Clover seed and one bushel of plaster per acre was applied every spring to the wheat, field without other manure.

I fearlessly assert that under this course the soil was steadily growing richer. The yield of grain, on an average of seasons, increased in amount; averaging for a long term of years nearly 26 bushels per acre; the increase in the yield of straw being absolutely troublesome. This last fact assured me that barn manure was not needed. If any one had offered to apply animal excrement of any kind, night soil included, to my wheat land, free of expense, I would have refused the offer; because it would have caused the wheat to lodge, and would have enormously increased the expense of harvesting. The growth of straw was already so troublesome that I was forced to abandon a favorite variety of wheat (the Crate) for varieties of more moderate growth. Doubtless something more was required, and might have been applied to raise the average to 40 bushels per acre, but I think it was not animal excrement that was needed. Where my sheep deposited their ordure in large quantities, the crop of wheat was not improved, but the contrary. It is well known that soils exhausted of the specific food of the wheat crop are not re-adapted to wheat-growing by the application of barn-yard manure.

The theory which I advocated and still aim to maintain, is, that under a course such as I have described, on land naturally adapted to wheat, plowed well and deep, and either naturally or artificially drained, Nature will so aid the farmer with her recuperative powers that prospective sterility need not alarm him.

I am well aware, that even to a mind well stored with the facts of science, a mental effort is needed to conceive of imponderable and evanescent elementary matter being changed into solid and tangible product. Yet scientific men are agreed that the sun is *the* great storehouse of food, and if they are right, that food must come to us in a very imponderable and evanescent state—in the form, so far as we know, of light and heat. In this view of the case it is not difficult to conceive that the farmer who deeply and thoroughly cultivates and underdrains his soil, and uses improved implements, is not only extracting its virtues more rapidly, but, may also be opening the avennes whereby Nature may delight to enter and enrich him.

"Food in the atmosphere!" exclaims a farmer. "What nonsense!" "I would like one of these theorists to rise with me at 5 o'clock A. M., and face a keen north-west wind till 7 o'clock, and then when we enter the breakfast room, and inhale the aroma of beefsteak and coffee, tell me how much food he has obtained from the atmosphere." To such an one I would say: look at that boy who has lived a large part of his life in the open air, see how healthfully his curls cluster around his brow, note the sparkle of his eyes, the color of his cheeks, the elasticity of his step, feel the firmness of his flesh, and listen to his gleesome shout as he engages in some juvenile gymnastics. And now turn your eyes upon that boy who sits by yonder air-tight stove, whose life has been prematurely spent in study, and is pale and languid for want of the nourishment of pure air, and then say if there is not food in the atmosphere. True, either of those boys would starve on air alone, but one of them is already starving for want of it. HUGH MILLER says:—That the conclusions of common sense when, opposed to the facts of science, are often tantamount to nonsense. Common sense without the aid of science cannot be aware that there is nourishment in the atmosphere, as real, though not as tangible, as if there were loaves of bread floating there—albeit the loaves of bread are still needed. Shut a man up nightly, for years, in a small unventilated bed-room. In due time he becomes consumptive, and why? For want of atmospheric food. They say the air in his room became poisonous. And why? Simply the food contained in it was consumed by him, and the residue was poisonous only because it would not sustain life. And what is the remedy prescribed? Perhaps Cod liver oil. And why? Because it contains nourishment in a concentrated form. Often it is a vain attempt to supply to his exhausted system food which he ought to have obtained from the atmosphere.

No one can doubt that the soil is often, almost everywhere, sadly abused, and I for one will cheerfully welcome every suggestion for improvement. But the pure genuine truth will always best subserve the cause of improvement; and I do not want those who are already doing well, frightened by needless fears of prospective sterility. I am willing to bequeath my plan of operation to my grandson—who has recently made his appearance—inviting him to do better than his Grandfather, but assuring him that if he does as well, he need not fear prospective sterility.

Milan, Erie Co., O., 1860. PETER HATHAWAY.

THE TIME FOR BREEDING CATTLE.

EDS. RURAL NEW YORKER:—Much has been said and written in relation to raising stock. The quantity and quality of food in the time of feeding has been properly set forth in the RURAL. The kinds of stock most profitable to raise for use and the market, has also been satisfactorily ascertained by the stock growers of the country. Yet I have never seen but little if any thing said or published with regard to the proper time for breeding cattle, as though it mattered little when, only so that we get the kind preferred and prepare our cows for early milking. Nevertheless, I believe it is a general practice among our farmers to have their cows come in during the spring months, most people thinking that to be the most healthy and prolific season of the year for animal as well as vegetable life.

Now, it is not my intention to write a long article on the best time for breeding calves, for I know that most farmers will practice the old beaten way, rather than try an experiment in the cold and dreary months of winter, especially when the old lady or girls have to do the milking and feed the calves. My experience has taught me that winter calves were the most profitable to raise—making the best stock, besides improving the cow for milk: 1st, because the cow is stronger and better able to bear in the winter than in the spring, if she is properly fed and sheltered. 2d, because she will give better milk for butter the first four months up to July, than she will from May to September. 3d, because the calves will be in a better condition to turn out on grass by the 1st of May or June, than spring calves by that time or later. 4th, because winter calves will become fat by the next coming winter, if they have fresh fall feed, and better prepared to stand the cold northern blasts than spring calves with the same care and fare. I have a few this fall which clearly demonstrates the above hints; in fact they are equal in size and beauty to "Jo. PAYNE'S *two-year-old yearlings*."

Can any one show me a better way?

Adams, Mich., Nov. 1860. W. M. COMSTOCK.

The Bee-Keeper.

"Facts about Bees."

MR. FOSTER, in the RURAL some time since, relates "facts about bees," and then asks of "experienced apiarians if such bee frolics are common." I will make this a text for a few remarks. There are phenomena occurring on this principle quite frequently. Bees, in the swarming season, are disposed to unite in large colonies. They seem to be on the lookout for a situation for a home; these places are not always readily found; and we take advantage of their necessities, and offer them one which they readily accept, usually. As soon as a hive is discovered by a few bees, they immediately set up the call, by elevating the body and humming with their wings, which any one who has ever hived a swarm cannot have failed to have noticed. This is soon observed by any bees that are in search of a hive, or a swarm that has lost its queen, as was the case of Mr. FOSTER'S. Very likely a portion of the bees of his first swarm that was returned, were about the entrance outside, humming. The bees of the other swarm, deprived of their queen, and having been away from the parent hive long enough to forget all about it, discovered the call at the entrance of the other old hive, and traveled thither at once.

In large apiaries, it is found that two second swarms hived together, are more profitable than when separate, and we take advantage of this principle, and often save some trouble, as follows: The first one is hived and set on the stand with a wide board under it. When another has started that is to be united with it, it is carried—when the swarm is about all on the wing—as near them as possible and set down, the hive is raised and carried forward about a foot, and with a sudden jar the bees nearly all shaken out, the hive set back in its place; they will immediately set up the call and march into it, and at the same time attract the other swarm in with them, uniting peaceably, without any trouble hiving, &c.

I would here remark that it is not probable that returning the queen to hive No. 2, was very important to induce the re-issue of the swarm, as it is quite common for all stocks at the time of casting second swarms, to have on hand several extra queens—either mature, or very nearly so. I once found sixteen in one stock, some mature, others apparently just sealed up.

He says further,—"On the 26th, about eight or nine o'clock in the morning, hive No. 2, containing fifty thousand bees, swarmed, throwing off about forty thousand, somewhat more than were wanted." I presume the *numbers* here mentioned are *guessed* at. We are generally more accurate in guessing at the bulk—number of quarts.

A word or two on the management of this swarm, as it may serve as a caution to some of the inexperienced, as we want to get as much as we can that is practical out of it. It stopped, it seems, a few yards distant, from eight or nine o'clock, till one, and then went off a quarter of a mile, and waited till three o'clock, and until a hive arrived that had been sent for. This is bad management. A great many swarms will not wait even one hour "for a hive to arrive." Another error was in leaving the swarms till evening after they were hived, after being clustered six or seven hours. Ninety-nine swarms in a hundred will cluster in the vicinity of the parent colony. Very soon afterwards a number of bees are sent off to look up a hive. Now, if the swarm is hived while they are gone, and the hive immediately removed to the stand, the chances are that they will not find it on their return, to inform the colony of their success. Uniform success attends only those who are prepared to hive their swarms as soon as they cluster—before they have time to look up a hive. The bee keeper who habitually prepares his hives after the bees cluster, will very often find his bees prepared to leave before he is ready. This class seldom have luck with bees a great while.

In returning swarms, it might be a benefit to some to know that, when a swarm is returned the same day it issues, the process may have to be repeated. All after swarms are liable to have more than one queen, some of them may go back with the swarm, and lead it out again the next day. The parent hive may also have several on hand, that will soon be ready, which the returned swarm will nurse along very willingly. But if the swarm is hived, and not returned till next morning, the plurality of queens are generally destroyed, and only one is to be looked for. The bees of the old hive thinned by the swarm leaving, *may* decide not to spare any more, and destroy all remaining queens but one. Now, it is plain that a swarm returned under these last conditions, would not be likely to issue again.

But Mr. FOSTER inquired after "bee frolics." I proposed to tell him of some; but the opportunity was a good one to get in a little practical matter. The present season has been a prolific one in unusual phenomena among bees—attributable, no doubt, to the wet, unsteady weather, which was very variable—sunshine and showers. Several swarms issued, clustered, and were hived in the rain, which is very unusual. But I shall allude more particularly to those frolics got up on the principle of the one related by Mr. FOSTER. During the height of the swarming season, we had much showery weather. Very often a swarm would be ready to start just as the sun was obscured and it commenced raining; and not being in the habit of being thwarted in their intentions, or having been put out so often, they determined now to brave all forbidding clouds or rain. One started just previous to an approaching shower, and had they (the bees) been satisfied with any one of a dozen places when they attempted to cluster, they might have been hived before it commenced raining; but being a second swarm, which often seems to like the exercise of flying, they continued on the wing a long time, and moved several rods from the yard, and clustered only after they were pretty wet. The swarm was only half as large as it should have been; but on returning to the yard, the other half of it was found going in with a swarm hived a few days previously, the bees of which were killing them by hundreds, and soon destroyed them all. This indicates that there was no pre-concerted arrangement between the parties. Another swarm issued under very similar circumstances, rain, &c., flew but a short time, and then entered a hive with another swarm, as did the first; these bees also resisted the intruders with deadly effect for a time, but a few puffs of tobacco smoke seemed to have a pacifying influence, and they at once became reconciled—dwelling and laboring peaceably together thereafter.

Two others issued while it was raining quite hard; and long before the swarm was all out, they commenced going in with two old stocks. The endeavor to keep them out was useless; the rain beat them down, and they seemed determined to gain shelter somewhere; when prevented from going into one, they immediately tried the next. As it happened, they took shelter in stocks that had cast their first swarms only a few days before—consequently had no mature queen, and the fugitives were received, probably on that account, without the least opposition. They issued again in a few days with increased numbers, and were hived all right.

Another phase of this principle happens with beginners in bee keeping, in this way. A swarm will issue, and after flying a few minutes, return to the parent stock. Another coming out before these are quiet are very sure to join the first when allowed their own way, but are easily kept out by throwing a sheet over the hive.

When the apiary is exposed to high winds, a swarm that is flying is quite apt to be dashed down at the entrance of other hives, when they set up the humming and call down others. A strict watch is necessary in such cases, to keep them out. A sheet thrown over for a few minutes is generally effectual, and they will then either cluster or return to the parent hive. A small number joining a large one, will be much more likely to suffer than when the numbers of both parties are about equal.

These occurrences are all attributable to the principle first alluded to by Mr. FOSTER,—the call,—seen and understood by all swarms at this season. The rain or wind beating them down, they find a hive and give the sign whether they are accepted or not. A returning swarm gives the same sign. All bees that are in search of a home give it, and all are quite sure to be attracted by it. Bee keepers should study the effect, and act accordingly. M. QUINBY.

St. Johnsville, N. Y., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Caution to Dairymen.

JOHN D. TEFF, in the Utica *Democrat*, says, that for several years, farmers have met with much loss and perplexity, in consequence of their cows casting their young. Veterinarians have entirely failed to account for the cause, or prescribe a remedy. This calamity was almost unknown before shepherd dogs were used for driving cows. If this statement be correct, then the causes and remedy are apparent. It is true such losses have occurred, and may occur, from other causes, but the principle is the same in either case. HENRY WARD BEECHER tells us that the cow is the saint of the barn-yard. Then keep the devil away from her, whether he comes in the shape of a dog, a fighting steer or heifer, or otherwise. Let her enjoy her saintly mind in tranquility. At least, after the 1st of September, do not let your boys or hired men dog your cows a mile or two each day on a full run, or jump them over bars which they are too lazy to let down, or rush them through narrow gateways and doors, several at a time.

About Ice Houses.

"COMMON SENSE," writing to the *The Rural Register*, on this topic says:—"I frequently notice in the public papers, inquiries and answers as to 'how an ice house should be *built*'—many of the replies are no doubt very good and quite scientific, but do not, I think, meet the wishes of a majority of those who seek the information—'double walls,' filled in with charcoal, saw dust, or confined air, &c., are all well enough for the *rich*, but are too costly for those in moderate circumstances. Now it seems to me that if we put our *common sense* to work, a plan may be devised, that would come within the reach of all, 'a consummation devoutly to be wished.' Suppose we alter the question and ask, 'what is the best plan to *preserve ice*?' for this is all that we need to effect; the answer would be plain, viz: *protect it from the heat*. How? in what manner? Why in the same manner that you would keep a heated brick warm when sleigh-riding, or preserve a lump of ice when you have no refrigerator—*wrap it up in flannel*, or any other non-conducting surrounding for the ice; almost any *house* or *place* will answer, and so far as the preservation of the ice is concerned, it will make no difference whether the house be *in* or *out* of the ground, but the ice should be kept *dry* and *well* surrounded with dry saw dust, spent tan bark, pine shavings, leaves, straw, or any other material that is a *bad* conductor; any of these would to a great extent keep the cold *in*, and the heat *out*."

Water Cisterns.

EVERY farm establishment, says the *New England Farmer*, should be provided with a capacious and conveniently located water cistern. If the farm buildings are numerous and compactly situated, a very small expenditure will answer for the construction of all the apparatus requisite for conducting the water from roofs into the reservoir, which, for greater convenience, should be located in some place where it may supply the wants of the animals in the yards during winter, as well as the household.

Good and substantial reservoirs, perfectly water tight, may be formed of split stone, brick, plank, or even without either, the interior surface as well as the bottom being covered with two or three coatings of cement. We have known them made by cementing directly upon the earth, but in our climate of penetrating frosts, such would not be the best way. They may be made square, oval or round; but made in the form of an egg, they are very strong, and require no deck or top covering, as the opening in the top may be only a little larger than a man's body, so that he can enter it occasionally to clean it out.

In a cistern constructed in this manner, the water will soon become clear and fit for family use, if the roofs of the buildings upon which it falls are kept ordinarily clean. Where there is a good cistern at, or near the house, there is a feeling of safety and comfort, which one can scarcely have without it, and these pleasurable emotions are considerably heightened by the fact that it is an economical arrangement for supplying water. But the cistern has another recommendation of more value than either of these, viz: It provides the women with those indispensable conveniences, without which we do not believe a good, genial temper and a pervading harmony can long exist in the household. Men build their fine barns, purchase their mowing machines, newly-modeled plows, &c., and too often leave the women to go ten rods and draw water with an old creaking sweep from a forty-foot well, or allow them to chop the wood with which to cook the breakfast, or keep the children warm. Nothing tends more to good order and serenity of temper in the house, and the comfort and economy of all its affairs, than the existence of the numberless and nameless little conveniences which enable each one to perform his or her part of the household duties with facility and ease—and among them all, none is more important than a plenty of pure, soft water, near at hand.

Agricultural Miscellany.

OUR "RURAL" LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE—Are daily becoming more numerous, substantial, spicy, interesting and encouraging. They come from all parts of the Union and Canadas, and, though expressed in varied language—grave, gay, congratulatory, complimentary—the universal sentiment is that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is an "institution" worthy of continued and largely increased support. We hope we are not vain, though we feel some pride in these evidences of approval—for the reason that we have conscientiously endeavored to *merit* the kind regard and encouragement of our readers and the public. As a sample of the words of cheer which are daily reaching us, we give extracts from a few of the many gratifying letters received the past week:

Alabama—J. A., of Macon Co., Ala., orders the back numbers of this year, and says:—"Please send me samples, as I desire to make up a club for the RURAL. I have read the paper occasionally, and believe it contains more good matter and is more interesting than any other journal published in the U. S. I feel confident that I can get ten subscribers here and perhaps twenty."

Canada West.—In renewing his subscription, a subscriber in Oxford Co. writes:—"If the price of the RURAL were twice or even thrice as much as it is, I would have it." And an agent in Wentworth Co. says he purposes to take the conceit out of some of the RURAL'S agents in the State of New York—intimating that he will soon send in "a list as is a list," for "Everybody wants the RURAL." [All right, friend B.; if you can beat our agent-friends in the States, you shall have the banner.]

Minnesota.—A former efficient agent of the RURAL, (S. E.—yes, SAMUEL EATON, Esq.,) writes from Freeborn Co. in this wise:—"By chance I came across an old friend, called the RURAL NEW-YORKER, strayed away out here in Minnesota, where I have been some time. It looked so familiar I should like to renew its acquaintance, and introduce it to others, as I was wont to do in former times in Lysander, Onondaga Co., N. Y. Send prospectus, specimens, &c. I have a letter from you some three years old, saying that I am entitled to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary as a premium, which I never called for, as I moved West about that time." [Glad our friend has "turned up." But he need not be surprised at finding the RURAL in Minn., for it has a "heap" of readers in that young and thriving State—as most subscribers who go there have it sent to their new homes, and many get their neighbors to subscribe. Will attend to the Dictionary, *as we always pay premiums when we know what is wanted and where to forward.* If any other friends of the RURAL are *entitled to premiums which they have not received*, they will please notify us, stating what they prefer, (if a preference was offered,) and how and where to forward the "documents."]

Illinois.—An agent-friend in Macoupin Co., says:—"The RURAL has got a great many friends in this vicinity since an effort has been made to circulate it among the reading class. It is particularly a favorite among the ladies; that speaks well for it, as we all admit them to be good judges of reading matter, as well as of everything else that is good. I have given away all of my numbers for 1860 thus far to those who did not take the paper, in hopes thereby to obtain quite a number of new subscribers, and shall do the best I can for the good old RURAL. Do you take Illinois currency at par?" [Thanks for your generous efforts—past, present and prospective. The RURAL is generally liked by discriminating people everywhere—and if some men, who happen to be just a little stupid, object to subscribing or renewing, their more sensible wives and daughers outvote them; (and we insist that this is a case in which women should be allowed to vote!) Will replace the numbers you have given away in the good cause. Yes, we will take Illinois currency at par, though it is greatly depreciated just now.]

Maryland.—A lady in Harford Co. writes—"My husband has been a subscriber to your excellent paper since last spring. We prize it very highly—so much so, that we are unwilling to miss a single number, and as we failed to receive No. 43, you will gratify us much if you can supply it. We have been showing the paper to our neighbors and would like to see more of them taken in this section. The RURAL can certainly recommend itself, wherever there is intelligence to appreciate it, and when the time arrives to renew our subscription I hope we will be able to raise a club to send along; we will try at least. As you so generously offer to send specimens to any addresses furnished by your readers, I take the liberty of sending those of a few persons to whom I think the RURAL would be most acceptable."

—But we must stop, though we have a score of similar epistles before us, just received, and many of them much more complimentary.—Our friends of the Press are also exceedingly appreciative, and entitled to grateful thanks for their recent kind notices of *this* RURAL.

HONORABLE TO WOMEN—*Invention and Production.*—Believing it to be the right of woman to equal or excel man in many things not usually denominated her "sphere," we take pleasure in recording two instances wherein the fair have outstripped the sterner sex. For instance, it is printed that "ELIZABETH M. SMITH, of Burlington, N. J., has invented and patented a much desired improvement in reaping and mowing machines, and one which renders their use a matter of safety and not of danger. The improvement consists of a device for throwing them in and out of gear by means of the driver's seat. Thus, when the driver takes his seat on the machine, his weight throws it into gear, and when he leaves his seat, the machine is thrown out of gear." It is also recorded in print (and whatever is baptized with printing ink, on good paper, ought to be true,) that "a lady in Androscoggin county, Me.,—yet on the sunny side of 40, and weighing only 83 lbs. avordupois—owning a farm of some two hundred acres, has raised, during the past season, 61 bushels of corn, 33½ do. wheat, 41 do. rye, 42 do. barley, 900 do. oats, 400 potatoes, 1,000 do. apples, grafted fruit, and 60 tons of hay. She also keeps 40 head of neat stock, 8 horses, and 60 sheep. The value of the above products is estimated at not less than $1,500, while the expense has been about $600—leaving a net profit of a thousand dollars for the smart little woman to put in her pocket. If farming will pay like this, under the management of a woman, why should the big two-fisted fellows complain that they cannot get a living by it?"

THE SEASON AND CROPS IN ENGLAND—In illustration of the late remarkably wet season, the English journals say that rain fell on 61 days out of 92, fog prevailed during 41 days, and hail fell on 13 days. In some places, grass was left unmown until the middle of September; wheat ripened very irregularly, some being cut early in August, while much was left until October, and some was still standing on the 4th of November. Apples, in the middle of England, did not ripen until the middle of September. Not a very pleasant season.

THE WHEAT AND CORN CROPS of the West are enormous. Take Illinois for example. A good authority estimates the wheat crop of the State at not less than twenty-five millions of bushels. At a low estimate, the corn crop of Illinois will amount to one hundred and ten millions of bushels, worth at least twenty-five millions of dollars to the producers; being of wheat and corn more than ten times the quantity produced by the whole of New England. The value of live stock is estimated at one hundred millions of dollars.

HORTICULTURAL.

DWARF PEARS—SELF-PRAISE.

It is doubtless well that a man should have a good opinion of himself and of the results of his labors. It causes a pleasant, self-complacent feeling, quite agreeable. Indeed it is so desirable to have one's deeds well spoken of, that if no one else will undertake the task, a man in some cases may be justified in sounding his own praise. Some are a little delicate about this matter, and would rather quietly enjoy a consciousness of having done good in the world, though the fact be unknown to others, than to make any public claim to the world's gratitude. Others, on the contrary, are ever ready to speak their own praise, and the first idea the world gets of their claims to its regard is communicated by a blast from their own horn.

In 1858, it will be recollected by all readers of the RURAL, that LEWIS F. ALLEN undertook to show, by articles in the *Horticulturist*, in our columns, and other journals, that dwarf pears were a *humbug*—that the pear wood would not unite with the quince so as to form a permanent tree—that dwarf pears could not be grown profitably for market—that the pear was a capricious fruit on any stock, and could only be grown in localities peculiarly adapted to it. As proof of these positions he instanced his own failure, although he claimed that he had planted good trees in a suitable soil, and had given them proper treatment. These views we combatted, contending that with proper treatment, the dwarf pear might be grown profitably on any good soil, where the climate was suitable even for the apple, and prophesied that this delicious fruit would receive increased attention, and be much more extensively planted the next five years than ever before.

The result is as we expected. Never before was the demand so great for both dwarf and standard pears, as during the last year. Our nurserymen are not able to supply the calls, and they have ransacked Europe for both pear and quince stocks. We doubt whether England and France could fill the orders of Rochester nurserymen alone for these articles. Farmers in this section and all around us are planting pear trees by the hundred and thousand, and we have reason to know that this course is being pursued to a great extent in almost all sections of the country.

The United States never produced one-half as many pears in one year as during the past summer. In some places during the Bartlett season the price was quite reasonable, as good pears could be had for from $1,50 to $2 per bushel. We mention these facts, not to show the correctness of our opinions, but as an introduction to a piece of *coolness* that we have not seen equalled in many a day, written by LEWIS F. ALLEN, of Black Rock, and published in the *Gardener's Monthly*, for December:

"Since my Dwarf Pear articles appeared, *an entire revolution in the manner of working, cultivating, and restricting the variety of pears proper to be worked on the quince* has been adopted by their propagators, in which the indulgent public have saved large losses, if they have not been largely benefitted. I charge them nothing for my labor in that line, although receiving any amount of contumely for my interference."

The articles referred to were published in 1858. The "*entire revolution in the manner of working*" since that time, in what does it consist? Will not some one tell us? It has entirely escaped our observation. Our nurserymen supposed in their innocence that they were pursuing the same system of working, and we don't know that any one has discovered or recommended a new system of culture. We dislike to spoil such self-glorification, but it seems to us Mr. ALLEN will not make any one but himself believe this. The "*restricting the variety of pears proper to be grown on the quince*," as the result of his articles, is another statement which Mr. A. probably tries to believe. It is not pleasant to think we have labored in vain. Pomologists the past twenty years have been ascertaining by experiments what varieties of pears are best adapted to the quince, and we think the number favorably regarded for this purpose has increased rather than diminished since 1858. As Mr. ALLEN sees that by all his efforts and all his prophesies of failure he cannot check the culture of pears, but that more trees are planted than ever before, and the result in fruit is exceedingly encouraging and profitable, he turns round with the most consummate *coolness* and cries, *I did it!*

NEW NATIVE FRUITS.

At the American Pomological Society's Meeting in Philadelphia many new varieties were brought before the Committee on Native Fruits, for their examination. The following is the Report:

Autumn Seek-no-Further, from W. H. LOOMIS—A fine fruit, above medium size; greenish white, splashed with carmine. Very good.

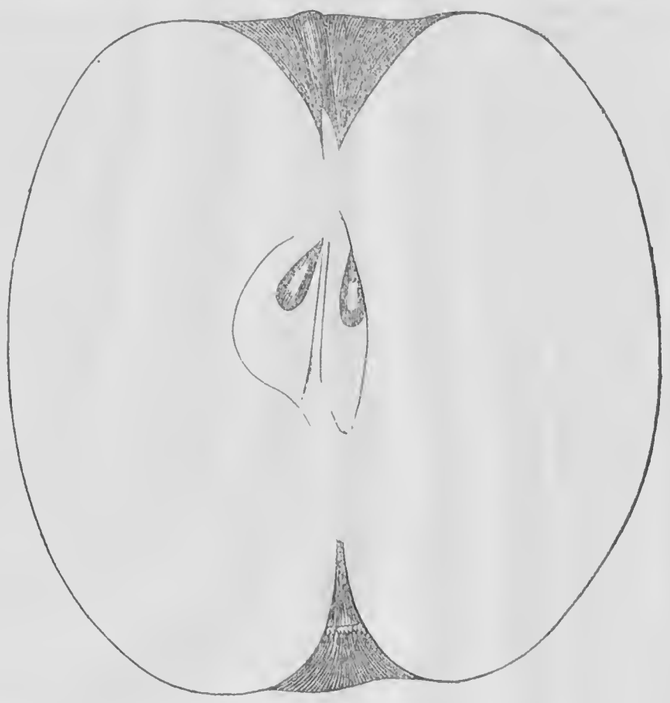
Green Sweet, of Indiana, by W. H. LOOMIS—Looks well; good size. Represented to be superior for baking.

Seager, from CHARLES P. DAVIS, of Phillipsburg, N. J.—Large size; red striped. Good.

Henwood Seedling, from the Richmond Horticultural Society of Indiana—Above medium size, and succeeds the Oitley in season, and resembles it. Ripe in January and February.

Seedling, from W. R. STAPLES, of Providence, R. I.—Small; sweet, but apparently of little value.

Fenley—From the Horticultural Society of Louisville, Ky.—Size large; oblate, irregular; yellowish white; flesh yellow. Quality very good. "Cooks from July to September." In good eating order during September.



HENWOOD SEEDLING APPLE.

Hague Pippin, from the Richmond Horticultural Society of Indiana—Large; handsome; form conical; deeply striped with red. Ripe in January and February.

Buckingham, from Col. BAINBRIDGE, of South Pass, Ill. Very large; oblate, conical; deeply shaded with crimson, large grayish dots. Believed to be the Meigs, Jackson Red, and Buncomb of the South, and also called Winter Queen in Virginia and Kentucky.

Daddy, from the Richmond Horticultural Society of Indiana—Large, handsome, but over ripe for judgment.

Indiana Favorite, from the same Society—Medium size; handsome. Said to be a fine table apple in January.

Bradley's No. 1, from T. T. LYON, of Plymouth, Mich. Medium size. Ripe in September. Good.

Cathead of Virginia—Red striped; above medium size. Good.

Lewis, from N. LEWIS, of Greensburg, Indiana—Medium size; oblong; yellow, splashed with carmine; flesh yellow and rich.

Stansill, from W. L. STEELE, of North Carolina—Above medium size; oblate; greenish yellow, stripped with red, and blushed; flesh yellow; subacid. Promising.

Bonum—Under medium size; bright red. Very good.

Magnum—Same as Carter of Alabama.

Brandywine—Very handsome; above medium. A winter fruit.

Honey Sweet—Supposed to be Wetherill's White Sweet.

Nyack Pippin—Large; tender; fair quality. Supposed to be Summer Pippin.

Carter (Va.,) by H. ROBY—Size medium; yellowish; tender, juicy, and pleasant.

Roberson's White, from the same—Medium to large; yellowish white; crisp, juicy, sub-acid. Rather rich.

Tibbett's Seedling, from T. T. LYON, of Michigan—Large; whitish; conical, regular; sub-acid. Pleasant.

GRAPES.

Creveling, Bloomsburg, or *Catawissa*, by Mr. GOODWIN, of Kingston, Pa.—Ripe early in September. A good, early, blue grape, with a peculiar red on the stem when separated from the fruit.

Chickasaw, from Mr. MERRICK, of Quincy, Ill.—Found wild on the bluffs of the Mississippi. Color blue-black; large size, and medium bunch. Ripe end of August.

Maxatawney—Appears well; white, inclining to amber; round, oval. Not ripe.

Seedling, from Ontario Co., N. Y.—Color black, and similar to the Clinton.

Seedling, from JOHN L. ARTHURS, of Pittsburg, Pa., by Mr. BISSELL—Evidently of foreign parentage. Grizzly color; round fruit; fine flavor; small bunch, and similar to Rose Chasselas.

Gregory—A black grape. Not ripe.

Seedling, black, by B. STRATTON, of Richmond, Ind.—Bunch and berry large. Quality good.

Grape, Nos. 3, 4, 5, 6, and 7, by CHARLES P. DAVIS, Jr., of Phillipsburg, N. J.—May all be the Delaware, grown under a different state of cultivation.

Seedling, from A. M. SPANGLER, of Philadelphia—Purplish red; bunch medium size, and compact; berry medium, slightly oval, with little pulp; flavor vinous and good.

PEARS.

Clapp's Favorite, from the same—Very large; similar to Bartlett in form, but less musky in flavor; vinous, melting, buttery, and juicy; fine texture. Ranks best.

Bartram, from CHARLES HARMER, of Philadelphia—Medium size; pale yellow; obovate; juicy, melting, fine texture. Quality best. Ripe in September. We presume that this is not the pear sent out some years ago by Col. CARR under that name, and recommended that this be called the Bartram pear.

Seedling, from JACOB SENNEFF, of Philadelphia—Large, handsome, but slightly astringent.

Seedling, No. 1, from Mr. WOODBRIDGE, of Michigan—Good, but small.

Seedling, No. 2, from the same—Rather small, but worthy of further trial.

Seedling, No. 3, from the same—Not ripe.

Seedling, No. 4, from the same—Not large. For cooking only.

Seedling Seckel—Good.

Pear, from LAWRENCE YOUNG, of Louisville—Supposed to be the Fondante de Milan.

Dorchester Beauty, from S. CLAPP, of Dorchester, Mass.—Fruit handsome, but rather poor.

PEACHES.

Duboscq, by Mr. HARRISON—Similar to the Oldmixon Free. Very large; flesh greenish white. Very good.

Grand Admirable, from LAWRENCE YOUNG, of Louisville, Ky.—Very large; skin yellowish white, tinged with pink; flesh white. A cling; red at the stone. Very good.

Yellow Seedling, from JOHN BOYD—Large and promising. Free.

PLUMS.

Kohlen Kamp, a seedling, by Mr. P. RAABE, of Philadelphia—Beautiful red; oval shape; free, dry, but not quite ripe. Represented to have resisted the attacks of the curculio.

Bower Gage—Oblong; rich yellow. Not ripe enough for judgment.

Inquiries and Answers.

GRAPE CULTURE.—I am interested in the cultivation of the grape, having several hundred vines three years old, and wish to learn the best way to prepare the grape for market, late keeping, &c. Should they be picked before *dead ripe*; and will they not shell badly from the cluster if they remain ungathered until fully ripe? Should they be packed as soon at gathered; or should they be kept in an airy place two or three weeks? If so, will they not shrivel and become injured for market? Should they be packed in air-tight boxes, or barrels? If packed in cotton batting, will they not become entangled in the cotton, and the berries separate from the stem, or the batting adhere to and injure their value? Is it of any utility to dip the stem of the grape in sealing wax before packing? Will you please answer the above questions through the RURAL, or lay them before the next meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York for their discussion, and very much oblige one and perhaps many readers of your valuable paper?—C. BENEDICT, *Kalamazoo, Mich.*, 1860.

Grapes should not be picked for any purpose until they are entirely ripe. If ripe, a slight frost will not injure them, or cause them to drop from the clusters; but if unripe, a very little frost will make them drop. The great object in grape culture is to select such varieties, and pursue such a course of culture, as will ensure ripening in ordinary seasons before frost. Our Isabellas the present season remained on the vines until the 18th of November, and were excellent when picked, and only a few unripe clusters suffered from the frosts we had previous to that time. A gentleman presented us, a few days since, with fine bunches of Isabella and Clinton, which, he wrote us, were picked the 19th of November. If picked in dry weather, we don't know that there is any advantage in keeping grapes exposed to the air before packing, though a few days would make little difference. We pick our grapes, and then commence packing at convenience, and sometimes it is more than a week before we have all stored away. We have never discovered any advantage in delay in packing, but, under some circumstances, it may be advantageous. It is not best to pack in boxes too tight, as a little air is of advantage, and prevents mildew. Grapes, if they are sound and clean, will not stick to cotton *batting* sufficiently to injure them, but *wadding* in sheets, with a glazed surface, is a little better than the common batting. We have kept grapes well by placing two thicknesses of paper between each layer. If the grapes are ripe when packed away, they will not drop from the clusters. Sealing the stems of the bunches we do not believe is of the least benefit. Its only object is to prevent evaporation, and what evaporation can take place through the end of a stem of grapes, when it is dried and shriveled up, like a dead stick, as it will be when the grapes are fully ripe? Besides, if the end of a bunch is sealed, and it is exposed in a dry, warm room for a number of days, it will shrivel, showing that moisture escapes through the skin of the grape. The popular mode of packing grapes here is to place them in paste-board boxes, holding some ten pounds. These boxes are then placed in wooden cases or boxes, holding about two dozen, and are in this condition sent to New York, Canada, &c. The boxes are made in this city for about six dollars per hundred, and being weighed with the grapes, enough is realized from their weight to pay their cost. The price ranges from twelve to eighteen cents per pound, for the Isabella, which is the only variety yet produced in large quantities.

TRANSPLANTING RHUBARD—(W. S. C., *Fairwater, Wis.*)—Rhubarb may be transplanted either autumn or spring. Rather the best way is to divide the roots in the autumn, plant in a rich, well-manured soil, and cover with coarse manure. In the spring, as soon as growth commences, this manure may lightly be forked under, or allowed to remain on the surface.

Horticultural Notes.

KEEP HOUSE PLANTS CLEAN.—A writer in the London Cottage Gardener relates an experiment showing the advantage of keeping the leaves of plants free from dust. Two orange trees, weighing respectively eighteen ounces and twenty ounces, were allowed to vegetate without their leaves being cleaned for a year; and two others, weighing nineteen ounces and twenty and a half ounces, had their leaves sponged with tepid water once a week; the first two increased in weight less than half an ounce each, while of the two latter, one had increased two and the other nearly three ounces. Except the cleansing, the plants were similarly treated.

COLORED FRUIT PLATES.—Our attention has been called to the improvements constantly making in the colored representations of fruits and flowers, prepared for the use of nurserymen, &c., by the manufactures here. This improvement we are glad to observe, and hope it will continue until we reach something like perfection. We have always condemned colored daubs, so common in this country. We notice that Mr. DEWEY has largely increased his catalogue, as well as improved the quality of his plates.

GRAPES AND WINE.—I herewith endeavor to redeem the pledge made to you last winter, which was that I would try to wake you up on the subject of American wines. Although I am somewhat behind the time, still I am in hopes of making up in quality what I have lost in time. What I desire at your hands now is, that you will examine these wines, the grape wines particularly, and give your judgment of their quality, compared with foreign and other American wines; and also point out any faults that may exist, in your judgment, in any of the grape wines here presented.

Description of Wine.—The Sparkling is some of my first attempt at the kind. It is two years old. Some bottles sparkle well, and others not quite as well—made from Isabella grapes. The bottles with red sealing is Isabella, same age. With brown sealing, is Clinton, same age. The two last had one and a half pounds of sugar to the gallon of juice—no water. The green sealing has some water and four per cent. pure spirits. The spirits in this being necessary to prevent it from going into further fermentation, in consequence of the large amount of sugar it contains. The Rhubarb wine had three pounds of sugar to the gallon. It was made last year, but is not clear yet, and is quite difficult to refine. Currant wine is two years old, and had three pounds of sugar to the gallon—no water.

Grapes.—All but the four larger bunches of Isabella were taken from the vines of the 19th of November. The Catawba bunches are small, it having been the first year that the vine has borne fruit; but thinking that a fully ripe Catawba, grown near Lake Ontario, would be quite a curiosity, I have sent some with the others.—GEO. BECK, *Charlotte, N. Y.*, 1860.

The above is from a grape grower of this vicinity, whose manner of training the vine on a hinged trellis, almost horizontal, we have before noticed in the RURAL. He ripens his grapes most completely, and grows the Clinton of larger size than almost any grape grower in this neighborhood. The Catawbas were well ripened, and equal to many we have seen from Cincinnati. Of the wine, we speak with some diffidence. All our readers know we have never over-praised the various compounds made and sold as American wine. Unless the Diana or Delaware will make wine, we don't believe we have yet a grape that will make good wine in this section. The Clinton is the best, and yet this lacks sugar, and cane-sugar must be supplied, or we have vinegar instead of wine. The Sparkling Isabella was a lively wine, as much so as the best champagne, but it had not to us an agreeable flavor. The Isabella was pretty sharp, but as good as any Isabella wine we have tasted, made in this State, and far better than most of the wines of this character we have tasted. The Clinton was the best of the lot—a very fair wine. We called in several to act with us as a tasting committee, and all pronounced the Clinton the best. The Rhubarb and Currant wines were pronounced far inferior to the above.

ILLINOIS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—The fifth annual meeting of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, for the purposes of discussion and election of officers, will be held at Bloomington, from the 18th to the 21st, inclusive. The exercises of the meeting will be diversified by addresses, essays, and papers on topics of the deepest interest, by men of the highest order of talent in the West.

TO VENEER PICTURE FRAMES WITH STRAW.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—As I am always much interested in that department of the RURAL which is, or should be, sustained by all those who love Domestic Economy and the Fine Arts, I feel it both a pleasure and a duty to communicate something for that department. If you think the following worthy of publication, please insert:—Beautiful picture frames may be made in the following manner:—Have a plain frame made of pine, or some light wood, and glue together at the corners very strong. Cut strips of pasteboard a little wider than the frame, and let the pasteboard project over the inner edge of the frame enough to form a groove, behind which the glass is to be placed. Glue these strips of pasteboard on the front of frame. Now take oat straw, previously colored, soften it in warm water, then take a stiletto, split the straw, press it open with the fingers, and then iron it till it will lie flat. Have some good strong glue prepared, and with very small brush spread it on the rough side of the straw. Glue a half dozen or so and lay them aside. Then take the frame and brush some of the glue on the pasteboard where you wish to commence. Take one of the straws with glue on it, cut the end off square, place the straw where you have brushed the glue, press down with the finger very hard, then place a sharp knife on the straw where you wish to cut it off, press the knife hard and pulling the other end of the straw, and it will cut off nicely. If the glue on the straw becomes a little dry, dampen by putting the end in your mouth, lay the straw on again by the side of the first, press down as before, cut off, and so continue. The straw may be put on straight, slanting, crosswise, or any way that fancy dictates. After the straws are all on, varnish with one or two coats of copal varnish. If made properly they will be as handsome as mahogany.

Straw may be colored to look like black walnut with extract of logwood and copperas. Redwood, set with alum, will make a mahogany color. Soft maple bark will make a silver gray. Cudbear will make a beautiful crimson. Straw put into boiling hot soapsuds will make a fine yellow. This yellow, cut and put on in flowers, resembles gold leaf. This is my own invention; I never saw any of it till I made it myself. My friends pronounce it beautiful. I cover pasteboard boxes in the same way. E. C. PAULL.

Middleville, Barry Co., Mich., 1860.

COFFEE CAKE.—One coffee cup of sugar; one do. molasses; one do. strong coffee; two-thirds of a cup of butter; two eggs, and four cups flour; one teaspoon saleratus. Spice with cloves and cinnamon. Add raisins if you choose. The coffee must be prepared as for the table.—B. P. A., *Newtown, Conn.*, 1860.

TO MAKE HARD SOAP FROM SOFT.—Will some of the contributors of the RURAL give us a recipe for making *hard soap* from common soft soap.—MRS. C——, *Cleveland, Ohio*, 1860.

"CURE FOR WEEPING SINEW."

NOTICING in the columns of a late RURAL an inquiry for a remedy for "weeping sinew," and knowing the great suffering caused by them, I readily recommend showering with cold water, which I have known to prove effectual in many cases, and which effected a cure upon my own wrist when troubled with a *very* bad "weeping sinew." The manner in which it should be done is as follows:—Place the hand under the spout of a pump while the water is falling with great force as long as can be endured by the patient, then quickly fold the hand and wrist up in a warm towel. Continue to use this remedy until better. I can confidently recommend this cure, and hope it will be tried faithfully by those afflicted.—SUSANNAH.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I would like, through your columns, to say to our friend RANSOM BRADLEY, who inquires for a remedy for "weeping sinew," that although he has applied to a very good source for information, still it may be slow coming, and if, as he says, his daughter's wrist is getting weaker every day, I would respectfully recommend to him to consult some good physician, plenty of whom, to my certain knowledge, live near him. It may be a little more expensive, but far more certain remedy.—NINA, *Newton Falls, Ohio.*

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of the 24th ult., I noticed an inquiry for information how to destroy a "weeping sinew." I have been afflicted with two, and effectually cured them by striking them with some hard substance. The pain will be but slight, and the difficulty will soon disappear. I have recommended it to many afflicted with them, and it has proved an effectual cure in every case.—G. E. B., *Huntington, Ohio.*

CLEANING OIL CLOTHS.—I notice in the RURAL an inquiry as to the way to clean oil cloths. Hot water and soap-suds are injurious; therefore use *warm* water with a little skim milk; if very dirty, scrub with a brush.—X., *Lakeville, Conn.*, 1860.

ENLARGEMENT OF MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER!

HAVING completed arrangements to fulfill a long-cherished design, we have the pleasure of announcing that the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be MATERIALLY ENLARGED and otherwise Improved on the commencement of its Twelfth Volume—next month. The enlargement will enable us to give about ONE-SIXTH MORE READING!—equal to an addition of considerably more than a page to our present form. The Type, and other material used, will all be entirely new, of the best style, and manufactured expressly for the purpose. Indeed, we hope to manifest true "Progress and Improvement" in the enlargement, and to render the ensuing volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far more acceptable and valuable than any of its predecessors—an improvement in Size, Style, Contents and Appearance. Our aim in the future, as in the past, will be to excel—to *try to* make this the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class—and if we fail it will not be for the want of earnest desire, persistent labor, or liberal expenditure, as all these requisites will be invested in the new enterprise

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

☞ ANY person who remits pay for a club of 6, 10 or 15 at the specified rates for such club, and adds a sufficient number within one month thereafter, can avail himself of the advantage of the price of large club, and retain the amount overpaid.

☞ POSTAGE ON THE RURAL.—The postage on the RURAL NEW-YORKER is only 3¼ cents per quarter, or 13 cents a year to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free,) and 5¼ cents a quarter, or 26 cents a year, to any other part of the United States, payable quarterly, in advance, *at the office where received.*

☞ CLUBBING WITH THE MAGAZINES, &c.—We will send the RURAL NEW-YORKER for 1861 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The RURAL and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $2 magazine, for $3. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ THE RURAL TO AG. SOCIETIES.—In answer to inquiries, we would state that we will furnish the RURAL NEW-YORKER to Agricultural Societies, to be awarded as premiums, at the lowest club price—only $1.25 per copy—and send to as many different addresses or post-offices as desired. Canada Societies, $1.37½, including American postage.

☞ A Post-Master writes—"Some think they cannot give more than $1 for the RURAL, because they can get the *Tribune* for that." Well, then we suppose they must take the latter, even though it is not the paper they, or their families prefer. Some people insist upon paying $2 a year for the RURAL (even when they could get it for $1,25 by joining a club,) and others would want it for 50 cents if the price was only a dollar!

☞ LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS!—If those ordering the RURAL would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, WE should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge us with their sins of omission, etc.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"YOUNG BRIDE."

BY J. L. ANDERSON.

YOUNG BRIDE, a wreath I'd gently weave for thee,
Of every opening bud and fragrant flower
That breathes the words of love, for pure and free
Was wedded love in Eden's happy bower.

Young Bride, a measured song to thee I'd sing,
To cheer the early droopings of thy heart;
And cooling draughts of honied pleasure bring,
That moonlit hours of love may ne'er depart.

Young Bride, while joy in thine I'd shed a tear,
And sigh while other hearts are filled with gladness;
Hours of sorrow are ever lurking near
To dim our brightest hopes with sadness.

Young Bride, while hope is dancing in thine eye,
And life's unmeasured path is strewn with flowers;
I'd smile with thee, and bid the present fly;
The past is gone, the future still is ours.

Young Bride, to-day is thine, and every day
That breaks the sable darkness of a night;
To-morrow's sun may shed a cheerless ray,
Clouds oft obscure the morning's early light.

Young Bride, there is a morrow coming fast,
Death's cold, relentless hand, thy brow caressing;
Hope not to shun his touch, his withering blast—
Rejoice in GOD; that morrow is a blessing.

Gaines, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AN OLD WOMAN'S SCHOOL DAYS.

I HAVE been a scholar for a long, long time, and sometimes think I have learned quite enough—that, after threescore years of close application, it is high time that I should graduate. But, not being my own mistress, I am still required to remain "under tutors and governors," and know not but I shall continue in this state of pupilage for several years to come. My two masters are equally capable, although Old Experience, being somewhat more strict, has taught me much more than I could ever have learned from so mild an instructor as Observation. One peculiarity of my school is, that the word "vacation" has never been heard in connection with it. I entered it at a very tender age, and not one hour of respite has been afforded me since. Some days I have been very weary of its confinement, and very much irritated with the sharp reprimands of my old task-master; but I console myself with the thought that all the best and greatest men that ever lived have been at the same school, and suffered every annoyance which I have to endure. My teachers often comfort me with the assurance that I have made rapid improvement under their instructions, and am infinitely wiser than I used to be. I, likewise, have my private ideas on that subject, and though I would by no means speak more highly of myself than I ought to speak, I do know that my knowledge has been wonderfully increased since I first entered this great World-school. As I look back over the earliest years of my life, I recall, distinctly, a thousand difficulties that seemed insurmountable then, but which now are as nothing to me.

The lesson which we tyros were first set at, was truly a pleasant one, for it was the alphabet of smiles; but very soon sorrowful ones came, where the letters were tears, and sighs made the punctuation marks. We call them "easy readings" *now*—for, since then, we have been called to investigate the theory of head-aches and heart-aches; and these various sciences of the mind are among the most abstruse and difficult branches that are ever taught. Among our earlier studies, came Philology, wherein we learned all about the puzzling appliances of language,—how useful it was as a means of concealing one's thoughts, and how few expressions were intended to be taken literally. Some of my class-mates gained an insight into this branch with a wonderful readiness; but, for myself, it was a long time before I could understand that when people said, "I love and esteem you," or, "I will do all in my power to serve you," it meant nothing at all; but was only, like many other pleasant words and flattering speeches, a way of concealing the real feelings of the heart—a kind of small coin which people exchanged with one another, without meaning a word of it as truth. One very important item, however, I learned from this science, and that was, that if a *secret* is to be kept, it should never be put into words.

I studied Arithmetic till, puzzling as it was at first, I could tell, to a fraction, just how many dollars it required to make a great man, and how many a man must *lack* to deserve to be treated like a knave. I learned algebraic symbols so far that I could tell, at a glance, how many times a thousand dollars *plus*, written against a man's name, were required to cancel all the minuses that pertained to him, in the minor matters of honesty, intellect and morality.

Old Experience taught Chemistry, also, and, with his peculiar apparatus, I learned that the article most men call Happiness, is made wholly of ether, and so volatile that it evaporates almost as soon as looked at. Renown, I found to be a bubble, formed by long puffing at a fantastic sort of blow-pipe,—a bubble, rainbow-tinted, to be sure, and very pretty to look at; but, as my master assured me, not worth the trouble of making. But in a crucible which he had, an unsightly looking thing, he placed a piece of the refined gold of charity or love, some bits of dark metal, like "the widow's mite," and a substantial, unelastic article, which he called a good conscience; and all these constituted a Good Name, which, he told me, was worth infinitely more than the empty bubble.

After this, I studied Mineralogy, until I could distinguish every variety of mineral and fossil. There are now in my cabinet, the key of which my old friend Memory keeps, a large quantity of fossilized hopes and loves that I gathered, long ago, with the severest labor. Some of these fossils were beautiful blossoms once, with tender, verdant stems and leaves; but they were found in the bed of a stream which flowed from a fountain called Sorrow. The waters possessed peculiar properties, by which leaves and blossoms were readily petrified, and though by examining them one could see what they once were, their life has all died out, and they are nothing but fossils now. I have iron in the shape of men's hearts, and peculiar petrifactions of several hearts belonging to the softer sex. The latter are so perforated that they might be aptly styled honey-comb hearts. My old teacher once facetiously remarked that they looked as though CUPID had wasted a quiver full of his best arrows on them. I think he spoke the truth, for I had it on good authority that CUPID was the principal agent in causing their petrifaction.

But, in connection with my acquirements in mathematics and the natural sciences, I have also devoted much time to the fine arts. I can paint pictures of scenes, both serious and gay, with the most perfect exactness; the only drawback to their perfection being their invisibility to all eyes but my own. They pertain to the past mostly, although occasionally I have made fancy sketches of the future. Next to the cabinet which Memory keeps, is my Picture Gallery, and the most delightful hours of my life are those in which I find leisure to walk in this gallery, and gaze on the pictures which I painted in my earlier days. I am also a dramatic performer, for ever since I entered school, dramas have been going on, in which every scholar is required to take a part. A variety of parts have been from time to time assigned me, so that I flatter myself I could sustain myself in almost any situation now. In one scene, a very long time ago, I represented a little girl, skipping gaily about in a lovely garden, with birds singing above her head, and golden sunlight kissing her fair hair. In another act, I personated a child something older than the fair-haired girl of the first scene. She had large, melancholy eyes, full of tears, and held the hand of a little boy, younger than herself, while both sobbed in the abandonment of childish grief over the grave of their dead mother. After that, I played the part of a light-hearted maiden, seated on a mossy bank, with early spring violets in her hair, and a dark eyed lover at her side. But that scene was soon over, and a more sorrowful one followed it. The part of a bride had been assigned me, but quite unexpectedly a change was made, and, instead of a bridal robe, I wore the garb of a mourner, and wept over an open letter, which told of a sailor boy's grave on a far foreign shore. Yes, I have been a conspicuous actor in sad as well as joyous scenes,—oftenest, though, in the mournful, when the orchestra played requiems and the drums beat death marches. Now I personate an old woman, withered and grey, with the light of youth faded out of her eyes, and the rose out of her cheek. There are wrinkles on her forehead, and lines of sorrow about her mouth. Sometimes tears moisten her cheek, while at other times her face grows radiant, as though Hope had set a bright light in her soul,—or, as though the voice of an angel whispered the word "Heaven" in her ear. This scene in the drama suits me better than any other, for it is the fifth act of the play in which I have been performing, and when the curtain falls—the dark death-curtain—my performances will be closed, and my school-days will be over forever.

December 3, 1860. A. M. P.

HOME ATTRACTIONS.

HEAVEN'S blessing upon the one who invents a mode by which children may be kept at home, over which the allurements of the outside world can avail nothing. He is a benefactor to the race. As much as it is sung and played, home is not always "Sweet Home" to the degree that it is described. There are austerities, and asperities, and interdictions, and conventionalisms, that render it unattractive, and besides, there is a familiarity with its scenes that does not suit the spirit that is never satisfied but with change. Depend upon it, where there are harsh words for outraged "propriety," as displayed in boisterous mirth, and cold formality is installed at home, there will be a drawing away from it and a continual search for excuses to evade its claims. Claims! It might be a question if homes thus constituted have any claims upon living human hearts. I feel glad when I see any new device advertised to make home what it should be—a place of happy abandonment of care, a place wherein the soul can act itself in the light of innocent cheerfulness. The man who published a book of Parlor Games has been of more benefit than many sermonizers. No good is lessened by its teachings, no frivolity is inaugurated. It opens up a new avenue to happiness. It is the new emotion that the monarch longed for. Enlightened parents understand the necessity of enlisting all attractions, and in those homes where they practice in this light, there is no discontent, no discordance, and every one is happy. There is a gentleman in town who has a large family that has long acted on this plan of home amusement. Instead of setting up as the father of his boys, he abandoned that idea at their twelfth birthday, and became their companion—playing with his boys and dancing and singing with his girls, till his severe neighbors, who belonged to the rigid church, questioned his sanity. But the severe neighbors cannot show such children as his. They are always at home, always happy, always contented. The rigid neighbors complain of noise that they hear at times, but it is not the noise of strife. It is of merry voices full of home harmony.

DOUBLE.—The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single blessedness. "Go marry!" is written on every thing beautiful that the eye rests upon, beginning with the birds of Paradise, and ending with apple blossoms.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

MUSINGS.

WILD the midnight winds are sweeping,
And beneath the pale moonlight,
Eddying snows, like summoned spirits,
Haste athwart the somber night.
Gloomily the burning prairie
Paints the sky with lurid glare,
Like the smoke that riseth ever
From the regions of despair.
Howls the wolf adown the ravine,
As in cities, far away,
By the widow's fireless hearthstone
Famine clamors for its prey.

Thought, with raven wing, is brooding,
Gloomy as the night-bird's cry,
From the blighted tree resounding,
Bringing fearful specters nigh.
Now the strong are madly rushing
O'er the battle field of life,
Heedless of the weak and fallen,
Trampling on them in the strife.

Now the sly and subtle fowler
Spreads for innocence his toils,
Rends the air with fiendish laughter,
When, unwarned, his victim falls.
Power, with tyrant hand, is ruling
In the place whence Freedom falls;
And beneath her prostrate altar,
Unavenged for succor calls.

Yet our GOD serenely reigneth,
Clouds and night may hide His throne;
But a day His word hath promised
That shall make life's mysteries known.
GOD, His own elect, avengeth,
Though He seem to tarry long;
Truth and Right, now crushed and captive,
Yet shall sing the conqueror's song.

For the nations, weary, waiting,
Half despairing in their gloom,
Suddenly into his temple
The Desire of Earth shall come.
In the peaceful, grand hereafter,
Reaping double for her woes;
Earth shall see her sterile deserts
Bud and blossom as the rose.

Clay, Iowa, 1860. S.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR HOLIDAYS.

THE season of holidays has dawned upon us once more, and many are the fond anticipations of happy meetings and greetings of old friends and associates. How gladly do we turn our thoughts back to those halcyon days of childhood, when sire and grandsire, with mother and grandame, and a merry troupe of brothers and sisters, were gathered around the cheerful old fireside, to partake of the "fruits of the earth," with thankful hearts, while neighbors and friends from afar joined the social circle, and passed the joyous hours of a Thanksgiving day. That time-honored day has just passed, and the great results of its observance will be wrapped in mystery until all things shall be revealed in the light of GOD's truth. The thousands whose hearts have been drawn out in gratitude and praise to the Giver of All Good for mercies past, and present blessings, will again and again return in imagination to the glowing hearth of neighbor and friend, or the spot to all most dear on earth, "childhood's happy home," and dwell with emotions, better felt than told, upon the scenes that have endeared them to those with whom they associated, and to Him who searcheth all hearts, and knoweth the secrets of men. The consecrated heart and affections will ever be held dear to Him who "bestoweth with a liberal hand, and withholdeth not from them that walk uprightly."

But the festive season is yet to come, when all classes, from the aged patriarch to the prattler in its mother's arms, feels its enlivening influence, and breathe a gentle sigh that it will so soon be gone; that nature will take its wonted course, and mind and matter move on to their future destiny. This is the time when age is renewed, and those whose "frosty locks proclaim their lengthened years," feel their heart's blood again coursing in their veins, as in early manhood's prime, when breasting storm with "might and main," they wended their way at the merry jingle of "sleigh bells clear," to halls of mirth and joy, where the mazes of the "giddy dance" were threaded, or where the kindness of warm hearts had lured them to eat the Christmas pie, and share in the rejoicings of loved ones, as they received Christmas gifts, rich and rare, fresh from the hands of old SANTA CLAUS,"—or where, the more seriously inclined, "watched the Old Year Out and the New Year in," with psalm, and prayer, and praise.

This is the anniversary of plighted love, of nuptial bans at the Hymenial altar, of new resolves, new associations, and the commencement of new lives. The time when the drunkard forsook his cups, and companions of revelry and shame; the gambler shuffled his cards for the last time, and the trembling debauchee turned his back forever upon scenes of dissipation and vice; is remembered with tears of joy and gratitude, as this holiday season dawns upon the homes of civilized man. Let not the young pass this season by without firmly resolving to be wiser and better when its anniversary returns,—let not the old man, who looks upon wife "wrinkled and gray," think that love's fires more dimly burn, than when, half a century ago, they celebrated the nuptial tie with mirth and song,—nor may she forget that, though changed in form, the man's the same;

"Forever young, though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung,—
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young."

As the holidays are coming on, let those whom long, long years have estranged from each other, recall the scenes of bye-gone days, and ere they pass renew the friendship of youth, and thus wend their way along toward that common receptacle for all living, in the bonds of peace and love. Let families separated by feud or fate, return once again to the paternal home, and before the fire's "fair blazing," around the old family board, and down at the altar of prayer, renew the loves of earlier days, and breath the balmy air of peace and joy. Let parents spare no pains to make these festive seasons particularly sunny and bright to those dear ones that cluster about their firesides, and cling their tendrils around the heart of age, for they will ever be fertile spots in the journey of life, to which memory will often turn to rest and recruit its wasted energies, ere she dies forever.

The young man whose home has been lighted up with holiday associations of a pleasing character, will not soon forget the instructions of a generous father, or the timely admonitions of a devoted mother. The daughter, whose dearest recollections pertain to the "loved ones at home," will be among the last to forsake the path of virtue, and seek the pleasures of vice; for as memory lingers over loved objects and scenes of childhood, the arterial current will quicken its space with increased energy, and the tear of affection will brighten the dedimmed instructions written on the tablets of the heart.

All hail! to the days soon coming to renew the blood of age—to awaken into new life the affections of youth—to gladden the sad heart with present and song—to burnish the crown that encircles the brow of him who has reformed his ways, and made happy the home of wife and child—to again witness the renewed pledges of years agone. All hail to the days that stir up the souls deepest emotions,

"For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
The freest is first in the band,
And Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
Is the man with his heart in his hand."

Wheatville, N. Y., 1860. X. Y. Z.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

HOME.

ONE may *seem* to enjoy life when absent from home. The philosophy of epicureanism, the love of excitement, the thought of the noise and bustle of crowded streets, the sight of magnificent palaces, of majestic water falls, the love of travel and thought of new objects to feed the burning desire of a wandering mind, may captivate when at home, in the midst of plain, healthy dishes, the noise and bustle of children, the din of household cares; but when away, his heart goes back to the cozy little cottage, with its busy, happy mother—merry, mirthful children, playing their little games of trick and chance—saying their little prayer at evening hour:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the LORD my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the LORD my soul to take—"

and then that sweet kiss that seals the covenant with a youthful devotion, and a "good night, pa,"—and he sighs, "I wish I were at home." And then those charming little flowers—emblems of purity and vouchers of friendship, planted and watered by delicate hands, walks, mounds, beds and arbors. Ah, home, how strong thy attachments,—how sacred thy surroundings,—how endearing thy associations,—how powerful thy discipline,—how deep and lasting thy teachings!

East Jaffrey, N. H., 1860. L. L. PIERCE.

GROWING OLD.

IT seems but a summer since we looked forward with eager hopes to the coming years. And now we are looking sadly back. Not that the dream has passed, but that it has been of no more worth to those around us. As the glowing hopes and ambitions of early life pass away; as friend after friend departs, and the stronger ties which hold us here are broken, our life seems but a bubble, glancing for a moment in light, and then broken, and not a ripple left on the stream.

Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; foot-prints sacred under their drifting dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even, which we would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of those years, and with chastened step and hopes, push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be seen swinging where the waters are still, and the storms never beat.—*T. W. Brown.*

THE LANGUAGE OF NATURE.—Could we but make language express the beautiful images of Nature, how eloquent we should be! Could we trace in words the exquisite tint of the flower, or the sparkling of the rippling wave; the majestic beauty of the forest, or the graceful intermingling of light and shade; the grandeur of the hoary cliff, or the loveliness of the laughing plain; the joyousness of the sunshine, or the tranquility of the twilight gloom; the terror of the storm, or the mildness of the evening breeze! Nature has a language of its own—a language which is understood in every clime—which speaks silently to the heart of every beholder, through which he may communicate with their Creator and his own, but which can find no utterance through the lips.

INTERCOURSE WITH SUPERIOR PERSONS.—It is the great event of life to find, and know, and love a superior person; to find a character that prefigures heaven and the saints on earth. Such a one is left alone, as the gods are. In all the superior persons I have met, I notice directness, simplicity, truth spoken more truly, as if everything like obstruction and malformation had been trained away. What have they to conceal? what have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons there is always a perfect understanding. They recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents or skill they chance to possess, namely, on their sincerity.—*Emerson.*

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SHADOWS.

I AM weary of this struggling,
Weary of this constant strife—
Weary of these wild heart-throbbings—
Weary of this pilgrim life.
Weary of these ceaseless longings,
Never, never satisfied—
Weary of this reaching after
Earth-good, only mystified.

Yet I'm thinking, as I ponder—
As the shadows deeper grow—
That there's something from us hidden
It were better not to know;
That these tears, and prayers, and strivings,
To our human souls belong,
And they soonest wear the guerdon,
Who can "suffer and be strong."

I am dreaming, in my waking,
Of the hours forever flown;
Of the hearts that beat so warmly,
Of the hands that clasp my own.
How these visions rise before me,
Of the friends I loved of yore,
Who have left me for a season,
Wailing on the Other Shore.

I am longing, Oh, how longing,
Standing here so faint and lone,
For the light that never fadeth,
Where my cherished ones have gone.
Angel-beings hover near me,
Whisper to my spirit, "Peace,"
Tell me of the calm forever,
Where my strugglings all shall cease.

East Pembroke, N. Y., 1860. J. E. S.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"WE'LL MEET AGAIN."

WHAT beautiful words are these for the christian mourner, as he wanders through the burial ground, and reads the name of one, perhaps the household darling, that faded like a summer's blossom; or, perchance, the name of her who first taught his lips to lisp the name of "Mother." As he pauses by her grave, vividly comes to mind that careworn face, lit up with smiles of love—her prayers and counsels—yet, more than all, the dying blessings still unfinished as her spirit took its upward flight.

"You will meet them again," said the minister of GOD, as he addressed sorrowing friends when they were called to give back their little ones, as yet unstained by sin, and in all the purity of childhood. Lovely they looked in their calm repose, attired in those snowy robes, but more beautiful will they appear in the last great day, when GOD counteth up His jewels. As we sadly turned from the little, new-made graves, methought sweet, very sweet to them, would be the anticipation of meeting their darling ones in Heaven.

"I must soon leave you," said the aged father, who had lain upon his couch for many weary months, patiently waiting GOD's own time to be released from this world of many sorrows, and while he asks the blessing of GOD to rest upon the stricken ones when he is gone, how joyfully he assures them they "will meet again."

Who would not earnestly strive to secure that unwavering faith in the promises of GOD—that holy religion which will brighten the gloom of calamity and sorrow—which will enable us to meet without murmuring the many trials and sorrows of life, and, as we draw near the dark river of Death, give us the joyful assurance of a blessed reunion in Heaven.

York, Mich., 1860. MRS. U. RICHARDS.

THE CROSS.—The following striking passage is from Henry Ward Beecher's sermon preached a few Sundays since, in the pulpit of the late Theodore Parker, at Boston:

"The cross has twined around it every association of dignity and beauty in the world. Not one other thing has received from the fertile minds and the all-fashioning hands of men of genius so many intrinsic beauties as the cross of Christ. Millions never hear of it without a throb, nor see it without a genuflection. It dawns upon the child in the cradle next to its mother's face, and it is the last thing from which the light disappears when this child in old age is dying. The cross is now as universal and as beautiful to the associations and the memories of men, as then it was rare, peculiar and odious; it is that which now to us is not only suggestive of a fact in Christ's history, but it is also a memorial of two thousand years of history. Around that simple cross-wood, the heart of the world has gathered for twenty centuries its stores of admiration, of love, of devotion."

NATURE AND REVELATION.—Revealed religion leads better to the natural than the latter to the former. Natural religion, as it is called, assumes the reality, and deserves the name of religion only after it has received the seal of revelation. For *natural religion*, in the strict sense, there is none. Revelation gives a certainty, a new perception to truths, which, though presupposed, have as yet no vitality, no influence on the conscience. Oratorically, the truths of natural religion are nothing; and the oratorical advantage of the Christian over the rationalistic preacher is beyond estimation.—*Vinet.*

PULPIT CONTROVERSY.—The proper controversy of the pulpit is controversy with sin, which is the great heresy. It is better to overcome evil with good, to absorb error in truth. *Virtutem videant.* We must observe the errors which appear in the places where we preach; those, at least, which have footing therein; but we must not do them the service of publishing them, and propagate while we oppose them.—*Vinet.*

The Traveler.

[Special Correspondence of Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

LETTER XIX.

Gold in California — When and by whom discovered — Marshall's reward — Incidents in the Life of Captain John A. Sutter — Vast changes wrought by their discovery — Providential designs.

MARYSVILLE, Cal., Sept. 4, 1860.

INCIDENTS connected with the rise and growth of a State are worthy of a place in the RURAL. The growth and development of California is without a parallel in history. The secret of this is found in the discovery of its vast gold fields. But when, where, and by whom, was her gold first discovered? The reply to these matter-of-fact questions runs thus:—In the winter of 1847–8, on the south fork of the American river, Mr. JAMES W. MARSHALL accidentally made a discovery, which proved to be by far the most important event in his life,—a discovery which hastened the development of the country far beyond what centuries of the unassisted progress of nature could have effected. MARSHALL was a mill-wright, and had, by previous contract, erected a sawmill for Capt. JOHN A. SUTTER. MARSHALL, one day, having allowed the whole body of water to rush through the *tail race* of the mill, for the purpose of making some alterations in it, observed, while walking along the banks of the stream next morning, numerous glittering particles among the sand and gravel, which had been carried off by the force of the increased body of water. For a time they did not attract his special attention; but at length, seeing one larger and brighter than the rest, he was induced to examine it, and found it to be a scale of gold. Collecting several of these specimens he immediately hurried to Capt. SUTTER, and began his tale in such a hurried manner, and accompanied it with such extravagant promises of unbounded wealth, that the Captain thought him demented, and looked to his rifle for protection. But when MARSHALL threw his gold upon the table, the face of the bold Swiss adventurer assumed expressions of delightful conviction, and he was forced to coincide. They resolved to keep the discovery a secret, but they were observed while examining the river, and soon the news was out, and they were surrounded by immense numbers, all eager to hoard the shining treasures, and become independent if not millionaires. Mr. MARSHALL has lived to see the world enriched by his discovery, while he, himself, wanders poor and homeless, over a land that has too long neglected to repay her immense debt of gratitude to him who gave her all her wealth, power, and position. As with all great benefactors of mankind, some future century may record his name on the historic page, while millions, less worthy than himself, have fattened where he starved.

Intimately connected with the early history of the State, is the name of Capt. JOHN A. SUTTER, and few men so well merit this distinction. Born in 1803, the son of a Swiss, of the Canton Berne, his early life was passed in the Grand Duchy, and there he received his education. Like many of his countrymen, feeling desirous of enjoying the institutions of our own far-famed Republic, he sailed for and reached New York in July, 1834; but finally settled, and for several years resided, in Missouri. The wild West had always possessed a charm for him, but his adventurous spirit looked still further toward the setting sun, and roved along the waters that sought their devious way to the Pacific, and he went out with a party connected with the American Fur Company. He left that party of trappers in the Rocky Mountains, and with a new party of six, decided on proceeding to their destination (California) by way of Oregon. They at length arrived at Fort Vancouver, and found difficulties and delays in their way to California. Capt. SUTTER at length sailed for the Sandwich Islands, but no vessel offering passage to California, he sailed to Sitka Island, in Russian America, and from that point managed to sail for, and set foot on, California soil at Monterey, in July, 1839, just 18 months after leaving Missouri. Having succeeded in overcoming the Spanish opposition to foreign settlers, he obtained the permission of Gov. ALVARADO to locate himself in the Valley of the Sacramento,—more readily granted, perhaps, because it was then densely peopled with savage Indians. He explored the Sacramento, Feather, and American Rivers, and in August, 1839, permanently established himself on the latter, with a colony of only three whites and eight Kanakas. Shortly after, he removed to the spot now known as "Sutter's Fort," and took possession of the surrounding country under a Mexican grant, giving it the name of *New Helvetia*. From this point, he cut a road to the junction of the Sacramento and American Rivers, where he established a quay or landing place, on the site of which has since been built the flourishing city of Sacramento. Here he remained for several years,—his settlement being the head-quarters of the emigrants, who, following his example, poured into the country from the American States.

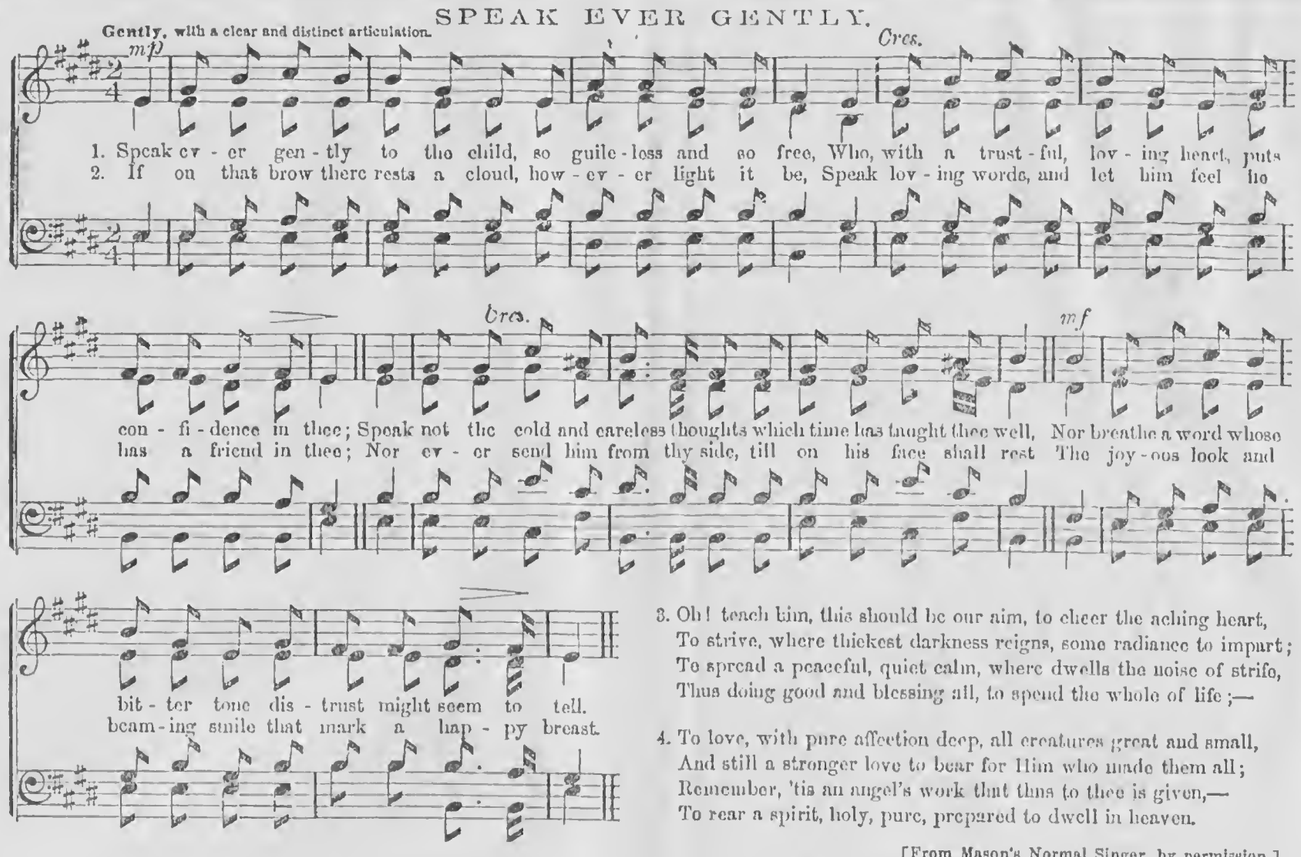
But by far the most important event of Capt. SUTTER'S life was yet to happen—and in 1848 he caused to be built a sawmill, whose tail-race has stirred the waters of every ocean, and set the world aglow to cut for itself a golden fortune. General SUTTER now lives at Hock-Farm, on the Feather River, and here, leading the happy, contented life of a tiller of the soil, he meets friend and stranger with that sincere, unostentatious hospitality, that has endeared him to the whole community. A more kind-hearted, generous, and benevolent man, does not dwell within the borders of the State. These reminiscences of two of the Pioneers of California, must possess a general as well as local interest, and are worthy of permanent record. Their *golden* discovery has turned the world up-side down, and wrought *local* changes in society, in commerce, and in agriculture, that are truly surprising. But little more than a decade since, and all this glorious region had scarcely awakened from its primeval trance. Among its fastnesses, indeed, the Aborigine built his frail wigwam, and borrowed of Nature his simple dress and scanty food. The footsteps of the Pioneer ventured to penetrate its wilds. Following his devious pathway came the sons of toil, lured by the love of adventure or the hope of gain and here, where there was heard

"The dull, low tramp of waves
That beat the sea-lined shore,"

the great ocean of humanity lifts aloft its living billows, bearing an *argosy* more precious than all her countless treasures. The temples of religion and the altars of law crown the places where then stood the tents of the rover, and the cabins of a wandering race.

The auriferous stream that first made its appearance in the tail-race of a sawmill, now flows uninterruptedly out at the "Golden Gate" at the brisk rate of $6,000 per hour, pouring its yellow tide into the lap of commerce, quickening her pulse, and extending her domain to the encircling of the globe. Nor need we fear that the stream will dry up. The exhaustless force will continue for centuries, supplying the means of a higher civilization; and if the visions of modern seers are to be fulfilled, its influence will cross and recross the earth and the ocean, and the world shall therewith be re-dressed in its pristine beauty—the arts and sciences shall be greatly extended—poverty and want shall cease to hold its carnival—theft and burglary shall no longer run riot—plenty shall fill her horn and pour it out on the sons of men. Cultivated farms, and vineyards, and gardens, shall deck the country, while cities and smiling towns, like gems in the crown of royalty, shall adorn and lend enchantment to the scene. The discovery of MARSHALL and SUTTER was opportune. There was urgent need of an increase of the circulating medium. Commerce was crippled for want of it. Every department needed the stimulus which could be supplied by nothing less. Who that has faith in an overruling Providence can fail to comprehend his designs,—that by this golden tide he intends to work out a redemption from many physical ills, and give to the race here a higher and nobler destiny than has as yet been attained. S. B. R.

SPEAK EVER GENTLY.



3. Oh! teach him, this should be our aim, to cheer the aching heart,
To strive, where thickest darkness reigns, some radiance to impart;
To spread a peaceful, quiet calm, where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all, to spend the whole of life;—

4. To love, with pure affection deep, all creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear for Him who made them all;
Remember, 'tis an angel's work that thus to thee is given,—
To rear a spirit, holy, pure, prepared to dwell in heaven.

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

LONDON DUST HEAPS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston Journal communicates the following:

One has not seen the half of London until he has gone through St. Giles. There live those who have not slept on a bed for years; thousands who have not washed themselves for months. They herd together in filth and misery quite indescribable. They eat soup made of the bones which have been picked from a dust bin, or saved from the jaws of a hungry dog. This soup is cooked in a rough vessel, of which one is sufficient for a dozen or twenty families. It is eaten out of bowls which are literally pieces of patchwork, for they are made of a dozen pieces of crockery rudely matched and cemented together.

But there is one class of this sunken sixth of London whom I wish to follow through a day's experience, thankful that I need follow them no longer. Upon the Paddington wharves are collected enormous piles of confused rubbish, taken from the lanes and streets of London. Here is collected the contents of all the dust barrels of the city. And here work scores of women for such a pittance as scarce buys them a quartern loaf for supper. Often up to their knees, and sometimes up to their waists, in ashes, they yet eat, and even sleep, without so much as looking at a bowl of water.

The first business is to pass this conglomerate heap through a coarse sieve. In this way, all the old rags and bits of paper are easily found, in good time to be delivered to the paper maker, who will shortly transform them into delicate cream laid note paper, that would turn up its nose if its parentage were referred to. Then, too, pieces of old china are picked up and carefully preserved. Whatever pieces patience or ingenuity can persuade to match, are stuck together, and a bowl, cup, or plate made that will readily sell for a half penny. Whatever steadily refuses to be thus matched, is carted away to make new streets with. Sometimes jewelry is found, which very soon finds its way from the pocket of the lucky finder into the pawnbroker's hand, who advances a shilling or two, and is sure it will never be redeemed. Then, too, old bones are carefully gathered together, and sold to the bone-boiler, and perhaps they make their re-appearance in bright buttons. Old iron and brass have their place, and a considerable revenue is obtained from them. Old glass, old carpets, pails, baskets, handkerchiefs—all are eagerly sought and easily disposed of. We must not forget old shoes, which, after passing through the hands of a skillful "translator," bring very respectable prices.

That which has passed through the sieve has a history equally interesting. The unburnt coals are gathered in a separate heap, to be sold at the best price. Then the "breeze," or half burnt coal, has its place; this is sold to the brick-makers, who use it as fuel to burn between their layers. The ashes, also, carefully sifted, are sold to the brick-makers, who mix them with their clay. Thousands of chaldrons of ashes are disposed of for this purpose every month.

A dust heap as large as is frequently seen, is said to be worth from one to three thousand pounds. How lucky it is that London can consume its own dirt. If it did not, where could it be put? In a generation or two, it could bridge the channel, and mayhap even make a driveway along the great Atlantic plateau. When that is done, we can re-lay the cable.

CIVILIZATION UNDER WATER.

I HAVE had an ample opportunity to watch the pametis, in the breeding season, every spring, for the last eight years. At that time, it approaches in pairs the shores of the ponds in which it lives, and selects shallows, gravelly places, overgrown with potamogeton, water-lilies, and other aquatic plants, in which it begins by clearing a space of about a foot in diameter, rooting out the plants, removing, with violent jerks of its tail, the larger pebbles, and leaving a clean spot of fine sand, in which it deposits its eggs, surrounded and overshadowed by a grove of verdure. In this enclosure, one of the parents remains hovering over its brood, and keeping at a distance all intruders.

The office of watching over the progeny does not devolve exclusively upon either of the sexes, but the males and females watch alternately. The fierceness with which they dart at their enemies, and the anxiety with which they look out for every approaching danger, show that they are endowed with stronger instincts than have been known heretofore in any of their class. Their foresight goes so far as to avoid the bait attached to any hook, however near it may be brought to them, and however lively and tempting it may be. However near to one another, the pair of one nest do not interfere with those of another; but, like good neighbors, they live peaceably together, passing over each other's domains, when going out for food, without making any disturbance. But whenever an unmated single fish makes its appearance among the nests, he is chased away, like an intruding libertine and vagabond. The developement of the egg is very rapid. In less than a week, the young are hatched, and the parents soon cease to take any further care of them.—*Agassiz.*

COLDS.—If a man begins to cough, as the result of a common cold, it is the effort of nature herself attempting the cure, and she will effect it in her own time, and more effectually than any man can do, if she is let alone, and her instincts cherished. What are these instincts? She abhors food and craves warmth. Hence the moment a man is satisfied that he has taken cold, let him do three things. First, eat not an atom; second, go to bed and cover up warm in a room; third, drink as much cold water as he wants, or as much hot herb tea as he can, and in three cases out of four, he will be entirely well in thirty-six hours.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

MEN of genius are often dull and inert in society, as the blazing meteor when it descends to the earth is only a stone.

MOULDED AND PRESSED GLASS.

Flint glass, or crystal, forms one of the most beautiful varieties of this beautiful material, and in its manufacture into the various objects employed, both for ornament and use, many ingenious methods are employed. Moulded flint glass may be considered one of the most important improvements in the modern treatment of this substance. Its refractive and cut-like effects are so similar to those obtained, at a much greater cost, by cutting glass, that it is not easy to determine whether it is really cut or not. The peculiarity of modern moulded glass is, that the interior of the article has no indentations corresponding to the figure outside, and its lustre is, consequently, due to the inequalities of its substance. The metal is first gathered on a rod, in the ordinary way, and allowed to cool a little; some more is then taken up, and the mass is immediately pressed into a metal mould, on the interior of which the figure to be impressed on the glass is indented. In this way the exterior coating only fills the indentations, the cavity in the interior preserving its smooth and circular form. When about half-formed, the projecting parts are made slightly to separate from each other, by quickly turning the rod, while the workman at the same time blows into it. The article is then brought as usual into the desired shape; and in order to give it a polish, it is exposed to heat just sufficient slightly to melt its external surface, which is called the fire polish, and is then annealed.

What is called pressed glass, is a variety of this last kind, and the operation of its production is quite simple. A die and mould of the desired shape are secured on the table; the die is capable of being plunged into the mould by a lever, thus forcing down the glass before it, and causing it to assume the shape of the mould. It requires much practice to collect the exact quantity of fused glass necessary; and if this be not the case, the article is spoiled. It is an extremely rapid and cheap mode of producing glass objects. The effect, however, is not so good as the last, and this method is chiefly confined to the production of very common objects.

Another variety of the pressed glass manufacture is what is called drop pinching, and is employed chiefly for making the drops and spangles of chandeliers, &c. Lumps of glass are made expressly for this process, and are softened in a glass furnace. When sufficiently softened, they are then squeezed in pairs of glass dies, and the required form is thus given to them. They also require to be cut and polished in the same way as ordinary cut glass.—*Philadelphia North American.*

PRIMITIVE INSTITUTIONS.

IN Mr. Palfrey's second volume of the *History of New England*, including the period from 1643 to 1668, there are many curious facts recorded. He says:

In Massachusetts not only the support of the ministrations of religion, but personal attendance upon them was enforced by law. At the time of the Confederation there were nearly eighty ministers in New England, or one minister to about 300 of the population. On each Sunday two services were held, both by daylight. The services consisted of extemporaneous prayers; of the singing of the Psalms in a metrical version, without instrumental accompaniment, which was proscribed; and of a sermon, of which the approved length was an hour, measured by an hour-glass which stood upon the pulpit, very little practised in the first century.

The reading of the Bible in the public worship, without exposition, was generally disapproved, being regarded as an improper conformity to the hierarchal service, and qualified by the opprobrious name of dumb reading. The version of the Psalter which the Calvinists brought over and used at first in their worship, was that made by Henry Ainsworth, of Amsterdam. It continued to guide the devotions of Plymouth for seventy years, and those of Salem for forty. Sternhold and Hopkins came into use at a later period. In most of the churches both were superseded in 1640 by the "Bay Psalm Book," so called, prepared by some New England divines. For eighty or ninety years, it is said, not more than ten different tunes, if so many, were used in public worship. Few congregations could sing more than five tunes, now known by the names of York, Hackney, Windsor, St. Mary's, and Martyrs.

EMPLOYMENT OF TIME.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—The hard work of the summer is over. The cold, stormy weather of the winter is commenced, making a cheerful, pleasant room, and a good fire, very agreeable. Almost every young man and woman in the farmer's family will improve or waste a great deal of time this winter. I wish to direct the thoughts of the young to this important matter. Let all who are so situated that they can, attend school during winter, and not only attend school, but improve the time to the best possible advantage. The evenings should not be wasted, but should be employed in study and improvement. Let the young folks in the family study some particular branch of science or history together, and they will improve very rapidly, and find the time most agreeably employed. In some cases it may be well for the young people of a neighborhood to meet together two or three nights in a week for this purpose.

A debating society is a great means of improvement. It causes the young men engaged in it to study the subjects to be discussed, and learns them to express their ideas in a proper manner Those who have not tried this practice can have no idea of its great value to young men. It has stirred up many dormant minds to activity, and the result has been a life of study and usefulness. It is said that "knowledge is power," but it is quite as important that we should learn how to use the knowledge we possess, or may acquire. Some people have their minds crammed full of knowledge, but they don't know how to use it. Their knowledge is as useless as the furniture in a cabinet shop; they have no proper place for anything and no way to use the great quantity of materials stored away. Our minds and heads should be like a well furnished house, where there is a place and a use for every article.

I hope the thousands of young people who read these few hints will give the matter their serious attention. Perhaps a course like this recommended, has been pursued in some families and some neighborhoods; and if so, nothing could be more profitable than a publication of the details in the RURAL for the benefit of those interested. A. FARMER.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

COSTLY apparatus and splendid cabinets have no magical power to make scholars. In all circumstances, as man is, under God, the master of his own fortune, so is he the maker of his own mind. The Creator has so constituted the human intellect, that it can grow only by its *own action*, and by its own action it most certainly and necessarily grows. Every man must, therefore, in an important sense, educate HIMSELF. His books and teachers are but helps; the work is his. A man is not educated until he has the ability to summon, in case of emergency, all his mental power in vigorous exercise to effect his proposed object. It is not the man who has seen most, or who has read most, who can do this; such an one is in danger of being borne down, like a beast of burden, by an overloaded mass of other men's thoughts. Nor is it the man that can boast merely of native vigor and capacity. The greatest of all the warriors that went to the siege of Troy, had not the pre-eminence because Nature had given him strength, and he carried the largest bow, but because *self discipline* had taught him how to bend it.—*Daniel Webster.*

IDLENESS NOT HAPPINESS.—The most common error of men and women, is that of looking for happiness somewhere outside of useful work. It has never yet been found when thus sought, and never will be, while the world stands, and the sooner this truth is learned the better for every one. If you doubt the proposition, glance round among your friends and acquaintances, and select those who appear to have the most enjoyment through life. Are they idlers and pleasure seekers, or the earnest workers? We know what your answer will be. Of all the miserable human beings it has been our fortune or misfortune to know, they were the most wretched who had retired from useful employment, in order to enjoy themselves.

LITTLE ACTS GREAT.—Little acts are the elements of true greatness. They raise life's value like the little figures over the larger ones in Arithmetic, to its highest power. They are tests of character and disinterestedness. They are the straws upon life's deceitful current, and show the current's way. The heart comes all out in them. They move on the dial of character and responsibility significantly. They indicate the character and destiny. They help to make the immortal man. It matters not so much where we are as what we are. It is seldom that acts of moral heroism are called for. Rather the real heroism of life is, to do all its little duties promptly and faithfully.

BANTAM FOWLS.—Can you inform me where I can purchase a pair of those Bantam Chickens you spoke of in your paper of the 27th, and the price per pair?—W. S., *Palmyra, N. Y.*

They may be had, we think, of E. P. Ralph and J. E. Chamberlain, Buffalo, of N. Barnes, New Hartford, and perhaps of D. S. Heffron, Utica, and E. A. Wendell, Albany.

A MAN; OR THE HIGHER PLEASURES OF THE INTELLECT.—This work, from which we published an extract two weeks since, and which a young rural friend is anxious to obtain, is published by JAMES CHALLEN & SON, Philadelphia. Price $1.25.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

AGRICULTURAL. PAGE.
Improve the Mind and the Soil, ... 397
Inquiries and Notes, ... 397
Quitch Grass, [Illustrated,] 397
Potatoes Mixing in the Hill, ... 397
Roofing Materials, ... 397
The American Terraculter, [Illustrated,] 397
The time for Breeding Cattle, ... 398
Wheat Growing, Sterility, &c., ... 398
The Bee-Keeper—Facts about Bees, ... 398
Rural Spirit of the Press—Caution to Dairymen; About Ice Houses; Water Cisterns, ... 398
Agricultural Miscellany—Our "Rural" Letters from the People; Honorable to Women—Invention and Production; The Season and Crops in England; The Wheat and Corn Crops of the West. 398
HORTICULTURAL.
Dwarf Pears—Self-Praise, ... 399
New Native Fruits, ... 399
Henwood Seedling Apple, [Illustrated,] 399
Horticultural Notes.—Grapes and Wine; Keep House Plants Clean; Colored Fruit Plates; Illinois Horticultural Society, ... 399
Inquiries and Answers.—Grape Culture; Transplanting Rhubarb, ... 399
DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
To Veneer Picture Frames with Straw; Coffee Cake; To make Hard Soap from Soft; Cure for Weeping Sinew; Cleaning Oil Cloths, ... 399
LADIES' OLIO.
"Young Bride," [Poetical;] An Old Woman's School Days; Home Attractions; Double, ... 400
CHOICE MISCELLANY.
Musings, [Poetical;] Our Holidays; Home; Growing Old; The Language of Nature; Intercourse with Superior Persons, ... 400
SABBATH MUSINGS.
Shadows, [Poetical;] "We'll Meet again;" The Cross; Nature and Revelation; Pulpit Controversy, ... 400
THE TRAVELER.
A Trip to California—Letter XIX, ... 401
USEFUL OLIO.
London Dust Heaps; Civilization under Water; Colds; Moulded and Pressed Glass; Primitive Institutions, ... 401
YOUNG RURALIST.
Employment of Time; Thoughts for Young Men; Idleness not Happiness; Little Acts Great; Bantam Fowls; A Man, or the Higher Pleasures of the Intellect, 401
THE STORY TELLER.
The Land of Dreams, [Poetical;] Up and Down, ... 404

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

The People's Great Books—John E. Potter.
The Saturday Evening Post—Deacon & Peterson.
Important to Stock Growers—A. G. Hatch, Gen. Agent.
Rejected Illinois Banks—Emery & Co.
D. Leary's Steam Fancy Dyeing Establishment.
Valuable Farm for Sale—E. Wright Hall.
Chester White Pigs—Seth A. Bushnell.
Pear Seed for Sale—G. C. Maurer.
50 Agents Wanted—F. Beech.
SPECIAL NOTICES.
Brown's Bronchial Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE President, on the 7th inst., explicitly expressed his determination to send no more troops to the forts near Charleston, and said everything would be done on his part to avoid a collision. Major Aloxander has made no request for reinforcements, and it is represented that the best of feeling exists between the garrison of Fort Moultrie and the citizens of Charleston.

The U. S. Supreme Court met in their new chamber at noon, on the 5th inst. Chief Justice Taney and all the associate judges were present, except Judge Wayne. The court shortly afterwards adjourned, and the Judges proceeded to the White House, personally, and afterwards left their cards for the Vice President. After the adjournment of the Court, the members of the bar practicing in that Court, held a meeting to express their regret at the death of associate Justice Daniel, which occurred during the vacation.

A dispatch from Fort Scott to the Interior Department, dated Nov. 25th, says:—Business offices are not interrupted, or likely to be. The Montgomery raid amounts to nothing.

The correspondence of the N. Y. Times says that reliable information from Texas represents the people on the eve of a revolution against the State government. Gov. Houston refuses to convene the Legislature for the purpose of calling a convention.

The special Pacific R. R. Committee, to whom was referred that portion of the President's Message relating to the Pacific R. R., will meet soon. They will undoubtedly adhere to the old bill recommended last year. This action will depend much upon the course of the Southern States. Should a general secession of the cotton States take place, no favor will be shown the southern route. It is considered an important matter by the Republicans. The Republican members of the Committee are in a majority, and will insist upon the central route if no other is agreed to. Should secession take place, the bill will pass, and the incorporators stand ready to commence at once.

The President sent to the House, on the 5th inst., a very large mass of documents in response to the former session. From a cursory examination of their contents, it is shown that the cost per annum of the African Squadron from the year 1843 to 1849, was $384,000. The cost for the present year is estimated at about $800,000, owing to the majority of the vessels employed being war steamers. In the instructions of the flag officers of the African Squadron, the Secretary of the Navy says: The United States does not claim the mere hoisting of our flag should give immunity to those who have the right to war. Such a pretence would subject it to degredation and dishonor, for it would thus be made a cover for piracy and other crimes of similar atrocity. What her own citizens, who rightfully display it, are entitled to is absolute immunity and protection. You will, therefore, be prompt to prevent the search or detention of U. S. vessels on the high seas, in time of peace, by the armed vessels of any other power; and should a vessel of the U. S. falsely assume the flag of any other nation, it would constitute no protection.

Among the documents from the State Department is a note from Lord John Russell to Lord Lyons, which the latter read to Secretary Cass.—It is dated February last. Lord John Russell says that it is his painful duty to call attention to the increasing activity and success of the slave trade carried on on the coast of Africa and Cuba, and that it appears that the number of negroes introduced in Cuba last year was from 22,000 to 30,000. Also, that United States capital has been more or less employed in this traffic, by parties sailing under the American flag.

Mr. Cass plainly says that the President has read with surprise and dissatisfaction, certain British official representations, which, in the judgment of the Executive, are not supported by the facts advanced, nor are they compatible with the respect due from one independent nation to another. It further appears from these documents that the British government has frequently complained to our own about the increase of the Slave trade. So Secretary Cass wrote to Minister Dallas, in October last, to assure Lord John Russell that the foreign office has been assured more than once before that certain diplomatic suggestions are as unnecessary as they are unacceptable, and to express the hope that similar appeals will not be repeated, for this government needs not such representations to stimulate its action or to teach its duty.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—Mr. Hale moved that a number of volumes be published in relation to the Pacific Railroad, for the use of the Senate.

Mr. Powell moved the reference of the President's Message, so far as it relates to the present political affairs of the country, to a special committee.

Mr. Green offered a resolution for inquiring into the expediency of establishing an armed police force in the border States, Slave and Free, for maintaining the general peace, and efficient execution of the Fugitive Slave Law.

The credentials of Senator Baker, of Oregon, were presented.

Mr. Hale moved to reconsider the vote to print the President's Message, and made a speech attacking it as failing to meet the secession movement in the face.

Mr. Brown said—If you of the North go to the right, we will go to the left, and vice versa.

Mr. Iverson said the States withdrawing, disclaim any further allegiance. We intend to go out of the Union before the 4th of March, peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must. Five States will go out, and Arkansas and Louisiana will call conventions pretty soon.

Mr. Wigfall thought the President would precipitate the measure he intends to avoid.

Mr. Salisbury, of Del., said his State having been the first to adopt the Constitution, would be the last to do any act, or countenance any, calculated, or having the tendency, to lead to a separation of the States.

Mr. Powell introduced a resolution that so much of the President's Message as relates to the present agitated and distracted state of the country, and the grievance of the slaveholding and non-slaveholding States, be referred to a special committee of thirteen members, and that said committee be instructed to inquire whether any additional legislation than already exists within the sphere of federal authority, will be necessary for the protection and security of the property of the United States; if so, to report by bill; and that the said committee be also instructed to consider and report whether it is deemed expedient to propose an amendment or amendments to the Constitution of the United States, so far as to insure a prompt and full protection of the right of property of citizens of every State and Territory, and insure the equality of the States, and insure the equal rights of the citizens aforesaid, under the Federal Constitution. Laid over for the present. Adj.

HOUSE.—The House, by 68 to 125, refused to lay on the table Mr. Grow's motion to reconsider the vote by which committee of Agricultures' Homestead bill was last session referred to the committee of the whole on the state of the Union.

The House then reconsidered the vote.

The bill was then brought up for action.

Mr. Grow did not desire to discuss this measure, the principle involved having been familiar to the country the past ten years. This bill, however, avoids the prominent objections in President Buchanan's veto message. It does not propose to donate lands, but requires a payment of $10 for 100 acres. He might, if necessary, quote Jackson against Buchanan, to show that the former was of the opinion that the public lands should not be a source of federal revenue. He moved the previous question, under the operation of which the bill passed—133 to 76.

After some debate on other matters, the House went into committee of the whole, and considered the Military Academy bill, which, as well as the Pension bill was passed.

The Speaker appointed the following special committee under Mr. Boteler's resolution, to consider questions connected with the perilous condition of the country:—Chairman—Corwin, Ohio; Millson, Virginia; Adams, Mass.; Winslow, N. C.; Humphrey, N. Y.; Boyce, S. C.; Campbell, Pa.; Love, Ga.; Ferry, Ct.; Davis, Md.; Robinson, R. I.; Whiteley, Del.; Tappan, N. H.; Stratton, N. J. Bristow, K.; Morrow, Vt.; Nelson, Tenn.; Dunn, Ia.; Taylor, La.; Davis, Mi.; Kellogg, Ill.; Honston, Ala.; Morse, Me.; Phelps, Mo.; Rust, Ark.; Howard, Mich.; Hawkins, Florida; Hamilton, Texas; Washburn, Wis.; Curtis, Iowa; Burch, California; Windom, Minn.; Stout, Oregon.

With a view to relieve the present financial embarrassment of the Government, Mr. Phelps made a proposition in the Committee of Ways and Means, to issue $10,000,000 in the form of Treasury Notes. The consideration of this proposition was postponed for a short time, as the Secretary of Treasury report on the finances is not printed, and the members of the committee are not yet prepared to decide on the proper method of relieving the embarrassment of the Treasury.

The Speaker will not announce the Special Committee on that part of the President's Message referring to secession troubles, until Monday, desiring meanwhile to consult with the members of the different State delegations, in order to make the best selections. Adjourned.

The President's Message.

THIS document was presented to Congress on the 4th inst., and though we would be glad to present it entire to our readers, want of space forbids. Passing over for the present that portion relating to Foreign affairs, etc., we give a condensation of the President's views relative to the peculiarly exciting topics now engaging the attention of the country:

SECESSION.—It is alleged as one cause for immediate secession that the Southern States are denied equal rights with the other States in the common Territories. But by what authority are these denied? Not by Congress, which has never passed, and I believe never will pass, any act to exclude slavery from these Territories; and certainly not by the Supreme Court, which has solemnly decided that slaves are property, and, like all other property, their owners have a right to take them into the common Territories, and hold them there under the protection of the Constitution.

So far then as Congress is concerned, the objection is not to anything they have already done, but to what they may do hereafter. It will surely be admitted that this apprehension of future danger is no good reason for an immediate dissolution of the Union. It is true that the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, on the 23d of February, 1860, passed in great haste an act, over the veto of the Governor, declaring that slavery "is, and shall be, forever prohibited in this Territory." Such an act, however, plainly violating the rights of property secured by the Constitution, will surely be declared void by the judiciary whenever it shall be presented in a legal form.

Only three days after my inauguration the Supreme Court of the United States solemnly adjudged that this power did not exist in a territorial legislature. Yet, such has been the factious temper of the times that the correctness of this decision has been extensively impugned before the people, and the question has given rise to angry political conflicts throughout the country. Those who have appealed from this judgment of our highest constitutional tribunal to popular assemblies would, if they could, invest a territorial legislature with power to annul the sacred rights of property. This power Congress is expressly forbidden by the Federal Constitution to exercise. Every State Legislature in the Union is forbidden by its own constitution to exercise it. It cannot be exercised in any State except by the people in their highest sovereign capacity when forming or amending their State Constitution.

STATE ENACTMENTS.—The most palpable violations of constitutional duty which have yet been committed, consist in the acts of different State Legislatures to defeat the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law. It ought to be remembered, however, that for these acts neither Congress nor any President can justly be held responsible. Having been passed in violation of the Federal Constitution, they are, therefore, null and void. All the courts, both State and National, before whom the question has arisen, have from the beginning declared the Fugitive Slave Law to be constitutional. The single exception is that of a State Court in Wisconsin, and this has not only been reversed by the proper appellate tribunal, but has met with such universal reprobation that there can be no danger from it as a precedent. The validity of this law has been established over and over again by the Supreme Court of the United States with perfect impunity. It is founded upon an express provision of the Constitution, requiring that fugitive slaves who escape from service in one State to another shall be "delivered up" to their masters. Without this provision it is a well known historical fact that the constitution itself could never have been adopted by the Convention.

THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.—In order to justify secession as a constitutional remedy it must be on the principle that the federal government is a mere voluntary association of States, to be dissolved at pleasure by any one of the contracting parties. If this be so, the confederacy is a rope of sand, to be penetrated and dissolved by the first adverse wave of public opinion in any of the States. In this manner our thirty-three States may resolve themselves into as many petty, jarring and hostile republics, each one retiring from the Union, without responsibility, whenever any sudden excitement may impel them to such a course. By this process a Union might be entirely broken into fragments in a few weeks which cost our forefathers many years of toil, privation and blood, to establish.

Such a principle is wholly inconsistent with the history as well as the character of the federal constitution. The truth is, that it was not until many years after the origin of the federal government that such a proposition was first advanced. It was then met and refuted by the conclusive arguments of Gen. Jackson, who, in his message of 16th January, 1833, transmitting the nullifying ordinance of South Carolina to Congress, employs the following language: "The right of the people of a single State to absolve themselves at will, and without the consent of the other States, from their most solemn obligations, and hazard the liberty and happiness of millions composing this Union, cannot be acknowledged. Such authority is believed to be utterly repugnant both to the principle on which the federal government is constituted and to the objects which it was expressly formed to attain."

INTENDED TO BE PERPETUAL.—It was intended to be perpetual, and not to be annulled at the pleasure of any one of the contracting parties. The old articles of confederation were entitled "Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union between the States;" and by the 13th article it is expressly declared that "the articles of this confederation shall be inviolably observed by every State, and the Union shall be perpetual." The preamble to the Constitution of the United States, having express reference to the article of confederation, recites that it was established "in order to form a more perfect union."

REDRESS.—It may be asked, then, are the people of the States without redress against the tyranny and oppression of the Federal Government? By no means. The right of resistance on the part of the governed against the oppression of their governments cannot be denied. It exists independently of all constitutions, and has been exercised at all periods of the world's history. Under it old governments have been destroyed, and new ones have taken their place. It is embodied in strong and expressed language in our own Declaration of Independence. But the distinction must be observed, that this is revolution against an established government, and not a voluntary secession from it by virtue of inherent constitutional right. In short, let us look the danger fairly in the face; secession is neither more nor less than revolution. It may or it may not be a justifiable revolution, but still it is revolution.

POWER TO COERCE.—The question fairly stated is: Has the constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a State into submission which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn from the Confederacy? If answered in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred upon Congress to declare and to make war against a State. After much serious reflection I have arrived at the conclusion that no such power has been delegated to Congress or to any other department of the federal government. It is manifest, upon an inspection of the constitution, that this is not among the specific and enumerated powers granted to Congress; and it is equally apparent that its exercise is not "necessary and proper for carrying into execution" any one of these powers. So far from this power having been delegated to Congress, it was expressly refused by the Convention which framed the Constitution.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.—The President recommends "explanatory amendments to the Constitution on the subject of Slavery." These are as follows:

"1. An express recognition of the right of property in slaves in the States where it now exists or may hereafter exist.

2. The duty of protecting this right in all the common Territories throughout their territorial existence, and until they shall be admitted as States into the Union, with or without slavery.

3. A like recognition of the right of the master to have his slave, who has escaped from one State to another, restored and "delivered up" to him, and of the validity of the Fugitive Slave Law, enacted for this purpose, together with a declaration that all State laws impairing or defeating this right are violations of the Constitution, and consequently null and void."

HORACE L. WHITE, who was appointed Census Marshall, writes us that in the course of his travels he "found one old lady 104 years old last February. She lives in North East, and was a married woman, and living in Boston, when the tea was thrown overboard. I have seen women of seventy years, who were apparently much older than she seems to be."

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Artic Exploring steamer Fox had returned from surveying the shores of Greenland, &c, for the North Atlantic telegraph,—report satisfactory.

The Galway Company is endeavoring to obtain the contract for carrying the French mails via. Galway, and offer to run weekly. The prospects are favorable.

Official investigation as to the loss of the Connaught, is progressing at London.

Rumors of a probable visit of the Emperor of France to England, to meet the Empress at Windsor, are rife.

The statement is current in England that the English Government intimated that France intended recognizing a new kingdom, and Napoleon signified his willingness, provided it was postponed until the King of Naples evacuates Gaeta.

The result of our Presidential contest is commented upon in England with satisfaction.

The Empress Eugenie is traveling *incog.* in England. She rode about in common street hacks in London, and went on foot to various stores and purchased goods. She intends to visit Scotland in the same manner.

FRANCE.—Count Morney is going to Rome on a special mission, with an autograph letter from the Emperor.

It is stated that Walewski succeeded Persigny in the London Embassy.

The French are about to re-occupy Terracina.

The prohibition against the exportation of iron is abolished.

AUSTRIA.—Vienna letters speak of a guarantee from the German Confederation, joined by Russia, for securing Venetia to Austria as necessary for security to Germany.

ITALY.—The seige of Gaeta continued. The Piedmontese bombarded the suburbs on the 12th. The Neapolitan troops continued to fight resolutely, but the defection among officers was increasing. Col. Pianelli surrendered the battalion of chasseurs to the Piedmontese. The further resistance of the Bourbon troops is paralized by the insubordination of the chiefs, and confusion is prevailing. It is believed that a complete evacuation of Gaeta is resolved on.

Explanations are said to have been asked of Piedmont by France, whether, with its sanction, Garibaldi signified his intention to attack Venetia in the spring. The plan attributed to Garibaldi is to land at Dalmatia, get into Montenegro, and raise the population, in order to compel the Austrians to keep a considerable force on that side while the Piedmontese are busy before Venetia.

Reactionary movements are at work, and it is said that five Neapolitan provinces are in a state of seige. Accounts of the movements are anti-annexationist. The province of Albazzi has partly risen in insurrection.

The Piedmontese occupied Terracina, but Cardinal Antonelli protested, and General Guyon intimated to them to evacuate.

A dispatch from Naples says that Francis II. had burst a blood vessel. A steamer had arrived from Gaeta for medical assistance. The Queen, mother and children left for Rome. A Ministerial change is expected.

Victor Emmanuel is expected to go to Palermo on the 26th. Umbria and Mardris Piedmontese Parliament is to be convoked and forthwith dissolved, in order to be replaced by Italy Parliament. There was a vague report that negotiations had commenced at Paris for the cession of Venetia.

CHINA.—Dispatches dated Oct. 1st, state that hostilities had recommenced in the north. Two skirmishes were fought with the Tartar cavalry, who were repulsed. The allied army is waiting in a hostile position before Pekin. Negotiations are opened by the Chinese, but not in a supplicatory manner. No new government in movement.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE—*Breadstuffs.*—Richardson, Spence & Co., Bigland, Althya & Co, Wakefield, Nash & Co., and others, report flour neglected, and again 6d lower than on Tuesday. Prices range from 25s@31s. Wheat quiet, at a further decline of 1d@2d. Red western 11s@11s10d; southern 12s4d@12s10d; white western 12s2d @12s8d; southern 12s@14s. Corn unchanged, but rather easier to-day. Mixed and yellow 38s@38s6d; white 42s@44s per quarter. *Provisions.*—Pork without material alteration. Sales of new prime at 79s; old 56s. Lard none in first hands, and 70s has been paid in retail for fine American.

The News Condenser.

— The hog cholera is working fearful ravages in Macoupin Co., Ill.

— The cold snap of the 24th ult. closed the navigation of the Upper Mississippi.

— The number of offices in the gift of the National Executive is about 60,000.

— An organized gang of incendiaries has been discovered at Manchester, Ohio.

— The Grand Jury of Montgomery, Ala., have presented the Union as a nuisance.

— The "first shad of the season" was served up at Savannah, Ga., Thursday week.

— A case in chancery begun in England, in 1791, was decided in London last October.

— Lord Brougham being childless, his patent of peerage is transferred to his brother.

— The grain harvest of Oregon is bountiful, and there is a large surplus for exportation.

— A practicable and easy railroad route has been discovered across the Sierra Nevada.

— Garibaldi has a son pursuing his studies in a Protestant college near Davenport, Eng.

— Marlborough House, London, is being converted into a residence for the Prince of Wales.

— The small pox is raging violently among the poor in the Western part of Philadelphia.

— The Irish papers say that the potato crop is turning out much better than was anticipated.

— Every new bride in Greenfield, Mass., is entitled to $50 from a fund raised for that purpose.

— The receipts of grain of all kinds in Chicago, since January 1st, amount to 34,375,000 bushels.

— So bad is the prospect of affairs in Syria, that the Christians are advised to leave the country.

— The Texans are luxuriating upon second and third crops of figs, and second crops of mulberries.

— The number of emigrants that have arrived at the port of New York, since January 1, is 100,000.

— A hippopotamus, the first ever brought to America, has arrived in New York. It is two years old.

— Many of the clergymen of New Orleans preached, on Thanksgiving, warmly in favor of secession.

— Ladies are now seen in the streets of Norfolk, with a blue cockade pinned to the bosom of their dress.

— The State of Georgia, by the new census, has a population of 1,075,977—an increase of 61,559 since 1850.

— There have been, during the past year, in Steubenville, Ohio, nearly two hundred deaths from putrid sore throat.

— In Oswego, Sunday night week, a fire destroyed the Washington Block and three other buildings. Loss, $40,000.

— The newspapers in Maine are reviving the project of removing the seat of Government from Augusta to Portland.

— Forty-two pairs of twins have been born in eight towns in Cass county, Mich., during the year ending June 1st, 1860.

— Dr. Oberdorf died in Cincinnati a few days since. He was one of the few surviving soldiers of the Great Napoleon.

— A hornet's nest, five feet in circumference, has been presented to the New Jersey State Agricultural Collection.

— Randall Clark was fined, at the term of the Circuit Court of Lowndes Co., Ala., $1,000 for not feeding his slaves well.

— The Upper Mississippi froze over on the night of Nov. 23d. The mail now goes in stages from La Crosse to St. Paul.

— The N. Y. Times' correspondent of Havana says the slave trade was never brisker on the island than at the present time.

— A can of fluid burst and killed a little boy while he was playing with it and lighted paper, at Willimantic, on Tuesday week.

— The largest hotel in the world is the Lindell House, now nearly completed in St. Louis. Its cost, unfurnished, will be $600,000.

— Mrs. Bailey, of Lexington, Mass., 84 years of age, has made 80 cheeses this summer, besides doing other household work.

— The Continentals, a military company at Cumberland, Maryland, are to attend Lincoln's inauguration, on the 4th of March.

— The factory girls in England have been prohibited, under penalty of fines, from appearing at their work encased in crinoline.

— There are between three and four hundred loaded canal boats, bound for tide-water, frozen in between Syracuse and Albany.

— It is stated, as a singular fact, that, for the first time in 20 years, wolves are now showing themselves in the Aroostook region, Me.

— Packages have been received at the Post-Office in Alexandria, Va., directed to "Alexandria, Virginia, Southern Confederacy."

— Maj. J. B. Scott, U. S. A., died at San Francisco on the 22d ult., and Delazon Smith, ex-Senator of Oregon, at Portland, on the 18th.

— The fact is noted that Episcopal clergymen in Charleston, Sunday before last, omitted the prayer for the President of the United States.

— Flint, Bixby & Co., of San Jose, Cal., recently purchased a buck lamb, eight months old, from a Vermonter, paying for the same $1,000!

— In Fall River, on Thanksgiving day, D. D. Perry, aged 89, and Esther Simmons, aged 60, were married, it being the third marriage of each.

— It is a singular fact that, for the first time "within the memory of man," the prairie fowl is showing itself at several points in Michigan.

— Auditor Benton states that the total tolls received on all the canals of the State, during the season just closed, will exceed $3,000,000.

— John M. Baker, of Burnsville, Caldwell Co., Ky., is seven feet eight inches high, and the tallest man in the State. He is only 22 years old.

— The manufacture of oil from coal is likely to be introduced extensively in Arkansas, as the coal appears to be well adapted to that purpose.

— Owing to the crowded state of Parisian thoroughfares, five thousand persons have been wounded and seven hundred killed within a year.

— A family was poisoned at Albany, by eating head cheese, supposed to have been made of putrid meat. Prompt remedies saved their lives.

— A woman has been remanded at the London Guildhall, who made use of her crinoline for concealing housebreaking implements, skeleton keys, &c.

— The yellow fever has been making sad havoc in Jamaica. H. B. M.'s war steamer Icarus, which captured Walker, had 100 cases out of a crew of 130.

— The Lunatic Asylum at Hopkinsville, Ky., the most costly building in the State, was burned Friday week. All the inmates but one were saved. Loss, $200,000.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ Our large Show-Bill for 1861 sent free.

☞ "FOR GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD" see last page; and for other other timely notices, see third page.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ THE BOOKS READY!—The books we offer as Specific Premiums are now ready for delivery or mailing, and will be promptly forwarded to all who become entitled to them—or as soon as we known their wishes. Those who are offered a selection will oblige us by stating their preferences when ordering.

NOT A "DOLLAR PAPER."—We reiterate what has often been proclaimed in former volumes, that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is *not* a dollar paper—that it is never furnished to clubs, however large, at less than our published rates. When we can afford such a journal as this for a less figure, the fact will be announced. Meantime, those who write us that "other papers" can be had for a dollar, are advised that, if they prefer a re-print, or trashy sheet, to an original, useful and pure journal for the family, it is a very easy matter to practice *such* economy.

☞ GOOD TESTIMONY.—A few minutes after the above item ("Not a Dollar Paper") was penned, a voluntary agent called at the office, and remarked that he and a neighbor last week *took twelve subscriptions for the Rural in less than ten minutes!*—in a small collection of people. While the names were being enrolled one of the subscribers said that he not long since heard the Rev. Dr. —— remark that "he could not conceive how Mr. MOORE could make so good and chaste a paper for its subscription price." Many people, who have regard to the quality of its contents, and actual cost of the paper, have wondered in like manner.

☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England, or Canada money, when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $5 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester, or Buffalo, (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞ SEND ON THE NAMES.—Now is the time to forward lists of subscribers for 1861, and we hope agent-friends will "hurry up" the names as fast as possible. Our printers are ready to put the lists in type, and if they are sent in gradually, now, (instead of coming by the thousands, daily, about the 1st of January,) we shall not have too much of a good thing all at once. There is yet time to secure the Extra Premiums for early clubs.

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ UNIFORM RATES—*No Private Terms*—We beg to state, for the benefit of all interested, that our published Terms are rigidly adhered to—that we do not intend to publish one rate and accept of another in any case. It is therefore useless for people to send us less than our full price for a copy or club of RURALS—or for any one to ask private terms. We have no time to answer inquiries by letter, though we desire to be civil, and hence give our platform in this shape. Persons who intimate that they can get "other papers" cheaper are advised to do so if they think the investment safe and profitable,—but the RURAL NEW-YORKER cannot be had of us for less than regular rates, and no person is authorized to offer it at a lower price than our published terms.

AWARD OF PREMIUMS FOR LISTS OF TRIAL SUBSCRIBERS.—It will be remembered that we offered some small premiums for the largest lists of Subscribers obtained previous to the 1st inst., for the present quarter, (Oct. to Jan.,) on trial. The result of the competition, and awards, are briefly given as follows:—For the largest list Webster's Pictorial Dictionary was awarded to LA RUE P. THOMPSON of Steuben Co., N. Y., who procured 145 trials. The second—$4 in Ag. Books, post-paid—to OREN CLEVELAND, Geauga Co., O., for 98 trials. The third—$3 in books, as above—to H. A. HOYT, Fairfield Co., Conn., for 80 trials. The fourth—$2 in books—to E. WRIGHT, Belmont Co., O.,—for 60 trials. The next ten—a Gross of Wash. Med. Pens, post paid, or the RURAL NEW YORKER 15 months, to each—to L. Warner of N. Y., A. H. Raymond of Wis., H. Trowbridge of Wis., Geo. W. Fox, W. Elliot of Minn., W. C. Boyd, A. Wilcox, Mrs. H. S. Welch of Ill., Geo. Crane of Mass., J. Williams of Wis., for from 27 to 54 trials each. The next ten—the RURAL 6 months, or a 50 cent book, post-paid, to each—to Louisa Murdock of Iowa, G. C. French of Minn., S. N. Holmes, J. L. Marble, C. Thain, W. J. Kirk of C. W., J. M. Lewis of Ill., G. B. Hotchkiss of Conn., Geo. Palton of Wis., P. Bennett—for 15 to 25 trials each. A large number of persons sent from 12 to 16, all of whom have received the premiums offered. [As we wish to pay all premiums promptly, persons entitled to a preference of two articles (all others are paid) will please advise us of their selection.]

Special Notices.

COUGHS.

THE great and sudden changes of our climate are fruitful sources of *Pulmonary and Bronchial affections.* Experience having proved that simple remedies often act speedily and certainly when taken in the early stage of the disease, recourse should at once be had to "*Brown's Bronchial Troches,*" or Lozenges, let the Cough or Irritation of the throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be effectually warded off.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Dec. 11, 1860.

FLOUR unchanged in rates and business confined to the retail demand.

GRAIN.—Wheat as last quoted with but light transactions. Corn has declined 4 cents per bushel. Rye is now only worth 50@55c, and while purchasers will not offer more, holders do not sell. Oats have fallen off slightly. Buckwheat is in demand at an advance of 2@3c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—The Pork market is pretty lively this morning, and hogs are being sold at all prices from $5,50 to $6,50, the former for light and the latter for heavy. Owing to the opening of the slaughtering season, barrel Pork, Hams, Shoulders, &c., have declined somewhat, as will be observed by reference to table of quotations.

POULTRY is drooping with a decline of 1c ℔ pound.

DAIRY, &c.—Butter is more plenty and a falling off is noticed; Eggs ditto.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16@17c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,25@6,75	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	5,00@5,25	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,25	**FRUITS AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1,00@1,30	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,35	Apples, dried	66@66c
Corn, old	50@50c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Corn, new	00@00c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush	50@55c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	25@26c	Potatoes	25@40c
Barley	50@55c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	40@43c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	8@8c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50c@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$16,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	50@88c
Pork, clear	17,00@18,00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	5,75@6,50	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	4,00@5,00	Timothy	2,25@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,50@2,00	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	10@10c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens	6@7c	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@40c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,75
Butter, roll	14@15c	Hay, ton	$8,00@13,00
Butter, firkin	13@14c	Straw, ton	0,00@0,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	11@11½c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,00@5,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	8,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10.—FLOUR—Market may be quoted a shade firmer, without, however, any material change in prices; holders generally exhibit less anxiety to realize.—The export demand is materially restricted by the difficulty in selling sterling exchange, while the home trade refuse to purchase more than is absolutely sufficient to supply their most pressing wants. Sales at $4,35@4,50 for super State; $4,55@4,65 for extra do; $4,35@4,50 for super Western: $4,55@4,90 for common to medium extra do: $4,90@5,00 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio. Included in the sales were 400 bbls. extra State at $4,50, but these figures are refused for lots of 1,000 bbls. checked to-day.—Canadian—scarcely anything doing and prices without quotable change; sales at $4,65@6,70 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Holders of wheat are less disposed to realize, while the export demand is materially restricted by the depressed state of the sterling exchange market. Sales Milwaukee club and amber Wisconsin at $1,07@1,08; choice winter red Western at $1,12; fair white Canadian at $1,21; white Michigan at $1,30@1,35. Rye dull and nominal at 63@65c. Barley quiet and heavy, while prices are nominally unchanged. Transactions in corn are limited and market without change; sales at 58@59½c for mixed Western, afloat and in store. Oats steady at 35½@37c for Western and Canadian; 37@38c for State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull with a limited business doing: sales at $16,50 for mess; $17,00 for uninspected new do.; $10,62½ for prime. Dressed hogs easier; sales at 7c. for corn fed. live hogs steady at 5¼@5¾c. Lard heavy, with moderate demand; sales at 10½@10¾c. Butter is dull at 11@14c for Ohio, 14@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@10½c. for inferior to prime.

ASHES—Dull and unchanged. Sales 20 bbls. at $5,00 for Pots, and $5,00 for Pearls.

BUFFALO, Dec. 10.—FLOUR—Market continues quiet and demand moderate. Sales at $4,12½ for superfine Indiana; $5,25@5,50 for double extra Michigan, and $5,17½@6,00 for double extra Indiana and Ohio.

GRAIN.—Wheat market dull, and nothing doing. Corn quiet, with a very limited demand; sales 6,000 bushels old corn at 45c. Oats and other grains nominal.

PROVISIONS—Heavy mess Pork is selling at $17,00@18,00, for fair to choice; light mess and prime not offering. Mess beef is quoted at $6,50, and prime at $5. Bacon nominal.—Cheese firm, with moderate receipts. Quotations from store are 10@11c. Lard steady at 12½c. Dressed hogs steady at 5@5½c—*Courier.*

TORONTO, Dec. 7.—FLOUR—There has been considerable movement in flour since our last, there is, therefore, but very little in store here, and an unusually small amount offering on the market. Superfine in moderate request at $4,40@4,55; Fancy not at all sought for at $4,75@4,90; Extra, limited inquiry, for choice brands at $5,12½@5,25; Double Extra $5,75. Oatmeal dull of sale here, and altho' the supply is only moderate, the demand is not buoyant, at $3,75@4,00.

GRAIN.—The limited amount of wheat offering, the near approach of the close of navigation, and the disturbed finances of south shore ports have all combined to render the last a very flat week on the market. There has been little or no competition among the leading buyers. Notwithstanding, this, however, there exists a steady demand for good grain, but at rates too low to induce supplies hither. The range has recently been from $1,10@1,15 ℔ bush. for medium to prime lots, the current, and indeed the average figure, being $1,12½ ℔ bushel. On Wednesday about 1,500 bushels of fall wheat were sold at an average of $1,13½. Spring wheat is in fair demand, and within the past few days a slight improvement in prices is observed. Fair to good samples are worth 85@90c., and prime 95c. per bushel. In one case $1 ℔ bushel for a very prime lot of "golden drop." Barley continues in good demand for local deliveries at 50@55c., at which the market is steady. Peas are sought after, but any increased receipts would likely affect prices, as the market is steady. Oats are coming in more frequently, and prices have declined, and with a still downward tendency, and named at 25@27c ℔ bushel.—*Globe.*

THE PORK TRADE.

LOUISVILLE, (KY.) Dec. 5.—The receipts heavy and the prices flat, as there has been no regular price offered by the packers, and the butchers are reluctant to buy only a few at a time. Prices range to butchers at $4,50@5 ℔ 100 lbs. gross.—*Courier.*

CINCINNATI, Dec. 6.—Hogs were in large supply in the forepart of the week, and prices declined from day to day with a very unsettled market until they reached $5. The receipts then fell off, and though the demand was only moderate, the supply was hardly equal to it, and yesterday prices ruled higher, the market closing at $5,40@5,50 for good hogs, averaging 220@230 lbs.—*Gazette.*

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 4.—Hogs were not offered to any extent to-day, and buyers hold off, only offering $5@5,50, dividing on 200 lbs. To this date some 12,500 head have been killed here.—*Democrat.*

CHICAGO, Dec. 6.—The sales were as follows:

44 Hogs averaging	300 lbs at	$5,00
50 " "	306 lbs at	4,80
193 " "	310 lbs at	4,80@4,90
45 " "	280 lbs at	5,90
200 " "	265 lbs at	4,85
50 " "	225 lbs at	4,80
42 " "	390 lbs at	4,65
153 " "	262 lbs at	4,65
191 " "	260 lbs at	4,50@4,60

—*Democrat.*

TORONTO, Dec. 6.—The receipts of dressed hogs are daily increasing and purchases for packing are now commencing. So far the quality is good, and care seems to have been taken in the selection of an improved class of animals, as well as in feeding. Good hogs sell readily at $5,75@6,25 for heavy weights, and $5,25@5,50 ℔ 100 lbs.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 5.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt	$9,00@9,50
Ordinary quality	8,50@9,00
Common quality	7,00@8,00
Inferior quality	6,00@6,60
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,50
Common quality	3,00@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	5¼@5½c
Other qualities	4½@5 o

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 5.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,690; about 1100 Beeves, and 590 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,00@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$75@130.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,400 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,50@1,75 each; extra, $2,00, 2,50@3,00.

HIDES—7@7½c. Tallow, 6½@7c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ℔ lb. Pelts, $1,00@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 6.—At market, 1,500 Beeves, about 900 Stores, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, 1,300 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,25@0,00; first quality, $6,25@6,75; second quality, $0,00@6,00; third quality, $4,50@5,00; ordinary quality, $2,75.

WORKING OXEN—$85@90.

MILCH COWS—$32@46; common, $17@18.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

HIDES—7@7½c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,75; extra, $2,50@3,00.

PELTS—$1@$1,50 each.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 5½@5½c ℔ lb; fat hogs, undressed, 6½c.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—The market is still dull and heavy and prices are lower. No sales of importance have taken place since our last. The sales in this market for the month of November, are as follows:—Domestic fleece, 100,000 lbs; domestic pulled wools, 25,000 lbs; California, 92,000 lbs; Texas, 5,000 lbs; Buenos Ayres, 300 bales; Smyrna 80 bales; Donskoi, 50 bales, and a few small sales of Cape. We quote nominally:

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	55@60
Am. full-blood Merino	48@50
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	42@46
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	38@40
Extra, Pulled	40@42
Superfine, Pulled	32@33
No. 1, Pulled	27@30
Lamb's, Pulled	33@35
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	12@35
California, common do.	12@20
Peruvian, washed	25@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	—@—
South Am. common washed	13@15
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	14@16
South American, unwashed	25@27
South American Cordova, washed	19@23
East India, washed	10@30
African, unwashed	0@00
African, washed	00@00
Smyrna, unwashed	10@18
Smyrna, washed	21@27
Mexican, unwashed	00@00

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—The market is quiet for all kinds of Wool and for a few days past nothing of any consequence has been done.

Saxony & Merino	55@57	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
½ and ¾ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	23@57
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	10@17
Do. No. 1	35@38	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

.*. THE RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence its Twelfth Year and Volume (in Jan., 1861,) with an edition of *at least* SEVENTY THOUSAND! Though the columns will be wider than at present (giving more words per line) and the circulation much larger, we do not purpose to increase the Advertising Rates before the 1st of March or April, when they will probably be advanced to Fifty Cents a Line.

50 AGENTS WANTED—In a business that pays $10 a month and expenses. Send stamp for particulars to F. BEECH, Canoga, Seneca Co., N. Y.

CHESTER WHITE PIGS.—The subscriber continues to breed and ship to order, pure bred Chester White Pigs of the best quality. SETH A. BUSHNELL. Hartford, Trumbull Co., O., Dec. 1, 1860. 570-6t

PEAR SEED FOR SALE.—I have four bushels of Pear Seed, imported from Europe the present winter, and of last summer's growth, which I will sell in quantities to suit purchasers, at $2 per pound, or $50 per bushel. Apply to G. U. MAURER, No. 78 Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

VALUABLE FARM FOR SALE—Of 330 acres, 200 under good improvement, two dwellings, (one of brick,) two large barns; 1,000 choice Fruit Trees in two Orchards of Apples, one of Pears, Plums, Cherries, Quinces, &c., &c., 1½ miles from Mt. Clemens Railroad Station, 20 miles from Detroit by Plank Road. *Or, wanted* to loan six to eight thousand dollars, at 10 ℔ cent, on above property. Address E. WRIGHT HALL, Mt. Clemens, Macomb Co., Mich.

D. LEARY'S STEAM FANCY DYEING AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT. Two hundred yards north of the N. Y. C. R. R. Depot, on *Mill St., Corner of Platt.* The oldest and most extensive in Western New York. Every description of goods dyed and finished with dispatch. D. LEARY, Rochester.

REJECTED ILLINOIS BANKS.

THE rejected Banks *except Bank of Aurora* will be received at par by us for subscription to the

Prairie Farmer.

PRICE REDUCED TO CLUBS,

One copy, one year	$2 00
Three copies, one year	5 00
Six copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	9 00
Twelve copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	16 00
Twenty copies, one year, and one to getter-up of club	25 00

Any additional number at same rate, $1,25 ℔ yearly copy. Clubs for Six months at one-half the above rates. Three Dollars will pay for 2 years to a single subscriber. Farmers support your home papers. Money in registered letters at our risk.

Address EMERY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.

IMPORTANT TO STOCK GROWERS. THE THIRD VOLUME of the AMERICAN STOCK JOURNAL Commences January 1st, 1861.

IT is devoted exclusively to matters relating to the care and management of our domestic animals, and is by far the largest, cheapest and most widely circulated paper of the kind in the world. No stock grower CAN AFFORD to be without it.

☞ Thirty-two large octavo pages, handsomely Illustrated. Published Monthly, at 25 Park Row, New York, at $1,00 per year in advance. *Specimen Copies gratis.*

D. C. LINSLEY, Editor and Proprietor. OTIS F. R. WAITE, Associate Editor.

Newspapers giving the above advertisement two insertions, and sending a marked copy to A. G. HATCH, Windsor, Vt., will receive a copy of the paper one year free. A. G. HATCH, General Agent.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. ANOTHER AND MORE SPLENDID ENGRAVING! Two Large and Valuable Works as Premiums! SPLENDID STORIES! *INSTRUCTIVE SKETCHES!* Solid Information!

IN laying their Prospectus again before the public the Proprietors of "THE OLDEST AND BEST OF THE WEEKLIES" need enter upon no long array of promises. They may simply state, that they design making THE POST for the future what it has been for the past, a repository alike of delightful amusement and equally entertaining instruction. Interesting Stories and Choice Sketches by

THE BEST WRITERS,

Will always be found in THE POST. Our Stories for the last year have been generally acknowledged to be of the most interesting character; and we design not to allow any falling off in this respect—though any improvement is hardly possible. But THE POST also aims to instruct; it contains weekly

An Agricultural Department,
Choice Receipts,
Domestic and Foreign News,
The Markets and Bank Note List,
Letter from Paris,
Miscellaneous Information, &c.

But to see exactly what THE POST is, write for A SAMPLE NUMBER, which will be sent gratis to any one desirous of subscribing for a weekly paper. By the following list of terms you will see that THE POST is not only the *BEST*, but the *CHEAPEST OF THE WEEKLIES!* and that we offer

SPLENDID PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS!

OUR ENGRAVING PREMIUM—A MAGNIFICENT PICTURE.—Our Engraving Premium this year is the celebrated Steel Plate Engraving of

"A Merry Making in the Olden Time."

This Engraving was first issued by the LONDON ART UNION. It is 36 inches long by 24 inches wide—contains from 30 to 40 figures, and is one of the handsomest Engravings now before the American and British public. The publisher's price for it (sold by canvassers,) is Five Dollars.

OUR BOOK PREMIUMS.—These are two;—LIPPINCOTT'S Famous Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World, and the equally famous WEBSTER'S New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary. Lippincott's Pronouncing Gazetteer and Geographical Dictionary of the World, is a work that no man or family should be without. It is a large volume of 2,182 closely printed pages, and contains an IMMENSE MASS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. You have in it the most recent and authentic information respecting nearly 100,000 places—countries, islands, rivers, mountains, cities, towns, &c., in every portion of the Globe. Of Webster's New Pictorial Quarto Dictionary, containing 1,500 Wood Cuts, but little need be said—its value being apparent to all. *No family should be without it.*

Terms of the Post.

Single copy	$2,00	a year.
Two copies	3,00	"
One copy of the Post and Arthur's Magazine	3,00	"
Four copies	5,00	"
Eight copies	10,00	"
Thirteen copies	15,00	"
Twenty copies	20,00	"

To the getter-up of a club of 8, or either of the larger clubs, we send a copy *gratis.*

The Post and our Premium Engraving.

For one copy of THE POST, yearly, and one of the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," $5,00

For a club of *thirty* copies of THE POST, and *Thirty* Dollars, we will send as a PREMIUM the Magnificent Engraving, "A MERRY MAKING IN THE OLDEN TIME," *gratis.*

For a club of *forty*, and *Forty* Dollars, we will send the Engraving, and a copy extra of THE POST also.

☞ Any member of a club can have the Engraving sent to him on the payment of Three Dollars extra. The Engraving will be wrapped carefully on a roller, and the postage pre paid. Every pains will be taken to ensure its safe transmission.

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THE LAND OF DREAMS.

THERE'S a strange weird land whose shore I have trod
Full many and many a time;
It is not of earth, nor the land of our God,
But a faint and shadowy clime;
It may not be seen in the glare of the day,
When the sunlight comes on us in streams,
But only where darkness has shut out his ray;
'Tis the mystical land of dreams.

When wearied the body and saddened the soul,
When earth seems a dark vale of gloom,
When trials, like ocean waves, over me roll,
And I almost long for the tomb—
The enchantment of sleep steals over my sight,
And my vision with opulence teems,
With golden-flushed fancies and luminous light,
In the mystical land of dreams.

On the dim, misty shores of that phantom-like world,
The balmiest breezes blow;
The fairest scenes to the eye are unfurled,
And the clearest of rivers flow.
The brightest of suns on those magical fields
Throws its warm and its cloudless beams,
The choicest of fruit the rich soil ever yields,
Of the mystical land of dreams.

And when the spent sun has withdrawn his fair face,
And the dews of the twilight distil,
When night wraps the scene in a mantle of grace,
And silent are woodland and rill,
Then the tender-eyed stars in the blue-vaulted heaven
Display in their silver-tinged gleams
Such glories resplendent as only are given
In the mystical land of dreams.

And sometimes I meet on that peaceful shore
Fair forms of those that I love—
Of those I shall see on the earth no more—
They are gone to the bright scenes above.
And often with them do I walk once again,
When sunset is flashing it beams
O'er the beautiful vale and far-reaching plain,
In the mystical land of dreams,

Where the ills and troubles of life are forgot,
Where is found an eternal calm—
Where the wished-for Fountain of Youth, long-sought,
Ripples forth its healing balm.
Fit emblem indeed of that realm serene,
Whence refulgence of light ever gleams;
Where purity dwells, and Heaven is seen,
In the mystical land of dreams.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

UP AND DOWN.

BY EMILY WOODEN.

MISS ANGELINA FLORA BELL went to boarding-school in the city. Miss ANGELINA was born and brod in the country,—a farmer's daughter,—with every prospect of spending her days midst the vulgar array of mountains, harmonious pine forests, and bright gushing streams; but this was just what Miss ANGELINA determined not to do. Our heroine was ambitious; her mind soared directly upward from her native mountain peaks, to a handsome stone front in the local metropolis. Hers was no exalted opinion of pastoral poetry, —she preferred the romance of city pleasures.

Well, as I said before, our young lady was ambitious, her father's farm was large, and accordingly we find her domiciled at Mrs. HIGHFLYER'S "Boarding School for Young Ladies," with a dozen changes of silk dresses, and deliciously ignorant of the country and everything pertaining to it, excepting the luxurious furniture of "pa's country seat," which she assures her companions, will admit of no comparisons with her present surroundings. Of course Miss ANGELINA immediately becomes an object of envy to the whole school,—all the young ladies are dying for the light of her smiles. Even Miss SOPHRONIA BIGBUG, and Miss ARABELLA LIGHTFOOT, the heiresses, who have hitherto constituted the aristocracy of the school, overawed by the airs of Miss ANGELINA, begin to entertain hopes of more exalted stations to be won through the favor of the "rich lady from New York," as all the students style our heroine.

But Miss ANGELINA is exclusive. Few and fortunate are those admitted to her smiles, all others are graciously allowed to stand at a respectful distance, and admire as her highness passes by. Miss ANGELINA is very generous to her friends. All share in the delicious fruits "raised in pa's hot-houses," which frequently meet their gaze on being summoned to the rich lady's room, and which prevailing opinion says were brought by a venerable servant in the elegant livery of the DE JONES' but which really came to the city in farmer JONES' wagon, and were left, by Miss ANGELINA'S request, at some convenient station to be sent up in the evening by express.

Miss ANGELINA goes home for vacation. Miss BIGBUG and Miss LIGHTFOOT had fondly hoped to spend their vacation with their worshipped friend and patroness at her castle in the country; already they enjoy in anticipation the first fruits of their contemplated visit. How delightful it will be, to be sure, to trifle away their mornings in Miss ANGELINA'S boudoir, whose furniture and hangings of rosy silk,—in imitation of the saloon of some eastern houri,—its mistress has so often painted to their delighted fancy! Then the long afternoon drives in Miss ANGELINA'S carriage,—with what ecstacies of self-complacency will they recline on the velvet cushions, and survey the rustics gaping by the wayside! And oh! best of all, a country church,—with what an irresistible sweep and rustle of silk will they promenade its aisles, midst the adulation of the assembled throng!

But these fine hopes are doomed to disappointment. Miss ANGELINA is sorry, very sorry. She too had indulged fond anticipations, but cruel fate, in the person of an old maiden aunt, prodigiously hateful, and prodigiously rich, forbids. This old dragon, as her niece very reverently terms her, insists upon taking up her residence, during the summer months, at DE JONES' place, and driving away all other guests, for the old lady declares she cannot tolerate company. Miss ANGELINA declares herself a martyr to that old creature's temper. She shall die—she knows she shall. Some lovely day in vacation will find her classmates weeping over her early grave. But should she survive—she knows she shall not—she will insist upon transplanting her whole court, to spend the winter holidays in New York. And midst the tears and lamentations of her friends, she tears herself away, and takes the stage, "just to be romantic," for her mountain home.

"Mother, mother, ANN JINNETTE has come home," cried little CHARLEY, running out to the door as the stage drove up. Miss ANGELINA alighted and sailed majestically up the walk, while the stage rattled on its way.

"JINNETTE, JINNETTE, what have you brought us from the city?" asked CHARLEY and his little curly-headed sister, each seizing one of her hands to accompany her into the house.

"Go away, you little wretches," said Miss ANGELINA, administering a sound box on the ear to each. "I'll teach you to call me by that old-fashioned name—go away, I say, you'll spoil my dress."

Our young lady's name originally consisted of the plain, homely appellation of JENNETTE, prefaced by the equally plain and homely ANN, but at a later date it had glided into the more modern and musical ANGELINA,—the remaining portion, FLORA BELL, being a gratuitous addition made by the wearer.

Miss ANGELINA'S sisterly injunction to go away was obeyed, but CHARLEY'S resentment of the blows inflicted on himself and CURLY, found expression in what he considered a fearful threat: "I'll just tell GEORGE WILSON of you,—he won't come to see you any more Sunday nights."

"I don't think he will," said Miss ANGELINA, smiling loftily. She had outgrown that threat.

Mrs. JONES now came to the door, and welcomed her daughter affectionately. "Well, my child," she said, as they entered the house, "You are home with us, once more."

"Yes," was the reply; "I am home, and I think it is quite a coming down, too. I declare, the moment I set eyes on this little old coop of ours, I felt my heart sink within me. I say father might tear down the old hut, and build a nice house. He is able, and he ought to do it." Mrs. JONES sighed, but made no reply—she was tired of complaints.

"TOM and NELLY HANLEY are coming over to see you, this evening, ANGELINA," said her brother, as they sat at the tea-table.

The young lady's first emotions at this announcement were of anger,—she wished those clod-hoppers would stay away; but succeeding reflections convinced her that here was a fine opportunity for showing off her superiority to her quondam friends. Accordingly, when the young people arrived, instead of inviting them into the sitting-room, after the custom of old times, she directed MARY WEST, her mother's help, to show them into the parlor, and say that Miss DE JONES was engaged, but would be in presently; which announcement, however, took a new form in the parlor. "JINNETTE says she's busy now, but she will come as soon as possible," said the unconsciously democratic girl, seating herself to entertain the guests, with whom she was on terms of intimacy, for it had never occurred to her, or to her associates, that she was any the less worthy for her honest toil.

After some time had elapsed, Miss DE JONES swept grandly in, and welcomed her guests with a majestic bow. Warm-hearted NELLY HANLEY would have saluted her with a kiss, but waving her loftily to a seat, Miss DE JONES took possession of a large chair, and began a very elaborate conversation, in a tone which was both patronizing and insulting to her visitors. MARY WEST, unthinking girl, had remained in the room, wholly ignoring the system of etiquette which our young lady had brought from boarding-school; but an unfortunate interruption of Miss DE JONES' discourse on her part, brought the full force of it on her head.

"You may leave the room, Miss," said her would-be mistress, stiffly.

"Leave the room! I should like to know for what," said the astonished girl, dilating a pair of immense blue eyes as she spoke.

"Because I consider myself perfectly capable of entertaining company, without the assistance of my servants."

"Your servant!" said the now incensed girl. "I am not your servant."

"Will you be so good as to inform me what you are, then," asked Miss DE JONES politely. Young ladies who go out to service are generally considered servants, I believe."

This was too much for the republican notions of MARY. She rushed out of the room, and informed Mrs. JONES that she should take her leave the next morning, and midst the confusion the guests departed.

The news of Miss ANGELINA'S return soon spread through the neighborhood, together with an account of the airs she had assumed, and many and varied were the comments thereon. Country people, as a rule, are much too sensible to be overawed by an assumption of superiority in dress and manners, and accordingly, when Miss ANGELINA swept into church the next Sabbath, instead of compelling their homage by her arrogance, she only excited their ridicule. Thenceforth all united against her. Those whom she slighted angrily returned her scorn; while others, whom she condescendingly noticed, were indignant at her patronage.

Among those who were doomed to feel her contempt was GEORGE WILSON, her former beau. She had come home with the firm resolve to humble "that country gawky," and when, on their first meeting, he greeted her with a friendly nod, she returned him a cold stare, and asked of her brother, in a whisper loud enough to be overheard by the object of her inquiry, "Who is that fellow?" This was sufficient. "The fellow" alluded to was too proud to subject her to any further annoyance.

"I think ANN JINNETTE is real mean—don't you, CURLY?" said CHARLEY, standing by her little crib one night, whither he had repaired to talk over "JINNETTE'S capers."

"Yes," said CURLY slowly, and then she suddenly continued, "there aint any use of trying to scare her any more about GEORGE WILSON. She used to give me candy and peaunts, and everything, not to tell him when she'd been doing anything she hadn't ought to, but I suppose I shan't get anymore," and CURLY looked grave.

"Not the first thing," was the reply. "Anyone can see that she don't care for him. She uses him just as I did my old ball; when I hadn't any other, I was glad enough to play with that, but now I've got a new one; the rats may have the old one for all that I care."

"I don't see how she can treat him so, after the way he used to take her out riding, and give her flowers. I know I couldn't." CURLY was thinking how TOMMY MAY used to draw her on his hand sled in the winter, and of the nice apples and chestnuts that found their way from his pocket to hers.

"I s'pose she's catched some city chap off there to school, and don't want him any longer, but I know one thing, that city bean never'll have any of my walnuts and pop corn when he comes here. I shall tell her so, too, to-morrow morning."

"He shan't have any of my maple sugar cakes, either," said CURLY, "but I mean to give GEORGE WILSON the biggest one."

Miss ANGELINA was somewhat astonished the next morning on receiving the intelligence that "her city beau wouldn't be fed on maple sugar and popped corn, if he should come, so she might as well keep him away."

Now, I am not going to tell you of the divers adventures of Miss ANGELINA; how she fainted dead away, or tried to, on meeting a little harmless snake in the yard; or how, terrified at a cow on her return from a morning walk, she was found perched on the fence, whence she was rescued by CHARLEY, who took "Old Brindle" by the horns, and led her away, declaring in disgust that "anyone would s'pose JINNETTE never'd seen a cow." Likewise I shall refrain from describing the many blunders into which her ignorance of country life led her, and pass on to the final catastrophe.

Miss ANGELINA'S "city friends" had refrained from visiting her, thus far, partly through fear of the dragon, partly through ignorance of her locality; but at last, their desire to visit "DE JONES' Place" overpowered all other considerations, and under the firm conviction that so well known an establishment could easily be pointed out to them, they engaged a carriage and set forth. Away dashed the horses, and long before the sun had reached the meridian, they had neared the residence of Farmer JONES. All their inquiries, so far, had been fruitless. Nobody could tell them where the rich nabob, DE JONES, lived; nobody knew anything about him. Seeing a man in the field at work, they determined to make one more effort, and accordingly hailed him. "Could he tell them where a rich old fellow by the name of DE JONES lived?" asked the driver.

The person addressed leaned on his hoe, surveyed the carriage and its inmates, while a smile of intelligence broke slowly over his features. It was no other than GEORGE WILSON, Miss ANGELINA'S slighted lover. "Had he a daughter ANGELINA?"

"The same," cried the delighted excursionists, "and lives in an elegant country house. Will you direct us?"

"Certainly," said the young man, with his blandest smile. "You have but to follow the straight road. The second house on the left is the *elegant country house* of Mr. DE JONES.

Miss ANGELINA had loitered about all the morning in an old wrapper, far from whole, and, withal, not very clean. Her hair was in papers, some of which had slipped out, leaving the tangled locks dangling about her shoulders, while her feet were cased in what had once been a pair of gaiters, but the "day of their glory had long since departed." In this interesting guise she stood at the door, eating a melon. Engrossed with her occupation, she had not noticed the stylish equippage which had stopped at the gate, or the gentleman who had alighted and was approaching her; but the sudden exclamation of CURLEY, "JINNETTE, here is your city beau come to see you," caused her to turn suddenly, and stand face to face with one of her most devoted admirers of the previous season. There was no mistaking the manner of the gentleman, or the smiles of her dear friends Miss BIGBUG and Miss LIGHTFOOT, who sat in the carriage. Miss ANGELINA saw all, fainted, and was borne into the house, while her dear city friends returned as they came, somewhat wiser for their excursion. Miss ANGELINA did not return to Mrs. HIGHFLYER'S,—her reign was over. The last time I saw her, she was lamenting the marriage of GEORGE WILSON, who, having treasured up her slights, never returned to his allegiance.

"Served her right, didn't he, CURLEY?" said CHARLEY—and CURLEY said "Yes."

THE MOTHER OF GOOD LUCK.

"I don't want to stay there. I don't do anything but go on errands, and be at everybody's beck and call. I am not learning anything."

Ephraim, a fatherless boy, had gone into a shop, and after being there a few months this was the complaint he made nearly every day to his mother. One day his Uncle John heard him.

"You think you are fit for something higher then?" he said to the boy.

"Yes, sir," answered Ephraim. I don't want to be doing errands all the time."

"But doing errands well is the only real step to promotion in Mr. Barrow's warehouse. When you have earned promotion by doing that branch of his business you will rise there, and not till then."

"Pretty small business," muttered the boy, with a discontented pucker on his forehead. "I don't care how I do it."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," said Uncle John, "for he only that is faithful in little things can be expected to be faithful in greater things. If you do not your present work well, Mr. Burrows will have no reason to suppose you will do anything else better. Boys must earn promotion to have it. I will tell you a story."

Ephraim liked Uncle John's stories, though he sometimes wanted to quarrel with their moral.

However, he looked up, as much as to say "Please go on, sir;" and Uncle John went on.

"A young man once went into business with fair prospects. The firm, however, did no go on well. It failed, I think. G. then returned home with bare pockets, in quest of employment. He met his old Sabbath-school teacher in the street, stated his case, and asked if he knew of any opening. 'Not just now,' answered the gentleman; 'but if you don't want to be idle, and are willing to work, I should like your services in our soup-house; the pay won't be much, but you can be very useful.'"

"A soup-house" cried Ephraim, "after being in a firm! I hope he didn't stoop so."

A soup-house, as some of you know, is a great kitchen where soup is made and served out to the poor during winter, when food is dear and work is scarce.

"Let us see how G. viewed the matter," said Uncle John. "'Yes, sir, I'll go,' was his answer, for G. was a good young man, and thought no situation beneath him where he could minister to the comfort of others. He went into the soup-house, dealt out the tickets, and the soup too, for aught I know, kept the books, and, in a word, managed the business the best he could. When the gentlemen who were interested in the soup-house met to see what good it had done, they were much surprised with the manner in which the accounts were kept. 'Why, who have we here?' they asked. One of them was the keeper of a large hotel. 'I must have that young man to manage my concerns,' he said. He found out G., and offered him a handsome salary to become head clerk of his establishment. G. earned the promotion, you see. He went; but he had not been in this hotel many months before one of the boarders, the cashier of a bank, said to the hotel keeper, 'that clerk of yours is a noble fellow; how well he conducts your business,' and it was not long before the cashier offered him a better situation in the bank. G. went. In the course of time the cashier resigned, and the directors said, 'we can't do better than put G. in;' and so he was promoted to that office. And he made as good a cashier as he had a clerk. This gentleman is not cashier now, but he fills one of the most responsible posts in the country, and has a character shining with integrity and Christian worth. He did not despise lowly places, Ephraim."

"But he had what I call luck, good luck," exclaimed Ephraim.

"But diligence is the mother of good luck," said Uncle John; "mind that, boy."—*Mrs. H. C. Knight.*

Youth's Corner.

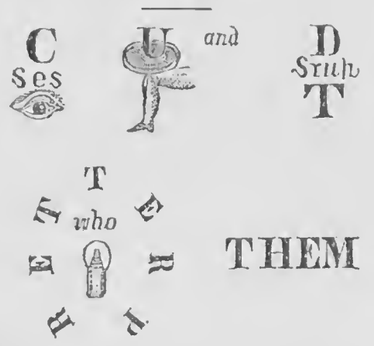
For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 5, 2, 4, 3, 2 is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 18, 19, 4 is a county in New York.
My 3, 4, 7, 14, 20, 21 is a county in Virginia.
My 6, 7, 10, 16, 17, 21, 12, 2 is a county in North Carolina.
My 9, 20, 17, 21, 4 is a county in Tennessee.
My 4, 7, 7, 13, 14 is a county in Texas.
My 7, 13, 11, 12, 20, 7, 21 is a county in Maine.
My 15, 17, 18, 9, 20, 7, 7, is a county in Illinois.
My 8, 10, 11, 21, 19, 3 is a county in Texas.
My whole is a distinguished General.
Middleville, Mich., 1860. C. S. P.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.



☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

THERE is an island 20 miles in circumference; and three men, A, B, and C, start from the same point, and travel the same way about it. A goes 3 miles per hour; B, 7 miles per hour; and C, 11 miles per hour. In what time will they all be together? W. H. HARPER.
Parish, Oswego Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 568

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:

Some err in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

Answer to Mythological Enigma:—Agriculture is the most certain source of wealth.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them.

Answer to Arithmetical Problem:—1,278.

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R. Evans
IRVING, N Y

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KNOWLEDGE REQUIRED IN FARMING.

THERE are many who look upon farming as rather a small business, who think that its successful prosecution requires only a little common sense—just enough to prompt the hardy worker to seek shelter in a rain storm—and a very little knowledge, just sufficient to count a flock of sheep, or read a newspaper. This opinion was once more general than now, for the world is growing wiser; yet at the present time it is entertained by many. It is an old and true saying, that "honor and shame from no condition rise;" that honor is only acquired by acting well our part in whatever situation we may be placed. A man of ability and knowledge, who devotes all his energies to his business, will make it honorable and profitable, no matter how insignificant that business may at first seem. The making of a pin, or a button, or a lead pencil—how trifling a business does this appear—and yet even the manufacture of these articles affords full scope for the greatest manufacturing skill and business tact, and we see large factories erected for this work, giving profitable employment to hundreds, and yielding rich revenues and princely fortunes to the proprietors. If, then, a business so small and contemptible in itself is made honorable by the energy of those engaged in its management, it only requires the same energy and ability on the part of those employed in farming, to cause it to take its proper position as the most important and honorable profession that can engage the attention of man. A profession that feeds and clothes the world, that furnishes all the luxuries and necessaries of life, the suspension of which even for a single year would bring upon the world wretchedness and starvation, the like of which has never been witnessed, is certainly of sufficient importance to rank with any trade or manufacture. A profession that has to do with the earth and its variously formed soils—with air, and rain, and heat, and light—with every tree and shrub that beautifies, and every thorn and briar that curses the earth—with the whole animal and vegetable economy—should certainly rank with the learned professions.

There is no business requiring such varied acquirements, so much knowledge, so much good judgment and commercial ability combined, as is necessary for the thorough, accomplished farmer. He stands first among the *manufacturers* of the land. He makes the wheat and corn, the beef, and mutton, and pork, the wool and flax, and manufactures from the earth, the air, the water, nearly all that we eat, and all we wear. And this is not only done by farmers as a class, but almost every one produces many, if not all, of these articles. The manufacturer usually confines his labors to the production of one article; but the farmer is by necessity compelled to make many. If he would make grain, he must also make beef, or butter and cheese, or mutton and wool. Hence the necessity for extensive knowledge. It is an easy matter for the manufacturer to ascertain how much wool will make a yard of cloth of a certain description, and what will be its cost; but it is not so easy for the farmer to ascertain how much grass, or hay, or grain, will make a pound of wool. The manufacturer can test a new machine, and ascertain by a few simple trials whether it will manufacture the desired article cheaper or better than the old one; but to ascertain how a pound of beef can be made the cheapest, what machine will convert hay into rich cheese in the cheapest and best manner, is a matter requiring a good deal more care and skill.

Among his varied acquirements, the farmer should possess a knowledge of animal physiology, so as to be enabled to keep his stock in health and administer proper remedies in case of sickness. *Vegetable physiology*, too, must not be overlooked. Every day during the growing season the farmer performs work for the growth of his crops founded on the known laws which govern vegetable life. *Entomology* is a science which the farmer is compelled to study to some extent, and often much more, perhaps, than he desires; but the more he does so the better is he fitted to wage a successful war against thousands of destructive foes. In addition to all this the farmer must be a *merchant*; for he must sell as well as manufacture. He must in some measure take advantage of the rise and fall of prices, select the best time for selling, and the best market, or after all his toil and anxiety he may find but a poor return.

When we contemplate this subject, at which we have merely glanced, in all its bearings, we are led to exclaim, who is competent to this work? Heartily do we pity those who think that farming furnishes no scope for the exercise of knowledge or ability. If this opinion were entertained only by those engaged in other pursuits, it would be of no serious consequence; but we judge that many farmers have themselves imbibed such unfounded and unjust opinions in regard to their calling, and where this is the case there is an end to all improvement, and all desire for improvement. A man must have a good opinion of his calling, a proper appreciation of its importance, and the means and information necessary for its successful prosecution, or he cannot hope to succeed. We suggest this subject as one worthy the attention of those who may be called upon to deliver addresses before Agricultural Associations the present winter, and for discussion in farmers' clubs.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

The Purification of Water for Cattle.

SHOULD the water given to live stock be filtered, to free it from those impurities which it generally holds in suspension? And where injurious substances are held in solution, can we precipitate these, or otherwise render them innocuous, so as always to present to stock, whether grazing in the field or being fed at the homestead, a full supply of pure, wholesome water? These two queries form the subject for a long article in the *Mark Lane Express* from which we condense as follows:

The proposition involves a fundamental principle in the feeding of live stock, the soundness of which cannot be denied. It is one of those practical questions, too, that does not admit of proof; for pure water for our cattle is as essentially necessary for their health as it is for our own. The subject, it will thus be seen, when examined from a practical point of view, is—the dirty water now given to cattle—its injurious influence upon their health—the consequent loss sustained thereby—the chemical and mechanical means proposed for the purification of the water—and that universal omega of all agricultural propositions, "*Will it pay?*" Such are the principal practical topics that claim investigation.

The putrid vegetable matter in the water now consumed by so many cattle is productive of disease. If the constitution of the ox or the horse is stronger than that of man, there may be a longer struggle between health and disease, so to speak. In the former case, nature may throw off the putrid poisonous matter for a longer period of time before she succumbs; but no constitution, however strong, even of the ox, will resist for any great length of time the continuous action of putrid matter in the circulation. The farmer's loss lies in the less return for the food consumed by his cattle. By giving dirty, putrid water to cattle, he experiences a general loss, produced by the joint agency of three distinct causes, to each of which we shall give a separate notice.

The first of these considerations has reference to the economy of the raw materials of food. When bad water is given, a waste of such raw material is experienced; less of it being assimilated, and more going to the dunghill. Whether the manufactured article is butcher-meat or milk, a large quantity of water is required, and that water should be pure. If it is mixed with noxious putrid matter, healthy digestion and assimilation are prevented, while decomposition is promoted, the fermentation that takes place in the alimentary canal often terminating in the worst kinds of purging; at other times the kidneys may be affected, and so on, according to predisposing and contingent circumstances.

The second proposition has reference to the economy of live organism. There is a daily waste upon the ox, and this waste is increased by the consumption of bad water. If by a vigorous and stronger constitution than that of man, the ox throws off an extra quantity of putrid matter from the system, it is at the expense of that system itself, a greater tear and wear, or daily waste, being experienced by it. The consequence of this extra waste will be simply this—the animal, if preparing for the shambles, will not increase so fast in weight for a given quantity of food consumed; or he may even lose weight, as many do; young stock will not grow so fast, while they will be deficient of nervous and muscular stamina, and also of symmetry; and milch cows will be wanting in good milking properties.

The third point has reference to the deterioration of the quality of butcher's meat and dairy produce, and also to the deterioration of the healthy, robust characteristics of breeding stock, where bad water is consumed. Such meat must of necessity, by the peculiar ferment or zymotic properties which it thus contains take on a rapid state of decomposition, producing, it may be, ferments of a more poisonous type than the original. Milk is still more liable to be adulterated with the putrid matter of the water drunk by milch cows; and with regard to breeding stock and the health of stock generally, it is a well-established fact that all animals, in the daily habit of consuming putrid food, are of a feeble constitution, and more liable to zymotic disease than those fed on a fresh healthy diet, while putrid drink is, perhaps, more injurious to health than putrid solid matter. A very clear case has thus been made out against dirty water for cattle.

The principle of purification is sound, and the means now being used in precipitating and filtering are similar. To throw down matter held by the water in solution, lime is being used. Charcoal is employed as a filtering medium, and the water is exposed to the influence of the sun and atmosphere to produce softness. Such means have been used from time immemorial in the purification of water, both for man and beast; and although far from being chemically perfect, they nevertheless, when properly used, render water comparatively pure in the vast majority of cases. In the metropolis a fine charcoal filter only is employed, and for general use this might probably be sufficient, if the charcoal is frequently changed, as farmers could readily do, by applying advantageously the dirty charcoal to the land as a manure.

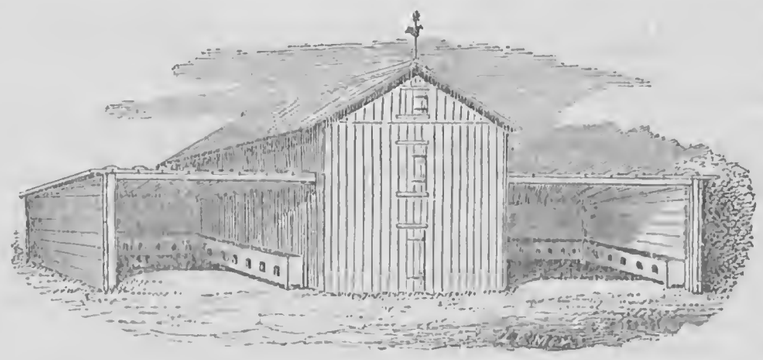
We now come to the *finale*—"*Will it pay?*" And to this interrogatory an affirmative answer must, without doubt, be given. The question, it will have been seen, is one of economy under three separate heads, and in each of these there will be a balance in favor of pure water more than sufficient to cover the extra expense of purification. In other words, (1) a saving will be effected in the economy, or rather, perhaps we should say, the chemistry of food, which will do more than cover this extra expense; (2) the reduction in the daily waste upon the body—*i. e.*, the increase in the quantity of butcher meat and milk—with an improved state of health, will likewise do more than cover the extra outlay; and (3) the improvement of the breed and quality of butcher meat and milk will also do more than pay for the extra expense of purification.

Application of Gas Lime.

THE *North British Agriculturist* says, that at a meeting of the "North Lancashire Agricultural Society, the application of gas lime was entered fully upon by several farmers present at a discussion on manures. Nearly all of those spoke highly of the benefits which had resulted from its application, when applied in small quantities under four tons per acre, and of its injurious effects when applied at the rate of nine to ten tons. The evidence of Mr. BAXTER was most conclusive as to the benefits from gas lime to pasture lands and meadows. We may mention that we have seen lands which have been dressed with gas lime some years ago, and the crops were better than those on the surrounding farms, but whether this was the result of the application of gas lime, or whether the outlay on other manures had been greater, we did not ascertain—very probably, both causes were in operation."

Tanks for Liquid Manure.

SPEAKING of Liquid Manure Tanks, the *Irish Farmer's Gazette* says, they "should be built of solid masonry, either rubble or well burned brick laid in the best mortar, and well packed between the walls and bank, and underneath with dry brick clay; the bottom should be flagged or laid with brick. If the soil is wet, it must be comparatively shallow, unless good drains be laid outside it to intercept and carry off the water; if dry, the tank may be made comparatively deep; the shape must be governed by the site and may be either round or oblong, more or less wide, and in length according to requirements. It should be arched overhead to keep out rain or other water. The capacity of a tank for thirty cows and sixty pigs depends on the periods it is intended to empty them; about a month is necessary for the contents to ferment and ripen. A tank to contain the quantity of urine voided by the above animals for one month should contain about 1,000 cubical feet, but to effect your object in the best manner, there should be a system of at least three such tanks, viz., one ripened and using, one filled and ripened, the other filling."



A SHEEP-BARN AND SHEDS.

THE necessity of furnishing shelter for sheep in a northern climate is, we suppose, universally acknowledged, but how much is necessary for the comfort and health of the animals, and how this is best obtained, is an open question. The accompanying engraving of a SHEEP BARN, we take from *Randall's Sheep Husbandry*. With those open ends closed, it seems to us to be a very convenient arrangement. The barn proper is used mainly for storing hay, and the wings should be made of sufficient size to afford the necessary room.

"Humanity and economy both dictate, here, that sheep be provided with shelters to lie under nights, and to which they can resort *at will*. In our severe winter storms, it is sometimes necessary, or at least by far the best, to feed under shelter for a day or two. It is not an uncommon circumstance in New York and New England, for snow to fall to the depth of 20 or 30 inches within 24 or 48 hours, and then to be succeeded by a strong and intensely cold west or north-west wind of two or three days' continuance, which lifts the snow, blocking up the roads, and piling huge drifts to the leeward of fences, barns, &c. A flock without shelter will huddle closely together, turning their backs to the storm, constantly stepping and thus treading down the snow as it rises about them. Strong, close-coated sheep do not seem to suffer as much from the cold, for a period, as would be expected. But it is next to impossible to feed them enough or half enough, under such circumstances, without an immense waste of hay—entirely impossible, without racks. The hay is whirled away in an instant by the wind, and even if racks are used, the sheep leaving their huddle where they were kept warm and even moist by the melting of the snow in their wool, soon get chilled and are disposed to return to their huddle. Imperfectly filled with food, the supply of animal heat is lowered, and at the end of the second or third day, the feeble ones have sunk down hopelessly, the yearlings and oldish ones have received a shock which nothing but careful nursing will recover them from, and even the strongest have suffered an injurious loss in condition.

Few holders of more than 40 or 50 sheep now attempt to get along here without some kind of shelters. The following is a very common form of a Northern sheep-barn with sheds. The sheds front the south, or, what is a better arrangement, one fronts the east, and the other, being turned to a right angle to the direction of this, fronts the south. I have represented hole racks, running round the sheds, as, although not yet in general use, they are undoubtedly the best in such situations. The sheds are not usually framed or silled,—but are supported by posts of some durable timber set in the ground. The roofs are formed of boards, 'battened' with slabs."

HIGH FEEDING OF SHEEP:

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—You know I have for many years advocated the higher feeding of sheep and cattle and keeping them growing in winter as well as summer. No farmer can afford to let his stock *stand still*, and what is far worse, let them get poorer from the first of December until the first of May or later.

Now, I will give you a case that came directly under my own notice. A long-time friend of mine, who lives at a considerable distance, was visited by me a few years ago, when I looked at his wool, just then shorn. I handled a few fleeces, and then said to him I was surprised that any man of common sense would raise such light fleeces. He asked how he could help it; he fed them all the hay they would eat in winter, and it would not pay to feed grain to sheep. I told him that it would not pay to keep sheep that sheared such light fleeces at any rate, and that, if it would not pay in the way he was keeping, he had better try grain, as he could be no worse off. Advised him to feed straw and grain until April, then have good, early cut hay, to feed until grass, either with or without a little grain; and, judging from his breed of sheep, I was confident that in a few years, by cutting so much less hay he could afford them far more pasture, and in that way get his fleeces to average from five to six pounds—that he would raise far more and better lambs, and thus make his sheep profitable. I left him without knowing whether he would take my advice or not, but he did take it, and gave the sheep three-fourths of his meadows for pasture. When winter commenced he began feeding half a pound daily of buckwheat to each sheep, with fresh straw three times a day, (wheat, oat, and barley straw,) until the first of April; then gave good hay with a very little grain. The first year his fleeces were increased about 1¼ lbs. each, or from 2¾ to 4 lbs.; the next year they averaged 4 9-16 lbs., and this year they averaged plump 5 lbs. But that is not all his gain; he raises far more lambs and far better ones, and he sells his wethers immediately after shearing for nearly or quite double what he could formerly get in the autumn.

Now let us look at the cost in keeping sheep in the way I recommend. In the first place there is the saving in the expense of cutting and making four months' hay, which is a considerable item. Say 75 lbs. of buckwheat per day for each sheep, for 150 days, at 40 cts. per 48 lbs.—making 62½ cts. Increase of wool, say only 2 pounds at 46 cents, (the price he sold it for these two years,) is 92 cents. Then there is the profit in more and better lambs, the additional price for the wethers, besides getting them off in June in place of October, and the saving of cost of cutting the hay. Why, I should think any farmer could at once see that the profit is immense from keeping on dried up timothy hay and poor pastures in summer, and then every farmer can do this that raises straw and oats, barley, buckwheat or corn; for either will answer the purpose, only give half to three-fourths of a pound daily to each sheep. I assure you there is no way of making stock of any kind pay unless fully fed. When once sheep are got up in good condition, a little less than the above quantity daily will answer a very good purpose, especially if grain is high; but I have put the buckwheat above the average price on the farm; peas or oil cake meal is better than any grain for sheep.

Now, Mr. Editor, there are many thousands of farmers keeping their sheep equally as badly as my friend did a few years ago, who might better their circumstances greatly if they would only read this and believe me. I write what I do know and nothing else. It makes no difference whether a farmer keeps 100 or 5,000 sheep; he ought to keep them all in the same way. When I kept a flock of from 800 to 1,000, I fed half a lb. of oil cake meal or corn daily to each sheep, even when I fed hay all winter—at least always after I found out by experience that that was the only true and sure

way to make them profitable. I know H. T. B. thinks it might affect trade and commerce if farmers should feed so much grain to their stock; yet my candid advice to farmers is to try it. If they fin it ruinous they can discard the practice. But to begin with lean stock, they must feed them well for two years before they see the full effect of the change, and it may even take longer than that with poor, starved animals; but begin and continue one year and you will never give it up, I am confident.

Near Geneva, N. Y., Dec., 1860. JOHN JOHNSTON.

CUTTING STRAW FOR STOCK.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Country Gentleman*, in a long and very well written article, endeavors to convince us that our time can be better employed than in cutting straw for feeding. It is true that cutting straw by hand power for even a small stock, is not quite as pleasant as sitting in a cozy corner with our favorite publications, fresh from the press, and with the consciousness that our horses, cattle and sheep are quite as well served with *long-fodder*. But I go in for the comforts all round, and I am so great a believer in the economy and utility of cutting *all* our coarse fodder, not only for feeding but for bedding in the yard and in the stable, that I have urged some of our geniuses to attach to the tail of a threshing machine a contrivance to cut every particle of straw into half, three-fourths, or inch pieces, as fast as it passes from the machine. It is presumed by many with whom I have conversed, that a ten-horse power would scarcely receive a check from this additional work.

"What should we do with so much cut straw?" First decide that it is practicable and profitable, and we shall soon find ways and means to take care of it. Elevators may be arranged to deposit it almost anywhere about the premises. A monstrous box may be constructed, well roofed over, to occupy the position your straw-stack now occupies, if it be decided *that* is the place for it. Around this great box, or house, if you please, feeding boxes may be constructed with a gate or valve over each, to let out the fodder in just such quantity as may be desired. A lean-to roof, with stanchions all around, serving for both shed and stable, might also be added. But, admitting our cattle are none the better served with cut fodder, it is clear that less will be wasted. It is also clear that the waste fodder will not come up next spring with "long pull and a strong pull" out of the manure heap. It is furthermore clear that to plow under or use as a top-dressing, the manure from such a barn-yard would be vastly more valuable than long straw and corn-stalks not half rotted.

The groom or hostler will at once see the convenience and economy of cut straw for bedding, as only that portion in the immediate vicinity of the droppings, need be removed with the manure; whereas the long straw would nearly all require to be replaced with new every day. A great many advantages of a system of wholesale straw cutting will appear after its adoption, which we cannot at first call to mind.

Now is a good time to talk up this matter, both among farmers and editors, and if the thing is practicable, let us try it on as soon as next harvest. If the expense is not more than one cent on each bushel of grain threshed,—say $10 for cutting the straw of 1,000 bushels of grain,—it will afford us time to read and study at a cheap rate. I. W. BRIGGS.

Macedon, N. Y., December, 1860.

THE above is seasonable; and though we think such cutting boxes as GORDON'S, CUMMING'S, and YALE'S do great execution, we shall be glad to aid in bringing out a still greater labor-saving and fodder-saving apparatus than has yet been invented or introduced.—ED.

THE RURAL—SORGHUM IN MICHIGAN.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—It was not my fortune to be educated in the principles and philosophy of practical agriculture,—nor do I now profess much experience in the cultivation of the soil,—but am, at this late day of life, endeavoring to treasure up from the knowledge and experience of others, some things which may prove of inestimable worth while passing along, and be a comfort of reflection in the dull and monotonous hours of decrepid old age. For this purpose I subscribed for your valuable paper, hoping to learn some things out of the ordinary mode and rules of old fashioned husbandry,—something commendatory to the progressive age in which we live,—and I find the RURAL to be an entire encyclopedia of human thought and human suggestions on the various subjects which interest an enterprising and industrious people.

There appears to be a radical difference in the experience of practical farmers. While some are content to pursue the old, worn-out, beaten path,—doing up things after the manner of their fathers,—others are laboring to improve upon the experience of olden time, making that experience the only stepping stone to a higher and more elevated position in the rank and file of agricultural pursuits. Men of varied minds disagree in the well known theories of the present age concerning farming pursuits. Their practices are at variance with one another, and with the established laws of nature in her efforts to yield an ample supply for man and beast, and it would be passing strange to hear of universal prosperity, when men differ so widely on the feasibility, mode and manner of raising the various productions of a northern latitude. I was somewhat surprised in reading an article in a late issue of your paper, entitled "Sorghum and Fairs." The author undoubtedly felt himself trampling upon a fallen foe, and had it not been for the struggling elements of life in the constitution, he would have choked the poor thing to death, or drove it back to its native land. "It may be owing to a deficiency in reading the statistical journals of the day," but really, I can see no reason for judging so prematurely upon an article of production that has had no real test of its merits. A few here and there have tried the experiment in a careless and slovenly manner, and have allowed its juice to become soured in the stalk, by leaving it out in open freezing weather, thinking that a little crushing and boiling would produce an article of luxuriant sweetness. To work up the Sorghum requires not only good management, but special care in preparing it for the sugar mill. If people are getting "short of encouraging facts and experience," it is because the cry of humbug has been sounded in the ears of the multicaulis and silk-worm adventurers, who sacrificed a few hundred thousands in trying the experiment of silk making, but found "*great cry and little wool.*" So far as experience goes in raising and manufacturing Sorghum into a genuine article of syrup and molasses, it has thus far proved highly satisfactory to those engaged in it in this section of country, and I doubt not but it can be made profitable by its general cultivation among the farmers of Michigan, and in the Western States in the same parallel of latitude. I do not say that the season is always sufficiently long to perfect its growth, neither is it necessary to produce the best quality of molasses; but for granulation, it needs to be seeded and thoroughly ripe. I have seen a better article of syrup from green cane than can be purchased at any importing establishment in the State of New York.

A few practical hints in the cultivation and preparation of this article, and I am done. First, plant your cane on warm, sandy soil, lightly manured. Plaster, and hoe it out as soon as up, leaving the suckers to grow with the main stalk. Keep it free from weeds during the summer, and after the first light frost in the fall, strip, cut it up, and immediately put it under cover, in bundles of about fifty pounds each. Cut the top off below where the frost has affected it, and take it to some experienced manufacturer, and you will obtain an article of syrup equal, if not better, to any made either by *Master* or *Servant*, (as your correspondent expresses it,) in any of the regions of the sunny south. We do not offer any opinion as to its effect upon the political economy of our country, but do firmly believe that its production will put a million and a half dollars annually in the pockets of Western farmers, for the education of their children, and the promotion of the institutions of the country. W. M. C.

Adrian, Mich., 1860.

THE WEST—WISCONSIN PRODUCTS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Surprising as the statement may be to those who are ignorant of the facts, the RURAL is not unknown in the remote region called the Badger State. On the contrary, its sterling character and unimpeachable authority in the department to which it belongs, appear to be familiar to many in this, till lately, "Far West." Whether taken by subscribers, or sent hither by Eastern friends, your paper has found its way out here, and may frequently be met with by the traveler who sojourns among the best farmers of the interior of Wisconsin. Vast is the audience to which the press speaks. Addressing simultaneously hundreds and thousands of readers, dispersed in widely separated localities, no voice has its power, and no orator can cope with it in effect.

The farmers of Wisconsin had, this year, until within the last month, nothing of which to complain. The soil yielded more abundant crops than had hitherto been obtained; the harvests were successful; the prices of produce were remunerative; the prospect of returning prosperity cheered the husbandman, as well as every other class, with high hopes for the future of the State.

The wheat crop of Wisconsin this year was estimated, by a Committee appointed by the State Agricultural Society, who carefully canvassed the grain districts, at *twenty-two millions of bushels*, from 1,062,000 acres, being one-third greater area than was harvested in 1859. It was also estimated that the necessities of home consumption would require six millions of bushels, leaving a surplus for export of sixteen millions. As I shall show in another letter, the figures of shipments and wheat in store, show the estimate not wide of the mark.

The agricultural products of the State for the year fall little short of $50,000,000. The commercial "break up" has left large quantities of grain in the hands of buyers here, who, of course, in consequence, have suffered severely. Not a cubic foot of room is left to store another bushel in the city of Milwaukee; the warehouses are now literally bursting with the over-pressure of their contents. The receipts of grain are now merely trifling, and the market is at a stand still. Some interest is manifested in the grain growing districts respecting the renewal asked by Mr. MCCORMICK for his reaper patent; and it must be confessed that the popular feeling is against any extension. More anon. CLUB.

Milwaukee, Wis., Dec., 1860.

"WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

INDISCRIMINATE destruction of trees and shrubbery has generally characterized the clearings of our Woodland Pioneers. Many "old settlers," who once classed wolves and trees in the same category of extermination, have lived to mourn their unwise course, and to endeavor to atone for their early folly by planting trees and shrubbery, to supply future generations with the shade and ornament which might have been already long enjoyed by themselves, if some of the original trees and shrubbery had been preserved while clearing around the house and farm.

The comfort and value of a homestead and farm embellished with trees and shrubbery, contrasted with the desolate appearance of premises without such embellishments, furnish lessons that should not be neglected while clearing land. In the mere dollar-and-cent aspect of the case, few things will "pay" better than attention to this matter.

The writer of this article, contracting lately for certain clearings, required that clusters of trees and shrubs, amounting to at least two acres out of the ten acres enclosed first around the log-house and barn, should be preserved carefully, and that other sufficient trees should be reserved along roads and elsewhere around the farm. The comfort and value of such reservations can only be fully estimated by those who have seen the places, "few and far between," where groves of the primitive forests were and are yet preserved around the homes of some of our Western Pioneers. Without holding himself up pharisaically as any better than his neighbors, the writer may at least say to others who are clearing land, "go and do likewise." GENESEE.

RECLAIMING WORN-OUT MEADOWS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In a late issue of your journal I noticed an article from a correspondent of the *American Agriculturist*, on reclaiming "Worn Out Meadows," and as the grass in our meadows in this western world is very liable to run out, so as to be hardly worth harvesting, we have been casting about to see what could be done. Let me give an item of my experience in farming, exactly corroborating the correspondent above referred to. I had a piece of meadow so reduced as hardly to cut a half a ton to the acre, and after manuring highly, harrowing, seeding, &c., to no purpose, I concluded to plow it over. Accordingly I plowed it, smooth and nice, in August, 1859,—sowed wheat and timothy seed, and harrowed it in. I had a moderate crop of wheat, and the grass now looks remarkably healthy, and promises a fine crop another season. Some eastern farmers recommend turning over immediately after haying, sowing grass seed without any grain, and mowing the next season. Can any of your correspondents give us any light on that subject? We would also like information on the best method of applying swamp muck to grass grounds. M.

Chagrin Falls, O., 1860.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Sugar Beets for Calves.

WE find the following in the *Spirit of the Times*:—"The best calves I ever raised," said a farmer lately, "I did in this way: Just as soon as they would eat, and that was very early, for the young ones learned of the older ones, I gave them as many sugar beets as they would eat. I cut them up in thin slices, with a slicing machine, and they ate them with a voracious appetite, and grew fat and sleek as moles. I have no doubt other beets would be nearly as good, and so would carrots, parsnips, and even turnips, for early spring feeding, before grass comes." This fact is mentioned now, that farmers may save some of their roots, if they have them, to feed the calves with in the spring.

Durability of Chestnut Shingles.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Boston *Cultivator* says, that in June, 1834, he assisted the owner in shingling the east roof of a barn, 50 feet long and about 40 feet wide, with sawed chestnut shingles, and that roof is still good, and with a little patching will last several years longer. The roof of a wood-house, which he helped shingle with split and shaved chestnut shingles in 1830, bid fair, the last time I saw it, to last till 1875. The roof is very steep, and the shingles on an average were quite narrow. They were well laid, four and a half inches to the weather and two nails in a shingle. Some object to this, and say but one nail should be driven into chestnut shingles, owing to their shrinking and expanding so much under the influence of the sun and rain.

Watering Cattle in Winter.

MANY stablemen commit the great error of leaving water in troughs after watering their cattle, and thus permitting it to become too cold for their subsequent use. In very cold weather, water should not be brought up from the wells or cisterns (where in winter it is always warmer than when exposed above the surface of the ground) until the moment it is required for watering animals, and any portion that may be left in the trough should be permitted to run away. The use of very cold water is injurious to the animal, besides rendering it necessary for him to consume a larger amount of food to replace the heat so lost. We have sometimes seen those who considered themselves very good farmers, breaking holes through ice in horse troughs, to permit their horses to drink; these are the "practical farmers," who scorn book-learning, work hard, "like honest men," and insure to their children the same privilege.

Rich Soil and Good Stock.

WE clip the following from a communication in the *Homestead*, as worth a few minutes thought from the reading farmer:

In distributing manure, it is economical to give a liberal dressing as far as we go. We must go through with the labor of cultivation, and it costs no more to plant or hoe a field of potatoes that will yield heavily, than one which will give poor returns; the only additional expense is the extra cost of harvesting. The same is true in the culture of any crop. We are recommended to buy more stock for our farms as fast as we can find means for sustaining it; but what class of stock it is best to buy is less often discussed. In this, too, it may be safely asserted that the proper course is to buy *good* stock. It costs no more to raise and keep good cattle than poor; and men who buy in the market always make a very great distinction between good and poor animals. The same rule applies in dairying and wood growing; good cows and sheep are profitable; poor milkers and light fleeced sheep eat up their products many times over, and are ever in debt to the farmer.

"Handling" in Choice of Cattle.

SPEAKING of purchasing cattle for beef, work or milk, a New England farmer, well posted on all points of cattle husbandry, says, "that they should be what is called *good handlers*, is a point never to be overlooked." This is defined as equivalent to the possession of "a moderately thick, mellow, elastic skin." The writer adds:

"A good handler will invariably be in good health, have a good constitution, feed kindly and fat rapidly. This mellowness of skin is due to the proper condition of the cellular tissue. The cells of this tissue are filled with fluid, and when pressed upon by the fingers, yield to the adjoining cells, which immediately return it when the pressure is taken off, giving an elastic feel or touch to the skin. The cellular tissue is the receptacle for fat. The more abundantly it exists, the better an animal will handle, and the more fat will be formed. Small ears, quick and sensible to every new sound, small bones, and thick, fine, soft hair, are all indications of aptitude to fatten. Cattle of a general coarse appearance, exhibiting a want of cellular tissue, or those which are bad handlers, will be found to possess large ears, coarse, wiry hair, and large bones, and will prove slow feeders."

How to Feed Horses.

WE usually feed our horses too much; that is, the food is disproportioned to the labor they perform. We speak more particularly of our best horses—fancy animals, that stand in warm stables, blanketed, and taken out only occasionally for exhibition, rather than use. To keep a horse or other animal healthy, the carbon taken into the system in food must be proportioned to the oxygen taken in by respiration. Thus a man of sedentary habits, seated day after day in a warm room where there is little oxygen, can live on mush and milk, a little toast, or other light food; while the same man, in the Arctic regions, would swallow whale blubber with impunity. The excess of oxygen in the Arctic atmosphere requires an excess of carbon, otherwise the oxygen would consume the lungs, and produce pulmonary disease. If the food (or carbon) exceeds its due proportion, or is disproportioned to the oxygen, it is unconsumed, and is stored away in the form of fat, which induces acute diseases and premature death. Now, a fancy horse, that has little exercise, standing in a warm stable, blanketed, with little circulation of air, and consequently little oxygen, gorging himself at a full crib from day to day, requires an excess of carbon; his muscles are overloaded with fat—he becomes stupid and sluggish, and very liable to acute diseases. So says the *Ohio Farmer*.

Inquries and Answers.

A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—While engaged in slaughtering a two year old steer a few days since, a grating noise attracted our attention as one end of the tripe, or stomach, touched the floor. Upon examination, the first stomach was found to contain nearly twenty flat slate stone, varying in size from a cent to a silver dollar. The stones were as smooth as polished steel. The question is, how came the animal to swallow them? We affirm that we never fed him on such kind of provender. The steer was in good condition, and appeared perfectly healthy.—G. G. BURTON, *Manchester, Vt.*, 1860.

The only question in regard to the above, in settling the nature of the stones, would be as to their composition. If really *slate*, then the beast must have swallowed them, but the probability is that they are what is called *bezoars*, a species of calculi frequently found in the stomach and intestines of horses and cattle. Those found in cattle are a little different from those produced in the horse.

Agricultural Miscellany.

BARTLETT'S DITCHING PLOW A SUCCESS.—In July last we gave a cut and brief description of a Ditching Plow invented by Mr. BARTLETT, of Romulus, N. Y. Since then we have heard several favorable reports in regard to its operation. Among others, Mr. WM. A. GREEN, of Chicago—who is improving and planting an extensive fruit farm at St. Joseph, Mich., and obtained the plow at our suggestion—informed us, during a recent interview, of his success in its use. During the season he has cut about six miles of ditch for tile draining with Bartlett's Plow, and thinks he has saved $300 in the operation. In common soil one span of horses is sufficient to operate the machine, but Mr. G's was hard, dry clay—new land, never broken—and in order to cut roots and perforate the clay he was obliged to use more team. He thinks it a tip-top machine, and says if any one purchases it on his recommendation, and it does not answer the purpose, he will pay the bill. [Mr. G. made his ditches from 3 to 4 feet deep.] This is strong testimony, but we give it for the benefit of all interested, and without the knowledge of Mr. BARTLETT.

THE FARMER'S POSITION.—The men of press and pulpit—of law, letters, and lotions—are beginning to realize that the Farmer and Horticulturist may acquire and maintain a "distinguished" position. N. P. WILLIS, of the Home Journal, though a poet and fanciful writer, recently said what a good many shrewd people are thinking, as follows:—"The farmer is on the rise. To be a 'distinguished man,' now-a-days, there is no safer or more substantial way than to be an 'eminent agriculturist,' 'successful horticulturist,' or the like—a Longworth, a Wilder, a Grant, a Johnson. It is the way of the world that the crowns of distinction should thus change heads. Poets, hanged in one age as vagrants, in another age are honored with monuments in Westminster Abbey. Politicians, once statesmen, are now—we will not say what; but see the amount of private character it takes to stand the doubtful honor of being a 'public man!' Authors and authoresses are so multiplying that to be introduced to a stranger as 'the popular writer' is to have prejudice to overcome. No! there is no way for a man to be 'looked up to,' for the next half century, like being an enterprising and successful farmer; and there is certainly no way to pass life so pleasantly, and (since overseeing is easy work, and tools and cattle never tire of a man) no vocation which is so sure to keep him company till he dies!"

THOSE BRONZE TURKEYS.—In reference to the bronze turkeys mentioned in a late RURAL—stating that C. W. COLES, of Conn., had one five months old that weighed 18 lbs., which now weighs 30, his flock averaging 15 lbs., &c.,—Mr. A. ELDREDGE, Jr., of No. White Creek, writes us thus:—"Now, as to the average, there is nothing remarkable about that. Mine average more; I have one that weighed 20 lbs. at five months old, and now 24. But what I wish to know is the process of making a turkey gain twelve pounds in four or five weeks." Perhaps Mr. C. can enlighten Mr. E., but we reckon the process must be difficult or expensive, if not both.

LARGE TUBERS.—Recently Mr. C. F. WEAVER, of Penfield, presented us a Ruta Baga which weighed, after being washed clean, 20¼ lbs., with the top on, and 17½ lbs. after topping. It was one of a crop of 1,400 bushels harvested from three rods less than two acres of ground. And Mr. A. J. RUMSEY, of Bethany, writes us that a neighbors of his, when harvesting his beets this fall, selected and weighed four of the largest with the following result:—No. 1—22 lbs.; 2—19½ lbs; 3—18 lbs.; 4—17½ lbs. It is asked "who can beat these beets?"

U. S. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—*Its Annual Fair, &c.*—On this 17th of December we are in receipt of "The Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, published by the U. S. Agricultural Society," and bearing date "Washington, D. C., October, 1860." Though its date is not recent, the Journal contains some news relative to the last Annual Exhibition of the Society, which (as some of our readers may perhaps remember,) was held as long ago as September 15th, 1860, at Cincinnati. For example, it gives the award of premiums, (official, we presume,) and, considering that "large bodies move slow," perhaps three months was required to accomplish a task similar to that usually performed by County and State societies in a few days. We are confident many recipients of awards will be gratified, and have heard of some creditors of the Society who would be more than gratified were their just claims likely to be adjusted in twice or thrice three months. The list of awards is a curiosity in its line—showing either that a very few men had many superior animals and articles, or that the competitors were "few and far between." For example, one gentleman (J. HOWARD MCHENRY, of Md.,) is the fortunate winner of fourteen prizes on Cattle alone—his name being repeated eight times in succession, in one class, and taking *all the prizes* on Native Alderneys. Other competitors are equally or more fortunate, a few Ohio and Kentucky stock breeders being awarded scores of premiums. Even one New York stock firm—that of BROWNE, CAMPBELL & Co., of Jefferson Co.,—was awarded ten prizes. The miscellaneous departments of the Fair seem to have been mostly filled and monopolized by the wares of local manufacturers and dealers, and if they obtain all the bronze medals, diplomas, etc., awarded them, some Cincinnati firms will possess a large stock of useless (duplicate) hardware and stationery! The Journal announces that its publication has been delayed to give the awards—that "Hopes were entertained that the committees would furnish written reports, giving the reasons which governed their decisions; but, after waiting six [12?] weeks, only three reports have been received." The unsuccessful competitors were apparently so rare that we think *other reasons* for the decisions given would be superfluous!

The Journal thus speaks of the financial result of the Exhibition:—"The receipts at Cincinnati for gate-tickets, annual memberships, and admission to reserved seats, were $13,364 60; for entries, $1,531; and for licenses, $2,968—making the total receipts $18,063 50. The greater portion of this was required for the payment of cash premiums and the purchase of medals and diplomas. What remained was so nearly sufficient to defray the expenses of conducting the Exhibition, that no demand was made on those citizens of Cincinnati who had signed the guarantee fund."

—Now, we dislike exceedingly to spoil a story so plausible, but proper regard for truth, and our duty to the creditors of the Society and the agricultural public, constrains us to say that the last sentence quoted must be *incorrect in fact*, however innocent may have been the writer's *intention*. We are not a creditor of the Society, and have no pecuniary interest in any bills against it, but are credibly informed that one party in this city has a just claim of over five hundred dollars for services rendered and material used *at the recent Cincinnati Exhibition*, which has been treated with contempt by the officer who made the contract, and his associates. Furthermore, since the first paragraph of this article was written, we have been shown a letter from a Cincinnati gentleman (written some time ago) stating that an effort was being made "to collect 40 per cent. from those gentlemen who guaranteed $20,000 to the U. S. A. S. to indemnify them against loss," and that "if it is possible, the money will be raised, either by moral suasion or by law." Comment is unnecessary; but we beg to ask the managers of the Society why one who furnished an indispensable requisite to the success of its show, has been thus unjustly treated?—especially if "what remained [of the receipts] was so nearly sufficient to defray the expenses of conducting the Exhibition." It strikes us the affairs of the U. S. A. S. require a little ventilation.

THE OHIO STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE held its Annual Meeting, at Columbus, on the 5th inst. Sixty-nine counties were represented. A committee to whom had been referred the proposition of Mr. Secretary KLIPPART, for a system of monthly Reports of Crops, reported favorably, and recommended that the Board instruct the Secretary to prepare suitable blanks to be forwarded to the Secretaries of County Societies, to be filled and returned. The information solicited is—1. The condition of all the growing crops; 2. The condition of live stock; 3. The amount of former crops on hand in the county; 4. The condition and prospect of the fruit crop; 5. The prices of grain, stock, hogs and cattle, in their several counties. We regard this as an excellent move—similar, for a State, to the suggestion of Lieut. MAURY, in the RURAL NEW-YORKER, relative to Crop Statistics for the whole Union. The Board discussed the Management of Fairs at some length—talking of amusements, the sale of intoxicating liquors, side shows and others devices—and finally adopted a resolution recommending County Societies to "exclude from their grounds all obscene and immoral side shows." [*Is such* a resolution really necessary in the moral and enlightened State of Ohio?] A resolution averring "that the State should pass a law rendering the owners of horses, hogs, sheep and cattle running at large, liable for all damages they may do on the lands of others, without regard to the character of the fences inclosing such lands," was warmly discussed and finally adopted by a vote of 39 to 17. The following are the principal officers elected: *President*—DARWIN E. GARDNER. *Rec. Secretary*—WM. DEWITT. *Treasurer*—C. W. POTWIN. *Cor. Secretary*—J. H. KLIPPART, Columbus.

A QUAKER COW.—It is printed that JOHN C. LESTER, of Quakertown, Pa., has a red grade Durham among his dairy herd that weighs 1,370 pounds. Fed on eight quarts of corn meal and oats, with what hay she needed, she gave, in seven consecutive days, one week after calving, 339½ pounds of milk, which produced 15 pounds of butter. Five months later, having milked extraordinarily all summer, she made nearly 13 pounds of butter per week. The old Quaker says he has owned a great many cows, but "nary such a-nither." There is pleasure and profit in a good cow, and little but disappointment and loss in a poor one.

WHICH IS THE BEST FERTILIZER FOR WHEAT?—The following relative to experiments made in fertilizing wheat the past season, by GEO. H. CHASE, of Cayuga county, may aid in answering this often-asked question: "Two barrels of salt were applied to one acre, two two-horse loads of ashes to another, and a hundred bushels of lime to a third. The salt proved least useful, the ashes more so, and the lime most of all. The result has not yet been measured, but the effect was very visible when growing. The land was a clayey loam, underlaid by limestone rock."

THE WEATHER of the past two weeks has been fine for the season, with fair sleighing most of the time. The snow is only a few inches deep in this section, yet there is sufficient for business purposes, and it is being employed to good advantage by farmers and others engaged in out-door employments, visiting, etc.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are always glad to hear from practical farmers and horticulturists on subjects with which they are familiar,—but all articles sent us for publication should be accompanied by the real name of the writer, even though omitted in printing.

HORTICULTURAL.

END OF VOLUME FOR 1860.

One more number closes the present year. The pleasant acquaintance commenced with some a year ago, and with others many years since, is not at end, nor likely to end in many years, we verily believe; but we have arrived at an *era* in our acquaintance, the close of another year, when it is fitting, perhaps, that we should say a word of the past and of the future. Like the traveler who reaches another milestone in his journey, we may pause for a moment,—recall the pleasures and toils of the past, that we may gain courage for those which are to come. Our work for 1860 is about accomplished;—it is before our readers. How well we have performed our pleasant task, it is not fitting for us to say. We have endeavored to make all our teachings as plain and practical as possible. We have labored to teach the learner facts and modes of culture essential to success. No Journal has labored more zealously in the field of horticultural literature the present year, than the Rural, and we have no reason to believe that our efforts have been in vain. Never before was American Pomology in as good a position as at the present time. We have much yet to learn, but we are making rapid progress, and the people are anxious for information.

During 1860 we have given in the Horticultural Department, over 600 articles, about 120 engravings, and enough reading matter to make two books of 500 pages each. All this our readers have received for the trifling subscription price, besides a vast and far greater amount of matter on other important and interesting subjects. For the future we have only to say that, the enlargement of our pages (which will take place with the first number of the ensuing Year and Volume,) will afford us more space, which we hope to improve for the benefit of our readers. The next number will mainly be occupied with index, title, &c., so that we shall have no space for horticultural matter, yet we have not the slightest cause to suppose that these are parting words to any of our readers. On the contrary, we have every reason to believe that all who have perused this department of the Rural the present year, will continue its fast friends, and exert themselves manfully to add to the number of the great Rural family circle, and thus aid us in our efforts to increase knowledge and improve taste, until our houses shall become rural homes, the lily spring up where once grew the thorn and the briar, waste hearts, as well as waste places, be made glad, and the desert blossom as the rose. With our immense *weekly* circulation, we may, without boasting, say that we are doing a great work for the Horticulture of the country, and have a claim upon the kind offices of the lovers of fruits and flowers. With confidence, therefore, we call upon all the disciples of Flora and Pomona to aid us in extending the circulation of a Journal so well calculated for doing good, as it is at once a Hand-Book for the *Farm*, the *Garden*, the *Orchard* and the *Kitchen*; a companion for the *Fire-side* and the *Parlor*.

THE YUCCAS.

The Yuccas are among the most striking objects of our gardens, and are particularly adapted to the lawn, in near proximity to the house, where their tall flower stems, and rigid foliage, harmonize with its architectural features, and give somewhat of a foreign color to the whole lawn. It has about the same effect as the introduction of a fine Century plant to the lawn, which many of our readers must have observed. For some reason the opinion has become general that these plants are tender, and in consequence they are to be found in very few gardens; but there are several varieties as hardy as any one can desire. They have dark-green leaves, and throw up in midsummer a tall flower stem, covered with cream-colored flowers, and forming somewhat of a pyramid. But aside from the flowers the leaves are beautiful the whole year. Plants so ornamental should be introduced into every good garden, as they require no special care, and will flourish in any fair garden soil. Plants can be obtained in the spring at any of the nurseries, where a good assortment of hardy plants are kept for sale.

Yucca filamentosa, or *Hardy Adam's Needle*, is the most common variety, and is hardy even at the far North.

Yucca glaucescens has flower stems over five feet in height. Flowers large and greenish-white.

Yucca flaccida is one of the most common, and easily cultivated, and has flower stems from two to three feet in height, with milk-white blossoms.

Yucca angustifolia is a very desirable species, of small growth, the flower stems not branched, the flowers greenish-white.

The Yuccas are mostly of American origin, and the French have obtained many species from California and Texas; which through this source find their way to the nurseries of this country. How many of these will prove hardy at the North time must determine; but we have enough already proved to furnish the lovers of flowers with a good collection. One of these, recently introduced, the Yucca stricta, we find figured and described in *Hovey's Magazine* of Horticulture. It was first described by Carriere, in the *Revue Horticole*. It is "intermediate between two types, equally stemless, the *Y. flaccida* and *Y. filamentosa*, being more nearly allied to the former than the latter." It is distinguished by its more erect leaves, and by its mode of vegetation, forming a less number of underground stems or *drageons* than other species.

YUCCA STRICTA.

It is a stemless plant, presenting at the base a swollen appearance, very marked, produced by the insertion of the leaves, which are numerous, somewhat fleshy, about fifteen inches long, and two inches wide, narrow at the base, attenuated at the summit, and terminating in an obtuse point, not very resistant, straight, sometimes twisted, strongly channeled, and bordered with several grayish-white filaments. The stem is green, pubescent, very strong, attaining the height of five to seven feet. The branchlets are very strong, about six or eight inches long, green, averaging from twelve to fifteen flowers, which are greenish-white, bell shaped, and pendulous.

It blooms the latter part of July, and from the stately habit of the flower stem, its large whitish blossoms, and the remarkable disposition of its branchlets, it has an aspect unique and striking, and when seen across the lawn, backed up by evergreens, forms one of the most attractive objects in our grounds.

Mr. Hovey says it is perfectly hardy in this country, and is not particular as to soil; only the height of its flower stem is augmented when planted in deep, rich, sandy loam.

THE DELAWARE GRAPE AT CINCINNATI.

A Committee appointed by the Cincinnati Horticultural Society to take into consideration the cultivation and general treatment of grapes, and the best variety for that locality, has submitted the following very interesting and important report:

To the President of the Cincinnati Hort. Society:

Sir:—The Committee who were appointed to take into consideration the cultivation and general treatment of grapes suited to our locality, and to ascertain what is the most advantageous variety for our use, submit the following report:—The growing interest taken in the cultivation of hardy grapes for wine and table use, seems to your Committee to call for better and more systematic treatment for our vineyards than we have generally found them to have received.

A very erroneous system of pruning is generally practised; that is, too short summer pruning, or breaking the shoot off at one leaf after the last bunch of grapes, instead of leaving three or four leaves to nourish the grapes, and keep them in good growing and healthy condition. The result of this short pruning is, that part of the grapes never ripen, from a deficiency of foliage; for if the vines are stopped too short, not only does this cause a deficiency of leaves, but it hastens the maturity of the wood, and thereby causes the falling of the leaves before the maturity of the fruit. After the leaves are off, the fruit makes no further improvement or ripening.

It is the opinion of your Committee that grapes will undoubtedly pay better even than any other fruit or crops, if they receive good and proper cultivation; at least, we have found it so in our own practice, from an experience of thirty years.

In our visits we have found one vineyard which was managed in a manner deserving of high commendation. The same system of tying and summer pruning was practised in it as that which has been observed in the vineyard of the Chairman of your Committee. The results are such as to give unmingled satisfaction. In our visits we also found some promising new varieties of grapes. The Norton's Virginia Seedling, a dark-colored grape for red wine, is highly spoken of; but the Delaware stands at the head of all the hardy grapes, either for wine or the table. We have been watching the Delaware for three or four years very closely, and find that the vines stand the freezing and spring frosts better than the Catawba, equally exposed and unprotected. No rot or mildew has yet been discovered, and no falling of the leaves until the fruit is fully ripe; and it ripens fully three weeks earlier than the Catawba.

We have seven reasons why we place the Delaware at the head of the hardy grapes:

1st. Superior quality for table use. 2d. It produces finer and richer wine. 3d. The vine stands the winter freezing better than the Catawba. 4th. It stands the spring frosts better. 5th. The grapes never rot. 6th. No falling of the leaves until the grape is ripe. 7th. The certainty of their growing, and the general hardiness and healthiness of the vine.

The Chairman of this Committee has already planted twelve hundred Delaware vines with such success that he is preparing the ground for twelve hundred more in the spring.

Dr. S. Mosher,
E. Buchanan,
J. E. Mottier, } Committee.

POMOLOGICAL.

There has been a marked failure in the apple crop of late years, over a wide extent of country, in which there was an abundance of this valuable fruit formerly; so much so, as to arouse inquiry as to the cause of such failure.

The apple is essentially a fruit of the colder and more temperate regions of our globe, and will ripen in the open air wherever oak thrives; accordingly we find the apple cultivated as far north as sixty degrees of latitude. Even in the Orkney and Shetland islands very good apples grow. Mr. Knight computes the ordinary duration of a healthy tree grafted on a *crab stock*, and planted in a strong, tenacious soil, to be two hundred years. Haller mentions some trees that attained the age of one thousand years, and were highly prolific. This, then, would indicate its climate and longevity. It is also generally admitted that all the numerous varieties of the apple, which are so extensively cultivated in most parts of Europe and America, have been derived from the crab.

Grafting must have been known and practiced at an early period; for Pliny, speaking of it, says, "that it will honor the first grafters forever."

The varieties were numerous so early as 1650. Hartlit supposes there were five hundred sorts then in England. The second edition of the Catalogue of Fruits published by the Horticultural Society of London in 1831, contains the names of 1,400 sorts of apples. This number is now greatly increased through the increased zeal and industry of modern gardeners, so that there are an endless number of names and synonyms rather perplexing to the inquirer.

Many of the varieties and sorts once highly prized among early writers, are not to be found, or are so degenerated or diseased as no longer to deserve the attention of the planter; hence, an opinion has obtained that the culture in some way limits the duration of the tree. Mr. Knight was unsuccessful in continuing the *Moil, Red-Streak*, and *Golden Pippin*. Loudon remarks on this subject:—"It is unquestionably true that varieties have a tendency to degenerate into the primative character of the species." Others suppose that this degeneracy of the apple and other fruit may be owing to climate, and that the return of genial *summers* would restore to us from old trees as good fruit as heretofore, and assert that by proper culture any variety may be perpetuated with all its excellency, and that by grafting from these, sorts may be multiplied to the end of time.

After a careful revision of both sides of this question, I have come to the following conclusions, viz:—That there is a complication of causes. First, the high culture bestowed in some instances, upon the trees, has a tendency to change the woody tissue and sap vessels of the roots, stimulating them and inducing a sensitiveness to such a degree that a few warm days in the latter part of winter will induce the spongioles to absorb moisture through the exposed and open soil, and start the sap within the body of the tree, there to become arrested, when *subsequent* cold weather and cold rains come on; thus arrested, the more volatile and aqueous portions are evaporated through respiration, as it were, and the remainder becomes viscid and ligneous, clogging up the cellular tissue; so much so, that by the time spring fairly sets in, and the sap is required to fill out the buds and blossoms, or by the time these are in full vigor by an inherent force in nature, the subsequent supply from the root is tardy, and fails, so that the blossoms fall and the pistils remain barren.

Trees sheltered from subsequent cold winds and rains have escaped, and such as were neglected in a manner, and not so susceptible of vigorous action, like the finer and more prized varieties. This is, however, not the only cause, but, among others, one of the causes.

Now, it is worthy of close inquiry, whether such years when snows were for a long time lodged (till early spring,) around the base of fruit trees, and the soil not free from frost, till the spring had fairly set in, if then there was not an abundance of fruit? Should this prove to be the case, it would seem that the open, porous soil, when frozen, should remain so, in order that the sun's rays might not stimulate the rootlets to premature action. This, in open, snowless winters, would indicate the propriety of some artificial protection, such as a litter of manure around the bole of the trees, and boards over this, if need be. This litter might induce mice to take shelter and endanger the base of such trees, unless protected, or by a watchful eye guarded against in certain localities.

Having no orchard to experiment upon, to test the theory advanced, the suggestion may be followed by those more fortunate in this respect, as there is but little cost and trouble; and, if correct, a full crop would certainly pay the experimenter.

Circumstances are so varied, and the conditions so diversified in numerous instances, that no general rule can be relied upon; yet, there are certain physiological principles that operate uniformly, (all things being equal,) which, when studied and considered with surrounding conditions, will aid us greatly in coming to clear deductions.

The fertility of the soil produces a vigorous growth of most classes of plants, which, in our variable climate, is not always successful, and a judicious retarding, or an effort to prevent *premature* action of the sap vessels in exposed situations, is advantageous to the subsequent development and continuous uninterrupted process of growth to maturity.

Whether my deductions are correct or not, I am not aware of having seen that view taken of the subject, and therefore throw out these hints for what they may be worth—having had my attention called to it with a view to examine the case as an entomologist, rather than that of a vegetable physiologist. Jacob Stauffer.

Lancaster, Pa., 1860.

Horticultural Notes.

Ohio Pomological Society—Meeting at Cincinnati, Jan. 16th and 17th, 1861.—The past season having been unusually favorable for fruit crops, has awakened fresh interest in the public mind on the subject of Pomology. It has been a year of real progress in horticulture; much new and valuable experience has been gained, and many new fruits have been tested for the first time. It is important, therefore, that we should come together and freely communicate to each other, and to the public, the results of our observations and experiments. A cordial invitation is extended to fruit growers, nurserymen, amateurs and all interested residents of other States, as well as of Ohio, to meet with us and participate in the discussions. *Specimens of choice fruits* are also solicited for exhibition at the meeting—especially of *winter pears* and such apples as are not generally known. Packages of fruit for this purpose may be forwarded by express, care S. W. Hasseltine & Co., Walnut street, Cincinnati. The meeting will be held in the Room of the Horticultural Society, corner 6th and Walnut street.

Columbus, Dec., 1860. M. B. Bateham, Sec'y.

Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York.—The Annual Meeting of the Fruit Growers' Society of Western New York will commence at the Court House, in Rochester, on Wednesday, Jan. 9, 1861, at 11 o'clock A. M. It will contribute much to the interest of the sessions, if members having interesting specimens of winter fruits, particularly pears, also of preserved fruits, &c., &c., will please bring them for exhibition at this meeting. C. P. Bissell, Secretary.

Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1860.

Inquiries and Answers.

Hot-Bed.—I desire to constrct a hot-bed capable of starting 400 or 500 plants—of cabbage, tomatoes, &c. Will you, or some of the numerous readers of your ever welcome and instructive paper, be kind enough to give some timely hints on the proper construction and management of hot-beds? By so doing they will oblige many besides—W. D. B., *Marcsville, N. Y.*, 1860.

A hot-bed to grow plants for the open ground should not be started until the first of April. If commenced too early, the plants become too large before the weather will admit of their being transferred to the open ground. A very good size for a hot-bed, and one that we think would suit the wants of our correspondent, is five feet wide and twelve feet long. The frame should be made of one and a half or two inch plank, and may be nailed to posts in the corners. The back of the frame should be about two feet high, and the front about fourteen inches. A frame of the size mentioned will require four sashes, three feet wide. These are somewhat similar to window sash, but have no cross-bars, the upper panes of glass overlapping the lower, so as to shed the rain.

The best material for producing heat is fresh manure from the horse stable. This should be thrown into a pile and allowed to heat, under cover, if possible, about a week, when it is ready for use. Now dig a pit about eighteen inches deep, and a foot larger than the frame, each way. Fill this pit with the manure you have prepared, and continue to put on the manure evenly until you have it raised up about two feet above the natural surface of the ground, which will give it three and a half feet of manure. Care should be taken to put the manure on evenly, and have it well packed down, by beating it with the back of a fork. Rake down the edges carefully, so that they will present a nice, even appearance. The frame and glass should now be put on, and be kept close for a day or two. After this, it will be necessary to open the sash a little during the middle of the day, for a couple of days, to allow the steam to escape. About six inches of good, mellow, warm soil, must now be put inside the frame, and all closed up for a day or two, until the earth becomes warm. Examine occasionally, and if the heat appears too great, open the sash a little on the back side. It is now ready for the seed, which should be sown quite thin, and in drills. Air must be given on fine days, or the plants will grow weak and tender. To raise fine tomato plants, it is best, as soon as they get a few inches in height, to transplant them from this bed to a cold frame, which is simply a frame, as described above, placed in a warm situation over a good mellow soil. Here the plants may be set out a few inches apart, and they will grow strong and harden, so as to bear exposure without injury. If placed in small pots and placed in this frame, they can be removed to the open ground without receiving any check.

Domestic Economy.

PREPARING BEEF FOR DRYING.

Eds. Rural New-Yorker:—Will you inform me the "modus operandi" of preparing beef, for drying.—Young Housekeeper, *Jonesville, Mich.*

We are not aware that there is any specific mode for accomplishing the object concerning which "Young Housekeeper" desires information, as each individual usually consults his or her own taste in the premises. We have had dried beef, which was pronounced excellent, prepared as follows:—Dissolve sufficient salt in water to barely float a potato or egg, heat to boiling point, and skim off all the scum which comes to the surface, add two ounces of saltpetre and two quarts of sugar-house sirup, then set away to cool. When cold, pour over the beef (see that you have plenty of brine to cover,) and let it remain until thoroughly cured,—two to three weeks (according to the size of the pieces,) will be necessary. Take out the meat, let it drain, then hang up in any dry place. If a smoky flavor is desired, smoke in same manner as you would hams or shoulders. The quantities given above are calculated for 100 pounds of beef.

In addition to the foregoing we give the following extracts from previous volumes of the Rural and from other sources:

In the Rural of Dec. 19th, 1857, "N." gives the following method of curing beef, hams and venison, and says, that after an experience of years, in which he has cured many tons, he knows of nothing better. To every 20 pounds of hams or beef, take 2 ounces of saltpetre, ½ pint molasses, and ½ pint salt. Dissolve and thoroughly mix the ingredients with a quantity of water, only sufficient to cover the hams when packed rather loosely. After making the brine, let it stand a little time to settle; pour it on the hams, but keep them from floating in the brine. About once a week take out the hams and re-pack, that every point of the hams may come in contact with brine. In about four weeks they will be cured for smoking, and may be smoked at pleasure. No fear need be entertained that they will become too salt. After smoking they may be replaced in the brine and kept any desired time without injury. If saltpetre is objectionable to any one, leave it out and add more salt and molasses. Beef and venison may be cured in the same way.

R. G. B., in the Rural for Dec. 11th, 1858, says:—"To corn beef, my method is to cut it up and pack it in the barrel, and make a brine out of good rock salt, strong enough to bear up an egg, and pour on scalding hot."

The *Ohio Farmer* says:—"To eight gallons of water add two pounds of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, four ounces of saltpeter, and fine salt until it will float an egg."

CURE FOR IN-GROWING NAILS.

It is stated by a correspondent of the *Medical and Surgical Journal*, that cauterization with hot tallow is an immediate cure for in-growing nails. He says:—"The patient on whom I first tried this was a young lady who had been unable to put on a shoe for several months, and decidedly the worst case I had ever seen. The disease had been of long standing. The edge of the nail was deeply undermined; the granulations formed a high ridge, partly covered with skin, and pus constantly oozing from the root of the nail; the whole toe was swollen, and extremely tender and painful. My mode of proceeding was this:—I put a very small piece of tallow in a spoon and heated it over a lamp until it became very hot, and dropped two or three drops between the nail and granulations. The effect was magical. Pain and tenderness were at once relieved, and in a few days the granulations were all gone, the diseased parts dry and destitute of feeling, and the edge of the nail exposed so as to admit of being pared away without any inconvenience. The cure was complete, and the trouble never returned. I have tried this plan repeatedly since, with the same satisfactory results. The operation causes little if any pain, if the tallow is properly heated."

Sweet Apple Jelly.—I should like to know if any one has made sweet apple jelly that will compare with the rich, thick juice, which will be left in a tin where sweet apples are baked, and how it is made? Housewife.

French Cake.—Two eggs; 1 teacup sugar; ½ do. cream; ½ do. butter; ½ teaspoon soda; 1 do. cream tarter. Flavor to suit the taste.—Nannie C., *Groveland, Liv. Co., N. Y.*, 1860.

Buckeye Cake.—One pound of sugar; 1 cup milk; 1 cup butter; 6 eggs; 1 teaspoonful soda; 2 cream tartar; 4½ cups flour.—M. Todd, *Greenville, N. Y.*, 1860.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.]

After all the pains and labor taken by D. B. De Land & Co. to produce a pure Saleratus, we are rejoiced to find that the public generally appreciate, and are liberally patronizing this celebrated manufactory. De Land & Co.'s Saleratus has a world-wide reputation for its perfect purity, and there is no longer any reasonable excuse for obliging people to eat disgusting and unwholesome bread, biscuit, pastry, &c., made so by impure Saleratus. D. B. De Land & Co.'s Manufactory is at Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y., where the Saleratus can be procured at wholesale. It is also sold at wholesale by the principal grocers in large towns, and at retail by grocers and storekeepers everywhere.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

FRIENDSHIP.

BY A. M. GOODNOW.

How many lovely things we find
In earth, and air, and sea—
The distant bells upon the wind,
The blossoms on the tree;
But lovelier far than chime or flower,
A valued friend in sorrow's hour.

Sweet is the carol of the bird
When warbling o'er the spray,
And beautiful the moon's pale beam
That lights us on our way;
But lovelier friendship's looks and words
Than moonlight, or the warbling birds.

How prized the coral and the shell,
And valued, too, the pearl—
Who can the hidden treasures tell
O'er which the blue waves roll—
Yet dearer still a friend to me
Than beauty in earth, or air, or sea.

East Hubbardton, Vt., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

"HARD TRUTHS."

In the issue of the RURAL for Dec. 1st, is an article with the above caption, purporting to be from "A Farmer's Wife," which is as ungenerous as it is "Hard." Since a "Farmer's Wife" has vented her ire upon poor "BRIDGET," and stands in mute astonishment, wondering what will be the next thing on the programme," allow me to suggest to "Farmer's Wife,"—if she is not "notional, set, bigoted, and can't be turned from her ways any more than the North Pole,"—that "charity covereth a multitude of sins,"—and that an excellent female quality is "sweetness of temper." Taking it for granted that "Farmer's Wife" has "years enough to give some experience and judgment," and [that the RURAL NEW-YORKER will listen to the "servant" as well as to the master, your correspondent will venture to express his thoughts on reading her article.

First, by "reason of infirmities," she (A Farmer's Wife,) is in "perpetual spasms," and evidently needs a physician.

Second, she has a sufficiency of all the necessaries of life, but, like OLIVER TWIST, cries for more.

Third, the advice in her closing paragraph, if considered as a display of wit, is simply ludicrous; but if designed for common sense, it is the most "uncommon" sense I ever saw. However you consider it, it is ill-timed, in very bad taste, exceedingly frivolous, resembling more the revelry of a silly coquette than the production of a "Farmer's Wife."

She should be contented with her position, and with an honest heart, pour out her gratitude to GOD for His munificence. When she has three "servants" she is in "purgatory," when she has two she is "driven to distraction," when she has one she is "harrassed within an inch of her life." It is too bad! But then she mustn't "secede." She need not sell her farm, or build a pig-pen to live in, because she must "keep three servants;" and as for having her "sewing to pull out" when "BRIDGET" does it, why, the remedy is easy. She should employ a seamstress! *and let* BRIDGET *do her own sewing!* Why don't she get BRIDGET, whose fingers are stiffened with honest toil, to teach her children, (if she has any,) and to play on the piano-forte?

But here is the true cause of her doleful exclamation. "Wo be unto the woman in these days, who is compelled to keep hired-help." She has yet to learn this old truth: We ought not to require things to happen as we wish, but rather to wish for such things as do of necessity happen. Some philosophers have denied the materiality of the world altogether, affirming that it exists only in ourselves,—to the happy man it is a happy world,—to the selfish man it is a selfish world,—to the pure man it is a pure world,—and to the inordinate man or *woman* it is an inordinate world, and not only turns on its axis, but turns head-over-heels, and in its mad career "pulls out her sewing," "burns her bread to cinders," tumbles her off her farm, and drives her into a "seven-by-nine" cabin, in search of something she will never find—contentment. Then, again, if she "lies down in despair" on the interest of her money, *she* will be an unprofitable "servant," and *may* be "cast" from her "tent" into "outer darkness." However, if she *is* determined to "sell out," and *will* insist on moving into "close quarters," I would suggest that a knot-hole might be a comfortable place! A HIRELING.

LET THE CHILDREN SLEEP.—We earnestly advise all who think a great deal, who have infirm health, who are in trouble, or who have to work hard, to take all the sleep they can get without medical means.

We caution parents, particularly, not to allow their children to be waked up of mornings—let nature wake them up and she will not do it prematurely, but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake up themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult or any studies late, and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child the brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain.

Let parents make every possible effort to have their children go to sleep in a pleasant humor. Never scold or give lectures, or in any way wound a child's feelings as it goes to bed. Let all banish business and every worldly care at bed time, and let sleep come to a mind at peace with God and all the world.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

IDLENESS OF WOMEN.

I AM tired of hearing about the idleness of women. An article went the rounds of all the papers, last year, enlightening us concerning the "Idleness of American fine Ladies." Well, admitting it to be all true,—for I do not profess to know much about the charmed circle,—shall everybody throw the slur upon the great number of American women, to whom the "fine ladies" bear so small a proportion?

WILLIS says that five-sixths of the people of this country are farmers. Did you, reader, ever know a farmer's wife who was lazy or idle? Such a person would be quite a curiosity. Then, look at the great middle class in this country,—in villages and cities. How many lazy or idle women are there? Look at the work they perform, and then judge them. How many even keep no help, taking care of their children, doing their housework and sewing. Could such a woman be idle? Or, suppose she keeps one servant to look after, how much time has she for idleness?

Mr. CLIFTON says to me, "women don't exercise enough." Dear me! I guess they would all be glad of a nice, long walk, and chance to breathe the free, fresh air, and look upon this old glorious earth, and get away from the petty annoyances of house affairs for an hour; but how many after their work is done, or with their work to do, desire any more exercise? Or, if they should try a walk every day, there would be baby to look after, three meals a day to get ready, washing, baking, sewing, mending to do, and very likely she would say she hadn't the time, though you show her, very physiologically, that everybody ought to daily take the fresh air.

I wish everybody who talks and writes about idle and lazy women would just look around and see how many they can find. Of course, there are some, but how many more are there than there are idle men? ROSE CLIFTON.

Lynden Hall, Iowa, 1860.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S DRESSES.

A DISTINGUISHED physician, who died many years since in the city of Paris, made this statement:—"I believe that during the twenty-six years I have practised my profession in this city, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing them to the weather with their arms naked."

I have often thought if a mother were anxious to show the soft, white skin of her baby, and would cut a round hole in the little thing's dress, just over the heart, and then carry it about for observation by the company, it would do very little harm. But to expose the baby's arms, members so far removed from the heart, and with such feeble circulation at best, is a most pernicious practice.

Put the bulb of a thermometer in a baby's mouth; the mercury rises to 99 degrees. Now carry the same bulb to its little hand; if the arms be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink 40 degrees. Of course all the blood which flows through these arms and hands must fall from 20 to 40 degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say that when these cold currents of blood flow back into the chest, the child's general vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we ought not to be surprised at the frequently recurring affections of the lungs, throat, and stomach.

I have have seen more than one child with habitual cough and hoarseness, or choking with mucus, entirely and permanently relieved by simply keeping its arms and hands warm. Every observing and progressive physician has daily opportunities to witness the same simple cure.—*Lewis' "New Gymnastics."*

WOMAN.

GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman! Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity, the frail, yet spotless creature, whose moral, no less than physical being, must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, will learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious—for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation.

The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to tend to the neglected when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice prosecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, pure, constant and ineffable, which in another we are taught to believe the test of virtue.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

HAPPINESS AND DUTY.—We know of nothing more contemptible, unmanly, or unwomanly, and craven, than the everlasting sighing for "happiness." Those who have the most of it think the least about it. But in the thinking about and doing their *duty*, happiness comes—because the heart and mind are occupied with earnest thought that touches at a thousand points the beautiful and sublime realities of the universe!—the heart and mind are brought (and reverently, it is said,) in contact with the Creator and Ruler and Father of All.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

A THRILLING SOUND.

BY A. H. BULLOCK.

WITH terror, living men will quake
At sounds by nature made,
But hear no more her loudest strains
When with their fathers laid—
The thunderbolt, with fearful voice,
At midnight's hour of gloom
Will startle sleepers on a couch,
But not within the tomb.

The wild tornado fiercely whirls,
And as it rushes by,
We, from its rude and wrathful din,
In ghastly terror fly—
It courses onward o'er a plain
Apportioned to the dead,
Not one can hear its frightful roar
From out his narrow bed.

When ocean's surge with angry boom
Appals both ship and shore,
We shrink in awe, as from a foe
No king can stand before;
Yet thousands, in their last repose,
Within the briny deep,
More quiet than an infant lie,
All undisturbed their sleep.

The trembling earth's terrific groans,
When by convulsions torn,
Awaken not the forms consigned
Unto the silent bourn—
The warrior's shrill and piercing shout
Breaks not upon their ear—
The charms of music fail to rouse
The slumbers of the bier.

When Time—a traveler so fleet—
Has run his destined course,
A sound will thrill the universe
Surpassing Nature's force;
The herald of Omnipotence
His trumpet then will blow,
And all who ever lived on earth
That signal hear and know.

The dead will hear it and come forth,
Each priceless soul divine,
In immortality enrobed,
Forevermore to shine.
All will not sleep, yet all be changed,
Corruption reign no more,
The mysteries unto us be shown
Of Him whom we adore.

Burns, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

SUNSET.

THE evening star will twinkle presently.
The last small bird is silent, and the bee
Has gone into his hive; and the shut flowers
Are bending as if sleeping on the stem;
And all sweet living things are slumbering
In the deep hush of Nature's resting time.

N. P. WILLIS.

THERE is, perhaps, no hour of day filled with so many impressive thoughts as the hour of sunset. Then all the transactions of the day come up before us—then we are led to contemplate the beauty of Nature—then the sky is decked with loveliness, the cloud is tipped with the sun's last rays, and all nature smiles a good-night to old Sol as he bows himself behind the western horizon, and leaves us to repose and reflection. The feathered songster carols an evening song, and hides his head under his wing for rest. The plowboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song die away on the breeze, like the distant echo of some loved chant—the soft and half uncertain sound which alone is in perfect unison with the changing scenes of twilight. "With sprig and leaf," the shepherd takes his seat upon some rude stone, or beside some rippling stream, there, alone and melancholy, he pipes his horn to call his flocks from the hills around. The student's book is closed, and he, too, enjoys a respite—he refreshes himself by a survey of nature's paintings, and the beauties of a golden sunset.

The mechanic, till now shut in from the world, deafened by the hum of machinery amid the dust and bustle of manufacture, now rests from his labor, and breathes the fresh, pure air of a sunset hour—how his heart beats at the expectation of a competency to enable him to quit those dark and gloomy rooms for a home where light and comfort reigns. The hum of business ceases, the sound of machinery is no longer heard—everything grows quiet, and "the grinding at the mill is low."

All gives way to profound meditation. Motionless is now our peaceful lake, not a ripple disturbs its calm and placid surface, and, like a mirror, it reflects the changing scenes of heaven—the setting sun's last rays, or the twinkle of the truant star that gathers brightness with the retiring day. How sweet now is the tinkle of the palm-bowered brook, or the gentle murmuring of the rill, the torrent's maddening rush, or the ocean's roar; each seems to teach that GOD alone is there. The face of nature wears a milder and more pleasant look, and cheerfulness invites to repose.

There are many associations connected with the close of day to call forth the finer feelings of man, and inspire him with beautiful and impressive thoughts. Then the pleasant recollections of childhood and youth rush fresh to mind; all seems changing as the evening sky. The companions that gathered with us around the old play grounds, and under the wide-spreading branches of yonder elm, will no more meet with us. While the last tints of the sun's declining rays are fading from the sky, and the mountain's peak, and mellow clouds, so lately gilded by its hues, are lost in the shades of twilight, man, frail mortal, seems to realize his own sublunary end. He is then led to reflect on the dark tomb before him, and into which he soon must enter—all will there be silent. How natural it is for man to reflect—"Soon my sun will set; my day of grace be past, and the darkness and stillness of the charnel house gather around me while awaiting the resurrection morn." How attentively does the mind consider its ways, as it is led to wonder at the mighty wisdom of Him who made "man of the dust of the earth, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became a living soul."

The day affords no pleasanter hour for meditation than the hour of twilight. At this hour, all seek repose from those cares that harrass the mind and fatigue the body. Nature seems to sink back upon her rich and variegated couch—the revolving globe turns us on into darkness, while the dews of evening descend as from the fountain of GOD upon the tender plant, to add increasing fragrance and beauty. Then, why should we mourn our departure from earth while we rest in the tomb, for, like the hour of twilight, it will return to us again when the resurrection morn shall dawn. H. A. WHITTEMORE.

Fluvanna, N. Y., 1860.

STIMULANTS.

THE Louisville Journal beautifully says:—"There are times when the pulse lies low in the bosom and beats slow in the veins; when the spirit sleeps the sleep, apparently, that knows no waking in its house of clay, and the window shutters are closed, and the door hung with the invisible crape of melancholy; when we wish the golden sunshine pitchy darkness, and very willing to fancy 'clouds where no clouds be.' This is a state of sickness when physic may be thrown to the dogs, for we will have none of it. What shall raise the sleeping Lazarus? What shall make the heart beat music again, and the pulses dance to it through all the myriad thronged halls in our house of life? What shall make the sun kiss the Eastern hills again for us, with all his own awaking gladness, and the night overflow with 'moonlight, music, love, and flowers?' Love itself is the great stimulant—the most intoxicating of all—and performs all these miracles; but it is a miracle itself, and it is not at the drug store, whatever they say. The counterfeit is in the market, but the winged god is not a money changer, we assure you.

"Men have tried many things—but still they ask for stimulants. The stimulants we use, but require the use of more. Men try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine cup, but the corpses will rise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing wildest music, and the thoughts galloping—but the fast clock runs down sooner; and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with wildest revelry, more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead.

"There is only one stimulant that never fails, and never intoxicates—Duty. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart may be—into which the syklark, Happiness, always goes singing."

UNLUCKY PEOPLE.

IT is a part of the great fact of luck—the indubitable fact that there are men, women, ships, horses, railway engines, whole railways, which are lucky, and others which are unlucky. I do not believe in the common theory of luck, but no thoughtful or observant man can deny the fact of it. And in no fashion does it appear more certainly than in this, that in the case of some men cross-accidents are always marring them and the effect they would fain produce. The system of things is against them. They are not in every case unsuccessful, but whatever success they attain is gained by brave fighting against wind and tide.

At College they carried off many honors, but no such luck ever befel them as that some wealthy person should offer, during their days, some special medal for essay or examination, which they would have gained as of course. There was no extra harvest for them to reap; they could do no more than win all that was to be won. They go to the bar, and they gradually make their way; but the day never comes on which their leader is suddenly taken ill, and they have the opportunity of earning a brilliant reputation by conducting, in his absence, a case in which they are thoroughly prepared. They go into the church and earn a fair character as preachers; but the living they would like never becomes vacant, and when they are appointed to preach on some important occasion, it happens that the ground is a foot deep with snow.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

DECLINE OF "HOME."

OF the gradual disappearance of "love in the cottage," and the disuse of the "midnight lamp," "old oaken bucket," and other nuclei of old associations, in consequence of the substitution of new inventions, a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer thus discourses:

"If we go on at this rate, all sentiment and simplicity will vanish from the household. Our homes will be woven together into one immense hotel, drawing light, heat, and water, from the same source, and it may be from the same material. The whole domestic picture will have an air of labor-saving contrivance and elegant mechanism, with cushioned ears, noiselessly gliding from cellar to attic; locomotive dumb-waiters circulating with stiff gravity through the table ritual; steam calliopes discoursing musical asthmas in the parlor, and nimble sewing-machines performing miracles of fancy needle-work. The genius of improvement will have driven out the spirit of romance from its last refuge and birthplace, and home itself be left disenchanted. In the meantime, however, let us be consoled with the reflection that what we are losing in poetry, we are gaining in comfort and elegance; and that as physical conveniences are multiplied and diffused, the means of domestic refinement and social amelioration will be proportionably increased. The masses now live as luxuriously as their rulers of a century ago."

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

GOD SAVE THEM ALL.

TRUST in GOD, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.—1st Timothy, vi: 17.

I HAVE a mother, wise and true,
Whose words are good and pure—
Who points the path I should pursue,
And what I *must* endure—
And bids me on the SAVIOR call,
And trust in GOD, who giveth all.

I have a home—around that home
Are flowers, and trees, and vines;
And when afar from these I roam,
My heart oft there inclines.
I view the roses on the wall,
And think of GOD, who gave them all.

I have one friend. Yes, I have more,
True hearts how much I prize—
I have the Bible, and its lore
Points me beyond the skies,
And bids me pray, and Him adore,
Who grants me these, and even more.

With these rich gifts, why should I seek
For wealth, or joy, or fame?
My bliss shall be, though e'er so weak,
GOD's mercies oft to name,
And often bow before His throne,
And thank Him for these mercies shown.

Troy, Mich., 1860. D. C. H.

THE RIGHT SORT OF RELIGION.

A WRITER in the Congregationalist, who evidently believes, with the apostle JAMES, that faith without works is dead, thus describes the kind of religion which the times require:

"We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily not only on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, chickory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk-cans, and buttons from the contribution box.

"The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom of the basket. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one-half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash.

"The religion that is to sanctify the world, pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred cents given, is according to Gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

STRAINING AFTER POPULARITY.—The lack of piety shows itself, in our day, in straining after popularity. One is truly popular by the force of his talents, and the fervor of his piety; another, because he seeks it as a main end. Between these there is a wide difference. One is simple and solemn; the other is magniloquent and affected. The one impresses by his thoughts; the other by his manners and words. The one attracts by the solemnity and power with which he presents and applies divine truth; the other by his newspaper notice, his quaint subjects and texts, his odd illustration. The one wins converts to Christ; the other, admirers to himself. The one preaches bodily the doctrines of the cross; the other withholds or modifies them, lest they should offend, and blunts every arrow, lest it should penetrate, emulous only of the reputation of a popular preacher.

THE PROVINCE OF THE PULPIT.—Christianity embraces all. It shows the sovereignty of its principles, not by destroying anything whatever, but by assimilating all things to itself. To the Christian, everything becomes Christian. Nothing is absolutely foreign to the province of the gospel. It saves the whole of man. It saves the whole of life. Nothing, except sin, is profane. Life is not divided. There is no point at which Christianity stops abruptly. As well forbid the atmosphere of two countries to intermix above the mountains which form a boundary between them.—*Rev. T. H. Skinner.*

PIETY.—The first and most indispensable condition of piety is submission of the intellect, the life, the conscience, to God. This is blind, but not irrational. It is the submission of a sightless child to an all-seeing Father—of a feeble beclouded intelligence to the Infinite Intelligence. It is not only reasonable, but indispsable, both as a safeguard from skepticism, and for the rational exercise of piety.

The Reviewer.

LECTURES ON METAPHYSICS AND LOGIC. By Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh, Advocate, A. M. (Oxon.,) etc.; Corresponding Member of the Institute of France; Honorary Member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Latin Society of Jena, etc. Edited by the Rev. HENRY L. MANSEL, D. D., Oxford, and JOHN VEITCH, M. A., Edinburgh. In two volumes. Vol. II—Logic. [8vo.—pp. 731.] Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

WE have in this volume the second part of the Lectures of Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, comprising his course of instruction in Logic. They are full of learning, originality, and acuteness, and whatever may be thought of some of the peculiar doctrines taught in the lectures, there can be no difference of opinion regarding the impulse they have given to the study of logic. Though HAMILTON'S views have long been before the public, through the expositions given of them by himself and his pupils, in Review articles, these lectures will be read with eagerness by all students of logic. Taken in connection with THOMPSON'S Laws of Thought, MANSEL'S Prolegomena Logica, and HAMILTON'S Essays on Logic already published, these Lectures will make up a very full and adequate library upon Logical Science. The demand for such works by American scholars, indicates unmistakably the rate of our intellectual advancement. The work may be obtained of ADAMS & DARNEY.

SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS: or, The Invalid's Offering. By GEO. A. HAMILTON. Syracuse: J. G. K. Truair & Co.

HERE is a modest, unpretending volume, of 360 pages, by one whose name must be very familiar to every reader of the RURAL. From the Invalid's window he has endeavored to follow Nature in her brightest moods, and catch inspiration from her sweetest melodies. In his own words, he sang "when the soul was full—full of the merriment of Nature,—when the heart was glad—glad with an existence that triumphed over a paleful life." The fullness of that triumph cannot be better told than in the closing verse from his "Nearer Home To-Day:"

"I'm nearer now my crown—
Nearer my journey n'er,
Nearer the river brink—
Nearer the shining shore;
Nearer the pearly gates,
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the Great White Throne,
Nearer, joy GOD, to Thee."

Among the many poetic gems which grace the pages of "Sunshine Through the Clouds," not a few were first given to the world through the pages of the RURAL, and the world seems not willing to release them, as every day's exchange list reproduces them in form and feature. It is well—their mission (as they are, emphatically, *Home Songs,*) is to alleviate, to nourish, strengthen, and purify the whole man.

FAMOUS BOYS: and How They Became Great Men. Dedicated to Youths and Young Men, as a Stimulus to Earnest Living. [pp. 300.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

BOB AND WALTER: With the Story of Breakneck Ledge. [pp. 138.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Rochester—DEWEY.

THE LITTLE NIGHTCAP LETTERS. By the author of "Nightcaps," "New Nightcaps," etc. [pp. 178, with Illustrations.] New York: Appletons. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & CO.

THE BIG NIGHTCAP LETTERS; Being the Fifth Book of the Series. By the author of the Six Nightcap Books, "Aunt Fanny's Stories," etc. [pp 184.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

THE FAIRY NIGHTCAPS. By the author of the Five Nightcap Books, "Aunt Fanny's Stories," etc. [pp 216.] New York: Appleton & Co. Rochester—HALL & BRO.

NEW FAIRY STORIES for My Grandchildren. By GEO. KEIL. Translated from the German, by S. W. HASPEL. [pp. 84.] New York: Appletons. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

IT is a source of rejoicing that the risen generation is giving proper attention to the mental and moral nourishment of the rising—the best evidence of which is furnished in the writing and publication of such works as are above enumerated. A sight and perusal of either or all, will make the juveniles happier and better, and we commend these excellent books as particularly adapted for "home consumption" during the Holiday season.

PIONEER HISTORY; or, Cortland County and Border Wars of New York. From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By H. C. GOODWIN. [pp. 456.] New York: A. B. Burdick.

BY favoring us with a copy of this work, Prof. S. W. CLARK, of the Homer Academy, has afforded us much pleasant and useful reading—pleasant because we find in the volume interesting descriptions, and historical reminiscences, of a region with which we were familiar in youth. It is a volume of rare interest and value, especially to the people of Central and Western New York.

HARPER & BROTHERS have given the lovers of ancient learning another volume of their series of the Greek and Latin classics. We have here the first volume of EURIPIDES, the favorite author of the poet MILTON. The beauty of type and paper of the preceding volume of the series are kept up in this. For sale by ADAMS & DARNEY.

Books Received.

TRAVELS IN THE REGIONS OF THE UPPER AND LOWER AMOOR, and the Russian Acquisition on the confines of India and China. With Adventures among the Mountain Kirghis; and the Manjours, Manyargs, Toungons, Goldi, and Gelyarks; the Hunting and Pastoral Tribes. By THOMAS WILLAM ATKINSON, F. G. S., F. R. G. S., author of "Oriental and Western Siberia." With a Map and Numerous Illustrations. [8vo.—pp. 448.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & CO.

MARTIN'S NATURAL HISTORY. Translated from the Thirty-fifth German Edition. By SARA A. MYERS. Containing Two Hundred and Sixty-two Beautifully Colored Illustrations. First Series. [pp. 467.] New York: Phinney, Blakeman & Mason. Rochester—D. M. DEWEY.

THE OAK OPENINGS; or, The Bee-Hunter. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. [12mo.—pp. 497.] New York: W. A. Townsend & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

THE UNION TEXT BOOK: Containing Selections from the Writings of DANIEL WEBSTER; the Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the United States; and WASHINGTON'S Farewell Address. With Copious Indexes. For the Higher Classes of Educational Institutions, and for Home Reading. [12mo.—pp. 502.] Philadelphia: G. G. Evans. [From the Publisher.

EDUCATION: Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By HERBERT SPENCER, author of "Social Statics," "The Principle of Psychology," and "Essays—Scientific, Political, and Speculative." [pp. 283.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

HOPES AND FEARS: or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," "Heartsease," &c. In two volumes. [pp. 376 and 317.] New York: D. Appleton & Co. Rochester—L. HALL & BRO.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By the author of "School Days at Rugby," "Scouring of the White Horse," etc., etc. Part First. [pp. 369.] New York: Harper & Brothers. Rochester STEELE, AVERY & CO.

THE CHAPEL OF ST. MARY. By the author of "The Rectory of Moreland." [pp. 336.] Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. Rochester—DEWEY.

OUR YEAR: A Child's Book, in Prose and Verse. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated by CLARENCE HOWELL. [pp. 297.] New York: Harpers. Rochester—STEELE, AVERY & CO.

THE MINER'S DAUGHTER. By the author of "The Visit to Derby." [pp. 144.] Phila.: American Sunday School Union. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

CHARLEY KEMPSKY'S FARM. [pp. 44.] Phila: American S. S. Union. Rochester—ADAMS & DARNEY.

Spice from New Books.

The Mystery of Music.

WHAT a mystery is music—invisible, yet making the eye shine; intangible, yet making all the nerves to vibrate; floating between earth and heaven; falling upon this world as if a strain from that above, ascending to that as a thank-offering from ours. It is God's gift, and it is too lofty for anything but His praise; too near to the immaterial to be made the minister of sordid pleasure; too clearly destined to mount upwards to be used for inclining hearts to earth. O, that the churches knew how to sing; making music a joy, a triumph, a sunshine, a song of larks, as well as a midnight song of the nightingales!—"*Italy in Transition,*" *by* WM. B. ARTHUR.

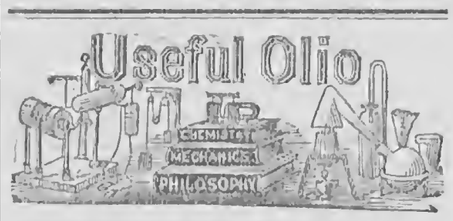
What can be seen in Water.

I FASTENED my boat to a log, and in the idleness of the moment noted the slight effects around me. By the water's edge was a pile of rocks shaped like a cromlech, and near it an oak with a crescent of light clipping its shadowed stem, like the golden knife of a Druid severing the sacred mistletoe for the rites of his ancient and mysterious faith. In the forest there was a flitting of light and shade, and a tremble of branches in the low wind, with an occasional glance of a bird through the fretted vaults.

A pool lay near, sheltered by a stooping birch and a small rapid. In its air-like depth was a trout, moving around restlessly scenting a lily stem; pondering over a mossy rock; darting toward the surface, steadying himself by the occasional flutter of his fins; staring with huge eyes all about; waving his tail, like a deer grazing; and working his mouth as if chewing a cud. By and by, a miller came close to the glass of the surface, quivering with admiration at the image of his silver coat. His spasm of self-love was short, for the trout, lurking in the ambush of a bandit in his cave, darted forth, gave a nip, and the luckless miller vanished. Then came a shiner that sent a silver flash through the pool. Now he poised himself, head downward, as if to lunge through the ooze; then stood on his tail and gaped. At last, he turned himself into a wheel and gyrated away. He was succeeded by a gleam of gold cast by a sunfish, that flattened himself on his side, and lay there, until a bull-head blundered along, and turned one of his horns on him, when the sunfish whisked himself away.

At this juncture there was a plump, and then a sudden darkening of the crystal inclosure, through which I saw the dim shape of a muskrat, who scampered across the bottom, and then rose by a sedge on a dot of grass, with its flag half way up its staff. First, his ratship pulled the stem of a yellow lily as if to ring the bell; then he nibbled the gold of the blossom; then he skimmed to the edge of the bank, with two furrows like a wedge pencilled from his shoulders; and cut with his needle teeth the barb of an arrow-head, and towed it in his mouth to his burrow, where he vanished. In a moment, however, his blunt, whiskered face and glittering specks of eyes were thrust forth again in my direction, thinking, I suppose, what a queer thing that log was, when an involuntary motion on my part caused him to disappear in the winking of an eye.

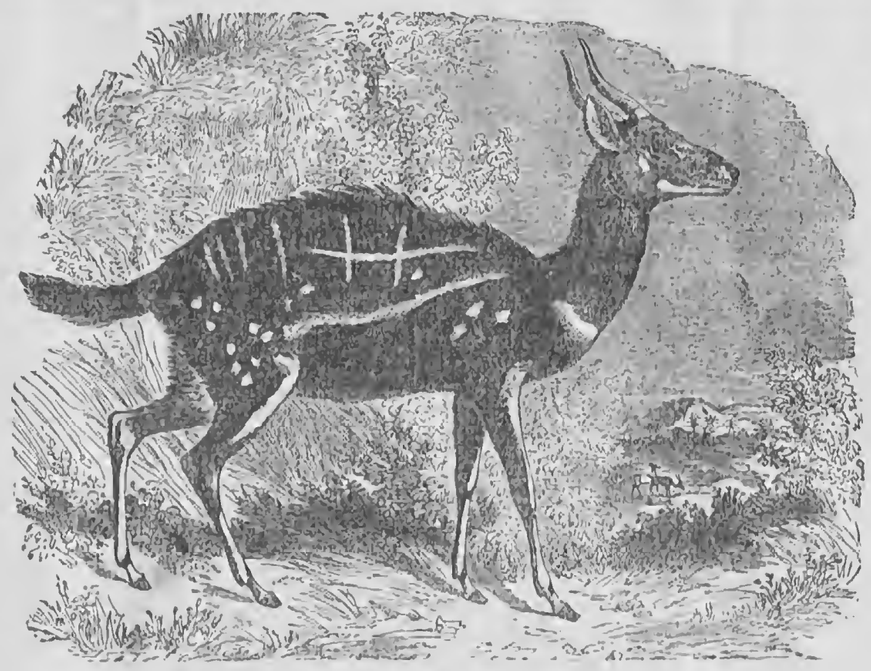
I then leaned back at the boat's stern, and gazed into the noontide heavens. As I viewed the overwhelming arch, springing so magnificently from the horizon, robed in an azure so rich and tender, and gleaming with its silver clouds, I thought how little appreciated, comparatively, is this most wonderful, beautiful, and majestic of all the Creator's handiwork.—"*Woods and Waters, or the Saranacs and the Rackett,*" *by* ALFRED B. STREET.



KANSAS—ITS GEOLOGY, &c.

THE following extract is from the "Geological Explorations in Kansas Territory," by F. B. MEEK and F. V. HAYDEN, and was published in January, 1859, in the "Proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia." It must be specially interesting to our readers in Kansas, and those who have friends already located in that Territory, or who themselves intend to make it their home. These two young Geologists have distinguished themselves by their discoveries in Kansas and Nebraska. The writer of the extract, Dr. F. V. HAYDEN, one of our citizens, has just returned from a successful exploration in that part of our country, and has been joyfully welcomed by his numerous friends, as well as congratulated on his successful operations. The best wishes of all attend him in his course.—ED. RURAL N. Y.

ALTHOUGH this paper is merely designed to give a brief sketch of the leading geological feature of those portions of North Eastern Kansas visited by us, we cannot close it without alluding to the truly great agricultural and other natural resources of this new and interesting Territory. We mean no disparagement to other portions of the Mississippi Valley when we state that, after having traveled extensively in the Great West, and after having seen many of its most favored spots, we have met with no country combining more attractive features than Kansas Territory. Her geographical position gives her a comparatively mild and genial climate, intermediate between the extremes of heat and cold, while the rich, virgin soil of her beautiful prairies, is admirably adapted to the growth of all the great staple grain and root crops of the West. It is true that in some districts there is rather a deficiency of timber, but, as a general thing, there is along the streams sufficient for the immediate wants of the country. In addition to this, the wonderful rapidity with which forests are known to have sprung up on similar prairie lands in Missouri, as the country became settled so as to keep out the annual fires, shows that the present scarcity of timber should not be regarded as presenting any serious obstacle to the settlement of the most extensive prairie district in Kansas.



THE HARNESS-DEER.

IN a recent issue we noticed some of the most important of the animals of Africa, and we now call attention to a tribe with which Southern Africa is richly stocked.

Wherever the traveler passes, he is almost sure to meet with some species or other of these animals. The antelopes are especially characterized by the symmetry of their form and the gracefulness of their motions. They are distinguished from the deer in the peculiar character of their horns, which are permanent, and are formed by the prominences of the frontal bone being covered with a sheath of horn, composed of layers of fibres, which increase during the whole life. The horns grow in various directions, usually ascending from the base, but inclining in different ways, and sometimes spirally twisted. Their ears are usually long, their eyes are mostly large, dark, and soft, and their legs are slender and elegant. Those that have spiral horns are for the most part gregarious, and frequent the open plains; the large species live in small troops in deserts or mountainous woods; while others roam over mountainous regions, finding their home amidst ravines and precipices, and the snow-clad summits of mountains, and leaping up and down to the smallest surface that will contain their collected feet, without alarm or peril. Those that frequent the plains are watchful and timid, flying with the utmost ease and swiftness.

The *Gems-buck* is a beautiful variety, three feet and a half at the shoulders, with horns about two feet and a half long. The face is white, covered with two bands of black. The general color is iron gray, white below. The flesh is excellent, either fresh or salted.

The *Spring-buck* derives its name from the fact that when pursued, or in haste, it takes enormous leaps, often springing eight or more feet in height, and clearing at a single bound a chasm twenty-five feet across. They are very numerous, and make sad inroads upon the crops of farmers in sparsely settled portions of the country. The flesh furnishes excellent venison.

The *Harness-deer* derives its name from the singular white marks upon its body, resembling the straps of harness. There are many other species, among the most remarkable of which are the *Pallah*, resembling the Spring-buck, but larger the *Bless-buck*, one of the largest animals of the tribe, and the *White-Footed Antelope*. The latter has been taken to England, and was much admired in the Zoological Gardens. But Capt. HARRIS says:—"There is one species which may with propriety be styled the king of the tribe. Other Antelopes are stately, elegant, or curious—but the solitude-seeking *Koodoo* is absolutely regal! The ground color is a lively French gray, approaching to blue; the horns, spirally twisted, exceed three feet in length. These are thrown along the back, as the stately wearer dashes through the mazes of the forest, or clambers the mountain-side."

Before going out into the interior of the Territory, we had expected to find the whole country, immediately west of Fort Riley, comparatively sterile; on the contrary, however, we were agreeably disappointed at meeting with scarcely any indications of decreasing fertility as far as our travels extended, which was about sixty miles west of Fort Riley. Here we found the prairies clothed with a luxuriant growth of grass, and literally alive with vast herds of buffalo that were seen quietly grazing as far as the eye could reach in every direction. Even on the high divide between the Smoky Hill and Arkansas rivers, south of this, we found the soil rich, and supporting a dense growth of grass; and from all we could learn from persons who have gone further out, the same kind of country extends for a long distance beyond this, toward the west. Hence we infer that the belt of unproductive lands, between the rich country on the east, and the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains on the west, is much narrower than is generally supposed; and even this so-called desert country is known to possess a good soil, which may be rendered fruitful by artificial irrigation.

In regard to the mineral resources of Kansas, we have at present only time and space to say a few words. As already stated, coal is known to exist—though its extent is not yet fully determined—at several localities in the region of Leavenworth city, while the geological structure of the country, as well as discoveries already made, warrant the conclusion that this important and useful mineral abounds at many localities south of there. Limestone, suitable for building purposes, and the production of quicklime, exists through large areas, while inexhaustible beds of gypsum are known to occur at several places not far west of the mouth of Solomon's river. Near this place we likewise saw, in the lower cretaceous rocks crowning the summits of the Smoky Hills, deposits of iron ore, but were unable to determine, in the limited time at our command, whether or not it exists in large quantities.

Of the discoveries of gold in the mountains on the western borders of Kansas, much has been said; nothing, however, but a thorough geological survey, by authority of the Territorial or State Government, (for Kansas must soon be a State,) can lay before the public such full, accurate, and reliable information on these subjects, as will bring from the older States the capital, skill, and enterprise necessary to develop the great natural resources of the country.

CALIFORNIA.

THE industrious inhabitants of California, besides taking from her auriferous soil between forty and fifty million dollars' worth of gold annually, have, during the last ten years, brought nearly 900,000 acres of land under cultivation, more than half of which is devoted to cereals, and last year produced nearly twelve millions of bushels of grain. This year the yield of grain will be larger—the product of wheat, barley, and oats alone being estimated at 14,500,000 bushels, owing to the increased breadth of land sowed. Fruit culture is also fast rising in importance, this year's crop being valued at $600,000, exclusive of the grape, from which there is promise of obtaining almost or quite 1,500,000 gallons of wine, and 100,000 gallons of brandy. Sheep-raising and wool-growing have also become important interests, wool to the value of $2,400,000 having been exported last year, while the production of 1860 is estimated at double this amount. Great quantities of lumber are also exported. The future of California is hopeful. The myriads of wretched gold-seekers, gamblers, and rascals of every grade, who resorted thither in the early history of the State, breaking through all the restraints of organized social existence, and trampling out even the forms of law, are now outnumbered by the lovers of good order and sound morals, and the population is assuming a permanent character.

PANIC—ORIGIN OF THE WORD.

IN a couple of admirable papers on the financial crisis of 1857, occurs this fine passage in the Mount Vernon series, by Edward Everett:

"But even the dictionaries teach us that it is idle to inquire into the cause of a panic; that is, the immediate cause; the word is used to signify a great and general alarm, without any apparent adequate cause. In the oldest heathen mythology, Pan blew his conch shell when the Titans were fighting with the Gods. The audacious rebels had stood undaunted against the thunders of Jupiter, but they fled at the blast of this harsh clarion. Having succeeded so well on this occasion, Pan accompanied Bacchus on his expedition to India, where, on a certain occasion, he gave a wild scream, which filled the echoes of the mountains, and put the enemy to flight. These old fables (what foundation of fact they may have had in the experience of infant humanity, who can tell?) struck to the heart of the race, and have given a name to saddest realities in every period of history. Old dynasties have sunk—mighty battles have been lost—revolutions have been commenced by Pan-ic fears. One of the most authentic signs of the last dread consummation is "men's hearts failing them for fear;" and when this takes place, no form of disorganization and ruin is just matter of surprise. The cracking of a seat, or a mischievous cry of fire, will, in an instant, set assembled thousands of intelligent persons frantic with terror, and cause them to trample each other to death, in their insane haste to escape from the building. A great, strong ship strikes an iceberg, and discipline is sometimes instantly subverted, all hope of escape in the life-boats blasted, by the fierce haste with which they are lowered into the sea, and overcrowded in the dismay of the moment, and hundreds of lives lost when all might have been rescued. Almost all the great battles of ancient and modern times, from Pharsalia to Waterloo, have probably been decided at last by panic. Miracles of valor are performed by brave men, blood flows like water; at length a wild cry is heard, on one side or the other, that all is lost—and with that cry, all *is* lost."

THE EYE.—When the eye is irritated by dust, or intrusive particles of any kind, the sufferer invariably shuts and rubs his eye, and not unfrequently the removal of the irritating cause thereby becomes more difficult. The proper practice is to keep the eye open, as if staring; a sort of rotary movement of the ball takes place, the surface becomes covered with water, the particle is gradually impelled to the corner of the eye, and is there floated out, or can be easily removed, without any of the disagreeable consequences that attend shutting and rubbing.

STILLEST streams oft water fairest meadows, and the bird that flutters least, is longest on the wing.

YOUNG RURALIST.

MUSIC.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Some months since, I saw in the Young Ruralist column of your much loved paper, a call by "PERRY H——," for some of the Young Ruralists to advance some thoughts with reference to the subject of music. I have mislaid the paper and have forgotten the position "P—— H——" took, and the character in which he wished the subject treated. * * * I love music,—my soul seems bound up in it. I would not part with my attachment for it for the world. I more and more seem to have a dislike for that man who has "no music in his soul." He seems unapproachable. He knows not how to enter into the finer feeling of his brother's heart. There is manifestly a *want* in his nature. The faculty by which he may make the gloomy hours of life cheerful, and the saddened moments joyful, is not found in his being. Life must be a burden, its labors irksome, its enjoyments repulsive, its pleasures uninviting, to him who finds no pleasure in music. It may be argued that the man is not responsible who fails *naturally* to find pleasure in beautiful harmony, and whose enjoyments are not increased at the sound of perfectly blended strains; but from this position we must differ. I doubt if there are but *few* persons who fail to derive pleasure from *some* kind of music; but some have no power by which to distinguish sounds. The sound of the cow-bell is quite as pleasing to them as the most finely executed harmony. The strains which would fill others with ecstacies, will not touch a chord in their souls. But this may be overcome. Striving to make perfect sounds, and being corrected by critics, and a continuance in the same, will soon cause them to find delight in this science, and their friends much more in them. Nothing tends more to sweeten the disposition of a person, and to make him an agreeable companion—a desirable associate,—a worthy member of society,—than a love for and a knowledge of the science of music. A knowledge of this science might be scattered broad-cast; and the aged man, whose remaining hours move heavily; and the man of earlier years, whose heart is full of care; and the noble youth, just entering a life of trial; and the prattling child, lisping its evening prayer; learn to delight in the harmony of sweet sounds, if but wasted time and money were lent in this direction. In this age of the world a man can learn almost *everything* from *books*, and dispense with individual teachers. Rules and instructions are so explicit, and so far elucidated, that with a *single book* a whole family may master the more elementary parts of music. Let but the shining dust which the loving father lavishes upon his only son, which inwardly feeds his passions and burdens his soul, be spent in promoting his love for music, and causing the home-circle to be gladdened with vocal and instrumental strains, and his declining years would not be saddened by the waywardness of his first-born. If the mother, instead of jeweling her daughter for the New Years' ball, and being over-joyed to see her "*shine*" in society, would grace her drawing-room with the piano and guitar, and secure teachers for the same, and make home the great center of attraction, she would not be caused soon to sorrow for a daughter void of virtue, and versed in sin. If this idea of making the science of music more a part and parcel of the duties of the home circle could generally obtain, and instead of the family dance the family singing school should be found, and in place of the card-table for "family amusement" the harp and viol are seen, then will the "fast ones" love *home*, and the sweetest moments of life be there spent. MANLY S. H——.

Lima, N. Y., 1860.

ADVICE TO FARMERS' BOYS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—In your issue of the 8th inst., in *Letters to Farmers' Boys—No. III,* MINNIE MINTWOOD seems to be exceedingly severe upon the tasting even of wine. Does she not know that not one out of ten of farmers' boys ever get a chance to drink wine? Such is nevertheless the case. 'Tis true they can get what they call wine, in those sinks of iniquity, (the low taverns,) but if this, or even the wine brought out at fashionable parties in the cities, *is* wine, then my pen should cease its scribbling. But what is usually termed wine, is a mixture of the juice of some fruit, sugar and water,—so managed that it contains too much alcohol for safe use, perhaps; but the use of this should not debar any one from the use of pure wine, such as our Savior drank, and PAUL recommended to TIMOTHY. And if the Grape is a blessing from GOD, which I believe it to be one of the greatest, then why denounce the making of wine so severely, when Christ himself converted water into wine, at a wedding, where, perhaps, the parties could not afford to buy wine for the occasion? No, No! Give us pure unadulterated wine, for mercy's sake, and let us hurl our most severe denunciations at the drugged wines and brandies, or what are so called, and the poisonous whisky. I am with MINNIE in the Temperance cause to the extent of *my* ability, but really consider myself doing the cause good in trying to cultivate the vine for both fruit and to make wine.

Some noted writer says that man needs some stimulant, let that be what it will; and if that is the case, stronger drink will be resorted to in the absence of wine. The example, or the society that a young man is thrown into, has much to do with his future career, and farmers should use every possible means to keep their boys out of what is called *fast* company, or from among fast young men.

This is by no means that I wish to find fault with MINNIE'S article, but because I fear this denouncing the use of wine is not striking at the right place.

What would MINNIE say if I were to tell her that within a few miles of me the women all smoke the pipe,—are black and dried up looking ere they pass the middle of life. I wish she were here, she would have a field for operation.

As to myself, the use of tobacco, in any form, is next to intemperance by drinking strong liquor. Farmers' Boys, abstain from strong drinks and the use of tobacco,—plant plenty of fruit of all kinds, and use freely, and you have a claim upon futurity, *a score, at least,* of years, above the tobacco chewer, and smoker, and whisky drinker. And, finally, every farmer ought to get the RURAL NEW-YORKER for his boys, and try his best to have them live up to its advice and instructions. In the years that it has come to my house, I have never found a single article that I could not indorse. S. M.

Calmdale, Pa., 1860.

To All Our Readers.

AMONG the novelties already secured for our Enlarged and Improved Volume, we have the pleasure of announcing a NEW SERIAL, written expressly for the RURAL NEW-YORKER by and in the best style of T. S. ARTHUR, Esq., the celebrated author and moral essayist. It is entitled

SOWING THE WIND,
And Reaping the Whirlwind,

and we are confident will prove so entertaining and instructive as to be appreciated by the great mass of our readers. The opening chapter will be given in the first No. of Vol. XI—Jan. 5th, 1861.

Substantial Encouragement.

THANKS to its generous, influential and indefatigable friends all over the land for the numerous and substantial manifestations of approval and support the RURAL NEW-YORKER is daily receiving! The large *additions already received* from many sections assure us of an extraordinary increase of subscribers for 1861—we think full 20,000—over our present list. Considering the panic and derangement of currency, our receipts are as gratifying as they were unexpected, and we are confident its readers will be pleased to learn that the RURAL was never so prosperous as now.

Remittances from the West.

THE CURRENCY of several of the Western States is greatly depreciated, just now, while exchange on the the East is exorbitant in many localities. In answer to inquiries from Western Agents, we would say that we will abide by our announcement as to "The Money we Receive," (see last page,) yet hope they will do the best they can in remitting. Our first choice is drafts on New York, &c., (less reasonable exchange,) or New York or New England money; next, Canada, Ohio and Michigan bills; and last (if our friends can do no better,) bills on the best solvent banks of other States. Postage stamps are good for fractional or any amounts.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

All Snowed up on the 3d of January, 1861.
Star of the Press—Cauldwell, Southworth & Whitney.
The Horticulturist—Saxton & Barker.
R. A. Dreer's Seed and Horticultural Warehouse.
Cumings' Patent Feed Cutter—N. B. Phelps.
Apple Grafts—Fahnestock & Baker.
Dime Songster Free—Wm. B. Thayer.
Apple Seeds, &c.—Fahnestock & Baker.
Scions—Fahnestock & Baker.
Berkshire Pigs for Sale—Wm. K. Gridley.
How to Obtain Patents—J. Fraser.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Brown's Bronchial Troches.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 22, 1860.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THERE is little, if any, confidence in the assurance that South Carolina will not resist the Federal authorities during the administration of President Buchanan. They are regarded as mere promises to quiet apprehensions in an official quarter. Lieut. General Scott has expressed the opinion that additional forces should be sent to South Carolina for the protection of the public property. The President, however, is still opposed to such increase for prudential reasons, being apprehensive that it would but augment the present excitement.

Gen. Cass has resigned as Secretary of State. Regret is everywhere expressed in consequence. The indications are that ex-Lieut. Gov. Dickinson, of New York, will be the successor, though these are not altogether reliable.

Official information has been received here that Holland has made arrangements for the emancipation of the slaves in all the Dutch colonies, on the principle of English emancipation, making compensation to the masters.

The secessionists and anti-secessionists have been in great excitement over the news which has leaked out from the Capitol on the 14th inst., concerning the requisition of Major Anderson, Commander of Fort Moultrie, for more men and ammunition, and the action of the Cabinet thereupon. It is stated that Major Anderson decided upon the necessity for a reinforcement to his command and his supplies, because when the secession ordinance is passed, there is no security that a Charleston mob will not make a desperate onslaught upon the nearest Federal possessions. The question of acceding to the request has been up before the Cabinet, and it was decided not to grant it. Secretary Cass urged the propriety and the necessity. Either Major Anderson was justified in making a requisition, or he was not. If justified, his request should be granted at once. If not, then he is incompetent to fill his place, and it should be supplied by some one who would not make a dangerous demand in troublesome times. So long as he is in authority, the means of asserting his authority should be conceded to him. In spite of these arguments, the Cabinet refused to send any more men or ammunition to Fort Moultrie, and there the matter stands.

As near as can be ascertained, the total population of the States and Territories is 31,000,000: therefore the ratio of representation in the House of Representatives will be about 133,000.

Mr. Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, resigned on the 11th inst. The Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Toucey, was requested by the President to act as Secretary of the Treasury, in addition to his present duties, until a successor to Mr. Cobb shall be appointed. Mr. Cobb formally took leave of the President, the interview being pleasant, and of a private character.

The President's Proclamation recommending the people of the United States to observe the 4th of January as a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer, is officially published. He says:—"Hope seems to have deserted the minds of men, and that God's arm alone can save us from the awful effect of our own crimes and follies."

The N. Y. Herald's Washington dispatches state that Attorney General Black has received the appointment of Secretary of State.

The President to-day (15th) declares he will defend the fortifications of the country against all attempts to take them. Gov. Floyd expresses himself warmly in favor of the Union, and is very decided in the course he shall take in opposing any attempt that may be made to seize the property of the Government.

The Crisis Committee are not making much headway. Mr. Corwin, Chairman, has reported a series of resolutions, which, it is understood, are intended to meet the crisis. It is said they meet the approval of a majority of the representatives on the Committee. They are nearly as follows:

First. Pledge the faith of Congress against any attempt to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia.

Second. Against interfering with the inter-Slave trade between States.

Third. Against the abolition of slavery in the dock yards and arsenals in Slave States.

Fourth. In favor of any amendments rendering the Fugitive Slave act effective and satisfactory to the South.

Fifth. Against any discrimination by Congress against Slave States asking admission.

Sixth. Protecting persons and property in the Territories till they have 30,000 inhabitants, when non-intervention by Congress shall be the law.

Reports of Secretaries.

WE present below a condensation of the Reports emanating from the various members of Mr. BUCHANAN'S Cabinet, to which RURAL readers can refer for information concerning the transactions of the country in the past, and to the propositions for our National well-being in the future:

POST-MASTER GENERAL'S REPORT.—The Report of the Post-Master General, for the year ending June 30, 1860, gives a view first of the transportation of the mails, from which it appears that the total annual transportation of mails was 74,724,776 miles, costing $8,808,710. Compared with the service reported June 30, 1859, there is a decrease of 19,458 miles in the length of mail routes; of 7,583,626 miles in annual transportation, about 9.22 per cent.; and of $660,047 in the cost, about 7 per cent.

The Post-Master speaks of expenditures and receipts, of which this is the substance:

For the year ending June 30, 1860, the expenditures were	$19,170,609 99
From which deduct payments out for 1859.	4,295,837 10
Actual expenditure for 1860, as before shown, was	$14,874,772 89
Deduct the revenue for 1860, with the earnings of this department in carrying free mail matter	9,218,067 40
Excess of expenditures over revenue for 1860	$ 5,656,705 49

The estimated deficiency for 1861 is $4,988,424,04; for 1862, $4,500,663.

The increase in the value of stamps and stamped envelopes supplied to post-masters over 1859 is $608,782 85. The number of dead letters registered and sent out during the year, is 21,617, an increase over last year of 12,644.

The Report recommends a repeal of the act in regard to drop letters, by which the postage was fixed at one cent, and the raising of the postage to two cents, to be prepaid by stamp. In view of the distrust of the Registry system, shown by the steady falling off of the number of Registered letters, it recommends the devising of some other plan.

Various amendments are proposed to our postal laws, as a uniform rate of 5 cents for ship letters, of 10 cents to countries with which we have no postal arrangements, as Mexico and Cuba, a permission to regular dealers in newspapers, &c., to receive by mail such quantities as they please, and to pay postage at the same rates as regular subscribers, the transportation of maps, engravings, books, &c., at 1 cent per ounce under, and 2 cents over 1,500 miles, the prepayment of ten cents on all letters conveyed from any point east of the Rocky Mountains to any point on the Pacific, and *vice versa*.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.—The report of the Secretary of the Navy opens with the subject of converting sailing vessels of war into steam frigates, the cost of altering eight ships of the line being given at $388,000 each. A large number of old vessels are said not to be worth the trouble and expense for that purpose. Five of the six new steam sloops have been completed. The Secretary calls for a large increase to the present navy to guard our extended seacoast and to protect our rapidly growing foreign commerce. The policy of suspending repairs is objected to, and that of diminishing our force at our navy yards. The latter, it is said, have recently been put under a new and improved system of organization, so as to prevent abuses.

A large share of the report is devoted to the operations of the various squadrons, which we are unable to notice in detail. The Naval Academy is said to be in admirable condition. The African slave trade has received much attention, and the work of suppressing it has been prosecuted with vigor. The whole number of slavers captured during the year was 12, and the number of Africans rescued 3,119.

Mr. Toucey recommends a repeal of the act of last summer, prohibiting the purchase of patented articles for the use of the army and navy; refers to the visit of the Japanese embassy, and the explorations made at Chiriqui, confirming the intelligence already received as to the excellency of the harbors on both sides. It also exhibits reports of surveys made with San Francisco and China, on the Parana river, on the North Pacific and elsewhere. The report is long and embraces a vast variety of topics.

The expenditures for the navy last year show a decrease of nearly three million dollars over 1858-9. The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1861, are $11,716,856, and those for the following year, $11,613,844.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF WAR.—The report of the Secretary of War is devoted mainly to operations carried on during the year among the Indian tribes of the Plains and the Great Basin. The actual strength of the army remains about the same as that of last year. Active operations have been carried on along the Mexican frontier, along the head waters of the Canadian and Arkansas rivers, in New Mexico, in Utah at, Carson Valley, and in Washington Territory, with more or less success. In the last named territory the Indians have not yet been reduced to subordination.

Important explorations have been made in the Colorado Valley, resulting in the establishment of a new route across the Great Basin, between Salt Lake City and the Oregon river. The Rocky Mountains at the head of the Missouri have also been thoroughly explored and a valuable line of intercommunication between the Atlantic and the Pacific has been established, so that "we can," says Mr. Floyd, "concentrate by this line, in the course of three, or at most four months, on the Pacific, a stronger force than could be put there by any other power in the space of a year or probably a much longer time."

The Secretary recommends the Indian bureau to be replaced under the superintendence of the War Department; commends the Quartermaster's bureau for its efficiency and faithfulness; recommends an appropriation of $50,000 for experiments in the improvement of arms and military supplies; favors the establishment of a national armory, the introduction of breech-loading rifles among all our light troops, and asks for a steamer of light-draught on the Pacific coast to guard the settlers on Puget Sound against the incursions of the Indian tribes from British and Russian America, the present vessel being unserviceable.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.—The amount of public land sold or otherwise disposed of during the year, is as follows: 3,379,040 acres located with military warrants; 2,037 770 acres approved under swamp land grant: 9 394,430 acres sold for cash or otherwise disposed of; $2,121,425 total amount received for lands sold for cash. During the same period 9,649,471 acres have been surveyed and prepared for market.

Over a million of dollars were expended in the payment of pensions during the fiscal year. The income of the patent office is $8,600 above expenses; 3,696 patents have been issued, and 3,612 applications rejected.

Congressional Proceedings.

SENATE.—On motion of Mr. Bigler, the standing committees of last session were ordered to be continued.

A message was received from the House, stating that the House concurred in the first Senate amendment to the loan bill, but had made an amendment to the second amendment. Mr. Hunter moved to take it up. Mr. H. said he would like to have the same provisions applied to the ten millions as to the three millions. The Senate concurred in the House amendment.

HOUSE.—Mr. Sherman, from the Committee on Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the issue of $10,000,000 worth of Treasury notes of a denomination of not less than $100. The faith of the United States is pledged for their redemption. The money is authorized to be borrowed from time to time, as deemed expedient. The bill, after debate, was passed.

The Speaker, pursuant to an order, called the various States for propositions relating to the present condition of the country. A large number of propositions and resolutions were handed in, read, and referred to the Union Committee.

The House passed a bill making further provision in relation to incorporated land offices, and the bill extending the time for Oregon to select certain lands.

Mr. Thayer, from the Committee on Public Lands, reported a bill creating the land district of Dacotah, and providing for the admission of a Delegate in Congress from that Territory. Mr. Thayer's bill was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

The House Committee of Thirty-three met on the 13th inst., and took the following action on that portion of the Message referring to the pending difficulties in relation to the South:

Mr. Rust of Ark., offered the following:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this committee the existing discontent among the Southern people, and the growing hostility among them against the Federal Government, are greatly to be regretted; and that whether such discontent and hostility are without just cause or not, any reasonable, proper or Constitutional remedies, and effectual guarantees of their peculiar interest, as recognized by the Constitution, necessary to preserve the peace, the perpetuity of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted.

Mr. Morrill of Vt., offered the following as an amendment:

Resolved, That in the opinion of this Committee the existing discontent among the Southern people and the growing hostility among them are greatly to be regretted and that any reasonable, proper and Constitutional remedy necessary to preserve the peace of the country and the perpetuity of the Union, should be promptly and cheerfully granted.

This amendment was rejected by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Corwin, Ohio; Adams, Mass.; Humphrey, N. Y.; Ferry, Ct.; Robinson, R. I; Tappan, N. H.; Morrill, Vt.; Morse, Me.; Washburn, Wis. Total, 9.

Nays—Messrs. Millson, Va.; Winslow, N. C.; Love, Ga.; Whitley, Del.; Stratton, N. J.; Brislow, Ky.; Nelson, Tenn.; Dunn, Ind.; Taylor, La.; Reuben Davis, Miss.; Kellogg, Ill.; Houston, Ala.; Phelps, Mo.; Rust, Ark.; Howard, Mich.; Hamilton, Texas; Curtis, Iowa; Burch, California; Windham, Minnesota; Stout, Oregon—total 20.

Mr. Ferry of Conn., moved the following as a substitute:

Resolved, That when grievances exist which affect the rights or interests of the citizens of any part of the confederacy, and are capable of removal by the action of Congress, they ought to receive full and appropriate remedies by the speedy action of the Federal Legislature, either by resolution, by statutory amendments to the Constitution, or by a recommendation for a call for a general Convention of the States, as may be necessary to accomplish the purposes as aforesaid.

This resolution was also rejected by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Adams, Humphrey, Ferry, Robinson, Morrill, Morse, Washburne, Carter—8.

Nays—Messrs. Corwin, Millson, Winslow, Campbell, Love, Davis of Md., Whitby, Tappan, Stratton, Brislow, Nelson, Dunn, Taylor, Reuben Davis of Miss., Kellogg, Houston, Phelps, Rust, Howard, Hamilton, Burch, Windham, Stout—23.

The original resolution of Mr. Rust was then adopted by the following vote:

Yeas—Messrs. Corwin, Millson, Winslow, Campbell, Love, Davis of Md., Stratton, Bristow, Nelson, Dunn, Taylor, Kellogg, Houston, Phelps, Rust, Howard, Hamilton, Curtis, Burch, Windham, Stout—21.

Nays—Messrs. Adams, Terry, Humphrey, Robinson, Tappan, Morrill, Morse, Washburne—8.

The Secession Movement.

THE extremists at the South have issued a manifesto, the purport of which runs thus:

To our constituents:—The argument is exhausted. All hope of relief in the Union through the agencies of committees, Congressional legislation or constitutional amendments, is extinguished, and we trust that the South will not be deceived by appearances, or the pretence of new guarantees. The Republicans are inveterate in the purpose to do nothing that will or ought to satisfy the South. In our judgment, the honor safety and independence of the Southern people are to be found only in a Southern confederacy.

The inevitable result is separate State secession. The sole and primary aim of each slaveholding State ought to be its speedy and absolute separation from an unnatural and hostile Union. Signed by Pugh, Clopton, Moore, Curry, and Stallsworth, of Ala, Iverson, Underwood, Gartrell, Jackson, Jones, and Crawford, of Ga, Hawkins, of Fla., Hindman, of Ark., Brown, Barksdale, Singleton, and Reuben Davis, of Miss, Craig and Ruffin, of N. C., Benjamin and Lansdown of La.

The bill providing for the election of delegates to the Louisiana State Convention, to be held at Baton Rouge, Jan. 23d, has passed both Houses. In the House a strong effort was made to put the question, "Convention or no Convention" before the people. The Military bill passed both houses. It appropriates $50,000, providing for the appointment of a military commission and military bureau. Also for the organization of volunteer companies and arming the same, and for establishing military depots. The Military Board will be convened immediately, and some one will be sent to purchase arms. The amendment of the House forbidding the purchase of arms at the North by the Board was lost. The bill of the House, confiscating all the goods arriving from the Northern States, after January 1st, and applying the proceeds of the sale of the same to the purchase of arms, was referred to a joint committee, and created considerable fun.

A prominent South Carolinian arrived at Washington on the 12th inst., from Columbia, and reports the popular sentiment there as opposed to the peace policy as now understood between that State and the Federal authorities. They urge the immediate seizure of all public property within the limits of South Carolina. The proclamation of Governor Gist seems to favor this sentiment, and Mr. Keitt left for home, with the understanding and declaration that he should never come back. Mr. Miles declares it his intention to leave, and says nothing can stop South Carolina from going out of the Union, but that she will not interfere with the Federal authorities unless she is interfered with.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Insurance Company in which defalcations to the amount of £10,000 have been discovered, is the British Empire. The system adopted was the same as Pullinger's, a falsified pass book—the delinquent being Mr. Inglish, late Secretary of the Company.

The Bank of England reduced the rates of discount on Thursday from 6 to 5 per cent. The movement had no effect on the funds. The demand for money on the following day was very active, both at the bank and in the open market. The rate for best bills in the streets is 4½ to 5 per cent. The American advices caused considerable anxiety. The Times city article says the panic has reached a stage resembling some of the first days of 1857, but the leading commercial people seem to be aware of its utter groundlessness, so that the alarm was by no means equal to the agitation. The Times argues that the receipts of gold from England will immediately change the whole character of the New York money market.

The Empress Eugenie arrived at Manchester at midnight on Thursday, from Sloebon, and was received with great enthusiasm.

FRANCE.—It is rumored that Prince de la Tour d'Anvergene, French Embassador at Berlin, will shortly replace M. Thouvenel in the Foreign Ministry.

The French Imperial decree provides for more direct participation by great bodies of State in the Government. The Senate and Corps Legislatif are annually to vote an address in reply to the Emperor's speech. Provision is made for due expression of opinion and the publication of debates. Ministers of Colonies and of the Emperor's household are suppressed. The former are united to the Ministry of the Marine.

Pelissier had been appointed Governor of Algeria; Chasseloup Laubat, Minister of the Marine; and Admiral Hamelin, Grand Chancellor Legion of Honor. Other changes in the Ministry were expected.

ITALY.—Victor Emmanuel left Naples the 30th ult., and arrived at Palermo on the 1st inst., where he was enthusiastically received.

The Bishop of Losetta had excommunicated the Clergy of Santa Costa for receiving Victor Emmanuel.

The Turin journals assert that a diplomatic interconse is soon to be resumed between Prussia and Victor Emmanuel.

The Roman province of Belletria has been occupied by the French troops at the request of the Roman Government, and agreement of Sardinia.

The Patrie states that according to the latest news, insurrectionary movements were increasing in the Abruzzi. Teol-Bedogewriga with 7,000 Sardinian troops, occupied the defiles of Mount Vellino, a position of importance. Seven Guerrilla companies were being organized. The Piedmontese were forming flying columns, in order to act energetically at the points menaced.

A commission comprised of Sardinian and Neapolitan officers, have been appointed to examine the titles of officers of the two Sicilies, who have adhered to the new Government.

The following is given as the position of affairs at Gaeta:—The Piedmontese fleet had returned to Naples to make an attack on the land side. The advanced Piedmontese boats were 1,500 meters from the mob and forts. They were placing mortars in line to open fire, and three out of five batteries constructing were ready. The besieged kept up a fire to impede the constructing of the batteries, but ineffectually. Typhus fever prevailed in the garrison, which was too crowded, numbering 18,000. The Piedmontese numbered 1,500. A state of siege was established in the Abruzzi.

AUSTRIA.—Serious disturbances, with loss of life, were reported at Debreczin and Erereries, Hungary.

The Paris correspondent says that no Government has made any overtures to Austria respecting the cession or purchase of Venetia.

CHINA.—There are further details of the operations in China. On two occasions 30,000 Tartar cavalry advanced on the allies and were completely routed. Two thousand were killed and fifty guns taken. The allies had only 18 wounded.

The Times has the following correspondence:—Consul Parks and three officers were taken prisoners while choosing camping grounds, and conveyed to Pekin. They were well treated. The head-quarters of the allies were within eight miles of Pekin. The Chinese sent a flag of truce, with prisoners, for a treaty. Lord Elgin demanded the release of the prisoners before negotiations. The Emperor's brother had been appointed Chief Commissioner to make peace. All was quiet at Shanghae. Latest Government dispatches say that the allies were within six miles of Pekin.

The News Condenser.

— The whipping post and pillory are kept up in Delaware.

— Diptheria is making sad havoc in Chester Co., North Carolina.

— Garibaldi is preparing to visit Paris, with several of his officers.

— Twenty-nine States observed Thanksgiving on Thursday, 29th ult.

— The census of Cattaraugus county shows a gain of 4,363 in five years.

— Six boys were drowned in Summit Lake, Schoharie Co., a few days since.

— Four persons died in London, last month, from excessive use of cigars.

— The English and French journals are all rejoicing at the election of Lincoln.

— Mr. Lincoln is said to be in the receipt of half a bushel of letters per day.

— The Sunday law against the running of omnibuses is being enforced in New Jersey.

— There are now on the dockets of the Supreme Court at Portland, Me., 42 suits for divorce.

— There is a bible in the library of the University of Gottingen, written on 5,476 palm leaves.

— The number of army invalids receiving pensions is 4,854. Amount paid to them, $428,056 61.

— The average of earthquakes in Europe, for the last two years, has been one in every nine days.

— Of the 165 revolutionary pensioners on the roll June 30th, 1859, but 87 survived December 1st, 1860.

— King Victor Emmanuel has accorded 200,000f. in aid of the public schools to be established in Naples.

— Away down South, disunion is not popular. Buenos Ayers has returned to the Argentine Confederation.

— From the 26th of April to the 1st of December 32,867 boats passed the Syracuse lock on the Erie canal.

— It is now ascertained that no less than ninety-two lives were lost on the lakes during the gale of November 24th.

— Capt. Hall, having explored Frobisher's and Cumberland "straits," asserts they are both simply inlets or bays.

— The valuation of the real estate of Boston shows an increase of thirteen million dollars over that of last year.

— Arkansas and Texas are the only two Southern States which have doubled their population within ten years.

— The bark Cora, of New York, has recently been captured off the coast of Africa, with 705 negroes on board.

— Minnesota will have a grain surplus this year of at least twelve million bushels, six millions of which is wheat.

— The Vicksburg Whig estimates that it would cost Mississippi $20,000,000 a year to govern herself out of the Union.

— The breaks in the Croton water pipes have been repaired, and the New Yorkers now obtain their usual supply.

— A special census of Cincinnati increases the U. S. Marshal's enumeration 10,000—making the population 171,293.

— Thirteen trotting horses, valued at $9,000, were recently drowned by the steamer Tecumseh sinking near Louisville.

— Prince Napoleon's proposed trip to this country is again talked of in Paris, and now appears to be fully decided upon.

— Hon. Robert Monell, formerly a Circuit Judge in the 6th District, N. Y., died in Greene, Chenango Co., on the 29th ult.

— A large number of Chinese had arrived at Portland, having been driven from the mines in British Columbia by the Indians.

— Roebling, who built the suspension bridge at Niagara, is now spanning a 1,324 feet chasm in Kentucky, with a railroad bridge.

— Last year there were in England and Wales 52 capital convictions; one a week, on an average, and nine executions followed.

— A Boston paper boasts of six members of its police who weigh, in the aggregate, one thousand two hundred and eleven pounds.

— An extensive copper placer has been discovered at St. Flavien, in C. E., near Quebec. The veins have been traced for a full mile.

— Paris possesses twenty-three telegraph offices employed in transmitting messages between the various quarters of the capital.

— Cotton and woolen manufacturers of Philadelphia run their mills half the time for the present, on account of the over production.

— It is estimated that two thousand gallons of molasses have been made this last year, from Chinese sugar cane in Cumberland Co., Md.

— A proposition is on foot in Seneca Co. to erect a monument to the Indian Chief Red Jacket, he having been born in that county.

— The U. S. Consulship, at Naples, has been held by a Mr. Hamet for 51 years. He entered upon his duties the year Mr. Lincoln was born.

— The total returns of the census of Pennsylvania have been received. The population is 2,911,104—an increase of 599,328 in 10 years.

— Great suffering prevails at Nova Scotia, in consequence of the failure of the fishing crop. The Legislature has taken the subject in hand.

— A scarcity of coal begins to be apprehended at Charleston. Coal boats are afraid to come into the harbor in the present excitement.

— Orville Gardner, the reformed prize-fighter, claims that, by his temperance coffee rooms in New York, 1,500 persons have taken the pledge.

— The Prince of Wales resumed his collegiate studies at Oxford, after spending only a week at home after his return from his American tour.

— A new religious sect has began to develop itself in the Northern part of Denmark; its believers claiming that there are five Gods in one.

— A thief in Delaware was got rid of by being cased in a well-ventilated box and shipped to Philadelphia, as produce to a commission house.

— The Seventh Regiment, N. Y., is to be invited to England. They will go in an English frigate, and be guests of the English Volunteers.

— Forty boats are frozen in at Fort Plain, with 625,000 bushels of wheat, 4,000 barrels flour, 6,000 bushels corn, 40,000 of oats, and 3,000 barrels apples.

— The Mississippi has a fall of four inches per mile. At Memphis, when the river is five feet above low water mark, the currant is three miles per hour.

— The volunteers of Marsala, Catalafimi, and Palermo, will present Garibaldi with a star in diamonds, bearing the inscription, "The thousand to their chief."

Special Notices.

THROAT DISEASES.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*, or Cough Lozenges. *From Rev. E. H. Pratt, East Woodstock, Conn.* I feel grateful to you for placing within the reach of the suffering so valuable a remedy. I have used the Troches three years, with great benefit, not less to my general health than to my throat. I recommend them with great pleasure on every hand."

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE, Rochester, Dec. 17, 1860.

FLOUR shows a decline for the week equal to 25 cents per barrel on all grades.

GRAIN.—No changes to note, and but very small transactions.

PORK.—There has been a falling off of 25 cents per cwt. on heavy pork, the extreme rate being $6,25. Under this influence the number of hogs offered for sale has been considerably lessened. Lard has declined 1 cent per pound. There are no other alterations in prices.

We cannot close our Market Reports for the year without an expression of obligation to E. N. BUELL, Produce and Commission Merchant; W. S. MAIN, Flour Dealer; WM. MCINTOSH, Chandler and Butcher; A. DAVIS, Provision Merchant; Mr. ROGERS, of the Hay Market; S. M. SPENCER & Co., Distillers; A. LONGMUIR, Brewer; B. P. VIELE, Wool Dealer; M. B. OVIATT & Co., Millers; and S. SEAMAN, Grocer and Provision Merchant, for the urbanity and frankness with which they have met our weekly inquiries, and for the assistance rendered us in presenting a correct Price Current. We doubt not that such of our readers as may desire to transact business in any of the branches of trade represented, will find the gentlemen referred to prompt and honorable.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	16@17c
Flour, wint. wheat	$5,25@6,00	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do.	5,00@5,50	Candles, box	12@13c
Flour, buckwheat	0,00@2,00	Candles, extra	14c
Meal, Indian	1,25@1,25	FRUITS AND ROOTS.	
Wheat, Genesee	1,05@1,30	Apples, bushel	25@00c
Best white Canada	0,00@1,35	Apples, dried	60@66c
Corn, old	50@53c	Peaches, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Corn, new	50@50c	Cherries, dried, ℔ lb	12½c
Rye, 60 lbs. ℔ bush	50@55c	Plums, dried	00@10
Oats, by weight	25@26c	Potatoes	25@40c
Barley	50@55c	HIDES AND SKINS.	
Buckwheat	40@43c	Slaughter	5@5½c
Beans	62½@00c	Calf	8@8c
MEATS.		Sheep pelts	50@$1,25
Pork, Mess	$16,00@00,00	Lamb pelts	50@88c
Pork, clear	17,00@18,00	SEEDS.	
Pork, cwt	5,75@6,25	Clover, bushel	$5,00@5,25
Beef, ℔ cwt	4,00@5,00	Timothy	2,25@3,00
Spring lambs, each	1,00@2,00	SUNDRIES.	
Mutton, carcass	4@5c	Wood, hard	$3,00@4,00
Hams, smoked	10@10c	Wood, soft	3,00@3,50
Shoulders	7@8c	Coal, Lehigh	7,00@7,00
Chickens	6@7c	Coal, Scranton	5,75@6,00
Turkeys	9@10c	Coal, Pittston	5,75@6,00
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5,75@6,00
Ducks, ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	$1,75
Butter, roll	14@15c	Hay, tun	$8,00@13,00
Butter, firkin	13@14c	Straw, tun	0,00@00,00
Cheese	10@11½c	Wool, ℔ lb	30@50c
Lard, tried	10½@11c	Whitefish, bbl	$9,00@9,50
Tallow, rough	6½c	Codfish, ℔ quintal	4,00@4,25
Tallow, tried	9½@10c	Trout, bbl	5,00@8,50

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.—FLOUR—There is but little doing and market generally without material change. Sales at $4,55@4,65 for super State; $4,75@4,95 for extra do; $4,55@4,65 for super Western; $4,80@5,10 for common to medium extra do; $5,00@5,20 for shipping brands extra round hoop Ohio—closing with a little firmer feeling and holders less anxious to realize. The stock is getting reduced by shipments from first hands. Canadian—not very active and prices without striking change; sales at $4,90@6,75 for common to choice extra.

GRAIN—Wheat rules very quiet, with a light stock offering; holders are disposed to insist upon very full prices; shippers are holding back; the nominal quotations are $1,05@1,10 for Chicago spring; $1,12@1,15 for Milwaukee club and amber Wisconsin; $1,23 for winter red Western; Racine spring at $1,18; white Michigan at $1,30. Rye quiet at 68@70c. Barley dull nominally unchanged. Corn—moderate business doing; sales at 62½@63c for mixed Western, in store; 64c for do. delivered, 65c for yellow Southern, afloat; 67c for round yellow; 54c for badly damaged mixed Western. Oats steady at 35½@37c for Western, Canadian and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork dull and heavy; small sales at prices which are no criterion to market; the nominal quotations are $15,62 for old mess; $16,00 for new do.; $10,00@10,25 for old prime; $11,75 for new do. Dressed hogs in fair request at 6¼@6½c; live hogs steady at 5½@5¾c. Lard steady for prime, owing to the small supply; demand limited; sales at 9@10¾c. Butter in fair request at 11@15c for Ohio, 14@21c for State. Cheese steady at 9@11½c. for inferior to prime.

ASHES—Dull and unchanged. Sales 20 bbls. at $5,00 for Pots, and $5,00 for Pearls.

TORONTO, Dec. 11.—FLOUR—Nominal quotations are—

Superfine No. 1	$4,25@4,45
Fancy	4,60@5,00
Extra	5,25@5,35
Double Extra	5,85@6,25

OATMEAL—There is no demand for quantities of oatmeal beyond small lots. Dealers do not seem inclined to pay over $3,75 ℔ barrel. To purchase lots of 25 or 30 bushels $4@4,25 is asked.

GRAIN—The condition of the wheat market to all appearance remains as favorable as at our last report. The small amount offering finds a ready sale at rates ranging from $1,10@1,15 ℔ bushel. There continues to be a fair demand for spring wheat, mostly for milling purposes. The price is somewhat lower than last week, 85@90c. being the range. We note a sale of a small lot in store, of very good sample, at 86c. per bushel. There is not much offering. The receipts of barley have been moderately large for the past few days, and the grain is in good demand, without change in price, for the local breweries. Good samples command freely 60@65c. per bushel. Peas are in moderately good request at 45@50c per bushel. The supply is increasing, and prices are not very firm—the greater part moving off at 47c. ℔ bushel. Oats have offered more freely during the week than at any time since harvest. Prices have declined and 25@26c. are now the current figures. The demand is almost purely local.—*Globe*.

THE PORK TRADE.

LOUISVILLE, (KY.) Dec. 13—The receipts heavy and not much doing, only on time, as the money panic still continues stringent, and no improvement. Hogs to butchers at $4,50@5,00 ℔ 100 lbs. gross.—*Courier*.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 13.—The market for hogs is unsettled Holders contend for $5 for good hogs, and most of them pack, rather than make concessions. The sales to-day, which comprised 800 head, were at from $4,62@5,00. Towards the close, under the improved financial news from New York, and the moderate tone of political sentiment at Washington, there was a slightly better feeling than in the morning, but still buyers this evening did not offer over $4,75 for the best hogs. The receipts continue light for the season, comprising only 36,000 for the week.—*Gazette*.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12.—The receipts of hogs, live and dressed, during the past 24 hours, amounted to 2,715. Live hogs were dull, and we quote a decline of 12½@25c. the sales being light at $1,25@4,10 gross. Dressed Hogs were 12½c. lower—with sales at $4,50@5,25.—*Tribune*.

TORONTO, Dec. 14.—Dressed hogs are coming in freely, and the demand for curing has set in with considerable activity. The quality continues excellent. Light to fair weights bring $5@5,50; and good to heavy weights $5,62@6 ℔ 100 lbs. The latter figure is the extreme rates for the best hogs.—*Globe*.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt	$9,50@9,50
Ordinary quality	8,50@9,00
Common quality	7,00@8,00
Inferior quality	5,50@6,50
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50,00@55,00
Ordinary quality	40,00@50,00
Common quality	30,00@40,00
Inferior quality	25,00@30,00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	6½@7½c
Ordinary quality	5½@6
Common quality	4 @5
Inferior quality	3½@4
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$5,00@5,50
Ordinary quality	4,00@4,75
Common quality	3,00@3,75
Inferior quality	2,75@3,00
SWINE.	
First quality	5½@5¾c
Other qualities	4½@4¾c

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 12.—Whole number Cattle at market 1,280; about 700 Beeves, and 580 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Milch Cows, and one, two and three year old.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $6,00@7,00; first quality, $6; second quality, $5,25; third quality, $3,50; ordinary, $3,75.

WORKING OXEN—$800@150.

COWS AND CALVES—$25, 40@60.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,090 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,50@1,75 each; extra, $2,00, 2,50@3,00.

HIDES—7@7½c. Tallow, 6½@7c.

CALF SKINS—10@11c ℔ lb. Pelts, 75c@$1,50 each.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 14.—At market, 1,300 Beeves, about 900 Stores, 5,000 Sheep and Lambs, 400 Swine.

BEEF CATTLE—Prices, extra, $7,25@0,00; first quality, $7,00@0,00; second quality, $0,00@6,25; third quality, $4,00@5,50; ordinary quality, $3,75.

WORKING OXEN—None.

MILCH COWS—$30@40; common, $19@20.

STORES—Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $11@17.

HIDES—7@7½c ℔ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c ℔ lb.

TALLOW—6½@7c ℔ lb.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1,25@1,75; extra, $2,50@2,75.

PELTS—$1@$1,50 each.

SWINE—Fat hogs, undressed, 6½c. ℔ lb.; stores, wholesale, 6@6½c—retail, 0@8½c ℔ lb.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 13.—The market continues very dull and heavy. Owing to the existing financial troubles most of the manufacturers have either stopped their mills or are running on half time, and consequently have no occasion to purchase to any extent. Should they desire to buy, cash must be paid, or paper of the very best description given; as all that is now offered is most closely scrutinized, and unless it is of the first order, rejected. The decline in prices within the last two months will probably reach 10c. on cash sales; but on time sales the reduction is not more than 5c. Stocks generally are in a healthy condition, and are not increasing to any extent. We quote nominally.

Am. Saxony fleece ℔ lb	54@58
Am. full-blood Merino	47@49
Am. half-blood and three-fourths Merino	40@46
Am. Native and one-fourth Merino	38@40
Extra, Pulled	40@42
Superfine, Pulled	34@38
No. 1, Pulled	27@30
Lamb's, Pulled	31@24
California, extra	00@00
California, fine, unwashed	12@36
California, common do.	12@20
Peruvian, washed	25@32
Valparaiso, unwashed	—@—
South Am. common washed	14@16
South Am. Entre Rios, do.	14@16
South American, unwashed	25@27
South American Cordova, washed	19@23
East India, washed	10@30
African, unwashed	0@00
African, washed	00@00
Smyrna, unwashed	10@18
Smyrna, washed	21@27
Mexican, unwashed	00@00

[*N. Y. Evening Post*.

BOSTON, Dec. 13.—The market has been very dull for Wool since last week, and prices are nominal. About 50,000 lbs. fleece and pulled and 100 bales Spanish and Mediterranean have been taken by manufacturers, who purchase only in small lots as wanted.

Saxony & Merino	55@67	Western mixed	28@35
Full blood	50@54	Smyrna washed	16@28
¾ and ½ blood	44@49	Do. unwashed	9@18
Common	39@43	Syrian	11@24
Pulled extra	47@55	Cape	23@27
Do. superfine	38@47	Crimea	10@17
Do. No. 1	35@38	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Do. No. 2	20@30	Peruvian, washed	26@31

Deaths.

IN Russell, Ohio, on Sabbath morning, Dec. 2d, 1860, NATHAN ROBINSON, (step-father of D. D. T. MOORE, of this city,) aged NINETY-SIX YEARS and SEVEN MONTHS.

MR. ROBINSON was in many respects a remarkable man. A native and for some forty years a resident of Vermont, (and closely connected by marriage with one of its early Governors,) he will be remembered by many of its old residents as a consistent and devoted Christian, and most industrious, enterprising and successful farmer. He subsequently resided in Oneida Co., N. Y., and also in Western New York, and was throughout his long and varied life characterized for piety, benevolence, kindness of heart and exemplary temperance. Though his worldly means were twice swept away by becoming security for friends, his generosity was always exercised on suitable occasions in after life. When ninety years of age his physical and mental faculties were comparatively unimpaired. Latterly, however, it was apparent that he had outlived his faculties of enjoyment; and finally died unexpectedly (from the effects of a cold,) without seeming to suffer any pain. Living to a good old age—to see his fourth generation—he has been gathered to his fathers like unto a sheaf fully ripened for the harvest.

IN Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 9th, of Hip Disease, EPHRAIM W. BOSSERMAN, aged 27 years, 1 month and 25 days.

Brother B. has gone to his reward. For twenty-three years he suffered much pain from the affliction which Providence had placed upon him, yet he bore it patiently and without a murmur till the last. He was a member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church and enjoyed religion for several years. Just before his death he sung two verses of that old but beautiful hymn,

"Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone," &c.,

then sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.—[COM.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

∴ THE RURAL NEW-YORKER will commence its Twelfth Year and Volume (in Jan., 1861,) with an edition of *at least* SEVENTY THOUSAND! Though the columns will be wider than at present (giving more words per line) and the circulation much larger, we do not purpose to increase the Advertising Rates before the 1st of March or April, when they will probably be advanced to Fifty Cents a Line.

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STAR OF THE PRESS. 1861.

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THE NEW YORK MERCURY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

IN accordance with a time-honored custom, the publishers of THE NEW YORK MERCURY, the largest two-dollar literary weekly in the world, make the opening of a New Year the occasion for issuing a comprehensive prospective prospectus bulletin.

Although the patriarch of the weekly press (being now in its twenty-third year,) THE MERCURY teems with the fire and vigor of youth, as well as with the wisdom and dignity of mature years. Presenting, as it does, the *creme de la creme* of literature—enriched with the entrancing master-pieces of the greatest romancers in the world—glittering with the brilliant wit and humor of the sharpest pens of the time—abundantly garnished with the rarest gems of native poesy—overflowing with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" from the great writers of its immense contributorial staff, and honored all over the country, for its perfect freedom from anything calculated to wound or repulse the most sensitive moralist or class of people—it has been for years the LUXURY, THE TEACHER, THE MONITOR, AND THE WELCOME GUEST OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN HOMES.

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THE TRIBUNE FOR 1861. PROSPECTUS.

THE XXIth Volume of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE commenced with the issue of Sept. 1. During the past year The Tribune has been obliged to devote quite a large proportion of its space to Politics, but we shall soon be able to forego Political discussion almost entirely, for months if not for years, and devote nearly all our columns to subjects of less intense, but more abiding, interest. Among these, we mean to pay especial attention to,

I. EDUCATION. The whole subject of Education, both Popular and General, will be discussed in our columns throughout the year 1861, and we hope to elicit in that discussion some of the profoundest thinkers and the ablest instructors in our country. It is at once our hope and our resolve that the cause of Education shall receive an impetus from the exertions of THE TRIBUNE in its behalf during the year 1861.

II. AGRICULTURE.—We have been compelled to restrict our elucidations of this great interest throughout 1860, and shall endeavor to atone therefor in 1861. Whatever discovery, deduction, demonstration, is calculated to render the reward of labor devoted to cultivation more ample or more certain, shall receive prompt and full attention.

III. MANUFACTURES, &c.—We hail every invention or enterprise whereby American Capital and Labor are attracted to and advantageously employed in any department of Manufacturing or Mechanical Industry as a real contribution to the Public Weal, insuring ampler, steadier, more convenient, more remunerating markets to the Farmer, with fuller employment and better wages to the Laborer. The progress of Mining, Iron-Making, Steel-Making, Cloth-Weaving, &c., &c., in our country and the world, shall be watched and reported by us with an earnest and active sympathy.

IV. FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—We employ the best correspondents in London, Paris, Turin, Berlin, and other European Capitals, to transmit us early and accurate advices of the great changes there silently but certainly preparing. In spite of the pressure of Domestic Politics, our News from the Old World is now varied and ample; but we shall have to render it more perfect during the eventful year just before us.

V. HOME NEWS.—We employ regular paid correspondents in California, at the Isthmus of Darien, in the Rocky Mountain Gold Region, and wherever else they seem requisite. From the more accessible portions of our own country, we derive our information mainly from the multifarious correspondents of the Associated Press, from our exchanges, and the occasional letters of intelligent friends. We aim to print the cheapest general newspaper, with the fullest and most authentic summary of useful intelligence, that is anywhere afforded. Hoping to "make each day a critic on the last," and print a better and better paper from year to year, as our means are steadily enlarged through the generous co-operation of our many well-wishers, we solicit, and shall labor to deserve, a continuance of public favor.

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THE UNION.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Ho! Eagle of our banded States,
Wilt drop thine olive fair,
And bid the shafts of war and woe
Speed bursting through the air?
And the soaring eagle answered,
Waving his peace-branch high,
"No! Freedom's chieftain gave the trust—
I'll guard it till I die!"

Ye stars, that shine in sparkling blue
Upon your banner'd field,
Shall ye be stricken from your place,
And half in clouds concealed?
But silent were those glorious orbs,
With dread amazement fraught;
Each trembling in its crystal sphere
At the dark traitor-thought.

Oh, human heart! to concord train'd,
By sires who stood of yore,
As brothers when around their homes
The Lion ramp'd in gore;
Will ye the heritage they won
With ruthless hand divide?
Or rend the Gordian knot they drew
Around ye—when they died?

Then, from the Pater Patriæ's tomb,
Beneath Mount Vernon's shade—
And from the hero's bed, who sleeps
In Nashville's beauteous glade—
And from green Quincy's honored breast,
Where sire and son repose—
"*Break not that band*," a solemn voice
In deep accordance rose.

Hark, hark! o'er forests rob'd in snow,
In sunny, flower-crowned vales,
From where the Atlantic's thunder-tone
The far Pacific hails;
From mart and dell, where millions dwell,
By prairie, lake, and hill,
Rolls on the full, sublime response—
"*We never, never will!*"

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

YULE-TIDE:

A STORY FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

"GOOD MORNIN'! Miss MAXWELL. You're into the Christmas cookin', I see. It does one good to see you, at your age, so plump and healthy, and a putlin' into the work so smart."

"Take a chair, SOPHRONY. How are all at home? Aren't your folks going to keep Christmas?"

"Well, yes. After a fashion, that is. We always go to church on a Christmas mornin', and we don't do no work to speak of. But we don't generally get a great dinner, and have company. The boys always calc'late to come home to Thanksgivin', and so does MELISSY and her husband and children; but it's too far to come again so soon as Christmas."

"I believe that's the way pretty much all over Yankeeland. Yet, somehow, I can't fall into it, though I've lived here ever since I was married. Long as *he* lived he always wanted a good time Christmas, in memory of 'old England' and the days of our courtship, he used to say."

"I'spose the merry-makings they have in England, and had long ago 's you was young, go beyond even our best Thanksgivin' parties."

"Ah, yes. Beyond any ever I see, though maybe that's owing to the associations. At home we had the mistletoe and the holly a-plenty, and we young folks always had a-many games and spells for Yule-tide, or Christmas Eve. Dear heart! I'd like to see one more old-fashioned Christmas 'fore I die." And, with the rounding off of that sentence, good mother MAXWELL heaved a little sigh, and giving her rolling-pin an extra flourish, put the final touches to the top crust of a very sizable chicken-pie, and was in the act of passing the box of raisins to SOPHRONY, in compliance with her offer to pick while she talked, when the kitchen-door opened to admit her daughter.

"Why, FIDELY! How'd do? But I needn't ask, your lookin' as rosy as a summer mornin',—though the weather's down to zero."

"Thank you, PHRONY, but as I owe that compliment to the weather, I will not appropriate it. A hunt in the barn for eggs on such a morning, and a run to the house after you've found them, I think would prove a substitute for paint on any cheeks."

"You see I'm makin' myself at home, as usual."

"That's right. We're always glad to see you. What's going on up your way?"

"Nothin' new. I believe old Pondville gets duller every day. So'thin' *must* happen soon, I tell our folks, for there ha'n't been an excitement since poor crazy POLLY ROGERS's drowned herself last spring. No weddin's, no funerals,—I believe the doctors begin to think Pondville is dreadful healthy, for Dr. SETON is goin' to move away."

"You don't say so! It's most too good to be true."

"Tut, tut! FIDY. You've no cause to say that. I don't know but what Dr. SETON's as good a man as the generality."

"Maybe so, mother. But certainly he is not as good a *doctor* as the generality. Bah! It makes me crawl to think of his coarse, bungling ways, and loud voice, and, above all, his nauseating doses. I never look at poor little FRANK HARRIS without a feeling of indignation towards Doctor SETON. I firmly believe that if any doctor of real ability had set that child's ankle, he would not now be lame for life."

"I dare say that's so. Now just beat these eggs while you're warmed up. You can put your indignation into the beating. SOPHRONY, you've picked nigh enough raisins for the 'big pudding.'"

"Somehow pickin' and stonin' raisins always puts me in mind of weddin' cake and weddin's. I've helped at so many, I don't wonder. Miss SIMPKINS, and her gal, and I, stoned four boxes for AMELIAR'S weddin'. FIDELY, I think it's high time we commenced on yours. Aren't you going to pop off with some spruce bachelor, or nice widower, soon?"

"Certainly, PHRONY. I've heard lately that there was something of the kind in the wind, for old Mr. FRISBEE has been seen to call here twice in one week. Looks mysterious, don't it?"

"Mr. FRISBEE, indeed! I forbid the banns before hand. He's old enough to be your father! A perfect heir-loom in Pondville. He took *me* to the first ball I ever went to, and you must have been in sleeved-aprons then."

"I guess your chance is as good as FIDY'S now, and I dont think either of you are likely to make very speedy or very youthful matches." This Mrs. MAXWELL said with another of those little sighs, so at variance with her bright eyes and pleasant mouth.

"Well, I'm sure I don't see how it is, but men always seem to prefer the chaff to the wheat. Not that I mean that to apply to *me*. I've wondered more'n a hundred times why FIDELY didn't get married,—'taint late yet. They do say, FIDELY, that you're nearer thirty than you are twenty, though I never see anybody look less like it."

FIDELIA looked very intently at the steel-yards with which she was just then weighing sugar, and her mother spoke for her.

"Yes, FIDY will be twenty-eight, come Easter. She was born on a Sunday, and they say at home that children born on that day, specially at Easter, are always peculiar. Though for being single it's her own fault, and I shan't complain if she always is, for since her father died, she's been husband and all to me."

If dame MAXWELL and her attentive listener had not been absorbed in their own conversation, they would have noticed FIDELIA'S rather sudden exit into the pantry at this point. Neither did they notice she was gone a long time, considering the coldness of that quarter of the rambling old farmhouse. Had they opened the door, they would have seen her standing quite still beside the spice-box, one hand pressed down hard upon the shelf, the other making hasty dashes with a handkerchief at eyes whose calm blueness was obscured by an unusual mist. Perhaps, poor unsuspecting souls, they would have merely *guessed* she had got some pepper into them. At any rate they would never have imagined that, in the brief space that she had stood there, her mind had traversed the field of nine years, stretching far behind her. They would not have guessed that the hand which closed so convulsively, pressed, not the hard wood only, but was clasped once more in another hand, larger and more vigorous, or that the eyes which seemed only to be searching for various small boxes marked "Cloves," "Cinnamon," &c., were, in reality, seeking again to fathom the depths of two others, darker and more sparkling.

It was eleven years since those other eyes had cast their first keen glance around the interior of the red school-house, where their owner was installed to teach the "Winter-term,"—eleven years since they rested, after that scrutiny, upon the face of FIDELIA MAXWELL, the eldest of the girls, and the finest-looking,—at least that was the verdict of the eyes. The owner of the eyes was young then, only two years older than FIDELIA, and poor, too, report said. He must be, to be teaching country schools in the winter to help pay for medical studies the rest of the year.

Looking back over nine years, FIDELIA'S mind rested on the very day those other eyes had looked their last on Pondville, and thus the dimness in her own. But between the nine and eleven, they took in at a glance how an accidental acquaintance had become quite a friendship,—how she had learned so fast that first Winter, and faster still, though on a different subject, when the same teacher came the next year,—how the girls, half jealous, had joked her on her good scholarship, while she had smiled silently, and he had looked on coolly indifferent to gossip or quiz,—how he had attended her home from all the parties round, and once, just a week before school closed, had taken her to ride, and, it being dark when they returned, had lifted her in his arms *so* carefully and placed her on the door-step,—and how, after all, he had gone away with the most commonplace "good-bye," and she had never seen him since, though she had heard casually of his honorable graduation and fair promise, and also of his intended marriage to as many different persons as there were informers. And well, ah, too well, she remembered that he had dined with them that last Christmas before he went away, and how different,—how wanting in *something*,—every Christmas had been to her since. While I've been telling you all this, however, she has returned to the kitchen, spices in hand, and found Miss SOPHRONIA BAKER with her things on, just starting for home.

"If you aren't going to have company at home, step over to-morrow evening. We'd like to have you."

"Thank you, Mrs. MAXWELL. You'll have a houseful, I guess, without me, though I'd like to come. Who do you expect?"

"Only our own folks. SAM and his wife and two children, with husband's brother, the only one in America, with wife, two sons and two daughters. I suppose they'll get here about five o'clock this afternoon."

"That's ten,—I guess about as many as you and FIDELY can wait on."

"Mrs. HARRIS is coming to help. I told her to bring FRANK, and shut up the house, so he could have Christmas with SAM'S little ones. But do come over,—it won't make a grain of difference, we make you one of the family."

"Well, don' know but I may. I'll see when the time comes. Good mornin', and merry Christmas, too."

"Now, FIDY, dear, you needn't do another thing. It's most noon, and you look tired. I'll get the dinner, and you can just look around a little and see if things is all in trim."

"I've done everything upstairs. I didn't make a fire in the spare room; I thought that in my room would take the chill off, and you know the girls always liked my room best, so I made a hot fire in the grate, and it will be quite comfortable by the time they come. It's a long, cold ride, in sleighs, from the city out here."

"Have you lit the fire in the best room, and set out the china from the sitting-room closet?"

"No, but the sticks are all laid, and I'll go now and do it."

That old-fashioned, homely parlor, was the place of all the house which FIDELIA loved best, after the cozy quiet of her own room. The carpet was the only one in the house which had any pretensions to being modern,—but by no means expensive at that. The piano was unlike the carpet, both in not being modern and in having been in its day a costly luxury. It was the only relic of girlish days except, their silver, which Mrs. MAXWELL had brought to America. Sundry little articles about the room indicated the presence of a lighter hand and finer taste than that good lady could ever have claimed as her own, and which, to those who knew her daughter, bore "her mark" as plainly as if thereon inscribed.

Kneeling before the ample fire-place, FIDELIA applied a match to the large and orderly pile of fuel, which soon roared and crackled up the great chimney, and blazed till the brasses on the andirons, shovel and tongs, shone like fine gold, and the tiles which represented the histories of the prodigal son, and the sacrifice of ISAAC, in blue and white porcelain, were lit with a new meaning and animation. These tile were the especial delight of all the children who came to see her, and they were not few, for she was the pet of all the juveniels in Pondville. Her little nephew and niece preferred them to any of the picture-books to be had at "Grandma's," and little MARY'S particular favorite was that one representing the meeting of the father and son, probably because of the grimaces being more hideous than all the rest.

The fire fairly under way, FIDELIA, with gentle touch, dusted and arranged the various articles of furniture,—added new seed to the daily allowance of her mocking-bird, a present from SAM after one of his Southern trips, watered her plants upon the little stand,—an English ivy, a few geraniums, and a monthly rose,—and began to sort over a pile of well-worn sheet music. Uncle ROBERT'S daughters could play, and would bring new music, so she thought she would put away the old, or, at least, the most worn of it. "Bonaparte's Requiem," "The Battle of Prague," "Roy's Wife," "Java March," "Rory O'More," and others as old, were selected and laid aside, when her hand rested upon a sheet whiter than the rest, because carefully kept between two leaves of tissue paper. On one corner was written, though partly obliterated, "From FIDELIA'S friend G. V." It was that sweet song of TOM MOORE'S, commencing,

"Ask not if still I love,
Too plain these eyes have told thee;
Too well their tears must prove
How near and dear I hold thee."

She took it up, and though she knew them by heart already, perused the lines once more. Again the dimness came over her eyes, and she could not distinguish the notes. How plainly, in memory, could she hear the manly voice which last had sung that piece,—which had taught her to sing it, and many others. That one simple song had caused her many a heart-ache, for it had led her heart and her judgment astray more than aught else. Why should he have given her a song at all,—why, of all things, should he have selected *that* one, if he did not intend there should be meaning in the fact? She had never sung it since he went away, and had never allowed another to do so. Now, she did not lay it with the pile of discarded pieces, she scarce knew why, but placed it at the bottom of the pile remaining.

A few hours after, she was the smiling center of a smiling group in her own room, with a hubbub of voices in her ears.

"Why, cousin FI, how sweet you look! You don't grow older every year, like other folks, I verily believe."

"O, aunt FI! you can't guess what father has brought for you. Guess now!"

"Pshaw! MOLLY, aunt FI never'll guess in the world. It's a *real* mistletoe bough. Think of that, aunt FI. A gentleman in Florida sent it to father, with some other things in a box."

"And we've brought it for you to hang up just as father says they do in England. Ain't it splendid?"

So aunt FI had to go down to the parlor and help decide upon a place to hang it. She proposed to have it over the piano, when both children exclaimed:

"But nobody could go under it!"

"Well, dears, but we've only a family party, and no wedding would come of it if we did pass under the bough."

"But let's hang it right, anyhow."

Therefore it was duly suspended over the sunniest south window. [Conclusion next week.]

A THOUGHT FOR YOUTH.

THE heart of youth is a wide prairie. Over it hang the clouds of heaven to water it; the sun throws its broad sheets of light upon it, to wake it to life; out of its bosom, spring, the long season through, flowers of a hundred names and hues, twining together their lovely forms, wafting to each other a grateful odor, and nodding each to each in the summer breeze. Such would man be would he hold that purity of heart which God gives him. Therefore, O youth, guard your heart-purity. Never lose it; if it be gone, you have lost from the casket the most precious gift of God. The first purity of imagination, of thought, and of feeling, if soiled, can be cleansed by no fuller's soap; if lost, it cannot be found, though sought for carefully with tears. If a harp be broken, art may remedy it; if a light be quenched, the flame may re-kindle it; but if a flower be crushed, what art can repair it? If an odor be wafted away, who can collect or bring it back?

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of 34 letters.
My 10, 6, 27, 2, 21, 29 is a verb.
My 34, 11, 29, 3, 16, 22 is an adjective.
My 30, 26, 23, 13, 8, 22 is a noun.
My 19, 9, 30, 11, 5, 22 is an adverb.
My 31, 25, 2, 32 is an adjective.
My 4, 24, 1, 18 is a preposition.
My 28, 6, 12, 9, 16, 6, 33 is a participle.
My 15, 14, 17, 32, 25 is a verb.
My 7, 16, 24, 1, 23 is a noun.
My whole is an extract from Pope.
Rochester, N. Y., 1860. ANNA STARR.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

CHARADE.

My first is seen on sea and strand,
Some larger and some smaller;
My second grows upon the land,
Some shorter and some taller.

My first has scenes of mirth and joy,
Of anguish and despair;
My second often is the toy
Of many a rustic fair.

My first is not complete and fall
Without the presence of my whole;
My second, then, my whole is made,
And comes with call my first to aid.

November, 1860. D. S.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

SEEING a terrific looking thunder cloud in the west, on the morning of August 13, 1860, and wishing to know its distance from my station, and also its perpendicular height from the earth, I had an observer located one mile from my station, due west, on the same horizontal plane, who measured its angle of elevation, and found it to be 45°, and at the same instant, from my station, its angle of elevation to be 30°, 52', 12". Required its distance from the latter station, and also its perpendicular height from the earth? SATURN.

Gouverneur, St. Law. Co., N. Y., 1860.
☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 569.

Answer to Miscellaneous Enigma:—Progress and Improvement.

Publisher's Department.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ Our large Show-Bill for 1861 sent free.

☞ THE RURAL is published strictly upon the CASH SYSTEM—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, (or ordered by a responsible agent,) and always discontinued when the subscription term expires.

☞ NO TRAVELING AGENTS are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons travelling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, ARE IMPOSTORS.

NOT A "DOLLAR PAPER."—We reiterate what has often been proclaimed in former volumes, that the RURAL NEW-YORKER is *not* a dollar paper—that it is never furnished to clubs, however large, at less than our published rates. When we can afford such a journal as this for a less figure, the fact will be announced. Meantime, those who write us that "other papers" can be had for a dollar, are advised that, if they prefer a re-print, or trashy sheet, to an original, useful and pure journal for the family, it is a very easy matter to practice *such* economy.

☞ SEND ON THE NAMES.—Now is the time to forward lists of subscribers for 1861, and we hope agent-friends will "hurry up" the names as fast as possible. Our printers are ready to put the lists in type, and if they are sent in gradually, now, (instead of coming by the thousands, daily, about the 1st of January,) we shall not have too much of a good thing all at once. There is yet time to secure the Extra Premiums for early clubs.

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ VOLUNTARY AGENTS FOR THE RURAL.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the RURAL, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ LOOK SHARP, FRIENDS!—If those ordering the RURAL would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, WE should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the RURAL Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge *us* with their sins of omission, etc.

☞ UNIFORM RATES—*No Private Terms*—We beg to state, for the benefit of all interested, that our published Terms are rigidly adhered to—that we do not intend to publish one rate and accept of another in any case. It is therefore useless for people to send us less than our full price for a copy or club of RURALS—or for any one to ask private terms. We have no time to answer inquiries by letter, though we desire to be civil, and hence give our platform in this shape. Persons who intimate that they can get "other papers" cheaper are advised to do so if they think the investment safe and profitable,—but the RURAL NEW-YORKER cannot be had of us for less than regular rates, and no person is authorized to offer it at a lower price than our published terms.

☞ THE MONEY WE RECEIVE.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the RURAL, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England, or Canada money, when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $5 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester, or Buffalo, (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

Special Announcement!

ENLARGEMENT OF MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER!

HAVING completed arrangements to fulfill a long-cherished design, we have the pleasure of announcing that the RURAL NEW-YORKER will be MATERIALLY ENLARGED and otherwise Improved on the commencement of its Twelfth Volume—next month. The enlargement will enable us to give about ONE-SIXTH MORE READING!—equal to an addition of considerably more than a page to our present form. The Type, and other material used, will all be entirely new, of the best style, and manufactured expressly for the purpose. Indeed, we hope to manifest true "Progress and Improvement" in the enlargement, and to render the ensuing volume of the RURAL NEW-YORKER far more acceptable and valuable than any of its predecessors—an improvement in Size, Style, Contents and Appearance. Our aim in the future, as in the past, will be to excel—to *try to* make this the Best and Cheapest Journal of its Class—and if we fail it will not be for the want of earnest desire, persistent labor, or liberal expenditure, as all these requisites will be invested in the new enterprise

GOOD PAY FOR DOING GOOD!

A VALUABLE GRATUITY TO EVERY PERSON WHO FORMS A CLUB!

In order to give *every* Club Agent or Active Friend of the *Rural* a Benefit, we have concluded to offer the following Liberal Specific Premiums to *every person* who forms a Club for the New Volume!

WE WILL GIVE

1. **WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED PICTORIAL DICTIONARY** (cash price $6.00,) and an extra copy of the *Rural to every* person remitting $25 for Forty Yearly Subscribers to the *Rural New-Yorker*, (at least twenty of which must be *new* Subscribers, or persons who have not taken the paper regularly for 1860,) previous to the 1st of April, 1861. The same (Dictionary and free copy,) to every person remitting $37,50 for Thirty *New* Subscribers, as above.

2. **LOSSING'S ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES** (Imperial 8vo, with 300 Illustrations,—price, $3,50,) and an extra copy of the *Rural* free, to every person remitting $37,50, as above, for *thirty* copies, at least *twenty* of which must be for *new* subscribers.

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VOL. XI. NO. 52.} ROCHESTER, N. Y.,—FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1860. {WHOLE NO. 572.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

AN ORIGINAL WEEKLY

RURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE.

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

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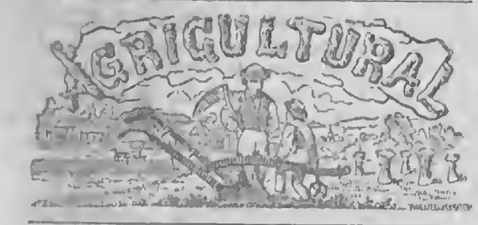


THE RURAL NEW-YORKER:

ITS PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

"Finis" to the Eleventh Year and Volume of the Rural New-Yorker—terminating our engagements with a great majority of its supporters, (all whose subscriptions expire herewith,) and closing the arduous labors, cares and responsibilities of another twelvemonth. As age advances, how swiftly Time flies! The days and weeks of Youth seem long and weary, like miles slowly traversed by stage-coach,—but in after life the months and years appear as closely allied as the mile-stones when traveling by the swiftest railway train! But we must not pause to moralize, even at a time when it is allowable, for a customary if not important duty must be performed.

Reader, the volume of the Rural New-Yorker for 1860 is completed, and, with all its imperfections, must pass the ordeal of your criticism. May its redeeming traits overbalance its blemishes, and its influence be only salutary! "Would it were worthier" in all respects; yet we trust the favor it has found in your eyes, and that of the myriad-eyed public, is based upon sufficient merit and intrinsic value to be remembered with pleasure, if not preserved for future reference. Our constant endeavor has been to furnish a journal, every number of which should not only prove readable, but instructive and entertaining—to fairly and fully redeem every pledge or assurance given at the commencement. Such has been our earnest desire during the year now closing, and the preceding decade of years.—But, while we can conscientiously affirm that our continuous aim has been to advocate and protect the best interests of the industrial and productive classes of community, regardless of consequences to ourselves, we claim no special merit or commendation. During the year past, as perhaps in former ones, our zeal may have been greater in some instances, than our wisdom and judgment,—but in condemning wrong, or exposing fraud, we are not in the habit of studying policy or consulting self-interest, and must abide the consequences. Though "the truth is not to be spoken at all times," we think it entitled to utterance whenever its suppression would prove detrimental to community, and hence our custom (so long practiced that it has become chronic,) of calling things by their right names, without regard to the "fear, favor or affection" of individuals or associations, however prominent their position or influence.

Let us briefly revert to the past. In the initial number of this Journal, (issued Jan. 3, 1850,) we said "the importance and responsibility of the position assumed were fully realized." We quote a few sentences:—"The pages of this Jour-"nal are dedicated to Progress and Improve-"ment. We use the expression not lightly, but "in its fullest and broadest acceptation—men-"tally, morally, and physically. It does not con-"fine us to narrow limits, but gives ample scope "for the discussion of all subjects tending to the "melioration of Mankind, and advancement in "the Arts and Sciences. Our primary object is "to aid in advancing the Cause of Rural Improve-"ment. Although Agriculture and Horticulture "are our prominent themes, the departments de-"voted to Mechanics and Science, Education, "Literature, &c., are considered important and "will receive proper attention. Under these "headings we hope to furnish seasonable and "useful matter—while that portion of the paper "appropriated to General Intelligence will not be "neglected. Standing aloof from the 'platforms' "of all parties and sects, we shall fight the battles "of none. * * Our aim is to furnish a reliable "and unexceptionable Family Paper, for both "Town and Country—one which shall interest "and instruct the young, and prove a valuable "assistant to those more advanced in years and "experience." Much more was said in the same connection and of similar import, but we only quote the above to remind readers of the position assumed in the outset of the Rural. Those familiar with the paper from its start need not be told that it has ever been consistent, earnest, and straightforward in its efforts to promote the aims and objects originally announced. And though the independent course we have seen fit to pursue relative to various humbugs and fraudulent speculations, has made spiteful enemies of parties exposed, we have the proud satisfaction of knowing that the great mass of right-thinking People, and all honorable Journalists, approve and indorse the position we have uniformly maintained. But our space is limited, and we must turn from the Past to the Present and Future.

The present volume of the Rural New-Yorker closes under most gratifying auspices. Strong and popular as the paper has been for years, it never was so highly esteemed and encouraged by both People and Press, as now. Of this we have the most abundant and substantial testimony—and it is in no spirit of egotism, but with the profound gratitude of an appreciative heart, that we make the statement. It was the [illegible] of this warm, wide and augmented appreciation of the Rural that some time since induced us to venture upon expensive arrangements for the fulfillment of a long-desired object—the Enlargement and Improvement of the Rural New-Yorker, as already announced. And though the change will add largely to our expenses, labors, and cares, we have no doubt of being nobly sustained in efforts to make still more valuable and acceptable a Journal which already ranks as the standard and best combined Agricultural, Horticultural, Literary and Family Newspaper of America.

Without pharisaically assuming that we are naturally any better or abler than our contemporaries, we may suggest that the remarkable success of the Rural is attributable to the great amount of *hard work, close attention and liberal expenditure* devoted to and concentrated upon its management, and the generous manner in which our efforts have been seconded by friends throughout the whole country. But the labor has been and must continue to be great, and there is food for serious thought in the closing remarks of a letter we received a few days since from a Canada subscriber, who says,—"Accord-"ing as thy strength so shall thy days be. We "should not tire in a good cause; but unless you "have an iron constitution, many good helpers, "a large cash box, or *many, many good friends*, "thy excellent paper will be less interesting in "years to come, because it requires so much per-"severance and punctuality." The truth of this kind admonition has often been impressed upon our mind. Commencing the Rural when in the prime of life (at the age of thirty) we resolved, if life and health were spared, that it should excel in usefulness, purity and independence, whether money were made or lost in the enterprise. But our Canada friend is right—for the requisites he enumerates *are* essential in maintaining the interest and value of the paper. Had we not been blessed with an enduring constitution, many good helpers, some cash, and a host of reliable friends, the Rural would have ceased to exist long ago. In these respects we have been peculiarly fortunate, (with the exception of the cash, which it is not our "forte" to have or keep in abundance!) Our Esculapian adviser ("long may he wave" and save!) has often admonished us, more than intimating that such unremitting toil as we were devoting to this enterprise could not be continued with impunity,—while our "better half" more frequently reminded us that the Rural and its readers were not the only objects of earthly solicitude. But, though unable to follow the judicious advice of these parties, we *have* endeavored to "keep a conscience"—said to be a rare and expensive luxury now-a-days—and to live in such manner as to accomplish an unusual amount of labor. We are, however, digressing from our intention—and perhaps the above is too personal, even for an occasion that warrants allusions and reminiscences of a character somewhat confidential.

Of the Future of the Rural New-Yorker—and especially of the ensuing volume—we can only say that our aim is to make it, more than ever before, and in both Contents and Appearance, the best Journal of its class on the Continent. The facilities at our command were never so great, while the experience of the past will enable us to use them to the best advantage. The labor necessary to maintain and augment the standing and reputation of the paper is vast, but we shall endeavor to have it performed well and acceptably. Our present office associates—Messrs. Kennedy and Vick—will continue to give the Rural the benefit of their observation, investigation and ripening experience, while a host of Contributors and Correspondents (including many of the most able and accomplished practical, scientific, and literary writers,) will add value and interest to its pages. Several Contributors promise special attention to Rural Interests during the ensuing year, and we anticipate articles and sketches of unusual value and interest from the pens of such able and popular writers as Maj. H. T. Brooks, Rev. Dr. Dewey, Hon. T. C. Peters, and scores of others who are eminently qualified to impart instruction and entertainment in an impressive and acceptable manner. Indeed, we can confidently assure all interested, that our Twelfth Volume will more than sustain the enviable position the Rural New-Yorker has attained in its important sphere—for we are resolved that no reasonable labor or expense shall be wanting to render it superior in all the essentials of a complete Rural and Family Newspaper.

GO ACCORDING TO EVIDENCE,

IN RURAL MATTERS, AS WELL AS IN LAW.

When a man is impressed and impanneled as a *Juror*, they make him swear to "*decide according to the evidence*," but he generally takes his revenge by never deciding in that manner again! "Going according to evidence," is in direct contravention to "personal liberty;" it binds and hampers a fellow most unmercifully. Only follow *that* guide, and you go through the world bangling, and whanging, and thumping, and bumping against your party, and sect, and family, and country, and your dear cherished idols. Going *according to evidence* is a slow, toilsome, tedious, brain-racking process, that lands us half the time where we don't want to go. Going as we *have a mind to*, imagination, in bright plumage, as a guide, we sail cheerily over the rough surface of things, where interest and inclination guides,—*but the landing,—ah! there's the rub—the ruin!* Going according to evidence is about the best way after all—the *only* way, if you would *end* right.

In the whole range of topics, there is nothing more important for public consideration than this subject of *evidence*. It should be written in every journal, and placarded on every post, that the highest prerogative of intellect is to weigh evidence,—that every interest, temporal and eternal, depends upon weighing it right! It should be taught among the first lessons of childhood, and the last admonitions of age, that profound thought, patient investigation, and earnest purpose are required of every man who would arrive at the truth,—*that reason lies deep*,—that nothing stands alone,—that everything is qualified and modified by its surroundings, and, therefore, should be considered in its diversified relations.

Farming forms no exception to this rule. It is the most intricate of sciences, and the most diversified of arts. It requires on the part of those engaged in it, the best abilities, the most diligently employed. Let us illustrate: Take, for instance, that fruitful source of controversy, "*the potato rot*." The thing itself is unpoetic and unpalatable every way,—a steam, a stink, and a mouldering mass, are its outward manifestations; but the moment you inquire after "the *cause*," you float away on the "ologies" so far, that with the best engineering you barely get back. Take "the midge;"—already it has let loose upon us whole chapters of Entomological lore; while the Camels of Texas and the Cashmeres of Georgia to say nothing of Mr. Seward's Arabian and Barnum's traveling menagerie, open the wide fields of natural history.

The birds have their story, full of interest and profit, and the worms their message of instruction and perplexity.

The blight, the black-knot, rust, and smut, with all the varied phases of vegetable life and being, are a study for a life time.

As you turn up a furrow, or pick up a stone, the ponderous tomes of Geology open before you.

Whoever would express an intelligent opinion upon Agriculture,—*whoever would decide the smallest matter according to evidence,—must take the testimony of the sciences.* He must commence early, and continue late, or he will remain ignorant of much that he ought to know.

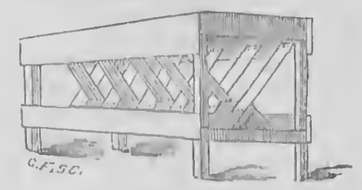
Not to dwell longer on the importance of the sciences to a right understanding of practical questions, there are a few points connected with the general subject of *evidence*, that ought to be insisted upon.

It should always be remembered that *general principles are not established by a few isolated facts.* There are more blunders in practical life from inattention to this, than from all other sources combined. "I am in favor of such and such a course, for such and such a reason." Away he goes,—*one* reason is deemed sufficient, when there are a thousand bearing for or against. Deciding from a part of the evidence, is only less absurd than deciding without evidence, or against evidence. Let us illustrate: *Rohan potatoes* give the largest yield, therefore Rohan potatoes are the most profitable to cultivate,—*that* sold them for a shilling *per eye*;—good for nothing when you get them, was an after thought entirely. Suffolk pigs are small, therefore Suffolk pigs are unprofitable. But suppose Suffolk pigs make more pounds of pork from a bushel of corn, and mature early enough to avoid the cold ends of the year; will you consider that? My neighbor says, "the Suffolks are bad breeders." I have one that has raised more pigs of her age than any sow I ever had. It takes the *majority* to decide in such a case.

So we could extend illustrations indefinitely, but our readers can supply them. We bring this subject up now as being seasonable. Winter has put the vegetable kingdom to sleep, and arrests the ordinary business of the farm,—a Providence which calls the human mind to a higher life, and a more exalted activity. It is fit that *material* growth should give place to *intellectual*,—that the soul should have a seed time and harvest. It is this arrangement that places the men of these climes so much in advance of the men of the tropics. Let farmers "*reap*" the full benefit of the frosts by more general and systematic culture, by questioning nature concerning her secrets, and by close observation of all that comes in our way. Then we will *guess* less, and go more according to evidence.—H. T. B.

FARMERS' OUTBUILDINGS.

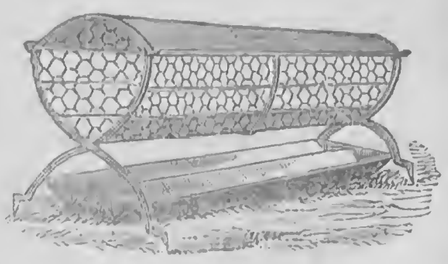
Nothing shows the character of the farmer and the condition of the farm so quickly and so clearly to the observer, as the condition of the outbuildings, and particularly those minor constructions, such as sheds, racks, &c. The farmer may have a poor house; it may be composed of the remains of the original forest and be unsightly in every way; yet if the barns and sheds look convenient and in repair, fences good, and everything about the yard in order, the thought suggested to the beholder is, there lives a thrifty, careful farmer, who keeps everything up, and it requires no great stretch of the imagination to see arising from the ruins of the old log house a fine mansion with its shady piazzas, festooned with roses, and all the other conveniences of a pleasant rural home. But, reverse the picture,—let a palace of a house stand destitute of garden decorations, surrounded by bad fences and poor and neglected outbuildings, and the impression made upon the mind is, that the owner is no farmer, but a shallow man, fond of vain show and display, without neatness, or order, or business tact—one who very likely neglects his farm to attend to politics or anything else that will furnish an excuse for his negligence. But, it may be said every one has not the means to build costly sheds and barns, and this is true, but every one can obtain a few posts and boards and a pound or two of nails; and it is this neglect of little things, which every one can see is without excuse, that is the most painful to behold. It is an old saying that a man may be known by the house he lives in and the hat he wears, but the character of the farmer is better shown by his barns and sheds and other matters for the convenience of the creatures that are dependent upon him for their comfort. The difficulty is not in a lack of means, but of disposition, and this difference of disposition may be observed everywhere and under all circumstances. We noticed this particularly during a winter's tramp in the backwoods of Canada a few years since. New settlements had been commenced a year or two previous, and all were alike dependent upon their labor and energy for means of subsistence, yet the same difference in thrift was here observable as in the older settlements. In some places we saw the meanest apologies for stables without doors, or with doors propped up with sticks, while the snow found its way through scores of crevices. In such "openings" the oxen and a cow or two might be seen seeking shelter near some fallen tree or at the edge of the woods. Perhaps at the next clearing, everything, though new and rustic, was of the most comfortable and pleasing character,—the stables made of small logs and chinked so tight as effectually to exclude the snow and wind, the roofs covered with hemlock boughs upon which the snow was piled, making the interior as comfortable as could be desired by any lover of the horse. The sheds, too, were of the same character, where, secure from severe storms, the animals could pass the wintry nights and rough days in comfort. Now, it was not want of means that made this difference. It was just the difference that is always seen between lazy negligence and careful industry, in every position in life.



CHEAP SHEEP RACK.

We have often called the attention of our readers to these matters. In our last we gave a design for a sheep barn and sheds; now we give two plans of sheep racks, one of which can be made by any farmer, and the other is a very neat and convenient arrangement recently introduced in England. We commend it to the attention of some of the manufacturers of agricultural implements and machinery. We are determined to do our part in introducing such improvements as are calculated to advance the farming interests.

The above rack is so simple, and its manner of construction is so clearly shown in the engraving, that we have only to add the dimensions to enable any farmer to build a *fac simile*. Width 26 inches; height 40 inches, trough one foot from the ground; slats 2 inches wide and 3 inches apart.



PORTABLE FOLDING SHEEP RACK.

This rack is a recent English invention, and in that country it is declared to be "equal to any rack made for strength, durability, and completeness, and fully 30 per cent. cheaper." It is constructed so as to be folded up and removed with care from place to place. The frame is of iron, and the netting of wire. The cover, we believe, is of sheet iron, prepared so as to prevent rusting. Beneath the rack, and fastened to the frame, are two feeding troughs, and these fold together. At the lower end of the frame, or legs, are iron points which enter the ground and keep all steady. These racks are usually made about seven feet long, and cost in England about nine dollars.

Acknowledgments.—We cannot close the labors of the year and volume, without expressing thanks most heartfelt and sincere, to all who have in any manner contributed to the extraordinary success and widely-extended influence of the Rural New-Yorker. To each and all of its friends, therefore, near and distant—and they are scattered all over the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico—we bend low in grateful acknowledgment. During the past eleven years, thousands have aided us materially by introducing the Rural in new localities and extending its circulation and usefulness, while other thousands have enhanced the interest and value of its pages by contributing thereto the results of their observation and experience in the various branches of Agriculture, Horticulture, Science, Art, Travel, &c., &c. The conductor of a journal having friends so numerous, kind, and generous, may be excused for entertaining some little pride—even while bending under the weight of obligations to them—and would be ungrateful were he not to acknowledge the indebtedness and also resolve to more than ever merit such manifestations of approval. Appreciating, to some extent, our obligations to both Individuals and Community, we shall strive to repay the indebtedness in an appropriate manner—and meantime wish one and all herein addressed a "Happy New Year" and many joyous returns of the same to themselves and their (we trust always happy) families.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

OUR DARLING.

BY BELLE V. HOWARD.

When the morning stars were paling
At the coming of the day,
And the moonbeams fading silver
O'er the silent forest lay,
Just as morning's rosy fingers
Clasped the hands of dying night,
On our threshold stood an angel,
With a brow of radiant light.

And he came to where our darling
Moaned upon his mother's breast,
And with gently spoken whispers
Calmed his anguish into rest;
Then with soothing, sweet caresses,
Clasped the baby's little hand,
Out into the silent morning
Bore him—to the Better Land.

Naught was left us but the casket,
Whence the precious gem had fled,
How our hearts were filled with anguish
When we knew that he was dead!
And with tears of bitter sorrow
Then we clothed him for his rest,
Placed white blossoms on his pillow,
Crossed his hands upon his breast.

Out beneath the golden sunlight
We our precious treasure bore,
Placed him there beside the forest,
Where he rests forevermore;
But our hearts are sad and lonely,
And we miss his tones of mirth—
One the more we have in heaven—
One the less to love on earth.

Goodrich, Mich., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE MISSES STUCK UP.

You need not *wonder* who *they* are,—if I mistake not, they are already *too well* known. There is hardly a place on this "mundane sphere" (where there is even a *sign* of civilized life,) that is not infested with their disagreeable presence. They are a "set" peculiar to themselves,—"more *nice* than *wise*,"—and are easily distinguished from the Misses COMMON SENSE, by an assumed air of importance, which seemingly says,—"I'm all Creation, and belong to Snubtown."

Should an ordinary sort of person accidentally come in contact with their *huge dimensions*, they will nearly stare her out of existence,—which, in plain language, means,—You lump of inferiority, how dare you?" But when the lump of inferiority dares meet them face to face, (and say as plain as looks can say, "you silly creature, you are but human,")—they'll turn, and with nose elevated, walk off with an air of injured dignity and insulted pride,—undoubtedly thinking themselves *very much abused*.

They also pretend to great accomplishments, which, in reality, amount to nothing more than to knit a "Sontag," a "late style hood," &c.,—and *perhaps* "play the piano." Their thoughts and purposes, in fact, the height of their ambition, all tend to the grand theme of "matrimony," and to attain this "crowning point" of their existence, and to secure to themselves a "rich husband," their ingenuity and cunning know no bounds. They'll mince, simper, and put on such lovely smiles just to cheat every man into the belief that they are paragons of perfection.

But let me tell you, my dear Misses STUCK UP, your high notions and your false pride will not secure to you a *sensible husband*. I will venture to say, not one man "out of ten," with a single grain of *sense* in his cranium, would be willing to unite his destiny with a creature of your stamp,—and if you are fortunate enough to deceive *such* a man, he would (after he found you out,) wish your precious bones were resting beneath the sod, leaving him free again—to choose "*another*," with, at least, *one* idea in her head. Sad reflection, indeed!

And let me tell you, too, when you come to "settle down" in some "out of the way" place, with your adored "ADONIS" by your side, and you find, instead of "wealth incomparable," he has but "two-and-sixpence" in his pocket, you will come to your senses,—you will not affect the STUCK UP, but you'll put on that "snap," and go to work and be "somebody,"—at least, you will come to the *wise* conclusion that you are but *very unimportant individuals, after all*.

S. I. S.

Clarence, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE MISSION OF HOPE.

HOPE is the brightest star of our existence,—she flatters us and paints the future with bright and glowing colors, that never can be realized in this world. What keeps the heart from breaking as we stand by the bedside of a dying friend, but the hope of a re-union beyond the grave? Hope speaks to the student toiling at the midnight hour over his difficult task, and cheers him with the welcome news that he will soon win a name which will live after he shall have passed away. Hope whispers to the invalid, and tells him that he will shortly exchange the sick couch for the fields and groves. She speaks to the dying one, and tells her of a glorious future, where she will forever dwell with her SAVIOR. Hope cheers the heart of the traveler in a distant land, and assures him that he will soon reach home, and his beloved family. And thus she passes along trying, "though vainly at times," to bestow joy and gladness upon every one, and where is the heart so destitute of feeling as to deny her a welcome? for she comes when all others forsake us.

M. M. P.

Rochester, N. Y., 1860.

THERE is no place where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous.—*Friends in Council.*

THE TASK OF WOMAN.

GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman! Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern empires; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies led, and empires governed; to guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity, the frail, yet spotless creature, whose moral no less than physical being, must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, will learn to bless; to soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body, and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious—for happiness that has passed away. Such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Savior—these are theaters on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to tend to the neglected when monarchs abandon, when counsellors betray, when justice prosecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged, and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, pure, constant, and ineffable, which in another we are taught to believe the test of virtue.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Useful Olio.

IS CONSUMPTION CONTAGIOUS?

IT is most probable that consumption is not of itself communicable, that it cannot beget consumption in one who has vigorous health and is perfectly free from all taint of the disease. But if any person who has not a vigorous constitution, whether inclined to consuptin or not, lives, eats and sleeps with a consumptive, as man and wife do, as a sister is apt to do with a consumptive sister, or a mother with consumptive children, such a person will very generally die of consumption themselves, not from its communicability *per se*, but from the foulness of the atmosphere about a consumptive, from warm rooms, decaying lungs, large expectorations, sickening night sweats and bodily emanations; but the same amount of exposure to air made foul in other ways, would light up the fires of consumption in one of feeble vitality or broken constitution.

It is necessary, therefore, that the nurse of the consumptive should possess the most vigorous health, and to make assurance from infection doubly sure, the most scrupulous cleanliness possible should be observed and carried out in every conceivable direction, extended to every minutia, maintained with the most inveterate constancy through every hour of the twenty-four, not allowing any excretion, even a single expectoration, to remain about the person, bed or room, for one instant. An incessant ventilation should be going on in the chamber, the best method for which, under most circumstances, is simply to keep a fire on the hearth and an inner door open; even in mid-summer, this is better for the patient as well as for the nurse, than a room kept closed all the time from an almost insane dread of taking cold —*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

IN the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

Be not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." He who remains in the mill, grinds; not he who goes and comes.

Attend to your business; never trust to any one else. "A pot that belongs to too many is ill-stirred and worse boiled."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot-lid." "Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Be abstemious. "Who dainties love, shall beggars prove."

Rise early. "The sleepy fox catches no poultry."

"Plow deep, while sluggard's sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Everything is gained, and nothing lost, by courtesy."

"Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for dead men's shoes, may have to go a long time barefoot." "He who runs after a shadow, hath a wearisome race."

Above all things, never despair. God is where he was. "He helps those who truly trust in Him."

FROGS.—Somebody who has watched the amphibious creatures, says in *Chambers' Journal* that male frogs make the most noise, being furnished for that purpose with a kind of bladder in the neck, or double action bag pipe; but then the voices of the females are the hoarsest and most aggravating. When, however, intent upon doing the agreeable, they have another tone of voice—soft, sweet and plaintive, like a bell heard in the stillness of a summer evening; from which some naturalists have inferred that it is only the married couples, and old maids and bachelors whose voices are so harsh and grating, the courting and honey-moon tones being pitched in a different key. Although frogs have no tailors' or milliners' bills, they follow the fashions in having a new suit every week or fortnight during the summer, and in casting off the old skin as frequently. They are admired as food not only by Frenchmen and gourmands, but by snakes, eels, pike, trout, aquatic birds, hawks, owls, moles and weazles. Those most esteemed by epicures frequent deep, clear ponds, and are not easily caught by hand.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LINES TO A FRIEND.

BY CARRIE M. FANE.

Oh, ask me not again to join
The gay and brilliant throng,
Who chase the flying hours away
With gossip, dance, and song.

But leave me with the books and birds,
With Nature, wild and free—
The mountain height, the woodland glade,
Are joyous haunts for me.

There's gladness in these solitudes,
'Mong flowers and streamlet's tone;
Yet dark and drear my life would pass
Unloved, and all alone.

And much I prize my few kind friends,
Whose words of heartfelt cheer
Refresh my weary soul, and make
Affliction less severe.

Yet ask me not again, sweet friend,
To join the proud and gay;
But leave me in my own dream-land
To pass the hours away.

Ogdensburgh, N. Y., 1860.

Choice Miscellany.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WINTER HAS COME.

WINTER has come. He marshalled his hosts upon the field while yet November,—the last Princess of the royal line of Autumn,—sat upon the throne of the year. The sable Princess gathered up her dusky robes, shook off her faded coronal, and took her departure. Thus the old warrior held undisputed possession of the field, and soon his favorite and patron, December, was seen approaching with stately step and somber visage, to take the sceptre and the crown. Winter has made a sudden descent upon us; perhaps to show us the invincible power of his soldiery. All day his cohorts have been flying through the air; and both man and beast cower and shrink from his glittering, frosty sword. He has begun his campaign, and is determined to add new glory to his warrior fame. Forth from his icy palace in the North, his veteran troops are marching southerly, to invade the old haunts of summer. Hitherto the sharp arrows of old SOL have been too much for him, and his icy sceptre has melted beneath the fires of the tropics. Now he is girding himself anew for the conflict, that he may win by his aggressive sword, territory yet unsubdued by his fierce legions. He is gathering up his stores of snow, hail and sleet, message winds are flying thitherward, and the shrill blast of the war-trumpet sounds over all his wide dominions.

Though he is a rough old warrior, yet he shows a genial face to those who cheerfully submit to his rule. Children are his especial favorites, for he is fond of merriment and glee, and they ever greet him with a shout of welcome. Sometimes, when the glow of the fire-light falls outside the casement, he peeps in to see that all is right. The pleasant faces of the group inside, with the story-telling, and apple-eating, convince him that no rebellion is contemplated, and he flies away with a merry whistle, and a dash of snow at a party of sleigh-riders. Though he delights to set the elements warring, still he gives us many a calm day and starry night. Sometimes the moonlight sleeps quietly upon his snowy vesture, and the hushed winds play softly among the dry weeds and bare branches of the trees. Once firmly installed in his possessions, he turns his attention to the good of his realm. He is a promoter of friendly feeling, giving time for the enjoyment of social life,—a teacher of wisdom, bestowing leisure for the pursuit of knowledge,—a repairer of our physical frame, allowing us to rest from the active labors of seed-time and harvest. But while he gives rest to others, he is himself an incessant worker. He cuts and loosens the soil with his keen frosts,—sweeps away the impurities of the atmosphere, with his invigorating breath,—and lades the mountain ranges with his snowy burden, which, melting in the summer rays, form the mountain streams that refresh the earth.

Butler, Wis., 1860. M. OSBORN.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE programme for 1860, in respect to the number and variety of the scenes enacted, stands unrivaled, and without a peer, in the calendar of Bissextiles.

The muscular battle between HEENAN and SAYRES rivaled in magnitude the efforts of the most renowned champions of the Olympic Games, causing a novel sensation on both sides of the Atlantic, but fortunately for the excited multitudes, was partially allayed by the arrival of the Great Eastern, which—although she caused an excitement commensurate with her huge proportions—by calling into action another class of muscles and faculties, gave a different direction to the thoughts and feelings of the people.

The Japanese Embassy to this country was honored with the usual public demonstrations so freely tendered by Americans to distinguished foreigners, and the furor to see the representatives of the Empire of Japan was only equaled by the wild enthusiasm that everywhere prevailed in Canada and the United States, to see and honor His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales. The visit of the much esteemed Lady FRANKLIN to the shores of the New World gave her many friends an opportunity to manifest their appreciation of her noble character. Even now another expedition is far away in the Northern ocean, fast bound in ice, patiently waiting "another spring to hail," hoping to be cheered by "dissolving views" of the towering icebergs, by which they are surrounded—thus enabling the bold adventurers to behold the open sea supposed to exist at the extreme north end of *terra firma*.

The taking of the census of the entire Union is an event that occurs only every decade, but it has been taken the present year.

The Chicago Zouaves, in their brilliant tournament through the principal cities of the Confederacy, not only instructed and amused their fellow citizens, but at the same time received a meed of praise for their unequaled martial exploits; and they should be duly chronicled among the most successful actors in the great drama of the past twelve months. The experiments with the Floyd gun demonstrated the efficiency of our artillerymen in the management of heavy ordnance; and the mock naval battle on Lake Erie, called to mind the heroic deeds of the gallant PERRY.

The enlightened nations of both continents were shocked by the news of the massacre of the Christians in Syria, and the loss of the Lady Elgin cast a shadow of gloom and sorrow over our own land. Science and the Arts have achieved the most signal triumphs; new planets have been discovered, and their orbits inscribed on the great chart of the solar system. The elements, too, have exhibited strange and portentous displays of irresistable power. Destructive tornadoes have swept over earth and sea, and flashing meteors have passed athwart the sky.

The labors of the husbandman have been rewarded with abundant harvests; choicest fruits and flowers have decked the summer and autumn landscapes, and the horn of plenty has literally overflown with superabundance.

Not content, however, with these manifold events and occurrences, unprincipled demagogues and political agitators have determined to *cap the climax* by taking incipient steps toward revolutionizing our Government, and dissolving the noblest Republic that has ever been founded, and thus destroy the inalienable rights and immunities of her millions of happy freemen.

"God save our noble Ship of State,
And shield her from the storm
Which beats so wildly round her now,
And threatens serious harm.
O, Thou, whose voice can calm the storm,
Pour oil upon the wave!
Thou, who once stilled old Galilee,
Be with her now and save."

Mt. Morris, N. Y., 1860. N. B. AMENT.

WHAT AN UMBRELLA INDICATES.

THERE is a good deal of truth in the following paragraph, as our readers will detect and acknowledge:

"An umbrella, it is said, can be taken as a test of character. The man who takes an umbrella out with him is a cautious fellow, who shuns all speculation, and is pretty sure to die rich. The man who is always leaving his umbrella behind him, is one who generally makes no provision for the morrow. He is reckless, thoughtless, always late for the train, leaves the street door open when he goes home late at night, and is absent to such a degree as to speak ill of a baby in the presence of its mother. The man who is always losing his umbrella is an unlucky dog, whose bills are always protested, whose boots split, whose gloves crack, whose buttons are always coming off, whose change is sure to have some bad money in it. Be careful how you lend a hundred dollars to such a man. The man who is perpetually expressing a nervous anxiety about his umbrella, and wondering if it is safe, is full of uneasiness and low suspicion. Let him be ever so rich, give him not your daughter."

THE MARCH OF THE GLACIER.—There are few spectacles in nature so calculated to inspire awe and provoke curiosity as these "motionless torrents, silent cataracts," which form the glaciers of the Alps. At first sight, one can almost sympathize with the stolid English tourist, who, after gazing on one of them for some time in silence, declared that it was "obtrusive and unmeaning." There is something unspeakably strange and perplexing in the presence of a vast mass of ice, to all appearance fixed, immutable, under a burning sun, and in close contact with verdure and fertility. The dazzling pallor, the desolation, the silence of the "dead sea" of ice, contrast forcibly with the green and golden vegetation of the valley, with the ripe cornfields, the spreading foliage, and the

Flowers of loveliest blue
That skirt the eternal frost.

It is death in the midst of life, the skeleton at the banquet of nature.

BE PREPARED.—It is a bad thing to be too happy; it makes the mind grow fat and lazy. Grief is a capital spring medicine for keeping the brain healthy and brisk. If misfortune could be made, like a locomotive, to blow a whistle before it rushes upon us, and give us time to clear the rails, then we might sleep securely on our rose-leaves. But the sour-faced jade sneaks at our heels, pouncing upon us as we trot along, singing. She is a policeman in plain clothes, with an umbrella in his hand, but the rattle and staff in his pocket. Fortify yourselves with a course of mild persecutions; train for the great combat, that when the pummeling begins, you may suffer with a pleasant smile and engaging manner. Accept accommodation bills, and be sued on them; and on the day the bank breaks, the shock will be considerably eased. The man who has roared with the gout thinks groaning with rheumatism an agreeable change of pain.—*Welcome Guest.*

ETERNITY.—Eternity is the only theme that confuses, humbles and alarms the proud intellect of man. What is it? The human mind can grasp and define length of time, however vast; but this is beyond time, and too great for the limited conception of man. It had no beginning, and it can have no end. It cannot be multiplied, it cannot be added unto; you may strive to substract from it, take all the time that enters the compass of your imagination, it is still whole and undiminished as before—all calculation is lost.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THE ANGEL OF REST.

BY E. H. FORD.

The soft vail of twilight hung over the hills,
Its misty folds shading the valleys and rills,
Looped back by a star-gem of glorious light
From the dusky and sober-hued brow of the night,
When down from the home of the pure and the blest
To our sin-blighted world came the Angel of Rest.

Beautiful in repose seemed the earth in his sight,
And he gazed on the scene with a smile of delight,
Then he thought of its curse, and his tears fell in showers,
Bedewing with pearl-drops the leaves and the flowers—
Its curse—and the spirit sighed, "man shares its blight,
To him shall my mission of love be to-night."

And away he sped swiftly, never tireless his wing
In dispensing the blessings his presence could bring,
Deep furrows were smoothed o'er the suffering brow,
And the tear of the mourner checked in its flow—
Every desolate home found a heaven-sent guest
In the comforting presence of the Angel of Rest.

Where the groan of the prisoner escaped on the air,
Or the oppressed breathed the wrongs of his bondage in prayer,
Where sickness was crushing out life by its power,
And death stood awaiting the last trial hour,
There, with GOD'S precious promises bound to his breast
As balm for all wounds, was the Angel of Rest.

Thus was heaven brought much nearer below,
In the lessoning of sorrow, and anguish, and woe,
And the angel ascended again to the skies
With new joy on his tongue and new light in his eyes,
His reward—aye, from all men here it confessed,
We bless Thee, O, GOD, for the Angel of Rest.

Geneva, N. Y., 1860.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LIFE PRESENT AND TO COME.

LIFE, viewed in its true sense, is an exhalation from the Almighty,—a breathing forth of a principle in His nature, destined to exist throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. Though it be imprisoned for a time in this mortal coil,—though the leaden chains of sensuality be thrown around it, binding it to this gross tabernacle of clay; yet this immortal principle in man's nature was designed by its Maker to finally inhabit the blissful regions of Immortality, and enjoy the sunshine of GOD'S love forever. Man, in this higher sense, though unseen by mortal vision, when viewed through the light of revelation, appears clothed in all that dignity and majesty contemplated in GOD'S Holy Word; and being formed in the image of his Maker, occupies a position which should lead his meditations into a higher sphere, and cause him to employ his reasoning powers in obtaining an answer to those great and important questions.—What is the object of my existence? Whither am I tending? What my destiny?—which can alone be found in GOD'S revealed word,—"Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

In the human heart are first sown the seeds of reformation, which, watered by the tears of repentance, spring forth to be nurtured by the willing hands of obedience, and made to bear fruits of righteousness, which GOD will gather home in His own appointed time. Thus is man's existence here but a preparatory state for a life beyond the grave; and as he approaches the end, walking in the pathway of duty, his prospects brighten into a foretaste of the joys awaiting his anxious soul in the unseen world.

How lovely the scene! what an angelic radiance encircles the brow of the dying saint. Heavenly visions seem to appear before the enraptured and fast declining vision, and brighten as they approach the portals of the skies,—lighting up the countenance with the reflected light of the Son of Righteousness until, vanished from mortal sight, the eye of Faith is opened and beholds the escorting angel waiting to bear it home to the bosom of the Great Eternal, there to bask in the fathomless ocean of GOD'S love, and to join the Heavenly Choir composed of the Redeemed of all ages, in singing songs of praise to GOD and the LAMB forever and forever.

La Porte, Ind., 1860. A. H. M.

FEELING AND FAITH.—There are two classes of Christians—those who live chiefly by emotion, and those who live chiefly by faith. The first class, those who live chiefly by emotion, remind one of ships, that move by the outward impulse of winds operating on sails. They are often in a dead calm, often out of their course, and sometimes driven back. And it is only when the winds are fair and powerful that they move onward with rapidity. The other class, those who live by faith, remind one of the magnificent steamers which cross the Atlantic, which are moved by an interior and permanent principle, and which, setting at defiance all ordinary obstacles, advance steadily and swiftly to their destination, through calm and storm, through cloud and sunshine.

PASTORAL VISITING.—Running about one's parish, praying and talking with the people, is the best exercise, the best gymnastics a preacher can have. He needs it after the study of the forenoon. It is one of the best preparations for the Sabbath; it furnishes him with refreshment of body and incitements of mind, and with new illustrations for the pulpit. It secures him good influence over his people. He may have at first repugnances to it, but let him overcome them, and he will find his head, heart, and body refreshed and invigorated for his work.—*Methodist.*

HUMILITY is a grace that adorns and beautifies every other grace; without it, the most splendid natural and acquired abilities lose half their charm.

To All Our Readers.

BACK NUMBERS of this volume furnished FREE (if too many are not wanted) to subscribers whose files are incomplete for binding, if applied for early. Bound vols. will be ready in a few days—price, $3. Unbound copies can still be furnished at our usual rates—and may be ordered with clubs for the new volume at the club rate.

—The value and variety of the Contents of this Volume may be judged somewhat from the Index. Though only the leading departments are included, the Index comprises several thousand articles and illustrations.

Remittances from the West.

THE CURRENCY of several of the Western States is greatly depreciated, just now, while exchange on the the East is exorbitant in many localities. In answer to inquiries from Western Agents, we would say that we will abide by our announcement as to "The Money we Receive," (see last page,) yet hope they will do the best they can in remitting. Our first choice is drafts on New York, &c. (less reasonable exchange,) or New York or New England money; next, Canada, Ohio and Michigan bills; and last (if our friends can do no better,) bills on the best solvent banks of other States. Postage stamps are good for fractional or any amounts.

Substantial Encouragement.

THANKS to its generous, influential and indefatigable friends all over the land for the numerous and substantial manifestations of approval and support the RURAL NEW-YORKER is daily receiving! The large *additions already received* from many sections assure us of an extraordinary increase of subscribers for 1861—we think full 20,000—over our present list. Considering the panic and derangement of currency, our receipts are as gratifying as they were unexpected, and we are confident its readers will be pleased to learn that the RURAL was never so prosperous as now.

MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER NEWS DEPARTMENT.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 29, 1860.

CLOSING ANNOUNCEMENTS.

As this number closes our engagements with over forty thousand subscribers (all whose subscriptions terminate with the year,) and as we adhere strictly to the CASH SYSTEM, those who wish to receive the RURAL regularly will bear in mind that a prompt renewal is necessary to secure its uninterrupted continuance. From present indications, we think the great mass of our subscribers will renew at once, while thousands of new names will be (indeed are already being) added to our list,—yet some may delay what they intend, and perhaps be indneed to substitue a trashy literary sheet, or re-print or imitation, to the subsequent regret of themselves and their families. But, as thousands have already renewed, bringing nearly as many new subscribers, we have no fears for the result—it being morally certain at this early day, that the aggregate circulation of our next volume will be immensely above that of the present.

To all disposed to aid the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and promote its objects, we would say, *Now is the Time to Act.* Hundreds, aye, thousands, have kindly volunteered to increase its circulation, but there is "ample room and verge enongh" for other thousands to do likewise, and we frankly ask the efforts and influence of all friends of useful, pure and unexceptionable literature—of all such as believe this jonrnal is benefiting the People, promoting the cause of Improvement, and advancing the best interests of the Country. As we have remarked on a similar occasion, "while we are laboring for yonr benefit, Reader, please become our proxy, and do what it is impossible for us to perform—*present the claims and merits of the paper to your friends.* A little effort *now*—a few kind and truthful words, and showing the paper to this and that neighbor—will secnre from three to ten, twenty or thirty new subscribers in yonr neighborhood, school district or township." We need not add that any and every aid which you can consistently render, either toward extending the usefulness of the paper by increasing its circulation, or enhancing its interest and value by contributions to its pages, will be most gratefully appreciated, and enable us to make the RURAL NEW-YORKER still more worthy the confidence and support of the reading, thinking and discriminating classes of community. [See "Special Notices," "Good Pay for Doing Good," &c., &c., on last page of this sheet, and in Supplement accompanying the present number.]

—While hastily penning the above we were twice interrupted—first by an agent-friend from the western part of this County, with a list of *one hundred and eighty subscribers for our next volume,* one-fourth of them being NEW; and, (before the first party left our elbow,) an Orleans county friend called with a list of *over two hundred subscribers!* Both promised large additions to their lists. Only a few hours previous, a young man from Wayne county called with a list of one hnndred and fifty subscribers, as his *first instalment.* These are only three items of our office receipts for Dec. 24, and exclusive of large and numerous receipts by mail. We feel very much like wishing all RURALISTS, as well as "the rest of mankind," an exceedingly "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year!"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS are always in order and received at the same rates as original clubs; and if sufficient is added to a club of 6, 10, or 15, within one month, the rate will be redneed on all the papers to the price for larger clubs.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

Washington Matters.

THE Senate having performed the office of confirmation, Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet is now constituted as follows:

Secretary of State—Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, *vice* Cass, resigned.

Secretary of Treasury—Phillip F. Thomas, of Maryland, *vice* Cobb, resigned.

Secretary of Interior—Jacob Thompson, of Miss.

Secretary of Navy—Isaac Toncey, of Conn.

Secretary of War—John B. Floyd, of Virginia.

Attorney General—Edward M. Stanton, of Pennsylvania, *vice* Black, promoted.

Postmaster General—Jacob Holt, of Kentucky.

The President has been writing a letter to a citizen of Philadelphia, upon the question of secession, and the epistle has found its way into print. Mr. Buchanan cites various articles in the Constitution, stating they are entirely inconsistent with the alleged supremacy of the State laws, and claims that absolnte State sovereignty is unreconoilable with the Constitution. It is clearly his opinion that no State can secede from the Union, as it is impossible to destroy the Union except by revolution. He says:—"I have, after a great deal of reflection, determined not to pursue a line of conduct, which, although it might be legal, would end in civil strife, and the overthrow of our present form of government. Although it would appear that my line of duty was plain and rugged, yet I am firmly persuaded that instead of restoring order and obedience, I would have caused war. * * * * The only means I have now at my command, centers in exhorting the people as a nation, to implore assistance of an overruling Providence to avert the danger which now threatens our beloved land.

The Senate Committee of Thirteen were in session on the 22d inst., for 6½ hours, considering various propositions to arrest the progress of dissolution, and give peace to the country. The amendment to the Constitution proposed by Mr. Crittenden, to settle the controversy between the North and South finally and forever, by a division of the country from ocean to ocean, on a parallel of the Missouri line, was the great subject of discussion. After a long debate it was lost under a rule of the committee, requiring a majority of both Democrats and Republicans, the latter voting in the negative. Several other propositions were proposed, and without acting on them the Committee adjourned till Monday.

The most hopeful now despair, seeing no immediate prospect of an accommodation of the political differences. Mr. Crittenden said that was the darkest day of his life; that he was overwhelmed with solicitude for his country, and that nothing but the affections of the people for the Union can restore peace. The extremes on the Committee are equally unwilling to concede.

Washinton was thrown into a tremendous excitement to-day, (Sunday 23d,) in consequence of the fact that the Secretary of the Interior, shortly after his return from Raleigh, yesterday, summoned to his office the Secretary of State, Attorney General and District Attorney. It appears that this was done upon the statement of Fodard Bailey, who has charge of the Indian Trust Fund, to the Secretary of the Interior, that he had taken from the iron safe a large amount of State bonds and coupons belonging to the Trust Fund, and that they were no longer in the possession of the Government. Upon investigation in the presence of Bailey, his statements were but unfortunately found to be too true. The amount abstracted is about $830,000.

The report prevails that the administration has received a dispatch from Charleston, to the effect that an armed revenue cutter had arrived in that neighborhood, and that unless the order was immediately given for her withdrawal, the Carolinians would seize the forts. Mr. Cushing returned on Sunday from Charleston, whither he was dispatched to obtain reliable information for the Administration relative to the state of affairs of South Carolina. Whatever may be the character of his report, it was considered sufficiently important for an immediate Cabinet consultation.

Secession—South Carolina Withdrawn.

THE Secession Convention met on the 17th inst., and after four ballots elected Mr. Jamieson, President. Prayer was offered by the the Rev. Mr. Furlan. Mr. Rhett offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to prepare an address to the people of the Southern States, which was adopted.

The President named Messrs. Rhett, Calhoun, Finley, Wilson, Deasnssnre, Cheves and Tracy.

Mr. Inglis introduced the following:

Resolved, That a committee of —— members be appointed to draft an ordinance proper to be adopted by this Convention; and that those desirons of submitting for the consideration of this Convention any draft or scheme, be requested to hand the same in without delay to the said committee.

Resolved, That the acts of the General Assembly of this State, providing for the assembling of this Convention, be referred to the same committee with instrnctions to report thereon. Adopted.

On the 21st the Convention met at noon, and prayer was offered; in the course of which, God was invoked to unite the people of the South, in the formation of a Southern Confederacy!

Mr. Rhett's resolution for a committee of 13 to provide for the Assemblage of a Convention of the seceding States, and form a Constitution, was adopted.

Mr. Ingals reported the following ordinance:

We, the people of Carolina, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by us in Convention, 23d May, 1778, whereby the Constitution of the United States was ratified, and all acts, and parts of acts of the General Assembly of the State, ratifying amendments of the said Constitution, are hereby repealed, and the union now subsisting between South Carolina and other States, under the name of United States of America, is hereby dissolved. The ordinance was passed nnanimously by 167 members, at 1½ P. M.

Political Intelligence.

WE publish a table of the electoral vote of all the States, revised by the latest official returns, which give Missouri to Douglas, and California and Oregon to Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln's total electoral vote is 180:

LINCOLN AND HAMLIN.		BRECKINRIDGE AND LANE.	
California	4	Alabama	9
Connecticut	6	Arkansas	4
Illinois	11	Delaware	3
Indiana	13	Florida	3
Iowa	4	Georgia	10
Maine	8	Louisiana	6
Massachusetts	13	Maryland	8
Michigan	6	Mississippi	7
Minnesota	4	North Carolina	10
New Hampshire	5	South Carolina	8
New Jersey	4	Texas	4
New York	35		
Ohio	23	Total	72
Oregon	3	BELL AND EVERETT AND FUSION.	
Pennsylvania	27		
Rhode Island	4	Kentucky	12
Vermont	5	New Jersey	3
Wisconsin	5	Tennessee	12
		Virginia	15
Total	180	Missouri	9
		Total	51

RECAPITULATION.

	Electoral Votes.
For Lincoln and Hamlin	180
For Breckinridge and Lane	72
For Bell and Everett	39
For Douglas and Johnson	12
Whole electoral vote	303
Lincoln's majority over all	67

EVERY county in Missouri has at last been officially heard from and the result has been declared. The nine Douglas electors get their certificates of election. The official vote is as follows: Douglas, 59,847; Bell, 59,459; Breckinridge, 31,274; Lincoln, 17,070. Douglas' plurality over Bell, 388 votes.

THE General Assembly of Nebraska Territory convened in Omaha, at 2 o'clock, P. M., Dec. 3d. The Council elected N. W. Taylor, of Nebraska City, President; E. P. Brewster, Chief Clerk; D. H. Wheeler, Assistant Clerk; W. H. James, Sergeant-at-Arms, and Strader, Door-keeper. The House organized by electing H. W. DePuy, of Washington county, Speaker; George L. Seybolt, Chief Clerk; Stephen D. Bangs, Assistant Clerk; F. W. Virden, Sergeant-at-Arms; W. A. Pollock, Door-keeper. The Officers of both Houses are Republican.

THE following are the Governors of the several States of the Union, for 1861:

STATES.	GOVERNORS.	POLITICS.
Alabama	Andrew B. Moore	Democrat.
Arkansas	Henry M. Rector	Democrat.
California	—— Downey	Democrat.
Connecticut	W. A. Buckingham	Republican.
Delaware	William Burton	Democrat.
Florida	John Milton	Democrat.
Georgia	Joseph E. Brown	Democrat.
Illinois	Richard Yates	Republican.
Indiana	Henry S. Lane	Republican.
Iowa	S. J. Kirkwood	Republican.
Kentucky	Beriah Magoffin	Democrat.
Louisiana	Thomas O. Moore	Democrat.
Maine	I. Washburn, Jr.	Republican.
Maryland	Thomas H Hicks	American.
Massachusetts	John A. Andrew	Republican.
Michigan	Austin Blair	Republican.
Mississippi	John J. Pettus	Democrat.
Missouri	C. F. Jackson	Democrat.
Minnesota	Alex. Ramsey	Republican
New Hampshire	Ichabod Goodwin	Republican.
New Jersey	Charles S. Olden	Republican.
New York	Edwin D. Morgan	Republican.
North Carolina	John W. Ellis	Democrat.
Ohio	Wm. Denison, Jr.	Republican.
Oregon	John Whiteaker	Democrat.
Pennsylvania	Andrew W. Curtin	Republican.
Rhode Island	William Sprague	Republican.
South Carolina	William H. Gist	Democrat.
Tennessee	Isham G. Harris	Democrat.
Texas	Sam. Houston	Democrat.
Vermont	Erastus Fairbanks	Republican.
Virginia	John Letcher	Democrat.
Wisconsin	Alex. W. Randall	Republican.

News Paragraphs.

THE consumption of champagne in this country is said to be 1,000,000 baskets per annum. The Custom House of New York, through which passes two-thirds of the champagne imported into this country, only reports 175,028 baskets per annum. How enormous the amount of counterfeit wine must be, can be apparent to every one.

THE whole population of Massachusetts is ascertained to be 1,231,496. In 1855 the State census reported the population of Massachusetts to be 1,132,539. By the United States census in 1850 it was 994,514. The returns of the Marshals indicate the population of twenty-eight cities and towns within a radius of about twelve miles of Boston, including the metropolis, as being 401,841.

STRANGE enough, with all the precaution adopted in England to secure the safety of railway passengers, there appears to be no way providing for communication by signal from the passenger cars to the engine. Owing to this negligence, a car full of passengers came very near being consumed by fire recently, while an express train was in motion, before it could be stopped, and attention turned to the extinguishing of the flames.

AN AGED PILOT.—James Waterman, seventy three years old, now a resident of Walworth, Wayne county, was one of the pilots who piloted the Fulton on her first trip from New York to Albany, in October, 1807. His associates were Benjamin Barrett and Francis Jackman. Mr. Waterman states that the boat was two weeks on her way from New York to Albany. The reason for this, he states, was the rate of speed of the boat, and in his own language, "he could give her one mile the start, and overtake her with a canoe." Her progress was also very much impeded in consequence of so many coming on board to examine the floating prodigy. The boat was an old schooner, furnished to Fulton by the city for the experiment. Such was the anxiety to see her as she passed the different points, that it was not unnsnal to see ten or fifteen small boats in tow after her, whose passengers had boarded her for the purpose of viewing the novelty, and satisfying themselves that Fulton was little better than an idiot, in thus presuming to foreshadow the future, and probably no one among them even imagin that the triumphs of his genius would now be floating upon the bosom of the navigable waters of the world.

FOREIGN NEWS.

DURING the past week several steamers have arrived from abroad with a large amount of interesting intelligence, but lack of space renders it necessary that we should briefly epitomize the most important.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The supposed robbery of British citizens in Mexico will cause determined action on the part of the British Government, who are waiting official information of the report.

The London Times editorially censures the attitude of the State of South Carolina towards the Federal Government, but admits that the Southerners have some right on their side, namely, the right of free trade.

A Foreign office telegram to the London Times says that the Allies have captnred Pekin, that the Emperor's summer Palace had been sacked and immense spoils taken, and that the Emperor had fled to Turkey.

A deputation, which includes two members of Parliament, has been appointed to convey an invitation to Garibaldi to visit England.

The supplementary tariff convention between France and England had been published. It regulates the duties on textile fabrics.

The Empress Eugenie had a brief visit to Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, on the 4th. The visit only lasted two hours.

The Times has another editorial on the political split in the United States, and expresses the hope that the quarrel may give way to a calm, in which the real difficulties of the slavery question may be met and quietly answered.

A fearful explosion had occurred in the Risca coal mines, near Newport, Wales, entailing the loss of 170 lives.

FRANCE.—France had granted an amnesty to the French journals for previous infraction of the Press Law.

It was rumored that Lord Cowley had resigned the English mission to Paris.

It was reported that Napoleon had intimated to Francis II. the inability of further resistance.

The French Embassador in Turkey was urging the extension of the French occupation of Syria.

AUSTRIA.—It is reported that the Austrian Cabinet discussed the expediency of declaring martial law throughout Hungary.

It is stated that the Emperor of Austria was about to annul the concordat with Rome.

The official Austrian journals contradict the rumors of negotiation for the cession of Venetia.

Gen. Benedek had inspected the Austrian fortresses of the Venetian Quadrilateral. He had also assembled the officers at Venice, and told them to prepare for the eventualities of an energetic defence.

Fears were entertained of a general rising in Little Wallachia.

Twenty of the principal merchants at Crajona had been killed by the militia during the disturbance.

ITALY.—The seige of Gaeta continued. The garrison replied to the fire from the batteries of Cialdini. Four batteries had commenced operations on the place.

King Victor Emanuel returned to Naples on the 7th inst., and would remain there a fortnight.

The Sardinians would await the fall of Gaeta before summoning the citadel of Messina to surrender. In case of a refusal, they would besiege it.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Flour firm, and 6¢ higher since Tuesday, Some authorities report market unchanged. Wheat active, and almost recovered Tuesday's decline. Corn dull, and 6d lower since Toesday. Pork steady. Lard quiet, but firm.

Weather and Crops in England.

THE following extract from a private letter received by JOHN PARK, of this county, from JOSEPH B. BAKER, of Troxenby Hall, near Scarborough, Yorkshire, a minister of the Society of Friends, dated Nov. 18th, confirms what we have previously published in regard to the bad weather and scarcity of crops in England. Indeed, it will be seen that the prospect for next season is rather gloomy, for it is impossible in many locations to get the ground ready for winter wheat in consequence of the almost incessant rain. Every English steamer arriving at New York brings large quantities of gold for the purchase of grain. Within the past week over six millions have been received for this purpose.

"For more than nine months we have had almost daily rain, more or less, and there is every appearance of its continuance over harvest. We were six weeks harvesting, and were favored to get all in better than most about us, cutting our wheat with a reaper. It is, however, very lean compared to former samples, owing, I have no manner of doubt, to the want of sun and warmth. I had a letter from Sir THOS. LEGARD'S steward the other day, who tells me that harvest is not yet over on the Wolds, and CHARLES NESFIELD, whom I dare say thou wilt remember, has 100 acres to cut yet. About me corn is yet out, and I should think that on the moors and in the dales there is much uncut. NEWHAM, of Harwooddale, told me a few days ago, his wheat was not higher than his knee, and spring corn even less; and his root crops under water. Turnips are very small, and only here and there a good field to be met with, whilst mangel wurzel, of which there is a great breadth, is not worth carting home. What wheat is threshed is poor both in quantity and quality, and cattle for straw yards are bad to sell. There was a remarkably high wind when wheat was about ripening, and some Wold farmers would lose £300 to £400 by the knocking out of the grain. Then again our fruits have never come to perfection. Apples have a very poor taste, and both they and plums never ripened, and were very small in size. I must not forget to tell thee that potatoes are very much diseased, and that the land is so saturated with wet that we cannot do any work, and are wholly unable to plow, sow, or cart manure. This year will be a disastrous one in this country for farmers—and there is little doubt but we shall need all the grain you can send us.

It is raining yet. This year about 40 inches of rain has fallen, whilst 27 inches is about our usual quantity. One night this week it fell 1¼ inches.

The News Condenser.

— There are now five railways in successful operation in Brazil.

— The German population in this country is estimated at 7,500,000.

— A shock of an earthquake was felt in Calais, Me., on Sunday week.

— The Second Adventists now place the "end of all things" at about 1867 or 1868.

— The last Pony Express reached San Francisco in precisely six days from Missouri.

— There are 1,200 male and 142 female prisoners in New York State Prison at Sing Sing.

— During the last two months over 4,000 hogs have perished in Peoria by the hog cholera.

— A letter from New Orleans states that 42 sospensions have taken place, mostly cotton factors.

— The New York police force is at present nearly one-eighth the strength of the U. S. Army.

— The woolen factory, in Oregon, is doing an immense business, finding a ready market for its fabrics.

— The Imperial Library at St. Petersburgh contains 59,564 volumes, written by foreigners about Russia.

— The great Salt Lake lies at an elevation of 4,200 feet above the level of the sea, and is 70 miles long.

— The old King of Prussia, so long sick and insane, was, at latest accounts, slowly recovering his health.

— A great exhibition is to take place in Dublin, Ireland, in May, 1861, similar to that held in 1851, in London.

— Peabody, the London banker, will return and take up his residence in Danvers, Mass., his native place, in 1864.

— The number of deaths from diptheria in the United States, during the past year, is said to be no less than 10,000.

— The French government is about to bring into France, for interment, the remains of the Empress Marie Louise

— The Vermont Legislature may be called a "solid body," the average weight of the members being 163½ pounds.

— Snow fell in Washington on Saturday week, so that the merry music of sleigh bells was heard in that city on Sunday.

— They are beginning to talk in New Orleans about a new Vigilance Committee, to arrest the doings of the present one.

— The king of Siam has expressed his admiration of American character by naming his youngest son George Washington.

— The Norwegians are raising money to build a college in Iowa, and $20,000 have already been raised for this purpose.

—The number of sea-going vessels in the world is about 65,000, of which two-thirds belong to England and the United States.

— The Roman Catholic Bishop of Natchos has ordered a public tri-diem, or three days devotion, in view of the political crisis.

— The amount of coal annually mined in Great Britain, and for the most part consumed in that kingdom, is 66,000,000 tons.

— The lumber surveyed at Bangor, Me., to Dec. 1, was 200,391,526 feet, exceeding that for the same time last year by 24,000,000 feet.

— Several large sized Ericcson engines have been ordered for Spain. A manufactory of these engines has been set up in Holland.

— The French Minister of Public Instruction is about to interdict the use of tobacco in any form in the educational establishments of France.

— A game dealer in Chicago has an order for several dozen prairie chickens, and a deer, to be forwarded to England for the Prince of Wales.

— The Hindostan language has received a good deal of attention, and a professor to teach it has been appointed at Cambridge University, Eng.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Are among the acknowledged institutions of the land. What would our ministers, our lecturers, our lawyers, do without these lovaloable "Troches?" TO what an amount of "ahems," and coughs, and throat clearings, would we be all subjected, were it not for those all-powerful and soothing lozenges? *We* have tried them, and they did us good.—*N. Y. Waverly.*

Markets, Commerce, &c.

RURAL NEW-YORKER OFFICE,
Rochester, Dec. 24, 1860.

WE have only space sufficient to note the changes in the market since our last issue which are as follows:—Rye has declined and is exceedingly dull of sale at 50 cts. per 60 lbs; Barley is worth 35@40c. Pork has dropped to $5,50@6,00, and it is difficult to secure the latter figure. Firkin Butter is still lower, 12½@13c being the range. Eggs are down to 15c. ₱ dozen. Dried Fruit is declining, 10c. ₱ lb. being the extreme for Peaches and Cherries. Potatoes have taken a little start, and are selling at 40@45c ₱ bush. as to quality.

PRODUCE AND PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.—FLOUR—Market 5@10c. better, demand moderate; sales superfine State, $5,00@5,10, extra do. $5,25@5,35; superfine Western, $5@5,10; common to medium to extra do, $5,25@5,60; inferior to good extra round hoop Ohio.

GRAIN—Market 1@2c higher, with moderate export demand. Sales Milwaukee club and amber Wis., $1,21@1,25; Canada club, $1,25; winter red Western, $1,30@1,31. Barley dull at 72@81c. Corn, market is better; sales at 67@68c for mixed Western in store and delivered. Oats firmer at 37@37½c for State, Western and Canada.

PROVISIONS—Pork unchanged; sales mess $15,00@16,00; prime, $10,25@11,75. Lard firm; sales 10¾@10¾c. Butter 10@15c for Ohio; 11@20c. State. Cheese steady at 6@10¾c.

ALBANY, Dec. 24.—FLOUR—No change to note in flour. Buckwheat flour $1,75@1,87½. Corn meal, $1,31@1,44 per 100 pounds.

GRAIN—White Michigan wheat $1,29. Corn, Western mixed, afloat, 65c. In Barley, Rye and Oats nothing doing.

TORONTO, Dec. 21.—FLOUR—Prices moderately firm. Superfine, $4,30; Fancy, $4,75@4,85; Extra, purely nominal at $5@5,25; Double Extra, $5,45@5,75.

GRAIN—Ordinary to good fall wheat $1,02@1,07; good to prime $1,03@1,10 per bushel. Spring wheat is quietat 80c@ 90c per bushel. Barley brings 50@54c. Oats, in good supply, at 25@26c. Peas in demand at 45@50c.—*Globe.*

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

CAMBRIDGE, Dec. 19—Prices of Market Beef—Extra $5,50@7; first quality $6; 2d, $5,25; 3d, $3,50; ordinary $2,75. Cows and Calves—$34, 40@60. Working Oxen—None. Yearlings, $7@9. two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17 Sheep and Lambs—2,265 at market; prices in lots, $1,25, 1,50@1,75 each; extra, $2, 2,50, 4@6.

BRIGHTON, Dec. 19.—Prices of Market Beef—Extra, 6,-50@7; first quality $6; 2d, $5,25; 3d, $3,50; ordinary 2,75.

Working Oxen—$56@150. Cows and Calves—$16@60.

Yearlings, $7@9; two years old, $10@12; three years old, $14@17. Sheep and Lambs—$1,25@1,75, extra and selections, $2@6.

Hides, 6c ₱ lb; Calf Skins, 10@11c; Tallow, 6c.

Marriages.

In Wheatland, Kenosha Co., Wis., Dec. 6th, by Rev. H. G. WOODWORTH of Warren, Ill., Mr. C. H. PRIOR of Watertown, Wis., and Miss DELIA M. NOYES of Wheatland. Also, Mr. EDWIN CARRIER and Miss MARY A. SMITH, both of Randel. Also, Mr. FRANKLIN S. FARNHAM and Miss ISADORE E. HOYT, both of Wheatland.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY MISS ALICE CARY.

When first the skies grow warm and bright,
And flash with gold the hours,
And in her pale, faint robes, the Spring
Is calling up the flowers;
When children, with unslippered feet,
Go forth with hearts of glee
To the straight and even furrows
Where the yellow corn must be;
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease, devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors still open wide!

But when the happiest time is come,
That to the year belongs,
Of uplands bright with harvest gold,
And meadows full of songs;
When fields of yet unripened corn,
And daily garnered stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of ample threshing floors—
How pleasant, from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Seems the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof.

When home the woodsman plods, with axe,
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When light the swallows twitter
'Neath the rafters of the shed,
And the table on the ivied porch
With decent care is spread—
Then hearts are lighter and freer
Than beat in the populous town,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With gables sharp and brown.

When the flowers of summer perish,
In the cold and bitter rain,
And little birds with weary wings
Have gone across the main;
When curls the blue smoke upward
Toward the bluer sky,
And cold, along the naked hills,
And white the snow-drifts lie—
In legends of love and glory
They forget the cloud and storm,
In the old-fashioned homestead,
With hearth-stone large and warm!

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

YULE-TIDE:

A TALE FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

BY CAROLINE A. HOWARD.

[illegible] from page 412, last number.)

[illegible] Ellen shared Fidelia's [illegible] amused at an [illegible] floor [illegible] ings, their [illegible] occasion, but were [illegible] grandmother, who hurried them off [illegible] the announcement that their father was going up to the store with the horse and sleigh, and if they wanted to ride they must hurry.

Fidelia was at an upper window when they returned, and noticed with surprise that the sleigh contained one more than it took away. While wondering who it might be, her reverie was dissipated by the entrance of the children, rosy with cold and excitement.

"Oh, aunt Fi, we've brought you somebody. I don't know who, but he is *real* handsome, and if he is good, he'll do to go under the mistletoe, won't he?"

Aunt Fi laughed aloud, such a clear ringing laugh as brought Fanny to share the fun.

"Fi," said brother Sam, as she entered the kitchen, "who do you think I came across up at Wilson's store? No other than that young fellow who taught school here two winters, about the last of your going to school. George Vail, you remember?"

"O, yes," said Fi, faintly.

"Well, he's improved with years, though he always seemed a likely chap. And would you believe it, he's coming back here, after these nine years that he's been seeing the world. They say he's a tip-top surgeon, and might have a good practice in town, but he's taken a notion to step into Dr. Seton's place, and I'll bet it'll be a good thing for the patients. He did not seem to have any particular abiding place just now, so I asked him to dinner just for old acquaintance sake. Was that right, mother?"

"Certainly, I'm right glad you did."

"Is his wife here with him?" asked Fi, in a rather icy tone, as she looked up from the darning needle she was threading to tie the turkey's legs.

"His wife! Didn't know he had one. He didn't mention her, and coming home, he said he'd spent nearly seven years in Europe since I last saw him, and hadn't been back but a few months."

Poor Fi! She would rather have had old Mr. Frisbee to dine with them, if needs must be either, for *he* never put her in a flutter. However, she was a maiden of courage, and having said to herself, decidedly,

"Don't make a fool of yourself,—he's married without a doubt, so treat him as you would any other man,"—she acted accordingly.

At their first meeting she offered her hand, welcomed him to her home, a little stiffly, perhaps, but kindly, and hoped he had prospered since the days when she used to go to school to him. She made that allusion with a vague notion that it would create a distance between them somehow, make him seem older than he really was, and as if she remembered him deferentially. She declined attending church that morning, so Dr. Vail took it upon himself to escort her cousins, while her mother and the others went in the large sleigh.

The all-important dinner over, the children gathered around the parlor fire, amusing themselves and aunt Fi with merry nonsense, leaving the older folks to more sensible pursuits. It had grown cloudy, and the short wintry afternoon was well nigh wasted into evening shadows. Cousin Fanny was playing the piano, and Ellen accompanied her with her voice, while the others were disposed in various attitudes as listeners. Dr. Vail was seated on the "prodigal" side of the broad fire-place, perhaps for the very reason that Fidelia, in her capacity of *amuser* to the children, had placed herself on the "sacrifice" side.

"Aunt Fi, we want you and cousin Ellen to try a trick,—you know how,—with the chestnuts. Molly, cousin Ellen has done singing, you get her to come."

Obedient to their youthful directors, Ellen and Fi knelt upon the hearth-rug, and taking each a chestnut, placed them side by side in a nice hot place, and repeated in low voices, slowly,

North, South, East, West,
Fly to the one whom I love best,
Fee, fi, fo, fum,
Fly to the way whence he shall come.

Breathlessly the children waited. Before they had ceased speaking, the chestnuts began to rock, and Ellen's began to crack a little and hum, but Fi's gave no sign of popping. Just as she pronounced the last cabalistic word, there was a snap and a simultaneous shout from Molly and the boys. Fi's chestnut had burst, shooting its hot contents plump upon Dr. Vail's nose, as that gentleman, more absorbed in the play than the music, had incautiously bent forward, hoping to hear the charm. How the children laughed and clapped their hands! Poor Fi retired in disgust to her corner, just as cousin Fanny, with her most winning air, came up to Dr. Vail and began persuading him to sing.

"You know you can. We heard you in church, this morning. Pray do! I'll bring a light, and perhaps you can find something you know in my collection."

The light was brought, and the Doctor looked over one after another, but selected nothing. Turning to the old music, he drew out the lowest sheet after scattering the others about. Placing it upon the rack, he improvised a few bars as prelude, and sung, in a voice not less manly, though more cultivated, than of yore, the song that he only was privileged to sing,

"Ask not if still I love."

Every note, every word thrilled through the finest fibre of Fidelia's being. It was too much. There was something in the voice, perhaps audible to her ear only, which had been sufficient of itself to mar her self-possession, without the aid of the old associations clustering round the song. She could not bear it. It was cruel, heartless of him; and quite abruptly she left the room.

She did not realize how long it was that she had sat upon the floor with her head bowed upon her [illegible], she only knew that she was aroused by the little arms clasping her neck, and a sweet voice saying,

"Come down, Miss Fidy, to tea. Mother sent me to call you. O, Miss Fidy, that gentleman has been talking to mother out in the kitchen about my foot. He took me on his knee and looked at it, and he says he learned a way, when he was ever so far off, to straighten it, and he's going to try. Isn't he good?"

Putting her hand in that of the child, she allowed herself to be led, for she did not wish any tea, and only made a show of eating, so as not to be remarked. Just once during the meal she ventured a glance at Dr. Vail, and was very glad to look another way, while her cheeks flushed as if she had drawn too near the fire.

The children, tired with over much eating and romping, were glad to go early to bed, and were accompanied up stairs by their respective mothers, who remained in grandmother's room awhile for a cozy chat. Sam, seated by the kitchen fire, was enjoying a good smoke, and as Dr. Vail did not happen to be a votary of "the weed," he betook himself once more to the society of the younger ladies. There was no light in the parlor, save the varying light of the fire, which Fanny and Ellen were amusing themselves by poking, and talking in low, confidential tones about some of their city beaux. By a south window sat Fidelia, gazing out upon the white monotony of fields, though for all she saw of it she would not have known whether it was a summer or winter landscape.

Quite unceremoniously Dr. Vail seated himself on one of Fidy's embroidered ottomans,—the piece of furniture nearest to her, in fact, touching her dress. For about a minute he looked at at her, as if expecting to be noticed, and failing in that, he said,

"Fidelia, your eyes look as if they could see years into the future, are they as good at reviewing the past?"

"Quite," was all the answer he got.

"And do they see there a certain youth who came, poor and unknown, and went much as he came, except that he left something behind him, which he could not very well do without?"

"If they do, they fail to recognize him by that description."

"How, then, does he appe[illegible]?"

"He appears to me like a youth who came only as a matter of nece[illegible]—availed himself of all that could be [illegible]inum of his stay, and went as ind[illegible]e, without even a backwar[illegible]

"[illegible]ch you have re[illegible]

"[illegible], or, if so, [illegible]

"Wh[illegible] I should have [illegible] was poor. Besi[illegible] I knew not [illegible] fairly afloat on the [illegible] circumstances, a struggle for life with po[illegible]y, how much I had resigned. Then I *would* [illegible] back and speak, would not write. I said I would *be something* first, I would have something worth offering, that the favor might not be all on one side. That idea has spurred every effort, cheered every success. Many and many a time hope has sunk, and fear has whispered, 'it will be too late, too late,'—Fidy, *is* it too late?"

Fidy seemed to be still looking out of the window, but there was a strange trembling in her under lip, and her cheeks were wet as with rain. She did not answer that very emphatic question, but put out one hand timidly to him, while she pressed the other closer to her swimming eyes.

And he took her hand—more than that, he drew nearer and took the arm, the entire form into two other arms strong enough to hold a dozen such slender "aunt Fi's." And just as he bent down his head, and there was the least little sound, not exactly like a whistle, up started Fanny and Ellen, as if just aware that they were not alone, both exclaiming at once,

"Under the mistletoe, as I live!"

But Fidelia was quick. She was out of that room and safely into her own in less time than I can say so, and she did not even come down to take leave of the doctor, but as he went away very soon, I don't think he noticed the omission.

She was too late to beg the girls not to tell Molly and Harry, for when she came down to breakfast next morning, they already knew and were too delighted with the success of their scheme to be able to keep still. Fidy bore it pretty well, but told them if they did not behave better and hold their tongues, they should never have a bit of her wedding cake in case she made any.

I suppose they minded, for they got it six months before the next Christmas, and Miss Sophronia Baker assisted at the making, to her great satisfaction.

SUNSET ON THE PRAIRIES.

A correspondent of the London *Times* in describing the Prince's visit to the Western prairies, writes as follows:

"The Prince was certainly most fortunate in his visit, for the time of the year, he had almost universal sport; he saw a prairie thunder storm, a prairie fire of immense extent, and, above all, a prairie sunset. The latter took place in all its supernatural glory—a glory which can never be described or understood by those who have not seen it—while the party were shooting quail the night before their departure. As the sun neared the rich green horizon, it turned the whole ocean of meadow into a sheet of gold which seemed to blend with the great firmament of reds and pinks—pale rosy orange hues, and solemn, angry looking crimson clouds above, till not only the sky but all the land around was swathed in piles of color, as if the sinking sun shone through the earth like mist and turned it to a rainbow. The immensity of stillness which lay in the prairie then—a stillness as profound and vast as the green solitude itself! while not a breath stirred over the whole horizon as the great transmutation went slowly on [illegible] the land turned from rosy to pink, to orange, to red and crimson—darkening and darkening always as the tints ebbed out like a celestial tide, leaving fragments of scarlet clouds over the heavens—the embers of a fire which had lit the prairie in a flame of glory. There was such a quiet, unspeakable richness in this grand farewell of the day—such a terrible redness about the sky at last—that one could almost fancy that some supernatural phenomenon had occurred, that the sun had gone forever, and left a deep and gory wound across the darkening sky. Night was a relief compared to this dread lurid fire in heaven—a fire which the clouds seemed to close in upon, and stifle out with difficulty—a fire which, like the paintings of the sunset before the Deluge, left always an ominous anger in the heavens, even when the night was far advanced, and the prairie clothed in a blue mist, whcih rose over it like water."

NEVER DO TOO MUCH AT A TIME.

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, in a lecture recently delivered in England, gave the following history of his literary habits:—Many persons seeing me so much engaged in active life, and as much about the world as if I had never been a student, have said to me, "When do you get time to write all your books? How on earth do you contrive to do so much work?" I shall surprise you by the answer I make. The answer is this:—"I contrive to do so much by never doing too much at a time. A man, to get through work must not overwork himself; or, if he do too much to-day, the re-action of fatigue will come, and he will be obliged to do too little to-morrow. Now since I began really and earnestly to study, which was not till I had left College, and was actually in the world, I may perhaps say that I have gone through as large a course of general reading as most men of my time. I have traveled much, and I have seen much; I have mixed much in politics, and the various business of life; and in addition to all this, I have published somewhere about sixty volumes, some upon subjects requiring much research. And what time do you think, as a general rule, I have devoted to study—to reading and writing? Not more than three hours a day; and, when Parliament is sitting, not always that. But then, during those hours, I have given my whole attention to what I was about."

The Invincibles of Common Life.—What a glorious troop might be formed of those men who have won their laurels in the campaign of life; fighting not against sword and bayonet, musket and cannon, lance and sabre; but against hardship and circumstances; natural defects and the ridicule or opposition of their fellow men. Nor has the fight been against a visible or tangible foe alone; these men have had themselves to conquer; their ignorance or indolence; their natural leaning to evil; the bad habits of early days, or even their poverty and the lowness of their social station.

Wit and Humor.

RIDING A HOBBY.

BY GEO. A. HAMILTON.

A traveler had lost his way
Within some forest shade,
And as he rode, in doubt astray,
A simple circuit made.

At length he saw, not very plain,
The marks of horses' hoof,
And said, "I'm in some track again,
These foot-prints are the proof."

Then, when another round he made,
The foot-prints double lay,
The path so plain, he smiling said,
"I'm in a beaten way."

And thus, with each succeeded round,
The marks increased so fast,
He spoke exulting, "I have found
A thoroughfare at last."

"Now, now I'm right," he said, "alack!
A town I'll soon o'ertake,"
Not dreaming that this was the track
Of his own sad mistake.

And so it is with men, I've found,
Who merely ride a Hobby,
Deceived by every useless round,
Till shunned by everybody.

South Butler, N. Y., 1860.

COERCING HENS.

A lady correspondent of the Mobile Advertiser, writing from Kansas, relates the following extraordinary proceedings:

After breakfast, I was surprised to see my landlady go out, and, catching her hens, tie each one's legs together, and throw them upon the ground, with "there, be good."

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"To make 'em lay," she answered.

"Make 'em lay! will that do it?" I inquired.

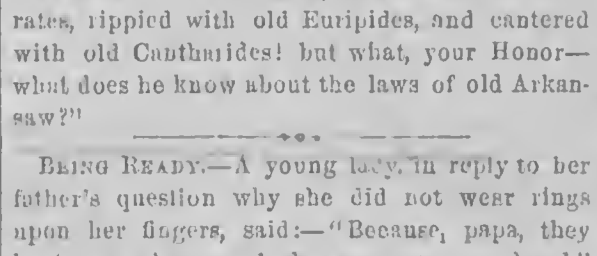
"La, yes," she said; "didn't you ever hearn tell of that before?"

I confessed that I had not. In an hour she went out again, and picking up the hens, sure enough some had lain; those she let go, and they ran off, not even cackling their gratitude. But those hens which seemed disposed to be contrary she struck on the back, saying—"You'd better lay—you'd better lay, for you won't go until you do," and in a little while they, too, had recompensed their mistress for feeding them so beautifully. She says she does so every morning, and the hens know well enough that "they have got to lay."

A Sample of Arkansas Eloquence.—"The Court will please to observe," said an Arkansas lawyer, "that the gentleman from the East has given them a very learned speech. He has roamed with old Romulus, socked with old Socrates, rippled with old Euripides, and cantered with old Cantharides! but what, your Honor—what does he know about the laws of old Arkansaw?"

Being Ready.—A young lady, in reply to her father's question why she did not wear rings upon her fingers, said:—"Because, papa, they hurt me when anybody squeezes my hand." "What business have you to have your hand squeezed?" "Certainly none, but still you know, papa, one would like to keep in squeezable order."

"Is your horse fast?" inquired a Vermont horse dealer. "Beats all creation." "Good bottom?" "He is all bottom. Why, I drove him so far one day that it took me two days to get him back again."



For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

I am composed of 24 letters.
My 24, 2, 23, 1, 7 signifies weakness of intellect.
My 3, 9, 21, 5, 16 was the goddess of fire.
My 1, 10, 13, 4, 15, 18, 20 is what we all should like to enjoy.
My 19, 22, 8, 15, 20 is a gentleman's name.
My 12, 14, 11 is an animal.
My 6, 10, 17 is a pronoun.
My whole is what we all should strive to do.

Westfield, N. Y., 1860. A. D. F.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 8, 23, 4, 5, 13, 2, 12, 13, 16, 24, 18, 20 is a town in my 17, 25, 19, 23, 7.
My 11, 3, 15, 10, 14, 22, 13 is a part of Austria.
My 7, 8, 26, 1, 11, 24, 9, 27, 19, 23 is a town in Arkansas.
My 2, 6, 21, 19, 23, 13 is a town in Tennessee.
My whole is an old saying.

New Providence, N. J., 1860. J. L. Kendall.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Divide one hundred into two parts, so that the least, multiplied by the cube of the greatest, may be a maximum. S. G. Cagwin.

Verona, Onei. Co., N. Y., 1860.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 570.

Answer to Illustrated Rebus:—Secession, disunion, and disruption—who can interpret them?

Answer to Geographical Enigma:—General Francis C. Marion.

Answer to Mathematical Problem:—They will be together at the end of five hours.

PUBLISHER'S SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ Any person so disposed can act as local agent for the Rural, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

☞ The Books Ready!—The books we offer as Specific Premiums are now ready for delivery or mailing, and will be promptly forwarded to all who become entitled to them—or as soon as we known their wishes. Those who are offered a selection will oblige us by stating their preferences, and giving Post-Office or Express address.

Not a "Dollar Paper."—We reiterate what has often been proclaimed in former volumes, that the Rural New-Yorker is *not* a dollar paper—that it is never furnished to clubs, however large, at less than our published rates. When we can afford such a journal as this for a less figure, the fact will be announced. Meantime, those who write us that "other papers" can be had for a dollar, are advised that, if they prefer a re-print, or trashy sheet, to an original, useful and pure journal for the family, it is a very easy matter to practice *such* economy.

☞ Send on the Names.—Now is the time to forward lists of subscribers for 1861, and we hope agent-friends will "hurry up" the names as fast as possible. Our printers are ready to put the lists in type, and if they are sent in gradually, now, (instead of coming by the thousands, daily, about the 1st of January,) we shall not have too much of a good thing all at once. There is yet time to secure the Extra Premiums for early clubs.

☞ Associated Effort leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the Rural New-Yorker, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ Voluntary Agents for the Rural.—Any and every Subscriber, Post-Master or reader is requested to act as voluntary agent for the Rural, by forming clubs or otherwise. *Now is the time* for its friends to manifest their interest in the paper and the cause it advocates, either by obtaining new subscribers, or inducing others to act in its behalf. If any lose or wear out numbers in *showing the paper*,—that's the best way to get subscribers,—we will duplicate them in order to make their files complete for binding.

☞ No Traveling Agents are employed by us, as we wish to give the whole field to local agents and those who form clubs. And beside, we wish it distinctly understood that all persons traveling through the country, professing to hold certificates from us, are impostors.

☞ Look Sharp, Friends!—If those ordering the Rural would write all names of persons, post-offices, &c., correctly and plainly, we should receive less scolding about *other people's errors*. Our clerks are not infallible, but most of the errors about which agents complain are *not* attributable to any one in the Rural Office. People who forget to date their letters at any place, or to sign their names, or to give the name or address for copies ordered, will please take things calmly and not charge *us* with their sins of omission, etc.

☞ Uniform Rates—*No Private Terms*—We beg to state, for the benefit of all interested, that our published Terms are rigidly adhered to—that we do not intend to publish one rate and accept of another in any case. It is therefore useless for people to send us less than our full price for a copy or club of Rurals—or for any one to ask private terms. We have no time to answer inquiries by letter, though we desire to be civil, and hence give our platform in this shape. Persons who intimate that they can get "other papers" cheaper are advised to do so if they think the investment safe and profitable,—but the Rural New-Yorker cannot be had of us for less than regular rates, and no person is authorized to offer it at a lower price than our published terms.

☞ The Money we Receive.—Bills on all solvent Banks in the U. S. and Canada taken at par on subscription to the Rural, but our agents and other friends will please remit New York, New England, or Canada money, when convenient. Postage Stamps can be remitted for fractional parts of a dollar. For all amounts over $5 we prefer Drafts on either New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Rochester or Buffalo, (less exchange,) payable to our order—and all such drafts may be mailed at the risk of the Publisher. If our friends throughout the Union, British Provinces, &c., will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

☞ Clubbing with the Magazines, &c.—We will send the Rural New-Yorker for 1861 and a yearly copy of either *The Atlantic, Harper's, Godey's*, or any other $3 magazine, for $4. The Rural and either *The Horticulturist, Hovey's Magazine, Arthur's Magazine*, or *any other* $2 magazine, for $3. Canada subscribers must add the American postage.

☞ The Rural to Ag. Societies.—In answer to inquiries, we would state that we will furnish the Rural New-Yorker to Agricultural Societies, to be awarded as premiums, at the lowest club price—only $1.25 per copy—and send to as many different addresses or post-offices as desired. Canada Societies, $1.37½, including American postage.

☞ We would again state that neither of the first five volumes of the Rural can be furnished. We can supply the others—1855, '56, '57, '58 and '59—bound, at $3 each. The only volumes we can furnish *unbound* are those of 1859 and 1860—price, $2 each.

☞ The Rural is published strictly upon the cash system—copies are never mailed to individual subscribers until paid for, and always discontinued when the subscription term expires. Hence, we force the paper upon none, and keep no credit books, experience having demonstrated that the Cash System is altogether the best for both Subscriber and Publisher.

☞ The Rural as a Present.—Our readers are reminded that in all cases where the Rural is sent to a distant friend or relative, as a present, we only charge the lowest club price, $1.25. Our lowest price for copies sent to Canada, is $1.37½, and to Europe, $2.25.

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☞ The above Terms and Rates are invariable, and those who remit less than specified for a single copy or club, will be credited only as per rates, and receive the paper accordingly. Any person who is not an agent sending the club rate ($1.50 or $1.25) for a single copy (the price of which is $2) will only receive the paper the length of time the money pays for at full single copy price. People who send us *less* than published rates, and request the paper for a year, or a return of the money, *cannot be accommodated*—for it would be unjust to others to comply, and a great inconvenience to return remittances. The *only way* to get the Rural for less than $2 a year is to form or join a club.

☞ Postage on the Rural.—The postage on the Rural New-Yorker is only 3¼ cents per quarter, or 13 cents a year to any part of this State, (except Monroe county, where it goes free,) and 6½ cents a quarter, or 26 cents a year, to any other part of the United States, payable quarterly, in advance, *at the office where received.*